A. M. Grimes: Country Teacher and Itinerant Minister

By Berlin B. Chapman

IN Appalachia, as in most of America, ministers of the gospel operating from villages exercised great influence on populace, but few kept full records of experience and service. They were doers of the word, seldom scribes of it. Those who pursue history of ministry in West Virginia always will be indebted to Rev. Addison McLaughlin Grimes, a typical Methodist Episcopal preacher who kept a minute record from 1895-1920.

Grimes was licensed to preach at Fairview Methodist Church in Webster County. He served fifteen charges. He listed dates, addresses, names and dates of those whose marriage service he performed. Of those whose funerals he held, he cited text of scripture used. He delivered sermons, recording for same the date, text, subject, place and remarks. Moreover, he continued the record after retirement, and on his 100th birthday delivered a sermon in Fairmont.

Grimes' record is a valuable case study. To know well how he operated at the turn of the twentieth century is to know much about services of his colleagues in related denominations. Hence it is not only important to study the ministerial record, but to know much about the man who kept it.

He was born in Webster County, July 4, 1863, an event coinciding with the fourth and final day of the Battle of Gettysburg. He attended rural schools in terms of about four months. On July 21, 1869, Rev. T. S. Coulter baptized Grimes by sprinkling. In 1882-84 he attended the seminary later known as West Virginia Wesleyan College. Always a student, he largely was self-educated. He believed that the secret of scholarship is serious and prolonged self-effort. By 1891 he held a teacher's certificate, "Grade No. One," the highest awarded by Webster County, based on written examination. He taught eight terms of school in the county, each term being four months. Beginning in 1888, he kept for several years careful account of earnings and expenditures.

ORIGINAL.

No. 40

Teacher's Certificate.

GOOD FOR ONE YEAR ONLY.

Grade No. One

It is Hereby Certified, That A. M. Grimes is a person of good moral character, competent to teach and govern a common school, and has passed an examination in the following Branches with the annexed results:

ORTHOGRAPHY	90	ENGLISH GRAMMAR	75	TOTAL PERCENTAGES	1120
READING	90	GEOGRAPHY	100	AVERAGE PER CENT.	92 1/3
PENMANSHIP	90	HISTORY	75	LOWEST PER CENT. IN ANY ONE BRANCH	80
ARITHMETIC	95	ART OF TEACHING	100		
PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE with special reference to the effects of Alcoholic Drinks and Narcotics upon the Human System	100	Com. Phis	95		
		Pol. Ec.	90		
		Civil Gov.	80		

P. M. Bunfly President,
R. N. B. McCray
J. M. Hoover
Board of Examiners.

Oct 7 1891

Webster County, W. Va.

EXPLANATION.—Grade No. 1 indicates an average grade of merit from 90 to 100 per cent. and not below 75 per cent. in any one branch taught; No. 2 from 77 to 87 and not below 60 per cent.; No. 3 from 67 to 77 and not below 50 per cent.

Duplicate of this Certificate filed in my office this 14th day Oct, 1891.
B. D. Hutchison
Secy. B. E.

Fork Lick Dist.

You are drawn as a Juror for Nov. Court
Petit Juror.

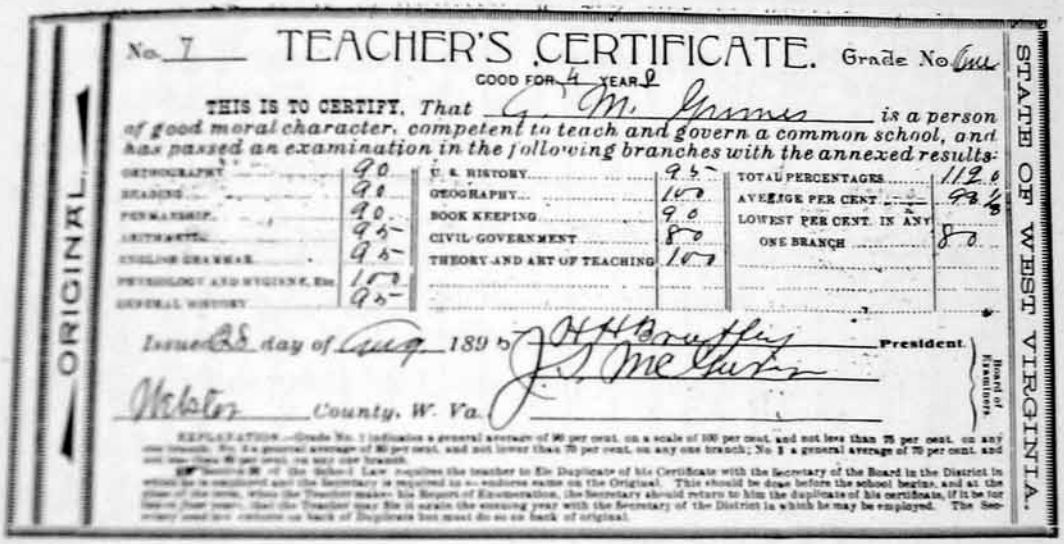
A. M. Grimes

The county seat of Webster is Webster Springs, officially known as Addison, and it was named for Addison McLaughlin. Grimes was named for this man. The first newspaper in the county was the "Mountain Echo." It appeared January 26, 1883, and consisted of eight pages 8 x 15 inches. In memoirs Grimes wrote: "I visited Addison the first time in March, 1883. To me it was wonderful to see Robert Townsend, Jr., with a step of his foot, print a page of the newspaper."

News media quoted Grimes: "I was gloriously converted on Abraham Lincoln's birthday, in 1884." Ten years later he was teaching school in the vicinity of Fairview Methodist Church, an institution of which he was a charter member. Dedication was September 9, 1894, and is described by Sampson N. Miller:

This was a great day for both old and young. It was the largest crowd ever to assemble at the church. People came from quite a distance in sleds, wagons, buggies, on horseback and many on foot. You talk about food, they certainly had it that day. Dedication was on one of the most beautiful autumn days I ever saw. Why the enthusiasm? Because the good people of the community had something to look forward to. No lad of ten would ever have forgotten that day.

In listing young men who went out from the church as ministers, Miller said: "First was A. M. Grimes who at the 3rd Quarterly Conference in May, 1895, was licensed to preach." The record of his 25 years is best read in the table of figures he kept. On its completion he wrote: "I am sorry in my heart that results are so meager. How humiliating these meager results! But for all this I must now go into judgment. The Blood! The Blood! Is all my plea! Enough to



ORIGINAL

No. 7 TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE. Grade No. Cus

GOOD FOR 4 YEARS

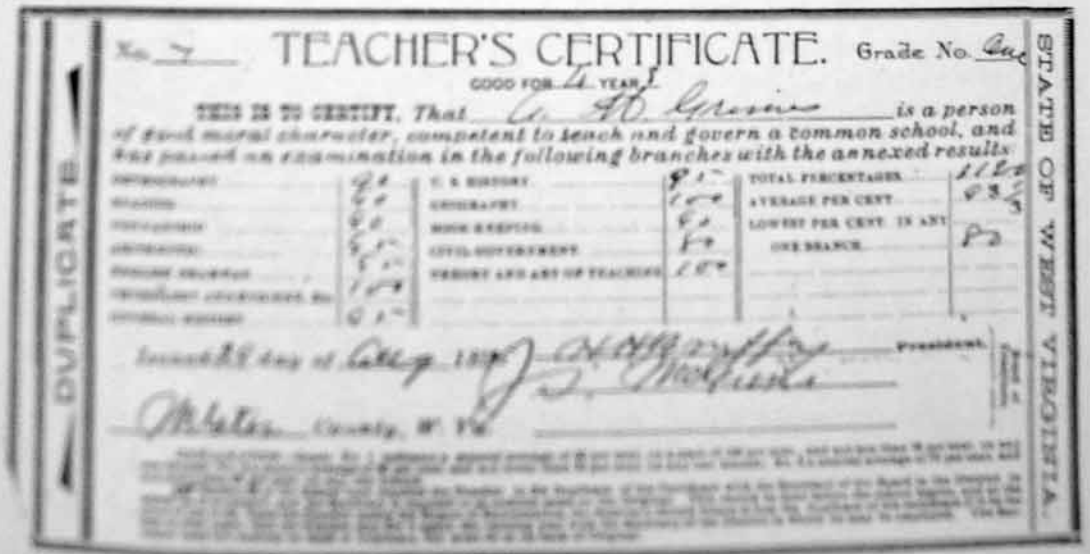
THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That A. M. Grimes is a person of good moral character, competent to teach and govern a common school, and has passed an examination in the following branches with the annexed results:

ORTHOGRAPHY	90	U. S. HISTORY	95	TOTAL PERCENTAGES	112.6
READING	98	GEOGRAPHY	100	AVERAGE PER CENT	93 1/2
PENMANSHIP	90	BOOK KEEPING	90	LOWEST PER CENT. IN ANY ONE BRANCH	80
ARITHMETIC	95	CIVIL GOVERNMENT	80		
ENGLISH GRAMMAR	95	THEORY AND ART OF TEACHING	100		
PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE, Etc	100				
GENERAL HISTORY	95				

Issued 28 day of Aug. 1895 H H Brantley President.
J. S. McClung
Webster County, W. Va. Board of Examiners.

EXPLANATION.—Grade No. 1 indicates a general average of 90 per cent. on a scale of 100 per cent, and not less than 75 per cent. on any one branch; No. 2 a general average of 80 per cent, and not lower than 70 per cent. on any one branch; No. 3 a general average of 70 per cent. and not less than 60 per cent. on any one branch.

Section 36 of the School Law requires the teacher to file Duplicate of his Certificate with the Secretary of the Board in the District in which he is employed and the Secretary is required to endorse same on the Original. This should be done before the school begins, and at the close of the term, when the Teacher makes his Report of Examination, the Secretary should return to him the duplicate of his certificate, if it be for three or four years, that the Teacher may file it again the ensuing year with the Secretary of the District in which he may be employed. The Secretary need not endorse on back of Duplicate but must do so on back of original.



DUPLICATE

No. 7 TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE. Grade No. Cus

GOOD FOR 4 YEARS

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That A. M. Grimes is a person of good moral character, competent to teach and govern a common school, and has passed an examination in the following branches with the annexed results:

	90	U. S. HISTORY	95	TOTAL PERCENTAGES	112.6
	98	GEOGRAPHY	100	AVERAGE PER CENT	93 1/2
	90	BOOK KEEPING	90	LOWEST PER CENT. IN ANY ONE BRANCH	80
	95	CIVIL GOVERNMENT	80		
	95	THEORY AND ART OF TEACHING	100		
	100				
	95				

Issued 28 day of Aug. 1895 H H Brantley President.
J. S. McClung
Webster County, W. Va. Board of Examiners.

Years of Charge	Professional Courage (Case Cases)	Unchastity or the Change	Bastards	Marriages-Sec.	Attorneys Colony
	190 Cases	6			
1896-7-Bastards Civ	250 200		3		1835.
1898-1900-Assault "	150	15	3		1400. 91.
1900-1901-Assault "	190	6	2	3.50	2 5.24
1901-1902-Assault "	1900	6	8	4.50	6 5.24
1902-1903-Boston "	1786	7	8	17.00	5.05.24 8.03.
1903-1904-Boston "	430	2	1	5.00	21.3 5.1.65
1904-1905-Boston "	251	1	1	2.00	1.44 3.1.439.
1905-1906-Kanawha "	160	12	3	21	$47.00 5.22 32.1.295.
1906-1907-Kanawha "	909	12	3	5	16.25 4.09 21 1900.
1907-1908-Kanawha "	664	7	5	2	4.00 1.52 8 431.
1908-1909-Kanawha "	595	12	1.5	2	8.50 14.0 5 255
1909-1910-Kanawha "	500	9	1	2	5	12.00 17.8 14 836.
1910-1911-Kanawha "	374	7	3.5	5	1	5.00 11.6 2 257.
1911-1912-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	9.00 424 5 897.
1912-1913-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1913-1914-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1914-1915-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1915-1916-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1916-1917-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	9.00 424 5 897.
1917-1918-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1918-1919-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1919-1920-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1920-1921-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1921-1922-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1922-1923-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1923-1924-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1924-1925-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1925-1926-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1926-1927-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1927-1928-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1928-1929-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1929-1930-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1930-1931-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1931-1932-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1932-1933-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1933-1934-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1934-1935-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1935-1936-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1936-1937-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1937-1938-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1938-1939-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1939-1940-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1940-1941-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1941-1942-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1942-1943-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1943-1944-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1944-1945-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1945-1946-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1946-1947-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1947-1948-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1948-1949-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1949-1950-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1950-1951-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1951-1952-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1952-1953-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1953-1954-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1954-1955-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1955-1956-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1956-1957-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1957-1958-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1958-1959-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1959-1960-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1960-1961-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1961-1962-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1962-1963-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1963-1964-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1964-1965-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1965-1966-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1966-1967-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1967-1968-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1968-1969-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1969-1970-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1970-1971-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1971-1972-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1972-1973-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1973-1974-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1974-1975-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1975-1976-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1976-1977-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1977-1978-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1978-1979-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1979-1980-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1980-1981-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1981-1982-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1982-1983-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1983-1984-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1984-1985-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1985-1986-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1986-1987-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1987-1988-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1988-1989-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1989-1990-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1990-1991-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1991-1992-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1992-1993-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1993-1994-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1994-1995-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1995-1996-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1996-1997-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1997-1998-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
1998-1999-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
1999-2000-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2000-2001-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2001-2002-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2002-2003-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2003-2004-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2004-2005-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2005-2006-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2006-2007-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2007-2008-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2008-2009-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2009-2010-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2010-2011-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2011-2012-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2012-2013-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2013-2014-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2014-2015-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2015-2016-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2016-2017-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2017-2018-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2018-2019-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2019-2020-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2020-2021-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2021-2022-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2022-2023-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2023-2024-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2024-2025-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2025-2026-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2026-2027-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2027-2028-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2028-2029-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2029-2030-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2030-2031-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2031-2032-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2032-2033-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2033-2034-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2034-2035-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2035-2036-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2036-2037-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2037-2038-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2038-2039-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2039-2040-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2040-2041-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2041-2042-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2042-2043-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2043-2044-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2044-2045-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2045-2046-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2046-2047-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2047-2048-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2048-2049-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2049-2050-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2050-2051-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2051-2052-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2052-2053-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2053-2054-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2054-2055-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2055-2056-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2056-2057-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2057-2058-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2058-2059-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2059-2060-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2060-2061-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2061-2062-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2062-2063-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2063-2064-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2064-2065-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2065-2066-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2066-2067-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2067-2068-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2068-2069-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2069-2070-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2070-2071-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2071-2072-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2072-2073-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2073-2074-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2074-2075-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2075-2076-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2076-2077-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2077-2078-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2078-2079-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2079-2080-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2080-2081-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2081-2082-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2082-2083-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2083-2084-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2084-2085-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2085-2086-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2086-2087-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2087-2088-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2088-2089-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2089-2090-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2090-2091-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2091-2092-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2092-2093-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2093-2094-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2094-2095-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2095-2096-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2096-2097-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2097-2098-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2098-2099-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2099-2100-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2100-2101-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2101-2102-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2102-2103-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2103-2104-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2104-2105-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2105-2106-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2106-2107-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2107-2108-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2108-2109-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2109-2110-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2110-2111-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2111-2112-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2112-2113-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2113-2114-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2114-2115-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2115-2116-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2116-2117-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2117-2118-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2118-2119-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2119-2120-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2120-2121-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2121-2122-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2122-2123-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2123-2124-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2124-2125-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2125-2126-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2126-2127-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2127-2128-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2128-2129-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2129-2130-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2130-2131-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2131-2132-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2132-2133-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2133-2134-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2134-2135-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2135-2136-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2136-2137-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2137-2138-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2138-2139-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2139-2140-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2140-2141-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2141-2142-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2142-2143-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2143-2144-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2144-2145-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2145-2146-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2146-2147-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2147-2148-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2148-2149-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2149-2150-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2150-2151-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2151-2152-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2152-2153-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2153-2154-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2154-2155-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2155-2156-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2156-2157-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2157-2158-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2158-2159-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2159-2160-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2160-2161-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2161-2162-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2162-2163-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2163-2164-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2164-2165-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2165-2166-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2166-2167-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2167-2168-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2168-2169-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2169-2170-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2170-2171-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2171-2172-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2172-2173-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2173-2174-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2174-2175-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2175-2176-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2176-2177-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2177-2178-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2178-2179-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2179-2180-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2180-2181-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2181-2182-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2182-2183-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2183-2184-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2184-2185-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2185-2186-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2186-2187-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2187-2188-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2188-2189-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2189-2190-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2190-2191-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2191-2192-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2192-2193-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2193-2194-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2194-2195-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2195-2196-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2196-2197-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2197-2198-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2198-2199-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2199-2200-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2200-2201-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2201-2202-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2202-2203-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2203-2204-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2204-2205-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2205-2206-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2206-2207-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2207-2208-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2208-2209-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2209-2210-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2210-2211-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2211-2212-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2212-2213-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2213-2214-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2214-2215-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2215-2216-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2216-2217-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2217-2218-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2218-2219-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2219-2220-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2220-2221-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2221-2222-Mason-O-Nic	481	3	1	0	2.00 2.00 1 800.
2222-2223-Mason-O-Nic	926	14	12	0	6.00 1.00 4 502.
2223-2224-Mason-O-

humble a man throughout all eternity. Friday, October 14, 1921, Home City, Tyler County, West Virginia."

In retirement of more than 40 years, Grimes would in some capacity serve the ministry. He had not finished his course, he would not say that he had fought a good fight, but he had kept the faith. In arithmetic of religion "meager results" always had a place. When the Lord was on earth He spoke of highways and hedges, of one lost sheep, and of possible attainment when "two or three" of his followers were gathered together. Certainly, no Methodist Conference would contend that the best ministerial service is always performed in the largest churches.

The circuit rider, like the country doctor, was devoted to his horse, almost to companionship. Grimes, equipped with saddlebags and leggings, was photographed on "Mat," his favorite mount, April 17, 1903. He wrote: " 'Mat' and I starting from Fayetteville to make our appointments at Cirtsville and Bethel, a distance of 20 to 25 miles. Oh, the mud to Oak Hill." He noted "the beautiful, sunshiny morning".*

In 1911, Grimes and Miss America M. Miller were married and they became parents of children, Abraham, Sarah and Mary. Mary married Regis D. Connell, and it was with Connells in Fairmont that Grimes made his home after the death of his wife.

On June 8, 1962, the annual Methodist Conference was in session at Buckhannon. "The Informant," official publication, reported:

> A highlight of each annual conference session is the Retired Ministers Banquet and the selection of a retired minister to be honored by possession of the Conference Cane. The cane has been passed among retired ministers since 1897. It usually is awarded to the oldest living minister or the minister with the greatest number of years of service.
>
> The Rev. Addison M. Grimes, present cane-holder, is past 99 years of age. He enjoys good health and plans to go right on past the century mark. In the acceptance speech, when presented the cane, Brother Grimes spoke with vigor and enthusiasm. It was not difficult at all to see across the years and visualize circuit riders of another era as they evangelized the frontier settlements. Of such stock was Methodism born!

When Grimes became a centenarian the Fairmont press hailed him as the oldest citizen, and family and friends celebrated the occasion. He told a news reporter, "I am proud of the cane but, of course, I don't need it." He added a bit of philosophy: "Always be

busy and profitably employed. Idleness is the devil's workshop. If you are unhappy or down in the dumps, just do something nice and you will feel a whole lot better."

Under date of July 4, 1963, Grimes wrote: "My 100th birthday. Preached at Diamond Street Church to a full house (252). 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found (Isaiah 55:6).' Never had finer freedom and liberty in speech. To God be all the glory." In July, Grimes delivered four sermons.

During the centennial year of West Virginia, 1963, a special program was held at Fairview Methodist Church at which the history of the institution was reviewed. Grimes participated in the program. A. F. Gregory reported: "More than 100 people were on the ground, made up of both present and former residents of the community, and ranging in age from 100 to mere babes in arms." "The Webster Echo" on September 25, 1963, carried a photo of charter members present. They were Grimes, Mrs. Nancy H. Hamrick and Calvin H. Brady. Grimes wrote: "It was a great experience to be present at homecoming, not soon to be forgotten."

On June 8, 1964, he sent Methodist Conference a message: "I appreciate the great honor of having the cane two years and gladly return it for someone else to enjoy." He died June 15, or 19 days before his 101 birthday.

A. J. SHINABERRY
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Campbelltown, W. Va., 11/17 1926

Mr J. H. Mayes

No. 1

Reg. No. 26 Clerk.....

	ACCOUNT FORWARDED	2	90
1	1 Oats	45	
2	1 Feed	10	55
3			345
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			
14			
15	27		

INTEREST CHARGED AFTER 30 DAYS

Your account stated to date. If error is found return at once.

To Our Customers

You need your money
And I need mine,
If we both get ours
It will sure be fine,
But if you get yours
And hold mine too,
What in the world
Am I going to do?

Think it over.

A. J. SHINABERRY

Blair Printing Co., Ba

In the course of events Frederick was the first to die and that too far away from his mountain home under sadly peculiar circumstances. John R. Flemmens called at John Barlow's to pass the night. Mr Barlow had heard of Frederick's death, but did not wish any one to say any thing about it before morning. But one of the boys came in before his father could repress him and said: "Mr Flemmens, do you know that Fred is dead?"

"Is it possible, Mr Barlow, have you heard that my boy is dead?"

"Yes," replied Mr Barlow, "I am sorry to say it is even so."

In an instant the bereaved father seemed to be frenzied by his grief. He caught up his three horses and started for home in the night. As he slowly ascended the mountain path his agonized cries could be heard for miles: "O Freddy, my dear son; your poor old father will never see you again. O Freddy, my son, my son!"

While on a visit to Ohio, Mr Flemmens died there.

Mrs Flemmens and her daughter Elizabeth spent their last years in the vicinity of Buckeye. They spun and wove ond industriously earned a living as long as their willing hands coald retain their cunning, and had the respectful esteem of all their neighbors.

AARON MOORE.

Aaron Moore, one of the older sons of Moses Moore the pioneer, hunter, and scout, after his marriage with

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Catherine Johnson, daughter of John Johnson, first lived near Frost; but the greater part of his life he dwelt on the west bank of the Greenbrier, four miles above Marlinton, where he had settled in the woods.

John Johnson, the ancestor of the Johnson relationship, and the pioneer of West Marlinton, whose log cabin stood several hundred yards below the bridge, near a large walnut tree, heard that corn had matured in Nicholas. He set out to bring in some of the Nicholas corn for seed, and lost his way in Black Mountain and was bewildered for nine days, having nothing to eat most of the time. In his desperation he tried a morsel of garter snake, but he could not swallow it, and he concluded he would rather die than "eat such eatings as that." Upon coming to a house he was just able to move, and scarcely able to talk enough to make the mistress of the place understand what had happened. She at once proceeded to prepare a bountiful meal, thinking a man as hungry as he was would never know when to quit. In the meantime the proprietor came in and countermanded all this preparation, and directed a little thin mush to be boiled and a little skimmed milk be brought from the spring house. He prepared a saucer of mush and milk and gave the famished stranger one spoonful, and then waited for results. In a few minutes there was a violent emetic disturbance, ann it looked as if he was about to turn inside out. When this subsided, a little more of the mixture was given, with more favorable results, and in a few hours the pangs of hunger were somewhat appeased. Nourishment was carefully dosed out for

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some days, and he finally made the trip, bringing the corn, which planted one of the first crops ever produced in the vicinity of Marlinton.

By arduous industry and judicious economy Mr and Mrs Moore built up a prosperous home. Their sons were John, James, Samuel, Thomas, Andrew Jackson, Henry, William Daniel, and George Claiborne; and the daughters were Mary, Elizabeth, Catherine, Eliza, and Melinda—eight sons and five daughters.

John Moore married Jane, daughter of Colonel John Baxter, and settled in the woods near Marlinton. Their children were Aaron, William, Theodore, Washington, and one daughter, Catherine, now Mrs Thomas Auldridge, near Indian Draft.

James Moore married Anne McNeill daughter of the late Squire John McNeill, on Dry Branch of Swago, and settled in the woods near Marlinton, on property now owned by John R. Moore. Their children were John Register, Frances, Rachel, George, Henry, Nelson, and Naomi. John Register lives on the homestead. His wife was Mary Baxter, daughter of the late William Baxter, near Edray.

Samuel Moore married Nancy Beale, and settled on the summit of Marlin Mountain, in the unbroken forest and killed ten rattlesnakes on the first acre cleared about his cabin. Their children were Lucas, Martha, Catherine, Margaret, Jennie, William Thomas, Anise, George, Kenney, Rachel, and Melinda—eight daughters and four sons. Mrs Moore was a daughter of Thomas Beale, who came from Maryland soon after the war of 1812. He claimed to have been a sailor in

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early life, and was one of the defenders of Baltimore, and saw the engagement immortalized by the "Star Spangled Banner." The farm opened up by Samuel Moore is visible from so many points that a lady from Florida called it a revolving farm.

William D. Moore settled on Elk Mountain in the woods. He was married three times. His first wife was Rebecca Sharp; her children were Matthias, Charles L., Elizabeth, Mary, Jacob, and Nancy. The second wife was Mary Ann Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldrige, Senior. Her one child was Mary Ann Moore. The third wife was Hannah Beverage. Her children were Amanda, now Mrs S. D. Hannah, on Elk; Susan, now Mrs John Gibson, near Mary's Chapel; Effie, now Mrs A. P. Gay, near Clover Lick; Etta, Joseph, and Ellis.

Thomas Moore, a noted rail splitter and fence builder, never married. He opened up a nice farm on Back Alleghany, where he now resides.

Andrew Jackson Moore was married twice. First wife was Abigail McLaughlin, daughter of the late Major Daniel McLaughlin, near Greenbank. Her children were Ernest and Anise, now Mrs D. Hevner, on Back Alleghany. The second wife was Rachel, daughter of the late Charles Grimes, near Frost. Her children were Virginia, now Mrs Silva, on Stamping Creek, Forest, Samuel, Thomas, and Elmer.

A. J. Moore settled in the woods on Back Alleghany, and opened up a fine farm.

Henry Moore married Elizabeth Auldridge, and settled in the woods near Driftwood, and opened up two

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nice farms. Their only son, Andrew Moore, lives at the homestead.

George C. Moore married Rachel Duncan on Stony Creek. Her father, Henry Duncan, came from Rockbridge, and was one of the carpenters that worked on the court house at Huntersville. Mr Moore lives on the "Young Place," on Stony Creek.

Elizabeth Moore became Mrs William Auldridge. These persons settled in the woods near Indian Draft. Their children were Hanson, Melinda, and Eliza. Eliza died not long since. Hanson and Melinda are living on the nice homestead opened up by their worthy parents.

Catherine Moore was married to John Burr, and they settled in Burrs Valley, where she is now living.

Eliza Moore became Mrs Price McComb, and they settled in the woods on Cummings Creek, densely covered with white pine, and opened up virtually several nice farms. Their children were Nancy, Charles, George, Wyllis, Andrew Beckley, Henry on the homestead; and Alice, now Mrs George Wagner, at Huntersville.

Melinda Moore was the second wife of the late Captain William Cochran, on Stony Creek. Her children are William Cochran, on the homestead; and Catherine Jane, now Mrs Giles Sharp, near Verdant Valley. Her second marriage was with Joseph Barlow, who lives on the Cochran homestead.

It is instructive to reflect on the memoirs of such a relationship, so largely composed of patient, industrious people, accomplishing what they have done in

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developing our county. Nine members of this family settled in the woods, and by their efforts more than a thousand acres of wilderness land has been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Mary died in early womanhood, regarded by her sisters as their special favorite. Two, while not settling in the woods, have shown by their industry and enterprise how to make the best of more favorable opportunities, and improved what came into their hands already opened up and improved.

It is not easy to appreciate what it cost—weary toil, wear and tear of muscle and bodily vigor—to achieve what they have. Nevertheless, the oldest people tell us that there was more real contentment and satisfaction and enjoyment in life then than now; for there was a felt community of interest, and harmonious help and truly sympathetic endeavor, that seemed to have a charm not apparent now. Then it seemed a genuine pleasure to show favors and render assistance, but now pay seems to be expected for most everything that may be done in the way of helpful service.

Like most of the persons of his time, Aaron Moore was a successful hunter and made it profitable. One of his memorable adventures occurred while on his way to search for the body of his neighbor, James Twyman who was drowned in Thorny Creek, January 17, 1834, and was not found until January 19. Mr Moore lived on the west bank of the river, while Thorny Creek is on the east side. He went up the west bank to cross at Joseph Friel's. As he was threading his way along the snow covered path, his dog came upon the trail of

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a panther, and treed it in a lofty pine near the summi of the river ridge, about opposite Friel's. He shot the animal, left it where it fell to be attended to later on, and then hurried away on his sorrowful duty, canoeing the river at high tide. The body of the drowned neighbor was found stranded on a large rock, that is still pointed out not very far below the mouth of the creek.

When Mr Moore died, his remains were taken to the Duffield grave yard. His faithful wife survived him a few years, and then was carried to rest by his side, where they are now sleeping the years away, in hope of a blessed resurrection. May they stand in their lot at the end of the days.

LEVI MOORE.

One hundred years ago, one of the most widely known citizens in the region now embraced by Pocahontas and Bath counties, was Levi Moore, Senior, a native of Wales. He was the pioneer of Frost, and came to there some time previous to the Revolution, and was among the first to make a permanent settlement. The lands he settled now owned by the Gibsons, Sharps and others. His wife was Susannah Crist and he first settled in Pennsylvania, where he lived until his family, two sons and two daughters were born and the older ones nearly grown.

Hannah Moore was marrried to Robert Gay, the ancester of the Gay relationship, so frequently alluded to in these papers.

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THE REPUBLICAN NEWS

SUCCESSOR TO THE MARLINTON MESSENGER

A NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY.

VOLUME XII. NO 2. MARLINTON, W. VA. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1911 $1.50 A YEAR: $1 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

POSTAL INFORMATION

..., OUT BY MARLINTON'S ...ELIGIBLE POSTMASTER

...TEREST TO ALL PATRONS

...ging Letters to be Sure Through the Holidays in Order to Make Prompt Delivery—The Office do not Undertake Mail Positions.

...ance with order No. ...Postmaster General ...ill suspend back ...ail matter except ...y and registered ...eriod beginning ...1911, and end... 1912, in order ...very of mail ...season.

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BURNS RAPS GOMPERS

America Labor Leader Planned His Assassination.

A very remarkable accusation against Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, was made by Detective William J. Burns at New York, when he arrived in that city on his trip across the continent following clues to the men "higher up" in the labor union whom he believes were behind the McNamaras in their dynamiting activities.

"The purpose of Gompers in his incendiary talk was to get me assassinated," said Burns in an interview at the Herald Square hotel shortly after his arrival. "When he gave out his statement after these men were arrested, in which he accused me of framing up a case and planting the dynamite, he planned to excite some crank so that he would take a shot at me. He supplied the keynote for attacks upon me from street corners and in Socialistic organs by his remarks with the same end in view. Ask Francis J. Heney in San Francisco and he will tell you that I expected they would try to get me and I told him that if they did for him to get Gompers, as I knew he would be responsible. I was warned from the inside that I was to be assassinated

HON. ABRAHAM A. LILLY

That A. A. Lilly of Beckley will be a candidate for attorney general and not for congress in the Fifth district, as has been intimated on several occasions papers of the state in the near future

Abraham A. Lilly was born March 25, 1878, in Summers county, this state. In 1881 he

GATHER EGGS OFTENER

IS ADVICE OF SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON

DIRTY EGGS COST FARMERS MILLIONS

West Virginia Shares in Great Annual Loss—Infertile Eggs Will Not Spoil So Easily as Fertile Eggs and Can Stand More Heat, Which is the Cause of One-Third of the Loss.

Five million dollars a year is the estimate of the Department of Agriculture of the amount lost by the farmers of the United States on account of dirty eggs. And, of course, West Virginia being a great egg producing State shares in that loss. This loss says secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture, is very largely brought about by not gathering the eggs often enough. In wet weather more dirty eggs are found than at any other time, because the mud or other filth carried into the nest on the hen's feet. Eggs deposited on the ground or around hay and straw stacks become stained and are classed as "dirties." While dirty eggs may be perfectly fresh, they invariably sell in the market as

MAY LOSE EYESIGHT

Sheriff of Wyoming County Mixed Turpentine and Sulphuric Acid.

John W. Ball, sheriff of Wyoming county, whose home is at Pineville, has gone to Cincinnati accompanied by Dr. Myers, of Pineville, to consult a specialist who will be asked to do what he can to save Sheriff Ball's eyesight. A few days ago the sheriff attempted to mix sulphuric acid with turpentine in a bottle with the intention of making a liniment for application on an animal. After the acid and turpentine had been placed in the bottle the sheriff commenced to shake the contents with the result that an excess of the acid caused an explosion threw the liniment in his face and eyes.

He was seriously burned fear that he may lose his sight is expressed. Sheriff in addition to being sheriff of Wyoming county, is one of wealthiest men in the county and is a large owner of coal and timber lands.

One on the ...

"Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight, give us a maiden as fair and right. With a ... of switches ...

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THE MARLINTON MESSENGER

E INTERESTS OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1911

HAM A. LILLY

Senator W. O. Peterkin, president of the Gilmore Trust & Guaranty Company, of Parkersburg, the bonding company represented by T. S. McNeel, was in town between trains Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Standifer, of Fayette county, were here this week visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hooker.

Mort English, foreman of track for the Campbell Lumber Co., left last Saturday for Mt. Clemens, Mich., where he goes to find relief from a severe attack of rheumatism.

Martin Crummett, of Mingo, spent a couple of days here this week with his brother, G. F. Crummett.

Married, at the Valley Hotel in Marlinton, Wednesday evening at 8:30 o'clock, by Rev. A. S. Rachal, Oliver P. Fury and Miss Mabel B. Jackson, both of Seebert.

Mrs. Eliza Arbogast.

Mrs. Van Buren Arbogast died at the home of her brother B. M. Yeager, in Marlinton today (Friday) after a short illness of pneumonia, aged 78 years. She lived at Dunlevie but was visiting here when taken sick. A more extended notice will be given next week.

A. Y. Dulaney, of Williams river, reports the killing of another large bear this week, making the fifth killed by him this season.

A meeting of the creditors of G. W. Fuller, of Academy, is called to meet in Charleston on the 20th of this month, at which time a second dividend will be paid.

Remember THE REPUBLICAN NEWS will always bring good results to advertisers. 500 extra copies distributed over the county each week until after New Year by our agents.

THE REPUBLICAN NEWS wants a correspondent at every post office in the county. What we want is the news, nothing trivial, but facts.

Editors purchasing Furnishings and upholstering cannot borrow one cent. We have a large line of the best and most select fabrics in this section of the state to choose from. Prices right and terms easy.—Frame & Cobb's Marlinton W. Va.

FROST.

Mr. and Mrs. McGuffin, from Polar Springs, Va., spent several weeks here visiting the latter's father, I. B. Moore.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sharp, Nov. 23—a daughter.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCarty, Nov. 24—a son.

Miss Ruth Sharp is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sam Harper at Hendricks.

Miss Grace Moore who has been clerking in Hamed's store at Marlinton, spent Sunday visiting relatives near here.

O. E. McKeever, who is building the new school house at this place, spent Thanksgiving and Sunday with home folks at Huntersville.

R. T. Noel, who is working on the school building, spent a few days visiting relatives at Dunmore.

Rev. Scott, preacher in charge of the M. E. Church at this place, will return with his family this week and take charge of the parsonage. He is a good preacher and we welcome him, hoping that his path may be smooth.

Mrs. Mariah Herold, who has been seriously ill at her home, is slowly improving.

Theodore Roosevelt, the foremost ex-president is spoken of for the next Republican President.

Earnest Sharp has moved into the home vacated by Mrs. Aaron Ryder.

That Dreadful Cough.

Can be relieved at once by that famous Wells' Pine Cough Syrup with tar. Distributed by S. B. Wallace & Co., wholesale druggists. It comes in a red package and is a valuable remedy for colds, coughs, bronchial catarrh, spasmodic croup, winter coughs and all diseases of the air passages. For sale and guaranteed by all dealers. Price 25 cents a bottle.

"Sweeping Sores."

At this time of year, when the weather is changeable people suffer from chapped hands. If such is your case you need a good salve something that will relieve that burning and stinging sensation. A salve like that of Dr. Bells is a manufactured by S. B. Wallace & Co., wholesale druggists. Sold by all dealers. Price 10 cents a box.

A. L. Carter and wife to O. H. Koe, lots 23 and 29 block 37 Marlinton; $3,500.00.

Andrew Price special commissioner to W. A. Armentrout, lot 1 block 9 Yeager addition to Dunlevie; $250.00.

W. A. Armentrout and wife to J. M. Dye, lot 1 block 2 Dunlevie; $350.00

S. L. Hogsett and others to Marvin C. Smith, parcel of land known as the Josiah T. Hogsett farm; Little Levels; $5.00.

Mrs. A. L. W. Griffith and husband to Frank Herbert, parcel in Cass; $200.

J. M. Watts trustee to Mabel Gorrel, lot 72 Riverside Addition to Marlinton; $1.00

Mall Gerst and wife to H. H. Weir, parcel of land near Barlow; $100.00

T. S. McNeel trustee, to G. W. Miller, 188 acres Greenbrier river; $1,525.00

Allegheny Improvement Co. to S. L. Hogsett, lot 3 block 2 Minnehaha Springs; $150.

J. B. Lockridge and wife to Mrs. Kate Gibson, lot 3 block 1 Minnehaha Springs; $125.

J. B. Lockridge and wife to Miss Bertie Gibson, lot 4 block 1 Minnehaha Springs; $125.

GUARDIANS APPOINTED:

John M. Galford was appointed guardian of May Geiger an infant over 14 years. C. I. Galford surety. Appointment was made by C. J. McCarty in vacation.

C. I. Galford was appointed guardian of Neva J. Galford. John M. Geiger as surety.

E. R. Sharp was appointed guardian of Beatrice Sharp, Lillian P. Sharp, Bettie Clay Sharp and Gay Sharp.

MARRIAGE LICENSE:

Henry H. Conrad 30, Minnie E. Snyder.

Oliver Fury 26, Mabel Jackson 21.

Archie C. Pugh 26, Myrtle Sheets 21.

THE REPUBLICAN NEWS wants ads, will start a WANT column with this issue.

Do not cringe [illegible] more sense of economy than [illegible] count—so much each month, [illegible] give her the independence she [illegible] save you money, because if [illegible] she will help you save. Do [illegible] money SHE will have it for

Let O[illegible]

Bank o[illegible]

Capital and S[illegible]

Detective Murdered.

John Van Hoose, ag[illegible] one of the best known [illegible] tives in West Virgini[illegible] Gideon Marcum, aged 2[illegible] of a prominent family, c[illegible] in a fatal duel at [illegible] Mingo county, Sunday [illegible] Van Hoose attempted t[illegible] Marcum on a charge [illegible] glary. Marcum was to[illegible] for the noted detectiv[illegible] when the latter tapped [illegible] the shoulder and asked [illegible] "come along" Marcum [illegible] flash pulled a pistol an[illegible] the bullet entering Van [illegible] abdomen, causing instan[illegible] Marcum started to run [illegible] had Crumms of Wayne [illegible] who had accompanie[illegible] Hoose on the case, and [illegible] ment la'er Marcum p[illegible] penalty for his own [illegible] when he fell dead from [illegible] let fired by the deputy [illegible] whose aim proved tru[illegible] Hoose's home was at C[illegible] burg, Ky. He was an [illegible] of the Baldwin agency [illegible] assigned to the N. & [illegible] road.

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lar affidavit, and it was on these false affidavits that all three were finally brought before the federal court.

"Ketched a Bar,"

Columbus Riddle, better known simply as "Lum," who lives at the dam on Williams river, caught a large bear in a pen at the head of Ken's creek Monday night. Brum was unusually fat and weighed close to three hundred pounds. Pat Gay and John Moore brought several pounds of the meat to Marlinton Wednesday with which they treated some of their friends at the Warwick restaurant.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.

When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

Before purchasing Pocahontas and adjoining county farms, see us. We have a large list of the best and most select farms in this section of the state to choose from. Prices right and terms easy.—Hunter & Eshelb, Marlinton W Va.

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WM. H. SAWYERS.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
HINTON, WEST VIRGINIA

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CONCERNING ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ANCESTRY.

A VERY INTERESTING ARTICLE BY THE LATE HONORABLE ANDREW PRICE, PUBLISHED A FEW YEARS AGO, IN THE POCAHONTAS TIMES.

This paper is undertaken to discuss with you the identity of Lincoln's maternal grandfather. Under ordinary circumstances this might be considered a delicate question, but so much harm has been done by the number of books that have been published on the subject and the scandal thathas covered the nation that I am sure that I cannot add to the sorrow of two good women. It is my sincere desire to place them in a better light before a hundred million people, everyone of whom is deeply indebted to them for the saver of the nation, Abraham Lincoln. The women I refer to are Lucy Hanks and her daughter Nancy Hanks.

Each passing year adds new luster to the name of Abraham Lincoln. Devoted as I have been to the neglected history of West Virginia, so long at the mercy of the mercenaries among historians, I had not considered Lincoln as a study demanding my attention any further than his actions as a statesman were responsible for the formation of the State of West Virginia, and the movements of the Civil War within this State.

Every drop of blood in me is Confederate. I was born since the war but I can remember the days when Lincoln was not revered universally either in the North or in the South. When it is remembered that his Gettysburg speech, now considered the supreme voicing of thought, was ridiculed and derided by Northern editors, some idea can be obtained of what Lincoln had to endure in his lifetime before the second sober thought of his countrymen set him on the highest place in history ever known in the troubled story of the world.

The Lincolns belonged to Rockingham County, Virginia.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
HINTON, WEST VIRGINIA

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That was the County filled with what we call pacifists in this day. It was the breed of Quakers, Mennonites and Dunkards. High class, level headed people who had a clear understanding of the horrors of war where the winner is also a loser. And as for the almighty dollar, they were experts in that game, and money was highly important to them. That was the country that suffered more than any other county in the United States per capita, and while Lincoln was president and commander inchief of the army. My earliest impressions then were from men who had suffered from the burning and and raiding of the Valley of Virginia and "Old Abe" was about the best name that they called him. If it had not been for my father, who was a historian and a Confederate solder and who appreciated the greatness of Lincoln long before some of the men of disappointing ambitions in the North I might have grown up in the belief that the war president had cloven hoofs.

Later on when we had moved from Rockingham county to the mountains of West Virginia, and I had the opportunity of hearing men discuss for endless hours in conversation the history of the Civil War, I began to see how the existence of the Union depended upon the unfaltering purpose of one man, just as the success of the Revolution was due to the steadfast nature and good judgment of George Washington. I have come to regard Abraham Lincoln as one of the men that the Lord provides from time to time to preserve mankind from destruction through their own mad passions and prejudices.

Perhaps the most engrossing problem ever presented to the psychologist was how Lincoln the wise man and the man without the benefit of even a most primitive school, could have been evolved from the Lincolns and the Hankses.,as the sole representative of two

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
HINTON, WEST VIRGINIA

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prolific families that ever showed any scholastic ability or who ever reached an eminent position upon his own merit. If there ever was a case of a man who burst his birth's invidious bar, it was he.

Ever since I can remember the searchers after truth who delighted in unsavory subjects were divided in two schools, one which advanced the ~~exery~~ theory that Lincoln was the son of John C. Calhoun, and the other that Lincoln was the half brother of Jefferson Davis. Something like forty years ago I was able to combat both theories for I had found out that if there ever was a pure and virtuous woman on the face of the earth it was Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Therefore there couldnot be any truth in those rumors. Never was there a more undeserved case of the fell work of the livid wing of scandal.

But when it comes to the question of Lucy Hanks, the grandmother ~~of~~ who atoned for what some might consider a mistake of her girlhood by a long life of good works as a noble Christian woman the wife of a good man, and the mother of nine children, we have to accept the fact that Nancy Hanks was a base born child and we have to look to the circumstances surrounding that fact.

There can be little doubt that the Hanks family knewwho was the father of Nancy Hanks and there can be no doubt that they regarded it as a secret so profound that it could not be divulged. I believe that Abraham Lincoln knew who his grandfather was and that his lips were tightly sealed. All that he said about it, that has been preserved was that his grandfather was a Virginia planter and that he believed that whatever talent

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that he had was inherited from his unnamed grandfather. This is one of the strongest evidences to me that the gentleman that I am about to name was the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln.

One of Lincoln's great aunts, a sister of Lucy, had a child before marriage by a man by the name of Charles Friend. It did not suit to marry for some reason or other but there was no great concealment for they named the baby Dennis Friend Hanks and he was adopted along with little Nancy by Elizabeth Sparrow, aunt to both of them, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. This was the Dennis Hanks, a sort of fireside philosopher who was an earlier counselor of his cousin Abe. This Dennis Hanks took the view that he should perjure himself like a gentleman and prove that Nancy Hanks was named Nancy Sparrow and born in lawful wedlock after Lucy married the other Sparrow. This he failed to accomplish. I suppose that these matters had best not be discussed as a general thing, but when the fate of nations depend upon the vagaries of human beings there is nothing much we can do but reaffirm our faith and dependence in Providence, and admit that we are helpless and dependent mortals.

A woman said theother day that what was the rightest thing in the world could be the wrongest thing in the world under different circumstances.

Physically Lincoln took after the Lincolns. They were given to tall ungainly forms. One of my earliest recollections was one of the clan that was six feet, seven inches tall and thin and raw boned.

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Lincoln was a counsin of R. E. Lee, The name of Lee is one of the proudest in Virginia and China. Some of the rest of us decayed aristocrats may whisper around that the Lees are a comparatively modern family, dating back to a mere two hundred years or so, but the Lees sail grandly on nevertheless and number many great and important names on the list. They ought to agree on the spelling however for away back there a distinguished Virginia jurist, spelled his name Leigh. It looks like there may have been an ancestor phonetically inclined, like the branch that were apt to spell their name Linkhorn.

Dr. Barton of Foxboro, Massachusetts, has become the most famous of the biographers of Lincoln, though Emil Ludwig is making a pass at the subject at this time and he seems to be a man of parts, capable of felicity in expression and discernment. West Virginia at this great intellectual feast takes the place of the poor man at a frolic. We furnished a tottering democracy with the immortal Nancy and you cannot laugh that off. I have had many kind letters from Dr. Barton lately and he has accepted my help in the spirit in which it wasoffered. After the home of the Hanks had been found to be in Mineral County I was able to locate the missing title papers. In that I functioned as an attorney-at-law, rather than a historian. It is a matter of considerable satisfaction to me that the title and survey have passed the critical inspection of David C. Martin. I noticed in Dr. Barton's late book that he has the picture of the ruins of ahouse with a cellar as one of the possible sites of the Hanks homestead. This is to an antiquarian is an anachronism, as the pioneers on the headwaters did not have cellard in 1784.

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I feel that the best evidence of the identity of the mysterious grandfather is to be gathered from Lincoln's talk with his law partner, William H. Herndon, who has recorded it in his history, and his account sh uld be carefully considered. Herndon said:-

"It was about 1850 when he and I were driving in his one horse buggy to the court in Menard County, Illinois. He spoke, for the first time in my hearing, of his mother, dwelling on her characteristics and mentioningor enumerating what qualities he inherited from her. He said among other things, that she was the illegitimate daughter of Lucy Hanks and a well bred Virginia farmer or planter, and he argued that from this last source came his power of analysis, his mental activity, his ambition, and all the qualities that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family. The revelation, painful as it was, called up the recollection of his mother, and as the buggy jolted over the road, he added ruefully, "God, bless my Mother; all that I am or ever hope to be I owe to her."

In the Virginias the world planter is never used to describe a famer in the Valley or in the Mountaints. It is confined to the tobacco and cotton regions, and that is what was meant in this case. It is apparent that Lincoln knew who the grandfather was and that there was a powe ful reason for not disclosing the name. It would have been fatal to his political life. It would have invoked a storm of ridicule. Lincoln up to the hour of his death was subjected to abuse and adverse criticism. Kind words were few and far between.

Joseph Hanks was a native of Richmond county a county in the Northern Neck where it narrows down to the few miles that separate the tidal rivers, the Potomac and the Rappahannock. The space here is taken up largely by Richmond County and Westmoreland County, and this spot has been the birthplace of many prominen men among them being Washington, Monroe, the Lees and other prominent personages.

Hanks signed by mark. He married Ann Lee. He was in the Fairfax grant and decided to go to the extreme western part of the Fairfax lands. This was about 1782, as fixed by Barton, from certain records that he examined in Richmond county. The way at that time lay by Alexandria by Leesburg, through Snickers Gap of the Blue Ridge, and by Winchester and Romney to Patterson Creek.

Fairfax had set aside as manor lands 9000 acres of the bottoms along Patterson Creek but there was good land to be taken up outside the reservation.

When he moved he had nine children, five boys and four girls and all must have been with him as they were listed in the census of 1782 as living in Hampshire County.

Reaching back towards the Allegheny Front was Mikes Run a stream about ten miles long. In this neighborhood, Hanks saw George Terry who had settled there. He looked at a choice spot in a hollow in the hills on the head drains of Mikes Run which Peter Hartman had bought of Fairfax in 1781. Hartman had gone back to Washington County, Maryland, beyong the danger of Indian raids and had left George Terry a title bond for the tract.

It was 216 acres and just filled the little hollow. It had lime-stones to insure its fertility. There were sugar trees. Good springs, shelter from the storms. Protection from the Indians. It had even a good deer lick. Terry agreed with Hanks that the latter should have the northern end. The tract was something over a mile broad and lay parallel with the mountain ranges. Hanks built his home here. Barton says that Hanks may have come in the latter part of the year 1782. That is not at all probable. Whoever heard of a settler like Hanks who had no money coming to the mountains in the fall of the year. It would be as unnatural as for geese to fly north at that time. It was absolutely necessary to raise enough corn to see the family through the winer, And when it is proven that Hanks wintered there with nine children, we know full well that he raised a patch of corn by hand the summer of 1782.

He musthave been there two years. From the spring of 1783 to the spring of 1784. He had improved the land by clearing and building a house of one room which had no floor, no window and not much a chimney.

Hanks was a good citizen and a typical pioneer no doubt. There was a strong religious streak in the breed. I like to quote that verse about the pioneer families and how they trained their youths : "He raised them rought, but he raised them well, when their feet took hold of the paths of hell, he filled them full of the wrath of God and tanned their hides with an old ramrod."

To this household came trouble and disaster. Their

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fine daughter, Lucy, unmarried, was found to be pregnant. That put the household on the move. Hanks was poor. He managed to raise about a hundred dollars from a money lender by giving a lien on his land. It does not state that this was gold. Anything but that. And considering the state of the national and state currency it must have been a pitiful sum. Hardly enough to flag a bread wagon in this day and time. But onit the family turned their faces to the setting sun and their place knew them no more.

It was only by real work that Barton was able to locate them from year to year from the Atlantic coast to the western part of Kentucky. And there is an hiatus in his record from 1784 to 1787. It would be well for search to be made in the records of Monongalia and Ohio counties, West Virginia, and the original counties of the Virginia part of Pennsylvania, for it is more than likely that the Hanks raised corn for a season or two on the waters of the Monongahela. The year 1784 was a specifically dangerous year for immigrants to float down the Ohio, and I hardly think it possible that they got through the Indian lines that year.

Hanks died in Kentucky nine years after leaving Miss Rum a rich and substantial farmer. He mentions every child he has in the will and leaves each something, except no mention is made of his daughter, Lucy. Conjecture is that Lucy has been well provided for in worldly goods. Conjecture is that Hanks has prospered exceedingly in the leanyears between 1784 and 1793. What is the explanation? The Virginia planter.

In Kentucky Lucy has a few more troubled years,

but by 1790 she has agreed to marry Henry Sparrow and she writes a letter to the clerk saying that she is of age and for him to issue a Lisons for her and Henry Sparrow. Lucy had one error marke d against her in a way on November 24, 1790, when a grand-jury of hes returned an indictment against her for fornication. Scribes and Pharisees! Henry Sparrow comes into court and executes a marriage bond that he will marry Lucy and the fornication case is throwg out of court. Lincoln's mother died when he was a small boy but his grandmother, Lucy lived until Lincoln was a man grown, and Lincoln was a serious, deep, and discerning man. Does anyone believe that he did not know who his grandfather was?

The clue we have is that Lucy Hanks was betrayed in the year 1783, inHampshire county. The question naturally arises from the known facts whether there was any Virginia planter tunning loose in that county during the summer of 1783? It appears th t there was. That he was rich, and powerful, of an amazinh personal perfection, in the dangerous fifties, devoted to hunting and to woods life, and who had been borned and raised with Joseph Hanks. Hanks being about seven years older than th the planter. History places this planter in that Eastern Panhandle the summer of 1783. In fact he had a summer home there. Thatparticular year he was the employer of and the financial baker of a man who was trying to build a boat thatwould float upstream without sails or oars.

That is the fatal opportunity. The summer of the next year we can imagine that some planter coming back tohis summer home and finding a deserted cabin in the woods and the Hanks

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family in exile. The neighbors tell him perhaps that Lucy had been ruined and the family to hide their shame have gone to Kentucky. Then the planter gets up an expedition to Kentucky under the plea of looking after his real estate holdings on the Ohio River. History says thatafter getting to the navigable waters of the Ohio he finds the Indians are up and that it would not be safe to descent the river in a boat. He spends some weeks around the headwaters of the Monongahela River and returns. One night he sits under a tree all night in the rain.

The Joseph Hanks family in its migration traveled from the coast to near the Mississippi River. They went from the banks of the Rappahannock to the headwaters of the Potomac and from there to Rough Creek or Rough River as it is now called a branch of the Green River in Kentucky. The planter had lands in each of the regions. It is significant that the only land that he owned in Kentucky was in the pennyroyal on Rough Creek where he had seven thousand acres.

Breed is stronger than pasture. No proof has been adduced that would be accepted after a plea in bar. But still it seems to me that we know the man. We sense it as it were. Perhaps I had better not be more definite concerning a manwho was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymant.

God moves in a mysterious way and the people of the United States should never cease to be grateful for George Washington, Nancy Hanks, and Abraham Lincoln, and the time will come when Nancy Hanks will rank in fame with Miriam and Joan Of Arc.

The writer in closing this paper would gratefully recognize the assistance of David J. Cochran, that was so helpful in collecting the particulars, and so cheerfully given by him, although suffering at the time severely from rheumatic and other troubles, that seemed to be wearing his useful life away.

ABRAM BURNER.

Abram Burner, the progenitor of the Burner relationship in our county, was from the lower Valley, probably Shenandoah Countyr Soon after his marriage with Mary Hull; of Highland County, he settled on the Upper Tract, early in the century. Their children were Mary, Elizabeth, George, Jacob, Adam, Henry, and Daniel.

Mary Burner became Mrs George Grimes and lived near Mount Zion, in the Hills.

Elizabeth Burner was married to Hon John Grimes, and lived in the Little Levels on the lands now owned by the county for an infirmary.

Jacob Burner married Keziah Stump, and settled in the western part of the State.

Adam burner married Margaret Gillespie, one of Jacob Gillespie's nine daughters at Greenbank, and settled in upper Pocahontas.

Daniel Burner married Jennie Gillespie, sister to Margaret. Daniel Burner was drowned near Peter Yeager's in a deep eddy, during harvest, and left one son, Joshua Burner.

Henry Burner met his death by drowning in the

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east fork of Greenbrier.

George Burner, eldest son of Abram the pioneer, after his marriage with Sally, daughter of Andrew Warwick, settled on part of the Burner homestead where the road crosses the east prong of the Greenbrier. Their children were Andrew, Enoch, Allen, Lafayette, Lee, Charles, Nancy, who became Mrs William Wooddell; and Isabella. now Mrs Lanty Slaven.

Enoch Burner married Rachel Ann Tallman, and settled in Missouri.

Lafayette Burner first married Nannie Wooddell and lived on the uppar Greenbrier. Second marriage with Caroline Gum.

Lee Burner married Rebecca Gum, daughter of William Gum and a sister to Caroline just named, and lived on the Upper Tract.

Allen Burner first married Elizabeth Price, daughter of James A. Price, of Marlins Bottom, and settled at Greenbank. George Burner, of Minneapolis, is her son. Allen Burner's second marriage was with Virginia Clark, of Parnassus, Augusta County, and he now resides at Cass. Lula and Emma Burner, well known teachers are her daughters.

Charles Burner married Elizabeth Beard of Greenbank, and lived on the Burner homestead.

Hon. George Burner was a prominent citizen from the organization of the county. As noticed elsewhere he was one of the first members of the county court. He represented the county several terms in the Virginia Legislature, and was a Jacksonian Democrat in his political proclivities, and strange to say one of the

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original Pocahontas secessionists. so intense his devotion to State rights had become.

His second marriage was with Margaret Poage, daughter of George W. Poage, of the Little Levels.

ANDREW WARWICK.

One of the best known names in our pionee. annais was that of the Warwicks. John Warwick; the ancestor of the Greenbank branch of the connexion, was of English descent. It is believed he came to upper Pocahontas previously to the Revolution, and opened up a settlement on Deer Creek, at the place now in the possession of Peter H. Warwick and John R. Warwick. Mrs Warwick, whose given name can not be certainly recalled, was a member of the Martin family in the Valley of Virginia.

John Warwick seems to have been a person of great enterprise, and braved the dangers of pioneer life with more than ordinary courage and devotion to duty. He had a fort raised upon his premises, to which himself and nelghbors would resort when threatened by Indian incursions or raids Being so near to Clover Lick, whose facilities for hunting and fishing were so much prized by the Indians, its erection seems to have been very exasperating to them, and were very troublesome to the settlers living in reach of the Warwick fort.

The only Indian Major Jacob Warwick was ever certain of killing was shot from a tree not far from this fort. The warrior had climbed the tree to reconoitre the fort, and it is more than probable that the

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A few months after this perilous adventure John Yeager died, December, 1861, aged 48 years. When the battle of Alleghany was fought in that same month the balls seemed to fall like hail upon the roof, but none of the inmates were touched.

ABRAM DUFFIELD.

The first cottage prayer meeting the writer remembers was at the home of Abram Duffield. Early one Sabbath in May, the writer's parents with their four children came to the Duffield home to attend the meeting that had been announced. No one had yet arrived when we reached the place. Upon entering the porch voices were heard within as if persons were engaged in reading or prayer. Standing by the door and listening we found that it was the venerable Abram Duffield reading to his invalid wife the account given by Saint Mathew of our Redeemer's temptation in the wilderness. He was reading at the moment where it is written: "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee and in their hands shall they bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then she remarked: "Oh, that is so good; how encouraging it is for poor me." Finally the venerable man resumed and then prayed after reading. "Then the Devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him. Then again the same one observed: "Oh, how good to hear that our Lord gained the victory. How safe it makes one feel to have him for our Saviour who is so loved by the angels." There seemed to be

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mutual rejoicing over the Redeemer's victory, and if the benefits of this victory had been for these two old people alone, their satisfaction could not have been, seemingly, more real. When silence intervened we knocked at the door and were told to come in. There were the two old people, and no one else, in the room. It was not long, however, before quite a number assembled, and the cottage prayer meeting was quite a spirited one-

Abram Duffield is believed to have come from the lower Valley, during the Revolution or soon after, and at the time referred to was living on the farm now occupied by Newton Duffield. The venerable Mrs Duffield was Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses Moore, the well known pioneer.

From Mrs Catherine Kellison, on the Dry Branch of Swago, we gathered the following particulars.

Andrew Duffield was the eldest son of Abram Duffield's family. He married Jane Moore, daughter of Robert Moore, Senior. In reference to Andrew Duffield's family, we learn that Robert M. Duffield lives in Jackson County, West Virginia. William Duffield, a Union soldier, died during the war at the home of Jacob Waugh in Barbour County. Andrew Duffield, Junior, died of fever at the age of sixteen years. Rebecca Jane Duffield is now deceased. Eliza Duffield became the wife of Captain Walton Allen of Clover Creek, who was a well known scout in the late war between the States. Catherine Duffield was married to Clark Kellison, near Buckeye, a Union soldier under Sheridan. He was also on detached service on the

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western plains after the war in the U. S. Cavalry. He received his discharge just in time to escape the Custer massacre.

John Duffield, son of Abram, the pioneer, married Rebecca Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, Senior. Mr Duffield settled at the Mill property on Stony Creek, but his later years were spent on the farm where his father Abram had lived and died. His sons were Hamilton, Wesley, Newton—who lives on the old homestead;—Emory, and McKendree in Colorado. Andrew, a bright and beautiful little boy, the pet and pride of the household, was at play on the porch. His mother was busily sewing just inside the door, not six feet away. Wondering what was keeping Andrew so quiet, she turned to the door and found him dead—strangled by the crupper of her saddle. The shock was such that she never fully recovered from the effects, though she lived for more than fifty years afterwards.

Sarah Jane Duffield became the wife of Joseph Moore, son of the late Addison Moore.

Nancy Ellen Duffield was married to the late Marcellus Ratliff, and now lives on a portion of the old homestead near Green hill school house.

William Duffield, son of Abram and Hannah Duffield, married Hannah Brock, daughter of Thomas Brock. He settled near the Sulphur Spring. The property is at present occupied by William Gay, whose wife, Martha Gay, is a daughter of William Duffield. Mr Gay was a Union soldier, and had remarkable adventures while escaping from the army below Richmond, and making his way with five or six others

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through East Virginia, the Valley, the mountains of Bath and Pocahontas back to Stony Creek.

Caroline Duffield was married to George Auldridge. They are living in Iowa, having the comforts of a prosperous home.

Hannah Duffield was married to David Cochran and lives at the end of Droop Mountain.

One of William Duffield's daughters died in early youth of what was called the "cold plague," but judging from reported symptoms it would be called now "congestive chills."

This hard working man, William Duffield, finally met his death by a tree falling upon him which he was chopping for browse. The snow was quite deep, and when the family became uneasy that he did not come to dinner, Rebecca, the eldest of the family, went to see what was the reason. She found him dead under the tree, buried in the snow. She told what had happened, and other members sf the family hastened to the neighboring homes for assistance. Rebecca went back and chopped the large tree in two, and had the log rolled away before any one had time to get there, and was holding her poor dead father's head in her arms. Rebecca now resides in Kansas, and is reported to be living in very comfortable circumstances.

Mary Duffield became the wife of Alexander Moore and went to the west.

The writer cherishes very tender recollections of John Duffield, the honest and faithful miller, whom he met so frequently at mill when a mere youth. A few

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months before the venerable man's death we met after a separation of more than thirty years. It was at a sacramental service, and during the recess we met and conversed for some time. He feelingly expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet once more in this life. From what I can learn this was about the last time my venerable friend ever put to his lips the visible cup of salvation.

WILLIAM WANLESS.

For more than a hundred years the Wanless name has been a familiar one in our region of country. According to tradition vaguely entertained, Ralph and Stephen Wanless, natives of England, came to Virginia and settled on the Wanless place, near Mount Tabor school house, in the "Hills," five miles north of Huntersville. One of Ralph's sons was William Wanless, who married Nancy Wilson, from near Fort Defiance, Virginia. She was a sister of the wife of Isaac Moore, Senior, of Knapps Creek. They settled on Back Alleghany, and were the parents of nine daughters and seven sons. The daughters were Rachel, Jane, Eliza, Martha, Nancy Ann, Margaret who died aged 7 years, Mary died aged 15 years, Melinda who was drowned when a young woman in Leatherbark Creek, and Matilda. The sons were James, Andrew, Nelson, Ralph, Allen, and two unnamed who died in infancy.

Rachel, the eldest daughter, married the late John Logan, and settled in Randolph County, lived awhile in Barbour County, and finally located on Alleghany.

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Then while scouting in the mountains toward Gauley he was thrice aroused by alarming dreams, and when the morning dawned he discovered that an Indian had tried three times to steal upon him and kill him while he was asleep.

There is also a tradition that a detachment of Indians were in ambush for several days near Mr Hill's home on Hill's Creek, for the special object of capturing or killing him, as they had come to feel there would be little or no use to raid this region while he was alive or at large- They had taken np the idea that the owner of such a nice house would dress much better than anybody else, and would not work with his own hands. They saw men at work in reach of their guns, but none of them dressed to suit their ideas as to how Mr Hill would be attired. It so turned out that Mr Hill was one of the hands, and it was his workday dress that beguiled the Indians and prevented his being shot at or captured.

Richard Hill was one of nature's noblemen, who relied more on pure, genuine character than mere superficial appearances, and therein lay the secret of his safety and success. A pure character and a genteel appearance make a lovely sight, but a genteel exterior and an impure chnracter make a nuisance that is simply unendurable to all except human John Crows or vultures.

ADAM ARBOGAST.

The Arbogast relationship is identified to a marked degree with the history of our Pocahontas people, and

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justly claims recognition in these short and simple annals. So far as known, the original progenitor of the Arbogasts in Pendleton and Pocahontas was Michael Arbogast, who must have been one of the original pioneers of what is now Highland County, in "Indian Times." He settled there some time previous to 1758. Fort Seybert on South Branch, about twelve miles northeast of Franklin, was the chief place of refuge for all the pioneers in that section when there was danger of being pillaged, slain, or carried into captivity by raiding parties of Indians, led for the most part by Killbuck. Captain Seybert is reported to have made the remark, when his fort was taken in 1758, that if the Arbogasts had been there he could have held the place in spite of the Indians.

Michael Arbogast had seven sons: Adam, George, Henry, John, Michael, David, and Peter,—the two last named were twins. The sons, excepting John, were all very powerful and stalwart in their physique, and were often more than two hundred pounds in weight.

Adam Arbogast married Margaret (Peggy) Hull, daughter of Adam Hull, near Hevener's Store in what is now Highland County, Va. They came to the head of the Greenbrier, near Travellers Repose, in 1796, and settled on the place now occupied by Paul McNeel Yeager. Here he built up a home in the primitive forest, and reared his family. His sons were Benjamin, William, Adam, and Jacob. The daughters were Susan, Elizabeth, Mary, Barbara, and Catherine. Barbara and Catherine died in youth. In reference to

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the sons, another paper was prepared, illustrating the history of Benjamin Arbogast's family, whose sons were Solomon, Henry, Adam, John, and Benjamin, Jr., the distinguished teacher and pulpit orator. In that paper there are some omissions that are supplied here:

Margaret, daughter of Benjamin Arbogast, Sr., became Mrs John Yeager, late of Alleghany Mountain, of whose family fuller particulars may be looked for in the Yeager Sketches.

Mary (Polly) married Hamilton Stalnaker and lived in Randolph.

Another daughter of Benjamin Arbogast became Mrs Henry Wade on Back Creek. In rererence to her family the following particulars are in hand:

Benjamin Wade was a physician and settled in Missouri.

John Wade was also a physician and lives at Burnsville, Braxton County, where Wilson Wade also lives.

Madora Wade, now Mrs Gawyne Hamilton, lives in Braxton.

Naomi Wade married Joseph Gillespie, and also lives in Braxton.

Harriet Wade became the second wife of William Cooper, near Green Bank.

Delilah Wade became Mrs Joseph Wooddell, near Green Bank. In reference to her children are these particulars:

Clark Wooddell lives in Renick's Valley.

Preston Wooddell, a gallant Confederate soldier, was slain in the battle of Winchester.

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Warwick Wooddell was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor. Aaron Wooddell was also a Conrederate soldier.

John Arbogast, a son of Benjamin Arbogast, Sr., was killed near Glade hill by a falling tree. Joel Arbogast, his son, is a prosperous farmer in Kansas.

William Arbogast, of Adam the pioneer, married Jane Tallman and lived at Green Bank. Frequent and fuller references to him and his family appear in other papers.

Jacob Hull Arbogast, of Adam the pioneer, married Elizabeth Wiison Bright, of Highlrnd, and settled on the West Branch of the Upper Greenbrier, on the place now in possession of Colonel J. T. McGraw. His family consisted of four sons and three daughters.

Margaret became Mrs Levi H. Campbell, and lives in Elkins.

Eliza Jane is Mrs Adam Shuey' and lives at Fisherville, Augusta County.

Harriet Elizabeth is now Mrs B. M. Yeager at Marlinton. B. M. Yeager is a widely known citizen of our county as a land agent, railway promoter and manager for the Pocahontas Development Company.

Paul McNeel Arbogast married Amanda Bucher, and lives on the Greenbrier not far from the homestead

Jacob Lee Arbogast married Otey Riley, and at the time of his recent decease was a merchant at Travellers Repose.

William Barton Arbogast lives at Travellers Repore.

Jacob H. Arbogact was a man of very interesting personality. He was of untiring energy, and in his

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time was an extensive dealer in wild land. His name frequently appears in the court records a party to some of the most important and warmly contested land litigation that ever transpired at the Pocahontas bar. He was an ardent supporter of the Confederate cause, and saw service in the home guards. In the beginning of the war, a few days after the repulse of Pegram on Rich Mountain, in 1861 he refugeed with his family to the East and spent most of the war times in Augusta County. He carried but little with him, and so lost his household effects and live stock along with his dwelling. In 1865 he returned and began life afresh at the old Greenbrier homestead. But few places in West Virginia were more completely desolated than the head of Greenbrier by the ravages of war.

Adam Arbogast, Jr., of Adam, the pioneer, first married Rachel Gregg, or Zebulon Gregg, and settled near the homestead. There was one son by this marriage, Napoleon Bonaparte. The second marriage was with Sarah McDaniel. In reference to the children of the second marriage the following particulars are given:

Huldah married Paul McNeel Yeager, and lives at Travelers Repose.

Eliza Arbogast became Mrs Frank McElwee and lives at Elkins.

Alice Arbogast married Early Snyder and lives in Crabbottom.

Rrchel became Mrs C. C. Arbogast and lives near Arbovale.

Ella is now Mrs Benjamin Fleisher and lives in Highland.

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Ada died in youth.

The son Peter D. Arbogast married Hodie Burner, lived awhile at Arbovale, was a Justice of the Peace: he lately resigned and is now studying medicine at the University of Virginia.

Adam Arbogast, the pioneer, lived to be nearly one hundred years old. e recovered his second sight and for years had no need of eye-glasses. Coming to this region early as he did, and having grown up in the period of Indian troubles, he had many thrilling adventures to relate. Upon one occaslon his dogs treed a panther in an immense hemlock tree for which the upper Greenbrier is so celebrated. He called on John Yeager, his nearest neighbor, for assistance in capturing the dangerous animal, one of the largest of its kind. John Yeager was a famous and fearless climber of forest trees. A torch was procured and he began to climb, holding it in one hand. When he had located the panther, he laid the torch on two limbs, descended the tree until ne could reach the rifle that Mr Arbogast had loaded and primed for him, He thereupon returned to his torch and by its light shot and killed his game.

Upon one occasion the pioneer had arranged for a bear hunt on Burner's Mountain. When reaching the point designated, he was disappointed in not meeting his hunter friends. He killed a bear however, and as it was growing late and there were signs of a coming storm, he went into shelter, and soon a hurricane occurred. The next morning he sound there was not a standing tree anywhere near; the dog was gone, the

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bear fast under fallen timber, the gun broken to pieces, and he was safe without a scratch or bruise. He had to go home for an axe to chop the tree off the bear and get help to bring it in.

What gives these stories their interest, it all occurred just as he told it. Like the Father of his Country, Adam Arbogast could not and would not tell anything but the truth as he saw it.

ROBERT GAY.

Robert Gay, Esq., the subject of this sketch, was one of the most prominent personalities of his time in the affairs of early pioneer days. He was a native of Augusta County, and was brought up to manhood on the banks of the Calf Pasture River, between Deerfield and Goshen. Just before the Revolution he came to this region and settled first on Brown's Creek.

His first wife was Hannah oore, daughter of Levi Moore, Senior, who homesteaded and settled the place near Frost now occupied by the family of the late Samuel Gibson, Esq.

Afterwards Mr Gay located on the east bank of the Greenbrier, about opposite fhe mouth of Stony Creek, near Marlinton. Subsequently he built a new house on the west bank, traces of which are yet visible at the Lumber Yard. The timbers of this house are now in the dwelling occupied by Colonel Levi Gay. These are among the oldest specimens of hewn timber in the county. The tradition is that the old house now owned by M. J. McNeel is the first building of hewn timber ever erected in the county. Here the venerable

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and their two sons, John and Adam, are about all of Captain Young's descendants—of his name—in the county, with whose history he was so prominently identified for so many years.

Colonel Samuel Young, whose memory was recently honored by a large outpouring of the citizens at the Sulphur Spring, Sunday, May 3, 1894,—according to an appointment made forty years before, that if alive, he would meet them there that day—was his second son. He was a local preacher, and afterwards an officer in the Union army. He did not live to meet his unique appointment, and among those who assembled forty years after, there were eleven who were present at the original meeting, which was a preaching service in the open air, a large rock serving for a pulpit.

ADAM CURRY.

A generation since, one of the best known characters in West Highland, Virginia, was Captain Adam Curry, a Revolutionary veteran. One of his grandsons, William Curry, is a well known citizen of Pocahontas County.

Captain Curry was a native of Scotland, and came to America, and resided several years near Manasses Junction. He was among the first to enlist in the war of the Revolution, ond was chosen captain of his company, and participated in all the engagements in which Virginia troops were engaged that followed Mercer and Washington.

Soon after the war he gathered up the remnants of

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his property and moved to Augusta County, locating in the Back Creek valley on property now owned by William Crummett in southwest Highland. He settled in the woods and raised a large family of sons and daughters. He was honest in his dealings, and was held in much esteem for his high sense of honor and patriotic impulses. It seems almost too strange to be believed that he would not accept a pension, offered him for his services as a brave and faithful officer in the Revolutionary struggle. He always declared that the service was its own reward. Instead of being a hardship, military service was the greatest pleasure of his life. He desired no better recompense than the fun he had, and the pleasure it gave him to see liberty secured for his invaded country. He was proverbially neat in dress and polished in his manners. To the close of his life, some forty or fifty years ago, he dressed in the colonial style—knee breeches, long stockings, and shoes with silver buckles.

He retained his habits of court life as to diet and sleeping as long as he lived. He died at the age of one hundred and five years, with but few signs of decrepitude visible. To the last he was erect as a young grenadier, cheerful in spirit, and mental faculties active apparently as ever. His remains are in the Matheny grave yard, near the Rehobeth Church, in the Back Valley, a few miles from his home.

A European traveler spent some time near Manasses, where Captain Curry lived before his removal to Highland. He speaks of meeting a party of gentlemen on a tavern porch: "No people could exceed these peo-

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ple in politeness. On my ascending the steps to the piazza every countenance seemed to say, 'This man has a double claim to our attention, for he is a stranger in the place.' In a moment there was room made for me to sit down, and every one who addressed me did it with a smile of conciliation. But no man asked me where I had come or whither I was going. A gentleman in every country is the same; and if good breeding consists in sentiment, it was found in the circle I had got into. The higher Virginians seemed to venerate themselves as men; and I am persuaded there was not one in company who would have felt embarrassed at being admitted to the presence and conversation of the greatest monarch on earth. There is a compound of virtue and vice in every human character; no man was ever yet faultless; but whatever may be advanced against Virginians, their good qualities will ever outweigh their defects, and when the effervescence of youth is abated—when reason asserts her empire—there is no man on earth who discovers more exalted sentiments, more contempt of baseness, more love of justice, more sensibility of feeling than a Virginian."

Having lived for years in such society, we are prepared to believe all that has been written and told of Captain Adam Curry.

Late in the summer of 1861, some Confederate troops, commanded by Colonel William L. Jackson, were stationed at Huntersville, and used the Clerk's office for barracks. In the place of straw they scattered the office papers pell-mell on the floor and spread their blankets. It also became apparent the Federals

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would soon enter the place, and so the court directed their clerk, William Curry, to look out a safe place for the county records.

In obedience to instructions, he secured the assistance of R. W. Hill, then a youth too young for military service, with a team. The clerk removed the records to Joel Hill's residence, near Hillsboro, where they remained until January, 1862. Deeming it necessary to seek a safer place, Mr Curry arranged for the transportation of the records to Covington, via Lewisburg, young R. W. Hill teamster. For a time quarters were had in the upper rooms of William Scott's store house, and afterwards for a few weeks room was furnished in the county clerk's office.

September, 1853, on General Averill's approach to Covington, Mr Curry carried the records to William T. Clark's, eight miles north of Covington, and for three weeks had them concealed in a rick of buckwheat straw. The buckwheat patch was in the midst of a forest and well hidden from view.

Matters became so threatening that arrangements were made to made to move them into the mountains, four miles east, to the residence of a Baptist minister, absent as a soldier in the Confederate army, leaving his home in the care of his wife and small girl as sole occupants. He was assisted in this removal to the lonely mountain refuge by Andy Daugherty, one of Mr Clark's colored men. Andy afterwards became a citizen of Pocahontas, and lived at Clover Lick. He deserves recognition for his fidelity, because for two years the safety of the records depended on his not

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telling about them.

In June, 1865, after surrender at Appomattox, Mr Curry, assisted by John B. Kinnison, with a three horse team, carried the records back to Joel Hill's and in a month later placed them in a nearby house belonging to the Rev Mitchell D. Dunlap, where they remained until September, 1865. The first court after the war was held at Hillsboro, November, 1865, in the Methodist church; and from that time the records were kept in the old Academy building until June, 1866, when they were returned to Huntersville and placed in the residence of John Garvey, near the court house, and then after a few months were replaced in the office. Something more than five years intervened between the first removal and the final return of the records, and notwithstanding the risks encountered and the vicissitudes of war times, nothing was lost but an old process book of no intrinsic importance. This loss is believed to have occurred while the office was in use as Confederate barracks.

So far as known there is no other like instance of fidelity to official duty that surpasses the preservation of the Pocahontas County records. There were ten removals in all, from first to last, and when returned six months were spent in assorting and replacing the papers.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN.

For the past seventy-five or eighty years the McLaughlin name has been a familiar one among our peo-

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CAMIE WADE

WADE

SLAGLE

MARVIN

RALPH COMBS

ALDERMAN

LEWIS A.
ALDERMAN
OCT 2 1939

ALEX R ALDERMAN
PFC US ARMY
WORLD WAR II
1909
MAY 3 1987

GER
RMAN
VIRGINIA
WORLD WAR II

WILLIE H
ALDERMAN
SEPT 20 1884
APR 12 1966

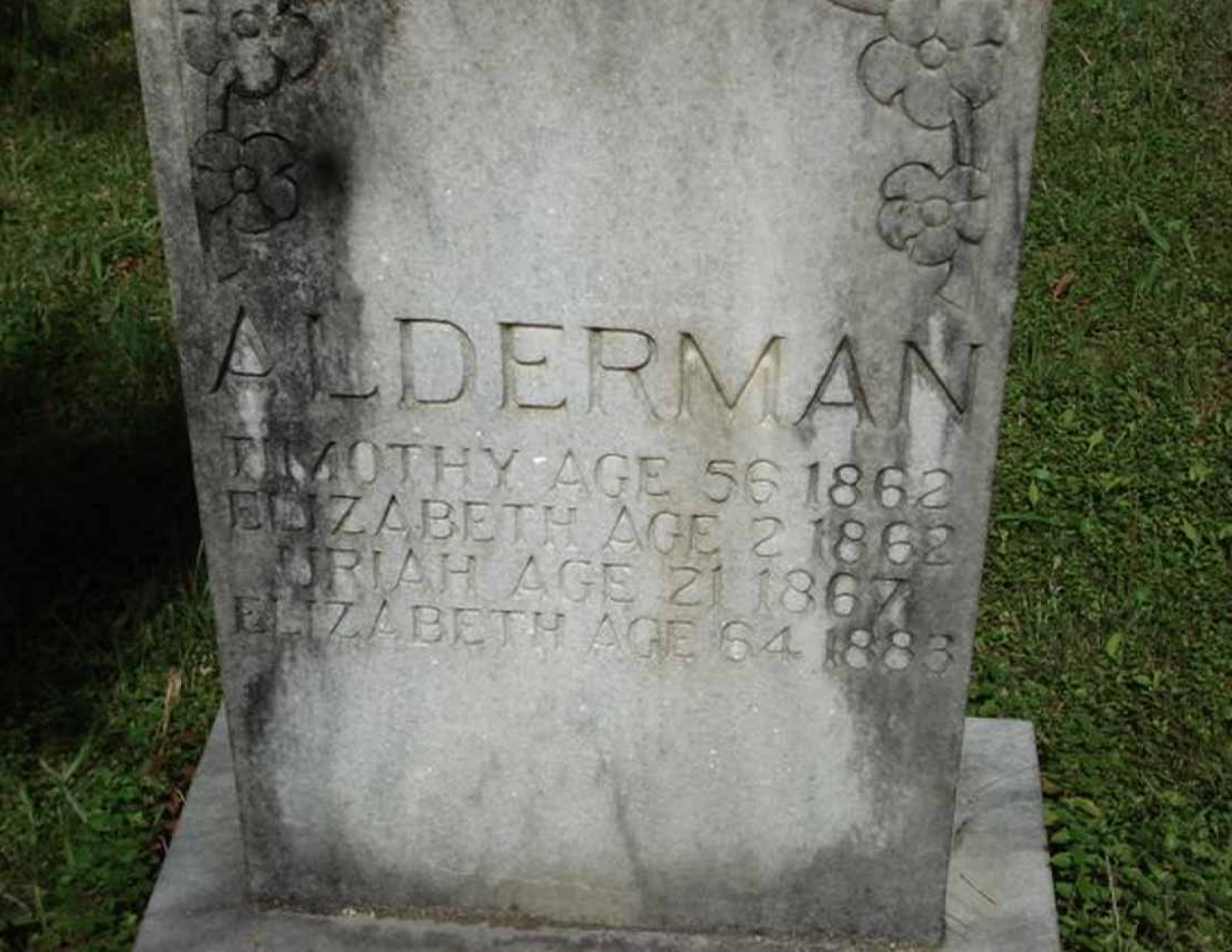
NAOMI MAY

TIMOTHY S
1964
NAOMI

TIMOTHY S.
ALDERMAN
1877
1964

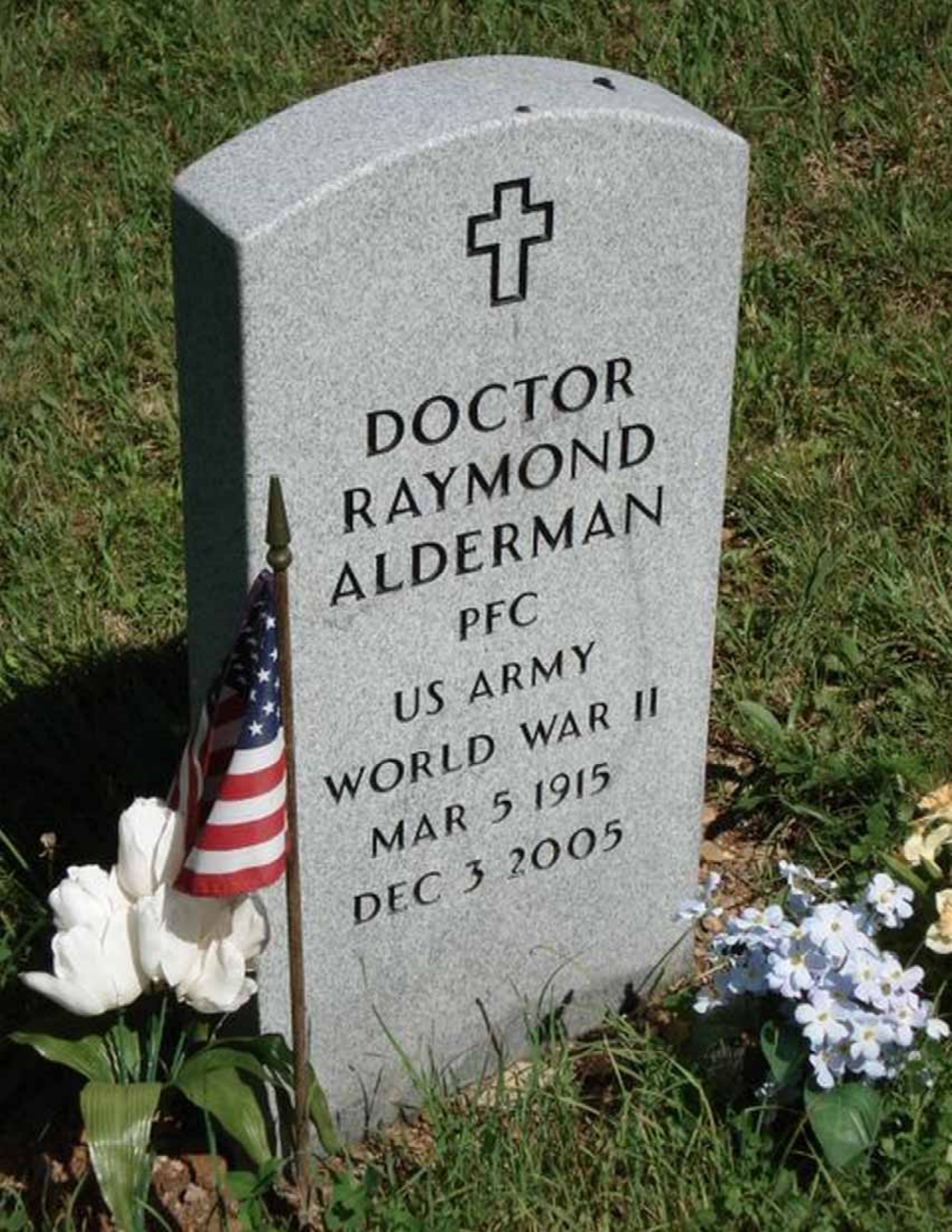
ALDERMAN
FATHER
OCTAVES M.
1849 — 1901
MOTHER
NANCY
1852 — 1908

ALDERMAN
TIMOTHY AGE 56 1862
ELIZABETH AGE 2 1862
URIAH AGE 21 1867
ELIZABETH AGE 64 1883


ALDERMAN
TIMOTHY AGE 56 1862
ELIZABETH AGE 2 1862
URIAH AGE 21 1867
ELIZABETH AGE 64 1883

KINCADE
BABY

CLARK
KINCADE


DOCTOR
RAYMOND
ALDERMAN
PFC
US ARMY
WORLD WAR II
MAR 5 1915
DEC 3 2005

MARJORIE I SIEGMUND
1918

ALDERMAN
MATTIE C.
1885 — 1928
DOCTOR W.
1882 — 1944

1963
1963

JOHN A.
CLARKSTON
JUNE 6, 1851
DEC. 31, 1939
Christ is my hope
ELIZABETH J.
CLARKSTON
BORN 1854
JAN. 20, 1914
Christ is my hope

NANCY BYRD

DOCTOR RAYMOND
ALDERMAN
1915 2005

GLORY SHEA
RYDER
JULY 7, 1998
OCT. 10, 1998
FOR A LITTLE WHILE GOD LENT US OUR ANGEL

WADE

MOTHER
CLARA
1896
19

FATHE
GILME
187

1963

BAUGHMAN

McCARTY

SAMUEL H
AUG. 26.
1944
NOV. 24.
1997

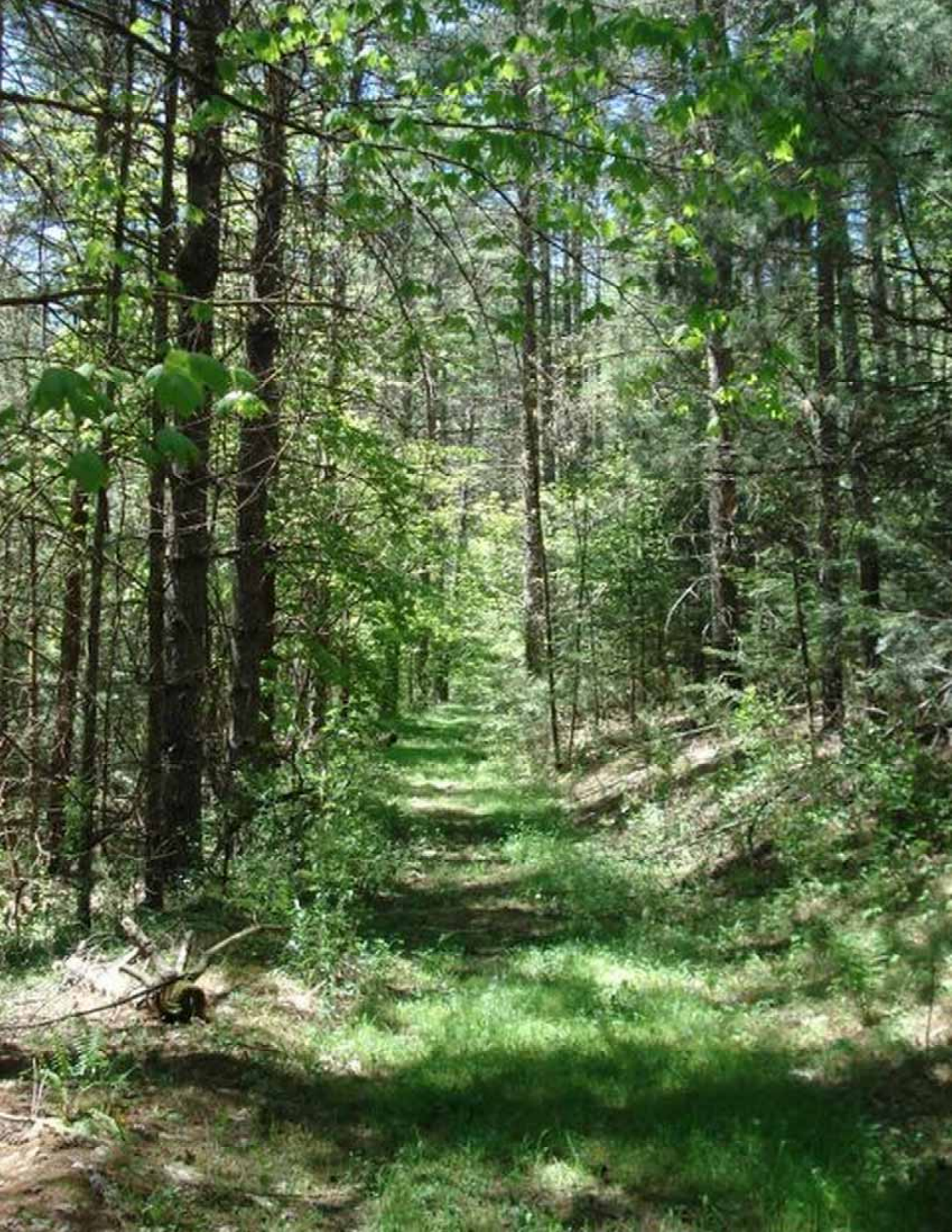
FATHER
WILLIAM S
1872
1952

MOTHER
IDA V
1866
1962

FATHER
CHARLES P.
1903
1986

WADE
PALMER

ANNIE E.
JAN. 26, 1913
JUNE 16, 1997



CEMETERY

ALDERMAN
EST CEMETERY 1862

ALDERMAN
EST. CEMETERY 1862

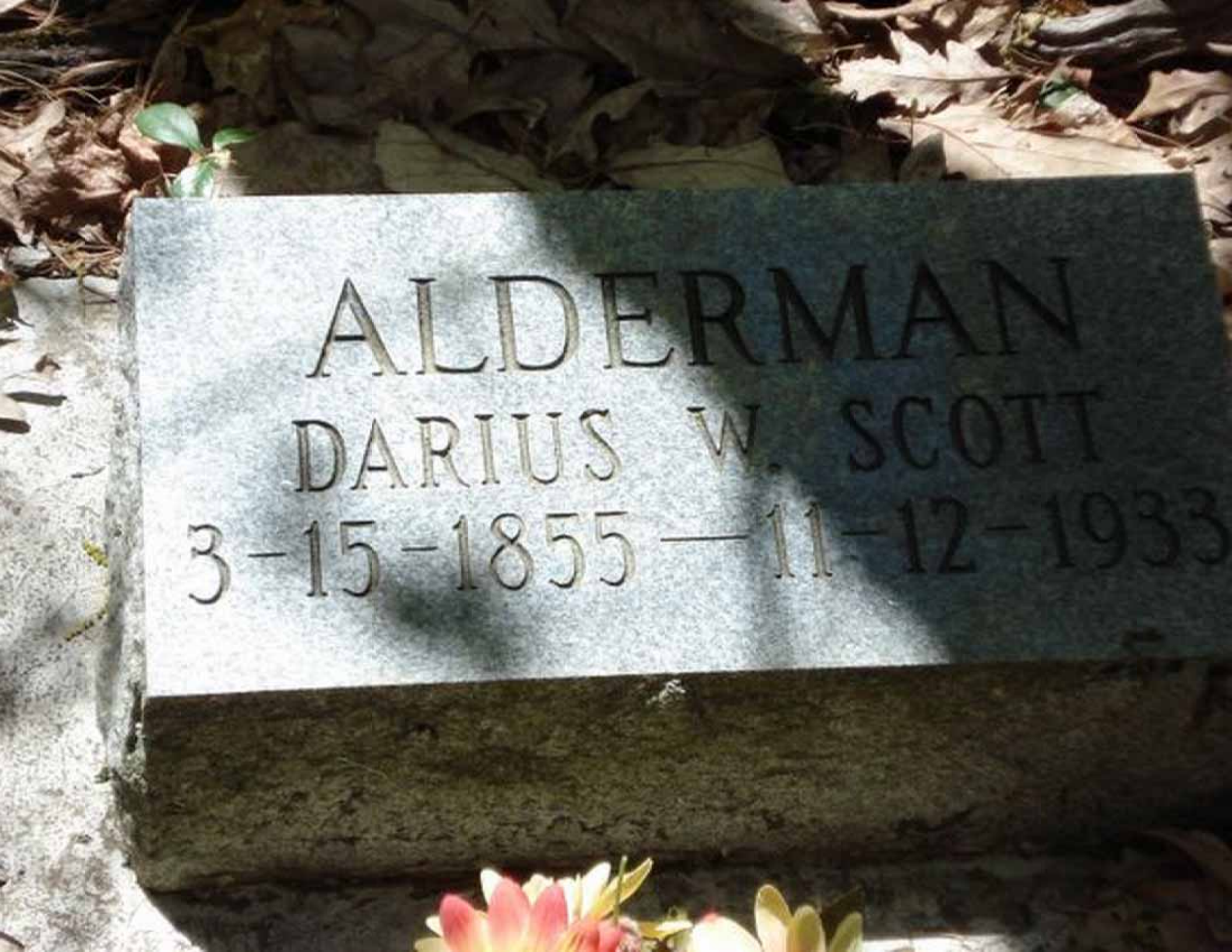
MARVIN W ALDERMAN
WEST VIRGINIA
PVT 11 AA REPL TNG BN CAC
WORLD WAR II
JULY 23 1901 MAY 16 19

RYDER
HURL G.
10-27-1912 — 3-17-1931

ALDERMAN
ELIZABETH (HOLCOMB)
1774 — C. 1863

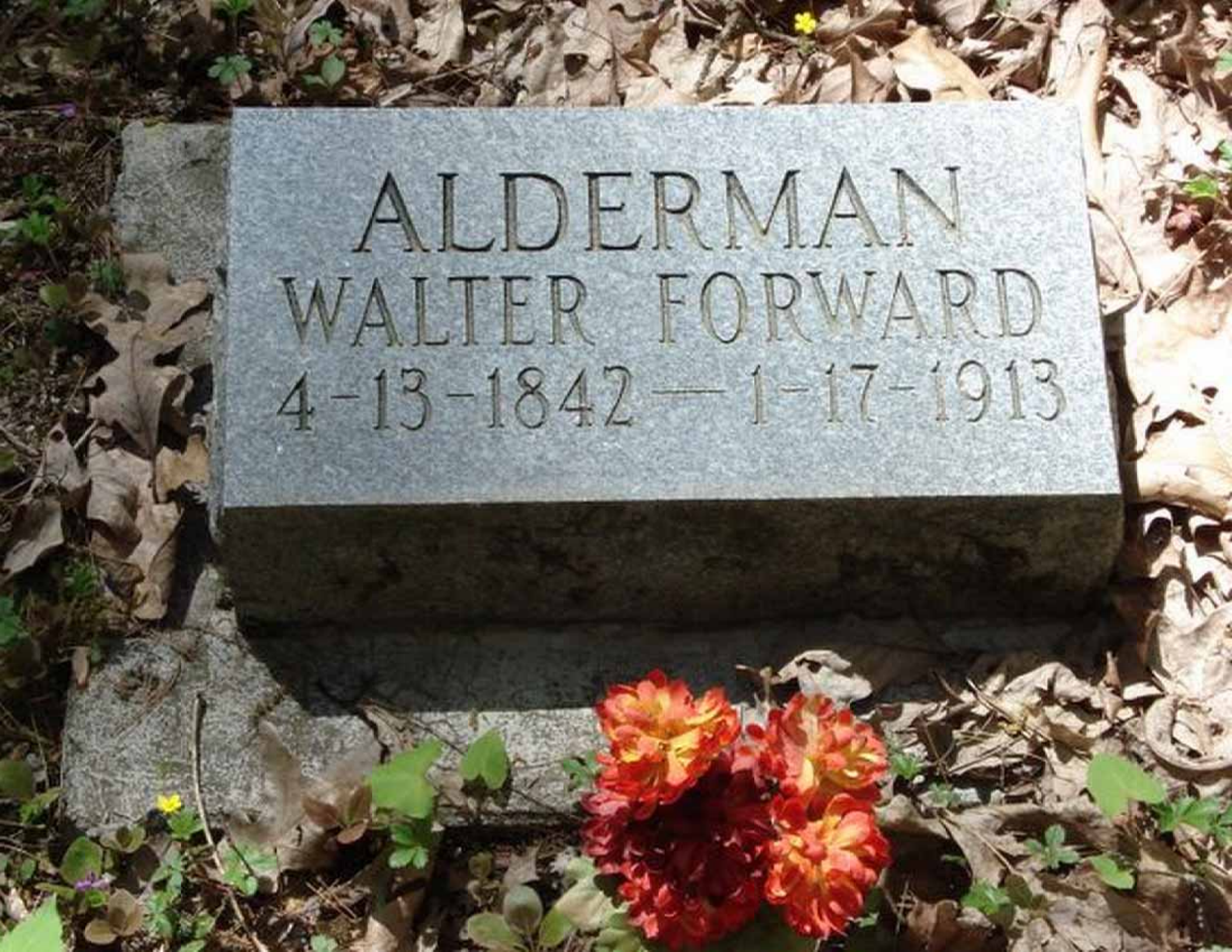
ALDERMAN
SOLOMAN
MAY 24, 1810
1862
ELIZABETH J.
NICHOLAS
1820
1889

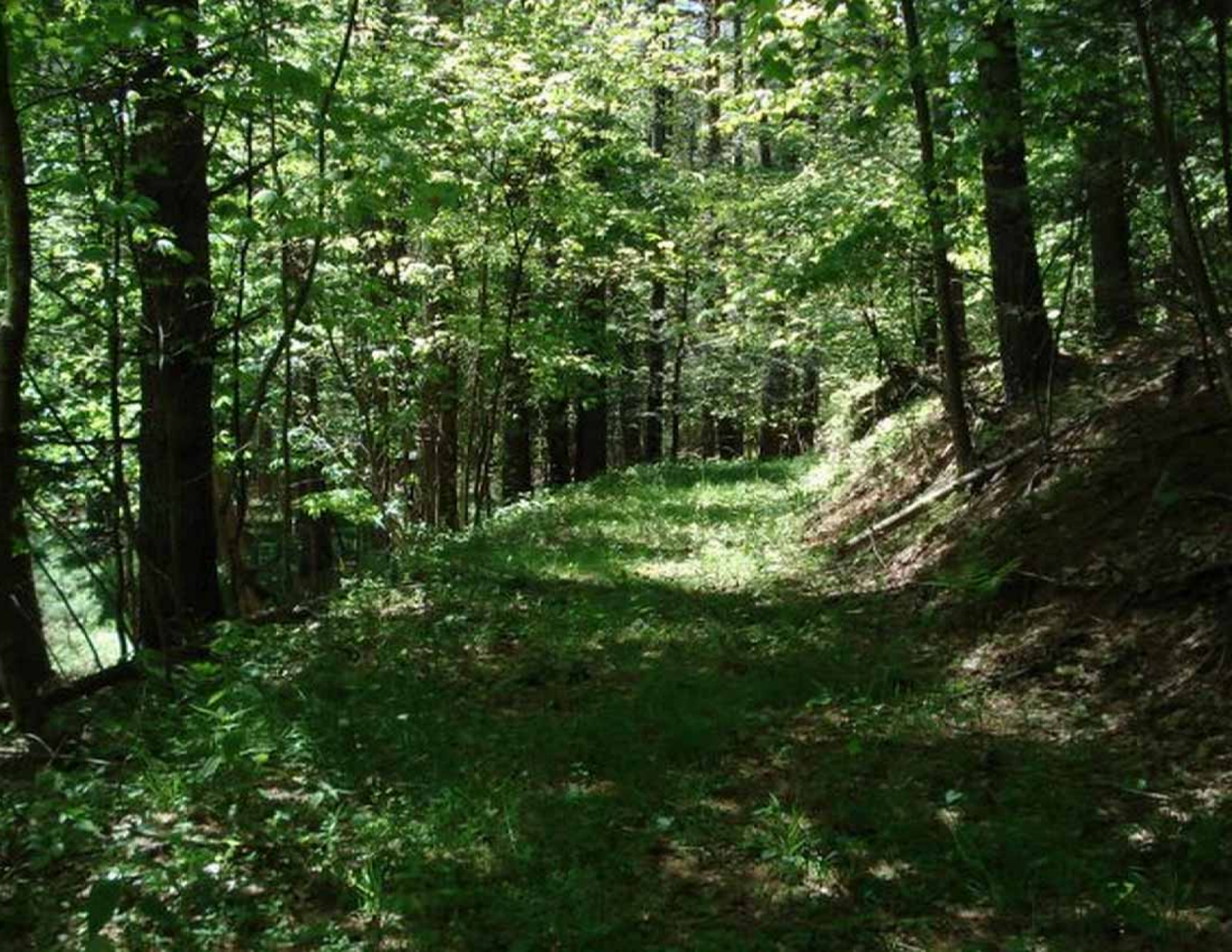
ALDERMAN
SOLOMAN
MAY 24, 1810
1862
ELIZABETH J.
NICHOLAS
JAN. 15, 1820
1889


ALDERMAN
DARIUS W. SCOTT
3-15-1855 — 11-12-1933

ALDERMAN
HESTER L. (PYLES)
4-14-1863 — 3-2-1892

ALDERMAN
ALCINDA J. (KINCAID)
1-18-1864 — 11-3-1889


ALDERMAN
WALTER FORWARD
4-13-1842 — 1-17-1913

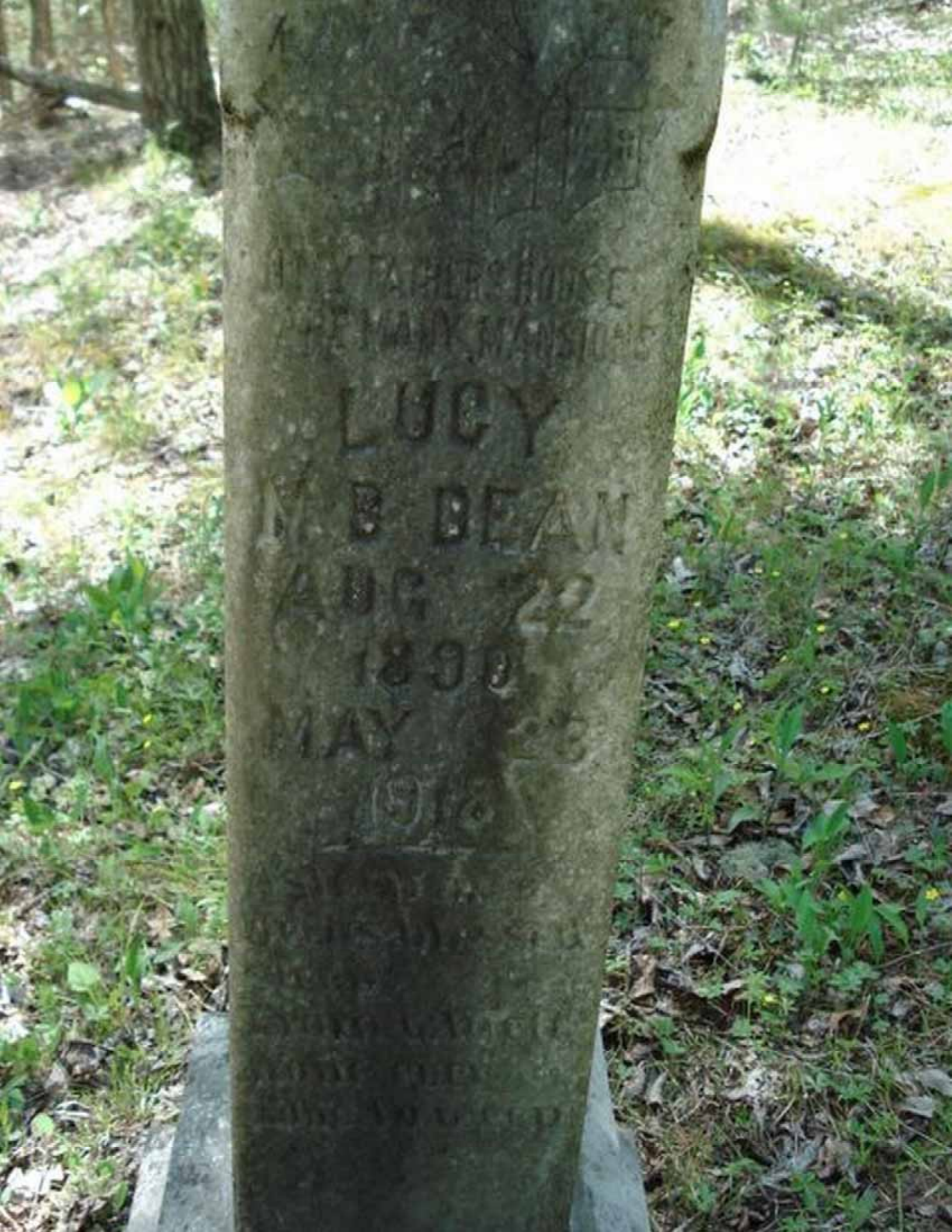


FOOT TRAVEL WELCOME

IN MEMORY OF
LEO LEONARD EDWARDS
US NAVY
WORLD WAR II
1917 † 1942
PURPLE HEART

IN MEMORY OF
LEO LEONARD EDWARDS
US NAVY
WORLD WAR II
1917 1942
PURPLE HEART

PTE BILL EDWARDS
DIED 4 NOV 1917


LUCY
W. B. BEAM
AUG 22
1808
MAY 28
1870

WILLIAM G
ALDERMAN
MAR 21 1854
JAN 26 19
PHEBE J
ALDERMAN
JUNE 30 1858
SEPT 5 19

CHARLES ALDERMAN
1924

CHARLES S ALDERMAN
1940
1988

SCHOOLCRAFT
WILLIAM JACK

Alderman
Cemetery

Adventure
Cemetery

Auldridge & Rodgers

Families

Genealogies

of the

Auldridge Rodgers

and

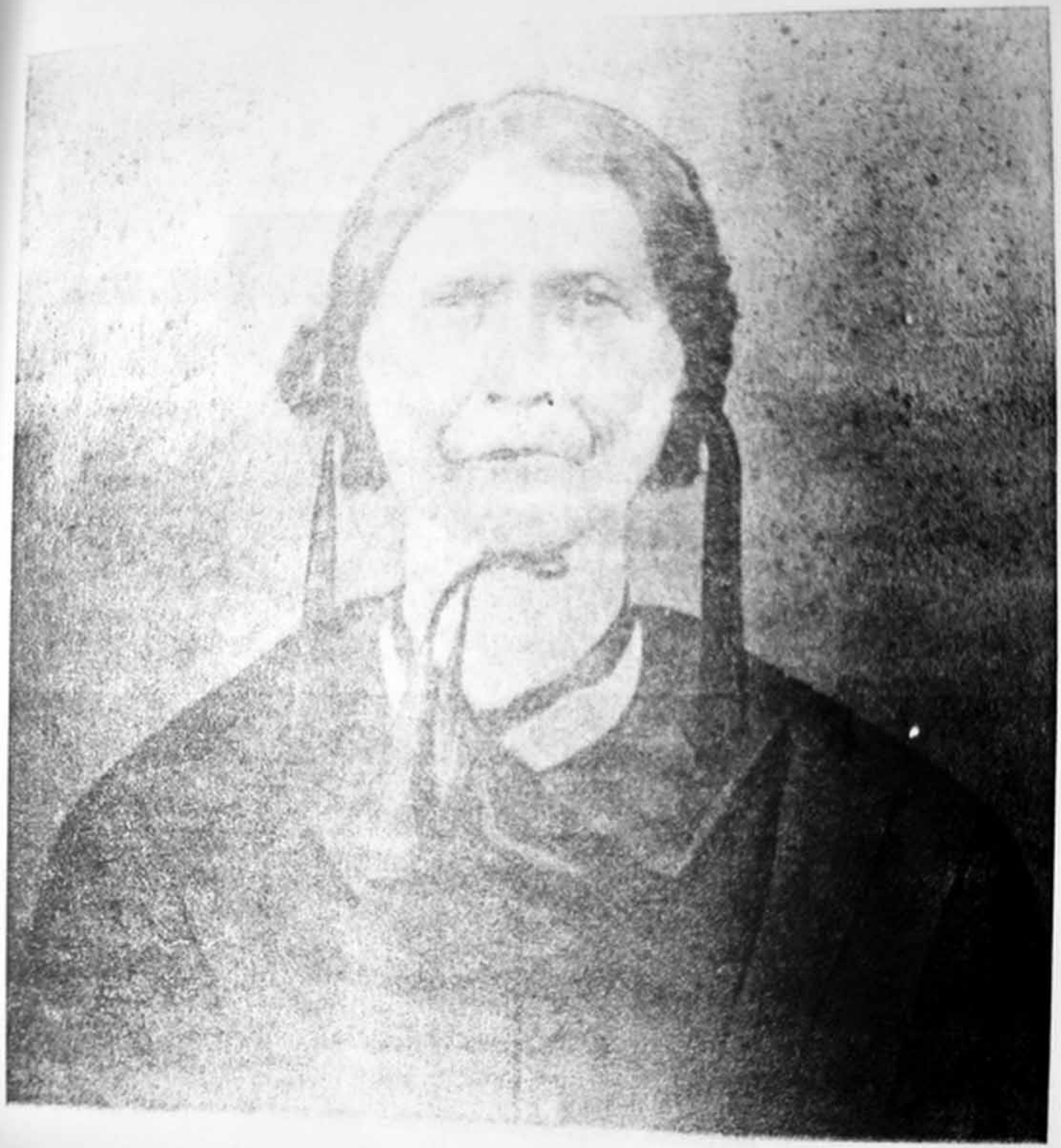
Related Families

Fitch Fitchard

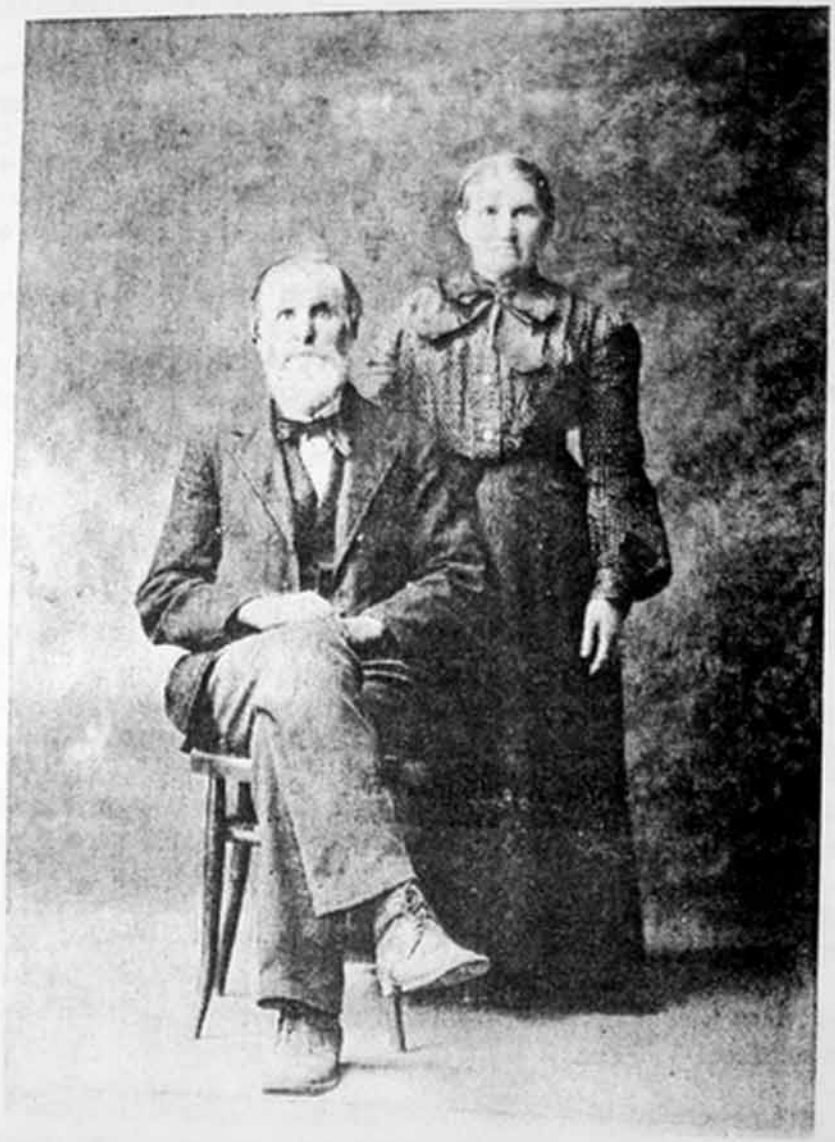
DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER
GEORGE OLIVER AND MARTHA ELIZA RODGERS AULDRIDGE

Appreciation is expressed to the various members of the family who have supplied information for this genealogy and to my daughter, Jean, and her husband, Jerry, for typing and printing.--Lillie O. Auldridge Holliday.

SAMUEL AULDRIDGE



SUSAN GRIMES AULDRIDGE
(wife of Samuel Auldridge)



TILLISON and SUSANNAH BUZZARD AULDRIDGE

THE AULDRIDGE FAMILY

I, Lillie Auldridge Holliday, have for some years been interested in the genealogy of my parents, the Auldridge-Rodgers families, and have compiled what information I have been able to gather from relatives and Historical Sketches Pocahontas County West Virginia by William T. Price.

My great-great-great grandfather Auldridge was a native of England and died there, I do not know his given name but he and his wife Elizabeth had one son, William. After her husband's death, Elizabeth determined to bring her son, who was 10 or 12, to America where he could grow up in a free country. Not having money for ship passage, she came under the indentured servants statute and became a governess for John Johnson, whose wife had died previously, leaving a number of small children. John Johnson owned a plantation of 1500 acres on Jericho Road close Marlinton. He and Elizabeth Auldridge were later married. She died at the age of 114 years and lived to see two of her husband's grandsons become U. S. Senators--Senator Ewing of Ohio and Senator Farnsworth of W. Va. A Stevenson married into the Ewing family and in their line we had an Adlai Ewing Stevenson as Vice President of the United States.

William, my great-great grandfather, married Mary Cochran. Her mother was a Miss Mackenie who married Thomas Cochran a native of Ireland. Mary had two brothers and two sisters. The Cochrans lived at Mill Point. William and Mary went to housekeeping at Bridger Notch where James and John Bridger were bushwhacked by the Indians in 1784. William and Mary Auldridge had nine children: Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy, Thomas, William, John, Samuel, James and Richard.

I. Sarah Auldridge married William McClure. They settled on Greenbrier River below Beaver Creek. There were four children: James, Rachel, Mary and Bessie. Rachel became Mrs. Jacob Pyles. Mary became Mrs. George Overholt on Swago. Bessie died in youth. James married three times--McComb, Pyles and Adkenson.

II. Elizabeth Auldridge married Jacob McNiel and settled in Floyd County, Va.

III. Nancy Auldridge married Moore McNiel and settled on Swago.

IV. Thomas, considered one of the strongest men, physically, in Pocahontas County, married Elizabeth Morrison. There were six children: James, William, Thomas, Sarah, Elizabeth and Mary.

A. James first married Ann Barlow. Their children were: Mariam, Elizabeth, Moffett and George. Ann and all the children except George died in a disease epidemic.

1. George married Hulda Cassell.

A. James second marriage was to Julia Duncan. She was the grandaughter of Colonel John Baxter.

1. One daughter to this marriage married Lee Carter.

V. William Auldridge, Jr. married Nancy Kellison.

A. Martha married George Hill, son of Abram Hill. While George Hill was in service in 1861 at Valley Mountain, he contracted measles, came home, and he and Martha died of them within a week leaving one daughter.

1. The daughter married Robert Shafer.

V. William Auldridge, Jr's. second wife was a Miss Shafer.

A. Edgar

VI. John Auldridge married Rebecca Smith whose father was John Smith, a native of Ireland. Rebecca lived over 90 years.

A. Nancy Newcomer, daughter, lived in Ronceverte, W. Va.

VII. James Auldridge was a tailor. He worked awhile at Frankford and then went to Missouri.

VIII. Richard Auldridge married Hannah Smith, daughter of John Smith and a sister of Rebecca. Richard was killed in the Civil War.

A. John served in the Confederate Army and was killed in the Battle of Gettysburg.

B. Allen served in the Confederate Army. After the war he moved to Kansas, taking his mother and sister there.

IX. Samuel Auldridge, my great grandfather, married Mariam Barlow and settled at Bridges Notch and finally on Greenbrier River near Stamping Creek. Children of this marriage were: William, John and Mary Ann, who died young. John was a Confederate soldier and was killed in action.

A. William settled at Mill Point and married Effie Penell. Their children were Ruben, S.B. (Sandy) and one daughter, Mary.

1. Ruben was born in 1882 and died in 1950. He married Belvesta Cutshall. They had two sons: William who died in infancy and Robert, who is an architect in New York.

2. Sandy was born in 1881 and died in 1963. He married Emma Smith and lived in Hillsboro. There were two children, Gail and Lucy.

a. Gail was born July 4, 1904. He graduated from W. Va. University, taught school a number of years and worked with the Southern Soil Conservation District. He married Lora Hale McGregor. They have three daughters.

(1) Carolyn Jane, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Marines at Quantico, Virginia.

(2) Elizabeth Ann, married a law student, Drew Ralston. They live in Columbus, Ohio.

(3) Sandra Lee married Major Glenn Higgins. They live in Springfield and have two sons, Michael Lee and Douglas Edwards.

b. Lucy was born August 5, 1912. She married Wilbur Duff and lives in Standardsville, Virginia.

3. Mary married Harry Harper. She was born in 1876 and died in 1969. They had five children: Edith, Wardell, Frank, Henry Lee and Julian.

a. Edith married Sam Burdette. They live in Hillsboro and have two sons. Jack lives in Moundsville and David in Florida.

b. Wardell lives in Huntington, is married, and has two children, Betty and Billy.

c. Frank married Grace Johnson. He is deceased. They had ~~two~~ 5 children. Barbara, Sue, Daniel, Dianne + Wayne.

(1) Barbara married Porter Smith and lives at Romney.

(2) Sue married Charles Richardson, Jr. ~~They have three children, Dan, Wayne and Dianne.~~

d. Henry Lee married Virginia Miller. They have two sons, Henry Lee, Jr. and Alfred, and one daughter.

e. Julian is married and has two sons. One is a minister in Arizona.

IX. Samuel Auldridge's second wife was Susan Grimes. They are both buried at McNeil Cemetery. At first they lived on the Greenbrier River close Seebert, at what is now the Colter Place. It was here my grandfather Tillison was born. They moved later to what is now the Beckley Pyles home place, sold and moved to Auldridge Mountain, close Buckeye. There were five children to this union: Tillison, Charles, Luther, Elizabeth and McKendry.

A. Tillison Morgan Auldridge was born January 28, 1846. On February 14, 1867 he married Susannah Elizabeth Buzzard. She was born October 16, 1845 and died February 7, 1941, living to be over 95 years of age. Tillison died April 28, 1910 at 64 years. They lived on a farm close Buckeye, W. Va. and had 11 children. They were: Jasper John, George Oliver, Nancy Mary Martha,

Emory Eliot, Ivetta Eliza Jane, Asa Watts, Laverna Susan, Joseph Winters, Minty Mae, Bertha Anna, and Davis Tillison.

1. Jasper John was born March 6, 1868 and died July 2, 1914 at 46 years of age. He married Margaret Perry. They had charge of a lumber company hotel at Denmar, W. Va. and lived there for a number of years. There were no children. After his death she married a Mr. Garrett and died a few years later.

2. George Oliver Auldridge, my father, was born August 11, 1869 and died March 31, 1968 at 98 years and 7 months of age. He was married to Martha Eliza Rodgers October 7, 1896. They were married at the "lower" Methodist Church at Buckeye by The Reverend George Echols. The little church is still in use. A cemetery is in the churchyard. They lived for a time at the Waugh place close Hillsboro. It was here their oldest child, Leonard Clifton was born. Oliver then purchased a tract of land close and built a home where the other 3 children were born.

Oliver and Eliza worked hard on their farm for a livlihood. They were not rich in material things but they left to their children a rich spiritual heritage that was worth much more. They were charter members of the Seebert Methodist Church. Before the church was built they met in a home for services. My father was church school superintendent for about forty years. Mother was always active in church and taught a Sunday School class. We lived about 2 miles away but regardless of weather they took their "brood" to church. This little church, that stands on a knoll surrounded by trees, looks down on the town of Seebert. It will always be very dear to me. Our daughter Jean has warm memories here, too, as she stayed with her grand-parents a lot during the summer months and attended church with them.

Eliza Auldridge passed away May 20, 1945 and is buried in the Marlinton Cemetery. After mother's death, my father lived in our home most of his remaining 23 years. He never lost interest in life or his church. He is buried beside mother and my brother Lake, in the Marlinton Cemetery.

The children of Oliver and Eliza Auldridge were: Leonard Clifton, Emory Lake, Elizabeth, and Lillie Olive.

a. Leonard Clifton was born July 6, 1897 and died June 9, 1959. He is buried at The End of the Trail close Clintonville, W. Va. He was married to Myrtle Woodell, June 19, 1917. She was born May 8, 1889 and died November 9, 1952. She is buried at Marlinton Cemetery. She suffered with asthma from childhood and died of heart failure at 64 years of age. Leonard and Myrtle lived for a time on a farm close Seebert. He later worked for a lumber company at Spice Run and Spring Creek and finally as a Chesapeake and Ohio Railway agent at Prince. Their children received the heritage of a Christian home.

They had four children. The oldest, a son, died at birth in 1919. Their other children were: Leonard Clifton, Jr. born January 21, 1921; George Andrew born August 6, 1922; and Martha Frances born June 12, 1924.

(1) Leonard C., Jr. served in the Navy during World War II. Returning home, he worked for awhile in New Britain, Connecticut. where he met and married Mary Lombardo. Mary was born September 7, 1925. They moved to Huntington, where he attended Marshall University. Three of their four children were born there. Their youngest child was born in New Britain, Connecticut, where they have lived for a number of years. Their children are: Patricia Ann, born May 19, 1948; Leonard Clifton III, born December 10, 1949; Mary Frances born March 3, 1951 and Paula born May 30, 1953. The three daughters are at home. Leonard Clifton III is in the Marine Corps.

(2) Andrew, the second son of L. C. Auldridge, Sr., graduated from Frankford High School and entered the Navy during World War II. On returning he was employed for a time in New Britain, Connecticut and is now in the signal maintenance force of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. He is single and lives in New Buffalo, Michigan.

(3) Martha Frances received an R.N. degree from Laird Memorial Hospital, Montgomery, W. Va., entered the Army Nurse Corps and was later stationed in Germany. Here she met Billy Wayne Frye, who was also in service and stationed there. They were married after returning to the United States. They live in Oak Hill and have one daughter, Janet, born March 2, 1953. Billy teaches at W. Va. Institute of Technology and Janet is now attending school there.

a. Leonard Clifton Sr's. second marriage was to Mrs. Dottie Holliday Richmond in October 1953. She was born at Smoot, W. Va., October 23, 1906 and died April 9, 1970. She had two daughters by a previous marriage: Barbara who married Harold Knuckles; and Anna, married to Bascomb Rodgers. The Knuckles live in Hyattsville, Md. and have four children--Gary, Beverley, Allen and Mark. The Rodgers have two sons--Greg and Terry.

b. Lake was born May 3, 1899 and died of a coronary attact February 23, 1957. As a young man he worked on the farm and later for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company. Following this he had a mail route. Lake never married. He was a friend to every one and faithful to his church.

c. Elizabeth (Lizzy) was born in June 1901. She died of meningitis in 1902 at the age of 9 months.

d. I, Lillie Olive, was born close Hillsboro, November 5, 1903 and was married to Charles Roscoe Holliday July 6, 1923. We started housekeeping at Spring Creek, W. Va. where Charles was station agent for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. It was here that our daughter, Vinita Jean was born, April 14, 1924. We received D. O. degrees from the Kansas City College of Osteopathy and Surgery in June 1939 and retired from practice in 1962. We are now living at Lewisburg, W. Va. died 11-17-89

(1) Vinita Jean received a B. S. degree from West Virginia Institute of Technology and later graduated from Bluefield Business College. On May 30, 1946 she and Oscar Jerrell Bailes from Richwood were married in the Montgomery Baptist Church by the Reverend Brown McDonald. Jerry was born at Richwood, W. Va. November 21, 1923. He attended West Virginia Institute of Technology, Marshall University and Concord College and received his D. O. degree from the Kansas City College of Osteopathy and Surgery in 1952. They live in Princeton where he is in practice. They have three children: Cheryl Ann, Debora Sue and Charles Jerrell.

(a) Cheryl Ann was born in Princeton, February 18, 1948, in the home of her grandparents, who made the delivery. She was married February 14, 1970 to Dennie Leon Landreth, Jr., by the Reverend Jimmy Jones, in the Johnston Memorial Baptist Church at Princeton. Leon was born January 23, 1949. They are both 1970 graduates from Concord College. Cheryl teaches kindergarten at Beaver Elementary School and Leon is the band director at Shady Springs Junior High School. They live in Beaver, W. Va.

(b) Debora Sue was born April 1, 1949 in Kansas City, Missouri. She graduated cum laude from Marshall University in 1971 and is the band director at Dawson Bryant High School, Coal Grove, Ohio.

(c) Charles Jerrell was born September 28, 1951, in Kansas City, Missouri. He was married August 22, 1968 to Deborah Ann Wilson. She was born July 10, 1951 and plans to be a laboratory technician. Jerry is majoring in Theatre and Music at Marshall University.

3. Nancy Mary Martha (Nannie) Auldridge was born February 10, 1871 and died February 22, 1963 at 92 years of age. She was married in 1900 to George Washington Bentzel who died September 1, 1933. They have two sons, Winters Harry and George Washington, Jr., both born in Marlinton, W. Va.

a. Winters Harry was born April 20, 1906 and died September 27, 1971. He was married August 1 to Ruby Hutsenpillar, who was born September 13, 1905. He was an IBM engineer and they lived at Dawson, W. Va. The children are: Marien Elizabeth, Barbara Ann, Linda Carol and Nancy Eileen.

(1) Marien was born February 10, 1927 and married Herbert Clark Herring April 5, 1947. They have five children: Rosemary Ester, born June 7, 1949, who is in the fifth year of Pharmacy in W. Va. University; Alison Elizabeth, born March 22, 1952, attending college in New Jersey; David Clark born December 20, 1954; Carolyn Leigh born April 4, 1959 and Jennifer Lynn born October 11, 1961.

(2) Barbara Ann was born January 20, 1938 and was married May 27, 1956 to Louis Hartley Loudermilk. There are three children: Dale Hartley, born February 1958; Elizabeth Ann, born October 1959; and Lisa Michelle born April 1961.

(3) Linda Carol, born October 12, 1940, married David Sylvestor Pitts April 1962. They have a daughter, Kimberly Beth, born December 27, 1962.

(4) Nancy Eileen, born January 3, 1947, married William Haney English, December 29, 1966. They have two sons: William Haney, Jr. born September 22, 1969 and David Sayles, born June 24, 1971.

b. George Washington Bentzel, Jr. was married December 14, 1940 to Dorothy Alice Miller. They have three children: Mary Louise; Frank Lewis; and Judy Ann. They live in Pinedale, Wyoming.

4. Emory Eliot Auldridge was born April 18, 1873 and died September 16, 1874.

5. Ivetta Auldridge was born August 12, 1874 and died August 22, 1911.

6. Asa Watts Auldridge was born November 20, 1875. He married Katherine Simmons (Kate) in the Methodist Church in Monterey, Va. He died December 17, 1906 and she on July 19, 1970. They had two children: Robert Lee; and Susan Pearl. Katherine's second marriage was to Sterling Yeager.

a. Robert Lee was born August 12, 1904 and was married to Glema Frances Long, January 9, 1931. She is a retired school teacher. They live in Lewisburg, W. Va.

b. Susan Pearl was born September 11, 1906 and married Joseph William Sullivan, May 4, 1930. He was a dentist, now deceased. She lives in College Park, Md. They had five children: Michael Joseph, Helen Katharine, Margaret Louise, Mary Jo and Susan.

(1) Michael Joseph, born January 17, 1931, married Ruth Ann Talliaferro. They have six children: Michael Joseph, Jr., Linda Susan, Katharine Ellen, Patricia Ruth, Jerry Brooke and Jon Eric.

(2) Helen Katharine was born February 13, 1932 and is single. She teaches at Gallaudet College for the Deaf, the only college of its kind in the world.

(3) Margaret Louise, born March 9, 1933, married Sidney Floyd Hoffman. They have three children: Donna Gray, Susan Gayle and Stephen Floyd.

(4) Mary Jo born October 30, 1937, married Robert Michael Haskey. They have one son, Matthew Robert.

(5) Susan was born December 27, 1942 and died 5 days later.

7. Laverna Susan (Lula) Auldridge married Howard Briscoe, October 10, 1899. They had three daughters. When the youngest was quite small he was drowned in the Greenbrier River near Stony Bottom. She taught school much of her life. Their children were Aileen, Grace and Lula Gay.

a. Aileen was born May 23, 1901 in Highland County, Va. She was married July 3, 1919 to Jesse Harmon Meeks. He was born August 29, 1882 and died September 23, 1945. She now lives in Hurricane, W. Va. They had eight children: Lucille Gay, Jesse H., Jr., Eugene Briscoe, William Gerald, Arthur, Jack O'Brien, David Alan, and Joseph Andrew.

(1) Lucille Gay was born April 11, 1920. During World War II she spent 28 months in England as an army nurse, 1st Lieutenant. She and Ernest Patterson were married June 6, 1945. They had a military wedding in England. They have three children: Cathy Gay, born June 2, 1950; Sue Ann, born November 21, 1952; and Steven, born April 10, 1954. They live in Tampa, Florida.

(2) Jesse H., Jr., was born August 24, 1921 and served in the Marines in the second World War. He married Hazel Dillon.

(3) Eugene Briscoe was born May 18, 1923. He was killed in action in World War II, February 3, 1945, in C. B. I. theatre of action.

(4) William Gerald was born December 14, 1926, served in the army two years and married Joan Dent. They had five children: W. Gerald, Jr., born May 14, 1949, died by electrocution of a live wire 1959; Michael David, born September 22, 1951, now in military service; Linda, born August 18, 1955; Gregory Allen born November 22, 1956; and Christopher Gay, born May 18, 1958.

(5) Arthur was born February 12, 1930. He was in military service, married Lola Mae Thornton and they have two children: Timothy Robert, born February 24, 1958; and Tamara Gail, born June 5, 1959.

(6) Jack O'Brien was born November 18, 1932 and died of a heart attack October 31, 1969. He married Fay Tucker. There were three children: Jacqueline Fay, born April 3, 1970; Debora, born August 16, 1962; and David Michael, born August 28, 1964.

(7) David Alan was born October 31, 1934 and died May 23, 1937 from complications of scarlet fever.

(8) Joseph Andrew was born April 23, 1939. He married Betty Smith and they have two children: Traci, born March 5, 1966; and Joseph Andrew, Jr., born August 13, 1968.

b. Grace was born at Dunmore, W. Va., June 10, 1903. She and Edgar Goodall, from Ronceverte, were married September 7, 1923. Edgar was born May 23, 1903. There were two daughters: Elizabeth O'Neil and Joan. Grace and Edgar live at Hurricane, W. Va.

(1) Elizabeth was born June 17, 1924. She married Delbert Moore and they live in Cleveland, Ohio. There are five children: Eddie, Ellis Gay, Susan Elizabeth, Cheryl, and Parker.

(a) Eddie was born October 30, 1942, and married Lillian Profant, June 15, 1963. They have two sons: John, born July 15, 1964; and Douglas, born April 20, 1967. They live in Westerville, Ohio.

(b) Ellis Gay was born October 10, 1946. He is married and has one daughter, Lisa Gay, born July 31, 1971. They live in Cleveland.

(c) Susan Elizabeth was born August 27, 1947. She married John Reidger. They live in Cleveland, Ohio, and have two daughters: Kimberly Sue, born July 12, 1967 and Mary Elizabeth, born May 9, 1971.

(d) Cheryl was born October 10, 1948.

(e) Parker was born May 17, 1950 and was married July 10, 1971 to Irene Basco.

(2) Joan was born July 18, 1926 and died October 17, 1927.

c. Lula Gay was born at Stony Bottom, June 22, 1905. She married Harland Cline, September 15, 1924. He is deceased. They had three children: Betty Jane; William Gay; and James Lynn.

(1) Betty Jane was born November 10, 1925. She married Alonzo (Hoagy) Dent. They have two children: Robert, who married a Miss Dunn; and Cheryl Kay.

(2) William Gay was born August 21, 1930. He is in California.

(3) James Lynn was born April 21, 1933. He married Betty Davis and they have four children: Stephen; Connie; Tammy and a baby 20 months.

Lula Gay's second husband is Walton E. Grove. They were married May 10, 1941, and live at Barboursville, W. Va.

Laverna Briscoe's (Lula) second marriage was to Woods Dilley of Cloverlick. He died a few years later of a heart attack. She married Lem Walker who died about a year afterward of cancer. Her last marriage was to W. H. Withrow, a school teacher. They both taught school for a number of years. He died in 1942 at 80 years of age.

8. Joseph Winters Auldridge was born July 11, 1879 and died May 7, 1916. He married Minnie Thornton and lived in Charleston, W. Va. until his death. There were no children. She died in Greenbrier Valley Hospital in Ronceverte, in 1969.

9. Minty Mae Auldridge was born October 6, 1880 and died October 16, 1881.

10. Bertha Anna Auldridge was born March 1, 1882 and died April 12, 1907. She married Clayburn Morrison in 1898 and they lived in Buckeye. There were five children: Violet; Theodore R; Frank; Taylor; and Anna.

a. Violet was born May 16, 1899 and died December 21, 1963. She married Will Bowers. There were six children: Helen, Bobby, Nell, Kathleen, Virginia, and Bertha Jo.

(1) Helen married Gilbert Famston. There were four children: Dexter, Margail, Michael and another daughter.

(2) Bobby died at 14 years of age.

(3) Nell married Darrell McClure. They have two children.

(4) Kathleen married Rex King and they have five children.

(5) Virginia married Eugene Gauslin and they have four children.

(6) Bertha Jo married Joe Smith. There are no children.

b. Theodore R. was born January 17, 1901. He worked for the Spring Creek Lumber Co., and while there married Sarah Jane Millard. They moved to Pickens and then to Manning, S. C. where Sarah Jane died September 13, 1965. There were three children: Georgia; Theodore, Jr. and Betty.

(1) Georgia was born January 25, 1926. She married Cliford Durham. They live in Las Vegas. They have no children.

(2) Theodore R., Jr., was born April 16, 1928. He married Avanelle Turner and they have three children: Paula, Jefferson, and Van. They live in Richwood, W. Va.

(3) Betty was born February 1, 1930. She married Jack Lesley. They have three children: Michael; Patrick; and Theodore. They live in Ft. Knox, Ky.

Theodore R. Sr., married Florence Roper, February 20, 1970.

c. Frank was born December 24, 1903, now deceased. He married Carrie Brown and lived on a farm near Hillsboro. Carrie teaches school. They had three children: Joan; Reta; and Bruce, who died at three years from being kicked by a horse.

(1) Joan married Richard Cuskey. They have five children: Cheryl Kaye; Craig Morrison; Carrie Ellen; Catherine Mae; and Constance Marie.

(2) Rita married Lanty Rose and they have two sons: Kreg and Bruce.

d. Taylor was born in 1905, married Anna Mary Moss and lived at Buckeye until his death, August 5, 1965. There were five children: Fred, Fay, Mescle, Keith, and Jack.

(1) Fred is single and lives with his mother at Buckeye.
(2) Fay married Norman Gaylor and they have two children: Timothy, and Todd.
(3) Keith married Joyce Crawford. They have one daughter, Terri.
(4) Jack married Rosalie Rider. They have four children: Douglas, Arleen, David, and Kenneth.

e. Anna was born in 1907. She married Rush McNeil, who died January 27, 1964. They livednear Buckeye. There were six children: Dempsey, Walter, Helen, Nancy, Vera, and Sherlin.
(1) Dempsey married Mary Arnold and they have five children: Bobby, Tommy, Georgana, Barbara and Darrell.
(2) Walter is single.
(3) Helen married Curtis Carr. They have two children: Bruce and Chawna.
(4) Nancy married Pete Taylor and they have one son, Johnnie.
(5) Sherlin married John Ledford. They have two children: Johnnie and Randa Lee.
(6) Vera married Marion Hudson.

11. Davis Tillison Auldridge was born April 11, 1887. He married Lillie Jane Meeks June 12, 1912. She was the daughter of James and Isabell Doyle Meeks. Her birth date was December 19, 1879. They lived in Pocahontas County much of their life but in later years moved to Burkettsville, Md. where both died--he, on August 2, 1962 and she, April 4, 1969. There were four children: James Woodford; Isabell; Dexter; and David Tillison, Jr.

a. James Woodford was born July 13, 1913 and was married October 3, 1941 to Elizabeth Gertrude Long. She was born May 20, 1918, is an R.N. and director of nurses in the local Health Department. There were two children: Douglas Eugene and Dianne Elizabeth.
(1) Douglas Eugene was born July 19, 1942 and married Sandra Sue Collier July 14, 1967. They have one son, Charles Douglas, born September 26, 1969. They live in California.
(2) Dianne Elizabeth Auldridge was born December 11, 1943, and was married July 6, 1963 to John Robert Hall. There were two children: Keith Michael and Kevin Matthew, who was born February 20, 1965 and died April 13, 1965. Keith Michael was born December 23, 1963. Dianne and Robert were divorced in 1966. She married Patrick Michael Schurman September 10, 1967. He was born October 13, 1940. They have two children: Brian Patrick born October 3, 1968 and Sheryl Elizabeth, born July 20, 1970. Keith was legally adopted by Patrick Schurman in 1969.

b. Isabell was born January 17, 1915. She was married to Clebert Edwin Patton August 11, 1936. They live at St. Albans, W. Va. There were three children: Van M., David Edwin, and Susan Jane.
(1) Van M. was born May 13, 1937. He married Judy Craddock who was born January 23, 1944. There were two children: Pammy Ranae, born August 24, 1964; and Timothy Van born August 23, 1965.
(2) David Edwin was born August 16, 1941. He married Sheron Mayne born November 4, 1944. They have two sons: David Brian, born April 3, 1965 and Britt Anthony, born April 17, 1968.
(3) Susan Jane was born October 18, 1946 and married James Kevin Barthlow. He was born May 4, 1947. They have one child, Jonathan Korey, born January 1, 1971.

c. Dexter was born April 16, 1916. He was married June 16, 1943 to Madge Carden. They have one son born June 26, 1953. They live in Charleston. Their son is in college.

d. Davis T., Jr., was born August 28, 1920. He was married September 23, 1941 to Frankie E. Little, who was born September 1, 1921. She added to this information which I received from her (born again 1956).

How wonderful she thought to do this. Wouldn't it be marvelous and interesting to have a record of all our born-again dates. Three children were born to them: Davis Michael, Susan Elaine, and Mark Andrew. They live in Burkettsville, Md.

(1) Davis Michael was married June 26, 1964 to Glenda Jean Biddinger. Her birthdate was December 1, 1946. They have four children: Marcia Jo, born July 7, 1965; Davis Michael, Jr., born May 31, 1966; Melinda Sue, born November 11, 1967; and Michelle Lee, born July 24, 1969.

(2) Susan Elaine was born September 17, 1946. She was married June 12, 1964 to Frank DeSales Wilson, born January 10, 1944. They have a daughter, Tracy Leigh, born October 27, 1966.

(3) Mark Andrew was born April 9, 1953.

B. Charles Auldridge, the second son of Samuel and Susan Grimes Auldridge, married Rebecca Claypool. They had one daughter, Maud, who married a Lemon. They had a daughter, Bernice, and a son, Jack. They live in Charleston, W. Va.

C. George Luther Auldridge, was born February 8, 1861 and died May ~~14~~ 19, 1941. He married Martha Elizabeth Smith, July 29, 1885. She was born April 29, 1861, and died September 8, 1942. She was the daughter of Dr. Pleasant Smith, (born March 26 and died February 25, 1887) and Margaret Duncan Smith (born May 16, 1832 and died May 28, 1861). She had one sister, Eliza Jane Smith. George Luther and Martha Elizabeth Auldridge lived on a farm close Marvin Chapel. They had three children: Clyde; Nina M; and Glenna Susan.

1. Clyde was born May 21, 1887 and died in 1961. He married Molly Hogsette who died August 30, 1970. They had twin children: Elizabeth and Richard, born April 7, 1912. They lived at Marvin Chapel.

a. Elizabeth married Quade Arbogast, a Methodist minister. They have two children: Dottie and Donald. died May 11, 1989

(1) Dottie was born in 1941 and married Donald Lasley. They live in Nashville, Tenn.

(2) Donald was born in 1947 and married Elaine Barker in 1970. He is in the air force at San Angelo, Texas.

b. Richard married Ruth Sayler, September 18, 1947. They live in Denver, Colorado and have one daughter Kay Laynette, born April 7, 1953.

2. Nina M. was born July 7, 1890. She was married to James McCarty, August 20, 1912. Both were school teachers. They lived on a farm near Hillsboro for a time and then moved to East Calis, Vt. They had one daughter, Hazel. James is deceased. Hazel is a nurse and lives with her mother.

Died June 27, 1982

Died June 20, 1984

3. Glenna Susan was born March 11, 1898. She married Fred James Waugh, June 28, 1923. He died September 9, 1947 and Glenna Susan, September 9, 1949. They had four children: Dwight Fredric, Nina Ruth, Gladys Marie, and Robert Archie.

birthday Dec. 6, 1982

Died - Nov. 3, 1987 age 63 yrs

a. Dwight Fredric was born May 23, 1924. He was married to Alice M. Landis June 22, 1954. She was born September 4, 1934. They have one son, Alan Gene, born March 1, 1957. They live in Harrison, Ohio.

b. Nina Ruth was born September 14, 1926. She was married to Cornelius P. Prichard, June 27, 1950. His birthdate was March 13, 1894. There was one daughter, Anita Jane, born August 1,1960. Cornelius died April 26, 1968. Nina Ruth lives near Buckeye. MARRIED Rev. Willis Cornelius Nov 27, 1979. He died June 24, 1991 AGE 73 yrs 15 days

c. Gladys Marie was born March 20, 1929. She married Winters H. Dean July 11, 1947. He was born March 31, 1927. They have two children: Linda Karen, born August 16, 1948; and Gary Wayne born February 17, 1951. They live at Leivasy, W. Va.

d. Robert Archie was born June 27, 1932. He married Ruth A. Johnston June 20, 1956. She was born June 13, 1938. They have three sons: Albert Duaine born September 29, 1957; Gary Lynn born June 12, 1960; and Robert Earl born February 10, 1970. They live at Battle Ground, Ind.

D. Martha Elizabeth Auldridge was born near Seebert, W. Va. on what is now known as the Beckley Pyles place, on December 10, 1855 and died July 10, 1918. She married William Clark Clendenen, Jr. the son of William and Jane Cochran Clendenen, who first lived at Locust Creek and moved to what was then the Clendenen Fort above Seebert at the mouth of Stamping Creek William Clendenen, Jr. was born May 31, 1848 and died August 16, 1921. They lived on a farm about one mile from Seebert. Their children were: Ida M., Mary Anna, Lillie Rachel, Ira V., Susie Leverne, George Wanless, Samuel and Charles Coe.

1. Ida M. was born October 1, 1873 and died September 1, 1875.
2. Mary Anna was born October 21, 1874 and died September 15, 1966. She married Thomas McCoy who died in April 1952. They had no children. They lived in Richwood, W. Va.
3. Lillie Rachel was born June 11, 1878 and died April 5, 1889.
4. Ira V. was born May 8, 1880 and died August 25, 1945. He married Lillie Pyles, daughter of J. B. and Sally Buzzard Pyles. She died April 8, 1930. The lived near Hillsboro, W. Va. and had no children. Ira's second marriage was to Beulah Zimmerman.
5. Susie Leverne Clendenen was born February 12, 1883. She married Moody Asbury Pyles, son of J. B. and Sally Buzzard Pyles, December 30, 1903. They were married at Hillsboro by the Reverend Charles Lynch and settled on a farm on the Greenbrier River, about a mile north of Seebert, where they lived until after Moody's death, March 14, 1936. There were seven children: Gyle Bliss; Laura Grace; Gay; Beulah Jane; Marie Agnes; Martha Elizabeth; Garland Clendenen; and Phyllis Juanita.

a. Gyle was born July 17, 1905. He received a degree in Electrical Engineering from W. Va. University and is employed by a mining company in Duluth, Minn. He married Irene Gardiepy, November 2, 1935. They have one daughter, Joanne Elizabeth, born July 31, 1938.

(1) Joanne Elizabeth married Robert A. Pavich, June 16, 1962. They have three daughters: Michelle Marie, born June 17, 1963; Mary Beth born September 9, 1964 and Melanie Ann born December 15, 1970.

b. Laura was born February 10, 1907. She received a Masters degree from Marshall University and teaches in Hillsboro. She and her mother live in Seebert.

c. Gay was born April 17, 1909. He was married October 3, 1931 to Helen Hebb. They have a farm near Hillsboro and Gay works for the board of education. They have four children: Bonnie Corynne born January 9, 1933; William Moody born July 17, 1936; Wylantha Jane born January 13, 1942; and Timothy Gay born February 13, 1945.

(1) Bonnie married John A. Harrison, July 11, 1953 and lives in Andover, Mass. They have two children: Vicki Dawne born September 19, 1954 and Craig Brent born April 3, 1960

(2) Billy married Diane Flewelling, April 18, 1959 They live in Bedford, Mass and have four children: Debora born May 26, 1960; Brenda born May 18, 1962; Suzanne born June 20, 1963; and William, Jr. born September 14, 1965.

(3) Wylantha Jane was married July 5, 1959 to Kenneth May. They have three children: Nicholas born June 13, 1960; Douglas born March 1962 and Bryan born November 16, 1965.

(4) Timothy was married August 3, 1966 to Sharan Wright. They have one daughter, Gaylene Marie, born June 3, 1967.

d. Beulah Jane was born April 27, 1911 and was married January 16, 1942 to James Wyatt Jones, born March 4, 1912. Jane is a beautician and Wyatt works for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad They live in Fayetteville, W. Va. They have one son, James Wyatt Jones, Jr., born March 17, 1945

(1) James Wyatt Jr., married Karen Wilson, August 9, 1969. He is a graduate of W. Va. University and is the high school band director at Fayetteville. Karen teaches there also

e. Marie Agnes was born December 8, 1914. She was married December 31 1939 to Franklin Nutter. He is in insurance and she is a beautician. They live in St. Albans and have one son, Franklin Winston.

(1) Franklin Winston is a college graduate now in the U. S. Navy.

f. Martha Elizabeth was born September 30, 1918. She was married December 30, 1939 to John McKenna. He was born August 24, 1906 and was a chemical engineer, now retired. They live in Paducah, Ky. and have three children: Johnny Vincent; Joseph Patrick; and Elizabeth Ann.

(1) Johnny Vincent was born August 18, 1941 and was married October 1, 1966 to Vicky Covington. She was born January 12, 1946. They have a daughter, Kelly Ann, born July 18, 1969.

(2) Joseph Patrick was born June 3, 1945 and married Susan Wilson January 23, 1965. She was born June 17, 1946. They have two daughters: Cindy, born July 31, 1965; and Charlott, born September 3, 1968.

(3) Elizabeth Ann was born September 19, 1957.

g. Garland was born March 17, 1922 and died December 31, 1923.

h. Phyllis Jaunita was born October 27, 1924. She attended business college in Charleston and was married May 30, 1942 to Verle Hambrick. Verle was born October 1, 1923. He is a retired navy officer and they live in Lewisburg, W. Va. There were three children: Susan Elizabeth; Virginia Adair; and Ann Harper.

(1) Susan Elizabeth was born June 1, 1945, married Jerry Lee Banton, and they live on a farm near Lewisburg. They have a son, Jerry Harper, born December 27, 1965. Susan has a business education and now works in the First National Bank of Ronceverte.

(2) Virginia Adair was born March 21, 1947 and attended Marshall University. She is at home and works in her father's office.

(3) Ann Harper was born November 7, 1949 and died January 7, 1964.

6. George Wanless Clendenen was born August 30, 1885 near Seebert, W. Va. He and Iva Bruffey were married February 24, 1909 at her parents home at Lobelia, W. Va. by the Reverend C. M. Anderson. Iva was born October 15, 1891 and is the daughter of the late William Allen and Martha Jane Corron Bruffey. Iva and George lived in Hillsboro until after his death, July 18, 1963. She now lives with her daughter, Ida, in Ronceverte. They had four children: Esther Martha; Ida Pearl; William Darrell; and George Wardell.

a. Esther was born November 12, 1910. She received an R. N. degree from the Davis Memorial Hospital in Elkins, W. Va. and has continued active in her profession. She married Beltron Wilmoth, February 2, 1945. They lived in Los Alamos, N. M., where she has continued to live since his death September 4, 1967. There were no children.

b. Ida Pearl was born January 26, 1913, married John LaRue March 12, 1934 and they had one daughter, Janice, born March 30, 1937. He died September 9, 1947. Ida has an R. N. from Davis Memorial Hospital in Elkins and is nursing in the Greenbrier Valley Hospital in Ronceverte.

(1) Janice married Jerrell Lee Brown and had three children: John Cameron, born May 13, 1956; George Robert, born October 27, 1957; and Lesa Ann, born October 23, 1962. Her second marriage was to Donald Gumm.

c. William Darrell was born September 6, 1915. He spent 22 years in the U. S. Navy. He married Edna Gladwell who died September 9, 1964. Darrell died September 29, 1966. There were no children.

d. George Wardell was born October 11, 1918 and served in the Army during World War II. He married Ruth Cutlip November 25, 1942. They live in Pennsylvania and have a daughter, Carolyn Sue, born August 3, 1943.

(1) Carolyn Sue received an R.N. degree from West Penn Hospital, Pittsburg. She married Richard Scrabaki and they have a daughter, Christine Lynn, born June 2, 1971.

7. Samuel Clendenen was born March 24, 1888 and died August 6, 1889.
8. Charles Coe Clendenen was born February 3, 1892 and died February 13, 1956. He married Ginger Carter. They had three daughters: Patricia, who married Hugh McClements, and had no children; Sharon (who is single); and Charlott, who married Edward Secker. They had two children: Charles Dawn and Patrick, and they live in Florida.

E. Jasper McKendry Auldridge, the youngest son of Samuel Auldridge, married Lena McCoy. He died in 1952 and she in 1947. There were three children: Harry, who was born in 1902 and died in 1930; Enoch was born March 23 and remains single; and Trudy, who was born August 26, 1904.

1. Trudy was married March 29, 1929 to John Fuller. He was born October 14, 1892. They live near Frankford and have four children: Seldon, Thelma, Mary and Alice.
   a. Seldon was born December 30, 1929. He married Annie Legg and lives at Maxwelton. They have two children, George and Cynthia.
   b. Thelma was born July 7, 1933. She married Carl Kincaid. They have six children: Patricia; Kyla; Constance; Ellen; Koren; Cheryl and Kevin.
   c. Mary was born December 5, 1939. Her first marriage was to Charles Blankenship. There were four children: Judy; Charles; Roger; and Pamela. Mary's second marriage was to Verlin Dean. There were no children.
   d. Alice was born September 24, 1942. Alice married Alton Massie. They have two children: John Edwin and Margaret Ellen.

I regret that the information given on the Auldrige's is more complete for some families than others. I am sure there are interesting facts that could have been added but it has been most difficult to get all the information. My suggestion is that each family head add to this, the information that will be of interest to your children and future generations.

OLIVER and ELIZA AULDRIDGE
(my parents)

THE BAILES FAMILY (1962)
My daughter, Jean (upper right) and her husband, Jerry (upper left). Bottom row from left to right, their children, Suzy Jerry and Cheryl.

GEORGE OLIVER and MARTHA ELIZA RODGERS AULDRIDGE
and children left to right: Lake, Lillie, and Leonard

Left to right: Jean Holliday Barlow, Dr's. Charles and Lillie Aultridge Holliday

Family of Jacob Beckley and Sara Jane Buzzard Pyles
Left to right: Elburn, Lillie, Moody, Ernest, Jacob Beckley, Docia, Sara Jane, Peyton, Auburn, Louversia and Sherman.

From Historical Sketches of Pocahontas County, W. Va., by William T. Price. "Ruben Buzzard, the progenitor of the Buzzards, was the son of an emigrant from Germany, who settled near Lancaster, Pa. Upon his marriage with a Miss Sicafoose, in Pendleton County, he settled on lands now in posession of his descendants between Glade and Frost. An apple tree found near his frontier home may have been the largest in the state. It measured three feet and six inches in diameter. The branches were about forty feet long. Seventy-five bushels have been gathered from this tree at one time". William T. Price further states, "From what we can gather from Ruben Buzzard's personality, he seems to have been a man that pondered Agur's prayer to good purpose: 'Two things have I required of Thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: Lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'" Proverbs 30: 7-9.

These early settlers (my great-great grandparents) were the parents of four daughters: Susan; Fannie; Hester ; and Martha and five sons: Eli; Solomon, Henry; Ruben; and Sampson.

I. Fannie Buzzard was married to Benjamin Buzzard and lived in Greenbrier County.

II. Hester Buzzard became Mrs. Henry Grimes and lived in the Hills.

III. Martha Buzzard was married to Charles Grimes and lived in the Hills near Mt. Zion.

IV. Eli Buzzard married Margaret Moore. They had four sons: Arminius; Morgan; Peter; and Perry. Two girls were Laura and Phoebe. Arminius was a Union soldier, a member of Co. D. 10th W. Va. Infantry. Perry belonged to Co. 1, 3rd W. Va. Cavalry and died in a Maryland Hospital in 1864.

V. Solomon Buzzard married Rachel Grimes. Their children were Wesley, Jessee, Susan and Mary.

VI. Sampson Buzzard married Eleanor Knapp. Their children were Cornelias, Cronin, Mildred and Jerusha.

A. Mildred married Abram Shinneberry and settled near Cloverlick

B. Jerusha became Mrs. Isaac Shinneberry and settled near Glade Hill.

VII. Henry Buzzard (my great-grandfather) married Mary Hannah, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Burnsides Hannah, and lived on Cummings Creek near Huntersville. Their daughter, Sara Jane (Sally), became the wife of J. Beckley Pyles and another daughter, Susan (my grandmother) married Tillison Auldridge. (Joseph Hannah was the son of David Hannah).

A. Sara Jane (Sally) was born February 14, 1848 and died March 12, 1932. She married Jacob Beckley Pyles born December 4, 1848,died March 3, 1924. They settled on a farm on the Greenbrier River, near Seebert. This was once the Samuel Auldridge property. Their children were: Sherman; Louversia; Auburn; Moody; Lillie; Elburn; Peyton; Docia and Ernest.

1. Sherman was born June 2, 1874. He was married to Ettie Smith and they had two children: Emma and Hubert. He died in 1967 at 93 years and is buried at Smith Cemetery.

a. Emma married Guy McComb and there were four children: Earl; Jean; Sherman and Paul

b. Hubert married Jewel Turner. They had four children: Thelma; Emma; Mary and Nellie.

2. Louversa was born January 1, 1876. She was married to William Killeen. There were three children: Margaret; Myrhl; and Timmy, who died in infancy.

a. Margaret married Frank Moore, deceased. Three children were born to them: William; Stanley; and Daniel. The three sons are married. Daniel is a physician and lives in New Orleans, La. Margaret lives with them.

b. Myrhl married Ralph Burns. She is deceased. They had two children: Richard and Patricia Lee.

(1) Patricia married Eugene Brown and they have two sons.
(2) Richard married Carolyn Hodge. They live at Hillsboro and he is an associate with his father in the trucking business. They have one child.

5. Auburn O. Pyles was born December 10, 1879 and died October 6, 1963. He was married August 15, 1906 to Grace Mabel Wade, who died March 24, 1968. They had one daughter born February 1, 1916, who died at birth. They settled at Seebert where they had a general store.

4. Moody A. was born November 14, 1880 and died March 14, 1936. He was married December 30, 1903 to Susie Leverne Clendenen, daughter of William and Elizabeth Auldridge Clendenen. There were seven children: Gyle; Laura; Gay; Beulah Jane; Marie; Martha; Garland; and Phyllis. This is more complete in the Auldridge history.

5. Lillie was born April 28, 1882 and died April 8, 1930. She was married to Ira Clendenen. They lived near Hillsboro. Ira died August 25, 1945. He was the son of William C. and Elizabeth Auldridge Clendenen. They had no children.

6. Elburn G. was born July 19, 1885 at Huntersville, W. Va. He died November 27, 1969 at the Greenbrier Manor Nursing Home, Lewisburg, W. Va. He had lived with his daughter, Dortha and son-in-law Clyde Bennett since the death of his wife. He was married November 24, 1909 to Bessie Susan Wade. She died March 5, 1967. They had four daughters: Margie; Dortha; Ruth; and Lucille. This is more complete in the Rodgers history.

7. Peyton was born October 18, 1887. He married Gerusia Evans. There were no children.

8. Docia was born March 14, 1891. She married Luke Cook and had nine children: Verl born 1909, married to Hally Kershner; Arnold born 1912; Lola born 1914, married an Oscar; Earl born 1916; Thurmond born 1918; Jesse born 1920; Berlin, works at the Greenbrier Valley Hospital, is married and has no children; Raymond; and Glenna Pearl, who married a Lane.

9. Ernest was born February 7, 1895. He lives on the home place on the Greenbrier River near Seebert. His first marriage was to Anna Cook, November 20, 1914. There were three children: James; Richard and Virginia.

a. James was born in 1915 and married a Miss Brag. There were four children: Dan; Eugene; Ernie; and Janice. Dan is married and has one child.

b. Richard was born in 1917. He married Glenna Starcher. They have one son, Richard, Jr., who is married and has one son, William

c. Virginia was born in 1918 and married Hunter Stull. They have two children: Jean and Billy Hunter, Jr.

Ernest's second marriage was April 20, 1925 to Mrs. Stella Grimes Kane. She had one daughter, Dolly Kane, to her previous marriage. Five children were born to this union: Roy; Basil; Charles; Wanda and Curtis.

a. Roy was born in 1931 and married Deloras Stepp. There are three children: Carla Jean; Carol Lee; and Harland.

b. Basil was born in 1934 and married Velma Morrison. They have one son Robert.

c. Charles was born in 1935. He married Judy Knight. He has one stepdaughter, Jane. They live in Seebert.

d. Curtis was born in 1943 and married Irene Roberts. There are three children: Glenda, Kelly and Ernest Dorwood.

8. Susan Buzzard, (my grandmother), daughter of Henry and Mary Hanna Buzzard was born October 16, 1845 and died February 7, 1941. She was married February 14, 1867 to Tillison Morgan Auldridge. Eleven children were born to them: Jasper; George Oliver; Nancy (Nannie), Emory, Ivetta, Asa, Laverna (Lula), Winters, Minty, Bertha, and Davis T. This is more complete in the Auldrige family history.

y Buzzard's second wife was a Perkins. There were two sons, Moses, who died at
nd George who married a Smith. He was a carpenter and is deceased.

James Rodgers, my great-grandfather, was a native of Madison County, born February 15, 1789. His first marriage was with a Miss Jackson, also of Madison County. He moved to Pocahontas County in 1824 and settled on Lewis Ridge, overlooking Buckeye Cove. Thus he and his family became identified with Pocahontas County almost from its organization.

Quoting from Historical Sketches Pocahontas County, W. Va., by William T. Price:
"James Rodgers was an industrious person whose arduous toils and severe privations helped to make our county what it is.

In his time, James Rodgers had the reputation of being one of the most industrious of working men. He tried to train his sons and daughters to habits of industry and strict economy. Soon as they became old enough for service they went from home and found ready employment as field hands and housekeepers. This venerable man was a zealous and devoted adherent of the Methodist Protestant church. He was one of the first members in the Buckeye society and probably one of the first in the county. His prayers and experience talks were in good language, interspersed with allusions to the parables and quotations of the promises. All this indicated that in early, impressible youth he must have been familiar with persons of more than ordinary culture, such as Madison County was distinguished for. In his speech he had the tone and style that characterized the old Virginia gentry, as the writer learned to know in subsequent years from actual acquaintance with east Virginians.

The writer cherishes the memory of this old citizen with feelings of much respect, as the two often toiled in the meadows and harvest fields side by side in his boyhood. He remembers being often impressed by the pathos and fervency of the old man's occasional prayers in the morning worship. This was something which was never omitted in the old Marlinton home.

The belief of the older people was that 'prayer and provender hinder no man', and no time was always found for prayer, as well as for breakfast and supper.

Some of his expressions still linger in memory after more than fifty years. (The first edition of this book was published July, 19, 1901.) One was an allusion to the grapes of Eschol as typical of the richness of the promised land. His idea was that God would give his humble praying people here while on the pilgrimage, a cluster now and then from the heavenly vine so as to refresh and encourage them to put forth their earnest, faithful efforts to go up and receive possession of the heavenly land. This allusion was utilized as suggestive of a sermon prepared and preached by the writer thirty years ago. May we meet and see for ourselves the blessed land in all its richness and glorious beauty, and especially the vine from which the clusters were gathered that cheered and encouraged him."

Seven children were born to James Rodgers and his first wife: Robert, Joseph, Henry, Sarah, Elizabeth, Mary, and Tabitha. I have no information on six of them. Robert married Sally Smith, daughter of John Smith and Sally Moore Smith. They lived near Buckeye and later moved to Nicholas County.

James Rodgers second marriage was to Nellie Lewis (my great grandmother) of the Little Levels, (near Hillsboro). She was a grandaughter of Alexander Woddell of Scotch-Irish descent, and was one of the earliest settlers in the neighborhood of Marvin Chapel. Six children were born to James and Nellie Rodgers: Margaret Rebecca, William Chesley, John and James, Jr.

I. Margaret became Mrs. Henry Adkison
II. Rebecca became Mrs. Fillren
III. William married Polly Flemming and settled near Buckeye
IV. Chesley married Sally Morrison and settled near Jacox.
V. John married a Miss Harter
VI. James L. Rodgers, Jr. (my grandfather) was born at Buckeye, W. Va., January 1, 1831 and died January 1895. He was buried at Buckeye on the old home place. He married Sarah E. Burgess November 10, 1852. She was born at Buckeye October 18, 1825 and died October 17, 1878. She was buried at Buckeye. They live on a farm near Buckeye and had ten children: Newton C; Hannah E; George W; Davis A; John H; Margaret A; Adam; Martha Eliza (mother); Mary Frances; and Alvin W.

A. Newton Rodgers was born May 30, 1845 and died January 17, 1932. He was married December 5, 1878 to Fredrecca J. Kellison. She was born August 7, 1860 and died November 16, 1937. They lived at Buckeye and both were buried there. They had six children: Roxie E; Lemaster B; Mary Elizabeth; Morgan; Willie H; and John T.

1. Roxie was born June 21, 1880 and died June 6, 1949. She was married April 12, 1898 to Edgar J. Ray. There were eight children: Floyd; Frankie; Ricky; Elizabeth; Sarah; Tom; Amon; and Ethel. Floyd and Ethel are deceased.

2. Lemaster was born May 9, 1882. He was married May 16, 1906 to Savanah Beverage. Both are deceased. There were six children: Anna; Lenna; Clyde; Clinton; John; and James.

3. Mary Elizabeth was born August 28, 1884 and died May 27, 1936. She was married October 15, 1908 to Darley W. Williams. They lived in Marlinton and had two children, Elizabeth and Marguerite.

a. Elizabeth married E. W. Rexrode. They live in Marlinton and have three children: Sally; Jane; and Sue.

(1) Sally married Bill Hiner. They have three children: Libby; Sue; and Billy.

(2) Jane married Albert Sawyer and they have four children.

(3) Marguerite married William Doig. They have one daughter, Sandy.

4. Morgan was born December 28, 1897 and died September 25, 1953. He was married August 10, 1925 to Evelyn Totton. She is also deceased. There were no children.

5. Willie was born March 22, 1902 and died October 10, 1961. He was married January 21, 1924 to Suzy Kellison. She was born January 4, 1903. They lived at the home place at Buckeye. There were eight children: Gladys; Betty; Grace; Dorthy; Donald; Helen; Phyllis; and Barbara.

a. Gladys was born January 4, 1925. She married Dempsy Carpenter and they have three children: Barbara; Jaquelin; and Joyce.

(1) Barbara married D. H. Stockton. They have a daughter Michelle and a son, D. H. Jr. who died at 3 months.

b. Betty was born October 9, 1926. She married Claud Carpenter and has two children: Linda Carol, who married Floyd Burgess; and Sammy K.

c. Grace was born February 27, 1929. She married William Workman. They live at Hillsboro and have five children: Soloman; Tommy; Kevin; Charles Parker; and Suzy Lynn.

(1) Soloman was married to Eileen Sharp. They have a son Jason Thomas.

d. Dortha Lee was born October 5, 1930. She married Dennis Jackson and they have four sons: Danny; Douglas; David; and Donald.

e. William Donald was born October 18, 1932. He married Winona Sparks. They have two sons: Mark and Mike.

f. Helen Joyce was born November 9, 1934. She married Wade Sharp. They have three sons: Roger; Gary; and Ronald.

g. Phyllis Jean was born June 3, 1937. She married Dempsy Barnett. They have three children: Billy; Steve; and Pamela.

h. Barbara Ellen was born July 18, 1939 and died July 31, 1942.

6. John T. was born September 9, 1904 and died July 25, 1921.

B. Hannah E. was born January 24, 1856 and died April 25, 1893. On August 13, 1888 she was married to Kenny Otto Wade. He was born October 2, 1848, and died May 9, 1930. He had been previously married to Alice M. Waugh. On March 3, 1886, she passed away leaving five children: William Henry; Minnie Florence; Fred Gray; Lena Alice; and Grace Mabel.

1. William Henry was born March 31, 1869 and died January 11, 1931. He is buried at the Smith Cemetery. He was married December 27, 1893 to Mintie Smith who died November 9, 1958. They had three children: Zella: Pearl and Neal.

a. Zella married Edward Bowden, who is deceased. She lives at Elkins W. Va.

b. Pearl married Elmer Sims. Both are deceased.

c. Neal did not marry, is also deceased.

2. Minnie Florence was born May 5, 1875 and died March 30, 1945. She married Henry Hill and lived in Nebraska. They had one daughter, Pauline.

3. Fred Gray was born December 28, 1877 and died July 19, 1963. He was married December 18, 1907 to Mabel Stone, born May 26, 1882, died December 19, 1950. She was from Ronceverte and they lived on a farm near Seebert. There were five children: Kenny; Garnet; Leo; Fred, Jr; and Robert.

a. Kenny was born May 15, 1910 and died September 22, 1971. He and Mrs. Hazel Samms Hall were married July 4, 1941. She was born August 17, 1914. Hazel had two children by a previous marriage: Stanley and Jean Hall.

(1) Stanley was born July 4, 1936 and married Addie Bell Eades. They have two children: Shannon; and Sharon.

(2) Jean was born November 19, 1933 and married Harold Smith. They live in Spanishburg and have one son, Kevin.

b. Garnet was born October 27, 1911. She went into nurses training and was killed in an automobile accident, August 9, 1931.

c. Leo was born November 29, 1915. He served in the U. S. Navy. On June 7, 1945 he and Drexall McMillion were married. Drexal was born October 24, 1913 and taught school in Hillsboro. They live at San Mateo, California and have two daughters: Carol and Linda.

(1) Carol Ann was born December 14, 1948.

(2) Linda was born September 15, 1950. She was married February 15, 1971 to Mark Reden.

d. Fred, Jr. was born June 15, 1919. He served in the U.S. Army and was married October 22, 1946 to Nina Boblet. They live in Charleston and have a son Franklin Eugene, born September 9, 1947. There was a daughter, Kathy Sue, born 1952. She died and is buried at the Brick Church Cemetery in Hillsboro.

e. George Robert was born May 5, 1921. He was married March 27, 1950 to Betty Jean Scott. They live in Hillsboro. There were four children: George Gray, who was born in 1952 and died in 1959; James Robert, born November 26, 1953; Barbara Jean, born February 25, 1955; and Cherlynn born January 14, 1957.

4. Lena was born December 19, 1879 and married Joseph Dean, October 26, 1898. She died September 13, 1969. They lived in Iowa and had four daughters: Mrs. Elva Roberts; Mrs. Eva Barger; Mrs. Laura Moisiman; Mrs. Emma Krutsinger; and one son Ralph.

5. Grace Mabel was born May 12, 1882 and died March 24, 1968. She was married to Auburn O. Phyles, August 15, 1906. The lived at Seebert and had one daughter who died at birth.

Hannah E. Rodgers and Kenny Otto Wade lived on a farm near Seebert. Two children were born to them: Bessie Susan and James Franklin

1. Bessie Susan was born July 11, 1890 and died March 5, 1967. She was married November 24, 1909 to Elburn G. Pyles, who died November 27, 1969. Their last residence was at Caldwell where they had a general store for many years. Their four daughters, born at Seebert, W. Va. were: Margie Ellen; Dorthy Jane; Grace Ruth; and Frankie Lucille.

a. Margie was born August 19, 1910. She graduated from Dunsmore Business School in Staunton, Va., where she met Henry Hardy. They were married April 22, 1930. Henry is a mechanic and Margie is a school librarian. They have two children: Nancy Sue; and John Henry.

(1) Nancy Sue was born November 20, 1933. She was married September 17, 1952 to Patrick Dudley. He is an electrician. They live in Staunton and have three children: Patrick, born August 13, 1958; Michael Wayne, born April 1, 1961; and Susan Patricia, born December 29, 1962. Since her children are now in school, Nancy is finishing college at Madison College, Harrisonburg, Va.

(2) John Henry was born August 22, 1944. He and Mary Jane Phillips were married November 14, 1964. John served in the Navy three years. They have one son, Steven, born November 7, 1968.

b. Dorthy Jane was born November 4, 1912. She was married November 24, 1931 to Clyde Bennett. He was born at Caldwell, W. Va. January 1, 1907 and is employed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. They live at Lewisburg, W. Va. and have two daughters, Betsy Jane and Patsy Jean.

(1) Betsy Jane was born at Caldwell, July 31, 1933. She and Reginald Donald Hudgins were married November 24, 1951. His birthdate is January 29, 1926. Reggie works for the Smith Transfer Co. They live in Lewisburg and have one son, Donald Elburn, born October 11, 1952.

(2) Patsy Jean was born July 8, 1939. She received an A.B. degree from Marshall University and taught for several years. She and Thomas Buckley were married June 10, 1962. He received a degree from Ohio State University in Veterinary Medicine and has a practice in Cincinnati, Ohio. They have one daughter, Amelia Sue, born February 24, 1969.

c. Ruth was born September 30, 1914 and was married to Frank G. Loudermilk, July 18, 1938. Frank was born April 8, 1911, attended Berea College and is employed by the Culligan Water Softener Co. They live in Roanoke, Va., and have one daughter, Shirley Ruth.

(1) Shirley Ruth was born March 18, 1942. She received a business education at the National Business College, Roanoke, Va. On August 12, 1967, she married Ronald Benjamin Smith. They live in Roanoke, Va. and have one daughter, Tracy Lynn, born December 17, 1970. Ronald graduated from Danville Technical Institute and works at WBRA T.V. station. He was born May 8, 1940. Shirley was employed at WSLS T. V. for 10 years.

d. Frankie Lucille was born September 30, 1916. She was married to Curtis Moore of Marlinton, W. Va. on July 19, 1940. They live at Durbin and he is employed by the State Forestry Division. They have two children, Robert Elburn, and Sara Ann.

(1) Robert was born December 25, 1942. He attended the University of Pittsburg and is getting a degree in Inhalation Therapy from the University of Buffalo. He teaches Inhalation Therapy in the Erie Community Hospital. He married Martha Lynn Palmer, a nurse, on October 21, 1967. They have one daughter, Laura Elizabeth, born February 3, 1971. They live in Marilla, N. Y.

(2) Sara Ann was born March 17, 1946. She received an A.B. degree in Home Economics from Glenville State College. She and Richard Raines were married July 27, 1969. He served in the U. S. Navy for four years, then attended Pittsburg Institute of Aeronautics. He is

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2. Frank James Wade, son of Kenny O. and Hannah Wade, was born December 24, 1892. He died of pneumonia January 21, 1919. He is buried at the McNiel Cemetery at Hillsboro.

After the death of Hannah Rodgers Wade, Kenny Wade married Agnes Nottingham on December 25, 1895. There was one daughter, Idella Zinelda, born June 24, 1898. Her first marriage was to George Steel, December 3, 1918. Her second marriage to Hadley Withrow. She died July 15, 1955.

Kenny Wade later married Mrs. Sallie Sims, December 5, 1917. She died, April 18, 1931.

C. George W. Rodgers was born March 30, 1854. He was married to Susan Beverage April 17, 1881. He died July 26, 1923. She was born August 26, 1865 and died November 19, 1933. There were nine children: Felia; Alice; Pearl; Grace; Henry; Minta; William Lee; Iva; and George Emory.

1. Felia was born September 30, 1882 and married Lanty Cole, December 29, 1905. There were three children: Glenna, Annas, and Lee.
   a. Glenna was born August 8, 1907.
   b. Annas was born February 10, 1910. She married Dr. Annon Row and lives in Tucson, Arizona.
   c. Lee married Lucy Hansford
2. Alice was born July 28, 1884. She was married December 19, 1906 to Remus Beverage. He was born December 6, 1887 and died July 28, 1908. They had one daughter, Eva.
   a. Eva was born October 24, 1907 and married Burlyn McCarty November 8, 1938. He died July 2, 1958. There were no children.

Alice's second marriage was to Jacob L. Jackson. She died January 1, 1950.

3. Pearl was born November 24, 1886 and died December 14, 1902.
4. Grace was born October 26, 1889 and married D. W. Taylor, July 1, 1921. He died March 26, 1965. She is living in California.
5. Minta was born March 15, 1894. She was married to Lloyd Olding in April 1932. She died June 28, 1947.
6. William Lee was born November 24, 1896 and died young.
7. Iva was born October 21, 1889 and married Harry Cochran June 1910. She died November 5, 1918. One child was born December 12, 1916.
8. George Emory was born August 1, 1904 and died February 15, 1913.
9. Henry was dead at birth.

D. Davis A. Rodgers was born January 3, 1859 and died young.

E. John H. Rodgers was born June 3, 1861 and died while young.

F. Margaret Ann Rodgers was born August 9, 1863 and died June 18, 1949. She was married to William M. Adkison who was born March 31, 1855 at Swago, and died January 2, 1930. They lived near Buckeye and had seven children: Dallas Coe; Elsie Jane; Winona Vura; Fred Elmer; Nelson Clifford; George Rockford; and Okey Neel.

1. Dallas Coe was born September 16, 1888 and died September 12, 1955. He served in the U. S. Army in World War I and taught school for a number of years. He was also Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County for several years. He and Ethel Correll were married June 20, 1923. She died in 1959. They had one child, Betsy Jane, who died at three years of age.
2. Elsie Jane was born March 16, 1890. She taught school for 44 years, is now retired and lives near Marlinton, at Riverside.
3. Winona Vura was born September 3, 1891. In 1914 she married Henry Miller who died July 8, 1971 Winona died February 10, 1961. They had eleven children: Bernice; Ross; May; Ruby; Frances; Kathleen; Glenn; Margaret; Ralph; Dorthy; and Doris Jean.
   a. Bernice was born January 9, 1915. She married Wilford Bailey and they had four children: Wilford, Jr., born April 16, 1937; Edward

Neel, born November 18, 1938; Alford Wayne, born March 6, 1941; Barbara Elaine, born February 6, 1960.

b. Ross was born September 26, 1916. He and Helen Dye were married and have two daughters: Linda Virginia, who married Franklin Miller; and Brenda Kay.

c. May was born May 10, 1918 and died May 31, 1947.

d. Ruby was born October 8, 1919 and married Wilmer McCarty. They have two sons: Robert, born February 2, 1941; and Jerry, born July 8, 1950.

e. Frances was born May 1, 1921. She was married to Moffit Williams, now deceased. There were two sons: John Richard, born July 2, 1945; and Roger Francis, born July 5, 1948.

f. Kathleen Ethyl was born February 21, 1923. She married Harvey Young and they have one son, Gregory, born October 18, 1948.

g. Glenn was born October 20, 1924 He married Avonell Estep. There were two children: Marsha, born August 1950; and Katie, born July 10, 1954. Glen died November 18, 1961.

h. Margaret was born August 23, 1926. She and Paul Rhodes were married. There were no children.

i. Ralph was born June 12, 1929. He married Mary Rhodes. They have no children.

j. Dorothy Jane was born May 16, 1930. She and Doris Jean are twins.

k. Doris Jean was married to Stewart Groves. They have two sons: Stewart Gene, Jr. and Gary Wayne.

4. Fred Elmer Adkison was born March 27, 1893 and died November 10, 1960. He married Mabel Barry. There were no children. Fred was a veteran of World War I and died in the Veteran's Hospital in St. Petersburg, Florida.

5. Nelson Clifford Adkison was born September 5, 1895. He served in the U. S. Army in World War I, lived at Riverside and died November 29, 1962.

6. George Rockford Adkison was born March 9, 1898 and died January 7, 1971. His first marriage was to Ethel Scott. There were two children: Hilda, who married Ray Bobbett; and Lucille, who married a Kershner. George's second marriage was to Lucille Woods. There were three children: William H., Carole J., and Edward N., who drowned when he was nine, February 21, 1953.

7. Okey Neel Adkison was born October 16, 1901. He died while serving in the Army in a hospital in Denver Colorado, September 25, 1931.

G. Adam Rodgers was born March 6, 1865. His death is not recorded.

H. Martha Eliza Rodgers (mother) was born near Buckeye, August 11, 1867 and died May 20, 1945. She and George Oliver Auldridge were married October 7, 1896 by the Rev. George Echols in the Lower Church at Buckeye. George Oliver was born August 11, 1869 and died March 31, 1968. Four children were born to them: Leonard Clifton; Emory Lake; Elizabeth (Lizzie); and Lillie Olive. The family record is complete in the Auldridge record.

I. Mary Frances Rodgers was born March 17, 1869. She married John Van Buren. They lived on Anthony's Creek and are both buried there. She died April 1937.

J. Alvin Rodgers was born December 3, 1871 and died February 22, 1902. He never married.

James L. Rodgers' second marriage was to Mrs. Mary E. Kellison, who was born August 10, 1839 and died May 13, 1907. There were two children: Lewis, who died young; and Laura Cordelia, born September 26, 1883 and died March 31, 1964.

A. Laura Cordelia was married April 9, 1902 to Hassel Andrew Walton, who was born March 15, 1873 and died July 18, 1911. There were four children: Gradie Carlisle; Dainty Ilean; Okey Ward; and Eula Madeline.

1. Gradie was born March 10, 1903 and married Hattie Perry, November 1926. They had one daughter, Madeline, who married Hubert Dillon. They

have four daughters and one son living. Two children are dead. Gradie's second marriage was to Lucy Gilberts and the third to Bessie Murphy. His last marriage was to Ida Reeves in October 1956. They live in Salisbury, N. C.

2. Dainty Ilean was born October 17, 1904, and lives at Buckeye.

3. Okey Ward was born July 24, 1906 and died August 7, 1949. He was not married.

4. Eula Madeline was born August 30, 1908. She and Leslie Lee Walls were married June 6, 1931. They were both school teachers, now retired, and live in Roanoke, Va. There were three children: Robert Carrol; Elizabeth Ann; and Sherlyn Leah.

a. Robert Carroll was born March 28, 1923. He married Sherly Ann Brooks in 1948. They have three sons: Mike; Mark; and Jeffrey; and they live in Augusta, Ga.

b. Elizabeth Ann was born September 17, 1933. She married Woody England and lives at Pineville, W. Va.

c. Sherlyn Leah was born March 7, 1937. She and Charles Corman were married in August 1955. She died December 16, 1956, in her junior year at West Virginia University. Charles Corman remarried and is a teacher at Morgantown.

Laura Cordelia Rodgers' second marriage was to John Daniel Miller, July 31, 1914. He was born April 24, 1872 and died September 9, 1959. They lived near Buckeye and had three children: James Aralan, William Paul, and Mary Elizabeth.

1. James Arlan was born August 20, 1915 and died August 27, 1971. He and Marie Scott were married December 15, 1948. They had one daughter, Mary Ellen, born January 19, 1950.

a. Mary Ellen married Roger Watson and they have a son Roger Araln born April 24, 1968. They live in Lancaster, Pa.

2. William Paul was born October 1, 1918. He was married to Lena Moore September 13, 1941. There were no children. He died December 23, 1947.

3. Mary Elizabeth Miller was born September 22, 1922 and married Gary Morgan, September 3, 1949. There were no children. Her second marriage was to Warren K. Reed, September 22, 1956. They have two children: Laura Grace, born July 25, 1957; and Barbara Ann, born October 12, 1958. They live in Baltimore, Maryland.

POCAHONTAS TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1953

The Auldridges

The other day Mrs Mary Auldridge Harper, of Hillsboro, came in for to inquire what all I remember of what I had been told of her father's family, the Auldridges. I was honest enough to confess that my knowledge along most any line was scattering, few in the hill, far apart and thin in places.

Any way, here is the line of descent of the lady. William Auldridge was a native of England. His widowed mother, Elizabeth, brought him to America, prior to the year 1800. The tradition is he was ten or twelve years old. He grew up on the Johnson Place, Jerico Road, near Marlinton.

William married Mary Cochran She was a daughter of Thomas Cochran, a native of the north of Ireland. Her mother was named Mackenzie, from Augusta County The Cochrans lived at the Fred Ruckman place, near Mill Point. The Auldridges went to housekeeping at Bridger Notch, near where the Bridgers Brothers, John and James, were bushwhacked by the Indians, 1784. The homestead is still held by an Auldridge, Dr Sandy, great grandson of Pioneer William Auldridge.

One of the six sons of William and Mary Cochran Auldridge was Samuel. He married Miriam Barlow, daughter of John and Martha Waddell Barlow.

Their son was William, who married Ellie Pennell. Their daughter is Mrs Mary Auldridge Harper, who visited me the other day. She is the widow of the late Harry Harper.

I do not remember ever hearing the maiden name of Elizabeth mother of William Auldridge. I do recall stories about her. She died in her home on Jerico Farm in the year 1874, aged 114 years. I was told she was a lady of slight build; small hands; "fingers like birds' feet."

The tradition is that the name for presuming to marry above and beyond his station in life.

In the course of a few years, marked by unemployment, privation and discouragement, the husband sickened and died. He left a young widow and their son, William.

Mrs Auldridge made strong resolve that her son should grow up in the free land of America, where men are on equal footing before the Lord and before the Law.

But, the passage money for the six weeks' of a sea voyage!

However, there was the indentured servant statute. Under it, the ship master took a paper, setting out the amount of the passage money, and providing for sale of the services of the signor at public auction; the bid for the shortest period of servitude to be accepted.

John Johnson was a Revolutionary soldier. As a boy, he was at Braddock's Defeat, 1756 An item he brought back was an auger. This is owned by a great-great-grandson, Ed C Moore

John Johnson owned a plantation, Jericho, of 1,000 acres, on Jerico Road. I have recently examined his will It was signed in April 1825 and probated, March Court, 1826.

John Johnson's wife died in the late 1790's He needed a governess with an education for a house full of children. Such a treasure was to be found occasionally at the auctions of indentured servants in Richmond. So, John Johnson took a string of young horses, packed with products of plantation and country side, and hied away on the 200 mile journey to Richmond, on a trading trip. At the auction of indentured servants he bid in the widow Auldridge and her son, William. He brought her and the boy back to Jericho Farms. Later, he married her.

Mrs Johnson lived to see two of her husband's grandsons elected to the United States Senate—Senator Ewing, of Ohio, and Senator Farnsworth, of West Virginia. Both were born on Jericho Farms.

It could well be added here that a Stevenson married into this Ewing family connection. So, in their line, we have had an Adlai Ewing Stevenson as Vice President of the United States, and the chance is good that another Adlai Ewing Stevenson will be elected President of the United States. And so mote it be.

Here in the Endless Mountains

THE AULDRIDGES

William Auldridge married Mary Cochran who was a daughter of Thomas Cochran, a native of the north of Ireland. Her mother was named Mackemie, from Augusta County. The Cochrans lived at the Fred Ruckman place, near Mill Point.

William Auldridge was a native of England. His widowed mother, Elizabeth, brought him to America prior to the year 1800. He was probably ten or twelve years old. He grew up on the John son Place, Jerico Road, near Marlinton.

William and Mary Cochran Auldridge went to housekeeping at Bridger Notch, near where the Bridgers Brothers, John and James were bushwhacked by the Indians, 1784. Dr. Sandy Auldridge, a great grandson of Pioneer William Auldridge owned the homestead for years, it is now owned by . The Auldridges had six sons. One of these sons was Samuel. He married Miriam Barlow, daughter of John and Martha Waddell Barlow. Their son was William, who married Effie Pennell. Their daughter, Mrs. Mary Auldridge Harper, who was married to Harry Harper

Mrs. Mary Auldridge Harper related the following story about the Auldridge family to Mr. Cal Price who published it in the Pocahontas Times, Sppt. 3, 1953:

Mrs. Harper said she did not remember ever hearing the maiden name of Elizabeth, mother of William Auldridge. She did recall stories about her. She said Elizabeth died in her home on Jerico Farm in the year 1874, aged 114 years. Mrs. Harper said she had been told that she was a lady of slight build; small hands; "fingers like birds' feet."

The tradition is that the name in England was Aldrich. Before her marriage to a commoner, Elizabeth was a lady in waiting on Queen Charlotte, at the court of George III, King of England. Mrs. Harper supposed that this would imply she was a high born lady.

A visitor on occasions to Queen Charlotte was Catherine II, Empress of Russia. Onm one of these visits the lady in waiting received the salesman with an engagement to show the Empress ware of a maker of fine pottery. The young tradesman showing the ware to the royal customer was named Aldrich. At a guess, his name might have been William. When Elizabeth and William saw each other, it was love at first sight.

And what a tempest it all did raise. Mrs. Harper said, "We of this generation remember how a king of England got himself dethroned for hooking up with a commoner. A century

and a half ago, the divine rights of kings and courtiers was not the silly pretense and sham George Washington and Company, Unlimited showed it to be.

Anyway, William and Elizabeth were married. Elizabeth was dropped from the queen's list of ladies in waiting. She was disowned by her family. They seemed to feel their name was dishonored when she would marry her true love.

Auldridge was fired off the job. In the course of a few years, marked by unemployment, privation and discouragement, the husband sickened and died. He left a young widow and their son, William.

Mrs. Auldridge made strong resolve that her son should grow up in the free land of America, where men are on equal footing before the Lord and before the law.

But, the passage money for the six weeks' of sea voyage was something she didn't have. However, there was the indentured servant statuate. Under it, the ship master took a paper, setting out the amount of the passage money and providing for sale of the services of the signor at public auction; the bid for the shorest period of servitude to be accepted.

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Henry Barlow. - An Appreciation.

By Wm. T. Price, D. D.

With pathetic frequency the past few years prominent and influential citizens of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, have passed away. One of these was Henry Barlow, near Edray, West Virginia, the subject of this appreciation prepared as a tribute to his memory, which is fondly cherished by numerous friends and near relatives throughout his native county, and by very many persons in various localities in West Virginia. His ancestry both paternal and maternal is of pioneer derivation. His father was the venerable John Barlow, Sen., near Edray, West Virginia. John Barlow, Sen., was the only son of Alexander Barlow of Bath county, Virginia, an English emigrant, and his wife Barbara was an English young person whose family name was Rowse.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Barlow were living in Bath county when the Revolutionary War was in progress. He went into service and was never heard of after the battle of Brandywine. The prevailing opinion has been that he died in that famous engagement.

In 1806 John Barlow married Martha Waddell. Not long afterward he bought a piece of land from Thomas Brock on Red Lick Mountain, which was paid for in venison at fifty-cents a saddle. Here the pioneer built his home, reared his family and passed the most of his married life. This property was finally owned by his son Henry, and is a part of the ample legacy bequeathed to his heirs. His family consisted of ten sons and five daughters. The sons were William, Alexander, James, John, Nathan, Josiah, Henry, Amos, George and Andrew. The pioneer's daughters were Elizabeth, who became the wife of the late William Baxter, Esq. Miriam, who became Mrs. Samuel Auldridge; Mary Ann married James Auldridge; Ellen who died at the age of four years; and an unnamed daughter dying in infancy, a few weeks old. Mr. and Mrs. John Barlow being conscientiously honest themselves they believed everybody else to be likewise honest, and thus were Israelites indeed in whom there was

no guile. On them and their children rest the blessing promised the meek and pure in heart; provided they cherish purity, good deeds and humility as their venerated pioneer ancestors have the reputation of doing. Henry Barlow Esq. was the seventh son of the pioneer, and was born at the Red Lick Mountain home, February 21, 1827.

Mr. Barlow was married twice. The first marriage, January 30, 1855, was with Rachel Cameron Hickman, daughter of Elliot Hickman, a native of Bath county, Virginia. She was born June 2, 1836, and died in 1861, aged twenty-five years. The children of this marriage were Rachel and Evaline, both of whom died in childhood; Alice who became Mrs. George K. Gay, of Buckhannon, West Virginia; John Elliot now a merchant at Edray, West Virginia. Mrs. Nancy Jane Matilda Barlow, the second wife, was born August 19, 1841, and was married to Mr. Barlow September 22, 1862, was a daughter of William Cassell and Mrs. Matilda Cassell, on Back Alleghany. The sons and daughters of the second family were Cammie, Amos Neal, William Anderson, Regina Ruth, who became Mrs. James N. White, West Union vicinity; Davis Levi, Page Dameron, Asa Clark, Effie Florence, who became Mrs. Joel E. Peck, near Lewisburg, West Virginia; Albert Wickline who died aged five years, and an unnamed daughter dying in infancy. All of the surviving children are residents of Pocahontas county, excepting Mrs. Peck and Page Damerom, who is a popular physician, in McMechen city near Wheeling West Virginia.

It may be pertinent moreover to mention that Mrs. Barlow's father William Cassell, was twice married and she and her brother George were of the first marriage. George Cassell was a Confederate soldier and died of eight wounds received a few days before his death. Such was his sister's affection she took a journey of more than a hundred miles on horseback to be with him in his dying sufferings.

In reference to Mrs. Barlow's father's second family there were seven children born. Their mother's maiden name was Nancy Collins, daughter of Charles Collins of John Collins, the ancestral immigrant. Mary Catharine became Mrs. Thomas Beverage; Martha Ellen was married to Robert

Sutton, a prominent teacher of schools; Louise became Mrs. Cassell; William Cassell, Jr. married India Sutton and lives upon the old homestead; Sarah Ann died at the age of thirteen years; Charles migrated to the far west; George went to Texas and after numerous adventures on cattle ranches, was drowned in the Yellowstone river while in charge of a Texas herd. So she had a brother and a half brother George, one named after the other.

Mrs Barlow's much lamented death occurred June 20, 1906 in her sixty-fifth year. In his two marriages Mr. Henry Barlow was highly favored. His wives conscientiously and efficiently "did him good and not evil" all the days of their lives respectively and they were gratefully appreciated by him and the children.

Henry Barlow's career as a business man was of a character to demonstrate the fact that Pocahontas county has in her gift all that a reasonable person should aspire to, whose assets may be only two hands and a mind to be diligent in business, yet fervent in spirit serving the Lord. For forty years he was a member of the firm of Barlow & Moore, at Edray, and in the meanwhile operated largely as a farmer and grazier, ably and industriously assisted by his sons. He virtually performed the service of a Banker years before a bank was thought of as feasable for Pocahontas county. When banks came to be organized he was among the first directors. It should be remembered to Mr. Barlow's credit that he was an enthusiast in favor of public schools, though himself among the prominent taxpayers. He served for years on the Edray Board of Education. He had the privilege of seeing his son, Davis L. serving with marked credit terms as County superintendent of schools and as a member of the West Virginia Legislature 1906-7, whose educational qualifications from first to last were due to the West Virginia public school system. For many years he was an interested visitor of the Teachers Institutes for Pocahontas county, and would make humorously characteristic addresses when speaking of his exploits and services as a "Member of the Board of Ignorance."

Having thus briefly mentioned the foregoing particulars, it remains now to consider Mr. Barlow's christian life that

was such a marked feature of his personal character for sixty-five years. August 1843, Rev. T. J. Dyerly in charge of the Pocahontas circuit, conducted a protracted meeting at Mrs. Phobe McNeill's barn on Swago. This building one of the more commodious of its kind, stood in the meadow about half way between the Swago fording and the mill race. It was during this meeting he professed conversion, August 29th and in a few weeks afterwards was received at Hamline Chapel, as a member of the M. E. Church. At experience meetings while speaking of his conversion he was frequently heard to say, "that the hay and the old barn logs looked as bright as the noonday sun."

Robert Moore, the class leader and a steward of the church, asked the young member whether he would like to give some thing for the use of the church. His reply was, "I would, but have nothing to pay." Mr. Moore said, "I will pay for you and you can pay me back in work." Mr. Moore placed 50 cents to the credit of the young member, which was soon worked out in one of the Edray fields. In reference to this occurrence, Mr. Barlow often observed "he never saw the time since that he could not pay something toward the support of the church." Mr. Moore's son, Rev. George Preston Moore, became in course of time Mr. Barlow's busiiness associate in the mercantile firm of Barlow & Moore, elsewhere referred to. Those knowing Mr. Barlow intimately say that during his whole religious life he was never known to refuse contributing something in aid of any christian church in his vicinity. From a letter written me by one who knew and understood Mr. Barlow's character better than any living person, some extracts are given illustrative of the attractive phases of his character. "He was a man who always desired peace, and because he many times aided in making peace between others, he was often called a peace maker."

"You might speak of him as a genial, gracious, kindly man, who treated all who came in the circle of his acquaintance, rich or poor, with the same rare and exact courtesy. He had a pleasant word for every one. His jovial disposition will be remembered by all his friends. His mirth

of him as a christian. I well remember how faithfully he attended all the services of his church, and how he regretted so much when bad health kept him from the house of the Lord. On a Sunday morning just after I had entered the pulpit, some one handed me a message from him in which he stated that that was his seventieth birthday, and would apologize for his absence from the services, giving sickness as a reason.

We have a picture in our home which we prize very highly. It is of the interior of the Edray Methodist Episcopal church and the Sunday school, with brother Barlow, Bible under his arm in the midst as Superintendent. He must have left his impress on many minds and hearts as he labored in this capacity. I well remember hearing him publicly exhort his sons by name to become christians, and beg their forgiveness if he had ever done or said anything that was calculated to keep them from becoming followers of their savior.

At the first of our association, brother Barlow would sometimes remark: "Death seems to be a leap in the dark." But later on the gloom seemed to be less dense, occasional rifts were in the clouds and light came through, and he came to see more clearly that it is the heaven given privilege of the child of God to know at least something of what is in the beyond, and to have a good degree of certainty as to what that beyond had in store for him.

I trust that those who were his intimate friends at the last, heard from his lips language like this, "Brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." He has gone on before us a little while and we expect to greet him in the great beyond in the morning of a better day.

Upon which of his sons has his mantle fallen?

W. A. Sharp.

Guyandott, W. Va. March 29, 1909.

I had the honor of being the pastor of this devoted "father in Israel" for nearly five years and knew him to be a faithful and consecrated man. While too feeble to attend the church services regularly as in former years, he was still quite frequently found there and his very presence was an encouragement to all.

I often visited him in his home and also had the privilege of his company in my own home, and always found him a wise counselor, retaining his interest in the work of the church up to the last few days of his earthly pilgrimage.

Father Barlow was a very spiritual man and thoroughly loyal to his church, in which he was a very prominent member for a long period of years, being continued to the last as an honorary Class-Leader, although too feeble to officiate except at rare intervals.

I talked and prayed with him the day before he passed away and found him trusting in the Savior, saying if God called him "it was all right." When asked if he wanted prayer, he replied, "all the time," and during the prayer was heard to make frequent responses.

He is greatly missed, not only by his immediate friends, but by the church and by the community. But while ours is the loss, his is the eternal gain and "we do not sorrow as those who have no hope," but trust to meet him at last in the better, brighter world.

G. W. MARSTON,
Pastor Edray Circuit, Methodist Episcopal Church.

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I esteem it a great privilege to bring my tribute of respect to the memory of a brother in Jesus and dear friend personally. For five years 1894-1899 I was intimately associated with him as his pastor, and the more I knew of him the stronger were the bonds that bound me to him.

His sunshiny disposition coupled with his witticisms made him a companion with whom it was a pleasure to while away the hours of an otherwise unpleasant journey. His geniality and whole hearted hospitality made it a great pleasure to be a guest in his home. But I would especially speak

been an inspiration to me and many are the individuals whose life has been brightened, whose faith in God strengthened and whose religious experience sweetened by having fellowship with this saintly man of God.

Surely it can be said of him that "many will rise up and call him blessed."

J. B. GRIMES.

Lobelia, W. Va., April 12, 1909.

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In reviewing the life and character of the pioneers of of our country, we find there are many noble men whose names are linked with character building, and who will be held up to the children of the rising generations as beacon lights in laying the foundation of civil and religious training. Many, we say, whose names stand high upon the roll of honor, men who have done a noble work, and whose fame will live on for generations to come; but the subject of this memoir—Mr. Henry Barlow—stands out prominently among these all.

Born and reared of humble parentage, he did much toward the development of his native county and state; and in the training of his large family of children he left an impress upon their lives which can never be obliterated. A man of sterling worth and character, generous to a fault, ready to forgive, ready to testify for his Lord and Master, ready to lend a helping hand to those in distress, he went about doing good. The writer of this sketch never had a better friend.

By reason of strength, his life was prolonged beyond the "four score years" but this long and busy life is only a moment when compared with the life upon which he has now entered. But he is gone. We miss his stately steppings; we miss his counsels; we miss his prayers, but it is ours to meet him.

"There in that bright world above,
In Heaven that happy place,
Where we shall tell of a Savior's love,
And sing we are saved by grace."

E. H. MOORE.

My father, John Barlow was among the first pioneers to emigrate from Pocahontas county, West Virginia, to what was then called the West. He died in Schuyler county, Missouri, September 9, 1858, leaving me a child but six years of age. It was not my privilege to meet any of my near relatives until May, 1892. I at this time visited my Uncle Henry Barlow, my father's young brother. When I went to his home I was informed that he had driven his cattle to the mountain range and would be "back" in a day or two. It is needless for me to say that I was made to feel at home and the time did not appear long until my uncle's return. I remained a guest in his home for one month. Now in a word let me say just how he impressed me. I considered him as one of the most delightful and attractive men that it had been my privilege to meet. "To know him was to love him."

He was a man of deep intellect, good judgment, a wise counselor and devotedly religious. He loved the church of his choice and loved to talk of his hopes and prospects of Heaven. At the time of my visit his dear wife was living. She was a devoted christian mother and both father and mother were deeply interested in the welfare and salvation of their children. I never met this mother again, but it was my pleasure to have my uncle visit me in October, 1901. I hope to meet these good relatives in the "sweet bye and bye."

HENRY AMOS BARLOW.
Pastor in Charge of Charleston Circuit,
W. Va. Conference.

March 25, 1909.

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I am bewildered as to where to begin, and what to say first in my tribute, but I go back to the days of my boyhood and remember Henry Barlow as being my big associate and well remember the occurrence of fifty-six years ago, when in my mischief, I plagued him almost beyond endurance, and to give me a "settler" he caught me up by the heels and proposed to immerse me in a barrel of water head first. I remember that I succumbed and promised him to be a good boy and mind "mama."

In November 1867, I entered into a contract with him

and his younger brother, Amos Barlow, in the mercantile business at Edray, West Virginia. After a few years he bought his brother out, and he and I have been, and were continuously associated together in this business until 1902, in which year A. R. Gay bought him out, and thus closed our business partnership of something over thirty-five years, and these years comprehended an annual settlement in which hundreds of dollars were in the balance and had to adjusted and arranged. In all these settlements we were able to adjust our money matters without a single jar or word of dispute over any question that arose.

In morals and religion he was a church member as early as I can recollect anything about him, and in all the intervening years from that time until now, I have known him as staunch and reliable christian gentleman, always ready to help the fallen and cheer the faint, and in sustaining financially and spiritually the interests of the church of his choice he could always be relied upon.

Socially he was always a cheer to any company anywhere, and the memory of his life and character will be his monument. "If a man die he shall live again." Yes, he lives.

GEORGE P. MOORE.

My pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Henry Barlow was limited to one meeting, but our social and fraternal enjoyment at that time was unusually sweet and I shall not forget it. He was then visiting in Lewisburg and we dined together at the home of the Misses Lipps. I found him genial in conversation, with a warm and broad interest in God's work, a lover of christians of every name. He seemed eager to know good men and loved to be with them just for the pure enjoyment of the association. Old age in him was green and fruitful. Loving to be with God's people here, what must now be the bliss of his association with them in Heaven! What joy for him to see Christ.

EUGENE DANIEL.
Pastor Presbyterian Church, Lewisburg, W. Va.

I first met him in the spring of 1896 and well do I remember my first impression of him. His snow white hair and beard enclosing a face of such benevolence, and kindness that I was reminded of the fathers of old. In memory I see him now ringing the old dinner bell--welcoming a stranger to his home and heart, and for the entire 14 years which I knew him the bell of welcome never ceased to ring.

His life was an open book for all to read. His life was pure. He spoke no evil word of any one: always gentle, unobtrusive, kind and gracious—a gentleman without a blemish. He is gone and is at rest, yet how lonely we feel when we stop to think that we will never again see him on the shores of time. We must hope and strive for the goal that he has reached, happy with his Lord and Savior in the realm above, where I sincerely hope we shall all meet "to part no more."

I regret that circumstances prevented my attending his funeral, but I was there in spirit.

HELEN G. DUANE BARLOW.

McMechen, W. Va., February 22, 1909.

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(Miss White taught two terms of public school at Onoto. Mr. Barlow was at special pains to make her stay pleasant. Her tribute shows how she appreciates such kindness and friendship, and it also represents the sentiments of numerous other young friends.)

I was shocked and grieved to hear of Mr. Barlow's death. I had not heard of his illness.

It is hard to give up our loved ones but one can not help thinking of the "dear departed" as an aged pilgrim on life's road who has fought a good fight and been called to his reward. What an inspiration such lives are to us and how consoling their last words of love and trust. Yet in our weaker human nature we can not help grieving and feeling that we would like to call them back.

I valued Mr. Barlow's friendship very highly, and feel that in his death I have lost a highly honored and esteemed friend.

With kindest sympathy to all the relatives, I am,

ANNIE L. WHITE.

Lewisburg, W. Va., February 22, 1909.

faculty was well developed and was quite noticeable in his last sickness." "Notice may be taken of the fact he seldom failed to hold family prayer. He often labored in the fields until he was so nearly worn out that it was a burden for him to walk to his home in the evenings, yet he would seldom retire to rest without first asking God's protection on his home.

"Some years ago he bought a tract of land on Cranberry Mountain. He was very fond of this mountain land and scenery, and would accompany his boys and work-hands when the stock would be moved to the range in the spring. Sometimes when the fences needed repairing and other work done, all would camp for a few nights under a cliff of rocks which would, be made dry and warm by burning logs. Here when the days work was finished, supper over, and after a short time spent in pleasant conversation, Mr. Barlow would repeat a hymn and ask all to assist in singing after which he would kneel in earnest prayer. The following is one of his favorite hymns which he often used in this mountain camp:

"Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's wave nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore."

"In his home Mr. Barlow was always kind and pleasant. Never complained of his surroundings. In fact his home life was stainless. To his family he was faithful in every detail of duty. He did nothing that his children would wish to change, amend or recall; nothing to cause them to blush or apologize. His children's welfare seemed to be constantly upon his mind, and during his last sickness he often inquired if they were present. One great purpose of his life was to assist them. This is evidenced by a remark which he made just before his death, when he said in substance: "I am going away now. I leave something for my children. I have done the best I could for them, share and share alike."

The last two or three years of his life were spent largely in visits to the homes of his children from McMechen to Lewisburg, and intervening localities in West Virginia. It must have been a precious solace to our departed friend and christian brother to have known that he leaves a group of sons and daughters for whom any father might be congratulated. All are giving promise of being worthy sons and daughters of a

worthy father and the two revered mothers who have gone before.

The writer of this memorial tribute feels that in the decease of Mr. Barlow he parts with a friend from early youth, and one too who has been especially "lovely and pleasant" to him for the past twenty-four years, in ways too numerous to especially mention.

It seems to have been Mr. Barlow's intention to have a family reunion and ample preparations were being made for the deeply interesting occasion. His eighty-third birth-day was fixed upon as the date, February 21, 1909. As the sequel shows it pleased the All-wise One in whom we live and move and have our being to will it otherwise under very different auspices, thus illustrating in a very touching manner that though a man's heart may devise his way the Lord directeth his steps.

When it became apparent that he could not survive much longer, Mr. Barlow's children all gathered at the old home to be with their dying father at the supreme moment, except Mrs. Ruth Regina White, who was prevented by sickness. All of the son's wives were present excepting Mrs. John E. Barlow and Mrs. Page D. Barlow, who were providentially hindered. He was heard repeating his favorite hymn at intervals.

"There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

His latest remembered words were to this effect. When asked, "Do you feel ready to go?" He exclaimed "Yes Hallelujah, Hallelujah."

Friday, February 19, 1909, he passed away serenely as a little child falls asleep in its mother's arms. Two days more he would have been eighty-two years of age, and the anticipated eighty-third birthday, with the reunion as arranged. The funeral services were performed by Revs. G. W. Marston and George P. Moore. As the 23rd Psalm

was known to have been a special favorite with the deceased, it was selected and commented upon.

The remains were borne to the Edray graveyard by six of his sons as the Pall Bearers and there at the open grave, in the presence of an immense concourse of relatives, friends and neighbors, the burial rites were performed. The scene was impressively suggestive of these words, expressive of the thoughts and feelings the assembled hundreds must have realized.

"How many to their eternal home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

"Dear Savior be our constant guide,
And when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven."

In Memory

of

Rachel C. Hickman Barlow.

The dates of birth and death of this much esteemed personage are given in the biographical sketch of Henry Barlow to whom she was married in the year 1855. Her married life was short and at the age of twenty-five she answered to the roll call of the skies.

She was a faithful wife, a tender, self-sacrificing mother and a kind hearted neighbor. She possessed a gentle, sweet tempered disposition. She made her home happy and when I think of her death occurring as it did at such an early age I am reminded of the following lines from Whittier:

"The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hills
The glory of a setting star
Clear, suddenly, and still."

"As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice,
A song that could not die."

"And half we deemed she needed not,
The changing of her sphere
To give to heaven a Shining One
Who walked an angel here."

A Friend.

It was with profound sorrow that I read the notice of the death of Brother Henry Barlow, which occurred February 19, 1909. I have known him for about thirty-nine years, and to know him was to love him. His life was a Christian life from its responsible beginning to its cheerful close. His home was a Christian home, whose altar fires burned for quite a number of years. Here the weary Methodist Preacher always found a hearty welcome. He was loyal to his church and contributed largely of his means to the support of the gospel and the benevolent enterprises of the church. I esteem him as one of the best men I ever knew. The church will miss him as a Brother, the children will miss him as a father, the community will miss him as a neighbor, the county will miss him as a citizen. But he is not lost, but gone on before. And while he cannot return to us, we have the exalted privilege of going to him where we will never say good bye.

C. M. NEFF.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

It is with sorrow that I note the fact of the removal of one more Land-Mark, your Father and my Friend, from our midst, but such is the way of all the earth, he had served his generation nobly and our Heavenly Father called him home to his reward.

In intellect, I regard Mr. Barlow above an average. In morals and religion, I regard him a model. We believe he leaves the world better on account of his having lived in it.

I congratulated myself for being able to call him my friend. We extend our sympathy to all his bereaved children and friends, and may we all meet him in the Sun-Bright Clime.

T. A. BRUFFEY.

Lobelia, W. Va., March 29, 1909.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

I would like to contribute one flower to this memorial wreath, but feel that my ability is inadequate to the occasion.

I have known Bro. Henry Barlow, but to love him. Since I first met him years ago, his presence and counsel has

To the Memory of Mrs. Nancy J. M. Barlow

It was my pleasure to pay many visits to the home of Mrs. Barlow. I began to make these visits in my childhood days and continued to repeat them to the day of her death which occured June 20, 1906. Her boys and I were playmates and we spent many happy hours together at the old Barlow home which stands in the sugar-tree grove near Onoto. It is needless for me to say that early in life I learned to respect and love my childhood neighbor, Mrs. Barlow.

She was a loving wife and mother, a kind neighbor, and scores of people can testify that she treated her visitors and guests with generous kindness and liberality. The door of her home was open to all and the stranger received the same kind treatment as the friend.

Mrs. Barlow's love for her family was never exhausted, it never changed; it never tired. It might be truly said that she was an angelic spirit in her home, and to her children the memory of this sainted mother is a paradise out of which they can not be driven away. As an evidence that such a mother will not be forgetten, let me quote from a public talk given by one of her sons some time ago. Among other things he said: "I cannot close without paying a tribute to the memory of mother. On that beautiful summer evening June 20, 1906, as the sun began to sink behind the western hills, as the shadows of the evening began to darken and as the flowers planted and tended by mother's hand began to close their petals for the night, mother cast aside the labors, trials, disappointments and hardships of this life and went into the eternal world.

"'Mother is gone!' is the saddest sentence that ever rang through my childhood home, and I tell you today that a boy cannot sustain a greater loss than to lose his mother. My mother was a most tender comforter and a wise counselor. I shall never forget mother. What a hallowed name! That name touches every fiber of my soul and strikes every chord of my heart with its angelic fingers. What tender associations are linked with mother. Her name calls up the fondest memories of life and opens in my mind the deepest and richest gushes of consecrated thought and feeling."

Mrs. Barlow made a profession of religion at the old McLaughlin church when she was fourteen years of ago. She was a faithful member of the Methodist church for a half century and in her death the church sustained the loss of one whose place will not be easy to fill; but she has "entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

"Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angels steps
The path that reaches Heaven.

P. L. Carter.

To the Memory of Henry Barlow.

He was in my estimation more than an ordinary man; in power of mind; quickness to dissent from what was wrong, and approve the right.

In business correct and honorable; having an eye to see the right thing, and the will to do it.

In religion conscientious, always interested in the advancement of the church, a friend to the faithful minister, giving moral support and influence, also material support; ready to help the man who would try to help himself.

The writer was appointed to Pocahontas circuit, March 1876 and the first man who occupied the present Edray parsonage, he found much to do to put it in condition; for comfort and support. It was necessary that a part of the four acres including garden, should be plowed with a two horse plow. Bro. Barlow voluuteered to furnish the team and feed free, the pastor doing the work. This resulted in a good crop of oats, and the next year a fine crop of hay.

We always found a friend in him, willing to help and counsel, giving good advice. He was genuinely fraternal with all Christian people, quick to feel any thing that might create trouble in any way or by any one. He was a steward for many years, and was always put in the lead with reference to the finances of the church.

With open heart and house, ready to receive and entertain the ministers whom he regarded as helping the cause; giving his disapproval openly to whatever he thought was not right, out spoken against all manner of evil, and having very little use for the man who tried to make his way by unfair dealing.

By industry, economy, good judgment, and judicious management, he acquired a competency and brought up a large family, some of whom have reached honorable positions. Being blessed with good wives he had much help in the home. We pray that his mantle may fall on his sons, and though he has passed over, they may imitate his Godly life and be as useful in the church and neighborhood as their venerated father. We shall meet soon in the glorious heavens above.

In memory of a beloved friend,

JOSEPH S. WICKLINE.

It was with profound sorrow that I read the notice of the death of Brother Henry Barlow, which occurred February 19, 1909. I have known him for about thirty-nine years, and to know him was to love him. His life was a Christian life from its responsible beginning to its cheerful close. His home was a Christian home, whose altar fires burned for quite a number of years. Here the weary Methodist Preacher always found a hearty welcome. He was loyal to his church and contributed largely of his means to the support of the gospel and the benevolent enterprises of the church. I esteem him as one of the best men I ever knew. The church will miss him as a Brother, the children will miss him as a father, the community will miss him as a neighbor, the county will miss him as a citizen. But he is not lost, but gone on before. And while he cannot return to us, we have the exalted privilege of going to him where we will never say good bye.

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Alexandrew Barlow - 1778
m Barbara (Rowse) Barlow
John Barlow 11/12/1781 - 01/23/1866
m Martha (Waddell) Barlow 01/12/1790 - 10/07/1872 (1806)
William Barlow
Miriam Barlow
Alex Barlow
James Barlow
Mary Ann (Barlow) Aldridge
m Jim Aldridge
Nathan Barlow
Ellen (Barlow)
Josiah Barlow
Henry Barlow
m Rachael (Hickman) Barlow
m Nancy Jane Matilda (Cassell) Barlow
Sam Brown Barlow
Infant Girl
Amos Barlow 01/11/1831 - 11/01/1908
m Mary Ann (Moore) Barlow 03/19/1856 (11/06/1850)
Julia (Barlow) Frances 02/12/1852 - 09/05/1861
Melvina "Aggie" Agnes (Barlow) Loury 06/20/1855 - 08/31/1875
m Samuel B. Loury (03/31/1874)
Lilly May Agnes Loury 11/20/1875
m Mary Susan Poage Barlow 05/08/1843 - 01/16/1916 (02/22/1859)
Letcher Davis Barlow 06/20/1860 - 11/20/1885
m Bertie Arbogast (12/20/1882)
Lucy Bell (Barlow) Moore 05/06/1868 - 09/06/1904
m C. N. Moore (03/06/1890)
Clarence Moore
Howard Moore
m Helen Moore
William Howard Barlow 03/17/1875 - 09/11/1957
m Anna Mary (Patterson) Barlow (06/25/1903)
Helen Barlow - 1987
Samuel Isaac Barlow 04/07/1877 - 02/07/1960
m Lula Myrtle (Moore) Barlow 02/17/1906 (11/29/1899)
Madeline (Barlow) Mccomb 09/25/1901 - 04/12/1979
m Harry McComb
Myrtle Lula (Barlow) Atkins 02/07/1906 - 12/02/1974
m Melvin Atkins 06/12/1901 - ~~1977~~ 8/1/81
Raymond Melvin Atkins 01/21/1928
m Julia Anne Todd Lacey 06/23/19
Julia Anne Todd (Atkins) Haciski 07/04/1952
m Dr. Rafael Christopher Haciski (06/23/1974) (DOB 11/21/52)

04/21/1889 - 03/09/1933 (06/11/1907)

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m Bertie Arbogast (12/20/1882)
Lucy Bell (Barlow) Moore 05/06/1868 - 09/06/1904
m C. N. Moore (03/06/1890)
Clarence Moore
Howard Moore
m Helen Moore
William Howard Barlow 03/17/1875 - 09/11/1957
m Anna Mary (Patterson) Barlow (06/25/1903)
Helen Barlow - 1987
Samuel Isaac Barlow 04/07/1877 - 02/07/1960
m Lula Myrtle (Moore) Barlow 02/17/1906 (11/29/1899)
Madeline (Barlow) Mccomb 09/25/1901 - 04/12/1979
m Harry McComb
Myrtle Lula (Barlow) Atkins 02/07/1906 - 12/02/1974
m Melvin Atkins 06/12/1901 - ~~1977~~ 8/1/81
Raymond Melvin Atkins 01/21/1928
m Julia Anne Todd Lacey 06/23/19
Julia Anne Todd (Atkins) Haciski 07/04/1952
m Dr. Rafael Christopher Haciski (06/23/1974) (DOB 4/21/52)
Rafael Christopher Haciski, Jr. 04/12/1976
Julianne Todd Tarasiewicz Haciski 05/16/1978
Leigh Anne ~~Leighanne~~ Atkins Haciski 10/31/1979
Stanislaw Conrad Casimir Haciski 06/05/1981
Sabina Insley Haciski 04/16/1983
Lacey Elizabeth Wailes Haciski 08/11/1985
Thomas Barlow Atkins 03/05/1954 - 11/30/1977
Raymond Melvin Atkins, Jr. 03/26/1956
m Janet Marie Chadbourne 11/21/1956
Raymond Melvin Atkins III 05/31/1985
Katharine Elizabeth Atkins 06/29/1987
Carolyn Ashton Atkins 06/06/1991
William Paul Atkins 03/17/1962
m Lesley Moira (Brand) Atkins 04/08/1967 (01/22/1994)
Elizabeth Woodcock (Atkins) Schroeder 01/23/1964
m John Schroeder (11/28/92)
Alexandrew Woodcock Schroeder 2/5/95

Elizabeth Barlow Atkins 2/5/93

updated by Hayley Haciski 7-7-95

Mary Susan (Barlow) Patterson

9/09/1883 - 01/20/1959

Married Harry Preyn Patterson

Richard Preyn

B. 04/20/1904

D. 07/23/1958

Margaret

B. 01/14/1907

D. 08/07/1975

Virginia Barlow

Patterson

B. 08/27/1908

D. 11/19/1996

Mary Janet Patterson

B 06/18/1900 D. 5/16/1912

(over)

Burns Jr.
m Carolyn Burns
Thomas Burt
m
La
m
Lind
Juanita (B
m Robert
m Jack Co
Jackie
Richard
Donald Gu
Jeannie
Patterson
lyn (Barlow
hn Hunter
John Hunte
Edie Byrn
ildred Cath
Bruce N. P
Andrew H
Julie Cath
3

at 7 mos.)

Howard Patterson

B. 05/02/1914 D. 05/10/1914

m Mabel (Wagner) Barlow 04/21/1889 - 03/09/1933 (06/11/1907)
Nellie (Barlow) Shrader 11/13/1908
m Blake Shrader 02/08/1907 - 05/03/1979 (07/03/1930)
Alice Louise (Barlow) McNeel 12/16/1913
m Harry Franklin Beard[1] 10/28/1933 - 10/27/1933 (07/01/1929)
m Alfred Edgar "Buzz" McNeel[2] 02/07/1907 - 02/06/1986 (07/18/1943)
George Cameron Edgar McNeel 01/29/1944 - 12/17/1982
m Nickada
Anne Malory McNeel 09/29/1945
m Marvin Alderman Jr. (06/10/1973)
Jim Eric Alderman 12/26/1974
Andrew Paul Alderman 11/13/1977
Eleszabeth Edgar McNeel 03/17/1948
m John Edward Philip Syka (06/18/1987)
Rachel Winters 05/19/1989
Frank Maynard Barlow 04/30/1915
m Maude (Trainor) Barlow
Samuel Barlow
Douglas Barlow
Lucille (Barlow) Burns
m Fred Burns
Fred Burns Jr.
m Carolyn Burns
Thomas Burns
m Dreama Burns
Larry Burns
m Sheila Burns
Linda (Burns)
Juanita (Barlow) 10/07/1919
m Robert Baxter
m Jack Collins
Jackie Collins
Richard Collins
m Donald Gunter
Jeannie Gunter
m Patterson
Evelyn (Barlow) Williams 3/10/1923
m John Hunter Williams 03/08/1931 (04/20/1946)
John Hunter Williams, Jr. 12/08/1949
m Edie Byrne (05/27/1978)
Mildred Catherine (Williams) Petersen 12/09/1951
m Bruce N. Petersen 07/01/1948 (06/17/1978)
Andrew Hunter Petersen 03/16/1985
Julie Catherine Petersen 12/13/1986
m Mabel Gum[3]
Son (died at 7 mos.)
m Richard
Frank Pryne Barlow 07/14/1895
Mary Susan (Barlow) Patterson 07/09/1883 - 01/20/1959
m H.P. Patterson (10/11/1899)
Girl
Girl
Dick /1930 or 35
George Barlow
Andrew barlow
Betsy (Barlow) Baxter
m William Baxter

This information was put together by:
William Paul Atkins
3601 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.
Apt. 307
Washington, D.C. 20008
(202) 966-9399

Wednesday - April 20,

Dear Betsy & All the Family:

Since I received your nice letter written in March I have been thinking I would get it answered but as you can see - here it is the 20th of April but maybe I can get this in the mail yet before the day is over. I'm like you - I seem to stay busy all the time and find very little time for writing letters. However, I think of all of you often and it is always my intention to get started on a letter but the days get by entirely too fast. Then too - I write so many letters and notes at Christmas that I let down entirely for weeks and months. We enjoyed so much hearing from you and how all of you spent Christmas etc. Am glad you had a lovely time.

We are as usual here at the present time and getting ready for a busy spring and summer. The grass is about ready to be cut in the lawns and when that starts it is a steady job for Bud. We had one of the very unusual winters here. Hardly any snow but we did have several days with cold temperatures. One morning in January it was 17 below and quite a few other mornings we had 10 or 12 below zero. Not having snow on the ground we didn't seem to notice how cold it was. I can't understand it, for all the states around us had deep snow and even the western part of this state but Lincoln and Omaha seemed to be in a dry area all winter long. March was nice and dry all but one day and night. I believe that was about the 17th of March when we had a regular little blizzard. Blew down electric wires and kicked up the "devil while it lasted. We were fortunate right here where we live but all over the city folks were without heat, especially where they had gas furnaces - no electricity to run them.

I want to thank you for sending me the clippings with your last letter. We both have enjoyed the pictures of you and "Marty" very much and I'm glad to have them. You are getting to be quit an author and in that respect you remind me so much of my sister Lou. She always wanted to write books but never got it accomplished, so maybe you are to fulfill her most cherished desire, WHO KNOWS? You mantion in your letter that you are doing some research on the old homes, churches, schools etc. I think that will be wonderful if you can rake up enough information on these older people who were so important in making Pocahontas County what it is today.

You ask me if I might remember something of interest concerning Edwin L. Beard and his family. Well, I'm not too good at remembering a lot of things that I should be able to write you. However, I'm enclosing an old clipping from the Culpeper paper of his death notice and I'm in hopes you might be able to glean a few things from it. Just destroy it when you are through with it. I have another clipping. He was the youngest son of Josiah Beard and was born at Locust Creek, fell heir to the home place after seeing both of his parents through - then he came to Hillsboro and started the mercantile business. I don't know if anyone owned the store before him. All of Josiah Beard's family were grand people. Edwin Beard's brother Charles give the land for the Cemetary there in Hillsboro. Edwin L. Beard was an elder in the Presbyterian church in Hillsboro while he lived there. He was the same in the Culpeper church too. One little thing that stands out with me and I have always treasured in my heart was that we never had breakfast without having chapel. He always read a passage of scripture and said a prayer. The breakfast could wait but God's word came first. He thought that was the right way to start the day and I think he was right. I don't know if anyone occupied the house there in Hillsboro where we lived or not before the Beard, but I do know the Beards owned it all along. It was part of Josiah Beard's estate. I think he owned the largest part of Hillsboro at one time. He gave all his sons a big slap of land when they

left her by her father Thomas Beard, November 21, 1786. The arbitrators [illegible] On August [illegible]

got married. Now, this is not much important information I'm giving you for your book but maybe I can think of something else as I go along and if I do - you will get it.

Bud is about the same as he has been for a long time. Hard for him to walk and he still shakes from the Parkinson in one arm, but he feels very good in other ways, so we feel very grateful that he is no worse than he is. He goes to his doctors at certain times and he gets a very good report each time. His eyes are doing very good, altho he has to have drops put in them four times a day. His arm (Right one) shakes toomuch for him to put the drops in, so that job falls to me. I don't mind it tho. Is a small thing to do if it keeps him from going blind, which the doctor says it will.

We are not having very nice weather today. For about four days we have had misty weather, just enough to make it dark and dreary. We need rain. Had a very nice Easter Sunday here. Bud just recently read the little book you sent us, title "I Plucked the Horsefeathers". He said to tell you he thinks it is a wonderful book and very interesting. I read it as soon as it came and I think the same thing. This man writes in such a real natural way one can't help but liking it.

I had a card from Irene while she was in Florida at Easter time. It is nice that they could all get away for this nice little vacation. I have not heard from any of the other relatives since shortly after Christmas. I presume we all write ourselves out during the Christmas holidays and then clam up for awhile. Mildred don't have much time after she gets through with the school work she does and then try to keep house besides. I never hear from Estelle but it is just as well.

We are having some trouble here in Omaha with "home-made bombs" being planted around in Grocery Stores and other places of business. There has been eleven of them up to this time and while no one has been killed - they have caused a lot of damage. It must be "pranksters" doing this but it is a very dangerous thing to do. There is quite a large reward out for them, but even so, they have not been caught. I don't think small kids could make these bombs, so it must be older youngsters or adults. If they keep it up someone is bound to be hurt or killed. I just heard on TV a few minutes ago that the Service Stations had been ordered to keep their "rest rooms" locked for safety. That seems to be one of their favorite places to plant these bombs. Can you imagine anyone having such an evil mind? I hope they are caught very soon and punished.

Well, I believe I have told you all for this time. Not such a good letter but I want you to hear from us. I hope not to be so long in writing next time. Please remember me to your Mother when you see her. I hope she keeps well this summer and enjoys herself like she always does. Love to all the family from us.

Julia Duffy

Sabina, Mary & Betsy to each $100.00 worth of property (in Greenbrier Co., W. Va. near Rycecks Valley)

Item: I bequeath to my son Josiah when he comes of age 'The Locust Plantation' & the mills thereon (This is 7 miles south of Hillsboro W. Va. in Pocahontas Co., W. Va.)

Item: I bequeath the rents from Locust plantation & mills till Josiah comes of age the moneys arising from the sale of the place on Dry Creek also my part of the Knob place to be equally divided among my daughters.

I also hereby constitute & appoint Samuel Beard & Thomas Beard Jr., Thomas Beard Sr. my brother executors of this my last will & testament.

Seal. John Beard

Signed, sealed & delivered by John Beard as his last will & testament in presence of

Robert Stevens, David Parks - Adam Stumbaugh

left her by her father Thomas Beard, November 21, 1786. The arbitrators found James Mitchel[illegible]

On August 18, 1761. James Mc[illegible] Christ[illegible]

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

John Beard's will

John Beard's will - Dated May 11, 1808 -
(Will bk #1 - P 239 - Greenbrier Co (W.) Va.) Lewisburg.

In the name of God amen. I John Beard being sick in body but of sound mind & memory, etc, my last will & testament in the following manner:

First I commit my soul to God, my Saviour & Redeemer. My body to be buried at the discretion of my executors here in after named:

My temporal estate with all my lawful debts to be first discharged.

The legacies left to my daughters, Agnes Sabina & Betsy by their Aunt Elizabeth be also discharged.

Item to my beloved wife Jarrett my negro man Jingo, two working horses, two cows, to be at her disposal during her widowhood - the third of our plantation we now live on. the wagons & farming tools for her use on the farm.

Item. I bequeath to my son Wm Renick the plantation we now live on.

Item. I bequeath to my daughter Jane.

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Item to my beloved wife Janett my negro man Jingo, two working horses, two cows, to be at her disposal during her widowhood - the third of our plantation we now live on - the wagons & farming tools for her use on the farm -

Item - I bequeath to my son Wm Ryneck the plantation we now live on .

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1931

For President
OWEN D. YOUNG
of New York

The Beard relationship of Pocahont as county all descend from Thomas Beard one of the members of the Rev. John Craig's congregation of Augusta county, Virginia. Rev. Craig was pastor of old Stone Meeting House. Back in that colonial time when the pioneers were so busy making history they had no time to record it. These old records were carefully taken down made readable by Chalkley. They are the offiicial, accepted references of the D. A. R.

Thomas Beard left a quaint old will giving his several children certain house hold furniture, etc: and his wife Jean is remembered substantially, there in. But to go back to an earlier day in the 1740 ties and 50ties In Rockbridge county there is a record that Thomas Beard administered Alexander Smiley's estate in 1749. We do not know whether he was a relative or just a trusted friend. There is another record though that to me indicates who Jean Beard was: On August 15, 1753, we find Thomas Beard administrator of another estate. This time it is James McNutt and in this document it says James McNutt paid for land bought by Thomas Beard's wife. He paid quit rents for Thomas Beard ten years in advance in 1744.

He had paid David Hays debts before his marriage.

He paid Robert Alexander's tuition for schooling James Jr. and Robert McNutt one year. In advance 1748.

He paid James Dobbin's same for Alexander McNutt 1748.

In Price's History Cousin William knew there were some daughters, and he says: "They went to Kentucky." A good many of this relationship did go to Tennessee and Kentucky. But at least two of these daughters of Thomas Beard remained in Rockbridge and I think four, viz: Esther who married Robert Alexander in Pennsylvania. Martha who married Robert Ramsey. Mary who married Dunlap. Jane or Jean who married George Weir.

Esther and her husband, Robert Alexander lived at Beverly Manor, Augusta county Virginia. Robert Alexander was a graduate of the Universitys of Dublin and Edinburgh. He was born at 'Manor Cunningham' Londonderry, Ireland in 1719, a direct descendant of Robert Bruce through nineteen generations. He came to Virginia in 1736, and married Esther Beard about 1739. They had eleven well known children.

Robert Alexander was made vestry man in 1748. This office constituted all local authority in the early colonies. It was considered a place of honor.

While coming to America a great storm arose at sea and he was obliged to throw his library overboard. This necessitated some shift to replace the classics. It is said he wrote many of these out in long hand from memory and taught from these until he could obtain others. He started a private school of higher education at what is now Lexington, Va., in 1749. It was afterwards called Liberty Hall and is now Washington and Lee University.

Robert Alexander was compelled to resign from the Vestry on March 17, 1760. He says "I have been unable to go abroad for some time on account of a lingering illness." Sampson Mathews was elected in his stead but he was made vice vestryman. Sampson Archer and John Mathews were the church wardens.

Robert Alexander and his wife Esther Beard had eleven children. William was the oldest. He testified at a court on June 13, 1806, that he was then 65 years old. He died in 1829 in Virginia. Nothing more known.

Robert Jr. first clerk of Campbell county, Virginia, which office was held by him, his son and grandson for almost 100 years. The office was in his house "Rock Castle." He married Nancy Anne daughter of Captain William Austin and left many distinguished descendants both in Virginia and other states.

Archibald was a physician in New Castle, Del, he married Mary. I saw a write up only recently in "Who is Who" in America. Rear Admiral Eustace B. Rogers of the U. S. Navy was the subject of this sdetch. He traced his ancestry through Dr. Archibald Alexander to Robert and Esther Beard Alexander. Thomas Beard Alexander moved to Galen county, Ohio, married and reared six children. Nothing further known.

Peter Alexander moved to Woodford county, Kentucky. He was living in 1822. He married and left a number of eminent descendants in that State some of whom were noted Divines. One Peter Alex Mactinny Steele, 1787.

Esther Alexander married Captain William Austin, his second wife, and thus became stepmother to her sister-in-law Nancy Anne Austin, wife of Robert Alexander of Campbell county Captain Austin held a commission from the British Crown as Captain until the Revolution. He then threw his lot with The American Patriots. They left many prominent descendants.

Sarah Alexander wasn't married until she was over twenty-one. She then married Col. John Wilson of Bath County, April 5, 1786. Her brother Peter, witnessed the ceremony. "She gave her own consent, being of age."

Eleanor Alexander married Samuel Wilson, June 27, 1790. Hugh Alexander her brother was surety.

Hugh nothing further.

Anne Alexander married Ballars or Ballow, nothing further.

James born 1766, married April 7, 1801, Margaret, daughter of James Lyle and his wife Hannah Alexander a daughter of Captain Archibald Alexander, brother of Robert Sr.

The Stephenson and Bollars of Bath and Highland counties, Va., are from the daughters of Robert and Esther Beard Alexander's family.

James and Margaret Lyle Alexander are my great grandparents thru their daughter Martha Pauline who married Charles Alexander Dunlap of the Calf Pasture near Deerfield, Va. This old Beard ancestor came down to me through a double line my grand mother Sabina Janett Beard McNeel born Feb 8, 1844 and yet living at Ponca City, Oklahoma. is a great granddaughter of Thomas and Jean Beard through their son John who married January 16, 1769. Janett, daughter of Peter and Martha Woods Wallace and in turn thru their son, Josiah Beard who lived at Locust Creek on the plantation given him by his father, in his will in 1808 and called it "Locust Plantation". Josiah Beard married Rachel Cameron, daughter of Major William and Nancy (Agnes Dunlap, grandmother Sabina McNeel says, was her real name) Warwick Gatewood widow of William Gatewood and daughter of Captain Jacob Warwick.

Esther Beard Alexander died in 1769. The Rockbridge County History says and Robert Alexander died in 1787.

Jane or Jean Beard, the two first names seem to be used interchangeably—married George Weir and we find him deceased by August 8, 1781, probably he lost his life at Guilford Oourt House or some other battle of that terrible year of the Revolution. He lived in Rockbridge and it was from that vicinity so many went and did lose their lives.

A son Thomas Weir survived and it seems others though no names are given.

It seems one James Young had bought a piece of land from the Eakins heirs, before one of them was of age. In this suit this heir is trying to recover his rights in this property from George Weir's heirs viz: Jane, the widow and Thomas her son. The Eakins Andrew and James who originally sold the property are dead; George Weir lives on the French Broad in Tenn.

In this suit William Alexander, son of Robert testifies: "I heard my Grandfather Thomas Beard say in 1759," unfortunately Chalkley does' n't tell what it was, William's grand father said.

In a suit in Dec. 1806, William Beard testifies he had married Mary or Polly Steele, daughter of Samuel Steele. The Steeles were then living in West Tennessee and in Kentucky. I suspect Peter Alexander was a brother-in-law to William Beard—as Peter had married Jenny Steele back in 1787. The Steele family were all in Kentucky and Tennessee. William Beard deposes in a suit in June 1806 that he was 74 or 75 years old.

James Houston was a neighbor of the Weirs as he appears often in legal affairs of theirs and he appears with Cornelius Alexander as guardian for George Weir's orphans vs James Mitchel executor of Thomas Beard's will in 1769. This suit was brought to determine if Jean Beard Weir and her children had received the legacy

BEARD

left her by her father Thomas Beard, November 21, 1786. The arbitrators found James Mitchel had not fulfilled his duty in settling the estate and that Mitchel must pay 22 pounds on or before Jean's eldest child came of age.

In Augusta county record one Jean Weir became the wife of Cornelius Alexander on March 17, 1785. What more logical in 1786 for Cornelius to be demanding an accouting of James Mitchel.

Martha Beard, or was it. One reference says it ways Elizabeth married James Mitchel before 1769. For Thomas and Martha Mitchel are given a part of Thomas Beard's estate and again he refers to Thomas Mitchel's mother. At the time Thomas Beard died it looks as if his daughter Jean was single. James Mitchel was the administrator of the estate. From this we take it James must have been quite a business man Men of this type nearly always know how to look out for their own interests. Here is Jean married and a mother, then a widow and her part of the estate still at Mitchels hands.

In less than a year after this marriage of Jean to Cornelius Alexander, we find him inquiring through the courts about the estate, and a settlement being agreed upon. James Houston was guardian for Jean and her children. Thomas Beard Sr. had a neighbor adjoining him in Rockbridge named John Houston in 1742. Probably the Houstons and Beards were close friends of old times. The Alexander children inter married with the Houstons and Paxtons from which family Sam Houston sprang.

Hugh Beard, son of Thomas married Sarah . He died in 1807 and Sarah died in 1801; their children were: Robert who married and had Nancy and Sally by 1806. Ann. Jane Alexander, Sarah. Sarah married Andrew Kenedy 1797; Esther, who married Mr. Hoffman and Thomas Beard, who was mentioned in his grandfather's will, 1769, married Sarah Jameson in 1785.

In the old deeds we find some of Thomas Beard's neighbors and his holdings in Rockbridge county, Va.

Back in 1750 Samuel Dunlap sold to David Dunlap 170 acres of land for 23 pounds, and to Thomas Beard 399 1-2 for 140 pounds. This was one tract.

In 1753 Thomas Beard is buying land again. This time it is 605 acres 33 p 5s on Moffetts Creek near John Bowman. In 1760 the same tract is sold by Thomas to William Beard for 500 pounds (Note that 1753 is the year James McNutt died).

William Pollock's farm adjoined Thomas Beard's in 1765 and John Montgomery's and Thomas Hill's cornered with him. We find Thomas Beard present for Pat Hays at a meeting of the vestry. Pat Hays' farm cornered Robert Alexander's. Hays was probably a son of the David Hays mentioned in 1753 in James McNutts will.

On August 18, 1761. James McClure's will proved two of the witnesses had died, William Beard and William McClure. This must have been a relative of Thomas Beard. This McClure family inter married with the Alexanders. Old Captain Archibald Alexander's second wife was Jane McClure, 1757.

Thomas Beard was exempted tax levy in 1764. "Very aged".

In the will 1769, Thomas Beard speaks of his daughter, wife of Robert Ramsey as if she had died. One Robert Ramsey was killed by the Shawnees in 1759. His will was probated November 21. 1759, Robert Hall, administrator. Later on there is a note Isabelle Hall, wife of Robert, qualifies as administratrix of her late husband Robert Ramsey. This name Isabella doesn't sound familiar

On May 15. 1769. Thomas Beard's will was probated, a lengthy preamble as was customary then the bequests.

He gave to his beloved wife Jean, all the cleared land where the house stood to the cleared land for turnips, where they last grew.

Then a daughter Fane and a daughter Jane were mentioned.

Again his mind goes back to the faithful old wife he wants her to have his elbow chair and a certain negro boy.

He left cleared land to his son Hugh, and Hugh's son Thomas was left 170 acres lying next to John Montgomery and Thomas Hill. Then he left 10 pounds each to the grandsons named Thomas—Thomas Alexander and Thomas Dunlap. To Robert Ramsey's children, testator's grandchildren, 12 pounds and 12 shillings each. A legacy to son William and to daughter Esther Alexander and Martha Mitchell; frequent provision for such issue in case daughter Jane have no issue.

Executors James Mitchell and Thomas Hill. Witnesses, John, Andrew and James Eakin. Proved October 18, 1769. Executors qualify with William Alexander, William Kenedy and Hugh Beard. The appraisers were John Montgomery, William Moore, Thomas Wilson.

The settlement showed the payment of Wm. Berkley, Jas. Eakin, Wm. Perrins, Thomas Alexander, Thomas Beard, Esther Alexander, Thomas Mitchel and his mother, Thomas Dunlap and his mother, Robert Ramsey's children, Martha Mitchel.

Thomas and Jean Beard deeded to their son "John 183 acres of land on Cathey's Creek, some times called Jennings Branch," on May 20, 1765. It cornered with David McNairs. This was delivered to John Beard in January, 1769. I just wonder if May 20, 1765, could have been John Beard's twenty-first birthday, as he didn't accept this gift until his marriage, January 10, 1769.

In 1762-3, John Beard and William McClanahan were partners, making a crop on Locust Creek, "on the Spring Lick or Spring Creek plantation." This might have been in Greenbrier at the old Beard homestead.

The Preston and Virginia Papers, compiled by the University of Wisconsin say that John Beard was a captain under Col. Christian at Point Pleasant. Greenbrier was then embraced in Botetourte County. From the same source, I learn that Samuel Beard furnished beeves for the Cherokee expedition in 1776.

John Beard married Janett Wallace daughter of Peter Wallace, Jr., and Martha Woods Wallace. She was a neice of the distinguished statesman James Woods of Virginia. In hunting out the Wallace kin, I came on the name of George Seldon Wallace as author of "Peter Wallace's Genealogy." I coveted the book. If it was about my own family, but the catalog did not say what place these Wallaces were from. By a strange coincidence, I came upon the name of the author in The Times as a friend of that friendly, beloved man. Andrew Price. I wrote Major Wallace at Huntington and asked him if he had written this book, and if he had, did he know that Andrew Price was a descendant of one Jan Wallace? He wrote, thanking me for the information. He sent a book to Cousin Andrew. Shortly afterwards those fine articles on the Wallace kith and kin appeared in the Times. And then only a few short months and our beloved cousin was with us no more. He has left something of himself in those printed pages and in memory we treasure.

The will book of Rockbridge County record something of these old Wallaces. Andrew Wallace's will was filed July 3, 1781; he was the ancestor of General Lew Wallace. He left bequests to his sisters Janett and Susannah; his grandson Andrew; mother Martha; brother Adam and brother-in-law, John Gilmer.

Dr. Archibald Alexander, President of Princeton Theological Seminary, recounts in a diary he kept in early life some interesting happenings of his childhood. He was born on the South Branch in Rockbridge in 1772. His father was William Alexander, eldest son of Captain Archibald Alexander, brother of Robert, of Timber Ridge. He tells of the school room of Revolutionary days. He says his father had erected a cabin down near the creek about a half mile from the house, and the sound of the students studying out loud could be easily heard to the house. This was the custom of that day. If a student was caught in silence he was threashed with a hickory switch well laid on. This method encouraged each student to shout his lesson out loud while studying so that the teacher could see his diligence.

When Dr Alexander was three, hi

father went to Baltimore and bought the time of three indentured servants. One of these was an educated Irishman named Reardon, whom the Alexanders trusted and liked. He carried little Archibald, aged three, on his back to the school. The boy wore his hair in a queue down his back. As his hair was extremely fine and thin, the other children teased him. For this Reardon used his whip vigorously, but he never touched little Archibald.

"Most of the English servants who had or had not served their time were released to fight in the Revolutionary war. My father's servants, James Malone, an Irish papist, Joe Lyon, a thievish Jew, and John Reardon, born in Ireland, and brought up and educated in London. Malone and the Jew went first. Malone was killed in battle in Carolina. Lyon, a very bad man, deserted to the British Soon after Captain Adam Wallace's company reached the scene of warfare Col. Beaufort was attacked by Tarleton's corps. The Colonel, seeing his men in confusion, fled at the beginning of the battle, and almost the whole of his command was cut to pieces by the British dragoons.

"The brave Wallace disdained to fly and, being entirely surrounded by the British horse, sold his life dearly, having first killed some three or four men with his spontoon.

"Reardon, our servant, was in Captain Wallace's company, and being a small man, he was soon cut down—severely wounded but still conscious. After the battle he lay helpless and bleeding among the dead. When night came, the moon shone and Reardon saw a man passing near him, like some arch fiend, dispatching with his bayonet all who showed signs of life. Presently the fiend came toward Reardon, raised his musket, pointed the bayonet [illegible] kill. Then Rear-

Died at his home in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co. W. Va., on the 14th day of Feb. 1889, Joseph Beard, in the 79th year of his age. Born in Greenbrier Co., W. Va., on 20th day of September 1810 + removed to Pocahontas in 1857. Married Mattie Jordan, daughter of John Jordan. Three children: one son, John J. Beard, and two daughters, Mrs. Isaac McNeil, and Mrs. Wm L. McNeel, now deceased.

Lieut. John Jordan Beard.

It becomes our mournful duty to record the death of a widely-known and much esteemed citizen, John Jordan Beard, Huntersville, West Virginia. This event occurred rather unexpectedly, Monday, 11½ a. m., April 11th, 1898.

Lieut. Beard was the only son of the late Joseph Beard [illegible] and Mrs Mattie Beard, near Hillsboro. He was born in Greenbrier County, April 21st, 1835, and was married to Minerva, daughter of James Edmiston, Esq., September 1866. At the time of his death he was within ten days of being 63 years of age. By this event his attached family is bereaved of a kind tender husband and a very affectionate and indulgent father. The community at large honors his memory as that of a good man whose influence has been for intelligence and good morals.

In the war between the States he served in the Bath Squadron, and made a record as a gallant and distinguished soldier. Late in the war he received a frightful wound that came near ending his life at the time. He survived to the surprise of every person familiar with its nature. For more than thirty years this wound has been a great [illegible] affliction, and it is believed hastened the termination of his useful life. He has been a resident of Huntersville about 21 years. During this time he served the county two terms as clerk of both courts.

Early in life he professed piety, and maintained a consistent character as such in the pale of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was loyal and faithful to his communion and greatly attached to her doctrines and usages.

He is survived by his wife and two sons, Harry and Fred. Beard.

Being as Lieut. Beard was, a person of ardent social and domestic impulses, as a matter of course [illegible] ful for him to think of the sundering of sweet home ties, yet in his sincere way he assured his loved ones that they should not grieve too much about him, for all was and would be well with him.

A month or so since we had a pleasant interchange of views concerning the 23d Psalm. In this Psalm it appears that nothing but the shadow would touch those following the Lord our Shepherd when it comes to passing through the Valley. Having been a soldier and familiar with scenes in the presence of the my, that at such a time down at a prepared fe one of the last thin battle would be lif

BEARD

Alexander Campbell's Thoughts On Slavery and Abolition

by Earl Eugene Eminhizer

Probably one of the most overlooked, but important and influential persons in the ante-bellum West, was Alexander Campbell. Although this neglect by the general historian is understandable, his being overlooked by the church historians is not. Campbell was not only one of the founders of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), but one of the earliest religious leaders in America to be concerned with church union. In addition, he was also a successful publisher, educator and farmer; and he was reported to be one of the wealthiest men in Western Virginia. This paper seeks to examine his views on one of the most pressing social and political problems of his times—slavery.

Campbell's views on slavery are easily misunderstood unless one keeps in mind the distinction that his father, Thomas Campbell, had made between matters of religious faith and private judgment in *The Declaration and Address,* a document he wrote for the Christian Church Association of Washington, Pennsylvania, in 1809. These views were accepted by Alexander and became the premise upon which he built his own interpretation. In *The Declaration and Address,* Thomas Campbell held that those things which were not specifically commanded in the Bible could not be made matters of faith.[1] They were matters for private judgment. Those which were commanded in the Bible were matters of faith and must be followed. The Campbells were of the opinion that division in the church was caused by failure to follow the Bible alone in matters of religion.

Accepting this premise as a basis for determining what could be considered matters of religion and what could not, Alexander Campbell rejected the slavery controversy as being a subject which was religious in character. Failure to understand his position on what was religious and what was political (or a matter of private judgment) led many of his contemporaries to criticize unjustly his views on the matter.

It has been suggested that Alexander Campbell's views on slavery can be divided into two periods: that before 1830, and that

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[1] Propositions 5 through 7 of *The Declaration and Address.* (See H. Shelton Smith *et al., American Christianity* [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960] Vol. 1, 579-86.)

following 1830.[2] It has also been suggested that he changed his position in order to save the Disciple movement from division during the second period. Upon closer examination of Campbell's position, one finds that he did not change his views, but rather the emphasis that he placed on them.[3]

That Campbell opposed slavery cannot be denied, but he was not an abolitionist of the radical type. He opposed both slavery and abolition. Campbell's personal action in freeing slaves inherited from his father-in-law, and purchased from a Methodist minister, indicates his feelings on the matter.[4] He did not oppose slavery for religious reason, but rather on political, social and economic grounds.

One of Campbell's earliest expressions of his feelings toward slavery appeared in the *Christian Baptist* in August, 1823, where he said:

> If any thing is wanting to finish a picture of the most glaring inconsistencies, add to this those Christians who are daily extolling the blessing of civil and religious liberty, and, at the same time, by a system of the most cruel oppression, separating the wife from the embraces of her husband, and the mother from her tender offspring; violating every principle, and rendering every tie that endears life and reconciles man to his lot, and that, forsooth, because "might gives right," and a man is held guilty because his skin is a shade darker than the standard color of the times.[5]

Because he thought he saw an opportunity for the political elimination of slavery, Campbell entered the race for representative of his district to the Virginia Constitutional Convention in 1829. He was not alone in his views at the convention, but some were concerned that a move in the convention might make slavery a part of the constitution should the slaveholders win. For this reason, his views did not prevail and it was decided to keep slavery out of the constitution, thereby leaving it open to ordinary legislative action.[6]

Campbell recognized that any action which would end slavery would require political action. He was willing to support political action whenever he thought it would do some good. The Kentucky Constitutional Convention of 1850 presented such an opportunity.

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[2] Alfred Thomas De Groot, *The Grounds of Division Among the Disciples*, (Chicago: privately printed), 75.

[3] See Robert Frederick West, *Alexander Campbell and Natural Religion*, (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1948), 103; Harold L. Lunger, *The Political Ethics of Alexander Campbell*, (St. Louis: Bethany Press, 1954), 64; Winfred Ernest Garrison, *Religion Follows the Frontier: A History of the Disciples of Christ*, (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1931), 174-86.

[4] D. Ray Lindley, *Apostle of Freedom*, (St. Louis: Bethany Press, 1957), 100-102.

[5] Alexander Campbell, "The Christian Religion," *Christian Baptist*, (August, 1823), 18.

[6] Alexander Campbell, "The Crisis," *The Millennial Harbinger* [hereafter referred to as MH] (February, 1832), 86; Robert Richardson, *The Memoirs of Alexander Campbell*, (Nashville: Gospel Advocate, 1956), II, 505.

Anticipating this, Campbell published in the *Millennial Harbinger* "A Tract for the People of Kentucky."[7]

In the "Tract" he presented arguments for positive action on the part of Christians in Kentucky to rid themselves of slavery at this time. Campbell's arguments favoring action by Christians in Kentucky were economic and moral, rather than Biblical.

Although Campbell had always opposed the mixing of religion and politics, we now find him telling the Kentucky Christians to "vote like Christians at the polls and demonstrate [their] love of liberty and right"[8] by eliminating slavery from the state. He hoped that such a move would influence similar action in other states.[9]

Campbell found himself opposed to many of the political actions taken concerning slaves. Many states were passing laws forbidding the education of slaves, and Campbell's opposition to this was based on the belief that knowledge and slavery were incompatible.[10] Thus, he reasoned that education of Negroes was proper, that it would prepare them for freedom, and that it would lead toward ending slavery.

Campbell noted that the relation of master and servant was a relationship going back to the beginning of time. He thought that "even in the Millennium . . . there will be master and servants."[11] But such a relationship did not mean that all servants were slaves, or that all masters were free. He even thought that masters ought to be emancipated from their slaves. They were themselves slaves to fear, since most were more afraid of their slaves than their slaves were of them. That such was the case was made plain to him in a bill presented to the Virginia legislature to prevent the education of Negroes. Such a law, he thought, was "the most effectual destruction of the liberty of the press which [he could] imagine."[12]

Although some readers (in the early days of the *Millennial Harbinger*) cautioned Campbell against saying anything about slavery, feeling that the less said the better,[13] Campbell was not, at that time, to be silent on the matter. The Nat Turner insurrection, which occurred about this time, caused Campbell to hope that it would inspire the state of Virginia to do something about slavery.

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[7] "A Tract for the People of Kentucky," MH, (May, 1848).
[8] *Ibid.*, 250.
[9] *Ibid.*
[10] Roy Lindley, *Apostle of Freedom*, (St. Louis: Bethany Press, 1957), 102.
[11] Alexander Campbell, "Emancipation of White Slaves," MH, (March, 1830), 128-29.
[12] *Ibid.*, 129.
[13] "[ ]" to Alexander Campbell, Essex, Virginia, April 6, 1830, in the MH, (April, 1830), 168-90.

In commenting on this event, he pointed out that slavery was the most expensive labor system as well as the most wasteful of the real estate. The continued use of this system would, in his opinion, make Virginia a wilderness. He hoped that Virginia would, at this time, use her power to extricate herself from it, but he thought, this might be like saying that a drunkard has the power to become sober.[14]

In attempting to stimulate action in the early 1830's, Campbell described slavery,

> . . . That largest and blackest blot upon our national escutcheon, that many-headed monster, that Pandora's box, that bitter root, . . . is now evoking the attention of the ancient and venerable commonwealth in a manner as unexpected as it is irresistible and cheering to every philanthropist. . . . We have thought that if the abolition of slavery was *legitimately* to be laid before the people of this commonwealth as it now is, there would be found even among slaveholders a majority to concur in a national system of emancipation.[15]

After Nat Turner's revolt in Virginia, Campbell presented a plan for the emancipation of slaves, and the resolution of the race problem. The nation was no longer in debt after 1832, leaving the government about ten million dollars which was no longer needed for payment on the debt. The use of this money had been discussed in Congress where Henry Clay had proposed that it be given to the states. Campbell opposed this use of the surplus but proposed instead that the money be used for the colonization of colored people, free and slave, in Africa. His suggested program would start in 1834, and continue until all the colored population had been removed.[16] The free Negroes could be colonized at once; those that masters would emancipate could follow; and finally he proposed that female slaves of a given age would be bought from masters unwilling to emancipate. Such a program would, he believed, eliminate slavery in about twenty years.[17] Most Disciple leaders, including those who opposed slavery, favored the colonization idea and supported the American Colonization Society, as did Campbell. Such a plan offered a solution to the race problem—a problem which was ignored by the abolitionists.

Campbell modified his proposal to eliminate slavery by suggesting that in addition to the surplus monies in the treasury that could be used, the Navy's ships, which were rotting in the harbors, could transport freed slaves to Liberia. He suggested that people petition Congress to that end.[18]

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[14] Alexander Campbell, "Slavery in Virginia," MH, (January, 1832), 15.
[15] Richardson, *op. cit.*, 567-68.
[16] Campbell, "The Crisis," 87.
[17] *Ibid.*, 88.
[18] Alexander Campbell, "Slavery and Anti-Slavery," MH, (December, 1835), 588.

Between the time that Campbell presented his plan and the publication of his next statement on slavery in 1835, changes took place in the attitude of the abolitionists. With the advent of the radical abolitionism in the 1830's, the methods of abolition changed as did the attitudes people held toward it. Campbell saw a great danger in the new approach, especially as it took on the overtones of a religious revival. The division which occurred among the Baptists and the Methodists in the 1840's seemed to demonstrate the wisdom of his view that the matter was not a religious one and could only lead to division if admitted into the church. To prevent division within the Disciple brotherhood, he changed his emphasis.

In 1834 Theodore D. Weld and the Lane Rebels[19] were touring Ohio in behalf of abolition.[20] Campbell was at the same time on a tour of the South where he met with the reaction to the new program of abolitionism. Continuing to oppose slavery, he also began to oppose the radical abolitionists as well. This created difficulties since most were unwilling to allow any alternative besides proslavery or immediate abolition.

Since slavery was recognized by national law, the slaveholder was, in Campbell's mind, entitled to have his property protected. Just compensation would be necessary if the slaves were removed by a change in the law. He pointed out that the argument that slaves had not originally been slaves but had been forced or sold into slavery did not alter the circumstances at that time. He noted that neither the right of the South to slaves, nor the right of the North to the land it held was "at first obtained in the temple of Justice."[21] Campbell was opposed to any group which interfered with the basic right to property.[22]

As the abolitionist movement progressed in the 1830's, Campbell received more and more communications about slavery. Because of the emotions involved in the discussion of the issue, he did not think that a cool and dispassionate debate of it could be entered into during the latter part of the 1830's and early 1840's.[23] Also, Campbell's *Millennial Harbinger* was primarily a religious publication and political issues should be excluded.

Campbell had little to say in public print on the matter of slavery between 1835 and 1845. It was at this point that the Baptist

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[19] The Lane Rebels were the radical abolitionist students who left Lane Seminary because of the slavery question and moved to the newly founded Oberlin Seminary.
[20] Campbell, *op. cit.*, 367.
[21] *Ibid.*, 368.
[22] *Ibid.*
[23] *Ibid.*, 367.

and the Methodist churches split over the issue. Beginning a new series of articles entitled "Our Position to American Slavery," he made clear his belief that the beliefs of the Disciples were such that they were the only religious body whose principles (if adhered to) could save them from division. Campbell probably intended that the series should be the "official" position of the brotherhood. The reason he gave for the articles was to "do homage to his Majesty FREE DISCUSSION."[24]

By 1845, the Abolitionist Crusade had established its argument against slavery. Campbell saw two groups developing: the "*Liberty Men*" or abolitionists, and the "*Non-Liberty Men.*"[25] He also saw that the main issues of the debate were the moral and political evils of the system. It was to the moral evils that he was going to turn his attention, since this was the area which affected Christians.[26]

In Campbell's opinion, Christians were limited in their discussion of slavery to what the Bible had to say about the issue. The discussion between Francis Wayland and Richard Fuller, both Baptists, had been based on the Bible.[27] As Christians, the Disciples could use no other authority. The abolitionists' position was that slavery was "not authorized by God," and was, for this reason, immoral. On the other hand, the proslavery group held that it was given divine authority and thus not immoral. Campbell did not deny that the abuse of the system and the unjust laws which controlled slavery were immoral, but he did not believe that this altered the basic issue of whether or not God approved or disapproved of slavery since the central question at this point for Campbell was "*What does the Bible teach on this subject?*"[28] Campbell was of the opinion that this was the only area of the discussion that Disciples could enter *as Disciples.*

Campbell's position on the Bible and slavery was developed in this series. It was stated in such a way that one could easily get the impression that he was proslavery. Campbell had the ability to keep separate various phases of a discussion. However, many who attacked him did so without keeping these divisions separate from each other. Campbell was, at this time, limiting the discussion to what the Bible had to say on the matter. His method of Biblical interpretation did not allow him to read into the text that which was not

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[24] Alexander Campbell, "Our Position to American Slavery," MH, (February, 1845), 49.
[25] Ibid., 51.
[26] Ibid.
[27] Ibid.
[28] Ibid.

there. Following this policy to the letter, Campbell's interpretation of the Bible on slavery was clear.

> [In the] Church at the beginning, there were masters and slaves — sometimes Christian masters possessing Christian slaves — sometimes believing slaves owned by unbelieving masters out of his church. . . . We, therefore, take the position—that, AS CHRISTIANS WE CAN LAWFULLY, UNDER CHRIST, GO NO FURTHER THAN TO EXACT FROM CHRISTIAN MASTERS AND CHRISTIAN SERVANTS ALL THAT IS COMPREHENDED IN THOSE PRECEPTS. We have no authority, *as Christians*, to go farther. We have no warrant to annihilate the relation; but we warrant, and are under obligation to enforce the precepts, and to see that the relative duties of both parties are faithfully performed.[29]

Slavery fell into that area which Campbell considered *opinion*, and was not in that class of things which were *dogma*. For example, the Bible commanded baptism, thus, Christians had to be baptized; but since the Bible did not command missionary societies, Christians did not have to participate in them. Such activities could not be grounded in the Bible and were human institutions. Although everyone had to be baptized to be a member of the church, one did not have to support the mission cause to be a member. So Campbell reasoned the same was true of slavery-abolition. Being a slaveholder did not in itself violate the laws of God, and a Christian could hold slaves and still be a member of the church. This could also be said of the abolitionist. But Campbell did not think that either of these two points of view could be forced on the members of the church, nor could those holding to either of these views be excluded from membership. The church could take action against a slave or slaveholder, only if either failed to meet the obligations of the relationship between them as set down in the Bible.

Whatever side a Christian took in the issue was a personal matter. But Campbell was of the opinion that Christians were required to obey the laws of the state (Render unto Caesar. . .). For this reason, he felt that even though a law might be wrong or a person might not agree with it, a Christian was obligated to obey it. Thus, since slavery was the law of the land, right or wrong, Christians could not interfere with the enforcement of the law. Christians could take political action to change the law, but no more. Since many of the abolitionists were openly advocating the violation of the law, Campbell came into conflict with them.[30]

Campbell also addressed himself to the question, was slavery a sin? This issue had been raised in 1841 by a group of Disciples

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[29] *Ibid.*, (March, 1845), 108.
[30] *Ibid.*, 109.

on the Western Reserve in Ohio, when they published a document called *An Address to the Disciples on the Sin of Slavery by the Churches in Trumbull County, Ohio, and Vicinity.*[31] This *Address* held that slavery was a sin. "The great cardinal question is," it said, "—Is it right for man to hold property in man?"[32] The argument of the address rested on interpretation of what God intended for man. Such interpretation was a personal matter, but Campbell was fearful that this would be made a test of faith or dogma.[33]

Since the relationship between master and slave was regulated in the Bible, Campbell did not think that it could be considered as immoral. The relationship was, in itself, not a sin.[34] Since there were regulations for every detail of this relationship, masters who failed to follow would be punished by God. It was the obligation of the church to see that the regulations were enforced between Christian masters and their slaves. The same was also true of slaves who were Christians. Both masters and slaves were to be removed from the church if they failed to follow the regulations.[35]

Campbell found the regulations of slavery in I Timothy 6:1-4.[36]

> Let all who are under the yoke of slavery regard their masters as worthy of all honor, so that the name of God and the teachings may not be defamed. Those who have believing masters must not be disrespectful on the grounds that they are brethren; rather they must serve all the better since those who benefit by their service are believers and beloved. Teach and urge these duties.

Although Campbell opposed abolitionism as such, at the same time he thought that the church should take whatever action was necessary to protect Christian slaves from non-Christian masters who failed to follow the commands of God. It could also endeavor to have statutes modified or annulled if they were too rigorous. He even suggested that Christians should attempt to get fair trial for slaves and laws to prevent their sale for debt, which could result in the separation of families.[37]

Since the Abolitionist Disciples considered slavery a sin, problems connected with this point of view were bound to come. Campbell had always allowed for individual interpretation of the Bible and did not have a creed to give direction to that interpretation. The Abolitionist Disciples such as Jonas Hartzel, John Boggs, and

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[31] The *Address* was published in Cincinnati by W. L. Mendenhall, 1841.
[32] *An Address to the Disciples on the Sin of Slavery*, 3.
[33] Campbell, "Our Position to American Slavery," (April, 1845), 145-46.
[34] Ibid., (May, 1845), 185.
[35] Ibid.
[36] Ibid., 220.
[37] Ibid., 185.

Nathaniel Field,[38] interpreted the Bible in such a way that made slavery a sin. They thought Christians must give up their slaves to get rid of the sin. Campbell refused to recognize that their views might be right. He attempted to show that interference with slavery, the requiring of emancipation by a Christian master, and the making of antislavery or emancipation a test of fellowship, was to oppose the law of Christ and require more than the New Testament called for.[39]

Biblical regulation of slavery was an area where Christians as such were more directly involved. Although he did not reverse his stand that the Bible did not oppose, but rather sanctioned slavery, he did use the Bible to indicate that slavery was not to be retained except under the safeguards of the Scriptures. He pointed out that Paul had said that slaves should be free when the opportunity presented itself (I Corinthians 7:21). This did not mean they could walk away at their pleasure, but could be free only by a mutual understanding between the slave and the master. Masters were required to educate the slaves if they were to give the slaves that which was "*just* and *equal*"[40] (Colossians 4:1). However, there were civil laws which prevented this.

Interestingly, Campbell's argument did not emphasize the requirements of the Bible between the master and the slave which were not being followed. He emphasized, however, the damage being done to the master's family. The children of slaveholders were exposed to the influence of the slaves, who were morally inferior. Since children imitate those who influence them or with whom they come in contact, they were being influenced along lines which were morally wrong. Campbell noted that the hired servants could also suffer from moral defects, but they, unlike the slaves, could be discharged. He was of the opinion that the children imitated the actions of the Negroes more than that of the hired whites.[41]

Campbell summarized his position as follows: (1) "That the relation of master and slave is not, in itself, sinful or immoral." (2) That as practiced in some parts of the world, it was inexpedient, since it was out of harmony with the advance and moral view of society, nor did it contribute to the economic well-being of the country. It also placed on Christian masters difficult burdens. (3)

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[38] James Blanton was a minister in the Western Reserve of Ohio, who was a leader in the organization of Disciples Abolitionists to support Pardee Butler. John Boggs was another leader of the Disciples Abolitionists who edited the Disciple Abolitionist papers. Nathaniel Field, M.D., was an early vocal Disciple Abolitionist in Indiana.

[39] Campbell, *op. cit.*, 135, 256.

[40] Campbell, "A Word for the People of Kentucky," MH, *op. cit.*, 248.

[41] *Ibid.*, 256.

That, in accordance with the New Testament, the churches could not make slavery a test of fellowship.[42]

Campbell also had a basic distrust of the abolitionists. He felt that they desired to divide and dismember the churches.[43] Because of this, he indicated in 1845 that he was not going to allow further discussion of the issue in the *Millennial Harbinger*. Campbell also was convinced that his position was that taken by the Bible and that thus, there was no need for further discussion along the Biblical line.[44]

Campbell's attempt to suppress the issue did not last long. A. B. Green, a Disciple abolitionist of Wadsworth, Ohio, offered criticism of Campbell's position to which Campbell felt a response necessary. Green pointed out differences between American slavery and that of Biblical times. He noted that Biblical slavery did not make a distinction as to color or race. American slavery did. He also thought that it was wrong to steal a man and sell him, and he noted that American slaves had originally been stolen.[45]

Campbell responded with a discussion of the origins of slavery which he believed could be found in war, the loser being enslaved by the victor. He rejected the idea that American slaves had been stolen and maintained that they have been born into slavery. Campbell did not, at that time,[46] think that what had happened to their ancestors altered the case.

By this time, the editor of the *Liberty Herald*, an abolitionist paper published at Warren, Ohio, on the Western Reserve, had accused Campbell of being two-faced. One face said what the South wished to hear, that slavery was not a sin; and the other what the North wished to hear, that slavery was out of step with the modern age.[47]

By 1845, it was clear that Campbell was not emphasizing those things he had emphasized in 1830, a fact pointed out to him by S. York of Illinois in 1846. York reminded Campbell that in 1832 he had considered slavery the blackest blot on the nation and a blighting curse, but in 1845, it was sanctioned by the Bible. The "Blighting Curse" was now something which was "right."[48] The discussion

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[42] Campbell, "Our Position to American Slavery," MH, (June, 1845), 262-63.
[43] See Gilbert Hobbs Barnes, *The Anti-Slavery Impulse, 1830-1844*, (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1964), 92-93, for Garrison's attack on the churches.
[44] Alexander Campbell, "American Slavery," MH, (August, 1845), 355-58.
[45] A. B. Green to Alexander Campbell, Wadsworth, Ohio, July, 1845, in MH (September, 1845), 414-19.
[46] *Ibid.*, 419.
[47] *Liberty Herald*, (August 13, 1845).
[48] S. York to Alexander Campbell, Eagar County, Illinois, July 14, 1846, in MH, (October, 1846), 593.

of Campbell's views in the *Liberty Herald* indicated that he had an audience beyond the Disciple Press. His change of emphasis was known in Europe before his trip to the British Isles in 1847.

During a trip to Scotland and England in 1847, Campbell was attacked by a group of abolitionists. However, it appears that slavery was not the only issue in the controversy. Involved also was the fact that two prominent members of a Congregational Church at Leith had joined Campbell's followers, resulting in jealousy among the clergy. This resulted in a conscious attempt on the part of those opposed to the Disciples to discredit Campbell before the people.[49] Campbell, being from a slave state, made possible an attack on the issue of slavery. Caught off guard by James Robertson, S. M. Kennedy, and a Mr. Hunter of the Scotch Anti-Slavery Society, Campbell spoke freely about his feelings on the issue as well as on his reasons for opposing abolitionism. He felt that foreign interference in American slavery would only make the matter worse. Campbell did not, it appears, defend slavery as such, but his remarks were made to indicate that he had defended the institution.[50] Placards soon appeared opposing Campbell saying:

> Citizens of Edinburgh—Beware! The Rev. Alexander Campbell of Virginia, United States of America, has been a slaveholder himself and is still a defender of man-stealers![51]

Although he did not want to be involved in the slavery controversy, Campbell was now forced to make a public statement on his position.[52]

Early in Campbell's tour of Britain, James Robertson had challenged him to debate the issue of slavery and Campbell had agreed to do so in writing. Robertson declined this form of debate.[53] On finding the placards at his next appointment, Campbell sent a letter to the *Edinburgh Journal* saying that he would debate anyone on the subject of slavery, except "the *Reverend James Robertson* who was publicly censored and excluded from the Baptist Church for violating the fifth commandment in reference to his mother. . . ."[54] This placed the controversy on a level of personal vindictive. Campbell was now arrested and sued for slander. In order to dramatize the issue, Campbell refused to post bond and was kept in jail. This

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[49] Richardson, *op. cit.*, 552.
[50] *Ibid.*, 552-53.
[51] *Ibid.*, 553; *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, (October 8, 1847).
[52] Richardson, *op. cit.*, 552.
[53] *Ibid.*, 554.
[54] *Ibid.*, 555.

afforded him publicity at home as well as in Scotland. The trial went in his favor.[55]

Campbell seems to have had the same problem in Scotland, as he had in America, of getting people to make a distinction between what they could do based on the Bible and what they could do as citizens. In a public discussion of the matter, Campbell pointed out to the people of Scotland that abolition could be carried out only on a state-by-state basis. This his audience did not seem to understand.[56] *The Anti-Slavery Bugle* summed up Campbell's position very well when it said,

> So far as we understand Mr. Campbell's argument, it is that slavery is an evil, moral, political and social; and he would be very glad that slavery could be abolished, but believes also that the justice of slavery is established by the Bible. . . .[57]

The economic argument was one that Campbell felt most important. He noted that economists judge institutions in terms of their effect on wealth and development of a state. He thought the best economists were at that time opposed to slavery because of its adverse effect on these two areas.[58] As evidence for slavery's effect, Campbell referred to the last three United States censuses. Those states not having slavery were growing economically. He compared the value of the harvest of Kentucky with that of Ohio in 1848, and found that Ohio had a harvest worth $49,455,000 while Kentucky had a harvest worth only $23,174,000. The harvest in Ohio was worth $26,281,000 more. In addition, Campbell noted that Kentucky was larger and had better soil. Also Kentucky had been developed before Ohio and had five times the population of Ohio when Ohio was admitted to the Union. The obvious question was—Why was Kentucky behind? The answer—slave labor![59]

Campbell further expressed himself on the issue in answering a response to the "Tract."[60] He said that it was necessary that men come to see that "slavery in Kentucky or America is . . . contrary to the general moral sense, the moral taste, and the spirit of the present civilized world."[61] He also stated that "slavery, as established by

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[55] *Ibid.*, 564.

[56] "American Slavery Defended," *Edinburgh Weekly Express* in the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, (October 8, 1847).

[57] "Alexander Campbell," *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, (November 19, 1847).

[58] "A Tract for the People of Kentucky," MH, (May, 1848).

[59] *Ibid.*, 266-67.

[60] Abraham Smith to Alexander Campbell, Smithland (Kentucky) in MH, (July, 1849), 413.

[61] Alexander Campbell to Abraham Smith, MH, (July, 1849), 414.

our laws."[62] was not in harmony with the Bible, since the laws prevented the masters from doing that which was "just and equal."[63]

At about this same time, the national government passed a new law concerning fugitive slaves which led to a great deal of discussion in the North. The abolitionists were opposed to obeying it. Campbell felt called on to express his views on this new crisis.

Campbell's position was based on governmental authority. He did not believe that Christians should resist laws for any reason. Since government received its authority from God, it was, therefore, to be obeyed.[64] There were orderly methods of recourse for those who did not like the law. They could bring it before the Supreme Court which would rule on its constitutionality; and, should that fail, then they could elect representatives who would repeal it.

That Christians were to return runaway slaves was seen in the example set by Paul in his return of Onesimus. An objection to the return of slaves was the treatment they would receive upon returning home. Campbell did not consider the treatment the runaway might receive on his return as a factor to be considered in whether or not he was to be returned. The slave's treatment was not the moral concern of the person returning him. His only concern was his obligation to obey the law.

Campbell was concerned with an abstract moral idea that the motive determined the morality of the act. Thus, when one was motivated to obey the civil law, one was motivated properly; the results of this action was beyond the morality of the act, and something over which one had no control. The abolitionists, on the other hand, felt that slavery was itself wrong, thus to be avoided, and that the treatment of the individual slave was the determining factor in the morality of the issue. If they were wrongly held, or might be mistreated if returned, then the moral obligation was to not return them, and civil law made no difference.[65]

Campbell found himself in conflict with the Bible when he used Deuteronomy 5:21 and Exodus 20:17 (where the command not to covet the neighbor's property appears) as a source of authority for his stand. He failed to answer satisfactorily the command in Deuteronomy 23:15-16 not to return an escaped slave to his master. He suggested that this was for special cases and not the general law, since Paul had not followed it.[66]

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[62] Ibid.
[63] Ibid.
[64] Alexander Campbell, "Our Position on American Slavery," MH, (January, 1851), 30-31; Alexander Campbell, "The Fugitive Slave Law," MH, (January, 1851), 28.
[65] Alexander Campbell, "The Fugitive Slave Law," op. cit., 31.
[66] Ibid.

Most of the criticism which was aimed at his position centered on his failure to consider Mark 12:31, "Love your neighbor as yourself." In contrast to his statement of the Christian ethic, Campbell held that the slave was no more than property and what happened to the return slave was the responsibility of the owner. He thought that, should the owner kill the slave, he would be punished by the loss of the money which he had invested in the slave.[67]

Campbell's attitude is difficult to understand here, when placed against the background of his attempts to get slavery removed from Virginia in 1830 and Kentucky in 1849, and his treatment of his own slaves. He seemed to have recognized the inconsistency of his position for by the middle of 1851, he began to modify his views. He again emphasized that the Bible supported the ownership of slaves, but it also regulated it. The relationship between master and slave was for him summed up in one statement, "Be just and kind to your servants" (Colossians 4:1). He did not reject the application of the Golden Rule to the relationship, but he did not apply it to the basic relationship; that is, Campbell did not believe that one could ask if he would like to be a slave, but rather, how he would like to be treated if he were. The relationship itself was assumed to be just.[68]

Onesimus provided Campbell with an example of Christian treatment of slaves. What Paul did in this case was what was to be done in all cases. He returned Onesimus to Philemon because of the latter's prior right to Onesimus.[69]

Although inhuman action against slaves was practiced in some cases, this was not considered as a valid reason for overthrowing the institution. Campbell pointed out that husbands had abused their wives, and parents their children, but such action was not used as an argument against the institution of marriage and parenthood.[70]

Campbell considered that as long as the Fugitive Slave Law was on the books, all law-abiding citizens are obligated to obey it. However, at the same time, he pointed out that this did not require citizens of the North to refuse to act kindly toward the Negro. He also noted that the law required that one not conceal a fugitive so that he could not be discovered; and this was effective only after legal notice and evidence that the person involved was a runaway. He said, "You may feed, clothe, and lodge him, provided you so not

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[67] Alexander Campbell, "Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law," MH, (May, 1851), 252.
[68] *Ibid.*, (June, 1851), 314-15.
[69] *Ibid.*, 316.
[70] *Ibid.*, (July, 1851), 367.

'harbor or conceal him, so as to prevent discovery and arrest, after notice of knowledge that he is a fugitive.' "[71] This raises some questions about Campbell's sincerity concerning the enforcement of the law. Such an interpretation would allow the abolitionists to aid an escaping slave over the underground railroad, and stay within the law. It would appear at this point that he was interested only in the letter of the law, not the spirit of the Bible, particularly the New Testament.

Although Campbell seems to have taken the side of the abolitionists in his interpretation and application of the slave law, he did continue to think that they were the source of much trouble and their activities had slowed emancipation in the South. Prior to the rise of abolitionism, he thought the South would probably have adopted some system of colonization.[72] This interest decreased in inverse ratio with northern interference, he thought.[73]

The solution to the problem was to be found, he believed, in the program of the American Colonization Society. Campbell did not think that the abolitionists could ever eliminate slavery in the New World.[74] Since slavery was supported by law, the repeal of the law was necessary in order to stop it.

That Campbell was hostile to slavery throughout his life is unquestioned. That he consistently retained the same emphasis on the subject is not the case. He seems to have placed his emphasis on those things where he thought the changing times indicated the best interest could be served. Following the rise of the abolitionists he seems to have leaned more toward the slaveholder, but he was not in agreement with either. He saw the rights of the slaveholder being violated by the abolitionists and this he considered important. But most important was the prevention of division of the church over the issue. He was successful for a time as the Disciples did not divide until 1859. In the church and its action on slavery, he insisted on the historic Disciple position that where the Bible spoke, the church could speak; where the Bible was silent, it was to be silent.

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[71] Ibid., 398.

[72] Allan Nevins, a modern interpreter of this period, says that "Garrison's vituperative [words against slavery] . . . had some responsibility for the fact that . . . early in the century anti-slavery societies had been numerous in the South, but by 1837 not one was left." Allan Nevins, *Ordeal of the Union* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947), I, 181.

Pocahontas Co.

ALEXANDER MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - Stony Bottom

Organized 1894 --- Built 1894.

Sept. 27, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.
Pocahontas County

Chapter 6 - Section 2

Alexander Memorial Presbyterian Church -

Stony Bottom.

As there was no Presbyterian organization west of the Greenbrier River and as there were twelve or fifteen members close around Driftwood or Stony Bottom as it was later called, it was deemed advisable to organize these members into a separate organization or church. Their membership was held at Liberty Church at Greenbank, Baxter Church at Dunmore, and Marlinton Church at Marlinton, from which points they were separated by such obstacles as to prevent almost wholly their attendance at the services of these churches.

Therefore the Presbytery of Greenbrier at its spring session which was held in Elk City, May 9-12, 1894 ordered its evangelist Rev. J. M. Sloan to visit the field during the summer with the view of organizing a church should the way be clear. Accordingly, he began a series of services in the school house on the night of August 6, 1894 and continued to preach with much power until the night of August 18, 1894.

On Friday night August 17, 1894 Driftwood Church was organized by Rev. J. M. Sloan assisted by Rev. L. F. Alexander with sixteen members enrolled. The following members were received by certificate from Baxter Church, Dunmore:

Mr. A. K. Dysard

Mrs. E. E. Dysard

Miss Bessie Dysard

Miss Claudia Dysard

Mrs. E. M. Meeks

Mrs. Cora Ray

Mrs. Hannah McLaughlin

Mrs. Nancy McCloud

Mrs. Mary Tallman

Mrs. Parthenia McLaughlin

The following persons were received from Liberty Church at Greenbank by certificate:

Mr. Allen Galford

Mrs. Nancy Galford

Mr. John H. Doyle was received from the Marlinton Presbyterian Church and Mrs. Mary Elisa Galford from the M. E. Church South. Mr. P. H. Meeks and Miss Blanche McLaughlin were received on profession of their faith in Christ.

These persons having entered into a covenant to walk together as an organized church on the principles and orders of the Presbyterian Church, then proceeded to elect officers. Mr. A. K. Dysard who was a ruling elder in the Dunmore church was unanimously chosen as elder and duly installed. Mr. J. H. Doyle was elected a deacon but his ordination and installation were postponed to a future date that he might have opportunity to acquaint himself with the requirements and duties of the office and the Confession of Faith.

should be Driftwood.

Judge James Marwick gave the church a choice of two locations for a church building. One location was on the hill where Mr. I. B. Bumgardner's house now stands, the other was up the road on Elk Lick Run where the present church stands. The church building was started about a year after the organization. Several years elapsed before the building was completed. The church records do not show in what year the building was dedicated but it was thought to be about August, 1901.

Rev. E. F. Alexander who was stated supply at the time of the organization died May 6, 1895 before the church was built. He is buried at Greenbank in the church yard at Liberty Church.

The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. J. M. Sloan. Rev. Henry W. McLaughlin was then a seminary student supplying the church during the summer months.

On July 14, 1901 at a meeting of the session a motion was made to call a gongregational meeting for the fourth Sunday of August to ascertain the sentiment of the congregation as to changing the name of Driftwood Church to Alexander Memorial Church in memory of Rev. E. F. Alexander who was so active in promoting the organization and building of the church. The records do not show that the name was changed although in one instance it was spoken of as Alexander Memorial Chapel, after which it was called Driftwood.

In May 1931, the pastor Rev. J. T. Pharr called another congregational meeting and it was decided by a large vote to change the name to Alexander Memorial Church.

In May 1905 a congregational meeting was held for the purpose of electing a ruling elder and deacon, the elder Mr. A. K. Dysard having moved from the vicinity. Mr. John H. Doyle was elected elder and Mr. K. W. Meeks was elected deacon. Both officers were duly ordained and installed.

When Alexander Memorial Church was organized, it was grouped with the Presbyterian Churches at Dunmore and Greenbank. Several years later it was changed and grouped with Linwood and Mingo and in 1930 it was again changed and grouped with Cass.

For a number of years until 1930 mission points of the church were Clover Lick, Poage Lane and Thomas Spring school house on Clover Creek.

In August, 1929 Rev. O. N. Miles assisted by Rev. Fred W. Gray held a series of revival meetings. As a result of these services eighteen new members were added to the church. Three of these were adults and the rest were young people.

In April 1930, Rev. O. N. Miles who had been pastor for about twelve years moved to Marlinton to take over some new work. Alexander Memorial Church which had been grouped with the Linwood-Mingo field was now grouped with Cass, and the pastor from that church, Rev. James T. Pharr took over this work. Rev. Pharr has held a revival each year with the exception of one. The ministers assisting him have been:

Rev. J. D. Wilson of Scarbro, W. Va.

Rev. G. O. Yount of Huttonsville, W. Va.

Rev. A. N. Brown of Ronceverte, W. Va.

Rev. Marlin Curry of Lewisburg, W. Va.

Officers of the church:

Ministers and students:

Rev. E. F. Alexamder 1894 - 1895

Rev. H. W. McLaughlin, D.D. Student 1896 - 1.00

" " " " pastor 1900 - 1904

Rev. R. E. Fultz - 1904 - 1906

Rev. W. W. Bain - 1907 - 1909

Rev. S. B. Hannah (student) date unknown

Rev. H. H. Leach " " "

Rev. W. P. Gibbs " until about 1916

Rev. W. P. Gibbs - pastor

W. J. Flint (student) 1917

Rev. O. N. Miles - pastor - 1918 - 1930

Rev. J. T. Pharr 1930 - to present

Ministers fron the Marlinton Presbyterian Church who preached at Alexander Memorial when that church was without a pastor were:

Rev. Wm. T. Price

Rev. G. W. Nickell

Rev. J. M. Walker

Elders:

Mr. A. K. Dysard 1894 - 1905

Mr. John Doyle	1905 - 1938
Mr. John H. Hevener	1905 - present

Deacons:

Mr. John Doyle	1894 - 1905
Mr. K. W. Meeks	1905 - present
Mr. Fred McLaughlin	Present
Mr. Paul Hevener	"
Mr. Otho Shields	"

Trustees:

Mr. John R. Hevener

Mr. John Doyle

Mr. Guy Tallman

History of the church for the year 1936-1937

Pastor - Rev. James Timothy Pharr

The first important event in the history of this church during the year 1936 was the spring meeting of Presbytery which was held in the Huttonsville Church in April. Alexander Memorial was represented by Mr. John H. Doyle. At this meeting Presbytery was invited to meet at Stony Bottom for the fall meeting on Sept. 29. The members of the congregation soon began to plan as to what repairs should be made on the church building and lawn. The pastor presented the church with a check for fifty dollars to be used as the session desired for repairing and painting. It was decided that a part of the money should be used to buy paint and that the men of the congregation would apply it to the exterior. Lumber was purchased and the building underpinned. On several different

days the men hauled rocks and dirt and leveled off the lawn.

The Woman's Auxiliary had some money in the treasury to be used for the church. The amount was small so the ladies decided a new pulpit chair was needed most of all. After looking at catalogs of church furniture, it was discovered that there was not enough money to buy a chair. One of the members donated some nice oak and a carpenter in the community made a chair and communion table. Other minor repairs were made.

The last day of July the pastor commenced a ten day revival meeting. Several children were baptised and three joined the church.

During the month of May, the community had the pleasure of having with them Miss Margaret Pritchard, a medical missionary to Korea who gave a very interesting lecture about her work. On another occasion Rev. Ed Currie a missionary to China told of his work.

On the second Sunday in September, the Rev. Henry K. McLaughlin, D.D. preached at this church. On Sept. 29, Presbytery convened at 1:30 P.M. This was the first time such a meeting had ever been held at Stony Bottom. There was a good attendance of delegates and several guests. Rev. J. M. Sydenstricker, a missionary home on furlough from Brazil, was elected Moderator. Other guest speakers were: Dr. Blakely pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Staunton, Virginia and Rev. Currie from China. At this meeting Mr. J. H. Doyle was nominated as a delegate to General Assembly which meets at Montreat, North Carolina.

History of the church 1937 - 1938

One of the ruling elders, Mr. J. M. Doyle, had the privilege of being one of the representatives of Greenbrier Presbytery, to the General Assembly which met at Montreat, North Carolina in May. On June 13, while the congregation was assembled for divine worship, Mr. Doyle gave a report of his attendance to the assembly.

On June 20, Mr. H. C. Erwin, an elder of the Salem Church, West Organ Cave, Virginia, who is chairman of the Presbytery's Committee on the Ministers' Annuity Fund, addressed the congregation upon this subject. The Session discussed the churche's quota of one hundred eighty-nine dollars and decided that it would be impossible to raise that large amount, so the quota was lowered to one hundred forty dollars. The Session appointed a committee to canvass the members and see how much money could be obtained. Members of the committee were: Mr. Doyle, Mr. Paul Nevener, Miss Mary Nevener. The result of the canvass was one hundred twenty-six dollars, obtained in pledges and cash. Seventy dollars and fifty cents being paid in cash.

At this session meeting the time for the revival meeting was discussed, and it was decided to begin this meeting on July 28, with Rev. O. C. Brown of Renick, West Virginia assisting the pastor, Rev. James T. Pharr. This meeting resulted in seventeen persons making a profession of faith.

On Oct. 28, 1938 the church and community sustained a real loss in the death of Mr. John Doyle, who was the last charter member of the church.

During January, 1939 Dr. T. Th. Stixrud, a medical missionary to Africa spoke in the church to the school children, and to the adults of the community. He told of some of his many interesting experiences in Africa as a physician. The foreign mission offering during January was ten dollars and five cents.

In 1938 there were eighty-one quarts of fruit canned and sent to the Davis Stuart School. Nearly every family took part in helping with this. The home mission offering was sixteen dollars.

Women's Auxiliary.

In February 1931, Mrs. J. T. Pharr and Mrs. D. M. Monroe, Presbyterial president, met with the ladies of the church for the purpose of organizing a women's Auxiliary. Miss Cornelia Pritchard was elected president, Mrs. I. B. Bumgardner, Vice-pres. Miss Mary Hevener, Secretary, and Mrs. D. L. Beverage, Treas. This was the first group of women ever to be organized at Stony Bottom for church work of any kind although in previous years the women had been active in their interest for the welfare of the church. They helped raise money to paint the church both inside and out. They collected money to buy a new Bible and new hymn books.

In 1934 the ladies of the church saved their Sunday eggs and bought hymn books for the church.

At this time there were twenty members in the Auxiliary, but only eight could be called active members of the Auxiliary. They were very generous in all of their benevolent girts.

More interest was taken by the ladies during the year 1937-38. They filled one hundred quart jars with fruit, honey and vegetables for the Davis Stuart School. Ten dollars was given to the Ministers' Annuity Fund. The women saved their eggs on the Sunday preceeding Easter and gave the money for church repairs.

In Feb. 1939 the Auxiliary met at the home of Mrs. Shields for the purpose of electing officers. The following were elected:

President - Virginia Hevener

Sec. & Treas. - Mrs. Fred McLaughlin

There is no record to show when the Sunday School was organized but there has been a Sunday School at Stony Bottom since before 1879. The first Sunday School was held in an old log school house which stood near where the road crosses Elk Lick Run right near the town of Stony Bottom. Mr. B. R. Doyle was the first Superintendent that anyone now living can remember. Mr. B. H. Barnett was Superintendent for about twenty years. Other Superintendents have been: W. R. Moore, J. R. Hevener, J. H. Doyle and Fred McLaughlin, the present superintendent. Teachers were: Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Dysard, W. R. Moore, and J. H. Doyle.

The teachers for 1935-36 were as follows:

John R. Hevener - Bible Class

Miss Mary Hevener - Senior girls

Paul Hevener - Senior boys

Miss Cornelia Pritchard - Intermediate

Miss Virginia Hevener - Juniors

Mrs. Fred McLaughlin - Primary

Owing to distance and bad roads the Sunday School was not continued through the winter months until about the year of 1915 when it became an "evergreen" Sunday School and has continued so until the present time.

In January, 1938 the members of the Sunday School voted to have Sunday School at two o'clock P. M. during the winter months, as this hour was more convenient for those who lived at a distance.

Information:

Historical Foundation of the Presbyterian Churches,
Montreat, North Carolina

History of the Alexander Memorial Church -
by Miss Virginia Hevener

The Church on the Western Waters - Courtney

Scotts 5.00

McMillions 2.00

James Cooper's name appears in the organization of the county as one of the constables appointed. He served the public as magistrate, assessor, and teacher of schools. He was regarded with high esteem for his honest and elevated character in social and business relations. He was a prominent member of the Liberty Church in the early history of that historic congregation, and his influence was ever for good morals, intelligence, and refinement of manners, himself being a fine specimen of what is termed "a gentleman of the old school," and was noted for his polite and gracious manners, correct and entertaining conversational powers.

ALEXANDER WADDELL.

One of the pioneers of our county from whom quite a number of our people trace their descent was Alexander Waddell. He was of Scotch-Irish descent and was among the earliest settlers in the neighborhood of Marvin Chapel. His wife was a Miss Rouss. He came from Augusta County before the Revolution, but in what year is not certainly known. He came out to examine the country, and looked over the Levels and the lands beyond Buckeye and around Sewall's Cave, and selected the place so long known as the Waddell Place, where the public road reaches the highest point on the mountain in passing from Buckeye to Millpoint. When he first explored the Levels all was mainly vacant or unclaimed, and he might have entered the greater part of it. He concluded it was too level and

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glady, and so he preferred the lands north of Millpoint where he could be high enough to keep in the dry.

Their daughter, Martha, married the late John Barlow, of Edray, mentioned elsewhere.

Elizabeth Waddell married William Sharp, near Edray.

Ann Waddell married Squire James Sharp of Beaver Creek. Each of these sons-in-law of the early pioneer are specially mentioned in this book as men of prominence in the affairs of the county.

Mary Waddell married Squire John Gillilan, near Millpoint. This large family moved to Missouri, where their numerous descendants have their prosperous homes.

Jennie Waddell married Josiah Brown, near Edray.

Miriam Waddell was married to John Thompson and moved to Ohio.

The Waddell sons were John, William, and Alexander. To give his sons a chance to have their homes near him, the venerable pioneer concluded to move to Ohio and settled near Gallipolis. These sons all died in Ohio, and their history is not much known to their friends in West Virginia.

Mr Waddell seems to have been a fervently pious person. It was his intense desire to live one hundred years, and he made this desire for longevity a matter of special prayer. He died in Ohio at the age of one hundred and two years, thus receiving a full measure and more of borrowed time. With long life God satisfied him, and showed him his salvation.

The history of his life shows he had paid good atten-

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tion to Bible reading where it is written in the thirty-fourth Psalm: "What man is he that desireth life and loveth many days that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile; depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it."

This Psalm was a great favorite with our pious pioneer people, to give them consolation in their times of danger and distress.

RICHARD HUDSON.

The Hudson family trace their ancestry to Richard Hudson, whose wife was Elizabeth Redden. They came from Augusta County early in the century, and settled in the woods on the head waters of Sitlingtons Creek, on lands now held by their grandsons, Warwick B. and John L. Hudson. This land was purchased from a Mr Armstrong. A small opening had been made by one Posten previously. Mr and Mrs Hudson were the parents of seven daughters and three sons.

Sally and Polly Hudson went to Ohio and married and settled in that State.

Keziah Hudson, of whom the writer has no definite information, more than that she was named after one of Job's daughters.

Rachel Hudson married Dysard and lived in Barbour County.

Matilda married Thomas Humphries and lived in Barbour County.

Naomi became Mrs Samuel Mathews, and lived in Randolph County. M. G. Mathews, deceased, a

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Memories of Alice Moore were written by Rex.

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!

One of my favorite amusements, as a child, was attending court. Court was held three times a year in our county, and the sessions drew an adudience that comprised most of the able bodied people for miles around. Farmers came to town in the morning, bringing their wives and children with them, and spent the day. Their buying, and selling, and trading were all a part of the incidental activities of court week. I can remember our noon dinner table during court, surrounded by countless and casual cousins from Greenbank and the Levels.

A bell in the tower of the Courthouse summoned the devotees. Everyone came. Even the dogs made a point of being present. A water spaniel, belonging to a friend of mine, answered every tolling of that bell, whether his family went or not. Whenever the Courthouse bell rang, he hurried to the Courtroom. He even attended Teacher's Institute until those meetings were moved to the High School. He finally came to be looked upon as an honored member of the Bar.

No wonder Court was an integral part of my life, and the life of my friends: Our fathers were lawyers; our uncles, clerks; and our sisters, stenographers. Our houses were grouped around the CourtHouse. We were so close to that building and the adjacent jail that our voices carried easily from one to the other Sometimes they carried too easily. An old man who had worked for us was frequently incarcerated because of his fondness for corn liquor. His cries from the jail window were audible, and usually efficacious. "Oh Lord, Oh Lock " He would wail." Come and get me out of this place." My father and the Lord were both omniscient in Bill's mind. - only my father was a more present

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We used to bet on the outcome of thetrials, and argue over our fathers' p owers. Each believed her father to be more eloquent and more persuasive than the others. Since they were often opposed, defending and prosecuting, we were at war, too. One of my good friends and I battled over a murder case for years. And this day I don't care whether the man was acquited or not, I still believe he killed his wife!

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We were all secretly desirous of being called as witnesses. Once my hopes were almost realized. A man broke into our house one night and was about to set our house on fire when my sister surprised him. When he was tried I felt certain I would at last receive the coveted summons. I was the envy of my friends. But the trial was carried on, and a conviction secured, without my assistance. I was insulted; and besides my chinchilla coat, a variety of clothe, don't misunderstand me, which had been soaked with kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

Since our town had no movies and few plays, the courtroom took the place of the theatre with us. When the curtain rose on an exciting trial we would be in our box seats, the chairs to the right of the Judge. Those were our usual places, although during one June term I sat on the open window right beside the jury box. What a week that was; I was almost on the Jury! We remained in our seats straight trhough the performance until noon recess. Then we went home to dinnr r and heard our fathers' comments on the mornings events. When the afternoon session convened we aired our fathers' opinions with the aplomb of veteran jurists. We weighed the evidence presented with infinite care and patience; and we decided the cases long before the foreman of the Jury had handed his lettle slip of paper to the clerk. The outcome of a trial held for us the same fascination that a football score holds for a modern child. These tense hours of waiting for the verdict are as real to us, even yet, as the hole in my stocking today.

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Music - and the Child

I spent my childhood and grew up in a small town. That phrase, grew up, is literally true, for when I grew I didn't fool around with inches, I grew by the yard, and finally attained a mature height which is still regarded as phenomenal; and which is not altogether unrelated to my m sical life, especially the recitals.

In that age and town no female of the species was regarded as a lady unless she had taken, or was taking, music lessons. By music lessons we meant piano lessons. The other musical instruments were sublimely disregarded. My mother, of course, was determined that my social attainments should compare favorably with my friends'. She was even ambitious for me. Once she told me that her joy would know no bounds if someday I could take cousin Grace's place at the Presbyterian Church and play for services!

The question of ability, or talent, or inclination did not enter into consideration. To the society of the town music lessons were in the same category with spelling lessons. They were a necessary part of every young girls training. To me, they were in the same class with calomel. Only, instead of taking them twice a year, I had a dose twice a week. The only time I laid a finger on the piano was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my mother mentioned the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key"

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Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in our work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all talented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up, if Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occassion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolets and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were prodeced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for their surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the sigus of it forwer occuptations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possessed of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "church" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," Twenty Cents an Hours," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our [illegible]

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Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellious at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is

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ennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at
the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting,
gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is
taken, an official vote, in a regular election, and the outcome
is always the same; -Cows are allowed to walk the streets of
Marlinton unaccompanied. The county paper carries the headline,
"Cows Win Again!"

The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take
a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the
leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow
faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising.
Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they
haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing decidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences

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A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a

party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to developments. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!

Memories of Alice Moore's were written by her.

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Music - and the Child

I spent my childhood and grew up in a small town. That phrase, grew up, is literally true, for when I grew I didn't fool around with inches, I grew by the yard, and finally attained a mature height which is still regarded as phenomenal; and which is not altogether unrelated to my m sical life, especially the recitals.

In that age and town no female of the species was regarded as a lady unless she had taken, or was taking, music lessons. By music lessons we meant piano lessons. The other musical instruments were sublimely disregarded. My mother, of course, was determined that my social attainments should compare favorably with my friends'. She was even ambitious for me. Once she told me that her joy would know no bounds if someday I could take cousin Grace's place at the Presbyterian Church and play for services!

The question of ability, or talent, or inclination did not enter into consideration. To the society of the town music lessons were in the same category with spelling lessons. They were a necessary part of every young girls training. To me, they were in the same class with calomel. Only, instead of taking them twice a year, I had a dose twice a week. The only time I laid a finger on the piano was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my mother mentioned the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key"

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Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in oru work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all talented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up, if Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occassion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolets and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were prodeced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for their surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the sigus of it forwer occuptations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possessed of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "church" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," Twenty Cents an Hours," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our [illegible]

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Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellious at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is

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neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is taken, an official vote, in a regular election, and the outcome is always the same; -Cows are allowed to walk the streets of Marlinton unaccompanied. The county paper carries the headline, "Cows Win Again!"

The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising. Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing dedidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences

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A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a

party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to developments. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!

PART V

HISTORICAL DIVISION

PLAIN TALES OF MOUNTAIN TRAILS

I. The Midland Trail

II. The Seneca Trail

By ANDREW PRICE

President West Virginia Historical Society

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1928

THE WEST VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the session of 1925, the Legislature passed a bill forming the "West Virginia Historical Society," making it a corporation and body politic. The bill was known as Senate Bill No. 376. It was introduced by Hon. Dennis M. Willis, a Senator from the Eeleventh District, and was enacted into law the 24th of April, going into effect ninety days from its passage.

The act as it appears in the Acts of 1925, beginning on page 254, is as follows:

AN ACT to incorporate the trustees of scenic and historic places and objects in West Virginia; preserve and publish history of West Virginia; and to provide for and keep certain property of the state.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of West Virginia:

That there be created an organization to preserve and keep the natural scenery and historic places and objects of the state, and to preserve and publish the history of West Virginia.

Section 1. The governor shall appoint a body of fifty-five persons, each one of whom shall have been identified in some manner in the preservation of history in this state, to be selected for an indefinite term, and so that each county of the state shall have one member, to constitute a body politic and corporate under the name of the West Virginia Historical Society, which shall have the power to purchase out of money in any manner coming into its hands, receive, and hold by grant, devise, bequest, or otherwise in trust or in perpetuity, real and personal estate for the use of said corporation of a value not to exceed one million dollars. It shall also have the power to publish and preserve the written history of the state.

Section 2. Said society shall in its discretion make recommendations to counties and other municipalities as to the preservation and control of scenic and historic spots, especially as to marking such spots along the highways of the state.

Section 3. Such society shall have the power to purchase out of money in any manner coming into its hands, receive, or in any lawful manner acquire historic objects, memorable, or picturesque places in fee, or in trust, and to preserve and improve the same; *provided, however,* that admission to the public shall always be free unless otherwise expressly provided for by some subsequent act of the legislature.

Section 4. No member of such society shall have any interest in any contract in which money is to be expended by said society. Such society shall have no capital stock. It shall have no power to sell, mortgage, give away, or encumber its property.

Section 5. The officers shall consist of a president, a vice-president, six directors, and a secretary-treasurer, who shall be elected annually and hold office until their successors are chosen. No salary shall be paid to any officer or member except to the secretary-treasurer, and to him only when specifically appropriated by the legislature.

Section 6. Such society shall make reports from time to time to the legislature.

Section 7. Nothing in this act shall in anywise affect the department or bureau of archives and history or the property under its supervision and control.

Section 8. Vacancies occurring in the list of said society by death, resignation, removal from the state or otherwise, shall be filled by the governor.

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BRAXTON—John D. Sutton, Sutton.
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CABELL—Boyd Jarrell, Huntington.
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CLAY—E. G. Pierson, Clay.
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RALEIGH—Mrs. W. H. Rardin, Beckley.
RANDOLPH—Claude W. Maxwell, Elkins.
RITCHIE—J. A. Wooddell, Pennsboro.
ROANE—W. H. Bishop, Spencer.
SUMMERS—Mrs. Princess Turner King, 805 N. Boulevard, Richmond, Va.
TAYLOR—Harry Kunst, Grafton.
TUCKER—Mrs. W. F. Lipscomb, Parsons.
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PART I

THE MIDLAND TRAIL

The Midland trail runs east and west, from the paw-paw to the pine,
The skyblue track on hill and dale—look at it loop and twine.
It follows the path of the minute men of the deadly flintlock gun,
The march that took them thirty days, you can make it in less than one.
They found it a howling wilderness, you whirl through a smiling land,
Where Crook fed his horses the standing crop, they greet you with waving hand.
Towns, woods, and field, by day and night, at dusk or in the dawn,
The eager car reels off the miles with the speed of a startled fawn.
So it is up and away, on the Height of Land, like the blue dust devils go—
The Sedan flees like an antlered buck, and the Ford like a barren doe!
Detour!

PREFACE

The Midland Trail has been a potent factor in the history of the United States. The geologist tells us that this is the oldest part of the nation since the continent rose from its last submergence. This great highway traverses this great peneplain and presents to the traveler the richest field on earth for the collector of the evidences of the upbuilding of the earth as shown by historical geology.

Here the New River breaks through the whole Appalachian range. Over this line of travel, General Andrew Lewis took his army and struck the first blow for the independence of the colonies. Here was the struggle which in the opening days of the Civil War determined the result of that appeal to arms.

When this highway was completed it was deemed proper for those who practiced the art of writing to turn to its inspiring history and to endeavor to make others feel the emotion that moved them. But we are a poor inarticulate race at the best and the efforts have not resulted in material worthy of the subject. That will have to come later. Some day a great singer will sing the song of the paw-paw and the pine.

The subject is inexhaustible. Every foot of the road furnishes a subject for a chapter. The following articles will be found to be in that strained condition that results when a poor orator has to keep one eye on his subject and the other on his reader.

ANDREW PRICE.

Marlinton, W. Va.

CHAPTER I

The Midland Trail over which Westward the Course of Empire took its way.

The Midland Trail is a restless place. It is a good deal like another trail in the north called Broadway, where people hurry to and fro. It is road number 3 cutting the State into two parts, after the manner New-Kanawha River first overcame the mountain barrier. Later on the Indians marked a trail, and perhaps the Kentucky buffalo made a trip through the rugged mountains to use the grass lands of the Valley of Virginia. Then the white men made a road called the James River & Kanawha Turnpike. Then the Virginians made the noble project of building a canal across the mountains, and they would have done so, too, but for the fact that the modern invention of the steam railway decreased the economic necessity of a water way from east to west. Then the C. & O. Railway crept across the divide and took away the dividends of the stage companies and the old pike fell into disuse except for local purposes. The pike had tackled mountains on the proved proposition that a straight line is the nearest way between two points. But the railroad had its limitations and it sought the grades along the stream. The railroad fixed the status of the State, for it came at a time when the natural resources of the State, especially its coal, were needed for the upbuilding of the Nation, and great cities like Huntington and Charleston and many other fine municipalities sprang up and flourished.

Then came the day of the new kind of wheel and the world commenced to sit on rubber pneumatic cushions and sew a finer seam, and then the old trail came back.

It appears that the commission was empowered to build roads and to give these roads names. The commission found it more convenient to give them numbers to begin with, but the more important highways began to get names, and the Midland Trail was the name that was placed on the old stage road, when it was broadened and surfaced and completed over mountain, hill, and dale.

It seems to me that I have always intended to travel this pike and see the wonders that the Lord hath made, but it was not until the year of grace, 1926, when I got a roving commission to go from county to county and talk to the hard-boiled professionals that go to make up the Institutes held during the summer time of the year that I had an opportunity to travel the road, and I cannot say that I saw everything that was to be seen, for I had to do the driving and the word has been passed around that he who drives the Midland Trail must keep his eye on the road every moment of the time. So the driver gets but fleeting glances.

It is about a hundred and eighty miles across the State of West Virginia by this highway, and about a hundred miles of it lies over the highlands through a rarefied atmosphere that is very grateful in the summer time, and the week I made the pilgrimage was said to have been unusually hot for any place or time. I know that I have never suffered

from heat as I did at that time when I violated the rule to keep well above the two thousand foot contour line during the warm months.

The Seneca Trail will give even a better respite from the summer heat to the restless horde for it will afford a journey through the State of one hundred and ninety-eight miles, all of it well above the point of suffocation. These two trails will cross at Lewisburg, and the time will come when to even a greater extent than now the lowlanders will come to the uplands when the dog star rages and run their cars around in circles with glad cries.

The lowlanders have good winter climates, but we have the world beat on the upper levels in the summer time.

As most everybody else has taken a shot at the Midland Trail, I felt that I ought to be allowed to set down some of my observations.

I have read most of these rhapsodies about the Midland Trail, but they do not begin to bring home the realization of the pure delight that the presence of the woods, fields and streams bring to you.

The longer I live and the more I think about it, the more I am convinced that West Virginia, the odd State, is a magic world of its own not like any other part of the world, and I believe that I have discovered the secret hid in its mountains. In every age and in every time since history has been kept, there have been serious thinkers who tried to read the riddle of the lost island of Atlantis, or as it has been called the Islands of the Blest.

All historians sooner or later acknowledge that the only really ancient records are the stones and the record kept in the markings on the rock. Millions of years ago a drop of rain falling on a surface prepared to record it, now shows where it fell when the stone is brought in for the pile.

And so I will now drag in geology by the hair of her head and tell you something that has not been advanced before and that is that West Virginia is Atlantis. You remember the story of the man in the book. He had plenty of money and no work to do, and he devoted some years of his life to discover a specimen of that rare bird known as a man-about-town. Finally he himself got his name in the papers by reason of having got run over by a street car, and there it was stated that he was a man-about-town. All that he needed in his search was the thought to glance in a looking-glass. So it is with you West Virginians who have given the identity of Atlantis a second thought. All you needed to know about Atlantis, was to look out of the window and you would have seen the wonder land.

Let us reason together. Let us bring to the hearing pure minds, clear consciences, understanding hearts, and retentive memories, fully prepared to claim everything that will redound to the honor and glory of West Virginia.

It is written in the rock and expounded by the geologist, that once upon a time, all of the Western Hemisphere was a sea except that rising from that gray and melancholy waste was an emerald isle whose boundaries were nearly that of West Virginia of today. It was in the carboniferous age, and there was a luxuriant growth of vegetation such as is not known today. Club moss, now perhaps three inches high, grew as

tall as hemlock trees, and other things in proportion, and the great coal deposits were formed and hid away for a future time and occasion. After some millions of years, this wonderful land was changed by the action of water. At first it was a great mass of rock, but in time erosion had reduced it to a base level called a peneplain, by which is meant a plain. It was tilted and sloped to the northwest, and on close inspection it was seamed and fissured with valleys through which the water ran to the sea. At a great height it would look like a level plain, but to those who dwelt upon its surface it seemed to be rugged and mountainous and anything but a plain. But the geologist is not deceived. He knows that it is the remnant of a great rock that once towered forty or fifty thousand feet above the surface of the water, and which has weathered down to its present form, still a plain but somewhat eroded.

This is the reason that you can look in the bottom of great valleys like that of the New River and the Elk River and other rivers and see rock stratas as level as the floor on the water line and then lift your eyes and see a thousand or more feet above you the crest of a mountain, and you know that it was wholly formed, cut out, and shaped by little drops of water. Time amounts to nothing with a mountain. After the lapse of some hundred million of years—to use that as a convenient round number—the mountain isle was ready to receive and support human life of divine origin. And that it when the supermen of Atlantis came into being.

The tradition is that the commonwealth of Atlantis was the most powerful and the best governed of any country under the sun. The men were the strongest, and the women the most beautiful. Its climate was equable. Its lands rich. Its waters the most pure. Its grass the greenest. In fact, it was a blue grass country. Sailing from its shores, the men of Atlantis conquered the world, save only and excepting Athens, whose men were left to tell the tale. Everything that was desirable was to be found in Atlantis, and it was the dream of the down-trodden European to sail away to the Islands of the Blest.

Sometime when I have more time, I will go into the details concerning Atlantis, to a fuller extent, but for the present, suffice it to say, that if you would cut away the later geological upheavals to the north, east, south, and west, of the Mountain State, that you would restore Atlantis, which as every one knew in those days of the dim red dawn of man, lay west of the Pillars of Hercules, which is now called Gibraltar.

The report that Atlantis had been sunk beneath the sea was not correct. What really happened was that on every side the earth trembled, and the continent of North America rose all around about it, and the ensuing heat, confusion, and torrential rain wholly destroyed the citizens of Atlantis, and it waited for another day and time, when Europeans would turn longing eyes to the west. There is no wonder that it could not be found when the ships were built that could traverse the Atlantic Ocean. Atlantis was hundreds of miles inland.

Sometime when we have time, it would be a delightful task to trace the limits of the acreage formed by erosion, as distinguished by that formed by sediment and that formed by folded strata. Then it is that we will know the limits of Atlantis famed in song and story.

And there is no better place to see Atlantis than along the Midland Trail. The valley of the high steep sides has the right to be called the New River canyon. There is just room for the river and the railroad in the bottom, and the highway occupies a terrifying height above the awful gorge. A top of a cliff known as Hawk's Nest, is a frightful place. A walk of about two hundred feet brings you to the brink of one of the most awful precipices in the world. Not a sign of a railing or support. Keep away from the edge.

The drop is something over a thousand feet. It is almost perpendicular. It takes a good thrower to send a stone into the waters of the New River, but that seems unbelievable to those who stand on the little platform on the brink large enough to afford standing room to about six persons. A person standing there is fully convinced that he could leap into the river.

In 1812, Chief Justice John Marshall, one of the State commissioners, came to this rock, and stood upon it, and had accurate measurements made of it. At that time, in honor of the visit of the chief justice, and the interest that he took in the place, the citizens of Kanawha County changed the name from Hawk's Nest to Marshall's Pillar, but the name did not take. One hears only of Hawk's Nest.

Something over a hundred years ago a traveler from a foreign country was traveling east on the stage coach. He arrived at Kanawha Falls at midnight, where a stop of three hours was scheduled at the inn, which by the way is still standing, an immense brick mansion, the property of Mrs. C. W. Osenton. The traveler clambered out over the rock to see the falls by the light of a fading moon. Here it was that Batts and Fallam took formal possession of the Mississippi Valley for King Charles II, of England, in 1671.

The passengers were roused at three in the morning to resume their journey and the road climbed Gauley Mountain, a continuation of the Cumberland Mountains. It is ten or eleven miles to Hawk's Nest as I recall it. The stage coach made it in four hours according to this account. Approaching the spot of great reputed beauty, they pledged the coachman to stop, and from the top of the cliff on which then stood an ancient pine, the traveler seems to have gotten quite a kick.

He wondered if it were possible to gain access to the level of the river, for it looked like he might find some peace there. As far as he could tell it had never been trodden by the foot of man. That is changed now. The railroad town of Hawk's Nest is there and trains de luxe go roaring through by day and by night, and I am here to tell to the cockeyed world that I much prefer to look up at Hawk's Nest the pillar than to look down at Hawk's Nest the town.

There is little doubt that the pioneer left the bottom of the New River gorge alone. The engineers sent out from Richmond to go through the gorge at Hawk's Nest to observe its possibilities were strictly enjoined to employ one particular man who was fond of roving through it on hunting and fishing expeditions. This man refused to go because he was preparing to plant corn. Instructions then became peremptory to get him no matter at what cost. They were prepared to pay him a thousand dollars. The only contract that he would make was that he should have

the setting of the sum and he would not name it until he knew how long they would be getting through. It was so agreed and the party spent four days in the gorge, and the farmer, solely on account of having to hire hands to plant corn, demanded six dollars for the trip.

My observation is that outside of the garages and the drug stores and the hot dog stands, that tourists are not particularly welcome to the hard-working populace that inhabit the Midland Trail. In vain do the thinkers cry out to the people, "Make much of the tourist!" The citizen does not encourage conversation. At least those I tried to interest were polite but distant. I think they are fed up on strange faces. It was the hottest weather ever known outside of Hades, and it seemed to me that I was begging water with my hat in my hand all the time. And it was forthcoming, but it seemed to give no pleasure to the gracious giver. I tried tipping for water and that did not work, for I suppose that while they would like to have the money, it would not do to have it said that water was not free. It was in the dry season, and this condition will not prevail except in such a year as that and then only for a few days. I think I saw thousands of little children of school age carrying pails of water from distant springs. But I think the drought ended the day I came through on my way back, and paradise no doubt has resumed her sway in the delectable mountains.

I am glad I made that trip clear to the Ohio River on the Midland Trail, for if a gentleman can guide a car that distance over that road, meeting a car every few moments and being overhauled and passed by all kinds of craft—I say that if he can do that and still preserve his Christian integrity and the sunshine in his soul, then he ought to be able to drive on that other Broadway that follows the old calf path through New York City.

I observed a curious thing. After coming out of Charleston there came a lull in the proceedings in that while I met about thirty cars a minute, I was not overhauled for a couple of minutes. I went tooling along at a fast trot and came up to a car that was making about five miles an hour and I fell in behind it and on we went for some minutes at a fast walk. If it had not been for one thing I would have tried to pass, but so far I have not passed a single moving pleasure car. I have passed tractors and trucks, but so far each and every driver is fast enough for me. I saw the driver turn and look at me several times, and he was about fifty years old and had the eye of an eagle and the whimsical face of a kidder.

Presently other cars drew up and one of them gave a polite "Toot," which meant "damye, get over and slow down and let me by." He went by me and was going on by the front man, when that car picked up speed and kept ahead. Every now and then the speeding car would say "Toot!" Then it got to saying "Toot?" and then it ceased all sound. By and by, some twenty or thirty cars got by me and fell into line behind the two leaders, and then I got to speeding up for I wanted to see how it all came out. And another car came up. A many-colored roadster driven by a male about eighteen years old accompanied by two females still younger . With a polite salute and with a wide sweep on the margin of the road he went by me, and when he found what was up, he gave one

fell whoop and charged into the pile and by the time he had got to the head of the column he had broken the race all up. He picked them up and flung them behind one by one, for youth will be served. I have no doubt that the youngster got safely to the end of his journey in a short time and sat down to loaf.

These crowded roads are not so comfortable as they seem though the country has many millions of drivers who are far more resourceful and expert than the old time locomotive driver who was regarded with so much awe. All he could do was to keep to the rails. The common ordinary family driver, man, woman and child, must be prepared to drive a car through the eye of a needle and never scratch the paint.

I saw one aggregation of human beings and the perils of the crowded road. I came to a railroad crossing. I saw the first sign. The highway paralleled the track and crossed diagonally. Between me and the crossing was a Ford, then a boy on a bicycle, and my car. A street car whistled for the crossing. I was well to the right of the white line. The Ford in front slipped across ahead of the street car. The boy on the bicycle slowed so he barely moved, and I was barely moving well behind him. Just then a car banged into my running board, so that it was badly bended down and cost seventy-five cents to get it fixed. I never knew who hit me for the traffic flowed on in a stream for a few minutes. A dozen or more cars went by. As soon as I got across the track I stopped to see what damage had been done. A couple of walkers then came to me full of indignation. "Did you get his number?" Never had identified the car. Then the men told me what had happened. Most of us had lined up as I was giving the street car the ten seconds it needed, but one man had left the line to pass so that he could graze the tail end of the street car and get to his loafing place without delay. He passed successfully until he came to a point opposite my car. There he encountered the two pedestrians walking towards him on their right-hand side of the road, and as they refused to give in, the car driver had turned violently to the right and landed against me. The walkers were in workingmen's clothes. It was about six in the evening, and I bet they belonged to the union and stood upon their rights. Envying the lamb in the large place, I grinned and went on. There was a combination of a street car, a boy on a bicycle, a lot of motorcars, and a couple of walkers, on a busy highway at a railway crossing. I am more than ever convinced that in emergencies that if every mother's son of them will stop and freeze that nothing can happen.

Even though a tourist may be unwelcome to a man with a house by the road, I came back from a swing around in nine counties more than ever convinced that West Virginia is the show place of the world. I am tired of that Switzerland business. Switzerland is not worthy to hold a candle to Atlantis.

And when I come to think about it, I, too, live by the road and thousands go skyhooting along, and maybe they think that we are cold. Well, it is a fact, that they are on a lark, and I am at home grubbing along. I have got a notion to put up a sign "This is a friendly house. Call for water or anything else you need. Talk your blamed head off if you want to."

CHAPTER II

Nine Miles Lost, but it was Nine Miles off the Top of the World. Dunmore's War. Camp 12 was Charlestown, now Charleston.

South by sou'west and all sail set, and a wet seat and a wandering foot, and ho for the Midland Trail! That is the country where I am going to take my pleasure pretty soon. I had known about that kind of a country for a long time. In the days when I took to the woods, I always went to the west. In that direction lay trout, and deer, and blackberries. No snakes in Erose, at least no pizen snakes. The only time that I remember having chosen the east side of Greenbrier River as a place to camp, and having picked out a smooth place underneath some overhanging trees, a rattlesnake lifted up his head and shook his castanets at us, and we camped on the west side of the river after that sinister welcome.

Many is the month that I have roamed through the rich lands to the west and slept on the ground. Strange as it may seem, I do not count that time as lost. It now appears that it was the most sensible of the things that I did. I got to know that country of great mountains and forested valleys. I have seen from the high peaks, the dawn come up like thunder. I have heard the roar of the rivers. I have been in the shadow of the great trees. And then the time came when fate put the harness on me and I had to go to work, and I neglected the wilderness. And the timber men came to give the mountains a hair cut and messed things up considerably. But the memory of those woods was clear and the thought of the peace there has soothed me to sleep thousands of times.

The other day I had occasion to go to the southwestern part of the State and we went forth in the Ford car, and in that way we found the Midland Trail, and for something like seventy-five miles I saw the land of my dreams from the sure foundation of a boulevard. So I want to go back and take my time and jog through the country that lies between Lewisburg and the mouth of Gauley River, for that is the kind of a country that I delighted to frequent in the dear dead days now gone beyond recall.

But I must get down to my knitting and stop trying to do fine writing like a lady. I have been trying to explain the geological formation of these endless mountains, and I cannot get the stuff verified by the scientists. The trouble about them is that they lack the vision to see the land as it once was. A peneplain is to them a peneplain and it is nothing more. They cannot see the part that has disappeared, and if they could they would not dare to talk about it, for they are materialists of the most pronounced type. One of the greatest of all geologists, Dr. I. C. White, gave me the clue once when I heard him make the assertion that nearly all the mountains of West Virginia were formed by erosion. And starting from that accepted truth, I was able to build my mountains in the air. I got one other cold fact. The table lands in these parts once rose fifty thousand feet into the air. That is from a book. Starting from this true premise, I am going to make another effort to get my vision to you after the manner of the inarticulate.

A million years is but a moment in the sight of a geologist, and yet he cannot afford to have any imagination. I can wander in the realms of fancy.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and said let the dry land appear. Then where we now sit, surrounded by all that endears and embellishes civilized life, on the third day, there arose a great level of an oblong shape, with a flat top, ten miles above the surface of the water, slightly tilted to the northwest. That was the beginning of the western hemisphere. And the Lord said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, and that was still accomplished in the third day.

In pursuance of this command, the great flat rock began to weather down and in course of time it had lost nine miles of solids in height, and the irregular wearing away by the winds and the water had left an erosed surface consisting of mountains, hills, valleys, and plains, the whole constituting a peneplain, by which is meant a land surface reduced by erosion almost to base level, so that most of it is nearly plain. For instance you think of Elk Mountain as a great mountain, when in fact it is but a bump on the plain. And we think that we are above highwater mark and safe from the waves of the sea. Just remember that out of the ten miles that we once had that we have left less than a mile to go upon. We are down to the last mile and going fast, geologically speaking. We are nearing base level.

The washings from this great plateau formed the Mississippi Valley to a great extent. Nearly all of the fertile part. That is what the State of Mississippi owes to the State of West Virginia. Let them look to the hills from whence cometh their help.

As the great rock wore down the long water courses flowed to the west and on the east the slope was precipitate and plunged to the sea, and the surf beat upon a narrow beach just about where the Greenbrier flows today. You can go along a well defined and curving line and pick up coral and shell shapes today.

And this was the end of the fourth day. And then in the fifth period there came some animal life into the world but it was confined to the waters, with the exception, that certain aquatic forms could fly over the land and return to the waters, and that is the reason that fish, birds and reptiles are the oldest form of animal life. And on the sixth day the land animals were made, and then the earth was ready for man who was t have dominion over the creatures. That is the history of creation, especially that part of it where we live.

We do not have everything here for we have been saved from great convulsions and from volcanic fires. The muck heap to the west became the great valley, and to the east the sea pushed away several hundred miles by some bastions that were thrown up by the folding of the crust of the earth, so that instead of the bullering of the surf, we hear the murmuring of the brook.

So the Midland Trail affords a most convenient way to view the oldest part of creation.

And by the way the more I think about it, the more I am convinced that if we had more poetical geologists, that we would get a better picture of the earth as it was at the beginning.

Geologists are inclined to be too matter of fact. They rely too much upon the printed word. They are too much like the ancient witness. In Morgantown, on the banks of the Monongahela River, at the courthouse years ago they were examining an old lady who was to prove an event that happened almost beyond the memory of man. She said that she did not know what year she was born. She did not know how old she was. Then the lawyer asked her if she could not fix her age by some event that had occurred in her early childhood, for example her first visit to Morgantown. Her answer was: "I could not pretend to give my age but I am very certain that when I was a little girl and first visited Morgantown there was no river there."

That is my idea of a geologist. A person whose field work is crippled by imperfect recollections of textbooks. It is getting to be about time for a new deal. Time to burn all the geological works except the first chapter of Genesis, and to let men of the radiant radio age give us their ideas of creation and the meaning of the markings on the rocks.

But at this rate, I am going to be quite a long time getting to the Midland Trail. Midland Trail is road 3, to be succinct. The crossroads are at Lewisburg. The Midland Trail is an east and west road. The north and south road had no individual number but you cannot keep a good road down so it just growed, and to give it entity they called it the Seneca Trail. In the confusion of the christening in the first instance, it should have been road number four, but that fell to a road that runs through the central part of the State, the great road in Braxton County.

Every since the Seneca Trail has been growing like a green bay tree, road four has been in trouble. We hold that is one of the reasons that the tribes that live on Road 4 will not let a Senator come from the Seneca country.

My home is forty-two miles north of the Midland Trail and we have to win our way over Droop Mountain and Spring Creek Mountain, and through the red McCready shale of the Little Levels, and Renicks Valley, and the Big Levels to get to the Midland Trail. If we could follow the bank of the Greenbrier River down to the Midland Trail, it would not be so bad, but we have to go over the uplands where the people live to get there.

I went down one day to add to the confusion that exists in the mind of the educated, and talked to the Institute of Greenbrier County. I thought we might be able to do something about New England having stolen all the credit that belongs to Greenbrier County as the birthplace of American independence. We did not get it fully accomplished, but I hope that we got something started.

After the lecture, and before I had come out from under the hypnosis superinduced by an effort to speak in public, a young lady professor from Frankford asked me how I secured my facts that I used in my writings about this part of the country. I was not at all clear with her, I am sure, and being a writer, rather than a speaker, I want to set down a few matters here in that connection. I am credulous by nature and am

willing to believe. I think we can sense the truth. I know women can. Do not ask me how I know that. And I go so far as to say, that if a community has no historical matters, that it is the duty of the local historian to supply them. But it is all bosh to say that a community has no history. There is material for many books in the history of every cross-roads. And I would rather be asked about specific statements anyway, for I will be only too glad to furnish detailed information as to my authority. That is one of the important things about putting your assertions in print. It is scanned by thousands, and if it stands the pitiless publicity without contradiction, it is almost established itself. Look at that statement about the burial of Washington Neff, the soldier. I had him buried on the right creek but in the wrong field, and full and complete facts were forthcoming at once from every point of the compass to set the record right.

The lady asked me about Fort Stuart or Stewart. They say that Col. Stuart signed his name both ways. Frankford lies between here and the Midland Trail in the Big Levels. It is a town first settled by Col. John Stuart in 1769, and it is the only large town that I can recall that does not have as much as a spring branch to give it the name of a ford. Ford is an Anglo-Saxon word and until the other day had but one meaning and that was where a stream can be crossed by wading. Lately it also means a pleasure carriage.

So I take it, that the name has suffered somewhat in transmission for it was a fort, and not a ford. So that is one way that a historian reasons aloud, and whether it is sound or not is for the reader to say.

The question is whether Fort Stuart was on the other side of Lewisburg or whether it was the Stuart place at Frankford. Lately I have been giving it as my opinion that it was not Frankford. Col. John Stuart had a fort at Frankford but the name of that fort was Fort Spring, a name that is given to a town in another part of Greenbrier County.

It is very hard to get documentary evidence of those days on the Western Waters. On the 2nd day of September, 1774, Col. William Fleming was in camp at the big spring at Lewisburg. He set down in his journal that day the following words: "We were alarmed by a report that Stewarts Fort, four miles from camp, was attacked by Indians."

On the first day of August, 1774, Gen. James Robertson wrote to Col. William Preston, that he had just received flying news that the Indians had shot one of Arbuckle's sentries on Muddy Creek; that John Stewart had a company in the levels of Greenbrier, "not more than six miles from Arbuckle's fort." I do not know this Midland Trail country so well, but it appears to me from my local knowledge of Muddy Creek, which is the stream that comes into the Greenbrier River near Alderson, that Stuart's Fort as depended upon by the community in 1774 was south of the Midland Trail and not at Frankford, ten miles north of the Midland Trail and much further than that from Muddy Creek.

There it is for you. That is the evidence that is convenient. We know that in 1774 there was no fort at Lewisburg. The place was chosen for the assembling of the first army to resist the power and orders of the British king in regard to settlements west of the Allegheny Mountain.

Stewart's Fort must have been the nearest fort to the big spring. The evidence that I have used in this article as to the record in the handwriting of Fleming and Robertson was gathered by the Wisconsin Historical Society which was the first to collect the old letters and journals preserved in these mountains, and which are in that western State. Wisconsin has done more to preserve our history than we have ourselves. That record refers to Frankford and as Frankfort. Their books can be consulted, and for a very reasonable sum they will send photo copies of any of the old manuscripts that they hold. The index to their manuscripts makes a large volume in itself.

Before the snow flies, I hope to have time to go to the Midland Trail and loiter along it and make a complete and satisfactory study of the way the army marched in 1774, in the current of the Revolution.

Col. Fleming, commanding the Botetourt militia, left Lewisburg on the Midland Trail, September 12, 1774, and marched seven miles crossing Muddy Creek Mountain. By constant marching his command reached the mouth of Elk River at Charleston on the evening of the 23rd day of September, having spent twelve days on the march. Here the army halted for something like a week to get canoes made. Then they marched and floated down the river to the mouth of Coal River, to a camp.

I followed him to that point, but I noticed some changes. From the camp that he calls Camp 12, to the mouth of Coal River, I found a great city, and for something like fourteen or fifteen miles, I was driving through a town. Here is a significant thing. That Camp 12 was somewhere in the upper part of Charleston, above the State House, and the countersign for the day for that camp was "Charlestown." This antedated by some years the establishment of Fort Clendenin, by George Clendenin, and Charleston was named in honor of his father, Charles Clendenin. Yet we find that the parole word for that first encampment of Americans to be "Charlestown," which was the original name given the present city. At Elk River the work was "Dunkirk." At Coal River the word was "Burke." At Point Pleasant the first day, the word was "York," second day "Cork," third day "Gooch," fourth day "Richmond." And the fifth day they got into a fight before a word could be given out.

At the mouth of Coal River, the ancient and honorable city of St. Albans, the Midland Trail swings over a mountain and keeps to the left, while the pioneer army kept on down the river towards the Point. I was not prepared to leave the line of march so I turned on down the river and followed it some twelve or fifteen miles on a broad road that leads to Winfield, the county seat of Putnam, on the banks of the Great Kanawha, where the steamboats stop. The courthouse has a bell that was salvaged from a great steamer that blew up at this point.

I had a most delightful day at Winfield concerning which I hope to write at some future time. It is a small town, with so much strength in stores, hotels, newspapers, lawyers, banks, and schools that it seems to be over-engined for its beam, but that is because it is the county seat of a great county.

I had seen about the fishing in 1774 in the army records and I made inquiry of the barber of Winfield while he was trying to make me look like an old basin freshly scoured, he knew about fishing. It is different

there from the kind I was used to, where the fish are jumping crazy for the fly or bait. It is still water and when a fisherman overcomes a big catfish they butcher it and put the choice cuts on the market and retail it out at from twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents a pound. There is a recollection of one big one that weighed eighty-two pounds gross that was peddled out to the public.

There was another case of an eighty-pound catfish. In this case the fish had taken refuge in a big hollow sunken log and it had grown so big that it could not get out of its retreat. So the log was hauled out and split open and the fish extracted.

I asked the barber if there were any notable fishes frequenting that part of the river which had not been taken. He said there certainly was one, and he had seen it. When it came to the top of the water that it made as much commotion as a horse. It could not be taken with a line. It went around trailing fishing lines from its mouth. They called it "Old Ruffner." And the taking of Old Ruffner is the thing that those boys have to look forward to.

CHAPTER III

Dunmore's Army on the Midland Trail. The Surveying Parties of 1774. The Dunmore Campaign the Beginning of the Revolution.

A lady in Point Pleasant said to me that she would like me to give some authority for calling the battle of Point Pleasant the first battle of the Revolution. She had a son who lived in Washington and it seems that when he advanced that claim, the people laughed. The New England bodyguard would see to that. It has always been plain to me that the Revolution began at Lewisburg and ended at Yorktown. Began in Virginia and ended in Virginia, but great is the power of the printed word, and New England claims the beginning of the Revolution to be the battles of Lexington and Concord in April, 1775. Ridpath refers to Patrick Henry and his speech in 1765 in the House of Burgesses in Virginia in which he declared for liberty or death as the effort of an "uneducated mountaineer of Louisa County."

Roosevelt's construction is the true one. He was more than a historian. He was a history maker himself. But he is second to none as an interpreter of history. In his "Winning of the West," Part I, chapter two, "In the Current of the Revolution," he said:

"Lord Dunmore's War waged by Americans for the good of America, was the opening act in the drama whereof the closing scene was played at Yorktown. It made possible the twofold character of the Revolutionary War, wherein on the one hand the Americans won by conquest and colonization new lands for their children, and on the other wrought out their national independence of the British king."

If a West Virginian desires further verification he is hard to please.

Roosevelt cannot be charged with sectional influence. He was a citizen born and bred north of forty-one, and was not moved by sectional prejudice or pride. Surely any fair-minded man will accept his value of the worth of the efforts of the mountaineers in asserting their rights in defense of their homes.

Dunmore's army at Fort Gower, November 5, 1774, declared by written resolution:

"The love of Liberty, and attachment to the real interests and just rights of America outweigh every other consideration."

"We resolve that we will exert every power within us for the defense of American liberty, and for the support of her just rights and privileges."

Those were the declarations of men under arms at the end of a successful campaign and antedated the formal declaration of independence that was to follow nearly two years later.

Revolution implies the overthrow of one government and the substitution of another by the governed. Rebellion is the open, organized, and armed resistance to constituted authority. As a revolution the revolt was on the part of the thirteen colonies of the British empire, and did not involve the whole empire. Therefore it might be said that when the movement succeeds that it is a revolution, and that when it fails it is a rebellion.

The point I wish to make is that when the colonies revolted and acted independently of Great Britain, that they asserted themselves as Americans, and when they were engaged in establishing their rights by the force of arms, that all who opposed them were enemies, whether they were British soldiers, Hessian troops, Indian warriors, or Tories. It must be remembered that some of the greatest battles were fought against Americans, as in the case of Kings Mountain, where so many Tories lived.

In the case of the war of 1774, every citizen on the Western Waters held his homestead in defiance of the king's proclamation to vacate. This was passive defiance. When these citizens formed an army and fought a war that was an overt act against the constituted authority of Great Britain, as construed in London, and in a great measure at Williamsburg.

Virginia was having an unhappy time. The loyalists were so strong that it forced all to declare for the king, and the distinction was made as to king's ministers. It took a couple of years to bring the temper of the people to the point of issuing the declaration of independence.

In regard to the proclamation of the king in 1763, to prevent additional immigration to the west, and to require those who had settled on the Western Waters to return, that applied to Virginia and Pennsylvania particularly. In Pennsylvania, that colony approved the king's order and forcibly removed the settlers from the Indian land. Virginia did not attempt that. But the House of Burgesses took the middle course of refusing to authorize or appropriate for the war of 1774. As far as I can learn, there was not a dollar of public money to back the campaign, and though after its wonderful success, commissioners were appointed to list the soldiers and fix their rewards, I find no record of any appropriation for them.

When Dunmore stepped in and prevented the plunder of the rich Indian towns in Ohio, then the minute men were about to turn on him,

and it afterwards appeared that they did lose there the only chance that they had of reimbursing themselves for their time and expense. But it was part of the Providence that watched over the destinies of America, that the soldiers did not help themselves to the riches of the Indians, though great quantities of spoil from the paleface cabins had been carried into those towns the preceding summer. Think of the emotions of a mountaineer who identified his favorite horse or his rifle gun in the hands of an Indian, and not being able to replevin them.

It was my intention on taking up this subject to compare the moving causes of the Revolution. I cannot help but feel that the land laws of Virginia had more to do with the spirit of revolt than even the stamp tax or the tea tax.

It is well known that sandy and desolate lands of the Atlantic seaboard caused the land that comprised the thirteen colonies to be ignored by the European nations for more than a hundred years. Vessels would be put into Chesapeake Bay and seeing a country not much better than the Sahara Desert would leave for the rich lands of Central and South America. England was slow to act upon the discoveries of Columbus, and when she did act, about all that was left was that uninviting country along the seaboard lying between 34 degrees and 48 degrees north, and England had a most difficult undertaking to get settlements started at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. But when it was found out that the land as it extended inward became much better, the country settled up very fast.

The Blue Ridge Mountains were fixed as the western line for a long time, but after a hundred years or more, Fairfax and Borden succeeded in making a foothold in the Valley of Virginia, and in 1722, the Great Men of the Five Nations at Albany ratified a treaty fixing the Great Ridge, the Allegheny Mountains, as the partition line between the land of the palefaces and the lands of the red men, and after that the settlement of the Valley of Virginia and all of the waters of the Potomac River was rapid, and the settlers came largely from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, for the land was the best in the world.

Borden had succeeded with his colonization scheme by which he was entitled to take up five hundred thousand acres in odd shapes and sizes, and this was managed from Staunton with the aid and assistance of John Lewis. Borden got this concession in 1736. In ten years the great county of Augusta was formed. The rich lands of the Shenandoah waters., ready for the scythe, gave a great impetus to immigration from the north and east. In a few years the game had been driven to the mountains, and it became a custom to make hunting trips into the Indian reservation to the west in the fall of the year for a supply of venison. And thus the pioneers saw much fine land especially in the Greenbrier valley.

In the seventeen-forties, squatters began to come here. The oldest recorded settlement is that of Jacob Marlin who was established here in 1749, but who had come some time before that. Owing no doubt to fortuitous circumstances, his presence here was noted in such a way that every conservative history of the Western Waters starts with 1749, and Jacob Marlin's house, making the town of Marlinton the oldest English

settlement in the Mississippi Valley, for which background we are duly thankful.

In the course of events, the rich lands of the southwestern part of the present boundary of Virginia attracted attention, and also the rich lands now within the bounds of Kentucky. But the trouble was that they were on the Western Waters, and when the palefaces broke over the border, the Iroquois or Five Nations, put up a regular protest with the colonies of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, giving each year the number of trespassers on their lands, and objecting to the invasion. And these complaints reached London. The government of all the colonies except Virginia were able to control the tide of immigration, but Virginia could not control it. For instance the topography of the country was such that it was impossible to tell what was what as between the waters that flowed to the Chesapeake Bay and those that flowed to the Gulf of Mexico. The Indians knew but the white men did not, but they did not greatly care. The tourist today does not know as he hastens across the mountains where he leaves the Mississippi Valley. And the great New River rising in North Carolina and breaking through the mountains to the Ohio River added to the confusion.

The government of England no doubt intended to keep their compact with the Indians but they became muddled owing to the lack of maps and definite information. In 1749, they granted to John Lewis and Thomas Walker and a lot of other men under the name of the Loyal Company the right to locate 800,000 acres in small detached parcels from the Blue Ridge west, north of the North Carolina line, all of which was on the Western Waters. And in 1751, the right was granted to the Greenbrier Company to take up and locate 100,000 acres to the northwest and west of the Cowpasture River, and Newfoundland. Newfoundland was the name given to the Cowpasture settlement. Note that northwest and west description. The mouth of the Greenbrier is due west of the mouth of the Cowpasture River. And all of the great Jackson River valley is west and northwest of the Cowpasture, and one is forced to the conclusion that the canny Scotch put it over on the Londoners in both instances.

The result was that though more than a thousand surveys were made by these companies, no grants or patents were issued until after the titles had been confirmed by a revolution, and then by the new government.

The French and Indian War brought out the truth in regard to these grants, and it was in 1763, that the king attempted to nullify the western movement by his proclamation. And when that did not succeed, in 1768, he bought the land out from under the settlers and claimed it as against all the colonies.

The companies were in a bad fix. In the first place they had only four years to complete their surveys, and the French and Indian War breaking out drove most of the palefaces off of the Western Waters. The annual complaints of the Indian governments kept them in hot water. The king claimed the land by right of purchase from the Iroquois. The Shawnees disputed the title of both. The Greenbrier and the Loyal Companies granted rights contingent on their own rights being ratified at some subsequent time. The word "if" controlled the grants. The pioneers decided that they would go on over and settle in the land of Canaan and

take chances. Once in a while some settlers would shelter behind a company permit.

In 1768, Governor John Blair in his message to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, said: "A set of men regardless of natural justice, and in contempt of royal proclamation, have dared to settle themselves upon lands near Cheat River, which are the property of the Indians."

This was the condition up to 1773. That year the two companies, Loyal and Greenbrier, appeared before the governor and council, and represented that certain soldiers holding military grants under the order of 1763, were locating their lands on surveys made by the companies, and that when there was such a superabundance of land that it was not right that the soldiers should take land that had been previously claimed. And on this hearing the council ordered that the holders of military grants for service should locate their lands so as not to interfere with legal surveys or actual settlements.

This was the entering of the thin edge of the wedge. The order was entered on December 16, 1773. It was destined to bring great results to America. It was a test as to whether the colonies were to grow and expand and govern themselves or continue to be at the mercy of the politicians in London. The king had shut up the land office to prevent the issuing of grants to public land, and necessity had sharpened the wits of the mountaineers and they were going ahead, and getting as much authority as they could.

By 1773 the settlers had moved to the mountains by the thousands, and they were without title papers. The Iroquois had made a quit claim to the king of England, but they knew nothing of land titles other than that a cultivated field belonged to the Indian or his family as long as they used it and no longer. They understood the grant to the king to be permission to use the land with them. The king held it to prevent settlements. The Shawnees claimed it.

No doubt on the evening of the 16th of December, 1773, John Lewis, Andrew Lewis, Thomas Walker, William Preston, Hugh Mercer, and the other mountaineers had a quiet meeting celebrating their victory, for they had ground to argue that the governor and council had recognized that the settlers had some rights. That the effect of the decision was that all that a settler had to do to perfect his title was to buy a right from the companies or some military scrip, and that the king would have to open the land office sooner or later, and then the grants would issue. It is hard to say what would have happened if the war had not broken out the next year. But no sooner had the decision been announced than a great land boom began and surveying parties got ready to go into the mountains and take up land for the companies or locate lands on military scrip. The grand rush started as early as January, in the dead of winter, and the Indians went to war. In May, Dunmore tried to get the House of Burgesses to act. When they refused he told the mountain counties to raise armies, and he went with them.

The mountaineers had a dreadful time the summer of 1774, while the word was being carried from clearing to clearing to call the minute men to meet at Lewisburg on the first of September. The issue was either to fight or get out. The statesmen in the capitals of the colonies might

argue themselves hoarse as to the right of the British parliament to impose stamp taxes on deeds and notes, and the right to collect custom dues on imported goods. Those are words of peace and they have been the subject of debate in peaceful times since then.

In the mountains of western Virginia the people were arming to protect themselves and to justify their disobedience to the royal proclamation. To add to the confusion of the Virginians, Pennsylvania got angry and declared that no title should be perfected by Virginian surveys in any of the boundary claimed by it, which included Virginian territory almost as large as the present State of West Virginia.

But the new brand of liberty was in the air and inoculating the populace from the seaboard to the height of land. Almost on the very day that the biggest army America had seen rendezvoused at Lewisburg, the first continental congress met at Philadelphia, for the express purpose of assuring the king that Americans were loyal to him, and to petition him to make parliament and the ministers give America a square deal.

The army was American and fought for an American ideal, and asked no odds of London. Dunmore was with them. It was the climax of his life. He carried the war through to a glorious and successful conclusion, and never held up his head after he got back to the palace at Williamsburg. There he found serious charges from London against him. He justified himself as best he could, ate humble pie before the king, put himself to the work of combatting that curious brand of liberty that had been invented for the good of the souls of men, and so fades out of the picture. He was a good friend to the mountain people, but red tape got him and kept him out of the fruits of his victory.

By 1779, there was no question in the minds of the Virginia assembly that we were no longer a part of England. They then ignored the rights of the king and the Indians, and passed a law validating all claims to unpatented lands, and opened the land office. And the assembly went further and recognized a settler right as good without the scratch of the pen from anybody. The marking of a few trees around a spring, called a tomahawk right was as good as any if there was no opposing claim, and if there was the tomahawk owner hunted up another spring.

And they divided the counties on the Western Waters into four districts. Monongalia, Yohogania, and Ohio, was one district. Augusta, Botetourt, and Greenbrier another; Washington and Montgomery another; and the county of Kentucky another district. Four commissioners were appointed for each district. These commissioners traveled from place to place and granted lands by the thousands of tracts, and from their finding there was no appeal.

It is true that the Virginians under Dunmore and Lewis did not face British soldiers, but the Revolution was not a war against any particular enemy. It was based on the theory of the Declaration of Independence, that the United States of America are free and independent states with power to do all things that independent nations have the right to do. And this declaration was the somewhat belated expression of the principles of liberty that had been exemplified by the battles of the American soldiers, and the acts of the respective colonies from the first overt act, that of assembling an army of volunteers at Lewisburg. Then is when

the American first asserted himself, and our independence faced, east, west, north and south.

The battle of Point Pleasant was the first battle of the Revolution. And as to our wiping out all the flaws from our titles, and the removing of all the clouds that lowered about our homes, I sometimes think that they were the most revolutionary of all the things that went to make up the Revolutionary War.

CHAPTER IV

The Midland Trail the War Road of the Shawnees under Cornstalk. An Interpretation of the Hannah Dennis Captivity.

The Midland Trail crosses West Virginia through the counties of Greenbrier, Fayette, Kanawha, Putnam, and Cabell, all of which were once parts of Greenbrier County, and I feel that I ought not leave the subject of this great highway without recording some of the most important historical events that occurred along the trail in the Greenbrier settlements.

The Greenbrier Valley was once a choice hunting ground for its treeless plains afforded much range for buffalo, elk and deer. West Virginia was never much of a buffalo country but there were enough buffalo here to afford the primitive hunter an occasional shot, and to leave its mark in the way of names for many places and natural objects.

The first settlements were made in Pocahontas County on the Greenbrier, but as soon as the wider pastures around Lewisburg and Union were realized by the immigrants, the lower valley soon became the most populous and powerful.

At first the settlers around Lewisburg did not realize that they were on the trail that brought the hostile Shawnee east, and it was not until a large number of the settlers were killed and the settlements broken up, that they woke to the dangers of their position.

It is set down in history generally that after the Clendenin massacre in 1763, that all the settlers who were not killed in the Big Levels removed east of the mountains, but I have reason to believe that at least one settler remained in his cabin. He was a short distance off of the trail but in a way, the knob to which he gave the name was in sight of the passway.

I am satisfied in my own mind that William Price, the weaver, continued to occupy his cabin on Weavers Knob north of Lewisburg from 1749 until his death after the Revolutionary War.

Every few days I get letters asking me if I can give any particulars about certain ancestors of persons who would like to trace their line back to the immigrant. These requests from all over the United States leave me helpless, for while it would be quite possible no doubt to trace the line, it would be a matter of months' steady work, and there is no work more galling than that of the genealogist. These persons seem to think that a family tree can be furnished by return mail. I have to tell them that I cannot make the long and expensive searches. And I do not crave to be a genealogist for hire for the reason that there is the

great temptation to furnish ancestors whether the record justifies it or not. The prayer is to Lead us, but not into temptation.

But I was so bedevilled with inquiries about the Price descent in the Greenbrier Valley, that I did look into that question a little and I unearthed a pretty kettle of fish, let me tell you.

There seems to have been two men in a small Hundred in Wales. And William Price, weaver, executed to Hugh Donnelly, cordwainer, a note for two hundred pounds, equivalent to about a thousand dollars. A cordwainer was a shoemaker. I know nothing about the transaction or the merits of it. But it seems that William Price came to Newcastle, Pennsylvania, and that Hugh Donnelly followed him there, and that then William Price came to Staunton Virginia, where Hugh Donnelly again caught up with him, and brought suit on the note, and the judgment not being paid, William Price, was committed to prison. Note this that in those days, 1749, the criminal and the malefactor, were committed to jail, but that the unfortunate debtor was committed to prison. The two words were not synonymous.

In England, the debtors' prisons were elaborate affairs with rooms around four sides and a large court in the middle, and the debtors carried on a more or less futile life with their liberty confined to the rooms and yards of the institution. But in Virginia, the towns were all small and the rule was to make prison bounds of about ten acres so as to include taverns, stores, churches, so that the prisoner could have the run of the town like a high-class pauper in the county infirmary.

During the year of 1749, William Price, having become tired of town life broke prison and the next we hear of him was at his home in the Big Levels of Greenbrier, and there can be little or no question that he did not refugee back to Augusta on the account of any such thing as an Indian uprising. He rounded out his life on those plains and after the Revolution he was granted the land that he had in possession so long. And in addition, it is a fair conjecture that Hugh Donnelly followed him to the Greenbrier Valley and took up land contiguous to William Price, at Donnellys Fort, and that he and William Price lived as neighbors and friends for many years, and that no doubt the little matter of a couple hundred pounds sterling was fixed up between them.

I claim descent from that William Price and a great many hundred others in the counties lying round about, but the Price name is getting scarce in the mountains. That William Price had three sons, and they perpetuated the name, but they have scattered far and wide. I do not know how the proud descendants of William Price will like my claiming him as my ancestor, but I am very proud of him myself. I think that the money matter must surely have been adjusted satisfactory to Hugh Donnelly, and that they had a peaceful and happy old age, and saw the United States formed and flourishing. I think I can say that there is very little disposition on the part of his blood to hire money. I have in mind such persons as the late J. Washington Price, Hon. Jesse Bright, Dr. J. W. Price and others.

No history of the Midland Trail would be complete without mention of the Cornstalk massacre and the seige of Fort Donnelly in the Big Levels.

Cornstalk as a soldier, statesman, and friend was satisfactory to all the world except to those of us living in a sort of Grisons canton, composed of the counties where Cornstalk slew hundreds of the pioneer, sparing neither young nor old, male or female. It is fit and proper that the rest of the world should adore this dangerous old savage, but it is not proper that we should, for it stultifies us to accept the estimate placed upon his worth and character by third parties. We are the people that suffered from his forays, and we are the people that accepted the arbitrament of war upon the issue of who should occupy these lands, and we are the people who scattered his armies and destroyed him. We are willing to admit his good qualities and that he had good reasons to fight, but as we got the decision and kept the land, it does not lie in our mouths as descendants of those Indian fighters to put them in the wrong.

That one trip over the week-end at Clendennins, near Lewisburg, and on Kerrs Creek netted the savage chief Cornstalk something like two hundred white scalps in 1763.

It came about something like this. To begin with the settlers had taken up homes too near the highway. A house by the side of the road is not all that it is cracked up to be. In the first period, the people who lived too near the road were massacred. In the second period they were eaten out of house and home. And in this third period of skyhooting motor cars, they get nervous prostration.

Two years before, in 1761, the gay and festive Cornstalk with three inch silver saucers in his ears, and a nose ornament had led a party down to the country where the meeting of Cowpasture River and Jackson River forms the James River, and among other settlers he had killed and captured the Dennis family and the Renick family on Purgatory Creek. There were about sixty warriors in Cornstalk's party that trip.

They killed Robert Renick, the head of the house, and took Mrs. Renick and five children captive and carried them to their towns beyond the Ohio River. Four of the children were redeemed when Bouquet made the treaty in 1764. Betsy had died in the Indian Camps. Joshua would not come home, and he lived to be a great Indian chief. Mrs. Renick reached home in 1767. All the Renicks that I ever heard of were descendants of this Robert Renick.

Another family broken up was that of Joseph Dennis, wife and child. Dennis and the child were killed, and the wife, Hannah Dennis was carried into captivity to the towns. She is one of the heroines of pioneer times. It appears that she was separated from the other prisoners and there were many. Hannah Dennis found herself at the town of Chilicothe. She was a smart woman. She soon learned the Indian language and conformed to the manners and customs of the tribe. She paid attention to sick persons and administered medicines. And she professed to be a witch and prophetess and she became a sort of queen among the Indians. This was Cornstalk's home town and he was a wise man and she was a wise woman. She was undoubtedly a wonderful woman. She never gave up the idea of escape. After two years, she went forth one day to gather medicinal herbs, and she kept going. She crossed the Scioto River three times in forty miles and was just about to cross it again when her pursuers on the opposite side of the river discovered her

and fired upon her. In turning to run she injured her foot on a sharp stone, and to elude them she crept in the hollow limb of a large fallen sycamore where she remained all night, the Indians camping close by. She crossed the Ohio River at the mouth of the Kanawha River on a drift log and made her way by the Midland Trail to the Clendennin settlement where she was given food, and was taken on horseback to Fort Young at Covington. She had subsisted on roots and herbs, green grapes, and mild cherries, and fresh water mussels.

Cornstalk, the Solomon of his nation, finding that the Queen of Sheba had gone, though she took nothing with her, rounded up his team of sixty warriors and followed her up, and appeared in the Greenbrier settlement a day or two after Mrs. Dennis had passed through, and that is how Cornstalk came to take such heavy toll from the white men.

The old Indian trail led them to the headwaters of Muddy Creek where there were a number of clearings, and here the Indians appeared in small parties as visitors at every cabin. At a given time this settlement was entirely destroyed, and they then proceeded over the mountain to Clendennin's, before any word of the Muddy Creek massacre could be carried.

There was no great apprehension it appears at that time of danger from the Indians owing to the Bouquet treaty entered into the spring before. The settlers were curious to see friendly Indians. Clendennin had just come in from a successful hunt bringing in three elk. This fresh meat and the presence of an interesting party of Indians, under the personal supervision of the great chief Cornstalk, caused all the settlers living near Clendennin's to gather to the feast and Cornstalk expressed himself as being there as a friend. The Indians were all fed and treated with the greatest hospitality. Finally an old lady with an ulcer on her leg asked an Indian warrior if he knew of any cure for that disease, the Indians being noted for some of their lore of this kind. Perhaps the warriors remembered the loss of their famous women herb doctor, or perhaps at a signal, he said that he did know a cure for it, and promptly tomahawked the old lady, so that she died instantly, and the Indians then arose and killed or captured the whole settlement.

Thus perished something like a hundred of the intrepid pioneers who had come from the Augusta settlements to people that portion of Greenbrier. It is generally admitted that upon the news of this massacre reaching distant cabins that every white person in the Greenbrier Valley fled to the east of the mountains. But this not correct. I feel sure that neither the Donnelleys nor the Prices living some ten miles to the north, went back, and it is certain that the settlers in what is now Pocahontas county remained in their homes and stockades.

But still Cornstalk had not overtaken his valued captive, the wise woman, and he left his prisoners with guards and continued over the Allegheny. He passed near Fort Young where Mrs. Dennis was recuperating and passed over North Mountain and fell on the unsuspecting inhabitants of Kerrs Creek and killed and captured upwards of a hundred more, and with bells on his horses, and his plunder and his captives, he marched back in triumph to Chillicothe.

Mrs. Clendennin made a bold escape on Keeneys Knob by handing her infant to another prisoner, and jumping over the road and running down the mountain side. The Indians killed the child.

Mrs. Clendennin made her way to the Augusta settlements and returned to the place of the massacre, where she lived to be an old woman. Anne Royal, a woman writer, talked with her daughter about the occurrence in 1826, sixty-three years after.

The Shawnees continued to give us trouble culminating in Dunmore's War, when a great battle was fought at Point Pleasant, Cornstalk, in command, and in the front line of battle. A treaty of peace was made with Virginia through Dunmore by Cornstalk. This was in 1774. In 1776, the Revolution having begun, Great Britain succeeded in making an alliance with many Indian tribes, mostly through Gen. Hamilton, the hair-buyer, of Detroit. The Ohio tribes generally were drawn in, and the Six Nations turned their whole strength against the Americans.

In 1777, Cornstalk being in a quandary on account of his treaty with Virginia, appeared at the fort at Point Pleasant to confer with the commandant, Captain Arbuckle, as to what course he could pursue. Cornstalk said that it looked like every Indian tribe was going to join up with Great Britain, and that if they did, he saw nothing else for the Shawnees to do but to go with the stream.

Thereupon he was detained, and after a time an attack was made on two soldiers by Indians near the fort, and Gilmore, of Rockbridge county, killed. In retaliation, Rockbridge soldiers destroyed Cornstalk.

It was not long until it was apparent that the Shawnees were going to retaliate for the killing of Cornstalk. Within a few weeks a small band of Indians showed themselves outside of the fort at Point Pleasant, and Lieut. Moore and a party of soldiers were dispatched to drive them off. This party fell into ambush, and Moore and three soldiers were killed. The rest saved themselves by running back to the fort.

The next move on the part of the Shawnees to avenge the death of Cornstalk was the attack on Fort Donnelly, in Greenbrier county, north of the Midland Trail. Cornstalk alive or dead troubled the people of this valley.

In May, 1778, another party appeared at the fort at Point Pleasant, showing a few of their number, in the hopes that the garrison would rush out, as they did at Fort Henry, at Wheeling, and at Point Pleasant the year before. The garrison refusing to be drawn out, the Indians showed themselves in force and formed a line from the Ohio to the Kanawha, showing that several hundred were on the war path. They besieged the fort for a week, and one night they withdrew up the Kanawha. Captain McKee seeing in this a menace to the Greenbrier settlements called for volunteers to warn the people in Greenbrier. John Pryor and William Hammond volunteered.

These men disguised themselves as Indians and painted their faces and set out hot foot after the Indian army up the Midland Trail. They passed through the Indian army about where Rainelle is and carried the news to Fort Donnelly, the frontier post, and Captain Andrew Donnelly sent a messenger to warn Fort Savannah, now Lewisburg, under the command of Captain Stuart.

Pryor and Hammond remained at Fort Donnelly and the fort was put in a state of readiness. However, early next morning, John Pritchet, who worked for Donnelly, went to the woodpile for wood and was fired upon and killed, and the Indians immediately entered the stockade and attacked the kitchen door attempting to cut it to pieces with their hatchets. In the kitchen were Hammond, the courier and Dick Pointer, a negro slave belonging to Donnelly. Hammond armed Dick with a musket heavily loaded with swan shot, or as we would say, buckshot. Seeing that the door would soon be destroyed, Hammond threw it open and fired and killed an Indian, and Dick poured his load of buckshot into a throng of Indians. By that time, the rest of the garrison had wakened and they fired from the upstairs windows and there were seventeen dead Indians in the yard when the Indians drew off some distance.

Captain Stuart hearing that the fort had been attacked raised sixty-six men and with Col. Samuel Lewis, a son of Gen. Andrew Lewis, marched to their relief, arriving about two o'clock in the afternoon. They were able to enter the stockade without loss and the Indians kept up a fire until dark. Then an Indian called to the fort in broken English: "We want peace." He was invited to enter but declined. The Indians went back to their homes without gains. They had suffered a loss of at least twenty-five killed. The whites had lost four men. Pritchet at the first fire, Graham in the house, and James Burns and Alexander Ochiltree, who attempted to join the garrison, before daylight in the morning.

There were twenty-one men in the fort. The Indians numbered at least two hundred.

This was the last but one of the Indian raids into the Greenbrier Valley. The next year a war party appeared at Marlins Bottom and killed thirteen persons in the neighborhood, among whom were John and James Bridger and Henry Baker.

John Pryor who was one of the two famous scouts that carried the word to the Greenbrier Settlements the year before, was returning to Kanawha with his wife and infant child. The whole family were killed that dreadful day at some place near Mill Point.

Of Phillip Hammond, his companion, in that notable service, I have no further trace.

CHAPTER V

How the White Indian, Dickinson came back to Capture Kitty Moffett. This is a Moving Picture.

The Midland Trail crosses the Big Levels of Greenbrier Valley at the widest point. I have never seen anything just like these so-called levels that border the Greenbrier River on the west elevated some five hundred feet above the stream from the head of the stream to Ronceverte, something over a hundred miles. There the levels cross the river, or rather the river breaks through, and the result is that Monroe County gets the benefit of the rich, level lying land. They call them levels and ex-

plain that they are level plateaus, but they are really more like terraces than anything else. At the head of the West Fork of Greenbrier River, this terrace starts off with a width of about fifty feet and this broadens to fifteen or twenty miles where the Midland Trail cuts it.

The Allegheny Mountains divide the eastern and the western waters To the east there is a great net work of streams like the Jackson River, Back Creek, Bull Pasture, Cow Pasture, Calf Pasture, on which are beautiful homesteads, and which marked the western boundary of the white man's land for many generations. This was grouped into a region often referred to as Newfoundland. The settlers in Newfoundland suffered terribly in the French and Indian war. Dinwiddie, Governor, could not understand why these settlers refugeed to the Staunton settlements from the Indians, and he wrote them that if they abandoned their farms that they should not have them back after the war was over. He did not seem to understand that the Indian nations in the Ohio country swooped down on them by way of the Midland Trail and that against these raids isolated farms were helpless.

Dinwiddie was a nervous wretch. Braddock's Defeat seems to have broken him. He wrote complaining letters to the Augusta people wanting to know why they allowed themselves to be killed with impunity. But finally he and the assembly built a line of forts along the eastern foot of the Allegheny from the North Carolina line to Maryland and the Indians were held back.

After the Indians settled down a bit when Bouquet brought them to terms, the pioneers of Newfoundland commenced to covet the rich lands of the Greenbrier Valley. It did look like a hardship that the best and biggest valley of them all should be left to the Indians. Every hunter that came across on the western water to kill his winter meat saw richer land than any then in the white man's possession and it was not long until a steady stream of settlers flowed into this valley, and from the moment that the first pioneer trespassed on the Indian reservation, there was trouble with the mother country, which led up by slow stages to the war for independence.

Greenbrier valley was the last valley going west that runs north and south, but down where the Midland Trail lies, there is a great river which rises in North Carolina, traverses a great part of Virginia, and then turns and breaks entirely through the whole Appalachian chain of mountains. The New River. This river affects the contour of the Greenbrier valley in its lower and broader portions so that by following the Kanawha River and the New River for a distance the trail falls naturally into the Greenbrier Valley where the Midland Trail now runs, and from there through gaps in the Allegheny to the settlements of Augusta county. There is no place, north or south, where there is such a natural passway for the Indians in the olden days, and war parties were continually raiding the settlements, a condition that prevailed for about twelve years, when the Greenbrier Valley having been settled by white men formed a bulwark of protection to Newfoundland and Augusta.

There was no declared war after Bouquet brought the Indians to terms, but that did not mean that the killing stopped. It became a

matter of private enterprise. The settlers in the northern part of the Valley of Virginia suffered from raids from the Wyandots, the Delewares, and other Indian tribes inhabiting the northern part of Ohio, and they came east on trails known to them, but the powerful Shawnee nation furnished the bands that came through the New River passage and worried the settlers that had Staunton for their head town.

A raid originated something like this. An enterprising Indian would decide that he was ready for war, and on the first suitable council day when the tribe was present and ready to hear him, he would stick his war hatchet in the council post and dance toward the point of the compass where his enemy resided. Then he would come back and make an oration, in which he would first recount all the deeds of valor that he had accomplished as a warrior and the congregation would respond by frequent uh-hus, after the manner of saying amen. Then when he had presented his credentials as a first class fighting man, he would stage the object of his proposed raid, and paint a picture of plunder and carnage, the intention being to induce other warriors to join him in the project.

He would subside, and if the party was a go, some other warrior would take up the chant and as the warriors qualified they would remain in line and dance to the east while the speaking was going on. When a party of nine or more had been secured, they retired to their wigwams and the next morning they marched out of the village in Indian file, with faces painted, each warrior discharging his gun as he slowly passed the limits of the encampment. Such parties came east continually for twenty-five or thirty years and the white men got so that they believed that they could sense the presence of Indians in the community and so guard against them. The Indians dearly loved to attack lonely cabins while the men were absent and destroy or capture the women and children.

It was this habit of warfare that turned the pioneer into an avenging angel, and caused so many to devote their lives to the extermination of the red devils. Historians think that after a father had returned home to find his home in ashes and his wife and children dead and mutilated, that they were never sane after that, and he took toll from the Indian tribes.

It is well established that the white pioneers made up war parties with all the dances and ceremonies that the Indians used.

Occasionally a white man would become offended and join the Indians and such renegades were despised and abhorred. The worst thing that could be said about a white man was that he had painted his face. Then too there were very numerous cases of children who being captured and growing up with the Indians would not leave them. But that was a very different matter. Simon Girty was the most notable case of a white man that painted his face. He was supposed to have all the attributes of the devil, and yet when he was a British soldier at Fort Pitt, he was considered to be a very decent fellow.

Along about the French and Indian war a young man by the name of Dickinson left the Staunton settlements and went to the Shawnees. The Dickinson name has been one of the very best in the annals of Augusta county. There was a Dickinson on the first county court of

Augusta county. There is not much known about this boy that went to the Indians, and my research leads me to believe that it was the waywardness of youth and a hopeless love affair that sent him into voluntary exile.

The most that is known about him is his return to the Valley to capture his sweetheart and take her with him into that Indian country. In October, 1764, he came back as the head of a band of murderous Indians.

The girl in the case was a very beautiful young woman by the name of Kitty Moffett, who was the daughter of John Moffett, one of the first settlers of Augusta county. He married Mary Christian, and they had seven children, the oldest being the famous Col. George Moffett. John Moffett went on a journey to North Carolina and was never heard from again, and after a time his estate was administered upon. It was supposed that he had been killed by Indians. He was declared to be dead in 1749. Sometime after his widow married John Trimble. Their home was on Middle River near Staunton and not far from Churchville. They had one son, James Trimble, eight years old at the time of the Dickinson raid.

Dickinson was at the head of about nine warriors. He had evidently recruited them from some tribe that he had become a member of, for it was a rather queer aggregation of heathen, there being old men in it and very young boys, but they were dangerous. They came from the Shawnee country across the Big Levels of Greenbrier, and led by Dickinson did not strike until they reached Middle River, being the last raid that got that far east. They first appeared at the house of Alexander Crawford and killed him and his wife, and from there they marched down the river to John Trimble's and killed him as he was going out to plow.

There were at the house Kitty Moffett, who married and was now Mrs. Estill, the young boy James Trimble, and a slave, a Negro named Adam recently imported from Africa. Dickinson was well known to the family. He said to the boy James, "Come with me and I will make a good Indian out of you. But look at this (showing his father's scalp) if you do not come with me I will take your scalp also."

The Indians took four horses and loaded them with plunder from the Trimble homestead. They placed Mrs. Estill on a horse and Dickinson stayed close by her all the way. They made a quick get away and traveled west for five days.

Col. George Moffett on receipt of the news raised a company of eighteen Indian fighters and pursued the party fifteen hours behind them. At one place he thought he had lost the trail and was about to abandon the pursuit when he found his sister's garter hanging on a bush.

The white men came in sight of the Indians on the morning of the fifth day on the west side of the Allegheny Mountains near the White Sulphur Springs. It was determined to follow and attack the Indians at their next camping place after dark, and the parties moved west across the Big Levels. But at some time before the end of the day the Indians halted for the purpose of killing game and Dickinson left the party to go on a hunt. This must have been somewhere in the limits of Greenbrier County of today.

The whites not knowing that the Indians had halted pressed on silently and soon a shot rang out from a gun near them in advance and they supposed that they had been discovered. But it seems that the Indians had fired at a deer which came bounding back along the trail and came so close to the pursuers that one of them slapped it in the head with his hat and the deer then turned and ran back and was killed by the Indians. The men under Moffett then advanced and took the Indian party by surprise and fired on them and killed six of them. The other Indians scattered and all the prisoners were rescued and the return journey began.

Dickinson rallied his party of Indians and swinging around the white company lay in ambush before them, but fortunately the Virginians discovered the ambush in time to save themselves, and the only casualty was the wounding of a soldier by the name of Russell, who was carried back to his home in Augusta on a litter.

Soon after her return Mrs. Estill gave birth to her first child. Her husband was Benjamin Estill, a justice of Augusta County, at the time of the raid and a prominent man in the early history of the country. Soon after he moved to the Holston River. Captain John M. Estill, of Long Glade, Augusta county, was one of their sons, and Judge Benjamin Estill, a judge of southwest Virginia was another.

When the Indians were overtaken by the Virginians, they were resting easy in a sunlit glade. Mrs. Estill was sitting on a log sewing ruffles on a hunting shirt for Dickinson. Young James had been sent some little distance away to bring a bucket of drinking water.

There is some confusion about the date of this Dickinson raid into Augusta, but the county records fix it with a certainty as the year 1764. At the November Term, 1764, both the estate of Alexander Crawford and the estate of John Trimble, who had been killed by the Indians in October previous, were committed to administrators.

This was the last time that the Indians invaded the valley as far east as the Staunton settlements, and it is certain that John Trimble was the last person killed by the Indians in the present limits of Augusta County.

The little eight year old boy, James Trimble, had a hard time for five days keeping up with the Indians and acting as water boy and all around camp attendant. This James Trimble was afterwards Captain James Trimble of the Revolutionary war. He had to undergo cruelty and torture on the part of the Indian boys in the party. At the end of a long day's journey they would stand him up against a tree and throw tomahawks at him, burying them in the tree close to his body.

Adam, the Negro, lived to be a very old man in Augusta and never wearied talking of his experience with the Indians. He was a much-traveled person, having been reared in the jungles of Africa, enslaved, and worked on the farm, and then to undergo the captivity of the Indians. He said that he happened to find a large yellow jacket's nest on the line of march one warm day, and that he waited until the naked Indians came up, and then stirred the nest, and some of the Indians were stung and they were about to execute Adam then and there.

The Chief Dickinson was a well known warrior in the days that followed. Some warriors set him down as a half-breed, but I do not so read the sign. I think that he led a party of scrub warriors, young and old,

back to capture his sweetheart, and if it had not been for the prompt action on the part of her brother, Col. George Moffett, he would have succeeded.

There is some further record on Dickinson in the history of the Indian wars.

In the spring of 1774, Captain Jack Floyd, father of Governor Floyd, led a surveying party to the Ohio River to enter surveys in West Virginia and in Kentucky. The first survey that they entered, was two thousand acres for George Washington on the Coal and Kanawha Rivers, through which the Midland Trail now runs.

By the 26th of May they were well down the Ohio River near the mouth of Kentucky River. On that day they noticed a canoe with a red flag, on which there were two persons, coming down the river. The surveying party hailed them but they would not come to them, so the surveyors went to them and found they were two Indians, one of whom was named Dickinson. Dickinson showed a permit from Fort Pitt to travel the river, and he said that he was on his way to call the hunters in, for there was war between the Indians and the white people; that all the white people had left their habitations in the region of Fort Pitt. He said the white people and the Indians had had a skirmish and that sixteen Indians had been killed, thirteen Shawnees, two Mingos and one Delaware.

He evidently referred to the killing about the first of May near Wheeling and Yellow Creek.

This was the summer of 1774, when the Virginians were gathering at Lewisburg, to march to Point Pleasant, to fight a great battle with the tribes under Cornstalk. It was just ten years after the affair on Middle River, when John Trimble was killed. Young Trimble showed up in the Lewis Division from Augusta County, as did the soldier Russell, who had been shot by Dickinson ten years before.

These soldiers followed the Midland Trail to the Ohio, where they came near to being surprised by a great Indian army. The battle began at dawn at the place Point Pleasant stands, and continued until dark, on the 10th day of October, 1774, exactly ten years from the date of the affair on Middle River. Russell was fighting under the command of Gen. Andrew Lewis, and Dickinson was there as one of Cornstalk's braves.

Sometime during the course of the battle these two men entered into a combat, and Russell killed Dickinson with his hands, and that is the story of the white Indian, Dickinson. And a very good moving picture it would make, too.

My guess at the place where the Indians halted to enable hunt to be had before dark to get food to go on with, was at the foot of Muddy Creek Mountain. We know that on the morning of the 15th day of October they had camped on the west side of the Allegheny Mountains near the White Sulphur Springs, and that from there they were followed for a part of the day by their pursuers.

Evidently Dickinson thought having got across to the Western Waters that he was safe from pursuit. It is something like fifteen miles to the foot of Muddy Creek Mountain. Anyway, the Indians were at the foot of a mountain at a spring, and Muddy Creek Mountain answers the description of the mountain, and if some of the people residing in that

locality know where there is a spring where the Indian trail took up the mountain, it ought to be the place of the rescue.

The Midland Trail, the highway, does not cross Muddy Creek Mountain, but passes in sight of it and on the north.

It was the great passway, for having come by easy stages into the Greenbrier Valley, and crossed that the old timers found themselves on the waters of James River and an open road to the sea.

The way that war party retreated can be designated now by the following points: Middle River, Churchville, Buffalo Gap, Goshen, Panther Gap, Millboro, Clifton Forge, Covington, Callahans, White Sulphur Springs, Lewisburg, and Muddy Creek Mountain.

CHAPTER VI

The Midland Trail was the Northern Route to Kentucky, shorter and more Convenient than the Wilderness Trail, but far more dangerous. Governor George Mathews kept a Trader's Outpost on Midland Trail at Lewisburg.

The Midland Trail played its part in the stampede to take up the rich lands in Kentucky after the Revolutionary War. It was known as the Northern Route. The other and most popular line of travel was known as the Wilderness Road. The trails forked at or near Staunton. The pioneers who came by the way of New York or Philadelphia, or any of the eastern places in the north traveled south through the Valley of Virginia until they reached Staunton, and there they decided whether they would continue south through the Valley of Virginia to Crab Orchard and go in by the Wilderness Road, or whether they would go to the Ohio River at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River and thence to Kentucky.

Much has been written about the perils of the Wilderness Road and there is no doubt that many immigrants were killed on that route, but the fact remains that all that commended the Wilderness Road to the traveler was its safety, and that is the reason that it was the favorite line of travel. The distance from the falls of the Ohio (Louisville) to Staunton by the Wilderness Road was five hundred and nine miles. On horseback the trip took something over a month.

Isaac Weld, an English writer, speaks of the great number of travelers that he saw all on horseback, traveling from Baltimore and Philadelphia to Kentucky and Tennessee. This on his visit to Staunton.

A great many Augusta county men were in the Revolution and they were entitled to land grants after the war for their service. The rich lands of Kentucky proved very attractive to hundreds of these Revolutionary soldiers and there was a great migration to the dark and bloody ground. Robertsons, Seviers, Moffetts, Poages, Allens, Trimbles, and all of the well known Augusta names had representatives in this exodus, and some of the most prominent Kentuckians trace their ancestry back to Augusta. Irvin S. Cobb, for instance, is of the Augusta Lewis descent.

It is not certain that the Northern Route was any shorter than the Wilderness Road, but as soon as the pioneer reached the mouth of Kellys Creek, at the place then called Boatyard, he could purchase a dugout canoe and float down the placid waters of the Kanawha and the Ohio. As soon as he had passed the white water of the New River, that way was easy from that time on, with the exception of the Indians watching from the north bank of the Ohio.

At Staunton, if the traveler decided to go by the Northern Route, he turned west through Buffalo Gap and came by the Warm Springs, and from there through the Narrows by Huntersville, to Marlins Bottom and then by the War Path of the Seneca Indians to some point near the White Sulphur Springs, where he turned west on the Midland Trail, through the rich lands of the Big Levels, and over Gauley Mountain.

There can be little doubt that the ghost of Cornstalk still walked and that after the party got beyond the settlements in Greenbrier that they were in hourly danger from the Indians, and that as they floated down the broad rivers they never knew what eyes observed them from the leafy coverts along the bank, or when lead would sing round their boats.

Washington must have made a trip over this Midland Trail, for he says in his will that he had been on his lands near the mouth of the Kanawha River. He says, too, that he and Gen. Andrew Lewis owned a tract of 250 acres surveyed so as to include the Burning Spring, on the Kanawha, or as he spells it Kanawa, River.* For a number of years, Lewisburg was the frontier on the Midland Trail for the Kentucky travel, and all to the west was Indian infested. Lewisburg was then known as Fort Savannah.

When Lewis's army was camped at the big spring that made Lewisburg in the first instance, in 1774, there were no people living by the big spring. This may be accounted for in either of two ways. There is a great deal of rocky, difficult land around the spring, and this may have caused the land lookers to avoid it, but it is more reasonable to suppose that when the Greenbrier Land Company were making surveys some twenty-odd years prior to that date, that company had marked the spring and the land surrounding it for its own.

One of the captains under Lewis, was George Mathews, and while there he saw the advantage of the place as a trading post and when he had come back from the campaign, he opened a store there with his partner, another young Virginian, Captain Mathew Arbuckle.

This was the first settlement in the town of Lewisburg. This Captain George Mathews was a famous man in the annals of the Nation as well as these mountains.

He was the son of John Mathews, one of the first settlers on the Borden grant, in Augusta County. Sampson Archer settled about this time in Augusta County. One of the daughters was Ann Archer, and she and John Mathews were married. George Mathews was born in 1739. He

* General Washington and Andrew Lewis were joint owners of a survey at the "Burning Springs," on the Kanawha, a few miles above Charleston. The tract was supposed to be 250 acres, but by actual survey was found to contain 587. Lewis visited this land, but Washington at no time ever saw it. His nearest approach was in 1770, when he followed the Kanawha for about fourteen miles from its mouth, then returned to the Ohio. Washington was, then, within forty-four miles of his "Burning Springs" land.—B. B. S.

was a brother of the first Sampson Mathews, there being three of that name in successive generations. The first Sampson Mathews was colonel of Augusta County.

John Mathews had eleven children and their descendants are scattered far and wide, but the Mathews blood tells for good, faith, honor, and ability wherever found.

Another son John Mathews, Jr., settled early in the forks of James River and he and his wife and six children were killed by the Indians.

I want to devote some space here to George Mathews, the trader at Lewisburg for one or two years between Dunmore's war and the main Revolution.

George Mathews won his spurs and fame when he was twenty-two years old. When the Cornstalk raid was made in 1761, to Purgatory Creek, near Buchanan, on the James River, at the time that the Renicks, Smiths and Dennises suffered, George Mathews was on his way to that settlement on horseback and heard the firing of the guns, but paid no particular attention to it. Mrs. Robert Renick was an aunt of George Mathews.

When he found the dead bodies, he recruited twenty-one men, and as their leader followed up the Indians and killed nine of them.

It was this prompt and efficient action that gained him a captaincy in Dunmore's war. In 1776, when the colonies were arming for the great conflict with Great Britain, George Mathews was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Ninth Virginia Regiment, which was ordered north to join Washington. Col. Fleming dying soon after the regiment was formed, Mathews was made a full colonel and led it during the Burgoyne campaigns in the north.

He was regarded by Washington as an invaluable soldier and officer—one who could be relied upon to carry out and execute any order given. On October 3, 1777, Washington conceived the plan of surprising Howe in a night attack in Germantown, after the manner of the Trenton affair. He formed his army into several divisions and marched on to Germantown. The Ninth Virginia was one of the few regiments if not the only one that carried out instructions to the letter, and that regiment led by Mathews fought its way into the very heart of Germantown, while many of the divisions never even reached the city. Being surrounded by an overwhelming force, the regiment was surrendered, and Mathews spent several years as a prisoner of war in a prison ship in New York harbor.

Being exchanged about 1781, he was ordered to join Gen. Greene in South Carolina, and he served to the end of the war as commander of the Third Virginia Regiment. While on this campaign, he saw a place in Georgia that he liked, and he bought it, and moved there in 1784.

He came out of the Revolutionary War with the rank of general. General Mathews was a short, thick man, standing very erect, and carrying his head thrown back. His features were bluff, his hair light red and his complexion florid.

He was married three times. His first wife and the mother of his children was Anne Paul of Augusta, a step-daughter of Col. David Stewart. His second wife was a Mrs. Reed, of Augusta County, from whom he was divorced, and his third wife a Mrs. Flowers, of Mississippi.

The Mathews family claims descent from Samuel Mathews one of five commissioners sent by King James to the colony of Virginia in 1622, but the Augusta County descent that has produced so many great men dates from John Mathews, who went to the mountains, and married Ann Archer. It was this union that really founded the family as we know it. It is a fact observed by students of history that great families date back to some particularly happy marriage that seems to extend its blessings to many generations.

General Mathews was elected governor of Georgia in 1786, two years after he had moved from Augusta County to that State. His first term was served without making much history, and after it had ended he was elected as the first representative in Congress from the State of Georgia. He served one term in Congress, and on his return, in 1794, he was again elected governor of Georgia, and it was during that term of office that fur began to fly.

Georgia claimed all the land lying between her present borders and the Mississippi River, now contained in the States of Alabama and Mississippi. It is true that she did not have much title to it, but it was customary for States on the Atlantic seabord to claim all land back of them until stopped by the bounds of Spain or France.

Four companies, known as the Georgia Company, Georgia-Mississippi Company, Tennessee Company, and Upper Mississippi Company, as tenants in common offered the legislature a half million dollars for thirty-five million acres of land at the rate of about a cent and a half an acre. The governor opposed the bill but he was induced to sign it.

One of the members of the legislature was General Samuel Blackburn, who had married Ann Mathews, the oldest daughter of the governor. He had voted for the bill.

As soon as the legislature had adjourned a storm of protest went up from the whole State of Georgia, and the transaction was at once dubbed the Yazoo Fraud, and Blackburn fled before the anger of the State, but the Governor faced them like an angry bull. Blackburn came to Staunton where he passed the remainder of his life, being one of the most noted trial lawyers and orators that Virginia has ever produced.

Governor Gilmer in his writings speaks of hearing Blackburn defend a person charged with murder at Harrisonburg. In the poor house of Rockingham County, two paupers fought. They were each over eighty years old. One killed the other. The dispute was over the ownership of a cucumber. The only eye-witness was over ninety years.

General Mathews acknowledged but one superior and that was Washington. The State of Georgia threw a fit. They elected a legislature to repeal the land sale, the Yazoo Fraud. Not a vote opposed the repeal. And it was further ordered that the pages of the journals and record books and the bill itself be burnt in front of the capitol in the presence of the legislature. James Jackson had resigned a seat in the United States Senate to be elected to that legislature, and when the papers were ready to be burned, he produced a sun glass and called down the fire from heaven to destroy the fell works.

The Yazoo Fraud got into Congress, and John Randolph, the leader of the Democrats, then in the majority, made it live hard. It was a favorite subject for his bitter eloquence.

John Randolph must have been a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire to the ordinary peace-loving citizen. He was a kind of a scorpion and rattlesnake and mad dog combined. He was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and he swore by all that was good and bad that never should the Yazoo title be fixed up or compromised, and right there is where he ran athwart of one Madison, then in the cabinet, and afterwards President. While the diatribes of John Randolph of Roanoke, make interesting reading about this deplorable chapter of Georgia history, he alienated a great many level-headed people by reason of them.

John Marshall, of the Supreme Court of the United States, as clear-headed a lawyer as ever lived, propounded the question to the effect that if a court could inquire into the question of the good faith of a legislative body passing bills, would it not defeat the plan of American government? And the act repealing the Yazoo grant was held to be unconstitutional as abrogating a contract.

The water was so hot in Georgia, that every person in anywise connected with the Yazoo grant was accused of fraud and corruption. Historians clear the General of any wrong in connection with the act of the legislature. But the fact remains that they made it so uncomfortable for him that he finally refugeed to Florida, then a sort of no man's land, not stoutly held by any government.

He was a Federalist in politics with Washington and Adams. That is, he belonged to the party that favored a Constitution and a closer union of the States. Adams, becoming President, and the General being at leisure in the wastes of Florida, the President appointed him governor of the territory of Mississippi, but the Senators making a row about it, the appointment was withdrawn. General Mathews rode to Philadelphia on horseback and mounted at the front door of the President's house, and walked in wearing his old army sword and his three-cornered cocked hat, and proceeded to cuss Adams out. But the President pacified him and sent him home satisfied.

The next and last great mission of General Mathews was in connection with Florida. In 1813, James Madison was President. He had condoned the Yazoo business by trying to compromise it. So he appointed General Mathews and Colonel John McKee receivers for the great colony of Florida. This was Spain's colony, but Napoleon had conquered Spain, and the English were driving the French out of Spain, and it seemed to Madison that Great Britain would seize Florida, and there was a war on between the United States and Great Britain.

The commissioners were instructed to receive that country if surrendered by the Spanish authorities voluntarily, and to take it by force if any other foreign power attempted to take it.

The commissioners did exactly what Andrew Jackson did a few years after. They recruited an army of their own just as Old Hickory did, and raised the United States flag over the Spanish capital, over the protest of the Spanish authorities.

This seizure was nullified by the President who recalled the General and ordered him to restore the country to Spain.

The General flew into a tremendous rage and started to Washington to have it out with the President. Some say that he threatened to beat him up. But he fell sick and died at Augusta, Georgia, on the thirtieth day of September, 1812, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Andrew Jackson a few years later seized Florida in the same way and Spain made to the United States a quit claim deed for the State, in consideration of a quit claim to Texas on our part, and that the United States would pay five million dollars to American citizens who had been injured by the Spanish navy.

I have taken up a good deal of space in writing about the sturdy old general, but I have never seen his life written up in West Virginia history before.

Great strains of blood spring from great marriages. It never runs out. Such marriages as John Mathews and Ann Archer, Jacob Warwick and Mary Vance, John Lewis and Margaret Lynn, William Randolph and Mary Isham, and many others that could be named.

In Diary of an American Aviator Killed in France, published in Liberty, issue of November 20, 1926, is this entry:

"Alex Mathews is dead. He was walking across the airdome after a movie show over at 48, and a Hun bomber saw the light when the door was opened, and dropped a 212 pound bomb on him."

This a Mathews of the youngest generation, serving with great distinction as an aviator in the World War.

What I started to say away back in the beginning of this chapter was that Captain George Mathews opened the trading post at the Big Spring on the Midland Trail.

The war clouds continued to gather and it was selected as the fort for that community. It was enclosed in a stockade in size about what is now a city block, with a great gateway opening on to and next to the spring, and extending back across Main Street, which sheltered something over five hundred people in the summers of the Revolution. You can find the place, but when they point out to you some solid stone masonry as a part of the fort, take that with a grain of salt, for Indian forts were made of wood.

CHAPTER VII

John Field clad only in his shirt ran eighty miles over the Midland Trail without stopping, longest Marathon Race ever run. Thoughts of Indian Torture proved to be a Splendid Spur.

The Midland Trail is the kind of a path on which you can find such places as the White Sulphur Springs, and such cities as Charleston and Huntington. Charleston and Huntington, rival cities, challenging each to each, both putting on as much dog as little old New York. And having sat with gladness in the hospitality of such places, to come to a part of the road where the wild flowers are nodding in the wind, where the wild

fox digs his hole unscared, I think theme may be something in these violent contrasts. I do not think that it is the scenery that makes me rave and write about the Midland Trail and all that the name implies. If any one is inured to scenery it is certainly this writer. I was raised on it. I can write about it even if I cannot talk about it.

The more experience I have in talking the more I think of writing. It is a harmless pastime for the writer and the reader can either take it or leave it alone. There is no compulsion about it. Lately I have been shouting all over the State trying to keep the teachers awake until I have nearly cracked my voice.

> I hate to mark those stifled yawns,
> In fat gazelles in dotted lawns,
> Or watch the tides of sleep arise,
> In yon pale lady's tired eyes.

But in this cross-section that is known as the Midland Trail you see all that is to be seen in the way of grandeur and beauty and art, except the surf and the desert.

Up until the automobile came the record for quick traveling over this trail was held by Captain John Field who in the summer of 1774 ran from Kelly's place twelve miles below the Kanawha Falls to Arbuckle's Fort on Muddy Creek, between Lewisburg and Alderson, a distance of eighty miles without stopping, clad only in his shirt. He arrived tired and hungry and badly lacerated by the briers and brush. Ordinarily it took three days to march this distance from Kelly's to Kelly's, but Captain Field made it without stopping. He was a man fifty-four years of age and his splendid spur was the thought of torture by the Indians.

John Field was a citizen of Culpepper. He had served in Braddock's War and under Bouquet. He was one of the many surveyors who went into the Kentucky and Kanawha countries to survey land under the military scrip gotten from the English government for service in the Indian wars. He had gone to the Kanawha Falls country with two servants, a Scotchman and a Negro woman cook. In the summer runners were sent through the woods to warn the surveying parties that the Indians were up and that they had better withdraw. There was a Kelly place on Muddy Creek near the Big Levels on the Greenbrier and another Kelly place at the mouth of Kelly's Creek below the great falls. This Kelly Creek crosses the Midland Trail. Walter Kelly lived on the Kanawha and when the runners came from Greenbrier sent out by Col. John Stuart, Walter Kelly sent all of his family under the care of his younger brother back to Greenbrier, but he remained with Field and the two servants at Kelly's Creek with the intention of going on with the surveys. This was in July. The family of Walter Kelly reached the Greenbrier settlement safely. Col. Stuart took some soldiers and went westward but they soon met Field. It then appeared that soon after the Kelly family had started home that Indians surprised the Kelly house in Kanawha, and fired on Field and Kelly as they were shifting some leather which was tanning in a vat in the yard. It is probably true that Walter Kelly who raised a crop of corn at the mouth of Kelly's Creek in the year 1774 was the first settler of Kanawha County. At the fire Walter Kelly was killed and Field escaped.

The Indians then killed the Negro woman and took the Scotchman prisoner, and this prisoner was not afterwards heard from.

The Kellys were to suffer more losses from the Indians. About the first of August a party of Indians came near Kellys on Muddy Creek. The younger brother of Walter Kelly who had just been killed and scalped on Kelly's Creek, was walking near the house with a daughter of Walter Kelly. They were fired upon and young Kelly killed and scalped and the girl carried into captivity.

This is the true statement of the fate of the Kelly brothers, one killed on the Great Kanawha River and the other on Muddy Creek. There is no reason to doubt this. There has been some confusion as to this, some saying one thing and some another, trying to reconcile the tradition of one Kelly being killed by the Indians at widely separated places. Two Kellys and within a few days of each other, about eighty miles apart.

John Field being hunted out of the Kanawha Valley became a partisan of the Lewises and spent some time in raising a company for the Point Pleasant campaign. He made a hurried trip to Culpepper and raised a company of thirty-five men and these were the Culpepper men who came across the Blue Ridge Mountains to join the war waged by the mountaineers.

Field reached Lewisburg with this small company and made a demand that as he had outranked Andrew Lewis in the Bouquet war that by rights he ought to have command, but Andrew Lewis was county colonel of Botetourt, and he was made commander in chief. Whereupon, Field was angry and marched away off to one side of the main army, but by the time that Field had reached Meadow River, somewhere near Rainelle, Indians fired on his company, and that caused him to close up with the main army, where he was mollified as being listed with the rank of colonel but had charge of only thirty-five men.

At the battle of Point Pleasant, Col. Charles Lewis was killed at the first onset and the men gave back under the attack, and they were rallied by Col. Field approaching with reinforcements, but later in the day Col. Field was also killed.

Col. William Christian in a letter written on the 15th day of October, 1774, said that Col. Field had gotten behind a great tree and that an Indian near him talked to him to draw his attention while some other Indians on the right hand of the tree behind some logs shot him.

It will be seen then that the last two months of the life of John Field would make a basis for a historical romance if anyone desired to develop the character of an outstanding pioneer in that way. By gum, if I had time, I would do it myself.

Here was a man who had won fame as a young man in two great campaigns. He returned to the sheltered life in Culpepper. Then when the great land boom came in 1774, when Washington and other shrewd land-hungry Americans found a way to make a breach in the mountains and acquire Indian land in the reservation, John Field burnishes up his compass, and taking a raw Scotch immigrant and colored mammy to cook, turns his back on the luxurious life in the lowlands and wins his way across the terrifying mountains until he comes to Walter Kelly's on the Kanawha. Walter Kelly had established the outpost of the settlements,

but he was not inviting any company. He had come nearly a hundred miles west so that he would not be disturbed. He had urgent reasons for remaining secluded. Something to do with an issue raised in North Carolina. And here in 1774 he found that he lived on a highway and he tasted the first onrush of the Midland Trail. April 14, 1774, Surveyor Jack Floyd's party of eight men came to his house. They were surveying for Washington and others. Thomas Hanson kept a journal of the expedition. At the mouth of Elk River they made a canoe which they called the Good Hope, and drifted down the river and surveyed 2,000 acres for Col. Washington bordered by the Coal River and the Canawagh River. And by the way, Hanson spells the name of the river C-O-A-L.* This party does not seem to have disturbed Walter Kelly, but later when Field and his party came to put up with him, Kelly got restive, sent his family back to the settlements and was figuring on some way to stop on and save his corn crop and get rid of his visitors, when his life was cut short by Indian warriors.

Field then being the only survivor and making his escape by the skin of his teeth in his shirt tail devoted the rest of his life to war on the Indians.

Hanson caught a pike at the mouth of Elk River forty-three inches long.

Field refused at Camp Union to submit to the leadership of Andrew Lewis. Charles Lewis marched his detachment first and Field took his company on as an independent command until they got to the banks of Little Meadow River. Here two hunters by the name of Clay and Coward went to hunt deer and encountered two Indians. The Indians shot and killed Coward and before they could scalp him, Clay killed one of the Indians. The other Indian escaped and took the report of the advance of the army to the Shawnee towns. This was on the 10th day of September, 1774. Field then waited until Andrew Lewis came up with the main army and while that army was encamped in a meadow or Savannah on Meadow River, he brought his men into camp and after that harmony prevailed.

The Midland Trail skirts the brink of the New River canyon on the south side of Gauley Mountain and comes down to the edge of the New River just above the mouth of Gauley River. But the army avoided that awe-inspiring gorge and turned to the right and crossed over Gauley Mountain and came down on Gauley River. Fleming records the facts that Gauley collects the waters betwixt the Greenbrier River and the Elk River. They marched down Gauley River and crossed over to the headwaters of Kelly's Creek by way of Bell's Creek on the line between Nicholas County and Fayette County. They marched down Kelly's Creek to the Kanawha River. Kelly's place was found to be about a half mile from the river. Here Fleming places Paw Paw trees, the flowering Poplar, and leatherwood. They found coal which burned well.

*John Peter Salley was the discoverer of this stream in 1742, and was the first to traverse its full length. He named the stream "Coal River." It has been asserted that the original name was "Cole" in honor of a soldier who served in Lewis' Big Sandy expedition in 1756, but the daily journal kept by Salley disproves the statement. In the journal the following entry was made: "In these mountains we found great plenty of Coal for which we named it (the stream) COAL RIVER."—B. B. S.

The name of the town at the mouth of Kelly's Creek is now Cedar Grove, but for many years it was known as Kelly's Station. A fort was built there in 1774 or shortly after by Captain William Morris who was a member of Captain Arbuckle's company and who was wounded at Point Pleasant. It was the head of navigation of the Kanawha River. In the years that followed it was the end of one of the Kentucky trails, and was the place that the immigrants came to navigable water on their westward journey to the rich lands of Kentucky. Here they dug out canoes and floated with the stream to Kentucky. It was a most important place.

After a time when the fort had rotted down it was known as the Boat Yards.

Now it is in the rich coal fields. It is in Cabin Creek district. Above and on the opposite side of the river is Paint Creek and below and across the river is Cabin Creek.

If I get the time, I want to go down to the Kelly place and follow up the line of travel that the army took in 1774. It would be a very interesting expedition to go there with Fleming's journal, and also his orderly book in hand and tramp over the route of that army.

There is tradition that I would like to verify, too. Fayette County was formed in the year 1831, from the counties of Logan, Greenbrier, Nicholas, and Kanawha. It fixes the boundary on the Nicholas side as coming to the mouth of Bell's Creek and running up and with the same to the house of James Nicholas, and from thence a straight line to Rock Camp, on the line between Kanawha and Nicholas, thence a straight line to Kanawha River. They say that in after years that considerable confusion arose about the lines on Bell Creek, as to the residence of certain citizens, and upon the matter being investigated, it was found that James Nicholas moved several times as his clearing extended up the creek that he lived upon, and that every time that he moved he took the county line with him. As I heard it the matter was adjusted by locating the original Nicholas homestead and fixing the lines to corner at that point.

There is another tradition about a kink in the line of Fayette County that is of great interest. It will be noticed that on its western boundary that the line between Fayette and Kanawha running south comes to the Kanawha River so as to leave Cannelton in Kanawha, and then follows the river down for about a mile and then continues south so as to throw Montgomery into Fayette County. As I heard it, when the new county was proposed, this line crossed the river where it cornered on the river, but the owner of a farm at that place on the south side of the river, Col. Montgomery, hearing about the proposed measure, and being at outs with the then government of Kanawha County, hot-footed to Richmond, and had the line so adjusted that his land was included within the new bounds of Fayette County. By this adventitious circumstance the large and important city of Montgomery was destined to be in Fayette County.

Montgomery is a fine city. I knew it when we both were young and we went the pace and went it blind. Twenty-five years ago Montgomery was in its hectic youth and its saloons sold a brand that would enable a man to go home and argue with his mother-in-law. The only honest-to-goodness dance-halls that I ever saw in my life, were in the moving pic-

tures, and in Montgomery. But that is all changed now. Montgomery is noted for culture, schools, science, and art. I saw one of the best college publications that came from there the other day. It was the issue of its college paper of August 11th. You cross over dry shod on a bridge from the Midland Trail. When my wife and I were tourists, we paid the town the greatest compliment that a tourist can pay to a community, we stopped overnight there both going and coming. And they have a doctor there of the kind that causes the world to make a path to his door. The time is coming, if it has not already come for the people down the river to speak of that town as Kanawha Irredenta.

There is another place along the Midland Trail that I hope that the bright-eyed youngsters will look out for. I do not know how long a tree will live in this climate. Certainly not the hundreds and thousands of years that some enthusiastic tree lovers assert. But two hundred and fifty-five years ago, Thomas Batts and Robert Fallam came to the Kanawha Falls on the 17th day of September, 1671. They had been commissioned by General Wood to make an expedition to the west and to go through Appalachian Mountains until they came to the waters of the South Sea, and there ascertain the ebbing and the flowing of the waters on that side of the mountains so that a discovery of the South Sea might be accomplished. They were to go until they came to the tidewater rivers so common in Virginia, at Petersburg from whence they started. A third man was commissioned at the same time, Thomas Woods, but he fell sick and died before he reached the end of the journey.

The explorers found four trees in a row and marked them for the king. They took possession of the country in these words: "Long live Charles the Second, by grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, and Virginia, and of all the territory thereunto belonging, defender of the faith, etc." They bared some places on the trunk of the tree and with marking irons burned C. R. and the royal arms, and placed various letters including W. B. for Governor Sir William Berkeley and A. W. for General Wood. These trees if they have not been destroyed are somewhere in the region of the great falls.

They traveled northwest from the extreme headwaters of Roanoke River for seventy-one miles and when they were thoroughly well satisfied that they had reached the place on the Great Kanawha where the tide ebbed and flowed they took possession in the name of the king and went back home again.

The trees stood on the other side of the river, I think, and they are on the hill for after the trees were marked the explorers went to the river's edge but with great difficulty on account of the thorns on the locust and the dense brush. This would correspond with the terrace on which the town of Kanawha Falls is built.

CHAPTER VIII

As you approach the break between the States of Virginia and West Virginia take note of the Mineral Waters. The greatest variety of Mineral Springs in the World as well as the Boldest.

Mineral waters affect me differently. The absorption of natural tonics inclines me to dance, hunt, fish, golf, lie and romance around. To eat, drink and be merry. The theory is to go to the springs and be sedate and build up for the battle of life. But so far all the effect that it has had on me is to increase my capacity for pleasure and the question has been not so much whether I could come back stronger and better for the experience, but whether I could go there and retain my Christian integrity.

If you have followed me this far, I would remind you that in writing on the subject of mineral waters, that I approach it from a viewpoint of an observer who has lived all his life in the heart of the most prolific region of mineral springs to be found anywhere in the world.

One of my earliest recollections is that of helping a gentleman gather up and place a few hundredweight of second-hand horseshoes and other scrap iron in the flow of a celebrated chalybeate spring and cover up the place. The object was to improve the quality of the water. I think now that it was a harmless experiment and that it was in no wise to be compared to the salting of a mine. My part of the work was to accumulate the iron. I got five cents for my part of the dirty work.

Later on, it was a matter of great interest to make a trip in a covered wagon across the mountains and observe the superior mortals who dallied around such summer resorts as the Hot Springs, the Warm Springs, the Bath Alum and Millboro Springs, all of which lay on the road to the railway depot. There we saw a set of carefree mortals, and it never occurred to us young ones that these kind of people ever had any troubles and tribulations. I know better now.

There is a real value in the curative powers of mineral waters and many instances occur where persons are sent to the springs by anxious hearts at a cost that makes it a supreme sacrifice. It is a terrible drain on the family savings but it is given in hope of saving a loved one's life. And tragedy walks hand in hand with pleasure at watering places.

People of this section do not realize what a wonderful geological region they live in. There are so many tinctured waters that they have invented a word for water that does not have a pronounced mineral taste, and they call it freestone water, and prize it very highly.

The Encyclopedia Britannica lists the mineral waters of North America according to the German classification. It gives thirty springs in the United States and Canada as representing the best of the classes and subclasses, including such springs as the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and Saratoga Springs, of New York. Yet notwithstanding the immense area covered by the list, there are in it eleven springs in this vicinity.

Six indifferent or thermal springs are given. Local springs included in the list are the Healing Springs, Warm Springs, and Hot Springs of Bath County.

Six calcareous and earthy springs, of which the Sweet Springs, of Monroe County, Berkeley Springs of Morgan County, and Allegheny Springs, Montgomery County, are the local representatives.

Four sulphur springs: The two close by are the White Sulphur Springs, of Greenbrier County, and the Salt Sulphur Springs, of Monroe County.

Five iron springs: Included in the list are Rawley Springs, of Rockingham County, Sweet Chalybeate Springs, of Allegheny County, and Rockbridge Alum, of Rockbridge County.

The classes in which this region does not take first place are epsom salts, common salt, glauber salt, and alkaline. Other States take supremacy in those.

The reason of the great abundance of mineral waters in the mountains is stated as follows. The Devonian and Silurian formations which overlie the Eozoic rocks along the course of the Appalachian range, especially in Virginia and West Virginia, have been greatly fissued—the faulting of the strata in some places of enormous magnitude—by the series of upheavals which gave rise to the many parallel mountain ridges along the lines of fault.

In other words, the Accordion Mountains. The surface of the earth once stretched far and wide. Then it folded like an accordion, and the ridges appeared. If you do not know what an accordion is it can be stated that it is a musical bellows. Now when the earth's crust gets to folding up like a bellows, there is apt to be some fracture of the strata, for there is only a limited amount of elasticity to the rock beds, and the dislocation caused by the slipping of rock masses along the plane of fracture, is called a fault. In following a vein in mining it sometimes disappears, and it may be found many feet below on account of a subsidence of a considerable portion of the broken strata. But nature did such a neat job of folding up these mountains that there are surprisingly few faults, and most of our noble mountains west of the main break, the Allegheny, are due to erosion. Most of the ridges that run north and south are folded mountains and most of those which set some other way are eroded.

One naturally looks for the mineral waters then along the great break of the Allegheny Mountain dividing the two Virginias. But as a sort of a compensation to the people living west of the main break, nature provided a very important mineral water in vast quantities, and that is a calcareous or earthy water, known generally as limestone water. And but for its great plentifulness this would be the most valuable mineral water of all for it makes men grow strong and well and to attain great size, strength, and stature. In limestone countries look for six-footers. We call it hard water. It is cold, clear, invigorating, healthy. The housewife learns to qualify it by buying an alkali soap to wash clothes. Something in the nature of soda. The chemists of the kitchen know about it. At our house until the last year, we had a fine limestone water and when the new source of supply came to the town water works, and it commenced to use an indifferent water, or as we would say, a freestone

water, the soap bill for wash day was about one-tenth of what it was when we had to soften up the noble and calcareous mixture.

For years the main water supply of this town was a mixture of iron and salt and a few other powerful remedies, and in all the years, the chemists had not found any commercial soap that would qualify it and make it tractable. It was good to extinguish fires, and it was healthy to drink, though not so palatable. But they gave it up as a bad job and took a soft water.

But let us have a few more scientific observations. The folding of the mountains caused faults and fissures and the rains descended and the floods came and the cracks and crevices of the earth were filled and the water went deep and returned again to the surface, and a number of warm springs were found flowing. I have never seen a thermal spring that was not a bold and abundant flow and volume. It is unaffected by change in the seasons. Wet and dry weather does not affect it. Such springs go so deep into the surface of the earth and find such vast reservoirs, that they go on forever, unchanged. They take their temperature from heat deep in the bowels of the earth and they flow in such volume that they are not subject to much contamination in the way of nauseous minerals, but come forth bubbling with gas, and the water is the most palatable of all waters, in spite of its temperature. It is very different from the ordinary tepid water. The gentleman who chambers a gallon or two of the light, airy water fresh from the inferno rejoices like a strong man to run a race.

All through these mountain counties there are mineral springs. They are in such numbers that it may be said that no community is without them, and these offer to suffering humanity a cure for almost every ill. The fact is that the very number make mineral water so common that it is not valuable as mineral water. The great price that it brings in the cities represents labor and transportation. I had this experience. I drove down Anthony's Creek passing near where Alvon water comes out in such great abundance. The next day I was in Charleston at a great hotel. Feeling faint, in a moment of weakness, I ordered a bottle of this water to be used internally and the charge was fifty cents for a half-gallon bottle. This was about four times the price of gasoline. It shows what a man will give for a drink of water when he is away from home.

A light water. That is the kind that a person can carry easily. Those used to a moderate tumbler full of ordinary solid water, are surprised to find that they can chamber glass after glass of light water that rises from such great depths that it carries with it a great deal of gas. Thus a gallon of water from the Warm Springs if consumed in one drink, will furnish to airy, fairy Lillian four and one-half cubic inches of gas, and she will float away on the wings of the morning feeling fine.

The tradition of the Warm Springs is that a party of Indians on a forced march camped there one night and one of the warriors attracted by the temperature of the water bathed in it, and it was so agreeable that he found a suitable wallow and slept in the water all night. On the march being resumed the next morning, it was found that the Indian who had slept in the water had more speed and stamina than any other in the army, and he flew up the mountain like a bird, and ever after

that the magic of its waters were recognized. Long before settlers came to Bath County, the value of the water for bathing became known, and sick persons were carried there. There is no question as to value of these thermal waters to persons afflicted with rheumatism and a large number of other complaints that take the joy out of life.

The most luxurious resort is the Hot Springs but most of us Scots keep away from there on account of the worry attending the brooding over the scale of prices. There is such a thing as paying so much for food that it takes away the appetite. And while the visitor may be there for his health the hotel keeper is not. I have had experiences at the Hot Springs ranging from sleeping in the road at the railway depot under a covered wagon, to that of dining with the President of the United States. I have even had the experience there of meeting and being associated with a courteous caddy of an understanding heart, and that is making a bold and broad statement, but it is true.

The Warm Springs is the county seat town of Bath County and when I can first remember it, it was more important than the Hot Springs. That was before the millions were expended on the Hot Springs. My father used to preach at the Warm Springs. And then in the seventies he went there to attend a meeting of Lexington Presbytery, one of the most intellectual and powerful institutions in the world. It was my time to go to Presbytery and I went along. I have never forgotten the boiling caldron of water, appreciably warm to the taste. It was a round well-like spring covered with a round shelter. On the ground near the spring, I found a beautiful print, and I asked my father if I could have it. He hesitated for a moment to answer but said yes. It was a playing card, the three of diamonds, and I carried it home with me. The water flowed into great bathing pools and it maintained in these pools a temperature of ninety-eight degrees. The water is clear as clear can be and is thoroughly well charged with gas. At these springs in Bath County, bathing has reached its highest state of perfection.

Of all the vistas afforded by the Accordion Mountains, there is none more wonderful than the one from Warm Springs Mountain, where the innumerable crests of mountains can be seen as far as the eye can reach. Some delirious summer boarder remarked that it was like a dark blue sea of giant billows, instantly stricken solid by nature's magic wand.

For many years the wagon road ended at Bath Alum, at the eastern foot of Warm Springs Mountain, and this was the end of wagon transportation for emigration and trade. From that point on, it was pack-horses.

The Hot Springs is east of the great divide, but the other great watering place is in West Virginia west of the divide. It is in West Virginia between the Greenbrier River and the height of land. The Greenbrier River people are placed on the dividing line between the mineral waters of the east and the petroleum of the west. The White Sulphur Springs probably give the drinker more suspended matter than is to be found in any other nearby waters. At least I have always felt like there was some very substantial qualities to the water. I see it stated that by evaporation a hundred cubic inches of this water (between a quart and a half gallon) will yield sixty-three grains of solid matter. Or.

63.54 grains to be exact. It is a light palatable water and one readily sees that after the third or fourth glassful of this beautiful water that he would be well supplied with a number of healthful and invigorating grains.

Like so many other sulphur springs, this was a famous deer lick in the old days. Another tradition is that in 1772, a woman who was so sick that she was given up to die, was brought there on a litter. A poplar tree was felled and a large trough for bathing purposes was constructed with adz and axe. Sulphur water was put in it, and it was heated by placing hot stones in the water. The sick woman was bathed in the water thus prepared and she drank freely of the water from the spring. In a few weeks she went home cured.

It is a matter of utmost importance to Virginia and West Virginia to have the world realize the beauty and the importance of the mountain counties and nothing adds more to their attractiveness than the great number of beautiful springs all of which have curative values. These springs are so numerous that it may be said that they have never been numbered. They are to be found everywhere. Some of the most natable have fixed the sites of watering places, but there are many just as valuable which are disregarded and known only to those who live in the locality.

It is a day of easy and cheap transportation by means of the motor car and the world do move. About sixty-odd years ago, the powers that be staged a great Civil War which was fought for four years, largely in the zone of fracture, which divides Virginia and West Virginia, and after it had been kept up for years, the people of the cities had found other and safer resorts, and our watering places came out of the war all shot to pieces with much of their glory departed. They have not had the vogue since then that they once enjoyed.

But the country has increased in population and the motor car has come, and it may be that the mountains will once more come into their own.

About the best evidence that there is universal, internal heat in the interior of the earth is furnished by the great number of thermal springs that flow from this broken and disjointed mountain country.

For petroleum we know that one must look for a hermetically sealed container which is without a leak and in which the oil has been stored by the action of nature. And for warm springs one must look for some condition of the strata just the opposite, for these flowing springs are supplied by the rainfall and are rendered warm by traversing hidden channels under the surface.

Petroleum is a mineral like coal. There is a deposit and when it is exhausted it cannot be replenished under modern conditions. And petroleum is like water in that it will drain away if a leak occurs, but there is no power to restore it as has a spring that feeds from the rainfall. I asked an engineer how big was an oil pool? And he said: 'How long is a stick?" One well may be all that will touch a particular pool or there may be hundreds.

It is indefinite to say mineral water. Probably the White Sulphur Springs handles the extremes, Alvon water from up on Anthonys Creek

will probably show less than five grains of solids to the gallon and the water from the main sulphur spring shows one hundred and twenty-four grains to the gallon.

And then, too, in this country there is a dispute as to what is a thermal spring. There is no question about the hot springs, but what of the others that show no variation in temperature from atmospheric conditions? Do they not have the right to be called thermal and are they not extremely valuable on account of the tremendous purifying process they have undergone within the deep and vast confines of subterranean caverns?

Alum water is the heaviest and most powerful of all our iron springs. It is often so acid as to make it disagreeable to drink. The springs that give the red color to the soil from the flow of water are not the strongest necessarily in iron. It may be that other springs that do not have the red running water may taste strong of acid. The main quality of iron water is that of a tonic and the use of it greatly stimulates the appetite for plain and wholesome food.

In the plan to have the teacher from every sub-district in the State make a record of the predominant features of the sub-district, the thousands of notable mineral springs of the mountain counties will be listed and made available for inspection by any person interested.

In the meantime rest assured that the border counties on either side of the Great Divide, the Allegheny Mountain, in West Virginia and Virginia, have the world beaten as to the volume and variety of mineral waters.

CHAPTER IX

Civil War activities on the Midland Trail. The stamping ground of Lee, Crook, Wise, Floyd, and other generals. Here Milton W. Humphries invented indirect fire.

In regard to these chapters on the Midland Trail, fast assuming the size and shape of a history of southern West Virginia, the period of the Civil War demands some attention. The activities along the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, now called the Midland Trail would demand a book in themselves, but there would be so many statistics in it that you would not stand for it. The names of the regiments and companies clutter up war history until the unfortunate reader throws the thing across the room.

When Moses was writing and compiling the Pentateuch, some earnest souls thought that he was not getting enough statistics in it, and they called for a recording of facts. More facts and less style. Moses seems to have been a nervous man, and he gave them some chapters of genealogy running like this: And Joktan begat Almodad, and so forth. And all the world gives it the go by. In the days when we read the Bible through every few months at family prayers, our good father would direct the skipping of the begatitudes.

And now that I am undertaking a chapter on the Civil War, I am going to see if I cannot make it run along in a sort of general way pleasing to the company in an attempt to get at the kernel of the subject, even under the danger of being accused of soldiering.

During the whole four years there were armies marching to and fro across the southern part of West Virginia from the first to the last, and there has not been very much said about the campaigns in any books that I can get hold of. A similar activity was to be observed along the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, the parallel road farther north, but it seems that most of the writers have been from the northern part of the State, and small attention has been given to the tremendous happenings of what is now the more populous half of West Virginia, to wit, the southern end—that part of the State that lies south of the Bison Range, the unbroken divide that lies from the Virginia line at the junction of Pendleton, Highland, and Pocahontas counties, to the Ohio River above the mouth of the Great Kanawha River.

Among the actions fought on the Midland Trail were: Battle of White Sulphur Springs, two battles at Lewisburg, Sewell Mountain, Carnifax Ferry, Cotton Hill, two battles at Fayetteville, Charleston (September 13, 1862), Scary, Hurricane Bridge, three battles in Lincoln (Sandy Lick, Curry Farm, and Coon Creek), Winfield, Pore's Hill and Guyandotte.

In the beginning, Gen. Cox advanced eastward on the highway from Ohio, with the Union Army, and Henry A. Wise and John B. Floyd came from Virginia, as rival commanders of the Confederate forces. And the feeling between the Blue and the Gray was mild compared to the fierce conflict between those two generals. It is apparent that the dislike between the two commanders extended to the rank and file.

Henry A. Wise had been governor of Virginia just preceding the war, and had steam-rollered the ordinance of secession through the Richmond convention the year after his term as governor had ended. He emphasized his remarks with a horse pistol and carried everything before him. He put Virginia with the seceding States and caused West Virginia to leave home and set up for herself. In 1856, when Henry, the Worst, was nominated at Staunton, much of his strength came from the western counties. I have it on the authority of a son of Dr. English, that Dr. Thomas Dunn English, of Logan County, first suggested Wise as a candidate and put his nomination over. Anyway he hotfooted to the Kanawha Valley on the outbreaking of hostilities, to hold these counties in line, but he met with only partial success. He did raise a considerable army by bringing on Virginia troops to augment his volunteers from this side of the mountain, and so far as Wise's campaign was concerned he succeeded in what he undertook. Probably his most signal success was the winning of the battle of Scary, down the river between St. Albans and Winfield.

Gen. John B. Floyd had also served as governor of Virginia, and in addition to that he had been Secretary of War in President Buchanan's cabinet, immediately preceding the war. His commission antedated that of Wise, and on this ground he claimed to be in command. Wise who had driven a recalcitrant convention at the point of a horse pistol was not one to submit tamely to an old political rival, and he took it up with

Robert E. Lee as did Floyd, and Lee seems to have intimated that while the position of one of them was safer that the position of the other was stronger. But finally the President of the Confederates States ordered Wise to turn over everything to Floyd and to report in Richmond, which he did after consulting Lee on that, too. Wise retained his rank as general all through the war, and was with Lee at Appomattox.

After Wise got to Richmond, he gave such an account of the troubles in the Kanawha Valley that the department allowed him to withdraw his Legion to eastern Virginia, and ordered Gen. Loring's army to march on to Charleston by the Midland Trail, while Floyd with 4,700 men was ordered to proceed in a parallel line on the south side of the river. But en route Gen Loring was ordered to Cheat Mountain, and Floyd was left unsupported. He had several contacts with Gen. Cox at Cotton Hill, Fayetteville, and other points in Fayette and Raleigh counties, and he reported that the Union forces would not stand up and fight. The Union officers reported Floyd in hasty and disorganized retreat. The Richmond department was not satisfied with Floyd's account and his command was ordered east. This was in November and thus ended the first season in southern West Virginia with the Union army in possession.

The next year, the Kanawha campaign was turned over to Gen. Loring.

Detailed accounts of this and other campaigns may be found in a pamphlet by Milton W. Humphries, entitled "Military Operations in Fayette County and the Lynchburg Campaign printed by Charles A. Goddard, Fayetteville, W. Va."

One of the units of the Confederate forces that traveled the Midland Trail was the Monroe Artillery, more often referred to as Bryan's Battery. In charge of the first gun of that battery was A. N. Campbell, known as the Big Sergeant of Bryan's Battery. He was a powerful man over six feet tall and weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds in his prime. After the war he became a famous judge and lawyer. He was judge of the district composed of the counties of Pocahontas, Greenbrier, Monroe, Summers and Fayette, which he served for eight years as presiding judge for a salary of eighteen hundred dollars per year. The vicissitudes of politics retired him in 1896, when he was approaching old age and he was very much concerned about the chances of building up a pracice again. But his ability was recognized and he at once was retained by two clients on a yearly retainer of $2,500.00 each, and he built up a great practice and accumulated a fortune. His defeat had proved a blessing in disguise. Soldiers who have seen him in action serving his piece of artillery have said that it was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage and strength that they had ever seen.

Captain Thomas A. Bryan's battery in the opening of the campaign of 1862, consisted of two pieces of artillery and eighty men. The men served with an infantry regiment.

The sergeant of the second piece, a twelve-pound howitzer, was Milton W. Humphries, of Monroe County, aged eighteen, who had been recalled from college life to fight for the Confederacy. He served throughout the war, and studied ballistics with an acute and scientific mind until he became a recognized authority in the science of the motion of projectiles. For instance a shot from a cannon must take into consideration the rotary

motion of the earth and that the target shifts to the left and that has to be taken into consideration in firing smooth bores, but with rifled guns the drift caused by the rotation of the ball offsets his shift, or some such rule, if I read him right.

In the last great war, the gunners fired the cannon without seeing the target fired at. They would elevate the cannon and let fly and shoot the head off of a squirred in a tree in the next county or country, the ball traveling high in the air, over the intervening hills, mountains, and valleys. They fired by maps. And if they did not have one handy of the country they sent up an airship with a camera and got a photograph. One colored trooper insisted that all the gunners needed to get a man with a cannon ball was his post office address. This firing at unseen targets is called indirect fire or defilade fire, and is about the only kind of shooting that is done in this day and time.

Milton W. Humphries worked out the science of indirect fire while serving with Bryan's Battery in the Kanawha Valley, and first practiced it at the second battle of Fayetteville. He continued to improve the theory by actual work, until it was universally accepted.

The occasion of the first firing of this kind, was when he set up his howitzer on the 19th day of May, 1863, three-fourths of a mile from Fayetteville on the Oak Hill road. The Federal forces the year before had erected well-built and extensive earth forts on the heights at that town. Humphries set up his gun in plain view of the fort and fired through an opening cut in the woods. At his third or fourth fire he hit the flagstaff in the fort cutting the colors down. Then the fort answered him with artillery shell fire which was so accurate that he shifted his gun where it would be hid by the intervening wood and from that time to night he fired on the fort some sixty-odd times.

The Federal forces withdrew during the night but occupied the same forts again the next day, and the Confederate forces withdrew towards Beckley.

The other battle at these same forts at Fayetteville had taken place September 10th, the year before.

Prof. Milton W. Humphries, the gunner, became famous after the war as one of the great educators of the country. He was at Washington College the year the war opened, and finished there after the war, and became one of the faculty under Robert E. Lee. He finished his education in Germany at the University of Leipsic and served as professor in the Vanderbilt University, the University of Texas and in the University of Virginia, where he served for twenty-five years until his retirement in 1912. He was a native of Monroe County, a son of Dr. A. C. Humphries and Mary McQuain Heiner Humphries. He has attained fame as a writer and lecturer, gunner, Greek scholar, and as one of the greatest of chess players.

The year of 1862, the Confederates under Loring occupied the Kanawha Valley and held Charleston until October 8th. On September 13, the artillery of the Confederate forces fired on Charleston all day while Gen. Lightburn, commander of the Federal forces was getting his army out of town. On that day he crossed the bridge at the mouth of Elk River with eleven hundred wagons and then burned the bridge that car-

ried him over. While Loring held Charleston, innumerable wagons appeared at the salt works and hauled salt away. It was getting scarce in the Southern States.

Loring marched back to Lewisburg with his whole force for some unexplained reason. The Federal forces occupied Charleston again and held it to the close of the war. At Lewisburg Loring was halted and he returned but failed to take Charleston. His retreat from the Kanawha is about as hard to understand as that of Floyd's the year before.

The most reasonable explanation or conjecture as to Loring moving his army a hundred miles east on the pike to Lewisburg, and his frantic effort to get back to Charleston before the Federal forces occupied it is that Loring received a command from headquarters to report at Richmond that he read to mean to bring his army with him. So much for the vagaries of the English language.

From this year 1862, the West Virginia mountains, and especially this road, was to see a great deal of a hero of American history, Gen. George Crook, the "Gray Fox" of the Indian wars. He got that nickname from his shrewdness and by reason of the fact that he wore a beard that was very much the tint and general makeup of a fox's bushy tail. He was born in Dayton, Ohio. He graduated from West Point in 1852, and immediately joined his regiment in California and saw nine years' service in keeping the Indians in order on the Pacific Coast. When the war broke out he came east as fast as he could by way of Panama, and receiving a colonel's commission he joined the 36th Ohio Volunteer Infantry at Summersville.

The next May he occupied Lewisburg, with a brigade of troops. The Confederate force sent to dislodge him from Mercer County under Gen. Heth, though much superior in number and arms, was defeated and retreated with great loss. The reason ascribed by commanders on both sides was that Crook at the beginning of the winter had erected a large building and in it had drilled his raw recruits hard and the Confederate forces were undrilled. This victory made Crook and it worsted Heth, who was relieved of his mountain command.

The people of West Virginia after the war spoke often of the Gray Fox and he was universally liked and respected for his fairness and as a capable man. He saw service in all parts of the Virginias. He got to be major general in the latter part of 1864, and was placed in command of the Department of West Virginia, with headquarters at Cumberland. In the spring of that year he was placed in command of the Kanawha Division and he fought the battle of Cloyd's Mountain, and took and burned a bridge over New River, and lay at Meadow Bluff in Greenbrier county on the pike from May 19 to June 1, the day that his army crossed the Greenbrier River on the way to the Lynchburg campaign.

After the war Crook went back from major general to lieutenant colonel and went west to fight the Indians again, and it was this period of his life that so much has been written about him by the authors of the country, and it was during these years that his fame in the west kept his memory alive in West Virginia.

He was not only a great Indian fighter but he understood the Indian character and he accomplished more by peaceful settlement than by

fighting, though he saw much of that. He conquered the Snake Indians, the Apaches, the Sioux, and the Chiricahaus.

No story of Indian war for twenty years after the Civil War was considered complete without some reference to the Gray Fox. He was a quiet, soft spoken man, who dressed shabbily, and who knew the army from the ground up, and who inquired into the minute details in regard to his soldiers, their arms, stock, and equipment.

He had the distinction of working his way up to the position of major general the second time by a commission dated April 6, 1888. He died in Chicago in 1890.

In February, 1865, Crook was ordered to turn over the Department of West Virginia to Major General Benjamin F. Kelley, and take Sheridan's place in the Valley of Virginia. Kelley came to Cumberland and Crook started to Winchester. Captain Jesse McNeil's rangers had torn up the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the train backed into Cumberland. Crook went to the hotel where Kelley was stationed.

That night same twenty-odd of McNeil's rangers made a raid on Cumberland, and in the dead of night rode into the city then occupied by a Federal army and going into the hotel, woke up the two major generals and at the point of the pistol carried them off and delivered them to the Confederate authorities at Richmond.

I got the details of this exploit at first hand from Armistead Combs who was in the surprise that night, and according to his report they had no trouble in riding into Cumberland and up to the hotel, which was called the Windsor, the last time I stopped over in that city. The generals gave them no trouble, as they probably knew that there would be shooting and that death would be their portion.

This company was from Hardy County and knew all the ins and outs of the mountains, and riding with them was a man by the name of Charles J. Daily who knew all about the city and the hotel where the generals stopped.

When they delivered the major generals at Richmond, the Confederates wanted to trade them for all the prisoners in the northern prisons. The Secretary of War at Washington wanted to dismiss both generals but Grant would not stand for that. The Confederacy was on its last legs. Less than two months was to see the end of the war. The stage had been reached where it took a barrel of money to buy a barrel of flour, and a pound of money to buy a pound of bacon. But they made a quick trade with Crook, and by March 27th, Crook was on duty near Richmond in command of all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

With only fourteen days of the war remaining, Crook managed to fight four battles, Dinwiddie Courthouse, Jetersville, Sailors Creek, and Farmville, and it was Crook's cavalry that held Lee on the 9th of April, when the advance of the infantry convinced him that his case was hopeless, and he surrendered to Grant. Crook's success started at Lewisburg and it carried him through to Appomattox.

It took more than the rugged mountains to awe Crook. He was the Gray Fox of the West. And nowhere did he have more friends and admirers than those who lived along the Midland Trail.

CHAPTER X

The Mouth of the Guyandotte River and the Trail to that point from the Mouth of Coal River.

The Midland Trail was an Indian trail and not a buffalo trail. No record of any kind is extant of seeing a herd of buffaloes in the wooded slopes of West Virginia. There were many cases of solitary wood buffalo, but they differed materially from the grass-eating buffalo of the plains, and they were solitary and not gregarious. The wood buffalo did not travel all over the country. They stayed where they were put.

The old Indian trail followed the Great Kanawha to its mouth, and across the Ohio River, and that is the line of travel that General Andrew Lewis's army took in 1774, in Dunmore's War.

When the white men occupied the country and it became expedient to connect Richmond and Staunton with the traffic on the Ohio River, there was a change made in the line of travel at a very early date.

The Indian trail was followed to the mouth of Coal River, at St. Albans, on the two thousand-acre Washington survey, and there the road branches off to the south to reach the Ohio River at the mouth of the Guyan River, and that is the way that State Highway No. 3, the Midland Trail, follows.

The road began at the important town of Guyandotte and reached the top of Allegheny Mountain at the pass near White Sulphur Springs. It is hard to say when this became the great highway, but it must have been as far back at 1800. There was every reason for taking the near cut through the hills to the Kanawha River at the mouth of Coal River. It was only about forty miles. For the boats down the river there were two great highways in the north, the Braddock road, and the Pennsylvania road. But for the boats poled laboriously up the Ohio River against the current, the deep inlet formed by the Guyan River, formed a most tempting and convenient place to branch off and use the great canyon of the New River, where the mountains were rent in twain, and which led to the metropolis of Richmond, and to the sea.

A great traffic was maintained on this road long before the James River and Kanawha Turnpike was incorporated. Guyandotte and Wheeling were the two principal towns on the Ohio in Western Virginia, handling the river travel and freight. It was this transportation problem that led to the founding of those ancient towns, Barboursville and Guyandotte, and to the formation of the county of Cabell, in 1809. William H. Cabell was governor of Virginia and the new county was named in his honor.

The first court was organized when Judge Coalter arrived at Barboursville one day, soon after the formation of the county. Barboursville was the first county seat. He reported that there was considerable debate and opposition to his mission, on the grounds that the inhabitants were of a mind to try to get along without a court or grand jury, and that they did not want any protection of that kind. But Judge Coalter proceeded to organize a court. This Judge Coalter was the Staunton attorney. He

was born in Rockbridge County and was a judge of the general court and afterwards a member of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.

Edmund Morris was appointed clerk of the Cabell court and James Wilson, prosecuting attorney. Lawyers qualified to practice were David Cartmill, Henry Hunter, William H. Cavendish, John Mathews, Ballard Smith, Lewis Summers, and Sylvester Woodward, afterwards attorney general of the State of New York.

A hundred years ago, Guyandotte could not compare with the metropolis of Wheeling in size but it was its rival so far as an inland port was concerned. It had about eight hundred people as compared to Wheeling's five thousand, but it was the route that many chose for goods or travel who came out of the west headed to Richmond and the ports on the Atlantic Ocean.

The sign in which Cabell County conquers is transportation from the first. About fifty-odd years ago, the great railroad builder, C. P. Huntington, came by and he was intent on joining Cincinnati and Richmond by means of a railroad, with a side service to New York, and he picked out Cabell County as the spot for the halfway place, and that carried along the plan of making Wheeling and Guyandotte the two most important West Virginia towns on the Ohio River.

Guyandotte did not know what luck had come to her, for the place that Huntington took for the town of his name was miles away from the town of Guyandotte, but the time has come when the city has reached out and included that town in its improvements and is on its way to absorb Barboursville, and right the ancient wrong of taking the courthouse away from that ancient town.

We have five or six big cities in West Virginia but all of them except Huntington are old and go back to the days of Cornstalk, but Huntington only goes back to the days of Jesse James, and the good Queen Victoria. There on some broad level lands on the banks of the Ohio River so high that it fears no flood, the great railroad man Huntington, said there was to be a city, and after a time it grew so fast that it took in Guyandotte with its brick work and paved streets, and that in a way is the oldest part of Huntington. And the wayfarer should note that Guyandotte stood on its dignity, and advanced no part of the way to join up with Huntington. She waited in all calmness and dignity for Huntington to come and get her and envelop her with city improvements.

Jesse James was a great outlaw in the days gone by, some fifty years ago. He was a sort of Rob Roy and Robin Hood and Jack Cade combined. They used to sell his life in the shape of a subscription book. I can well remember how disappointed we children were when our minister father refused to subscribe to the life of Jesse James as represented by a book agent. They say that Jesse James ravaged as far east as Huntington, and that a robbery in Huntington was actually his farthest east. Last summer at Princeton, I ran on a tradition that one day Jesse James came there to consider the advisability of robbing a bank that stood there in what was a very small village then, and that having partaken of the hospitality of the president of the bank, he stayed his hand, and left it undisturbed.

In those days, Jesse James was a great lawbreaker and hero, but he would not amount to much in this day of bootleggers and other evils. He specialized in robbing banks, and he would ride up and get a bag full of money and ride away, but he would find his occupation gone if he lived today, and he would probably have to hold up a truck load of liquor or something like that if he had to make a living for his family.

Cabell (Kabble) County was formed in 1809, from Kanawha. It was at the time that William H. Cabell was governor of Virginia, hence the name. It was a fine large county to begin with. It ran from Mason to Giles, and with Giles and Tazewell to Tug River, and with Tug River to the Ohio River and up the Ohio River to the Mason County line. Wayne, Lincoln, Mingo, Wyoming, and other counties have reduced it to its present boundaries, but with it all it has kept the old road and the brightest jewel, the city of Huntington.

There seems to be no West Virginia historian who has called attention to the part that the port of Guyandotte and the road to the mouth of Coal River and to the Kanawha River have played in the development of southern West Virginia, which, much to the mystification of the great northwest, turned up a short time ago with more than half the people of the State.

So far as I know, it was Professor Brown, of the University, the geologist, who traced strata of the earth and took note of the way the streams ran, and how the land lay, who announced some thirty-odd years ago that Huntington was destined to be the big city on the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

First the flat boats poled up the river from as far south as New Orleans and found a harbor in the still water between the high banks of the Guyan River where it entered the Ohio, and later steamboats followed the same course, to connect with the carry-across the Appalachians, by way of the great watering place, the White Sulphur Springs.

Huntington is the big Victorian city of West Virginia. It grew without noise, fuss, or confusion until the time is near at hand if not already come when it can claim its six figures in population. Many of us who belong to the Victorian age are inclined to think that the world reached the high point of valor and endeavor during those halcyon years, and that the great events of the twentieth century are builded on the sure foundation of those years, of the good queen, who kept the noiseless tenor of her way and reigned for sixty-four years. The gentle lady who as the old Irishman said had shown interest in but one piece of music in her life, when the tune was traced down and discovered it was found to be "Come where the booze is cheaper."

But with all the overwhelming bigness of Huntington, Cabell is an important farming county, having still some two thousand farms.

Thomas Hannon was the first settler. He moved from Botetourt County in the year 1796, and settled up near the Mason County line, on what was called Green Bottom. Shortly after, Thomas Buffington settled at the mouth of the Guyan River.

The earliest reference that I find to Guyandotte River is in the journal of Floyd's surveying party who made camp at the mouth of the Great Giandot on the 27th day of April, 1774. The party was at that place

thirty-seven strong, having joined some other parties of surveyors. While in camp there four Delaware Indian men with fourteen squaws and some children came to the camp and told them that there was a party of about fifty Indians on the River below them. They stopped over on the 28th of April on account of rain and proceeded to the Big Sandy on the 29th. And Nicholas Cresswell notes in his journal that on the 10th day of May, 1775, that he passed the mouth of Giandot Creek coming in from the east. These journals both show that the stream had been named previous to the times, and that the name was in common use and intelligible to the people of that day and time. In 1756, almost twenty years before, Gen. Andrew Lewis marched an army of 418 men to the mouth of the Big Sandy River, a few miles below the mouth of the Guyandotte, and had marched across the headwaters of that stream from the place that he left New River. Either that or around the headwaters.

The first congressmen elected in western Virginia after the secession movement were: William G. Brown, Jacob B. Blair, and Kellian V. Whaley. These men served in place of the seceding members. They were electd in 1861. Congressman Whaley was commissioned a major by Governor Pierpont and authorized to recruit a regiment. Major Whaley made his headquarters at Guyandotte and up to November 10, 1861, had enlisted about 150 men. On that date a Confederate force under Jenkins and Clarkson of twelve hundred men made a raid on Guyandotte, and captured Major Whaley and a number of his men.

It was not much of a battle. There was some firing but no one hit. Major Whaley was firing a rifle but a soldier overpowered him and commenced talking about killing the damned abolitionist, but Col. Clarkson, of the Confederacy, rode up and told the soldiers to behave themselves, and that Major Whaley was a brave man and was to be well treated. The Confederates then moved rapidly towards Barboursville, where there were other prisoners and the whole command went on a forced march and landed about Chapmanville, in Logan County. The distinguished prisoner thought they marched about forty miles that day. The prisoners had to walk at first but later they were taken up behind soldiers on the horses.

During the day a messenger overtook the cavalry and reported that Col. Zeigler, of the Union Army, had taken Confederates prisoners and burned the town of Guyandotte.

By night, Major Whaley was turned over to Captain Witcher's command, and placed under guard of eight men in a house. He woke about three in the morning and found that all the soldiers were asleep. He took Witcher's hat and his own shoes, and stepped outside, ran to the Guyandotte River and swam across. He had gone about a mile when he heard the firing of guns announcing his escape.

He climbed a mountain by daybreak. He stayed all that day in a thicket of redbrush, walking most of the time in a path to and fro to keep from freezing. He had no coat and a cold wind was blowing.

When night came he started down the valley and in about two miles came on a camp of Confederate soldiers. He took to the hilltops. Next day on Harts Creek he came to a place inhabited by a family named Adkins. Here he got a boy to guide him to Keysers Creek for two

dollars. Arriving at Keysers Creek he found that he had but twenty-five cents, as all the rest of his money had been taken from him. He gave the twenty-five cents to Adkins and his shoes and took an old pair of moccasins the boy had worn. Whaley went on down the creek and barely escaped capture. He laid down behind a rail fence and a Confederate troop passed within six feet of him. He had been thirty-six hours without food. He went to the nearest house but could not get anything to eat. He offered the man five hundred dollars to guide him to the house of Absolom Queen. The man was a Union man but he refused from fear of the Confederates. He gave Whaley a blanket and told him how to find the Queen place.

When the got to Queen's he found a Union home guard of twenty men, and at last got something to eat.

Queen and eleven of his men then took Whaley, traveling only by night, to the Tug Fork of the Big Sandy River. They crossed over into Kentucky and stopped at the house of Roland Sammon. At night they floated in a boat down to the forks of the Big Sandy where they found about midnight the regiment of Col. Laban Moore, of Kentucky, also a member of Congress, and from there they went on to the mouth of the Big Sandy, where they were safe and were received with great rejoicing.

Whaley presented to each of Queen's men an Enfield rifle and a thousand rounds of ammunition and a lot of store goods. Absolom Queen was a veteran of the War of 1812.

The present limits of Cabell County were free from Indian raids, for the reason there were no inhabitants, but there was trouble along the border of the county as originally laid out. There was an Indian war road up the Big Sandy and the Tug rivers, on the line between Kentucky and Virginia, and over to the Blue Stone and the Roanoke settlements, that was used after the settlements in the Greenbrier Valley had blocked the Midland Trail to the Indians. Much of the trouble in the year 1774, in the summer, was occasioned by what James Robertson called the little straggling parties that came east on the Big Sandy route and killed the pioneers in their cabins. I think it was the road most used by the Mingoes that summer when Logan set out to kill and torture at least one hundred and twenty white persons, in revenge for the Yellow Creek battle.

There is one thing about Cabell County that I have always wanted to find out about, but nobody seems to know anything about it that I ask. It was reported over a hundred years ago that there was the distinct outline of an important prehistoric city, about eighteen miles up the river above the mouth of the Guyandotte on what was called Green Bottom. I understand, too, that the land was exceedingly rich and valuable and that the signs of the city were disappearing before the careful farming and improving that was being carried on.

It was said that this city had a frontage on the Ohio River of about half a mile, and that the streets were laid out in regular form so as to form a city with streets of about a hundred and sixty acres. The signs show that it was compactly built and that it was in most respects like the cities found in Central America which indicate a civilization whose other records have been lost in the passage of time.

The big mound farther up the Ohio at Moundsville, is another instance of this ancient people. The labor required to build some of these prehistoric mounds is comparable to the work that it took to erect the pyramids of Egypt.

If the place on Green Bottom was one of the ancient cities it is probably the one farthest north that has been discovered, as these are found in the southern part of the continent, as a general rule.

Cabell County is but a remnant so far as acreage is concerned, of what it was in the beginning, but it kept the tote road, that is now the Midland Trail, and the place where the big city, inconceivably fine and great, was to be built, so that she hardly misses the land that went to make up the rich counties carved out of her original boundary. Cabell is richer than ever.

One more thing. Cabell County was the point farthest north that wild cane grew in the United States, though it has long since disappeared owing to the importation of domestic cattle.

CHAPTER XI

How General William H. Powell won the Congressional Medal at Sinking Creek in the Civil War.

This story is not intended for the Midland Trail series, but it got back there of its own accord, and it belongs to that place in the west of Greenbrier County, where there is a sign "Sinking Creek."

This history business is like tracking game in the woods. One impression among many others on a game trail may cause the hunter to pause and examine it and decide that there is big game afoot, that will be worth while to follow.

And there is another way to put it. In a distant county last summer I saw an aged lawyer and passed the time of day with him, and inquired how everything was with him. And he said that he was like the rest of his profession and subsisted on the crumbs that fell from the rich men's tables.

In making up these chapters on West Virginia history, we have to depend upon fragmentary evidence and use the little odds and ends that have been preserved. It will not be that way in the future about the events that are happening every day, for there is a sufficient number of presses running in West Virginia to perpetuate them, but it is a question whether they will have the appeal that the traditions of a more primitive people have for their descendants.

What put me on inquiry in this instance was a medal awarded by Congress with this inscription: "The Congress to General William H. Powell, and 2nd West Virginia Cavalry Volunteers, Sinking Creek, Virginia, November 26, 1862."

I had heard of Powell and knew that the 2nd was one of the biggest regiments of West Virginia, with the longest continued service of any

troops of the Mountain State but I had never heard of any Sinking Creek affair and I went on a cold trail in an effort to run it down.

As I read the record the first name that it had was the 2nd Regiment Loyal Virginia Calvary which was the name when Governor Pierpont accepted their services in 1861 and mustered them in. Then after the State of West Virginia had been created and ratified by an act of Congress, the name was changed to the 2nd West Virginia Cavalry Volunteers. And if I am not very much mistaken it was a different regiment serving under the name of the Second West Virginia Mounted Infantry at Droop Mountain battle. That was the regiment that old soldiers say flinched on its way up Droop Mountain in a galling fire from Confederate riflemen, and were boosted back into line by the Tenth West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, under General T. M. Harris. They topped the mountain and were in at the victory, but that is only whispered, and there is no doubt that they reached the top and did all that was required of them.

The Second West Virginia Cavalry were mustered into service at Parkersburg and for four years were busy practically all of the time on Virginia soil. The first winter saw them with Col. James A. Garfield in Kentucky. They were here, there, and everywhere in the mountains.

In 1862, Lightburn commanded the Kanawha Division, with headquarters at Charleston, and on September 13, 1862, artillery was placed on the south side of the Kanawha, by the Confederates, and all day long the Federal Army was bombarded. Lightburn moved out with all bags and baggage from Charleston and never rested until he had nearly all of his army in Ohio. It was not on account of the cannonade, but because there was word that Loring was advancing with a vastly superior force against him.

The Second always prided itself on the fact that it did not quite cross the Ohio River. This was the occasion that Loring of the Confederates marched his army east and Lightburn marched his army west, each day widening the gap between them. Both thought discussion was the better part of valor and did not fight. When Loring got to Lewisburg, Echols took over his command and hurried the army back over the Midland Trail, but in the meantime the Federals came back and never after that gave up the Kanawha Valley. Loring's move is supposed to have been caused by an order from Richmond to come there, and that Loring thought it was an order to bring his army, when the order meant for Loring to report in person and leave his army to hold Charleston.

The Second had three colonels during its fighting years. Colonel William Bolles resigned June 25, 1862. Colonel John C. Paxton served nearly a year with signal success, but when he fell in with Edgar's Battalion on the Midland Trail near Tuckwiler Hill and lost a fight he was dismissed from the service May 7, 1863. And on May 18, Colonel William H. Powell was promoted and took the regiment over until October 19, 1864, when he was promoted to brigadier general. He was the hero of the regiment.

He was born in Wales and at the age of five years was brought to the United States. The family lived in Tennessee and Powell took up the profession of mechanical engineer and at the age of twenty-five years

he was employed to superintend the erection of a large plant near Wheeling known as the Benwood Iron and Nail Works, and from that time until the breaking out of the Civil War, found him engaged in some capacity or other in iron works in the Ohio River towns along the western border of Virginia.

In 1861, he recruited a company attached to and made a part of the Second, with Powell with the rank of captain. From the very first he made good as a commanding officer. He was promoted to major the first year of the war. The second year to lieutenant colonel. The third year to colonel. The fourth year to general. He was a steady fighter.

In 1863 he was captured at Wytheville, and he was confined in Libby Prison for thirty-seven days. Libby Prison was no first-class boarding house at the best and it is said that Col. Powell was given cruel and unusual treatment, even for that noted resort. It is said that he was confined in a cell in the basement, and that in that cell was no bed or bunk. The only food was corn bread, and his water supply was limited to one bucketful a week which was delivered to him in his dungeon on Sunday mornings. This had to last a week for drinking and washing. It soon became apparent that the Federal government was anxious to get him back and made many efforts to exchange him which were without avail until they offered Col. Richard Henry Lee, who was at Johnson Island, and that offer was accepted, and the exchange was effected. He was given a great reception by the people of Ironton, who presented him with a gold watch, a horse and equipment, a sword, and two revolvers.

In browsing through the dispatches printed in some one hundred and thirty-nine great volumes by the government, I think I ran on the reason that Powell had such a hard time at Libby. There was a dispatch from the Confederate general, Sam Jones, notifying the war office at Richmond not to exchange Powell for the reason that a soldier had informed the general that Powell had made an assault upon the soldier without cause, and that Powell was a dangerous man. Putting these things together it is a reasonable conjecture that there were special instructions issued both as to his exchange and treatment.

And as I searched through the records I came on some allusions to Sinking Creek and it became apparent that it was in sight of Cold Knob. Now Cold Knob is one of the high points in West Virginia mountains, and at first I could not tell whether it was on the Nicholas County side or in Greenbrier, but it must be in Greenbrier for there is where the big lime is and there is where the streams find the underground passages that cause them to be called sinking creeks.

About that time I had a business trip to make to Greenbrier County to have a conference with a lady who wanted to borrow enough to pay all her debts, and there I had no trouble to locate Sinking Creek. It heads in the forests to the southwest of Cold Knob, between the post office of Trout Valley and the town of Williamsburg, in what is called Sinking Creek Valley. It flows about half a mile west of Williamsburg, and about a mile farther down it passes under a natural bridge. It sinks at the Midland Trail on the Dick Watts farm about twelve miles west of Lewisburg. It comes to the surface again at Pierces Mill and empties into Muddy Creek which flows into Greenbrier River near Alderson.

Lightburn was criticized for abandoning the Kanawha Valley and he was relieved by General Gilmore, who assembled the army at Point Pleasant, and in a few days General Milroy took over the command, and a few days after that, General Cox came and made up the army and marched them back to Charleston.

Here he prepared to go into winter quarters and the Second was ordered into winter quarters at Fort Piatt twelve miles up the Kanawha River east of Charleston. This was in the last week in October, 1862. Then Crook took them over.

On November 23, 1862, the Gray Fox issued his special order at Charleston, to Col. John C. Paxton, commanding the Second Loyal Virginia Cavalry, to take all his serviceable men on the 24th to Cold Knob, in Greenbrier County, by the way of the Summersville and Lewisburg turnpike, leaving the Kanawha River at Cannelton. On Cold Knob they would overtake Col. P. H. McLane, commanding the Eleventh Ohio Infantry, which had been ordered to that point to reinforce the Second. From that position they were to proceed against the Fourteenth Rebel Virginia Cavalry in winter quarters in Sinking Creek Valley recruiting. Break up the organization if possible.

The Second must have been in prime condition both as to horses and men for they left early in the morning and rode through to Summersville, a distance of sixty miles, over rough roads by supper time. That night they camped at Summersville. They broke camp early on the morning of the 25th and rode towards Cold Knob, when it came on to snow and it was the beginning of one of the biggest snow storms ever in these mountains. The regiment was riding towards the uplands and the farther it went the worse the storm came on. In the smother of the storm they came upon a squad of Confederate cavalry and invited them to accompany them, which invitation was accepted. About mid afternoon somewhere in the tall timbers they halted to eat a bite and feed their horses and regard the blinding snow storm. Taking to the road again they forged ahead and somewhere between Summersville and the top of the mountain they made a bivouac for the night and got what comfort they could in the open in a snow storm. The next morning they broke the road and got to the top of a mountain. Now Cold Knob proper is a pinnacle in the Appalachians 4,318 feet high set opposite Grassy Knob, which is 4,390 feet. Between these two knobs the road tops the upland and passes them. These knobs form the gateway where the road begins to descend into Trout Valley, but to the west the road maintains its average altitude of four thousand feet for many miles. The man who goes over it first naturally expects a road that climbs a mountain to descend on the other side, but this is not so of the road between the railway station at Renick and the city of Richwood. About half the way between those points is in the clouds and the road followed one crest after another, until the weary and perplexed stranger to the route begins to think that he has traveled a hundred miles on the ridgepole of the world.

In the summer time it is a pleasure to dwell in these highlands. There the traveler feels the exhilaration of height. A man who has never been four thousand feet up in the air is in the position of one who has never

really breathed. But in the winter in a two-foot snow it is very different and very terrifying. It is no fit place to take your pleasure.

Colonel McLane's infantry had duly arrived and had been loitering along the primrose path of dalliance among the splendid cold springs of that high level. But when it came on to snow so fast and furious and the snow got so deep under foot, McLane decided to call the expedition off and they gathered their belongings together and as the Second with its fine horses and gallant men topped the rise, they met the Ohio troops going out and as they were allowed to depart in peace it is easy to be seen that the expedition was postponed until more suitable weather. The official dispatches do not read that way. Col. Paxton makes it appear that he allowed the Ohio troops to return to the lowlands, while the Second went on to give battle to the army. But it is safe to say that this report was not written until after Powell and his squad had pulled off their psychological exploit and had received the surrender of the Confederate regiment.

There are some things that do not fit in together. It is certain that a squad of twenty-two men took the Confederate regiment and came back with as many as twenty-two could drive without losing any. But I will never believe that the commander of the Second Regiment had any intention of attacking the Confederate's camp in the lowlands until after the Cold Knob road was open and free from snow. Technically the Second certainly did overcome and take prisoners the Fourteenth Virginia Confederates, but the Ohio regiment had been sent back to Summersville, and ninety per cent of the Second never did get near the camp of the Confederates. So handicapped was the squad that out of upwards of a thousand men that they surrounded, they got back to their regiment with but one hundred and eleven, as the official dispatch puts it. It does not say anything about the hundreds that simply spilled out of the hands of those twenty-two soldiers who had taken more prisoners than they could drive up the mountain towards a Federal prison.

I asked a lot of people in Greenbrier County about the Sinking Creek affair and I did not find but one person who had any knowledge of the occurrence, and that was James McClung, who pays attention to history. "Yes," he said, "they captured Uncle Sam Tyree there that day but he escaped." And I really think that about four-fifths of the prisoners either walked away or were excused.

It appears that while the Second lingered on the dreadful miles that lie along the top, that Major Wm. H. Powell and Lieutenant Jeremiah Davidson and twenty men rode on to the end of the road to the place where it pitches over the side lying next to the Greenbrier River. From this point the road descends rapidly until the fringe of the timber is reached, and from there a magnificent view of the Sinking Creek Valley on one hand is to be had, while on the other side and immediately before the observer lies the equally beautiful Trout Valley. These valleys in the summer time with their rich blue grass farms present a very lovely landscape view. The traveler on the Seneca Trail passing through Frankfort does not realize that beyond the hills to the west such peerless valleys exist. And they have a high altitude of twenty-five hundred

feet and more, and frost is no joking matter there any time in the summer.

While the blue-clad soldiers sat on their horses and gazed at the camp of their enemies silent upon the peaks of West Augusta, Powell spoke up and made a dare-devil proposition, that if the men agreed, they would simply ride down to that camp and arrest every one of the Confederate soldiers.

They were many miles from their command. The snow was deep and the day was bitterly cold. As they watched they saw two Confederate scouts pass beneath them and ride into the camp, slow and deliberate, showing that there was no intimation that the camp was about to be attacked.

Something went through that body of men that caused them to agree to Powell's proposition and the little squad came out of the timber and rode into camp, and when they had arrived there they called for the head man and assured him that if the Fourteenth would submit to superior force and surrender, they would be treated with consideration, and their lives spared, and that they would be protected from all harm and injury. And just as the sheriff in the play induces the bad men to give up their guns, so did the Fourteenth lay down its arms and agree to go home with the Federal troops.

I looked for a long time to find a report from the Confederate commanding officer concerning this act of more than Christian humility, but not a word could I find anywhere, and I wonder if any report ever did go into Richmond about it.

And I could see a glimmer of light as to what happened when the twenty-two soldiers tried to round up a regiment and drive them up the mountain. Right then is where the private soldier in the long line would take to the brush and make his way to the Big Levels of Greenbrier County where practically every home was supporting the southern cause. And that is the reason that by the time they joined the main command, but a hundred and eleven prisoners remained of the great herd they had started with.

The Gray Fox appreciated it, and from that time on Powell's advancement was rapid, and the Gray Fox did not forget the day. In 1889 when he had attained the rank of major general in the army, and was about ready to depart from this world, he wrote to Congress about it and Congress had the medal struck, and given to General Powell who had moved to Indiana and was still making iron. Crook said that he regarded the Sinking Creek bloodless battle as one of the most daring, brilliant, and successful expeditions of the whole war.

Years after Owen Wister wrote a story called "The General's Bluff," about a similar victory won by the Gray Fox with a handful of men against a great force of Indians.

CHAPTER XII

The Town of Ansted the Burial Place of Stonewall Jackson's Mother. One of the Notable Women of the Virginias.

The town of Ansted, Fayette County, lies in the curve of the road on the Midland Trail, on the brink of the New River canyon, close to the Hawk's Nest. It has been touched with the evidences of wealth that have come to the rich coal fields in the last two generations, but it has been able to keep to a greater extent than many of these poor little rich towns, that background of ancient worth and greatness, retaining some of the charm of a less complex civilization.

One of the things that is mentioned often by the visitors and tourists is that here is the last resting place of Julia Beckwith Neale, the mother of Stonewall Jackson.

In the well kept Westlake Cemetery on the hill, the grave may be seen. It is easily identified by a tablet on the railing around the grave, and the neat monument bearing the following inscription:

Here lies
Julia Beckwith Neale,
Born
February 28, 1798,
in Loudon Co., Va.
Married first
Jonathan Jackson
Second
Blake B. Woodson
Died September, 1831,
To the Mother of Stonewall
Jackson, this tribute from
one of his old brigade.

It seems that this monument was erected at an opportune time, for if it had been allowed to go much longer the place would have been hard to locate.* As it was, there were a number of living witnesses to the place. Especially is this true of Mrs. Elizabeth Singleton Hamilton, the grandmother of Mrs. W. H. Evans, who was a near neighbor of the Mrs. Woodson, who nursed her in her last illness, and who prepared her body for burial.

The time has come when there ought to be another line in the inscription and that is the name of the soldier whose thoughtfulness has helped so much to enshrine the memory of this noted American woman in the hearts of her countrymen and that name should be Captain Thomas R.

* Captain Ranson caused the stone to be erected many years after the conclusion of the Civil War; about 1906, if a letter from the donor is to be taken as correctly placing the date. General Jackson had some doubt as to the exact location of his mother's grave. In August, 1855, he made a journey to Ansted for the purpose of locating the grave and causing a suitable stone to be erected; later he wrote his aunt, Mrs. Alfred Neale, of Parkersburg: "The gentleman with whom I put up was at my mother's burial and accompanied me to the cemetery for the purpose of pointing out her grave to me but I am not certain that he found it."—B. B. S.

Ranson, of Staunton, Virginia. Captain Ranson was one of the finest gentlemen who ever lived, and this act is very like him.

I belong to the school of thought who believe that all great men owe their mentality including their immortal souls to their maternal ancestor. If you would know what makes a man great look for the woman. And the hic jacet of this country graveyard is best exemplified by Gray's Elegy. "Full many a gem, of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear; full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air."

There are two inseparable things, a great man and his mother. And that may not mean heredity so much as it may mean the first six years of a child's life passed in the association of a wise and brilliant woman.

The life of Julia Beckwith Neale does not sound like a happy one. Dead at the age of thirty-three years, twice married, with four children.

George Neale, an uncle of Mrs. Jackson, was an important citizen of Wood County, a county that was formed in 1799, about the time he moved there. Blennerhassett made his purchase of half of the island in 1798, and as George Neale spent the rest of his life in Wood County, there can be little doubt that he was there during the Aaron Burr excitement when that politician was mustering his forces to occupy lands down the river and was putting the come hither on the Blennerhassets. An indignation meeting was held at the courthouse of Wood County on account of the warlike preparations that Burr was making and it is apparent that the county was highly suspicious of the expedition. This meeting was in October, 1806, and on the strength of it three companies of militia volunteered and were organized to oppose the movement. This was probably caused by the effort made to recruit the citizens of Wood County to join the expedition down the river with the promise of a part of Burr's 80,000 acres of land, the men to be young, amenable to discipline, and each to bring a rifle and a blanket.

This action broke up the expedition and Burr and Blennerhassett being arrested and tried at Richmond came out of the trial broke. Blennerhassett came back after a year and found his fine estate ruined, his slaves gone, and his stock driven off, and his house wrecked. He left his estate in the hands of Col. Nathaniel Cushing on a rental contract, and shortly after notes of Aaron Burr indorsed by Herman Blennerhassett showed up in the courts and the property was sold. The first to purchase the island was John S. Lewis, a merchant of Philadelphia, and the property passed into the hands of George Neale, Sr., whose wife was a Lewis.

Julia was eight years old at the date of the Burr episode which shook Wood County and caused it to rise on the side of the United States. In 1820, she was twenty-two years old and was married that year to a young lawyer by the name of Jonathan Jackson. These Jacksons who have played such a large part in winning the west and holding it are all descended from one John Jackson, of Ulster, who emigrated to this country some time before the Revolution. He met a girl on board ship by the name of Elizabeth Cummins, and they were married and founded the Jackson family so closely identified with the history of West Vir-

ginia. They had a lot of children—George, Edward, John, Samuel, Henry, Elizabeth, Mary and Sophia.

John Jackson was one of the earliest settlers of the Tygarts Valley River, arriving there with his sons, George and Edward, in 1768, and following the Pringles on the Buckhannon River. He took up land at the mouth of Turkey Run on Buckhannon River, where the Pringles had sheltered the winter before in a hollow sycamore tree. His place was sometimes called Fort Jackson, but he was also one of the settlers who sheltered in the fort at Buckhannon. On one occasion, in 1781, just after the Tygarts Valley massacre, he and his son George were returning from their farm at Fort Buckhannon, when they were ambushed and shot at by Indians. George fired a shot at one Indian peeping around behind a tree.

George Jackson was a very prominent man and was a colonel of the militia. His son was Gen. John G. Jackson who married in the White House, Mary Payne, a sister of Dolly Madison, the wife of the President. His son was Gen. John J. Jackson, of Parkersburg, who appeared at Wheeling as one of the convention looking forward to forming the State of West Virginia. He was the delegate that thought they ought to put off decisive action until fall and all go home. It was corn planting time. His sons were Judges John J. Jackson, James Monroe Jackson and Governor Jacob Beeson Jackson.

Edward Jackson, the grandfather of Stonewall Jackson, married a Miss Hadden. He set up his plantation on the West Fork in Lewis County below Weston and close to Jane Lew. Here he established a noted mill and it is on this farm that the Four-H state camp for boys and girls is located. Edward Jackson was a surveyor, miller, and millwright. He represented Harrison and Lewis counties in the Legislature.

One of his sons was Jonathan Jackson who married Julia Beckwith Neale. In 1820, the year of his marriage, he commenced the practice of law in Clarksburg, and in four years the young couple were the parents of four children, the youngest being Stonewall Jackson, born January 21, 1824. In 1826, there was much sickness in the family, and Jonathan Jackson fell sick while nursing his sick children, and died. The family were left unprovided for. The mother kept school for three years in Clarksburg, but some notes which her husband had indorsed had to be paid and the family were sold out and the home went. This was in 1830. In that year the widow married Blake B. Woodson who was as poor as herself. He was a citizen of Lewis County. The newly married couple determined to go to the New River country. Woodson had a brother who lived on the James River and Kanawha Turnpike at Lewisburg, and Blake B. Woodson went farther west and made a home at Ansted. This home was poor enough no doubt, but Julia lived but a year or so after arriving there.

Before leaving the northwest she had left her children with her first husband's people.

Shortly after settling in Ansted, Julia fell a victim to tuberculosis from which she died on September 4, 1831. But before her death she was able to have her youngest son, Stonewall, with her, and there is no doubt of the truth of the tradition that Stonewall Jackson as a child played with the children at Ansted.

When the day of her funeral occurred, the minister was Rev. John McElhenny, the famous Presbyterian pastor of the Old Stone Church at Lewisburg, whose parish extended from the head of Greenbrier River to the mouth of the Kanawha.

There is a traidition that on the day of the funeral President Andrew Jackson was passing through Ansted and stopped and attended the services.* There is no reason for doubting the truth of this tradition. It was on the road that the President traveled to and from Tennessee, and the act is characteristic of the man. Fayette County was formed that same year, 1831, and Blake B. Woodson was made the first clerk of Fayette County.

These are then the short and simple annals of Julia Beckwith Neale, but those crowded years were full of sorrow and suffering. She departed this life not knowing that one of her children would be a man known throughout the whole world. Each year adds new lustre to his name. But for this son the name of the poor suffering woman who was acquainted with grief would not be exalted over that of her sisters.

The story of Stonewall Jackson has been often told but I take the liberty to here set down some of the things that I have heard about him that appeal to me very strongly. Whatever may have been the intention of his mother and step father to make a new home for him in the New River country, after his mother's death, his home was at Jackson Mill. Here he lived the outdoor life of the farmer boy, and his schooling was very desultory. He had a spirit of adventure in him that developed at a very early age for he was the original Huckleberry Finn of America. His brother Warren, two years older than Stonewall, and Stonewall himself, aged fourteen and twelve years, respectively, becoming dissatisfied with life on the West Fork, made a raft and floated down the rivers a thousand miles until they came to an island in the Mississippi where they camped a whole winter, and subsisted by cutting wood to sell to steamboats. But both fell sick of malaria. A steamboat captain finding them sick, took pity on them, and sent them home to the mountains of West Virginia.

When his mother left for the New River country, Stonewall was but six years old, and the distance in point of time between the West Fork and New River was farther than the distance between New York and San Francisco. But there is no doubt that the little boy was with his mother before she died, and that it was after her death that he came to live at the mill with Cummins Jackson.

The reason that Stonewall was with his mother is owing to the fact that he was first sent to the house of one of his aunts, and he did not like it there. His uncle-in-law had the reputation for being near, and no doubt the child did not find his surroundings pleasant. Anyway he ran away and showed up at the home of his cousin, the one that married Judge Allen of the Supreme Court of Appeals. The lady was kind to the young runaway but she told him that he ought to go back and stay where he had been placed. He said: "Maybe I ought to go back, but I

* President Andrew Jackson was in Washington at the time of the death of Mrs. Woodson, so there can be no foundation in fact to account for the legend. His presence is proven by letters written on September 5th from Washington and from other records extant.—B. B. S.

am not going to." I wonder sometimes how he found his long, lonesome way to the southern part of the State. But a boy at twelve years who could take his place as a business man on the Mississippi River, would find his way at six years to the home of his mother in the same State without much difficulty.

I do not propose to write a life of Stonewall Jackson. It has been done so often. But I beg leave to write a little about him without going into tedious details. I have often heard my father speak of him. When my father was a student at Washington College, Jackson was an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute, and the two school lots join. They were both Presbyterians, and worked and taught in the same Sunday School, and I have often heard my father speak of being there with him, but I never heard of Stonewall Jackson doing anything unusual or queer. I get the impression that he was a silent man—the kind of a man that it would take the sound of a battle to rouse. He was a praying Presbyterian and a military genius and a brave man.

The boy developed character at a very early age. General Jackson died before I was born, but I have seen and known a good many of his tribe, and I picture him as a powerful man mentally and physically. His grandfather, Edward Jackson, the Indian fighter, was a rugged mountaineer.

John Esten Cooke takes no account of the three long years that Julia Neale Jackson kept her babies under her roof at Clarksburg, tending to four little ones and keeping school. So Cooke makes out that he was constable at sixteen and immediately entered West Point, but Cooke's own record shows that Jackson was twenty-two when he graduated, in 1846, just in time to prove his courage and ability in the Mexican War.

Stonewall stayed with his uncle Cummins Jackson, at the mill for upwards of thirteen years, with the exception of the winter on the Mississippi in 1836. He was a hunter and a fisher. There must have been a great many fish in the mill dam in that day and time, for he let it be known that he would take orders for fish to be delivered as wanted in the nearby county seat, the town of Weston.

And just before he went to West Point, he was made a constable of Lewis County by appointment by the county court. About that time he had a chance at an appointment to West Point.

He had two powerful friends at the county seat in Jonathan M. Bennett, Auditor of Virginia, and Judge Matthew Edmiston, then a young attorney who had moved to Weston from Pocahontas County. These two and no doubt many other influential friends put forward the young man's fitness for an appointment to West Point. S. L. Hays, of Gilmer County, represented the district in Congress, and he gave Stonewall the appointment. Congressman Hays was the ancestor of the gentleman of the Tenth Legion, of that name, whom we still elect or defeat as the case may be.

Stonewall fought many battles and always managed to get the decision either by a knockout or on points. He had the country habit of early rising and he and his men knew how to get off quick on either a march or a charge.

His greatest feat was the manner in which he plucked victory from defeat at the first battle of Bull Run. This was near Washington, and the Federal commander had planned a play in the game that was meant to win. Having the Confederates stationed in an area that was to stop the advance of the Federal army, that army marched past them and pivoted on a point, so that the advance was in the shape of a fish hook, so to speak, and as they came marching back on the Confederates on their rear, they were sweeping everything before them, when they came to Jackson's Brigade. Jackson had his men charge in the bend of the hook and broke it in two, and then the Federals were scattered and the rear-guard put out for Washington as fast as they could lay their feet to the ground. Jackson tried to get a chance to march into Washington with them, but there was so much confusion, that the Confederates never got a command to pursue the fleeing army, and the one big chance of capturing the city of Washington was lost. I have often thought that if Jackson had it to do over he would have followed on his own authority. It was in this battle that Gen. Bee just before he fell dead on the battlefield said that Jackson was standing like a Stonewall. This was but half of it. He was like a ford—when he was still he stood, but when he went forward he went with irresistible speed and force.

CHAPTER XIII

The Battle of White Sulphur Springs in the Civil War When Averell Could Not Get Out of the Ravine.

Another article on the Midland Trail. I have written enough already to make a book on that highway and I have made only one round trip over it.

In recounting some of the Civil War activities of this region, it would not do to omit the greatest fight of all, the Battle of White Sulphur Springs, the time the Confederates built a fence across the road and said they should not pass.

On this road there were three battles at Tuckwiler Hill with but one name, and there was one battle at White Sulphur Springs, but it has three names. It has been called variously, Battle of White Sulphur Springs, the Battle of Dry Creek, and Battle of Rocky Gap. It lasted for two days in hot weather and it was a desperate encounter. Both sides had enough of it the first day, but both waited overnight to give the other a chance to withdraw, and when daylight came both armies were facing each other, and the battle was renewed, but the Federals had been getting ready to withdraw and retreat over the crest of the Allegheny Mountain to the east, so they fought for a while, until they could get their wagons loaded, and then they turned and went back the way they had come, fighting rear guard engagements for miles. But presently they came to some fine tall trees that the commander had ordered to be cut almost to the last blow, and as the last blue soldier passed, these trees came thundering down across the road as it lay at the foot of the narrow valley, and closed the road to travel for a day or so. The Federals made good their

escape on that retreat, save only one Pennsylvanian captain and his company. This captain instead of going into the fight where the bullets were falling like hailstones had turned to one side and finding a pleasant cove in which to shelter, he and his men were having a sound sleep when the withdrawing movement occurred. The Federals marched away and the Rebs came on and found the sleeping company and captured them.

And in one of the wagons was another gallant captain who in the excitement of the battle, had drunk too much whiskey, and he had been skidded into a wagon to sober up and wait for a general court martial. And in those wagons were a number of dead soldiers, including Von Koenig and McNally, two gallant officers who had died in the charge at the fence.

In May, 1863, General Averell was given command of the Fourth Separate Brigade in West Virginia, his orders being to sweep the mountain country clear of Confederate partisan rangers. Averell had won his advancement in the Indian wars in the west. He was a native of the State of New York. He had his leg shattered by a bullet in the fighting with the Navajo Indians in the year 1858, that put him on crutches for two years. A study of the tactics used by Averell and Stonewall Jackson will convince you that they were very much alike in their handling of troops, their quick movements, and their unerring judgment. They were both West Point men, and both elders in the Presbyterian Church.

When Averell got his brigade, it first consisted of three regiments of infantry, the Second, Third and Eighth Loyal Virginia, and of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Ewing's and Gibson's batteries of artillery. It will be seen that this made a very fine little army of rifles, sabers and cannon to go rambling through the green valleys of West Virginia in the summer time. The first thing that Averell did was to buy each one of his soldiers a good horse to ride, something no other general in the mountains had thought necessary. It took no time at all to teach his soldiers to ride for every one of them had been raised on the back of a horse.

In the Alleghenies the mountains parallel each other like a lot of potato rows, and Averell could marshal his mobile force in some sweet spot near the Mason and Dixon line, and raid south through the troughs of the Alleghenies, passing from one to the other through the numerous gaps and passages that made the mountain country like a great maze. Averell's men were mountain bred and they took to the excursions that he laid out for them as to the manner born. Where other commanders had made little circles like the rabbit, the army of Averell swung wide like the red fox. A thousand miles was just a pleasure jaunt for the Fourth Brigade.

Averell started to organize his troops about May 16, 1863, and by July first he was ready to commence operations. Note that the Second West Virginia was a different regiment from the Second West Virginia Cavalry.

This was the season that Lee had led his ill-starred armies into Pennsylvania, and suffered his great defeat at Gettysburg, and was extricating himself the best he could by falling back towards the south in the broad valley between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountain. Averell's first work was to march east and watch the passing of the Potomac and to

hang on the flank of Lee's army and thus the month of July was passed, harrying the defeated Confederates. He wound up at Winchester on July 30th, and stayed there until August 5th, in the morning. Then he got ready to go about his work of putting the Confederate armies out of West Virginia.

So Averell went jimmying around with his mobile little army on the Western Waters and it must have been a pleasant experience to ride with Averell.

Leaving Winchester on August 5, 1863, he marched the army over North Mountain and arrived at Wardensville, and the next day to Moorefield on the South Branch of the Potomac, thirty miles farther. On this day they met with Confederates and on the main line of march, Captain von Koenig captured a lieutenant and ten men of Imboden's command. But a company of the Pennsylvania regiment that had been sent on to Moorefield by way of Lost River turned up minus thirteen men who had been taken over by the Confederates. In addition four Federals were wounded and three Confederates killed and five wounded. Averell halted at Moorefield two days and on the 9th he marched on up the river eleven miles to Petersburg. He was short of supplies and he waited here ten days. He was needing horseshoes and nails and ammunition more than anything else. He had thirty-five rounds of ball cartridges to the man and when the ammunition did not come, he decided to go on with what he had, and on the 10th moved his rear thirty miles to Franklin. On the 20th of August he marched twenty-four miles to Monterey at the head of the Potomac destroying the saltpeter works five miles above Franklin.

Court was going on at Monterey and the court was speedily adjourned and the court officers were arrested. Here it was found that Imboden had been in conference with General Sam Jones as to the chance of making an attack on the Federals at Petersburg, and Averell learned here that a Confederate army was strung out on the road to Huntersville for the purpose of intercepting him. The Confederates were advised that it was Averell's objective to reach what we now call the Seneca Trail and to march south on it until the Virginia and Tennessee Railway was reached and to destroy it and return. Therefore the Confederates had been marching north to intercept them, with Col. Jackson sent with a regiment to Back Creek in Bath County to keep them from turning off to attack Staunton.

The troops of the Confederates in Greenbrier County were what was known as the First Brigade, Gen. Echols, but commanded this week by Col. George H. Patton. A part of this brigade was Edgar's Battalion. In addition Gen. William E. Jones had a small force that fell back from Monterey before Averell. The First Brigade marched north on the Seneca Trail to the Little Levels of Pocahontas County.

On the 21st Averell started to Huntersville, and halted his main command at Frost, a distance of about twenty-four miles, while some of his cavalry drove the Confederates down the fertile Knapps Creek Valley until they reached the Northwest Passage or the Narrows between Huntersville and Minnehaha Springs, a gorge in the mountains through which the Marlins Bottom and Warm Springs turnpike passes. Here they took a stand and in that canyon a handful of men might hold an

army. Averell learning about it at Frost, on the 22nd, sent Gibson's Battalion down the Knapps Creek road to make it appear that it led the army. Then Averell with his main army crossed over by the Hill Country road through the Shrader settlement. This is the road that climbs over Michaels Mountain that we used to use when the fords in Knapps Creek were in flood. By this means Averell rode into the deserted village of Huntersville, the then county seat of Pocahontas County, in the rear of the Confederates who were holding the Northwest Passage. A squadron of cavalry under Col. Ohley was sent through the Narrows and found the Confederates retreating towards Warm Springs. They were overtaken at Camp Northwest where there was a rear guard fight as they ran and the fight continued until the Confederates were driven through Rider Gap on top of the Allegheny, the line between the States.

Camp Northwest was the first elaborate camp to be built in the Civil War. It was located on the White farm on the Warm Springs and Marlins Bottom turnpike and there were substantial log buildings and much equipment and a lot of supplies there. The camp was burned on the 22nd day of August, 1863. The commissary buildings, stores, cabins, blacksmith shops, wagons, rifles, and so forth were destroyed, and a large lot of plunder carried away. All the wheat and flour in the mill opposite J. A. Reed's house was also destroyed. That night the Federals camped at Huntersville and waited for two regiments that were marching to join the Fourth Brigade by way of Beverly, Mingo, Marlinton. These were the Second and Tenth Infantry. On the 24th Averell marched his army east 25 miles to Warm Springs, Col. Jackson and Gen. Jones retreating before them to Millboro. Averell rested that night at Warm Springs, and having cleared the county of Pocahontas of three Confederate armies that had been there a few days before, decided to do the same for Greenbrier County and turned his army south and marched by way of Covington to Callahans on the 25th.

To keep Pocahontas County clear he sent back the Tenth West Virginia which went into camp at Marlins Bottom. This Tenth West Virginia which watched at Marlinton during the week of the battle of White Sulphur Springs was probably the most distinctively West Virginian of any regiment organized in the Civil War. It was the regiment of Gen. Thomas M. Harris. At the outbreak of the war General Harris was a practicing physician of Gilmer County, and he canvassed twelve counties and raised this regiment and was commissioned colonel. He served with great distinction throughout the war and it was his command that fired the last shot at Appomattox. After the war he served on the commission that tried the assassins of President Lincoln.

At the time he was in camp on our farms at Marlins Bottom, he had with him his twelve-year-old son, who had a horse of his own and who rode as the mascot of the Tenth Legion. This twelve-year-old boy is none other than the Hon. John T. Harris, the stated clerk of the West Virginia Senate, and the most popular man in West Virginia. It makes no difference as to the political make up of the Senate, he is chosen year after year, and has served in that capacity for thirty-two years, having been elected seventeen times in succession. He remembers all about the green fields edged by the clear running streams at Marlins Bottom and

has planned to come here next year and cover the ground over which his regiment campaigned.

The Echols army having reached the Little Levels and hearing that Averell had cut away to the east through Riders Gap, concluded that he was making a detour to the east in order to come into the Greenbrier Valley at the place that the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway crosses the divide. In this surmise they were eminently correct. So they swung to the east and being mountain men, they found the way to intercept them. They turned and marched to the mouth of Anthonys Creek and across the bridge of the Greenbrier River and came out on the road that leads from Rimel to the White Sulphur Springs, and there marched south with Edgar's Battalion leading. When they reached the junction of the road with the Midland Trail they had sure information of the approach of the Federal army crossing the Allegheny Mountains. The Confederates built a fence across the Midland Trail from hill to hill, using all the fence rails that they could get convenient to that place. It was a strongly built barricade and it held through the two day's fight. The idea was that they should not pass. It was against this fence that charge after charge made by the Federals broke and failed. The Confederates were placed on the hillcrests commanding the barricade and they poured a devastating fire into every charge that was made against the fence. One charge was made with two men on each horse and that failed as the others had failed. I have talked to many men who were in that battle and they never could understand the persistence that the Federal troops showed to break through and charge the infantry posted on the hills. It seemed to them to be unnecessary slaughter.

Averell had moved at four in the morning and it was about nine o'clock that he arrived at the barricade across the road. His march lay through a narrow valley for about four miles from the foot of the mountain and his brigade occupied the road for about that distance. Von Koenig, the Pennsylvanian captain was in the lead, and he met his death in the battle. He was a brave and valuable officer.

The land was cleared and in fields at the forks of the road where the battle was fought. For perhaps a mile of the branch followed by the Midland Trail the land was open forming a narrow valley. There were a number of houses on the battle field.

The town of White Sulphur Springs lies about a mile west of the battle ground and there is a double valley extending north towards Pocahontas County and between the two valleys there is a dividing ridge, at some places approaching the height of a small mountain, and at other places it is worn down to very moderate heights. The Midland Trail at the forks of the road turns to parallel this rampart, and it was on this bulwark facing the barricade across a piece of bottom land that the most of the Confederate riflemen were posted.

The battle the first day commenced at nine in the morning and lasted to seven in the evening. It was the 26th day of August, and a hot, clear, summer day. The most vivid recollection that the Confederates have about it is the thirst that they experienced during that long day. They learned there to chew bullets and bits of gravel to endure the thirst.

The Federals got out their artillery and fired round after round. Their first work was to set fire to the Miller house with shells. Every now and then they would charge the barricade and be driven back. The Federals tried to flank the Confederates but the lay of the ground did not permit any wide encircling movement and whenever the Federals would climb one of the low ranges to get out of the little valley they were in, their movements could be seen and the Confederates would send out a force to meet them on top of the hills and there was nothing gained by that.

Both sides reported that they became short of ammunition. Averell had received a fresh supply of ammunition at Huntersville, and both armies had been moving rapidly and traveling light.

But there was so much powder burned in that long day's work that it is no wonder that the supply ran low.

Averell's hope was that some of the Kanawha Division, under General Scammon would be camping in the western side of Greenbrier County and hearing the cannon would come marching east over the Midland Trail.

Averell said that he had a column of horses four miles long in a narrow gorge and that added to his embarrassment in effecting any manevuer.

I think that there were two fences built across the Midland Trail that day. The Confederates were making a quick march to reach the forks of the road and Edgar's Battalion was in the lead and moving swiftly. When they got to the forks they marched up Dry Creek for about a half mile and built a fence and this was the fence that Captain Von Koenig first ran against in his position leading the Federal army and it is the one that was first charged. After a short time, and when the Confederates had built their much more elaborate stockade out of fence rails down where the valley opened out, the first fence was abandoned, and it was the second barricade that held the enemy.

It will be remembered that hundreds of the soldiers who were in that fight that day were from the Greenbrier Valley and those of us that knew these soldiers after the war have had a great deal of first hand information about that battle, especially about the repeated cavalry charges at the barricade where so many men were killed. And the Confederates always maintained that it was a desperate and useless sacrifice of men, especially the last charge that was made about four o'clock in the afternoon with two men on each horse. It looked to these Confederates who were pouring in the rifle fire that it was a great blunder on the part of some one.

Averell explains this charge by saying it appeared that he could get a part of his army over the low hills to his right so that they could intersect the Anthonys Creek road and march down in the rear of the Confederate position, and that the strategy was to make a desperate charge down the road and engage the attention of the Confederates by an effort to break the barricade, while the movement to the right was attempted. He says that the charge was splendidly made and splendidly supported by Major McNally's force; that they caused about three hundred Confederates to break and run at one point, but they were rallied and brought back by reserves. Averell said that he had issued commands for all the forces on the right to make a drive for the Anthonys Creek road, and that after the cavalry had failed, that he found that there had been no united effort

on the part of those companies to go forward while the charge was on, and that the effort failed. This will explain the reason of all the desperate charges during the day. It was to cover up the efforts made to get men to go to the left and the right in an effort to flank the enemy.

It was a day full of sorrow for Averell. It was his only defeat in some twenty-three engagements that he fought during his command of the Fourth Separate Brigade, but it was his first pitched battle. He lost about 150 killed and the Confederates about 60. Both suffered a large number wounded. The armies slept on the battle field. The next morning found no sign of Gen. Scammon coming from the west and the Confederates were as full of fight as ever, fighting as they did a defensive battle. After two mild demonstrations to cover his movements, Averell withdrew his troops back through the pass of the Allegheny and by way of Jacksons River, and Mountain Grove to Marlins Bottom where he picked up the Tenth and so on to Beverly. About Mingo they found a timber barricade but cut it away and reached Beverly by August 31st.

The battle can be plainly demonstrated upon the ground by anyone who has made a study of the dispatches from both sides, and it is well worth a trip to the White Sulphur Springs to see the lay of the ground and the nature of the contest.

CHAPTER XIV

The Battle of Lewisburg, the Fight That Won for Gen. Crook, the Grey Fox, Speedy Advancement.

They used to call it the James River and Kanawha Turnpike when it was little more than a trail, and when it became a broad highway surfaced and finished like a city avenue, they called it the Midland Trail. But in the Civil War it was in constant use by the contending armies. Most of the time these armies were able to avoid one another. Lewisburg is located in a long hollow place in the hills, and the road tops an eminence on each side. The Lewisburg people got used to the presence of soldiers, and they were accustomed to see the Grays disappear over the hill to the east, and westward look and the land was blue. Or if the Blues went over the western crest the eastern hillside soon was gray.

But once in a while these armies would stand still and fight. I have had a most trying time to get the battle of Tutwiler Hill figured out. A historian in one of the best known histories states that there was such a fight but that it was undecisive, both sides claiming it. I have come to the conclusion that there were at least two fights at Tutwiler Hill, as well as a fight between that hill and Brushy Ridge that many think was the Tutwiler battle, so it is not too much to say that there were three battles.

This hill is in the Richlands, one of the garden places of the State of West Virginia. The first disturbance was when the Second Volunteer Cavalry, West Virginia, was ordered to sweep the Grays out of Lewisburg. They rode with some other troops, and came in the night time.

Col. Edgar of Edgar's Battalion heard of the advance and moved his troops to the top of the hill and disposed of them on the top of that hill and along the rail fences. That was the evening of May 1, 1862. They waylaid the road nearly all night, and he had given the strictest orders not to fire prematurely, but along about the small hours of the night they heard the Blues coming and they approached riding four abreast, talking and laughing and not apprehending any danger. A Confederate Irishman could not wait and fired his gun when the Federals rode up and warned them. In the fire that followed, twelve Federal soldiers were killed and seven wounded. No casualties on the Confederate side. The Federals retired in disorder, and by the breaking of day, a courier arrived under a flag of truce and asked for truce and it was agreed that a cessation of hostilities was to last from 6 a. m. to 11 a. m. This was the morning of May 2nd. Col. Edgar of the 26th, says in his official report that Col. Paxton, the Federal commander took advantage of this truce, granted to take care of the dead and wounded, to extricate his army from danger of capture. He left his surgeon and some men. The Federal surgeon reported to Col Edgar that two men were so badly wounded that they could not be moved had obtained permission to stay at Mr. Tutwiler's and would Col. Edgar kindly lend him a surgeon to help amputate a leg, all of which Col. Edgar agreed to do.

Col. Edgar was a very gallant figure in the war. A native of Monroe and a highly educated gentleman, he went through the war much respected as a commanding officer. He fell badly wounded in the battle of Lewisburg. After the war he was president of a college in Alabama, and was offered the presidency of the University of West Virginia.

That there was a fight on Tutwiler Hill on the morning of the 2nd day of May, 1862, is proved beyond all doubt by the report of Col. Edgar printed in the records of the United States after the war. Now hearken unto the second fight at a place within sight of the first fight ten days after that. Bear in mind that we are talking about the eventful May, 1862, when a batle was staged in Lewisburg.

Just ten days after the first battle of Tuckwiler's Hill, the Second West Virginia Cavalry advanced again. This regiment had been divided into battalions. They joined the 47th Ohio Volunteer Infantry at Gauley Bridge, and marched to Meadow Bluffs in Greenbrier County. They attempted the same thing that Col. Paxton had failed to do, and that was 1862, when a battle was staged in Lewisburg.

Accordingly the cavalry was ordered to proceed during the night of the 11th of May under Major Hoffman and Captain Powell, over the road leading by way of Blue Sulphur Springs and to come into the turnpike at a point west of Lewisburg and between the Tuckwiler Hill and that place. Colonel Elliott marched his infantry along the pike. The orders were to join at daylight on the morning of the 12th of May. Edgar's Battalion and White's cavalry were camped in the fields on the west side of Lewisburg all about the junction of the roads. The two Federal forces arrived at the junction of the roads at the same time. During the night they had captured some Confederate pickets who had informed them of the position of Edgar's troops. Other pickets had escaped and informed Col. Edgar of the approach, and though it was still dark there

was no surprise on either side. The Federal forces charged the Confederate camp and those soldiers scattered and let them through so that no one was hurt in this battle. The Confederates retreated east and Captain Powell was ordered to pursue the rebel cavalry, and this was done with such promptness, that about daylight on that morning the people of Lewisburg were treated to a horse race on Main Street, the Confederate cavalry fleeing before the Federal horsemen. The chase was kept up to within a mile of White Sulphur Springs, and resulted in the capture of a number of prisoners. There was no number mentioned in the accounts that I found.

This was a second battle on the road just west of Lewisburg and there is no doubt about it. The Confederates prevailed in the first battle and the Federal forces in the second. These operations were leading up to a more serious encounter eleven days later.

After the second bout, the Federal forces returned to Meadow Bluffs, and the Confederates naturally gravitated back to Lewisburg, where they occupied the west crest, which belonged to them. It will be remembered that the year before that both Wise and Floyd had left the Kanawha Valley to be occupied by Federal troops, and that on the breaking up of winter, that the Confederate armies were anxious to regain that valley. Salt was manufactured there and it was a prime necessity. And the Federal forces by the same token were on their way to the east to whip Virginia back into the Union.

On the 16th day of May, 1862, Col. Crook, the Gray Fox, arrived at Meadow Bluff with other troops and proceeded to organize a brigade, the 3rd Brigade of the Kanawha Division, with three Ohio regiments and one West Virginia regiment. It has been stated that Crook had drilled his men hard the previous winter and that they were in fine condition. He moved forward quickly and marched through Lewisburg, the Confederates making way for him politely, for Crook had the first hard-boiled army that had as yet appeared on either side. They were winter drilled. They were allowed to march straight through on the pike until they came to Jackson River, and it was then discovered that there were no Confederate armies in that direction to be attacked. The only meat that they got that advance was six Moccasin Ranger captains, and the two officers and twenty-five men captured at Callahan Station. These fell to the Federal army as prisoners.

At Jackson River Crook learned that a Confederate army under Gen. Henry Heth was approaching the Midland Trail at right angles over the road that we now call Seneca Trail. This was the army that had wintered in Mercer County and they were coming to take over the Midland Trail and Kanawha Valley. Their line of march lay through Union and Ronceverte, and Crook saw that in marching east over the Allegheny Mountains that he had left the way open for a Confederate army to march between his brigade and the rest of his division at Charleston and other points west.

So he fell back quickly to Meadow Bluffs, passing through Lewisburg before Heth arrived. Close on his heels followed the Confederate battalion which took up its place on the eastern ridge overlooking Lewisburg.

At that time Lewisburg had a population of about eight hundred per-

sons and was one of the most important towns west of the Allegheny Mountains in Virginia. It had six stores, one newspaper, three churches and one academy. The Supreme Court of Appeals met in regular session there. It had a big brick tavern, and it was about as much like a city as was to be found on the Western Waters.

Henry Heth and George Crook, the leading characters in this campaign had been classmates at West Point. Lewisburg was to prove to be the place of trial by combat between the two trained officers, and was destined to see the defeat and ultimate end of Heth's military advancement, while, Crook was to commence there a military career second to none that was to continue through the Civil War and down to the year 1890, when he departed this life with the rank of major general, and fame that is as everlasting as the hills.

I have one document in my possession that indicates that Heth had arrived at Lewisburg over a month before in person and had looked over the troops at that place, for it is recorded that a delegation of prominent citizens from Pocahontas county had waited on him there and made complaint that while they were Confederates and for the south, that by an act of the Legislature of Virginia, authorizing the formation of companies of rangers or home guards, that Pocahontas County had been overrun by rangers and that the farmers of that county were being deprived of their horses and other property by their own rangers, and that unless the Commonwealth of Virginia could call off these dogs of war, they demanded the right to send for their young men then serving in the Confederate armies to come home and protect the farm from these depredations.

Heth required them to make the charges in writing which they did, the specifications being dated at Lewisburg, April 4, 1862, and signed by William Skeen, prosecuting attorney of Pocahontas County. He blames the hasty legislature that made the rangers possible, and the force that he complained of was the famous Tuning company, which was afterwards surrounded and wiped out in Webster County. He charges Tuning with killing three men, Arbogast, Buzzard and Alderman. With three robberies. Fifteen or twenty horses stolen. Heth forwarded the papers to Richmond.

On the morning of May 23, 1862, Heth marched his army by way of Ronceverte and in the early morn placed his line on the east crest just as Crook and his brigade came to the western brow and deployed to the right and to the left so that he formed a line of his hard-boiled infantry in a line along about where the woman's college buildings stand. Then, as now, two principal roads run north and south through Lewisburg. One runs by the courthouse and one by the military school. The one by the military school is about half way up the eastern hill, and at that time it had heavy rail fences on it. Heth has been criticized for not putting his infantry behind these fences. He had them much higher up. There was a great rye field up the hill from these fences and it was a forward season and it was high enough to hide a crouching man, and as they tell it to me, Heth's men tried to take advantage of this cover when it was too late.

There was heavy timber out towards Mr. H. Frazier's country place, and this was the only cover that Heth had, and that did him but little good when they crumpled up his right wing, and defeated him. The Confederates had some artillery and they fired many shots into the town. One shell burst in the vestibule of the Negro church. Another went down the chimney of the Cary home, and the Cary girls, the belles of the town, went to work while the battle was raging its fiercest, to carry out the debris, and keep the mansion from burning down.

Crook had built sheds for drilling his soldiers the previous winter and worked them hard. After the heavy firing began and the shell and minnie balls were raining down on his command, he moved the infantry forward and secured the road that leads by the military school, and his men sheltering behind the rail fences poured in a devastating fire on Heth's men at from two to three hundred yards range, and it speedily became so deadly that flesh and blood could not stand it and Heth's men turned and faded away towards Ronceverte, on the road on which they had so recently marched to the battle ground. As Heth so sadly reported to the war office, after being allowed to pick his place, and with a vastly superior force, he had been defeated.

When the Confederates gave way, then came the spectacular charge. It will be remembered that Main Street lies at right angles and across the hollow that is Lewisburg, and that for an hour or so, Gen. Heth had been rolling cannon balls down that street towards Crook, like a lot of bowling balls, but when the galling fire from the rail fences put him out of that, five hundred blue-clad cavalrymen charged the whole length of that street and hung on the flanks of the fleeing Confederates. That was the grand finale, and it was a day full of sorrow for Lewisburg, for it was solid for the south.

One of the charging cavalrymen rode too close to the edge of the road, and his horse slipped on a flagstone and fell sideways, rolling the rider over into the front yard of a residence, where he had to be helped up.

I suppose the only living man who saw that battle is Marcellus Zimmerman. He was eleven years old and was out in the center of the battle field during the whole fight riding a stick horse and playing that he was a horse soldier.

After the fight was over on that beautiful May morning, the work of gathering up the dead and wounded began. Many were found in the deep rye. Col. Edgar was shot through. His bloodstained sword is still to be seen in Ronceverte. The wounded were cared for by surgeons and the town people. The dead were laid out on the floor of two churches, the Old Stone Church, and the colored church.

In this short and swift fight lasting not over thirty minutes, the Confederates' loss was 80 killed, 100 wounded, 157 prisoners, 4 cannon, 25 horses, and 300 stands of small arms. The Federal loss was 13 killed, 50 wounded, and 6 prisoners.

The Federal cavalry drove the Confederates across the Greenbrier River at Ronceverte. Heth reformed his army at Union and rested there for a month, and Crook tried to bring on another battle on June 24th, at Union, but Heth retired over Peters Mountain.

At Lewisburg, the Federal troops that charged up the hill were three regiments of Ohio Volunteer Infantry, the 36th, 44th and 47th.

Among the Confederates at Lewisburg was the father of J. H. Buzzard, of Huntersville, who has held many important offices in this county.

Crook remained in Lewisburg for sixty days after the battle and then fell back to his camp at Meadow Bluffs.

Of all the battlefields that I have studied, I know of none quite so dramatic as Lewisburg. Fought in a mountain town, before breakfast, and combining rifle shooting, artillery fire, infantry charges, and cavalry, all in a sleeping little city whose inhabitants awoke to hear the cannon boom and the rifles speak, and who had no time to do anything in the way of escape until it was all over.

I see I did not finish what I started to say about the Tunings, the dreaded outlaws mentioned by Gen Skeen to Gen. Heth. These were three brothers out of the northwest who ravaged this section of the State for years during the war. The three brothers were Al, Fred and Jack Tuning. The name was probably Chewning. They had the settlers buffaloed and they would come to a farm with their followers and demand to be kept, and no one was brave or foolhardy enough to deny them. They harried the country for years, but finally they were surrounded by about thirty Federal soldiers on leave. The outlaws were in the house of James Dyer, on Gauley River, in Webster County. James Dyer was one of the best citizens. He was the first county superintendent of schools of Webster County. The Tunings attempted to run and Al and Fred were shot and killed. Jack got away and went to Ohio, where he landed in the pen. The Tunings were wiped out March 4, 1864.

Now as to the third battle of Tuckwiler Hill. Hu Maxwell says that on April 19, 1863, the battle of Tuckwiler Hill was fought. You will note that this was almost a year after the other battles. The Federal dispatches call this the battle of Brushy Ridge, a hill about five miles west of Tuckwiler Hill, and it is probable that it was fought between the two places, for the Federals rode into an ambuscade and suffered severely. Gen. E. P. Scammon in command of the Kanawha Division ordered Col. Paxton to reconnoiter Lewisburg, and as he rode with the 2nd West Virginia Cavalry, he encountered Edgar's Battalion and suffered a loss of fourteen men as well as losing a large number as prisoners. Col. Paxton, a gallant officer, on making his report to Gen. Scammon was summarily dismissed from the service by the irate general. Gen. Powell took his place.

Here is the truth about the Tuckwiler Hill fights. On one side in each one of the three encounters was the 2nd West Virginia Volunteer cavalry, and on the other the noted Edgar's Battalion. This is the reason that they run together in the minds of the careless historian.

CHAPTER XV

The Salt Wells of Kanawha Valley and Whether the Stream Ebbs and Flows Like a Tidal River. Some Say it Do.

Continuing to write unto you about the Midland Trail, which is the way I long have sought, I would remind you that it is a passway across the State of West Virginia from the crest of the Allegheny Mountains at White Sulphur Springs to the Ohio River at Huntington. It is a hard-surfaced road and is remarkable for its sudden and violent contrasts. One hour a tourist is in the city streets and in another hour he is in the midst of what looks like a wrecked world. It is the kind of driving where it is better to hug the bank than it is to hug your companion.

In a general way it is about the same kind of a march that the Revolutionary army made across the peneplain in 1774 when they were trying to cut down Cornstalk. It winds in and out and gives the tourist a great variety of sights.

It cuts the State of West Virginia in two so that about two-fifths of the State lies south of the trail, and that is where the people are congregating that make up the population of the State. We have been getting more numerous of late years. West Virginia has more people than had the combined area of Virginia and West Virginia in 1861, when the war broke out. Those old-time golfers who went out in '61 and came home in '65.

A generation ago Prof. Samuel Brown, the geologist at the University, explained very patiently year after year, to student ears that heard not, that the mineral wealth of the southern part of West Virginia indicated that the population would gradually center there, and to be more specific, he said that the time would come when the town of Huntington would be the greatest city between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, and that having attained an ascendency would thereafter maintain it. All this has come to pass.

And a man of a younger generation now is pointing out that there is untold wealth in New River coal in the county of Randolph, and his words will be remembered some day.

We are used to green fields and pleasant pastures in the blue grass section where I live, but down the State coal is king, and the concentrated extract of vegetation is what makes the country rich. I branched off the Midland Trail to go to Princeton and saw evidence of much mining wealth. The Virginian railway gives time for the grandeur to sink in for it takes about eight hours to win through from Princeton to Charleston. I made myself a nuisance on the train by trying to find out what watercourses I was following, for so many did not think it was of any importance. But you cannot know your West Virginia without getting a working knowledge of the watershed. As near as I could figure out we left the waters of East River and crossed over to dally with the headwaters of Bluestone River, and leaving that to cross the divide to the waters of Guyan River, where the city of Mullens sets in the forks

like the town of Durbin in the forks of the Greenbrier. Then to the waters of Coal River, Paint Creek, and other waters of the New River.

The streams I had learned from the pioneer reports and the maps. One day Congressman Taylor and I were rolling down the Midland Trail and when we approached the town of Malden, we began to inquire for the Burning Springs.

The Kellys Creek that I wrote about is still there. I wrote about it and then went to see it. The town of Cedar Grove is built there as is an old mansion house known as the Tompkins Place. The Journals of the officers in Dunmore's War would indicate that Kelly's cabin was almost exactly where the Tompkins house stands.

Col. Fleming says that nine miles below the mouth of Kellys Creek the burning springs were to be found. He observed that they were on a high bank and consisted of two basins some three or four feet in diameter, and these were filled with water. When he came there he found the basins full of black water that had a greasy taste. It boiled and bubbled some three or four inches above the surface, without either emitting air or heat so far as he could see. The springs had no apparent outlet but the water seemed to escape by soaking through a fattish earth. From them there was a descent to a miry place of fat, black mud where there was a fallen tree and grass. The water as it boiled was black and had a slight sulphur smell.

He flashed a torch over the water at a distance of four or five inches and the flame communicated itself to the surface of the water and burned with surprising force, like a cooking fire of ash wood. After burning a long time the water heated and evaporated. After a time the party tried to put the fire out but was not able to do it. They piled grass on it and it consumed the grass.

The other day we could see no sign of the burning springs but we did not have much time to look for them. Two citizens resting by the roadside said they knew about as much about them as anyone and that they did not know whether they could be definitely located or not, but that tradition said that they were near a certain stump of a tree that stood near the river.

Another traidition says that in the olden times it was a favorite place for boatmen to camp as they could cook by the fires.

Another ancient account says that the burning spring was about eighty yards from the river bank in alluvial soil. In 1842, in boring for salt, the depth of a thousand feet was reached. This was the record for a deep well at that time and a copper pipe was inserted to shut off the surface water. The salt water and gas flowed into the cistern sixty feet above the surface of the river. One well was obtained that spouted a stream of mingled gas and salt water thirty feet in the air, and this when lighted at night made a brilliant display.

The Big Lick was somewhere about five miles above Charleston, that is, above the mouth of Elk River and this is the place that the first well bored by white men for salt was located. That was in 1809. It was the place that the Indians used to make salt. That the Indians made salt here rests on the fact that remains of rude pottery vessels were found here in great abundance which would indicate that they were used to boil

and evaporate the water for salt. At a garage on the Midland Trail above Montgomery, the proprietors being of the class that hankers after things that others idle by, have been collecting flint and celt Indian relics, and they have a bit of pottery picked up on the Kanawha River.

About a hundred years ago close by the Big Lick was a rock called the pictured or calico rock; on it the Indians sculptured many figures of animals and birds and other records. Unfortunately it was needed to make furnace chimneys and the rock was destroyed.

It is a pity that the sign was not allowed to stand. It was of the kind known as petroglyph or rock carving. In this case it was probably a set of symbols carved in the rock and colored. They have about given up the idea that these writing were made to preserve wise thoughts or historic happenings. In the case near the Big Lick salt spring belonging to a very fierce tribe locally referred to as the Salt Indians, it might be inferred that a loose translation of the petroglyphs was something like this: "Notice. This is private property. No trespassing by hunting, fishing or making salt. Keep off. This means you."

There is a tradition of a bearded gentleman from New England who was traveling along by the salt works boring where a well was spouting finely. He had heard that such wells were often accompanied by a flow of gas that could be ignited. He got hold of some fire with his flint and steel and touched the well off and was badly burned, and had to lie up for repairs at Charleston for a long time. It is related that the owner of the well being a good deal damaged by the fire visited the injured man for the purpose of collecting from him, but the stranger was such a pitiful sight that he forebore to bother him about it.

It has not been so very long since wagons went down from the Greenbrier Valley to the salt works on the Kanawha for salt.

It is generally conceded that the original name among the white people for the Great Kanawha River was Wood River, named in honor of Gen-Abraham Wood, whose place was Fort Henry, at the falls of Appomatox River where Petersburg, Virginia, is located. He was a great Indian trader and explorer and was the first to discover that the Great Kanawha River cut all the mountains in two. He had probably mapped the river correctly as early as 1654. His was the name it bore for many years. A great river, four hundred miles long, rising in the State of North Carolina and flowing northeast for a hundred miles and gradually turning to the west and finally running true to the dip of the strata northwest to where it joins the Ohio. It is said the word Kanawha means the river of the woods. The trouble about the mutters that pass for words in a savage tribe is that they can be construed to mean almost anything, and the fate of the word lies in the ear of the hearer. The white men have almost a hundred ways to spell Seneca, and finally they adopted the spelling of the name of the ancient philosopher.

I got out my books to see if I could check up on the meaning of the word and it looks to me that it means the river of the great elms, and that is not so far from the river of the woods.

Now since I made a few observations about Batts and Fallam, I have been over the ground again, and I am about ready to abandon the northern route and come back to my first conclusion that they came over the

southern route. It is somewhat puzzling to follow them. But it is possible. For they kept a journal of each day's travel, and I am about ready to adhere to the belief that they pursued a line of march along Indian paths conforming very closely to the line of the Virginian railway from Roanoke, Virginia to Deepwater, West Virginia, only that they came to the Great Kanawha River at the falls. The terrain at the village of Kanawha Falls answers the particular description that Batts and Fallam give as to the place where they took possession of the Mississippi Valley in the name of King Charles the Second.

When Batts and Fallam made a solemn report that the water in the Kanawha River ebbed and flowed with the tide, we took it for granted that they did not know what they were talking about, but when I got down there the other day, I found that there was a belief that there was some sort of an ebb and flow of the tide, but I do not feel at liberty at this time to give the name of the observers. But there are more things in this world than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio! Therefore, the attention of those uninteresting men, the exact scientists, is invited to this phenomena. I would not care to have the weight of such worlds of science upon my back. I would rather be a dog and bay the moon.

I have not even a jibboom to go searching for tides, but I offer a few golden thoughts on that subject. In the first place the river lies east and west and the moon or whatever it is that affects tidal rivers may coincide with the orbit of its axis in such a way as to magnify its circumference and produce an oscillating isochronism. Who can say?

But in the days of the early salt wells there was a phenomena that has never been satisfactorily explained but which may have a bearing on the ebb and flow of the tides of Kanawha. In those days the salt wells and they were there by the hundreds, fifteen miles on either side of the stream, were bored by going from three to five hundred feet below the bed of the river. The surface water was then carefully excluded by copper pipes which were well wedged into the solid rock, and the result was that the salt water, the desirable commercial fluid would at all times maintain a level with the river of fresh water. When the river rose the salt water in the tube, maybe hundreds of feet from the water's edge would rise like mercury in a thermometer and would subside with the stage of water in the main river. This is given as a historical fact in sober histories, and is not more wonderful than the tides of Kanawha. It may have some bearing on the subject.

No one knows quite so much as he thinks he does, so do not dismiss these dull scientific musings in disdain.

The river was first named from Gen. Abraham Wood, and about that man there is high color and romance. He was about ten years old when he stowed himself away on a ship called the "Margaret and John," sailing out of old England and he was landed on our shores at Hampton Roads in 1620. Up to 1645, he cannot be definitely traced, but he shows up in 1646 as the commander of Fort Henry an outpost of Virginia. It appears that from 1607 to 1644 our pioneer ancestors never left the hearing of the sea, but that about 1644 the Indians killed so many of the first settlers, that it became necessary to fortify against them and that

the plan was to erect strong forts at the falls of each of the rivers. Thus Fort Byrd was built at the falls of the James at Richmond, and that town was thus begun. Another was called Fort Henry at the falls of the Appomattox River, and that in time became the city of Petersburg. Wood commanded there. The Indians were subdued and westward the star of empire took its way. After a few years Virginia found it burdensome to maintain these forts and a bright idea was given to some ancient statesman, that these forts could be well treated as concessions to Indian traders, and in this way the watch and ward would be kept without expense to the State. And it was done.

Wood got Fort Henry. He had a wonderful trade with the Indians in south and west. He went through the woods at first himself, and I see no good reason to doubt that he reached the Great Kanawha in the year 1654, in person. That was the reason it was called Wood River.

But in 1671, when Batts and Fallam were sent across the mountains, they said it was a pleasing though dreadful sight to see the mountains and hills as if piled one upon another. Rest easy Captain Batts. It has the same effect today upon the lowlander.

Wood was a man of sixty-one years and he was sending out agents to trade for him. Furs became a great source of gain. Dryden wrote in 1672:

> Friend, once twas fame that led thee forth,
> To brave the tropic heat and frozen north,
> Late it was gold, then beauty was the spur,
> But now our gallants venture but for fur.

One of Wood's agents captured by the Indians was horrified to see them singe the fur of a beaver to eat it, and that was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Shawnee towns in Ohio.

Wood was not on good terms with a tribe that lived on the Great Kanawha about fifty or sixty miles above its mouth. He called them the Monetons but who are classed as Mohetans, a cognate tribe of the Tutelo, the tribe of the great chief Nastybone. These Mohetans had moved over from Roanoke to the salt springs of Kanawha. Batts and Fallam found a bit of level land where they had once lived at the Falls of the Kanawha, but it was overgrown with locust, and other growth that causes some historians to put the expulsion of the Indians from the Western Waters in the year 1656, by the Five Nations. But be that as it may, a strong colony of Mohetan Indians still lingered around the Big Lick just above Charleston, for Batts and Fallam were afraid to go closer to them than the falls in 1671.

In 1674, Wood sent James Needham and Gabriel Arthur into the Indian country south of Fort Henry to trade, and they got along pretty well until some of the tribe of Indians went to the far south and were killed for their furs by white men. Needham was killed by the Indians in retaliation, and Arthur was tied to a stake and fire set around him, but at the last minute he was saved. He conformed to the life of the tribe and later he went on a ten-day journey to visit the Mohetans at the Big Lick. Here he was allowed to swim in the river several times and he

found that it was fresh water, but he observed that it ebbed and flowed. He reported that it was the same river that Batts and Fallam had visited higher up on its course.

When the Indians took in their furs to Fort Henry they took Arthur with them, and he was able to relate the fate of his companion, James Needham. Wood writes: "So died this heroyic Englishman whose fame shall never die if my penn were able to eternize it. He had adventured where never Englishman had dared to attempt before and with him died one hundred and fourty-foure pounds starling of my adventure with him. I wish I could have saved his life with ten times the vallue."

I am getting this Midland Trail and its history somewhat straightened out in what I am pleased to call my mind.

When we consider that this great mountain country tributary to the Midland Trail has been the scene of the lives of millions of people. When it was freely predicted by historians and writers not more than a hundred years ago that this country would never be inhabited, on account of its rough and mountainous surface, and that only the bear and the other wild animals would ever be found here. When we remember that this rugged land has given to the country great men, beautiful women, and richness beyond computation, it is apparent that it affords an inexhaustible subject for books, and that the best that the most voluminous writer can do is but to mention a few among a myriad of subjects which add to its renown.

I was moved to make the Midland Trail a subject, because so many other writers have been affected the same way, but who were not able to continue any considerable length, probably owing to the immensity of the supply of material. And I find that I have used my space up without making more than a beginning.

PART II

THE SENECA TRAIL OR THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

The sparkling streams that wend their ways
Through pleasant valleys, fair and bright,
Woods where the flickering sunbeam plays,
The peaks lit by the morning rays,
That sweep away the night.

The cliff that rears its frowning face,
The driving snow, the storm's wild strife,
The somber, serried heights that space
The confines of a rugged race—
They weave a spell on life.

O West Virginia, thy good name,
Thy people breathe in love and pride,
The glory of thy days and fame,
Shines with a steady glowing flame,
Time cannot dim or hide!

O mountaineers who rule in stead,
Of those who lived to make men free,
Each mountain peak that lifts its head
Is towering over gallant dead,
Who left their work to thee!

The time may come and that not long,
When greed and hate their deeds complete,
Humanity from out the throng
Looks to the hills to right the wrong,
And raise her to her feet.

INTRODUCTORY

The Seneca Trail is the name that has been given to the great highway running from the north to the south boundary of West Virginia, through the trough-like valleys on the eastern border of the State.

Three rivers lying end to end water these valleys, Cheat River, Greenbrier River, and Bluestone River.

It takes its name from the warpath of the Seneca Indians as formed after the treaty of Albany, 1722, had confirmed the act of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, making the Allegheny Mountain the division line between the lands allotted to the Indians and the lands that could be settled by the white people, a line that was observed with more or less fidelity until the Revolution.

A well-traveled road was established by the Seneca tribe, the most powerful of the Six Nations, over which they traveled from the waters of the St. Lawrence to the northern part of Georgia, and as this followed their eastern border in West Virginia, they were at all times informed of the acts of the bold white settlers in breaking the agreement to remain on the east side of the divide.

The old warpath is still visible in many places. In a general way it follows the highway, first on one side of it and then the other. In many places the two roads occupy the same space.

These articles touch some of innumerable incidents that occurred in the region served by the trail. As long as they are, they are as a drop in the bucket of the rich history of this road.

CHAPTER I

The Seneca Trail connects with the Wilderness Trail. Captives of Abbs Valley.

When we get the Seneca Trail opened up the Greenbrier Valley will come into its own in this way, that we will be in close touch with a country that has been close to us but closed against us by the mountains. We will be open to the southwest portion of Virginia and in touch with Tazewell, Russell, Grayson, Washington counties. Our own kind of people. That throws us once more convenient to the Wilderness road of song and story that Daniel Boone blazed into the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky. The Greenbrier Valley settled up with pioneers first and the lure of the setting sun led the pioneers that felt crowded west. They did not go as we go now towards Cincinnati for that was a country strongly held by hostile Indians. We found a way to slip between the dangerous Cherokees of the south and the Shawnees of the Ohio country through Kentucky. And in doing this we would work down through the southern end of the Valley of Virginia. Pretty soon there were enough people to justify a county. A lot of them stayed on the Holston on the border of North Carolina, but many of them took the turning to the right and settled Kentucky, and while the fate of the Kentucky settlement hung in the balance many years, the inevitable retreat of the victorious Indians took place before the endurance of the white people. So they cut off a county from the lower side of Botetourt County, and called it Fincastle. That took a part of West Virginia, South West Virginia, and all of Kentucky. A big lot of territory later surrendered to North Carolina, and Tennessee was also included.

It was settled and managed largely from Staunton. Col. Wm. Preston was the colonel of that county. He lived in Staunton for the most part and made frequent trips to Fincastle County. Michael Price seems to have established a home down there, center of a Welsh community. It was on Toms Creek, then if not now, Montgomery County. Preston would make appointments to meet persons at Price's. They were no kin to me. They had this set of Prices up for being loyal to the crown, whereas all of the Greenbrier Valley Prices were fighting for the Republic.

The Bluestone River that flows so far to meet the Greenbrier River leads into Tazewell County, and Road 24 ought to give us a chance to explore that Bluestone River country. I would not be surprised to learn in a few years that next to the Greenbrier that the Bluestone River country will be very important and well known to us.

At the head of the river is Abbs Valley, the scene of the tragedy concerning the Moore family. In 1775, James Moore, Jr., settled there. He was born in Rockbridge County, then Augusta. His father was an emigrant of the Lewis colony. Moore moved to Abbs Valley with his wife and a family of three small children. The land was rich and in nine years he prospered exceedingly and had as many as a hundred head of horses and other stock in proportion. The first nine years were passed in peace and safety, but in 1784, his second son James, fourteen

years of age, was sent to a distant pasture to bring in a horse. While on his way he met a party of three Indians—a chief named Black Wolf, so called from having a black beard, and two Indian boys. They were Shawnees.

At our house there used to be a little book called the "Captives of Abbs Valley," and it made a deep and lasting impression on my young mind. I remember that it said that when they moved there in the spring of 1775, that they could carry little or no flour and meal and that to get bread they had to wait until the corn ripened. The nearest thing to bread that they had to eat was the breast of wild turkey. I think it was in this book that it was related with great fervor how provisions of all kind had about disappeared when a fine buck deer showed up one Sunday morning, and though the necessities of the family were great, they could not bring themselves to fire a gun on Sunday. But it pleased fate to make the deer repeat his visit on Monday when it was duly slain. It never occurred to me to pity the poor deer.

But the thing that impressed me most was the perfectly delightful adventure that young James had by being captured by the Indians and carried away on a march of twenty days to the Chillicothe towns and being adopted into the Indian tribe. According to our way of looking at it he was in the best of luck. The chief, old Black Wolf, had a time with the three boys. They not only killed deer but they got some buffalo. They all had big loads to carry and did not carry meat. So when it came on to rain they were three days without food. On the fourth day they killed a buffalo and made broth out of the paunch and broke their fast that way. At Chillicothe they traded James Moore to a sister of Black Wolf for a horse, and it was not a good horse at that. He lived with the Indians then and had a good time. In the same way I used to envy Robinson Crusoe and greatly desired being cast away on an island.

James Moore remained in the Indian country for years. There he discovered his sister, Mary Moore, in rags and destitute, a prisoner.

On the 14th day of July, 1786, occurred the massacre and capture in Abbs Valley. It was during wheat harvest. About thirty Indians crept close to the house and fired. Two children, William Moore and Rebecca Moore, were bringing a bucket of water from the spring. They were killed at the first volley as was Alexander Moore, a child, playing in the yard. Mrs. Moore and Martha Ivins shut the door of the house. Another occupant was John Simpson, an aged man in bed sick. A bullet through the logs killed him. The Indians cut the door down and took prisoner Mrs. Moore, Martha Ivins, John Moore, Jane Moore, Mary Moore, aged eight, and Margaret Moore, an infant. James Moore, the father, ran to the house and was shot as he crossed the fence and fell dead with seven bullet holes through him.

The Indians then went towards their towns. The baby was killed by dashing its brains out against a tree. The boy, John, was tomahawked because he was too weak to travel. When they reached the towns, Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane were tortured, both dying a dreadful lingering death. It appeared afterwards that the reason of this cruelty was the appearance of a war party of Cherokees smarting under defeat

and determined to put to death the first white persons they could lay their hands upon.

Mary Moore retained a copy of the New Testament all through the period of her captivity which lasted three years. The brother of Martha Ivins, Thomas Ivins, having made his way through to Detroit, was able to secure the release of his sister and Mary and James, and they all came home to Rockbridge County by way of Pittsburgh in one party.

Martha Ivins married a Mr. Hummer. They moved to Indiana. Two of her sons became distinguished Presbyterian preachers.

James Moore grew to manhood in Rockbridge County and went back to Abbs Valley where he raised a large family. He was a prominent and respected citizen and a leading member of the Methodist Church.

Mary Moore married Rev. Samuel Brown, pastor of the New Providence Church, the Church with a History. Mary Moore Brown lies in the graveyard of that church. She had eleven children all of whom were noted for their devout religious lives. Five of her sons became Presbyterian ministers.

Mrs. H. W. McLaughlin, the lady of the manse of New Providence Church, is a lineal descendant.

We have all been taught to revere the name of Mary Moore. Some day a historian will arise who can do justice to the theme and who can form the gallery of fame of the great women of the mountains of pioneer times, and among those names will be the names of Mary Moore, Margaret Lynn Lewis, Mary Vance, Elizabeth Dunlap, and many others who have been too long neglected and obscured by the fame of the fighting side of the house.

CHAPTER II

Battle of Droop Mountain. Tenth West Virginia saved the day. See Blue Book 1926 for another Chapter.

If this article had a head it would be called the Confederate Alibi. It is about the battle of Droop Mountain and the fight was won on points by the Federal forces. But it was a convention in the Civil War practiced by both sides to magnify a victory and minimize a defeat. In this way both sides kept their courage up during a four-year period of great tribulation. The Confederates blocked the road and the Federal army made an attack and drove them from the position. Or rather the Confederate army withdrew gracefully and intimated to the Federal army that if it wanted that place they could have it. It had ceased to be either safe or comfortable.

In November, 1863, there were no considerable Confederate forces anywhere in West Virginia except in the Greenbrier Valley. That was held by the Confederates from its head to its foot some one hundred and seventy miles on the Virginia frontier, protecting Virginia from attack from the west. General Kelly in command of the department of West Virginia gave orders to General Averell at Beverly and General Scammon at Charleston to send armies to meet at Lewisburg and drive the

Confederates out of the valley of the Greenbrier and to go as much farther as they, in their discretion, deemed expedient.

Averell took his army over the Seneca Trail and Scammon sent General Duffie over the Midland Trail, and they met by appointment in Lewisburg, November 7th, and found one Confederate army over the border.

Averell came into the county by the Staunton & Parkersburg Turnpike and turned south at Travelers Repose. At that time the Confederate troops were stationed as follows. At Glade Hill in the upper part of the county was Captain W. L. McNeel's company. At Edray Captain J. W. Marshall was in charge of a detachment watching the Marlins Bottom and Huttonsville turnpike. Colonel W. W. Arnett had a regiment at Marlins Bottom in comfortable log houses getting ready to winter there. Colonel W. L. Jackson had the main part of his regiment, the Nineteenth Virginia Cavalry, at Mill Point. Colonel W. P. Thompson was away with a portion of this regiment on an expedition to Nicholas County and had got as far as the foot of Cold Knob in Greenbrier County. General Echols had the main part of the troops at Lewisburg.

McNeel's company discovered the advance in the upper part of the county and a messenger was dispatched at once and he brought intelligence of the movement to Arnett at Marlinton. Averell moved quickly and but for the courier getting through he would have surprised the Confederates in their camps. As it was, the McNeel soldiers got too close and four of them were captured and one wounded. That was John Adam McNeel, whose horse was shot down and the soldier got a broken leg out of it. The main camp of McNeel's company was cut off and they escaped by going up Galford's Creek and crossing the Allegheny Mountain to the waters of Back Creek. They continued south and had got as far as Callahans, in Allegheny County before the battle of Droop Mountain was pulled off.

Arnett got his regiment out of Marlinton by the skin of his teeth, as it was. He sent off a horse soldier hot foot to Captain Marshall at Edray to come on, telling him that he was going to barricade the road on Price Hill, and for him to march on the back road and come to the pike at Mrs. Kee's. This place was at the top of Price Hill. Arnett cut a lot of trees across the road and dug some of it away on that sliding hillside.

The exciting days for this neighborhood were Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th of November, 1863. Then it was that the biggest battle ever fought in West Virginia occurred.

Arnett pulled his freight at sun down on Wednesday, and Colonel Ohley moved into his deserted log cabins at dusk.

There is only one road between Marlinton and Mill Point and Averell with his main army at Huntersville had laid a plan to capture Arnett's force by sending Ohley down the pike to get Arnett started south, while Colonel Harris moved his forces down Beaver Creek to get ahead of him by blocking the road at Marvin Chapel where the two roads unite. The strategy of Averell would have succeeded but for Col. W. P. Thompson's efforts. That morning Thompson had been recalled from Cold Knob with his cavalry and was unsaddling at his old camp at the John S. Kellison

farm, when W. L. Jackson's courier rode up and told him to hold the Beaver Creek road. Thompson immediately took a squadron of his cavalry and hot-footed it to the Beaver Creek country. This was a narrow road used for years as a short cut from the Little Levels district to the county seat at Huntersville. Thompson got several miles up that road and spent a pleasant evening in cutting trees across the road and falling back and firing as he fell back so that the Federal army was considerably delayed in getting to the fork of the road, and Arnett got by.

On this expedition, Averell had with him some signal experts, the art of signaling then being perfected by the experience of the armies in the Civil War. It was arranged that the main corps would stay at Huntersville, while other signal troops would go on to Marvin Chapel where they would use rockets to communicate the position and success of the movement. At Huntersville, Merritt went to the top of the knob to observe the signals and Dernicke went on with the troops to report. It was arranged that the rockets were to be sent up at 8 p. m., and Merritt waited on top of the knob until 10 p. m. and seeing no rockets, he went back to headquarters. It afterwards appeared that Dernicke was not able to send up his rockets until 11 p. m. and they were not observed at Huntersville, though the Confederates saw them red against the sky. They were a sort of a new departure in mountain warfare. Thompson and his blockading tactics had interfered with the march so much that the army was three hours late.

Thursday was Mill Point day. Mill Point has never been given the credit for the baptism by fire that she had that day because what occurred next day at Droop Mountain, five miles south, has overshadowed it to such a great extent. There was enough powder burned that day at Mill Point to fight a great battle. The Federal armies were at Stephen Hole run and on the hill between that run and Mill Point. The Confederates formed a battle line along the banks of Stamping Creek for a mile or more and their artillery was on the hill just south of Mill Point. When the guns began to thunder it occurred to Jackson that his battle line was just the right distance from the Federal batteries to be in range of grape shot and he withdrew his army by having them slip silently up the stream until they were hid by the bend of the mountain, and he took them out by the flint pits.

And having gotten his troops under way he looked up to the long smooth summit of Droop Mountain and decided to take his stand there, and by nightfall he was in camp on the crest looking down on the Federal army as they kindled their fires in the broad fields of the Little Levels.

On that Thursday, the Federal troops at Marlinton got word to cut out the blockade and move on to Mill Point and before they left they burned the log cabins that the Confederates were to winter in. The fire wall of one of those cabins is in my front yard. My father would not allow it to be disturbed in his lifetime and it will be preserved. A few years ago we found a big machete buried there.

On Thursday, too, General Echols at Lewisburg, heard that they were converging on him from Charleston and from Beverly and he got busy. He sent a regiment west on the Midland Trail to hold Duffie and got his

army to move to Pocahontas. That day he marched his men fourteen miles and went into camp at Spring Creek. The arrangement was to reinforce Jackson who was to fall back until Echols could join him. They were from nine in the morning until night marching that fourteen miles to the Seneca Trail and had covered but half the distance to the battle ground.

That night messages were received by Echols to the effect that the Federal army was much larger than they had thought at first and that the north was red with camp fires and that there would be a battle the next day where the pike came to the top of the mountain. And this was no night to sleep; so Echols got his forces under way by two in the morning and reached Droop Mountain at nine the same morning. This was a record march. Twenty-eight miles over mountain roads in twenty-four hours is making good time for the first day out. But when they came back that same night they made it in eleven hours. These mountain troops had marched fifty-six miles in forty-two hours and wasted seven hours in fighting a battle. And they were still going strong when they passed through Lewisburg on their way back, for they never even hesitated, Duffie being due there that same morning.

It is no wonder that after General Sam Jones had telegraphed to Richmond that Echol's brigade had been nearly destroyed, that General Echols and his officers should have felicitated themselves on the fact that they had got away practically intact, and that most of those missing men who had been scattered in flight had reported within a day or two for duty.

Edgar's Battalion had been dispatched from Renick over the back road which he held during the fight and he extricated his army without the loss of a suspender button.

Echols reported that the only trophy that the Federals could boast of was the capture of a brass cannon.

I have heard about this cannon all my life. It was a twelve pound brass howitzer. Howitzer from a foreign word meaning sling. This cannon was the pride of the army. The soldiers said that every time it was fired it called for the "First-born!" It had been injured at White Sulphur Springs in that battle the previous summer. In the hurried retirement from the field at Droop Mountain it was attached to the limber and the pintle hook broke. Then it was lashed to the limber and the gun carriage broke down. It was lifted from the gun carriage and placed in the limber chest and the limber broke down under the additional weight and the cannon was then hid in a morass on top of the mountain, such places as are generally referred to as bear wallows. Old soldiers have spoken about this to me and were always on the point of going to hunt for it, but so far as I know it was never found.

Most of us have grown up with the idea that the Confederates neglected to guard their left flank and that they were surprised and flanked and that was the reason that the battle was lost. But a study of the official dispatches on both sides does not bear out this theory. It seems that no less than four detachments were sent against this attack from the west and that the soldiers fought a long and bloody battle in the thick forest and undergrowth on the flat top of the mountain extending for a

mile or more as level as a floor from the fortified places by the pike clear back to the Viney Mountain.

And what is more, instead of being surprised by the flanking movement, a Confederate soldier fired the first rifle shot on that flank. This soldier said that they were lying in the woods watching for the Federal troops to advance and that the first that they saw of them was when a Federal soldier showed his face over a rail fence. "Shot him square between the eyes and he squealed like a pig." This was the first soldier killed at the battle of Droop Mountain.

Colonel Augustus Moor, of the 28th Ohio regiment, and Col. T. M. Harris, of the 10th West Virginia, were the commanding officers who made that fatal and deadly attack on the left flank of the Confederate army and it was not so much finesse as hard knocks that drove the Confederates in upon their center and disorganized the plans so that there was nothing to do but to run.

Moor went the long way round and Harris joined him somewhere near the Dar Place, so named after Abraham Dar, a pioneer. Moor did not move before daylight, as reported, on this encircling effort. He marched down from near Mill Point to Hillsboro before daylight, but he was still at that town at nine o'clock. Then being in plain view of the enemy on top of the mountains, he received orders to go round them and he was in a broad, open country, and the question was how to get out of there without being observed?

He said that he went northwest taking advantage of woods, hollows, rail fences, and every other thing that could hide them. He had his men trail their rifles. He must have struck the Viney Mountain somewhere back of Captain McNeel's for he said that after getting on the mountain that he marched for one hour due south, when he arrived at a fence. The main crest of Droop Mountain runs north and south for more than a mile, but there was continual fighting on the full length of this ridge, 3100 feet in elevation. He says the Confederates raised at this fence at a distance of not more than twenty-five or thirty yards and poured a devastating fire on his men. That this was the critical moment of the day. He intimates that if his men had broken at that surprise the battle would have been lost. The men were commanded to lie down, and in a few minutes Col. Harris's regiment joined him on that top and they went forward, fighting every inch of the way in thick brush. They must have fought it out in the brush for something like a mile, for they finally arrived at the "cleared hill where the rebel artillery was." When Harris came up he passed through Moor's regiment and formed by inversion on his right, and battle front as they moved forward through the woods was very broad. Just behind the Confederate fortifications a road comes in which intersects the Lobelia-Jacox road and this flanking movement debouching from this road added to the horror and confusion of the Confederates.

Moor says that just as he reached the cleared field that the dismounted men joined him on his left and so they took the Confederate works, but as he emerged from the woods the artillery had already limbered up and started for the pike. This accounts for the fact that the Confederates

were able to bring off their batteries, even the piece which demanded the "first-born."

I think that the battle hung in the balance as the fight went on in the flats west of the pike. The Confederate commander knew of the importance of that movement. He sent Captain Marshall's force in there first. It was reinforced by Colonel Thompson and some more companies of the same regiment. Then the Twenty-third Virginia Battalion was ordered into the woods on the extreme left to support Thompson. Then Patton says: "The action became very heavy in that direction." Then Colonel Gibson with four companies of the Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry (Cochran's regiment) were ordered into the woods where the killing was going on. And finally a picked body of troops from three companies of the Twenty-second, including Capt. Jim McNeill's Nicholas Blues, were placed under Capt. John K. Thompson and they plunged into the fatal woods and by a desperate charge actually stopped the advance and threw back the front, but the next wave went over them and they got to the pike in time to see the Confederate army streaming out towards Lewisburg and fought a stern chase battle with them for hours.

Capt. John K. Thompson received his third wound in that battle. That was where he lost his eye. He was mentioned in the dispatches for his bravery and his courage. He said that it was the hottest fire that he ever experienced. Captain Thompson lived for many years in Putnam and Mason counties. He was noted for his wisdom and intellectual culture. He was the owner of one of the big farms facing on the Kanawha River. Was marshal for West Virginia, chairman of the Republican party in the State. He never married.

Another West Virginian who was desperately wounded in that battle was John Y. Bassell, sixteen years old.

Captain Marshall and Captain Hutton received honorable mention in the dispatches. Also Lieut. John J. Beard.

It was a more far-reaching victory than the Richmond government was willing to admit. For it was the last stand in a way that the Confederate States made in West Virginia. The retreat took them well down to Dublin, and no rebel army was assembled in West Virginia after that time. That was the turning point of the war so far as the mountains were concerned. When the Federal army returned to Beverly they went over the Seneca Trail and as they approached the top of Elk Mountain beyond Edray they were fired on from the woods by a troop of about sixty Confederate soldiers. Bushwackers they called them. The army was halted and a company climbed up the mountain on the right of the road, and another company climbed up to the pass on the left and by the time they all got to the top, the Confederate company was going down the hill on the other side. But they ought not to call them bushwackers. The most of the battle of Droop Mountain was fought in the brush so thick that all of the movements of the troops engaged were obscured from view, and the issue of the battle hung on a hair.

You might travel the world over and not see as fine a scene as is to be obtained from the battle field of Droop Mountain. You see the mountains, the smiling plain, and the river. There above the clouds are to

be seen in the latter part of the summer and early fall the famous cloud seas of the Alleghenies. Some time or other when West Virginia is willing to devote some small part of her time and earnings to history and her good name, the citizens of West Virginia will make here a park like that of Gettysburg, and other battle fields, and when they do they will have one that excels all of the rest in natural beauty and scenic value.

With the exception of Point Pleasant which has been thus honored there is no place in West Virginia more deserving the attention of her citizens.

CHAPTER III

Stephen Sewell in whose honor many places in West Virginia were named. See his cave by highway near Mill Point.

Word came that the road work at Stephen Hole Run on the Seneca Trail had destroyed the cave in which Stephen Sewell lived in the Indian days, so I hot-footed it down there to investigate the rumor and was delighted to find the cave was still there. The big limestone cliff a couple hundred feet high faces the State highway about three hundred yards distant. It is of the Big Lime or Greenbrier Limestone and many thousand tons have been blasted off the face of the cliff for use in surfacing the road.

The quarry is where the main spring issues and what gave rise to the report that the cave had been blasted out was that at the point the work had been going on the cliff overhung and formed a kind of shelter from a rain, but it in nowise filled the specifications as a den or habitation. It would be like living out of doors. The real cave is set high upon the cliff some two hundred yards south of the works, and it is safe for many years to come. It is not at all likely that it will ever be needed for road work.

Stephen's Hole, as it is called, overlooks the little valley and is a hole in the wall that encloses the whole of the upper part of the valley. It is in a similar position to Cluny's Cage, that Robert Louis Stephenson tells us about in "Kidnapped," which was the hiding place of Cluny MacPherson at the time he was outlawed for the part that he had taken in the war against Cromwell in favor of the exiled Stuart kings. It is in the top of a cliff and hid by the trees and timber.

Stephen Hole Run, or Sewell Run, as it was sometimes called, is a little spring branch crossing the highway a mile north of Mill Point. At this point the road to Huntersville branches off to the east and descends the little valley to Greenbrier River, where it crosses at the mouth of Beaver Creek, up which it goes. This was the old time near cut to Huntersville, in the days when it was the county seat, and the river was low enough to ford. Above the road the run has formed a bog of a few acres in extent, and the bold clear stream that issues from it is from everlasting springs and does not vary much in volume the year around. In the old days there was a well-founded belief that if horses afflicted by the scratches, an affection of the skin in the fetlock, were watered and

their feet washed in this little stream that they would be cured, and it was the custom to bring horses there from the surrounding Levels community.

In the tourist day that is coming it will be the regular thing to halt the car at this point and the visitors will walk some three hundred yards and climb up the declivity that brings them near the top of the cliff and inspect the cave. It will also afford them the boon of the finest drinking water, as cool and clear as is to be obtained in this world of ours.

I have never seen a cave that was so well suited for a habitation as this one. On climbing to the level of the opening, first is found a smooth platform sort of place perhaps thirty by forty feet in size. Next is a great roof or portico which shelters a large portion of this terrace, with an out-curving roof perhaps ten feet high. Then in the wall is a room about six feet wide and ten feet deep, with a low ceiling. A fire across the opening would keep this little retreat comfortable in the coldest weather. Back of this room is an opening of unknown dimensions but extending well back into the cliff. It is very dark there and would not be suitable for living rooms but would be an ideal place to store food and supplies. The front room is fitted with a level floor, and being open to the outer air is in good condition now without a particle of fixing to afford a comfortable place to sleep and take shelter. No stream issues from this cave, and there is no current of air. It is an ideal place for camping and it is one of the sights of the county.

If you have occasion to visit it, follow the path up by an old abandoned sawdust heap. The place is on Dr. H. W. McNeel's farm, the top of the cliff being the dividing line between his farm and that of F. W. Ruckman. Perhaps if you go into the cliff you will be on the Ruckman land as well as the McNeel land.

As is the case of every man who has ever cleared and reclaimed land, I am something of a landscape gardener. As you drive through these pleasant valleys, you should remember that it was the man with the axe whose vision splendid and whole arises. So I see great possibilities in that little cave which has not been much more than a waste place so far. It has been talked of as a place to grow water cress, and there have been some slight efforts to transplant wild cranberries into the bog part of the shut in place. On every side is rich farm land, but the cove has been unused except for some indifferent pasture, which in a section so solidly bluegrass has not been much esteemed. With very little work there could be a little lake formed here of clear pure water. It would be surrounded by beautiful grassy shores and beetling crags would overlook it. There you would have grass, water, and a precipice in close harmony, and it would be one of the beauty spots of West Virginia. The highway would skirt one side of the park, and Sewell's everlasting house would look down on it. It would be just the right distance, eight miles, to make an attraction for the town of Marlinton, and it would be an objective for drives from Lewisburg, Ronceverte, White Sulphur Springs and Hot Springs, Virginia.

I have been weighing the somewhat slight evidence that has been left of the pioneer Sewell. He came here with Jacob Marlin in the seventeen-forties, both of them long hunters. I am now informed by competent

authority, Hon. Boyd B. Stutler, the historian, that long hunter is not a synonym of a tall man, but was a term to distinguish the professional hunter, who crossed into the forbidden lands beyond the mountains for months' stay, as compared with those who took a week or so for the purpose of providing their winter meat.

He owes his fame like Marlin and every other notable to the fact that his name got into print and was preserved in that way. Owing to this fact he and Marlin have come to be first English settlers of the Mississippi Valley. Their permanent camp was where the town of Marlinton is located and where they were found by Gen. Andrew Lewis. Marlin survived the French and Indian war, and lived to the end of his life here. He married and had a daughter who married a Drinnin, and he has descendants here now.

Marlin and Sewell had the experience of men who are too closely associated. They quarreled and Sewell left the cabin and took up his abode in a hollow tree. The two places were separated by the crystal waters of Knapps Creek. Both the cabin and the tree dwelling were located in the narrow pass through which Knapps Creek breaks through to reach the Greenbrier River. This stream flows between two peaks or headlands marking the gateway to the great Knapps Creek Valley, one a spur of Buckley Mountain and the other a spur of Marlin Mountain. These peaks have never been given names, and it is now proposed to name them Mary and Elizabeth, after Elizabeth Dunlap, and Mary Vance Warwick.

The people of this county have specialized on the name of Marlin, and have allowed the people in a distant part of the State to use the name of Sewell. Thus Sewell is remembered by Big and Little Sewell mountains, Sewell Creek, Sewell Valley, the town of Sewell, and one of the measures of coal of the New River section, known as the Sewell seam.

It is the common belief based upon a tradition, that Stephen Sewell left Marlin here, and moved to Sewell Creek which flows into the Gauley River, and that he was there killed by the Indians. As a defender of traditions, I am sorry to say that I have come to the conclusion that Sewell never lived farther west than the cave at the run that bears his name in Pocahontas County, near Mill Point.

That he lived on the waters of Gauley is due to a statement prepared by Col. John Stuart, the grand old man of Greenbrier County, in the year 1798. And it is based on his report that Sewell moved forty miles farther west and lived on a creek that bears his name. It is not at all likely that Sewell lived on Gauley or any point west of the Greenbrier Valley prior to 1756. David Tygart had to leave the nearby valley of Tygart's Valley River in 1754, and he is undoubtedly the original settler west of the long intervening valley of the Greenbrier.

At the same time, it is probable that Sewell ranged widely and Sewell Creek could well have been named for him. But we have definite history of the time and place of his death. It occurred on the 11th day of September, 1756, on Jacksons River, near Fort Dinwiddie. In 1750, Dr. Thomas Walker, an explorer towards Kentucky, crossed the Greenbrier River at the mouth of Anthonys Creek and noted that he had word

of white settlements higher up on that river. He referred to people living at or near the mouth of Knapps Creek.

The next year the Lewises were settling whites on the lands surveyed for the Greenbrier Company. The war clouds began to gather in 1753. France claimed all of the land drained by the Mississippi. In pursuance of this claim they commenced the erection of a fort at Pittsburgh. Governor Dinwiddie in 1753 sent George Washington with an ultimatum to the French to abandon their claim to Fort Duquesne, to which the French gave no heed. In 1754, Washington fought a losing campaign and reached some agreement with the French at a place called the Great Meadows or Fort Necessity, near Brownsville, Pennsylvania. Later in that year the Indians killed the Files family at Beverly, the first settlers to be massacred by the Indians in the French and Indian war. The next year the settlers on the frontier felt reasonably safe while Braddock was forming his army but even before his defeat in July, 1755, the Indians were killing on the Holston River and on the headwaters of New River. The first effect of Braddock's defeat in this section occurred just about a month after that time, when the Indians appeared at the mouth of Knapps Creek and killed twelve persons and took eight prisoners.

This raid ended the hostilities for the year 1755. But in February and March, 1756, they broke out again.

This was caused largely by the unfortunate expedition led by Gen. Andrew Lewis in the winter of 1755-56 against the Ohio Indians. He marched an army of 418 men clear across the State of West Virginia to strike the Indians in their towns on the Ohio. It is called the Sandy Creek Voyage. It resulted in disaster and the men suffered from want of food and from the cold weather. The survivors got back in March, 1756, but a good many of the party perished in the wilderness. There never was any way to tell whether they perished from want and exposure or whether the Indians killed them.

That was a bloody summer on the waters of New River and Roanoke River, but the settlements between here and Staunton were not disturbed until September, and the pioneers had gotten careless and caused the authorities a great deal of apprehension. It is certain that a big company of soldiers were garrisoned here in 1756, but must have been recalled before August 12th. It is likely that from that time on Fort Dinwiddie twenty-five miles from Marlinton, on Jacksons River, was the fort on which the settlers relied for protection.

The way I read the record is that about September 11th, Indians appeared in the territory protected by Fort Dinwiddie, which included what is now Pocahontas County, and that they raided the settlers for four days, the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, at which time they withdrew with their prisoners.

During that raid they killed twelve persons, wounded two, and carried off thirty-five prisoners. It is practically certain that these persons were killed and captured at their homes, for there is no evidence of any fight at the fort. In fact on September 11, 1756, when the Indians were engaged in killing the settlers in the Greenbrier Valley, the outskirts of the territory guarded by Fort Dinwiddie, the military officers of Augusta

County were holding a court martial to excuse certain citizens from serving in the militia.

It is a fair conjecture that the Indians killed Stephen Sewell at his cave residence on Stephen Hole run. His home was in sight of the war road, and the raiding party would naturally come from the south, and by his hole in the wall. So passed Stephen Sewell. It is presumed that he was not married. He was from New England and had been in the Greenbrier Valley for perhaps ten years or some such time.

If he was not killed in Pocahontas County, he was killed in Bath County, on Jacksons River, but Col. William Preston who recorded his death laid all of the casualties of this raid on Jacksons River, though the chances are that the people were surprised in their homes some distance from the fort.

It was in this same raid that James Mayse was killed and his family taken prisoners. It is also known that when the Indians came back from the raid that they came down through the Narrows and by Marlinton, and that they were closely pursued by the militia of Augusta County; that the Indians were overtaken at this place, and that one of the first things the Indians did when they found they were being followed, was to kill a baby, and its body was found and buried near where the courthouse stands; that when the whites got to Marlin Ford that the Indians were just getting out of the ford and that they had a lot of horses with them; that after the firing the Indians fled towards the mouth of Indian Draft, and that a small boy by the name of Joseph Mayse, riding a horse, was pulled off by a grapevine, and the Indians were not able to harm him, and that he was carried back home, and became a very prominent and useful man.

So taking the rule that when a pioneer was killed by the Indians, and there were thousands of them so killed, the presumption is that he was killed at his own home, it is likely that Stephen Sewell was surprised some morning about daylight at his cavern as he stepped forth to greet the sunrise, and shot down, killed and scalped.

The measurements of Sewell's abode are as follows: The roofed terrace or portico, twenty-nine feet long by ten feet broad, with the projecting roof eight feet in the clear. The hall bed room in which he slept and which could be made snug and warm by hanging a bear skin as a front door, is thirteen feet deep, six feet six inches broad, and four feet and eight inches high over the part used for sleeping with an offset where the ceiling is seven feet eight inches high in a two-foot passage. The place is neat and dry and clean. Just how far back the passage extends which forms a rear room we do not know, but with a flashlight it was easy to see a high passage about two feet broad and very high winding back into the mountain.

Governor Dinwiddie had a fit when he heard of the great losses in the Indian raid of September, 1756. On the 30th day of September he wrote that he had ordered one-third of the Augusta militia out to protect the frontiers as well as militia from other counties, but they are such a dastardly set of people that he is convinced that they do not do their duty. They have neither courage, spirit, or conduct.

I have seen the date of the raid in which James Mayse was killed

given as 1765, but this is an error caused by the transposition of figures. There was peace in Augusta County with the Indians from the year 1764 to the year of 1774; the date of Dunmore's War. It was during that period that so many persons moved into the Greenbrier Valley that there were enough to form a county in the year 1777, and that is conclusive proof of the peace that this valley enjoyed after Bouquet's treaty, until the breaking out of the war over the surveying parties sent out in the early part of the year 1774.

There is not much known about Stephen Sewell's life and character. The subject is one that historians have dodged and if they have mentioned him at all it is only for a few words. For a man who has left his name on so many important places in West Virginia, it is strange that some effort has not been made to make him a well known hero. It is well established that he lived at two places in the Greenbrier Valley, but it is doubtful whether he ever lived farther west, when we consider the date of his settlement here, and the date and manner of his death. Walter Kelly, killed by the Indians in 1774, at Kellys Creek, is probably the first settler of that part of the Kanawha Valley. He had been there at least a year before he was killed. There is no reason for believing that there was a settler in central West Virginia as early as 1756. And if he had been he would not have been killed in a raid on the Fort Dinwiddie settlers. You can take your choice between a stream eight miles west of Marlinton and the other eighty miles west.

CHAPTER IV

Flint Pits at Mill Point. Here General R. E. Lee camped in 1861.

Being in need of a gun flint, it occurred to me that perhaps Barlow & Moore, at Edray, carried them in stock and I phoned to the store. The young lady who answered the phone, hearing that I wanted a gun flint referred it to the proprietor. A. R. Gay is the Barlow & Moore of this generation, trading and doing business under the old name. He assured me that he could supply the demand and sent me down a gun flint, once a staple article of commerce in these parts but not active for the past hundred years.

The Times office has an old flintlock gun with the date, 1742, carved on the stock. It is in perfect condition. When the hammer falls it falls with great force. It gives a blow like a carpenter driving a tenpenny nail. They do not make such hammers these days. It falls like a thunder bolt. The flint is the tip end of the hammer and it hits a steel elbow which is thrown forward by the force of the falling hammer and a spark is produced by the same motion that uncovers the powder pan. They gave way to the percussion cap, invented in 1820. The flintlock won the war of the Revolution. But I doubt very much that a gun flint could be procured in any store in the United States other than Barlow & Moore at Edray. It is the same store where I bought a set of frizens.

I have never seen a flintlock gun fired and I do not propose to carry

the experiment that far, but it was a great weapon in its day. I wonder if the gunsmiths ever made their flints here? I imagine not, for they were cheap. A flint maker was called a knapper and one workman could turn out about three thousand in a day. For something like fifty years after the use of the flintlock had ceased in England and America, the gun flint continued in trade, large quantities being sold in Africa and in the eastern countries which continued to use the device for discharging the gun.

Flint is very plentiful in this valley but it is not in demand. Our flint quarries or flint pits have not been worked for several hundred years.

The flint that is found here is a very superior quality and is found in conjunction with limestone. The nodules have the elegant local name of nigger-heads. The geologists do not agree as to the way that flint is formed and that gives to us that follow the loose trade of writing a chance to get in some fine work in the way of conjecture. I think it is the same process that forms the fossil. Let us deduce a few things. Focile is the French for flint. When the flintlock was adopted in France they called the arm a fusil and that became English language meaning a gun. And by the same easy deduction our other word fossil. A fossil is formed by animal or vegetable matter decaying and leaving in the mud a cavity mold. The mud hardens into rock and the cavity remains. Then through the pores of the stone the hardest and most minute particles of silicon work their way and fill the cavity and form the fossil and this stone so formed is the hardest kind of stone.

Limestone was formed under the sea, a comparatively soft and porous stone. Cavities were left and these fill with fine particles of silicon, or call it sand for short, for silicon next to oxygen is the most plentiful constituent in the earth's crust.

But us scientific boys are hard to follow, but if you have come this far, please bear with me for a few more minutes, and then take your little hammer and begin to knock on the nearest nigger-head to your house.

This limestone as it forms develops cavities. In this section they seem to have ranged generally in size from that large enough to contain a cocoanut to that of a hen's egg. That is the size of the best quality of flint. Those very large nigger-heads are apt to have streaks through them.

These cavities being left in the limestone, and nature having millions of years to do it in, and abhoring a vacuum, proceeded to fill it up with filtered sand. It can well be seen that those particles that made their way through many feet of limestone, those resolute atoms, would form a stone of hardness next to that of the diamond.

Now take the next process. Limestone erodes and mingles with the dust. Thus limestone soils are the most fertile. The soil is formed. Many feet deep in places. Rich garden spots in limestone regions. But the flint would not yield to the dissolving process. It would last millions of years after the limestone was gone. But in the rich soil these nodules would lie like raisins in a loaf of bread or even form a layer at a certain depth as if the raisins had sunk to the bottom. And the primitive

man like the American Indian to whom gold was nothing, would seize a good big nodule with all the joy of a California placer miner finding a nugget of gold.

How men change! The farmer quarrying lime for his kiln will toss into the discard the precious flint and use the softer limestone.

The other day a party of us went to the flint pits and observed the work of the Indians and the work of the palefaces in the same field. Around the recent working were found large numbers of the pear-shaped nodules. They were covered with a dirt-colored husk, but under this husk was a solid mass of black flint that flaked off under the hammer.

There is something peculiar about the fire in flint. It is the home of the fire. The spark that is produced has real fuel qualities. It is fire itself and lasts a perceptible length of time, not a glow but a burning fire.

When the nugget is first flaked off it is of a very dark color, has a certain amount of moisture and is easier worked than after it has been exposed to the air.

This flaking process is a work that the ancients were skilled in and it meant arms, and tools, and weapons to them. One day when I was experimenting with the freshly opened mass of flint, I took a bone stylus formed from the handle of a toothbrush and shaped out an arrowhead in a few minutes. It was not much of an arrowhead, but if it is ever picked up from the soil it will pass for one for it has the serrated edge from the conchoidal fractures occasioned by the pressure. But I have a more wonderful thing to tell. The flint flaked, and split, and fractured into all shapes and sizes, and I picked up a bit about as big as a silver dollar, nearly square, on one edge, thick as the back of a knife blade and on the opposite edge as thin as the cutting edge of a knife blade.

I said to Parson Cleveland, who was researching with me: "I believe I can shave with this piece!" And so said, so done. I shaved a place on my wrist with a good deal of success. It did not pull but cut the hairs very cleanly and nicely. It can be said that it shaved better than a knife and not so good as a razor. If you do not believe me, ask the parson, or better still, try it yourself.

Then I got the vision of what it meant to the primitive man to have flint. It must have been the highest form of wealth. In the Appalachian Mountains, it would be flint. In the Rocky Mountains, obsidian, volcanic glass. In other parts of the country, perhaps, it was jasper, hornstone, agate, bloodstone, or onyx, but wherever it was used it was one of the chalcedonic group to which flint belongs. But hold on, cut out obsidian from the chalcedony, for obsidian is formed by heat like modern glass.

To the Indian, gold was trash. It was too soft. He had no use for it. He had no iron. Though strange to say the eastern Indians had found out that iron pyrites and flint would make fire, and they used in some places what was the equivalent to flint and steel and tinder box.

To get edged tools that could be used as weapons, as knives, and as augers, it was necessary to get flint, and if you lived far away from the limestone ledges, then expeditions had to be made to go after flint,

or it would have to come to the tribe in the course of trade. The Indians down about the mouth of the James made beads out of sea shells, and this was wampum or money. With it they could trade for flaked flint from the limestone country at the head of the river. And in Crabbottom, at the head of the James River and the head of the Potomac River (and they both head on the same farm) are extensive flint pits from which many a ton of flint has been carried away.

Indians did not wear beards as a rule. They were not afflicted with hair on the face to the extent of the palefaces, and to see an Indian with whiskers was as rare as a day in June. But at the same time without the flint cutting edge the Indians would have presented a hairy appearance. They also shaved the skull, leaving the scalp lock for the benefit of anybody that would take it. And every Indian carried a knife. If he did not have a knife. how could he dress a deer, or do any of the many things about the camp requiring this universal tool? He might bite off the scalp lock as was sometimes done when the warrior was entitled to a scalp and had mislaid or lost his knife. We all find these knives constantly lying around on the fresh plowed field and call them spearheads. All bosh! Who would be caught carrying a spear through the thick brush in this country? Those are knives. And sometimes those knives were worked with such art that they were worth as much in the Indian nations as the fine diamonds are in our nation, and with a great deal more reason. I have seen these knives in the great collections like the Smithsonian that show like fine jewels, and one can well believe that they constituted wealth to the savage possessor.

The gimlet was a common instrument from flint. The gimlets are picked up constantly. The handles in all cases were wood attached to the flint blades by rawhide put on wet and which bound it like iron when it had dried.

The Indians were no mean surgeons, and there are many instances of trephining brought to light by the finding of skulls that have been preserved. In the days of the war club one of the dangers of life was a broken head, and if a gent got a blow on the head that dinged it in, he suffered from pressure on the brain, and he lay unconscious and at the door of death unless the pressure could be relieved. Then came the medicine man and with a sharp bit of flint he uncovered the skull. Then with another bit of flint, he cut through the skull and made a circle and lifted out a bit of the skull about as big as a half-dollar, and cleansed the wound, and sewed the scalp together, and the patient woke up and got well. If I remember the treatise right, there was one skull found in South America which showed that at three different periods in life the patient had been trephined for head injuries. It was apparent that he had continued to fight and get knocked on the head and to undergo operations. As the bone grows and has a tendency to close, it was apparent that the three injuries were the result of three battles separated by years, as shown by the growth of bone.

Catlin says that the Indians used a bone punch to shape the flints and other historians agree that bone was used for the shaping of arrowheads and knives and other manufactured articles. Historians seem to agree, too, that the mountain Indians living in a region where flint

abounded, manufactured large quantities of flint weapons and tools and traded them to the Indians on the seacoast for wampum and shell.

By far the most common form is the arrowhead. It was in constant use and most easily lost. And as the color of the chalcedony varies in the different parts of the country it is interesting to note in finding these arrowheads what part of the country they had been carried from by the human being who last used them.

I have made two visits to the flint quarries or flint pits on Stamping Creek, near Mill Point. These workings are in sight of the State highway known as the Seneca Trail on Tom Beard's land and about a half a mile back of his residence, in a fine blue grass pasture. There must be several hundred of the pits. I tried to count them but I lost my notch stick pretty soon, and wherever I went I found a new set of them.

The most remarkable is that part of the range that has been called the Rich Garden for the past hundred or so years. It is pasture land now, but Uncle William Beard farmed it for a number of years. It is a depression in the hills and a little stream sinks out of sight in the lowest part of it. Though the land has been plowed many times the pits are plain to be seen. At first sight it looks like a place that had been a village where houses had been set close together, walls touching, and under each house there had been a cellar. This little hollow in the hills owes its great fertility to the disintegration of the limestone, and there can be little doubt but that a large number of boulders, or flint nodules were deposited there and that the Indians worked the land to the depth of some ten to twenty feet to get the deposit of flint.

Near by are piles of round river sandstone or hammer stones and the books say that near these flint quarries these hammer stones or nutcrackers are invariably found. M. D. Dunlap used to live on Stamping Creek and he used to tell us that these hammer stones were to be found in great quantities there.

Here was Pocahontas County's oldest industry. Here the red men came from the far countries with their spades made from the antlers of deer, elk, and moose, and staked their claims and worked them and carried back to the flint workers the precious nodules secured by the expedition.

One who knows the geological formation of the State of West Virginia would read the sign as follows. The tidewater Indians would obtain their supply of flint from the quarries in the limestone country east of the Allegheny range, such as are to be found in Crab Bottom. It is not likely that they would seek their treasures as far west as the Big Lime of the Greenbrier Valley though freight tariffs and differentials in the shape of wars and treaties might throw the trade to the Greenbrier Valley instead of to the Valley of Virginia.

It is more likely that the northwest Indians from the counties as far as Ohio and Marshall would find it convenient to send their young men in the country of the Big Lime to get flint.

This seems remarkable that Indians would travel some two hundred miles for flint when they were within two thousand feet of the Big Lime at home, but this is explained that it was two thousand feet straight down in the ground and that they had to follow the streams on the sur-

face of the earth until they found a place where it was within digging distance.

Let us go back to the scientific section again. Indians had no iron. They had a little copper in some distant parts of the country. None here. Some think that they knew how to temper copper until it was like steel. I do not think so. It does not lend itself to that. If it did it would not be copper.

For cutting tools, and general use, they depended upon flint. If they had had glass, it would have supplanted flint to some extent, but they did not have that. So they had to have flint. At the same time that they used flint for the every day wants of the farm, and house, and the weapons, they had another set of tools used, referred to as axes. These were used for flaking the flint in the first instance and reducing the nodules to many fragments.

We have a number of these axes or celts. They are made out of greenstone or diorite, an igneous rock formed by great heat. Volcanic origin. The edge was formed by grinding and the stuff is hard. They are generally called tomahawks, and that is an abused work like spearhead. Tomahawks were war clubs and nearly always made out of wood. Something after the order of a croquet mallet. The axes were used to reduce the flint to fragments.

The importance to the Indian nations of a flint supply can be gathered from an account of a meeting of the common council of the Powhatan Confederacy in the year 1609.

There were present chiefs from the thirty tribes ruled over by Powhatan, principal chief, and King of Virginia by appointment of his royal highness, James I, of England. My grandfather Powhatan was presiding, wearing his crown of good English gold, but I am not so sure that he had any pants on. Probably not. The question of the army and navy bill was being considered and it appeared from the report of the monitor of the flint warehouses that the supply of flint was running low, the main reason being that the Delaware nation who controlled the Crab Bottom flint pits had refused to accept the legal ration of three feet of wampum for one back load of flint, and were demanding four feet of wampum. No flint had been delivered for some months and the customary expeditions had not been set out because of the movement to put up the price of a prime necessity.

Thereupon the gentleman for Pamunkey arose and said that he desired to offer a resolution, that whereas, the Erie nation produced a high quality of flint from their pits in the Little Levels, and that by going by the southern route it was no farther than the Crab Bottom pits, and whereas unlimited loads of flint were offered at the legal rate, be it resolved that the Delawares be told to go to thunder, and hereafter that flint of standard weight and fineness be procured from the Eries, in the Little Levels. Carried with a whoop.

To see the flint pit of Pocahontas, get permission from Tom Beard to tread down his grass, go into the Stamping Creek gateway road, circle the high grassy knoll and there you are. It is a beautiful place, and the workings are well defined and easily identified.

CHAPTER V

Marlins Bottom ancient name for Marlinton. Before the railroad was built.

In 1751, Gen. Andrew Lewis came to Marlins Bottom and found Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell abiding here without families. One had the cabin and the other had a hollow sycamore tree. They were more comfortable apart. During the long hard winter they had tired of the close association and had separated. Lewis came here on the first day of April. He and others with him were working out a scheme to get a foothold in the Greenbrier Valley, on the Indian reservation. The choice places on the Shenandoah, the James and the Potomac rivers had been taken up. Old Virginia was getting crowded. It was an ancient and honorable colony looking back proudly upon its record of progress for one hundred and forty-three years. The white man when it comes to owning land has a modest desire only to own the land adjoining his'n. That is all he wants, and what he wants he takes, and justifies himself after the event. The people east of the Great Divide, especially those who attended court at Staunton, knew about the rich lands west of the mountain. They hunted in the forbidden lands. Men wanted for legal offenses found safe refuge beyond the border. And the general spirit of unrest and expansion forced them over the crest of the mountains.

When land was so plentiful in the old days, the custom was established of allowing the settler to take public lands by the acre and to allow him to lay it off in any shape he desired, and the desired location. The Virginia surveys present crazy quilt effect, and even today there are vacant lands that have never been taken, and they are called Waste and Unappropriated.

That word appropriated is a pretty good word for the plan of acquiring land on the western waters. At Marlins Bottom there were six or seven hundred acres of level land formed by the Greenbrier River and the streams that enter the river at this point. Andrew Lewis had the first go at it. Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell belonged to the Daniel Boone type that did not bother to take title to the land they lived upon.

So Andrew Lewis took first choice and he surveyed a boundary containing 480 acres, and went away and left it to ripen into a grant. This survey was respected and the settlers that stole silently into the pleasant valley made their homesteads on Stony Creek and the waters of Price Run, just outside of the 480 Lewis Survey, but it is on the Lewis Survey that most of the thriving town of Marlinton is built, on the oldest and best title in West Virginia, as the saying is.

Gen. Andrew Lewis set his compass on top of the leading ridge that runs down from the point just back of the courthouse towards Pine Crest. At one place this ridge gets so low that Knapps Creek laps the top of it in its highest flood stage but has not quite broken across it. From that point he ran towards Huntersville to take in a fine terrace known as the Hamilton field and then a short line of 22 poles towards

Marlin Run. Then a line of 112 poles, about a third of a mile, crossing Marlin Run to the two oaks at the point of the hill, one still standing, widely known as King George's Oak, the Charter Oak, Member of American Hall of Fame for Trees, and the Corner Tree and so forth. Then he went north on the side of the hill about five rods above the edge of the bottom, to a point up towards the coal tipple, on the upper end of the tannery holdings, or as we called it when I was a boy, the Ingen Patch. Then he crossed to the west bank of Greenbrier River with a line 40 rods long. Then with the river to the mouth of Stony Creek 136 rods. Then to the west to the foot of the hill just about where the Warwick road leaves the turnpike, then with the foot of the mountain turning back in a southerly direction to the river at the island, and then with the river by the county bridge, the mouth of Knapps Creek to a point at the lower end of the McLaughlin or McClintic bottom, the corner of the town of Marlinton, and then across the end of the bottom to the foothill at the C. & O. Railway, and then a straight line through the low place in the ridge to the beginning point.

Lewis and others had a plan to colonize this valley under the name of the Greenbrier Company and that partly succeeded. But the king got suspicious of a description of land that lay north and west of the Cowpasture River. According to his view it should have been limited to the Allegheny for its western boundary. In the meantime a lot of us came in here the next four years and stirred up trouble with the Indians and started the French and Indian war. After they had defeated Braddock, the Indians raided this community at Marlins Bottom and killed and captured eighteen persons. That was August 12, 1755. Lewis had been here in a kind of a fort called Fort Greenbrier just before and after the date of Braddock's defeat, but he had taken some Indian prisoners at this place and marched them to Fort Dinwiddie on the eastern side of the Allegheny.

The king fought all efforts to settle the western waters for thirty years. And the Indians raided, and fought, and slew and tortured the palefaces without cessation, but they could not keep back the constant and increasing tide of white men who broke across the barrier, as Roosevelt describes with so much detail in his "Winning of the West."

Lewis made at least four military campaigns in that time on the western waters. Braddock's war, the Sandy Creek Voyage, the capture of Fort Duquesne, and Dunmore's war.

Finally four years after Virginia had become an independent state, and called herself the Commonwealth of Virginia, Lewis got his deed. Thomas Jefferson, Governor, reciting that Lewis had made composition with the commonwealth by the paying of two pounds and two shillings, he was given a grant or deed for 480 acres of land at the mouth of Ewings Creek by virture of a survey made on the 11th day of October, 1751. That was on the 2nd day of June, 1780, and students of history will observe that the Revolution had been about won by that time and that American land hungry people were eating a little further back on the hog. Thousands of these surveys and settlements that the king had refused to grant, were perfected in a wholesale way by Thomas Jefferson as governor. And right there and then he got the idea which

he afterwards carried into effect as President of the United States of selling all public lands by squares and sections, and not according to the irregular sides occasioned by the idiosyncrasies of the land-looker.

Andrew Lewis was a general in the Revolution. He was much honored and respected. A tall commanding figure of a man. As the Indian chief said he shook the ground when he walked. He departed this life in 1782, leaving a will by which he devised a great many tracts of land to his children.

The 480 acres on both sides of Greenbrier River at the mouth of Ewings Creek he willed to his son, John Lewis.

John Lewis died the next year, 1783, leaving the 480 acres to four of his children: Andrew, Charles, Samuel, and Eliza. Eliza conveys her interest to Samuel.

Samuel, Andrew, and Charles Lewis sign a title bond to Jacob Warwick, my great, great grandfather. He assigns the title bond to my great grandfather William Poage, junior.

William Poage had in addition to this tract, adjacent land sufficient to make up something like two thousand acres and he cleared and established a large farm at this place. He was one of the charter members of the court that formed Pocahontas County and was sheriff of the county. He was a very large, heavy, fat man, a jovial disposition, and very popular. His father was William Poage, senior, who lived in the Levels and who survived his son. His father was John Poage of Augusta who was a member of the first legislature of Virginia, after the date of the Declaration of Independence, and his father was Robert Poage, the immigrant, who could claim to belong to the aristocracy of Augusta County, by reason of having paid his passage money in advance.

William Poage, Senior, was in Dunmore's war and in the war of the Revolution. William Poage, Junior, was a major of the war of 1812. In 1827, there was a celebration at his plantation and there was a kind of a banquet. Anyway, there was a good deal of drinking. One of the party had a great idea to propose the toast to Major Poage congratulating him that it was his forty-fifth birthday, and that from that time forth he would not be liable to be called upon for military service. This was drunk with great zest and Major Poage got up from the table and walked toward the barn. He stepped on a corncob which caused him to fall heavily and he so injured himself by the fall that he died.

His first wife was Nancy, one of the daughters of Jacob Warwick. From this marriage there were four daughters and one son. Rachel married Josiah Beard. Sally married Alexander McChesney. Mary married first Robert Beale and afterwards H. M. Moffett. Margaret married James A. Price. The son, Col. Woods Poage, married Julia Callison. My great grandmother Nancy married for her first husband, Thomas Gatewood, and they lived at Marlins Bottom. One son, Andrew Gatewood, was born. He got the Glade Hill farm at Dunmore for his share at Marlins Bottom. His wife was Sally Moffett. Their daughter, Hannah, was John W. Warwick's first wife. Their only child was Mrs. Sally Ligon.

William Poage, Junior, after the death of his first wife married for his second wife, Polly Blair, who survived him as a young widow, with-

out children. For her second husband she married Big-foot Wallace, one of the heroic figures in the history of Texas, a contemporary of Sam Houston, the president of that republic, and one of the founders of that State.

William Poage, Junior, had a number of slaves, one of them was the late Wesley Brown, who departed this life some years ago aged near a hundred. The Poages imported an iron cook stove and set it up as an improvement on the open hearth process. A number of neighbors had come in to see how the invention worked. Wes, the slave boy, had gathered a lot of buckeyes and put them in the stove. When the stove was well fired up it exploded with a great noise and was a total wreck. Wes said that he took to the water birch coverts along the river and hid himself away all day.

Major Poage made a will leaving the Marlins Bottom lands undivided, one-half to Woods Poage and one-half to Margaret D. Price, both infants. Soon after their inheritance came into effect, Josiah Beard as next friend instituted a suit to enforce the title bond and possession and the papers were drafted by an excellent lawyer by the name of Reynolds. The court decreed a deed and William Carey executed it. Then a short time after that the land was divided between my grandmother Price and Woods Poage, my grandmother getting all the lands west of the river and all the land north of Main Street as now located and twenty acres south of that street. The road used to run through a lane across the bottom to a ford in the river at the mouth of Price Run, and the present location is due to the bridge that was built in 1851 at the end of Main Street.

The next move in the title was that Woods Poage sold to my grandfather, James A. Price, his half of the lands, and this gave the Prices 2,211 acres holding in and around Marlins Bottom. My grandmother would never part with an acre of her land and in that way she maintained her position as a woman of property all her life, and showed her wisdom. She had a theory about land that has been remembered to this day, and that is that there was not an acre of worthless land—that every acre was valuable for some purpose or other. My grandfather disposed of his Marlins Bottom tract, the Woods Poage farm, to Dr. George B. Moffett, a well beloved county physician. Dr. Moffett had married Margaret Elizabeth Beale, the daughter of Mary Vance Poage by her first marriage. Dr. Moffett had lived at Huntersville; then at Marlins Bottom; then at Hillsboro. His last years were spent at Parkersburg.

It was at Marlins Bottom that James A. Moffett, son of Dr. Moffett was born. James A. Moffett in after years became the president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and was president of that company at the time it had its famous hearing before Judge Landis, when he imposed a fine of twenty-nine million dollars. This decision was reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States, but the Standard had to fee some lawyers of renown and I have heard that the compensation was considerable. There is not a shadow of a doubt that James A. Moffett was born here at Marlinton. He said so himself and I have stood with him on the site of the ancient house on lower Camden Avenue. And

my father had a distinct recollection of the day that James A. Moffett was born, and remembered wading the river to see the new baby.

The only time that the Lewis title was ever questioned or attacked was in 1828, when Margaret Tharp laid a survey for a patent of 165 acres on Still House Run and Greenbrier River, at Stillwell. This took in the Joshua Kee bottom, and interlocked with the extreme southern end of the Lewis survey of 480 acres, involving a part of that bottom, some twenty or thirty acres, perhaps. Alex Lamb got his title or went into possession of it and my grandfather Price brought a suit in ejectment against him, under the quaint old rule of using fictitious names. The suit was styled Peter Fairface versus Jonathan Badtitle. Grandpa was Peter Fairface and Alex Lamb was Jonathan Badtitle. Lamb lived on the Jericho place afterwards with my grandfather so I suppose the suit did not destroy the friendship between them. Josias Shanklin, county surveyor of Greenbrier County, was sent to make the surveys, and he established the Lewis lines. There was very little variation of the needle for that survey was made so long before the date of the true meridian that one movement of the magnetic pole offset the contrary movement beginning in 1810, if you know what I mean. If not look it up, as I do not have time to stop and explain.

Shanklin was considerable of a surveyor. He constantly refers to Knapps Creek once called Ewings Creek. As a matter of fact he gets the name wrong after all, for it was changed from Ewings Creek to Knapps Creek in honor of a settler by the name of Napthalium Gregory and it should be Naps Creek. You might as well write Knapoleon.

The jury found for the plaintiff and the title of Lewis was confirmed. It has always been a matter of satisfaction to the people here that when they started in to build a fine city on the banks of the river and in the hollow of the hills, that they had the oldest and best title in the Mississippi Valley to offer to the investor.

Dr. Geo. B. Moffett in his turn sold the southern half of the survey and the surrounding tracts to Hugh McLaughlin, Esquire, and that is the way the McLaughlin family came here.

When the town site was proposed in 1891, as the last of the Virginia boom towns, the title was in Wm. H. McClintic, Wm. J. McLaughlin estate, A. M. McLaughlin, S. D. Price, Wm. T. Price, James H. Price and Levi Gay.

These were all farms. There was no commercial activity whatever. Huntersville was town to us. Edray and Buckeye were the nearest stores. We had a one-room school. In the eighties we formed a debating society to meet once a week. There is where the Rev. Dr. H. W. McLaughlin, one of the great orators of the South, made his first attempt at public speaking, and showed some signs of stage fright. Uncle Sam Price was the moving genius in the forum. We debated one night in the eighties: "Resolved that the county seat should be moved from Huntersville to Marlinton." It was a one-sided, unilateral discussion, no one taking the negative. At Uncle Sam's suggestion I sent the topic and the news of the meeting to the Pocahontas Times, then published at Huntersville. The proposition was treated with silent contempt, but as has been remarked so often, many a true word is spoken from the

chest. Within five years the voters of the county had moved the county seat from Huntersville to Marlinton, where the Prices and the McLaughlins had lived so long in the swamps that they had become webfooted according to a canard of that election.

In the beginning, and down to recent years, Marlins Bottom where the waters meet was a great place for game and fish. The contour of the country threw great numbers of deer into the runways here. Windblown sea gulls settled and all kinds of wild geese and ducks. Bear and panthers have been seen here in the memory of Henry Cleek, who is visting back from Florida. He was kind of raised at the old Price place.

He went one morning to feed the horses early, and his attention was attracted to the baying of hounds. Grabbing a mountain rifle, he went to the river and found in the river near the end of Twelfth Street, a big buck deer bayed. He shot it in the head and knocked it down. Putting down his rifle he waded in and was about to bleed it, when the buck came to life, and attacked him. The boy was able to fight his way to the bank where he was treed in a clump of water birches opposite F. R. Hunter's and C. J. Richardson's residences. And the buck walked about those trees for more than an hour with fire in his eyes, until old man James Henry Price came silently along the rail fence and shot the buck and killed it.

It was not by accident that Marlinton became the metropolis of the Tenth Senatorial District. There are only two low gaps in the great Allegheny, one the Rider Gap, and the other the Frost Gap, and both of them lead into the Narrows, as the Northwest Passage just east of Huntersville was called by General Andrew Lewis. And all the waters from these gaps lead to the Greenbrier River, the first large stream to be reached after crossing the divide.

There is a tradition, which is as worthy of belief as any of the traditions, concerning the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, and that is that this is the farthest west reached by Governor Alexander Spotswood, in his expedition west in the year 1716. The trophy that he gave to every member of that expedition bore this inscription: Sic juvat transcendere montes. (This he swears to cross the mountains.) I think he actually crossed the mountains, and not the Blue Ridge only.

CHAPTER VI

One of the Able McLaughlins from the Country of the Seneca Trail.

One fine day I returned from a tour in West Virginia, having addressed eighteen county teacher's institutes from the pawpaw to the pine. I came home a physical wreck caused, as I verily believe, by my efforts to keep up the heads and the eyes open of thousands and thousands of teachers, with my naked and perspiring soul. Mentally speaking it is a good deal like driving a swarm of bees across the plains and never losing a bee.

I felt too sick to prepare an article, but in a past winter's day I had

prepared a sketch of "An Able McLaughlin" for the West Virginia Review which I intended to submit to mine own people through the Pocahontas Times:

Some years ago I was in New York just after the book of the year, "The Able McLaughlins" came out. We Pocahontas County people seized it sooner perhaps than the average reader because it described our clan of that name so well. In the big city in the marble halls one day I was in society up to the saddle girth and acting as pretty as I knew how. I was introduced to a beautiful lady, a Miss McLaughlin. "Ah," I said, archly waving my little finger, "One of the Able McLaughlins?" "No," replied the lady, "Adam McLaughlins." "Ho," I said, "From the Cow Pasture country!" And it was even so. The world is a small place, ain't it? Way up there above the Mason and Dixon, I met a girl from home. Adam McLaughlin and I were boys together.

This assignment is about another Able McLaughlin, one of the big preachers of the country, Rev. H. W. McLaughlin, D. D., Superintendent of the Country Life Department of the Presbyterian Church, recently established by the General Assembly.

Dr. McLaughlin was born at Marlins Bottom, now Marlinton, in the year 1869. He was the oldest child of A. M. McLaughlin and Mary Price McLaughlin. He received some desultory instruction in the free schools. There was a one-room schoolhouse and a four months' school term. He got some inkling of the classics from his uncle, Rev. Dr. Wm. T. Price, who lived on the adjoining farm. When he was nineteen years old he was inducted into college life at Hampden-Sydney College, where he speedily developed into a brilliant student and graduated as an honor man in 1893. Having been chosen for the ministry, he followed his college course with the customary three years at the Union Theological Seminary.

His first work was in Fayette County, West Virginia. He was then pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Hampton, Virginia, during the Spanish-American War. Here he worked with Dr. Calvin Dewitt among the sick and wounded soldiers at Old Point Comfort, which marked a practical beginning of Red Cross work among soldiers. He then became pastor of Liberty and Baxter Churches in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. In 1902, he was abroad making a tour of the Holy Land, the Mediterranean countries, and England. Then he became pastor of the Stuart Robinson Memorial Church in Louisville, Kentucky, where he remained for six and a half year. While here he became associated with Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in carrying on the philanthropic work of the Cabbage Patch Settlement House at Louisville.

He then became pastor of the New Providence Presbyterian Church of Rockbridge County, Virginia, and served as such until the year 1925, when he became the head of one of the departments of the General Assembly. The New Providence Church is a famous institution in the annals of the Scotch-Irish in America. It is the largest Presbyterian Church in the open country in Virginia. It was organized in 1746. It is the principal source of the educational impulse which has resulted in that great institution of learning, Washington and Lee University.

Dr. McLaughlin was married August 31, 1897, to Miss Nellie Swann Brown, seventh daughter of Rev. J. C. Brown, of Malden, West Virginia, and granddaughter of Rev. James M. Brown, once pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Charleston, West Virginia, and a great granddaughter of Rev. Samuel Brown and Mary Moore, the Captive of Abb's Valley. To this union were born nine children, all of whom take to learning as ducks do to the water, who are ornaments to the various institutions of higher education where they have been students. Rev. Samuel Brown was in his life time for a long period pastor of the New Providence Church.

I have got tired writing these statistics and with your permission I am going to wander around for awhile. I would like to bring up the question of how much luck has to do with the lives of successful men. In this case we are discussing a man who picked out for himself the best of fathers and the best of mothers, the best of wives, and the best children. How could it be otherwise, that everything that he did should prosper? But a discussion of that sort of force leads into ways that we know not, and we will not dwell on it. One thing is certain, that something must have been done in his connection that pleased the Lord, for this cousin of mine has been granted a full and satisfactory life and he has not reached the zenith of it.

Great men come from the mountains, and it looks sometimes like it was absolutely necessary for the germ of greatness to find fertile soil, that the subject must be placed in a one-room school in the country.

Let me quote from an article by Dr. McLaughlin, in the "The Biblical Review":

"On the eighth of June as I was passing through Charlottesville, the university town of Virginia, I met my friend the county agent. He introduced me to the teacher of the Men's Bible Class of the leading Baptist Church, who said: 'Yesterday I had an interesting experience. I had seventy-four men present and took a census to find out from whence they had come. Sixty-nine of the seventy-four had been born in the country'."

Forty years ago the McLaughlins lived on one side of Greenbrier River and their land came down to the river on the east side. The farm we lived on, that is the family of Rev. Dr. William T. Price, my father, came down to the other side. The houses were about a mile apart across the bottoms, and when the river got very high the waters extended from one house to the other. The generation before, Henry's father, Andrew M. McLaughlin, had married Mary Price, my aunt, the result of a boy and girl courtship, lasting during the Civil War, when our community seemed to be continually on the firing line. The Greenbrier bridge at this place seemed to be the local Mason and Dixon line within the county.

Andy McLaughlin, when I first remember, was the prosperous farmer of the county. He was a powerful man and a great manager of men. I worked for him a lot myself and I remember his faculty of getting the greatest amount of work out of his men and making them like it. At that time the community of Marlinton did not have even a store. It was forty-six miles from the railroad. The streams were pure and the boundless continuities of shade covered the land. We used to say that

Pocahontas County was the pearl of the Alleghenies, where the men were all true, the women were beautiful, and the fishing was the finest in the world. As a fact we did not know our luck. We hankered after railroads and cities and towns and thought we were shut in. We did not realize that there was a lot of sin and misery shut out.

There were three of us boys about the same age. My brother who is now Dr. J. W. Price, Henry McLaughlin and myself. We were workers in the fields and made a pass at doing all kinds of work. Henry excelled in caring for sheep and he was lucky with them, and any man that can bring sheep to fruition has untold wealth in that quality. We three boys turned our thoughts to matters of public importance. I know that we did not consider ourselves young or immature. We had access to books and periodicals, and we passed on matters that occurred throughout the world with a good deal more thoroughness than any of us do now. We come from a reading stock of people and it was not remarkable that reading being the only connection that we had with the rest of the world that we were readers, and that is why we had the world at our feet.

I think it must have been an unusual one-room school that we all attended, for I counted up the score the other day and out of twenty-eight children, twelve of us had broken into the professions.

The imagery of the Bible likens the work of the pastor with that of the shepherd and those words are interchangeable in the English, German and romance languages. Henry McLaughlin who, as a young boy, knew everyone of three or four hundred sheep by their faces, has never gotten far away from the care of live stock. He owns the Maxwelton farm, out of Lewisburg, and is known all over the world as a breeder of polled shorthorns and Hampshire sheep. He is equally at home in the pulpit and in the bull-pen. He sits with the righteous and the just in the highest church courts and chancelleries. Makes a quick change and appears at the Chicago live stock occasions and talks the language of the breeders.

The McLaughlin home was a big rambling farmhouse by the road. It had been built in three parts, the additions coming as required and there was a lot of porch room. It was a great stopping place for travelers passing on the long roads in the mountains. They would make it suit to stop over night there. There was plenty of room. The barns and stables were commodious. And the long dining table was full every meal. Not the least of our resources in those days was the fine pack of deer and fox hounds. The splendid fishing. By every field there was clear water swarming with fish easier to take than the domesticated animals of the farms. It was an ideal life. Books counted for more than in town. My Aunt Mary McLaughlin, Henry's mother, was one of the most diligent housewives that I ever knew, but she was one of the most delightful readers. She always managed to lose herself each day in a book for an hour or two's surcease from the cares of life, and float away for a brief season to the islands of the blest. Such mothers inspire their children. I belong to the school of thought that holds that we owe our temporal and spiritual salvation to our mothers.

there had to be rules against reading all night, the exception being a concession when the child had the tooth-ache. This orgy of reading was guarded against by limiting the candle power. Sometimes we could beat the rule by demanding that we be allowed two candles to improve the illumination, and then burning only one at a time.

The two families were almost the same as one. One thing I remember with a great deal of gratitude was that I could always depend upon my Uncle Andy's for a square meal, the picking being somewhat meager in the minister's family. Another thing it was the point of contact with the world, and the only one I had. Ministers, judges, statesmen, lawyers, and every class and condition of people who passed through the county were to be seen and heard at that hospitable mountain home.

A. M. McLaughlin was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for some forty years and he made a teaching elder of his son. He bred back through several generations to the highlands of Scotland. He was a Scottish chieftain, and he talked like a Highlander as recorded in the Waverly novels.

As I remember it, the county did not approve of Henry McLaughlin entering the profession. When he went to college at Hampden Sidney, it was considered that a very fine live-stock artist was being sacrificed to the cause of higher education.

It is a matter of congratulation that he has shown the wisdom of the move by becoming a power in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

After he had been at college for a couple of years there came a time when things broke loose at his home. It was in the days of the Virginia booms which were exemplified recently in Florida. Though far removed from the railway, it occurred to some optimistic West Virginians that Marlinton was a very good place for the Virginia fever in real estate to cross the crest of the Allegheny, and the McLaughlin farm was sold for a town site. The great engineer, Mr. Venable, of Charleston, came and laid off the town of Marlinton, and in the excitement the county seat was moved from Huntersville to the new town, and then the bottom fell out and we had to wait ten years for the boom to get under way.

In 1890, the McLaughlins emigrated to Greenbrier County, purchasing the great blue grass farm at the cliffs at the place now called Maxwelton, the place that Dr. McLaughlin owns as his stake in West Virginia. And there the McLaughlins set up another home and center of hospitality. And naturally a church sprang up there, and there the old chieftain and his wife are buried. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. The chieftain chose for his epitaph one line: "A ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church."

Maxwelton braes are bonny, and the name is a compliment to a beautiful lady, Dr. McLaughlin's sister Annie, Mrs. J. D. Arbuckle, of Greenbrier County.

The home place fell to Dr. McLaughlin and it is Maxwelton stock farms, the head and front of the polled shorthorn breed, that makes it a well known name in such distant lands as the Argentine, or in South Africa.

Between a mixed descent of Scot and Welsh, Dr. McLaughlin has more

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One of the faults I find with the modern system of intensive education is that it does not encourage reading. As I recalled our boyhood

of the characteristics of the Scotch in appearance and in traits of character. A big Scotchman, and in the pulpit to the manner born. After he had been ordained a few years, he came back to the old homestead at Marlinton, and preached in the church, and he made a good impression on his boyhood friends, with the power and beauty of his sermon. We had heard about him, but that day we heard and approved his oratory. He belongs in the pulpit.

Another Scotch trait, is his attitude towards education. The Scot knows how to take care of his money until it comes to educating his children and then he will sell the last button from his coat, and with nine children to put through college, he has his work cut out for him. You heard this one about the Scot? He said that he could not smoke a pipe—when he used his own tobacco he packed it too loose, and when he smoked his friends' he packed it too tight.

Last summer, Dr. McLaughlin's oldest son, Rev. John Brown McLaughlin, a theological student, appeared here and preached in and about Marlinton during the vacation and the people received him gladly. It looked to some of us oldtimers like time had turned backward in its flight. He was the same big, powerful, broad-shouldered six-footer that his pa was when he went forth from Marlin's Bottom to work his way up the ladder of fame.

This is a whale of a biography. I have been thrown between the two standpoints of a genealogist and a historian and have not succeeded with either end of the subject. And then, too, we are not to call anyone blessed until he is dead, and at the age of fifty-six, Dr. McLaughlin is just coming into his estate. He is a powerful influence in the Southern Presbyterian Church, and the Southern Presbyterian Church at the present time is acting like the old guard of the solid south, that dies but never surrenders. Even our Methodist brethren, who used to stand like a stonewall for the lost cause have shown signs of relenting. As time goes on a good many of us unreconstructed grow less solid from the ears up.

My mind goes back to the days of the tallow candle, and the readers each with his tallow candle in one hand and the book in the other. And I introduce you to Preacher McLaughlin, the product of that school. And here is to his good health, and his family's good health, and may they all live long and prosper.

CHAPTER VII

Battles of Marlins Bottom and Huntersville.

There used to be a covered bridge at Marlinton across the Greenbrier River. It was built about 1851, and it was the sop to the Cerebus who was guarding the treasury when great turnpike schemes were being carried out in Richmond. This was one of the bridges that came through the Civil War. Armies marched back and forth over the bridge and it figured in battles and retreats, but as it happened, the critical

occasions did not occur in time of flood except once, and that was during Averell's raid, and then they kindled a fire that my grandma Price was able to scatter.

Before it was torn down, I went across it one morning and saw an old Confed examining the walls. It was my very good friend, James Schisler, of Greenbrier County. He said he was looking for the loophole that he had used during the war.

As near as I can figure it out there was but one time that they had a battle here at Marlinton, during the Civil War, though it was for months at a time a fortified camp. And I never understood the nature of the controversy at that time, and I am pretty sure that none of the local people here on either side ever understood it. All they knew was that there were soldiers stationed at the bridge and suddenly the bottom was full of blue coats and there was much firing and cavalry charging and an awful racket, and the Confederates retreated west and south, and the Yankees went away.

Dr. George B. Moffett was here that day. He was the father of the president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the one that the umpire fined twenty-nine million dollars. That president said that the fine did not hurt so much as the attorneys' fees that the company had to pay.

Dr. Moffett withdrew that day. In telling about it afterwards he said: "Well, I thought I had a fairly fleet horse, but with all those bullets flying around me, it seemed like Gizzard could not run at all."

Col. Gratton Miller was here that day. He told us children about it forty-odd years ago. He said that he ran through the bridge and got so much dust in his lungs that he could not run and he dared not stop. "Why could you not stop?" "Because I had to run or get shot in the back." So it is to be presumed that he was moving rapidly.

But after so long a time I think I have been able to figure out what the fuss was about, and if you will bear with me as long as the tale unfolds, I will try to pass it on to you. That is the reason I would rather write than speak. In writing I am not interrupted and I do not suffer from the sight of weariness.

The day that the Yankees and Confederates sowed the bottom with minnie balls was January 3, 1862.

It will be remembered that the war broke out in 1861, and that for a time Pocahontas County was the objective of both armies. That is the glorious year in the history of this county. The strength of the militia just before the war was six hundred and fifty, and yet before June 10th, over five hundred had entered the Confederate army from Pocahontas County. Robert E. Lee spent something like two months here in the summer of 1861, between Huntersville and Linwood. His exact whereabouts during that time can be traced by the letters he wrote during his stay in this county.

There had been considerable fighting in Tygarts Valley as the Confederates fell back before McClellan and Rosecrans. The Federals dug in at Elkwater, and Lee fortified the passes through Valley Mountain and Middle Mountain. The Federals had fortified White Top of Cheat Mountain on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. Lee tried to get

Loring's army across the Cheat country and they got lost in the wilderness. If he had got that army in behind the Federals who were at Elkwater, it is to be presumed he would have attacked in the front.

It is pretty plain reading between the lines that Lee was worried about not having word from Loring about whether he had got across or not, and sent Maj. John A. Washington with a handful of men to reconnoiter and see if he saw a Confederate army marching up the river by some hook or crook. And Washington kept looking and looking in vain for such a force and got so near the fortifications in trying to discover the lost army that he was fired upon and killed.

Then Lee pulled up and left in the fall and the troops settled down for the winter. The Federals were at Beverly, and Huttonsville, White Top and Elkwater. The Confederates were at Bartow, Top of Allegheny, Monterey, Huntersville and Marlins Bottom. On the Marlins Bottom and Huttonsville Turnpike the Confederates had fallen back to this place and farther east. The Federals had been stopped in two severe battles on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, one fought at the fording of the East Fork of Greenbrier River, on October 31, 1861, and one at the Top of Allegheny on December 13, 1861. In addition to that there had been two skirmishes at Travelers Repose, at that same ford, one October 3, 1861, and one December 12, 1861. We had six battles in that one year in Pocahontas County. That is counting the battle of January 3, 1862.

At Huttonsville that winter the 25th Ohio was camped, and with them was Maj. George Webster of that regiment. General Milroy was in command of the forces at that time and he conceived a plan to let the young major have a chance to lead a small army into the Greenbrier Valley by the way of the Old Field Fork of Elk to Marlins Bottom, it having been about two weeks since he found the upper road across the Greenbrier Valley blocked at Top of Allegheny.

Webster entered upon his campaign with enthusiasm and he executed his orders with neatness and dispatch. His little army was made up of 400 soldiers from his own regiment. They marched by the Elk Water fort and there he picked up 300 men from the Second West Virginia, and at Linwood he was joined by a little troop of 38 of Bracken's cavalry. He had loaded up his supply wagons and the army of 738 men moved south into the country of the rebel angels. He started from Huttonsville, December 31, 1861, at 1 p. m. The road follows the Tygarts Valley River to its head at Mingo, and from there it crosses over the Valley Mountain where it strikes the upper waters of the Dry Branch of Elk at the post office of Mace. The road descends a little along the foot of the great Cheat Mountain, whose southern end faces this little valley. The road then climbs again for part of a mile to the gap between Cheat Mountain and Middle Mountain. Then down the long slope by the camp that General Robert E. Lee had vacated some months before. Then down the Big Spring Branch of Elk to the Hugh Sharp place, then across a divide to the waters of Slaty Fork of Elk by L. D. Sharp's store, and then across another divide to the Old Field Fork of Elk, so called from an old Indian field near Mary's Chapel. I remember Dr. Lacy's dilemma when he came to change the name of this chapel, from Saint Mary's Chapel,

about the time it was dedicated in 1888 to Mary's Chapel. The original name did not appeal to the old ironsides.

The route lay up the Old Field Fork of Elk for seven or eight miles and when Webster's army reached the place that Crooked Fork of Elk turns to encircle the upper reaches of Gauley River, they found the timber barricade cut into the narrow defile the fall before when Lee's army withdrew from the waters of Elk to the waters of Greenbrier. This barricade was a formidable one, for the trees were all cut for more than a mile. I remember it very distinctly. Webster reached this blockade on the evening of January 2nd, and there were so many trees across the pike that he concluded it would be impossible for him to cut them out so that his wagons could continue to go forward without losing too much time. So he parked his wagons there and left a squadron of fifty men to guard them.

He found a path to the left, on J. C. Gay's side of the blockade and he climbed to the top of the mountain in that way, early on the morning of January 3rd.

When Webster got to the top of Elk Mountain on the Gay place he could look down on the valley of the Greenbrier like whatyoumaycallhim looked down on Italy from the Alps. He could see the tents of the winter camp of the company who had started to winter on the Ingen Patch, that part of the city limits now occupied by the Union Tanning Company. Another company (Louisiana) was camped down the river on the west side where the old Price place is. They had cut every tree on the plantation of any size except a walnut and a hickory that the children begged the colonel to spare.

Marlins Bottom was fortified against invasion from the north. The old pike came up a little hill and dropped down to the bridge head. On top of this hill was a cannon. A part of embankment can still be seen. On the east of the river on the bank was a trench for rifle fire extending the length of the Tannery Row of tenement houses, with another cannon styled where there is now a big oak where the road topped the bank from the Marlin ford. These fortifications commanded the turnpike at a distance of some four hundred yards and made the road extremely dangerous as a passway.

Webster marched his command down Elk Mountain through the loyal village of Edray, across the flats to Drennen's Ridge, and down that ridge into the rebel settlement of Marlins Bottom. At or about the mouth of Stony Creek, a mile above the bridge, he stopped long enough to send his squad of cavalry across the river at the Gay place, and they galloped down the east bank of the river and came out on the bottom land and to the Huntersville road, firing and acting outrageous, while Webster's infantry came down the west of the road. The cavalry cutting in behind the Confederates caused them to stampede and most of them made it across the bridge to the west side and they all fled south and west into the woods. This engagement while a very noisy one resulted in no loss by death or wounding on either side.

And it hardly halted the advance of the Federals. They crossed the bridge and advanced on Huntersville, six miles distant, driving before them some mounted Confederates. Huntersville was the county seat of

Pocahontas County, and was located about four miles from Camp Northwest. It had seen some big armies during the year 1861, and when Lee left everything in charge of Loring, the Confederates made Huntersville their headquarters for all their activities in this part of the county.

Webster had left Captain Johnson with fifty men to guard the wagons at the barricade. So now he left Captain Williams and fifty men to guard Greenbrier Bridge.

When Webster arrived at the ford of Knapps Creek at the place where J. H. Buzzard lives, he found the Confederate cavalry on the south side of the creek in a level bottom field with Knapps Creek on one side of them and their line extending up and over a hilly spur that jutted out into the field, the line crossing the turnpike. Webster sent a detachment up the mountain to turn the Confederate's right while the rest of his command marched upon their front and the firing became general on both sides. But the Confederates perceiving that the Federals on the north side of the creek were encircling them, fell back and formed a new line of battle across the pike and along Cummings Creek near the town. The pickets coming in from Marlins Bottom had reported the Federal force to be about five thousand men.

Webster crossed at the ford at J. H. Buzzard's and topped the little spur and finding that the Confederates were in battle line on Cummings Creek, he sent two companies to his right through the woods on the hillside, and the Bracken cavalry to swing far to the left towards the bank of the creek, and the rest of the troops advanced forward. After some firing the Confederates mounted their horses and retreated to the town, and as the Federal troops entered the town from the west side, the Confederates left by the east side.

The number of Confederates engaged at Huntersville was about four hundred regular cavalry, several hundred citizens of the county, recruited the day before, and two companies of infantry.

In the meantime, at Camp Allegheny, Gen. Edward Johnson was filled with apprehension. This was the Kentucky general. An old lady told me that his ears flapped when his horse trotted. General Johnson's scouts had reported the forward movement of the Federals as being 5,000 men, and Johnson figured out that they would circle around by way of Huntersville, Frost, and Crab Bottom, and detach him violently from his base, at Monterey.

The troops at Huntersville fell back to Monterey. The Federal loss was one man shot in the arm. The Confederate loss was one man killed and seven wounded. At Marlins Bottom all that they lost was their wind.

When Webster marched into Huntersville he found it deserted. Not a soul was living there. The courthouse and jail and stores, and houses were all empty. War had come too close to them, and the county seat and largest town of the county was abandoned by its population. It remained in this condition for most of the war, and the soldiers used the Presbyterian church for a camp, and the houses were abused. Windows were broken and the doors left swinging, and an old timer told me that this, the scene of much social life and gayety, became one of the dreariest sights that he had ever observed.

A civilian came to the Webster command and told him that the people had moved out and taken their belongings with them because the Confederate general had told them that if his army was beaten, the town would be burned.

When the town was captured January 3rd, large army supplies were found stored there. There were 350 barrels of flour, 150,000 pounds of beef, 30,000 pounds of salt, and large quantities of sugar, coffee, rice, bacon and clothing.

Not being able to move anything, fire was set to the stores and they were destroyed.

Then Webster turned and marched his men back to his wagons that night in the sleet and driving rain, having fought two engagements, and marched something like twenty-eight miles on foot. That was a big day's work. It took an hour and a half to drive the Confederates a mile, and he was in Huntersville two hours destroying rebel stores.

It is no wonder that the local people did not understand the movements on that day, for the Confederate commanders did not know what was happening to them. Webster's return march from Huntersville was what they had not counted on. They went on the basis that a big army was on the move, and looked for it to go almost any way but back. They figured on a march to the White Sulphur Springs, or on the Central Railroad at Millboro, or to Monterey.

But the little Federal army marching so jaunty with their young commander had no notion of penetrating farther into the strongholds of the Confederacy than any Union army had reached up to that time, and he had swept the country clean as he went along and extricated his army with much neatness and dispatch. The 4th and 5th of January, were spent in marching back from the barricade to Elkwater. On the night of the 5th they were in the fortifications at Elkwater, where they were royally entertained by the soldiers at that camp, and on the morning of the 6th they were in their old headquarters at Huttonsville. They had pulled out on a Tuesday and they got back the following Monday, and it was as fine a little campaign as ever a set of youngsters put over. Maj. George Webster, of the 25th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, Commanding Huntersville Expedition, was there and back again, with all his men and horses intact, having carried fire and sword into a hostile country, and marched 102 miles in six days. And he threw a scare into the Confederates that made their lines quiver from Huntersville to Winchester, and from Camp Allegheny to Staunton. Scouts rode headlong in every direction carrying dispatches. They seemed to have agreed on the strength of the Federal army as being 5,000 men instead of the 738 that it actually was.

The same week of the Huntersville expedition, Sutton, the county seat of Braxton, had its awful time. In that town a Federal company was stationed under Captain Rowan. The town was attacked by 135 Confederates. The Federal company retreated to Weston, and the Confederates burned the town and took what commissary stores they found there. Colonel Crook with four companies went in pursuit of the Confederates (claimed to be irregular soldiers) and killed six, and dispersed them in the Glades. On the 30th, Colonel Anisansel organized an

expedition of two regiments and marched them to the Glades in Webster County and killed twenty-two and burned twenty houses. This was about the time that Webster was operating in Pocahontas.

Before Webster marched out of Huntersville that rainy day, he nailed the Stars and Stripes to the top of the courthouse and left them flying, with their bright colors against the sodden sky.

There was another skirmish at Marlins Bottom, April 19, 1864. Capt. J. W. Marshall's company of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., came upon a company of Federal soldiers, identity unknown, and chased them north towards Edray.

CHAPTER VIII

Battle of Duncan's Lane fought on Stony Creek near Marlinton. Important Services of State Troops to the Union.

Hearken unto the battle of Duncan's Lane. The story of that battle has never been printed before. It is ignored by all histories of the war. Until late years it was not a subject of frank and open discussion by the people of this county. Time cures all things. There are still living a number of men who participated in that fight, and I have talked with men on both sides recently and after so long a time this historic event, which had been so nebulous, came out clear and distinct and I will endeavor to state the case.

At the West Union schoolhouse at the foot of the mountain, on the road that leads to the Williams River country, in 1864, lived Henry Duncan, in a double log house on the headwaters of Stony Creek. The house was opposite the mouth of a draw or hollow leading off at right angles toward the south, and up that hollow lived William Beverage about a quarter of a mile distant. A pass-way was used up that hollow to reach the Griffin place, and the homes of people living on Days Mountain, and on over to the headwaters of Dry Run, a branch of Swago Creek. Part of the passway between the Duncan place and the Beverage place was fenced on both sides in 1864 as a lane. It was this lane that gave the name to the battle.

The State was formed in 1863, and in the early part of 1864 a regiment of state guards was formed at Buckhannon, and of this regiment Pocahontas County furnished one company, captained at times by Capt. Sam Young, a minister, and later by Capt. I. W. Allen. Captain Young preached at the sulphur spring on Stony Creek (Ellis Sharp's) on May 3, 1854, and made an appointment to preach there again in forty years after. A great concourse of people gathered there in 1894 to keep the appointment, but the captain was dead. Eleven survivors appeared at the meeting.

This regiment had its headquarters in 1864 at Beverly. These state guards were gallant soldiers and were exposed to all the perils and privations of the Civil War. It is not too much to say that they performed service attended by unusual dangers and hazards, and it is a matter of general regret that they were not recognized and rewarded by the Federal government after the war, for however home guards in uninvaded states were placed, those in West Virginia were real soldiers.

In 1864, the Union depended upon the result of the presidential election, as a peace party had set out to defeat the election of Lincoln, and if this had succeeded the erring sisters would have been allowed to go in peace, and the United States would have disintegrated.

The dauntless Averell and his mounted infantry, like a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire to the Confederates, had conquered and subdued West Virginia for the Union. He was ignominously discharged in Septemper, 1864. The county of Pocahontas, in the fall of 1864, was controlled by the Confederacy. It was determined, however, by the West Virginia authorities to hold an election for president in this county, and arrangements were made to open the polls at Edray. And the Pocahontas County State Guards company was detailed to bring that election off. They marched on foot from Beverly to Edray, a distance of fifty-four miles, coming in by the way of Elk River, and arriving a day or two before election. It was recognized that it was a dangerous expedition, sending one company into Pocahontas County.

The company camped near the headwaters of Elk on the way in, and one of the soldiers, Washington Neff, obtained leave of absence to visit his wife who was stopping at William Gibson's. Here he was captured by a squad belonging to Captain J. C. Gay's company of Confederate scouts, and was taken as a prisoner to the headquarters of that company, at the farm of Samuel Gay just above the mouth of Stony Creek. That night in attempting to escape, Neff was shot and killed. The prisoner had laid out Private Bennett with a stone and had been shot as he fled near the ford in Stony Creek.

This word had reached the company at Edray. Capt. Sam Young was in command. Capt. I. W. Allen was there, too. Nearly every member of the company was a Pocahontas man. Already apprehensive of the danger of being in the heart of a Confederate county, the death of Neff must have impressed them with the dangers of their position. The polls were opened under the oaks standing in front of the William Sharp house, near the big spring. The soldiers all voted irrespective of age and a number of citizens of the vicinity, and the vote was solid for Abraham Lincoln for president.

Aaron Moore was chosen as the messenger to take the vote into the northwestern part of the State, where the existence of the government of West Virginia was recognized, and the company of soldiers prepared to act as his guard. William Hannah was one of the commissioners of election but he had the uniform of a soldier. It was decided not to attempt to return by the pike to Beverly, the road now called Seneca Trail. The return was to be made by crossing the river at Marlins Bottom, by Huntersville, and the Hill country, by Dunmore and Greenbank to the Staunton and Parkersburg pike at Travelers Repose and across Cheat

Mountain. The company marched four miles south to Marlinton and when they came in sight of the bridge they saw a Confederate soldier at the end of the bridge on horseback. This soldier saw the Union soldiers at the same time and whirled his horse and galloped back through the bridge. This was construed to mean that he was a picket and that he had gone to notify southern cavalry of the advance of the northern soldiers. Upon a council of war it was decided to take to the mountain and make a detour in the direction of Williams River in such a way that cavalry could not follow them. They realized that they were a small company of men in a country that was hostile to them, and that they might be killed by an ambushed force at any minute.

It turned out afterwards that the soldier at the bridge was not a sentinel, but was a deserter who was making his getaway to Buckhannon, where they saw him a short time after.

The little army turned up Price Run and from there climbed Bucks Mountain through the grass lands until they reached the fringe of trees near the top, and there they took some cold food from their haversacks and lay down to sleep without any fire whatever.

They were stirring before daylight and marched to the head of Dry Run and called at the house of Peter Beverage, a Union man, and there got something to eat, and then proceeded by the way of the Griffin Place, to William Beverage's place. William Beverage was a brother of Peter Beverage, but was a Confederate in sympathy, and a non-combatant.

Here there were bees, and the little army feeling safe from possible pursuit, commandeered a bee gum or hive full of honey. It was the first week of November and the hive was heavy with honey. The soldiers made the farmer give them buckets and they proceeded to fill the buckets with honey, preparing for a mid-day feed.

In the meantime, the Confederates had been laying plans to capture the Union soldiers sent here in such a small force to beard the lion in his den. Capt. J. C. Gay, holding a commission as captain under the Confederacy, with authority to guard the border, was the ranking officer in this emergency; he augmented his force by summoning to his headquarters at his home, at the mouth of Stony Creek, all Southern soldiers who were at home on furloughs, and his command was made up of about half scouts and half soldiers on furlough.

Godfrey Geiger says that he and his brother, Adam Geiger, were called from their home at Stony Bottom and that they reached headquarters at the Gay farm about dark on the day of the election.

The company was made up there and moved before daylight the next morning, and took the trail of the Union soldiers on Bucks Mountain and found where they had bivouaced in the edge of the woods. They then went to William Kinnison's on the mountain to get some bread but before any could be prepared they heard the northern soldiers' platoon firing at Peter Beverage's near by, and they did not wait for anything to eat.

They hung on the trail slowly which led through the woods for the most part, until they came to the open grass land around William Beverage's, and there they saw the Union soldiers in the act of taking the honey from a bee hive. The distance was about three hundred yards.

The order to fire being given, a volley was let off, the result of which was a general scattering of the blue coats for shelter. Some went to the hillsides on either side of the hollow. Some went down Duncan's Lane, and sheltered in and behind Duncan's house, and some to the knoll commanding the mouth of the hollow where West Union schoolhouse stands and in this way gave battle and returned the fire.

Aaron Moore with the election returns ran up the hillside, and Godfrey Geiger says that he would most certainly have been killed if it had not been that he was in citizen clothes, the rule being to shoot no one not in a uniform.

At or about the first fire, Bernard Sharp, of the Union army, a son of William Sharp, of Elk, and a brother of Silas, Harmon, and Hugh Sharp, fell mortally wounded. He was shot through both hips. Godfrey Geiger says that he was carrying an army gun called a musketoon, which took a paper cartridge. That he went into the fight with three charges and that he would have been out of the battle but for the fact that he got a supply of cartridges from the battle field after the first volley, the Union ammunition just suiting his gun. Godfrey Geiger says that his was a long range gun, and that he saw Captain Young in the passage way between the two parts of the Duncan house and that he shot at him. That Captain told him afterwards that the ball cut away his clothes across his chest. The bullet was recovered after the war from the log where it had lodged.

The two little armies having taken shelter continued to fire at each other for something like an hour and a half, and neither side making a charge, the Union soldiers gradually withdrew and made their way by little squads to the original rendezvous at Beverly taking with them the result of the election.

When it became apparent that the Union army had retired from the place, the Confederates went on down the lane, and came on Bernard Sharp, and carried him to Henry Duncan's house. It was apparent that he was near death, but they sent for a doctor and did what they could for him, but he expired in a few hours.

The Union soldiers wounded were John Armstrong, Moffett Walton, John E. Adkison, William Kinnison, James L. Rodgers, received serious wounds. Moffett Sharp shot in the mouth.

J. R. Moore, who was under fire from the first, says that no one was hit at the first fire, that is the firing that occurred while the Union soldiers were getting the honey for lunch in William Beverage's yard. I think this is correct. I think Bernard Sharp was hit in the hips with a mountain rifle ball while he stood behind a tree, returning the fire of the Confederates. He was a fine, tall, slim young man, and his untimely death was greatly regretted.

The wounded soldiers were taken to a cave near James McClure's, under the shadow of Red Knob, and concealed, and they were treated with great kindness and consideration by the McClure family.

There was no one hit on the Confederate side. The Confederates turned back at Henry Duncan's and they took from his farm a bee gum and bees which they carried to William Beverage to replace the one that he had lost to the Union army. There seems to have been no cause for

this other than Duncan was for the Union, and Beverage was for the Confederacy.

I have talked with Register Moore and Peter McCarty, soldiers of the Union, on one side, and Godfrey Geiger, soldier on the Confederate side. Godfrey Geiger was in some of the biggest fighting of the war. George McCollam was eight years old and he has a vivid recollection of the soldiers returning from the battle field, shouting and victorious. He was at his Aunt Ruth Kee's on Bucks Mountain; George M. Kee, a wounded Confederate soldier, being at home.

It is probably impossible for complete lists of the soldiers to be obtained at this late day and time, and the names here given are those furnished by survivors of the affair.

Union soldiers: Capt. Samuel Young, Capt. I. W. Allen, Lieut. Wm. Kinnison, Corp. John Armstrong, William Hannah, William Gay, George Cochran, Clark Dilley of Ewing's Battery, Jeremy Dilley, Sheldon Hannah, Clark Kellison, Newton Wanless, Moffett Wanless, James L. Rodgers, Aaron Moore, J. B. Moore, Henry Pugh, William Simmons, John E. Adkison, Peter McCarty, James Rider, Aaron Kee, Columbus Silva, Henry Sharp, George McKeever, Moffett Rodgers, Hanson Moore, and Moffett Sharp.

Confederate soldiers: Capt. J. C. Gay, James Shannon, Jacob Simmons, Michael Willerton (one armed soldier), Godfrey Geiger, Adam Geiger, Azri White, Bax White, Charles L. Moore, Mathias Moore, James McLaughlin, George H. McLaughlin, Charles Jackson, Jacob Beverage of Clover Creek, Harvey Lindsey, Geo. Simmons, Hiram Dorman.

There can be no question but that there are many names omitted on both sides. It was not a battle that would be reported in detail to the war office of either country. And though I have known the most of the soldiers mentioned above intimately, it was not a case that was discussed freely in the olden days. It was only when the story of this battle was about to be lost to history that I gathered some of the salient facts in connection with it, and fortunately I was able to talk to soldiers who had been in it.

As a battle it does not rank high in the national issue to be decided other than it had a direct bearing on the election of Lincoln the second time. If he had been defeated, it would have been a long farewell to the greatness of America. But it was not in the plan of Providence for him to fall.

As a part of the travail of West Virginia in her birth throes such contests as these, occurring in the border counties, are of the greatest importance.

I have never been able to understand why the home guards of West Virginia were not pensioned and rewarded like the rest of the volunteer army. To belong to a state guard company in West Virginia and preserve the entity of the state and to assist in every military movement within the borders of the state, was a service of the greatest peril and importance.

I have heard that the troubles in the way of this recognition, was the stand that the all powerful Grand Army of the Republic organization took in the matter. And I can see how a home guard in New Hamp-

shire, for instance, would never hear a shot fired in anger, and might not have the right to as much consideration as the soldier who faces death at the call of his country. But the West Virginia state guard carried his life in his hand during the fourteen months of his active service, and many perished in the discharge of their duties.

The formation of the state guards seems to have released in a great measure the Army of West Virginia for service in the Valley of Virginia and beyond the Blue Ridge. In April, 1864, the state guards were organized and took charge of the danger zone in West Virginia, and in May, 1864, the entire force of the Army of West Virginia, as the regulars stationed in the mountain state were called, were on the move to report to Gen. Hunter at Staunton in a movement against Lynchburg, Virginia, and from that to the end of the war at Appomatox, the Army of West Virginia, fought on the other side of the mountain, with the exception of a detour on a retreat from Salem to Martinsburg by way of Lewisburg and Charleston, from June 29, 1864, to July 18, 1864. The policy of West Virginia for the last year of the war was given over to the state guards, and I feel that they have not been given due credit for their courage and fidelity and efficiency. In peace they seem to have been forgotten, and their signal service ignored. They have not been treated as well as Confederate soldiers, for most of the Southern States have taken very good care of destitute Southern veterans.

The home guard movement should not be confused with the home guard companies formed on either side at the beginning of the war in the West Virginia counties. These un-uniformed patriotic citizens represented the sentiment of their respective sides, and played important parts in the earlier stages of the contest, and they all practically formed or entered regular companies in a very short time.

The West Virginia guards had all the standing of regularly sworn defenders, wearing the uniforms of their country duly authorized by law to lay down their lives for the Union. Unfortunately they became confused with the more peaceful organizations of other states and suffered neglect and ingratitude. Students of history are invited to study the record. They will be convinced that a very important body of Union soldiers failed to receive due recognition after peace was declared.

I am glad to be able to present to you the salient facts of the battle of Duncan's Lane, as an example of what might be expected as a part of the day's work from the West Virginia State Guards who fought a good fight, and finished the course, and who failed to receive the extra compensation after the war was over.

Pocahontas County, West Virginia State Troops:

Adjutant or mustering officers:

Claiborne Pierson, commissioned August 8, 1861.

John Sharp, commission ordered September 30, 1863.

Captain William King, commissioned order of November 6, 1861, to rank from September 28, 1861.

First Lieutenant David King, commissioned November 6, 1861, to rank from September 28, 1861.

Captain Samuel Young's Company compiled from roll dated February 4, 1865.

Captain Samuel Young, commissioned as captain ordered under date of August 29, 1864. (Order Book 6.)

Enlisted men: Benjamin A. Arbogast, sergeant; John H. Armstrong, sergeant; Alexander Atchison, Reuben Buzzard, George S. Cochran, sergeant, Thomas Cunningham, Jeremiah Dilley, Martin C. Dilley, William A. Gay, John S. Gibson, sergeant, Jonathan J. Griffin, Jesse Gregory, Morgan Grimes, William B. Hannah, Aaron Kee, George W. Kellison, John Kellison, William C. Kinnison, Peter McCarty, William McCarty, George W. McKeever, Aaron Moore, Hanson Moore, Harrison Moore, John B. Moore, Washington Neff, Henry E. Pugh, Moffett Pugh, Geo. M. Rogers, James L. Rodgers, Martin B. Sharp, Henry D. Sharp, Milton C. Sharp, Columbus C. Silvey, William Simmons, ——— Sines, John H. Simms, P. A. Smith, John U. Wanless, Newton Wanless, William M. Wanless.

Captain Isaac Allen's Company, Pocahontas County Scouts:

Captain Isaac W. Allen, commissioned captain of Pocahontas County Scouts to rank April 4, 1864.

Enlisted men: Benjamin H. Adkinson, Allen Arbogast, D. M. Burgess, John F. Clutter, Clark C. Young, B. B. Garvey, John H. Grimes, Samuel Grant, Robert F. Green, Adam Gregory, George G. Griffin, Joseph H. Hannah, Michael Hass, Kane W. Hinkle, William E. Johnson, John McLaughlin, Joseph Rapp, Esq., Christopher C. Silva, John M. Slaten, David Sullivan, Marcus G. Waugh, Solomon Westfall, Jacob Weiford, Robert N. Wilkins, J. B. Wright, Esq.

It will be seen from the above list that in regard to the Union troops in Pocahontas County during the Civil War two companies were recruited after the formation of the State in 1863, in this county, and that Capt. Sam Young commanded one company and that Capt. I. W. Allen was the ranking officer of the other company. In the lists given above it will be noticed that two names appear in both companies, that of Christopher Columbus Silva and that of John H. Sims. With these exceptions the companies are not the same. This explains the seeming discrepancy of the common belief that there was but one company of home guards with two captains.

The lists here given are more nearly complete than any that have heretofore been published, and they are secured from the department of history at Charleston, but there are names missing. For instance, the name of the late Sheldon Hannah is not listed. He belonged to Captain Young's company. I got his statement last winter. He had stopped on the march to Edray in November, 1864, to stay all night at his father's house on the Old Field Fork of Elk, and on Monday morning he woke up from a good night's rest in the barn to find that nine or ten soldiers of the Confederate army, under Capt. J. C. Gay, were searching the place for him. He was well concealed in the hay and though the soldiers searched the barn they did not find him. He escaped to the woods. That squad of Confederates marched south on the Seneca Trail but did not go through Edray, and Sheldon Hannah paralleled their march and joined Captain Young's company at Edray, and was in the fight at Duncan's Lane.

Nearly all these soldiers have passed on. I knew most of them. With-

out exception they were righteous and upright men, and leaders in the moral life of the county, and as far as I can recall them they were nearly all of them devout men. On account of the division in sentiment in this county, it suffered far more than other counties north and south. In many instances, brothers fought on opposite sides. I remember hearing much about the war at first hand and did not have sense enough to set it down. It was a subject that was avoided on account of the intense feeling that survived the war. A strange condition arose directly after the Civil War. The restoration of civil rights to the Confederate soldiers resulted in turning over the State government to them and for more than twenty years the Confederates ruled the State and most of the counties. I can remember the blue army overcoats that came out of the war which were worn by Union veterans. It used to make the Confederates grit their teeth when they saw the blue overcoats. And I have heard Confederates speak of the coming in of the first grand jury after that war, when the blue overcoats predominated and it looked like a squad of Union soldiers. And it was a day full of sorrow for the Confederates for most of the prominent Confederate warriors were indicted upon charges ranging from murder down. In fact, if you will examine the list of men indicted for murder just after the war, you will find that it reads like a register of the aristocracy.

But the resentment occasioned by the war became somewhat mellowed by the wisdom of the leading men and a condition of toleration was produced and while the soldiers continued to vote the way they shot, it was no more than healthy rivalry, and they worked together very well.

When Private Washington Neff was taken prisoner on Elk in November by the Confederate soldiers he was marched with them to their camp at the Samuel Gay farm on the river above Marlins Bottom. This is where Marlinton is built. Up the river on the west side the farms lay in this order: First the Price farm, then John Gay's place where the fair ground is, and next the Samuel Gay farm, now the Carter place. Above this the bottom land on the west side is pinched out by the river and then for a distance the bottom lies on the east side. Capt. J. C. Gay was a son of Samuel Gay and the rendezvous and camp was made on the home place. Captain Gay was assembling his company of enlisted men and commanding all Confederate soldiers home on furloughs to report for duty, to repel the invasion of the county by the Union company of State troops which had been sent here from the headquarters camp at Beverly to hold the presidential election in 1864.

They captured Neff who had obtained leave to go to William Gibson's to visit his wife. The Gibson place was in sight of the Hannah place. The fields joined, so it is probable that the same party attempted to capture Sheldon P. Hannah.

Neff was marched over Elk mountain under guard and was held a prisoner at the camp above the mouth of Stony Creek. It was a night with a bright moon. Some time during the night the soldier Neff, asked to be taken out to answer a call of nature, and he was guarded by Private Bennett. Bennett was close to him, and when Neff arose, he came with a large stone in his hand, and with it, he struck his guard a terrible blow on the head, and Bennett went down and out, and the rest of the

camp thought he had been killed. Neff took to his heels and got well away, and would have escaped if he had taken to the woods, instead of pursuing his way along the road.

Captain Gay was asleep, but he roused instantly and saw Bennett lying there apparently dead with a broken head and the prisoner gone. He grabbed his army revolver and without dressing and in his stocking feet, he ran down the river bank, through the fields, keeping well away from the road which led along the foot of the mountain. In a few minutes he came to the ford in Stony Creek where the Warwick road crosses and there waited beside a rail fence. The John Gay farm house and buildings lay on the road between where he waited and the camp that he had left. In a short time the watch dogs at John Gay's barked and that gave the Confederate intimation that the escaped prisoner was coming.

When Neff came up to where the captain was waiting for him, he was given the command to surrender but instead of that he reached to the ground and came up with another stone, whereupon he was shot and killed.

By this time there was a terrible war cloud hanging over Edray district. A pitched battle was imminent to be fought by boys who had grown up together and who had been schooled for four intensive seasons in civil war. Neff was buried where he fell. I have been trying to find out whether his body was removed to the Federal cemetery at Grafton, as some say, or whether he still sleeps were he fell. I own the land at that point, and if the soldier is still there I want to put a marker over his tomb. Sheldon P. Hannah told me last winter in an interview that the body was not removed after the war, and he had good reason to remember the occurrence. The place where Neff is buried is in the woods, and we ought to find out about this before the land is ever used or cleared.

By the way, on the main Gay farm a son of Captain Gay and a daughter of Sheldon P. Hannah, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Gay, are living with a fine family of children, and that is one sign that the bitterness of the war has passed.

That terrible night of the killing of Neff, Captain Gay rode to Mill Point and woke Dr. Wallace up. This was eleven miles distant. Dr. Wallace heard a faint tapping on the window. Captain Gay said: "An escaping prisoner has been killed. My man Bennett is badly wounded. Where is the camp of my men down here. I must find them and get Bennett and the rest of them out of the way before we are raided tomorrow."

Dr. Wallace told him that the men were in a secluded place on Greenbrier River near Chicken House Run, now Watoga, and Captain Gay went there and found a squad of men who went back with him, and there they buried Washington Neff and recruited the company that fought the battle of Duncan's Lane. I think the chronology of the events are about as follows: Monday, November 4, 1864, State troops arrived at Edray, and on the same day Neff was taken prisoner and brought to Greenbrier River, and killed while escaping. On Tuesday, November 5, 1864, the election was held at Edray. On Wednesday, November 6, 1864, on the

first anniversary of Droop Mountain the battle of Duncan's Lane was fought.

"In these woods' enchanted hall,
Unseen hands thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking."

It is the experience of men of mature years, to feel regret that they did not inquire more closely into the facts and circumstances surrounding heroic events, when the time comes that such history becomes vague and shadowy. None of us seem to have the right sense of proportion. And even as I record this propensity to neglect current events that will be so eagerly sought in future years, it would be well to mention, that right now there are more interesting things bound up in the inarticulate soldiers of the World's War, than any other event that has ever occurred locally.

Several hundred of the young men of this county, and every county in the United States went on the Grand Tour to the other hemisphere, and stilled the tempest of war that was raging and which threatened to engulf and destroy the whole of Christendom. Compared to the American Expedition, the Crusades amounted to no more than a Sunday School picnic. And yet you could not get the color out of the soldiers with a corkscrew. I am inclined to think that after the survivors of the World War have turned their fiftieth milestone in years, that the great deep will be broken up, and that they will become loquacious and tell what they saw and what they did. Just now their faces are turned toward the future. We will have to wait until they turn their faces toward the past.

A hundred years from now, historians will wonder what the writers of today were like who talked to these soldiers and recorded so few of the intimate details of army life. There never was but one Plutarch and there may never be one again.

And just now, we are running up against an historical problem. The State engineers in changing the grade of the Seneca Trail ran the line through the cemetery containing the remains of the soldiers of Robert E. Lee's army which was encamped on Middle Mountain and Valley Mountain in the summer of 1861. All summer the armies faced each other on this pike. McClellan entrenched below Elkwater, with his line extending back to Beverly, and Lee facing him with his line of supplies extending back to Huntersville. They never gave battle, but the summer was cold and wet and the soldiers not hardened to camp life, and they died in great numbers from typhoid and pneumonia. Soldiers far from their homes. Men from far Southern States. E. S. Gatewood, a son of the late Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, an officer of the Confederate army, on whose farm the burial place is located, made a vigorous protest against the location of the grade so far as it disturbs this burying ground.

CHAPTER IX

The English Colony at Mingo. A part of the Legion that never was listed.

There's a legion that never was listed,
It carries no colours or crest,
But, split in a thousand detachments,
Is breaking the road for the rest.
Our fathers they left us their blessing—
They taught us, and groomed us, and crammed:
But we've shaken the Clubs and the Hesses
To go and find out and be damned,
Dear boys!
To go and get shot and be damned.

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers).
To our wholly unauthorized horde—
To the line of our dusty foreloopers,
The Gentlemen Rovers abroad.
Yes, a health to ourselves ere we scatter,
For the steamer won't wait for the train,
And the Legion that never was listed
Goes back into quarters again.

—*From The Lost Legion.*

Why I can remember when the name of Rudyard Kipling was unknown! I remember how hard it was to assimilate the name. Some said they could not remember the name but it sounded like Woodyard Kindling to them. But he came to the real readers like a meteor across the sky.

We know what Kipling thought of Bhegwan Dass, the bunnia, who lived near Taksali Gate, but we do not know what Mr. Dass thought of Kipling.

My active interest in Englishmen dates from one hot day in hay harvest when I came in to dinner. The mail had brought a letter from England. In an educated hand, hard to read, the writer of the letter said that he was a man just through college, of athletic turn, with a thousand pounds capital, who would like to obtain a footing in the United States. We wrote him to come and see for himself.

About the first of September he came with his boxes driving through from Belington in a spring wagon he had chartered there; a little drive of seventy miles. He had lost his way and suffered extortion. The right way would have been to come to Millboro, Virginia, where he could have got here in forty-six miles and his boxes could have come by the covered wagon trains that ran winter and summer.

But he found comfortable quarters and an understanding people, used to Englishmen. He even found a countryman already stopping here. The first evening they made a bet. The new man bet the salted man

that he, the tenderfoot, would catch a hundred bass before winter set in, and by the way he won the bet, to the astonishment of all of us.

We knew how to deal with the English. Three cardinal rules: Ask no prying questions, give him a bed to himself, and a small hand tub to bathe in, and the world is his.

It was in this way, thirty-four years ago, that James Henry Gilchrist Wilson arrived at Marlins Bottom, Pocahontas County, where it was destined that he spend the rest of his life. I remember him with gratitude and affection. To know him was a liberal education in itself. He was just out of Oxford, Christ College. He had the distinction of being a double first. I will not insult your intelligence by explaining what an Oxford double first is, but it is a wonderful attainment for a student. He played for that university on the rugby team at football. He played as an international. He played for his native county of Yorkshire. You can find his football record in the Blue Book. He had rowed for his university against Cambridge. He was a mighty man with whiskers on his hands, and the mountaineers received him gladly. About eight hundred years ago when the Scots were making it interesting for England, the King of England said of Yorkshire: "The Wilson seals the border." He was of a family of scholars. One brother who came here to see him was the head of a big school for boys in the Isle of Man. Another brother was a successful barrister in London. He got stuck with a horse the day after he arrived. A kind of an outlaw among horses, heavy on his feet and with a mean disposition. Wilson changed his name to Satan. Afterwards he became an expert with horses. He acquired Toby, the beautiful sorrel, and the famous dog Major, and the trio were known and welcomed far and wide. Years after, Wilson having found a way out, I packed up his effects to send back to his people. One of the things that he had saved was a lock of Toby's hair.

I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to him for a deeper insight into the English language. He did not write and he did not make speeches, but his words fitly spoken were like apples of gold in baskets of silver.

About the same time the great blue grass plains around Mingo Flats filled up with the bull dog breed. There were about thirty of them over there, each one from a stately home in England. Now an Englishman fights against ennui all his lifetime, and the greatest resource that he has is out-door sport. So they educated us in the sports of England. The first golf course I ever saw was at Mingo, about 1891. They taught us to play cricket, tennis, polo, cribbage, and gave us an insight into steeplechases, paper chases and fox hunting, but the game that took like wildfire was football. We were a shut in people in those days, far from the railroad, and the maddening crowds ignoble strife. Mingo was twenty-seven miles distant, a comfortable horseback ride, and every boy by some hook or crook managed to have a horse to ride. The best polo pony that I ever saw was Latimer Tuke's gray mule.

One of the best things that we learned from the English was that it was the proper thing to respond instantly and agree to play in any game at any time to the best of our skill and ability. They got us so that we would try anything, and we found that we could hold our own.

They tried us a little high one time, however. Marathon races came in and a challenge came from Mingo for a marathon race from Jimmy Hebden's front porch on Valley Mountain to the Greenbrier Bridge, as near twenty-five miles as we could lay off the course. The route is now a part of the Seneca Trail you hear so much about. It lies over two mountains. As the day approached and training went on, our athletes at Marlinton began with one accord to make excuses, for twenty-five miles is a long run. Our entries dwindled down to one, but Mingo was in no better shape, for they found that they would have but one entry. For Marlinton, my brother, Dr. Norman R. Price, who has since won the rank of major in the army, was the only entry. S. E. L. Grews, a splendid gentleman, a son of an English colonel, was the other entry. A phone line had been recently built into the county and we could keep tab on the race. I was the timekeeper and waited at this end. The two boys raced too much at the start and made the first twelve miles in an hour, but just at two hours and fifty-nine minutes Grews came in, winning. The impression that flashed to me when I saw him come bounding in over the crest of the last hill just before he reached the goal, was that of a deer run to its death by hounds coming into a deer stand, a sight that I was accustomed to in those day. I gathered him up and wrapped him up and took him to my home and he tried to drink up everything on the place. All the milk, and all the cold tea, and all the water in the well. Another doctor brother of mine was raising sand about it and had gone out to meet our racer and flagged him in much distress four miles out and restored him. Grews went home with death in his face, and in a few weeks, he fell dead, absolutely run to death, as was the young soldier who brought the news of the victory of the Greeks over the Persians on the plains of Marathon.

The life of the party in those days was Arthur Lawson. At the time he came here, his father Sir Wilfred Lawson, was at the height of his fame as a parliamentary leader in England. If I remember correctly, he was the leader of the temperance movement and an advocate of peace. He was seventh baronet. His oldest son visited here, one of the most silent men, Clem Shaver not excepted, that I have ever known. We also had a visit from a sister, Mrs. Holland Hibbets, and her daughter. Mrs. Holland Hibbets, was one of the brightest and fairest ladies of the land. Mr. Holland Hibbetts was a great railway director in England and was here to attend that international railway congress held some twenty-odd years ago. They were the guests of the Stuyvesant Fishes in New York, and the Prices in Marlinton. I do not know how the Stuyvesant Fishes played up to them, but we put the best foot foremost at our house. The word has been grapevined through of late years that Arthur Lawson has succeeded to the title, since the great war. I have had no occasion to verify this until this time, and do not now have the opportunity. Anyway whether he has it or not is immaterial for he was a nobleman de facto every day in the year.

He used to furnish us oceans of copy for the Pocahontas Times, and it was brilliant. I remember one time he went away for a couple of months. He was doing Canada as it afterwards appeared. One day he showed up on the snowy road with a big Irish wolf hound, out of the

storm. I said to him: "We were about to run a scare head about your mysterious disappearance." "O, by jove, let's do it anyway!" So we fixed it up together in a lurid style, and found him the next week.

He was an enthusiast and hated whiskey like the devil hates holy water. One of my keenest regrets is that I did not see as he saw in those days. One dreadful winter night, I rode into his house out of a driving snow storm, and found him in a state of exaltation. He was moved to write a poem and we sat up the entire night by a roaring fire in the hearth, putting together an epic about some matter that had happened in the course of the sports at Mingo. I must hunt that up and see how it flows at this late date.

I tell you who he was like when he was doing a stunt for the entertainment of the gathering after each football event, when each man had to tell a story, sing a song, or turn a somersault. He was like Harry Lauder on the stage.

This started off to be a football piece but I have been a long time approaching the subject. When the English explained football to us, it appeared that it was the principal sport of that country. That the schools played amateur football called rugby with an elongated sphere, with fifteen men on the side, but that these games though largely attended for a few games played comparatively small part in the general island football. The great professional game of soccer was the game for the highly paid experts, and as soon as we saw the difference between the educated foot and the uneducated, the whole country got animated, and there were probably as many as twenty-five teams in Pocahontas County alone. And there was a great devotion to the game. Great crowds of people lined the grounds. The season lasted from October to May, match games not being set in the dead of winter on account of snow possibilities, but practice games went on all through the winter, when the ground was bare. A man does not know what he can do with his foot until he qualifies in the game of soccer.

No age or condition seems to be wholly barred. Up on the head of Elk River there were giants in those days, captains courageous, whom nothing could daunt. One match game against another community was pulled off one day and on the Elk team there were three generations in direct line represented. In the goal, Grandfather William Gibson; in a fullback, his son James Gibson, and as a forward, Levi Gibson, grandson. And, by the way, last May, Jim Gibson, as a man sixty-eight years old, ran with the hounds after a bear from Gibson's Knob to the Hevner place on the head of Slaty Fork, and was in at the killing of the biggest bear that ever fell in these parts. Old Lame Paw, the sheep killer.

It was about this time, I think the same year, that Uncle John Hannah, up in the eighties, put on four pairs of specs and won the turkey at a rifle shooting match.

Here are the rudiments of soccer football. Take a level field about 225 by 100 yards. At each end a goal twenty feet wide, eight feet high. Eleven men to a side. Five forwards, three halfbacks, two fullbacks, and one goal keeper. The ball is placed in the center. The twenty-two men are equally spaced all over the field each side forming a triangle, the bottoms facing each other. No player may touch the ball with his

hands except the goal keeper who can use both hands and feet. The great skill is displayed in dribbling the ball. That is keeping the ball at the feet and under control while running at great speed, and just before interference reaches the man with the ball, to made an accurate pass across the field to another player on the same side, or to shoot it through the goal. Each goal counts one point. The game is open and easily watched. The contests are between individuals, players being tossed for yards if caught just right on the point of the shoulder. Injuries are superficial, the greatest danger being a broken shin bone.

Football of this kind can be played on every village green. It does not take special clothes or training. And it is the very best of training in itself for the college game that the country is wild about.

We could get plenty of games near at home where the visiting teams could come and play and return in the same day. But the Mingo game requires three days—a day to go, one to play, and a day to return—so these were elaborate trips. The journey required a crossing over from the Greenbrier waters, across three or four branches of Elk River, and on to the Tygarts Valley waters. Where we played at Mingo was within a few miles of the uttermost fountain of the Ohio River.

The six and seven footers on Elk had a famous team called "Ironsides," and they were bad to beat. As between the Marlinton team and the Mingo team, the Ironsides favored the English team and we had to travel across Crooked Fork, Old Field Fork, Slaty Fork, Big Spring Fork, and Dry Fork of Elk through a hostile country.

We used to be able to describe each step of the game in the technical language of the sport. For instance: Center forward heeled the ball to the left wing who dribbled it for a matter of some thirty feet and then passed it to the right wing who immediately returned it to the left wing who took it down the side line and sidestepped interference and passed it with his left foot to the center who tried for a goal which was stopped for a moment by the goal keeper, but who was rushed by the opposing team who had been playing well up. The goal keeper and ball were hurled through the goal by the rush, Marlinton making a goal within two minutes from the time the ball was put in play.

In the picture of the ball in play in this article, Ernest Hedben, for the English team is in the act of trying for a goal, before Norman Price, his opponent gets the point of his shoulder under him and tosses him aside. Hebden being caught while on one foot will describe a parabola of some ten or twelve feet, much to the interest of the audience, and the goal-keeper will take care of the ball, maybe.

The Ironsides furnished some great athletes in those days, And by the way, Elk has the world's record for a running long jump, one that will never be equalled. Joseph Hannah, a pioneer, was made the victim of a practical joke. It was arranged to give him a scare. He was to work in the field with Old Dick, a Negro. Indian times were still fresh in the memory. Three boys fired on them from the woods. Old Dick fell down and pretended to be shot, and Hannah ran to the house, and jumped a ravine or gully, making a leap of forty-two feet.

My recollection of these English boys is wholly pleasant. I feel that they broadened our lives and that they left with us some of the fine

traits of English character. I had some ups and downs with them. When I sided with the Boers in that war, some friendships were busted, but we all got together in the World's War. Jack Foster perished covered with glory in battle in South Africa. Christopher Hodson fell shot through the head in France. They are scattered to the four winds of the earth. The colony has ceased to be. And I have reached the age when—

"Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'er flowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
No stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended.
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!"

CHAPTER X

The Battle of Greenbrier Ford in the First Year of the Civil War.

Let us try to figure out the battles at Travellers Repose in 1861. There were three fights known as the battles of the Greenbrier. One was October 3, 1861, one was October 31, 1861, and one December 12, 1861. The first of these fights was the big one. The Confederates won it and called it one of the greatest victories of that year, and the Federals having lost it called a reconnoissance in force. It is the battle of October 3, that we will take up today, for it has taken many long years for me to get a comprehensive knowledge of the particulars of this fight, and I want to pass it on to students of history that come after me, while it is clear to my mind.

In a word, that fight failed because the soldiers on the Federal side, the attacking army, refused to face a heavy fire from the breastworks of the enemy coupled with a destructive fire of grapeshot from the cannon. And the regiments in front falling back in confusion carried with them the regiments behind which were backing them up. This made an awkward set of circumstances to report to Washington, and it was generally agreed that the trouble was that there had been conveyed to the front lines a bogus order to retire.

The first year of the war saw five battles in the Upper Tract. The reason being that the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike crossed the Greenbrier Valley at this place and it was one of the most important thoroughfares in the nation at the outbreak of the war. It was well served by stage coach lines and it formed a favorite route for persons from the middle west whose business or pleasure took them to Washington or Richmond. While it was never so much used as the National Pike through Pennsylvania, yet at the same time it was considered an agreeable change to come one route and go the other.

A trip across the Appalachians is a never-failing wonder to each successive generation for the folding mountains as well as the eroded mountains of this Atlantis present the most pronounced mountain scenery to be found in America. The political significance of West Virginia seceding from Virginia had made the passes of the Alleghenies the most important spots on earth to the military operations on both sides.

The Federal army had been promptly formed from the volunteers from the populous States of Ohio and Indiana and they had been rushed to Grafton by railroad and from there they had fought their way up the Tygarts Valley until they were halted in July at the summit of Cheat Mountain.

The Confederates had hurried an army to meet them, and the foremost post was at Travellers Repose, composed of troops from Arkansas, Virginia, Georgia, and other States. Among them was the 31st Virginia, of which the home company was from Greenbank district where these battles took place in 1861.

The Federal army was camped on the high divide on Cheat at an elevation of about forty-two hundred feet and twenty miles east of them on the top of the main Allegheny the Confederates were camped at an elevation of about forty-one hundred feet. They lay there for months in sight of each other. In September the Confederates attempted to pass the Federal fortifications by going through the woods and got lost and had a battle and were forced back.

The new soldiers drilled and were trained in sight of each other on these high tops. In addition to these fortified camps, the Confederates had fortified the road at the western base of Allegheny mountain, where the road dips down to an elevation of three thousand feet to cross both forks of the Greenbrier River. This fort was known as Camp Bartow. Since the building of a town on the battle field the post office once known as Travellers Repose has been changed to Bartow. This camp was named in honor of Col. Francis S. Bartow of the 7th Georgia Regiment, who was killed in the battle of Bull Run in July, 1861. The camp was commanded by Gen. H. R. Jackson, of Georgia, who no doubt named it in honor of his friend. Colonel Bartow had said just before the fight, "I shall go into the fight with a determination never to leave it alive, but in victory," was shot through the heart while rallying the 7th Georgia. He lived but a few moments but he was able to say: "They have killed me but never give up the field." This was just when the Stonewall Brigade made the wild charge which won the battle.

It is about three miles the way the road goes along the bottom land between the foot of the main Allegheny and the foot of Back Allegheny. One fork of the river to one mountain and one to the other. The one to the west is known as the West Fork, but it has also been called the North Fork and another name was the Far Fork, as well as the Fur Fork. The one to the east is the East Fork but it is called in the war dispatches the South Fork. The West Fork flows south in a nearly straight line to the forks of Greenbrier in the town of Durbin. There is little level land on the West Fork. The East Fork is the longer. It follows the foot of the Allegheny to Bartow and then flows west for about three miles. Some level beautiful farms are on this fork. At one time there

was a lake here about seven miles long and half a mile broad. It was walled in by a mountain at Durbin, and when it broke and drained it left an opening called the Narrows, which is probably the best deer stand in the county. The Narrows divides the town of Durbin from the town of Frank where the big tannery is located. In the Narrows in the old days was a fine spring, and tradition is that Henry Clay had a hunting cabin at this place.

The bed of the old lake formed fine bottom lands and shortly after the Revolution, five pioneers settled in those rich lands: John Yeager, John Slaven, Abraham Burner, Moses Houchins, and Adam Arbogast, and at the outbreak of the Civil War the descendants of these men still held the lands. John Yeager the second, lived at the Top of Allegheny, and Peter D. Yeager had the bottom land where the stage stand known as Travellers Repose was located, which was the forks of the road where B. B. Beard's house stands. The Houchins and the Arbogast farms were farther up the stream where the town of Thornwood is located. The next farm along the pike was occupied by George Burner, one of the leading men of the county. This was known afterwards as the Charles Burner place. The farm on which the town of Durbin was built was occupied by J. H. Arbogast, another leading man of the mountains, and Jacob Slaven lived on the first top about four hundred feet higher to the west. All of them were secessionists. In fact there was hardly a Union man in the whole of Green Bank district. No where in the mountains were the Confederate States more solidly supported than in this district.

And the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike was the great highway that kept Pocahontas County in touch with the wide world. All sorts of distinguished travelers came through on the stages and the hospitable homes of the Upper Tract were known far and wide.

When I can first remember it the travel had fallen away and the grass grew in the pike where it crossed the Cheat country, but it has come much in evidence in the last twenty-five years since the country has been developed by the railroad building. And the days of the automobile bid fair to make it one of the favorite tourist routes.

After waiting for about two weeks in September, 1861, General Reynolds decided that he would advance an army east over the several crests until he could surround and subdue Staunton, which had become one of the most important centers in the Confederacy. The middle of September had seen him protecting the left flank of the army holding the Elkwater fort in Tygarts Valley, and he had kept Loring from passing. So he decided to do some passing himself.

He ordered the men to prepare four days' rations each and on the morning of the 3rd day of October, 1861, at the early hour of one o'clock a. m., he put his forces in motion and they marched down the mountain and crossed the Shavers Fork of Cheat, continued along the level road that leads to the divide with the waters of Greenbrier, and marched down the mountain to the Slaven plantation, and down the last hill, to the Arbogast farm at Durbin. He had about five thousand troops and six batteries of big guns. His forces were Howe's Battery, Fourth Regular Artillery, Loomis' Battery, Michigan Volunteer Battery,

Daum's Battery, and Virginia Volunteer Artillery. Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-second Ohio Regiments, and Seventh, Ninth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Indiana Regiments of Infantry, Robinson's Ohio Cavalry, Greenfield's Pennsylvania Cavalry and Brackman's Indiana Cavalry.

Opposed to them were the Third Arkansas, First Georgia, Twelfth Georgia, Twenty-third Virginia, Thirty-first Virginia, Rice's Battery and Schumaker's Battery.

The Federals got to Durbin about sun up in the morning and saw an advance guard under Colonel Edward Johnson in front of them in or above the Narrows. They set up a cannon or two and fired at them, and the advance guard fell back in good order and the Federals marched up the road and through the fields. Johnson had his horse shot from under him and killed in this engagement. He held the column up for an hour and it was not until six cannon had opened on him, and a flanking movement started on his right hand that he retired to the main works at Camp Bartow.

The Federal army placed two batteries in front of the Confederate breastworks. These batteries were six guns in the meadow about half way from the Burner house to the East Fork, and two guns on the other side of the turnpike.

The Confederate batteries were on a low hill to the north of the pike back of B. B. Beard's house, where there are embankments still plainly to be seen. And in addition Lieutenant Wooding placed a gun in the turnpike directly in front of B. B. Beard's house from which he fired ninety rounds that day point-blank at the enemy across the river bottom or obliquely down and across the river at the Federal batteries. He was highly praised in the dispatches for his men got killed off pretty rapidly. The big guns kept up a steady firing from seven in the morning until two-thirty in the afternoon. A rifled cannon that the Confederates expected would do great damage, was a severe disappointment, for after the first few rounds they could not get the shot down on account of the barrel fouling. The ball stuck and could not be dislodged until Sergt. Timothy H. Stamps could get to the battle from Monterey. There was more powder burned in the big guns during that seven hours than in any other battle in the mountains. It was a great day for noise.

But all this cannon firing was meant to afford cover for infantry work. It will be remembered that the turnpike is an east and west road and that there is a north and south road paralleling the river. This Huntersville road comes to the turnpike at the bridge and crosses the east fork there, and runs with it across the level bottom, and then turns up the river at the foot of the mountain lying between the forks. The Confederate breastworks overlooked a run coming into the river above the bridge and continued at an elevation of something like two hundred feet around to the rivers passing east of the tavern to where the river hugs the foot of the mountain. In this way they commanded the road coming from Durbin from both sides.

General Reynolds proceeded to send infantry against both ends of the Confederate breastworks. It looks like one could hardly call it a flanking movement for these detachments did not attempt to swing in wide

circles. It looks like the plan was to let the artillery keep everything hot along the turnpike, while a force was thrown against the left end of the Confederate works, and another against the right end of the Confederate position.

Jackson evidently expected to face a wide flung encircling movement for he had sent Johnson away up the river more than a mile, and he was clear above the place that the Federals attempted to cross.

Jackson entrusted the defense of his left (down the river), to Colonel Rust and his Arkansas troops. It will be remembered that the Federals had a right large order in that they had to charge across wide open fields, ford a small river, and climb a steep hill to take a fortified camp.

Rust marched down the road towards Green Bank until he had drawn away from the river some little distance and was on an elevation overlooking the river. He then marched by the end of the breastworks and took a station between the breastworks and the stream, and before he could form his men, the Federal batteries commenced a rapid fire, and a regiment of infantry left the road at the Burner homestead and marched across the meadow and waded the river and climbed the hill, but the Arkansas troops met them at the crest of the hill and fired on them, and made it so warm that this regiment went back down the hill and waded back across the river and found a reserve regiment by the Burner barn, and marched up the hill on the other side of the road. This was when Rust was considering following the Federals across the river and making a charge on the troops in the road and the battery in the meadow.

This movement of the Federal troops moving first to the right and then to the left of the road puzzled the Arkansas commander. It now appears that there was a very acrimonious discussion going on there at the Burner place as to what were the orders, one colonel being most positive that the orders were to charge on one side, and the other being that the charge should be made on the other side of the road. And it would appear that the regiment that got across the river and had to retreat decided the argument, for both regiments went into the woods to the north of the turnpike and materially added to the retreat and confusion that soon occurred in that quarter.

The Federal plan to win was by throwing full half of their forces to the north of the road and to charge across the open meadow and wade the river and to fall on the Confederates along the pike as it starts up the Allegheny Mountain. And this might have succeeded better if he had gone way up the river and crossed and come down as the Confederates expected them to do.

The mountain rising from the Burner house and facing the Allegheny is called Burner Mountain and rises to some four thousand feet and extends for miles north walling in the East Fork. It is around the shoulder of this mountain that the East Fork turns.

The Federal army as it came from the west turned into the shelter of this standing timber and clambered around the face of the mountain, until they had turned the corner. They then faced the breastworks of the Confederates and were distant less than half a mile. The forest

was clad in the many colors of autumn, but the leaves were still upon the trees. There was abundant cover for the attacking army so long as they stayed upon the hill, but the moment they left the mountain they were in cleared, level, bottom fields, across which they would have to advance in the face of a galling rifle fire and grapeshot from the big guns.

In massing the Federal troops on the wooded sides of Burner Mountain, the first halt seemed to be opposite the center of the Confederate breastworks which would be on a line that would cross the river just above the bridge, but it was a wide open space in which to make an infantry charge. And about this time the Federals observed the Confederate force waiting up the river, a mile or so above the bridge.

It was then seen that they would be exposed to a fire on their left flank if they attempted to cross the bottom at that place, so the first regiments to come sidled up the hill under cover until they got to a point about half a mile up the river from the bridge and at this place the woods crept down across the road leading to Thornwood, and consequently the advance could be made to the edge of the meadow under cover of the forest. The regiment in advance came to the edge of the meadow at this point, and taking shelter in the fringe of the forest opened up a fire across the river with long range rifles, and as this firing continued the other regiments including the regiments that were meant to charge the other end of the works came around the mountain and an overwhelming force was getting ready to charge. But the firing of the advance regiment caused the whole power of the Confederate artillery to be directed at the place where this rifle firing had begun, and it was so galling and terrifying that the regiment gave way and fell back in confusion, and the regiments in turn gave way, according to the Federal reports, in obedience to an order to about face and march off of the hill.

The Confederate reports say that it was a panic, because they could hear the orders of the officers commanding them to rally and reform for a charge.

Reynolds was satisfied with it and reported a successful reconnaissance. Just as Lee did when he appeared before the Elkwater fortifications. On the other hand the Confederates regarded the battle of the Greenbrier as a great victory and an important battle won.

The turning point of the battle was the discussion of the orders between the two Federal colonels.

Said Colonel Richardson: "My regiment is to attack on my right."

"Not at all," said Colonel Wilder, "You are to attack the enemy's right."

And that is another case of the poverty of our language and the difficulty of conveying thought. But for that the day might have ended differently.

Reynolds got back to his comfortable camp that night, having marched twenty-four miles and fought a battle with green troops.

Loss in killed and wounded: Federals 43; Confederates 52, including 13 missing. The Federals lost one stand of colors.

CHAPTER XI

The Battle of the Top of the Allegheny on December 13, 1861.

This is an article about the Battle of the Top of Allegheny, fought in Pocahontas County, December 13, 1861, between the forces of the Union under Gen. R. H. Milroy, and the forces of the Confederacy, under Gen. W. W. Loring, Col. Edward Johnson, commanding.

The two commands had camped within sight of each other since the 13th day of July, the day that the Federal forces had occupied the place at White's on Cheat Mountain. For five months the hostile camps had watched the smoke rising from the camp fires, across one of the big valleys of West Virginia. Each camp was in the high altitude of more than four thousand feet above the sea level.

The Federal advance had been here blocked and the summer and fall had been passed with battles and skirmishes and an extraordinary effort was planned by Milroy. Both armies were on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, a famous stage road which enjoyed in its time much of the travel that afterwards was accommodated by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The Federal camp was known officially as Camp Cheat Mountain Summit. The Confederate camp was known officially as Camp Baldwin, named in honor of a Confederate colonel of that name. Between the two for a good part of the time, and until the winter fastened down was Camp Bartow, named after a Confederate general who was killed at the first battle of Bull Run. This was at the ford of the East Fork of Greenbrier River at Travellers Repose, now the town of Bartow.

The Confederates had made a winter camp on top of Allegheny Mountain by erecting log cabins. As you go along the road there now you can see piles of stone placed at regular intervals which represent the chimneys of those cabins. You can see the trenches and fortifications at Cheat, Bartow, and Allegheny to this day. I have a recollection of seeing the log cabins on Allegheny Mountain. The pike climbs the mountain from its foot at Bartow to the top in long easy grades and it is an eight to ten-mile journey. The top of the mountain is a wind-swept pasture of good grazing land and the pike lies for some miles through this level tableland before it descends on the eastern side. In making the attack, the Federals had to climb up the side of the mountain and fight on top of the table.

There were three battles at the Greenbrier ford, October 3, October 31, and December 12. The Federals were repulsed in the first two engagements and returned to their camp on the top of Cheat. The advance of December 12 found the camp at the Greenbrier deserted, but on that day Maj. D. H. Ross, of the Fifty-second Virginia, had been dispatched to that point with 106 men to form an ambuscade on the road between Durbin and Bartow. When the advance guard came up, Ross and his men fired on them and killed ten men and wounded a number of others. The Federals deployed and advanced in great force and Ross withdrew and reached Camp Baldwin that night.

Ambrose Bierce was marching with the Federals that day. If ever

I have a literary executioner, he will find that years ago I referred casually to Ambrose Bierce as a Confederate soldier, being misled by an article of his that appeared shortly after he came back here to visit his fighting ground. I understood him to say that he had camped at Bartow, and naturally I jumped to the conclusion that he was a Confederate.

Since reading more of his books I am better informed now. He tells of a horror that was incidental to the battles of December 12 and 13. He said that after they had started to advance from Cheat, they marched down the mountain all day and up the other mountain all night.

The firing at the foot of the mountain halted the advancing columns for a time but after the nest had been cleared out the army reached the forks of the road where the Green Bank road joins the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, where B. B. Beard now lives. Then it was the old tavern known as Travellers Repose where the stage coaches changed horses.

At this place the army was divided. Something like half of them marched down the Green Bank road and turned at the Uriah Heavener farm and climbed the road that is still used as a short cut up the leading ridge between Saulsbury Run and Buffalo Run.

The rest continued up the pike. As the battle was scheduled to begin before daylight, the dead were not buried but were laid on the upper side of the road and covered with blankets. As the soldiers passed that way many of them stopped to look at the dead boys to see if they recognized a friend among them. The next day as they returned from the battle ground defeated, they found that a drove of hogs had been at the bodies and had eaten the faces of the dead men. The soldiers fired a volley and killed the hogs and gathered up the dead soldiers and buried them. This dreadful thing is described by Ambrose Bierce in his book entitled "Iconoclastic Memories of the Civil War." He said that when they got in sight of the dead men on that retreat, it seemed that they had moved and tossed their coverings off. War is too great a price to pay for glory.

It will be remembered that when the pike gets within a mile of the top of the mountain that it makes a sharp curve to the south and from there it climbs gently to the top where it passes a church. The Federal army left the pike at that curve and climbed directly up the hillside, the purpose being to get in behind the camp. But there were pickets out and the camp was alarmed by their shots at 4:15 that winter morning, and the Confederates marched several companies out to meet the Federals as they came to the top. The Federal army came to the edge of the forest and waited until near daylight and then advanced into the open field and the firing became general. The opposing lines swung back and forwards and at one stage of the battle the Confederates on this, their right flank, were driven to take shelter in their log cabins, and there was fighting all over the place from seven in the morning until two in the afternoon.

The party advancing up the crest of Buffalo Ridge failed in its purpose of surprising the camp. On that side of the camp there were trenches prepared to guard both roads and there was some very efficient

artillery. The trenches were full of soldiers prepared for the emergency but when the Federals first appeared, Captain Anderson, of the Lee Battery, thinking that it was a band of pickets being driven in, sprang up on the side of the trench and called to them to hurry up and get into the trenches. He was shot and instantly killed by the troops and the fighting went on until the retreat was sounded and the Federal army made its slow and disconsolate way back to Cheat Mountain Summit. According to the dispatches that went in to the Confederate headquarters it was a great battle and a great victory. According to the report sent in by the Federals it was a reconnaissance in force. According to the Confederate reports 1,200 Confederates had repulsed an army of 5,000. The Federal reports show that they had 1,760 men and the Confederates had 2,500. Now that the Federal reports and the Confederate reports are printed in the same book, it is to be noticed that this same discrepancy always may be expected.

The damage done was as follows: Federal loss, 20 dead, 107 wounded, 10 missing, total 147. Confederate loss, 20 killed, 98 wounded, 28 missing, total 146.

As a Christmas gift, J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, wrote that President Jefferson Davis having been informed of the valor of Col. Edward Johnson in repulsing a vastly superior force, was much gratified at the news of success, and had made him a brigadier general.

This was the last battle of the season of 1861 on the Staunton and Parkersburg Tunrpike. The troops went into winter quarters. Ambrose Bierce says that he spent many a winter day in the snow up to his knees tracking bears to their dens. I fear his memory of bear hunts was not accurate for the Cheat Mountain bears usually hole up prior to the first big snow and hibernate. Still there may have been so many soldiers among the thornless blackberries of Cheat in the summer that the bears did not get fat enough to sleep.

April 1, General Fremont commanding the Mountain Department, wrote to Milroy at Huttonsville to get ready to take the road again. The Mountain Department consisted of something like thirty-four thousand soldiers divided into six districts. Cumberland, Railroad, Cheat Mountain, Kanawha, Big Sandy, and Cumberland Gap. Cheat Mountain had 6,082 men. On the 6th of April, 1862, Milroy marched into the deserted camp on top of the Allegheny and took charge. On the 12th of April he had reached Monterey, and routed a Confederate force, and on May 8, he met the Confederates under Stonewall Jackson at McDowell and suffered a defeat, and he then abandoned the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and went around another way, extricating his army by way of Franklin and the South Branch Valley.

About this time in the beginning of the second year of the war with the troops swept out from northern West Virginia, the irregular fighters commenced to cause trouble. They called them guerillas at first but afterwards they coined the word bushwhacker for them, meaning one who shoots from ambush. It was the curse of a brave and impetuous people such as are to be found in the mountains, that they could not help taking part in the fighting, whether they had been sworn in as soldiers or not. They carried guns like city men carry canes, and they shot on

one side or other according to their convictions. Milroy wrote to Fremont that such bands were being mustered in and asked that Governor Pierpoint, at Wheeling send recruiters to hold as many to the Federal side as possible.

I think that a personal letter that Gen. J. D. Imboden wrote from the mountains gives as good a picture as can be had of the irregular troops. It was while he was marching through the mountains as a colonel with his regiment, and he writes from the Forks of Waters, Highland County:

"There are no troops of consequence west of Beverly. Just in the edge of the village of St. George, I was riding some distance ahead of my men and suddenly came upon old John Snyder and one of the Parsons, both armed with rifles. Parsons fled and I got into a fight with Snyder. Just as he was aiming at me with his long rifle, I fired at him with my revolver. He dropped his gun like a hot potato and leaned forward on the neck of his horse and escaped into the laurel. Pursuit was immediate but he escaped. I have since learned from some refugees that I wounded him badly, though I fear not mortally. I had a fair shot at about 50 yards and I aimed at his hips. We were bushwacked about half a day in Tucker as we fell back from St. George by Union men, but the cowardly scoundrels went so far up the mountains that they only hit one of my men, and he was but slightly wounded in the foot. I sent out a whole company once to try to catch three bushwackers, but it was impossible to come up with them in the brush. If I had caught them I intended hanging them in five minutes. The greatest difficulty in our way out here is the infernal Union men. They carry intelligence and bushwack us when they can, and yet will swear allegiance a dozen times a day. The proper policy to pursue towards Union men who are not in arms as soldiers is one of the most difficult problems that I have to deal with."

The private soldiers found the winter long on Cheat Mountain and Milroy at Huttonsville grew restive before it was over. On March 16, 1862, he was chafing at the delay. That day he wrote to Gen. W. S. Rosecrans a plan of a campaign. He proposed to take his 3,000 infantry and march to a point seven miles east of the summit of Cheat Mountain, and instead of trying to go by the pike which was blocked by Camp Baldwin, he would turn to the right at the foot of the mountain and go to Green Bank eight miles from Baldwin. This road was not entirely cut out, referring, no doubt, to timber blockades so commonly used in this section during that war. At Huntersville twenty miles from Green Bank he would sweep out of the way the Confederate force consisting of twelve or thirteen hundred soldiers and two pieces of artillery. Here he suggested that he would wait until he could be reinforced by General Cox from Lewisburg. With that force he would cross over the Frost Gap into Highland and get to the rear of the camp on the Allegheny, which had at that time about 2,000 men. His greatest need was for some modern cannon. He had smooth bores and he wanted rifled guns. The reason for haste was that the day before had been set for the drafting of the militia of Pocahontas and Highland counties and that many citizens to escape the draft were hiding in the mountains and trying to escape. Seven had arrived the day before and they told him that Gen-

eral Johnson had been to Richmond to tell the war department that if he was not reinforced by 5,000 troops, that the Yankees would surround him. Milroy closed by saying that he feared the game he watched so long might escape him.

On the 19th day of March, three days later he wrote that forty-six refugees from Pocahontas and Highland counties had come to him to escape being drafted into the rebel army; that the penalty to refuse to be drafted was death.

Milroy moved a couple of weeks later and found that the game he had watched so long had really escaped.

March 31, 1862, Milroy at Huttonsville reported that refugees continued to come into his camp in great destitution in squads of from 5 to 25. This day twelve arrived from Pocahontas County and reported that the impressment still continued. A report came that 300 Confederate guerillas attacked a Union settlement in Pendleton County and were repulsed by 75 Union citizens. Confederates were reinforced and citizens driven back. Milroy had sent Major Webster and 300 men of the 25th Ohio to their assistance.

On April 12, 1862, Milroy wrote from Monterey that all kinds of bad men were organizing into gangs in western Virginia to plunder and devastate the counties there. One of the "cut-throats" that he had captured had blank commissions signed by Governor Letcher for guerilla captains and lieutenants. (We called them rangers.) Milroy suggested that if there was a live governor in Wheeling that he be sent out to organize Union home guards.

April 16, 1862, Gen. Geo. Crook reports that he is not able to apprehend the bushwhackers. He wrote from Summerville. He said they took to the woods and disintegrated and hid and then reassembled for fresh depredations. He thinks that if the Federal soldiers were withdrawn that the Union citizens would defend themselves but that they would not raise a hand while the army was there.

April 4, 1862, Gen. William Skeen wrote to the Confederate headquarters that these men that Virginia had authorized to organize as rangers for the home defense were devastating the country, and had killed three citizens of Pocahontas County and stolen fifteen horses. He complained of them as bitterly as did the Federal generals.

April 18, 1862, General Fremont ordered General Milroy, General Schenck, and Col. T. M. Harris to break up and destroy the guerilla organizations. "All adult males found at the houses of Sylvanus Harper, of Bennett, of Hedwick, of Ferris, and the Arbigasses, should be arrested, and every effort made to kill or capture all who belong to those bands in that vicinity."

May 1, 1862, Milroy wrote from McDowell that the guerillas had captured 20 wagons and 80 horses, and that he had compelled the neighborhood to furnish another wagon train and horses.

May 9, 1862, Crook wrote again from Summersville, that he had had word that 300 Moccasin Rangers were raiding Webster County and that he had sent an expedition there, but had found but three and they were too sick to be removed.

It will be seen by these reports at the time that the mountain men

had divided in sentiment and had gone to war on their own hook. It was here that the word bushwhacker was coined. The dictionary says that it was a name for a Confederate guerilla, but we know it was used to designate anyone who shot from the brush. The soldiers who rode in these mountains believed that they were able by a sixth sense to feel the presence of bushwhackers, just as it was the belief that in Indian times, that the settlers had premonition of the coming of the Indians into a community.

During the first year of the war, the western waters were invested with a number of armies and there was hardly a county where there were not troops. In the mountains these soldiers covered all the territory. When they were withdrawn after the battle of the Allegheny, then it was that hundreds if not thousands of able-bodied mountain men took up arms to defend themselves, and there were uneasy times.

Soldiers at home on furloughs responded to appeals for assistance and little armies would spring up in a day and have a skirmish, and disband as quickly as they had come together. It was but an echo of the minute men of the Revolution.

The courts did not meet and the citizens suffered from the needs of soldiers of both armies and from the irregular troops. It is certain that nowhere in the country was there such peril to inhabitants as in these mountain counties. In the northwestern counties, the Federal arms from the first provided safety for the citizens, but in counties on both sides of the Allegheny there was great distress and danger on account of the strength that was divided between the two sides.

One general took to arresting men who had sons in the Confederate army, and he was quickly recalled, for it so often happened in these cases that the prisoners had sons in the Federal army also, and he retired before a storm of his own raising.

Word has recently come that Ambrose Bierce, who disappeared about 1913, went to Mexico during the days of General Villa and that he attached himself to the body of men surrounding that insurgent; that he was tired and sick of existence and so conducted himself that he was shot and killed in some way in that war.

CHAPTER XII

Battle of Cheat Mountain. This is a study of troops from the lowlands in the high mountains.

A mountaineer is an inhabitant of a mountain region as opposed to lowlander who lives on the levels or low-lying lands. The mountaineer is the wilder of the two. He is more active, more virile, and wilder. He grows strong with the struggle to maintain life. As compared to him the lowlander is as one who is down and therefore fears no fall. He is very sedate, he is good to his mate, and fond of amusement, too, he lives in a flat and is apt to grow fat, of a breed that runs even and true. But the mountaineer bold, is a hard man to hold, he has hair on the back

of his hands, he leads in the ruction, of war and destruction, and is ready to meet all demands.

It is a study to see the lowlander trying to be familiar with the mountains. He is like a fish out of water. They overawe him and he steps high and softly when he is among them and leaves them at the first decent opportunity. There is no question but that the mountains get his goat.

For many years the first map makers of the colonies would lay down the Appalachian range and mark the maps, impassable mountains. It was accepted as a fact that the snow never melted on them in the summer time, and that no matter how far an explorer succeeded in clambering over them, still higher mountains presented themselves as barriers to his progress. And they insisted that the country was so broken and uneven it could never be good for anything.

The lowlander today when he comes to the mountains for the first time suffers from a hypersensitive condition and is afflicted with a mild attack of mountain sickness caused by a rarer air than he has been accustomed to. This is not pronounced enough to endanger his health but it does cause a feeling of discomfort and he is inclined to be critical of what he sees. It is the provincialism and the malaria working out, aggravated by the jumbled masses that tower over him. He never realizes that the mountaineers actually prize their mountains and that they despise the dead level of the plains. The mountaineer especially cherishes a noisy stream. He does not like the still waters so highly spoken of in the twenty-third Psalm.

There must be something in common between mountain sickness and sea sickness, for when a man with imagination finds himself upon the vast ocean for the first time and realizes the awe of the mighty deep, he generally tries to throw up his toe nails. And they say that is caused by the pitching of the boat. It is more apt to be the hypersensitive condition of being confronted by nature in an awe-inspiring form.

If it is the pitching of the boat why is it that little children, and aged persons, and the blind do not show the same symptoms? One of the remedies for sea sickness is to blindfold the patient.

Charles Kingsley said: "My first feeling on entering the high woods was helplessness, confusion, awe, all but terror."

Percy Bysshe Shelley said: "I never knew—I never imagined what mountains were before. The immensity of these aurial summits excited, when they suddenly burst upon the sight, a sentiment of ecstatic wonder, not unallied to madness."

And the gentleman from Chicago in the mountains disapproved of the scenery as "ungodly," and the experience of his traveling companion whose stomach departed from him.

It is the intention in this article to relate how Cheat Mountain got the collective goat of an army in war time and changed the history of the country.

A few years ago as the wilderness of Cheat Mountain was being timbered off the workmen would come upon old muskets, sabers, and bayonets lost in these uplands of hell by a lost army of demoralized men who had been sent into those tangled thickets to turn the position of a forti-

fied camp at White's Top. These men suffered peril and privation and no one ever knew how many of them left their bones to whiten in the forest.

At the beginning of the Civil War which was to be ended in ninety days the prophets all thought that it would be fought out in the mountains of West Virginia. When Virginia wrenched loose from the constitution a part of the great corner stone of the Republic adhered to the Union and both north and south rushed armies to hold the fragment.

McClellan swept everything before him for he had railroad transportation into the center of the state, while the Confederates were gathering from the Cotton States and from Virginia by slow marching and wagon trains over the endless mountains. By the middle of the summer McClellan had a large army in Tygarts Valley just below where the Elkwater Creek comes in from the west. Here the valley had narrowed and that army dug one of the biggest trenches and bunkers of the war to hold the road. To keep the fort from being flanked and surprised from behind, another army had made a most elaborate fortified camp at White's Top of Cheat on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. This place also lent itself to easy defense. The road here passes through a gap between two beautiful hills, and the soldiers fortified both sides of it. To capture the forts would require a charge up the steep hillsides, and to pass between them would invite a sudden and complete destruction to an army.

The Confederate forces took all of the Greenbrier Valley, the next valley east of Tygart's Valley. They had armies at Bartow, and at Huntersville (Camp Northwest), and at Marlinton. These troops came from all over the south. They had been rushed there owing to the fact that it soon became apparent that West Virginia west of the great divide was not going to put many troops in the field to aid secession.

And as there was no one in command of the several armies, that is, no commander in chief, enter the great Robert E. Lee, as fine a Virginian gentleman as ever broadened an a. Graduated in 1829 first in his class at West Point. Head of that institution later. A colonel in the army. Resident at Arlington on the Potomac. He resigned from the service of the Union with regret to cast his fortunes with Virginia. He was made major general of Virginia and commander in chief of Virginia's troops in April, 1861, but on the formation of the Confederacy, his rank was fixed as brigadier general and he was ordered to the Greenbrier Valley to take command of the units here. At Camp Northwest, there was General Loring, a North Carolinian, who outranked Lee. At Marlinton Col. Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, was in command.

He was in charge of green troops in the wettest summer that this county ever saw. We had thirteen inches of rain in August this year and seven inches in December with wet weather at other times, and it has been compared to the year 1861 for genuine wetness.

His troops were volunteers and amateurs in the art of war. They were destined to become seasoned troops later in the war but there was a lot of sickness in the camps that summer. Lee made his main camp on the Seneca Trail twenty miles north of Marlinton. All the histories say that he rested on Valley Mountain. That is true in part for that

was the pass that his forefront watched, but his main camp was south of the pass through Middle Mountain, the next mountain south of Valley Mountain, and the signs there today show the greatest amount of work.

The two armies faced each other on the pike for upwards of two months both waiting to give battle.

Speaking about green troops, many years after the war some city men came to this county to hunt and were the guests of one of the leading men of the county at his plantation. The topic of the war came up and something brought to mind the 808th Virginia regiment. One of the city men told a tale: "Headquarters sent an inspector to report on the 808th and 809th regiments. The letter that he got said that headquarters had heard that the 808th and 809th were nothing but bands of organized horse thieves. Investigate and report. The inspector replied that he had looked them over and that the report was not exactly correct. That the 808th was an organized gang of horse thieves, but that the 809th was an unorganized gang of horse thieves."

A glimmer of a smile appeared on the face of one or two in the room but as for the host, fierce he broke forth: "It's a damned lie—I belonged to the 809th!" And it was one of the most embarrassing moments the witty man ever knew.

But there were not many mountain men in the armies. Henry A. Wise of the Horse Pistol, wrote from Bungers Mill, four miles west of Lewisburg, August 1, 1861, that West Virginia was gone so far as the Confederacy was concerned and that the people of the western waters were submitting, debased and subdued in the belief that the Confederacy could never retake the northwestern part of the State, and that he had fallen back from Kanawha not a minute too soon.

The most of the troops who honored this county with their presence that summer were lowlanders from the cotton country and that is why the mountain got them.

Valley Mountain as soon as it crosses the turnpike and commences to tower in the air is called Cheat Mountain and it is as bold a rampart as is to be found in the State. It curves around away from the pass like a horseshoe and the eastern side is Back Allegheny, and the side that looks down on Elkwater and Huttonsville is Cheat. In this horseshoe the main fork of Cheat River heads and by the time it gets to where the Staunton and Parkersburg road crosses it about twenty miles in an air line, it is a considerable stream. Up against the outer rim of the horseshoe the Ohio River heads as the Tygarts Valley River. Lee must have felt that summer that he was biting on granite. Sickness in the camp, and nothing going right. He planned to attack the fortification at Elkwater about the middle of September. The army at Bartow was to cross the wilderness and fall in behind the forces at White's Top on the pike, and while a part of the troops held the army on White's Top, the rest would drop down into Tygarts Valley and march up stream and attack the fortification in the rear, while Lee marched down stream and gave them what-for in their front. Never was a battle better planned and never was one worse executed, but to one who knows what the spruce woods on top of Cheat are like, it is apparent that Lee could

not have known the character of the country, or he would not have required it of them.

Lee had not seen any of the spruce woods. His camps were all in hardwood territory where a man may walk with some degree of comfort and speed. But to take an army in the night time through the jungles of Cheat was an unheard of project. The evergreens are as thick as wheat in a field. There are great patches of laurel a bear could hardly penetrate. The dense growth of something like a hundred thousand board feet to the acre means that the ground is covered with decaying trunks. There are plants there that are called hobblerod that make a passage painful and difficult. And there are windfalls that cannot be negotiated in the night time.

And realizing that the pike was sealed, the orders were on the night of September 13, to climb the mountain and parallel the pike on both sides and silently pass over the mountains and fall in behind the enemy at White's Top.

You will remember that after topping Back Allegheny Mountain it is some miles across a boggy, swampy country, so covered with fir that the sun could hardly light it in the daytime, and once across that, Cheat Mountain was to be climbed.

To add to the horrors of those southern boys from a warm climate, the first snow of the winter began to fall that night and when the men got into that dank morass through which Cheat River winds its murky way, they scattered. All sense of direction was lost and the soldiers were cold and freezing, lost and bewildered. Few shots were exchanged with the enemy. It is to be supposed that a few of the soldiers would drift out that way but as it was uphill, not very many. Under circumstances like this men throw away their arms and engage in a mad scramble to get somewhere, or else sit down under a tree and stay there until they die.

Of course, the greater number found their way back to camp or to the Valley Mountain camp, but it was days before the army was in shape to present a warlike front. The attack of September 14 had failed because the mountains took a hand in the business and it was destined that these troops should not make a battle field out of the smiling meadows near the Elkwater.

To give you some idea of how dense the growth may be in Cheat, sometime ago a party of us in that difficult country came on a growth of young fir trees covering a great acreage that we estimated to grow forty-five thousand trees to the acre. The top of this forest looks as closely woven as carpet.

Loring had charge of this flanking movement. Putting one and one together, we find that the army was lost in the wilderness on the night of the 13th of September, and that on the next day Lee sent down from his Valley Mountain camp a reconnoitering party under the command of Maj. John A. Washington and that this party approaching the Federal breastworks were fired upon and Major Washington was killed. There can be little doubt but that Lee sent that party down the valley to ascertain, if he could, whether the army had got across Cheat, and was in the valley north of and below the Elkwater fort.

In the meantime Lee was bedeviled with the troubles of two contending rivals, those roosters, General Floyd and General Wise who were quarreling in the Kanawha Valley as to which was in supreme command, both calling on Lee to support their contentions, as Lee was the highest officer of Virginia, though only a brigadier general of the Confederacy. What is a surprise to most people is to hear that Gen. Robert E. Lee did not become commander-in-chief of all the Confederate forces until 1865, just before the war closed.

Lee evidently decided not to attack the strongly fortified Federals at either of their impregnable forts. Anyway there was no more fighting that year on the Randolph and Pocahontas line near Mingo Flats nor yet at White's Top.

After that Lee evidently decided to remain on the defensive. And the Federals had been on the defensive the whole time.

Now here is a bit of history that will not be found in any of the books or dispatches, but I got it from eye-witnesses, most reliable men, and while it was still fresh in their minds. I taught a school at Big Spring on the site of Lee's encampment. The old men told me that the wet summer of 1861 terminated in one of the biggest rains that ever fell in these mountains producing one of the greatest flood ever known in these streams, and that the big rain of all rains culminated in a downpour that lasted all night, and that by daylight next morning, both armies, Federal and Confederate, had broken camp in the night and the tempest, and that both were in headlong retreat. The Confederates fled south up the Old Field Fork of Elk and cut a timber barricade at Crooked Fork at the foot of Elk Mountain. I have seen this barricade myself. The Federal forces retreated down Tygarts River, and it was the case with both armies that a number of men were drowned in the fordings of the creeks.

The Union forces turned east at Huttonsville and marched towards Staunton and fought the battle of Greenbrier, the battle of the Top of Allegheny, the battle of Monterey, and the Battle of McDowell, all on the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike. Stonewall Jackson turned them at McDowell and they went by Franklin.

Lee having extricated his army went to Richmond, and soon after that he was sent to take charge of the coast defenses of South Carolina and Georgia and he spent the first winter of the war in the far South.

The passway on top of Valley Mountain is the southeastern corner of the district of West Augusta, and when the troops in the night time reached the summit of Back Allegheny Mountain looking down on the Greenbrier River they crossed over the eastern line of West Augusta, and that dreadful night they passed in the spruce woods was on West Augusta territory.

I can find no evidence of Lee having gone into southern West Virginia that fall. Wise and Floyd fought it out down there with more or less success but their armies marched east across the mountains before winter. And to the north the Confederates fell back to the top of the Allegheny practically evacuating all of the western waters at the end of the first year's campaign.

Last summer the new highway over Middle Mountain and Valley

Mountain was being graded as Route 24, or Seneca Trail, and at one place the excavation uncovered a great army dump pile in which all sorts of war trophies were to be found ranging from muskets to parts of cannon. This was left by Lee's first command in the civil war.

The only luck that the Federal forces had in 1861 was in West Virginia, and I will always believe that the mountains won that for them.

Ambrose Bierce was a Union soldier in camp at White's Top, at the time of the movement on September 14. He was a seasoned trooper, having served his first three months and beginning on his second enlistment. He does not know that an attack was made or contemplated.

He says: "It was a strange country. Nine in ten of us had never seen a mountain, nor a hill, as high as a church spire, until we had crossed the Ohio River. In power upon the emotions nothing, I think, is comparable to a first sight of mountains. To a member of a plains tribe, born and reared on the flats of Ohio or Indiana, a mountain region was a perpetual miracle. Space seemed to have taken on a new dimension; areas to have not only length and breadth, but thickness. Modern literature is full of evidence that our great grandfathers looked upon mountains with aversion and horrors."

He was speaking of the time that he guarded a pass on the summit of Cheat Mountain through which no one wanted to go, and on a road that led from nowhere to the southeast.

As for Robert E. Lee when he found his summer's work reduced to nothing by this great mishap of the jungle, he was inclined to believe the report that the mountaineer guide had misled his troops and lost them in the fen, and for a time it looked like he was about ready to hang a certain young Pocahontas County man who had undertaken to guide the army. But Lee must have found out that he had been at fault himself in ordering his men to penetrate the Cheat Bottom in the night time, for nobody was executed and the guide lived to be an old man and a respected citizen of this county.

CHAPTER XIII

Battle of Elkwater. When General R. E. Lee gave up the northwestern part of Virginia as a bad job.

The battle of Elkwater was the Civil War battle that was never fought. There was some slaughter but both sides drew back without going on with the great conflict that was staged. Both sides were on the defensive. The Federal forces were dug in in Tygarts Valley, Randolph County, below the mouth of the considerable creek called Elkwater, for the purpose of holding the Confederates from marching into the northwestern part of West Virginia, and the Confederates were entrenched on Middle Mountain to hold the Federal army from marching through Marlinton, Huntersville, and Warm Springs, and taking possession of the Virginia Central Railroad at Millboro. That is the reason that both armies were

content to face each other for eight weeks during the summer months of 1861.

Robert E. Lee to the end of the war shone more as a dfeensive strategist than he did in his offensive movements. In this he was the antithesis of Stonewall Jackson, who came down on them like a wolf on the fold. Note Lee's failure in the Gettysburg campaign.

The Federal forces were flushed with the victories of Philippi, Rich Mountain and Carrick's Ford. McClellan had won these and it made him commander-in-chief, so he went to Washington to take charge of the far-flung battle lines, and left General Reynolds to make a fortified camp at Elkwater, while General Rosecrans marched on to Kanawha.

The road from Marlinton to Elkwater, now called the Seneca Trail is almost due north and south. From Marlinton it is more or less up hill for seven miles until it tops Elk Mountain. Then it descends a short distance to the upper waters of Elk River and follows the Old Field Fork down for about nine miles to the forks, crossing Slaty Fork near its mouth; there to the Big Spring of Elk Fork. The pike follows this stream to the post office Linwood, four miles, and then continues north ascending Middle Mountain two miles, then across a head of a hollow about a mile to the top of Valley Mountain, the line between Randolph County and Pocahontas County, and thence about ten miles to the Elkwater fort. It was an important pike at the beginning of the Civil War, being one of the Commonwealth's highways, under the internal improvement schemes that Virginia had engaged in so heavily for thirty-odd years immediately prior to the war.

The country is, and was at that time nearly all cleared and the road lined with fine farms between Marlinton and Elkwater.

The Union army had won signal victories in Randolph and Tucker counties July 11, 12 and 13, 1861, and the news had just time to spread over the nation for a general rejoicing, when on July 21st, the Confederates won a big battle at Bull Run and convinced the North that there was serious trouble ahead.

McClellan was ordered to leave some one in command in the mountains and get the war going again.

He arranged to hold the Confederates back. The immense size of the ditch and bank at Elkwater is still to be noticed. So it is not surprising to find an order to the effect that this was to be an extra big barrier, as well as the one on Cheat Mountain. That is evidence enough that the Federals did not propose to advance any farther into the enemy's country that summer but would hold what they had won in the northern part of West Virginia and concentrate on driving Wise and Floyd out of the Kanawha Valley.

Reynolds made the fort at Elkwater, and Kimball of the Fourteenth Indiana Regiment, made the one at Cheat Summit generally referred to as White Top, where a man by the name of White lived. The Cheat Summit camp was on the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike and this road ran southeast from Huttonsville, gradually leaving the pike from that place to Marlinton. Cheat Summit is almost due east from Elkwater where the camp was and a trail led down the mountain making a short cut seven miles long between the two places. The wagon roads

around by Huttonsville between the camps covered a distance of eighteen miles.

These camps were formed on or about the 13th or 14th of July. The first troops of the Confederates to arrive at Middle Mountain were the Bath Cavalry on July 28th, followed by Col. Stephen Lee, with the Sixth North Carolina Regiment. The plan of fortifying Valley Mountain and Middle Mountain was the result of a report made by William Skeen, an attorney of Huntersville, who furnished a map of the country, and who pointed out that the Virginia Central Railway was exposed to an attack at Millboro as much as it was at Staunton, and that the distance by turnpike was much less than to Staunton.

In the meantime troops had been pouring into Staunton from all over the South and had been routed by way of Monterey on the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike. The information furnished by Skeen was seized upon immediately by Robert E. Lee at Richmond, and he had a good deal of trouble getting the officers at Staunton to cease to send troops by Monterey and to detrain them at Millboro. His preemptory orders finally resulted in long columns of men being marched by the southern route by Warm Springs, Huntersville, Marlinton and Edray. William Skeen was a prominent man in the history of Pocahontas County. He had been clerk of the courts before the war, and then practiced law. He was noted for his fine penmanship and his flights of oratory. The Commonwealth was referred to by him as the "virgin daughter of a virgin queen," and he was fighting for the idea of states' rights.

These troops gathered at Monterey, Bartow, Huntersville, and Marlinton, were called the Northwestern Army, and General Loring was placed in command of this army by an order from General Lee dated July 20th. This was the officer who had outranked Robert E. Lee but who took his orders from Lee. But it was not long until Lee himself came to the mountains and took over the command. He arrived at Valley Mountain August 8th, and from that time to September 14th, that was Headquarters of the Forces, that title traveling with Lee from Richmond to the Big Spring.

Here is a list of the headquarters in West Virginia during the wet summer of 1861. Lee was at Valley Mountain from August 8 to August 15; at Meadow Bluff on September 24; and at Sewell Mountain on October 20. During 1861, all of Robert E. Lee's activities in camp were confined to West Virginia, the rest of the time being spent at Richmond.

At Clarksburg was another West Virginia lawyer who was willing to advise the war department from the Federal side. John S. Carlile on August 15, 1861, wrote to Simeon Cameron, Secretary of War, for God's sake to send more troops and a general to command them or they would be whipped in ten days; that four Confederate armies were marching on the northwest by Mingo Flats, and that the Mingo Flats road was not guarded. Here was the original Godsaker about whom we heard so much in the World War. He was mistaken about the Mingo Flats road not being guarded for the Elkwater fort was there for that very purpose.

And about this time another defender was brought to light. It was a bushwhacker. By a letter dated July 19, 1861, Gen. H. R. Jackson

wrote to headquarters that he had recruited home guards to the number of one hundred and eighty men, and that as all of them had corn to work, he had agreed that if they left eighty of their best riflemen, the rest might return to their crops. These eighty riflemen were familiar with the country and were to "annoy the enemy from the hills and bushes."

So the mountain armies filled the passes and watched each other during the weeks of August and the first part of September. In the Federal camp at Elkwater were two companies from Indiana who were in gray uniform and these men mingled with the Confederates in their big camp at Valley Mountain. On Sunday the 8th of September a scouting party got as far as Mingo from the Elkwater and had a skirmish at four o'clock in the morning of the 9th in which they reported having killed fifteen secessionists and wounded as many more. And they learned that a general advance was to take place that day and they fell back with the news. And it is now seen that Lee made a general order to advance dated September 9.

There is in this series a chapter telling of the way the Confederate forces got lost in the Cheat River jungles about Cheat Bridge and thereby prevented Lee from having a pitched battle at Elkwater. These troops were from the army at Bartow and they were to pass through the laurel and the hobblerod in the night time to the south of the camp at Cheat Summit and after much suffering and many hardships they came straggling back, defeated, weary and discouraged. In studying the evidence that is left of the Elkwater affair, I have found out something more about that lost legion. They attempted to go through the wilderness on the night of the 11th of September. None of the pickets or sentinels of the Federal camp on the mountain knew that any such movement was taking place. This is conclusive that they did not top the mountain on the pike. And early in the morning there were parts of three regiments that had passed by the camp and gotten to the pike in the rear, for early that morning, the 12th, three army wagons started from Cheat Summit for supplies, and they rolled into the Confederate army about a mile west of the encampment and were captured. The number of Confederate soldiers on the pike west and in the rear were estimated by the Federal officers to be twenty-five hundred men. They took the horses and men and disappeared in thick forest.

From this time on the skirmishing in the big forests of Cheat assumed the character of Indian fighting. Later in the day a company of Indiana troops caught sight of some Confederates four miles west of the camp at the summit and had a battle with them, the Federal troops remaining in the road and the Confederates disappearing in the timber.

It now appears that these Indiana troops had been camped in the dense spruce for full two months and the active young soldiers had nothing better to do than to become thoroughly acquainted with the wonders of such a wilderness. Few of them had ever seen a mountain or a forest of any great extent before. They had roamed in the mountains hunting and fishing and having as good a time as they could under the circumstances, and in the battle in the woods they had the soldiers who had come from Arkansas and other Southern States at a great dis-

advantage. The object of the Confederate flanking movement was to get in behind the Summit camp and take another place which was a small camp and supply point known as Cheat Mountain Pass ten miles west of the summit at the northern base of Cheat Mountain, and the skirmish in the afternoon of the 12th, interfered with this movement.

On the 12th the big army on Valley Mountain moved forward. About half way between the Valley Mountain camp and Elkwater fort, is the town of Valley Head. This is the point that the Webster County road, the Point Mountain pike joins the Seneca Trail and the Federal forces had been maintaining an advance guard at that point.

The Confederate army at this point was about nine thousand strong, and after a battle at the forks of the road at Valley Head, the Federals fell back and the Confederates did not advance. Along the road that follows the river bottom the land was cleared, but between that strip of settled country and the great Cheat Mountain there is a great stretch of broken wooded country through which many streams flow down from Cheat Mountain to the Valley River. Some of these are small runs and others are considerable creeks. At Valley Head, Lee sent three regiments north along the base of Cheat Mountain through the woods to join the flanking army that was to cross from Bartow. These regiments marched all day and came to the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike to the west of the Summit and cut the telegraph wire between the two Federal camps, and effected a junction with part of the Bartow troops.

General Reynolds found by nightfall on the 12th, that he was in a precarious position. Both roads to the Summit camp were in possession of the enemy. The wagon train had been captured, and his own wagon train loaded with supplies for the Summit camp and which were badly needed, had no chance to get through.

So about three in the morning of Friday, the thirteenth, he sent one army to open up the wagon road, and another army to open the bridle path.

As a matter of fact, it would appear that the Confederates had about fifty-five hundred men in the woods around Cheat Summit and that they were literally scattered all over a rugged country like a band of sheep that had lost their shepherd. It was the second night in bad weather and there was no way to form a cohesive force out of them. In the meantime those Indiana boys who had been loafing there all summer and probably knew every trout up there by its given name, were ready to harry the strangers out of there, and at break of day on Friday, the thirteenth, they commenced to hunt the Confederates. About this time some Confederates appeared on the pike about a mile east of the summit and surrounded a picket post and a lieutenant and a private of the Federals were killed.

Learning that a whip chase was under way to the west and that the Confederates were working out towards the Greenbrier River, with the Indiana boys driving them, the commander at the Summit sent some companies of soldiers east over the pike and had them line Cheat River above the bridge, and a battle was fought on that river about two miles above that bridge at a point near where the Cheat Mountain Clubhouse now stands.

The Confederate reports are missing as to this encounter, but the Federal reports are very positive. They are sure that all the regiments, both from Valley Mountain and from Camp Bartow had been rounded up and were being driven toward the Greenbrier, and that when they were stopped by three hundred men at some point on the river near the clubhouse, the Confederates numbered fifty-five hundred men. These men were driven back in to the wilderness and it was not until about ten o'clock that night that they got back to Camp Bartow. Kimball says that the result of the panic in the Confederate ranks was that the woods were literally covered with the baggage, coats, haversacks, and other articles abandoned by the enemy.

Now if this is true, it is not to be wondered that Lee looked in vain for his proud regiments to come stepping up the broad fields of Tygart's Valley, with flags flying and drums beating to take the Federals in the rear, while he marched his victorious legions down the valley to storm the Federal works and take West Virginia into the Confederacy.

It is no wonder that Col. John A. Washington rode down by the mouth of Elkwater with a squad of men to get around the bend so that he could see the Confederate columns advancing up the river to support the attack. And that not seeing such an army that he should have ventured nearer and nearer the fortification so that the could make a thorough search, until so close that he was shot and killed.

Col. Rust was ordered out of Cheat Mountain with his command to get to Bartow as soon as he could and send a dispatch to General Loring by the "near way," Loring was no doubt that day at Valley Mountain. "Get Mr. Arbogast to take the dispatch, if possible." Probably J. H. Arbogast, whose plantation was on the site of the town of Durbin. He is described as the postmaster.

In the meantime on Friday, the thirteenth, Lee's army edged down the stream from Valley Head to a point as low down as the mouth of Elkwater some miles above the Elkwater fort. They did not give battle, waiting no doubt for the flanking army that never came, but the Federals had a rifled gun that shot a ten-pound ball that they ran out about three-quarters of a mile, and fired a few rounds at the Confederates who withdrew a short distance. That Confederate army lay about the mouth of Elkwater Creek all day on the 13th and on the 14th they were still there. Reynolds said that on the 14th another Confederate force was chased by the Summit camp. And that on the 15th there was another Confederate army on top of Cheat, on the pike, that was driven back.

Anyway in the afternoon of the 14th the Confederates went back to their camp on Valley Mountain and Middle Mountain. So Lee's orders to advance dated September 9, 1861, were in force until September 14, when Lee called them back and said good-by.

Lee went down to the Kanawha Valley to see what Wise and Floyd were fussing with each other about. They point out the tree on the Midland Trail where he camped. The first day's travel from Valley Mountain set him thirty-three miles on his way, and he made camp under an oak tree on Stamping Creek just above Mill Point, on Richard McNeel's farm. Mrs. Mary McNeel, now aged ninety-six years, the lady of the manor was a Southern sympathizer. She prepared a fine

breakfast and sent it to the general and he refused to eat it. He evidently was not going to risk any strange cooking in a land that appeared to be hostile to secession. As they put it baldly at the time, he was apprehensive of being poisoned.

CHAPTER XIV

Carrick's Ford. An Address Prepared for the Celebration There. To Which is Added some New History about Rich Mountain.

We are met here today to commemorate an incident of the most heroic and stirring events in the history of the world. Owing to the fact that in the year 1861 the State of Virginia was rent in twain by the passions and prejudices of its people, the chain of events leading up to the action on the part of the mountaineers has been a difficult subject to deal with for the reason that neighbors and families were divided upon the issue. Father against son, and brother against brother—and these matters in difference were carried even to the extreme limits of life.

But time cures all things, and I believe that the time has come when it is possible to interpret the action of those splendid times in such a way that it will not only redound to the glory of the victor, but also to the courage and high romance of his noble adversary.

I feel that it is incumbent upon us, who espoused the Confederate cause and who suffered the adverse decision of an all-wise Providence, to be the first and the frankest to admit that we were wrong. It comes with more graciousness from us who were bound to submit that any other result would have meant the end of the United States and a long farewell to all our glory.

We Confederates fought long and well, and we regard with affection and esteem the tender grace of a day that is dead that can never come back to us.

To the student of the history of the men of the mist, the mountaineers, it becomes more and more apparent that in every great crisis in American history the men of these endless mountains are to be relied upon to save the country from dissolution. Bred into super-men by the fierce thirty years' warfare with the aborigines in the winning of the West, we find in 1774 the mountain men asserting their independence and putting an independent army in the field to win the first battle of the Revolutionary War at Point Pleasant. In the years that followed the Minute Men from Valley Forge to King's Mountain were the main reliance for the success of the American arms, and it was companies of mountain men that drove Cornwallis to the sea and forced him to surrender.

But above and over all was the action of the northwestern counties in 1861 that reorganized the government of Virginia and nullified the act of secession at Richmond on April 17, 1861. It will be remembered that when the greatest Civil War ever known in the history of the world

broke out in the United States that the first movement on the part of the troops of the North and on the part of the troops of the South converged upon the mountain counties of the western waters of Virginia and within a few weeks after the action at Richmond these counties were as completely overrun and invested by the opposing armies as was Belgium in the late great World War. A part of that movement of troops was the battle of Carrick's Ford which we are met to commemorate today. The first troops to reach the northwest were two companies from Highland County, Virginia, marched thither in such great haste that there was not a gun or other weapon of offense amongst them. Each man bore a tin cup which constituted his sole uniform and accoutrement. They reported to Grafton where Colonel Porterfield, a diplomatic Virginia officer, had preceded them upon the mission to induce the local companies of militia to remain true to the falling fortunes of Virginia. Colonel Porterfield wrote home that it was as though he were in a foreign country, so fruitless had been his mission to enlist soldiers for the Confederacy.

In the meantime, General McClellan, lying on the borders of Ohio, was ordered to invest West Virginia with Federal troops and then followed the hurry and mad haste on the part of both armies to possess these mountain counties. General McClellan poured his troops into Grafton over the B. & O. Railway from Parkersburg and Wheeling and the handful of Confederate troops retired before his advance guard by a matter of minutes only, and rested at Philippi.

In the meantime the Confederate forces, without waiting for a vote on the ordinance of secession, bitterly disappointed by the failure of the mountain counties to respond favorably to the secession movement, rushed every available company across the mountains on foot, on horseback and by wagon train, and in a few days had considerable armies at three points on the western waters—that is to say, at Camp Northwest near Huntersville, at Marlinton, and at Beverly.

The leaders in the Northwest, having been sent back from Richmond overwhelmed and defeated, had been busy calling a convention to meet in Wheeling on May 13, 1861, to offset the result of the Secession Convention of April 17th. And while the armies were gathering by every road that point to the height of land, the place where the waters head, this Wheeling Convention was groping its way through the devious roads of parliamentary procedure to depose Governor Letcher, the Governor of Virginia, who had gone Confederate, and to set up in his place an able Fairmont lawyer by the name of Pierpoint to reign in his stead, thereby creating a dual government of the State of Virginia that was to endure for the four long weary years of the war. It took Pierpoint four years to reach the Governor's Mansion in Richmond, but, by the grace of God and the unfaltering support of Abraham Lincoln, he did eventually reach the banks of the James River. The formation of the new State of West Virginia was to be a part of the decrees of Providence and was perhaps the only logical solution of the quandary that Virginia found herself in when she went adrift and was wrecked by the storm and the conflict between the Cottom States, drunk with power and pride, and the loyalty that she owed to the Union she had created.

In the Secession Convention the delegate district composed of Randolph and Tucker was represented by Jonathan N. Hughes, who had voted for secession and who had come home from that convention to find a solemn and a very much divided constituency. It is said that he had gone to Richmond as a Union man and that he had changed his sentiments during the long weary months devoted to practicing upon the minds of Union men to change them to be supporters of the Cotton States' bolt for freedom. Mr. Hughes did not survive his return home many weeks. By a strange act of circumstances he became one of the first victim of the war. At the battle of Rich Mountain he was riding horseback along the road in citizens' clothing. It is supposed that the sudden appearance of a troop of cavalry confused him. He rode rapidly towards them, crying out for Lincoln and was shot dead, receiving seventeen balls in his body.

Randolph and Tucker appear to have had no representatives at Wheeling in the May Convention, but upon the assembling of the Convention of June 11, 1861, at which time Pierpoint was made governor, the district had as its representative Solomon Parsons, and at the third convention which met in Wheeling, November 26, 1861, to frame the constitution of the new State of West Virginia, James W. Parsons appeared for Tucker County. It should be noted, too, that at the June Convention Samuel Crane was also admitted as a delegate from Tucker County, who served with Solomon Parsons.

It will be observed that the month of May, 1861, was a most trying and eventful period for the harassed people of the mountains. Greater armies than had ever been known to our people filled every road and avenue while the thinkers of the mountains, such men as Daniel Lamb, A. W. Campbell, Chester D. Hubbard, J. D. Nichols, Campbell Tarr, Daniel Polsley, George R. Latham, James W. Paxton and other leaders, most earnestly sought a way to extricate Virginia from the curse that had come upon her. Some said one thing and some said another, and the solution did not come like a flash of light, but was rather evolved in long and painful conferences extending over many days and nights. We know now that the plan that worked so well was to treat the elective offices of Virginia as vacant on account of Letcher's adherence, with all his train to the Confederate States of America, and to set up a provisional government by the election of Pierpoint as Governor. The Pierpoint government having been recognized in Washington by the Federal government by the seating of the Senators and Congressmen, enabled the provisional government to agree to the formation of the new State of West Virginia which resulted in the rending of the State both as a war measure and a logical result of the secession of Virginia.

The credit for the idea and the thread of thought that led to this mementous result belong to John D. Nichols, a young lawyer of Wellsburg, who voiced the idea in a conference one evening with some of the older delegates and from that time the way was made plain before the conventions without variableness, nor shadow of turning.

About this time, on the twenty-second day of May, 1861, the first man was killed in the Civil War. T. Bailey Brown, a member of Capt. Daniel Wilson's company, was returning with Captain Wilson from Prunty-

town where they had organized a Union Company. As they came to the eastern end of Grafton, they were halted by a Confederate picket by the name of W. S. Knight. Brown fired at the picket, clipping a piece out of his ear, and Knight returned the fire with a smooth-bore musket, loaded with slugs, killing Brown instantly.

Before daylight on the morning of June 3rd the armies clashed at Philippi and the Confederates withdrew in great haste to Beverly. McClellan moved slowly up Tygart's Valley, having at his command some twenty thousand troops, nearly all from Ohio and Pennsylvania.

On the Confederate side Staunton, Augusta County, had been made a depot of supplies and from all over the South regiment after regiment detrained at Staunton and marched west and northwest over the Harrisonburg and Warm Springs Turnpike and the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. These troops were accompanied by interminable wagon trains and the people of the mountains in that summer of 1861 were presented with a spectacle of all the glory and gallantry of war. Money became exceedingly plentiful and the Confederate States appeared to be carrying all before them. As a matter of fact the only failure from which the Confederate States suffered during the first year of the war was the repulse in West Virginia. The scene at Beverly by July was that of an all-powerful army in camp. Colonel Porterfield, the urbane diplomat to West Virginia, had been called home and Gen. W. H. Garnett had been placed in charge of the advance army in the Northwest at Beverly. He had under him the flower and the chivalry of the South. General Garnett was a West Pointer and a noted acquisition to the Southern armies. His encampment at Beverly at the junction of the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and the Beverly and Philippi Turnpike blocked the advance of General McClellan's army. But Garnett decided that he should fortify the two roads in the rugged pass where the Tygarts Valley River breaks through and forms the gorge separating Rich Mountain from Laurel Hill. The latter day tourist is still presented at Beverly with his choice of the two roads into the Northwest. He can either climb Rich Mountain on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, or he can go the broader and smoother State highway by the way of Elkins, Belington, Philippi and Grafton.

Garnett decided to fortify the Buckhannon road on the brow of the mountain overlooking its western declivity. In this he made a fatal error. He seems to have ignored the long flat top of Rich Mountain which invited a flank movement. He should have fortified the eastern top where the battle was actually fought. On the other road Garnett took about six thousand troops and went with them himself to fortify the road on Laurel Hill between Elkins and Belington. Pegram was placed in charge of the Rich Mountain blockade. Colonel Scott was left in charge of the base of supplies at Beverly with one large regiment and other companies and wagon trains coming in daily. It would appear that Garnett had detached himself both on the Rich Mountain road and on the Belington road from his base of supplies.

McClellan with his much larger army, was scattered across the valley from Buckhannon to Webster and seemed to be on the point of playing Garnett's game and storming the fortifications. But on the evening of

the tenth of July a young man by the name of Hart, whose home was on the crest of Rich Mountain, agreed to lead a detachment around the mountain to fall in behind Pegram and in this way the plans of battle were worked out in a way different from that expected by Garnett. Pegram was not wholly surprised. A messenger had fallen into the hands of the Confederates and they were advised of the flanking movement. Perhaps it would have been better if he had been surprised. He rushed three hundred men back to the east brow of Rich Mountain and there met and fought the Federal troops and was defeated. The cannon roared over the mountains there all the afternoon and it seems to have brought consternation to every division of the Confederate forces. Presently came a rain and a stormy night and Pegram withdrew from his position and marched down into the rough canyon of the Tygart's Valley River and up the river to about where Elkins now is, and finding himself without provisions and no chance to get any, sent in his surrender papers.

The battle at Rich Mountain was so sudden and unexpected that there seems to have been no chance to send a courier to Colonel Scott, who lay with such a rich base at Beverly. The Colonel and his staff listened for hours to the cannonading on Rich Mountain, undecided whether to retreat or advance. He finally called for a volunteer to carry a flag of truce to Rich Mountain to obtain some word, and for this service my father, the late Rev. Dr. William T. Price, offered. His offer was not accepted and pretty soon Colonel Scott and the supplies were on their way east.

Garnett abandoned his fort on Laurel Hill on the night of the eleventh, being pursued by McClellan's forces. Learning that Beverly was in possession of Union forces, he turned to the northeast, hoping to escape into the valley of Virginia by Cheat River. Morris' troops overtook the Confederates about noon on July 13, 1861, and followed them for two hours skirmishing all the way until Carrick's Ford was reached, where a pitched battle ensued in which General Garnett and a number of his command were slain.

The result of these operations left the Union forces in full control of West Virginia's western flowing waters in the northwest with the exception of Greenbrier River.

McClellan fortified at Elkwater near the head of the Ohio River and the Confederates were gradually driven back by force and pressure to Staunton within about a year from the time that they had sent their proud armies forth from that place. The retreat was marked by the battle of Greenbrier, the battle of the Top of Allegheny, and the battle of McDowell, all Confederate victories, but all losing victories.

And this is a short story of how the wisdom of the elder statesman and the firing of the younger soldiers in the year 1861 brought forth that great State of West Virginia, the child of the storm.

And on that day no loving arms
Reached forth the newborn child to take,
'Mid cannons' roar, and war's alarms,
Did West Virginia's soul awake;

Behold her face is stern and wild.
The beetling crag, the darkling fen,
Mark deep her mien, the war-born child,
Grim mothers of hard mountain men;
We hail the day, we pledge anew
Our hearts, our hands, our lives to you.

The first year of the Civil War the Confederates assembled a considerable army at Beverly in a short time and from there awaited the coming of the Federal troops under McClellan. Garnett was the general in charge of the Confederates and the middle of July found Garnett shot to death by exposing himself upon the firing line, and his clans scattered in flight or captured.

One of the Virginia regiments under Col. William C. Scott played a part in the debacle of Rich Mountain, Laurel Hill, and Carrick's Ford, and I never could make head or tail of the doings of that regiment until lately when I came upon some indications in the records that throw considerable light upon the mental confusion and anguish of that officer.

He was from down east somewhere and he was elected colonel of the 44th Virginia Infantry. He was either from Cumberland or Powhatan county, as he represented that district in the secession convention at Richmond, in 1861.

The battle of Rich Mountain was fought on the 11th day of July. The 44th left Staunton for Beverly on the 5th day of July and arrived in Beverly the evening of the 10th, the day before the battle, and encamped there that night. Garnett was with the main part of the army at Laurel Hill, the big mountain between Elkins and Belington. He had posted Pegram with a large force on the west brow of Rich Mountain, eight miles from Beverly on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, between Beverly and Buckhannon. There was a command at Leadsville church, in the neighborhood of the place where the city of Elkins stands now.

The Federals had some twenty thousand troops on the two roads and a battle was expected hourly. The main force of the Federals was on the Buckhannon road in front of Pegram's hastily erected fortifications. Between Pegram and Garnett was the canyon through which the Tygarts Valley River forces a turbulent passage. It is a very deep and wild and rugged gorge.

Most of the wagons and supplies were left at Beverly as a convenient base for the Confederate forces.

Scott's 44th was on the loose, so to speak, his arrival being more or less unexpected, and like all the troops on both sides he was in command of amateurs in the art and science of war.

There has been so much said of Scott's maneuvers at this time that I have been at considerable pains to ferret out as near as possible the truth of the reports. One reason that I was so much interested was that my father, a chaplain, was with Scott on that occasion and by staying with him escaped capture and injury and was extricated from a very perilous position, in which so many green soldiers were killed,

wounded or captured. I never heard my father say much about the retreat from Beverly.

One favorite lie in regard to the gallant 44th was that Scott had cut such a big timber barricade across the pike between Beverly and Laurel Hill that Garnett could not withdraw his troops in the direction of Beverly but was forced to march through Tucker County to meet defeat, disaster, and death at Carrick's Ford. There could be nothing farther from the truth than this for Scott had not been anywhere on that road to cut a barricade and all the defense that he needs on that charge is his perfect alibi.

At Beverly, Scott received an order from Garnett to join him with his regiment at his fort on Laurel Hill, and early that morning he had gotten his weary and footsore troops together and had marched them about two miles towards Elkins, when he was overtaken by a courier with a dispatch from Pegram, who was on the other road on top of Rich Mountain. Pegram asked him to disregard the orders to march to Laurel Hill and to return by way of Beverly and take a position a mile and a half from Beverly on the Buckhannon road, at a place where a county road came in from the north and joined the pike. The reason for this was that Pegram who was guarding the pike had found out that at a point west of his fortification an old road or path branched off on the north side of the pike, dipped down across the Roaring Creek Valley, and climbed Rich Mountain and passed through a gap north of the pass that Pegram was holding, and swung south and joined the county road that led to the pike at the place that Scott was to place his regiment. Pegram had heard that a large force of Federals were already marching on that old road to pass on his right, and Scott's was the only force that could reach the place in time to be of any service. It was apparent that if the Federals took Beverly all the Confederate forces would be cut off from their supplies. Torn from their base, so to speak.

Scott did not hesitate. He about-faced and marched his army back and held the mouth of the county road.

Later in the day, Pegram discovered his error, for the Federals marched around him on his left, and some three hundred of Pegram's men with one cannon hastily detached from the Pegram fort engaged them at the eastern summit and there is where one of the decisive battles of the war was fought, a battle that was discussed and debated to the ends of the world, for right there is where the Union won the war by retaining the territory that was afterwards to be West Virginia.

Pegram was in dreadful straits. His three hundred men held the field for hours against five thousand. Every man belonging to Garnett was in sound of the guns, but none knew that it was not an attack on Pegram's fort except those in that fort. In the light of other days it has become the great unexplained mystery why Pegram did not reinforce his heroes that day.

The noise of the battle was heard by Scott and his troops, but they could not know that it was a battle half way between him and Pegram, and there has never been a time since Casabianca stood on the burning deck when such a distressing alternative was put to a soldier. Scott could not leave the road unguarded. Pegram had not said that the

enemy might come that roundabout way. He had said that they were then moving on that road, and Garnett had endorsed and supplemented Pegram's order, and so he was held by express orders at the foot of a mountain while the cannon roared at the top of that mountain.

When Scott, the night before had arrived at Beverly, he found a very near and dear friend living there. Hon. John N. Hughes the delegate to the convention from the district composed of Randolph and Tucker counties. The two men had served during the long strenuous sessions of the conventions that had voted at Richmond for secession.

Hughes had been sent there as a Union man by an overwhelming vote. At Richmond he had roomed with two strong Union members, Hon. John S. Burdette, the member from Taylor County, and Hon. James Burley, of Marshall. The three were great friends and agreed to stay in the Union for many weeks, until Hughes came to the room one day and announced that he had decided to vote for secession. Then there was a great quarrel. Burdette and Hughes were about to have a fist fight there and then, but Burley prevented them from coming to blows. But before they parted they put a curse upon him, a good old political curse, that he would never prosper either in this world nor in the world to come, and the three inseparables parted in anger. Hughes voted for secession between the vote of James P. Holcombe, of Albermarle, and Eppa Hutton, of Prince William. And Burley and Burdette voted together against secession between the votes of William G. Brown, of Preston, and Benjamin W. Byrne, of Braxton, Nicholas and Clay.

The two convention members, Hughes and Scott, were delighted to be together again and Hughes went with the colonel and his regiment. These two statesmen had voted for secession a few weeks before, having been convinced by a season of false reasoning that it was the only way to prevent war, relying on a fixed idea that the seceding sisters would be allowed to depart in peace. And here they were in the mountains facing an overwhelming army of Federals who refused to accept their interpretation of the constitution.

A new song had run through the South since they had parted at Richmond. It started off strong. It said that the despot's heel was on our shore, his torch was at our temple door. And here was the despot's heel on Rich Mountain. The song was called "Maryland, my Maryland" and we still beller forth its martial strains. They made up a song here the other day on it, called "Marlinton, my Marlinton." It may be of some historical interest to know who was the gentleman designated as a despot and fixed to burn a church. It was no other than Col. Edward F. Jones, of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, marching through Baltimore, April 19, 1861, where they were attacked by rioters and three soldiers killed and many wounded. The mayor of Baltimore marched with the regiment to protect them and begged the soldiers not to fire, but before the mayor left them he was compelled to grab a gun himself and kill a man in the mob. The song was written by a college professor on hearing of the riot, and the music is from the German song, "Tannebaum, Oh Tannebaum," which being loosely translated means, "Hemlock Tree, Oh Hemlock Tree."

Hughes and Scott were on horseback. At that time the troops had

no distinctive uniform on either side. There was no way to tell a friend from an enemy. Not even a badge. The armies had materialized so quickly that so far as the fighting was concerned it was almost impossible to tell whether a company belonged to the North or to the South.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, Scott and his regiment resting easily at the fork of the road, heard the firing begin at the Hart place on top of the mountain. He thought it was an attack on the fort as he had had no intimation of any change of plans. As a matter of fact, Pegram, hearing that the Federals were marching around him on his left had sent three hundred men, under Captain DeLagnel to occupy the pass at Hart's Mountain, the farm house on one side and the log barn on the other. There was a log barn there. Maybe not the barn that is there today, but a log barn. These troops were from Rockingham, Rockbridge and Powhatan counties, largely. They were not acquainted with John N. Hughes.

There was a powerful lot of cannonading going on and Scott was bound to find out about it, even if he could not leave his post, so he prepared to send a scout. He designated John N. Hughes, a non-combatant, who volunteered for the duty. I take it that Hughes was the logical candidate for the honor for he may have been the only local man present. He knew the country and the roads. He was not in uniform. That did not cut any figure that early in the war. The road winds by easy grades for miles up the mountain. Hughes dashed off on his horse and never returned. By the time he reached the top of the mountain, the battle was going at full blast. He evidently came to the conclusion that the troops that he found holding the road at a summit were Federals who had gotten to the rear of the Pegram fortifications, for he cried out, "Lincoln." And rode towards the soldiers. No doubt the soldiers had until that time held their fire to ascertain whether he came as a friend or a foe, but the moment he shouted "Lincoln," they fired a volley and he fell dead with seventeen bullet holes in his body. He was shot by Confederate soldiers.

The next thing that occurred was the arrival of Lieut.James Cochrane, of Augusta County. He had been in the battle. Owing to the difficulty that the troops had to tell friend from foe, the Confederates had fired on some Confederate cavalry advancing from Beverly, and these cavalry had withdrawn. De Lagnel had detailed Cochrane with a squad of six men to overtake these men and bring them up, but he could not find them, but as he traveled to the foot of the mountain he found Scott and his regiment and reported to them the fact that an engagement was going on and that they were badly needed on top of the hill.

Scott then formed his men and faced them towards the fight and they started off at double quick time, which was soon brought down to quick time when they realized the number of uphill miles they had to climb. When they got within about a mile of the top, the firing ceased and there was great cheering, Huzzas, as the accepted word was at that time. The huzzaing caused Scott to halt his army and consider. He and Cochrane took counsel together and decided that the fight was over, and that if the Confederates had won it was not necessary to go

farther, and if the Federals had won it was not at all safe. They would be cut to pieces by firing from the top of the ridge. So volunteers being called for, one R. I. Lipford volunteered on the condition that he be provided with a pistol and a horse. He was equipped and rode forward rapidly to the top of the mountain, and a short time after he was gone, his regiment heard loud shouts of "Halt!" "Shoot him!" And that was the last that they heard from Lipford for several days.

Scott does not seem to worry about Lipford, so I went on a hunt the other day for him, and found out about him. When he got to the battle field and found himself surrounded by four or five thousand soldiers, he decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and surrendered to superior force. Here he made a tactical error. Thinking no doubt that he would be better treated and sooner exchanged he informed the Federal commander that his rank was that of lieutenant when he was in truth and in fact a private soldier. But the Federals took to him and of all the prisoners, he was the one that was chosen to bear a sweet, kindly letter from General McClellan to Gen. H. R. Jackson. McClellan was a gentleman. He mentioned that he had found Lieutenant Lipford, of the 44th Virginia, the most available for courier purposes from among the officers captured. This incidental mention had the effect of causing General Jackson to arrest Lipford for misrepresenting his rank, and Lipford seems to have had the distinction of being twice captured and imprisoned within a week by both armies.

Scott not liking the looks of things on the mountain retreated from them huzzas and got back to Beverly that night. James Cochrane went with him. This must be the same red-headed colonel who played such an important part in the war and who was separated from his regiment at Droop Mountain in after years.

He seems to have about taken charge as a visiting brother to the 44th. He marched them up the mountain and marched them down again, and when they got to Beverly, while Scott was conferring with Judge Camden, a member of the Confederate congress, and other citizens, Cochrane seems to have had the quick wit and the ability to act. He knew that the Confederate troops were scattered and that there was no use waiting for orders, so he had Scott, as the ranking officer, to authorize him to load the wagons and take them out of there, and this was done and a retreat to the Grenbrier River was commenced that went on all through the night and the next day. In this way most of the stores were saved, and on the 12th Scott reached Greenbrier River, having marched about thirty-two miles. He burned the bridge at Huttonsville over the Tygarts Valley River on the 12th.

Captain Lilley and his Augusta Lee Rifles came escaping out of the net and they found the bridge burning, and lay at the foot of Cheat on the Randolph side that night. When they got to Beverly they saw Captain Stofer, of the Pocahontas company, sitting on the hotel porch. That is one thing he did well. I remember seeing him sit on a hotel porch after the war many times. The captain was a veteran of the Mexican war and was no amateur. He seems to have been one of the cool ones at the battle of Rich Mountain and side fights. He waved them on, and when they got over to Yeager's they found Governor

Letcher there, who had come to the head of the waters to see how the war was going.

It will be seen by this, Scott and his 44th made a hasty trip to West Virginia. In all it was only nine days that it took him to march his regiment on foot from Staunton to the top of Rich Mountain and back to the Greenbrier River, something like a hundred and fifty miles.

I can see no just cause of criticism. He seems to have acted with courage and discretion and brought his men off safe, and saved the wagon trains for his side. He delivered his command to Gen. H. R. Jackson on Saturday the 13th, and they rested at Monterey.

Pegram had an unhappy experience. He took command in an arbitrary way of Camp Garnett as it was called, and he has been criticized for not coming to the relief of the three hundred who made as brave a fight as was ever recorded in history. And then he surrendered by sending a messenger seven miles with a petition asking to be allowed to yield. Captain Moorman, of Pendleton County, asked him if he was going to do that why did he not march out towards Pendleton County and go until he met a Federal force and surrender then. It would be easier, and there was a good chance to escape. But Pegram overruled him. Moorman knew the mountains but Pegram was overawed by them. Pegram's men were paroled. One of them came in my office last summer and told about being paroled by a man on horseback in the street in Beverly. "What did you do about it?" I asked him. "I broke it," said the old Confed.

CHAPTER XV

The Battle of Philippi, the First Battle of the Civil War.

The battle of Philippi is important because it was the first battle of the Civil War. It is not in the number of troops engaged, the number killed or wounded, or in the strategy displayed, that it owes its fame. It was the first blow that was struck. And it assumes all the dignity and importance of the opening blow. That is no doubt the reason that the Legislature of 1927 saw fit to appoint a commission to report as to the proper way in which to commemorate that action of the armies and to preserve its history.

The date of the battle was June 3, 1861, at the break of day. Prior to that time it was not known whether there would be a war between the North and the South. The North had not been invaded, and there were indications that led the most hopeful to believe that the sections would content themselves with guarding the border to repel any effort to invade on the part of the enemy. Thus McClellan had been appointed commander of the Department of the Ohio to guard the line of the States bordering on the Ohio River with headquarters at Cincinnati.

In this day and generation it is taken for granted that when the States seceded that it was an act of war tantamount to declaring war on the United States. It was so regarded by many of the wisest men

on both sides, those who had the power of judging the future by the past, and who were able to construe the signs of the times. As a matter of fact, the secession of Virginia, was the result of false reasoning on the part of the convention that the only way to avoid civil war within the boundaries of Virginia, was to secede, arguing as they did, that if a majority forced the State to remain in the Union, that the eastern part or slave part of the State, would rise in arms and assert its right to secede. The convention drunk with words and oratory and other things, seems never to have apprehended that the Federal power would be exercised to keep Virginia in the Union. The idea that armies from other States might invade Virginia, was not worthy of considering. On the 4th of February, 1861, six of the States had met and formed the Confederate States of America, and on the 8th had elected Jefferson Davis as its president, and there had been no definite policy determined upon by the Federal government, and the Virginia convention to avoid war decided to secede.

April 12, the firing began on Fort Sumter. April 19, a mob attacked Union soldiers marching through Baltimore. May 9 shots were exchanged between the United States steamer Yankee, and the batteries at Gloucester Point, Virginia. May 20 shots were exchanged between the United States steamer Monticello and the battery at Sewell's Point, Virginia. May 24 the Union army took possession of Alexandria, Virginia, and that night Colonel Ellsworth, of the First Zouaves, New York Militia, was killed in a hotel by some person unknown. Captain Ball and a company of thirty-five Confederate soldiers were captured. May 26, Union troops were ordered to occupy Grafton, and McClellan addressed his proclamation to the Union men of western Virginia.

The occupation of Alexandria by the Federal troops does not seem to have occasioned much stir in Virginia, as that town is not much more than a suburb of Washington, but the invasion of Federal troops on Virginia soil to Grafton, more than a hundred miles by the railroad from the border at Parkersburg, was a serious matter.

The proclamation of May 26 states that the general government of the United States had abstained from sending troops across the Ohio River, or even posting them on the bank of that stream on the Virginia line. But the result of the late election in the western counties showed that the people west of the mountain did not indorse the secession movement, and that the general government could not longer close its ears to the demands that had been made by loyal western Virginians for assistance. "I have ordered troops to cross the river."

These were the words of McClellan, an able executive. He was a West Point graduate. He had distinguished himself in the Mexican War. He was a commissioner to study the military movements in the Crimean War. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad. He was appointed a major general in 1861, and owing to his successes in West Virginia, he was made commander-in-chief of the Union forces after the disaster at Bull Run.

To the clear mind of McClellan the crossing of the Ohio was as definite a step admitting of no retreat or withdrawal as was the action of Caesar in crossing the Rubicon, the river that separated Cisalpine Gaul

from ancient Italy. It proved to be a crossing of a Rubicon.

McClellan has never been properly appreciated. He ran afoul of the departments in Washington and some bitter words passed between him and Stanton. In 1864, he was the Democratic nominee for President against Lincoln, but received the electoral vote of but three States, Kentucky, Delaware and New Jersey. But he acted with great power and wisdom in the early days of the great conflict and his support undoubtedly had much to do with the formation of the State of West Virginia, and he deserves a monument in this State.

The significance of the determination to cross the Ohio River, is shown in his opening lines in his general order: "Soldiers: You are ordered to cross the frontier and enter upon the soil of Virginia. Your mission is to restore peace and confidence, to promote the majesty of the law, and to rescue our brethren from the grasp of armed traitors." This address was dated the same day that the proclamation to the people of West Virginia was made. It took four days to make the occupation of Grafton complete, moving from Cincinnati and Indianapolis through Parkersburg and Wheeling over the B. & O. Railway. On the 30th of May, McClellan reported that he held Grafton without the loss of a single life.

News traveled slower in those days except where the event was directly upon a telegraph station. Owing to this the Commonwealth of Virginia as constituted at Richmond, does not seem to have grasped the extent of the disaffection in the northwestern counties. General Lee was in command, and he took the precaution to send three trained officers to these counties to muster in the militia. Loring at Wheeling, Boykin at Parkersburg, and Porterfield at Grafton. These were the strategic points owing to the B. & O. Railroad, whose trunk line extended from Baltimore to Grafton, there to branch into two divisions, one to go into the State of Ohio at Wheeling, and the other at Parkersburg.

Lee had no idea but that these counties would accept in the main the action of the Virginian convention. For generations they had complained and expostulated at coming out at a disadvantage over every vote and measure, and no doubt it was considered a congenital defect in the mountaineer, to grumble and submit. It is evidenced by his message and his instructions to Porterfield.

He wrote to Porterfield, Col. George A. Porterfield, then at Harpers Ferry, to repair to Grafton and to act in conjunction with Boykin and Loring, and accept for service nine regiments, three to protect the Parkersburg branch of the railway, three the Wheeling branch, with three regiments to be held at the junction point at Grafton in reserve. Loring and Boykin seem to have returned without recruiting any companies, and with Porterfield it was not much better. Captain Thompson, at Fairmont, had a company that was ready to be mustered into the Confederate service but Grafton did not seem to be a safe place for such a company. One of Porterfield's reports has a line in it that indicates the state of sentiment around Grafton. He says to address his letters to Fetterman, a post office near Grafton, as that was the only office in the county where he could depend upon receiving letters.

Porterfield got some troops together and succeeded in burning three small bridges on the railroad but they were quickly replaced when the troop trains came in from the west.

Another indication of the meager support that he got from the northwest counties is the tradition of the committee of citizens who waited upon him at Grafton, and who politely and firmly told him that they desired him to leave their town, but that they did not wish him hurried or inconvenienced, and that it would be all right for him to wait until the next train left for elsewhere. This invitation was complied with, and I think that it must have been the time that Porterfield moved to Fetterman, at no great distance, as that place is now a part of the city of Grafton. Porterfield was still writing letters from Grafton as late as May 16, 1861, and according to the best evidence that I can find, the Confederate forces took their stand at Philippi on the 27th day of May, just about the time that the Union troops started from the western posts to occupy Grafton.

It will be observed that the Confederate officers sent to the northwestern counties to mobilize an army had met with such scant success that they did not consider it advisable to try to hold the railroad at any point on it, and that they had not been able to effect any but a temporary damage to it. South of Fetterman and Grafton, some fifteen miles distant, was the town of Philippi, the county seat of Barbour County, situate in a narrow valley on the banks of Tygarts Valley River. This was a position well suited to a defensive campaign. Two roads came to the river at that place, one from Grafton that crossed a wooden covered bridge into the town. This bridge is still standing and in constant use. That the Confederate forces withdrew to Philippi is a confession of weakness.

The reason of this movement was that it was the only opening left to Porterfield from which he could receive reinforcements and supplies. The Union forces held control of both ends of the B. & O. Railroad. There was no way in which troops could reach him over that road, and the only turnpike open to him was the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike.

Great delay was experienced in getting arms to the Confederates. Before the battle they were begging for flintlock rifles. The Virginia troops that had marched to join Porterefild from Virginia had reached Fetterman, but the only equipment either in arms or accoutrements was one tin cup per man. It was long known as the tin cup brigade. They clamored for arms. Two companies from Pocahontas County, under Captain McNeel and Captain Stofer, rode horseback to Philippi and had to be sent back on account of no arms or supplies. It was about this time that the long lines of men and wagons and artillery commenced to move west from Staunton over the Staunton and Parkersburg Tunrpike. From all over the South these forces were coming, but they did not arrive in time to afford any relief to the beleaguered Confederates at Philippi, and they failed to stem the victorious advance of the Federal armies at Rich Mountain and at Laurel Hill and Carricks Ford. Not until the middle of the summer did they block the way and that was in the Greenbrier Valley.

It was a campaign of wagons against railway cars.

On the 3rd day of June, 1861, the Confederates had a force of about eight hundred men in Philippi, waiting on men and arms. The strength of this little army was placed by the Union Commander, Gen. T. A. Morris, at Grafton, as being two thousand men, which were being rapidly reinforced.

He planned a quick attack on the enemy at Philippi. The main highway, now Road 56, connects Grafton and Philippi. The distance in 1861 was fifteen miles. This road lies on the west side of Tygarts Valley River. Both towns are on that river. There was another road traversing the counties of Taylor and Barbour lying to the east of that road made up of certain county roads. By leaving the cars at a point east of Grafton, it left a march of about twenty-five miles to Philippi.

Col. B. F. Kelly was given command of one column to march on Philippi, and Col. Dumont of the other.

Believing that word of the attack would be carried to the Confederate camp, an order was made public that a detachment of troops would go by rail from Grafton to Harper's Ferry, and at 9 a. m. June 2, Col. B. F. Kelly's command, consisting of six companies of the First Virginia, nine companies of Milroy's Ninth Indiana, and six companies of Irvine's Sixteenth Ohio, took trains and were carried six miles east on the railroad where they got off the train and marched slowly during the day and the early part of the night, and rested so that they could arrive at Philippi exactly at 4 in the morning of June 3.

The other column consisting of Dumont's Seventh Indiana, five companies of Steedman's Fourteenth Ohio, with two field guns, and six companies of Crittenden's Sixth Indiana, left Grafton at 8:30 p. m. June 2 for the more direct route to Philippi.

The two columns combined consisted of something over three thousand men, and they believed that they were going into a battle with a desperate army of Confederates.

The Dumont column took the trains on the railroad that runs towards Clarksburg (west), and got off the trains at Webster station, a point nearer Philippi, and marched through the night.

Then came the big rain. It poured down all night and with it was a driving wind. The raw troops suffered in that campaign not from the enemy but from the weather. Both columns were due to meet without fail at Philippi at four o'clock in the morning. The troops that had gone the long way round were very much more comfortable than the ones who had marched the short distance. There was a most dreadful time had by the young soldiers plodding along a muddy road all through the night of the tempest, and some of them threw away blankets and knapsacks in order to keep up.

But the rain had also drowned out the Confederate pickets and scouts and sentinels. Not an outpost was found. Not a challenge given by any Confederate soldier, and the first thing that the Confederates knew the enemy was upon them in the rain and the storm and the darkness, and all over them and about them and there was nothing to do but to run. And run they did and that in a helter-skelter, every-man-for-himself fashion, and as there was but one road open, and that up the river, they

could not get lost or stray, so later in the day, with the exception of a gentleman that got his leg broken contending with the Federal army, all of the Confederate soldiers assembled at Beverly, thirty miles distant, at which place they were speedily heavily reinforced, and from which point they got ready to fight the Rich Mountain battle five weeks later.

The most serious accident that happened was when a Confederate quartermaster shot Colonel Kelley in the vest. The warlike quartermaster was captured at once and the officers had hard work keeping him from being summarily lynched by the soldiers of Colonel Kelley's command. Happily this wound turned out to be a slight affair and Colonel Kelley having managed the battle so well was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and served throughout the war with great ability and distinction.

It is very indefinite as to what the Confederates did. The Federal army of some three thousand armed men poured into a town of about five hundred population firing as they came, and routing Confederate troops from every house, barn, and other building where there was a roof to keep off the rain. My father, who was with the Highland County troops, was stopping for the night with some relatives in Philippi and he got safely away in the cold gray dawn of a rainy morning.

The fact of the matter is the Confederates never realized they had been in an action and that they had been badly defeated. I do not know the rules of scoring but the Confederates evidently considered they had been happily delivered from a position of some danger. The Federal troops pleased with the gallantry and endurance of themselves and the easy victory, were not disposed to find fault with success. They attributed their failure to capture more prisoners to the confusion occasioned by the violent storm. And they did take an immense amount of odds and ends in the way of supplies.

This started the war. It may have been more or less amateurish, but remember that it was the first great news the country had and for a few days the name of Philippi was known to every civilized land.

There was something in the air, however, for Porterfield at Beverly requested that a court-martial be convened to inquire into his conduct on June 3. Then it developed that the first intimation that the Confederates had was the firing of the enemy's artillery within four hundred yards of the town; that a main and picket guard had been regularly maintained every night, but that scouting parties of the Confederates had come in on the night of June 2nd, without being challenged as shown by written reports of mounted officers.

It is a fair conjecture that the sentinels had been rained on and had taken shelter.

Further it was found that in a conference of officers the night before a retreat was determined upon, and that but for the weather this retreat would have begun before daylight and the disaster averted. And that while there was confusion in some quarters that a portion of the command moved out of town in good order, and that nearly the whole force after passing some distance from town, was reformed and proceeded in order.

That outside of dilatory tactics in retreating, and want of vigilance, and failure to extend and strengthen his picket line, that the commanding officer acted with coolness, self-possession, and personal courage.

The court-martial found that the Confederate force consisted of some six hundred effective infantry and one hundred and seventy-five cavalry.

The commanding general, Lee, having reviewed the findings of the court of inquiry, concurred therein, but censures Porterfield for not sending back his baggage as soon as he determined to evacuate the town, for not arranging his plan of defense, and for not securing information of the advancement of the enemy. Also for the fact that the troops retired without orders. Yet, Lee says, in consideration of all the circumstances of the case, he considers that nothing more is needed than to express his hope that it will be a lesson to be remembered throughout the war.

It should be mentioned here that the last battle of the Civil War was fought on West Virginia soil, at Brandy Hollow, near Huntersville, Pocahontas County, on the site of Camp Northwest on the 18th day of April, 1865. This engagement was between the Eighth Ohio Cavalry and a portion of Gen. W. L. Jackson's army returning to their homes after the surrender.

CHAPTER XVI

Meshach Browning, the Great Hunter, Hunted all Along the Seneca Trail in Tucker and Preston Counties.

One of the books that the boys of western Maryland and the northern part of West Virginia are raised upon is the four hundred page book entitled 'Forty-four Years of a Hunter's Life," by Meshach Browning. A recent edition has been published by Lippincott's, Philadelphia, and it is a copy of that edition that a friend sent me.

The hunter was a well to do citizen of Maryland and has hundreds of descendants all proud to trace their line of ascent to him. His activities seem to have been laid largely in Garrett County, Maryland, and in Preston County, West Virginia, in the Terra Alta Country.

Meshach Browning was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in the year 1781, the son of Joshua and Nancy Browning. When Meshach was two weeks old his father died. At the age of eleven years, his family moved to some point in Monongalia County, Virginia. Shortly after, Meshach went to live with his uncle where he continued until he was fifteen years old when having had a fight with his aunt who tried to beat him into submission he went to seek his fortune and arrived at Wheeling. There he worked for John Caldwell and killed his first bear in what must be now the city.

That must have been about the year 1796, and the recollection of the famous seige of Fort Henry was clear in the minds of the people of Wheeling. In the book is an account of the battle. It occurred in 1777.

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Captain Mason's company who escaped. Browning's account of it is identified by the incident of Elizabeth Zane who went through the fire line to get a supply of powder for the soldiers in the fort.

The seige of Fort Henry was one of the important engagements of the Revolutionary War and it was the most important battle waged against the white settlers by the Iroquois Indians, allies of Great Britain. Thirty-three men held the fort against 386 Indian warriors. The casualties on the part of the white settlers consisted of the slaughter of 23 of the 26 soldiers who went out of the fort in the early morning the 2nd day of September, and fell into ambush. The accepted history of that engagement has not been very satisfactory or convincing as to why the settlers who had taken shelter in the fort against the Indians should have been lured to leave the safety of the fort by the Indians. Browning gives this account as being the one told to him by the Caldwell's:

Two Indians made their appearance on the high hill above the town. This hill runs from north to south. Wheeling Creek runs from east to west, passing this elevation about a mile north of town, and then turns south, coursing along the foot of the hill until it arrives at a point a little south of the fort, where it empties into the river; thus leaving the hill a mile north of the creek. Whenever the river is a little high, the water is backed up the creek to the depth of ten or twelve feet. On this hill, opposite the fort those two Indians showed themselves, fired a shot or two at the fort, and then went off slowly slapping their hands behind them in token of derision and contempt of those within the fortification.

Fired with such an insult, our men commenced running out, and would have all gone, had not the commanding officer stood in the gate and stopped them; though not till twenty-four men were running up the steep hill after the Indians, who were to be seen still retreating, as if they did not intend to make battle. When the whites reached the top of the hill to their great dismay, they found themselves between two galling fires. They could not cross the creek if they ran that way.

They endeavored to break through the north line of the enemy and escape down the river to the fort. The loss as given by Browning was twenty-one men.

He says that John Caldwell was one of the three to escape with his life, and that as he ran he encountered a white man who had left the settlement some years before and whom he recognized at first sight. This white Indian carried a spear mounted on a handle like that of a fork, and he ran before all the Indians. He was close at the heels of John Caldwell when he arrived at the break of the hill next the fort. There the white Indian made a furious lunge just as Caldwell tripped and fell. The spear missed the man and embedded itself in a tree so fast that the white savage could not withdraw it before Caldwell slipped out of his position and reached the fort in safety.

I have not time to go into this question at any great length. The accepted history indicates a hopeless confusion as to whether the date was September 1st or September 2nd. And whether the Indians were perceived from the fort or discovered by young Andrew Zane who was hunting Dr. McMechen's horse. Zane is said to have leaped down a precipice of seventy feet. Then it is said that Captain Mason led out

fourteen men against the Indians, and that Captain Ogal went to his relief with twelve scouts. And that all were killed except the two captains and three men.

There is something convincing in Browning's account of the pioneers running out after the Indians, for that was just like the minute men, who never knew discipline of any kind.

The histories agree that three men escaped with their lives, two of whom were wounded. If there is any desire to work on a quod libet as to the identity of the unwounded man, Browning gives a clew by showing that it was John Caldwell. Another had his thigh broken, and the third had an arm broken.

The white savage that John Caldwell saw was no doubt Simon Girty, who was with the Indians in that battle and held a long parley with the fort and read to them the proclamation of General Hamilton, of Fort Detroit, offering the frontier inhabitants immunity if they would come in and surrender at Detroit. But doubters have arisen to say that Girty was not at Fort Henry.

Browning also tells about the effort the Indians made to make a cannon out of a hollow log wound about with chains, and how it burst and destroyed a number of Indians.

Browning left Wheeling to return to the wilderness to marry at the age of eighteen, Mary McMullen. The young couple built a home in the woods in the pioneer style and cleared out a farm. Browning's hunting was his sport and largely his living. He settled near the Deep Creek country made up of mountain lands, and valleys, and great stretches of glades where the deer waded in grass above their backs.

He estimated that during his lifetime he had killed from eighteen hundred to two thousand deer; from three to four hundred bears; about fifty panthers; and many wolves and wildcats, and any amount of other game. Passing allusions indicate that he was in a fine trout country, but he only took them as needed and fishing was no more an incident with him than digging potatoes. His young wife Mary seems to have been more of a fisherman than he himself.

Dr. Wilson, Mayor of Marlinton, comes from the same community in which Browning lived, and his ancestors lived there from the very earliest period of the pioneer.

The Wilsons are all familiar with the Browning book. The one question that is usually asked is whether the Browning book is reliable. I think so. I believe it from kiver to kiver. My main reason for believing it is because I have heard countless old hunters relate the intimate circumstances attending the tragedy of the big game animal, and I see no particular difference between the histories except that in one case they are written down with meticulous precision and in the other case they were related by word of mouth. And in all the cases the old hunters found the supreme emotions of life in the occasions.

I was on the train the other day with the Hon. George Wilson and he referred to the occasion of the old man Browning waking up and finding himself fast to a tree as being rather extraordinary, but I do not recall that he doubted it. I will set down here that incident:

I and my two sons John and James prepared for a hunt on the North

Branch of the Potomac. We loaded one horse with provisions, and two others with articles, such as an axe, a pot, a small griddle, potatoes, apples, etc.; when all being ready to take up the line of march, after breakfast we set out for the Potomac.

We had traveled but a few miles, when rain commenced falling slowly, and continued all day. As we returned from the previous trip we had found a fine sugar camp at the foot of the Great Back Bone and there we sheltered for the night. A hooting owl awoke me and we prepared for breakfast.

I did not eat any breakfast and we packed as much provision over the mountain as we could carry as the horses could not go any farther. The horses were sent back and we hid the rest of the provisions behind a log, covering it with puncheons and hiding it with pine and laurel bushes. We saw different herds of deer but being encumbered with our loads, we did not get a shot at them.

Finding a situation for a camp, and it clouding up and threatening rain, I went to work in great haste to construct a shelter for our provision; and we worked with all our energy until the boys said they were hungry and would eat dinner, camp or no camp. I told them I would look for a suitable tree to split into puncheons, and I soon found it and we commenced to cover the cabin. It had commenced to rain slowly. Though I had not eaten anything since the morning of the previous day, and night was near at hand, yet I determined not to eat until I had a little sport; so I took my gun, told the boys that I would go up the bottom, shoot a deer, and have a roast for my supper.

I had thrown off all my clothes in order to be at full liberty to work, and had on only a thin linsey hunting shirt together with a pair of new buckskin moccasons without stockings; and in order that I should see my game more clearly, I left off my hat, as was always my practice when the sun did not shine. I intended to return in an hour or two at the farthest. I hunted with care and judgment and soon found the tracks of a large herd of deer which had so recently passed that I expected to see them every moment. I soon found that it was where several old bucks had been chasing a lot of small deer and that the little ones were afraid of being overtaken by their pursuers."

Browning relates that it came on to rain and he got lost and night overtook him and had to lay out all night.

"I went in search of some place for shelter, but could find nothing better than crooked old hemlock, which had been injured many years previously, and which the bears had gnawed so much that there was a great quantity of rosin plastered over the whole side of the tree, which was much flattened by the injury it had received in the years gone by. I chose that tree for shelter and set about building a fire.

The rain having ceased to fall so fast, I rested against the tree, and fell asleep. Being tired, I slept soundly, until it ceased to rain, and commenced snowing and freezing; when the cold becoming severe, and the fire having died away, I grew chilly, and, awakening, attempted to mend the fire, but found the hair on one side of my head sticking fast to the tree.

At first, my temper being pretty well tried and my patience having

failed me, I was as mad as a bear shot through the belly, and bawled out, as if twenty persons had been looking on: "What other curse is on me now?" I soon calmed, and putting my hand up to find what held me, I discovered my hair fast in the pitch that had been heated by the fire. I had laid my head in it when it was soft and running, and had slept until the cold had chilled the pitch with my hair deep into it.

I then began to try to release my head, but not one lock would come out, except by pulling off the pitch, or pulling the hair out of my scalp; so I sometimes took the one, and sometimes the other plan, as it happened, until at last I got my liberty. I then mended the fire.

After that I reasoned thus: "Now I have not eaten one mouthful since the day before yesterday, and it was nothing but a foolish desire for sport that brought me here."

At last daylight appeared, when everything being covered and bent down with the snow, I hunted for bushes that had leaves on, which I dried over the fire, and, putting some in my moccasins, I put my feet in on the leaves, crammed in leaves around them until I could get no more in, then tied them up, and was ready for the snow.

I started out from my warm fire into the snow. I soon scared up four deer, but did not see them until they ran off. Moving on I saw a deer standing looking at me and thought it was a long shot and a bad chance, I cracked away at him. The snow was falling so fast that it was difficult to see any distance, and as I could not discover the deer after my gun was discharged, I went to examine what damage had been done. It seemed as if there had been twenty deer there, all running and fighting, for there was blood after several of the bucks, and so much hair torn off I could not arrive at any certain conclusion.

They all went off together, and as the fun fever began to rise high, I started off in a long trot after them, and had gone but a short distance when my dog wheeled suddenly to my left, which told me that one was in shooting distance. I viewed the ground and found that it must be behind a very large fallen tree, but to see it was impossible. I looked around for means of raising me up high enough to see over the log, when I discovered a tree which had fallen into the form of another and was considerably elevated. I went to it and crawled up its sideways until I saw the horns of an old buck.

"Well, my fellow," said I, "you are my meat or I am no judge of shooting."

Still though I did not see his head, I could see very near to it; and I thought if the snow was off the log his head would be a fair mark. So I guessed at his position, shot at him through the snow, and down fell the horns. I leaped off the tree like a panther, and with one jump was on him, cut his throat in the crack of a thumb, and commenced skinning him. If ever I skinned a deer quickly, then was the time, for the sight of all those deer in one gang had set my pulse up so high for sport, that I thought every minute was an hour, as I was sure that if I could only overtake them in good ground, I could kill half a dozen of them before night.

The buck skinned, I cut off one whole side of the ribs, tied the meat up in the skin, and started off on the trail of the others.

I had not gone more than half a mile, when hearing a halloo, I turned around and saw my two sons, who had heard me shoot, and finding my tracks in the snow were in full chase to overtake me. I could not prevail on them to follow my big gang of deer, as they were afraid I would faint with hunger, but I knew I could have gone until dark if I had once got a shot at those deer. They turned me toward camp, and as we passed by the place I had killed the buck we took his carcass with us. John Lynn baked buckwheat cakes, besides stewing a fat turkey hen with potatoes and turnips. I really thought it was the best meal I ever tasted in my life.

We had commenced the hunt too late so we closed the hunt with the slaughter of five deer. To such as are not accustomed to wilderness life this fast of three days seems to want some explanation. In reference to it, I will only say that a man will live a long time under the stimulus of a high fever, and I know of no higher fever than which may be excited by the prospect of a bear fight, or of securing half a dozen fine fat bucks."

It is evident that the late Mr. Browning was a hunter from away back, hankering after things which others idle by. He describes the events with great particularity and knows the ways of the woods.

He belonged to a great day and generation. He helped to conquer the wilderness. Men like him bred a restless race. It is finding some little surcease from sorrow in the game of golf: "Golf! Slow back, don't press, keep your eye on the ball! Hooray!" But the woods are tame compared to the time when Meshach Browning slept against that tree.

CHAPTER XVII

The Lost Colony of Westsylvania. The Seneca Trail Runs for 198 Miles Through It.

The motto of the United States is *E pluribus unum*—one out of many, but in the beginning all of the English possessions in North America were included in one dominion under the name of Virginia. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, Virginia was known as the fourth kingdom. Spencer's Faerie Queene, published in 1590, was dedicated to "Elizabeth, Queen of England, France, Ireland, and Virginia." After the crowning of the Scotch king, James I, Scotland was added to the title, and Virginia became the fifth kingdom of the realm. This was in 1603.

In 1649, Cromwell having conquered Charles I, and beheaded him, William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, proclaimed Charles II, king of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia, and from this action on the part of the colonial governor, the title of Old Dominion was applied to Virginia. In Virginia as late as 1773, coins were struck showing the four quarterings. And it was the year 1649 that the Fairfax grant was dated conveying the land in the 22 counties of the Northern Neck to Culpeper and his associates. Culpeper bought out his partners, had the title confirmed to him, and left it to his daughter, Catharine, the

Baroness Fairfax, who left it to her son, Lord Thomas Fairfax. This was for all the land between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers.

Numerous colonization schemes were projected of the public domain in the New World by the English government.* Thirteen of the colonies lived to join in the Declaration of Independence. Something like thirty-seven colonies failed to materialize or endured for a season and passed away. There lived to join the Republic: The Province of Maine, New Sweden, or Delaware, and Westsylvania, now West Virginia.

It is not too much to say that West Virginia should be included in the last named class, and claim for Westsylvania that vision of those pioneers who demanded that Westsylvania be recognized as the fourteenth colony under the Declaration of Independence. That in West Virginia that vision splendid and whole arose and carried out the plans of the men of 1776.

It will be remembered that Virginia's first grant was to the company composed of George Summers and others and was dated April 10, 1606. Pennsylvania was granted to William Penn in payment of a debt, by a grant dated March 4th, 1681. The boundaries were very indefinite. It is fairly certain that for the first hundred years that Pennsylvania acted as though it had no possessions west of the Alleghany mountains, no title to any land drained by the western waters. As late as 1763, the colony of Pennsylvania was engaged in driving back the squatters on the Ohio waters, in obedience to the proclamation of the King of England, for all settlers west of the mountains to return. Virginia took no notice of the proclamation either officially or individually, but Pennsylvania assisted in clearing the reservation.

When Great Britain imported an army under General Braddock, in 1755, to drive back the French from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania sent three hundred men to help cut a road but it had no soldiers in the fight. Virginia contributed a very considerable force, and the Six Nations offered warriors to assist in the movement.

Probably the best evidence that Pennsylvania claimed no territorial right on the waters of the Ohio is shown by the grant of the lord commissioners to the Ohio Company, in the year 1749. That company had the right to take up 500,000 acres on the Ohio river. It was to have no civil jurisdiction but it did have the right to build forts and conduct trade with the Indians. It seems to have been something like the grant of the same year to the Greenbrier Company, to take up 100,000 acres north and west of the Cowpasture river. The right to survey seemed to be perfect but no grants issued until after the Revolutionary War, and then they did not have any greater rights than the settlers on tomahawk claims. The Ohio Company did build a fort at the mouth

*Among such colonies are listed: Acadia, Albemarle, Alexander's Charter, Avalon, Clarendon, Carolana, Dorchester, Fenwick, Frankland, Indiana, Laconia, New Albion, New Amstel, New France, New Haven, New Ireland, New Netherlands, New Sometshire, North Virginia, Norumbega, Northern Neck, Nova Scotia, Ohio Company, Old Dominion, Pavonia, Pittsylvania, Plough Patent, Plymouth, Rensselaerswyck, Roanoke, Sagadahoc, Swaanendael, Transylvania, Vandalia, Walpole Grant, and District of Columbia.

of Wills Creek on the Potomac and another at Redstone, on the Monongahela river, but there is no evidence that in either instance did these adventurers return to Pennsylvania.

The treaty of 1722 had confirmed the lands on the western waters to the Indians. Great Britain took the view that it was paramount lord to the Indians, a policy that has been faithfully followed by the government of the United States. Here is the way that Great Britain got title. They made a gold crown and crowned Powhatan, King of Virginia, that is of all the lands left for Great Britain, which included the lands from ocean to ocean and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and having thus made him King of Virginia, or as we would now say, King of America, they entered into a treaty with him by which Great Britain took title to all America. That was a stroke of diplomacy.

It was apparent that about the time that the king closed the land office at Williamsburg before the Revolution, that the many bright minds of Virginia, were exercised over the problem as to the best way to grab the lands on the western waters, and that Pennsylvania was stirring in her sleep, also. The great tide of immigration came through the port of Philadelphia, and the boldest and the bravest, the Scotch Irish would not settle down with the Quakers and the Menonites, but pushed over the mountains where the hunting was good and where there was danger from Indians, for the Irish dearly loved the fight. Up to the date of the Declaration of Independence, however, Virginia had full and complete possession of the Pittsburg district, in that it maintained a garrison at the forks of the Ohio. There was a good deal of bitterness between the colonies of Penssylvania and Virginia about this. There were some very ugly fights and quarrels, about such places as Catfish Camp, now the city of Washington, Pennsylvania, and at Brownsville and Uniontown.

The French and Indian war breaking out in the seventeen fifties put a damper on the Ohio Company, and when Bouquet, from Staunton, got the Indians quieted, the crown took a hand in the western water shed and got the Indians together at Fort Stanwix, (now Rome, N. Y.) and there the Six Nations entered into two deeds. Twenty-four Indian traders, mostly Pennsylvanias, claimed that in Pontiac's war the Indians had stolen their goods to the value of 950 pounds, sixteen shillings and sixpence. For this they agreed to take a sizable state including practically all of the Pittsburg district and call it square. The rest of the land between the Ohio river and the Tennessee river the Six Nations ceded to George III for love and affection. These paper titles gave offense to Virginia. The traders sought to form a colony with their acres and called it Indiana. The House of Burgesses of Virginia passed a law that all deeds from Indians were null and void. This afterwards disposed of the Henderson grant from the Cherokees, and the colony that he proposed to call Transylvania. As a consolation prize, however, Virginia gave Henderson 144 square miles of land on the Ohio at the mouth of Green river.

The Pennsylvanians were very much disappointed in not being able to hold the Pittsburg district, their state of Indiana, and they began to lobby through a scheme to get that land back and a lot more under

the Vandalia project. This has been represented as a popular uprising and some years ago a petition was found signed by seventy-two citizens of the Greenbrier Valley, asking the king to form a new colony west of the mountains. To read this petition one would think that it represented a ground swell from the people, but that is not the case. The petition was propaganda pure and simple. It was to back up the land scheme. Virginia opposed it as strongly as she knew how. It did not fit in with the plans of Washington or the other Virginians seeking to plant settlements on the west side of the mountains. It was rejected at first in London. It was heard before the Board of Trade and Plantations. It was meant to include most of West Virginia, the eastern part of Kentucky, and a part of Pennsylvania. Lord Hillsborough opposed it and Benjamin Franklin supported it before the board. The petition was finally granted in 1775, but it came too late, as the king's writ was not honored in Virginia after the battle at Point Pleasant. Vandalia was never more than a land grabbing scheme. They first asked for 2,500,000 acres. The prime minister suggested that they ask for more so they suggested twenty-five million acres. The colony of Vandalia existed on paper from 1772, but it does not appear that any of the soldiers in Dunmore's war had ever heard of the name even. For years after the Revolution claimants to land under the Vandalia settlement were advanced in Congress and elsewhere, but they were absolutely ignored.

No sooner had the Declaration of Independence been promulgated, however, when a real colony was proposed by the backbone of the Revolution. The Irish on the western waters, now historically known as the people of West Augusta demanded of Congress that they be recognized as the fourteenth colony, under the name of Westsylvania. If these people instead of asking permission of Congress had asserted their right and organized a government, it would have been instantly recognized and a great state formed and the Civil War would have been averted.

The bounds of Westsylvania are as follows: Beginning on the Ohio river at the mouth of the Scioto river, thence southerly a straight line to the pass in the Quasito mountains (Cumberland Gap), thence along the side of said mountains northwesterly to the point where the Great Kanawha river is formed by the junction of the New river and the Greenbrier river, thence along the Greenbrier river to the head of the northeastern branch, then from there to the top of the Alleghany mountain, thence along the said mountain to Fairfax's line, then with it to the head of the north branch of the Potomac river, thence with the line of the Province of Maryland, thence with the southern and western lines of the Province of Pennsylvania to the head of the Ohio river, and with that river to the point of beginning.

This motion was made the 9th day of August, 1776, a little over a month after this country cut loose from England. It was estimated that 25,000 families lived in that boundary. The boundary had been at war for a generation with the Indians. It was the hot bed of the Revolution. There were more riflemen in that boundary than in all the rest of the dominions. It was where the fighters lived.

Virginia did not approve of the fourteenth colony and that commonwealth was all powerful at that time. On June 12th, 1776, the Virginia convention adopted its Bill of Rights. On June 29th, 1776, its constitution was adopted. Col. John Evans, of Monongalia county, was a member of that convention. He was afterwards colonel of a regiment in the Revolution. Virginia assembled its legislature in October, 1776, going on its way to independence and directing the continental congress at the same time. Its answer to the movement to establish the colony of Westsylvania, was to grant the wishes of those people by creating the District of West Augusta, creating at the same time its subdivisions of the three counties of Yogogania, Ohio, and Monongalia, appointing a board of commissioners to visit it and confirm the titles of the settlers in possession. Some 1197 tomahawk grants, or squatter rights, were speedily confirmed and the demand for a new state was quieted so far as Virginia was concerned. Later Virginia gave up most of Yogogania county to Pennsylvania, reserving a narrow strip called the panhandle above Cross creek, Brooke county. Then Pennsylvania passed a law that if any person ever proposed to diminish her boundaries by talking about new states that he should be guilty of high treason and be punished by death. This ought to settle the question whether treason can be committed against one of the sovereign states.

The answer to the demand for the formation of a fourteenth colony was the creation of the District of West Augusta, now sometimes referred to in business circles as the Pittsburg District. It is said to be the richest boundary in the world, all things considered.

At the time the mountaineers declared for Westsylvania and estimated the population to be 25,000 families, there was no town or city within its borders. Then as now, Pittsburg was the most populous place, but it had only thirty houses. Probably the next largest settlement was Frankfort, in Greenbrier county. A settlement in those days was a community of families surrounding a stockade fort. The fort at Lewisburg is said to have accommodated as many as five hundred persons. In 1776, a large number of persons lived within reach of the fort at the mouth of Wheeling creek, first called Fort Fincastle but later named Fort Henry. Large settlements centered around Brownsville and Catfish Camp in Pennsylvania.

There was not a single county seat or court house in the bounds of Westsylvania. Indian raids had been constant for about twenty-five years. The inhabitants grew up and flourished in the shadow of death by torture. The proposed state consisted of a large number of communities loosely bound together and united only by common danger. None held title to lands other than that they had cleared it with an axe and held it with a rifle.

As a matter of fact a new race sprang into existence at that period consisting of a sort of supermanhood produced by careful selection and environment. In after years they had given the name of Scotch-Irish, but that does not do them justice. A better name was one of spontaneous growth and belonged to them exclusively, and that was Backwoodsmen. It is a name that we do not share with any other class or race. Recently there is a motion to refer to them as the Tallmen. I

am in favor of glorifying them under the classification of Backwoodsmen.

They were the heroes who sifted through the luxurious and prosperous colonies on the lower levels stepping downward to the sea. Nine out of ten of them were Irish Presbyterians, and the odd man was fully as daring and resolute. The great numbers of them came through the centers of the Quaker and Pennsylvanian Dutch to the mountains and from the north poured down the parallel, though like valleys of the Alleghanies. Others entered through the Potomac gap, the Narrows of Knapps Creek, the Midland Trace, and the New River country. They were sorted twice. In the first place they had the nerve to leave the old country and brave the dangers of the stormy deep, and in the second place, the lure of danger from the Indians attracted with an irresistible force and so they crossed the mountains.

Tired of the monotony of the sheltered homes of low lands, it was the custom of these men to take a rifle, an axe, and an augur and walk westward. On arriving at the place where the mountains changed and the streams flowed towards the west, each pioneer set about looking over the vast wooded domain for a place to make a home. Everything was open to him. He wandered from stream to stream and observed the character of the land, the kinds of trees, and the presence of springs. Finding an ideal place he marked some trees nearest the spring, and set to work to clear a field for a corn crop. This being done the corn was planted, and he set to building a house out of logs, and with his axe and with an augur he built and roofed a one-room house with clapboard roof without the use of a single nail or other iron. The floor was the earth. There were no windows. A puncheon door swung on wooden hinges and was secured by a bar and a latch with a string.

By this time the corn was raised and ready to leave to ripen, the pioneer walked back to the lowlands to get his family and they trailed back with a cow or two, rarely a horse, and took up their abode in the new home.

Hundreds and thousands of Backwoodsmen came across the mountains in this way, and it was soon apparent that their environment had affected their carriage and their conduct so that they were foreign to the people of the east. It showed in thought, speech, stature, dress, and accomplishments.

One of the most remarkable incidents in the founding of this new race of Backswoodsmen was immediate increase in weight and height, accomplished in a single generation, so much so that a man six feet tall was of ordinary stature. It has been observed by historians but so far as I have heard no satisfactory theory has been advanced for this striking change. My theory, based on my observation of domestic animals is, that this giant race responded instantly to a diet of corn bread, by which is meant Indian corn, which was the only bread that the pioneer used. It depends upon feeding with other vertebrates, may it not be true as to the man animal?

Another striking difference was in the dress. In the mountains every family did their own weaving and spinning and the character of cloth from flax and from wool has never been exceeded for the use for which

it was designed. The men wore a distinctive dress. It was as distinctive as the kilts of the Highlanders, and far more useful. Someday when we really appreciate the noble qualities of our ancestors, we will go on dress parade in the hunter's dress, referred to in those days as the wammus. It was of universal wear in Westsylvania. A pioneer might not wear any more trousers than a Scottish chief but he lived in his wammus. It was belted and in that belt the hunter carried his woods axe and hunting knife. It accentuated the appearance of height in the wearer.

The Backwoodsmen were self-sustaining. You cannot mention a thing they could not produce on their own farms and hills that was necessary to the comforts of their lives. They made their own weapons, cloth, sugar, leather, implements, salt, gunpowder, lights, dishes, and ovens. They lived on the fat of the land.

But for the dreadful danger of the Indian raids, they might have become soft and tame. To this day their descendants, even though they live in palaces in cities, are never easy about their homes when they are absent. It is a hangover from that time when a man might return from a hunting trip to find his house burned, some of his people dead and scalped, and others carried into captivity. There are a lot of things that we cannot understand that are bred in the bone.

The ethnical effect upon the women in the backwoods was equally remarkable, of course. A finer breed of women never lived. They were equal to any emergency. Take the case of Mary Bozart on Dunkard Creek in Monongalia county in 1778. The Indians approached her house. There were two men there and both were shot, one being killed and the other disabled by a wound. In the time that it took, some three minutes, to herd the young children into the house before the Indians could enter, Mrs. Bozart killed three of them with an axe and then held the door against the rest of the raiders until soldiers could come from Prickett's fort.

One of my grandmothers was married at eighteen years. In the last year of her single life she had seventeen proposals of marriage. She was the mother of fourteen children.

Martha McNeel, the wife of John McNeel, was left at home alone while her husband and every other able bodied man in the Little Levels of Pocahontas county marched to the battle at Point Pleasant in 1774. During his absence on this campaign a child was born to her and soon afterwards died, and the mother prepared the coffin and dug the grave and buried it unaided.

Mary Vance Warwick, while her husband was in the army of the Revolution, went from the stockade alone to her home four miles away through the forest. She discovered a large Indian war party and was able to take the word to the fort and prevent its surprise.

Ann Bailey rode from Fort Young at Covington to Point Pleasant over the Indian trace time and again and carried powder and lead to the garrison.

Betty Zane carried powder from one fort to the other at Wheeling under the fire of hundreds of Indian warriors.

Hannah Dennis, captured by Cornstalk, became the wise woman of his nation, and when she escaped walked three hundred miles through the wilderness and survived.

Physically these pioneer women were nearly perfect. They could undergo the perils of maternity and never lose a day from their household work. They were deeply religious and trained up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The changing scenes of their lives had the effect of making them ready to accept the bright and vivid radiance of the Methodism of Wesley in place of the gloomy and austere faith of the Covenanters. This in itself is in keeping with the renascence resulting from a super-race of mortals being set down in a fruitful wilderness, there to found a race and give color to a people to be known to the ends of the earth as Americans.

At the time we had decided to be Westsylvania, the heroes of the backwoods were woodsmen who were skilled in the art of Indian warfare and in wilderness life generally. Such men as Boone, Cresap, Clarke, Wetzels, McDonald, Crawford, David Williamson, Robertson, Sevier, Shelby, Brady, McCulloch, and the like.

They had perfected a rifle that was superior to any thing known before that time. A long rifled gun made of soft iron, shooting a ball that ran as small as seventy to the pound, but which was precise and deadly. Reports of British officers in the Revolution were to the effect that their wounded were negligible in numbers, but that many of their soldiers were killed instantly by a shot in the forehead between the eyes.

During the Revolution the Backwoodsmen were never menaced or raided by the British troops. It was the most dangerous ground known in that war on account of the Indian allies who were induced by the British to side with them. In all of Westsylvania there is no record of a Tory. But in some colonies it was sometimes hard to tell whether there were more king's men or more congress men. And the price of scalps paid by the British had the strange effect of bringing Tory scalps just the same as Whigs. This reacted most woefully on Tory sentiment when they found that Great Britain was buying their hair.

It was about this time that the people of Westsylvania commenced to put Indian hides in their tanning vats in their yards.

The prompt action on the part of the first assembly to meet after the Declaration of Independence in establishing the district of West Augusta, and in perfecting the title to the lands on the western waters, satisfied the Virginians, but it did not satisfy the fighters who lived in what is now Pennsylvania. The same spirit of independence caused a revolt in that part of Westsylvania in 1794, when Congress laid a tax on whiskey, which constituted the main money income of that part of the country. Westsylvania saw a bigger army of white men at that time than she saw during the Revolution, and about a thousand of them were Virginians from Westsylvania. David Bradford headed that strike.

But a thing is never settled until it is settled right. And the failure to form the Fourteenth Colony was the direct cause of the Civil War, and the belated formation of the State of West Virginia.

It is possible that if quick transportation and the modern cities had come sooner that the people of Virginia could have continued to live together, but as time went on the mountain people found it more and more irksome to live and do business under the domination of a race of people with whom they had so little in common. Then and now to be a citizen of West Virginia is greater than to me a king. They can brook no restraint upon their actions. They are as wild as the eagle.

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure wohld he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder bolt he falls."

The rending of Virginia was bound to come sooner or later, on account of the diversity of the creatures. If the good Lord had seen fit to let the colony of Westsylvania live, it is the opinion of those who are able to interpret history, that the Civil War would never have been. With a powerful state reaching from the Great Lakes to Tennessee, of great wealth and population, and inclined to the free soil policies, the great tragedy of the United States would have been averted.

That we are different from the teeming millions of the great centers of population, we would be the last to deny. It has brought its problems and its perplexities. If we are quick on the trigger, they are quick on the uptake, and they find the loose joints in our armor, and many is the sly dig that their kept scribes give us.

In the meantime we do very well, thank you, and someday the song of Westsylvania will be the song of Roland and the pine.

"God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!"

comfort, and the ideal of his endeavors was to have a home of his own amid fields and meadows. Of such homes an eloquent writer says: "The homes of our land are its havens of peace, its sanctuaries of strength and happiness. Hence come those principles of probity and integrity that are the safeguards of our nation."

ANDREW EDMISTON.

Andrew Edmiston, Esq., of Scotch-Irish ancestry, late of the lower Levels, is the subject of this biographic memoir. The immediate ancestry of the Edmiston relationship is traceable to Matthew Edmiston, who came to Augusta County, Va., from Chester County, Pa., among the earliest settlers of Augusta County, about 1740, or very soon thereafter.

James Edmiston, a son of Matthew the ancestor, was one of six children and was born in Augusta County, October 7, 1746, and died October 7, 1817. James Edmiston's wife was Jane Smith, from Ireland, who was born October 17th, 1746, and died May 20th, 1837, aged 91 years. Andrew Edmiston, son of James, was born July 22d, 1777.

Soon after his marriage with Mary (Polly) Gilliland, January 8th, 1807, Mr Edmiston settled near Locust, on lands now owned by George Callison. In reference to Mrs Polly Edmiston, let it be noticed here that she was a daughter of the first Mrs James Gilliland,—

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Lydia Armstrong, born October 17th, 1755, and deceased July 23d, 1817. Mrs Polly Edmiston was born July 4th, 1790, and was a bride at 17 years of age. Her death occurred January 2, 1877, surviving her husband thirteen years. James Gilliland, her father, was born in Augusta County, March 16th, 1749, and died February 14th, 1844, near Falling Spring, Greenbrier County, aged 95 years. He married for his second wife Mrs Jane Smith Edmiston, the widowed mother of Andrew Edmiston, in February, 1819. By this marriage Mr Gilliland became Andrew Edmiston's step-father, as well as father-in-law, a relationship so unique as to challenge a parallel in the history of Pocahontas marriage relationships.

This James Gilliland's father was named Nathan Gilliland, about whom we have no particulars. By the first marriage there were six sons, Robert, James, Nathan, William, Samuel, and George; and six daughters, Jane, Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy, Lydia, and Mary (Polly), the last named the wife of Andrew Edmiston.

What lends interest to what has just been said about James Gilliland's first family is the fact that there are cogent reasons for believing that Hon. Mark Hanna, of Ohio, is a descendant of one of the above named sisters.

It is also interesting to mention that Andrew Edmiston was a lineal descendant of Sir David Edmiston, cup-bearer to James 1st of Scotland; also of Sir James Edmiston, standard bearer of the royal colors in the battle of Sheriffmuir, (1715). In the Revolutionary war Mr Edmiston's ancestors were distinguished, and nota

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bly at the battle of King's Mountain. Several of his grandsons were good Confederate soldiers in the late war between the States.

Mr and Mrs Edmiston were the parents of five sons and five daughters: Lydia, Elizabeth, Jane, Martha, Mary, James, George, Matthew, Andrew Jackson, and William.

Lydia Edmiston was married to Richard McNeel, grandson of John McNeel the original settler of the Levels, and lived near Millpoint.

Elizabeth Edmiston became Mrs James Gilliland, of James, Senior, and settled in Davies County, Mo. Jamesport, a town of 1200 population, was located on his farm, and hence was called Jamesport.

Jane Edmiston became Mrs Abram Jordan, mentioned elsewhere as having gone west. So far as known to the writer, she is now living in Kansas with her daughter, Mrs William Renick.

Martha Edmiston married Franklin Jordan, and settled in Missouri, where she died leaving no surviving children.

Mary Edmiston was an invalid all her life and never married. She went with her brother George Edmiston to Missouri.

Matthew Edmiston married Minerva Bland, in Weston, and settled there. His name appears in the history of our State as one of the most distinguished of our native born public characters. In Lewis' History and Government of West Virginia, mention is made

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of this distinguished man as follows:

"Judge Edmiston was born September 9, 1814, at Little Levels, Pocahontas County, where after receiving a common school education, he was admitted to the bar in 1835. Four years after he removed to Lewis County, which later he represented in both branches of the General Assembly of Virginia. In 1852 he was chosen a judge of the circuit court, in which position he continued until 1860. He was elected to a seat in the Constitutional Convention of 1872, but because of ill health did not qualify. He was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals in 1886, but one year before his death. Judge Edmiston died June 29th, 1887, at his home in Weston, Lewis County."

Judge Matthew Edmiston reared a large family. Of his five sons, four became physicians and one a lawyer. Each distinguished himself with marked credit in both private and professional life. One by one they fulfilled the destiny of their career and answered the final summons of life, until to-day but one survives. He possesses the distinction of having been named for the subject of this sketch. Hon. Andrew Edmiston resides at Weston, Lewis County. Of him well may it be said, "His has been a life of great influence and usefulness." Possessing in a marked degree those sturdy elements and attributes of manhood which have always characterized the Edmiston family, he has brought added lustre to the name. Electing to follow in the footsteps of his eminent father, he has graced and dignified the high calling of the law. Prominent

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in politics and state-craft, he has steadily advanced in the esteem of the public until he has erected for himself a monument of honor and influence that will testify in all future time to his worth and greatness. Whether engaged in the discharge of the duties incident to political office or in the less prominent walks of life, he has always served his constituency alike with the same unfaltering fidelity. The name of Andrew Edmiston, of Weston, is conspicuously identified with the political history of West Virginia. To few men is given such wide power and influence.

James Edmiston married Mary Hill, daughter of Thomas Hill. He lived a number of years near Mill-point, on the farm now held by C. Edgar Beard. Mr Edmiston was a member of the Pocahontas Court, and for years was prominent in county affairs. Late in life he went west. Mrs Minerva Beard, of Lewisburg, is his daughter.

George Edmiston married Mrs Nancy Callison, relict of Isaac Callison, and a daughter of John Jordan, and lived many years at the homestead. He was a busy, enterprising man, and was engaged in many business enterprises with the late Colonel Paul McNeel. He finally moved to Missouri, where his family resides.

Andrew Jackson Edmiston married Rebecca Edmiston, a daughter of James Edmiston, son of William Edmiston, brother of Andrew Edmiston. After the decease of her husband, Mrs Edmiston became the wife of Jackson Jones, of Nicholas County.

William Edmiston, the youngest of Andrew Edmis-

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ton's sons, spent some time with Judge Edmiston at Weston, where he attended school. He then went several terms to Rev Dunlap, principal of the Pocahontas Academy at Hillsboro. When he attained his majority he started to Missouri with Anthony C. Jordan. While on a steamer in Missouri waters he was seized with cholera and died on the boat. The towns were quarantined in a very rigid manner, and all landing was prohibited. Hence the crew were compelled to bury their passenger at a lonely, uninhabited spot, not very remote from St. Charles, Mo. His friend Jordan went ashore to assist in the burial, but would not return to the boat, and finished his journey to Davies County on foot, after successfully eluding the quarantine guards by keeping away from the public routes of travel.

In his youth and early manhood Andrew Edmiston seems to have had a consuming passion for athletic exercises, boxing, wrestling, and feats of muscular endurance. There was living at the time one Thomas Johnson, near the head of Stony Creek, who claimed to be the champion hard hitter of all that region. He heard of young Edmiston's exploits as an athlete, and these exploits created some doubt as to which was the "best man"; and to settle the question the ambitious Stony Creek champion sent a challenge to the champion of the lower Levels, that if he would meet him he would find out that though he might be the best the Levels could show, that he would soon find himself no-

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where on Stony Creek if he just dared to show himself up there. This fired young Edmiston, and made him as hot as the furnace we read of in Daniel. He may have sought rest but he did not find any that night, and so he set out by the light of the morning stars for West Union.

He walked from his home near Locust to John Smith's, head of Stony Creek—fifteen or more miles—before breakfast to dispute the question of "best man" with Tom Johnson on his own Stony Creek ground. Without stopping for rest or breakfart he sailed into Johnson, tooth, fist, and toenail. In the first round Johnson landed a terrific blow on Edmiston's shoulder that dislocated Edmiston's arm, and yet he continued the contest until he saw his opportunity, and overpowered Johnson until he called out enough.

John Smith then took charge of the victor, the now best man of Stony Creek and the Levels, and gave him his breakfast, and by noon he was back at Locust. He felt the effects of that dislocation all of his subsequent life. Slight exertion would ever after make his injured arm fly out of place at the shoulder.

In his later years he professed a change of heart and became a member of the M. E. Church. His sincerity was respected by all who knew him best, and regarded genuine. Mr Edmiston died April 15th, 1864, aged 87 years. When the dying day came, when he was to pass over to the bright forever, it was found that he had nothing to do but to die. God had not cast him off in the time of old age, nor forsaken him when his strength failed. At evening time it was light with

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this venerable man, and he could realize the power of words like these: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only."

JEREMIAH FRIEL.

The Friel relationship trace their ancestry to one Daniel O'Friel, a native of Ireland, who probably came to Augusta county with the Lewises, 1740. He settled on Middle River, between Churchville and Staunton. His children were James, William, Jeremiah, and Anna. James O'Friel went to Maryland, Eastern Shore. William settled in Highland County. Anna became a Mrs Crawford and lived in Augusta.

Daniel O'Friel seems to have been a person of considerable means. He sold his property for Continental money, with a view of settling in Kentucky. The money being repudiated, he was unable to carry out his plans. Upon Jacob Warwick's invitation, Jeremiah O'Friel came to Clover Lick. Mr Warwick gave him land on Carrich Ridge. This land was exchanged with Sampson Matthews, Senior, for lands on Greenbrier, now occupied in part by his descendants.

Jeremiah Friel's wife was Anna Brown, daughter of Joseph Brown, who was living at the time on Greenbrier River. Their first home was on Carrich Ridge, then afterwards they lived on the river. Their children were Joseph, Daniel, Josiah, John, Catherine, Hannah, Ellen, Mary, and Jennie.

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original Pocahontas secessionists. so intense his devotion to State rights had become.

His second marriage was with Margaret Poage, daughter of George W. Poage, of the Little Levels.

ANDREW WARWICK.

One of the best known names in our pionee. annais was that of the Warwicks. John Warwick; the ancestor of the Greenbank branch of the connexion, was of English descent. It is believed he came to upper Pocahontas previously to the Revolution, and opened up a settlement on Deer Creek, at the place now in the possession of Peter H. Warwick and John R. Warwick. Mrs Warwick, whose given name can not be certainly recalled, was a member of the Martin family in the Valley of Virginia.

John Warwick seems to have been a person of great enterprise, and braved the dangers of pioneer life with more than ordinary courage and devotion to duty. He had a fort raised upon his premises, to which himself and nelghbors would resort when threatened by Indian incursions or raids Being so near to Clover Lick, whose facilities for hunting and fishing were so much prized by the Indians, its erection seems to have been very exasperating to them, and were very troublesome to the settlers living in reach of the Warwick fort.

The only Indian Major Jacob Warwick was ever certain of killing was shot from a tree not far from this fort. The warrior had climbed the tree to reconoitre the fort, and it is more than probable that the

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death of the scout interfered with the Indian plans and intentions of attack.

In reference to John Warwick's children we have the following particulars: Their names were William, John, Andrew, Elizabeth—of whom special mention was made in the Slaven sketches: Mary, who was probaly the first lady teacher of schools in our county; Margaret, who became Mrs James Gay and went west; Ann, who became Mrs Ingram and lived in Ohio.

As the Warwick relationship is so extended, it will be treated in groups in these biographic notes. In this paper the descendants of Andrew Warwick will be mainly considered and their history illustrated, concluding with a fragmentary reference.

Andrew Warwick went to Richlands, in Greenbrier, for a wife and married Elizabeth Craig, and then opened up a home on Deer Creek. This property is now occupied by Major J. C. Arbogast. Their children were Jane, who was married to James Wooddell, near Greenbank; Margaret became Mas Samuel Sutton, first wife; Nancy was married to Jacob Hartman, north of Greenbank, and went to the far west. Her children were Sarah Lucretia, Virginia, William; and James. Mary Warwick became the second wife of Isaac Hartman, and lived on property now held by Joseph Riley. Elizabeth Warwick was kicked in the face by a horse about the time she was grown to womanhood, and lingered for years in great suffering and finally died of the injury. Sally Warwick became Mrs George Burner, of Travelers Repose. Anna Warwick was married to Rev Henry Arbogast, and lived

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near Gladehill.

Jacob Warwick, son of Andrew Warwick, married Elizabeth Hull, of Virginia, and settled on the Deer Creek homestead; moved thence to Indiana, and finally to Missouri. His children were Mathew Patton, Amos, Andrew Jackson, William Craig, Caroline, who became Mrs George Tallman; and Rachel, who was the youngest. They all went with their parents to the western states.

This paper will be closed by a fragmentary reference to John Warwick, of John the elder.

In the winter of 1861 there was an officer with the Ohio troops in the Cheat Mountain garrison by the name of Warwick. The writer has been informed that he claimed descent from the Pocahontas Warwicks, and made some inquiry concerning the Warwick relationship.

The tradition is that John Warwick. Junior, married Margaret Poage of Augusta County. It is believed James Poage, her father, lived awhile on Knapps Creek, and afterwards moved to Kentucky.

Upon his marriage John Warwick, Junior, settled on the lower end of the farm now owned by Captain G. W. Siple. Parties yet living remember seeing traces of the cabin he had built and dwelt in. He remained here but a short time however, and moved to Ohio about 1790.

There were three little boys, one of them named John- The Union officer claimed to be a descendant of a John Warwick from West Virginia, a grandson, and was a son, doubtless, of one of those little boys

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that went to Ohio with their parents from their cabin home on Deer Creek. This Federal officer became a member of Congress, and achieved a national reputation by defeating William McKinley in a Congressional contest. Many no doubt will readily recall this interesting event in the history of Ohio politics.

WILLIAM WARWICK.

The group of the Warwick relationship treated of in this paper includes the descendants of William Warwick, son of John Warwick, the early pioneer.

Like his brother Andrew, William Warwick lost his heart in the Richlands of Greenbrier, and married Nancy Craig, a sister of Mrs Andrew Warwick. They settled on Deer Creek, where Peter H. Warwick now lives, and were the parents of three children: Robert Craig, Elizabeth. who became Mrs Benjamin Tallman; Margaret, who became Mrs John Hull, and lived on the head of Jacksons River.

Robert Craig Warwick, the only son, at one time crossed the Alleghany to pay his sister a visit. One result of the visit was that he and Esther Hull were soon married, and the happy young people settled on the Deer Creek homestead. They were the parents of three sons and six daughters. In reference to their children the following items are recorded:

Catherine Hidy Warwick is now Mrs William Bird. Her children Elvira Louisa, now Mrs William McClune, near Millpoint; Robert Craig Bird, at Clifton Forge; John Henry Bird, Covington; George Newton

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Anne Bailey in West Virginia Tradition

GRACE McCARTNEY HALL

I

Meet Anne Bailey

"Israel had her Deborah; Spain delights to dwell upon the memory of Isabella; while France glories in the names of Joan of Arc and Lavalette. . . . But the Western heroines of our own land . . . displayed more true courage than any examples in ancient times or in modern history beyond our own land."[1] Thus wrote Virgil A. Lewis, chief biographer of the border heroine, Anne Bailey. Lewis continued: "England gave her birth; Virginia, a field of action; Ohio has her dust."[2]

More specifically Anne Bailey is known as the "Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley."[3] But this modest and reasonable title seems almost prim amidst an array of extravagant and colorful phrases. Rare indeed are simple homey terms such as the "Mother Ann" of one early writer.[4] More to the nineteenth-century taste are literary and classical allusions such as: "She was a veritable Meg Merriles . . . a thorough gypsy in look, habit and vagabondage."[5] The genius of Sir Walter Scott has immortalized Meg Merriles but "in the Ohio Valley there arose a woman, if such she might be called, more remarkable in career, more strange and wild in character than Jean Gordon [original from whom Scott drew Meg Merriles of *Guy Mannering*] ever was."[6]

Writers delved deeper into history and folk lore and Anne became the Semiramis of America.[7] Now Semiramis was hardly motherly, nor was she gypsy-like in character, being an

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[1] Virgil A. Lewis, *Life and Times of Anne Bailey* (Charleston, W. Va.: The Butler Printing Company, 1891), p. 2.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 87.

[3] Virgil A. Lewis, "Anne Bailey," *The State Gazette* [Point Pleasant, West Virginia], October 10, 1901, p. 6.

[4] "Mad Ann the Huntress," *United States Magazine*, III (September, 1856), p. 227.

[5] Charles McKnight, *Our Western Border* (Philadelphia: J. C. McCurdy and Company, 1875), p. 709.

[6] Augustus Lynch Mason, *The Romance and Tragedy of Pioneer Life* (Cincinnati: Ohio, Jones Brothers and Company, 1883), p. 401.

[7] *Hardesty's Historical and Geographical Encyclopaedia, Mason County, West Virginia, Putnam County, West Virginia, Northwestern Ohio, Lawrence County* [Chicago: H. H. Hardesty and Company, 1883], p. 9.

ancient Assyrian queen, famous for her administrative skill and military prowess.[8]

Tributes, classical or otherwise, continued to pour from nineteenth-century pens and were often more enthusiastic than fitting. ". . . I would see a figure blazoned there more clearly with that of Jean d'Arc or Boadica; Isabella or Daronardla; Theodosea or Martin Luther; it is that of Ann Bailey."[9] The excessive admiration overflows a few paragraphs later: "Sir Galahad on his white charger adventuring forth in search of the Holy Grail does not lay stronger hold upon our imagination than does this lone woman . . . riding . . . in the holy cause of freedom."[10]

But Anne's admirers kept abreast of the times. The turning away of the American literary mind from romantic and classical themes to the American scene is reflected in the tributes paid to Anne Bailey. At the turning of the century, homespun heroes were in vogue, and Anne's admirers kept apace: ". . . this woman's courage and bravery is of the same stuff and ranks with . . . the hero Crockett of the Alamo fame."[11] ". . . she exhibited the loyalty of a Paul Revere and the courage of a Betty Zane."[12] "She hunted, rode alone through the wilderness, and fought the Indian like a Boone or a Kenton."[13] . . . Anne Bailey was herself a Daughter of the Revolution.[14]

In 1953, Julius de Gruyter made Anne's story as modern as tomorrow's television set. She became "the original girl scout"[15] and "one of our early 'career women'."[16]

Who was this woman of whom such extravagant things were written? What is the most effective manner in which to review the large but scattered body of printed matter concerning her?

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[8] Charles Mills Gayley, *The Classic Myths* (New York: Ginn and Company, 1911), p. 508.

[9] Mrs. James R. Hopley, "Anne Sargent Bailey," *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Publications*, VI (1907), p. 341.

[10] *Ibid.*, pp. 344-345.

[11] Lillian Rozell Messenger, "Anne Bailey," *Ann Bailey, Thrilling Adventures of the Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley*, Mrs. Livia Poffenbarger, editor and publisher (Point Pleasant, West Virginia, 1907), p. 5.

[12] Samuel Harden Stille, *Ohio Builds a Nation* (Lower Salem, Ohio: The Arlen-Gale Book House, 1939), p. 66.

[13] Judah Hughes, *Pioneer West Virginia* (Charleston, West Virginia: Published by the author, 1923), p. 69.

[14] Virgil A. Lewis, "Some Notes About Anne Bailey," *The State Gazette* [Point Pleasant, West Virginia], October 24, 1901, p. 1.

[15] Julius A. de Gruyter, *The Kanawha Spectator* (Charleston, West Virginia: Jarvis Printing Company, 1953), p. 128.

[16] *Ibid.*, p. 128.

II

The Plan for this Study

The story of Anne Bailey, as it has come down to us by word of mouth and in print, affords an interesting study of a legend-in-the-making. Since her death in 1825, the events of her simple, yet heroic, life have been told and retold in poetry and in prose, in drama, and on the radio. Road markers and memorials in three states attest the fact that Anne Bailey passed this way. School children read about her career as a scout and about her alleged ride to save Fort Lee (now Charleston, West Virginia) from the Indians.[17]

As far as documentary evidence is concerned, little is actually known about Anne Bailey, but a wealth of incident, factual or otherwise, has attached itself to the story of her life. Magazines, newspaper files, history books, and the publications of historical societies preserve for us the few known facts of her career. They preserve for us, also, the accumulation of embellishment that has exaggerated her story to fantastic proportions. It is the purpose of this study to sift the probable elements from the improbable and by so doing to demonstrate how the tradition grew.

In preparing the study, it seemed expedient first to give briefly the most reasonable and acceptable account of Anne's life and use this as a basis from which to present the varied and colorful versions that have appeared in the one hundred twenty-nine years since her death. This "most acceptable account" was found to be a composite story as told by Virgil A. Lewis and amended by Roy Bird Cook.[18]

The reasonable and acceptable account of Anne's life is followed by variations of the story. The variations fall naturally into seven divisions, or chapters: first, stories of her early

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[17] As concerns the telling of the story for school children, the reader is referred to the following: Sylvia Boupart, *Stories of West Virginia for Boys and Girls* (Charleston, West Virginia: West Virginia University, Jarrett Printing Company, 1934), pp. 33-34; Charles Henry Ambler, *West Virginia Stories and Biographies* (New York: Rand McNally and Company, 1937), p. 109; Virginia DuBois, *Notes on West Virginia History* (Charleston, West Virginia: Kanawha County Schools, 1942), p. 38. The telling and retelling of the story comprise the burden of this writing and the many versions will be fully established and documented in the course of the study.

[18] Virgil A. Lewis, *Life and Times: Virgil A. Lewis, "Anne Bailey, the Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley," The State Gazette* (Point Pleasant, West Virginia), October 18, 1901; Roy Bird Cook, *The Annals of Fort Lee* (Charleston, West Virginia: The West Virginia Review Press, 1935).

life to the death of her first husband; second, eleven years of scouting; third, marriage to her second husband; fourth, the ride upon which her fame rests; fifth, the period following the Indian wars; sixth, her last years; and seventh, description and personality. With each division, the matter treated is arranged in chronological order, insofar as the nature of the material would permit. Each departure from the accepted account is given but once, the huge bulk of printed matter precluding the tracing of each variant through the years from its first appearance in print to its last.

The eleventh chapter deals with markers and memorials dedicated to Anne's memory. Included in this chapter are accounts of two instances of dramatization of the story, one being a radio presentation, the other, one episode of an historical pageant.

Also included in chapter eleven is some mention of Anne's descendants. This, however, is restricted to those who are engaged in literary pursuits.

Virgil A. Lewis, whose account of Anne's life is used as a basis for this study, was admirably equipped to tell the Anne Bailey story. He was born in Mason County, then a part of Virginia, in 1848, only twenty-three years after Anne Bailey's death.[19] His childhood and youth were spent in the vicinity of Point Pleasant where tales of Anne's heroic deeds and eccentric ways were on every tongue. Lewis wrote: "As a child the incidents of her life . . . thrilled my childish heart and forty years ago I learned and jotted down the recitals which I then heard of her."[20]

Lewis studied law and was admitted to the West Virginia bar, but found history and literature more to his liking than the practice of law.[21] In 1890 he organized the West Virginia Historical and Antiquarian Society.[22] Later he prepared the bill creating the Department of Archives and History,[23] and in due time became the first Archivist of West Virginia.[24] These

[19] Thomas Condit Miller and Hu Maxwell, *West Virginia and Its People* (New York: Lewis Historical Publishing Company, 1913), II, p. 165.
[20] Lewis, "Anne Bailey," p. 6.
[21] Miller, p. 165.
[22] Ibid.
[23] Ibid., p. 166.
[24] Ibid.

facts are given as evidence of Lewis's qualifications as historian and biographer.

There are three reasons for accepting the Lewis-Cook version of Anne's life as the most authentic. First, Lewis's interest was life long, and his published material about Anne covered a period of nineteen years. The story varies little, however, from his first published version in 1891 to his last account in 1910.[25] Lewis included in his *Life and Times of Anne Bailey* statements of several persons who remembered Anne from their childhood days. A partial listing of these includes Dr. C. C. Forbes,[26] Mr. James H. Holloway,[27] Mrs. Mary McCulloch,[28] and Mrs. Mary Irion, granddaughter of Anne Bailey.[29] This listing is not complete and is presented only as evidence of the fact that Lewis was closer, over a long period of time, to the scene of Anne's exploits than were other writers in the field and hence was better equipped to tell her story than many who preceded him, as well as those who followed him. It must be noted, however, that Lewis wrote prior to Roy Bird Cook's investigation of the pay-rolls of Fort Lee; official state records left by George and William Clendenin, pertaining to Fort Lee,[30] and the large collection of manuscripts, pertaining to the Kanawha Valley area, now preserved by the Wisconsin Historical Society in Madison, Wisconsin.[31]

A second reason for accepting the Lewis account as basic is the fact that Dr. Cook, after the search of manuscripts noted above, stated: "The best general account, however, is to be found in the *Life and Times of Anne Bailey* by the late V. A. Lewis, one-time State Historian and Archivist."[32] Other prominent historians who follow, generally, the Lewis version are Morris P. Shawkey,[33] Phil Conley,[34] and Charles Henry Ambler.[35]

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[25] The last article published by Lewis was a sketch entitled "Anne Bailey." This appeared in *The Magazine of History*, March 10, 1910, pp. 126-128. Reprints of Lewis' articles appeared after his death.
[26] Lewis, *Life and Times*, pp. 69-70.
[27] *Ibid.*, p. 73.
[28] *Ibid.*
[29] *Ibid.*, p. 76.
[30] Cook, *Annals*, pp. 83, 84, 90.
[31] *Ibid.*, p. 85.
[32] *Ibid.*, p. 94.
[33] Morris P. Shawkey, *West Virginia* (Chicago and New York: The Lewis Publishing Company, 1928), I, pp. 38-42; II, pp. 166, 317.
[34] Phil Conley, *Beacon Lights of West Virginia History* (Charleston, West Virginia: West Virginia Publishing Company, 1933), pp. 98-99, 116.
[35] Charles Henry Ambler, *West Virginia, the Mountain State* (New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1940), p. 163.

A third reason for considering the Lewis account as the most reliable is that Mr. Harry S. Irion, great-great-grandson of Anne, has worked since 1951 collecting and sifting all information relating to her. Mr. Irion says: "After a wide and rather thorough examination of practically every thing that has been written about her I am persuaded to believe that the most reliable information is found among the older writers. . . . Personally I place greatest weight in the writings of Mr. Lewis."[36]

III

The Lewis-Cook Version

Anne Bailey was born Anne Hennis in Liverpool, England.[37] She was not sure of the exact date, but remembered being taken to London when she was five years old. While there she saw the execution of Lord Lovat. This event occurred in 1747, which places Anne's birthdate in the year 1742. Her father was a soldier in Queen Anne's wars and, according to Lewis, Anne Hennis was named for Queen Anne.

The tradition popular in Virginia and most acceptable to Mr. Lewis was that Anne learned to read and write in Liverpool and that her parents died while she was yet in her teens. She thought of friends in America and came, in 1761, to Staunton, Virginia, where she lived with a family named Bell. She was then nineteen years of age.

Soon after her arrival in America, Anne met Richard Trotter, a young frontiersman and survivor of Braddock's campaign. Anne and Richard were married in 1765, and established their home in Augusta County, Virginia. They had one child, a son named William, who was born in 1767.

It was in the year 1774, when the savages were threatening the frontier, that Anne embarked upon her strange career by encouraging the men to enlist to fight the Indians.

Richard Trotter enlisted in the army to continue the struggle against the Indians. He fought in the battle of Point Pleasant and was killed in that encounter. Anne had married at the

[36] Harry S. Irion, letter to the author, Dec. 7, 1953.
[37] In this chapter, unless otherwise noted, the facts are taken from Lewis, *Life and Times of Anne Bailey*, pp. 7-8, 9, passim.

age of twenty-three, was widowed at thirty-two, and remained a widow for eleven years.

Anne left William with a neighbor, Mrs. Moses Mann, and started in earnest her recruiting of soldiers—soldiers to fight the Indians and the British. "Clad in buckskin pants, with petticoat, heavy brogan shoes, a man's coat and hat, a belt about the waist in which was worn the hunting knife, and with rifle on her shoulder, she went from one recruiting station to another. . . ." The country from the Potomac to the Roanoke was her field of action and before the Revolution ended she was famous along the border.

After the Revolution, she carried messages from Staunton to the distant pioneer forts; and when Fort Savannah (now Lewisburg, West Virginia) was established, she carried messages to that station. From Lewisburg to Point Pleasant was a distance of one hundred sixty miles. Soon Anne had pushed westward to Point Pleasant, the scene of her husband's death.

On November 3, 1785, Anne married John Bailey at Lewisburg. According to Lewis, Bailey was a well-known border soldier and scout. The Reverend John McCue performed the ceremony. Anne was then forty-three years of age.

George Clendenin acquired land on the Kanawha River, at the present site of Charleston, West Virginia, and in 1788 erected a blockhouse which was called Fort Lee. "Here then was another fort to be garrisoned and to it John Bailey went on duty, taking with him to reside therein, his now famous bride." Anne became a messenger from Fort Randolph (Point Pleasant) to Fort Lee.

In 1790 Colonel George Clendenin received a warning from Point Pleasant that the savages were expected momentarily to attack the settlements on the Kanawha. And in January, 1791, Colonel Clendenin addressed a letter to Governor Randolph of Virginia asking for four scouts "to alarm the inhabitants of the approach of the enemy so as to collect together to secure themselves from savage cruelty."

Then Colonel Clendenin received the information that a large body of savages were approaching the fort. While preparing for the defense of the fort, Colonel Clendenin discovered

that the supply of powder was almost exhausted. He informed the garrison of the situation and asked for volunteers to go to Lewisburg for powder. The men gazed at each other in dismay. Anne said, "I will go."

She rode to Lewisburg and brought back the powder in time to save the fort. She was then forty-nine years of age. As a token of gratitude, the soldiers of the garrison gave her the black horse she had ridden and she named him "Liverpool" in honor of her birthplace.

It is interesting to note and of importance in the unfolding of the Anne Bailey tradition that a road had been completed in 1786 from Lewisburg to Charleston.

Indian hostilities in the Kanawha Valley area ceased with the signing of the Treaty of Greenville in 1795,[38] and Anne's services as a scout were no longer needed.

"After her famous ride from Fort Lee to Lewisburg, Anne Bailey appears to have abandoned all thought of fixed habitation, and thenceforth, mounted on her favorite horse, 'Liverpool', she ranged all the country from Point Pleasant to Staunton." She became a kind of express agency, taking orders along the Kanawha and as far west as Gallipolis and bringing from Staunton or Lewisburg the goods ordered. She drove hogs and cattle from the Shenandoah and is said to have brought the first tame geese, nineteen of them, from the Greenbrier region into the Kanawha Valley for Captain William Clendenin. Anne was shrewd and when Captain Clendenin refused to pay for the geese, having ordered twenty, Anne drew a dead goose from a bag, threw it on the ground, and received her money. In connection with this story, it is well to remember that Lewis was writing from stories which he had heard as a boy, stories which were part of an oral tradition. It is difficult to conceive of twenty geese being driven on foot, across rugged mountains and unbridged streams for a hundred miles, that being the approximate distance from Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, to the Kanawha area.

It was while Anne was engaged in this express business that her second husband died. The exact time of his death is not

[38] Andrew, *West Virginia*, p. 187.

known. Lewis states simply that his death is believed to have occurred in 1802.

In the years following Bailey's death, Anne continued her wanderings, bringing goods to the settlers, visiting with friends, hunting, and fishing. But Lewis tells little of a concrete nature concerning this period of Anne's life. One incident, however, deserves special mention. That is the occasion of Anne's last visit to Charleston—a visit which was made in the summer of 1817. Lewis quoted two witnesses, both of whom claimed to have seen Anne walking from Point Pleasant to Charleston, a distance of approximately seventy miles. Anne was at that time seventy-five years old.

Anne's son, William, had grown to manhood and had married. Anne lived with him at Point Pleasant for three years. In 1818, William bought land in Harrison Township, Gallia County, Ohio. When William selected a home site back from the Ohio River, about six miles from the present site of Clipper's Mills, Anne refused to go with him. Instead, she went to Gallipolis and built with her own hands a hut of fence rails. She lived here for a short time, William finally inducing her to go to his farm, where he built a separate house for her.

On the night of November 22, 1825, Anne died in her sleep. Two of her granddaughters were with her. She was buried in the Trotter graveyard.

On October 24, 1901, an article by Lewis was published in *The State Gazette* at Point Pleasant. In this article Lewis told of the reinterment, under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Anne's remains in Tu-Endie-Wei State Park at Point Pleasant in 1901. This was on the one hundred twenty-seventh anniversary of the Battle of Point Pleasant."

Lewis wrote at length of Anne's personal qualities. She was skilled with the rifle, rode well, and cared for the sick. In her later years, she was a favorite of the French at Gallipolis. She "was 'Grandma' of all the children round about. Many of these she taught to read and to lisp the prayers of childhood for she was a noble, virtuous, Christian woman."[6]

[5] Lewis, "Some Notes," p. 1.
[6] Lewis, "Anne Bailey," p. 6.

Anne has been accused by many writers of being over-fond of alcoholic drink and of being exceedingly profane in her speech. Lewis stated that he made "careful inquiry of more than a dozen persons," all of whom had known Anne, and found no evidence of her ever having been intoxicated, although he admits that she would "take a drink." Neither did he find any evidence of profanity.

In her years of scouting, Anne had many adventures. Lewis relates two of these stories. At one time, while riding through the wilderness she came across a band of Indians. She dismounted and crawled into a hollow log. The Indians took her horse. When night fell, she trailed the Indians to their camp, took Liverpool, sprang to his back, and uttering a yell of defiance, dashed away to safety.

On another occasion, Anne was caught in a snowstorm in the Allegheny Mountains. She crept into a hollow tree and "held her horse so that he constantly blew his breath upon her, and was thus saved from freezing."

The Indians considered Anne to be insane. Believing anyone afflicted with insanity to be under the special care of the Great Spirit, they had great respect for Anne. They called her the "White Squaw of the Kanawha."

Lewis died in 1912.[41] This was before Dr. Roy Bird Cook published his studies of Anne Bailey and Fort Lee. In 1934 Dr. Cook published an article on Anne Bailey in the *West Virginia Review*. In this article he added some pertinent information to the Lewis story.[42]

Dr. Cook located the home of Anne and Richard Trotter as being on Mad Anne's Ridge, near Barber, in what is now Alleghany County, Virginia.[43]

John Bailey and Anne Trotter were both in the vicinity of Lewisburg prior to their marriage in 1785. The tradition is that after their marriage they remained (supposedly) in that locality until the erection of Fort Lee in 1788, at which time they

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[41] Miller, p. 346.
[42] Roy Bird Cook, "Mad Anne Bailey at Fort Lee," *West Virginia Review*, XI (1934), 265-266.
[43] Ibid., p. 262.

came to the Kanawha area as a part of the garrison of Fort Lee. Yet the pay-rolls of Fort Lee do not carry the name of either John or Anne Bailey. John Bailey's name does appear, however, in the records of Kelly's Fort, present site of Cedar Grove. Later, he was transferred to a company of rangers under the command of Captain Hugh Caperton.[44]

Bailey is believed to have died in 1802. Court records show that Anne Bailey, widow of John Bailey, appeared before the County Court on November 3, 1794 with the "will of the said John Bailey." Thus the court entries show that Bailey died in or about October, 1794.[45]

Dr. Cook maintains that a vast amount of papers and documents relating to the Kanawha area do not mention a siege at Fort Lee, nor do they mention Anne Bailey. The papers studied include the records of Fort Lee, and the large collection of manuscripts at Madison, Wisconsin.[46] The papers, however, do carry the notation that the fort was twice menaced by the Indians, "but from the opposite side of the Kanawha River."[47]

The reader should be reminded that of the material in the foregoing pages, little is of a factual nature, supported by documentary evidence. Rather, this material represents that which has been selected as the most reasonable and believable of a large body of oral tradition and of a considerable amount of printed matter. It should be remembered also that this sifting and selecting of acceptable matter was done by a man of legal training, well equipped to differentiate between what is spurious and what is sound. It seems safe, therefore, to conclude that there was an Anne Bailey, that she did serve as a scout in the Kanawha Valley area, that Fort Lee was threatened by the Indians, and that, quite possibly, Anne did bring powder from Lewisburg. Upon this meager foundation, the whole structure of the Anne Bailey tradition is built. As has been stated, it is the purpose of this study to show how that tradition grew.

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[44] Roy Bird Cook, *The Annals of Fort Lee* (Charleston, West Virginia: West Virginia Review Press, 1935), pp. 82-83.
[45] Cook, "Mad Anne," p. 283.
[46] Cook, *Annals*, pp. 84-85.
[47] *Ibid.*, p. 86.

IV

Anne's Early Life to Death of Trotter

The earliest known literary mention of Anne Bailey occurred in December, 1825, eleven days after her death, when her obituary was published in the *Gallia Free Press*, Gallia County, Ohio. The obituary was preserved in Henry Howe's *Historical Collections of Ohio*. James Harper, son of the publisher of the *Gallia Free Press*, found a copy of the obituary hidden away in family papers and gave it to Howe.[48]

Concerning Anne's early life, the writer of the obituary had little to say. He mentioned only that Anne went with her mother from Liverpool to London in 1714, at which time she saw Lord Lovett [sic: correct spelling "Lovat"] beheaded.[49] Lewis, as has been noted, mentioned this trip to London, giving, however, the correct date of the execution as 1747.

Anne next appeared in print in 1826, this time in a book written by Mrs. Anne Royall. Mrs. Royall's book was entitled *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States*. The book was a series of descriptions of places Mrs. Royall had visited in travels about the United States, plus sketches of a descriptive and biographical nature of interesting people whom she had met. The word pictures are brief and Anne is given approximately one and one-half pages. Concerning Anne's origin Mrs. Royall had nothing to say beyond a brief "This female is a Welch woman . . . ."[50]

Thirty-three years after the publication of Mrs. Royall's book, Anne's birthplace was mentioned in print, this time in a book by Emerson Bennett, which bore the colorful title of *Wild Scenes on the Frontier*. In this account Anne's birthplace was given. "She was a native of Liverpool, England, and in her younger, and perhaps better, days had been the wife of a British soldier."[51]

George W. Atkinson, in his *History of Kanawha County*, first mentioned the time of Anne's birth, placing it as "about the

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[48] Henry Howe, *Historical Collections of Ohio* (Cincinnati, Ohio: C. J. Krehbiel and Company, 1908), I, p. 478.

[49] Ibid.

[50] Anne Royall, *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States* (New Haven: Printed for the author, 1826), p. 65.

[51] Emerson Bennett, *Wild Scenes on the Frontier* (Philadelphia: Hamelin and Company, 1852), p. 105.

middle of the last century."[52] More significant, from a literary point of view, than the approximation of the birthdate is the fact that Anne's story is gaining in stature and dignity. Her deeds are now recorded in a book of history.

Augustus Lyncy Mason, in his *Romance and Tragedy of Pioneer Life,* was specific (if not accurate) about Anne's birthdate. Mason gave also her maiden name as Hennis and added: "The creature of whom we write was born in Liverpool, England, about 1750."[53]

In 1885 Anne's story was told by William P. Buell in the *Magazine of Western History.* Anne had been described at length in a magazine article in 1856, but this earliest mention in a magazine contained little of a biographical nature. Buell's account, however, was biographical and influenced later writers greatly. It did much to build the Anne Bailey tradition, especially as concerns her unusually long life. Buell wrote: "Anne Bailey was born . . . in the year 1700, and was named in honor of Queen Anne, and was present at her coronation in 1705 [*sic*: Queen Anne was actually crowned in 1702]. She was of good family, and her parents, whose name was Sargent, were people of some means.[54]

By 1885 Anne's maiden name had been given as Hennis and Sargent. Two other names were to be bestowed upon her, Anne Dennis in 1902,[55] and Anne Hannis in 1927.[56]

Writers agreed, almost unanimously, that Anne was born in Liverpool, England, the one exception being caused, perhaps, by a typographical error. Samuel Harden Stille, in his *Ohio Builds a Nation,* wrote: "She was born in Liverpool, London."[57]

And how did Anne get to America? As has been shown, Lewis wrote that she came to America at the age of nineteen years—after the death of her parents. But earlier and more romantic writers were not content with such simple facts. It

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[52] George W. Atkinson, *History of Kanawha County* (Charleston, West Virginia: Printed at the Office of the *West Virginia Journal,* 1876), p. 134.

[53] Mason, p. 491.

[54] William P. Buell, "Ann Bailey," *Magazine of Western History,* March, 1885, p. 564.

[55] W. A. McAllister, "Pioneer Days in Allegheny County," *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography,* X (January, 1903), p. 256.

[56] News Item in the *Herald-Advertiser* [Huntington, West Virginia], September 23, 1927.

[57] Stille, p. 61.

would seem almost that the early writers vied with each other as to which could produce the most colorful tale. Perhaps none tops the very earliest version, the account given in the magazine article of 1856, "Mad Anne, the Huntress." In this article it was written: "Of her antecedents little is known, except that she was the wife of a dissipated fellow [by the name of Bailey] who, while under the influence of liquor . . . enlisted in H.B.M.'s 7th foot and was immediately sent to America. . . ."[58] A specified number of wives were permitted to join their soldier husbands serving in the colonies, the selection was made by lottery. Bailey drew a lucky ticket, and Anne came to Virginia.[59]

According to the second woman who wrote about Anne, Elizabeth F. Ellet, the trip to America was made under entirely different circumstances. Anne, at the age of thirty, married Richard Trotter and they came to the new world together, selling out as indentured servants to pay their passage.[60]

The tales grew apace: "Her parents settled in the vicinity of Jamestown, where Anne, two brothers, and three sisters, grew up, having been educated and drilled from the cradle in the manners, customs, and hardships of frontier life. . . . at the age of nineteen, she packed her knapsack and started alone for the western frontier. After many days of laborious travel she reached Fort Union, at which place she took up her abode. Shortly after her arrival at Lewisburg, the fort was attacked by Indians and she displayed so much bravery and such remarkable generalship, that she was at once looked up to as a leader and commander."[61] And further: "When powder and lead were to be brought from Point Pleasant, Williamsburg, or Chillicothe, Anne Bailey was generally sent."[62]

Buell, who gave Anne's birthdate as 1700, also had a tale concerning her arrival in the Virginias. At the age of nineteen, Anne, while on her way home from school, was kidnapped, books and all, and brought to Virginia, on the James, at which place she was sold to defray her expenses. "After some years

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[58] "Mad Anne," p. 236.
[59] *Ibid.*
[60] Elizabeth F. Ellet, *The Pioneer Women of the West* (Philadelphia: Porter and Coates, 1873), pp. 248-249.
[61] Atkinson, p. 134.
[62] *Ibid.*, p. 135.

of search her parents found her whereabouts, and offered to send her means to return home, but she preferred the new world to the old, in which she figured conspicuously and heroically during a certain portion of her life."[53] Another statement by Buell which differs from the Lewis-Cook account, both as to the name of her first husband and as concerns her age at the time of her marriage, is that "At the age of thirty she married a man by the name of John Trotter . . . ."[54]

Twenty-two years after Buell's article appeared, the kidnapping story was repeated with embellishments. This version of the story, written by Mrs. James R. Hopley in an extravagant and bombastic style, was published in the *Ohio Archeological and Historical Society Publications* in 1907. Anne's story was gaining in prestige—if not in plausibility. Mrs. Hopley's addition to the kidnapping story was that Anne's grieving parents came to America in search of their long lost daughter, but that she "demonstrated her love for America by choosing this, rather than England, for her home, so that the Sargents returned without her."[55]

Anne's story had already been recognized as matter suitable for inclusion in an historical publication when, in 1902, W. A. McAllister's "Pioneer Days in Allegheny County" was printed in *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*. McAllister gave her age, at the time of her coming to America, as thirteen. Also he wrote that at the age of twenty-three she married John Bailey.[56]

Two other variations, concerning Anne's age at the time of her arrival in America and as concerns the name of her first husband, should be noted. In 1923 it was written that, at the age of twenty-three, Anne, married James Trotter.[57] And in 1931 her age on arriving in America was changed for the last time (to date) when it was written that she was eighteen years old when she came to this country.[58]

The results of this study indicate that the newspapers did not become greatly interested in the Anne Bailey story until

[53] Buell, pp. 554-555.
[54] Ibid., p. 555.
[55] Hopley, pp. 361-365.
[56] McAllister, p. 356.
[57] C. F. Morton, *A Centennial History of Allegheny County, Virginia* (Dayton, [illegible]), p. 761.
[58] Ruth Kincaid Bedford, *Ohio Valley Pioneers* (New York: Rand McNally [illegible]), p. 196.

the late twenties. This is, of course, excepting the article by Lewis which appeared in *The State Gazette* in 1901. However, in 1927, the *Herald-Advertiser*, Huntington, West Virginia, carried a news story to the effect that Charleston needed an actress to play the part of Mad Anne Bailey in an historical pageant. In this article a suggestion was made to the effect that Anne came to America as a stowaway.[69]

The stowaway hint was too rich in romantic possibilities to long lie dormant, and in 1935 George W. Summers wrote boldly that "After the death of her parents while she was still of school girl age, Anne shipped from Liverpool as a stowaway and came to America in search of relatives by the name of Bell who lived somewhere in the Virginia colony."[70]

Writers were strangely reticent concerning Anne's only child, a brief sentence usually serving to dispose of the son. Buell, however, in 1885, remembered him: "They had but one child, a boy named William, who was born to them in their advanced age."[71] Later this was rewritten by Mrs. Hopley: "They had one son, who was named William, to whom she was deeply attached, as was Sarah to Isaac, for he was born of her old age."[72] Mrs. Hopley, influenced by Buell, had given Anne's birthdate as 1700. Lewis gave the date of William's birth as 1767, thus making Anne, according to Hopley, sixty-seven years old at the birth of her only child.

The death of Anne's first husband was generally accepted as having occurred on October 10, 1774 in the battle of Point Pleasant. Deviations were few. The 1856 story, however, related that Anne's first husband, the dissipated soldier named Bailey, was killed near the close of the campaign of 1870.[73] Another writer stated that James Trotter, Anne's husband, was with Andrew Lewis's army at Point Pleasant and was killed. This writer added that, judging from bar-room carvings, Lewis's army was believed to have stood almost to a man over six feet two inches tall.[74]

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[69] News item in the *Herald-Advertiser* [Huntington, West Virginia], September 25, 1927.
[70] George W. Summers, *Pages from the Past* (Charleston, West Virginia: Published by *The Charleston Journal*, 1935), p. 26.
[71] Buell, p. 995.
[72] Hopley, p. 342.
[73] "Mad Ann," p. 236.
[74] Theresa D. McClintic, "Mad Anne Bailey, Woman Scout of Virginia," *The Sunday Star*, Washington, D. C., January 10, 1932, Magazine Section, p. 4.

One further quotation concerning the death of Anne's first husband is of interest, first, because of the recent publication date which shows that Anne's story is still growing; and second, because the quotation may be considered as an attempt to explain Anne's extreme bitterness and desire for revenge. In December, 1953, Ruth Scott, writing in the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, had the following to say about Trotter's death: "Anne, who had followed her husband along the line of march, saw the massacre at Point Pleasant and witnessed the brutal slaying of Trotter."[75]

A brief restatement of the variations occurring in the story of Anne's early life and a comparison of these variants with the Lewis story seems in order. It will be recalled that Lewis gave Anne's maiden name as Hennis. Other writers have given her name as Dennis, Hannis, and even Sargent.

That Anne was born in Liverpool, England, was almost unanimously accepted, but the identity of her first husband is a matter of considerable difference of opinion. The first mention of him is a vague statement that he was a British soldier. Then he becomes a dissipated soldier named Bailey. Other names followed, including Richard Trotter, John Trotter, John Bailey, and James Trotter.

The place of Anne's first marriage is indefinite, some stating that she was married in Liverpool, some in America.

Stories concerning the manner of Anne's coming to the colonies vary greatly from the reasonable statement by Lewis that, her parents having died, she came to Virginia to live with relatives. Romanticized versions relate that she came to America as the result of a lottery, that she was kidnapped and brought to America, that she came as a stowaway, and that she sold out as a bond-servant to pay her passage.

Lastly, the element of revenge is introduced into the story. This revenge motif is strong and will be encountered again and again as the story develops.

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[75] Ruth B. Scott, "'Mad Anne' Saved the Settlers from the Indians," Richmond [Virginia] Times Dispatch, October 18, 1953, Section A, p. 13.

V

Eleven Years of Scouting

As has been noted by Lewis, after the death of her first husband, Anne turned to scouting and recruiting soldiers to fight the Indians and British. The reporting of Anne's career as a wilderness scout and one-woman ammunition train was started with zest by Mrs. Anne Royall in *Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States*, a book which has already been discussed. Mrs. Royall wrote:

> At the time Gen. Lewis's army lay at the Point, a station on Kenhawa river, Ann would shoulder her rifle, hang her shot-pouch over her shoulder, and lead a horse laden with ammunition to the army, two hundred miles distant, when not a man could be found to undertake the perilous task—the way thither being perfect wilderness, and infested with Indians. I asked her if she was not afraid—she replied, 'No, she was not; she trusted the Almighty—she knew she could only be killed, and she had to die sometime.' I asked her if she never met with Indians in her various journeys, (for she went several times) 'Yes, she once met with two, and one of them said to the other, let us kill her, (as she supposed, from the answer of the other) no, said his companion, God dam, too good a soger, and let her pass;' 'but how,' said I, 'did you find the way'—'Steered by the trace of Lewis's army, and I had a pocket compass too.' 'Well, but how did you get over the water courses?'—Some she forded, and some she swam, on others she made a raft: she 'Halways carried a hax and a hauger, and she could chop as well as hany man; . . . .'"[76]

It seems well to point out at this time that this is the only account of Anne's scouting activities which connects her directly with the army of General Andrew Lewis. In 1953, Ruth B. Scott, as has been mentioned, related that Anne had followed her husband to Point Pleasant where she witnessed his death. However, Scott did not suggest that Anne served General Lewis as a scout.

Roving the wilderness as she did, Anne must have been skilled at making camp, and perhaps unique in her methods. At least it was so written.

When making camp at night, Anne would find a likely spot, ride half a mile beyond it, turn her pony loose, hide her saddle,

[76] Royall, pp. 46-48.

and retrace her steps "to the spot selected which is the foot of a large tree, whose roots afford a sort of niche in which she can recline and sleep. She then digs a hole about eighteen inches deep, and large enough to contain a small fire and allow room for her legs on either side of it. Striking a light, she builds a fire with dead twigs, which she carefuly covers up. . . ."[77]

Anne then takes her place between the roots of the tree, her back resting against the trunk. She places her legs in the trough she has dug, one leg on either side of the fire which is carefully covered with her petticoats, only a small opening for draught being left. She is now ready for her evening meal. Anne is fond of alcoholic beverages and as she eats, she drinks copiously from a flask which is her constant companion. ". . . in fact, it is doubtful if she ever parts with it."[78]

Anne slept in the peculiar position described above. When morning dawned she called her "nag" with a peculiar whistle and was soon off on her errand through the wilderness.[79]

As concerns the stories relating to Anne's overfondness for alcoholic drink, it is significant that in 1826, Mrs. Royall had written that Anne "begged a dram" of her.[80] In this brief phrase the tradition of Anne, as a hard-drinking woman, had its inception. When, thirty years later, in 1856, the story quoted above was published, Anne's reputation as a hard-drinker was firmly established. Interesting also is the fact that the first note of Anne's drinking was made by a woman. In no other instance is this phase of Anne's life mentioned by a woman writer.

During the Indian wars, Anne performed efficient services, carrying messages from Fort Young [near Covington, Virginia] to Point Pleasant, riding over steep mountains, through dense forests, and over rushing streams.[81]

The folklore motif of revenge occurs early in the development of the tradition and, as has been suggested, continues throughout the many versions of the tale. In 1873 Mrs. Ellet

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77 "Mad Ann," p. 236.
78 Ibid.
79 Ibid.
80 Royall, p. 49.
81 Butterfield, p. 102.

wrote that Anne's life was dedicated to avenging her husband's death. To this end she gave up household concerns and female dress and rode about the country attending every muster of soldiers.[82] So imbued was she with the idea of revenge that it was written of her: "From the period of his death she became possessed with a strange savage spirit of revenge against the Indians."[83] She went among the Indians at will, spoke Shawnee fluently, and "told the savages that she was endowed by the Great Spirit with wonderful powers, and that if they interfered with her undertakings she would cause them to be swept from the face of the earth."[84]

According to Atkinson, bad weather did not keep Anne from her duties as a scout, but it did present a problem which she had to solve. Gunpowder must be kept dry, Atkinson, in 1876, wrote, and in bad weather Anne kept her ammunition dry by putting it in caves and hollow logs.[85]

Writers, intent on glorifying Anne, continued to stress her devotion to the cause she had espoused and to exaggerate her success as a scout. In his colorful *Romance and Tragedy of Pioneer Life*, published in 1883, Mason stressed Anne's devotion to "that strange career which spread her name far and wide through the border settlements, and which will perpetuate it so long as the stories of the border struggles are read among men."[86]

Another phase of the glorification of Anne concerns her loyalty to the settlers and her willingness, even eagerness, to serve them in any capacity. Mason ties this will-to-service with her desire for revenge: "No service in behalf of the settlers was too arduous, no mode of injury to the savages too cruel or bloody for her fierce zeal."[87]

Anne's enthusiasm for killing Indians was matched by Buell's enthusiasm for superlatives as concerned Anne: "As soon as she heard of the death of her husband (a presentiment of which she said she had before he was killed by the Indians), and became a widow, a furious, wild, strange fancy possessed her,

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[82] Elliot, p. 248.
[83] McKnight, p. 709.
[84] Atkinson, pp. 134-135.
[85] Ibid., p. 135.
[86] Mason, p. 402.
[87] Ibid.

and with a deep seated spirit of revenge rankling in her bosom, she swore eternal vengeance upon the entire savage race."[88] ". . . she armed herself with a rifle, bullet-pouch, power-horn, tomahawk and scalping-knife, attired herself like a man, in hat, hunting-shirt, leggings and moccasins, rode astride like the male sex, and went about the country on horseback, attending every muster of the soldiers, where she commanded universal attention. . . . She conveyed information to the commandants of forts, a service in which she took universal delight. . . ."[89]

According to Buell the Indians considered Anne to be insane, and, being insane, under the special care of the Great Spirit. Hence she roamed unmolested through the wilderness from Point Pleasant to the James and Potomac Rivers. So successful was she in her military endeavors that she was called the "Semiramis of America."[90]

Perhaps a hunting knife and a butcher knife are one and the same thing, but butcher knife is certainly a more colorful term. And Anne rode about the country "mounted on a favorite horse of great sagacity and rode like a man, with rifle over her shoulder and a tomahawk and butcher knife in her belt."[91]

As has been mentioned, Anne rendered aid to the settlers in any capacity where her services were needed. She was skilled at nursing and became almost as well loved for her unselfish devotion as a nurse as she was admired for her success as a scout and ". . . for eleven years she fearlessly dashed along the whole western border, going wherever her services required. . . ."[92]

Writers, men and women alike, were agreed that Anne was a woman of determination. "No mountain was too steep for her unfaltering steed; no winter so severe, no summer so hot, no enemy so cunning as to prevent her fulfillment of a once formed purpose."[93] "The murderers of the husband of her youth, were to be hunted, harried, exterminated if possible.

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[88] Buell, p. 555.
[89] Ibid.
[90] Ibid.
[91] Brown, p. 678.
[92] "Anne Bailey's Ride," *Southern Historical Magazine*, II (July, 1892), p. 90.
[93] Mackintosh, p. 238.

And avenging his death she furthered the cause of freedom, made way for liberty, life, and good order in the new world."[94]

One of the trips that Anne took many times in the service of the settlers was from Fort Lee (Charleston) to Point Pleasant. The distance was sixty miles, and it took Anne two days and one night to make the trip. She usually slept in a cave when going to Fort Randolph (Point Pleasant).[95] It is also reported that Anne slept in hollow logs when carrying messages.[96]

Anne often outwitted the Indians, often left them utterly astonished. When the Indians saw her coming, they would "make off and raise the alarm, shouting 'The White Squaw!' to their companions."[97] They believed their bullets could not harm her.

Since the Indians joined the British in the Revolutionary War, Anne not only fought the Indians, but the British as well. She carried messages, powder, and supplies until the Revolution was over. After the Revolution she went to Fort Savannah (Lewisburg, W. Va.) and volunteered in the task of "winning the West" from the savages.[98]

One report of Anne's activities said that she lived for a time in "a hut built with her own hands on the ridge of a mountain which bears her name and high above the spot where the tablet now stands in her memory [Mad Ann's Ridge, Allegheny County, Virginia]. Here, from her point of vantage, she kept watch over the surrounding country and at first sight of the enemy she would mount her black horse, which she called 'Liverpool' and fly to warn the settlers."[99]

It should be recalled that, according to Cook, Anne and Richard Trotter established their home in Allegheny County, Virginia. According to Lewis, the rail cabin built by Anne's own hands was located near Gallipolis, Ohio, and was built during Anne's last years—and not in the early part of her career.

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[94] Bagley, p. 363.
[95] Laidley, p. 82.
[96] James Morton Callahan, History of West Virginia (Chicago and New York: American Historical Society, Inc., 1923), p. 226.
[97] Dunford, pp. 116-118.
[98] Ibid., pp. 118-119.
[99] McClintic, p. 4.

By 1935, one hundred ten years after Anne's death, her admirers and enthusiasts had expanded considerably her field of action, as well as the scope of her activities. "She ranged along the Allegheny mountains from North Carolina to Maryland recruiting the best soldiers Washington ever commanded in the Revolutionary War. . . . And she kept the officers of the Continental Army advised of conditions throughout the vast territory through which she rode while recruiting them."[100]

Anne was equipped for and capable of meeting any emergency. As a part of her equipment she carried a small axe. "When she needed a canoe she chopped down a tree, hollowed out the trunk and made one. . . ." When she needed food she shot game and cooked it on a stick.[101]

In 1953 superlatives were still employed when writing of Anne's scouting activities. The following quotation is from Ruth B. Scott's story in *The Richmond Times Dispatch*: "She was the best scout in all Virginia, especially in the Shenandoah and Kanawha valleys."[102] Again the activating motive was stressed as revenge. "She had seen her husband tortured and killed at the Battle of Point Pleasant."[103]

One 1953 writer suggested that her success was owing not only to her zeal but also to the strange awe in which she was held by the Indians. "Early in her career, evidently, she had mesmerized the Indians into believing that she possessed supernatural powers, or else they believed she was mentally queer, which was just as effective as having occult powers."[104] In this quotation the romantic tendency to the strange and occult is self evident. The surprising thing is that it was written in 1953.

As this study develops, Anne's eccentric ways will continue to be demonstrated, but in no place will a more singular habit be found than in the manner of making camp herein described.

Other points to be noted in this section are as follows: Anne's habit of drinking intoxicating liquors; the attitude of

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[100] Summers, p. 36.
[101] Ruth Woods Dayton, *Pioneers and Their Homes on Upper Kanawha* (Charleston, West Virginia: West Virginia Publishing Company, 1947), p. 39.
[102] Scott, p. 18.
[103] *Ibid.*, p. 18.
[104] de Graytor, p. 136.

the Indians toward her; the introduction of the supernatural element; and the re-occurrence of the revenge motif.

Of special interest is the extension of the territory and scope of Anne's scouting activities which have grown to include not only the Kanawha-Greenbrier area but the entire border from Maryland to Staunton. Of even greater importance is the dual suggestion of her attachment to Washington's army as a recruiting agent, and, at the same time, of her employment as informant for other officers of the Revolutionary Army. As a Revolutionary scout, Anne, according to her admirers, reached the highest possible distinction—that of service to Washington and his staff.

VI

Anne's Marriage to Bailey

There was nothing of special interest in the marriage of Anne Hennis and Richard Trotter and it was given small notice by Anne's biographers and enthusiasts. The marriage of Anne to John Bailey was a different matter, and writers capitalized upon the strange and romantic aspects of the union.

For eleven years Anne had followed pursuits almost exclusively masculine—pursuits which must, of necessity, have left their imprint upon her character, personality, and appearance. And writers speculated concerning the marriage of John and Anne.

One of the first attempts to explain the strange mating was made by Charles McKnight in *Our Western Border*. In 1875, McKnight wrote: "Strange that such an odd, rugged, intractable character should ever even for a day, allow the soft passion of love to usurp the place of her fierce and cruel revenge! Stranger still, that any mortal man could be found who would be attracted by such a wild, stormy, riotous spirit. He must have 'wooed her as the lion woes his bride,' where the mutual caresses and encounters of love pass amid savage roars and growls and rude buffetings. But a man did woo, and win her, too, and his name it was Bailey, and so she became Mrs. Ann Bailey."[10]

[10] McKnight, p. 718.

McKnight continued his speculation concerning the success of the marriage: "Whether he ever 'tamed this shrew' history sayeth not, but we read that her unquenchable spirit and audacity, in spite of her many eccentricities, greatly endeared her to the whole border."[104]

Interest in Anne's love life continued and, in 1883, Mason contributed the following: "At some period in her career, this strange, unsexed creature, with her disordered intellect, was actually wooed and won by a man named Bailey, but this marriage made no change in her life, except that, instead of being known as 'Mad Ann' she was thereafter 'Mad Ann Bailey.'"[107]

The date of Anne's second marriage remained more constant than of the first, but variations did occur: "About the year 1777, she married a man named Bailey, and shortly after accompanied him to Clendenin Fort . . .in which her husband had been assigned to garrison duty."[108]

Writers disagreed not only on the date of Anne's second marriage but also on the duration of her widowhood and her age at the time of the second marriage. Buell contributed the following account of the marriage: "After sixteen years of widowhood the gentle influence of love pervaded her bosom, and in 1790 she married a man by the name of John Bailey, a soldier with whose name her checkered and eventful career is linked."[109] May we recall for the reader that Buell had given Anne's birthdate as 1700?

Bailey's name was an inconstant factor in the story of Anne's romance. According to Messenger, Anne's second husband was Robert Bailey. She "went with him to old Fort Union, thence to Fort Lee, leaving her little son in the care of protecting friends."[110] It will be recalled that, according to Lewis, William Trotter was born in 1767, and also, according to Lewis, that the date of Anne's second marriage was 1785. Therefore, the little son referred to by Messenger was, at the time of this marriage, eighteen years of age.

Bailey was reported to be a distinguished frontiersman and

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[104] Ibid.
[107] Mason, p. 44.
[108] Kirkwood, p. 9.
[109] Buell, pp. 146-48.
[110] Messenger, p. 7.

brave scout, but only once was it reported that he became commander of a fort: "In 1785 she was married in Greenbrier County to a brave scout named John Bailey who soon after became the commandant at Fort Clendenin [Fort Lee] and took his bride with him to his new post."[111] Cook's assertion that John Bailey's name cannot be found in the documents relating to Fort Lee is of interest at this point.

The marriage date was changed once again, in 1923, when it was written that Anne married Bailey in 1780.[112]

Writers continued to speculate on reasons for the strange marriage: "Companionship and the interchange of free talk with a sturdy fellow creature after a long day of hazardous activity probably led her into this union."[113] In this quotation the influence of realism and plain common sense may be observed, which, to this writer at least, is refreshing.

A last speculation concerning the marriage occurred in 1938, when a *Charleston Gazette* writer volunteered the following: "His services to the army were similar to Anne's; his bitterness equal to that of the young widow."[114] This, it will be noted, is the first suggestion of bitterness on the part of John Bailey. Possibly the writer felt the need of explaining Bailey's action in marrying so strange a creature as Anne. It is known that the feeling of bitterness and hatred for the Indians was strong along the border. It would seem that the writer in question has simply attributed to one individual an excess measure of what was a general attitude, and in so doing he has explained, to his own satisfaction at least, this strange marriage.

From a literary point of view, the chief interest to be found in the accounts of this phase of Anne's career is the extreme romanticism of the writers who tell the story. Also of interest is the attempt to explain, psychologically, the reasons for the marriage. The one instance of realism in writing about the marriage has already been mentioned.

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[111] Callahan, p. 120.

[112] Pearl Pollock Stringfellow, "Know of Ann Bailey? You Should for Her Story Is a Queer One," *Huntington* [West Virginia] *Herald Dispatch*, December 6, 1925. Clipping located in the Poffenbarger scrapbooks. Page not given.

[113] MacMaster, p. 4.

[114] Feature article in *The Charleston* [West Virginia] *Gazette*, February 6, 1938.

VII

The Siege and Ride

Anne Bailey's chief claim to glory rests on the account of her heroic ride to Lewisburg for powder when Fort Lee was under siege by the Indians. As has been shown, through the investigations of Dr. Cook, there is no evidence of a documentary nature to support the story of the siege and ride. The question naturally arises as to the origin of the oft repeated and highly decorative tale.

It is well to point out that there are two other instances, in the pioneer history of West Virginia, of daring efforts to procure ammunition. Fleming Cobbs, when Fort Lee was a second time (reputedly) out of powder, made a canoe trip to Point Pleasant, a distance of sixty-four miles, and brought back the needed ammunition. The popular story concerning this feat is that the trip up the river from Point Pleasant to Charleston was "a race with a band of Indians bent upon his destruction." However, Cobbs escaped the Indians and reached Fort Lee in safety.[115]

The deed which most nearly parallels Anne Bailey's ride is the dash for powder made by Betty Zane when Fort Henry (present site of Wheeling, West Virginia) was under attack by the Indians. Colonel Ebenezer Zane's house, a short distance from the fort, was used as a store house for ammunition. When the Indian attack became imminent, Colonel Zane determined to remain in his house, enough powder being transferred to the fort to withstand the siege. However, the siege was of longer duration than had been anticipated and the supply of powder ran low. Elizabeth Zane, younger sister of Colonel Zane, volunteered to go for the powder. The Indians, amazed to see a woman issue boldly from the fort, made no attempt to harm her, "only exclaiming 'a squaw, a squaw' . . ." Betty reached the cabin, Colonel Zane tied a table cloth around her waist, and emptied a keg of powder into it. Betty sprang from the cabin and raced in safety to the fort, this time braving the fire of the Indians.[116] This attack on Fort Henry took

[115] Cook, *Annals*, p. 76.
[116] Alexander Scott Withers, *Chronicles of Border Warfare* (Clarksburg, Virginia: J. Israel, 1831), pp. 353-359.

place on September 10, 1782.[117] This was several years prior to the alleged siege of Fort Lee.

It should be stated, before continuing further, that Withers does not mention a siege at Fort Lee, nor does he mention Anne Bailey. Another of the early historians of this period, Willis DeHass,[118] also fails to mention Anne or the siege at Fort Lee.

The first published account of Anne's ride for powder occurred in the obituary, previously mentioned. In this account William Clendenin is reported as saying that an Indian attack was expected, that the powder was low, and that Anne rode to Lewisburg and brought back the needed ammunition. If the expected siege materialized, it was not recorded in the obituary.[119]

The first account which told fully the story of the ride was an idealized version, a long poem, "A Legend of the Kanawha", written in close imitation of Sir Walter Scott. Lewis and Cook agree that the poem was written by a Civil War soldier by the name of Charles Robb. They disagree, however, concerning the publication date of the poem. Lewis stated: "Charles Robb, of the United States Army was at Gauley Bridge, in 1861, and having heard the story of Anne Bailey wrote the following [the poem], which appeared at the time in the Clearmont [Ohio] *Courier*."[120]

Dr. Cook wrote that "on November 7, 1861, he [Robb] completed a twenty-four stanza story of *A Legend of the Kanawha*. After the war, he removed to Clearmont County, Ohio, and this story was published in *The Courier* of Clearmont."[121]

Early in the poem Robb gave the source of his material, stating plainly that he got the story from a mountaineer:

> Then spake a hardy mountaineer
> (His beard was long, his eye was clear;
> And clear his voice, of metal tone,
> Just such as all would wish to own)—
> "I've heard a legend old," he said,

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[117] Charles Henry Ambler, *West Virginia, the Mountain State* (New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1940), p. 128.

[118] Willis DeHass, *History of Early Settlements and Indian Wars of Western Virginia*. Wheeling [Virginia]: H. Hoblitzell; Philadelphia: Printed by King and Baird, 1851.

[119] Bowyer, p. 412.

[120] Lewis, *Life and Times*, p. 42.

[121] Cook, *Annals*, p. 86.

It is interesting to note, and to speculate upon, the fact that this full story of the ride was of a creative rather than historical nature. It is interesting also to consider the fact that the poem was written seventy years after the alleged ride took place.

In reflecting upon the possible origin of the story, assuming for the moment that Cook is right and the ride did not occur, it is well to notice the similarity between one incident of the Betty Zane story, as told by Withers, and one incident in the poem by Robb. The Indians indifferent to Betty Zane's leaving the fort, and yelling "a squaw, a squaw," let her go unmolested to her brother's cabin. Robb, in describing Anne's issuance from Fort Lee, uses the same words:

> 'A squaw! a squaw!' the chieftain cries,
> ('A squaw! a squaw!' the host replies:)

Robb, however, does not follow through and permit Anne to depart in peace.

> 'To horse! to horse! the chieftain cried,
> They mount in haste and madly ride.
> Along the rough, uneven way,
> The pathway of the lady lay;

Whatever the source of Robb's material, his colorful account of Anne's heroic ride changed the character of written matter concerning her. Prior to this time writers had been concerned with her eccentricities, peculiarities, and activities as a scout. From this time on, the story of the ride formed the basic part of any written matter concerning her.

An 1873 version of the ride tells us that a runner was sent from Point Pleasant to warn the inhabitants of the Charleston area that one hundred warriors had crossed the Ohio and were heading in the direction of Fort Lee or Greenbrier County. The settlers gathered in. Powder was low and Anne volunteered to ride to Lewisburg. "A good horse was furnished her, with a stock of jerked venison and johnny-cake." Anne crossed mountains and swam rivers. At night she made a bed by driving forked sticks, three feet high, into the ground and laying boards on stakes across them. There she slept amid the buzzing of insects and the howling of wolves. The day after Anne's return with the powder, the attack came. Anne fought

bravely and killed one Indian, thereby accomplishing her revenge.[122]

As in the stories of Anne's scouting activities, this version of the siege and ride ends on the revenge motif. May we again point out to the reader that this theme is of regular recurrence in the story?

Robb, in his poetical version of the tale, described only the perils of the first half of Anne's journey, either assuming that the reader would take for granted the dangers of the return trip, or being prevented by his artistic sense from repeating himself—the dangers obviously being the same. It was not long, however, until the return trip was being described as vividly as the "dash" to Lewisburg. One who led the way in this was Charles McKnight: "With a led horse weighted down with ammunition, she resolutely commenced her return; her trail followed by packs of ravenous wolves or still more dangerous redskins, sleeping by night amid the profound solitudes of the wilderness and on spreads of boughs raised high on stakes to protect her from venomous snakes or savage beasts; crossing raging torrents, breasting craggy heights; ever watching for Indian sign, but ever avoiding Indian attacks, until she heroically delivered her powder and saved the fort."[123]

Wide variations occurred as to the time of the Indian attack on Fort Lee. Did the assault come before Anne left for powder, during her absence, or after her return? Some writers followed Robb and maintained there had been a long siege. Mason, in his colorful account, wrote: "Unable to subdue it [Fort Lee] by force, the besiegers undertook to reduce it by famine."[124]

Mason was concerned with the terrain over which Anne rode and with the route she followed: "The way led through dense forests, bottomless morasses, vast ranges of mountains, terrific precipices, and rushing rivers. . . . Avoiding all trails, roads, and regular passes, she took her way directly across the mountains of West Virginia for more than a hundred miles."[125]

And Mason added to the perils of the return trip. The venomous snakes, which, according to McKnight, had made

[122] Elliott, pp. 350-351.
[123] McKnight, p. 536.
[124] Mason, p. 405.
[125] Ibid., p. 405.

sleep dangerous for Anne became, in Mason's imagination, equally dangerous by day, and he wrote: "At every step beset by hissing serpents which still infest the mountains of Virginia . . . ."[126]

There was considerable difference of opinion concerning the distance from Fort Lee (Charleston, West Virginia) to Lewisburg. It would seem that the longer the ride, the greater Anne's glory and the generally accepted hundred miles increased to one hundred forty[127] and soon thereafter to one hundred fifty miles.[128] Two days and nights were all the time required for Anne to cover this distance.[129]

"I will go." These three words uttered in a ringing voice by Anne and quoted repeatedly by subsequent writers, were, strangely enough, not added to printed versions of the story until 1892. At the same time Anne's feelings and emotions on the trip received some attention: "Darkness and day were one to her. It was a ride for life and there could be no stop." This same scribe continued creative and Anne's entrance into the fort is described: "The garrison in Fort Lee welcomed her return, and she entered it, as she had left it, under a shower of balls." The men then sallied forth and broke the siege.[130]

Robb clearly indicated in 1861 that the men were afraid to go for powder. A woman, in 1907, took up the theme: "Brave men paled and looked at each other in dismay that appalled them. A dead silence fell."[131] Then Anne bravely volunteered to ride for the powder.

The manner of Anne's leaving Fort Lee and of her entrance into the fort upon her return from Lewisburg are matters of conjecture. Mrs. Messenger described Anne's entry into the Fort as triumphal: ". . . and at last nearly exhausted, but animated by the hope of saving the garrison, she reached Fort Lee amid shouts, the echoes of which died among the wild hills around . . . ." Almost as an afterthought was added: "In addition, the latter part of her long, lonely, perilous journey was under savage fire."[132]

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[126] Ibid.
[127] Hardesty, p. 9.
[128] Hall, p. 356.
[129] Hardesty, p. 9.
[130] "Anne Bailey's Ride," p. 90.
[131] Messenger, pp. 7-8.
[132] Ibid., p. 8.

Anne's route is another point on which there has been much conjecture: "History has preserved sufficient records of the journey to enable us to trace it on the map."[133] Was there a road from Charleston to Lewisburg in 1791? ". . . and the way lay . . . along trackless ways, across deep rivers, and over the mountains through a region where thitherto only the wild animal, the wilder Indian, or the frontier warrior, had made their way."[134] Was it, indeed, a trackless forest? "On she goes over the well known road. With steady hand she guides the steed."[135]

Subsequent writers did not always agree with Mr. Robb that on leaving Fort Lee, Anne dashed gallantly through the "op'ning portal." William Alexander MacCorkle, ex-governor of West Virginia, writing in 1916, added a welcome touch of realism to the story of the ride. Knowing full well the necessity of absolute quiet if Anne were to escape detection, MacCorkle wrote: ". . . the door was opened and she went forth like a wraith into the trackless forest . . . ."[136] and MacCorkle was consistent about the manner of Anne's return: "After the darkness of the night, when hope died away in the heart of the garrison, a quite knocking was heard at the gates of Fort Lee, and . . . Anne Bailey was admitted to the fort . . . ."[137]

In 1926, a weak effort at defining Anne's mental attitude was made by Percy Reniers. According to Reniers, Anne had no misgivings concerning the trip: "She was the first eager volunteer for this enterprise and under cover of night she stole out of the fort on her black pony Liverpool and through the Indian lines."[138]

An account of the ride, which rivaled Robb's poem as far as colorful detail is concerned, appeared in 1931—written by Harry Edmond Danford. Danford's version was pure fiction and included incidents heretofore unmentioned by any of the writers surveyed in this study. A brief synopsis of Danford's account follows:

According to this story, the Indians planned to destroy Fort

[133] Hooker, p. 247.
[134] William Alexander MacCorkle, The White Sulphur Springs (New York: The Neale Publishing Company, 1916), pp. 30-31.
[135] Hooker, p. 32.
[136] MacCorkle, p. 31.
[137] Ibid., p. 32.
[138] Percival Reniers, The Midland Trail (New York: The Midland Publications Company, 1926), p. 36.

Lee and scalp every paleface who had dared to trespass upon their prized hunting grounds. The attack came on an April night—amid a severe thunderstorm, the darkness being so deep the defenders could see the Indians only by the intermittent flashes of lightning. Belatedly, the commander of the fort realized that the powder was low. Anne volunteered to go to Lewisburg for powder and, when her husband forbade her going, reminded him that the word obey had been stricken from their marriage vows. In ten minutes she was on her way.

At the mouth of Campbell's Creek, a few miles up the Kanawha River from Fort Lee, Anne saw, by the light of a full moon, the storm presumably having passed, a canoe tied up on the opposite side of the river. She recognized the canoe as belonging to Daniel Boone and, wishing to speak with him, she screamed like a panther. Boone recognized Anne's scream and paddled across the river. Anne told him her story, then was off into the forest for Lewisburg and the powder. Danford brings Anne back to Fort Lee, but does not mention Boone again.[139]

Another purely fictitious account of Anne's ride, written by Grace M. Hall, was published in the *West Virginia Review*, in 1942. The author inserted a notation to the effect that she had made no effort to be historically correct. The story was written in a realistic manner, the author attempting to follow Anne on her hazardous journey, recording her thoughts and reactions as she rode through the wilderness. Anne's rough language, her tobacco, and her rum were neither minimized nor exaggerated. A grim sense of humor was attributed to Anne, when she is quoted as saying to herself, " 'Devil of a lookin' bride I'd made without my scalp lock.' "[140]

Anne's services at Fort Lee expanded with the telling and retelling of the tale. In one instance, not only did Anne go for powder, it was she who had ridden through the settlements warning the settlers of their danger. It was she who had herded them into the fort for protection.[141]

Then the chroniclers suffered a change of mind as concerned

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[139] Danford, pp. 115-116.

[140] Grace M. Hall, "Under Cover of Darkness," *West Virginia Review*, XVIII-XIX (June, 1941), p. 186.

[141] McClintic, p. 4.

the weather. There was no April storm on that fateful night in 1791. It was a calm mid-summer night, all peaceful. The men were sleeping peacefully within the stockade—all but one lone sentry. The sentry heard the "whoo" of an owl and in the dimness saw dark forms. "Indians!" When the fact was disclosed that ammunition was low, Anne, "with shining eyes," volunteered to go for powder.[142]

Did Anne travel at night, or by day, or night and day? "Alone on her horse, with rifle across her saddle, fireless at night creeping through underbrush by day to avoid the open trail, Anne Bailey reached the fort at Lewisburg, rested her horse overnight, and then with all the munitions another horse could carry she started back to the relief of Fort Clendenin."[143]

One writer, in 1928, in describing Anne's daring action in riding for the powder reports that Anne ". . . rode alone from Fort Lee to Lewisburg to secure powder, a journey successfully accomplished not only once, but several times."[144]

Again, in 1928, Anne's story was told in verse, the poet this time being a woman, or more probably a girl scout. The title of the poem was "A Girl Scout of 1791," and the publication date coincided (approximately) with the date of the dedication of Camp Ann Bailey, Kanawha County Girl Scout Camp, near Lewisburg, West Virginia. The poem follows:[145]

At Charleston in the days of old,
Clendenin stood, a fortress bold.
A woman saved it once, I'm told:
Ann Bailey.

For Wester chiefs, (so said a spy),
Were vowing: 'Every white must die!'
But one kept watch with eagle eye:
Ann Bailey.

So when they reached Kanawha's flood,-
All thirsty for the white man's blood-
Who found it out and brought the word?
Ann Bailey.

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[142] Sheppard, p. 88.
[143] Summers, p. 38.
[144] Ruth Woods Dayton, *Greenbrier Pioneers and Their Homes* (Charleston, West Virginia: West Virginia Publishing Company, 1942), p. 226.
[145] Anne Wells Sherwin, "A Girl Scout of 1791," *West Virginia Review*, V (August, 1928), p. 626.

Then swore the colonel and his crew,
(Tho' Ann was standing by, 'tis true),
'The powder's spent! What shall we do,
Ann Bailey?'

I'll bring the shot! and she was gone
To Lewisburg, to ride alone
A hundred miles o'er brake and stone:
Ann Bailey.

All day she braved the forest dark
At night her bed the branches stark
Nor quailed at e'en the wolf's wild bark:
Ann Bailey.

Next day to Lewisburg she came,
Asked but the powder, wheeled again
And only stopped to give her name:-
Ann Bailey.

Brave girl! Did bird nor beast affright-
(Your only bed the mountain height,
Your only canopy the night,)-
Ann Bailey?

Yet in the morn there skimmed the ground
And reached the fort with leap and bound
Just as broke forth the war whoop's sound
Ann Bailey!

And with the Pale Face beat that day,
Though only Men were in the fray,
Who REALLY saved the country? Say!
Ann Bailey.

What inferences, of a literary nature, can be drawn from the story of the siege and ride?

In the first place, according to Cook, there was no siege at Fort Lee; and further, there is no documentary evidence that Anne was ever connected with that fort. What, then, are the possible sources of the story?

Two parallel stories, historically acceptable, may be cited in West Virginia history—the stories of Fleming Cobbs and Betty Zane. There is a possibility that, in seventy years of telling and re-telling the Zane, Cobbs, and Bailey stories, the incidents may have become mixed, and the bringing of powder was borrowed from the Zane or Cobbs story and added to the accounts

of Anne's scouting activities. The fact that Robb's poem did not appear until seventy years after the alleged ride, and fact that he mentions his source as being a mountaineer seems to strengthen this view. However, it must not be assumed that the story of Anne's ride is entirely fictitious. In Anne's obituary, William Clendenin is reported to have said that Anne did bring powder from Lewisburg at a time when the Indians were threatening Fort Lee.

In the unfolding of the tradition of the ride it should be remembered that the account of the ride to Lewisburg came, fullfledged, from the pen of Charles Robb. Writers then seized upon the story and added details concerning the return trip, the trail over which she rode, how she left the fort, how she entered it upon her return, and what her thoughts were while riding through the forest.

Most of the versions are highly romantic but a bit of realism creeps into the story in MacCorkle's common-sense version of how Anne left and re-entered Fort Lee. The story by Grace M. Hall was definitely written in a realistic vein, with some attempt at psychological analysis.

It should also be mentioned that in killing an Indian after her return to Fort Lee, Anne "accomplished her revenge."

VIII

After the Indian Wars

After the Indians had been driven from the Kanawha Valley, Anne's services as a scout were obviously no longer needed, but she continued her eccentric ways, spending much time in the forest, fishing and hunting; and it is said that she seldom wasted a shot.[46]

As has been shown in several instances, the tendency of most of the writers who have told Anne's story is toward romanticism. With the romantic emphasis upon nature and the extolling of the simple and natural mode of life as the noblest and the best, it was inevitable that some writer should portray Anne as a nature lover—regardless of whether Anne's years

[46] "Mad Anne," p. 228.

of roving the wilderness were for love of nature or for the purpose of inflicting vengeance upon her savage foes. It was Mrs. Messenger who added this further touch of romanticism to the Anne Bailey tradition: ". . . and to the last she retained her exceptional devotion to nature and primitive forms of life in country and forest."[147]

Anne's eccentricity is demonstrated in the fact that even though her days as an Indian scout were over, she continued to wear an assortment of male and female dress. Ellet wrote that Anne was usually clad in buckskin leggings, a skirt, and a man's coat. She is reputed to have visited widely in the homes along the border, always returning to her own cabin laden with gifts.[148]

How long John Bailey lived after Anne's gallant ride is a matter of question, and only Buell has made any statement as to the cause of his death: "After the death of her husband, who was murdered and buried not far from Kanawha Falls, in West Virginia . . . she lived with her son, William Trotter . . . ."[149]

Anne did more than hunt, fish, and visit. She engaged in a kind of express business from Staunton to Gallipolis, bringing to the border settlements medicines, small packages, ". . . anything that could be carried on a horse . . . ."[150] "But she did not always ride. Many times Anne Bailey made the long, hard journey on foot, bearing on her back heavy packs of great bulk."[151] The tradition that Anne was possessed of unusual physical strength and endurance is suggested in the stories of her repeated trips from Staunton to Gallipolis, either on foot or on horseback.

According to our writers, Anne not only brought goods to the settlers but livestock also. "She was known as a drover of hogs and cattle from the Shenandoah and there is a tradition that she introduced the first game geese in the Kanawha Valley."[152] And further—"When she brought cattle, she did it afoot."[153]

[147] Messenger, p. 8.
[148] Ellet, p. 251.
[149] Buell, p. 358.
[150] Lanier, p. 88.
[151] Shepherd, pp. 116-117.
[152] Callahan, p. 226.
[153] Sargent, p. 88.

It is interesting to note that when Anne drove livestock from the Shenandoah Valley to the Kanawha, she was following approximately the route now known as U. S. 60. Much of this route is over difficult terrain. It might be suggested that Anne's activities as a driver of livestock may have been confined to lesser distances than those assigned to her. Having brought powder from Lewisburg, and other supplies from Staunton, Anne is credited with having driven the livestock from the Shenandoah also.

As in every other aspect of Anne's life, there was disagreement concerning her life after the ride. "We have not heard of Anne's existence after the hazardous trip which won for her an undying memory in all West Virginia. It is enough that her career, as far as history is concerned, ends with the dramatic ride which assured us of our present civilization."[154]

What could be more romatic than the conception that Anne rose to the occasion, met the desperate need of those imperiled at Fort Lee, then, her task performed, disappeared completely from public view! The point is that whatever Anne's occupation after the Indian wars—in the minds of writers it was dramatized and enlarged upon. Thus a tradition grows—a tradition of Anne as a nature lover, as a welcome visitor in the homes along the border, as a carrier of much needed goods to the pioneers, as a drover of livestock, as more than all of these—a tradition of a woman of extra-ordinary physical vigor and stamina.

IX

Anne's Last Years

Anne's last years were spent in Ohio, in or near Gallipolis. Stories about her last years, and especially concerning her age at the time of her death, vary greatly.

One early writer was content to say that she moved later to Ohio and died on the frontier, deeply lamented by all those whom she had served.[155] The reporting soon became specific. Anne went with her son to Ohio, near Gallipolis.[156] Then the

[154] The Charleston [West Virginia] Gazette, February 6, 1938.
[155] Bennett, pp. 213-214.
[156] Elliot, p. 222.

date was added. She went to Gallia County in 1802 and lived there nearly twenty-three years.[157]

Anne remained strong and active unto the end. "She made her last visit to Charleston in the summer of 1817, walking 75 miles when she was 75 years of age."[158] This statement quite obviously follows Lewis's 1891 story of Anne's life. In 1907, however, Miss Evelyn Sterrett, in a letter to Lewis, questioned his statement concerning the last trip to Charleston: "I doubted the correctness for this reason. The stopping point for travellers between Charleston and Point Pleasant was Samuel Alexander's. His daughter, my grandmother, was born in 1818, yet she could tell us much of interest about Ann Bailey. Although she was very young when Ann ceased to make her trips, she was greatly impressed by Ann's masculine dress, appearance and behavior. She could remember how Ann cared for the horses, the stories she would tell . . . . I fell quite sure Ann must have taken a few rides as late as 1822 or 1823 or my grandmother could not have remembered her so distinctly . . . ."[159] Perhaps Anne was even more hale and hearty than published accounts gave her credit for being.

Anne's age at the time of her death was controversial. She lived beyond one hundred years.[160] She died at the age of one hundred fourteen.[161] "She died in 1825, said then to be in the one hundred twentieth year of her age."[162] On the evening of November 23 Anne went to bed, being in extra good health. About ten o'clock she was found dead in her bed. Her age was one hundred twenty-five years.[163]

Anne's death was sentimentalized. "The spirit of this eccentric yet fearless character, was wafted to its final home on the twenty-second of November, 1825, and left the pulseless corpse in a rail shanty—the product of her own hands—on the Ohio River, just below Point Pleasant."[164] And more of the same kind of sentimentality: "She was never ill. She only ceased to breathe. Having heard a great voice saying, 'Come up higher', her soul answered swiftly and silently."[165]

[157] Hardesty, p. 9.
[158] Caldwell, p. 120.
[159] Evelyn Sterrett, letter to Virgil A. Lewis, July 18, 1907.
[160] Ellet, p. 302.
[161] Atkinson, p. 136.
[162] Hardesty, p. 9.
[163] Buell, p. 304.
[164] McAllister, p. 207.
[165] Hogan, p. 262.

"Eccentric to the last, she refused to live in his [her son William's] comfortable house, and built herself a cabin out of fence rails, living in it with a granddaughter."[166] She died in 1825 at the age of eighty-three years.[167]

As late as 1953 a daughter was bestowed upon Anne. In writing of the rail cabin in which Anne lived for a short time, Julius de Gruyter wrote, "She lived there with her daughter until her death, November 22, 1825."[168]

Anne's obituary was published in *The Gallia Free Press* on December 3, 1825. It was published under the caption "Longevity". The obituary was preserved by Henry Howe, for whom it was copied by James Harper. James Harper's father was the publisher of *The Gallia Free Press*.[169]

> Died, in Harrison township, Gallia County, Ohio, on Tuesday, November 22, 1825, the celebrated Ann Bailey. From the best account we have she must have been at least 125 years of age. According to her own story her father was a soldier in Queen Anne's wars; that on getting a furlough to go home he found his wife with a fine daughter in her arms, whom he called Ann after the Queen as a token of respect. In 1714 she went from Liverpool to London with her mother on a visit to her brother—while there, she saw Lord Lovett beheaded.
>
> She came to the United States the year after Braddock's defeat, aged then forty-six years. Her husband was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774; after that, to avenge his death, she joined the garrison, under the command of Col. Wm. Clendenin, where she remained until the final departure of the Indians from the country. Col. Wm. Clendenin says, while he was commander of the garrison where Charleston, Kanawha, is now located, an attack by Indians was hourly expected. On examination it was believed that ammunition on hand was insufficient to hold out a siege of any length; to send even two, three or four men to Lewisburg, the nearest place it could be had, a distance of 100 miles, was like sending men to be slaughtered; and sending a larger force was weakening the garrison. While in this state Ann Bailey volunteered to leave the fort in the night and go to Lewisburg. She did so—and traveled the wilderness, where not a vestige of a house was to be seen—arrived safe at Lewisburg, delivered her orders, received the ammunition, and returned safe to her post, amidst the plaudits of a grateful people.

[166] Morton, p. 316.
[167] Ibid.
[168] de Gruyter, p. 221.
[169] Howe, pp. 403-404.

X

Description and Personality

What did Anne Bailey look like? What were her personal characteristics?

Here again the accounts vary widely, according to the inclination of the author. The romantic influence of the nineteenth century is strong in the idealized descriptions in which Anne is possessed of perfect womanly beauty and grace.

And again the romantic tendency is shown by writers who picture Anne as strange and bizarre, as well as by those who describe in detail the matted grizzled locks of hair and the strange clothing which she wore.

The realistic point of view is represented in word pictures in which the hardships of Anne's life as wilderness scout are reflected in her coarse, roughened countenance and in her uncouth ways.

But, romantic or realistic as the case may be, in no phase of the Anne Bailey tradition is there greater evidence of conjecture, imagination and personal bias than in description of Anne and in the stories about her which illustrate her personal qualities. As has been mentioned, this emphasis upon description was especially true of writers prior to 1861 when Robb's story of the ride provided a new point of emphasis, and gave new direction to the development of the tradition.

Anne Royall, writing in 1826, only a few months after Anne's death, claimed to have seen Anne and talked with her. Mrs. Royall was realistic about Anne and in this respect was somewhat unique, most women writers having a tendency to extol Anne's virtues.

Mrs. Royall wrote: "I have seen the celebrated heroine, Ann Bailey. . . . She was quite a low woman in height, but very strongly made, and had the most pleasing countenance I ever saw, and for her, very affable. . . . When I saw the poor creature, she was almost naked; she begged a dram, which I gave to her and also some other trifle. I shall never forget Ann Bailey."[10]

[10] Royall, pp. 42-43.

Anne was not always referred to as a "poor creature." More often, as has been indicated, she was pictured as a bizarre one. "The dress of this individual was of a mongrel character, and a close observer might have been undecided which of the two sexes should claim our subject for its own. The head was bound round with a flaming red bandana handkerchief, from beneath whose folds there fell, and fluttered on the breeze, long grizzled locks of coarse matted hair, which gave a wild and savage appearance. . . . In the belt which encompassed the waist of this personage was a tomahawk and a scalping knife; and another belt sustained a short but very serviceable rifle which was strapped to the shoulders. . . ."[171]

The descriptive phrases quoted above were written in 1856. The writer continued his account by writing that this strange creature wore buckskin leggings "which reached from the hips to the feet. The feet were covered with a pair of beautiful Indian moccasins. Around the waist and depending two-thirds of the way to the feet, was a petticoat. . . ."[172]

She, for eventually the personage was revealed as a woman, was short, thick-set, coarse, and masculine. Her face was bronzed by exposure and showed "the unmistakable outline of care and passion."[173] She hunted, fought, rode like a man, and delighted in the excitement and adventure of the border. She became known as "Mad Ann" but no one dared call her that to her face.[174]

"She was very profane and often intoxicated . . . and could box with the skill of one of the fancy men of her native country. . . ."[175] She was pugnacious and often fought.

Anne had other accomplishments. She "possessed a considerable amount of intelligence . . ." and could read and write. She was skilled at story telling and "it was her delight to gather round her a group of listeners, and relate the adventures, trials and difficulties she had met with in her checkered career; and often the sympathetic tear would gather in the eyes and course down the cheeks of her audience."[176]

171 "Mad Ann," pp. 235-236.
172 Ibid., p. 236.
173 Ibid.
174 Ibid.
175 Ibid.
176 Ibid.

Anne continued to be painted in eccentric colors, and, according to Bennett, writing in 1859, "She was a short, dumpy woman, with large muscular limbs and a full, bluff, coarse, masculine countenance; and her dress was an odd mixture of the two sexes. . . ." Bennett followed the 1856 writer and Anne's hair was allowed to remain coarse, bushy, and uncombed, but it "was surmounted by a raccoon cap."[177] The raccoon cap was perhaps inevitable and it is interesting that no other writer has followed Bennett's lead in this respect.

Bennett continued to follow the 1856 author, repeating the idea and strengthening the tradition of Anne as rough and masculine, swearing, drinking, fighting, "holding her own" with the strongest men on the border. "She could swear like a trooper, drink whiskey like a bar-room lounger, and box with the skill of a pugilist."[178]

One of the oft repeated stories concerning Anne told how she appeared late one night at Fort Young, bearing two Indian scalps. "As she came into the light of the fire, however, there arose several quick exclamations of surprise and alarm . . . for it was immediately discovered that her face (and most of her person) was covered with blood, which was even then slowly oozing and dripping down from a long ugly gash that crossed the upper portion of the temple and extended from her forehead to her ear."[179]

Anne was taciturn. Two big draughts of whiskey, one being nearly half a pint, were brought. "Mad Ann seized the cup, looked steadily at its contents for a few moments, and then poured it down her throat as if it was so much water." Then she pulled from her bosom "two Indian scalps, from which the fresh blood was yet dripping."[180] She defied the men to beat that ". . . you big, robust, blustering male fellows, who call yourselves the lords of creation."[181]

She took another big drink and told her story. She was riding through the forest when she received warnings "from t'other world." She rode on "and then something came and touched me—something from t'other world—and I knew the

[177] Bennett, p. 104.
[178] Ibid.
[179] Ibid., p. 105.
[180] Ibid., p. 106.
[181] Ibid., p. 107.

danger was nigh and great—a last warning of death."[162] Anne rode on and came upon some Indians, camped and eating. Then the voice told Anne to kill the Indians or they would kill her. Anne answered the spirit voice, "Yes, Lord!" She promised to "kill or die,"[163] She killed the Indians and the next day led the settlers to where the bodies lay.[164]

Through all the literature concerning Anne Bailey, her hatred of Indians and desire for revenge is stressed, and this story is repeated, but in no other writing is she portrayed as being as blood-thirsty as in this account.

It was only two years after this story was published that Robb wrote his poem in which he described Anne as possessing all the beauty and grace that any woman could desire.

> But one who stood amidst the rest
> The bravest, fairest and the best
> Of all that graced the cabin hall,
> First broke the spell of terror's thrall.
> Her step was firm, her features fine,
> Of mortal mould, the most divine;
> But why describe her graces fair,
> Her form, her mein, her stately air?
> Nay, hold! my pen, I will not dare!
> 'Twas Heaven's image mirrored there.[165]

Elizabeth F. Ellet followed Robb as the next writer, chronologically, to be concerned with Anne Bailey. Ellet described Anne in her later years. It is immediately obvious that Anne is considerably mellowed by time, and perhaps by the influence of Robb's poem on Mrs. Ellet. However, Anne retained enough of her fierce qualities to be "a terror to refractory urchins."[166] "She often took it upon herself to enforce the keeping of the Sabbath by taking up such boys as she found wandering about that day, and compelling them to sit around her in a cabin, while she opened school exercises for their instruction, greatly to the terror of the delinquents."[167] Anne won prizes at shooting matches,[168] and called not only her horse but also her canoe and gun "Liverpool."[169]

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[162] Ibid., p. 338.
[163] Ibid., pp. 346-348.
[164] Ibid., p. 351.
[165] Lewis, Life and Times, p. 42.
[166] Ellet, p. 340.
[167] Ibid., p. 341.

"It is said that 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.' Neither hath it any like a woman wronged and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of vengeance. There was a wild unnatural brightness in her sharp, gray eyes, and a mocking jeer in her loud, grating laugh."[190] And it was admitted that "She was somewhat disordered in her intellect."[191]

Anne's efficiency in the use of invective was illustrated by the story of her meeting with a straggling Indian on Sewell Mountain. Tying her horse's bridle around her ankle, she crawled into a hollow log. When the Indian tried to steal the horse, Anne crawled out of the log and abused the Indian so roundly that he ran off, fearing she would bring down upon him the anger of the Great Spirit.[192]

Even the earliest writers disagreed about Anne's appearance: "She was small, round-shouldered, fleet of foot and dressed in black."[193] She was a good hunter "and as frequently as any of them, killed a deer off hand, while it was running at full speed. She asked odds of no man at running, jumping, shooting, or hunting."[194]

Anne rode a powerful black horse called Liverpool. "It was the only living creature she loved. Her horse and her rifle were her constant companions. . . . Amid storms of rain and sleet, beset by the rigors of winter, followed by wild beasts, or pursued by Indians, her immense frame of iron strength knew no fatigue, her restless rancor no slumber."[195]

It was Buell who first related how Anne had been kidnapped, with her books in her arms and brought to America. Buell was consistent. He wrote that she loved her books, and, after moving to Ohio in 1818, she taught school.[196] At this time Anne was, if the birthdate assigned to her by Buell is to be accepted, one hundred eighteen years of age.

Buell described Anne as a protector of women. At a husking bee a settler by the name of Hazlett got too much whiskey

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[190] McKnight, p. 598.
[191] Ibid., p. 598.
[192] Atkinson, p. 138.
[193] Ibid., p. 140.
[194] Ibid., pp. 138-139.
[195] Mason, p. 405.
[196] Buell, pp. 484-485.

and was going to beat his wife. Anne drew her trusty scalping knife and freightened the ruffian into behaving.[197]

Another story, frequently told, relates how Anne had gone to Mann's powder-house for ammunition. While she was crossing Mad Ann's Ridge, snow started to fall. Anne dismounted and fell asleep. Liverpool went back to Mann's. The next morning Anne was located by the holes made in the snow by her warm breath.[198]

Evelyn Sterrett, in letters to Virgil A. Lewis, volunteered the following information concerning Anne. While on her way from Charleston to Point Pleasant, Anne frequently stopped at a place called Alexander's. The children were frightened of her, "yet filled with curiosity." Anne was usually silent. "However, sometimes she would rouse from silence and try to entertain them by hooting like an owl and saying, 'I shot an howl across Helk out of a helm tree,' then with another hoot relapse into silence."[199]

While stopping at Alexander's, Anne cared for her own horses, especially if Liverpool was one of them. "After seeing them comfortably fed and sheltered, she would box and wrestle with the stable boys for amusement using the same coarse profane language, smoking, chewing and drinking."[200]

When Anne was carrying ammunition, she wore men's attire, but when carrying messages or other commissions, she wore women's clothing, a linsey-woolsey dress. She occasionally wore a hat "over her unkept gray hair, but usually it was covered by a large handkerchief folded three-cornered and tied under her chin."[201]

That Anne enjoyed a joke is suggested in the following incident told by Miss Sterrett. This anecdote was found only in the Sterrett letter of 1908. A young man once hallooed impudently to her as she turned her canoe toward the shore near Fort Randolph (Point Pleasant). Retorting that she would kiss him, Anne sprang from the canoe, caught the young man, threw him, and kissed him.[202]

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197 Ibid., p. 388.
198 McAllister, p. 397.
199 Sterrett, loc. cit.
200 Miss Evelyn Sterrett, letter to Mr. Virgil A. Lewis, January 9, 1908, preserved in the Sterrett [illegible].
201 Ibid.
202 Ibid.

The settlers were devoted to Anne and she to them: "For this became her passion and her services to the settlers as scout, soldier, provisioner of forts and as teacher of their children, were hooks of steel, by which, her devotion having been tried, they bound her to themselves and themselves to her."[203] "The people fairly idolized her. She was loaded with gifts of every sort and treated with the greatest respect and kindness."[204]

Writers continued to describe Anne's appearance and personality: ". . . a fair complexion, hazel eyes, a rather undersized but perfect form, a sweet disposition, and a mind strong and rigorous. . . ."[205] She was honest to the last penny and while "perhaps no church member she was a good woman and observed the Sabbath day and said her prayers and was received and welcomed into all the families."[206]

Anne's gentle qualities are challenged in still another tale of her horse being stolen by an Indian. Anne trailed the Indian and found him swimming New River with the animal. "The thief was shot in the back. After an outburst of scurrilous profanity directed at her dead foe, Mrs. Bailey called to the horse and 'Jennie Mann' swam back to her."[207]

"There was nothing gentle or religious about Anne, but she rendered more valuable service to the building of the frontier than half a dozen ordinary men of her time."[208] "Often she disappeared for weeks at a time . . . but when she returned she always brought the scalps of several Indians, and it is said that the savages grew to fear her greatly."[209] And yet it was written three years later: "In case of sickness Anne was known as the gentlest and best of all the nurses. . . ."[210]

What kind of person was Anne? Her great-great-grandson, Harry Irion, summed up her personal characteristics: "The statement about her boxing and wrestling with the stable boys for sheer amusement illustrates to me a robust, roguish sense of backwoods humor as well as an opportunity to demonstrate her physical prowess, of which she was justly proud. I doubt

that she was profane within the strict meaning of that term. My reason for questioning her alleged profanity is due to the tradition in my own family that Anne read her Bible, taught her grandchildren on Sunday, and had strong faith in a protecting and loving God. No doubt she used tobacco and drank alcoholic liquors, for that was common practice among our frontiersmen. . . ."[211]

The reader's attention has already been called to the fact that writers before 1861 concentrated on descriptions of Anne, pointing out her strange and bizarre qualities. It was these early writers who started the tradition of Anne as a boisterous, hard-drinking, fighting, swearing woman, the equal in physical strength and skill at the masculine accomplishments of shooting, wrestling, boxing and hunting of any man on the border.

These early writers were also responsible for the tradition of Anne's bloodthirstiness and extreme hatred of the Indians. The element of superstition was also introduced into the story early in its development.

Beginning with Robb in 1861, writers have portrayed a different Anne—Anne the heroine, still, in most cases, physically strong and vigorous, excelling in the masculine pursuits of hunting, wrestling, and boxing, but taking on characteristics of a gentler and nobler nature. She loved books and taught school, was religious, and enjoyed a practical joke. Her passion for service to the settlers supplanted, to some degree, her desire for revenge. The extreme devotion of the settlers to Anne is evidence of her noble qualities.

However, it must not be assumed that all writers immediately began, after 1861, to portray only a noble and virtuous Anne. Writers in the mid-nineteen thirties were still writing of Anne as rough and irreligious but even they admitted her value to the settlers she served.

One other contrast in description of Anne's personality should be mentioned. She was sometimes portrayed as extremely taciturn, sometimes as friendly and garrulous—much given to story telling in which she was adept. It would seem that Anne was all things to all writers.

[211] Harry S. Irion, letter to the author, December 1, 1953.

XI

Memorials and Descendants

The demand for a memorial commemorating the deeds of Anne Bailey was voiced by Augustus Lincy Mason, in 1883, when he wrote: "Virginia and Ohio should build a monument of enduring marble upon the spot."[212] Two years later the demand was repeated by William P. Buell: "Especially should the memory of Ann Bailey, the heroic woman who risked her life so often for these she loved, be remembered and her name, fame, and heroic deeds should find a resting place upon the bosom of affectionate memory."[213]

However, nothing was done toward establishing a memorial until 1901 when the Colonel Charles Lewis Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was organized at Point Pleasant. Under the direction of the D.A.R.: "The ashes of Anne Bailey, the scout, who belonged to General Andrew Lewis's Army were also taken up from where they had long been buried, in an obscure spot near Clippers Mills, Ohio, and placed alongside the soldiers she had so faithfully served, many times at the risk of her own life."[214] Re-interment was made "just as the sun was sinking down behind the western hills, being the closing ceremonies of the day."[215]

Anne's remains were now properly interred in the ground dedicated to the memory of those brave soldiers, including Anne's first husband, who had lost their lives in the Battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774. But still her grave was unmarked. Writers, however, retained their interest in a monument for Anne. In 1907, Delia McCulloch wrote: "When the monument is erected, Ann Bailey, the Heroine of the Kanawha Valley will not be forgotten."[216]

It was not until 1925 that the desired monument was erected. At this time Anne's grave was "covered with a large boulder, placed there by Capt. C. C. Bowyer, President of the Merchants

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[212] Mason, p. 8. "The spot"—Anne's first burial place.
[213] Buell, p. 801.
[214] Seventh Report of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution (Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office, 1901), p. 230.
[215] Delia A. McCulloch, "Burial of Point Pleasant," *American Historical Magazine*, II (September, 1907), p. 336.
[216] Ibid., p. 336.

National Bank of that city [Point Pleasant] with a bronze table telling the passing stranger the simple fact of her heroic career."[217] The inscription reads:

Ann Hennis Trotter Bailey
Revolutionary Scout
Born in Liverpool, Eng., 1742
Died 1825
Col. Chas. Lewis Chapter, D.A.R.
1925[218]

Testimonials to Anne's heroic life and deeds may be found along the route over which she rode, from Covington, Virginia, to Gallipolis, Ohio. A description of these follows:

"A mile above Barber [Virginia] may be seen, a little way off at the right, the long foot-hill elevation known as Mad Ann's Ridge, because it is associated with the exploits of Ann Bailey."[219] "This ridge lies at right angles to Warm Springs Mountain and on the north side of Falling Spring Branch."[220] On June 14, 1926 a tablet was placed on the highway between Hot Springs in Bath County and Covington, Allegheny County by the Rainbow Ridge Chapter of Allegheny County Daughters of the American Revolution.[221] The inscription on the tablet reads: "Near this spot stood the rude hut in which 'Mad' Anne Bailey spent the last years of her life as a scout and Indian fighter. She rendered valuable services to the first settlers of this section. Placed by the Rainbow Ridge Chapter, D.A.R."[222]

Another marker, placed by the D.A.R., is located on Kanawha Boulevard, Charleston, West Virginia. This marker, a large boulder with bronze plates, is located on the site of Fort Lee. There are two inscriptions, one facing the river, and one, on the opposite side of the stone, facing toward downtown Charleston. The inscription facing the river reads:

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[217] F. F. Well, "Powder Horn of the Revolution," The Gallia Times [Gallipolis, Ohio], February 25, 1926. [Found in the Puffenbarger Scrapbooks. Page not given].

[218] Lewis, Historical Figures, p. 21.

[219] Paul Pollock Strongfellow, "Know Ann Bailey?" Huntington [West Virginia] Herald Dispatch, December 6, 1925, p. 5.

[220] McClintic, p. 256.

[221] Milton C. Russel, letter to the author, March 3, 1954.

[222] McClintic, p. 4.

FORT CLENDENIN
1778
Saved by two historic rides
for powder
Ann Bailey
On horseback through wilderness
to Lewisburg and return
Fleming Cobbs
Poled down Kanawha River
to Point Pleasant and return
Kan. Valley Chapt. 1930[223]

Road markers mentioning Anne Bailey have been placed by the West Virginia State Road Commission in Charleston and at Point Pleasant. The Charleston marker is on the corner of Virginia and Court Streets, on U.S. highway Routes 21, 60, 119. The marker reads: "Founded by George Clendenin and named for his father. Established, 1794. Fort Lee, built 1788, stood on Kanawha River. 'Mad' Anne Bailey, the border heroine, and Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, noted scouts, once lived here."[224]

The marker at Point Pleasant is located on U.S. route 35 and West Virginia routes 2 and 5. The inscription: "Fort Blair was built here in 1774 and later Fort Randolph, center of Indian activities, 1777-1778. Here are graves of 'Mad Anne' Bailey, border scout, and Cornstalk, Shawnee chief, held as hostage and killed at Fort Randolph in 1777."[225]

Richard W. Workman, an official of the West Virginia Conservation Commission, Division of Education, informed the author that in Watoga State Park, Pocahontas County, there is a wooden tower, built on a point known as Workman's Ridge, from which place Anne Bailey is said to have kept watch over the Greenbrier Valley. On a park road, four miles from the lookout, is a wooden sign indicating the side road which leads to the tower. A few of the generally accepted facts concerning Anne's career are carved on this sign.

When Anne was making her rides between Charleston and Point Pleasant, she spent her nights in a cave and this cave

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[224] This inscription copied from the marker by the author.
[225] West Virginia Historic and Scenic Highway Markers (Charleston, West Virginia: State Road Commission of West Virginia in cooperation with the Works Projects Administration, 1937) p. 22.
[223] Ibid., p. 16.

became known as Anne Bailey's Cave. Dr. C. C. Forbes of Leon, West Virginia, told Mr. Virgil Lewis of this cave and added that the cave had been ruined by workmen quarrying rock."[225] This cave was "in the lower part" of the county and "in the upper end of the county there is a branch known as Anne's Branch."[227] In 1953, *The Richmond Times-Dispatch* carried an article locating a cave between Staunton and Lewisburg, accompanied by a picture with this caption: "Anne Bailey lived in this cave in Western Virginia while scouting between Staunton and Lewisburg."[228]

A unique testimonial to Anne Bailey's memory was the ferry boat, the "Ann Bailey," which plied the Ohio from Point Pleasant to Kenauga, on the Ohio side, from approximately the first decade of 1900 to 1928. The clipping quoted below was found in the scrapbooks of Mrs. Livia Poffenbarger who was editor of *The State Gazette* around 1900-1910. "On Monday morning Capt. Ulysses Grant Hayes let the contract to the Kanawha Dock Company for a new ferry boat to be much longer than that now plying between here and Kanauga, on the Ohio side. . . . The new ferry is to be completed before October 7th and will be called for the Heroine of the Kanawha Valley, Ann Bailey."[229] The Ann Bailey carried passengers and traffic across the Ohio until it was replaced in 1928 by "The Silver Bridge."[230]

Near Gallipolis there is a small church known as Bailey Chapel Church. "Bailey Chapel Church, built on the site given to its congregation, by the descendants of William Trotter, the son of Anne Bailey, was named in her honor, and is about 200 yards from her first burial place, along State Route 218, and is nine miles south of Gallipolis. It is affiliated with the Christian Order Denomination. . . ."[231]

Perhaps the most fitting of all the memorials to Anne Bailey is the Kanawha County Girl Scout camp. Camp Ann Bailey is built on a sixty-eight acre reservation in the mountains of

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[225] Lewis, *Life and Times*, pp. 69-70.
[227] Laidley, I, 66.
[228] Scott, p. 18.
[229] "Contract for New Boat," *The State Gazette* [Point Pleasant, West Virginia], (The Poffenbarger Scrapbooks, n.d.).
[230] Jessica Clifton, "Destruction of Silver Bridge Over Ohio Wednesday Will Create New Link in Relations Between States of Ohio and West Virginia," *The Charleston* [West Virginia] *Gazette*, May 27, 1928, sec. 2, p. 2.
[231] Elmer Caldwell, letter to the author, February 16, 1954.

Greenbrier County. "Ann Bailey is the property of the Kanawha County Girl Scouts, built two years ago (1927) . . ."[232] It was named for the pioneer mountain heroine.[233]

Anne's story has been told, not only in poetry and prose, but in drama as well. On October 7, 1927 a pageant was presented at the Kanawha Exposition (Kanawha County Fair) at Dunbar, West Virginia. "The character of Anne Bailey will be one of the most important in the pageant. . . ."[234] The pageant consisted of ten episodes. Anne's ride comes at the conclusion of Episode IV: "Lying flat upon her horse, she rides successfully through them (the Indians) without being hurt, and reaches the inside of the fort in safety."[235]

And Anne has been on radio. On May 10, 1947, Point Pleasant celebrated the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bridge over the Kanawha at that place.[236] Climaxing the celebration was Station WLW's presentation of Anne's story on their *Builders of Destiny* series of programs. Peter Grant was the narrator.[237]

Anne Bailey continues to capture the imagination of those who read her story, that strange, ridiculous, heroic tale which is even yet being told and retold. The Ruth B. Scott version appeared late in 1953 in *The Richmond Times-Dispatch* and Julius de Gruyter's book, *The Kanawha Spectator,* was released in December, 1953. de Gruyter gave approximately five pages to Anne's story.

This present study may be considered as further evidence that Anne still lives in the memory of West Virginians. But of greater importance is the research which is now being done by Harry S. Irion of Washington, D. C. Mr. Irion is a great-great-grandson of Anne, who, since his retirement in 1951 from the U.S. Forest Service, has been working on a biography of his illustrious grandparent.

Interest is not confined to the locale where Anne trod nor is it limited to those who are numbered among her descend-

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[232] Ohley, Mind, "Camp Ann Bailey Girl Scout Paradise," *The Charleston* [West Virginia] *Gazette,* August 11, 1929, sec. 3, p. 5.

[233] *The Charleston* [West Virginia] *Gazette,* May 15, 1932.

[234] *The Kanawha Exposition* [Huntington, West Virginia], September 25, 1927.

[235] *The Charleston* [West Virginia] *Daily Mail,* October 8, 1927.

[236] Rollin Swint, "Thousands Pack City for Bridge Opening," *The Point Pleasant* [West Virginia] *Register,* May 10, 1947, p. 1.

[237] Edward Swint, "The View," *The Point Pleasant* [West Virginia] *Register,* May 15, 1947, p. 2.

ants. "The following request was taken from a letter we received from Mr. Sigmund A. Lavine, Curator, 65 Stratton St., Dorchester, Mass.: 'I am the author of a juvenile biography of Gilbert and Sullivan which is to be issued this fall by Dodd, Mead and Company of New York City. At present I am under contract to furnish the same organization a teen-aged biography of Charles Proteus Steinmetz, the electrical wizard. This book is almost finished and shortly I will be free to begin another. I have chosen the heroine of the frontier, Anne Bailey, as my subject.'"[238]

Anne Trotter Bailey lives on in her descendants. Her only child, William Trotter, was the father of ten children, one of whom, a daughter, Mary, married James Irion, by whom she had twelve children. One of these, a son named John, was the father of five children, among whom were Brooks and Harry Irion.[239]

Brooks Irion inherited the physical stamina and vigor of his famous grandparent. "He was a long distance runner during his early life, having remarkable powers of endurance . . . . The greatest distance he ever ran in a single race was 50 miles."[240]

Mr. Harry S. Irion was born in Gallipolis but has spent most of his adult life in Washington, D. C., where he served as an attorney in the U. S. Forest Service until his retirement in 1951.[241]

Gifford Irion, son of Harry S. Irion, is a trial examiner in the Federal Communication Commission. He is the author of several short articles and plays. His novel, *Windward of Reason*, was released by The Dial Press in May, 1954. Mr. Gifford Irion has two children, great-great-great-great-grandchildren of Anne Bailey.[242]

Another of Anne's descendants who is interested in literature is Louis A. Sheets, graduate student in English at Marshall College. Mr. Sheets is a great-great-great-great-grandson of Anne, descended through her granddaughter, Sarah Trotter.

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[238] Ben Cheatham, letter to the Department of Archives and History (Charleston, West Virginia), April 7, 1954.

[239] Harry S. Irion, "Genealogical Outline," written for the author, December 7, 1953.

[240] Ibid.

[241] Ibid.

[242] Ibid.

A rather impressive number of markers and memorials to Anne Bailey attest the value of her services to the pioneers along the Virginia border. That memorials may be found in three states is evidence of the extent of the territory covered by Anne in her scouting activities. While not exactly of a literary nature, these memorials have been featured in written matter concerning her career. They, therefore, become a natural and important part of this study.

The tracing of Anne's descendants affords another field of research concerning her. It seemed appropriate, however, to include herein some mention of those descendants who are interested in matters of a literary nature, and the one great-great-grandson, Brooks Irion, the distance runner, whose physical stamina and endurance rivaled even that of his famous ancestress, Anne Bailey.

XII

Summary and Conclusions

It was stated in Chapter II that the purpose of this study is to demonstrate how the Anne Bailey tradition grew. A large body of material, both published and unpublished, concerning her has been analyzed, and the printed matter covering several phases of her life has been reviewed.

In the early stages the growth of the tradition was largely oral. As has been demonstrated, little evidence of a documentary nature exists concerning Anne. The Lewis-Cook story, which, for reasons already shown, was accepted as a basic and reasonable account with which to compare other versions, is largely traditional in nature.

Every item of published matter concerning Anne has been printed since her death in 1825, almost all of it since 1861. Although every phase of Anne's life has been subject to exaggeration, speculation, and exaggeration by writers, the main body of the material falls naturally into two major divisions, first, writings, largely descriptive in nature, concerning Anne and her activities as a scout; and second, narration and description, both in poetry and in prose, concerning the ride for powder which saved Fort Lee from destruction by the Indians.

In making the above divisions, it was not intended to discount the divergencies and exaggerations which occur in other phases of the story and which have added some of the most colorful tales to the tradition. For example, in no place is there evidence of greater invention than in the stories of how Anne came to America. And further, the difference of half a century in her birthdate has given rise to stories concerning her that are delightful, but highly improbable, if not ridiculous, as, for example, giving birth to an only son at sixty-seven years of age, falling in love at ninety, and teaching school at the ripe old age of one hundred eighteen years.

And yet, it is our considered opinion that the material does fall into the two divisions suggested above and that the source, immediate or remote, for most of it can be found in Richard Trotter's death. Richard's death was the cause of Anne's extreme bitterness and hatred for the Indians. Because of his death she turned to recruiting soldiers, scouting, carrying messages, in short, to that strange career which made her famous.

Only four printed items concerning Anne occurred prior to 1861 and two of these, the obituary and the Anne Royall sketch, were very short. The other two, "Mad Ann, the Huntress" and the passage in Emerson Bennett's *Wild Scenes on the Frontier*, were highly imaginative and romatic descriptions of Anne and her activities as a scout. From these two articles, has come the tradition of Anne as a boisterous, fighting, wrestling, swearing, hard-drinking, Indian-hating, blood-thirsty virago, intent only on killing Indians. This version of the story has persisted through the years, side by side with the softer nobler turn which was given to the story by Robb in 1861.

It seems a safe assumption that in the minds of Anne's contemporaries there must have been many questions concerning her. How does a woman scout dress, make camp, secure food? Above all, how does she escape the tomahawk of the redman? From question to conjecture, through oral repetition, the story is finally repeated to a writer possessed of imagination and skill, and a legend is born—or perhaps, preserved.

gave a different turn to the Anne Bailey tradition. Not only did the story of the ride open a new and fertile field for imaginative writers, it also became necessary to fabricate for Anne a new personality—a personality suited to the role of heroine. And Anne became a gentler and nobler person. True, the desire for revenge persisted, but it was balanced by a passion for serving the settlers. Anne was described as adept at nursing and so devoted was she to the Kanawha Valley pioneers that she carried heavy packs of supplies to them from as far east as Staunton, Virginia.

The source of Robb's material was a story, told by a mountaineer. Remembering that the Indians were threatening Fort Lee and recalling also William Clendenin's statement that Anne brought powder from Lewisburg, it is only one easy step for the imagination to bridge the gulf between fact and fancy and have Anne bring the powder when the fort was under siege and in desperate need. Association with the Betty Zane story may well have assisted in building up the tradition of the siege and ride.

Many literary influences can be detected in the telling and retelling of the tale. The decadent Romantic tendency to concentrate upon the occult, the strange, and the bizarre, has perhaps exerted the strongest single influence upon the story.

A minor classical strain, weak, but still evident, can be found in the names of the persons with whom Anne, in Chapter I, is compared. In this chapter also may be noted the early efforts of American writers to throw off the yoke of European domination of American literature, and Anne is compared, not to some queen of classical antiquity, but to Daniel Boone, and Davy Crockett of the Alamo.

Realism has played a part in the development of the tradition. Dr. Roy Bird Cook's work on the story is realistic to the point of iconoclasm. Some minor efforts at psychoanalysis has been found, some of fairly early date, and some more recent.

Women writers, while in a minority as to number, have exerted strong influence in the building of the tradition of Anne as a noble, religious woman whose strange career was motivated not so much by revenge as by a desire to be of service to the settlers.

In recent years, generally speaking, the tendency has been to consider Anne as a valuable border scout, using the term "alleged" when referring to the siege and ride. There are notable examples, however, of the tendency to glorify Anne, as the Ruth B. Scott story in *The Richmond Times-Dispatch*, 1953.

Also worthy of note is the growth of newspaper interest in the story in the last three decades. This reflects the continuing popular interest in, as well as the broadening of the scope of interest in materials covered by newspapers.

Literary interest in Anne is still strong. Published materials of a recent date may be cited as evidence of this fact. The work of Harry S. Irion on the story, and the plans of Sigmund A. Lavine to write a biography of Anne for juveniles may be offered as further proof that Anne Bailey still captures the minds and imagination of those who hear and read her story.

APPENDIX

ANNE BAILEY'S RIDE

A LEGEND OF THE KANAWHA

By Charles Robb, U. S. A.

(Copied from *Life and Times of Anne Bailey, the Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley* by Virgil A. Lewis. Charleston, West Virginia: The Butler Printing Company, 1891.)

The Army lay at Gauley Bridge,
At Mountain Cove and Sewell Ridge;
Our tents were pitched on hill and dell
From Charleston Height to Cross Lane fell;
Our camp-fires blazed on every route,
From Red House point to Camp Lookout;
On every rock our sentries stood,
Our scouts held post in every wood,
And every path was stained with blood
From Scarey creek to Gauley flood.

'Twas on a bleak autumnal day,
When not a single sunbeam's ray
Could struggle through the dripping skies
To cheer our melancholy eyes—
Whilst heavy clouds, like funeral palls,
Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,
And shrouded all the mountain green
With dark, foreboding, misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day
Our troops had marched the mountain way;
And in the gloomy eventide
Had pitched their tents by the river's side;
And as the darkness settled o'er
The hill and vale and river shore,
We gathered round the camp-fire bright,
That threw its glare on the misty night;

And each some tale or legend told
To while away the rain and cold.
Thus, one a tale of horror told
That made the very blood run cold;
One spoke of suff'ring and of wrong;
Another sang a mountain song;
One spoke of home, and happy years,
Till down his swarthy cheek the tears
Slow dripping, glistened in the light
That glared upon the misty night;
While others sat in silence deep,
Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.

Then spake a hardy mountaineer—
(His beard was long, his eye was clear;
And clear his voice, of metal tone,
Just such as all would wish to own)—

"I've heard a legend old," he said,
"Of one who used these paths to tread
Long years ago, when fearful strife
Sad havoc made of human life;
A deed of daring bravely done,
A feat of honor nobly won;
And what in story's most uncommon,
An army saved by gentle woman.

" 'Twas in that dark and bloody time (1791)
When savage craft and tory crime
From Northern lake to Southern flood,
Had drenched the western world with blood.
And in this wild, romantic glen
Encamped a host of savage men,
Whose mad'ning war-whoop, loud and high,
Was answered by the panther's cry.

"The pale-faced settlers all had fled,
Or murdered were in lonely bed;
Whilst hut and cabin, blazing high,
With crimson decked the midnight sky.

"I said the settlers all had fled—
Their pathway down the valley led
To where the Elk's bright crystal waves
On dark Kanawha's bosom laves,
There safety sought, and respite brief,
And in Fort Charleston found relief;
Awhile they bravely met their woes,
And kept at bay their savage foes.

"Thus days and weeks the warfare waged,
In fury still the conflict raged;
Still fierce and bitter grew the strife
Where every foeman fought for life.
Thus day by day the siege went on,
Till three long, weary weeks were gone;
And then the mournful word was passed
That every day might be their last;
The word was whispered soft and slow,
The magazine was getting low.
They loaded their rifles one by one,
And then—*the powder all was gone!*
They stood like men in calm despair,
No friendly aid could reach them there;

Their doom was sealed, the scalping knife
And burning stake must end the strife.
One forlorn hope alone remained,
That distant aid might yet be gained
If trusty messenger should go
Through forest wild, and savage foe,
And safely there should bear report,
And succor bring from distant Fort.

But who should go—the venture dare?
The woodsmen quailed in mute despair,
In vain the call to volunteer;
The bravest blenched with silent fear.
Each gloomy brow and labored breath,
Proclaimed the venture worse than death.
Not long the fatal fact was kept;
But through the Fort the secret crept
Until it reached the ladies' hall,
There like a thunderbolt to fall.
Each in terror stood amazed,
And silent on the other gazed;
No word escaped—there fell no tear—
But all was hushed in mortal fear;
All hope of life at once had fled,
And filled each soul with nameless dread.
But one (Anne Bailey) who stood amid the rest,
The bravest, fairest, and the best
Of all that graced the cabin hall,
First broke the spell of terror's thrall.
Her step was firm, her features fine,
Of Mortal mould the most divine;
But why describe her graces fair,
Her form her mien, her stately air?
Nay, hold! my pen, I will not dare!
'Twas Heaven's image mirrored there.
She spoke no word, of fear, or boast,
But smiling, passed the sentry post;
And half in hope, and half in fear,
She whispered in her husband's ear,
The sacrifice her soul would make
Her friends to save from brand and stake.
A noble charger standing nigh,
Of spirit fine, and metal high,
Was saddled well, and girted strong,
With cord, and loop, and leathern thong.
For her was led in haste from stall,
Upon whose life depended all.
Her friends she gave a parting brief,
No time was there for idle grief;

Her husband's hand a moment wrung,
Then lightly to the saddle sprung;
And followed by the prayers and tears,
The kindling hopes, and boding fears
Of those who seemed the sport of fate,
She dashed beyond the op'ning gate;
Like birdling free, on pinion light,
Commenced her long and weary flight.

"The foemen saw the op'ning gate,
And thought with victory elate
To rush within the portal rude,
And in his dark and savage mood
To end the sanguinary strife
With tomahawk and scalping-knife.
But lo! a lady! fair and bright,
And seated on a charger light,
Bold—and free—as one immortal—
Bounded o'er the op'ning portal.
Each savage paused in mute surprise,
And gazed with wonder-staring eyes;
'A squaw! a squaw!, the chieftain cries,
('A squaw! a squaw!' the host replies;)'
Then order gave to 'cross the lawn
With lightning speed and catch the fawn.'
Her pathway up the valley led,
Like frightened deer the charger fled,
And urged along by whip and rein,
The quick pursuit was all in vain,
A hundred bended bows were sprung,
A thousand savage echoes rung—
But far too short the arrows fell
All harmless in the mountain dell;
'To horse! to horse!' the chieftain cried,
They mount in haste and madly ride.
Along the rough, uneven way,
The pathway of the lady lay;
Whilst long and loud the savage yell
Re-echoed through the mountain fell.

She heeded not the danger rife,
But rode as one who rides for life;
Still onward in her course she bore
Along the dark Kanawha's shore,
Through tangled wood and rocky way,
Nor paused to rest at close of day.
Like skimming cloud before the wind
Soon left the rabble far behind.
From bended tree above the road
The flying charger wildly broke,

Amid the evening's gath'ring gloom,
The panther's shriek, the voice of doom
In terror fell upon the ear,
And quickened every pulse with fear.
But e'en the subtle panther's bound,
To reach his aim too slow was found;
And headlong falling on the rock,
Lay crushed and mangled in the shock.
The prowling wolf then scents his prey,
And rushing on with angry bay,
With savage growl and quickening bound
He clears the rough and rugged ground;
And closing fast the lessening space
That all too soon must end the race,
With sharpened teeth that glittered white
As stars amid the gloomy night—
With foaming jaws had almost grasped
The lovely hand that firmly clasped,
And well had used the whip and rein,
But further effort now were vain;
Another bound—a moment more—
And then the struggle all were o'er.

'Twas in a steep and rocky gorge
Along the river's winding verge,
Just where the foaming torrent falls
Far down through adamantine halls.
And then comes circling round and round,
As loath to leave the enchanted ground.
Just there a band of wand'ring braves
Had pitched their tents beside the waves.
The sun long since had sunk to rest,
And long the light had faded west—
When all were startled by the sound
Of howling wolf and courser's bound,
That onward came, with fearful clang,
Whose echoes round the mountain rang;
The frightened wolf in wild surprise
A moment paused—with glaring eyes
In terror gazed upon the flame,
Then backward fled the way he came.
Each wondering savage saw with fear
The charger come like frightened deer;
With weary gait, and heavy tramp,
The foaming steed dashed through the camp
And onward up the valley bear
His queenly rider, brave and fair.
Still on, and on, through pathless wood—
They swim the Gauley's swollen flood,

And climb Mount Tompkins' lofty brow,
More wild and rugged far than now,
Still onward held their weary flight
Beyond the Hawk's Nest's Giddy Height;
And often chased through lonely glen
By savage beast or savage men—
Thus like some weary, hunted dove
The woman sped through 'Mountain Cove,'
The torrent crossed without a bridge,
And scaled the heights of Sewell Ridge,
And still the wild, beleaguered road
With heavy tramp the charger trode,
Nor paused amid his weary flight
Throughout the long and dreary night.
And bravely rode the woman there,
Where few would venture, few would dare
Amid the cheering light of day
To tread the wild beleaguered way;
And as the morning sunbeams fall
O'er hill and dale, and sylvan hall,
Far in the distance, dim and blue,
The friendly Fort (Lewisburg) arose to view,
Whose portal soon the maiden gains
With slackened speed and loosened reins
And voice whose trembling accents tell,
Of journey ridden long and well.

"The succor thus so nobly sought,
To Charleston Fort was timely brought;
Whilst Justice, on the scroll of fame,
In letters bold, engraved her name."

Gauley Bridge, Va., Nov. 7, 1861.

Anne Bailey's Ride—A Legend of the Kanawha

By CHARLES ROBB, U. S. A.

The army lay at Gauley Bridge,
At Mountain Cove and Sewell Ridge;
Our tents were pitched on hill and dell
From Charleston Heights to Cross Lane Fell;
Our camp-fires blazed on every route,
From Red House point to Camp Lookout;
On every rock our sentinels stood,
Our scouts held posts in every wood
And every path was stained with blood
From Scary Creek to Gauley Flood.

'Twas on a bleak autumnal day,
When not a single sunbeam's ray
Could struggle through the dripping skies
To cheer our melancholy eyes,
Whilst heavy clouds like funeral palls,
Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,
And shrouded all the mountains green
With dark foreboding's misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day
Our troops had marched the mountain way;
And in the gloomy eventide
Had perched their tents by the river side;
And as the darkness settled o'er
The hill and vale and river shore,
We gathered 'round the camp-fire bright
That threw its glare on the misty night.

And each some tale or legend told
To while away the rain and cold,
One spoke of suffering and of wrong,
Another sang a mountain song!
One spoke of home and happy years,
Till down his swarthy cheeks the tears
Slow dripping, glistened in the light
That glared upon the misty night.

One a tale of horror told
That made your very blood run cold;
While others sat in silence deep,
Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.
Then spoke a hardy mountaineer,
(His beard was long, his eye was clear,
And clear his voice of metal tone,
Just such as all would wish to own).

I've heard a legend old, he said,
Of one who used these paths to tread,
Long years ago when fearful strife
Sad havoc made of human life;
A deed of daring brave'y done,
A feat of honor nobly won;
And what in story's most uncommon
An army saved by gentle woman.

The settlers, pale faced, all had fled
Or murdered were in lonely bed!
Whilst hut and cabin, blazing high,
With crimson decked the mid-night sky.
And day by day the siege went on,
Till three weary weeks were gone.
The word was whispered soft and slow,
The "magazine was getting low."
They loaded their rifles one by one,
And then—"the powder was all gone!"

They stood like men in calm dispair,
No friendly aid could reach them there;
One forlorn hope yet still remained
And distant aid might yet be gained,
If trusty messenger should go,
Through forest wild and savage foe,
And safely there should bear report
And succor bring from distant fort?

And who should go—the venture dare?
The woodsman quailed in mute despair,
But one who stood amid the rest,
The bravest, fairest, and the best
Of all that graced the cabin hall,
First broke the spell of terror's thrall.
The sacrifice her soul would make
Her friends to save from brand and stake.

A noble charger standing nigh,
Of spirit fine and mettle high,
Was saddled well, and girded strong
With cord and loop, and leathern thong.
Her pathway up the valley led,
Like frightened deer the charger fled,
Still on and on through pathless wood,
And swim the Gauley's swollen flood.

Still onward held their weary flight
Beyond the Hawk's-nest dizzy height:
And bravely rode the woman there,
Where few would venture, few would dare.
Far in the distance, dim and blue,
The friendly fort arose in view.
The succor then so nobly sought,
To Charleston Fort was timely brought.
Whilst Justice on the scroll of fame,
In letters bold, inscribed her name.

(A Fragment from the History of Anne Bailey
by Hon. Virgil A. Lewis.)

Gauley Bridge, Virginia, Nov. 7, 1861.

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Association of University Women. – Glenn A. Witherspoon, Jr.

AUNT SALLY LOWERY, said to be a witch in Wyoming County, had no home of her own, but traveled from house to house expecting to be fed. On one occasion, according to Virgil A. Cook, she visited the house of his grandmother, Mrs. Julia Ann Laxton. She complained that the coffee which she had been served was weak and was told, "anyone who goes from house to house; like you do, should be satisfied with what they get." This so riled Aunt Sally that she walked out of the house. As she passed the family cow she waved her cane over its head and tapped her on the horns. The poor animal immediately dropped lifeless to the ground.

BAILEY, Anne (1742-1825) was born in Liverpool, England, about 1742. There is no certainty about the identity of her mother. Her father was an English soldier by the name of Hennis, who fought at the battle of Blenheim under the banner of Queen Anne for whom he expressed his devotion in the name of his heroic daughter.

Apparently Anne was the only member of the family who found her way to the New World. How Anne made the transfer from the old world to the new is not clearly known. A new world is always appealing to the adventurous. The girl of dreams and action determined that she would reach a family of friends or distant relatives who lived in the Staunton, Virginia, neighborhood. By some means she secured passage on a Virginia bound vessel and after the usual tedious ocean journey of those days she reached the Virginia shores. The final lap of her journey is not described in

ANNE BAILEY

A sketch from an artist's portrait, one of the most familiar of the likenesses of the Border heroine.

the fragmentary records that exist, but she probably walked a good part of the route from the coast to the inland settlement at Staunton. In her new conditions she found a challenge, and to that challenge she reacted in such a way as to develop the powers of her latent personality. There were neither libraries nor drawing rooms in the new country, but there was an unspoiled creating and a nascent civilization, both of which offered obstacles and opportunities. She ignored the obstacles and accepted the opportunities as far as she could understand them. She developed a character that was crude but capable. She was ready to undertake the best life circumstances permitted.

Not long after taking up her residence with the Bells in the new Virginia she came in contact with a rugged young frontiersman by the name of Richard Trotter, who had just returned from

CAST OF *THE WHITE SQUAW*

The cast of Richard Scott Russell and Jack Zierold's West Virginia folk musical, *The White Squaw,* based on the life of Anne Bailey, included Paul Clark as John Bailey, Anne's second husband; Karen Bowen as Anne herself; Jim Stone as Richard Trotter, Anne's first husband; and Susan Morton (in back) as Ida Man, Anne's friend and companion.

Braddock's ill-fated expedition against the French. A courtship followed and a little later there was a "backwoods" wedding. This union of two aggressive lives continued from 1765 till terminated by death on October 10, 1774, when the husband fell a victim of an Indian bullet in the bloody battle of Point Pleasant. The fall of her husband fired the fighting blood in her veins, and she resolved to fill the place made vacant by his death as far as possible. Lodging her seven year old son with a neighbor, Mrs. Moses Mann, she took up the duties of a scout and extended her service among the rangers all the way from the Potomac on the north to Roanoke on the south. Then, in 1778, Fort Savanah, situated where Lewisburg now stands, was built as a western outpost. She became a messenger between the upper Shenandoah settlements and Fort Savanah. Finally she extended her expeditions to Fort Randolph, at Point Pleasant, the scene of her husband's last fight.

In her scout duty she became acquainted with John Bailey, a ranger, who wooed and won her.

A SCENE FROM *THE WHITE SQUAW*
A scene from the folk musical which told the story of Anne Bailey's life as given on the stage of the Abbott Theatre in Huntington.

They were married at Lewisburg, November 3, 1785, by the Rev. John McCue.

After their marriage, Bailey and his bride traveled west and joined the colony at Fort Clendenin, located on the present site of Charleston. At that time there were no settlers between Point Pleasant and Charleston, and few, if any, between Charleston and Lewisburg. During the year 1791, the scouts discovered signs of a general Indian attack on the Kanawha settlements. How serious the threat was may be reckoned from the letters of Thomas Lewis, commander of Fort Randolph, Col. George Clendenin, and Daniel Boone, lieutenant-colonel of Kanawha County, begging for assistance. Finally lurking Indians were discovered among the hills about Fort Clendenin, evidently planning a seige.

An inspection revealed the intelligence that the fort could not muster enough powder to withstand a siege. Colonel Clendenin proclaimed the gravity of the situation and asked for volunteers to make the trip to Fort Savanah, their source of supplies, a hundred miles distant. The men of the garrison hesitated but Anne Bailey stepped forward and offered her services. She was provided with the best riding horse in the stockade and promptly set out on her perilous journey. Riding all day and through the night she reached her destination in record time. Her stay was short. She was given an extra horse with a supply of powder and started on her return trip which was equally successful. Her signal achievement thrilled the men of the garrison who went forth the next day after her return, and drove the Indians out of the community. In appreciation of her gallant services at a critical time, she was given the horse on which she made the trip. She was proud of her gift and fondly kept and cared for the animal for many years. In loving memory of her old world

birthplace, she named her horse "Liverpool."

Anne Bailey maintained her residence in the Kanawha Valley some twenty-seven years, then at the earnest solicitation of her son who had moved to Ohio, she took up her residence in that state where she died in the year 1825. She was buried in what is known as the Trotter graveyard near Gallipolis. In later years the remains were re-buried in Point Pleasant. See "White Squaw," in *West Virginia Songbag*.

BALDWIN, Ann E., widow of Rev. Charles R. Baldwin, was one of the leaders in organizing the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church. At the General Conference of the Church in 1848 in Pittsburgh, the question of creating a West Virginia conference was hotly debated. Mrs. Baldwin, who was in favor of the move, persuaded Henry Logan, of Parkersburg, a man of weight and influence in the church, to accompany her to the Conference. Mrs. Baldwin was a fluent speaker, and she did most of the arguing in favor of the new Conference, with Mr. Logan's prestige behind her to add force to her words. They were successful and on July 4, 1848, the West Virginia Conference was inaugurated, although Wheeling District was left in the Pittsburgh Conference for a time. Mrs. Baldwin is sometimes referred to as "Mother Baldwin," because she was the "mother" of the West Virginia Conference.

BARTLETT, Anna Latham, a world-famous, prize-winning sculptress, was born in Grafton, the daughter of General George Robert Latham, one of the founders of West Virginia and a U.S. Congressman.

She began sculpting at the age of 57, after her only son, Frank, was killed in a World War I battle in France. She entered the Maryland Institute of Art in Baltimore and began her artistic career. For materials Mrs. Bartlett used clay which she dug from a ditch near her home. Many of her subjects were famous West Virginians, or caricatures of "typical" West Virginia people: The Mountain Madonna, The Moonshiner, The Woman at the Churn, etc.

In his book *Handicraft of the Southern Mountains*, Allen Eaton wrote of her: "A unique and individual product . . . often the appearance of majolica . . . completely original . . . reminds one sometimes of the craftsmanship of the Swiss and Germans a century ago."

She won a gold medal from the Maryland Institute of Art, First Prize at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Pittsburgh, where her ranking made West Virginia second among the 48 states; gave exhibitions at White Sulphur Springs and at the New York World's Fair in 1939.

Mrs. Bartlett died in 1948 in Buckhannon, where she had lived much of her life. Her figurines have become collectors' items and are sought everywhere, (picture on next page.)

BATEMAN, Mildred M., Director of the West Virginia Department of Mental Health, was born in Georgia.

She received her undergraduate degree from Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, North Carolina, and her M.D. in 1946 from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. In 1955 she completed a three-year psychiatric residency and fellowship at the Menninger School of Psychiatry at Topeka, Kansas. She received a Distinguished Alumna Award from the Menninger School

ANNE BAILEY

A sketch from an artist's portrait, one of the most familiar of the likenesses of the Border heroine.

the fragmentary records that

ANNE BAILEY'S RIDE.

Of all the celebrated characters of Pioneer Times, there were none more remarkable than Anne Bailey, the Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley. Her maiden name was Hennis and she was born in Liverpool, England, in the year 1742. When she was in her nineteenth year, her parents both having died. she crossed the ocean to find relatives of the name of Bell, then (1761) residing near Staunton, Virginia. Here soon after (1765) she wedded Richard Trotter, a distiuguished frontiersman and a survivor of Braddock's Defeat.

A cabin was reared near where Swope's Depot on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway now stands, and there in 1767 a son, William, was born. The year 1774, brought with it Dunmore's War and Richard Trotter enlisted in General Lewis' army and at the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774, yielded up his life in an attempt to plant civilization on the banks of the Ohio.

From the moment the widow heard of her husband's death, a strange, wild fancy seemed to possess her, and she resolved to avenge his death. Leaving her little son to the care of a neighbor, Mrs. Moses Mann, she at once entered upon a career which has no parallel in Virginia annals. Clad in the costume of the border, she hastened away to the recruiting stations, where she urged enlistments with all the earnestness which her zeal and heroism inspired. Then she became a nurse, a messenger, a scout, and for eleven years she fearlessly dashed along the whole western border, going wherever her services required, and thus the wilderness road from Staunton to Point Pleasant was all familiar to her.

November 3, 1785, at Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county; she was married a second time, her husband being John Bailey, a distinguished frontiersman from the Roanoke river. Fort Lee, was erected by the Clendenins on the present site of the city of Charleston in 1788–9, and to it John Bailey and his heroic bride at once removed.

In 1791 the fort was besieged by a large body of Indians, and to the terror of the garrison, it was found that the supply of powder in the magazine was almost exhausted. A hundred miles of wilderness lay between Fort Lee and Lewisburg, the only place from which a supply of powder could come. Colonel George Clendenin, the commandant at Fort Lee, asked for volunteers to go to Lewisburg, but not a soldier in that garrison would brave the task. Then was heard in a female voice the words "I WILL GO," and every inmate of the fort recognized the voice of Anne Bailey.

The fleetest horse in the stockade was brought out and the daring rider mounted and disappeared in the forest. Onward she sped. Darkness and day were one to her. It was a ride for life and there could be no stop. Lewisburg was reached; [illegible]

with two horses laden with powder. The garrison in Fort Lee welcomed her return, and she entered it, as she had left it, under a shower of balls. The men thus supplied, sallied forth and forced the savages to raise the siege.

That ride has been commemorated in song as well as story. Charles Robb, of the United States Army, was at Gauley Bridge, in 1861, and having learned the story from the mountaineers, wrote the following, which at the time, appeared in the Clermont, (Ohio) *Courier*:

ANNE BAILEY'S RIDE—A LEGEND OF THE KANAWHA.

BY CHARLES ROBB, U. S. A.

The Army lay at Gauley Bridge,
At Mountain Cove and Sewell Ridge;
Our tents were pitched on hill and dell
From Charleston Height to Cross Lane fell;
Our camp-fires blazed on every route
From Red House point to Camp Lookout;
On every rock our sentries stood,
Our scouts held post in every wood,
And every path was stained with blood,
From Scary creek to Gauley flood.

'Twas on a bleak autumnal day,
When not a single sunbeam's ray
Could struggle through the dripping skies
To cheer our melancholy eyes—
Whilst heavy clouds, like funeral palls,
Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,
And shrouded all the mountain green
With dark, foreboding, misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day
Our troops had marched the mountain way;
And in the gloomy eventide
Had pitched their tents by the river's side;
And as the darkness settled o'er
The hill and vale and river shore,
We gathered around the camp-fire bright,
That threw its glare on the misty night;
And each some tale or legend told
To while away the rain and cold.
Thus, one a tale of horror told
That made the very blood run cold;
One spoke of suffering and of wrong;
Another sang a mountain

One spoke of home and happy years,
Till down his swarthy cheek the tears
Slow dripping, glistened in the light
That glared upon misty night;
While others sat in silence deep,
Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.

Then spake a hardy mountaineer—
(His beard was long, his eye was clear;
And clear his voice, of metal tone,
Just such as all would wish to own)—

"I've heard a legend old," he said,
"Of one who used these paths to tread
Long years ago, when fearful strife
Sad havoc made of human life;
A deed of daring bravely done,
A feat of honor nobly won;
And what in story's most uncommon,
An army saved by gentle woman.

"'Twas in that dark and bloody time*
When savage craft and tory crime
From Northern lake to Southern flood
Had drenched the western world with blood.
Aud in this wild, romantic glen
Encamped a host of savage men,
Whose mad'ning war-whoop, loud and high,
Was answered by the panther's cry.
"The pale-faced settlers all had fled,
Or murdered were in lonely bed;
Whilst hut and cabin blazing high,
With crimson decked the midnight sky.

"I said the settlers all had fled—
Their pathway down the valley led
To where the Elk's bright crystal waves
On dark Kanawha's bosom laves,
There safety sought and re-pite brief,
And in Fort Charleston found relief;
Awhile they bravely met their woes,
And kept at bay their savage foes.

"Thus days and weeks the warfare waged,

The word was whispered soft and slow,
The magazine was getting low.
They loaded their rifles one by one,
And then—*the powder was all gone!*
They stood like men in calm despair,
No friendly aid could reach them there,
Their doom was sealed, the scalping knife
And burning stake must end the strife.
One forlorn hope alone remained,
That distant aid might yet be gained
If trusty messenger should go
Through forest wild, and savage foe,
And safely there should bear report,
And succor bring from distant fort.
But who should go—the venture dare?
The woodsmen quailed in mute despair,
In vain the call to volunteer;
The bravest blanched with silent fear.
Each gloomy brow with labored breath,
Proclaimed the venture worse than death.
Not long the fatal fact was kept;
But through the Fort the secret crept
Until it reached the ladies' hall,
There like a thunderbolt to fall.
Each in terror stood amazed,
And silent on the other gazed;
No word escaped—there fell no tear—
But all was hushed in mortal fear;
All hope of life at once had fled,
And filled each soul with nameless dread.
*But one** who stood amid the rest,

And half in hope and half in fear,
She whispered in her husband's ear,
The sacrifice her soul would make
Her friends to save from brand and stake.
A noble charger standing nigh,
Of spirit fine, and metal high,
Was saddled well, and girted strong,
With cord, and loop, and leathern thong,
For her was led in haste from stall,
Upon whose life depended all.
Her friends she gave a parting brief,
No time was there for idle grief;
Her husband's hand a moment wrung,
Then lightly to the saddle sprung;
And followed by the prayers and tears,
The kindling hopes, and boding fears
Of those who seemed the sport of fate,
She dashed beyond the op'ning gate;
Like birdling free, on pinion light,
Commenced her long and weary flight.

"The foemen saw the op'ning gate,
And thought with victory elate
To rush within the portal rude,
And in his dark and savage mood
To end the sanguinary strife
With tomahawk and scalping knife.
But lo! a lady! fair and bright,
And seated an a charger light,
Bold—and free—as one immortal—
Bounded o'er the op'ning portal.
Each savage paused in mute surprise,
And gazed with wonder-staring eyes,
'A squaw! a squaw!' the chieftain cries,
('A squaw! a squaw!' the host replies:)
Then order gave to 'cross the lawn
With lightning speed and catch the fawn.'

Along the rough, uneven way,
The pathway of the lady lay;
Whilst long and loud the savage yell
Re-echoed through the mountain fell.
She heeded not the dangers rife,
But rode as one who rides for life;
Still onward in her course she bore
Along the dark Kanawha's shore,
Through tangled wood and rocky way,
Nor paused to rest at close of day.
Like skimming cloud before the wind
Soon left the rabble far behind.
From bended tree above the road
The flying charger wildly trode,
Amid the evening's gath'ring gloom,
The panther's shriek, the voice of doom
In terror fell upon the ear,
And quickened every pulse with fear.
But e'en the subtle panther's bound,
To reach his aim to slow was found,
And headlong falling on the rock,
Lay crushed and mangled in the shock.
The prowling wolf then scents his prey,
And rushing on with angry bay,
With savage growl and quickening bound
He clears the rough and rugged ground;
And closing fast the lessening space
That all to soon must end the race,
With sharpened teeth that glittered white
As stars amid the gloomy night—
With foaming jaws had almost grasped
The lovely hand that firmly clasped,
And well had used the whip and rein,
But further effort now were vain;
Another bound—a moment more—
And then the struggle all were o'er.
'Twas in a steep and rocky gorge

That onward came, with fearful clang,
Whose echoes round the mountain rang;
The frightened wolf in wild surprise
A moment paused—with glaring eyes
In terror gazed upon the flame,
Then backward fled the way he came.
Each wondering savage saw with fear
The charger come like frightened deer;
With weary gait, and heavy tramp,
The foaming steed dashed through the camp
And onward up the valley bear
His queenly rider, brave and fair.
Still on, and on, through pathless wood—
They swim the Gauley's swollen flood,
And climb Mount Tompkins' lofty brow,
More wild and rugged far than now,
Still onward held their weary flight
Beyond the Hawk's Nest's giddy Height;
And often chased through lonely glen
By savage beast or savage me—
Thus like some weary, hunted dove
The woman sped through 'mountain Cove,'
The torrent crossed without a bridge,
And the heights of Sewell Ridge,
And still the wild, beleaguered road
With heavy tramp the charger trode,
Nor paused amid his weary flight
Throughout the long and dreary night.
And bravely rode the woman there,
Where few would venture, few would dare
Amid the cheering light of day
To tread the wild beleaguered way;

"The succor thus so nobly sought,
To Charleston Fort was timely brought;
Whilst Justice, on the scroll of fame,
In letters bold, engraved her name."

Gauley Bridge, Va., Nov. 7, 1861.

THE ALAMO; OR THE THERMOPYLÆ OF AMERICA.

Alamo, the Spanish for "poplar" tree, was the name of a celebrated fort at San Antonio, Texas. A small body of Texans, mostly from the United States, here bravely, and we might say hopelessly, resisted a Mexican force of many times their number, from February 11th to March 5th, 1836. Their only choice was to die in arms or as prisoners. One finally surrendered and was murdered. A Mrs. Dickinson, her child and a negro woman were all that survived.

Among the dead were Cols. Wm. B. Travis, David Crockett, and Bowie. Travis was wounded on the wall, and killed the Mexican that killed him. Crockett's body was found surrounded by dead Mexicans. Bowie, who was was sick, was murdered in bed.

In consequence of their heroic defense, Alamo is styled "The Thermopylæ of America." It was the war-cry of Gen. Sam Houston's men at San Jacinto, fought the month after the massacre at Alamo. When Santa Anna was brought a prisoner to Houston's headquarters, the Texas soldiers, burning with revenge for his atrocities at Alamo, clamored for his life. But on his promise to use his influence for the recognition of Texan independence, his parole was taken. However, the cry of "Remember the Alamo," in the charges made by Taylor and Scott's men, long afterwards grated on his ears till he perhaps wished there had never been an Alamo.

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO."

BY LARRY CHITTENDEN.

(From August No. of SOUTHERN LITERATURE.)

Fair Greece and Rome brave heroes knew,
But Texas has her heroes, too,
The men of Alamo!
That brave, courageous, noble band
Of Rangers in the Border Land

assumed airs of superiority. When persons called him Major, it seemed to displease him, and he would remonstrate: "Don't call me Major, I am nothing but Jake Warwick."

He was jovial in his disposition and extremely fond of innocent merriment. He delighted much in the society of young people, and even children. His pleasant words and kindly deeds to young people are vividly and affectionately remembered by all who ever knew him.

After the decease of his wife most of his time he passed at the home of Major Charles Cameron. He died at the breakfast table. When apoplexy came upon him he was merrily twitting Miss Phœbe Woods about her beau, young Mr. Beale. This occurred January, 1826, when he was nearing his eighty-third year. They carried his venerable remains about a mile up the west bank of the Jackson's River, and in a spot reserved for family burial, he was buried. When the writer visited his grave several years since, the place seemed to be in danger of forgetfulness. A locust tree stood near it and marked the place. Since then it has been nicely and substantially enclosed, and the grave marked by a neatly sculptured marble. In that lonely, but beautiful, valley retreat, the strong, busy man has found repose, and there,

"Unheeded o'er his silent dust,
The storms of life may beat."

WM. T. PRICE.

Marlinton, West Va.,
July 28th, 1892.

HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.—No. III.

BY HENRY W. BIGLER.

At last Governor Ford sent General John J. Harding with 400 militia to Nauvoo, but instead of making any arrests and assisting the sheriff, he dismissed him and informed our people that nothing could be done to protect them, for the mob were determined to drive them from the State, and therefore they must go.

Our people appealed to almost every governor in the United States, and to the President, to use their influence to stop the mob and establish us in our civil and religious rights, but I have yet to learn that there was a single invitation given for "Mormons" to remain within the States.

The work on the temple continued and was so far completed that on Monday, 6th October, a general conference was held in it and continued for three days, when it was agreed that the Church should leave and go to a country where they could enjoy the fruits of their labors, and to leave as soon as possible. As soon as conference closed, the whole Church began to make preparations to leave the country, not knowing where they were going; neither did we care much, only that it might be where we could worship Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience without being mobbed for it, for I knew of no law the church had

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlin on, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1927

What was Glade Hill has troubled the thinkers of this county for many years. It is a ridge on the bottom of Galford's Creek near Dunmore in sight of the

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ANTHONY

THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND

By Prof. Milton W. Humphreys
(From The Fayette Tribune)

The object of this paper is to record what is known about an Indian, called "Anthony" by the white people, who was friendly to the colonists during and after the Revolutionary War. His Indian name is not now known nor has tradition preserved the name of his tribe. It may be that during the war he belonged to an organization formed by the colonists to act as interpreter and to supply needful information concerning the Indians. It was in this way that he rendered very useful service, and such organizations existed.

To make this narrative intelligible is necessary to give the geography and briefly describe the topography of the region concerned; and as the facts have been handed down only by tradition, it is necessary also to give some account of those through whom the tradition was transmitted, in order that the reader may intelligently judge of the trustworthiness of the narrative.

The region concerned is situated in Anthonys Creek District of Greenbrier County in West Virginia. This district forms the northeastern portion of the county, and the locality of special interest is about twenty miles from Lewisburg by the old road either by way of the White Sulphur or by Frankford.

Anthonys creek is a stream that in some regions would be called a river, rises in the northeast corner of the county and flows through a valley in a southwesterly direction between the Allegheny Mountains on the southeast and a range of high hills or mountains on the northwest. [illegible]

tile Indians, about ten or mor
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This so frightened them th
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The tradition of the facts to be narrated came down through descendants of Samuel Humphreys, who was born April 15, 1741, in Londonderry, Ireland, and died July 22, 1821, on Anthonys Creek. He migrated to this country before the Revolutionary War, and married Grazilla Donaldson through whom he became the father of several children of whom only the eldest, William, and the second, Robert, are mentioned in this narrative.

Robert, the second son of Samuel Humphreys married Jane Wylie and reared a large family. His second son Andrew Cayet, was born March 13, 1810, married Mary McQuain Hefner, who bore him eight sons and four daughters, all of whom except one daughter (fatally burned in her ninth year) grew up and reared large families. The eldest was Caroline Jane, born December 13, 1833, and the second was Samuel Alexander, born January 1, 1836, and lived till

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Look for the Tuxedo BULL'S EYE

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ANITE WORKS

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From an examination of the above data it will be seen that there was ample opportunity for the transmission of interesting facts from Samuel Humphreys, the immigrant, to the members of the family of Dr. Andrew C. Humphreys and other descendanes. Among the latter is Rev Cavet Wylie Humphreys, D. D., now living at Bagdad, Florida, who is a son of Robert Wylie Humphreys, a younger brother of Dr. A. C. Humphreys, and is a little older than the writer. Also the mother of Dr. A. C. Humphreys, who was a mature woman when Samuel Humphreys died in 1821 lived till late in

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the father of several children of whom only the eldest, William, and the second, Robert, are mentioned in this narrative.

Robert, the second son of Samuel Humphreys married Jane Wylie and reared a large family. His second son Andrew Cayet, was born March 13, 1810, married Mary McQuain Hefner, who bore him eight sons and four daughters, all of whom except one daughter (fatally burned in her ninth year) grew up and reared large families. The eldest was Caroline Jane, born December 13, 1833, and the second was Samuel Alexander, born January 1, 1836, and lived till October 3, 1926. The writer of this narative, the seventh member of the family, was born September 15, 1844, and remembers his grandfather, Robert Humphreys.

From an examination of the above data it will be seen that there was ample opportunity for the transmission of interesting facts from Samuel Humphreys, the immigrant, to the members of the family of Dr. Andrew C. Humphreys and other descendanes. Among the latter is Rev Cavet Wylie Humphreys, D. D., now living at Bagdad, Florida, who is a son of Robert Wylie Humphreys, a younger brother of Dr. A. C. Humphreys, and is a little older than the writer. Also the mother of Dr. A. C. Humphreys, who was a mature woman when Samuel Humphreys died in 1821 lived till late in 1863 when the writer, aged 19, was sergeant of artillery in the Confederate army. She often related to the latter prominent events in the history of the family. Dr. A. C. Humphreys, a justice of the peace and lieutenant colonel of militia before the war, lived till September 15, 1866.

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Norman R. Price

Winter Apples
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NOTICE
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SALE:—Two good stock cows,
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THONY

MAN'S FRIEND

n W. Humphreys

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tile Indians, about ten or more, were on the hunt for Anthony, and pursued him so closely that he took refuge in a large mouthed cave, and kept watch all night. Anthony was armed with a double barrelled shot-gun, which was given him by an Englishman he had befriended. His gun and tomahawk were all the arms he had at that time. Early the next morning he made a dash for liberty, and shot the sentry on watch and fired at the others as he came out. This so frightened them that they did not pursue him at once. At this point there are two mountains with a large creek flowing between them, which was subsequently called Anthonys Creek. As he left the cave, which was in one of the mountains mentioned, he made a dash into the water, which was very deep at that point. His pursuers followed, fired a shot or two, but missed him. He stayed with his body under the water until they quit shooting, and left his gun in the middle of the creek. After emerging from the water he fled up the steep and rocky mountain, which was covered with a thick growth of weeds and vines. After going quite a distance he cut his foot on a sharp rock, causing the blood to flow freely. He then turned back till he found a place of concealment. In the mean time the alarm had been given, and the settlers collected and followed the Indians a short distance. On their return they found Anthony. He was tired and hungry, and his foot was bleeding profusely. After finding his gun, he went to

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As the stream today is not deep opposite the cave, it is proper to state that in the writer's boyhood the deep "hole" that now begins below the cave began far above it where the water of a large spring (which supplies the White Sulphur and furnishes what is known as "Alvon water") flows into the creek.

Cavet W. Humphreys wrote in 1922 as follows:

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Cavet W. Humphreys wrote in
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"This letter will be made up mostly of my recollections concerning Anthony, 'the white man's friend.'

1. "Anthony's Cave' became known by that name by popular credit because he escaped death at the hands of his people through the use of that cave, the story about which I shall relate later in this letter.

2. "Anthony was last seen sitting on a log in a field on the northwest side of Jake Dysart (or Dysard) place, (in the angle between North Fork and the main creek below the confluence). He was recognized but did not visit any white family. He seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts from visiting the changed scenes of his early life and adventures.

3 "On several occasions he warned the white people of impending massacre and enabled them to con gregate and assemble their stock and thus to escape a dreadful doom. The descendents of those men there owe their existence to the friendly intervention of Anthony.

4 "His people ultimately found out that it was through him that the white people were warned, and planned to kill him. Anthony fled to the

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just before dark, ascertained that he was in there, built a fire and began a siege. He concealed from their sight was watching them. They laid aside their accoutrements, lit their pipes, wrapped themselves up in their blankets, became careless and dozed. One, however, was to keep watch. Anthony, seeing that they had been careless in throwing aside their guns, watched the sentinel until he saw his chance, quietly moved to the mouth of the cave and then dashed out and down the steep hill to the creek, which at that points was deep, plunged into it and swam across. In running down the hill, he cut his foot on a sharp rock, and it bled freely. This saved his life. The savages, suddenly roused from sleep, in a dazed conditions, were slow to take in the situation, but when they did, they seized their guns and fired at him as he crossed. He swam low and they all missed. But upon finding so much blood in his trail, they believed that he was fatally wounded, and ceased to follow him."

As this last statement is based solely on conjecture, the discrepancies are no greater than could be expected between accounts written by members of different families. Moreover, both accounts are necessarily based on Anthony's own statements which were very liable to become distorted. The tradition that Anthony shot the sentinel may be regarded as indubitably true.

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The tradition is that the hostile Indians found Anthony on "Middle Mountain," the range lying between the North Fork and the main creek above the confluence, and that, in his flight, he crossed over to Little Creek and pursued a zig-zag course between this stream and Anthony's Creek, his object evidently being to let the settlers see what was occuring He may even have planned the time at which he was to enter the cavern, and probably he did not know how limited the space in it was, or he may have counted on succour reach-

ing him during the night.

One fact about Anthony perhaps ought to be omitted, but as it is never possible to know that a narrative of a historical fact is useless, it has been decided to record the fact mentioned.

Anthony was ordinarily sober, that is, he did not regularly drink; but it was his custom to come occasionally with a jug of whiskey to Samuel Humphreys' and have a spree until the whiskey was exhausted. Before becoming intoxicated he would give up all his arms and charge the people of the house on no account to let him have these arms again until after his spree; he became perfectly sober. When he reached a certain stage of intoxication he would fiercely demand the return of his arms, uttering terrible threats as to what he would do when he got them, unless they were returned at once; but when he became entirely sober and his arms were returned, he would thank the people for taking care of his arms and specially for refusing to yield to his drunken demand for their immediate return.

The older people often expressed surprise that they had never been able to find any mention of Anthony in historical works. The writer has never seen any printed mention of him except in some verses, composed by himself (the writer) and printed in a college periodical. (The South-

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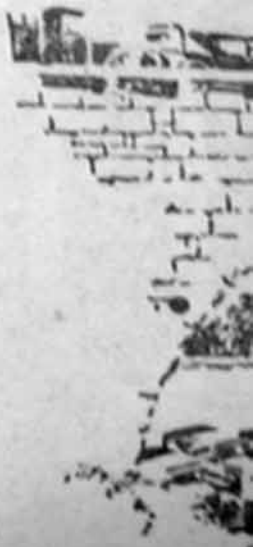

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"WHO KNOWS WHEN NEW FORD IS COMING OUT"

One question that continually is timed at anyone connected with the automobile industry has, at last drawn a fitting reply, according to Warner Sayers, sales manager of the

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"WHO KNOWS WHEN NEW FORD IS COMING OUT"

Times

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Dickens visited the United 1842. Of Pennsylvania he "We have passed, both in ins and elsewhere, a great new settlements and de- houses. Their utterly for- niserable appearance baf-

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RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Pocahontas County

Subject ~~County History, Chapter 6~~ Date December 6, 1940

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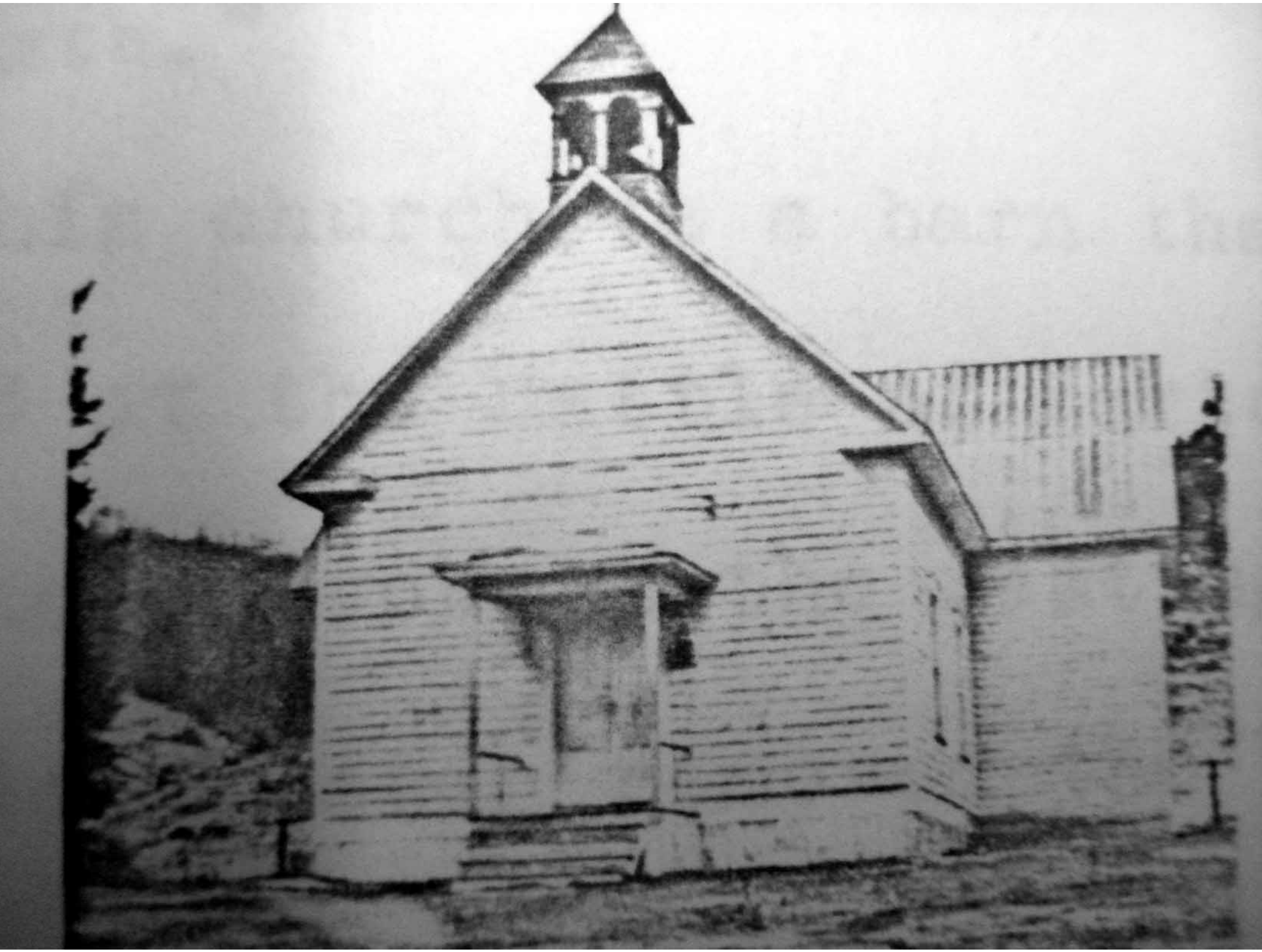
Mrs. G. D. Kincaid

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burner

Church Records

History of Pocahontas-Price



Juanita S. Dilley
Clover Lick, W. Va.
Chapter 6-Religion

ARBOGAST MEMORIAL CHAPEL--BARTOW
M. E. Church, South

The first church services, so far as any one knows, were held in the school house. Arbogast Memorial chapel was built in the year of 1882 and dedicated in 1883. It was built near the site of an old cemetery on the lands of the pioneer Abram Burner, which later came into the posession of his son George W. Burner, thence to Charles Burner and Elizabeth Beard Burner, his wife who gave the deed for the church lot in 1883, to Peter D. Yeager, A. M. V. Arbogast, Josiah O. Beard and Lee Burner, trustees. "A certain lot of land in the neighborhood of Travelers Repose containing one half acre. For and in consideration of the love we bear for the cause of Christ and from an earnest desire to promote his heritage on earth."

Near this church is a barn that was used as a hospital for the wounded at the Battle of Bartow in 1861, and between the barn and the church is the resting place of many of the dead. The Union soldiers later removed the bodies of most of their dead, but many of the Confederates from the Southern states remained buried there. At one grave was a stone bearing the inscription "In this grave is the bodies of six unknown Confederate Soldiers." but when the state road was built, the men who gatheres rocks for the road base removed many of the stones from the graves and used them in building the road. The people of the community were greatly shocked when they learned what had happened and they demanded that no more of them be removed. (It does seem a pity that in a

place where as many rocks are found as are in Pocahontas, that they would remove grave stones to build road)

There were no churches nearer Bartow than Top Allegheney, Arbovale or Greenbank, and all of these places were several miles away, so in 1882 the people decided to build a church. Lee Burner furnished the timber and he with the help of his neighbors the Arbogasts, Yeagers and Burners cut and skidded the logs to a saw mill in the neighborhood and had it sawed into lumber for the church. Charles Burner paid the saw bill, and contributed more money than any other one person. He also boarded the carpenter~~s~~ a Mr. Elliot who plained all of the lumber by hand. It took him almost a year.

For many years this church was open to all denominations, but of late years only the Methodists use it. It is now an appointment on the Arbovale circuit, but was formerly on the Durbin circuil.

Records show for 1940 a membership of 98, many of them young people who have been added to the class the past year. I was told by the former pastor Rev. Howard Wriston, that this was his best appointment. Other appointments on this circuit are Arbovale, Bethel on Back Mountain, Wanless, Boyer, New Hope, and Frost.

The present trustees are I. E. Methany, B. J. Snyder, Harper Beverage, Oscar Turner, and Howard Kreamer. The present stewards are Mrs. B. J. Snyder, Harper Beverage, Frank Gainor, and Edith Burner.

This church was named Arbogast Memorial in memory of the Rev. Benjamin Arbogast. He went to school a session or two to Academy(at Hillsboro) and then went to Dickinson College in Penn., and was graduated among the best in his class. In the meantime he entered the ministry and became a pulpit orator and one of the most distinguished teachers of the high school under the auspecies of the M. E. Church, South.

It seems that he never lived at Bartow, and that the church was named in honor of him more to satisfy a whim of one of the members. Many of the people of the community do not even know it is named Arbogast Memorial as they never call it anything but Bartow church.

came down on his neck and held him there helpless. He had to summons a neighbor to assist him in getting out. He afterwards said that was the last time he would ever lock a church on any one. The disagreement had been over building the Thornwood church. The southern members had wanted to build the church, but the President of the Lumber company was an M. E. and insisted on having it built by the M. E. branch.

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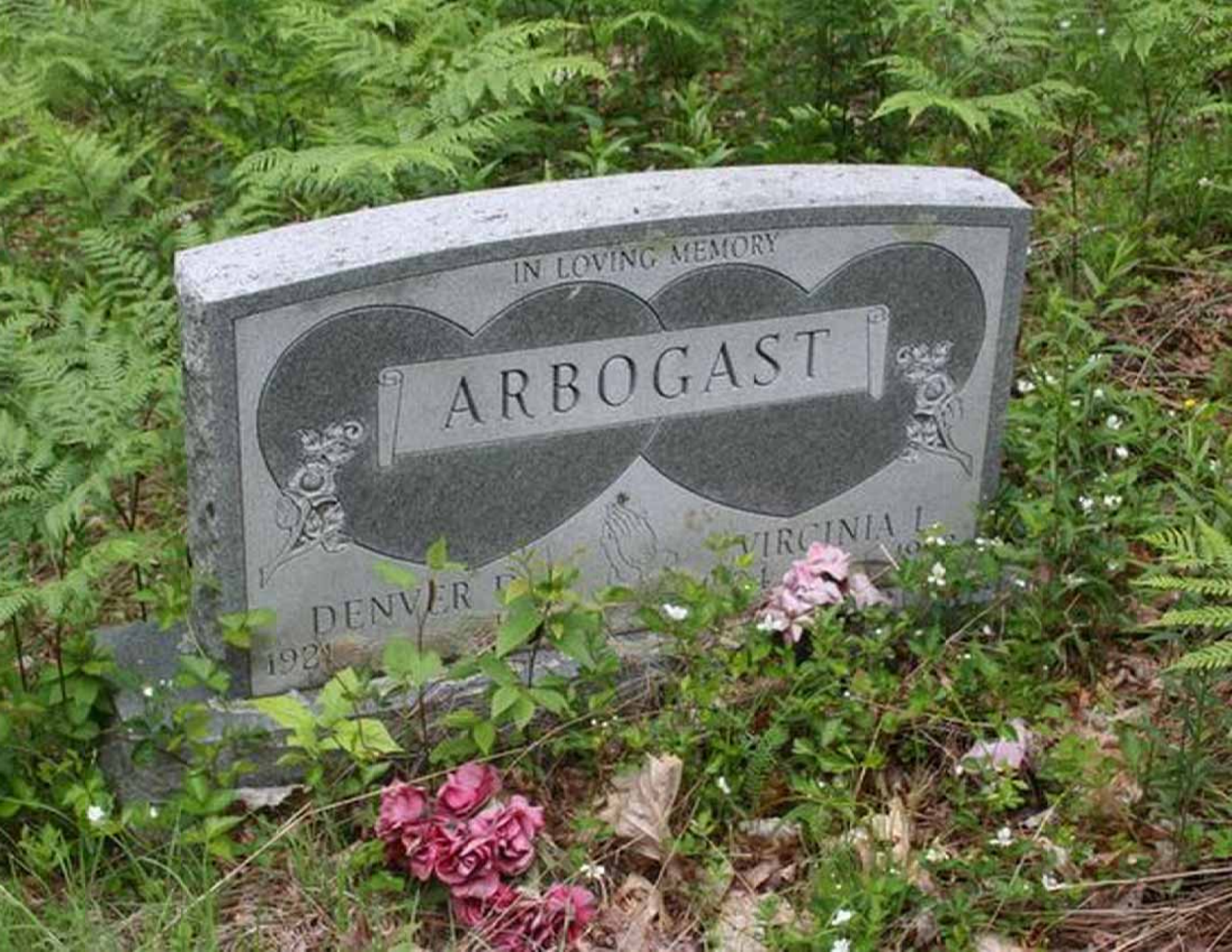
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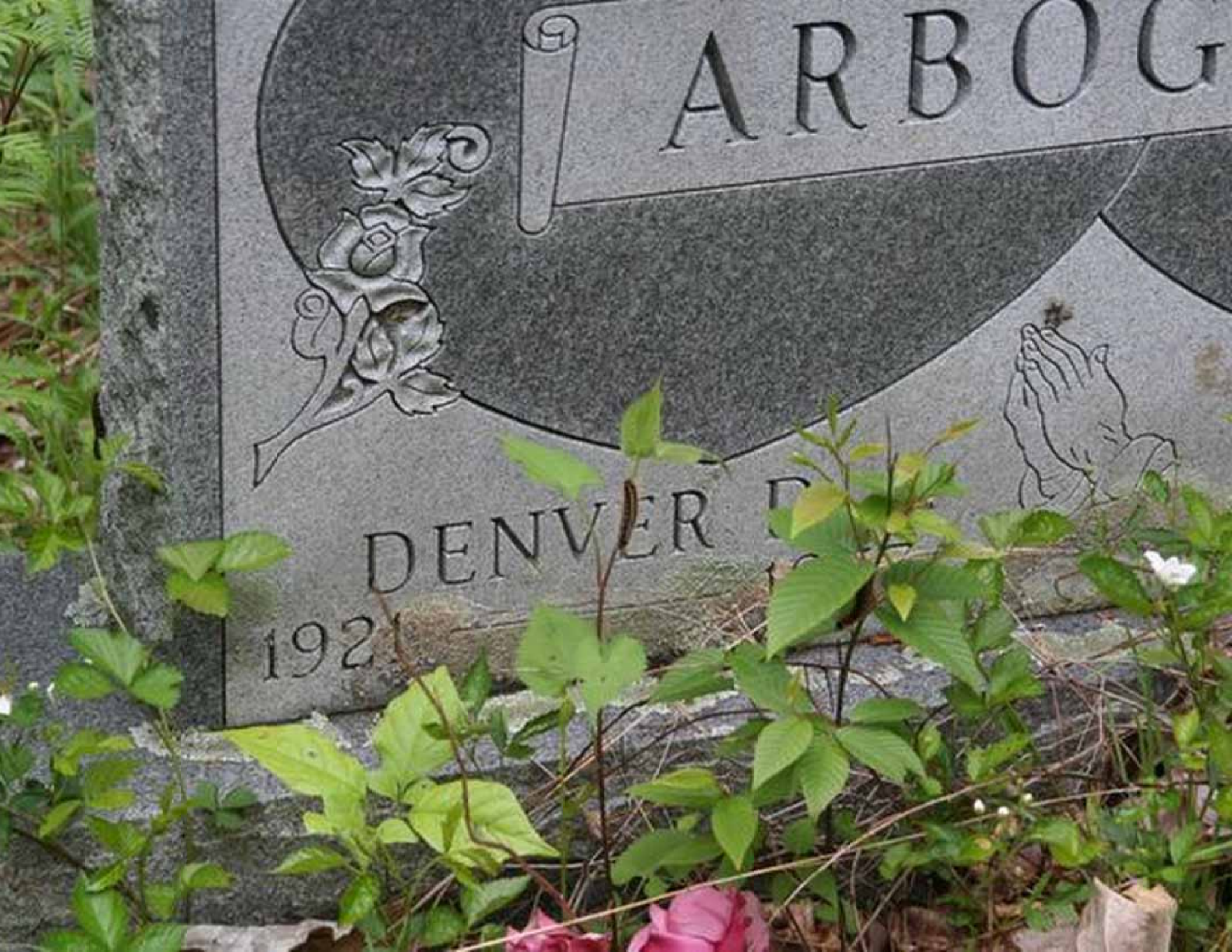
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of age.

Charles and Jacob Kinnison, the pioneer brothers, were skillful workers in wood with the broad axe and whip saw. Some of the first carpenter work ever done in this county was by them and Richard Hill.

Charles Kinnison hewed the logs for John McNeel, pioneer. The building yet stands. He also prepared the logs for the house now dwelt in by Claiborne McNeil, near Buckeye. His services were greatly valued in planning and constructing forts.

Thus with assistance of J. B. Kinnison and Allan Kinnison, something has been attempted to embalm the memories of these good men and their worthy descendants. We believe it is the temper of many of the living Kinnisons to see that the lustre of the Kinnison name shall not be tarnished, but rendered more illustrious by all the facilities that may come to hand.

ARCHIBALD CLENDENNIN.

The Clendennin name has been familiar as a household word to our people for more than a hundred years.

They are the descendants of Archibald Clendennin, who was one of the pioneers of Greenbrier County, and lived in the Big Levels, not far from Lewisburg. The place has been long known as the Ballard Smith homestead.

Charles Clendennin was slain by the Indians in 1763 and was survived by two sons, George and Charles.

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In regard to George Clendennin we have nothing authentic. Charles Clendennin was one of the pioneers of Kanawha County, and the city of Charleston is named for him. William Clendennin, a son of Charles, married Sallie Cochran, daughter of John Cochran, and settled on the Burgess place, near Hillsboro, now occupied by John Payne. This occurred about 1780. Their sons were William and John; their daughter Catherine became Mrs Jacob Kennison.

John Cochran was the person who brought in the slain bodies of the Bridger Brothers. His mother was a Miss Hogshead, of Augusta County, very pious person, and her granddaughter Sallie was a very rigid christian person and trained her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She was called a Jewess both "outward and inwardly," as she insisted upon her sons learning some trade. To gratify her conscientious wishes, her son William Clendennin was apprenticed to Bayliss G. Rapp, at Frankford, for seven years, seven months, and seven days. Upon his marriage with Jane Cochran, he settled at the Casebolt mill and finally located on the Seybert Place at the mouth of Stamping Creek. Their children were Mary Ann who became Mrs Buckhannon, and settled in Upshur.

John Clendennin married Rebecca Byrd, and lived at Byrd's Mill in upper Greenbrier.

James Clendennin died in youth.

Sally Clendennin cared for her parents, prospered, and bought the place where she now lives.

John Clendennin, of William the pioneer, learned his trade in a voluntary apprenticeship with Ralph

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Wanless, as his mother wished. It is told of John that when a mere child he attended a preaching service at the Hawk Place, on Locust Creek, conducted by Dr McElhenney. When the minister inquired whether any children were to be baptized, John, in the absence of his mother, came forward and presented himself and was baptized, and named himself John McElhenney.

Upon his marriage with Catherine Seybert, he settled at Beard's Mill on Locust Creek, and after many years moved to Highland County. They were the parents of six sons:

William died at the age of eight years and lies in an unknown grave in the McNeel cemetery.

Jacob F. lives in Highland. His first marriage was with Elizabeth Bird, and has two sons. The second marriage was with Mary Bird.

George G. married Louella McNeel, and lives on a part of the old Seybert homestead.

Adam S. was a Confederate soldier from the first of the war, and died in the battle before Petersburg, April, 1865.

Charles R. married Mary Ann Tomlinson, and settled in Highland County. His sons John and Samuel went west.

Stewart died at the age of fourteen years.

In reference to these six sons of John Clendennin it may be noticed that George, Adam, and Charles learned the blacksmith trade, and Jacob tailoring.

Thus we have been able to give a few interesting items illustrating the Clendennin family history as far as identified with our Pocahontas citizenship. The most

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of this information was furnished by George G. Clendennin, of Mill Point, in a recent interview.

Since writing the preceding it has come to mind that the Andersons, on Hills Creek, are descendants of Archibald Clendennin by the third or fourth remove. Rev W. S. Anderson, Principal of the Alleghany Collegiate Institute; Rev C. M. Anderson, are among them.

This sketch will be closed by a historic reminiscence that has been widely published, and is perhaps already familiar to many.

A party of sixty or more Indians, led by Cornstalk, appeared very suddenly in west Greenbrier, in 1763, and came to the Clendennin home, where they found perhaps seventy-five persons, men, women, and children, to spend the day in social enjoyment and help their neighbor Clendennin feast on three fat elk he had just brought in. Though not invited or expected, the Indians upon their arrival were kindly received and bountifully feasted as welcome guests. While all this good cheer was going on, the people never dreaming of danger, as peace had been prevailing for the past two or three seasons, and the Indians had been coming and going in a most friendly manner, an aged person afflicted with a chronic sore, consulted with one of the older Indians and inquired if he knew of anything that would cure it. In a bland and assuring manner he told her that he thought he knew of the very thing that would cure her. Then drawing his tomahawk he killed her instantly, and before the people had time to think, nearly all the men in the house were killed by this single warrior medicine man.

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Mrs Clendennin fought like a fury; reproached the Indians in terms of the severest invective, calling them cowards and all the mean names she could think of, while the warriors brandished their tomahawks and scalping knives over her head, and slapped her face with her husband's bloody scalp, threatening instant death if she did not hush up and behave herself.

The captives were taken at once to Muddy Creek in charge of a detachment, while the rest continued the raid as far as Kerrs Creek in Rockbridge County. Upon their return in a few days, preparations were hastily made to retreat to the Ohio. On the day they started from the foot of Keeneys Knob, Mrs Clendennin gave her infant to one of the captives to carry. The captives were placed in the centre of the line, with warriors for vanguard and rearguard. While crossing the mountain she slipped into a thicket of laurel and concealed herself in a hollow tree. The child soon became very fretful, and this led the Indians to suspect that the mother was missing. One of the warriors said he would "soon bring the cow to her calf." He caught the child by the feet and beat its brains out against a tree, threw it in the path, all marched over it, and its intestines were trampled out by the horses.

After nightfall Mrs Clendennin came out of her hiding place and returned to her home, ten miles away. She found her husband dead in the yard, with one of the children in his arms, where he had tried to escape over the fence. After covering the dead with rails she went into the cornfield near by and waited for day. During the night a great fear came upon her, as she

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imagined she saw a man standing within a few steps from her.

Mainly with her own hands she prepared a place under the porch for the last resting place of her beloved dead, and then soon after refugeed to Augusta County, where she remained a year or two. She finally returned to her home in Greenbrier, and was afterwards married to Ballard Smith, the ancestor of the distinguished family of that name, so prominent in the annals of the Greenbrier citizenship.

JOHN H. RUCKMAN.

Among the citizens of our county in later years from the forties to the sixties, that took a lively interest in everything that promised to promote the interests of education, morality, and the prosperity of the county generally, John Hartman Ruckman deserves more than a brief notice.

He traced his ancestry to one Samuel Ruckman, a native of England, and born in 1643. The Ruckmans had lived awhile in north east Wales, bordering England, and thence came to Long Island, New York, in 1682. Thomas Ruckman, son of Samuel Ruckman, the Welsh emigrant, was born on Long Island in 1682, and his son James Ruckman, another link in the ancestral chain, was born in New Jersey in 1716. James Ruckman's son, David Ruckman, was born in New Jersey in 1747. David Ruckman is the progenitor of the Ruckman relationship in Highland and Pocahontas Counties. He came to what is now south east High-

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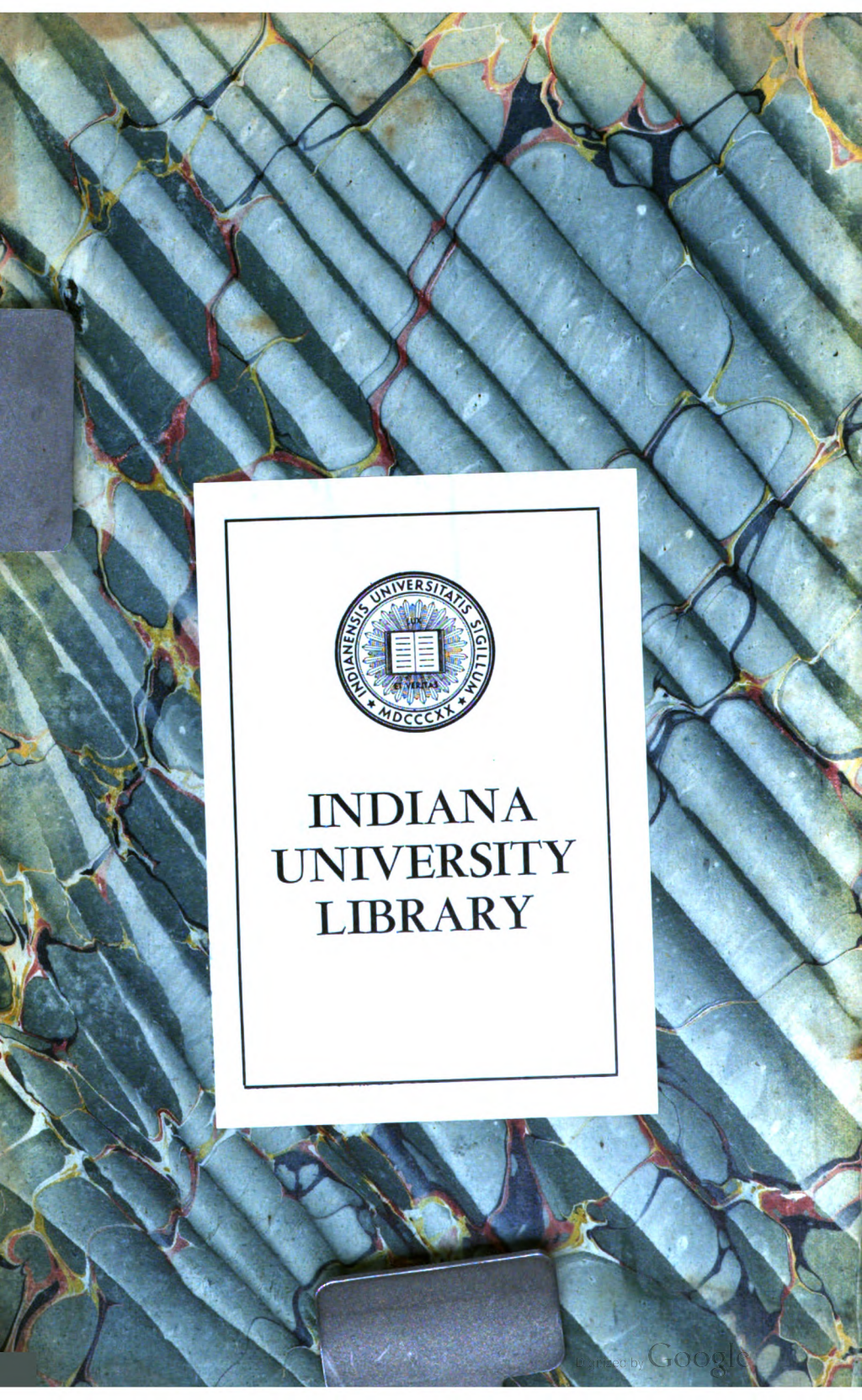

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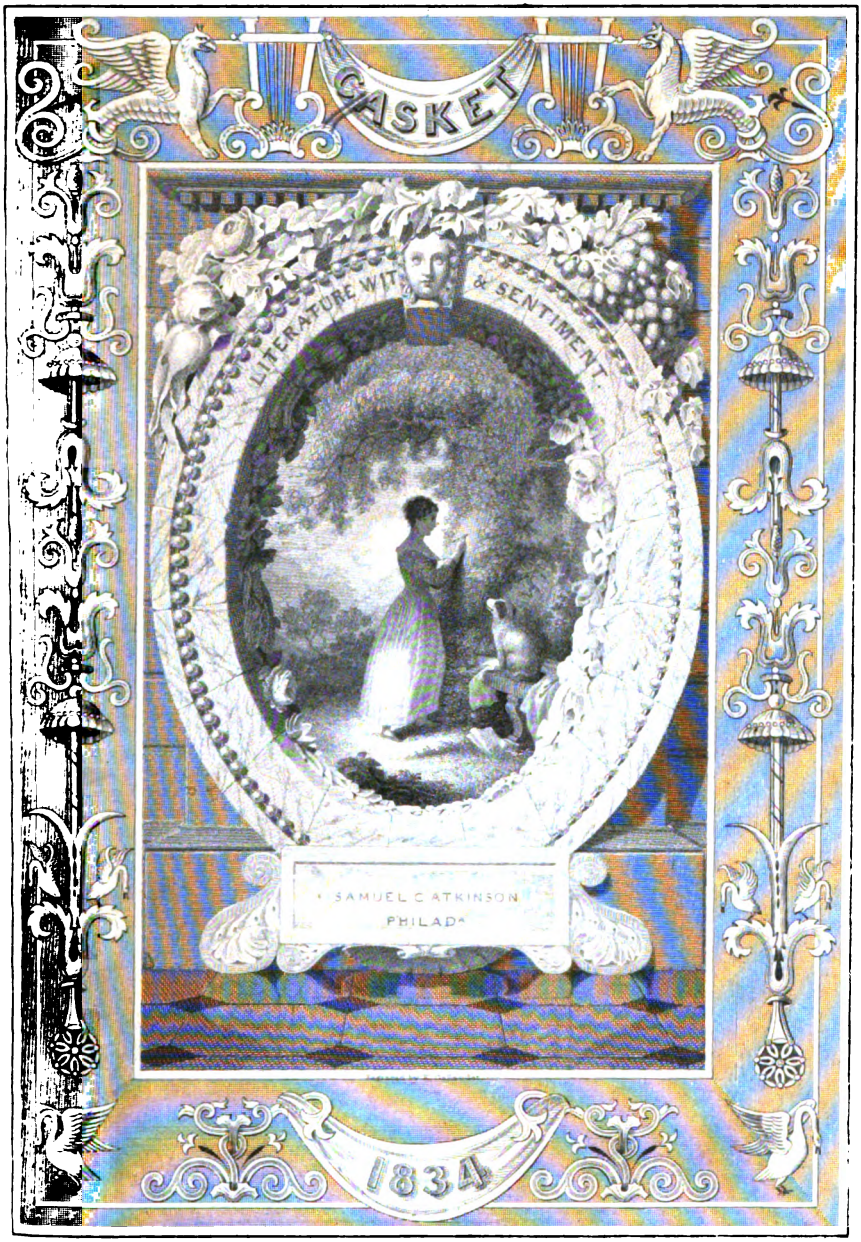

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ATKINSON'S
CASKET
OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

I am the same, without all diff'rence; when
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good;
Have no additions since of name, or blood;
Only because I wear a thread-bare suit,
I was not worthy of a poor salute.
A few good clothes put on with small ado,
Purchase your knowledge and your kindred too.

No. 1.] PHILADELPHIA.—JANUARY. [1834.

LATEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

HABIT DE RECEPTION.—FIG. 1.—A *redingote* of lilac valentine, the fronts confined with large bows of ribbon (a deeper tint, and trimmed the whole way down from the throat with a triple *ruche* of white blond, this parts at the waist, *en tablier*, and gives to this simple dress a most graceful effect. The *corsage* is folded on the bosom *en gerbe*, and cut rather low for a morning dress; the sleeves are extremely full, *en ballon*, with cuffs of white *tulle a la Marie Stuart*. The *coiffure* is a small *capote* formed by three divisions of white *tulle*, *en coques*. The only ornament is a bunch of poppies placed under the brim on the right side, and long *brides* of white gauze ribbon edged with *tulle*; citron colour kid gloves, and black *gros de Naples* slippers.

FIG. 2.—An evening dress of white *fleur d'Ange* gauze tissue, the skirt adorned with a double border of "Forget-me-Not" flower; *bouffant* short sleeves; the *corsage* is formed *a l'Amazone*, the rich folds being divided by bands embroidered to correspond with the pattern on the skirt; round the throat, is carelessly tied a *foulard* scarf,—pale *jonquil*, embroidered with roses. The hair is dressed in full curls, on the temples parted in front with an *aigrette* of flowers, and the bows behind confined by a plaited band.

FIG. 3.—A fashionable bonnet of rice-straw, ornamented with interlaced bands of lilac satin ribbon, with three small bows placed behind, and a plume of drooping lilac ostrich feathers.

FIG. 4.—A bonnet of white *gros d'Inde*, with bands and bows of cherry-colour sarsenet ribbon—and a large bouquet of sweat peas. This bonnet is edged with white blond.

We are seriously threatened with the revival of hair-powder. In Paris, an effort was made to introduce it last season, but without effect; whether the forthcoming experiment will be more successful we do not pretend to decide. Whether hair-powder will ever again be generally worn is hardly doubtful. It is true we have revived the dresses of our grandmothers, and they have been rendered graceful by the modifications demanded by modern taste. But powder can never be rendered elegant. It may be adopted for a night, as a mere *fantasie*, but it can never again obtain the authority of general usage

There are some countenances to which powder may possibly be becoming. It is supposed to soften the features, and to impart lustre to the eyes. But, on the other hand, it has the disadvantage of spoiling a dress in the space of an hour, and even the most extravagant woman of fashion sometimes wishes to wear a dress oftener than once: and, at all events, it is desirable that it should not appear soiled before the termination of an evening party.

Crowns of plaited hair have now become so exceedingly common, that the most fashionable *coiffeurs* have laid them wholly aside. Bows, rather high, and frequently *papillottes*, are preferred.

The continuance of mild weather retards the general adoption of the colours and materials usually worn at the present season. Light hats of crape and silk, ornamented with flowers, are still as general as they were in the height of summer.

Dresses and pelisses of velvet and plain satin, are likely to be much worn, as soon as the autumnal weather shall fairly set in. They should be of some rich dark colour, with pelerines of the same material, trimmed with black lace.

The *fichus-ceintures* are likely to be much adopted this winter for ball dresses, to which they give an elegant finish. When adapted to low dresses, bows with long flowing ends may be placed on each shoulder.

In Paris, small scarfs of black lace or blonde are much worn for evening dress. These scarfs, which are very long and narrow, are lined with coloured silk or satin, and passed under the waistband.

Sashes with long ends promise this winter to supersede the bands which have so long been worn, simply pinned or buckled round the waist,

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Written for the Casket.

THE BANIAN TREE.

Where Burampooter rolls his waves,
Through sultry India's wide domains,
Or silver Ganges proudly laves
The margins of his flowery plains;—
As stately as the Ganges flows,
And silent seeks the distant sea,
So silent seeks the skies, and grows
The beautious, stately *Banian Tree.*

Erect and firm the trunk ascends,
And widely spreads its branches round;
And many a bough it downward sends,
To seek again the genial ground:
Formed into trunks, they shoot above,
Bend down again, new trunks to be;
Till all united form a grove
Around the parent *Banian Tree.*

And thus may hearts of pious worth,
In peaceful, friendly union stand;
And spirits too, though tied to earth,
May still be joined in golden band.
How beautiful, when many a soul,
From discord and defilement free,
Unite to form one perfect whole,
Like thee, delightful *Banian Tree.*

THE BROTHERS.

From the German of Schiller.

Mr. Editor:—Annexed is a Translation of a narrative from the pen of the great German dramatist, Schiller, the insertion of which may gratify some of your readers. As I have rendered it into English through the medium of a French translation, it cannot be expected, in its present dress, to present any of the peculiar beauty of style which characterizes the original: but although divested of these, it is interesting, on account of the incidents which it contains.

Ed.

The following account of two young Germans, a narrative which I write with pride, presents one indisputable claim to attention: it is true: and that truth gives it more power to affect the heart, than all the letters of the Pamelas and the Grandisons.

Two brothers, Barons of Wermb, had become devotedly attached to a young girl in Werther, neither being aware of the passion of the other. Each loved with his whole soul; and with each it was a first attachment. She was beautiful, gentle and intelligent. The passion of both the young men was continually increasing in strength, while neither was aware of his misfortune in having a brother for a rival. Neither was induced to make an untimely declaration, and entirely unconscious of the state of the other's feelings, until the occurrence of an unexpected event suddenly revealed the secret attachment of both.

But before that period had arrived, love, that most overpowering of all the passions, whose victims are scarcely outnumbered by those of hatred, had gained so deep a mastery over the hearts of both, that neither thought it possible for himself to make a sacrifice of his own feelings, for the happiness of the other.

The object of this mutual attachment, keenly sensitive to the misery of their trying situation, and dreading to seal the unhappiness of either, could not compel herself to declare a preference, and submitted her fate to the decision of their brotherly affection.

At length, gaining command of his feelings, in struggle between passion and duty, a subject on which theorists often reason so erroneously, and on which the practical man frequently finds it so difficult to decide, the elder Baron of Wermb addressed his brother.

"I know that you deeply and truly love the object of my own devoted admiration. I inquire not in whose favor the claim would be decided, if it depended on the question, which of us had felt the earliest attachment. Remain here—I will flee from her—I will travel over the world, and endeavor to forget her. If I can accomplish this, my brother, let her be yours; and may God bless you both!—but if I fail I must return—you must then tear yourself away, and succeed me in the trial."

He left Germany, and went to Holland, but the image of the loved one was with him still.—Away from that sky which was above his home, away from that land which held his only source of happiness, he could not live. He languished in misery, drooping and fading like the Asiatic plant which the European removes, and endeavors to rear in an arid soil, deprived of the sunbeams which were its life. He reaches Amsterdam, and is soon laid postrate by a raging fever. In the dreams of delirium the loved one is ever before him—he must return, or die. The physicians are alarmed, and feel that her presence can alone prolong his life. He commences his return, pale, worn, emaciated to a skeleton—he reaches his native land, a fearful example of that wasting power with which the mind destroys the body. He staggers to his brother's house, and is in the presence of his beloved.

"Brother, I am here, God knows how much my heart has striven—but I can do no more,"—and he fell senseless into the arms of the young girl.

His brother evinced a not less noble spirit—he did not falter in this emergency. In a few weeks his preparations were completed and he was ready to depart.

"Brother, you went with your sufferings to Holland; I shall endeavor to bear mine to a greater distance. Do not lead her to the alter until I write to you—my brotherly affection imposes on you only that condition. If I can gain the victory over myself, let her be yours, and may God—bless your love!—If I cannot—then let Heaven judge between us! Farewell. Take this sealed packet, and do not open it until I am far from you. I am going to Batavia."

He sprang into the carriage, and left the pair bowed down in an agony of sorrow. In greatness of soul he had surpassed his brother; and they could not but love his magnanimity, and mourn the necessity which separated them from a being so generous and noble. The sound of the departing wheels smote on their hearts like a peal of thunder, The poor girl—but no?—let us wait until the end.

The packet was opened. It contained a Will, drawn in due form, giving to his brother all the property which he possessed in Germany, in case he never should return.

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Already the generous youth was far from home. He embarked on board a Dutch ship, and arrived without accident, at Batavia, from whence, after the lapse of a few weeks, he sent the following letter to his brother.

"Here in this distant land, when I offer to the Almighty my prayers and blessings, I think of you and our unfortunate love, with the feelings of a martyr. My unaccustomed situation—the new scenes which are around me, have expanded my soul. Heaven has vouchsafed me strength to make the greatest sacrifice to friendship.—She is thine. My God! I have shed a tear—it is the last. I have succeeded in my self-conquest—she is thy wife! Brother, if I was destined to possess her, I cannot believe that she would have been happy with me. But if she should ever think that she might have been?—brother, brother, that would weigh heavily on thy soul.—Forget not at what a price she might have been purchased for thee—that wife. Let thy bearing towards her be ever like that which is now dictated by thy youthful love. Look upon her as a precious legacy from a brother whom you will behold no more. Do not inform me of your wedding day; for my wounds are still bleeding—but write me when it is past. The power which has been given me to make this sacrifice, is to me a certain pledge that God will not abandon me in this land of strangers."

The marriage was performed—a year of happiness succeeded—and then, the young wife died. In her last moments she disclosed a terrible and fearful secret, which till then had never escaped her soul. *She had most loved the absent brother.*

The two Barons are yet living. The elder is still in Germany, and has been married to a second wife. The younger has succeeded in obtaining that peace for which he sought. He has made a vow, never to be married—and he has kept it.—*Providence Literary Journal.*

Written for the Casket.

The Destruction of the Inquisition.

Ope thy portals, den of doom,
Swift unclose thy living tomb,
Render up each wretch forlorn
To the joys of life new born,
Lift the veil of night that lies
Wrapt around thy mysteries.

See! thy baffled minions lower,
Forced to give the keys of power;
Withering hate, and pallid fear
Course their brows, the while they hear
Muttered curses, deep, not loud,
Bursting from the infuriate crowd.

Hark! the grated doors expand,
As at touch of magic wand,
Superstition's chains unbound,
Leaps the captive from the ground,
While his wildered senses reel,
Burthened with the joy they feel.

Where the dark and misty air
Dim absorbs the torches glare,
In that dungeon's far confine
Haply some forgotten pine;
Lo! they struggle into sight,
Dazzled by the new found light.

How shall mortal tongue relate
Griefs on hope deferred that wait?
When, by disappointments prest,
Sinks the soul in numbing rest,
Till reason, grown in sorrows old,
Reluctant quits her cherished hold.

Such that aged captive's lot,
Forgetting all, by all forgot,
See his streaming, blanched hair,
Time has lodged such sorrows there—
Nought can cloud that marble brow,
Nought delight or vex him now.

Thou,* who enthroned on Glory's car,
Swept Europe's bounds with whelming war,
Whose name made farthest nations mourn,
And Gaul embrace her funeral urn,
Whilst death doomed, prodigal of life,
Her slaughtered children crowned the strife.

Though thou art steeped with damning guilt,
In seas of blood relentless spilt,
Yet shall this deed to heaven arise
As an atoning sacrifice.
Perchance, should Mercy hold the scale,
It may 'gainst thousand crimes prevail—

The fight is o'er—the struggle done—
And clouds envelope Freedom's sun,
Again expands that iron gate,
And closing seals the captive's fate,
Again the Fiends assume their reign,
And all the toil and strife is vain—

Vain!—no!—though firm the despot's power,
And reft of hope the present hour,
Ne'er shall the memory of that day
Wrapt in oblivion pass away,
But stir the soul with fierce desire
Till Vengeance light the signal fire.

When dawns the day of loud alarms,
And roused Iberia shouts to arms,
When echoing peals the battle cry,
And thousands swear to do or die,
When each Sierra teems with life,
And pours its torrent to the strife:

Then in their breasts this scene shall glow,
And steel each arm, and nerve each blow,
Then shall the aged captive rise,
Again the tortured meet their eyes—
Till gathered wrongs of ages past
Whelm tyrants with the whirlwind's blast.

HOWARD.

From the Hartford Pearl.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Not for the summer hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;

But for those stern and wintry days,
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flower of grass
Just blossom—droop, and die;

But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take,—
Grant us, Oh God!—one home at last,
For our Redeemer's sake.

* Napoleon.

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Written for the Casket.

The Legend of Buck Island.

"Dreams, magic terrors, spells of mighty power,
"Witches, and ghosts, who rove at midnight hour."
TRANS. OF HORACE.

"Lay her in the earth,—
"And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
"May violets spring!"
HAMLET.

I am a Virginian born—a native of that oldest and loveliest of the States that form the proud sisterhood of our Union. How many long and wearisome years have been added to "those beyond the flood," since I wandered light of limb and fancy, free over the breezy hills of my birthplace in the rich and populous county of Albemarle! I left it when life was young,

"And hope beat high within my buoyant breast,"

and have since roved far and wide; yet while most intermediate scenes and events are wholly forgotten, or become recollections dim and indistinct, and transient as fleeting dreams of the night, my early memories prove themselves imperishable, and rise continually about me in fresh and vivid array, as if they were things of but yesterday. I see before my mind's eye palpable and plain as the forms around me, the companions and haunts of those golden days—the majestic mountains, the eternal forest's solemn and awe-inspiring as the sacred groves of the Druids, devoted to primeval solitude and darkness, save when a momentary stream of sunshine chanced to pour down its light over the leaves as the wild deer came bounding and rustling through the green wood shade,—

"Every alley green,
"Dingle, or bushy dell of those old woods
"And every bosky bourn from side to side,"

with all the softer charms of sylvan spring and pastoral valley opening into pictures, of such quiet and poetic beauty as dwelt of yore beside Arcadian rill and fountain, are well and fondly remembered with each simple history and legend thereunto belonging—and eagerly imbibed and conned over by my kindling fancy. One of these many traditions in particular, related of my favourite place of resort, took deep hold of my imagination, and seems to me even now not unworthy repetition, as preserving and illustrating many traits of old times, and manners in the "Ancient Dominion."

There is, in all the broad lands and bright isles that the sun shines upon in his daily round, no fairer spot than that deep and lonely glen, embosomed amid blue hills, and inlaid with two lines of sparkling silver by the Rivanna and its tributary, Buck-Island Creek. It made part of a splendid domain, divided into three plantations, the whole bearing the name of this last watercourse, and owned by an upstart lowlander, who, residing in a little town, far down on the sea-board, was so devoid of taste as to abandon the romantic precincts of Buck Island to the tenancy of an overseer: at least so it was when I used to frequent its solitudes. But it had not always been thus deserted; more than half a century before, in the days of colonial subjugation, here had been the homestead of a wealthy and high born Englishman, who, occupying the vast and venerable "pile," erected by his wife's remote ancestor, and enlarged and beautified by each subsequent proprietor, lived and revelled in all the patrician pomp and boundless hospitality, peculiar to our ante-national era. The ruins of the stately mansion, (stately that is for those times), crowned with many a wreath of ivy, intermingled with yellow jessamine, the exotic honey suckle, and other vestiges of human culture, yet cumbered its site on the fair brow of a mighty hill; the huge chimnies built of imported bricks, as hard and durable as stone, still stood perfect among heaps of crumbling rubbish, and the wild overgrowth of bushes and creeping plants, which ran along the scarce perceptible foundation, and mantled the fallen walls,—and on their tall stalks, rising here and there in naked altitude, like monumental pillars, illustrating some marble wreck of antiquity, might still be read the date of the edifice 1654; and V. W. the initials of its founder, Valentine Wolverine.

With this man, who made one of the first settlements among these mountains, and is still spoken of there as a very remarkable personage, our story has nothing to do; but once established in comfort, the family continued to prosper through three generations, till at length all the wealth and honors clustering around it, centered in one sweet daughter, who shone the proudest beauty of her day, and espoused Sir Rezin Bland, a Briton of mightly lineage, but slender fortune, who had wandered across the seas in search of preferment, and found it in a union with the heiress of Buck Island. It was to be sure a sad *mesalliance*, that wedded the descendant of crusading barons to the offspring of a Virginia planter, whose name, though eminent in his own land, was unknown in merry England as the forsaken hovel, which had there sheltered his peasant progenitors. But, though strongly tempted on the first blush of the business, to pronounce on the lovely *parvenue*, and her evident partiality for him,

"The hind that would be mated to the lion,
"Must die of love,"

this inopportune fit of the heroic proved but transitory with the adventure so highly favoured, and speedily gave way to a proper sense of the expedient; for Sir Rezin was a dear lover of wealth, and the good things of this world, which wealth commands—had a shrewd eye to his own interests, and an implicit belief in the ennobling properties of his own blood, that reconciled him to this stoop from his high estate even in a matter so delicate as a matrimonial engagement: besides he could not but attach himself to a creature so pretty and withal amiable as his opulent bride; and through many years of wedlock, their hapiness suffered no interruption, save when Heaven visited them with the loss of several promising infants. There was thus only one girl left to be the exact image of her mother's person, and to blend the advantages of her father's grand genealogy with the ample possessions of her maternal house. 'Tis needless to say how devoutly this sole child so fairly and richly endowed, was doated on by either parent. Still, though presumptive owner of thousands of fertile acres, and hundreds of slaves, and already look-

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ed up to as the pattern-belle of that olden and haughty aristocracy, the young Fanny, as she grew up in the bloom and sweetness of congenial retirement, would have had to "hide her diminished head" before the least lady-milliner or shop keeper now extant; for, alas! the *poor thing* could boast herself, neither *travelled* nor *accomplished*, and had never so much as heard those charming terms, waltzing and attitudinizing. The means of education afforded her were simple, yet sufficient to impart all the plain (vulgar they would now be called,) but admirable qualifications necessary to the character of a Virginia matron; exercising an almost regal sway over a numerous and dependent household; and nothing beyond was aimed at, or desired by the loftiest and the loveliest in the land.

At that barbarous epoch, the unenlightened colony was destitute of those appliances and adjuncts of polite tuition, patronized under the enlarged conceptions of the present *regime* in the shape of fashionable academies, and foreign vagabonds, monopolizing by patent the art of conducting them. Boarding Schools—those invaluable sources of modern elegance and love; there were then none for the training up of young ladies in the way they should *not* go; and the finishing of them in a refined superiority of airs and graces. The stupid provincials, poor in spirit, if not in purse, when compared with the high minded bankrupts of these dashing days, aspired not to have their simple daughters destined to the drudgery, (insufferable as 'tis voted by their polished posterity) of minding their own household concerns, manufactured into the student of all languages, dead and living, just able at last to jabber away in a jargon apt to be mistaken by one of the uninitated for a compound of the confusion of Babel; into the fair artist caricaturing nature alike in the application of her brush to canvass and *rouge* on her own face—with her musical sister, wisely scorning to perplex herself with the difference between the natural and chromatic scales, and solely intent on strumming a half strung harp, and trilling forth in true scientific style, an Italian song, the pronunciation thereof duly got by rote along with the words—or "tho' last not least," into the poetess (as the phrase goes) confounding with a noble disdain of rules—those impertinent clogs to genius—the epic, lyric, and dramatic modes; and exposing in print with all the complaisance of self-applause, a string of rhymes happily modelled after those long since immortalized in the matchless song by "a person of quality." In place of a female *literati* so gifted and famous, the country, at the hum-drum time our tale treats of, imitated their sober grandmothers content to exercise their privilege of speech in their mother-tongue—to please by the resistless spell of their own simple manners, and modest dress; and holding with the ancient mythologists, that the goddess of wisdom was likewise the inventor of spinning. The system of education then prevalent among the upper classes, was purely domestic; the mother never yielded up the guardianship of her girls to a hireling substitute—but keeping them under her own careful eye till the moment, which at the altar transferred their allegiance elsewhere, took herself the chief share in "rearing the tender thought," and teaching "the young idea how to shoot;" in addition to her lessons, a sort of *bonne*, generally an elderly English woman, perfectly skilled in needlework, the economy of the menage, and the important arts of raising paste, and clear-starching muslin, made them practically acquainted with all the subordinate duties of a house-wife, and regulated their deportment and avocations, when the lady of the mansion was unavoidably engaged, or indisposed, for the moment to the trouble: moreover they learnt writing and cyphering from an elder brother, or perhaps, a tutor employed to teach these branches to the family at large; and such constituted the sum total of feminine attainments, except, which was rarely the case, a music master could be procured to undertake a class for the harpsichord. Thus bred up at home, the young Virginia gentlewoman of the 15th century, found herself well fitted to fulfil the rational ends of her creation, though sadly deficient in the *finery* and frivolity of second-had *ton* as exemplified in the *elegants* and *bel-esprits* of 1833. We ourselves desire to be understood as entertaining all due respect, for these exquisite apes, on hearsay, of the ways of the fashionable world across the waters; but a cynic, disposed to sneer at the innovations of refinement, might reckon the solid and serviceable knowledge gained under the old order of things, as no bad off-set against a smattering of the "Clogies," and ill naturedly contrasting the fine simplicity of a natural manner with the awkward *mimauderies*, and shallow pretensions, mistaken by our fair but ignorant and imitative tyroes for a style foreign and *recherche*,—exclaim with the poet, who perambulated and portrayed the greater part of Europe,

"More dear to me, congenial with my heart,
"One native charm than all the gloss of art."

And to none might the lines more readily apply than to the artless beauty, whose ill-hap ordained her the heroine of my commemorative Legend. Sir Rezin and Lady Bland, following the usual method, no more dreamed of sending their daughter out of the house for instruction, than parents would think now-a-days of transporting theirs to Botany Bay to get morality. All that their darling heiress knew of useful or ornamental, had been acquired under her natal roof,—and there was imbibed and fostered that love of home—that self identification with local objects, and taste for domestic occupations—that capacity and habit of living and delighting, in the privacy and utility of her proper sphere, which forms the essence of woman's perfection, and invests her with more and sweeter attractions than the cestus of Venus was fabled to confer.

Miss Bland had no companion of her own sex—but an orphan boy, distantly related to her mother, and about three years older than herself, had long dwelt at Buck Island, and become to the young recluse brother and sister and cousin all in one. While she was taken up with her daily routine of tasks, either reading aloud in the "Spectator," or sewing some elaborate piece of embroidery beside Lady Bland—then seated at the harpsichord with her master, the celebrated Victor, who was prevailed upon by an enormous price, and the eclat of teaching a personage con-

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spicuous beyond her compeers, to travel every two months from Williamsburg to Albemarle in attendance on a single scholar—and afterwards picking cotton, knitting her own stockings, or busy under Mrs. Springett's direction, among the pickles and preserves in the pantry—else varying these homely labours by copying into her receipt book, (then current among the ladies instead of *albums*,) some approved recipe medicinal or culinary; and he employed in conning his accidence at the "old field school," kept in a log house on a corner of the Buck Island estate—or studying accounts in the Steward's room—or reciting some Latin author to his patron, who was learned in the classics, and sometimes took note of George's progress therein; the fond playmates, whose hearts already "went coupled and inseparable," necessarily improved and pined apart: but the instant these several allotments were over, and the hours of liberty and recreation arrived, they flew to play, and ramble, and be happy together. Owing to such constant association with her cousin, Fanny, by nature,

"As sportive as the fawn,
"That, wild with glee, across the lawn,
"Or up the mountain springs,"—

came to achieve and practice a variety of active sports, gaining thereby the hue of a wood nymph with the mien and proportions of a sylph. 'Tis true her lady-mother, and the demure deputy acting under her, bent on keeping "the child's" skin as white as a lily, and transparent as alabaster, strictly forbade, and severely chided all out-of-doors exercise; but Sir Rezin, well pleased to see on his cherub's cheek,

"The pale contending with the purple rose,"

encouraged her to run and ride about the plantation and neighbourhood at pleasure. Himself an accomplished horseman, he enjoyed nothing so much as to witness her exhibitions with George Meredith at her bridle-rein, of the grace and address, with which she managed the most spirited steed; and the little damsel, not daring to defy the maternal authority, ever acknowledged as paramount, but skilful to disown it, mostly contrived to coax her ladyship into tolerance, if not approval, of this liberty of motion.

The time was, however, at hand, when the forms of society would interpose to check such happy heedlessness of intercourse; for the youth was now verging from adolescence to manhood,—and the bright heiress no longer a child, but a woman. With the advent of that period, when we "bear a charmed life," alike productive of our most serious dangers and our purest bliss, there came a total unlinking of the chains, hitherto drawing the two into such close approximation. The delicious past was, in a measure, done away with. There was no longer the interchange of innocent endearments and "cousinly kisses"—nothing of the same natural and licensed familiarity, whether *tete-a-tete* or before others—no more airings on horse-back together, animated by a frolicksome race, or pleasant strolls, hand-in-hand, and for hours through the romantic scenery, wherein the Bland demesne might have rivalled a Hagley or a Stowe; no more gay encounters in the romps and games, befitting their age and lively temperament, and lately so rife between them. In the ordinary course of things, some change of the sort was to be expected; but here was "something too much" of it. The couple, whilome so frank and affectionate in their behaviour, were now grown, not indifferent, but distant, constrained, and apparently averse from one another. Each was sensible of, but, at the same time, misconstrued the conscious shyness, symptomatic of their mutual state of feeling. The young lady believed that she was only obeying the prescriptions of a despotic decorum, in laying aside the childish freedom, with which she had been wont to consider George as her second self: she had yet to learn that the reserve of her altered manner was but the veil thrown by maidenly delicacy, over an excess of affection, otherwise too apt to break out in open demonstration. Poor Meredith, as deeply mortified as he was entirely mistaken, was too little versed in woman, too inexperienced in the inconsistencies of that passion which, in her, most displays itself by affecting a disguise,—to see in this sudden coldness, the surest mark of his interest in his little play-fellow's heart. He tortured himself with the fear that he had some way fallen under her displeasure, without being able to screw his courage to the inquiring point with one so long and so intimately sharing his thoughts, his confidence, and his converse.

Fanny, to every body else as *naive*, as gentle, and as buoyant as ever—the idol of all around her from the courtly and high-minded knight himself, down to the humblest crop-hand, that, knowing his young mistress only by sight not speech, gazed in reverential awe at her fairy form flirting about the wood-land paths of the premises, seemed to her enamoured kinsman "another and yet the same;" 'twas but a few short months, fled like "morning's winged dream," since a charming and playful child, she nestled by his side, and there found her dearest resting place: now arrayed in all the glow and dignity of lovely womanhood, she rose before him like a celestial vision, and entranced in proportion as she receded from him. He beheld her daily redoubling her coyness and her enchantments—he felt his love for her each moment deepening into the rapture of adoration; and though thus seeing and hearing her so bewitching, yet so unkind, he sighed in the bitterness of his soul over the loss of his past precious immunities—he still could not bring himself to compare the tame quietude of his boyish happiness, with the fervid gush of ecstacy overflooding his heart, as it now swelled and throbbed, with the maddening pulse of "first, of passionate love." He felt, though he tried to persuade himself otherwise, that its object treated him not like a relative; he was aware that in honor, in gratitude, and in reason, he could aspire to nothing more: yet while he strove to believe that Fanny's difference of demeanor, was meant, properly and not harshly, to indicate the immense distance, now that they were about to appear before the world, between the heiress of Buck Island, and one who was the mere pensioner of her father's bounty, he could not be utterly and hopelessly while thus lingering near her, and catching at times, a soft glance straying towards him from those beautiful eyes.

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Yet in her noviciate, and as unsuspicious of him as of herself, the unconscious cause of all these struggles, observed them not, any more than she stopped to scrutinize her own strange and contradictory sensations. But if love still wrought after his wont by hoodwinking his votaries, these were those near them, whom prudence gifted with as many eyes as Argus. Lady Bland, with the double instinct of a woman and a mother, quickly penetrated into the state of matters between the parties, and a hint from her soon decided her proud, though generous husband how to act in a conjuncture so delicate. After a joint deliberation, and having first satisfied himself of the verity of her ladyship's surmises, Sir Rezin issued his orders accordingly without thinking it worth while to let the younger members of the family into the secret of his arrangements: those, for whose benefit he intended them, were, therefore, left in present ignorance of their tenor, lest a premature opposition should confirm that attachment, which it was his anxious aim to avert.

George, restless and unhappy, under the continued estrangement from his cherished cousin, was still more cast down by the near prospect of his departure for college: William and Mary being, of course, the one selected for him. Not long before, when the current of his feelings flowed in the calm communion of brotherly regard towards the daughter of his benefactress, how eagerly had he panted for the hour, which would transfer him from the tutelage of a tiresome preceptor into the wide field of noble competition for the honors and degrees of a university. It now rapidly approached, that long wished-for hour; yet while the strong dictates of pride, of duty, and of self respect, urged him away,—the fondest sentiments of devotion, now worshipping as a mistress his former friend, proved a potent spell to enchain him near her: and the date of his inevitable journey glared incessantly in his mind's eye, like the angel's burning brand, waving before the banished inhabitants of Eden in signal of their perpetual exclusion. Nor did the idea of parting sadden him alone. Fanny, whose mind, gently stirred by the impulses of a guiltless tenderness, had, as yet, suffered none of the agonies of passion, would, at this crisis, have been "of ladies most deject and wretched,"—but that she suspected not the tendency of her own heart—consequently foresaw neither objections nor disappointment, and looked forward, in the confidence of sanguine youth, to a delightful reunion long before vacation-time. They were both somewhat enlivened by the arrival of a party invited to spend some weeks at Buck Island; for, though the bustle of hospitable cares incident to this accession, presented a new hindrance to the resumption of this late intimacy, it likewise served to dissipate thoughts and emotions, painfully concentrating on one subject.

It being part of the parental policy to separate the lovers as much as possible, the entertainment of the guests, (who, with two or three exceptions, were, of her own sex and age) mainly devolved on Miss Bland. She had, to be sure, an easy task of it; for her visitors, wild with the spirit of health and innocence, had no need of incitement to mirth, but rather the contrary: besides there was no lack of auxiliaries to re-inforce her. The gay and lovely group assembled at the lordly mansion, with the peerless heiress at its head, attracted thither all the young men of note in the neighborhood. Blenheim, Castle-hill, Carysbrook, and the other neighboring seats, each sent its representative to swell the patrician coterie, and to strive for the favor of *la belle Chatelaine*, (for beautiful she still was) as an earnest of the smiles of her fascinating daughter; and she, as playful and as artless as a simple child, enjoyed the pleasantry of the moment, without a care or fear for the future. She, nevertheless, missed and longed, though in vain, for the participation of her old companion. The prey to an attachment, as hopeless as 'twas idolatrous, Meredith shrunk from the joyous din of the festivities around him—and under pretence of a careful preparation for college, evaded much attendance on the queen of the revels and her nymph-like train. The rest went gaily on, amusing themselves with the usual country pastimes; shooting at a mark, hunting, riding, fishing and fidding occupied the men by day; while the ladies—for the sexes, then as now rarely mingled much together at the villas of Virginia—diligently employed themselves in copying patterns and learning new stiches in embroidery, in knitting gloves and purses for their favourite cavaliers, and in chatting on the feminine topics of fine clothes, for new fashions there were none) eligible matches, and the best modes of freshening butter, and renewing stale pickles. In the cool of the evening, (for such was the horror in which females of rank held the plebeian stigma of being tanned, freckled or sun-burnt, that none, during mid-day, would venture to an open window, or outward door, without the precaution of a double handkerchief pinned closely over the face,) the high-born bevy, in all the airy glee of youth and self approving charms, were free to all sally forth, and take the fresh air in a ramble about the grounds or plantation.

No place could offer a lovelier variety of views and walks than the site of the Wolverine homestead, while its improvements were admired as a fine specimen of the first style of reigning elegance. On the middle eminence of a range of woody hills, boldly swelling over the vale of waters, (a position contradistinguished to the customary choice of a sheltered hollow) stood the house, a low square building, consisting of one story, and an attic with vast dormant windows. The various additions by successive occupants, originally jumbled together without order or proportion, had been altered and rebuilt by Sir Rezin, into the regularity observable in the architecture of that age—and each floor divided into a grand cross passage—the indespensible distinction of an aristocratic edifice—and eight rooms with hearth and mantle-pieces of marble. The cellars, well lighted, were laid off in the like manner; and several of the compartments, separated, instead of walls, by a trellice of lattice-work, and inlaid with a dry pavement of round white pebbles, were used as summer parlours. One, in particular, hung with a green tapestry of climbing plants with a beautiful spring bubbling up in the centre, formed a

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retreat perfectly luxurious and appropriate for the *siestas* and light repasts of the hot season.* Nothing could be more varied and enchanting than the prospect from the apartment above. On the left, the eye, glancing over a fair garden, laid off with the antique and trim formality of alley, shrub and parterre, now superseded by the natural negligence of the *jardin Anglais*, encountered a noble reach of woods, apparently coeval with the creation, and exhibiting a delightful play of lights and shadows,—beyond which, stretching from the North to the South-west, the grand chain of the Alleghany Mountains—the Blue Ridge proudly pre-eminent among them—towerd in majestic outline against the horizon, and, robed in the azure hues of distance, seemed a meet pathway, leading from earth to heaven. Through the magical perspective of openings, judiciously cut among the trees, appeared only a few miles off, and its localities all distinctly visible, the far famed Monticello, since immortalized by the domicile and tomb of Jefferson. From that point, running eastwardly, the sweep of a superb grove, sloped gently down to Buck Island Creek, here broader and deeper than many a European river renowned in song. Its waters emerging from this umbrageous screen, and gleaming through the thick fringe of willows and alders, marking the line of their after-course, rolled on a mile or two further, to their junction with the Rivanna. On the right of the mansion, the spacious yard extended its "smoothe shaven green" to the edge of the lofty hill, which, with those on either side of it, abruptly declined into a level. Bare of the trees, clothing the adjoining heights, it displayed only a thin sprinkling of undergrowth, with one gigantic oak, flinging its storm worn branches and contorted roots over a slight cavity, whence the clear jet of another copious spring swelled out its waters into the light. Between the base of this ridge, and the liquid boundary, formed partly by the creek, and partly by the river, the sight took in, one mile in width, and unequalled even by those on James River, the magnificent plain of the low grounds with their rich pasture-bottoms and meadows, alive with herds and flocks, that might have graced a cattle show. These luxuriant grazing tracts were either relieved by an immense expanse of sea-green wheat, which, in its agitated play under the breath of the harvest wind, rippled and undulated like the waves of a summer ocean—or alternated with the ample extent of corn-field rows, "tall as the eaves of the home-house," and variegated with the scarlet white and yellow blossoms of the bean, pea, and the cucumber vines twining about them—or elsewhere, diversified with a prime array of tobacco plants, that handsomest and most valuable of our native growths, here in size so prodigious, that each one, when its deep green leaves spread themselves fully open, was in circumference as large as the round of an ordinary dining table. Beyond these fertile flats, the gaze of the beholder was caught by the whirl of flashing waters, foaming, and falling, and turning the busy wheel of a merchant mill, (as those manufacturing flour, are called in Virginia,) which marked the spot, where the lesser emptied itself into the greater stream. On the opposite shore, a fine sylvan landscape, blended with lawns and green hills, groves and cultured fields, melted away in the dim shadowy distance. Nothing could be more gloriously beautiful than the eastern prospect at sun rise, when it lay bathed and brightened in the flood of early empurpled light, unless it were the evening aspect of the etherial mountains, coloured over by the beams of declining day, and the centennial woods outstretched beneath.

"Like a waving sea of glittering gold."

When they companied together in the careless days of lost enjoyment, George and Fanny had best loved to rove through the broken glades and tangled paths of the forest dells and depths; but not so the rural belles now congregated at Buck Island. There were two established promenades trodden by them in preference to the finished vistas of the extensive gardens, or the wilder recesses of the picturesque domain. One was a broad road, whose gentle meanders, bounded on one side by the zig-zag fence, that hedged in the low grounds, led along the foot of the hills already described, to the crossing-place at the creek, where an enormous log, spanning the stream, presented a rude bridge to the footsteps of passengers, and a convenient station for such ladies as chose to angle for the admiration of the gentlemen fishers, scattered up and down the banks hereabouts. These fair flirts, with pretty shrieks and gestures of mimick terror, impelled each other along the narrow and slippery pass—or gathering together, pretended to watch and disturb the motions of the mocassins and other water snakes, that harboured among the moss and floating vegetation, intermixed with drift wood and loose branches, which the force of the current lodged against the sides of the log. The object of these coquettish manœuvres being effected, it was the pleasantest thing imaginable, for the whole party to saunter along the banks of the clear brown waters, now shaded by high rocks broken into every fantastic variety of form—then edged with a soft slope of mossy turf—or widening into a strand of hard white sand, refreshing to the eye, and firm yet moist to the foot, enclosed between projections of the dark grey cliffs,—while the leafy garniture, feathering the sides, crowning the summits of the steeps, and forming a rich back ground to the picture, waved emblazoned with all the hues of gorgeous autumn, from full crimson, bright orange, and deep Tyrian purple, to the faint, whitish green of the leaf, just fading into brown.

The other, and most agreeable walk, was along the grand approach to the house, which, after threading a wild bit of forest scenery, ran down the long winding hill, and on through two or three gates, till, having traversed the low grounds, it terminated at what was called, *par excellence*, the fishery. This was an islet, lying just where the creek and river met,—whose velvet verdure of emerald green, and diadem of lofty elms and beeches, overhung with the wild grape vines in all their festooned luxuriance of

*This description is taken from the celebrated seat of Scotch Town in Hanover County, long the favourite residence of Patrick Henry.

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tendrill and clustering fruitage, rendered it a chief and charming print in the water view. The high banks to the north-east, shelving down to the river, suddenly broadened into a spacious beach with fixtures complete for hauling the seine; and here on a large tabular rock, sacred to the annual banquet, and lying beneath the willows, whose long, wreathy branches swept the stream, the first fruits of the shad season were, according to immemorial usage, broiled and eaten, even if it chanced that the successful cast of the nets, summoned the lord of the manor from his midnight rest to honor the festival observance. As cool and sequestered as a grotto, yet within sight and hearing of the lively stir and hum always within and about a mill-house; the islet was the favourite haunt of all "true brethren of the angle"—and as such enticed the dainty steps of the lady-pedestrians, not to share but to spoil the unsocial spot. At sundown, all preparations being there made for what was esteemed the most choice of regales, the scattered groups met at the cow-pen to drink syllabub warm from the cow; then succeeded a sumptuous supper, as many as fifty dishes being often displayed on the board,—after which the old people sat down to cards, and the younger inmates closed the evening with a merry dance.

Nor did the females of the party dispense with those experiments of a private and bewitching nature invariably practised on occasions like the present. Prompted by the inquisitive impulse of womankind, they were apt to steal away from the public gambols, and betake themselves to the performance of those lighter modifications of superstitious rites, a belief in which constituted one of the characteristic traits of the age. The interpretation of dreams then composed a science as honourable and approved as in the time of Joseph; witches and goblins were universally recognized as infesting the land; signs and prognostics carefully compared and explained; and in a word, the system of demonology was complete. Much of this strain of ideal terrors, was, perhaps, derived, in the first instance, from the negro menials, who, coming of a race besotted with strange imaginations of sorcerers, spectres, and all the absurd imagery of their African creed, and hardly daring to stir out singly after dark, dealt in the most marvellous narratives of omens and apparitions; at any rate, their wild outpourings to the ear of infancy and youth, tended greatly to nourish the visionary turn of mind so general and so infectious. Few at the remote period herein commemorated, had the hardihood to dissent from an article of faith so firmly established as the tenet of spiritual interference in human affairs; and in the country especially, positive scepticism on a subject deemed so awful and so veritable, seldom occurred. The contagion pervaded even the highest orders of society, who, though not absolutely acquiescing in the doctrine of ghostly agency, were far from inwardly despising its mysteries, even when they affected to test them out of pure fun. In this way there rarely happened a gathering of young persons, particularly if the more credulous sex predominated, the individuals whereof failed to try their fortune by some of the minor ceremonies, similar to the Scottish observances of Halloween.

The propensity to dabble in these spells, something too serious, as they were supposed, for jest, moved most of the fair guests at Buck Island, who, without, however, admitting their male attendants to a knowledge of what was held as sacred as the worship of the Bona Dea, had each one essayed her peculiar charm, and been rewarded for the patience and daring, that wound the ball, or eat the apple, or underwent St. Agnes's fast by a glimpse of her destined partner in the airy semblance of some distinguished beau of the day.

These auguries, received sometimes as matter of sport, but oftener in grave and prophetic earnest, served to create no small mirth among the giddy girls, who ventured on an appeal so solemn; but Fanny, laughing to scorn the whole ritual of incantations, had as yet stooped to meddle with none of them. Doubly shielded by the lack of that dangerous attribute, a high and excitable imagination, and by a bolder spirit than belongs to her sex, having been infused in her by her father, a resolute contemner of all superstitions, Miss Bland placed no faith in the idle hallucinations infatuating those around her: still in the bottom of her heart, and despite all the arguments of her better sense, there lurked a secret and portentous dread of tempting by any ordeal a stern revelation of the will of fate. Swayed by this latent and nameless premonition, no less than by the strong disbelief of principle and reason, she long resisted the taunts and ridicule of her gay companions, who stigmatized her forbearance as cowardice. If the lovely heiress piqued herself upon aught, it was on her freedom from that womanly weakness; all doubts, and scruples yielded to her solicitude to vindicate herself from such a reproach; a reproach that borrowed some semblance of truth from her pertinacity in declining the test, by which her accusers had all evinced their more than Amazonian intrepidity.

The most potent and dangerous spell consisted in "eating the dumb cake,"—and this the "Bland beauty," as her visitors styled her, made choice of, with a view to signalize her superiority of courage. The rite required to be performed alone, at midnight, in her own sleeping chamber, which, according to the arrangement of every country house in Virginia, opened within that of her parents, through which the sole access lay. Here in spite of her natural and acquired bravery, our young heroine felt her heart beat violently, as she went through the preparatory ceremonial, which concluded by doffing the mystic garment, that, with one sleeve dripping from its immersion in the vessel filled at the haunted spot, where three streams met, was to be hung ready for the dexterous turn, by which the incorporeal visitant was to manifest his presence: this done she retired to bed to await the important, perhaps perilous, issue. Awe-struck, and trembling in every limb, the fair appellant of supernatural power, yet looked and listened in an intensity of excessive, but not alarmed, expectation. All around lay hushed in a stillness as if of death; none of the nocturnal sounds, common about a rustic abode, disturbed a silence

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soon beginning to be felt as portentously oppressive: no lowing of cattle—no cackling of fowls—no voices or whistle of belated labourers was heard to invade the deep tranquility of the night. Even the very whip-poor-wills, that, from dusk to dawn, were wont to clamour so dolefully and incessantly in the surrounding woods, forbore to utter one solitary cry. Within doors every sound had long since died away; the revellers, lately so flush with the life and noise of enjoyment, were all lulled to profound repose,—and not a murmer rose to break the intolerable stillness, save the piping of the tempestuous autumnal wind, as it rustled and moaned among the boughs of the huge walnut trees standing in the yard, and howled loudly and fiercely about the windows and chimneys of the house. At length the great clock in the hall striking twelve, announced the witching hour of the night—that hour, when she was to behold, as in a glass, the primary personage and event of after life. The deep knell fell with a hollow and ominous sound on Fanny's ear, rendered nervously acute by keen attention; but she fixed a steady and sharpened gaze on the spot, where her matrimonial fortune was to be figured forth in the phantom —double of the future spouse. Now, for the first time, was the secret inclination of her heart unveiled to her, as the image and the name of George Meredith came on her fancy and her lips as the one dearest to her on earth, and whose bride alone she wished to be. Raising herself on her elbow, and putting back her clustering curls that fell over her heavenly brow, she strained each sense of sight and hearing to the uttermost. The last stroke slowly echoed through the spacious building, when a faint groan was uttered near her, and the shadow of an outline, dim and undefined, crossed her aching vision, at the far end of the room; the fitful flashes, darting upward from the hearth, gleamed on something broad and bright which was thrice waved on high, and sheathed in the ample vesture, intended as the object of a greeting far different. The shapeless shadow vanished—the flames burnt low and pale—and all again was vacancy and silence. Instinctively the fair searcher into the mysteries of futurity, shrunk back, and shrouded herself beneath the coverled; awhile she lay breathless and with eyes shut, the words of prayer and holy adjuration faltering on her tongue. But Fanny was bold beyond her sex and years; re-assured by the perfect stillness that reigned around, she ventured, by degrees, to uncover her head; the high wind had sunk into a dead calm—and she heard only the big rain drops pattering heavily against the window panes. Slowly and fearfully, she unclosed those large blue orbs, outsparkling the sapphire's blaze; they encountered nothing, in her hasty glance around the wide old chamber, but each well-kown piece of furniture, and the chair conspicuously placed before the fire, and sustaining the vestment of showy lawn, which had received, and yet bore the elfin token. The influence of that principle, which woman is said to have inherited from the remotest antiquity, roused her to instant resolution; she wrapped herself in a long dressing gown, that lay ready on the bed,—and in a tremor of rising hopes and fears, stole on tip-toe across the floor, starting and holding in her breath, as the planks creaked under her light tread. As she seized and shook the linen with an agitated grasp, something fell from its folds, and rang like metal on the ground; eagerly she stooped to pick up what her haste had displaced, and shuddering with terror at the ill portent before her, had well nigh dropped it again. It was, as one quick look sufficed to show, an antique dagger of extraordinary size, and crested with heraldic devices. Relinquishing her hold of it, Miss Bland sunk into a seat, unable to obey her first impulse of flying into the next apartment, and arousing her parents. But this moment of terror over, she restraindd herself, from the fear of provoking the endless raillery of those, whose credulity she had so derided. After a short interval, and summoning all her courage to her aid, she lifted the weapon, foreshowing to her startled fancy, a fatal doom, and going to a chest of drawers, deposited and locked it in one of them. Then again seeking, and scarcely able to attain her couch, she betook herself to fervent orisons; and thus endeavouring to banish the thrill of horror, that pondered on an omen so appalling, she continued by turns, to tremble and to pray. So passed the weary hours of that memorable night.

The sun was just rising as Miss Bland started from a heavy slumber, and strove to shake off the panic of the preceding night, which still impressed her like a fearful dream. She sat up in bed, and tried to collect her scattered senses, disordered by such a paroxism of fright and remorse as Scott describes in one, who had invoked the some-what similar oracle of the Taghairm. Little by little, however, these painful sensations passed away,—and her mind, cheered by the soothing influence of the "sweet hour of prime," gradually regained its usual firmness of tone. The empurpled east glowed with the kindling beams of rosy morn; the air was redolent of sweet scents, and pleasant sounds; and all nature seemed to awaken sedately glad beneath the mild, attempered ray of the autumnal sun. Examined under the broad light of day, and by one, whose constitutional deficiency in the disturbing quality of an ardent imagination, rendered her little obnoxious to the phantasms of superstition,—the hideous visions of her past vigil, resolved themselves into air, and she could but wonder at her own weakness in being thus wrought on by what she now rationally construed into the vague illusion of uneasy sleep. Suddenly a new apprehension assailed her; recollecting that she still retained tangible proof of the reality of the scene, the trembling beauty ran to seek the dagger, which, sleeping or waking, she had so carefully laid away. Shivering with nervous trepidation, she unlocked the drawer, that held it, and sought it long and heedfully —but in vain. The magic steel had disappeared like the unearthly hand that wielded it; and Fanny, a fresh load of doubt and dread removed from her breast, fell on her knees, and in a spirit most humbly and contritely grateful, proceeded to offer up her matinal devotions. These over, and her tumultuous state of feelings subsiding into a holy calm, she suffered her attendant, Phillis, of whose presence she now became

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aware, to dress her. This girl, labouring like most of her colour, under a violence of curiosity, that established, beyond a question, her derivation from mother Eve, had eyed the motions of her young mistress as intently as the latter watched those of the ill-omened spirit. Like all ladies' maids, a sort of confident, Phillis had assisted about the previous arrangements of the hazardous midnight emprize,—and now stood bursting with impatience to hear the particulars of an adventure, to her simple ken no less daring than Ulysses' descent to the infernal regions might have seemed to his warrior-train. Miss Bland however appearing in no hurry to open the conversation, Phillis, relying on her general good nature and condescension, took upon herself to commence it, most volubly huddling question upon question, and one exclamation on the back of another. But her lady, instead of gratifying her flippant inquisitiveness, commanded her to silence in accents so unwonted and authoritative that poor Phillis, utterly astounded, seized the first opportunity of retreating to the kitchen with the news that "Miss Fanny was certainly bewitched by the hob-goblins that had like to have carried her off during the night."

Hardly was one querist dismissed, ere Miss Bland found herself obliged to contend with a host of them; being broken in upon by an irruption of her lively young friends, all wild for an account of the occurrences of the night. Fanny, overwhelmed by the torrent of interrogatories, had no chance to put in a word till the whole party entered Lady Bland's chamber. Here all were respectfully silent before their elders; and after the usual embraces, exchanged between the parents and daughter, Fanny answered the sarcastic banter of Sir Rezin, and the anxious inquiries of her mother by a full relation of the horrors that beset what she termed her wilful wicked watch. Her juvenile auditors listened in breathless credence and dismay; Lady Bland, as weakly superstitious as any old Highland crone or Guinea negress, turned deadly pale at the mention of a token so terrific; and their joint ejaculations and incoherent expressions of pity and alarm, had well nigh frightened the object of their concern into fits. Luckily, the worthy knight, above such vulgar prejudices, was at hand to counteract their preposterous, but mischievous conclusions. Calling his "sweet Fanny" to him, he warned her tenderly, yet with the assured air of one, enlightened by reason and philosophy, against the folly—nay, sin, of suffering herself to be disquieted by the mere terror of a disagreeable but empty dream. His discourse, though not without effect in encouraging the beauteous visionary, was but coldly received by the prepossessed minds of his other hearers, who adjourned to the breakfast-room, firmly persuaded of the truth of the inauspicious augury,—and looking on the envied heiress as a being denounced and doomed.

The like gloomy forebodings, too, made a deep impression on the kind and elegant mistress of the mansion; but her wiser husband, trusting in the strength of his arguments, and Fanny's good sense to second them, had other and more important matters in his head. Designing a temporary removal to Williamsburg, he had given orders to have his town-house got in readiness for the immediate reception of the family. Unpleasant as such an interview would prove on several accounts, he still conceived some explanation due to his ward, of whose character the guardian had not been idly unobservant. Their guests were to leave them on the following day; Sir Rezin, therefore, summoned Meredith to his study, and affected to consult him confidentially, touching the prospects of his darling daughter. He neither felt nor expressed displeasure at the natural consequence of the young man's association with his lovely cousin; being sure that, by addressing him on a strain of appeal to his honor, he could at once, (and not otherwise) carry his point. The fond yet ambitious father dwelt on his great expectations for his unrivalled heiress,—dilating on her beauty, her many accomplishments, her warm and unoccupied heart,—and on the brilliant match, which, in virtue of such rare endowments, he reckoned on her speedily contracting. Observing how few, delicately circumstanced as George had been, would have come out of the furnace unscathed, he complimented him on those strict principles of integrity, that had so well stood the test, to which he had ventured to subject them from parental anxiety to secure a brother for the sole girl, to whom Heaven had denied one; and with a mixture of dignity and energy, thanked his auditor, speechless from excess of interest, for having scorned to abuse the trust reposed in him by himself and Lady Bland: he ended by saying that George would, no doubt, coincide with him in thinking his education such as to qualify him for the place already engaged in the compting-house of an eminent importer of Bremo, on James River, where it would be the special care of his protector to accelerate his admission into a partnership in the establishment. Sir Rezin had intended to give his *protege* the advantages of a course at William and Mary; but that was now out of the question. He was about to take his daughter to town in order that the gaieties of the Metropolis and the assiduities of numerous lovers might wear out a childish partiality from her heart: hence it would never do to keep the person who had made the dangerous impression perpetually at her elbow. 'Tis true the foreign universities were open to young Meredith; but the prudent father cared not to increase the native attractions of his dependant, by imparting to them the polish inseparable from a residence abroad. It became requisite, therefore, to provide for the final settlement of him, who had been so unfortunately, for its peace, introduced into the domestic circle of the Blands; and though with a severe pang to his generous feelings, Sir Rezin resolved to crush, at once, the high hopes, which his patronage had fostered, by transferring the humble relative of his wife, to a situation, eligible indeed, but infinitely below that, to which he had been, heretofore, taught to aspire.

Conscience-stricken, and sensible of having transgressed the spirit, if not the letter of his benefactor's confidence in him, Meredith listened without reply or disclamation till Sir Rezin ceased to speak. Even then he could, with difficulty, find words to declare his gratitude, and to sig-

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nify his compliance, in all things, with the wishes of his more than parent. But the few unconnected sentences, which his agitation allowed him to stammer forth, the penetrating knight adroitly eked out, and answered in terms of satisfaction and approval. He finished the conference by presenting George with a draft of some amount on his merchant at Richmond, assured him of his constant favor and assistance, and in case of his own death, recommended, in earnest and pathetic phrase, Lady Bland and his adopted sister to his dutiful and brotherly regard. The youth would fain have refused the pecuniary evidence of Sir Rezin's approbation; but the latter, good-humouredly commanding his young friend to pocket it, walked out of the apartment, after laying the check on the table before him.

The next morning beheld Buck Island consigned to even more than pristine quiet and monotony; the company being all gone—Meredith engaged in preparing for his sudden and permanent change of abode—and the Lady Bland by turns absorbed in maternal anxieties and melancholy presentiments, which last she had, however, self-command enough to keep to herself. Never had Fanny seen her beloved home, wear an aspect so totally desolate. She had looked forward with fond certainty to the departure of their visitors as the epoch, whence to date the renewal of happiness and the old friendship between herself and her cousin; but, to her exceeding surprise and sorrow, he, far from responding to her timed advances, shunned her more sedulously than ever. Some days passed by in this way; the desheartened girl drooping under a repulse as unexpected as it appeared unkind, and permitting her thoughts to brood continually over the apprehension of a destiny evil beyond that menaced by the pressage so disastrous, and perchace, too true. Sir Rezin was not slow to note the alteration in her looks and manner, which he ascribed in part to the real cause; for while her ladyship held it impious to slight or defy a supernatural warning, even when conveyed through the medium of a dream, and concluded her daughter to be naturally affected by the unlucky import of hers,—the more rational father, by no means suspected his idol, fortified as her mind was by his precept and example, of such disgraceful apostacy from their mutual creed as the lending herself to the dominion of vagaries so wild and weakening. Neither would he, for an instant, allow a possibility still more degrading, to wit: that the descendant of the ancient and haughty house of Bland, renowned since the reign of Cœur de Lion, could so far forget her illustrious lineage, as to degenerate into a love-sick mourner over the loss of an inferior, though meritorious favourite: he rather supposed her given up to the *ennui*, always arising from over-excitement, and in the present instance, heightened by the prospect of indefinite and irksome seclusion. But however much the proud couple differed as to the origin, they perfectly agreed in a remedy for the disease; neither purposing such ill policy as to let their beauty pine away her youth in solitude. Their idea of spending the approaching winter in Williamsburg, had been casually canvassed among the gay party just dispersed; so that Miss Bland was no stranger to the plan. Still it was with a fresh thrill of pleasure that she heard Sir Rezin, in answer to her playful complaints of the dull and lonesome villa, proclaim his design of setting off, without delay, for town, in order to be in time for the entry of Lord Botetourt, with whom he had been particularly intimate in England. But poor Fanny's delight at this intelligence, immediately sustained a severe shock; its main source being destroyed by a few simple words from her father, which, when, with a return of her former ingenuousness, she openly rejoiced that her cousin George would thus continue with them, unfolded the arrangement, whereby, instead of repairing to College, he was to go, for good and all, in another direction. Notwithstanding her strenuous efforts to suppress them, the astonished maiden's tears began to flow in a profusion that happily saved her from swooning or suffocation; and starting up in an agony of grief and shame, she flew out of the room to vent her feelings in the privacy of her own sleeping bower. Sir Rezin and Lady Bland observed and too well understood the expressive avowal of those silent drops; but each had predetermined to be wilfully blind to all demonstrations of an attachment, which they considered it as their bounden duty to disallow.

Meanwhile, like a disembodied spirit haunting the scenes of earthly bliss, George Meredith wandered about the groves and glades of Buck Island. The late conversation with his patron had been of power to harrow up his very soul—and to excruciate him with the torments of the damned: the loftiest and the tenderest impulses of his nature had been alike wounded by parts of it. For hours afterwards his mind was a chaos of distraction and despair; and when partially restored to a state of sane and dispassionate judgment, its alternations of high and tranquilising resolve, of wild despondency, and resentful rage, aptly exemplified that tale of the royal board, daily bespread with dainties, fit for the gods, yet to be wasted and polluted by the ravages of the insatiate Harpies. At one moment, his heart, melting with a grateful sense of the parental kindness, the delicate observance hitherto treating him as a son and equal, became soothed and exalted into a sublime and delicious composure by a firm determination to persevere in the stern course, prescribed as the fiery ordeal of his desert: even the ecstacies of happy love excelled not the elevating, though transient glow, enkindled by these heroic musings. Then the bitter conviction of his complete and implied dependence, of his presumption so covertly rebuked, of the unworthy contrast of his extrinsic inferiority to her, who was still his kinswoman—and till now his companion, darkened his soul like the overshadowing wings of the foul mythological monsters, and swallowing up each ennobling and consolatory emotion, left it filled with the confusion and fury of madness. But it was not for one, upright, rational and clear sighted as was Meredith, long to persist in this fierce and uncandid mood. After the first pangs of mortified pride had abated, he could not but own the truth and justice of the offensive innuendoes, administered, as they were,

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in the guise of commendation. He felt and acknowledged the generosity of Sir Rezin's conduct, and his own slender claims to so much goodness; a goodness, which, in place of punishing, or even reproving his amorous folly, had exercised the most considerate indulgence of its weakness. He was conscious that his patron had probed the secret of his breast—that the confession of his rash passion, otherwise demanded of him by honour, was thereby rendered useless, if not supererogatory. He knew that he was trusted—and must prove himself trust-worthy. The path of duty and virtue, though thorny and dismal, lay straight before him, and he solemnly swore to tread it with a steady and unreceding step. But the unhappy young man soon discovered that it was one thing to bind himself in his solitary meditations, by such a vow—and another to adhere to it, when hourly tempted to its violation, by the angel figure of her he adored, hovering around him, all smiles and tender complaisance. He found, to his cost, that

"Few can hold a fire in hand,
"By thought upon the frosty Caucasus,"—

and that his only safety was to be sought in flight: so, on the fourth day after the explanation between himself and the knightly proprietor of Buck Island, he left the home of his childhood, the paradise of his youth, the anticipated asylum of his maturer years, to seek his fortune among strangers and superiors.

The charming being, for loving whom he was now an exile, sustained by her displeasure at George's marked avoidance, no less than by her desire to efface all remembrance of her unseasonable and excessive burst of sorrow, behaved herself like a heroine, when in his general leave-taking of the family after supper, on saying "good-night!" for the last time, he kissed and bade "God bless her!" But for weeks and months the plaintive tenderness of those parting accents thrilled on her ear, rendering her insensible to all other vows and protestations, even though sanctified by that authority, which she reverenced as the mandate of the Deity. Long before day-break, Meredith was gone,—leaving Fanny with every faculty of head and heart benumbed by the bereavement.

It cut Sir Rezin to the quick to see the object of his paternal dotage, fading away from her glow of sprightly beauty into a pale and moping shadow of her former self. Judging nothing else necessary to renovate her bloom and gaiety, but a translation into the splendid sphere of a mimic court, he abridged the period of their continuance in the country; and in an incredibly short space, the inhabitants of Buck Island found themselves on the road to the seat of government. Many a backward look did the pensive Fanny cast on her birth-place; where, much as she had lately longed to escape from its (to her) storied apartments and walks, she now felt as if she could linger forever. The mansion-house, overtopped by the ascending amphitheatre of blue mountains, was long visible to the fond gaze, that dwelt on it as on the face of a valued friend, seen for the last time; its environs, despoiled of their foliage and verdure, and saddened by the gray mists of an early November morning, impressed the melancholy fancy of the fair hypochondriac as emblematical of her own decline; and with many a long-drawn sigh, she passed through scenery so familiar and so consonant with the strain of feeling, which made her internally exclaim,

"My May of life
"Has fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf."

But ere they had proceeded many miles, the excitement of motion, and the novelty to one so little locomotive, of objects common to every rural transit, produced the hoped-for effect on a young and vivacious mind; and the parents, who lived but in their child, congratulated themselves on the judicious measure taken in this journey, as they viewed the tender colour stealing over Fanny's cheek, already dimpled with something like one of her wonted smiles.

It being a prime object with Sir Rezin to get to town early enough to attend his noble friend in his ceremonial reception by the House of Burgesses, the travellers pressed on with all the speed possible, to six blooded black horses, with flowing manes and tails, imported from the mother-country along with the carriage, coachman and postillions,—and drawing the whole distance of two hundred miles, a *coachee*, heavy with carving and moulding, and capacious as a moderate sized dwelling. But the anxious courtier found himself doomed to some portion of the disappointment, which, through his agency, embittered the lot of others; being attacked by a sudden and violent fit of the gout, at the house of a patrician friend, appointed as one of their stopping places in King and Queen County, for persons of distinction rarely tried the accommodations of the paltry inns along the road side. The philosophic knight, who carried his theory of patience into practice, endured the delay and his physical tortures with an equanimity worthy of Epictetus; but it was no slight trial to her ladyship, that in lieu of witnessing the grand procession arrayed around the state coach, which, with its glittering trappings, gilded wheels, and eight milk-white steeds in rich caparisons, enshrined the dazzling figure of Lord Botetourt, shining like a gemmed image, in his suit of gold tissue and white satin, and chapeau buttoned with a loop of diamonds, which precious decorations blazed on other parts of his dress,—she was forced to put up with a mere second-hand description of the glories of the scene. Fanny, like a young girl, unused to splendid ceremonies, had longed at first to see the show; but her thoughts were wholly occupied by her father and his sufferings from the spasmodic twinges of his complaint. After a fortnight's confinement, Sir Rezin became rapidly convalescent—and the party soon resumed their route in good health and spirits. Miss Bland, though her mind was far from at ease, struggled earnestly, and not unsuccessfully, against her sorrow and her love. Nothing so much contributed to re-establish her serenity, as the ungrateful and capricious neglect, with which she imagined herself repaid by him, to whom she had surrendered the treasury of her pure and ardent affections. Every emotion of feminine pride and delicacy roused to resentment by Meredith's studied coldness, she determined to tear the remembrance of that

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thankless cousin from her bosom, if the effort cost her her life's best blood; but she had been so long accustomed to love and cherish him, first as a brother, and then as a friend, his idea was so closely and indissolubly interwoven with every thought and memory of her past existence, that hitherto the attempt had seemed like halving her heart. But she was now thrown into a new world, where the allurements of pleasure, the sighs of other wooers, and the adulation of society might triumphantly contend with a secret and unrequited partiality.

The Blands reached Williamsburg in safety, and were welcomed by crowds of friends and parasites. The richest and loveliest heiress in Virginia had only to show herself to be adored; and her arrival was celebrated in prose and verse by the wits of the town as dividing public attention with the *entree* of the new Governor. But conscious as was the young beauty of her surpassing charms, she yet trembled to encounter general notice in a fashionable assembly—to undergo the searching gaze of the many, the supercilious criticism of the fastidious few—the false yet flattering eulogy so often derisive of the object it pretends to deify. She panted for applause, yet dreaded to be mocked or condemned: nor were her fears altogether groundless. In those days, when the "Ancient Dominion" was irradiated with a galaxy of female loveliness, from the resplendent Byrd "to the pretty Miss Fountain" (designated by that epithet as the chief of three Sister-graces) the men had grown hypercritical in beauty. It was necessary to be faultless in order to be approved, and of this, the Albemarle toast was apprehensively aware. But her modest self-distrust was soon banished by the award of those judges, whose voice gave law in such matters—and who unanimously affirmed that Fanny Bland, just then sixteen, transcended her mother, the famous Miss Wolverine, in personal charms. And in truth, for a *blonde*, our heroine might have been pronounced a piece of perfection. Eyes as soft and bright and blue as the azure "of Heaven's own tinct"—locks profuse and waving like the "golden hair" of Hope, with a complexion, a face, and form, as fresh, as fair, and as aerial as those of Guido's Aurora, qualified her to pass for an animated transcript of that personation of the Goddess of the morning. And if at times, the changes of an exquisite sensibility paled the hue of her cheek, and imparted a dewy sadness to her downward glance, it only added to the interest, without detracting from the symmetry of her beauty. Besides, the simple notions of her cotemporaries reckoned her highly accomplished; for an adept in every species of elegant needle and handiwork, she likewise performed finely on the harpsichord—and the dying falls of her clear voice, as sweet and spontaneous as the warble of a bird, sunk into the very soul, as she sung some touching old ballad or new English song. Unlike our present race of fair linguists, her music dealt not in French *romances* or Italian *bravuras*,—and, shocking to relate, her admirers esteemed her not the less for such a paucity of science and languages. Such rare attractions as those above enumerated, taken into consideration, with the certainty of their being appended to them the reversion of a half-dozen of the finest estates in the Colony, it may be supposed that the "Bland beauty" created a vast sensation among the *ton* of the Metropolis. As many lovers forthwith laid suit to the heiress of Buck Island, &c. &c. as to the heiress of Bruges; and if not with equal publicity, their pretensions were advanced with, to the full, as great formality. The unrefined ideas of our plain ancestors invested the father with the absolute disposal of his child,—and out of compliment to this right as well as to defeat any ulterior and insidious designs on the part of the wooer, the established usage required him to address himself, first, to the higher powers: hence, no gentleman presumed to pay his court to a young lady without the preliminary of "asking leave of the house," as his application to the parent or guardian went in familiar phrase. Only two or three of the competitors for Miss Bland's favour—and those of too high standing to brook the contumely of a dismissal by proxy, were honored with the paternal permission; the rest met on the threshold with a civil though stately denial; for Sir Rezin had already pitched upon a suitable husband for his admirable daughter.

On the second Sunday after they got to town, Sir Rezin, Lady Bland and their divine heiress made their first public appearance at the principle church. The proud knight, like most Englishmen of family, was a staunch Episcopalian, and a regular church-goer to boot; her ladyship conformed to his mode of worship, as a matter of duty, and the young Fanny had been bred up in the strict tenets of that sect. Of course this distinguished trio took possession of the upper pew, (for at that rude period the seats in the house of God remained unsold) which corresponded with that set apart for the Royal Governor, and bearing in letters of gold on a ground of purple velvet, the name of Alexander Spottswood, not yet replaced by the insignia of the present incumbent of the chair of State. Within the ample curtains of the same rich material, Lord Botetourt and his suite were already seated, and taking cognizance of the clergyman and congregation. Immediately the opposite pew, graced by the belle of the day, constituted the centre of attraction. "The pure and eloquent blood speaking" in Fanny's transparent cheek, evinced her painful embarrassment under such general and oppressive scrutiny, which, however, relaxed not for all her symptoms of discomposure. Whether it was that the variable hues of her complexion, adorned her anew—or that his fated hour was come, we cannot undertake to decide; but certain it is, a young Scottish nobleman, who had come over as an *attache* to the official train, and as a single man and a lord, had himself been, so far, "the observed of all observers," fixed, during the long hours of the offices and sermon, on the lovely mountaineer, a gaze, whose intensity approached to fascination: it was, in power and duration, similar to that, by which the serpent is said to ensnare his prey. When the service was over, and the Blands, in walking down the aisle, exchanged salutations and sentences with their august friend, the Governor, he presented this inveterate starer to Sir Rezin and the ladies as Lord Malcolm Ir-

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vine, second son to the duke of Roxburgh. The young nobleman immediately attached himself to the side of Miss Bland, and she left the church attended by her titled escort, and followed by the ill wishes of all the envious fair ones present. Nor did Lord Malcolm and his new acquaintances part company at their coach-door; being invited to a seat in the vehicle, he accompanied them home,—and hereafter, spent every leisure moment—that is to say two-thirds of his time—in endeavoring to recommend himself to her, who had so instantaneously enthralled him. 'Tis true he had not, as yet, complied with the form always introductory to a set courtship; but the acute knight, willing to strain a point in favour of a personage so illustrious, accepted the constancy of his visits and assiduities as declarative of his ultimate purpose, and hailed the prospect of such alliance with unfeigned pride and joy. Her ladyship, too, exulted in the vanity of her heart over a conquest so glorious, and so far exceeding what her most sanguine speculations had devised, for her daughter's matrimonial settlement.

Not so, the artless country girl, who was the object of Lord Malcolm's devoirs,—from which she shrunk with a repugnance, not wholly inexplicable. Of noble birth, and accomplished in graces of mind and body, the young foreigner seemed possessed of qualities to ensure admiration and even a softer sentiment; but there was that about him, obvious to the slightest observer, that soon chilled all warmer emotions into cold respect, not unmingled with awe. Dark, pale, and sad, his countenance bore the stamp of inward care; and the effect of his fine features was at times, marred by an expression revolting and indescribable, which at once checked the kindly flow of human sympathies towards him. Akin in contour and complexion to the natives of Southern Europe, rather than to the fair and ruddy Caledonian; his eyes, black as the raven locks of his head, often gleamed with such strange and ghastly lustre as those accused, in the olden time, of communing with the dead, were said to contract in their occult and unhallowed intercourse. His manner partook of the gloomy cast evidently pervading his mind; and though he would occasionally rally and exhibit in lively colloquy, much satirical and descriptive power, there was oftener perceptible through his faint atttempts to diguise it, a depth of despondency, a wild and reckless wretchedness, apparently tinged with a horrible anticipation of something monstrous, to be endured or done. In short, his whole appearance embodied the ideas, set forth in German tales, of mysticism and *diablerie*, of a being fore-warned of his predestination to deeds of guilt and woe. According to rumors afterwards floating hitherward from his native land, Lord Malcolm was a victim to the visitations of the second sight,—and in one of those trances when his

"Eye intent
"Was on the vision'd future bent,"

had seen some frightful prefiguration of his own after-fortune. Since when, (as the report farther bore,) plunged in stern and silent misery, he had hurried from one clime to another, from solitude to cities, in the vain endeavour to escape from himself, and the phantom terrors, racking his overspent brain. True or false, this tradition, credited by many, contained a plausible commentary on the text presented in the person and singular deportment of the dark-browed Irvine; still subject as he was to such unsettling and whimsical spells, Lord Malcolm was in many respects, well worthy to be loved. A chivalrous courage and magnanimity of sentiment, involving the absence of all low and selfish traits of character—a temper, venting itself, on strong provocation, in tremendous bursts of passion. but otherwise even, placable, and long suffering—with a fund of deep and tender sensibility, and "a hand open as day to melting charity," composed a sum of excellence, capable, if duly appreciated, of counterpoising the involuntary prejudice against his unnatural aspect, and habits of extraordinary and spectre-seeking abstraction. Yet notwithstanding his many good gifts, the mere presence of Lord Malcolm seemed to operate as an antidote against affection and fellow feeling. His own family endured rather than enjoyed his relationship,—his acquaintances ripened not into the regard of friendship—his very domestics, almost emancipated from service by his mild and bounteous rule, repaid it by indifference and ingratitude. In one point of view only, was the cadet of the house of Roxburgh sought and smiled upon. Immensely rich from heiring his mother's estates, young, handsome, and a nobleman, his amorous approaches had been encouraged, in his own and other lands, by the high-born, the lovely, and the witty, all emulous of an establishment so brilliant. In Williamsburg, among an aristocratic set, infatuated with reverential homage for British rank and title, he found himself not barely caressed—but worshipped. The least notice from the noble Scot, sufficed to turn the head of the lady so graced: no wonder, then, that the happy heiress, who had the fortune to fascinate him, heard herself envied and congratulated on all sides, as she moved amid the admiration and the pageantries of the great and gay world. But Fanny, insensible to the felicity of her lot, languished to escape from the lively round, and the fetters, preparing, as she dreaded, to bind her for life to a man, from whom she was utterly and unconquerably averse.

The winter was now far advanced; Lord Malcolm had proposed in form for Miss Bland, to the infinite satisfaction of her father,—by whom he was immediately presented to the reluctant daughter as her future husband. And now, for the first time, and in the most important crisis of her life, the spoiled child—as she was called—of nature and fortune, found her prayers and representations disregarded by her parents. Assuming her heart to be meanly set on a union with the humble companion of her childish years, both father and mother looked upon themselves as fulfilling a sacred accountability in using all means to avert a catastrophe so ignominious. The surest method of accomplishing this, was by matching her with a person, in every respect her mate. The alliance with Lord Malcolm exceeded even their loftiest expectations,—and in urging—nay commanding, their

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daughter to accept it, they conceived themselves literally to snatch a brand from the burning. Fanny could oppose to their fluent and emphatic dissertations on the rank and splendor and desert of him she wished to reject nothing save her positive and insurmountable abhorrence of any marriage; especially with the present candidate for her hand. Of him, she professed a peculiar dislike—or rather absolute loathing: yet when Sir Rezin, so far relenting from what he deemed a needful severity, gave her the option of selecting another from among her patrician suitors,—the poor girl, in all the agonies of irresolution, unable to make a second choice, or to own her whole soul devoted to that kinsman, who had tacitly refused to reciprocate its preference, could only answer by silence and tears; and the knight, not unreasonably chafed at her thus trifling with his well-meant indulgence, proceeded to act upon the consent, which he pronounced in her name, by arranging with the bridegroom-elect the settlement preliminary to an event so grand and momentous. To her mother, the despairing Fanny then ventured on a half appeal, as to a woman, who had wedded from motives, not of interest, but of inclination; but, though her agitated pleadings would have been listened to, where an ordinary lover was concerned,—Lady Bland, dazzled by the lustre of a ducal coronet, (for the feeble state of the heir-apparent made Lord Malcolm's succession to the dukedom a probable circumstance) would hear nothing tending to disparage his merit and pretensions. Even her daughter's strong allusion to the evil destiny that menaced her conjugal state, failed to awaken the superstitious terrors recently vibrating in her ladyship's breast; she laughed at Fanny's ridiculous reminiscence—drew a bright picture of the felicity and magnificence about to bless her married lot—and kissing the blanched cheek, that belied her prediction, hastened away to consult about and order the wedding finery.

Sir Rezin now touched the acme of his grandeur, from which he was ill inclined to be swayed by the puerile objections of his daughter. Besides it both angered and wounded him to suspect her of insincerity, and of aiming to make dupes of her parents. He could not bear that his "pride and pet" (his name of endearment for her) should slyly entertain a hope of overreaching him, and of finally prevailing on his sanction to her degrading passion,—sooner than grant which, he believed himself willing to follow her to her grave. All this artifice was the exact opposite of his own character; and could Miss Bland have persuaded herself to speak out to either parent, both her love and her life would have terminated the better for it. Not that Sir Rezin would, have been in any event, wrought upon to crown her misplaced attachment,—but an implicit and respectful confidence, in unison with the best impulses of his nature, would have gone far in inducing him to suspend, if not to break off, an engagement from which her heart so revolted. The free spoken and plain dealing knight might have been taken as a fair specimen of the hearty, old English character. Frank, liberal, and kind to all about him, constant and tender in his attachments, inveterate yet open in his dislikes, his temper was cool but inflexible; and exacting obedience in every essential point even from his wife and only child, his intentions were well known to be unchangeable,—and their edicts admitted of no repeal. A warm and steady friend, a bitter but generous enemy, his susceptibilities were uncommonly strong, and principally engrossed by his darling Fanny. Yet fondly as she was doated upon for her own sake, she was not the less valuable to one of his arrogant and aspiring temperament as the passive instrument for perpetuating his in her own exaltation; while

> "Affection chained her to that heart,
> "Ambition tore its links apart;"

and though in hurrying the preparations for her virtual sacrifice, he imagined himself to be solely intent on working out her worldly salvation, his high views of personal consequence and family aggrandizement, had no small share in unconsciously determining his line of action. By the proffer to his silly girl of a liberty of choice among those, who sought her with his approbation, Sir Rezin assured himself that he had not only done away all imputation of undue harshness, but that he actually condescended to delegate a portion of his legitimate authority. It was moreover, his firm opinion that the force of habit and continual contact with an elegant husband, would infallibly expel the image of her absent and inferior lover; and that when the period of her infatuation was over, his refractory daughter would thank and reward him for the wholesome controul now exercised to make her Lady Malcolm Irvine. Thus thinking, the resistance and entreaties of the unhappy Fanny "passed him by as the idle wind, that he respected not," and her repugnance, instead of procrastinating served only to accelerate the completion of the affair.

Young, timid and inexperienced, Miss Bland dreamed not of disobliging her parents by choosing her own means of happiness. And in truth, it would have been easier for her to die than to own her shame in still suffering her thoughts to cling to the man, who had repelled and forgotten her favourable sentiments. She conscientiously believed that her parents had the right to dispose of her,—exerted herself to school her rebellious heart into conformity with their wishes; but her virtuous endeavours, though, at first promising success, were not to triumph in the unequal and protracted conflict. As it was, they produced a cold, though gentle tolerance of her noble lover, who unused to the lively effusion of a fervent regard, was content to construe the faint complacency of her manner into the maidenly bashfulness befitting a modest gentlewoman; and enraptured as he was by her beauty and apparent sweetness of disposition; it would have required a much more energetic refusal that Fanny, under existing circumstances, was capable of to make him relinquish a pursuit, drawing so near to its close. In a word, Lord Malcolm was perfectly satisfied—Sir Rezin and her ladyship delighted beyond measure—and their fair but fading heiress submissive to their irreversible decree.

While such was the mental frame of its in-

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madam and their illustrious ally, Bland House continued to be, ostensibly, the seat of splendor and rejoicing. Weekly entertainments, ordered at an immense expense from the noted Raleigh Tavern (for the founder of the feasts disdained economy on such occasions) out-did every thing of the kind before exhibited in Williamsburg except (perhaps) the *fetes* at the Government house, by courtesy ycleped Palace. The cost of the winter's sojourn in an establishment, conducted on a scale of extravagance commensurate with that practised at Buck Island, where the slaughter of a beef without regard to what became of the carcase, took place, if suet was wanted for a pudding,—absorbed the proceeds of the sale of a considerable salt-work. But this out-lay seemed nothing in comparison with the gratification of Sir Rezin's pride—and while Lady Bland and her divine daughter monopolized the envy and admiration of the town. The last hyemal month was now at hand; the enamoured Irvine grew impatient to have his

"*Joys* lodg'd beyond the reach of fate,"—

and the exulting yet uncertain father readily acceded to the importunity for an appointed day, so well according with his own conviction of the necessity of as much haste as consisted with that rigid maxim of propriety, which abhorred precipitancy in such matters on the part of the lady—or a premature celebration of the marriage-rite. The middle of April was therefore, fixed upon as a date not too early for a decorous and dignified solemnization; and Fanny, a little reconciled to her inevitable destiny, awaited in silent resignation the hour of her surrender to Lord Malcolm and bondage. Humbled to the dust by the thought of the imprudence, which had permitted a surprisal of her affections, she had experienced her full punishment in the seeming scorn and oblivion, which guerdoned her condescension,—and now strained every nerve of her fortitude and self-command to retrieve herself in her own esteem by a graceful acquiesence in the addresses of one, who sought her with all the ardour of genuine and honourable passion: hence her affianced lover found himself daily greeted with increasing smiles and softness; and Miss Bland derived her best reward from the benedictions of her overjoyed parents. She never heard from George Meredith save by the short, formal letters, notifying her father of his health and welfare; in these her name occurred only in his general remembrance of them all,—and Fanny still arraigned him as fickle and insensible, while he writhed under all the tortures of hopeless love. The opportunities of communication between Bremo, and the metropolis, were "few and far between,"—but the news the craving exile was able accidentally to gather of the Blands, represented his loved and lost cousin, first as radiant in gaiety and charms, the queen of fashion and of hearts—and afterwards as about to abdicate her maiden-reign of loveliness. Particulars of the match he learned not, farther than that the man of her choice was Scottish and noble; and this much known, he shunned all the flying reports concerning an event, of the time and circumstances whereof he coveted to remain in perpetual ignorance. But a diffuse epistle from his *ci-devant* patron, elate as he seemed with pride and pleasure, gave Meredith full information on every point,—and mentioning their immediate return to the family seat, insisted on his presence there at his "sister's nuptial." George, losing sight of that deference, habitually obedient to Sir Rezin's will took counsel, on the painful occasion, only of his heart—and, though, alas! too late, of his prudence: he, therefore, respectfully but steadily declined the invitation, much to the displeasure of the inditer, —who, in his jealous solicitude to stifle all suspicion, whether in the mind of its object or by others, of his daughter's absurd predilection, had bidden and certainly calculated on his coming as a very important circumstance.

Agreeably to the intention announced in this letter, the Blands soon left town for Albemarle. Beginning, as Fanny did, to feel her pride soothed, and her self-love propitiated by the assiduous devotion of her titled bridegroom, she, nevertheless, luxuriated in the involuntary hope that, during their temporary separation there might something chance to convert this into a final parting. With a spirit gladdened by the cessation of Lord Malcolm's gallantries for at least six weeks, at the end of which time he had leave to follow them, she performed the journey home, —and with a full yet lightened heart, hailed the sight of the blue, waving outline of the far Alleghanies visible for miles during their passage through the lower plantation of Buck Island. Her entrance into the grounds immediately surrounding it,—and still more within the old mansion itself, where every object too forcibly reminded her of past days, and him who had rendered them as sweet as they proved fleeting, brought with it a train of melancholy musings. But deeming such indulgence criminal as it was incompatible with her positive engagement, she intermitted not her zealous efforts to promote the growth of her kindly sentiments towards the person, to whom she was all but solemnly plighted. It was not long, however, ere the faint and reluctant regard extorted from her rather by the dictates of duty, and the re-action of feelings outraged by another, than by a sense of Lord Malcolm's actual merit, withered and died away under the revival, by a casual discovery, of her co-existent attachment in all its fond and imperishable fidelity.

A few days after she reached home as Miss Bland, no longer bounding forward with the elastic tread of the wild gazelle, was slowly walking up and down the broad central avenue of the garden, she saw her maid Phillis coming in search of her with a folded paper in her hand.—The idea of a letter from her noble betrothed instantly suggested itself,—and vexed at having her reverie dispelled by the unwelcome intruder, she took it with a mixture of reluctance and remorse, scarce listening the while to the garrulous bearer, who proceeded to say that aunt Dosia (the washer woman,) had found it in the pocket of one of Massa George's waist-coats, that he had, by mistake, left out when packing up?' With a cheek manteld over at the mention of that name, with the soft rosy bloom lately stationary there, the conscious beauty mechanically unfolded the sheet, which, bearing neither sig-

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nature nor superscription, was still identified and held as hallowed, by his writing. It contained a copy of verses addressed to herself, blotted indeed, and illegible in some places—in others devoid of connexion and rhythmical accuracy—yet pouring forth with a pathos and energy purely Sapphick, the passionate and deathless idolatry of his heart, the sacred obligations imposed on it by honor and gratitude, and the violence with which it throbbed and panted to unburden itself at the feet of her, to whom he was condemned to be forever mute. As she hurried again and again over the impassioned effusion, the whole truth flashed upon Fanny's mind; she now saw that he, by whom she had imagined herself contemned and overlooked, had been actuated by motives of the loftiest integrity, and by the tenderest respect for her supernal preeminence; added to which it was apparent from the tenor of the composition that the authority of a third person had indirectly interfered between them. But such was not the first view that the transported maiden took of the delicate subject. Eagerly and repeatedly she went over the lines that "lapped her soul in Elysium,"—and for a brief space revelled in a beatitude comparable with that enjoyed by "the blest above."—The precious, the overwhelming conviction that she was beloved—that her's was not that mortification, that agony (the deepest and most insupportable that woman can endure) of pining in unrequited affection—re-animated her at once with all and even more, than her former beauty,—and transformed the pale and pensive being, moving languidly along with the dejected yet exquisite grace of a deserted Ariadne, into a glowing vision of light and loveliness, hardly touching the ground over which she glanced with the airy step of a Hebe, immortal in youth and freshness. In all the flutter of this first rapture, the fairy Fanny hastened to throw herself on her mother's neck, there to whisper the tale of her long cherished attachment, and to petition for the happiness of herself and George, once more enthroned as her friend, her lover, her "all of bliss below." The servants who met her as she glided onward, stared in open mouthed wonder at the light, lively gait, and beaming face, all smiles and blushes, so different from her late lassitude of mien and motions. But when half-way to Lady Bland's chamber, the palpitation of her heart compelled the happy girl to pause and take breath; again she drew forth the paper, invaluable beyond uncounted treasures, in order to confirm her agitated bosom by another perusal of its delicious contents. She read it over with a more deliberate attention—and in a moment how changed her countenance! how fallen her ecstatic hopes! She no longer bent her steps towards the confessional chair, whither they but just tended, but turned away to a remote apartment, there to weep undisturbed over the demolition of her bright but baseless dreams. Sadly the fair mourner now scanned the full import of the last and most impressive stanza, which had been slurred in the rapidity of her previous notice. Fraught with the calm spirit of a high and immoveable resolve, and couched in correspondent power of language, its couplets breathed the strong, the stern determination of the writer to die, but not to dishonor himself before heaven, his own conscience, and the world, by a base betrayal of duty and principle, even though to win her, whose image installed within his breast, as in a holy shrine, would aye be worshipped there with the reverence due a guardian saint—but she herself never wooed to be his earthly bride. With this declaration, subversive of all her half-formed fancies in her trembling hand, why, reasoned the down cast Fanny, need she expose herself by invoking a fruitless *pity?* how stoop to plead for him, who thus deposed his claim and proudly renounced all hope, all thought of her? Yet were not all drops of sorrow, in the dewy suffusion that bathed her lovely eyes. It was balm to her bitterest feelings to know herself adored even while forsworn and forsaken; and days elapsed ere the delightful delirium, induced by this persuasion, yielded to the "sober certainty of waking" woe, about to engloom the rest of her mortal span. That assurance of a mutual passion at first imparting a short sweet solace to her heart, soon became the source of deepest regrets and keenest pangs; and Miss Bland, distracted at thought of the misery consequent to a forced marriage with Lord Malcolm, as it stood opposed in odious contrast to the wedded bliss, that might have been hers, grew nervous, irritable and unsettled in proportion as the day drew near, which was to abridge her maiden state of liberty. She blamed herself for her want of fortitude and self-command—but all in vain; she had neither wish nor power to think or speak, save on this one engrossing theme; so, shunning all commerce with her friends, and above all with the parents, whose cruel kindness was thus operating to destroy her whom it was their sole aim to preserve, the hapless victim of their false policy sought in the solitude of her own soul for comfort and support.

> "She pray'd for strength, but falling tears
> "Betrayed her weakness as she knelt!"

She prayed for death—yet it came not any more than patience or relief.

Sir Rezin, a close observer of her inconsistencies, knew not what to make of his drooping beauty, who, no longer "like some gay creature of the elements, playing in the plighted clouds," frolicked through the house, diffusing life and sunshine around her path. Moody, captious and abstracted, her conduct seemed to develope the symptoms of incipient madness. Her knightly sire ceased to attribute the alarming change to her disappointment in love—but rather deemed her constitution deranged by some serious physical malady. The poor lady Bland firmly believed her daughter to be bewitched—and would fain have had recourse to a famous—or more properly infamous doctress, who, working by sign and spell professed to cure all diseases originated by witch-craft—or, to borrow the local phrase, *tricking;* but her more judicious husband peremptorily prohibited a practice so absurd, and possibly dangerous. The uneasy parents were just about calling in the family-physician, when to their inexpressible relief the mental disorder, as they judged it, of their darling child, took another—and not less touching—turn. The unnatural petulance and fitful rest-

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keenness marking its first stage suddenly subsided into a deep but placid sadness, that spoke a mind hopeless indeed, but still resigned in wretchedness. Hers was now the condition depicted in the simple lines descriptive of the heroine of Lady Ann Lindsay's ballad!"

"No longer she wept—her tears were a' spent—
Despair, it was come and she thought it content;
She thought it content,—but her cheek it grew pale
And she drooped like the lily, broke down by the hail."

Hitherto maddened by the tortures of suspense to which she had subjected herself by a rash experiment, Fanny's strange impatience expired with the impetus which had concentrated her whole soul in the one mighty effort. But the die was now cast—her last stake had been played and lost! Henceforth there was nothing left for her but the performance of her filial duties (on which she included the gift of her hand where her parents had promised it) and the dull repose of the grave. She had just heard, for the first time, directly but secretly from her kinsman at Bremo. During the trance of feeling produced by her discovery of Meredith's attachment, Miss Bland had unconsciously assumed it for granted that his heroic immolation of the passion so vividly pourtrayed by him arose from his implied belief of her indifference to it—and that his stern self-control would instantly vanish before a glimpse of her real sentiments: besides still thrilling with the exquisite sensations which had condensed an age of bliss into the moment, that taught her she was beloved, her tender nature could not forbear a disclosure fraught with the like transports for him. Quelling the modest scruples which long interposed to hinder the execution of her project, the fond girl, for the first time guilty of a clandestine action, enclosed his own production to her poet-lover with those words written in the envelope. "You say true, cousin George: we can never be more to each other than friends and cousins; but do not believe that any body can ever love you better than, or half-so-well as your own broken hearted Fanny B."

The missive was duly received, with what emotions we will not attempt to say; but in spite of the encouragement indirectly held out to him—of the *naive* avowal so obliquely yet fully made, George never faltered for a moment in his noble course. The interim between the dispatches of her packet, and the arrival of the answer, was spent by the wretched heiress in one long paroxysm of shame, impatience and almost despair. At length it came—a long and tender reply, putting the literal acception on her single but comprehensive sentence,—signifying his intention to embark without delay for the East Indies, and beseeching her as his "friend and cousin" for one last private interview, ere he went (the time and place thereof to be assigned hereafter) made an end forever of Fanny's feverish alternation of doubts and hopes,—and falling, like the bolt that rends as it blasts, the shock stunned and rifled her inmost heart.

After the receipt of this final renunciation, Miss Bland's whole system appeared to undergo a violent and thorough revolution. All dread or thoughts of the union heretofore so abhorred, seemed obliterated from her memory, while her mind dwelt only on dark and dreary images, presaging her own speedy death. Traits, till now unknown to her character, suddenly unfolded themselves; for instance, an airy strain of imaginative power, and the wildest weakness of superstitious excitement, like the apparition of the air drawn dagger, apostrophized by Macbeth, the vision of a bloody steel brandished by a spectral hand, floated before her mind and eye, palsying her with horror; unearthly voices, as she averred, summoned her away by name,—and once when stooping over the clear fountain of the Limestone Spring, a hideous reflection of some monstrous object alarmed her almost to phrenzy. The medical men, of whom several were now in attendance, could recognize the indications of no definite disease; but they all joined in opinion that some heavy trance preyed upon the mind of the patient, which could only be relieved by disburdening itself. By the exertion of all her influence over her daughter, Lady Bland, at last, wrested from her the secret of her breast, and this confidence, though extorted, proved of the happiest efficacy. No longer pressing like an incubus on the springs of life, the dreadful load of anguish uncommunicated, lessened by degrees as her Ladyship, soothing and sympathizing with her burst of love-lorn sorrow, wrought upon her to vent it in words and tears: and thus giving free scope to her emotions, Fanny insensibly wept them away upon her mother's bosom. The wholesome effusion of humid grief, at once lightened her oppressed brain; and Sir Rezin who had well nigh shared his daughter's bewilderment, beheld with incredulous rapture the alteration effected by a few days unreserved communion with her maternal counsellor.

A slight shade of melancholy still hung on Fanny's brow,—but she had so far regained a state of composure, as lady-like, to inspect with the complaisance of gratified vanity, an importation of splendid goods made up into the most bewitching bridal attire, over which Lady Bland and a select female conclave descanted with as much *onction* as Hero's waiting woman, about the duchess of Milan's gown. The noble bridegroom, now daily expected, came in for his share of their panegyric, and his fair affianced, tiring no less of his name, than of the gorgeous display of silver tissues and brocades, rose colored tiffanies, and Brussels lace, went forth to recreate herself in a solitary evening stroll. She still retained her passion for long walks,—and now wandered along one which had been a special favourite with her absent cousin. About one third of the way to the fishery, the path turned off to the right and wound away from the low grounds through a green meadow, usually ancle deep in timothy and clover, sending up a sweet smell as the foot pressed the white and purple flowers. At the end of a few hundred yards the lane, as it might be called—being edged on either side with an irregular hedge of sumac and hazle—widened into an open space, sloping down to the head of a beautiful stream. This was the far-famed Limestone Spring, where Fanny now found herself for the first time since her recent fright beside its brink.—

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From beneath the overshadowing canopy of a Titan like oak, the medicinal waters, as they were then thought, gushed forth from a source so abundant as to swell at once into an ample brook, whose crystal current ran smoothly along, "making sweet music with the enamel'd stones," between banks beset with the odorous purple flag, the golden rod, and "a thousand fresh water flowers of several colours," interspersed with thickets of laurel, holly, and eglantine. Such was the aspect of the place in its vernal and summer beauty; but at present it lay bare and desolate as the huge rocks of the deserted quarry beyond it—or like the heart of her, who now viewed it a wintry waste, and longed to be laid at rest beneath the green sod, which the quiet waters laved. But those waters, so peaceful and limpid, had been stained with the blood of innocence, and the soft and sylvan scene around had echoed to the yells of savages, frantic with revenge, and red and reeking from the slaughter, many years before, when the red men devastated the Colony. A large company had assembled a few miles off to celebrate a rustic wedding. The pair were standing before the parson, the pretty bride attired in her wedding dress of white calico at the left hand of her sturdy bridegroom, about to repeat the solemn words, —when a fierce glare of light wrapped the house in flames and bursting through the shroud of smoke and fire, a band of Indians, shouting with the fury and gestures of demoniacs, involved the party in one indiscriminate massacre. Their fell purpose being achieved, they marched off, carrying as their sole prisoner the almost lifeless bride. Finding themselves hot pressed by the avengers of blood, the miscreants tomahawked and scalped their shrieking victim beside the Limestone Spring, and rushed on to covert in the woody labyrinth, extending for miles around. The pursuers coming up soon after, left her for the time on the spot where she had fallen,—but returning in the evening from their desperate chace, they buried the mangled body where it lay. Ever since the lonely grave had been respected and pointed out by those narrating the tale of this sad nuptial. Generally strewn over with the earliest and loveliest violets of the spring, there were even now on it, a few large clusters half blown and filling the air with their rich fragrance.

As Miss Bland, in her pale statue like beauty, and immobility of posture, leant, like another Arethusa, just risen from her virgin waves, over the margin of the stream, the perfect proportions of her figure, her simple grace of attitude and the folds of her white drapery, gave her the look of some rare piece of sculpture, a choice trophy of Grecian art. Here she rested from the fatigue of the long walk, meditating mournfully the while on him, who had so often stood beside her—and on the dark rolling billows over which he was so soon to track his way. Suddenly the musing maiden felt herself clasped about the waist and—and had well nigh fainted from excess of surprise and terror. The sound of the voice accosting her, gave her courage to look up, and she found herself in Lord Malcolm's arms. The sight of him only increased her agitation; and hastily seating her on the fragrant little mound close by, he brought water in the large gourd always swimming in the Spring, and applied it to her lips and temples. As the lovely invalid slowly recovered, the young nobleman explained and apologized for his abrupt appearance by stating that he was but just arrived—and in his extreme impatience to greet her had ventured, on permission of Sir Rezin, *who had* the goodness to show him the way, to intrude on her solitude; not for an instant anticipating the painful effects of her being thus taken unawares. Still weak and trembling, Fanny shuddered and started up at finding that, oh! dire omen! they had during their brief converse been seated on the "Bride's Grave." Lord Malcolm expressed the tenderest concern at her faded looks,—but he had already heard the assigned cause of a severe indisposition. Fearing for the effect of the keen air on her delicate frame, for the spring being remarkably backward, "as yet the trembling year was unconfirmed," he hurried her away as hastily as his care for her weak state permitted.

Buck Island now resounded with the bustle of preparation for the important solemnity, the day of which was close at hand. All this pomp and confusion ill suited with the habits of the grave and retiring Irvine; but he vainly urged his preference of a plain and private style of nuptials.—All the gentry for miles around, were bidden to the marriage feast, which was according to usage to consist of a dinner and supper, with the evening-entertainment of a ball. No king and prime minister ever toiled harder to methodize a kingdom than did Lady Bland and her right hand, the housekeeper, to regulate the endless arrangements of the august affair. On Sir Rezin devolved the amusement of the noble Scot at such times as his beautiful betrothed chose to retreat into her citadel of maiden state and coyness: but upon the whole Miss Bland treated him with exemplary courtesy—and supported herself well under the flurry and excitement of the occasion.

On the morning of her nuptials, she looked pale and sad, and the traces of tears were perceptible on that cheek, unrivalled for form and colouring; but brides enjoy a prescriptive right to cry and look melancholy at attaining the grand aim of all their manœuvres: so nobody noticed a circumstance as common—indeed indispensable—as any part of the sacred ceremony. By nine o'clock, she was dressed in her wedding suit of white brocade, damasked and fringed with silver, whose magnificence was fully perceptible through the bridal veil of finest mechline lace which, enveloping her from head to foot, was rendered nearly superfluous by the quantity of long, fair hair, streaming loose and shining like molten gold. At the elbow of this bright creation, were stationed her six bride-maids wearing on breast and shoulder their favours of blue ribbon, knotted with silver; these were young ladies of the highest rank in the colony. The like number of cavaliers, composed the suite of the bridegroom, who, clad in a habit of white cloth and satin, richly laced with the precious metal appropriated to hymenial decorations displayed a refulgence of joy in his countenance and carriage, as dissimilar to the usual lurid ex

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pressions of his eye and mien as a sunbeam from a streak of fiery lightning. The marriage rite was performed, agreeably to the fashion of that and our own time, at the parish church, whither the company repaired in a procession of coaches drawn by four and six horses along the road, lined with the country people, collected to take a peep at the grand parade. This attendance consisted of the select friends of the party; the major portion of the guests being invited only for the evening. The sumptuous dinner, comparable to a Lord Mayor's feast for the richness, rarity and abundance of the viands, passed off as such entertainments are wont to do—but amid a heartiness of appetite and mirth, expleded by the ideas of modern refinement. The bride not now a drooping white lily, but glowing with the hue and radiance of the rose, sat at the right of her noble bridegroom, and received with a mixture of confusion and triumph, the homage of his impassioned devotion. Yet was not Fanny's heart at ease; but it swelled under the conscious pride of beauty, adorned with the utmost elegance of dress, and the adulation lavished on the heiress of Buck Island, now ennobled as the choice of a titled foreigner,—while the excitement of the crowd, the lights, the gaiety and splendor reigning around her, imparted a contagious tumult to her veins! But the hour of alternation was about to succeed: already her head began to ache and turn giddy with the buzz and confusion of the scene; and whispering a few words to her mother, the ladies rose simultaneously and vanished from the dining room. About half an hour afterwards, Lady Malcolm was crossing the hall on her way to her own chamber; she heard her name distinctly articulated in a voice that thrilled through her frame; she turned to the sound, and a well remembered figure threw a billet towards her, and instantly disappeared. The summons was potent as the conjuration of a necromancer over an unruly spirit—and like that obeyed.

Long before the gentlemen broke up their convivial divan (for, then as now, they sat late at the wine) Lord Malcolm, true as the shadow to the substance, had left the table, and was eagerly seeking his adored bride. He caught a glimpse of her during her momentary conference in the hall, which he beheld with a distrust of the evidence of his own perceptions. By and by the dispersed guests re-assembled in a side parlour; but Lady Bland looked round and inquired in vain of the domestics for Fanny and her noble lord. At length the bride's long absence was noticed by the company, while her ladyship and the punctilious knight wearied themselves in conjectures as to where she could have hidden herself. The evening was chill and lowering, and 'twas highly improbable that she would go forth alone and in her slight and splendid garb, so unfit for a promenade. After nearly an hour spent in questions and surmises, Lady Bland found her daughter in her own room, apparently engaged in re-adjusting her dishevelled hair—but pale, cold and agitated in the highest degree. Forbearing all comment on her singular absence and manifest discomposure, the fond and exulting mother, after aiding the trembling Fanny to arrange her dress, accompanied her into the saloon, which was the appointed reception room of the evening circle. Just as they joined the company, Lord Malcolm entered by another door, his face so lately animated with the effulgence of love and gaiety, now wan and stern, while his eyes glared like those of a corpse. Something so strange and sepulchral pervaded his manner and appearance, that all, with whom he came in contact, involuntarily sprung aside; his motions and actions resembled those, which the force of galvanism extorts from the dead. The lively strains of the violins now gave signal for the opening of the ball; this etiquette required the new married pair to do, and like an automaton the bewildered bridegroom led forth the admired heiress, now all his own, for the minuet, with which all gestic pastimes invariably began; but between his constrained and unconscious movements and the embarrassment and perturbation of the distressed Fanny, never was a dance worse performed. Gigs, a favorite exhibition, as they gave the gentleman a right to a kiss from his partner at the close, then succeeded; after which came the prime exercise and country dances; and as the assembly waxed merry, and the salutations became general and unceremonious, their attention was gradually diverted from the extraordinary behaviour of the abstracted Irvine. The surpassing bride, who, attended by her lovely train, had sat like Venus, surrounded by the graces, withdrew from the festivity as soon as supper was over. After a banquet, served on wrought plate, that might have graced the nuptials of a prince, reels, the national (if such an epithet be not a solecism,) dance of the Virginians, commenced with renewed zest and spirit, and continued till near day break. About sunrise, the customary hour of stirring with the family, the house was still, and the revellers asleep.

Morning dawned as clear and dazzling as the sun's bright rays, shining on an untracked expanse of snow, could make it. During the night, as intensely cold as mid winter, there had been a heavy fall of it, though it was now as late as the middle of April. One by one, the servants began to struggle forth from their domitories; the housekeeper's shrill voice was heard resounding far and wide, like a sea gull clamouring in a storm,—and the disordered scene of the over night's jollity, presently exhibited the precision and nicety of holiday apartments. By eight o'clock, the inmates, transient and permanent, amounting to some score, were ready and assembled for breakfast, which only waited the forthcoming of the two most conspicuous personages. Lady Bland, blushing at her daughter's incivility, sent more than one messenger to hasten her,—but their whispered reports bore that the door of the bridal chamber, was, to be sure, ajar, but that no sight or stir of life within answered to their calls. Another half hour wore languidly by and still no sign or news of the noble couple. The heart of the anxious mother began to misgive her with a foreboding that all was not right; and in an under tone, she commissioned two of the bride-maids to go with the housekeeper, and rouse the sluggards. The trio knocked repeatedly at the half opened door, but no response was rendered to their summons;

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and awed by the strange silence and the idea of intruding upon the privacy of a lord, they returned, without entering, to relate their fruitless errand! Lady Bland, wild with an alarm that infected her husband, rushed through her own chamber, vacated by her for the night, into the one beyond; Sir Rezin, the housekeeper, and one or two others following. The rays of the sun, reflected through the red moreen window curtains, involved the apartment in a ruddy twilight, but its circuit seemed still and vacant as that of an empty monument. In her hurried advance to the bed, which stood at the upper end, her ladyship's foot encountered something slippery as glass—and falling on

THE LEGEND OF BUCK ISLAND,

a long crimson stain slightly crusted over, she felt her hand wet with something thick and curdled; at the same instant the drawing back of a window curtain, enabled Lady Bland to see what soiled her palm; it was blood! She screamed and fainted away; the affrighted bridemaids re-echoed her cry, and the room, in a moment filled. Some raised the senseless mother and bore her away—others hastened to Sir Rezin's side, who, immoveable as if carved out of stone, stood gazing on a sight of horror, that might well have terrified a father. On the bridal bed, as stiff and cold as the marble effigy on a tomb, lay the fair young bride—her bosom gashed with a ghastly wound; her sweet features fixed in the pallid rigor of death! One long lock of pale gold, escaped from beneath her midnight coif, and dabbled with clots of frozen blood, fell floating on the floor, and one little hand, that which bore the wedding badge, was thrown, half raised, across her breast, as if to ward off a blow, but there was no trace of convulsion or the struggle of murderous strife.—These were to be found in the wide stream of blood around the spot, and in the weapon, which gave the death stroke and was left sticking in her breast. This was a Highland dirk, inlaid with armorial bearings exactly similar to those so often described by the murdered Fanny, as encrusting the phantom dagger of her dream.—No other vestige of the assassin bridegroom was visible; he had evidently not passed the night within the chamber, for the angel victim to his maniac wrath had been many hours dead.—Amid all the horror and distress, paralyzing the house hold, a party of the gentlemen guests, made strict search for him throughout the demesne and vicinity—but without success. One of them fell upon a track, extending beyond those, stamped by the passage of the menials about the yard; it led to a wild, high cliff, overlooking the deepest part of Buck Island Creek, now slightly skimmed over by the frost,—but here it terminated or was lost. Whether the murderer stung by a paroxysm of remorse, had fled thither, or thrown himself into the stream below—or whether some accidental passenger had printed the snow, none ever knew; but from that night and hour, Lord Malcolm Irvine was never seen or heard of more.

In the confession made to her mother by the hapless sacrifice to the jealous phrensy of a husband, there was one circumstance studiously suppressed; that was the farewell meeting solicited by George Meredith and promised by herself. An opportunity of establishing himself to great advantage in the Antilles, offering itself, the unhappy young man eagerly embraced it as the means of quitting a country now become odious to him, and of shaking off the patronage by which he felt himself debased. On the day which proved the last of Miss Bland's life, he arrived in the neighborhood for the express purpose of this parting interview. Loth to trust an emissary between them, he went over himself to Buck Island, and picked a chance of delivering the few lines apprizing her of his arrival, and where he then waited for her. Lord Malcolm witnessed the receipt of this billet, he saw the eager trepidation with which his bride sped off after its perusal. It was but natural for him to follow her, as he did, nearly stifled by excess of passion. The appointed trysting place was an arbour in the garden distant only a few paces from the great gate, whither the light figure, he, but a moment before adored as angelic flitted before him. The unhappy bridegroom all hell raging in his breast, beheld the impassioned meeting, the wild embrace, the flowing tears.—Maddened by some words of dubious import as imperfectly heard by him, he was on the point of bursting upon, as he thought, the guilty pair,—but the dread of vengeance defeated thereby, arrested his deadly design. They continued together but a few moments; with all the fiend unchained within him, he saw their separation and ere he could move from the spot where rage and a confluence of horrible emotions transfixed him, both were out of sight. The sad sequel has been already related.

There remains but little to be told of our tale: George Meredith settled in Antigua, where he long dwelt, universally esteemed but unmarried. Sir Rezin never held up his head after the tragical end of his idolized child, whom he outlived only one year. Lady Bland.

"Surviving all
"Charms, kindred, children,"

lived to the extremity of human existence—but not at Buck Island. Detesting the scene of her daughter's untimely catastrophe, and unable to disbelieve, yet unwilling to verify the popular rumour, that insisted on supernatural appearances within the fatal chamber; and on "airy tongues that syllabled" the lovely victim's name at dead of night, disturbing the rest of the household,—she left the family seat not to return, as soon as decency would allow, after the loss of her husband. After her death the vast possessions on which she had so prided herself, went to enrich a remote and obscure branch of the Wolverines, with which in her days of maternity and palmy hope, she scorned to acknowledge affinity.

After her ladyship's desertion of the mansion house, it remained unoccupied and gradually fell into decay. The belated passenger, as he trudged along the road to the crossing place at the Creek, looked up in vain to the brow of the hill for the many lights erst burning there as a cheering beacon to his steps; and instead of the stir and "voices of social men" once resounding where all was alive and gay, his ear caught only

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the melancholy sounds of the doors and window shutters, flapped by the high winds; or of the screech owl, hooting from some mouldering corner or chimney top. A residence too extensive for the person to whom it fell in the division of the estate, the dilapidated building was at last pulled down and the timber and other materials mostly employed to construct two smaller dwellings. The Bland home-stead thus perished as the name was extinct and passed away; and the history and memorials, of the once haughty and splendid race, exist only in the time worn ruins of an edifice, and in this imperfect record of the Legend of Buck Island. E. C. S.

From the New England Magazine.

THE SHETLAND WIDOW.

In consequence of the gale, which, in the autumn of 1832, wrecked so many unfortunate Shetland fishermen, their widows were obliged to supply their places in the boats, to save their families from famine.

"Aye lend thine aid, my son, to push
The shallop from the shore;
For I must take thy father's place
To ply the feathered oar,
And out upon the faithless sea
Must thou my little Steersman be.

"And thou wilt trim the sail, and steer
Head-land and low reef by;
And mark, where sunken rocks, beneath
The deeper waters lie.
Small skill, I know, my son, is thine;
But yet, alas! still less is mine.

"My weak heart trembles, thus to see
Our cot no longer near;
And view the lessening winding shore,
Like a faint line appear.
My babes! shall I e'er see you more,
Or tread again that flying shore?"

"Mother, thou see'st the blue waves break,
And sparkle in the sun:
And we our laden bark shall moor,
Ere yet the day is done."
"So smiled the sea that very day,
That last, thy father went away.

"But inland, see, the sea-mews veer;
I fear a flurry's nigh;
Glad I could sleep beneath the waves,
But could not see thee die.
How near these wailing storm-birds keep,
And o'er the roughening billows sweep!"

"Nay, courage, mother, ne'er before
Was't thou outside the bay;
For often thus, from stem to stern,
The stormy petrells play.
And rest thee on thine oar, the gale
With gentle breathings, fills the sail.

"And o'er the crested ocean waves,
Our skiff shall gaily ride;
As o'er the breakers and the surf,
We see you sea fowl glide.
And He who guides the sea-bird thus,
Will, surely, mother, think on us."

"God bless thee, boy! thou art my stay,
While I should comfort thee;
The widow and the orphan's God,
Is He, who rules the sea;
And I will trust his power to guide
Our shallop homeward o'er the tide."

Mrs. Carmichael in her "Domestic Manners and Society in the West Indies," gives the following curious and extraordinary account of the Chasseur Ant, common at Trinidad.

One morning my attention was arrested at Laurel Hill, (Trinidad,) by a number of black-birds whose appearance was foreign to me; they were smaller but not unlike the English crow, and were perched on a calabash tree near the kitchen. I asked D. who that moment came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many of those blackbirds. She said, 'Misses, dem be a sign of de blessing of God; dey are not the blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noon-time, how de ants will come and clear de houses." At this moment I was called on to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D's. I paid no further attention to it. In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of the room; my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table, where their legs did not communicate with the floor.

They did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this the walls of the room became covered by them, and next they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I next thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship; for, had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the steps of the stair, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left, but the upper room presented a singular spectacle; for not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particular the cock-roach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur ants, as if trained to battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cock-roaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of the cock-roaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cock-roaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed all to their store-house. The windward windows of the room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the panes of glass.—The jack-spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as a British wasp; and its sting in proportion is more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cock-roach had attempted. Two jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivable short space of time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-spaniards, and crawled down again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm. From this room I went to the adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chasseurs. I opened a large military chest of linens, which had been much infested; for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters; I found the ants already inside; I suppose they must have got in at some opening of the hinges. I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of cock-roaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chambers

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built at a little distance; but these all were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store room at the other end of the house, for a place of retreat; but to get the key I had to return to the under room, where the battle was more hot than ever; the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice, and strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength, that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one rat or mouse escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off during a very short period.

We next tried the kitchen—for the store room and boy's pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle between rats, mice, cock-roaches and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said—"Ah, Misses, you have got the blessing of God to-day and a great blessing it be to get such a cleaning." I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants; and about twelve the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock the great strife commenced with the rats and mice; and about three the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors, but the grass round the house, was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnant of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the black birds, who had never been long absent from the calabash and pois deux trees in the neighborhood, darted down among them, and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock the whole was over; before sundown the negro houses were cleared in the same way; and they told me that they had seen the black-birds hovering about the almond trees as early as seven in the morning. I never saw these black-birds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen but at such times.

APPARITIONS.—The celebrated historian De Thou had a very singular adventure at Saumur, in the year 1598, which shows the happy effects of a calm inquiry into the cause of any alarming or extraordinary appearance. One night having retired to rest, very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep, he felt a very extraordinary weight upon his feet, which, having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream; but hearing soon after some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw by the help of the moon, which at that time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair, some rags, which he thought belonged to thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, he had the courage to ask it what it was. 'I am,' said the figure, 'the Queen of Heaven.' Had such a figure appeared to any credulous, ignorant man, he would doubtless have trembled with fear, and frightened the whole neighborhood with a marvellous description of it. But De Thou had too much understanding to be imposed upon. On hearing the words which dropped from the figure, he immediately concluded that it was a mad woman, got up, called his servants, and ordered them to turn her out of doors; he then returned to bed and fell asleep. Next morning he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut the door this female figure had escaped from her keepers, and entered his apartment. The brave Schomberg, to whom De Thou related his adventure some days after, confessed that in such a case he would not have shown so much courage: The king likewise, who was informed of it by Schomberg, made the same acknowledgment.

The following relation contains a description of apparition of a different kind, no less appalling. M Schmidt, mathematical teacher at the school of Plo near Nuremburg, which had formerly been a cloist once happened to awake suddenly as the morning l gan to dawn. On opening his eyes, he beheld with tonishment a monk standing at the foot of his b Looking at him steadfastly, he appeared to be well fe and his head far from small, was sunk a little betwe a pair of very broad shoulders. The chamber w sufficiently secured; Mr. Schmidt alone slept in it; a he was very certain that no one would attempt to pu trick upon him in jest. He knew also that no part his clothes or any thing else was hanging at his bed foot. The figure exactly resembled that of a mon clothed in a white surplice, the falling folds of whi were very clearly to be distinguished. Had an ignora and timid man beheld this appearance, he wou probably have covered himself up with the bed cloth and firmly maintained that the ghost of a monk h appeared to him. As the school had formerly been cloister, many monks had been buried both in th church and church yard, and it was currently reporte among the vulgar that the place was haunted. M Schmidt, however, neither ignorant nor timid, immedi ately conjectured that his eyes were deceived, thoug he could not conceive in what manner. He raise himself up a little in his bed, but the apparition did no move; he only saw more of it, and the folds of the su plice were still more conspicuous. After a little whil he moved towards the right, yet the apparition remain ed, and he seemed to have in part a side view of it; but as soon as he had moved his head so far as to have a slight glimpse of the bed's foot, the apparition re treated backwards, though still with its face to the bed. Following the apparition quickly with his eyes it re treated with speed, swelled as it retreated to a gigantic form, a rustling noise was heard, and—at once the apparition was changed into a gothic window with white curtains which was opposite the bed's foot and about 6 or 7 feet distant from it. Several times after this, Mr. Schmidt endeavored when he awoke to see the same appearance, but to no purpose, the window always looking like a window only. Some weeks af ter, however, on awakening, as the day began to dawn he again perceived the monk's apparition at his bed foot. Being now aware what occasioned it, he exam ined it narrowly. The great arch of the window form ed the monk's shoulders, a smaller arch in the cent of this his head, and the curtains its surplice. The fol of these appeared much stronger than they did at th same distance by daylight. Thus the figure of the mon appeared plainer, nearer, and smaller than the windo would have done.—*Dick's Improvement of Society.*

THE VOICE OF THUNDER.

BY GREENVILLE MELLEN.

Voice from the deep of air!
That speakest from thy shrine of stooping clouds,
Shaking the buried in their marble shrouds,
How stern thou pealest there!
Thou makest men grow pale,
Rebuking them amidst their mirth,
Till they look upward from the heated earth,
In wonder and in wail.

No sound that rides the sky
Calls to the human heart with such a thrill,
Commanding its proud pulses at its will,
As thine, O voice on high!
No sound sublimer rolls
Above old mountains, valleys, and the sea,
To stir, with its great music, full and free,
The deep fount of our souls!

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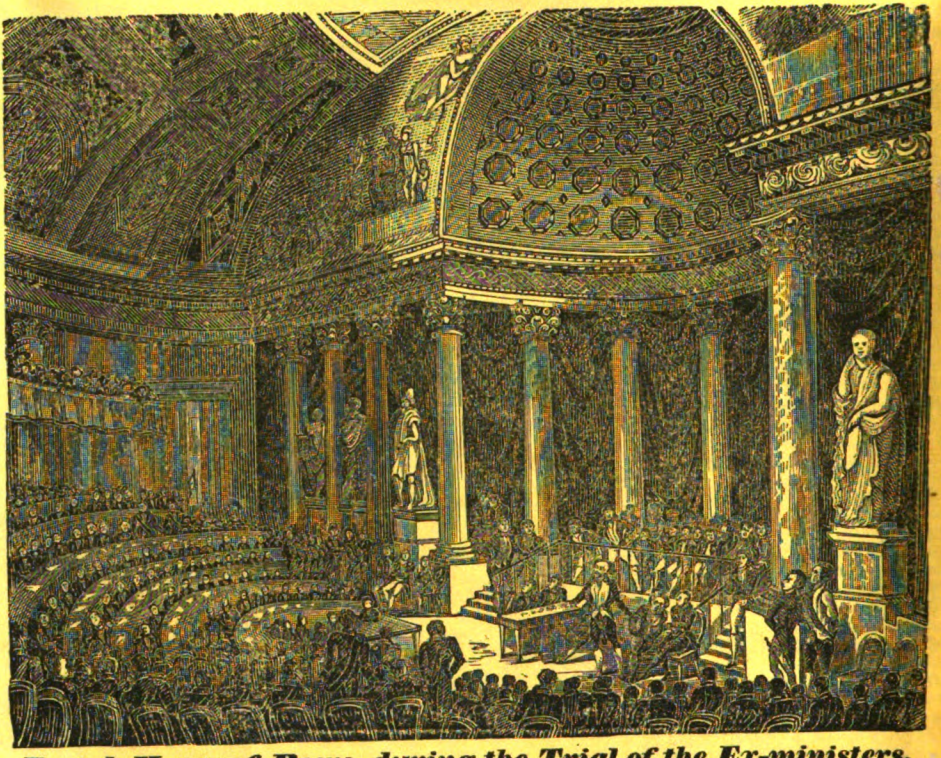

French House of Peers, during the Trial of the Ex-ministers.

Harbour and Custom House of Dublin.

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French House of Peers, during the Trial of the Ex-ministers.

The French Chamber of Peers occupies a magnificent hall, which has been constructed for its accommodation in the centre compartment of the Palace of the Luxembourg. It is in the form of a Greek Theatre, about 80 feet in diameter, supported by Corinthian columns, in imitation of marble. In the interior are statues of Solon Aristides, Scipio Africanus, Demosthenes, Cicero, Lycurgus, Camillus, Cincinnatus, Cato of Utica, Pericles, Phocion and Leonidas, in which the modern sculptors of France have endeavoured to surround her senate with the most appropriate historical recollections. In a recess facing the assembly, is the president's seat, and before it is a bust of Louis XVIII. by Dupaty.

This apartment of the Luxembourg gave name, in 1814, to the entire palace: a marble tablet being at that period placed over the principal entrance which announced its change of designation.

There needed no inscription of this kind to denote the purpose to which it was devoted on the memorable occasion to which our plate alludes. The whole public interest of the metropolis of France, and indeed of the civilized world, was too powerfully engaged in what was passing. It was felt to be a trial not only of the alleged crimes of the unfortunate gentlemen implicated, but of the strength of the new government.

Harbour and Custom House of Dublin.

Dublin is seated in view of the sea on the east, and in a fine country, which swells into gently rising eminences on the north and west, whilst lofty mountains bound the horizon on the south. The city itself cannot be seen to full advantage on first entering the harbour, but the approach to it from thence exhibits a fine prospect of the country for improvement and cultivation, which have a most agreeable effect to enliven this most delightful scene. The Wicklow mountains on the south, with the pointed cone of the sugar-loaf, contribute not a little to embellish a landscape so extensive and picturesque as not to be equalled by any one view in Europe, excepting, perhaps, the Bay of Naples, to which it is acknowledged to bear a striking resemblance.

Dublin might be a commodious station for shipping, were it not for two sand banks, called the *North and South Bulls*, which prevent large vessels from crossing the bar, and sad experience has proved that the bay is not a safe place for anchorage; in consequence, a new harbour has been formed at Howth. The river, however, has been greatly improved for such vessels as do not draw too much water to cross the bar, by a prodigious work on the south side of it, called the *South Wall*, and which extends three miles. It is formed of large blocks of granite strongly cemented, and strengthened with iron clamps, the breadth on the top being near forty feet, and rising five feet above high water mark.

Goods are brought to the custom house in a species of lighters, of which a good idea may be formed from those represented in the cut. The custom house itself, if we consider the beauty of its architecture, or the judicious choice of site and accommodations, must be acknowledged to stand at the head of all those establishments erected for commercial purposes among European nations. It is situated in the northern division of the city, and as is represented above, close to the side of the river. The expense of this magnificent structure, which is larger probably than the trade of Dublin requires, was no less than two hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds sterling. It is 375 feet long, by 275 broad: opposite its east front are the government wet docks.

We feel a peculiar pleasure in being able to offer our readers an original poem from the pen of that accomplished American female, Miss Hannah F. Gould, of Newburyport. There is a vein of feeling pervading the whole of the subjoined poem, which increases the charm of its versification, and entitles it to rank among the best efforts of her pen. We are happy to add that our columns will be occasionally graced with other poems from the same gifted writer.

Written for the Casket.

THE VETERAN AND THE CHILD.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Come, Grandfather, show how you carried your gun
To the field where America's freedom was won;
Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,
When you rose to command, and led forward your men!
And tell how you felt with the balls whissing by,
While the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die!"

The prattler had stirr'd in the veteran's breast,
The embers of fire that had long been at rest.
The blood of his youth rush'd anew through his veins;
The soldier returned to his early campaigns—
His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,
While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of fourscore.

"I carried my gun, boy, as one that should be
But loosed from the hold of the dead or the free!
I fearlessly lifted that trusty old sword,
In the hand of a mortal, with strength from the Lord!
In battle, my vital flame, freely, I felt,
Should go, but the chains of my country to melt.

"My blood sprinkled warm upon Lexington's sod,
And Charlestown's green height to the war-drum I trod.
From the Fort on the Hudson our arms I depress'd,
The proud, coming sail of the foe to arrest.
I stood at Stillwater, the Lakes and White-Plains,
And offered for freedom to empty my veins.

"Dost now ask me, child, since thou hear'st where I've been,
Why my brow is so furrow'd, my locks white and thin—
Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,
Trace out little beauties, and shine bright as thine;
Or why so unstable his tremulous knee,
Who bore, 'sixty years since,' such perils for thee?

"What! sobbing so quick? are the tears going to start?
Come! lean thy young head on thy grandfather's heart.
It has not much longer to glow with the joy,
I feel, thus to clasp thee, so noble a boy!
But when in earth's bosom it long has been cold,
A man, bear in mind what, a babe, thou art told!"

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THE CHASE.

FROM THE LOG BOOK OF RICHARD MIZEN, Q. S.

'A sail!—a sail!—a promised prize to hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?'
CORSAIR.

'SAIL, ho!' cried the mast-head-man, as the daylight broke on the U. S. ship ———, on a fine morning in June, 18——.

'Whereaway?'

'Off the weather bow—a taunt brig, with her yards braced up, and all sail set alow and aloft.'

'How does she set in the water?'

'Light, sir, as a duck!'

'Any sheer in her waist?'

'Straight as a line, sir!'

'Quartermaster, give me the glass.' Lieutenant Smith took a long look. 'The very chap we've been looking for! Mr. Griffin!'

'Sir.'

'Let the Captain know there's a suspicious brig to windward, and the Dog Keys to leeward, right under the fore chains.'

'Ay, ay, sir;' and Mr. Griffin was out of sight in a moment.

'Forecastle, there! out and loose the flying jib; topmen, aloft and shake the reef out the topsails, and stand by to let fall topgallant sails; afterguard, man the main sheet; and you, gunners, look out for the arm-chests!'

A dozen 'ay, ays' were bellowed at once. It seemed lieutenant Smith gave all these orders in a breath, and in as short a time, pea and monkey jackets were doffed, and every man in motion. The quickness with which all the commands were executed, gave earnest that the men understood their cause, and before their commander appeared on deck, the whole was completed and the ship under full sail.

'Whereaway is this craft, Mr. Smith?' said the captain.

'Just outside the fore-tack, sir.'

Captain L. took a glass and for some time looked steadily in the direction designated. He appeared satisfied, that the vessel in sight was no other than a piratical brig, of which he had been in search.

'The very fellow!' said he, as he dropped the glass from his eye. 'Call all hands, Mr. Smith, and give her the royals;—we must catch that brig before night.'

A moment after, the boatswain's shrill call, succeeded by his gruff 'all hands ahoy,' rung through the ship, and in a few minutes the drowsy sailors, one by one, came bunding up the hatchways, till all were on deck.

By this time the trade wind set in, and the ship gathered headway. Its freshness invigorated all, and with the intelligence of a chase, dispelled the surliness of the men, who had been deprived of their rest, and seated an animated expression on every face. The brig was about two miles distant, and plainly visible to all.

'Cast loose the bow gun, and get her ready for a fire.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Is there any current setting towards these keys, Mr. Smith?'

'No, sir; the current sets to the northeast.'

'How close can we scrape the reef?'

'A cable's length will carry us clear.'*

'All ready with the gun, sir,' cried the quarter gunner.

'Fire, then, and plant the shot under her fore foot, and take care not to touch her.'

'Up helm a little—there—steady, steady,' and the quarter gunner lengthened out the last syllable till he got the gun in a fair range.

'Stand clear, and watch the shot,' cried he, as he retreated a pace and pulled the lockstring.—Away went the ball, and all eyes were bent to see the spot it should strike. The aim was fair, for the iron fell close ahead of the brig;—she passed over its wake, and stirred neither tack nor sheet. There was a profound stillness in the ship, for all were surprised that the brig showed no symptoms of obeying the summons, and were unwilling almost to believe their own eyes.—Captain L. participated in the feeling, and it was not until he plainly saw such was the fact, that he ordered the gun to be discharged again.

'The breeze freshens, sir; shall we take in sail?' said Mr. Smith, as the wind whistled sharply through the rigging, and the ship began to plunge heavily into the accumulating waves. Captain L. paid no attention to the remark.—He was absorbed in thinking of the brig.

'Shall we furl the royals, sir?' again demanded the lieutenant; 'the lee chains are under now.'

'Are you ready with that gun?' shouted the captain.

'All ready, sir.'

'Give it to her then, among her spars.'

The ship was for a moment kept away from the wind, and the gun fired. The shot went far over the brig, doing her no damage.

'What are you about there? who trained that gun?' cried the captain.

'I trained it, sir,' replied Palmer, the quarter-gunner, with the rim of his tarpaulin between his thumb and forefinger; 'but the ship was so o'reened to leeward that I could'nt fire lower.'

At that moment the breeze freshened still more, and the main royal yard snapped in twain. The sail sagged down, and flapped about so furiously as to endanger the mast. Nothing short of this could have diverted captain L.'s attention from the brig; now, the snap of the yard startled him, and he saw he was carrying topgallant sails and royals, when commonly he would have had a reef in the topsails.

'Take in those flying kites, sir, and down with the topgallant yards. You'll have the masts over the side presently, and then we may whistle for the brig. In with them, sir.'

Captain L. was in a passion. The truth is, the wind was every instant freshening, and was already nearly half a gale. The ship was foaming and plunging through the seas, without rising upon them, at the rate of nine knots an hour; her masts pitching and jerking with that short, uneasy motion that must, in a very short time, have snapped them, had not the slight accident aloft informed captain L. of the trial he was making of his spars. The lighter sails being in, however, eased them so much, that immediate danger was no longer apprehended, and then at-

*One hundred and twenty fathoms, or 720 feet.

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tention was again fixed on the brig. She still held her course, having only taken in her royals. This movement more fully showed her real character; for, in furling them, more men were seen aloft than any merchantman could have spared from deck. By this time the long gun was ready for another fire. Captain L. aimed and fired it himself, but with no better success than Palmer. The shot fell short. The next moment a volume of smoke issued from the weather side of the brig, and the booming report of a heavy gun came on the increasing gale.

'Does the scoundrel defy me!' cried the captain. 'Beat to quarters, and give him a broadside, right into his hull!'

'The brig bears away before the wind,' cried a man from the jib-boom.

'Hard up the helm, then!' cried the commander; 'up with it, and square the yards.'

'Avast, there!' exclaimed Mr. Smith; 'there's a reef close under the lee bow, and if you keep her away the tenth part of a point, we shall be dashed to pieces in five minutes!'

The order was instantly countermanded.—Captain L. sprung to the lee gangway, and discovered to his dismay the low, black rocks ranged regularly along, not four hundred yards from the ship! He then passed rapidly on to the forecastle, and threw a hasty glance along the ledge, till his eye rested on the last point. He saw, with the quickness of thought, that he was in a situation from which it would be difficult to escape. The gale rapidly increased. The ship, trembling at every joint, was breaking through the drift and foam, cutting the boiling seas that every moment broke clear over her, deluging her deck with water. Captain L. made his way back to the quarterdeck. The peril into which he was unconsciously thrown, brought him completely to himself;—the brig and all else but his ship was forgotten. He was perfectly cool, though quick and nervous in his movements; and a shade of anxiety was discoverable in his face, notwithstanding his effort to suppress all outward demonstration of his feelings.

'The ship cannot stay in this sea,' said he, in a low, hurried, and half-inquiring tone, to Mr. Smith.

'No, sir; she will never go round in such a swell as this. No human efforts could make her!'

'And she will certainly go to the bottom if we attempt to wear!'

'Certainly!' replied the collected Smith.

'How does that point bear?'

Lieutenant Smith stooped and glanced at its position.

'About two points on the bow, and not half a mile off!'

'Give me the trumpet, sir—give me the trumpet! She must go round, or we'll be smashed in five minutes!' and seizing the trumpet, he shouted, 'ready about,' and the other orders for tacking closely followed. There was a moment of bustle and changing of places among the men, and then all was quiet.

'Are you all ready, forward?'

'All ready, sir!'

'Ease down the helm—handsomely! handsomely! Let fly the jib-sheet!'

The helm was put down, the sheet let go, and slowly the ship's head came up to the wind, and her sails were slightly shivered. To the success of this movement every man on board looked with a heart swelled almost to bursting, for on it, they knew their safety hung. The seas dashed over her more impetuously—and, for a moment, she stood almost still. This moment was to decide. If the wind caught the head sails aback, the manœuvre would be complete, and the ship safe; if not, she would most likely get stern-way, and the most disastrous result was to be anticipated. Captain L. did not, for an instant, forget his terrible responsibility at that crisis; but gazing intently on the sails, his whole soul seemed wrapped up in the event. His feelings were his men's, who did not, for one moment, withdraw their straining scrutiny from the indicators of their fate. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, yet to them it seemed an age, when slowly the bows of the ship payed off from the wind, and it was apparent she would not go about.

'May she be damned for that!' growled a sailor within hearing of his commander.

'Silence, sir!' exclaimed the captain.

There was a startling solemnity in his tone and manner, evincing a just sense of propriety at a moment so big with the fate of human beings.

'Bring the ship to the wind, quartermaster, and keep her as close as she will lie—touch and go.'

'Touch and go, sir!' was the immoveable seaman's reply.

The ship, obedient to her helm, came up, and regained her headway, without having very perceptibly fallen off. By this time the point it was necessary to weather was a few hundred yards distant, and to every man on board, it seemed the merest possible chance to pass it—to strike it, would be certain destruction. The gale still increased, yet captain L. did not dare to start a rope. Every strand was stretched to the utmost. The spars were sprung into the shape of bows. If the ship before dived through the seas, she now seemed to drive them before her, so tremendous was the power with which she was urged onward. Her lee guns dragged in the water, and the lee side of the deck was full of it. Under such a press of canvass, it was only wonderful the masts were not swept from the deck, or the ship capsized. As she neared the point, the feelings of her inmates were wound up to an agonizing pitch. Some stood, with terrified countenances, grasping the rigging; some crept away to a corner, and with their faces buried in their hands, waited in silent dread the consummation; while others gazed with aching eyes on the rocks, as the ship, with appalling rapidity, neared them.

But what sound is that, like the report of a cannon, that comes so stunningly on the ears of all?

'The jib's burst!' yelled a trumpet-toned, unearthly voice from the forward deck;—it seemed the knell of hope!

'Lay out and loose the fore-topmast staysail, and man the halyards!' shouted the undismayed commander; 'move, men, for your lives! quartermaster, keep the ship steady!'

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'Steady, to a hair, sir!' was the cool, undaunted reply.

By the time the fore-topmast staysail was hoisted, the ship was directly abreast the point of danger. Then was the agony of that fearful trial, almost beyond mortal bearing! Instead of finding it, what they supposed, a point, of terminating suddenly, they discovered, on approaching it, that the ledge continued in a right line nearly a quarter of a mile! The ship was then so near it that a strong arm might have cast a biscuit on the rocks, and she was sensibly drifting to leeward, under the press of wind and the continued setting of the sea. The water boiled up around her from the rocks below! The spray of the waves was almost thrown back on her deck from the rocks above! Could they hope to escape? Not one man expected to see the setting of that day's sun! Each settled in his own mind to meet his Creator as best he could—Captain L. was the only man who quailed not amid the furious encounter. With a steady gaze on the sails, he watched the quiver of their edges, and not once removed his eyes from them. He knew that on keeping the ship close to the wind, depended all, and to that he looked, as the arbiter between life and death.

'Luff, quartermaster, luff,' said he in a rapid under-tone, as if uncertain whether the command was correct; 'luff, I think the wind veers!'

'It does, sir; she has come up a point.'

To this reprieving intelligence there was but one drawback in the mind of captain L. The wind, constantly fitful, might suddenly change back to its old point, in which event the headway of the ship would be deadened, and as close to the breakers as she then was, not one hope would be left. But an allseeing Providence did not so decree it. Still the commander watched the sails, and still the ship came gradually up.—Every moment removed her farther from the breakers. There was a sensible movement throughout the ship. A long drawn sigh burst from the men, and they breathed again, as they saw the distance between them and danger momentarily lessening. At length, the last black rock was left behind, and the weight of torture was removed from their breasts, who, a short time before, were prepared to battle with 'the foaming brine;' and to die on the rocks, whose very existence they *now* scarce thought of!

Attention was again directed to the brig, and she was perceived almost hull down to leeward, with all sail set. The sea was clear, and captain L. became again intent on the chase.

'Now slap her before the wind,' said he to his lieutenant; 'crack all drawing sail on her from stem, to stern, and before we sleep this night, we'll have her.'

The ardent and steady commander then gave the trumpet to Mr. Smith, and sought his cabin. His feelings had been terribly wrought up, and the revulsion was more overpowering than he was willing to exhibit to those around.

His orders were obeyed with unwonted eagerness and celerity;—the ship like a moving cloud, flies onward through the majestic billows, yet seeming scarce to touch them,

'So gloriously her gallant course she goes.'

Now she lifts her head, sparkling with a million drops, high in air, like a gay caparisoned steed; now plunges it into the hillocks of crested brine, dashing the effervescent spray in snowy and fantastic curls before her prow:—Now resting almost motionless on the apex of an arching sea, or darting forward with accelerated impetuosity:—Now gracefully careening from side to side; then moving steadily, with upright masts, on her winged career, like a sea-bird soaring on the rushing gale:—

'Who would not brave the battle fire,—the wreck,
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?'

Throughout the forepart of the day the wind was still strong; at meridian, it had sensibly diminished; and before the afternoon had half expired, the sudden gale dwindled into the steady trade, the waters subsided, and the ship moved on rapidly, but without labor. The distance between the two vessels was, at sunset, shortened to about two miles.

'We shall have a brush with that fellow, yet;' said captain L. as he relieved his eye from a long scrutiny of the brig, and cast it on a dark cloud that was backing up from the horizon behind.

'Does she show teeth?' demanded Smith.

'Ay; she has unshipped her bright sides and shows a full row; her deck swarms with men too. Are the guns all double-shotted?'

'Yes, sir.'

'The small arms in order?'

'All in perfect order. I have examined them myself. Not a pistol will miss fire, and the cutlasses would brain a man in a child's hand!'

Four hours afterwards, the ship still under a press of sail, captain L. stood where he did in the last conversation with his lieutenant. He had remained, with his eyes rivetted on the brig till suddenly, as if she had sunk to the bottom, she disappeared, and it was in vain he swept the horizon with his night glass. Nothing could have startled him more than did this unlooked for vanishing. He certainly had not withdrawn his eyes from her five minutes, altogether, and yet was she gone, and nobody could see her.—The night, too, was unfortunately darker than usual, for much of the sky was overcast with the cloud that first appeared at sunset. Captain L.—to use one of his own expressions—was 'all aback.' He went to the forward part of the ship—then to the gangway—then back to the quarterdeck; and looked in every direction; and it was reduced to a certainty that the brig was nowhere to be seen.

'In the devil's name, what can have become of her!' said he at length; 'this is not the latitude of the Flying Dutchman, or I should think I have been fooling myself with a goblin galliot all day! Are there any rocks about here, Mr. Smith?'

'Not a single breaker on the chart, sir.'

'Then she's afloat, and have her, I will! Masthead, there!' and without waiting for an answer, he shouted again, 'mast-head, there!'

'Sir!' sounded a voice, as if from the clouds.

'Do you see any thing of that brig?'

'No, sir!'

Captain L. became still more impatient.—Every man on board was set to look out for the

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invisible brig; and for half an hour, one hundred and fifty men and three hundred eyes looked out in vain. Never was man so puzzled as captain L. He did not know which way to turn, how to act, and least of all, what to think. There was a mystery about the matter that resisted the touchstone of professional experience and skill. That he should, in turning away for two minutes, have lost sight of the brig, was to him incomprehensible; and was certainly enough to disturb his equanimity.

'If I lose that brig,' said he, impatiently, I'll throw up my commission, and swear the prince of darkness himself is cruising in these seas, in an invisible Baltimore brig! Forecastle, there!'

'Sir!'

'Do you see any thing, yet?'

'There's something on the starboard bow, sir, but we can't make it out.'

Captain L. was on the forecastle in a moment. One look satisfied him. There was the brig, within point-blank distance, and not a rag of canvass abroad.

'Not gone yet, my fly-away! Mr. Smith, down with the studding sails, and beat to quarters!'

The words were hardly from his lips, before every man, as if simultaneously impelled, sprang to a rope, and in a minute, the light sails were lowered from the yards, and thrust below deck. The next, the deck was as silent, and the men as immoveable, as if they had become stone under a sorcerer's wand! *They were at quarters!*

Along the deck, at regular intervals, were lighted matches, and battle lanthorns, that cast a subdued light on the paraphernalia of war, scattered around in seeming confusion, yet, every article in its proper place, and showed the expression of eagerness combined with stern determination, depicted on the faces of the men. If there be a moment of a sailor's life, when his ardent character shines with greatest brilliancy, it is when he momentarily expects a battle to commence. With a swelling heart and a bounding pulse, he stands impatient for the word, no thought of danger or dismay, damping the vigor of his fiery spirit. Yet, is he never more steady in his judgment. That, as his other faculties, strengthens with the emergency, and he exhibits the uncommon spectacle of the intensest passion, guided, controlled, and regulated by an impetuous, but almost unerring judgment. It is then we are taught to admire his character; it is then the darker shades are lost in the halo of brilliancy his manliness and valor throw around him; and we forget that the lion of the battle can be as well the prince of a debauch, and the abject slave of degrading and inhuman passions.

With a steady speed the ship approached the brig. From the moment the guns of the former could be brought to bear, they were trained with exactness against the enemy, now within pistol shot of the ship, and nearly abreast. Not a light was visible about her, and not a sail was spread to break the delicate line of her long and rakish masts against the sky. No human figure showed itself above the bulwarks, save one, that, even in the darkness, appeared commanding, and he was at the helm.

Her long black hull rose and fell gracefully on the swells of the sea, and once in awhile, as she lurched to her side, a line of open ports could be distinguished, which seemed to bid defiance to the approaching ship.

'Brig ahoy!' shouted captain L.

A pause succeeded the hail, in which the crew scarcely breathed, so intent were they on the answer. The only sound was the rushing wave, and the flapping of the ropes swayed to and fro by the vessel's motion. No answer came.

'Brig ahoy!' again cried captain L., more vehemently.

'Hilloa!' came back upon the wind, in a clear, strong, and sonorous voice.

'What brig is that?'

There was no reply; but slowly, and as if by preternatural agency, the brig's sails were loosed and distended to their limits. No living creature was seen to effect this movement. No one could be perceived on the yards, and the man first seen, was the only one on deck. It seemed the work of magic.

'If you do not answer, I will fire into you!'

'Fire, if you please!' was the taunting and contemptuous answer.

'Stand by!' cried captain L.

'Stand by!' was heard from the brig, in an elevated, commanding, and determined tone.

Captain L., still willing to spare an inferior foe, exclaimed:

'Will you answer me? What brig is that?'

'No!' shouted the solitary of the brig.

'Fire!' screamed captain L.

'Fire!' yelled the other.

At the word, the broadsides of both vessels were discharged. As the sheeted flame burst forth, the ocean far round was lighted up with an intense, momentary blaze, and millions of sparks hung, for awhile, between the vessels, and gradually sinking to the water, were extinguished. Instantly succeeding the report, were the crash of timbers, and the groans of the wounded. Unheeded they fell, and their cries reached not the ears of comrades, who, at any other time, would have flown to their relief; now, the spell of battle was on every heart: the timid grew brave; the feeble, strong; the courageous, lion-like! For a short time, the wind was lulled by the concussion of the discharge, and the cloud of smoke hung upon the surface of the sea, completely concealing the combatants from each other, till the breeze resumed its supremacy, and swept it onward, and they emerged to view.

Again the lightning of their broadsides glared upon the sea, and their thunder roared, mixed up with the thunder of the clouds, and the fitful gusts of a gathering storm. A heavy, impenetrable darkness reigned, save close by the water's surface. Extending a few feet above that, was a subdued, sickly brilliance; the ocean had put on its mantle of light, and in every direction, as far as the eye could span, the breaking waves looked, as if on every crest was lighted a pale white fire, till the entire expanse seemed a vivid sheet of dancing flame. The effect was magnificent, and inspiring, heightened, as it was, for a moment after the fire of the vessels, by the flying shot, as they bounded and rushed through the waters, leaving a train of awakened light, like

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lightning, streaming over the face of the vasty deep!

Before the hostile vessels were prepared for a third discharge, the clouds that had been steadily gathering overhead, opened, and a deluge of rain, accompanied with a violent wind, an almost unintermitted stream of lightning, and one constant peal of deafening thunder, poured down upon them! Further combat was impossible. The full terrors of a tropical storm were above and around them. The wind almost instantaneously strengthened into a furious gale, and in the tumult consequent on a visitation so sudden and unprovided for, the vessels were separated.

During the greater part of the night, the ship lay to under short sail, and when the day dawned again, no vestige of the brig was visible.

Western Magazine.

The following lines are the production of a lady, who, for the last ten years, has been confined to her chamber by a lingering and painful affliction. They breathe noble sentiments, and evidence a well informed mind, which has preserved its freshness and vigour in spite of bodily suffering and the encroaches of disease. We lay them before our readers with great pleasure, and while we sincerely sympathise with our correspondent in her afflictions, we cannot but congratulate her on the possession of intellectual powers, from which she must necessarily derive great solace, and which enable her, as it were, to triumph over the frailness of human nature.

Art of cultivating Friendship, made known in a Dream.

Imperial night, her banner had unfurled,
And reigned in solemn silence o'er the world;
When sunk, by downy sleep, to soft repose,
This shining vision to my fancy rose.
The great Apollo, on a lofty throne
My ears saluted in a melting tone;
Around his temples shone a halo bright,
And Iris's bow imbibed the beams of light—
Flames from his eyes, and his immortal lyre
Re-echoed numbers of enchanting fire.
Friendship, sweet friendship, was his ardent theme,
Which long I had conceived an empty dream;
At least on earth, and to the skies confined,
And for our fallen nature too refined.

This shining sovereign of the tuneful train,
(While sweet contagion ran through every vein,)
Assured me, that the seeds of friendship lie
Neglected, and for want of culture die.
I'll teach you this Elysian plant to rear,
And while it blossoms in a terrestrial sphere,
Its odours shall a heavenly balm impart,
To cheer the spirits, and improve the heart.
Let virtue in thy breast erect her throne,
And friendship will not let *her* reign alone.
For these fair *sisters*, travel hand in hand,
And strength impart, as either strength demand.
Virtue is tender, though she is heavenly fair,
And must be cherished with officious care;
But while her growth your daily cares demand,
She lends her sister a supporting hand.

Fair science, early, should those minds refine,
Who would their hearts in leagues of friendship join.
Sweet flowers are cherished by Parnassian dews,
And knowledge tender sentiments infuse.
With caution shun that popular mistake,
Nor this nice principle for passion take,
That often sways the low and vicious breast,
Where sacred friendship seems to be a guest.

Receive, O! thoughtless youth, a God's advice,
And early learn true wisdom from the wise;
Of their assistance you are much in need—
Without it, virtue's paths you cannot tread;
And vice corrosive—social pleasures' bane,
Dissolves the links of friendship's golden chain.
The tyrant, fashion, too, corrupts the heart,
And love of gold, subdues with magic art.
Fly those enchantments, friendship to enjoy,
For they its richest harvest will destroy.

Receive the sacred word, its hallowed strains
Are sung with joy, on Eden's blissful plains:
They kindle here the same celestial love
That fires the disembodied saints above.
Each page emits a soul-reviving light,
To dissipate the gloom of mental night.

While these last notes were rolling from his lyre,
My spirit caught the sweet celestial fire—
Those flowry pages of Eternal truth,
Shall be the guide and comfort of my youth:
There will I range with ever new delight,
Where clustering glories every sense invite.

The tuneful God now stretch'd his wings for flight—
Stay, stay, I cried, and bless my longing sight;
But rapid in his flight, he spurn'd my prayer,
And the sweet vision melted into air.

THE WIND IN THE WOODS.

'Tis a pleasant sight on a vernal day,
When shadow and sun divide the heaven,
To watch the south wind wake up for play:—
Not on the sea where ships are riven—
Not on the mountain, mid rain and storm,
But when earth is sunny and green and warm,
O woodland wind, how I love to see
Thy beautiful strength in the forest tree!

Lord of the oak, that seems lord of the wild,
Thou art shaking his crown and thousand arms,
With the ease of a spirit, the glee of a child,
And the pride of a woman who knows her charms;
And the poplar bends like a merchant's mast,
His leaves, though they fall not, are fluttering fast:
And the beach, and the lime, and the ash-crown'd hill,
Stirs to its core at thy wandering will.

The pines that uprear themselves dark and tall,
Black knights of the forest so stately and old,
They must bow their heads when they hear thy call,
Aye, bow like the lilly, those Norsemen bold;
And every tree of the field or bower,
Or single in strength, or many in power,
Quiver and thrill from the leaf to the stem,
For the unseen wind is master of them!

It is gallant play, for the sun is bright,
And the rivulet sings a merrier song;
The grain in the meadow waves dark and light,
As the trees fling shade, or the breeze is strong.
And over the hills, whether rocky or green,
Troops of the noonday ghosts are seen;
The lovely shadows of lovelier clouds,
With the gloom of the mountains amongst their crowds.

The birds as they fly scarce use their wings,
They are borne upon those of the wind to-day;
And their plumes are ruffled, like all green things,
And flowers, and streams, by his noisy play.
One hour,—and valley, and wood, and hill,
May be sleeping and shining all bright and still;
Not a wave, not a leaf, not a spray in motion,
Of all which now looks like a vernal ocean—
Beautiful this;—yet I love to see
Thy strength, O wind, in the forest tree!

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From the New England Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER I.

"Homo sum. E humani a me nilalienum puto."
TERENCE.

DEAR SIR,

SEVERAL months have elapsed since you requested to be furnished with an autobiographical sketch of my life, or with materials from which you might yourself form a sketch. Doubts of the propriety of the measure,—various occupations which pressed me at the time—and a spirit of procrastination,—a leading trait in my character,—combined to postpone a decision on the subject till now, when, on mature consideration, I have determined to comply with your request.

Among the motives which have led to this decision, an prominent one, be assured, is, a hope that the sketch I propose to give, however deficient it may be of entertainment, forgwant of the thrilling scenes of interest —the strokes of humor—the frequent anecdotes, wherewith many autobiographies abound, (for which, by the way, I suspect in various cases the writers "draw on their imaginations for their facts,") it can hardly fail to have a beneficial tendency, by a display of the overwhelming difficulties and dangers, with which I have had to struggle for a full third part of my life, when I was almost daily on the verge of bankruptcy—dangers which I could not have overcome but by the most unshrinking perseverance and industry. The example of the favorable result of that perseverance and that industry, may encourage others in similar emergencies, who are desponding, and on the point of yielding to the pressure of difficulties, to buffet the waves, and finally reach the haven of ease and comfort in their old age. The hope that this result may, and the belief that it will, take place in many instances, afford encouragement to this undertaking, and will amply compensate for the time bestowed on the composition.

It may not be amiss here to state two classical passages, which most completely strengthened me in my difficulties, when I was on the point of sinking.

"Revocate animos: mœstumque timorem
"Mittite. *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"
VIRGIL.

This prophetic aspiration has been fully realized. It is delightful to look on the storms by which my poor bark was so often and so long assailed, and which for years threatened it with inevitable destruction.

"SPERAT INFESTIS—metuit secundis—
"Alteram sortem—BENE PRÆPARATUM PECTUS."
HORAT.

In addition to these aids, I had three constant stimuli goading my sides, whenever, as often happened, the energies of my body and mind were prostrated, and I was on the point of "giving up the ship." These were—the dread of poverty in old age—the claims of an increasing and interesting family—and the horror of obliging other people to pay my debts, as would necessarily have been the case, had I stopped payment.

So much for preface. Now to the thread of my story.

I was born in Dublin, on the 28th of January, 1760. My father carried on the useful, but not highly prized, occupation of a baker, in which, by inflexible honesty, unceasing industry, and rigid economy, he made a handsome fortune.

Of my early days I have a very faint recollection, except on one point, the wonderfully slow development of my faculties. I was less advanced in intellect at ten or twelve years of age, than many children in this country, at six or eight. In fact, I was in the rear of all the young people of my age and acquaintance. My conceptions were slow and immature. I was, truly an extremely dull boy. I had, however, a considerable aptitude for arithmetical exercises, and for the acquisition of languages, the latter of which was my ruling passion. Had I been adequately encouraged, and been provided with the proper "means and appliances," I am persuaded that, before I was twenty-one, I should have attained a knowledge not only of all the modern languages of Europe, but of the most important of the ancient ones. This will appear probable, when I state, that after about seven weeks hard study, without a master, I was enabled to read, and perfectly understand, French prose with great ease, and had little difficulty with the poetry of the language. It must, however, be observed, that I studied in the long days of summer, from sun-rise to sun-set, fifteen or sixteen hours, and scarcely allowed myself time for my meals. So that I studied as much in one month, as learners generally do in six, perhaps in twelve. In this case, too, I had suitable French books with English translations, nearly literal: among the number, the most prominent and useful were French Fables, Telemaque, and Les Voyages de Cyrus.

My education, like that of other lads of my rank in life, was extremely limited, and confined to the rudiments of the English language, arithmetic, and a slight smattering of Latin. Those who know the wide range of education at the present day, can scarcely conceive the extraordinary disadvantages under which children labored seventy years ago, particularly in Ireland. Of books, uniting entertainment with instruction, calculated for young people, I do not recollect to have seen six, perhaps I might say three. A large portion of the reading of young people of that day, for amusement, was confined to Don Bellianis of Greece, Gesta Romanorum, the Seven Champions of Christendom, the Seven Wise Masters of Greece, Guy, Earl of Warwick, &c. &c.; and for the improvement of their morals and manners, the history of Pirates, and of the Irish Rogues and Rapparees, &c. &c.

One particular worthy of notice is, that, by an anomaly probably of rare occurrence, although I had, as I have observed, a peculiar aptitude for common arithmetic, in which I made considerable progress, I never was able, notwithstanding various efforts, to master the rudiments of mathematics, a kindred science; and I presume, according to Spurzheim, the phrenological bumps that indicate the former, would equally indicate the latter.

When I was about fifteen years of age, it became necessary to choose a trade. I was decidedly in favor of that of printer and bookseller, which were then generally united. I had fixed my mind on them from the time I was five or six years of age. My father had a strong aversion to them—so strong, indeed, that while he gave me my choice of any other of the twenty-five corporations that existed in Dublin, he absolutely refused to look out a master for me at those trades —and, therefore, I sallied out to procure one for myself, and at length found one, a bookseller, of the name of McDaniel, who, during the period of my apprenticeship, changed it to McDonnel, as a more respectable name. Being very poor, he was tempted, by the apprentice fee, thirty guineas, to take me, although he had but little occasion for my services. My father was to board me on Sundays, and to pay for my washing.

My lameness, which took place when I was about a year old, through the carelessness of my nurse, was about as great a grievance to me as his to Lord Byron —not probably from the same motives. It operated on his vanity, and thus was felt daily and hourly. I was annoyed by the taunts and jeers and nicknames of my school and play-fellows, who, humanely, as is usual in such cases, omitted no opportunity of teazing me, and reminding me of a misfortune, of which I have felt the disadvantage almost every day of my life.

Had surgical aid been called in at an early period,

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this calamity might have been remedied, and I been secured from the various unpleasant and injurious consequences by which it was attended; among which a leading one was, that, by disabling me from associations with those of my own age, in which pedestrianism was involved, I gradually contracted a timidity and backwardness, which have "grown with my growth," and at every period of my life have had a pernicious operation on my career. This effect was greatly aided by the austere system under which I was brought up at home.

Mr. McDonnel was a hard, austere master, of most repelling manners. He never, in a single instance, expressed approbation of my conduct, however careful or industrious I was.

I had been a great, indeed a voracious reader, before I was bound apprentice—and had clandestinely subscribed to a circulating library, contrary to the wishes, and indeed without the knowledge, of my parents, who were opposed to the kind of books which, alone, I was desirous of reading. I used to be dissatisfied that I could not exchange books oftener than once a day. I used to sit up till twelve and one o'clock, reading novels and romances. Yet now, when attending a book-store, as I did for two years, where there was scarcely any business done, and where, of course, I had leisure to read four-fifths of my time, I did not read as much in a month as I was wont to do in a week. Strange perversity of our nature! which leads us to pursue with avidity whatever is forbidden or attainable only with difficulty, and to neglect the selfsame things when coursing our acceptance!

My first essay, as a writer, was when I was about seventeen years of age, and was on the subject of duelling. One of my fellow apprentices, T. McMahon, had a sparring match with the apprentice of a ruffian bookseller, of the name of Wogan, whose work was executed in McDonnel's office, which terminated, as sparring matches generally do, in a downright battle royal, in which the latter was completely discomfited; and carried off, as memorials of his defeat, a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose. He complained to his master, as if he had been wantonly and wickedly assailed. Wogan came to demand satisfaction and an apology from McMahon; who, being a lad of spirit, refused to comply, unless the apology were mutual, as the offence had been. Wogan was exasperated, and made his lad send a challenge to McMahon to meet him to decide the affair in the Phœnix Park, on the Sunday morning following. McMahon was as bold as a lion in combat with the fists or cudgels, but dreaded, with Bob Acres, "*double-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols.*" He was in dread of the rencontre the remainder of the week; but was relieved from his perplexity by the interference of McDonnel, who forbade him to appear on the ground. Wogan was quite serious; went with his lad to the Park at the appointed time; waited for half an hour; and came home vaporing and threatening to post McMahon.—Feeling indignant at this ruffianly conduct, I wrote an essay on duelling, showing its wickedness and absurdity, and detailing the number of persons who had fallen sacrifices to the horrid custom in France, under Henry IV. closing with this observation—

"These remarks are offered to the public in consequence of an attempt made by Mr. W. not a hundred miles from the Old Bridge, to produce a duel between two apprentice lads. Quere. If one or both had been disabled from earning a livelihood, would Mr. W. have supported him or them?"

The essay was published in the Hibernian Journal, a paper, of which McDonnel was half proprietor, but the management of which was left to his partner, a Mr. Mills. The MS. was sent for—my writing was known—I was severely reprimanded—and, to propitiate Wogan, McMahon, who was an unprotected orphan, was basely dismissed. But the unworthy sacrifice did not avail. Wogan was implacable, and withdrew his work from McDonnel.

My next essay was attended with much more serious consequences, and rendered me for a time a voluntary exile from my country.

I had directed my attention, at this early day, to the horrible oppression of the Irish Catholics, and had read every book and pamphlet I could procure, respecting the tyranny exercised on them, and the calumnies with which, for the purpose of justifying that tyranny, they were overwhelmed. With my mind filled with their sufferings, and my indignation roused, in the year 1779, I wrote a pamphlet entitled

"The urgent necessity of an immediate repeal of the whole Penal Code against the Roman Catholics, candidly considered; to which is added an inquiry into the prejudices entertained against them; being an appeal to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, exciting them to a just sense of their civil and religious rights, as citizens of a free nation."

"Beware, ye Senators. Look round in time;
Rebellion is not fixed to *any* clime;
In *trade, religion, every way oppressed,*
You 'll find—*too late*—such wrongs *must* be redressed.
Seize quick the time—for now—consider well—
Whole quarters of the world at once rebel."

LADY LUCAN.

"Cuncta prius tentanda; sed immedicabile vulnus
Ense rescindendum."

When nearly finished at press, I advertised it for publication in a few days—and the title page, with its daring mottoes, was published in the newspapers—together with an address couched in very strong language, of which the following is an extract:—

TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

"At a time when America, by a *desperate* effort, has nearly *emancipated herself* from slavery; when, laying aside ancient prejudices, a Catholic king becomes *the avowed patron of Protestant freemen*; when the *tyranny* of a British Parliament over Ireland, has been annihilated by the *intrepid spirit* of Irishmen; it is a most afflicting reflection, that you, my countrymen, the *majority of that nation*, which has shaken off an unjust *English yoke*, remain still enchained by one *infinitely more galling*; that you are, through your own pusillanimity, daily insulted by *imprudent menacing* advertisements, from *insignificant* parts of the kingdom; that a *new tyrannical* bigots in Meath and Wexford, presume to take into their own hands, the legislative and executive part of our government, and, with a dictatorial power, prescribe laws to their fellows subjects."

The plan of the pamphlet was a good one, but the execution was as might be expected from a young man, little experienced in writing, quite puerile.

The publication excited a considerable alarm, grounded on the tenor of the mottoes; for in fact the body of the pamphlet was wholly inoffensive, as it consisted principally of extracts recriminating the charges made against the Roman Catholics, with interlocutory matter. Parliament was then sitting; and the advertisement was brought before both houses; by the Duke of Leinster, in the House of Lords, and by Sir Thomas Connolly, in the House of Commons. It was adduced as full proof of the seditious and treasonable views of the Roman Catholics, and made use of by their enemies, in and out of Parliament, to show how unworthy they were of the favors, as they were called, which the Parliament was then preparing to accord to that persecuted and oppressed body. These pretended favors were some not very important relaxations of the cruel chains which had been accumulating for nearly a century a relaxation, solely the result of the terror excited

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by the revolt of the American Colonies—the French war—and the Volunteers.

There was, at that period, an association in Dublin, elected by the Roman Catholics, to manage their concerns, and to plead their cause with the government.—It partook of the general depression and servile spirit, which a long course of oppression uniformly produces. It was, in a word, the most servile body in Europe, and as unlike the Emmetts, the Shearness, the Samsons, the McNevens, of the Insurrection of 1798, or the Shiels, and the O'Connells of the present day, as the slavish Parliament of Charles II. which established passive obedience and non-resistance, by law, was to the glorious and immortal band who signed the Declaration of Independence, in 1776.

This cringing body, to make fair weather with the government, and to clear themselves of any participation in the seditious publication, called a meeting, headed by the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and by Lord Kenmare, and embracing nearly all the influential Catholics of Dublin; denounced the obnoxious advertisement in strong terms; offered a reward of, as well as I remember, forty pounds, for the discovery of the author, and engaged lawyers to carry on the prosecution in the event of a discovery.

I need not say that my father, who had no suspicion that one of his offspring was about to expose him to so much trouble and expense, was excessively alarmed.—He took measures to have the publication suppressed—and the types of those parts not yet printed off, viz. the preface, introduction, and four pages of peroration, were distributed, and, of course, never worked off. To the Catholic Committee an offer was made of burning the edition, provided the idea of a prosecution were given up. This offer was rejected, and a fierce prosecution was determined on.

Dreading the consequences, it was determined, after I had been concealed for four or five days, to send me out of danger; and I was put on board a Holyhead packet, with a few guineas in my pocket, to proceed to Paris, with a letter to a Roman Catholic priest, by whom I was introduced to Dr. Franklin, who had a small printing-office at Passy, a village in the neighbourhood of Paris, for the purpose of re-printing his despatches from America, and other papers. He engaged me, and I officiated in his office for some months, when, not having occasion for me any longer, I went to work with Didot le jeune, who was then engaged in printing some English books, where I did not remain long—for in about twelve months from the commencement of my exile, the storm having blown over, I returned to Dublin.

During the time when I was at Passy, an invasion of Ireland was contemplated by the French; and the Marquis de la Fayette, who was then in Paris, and was probably intended to take a part in the enterprize, called on me, to make inquiries on the political state of that country. But I was utterly unable to give any information on the subject, as I had lived in a state of total seclusion from public affairs, of which I knew little or nothing. I was as complete a green horn as ever was brought into trouble by the crude productions of his pen.

During my absence, the residue of my term of apprenticeship was purchased from Mr. McDonnel, and, on my return home, I engaged for a time as conductor of a paper, called the Freeman's Journal. At length, on the 13th of October, 1783, when I was nearly twenty-four years of age, my father gave me wherewith to establish a new paper, called the Volunteer's Journal. I was miserably qualified for such an occupation, which required no small degree of tact, of experience of the world, and considerable prudence, in all of which, I was greatly deficient. I had a superabundance of zeal and ardor, and a tolerable knack and facility of scribbling. These were all the qualifications I possessed for the management of a patriotic paper, the object of which was to defend the commerce, the manufactures, and the political rights of Ireland against the oppression and encroachments of Great-Britain.

The paper, as might have been expected, partook largely of the character of its proprietor and editor. Its career was enthusiastic and violent. It suited the temper of the times; exercised a decided influence on public opinion; and, in a very short time, had a greater circulation than any other paper in Dublin, except the Evening Post, which had the great merit of calling into existence that glorious band of brothers, the volunteers of Ireland, whose zeal and determined resolution to assert and defend the rights of their country, struck terror into the British Cabinet, and forced the ministry to knock off chains that had bound down the nation for centuries, and blasted the industry, the energies, and the manifold blessings bestowed by nature on that highly favoured island.

The Volunteer's Journal, fanning the flame of patriotism which pervaded the land, excited the indignation of the government, which formed a determination to put it down, if possible. A prosecution had been for a considerable time contemplated; and at length, the storm which so threatened, burst, in consequence of a publication which appeared on the 5th of April, 1784, in which the Parliament in general, and more particularly the Premier, were severely attacked.

On the 7th of April, the paper in question was introduced into the House of Commons, and after considerable debate,

"Mr Foster moved that an address be presented to the Lord Lieutenant, requesting that he will please issue his proclamation, offering a reward for apprehending Mathew Carey." Parliamentary Register, or history of the proceedings and debates of the House of Commons in Ireland. The first session of the fourth Parliament in the reign of his present Majesty; which met the 14th of October, 1783, and ended the 14th of May, 1784. Vol. III. page 153.

Besides this procedure, a prosecution was instituted against me, for the libel against the Premier.

I kept myself retired for a few days, with a bar across my room door. But imprudently venturing into the office at an early hour in the morning, unapprehensive of danger, I was apprehended by a Police Officer on the 11th of April, to answer for the libel. I was brought before the sitting magistrates, and ample bail was offered for my appearance; but various difficulties were started, in order to afford an opportunity to the Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons to take me out of the hands of the civil magistrates, which he accordingly did, and conveyed me to his house, where I was treated with considerable rigor. I was not allowed the free use of pen, ink, and paper—nor free converse with my friends. An armed centinel was placed in my room, and one out side the door, besides a guard at the street door.

As an adjournment of Parliament had taken place, I was held in close custody in the house of Mr. L'Estrange, Sergeant-at-arms.

On the 19th of April, Parliament met, after the recess, when I was brought before the House of Commons, and interrogatories being put to me, I refused to answer them, on the ground that, having been arrested by the civil power, and being under prosecution for the supposed libel, I was not amenable to another tribunal.

I then preferred a complaint against the Sergeant-at-arms, under three heads:—

1. That I had been denied the free use of pen, ink, and paper, every thing I wrote being inspected by that gentleman.

2. That my friends were occasionally denied access to me; and

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3. That a sentinel was constantly in my room, with a drawn bayonet, and one outside.

"Mr. L'Estrange admitted the three several charges, and justified his conduct under each.

"He said that from the time of his bringing Mr. Carey home to his house, he was in continual apprehension of his being rescued by a mob; that he considered himself in a very dangerous situation while he had him in his house; as to denying admission to the friends of Mr. Carey, he confessed, that once or twice he did deny persons admission; but this was on account of the great confusion, which the concourse of persons, assembled about Mr. Carey, occasioned in his family; and as to the third charge, he justified his conduct by declaring that he was every moment in apprehension of a mob assembling to rescue Mr. Carey. Upon the whole, he said, that, having a prisoner such as Mr. Carey in his charge, was a new situation to him; that he had received no advice or direction from any one how he should conduct himself, but had acted with caution to the best of his knowledge, and with a sincere desire to discharge his duty faithfully." Idem, p. 183.

Notwithstanding Mr. L'Estrange's confession of the truth of the charges, it will astonish the reader to find, that

"Mr. Gardiner read two resolutions, the first declaring the charge against Mr. L'Estrange, *ill-grounded and malicious*—and the last an approbation of Mr. L'Estrange's conduct." Idem, p. 184.

This barefaced conduct called forth the reprobation of several independent members, among whom Sir Edward Crofton, Mr. Griffith, Sir Edward Newenham, and William Todd Jones, were the most conspicuous. I was allowed to produce evidence in support of the charges against Mr. L'Estrange, which I fully established.

"As to the person at the bar," observed Mr. Crofton, "I never saw him before this hour. I cannot therefore be deemed guilty of partiality to him, in speaking one word in the cause of humanity. Sir, the treatment that that person has received, has been unprecedented. He has been forcibly taken out of the power of the civil magistrate, *and confined a close prisoner; denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and surrounded by a military band.* Sir, as I passed through Abbey street, *I was surprised to see triple rows of soldiers drawn up* before the house of your Sergeant-at-arms. The thing is too ridiculous. One would think so great a force was to guard some person of gigantic strength—a Gulliver in Lilliput—and not a poor puisne printer in Dublin." Idem, p. 171.

"Mr. William Todd Jones said he would negative Mr. Gardiner's resolutions, though he should stand alone; because the charges brought by Mr. Carey against the Sergeant-at-arms, were *supported by sufficient evidence*, and were also *admitted by that officer himself.* And these charges exhibited such arbitrary proceedings as were totally inadmissible in, and repugnant to the spirit of, all free countries—that to declare Mr. L'Estrange's conduct to Mr. Carey to have been constitutional, he thought would be to establish a very dangerous precedent, and such as he conceived would be as degrading to that House, as it would be tyrannical and intolerable in a free state." Idem, p. 186.

After much debate,

"Mr. Gardiner rose, and declared himself convinced, by Mr. Carey substantiating his charges, of the impropriety of the first resolution he had read; for which reason he moved, that the conduct of Mr. L'Estrange, Deputy Sergeant-at-arms, to Matthew Carey, while in his custody, was cautious, firm, and *humane.*" Idem, p. 185.

This resolution, notwithstanding its manifest injustice and falsehood, so far as regarded "*humane conduct*," was carried by a majority of 40—43 in the affirmative, and 3 in the negative.

I was ordered, by the House of Commons, to be committed to Newgate, where I remained until the 14th of May, when, Parliament having adjourned, and their power of detention in prison having ceased, I was triumphantly liberated by the Lord Mayor.

During my stay there, I had lived joyously—companies of gentlemen occasionally dining with me on the choicest luxuries the markets afforded.

Although thus freed from the clutches of the Parliament, the criminal prosecution for the libel on John Foster, the Premier, like the sword of Damocles—was suspended over my head. It would, it is true, have been impossible, in the inflamed state of the public mind, to procure a grand jury to find a bill against me. But that salutary and protective process was suspended by the Attorney-General, filing a bill against me, *ex-officio*, which dispensed with the interposition of a grand jury.

My means having been in a great measure exhausted, in the establishment of the Volunteer's Journal, and dreading the consequences of a prosecution, and a heavy fine and imprisonment, which would probably be the result of a conviction, my friends, on due consideration, were decidedly of opinion, that it would be advisable to withdraw from my native country; and accordingly, on the 7th of September, 1784, when I had not reached my twenty-fifth year, my pen drove me a second time into exile. I embarked on board the America, Captain Keller, and landed in Philadelphia, on the first of November. I was concealed aboard the vessel till she was out at sea, as some of the myrmidons of government came on board, two or three times, in search of me, while the vessel lay in the harbour. I got on board in female dress, and must have cut a very gawky figure, when proceeding to the corner of a street adjacent to my dwelling, where a coach was ready to receive and convey me on board.

I had sold my paper to my brother for £500, to be remitted to me as soon as practicable. I had but twenty-five guineas in my pocket, of one half of which I was cheated on the passage by a band of sharpers.

Yours respectfully,

Philadelphia, Oct. 4, 1833. MATHEW CAREY.

THE LIFE-BOAT.*

"The life-boat! the life-boat! when tempests are dark,
She's the beacon of hope to the foundering bark!
When midst the wild roar of the hurricane's sweep,
The minute guns boom like a knell on the deep.

The life-boat! the life-boat! the whirlwind and rain,
And white crested breakers, oppose her in vain;
Her crew are resolved, and her timbers are staunch,
She's the vessel of mercy—God speed to her launch!

The life-boat! the life-boat! how fearless and free
She wins her bold course o'er the wide-rolling sea!
She bounds o'er the surges with gallant disdain,
She has stemmed them before, and she'll stem them again!

The life-boat! the life-boat! she's manned by the brave,
In the noblest of causes commissioned to save;
What heart but has thrilled in the seaman's distress,
At the life-boat's endeavors, the life-boat's success!

The life-boat! the life-boat! no vessel that sails,
Has stemm'd such rough billows, and weather'd such gales:
Not e'en Nelson's proud ship, when his death-strife was won,
Such true glory achieved as the life-boat has done!"

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* "This song has appeared in a volume entitled "Patriotic Songs," by Agnes and Susannah Strickland, dedicated by permission to the King of England."

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DICK DOLEFUL.

A Sketch from Nature.

It was to the late Captain Chronic, R. N., I am indebted for the pleasure of being very slightly acquainted with Richard Doleful, Esquire. The father of Dick had, during the Captain's long and frequent absence on service, acted as his agent and factotum; receiving his pay and his prize-money, managing his disbursements, and investing the annual surplus to the best advantage; and I incline to attribute to old Chronic's kindly and grateful remembrance of the father, rather than to any personal regard for the son, his tolerance of the latter as the almost daily visiter at his house. Dick's "good friends" are "sorry to admit" that there are many bad points about him; his "best friends" compassionate him into the possession of ten times more: hence it may be inferred that Dick, upon the whole, is a much better person than the best of his friends. Yet even I, who do not presume to be his friend, consequently have no motive for speaking in his disparagement, must allow him to be a very unpleasant fellow. Now, as the term "unpleasant fellow" may be variously interpreted, I would have it distinctly understood that I do not mean to accuse him of ever having thrashed his grandmother, or kicked his father down stairs, or poisoned a child, or set fire to a barn, or burked a female, young, beautiful and virtuous, or encouraged an organ-grinder or a Scotch bagpiper to make a hideous noise under his window, or, in short, of any enormous wickedness; I mean—and whether his case may be rendered better or worse by the explanation, must depend upon individual taste—I mean only that he is *a bore*.

For the last three years of his life, the Captain, whose health was gradually declining under the effects of an uncured and incurable wound in the side, had scarcely ever quitted his house; and for a considerable portion of that period he was unable, without assistance, to move from his sofa. In addition to his sufferings from his glorious wound, he was subject to the occasional attacks of inglorious gout, and of three visits a day from Dick Doleful. Under such a complication of ailments, his case, both by his friends and his physicians, had long been considered hopeless. Indeed the Captain himself seemed aware of the fatal character of the last-named malady; and more than once expressed an opinion, that if he could be relieved from that, he had strength and stamina sufficient to conquer the others. I paid him a visit one day, and entered his room just as Mr. Doleful was leaving it.—Doleful sighed audibly, shook his head, muttered "Our poor dear friend!" and withdrew. This, from any other person, I should have construed into a hint that our "poor dear friend" was at his last gasp; but being acquainted with Mr. Doleful's ways, I approached the Captain as usual, shook his hand cordially, and, in a cheerful tone, inquired how he was getting on.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, at the same time slowly lifting his head from the sofa-cushion, "I'm glad to see you; it does me good; you ask me how I do, and you look, and you speak as if you thought there was some life in me. But that Mr. Doleful—! Here he comes, Sir, three times a day; walks into the room on tiptoe, as if he thought I had'nt nerve to bear the creaking of a shoe; touches the tip of one of my fingers as if a cordial grasp would shatter me to atoms; and says, 'Well, how d'ye do now, Captain?' with such a look, and in such a tone!—it always sounds to my ears, 'What! ar'n't you dead yet, Captain?' Then he sits down in that chair; speaks three words in two hours, and that in a whisper; pulls a long face; squeezes out a tear—his dismal undertaker-countenance lowering over me all the while! I'm not a nervous man, but—"; and here he rose from his sofa, struck a blow on a table which made every article upon it spin, and roared out in a voice loud enough to be heard from stem to stern of his old seventy-four, the Thunderer:—"I'm not a nervous man; but d—m *me* if he doesn't sometimes make me fancy I'm riding in a hearse to my own funeral, with him following as chief mourner. I shall die of him one of these days," added he emphatically, "*I know I shall*."

"He is not exactly the companion for an invalid," said I: "the cheerful address of a friend, and his assuring smile, are important auxiliaries to the labours of the physican: whilst, on the contrary, the——"

"Aye, aye; the *bore* of such visits as his! They would make a sound man sick, and hasten a sick man to the grave. And, then, that face of his! I could'nt help saying to him the other day, that when I shot away the figure-head of the French frigate, La Larmoyeuse, I should have liked to have his to stick up in its place."

"It is evident his visits are irksome and injurious to you. Why then, do you encourage them?"

"I don't encourage them, and if he had any feeling he would perceive I don't; but *bores* have no feeling. Besides, I can't altogether help myself. His father was useful to me; he managed my money-matters at home when I was afloat—a kind of work I never could have done for myself—and so well, too, that I consider my present independence as of his creating. Remembering this, I could not decently toss the son out of window, do you think I could? Eh?"

My honest opinion upon the matter being one which might have put the Captain to some trouble at his next interview with the gentleman in question, I suppressed it, and merely observed, "Mr. Doleful has told me how useful his father was to you."

"Aye, and so he tells everybody, and so he reminds me as often as I see him, and *that's* the bore. Now, I am not an ungrateful man, and am as little likely as any one to forget a friend, or a friend's son; but every time this king of the Dismals reminds me of my obligation, I consider the debt of gratitude as somewhat diminished: so that if I live much longer, the score will be entirely rubbed out, and then, d—n *me*, but I *will* toss him out of window."

After a momentary pause the Captain resumed:—

"Then, there's another bore of his. We take physic because we are obliged to take it: it is'nt that we like it, you know; nobody does, that ever I heard of. Now, he fancies that I can't relish my medicine from any hands but his, and he *will* stand by when I take my pills, and my draughts, and my powders. Ipecacuanha and Dick Doleful! Fangh! two doses at once! Will you believe it my dear fellow? the two ideas are so connected in my mind that I never see physic without thinking of Dick Doleful, nor Dick Doleful without thinking of physic. I must own I don't like him the better for it, and that he might perceive. But, as I said before bores have no feeling—they have no perceptions—they have no one faculty in nature but the faculty of boring the very soul out of your body."

Seeing me take a book from amongst several which lay on the table, he continued: "Aye; these's Mr. Dick again! I send him to get books to amuse me, and that's what he brings. Pretty lively reading for a sick man, eh! Nice things to keep up one's drooping spirits! There's 'Reflections on Death,' Dodd's 'Prison Thoughts,' the 'Deathbed Companion,' 'Hell; a Vision.' I must have a fine natural constitution to live through all this!"

I took my leave of the invalid, and, at the street-door, met Dr. Druggem, his physician, and his surgeon, Sir Slashly Cutmore, who were about to visit him. I mentioned that I had just left their patient, suffering under considerable irritation, caused by the unwelcome interference of Doleful; and ventured to express an opinion that a hint ought to be given to the

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latter, of the desirableness of diminishing both the length and the frequency of his visits to the Captain.

"Hint, Sir?" said Druggem; "a hint won't do. Slight aperients will have no effect in this case: I am for administering a powerful cathartic:—this Mr. Doleful must be carried off at once—forbid the house, Sir."

"I am quite of Mr. Druggem's opinion," said Sir Slashly: "the Captain must instantly submit to the operation; he must consent to the immediate amputation of that Mr. Doleful, or I'll not answer for his life a week."

The next day Mr. Doleful favoured *me* with a visit.

"I call," said he, "to lament with you the unhappy state of 'our poor dear friend,'" and he burst into a tear.

Now, as I knew that the state of "our poor dear friend," was no worse then than the day before, I interrupted his pathetics, by telling him that I was not in a lamenting mood; and, rather unceremoniously, added that it was the opinion of his medical advisers, that the state of "our poor dear friend" might be considerably improved if he, Mr. Doleful, would be less frequent in his visits, and if, when he did call upon "our poor dear friend," he would assume a livelier countenance.

"Well!—Bless my soul! this is unexpected—*very* unexpected. *I*—! *Me*—! The son of his friend—his *best* friend! Why—though I say it, had it not been for my poor departed father—[And here he burst into another tear—] I say had it not been for my poor father, the Captain might, at this moment, have been —— Well; no matter—but *Me!*—how *very* odd! I, who sacrifice myself for the poor dear sufferer! with him, morning, noon, and night, though it afflicts me to see him—as he must perceive: he *must* observe how I grieve at his sufferings—he *must* notice how much I feel for him. Why, dear me! What interest can *I* have in devoting myself to him? Thank Heaven I AM NOT A LEGACY-HUNTER."

This voluntary and uncalled-for abnegation of a dirty motive, placed Mr. Doleful before me in a new light. Till that moment the suspicion of his being incited by any prospect of gain to bore "our poor dear friend" to death, had never entered my mind.

Captain Chronic lived on for a twelvemonth, during the whole of which, except the very last week, Dick Doleful, spite of remonstrance and entreaty, continued to inflict upon him his three visits *per diem*. A week before his death, the Captain, who till then occupied a sofa, took to his bed; and feeling his case to be hopeless, and conscious that he had not many days to live, he desired that his only two relations, a nephew and a niece, might be sent for, and that *they alone* should attend him to the last. Dick, greatly to his astonishment, thus excluded from the bed-chamber, still continued his daily three visits to the drawing-room. Upon the last of these occasions, so vehemently did he insist upon seeing his "poor dear friend," that, without asking the Captain's permission, he was allowed to enter his bed-room. The opening of the door awoke the Captain from a gentle slumber into which he had just before fallen. Perceiving Dick, he uttered a faint groan. Dick approached the bed-side, as usual on tip-toe; as usual he softly pressed the tip of the Captain's fore-finger; squeezed out the usual tribute of one tear; and with the usual undertaker look, and in the usual dismal tone, he said, "Well, how d'ye do *now*, Captain?" The Captain faintly articulated, "Dick, Dick, you've done it at last!" fell back upon his pillow, and expired!

At about ten o'clock on the same morning, Dick Doleful, looking very like an undertaker's mute, called upon me. He was dressed in black and had a deep crape round his hat. "The dear departed!" was all he uttered.

"Is it all over with the poor Captain, Mr. Doleful?"

"He's gone! Thank heaven I was with the dear departed at his last moments. If ever there was an angel upon earth ——! so good, so kind, so honourable, so every thing a man ought to be. Thank heaven I did *my* duty towards the dear departed. This loss will be the death of me. I have'nt the heart to say more to you; besides, the will of the dear departed will be opened at twelve, and it is proper that some disinterested friend should be present at the reading. Good morning. Oh! the dear departed! But he's gone where he will get his deserts."

At about two o'clock Mr. Doleful was again announced. I observed that his hat was dismantled of the ensign of mourning, which it had so ostentatiously exhibited but a few hours before. He took a seat, remained silent for several minutes, and then burst *into* a flood of real, legitimate tears.

"Be composed, my dear Sir," said I; "recollect your grief is unavailing; it will not recall to life the departed."

"The departed be d——d!" exclaimed he, starting in a rage from his chair. "Thank heaven I am not a legacy-hunter, nevertheless I *did* expect —— *You* know what I did for the old scoundrel, *you* know what time I sacrificed to him, *you* know how I have watched the hour and minute for giving the old rascal his filthy physic, and yet ——! I repeat it, I am not a legacy-hunter; but I put it to you, Sir, as a man of sense, as a man of the world, as a man of honour, hadn't I a right to expect, a *perfect* right to expect —— What should *you* have thought, Sir? I merely ask how much should *you* have thought?"

"Why, perhaps, a thousand pounds."

"Of course—to be sure—I am any thing but an interested man; and had he left me *that*, I should have been satisfied."

"How much, then, *has* he left you?"

"Guess—I only say do *you* guess."

"Well—five hundred?"

"Why, even *that* would have served as a token of his gratitude; it isn't as money I should have valued it; or had he left me fifty pounds for mourning, why even *that* would have been better than —— But, Sir, you won't believe it; you *can't* believe it; the old villain is gone out of the world without leaving me a farthing! But I am not disappointed, for I always knew the man. So selfish, so unkind, so hard-hearted, so ungrateful, so dishonourable, so wicked an old scoundrel—! If ever there was a devil incarnate, take my word for it he was one. But he's gone where he will get his deserts." And, so saying, *Exit* Dick Doleful.

It is but justice to the memory of the Captain to state, that in the body of his will there had stood a clause to this effect: "To Richard Doleful, Esq. in testimony of my grateful remembrance of the services rendered me by his late father, I bequeath One Thousand Pounds." By a codicil of later date, this bequest was reduced to eight hundred; by a third, to five hundred; and so on, by others, till it was reduced to—nothing. Thus had poor Dick Doleful bored his friend out of his life, and himself out of a legacy.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

THE UNITED STATES.

FROM GOETHE.

America thou hast it better
Than our ancient hemisphere;
Thou hast no falling castles,
Nor basalt, as here.
Good luck wait on thy glorious spring,
And, when in time, thy poets sing,
May some good genius guard them all
From Baron, Robber, Knight, and Ghost traditional.

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NELSONIANA.

Many striking expressions are recorded of Nelson's early years which show that he had a settled purpose of outdoing all the achievements of his naval predecessors. The common notion of sailors that one Briton is a match for three Frenchmen was deliberately adopted into his creed, and, calculating upon this advantage as the short and easy road to fame, he resolved upon enterprizes heretofore deemed impracticable. He cheerfully set his life upon the cast—"Victory, or Westminster-abbey," his favourite war-cry. An old Italian proverb says that "he who would be Pope must take it strongly into his head, and he shall be Pope." Nelson, from the moment that he first went to sea, appears to have reasoned and acted on this quaint maxim. He was determined to succeed in whatever he undertook. When he attacked the bear upon the ice, while a youngster on the frozen ocean, and when afterwards, as an Admiral, he bore down upon the French squadron at the Nile, this was the load-star that guided him to conquest. On beholding the gallant ships of the enemy, Captain Berry, in an ecstacy of delight, exclaimed —"If we succeed what will the world say?" "There's no if, in the case," replied Nelson: that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question." His personal valour sometimes rose to enthusiasm, as when, with only his boat's crew, he fought the Spanish commodore hand to hand in Cadiz bay; or when, on St. Valentine's day, he boarded two of their ships of the line: yet even then it was regulated by a steady sense of duty. His was not a blind physical courage: he knew and felt the danger, but his self-possession never deserted him. At Copenhagen, during, as he often declared, the hottest engagement that he had ever witnessed, the fire of the Danish batteries was doing terrible execution on board our ships, when a shot struck the Elephant's mainmast close to him. "Warm work," said Nelson to the officer with whom he was pacing the deck; "this day may be the last to many of us in a moment—but mark me," said he, stopping short at the gangway,—"I would not be elsewhere for thousands." Soon after this, Sir Hyde Parker became exceedingly anxious for Nelson's critical position, and made the recal signal. This being reported, Nelson, humourously putting the glass to his blind eye, said, "I can't see the signal," and directed that for close action to be kept flying. On the last day of his life his farewell to Captain Blackwood, as well as other circumstances of his conduct, showed a remarkable presentiment that he should receive his death wound in the approaching conflict: yet, under this foreboding, the cool deliberation with which he made his dispositions, and gave his orders, and watched every movement of the enemy, while exposed to a hail-storm of bullets, proved the imperturable intrepidity of his heart. Unwearied perseverance was another striking feature of Nelson's character. Every succeeding triumph indeed was but the inspiration of a greater undertaking. "Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum." He set no value on personal comforts, nor cared for the severest privations. Public duty, while afloat, occupied all his thoughts. For two long years he watched with cat-like vigilance the Toulon fleet, and when the French Admiral put to sea in a heavy gale, which blew Nelson off their coast, and, uniting with the Spaniards at Cadiz, sailed for the West Indies, with eighteen sail of the line, having on board four thousand troops, he pursued them thither, with ten ships only, and tracked them with such speed and sagacity through those islands that, false intelligence alone saved them from his grasp. Returning to England, worn down by the unceasing anxiety and fatigue of this extraordinary chase, he had scarcely arrived at Merton, his beloved retreat near London, to enjoy a short repose, when he was roused at five in the morning by Captain Blackwood, on his way to the Admiralty with despatches. Nelson instantly exclaimed, "I am sure you bring me news of the enemy's fleet, and I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." In three weeks from his landing he was again at Portsmouth. On resuming the command, Lord Barham, who was then at the head of the Admiralty, presented the navy-list to him, desiring him to choose his officers. "Choose yourself, my Lord," said Nelson; "they are all actuated by the same spirit; you cannot choose wrong." The offer and refusal were equally creditable to these two honourable men. Nelson's consideration for others was strongly marked at the unfortunate attack of Teneriffe. Mr. Nisbet, son of his lady by a former husband, was serving on board of Nelson's ship, the Theseus. Knowing the very desperate nature of the service in contemplation, he resolved that this young man should not accompany him, but when all was prepared, Nisbet appeared before him, equipped to take his share in it. Nelson urged him to remain on board, saying—"Should we both fall, Josiah, what will become of your poor mother? the care of the Theseus falls to you." Nisbet replied—"Sir, the ship must take care of herself. I will go with you to-night if I never go again." Providential indeed was this resolve, for Nelson lost his arm by a grape shot at the instant of landing. Nisbet raised him from the beach, bound up his wound, and by great exertions conveyed him safely under the enemy's fire. They had to pass through the drowning crew of the Fox cutter, which was just then sunk by a shot from the batteries. Nelson, though in great agony, laboured with his remaining hand to save several of these poor fellows; and when afterwards it was proposed to take him alongside of Captain Freemantle's ship, for surgical aid, he insisted on being carried forward to the Theseus, lest his sudden presence should alarm that gallant officer's wife, who happened to be on board. So little did he regard his own sufferings that in the dispatch, written with his left hand two days after the action, he made no allusion to his wound. A similar omission was observed three years before, when he lost an eye at the siege of Calvi: nor should it be forgotten that, when severely, and as he believed, mortally, wounded in the battle of the Nile, the explosion of the French Admiral's ship instantly recalled him from the cockpit, whither he had been carried, and he at once forgot his own peril and anguish, while giving directions to save the re-

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mains of her crew from destruction.—*Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs.*

The following lines, from the pen of a distinguished pulpit orator, were sung recently in Baltimore.—They evince a high degree of melody, and inspire noble and elevated sentiments. We publish them from the manuscript of the author, and have pleasure in being the first to present them, in the columns of a public journal:—

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

Air—"*O no we never mention him.*"

Cold blew the north wind bleat and wild,
The snow was on the ground,
When a poor houseless orphan child,
By charity was found.
Pale was its brow with suffering,
His hollow cheek was wan,
And plaintive was its murmuring
For parents dead and gone.

Its bitter tears were flowing fast,
Until the fount was dry,—
And when the last lone drop had past,
Came tearless agony:
Dark, dark, upon the Orphan's soul,
Earth's heaviest shadows gloomed,
And sorrows' ocean seemed to roll,
O'er one to misery doomed.

The lonely orphan longed to die,
And on its mother's breast,
Within the dreamless grave, to lie
In its eternal rest:
It longed to hear a father speak,
Though hoarse his voice in death;
It longed a mother's love to seek,
Though wasted was her breath.

Hark, voices call thee, lovely one!
Come from the searching cold;
From the chill night-wind quickly run,
Sweet lamb, within the fold;
Angelic woman's silver tone,
Now thrills within thine ear,—
And mothers, lovelier than thy own,
Are gathered round thee here.

Clothed, fed, and sheltered here at last,
Let orphan voices sing,
Of gloom and danger, overpast—
Of ended sorrowing:
Sing of celestial Charity,
Of Woman's deathless love,
Till, robed in Christ's bright purity,
You shout your praise above.

JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

MODESTY.—"There is no charm in the female sex that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. The best preservative of female honor is female delicacy; modesty is the hand-maid of virtue, appointed to tend, to dress, to serve her; it is, as it were, a kind of armour, which the sex should always wear, to adorn and defend them; and when that is laid aside, they are neither beautiful nor safe."

From the Lowell Journal.

AN AFRICAN'S REVENGE.

[The following thrilling tale is translated from a passage in Eugene Sue's French novel of ATAR GUL. The scene is laid in Guadaloupe. It is merely necessary to premise that Atar Gul is a favorite slave, whom Colonel Willis brought from Africa several years before the event described is supposed to have taken place. Atar Gul always appeared faithful to his master, and grateful for his kindness to him—but in secret he brooded over the loss of his liberty, and resolved to be deeply revenged. Smiles shone on his countenance, but deadly hatred rankled in his heart.]

When Atar Gul had nearly reached the summit of the mountain, the sun had already risen, and the lofty heights of La Sauffriere threw their shades to a great distance across the valleys below. As he was about entering a sort of dell, formed of huge blocks of granite, which seemed to have been fantastically heaped up around, he heard a fearful sound, and stopped short—it was the sharp hiss of a serpent! He soon after heard the flapping of wings over his head, and on looking up he saw one of those birds called Secretaries, or Man of War Birds, common in tropical climates, which having already descried the serpent was making wide circles in the air, but approaching nearer his destined prey every moment.

The serpent seemed aware of the inferiority of his force—and was rapidly gliding towards his den, when the bird, apparently aware of his intention, descended with the rapidity of lightning, and alighted in his path—and with his large wings, which were terminated with a bony protuberance, and which served him both as a war-club and a shield, he effectually prevented the retreat of the venomous reptile.

The serpent now became enraged, and the beautiful and variegated colors of his skin, sparkled in the sun like rings of gold and azure. His head was frightfully swollen with rage and venom—he darted out his forked tongue, and filled the air with hisses.

The huge bird extended one of its wings, and with a longing eye on the serpent, advanced to the conflict, but his wary antagonist watched his movements, and with quick motions of his body to the right and left, evaded his attacks, until finding that his mode of warfare would not long avail him, he at length darted at the bird, and vainly attempted to fix his poisonous fangs in his body, and crush him in his folds. But the Secretary caught him in one of his claws, and with a furious blow of his beak, fractured his scull. The serpent struggled violently for a few moments—but resistance was useless—and he was soon stretched lifeless before his victorious enemy.

But ere the bird had time to enjoy the fruits of his victory, the report of a musket was heard, and the Secretary in his turn, lay dead by the side of his venomous antagonist. Atar Gul turned his head, and saw Theodore standing on a rock above him with a fowling piece in his hand.

"Well, Atar Gul," said the young man, sliding down from the summit of the rock—"was not that well done?"

"It was a good shot, master—but I am sorry that you have killed the bird—for these Sceretaries wage war with these venomous serpents, with which our mountains are infested." And the black pointed to the reptile—which was seven or eight feet long and four or or five inches in diameter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Theodore—"I regret it now—for I do detest these hideous serpents—I would give half my fortune to be able to exterminate the monsters."

"You are right master," said Atar Gul. "They are a great nuisance, and their bite almost always proves fatal."

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'It is not only that,' said the young man, 'but you know that my betrothed Marguerite—whom if Heaven wills, I am to wed to-morrow, has a most unaccountable antipathy to the sight of one of those animals. Less so now, than formerly I confess—for once the name of *snake* would almost deprive her of sensation. But her father, her mother, and myself have at various times tried to conquer her silly but deep-rooted fears of these reptiles. We have tried to accustom her to the sight of them, and have often thrown them in her way after they had been killed—and then laughed at her screams of terror.'

'That is the only way to conquer her foolish antipathy, master,' said the wily African. 'In my country we thus habituate our woman and children to sights of horror. But a thought strikes me. A means presents itself of curing her of these foolish fears, if you can only be prevailed upon to adopt it.' And his eyes were for an instant lighted up with a gleam of ferocious delight. 'We will take the snake home with us. But first let us cut off his head. We cannot use too much precaution."

'Noble fellow!' said Theodore, as he assisted Atar Gul to separate the head of the serpent from the body. *It is a female*,' whispered Atar Gul to himself, 'and the male cannot be far off.'

They proceeded towards Col. Willis's habitation—the black dragging after him the bleeding carcase of the serpent. The house in which the Colonel resided like most of the houses in that climate consisted of but one story, with wings. In one of the wings was the bed chamber of Marguerite. A piazza in front of the window, and a *jalousie*, screened the room from the devouring heat of the tropical sun.

Theodore approached the window on tiptoe—cautiously opened the *jalousie*, and looked in—Marguerite was not there. He then took the serpent from the hands of Atar Gul—who as it seemed through an excess of precaution first bruised the neck of the reptile on the window frame. Theodore hid the serpent, whose brilliant hues had already become tarnished by death, beneath the dressing table. He then retired, and closed the *jalousie*.—As he turned away he met Colonel Willis, who laughed heartly at the trick which Theodore was playing Marguerite.

The room which was appropriated was truly the asylum of innocence. The hand of a mother had been there. It was seen in all the elegant and useful furniture which had decked the apartment. The little bed, curtained with white gauze—those stuccoed walls, polished, and shining as brilliant as Parian marble—that harp and table covered with music books—that little dressing glass—those silken robes—that cross of mother of pearl—those jewelled ornaments—in a word, all those trifling things, which are so precious to a young girl, whispered a tale of Innocence, Love and Happiness.

The door opened, and Marguerite entered. She seated herself before her dressing table—but she saw not the reptile beneath it. While she arranged her hair, and essayed a ribbon, which Theodore had praised, she sang the song which she had been taught by her lover.

'To-day' soliloquized the lovely girl, 'I must try to appear as beautiful as possible. *To morrow* I shall belong to another. O, Theodore! with what devotion he loves me. Nothing on earth can add to my happiness.

She approached so near the glass, to judge the effect of the ribbon, that her breath tarnished the brilliant surface of the mirror—then with her finger, she playfully and smilingly traced upon the glass the name of Theodore.

A slight noise near the window, awakened her from the delicious reverie. She turned towards it, blushing lest her dearest secret had been discovered. But the paleness of death instantly came over her features. She convulsively threw her hands before her, and tried to rise—but she could not. Her trembling limbs refused to sustain her, and she fell back into her chair. The unhappy girl saw peering through the *jalousie* the head of an enormous serpent!

In a moment he was lost amongst the flowers, which were tastily arranged before the window. His disappearance gave new strength to Marguerite, who rushed towards the door which opened into the gallery, screaming 'Help! mother, mother, help! Here is a monstrous Serpent!'

But her parents and her lover held the door outside—and laughed at what they conceived to be her imaginary fears. 'Well done, my girl,' said Col. Willis, cannot you scream a little louder?—The snake will not *eat you*, I'll engage—poor little thing! How frightened she appears to be!'

'Marguerite—I am ashamed of you,' said her mother—'The serpent will not hurt you. It is dead.'

But her cries continued.

'My dear Marguerite,' said Theodore, 'don't be alarmed. I put it there myself—and you shall give me a kiss for my pains, sweet girl.'

Meanwhile the hideous monster left the flowers, and glided into the room. Marguerite, finding her cries for assistance of no avail, uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. The serpent raised its head, and for a moment seemed to be reconnoitering the apartment. But when it saw its companion dead on the floor, its eyes absolutely sparkled with rage. It sent forth a loud hiss, and advanced towards the unfortunate girl.

With a rapidity almost inconceivable, the hideous reptile twined himself around the graceful limbs and sylph-like form of Marguerite. His cold and slimy neck rested against the snowy bosom of his victim, and there he fastened his venomous fangs!

The hapless girl restored to consciousness by the agonizing pain of the wound, opened her eyes—but the first object, which met her view, was the horrid head of the reptile, swollen with rage—his eyes flashing fire—and his open mouth displaying the crooked and deadly fangs.

Mother! Mother! O dear mother!' faintly screamed the dying girl.

But a half suppressed *laugh* was the only response to her convulsive cry. The *jalousie* was slowly opened, and Atar Gul looked in at the window—his eyes glaring with malignancy and triumph!

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!' said Mrs. Willis. 'She answers not—perhaps she has fainted with terror.'

"Silly girl?'? said the Colonel. 'But we will open the door, and see what is the matter.'

Some heavy object lay against the door. He gave a violent push, and entered the chamber, followed by Mrs. Willis and Theodore. But who can paint the agony of the parents and the lover—when they found they had stumbled over the *dead body* of the unfortunate Marguerite.

As they entered the apartment, the Serpent was seen to glide out at the window. * * * *

Hints to Actors.—Madame Clarion attributed her growing prematurely old to the influence of the griefs and distresses which it was her constant province to represent on the stage; and the *malade imaginaire* of Moliere is said to have proved fatal not only to Moliere himself, but to the actor who succeeded him in the part. Pliny has a still more remarkable anecdote to the same effect: he states that there was an actor who imitated the feelings of the gout so naturally, as at length to bring the disorder upon him.

A well-made man always looks shorter than he is; ditto a well-made woman.

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THE LAND.

"I've been upon the mountain deep,
When the wind had died away,
And, like an ocean god asleep,
The bark majestic lay;
But lovelier is the varied scene,—
The hill, the lake, the tree,
When bathed in light of Midnight's queen—
The land! the land for me!

The glancing waves I've glided o'er,
When gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore—
The zephyr 'mong the trees,
The murmur of the mountain rill,
The blossoms waving free,
The song of birds on every hill—
The land! the land for me!

The billows I have been among,
When they roll'd in mountains dark,
And night her blackest curtain hung
Around our heaving bark;
But give me, when the storm is fierce,
My home and fireside glee,
Where winds may howl but dare not pierce—
The land! the land for me!

And when around the lightning flash'd,
I've been upon the deep;
And to the gulph beneath I've dash'd
Adown the liquid steep;
But now that I am safe on shore,
There ever let me be;
The *sea* let *others* wander o'er—
The *land!* the *land* for *me!*"

The feeling and sentiment which characterize the above beautiful effusion, are scarcely more attractive than the simplicity of style and expression, which distinguishes the following. Both are excellent articles. We regret that we are unable to name the authors.

YO HEAVE.

AIR—*The Mountain Boy.*

Oh, that I were a sailor boy,—
How happy should I be!
My boundless heart would burst with joy,
To sail the shoreless sea.
Some proud exploit I'd soon achieve,
And long and loud I'd sing—Yo heave!
Yo heave I'd sing,
A merry king—
The wild wave, sweeping by,
Would bear my song
Its course along,
To where it meets the sky.

I'd hie me to the pointing prow,
To see the eddies play;
And hanging from the vessel's bow,
Sport with the sparkling spray.
So closely to the bow I'd cleave,
A happy sailor boy—Yo heave!—
Yo heave, I'd sing,
The sea would fling
Its foam about my feet;
And shrill would float
The sea-birds' note,
My loud yo heave to meet.

Then how I'd watch the white-caps curl,
By thousands coursing on,
Like bunches tied of frosted pearl,
All glittering in the sun.
The happy sight I'd only leave
To sing my thrilling song—Yo heave.
Yo heave I'd sing,
The wind should wing
My song the white caps o'er
Loud on the air
The sound should wear,
Mixed with the billows' roar.

The cordage coil, my hempen throne,
With all but I asleep,
I'd mount to watch the mirror'd moon,
Full forty fathoms deep.
I'd flourish then my tow-shirt sleeve,
Flounce on my feet and cry—Yo heave.
Yo heave I'd sing,
My voice should ring.
And rouse the sleeping crew;
Who with surprise,
Would rub their eyes,
And join the yo heave too.

And when the storm would sweep across
Old ocean's bosom blue,
Tear up the foam, the wild waves toss,
And fright the gallant crew—
Swinging aloft, the deck I'd leave,
And o'er the tempest shout—Yo heave!—
Yo heave I'd sing,
To th' tackling cling—
I vow I'd sooner ride
That reckless storm,
Than, snug and warm,
Sit by a good fire-side.

I wish I were that sailor boy,
To climb the lofty mast,
My song, Yo heave!—my light employ,
To tie the tackle fast:
Among the shrouds I'd sit and weave
A net and sing the while—Yo heave;
Yo heave I'd sing,
A merry thing,
A light and careless boy—
To mount the shrouds,
And count the clouds
And sing—You heave my joy.

TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE UNHAPPY.—See her as seldom as possible. If she is warmhearted and cheerful in temper; or if, after a day's or week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner—be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with monosyllables. If she force back her tears and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have any thing to do to make her happy; but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified.—Never take an interest in any of her pursuits, and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good humoredly, on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults, (which without doubt she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of,) never attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually obtrude upon her ears, 'what a good wife Mr. Smith has.' 'How happy Mr. Smith is with his wife.' 'That any man would be happy with such a wife.' In company never seem to know you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant with every other lady. If you follow these directions, you may be certain of an *obedient* and a *heart-broken* wife.

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From the London Monthly Magazine.

THE REJECTED ONE!

'Cruel, cruel fate!' said the young Augustus Blenkinsop, dropping a tear into the empty porter mug, 'wherefore dost thou torment me thus? I have a prepossessing leg, inimitable tie, and a mind far above buttons—yet I was born to disappointment! Evil, thrice evil, is the fate that dogs the representative of the Blenkinsops; thou art rejected of men.

The eyes of Stoker gleamed with the intelligence of those of a deceased mackerel.

'Help yourself,' said Stoker, with emphasis, replenishing the pot with Henry Meux's best XX.

'Kindest of men,' cried Blenkinsop, 'love may perish, but friendship never dies!' The pot not being born beneath the same horoscope with the speaker, was not rejected.

'Come, Blenkinsop, my boy,' said Faucitt, filling his pipe, no long faces here. Let's have a song—or spose you tip us a bit of autobiography. Waiter—another quart of stout—remember what the great Dr. Watts says:

"Wo is the child of thought, and kin to fear,
One yields to pipes, but both must yield to beer!"

'My sorrows,' answered Blenkinsop, can yield to neither. O, Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou said—

'O, curse Seged,' said Faucitt, 'let's have none of him.'

'Certainly not,' said Stoker.

'Well, then, friends, listen and be dumb—but first, I'll trouble you, Stoker, for the other mug? A deep silence followed, broken only by the protracted breathing of Augustus at his draught, until, having rivetted his eyes for a moment on the bottom of the pewter, he set it down with a sigh, and proceeded.

'Need I tell you that I am the only son and heir of Reginald Nicodemus Blenkinsop of Dot-and-go-one Hall, County Somerset—that his father was—

'We know all that already,' interrupted Stoker.

'Rash young man!' said Blenkinsop, with solemnity—'the blood of a hundred sires burns within me—but I forgive you. You know I was born with considerable expectations—that godlike fortune seemed to welcome me from the heavens for a time, appeared to smile benignantly on the scion of an ancient stem. In the words of the poet—,

'Od—n the poet!' shouted Faucitt.

'Certainly,' said Stoker.

Blenkinsop looked sternly.

'Alas,' said he, 'those were the last hours of unadulterated happiness that I ever enjoyed. I went to the University—I studied hard—I bought an alarm clock—eschewed wine parties—proctors reverenced me—my tutor smiled upon me—my acquaintance cut me—I read my degree—I stood the examinations—heavens and earth, I was *rejected*.

The two friends exchanged looks of astonishment, though in a peculiar fashion.

'Next morning, I was far from Oxford.—Rouse thee, O Augustus exclaimed I to myself,' 'and let not this misfortune overwhelm thee. The Spartan mother shed no tears over her departed son, and why shouldest thou mourn for a paltry degree? No! rather like my sires of old, will I take my father's sword from the wall and go forth against the enemies of my country to conquer or to die!' So saying, I lit a cigar. The Blenkinsops have always voted with ministers; I had interest at head quarters; I was promised a commission, and I at once purchased my regimentals, and let my mustachios increase. 'Never,' cried the enraptured, though alas! suffering tailor, as he gazed upon the martial figure that issued from his hand all scarlet and gold, 'never seed I gemman vot looked better! And he spake aright. I felt then within my bosom the ardor which lighted up as with a spell the soul of Anthony, and drove Themistocles to the combat; and I called to mind the glorious saying of Miltiades, Cowards die many times, but a brave man never dies!'

A prolonged whistle issued from the lips of the petrified Faucitt.

Stoker squinted with a horrible obliquity of vision.

Blenkinshop sighed.

'My evil destiny again interposed. That very evening I received a letter from the War Office. Fire and steel! what did I behold! Cruel Hobhouse! Relentless Hill! Implacable Wellington! My application was *rejected!*

I fixed my useless sabre in the wall, and returning to the other end of my apartment, prepared to die like Cato; but the carpet caught by my spurs, and I fell prostrate to the ground. I arose an altered man, and sitting calmly down, I drank deeply of thought, and brandy and cold water without. After all, said I, war is a savage pastime; the soldier is but a hireling. So saying I drew another cork. Life, I resumed, is but short, thou knowest well, O immortal Flaccus!'

"Oh, confound Flaccus!" said Faucitt.

"Certainly," said Stoker.

"Yet despair not, Blenkinsop! Thou wert formed to shine in the court, and not in the camp; surely there is many a beautiful maiden, saturate with silver, who would be proud to be called Mrs Augustus Blenkinsop!"

"Miss Emily Pelican was both rich and beautiful; she had the figure of a Cleopatra, and the mind of a Sappho! She had published a volume of poetry, called "The Undespairing one of Kamtskatka," and she had two thousand a year. Her hair was of the hue of sunset, a rich and glorious crimson, and her eyes were of a pale etherial green. The first moment I saw her, I loved her, and hope whispered me that she was my affianced bride. I gave a *post obit* to a wealthy Shylock, Manasseh Ben Melchisdeek, who at cent per cent, furnished the supplies. Stulty again suffered, and I sported a cab. The sweet Emily received me favorably, and I won the good will of her maiden aunt, by escorting her once to church.

Faucit thrust his tongue into his cheek; and Stoker significantly elongated his outstretched hands, resting his left thumb upon his nose. The very bars of the grate grinned. I sat with my beloved in the same box at the Opera. I was her partner at balls, her attendant every where, and I thought at last I could discover the symptoms of a reciprocal attachment. The crisis was approaching—bills came fast pouring in, therefore love must be confessed.

One day she was reclining on an ottoman, caressing a corpulent poodle, while I lay in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator. Tenderly, yet impressively I seized her hand, and modulating my voice to its lowest and most musical tone, I ventured to say, "Emily! sweet Emily! do you love?"

A roseate blush overspread her countenance. "Spare me, Augustus!" she murmured. "Ah! dost thou confess the soft enslaver?" said I, starting to my feet. "O thou terrestrial seraph! speak—tell me—will you wed?" A blush still deeper than before dyed her burning cheek. Gates of Paradise!—and when? In half audible accents she whispered, "Wednesday!"

I seized her hand again; O Cupid! fairest denizen of Olympus! What do I owe thee for this—Wednesday! Sweet, sweet Emily! adored Miss Pelican! On that propitious day shall I lead you to the altar! On that day shall I place the sacred ring upon——

She started with a look of astonishment—"You lead me to the altar; on Wednesday I am to be married to Captain Ferdinand Fitzspurs!"

My brain spun round—a red gleam of fire flashed before my eyes—a bolt of ice quivered in my heart—I staggered and reached the street, I know not how.

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O the agony of that moment! I feel it even now—my heart—my brain—my soul! O Stoker—O Faucitt—how hard it was again to be *rejected!*"

"Werry," said Faucitt.

"Werry;" reverberated Stoker. And he grinned like a bag of nails.

I rushed home like a demon. Fury was in my heart, and I kicked over a stall of oranges—I reached my lodgings and entered my room—amongst an infinity of bills lay a packet, carefully sealed—was it a remittance from my relenting father—I seized—I opened it—madness! my two last articles from the Monthly Magazine, *rejected!* O friends do you not pity me?—

"I do, pon my credit," said Faucitt. The interesting youth had just emerged from the Insolvent Court.

"I do, pon honor," said Stoker. He had been horsewhipped at Epsom, for cheating at a thimble-rig.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.—General Mercer of Virginia, at a dinner recently given him by his constituents, related the following anecdote.

Entering the same valley eight years after, by a new road leading to a point higher up, called then the Loup—it was in the autumn of 1812—I met a man, second to but one who ever fought the battles, or enlightened the councils of our country, either State or National. He wore, I well remember, as is his custom, shoes instead of boots, and had his ancles bound around, for some distance up, with thongs of papaw-bark, to guard them from the bite of the rattle-snake, and his beard had been unshaven for many days. He had walked ahead of his companions, and was awaiting as I had been for a day or two, the arrival of the James River boat in which, as a commissioner of the State, he was about to complete the most dangerous part of an obstructed navigation, if navigation it could be called, which he had steadily prosecuted for a distance of eighty miles, along the Greenbriar and New River, towards the Falls of Kanawha.

I saw him aftewards, for many nights in succession, pluck the twigs & leaves off the branches of the neighboring trees, to make his bed in the tent, beneath which we slept, on a surface rarely, if ever, even enough to rest without pain. With no human abode in sight for ten days together, and for a part of that time without other subsistence, he made his morning and evening beverage of tea of the sassafras, growing in the adjacent thickets, and bread of the remaining husks of the meal which had already been sifted.

This person, it seems, was Marshall, then and ever since, Chief Justice of the United States.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed, in starting, the advantage of the third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except voluntarily, that she should be overtaken. If the maid out-run her suitor, the matter is ended; she must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the proposal of marriage. But if the maid has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard, to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she come to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause that in Lapland the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

AMUSING ANECDOTE OF KEAN.

By T. C. Grattan, Esq.

He had never, I believe, yet disappointed a London audience, but on one occasion the circumstances of this one he often related to me. He had gone to dine somewhere about ten miles from town, with some few friends of his early days, players, of course, fully intending to be at the theatre in time for the evening's performance. But temptation and the bottle were too strong for him; he outstayed his time, got drunk, and lost all recollection of Shakspeare, Shylock, Drury Lane, and the duties they entailed on him. His friends, frightened at the indiscretion they had caused, despatched Kean's servant, with his empty chariot, and a well-framed story, that the horses had been frightened near the village where Kean had dined, at a flock of geese by the road-side, that the carriage was upset, and the unfortuate tragedian's shoulder dislocated. The story was repeated from the stage by the manager; and the rising indignation of the audience (who had suffered the entertainments to be commenced by the farce) was instantly calmed down into commiseration and regret.

The following morning Kean was shocked and bewildered at discovering the truth of his situation. But how must his embarrasment have been increased on learning that several gentlemen had already arrived from town to make anxious inquiries for him? He jumped out of bed, and, to his infinite affright, he saw amongst the carriages those of Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Whitehead, and others of his leading friends, whose regard for him brought them to see his situation in person. Luckily for him, his old associates, the actors, had, with great presence of mind and practised effrontry, carried on the deception of the previous night. The village apothecary lent himself to it, and, with a grave countenance, confirmed the report; and Kean himself was obliged to become a party, *nolens volens*, in the hoax. His chamber was accordingly darkened, his face *whitened*, and his arm bandaged. A few of the most distinguished inquirers were admitted to his bed-side; no one discovered the cheat; and to crown it completely, he appeared, in an incredible short time, on the boards of Old Drury again, the public being carefully informed that his respect and gratitude towards them urged him to risk the exertion, notwithstanding his imperfect convalescence, and go through the arduous parts of Richard, Macbeth, and Othello, on three successive nights, with his arm in a sling!

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.—Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake Nov. 1st, 1755. On the 18th of the same month, the most violent shock of the same nature recorded in the annals of this continent, was felt through the whole of this country, but particularly in in the section extending from Halifax to Chesapeake Bay. The direction was from northwest to southwest—the time of commencement about 11 minutes before 4 o'clock in the morning. Our old historians tell us, that the excitement occasioned by it was such as to cause the houses of public worship to be frequented and filled by all orders of people. The 23d of December following was, in consequence of it, observed as a day of humiliation and prayer.

We have before us, at this moment, a Lecture read in the Chapel of Harvard College, on the 26th of the month, "on occasion of the great earthquake which shook New England the week before," by John Winthrop, Esq. Hollisian Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy. The learned gentleman says, that the shock lasted four minutes, and the greatest violence of it half that time. "He forbear to rise [from his bed] because the agitation was so vehement, that he concluded it would be difficult, if not impracticable, to go from the bed to the chimney, without being thrown

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down." The windows continued rattling for a minute or two.

In endeavoring to prove that it began with a horizontal motion of the earth, he refers to the dashing of liquors over the sides of open vessels, the oversetting many things in houses, and the throwing of bricks from off the tops of chimneys to some distance. In order, he says, to estimate the velocity with which some were thrown from his chimney, he measured the greatest distance on the ground to which any of them reached, and found it to be thirty feet. The height of the chimney from which they were thrown was thirty-two feet. That the vibrations of buildings, and especially of the higher parts of them, were, in fact, extremely swift, appeared from some facts, which had come to his knowledge, as the bursting of a distiller's cistern by the agitation of the liquor in it, and the breaking off the spindle of the vane on Faneuil Hall, in Boston. This spindle was a pine stick, of about five inches in diameter at the place where it was snapped off, and ten feet high; the weight of the vane on the top of it was about thirty pounds. He mentions also the bending of the windvanes on some high places. One at Boston was bent at its spindle, three or four points of the compass; and another, at Springfield, was bent to a right angle.

From the New York Mirror.

ACHERON, OR RIVER OF HELL.—This celebrated river of antiquity, rises in Molossia, in Greece, flows through Thesprotia, and after passing through the Acherusian lake, falls into the sea, near the Cimmerian promontory, a little below Parga. It is known in modern geography by the name of the Souli river, and the gloominess of its scenery accords well with the fancied horrors of Tartarus. Homer called it, from the dead appearance of its waters, one of the rivers of hell; and the fable has been adopted by all succeding poets.

"The sad infernal stream, the moat of hell,
Where dire chimeras and the furies dwell;
Where sportive fish were never seen to play,
Nor water-nymphs to keep their holiday;
The joyless lake, whose dark and dismal wave,
Rolls sullen onward, gloomy as the grave."

ADONIS, THE BEAUTIFUL.—This celebrated youth, who was very fond of hunting, was the favourite of Venus. In the pursuit of his favourite amusement, he received a mortal bite from a wild bear, which he had wounded, and Venus, to testify her affection, changed him into a beautiful flower, called the anemone. The word properly signifies wind-flower, because it is supposed to open only when the wind blows. Proserpine is said to have restored Adonis to life, on condition that he should spend six months with her, and the rest of the year with Venus. This implies the alternate return of summer and winter.

"The beauteous youth, on whom the queen of love
Propitious smiled—who, in the sylvan grove,
Received his death-wound from the foamy boar,
His snowy limbs all dyed with crimson gore."

AURORA MORNING.—This goddess is generally represented by the poets, drawn in a rose-coloured chariot, and opening with her rosy fingers the gates of the east—pouring the dew upon the earth, and making the flowers grow. Her chariot is generally drawn by white horses, and she is covered with a veil —Darkness and Sleep—(Nox and Somnus) fly before her, and the constellations of heaven disappear at her approach. She precedes the Sun, and is the herald of his rising.

——"The blushing goddess which doth sway
The dewy confines of the night and day;
——Who from the glowing east displays
Her purple doors, and odoriferous bed,
With bright dew-dropping roses thickly spread;
Which as she in her lightsome chariot rides,
Scatters the light from off her saffron wheels."

BACCHUS, THE GOD OF WINE, ETC.—This jovial deity, is said to be son of Jupiter and Semele. He was the Osiris of the Egyptians, from whom the fables respecting him were taken by the Greeks. He is generally represented crowned with vine and ivy leaves, with a thyrsus in his hand. His figure is that of an effeminate young man, to denote the joy which commonly prevails at feasts; and sometimes that of an old man, to teach us that wine, taken immoderately, will enervate us, consume our health, render us loquacious and childish like an old man, and unable to keep secrets. Bacchus is sometimes represented like an infant holding a thyrsus and cluster of grapes with a horn. He often appears naked, and riding upon the shoulder of Pan, or in the arms of Silenus, who was his foster-father: He also sits upon a celesial globe, bespangled with stars, and is then the same as the Sun or Osiris of Egypt. He is sometimes drawn in a chariot by a lion and a tiger. His beauty is compared to that of Apollo; and, like him, he is represented with fine hair loosely flowing down his shoulders. He has been called,

"God of the cheering vine, who holds in awe
The spotted lynxes which his chariot draw.
——"The dimpled son
Of Semele, that crown'd upon his tun,
Sits with his grapy chaplets."

Secret of living always easy.—An Italian bishop having struggled through great difficulties without complaining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions, without ever betraying the least impatience, an intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he conceived it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could tell him the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and will do it very readily. It consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain. "Most willingly," said the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind the space I shall shortly occupy in it; I then look abroad into the world and observe what multitudes there are who in all respects have more cause to be unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

SENTENCES FROM HORACE.

No one is born without vices, and he is the best man who is encumbered with the least.

It is but fair that he who entreats a pardon for his faults, should be ready to grant one in his turn.

As soon as age shall have strengthened your limbs and mind, you may swim without a cork.

It is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be of merit.

Let there be some end to your searching after riches, and since you have more than enough, be in less dread of poverty.

All, but especially the covetous, think their condition the hardest

He who is always in a hurry to be wealthy and immersed in the study of augmenting his fortune, has lost the arms of Reason and deserted the post of virtue.

The friendship of great men is a laudable acquisition, yet their favors are ever to be solicited with modesty and caution.

Death is the ultimate boundary of human matters.

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THE MINSTREL BOY.

AS SUNG BY MRS. WOOD—WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE.

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2.

The minstrel fell: but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chord asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery:
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,
Old Adam call'd her *woe*-man;
But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,
He then pronounced her *woo*-man.

But now with folly, and with pride,
Their husbands keenly trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whims*,
The people call them *whim*-men.

A CANDID TUTOR.—When I first went to Cambridge, says Horace Walpole, I was to learn mathematics of the famous blind professor Sanderson. I had not frequented him a fortnight before he said to me, "Young man, it is cheating you to take your money; believe me, you never can learn these things; you have no capacity for them."

REFINEMENT.—A lady went into a dame-school not long ago, in an adjoining county, and seeing a little girl at work, asked her what she was making. The child dropped a curtsey, and replied, "A Hemise, ma'am." "A what?" said the lady, "why it looks like a shirt!" "Yes, ma'am," rejoined the little workwoman, "only Governess says we ought to say Hemises for these, the same as Shemises for the others."

"A MAGPIE'S CUNNING.—A gentleman who had a magpie told me that having stolen many articles, he watched him narrowly, and at length he was seen by him gathering pebbles, with much solemnity, and dropping them into a hole about 18 inches deep made to receive a line post. After dropping every stone he cried 'carach' triumphantly, and set off for another. Making himself sure that he had found the object of his search, the gentleman went to the place and found in the hole a poor toad which the magpie was stoning for his amusement."—*Book of the Seasons.*

INCONVENIENCE OF DEFECTIVE EYES.—A clergyman formerly of this town, who was in the habit of *exchanging* often, in the course of his parochial duties, one day called upon a venerable old lady, a member of his church, who had *poor eyes*. At first he indulged in the usual kind enquiries about her health, and then after the different members of her family, but all the while he observed she looked somewhat vacant and surprised. At length she exclaimed, "I don't seem to recollect who you are." "You don't go to meeting often, I'm afraid," said he, "or you would at once know who I am." "Yes I do," she replied, "but I'm quite certain I never see *you* there!"—*Northampton Courier.*

CONFESSION OF AN IRISH PEASANT.—Luke M. Geoghan being at confession, owned among other things that he had stolen a pig from Tim Carrol. The priest told him he must make restitution; Luke couldn't—how could he, when he had eaten it long ago? Then he must give Tim one of his own. No; Luke didn't like that—it wouldn't satisfy his conscience, it wouldn't be the downright identical pig he stole. Well, the priest said, if he wouldn't, he'd rue it, for that the *corpus delictum*, Tim's pig, would be brought forward against him at his final reckoning. "You don't mane that, father?" Indeed but the father did." "And may be Tim himself will be there too?" "Most certainly." "Och, then, why bother about the trifle this side the grave? If Tim's there, and the pig's there, sure I can make restitution to him *then* you know."—*Monthly Magazine.*

Some years since, a fellow from the city was traversing through Vermont, exhibiting a large collection of wax figures, among the monstrosities of which were Queen Caroline, Bergami, Lieut. William H. Allen, (killed by pirates,) Aaron Burr, shooting Hamilton. The foremost man' went around the hall explaining the various figures, and on coming to this, exclaimed. 'This, ladies and gentlemen, is Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States, in mortal combat with the immortal Hamilton; and then lifting to the ceiling an eye teeming with the inspiration of bards of the Olden Time, he broke forth in the inimitable style of Orator Pop Emmons, with:

Oh, Burr! Burr! what hast thou done?
Thou hast shooted dead great Hamilton!!
You got right behind a bunch of thistles,
And shooted him dead with a pair of hoss pistols!

"A man had a young wife—took into his head to be jealous of a friend—no cause, dare say. Was going from home one day—meant to tell her to avoid company of said friend, but by good luck asked advice of another—sensible man—knew better—said never do that!—way to make her think of him, if never did before—*woman do any thing tell not.* Try her—tell her be sure not to ride upon old Towler, great savage watch dog, while you are absent—see what'll happen."

"Husband took friend's advice—gave particular orders not to ride dog—wife stared, laughed, promised—never dreamt of such a thing—afraid of dog too—soon ha' thought of riding a *dragon*, if hadn't been told not. Husband gone, went to look at Towler directly—gave him bones—got friendly by degrees—scratched his head—patted his back—lost all fear—*got a straddle*—had a tumble—scratched her face—no hiding that—when husband came back, laid all the blame on him—said she fancied dog-riding must have been something very pleasant, or would not have been denied to her!"

When Andrew Dunlap, Mayor of the good old city of Dundee, died, his executors resolved to appropriate to their own peculiar benefit, the provision contained in a Codicil which bequeathed to the framer of an epitaph which should be endorsed upon his tomb-stone the good round sum of thirty pounds Scotch. The executors wisely concluded that, to entitle them to an equal division of "the spoils," the epitaph should be the joint product of their united inspiration; and consequently, they (there were *three* of them) voted, that an epitaph, proper, should consist in a well arranged *triplet;* and *therefore*, under the peculiarities of the case, it was quite proper that each executor should contribute a line *ex tempore*. Under his equitable arrangement, they commenced their poetic operations. The first eked out his line thus:

"Andrew Dunlap, Mayor of Dundee."

The second, under a solemn sense of the recent, afflicting dispensation of Providence which had deprived Dundee of a civil head, continued:

"Andrew Dunlap, died did he;"

And the third, in pious agony, capped the mournful climax with:

"Hallelujah! Hallelujee!"

Trust not the world, for it never payeth that i promiseth.—*Augustin.*

True wit consists in retrenching all useless discourse, and in saying a great deal in a few words.

A man may play the fool with every thing else, but with poetry:

——Neither men, nor gods, nor pillars meant
Poets should ever be indifferent.

I would to heaven this sentence was writ over the door of all our printers, to forbid the entrance of so many rhymers.—*Montaigne.*

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A green wight, of green Erin, was sent to a druggist's store, to procure honey, but when arrived there he had forgotten his errand. Being somewhat disconcerted, he looked about him to discover wherewith he might refresh his memory. "Do you wish any thing?" inquired the druggist.

Pat. "Sure, and so I do, but I'm not thinken how to spake it now jist."

Drug. "Can't you think of something that sounds like it, or looks like it?.'

Pat. "Ay, that I can, and do ye know them ere little varmints, bad luck to their mother's children, what bites so sharp with their tails?" Pill was puzzled, and for the life of him he could not think what Paddy wanted. So he called on his wife to obviate his difficulty. "Honey," said he, "Honey, come here and"—

"Och, by ——," said Pat, interrupting him, "that's jist what I want!"

A countryman, a short time ago, on being liberated from St. Augustine's gaol, walked into a neighbouring ale-house and asked for a pint of beer, informing the landlord, at the same time, he had no money, but that, if he would furnish the supply, he would tell him some thing greatly to his advantage. Boniface hesitated, but finding the man's countenance to wear an honest sort of appearance, placed before him a "tankard of mild." A few minutes elapsed, and the beer had vanished, and with it my host's patience, for he eagerly demanded the promised information. "Hark y'e," responded the newly released delinquent, "If you should be unfortunate enough to get on the tread-mill, the easiest birth is against the wall."—*Kentish Chron.*

A Searching Operation.—"Billy, my dear, where *have* you been, at this time of night, to get your shirt turned wrong side afore?" "Been, mother!—been to an auction, where a man lost his pocket book; and they shut the doors, and searched us all from head to foot; *that's* how I got my shirt turned;—glad to clear out any how—staid two hours, and they had'nt half sniggled when I left 'em."

Painter's Miseries.—Requesting a lady, who is the bearer of a squint, to oblige you for a moment by looking at you, in order to catch a peculiar expression, when she, half surprised and half angry, wondering at his stupidity, exclaims, "Why, indeed, sir, I have been looking at you this half hour." Hearing a person say, "Well, to be sure, if it wasn't for the face, I should think that was meant for Miss E."—it being intended for that identical person. Painting an old gentleman, who the first hour grins and chuckles you out of all patience, and then, by way of making amends, falls asleep the second.—*Le Studio.*

A Sharp Turn.—Spiller, the celebrated comedian came forward one Saturday to announce a benefit. He began his address, "ladies and gentlemen, to morrow evening." Here a voice from the pit of the theatre cried out—"to morrow, Oh! Mr. Spiller, you forget to morrow will be Sunday." "I know it," replied the droll—"ladies and gentlemen, to morrow evening a charity sermon will be preached in the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, for the benefit of fifty poor boys, and as many girls of that parish, and on Monday evening the comedy of the Busy Body will be performed in this theatre for the benefit, &c.

A person once said to a father whose son was noted for laziness, that he thought his son was very much afraid of work.—"*Afraid* of work," replied the father, "not at all, he will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."

A gentleman paying his addresses to a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy planter, and of course entitled to the honour of being very accomplished, inquired of her if she was not lonesome, there being no society in the neighbourhood, and how she spent her time; she replied she was not lonesome; that she amused herself in reading and writing. He asked her whether she was most fond of writing prose or poetry. "Nary one," says she, "I writes small hand."

SYMPATHY.

By Bishop Heber.

A Knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was Knight such a sorrow that bore!
O never was maid so deserted before!
From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is," said the fair, with a sigh,
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight,
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
"One mournful embrace!" sobbed the youth, "are we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"O had I but loved such an angel as you!
O had but my swain been a quarter as true!
To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

The common superstition or the death-watch is thus noticed in "Howitt's Book of the Seasons."—"The peculiar noise which this little beetle makes by beating its head against the wood it inhabits, has been regarded amongst the superstitious as an omen of death. It is generally in April and May when its knockings are most frequent; and it is now generally understood to be a signal by which they are enabled to find each other in their dark labyrinths. If two of them are placed in separate pill boxes, at a short distance, they will frequently answer each other for a considerable time.

Anecdote.—The crooked streets of Boston are proverbial. Not many years since, says the New Bedford Gazette, the town of —— sent a new Representative to the General Court who had never been in that city of tortuosities. He started at the usual time, for the capital, to watch over the interests of his constituents, who were not a little surprised at seeing him back in less than a fortnight after he set out. On being asked the cause of his return, he replied, that he "staid in the city ten days—wore out his boots—eat up all his bread and cheese—could'nt find the State House; and so he thought it was best to return and report progress!"

Scotch Wit.—Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the admiral's ship.—"Look up, and read you Jock," said the one to the other;" "England expects every man to do his duty;" not a word frae puir auld Scotland on this occasion."

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

She is the fairest of the fair,
The gayest of the gay;
Her brow is smooth and free of care,
And her eyes, are bright as day.
I've look'd on her with passion's glow,
And oh! I love her well,
And I've often wish'd to tell her so,
But I've yet the tale to tell.

I've often held her pretty hand,
And thought I'd tell her then;
But could not, thoughts or speech command,
And swore I'd try again:
I'd conn'd a speech of love sincere,
And thought I'd speak it well;
But when my lips, approach'd her ear,
I'd yet the tale to tell.

She ask'd me, "do you love the girls?"
I blush'd—I know I did;
And like some rude and witless dunce,
Hung down my throbbing head.
"Dear Jane," said I, "you long have known—
Or must have known it well—"
And there I paused, and gave a groan,
I'd yet the tale to tell.—

One day I met her all alone,
Within a shady grove,
And thought as others oft had done,
"This is the place for Love."
I grasp'd her hand, and said, "Dear Jane,
I hope to meet you well!"
"Indeed!" said she—my speech was vain—
I'd yet the tale to tell.

My faithless tongue—I must complain,
Deceives me every week;
For, "Dearest Love—I love you Jane!"
Is all I want to speak—
'Twill talk of any thing but that,
The winter's eve quite well;
But when I rise, and take my hat,
I've something yet to tell. LISLE.

From the Boston Morning Post.

ANSWER

To a Lady who requested me to restore her love letters in consequence of a pique.

"Geese, villain?"—*Macbeth.*

Restore all your letters bewitching?
Nay, dearest, that cannot well be—
The cook, long ago, in the kitchen,
Singed the goose with the papers, you see,
Then the flames that you wrote of, in flame
Ascended the chimney above,—
Since the cook had no billets of wood,
I gave her the billets of love.

Aye, sweet—and the goose tasted sweeter—
Your sauce has come rather too late—
The onion you used in your weeping
Had better have graced my plate.
To see your rhetorical flowers
By Genesee flour outdone,
Your grave things eclipsed by the gravy;
I vow; was the best of the fun.

When I was in love, or pretended
To be so, my sweetest of girls.
Recollect you were never offended
When I played with your clustering curls,
Your letters—a scullion might use 'em;
But how did you manage with mine?
I know they were warmed by your bosom,
And read fifty times, every line.

Grieve not for your sweets; "to such uses,"
Hamlet tells us, "we all came at last"
The goose has been singed, cooked and eaten,
The hour of dinner is past.
But even if all should be known,
My awful transgressions be proved,
Your notes but inflamed the wrong goose,
And not the right gander you loved.

LOVE'S INFLUENCES.

Love—what a curious, comical thing it is,
Pleasing, and teasing, and vexing us so,
Just like a bee with its honey and sting, it is
Here and 'tis there, and wherever we go.

Now, it is courting, transporting, and thrilling us,
Nothing in nature can equal our bliss;
Now it is frowning, and chilling, and killing us,
Plunging us down to the lowest abyss.

Then of a night, how it sets us a dreaming, O!
Misses and kisses flit over the brain,
Gay dresses, bright tresses, caresses, all seeming so
Real and true that we waken with pain.

Sometimes pathetic, jocose, metaphysical,
Various aspects and manners it wears,
The pretty and witty, the solemn and quizzical,
All have their part of its pleasures and cares.

When a mere boy—say some five or six years ago—
One roguish girl played the mischief with me;
What with her smiling, beguiling, and tears you know,
Soon was I a pitiful object to see.

O how delightful and frightful! to walk with her,
Down to the church that stood towering hard by;
And then while I tarried, unable to talk to her,
Eyeing and sighing and dying was I.

Then what a quarrel—I tremble to think of it,
Little was left me of life and of hope,
If not *in* despair I was just *on* the brink of it,
Often I thought of a razor or rope.

Ghost-like I wandered for weeks by a lonely brook,
Shaded by woods, from society free;
Then, fixed on the earth, my glazed eye-balls would only look
Up, when my head struck the limb of a tree.

Parents and kindred cried, "What is the matter, dear?
Duly and truly your feelings impart."
"Ah me!" I replied, with a groan, "such a clatter here,"
Putting my hand where I once had a heart.

Well, sure enough, it was tough, but I bore it all;
Years of adventures have since passed away,
But yet in good truth I have hardly got o'er it all,
Queer I appear as the most of folks say.

Pardon my folly, kind, generous editors,
Thus to be whining and rhyming about
What [publish it, then you'll be greatly my creditors]
Scarcely we live *with* and can't live *without*.

If a man borrows a shilling from you, and on being dunned pretends to have forgotten it, you may with considerable safety set him down as a liar.

On the Coldness of my Love.

My love—a steam-boat I will prove her,
And I'm the paddle-wheels so wide—
With all my power I strive to move her,
Yet, like those wheels, I'm put aside.

A lady's album is generally worth looking at, as a psychological curiosity, indicative, to a considerable extent, of the taste and feeling of its owner.

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MEDALLION HEAD of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE & MARIA LOUISA.

Ruled by Machinery from the Medal executed by Andrieu.

Published by S. C. Atkinson for the Casket.

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ATKINSON'S

CASKET

OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid!
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

No. 2.] PHILADELPHIA.—FEBRUARY. [1834.

NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

Ruled by Machinery, by Asa Spencer, from a Medal executed by Andrieu.

The beautiful medallion which embellishes the present number of the Casket, is a specimen of a peculiar style of engraving which America claims the exclusive honor of giving birth to. In 1817, by the use of a machine which had been invented in Philadelphia, *Christian Gobrecht*, die-sinker, produced upon copper an engraving from a medal, having upon it the head of Alexander of Russia. From this engraving impressions were taken and distributed. The claims set forth in the London Philosophical Magazine for 1832, rest upon no proof, while its existence in this country for so many years previous, abundantly established it as an American invention, even if the fact had ever been denied, which does not appear to be the case. In 1819, Mr. Asa Spencer, of the house of Draper, Underwood, Bald & Spencer, bank note engravers, took with him to London, a machine of the kind above alluded to, which was designed principally for straight and waved line ruling. This machine was used in London during the year just mentioned, and the mode of ruling waved lines, and of coying medals was then exhibited and explained by Mr. Spencer to several artists. Little, however, was done in the way of medal ruling, until about four years since, when a desire to apply the method to the engraving of designs for bank notes, caused it to be revived by Mr. Spencer, who bestowed great attention on it, and overcame the difficulties encountered in the outset.

The peculiar construction of this machine has never been made a secret, nor has it ever been patented, although prudential motives have required that it should not be minutely described, and thus be placed in the hands of those by whom its use might be perverted to improper purposes. In consequence if this free communication in relation to this machine, it is now made, with modifications in the details, for engravers, by some of our machinists.

It may not be amiss, however, briefly to observe, that this machine is constructed much on the principle of a pentegraph. Since it has been introduced into the art of bank note engraving, it has materially increased the safety of notes, by rendering it wholly impossible to make a counterfeit. The effect produced is so peculiar as to defy all efforts of the graver at imitation. The steel implement of the engraver soon becomes blunted by an application of this kind, and the keen point of a diamond is alone found equal to the task of tracing successive lines of equal distinctness on the hard surface of the steel plate. Mr. Spencer cannot be too much distinguished for his zeal in perfecting an instrument which combines so much real utility with the beauty of its productions; while his success in doing so would seem to be the highest possible evidence of his skill and science as an artist and mechanic. The completion of such a machine appeared alone wanting to place the respectable engraving company before mentioned, at the summit of their profession. If they have heretofore been admitted to possess taste, talent and skill of the most exalted order, they must now be allowed to add the finishing qualification of *perfect safety*—a quality as necessary in their works as light is to creation.

A BLUSH—"What a mysterious thing is a blush! that a single word or look, or a thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame any more than the glove or stocking which covers it. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul!—there may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame, and prove to him the absurdity of the doctrines of chance.

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The following song, composed for the occasion was sung at the late celebration of the anniversary of St. Andrew, by the St. Andrew's Society of Savannah, Ga. It is almost equal to Burns's original.

"Thistle Bloom."

TUNE—"*Should Auld Acquaintance.*"

Should Scotia's emblem be forgot?
Should mem'ry scant it room?
Should we her sons remember not
The Thistle's bonnie bloom?

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom my friens
The Thistle's bonnie bloom,
We 'll toom a stoup this gladsome night
To "Thistle's bonnie bloom."

Tho' far frae hame an' native lan,
Our hearts shall feel no gloom,
While here we join a winsome clan
To sing "The Thistle Bloom."

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

We loe her glens, her braes, her burns,
Her heather and her broom,
But maist our soul for country yearns,
At sight o' Thistle bloom.

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

Tho' aft we quaff to Scotia's gude,
Whylist mirth an' sang gae roun,
Yet nobler feelings warm the bluid,
Inspired by Thistle bloom.

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

We bid the tearfu' widow turn,
Her eyes frae aff the tomb,
We hush the wail o' orphan bairn,
Taught by thee, "Thistle bloom."

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

Then sing ye chiels wie' heart and soul,
Skirl loud nor fash the tune,
Gar Indus tell it to the pole,
And praise thee, "Thistle bloom!"

CHORUS.

The Thistle's bonnie bloom, &c.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES.

Adieu! ye sunny, summer hours,
A long, perhaps, a last farewell,
When spring renews his vernal flowers,
I may not with their freshness dwell.

A spirit sunk, a broken heart,
Ne'er mingles with the gay and free,
And misery cannot bear to part,
From one, so wretched, lone as me.

My dreams of love and joy are o'er,
Which smiled upon my youthful day,
Now, syren hope can charm no more,
Or lure me with its fleeting ray.

Each gayer thought aside I fling,
Its fading bliss, and idle dreams,
I would not to my bosom bring,
One thought of fonder, earlier themes.

Then fare ye well, ye youthful hours,
Ye days of love, and hope farewell,
When spring renews her vernal flowers,
I may not with their freshness dwell.

C. H. W.

Written for the Casket.

The Three Wishes.

A DREAM.

Of all the slaves who bowed to the ground, and touched the dust at the feet of Sultan Morad, the most submissive and most discontented was Mehemet Han. To have beheld the complacency with which the same Mehemet stroked his beard, twisted his turban, adjusted his cashmere—to have observed him, with solemn steps and downcast eyes, entering the mosch, mortals must have regarded him as the most sincere Moslem who had ever kissed the Black Stone of the Caaba, at Mecca. Sincere, indeed, was Mehemet Han, in the object of his piety, and that was his own aggrandizement; and a puzzle it must have been to the great Prophet himself, to divine the depth of the ambitious desires of Mehemet Han.

It was one of those summer evenings, the beauty of which no fancy could realize, unless that fancy had been vivified by the scenery of Thrace and Bithynia, along the Bosphorus, and sublimed by the last beams of day, glittering upon Turkish minarets, moschs, and tombs, through the trembling cypress boughs, with which these edifices are interspersed, and partially overshadowed. The surface of the straits, just sufficiently ruffled to shew it was liquid—the solemn abodes of departed Mussulmen—the fading rays still playing upon the long banks of clouds, hanging over the fields of Thrace, or rising mountain-like from the bosom of the Marmora; the moon appearing over the distant mountains of Asia; and in the centre of this splendid picture, the thousand shapeless and varying forms created by the twilight, from the houses and shores, and the whole rendered peculiarly impressive by the deep toned Muzzein breaking on the ear. All nature was called to repose, to contemplation, and to unfeigned devotion; and thousands, relieved from the cares of day, felt the balm upon their souls. But there was one to whom the rich scene seemed as did Paradise to the first tempter of man:

"Each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice charged with pale ire, envy, and despair."

The very day thus closed, had Mehemet Han, with the most apparently devoted expression of attachment and fidelity, assisted to put the sword of the Prophet into the hands of a new grand vizier. That new vizier was the great Achmet Cuprogli. The now cringing and repining Mehemet Han, the son of a Curd, was the spoiled favourite of Cuprogli; and never since the days of Saladin did a more fierce and ungrateful fugitive issue from the mountains of Curdistan.

"May his soul be in Eblis, before the snow falls on this city," muttered the heart-stricken Mehemet. "For what have I despoiled the unbelievers, and made their habitations desolate! The Kaffirs, what is ten millions of sequins?—a trifle. By the Holy Sepulchre! I am not a Pacha of Three Tails, and a Begler Beg, for no purpose. If Morad himself doth not weep when my riches are named, then some other Pacha has already made Roumelia as complete a desart as I have left Anatolia—that basest of all the worshippers of Allah, that Cuprogli. But

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he shall not always frown in the Divan. The great sheriff himself—the proud and haughty Morad, may yet tremble at the name of Mehemet Han. The bowstring, which sent his predecessor, Ibrahim, to mingle with unbelievers —Caprogli, Grand Vizier—hah!—and Mehemet Han, at the end of ten years' service, only a Pacha of Three Tails. The whole faithful followers of Omar, bowing the knee to Caprogli; and me, when thirty summers have ripened my brain, sent to——Why has Allah poured the full stream of wisdom on the head of Mehemet, and left the sculls of Morad, and his vizier, Caprogli, barren rocks on the desart? Holy Prophet enlighten the mind of thy servant, for these things are dark and hidden."

At these words the spirit of the Moslem sunk, oppressed, and whilst his head rested on the root of a aged cypress, and his body reclined beneath the arch of a tomb, gray from time, a deep slumber steeped him in forgetfulness; but the body only slept; the mind, with the rapid and mysterious transitions of a dream, seemed to awaken to a new life.

"Mehemet Han—Mehemet Han," called a voice from the air.

"Thy servant is here," replied the astonished Mussulman; and he beheld before him, descending from a fleecy cloud, a being, not of earth, with robes light as ether, and sparkling with every precious gem. His eyes, though benign as those of the most beauteous houri, were too radiant for mortal sight, and those of Mehemet closed beneath their power; his lips were also sealed as he sunk to the ground at the feet of the celestial stranger.

"Fear not, Mehemet, thou most faithful amongst the faithful children of true believers. I am one of the seventy thousand times seventy thousand spirits, who await and fly to the nethermost bounds of the universe, at the command of the great Prophet. Come, thou favoured one, behold what the blessed Mahommed hath vouchsafe to bestow on him whose prayers are recorded in the Book of Remembrance."

More than the light of a thousand suns seemed now to beam on the earth. The Marmora sea, the adjacent shores, and the edifices of the imperial city and adjacent villages, appeared involved in an ocean of light ineffable. The angel stretched forth his hand and touched the shoulders of Mehemet, and both rose, light as the zephyr which fans the flowery garden of the seraglio: they rapidly ascended to the region of clouds, now tinged with every colour which could delight the eye or ravish the senses. The dark soul of Mehemet was, for the moment, penetrated by the effulgence, and his powers of vision expanded as his elevation stretched the vast domains of his master, Morad, as a chart beneath his feet. The Marmora appeared a mere pond, as the distant Archipelago, studded with islands, advanced, bringing forward the mountains and vales of Greece, Macedonia, and dimly presenting the shores of Italy, beyond the Adriatic. The snow clad Hæmus could not conceal the dark and majestic Danube, or the crescent, shedding its moon-lit beams on the borders of Hungary, and around the entire shores of the Euxine. Sweeping his rapid view to the south, the distant and burning shores of Africa stretched along a horizon, beneath which Cyprus and Candia seemed as two blooming gardens, on each side of the Chelidonian promontory.

"Turn thine eye to the mountains of Asia," said the spirit, as Mehemet was swiftly borne along the winds. Anatolia and Caramania, with the towering Caucasus, seemed to float westward, as the shores of Europe receded, and the mountains of Asia, the Caspian and Indian seas, and the cities of Persia, rose on the eastern perspective. The heart of Mehemet swelled with delight, as the whole Mahometan kingdoms and nations presented a varied tapestry to his enraptured gaze. But from the too immense picture his bewildered fancy was withdrawn by his guide, as they at length rested on the highest peak of Amanus.

"Turn thine eyes to the northwestward," and Mehemet obeyed the spirit. His dream then bore the flight of imaginary fancy to the plains of Konia, over the fountains of the Ermak and Sacaria rivers, until his mind's eye fixed on Istamboul, (Constantinople) rising the pavillion of kings, between two seas. The streets of that city, and its harbour, presented one connected scene of military parade and pomp. Here pranced the proud Arabian courser, as he bore the still prouder warrior. There, in solid array, troop after troop marched to the quays, where ships innumerable received the turbaned legions. Amongst those grim warriors one rode in stateliest garb; his scymetar gleamed with studded diamonds, and on the banner before him, floated the insignia of Othman power. The heart of Mehemet grew sick at the sight, and his countenance blackened with rage:—this honoured commander of thousands, was Caprogli.

"They heart may yet be comforted," said his guide; "be calm and thou shalt see." Mehemet devoured his wrath in silence, as the white canvass of a mighty fleet floated down the Marmora. His eye pursued the crowded ships as they passed the Dardanelles, the Archipelago, and the beauteous Scio; and until, sweeping through the Cyclades, they passed Cape Sassoeo, and moored in the bay of Mutium, in Candia.

"Let the storm of war rage," said the spirit; "be attentive to the message I bring thee from the Prophet—it is in these words: 'Go to that servant of Allah, and grant him the full fruition of the THREE *most ardent wishes of his* SOUL.' I await thy desires, Mehemet Han."

"Wealth," sighed the Moslem.

"Most wisely hast thou chosen, son of a mortal: wealth will command the services of friends, and lay thy enemies at thy feet. Here is a purse," said the spirit, opening his robe, and placing the surcharged repository of gold in the hands of Mehemet, "which thou cannot exhaust. Ever full: all the riches of the infidel children of trafic, all the riches of the gorgeous east, and all treasures of the Sheriff Morad, put together, would be poverty to thy riches, favoured Mehemet."

The heart of Mehemet glowed for a moment as he placed the invaluable gift in his bosom; but in another moment he cast a glance towards Candia, and his breast heaved.

"Thy second wish, Mehemet," said the spirit.

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"Life," quickly replied the Turk. "Life—what is it?—a flash of lightning—a peal of thunder"—

"And all is gone into the place of silence," observed the spirit, with a smile; for short, indeed, is the course of the days of man; but thou, oh greatly favoured Mehemet, shalt have no cause to complain for want of length of years:—when two hundred springs shall have renewed the flowers of Asia, over yonder plains, thy full strength of manhood shall not be then complete."

Mehemet exulted in the promise, felt his purse, stroked his beard, but again glancing over contending fleets and armies in Candia, he again sighed.

"The day of thy death I cannot foresee myself," said the spirit; "I am commanded to assure thee, that more than five hundred years shalt thou live."

"Blind and fettered," impatiently replied Mehemet, with all the gold and silver the earth contains; with length of days seven-fold more than the common term of man's life—what is then the possessor but a voyager on the ocean of time, whose vision is sealed? Futurity"—

"Thy third wish," interrupted the spirit, "is easy to divine—be it so;" and he touched the head of Mehemet, and at the same time he drew from his bosom a small golden clasped book. "This is the BOOK of FUTURITY," he continued; "it is now thine. Thou art now enriched beyond all other mortal possessions:—thou art ensured of life far beyond the utmost term granted to thy fellow men; and thou hast what no human being but the great Prophet can boast: thou hast the records of coming time."

Here the spirit smiled, and was silent. The entranced Mehemet remained lost for some moments in the mixed exultations created by his new condition. A chill came over him; he turned round to where his guide had stood, but he was now alone on Amanus. The snows were drifted around him, as the winds sighed amongst the frozen summits. He clasped his hands on his breast: his purse and book were safe, but the whole landscape, not open to ordinary vision, had vanished. Mehemet sighed; but a change again came over the spirit of his dream. He seemed to awake as if from a delicious sleep, and found himself reclining on a most superbly rich ottoman, in an apartment, the walls of which was mother of pearl, the floor a carpet of woven gold; the frames of the doors and windows, crystal, vying in sparkling brightness to the finest diamonds of India. On every side vases of jasper supported flowers of every dye, and exhaled a fragrance which reached and soothed the inmost senses. Soft and thrilling music stole upon the ear, and the tones rose and fell at the inward wish of the hearer. Servants, in the most gorgeous livery, were prostrate awaiting the commands of their lordly master.

"Slave, bring that golden ewer, and place it by me," exclaimed Mehemet. He was obeyed. "Leave me alone, slaves," he continued in a raised voice, and in a moment he was alone in the most costly apartment ever conceived by the human imagination.

Clapping his hand to his breast, he drew forth his purse, and withdrawing the strings, seized the sapphire button at its top, and held it over the ewer. A stream of golden pieces, mixed with the most brilliant and high-wrought gems, flowed into and soon overflowed the ewer, and spread upon the precious carpet beneath.

"It is enough—blessed be Allah, and Mahommed is his Prophet," exclaimed Mehemet, closing his purse and replacing it in his bosom. "I will solace myself with a few pages of the book of futurity," said the now happy Musselman, as he drew forth the portentous volume. On its lid he read,

"*The promises of Allah shall be fulfilled.*"

"Then shall Mehemet Han be richer than all the kings of the earth; live more than seven times longer than common mortals—see farther into futurity than any other prophet, except the blessed Mahommed, and be wiser than Soloman himself," whispered his heart, to close his reflections as he unclasped the volume, and most rapturously read,

"Ask, and it shall be unfolded to thee."

This was written on the obverse of the golden cover, and turning to the right side, he found the book was indeed a mirror, or rather a window through which he saw whatever of futurity he desired to see.

"The siege of Candia?" he sighed, and Candia was once more before him. The city of Mutium had surrendered, and only about one hundred thousand of the faithful had been sent to Paradise, from under its walls. The fleet in triumph was leaving the place, and Cuprogli—"Dog!" roared Mehemet, and clouds and darkness obscured the book.

"Mehemet Han, grand vizier?" muttered the inquirer, and the page was again clear, as he maddened, sprang to his feet, drew forth a most tranchant blade of Damascus, twirled his mustachios, and swore extinction to the whole host of unbelievers. Here he remembered and repeated a text of the Koran; "Be moderate in prosperity." This advice restored his soul to some patience, and he again turned his eye to his book.

"When will Mehemet Han be grand vizier?"

"In the year of the Hegira, 1300," appeared in letters of fire, and like the lightning's flash disappeared.

"Merciful Allah!" most piteously exclaimed Mehemet, "I shall then be more than two hundred years old."

"Just about middle age," appeared in words of fire, as before, which flashed and was gone, but was followed by "Mehemet be attentive and be instructed."

The whole soul of the dreamer was now absorbed, and his gaze riveted on the scenes which opened before him. First rose the imperial city; but how changed! The faces of strangers appeared in the streets, with steps firm and mien erect, as if masters.

"Who are they?" mentally demanded Mehemet.

"Russians," gleamed above their heads.

"The mosch of Sultan Selim?"

"Like all other moschs in Constantinople, are purged, and have become pure—they are now"—

"Temples of the unbelievers," roared the indignant Turk. "The Seraglio?"

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"Gone—its walls demolished—its rude and barbarous magnificence vanished—quays and warehouses formed the front—and within, merchant palaces rose. It is again Byzantium."

"Allah! Allah! thy ways are just but mysterious," groaned the distressed Mehemet. "The Divan—the great Padi—Schah—the Sheriff—the Sultan?"

The dilapidated walls of Barsa rose before him, and amid its half ruined palaces, his suffused vision beheld a remnant of Othman power, seated where had sat their ancestors in past ages, long before their scymetars gleamed on the western shore of the Hellespont. In front of the palace appeared a body of troops, with countenances downcast, motley clothed and armed, and at their head a man whose thin and flaxen hair and beard, and pale, haggard, and furrowed visage bespoke extreme length of years.

"Long live our great vizier Mehemet Han!" streamed along a dark and heavily clouded sky, and again all was silence and sadness. The very inmost soul of the sleeper was now transfixed: one of his most ardent hopes was realized, but, alas! under what shadows of calamity! The glories of his country departed; the followers of Mohammed trembling at the name of the long cursed and hated Kaffirs. Himself reduced to a shade, pictured the departed grandeur of the Othman empire, now falling in ruins upon its own foundations.

"My family?" he inwardly, yet scarcely dared even in thought to call forth that part of futurity.

"Be patient and be instructed," again beamed.

In the twinkling of a moment his dream carried him backwards in time and space. He was seated in a most magnificent pavilion, overlooking the gently ruffled surface of the Marmora. The pavilion rose upon one of the highest of the seven hills over which extended the imperial Istamboul. Beside him sat one of the fairest daughters of Circassia; a form which not even the most beauteous houri could excel. The odour of incense and flattery mixed to regale his almost overpowered senses. The lips of the enchanting Eutema were pouring forth a recitation of the wealth, power, and greatness of her beloved lord, the generous, valiant, and victorious Pacha Mehemet Han. The inflated heart of the same Pacha was moving a breast-plate studded with diamonds of inestimable price. The title of Saif'O Dawla, (sword of the state) was breathed by the bewitching Eutema, as she touched the hilt of a scymetar, a present from the great Sultan Mustapha.

"Thy enemy Cuprogli, lies amongst the bones of unbelievers, on the banks of the Danube," whispered Eutema. "Yes, my Lord! and the power of Mustapha is like the leaf in after summer: it is withering, and will"—

"Soon fall, and be trodden under foot," responded Mehemet.

"And my own lord be grand vizier," ejaculated Eutema, as she clasped the knees of the aspiring Pacha.

"What sound breaks the air?" demanded Mehemet, after an anxious pause.

"It is the howling wind," replied Eutema.

"No!" passionately rejoined Mehemet, "it is the angry sound of war"—and in fancy he stood breathless, with his right hand on the hilt of his studded scymetar. Sudden and frightful darkness in a moment overwhelmed him; his houses, pavilion—his Eutema and children, seemed swept before a mighty tempest, out of which issued curses menacing death! death! to the vile traitor, Mehemet Han."

"Villain! where is thy benefactor, Cuprogli?" loudly demanded one voice.

"Dead, on the field of Salankamen, and by the treachery of this caitiff," mournfully replied another.

"Death! death!" again resounded with redoubled fury, as the terrified wretch seemed hurled along by the very breath of rage, whilst the cries of his wives and children mingled in the blast.

Another change came: a glare like that of lightning gleamed around him; but not passing; the lurid flame made every object most dreadfully visible. The maddened Janisaries presented a front where every face seemed distorted by hate, vengeance, and unpitying malice. A gulph opened, and down plunged the fugitive to depths unknown. He was stunned by the fall as he reached the bottom of the abyss. With returning sense he looked around, and death would have been joyfully met, as relief from the horrors that arose from every sight and sound. His once beloved Eutema, his other wives, and his children, appeared as demons.

"Aha! aha!" shouted these furies; "all hail to the great, the mighty, the victorious, and the generous vizier, Mehemet Han!"

"Whose purse is never empty," cried Eutema, as she plucked his disordered beard, and snatching the fountain-purse from his bosom, and poured a golden stream at his feet.

Unable to bear the storm, the wretched Mehemet writhed in agony as he turned his face to the sulphurous ground, from which he felt unable to raise his bruised and broken limbs.

At once, silence more awful than the tumult which preceded it. The cavern was now indeed the cavern of death—not the death which ends life and its woes, but death of hope. Mehemet raised his head, and around him, on the very richest sofas, sat Eutema and his most beloved son, Nashili; but their faces were expressive of woe, too deep to admit a single breath or murmur. They fixed their gaze upon him, and their reproaches were red hot bolts piercing his inward soul. Eutema still held the golden fountain open, and the whole cavern seemed strewed with gold and jewels. Eutema raised her left hand, and the burning eyes of Mehemet obeyed the signal.

A figure emerged from the darkness; his stature and mien unearthly; his steps were slow, and visage solemn and stern. The gaze of Mehemet was fixed upon the advancing shade, who appeared to him as the spirit of the murdered Cuprogli. Stillness reigned until the voice of the dead seemed to pierce the walls around them.

"Mehemet Han, thou knowest me, and thee I know, thou man of blood and black ingratitude. Thy soul thirsted for gold, and on a bed

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of gold forty years shalt thou lie in torture. Behold this wound!" and the spirit of Cuprogli opened his breast red with gore. "That was given by thy means, if not by thy hand. My soul was wafted to where thine shall never come. Thy heart panted for length of days, and a measure of life was given thee seven fold. Thy desires were not satisfied by overflowing riches, or with five hundred years of life. From the lips of the Angel of Wrath, who cursed thee with a grant of thy own Three Wishes, did I receive an account of thy folly. Again thou dared to desire the book of futurity—and it was given thee. Read and be instructed. Had thou called for wisdom, it would have been given thee; and one ray of wisdom would have taught thee resignation to the laws of thy nature. Let the innocent be at rest," concluded the spirit of Cuprogli, as he waved his hand over Eutema and her son, and they were gone. The fatal purse was thrown at the feet of Mehemet, who was left alone in this deep abode of despair.

Thus far the dreamer read when in vain he attempted to withdraw his view from the fearful unfolding of his own fate. With that mysterious power given to man in sleep, moments seemed days, and days years. With the fatal volume in his hand, and the fatal purse at his feet, time appeared to stand still as the dark surface of the Marmora, or to flow heavily as the sluggish Bosphorus. A consuming thirst and gnawing hunger seized the vitals of the dreamer: for what appeared to be the condition of his image in the glass of futurity, was felt, and keenly felt, by the sleeping Mehemet. A table, covered with every viand which could tempt the appetite, slowly descended from the vault; wines, more sparkling than those of Shiraz, overflowed goblets of the purest chrystal; and fruits, luscious, as if plucked from the groves of Eden, all stood before the parched and famished Mehemet; but his pained and stiffened limbs refused their office when he attempted to touch the vessels which held the desired food or draught, made visible, and only visible, by a dim and dismal glare which gleamed at intervals through the vault.

"Five hundred years are surely past," thousand and ten thousand times, in bitterest torture, groaned Mehemet, as he writhed on his couch of gold and gems. "Will the angel of death never strike this head?" The awful sound of his own voice only answered in echoes—"Death never strike this head!" Memory, which awake or in sleep never deserts either innocence or guilt, spoke in words of fire; and Cuprogli, Mustapha, Eutema, and Nashili, passed incessantly through the brain of the remorse-wrung Mehemet. "All is lost!" was repeated in echo, "All is lost."

But, after what appeared countless centuries to the soul of Mehemet, the glass of futurity again became dim, and the prisoner in the cavern was for a moment lost to his sight. The clouds of obscurity rolled away, and the city of Istamboul, resplendent in light, was spread before him. All was action in its streets. A numerous army, in all the panoply of war, were preparing to march forth. The coursers were chafing their bridles, whilst the frowning spahis awaited the orders of a man who, in the most gorgeous apparel, mounted on a steed of the most perfect form, and of size above that of any other steed of this mighty host.

"Allah be praised—it is me!" muttered Mehemet—and hunger, thirst, and death, were forgotten, as in rapture his fancy bore him from the cavern to the imperial city. Janisaries and spahis were on their way, and the very earth seemed to tremble beneath their feet, as the Balkan was scaled, and the plains of Hungary spread on the far distance. Mehemet felt for his purse and book—and they were safe in his bosom.

"A page of futurity," whispered the now elevated vizier, as he rested on a couch of pearl and gold, and he again opened the dread volume. The deep and dark rolling Danube reflected the shadows of an army, who, with slow but steady steps, moved down its valley. The Save and Drave were passed, and this army enveloped at the same time the crescent floating over the battlements of Belgrade, and that city itself.

"The insolent sons of unbelievers will never dare meet me and mine host," loudly exclaimed Mehemet, as he clasped his warning volume and gave the signal of advance. But as in imagination he was borne along in his most magnificent chariot: "Let me feast mine eyes with the slaughter of these kaffirs—these dogs!" thought Mehemet, and the book of fate was again drawn forth.

The two armies now appeared drawn up in terrific array, from the Danube to the Save. The Christians, less in number, were headed by a small, brown-visaged man, in plain clothing; his sword, dark as the hand who held it, beamed no lustre. The soldiers of the cross, as plain as their chief, moved slow, steady and firm.

In the form of their standard, the crescent, the numerous and glittering host of Mahometans, their right on the Danube, and left on the Save, with the strong fortress of Belgrade beyond their enemies, now approached in dread array. No hope for the Teutones—their bones were doomed to lie bleached on the fields of Belgrade. The shock was made—the Mahometans seemed to strike a wall of brass and iron; they were broken, discomfitted and fled, bearing with them in their tumultuous flight the now terrified and stupified vizier, whose ears were pierced with curses, loud and terrible, against his folly, presumption, and cowardice. Some of the old time-blanched Janisaries swore, by the beard of Mohammed, that they never saw two kaffirs look so much alike as their recreant vizier and the traitor who betrayed Cuprogli, and who, years gone by, they had thrown headlong into the Bosphorus. Their wrath burned after the terrified vizier and a few of his creatures, who, mounted on the very fleetest horses, kept in advance of the exasperated warriors, who thirsted to quench the shame of their defeat in the blood of those who were regarded as the author of misfortune. The head of a defeated vizier has always stood loose on the shoulders of the wearer, in Istamboul, and prostrate before the infuriated sultan fell the trembling Mehemet Han.

"Caitiff, where are my troops?"

"The decrees of Allah are just," most piteously replied the miscreant.

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"And I am his sheriff, to pronounce those decrees—mutes," said the sultan, in a voice which froze the soul of Mehemet, who forgot that his life was secured for at least the next four centuries. "But, no!" resumed the sultan, as a wave of his hand sent back the coming ministers of fate, "thou deservest not death—in a dungeon shalt thou languish."

In an instant, with the rapid transition of a dream, Mehemet was again in the dungeon where, in imagination, he had languished countless years in torture. The purse, the book, the gold-bestrewed pavement, and the profusely covered table, were again around him, and again were his inward vitals enwrapped in a flame of raging thirst, whilst his swollen and benumbed limbs refused their office. His eyes and brain remained to place before him what were once the objects of fierce desire, and now strewed before him in mockery. Through another period of pain and misery did he in vain invoke the angel of death. "Death will never come!" was responded from the endless darkness, every where hung round the sulphurous light which environed the sufferer.

As the distracted reader reached this period of his future fate, horror for a moment closed the gates of futurity, and when he once more turned his eyes to the page all was changed.

The Bosphorus was before him, but its waters were covered with an innumerable fleet, bearing down upon the imperial city. On all sides hosts were advancing upon the now silent and deserted palaces of Istamboul. He turned his view to Asia, and in the far distance beheld a melancholy cavalcade, and, anon, eyes suffused in tears turned lingering and despairing looks behind. In an attitude of stern despair, rode one majestic and aged man; his garb and turban, and the caparison of his horse, told the dreadful truth—"This is the sultan, the sheriff, the padishah"—and those vehicles, veiled in black, are bearing his wives and children to Bursa.

Who is that aged pacha who rides up to the sultan? He is Nashili, son of Mehemet; he bends his head low and is opening his quivering lips to speak. But casting on him a look of withering contempt and rage, the sultan drew forth his flaming scymetar, and the head and body of Nashili fall on opposite sides of his horse, and the wheels and hoofs of the cavalcade trample the fragments in the dust with execrations.

"Accursed family—son of a traitor!" murmured, bitterly, the fugitive sultan, and "Accursed family," was caught and repeated by the indignant troop.

As he beheld the mangled limbs and the blood of his son mingled with the dust, Mehemet gnashed his teeth in rage, horror, and despair.

Suddenly loud and repeated bursts of thunder, with swift recurring flashes of lightning, involved the cavern in uproar and flame. The earth rocked as if her hour of dissolution had come. Slowly the tumult ceased, and before the terrified Mehemet stood the same messenger, who, apparently ages before, had borne him to the top of Amanus. From his eyes beamed a light which penetrated the vast profound, and before which those of Mehemet were closed, as his heart sunk in dread.

"Mortal," said the spirit, "again has the mighty Prophet sent to thee another message." Mehemet groaned in agony. "Why," resumed the spirit, "dost thou mourn, and why is thy soul sad? Is not thy couch gold and costly gems? Is not thy sack of gold forever full? Is not thy table covered with every dainty that the farthest countries can supply? Hast thou not the book of futurity open before thee? and have thy days not been lengthened, to enable thee to enjoy more than any other mortal man was ever permitted to enjoy? Why dost thou fall in fear before me? I am as thou oughtest to be—a servant of Allah. Turn thee and hear the words." The angel stretched forth his hand, touched the head of Mehemet, over whose frame strength was restored to enable him to stand before the messenger of his fate.

"Know, thou man of pride and folly," said the spirit, "that it was to punish thy presumption that erst I was commissioned to grant thy desires. Know that none but Allah himself can reverse his decrees, and therefore know, that when riches above measure, and days seven-fold beyond the term of human life were given thee, that even the blessed Prophet could not change the smallest event which might arise from such riches and such length of days bestowed on thee; —it is not for even the Prophet of Allah to change thy heart. What thou hast read in the book of futurity, thou hast read from the pen of destiny. Thou hast seen thyself exalted and abased—thou hast seen thyself seated amid all that could allure thy voluptuous desires—and thou hast felt the fiercest pains of gnawing hunger and parching thirst, with every gift of earth before thee. Thou hast seen the benefactor, who raised thee from the dust, fall by thy ministry; and thou hast seen thy country fall. Thou hast seen the faithful driven from their inheritance, and their habitations enjoyed by unbelieving strangers. Thou hast seen, not thy beloved, for no tender love ever found place in thy bosom, but thou hast seen thy family dishonoured—thou hast seen the dead body of thy son the footstool of beasts of burthen. Now go on—read thy book—thou hast four hundred years before thee."

Saying this, the spirit cast upon the trembling Mehemet a look of mingled indignation and contempt, and disappeared in the deep darkness.

"Four hundred years!" groaned the man of despair, in accents which seemed, to his own ear, to rend the rocks around him, and dashing himself on the gold strewed pavement, clenched his hands in rage. A cold shivering seized his limbs, and he struggled in torture, when a voice pierced his heart, exclaiming,

"Mehemet—mighty Mehemet—my beloved lord—where art thou?"

"Fiends of Eblis, mock me not—I defy thy fury," exclaimed the now waking dreamer; but impressed with the varying and harrassing changes of his visions, he beheld another tormentor stand before him. This was the chief slave of his harem, who had marked his estrangement, and sought him amongst the tombs.

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"Avaunt thou cursed Hafiz!" fiercely repeated Mehemet, as the moon beams fell upon the dark face of the slave.

"Allah and his Prophet defend my master!" most mournfully exclaimed Hafiz.

"Name not Allah—name not the Prophet, in these regions of misery. Take back thy cursed gifts—I hurl thee defiance"—and saying these words, in accents as only the children of Eblis should hear, hurled a real purse of sequins, and his tablets, at the head of the terrified slave. The purse and tablets passed the head of Hafiz and rebounded from the walls of a tomb.

"Ha! ha! thou spirit of blackest vengeance," roared Mehemet, "dost think I know thee not! Yes! thou bearest me to Amanus top—thou smilest on me in the form of my Eutema."

"Eutema awaiteth thy return," sobbed Hafiz: "Eutema, Nashili, and all thy family await thee"—

"Four hundred years have I to bear this cruel scoffer:—did I not see my Eutema hurled by the winds of desolation into the Bosphorus? Did I not see the sword of the sheriff strike to earth my Nashili—my son?"

"Nashili, and his mother, fair as the sun beams, await thee," repeated Hafiz. "May the hand of Allah and that of his Prophet be on my lord, Mehemet, for good!" ejaculated, in a fervent voice, the astonished and terrified slave, who felt assured that the spirit of evil had confounded the mind of his master.

Both were now silent. The moon had risen above the Bithynian hills, and threw a flickering light upon the tombs, as the trembling boughs bent to the gentle night breeze. A soft and soothing coolness played upon the fevered limbs of the perturbed Mehemet. His lips, parched with real thirst, felt the drops which fell from the branches. Still his senses wandered between two states of existence; while the slave, kneeling, heard with terror his broken exclamations:

"Did not a spirit bear me to the highest pinnacle of Amanus? Did not the same spirit give me, by order of the great Prophet, a purse which could never be empty? Did not he also assure me, from the great Prophet, that I should live seven times the life of man? Have I not already lived one hundred revolutions of the sun? Have I not been twice grand vizier?"—

"May the grand sultan, the lord of many nations, know and reward thy merit," interrupted Hafiz, in a most humble and supplicating tone.

"Have I not languished forty years in this dungeon: forty thousand feet below the surface of the earth?"—

"Strike the head of thy slave to earth," again interrupted Hafiz. "Thou art yet in the bloom of manhood; thy Eutema—thine Nashili, await thee—thou art amongst the tombs of Pera."

"And art thou Hafiz?"

"Put thy foot on the neck of thy slave."

Mehemet struck his hand with great force on his own forehead, as full wakefulness returned; and without regarding the prostrate slave, gnashing his teeth exclaimed,

"Then this has been a dream—some foul spirit of Eblis. I am still Mehemet Han, and Cuprogli is grand vizier—Morad is still sultan. The book of futurity—the ewer—the replenished purse—the death of Cuprogli—Mustapha, sultan—Mehemet grand vizier—great Prophet, are not dreams often fulfilled?"

The shrewd slave trembled, for other ears might be open amongst the tombs; and once more he ventured to breathe "Eutema—Nashili await thee"—

"And I return," at length replied Mehemet. "Slave, go,"—and as with folded arms he crossed the Golden Horn, the still surcharged mind found vent in broken exclamations:—

"Purse never empty—life seven times beyond the life of man—grand vizier—book of futurity! But, my soul, wouldst thou accept either? or, wouldst the accept all these gifts, as they appeared in thy dream amongst the tombs? Great Allah! thy will be done—but—but a purse pouring out a never-failing stream of gold and precious jewels! Grand vizier—cut down the infidels—make their horses dust, and——Great is Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet!"

I had read thus far this rough translation from the Schah Nameh, when Miss Susan Grimm exclaimed,

"The unreclaimed miser! Why, after all he had suffered for thirst, in his sleep, when wide awake he still thirsted for that ever full purse. What could any person, even a Turkish pacha, do with all the money that"—

"Buy an office, to enable him to get more money!" gruffly muttered old Silas.

That admirable and unrefutable solution settled all difficulty; and we came to the conclusion, that if any one of us possessed the purse of Mehemet Han, that person was in a fair way, with prudence, to make his or her fortune, and rise in the world. MARK BANCROFT.

AMBITION.

By John Neal, Esq.

I've loved to hear the war-horn cry,
And panted at the drum's deep roll;
And held my breath while flowing high
I've seen our starry banner fly,
As challenging the haughty sky,
They went like battle o'er my soul,
For I was so ambitious then,
I burned to be the slave of men.

I've stood and seen on mountain height,
A standard swaying far and free,
And loved it like the conquering flight
Of angels floating wide and bright,
Above the storm, above the fight,
When nations warr'd for liberty,
And thought I heard the battle cry
Of trumpets in the sky.

I've sailed upon the dull blue deep,
And shouted to the eagles soaring,
And hung me from a rocky steep,
When all but spirits were asleep,
And, oh! my very soul would leap,
To hear the gallant waters roaring.

But I am strangely altered now;
I love no more the bugle's voice—
The rushing wave—the plunging prow—
The mountain with his clouded brow,
The thunder, when the blue skies bow,
And all the suns of God rejoice.
I've learned to dream of tears and sighs,
And shadowy hair, and timid eyes.

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SKETCHES OF GEN. BRADDOCK.

The career of this General is perhaps better understood in the United States, than in his own country.—Indeed his name is scarcely to be found in the British Biographies—while here, the history of his defeat at Monongahela, is but another record of the prudence and valor of our beloved Washington.

Gen. Braddock sailed from Cork in 1755 with several British regiments, and arrived safely with his command in Virginia. A convention of Colonial Governors assembled at his request, and settled the plan of the Campaign. As the French had established themselves on the Ohio, and this was deemed equivalent to a declaration of war, one of the points of attack was the Post then well known as Fort Du Quesne, which, in 1754, had engaged the attention of the Colonial Governments, and was threatened with an attack from Washington, who was himself obliged to make terms with a superior force at Fort Necessity.

General Braddock seemed in his expedition to have laboured under the same disadvantages that Burgoyne did during our revolution. He had to construct his own roads, he was deficient in wagons, and instead of making a rapid movement towards the enemy, was several months on the way. It is said in some old papers to which we have access, that the landing of the troops in Virginia was a great error; and that £40,000 sterling might have been saved, if it had taken place at Philadelphia, while the march also would have been shortened six weeks.

Some curious anecdotes are related of the methods which he adopted by the advice of Dr. Franklin, to gain the assistance of the German inhabitants; but we have not time to relate them. It appears that, on approaching the Fort, he was warned of the necessity of moving with caution, and instead of sending an advance guard of regular troops under Lt. Col. Gage, he was advised to trust to the provincials who were accustomed to woods, and the usual stratagems of the enemy. A belief in the inferiority of the French strength, and an undue confidence in his own, led him to disregard the advice of Washington; and the consequence, notwithstanding a hard fought battle, was his entire defeat.

He himself behaved with great bravery, but in vain. Five horses were killed under him, and he received two wounds, one in the arm and the other in the lungs.—Both of his aids were badly wounded, though one of them, Capt. Orme, lived to make some noise in the fashionable circles of London. Such was the panic occasioned by the unexpected fire from the Indians in ambuscade, as well as the slaughter of the principal officers, that the wounded General was almost abandoned on the field. Eighty guineas were offered to any two men who would attempt to bring him off, but in vain. Nothing but the gallantry of Col. Gage, and another officer, prevented his being left to his fate. He died in four days afterwards. It is said that the troops who were present at this battle, were the same who were defeated at Prestonpans!

His military conduct has been so often censured, that it would only tire the patience of our readers to repeat the various opinions entertained of him by his contemporaries. His character has been assailed as deficient in goodness of temper and affability of manner.

New light has been thrown upon it by the letters of Horace Walpole, recently published in England, edited by Lord Dover, and now republished in New York.—The information is very curious and will be acceptable to all who take pleasure in the early history of their country.

Walpole remarks of his conduct, that the Duke of Cumberland, then a leading member of the Cabinet, found fault with the slow movements of Gen. Braddock, and discovered that "brutality did not necessarily consummate a general." According to the writer, he was a "very Iroquois in disposition." He had a sister, who, being unfortunate at the gaming tables of Bath, hung herself, leaving on a table near her, as an evidence of her indifference to death, some lines commencing with the words.

"To die, is landing on some distant shore."

Gen. Braddock on hearing of her death observed, "*Poor Fanny, I always thought she would play till she would be forced to tuck herself up.*"

Another anecdote is recorded of him, that he had the meanness to live on the fortune of a woman of doubtful character, which he used without the least regard to her wants: and when at length he had taken almost her last guinea, (which she was inclined to save,) he accused her of the intention of *cheating him*, and never went near her again. This incident is said to be related in Fielding's Covent Gargen tragedy, with some little embellishments.

Another anecdote in the same work, is the duel between him and Col. Gumley, the brother of Lady Bath. As they were about crossing swords the Colonel called out to Braddock, "You're a poor dog, take my purse, for if you kill me, and run away, you will not have a shilling to support you."

Braddock of course refused the purse, was disarmed, and would not ask his life, which by the laws of the *Duello* made it forfeit to his vanquisher.

We have the same authority for the fact, that Gen. Braddock was at one time Governor of Gibraltar, where he became an especial favorite, and obtained, according to the journals of the times, a popularity well merited by his good conduct!

One thing is very certain, that the British Government were particularly unfortunate in the selection of Generals sent to this country. However gallantly they might have earned their laurels on the Continent, European tactics did not suit the wild woods of America, or succeed against the savages who inhabited them. The names of Shirley, Howe, Abercrombie, Amherst, Loudon, Prideaux, and Braddock, are a few of the list of those whose previous laurels faded or died upon our shores.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Sweet Nightingale! that on the myrtle tree,
Sitt'st all alone,
Thou feelest, happy bird, that thou art free;
And much rejoicing in thy liberty,
Would'st make it known.
Ah! think that in thy tree
Some cruel spoiler's hand may spread the snare,
To rob thee of thy cherished liberty;
Ah! then—beware!

That tree, sweet Nightingale, appears to be
A home of rest,
Where spoilers cannot come to injure thee
Or rob thee of the liberty
That glads thy breast.
Alas! there is no home,
Tho' it be e'er so shelter'd or so fair,
Where danger and misfortune cannot come,
They're every where.

The odoriferous leaves that shade thy head,
'Are always green.
Hope's brilliant colours are around thee spread,
Her soothing influence is o'er thee shed,
Tho' all unseen.
Do not too firmly trust the flatt'ring word,
Or golden smile of Hope, however fair;
In this deceitful world, alas! sweet bird!
Even Hope's a snare

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Written for the Casket.

ARGALYA:

A TALE AFTER THE GERMAN OF BARONNESS DE GICHLER.

ORIGINAL.

The late morning gleamed over the snow-covered plains on the Jenisey.* Quiet and deserted was the country: the most dreadful frost kept the natives in their wretched jurtas;† now the sun rose, and remained low above the horizon—blood-red did he look, through the impenetrable fog, without warmth, without reviving power, scarcely strong enough to give light to the immense white plains, which remained in a doubtful twilight. By degrees one of his diagonal beams fell into a cavern, on the Altai,‡ and awoke the sleeper, who, for many thousands of years, lay in that dreadful abyss; because thus did the All-ruling Power will it.

It was Argalya, one of the principal spirits destined to watch over the new-created earth, and to rule and regulate the changing effects of its elements and seasons. The heavy sleep, or rather torpor, which, for thousands of years, had weighed him down, began to disperse, and he to be conscious of his existence. Reminiscences moved dark and distant before his thoughts. He felt that he had existed, then ceased to be, and now to live again. He raised his head, and supporting it on his right hand, he looked around: black walls of rock surrounded him, at some distance, and formed an immense vault above his head; at the ceiling of which, none but an immortal could have discerned the wonderful formations of stalactites,◊ which were suspended in eternal darkness. In torpid surprise did he behold all this, but could not conceive, yet, how he had got there, and what had happened to him during his sleep.

By degrees the faculties of his mind recovered; recollections began to unfold themselves; he could collect his thoughts, and a passed-by eternity unfolded its depths before his soul. Now, now he recollected all—all that he had done, had suffered, had lost! He rose: "I am still!" he said, "and why, why not destroyed?" He sighed deeply. The sufferings of the immortals are in the same proportion heightened as their faculties surpass those of mortal beings. Now he left the only feebly lightened cavern. High rocks enclosed him everywhere; no tree, no shrub, scarcely a sign of vegetation, except a few lichens, which clung to the rifts of the rock. He shuddered at the sight of the fearful desert. Slowly he unfolded his ætherial wings, and lifted himself to the top of the mountain; he stood now on the highest peak of the Altai chain. Beneath him he saw extended the immense plains of Tartary and Siberia, as far as the Pole, covered with eternal snow, a true image of solitude and death. Argalya was astonished; a long time he thought that his eyes deceived him, but the same fearful view remained before them. A deadly freezing air prevailed—life appeared all around extinct. The rapid waters which fell from the black rocks of the Altai, were frozen, and lay before him like columns of diamonds; no water roared—no footsteps were heard—no voice sounded—the earth appeared like an immeasurable white tomb. "What a change!" exclaimed the genius: "Is this the same blooming earth which I once trod?" With doubtful flight he descended to the plain, still hoping to find what he beheld the delusion of his dimmed sight. But in vain! He sought emerald fields, and found nothing but snow, in doleful uniformity;—he looked for graceful palm trees, entwined with myrtle and roses, such as those which had given him shade in his immortal youth—black pines and gloomy firs, half bent down by the weight of snow, stood alone, weeping in the solitary desert.

Oppressed by sadness, Argalya now leaned against a rock, and thus poured forth his lamentation:—

"Oh! thou image of my inmost soul, world that has been, earth deprived of its charms, receive me! Thy bloom has fallen. I, too, have been touched by the chilly hand of death! yet cannot die, but must still suffer in this world, where all my delights once dwelt.

"Where are you gone, cheerful images of my youth, when a balmy breeze stirred above an ever-smiling nature, and an azure sky above the emerald soil—when zephyrs played in palm groves, and roses covered those naked rocks?

"From these mountains fell then eternal streams; where now on swamps the elk seeks food, the light and tame gazelle once sported. Plantains covered the banks of the streams, and from fragrant myrtle shrubberies, nightingales, in balmy evenings, would warble their songs of love and praise!

"Oh, beauteous image of the youthful earth, and far more beauteous still, of my own youth, thou art passed! Shuddering I turn from thee, such as thou art now. I am a stranger on this present globe, and what I have lost, and that which has been, can never be recovered."

Thus sighed Argalya, but no zephyrs answered him. A rude north-eastern tore the frozen snow from the rocks, and filled the air with sleet or hail. "Oh destiny," exclaimed the suffering spirit, "what a clime! what a change!" Again he sunk in the deepest despondency. In his inmost soul he had still deeper wounds, which yet, even with his thoughts, he dared not touch. But after again many days had passed, with their short suns and interminable nights, unheeded by him, he once more awoke from his gloomy reverie, and resolved, in human shape, to go over the country, and to obtain information from the inhabitants about the events, which were but too apparent, to have occurred.

He took the shape of a youth, such as they existed on the globe before the changes, which filled him with so much horror. With difficulty he concealed his celestial origin, and hoped thus

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*Jenisey—a river in the eastern part of Siberia, which falls into the Arctic Sea.

†Jurta, is the expression, in general, for the wretched cabins, the abodes of the Cossacks, Samojedes, and all the different nations of the north of Asia.

‡Altai—an extensive chain of mountains in Siberia, and running over the greater part of the north of Asia.

◊Stalactites—the term for the minerals suspended from the vaults or roofs of subterraneous caverns, and formed by the dripping waters from within.

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to escape observation; however, even in a happier clime, amongst a fairer race, his appearance, displaying more than earthly beauty, could not fail to attract the eye. For days he wandered over these wide plains, where no trace of a path, none of the abodes of men, appeared; but the Immortal felt no weariness. At last he saw, at some distance, smoke arise. Approaching, Argalya found some wretched jurtas, made by expanding the skins of animals over and between four posts. No domestic animals could he see, no orchards surrounded them, no neighbourly intercourse appeared to shew civilized habits. Argalya entered one of them; a figure scarcely human in its appearance, wrapt up in skins and blackened by smoke, crept forward, and when he stood upright, Argalya with difficulty recognised a native of the earth in the misshapen being before him. But more astonished still did the Samojede fall on his knees before the noble-looking stranger, to adore in him something superhuman. Argalya inquired of the savage the name of the country, its present and former condition; but the Samojede stared at him with surprize, and could not answer one of his questions. Argalya left him, and went from jurta to jurta: everywhere the same wretchedness, the same want of intelligence, and of all that which alone gives existence its value. He thought of plans and dreams which he nourished in his youth. "Oh what a race!" he exclaimed, mournfully; "how deeply fallen!"

At last his inquiries led him to a grey-headed man, a chief among his people; but even there, at first, fear and surprize prevented all communication. Argalya saw that this race was not capable of an intercourse with the Immortal. With the greatest difficulty he induced the old man to answer his questions—and what did he learn? The history of this unhappy people was already enveloped in obscurity, since the last scarcely expired century. Compelled to the hardest toils, to procure a scanty subsistance from their unyielding soil, they had not troubled themselves about what had happened out of their own village, or in times past and gone. Among their oldest people, however, there were still some traditions which spoke of a happy life in these regions—of better times, when the sun disappeared for a few hours only—when no snow covered the fields, and a happier race lived with little toil, in perpetual joy and pleasure; but at last their vices offended the Deity, and fearful inundations destroyed the sinful beings.

Argalya sighed deeply—"And when, when is it believed that this occurred?"

"It is difficult," the old man answered, "to calculate the exact time from mere verbal tradition. We know nothing but what, by relation, has descended from father to son; but, on the other side of yon mountains and deserts, towards the south, there lives a wiser people, in a more congenial clime; they possess the art to communicate their ideas, by means of lines and figures, so that what they wish to express, they can make lasting: and all who look at their signs understand the meaning. These my father happened to be with, in his earliest youth. Oh! I should have to speak for days if I told thee all the wonders he there did see. They have got long skins, prepared in a strange manner, and palm leaves, all covered with such lines and figures, from which they know every thing that ever has occurred, and so they told my father, that more than a thousand years had passed since that dreadful inundation had destroyed the earth."

"More than a thousand years!" Argalya repeated, with a secret shuddering. His recollection flew back over that immense space of time. "Oh! my Azora, where is thy dust?" he again exclaimed. The old man looking surprised at him. Argalya composed himself; he thanked his entertainer kindly for the information he had given him—offered him a gift, such as the Immortals only have to bestow, and vanished. The Samojede fell delighted on his knees, to adore the disappearing genius.

Argalya flew back to the rock of the Altai, where he again, in a dark cave, sunk into benumbing meditations, and no other thought prevailed on his mind than the one of the immense rift which separated him from all he had ever cherished. By degrees, all which had passed revived in his memory, and the charming images of his youth stood lively and fresh before his mind.

* * * * *

In the beginning of all, when the young earth issued from the hands of her Creator, hailed by the other planets as a sister and a playfellow, the earth was not as now, divided by the chilling changes of cold and heat, but a perpetual spring bloomed everywhere around. The sun rose in equal altitude over the world, and darkness and light returned at fixed hours. Everywhere prevailed joyfulness, innocence, and tranquility. Many beings of a higher nature, gifted by the Creator with various powers and faculties, guarded and supported the order of the whole. Some ruled the tempests, the rains, thunder and lightning; others kept the fire subject to their will; those ordered the course of rivers and streams; these reigned over the flood and tide of the oceans. A great number worked in the bowels of the earth, and many again were entrusted with ruling over the various kinds of living animals. In this manner they were placed upon different steps of strength, intelligence and power. Two spirits were placed above the rest, Argalya and Divaconta: the former as supreme ruler over the fire and the air, the latter over the earth and waters. Under their command stood the innumerable army of subordinate spirits; but they themselves, equal in power, although vastly different in their views and intentions, were subject only to the Creator, and his all-wise, all-beneficent law. The human race, then likewise flourishing strong and beautiful, lived under their kind protection, and had often immediate intercourse with their guardian spirits, who revealed themselves to their cherished wards either visibly or more frequently in dreams and apparitions. Blessed days of innocence and pure enjoyment were then in the ever blooming valleys of Cashmere, as well as in the plains, on the other side of the Altai, as far as the then not yet frozen pole.

It was not uncommon then that a spirit adopted some mortal as a particular favourite; in that

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case, their intercourse would become friendlier and more familiar, but always in conformity with their different habits and inclinations. The subordinate genii of Divaconta's power, the spirits of the sluggish earth, of the stagnant waters, of a less elevated nature, were easier attracted by the charm sof a terrestrial mistress. The consequence was, that a part of the globe was soon inhabited by a powerful race of giants and semigods, the offspring of such connections. Not so the spirits of Argalya: formed of noble mould, and living in the stirring air, in the purifying flame, they sought, through spiritual intercourse with such mortals they found worthy of their choice, to purify them of human weakness and imperfection, and then to elevate them to their own station. Still there are, with some people, traditions of a world long passed away, more or less rude, or refined, of the greater unfolding of a human mind, through means of its familiar intercourse with beings of a better and higher description. What are yon pleasing dreams of a golden age, of which we find traces in the history of almost every nation? What are the tales of the age of heroes, with the Greek? What so many mythes with the Hindoos? What are they else but a half-extinguished recollection of that blessed state.

But, alas! such happiness was not to last. The offspring of spirits and mortals began soon, in their pride of bodily strength and superiority, to deviate from the path of virtue and righteousness, and abuse that privilege which they had power to enforce. Encouraged by their protecting parents, they grasped at every thing. Innocence, tranquillity, and peace became rare; war commenced; the powerful trod down his vanquished enemy. The good, the virtuous, among whom Argalya's spirits selected their friends, were lost in the savage multitude, or withdrew to the solitude of the most retired spots. Divaconta's empire increased in power, and he began to consider the means how to make it supreme and general, by doing away with his long hated rival, and thus to rule alone and unlimited over the subjected human race, as well as over the spirits of all the elements. The execution of this scheme appeared comparatively easy. Argalya, always engaged with his own sublime ideas and profound speculations, had certainly the appearance of an antagonist but little to be feared, and altogether unsuspicious.

But Argalya was not so unsuspecting; in his breast also glowed an heroic fire; he too felt the charm of power. Not, however, would he attain it through mutiny against a higher throne, from where they both had received their strength; and still less would he owe his elevation to base and degrading treachery. Divaconta's schemes, however, did not escape him; a dreadful futurity opened before his eyes; but he resolved to act, and by the destruction of his dark brooding enemy, to secure at the same time his own power. A splendid object he thought within his reach: the rendering happy the human race, by elevating it, and by firmly establishing the empire of virtue and wisdom, founded upon principles of unalterable truth.

With such intentions did the two rulers over the spirits wander among mortals; the subordinate spirits participated in the views of their masters, and the exertions of both parties consequently opposed each other. The more Divaconta exerted himself to gain mortals over to his standard, by holding out to them power, wealth, and luxury, with the more zeal did Argalya labour to reform them, by pointing out to them the sublimer beauty of true virtue, the proud consciousness of doing right, and the high duty of resisting falsehood and wickedness. Divaconta had loved already more than one beautiful woman; more than one fair maiden had been carried to his subterraneous palaces, without paying the least regard to the tears, to the despair of those he robbed of their most precious treasures. Argalya had always withstood temptations of that kind; the elevated tone of his mind did not permit him to consider human beings as objects for an exclusive attachment; always looking upon the whole race as destined for his tenderest care and love. But, alas! his hour too had come.

It was one of the most beautiful summer evenings, such as only are known in tropic climates; light skies dissolving into purple gauze and edged with gold, floated on the azure blue of heaven; a constant stream of the sweetest perfumes from an orange grove, filled the balmy air, and the plaintive tones of many a nightingale sounded from rose and myrtle trees. Argalya came from beneath a group of palm trees, bending their beautiful crowns towards the refreshing evening breeze, on the edge of a small but crystal clear lake. He felt in that delightful mood which the consciousness of having done good alone can produce; the beauty of the spot attracted him; nature's sweet calmness, after a warm and fertile day, was in delicious harmony with his own feelings; the plaintive tunes of the little plumed songsters, the luxurious fragrance of the blossoms, communicated to his pensive mind an unusual softness, and sitting down on the velvet turf, he fell into a pleasing reverie. Looking upon the lake, he saw reflected in its pure waters the delicate sky and majestic trees. At length a noise awoke him from his dream, and looking up, he saw a female figure come forward from beneath the trees; she was dressed plain and chaste in snowy white, which reached to her feet; leading a beautiful boy by the hand, she walked down to the beach, in playful and fond conversation with the child. Argalya's eyes followed her, first out of involuntary curiosity, then he observed something noble in her carriage and walk; he heard her soft voice and well chosen expressions; now he became attentive, and felt a wish to see her features. She had, meanwhile, reached a corner of the lake, where she sat down with the boy, and threw back her veil. Argalya saw a regular and very delicate face, overhung by rich dark tresses; he observed her large gazelle eyes, moving languid and calm between the long, dark, and silky lashes; the velvet cheek was scarcely dyed by a rosy tint, and pearl teeth now appeared and then vanished again behind small but beautifully shaped lips of the brightest coral. Argalya had to confess, that he had seen many women more beautiful, but none more lovely. That which attracted him most was the chaste dignity, the

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virgin modesty, which her every movement expressed.

"Whoever the mortal is," he mentally exclaimed, "who calls yon lovely being his—whose name is pronounced with affection and love by those lips, by that voice—who may read his happy fate in those dark speaking eyes, truly is to be envied!" Argalya was still wholly engaged with these pleasing thoughts, when a large tiger approached the lake. With a cry of horror the female started up, caught the boy in her arms and would have fled; but her cry had attracted the animal's attention; it perceived her and drew back to pounce on his prey. Unable to fly, she threw her child towards a shrubbery, calling out to him to run for his life, and now awaiting her terrific death. At this moment her dreadful enemy sunk, his heart pierced by an arrow, lifeless at her feet, and a youth, holding a bow in his hand, came forward from beneath the trees.

Trembling and deadly pale, she stood like a beautiful image of timidity, and could not yet believe in her safety, notwithstanding the ocular proof at her feet. The youth advanced and addressed her; she lifted her eyes and saw a divine figure standing before her; a faint cry escaped her lips, and she would have fled again, but in the mildest terms he entreated her to remain. The sound of his voice, as also the sight of the beautiful stranger, made at that very moment a deep impression on her heart. She recollected herself: she now remembered that it must be him who had killed the tiger, and saved her life, that she owed him her gratitude. She returned, would have spoken, when again she beheld that majestic and still soft eye, those noble features of more than earthly beauty, and her tongue remained immoveable. Argalya understood that silence; it afforded him more than eloquent gratitude could do. He too was surprised by his feelings; he held her hand in his, he saw into her eyes, which sunk before his ardent looks; he threw his arm around her, and she sunk on his heart. It was a moment in which two congenial spirits united into one—a sacred moment, where two pure souls, recognizing each other, drew close together, not to part again for eternity to come. Slowly at last did the beautiful woman raise her head; Argalya's looks met hers; he saw there a heaven of love and purity reflected; through those clear crystals he could see to the bottom of her heart, and there read all she felt for him.

"Who art thou, lovely creature?" said the youth at last.

"They call me Azora, and Abdallah is my father; our house and grounds lay yonder on the coast."

"And who is thy husband?"

Blushing y replied Azora, "I have none; I am a maiden."

'A maiden!" Argalya exclaimed, with delighted looks: "not married!—and this child?"

"He is my brother."

"Thy brother, and thou wouldst have met that fearful death to save him! Oh, heavenly Azora, I love thee! thou must be mine!"

Azora drew back. "Who art thou, youth, that canst make me such an avowal, the first moment thou beholdest me?"

Argalya had forgotten that her appearance was only mortal, but now he felt it by a well deserved rebuke.

"Pardon, Azora, this too abrupt confession, which admiration for thy virtues, and the ardent wish to call thee mine, tore from my heart. I am called Coswanda; my home is on yon mountains. If thou canst not return my affections, consent at least sometimes to see me."

Azora blushed again, and remained silent; but only for a few moments. There was a something in her mind, which made every dissimulation towards that youth impossible. She raised her beautiful dark eyes to his, held out her hand to him and said:

"I love thee, Coswanda; I cannot conceal it! Thou art the first man that has ever inspired me with such sentiments, and I feel that I never can love another. Come with me to my father."

Coswanda replied by pressing her hand to his heart. One single moment had decided his fate. That heavenly being, whose energetic mind had hitherto been solely devoted to the exaltation of mankind, without one selfish thought, acknowledged that a tenderness, unfelt before, had taken possession of his inmost soul; that he had become subject to a mere mortal, and felt bound to the lovely girl to all eternity. But then these feelings were so new, so sweet, so transporting, that he never, even for a moment, had the feeblest desire to regain his former freedom. They now commenced their way homeward. Azora gave one hand to her companion, with the other she guided the boy. It had become almost dark; briars and the roots of trees made their walk difficult; Argalya supported his beloved friend, and gently led her steps; this situation had never before had charms for the Immortal, but he now regretted every step that drew them nearer to their destination. Leaving the grove, they came on the sea shore, and beheld, through the twilight, the extensive and splendid dwelling of Abdallah.

"That is our home," said Azora, pointing it out to her companion.

"That!" replied Argalya; "alas! probably thy father is wealthy then, and powerful?"

"So they say," answered the maiden; "our camels drink out of a hundred wells, and our whole people honour my father and follow his counsel."

"But I am poor," Coswanda said, after a short pause; "my father is an obscure hunter in the mountains: will thine receive me with kindness?"

"What! thee, who saved his child! Oh! thou knowest not my father."

During this conversation they had reached the house. Beneath an arbour of fragrant jessamine, upon cushions of the richest silks, they found the old man, sunk in pious meditations, from which their steps aroused him. He saw his children approach with the stranger, and influenced by his commanding appearance, rose to receive him with due respect. Azora threw herself in his arms, and told him her danger, her escape. With tears of the purest delight, Abdallah embraced his children and the courageous stran-

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ger, requesting the latter to divide with him all he possessed. The manner in which Coswanda received these expressions of gratitude from his new friends, produced with them strange feelings, partaking both of affection and reverence.

From that moment Coswanda was considered, in Abdallah's house, as an honoured and highly welcome guest. The cultivated mind of the father found ample satisfaction in his intercourse with the stranger; the boy attached himself to Coswanda with infantile partiality, and Azora's heart had been his from that memorable moment in which their eyes had first met, and every subsequent conversation increased his influence over her pure unsophisticated mind. Her happiness, her tranquillity, her life, depended upon him. In Coswanda's presence only did she exist; his voice alone resounded in her heart; his features were ever present to her; all the rest in her mind was nothing.

But not in expressions of mutual love and tenderness alone did their hours glide away. Coswanda became Azora's instructor; he opened her eyes to the wonder of the creation, and elevated her soul from the contemplation of the wise order which rules this world, to the adoration of Him who created all things, above and below. He made her susceptible for a presentiment of a mysterious connection with the world of spirits, and encouraged her to hope that she, through virtue and purity of mind, might elevate herself by degrees to that higher sphere. Azora hung in breathless attention upon every syllable, and if any thing could disturb her for a moment, it was the tone of voice in which he pronounced these divine doctrines: it was, perhaps, the animation of his features, uniting in them every charm of dignity and mildness.

In this manner passed days and months. Azora did not conceal her affection, and could never imagine that Coswanda's want of riches could be an objection to their union. Abdallah was intelligent and kind; he loved his daughter dearly, but he knew the world, and set a high value upon inheritable wealth and the age of his family, which for many centuries had been distinguished for virtue and honour, and had given more than one ruler to the people. He spoke to Azora about her attachment, who avowed it frankly; he dismissed her silently. Then he asked Coswanda to state to him his prospects, his connections; the youth was from a noble but obscure family, a stranger in that country, and without any property. Argalya retired and spoke himself to Azora, about the necessity of their separation. She would not listen to such a proposal; she would belong to him alone, and would fly with him to his mountains. He named her father, her aged father, and the anguish she would occasion him. Azora was silent. Argalya then represented to her the virtues of self-denial, the greatness of a mind which will conquer its passions, so glowingly, that she, convinced and overcome, at last held out her hand to him and exclaimed, faintly, "Thou hast prevailed; submission is my highest duty; but live I cannot without thee! fare thee well!" and she sunk lifeless at his feet. Argalya, delighted by the conviction of thus being beloved, but still more by such proof of his friend's being worthy of his affection, pressed his lips upon hers. The Immortal's breath recalled her spirits; she opened her eyes, but, alas! he had vanished. Her women hastened to her assistance; she recovered under their careful hands, but her happiness was destroyed. Alone did she seek the most solitary spots, but no complaint, no murmur passed her lips. In Coswanda all was lost to her; life had no charm more, youth no joy. She had only one wish remaining: to conceal from her father the misery that bowed her youth to the grave; she could not, however, sufficiently master her expressive features to mislead his paternal eye; he saw and felt for her.

Divaconta knew every movement of his hated enemy, and was consequently informed of Argalya's affection for Azora, from the commencement. He was pleased with it; he looked upon it as a fresh source for idle dreams, which would make Argalya still less dangerous. But then Argalya left his mistress soon again, and Divaconta heard that she lingered in misery and wretchedness on account of their separation. Surprise and curiosity made him wish to inquire into the true motives of Argalya's strange conduct; for he himself could not believe him capable of inconstancy or deceit. One beautiful morning he passed, in the guise of a young hunter, through the palm grove on the lake, followed by a splendid retinue. He found easily an excuse to enter Abdallah's garden, where he found the venerable old man engaged with superintending the various occupations of his domestics, and was received with all possible hospitality. Slaves, richly dressed, placed a table of costly wood under the shade of tall sycamores; others brought rich carpets and cushions, and a light but choice repast was spread before him. But the object of his curiosity was still wanting. Azora did not appear. In the course of conversation, Divaconto found an opportunity to inquire after her; Abdallah sent for his daughter. Divaconta had expected a dazzling beauty, and was therefore surprised when a delicate figure approached with calm dignity, upon whose pallid features deep and ill concealed agony was visible. Azora cast one look on the stranger; she found him very handsome; a splendid dress heightened the dignity of his commanding figure; his dark eyes appeared to lighten; but there was a something in these features which displeased her. She sat down at her father's side, and mixed only so far in their conversation as decency seemed to require. At first Divaconta felt inclined to smile at Argalya's taste, but he looked frequently at her during the repast, and a new charm appeared to unfold at every look. He found, by degrees, that Azora's features were inexpressibly noble—that the expression of her sorrows made her still more attractive—that her large dark eyes looked still more beautiful, contrasted by her pale features; and that the languid expression of those eyes, when now and then she lifted their silken lashes, was lovely beyond expression. He observed, too, the chaste dignity of her carriage and every movement, and finally the sound of her voice, which she, however, during his visit, scarcely raised, made a deep impression upon his mind.

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He came to Abdallah's house to gratify an idle curiosity, and left it with the loss of his tranquillity. He parted unwillingly, and repeated his visit soon, which Azora observed with displeasure and her father with satisfaction; for his wealth and noble air had soon gained him Abdallah's esteem. He explained himself after a short time to father and daughter; from the former he obtained hopes, from the latter a decisive refusal of his offer, couched, however, in the most respectful terms. Divaconta was nothing abashed, because he felt convinced whatever might be the state of Azora's sentiments, that his appearing with all his power, and in his true character, would suffice to disperse every idea of a more favoured rival.

One morning the domestics of Abdallah came precipitantly and frightened into the presence of their master, informing him that a procession, the end of which their eyes could not reach, formed by men and animals of most wonderful appearance, was moving over the plain. Abdallah, with his whole household, hastened out to behold the wonder. The procession was led by the spirits of the ocean, mounted on immense sea-horses, sea-lions, and dolphins; those of the streams and rivers came next, dressed in sky blue gauze, and carrying urns and bowls of gold and crystal, which were filled with precious pearls, the finest corals, beautiful shells, and every thing costly and precious the bottom of the ocean and the beds of rivers produced. Then followed, mounted on dragons, crocodiles, gigantic salamanders, and other disgusting and fearful animals which prefer the darkest and dampest abodes, the spirits of the earth, who, in subterraneous mines, smelt the metals, neutralize the ores, lead the rich gold and silver veins though the hard masses of rock, and who, boiling, prepare the fluids which, through volcanoes and earthquakes, give evidence to the alarmed world of their mysterious agency. These latter were mostly of a strange appearance, shaped in nature's most fantastic moulds, disgusting, and often expressive of a malignant tendency. In fanciful baskets of gold and silver work, in boxes inlaid with precious stones and gems, they carried the products of their mines, virgin gold and silver in wonderful formations, and above all, those embodied sunbeams, the flaming diamonds, in all their varieties of colour and light. Upon white elephants the spirits of a higher order appeared now, all noble figures, each one more beautiful than the other, so that the astonished beholder fancied he perceived in every one the king and ruler of the spirits himself. But all this splendour appeared as nothing, compared to the sight of Divaconta, who now approached. Upon a golden car, drawn by four immense mammoths,‖ stood the majestic genius. The sparkling crown, the golden sceptre, the dark blue robe, worked with precious stones, but still more his majestic figure, far above human size, terrible, though beautiful, announced the ruler; and Azora and her father recognized with very different feelings, in the features of the king of the spirits, those of their new friend. Abdallah threw himself with deep adoration on his face; Azora, alas! fell lifeless in the arms of her women.

The car now stopped, and Divaconta flew from his elevated seat; he raised Abdallah, and after having spoken a few kind words to him, he hastened to Azora, who at that moment opened her eyes, but closed them again with a cry of horror when she saw the sovereign of the spirits standing before her. She was carried to her apartment, and though Divaconta remained long in anxious suspense for her revival, the messengers of Abdallah constantly returned with the same answer from her women, that she continued in a state of insensibility, and the afflicted father feared he should have to mourn over the loss of his only and beloved daughter. Divaconta mounted at last, gloomy and dissatisfied, his car, not, however, without previously having given, by mysterious hints, Abdallah reason to surmise what he would have to fear, if the wishes of the king of the spirits remained unfulfilled. The procession was now put in motion again, and he disappeared in the forest beyond the plain.

Azora now began to recover, and impatiently inquired if all had been a long and fearful dream. Abdallah pressed her joyfully in his arms, assuring her that she actually had seen the sovereign of the spirits, and that she would become his queen and the sharer of all his splendour. She threw herself at her father's feet, and implored him not to sacrifice her. Abdallah answered her in an authoritative manner, and represented the advantages, the honour of such a connection; but she remained silent. He now told her the threats of the angry spirit, and the dangers which unavailably awaited him and his people, if Azora refused to comply with Divaconta's wishes. She shuddered; her father had placed his own and the welfare of thousands in her hand; Coswanda's image stood before her soul,—her heart was broken. With faint and scarcely audible voice she said, "My happiness must not become destruction to thee or thine; I swear to be Divaconta's faithful wife!" Abdallah embraced his daughter now with the utmost joy, and then hurried away to direct the most splendid preparations for the nuptial solemnities.

Supported by one of her women, Azora walked—no, tottered, about sunset towards the lake, where she the first time had seen Coswanda. The evening was as fine as that never to be forgotten one; the same calmness, the same brilliancy of sky. She sat down on the aromatic turf; from beneath yon tall trees had the beloved of her soul appeared; here his eye had met hers, here his silver voice avowed his feelings; her tears mixed with the dew drops that hung on the violets covering her seat. She addressed herself in ardent prayer to the Creator, whom to adore and to love Coswanda so convincingly had taught her, and implored him to let her die, as she would become neither faithless or disobedient. In this state she remained for some time,

‖ Mammoths—immense animals of the antideluvian world, the bones of which still occasionally are found in Siberia, on the Arctic Sea, and upon some rivers in North America. The two finest entirely preserved skelestons of these giants of the forest, is one at St. Petersburg, at the Imperial Academy of Sciences' collection, the other at the Philadelphia Museum of Mr. Peale.

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and in the exhaustation of her strength, she thought with joy that death, which to her brought no terrors, was approaching. Suddenly a voice, which made her tremble, pronounced her name. She started—Coswanda stood before her. She flew into his arms; at that moment all, all was forgotten! but, alas! too soon returned the consciousness of her misery; she tore herself from his arms: "Oh! fly, fly, my beloved!" she exclaimed; "we must part forever and ever, and thou art lost if that dreadful being finds thee here!"

"Azora," the youth replied with tender voice, "my Azora! banish those fears; we shall not part!"

She looked doubtfully at him, not understanding what he meant to express.

"Oh, my beloved!" she exclaimed at last, "thou knowest not what has happened to thy poor Azora! thou knowest not the dreadful Divaconta!"

"I know all," Argalya answered, "and I know that thou art mine. Come to my heart, noble, virtuous being, we are united forever! learn to know better the friend that adores thee; he is not the obscure hunter from yon mountains, not the poor stranger—he is"——during these words Argalya's figure had become taller and more majestic; celestial sublimity and a smile of eternal calmness was expressed in his features; golden wings, glittering in all the colours of the rainbow, unfolded themselves from his shoulders; a crown of the purest flames pressed his light brown curls; a mild fire beamed from his blue eyes; his cheeks glowed with Aurora's tint, and an overpowering splendour streamed from his whole being.

"Who art thou? Oh! who art thou?" exclaimed Azora, and sunk blinded, senseless at his feet.

Reviving, she found herself in Argalya's arms, who exerted himself with tender care to restore her to calmness. It was still the form of the resplendent genius, only softer, and moulded in a more human shape of beauty, so that the eyes of his beloved might bear the sight of him she adored. Azora beheld him with astonishment; she now recollected with what dazzling brilliancy he had appeared to her a few moments before. She disengaged herself from his arms, and sinking down at his feet in silent delight, folded her hands before him.

"My Azora! my beloved!" Argalya exclaimed, and bending down to his kneeling friend, he raised her joyfully up in his arms. "Come to my breast! I am not Coswanda, the poor hunter, Azora; I am the supreme ruler over the air and fire! I adore thee, and will repay that faith which thou hast preserved for the poor Coswanda."

"And Divaconta?" Azora cried with agony.

"Fear nothing, my beloved; I am at least as powerful as he is, and—let him try to tear thee from my heart! Argalya's eyes sparkled fearfully at these words, and Azora hid her timid face on his bosom. "Be composed, darling of my soul, in my arms thou hast nothing to fear;" said he, raising her head. "Listen to me! I never did love; the most beautiful genii, the handsomest daughters of the human race, failed to inspire me with that feeling. I beheld thee! Thy modest charms, still more thy virtues, changed my destiny. Thou did'st love me from the first moment. I desired to know if thy feelings for me would be lasting; thou wast obedient to the voice of duty when she gave thee her commands through my lips; thou did'st part from me, but not I from thee!—I could not!" he added, pressing her with a look of ardent love to his heart. "In dreams, which often dried thy tears, and which were not so void as thou then thought, I hovered near thee; I stood before thee when sleep held captive thy external vision; and now my rival came; thy father pressed thee hard; thou wast once more obedient to the stern commands of duty; and would'st have sacrificed thyself for the welfare of others. I saw thee towards evening seek the well remembered spot, dedicated to the recollections of our first endearments; I followed thee unseen; I heard thy prayer, I saw thy tears—oh, my Azora! how blessed the conviction of thy worth has made me! Thou art mine, not as with men, for a few rapid years—no! for eternity! and no power can divorce us!"

Azora was overcome by such unlooked for bliss; she could not speak, could not find words to express her feelings to her beloved friend, but he understood her silent delight; their eyes met, and the union of their souls was once more confirmed.

On her return to her father, she informed him of Argalya's re-appearance and true character, and, secure by his protection, she now entreated her father's consent to her rejecting the dreadful rival. Abdallah listened to her with astonishment and secret fear. If the certitude of his cherished daughter, being beloved by the two most powerful beings of this globe, filled him with pride, one thought again upon the consequences which probably would result from this rivalship, and the misfortunes which might arise from it to him and his people, made him foresee and fear a horrid and eventful futurity. Argalya again visited Azora. Their happiness had no bounds. Divaconta, meanwhile, raged over his rival's good fortune, whom he was anxious to destroy, but over whom he dared not hope to triumph. Too proud to expose himself to be rejected a second time, he avoided Abdallah's house and fled the country, to brood over his dark schemes for revenge.

The contest begun at first concealed under secret attacks and skirmishes, Divaconta being anxious to excite his enemy and force him from that calm composure which gave him so decided a superiority. Argalya opposed him with tranquil openness, and Divaconta saw that this was not the way to victory. His passions became more inflamed by open opposition; he now tried, on a direct road, to put his schemes into execution. He approached Azora again, but not in his own shape; sometimes in this and soon in another attractive disguise. In many enchanting situations, and under the most romantic circumstances, did he seek to attract her attention and to inspire her with sentiments which necessarily must have weakened her affection for Argalya. But these attempts were also fruitless. For Azora there existed but one being, to whom all her feelings, all her tenderness was due; and

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however artfully Divaconta's temptations were invented, they failed upon Azora's noble heart. His rage knew no bounds, and he resolved now what art could not perform, power should: and one day when Azora, followed by a few of her women, was walking to the dear grove of palm trees, the earth burst asunder before her feet, two subterraneous spirits rushed upon her and tore her, regardless of her cries, her screams, before the eyes of her women, down with them into the dreadful abyss, which immediately closed again. The women perceived the catastrophe without any means of preventing it, and hastened back with cries of woe to spread the same painful amazement which filled them, throughout Abdallah's house and the whole country.

Argalya's equanimity was now exhausted. The loss of Azora deprived him of all prudence and calmness. Excited by sorrow and anger to the utmost, he now on his side too exerted all the powers at his command to destroy his enemy and regain Azora. All the strength of the elements, of the powerful air, of the all-penetrating fire, was prepared to begin a long and doubtful contest against the equally fearful powers of Divaconta.

Azora had been carried to Divaconta's subterraneous palace. Walls of driven gold surrounded her, hangings in imitation of flowers, composed of the most precious stones, formed the ornaments; transparent draperies of incombustible asbest,¶ hung in graceful folds from the ceiling down to the floor, which, in a beautiful mosaic of onyx, jasper, porphyr, and emeralds, imitated the green turf in all its variety of blooming spring. The purest naphta* burned in large urns of alabaster, and dispersed a soft moon-like light. Delicious music sounded from behind the walls, and voluptuous perfumes, which lulled the excited nerves into a treacherous calmness, issued constantly from beautifully worked silver censers. Azora saw nothing of all this; her senses had fled from the moment of her abduction; she recovered late, and found herself on the purple silk carpets in Divaconta's unhallowed abode, surrounded by serving spirits in female shape and in the richest attire. She rose and looked around; her eyes fell upon the ruler of these spirits, who knelt at her feet in all his splendour and beauty, sufficient to captivate every disengaged heart. With a cry of horror she started up and made a movement to fly. Divaconta's anger began to kindle; he drew her forcibly back, and was on the point of punishing the ungrateful being by causing the downfall of the whole beautiful fabric, and burying her beneath its walls. His foot was already lifted to give the deadly signal, when her frightened looks turned upon him; she held her hands imploringly up to him; from her white arms fell the beautiful drapery of her ample robe; she sank on her knees and begged him, with burning tears, to take her back to her father. Divaconta remained irresolute before her. Hatred and love, revenge and compassion, contended in his bosom. He raised her, his arms encircled that beautiful slender form: "No!" he exclaimed, with a voice that shook the very palace and made Azora tremble—"no! I cannot resign thee—thou must, thou wilt be mine." She remained silent, her resolution was taken; she made no attempt again to soften a being by her entreaties whose heart appeared closed against every nobler feeling. Divaconta exerted all his artifice to induce her to speak; she did not open her lips again, and he left her at last in displeasure.

When she found herself alone she drew her veil close around her, and, enveloping herself entirely, closed her eyes against all which surrounded her, and sat apparently tranquil; but, oh! her mind suffered torments of sorrow and fear, and was the very reverse of that tranquillity she fain would have affected. No exertions of the surrounding spirits, no music, no dances which they performed to distract her, won one look, or induced her to break that silence which she had imposed upon herself. She took no food, —no slumber closed her eyes.

Divaconta had no faith, neither in constancy nor human strength of mind. He tried all; either to persuade or overpower her, neither prayers nor threats had any effect; but her strength began to fail; she became weaker from hour to hour, and with an indescribable delight she nourished a hope that death would soon deliver and unite her to the beloved of her soul, in transplanting her to a more congenial existence. She was sunk in such reveries when at once a dreadful clap of thunder shook the very foundation of the palace; the naptha lamps were extinguished, a fearful darkness prevailed, which now and then changed momentary with a blueish light, caused by vivid flashes of lightning; a hurricane roared, the walls trembled, their foundation shook; flames broke through from all sides, and Divaconta's spirits flew frightened away. At last the walls burst and, enveloped in flames, appeared Argalya, took the lifeless Azora in his arms and lifted himself without difficulty from the ruins into higher regions, where the heavier spirits of his enemy could not follow.

But the strength of Azora gave way to this new trial; she moved not, she scarcely breathed. With the anguish of love Argalya held her in his arms, and now first recollected that his fierce appearance was more calculated to solve the ties of her mortal existence, than to strengthen them. He lessened the dazzling splendour of his crown, and the terrors which surrounded him; his celestial breath touched her lips. She opened her eyes, gave a piercing scream, and threw her arm in agony around his neck, as if seeking for safety with him alone.

"Be calm, my Azora," he now said, with his mellow voice, which tranquillized and penetrated her soul; "we are safe; thou hast no more to fear."

She raised her head, and looking around found herself with her beloved friend in a car of burnished silver, drawn by four milk-white unicorns, who, spreading their splendid coloured wings, and armed with a golden horn on their heads,

¶ Asbest, or mountain flax—a fossil, of which the Egyptians understood to make an incombustible web, or thin cloth.

* Naphta—a white oileous mineral substance, found in a liquid state, and yielding a beautiful pure flame.

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carried them with rapid flight through the skies. She now first begun to enjoy her safety. She told Argalya of her sufferings, her resolution to die; his looks beamed with gratitude for her constancy, and then he painted his torments too, when he heard of his rival's success, and gave her a picture of his contest with Divaconta, in which they both had exerted to the utmost the powers at their command. He described to her the war between the two elements, and how fire and air at last had overpowered the heavy earth, and the sluggish water had undermined the very foundation of the mountains, and triumphantly gained their way to her. Azora trembled at this relation.

"And where is my father, my brother?" she asked.

"Already in that safe refuge where I am going to take thee, my beloved," Argalya answered; "where your abode stood there is no longer safety for you; it has gone too far between Divaconta and me. In the midst of a war between the elements and their spirits, the mortal race cannot exist!" he added, gloomily.

"Oh, heavens! what dost thou mean?"

"Do not inquire, my Azora; thou and those thou lovest are safe; the rest leave to me and to Him who rules over all!"

Azora was silent; she had accustomed herself to pay unlimited obedience to the mere hints of her celestial friend, because she knew, she felt convinced, that all he did and wished was noble, was good, and being now perfectly calm, she exerted herself to shew him her delight and happiness, on account of their re-union, by the most affectionate tenderness.

Their flight was a long one; far beneath them they saw many an empire and sea; at length the land disappeared altogether, and the endless ocean spread before them. Towards evening they discerned a dark object on the surface of the water; it became more distinct and larger; it was land. The unicorns directed their flight towards it, and, lowering them, the car stopped. Azora was on the Island Atlantis.† A beautiful country, the extent of which her eyes could not reach, lay before her. Strangely shaped trees covered the beach; beautiful clear rivulets fell, in picturesque cascades, down from the grass covered mountains, which lined the shore; flowers, of the most brilliant colours, ornamented the velvet turf, and birds and animals, in the greatest variety of shape and colour, enlivened the airy groves.

"This is my abode," said Argalya, lifting Azora from the car and leading her towards a cheerful-looking cottage, which stood half concealed by tall magnolia and palm trees. Abdallah and his son hastened into her arms; the delight at beholding again the objects so dear to her heart, made her forget the anguish she had suffered, the dangers she had undergone. Argalya felt the sweetest pleasure in the happiness of his friends, but higher duties called him to other spheres, and at length, therefore, mounting his silver car, he vanished from their eyes.

When the first transports of joy had subsided, and given place to calmer considerations, fearful presentiments and cares troubled the minds of those Argalya had left behind. Neither Abdallah nor Azora could conceal from themselves that the dreadful contest between the two spirits would produce the most terrible consequences to the earth, to themselves, and, finally, to Argalya. Their time passed solitary and gloomy. In vain did the most beautiful nature, which smiled in eternal tranquillity and peace, invite them to its calm delights; in vain did the neighbouring cities and palaces offer them the joys of social intercourse,—their hearts were depressed by gloomy forebodings—their thoughts incessantly occupied with their distant country, and the dreadful fate which, in all probability, awaited its inhabitants. Azora suffered still more than her father; she had never yet been parted so long from Argalya—from the being upon whose welfare her own depended. She did not believe herself capable of bearing this wretched half existence, and when she recalled to her mind the expression of gloomy pensiveness which she had observed on his majestic forehead, at their last meeting, an indescribable anguish increased her sorrow, and caused her to suffer a perpetual agony.

Many, many solitary days passed, and Azora faded visibly; the source of life seemed exhausted, the animating spark on the point of extinction; but she exerted herself, nevertheless, to hide from her beloved father the presentiments which tormented her. He, however, clearly observed her state, and not having it in his power to give her relief and comfort, he could only sympathize and suffer with her. None dared give speech to his feelings, and, by expressing his own sorrows, provoke those of his companion. One evening, after they, in this silent anxiety of heart, had sat together some time, Abdallah retired to the cottage, to seek on his solitary couch that rest which he scarcely dared hope to obtain. Azora remained alone; in the light of a bright full moon, which illuminated the beautiful scenery, she sat, enjoying the solitary hour, in which nothing prevented her from giving free course to her sorrows, her anguish, when suddenly the beloved of her soul stood before her! She started up with the most exquisite delight, and incapable of speaking, she took his hand, the sweetest tears of joy breaking from her eyes. But when she looked more intently upon him, she shrunk tremblingly back: vanished had the celestial calmness which, in former days, beamed from his features—the expression of heavenly blessedness was no more. Gloomy and sad he fixed his feeble gaze upon Azora, and remained silent; her tongue, too, seemed bound by a spell.

"Azora," he begun at last, in a hollow voice, "great events await us. Now I must see if the friendship of an Immortal has strengthened, has nerved thy mind sufficiently to partake with-

†Atlantis—an island, according to several ancient classics, situated beyond (west) the Pillars of Hercules, (Straits of Gibraltar). Many wonderful stories are told of its beauty and fertility. It was, according to their opinion, destroyed by a great volcanic revolution, and the present Azoric Islands would seem to be its ruins. Plinius secundus, Ptolomeus, and even the much later Marco di Polo, mention it; but from whence these authors obtained their information is impossible to discover.

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out bending it his sorrows and his cares. Probably I am lost!"

Azora grew deadly pale, and remained like a beautiful statue, with fixed eyes and half open lips before him. He took her hands in his, and from the dark clouds which covered his forehead broke one beam of calm refreshing tenderness, like that of former days.

"My poor Azora!" said he, and she sunk, at these words, on his breast, bathed in tears.

"Only not parted from thee!" she cried, in agony, "all, all, but that I will—I can bear!"

He pressed her tenderly to his heart. "Listen to me, my beloved, and prove, by thy fortitude and firmness, that my choice of a friend was just and blameless. Thou art aware of my power, and that of my enemy. Upon this planet, which you call earth, there is none above us; but even we are subject to Him who has created us, as well as thee, the world of spirits and the race of men, and rules us according to eternal laws of the highest wisdom and supreme goodness. Sparks of his all-enlivening spirit animate us—you and every thinking being, only in different gradations as to purity and strength. Reason and freedom of will, are our most precious faculties. My will was pure! So at least I thought. I intended good! but even the purest spirits are not infallible in the eyes of Him! Remember it, Azora, and watch the more carefully over thy mortal heart! I was carried away by passion—passion for thee, and ambition after power, which concealed itself, without my at first discovering it, behind the brilliant vision of laying the foundation of a world composed of nothing but what is good and noble. I have gone too far! Excited by Divaconta's pride and arbitrary selfishness, I called powers to my assistance which cannot be put into motion without causing the downfall of the whole. Divaconta opposed me with similar arms; the foundation of this globe is shook; fearful events must be expected; I feel that I was wrong, and that very feeling is the beginning of my punishment—the continuation of it will be, that I have no power left to retract, to repair what has been done. One trial remains, which must decide my own, Divaconta's, and the fate of this planet; if I lose it, we are separated for ever! if I triumph, then thy and my happiness is again at the mercy of the Almighty, who is our Judge and our Father! And now farewell! we shall soon, or——never meet again!"

Azora had exerted all her strength to listen to the dreadful account, with that firmness which Argalya expected and claimed from her. His last sentence, however, tried her to the utmost; her eyes became dim, her pulses ceased to beat; she leaned faintly on the stem of a palm tree. Argalya read the state of her mind; he saw the force she exerted to conceal it. He threw his arm around her. "My Azora—my beloved friend—my sister!" he exclaimed, and these sounds would have recalled her from the grave! The fresh consciousness of being so beloved by that being, renewed her vigour. She turned her again beaming eyes upon him, and that look told him all she felt.

"Put thy trust in the Eternal, hope for his commisseration and mercy, when he sees my true and sincere repentance. I have erred! But He is the father of us all! Farewell! farewell!" He dissolved in light, his voice re-echoed once more, and Azora was alone.

Argalya returned to another hemisphere, to try, as he had informed Azora, the last dreadful contest with Divaconta, who, meanwhile, had neglected nothing to prepare all the strength of the spirits and elements at his command, and Argalya found him ready for the trial. It begun! No combat as men with arms and engines of war, such as mortals invent to supply their limited strength—no! a fearful trial of powers which move and maintain the planet—a contest which threatened to dissolve the very bindings of the earth—to precipitate the whole into dreadful ruins, and reduce it to the dark chaos which it was before the beginning of all! The elements were in tumult; from the centre of the earth broke volcanic flames, peaks of mountains fell down, dams of oceans broke, floods inundated the countries, rocks burst by subterraneous fires, and the waters from the mountains lift their beds and precipitated themselves over fertile valleys, destroying every thing before them. Hurricanes uprooted the forests, and threw down all which opposed their rage; the poles trembled, the axis of the earth shivered, the clouds were in motion, discharging torrents, alone sufficient to cause destruction. The despairing race of men poured their lamentations up to the wild roaring firmament, but were destroyed in floods or in flames. At last the Eternal Ruler of All threw his thunderbolts. He precipitated Divaconta, with his spirits, into the immeasurable abyss, and Argalya sunk, stunned, into the cave of the Altai. Thus was that period of the world at an end. The face of the earth was created anew, the direction of its axis altered; the beams of the sun fell in different gradations; the poles froze—eternal snow and ice replaced fertile fields; animal species were extinct; new men and geniuses created; green savannahs changed into wide oceans; and on mountains, which have been islands, the astonished naturalist will find the petrified remains of animals now the inhabitants of lakes. Beneath those wide sheets of water, our present oceans, are buried empires and flourishing cities; the tall masted vessel sails unconsciously above the former abodes of men. And, finally, the new human race was far different from what it had been, of which again we find traces in the traditions of almost every nation.

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This is the history of times before the passed Milleniums, which, after his awakening in the first hours of dark and gloomy recollection, ran through Argalya's thoughts. All was re-awakened in his mind, and re-awakened with that strength of which immortal beings alone are susceptible, and with which they alone can conceive times passed and gone; his blissful youth, his love for Azora, her tenderness and pure affection, her anguish at their separation, but also his own wrongs, he remembered, and what evils he had been the author of when influenced by passion. Thus, with feelings of the deepest repentance, he sunk down before the Almighty, and invoked his forgiveness. The prayers of

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the immortal spirit reached the throne of the Deity, and the sacrifice of his repentant heart was not rejected.

A tranquillised feeling, a slight return of that heavenly calmness, which once had blessed him, began again to lighten his soul. He shook off the gloomy sadness which had weighed him down since he awoke in the Altai, and which every new object he saw had increased, but now only a calm feeling of sorrow remained. He lifted himself from the rock where his gloomy thoughts at first began, and where, finally, his prayer for forgiveness arose, and spreading his golden wings, he commenced his journey to examine the earth in its new formation, and to become acquainted with the human race, such as inhabit the present globe.

His flight was first directed towards the region where Abdallah's house had stood, where, for the first time, he had seen Azora in the never to be forgotten palm grove. None but the eyes of an immortal could, after thousands and thousands of years, have found out and recognized that spot. A wide sandy plain spread before his sight; no sea or lake,† as in former days, could he discover. On the treeless desart he observed tents, here and there, ingeniously composed of felt. A race of human beings, much smaller and less endowed with beauty than the natives of the former earth, but strong and brawny, led here a monadic life, and numerous *herds* (droves) of horses, the only property of these tribes, which afford them food, drink, and clothing, grazed around their dark abodes. Argalya sighed, and directed his flight slowly towards the setting sun. There new countries, extensive empires, which he had never beheld before, and a more congenial air recalled again sorrowful and still sweet reminiscences to his mind. Here again he beheld the graceful crown of palms, bending to the balmy breeze, and here sweet perfumes rose from orange and myrtle groves; on flowery turfs, in airy groves, he saw a race more approaching in beauty to the beings of a former age. Their mode of life was more congenial, more luxurious, and in harmony with the clime they enjoyed; magnificent palaces were their abodes, or the poorer earned in aromatic fields and evergreen woods an easy existence. But as much as this race surpassed that which he had left behind on the deserted plains, in beauty of body and mind, it was still far below those human beings among which Argalya had spent the days of his youth.

He floated onward in the same direction. Now the shore of an entirely new world lay beneath him; first he discerned a new ocean, and with astonishment he saw former mountains of a large continent, the shape and appearance whereof was still clear in his recollection, shew their heads above the waters of the Archipelagos, as larger and smaller islands,‖ fertile and flourishing, and inhabited by a cheerful and gay race of men. He flew farther and still farther towards the west, to the ever dear Atlantis, the place where he had deposited that treasure which he had valued far above existence itself. Now he floated above Europea's utmost point. Here also he saw formidable traces of his own and Divaconta's rage, and how all was torn and altered. The ocean flooded here between two worlds, and formed straits§ where once had been mountains. Argalya groaned, but still he proceeded, almost with fear and reluctance; no land, however, appeared to his far stretched vision. All around, as far as immortal eye could reach, nothing could now be discerned but the blue waves of the ocean, limited only by dipping skies.

Gloomy and sad, he was returning, when, near a far extended coast towards the south, he saw a group of small islands dispersed. Argalya learned their name, and the name of the ocean upon the surface of which they floated. Astonished and deeply affected, he found in empty sounds a secret recollection of his lost happiness. These islands¶ were the remainder of the Atlantis, which, unknown how, had preserved the name of Azora.

Weary, he let himself down here on a rock projecting into the ocean. Once more times that were gone went painfully through his mind. The image of Azora appeared upon the dark blue wave; she seemed to hold her arms imploringly towards him, she gazed at him with her beautiful gazelle eye, which so often had rested upon him in love and tenderness; now she pronounced his name with her sweet and mellow voice.

"Oh! where art thou?" he exclaimed, mournfully. "Buried in the waves of this ocean, which long ago have dissolved, annihilated every trace, every particle of thy dear remains!

"And the divine spark, which animated that lovely form, that exquisite tone of feeling, which, although restrained by outward impressions, by human errings, still was capable of understanding, of sympathising with mine?—that pure spirit which, even when still in its mortal abode, responded to mine, and, conceiving our eternal unison, elevated itself already here below, up to my own sphere. Thou canst not be annihilated! Thou must still exist! But where—where dost thou sojourn?—in which space, on what planet is now thy blessed abode?

"Alas! I feel the curse that weighs me down. Not as clear as formerly does the universe lay before my vision; that also is limited, and—justly so; I have deserved it!"

He sunk once more into gloomy thoughts of

† There can be little doubt that the Caspian Sea extended much farther to the east as well as to the west in former times, and communicated with the Black Sea. A dreadful revolution, probably of a volcanic nature, may have burst the rock dam, which connected Asia and Europe, and have formed the present Bosphorus. The Black got thus an outlet into the Ægean Sea, the mass of waters inundated the countries around, and tore the narrow earth-tongues asunder. In this mode the separation of Sicily from Italy, and of Europe from Africa, may be explained. This decreased, of course, the quantity of water in Asia, and salt meadows and sea shells evince the former existence of sea at a considerable distance from the Caspian Sea and Lake Arald, which both, as the lowest places of the country, continued to be filled with, as it will be recollected, *salt water*.

‖ The Grecian and Ionian Islands of the present day.
§ The Straits of Gibraltar.
¶ The Azoric Islands.

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remorse. Days, months and years passed again unheeded by him. Deep and sorrowful repentance, before Him he had offended, was the only relief, the only hope he had left.

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The eastern as well as the western coast of the Caspian Sea, is inhabited by pious Parses, adorers of the fire and of the holy and eternal light, the empire of which they believe to promote and increase by every charitable action, if it is only the taking care of an animal, or nursing of a delicate plant.* Such deeds, no matter however trifling they may appear, the Parses consider as pleasing to Ormuzd, who is, according to their faith, the supreme source of light. Their only object is, to increase and extend his power, and to abolish, or, at least, restrict that of Ahriman, the ruler of darkness and evil. The life and habits of this sect are pure and moral in the extreme, and, on that account, their rites have always been tolerated, and even treated with respect, by the most fanatic Moslemi which surround them.

On the west coast of the same sea, in the centre of a number of pits or wells, containing the purest naptia,† the town Bacu is situated. The soil around in its immediate vicinity appears to consist of nothing but inflammable materials. Wherever a hole is dug, flames always rise. At one place a perpetual fire, of a beautiful clear colour is seen, and around this the Parses kneel in pious devotion, adoring the pure element as the image of all that is good and virtuous, and feel inexpressibly happy by the conviction of being in the immediate vicinity of the power they adore and believe in.

Amongst them, Hashdad was one of the wisest and best. Old in years, he had all his life-time been a zealous promoter of the reign of light by his deeds, always marked by benevolence and charity. In his younger days he had travelled much and far, had investigated the doctrines of the wisest men, and made himself familiar with the history and religious rites of most eastern nations. Rich in knowledge, and richer still in virtues, he returned to the land of his fathers. His life was a chain of good actions; and a blessing to those that surrounded him; but, alas! it was not a happy one to himself. A beloved wife had shared his tranquil existence. The tempest which laid waste his country, when an ambitious conqueror overwhelmed it with a superior force, subjecting and destroying provinces to which he had no righteous claim, annihilated at the same time the tranquil happiness of Hashdad. He had one night to fly from the dwelling of his father, as the only way of saving his beloved partner and a lovely and only child from the blind rage of those savage warriors, and had soon after, in a foreign soil, to bury the remains of his cherished companion, whose delicate frame, yielding to the hardships of their sudden flight, left him disconsolate with his helpless daughter. Time, and doing good to all around, did not heal the wounds of his heart, but greatly relieved his anguish; and after the fury of the war was over, and the cruel conqueror had been extinguished like a sudden meteor, Hashdad returned to his country with his darling Sindiah, and selected, instead of the place where his former dwelling had stood, Bacu for his future abode. His days passed here in tranquil practice of piety and benevolence, the education of Sindiah, whose beauty and sweetness recalled to his mind that beloved being which he too early had lost, forming the sad recreation of his existence.

Sindiah was not brought up like other females in the Orient, to make a pretty toy for her future lord and husband. Hashdad had implanted doctrines of the most elevated and purest virtue into her infant heart, directed her feelings, and cultivated her understanding, and still neglected none of those minor, but more pleasing, accomplishments, which would render her an amiable companion to an equally noble-minded husband.

A pleasant hill, near their dwelling, on the top of which some splendid palm trees shaded a piece of rock, formed by nature into a commodious seat, was the place where Hashdad spent his evenings with his daughter, and instilled into her mind those sentiments which elevated her far above the rest of her sex. When the wide sea spread before their eyes in solemn calmness, and now and then the voice of a pious Parse, in tunes of praise, sounded through the tranquil air, or a grateful fire of sacrifice, kindled at the inexhaustible naptia wells, illuminated the dark sky by its ætherial light, then the pious father would unveil to the eyes of his daughter the world that had been—would tell her of ages long past, how differently the youthful earth had once been formed, how perpetual spring had prevailed everywhere, and that the virtuous human race, then inhabiting it, had often been found worthy of an immediate intercourse with beings of a higher description. Sindiah hung enraptured on the words of her father; her bosom swelled with inexpressible feelings; she sought most ardently to learn more, and endeavoured, by her questions, to obtain explanations, which Hashdad felt unable to communicate. All positive information he could give her, consisted in those indisputable evidences of immense revolutions the planet had undergone, and which he, for a great part, had examined himself, such as sea-shells and conchyles found now in a state of petrifaction on the peaks of the highest mountains, bones of immense animals, no longer existing, petrifactions of plants, the natives of the mildest climes, and now found beneath eternal ice.

Sindiah listened with profound attention to these relations, and the more intensely she listened, the more did they take possession of her imagination. None of the females she was in the habit of holding intercourse with, was able to

*According to Zoroaster's doctrine, Ormuzd is the principle of Good, or Light; Ahriman, that of Evil, or Darkness. They are in a perpetual war against each other; but, after a certain period, Ormuzd is to vanquish Ahriman, and nothing but light, truth and virtue is to reign on earth. This doctrine is, perhaps, one of the most sublime and, amongst its believers, most productive of moral and pure habits, of all which the Orient has produced.

†Near Bacu, on the Caspian Sea, the soil is, according to the reports of travellers, entirely saturated with naptia, which everywhere is easily lighted, and at one spot particularly produces a constant and beautiful flame.

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comprehend and enter into her elevated thoughts, and she, therefore, retired from their society. None of the young men who approached the beautiful daughter of the wealthy Hashdad, with hopes of gaining her affection, answered the sublime idea which her imagination had formed, and they were consequently dismissed. Since those relations of her father, she continued, with the ardour of a youthful and the sublimity of a pure mind, to muse upon and finish those airy dreams, as she herself in more composed and cooler hours had to call them. But still her heart would continue to look up to higher regions for that which earth seemed to deny her. A divine ideal would constantly float before her, would fill her with trembling delight; she would bend before it with adoration, and at the same time press it to her palpitating heart in ecstacy of love. "Alas!" she would often sigh, "why did Ormuzd not give me existence in that happy age? an Amshaspand, or Ized,† might then have read my heart, and found me worthy of his affection!"

More distinct and clear became these visions to her soul. From the narratives of her father, and distinct dreams which revealed themselves to her mind, she composed in a short time, as she fancied, a tale of that annihilated world, which had so long occupied her thoughts. First, like dark reminiscences which revive in our minds, then clearer details unfolded themselves to her ideas. Not only the rough composition but the colouring and finishing of the picture engaged, irresistibly, her imagination, and thus the history of a Genius, who loved a mortal woman, the history of Argalya and Azora, as our former pages have attempted to represent it, came into existence, the production, the child, of Sindiah's imagination, to which she clung with passionate ardour, which she carefully transcribed on palm leaves, concealed from every unhallowed eye. In Azora's love for the sublime Argalya, she painted her own sentiments; equally as happy as Azora would she have been by the affection of a superior being; as tenderly attached, existing in the beloved object only, would she have felt, if it had pleased Ormuzd to let her live in that age of the blooming earth.

She felt inexpressibly blessed by these dreams and visions, and became more and more a stranger to the world around her. A deep rooted languor gained ascendancy over her mind, and with ardent wishes she looked for a more elevated, pure state of existence, for a fulfillment of her presentiments, which she could only hope to enjoy in a brighter and better world.

Her father observed the alteration in his daughter. He inquired fondly and earnestly into the cause; after some hesitation, with blushes and reluctance, she confessed her cherished visions. Hashdad was astonished; he did not know whether to pity or to blame his daughter. With all the arguments of matured wisdom, he contested against these airy images, and did all to convince her of the danger of such visions. Sindiah acknowledged the truth of his arguments; she promised to restrain her imagination, and exerted herself to keep her promise, but, alas! in vain. Argalya's heavenly image would not leave her; awake and in her dreams it stood before her; she would read the expression of the deepest love in his sublime features—nay, she would even think she heard his voice, pronouncing, in celestial harmony, her own name, and her languor increased instead of abating.

With anxious solicitude, Hashdad beheld the state of his daughter's mind. His fondness impelled to adopt, as he thought, the best method to reduce her mind to a more healthy tone. Dispersions in a pleasing reality, he hoped would prove the most efficacious remedy against an imagination too highly excited. He therefore increased her domestic occupations; he opened his house to strangers, and endeavoured to make her acquainted with men not unworthy of her conversation and esteem. Sindiah did all her fond parent could wish; she fulfilled her domestic duties with cheerfulness and exactitude; she made the most amiable hostess, because it gave pleasure to her father; but the nearer she approached beings of this world, the more satiated did she become with "an every day's life," the more did she perceive the vast contrast between that and the splendid image her imagination was incessantly haunted with.

In this manner time passed under fruitless trials and attempts. Sindiah's bloom began to fade; her languishing for something beyond this world, became more violent, and the exertions she made to conceal her feelings from her father, consumed her strength entirely. One evening, after their visitors had retired in unusual good spirits and gaiety, Sindiah, delighted to feel herself at liberty, took her lute and went to her beloved hill, to enjoy her own meditations.

She reposed on the rock; the moon scattered her silver beams through the large palm leaves, which were softly moved by a refreshing evening breeze. It was so calm, so beautiful around her! and solitude contributed so much to her happiness, particularly after an indifferent and still hurtful reality in which, for several days, she had been compelled to exist; she could not deny herself the consolation of seeking refuge with her invisible aerial companions, and of collecting closer around her those beautiful shadows which so often consoling and elevating floated before her inward eye. Clearer and more resplendent did she now behold them; tears filled her beautiful dark eyes, and at length she thus gave vent to her feelings:

"The night is calm; all nature is at rest. Welcome thrice, sacred tranquillity; delightful solitude, I woo thee! In thee my heart expands, and I feel far distant from the turmoil of an unfeeling crowd.

"What is yon noisy world to me? That happiness she has to offer, can yield no joys to me—what she has to bestow, I do not covet; but in my own visionary heart I feel a bliss above all reality!

"That felicity I cannot communicate to others, but when I am solitary and alone, it appears

†The Amshaspands are, according to Zoroaster's doctrines, the seven principal spirits in Ormuzd's empire; they are his assistants and companions. Izeds are spirits of the second class, and their number is not limited.

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clear and resplendent before my longing eyes. Then, then I feel happy! I am with thee! I behold thee—thou speakest to me, and pure delight gives me thy heavenly voice!

"Oh, thou immortal being of light! hast thou never existed here? has my terrestrial eye never beheld thee? Can it be that thou shouldst only be a light vision, vanishing like the vapours of yon eternal flames?

"When languor painfully affects me, then my heart beats wistfully towards thee, and is restored to calmness again only through thee; then can I believe that thou had'st never been—that thy apparition is my imagination's mere play?

"Oh no! thou art no dream! Such love as my heart feels, is no void hope or vision! Wherever thy abode may be, near or distant, in what heaven, what planet, thou see'st me—thou knowest my longing mind!

"Oh! descend from thy height. Let me but once, only one single moment, behold thee in thy soft and celestial beauty! And should I cease to breathe, for that happiness would I joyfully quit this world, and follow thee to yon heavenly groves!"

Sindiah was silent; tears stopped her voice, when all at once she heard sounds like distant but delicious music; they were heavenly notes, which soon calmed the anguish that throbbed in her breast. Surprised, she rose, listening; she looked around to discover from whence those melodious tones proceeded. She could see nothing; all was tranquil and solitary; the moon shone bright, and over the green fields beneath her, which extended down to the sandy beach, floated a silver-greyish mist, and enveloped the beautiful scenery in a transparent veil. Suddenly the sea breeze seemed to increase, the mist became intenser, and through it Sindiah thought she saw something like lightning. Her whole frame throbbed, and an irresistible power attracted, even spell-bound, her looks upon the most impenetrable part of the mist. A sudden gust seemed then suddenly to divide it; it evaporated on both sides, and———an Immortal stood before her, in aetherial beauty. She gazed at him, and "Argalya!" she exclaimed, sinking senseless at his feet. When she recovered, the resplendent apparition stood still before her, his eyes resting upon her, beaming pure affection and celestial love. At length she found words for the expression of her sentiments, and exclaimed,

"Can it be? Does the being I dreamed of, asleep and awake—does it exist?"

"It does exist, and loves thee as in former ages!" answered a voice, the melody of which re-echoed in Sindiah's very heart. "Sindiah! Asura! dost thou not recognize the friend of thy first terrestrial existence?"

Sindiah looked astonished at the heavenly youth. She felt as if slumbering recollections awoke in her, as if she really had beheld those features before—had listened to the sound of that voice. Her heart palpitated almost to bursting—a delightful feeling seemed to solve the ties of life. Argalya's eyes continued to rest on her with inexpressible tenderness.

"At last," he said, "at last I have found thee again! Remember thy earlier existence; thou art not the first time here below. Thy pure spirit has, thousands of years ago, animated an equally beauteous form; then thou wast called Azora, and wast mine—mine, as I presumptuously thought, for eternity. Hatred from abroad, and my own errings, tore me from thee. But the events of that age, and the causes which parted us, are in thy recollection, only thou mistookest thy true reminiscences of a former existence for dreams and delusions of thy imagination. When I awoke from my death-like sleep, to which the just resentment of the Eternal had condemned me, I found myself a stranger on this globe, my power limited, the human race sunk, weak, and incapable of an immediate intercourse with beings of a higher nature. And where—where should I find thee? Thy first mortal form had been annihilated by the same flood which engulphed that peaceful island, the place of thy refuge. Where should I search for thee?—thee, for whose sake I willingly would have resigned my power, and, in a mortal form, have shared the lot of the poor beings of dust. More than a century has passed since I awoke. Deep remorse, and the loss of thee, made immortality a burden. The Ruler of us all looked down upon my contrition at last, and forgave; I felt a kind of tranquillity and calmness again. Conscious that the souls of human beings repeatedly returned to the earth until they, through various trials, had attained that degree of purity which qualifies them to be received into the abodes of eternal light. I knew, too, that dark recollections of their former state would remain, and that the better and purer spirits who, during their earlier existence, had enjoyed an intercourse with higher beings, would preserve, in elevated ideals of perfection which ever float before their minds, an eternal reminiscence of their first and earliest ties; that it was them, who never could be satisfied in the reality of this existence, who always look in vain for that happiness they once partook, and search in vain among the vicious human race for the superior being which they once loved, and which continues to hold possession of their minds. Thus I hoped. I tried at least to find thee. I went from country to country, from place to place. Thousands and millions of mortal maidens have I seen; I was often, for one short moment, deceived by some similarity in external appearance, by the expression of some nobler mind than common, and elevated sentiments; however, the illusion lasted but a moment! Too soon I perceived my error; and, after a long search, I begun to doubt if thy soul still inhabited this planet, or, perhaps, not requiring any purification,‖ it had taken its flight, long since, to the regions of light. An irresistible power drew me towards the east; there, a secret voice whispered to me, there, where once my happiness has budded, thou may'st find it again. I came here, and seeing thee, Sindiah,

‖ It is believed, among several sects in the Orient, that the human souls repeatedly return to the earth after death, until they, through various changes of the body, at last have received that degree of purity which is required for a state of eternal blessedness, or re-union with the Deity from which they are believed to have issued.

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I found the treasure I had mourned for. I floated around thee, and found it easy to re-awaken in thy pure mind recollections of thy former state. My image revealed itself before thy inward eye; thou did'st love me again without the least presentiment that thou had'st given me thy affection in former days. Thou thought'st that a web of thy imagination, which was nothing but a repetition of real events and occurrences; thou fancied thou wast telling a dream when representing thy own and my history, together with that of this planet as it has been. Thy languor increased, reality lost all its attraction for thee, Azora. Fate is reconciled! The Eternal has restored thee to me! I am permitted to call thee mine forever; if——thou will it!"

Argalya ceased speaking, but his eyes continued to rest upon Sindiah, with the expression of the utmost affection and tenderness, who, lost in happiness, at last felt a perfect consciousness and recollection of her former existence.

"If I will it!" she exclaimed, at last, and tears of delight filled her eyes. "How can'st thou ask, thou my protecting genius, ruler of my destiny!"

"Azora," Argalya again began, and a gloomy cloud replaced the heavenly serenity on his countenance, "it is not now as in former ages. Neither I nor the other spirits who still invisibly inhabit this globe in common with you, can now approach you, as in yon happy days of innocence and guiltlessness. The degenerate race, debased by the grossest vices and evil passions, is not qualified any longer for an immediate intercourse with the world of spirits; in a scarcely perceptible mode is it now only in our power to influence your destiny: we can now only reveal ourselves to a few chosen ones, and can no more assume the form of mortals, which now must sully and degrade the purity and nature of spirits. At present, my Azora, there is but one tie which can unite us, but one path which leads to the world of immortal spirits, and wilt thou not tremble when I name that path?"

He again was silent.

"I understand thee, my beloved," Sindiah replied; "I should not be worthy of thy affection if I did not comprehend, perceive the road to which thou pointest—if I could, for one moment, hesitate to follow it! Guide me then—take me where and how thou wilt."

At these words she extended her arms towards him, and would have taken his hand, but the figure of air and light withdrew from her touch. Looking at her with a sweet sadness, Argalya whispered to her, in a scarcely audible but indescribably harmonious voice, "Not thus, my Azora; only beyond this existence can I reach thee my hand: here below our union is impossible!"

"Oh! then dissolve those ties which separate us!" she exclaimed; "break asunder the bars which confine me to this earthly existence. I feel the revolution which the sight of thee has produced in my soul! Who could endure mortal life after such a moment? Oh!! I implore thee! take me hence, and——give consolation to my father."

"Come, come then to me, my Azora! be mine for ever and ever!" exclaimed the genius, and superhuman delight beamed from his eyes.

At this moment celestial harmony sounded again, but now it seemed not to proceed from one place—from all around it came—from the skies above, from the rocks, trees, and plants below; every leaf whispered sweet melodies; their strains sounded stronger and fuller, more and more powerful; those notes penetrated into Azora's very life; they dissolved it into——tones. She felt the painful, but still sweet power which drew her pure spirit from its abode of clay. Argalya floated before her with increased brilliancy and splendour, the same as he once appeared before her in the palm grove. The stronger he shone, the more powerful did the celestial strains of harmony sound through the air, and the easier did her spirit leave its mortal form. At last! at last it was free, and golden beams of the early morning sun carried it to the abodes of eternal light, where Argalya awaited its arrival. The purest spirits were now united and became *one* for eternity.

DREAMS OF THEE.

Midnight!—the stars are bright,
And the pale moon shines coldly pure in heaven,
And the thin vapoury clouds, tinged by her light,
Like passing thoughts across her face are driven.
Midnight! the hour for rest—
The time, the dearest of all times to me,
When cometh slumber o'er my fevered breast,
And I can dream—ey, fondly dream of thee.

Yes—it is all of joy
Left to my blighted heart and burning brain—
The one pure pleasure that can never cloy—
The rainbow that my clouds of life sustain.
I wander all the day,
Like something scarcely of reality,
Careless of what I do or what I say,
And looking forward to my dreams of thee.

Ay—nought but dreams are mine:
I touch thy living hand but dare not press it;
I gaze upon that deep blue eye of thine,
And my heart longs—my lips refuse to bless it.
'Tis only in my sleep
I look upon thee firm, my heart quakes free,
And pour in burning words my passion deep:
I would not lose for worlds my dreams of thee.

The day and night seem changed:
I think of trees, and flowers, and falling streams,
As things from which my spirit is estranged;
As once in happier years, I thought of dreams.
My visions, like intense
And vivid truths, my slumbering eye can see;
And when a trance is on each outward sense,
My soul awakens in its dreams of thee.

And various are the forms
My thoughts assume in that deep solemn hour:
Sometimes thou look'st on me in clouds and storms,
And sometimes as a soft and gentle power.
But be they as they will,
Thou the one fond idea still must be—
Like sun-light over changeful clouds, thou still
Art light and glory in my dreams of thee.

Then let me still dream on,
And in the realms of fantasy be blest,
And feel at morn, when the enchantment's gone,
'Tis my excited spirits turn to rest.
And when the slumber deep
Of death at last is falling upon me,
I'll only mourn because a dreamless sleep
It is, and I shall cease to dream of thee!

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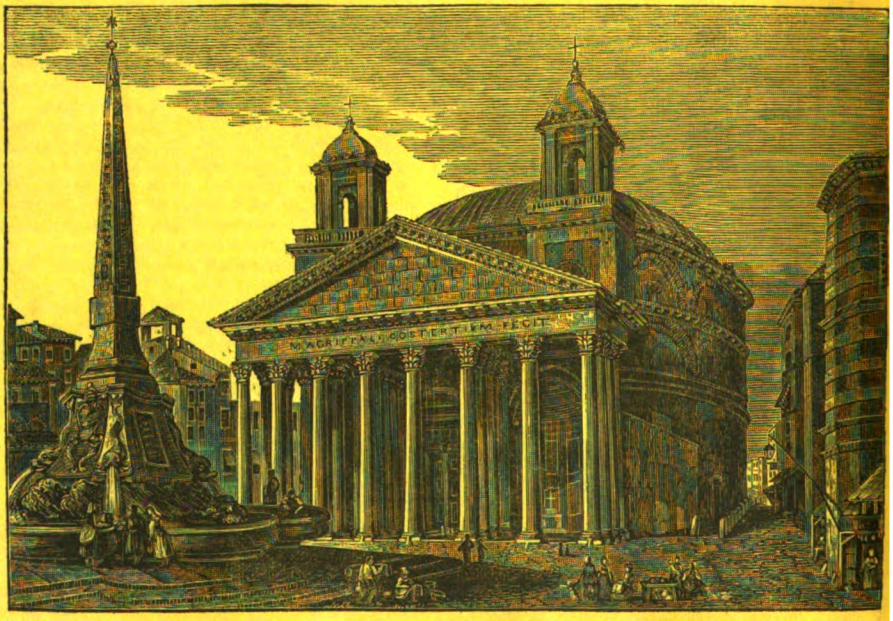
City of Oporto, Portugal.



Pantheon, Rome.

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PANTHEON AT ROME.

The engraving on the opposite page is a view of the celebrated Pantheon at Rome, built on the *campus Martius*, by Agrippa, the favourite of Augustus. It was consecrated by Pope Boniface in 607, to the Virgin Mary and all the martyrs; hence it is still called St. Maria ad Martyres. It is still more commonly called the *rotunda*, on account of its form. It is justly considered one of the finest edifices of Rome, and the artist has succeeded in conveying an excellent idea of its beautiful proportions. The roof is of stone, and vaulted, and through a large opening in the centre of the roof, the whole of the vast interior is lighted. The portico, which is in an excellent state of preservation, seems to have been erected at a period later than the temple itself. It consists of sixteen columns of oriental granite, each of which is fifteen feet in circumference. The interior was formerly adorned with the most beautiful statues of the various deities, of which the best were carried to Constantinople by Constantine. At present there are in the eight niches, eight fine columns, placed there by the Emperor Adrian. The height of the temple is one hundred and thirty-seven feet, and the width the same. The diameter of the opening in the cupola is twenty-seven feet. The floor is paved with porphyry. The whole edifice has suffered much from the emperors, the barbarians and the popes. This building should not be confounded with a smaller Pantheon of the *Minerva Medica*.

THE CITY OF OPORTO, PORTUGAL.

During the present contention in Portugal between the brothers Don Pedro and Don Miguel, a view of Oporto, one of the principal cities of the Kingdom, cannot but prove interesting. Oporto is a place of great commercial, as well as political consideration. Its situation is one of great natural beauty. It is the largest city in Portugal, Lisbon excepted, and is said to have been founded about A. D. 417 by the Suevi. The city occupies the north bank of the Douro, (anciently *Durius*,) about five miles from the mouth of the river, and the Atlantic Ocean. The approach from thence to Oporto is remarkably beautiful. The dangers of the bar, across the mouth of the river, once passed, a succession of interesting objects present themselves on both sides, as we ascend towards the city. The little town of St. Joao da Foz stands on the north bank, close to the sea, and is the favourite resort of the wealthier inhabitants of Oporto during the violent heat of the summer. The river immediately within the bar, expands into the appearance of a lake. A little higher up it is narrowed by two abrupt hills. That on the right terminates in a precipice of bright hard sandstone, descending so steeply to the water's edge, that but lately a road has been made from Oporto along the bank of the river, to St. Joao da Foz, by blasting and hewing down a sufficient portion of the rock. This height, from its precipitous sides, is called the Monte d'Arabida, and forms the western boundary of a lovely valley, opening upon the Douro, covered with the Quintas, or villas, of the wealthier inhabitants of the adjoining city. Most of the Quintas at the mouth of the river command delightful prospects of the Atlantic Ocean, and the splendid effects produced on these scenes at sunset, in this glowing climate, are almost indescribable. Some idea of its beauty may be formed by reference to Colonel Batty's view from this point. The appearance of the Douro, with its numerous shipping, and the variety of interesting objects scattered on its cheerful banks, render this one of the most pleasing scenes in the circle of Oporto.

To economize time and space we must quit this enchanting spot. Gondolas, like those at Venice, are used on the river, but will not suffice for our celerity. We must reach at once the point of our Engraving. The view is taken from Villa Nova, an important suburb of Oporto, on the opposite bank of the river. The city may be divided into the high and the low town. It contains, in a civil sense, five wards, or *bairros*, of which the Sé, or cathedral hill, and the Vittoria, or height opposite to the Sé, (and crowned by a church, which was founded in commemoration of a celebrated battle fought on the spot with the Moors, which terminated in their defeat and expulsion from the place,) form the town properly called Oporto; and it is possible still to trace the remains of the old wall, which formerly surrounded and defended the place. The three other quarters, San Idelfonzo, Miragaya, and Villa Nova, are open. The latter is connected with the principal town by a bridge of boats, which is so badly constructed as to be scarcely able to sustain the violent power of the river when swelled by winter torrents. The Douro, like the Rhine and the Rhone, and all other rivers which flow through a rocky and often confined channel, commits at certain seasons the greatest ravages; and property to a considerable amount is annually lost at Oporto, by the irresistible force with which the river pours down and carries every thing before it. A bridge of granite has been long talked of to connect Villa Nova and Oporto, but the funds are not yet forthcoming, and the expense will be considerable.

The engraving represents the most ancient part of the city of Oporto. We are here directly fronting the bishop's palace, which, with the Sé, or Cathedral, and buildings, to the left, occupy the crest of the hill. Further left is the steeple of the church dos Clerigos, said to be the loftiest in Portugal after that of Mafra. This tower is visible from the sea at a distance of ten leagues, and serves as an important landmark for ships steering to the mouth of the Douro. It was erected in the year 1748, and is built entirely of the finest masonry, an art in which the Portuguese are almost unrivalled. On the summit of the hill to the right, touching the old walls and towers, is the convent of Santa Clara. Immediately below the Cathedral, the rocky steep has been cut into terraces, and laid out in gardens. The river is bordered by the old city wall. A noble street, the Rua Nova de St. Joao, is seen opening upon the quay on the left. Part of the bridge of boats appears on the right: it was first constructed in the year 1806, destroyed in 1809, but re-established in 1815. It was the scene of dreadful

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slaughter at the time the city was given up to pillage by the French. Some of the boats forming it had been destroyed, and many of the wretched inhabitants crowding to the bridge, in hopes of escaping from the enemy's sword, were urged on by the affrighted multitude into the rapid stream, and thus perished. On the river, to the right and left, is seen a Portuguese coasting vessel, called Hyate; in the centre is a wine-boat of the Douro, with a raised platform for the steersman. The foreground of the view is the shore of Villa Nova, adjoining the quay. The chief article of export is wine; and here is the grand depôt for this commodity, which is stowed in long, low buildings, called lodges.

"On the quays," says Mr. Kinsey, "are seen fine blocks of granite, already converted into form, having their edges cased with wood, ready to be shipped off for buildings in Brazil, where it appears that no good stone, or, at least, so durable as this, can be procured; pipe-staves from Memel, flax and iron, and occasionally coals from the north of England. There are generally at anchor in the river between Villa Nova and Oporto, Russian, Brazilian, English, American, Dutch, Danish, and some French vessels: but many of the latter nation are not to be found in the Portuguese ports. Two thirds of the shipping to be seen in the Douro, are British, Brazilian, or Portuguese."

The gardens of the city are luxuriantly stored. Brazilian plants, easily distinguished by their gaudy colours, vines on trellis, superb lemon-trees, lime and orange trees, pear, apple and plum trees, and Alpine strawberries are in abundance. The Indian cane, with its splendid blossom, whose colour resembles that of the Guernsey, or rather the Chinese lily, is a gay addition to the ornaments of this earthly paradise. Mr. Kinsey says, "The *ulmis adjungere vitem* is well known in poetical description, but in Portugal, besides overshadowing their artificial supporters, the vines are seen attaching themselves to, or hanging down in luxuriant festoons from forest trees, such as the oak, chesnut, and cork, in all the wildness of nature, and not unfrequently insinuating themselves among the branches of myrtle trees, which attain a considerable size in the hedge-rows, and contrasting their large purple bunches with the snow white blossom. The union is truly poetical, and its novelty is charming to the eye of a northern traveller. A vine is often purposely planted by the farmer under an oak-tree, whose boughs it soon overruns, repaying the little labour expended in its cultivation by its fruit, and the lop of its branches. Ten pipes of green wine, *vinho verde*, expressed from these grapes, will yield one pipe of excellent brandy. Being light and sharp, the vinho verde is preferred by the generality of Portuguese in the summer, to wines of superior strength and quality."

The population of Oporto and Villa Nova was stated by Colonel Batty in 1830, to amount to about 80,000 inhabitants.

He who is accustomed to commune with himself in retirement, will, sometimes at least, be impressed with the truths which the multitude will not tell him.

Written for the Casket.

TO MISS ——.

I knew her when the dawning years
Of childhood deck'd her circling brow,
When like the rose just budding forth,
Her charms were but a promised show:—
Her image waxed both bright and fair,
As days and months roll'd ceaseless on,
Her *heart* was buoyant as the air—
And radiant as the morning sun.

I knew her when in youth's bright morn,
A flowret still more fair she grew—
The rose-bud sipp'd the noonday rays,
And burst her hidden charms to view;
'Twas then this sweet retiring maid
First glanced upon the passing swain;
And oft within the silent shade
She sighed to join the social train.

I knew her when in riper years,
Her form disclosed a model rare;
And when she smiled—her looks so sweet—
The *graces* joyed to revel there;
Her brilliant eyes, like twinkling stars,
Would shed abroad each speaking glance,
Her ebon locks, unloosed their stays—
Would o'er her polished forehead dance.

Her mouth, whose gently pouting lips
Caught every youth's admiring gaze,
Was but excell'd by blushing cheeks
That far outshone sol's evening rays;—
Her beauteuos form, and graceful mien,
Has captured many a feeling heart;
And he that meets her fond embrace,
Is *sure* to feel a cupid's dart.

ALONZO.

THE WINDS.

Give me a voice like yours, ye winds, to woo
The virgin flowers, with Spring's unwritten song:
Or mourn o'er buried loveliness, as through
The prison bars of night ye sweep along;
Or where ye, in your vengeance, stoop to strew
Earth with your wrecks, to mingle with the throng
Of spirits who lift up their shout of joy,
And glory in your license to destroy!

I envy you your freedom. I would trip
Over the mountain swifter than the night,
I would go forth with every dawn, to sip
Dews from their morning refuge, ere their flight.
I would rest on the unconscious maiden's lip,
And who should spurn the arrogated right?
Or press the ringlets of the coyest fair,
Whose cheek would burn to know that I was there.

I envy you your fleetness. I would see
Once more, the world at old Wachuset's feet,
As in youth's first unwasted ecstacy,
I look'd in wonder, from your rocky seat,
On all my native hills, broad, green, and free,
And I would break to waves the silvery sheet,
Whose waters bore me, ere I learn'd the strife
Which troubles all the waters of my life.

But ye are spirits; and a mortal's sigh
Ye cannot answer. I must linger on
Till time gives me a home with you on high
And all the chains which bind me here are gone.
Yet would I tempt and importune reply—
Not in the tones of earth, but in that ONE
Which answers to my yearnings: in the speech
That spirits know, and only spirits teach.

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From the New England Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER II.

When I determined on emigration, I hesitated between New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and was finally led to prefer Philadelphia, because I had lately received a parcel of papers from this city, among others the Pennsylvania Packet of June 10, 1784, and Bradford's Weekly Advertiser, of about the same date, which contained an account of the proceedings of the House of Commons against me. In Philadelphia, therefore, my case was known; and of course the oppression I had undergone, I was led to conclude, would probably make me friends there.

In sailing up the river Delaware, the America, which was under the care of a drunken Pilot, ran aground on the Brandywine shoals, and was in imminent danger—but after a long struggle, was finally got off, by the aid of a number of hardy passengers, and half a dozen sailors belonging to a vessel bound for Jamaica, which had been wrecked at sea. They were taken off the wreck by a Philadelphia vessel, bound for London, which we met, and which removed them to the America.

As this vessel was a clipper, very sharp built, and aground at high water, there was a great alarm among the passengers, who were bewailing their hard fate, to be in such imminent danger, after a safe passage of three thousand miles. Men six feet high displayed the utmost consternation, and actually shed tears. Trunks and boxes were opened to secure money, and trinkets, and other valuable articles which were in a small compass, and could be carried about the person. The alarm was greatly increased by the frantic conduct of the pilot, who lost his self-possession, and ran about distracted.

Behold me now landed in Philadelphia, with about a dozen guineas in my pocket, without relation, or friend, and even without an acquaintance, except my *compagnons de voyage*, of whom very few were eligible associates.

While I was contemplating a removal into the country, where I could have boarded at about a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a week, intending to await the arrival of my funds, a most extraordinary and unlooked-for circumstance occurred, which changed my purpose, gave a new direction to my views, and, in some degree, coloured the course of my future life. It reflects great credit on the Marquess de La Fayette, who was then at Mount Vernon, to take leave of General Washington. A young gentleman of the name of Wallace, a fellow passenger of mine, had brought a letter of recommendation to the General; and having gone to his seat to deliver them, fell into the Marquess's company, and in the course of conversation, affairs of Ireland came on the tapis. The Marquess, who had, in the Philadelphia papers, seen an account of my adventures with the Parliament, and the prosecution I had undergone, enquired of Wallace, what had become of the poor persecuted Dublin printer?—He replied, "he came passenger with me, and is now in Philadelphia," stating the boarding house where I had pitched my tent. On the arrival of the Marquess in this city, he sent me a billet, requesting to see me at his lodgings, whither I went. He received me with great kindness; condoled with me on the persecution I had undergone; enquired into my prospects; and having told him that I proposed, on receipt of my funds, to set up a newspaper, he approved the idea, and promised to recommend me to his friends, Robert Morris, Thomas Fitzsimmons, &c. &c. After half an hour's conversation, we parted. Next morning, while I was at breakfast, a letter from him was handed me, which, to my very great surprise, contained four one hundred dollar notes of the Bank of North America. This was the more extraordinary and liberal, as not a word had passed between us on the subject of giving or receiving, borrowing or lending money. And a remarkable feature in the affair was, that the letter did not contain a word of reference to the enclosure.

In the course of the day I went to his lodging, and found that he had, an hour or two previously, departed for Princeton, where Congress then sat, having been in some measure driven from Philadelphia, by a mutiny among the soldiers, who were clamorous for their pay, and had kept them in a state of siege for three hours in the State House. I wrote to him to New York, whither, I understood, he had gone from Princeton, expressive of my gratitude in the strongest terms, and received a very kind and friendly answer.

I cannot pass over this noble trait in the character of the illustrious Marquess without urging it strongly on the overgrown wealthy of our country, as an example worthy of imitation. Here was a foreign nobleman, who had devoted years of the prime of his life, and greatly impaired his fortune, in the service of a country, separated by thousands of miles distant from his native land. After these mighty sacrifices, he meets, by an extraordinary accident, with a poor persecuted young man, destitute of friends and protectors—his heart expanded towards him—he freely gives him means of making a living without the most remote expectation of return, or of ever again seeing the object of his bounty. He withdraws from the city to avoid the expression of gratitude of the beneficiary. I have more than once assumed and I now repeat, that I doubt whether in the whole life of this (I had almost said) unparalleled man, there is to be found anything, which, all circumstances of the case considered, more highly elevates his character.*

I immediately issued proposals for printing the Pennsylvania Herald, which was extremely imprudent, as I was so utterly unacquainted with the temper and manners of the people. In a word, I was as destitute of some of the most important qualifications requisite to carry on a paper in Philadelphia, as I had been in Dublin, when I there commenced the Volunteer's Journal. I ought at once to have gone to work as a journeyman printer, and deferred entering into business on my own account for a year or two, until I had become acquainted with the country and those among whom my lot was cast. But foolish pride prevented me from taking this rational course, which I have often since had occasion to regret.

I soon supplied myself with types, but had no press. A Scotch bookseller and printer, of the name of Bell, had recently died in Philadelphia, and his stock, in which there was a press, was to be sold at auction about this time. As the press was very old, and very much impaired in usefulness, I expected to have it a bargain. But Colonel Oswald, who printed the Inde-

*It is due to myself to state, that though this was in every sense of the word a gift, I regarded it as a loan, payable to the Marquess's countrymen, according to the exalted sentiments of Dr. Franklin, who, when he presented a bill for ten pounds to the Rev. Mr. Nixon, an Irish Clergymen, (who was in distress in Paris, and wanted to migrate to America,) told him to pay the sum to any Americans whom he might find in distress, and thus "*let good offices go round.*" I fully paid the debt to Frenchmen in distress—consigned one or two hogsheads of tobacco to the Marquess, (I believe it was two, but am uncertain,) and, moreover, when in 1824, he reached this country, with shattered fortunes, sent him to New York, a check for the full sum of four hundred dollars, which he retained till he reached Philadelphia, and was very reluctant to use, and finally consented only at my earnest instance.

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pendent Gazetteer, and who viewed my operations with a jealous eye, commenced that hostility, which, ultimately, as will appear in the sequel, nearly cost me my life. He bid against me; and as I had absurdly fixed on a day for publication which was so near that I had not time to procure a new press, he continued bidding till he raised the price to about £50 currency, or 133 dollars, being one third of my whole fortune, and about the price of a new press.

My expectations of a remittance of the sum due me by my brother, were almost entirely disappointed. Of the amount I received but fifty pounds. The Volunteer's Journal finally perished, partly by the persecution of my brother, but chiefly by means of a paper set up under the auspices of government, with a similar title, which drew off a portion of the sale of the original paper, and most of the advertising custom.

At length I issued the first number of the Pennsylvania Herald on the 25th of January, 1785, which "dragged its slow length along" with slender hopes of success. On the 25th of March, same year, I took Mr. William Spotswood and C. Talbot into partnership, when the paper was enlarged; but still it did not make much progress, until I commenced the publication of a regular series of the debates of the House of Assembly, which was here quite a novelty. To this undertaking I was led by the following circumstances. A town meeting had been called at the State House, to take into consideration the calamitous state of the trade of the country, at which I attended in the midst of a large concourse of citizens, in order to give the public a statement of the proceedings. Jared Ingersoll, Esq. addressed the meeting with great effect. I sat down on my return home to write merely the heads of his speech—but found it run so smoothly, that I gave it in a regular series in the third person. When I handed it to Mr. Ingersoll for the purpose of examination and correction, he made only a few slight verbal alterations, and declared that he could scarcely have done it so well himself, as he had spoken without notes.

I naturally concluded that if I could publish a speech from memory, without having taken a single note, I should certainly be able to take down debates, with the advantage of a seat, a table, and pens, ink and paper. Accordingly, on the 27th of August, 1785, I commenced the publication of the debates of the House of Assembly, without the least knowledge of stenography. I abridged and took down the leading words, and was enabled to fill up the chasms by memory and the context; and as the printers had then more scruples about pirating each other, than some of them have at present, none of them republished the debates, of which the Pennsylvania Herald had, for that session, the exclusive advantage. John Dunlap, a respectable revolutionary character, who printed the Pennsylvania Packet, offered me a liberal compensation for the privilege of republication—but I declined, knowing that it would deprive the Herald of the very great superiority it possessed.

In the following session, Mr. Dunlap hired a stenographer, the well-known Thomas Lloyd, who, though an excellent stenographer, so far as taking down notes, was a miserable hand at putting them in an English dress. I learned his system, which was one invented by the Jesuits St. Omer's, but did not succeed better with it, than I had done before.

At this period, parties ran as high in Pennsylvania as they have done at any time since. The denominations were Constitutionalists and Republicans. The former were supporters of the Constitution then existing, which conferred the legislative powers on a single body, styled the House of Assembly, and the executive department on a President and executive Council. The Republicans were zealous for a change in the legislature, so as to have two branches, a Senate and a House of Representatives. There were various minor points of difference unnecessary to be particularized.

There was at that time a society of foreigners established in Philadelphia from various nations, English, Irish, Scotch, French, and West Indians, who styled themselves the newly adopted sons of the United States. Among the leaders were A. J. Dallas, the unfortunate Gerald, who, I believe, died in Botany Bay, Counsellor Heatly, —— Coulthurst, &c. &c. I was a member. The society was in perfect accordance in political opinions with the constitutional party, to which it became an auxiliary. As there was in it a number of zealous, powerful writers, they greatly annoyed the Republican party.

Colonel Oswald, who was the mouth-piece of the latter party, assailed their opponents with great virulence, and particularly their new auxiliaries, whom he grossly abused as foreign renegadoes. I wrote a reply to one of his attacks, in which were the following remarks which did not warrant the very acrimonious, and personal attack which followed on the part of the Colonel.

"National reflections are in every case as *illiberal* as they are *unjust*,—but from Americans, they are something worse. Yes, sir, I say they are something worse. It is a bold saying, and may prove disagreeable to nice ears—but it is not the less true. They are, sir, *ungrateful* to the highest degree. It is a fact too recent, and too notorious, to admit a doubt, that a great part of those armies, that nobly gained America her independence, were "*aliens*" or "*foreigners*," many of whose countrymen are now subjects of obloquy and reproach. I mean, French, Germans, Irish, &c."

"I shall conclude with one remark, that it gives me pain to see the conductor of a free press, so capable, from the energy of his writings and his intrepid spirit, to defend the cause of liberty, debase his paper by such illiberality." Philadelphia, Nov. 7, 1785.

A long and most violent controversy took place, which continued for some weeks, and was terminated as follows:

Colonel Oswald having commented on some of my paragraphs, which expressed *doubts* of sundry current rumours of the day, I replied as follows, with great severity, irritated by the infuriated style of his attacks—which were not confined to politics, but clearly manifested a desire to destroy me in the public estimation, and to prevent any chance of my success in life.

"I am, Sir, as you say, in doubt about several things. But there is one thing of which I never entertained any doubt, which is, that the *literary assassin*, who basely attempts to blast a character, IS A VILLAIN—whether he struts in glare of day, *a ferocious Colonel Oswald, with drawcansir countenance*, or skulks, a Junius, concealed for a quarter of a century."

M. CAREY.

To this Colonel Oswald replied:

"Your being a cripple is your main protection against personal insults, which your *oblique insinuations* would otherwise challenge."

ELEAZER OSWALD.

My rejoining was as follows:

"On this I shall only remark, that the quoted paragraph, which the Colonel alludes to, is as *direct as obliquity* as I have ever heard of. It cannot fail to remind the reader of the anecdote of the man, desired by the father of a girl to whom he paid his addresses, never to come near his house again, but who having gone there afterwards, contrary to those directions, was *kicked down stairs*. In some time, being met by an acquaintance, and asked how his love affair succeeded—he replied, that the last time he went to visit his Desdemona, her father had *kicked him down stairs*: so, added he, *I took the* HINT, and never went there since. One remark further: Colonel Oswald, who

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served in the army, is not to be told at this period, that *though I am a cripple*, there is a certain mode in which I would be on an equality with him. This *hint* is the less necessary to a man whose newspaper frequently holds out threats of *coming to the point*."

"It is possible some of them, when discovered, *might come to the point*."—Gazetteer, No. 215.

"But if fighting delight them, then *come to the point*."—No. 220.

This correspondence I republished in "The Plagi Scurriad, a Hudibrastic Poem, addressed to Col. Oswald." As soon as he received a copy, he sent it to me, by a captain Rice, who, pointing to the above passage, said "Col. Oswald considers this a challenge." I coolly replied, "It was so intended, sir." He was proceeding to talk about time and place and other preliminaries, when I cut him short, and told him, I had nothing to do with those arrangements, and referred him to a French gentleman, a Mr. Marmie, of the house of Turnbull, Marmie & Co. to whom, presuming the affair would end in a duel, I had applied to act as my second. This interview was on Monday morning, the 16th of January 1786. The seconds fixed on Saturday the 21st, for the meeting. In an hour or two after the first visit, Capt. Rice called on me a second time, and told me that the affair had made a great noise—that there was danger of our being arrested, and bound over,—and that therefore it was necessary to anticipate the time. Although there was a great impropriety in his calling on me, instead of Mr. Marmie, I assented to Thursday. In another hour or two, he called again with the same story, and wished a further reduction of time. I was, as may be supposed, exasperated at being treated as a child, and replied in a passion, "It is the part of a bully to bring such different messages." (I meant to have said send, but passion frequently does not allow time to choose the most appropriate words.) The captain took fire at this expression, which implicated him—and said he did not understand such language. I told him, as my warmth had not abated, that he might understand it as he pleased. But on a moment's reflection, knowing that I had no right to hurt his feelings, and had not intended to do so, I explained my mistake, and distinctly stated, that the offensive expression was not intended for him, but for his principal. This was satisfactory. I then agreed to meet on Wednesday.

On Wednesday morning, I must candidly confess, that I felt somewhat qualmish about the result. I had before been, or supposed myself to be, in danger of my life—once, as I have stated, on the Brandywine shoals—another time, when, crossing the river Delaware, on the ice, I fell into an air hole, without any person near to assist me, but a cowardly boy, and when I scrambled out, I scarcely know how. In both those cases I had been calm and collected. But to stand up in a field to be shot at like a crow, *c'etoit une autre affaire*, and had a far more menacing aspect. Candour calls on me to avow, that I took a couple of glasses of wine in the morning, to fortify my nerves, lest my courage should, like that of Bob Acres, "*ooze out at my fingers' ends*." On one thing, however, I was resolved, that if I displayed the white feather, I would never more see Philadelphia.

The place of meeting was in New Jersey, opposite the city. The principals and seconds, and I believe, but am not certain, Dr. Jones, passed over in a ferry boat. From the moment I entered her, till the affair was over, I found that the wine had been wholly unnecessary; and that I was as cool and collected, as if I had been engaged in duels all my life. When we came to the appointed spot, we found at the fence eight or ten persons, whom curiosity, and a report of the intended rencontre, had brought there.

It has rarely happened that a greater disparity has existed between two combatants. I had never drawn a trigger but once, and that was to try a pocket pistol, with which I had provided myself, having been informed that Col. Oswald intended to horsewhip me in the street. My antagonist was a military character, who had, I believe, served throughout the revolutionary war, and been more than once engaged as a duellist. While the pistols were charging—the ground marking out—the other preliminaries arranging—and Col. Oswald and I were walking by each other, he made a sort of overture for an accommodation. "Mr. Carey," he observed, "it was never my wish to come to this issue with you." To this I replied: "Colonel Oswald, you must have known, from the nature of your attacks on me, and the great disparity of physical force between us, that it could never come to any other issue."

I would have cheerfully met his overture, (if it was so meant, as doubtless it was,) half-way, but that knowing he had a powerful party to support him, he would make the world believe that I had made advances and concessions to him, an idea that I could not endure. I assure the reader that the leading sentiment of my mind, and which gave me considerable uneasiness, was, the utter inequality in which we stood in regard to connexions. My antagonist had a wife and five or six children depending on him; whereas there was not a person in America who had a drop of blood kindred to me in his or her veins. This reflection exacted a pang.

We stood at the distance of ten paces. As soon as we had taken our stations, Captain Rice, Colonel Oswald's second, cried out in a voice of thunder—"Gentlemen, if either of you steps beyond the line, by —— I will blow his brains out." I was horror struck at the idea this speech conveyed, as if we were murderers—and the impulse of the moment was, to throw my pistol at his head.

We fired at the word of command. My pistol, as might have been expected, was harmless. Col. Oswald shot me through the thigh, a little above the knee. It was reported and currently believed, that he said he fired low, as he did not wish to kill, but merely "*to wing*" me. His long experience with fire arms, renders this idea probable. Had his ball been half an inch or an inch lower down, it would have struck the joint, and rendered amputation necessary. It went through the thigh bone.

I did not feel the stroke. The first knowledge I had of being wounded, was when I found myself on the ground, and the blood spurting out of the wound, as water spouts from a *jet d'eau*. Some of the spectators informed me afterwards, that when I was struck, I sprung from the ground half a foot or a foot into the air.

The wound was bandaged on the field, as well as it could be done in such circumstances. I was brought home and ordered to be kept quiet, and no visitors to be admitted. And here I performed a gratuitous act of justice, which was probably one of the best acts of my life, but which did me considerable injury.

During the course of the controversy, some of the correspondents of the Pennsylvania Herald, had thrown out strong insinuations against the courage of Col. Oswald, which I had published. After the duel, in which his conduct disproved the allegation, while smarting under a wound that endangered my life—a wound, the result of a wanton attack on my private character, I deemed it right to retract the accusation, which I did in the following words, in the Pennsylvania Packet:

"Having on Wednesday last had a rencontre with Col. Oswald, which to my great satisfaction has not terminated to his injury, and he having behaved himself as a gentleman and man of honour, I with pleasure

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embrace this opportunity of retracting what I have asserted, derogatory to his character."

Philadelphia, Jan. 20, 1786. M. CAREY.

This gave high offence to the Irish, who had taken great interest in the affair on my side, many of whom never forgave me for what they called a degradation. My second, Mr. Marmie, a man of a nice sense of honor, was unappeasably offended. He forsook me; and when I sent for him, and complained of his absence, he said, with the most perfect *sang froid*, that as I had taken the affair into my own hands, he would have no more concern in it. I never saw him afterwards.

By neglect and mismanagement, the cure of the wound was not completed till fifteen or sixteen months had elapsed, during a part of which time, I had to be lifted up and down stairs, and during the remainder, had to use crutches.

Here let me state a most curious fact.

During the controversy, I had advanced charges of plagiarism against Col. Oswald, which I had substantiated by quotations from Junius and the North Briton, which were taken in some instances verbatim, and in others with slight variation, by the Colonel; and many of which, however applicable they were to the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Grafton, had no application whatever to me. I concluded the essay with the words: "*I have now done with Colonel Oswald.*" A friend, to whom I showed the essay, advised me to retain that idea, as circumstances might arise that would render it necessary for me to resume the controversy. Accordingly, I took the paper, and altered the conclusion to read thus: "I would now hope I have done with Col. Oswald; but if I am rightly informed, there is in his composition, too much of the quality which, in good men and applied to good purposes, is termed *perseverance*, and in bad men and applied to bad purposes, is termed *obstinacy*, to allow me to be very sanguine on the subject." After the duel, as soon as I was allowed to read, the first book I took up, was Tristram Shandy—and I at once opened on the very same words applied to uncle Toby. It is easy to conceive my fright. The book dropped from my hands, and I was seized with a cold sweat, as I thought with what apparent justice the charge might be retorted on me. But I had not read Tristram Shandy for probably ten years. This extraordinary fact fully proves the truth of the maxim, that "*Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.*

Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1833. M. CAREY.

TO —— OF THE VALE OF TURENA.

BY MISS MARY EMILY JACKSON.

To some lone, dark, sequester'd spot,
Whose dark'ning shades affright me not,
I hie me at the twilight gleam,
Of by-gone joys and friends to dream.

I sigh for many a friend afar;
I ask the silver glittering star,
Where is that heart with friendship blest?
Where is that form I love the best?

I ask the moon when high in air,
Where is my friend, oh, tell me where?
She answers naught, but that her ray
On wild Turena's vale can play.

And when those glorious orbs above
Awake thy soul to joy and love,
Oh! let one thought for me be there
Amid thy hallowed evening prayer.

It is wise to do with the utmost kindness of manner a favor which you see to be inevitable, unless, indeed, you fear to encourage a future or frequent application.

From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.

STANZAS.

I stood upon the sunless shore
Beside oblivion's sea,
And saw its sluggish waves break o'er
The bygone yesterday—
The last of the departed year
Joined in the lapse of time's career,
The past eternity.

It was a melancholy sight
To see it part from day,
And dim among the depths of night,
Fade with its dreams away;
And dark and shapeless with it go,
A thousand hopes once rich in glow,
Born in its hour's decay.

A cold thrill to my feeling taught
How much there was of mine
Gone with that year of perish'd thought,
And ill-delayed design,—
A part, too, of the vital gleam
Quench'd 'neath Time's incessant stream,
A march towards decline.

From out those waves no palmy isle
Uprears its sunny head,
Where shipwreck'd Hope may light her smile;
Boundless, and drear, and dread,
The billows break without a roar,
"Nameless" is stamped upon the shore;
And "Death"—there all is dead.

And Love turns trembling from the sight;
Hiding his face with fear;
And Beauty shrinks in pale affright,
And Fame stands silent near,
And Glory's laurels shrink and die,
Changeless along one brow and eye,
But they are of despair.

All watch the last skirts of the year—
The wreck of minutes done,
In those deep waters disappear
Forever from the sun;
Leaving a dead tranquillity,
As when a mighty ship at sea
Has just gone wildly down!

TIME.

Dark-dealing power, around thy way
The wrecks of human grandeur lay;
Oblivion's waters cold and black,
Roll onward in thy gloomy track,
And darkly hide from mortal ken
The traces where thy curse hath been.

The proudest things that earth hath known,
The gorgeous splendor of a throne,
The crest and kingly diadem—
Thy peerless arm hath scattered them;
The power that shook the world with dread,
Lies crush'd beneath thy mighty tread.

Successive years around thee flow,
Yet leave no traces on thy brow,
Revealing and destroying all,
As firmly now, thy footsteps fall,
As when at first thy course was given,
And thy dread limits mark'd by Heaven.

Mysterious power! still deep and strong
Thy tide of years shall roll along.
The sun shall leave his home on high!
The moon and stars of heaven shall die;
But thou shalt be the last to fall,
The conquerer and the end of all.

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THE LETTER-DE-CACHET.

BY J. L. KNOWLES.

"It must come down!" exclaimed Julian, "Frenchmen will no longer endure it. It is enough to have one's life and liberty at the disposal of bad laws, without holding them at the caprice of a nobleman or a king! What's a man's life worth without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with wife and children, my affairs may thrive, I may have friends on every side of me; and yet may end my days in a dungeon, if I happen to displease a man in power—It must come down!"

"What must come down!" demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering the apartment; "what must come down!" repeated he, in a still more authoritative tone.

"The Bastile," replied Julian, calmy raising his eyes, which at first he had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully upon his master. There was a pause.

"Julian," at length said Monsieur le Croix, "I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?"

"Yes," replied Julian, rather doggedly, "but I also know that I am talking reason and justice."

"That is, *as you conceive*," rejoined Monsieur le Croix. He took a turn or two across the apartment. "Julian," resumed he, "you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man, too; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know less than you do; you are tainted with a feeling and jealousy and rancour, with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of the country. How came it that you treated with insolence, to-day, the valet of Monsieur le Counte de St. Ange?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian—"he called to me to hold his horse while he alighted; as though I had been his master's groom!"

"Was it not rather because his master was a nobleman?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix. "You have been insolent to the count, too, resumed he.

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him that he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution, what would you have done?"

Julian was a silent.

"Answer me, sir," cried his master.

Julian folded his arms and still made no reply.

"Am I to be answered?" coolly demanded Monsieur le Croix. "I see the future traitor in you, Julian," continued he; "this insubordination is only mischief in the bud. 'Twill come to more and to worse."

"May be," said Julian.

"I command you to answer me!" impatiently exclaimed the former. What would you have done, had the count struck you?"

"Struck him again!" indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment."

"So the count thought," said Monsieur le Croix, resuming his coolness.

"I saw it," said Julian.

"How?" inquired his master.

"He changed colour," said Julian, "and he changed his mind too; for he applied his whip to the shoulders of his valet instead of mine, and walked into the chateau."

"And you think the count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The count afraid of you! Do you know the power of a count?"

"I do," replied Julian; and the character of the count. He is not fit to be admitted into an honest man's family."

"How!"

"He is the most dissolute young nobleman in Paris."

"Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it!—what, then, should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix.—"Julian, you quit my service," cried he.

"Very well."

"You quit it to-night?"

"Very well."

"This hour!"

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung. "Good bye, sir," said he—but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning stood and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix: "I have been a faithful servant to you sir," resumed Julian.

Monsieur le Croix made no reply.

"I always respected you."

Still Monsieur le Croix was silent.

"I always loved you."

Not a word from Monsieur le Croix.

"I always *shall* love you," cried Julian, and turned to go.

"Stay," said his master, "you have lived with me eight years. You *have* been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous *subject*. You have begun to think for yourself—to questions the rights of your betters—to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him—you give him word for word, and *would* give him a blow for blow—and in your master's house!" Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket: "I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and thought we had commenced another year; that's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse, take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop; than go on, and have reason to reproach it." Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while in the face.

"You think, if I continue to serve you," said Julian, "that I might prove unfaithful to you?"

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you."

"When a part of a foundation gives way," ob-

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served Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken!"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose colour had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once withdrawing his eyes from his master's face. At length he broke silence: "It is," echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old *regime*. He believed that, like the sun, it fitted the world now, as well as in the beginning—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one, and the framer of the other. He was at the same time a disinterested, conscientious, generous, and honorable man. He was handsome too, and of a graceful, commanding figure, though now in the fiftieth year. He was married,—and, strange to say, the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife, who was nearly twenty years younger than himself. Women are capable of such love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her twentieth one. From particular causes they were frequently thrown into one another's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies, to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention; until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected in him, symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt; but not before he was too much fascinated to struggle successfully with wishes, which from disparity of years he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he dream of his good fortune: it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance, to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so.

He entered his Adelaide's boudoir one day when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table with her back towards him, and she held in her hand something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tip-toe a step or two—'Twas a miniature!—a step or two nearer—'Twas his own!—He could not suppress his emotions, he clasped his hands in an ecstacy of transport. She started up; and turning, shrieked at beholding him. He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them. In a month she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years old—a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother—as by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country; receiving occasionally the visits of their Paris friends, among whom reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St. Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much discomposed to rejoin immediately his wife and the count.—He turned into his study—"Julian is ruined!" exclaimed he to himself. "I am sorry for him; but there is no help for it. The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine the claims of those above him to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief, and sooner or later will think of nothing else. Not hesitate to strike the count!"

"Papa!" cried little Eugene, running into the room, "you are wanted."

"Who wants me?" inquired Monsieur le Croix.

"My mother."

"Did she send you for me?"

"No."

"Why did you come then, and what do you mean?"

"She threatened the count to call you."

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair into which, upon entering the room, he had thrown himself and stared upon his son.

"Threaten the count!—Why sir?" said Monsieur le Croix, lowering his voice.

"Indeed I don't know," replied the child, "but the count was whispering something to her, and she told him she would call for you; and as I thought she looked angry, I came of my own accord to tell you."

"Remain here, sir," said Monsieur le Croix, and left the study—in the act of shutting the door of which behind him, he heard a shriek which was immediately followed by the opening of the drawing-room door. As he was rushing up stairs, he heard a scuffling in the room, and presently a noise, as of a person violently thrown to the ground. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, indignation, he rushed in, his hands upon his sword. The count was stretched upon the floor, Julian was standing over him with rage and triumph painted in his looks; and on a chair reclined Madame le Croix, half swooning.

"Rise, villain, and defend yourself! vociferated Monsieur le Croix; but the count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be so. The room was presently filled with domestics, the count's attendants among the rest, who, obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

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"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room after his wife, who upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the count had offered to her.

"He has had punishment sufficiently," said Madame le Croix, "thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered—Julian was on his way to Paris. He had gone by the diligence, which at this hour every evening regularly passes the gate of the chateau.

* * * *

"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix, sitting beside her husband, at a window which looked to the west, her head reclining

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upon his breast, and her little boy the other side of him—"A lovely sunset?"

"Yes;" replied he, "though its beauty is waning fast. The moon however will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger, whom, for the last three nights they have observed about the grounds," said Monsieur le Croix. "What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates who are at hand;" said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Did you not part in anger with Julian?" added she.

"Do you think 'tis Julian?" asked Monsieur le Croix.

"Julian could not meditate any injury to us," said Madame le Croix, musing.

"Do you think it is he?" repeated her husband more earnestly.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his wife. "I should almost think so, from the tone in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the laws—some of those vile bands of Republicans who have given rise to the recent ferments in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the court. Do you think it is he?"

"Jacqueline thinks so," replied Madame, in a whisper. At that moment a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them! Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half drew his sword, and the little Eugene instinctively sprang forward, and clasped Julian round the knees. The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

"Conceal yourself, sir," cried Julian; "they are here!"

"Conceal myself from the bandits of Paris?" ejaculated Le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastile!" rejoined Julian.

"What!" exclaimed Le Croix—Several steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"They are here!" cried Julian despondingly; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning; but they have taken me by surprise, and you are lost!" The door which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment. Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy, quitting Julian, ran back to his father, and caught him by the hand.

"Your business?" haughtily demanded le Croix.

"Your company?" replied the leader, whose sword was drawn.

"Your authority?"

"A Lettre-de-Cachet!" Imagine the conclusion of the scene.—That night Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastile.

* * * * *

Monsieur le Croix stood at the gate of his chateau. How he regained his liberty he knew not, neither was he aware of the means by which he found himself there. He entered his grounds with a feeling of doubt that he was walking in them, and short as was the distance from the gate to the door of his mansion, he felt as if he should never traverse it. At length he arrived at the well-known portal, and it opened to him, but there was a strangeness in the countenance of the person who answered his summons, and let him in. He ascended the staircase, apprehending at every step that it would vanish from under him? On the landing place he saw Eugene, but scarcely did his eyes light upon him ere the boy was gone! He opened the door of the drawing room with an indescribable sense of incertitude and alarm. His wife and the count were there! They did not seem to perceive him, but to be wholly occupied with one another—how the heart of the husband beat! They spoke, but their words he heard not; he only saw what their looks discoursed—It was pleasure.—The next moment swords were drawn, and he and the count were engaged in mortal combat; but his thrusts were feeble and fell short; or if they reached his adversary, seemed to make no impression upon him. At last he closed with the count—they struggled—Le Croix was thrown by his more youthful and powerful antagonist, whose sword was now pointed at the prostrate husband's throat.—'Twas a dream!—Monsieur le Croix lay stretched and awake upon his pallet in the Bastile.

He fancied it was morning—not a blink of day was admitted to announce to him the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two of his dungeon—with the dimensions of which an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down upon the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating with the effects of his dream. He could have wept, was it not far the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning's repast had gone. He listened—not the whisper of a footstep! "To be starved to death in prison! Such a thing had occurred, and might occur again! Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed, by arbitrary power, in a predicament which would extract compassion for the most guilty one!" He paced his dungeon again. "What was intended?" He leaned against the wall, at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He listened again,—"did he not hear something?—No!" He resumed his walk. "His wife and child unprotected!—ignorant whether he was alive or dead! a kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild!—Rapine! Murder!—Houses in flames!—All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!" He threw himself upon his pallet. "Well! he was entombed in the Bastile. The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of his prison, and throw down its walls—the very earth on which he stood—began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. "Was it thunder that he had heard above him? or the play of cannon?" He could almost hear his heart throb! Shock now followed shock incessantly, and with increasing violence.

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"Was the Bastile beset?—It was!" He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly, hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently, all was comparatively still. "The Bastile has surrendered," exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, "or the military have overpowered the people!" He heard the sound of bolts withdrawn, and doors flung violently open—presently, of voices, numerous, loud, and confused, as of men in high excitation. He clasped his hands convulsively, he stirred not, he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the underground portion of the prison.

A ray of light shot through the key-hole of his dungeon door. "Merciful Providence!" The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon, had not a thousandth-part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the hand of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges—The vision of Monsieur le Croix, was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators. He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who, rushing forward, and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked,—

"'Tis down!—The Bastile is down!"

The following *Hymn to Death*, is from the German of Gluck. Nothing can be more sweet and touching. Like Sir Walter Raleigh's Address to his Soul, or the beautiful Spanish *coplas*, of Don Jorge Manrique, it breathes the very soul of poetry and religion.—What contemplative mind can read it without emotion and admiration?

TO DEATH.

Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er canopies the West;
To gaze my fill on you calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity;
Those clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day—
Life's tedious nothings o'er—
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains:
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
Over the the silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear:
I know thy greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay;
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates; thy rest in bliss!
I would I were away.

THE FRENCH PRIVATEER.

Jacque Matthieu, in his little *ballahoo*, the Maringouin, or Musquito, has often annoyed ships of war, particularly the——frigate, for a whole day. Confident in the swift sailing quality of his vessel, Jacque would heave her to the wind, and there in the most unconcerned manner, until the ship of war had worked up so far to windward as to be within gunshot when the wiley rover would fill his sails, shoot off like an arrow, and by making one or two tacks, be sufficiently out of reach of the guns of the English ship to heave-to again; and so on alternately until the cover of the night when he would slip away unperceived! It must be observed, that all the labor and anxiety were on our side; such as setting and trimming sails, trimming the ship, working the guns, &c.; whereas the Frenchman, in his petite barque, had nothing more to do than to draw in or ease off his sheets, and to put his helm down. In the intermediate time, the crew were lying about in perfect repose, smoking cigars.

On the north side of St. Domingo (Hayti) to the eastward of Cape Francois (Cape Haytien) there is a singularly shaped hill, or rather rock, stretching into the sea, and almost insulated. It has been named by the Spaniards Monte Christo; but it is, with more propriety by the French called La Grange. There is a small port here, which affords shelter to the privateers when cruizing off the coast. Whenever chased they make directly for it, and seek protection under the guns of the fort. Our boats, however, in 1803, more than once, in despite of this protection, cut out several vessels under a formidable fire. In January, 1804, the —— frigate chased two privateers into this anchorage; and although every stitch of canvass that the ship could bear was set, we had no chance of success with them, as, unfortunately, the frigate which had been at a former period a swift sailer, no longer retained that first rate quality; and we had often the mortification of being baffled in our pursuit of the enemy's light vessels in consequence. Our frigates generally were not so successful as the smaller classes of vessels of war on this station, in capturing privateers. In fine weather and light winds, it was difficult for a square rigged vessel, even under a crowd of sails, to catch one of these little schooners, with no more than four or five sails set. The majority of instances, however, were unfortunate.

Two days after our successful essay (as stated above) we spoke an American schooner, the master of which informed us that, six hours before our speaking him he had seen a French privateer capture a British ship, and make sail to the westward. This intelligence instantly acted like a talisman; and although we had found such authority not always to be depended upon, yet, in a short time our gallant ship was under a press of sail in pursuit, according to the received information. Among the naval evolutions, there are perhaps none which produce a more beautiful effect than those of making and shortening all sail, when performed by a well disciplined crew. Our Yankee informant, who was leaning listlessly over the quarter bulwark of

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his little low vessel, close to us, seemed perfectly astounded at the rapidity of our movements. Indeed, the mere casual spectator, who views the slow and (from want of hands) awkward manner in which a merchant vessel sets and refuces her sails, can form no conception of the rapidity and simultaneous movement with which those of a man-of-war can be loosened and set, or reduced and furled. Jonathan appeared quite delighted at the noble appearance of the frigate, with her studding sails alow and aloft, and as we dashed by him, greeted us with a wish of success. During a delightful moonlight and a fine steady breeze, the old ship pressed her way to the westward. Many an anxious eye strained towards the horizon in that quarter; not a speck, however, met the view, until the open morn presented, in our line, a lofty sail. In an hour's time we were alongside of her. This vessel proved to be an English letter of marque, and had not been molested by any of the enemy's cruizers; consequently she was not the ship alluded to by the Americans. We therefore made all sail again, and in the forenoon captured a French feluca, having on board two thousand dollars. This little privateer had but recently been fitted out; the crew were novices, and her capture was occasioned by the want of their skill.

In March of the same year, we discovered a privateer under the land of Cape St. Nicholas, on the west side of St. Domingo, and immediately chased her. During the night we got sufficiently near to fire several shots at her, and were congratulating ourselves upon our unusual good luck—her capture appearing certain—when, most provokingly, the wind almost died away, and the arch rogue very soon evaded us by the use of his sweeps. The next day, to our surprise, we saw her at a long distance outside of us, when we had expected to see her hemmed in between the land and our ship. Our partial success the evening before had inspired us with vain hopes; and the moment the sea breeze permitted, we again made all sail in chase, and continued it for thirty-six hours, until we reached Cape Francois, when she fairly run us out of sight! In this chase there was a fine display of what can be performed by nerve and good seamanship. Our worthy young captain, now unhappily no longer among us, with the sterling qualities of a thorough seaman, possessing energy, activity, and intrepidity, in an eminent degree, conducted the duty throughout this long chase. We had, what was then considered unusual, a westerly wind; and, in following the privateer, we got close in with the western part of the Island of Tortugas. The little fugitive barely weathered it, but having done so, went off with a flowing sheet. Her object, that of drawing us so much into the bight as to oblige us to make a tack, had nearly been accomplished. Up to the last moment it was doubtful whether the frigate would weather the point. To take the channel between the Island and the main would not do, as the privateer would, on seeing this, haul her wind, and leave us, on emerging from the eastern extreme of the channel, dead to leeward, as the wind then was. The master thought the old ship could not accomplish the weathering of the point; to try it, however, the captain was determined. "She must do it," was often repeated; after which all was silent expectation until within a biscuit's throw of this bold projection, when, all being in readiness, the helm was promptly put down, and in a few seconds, after "shaking her clothes in the wind," and gallantly showing her stern to the rocks, the "Old Lady" was again in the wake of the astonished Frenchman, parallel with the shore.

The night set in; the moon, with her silvery light, was up behind the hill aback of Cape Francois; and the ship lay becalmed in the shadow of that high promontory, which, in its contour, at a certain point of view, bears some resemblance to the celebrated rock of Gibraltar, but its shape varies remarkably at almost every point of bearing. From one position it appears a huge mass of rock land, with several conical peaks; at another it forms a saddle mount, and again altering the line of view, it looks lengthened out like a vast lion reposing.

The gray morning had scarcely dawned upon us, ere the mast-head-man reported, with a cheerful voice, "sail, oh!" and in a moment after another, and another; and by the time the horizon became clearly exposed to view, we found no less than five privateers surrounding the ship, like as many sharks their expected prey. They doubtless had seen the ship at the close of the last day from their anchorage at Monte Christo, and believing her to be a merchantman, had sailed forth during the night in expectation of pouncing upon a good prize at day-break. They were, however, very soon undeceived, and began to exert all their nautical skill in manœuvre for their individual safety.

The sight was beautiful, and interesting to us in no common degree, but the bad sailing of the ship gave us little hope of success, nevertheless, as soon as the sea breeze afforded the opportunity, we set all sail possible in chase, and soon commenced firing from the main deck guns upon those that were within reach. By trimming and suspending the chests and shot lockers; sending part of the crew to bed, in order to make the ship more lively, her sailing was wonderfully improved; she tacked with unusual celerity, and afforded us occasionally some gleams of hope. In this state of anxious uncertainty we continued until noon, when the whole of the men were ordered down for a few minutes to their dinner; at this time we had one of the privateers on our lee-bow on the same tack, who in the most prompt and skilful manner put about with the design of trying for the weather gage by crossing our hause. It was a bold and hazardous attempt, but it was the only chance she had of escape, and she succeeded! The intrepidity of the French commander upon this occasion can never be obliterated from my memory: he sent all his men below, and he took the helm himself—there he stood like a hero and a veteran warrior, unmoved amid the showers of shot that fell around him; ripping up the decks of the little bark, and tearing his sails into ribbands—there stood Jacque Matthieu himself alone, and undismayed! Steadily he approached; and so close under our bows, that

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some of his ropes caught our flying-jib boom and made it bend like a bow; the instant this temporary check ceased, she sprung as it were, from us, and was soon out of reach of our shot; the forecastle guns and all the marines blazing away at the little floating thing. Jacque was in his glory—it was in hazardous and difficult situations that this clever and intrepid seaman shone most conspicuous, differing essentially in this point from the generality of his countrymen;—a man of less nerve and presence of mind would not have attempted it, and the correctness of his eye and the soundness of his judgment may be here inferred, from the success that attended his manœuvre. His escape depended upon the possibility of crossing to windward of the frigate without falling on board her—he had a moment only to decide, and the boldness of his conception and promptitude of action carried him through all; and as he slid rapidly by, he waved his hat, accompanying the action with a loud and steadily-delivered, "Bon jour, Messieurs!" This was most admirably performed, and every body laughed at the fellow's coolness, and admired his abilities, and turned their attention to the next nearest; she, however, not daring to follow the example of the gallant Jacque, soon convinced us that her commander was not equal to the difficulty he was placed in, by bearing round away, as a dernier resort, and running up all his flying-sails, he committed an error in judgment, that cost him his vessel, although, as it was, she held us a tug until six o'clock in the evening, when we had the satisfaction of capturing a very beautiful vessel. She was subsequently scuttled and sunk into the bottom of the deep, as we could spare no men, without weakening the ship's crew, to navigate her to Port Royal, thus sacrificing, and very properly, individual profit for the public good.

Resuming our station off Cape St. Nicholas, we again fell in with the French schooner privateer, and chased her into the Bight of Leogane. As the night drew on, the cunning rover kept his vessel close to the shore, not only because he knew we could not follow him in the ship, but in the hope that we should lose sight of him in the shade of the land; but our night inverting glasses were excellent, and the eyes at them well practised. At half past eight, the wind having died away, and perceiving that the chase had lowered her sails, the ship's anchor was dropped under foot, and the boats manned and armed, and sent after her. The opportunity appeared glorious to the young mids; their push forward-zeal knew no bounds; I never saw a pack so elated; the feeling whilst the uncertainty lasted may be defined, something like delight mixed with anxious impatience. Happy fellows—thrice happy days! Who would not grow old and wise, that could live on as cheerful and as thoughtless as a mid? From a splashing in the water we found that the privateer was using her sweeps; this gave increased energy to the boat's crews and they pulled away most lustily. At nine the sound of the sweeps was no longer heard, and we had no guide, but pulled on as near as we could guess along the line of shore; in a few minutes after, a strong smell of garlic and tobacco smoke warned us that we were near our enemy. Directly after, the indistinct appearance of her masts told us her position, and a smart fire of musketry was opened upon her, which was spiritedly returned. At this moment there was not a breath of wind stirring; the schooner, which was long and low, lay motionless—her sails down and her sweeps hauled in, in readiness to repel the boarders, and to act when the land wind came off. All our party were confident of success; the boats approached, and were in the very act of hooking on under a tremendous fire of muskets and musketoons, when in an instant, the whole of the schooner's sails were spread, a cold air from the land filled them, and she glided away in the most astonishing manner. The effect was singular; one could almost swear that the thing was endowed with life; the shade of night added to the effect that sort of sublimity which darkness throws over objects and scenes in themselves impossessed of that character. The oars were got out as speedily as possible, and the men pulled with great spirit after the fugitive; at the time the frigate passed us under all sail, firing her guns in rapid succession, some of the balls from which made a grand clatter among the rocks on shore. The noble frigate, as she dashed past our pigmy vessels like a huge leviathan, had something very grand and imposing about her, as seen through the dubious light; apparently, her size was greatly augmented; and the long white horizontal line of her painted side, just distinguishable through the obscurity, glided past like a winged serpent, darting through ether. As we advanced towards the open sea, the breeze became fresh, and in a little time we lost sight both of the ship and the schooner, and, as the cannonading had ceased, we were in doubt whether the chase had surrendered or escaped. On getting on board the ship at midnight, we found that the privateer had really escaped, although at one time fairly under the guns of the frigate; as the breeze freshened she drew away surprisingly fast, and at last she was suddenly lost sight of, and it was concluded that she had gone down.

A nearer chance of capture never, perhaps, occurred; the boat I was in had fairly got alongside the enemy's schooner, and another boat was in the act of hooking on by the rudder to haul up, at the moment I have described, that she slid past us, as it were by magic! Our third lieutenant, lieutenant of marines, and several seamen were wounded. A day or two afterwards we learned from an American that he had spoken the privateer almost in a sinking state, making her way to Monte Christo; great part of her deck was torn up by the 32 pound shot from the frigate's quarter deck guns, and many of her men were killed and wounded; but the spirit of the commander, remained unsubdued; he could be no other than our old acquaintance Jacque.—*United Service Journal.*

The difference between rising at 5 and 7 o'clock in the morning for the space of 40 years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to an addition of 10 years to a man's life.—*Doddridge.*

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THE LAST BACHELOR.

It was on New Year's Eve in 1820, that twelve young professional men sat around the table of a club room at supper. The cloth had been removed, and nothing was left upon the mahogany but an expressive black bottle, and a single thin spiritueile looking glass to each member.

The Old South struck eleven, and the last hour of the year was hailed with an uproarious welcome.

"A bumper, gentlemen," said Harry St. John, the "sad dog" of the club, "brim your beakers, my friends, and let every man be under the table when the ghost of the old year passes over."

"No, no!" timidly remonstrated Earnest Gourlay, a pale graduate just from the University, who sat modestly at the bottom of the table, "no, no! it is a sad hour not a merry one! Cork the bottle till after twelve! We have lost too many hours of the year to throw away the last! Let us be rational till the clock strikes, at least, and then drink if you will. For my part, I never pass these irrevocable periods without a chill at my heart. Come, St. John, indulge me this time! Push back the bottle!" The dark eyes of the handsome student flashed as he looked around, and the wild spirits of the club were sobered for a moment—only!

"Good advice," said Fred Esperel, a young physician, breaking the silence, "but, like my own pills, to be taken at discretion. Sink moralizing, I say. There are times and places enough when we must be grave. I, for one, will never mope when I can be merry; what say, O'Lavender? Fill your glass and trump my philosophy."

"Bother me! but you're all wrong," hiccupped the dandy, who was always sentimental in his cups, "Gourlay, there,—I am shocked at your atrocious cravat, by the way, Earnest—Gourlay is nearer to it—but—but he smacks of his vocation! No preaching, let us be—pass the bottle, Tom—sober. Send for a dozen 'white-top,' and when the clock strikes twelve—how those olives make me stutter!—seal it up, solemnly, for the last surviving m-m-member—solemnly, I say!"

"What's the use thundered Tom Corliss," who, till the third bottle, had not spoken a word, and from sundry such symptoms was strongly suspected to be in love, 'who would drink it? not I, faith! What, sit down when eleven such fellows 'slept without their pillows,' to drink! It's an odd taste of yours, my dear marcaroni! It would be much better to travestie that whim, and seal a bottle of vinegar for the last bachelor!"

The proposition was received with a universal shout of approbation. The vinegar was ordered, with pen, ink and paper. Gourlay wrote out a bond by which every member bound himself to drink it, in case it fell to his lot, on the night the last man, save himself, was married; and after passing round the table, it was laid aside with its irregular signatures, till twelve.—As the clock struck, the seal was set upon the bottle, and after a somewhat thoughtful bumper, the host was called, and the deposit with its document was formally charged to his keeping.

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It was on the last night of 1830, that a gentleman, slightly corpulent, and with here and there a gray hair about his temples, sat down alone at the club table in —— Street, with a dusty bottle and single glass before him. The rain was beating violently against the windows, and in a pause of the gust, as he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, the solemn tones of the old South, striking eleven, reached his ear. He started, and, seizing the bottle, held it up to the light, with a contraction of the muscles of his face, and a shudder of disgust quite incomprehensible to the solitary servant who waited his pleasure.

"You may leave the room, William," said he, and as the door closed, he drew from his pocket a smoky, time-stained manuscript, and a number of letters, and threw them impatiently on the table. After sitting a moment and tightening his coat about him in the manner of one who screws up his resolution with some difficulty, he filled his glass from the bottle, and drank it with a sudden and hysterical gulp.

"Pah! it cut like a sword. And so here I am—the last bachelor! I little thought it ten years ago, this night. How fresh it is in my mind!—Ten years, since I put the seal on that bottle with my own hand. It seems impossible. How distinctly I remember those dozen rascally Benedicts who are laughing at me to-night, seated round this very table, and roaring at my proposition! All married—St. John, and Fred Esperel, and little Gourlay, and to-night, last of all, O'Lavender has got before me. And I am—it's useless to deny it—the old bachelor. I, Tom Corliss, that am as soft in my nature as a 'Milk diet!' I, that could fall in love any time in my life, from mere propinquity! I, that have sworn—and broken—more vows than Mercury! I, that never saw a bright eye, nor touched a delicate finger, nor heard a treble voice without making love presently to its owner! I, Tom Corliss, an old bachelor! Was it for this I flirted with you, —— ——? Was it for this I played shadow three nights successively to you, —— ——? Was it for this, oh —— ——, that I flattered you into the belief that you was a wit, and found you in puns a fortnight to keep up the illusion? Was it for this I forswore laughter, oh serious —— ——, and smothered your mother with moral saws? Was it for this, I say, that I have danced with time-out-of-mind-wall-flowers, and puckered my wits into birth-day rhymes, and played groomsman monthly and semi-monthly at an unknown expense for new kerseymeres and bridal serenades? Oh, Tom Corliss! Tom Corliss! thou hast beaten the bush for every body, but hast caught no bird thyself!

And so, they have each written me a letter, as they promised. Let me see:

DEAR TOM—How is the hippocrene? I think I see you with the bottle before you! Who would have dreamed that you would drink it? I am married as you know, and my children sing 'we are seven.' I am very happy—very. My wife—you knew her—is a woman of education and knows everything. I can't say but she knows too much. Her learning does pester me, now and then—I confess I think if I were to marry again, it would be a woman that did'nt

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read Greek. Farewell, Tom. Marry and be virtuous. Yours,

HARRY.

N. B. Never marry a 'woman of talents.'

Ha! ha! 'happy—very happy.' Humbug my dear Harry! Your wife is a blue, and virulent as verdigris, and you are the most unhappy of Benedicts. So much for your crowing.—We'll see another:

Tom, I pity thee. Thou poor, flannel-wrapped, forsaken, fidgetty bachelor! drink thy vinegar and grow amiable! Here am I, blest as Abraham. My wife is the most innocent—that's her fault, by the way—the most innocent creature that lives. She loves me to a foolish degree.—She has no opinion but mine, no will of her own—except such as I give her, you understand—no faults, and no prominent propensities. I am as happy as I can expect in this sad world.—Marry, Tom, marry. 'The world must be peopled.' Thine ever,

FRED.

N. B. Don't marry a woman that is remarkable for her simplicity.'

I envy not thee, Fred Esperel! Thy wife is a fool, and thy children, egregious ninnies, every one! Thou wouldst give the whole bunch of their carroty heads for thy liberty again. Once more:

Tom, my lad, get married! 'Matrimony,' you know, 'is like Jeremiah's figs, the good very good'—the rest of the quotation is inapt. My wife is the prettiest woman in the parish. I wish she was'nt, by the way!—my house is the resort of all the gay fellows about town. I'm quite the thing—my wife is, that is to say—every where. I am excessively happy—excessively—assure yourself of that. I grow thin, they say, but that's age. And I've lost my habit of laughing, but that's proper, as I'm warden. On the whole, however, I'm tolerably contented, and I think I shall live these ten years, if my wife settles down, as she will, you know. God bless you, Tom. How is the vinegar? Well, marry! mind that. Yours always, G.

N. B. I would'nt marry a beauty, Tom.

Poor Gourlay! His wife's a belle, and he's as jealous as Bluebeard—dying absolutely of corrosion. It's eating him up by inches. Hang the letters! they make me melancholy. One more, and I'll throw the boding things into the fire.

MY SWEET TOM—I hope the gods have promised thee a new weasand. The vinegar improves, doubtless, by age. It must be a satisfaction, too, that it is nectar of your own bottling. Here I am, the happiest dog that is coupled. My wife—I took warning from Gourlay—is not run after by a pack of puppies. She's not handsome, heaven knows—I wish she were a trifle prettier—but she's as good as Dorcas.—Ah! how we walk and talk, evenings. I prefer that time, as I can imagine her pretty; when I do'nt see her, you know, Tom. And how we sit in the dim light of the boudoir, and gaze at each other's just perceptible figure, and sigh! Ah, Tom! marry, and be blest, as I am!

Yours truly, PHIL.

P. S. Marry a woman that is at least pretty, Tom.

The gods forbid that I should marry one like yours, Phil! She is enough to make one's face ache! And so you are all discontented—one's wife is too smart, another's too simple, another's too pretty, and another's too plain! And what might not mine have been, had I too been irreparably a husband!

Well—I am an 'old bachelor.' I didn't think it though, till now. And is it my lot, with all my peculiar fitness for matrimony, with all my dreams of woman, my romance, my skill in philandering, is it my lot to be laid on the shelf, after all? Am I to be shunned by sixteen as a bore, to be pointed at by schoolboys as an old bachelor, to be invited to superannuated tea-drinkings, to be quizzed with solicitations for foundling hospitals, to be asked of my rheumatism, and pestered for snuff, and recommended to warm chairs? The gods pity me!

But not so fast! What is the prodigious difference! What if I were married! I should have to pay for a whole house instead of a part, to feed heaven knows how many mouths instead of one, to give up my whole bed for a half or quarter, to dine at another's hour and not my own, to adopt another's friendship and submit my own to her pleasure, to give up my nap after dinner for a room with a child, to turn my library into a nursery, and my quiet fire into a Babel, to call on my wife's cronies, and dine my wife's followers, and humor my wife's palate, at the expense of my own cronies, followers, and palate. "But there's domestic felicity," says the imp at my elbow, "and interchange of sentiment, and sweet reliance, and the respectability of a man with a family, and duty to the state, and perpetuation of name, and comfort, and attention, and love." Prizes in a lottery—all! and a whole life the price of a ticket!

And why not live single, then. What should I have then, which I cannot have now. Company at my table? I can have it when I like, and what is better, such as I like. Personal attention? Half a wife's pin-money will purchase the most assiduous. Love? What need have I of that? or how long does it last when it is compulsory? Is there a treasure in my heart that will canker if it is not spent? Have I affections that will gnaw like hunger if they are not fed? Must I love and be beloved? I think not. But this is the rub, if there be one. I'll look into it the first day I feel metaphysical.

Men with Dogs' Heads, Tails, and Fountains of liquid Gold.—Pliny tells of men in India with dogs' heads; others with only one leg, though perfect Achilles for swiftness of foot; of a nation of pigmies; of some who lived by the smell; of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead; and of some whose ears hung down to the ground. Ctesias, as cited by Photius, talks of fountains of liquid gold, and of men with tails in India—true, we ought to remember, that Fernando Alarchon, a Spanish voyager, of undoubted credit, saw men with tails on the coast of California, and that several others have seen them with dogs' heads. Mosheddo rejoiced at this testimony, although Alarchon tells us, that these tails were discovered to be fictitious: and we are also assured, that the dog-headed men were found to wear vizards. As to the foundation of gold, the Indian legends say so metaphorically, and so they are credited as real.

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From Harper's Family Library, No. 61.

MARRIAGES IN ABYSSINIA.

Nothing in truth appears to be more insecure than the marriage tie in Abyssinia. Perhaps it might be asserted, that there are no other obligations than such as are contracted by mutual consent, and which subsist only as long as both parties are inclined to respect them. After separation these engagements may be again renewed, again violated, and a third time repeated. Bruce met at Koscam, in the presence of the queen-mother, a lady of great rank with seven men who had all been her husbands, and no one of whom could claim her for wife at that particular juncture. When married individuals agree to part, they divide the children according to certain rules. The eldest son falls to the mother, and the eldest daughter to the father. If there is but one girl, and all the rest boys, she is assigned to the male parent; and if there is but one son, and all the others girls, he is the right of the mother. If the numbers are unequal after the first selection, the remainder are distributed by lot. From the king to the beggar there is no distinction between legitimate and illegitimate offspring; there being in fact no principle on which the preference could be made to rest, except in the case of the royal family, where the mother of the heir is previously selected and usually crowned.

In his ordinary marriages the king uses no other ceremony than the following: He sends an officer to the house where the lady lives, who announces to her that it is the king's pleasure that she should remove instantly to the palace. She then dresses herself in her best manner and immediately obeys. Thenceforward he assigns her an apartment in the royal dwelling, and gives her a house elsewhere in any place she may choose. There is an approach to a regular marriage when he makes one of his wives Iteghe; for on that occasion he orders a judge to pronounce in his presence that "the king has chosen his handmaid for the queen." The crown is then applied to her brows, but she is not anointed. The beautiful story of Ahasuerus and Esther will occur to the recollection of every reader; for it was when she "had found grace in his sight more than the other virgins, that he placed a golden crown upon her head." This coronation in Abyssinia conveys a great political privilege, constituting her majesty regent during the nonage of her son; a point of correspondence which history does not enable us to trace in any of the mighty kingdoms that covered the Banks of the Euphrates.

The ordinary method of contracting the matrimonial union among people of condition and "such as fear God" is the following: A man, when he resolves to marry a girl, sends some person to her father to ask his consent. When this is granted the future husband is invited to the house, and an oath is mutually taken by the parties that they will maintain due fidelity to each other. Then the parent of the bride presents to the young suitor the fortune that he intends to give; consisting usually of a particular sum of gold, some oxen, sheep, or horses, according to their circumstances in society. The bridegroom, however, is obliged to find surety to the amount of the goods, in case he should dismiss his wife, and prove unable to restore all that he has got. He is also obliged to secure an additional sum of money, or its equivalent in effects, to the lady, lest he should choose to separate from her without any valid reasons.

A certain period, twenty or thirty days, is also determined by a reciprocal oath, before the expiration of which they vow to go to church together and receive the sacrament. When the time appointed for the marriage arrives, the intended spouse appears again at the bride's residence, examines in her company the movables and clothes which she is to carry with her, and swears again that he will respect her property, use her well, never leave her without food and raiment; keep her in a good house, and discharge faithfully all the duties incumbent upon him as the head of a domestic establishment. His surety or sponsor likewise binds himself to see all these obligations punctually fulfilled. Matters being suitably adjusted, the bridegroom takes his wife on his shoulders, and carries her to his own house if in the neigborhood; but if not, he limits the procession to a complete circuit of her father's dwelling; after which he sets her down, and conducts her into it. No sooner is this ceremony performed than a solemn banquet takes place, consisting of raw beef and bread, honey-wine, and another beverage called bouza, extracted from fermented grain. The feast being ended, the parties mount on mules and ride to the gentleman's abode, where are concluded all the rites necessary to marriage before they live together. When they have completed the specified term, they appear in church, and declare before the priest that they are husband and wife, and that they are come to receive the sacrament. The clergyman satisfied with these assurances, performs mass; the young couple communicate and return home.

This, we are told, is the established form of those marriages which are celebrated canonically, or according to ecclesiastical rules. But it is clear that the peasants and soldiers do not encumber themselves with so much ceremony. No settlement, surety, or oath, being necessary, they kill an ox or some sheep, which they eat raw, drink a great deal of bouza, dance, shout, and practise various kinds of fooleries; and if a priest be at hand he sprinkles them with holy water, and repeats a hallelujah. The company join in the benediction; and, as we might suppose in such circumstances, this slight formality is distinguished by a greater degree of mirth than delicacy of manners.

The usage at the marriage of a prince or princess is described in these terms: The match having been previously settled according to the views of the court, preparations are made for the festival, which is generally held during the rainy season, while the country is secure and abandoned to pleasure. The King being seated on his throne in the large hall of audience, the parties are introduced into his presence with their respective attendants. After kissing his hand they are all magnificently clothed in dresses of brocade or other rich stuffs. The crown is sometimes set on their heads; they receive the benediction of the Kees Hatze, or royal almoner; after which they retire clothed with the cattan. Having mounted horses given them by his majesty, they ride in great state, in the midst of loud acclamations, to the house of the husband. A dinner is prepared, in the course of which many oxen are slaughtered at the door in order to furnish *brind*, which is served up reeking and quivering from the body of the animal. Deep drinking then commences, in which the ladies and gentlemen indulge to a degree which to a European appears altogether incredible. These marriages, it is added, are by no means permanent; many of the Ozoros entering into new engagements as often as they please, and dissolving the preceding contract at the suggestion of convenience or fancy.

Pearce mentions a singular practice, which he remarks might appear fabulous to any one who had not witnessed it. When a woman has lost two or three children by death, she is induced, in the hope of saving the life of another just born, to cut a piece from the tip of the left ear, roll it up in a piece of bread and swallow it. "For some time," says he, "I was at a loss to conjecture the reason why a number of grown people of my acquaintance had one ear cut; and when told the truth I could scarcely believe it, till I went into the house of a neighbour, though contrary to cus-

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torn, purposely to see the operation. An old woman cut off the tip of the ear, and put it into a bit of cold cooked victuals, called *sherre*, when the mother of the infant opened her mouth to receive it, and swallowed it, pronouncing the words, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" They have recourse to many other superstitions and whimsical practices to prevent children from dying.

I Would not Live Alway.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints in all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethern, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

CODE OF POLITENESS.

In addition to those we have cited, a number of the maxims of Madame Celnart are so just that we must take leave to adduce more, in order to refresh the memory or confirm the practice of all actual or would be members of "good society." And by *good society* we do not mean any particular coterie, or exclusives of fashion; but every circle wherein claim is preferred to moral worth, intellectual culture and refined manners. Sound constitutional rules of demeanour being rendered common to all respectable circles, there will be less pretensions or right to superiority to any;—all will compose the *haut ton*, that distinction which is so often thought equivalent to any advantage of mere opulence and worthy of the most persevering pursuit.

In Paris, according to Madame, a lady does not say *my husband*, except among very intimate acquaintances. She speaks of him and addresses him by his proper name, *Mr. &c.* It is an "axiom," that, in conversation, we speak as little as possible of ourselves, and as much of the other party and all that interests that party directly. Whatever you relate, you must never use phrases which imply that you suppose your veracity may be doubtful. Dispute rarely or never;—yield, with a good grace, when you find yourself wrong:—yield also though you be right, when the point is of no great moment, and, always, when your antagonist is a lady. Abstain from all discussion with people possessed by the spirit of contradiction. Beware of indulging keen sarcasm or severe raillery; malevolence is the opposite of politeness;—*stinging* pleasantry or pungent wit prevents social intercourse and makes enemies. Sportive humor, that is kind and occasional, may be indulged. *Hoaxing* is vulgar and foolish; *persiflage* is a bad habit, but sometimes serves as a salutary corrective of the impertinence of coxcombs, and the presumption of dunces. As for indecent witticisms, no true gentleman or lady will hazard them any where. There are delicate shades of character which distinguish both, and to which attention is due in every situation, lest they should imperceptibly be lost. To shine by eloquence, or repartee, or smart talk in society, is of less consequence, than to maintain an invariably refined and amiable tone. Diversify your topics with ladies; they have too active an imagination and too versatile a spirit to support conversation for a long time on the same subject.

It is sometimes an incivility, a want of delicacy, to pay postage when we write to a friend, an acquaintance, or to persons of small fortune whose feelings may be wounded. We should pay when we write to strangers upon our own business, or to ask a favor. In Europe, an envelope and sealing wax are deemed indispensable for letters of form or addressed to persons to whom we would show particular respect. "If a person brings you a letter, you should not be in a hurry to open it, but see whether it concerns the bearer at all, or only yourself. In the first case, you should open and read it while he is present; in the other case, you should lay it aside."

Presents should be made with a little mystery, so as to excite pleasure and surprise. When made, nothing should be said by the giver to draw attention to them, or to render them of any consequence. The satisfaction or complacency with which they may have been received, is full requital. We should not refuse arbitrarily or prudishly what is offered from good will and without ostentation. Simple and gracious acknowledgment is enough. To ladies, the most suitable presents are entertaining volumes, bouquets or plants, music, engravings, fancy articles for the toilet, and so forth. Address objects, as much as you can, like your discourse, to their understanding and taste. Make what you offer or you say, as frequently as you can, a means of their improvement, without seeming to have that aim directly. Conversation occupies a large share of the time of the fashionable world in particular; those are not faithful to their own interests and duty, who do not endeavor to convert it into a beneficial exercise for their minds and hearts. Perpetual light gossip fritters away the intellect and dissipates sensibility. Excite others from time to time to serious and instructive remarks; by degrees, you will come to relish them; they will fructify in your thoughts when you retire.

Do not obtrude advice; when it is *asked*, give it frankly; be candid, let the consequences be what they may. Zeal in the cause of a friend when counsel or aid is solicited, has a lasting effect upon his gratitude. Indifference on the other hand, or timidity, disgusts and estranges.—Moral courage is a trait of which respect and regard are the certain rewards. Secrets are not to be explored; but when discovered or divulged into professed confidence, they must be religiously kept. It is incredible how much mischief and injustice is done by disclosing to *one*

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acquaintance, or in the family circle what has been thus learnt. When we do not, ourselves, practice perfect discretion, how can we expect it in others; and when we once set the secret of our friend afloat, how do we know where it will stop, or what shape may not be given to it? Polite fellow-travellers give as little trouble and as much assistance to their companions as they can. Ladies are to have every advantage and accommodation; but on their part, "they ought not to require too much, nor put the complaisance of gentlemen to a severe test." The *Escorted Lady* of Miss Leslie is an admonitory and amusing, though exaggerated picture. In general, the female character, in our country, is not at all prone to the exertion of civility, or inordinate demands; but rather to make sacrifices or show passiveness. The sense of gallantry, that is, polite devotion to the sex, is common and active with all classes of Americans. Females have greater security in all public conveyances and promiscuous assemblages, in these United States, than in any other country whatever.—They can protect, if they will respect, themselves, in almost every instance.

Madame Celnart expatiates on the rules applicable to Entertainments, Promenades, Parties and Amusements. We have known very estimable and modish folks, who needed, at times, mementos such as the ensuing—"When we intend giving an entertainment, we begin by selecting such guests as will enjoy themselves together, or at least, tolerate one another."—"When we receive a written invitation, we must answer immediately whether we accept or not, although silence may be considered equivalent to an acceptance." "Having once accepted, we cannot break our engagement unless for urgent cause"—"An invitation specifies the hour of meeting, and you should arrive at that hour or very little later." "We should avoid putting next one another, two persons of the same profession, for that results in *aside* conversation, which always interferes with general conversation and general conviviality so much to be desired at table." "Remove near relations and cronies as far from one another as possible."—"Guests are never to be *urged* to eat, though a dish of particular *gout* or which they are known to prefer may be pointed out to them." "*Singing* at table after dinner is never practised in houses of people of fashion." Madame states that each guest should pay a visit to the hosts during the week which follows a grand entertainment. This attention is called *visite de digestion*. "When any of your acquaintance is ill, you should regularly send a domestic to inquire after their health, every day or every other day, according to the severity of the illness." We do not quote any of the *fibs* or White Lies which the Parisian monitress recommends; because we think they are far from being essential to Politeness, and we recollect that Mrs Opie has written a book against them, which might then be opposed to our Book.—*National Gazette.*

Wedlock.—When I asked Mrs. Inchbald why she had not married again, her answer was,—"That for wedlock friendship was too familiar, and love too precarious."

From the Saturday Evening Post.

FROM THE HEART.

I stood on pleasure's dizzy beam,
Free from care, from pain or sorrow,
Nor thought its height an idle dream,
To banish with the morrow.

I said to care, begone, thy pace
Suits not a heart of glee;
Grave melancholy, keep thy face,
For sadder souls than me.

The world's a garden fair and wild,
Where flowrets sweetly bloom,
Variety's a sporting child,
Who laughs at care, and gloom.

Then let me gather ev'ry flower,
Unmix'd with thorns or ill;—
I'll bask upon the morning hour,
Of youth, and beauty still.

But ah! tho' wand of fate dispels
The fairest tints of joys
Her iron grasp, and frown foretells,
My brightest hope destroys.

That ray of Hope, so gay, and bright
That danced on pleasures' beam,
Now set in clouds of endless night
Nor left one parting gleam.

ERNESTINE.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To begin at the beginning:—When the Marquis of Downshire, about fifty years ago, was about to proceed on his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, amongst others, from the Rev. Dr. Burd. This gentleman communicated to this lordship one letter, recommending him to the favourable notice of almost his only continental acquaintance, Monsieur Carpentier of Paris, an individual who held the lucrative office of provider of post-horses to the royal family of France. The unhappy result of this new association was the elopement of Madam Carpentier, a very beautiful woman, in company with his lord-ship. The only step taken by the husband in this case, was to transmit his two children, a boy and a girl, to his frail wife, with a desire, signified or implied, that she would undertake the duty of bringing them up. The children, accordingly, lived for some years with their mother under the general protection of Lord Downshire, until at length the lady died, and the young nobleman found himself burdened with a responsibility which he probably had not calculated upon at the time of his quitting Paris. However, he placed the girl at a French convent for her education, and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment, his name having been previously changed, on his naturalization as a British subject, to Carpentier. It was a stipulation before the young man received his appointment, that 200*l.* of his annual salary should fall regularly every year to his sister, of whose support Lord Downshire was thus cleared, though he continued to consider himself as her guardian. Miss Carpentier in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Miss Nicholson, who, however, could not prevent her forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the Marquis. His lordship having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr. Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighbourhood among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies, who could spend two hundred a-year. Mr. Burd having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship that there

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was such a place near his own home, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter, till, a few days after, as he and Mrs. Burd were on the point of setting out for Gilsland Wells, on account of the ill health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door in a post chaise, being the persons alluded to by the Marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr. Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August, or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies, was of a very distressing kind, and Mrs. Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gilsland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that, to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

Having duly arrived at Gilsland, which is situate near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where according to the custom of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived the same afternoon, though only as a passing traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr. Burd.

Enough of conversation took place during dinner to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this in itself was the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs. Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent, on the militia act,* she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs. Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew any thing of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell, and he was able to assure them, in very courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to drink tea with them in their own room, to which he very readily consented, notwithstanding that he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed upon his journey. At ten their common acquaintance with Major Riddell furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that in a subsequent walk to the wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr. Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may easily be imagined that a desire of discussing the major was *now* the minor bond of union between the parties. Mr. Scott—for so he gave his name, had been impressed during the earlier part of the evening with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpentier, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gilsland. Of this young lady it will be observed, he could previously have known nothing; she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

Next day Mr. Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as much in the company of Mr. Burd and his family as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow, and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the dean's country house in that part of England. In the course of the fortnight the impression made upon his heart by the young Frenchwoman was gradually deepened, and it was not improbable, notwithstanding the girlish love affair in which Miss Carpentier had been recently engaged, that the effect was in some degree reciprocal. He only tore himself away, in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh.

It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr. Burd's house, where, though the dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpentier's society. In order to give a more plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his pronunciation of that language under the instructions of one to whom it was vernacular.—Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr. and Mrs. Burd could not help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were if possible of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous and delicate. In this dilemma, it was resolved by Mrs. Burd to write to a friend in Edinburg, in order to learn something of the character and status of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect, that Mr. Scott was a respectable young man, rising at the bar. It chanced at the same time that one of Mr. Scott's female friends, who did not, however, entertain this respectful notion of him, hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gisland, wrote to this very Mrs. Burd, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and "what kind of a young lady was it, who was going to take Watty Scott?" The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpentier, and the marriage took place at Carlisle within four miles of the *locale* of first acquaintance of the parties.

The match made up under such extraordinary circumstances, was a happy one; and a kind and gentle nature resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived accordingly in the utmost peace and harmony. The bounteous but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott will long be remembered in the rural circle where she resided, and though her foreign education gave a tinge of oddity to her manners, she formed an excellent mistress to the household of her illustrious husband, and an equally excellent mother to her children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an attached and valued servant who had forgot himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully of his mistress. He lamented the necessity of parting with such a servant, and one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear.

* The Tranent Riots took place 28th August, 1797.

THE STOLEN KISS.

If when from thee I steal a kiss
With frowns thy brow assail me,
And thou dost chide me for the bliss
My lips have stolen from thee;
If thus 'mong *frowns* I taste of bliss,
How happy will that time be
When thou, repaying kiss for kiss,
Hast ceas'd for'er to chide me!

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FILIAL AFFECTION OF THE MOORS.—A Portuguese surgeon was one day accosted by a young Moor, from the country, who addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *drouges* to kill his father, and as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself, (for he knew the habits of the people well,) replied with *sang froid* equal to the Moor's, "Then you don't live comfortably with your father, I suppose?" "Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; "he has made so much money; has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well and departed. About eight days after he came again to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well feigned surprise; "he will die." He composed, accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal renumeration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable; "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day, the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of the remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt that he is a Marabout"—(a saint.)

THE GOLD WATCH.—I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and case, are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly dressed chase would be a mere shell—these hands motionless—and these figures without meaning, are made of brass. I investigate further, and ask, what is the spring, by which all these works are put in motion, made of? I am told that it is made of steel. I ask, what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron, which has undergone a certain process. So then I find that the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold, that would not do—but of iron. Iron is, therefore, the only precious metal; and this gold watch is an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is occasionally directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topazes and embellishments, the aristocracy. Its works of brass the middle classes, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main spring, shut up in a box, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, broke, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laborious classes, which are ignorantly and superciliously miscalled the lower classes, which, like the main spring, are wound up by the payment of wages; which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movements of society as the iron main spring is to the gold watch, are never thought of except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.

THE TEMPLE OF MEMPHIS.—When Pythagoras, the philosopher of Samos, abode in Egypt, to draw wisdom out of ancient holy mountains, the priests conducted him into the temple of Memphis. Quietly and immense the stately edifice stood there, like a mountain in the twilight of morning.

How is it possible that human hands have raised this mass of rocks? exclaimed the Greek, full of astonishment.

United strength, answered the priest, can accomplish any thing, if genius directs it.

Now they opened the high gates of the temple, like the gates of the spiritual kingdom. They walked in and stood in silence between the lofty pillars, and a low sound went through the immense hall, like the voice of a spirit.

And terror seized the young philosopher of Samos, so that he trembled, and he leaned against the stone wall and wept:

Then a priest approached him and said, Why do you weep.

But Pythagoras was silent. After a while he replied, Oh leave me! Do I not feel myself in the presence of the Being whose name I dare not speak!

And the priest said, may it be well with you, my son, in your humility! It will lead you to the divinity for whom this sanctuary was built. Come, may the lofty appearance of the edifice lead you back reconciled to mankind.

Remember, that this temple was in the human breast before it arose out of the rocks. Dry your tears, and depart in joy!

STRIKING AND TRUE STORY.—Two young German noblemen having finished their College Session, resolved on making together an excursion of pleasure in the Hartz mountains. Having been occupied one day in a wild part of that wild district in gathering specimens of minerals, they were overtaken by a storm and benighted. Having lost their way they wandered about for some hours, when, wet and cold, they came to the ruins of an old castle, where they entered to try and find shelter for the night. In a low-vaulted room they were surprised and alarmed to find the embers of a fire still burning. Fearing robbers, they agreed that one should watch while the other slept; and, loading a pistol, which they happened to have with them, they heaped wood upon the fire, and one of them, wrapping himself in his cloak, lay down to take his turn of sleep. His companion, placing the pistol beside him, was passing the time in tracing resemblances of faces in the embers of the fire; when all at once, a secret door seemed to open in the wall opposite to him, disclosing several armed men sitting round a table. One of these advancing, ordered him to follow him, saying that resistance was in vain. The young man, starting up, seized and fired the pistol; the man fell, when horrid to relate, he found that he had awoke from a dream, and shot his friend through the heart.—*Greenock Intelligencer.*

Some stupid people suppose that imagination and philosophy are incompatible. Blockheads! Was not Bacon the greatest of philosophers, one of the most imaginative of men? There is more true philosophy in the writings of Shakspeare, Milton, and Scott, than in those of all the metaphysicans that ever existed.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people; for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a single farthing about them.

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THE PROUD LOVER.

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2

Yet I'll not think thee bid the gem
That sparkles in thy zone,
Less radiant for its rich-chased hem—
Though like thee, fair, alone!
Oh! 'tis but souls of earthly sway,
And hearts of meanest mould,
As with the worthless stone, whose ray
Is made or marred with gold.

3

There's not a coinless son of Song
But what would spurn the lyre
His fervid finger sweeps along,
If gilded were the wire!
There's not a drop that warms my breast,
But what turns proudly cold,
As shrinking from the thought unblest,—
To woo, or wed for gold.

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A person who knew a scrap of French, and was excessively vain of his accomplishment, accosted a gentleman in the street, with Quelle heure est il? i. e. What is it o'clock? The gentleman replied in Latin Nescio, i. e. I know not. God bless me, said the other, I did not know it was so late, and ran off as if on some very important business.

A Toast.—During the Administration of the elder Adams, the following was given by a gentleman more noted for ignorance than for information: "*Our President, John Adams*; May the *mantil-piece* of George Washington fall upon his head. He meant Mantle.

Is the Moon Inhabited?—Telescopes must yet be greatly improved before we can expect to see signs of inhabitants, as manifested by edifices or by changes on the surface of the soil. It should, however, be observed, that owing to the small density of the materials of the moon, and the comparatively feeble gravitation of bodies on her surface, muscular force would there go six times as far in overcoming the weight of materialness on the earth. Owing to the want of air, however, it seems impossible that any form of life analogous to those on earth can subsist there. No appearance indicating vegetation, or the slightest variation of surface which can only be ascribed to change season, can any where be discerned.—*Sir J. Herschel on Astronomy.*

Young girls, of from fourteen to seventeen, are fond of aping the woman in their dress, and are partial to long shawls, which give the young things a matronly appearance. When they become women in reality, they are rather too apt to go upon the opposite tack, and to assume the dress and airs of the girl.

Among other notions of Frederick William, he believed that he possessed a taste for painting. During his fits of the gout, he used to amuse himself in practising this art. One of his own Grenadiers was usually the model from which he copied, and when the portrait was more or less coloured than the original, *he had the soldier's face painted so as to resemble the picture!* He used to exhibit his paintings to his courtiers, who of course praised them. "Well," said he one day, to an attendant who was admiring one of his pictures, "how much do you think that picture would bring at sale?" "Sire, it would be cheap at a hundred ducats." "You shall have it for fifty," said the King, "because you are a good judge, and I am therefore anxious to do you a favor." The courtier was obliged to become the possessor of the miserable daub, and pay the fifty ducats.

Mr. Thomas Hull the actor, was the original projector of the Theatrical fund for the benefit of decayed performers. A whimsical anecdote is told of him.—During the fanatical riots of 1780 in London, the mob attacked his house; in order to appease them, he sent them out a barrel of table beer untapped—which they did not like, and exhibited such resentment by pelting his house with stones. It appears Hull had always valued himself upon making the best apologies to the public to excuse any accident during an evening's performance at the Theatre. This habit was so deeply rooted into his nature, that he addressed the children of riot who were attacking his house, as follows—"Ladies and gentlemen—Upon my honor I have sent to Giffard's Brewhouse for some porter, and in the mean time I must humbly solicit your usual indulgence."

A GOOD STORY.

There lived lately in one of mountainous counties in Western Virginia many Dutchmen, and, among them, one named Henry Snyder; and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwiler—they were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him disagreeable to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; and, while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the cause of all who offended him; and passed them off to heaven or hell, as his humor prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwilers, on account of their mills; when, to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgments, and mounted his throne to try their causes. He was heard to pass the following judgments.

Having prepared himself, (acting as Judge and yet responding for the accused,) he called George Fulwiler.

"Shorge Fulwiler, stand up. What hash you been doin in dis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I does not know."

"Well, Shorge Fulwider, has'nt you got a mill?"

"Yes, lort, I hash."

"Well, Shorge Fulwider, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water was low, und mien stones wash dull, I take a leetle too much toll.

"Well, den, Shorge Fulwider, you must go to der left, mid der goats."

"Well, Shake Fulwider, now you stand up. What *you* been doin in dis lower world?"

[The trial proceeded throughout precisely like the former, and with the same result.]

"Now I tries *mineself*. Henry Shnyder! Henry Shnyder! stand up. What hash *you* been doin in dis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I does not know."

"Well, Henry Shnyder, has'nt you got a mill?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash."

"Well, Henry Shnyder, did'at you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water wash low, and mien stones wash dull, I hash taken a *leetle* too much toll."

"But, Henry Shnyder, vat did you do wid der toll."

"Ah! Lort, I gives it to poor."

(Pausing.) "Well, Henry Shnyder, you must go to der right mid der sheep; *but it is a tam tight squeeze!*"

Patriotism.—When the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, who constantly resisted the encroachments of Louis XIV. on the liberties of the people, was sent for to Versailles by that monarch, he was thus encouraged by his amiable wife: "Go," said she, "forget in the king's presence your wife and your children,—sacrifice every thing except your honour."

Dr. Johnson complained of the disappointment which an intimate acquaintance with eminent men often occasioned. "At a distance," he said, "we see nothing but magnificence, and sublimity, and state; but upon a close and familiar approach, we discover narrowness, meanness, and insignificance."

An eccentric was used to say that it was not wicked to lie, swear, cheat or steal, and that he could prove it by scripture. Thus, it was not wicked to lie on a bed; to swear to the truth; to cheat the devil, or to steal from bad company.

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A Marvellous Story.—I was bred up in a dislike of the marvellous, or the stupid wonderful, as my uncle called it. I must relate an anecdote in point. Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their travelling adventures; one of them dwelt so much on the marvellous, that it induced another to give him a lesson.

"I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me; the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages, took possession of my mind; I considered for a moment what was to be done—most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family; I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outran the others, and the well known saying of "Divide and conquer," occurred to me. I slackened my speed, and allowed him to come up; we engaged with mutual fury—I hope none here (bowing to the auditors) will doubt the result—in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare—but with the hope of reaching a neighbouring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English—this hope I was, however, forced to give up; for on looking back, I saw one of my pursuers far in advance of the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than destroy another of my fellow creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up among the trees—I redoubled my speed, I prayed to Heaven—I felt assured my prayer would be granted; but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I then thought I felt his warm breath—there was no chance—I turned round——Here the gentleman who had related the wonderful stories at first, grew impatient past his endurance; he called out, "Well, sir, and you killed him also?" "No sir—he killed me."—*Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Old School.*

One Tokens of Kindness.—"Sometimes," says Mademoiselle Avrillion, "the Emperor (Bonaparte) would give us a slap, or pull our ears; but these were favours which he did not bestow upon every body, and we could judge of the degree of his good humour by the greater or less pain he put us to. One day, when he seemed to be in better humour than usual, he pinched my cheek so hard as to make me scream, and, as I was plump, I retained for several days a visible mark of his Majesty's satisfaction. I need hardly say that the Emperor had no intention of hurting us on these occasions. He often used the Empress in the same way, while we were dressing her. He preferred slapping her on the shoulders, and though she continually exclaimed, "Have done, have done, Bonaparte," yet he continued this amusement of his as long as he pleased. The Empress forced a laugh, but I have more than once seen him bring tears into her eyes."

Spoiling the Marriage Ceremony.—The following statement is no jest but a positive fact:—"A young man, in business, in Liverpool, led his blushing bride to the altar in the Old Church of that town, and when the question was asked, 'Wilt thou love and cherish' &c., he answered as it is customary—and added, 'When she needed, he'd bang her.' The girl immediately stopped the clergyman, and asked if it was too late to retract. On being told that it was not, she turned upon her heel, and quietly walked out of the church, saying that 'A man who could say what he had said at such a moment, in jest, was most likely to put his threat into execution, and bade him choose another mate.—*Manchester Paper.*

If a man pronounces you a liar, it is very absurd to call him out for the same. This ceremony does not prove that you are not a liar; it only shows that you possess sufficient courage to stand at the distance of twelve paces, while a pistol—probably a leadless one—is fired at you.

Alexander one day, expressed to Duroc the intense desire he had to possess a pair of breeches of the emperor Napoleon—Duroc sounded his master on this extraordinary subject. Napoleon laughed heartily and said, "give him all I have, excepting you must leave me a pair for a change." This is authentic. The Emperor of Russia is said never to have worn any other breeches during the campaigns of 1813 and 14.

LORENZO DOW.

The Hillsborough, Ohio, Democrat relates of Lorenzo, that when he was on a western tour, some years ago, in holding forth to one of their congregations, he dwelt with unusual pertinacity upon the wickedness of mankind, observing that "many persons become so extremely wicked, that they actually swelled and burst-ed, and brought forward numerous instances to substantiate the truth of his declaration. During the whole of his sermon, he had been patiently listened to by a gentleman, whose abdominal rotundity and corpulent dimensions, bespoke him rather a Falstaff than an Edson, who treasured up the words of Dow, for his future benefit, little dreaming that he himself, should be the unhappy victim of Divine wrath, and this too in so short a period.

The sermon being ended, the gentleman repaired to the inn, where he put up for the night, and was shown to an apartment in which a number of other gentlemen also lodged, where he betook himself to balmy slumber. The impression, however, which had been made upon his mind, by the language of the preacher, was such as to disturb his nocturnal repose to such a degree, that it was impossible for him to sleep; he already fancied himself swelling to an enormous size, and awaking in great agony, found himself perspiring freely; and being unable to chase the false delusion from his mind, he sprung from his bed, resolved to have "light" upon his perilous condition. He seized his unmentionables, and eagerly drawing them on, was further surprised to find that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could force his monstrous legs into the lower parts. He succeeded in that; but, alas! imagine his consternation upon finding that the waistband would not encircle his prodigious body by about twelve inches!—Being now certain that his was "a gone case," and expecting soon to be called from "time to eternity," the landlord was awoke, and a light brought into the room; when to the great relief of the gentleman, and the singular gratification of the host and his other guests, it was discovered that he had through mistake, forced on the garment of a man about half his own size!—It may be proper to remark, that the gentleman still lives to amuse his friends by the recital of the story, and has neither increased or diminished in size since the occurrence transpired.—*Spy.*

During a cause in which the boundaries of a piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of the one part stated, 'we lye *on this side*,' my Lord; and the counsel of the other part, 'said we lye on *this side*.' The Chancellor stood up and said, if *you lie on both sides*, whom will you have me to believe?

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THE METEORIC PHENOMENON.

The negroes stared: old women stood amazed
And wild little boys with fright were crazed,
As the fiery meteors shot on high,
Like rockets quick streaming through the sky,
And many trembled—as well they may
For they thought 'twas the dawn of the Judgement day.

"Alack! alack! quoth the gaping slave,
White man now pale—he no be so brave,
Come Ned and see how de stars do fall,
Lord! look what a great big fiery ball,
Ah! Massa no beat me more—eh?
He 'fraid—for he know 'tis de Judgement day."

The old maid lay in her sleepless bed,
With a thousand vexing thoughts in her head,
Of beaux and parties nor more for her,
But she saw the meteors shooting—"Pshaw!
"Why for trifles do I weep this way.
When stars are falling—'tis the Judgement day."

The urchin waked by the stir around
Leap'd from his bed at a single bound—
As he saw the meteors shooting afar
He shriek'd with terror "oh my! Mamma!
Get up, Mamma! oh! get up and pray,
The world's at an end—'tis the Judgement day."

The brave men looked on the blue expanse,
And a thousand meteors met his glance,
"Well! the stars are falling—I'll declare!"
He saw a crowd "is a white man there,
If so, I wish him to witness with me,
When to-morrow I swear 'tis the Judgement day."

The wise man gazed on the beautiful light
Coolly and calmly, with pious delight,
And his warm heart glow'd with fervent praise
As he thought of his great Creator's ways.
Then he slept 'till the dawn without dismay,
For he thought not once 'twas the Judgement day."

THE BELL AND KNOCKER.—A would-be wit, the other evening, experienced an improvement on the old *pun* of ringing the bell. After repeating the anecdote to an elderly matron and her three daughters, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, the mother jocosely observed, "Well, sir, here are three *belles*. Which of them will you ring?" "O pardon me, madam," he replied, "I am in no hurry, I assure you, to reduce the *pun* to practice." "Indeed, sir!" cried the youngest, a pert little miss of sixteen, "then, since you don't choose to ring the *belle*," (pointing to the eldest,) "suppose you try the *knocker*." Suiting the action to the word, she gave him a smart box on the ear, for the want of gallantry.

MISS POLLY GRIMES.

Miss Polly Grimes is still a maid;
She says she ne'er will wed:
Her week-day frock's blue calico,
Her Sunday one is red.

Her cheeks are blooming as the rose—
Her eyes are heavenly blue:
She does not wear a "dunstable"
To hide her face from view.

She never lets her beaux "make free,"
Nor listens to their vows:
When she gets up she makes the beds—
At evening milks the cows.

Nor does she like affected belles
Attempt to poetise:
She's busy every baking day,
At making cakes and pies.

She's always up at six o'clock,
In time to skim the milk:
Her bonnet's made of yellow straw—
And neatly trimmed with silk.

Her mind is of a serious turn,
She often thinks of death:
She does not lace her stays so tight,
They make her gape for breath.

Her mother thinks there never was
One like her in the world:
Her hair is parted o'er her brow—
She never has it curled.

Beloved by all her female friends
She leads an easy life,
And any man in town would jump,
To get her for his wife. COMUS.

It is Hard to Regain Reputation.

"You know you're a tief, Pat!" "I know I *have been*
But my folly and wickedness fully I've seen;
Yet no one will trust me to work or to *starve*,
And if I stay here, I must steal or must starve.
If you a good word to the captain will *spake*,
That I may a trip to America take,
You shall find I'll be honest, *for all the old stain*,
Nor disgrace the green isle of the ocean again."
Kind Dennis consents, and poor Pat is receiv'd;
The word of strict Dennis was aptly believ'd.
Escap'd from his guilt and escap'd from his shame,
In a new world poor Pat hoped to earn a new name.
He was kind to the crew, to the captain obedient,
To please he was never without an expedient.
He work'd and he sung, morning watch or midnight,
And Pat of the crew was the life and delight;
Even Dennis (at first not a little suspicious
That Pat's new-found honesty might be factitious)
Felt easy respecting the pledge of his word,
And rejoic'd that his friend was to honour restor'd.
When one day, while Patrick the ship's deck was washing,
And with bucket drew sea-water up for more splashing;
Relying too much on the hold of his foot,
And reaching and bending his whole body to
The ship gave a *heel*—Patrick's balance was lost,
And himself and his bucket to old Davy tost.
"Man overboard! out with a rope!" was the cry—
When Dennis on Pat, mid the waves, cast his eye.
"Catch the spalpeen," roar'd Dennis, "he's made me a liar!
And so devil roast him before his great fire!
To strive against bad *edication's* in vain!
Och! the tief, how he's got at his old tricks again!
If I saw not, I wouldn't believe how he took it!
Only look how the tief swims away *with the bucket*."
W. D.

CURIOUS CLOCK.—The most curious thing in the Cathedral at Lubeck, is a clock of singular construction. It is calculated to answer astronomical purposes, representing the places of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, the moon's age, a perpetual almanack, and many other contrivances. The clock, as an inscription sets forth, was placed in the Church on Candlemas-day, in 1405. Over the face of it appears an image of our Saviour, and on either side of the image are folding doors, so constructed as to fly open every day when the clock strikes twelve. At this hour, a set of figures, representing the twelve apostles, come out from the door on the left hand of the image, and pass by in review before it, each figure making its obedience by bowing as it passes that of our Saviour, and afterwards entering the door on the right hand. When the procession terminates the doors close.—*Clark's Travels in Scandinavia.*

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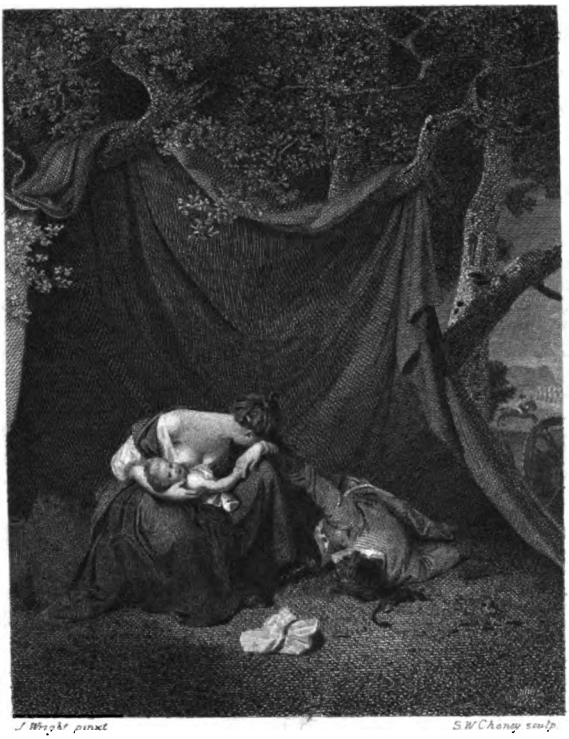

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Published by S.C. Atkinson.

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ATKINSON'S

CASKET

OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to the summer's sport:
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.

No. 3.] PHILADELPHIA.—MARCH. [1834.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Soldier!—She's near thee now,
For whom thy latest prayer
Was but to gaze upon her brow,
And bless her faithful care;
The death-shot in thy breast;
The death-mist o'er thine eye,
For this, thy faultering footsteps prest
On, toward thy tent, to die.

She's kneeling at thy side,—
Her face of anguish, see!
How changed that bright and blooming bride
Who left her home for thee.
The battle-smoke curls high
Above yon reeking plain,
Thy comrades raise the victor-cry,
Wake, Soldier!—'tis in vain!

Mourn! mourn, thou desolate one,
No more thy path forlorn
Shall glow with earth's refulgent sun,
It hath no second morn:
Go in thy deep despair
Down to thy husband's tomb,
And lay thy young affections there,—
They know no second bloom.

Babe! Sorrow hath no power
O'er innocence like thine,
And thou must gild her lonely bower,
A star from Mercy's shrine.
Thy sweetly slumbering breath
That o'er her cheek shall stream,
Can chase the forms of war and death,
That haunt her nightly dream.

Still with thy cherub art
Her misery beguile,
And when the grief-pang rends her heart
Wear then thy father's smile;
None else thy skill can share,
None else such balm bestow,
For thou canst bring a mother's care
To heal a widow's woe.

BYRON'S PRAYER.

BY J. MALCOLM.

My soul is sick of this long day,
I'm weary of its lingering light—
And loathing life I turn away
To weep and wish for night.
I long to lay me gently down
In slumber on my mother's breast—
And would exchange an empire's crown
For everlasting rest.

Though but in manhood's morn I stand—
I've lived the laurel wreath to gain—
My songs are heard in every land,
And beauty breathes the strain.
Her smiles and sweetest tears are mine,
And yet of love—youth—fame possess—
Oh! gladly would my heart resign
All—all for endless rest.

The dreams for which men wish to live
Or dare to die—the gilded cloud
Of glory o'er the tomb I'd give
For silence and a shroud.
I ask no paradise on high—
With being's strife on earth oppress—
The only heaven for which I sigh
Is rest—eternal rest!

My natal day with tears I keep,
Which I rejoiced in when a child,
And each return the birth I weep
O'er which my mother smiled.
Bid heaven take back the birth it gave,
That I a cold and silent guest,
Within my father's house the grave,
May find a long—long rest.

Without my own consent I came,
But with my wildest wish I go—
For I would fainly be the same
I was—ere born to wo.
My cold hush'd heart, with no pale gleams
Of consciousness to wake or waste,
I would have slept within its dreams,
And rest—eternal rest.

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Written for the Casket.

GAMBLING.

In the dreadful phalanx of vices, which darken the prospects of human happiness, and throw a blight over the fair hopes of society, GAMBLING stands among the foremost:—the more dangerous, it may be, because in its earliest movements it presents itself, not in the form of an *enemy*, against whose attack the heart might guard itself, but under the specious semblance of friendliness, and assuming the name of *amusement, harmless, innocent*, nay, possibly even *profitable* amusement.

Advocates for the convivial card party may contend that cards, when used without any reference to pecuniary hazard, or advantage, may be used, to say the very least, *innocently*, since the playing of a game of cards involves in some degree the exercise of mind, and therefore may conduce to the strengthening and improvement of the mental powers. Our business lies not here, however we may disapprove of card playing, as calculated to induce the habit, and the love of gambling; it is not *simply* card playing, as practised at mixed evening parties, which will here be brought under consideration. We would only remark, that many a youth of promise, who has begun with card playing, has ended with the destructive crime of gambling; and we may be permitted to caution those who indulge in this amusement, to beware of its tendency.

In considering the subject of Gambling, that fell destroyer of private virtue—that cruel bane of domestic peace—we have but to look at its consequences, to stamp us with its character. It is gambling, in its *effects*, which is to be brought into view. Here the enemy is disrobed of that specious covering, called innocent enjoyment, which concealed its deformity. Here, *in its results*, it is presented as a cruel demon—a foe to social order—to social virtue and happiness. Who that has witnessed the deleterious influence of gambling, on the morals of our young men, and, of course, on the welfare of society, but must deprecate the practice, as a bane to the happiness of mankind at large, and as a poisonous fountain, opened in the bosom of our country, to blight, with its dark waters, those goodly plants, which have arisen and flourished in the fair garden of our national prosperity; giving promise of future shelter and protection, when *time* shall have laid in dust our *towering cedars, and our hearts of oak*.

Could we look into the arena of dissipated life, and behold, in a group, the immediate, and the more remote victims of this vice,—where could we find language to express our grief—our indignation? Behold that countenance, convulsed with rage, expressing demoniac hatred, and revenge thirsting for life! That countenance was once dignified by the grace, and the beauty, of human feeling!—that being was once susceptible of the generous sympathies of our nature, he was once happy in the exercise of those charities which constitute a source of man's purest bliss! What fiend has wrought this deplorable change? Gambling!—Hark!—that dreadful report, and that despairing groan have told a story of *death!* The crime of gambling has sent an unprepared spirit into the indescribable light of ETERNITY! The man was a husband, a father, a son! Behold the wife of his youth, overwhelmed with unutterable agony, sink to the grave, the victim of another's crime! See those innocent and helpless children, for a father's guilt, homeless wanderers upon the face of the earth, a prey to want, and wretchedness, and sin! Behold that broken-hearted mother, doomed to death by the child for whom she has suffered, and watched, and toiled! The hand of her beloved, her cherished son, has prepared her premature grave! See that aged man, descending in sorrow to the dark chambers of death!—his tottering steps hastened thither by the unnatural cruelty of his son; for whom he has spent days and years of care and toil! Oh! the arm on which he had depended, has given the death blow to the bosom of parental affection! Gambling has stamped on the soul of its wretched votary, the tremendous crime of *parricide!* Who then can speak its horror! Now turn your eye to yonder gallows, erecting on an eminence, that the *world* may witness the dreadful consequence of guilt. That ignominious death is preparing for one who entered life with the fairest prospects of usefulness, respectability, and happiness. "How is the fine gold changed!" *Gambling* has been the ruin of that man! He *began* with risking small sums in play. The unwary steps of youth descended the slippery paths of vice—The man who might have been a pillar and an ornament of society; who in his example, and in the extending influence of that example, might have proved a blessing to his cotemporaries, and to unborn millions—that unhappy man became a gambler! The Gambler, wrought to madness by unsuccessful hazard, became a *murderer!*—and now he dies!—cut off by the hand of justice from all the dear charities of our nature, sent away in the meridian of life, through the land of the shadow of death, leaving behind him blasted hopes, withered affections, and broken hearts; the groans of the widow and the wailings of the orphan. *And where is he?*—tremendous question! His disembodied spirit has entered that world, whose dread realities he disregarded—in the light of that LAW, holy and just and good, whose awful and glorious sanctions he slighted and abused. An immortal spirit, sent to eternity, beneath the dreadful weight of neglected privileges, of abused gifts, of misapplied talents, of murdered affection! What heart can conceive the horror of such a departure?

Behold those young men engaged in deadly strife. They were friends. They became gamblers. The infatuation of vice blinded *reason*, so that they called *crime, honour!* The gamblers have become *duelists*. Many hearts are involved in the misery of their last dreadful act. Death shuts to mortal eyes the awful scene; or if one survived, the curse of the first murderer rests upon him—a fugitive and a vagabond, he wanders over the earth, with *blood* upon his *soul!*

See that abode of poverty and wretchedness; domestic peace once smiled within those walls. The husband and the father became a *gambler;* and with demoniac cruelty, he now stabs the heart which once he loved. See that pale, wan countenance, that fragile form, bending beneath the weight of grief, the bitter grief of unrequited,

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abused affection. She would die for the peace of him who has forgotten his vows to cherish her happiness. That being, so fair, so comfortless, now watches, in the paleness of her faded beauty, the midnight taper, counting the long, long minutes, till the return of her abandoned husband may give to her breaking heart the bitter satisfaction of knowing that for a few more miserable hours, he is comparatively safe, within the protecting walls of his changed and abused home. The first faint glimmerings of day are seen in the east; and now the tottering step of the self-ruined man is heard at the door. It is opened by the gentle being, who even in ruin, still loves the betrayer of her peace. No word of reproach escapes her lips; nay, she *smiles!* Oh! crime has changed that heart to adamant, or he would *feel that smile.* But dreadful passions have set their mark upon his once open and noble brow. His voice has lost all the sweetness of humanity; that last cast of the dice, rendered him pennyless; and on the innocent, he wreaks the madness of his rage, he spurns the affection, which has watched in its patient love. With boisterous and cruel language, he accosts that meek spirit, who so often has prayed for his peace; with horrible imprecations, he invokes *eternal woe* upon the mother of his children!

And now, for a little while without hope, exhausted nature sinks to starting and unrefreshing slumber; but his spirit is awake to horror; and hateful to him is the returning light of day. He rises, in dreadful gloom, and in the maddening tortures of self-reproach, he hears his helpless babes cry to their mother for bread, which she has not to give. To him they turn not in the innocence of their affection; for they have often trembled before his fury. With horror, he remembers that *gambling* has been his destruction, and the ruin of his family. O! if he be not dead to moral feelings, he must experience the madness of regret. O! to return to what he once was—to begin anew the career of life.—But that may not be. He plunges in the inebriating cup the remains of reason and conscience; he winds his spirit up to the madness of desperate courage, and dies by his own hand. Tremendous goal to the mortal career of an accountable, a deathless spirit! What human power of calculation can compute the dreadful consequences of Gambling! In its slow, but deadly progress, it poisons the healthful streams of moral existence. It changes to a desart, infested by demons, and the monsters of passion, the paradise of domestic life. It renders the heart callous to the refined, delightful, and ennobling sensibilities of humanity; it paralizes the lofty powers of the mind; it degrades and debases the spirit of man. It changes the voice of friendship to discord wild. It pierces, as with a barbed arrow, the heart of affection. It is followed by poverty—not that which GOD in his wisdom sometimes suffers to fall upon those who love his Law: Not respectable, confiding poverty, smiling in its holy submission; but the ragged, comfortless, guilty penury, induced by multiplied crime. It presents to its deluded, disappointed votary, the poisoned bowl of intemperance—the pistol, and the dagger of murder, and of suicide. Crimes of other names, and of multiform shape, follow in its deadly train—and oh! who can utter the dreadful, the amazing responsibility, resting upon talents sacrificed to a debasing vice; talents which might have been consecrated to the holy cause of virtue, to the glory of GOD, and the happiness of man. Who can tell the infinite value of those powers, which, rightly applied, might, by the blessing of heaven, have prepared immortal souls to *shine as the stars of the firmanent, forever and ever.* Who can appreciate the amazing loss of one indestructible spirit; which, in its day of probation, gave itself over to the dominions of an infatuating and degrading vice.

If there are tears in Heaven, angels might weep
At such a sight as this.

And the *influence*, the dreadful influence of such an example. Its effect dies not with the self-destroying gambler. The half is not told! What mortal voice can speak the extent of this influence on future generations—on distant nations—on the awards of ETERNITY! MARY.

EARTH'S WEARY ONES.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

Open the grave, the vaulted grave,
For the weary ones of earth—
They are pressing on, and their bosoms heave
For the morn of heavenly birth:
They are pressing on,—in the mockery
Of joy and of hope—they long to die:
They are pressing on, in the strength of power,
And the pride of wealth—they wait the hour.

Ye may trace them in the hall of song,
By the lamp's high flaming light,
Where pipe, and tabret their notes prolong,
And jewels are sparkling bright.
In the show of beauty, of mirth, and pride,
Light down the mazy dance they glide;
By the pallid cheek neath the smiles they wear,
And the smothered sigh, ye may trace them there!

They are decked in the ruby's ruddy glow,
And wealth of the far down sea;
And the diamond shines but to mock their wo,
And proclaim the spirit free.
But alas, alas, for the fond hopes crushed,
For the tones of love in the dark tomb hushed,
For affection changed and vows forgot—
Nor gems, nor pearls, can that memory blot.

Raise ye the veil at the festal hour,
From that fair unfurrowed brow;—
A bride!—but wo for the bridegroom's power—
The grave ye may open now:—
From the glittering robes of royalty,
Peers the broken heart thro' the sunken eye;
And the wreath of fame crowns the weary band—
Mid the honored crowd, the hopeless stand.

Ye may trace them in the house of prayer,
On the lowly bended knee—
With uplifted eye and a brow of care—
The burthened soul to free.
Then open the grave—they are pressing on,
In beauty and youth, but a visage wan;
In festal halls—neath the laurel's wave,
They are weary of earth—open the grave.

Many people are praised for a giddy kind of good humor, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

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From B. Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, 2 vols. Published by E. C. Mielke, Philada.

Visit to the Sultan of Pontiana, in Borneo; By Admiral Sir Samuel Hood.

In the summer of 1814, Sir Samuel Hood made a voyage, in his majesty's ship Minden, to the eastern parts of his station. We called first at Acheen, on the north end of the island of Sumatra, where we held some very amusing intercourse with the king of that district, whose capital the admiral visited. From thence we steered over to Pulo Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, and thence down the Straits of Malacca, entering the China Sea by the beautiful Straits of Sincapore. The admiral's chief object was to visit Java; but as there lay three routes before him to choose between, viz. the Straits of Gaspar, the Straits of Banca, and the Caramata passage, he preferred taking the last and widest, which also led him near the western shores of the immense island of Borneo. On reaching the equator, he steered for the mouth of the great river Lava, which passes the town of Pontiana. The weather being very favourable, the ship was anchored, and the barge got ready for an expedition.

* * * * *

In the mean time, as there existed no dispute about the navigation of the River Lava, we rowed up very peaceably towards the great city of Pontiana. On our meeting a canoe with a Malay in it, the admiral, who had been studying Marsden's dictionary all the way, stood up in the barge, made the men lie on their oars, and to their great astonishment, and probably to that of the native, called out, in the Malay tongue,

"Which is the way to the sultan's house?"

To Sir Samuel's unspeakable delight the man whom he addressed understood him, and after offering to show us the landing-place, paddled off ahead of us. Our fellows gave way as hard as they could, but the Malay kept the lead; and as we shot past the Chinese towns, one on each bank, the natives crowded to the beach, as much astonished, no doubt, with our strange cocked hats, swords, and oddly shaped boats, as we could be with their long tails and wild-looking junks, or with the creases which every Malay carries by his side. The fierce-looking weapon is not, in form, unlike the waving sword one sees in the pictures of the angel Michael, though it is not above a foot and a half in length.

The sultan's cousin received the admiral and his party at the gate of the palace, and led him by the hand along the causeway of flag stones to the residence of the monarch. Directly in the middle of the gateway, which was only ten feet wide and about as many in height, there stood a 24 pounder gun. On the top of the arch there was built a small square room, from holes in which peeped out the muzzles of five or six field-pieces, the whole affair resembling very much that part of a child's box of toys which represents the stronghold or castle. Within the high wall surrounding the palace, we counted innumerable large guns scattered about, apparently with no other object than to be seen—as if the mere look of a cannon were expected to do the work of a fight! The same number of mock barrels of gunpowder, similarly disposed, would have answered the purpose equally well, or perhaps better, for there appeared no way in which the guns could be fired, without doing more injury to the besieged than to the besiegers.

On we went, till we were met by the sultan himself, at the inner side of the quadrangle. He courteously conducted the admiral to a large room or hall of audience, and having begged his guest to sit down at a small table, took a chair by his side, and began a conversation as if they had been long acquainted. Of course, in spite of the admiral's proficiency, this could not be accomplished without an interpreter; and the services of a very clever Malay boy, whom we had brought with us from the ship, were brought into requisition. The hall, in which we were first received, might have been about fifty feet square, bleak, unfurnished, and comfortless, with an uncovered mud floor. It was so feebly lighted by a few windows almost hid by Venetian blinds, that we could only discover the roof had been left bare and unfinished. After sitting for about ten minutes, the sultan rose and led the way to another apartment, apparently of still larger dimensions, but literally so dark, that, had it not been for the light entering by the door we had left, and the one ahead of us, we could not have moved along without breaking our shins over the stones, sticks, and other rubbish lying in the way. We had next to make rather a difficult transit along a precarious kind of bridge, formed of a single plank laid across an ominous-looking pool or puddle of mud, which divided these two branches of the palace from each other.

All at once we were ushered into a splendid room, seventy or eighty feet square, brilliantly lighted and not ill furnished, and strongly contrasted with the darkness of the suite we had passed through. This total want of keeping, it may be mentioned, is quite in Oriental taste. They know tolerably well how to be magnificent on occasions; but they never learn how to be uniformly decent. The Asiatics, and even some other nations which might be named nearer home, can seldom afford to be taken by surprise. Indeed, I am not sure if more than one country can be alluded to, in which the people are at all hours ready to receive strangers, and have no occasion to make a fuss, or to change any thing when a rap comes to the door.

In the centre of this gorgeous room, on a part of the floor raised to about a foot and a half above the level of the rest, and laid with a rich Turkey carpet, stood a long table, at the top of which the sultan placed the admiral, and then made the signal for tea. First entered an attendant, bearing a large tray, on which were ranged several dozen of exceedingly small cups. This he placed on the carpet, and then squatted himself down cross-legged, beside it. Another attendant soon followed bearing the tea-pot, and he likewise popped himself down. After a conjuration of some minutes the cups were brought round, containing weak black tea, exquisite in flavour, but marvellously small in quantity.—There appeared no milk, but plenty of sugar candy. Some sweet sherbet was next handed

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round, very slightly acid, but so deliciously cool, that we appealed frequently to the vase or huge jar from which it was poured, to the great delight of the sultan, who assured us that this was the genuine sherbet described by the Persian poets. It was mixed, he told us, by a true believer, who had made more than one pilgrimage to Mecca.

At the upper end of the apartment, in a deep recess, partly hid from our view by a rich festoon of shawl drapery, we could just discover the sultan's bed, flanked by large mirrors, beyond which, in an adjacent chamber, was probably stowed away the sultan's most favoured wife.—But all this department of the establishment was thrown into such deep shade, that we could see none of the ladies, nor any of his highness's progeny, except one little boy, whom he introduced to us at supper. He appeared to be about five or six years old, very like his papa in miniature, rigged with turban and robes of cloth of gold.—At first the little fellow looked somewhat startled, but he soon recovered his dignity, and sat on our knees, without much apprehension of being swallowed up.

Both the upper corners of the room were screened off by white curtains, eight or ten feet high, so as to form smaller chambers. One of these served the purpose of a pantry, or subsidiary kitchen, at least we observed the dishes issuing from it, and thought we could distinguish the well-known sound of the cook's angry reproaches—a note which, like that of muttering thunder, is nearly the same in every climate. The other corner was soon made out to be a sort of temporary nook, from which the ladies of the palace and the young sultans and sultanas might spy the strangers. This we ascertained from seeing sundry very pretty faces thrust out occasionally between the folds of the curtain, and by the sound of many an ill-suppressed giggle amongst the peeping damsels.

A half-choked squall from some rebellious baby, or a sound thwack on the pate of an overcurious urchin, betrayed the nursery in terms not to be mistaken. Indeed, I do not wonder at their eagerness to look at the admiral, whose very appearance, in any company in the world, or under any circumstances, must have claimed no small share of admiration. The characteristic prominence of the Hood nose, so well known for a glorious half century in the navy, with the tall and gallant bearing of our lamented chief, to say nothing of the Nelson-like circumstance of his right arm having been shorn away in battle, and I may add, the peculiar sweetness of his voice and the benignant expression of his countenance, which, while they won all hearts to him, showed a mind entirely at peace with itself. Every thing, in short, that was great and amiable, conspired to render Sir Samuel Hood one of the most interesting officers of his time.

The sultan appeared to enter into his guest's character at once, and neither overloaded him with attention, nor failed to treat him as a person to whom much respect was due. I heard Sir Samuel say afterwards, that he was particularly struck with the sultan's good breeding, in not offering to assist him in cutting his meat. The sultan merely remarked, that few people were so expert as his guest even with both hands: adding, neatly enough, that on this account the distinction which his wound had gained for him was more cheaply purchased than people supposed. While the admiral was hunting for some reply to this novel compliment, his host remarked, that in Borneo it was considered fashionable to eat with the left hand.

The supper, which soon followed the tea, consisted of about a dozen dishes of curry, all different from one another, and a whole poultry yard of grilled and boiled chickens, many different sorts of salt fish, with great basins of rice at intervals, jars of pickles, piles of sliced pine-apple, sweetmeats, and cakes. Four male attendants stood by with goblets of cool sherbet, from which, ever and anon, they replenished our glasses; besides whom, a number of young Malay girls waited at a distance from the table, and ran about nimbly with the plates and dishes.

All persons who approached the sultan fell on their knees, and having joined their hands in the act of supplication, lowered their foreheads till they actually touched the ground. The sultan held out his hand, which the people eagerly embraced in theirs, and pressed to their lips.—What they had to say was then spoken, and after again bending their foreheads to the ground they retired. This ceremonial took place only in the outer room or hall of audience, for no one, except the strangers and one or two of the principal officers of state, was permitted to approach nearer than twenty or thirty feet of the raised part of the floor where we sat. At that distance, a group of about twenty persons, probably the nobles of the court, sat cross-legged on the ground in a semicircle facing the sultan, and in profound silence during the whole supper, no part of which appeared to fall to their share.

Soon afterwards the cloth was removed, and a beautiful scarlet covering, of the texture of a shawl, substituted in its place. This might, perhaps, give us a hint for after dinner. Instead of dull mahogany, or dazzling white, why might we not spread over the table a cloth couleur de rose for the benefit of the complexions of the company?

The sultan now produced a letter which he had received from Lord Minto, when governor-general, thanking his highness for the friendly disposition he had always manifested towards the English people trading to the great city of Pontiana, and in a particular manner expressing his obligation for the manner in which Mr. Palmer, a wealthy merchant of Calcutta, had been received by the sultan, when his ship was wrecked on the west coast of Borneo.

"Mr. Palmer," said the sultan, "lived for some weeks with me, and on returning to Calcutta, sent me these beautiful mirrors and chandeliers. But," added he, pointing again to the governor-general's letter, "much as I value embellishments so splendid, I esteem far more this little signature, and these few words from Lord Minto. Still," continued his highness, "my wishes in this respect have never been fully satisfied. I have long desired to possess a specimen of Sir Samuel Hood's writing; and though I never ventured to hope that I should have had an opportunity of seeing his signature

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written with his own hand, I have always felt how essentially that circumstance would add to its value in my estimation."

It was wonderful how well the shrewd little Malay interpreter expressed all this rigmarole to the admiral, who cheerfully agreed to the proposal, and desired me to send for his writing case. As I rose, the admiral whispered to me, "I wish you would contrive, at the same time, to see what the boat's crew are about. Try, also, if you can get them something to eat; the fellows must be hungry enough by this time—but mind they don't get too much toddy."

I found the crew seated on the mud floor of a large room close to the beach, and open on all sides, like a tent without walls. The Johnnies were in such high glee, that I feared they had already trespassed too deeply on the toddy pot; but I was glad to find that their satisfaction arose from a safer source, in the shape of a glorious hot supper, which Jack was tucking in, to the delight and astonishment of the natives, who had been ordered by the sultan to supply them with as much curry and rice as they chose to eat. The cook had no sinecure of it that evening!

I soon returned to the palace, and the admiral having written several lines for his host's album, expressed his wish to retire to rest. The sultan instantly rose, and having conducted his honoured guest to the outer door, he left him in charge of half a score of the principal officers of the palace, amongst whom were several of the sultan's own near relatives. This guard of honour accompanied Sir Samuel to his bed-room, and it cost him a good deal of trouble and some address to free himself from his company—their intention evidently being to bestow their tediousness upon his excellency all night.

Scarcely was this party dismissed, when to our great surprise, the sultan himself came to the door of the house in which the admiral and his suite were lodged. Sir Samuel feared that he might possibly have given offence to some of the worthy connexions of the sultan by dismissing them too abruptly, and that the sultan had called for "an explanation." The honest Asiatic had no such gunpowder fancies in his head. On the contrary, the object of his visit was to press upon the admiral's acceptance two large and beautiful diamonds. The poor admiral was now reduced to a great dilemma. He could not, he thought, with any official propriety, accept the present; and yet he felt very unwilling to hurt the generous sultan's feelings, especially as his highness had paddled at midnight through the mud of his own approach to make the offer. The sultan saw at a glance what a mistake he had made, and instantly withdrew, laughing, however, and saying such was the custom of his nation. I think the admiral was sorry afterwards that he had not carried in the boat some trinkets of correspondent value, or that he had not accepted the diamonds, and afterwards sent something still more precious to the sultan.

Very early in the morning, long before there was the least peep of dawn, the admiral roused us all out of bed, ordered the boat to be manned, and declared his intention of dropping down the river while it was yet cool, so as to reach the ship before the fierce heat of the sun had set in. I suspect, also, that he wished to escape the salutes and other fussifications, of which he had seen some preparations over night. But in this he partly reckoned without his host, for scarcely had he gained the distance of two or three hundred yards from the shore, when the heavy guns of the batteries began to fire a royal salute.—The night was uncommonly dark and still, and the successive flashes and reports of the cannons were followed by a long series of echoes from the edges of the damp forests lining the banks of the three different branches or forks of the river. The admiral, who had the finest perception possible for all that was picturesque or beautiful, was exceedingly struck with the grandeur of this nocturnal salute, and having made the men lay their oars across the boat, while she drifted quickly down the river, he stood up in the stern-sheets in order to enjoy the scene more completely. At each of the first dozen discharges we were near enough to be illuminated by the flash, and a smile of delight could be seen on the veteran's countenance as sounds so dear to him once more caught his ear. It is not improbable that they recalled to his memory the glorious night action of the Nile; in which it is not too much to say, that amongst all the distinguished warriors whom Nelson had gathered round him, there was not one on whom this great chief more firmly relied in battle, or to whom, personally, he was more attached in private life.

A trifling incident occurred shortly afterwards, which suggested to our thoughts another important service of Sir Samuel Hood's, which, although it be familiarly known in the navy, may not be so fresh in the recollection of persons on shore. A question arose in the boat as to whether or not the land-wind was blowing. Some said there was a breeze up the river, while others maintained that the wind blew down towards the sea. The admiral let us go on speculating and arguing for some time, and then said, "You are both wrong; there is not a breath of air either up or down the river. At all events we shall soon see, if you will strike me a light." This was done accordingly; and the admiral, standing on the after-thwart, held the naked candle high over his head, while the men ceased rowing.

"There, you see," exclaimed he, "the flame stands quite upright, which proves, that if there be any breeze at all, it blows no faster than the stream runs down."

As he yet spoke, the flame bent from the land, and in the next instant was puffed out by a slight gust from the forest.

* * * * *

It would be quite impossible, within any moderate compass, even to enumerate the important services which Sir Samuel Hood rendered to his country, both before and after the time alluded to; nor can it be necessary to do so, for they are still so fresh in the recollection of the navy that they are often quoted as examples in every walk of duty. His forte appears to have been that invaluable quality of all great commanders, promptitude in seeing what was best to be done, and decision of purpose in carrying

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it into execution. At the moment of greatest doubt and difficulty, and when scarcely any one else could see through the confusion, he appears invariably to have taken those useful practical views which the calmest subsequent reflection proved to have been the most expedient.

One of the most important, and also the most amusing instances of the effect of his resolute and characteristic presence of mind and boldness of manner, occurred in the summer of 1797, when Nelson attacked the town and fortifications of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. The enterprise failed; Nelson was wounded and carried on board in the only boat not captured or destroyed, while the remaining officers and men were necessarily left without any means of defence or escape. Sir Thomas Troubridge and Captain Hood now found themselves in the very heart of the town, at the head of only a handful of seamen and marines carrying merely a few pikes, but surrounded by several thousands of well armed Spaniards. As the boats had been all demolished in the surf, or knocked to pieces by the fire of the batteries, retreat became impossible, and capture or destruction would inevitably have awaited them the moment daybreak showed their small numbers and wretched plight. In this dilemma Captain Hood went forward alone to the Spanish governor, and said he was sent by the commanding officer of the British troops and seamen within the walls to state, that as they had been disappointed in their expectation of finding treasure in the town, they were disposed to return peaceably to their ships, if boats were provided them for that purpose, but that should any means be taken to molest or retard them, they would then set fire to the town in different places, and force their way out of it at the point of the bayonet. With the utmost deliberation, and without betraying the smallest haste or anxiety, he then pulled out his watch, and said, "I am directed to give you ten minutes to consider of this offer."—See the *Naval Chronicle*, volume xvii. page 19.

Don Antonio, the governor, looked amazed at the coolness of this proposal from persons whom he conceived—and with good reason—to be his prisoners. He proposed to hold a council of war immediately, and let the British commander know their determination in the course of an hour; but Captain Hood saw the impression which his argument had produced, and again holding up his watch, declared he could not spare his excellency a single second; and as the fatal minute approached, he turned round and prepared to rejoin his shipmates. The governor, alarmed at the possible consequences of driving men so commanded into extremities, acceded to the proposals made by Captain Hood, and agreed to provide the defeated party with boats.

Next morning, accordingly, the Spaniard, having once pledged himself to certain terms, kept good faith, and not only allowed them all to return to their ships, but, previously to the embarkation of the invaders, he considerately furnished each of the sailors with a bowl of wine and a biscuit, filled their boats with fruit and other refreshments, and gave orders that such of the British as had been wounded should be received into the Spanish hospital!

ELECTRICITY.

It is very common for a lecturer upon electricity, after explaining fully to his class the fact, that when a communication is formed between the inside and outside of the jar, the fluid passes from one to the other, to request them to form a line by joining hands and to allow the charge to pass through them all, so as to observe who feels the effect soonest. But when the line is formed, and one extremity connected with the outside of the jar, and the individual who stands at the other extremity, touches the knob connected with the inside, the start of the whole line is precisely simultaneous. At college, this experiment is sometimes tried with some hundreds of students arranged in a long line in the college yard. The one at the extremity most remote from the jar takes hold of a chain which, supported at intervals, returns to the jar, and thus the fluid has to pass through a distance of many hundred feet, but no perceptible difference in time is to be observed.

Another interesting way for exhibiting the instantaneousness of the motion is this:—A wire connected at one end with the outside of the jar, is passed around the room, by fastening it against the wall, so that at last the other end returns near the table. At any remote part there may be a short interruption, across which the electricity will pass by a visible spark, at the precise instant in which the returning end of the wire is connected with the knob of the jar.

Some English philosophers tried the experiment on a still larger scale. They extended wires, supported by silken strings which they fastened to stakes set in the ground, several miles in length. The discharge was effected through these, and not the slightest difference between the entrance of the fluid at one end of the wire, and its return through the other could be perceived, though in the interval it must have passed six or eight miles. The motion of electricity may, however, be progressive—it may consume time,—and yet not be perceptible in so short a distance. Light requires time to pass across any space. This time is very perceptible in its crossing the earth's orbit, but in going ten miles, it would occupy only the two millionth part of a second—a period altogether imperceptible to man.

The following extracts from the Article on Electricity, contained in the English Library of Useful Knowledge, states some interesting particulars in relation to this part of our subject.

"By accurate experiments, it appears that the force of the electric shock is weakened; that is, its effects are diminished, by employing a conductor of great length for making the discharge. But it is difficult to assign a limit to the number of persons through which even a small charge of electricity may be sent, so that all shall experience the shock, or to the distance along which it may be conveyed by good conductors.

"At an early period of electrical inquiries, much interest was attached to the determination of these points. The Abbe Nollet passed an electrical shock from a small phial through a

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hundred and eighty of the French guards, in the presence of the King; and at the Carthusian convent in Paris, the monks were formed into a line above a mile in length, by means of iron wires held between them: on the discharge of the jar, the sensation was felt at the same moment by all the persons composing this vast circuit. Many experiments were made, both by the English and French electricians, with a view to ascertain the space which a discharge can be made to traverse, and the velocity with which it is transmitted. Of these, the most ingenious and satisfactory were the experiments planned and executed by Dr. Watson, with the assistance of the leading members of the Royal Society. A circuit was formed by a wire which extended the whole length of Westminster bridge, at a considerable height above the river. One end of this wire communicated with the outer casting of a charged phial or jar, the other being held by a person on the opposite side of the river, who formed a communication with the water by dipping into it an iron rod held by the other hand. The circuit was completed by another person who stood near the phial, and who likewise dipped an iron rod into the river with one hand, and was enabled by means of a wire held in the other, to effect a contact with the knob of the phial. Whenever the discharges took place, the shocks were felt by both persons; thus proving that the electric fluid must have been in motion along the whole line of the circuit, including both the wire above and the river below.

"In another experiment, made on Shooter's Hill, at a time when the ground was remarkably dry, the electricity was made to perform a circuit of four miles; being conducted for two miles along wires supported upon baked sticks, and for the remaining distance also of two miles, through the dry ground. As far as could be ascertained by the most careful observation, the time in which the discharge was transmitted along that immense circuit was perfectly instantaneous; nor has any other trial that has yet been made afforded the least approach to a measurement of the velocity with which electricity moves.

"On this subject, however, an important distinction should be made between the actual movement of each individual parcel of electric fluid, and the transmission of an impulse along a series of such particles, for the one may bear hardly any proportion to the other, just as we find that sound proceeds with a velocity incomparably greater than that of the particles of air which are concerned in its propagation. In like manner, the portion of blood which raises the artery at the wrist, where the pulse is felt, is not the identical portion of blood which is thrown from the heart by the contraction of that organ producing the pulsation; the impulse in all the cases being propagated like a wave, from one particle to another. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that the same particles of electric fluid, which enter at one part, have traversed from one end to the other of the whole line of conducting substances."

Nothing is so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity, as the application of a rough truth.—*Devereux.*

Written for the Cabinet.

THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Dead? is he silent! and pale! and cold!
Like common, unenvied clay?
The golden bowl broken—and loosed the hold
Of the silver cord? as a tale that is told
Has his life past away.

Dead? is a period put to him,
With the thousands that were forgot,
Till the midnight lamp he waked to trim?
Has that bright planet at length grown dim?
Have we buried *Sir Walter Scott?*

Gone? has the great magician resigned
The wand that he used at his will,
To move the spring of the strongest mind,
The deepest fount of the soul to find,
And the world by its touch to thrill?

It broke the seal of the secret tomb!
It opened the graves of men!
And made their ashes the fire resume,
It touched them with beauty and life and bloom,
Till they breathed and they moved again.

It parted the sable waves that sweep
Across oblivion's sea;
It brought up to light from that darksome deep,
The things that for ages it had to keep!
And is he to go down? not he.

Time! what hast thou to do with one
Who knew not a wasted hour;—
Whose pen with the sands of thy glass could run,
And show at each turning, a miracle done!—
A work that defies thy power.

And bright is the lustre his hand has shed
On a world that must claim him still;
For tho' from our vision his form has fled!
His mind is here! and we own not dead,
What death is too weak to kill.

No! while the earth for the tale of woe
Has a bosom to heave a sigh;
An eye to beam, or a heart to glow
At the debt of joy that to thee we owe,
Sir Walter, thou canst not die.

Thou'lt yet give wings to the lonely hour,
A spell to the still retreat;
Thou'lt be the charm in the lady's bower,
And life's rude path with many a flower
Bestrew for the pilgrim's feet.

We give great spirit, most warm and free,
Our thanks for so blest a lot,
As marked our day upon earth with thee;
And thousands, and thousands yet to be,
Will honour the *shade of Scott.*

PERSIAN SUPERSTITIONS.—All household matters journeys, &c. are dependent for their success on the days on which they are commenced. Thus we are told, linen, cotton, and earthen vessels should not be brought into the house on Sundays and Tuesdays; on Wednesdays, the lamps should not be lighted. Friday is proverbially an unlucky day; neither bread nor wood should be purchased, nor cloths and furniture washed on that day. It is unfortunate to visit the sick on Sundays and Tuesdays. Those who are in one place on Saturday night must be in the same place on the night of Sunday; and in this manner every person who passes Thursday night in one place, must pass Friday night there also.

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Written for the Casket.

QUEEN EASTER'S ROCK.

"They spoke not a word,
But like dumb statues or breathless stones
Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale."
KING RICHARD.

"See, see, what a treasure I have found in Aunt Matty's satchel," cried our little pet, Bell, holding up a small piece of reddish coloured stone, which her busy fingers had drawn forth from the remotest corner of a large velvet sack, to the no small disturbance of sundry broken pipes, balls of thread, and small bits of antiquated gowns, the last sad relicks of Aunt Matty's former glory, and whose soiled and mutilated forms were in the habit of being treated with rather more ceremony, than the lawless young rummager had used in endeavoring to obtain the object of her present wonder—"You will tell us all about it," continued she teazingly, how Captain Symmes sent it to you all the way from the north pole, and how—My dear, my dear, interrupted the old lady, I'd put it right away back again where I found it, and be careful too, it's something I am pretty saving of, though I dont like to look at it much, 'tis a piece of *Queen Easter's Rock*.

She put a kind of low marked emphasis upon the last words, which made me raise my eyes to see what could be the important singularity in question. There was nothing remarkable in its appearance, to distinguish it from any other fragment of common rock; save that two or three dark glossy spots of the colour of blood, were discernible on its surface.

And pray, what may be the history of the marvellous thing, which you dignify with such a royal appellation, (I asked,) who is Queen Easter? I spoke pretty loud, as I usually do, and was surprised to find myself answered by a deep moan of distress, from Aunt Matty's insane companion, crazy Rose, as she was called, and one whom I had never seen give the least evidence of rational understanding. "Miserable creature," exclaimed Aunt Matty, in reply to my enquiring looks, "poor miserable creature, that she is, nothing has ever seemed to penetrate the midnight cloud, which has for more than forty years, hung over her once brilliant mind, save that name, that most detestable of names, Queen Easter; and God knows, she has reason enough to remember that."

The reader would perhaps like to know more of the history of the persons here introduced, and the relationship existing between them, than the above brief items have developed. And as I am always very quiescent in receiving favours from others, and (Franklin like) believe in the doctrine of reciprocity, I will very accommodatingly relate all the few particulars with which report had then made me acquainted, and the story appended may furnish the rest.

Matty Somers, or rather Matilda Somers as it is said she was christened, was my Father's eldest sister. And dearest, I might say too, for he always spoke of her in terms of the supremest affection. She had ever since my earliest recollection, resided in the same old picturesque cottage, with slate coloured doors, yellow blinds, a long old-fashionable front stoop, with a splendid row of blue painted dove houses, suspended against the wall; and the whole, doves, doors and windows, sweetly shaded by thick clustering hops and mock oranges,' with only an occasional opening for the sun.

Aunt Matty possessed one of the kindest hearts imaginable. But as I have heard that the like expression is frequently made by those young portionless Misses, who are in hopes of receiving a small jointure on their marriage day, from some half-crazed maiden aunt by dint of flattery, I would just mention (in order to clear myself in the reader's eye, of the charge of selfishness) that my own dear Pa is quite a Girard in point of property, and should I make choice to suit him, which I calculate by all means to do, I shall be abundantly supplied with this world's good, without resorting to any measures to procure them, save that of being a very obedient child. And now that I have given this explanation, I can again look you boldly in the face, and say, with positive emphasis, that Aunt Matty was one of the kindest creatures living; she was extremely fond of children; which is said to be a very unusual thing with old maids, (though I always believed it to be a gross slander upon the good long faced sisterhood) and the affectionate caresses she used to lavish upon us, together with the fine creamed strawberries, and other little delicacies with which she used to treat us, made her smiling cottage a most delightful retreat for the little city cousins, as she very flatteringly denominated myself and sisters. It was stated that in early life, she had been possessed of uncommon intellectual powers, but the then distracted state of the country, forbade their improvement by systematic education; nor could these faculties have been much impaired by age, for she was acknowledged by all, to be an unusually intelligent old lady. The ever varying expression of her dark, and still lustrous eyes, spoke quick, and deep sensibility; and though her general manner was quiet and common place, there were yet some subjects, in dilating upon which she astonished the listener with a rich, and almost overpowering flow of eloquence; great was the contrast between her and the helpless idiotic being by her side, who sat from day to day, and from year to year, with her thin attenuated hands crossed mechanically upon her breast, and her dim inexpressive eyes, always fastened upon vacancy.

Though Aunt Matty generally evaded any questions relative to her charge, it was pretty well understood that Crazy Rose was related to her by an early marriage with her favorite brother, and that her insanity was caused by the dread trials through which she passed, at the time of the Wyoming massacre. Void as were the features of this unfortunate of any thing like intelligence, there was still a something about them which riveted the eye of the beholder, and burdened the soul with a kind of indescribable sadness; her long and almost closed eye lashes, were always suffused with tears; though the unchanging muscles of the face, gave

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no indication of any internal workings. In gazing upon her, one felt as if viewing the remains of what had once been a beautiful picture, which time had reft of all its glowing colours, not leaving even its immortality of expression.

"Well, who may be, or may have been, this dreaded Queen Easter, I again enquired, (taking care, however, to speak the magic name in a whisper, lest the same unearthly sound should again greet my ears) you have raised my curiosity to the highest pitch, and will surely gratify me? "My dear," replied the old lady, while an involuntary shudder ran over her features; "it is a long and a bloody story, it would wither the rose upon your cheek, and drive the warm blood in frozen icicles to your heart: no, let it pass, Juliet, let it pass untold." But they say I inherit my beloved Aunt's fortitude. "Why perhaps you may, though Heaven grant you may never have to exercise it in the way I have had to; oh! I see you are determined, and I shall have to give you the dreadful details, though it will be at the expense of many a heart-ache from both of us, I promise you."

"My Father had been for many years, a resident of the beautiful valley of Wyoming, now called Wilkesbarre. When he emigrated from Connecticut, he left myself and eldest brother in care of her uncle, with whom he was then engaged in trade, and whom he expected in a few months, to remove near to where he himself lived. A short time before the dreadful disasters which I am about to relate, took place, we visted Wyoming, and my brother purchased a small farm adjoining my father's; and on our return to Connecticut, married my sweet young orphan friend Rosette Wilmer; ah! how well did I love that fair friendless creature; Indeed she was just such a being as one would feel guilty in not loving; artless and amiable; possessing an uncommon share of beauty, without a particle of vanity; a soul, all generosity and devotion; and a voice, whose tones of kindness came forth like the notes of a silver bugle, over a calm lake; she was certainly an almost perfect being; and I think was never happier than when the priest pronounced her my brother Philip's wife; and no doubt, he would very willingly have acknowledged the same.

In a few days after the celebration of their nuptials, we bade adieu to our many puritanical friends, and started on horse-back for Wyoming.

'Tis true we had heard slight rumours of the disturbances among the Susquehanna settlements; but nothing for a certainty, and nothing at any rate sufficiently alarming to warrant a delay of our journey. Our route was a very circuitous one, making the distance perhaps double to what it now is. The road or rather path, was most of the way, extremely narrow, so that we could seldom ride abreast; and there were sometimes whole days, in which our eyes beheld nothing but the deep wilderness; varied however with an occasional opening or dingle, where the startled deer threw his shrill breath upon the wind, and was answered by the long disappointed whoop of the red hunter.

I must not here forget to mention a circumstance, which though slight in itself, has a direct reference to the after incidents of my narrative. I was always extremly fond of the wildly picturesque; and this lonely tour, afforded me many opportunities for the indulgence of my besetting propensity. Often while my companions were busily engaged in laying plans for future happiness, did I linger behind to gaze down some dark unfathomable ravine, where the owl sat flapping his wings in eternal solitude, and mingling his hoarse shriek with the monotonous murmers of the subterranean stream. I had stopped one day as usual, at a spot where the roads were broken by a small hidden current of water, and a few logs thrown across, so that our horses with much care were able to pass. I stood some time, listening to the rushing voice of the unseen cataract, when I thought I could distinguish above the roaring of waters, a cry resembling the moan of an infant; it continued, and I rode forward and got my brother to come back, and descend the precipitous recess. He soon returned, bearing in his arms a little unearthly creature, with jet hair, staring black eyes, and skin of a shining copper. We were at no loss to discover that our prize was a young papoose, apparently three or four years old, who had probably been lost, and had fallen to the spot from whence he was taken, for there were many contusions upon his head, and we found upon further examination, that his left arm was broken; Philip fixed the bone to its place, and Rosette very humanely bound her fine handkerchief about the arm, while I fed him with cake from my basket, which he swallowed in right Indian style. But what should we do with him? our doubts were soon removed by a tall stern Indian, coming directly before us. At first he grasped his tomahawk; but after he saw what we had done for his child, he clapped his hands in token of great thankfulness, and flinging the little fellow over his shoulder, he ejaculated as he passed us, "white faces good, long bow, much friend, no forget good." We passed through many Indian villages, and observed that in Wappasening, Sheshequin, and Wyoux, the male part of the population were all absent, although we did not then know the reason. The women manifested a determined hostility towards us, many of them following and menacing us, with long glittering knives. These appearances were certainly ominous, and we greatly feared all was not right in the settlements below. It was nearly dark on the second evening of July, when we arrived at our place of destination. Instead of the cordial and happy welcome we had anticipated, we met nothing but looks of anxiety and hurried explanations about approaching evils. My father's house was entirely deserted. And we learned from a neighbour who was accidentally passing, that my father had been many weeks with Washington, at Valley Forge; and that our mother terrified at the threatening aspect of war, had, with her family, removed to the Fort, across the river.

Thither then, we immediately bent our course, and were soon admitted within its fortified walls. This Fort had been built and defended some years before by forty of the settlers, and this cir-

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cumstance gave it the name of Forty Fort. It had undergone recent reparation, and was very well fitted for the accommodation of several families. Many had already removed there with their principal effects. But some, supposing in case of an attack, that the force of the enemy would be there concentrated, and that their superior numbers would cause an immediate surrender; preferred the safety promised by their own dwellings. We found our dear mother weeping bitterly over the probable destiny of her little ones, who were clinging around her in tearful surprise, while my second brother George, was vainly endeavouring to inspire her with confidence in the issue of the perils which surrounded them. Mother, dear mother, cried Philip, advancing, while we followed silently along, will you not welcome your wanderers back! Sister Matty, aye, and I have brought you another daughter, who will love you as she, the wife of your Philip, mother. Oh! my children, my children, exclaimed she, rising and flinging her arms wildly around us; it will indeed sound cruel for a mother to say she is not glad to see the darlings of her bosom, but I do wish to heaven you had staid away; You have only come to swell the crimson tide, which will ere long deluge these devoted shores. "With God's leave, no," muttered Philip, while the flush of pride and conscious valour, mantled his high forehead, "with God's leave no; say that we have come to swell the shout of victory, which will soon thunder in the ears of the accursed Brandt and Butler, telling them that their bloody career is over; have courage dear mother, we have much to hope, our"—He was interrupted by a cry of "to order" from a distant part of the Fort. The officers were holding council, to decide upon the most efficient measures to be adopted in their present straitened condition, and the gallant young Capt. Stewart had just risen to speak. He went through with a brief recapitulation of the former difficulties of the settlements, and then dwelt at more length upon the dangers with which they were now threatened, and the only means by which he thought they could be overcome.

John Butler with an army of about 800, consisting of British tories and Indians, had taken possession of Fort Wintermoot, situated about a mile above the head of the Valley, and was continually annoying the inhabitants by plundering them of their property, and was now apparently making preparations for a general massacre. Expresses had been sent to Valley Forge nearly a month before, (while the invaders were quartered several miles up the river,) intreating the commander in chief, to permit the immediate return of Captain Somers, (my father) and his troops to their assistance. The time had long ago expired when reinforcements, if any had been despatched, would have arrived. The enemy's force was fast increasing, by numerous disaffected Indians pouring in from the East; the harvest was nearly ripe, when it would of course be destroyed by the savages, and should the helpless women and children escape the tomahawk, they would still be left without any means of subsistence. Thence it was argued by a majority of the council, that an immediate battle should be hazarded, and the next day was fixed upon for its commencement. Many and sorrowful were the adieus exchanged in the Fort, on the morning of that fatal day, and the broken "God bless yous," came forth from hearts which seemed almost bursting with grief. Poor Rosette clung convulsively to Philip, when he came to take leave of us, and it was with much difficulty we prevented her from following him to the field. It was a mournful sight to behold that little band of brothers marching forth, as it were to their graves. And there was a solemnity too, in their steps, which (though it spoke courage and determination,) argued that their hope was one long deferred, and against all probability of success. The sun did not shine that day, and consequently, there was no gleaming of swords or flashing of bayonets, but the continued roar of musquetry, together with a cloud of smoke away to the north, pointed out to us the place of mortal combat. Colonel Denison anticipating the anxiety we should feel, had runners stationed between the Fort and battle ground, so that we could learn almost momentarily the progress of the contest. At first the coolness and determined bearing of the settlers, (although their numbers were not half those of the enemy,) seemed about gaining the mastery, but through the management of Brandt who commanded the Tories and Indians, a party of concealed savages rushed from their ambushes and surrounded our left division, while Butler doubled his right wing in order to diminish it to the exact distance of the scanty row of settlers, and thus, our whole line was thrown into the utmost confusion, and a most horrid slaughter commenced. It was with the greatest difficulty that Col's. Z. Butler and Denison, escaped to tell us, that our brave friends were all either slain, or prisoners, to an enemy who knew as little of mercy as the Tigers of India. Consternation and dismay now reigned throughout the Fort, which was soon increased by the appearance of Butler and Brandt without, demanding an instant surrender. Articles of capitulation were quickly drawn up and signed by the two opposing officers, in which the garrison with its military stores, were to be given over to the victors, but the lives of its inmates were to be spared, except those who had been engaged in the battle, to such, no promise of safety was given. The gates were thrown open, and a scene of confusion began, which it would be impossible for me to describe. Shouts of triumph from the dark swarthy creatures, who came glaring fiercely upon us from every quarter, the shrieks of the terrified children, who clung wildly to their mothers for protection, and the bitter wailings of those bereaved mothers for their husbands and children, all mingled together sounded absolutely appalling. I scarce knew whether I were indeed dead or alive, till I found myself in a large boat in the act of crossing the river. My youngest sister Anne, a sweet little creature of only two years, stood with her tiny hands clasped tightly around my neck, and at my side, like some pale lifeless statue sat poor Rosette, gazing with a stare of unconsciousness, upon the long wake of the boat. But where was our be-

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loved mother? The faces around me were all strange and unknown. Where could she be? The crowd must have separated us, and my heart sickened at the thoughts of the dangers to which she, and her three helpless little ones were exposed. We were soon across the river, but where next should we go? I had too little faith in Indian or Tory promises, to suppose that either the property or persons of the vanquished would be held sacred any longer than till the shades of night should give freer scope to plunder and outrage; unknown and unprotected, I could think of no place, where we could pass the night with even a hope of safety, except the woods, the dark and solemn woods.

With little Anne in my arms, and a few words of encouragement to Rosette, we struck into a foot-path leading east, and soon found ourselves standing amid the eternal shadows of the forest; sad and fatigued, we sat down upon a bed of soft green moss, with a dark rustling canopy of laurel above us. Poor Anne cried for her accustomed cup of milk, and I could only pacify her by promising some on the morrow. But the tears which I could not restrain, made the discouraged child call for the frequent renewal of a promise which I had in reality, but little hope of fulfilling. It was now near nightfall. The grey tresses of twilight streamed dimly through the clustering hemlocks, and heightened the sadness which clouded the features of my disconsolate companion.

"We shall have quiet rest to night, I observed, this downy moss will make such a sweet pillow, and we have such a rich dark curtain above us, and then we shall be so safe, away from that dreadful crowd."

"Yes, yes, but where, oh! where will Philip sleep; there is a dreadful feeling at my heart, Matty; think, think if he be fallen alive into their hands? were he dead at my feet, I could endure it, I could be composed; but alive and to suffer their tortures, oh! Matty, the very thought will suffocate me."

The flood gates of feeling so long confined, now gave way, and the poor girl wept aloud, in the bitterness of her soul. I could say nothing to soothe her, for it required a powerful effort to suppress the rebellious outbreakings of my own o'er mastered heart; and I knew that every thing, perhaps our lives, might yet depend upon my own coolness and self-possession; all soon became quiet again; poor Rosette had ceased weeping; little Anne had forgotten all her childish cares in sleep; and I myself was just entering the territory of dreams, when I was startled, by the sound of half smothered voices. Hist! "hear you that," whispered Rosette? "Alas, my poor foolish grief has betrayed us; we shall be murdered and all for me." I tried all I could to calm her apprehensions. The whispering increased audibly in loudness, though it did not appear to me that the speakers were any nearer than at first, a large clump of birch trees rose directly before us, and I thought the sound came from behind that. They did not speak loud enough for me to learn the subject of their conversation, but I could distinguish their different intonations, and I thought if the human voice was a criterion, by which to judge the heart, there was at least one villain among them. Rosette grasped my arm, "as I live" exclaimed she, (while a gleam of joy shot across her pale features) "as I live, that voice is Marcus Wilmer's, my cousin Marcus, oh! we shall have a protector now, and who knows but he can tell us something of our dear, dear"—but, I interrupted, is he not the one who sought your love Rosette, and whom you rejected? "And what of that, he is the son of my father's own brother, and"—But dare you trust him? you know many have turned Tories. "Matty" she replied reproachfully, "I thought you were too well acquainted with the noble blood of the Wilmers, to suppose it tainted with Toryism, but he shall answer you this charge: Marcus, Marcus Wilmer," she shouted at the top of her feeble voice. Three darkly painted savages came immediately before us. Ha! cried the foremost, my pretty Rosette, "my sweet cousin Wilmer?" yes Wilmer, for you have not married that accursed scoundrel, as they said. I could not brook this; She has the honour, sir, I replied, to be the wife of my brother, Philip Somers; and those who audaciously call him scoundrel, would do well, perhaps, to recollect that none better deserve that appellation, than such as (under the show of savage colours) act a part which the meanest of that class would scorn. Ah! a fine sprig of chivalry, we have got here, say, hark ye my Madam Quixotte, will ye take a verbal challenge, or must I employ a secretary? Here you, ye-chaw. But mayhap she would like her brother for a second, aye her brother, if he be indeed possessed of the hand which I once begged for on my knees, and be alive, and within an hundred miles, she shall see him, yes and he shall die, he shall die Rosette, and I will see if witnessing his death will soften the heart which my tears have failed to move. Come ladies, you have confidingly selected me for a protector, and have a right to the hospitality of my dwelling. The taunting wretch very familiarly took the arm of the almost fainting Rosette, and as resistance was vain, I was obliged to follow along between the other two. I now lamented my rashness in disclosing Rosette's marriage, but repentance came too late, and I felt that our prospects were indeed wretched. We were not permitted to pause again till we had reached the summit of a long range of hills, overlooking the little village of Wilkesbarre, and then what a magnificent scene was spread out before us. The faithless enemy had set fire to that devoted town, and there was sufficient wind to connect the red flames in one long unbroken chain, showing the exact length of the village. The intenseness of the light made objects (which from the distance we might not have been able to see at all in the day-time,) distinctly visible, and I could see women and children running from house to house, in the greatest apparent confusion. Our dark companions seemed in an ecstacy at the sight, and the hill was in a few moments literally swarming with Indians, assembled to witness the work of destruction. Their long protracted whoops mingled with the oft repeated names of Brandt and Butler, pealed in startling echoes along the mountain's caverned recesses, and it

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seemed as if Asrael were winding his first fearful blast, to waken the slumbering ones of the earth. In a short time however, the wild column of flame settled down to small flickering lights, like benfires, and the dense waves of smoke rolled off to mingle their dusky folds with the clouds of the west. "Our sport is all over now," exclaimed our long leader, "and with your leave ladies, we will resume our walk." He continued his inimical attentions to Rosette, though she appeared to shrink from him, with a kind of instinctive horror. An hour's walk brought us within sight of an Indian encampment. A large pile of mouldering logs was surrounded by some fifteen or twenty Indians, who received Wilmer with much apparent joy, and with whom he seemed to be a great favourite. Three or four wigwams stood away to the right, and in the corner of one, with a mat of sweet fern for a bed, was pointed out our place of rest. Little Anne slept soundly, with her head in my lap, and poor Rosette too, after offering a fervent prayer to Heaven for our protection through the night, once more revelled amid the visions of happier days. My own harrassed imagination alone, seemed alive to the realities of our situation. Sleep did not visit my eyelids that night, and my distempered fancy conjured up horrors upon horrors, till I felt as I sometimes have, when labouring under the suffocating effects of the nightmare. Dread gigantic forms, with dark features, and sad gleaming eyes stood around me, long glittering knives with bloody hilts hung over my head. I could see the lifeless features of my dear sisters scarred with the tomahawk, and the cold sweat fell from my forehead till it seemed as if I were actually turning to a pillar of ice. The sun shone clear and warm through the openings of our cabin the next morning, and my fatigued companions had not yet awoke. There was a slight bustle at the door, and the stern voice of Wilmer called to us immediately to rise, we obeyed, and were placed with our hands tied, in the centre of dozen squaws and Indians, whose countenances expressed the pleasure of some anticipated event; at about a quarter of a mile from where we started we were ordered to stop. The place was a small hollow, surrounded except on one side, with a gentle bank covered with tall slender pines, and in the centre was a huge brown rock, whose sides were coated with yellow moss, and on whose top lay a large glittering tomahawk. Oh! Heavens thought I, and is this the altar of sacrifice, and are we to be the victims? The thought had scarcely entered my mind, when my attention was arrested by a wild thrilling shout, which pealed along the ravine leading into the hollow on the south, and which was immediately answered by a corresponding sound from nearly fifty of the savage tribe, who had begun to form themselves into a ring around the grassy enclosure. A double file of gorgeously tattooed Indians, were soon discovered coming along the ravine. with twelve or fifteen white prisoners led between them, whom they placed in a sitting posture within the circle of savages, with a couple of stout Indians standing at the shoulders of each. There were no cowardly quailings, no vain womanly fears to be seen in the faces of those brave soldiers, although some of them appeared to be young, very young. They looked like men who had anchored their hopes in heaven, and who were prepared to meet death without flinching. I recognized two or three distinguished officers, whom I had seen marching forth with high hopes, the day before, to battle; and at last as my eye ran along to the last of the doomed number; think, oh! think Juliet, of the deadly pang which seized my chilled heart, to meet the mournful gaze of my beloved brother Philip. The villainous cold blooded Wilmer, stood triumphantly beside him, and directed an occasional glance of revengeful joy towards poor Rosette. But she did not see him, anticipating some dreadful catastrophe, she had covered her face with her hands, and prayed to heaven she might not look up, for I knew that a knowledge of Philip's situation would distract her. "Queen Easter, Queen Easter," presently burst from the lips of all, and a tall painted squaw strode within the circle and sprang at one bound upon the centre of the rock. Her form is still strongly painted in my memory, but I know that I cannot half describe it. A large crimson-fringed blanket was fastened about her tawny neck, with a kind of loop, and confined again at the waist with a belt of various coloured wampum, and from thence descended a short slip of blue stuff decorated at the bottom with large scarlet patches. Her coarse jet hair almost trailed on the ground, and her wrinkled forehead was girt about with the skin of the yellow rattle snake, which looked as if recently torn from the body of its owner. to garnish a still more loathsome form; her face I will say nothing about, it was too odiously terrific to admit of a description, it seemed to me a very *camera obscura* of distorted ugliness. She immediately (upon gaining her conspicuous station) seized the heavy tomahawk, and began dancing a kind of Indian whirligig. She commenced by flourishing her formidable weapon aloft in the air, and shrieking and called upon the name of Coshmoo, (whom I afterwards learned was her son, slain the day before in battle,) till the white froth fell in bubbles from her frenzied lips. Then there was a sudden and deathlike pause, and the next instant the hatchet descended upon the naked rock with a force, that fairly shook the solid ground beneath it, and scattered fragments of the splintered stone in every direction. One piece (the same which roused little Bell's curiosity,) entered the sleeve of my dress, and hung there, while the blood dripped from its ragged corners upon my hand. This maddening ceremony over, Queen Easter descended, and then came the reality. She, she —but I cannot—oh!—I cannot describe that most horrid transaction, but I saw it all, all. I tried to close my eyes, but their lids were literally frozen back, and every thing seemed magnified to a frightful distinctness; an agonizing shriek and a prostrate form at my side, told me that Rosette too, had witnessed the slaughter of some of those resistless victims. Alas! merciful heavens, would that that dread scene might be forever blotted from my memery. Miraculous as it may appear, Philip absolutely broke from those who held him and effected an escape. A

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loud hue and cry warned me of their intention to pursue, and I saw Wilmer was foremost in the bloody chase. We were now ordered back to the wigwam, and Rosette being still in a swoon, they were obliged to carry her. "The daughter of the pale face no sleep to night," whispered a half familiar voice in my ear as we entered the cabin. Long Bow remember, Long Bow save. I immediately recognized the hunter, whose child we had found in our journey. The kindness with which these few words were spoken, quite affected me, and for the first time since our confinement, I enjoyed the luxury of tears. Night came. Little Anne had fallen into a quiet slumber, and Rosette sat upright beside me; she had not spoken the whole day, her eyes were dull and inexpressive, and I could not help fearing that the terrors of the morning had disordered her mind. All had become perfectly still about the encampment, when the dark form of the hunter stole stealthily through the cabin door. He carefully severed the cords with which we were bound, and motioning extreme caution, bade us follow. I hugged my litte sleeping sister closely to my bosom, and grasping Rosette's arm, we were soon beyond the reach of immediate danger. At the base of a small hill, our guide removed a handful of brush wood from the mouth of a narrow cave, and bade us enter, nor for our lives to attempt coming out, without his permission. In a few hours he returned, and gave me the chilling information of my brother's recapture. He called me out of the cave, and putting a hatchet in my hand asked me if I loved my brother? I immediately comprehened his meaning and assuming his own peculiar style, I replied "does the wigwam of the red hunter hold a daughter? and has that daughter a brother?" "Yes, there is light in the cabin of Long Bow, for the red Fawn is there, like a bright star, her step is like the spring of the wild cat, and she fears not to speak with the tomahawk. But the heart of the white girl is pale. she trembles at the sight of blood, and the hatchet would fall from her hand." "Oh! but the *love* of the white girl is strong, she has great love for her friends, she could do all things for her brother." He said no more, but proceeding noiselessly along the beaten path, we were soon in sight of the lodge. A few steps aside from the circle of dusky sleepers, sat my poor brother, strongly bound to a fine sapling, and by his side (as the faint rays of the moon discovered) his inveterate foe Wilmer, and another equally athletic figure apparently in a sound sleep. I saw that Philip was awake, but did not stir. The red hunter carefully cut the band which bound the prisoner to the tree, and bidding me strike the Indian while he despatched the Tory, he raised his arm. Now was the trying moment, the moment of deep and deadly peril, for a single struggle or groan might betray us, and then would ensue the long routine of inquisitorial torture, and should we succeed, the life of a human being, the blood of a fellow creature would be upon my head; my breath almost ceased at the thought. But then the life of a brother, a dear, dear brother was at stake, and could I hesitate? I felt my arm descending with power, but my senses fled, and I knew no more till I found myself in the cave with my brother hanging in speechless anxiety over me. Thank God she lives! exclaimed he, as I once more opened my eyes upon the light of day. The sun shone dimly through the uncertain vistas of our retreat, and I felt when I looked upon the pale haggard features around me, as if I had awaked in the land of spirts. Little Anne seemed overjoyed to hear me speak again. But poor sister Rosette did not appear to notice the least thing, and her pulse indicated a high fever.

Philip had promised our deliverer that he would not attempt to leave the cave in two days, without his special advice, as there was no doubt but that the woods would be scoured in every direction to discover us. And so they were, as the sound of footsteps and busy voices declared to us. We heard them around us venting their angry threats, in words which made me faintly gasp for breath. Some one enquired if there was no cave in which they could be secreted? "At the big run," answered a quick voice, which I knew to be the red hunter's. Some seemed turning away at this information, when "a trail, a trail," from the same friendly voice, withdrew them altogether from our covert, and we once more ventured to breathe. All that day and night we dared not hazard even a whisper, so great was our fear of discovery, and we knew that scarce a stone would remain unturned, in the untiring search. Our situation on the second day, became distressing in the extreme. We had nothing to eat, and poor Anne had become so weak for the want of nourishment, that she could scarcely raise her head from my arms. My unfortunate sister in law, grew rapidly worse. She raved deliriously of Philip and Queen Easter, and alas! we could not help her, we had not even a glass of water with which to moisten her parched lips. "Thou wilt die here, my poor Rosette," murmured Philip, while he imprinted a kiss upon her burning temples, "thou wilt die, my sweet one, and I shall, oh! no! I shall not live long, but I shall witness thy last struggle, and life's strange principle will still for a while be within me. Had I but left thee amid the beautiful Vallies of the East, with thy young heart's dear associates, Rosette.—Oh! I have placed my trembling dove in the heart of a vulture—Matty, Matty, he continued in a low sepulchral tone, I am very fearful, she breathes hard, do, do see if she is not worse." She was indeed, her respiration grew short and difficult, and I lost not a moment in removing the rubbish from the cave's entrance, and getting my expiring friend to the open air. I thought not of risk, I thought only of the horrors of death in our confined prison house. Oh! how bright and glorious appeared once more the prospect of the soft blue skies, and richly clothed wood lands. The air of the forest in summer is always cool and balmy, but it seemed doubly luxuriant then, and had our situation been any other than it was, I thought I could have exclaimed with Willis that "existence was a blessing." It was beginning to be sunset, and the deep yellow rays fell idly upon the grey moss where we had laid the almost inanimate Rosette. The stirring air and the warm sunshine seemed to arouse her dormant faculties, for she partly opened her heavy eyes, and moved her lips with a faint smile, "Oh! Matty!"

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she sighed almost unaudibly, "let us go, they will murder us here! They have no hearts, Wilmer, Wilmer, oh! it is not my cousin Wilmer, he was no fiend, no vampyre draining heart's blood. Spectre, thou art not Marcus, away away, thine hand (she continued fixing her glassy eyes full upon me) do you see? A pagan invoking his deities, wretch, thy God's name is Queen Easter! Thy axe is sharp, and there, thou hast warm blood upon it, large purple drops, and thou wilt stain the face of my Philip, death death," and she clapped her hands over her eyes, as if to avoid the dreadful sight. My wretched brother vented the agony of his soul in tears, and I could not help doing the same.

"Is that the wind?" asked Philip; I listened; it was a low rumbling sound like the distant voice of the storm spirit, but it grew nearer and I thought it was a waggon: could it be, were we near any road! the bare possibility of escape from our fast accumulating miseries inspired me with new life. My pale brother was so weak from loss of blood, that he could scarcely stand, so it remained for me to ascertain the foundation of our new life. I started and hurried on in the direction indicated by the sound—a large waggon now came in sight, loaded not with odious savages, but, with dear beautiful white people. The driver saw me and stopped the horses, for I could not speak, so wildly did my head flutter with expectation, "What ails thee child?" exclaimed a kind voice, and oh! that voice, Juliet—it was, it was my own dear father's.

Hearing of the fatal termination of the war at Wyoming, he had left the troops at Strandsburgh, and hastened to learn the fate of his family, and now he had found them all except my brother George, who was slain in battle. My excellent mother wept tears of joy over her lost and found, and little Susan fairly danced in an ecstacy of bliss. A short journey brought us to the place where my father commenced a settlement. It was the very spot, Juliet, on which your own Pa now lives; but troubles still attended us, for four long weeks were we obliged to watch by the sick bed of poor Rosette. At the end of that time the physician pronounced her convalescent, but alas! alas! she was no longer the beautiful, the intelligent Rose Wilmer of other days. The lustre of the bright eye had departed for ever, and the stare of vacant idiocy sat in the place of an expression which was wont to entrance every beholder. My brother, my wretched, my distracted brother, could not bear this blighting of his soul's fondest hopes. He was broken hearted; a few short months saw the silver cord parted; and the solemn words, "*dust to dust*," were spoken over our beloved Philip's grave. The wife of my perished brother has been ever since that time, just as you see her now, an unconscious fragment of that history, which I alone live to relate."

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect; compared with which, reproach, hatred, and opposition are names of happiness; yet this worst, this meanest fate, every one who dares to write has reason to fear.

FIELD FLOWERS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams,
Of the blue highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune,
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes,
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water lily restore:
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart you were dear,
Ere the fervour of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom:
Once I welcome you more, in love's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

THE PALMER'S HYMN.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of the "Ettrick Shepherd." They are designed to represent the morning prayer of a maniac who voluntarily became an outcast of the desart.

Lauded be thy name forever,
Thou of life the guard and giver,
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.

* * * * * *

God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock and river,
Blessed be thy name forever.
I have seen thy wondrous might,
Through the shadows of the night,
Thou who slumb'rest not nor sleepest,
Blest art they thou kindly keepest.

* * * * * *

God of evening's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea,
Like breathings of eternity.
Thine the flaming spheres of light,
Thine the darkness of the night,
Thine are all the gems of even,
God of Angels! God of heaven;
God of life that fade shall never!
Glory to thy name forever!

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Written for the Casket.

THE LUNATIC, A PRIZE TALE.

"Elle etoit de ce monde ou les plus belles choses
"Ont le pire destin;
"Et rose elle a vecu ce que vit une rose,—
"L'espace dun matin."

MALHERBE.

Twenty-one years have now been added to "those beyond the flood, since the burning of the theatre in my native town of Richmond. Two years after that awful tragedy, I was in Philadelphia; one evening, I found myself by chance near the Lunatic Hospital, and impelled by one of those sudden and mysterious impulses which hurry us whither they will in spite of ourselves, I sought entrance within those sad precincts, whose sovereign, insanity, surrenders her empire only to Death. 'Tis not my purpose to dwell on the general aspect and inmates of the place; the gloomy horrors which marked some cases—the melancholy and appealing interest attendant on other patients—all were deadened and disappeared before the powerful impression produced by one engrossing object. Passing by a glass-door, situated at the remote end of a long passage, and partially shaded by a green silk curtain, I was all at once arrested by a strain of music so soft, so sweet, and etherial, that, in the enchantment of the moment I could have

"Deemed that spirit from on high,
"Round where some hermit saint was laid,
"Were breathing heavenly melody."

I held my breath to listen, and recognized the notes of a piano on which a hand as masterly as Scarlatti's, performed in unison with a celestial voice an air belonging to the vesper service of the Romish church. The gentleman, who politely showed me through the establishment, stood at my elbow, and motioned me to silence, as cautiously approaching on tip-toe, I took note through the panes, that were left unscreened, of the hapless minstrel, whose surpassing skill seemed thus exercised in triumph over madness. I saw before me a perfect personification of rapt and reverential devotion in the figure of a man, young, tall and thin, but of proportions as matchless as those of 'the Sun in human limbs arrayed;" the face was turned from us as he bent over the instrument, whose full and solemn chords rolled in sublime harmony from beneath his touch; but the exquisite head thrown back in such ecstacy of upward gaze—the swaying form loosely wrapped in dark flowing vestments, and dilated beyond the ordinary size of life by the intensity of fervent feeling,—the impassioned tones of the pious chaunt each expressed, and attested the very depth of religious abstraction as exalted and sincere as that of a St. Augustine or a Pascal. At length the holy hymn was at an end; symphonious blending of song and accompaniment died away; the performer ceased, and memory began in me to dissolve the spell of immagination. There was something in the action, the voice, the person of the gifted but unhappy sufferer before me, familiar and yet strange, as the wild perplexities of a troubled dream. He had dropped his folded arms on the piano, and sat with his head resting on them so as to hide his face completely from my view; but my eyes, as they glanced for a moment from him around his prison, encountered fresh memorials to aid an uncertain recollection of its interesting tenant. The apartment was of small dimensions, but fitted up with the nicest regard to comfort; and the many fanciful decorations pendant on the walls and scattered throughout, indicated an elegant rather than a disordered mind. One compartment, covered with the rarest butter flies in fine preservation, gave token of a taste for that branch of natural history; another was hung with a series of little maps superbly colored; an old cremona violin lay in its upper case on a table beside the piano forte, and a window seat was occupied by an Eolian harp, on which the winds of heaven, as they came loaded with fragrance from the beds of a flower-garden beneath, "discoursed most excellent music." A profusion of exotics, evidently tended by a careful hand, perfumed the chamber, one side of which exhibited on a small altar standing in a recess the sacred emblems of his picturesque faith—a crucifix delicately carved in ivory and ebony, the chalice of holy water, a missal in splendid bindings, and several choice paintings of female saints

"That knelt in pictured prayer,"

but my attention was chiefly drawn to an antique cabinet wherein were displayed various landscapes in minature of the liveliest tints, and executed with the ingenuity of a practised mechanician. One in particular enlivened by a mill in full motion, struck me as a transcript of one of the most beautiful scenes near Richmond; but my observation was quickly attracted from it to the movements of its accomplished and unfortunate artist. As the breeze moved the responsive strings of the lyre near him, the sound started him from his recumbent posture; he rose—and advanced, but with his back still towards us, to the window: there he stood in an attitude of negligent grace, while the bright rays of the setting sun, shooting suddenly from under a gorgeous cloud, fell through the casement—and gleaming on the chesnut curls, that clustered in rich luxuriance over his brow, crowned him with a glory like that playing in old pictures about a canonized head. At last he spoke—and in accents that fell on my ear like the echo of some faint and half forgotten song, poured forth as if in converse with an imaginary being, a torrent of fond and passionate words. After a while dissuasion succeeded protestations, and we could hear him through the door, which I had ventured to unclose a little way—murmur out, "Then you will go Sophie; you dont love me well enough to give up one play for my sake. Consider its the first I have asked you to forego, while I resign all for the luxury of being near you; of gazing on you. See you star just rising bright, so pure, the dewy type of thy beauty and thy destiny; last night, while all slept save my love, I watched it in pride and joy as the lustrous regent of thy fate appeared to smile down upon me: at once a cloud as black as death, as swift as thought, interposed between me and the star I worship; it vanished from my sight—that one alone of all the starry scroll, was blotted

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out---and the darkness of the grave usurped the regions of its reign. Say, Sophie, sweetest, what may this portend," then stopped as if hearkening for a reply; then went on with the most impressive gestures. "Then, dearest, since you must go, smile once more on me and I'll think it but the chaos of a brain that doats to madness, adieu! adieu! I must not linger thus, yet, Sophie, stay; give me that rose that impearls thy hair, and if to-morrow is peace and brightness on us, I'll bring it back and replace it midst those tresses." Another pause---"Sophie, one moment more; look at thy lovely orb; how propitious now her light! so may she shine on my vigil and be the mirror to foreshow thy fair and favouring fortunes. But if aught dark or disastrous again dim her ray, call me not visionary; chide not my trespass, if I come even at midnight to thee to learn the worst! Sophie, you will go; my heart forbodes an awful crisis in our loves. Sophie! what if we never meet again? you frown upon me. Good night; good night! Forever!" was repeated in the low tones of tenderest emotion. He turned from the window, carefully inshrining a white rose in his bosom; and as the last beam of day fell on features like those which Janey ascribes to Adonis or Joseph, I identified with a most painful thrill of surprise and horror an early companion, noted as the "admirable Crichton" of the circles in which we had known each other. I had last seen him in the full energy of health and reason; I now beheld him a confirmed but generally harmless lunatic: he had been brought to the mad-house by that dreadful catastrophe alluded to in my first lines.

Augusta, or (as we Americans called him) Augustus Pelisson, the son of an emigrant from Strasburg, in much esteem at Richmond as an eminent music master and respectable man---was looked on and cherished from his cradle as a prodigy of talent and beauty. In person as well as in mind he combined the peculiarities of two nations---the fine, versatile and ardent genius of the Italian (his mother being one) with the morbid sensibility, and addiction to mysticism and abstruse study, characteristic of the German blood. The refinement of taste and complexional warmth of temperament, denoting his affinity to the classic natives of the "sunny south," shone in strong and pleasing contrast with a poetical turn of imagination and fund of sterling integrity and worth, which proved him the son of his Fatherland: the like harmonious mixture of properties in his bodily presence, rendered him a most superior specimen of manly comeliness, with an aptitude to all arts and sciences, alike proper to his descent on both sides, early displayed itself as the master passion of his soul, and was pursued with an assiduity and success which made him, while yet a child, renowned throughout the state as a miracle of skill both on the piano and violin. His father who foresaw in him the musical *lion* of the age, reared him to his own vocation, though with infinite difficulty; for Augustus, proud as he was pre-eminent, recoiled from the drudgery of elementary tuition, and was only reconciled to the arrangement which charged him with the superintendence of practisings, by the lively

greetings, and cordial glances with which the ladies always smiled on his approach. Full of that romantic gallantry, which deifies the sex, he could not be insensible to those involuntary courtesies which so gracefully acknowledged the supremacy of a dazzling appearance over the casual distinctions of rank and fortune; and the young Pelisson, as polite as he was handsome, was admitted on a familiar footing into the first houses in the town. But though feasted and admired there as much as Rosiii in London, he became not enslaved by any one of his fair entertainers; the heart of the elegant musician, formed to feel that excess of passionate attachment, immortalized by Petrarch and Rousseau, already beat with love strong as death, for one not as transcendant but as comely as himself.

Among the friends of the Pelisson family, there was a French refugee from San Domingo by the name of Vernier, with his wife and three daughters. To the second of these, just bursting into womanhood, was rendered by all who saw her, that spontaneous homage with which mortality might bow before a celestial visitant; for seldom or never was daughter of our earthly sphere so fraught with all that bespeaks an origin from on high---as fair, as gentle, and as simple as Eve in her first dignity of innocence, was Sophie Vernier. There was nothing of the Juno, or the Venus about her—nothing brilliant or commanding to sparkle or impose; and the charm of that heavenly face, perfect as it was in contour, colouring and feature,—yet lay in its transparent reflection of such inward sanctity and singleness of heart as carried back the mind to the image of our common mother walking in the freshness of virgin beauty amid the shades of Eden. Thrown often together, though under those restraints which among the French always guard the intercourse between young men and maidens, there was nothing so natural as for Sophie and Augustus to reciprocate

> "The charming agonies of love
> "Whose misery delights."

He felt the passion in such guise as Byron's burning pen has shadowed forth in his immortal "Dream;" in her t'was a sentiment chaste, soft and constant as herself. Long, timid and silent was the probation of the lovers; for Sophie trembled to analyze the tumultuous tremor of nerve and heart beneath which she was ready to sink in the presence of Pelisson, who on his part "owned by a thousand tender fears," misinterpreted her shyness, that surest mark of woman's love, as men are ever wont to do. At length one summer evening, when all was brightness balm and silence, accident threw them together in her father's little garden: Sophie immersed in a soft reverie, stood amid a bower of yellow jessamine that ornamented the centre; languid from heat and overpowered by the rich perfume around her, she plucked the flowers leaf by leaf, and blew them carelessly away with her breath; through the trellis of the fragrant screen, she saw him, who, at that moment employed her thoughts, sauntering slowly up the walk, with something in his hand which he passionately kissed over and over again. The bosom of the lovely girl panted so violently and as he drew

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near, that she remained rivetted to the spot, pursuing her childish sport with redoubled industry. Pelisson entered the arbour,—and on seeing her, started back in so much confusion that what he held dropped on the ground at Sophie's feet. Scarce knowing what she did, the agitated maiden stooped to pick it up, and in the object of caresses so tender and repeated beheld her own beauteous resemblance. One deep blush, "celestial, rosy red," that ever spread face, neck and hands, even to her fingers' ends ---one glance softly lightening from those large dewy, starlit eyes, as they were just raised from the picture to his and instantly withdrawn, and the whole secret was revealed, without a word on either side; in the rapturous triumph into which he was thrown by this mute and precious avowal, Augustus caught her to his breast, and held her there in speechless ecstacy, while impressing on her innocent lips

"A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

From that hour the hearts of the lovers were laid open to each other. But they rarely met alone—and neither thought of seeking solace by clandestine interview or written correspondence. Sophie would have shrunk from such a step as from sacrilege; and Augustus loved her too truly and honorably to dream of purchasing his own gratification by leading her into disobedience or impropriety. They were content to enjoy the few delicious moments, with which chance sometimes befriended them,—to look forward to their union as the epoch, whose advent was as sure as it was blissful,—and meanwhile sacredly to perform all that filial respect and decorous observance required of them. Both were aware that the opposition of their parents would be likely to impede their wishes, for a time; but when they were together, all difficulties would vanish before the amorous eloquence, with which the ambitious youth detailed his visions of professional distinction abroad, and Sophie's confidence in her powers of persuasion at home. Despite the natural violence of Pelisson's passions, and his strong tendency to jealousy, so implicit was his faith in Sophie's affection, and in Sophie's truth, that he was comparatively free from the various pangs attendant on the most prosperous love-suit. But one cloud ever gathered to darkle their clear horizon, and that the fair creature whom it threatened was apt to treat as the fantasm of a fond imagination. To the devotional turn of his maternal country, Augustus added the true German gusto for astrology, and all difficult and superstitious love. To these "demi-sciences," he applied himself incessantly after his engagement with Mlle. Vernier; and from planetary configuration and sympathetic coincidence—from the portents of celestial signs, and terrestrial phenomena, and of those dreams wherein he beheld the mystic adumbrations of futurity,—he drew omens and predictions of fair or dubious import, and disquieted or delighted himself, and not unfrequently her—as the result of his calculations seemed adverse or auspicious. Sophie was little given to these vain superstitions; the simple piety of her nature and the joyous heedlessness of youth, prompted her to enjoy the present good without anticipation of the ill which might come with the morrow; but little by little she became somewhat infected, with the anxieties and researches of the star-gazing lover,—and listened to his prophetic fancies, and mysterious sublimity jargon with alternate fear, and incredulity. One clear, large star, which his sidereal admiration indicated as the emblem and arbiter of Sophie's destiny, was watched, and waited on by the fond devotion of Augustus with more than chaldean belief and perseverance; still its pure and tremulous light beamed steadily, benignant, and many a fervent benison blessed the bright presage, as it pursued its appointed path along the blue, ethereal sky,—the symbol of a lot—not splendid, but serene as the mild virtues of the angelic vision to whose service the romantic astrologer had sworn himself. But even this auspicious promise failed to satisfy a mind swayed by the endless misgivings of a melancholy and enamoured fancy—or rather the national appetite for the obscure, and marvellous, "grew with what it fed on," till all other propensities, and well nigh all other feelings were absorbed and forgotten in the eagerness wherewith he delivered himself up to the bewildering illusions of his idle and unprofitable studies. Summer was gone; the mellow glow of autumnal pomp faded away from the lovely scenery, which, dispersed about the environs of Virginia's metropolis makes her the sylvan rival of the renowned English Richmond; and each season left the lovers growing gradually less gay, but Pelisson's restless pryings into futurity, came in aid of a constitutional gloom and potency of imagination; and their mutual re-action was fearfully increased by other causes. Augustus felt sick at heart from many disappointments; his impetuous idolatry of Sophie could ill brook the tedium of indefinite delay; and the irritable impatience with which he began to contemplate the long period inevitably intervening between his departure for Europe, and the attainment of such independence as might justify the lover in putting on the husband, led him, at times, to doubt and deny the possibility of ever arriving at that rapturous consummation. Besides the busy and festive season had set in with winter. The State Legislature was in session, within the walls of the Capitol—balls and parties rife in the fashionable world; the city swarming with gay and wealthy strangers, and all going "merry as a marriage-bell;" the theatre too, that neutral and favourable haunt of all classes, was open, and graced nightly with full and applauding houses. Old Vernier loved dramatic entertainments with more than a Frenchman's passion: so did the whole family, from the aged and still handsome grand-mother, whose words were reverenced as sacred oracles, down to the sprightly, little Cecile, the pet and play-thing of the happy house-hold: the play was therefore the regular *fixture* of each evening, to the great discomposure of the sensitive Augustus, who, though he loved to see his fair queen and the Reseu partaking of all diversions proper to youth, and innocence; loved not to have her rare and retiring charms so continually exposed to public admiration. Her father was intimate with all actors of celebrity,—the Coopers, the Greens, and Twaitses of that day; their most animated civili-

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ties, and elegant hyperbole of compliment were of course lavished at the feet of the exquisite daughter; and though the delicate lover well knew that Sophie shrunk from their expressive gallantries and witty flatteries in dismay and displeasure equal to his own, still the sight, the bare idea of her being thus beset, gave him so much pain that after a while he ceased to make one of the lively group, from which he never sought however to detach Mlle. Vernier. Under such disturbance of feeling, 'twas in vain that he had recourse to the occupations, that in other days, had pleasantly beguiled his leisure; painting, mechanics, reading, even music, once the master spell of his nature, had lost all power to dissipate or allay his troubled thoughts. Only in the abstract depths of astrology,—in the vague reconcilements, and laborious uncertainties of horoscope, divination by every sign, immaterial influences, and all the exciting horrors of German mystification, could his unquiet spirit find congenial fascination, and short respite from the image of his beloved, conspicuous amid the gay and promiscuous assemblage, into which she was nightly thrown, as a pure and spotless lily, standing in majesty in a parterre of gaudy hollyhocks. It was about this time that I obtained the fortune of an introduction to the surpassing being, in whom shone such gentleness and beauty as instantly transported my fancy to the interesting festival of Saency, and the floral crown there awarded to the fairest and most virtuous maiden. In truth she wore, at that moment, a wreath of white roses woven into those locks which, in length and richness, might have vied with Leila's "hyacinthine flow," by the hand of the romantic adorer, who forcedly envoked her as his "Queen of the Rose."

Separated in a manner from Sophie's society; the time of his foreign voyage near at hand; suffering under the corrosions of fastidious sentiment and a foretaste of the tortures of interminable absence,—it is not wonderful that the hue of Pelisson's musings darkened hourly. He began, in his distrust of every thing about him, to conceit that the star of his birth was retrograde; that though the radiant hieroglyphic of Sophie and fate yet kept its kindly aspect, there was some malign and counteracting ascendant among the superior heavenly bodies, menacing their final happiness. Once impressed with this ominous notion, he bent like other philosophers, each fact to fit his theory—till the chain of appalling prognosticks was almost complete in its links; at first, he strove against these ill-boding fantasies, and chided the unmanly weakness that encouraged them: but as proof seemed added to presentiment, and presage after presage glared in grim array on his excited imagination, he no longer made an effort to resist the evil effects of his own profane perversity of inquisition, but rather sought to strengthen and confirm them. The very intensity of his devotion to Mlle. Vernier rendered him but the more tremblingly alive to aught indicative of danger or disaster to her, and while gazing on that sweet brow where "clear chastity sat meekly enthroned," his over-burdened heart would relieve itself by whispering his tale of portents, and commentary of fears. Sophie had long been aware of this peculiar bias of mind, in Pelisson, and for some time paid but little attention to his discourse on these gloomy topics. Living and moving in the happy glee of a young and guileless breast, every thing connected with her life and love, was tinged couleur de rose, by fairy fancy, and awakened a joyous anticipation. Satisfied, and what true and modest woman is not? with the dear delight of loving and being loved again; and bred up in submissive respect to the ordinances of parental restriction,—of the two, the seraphic girl was by far least uneasy under the checks that fettered their amatory commerce. She knew that he whom she deemed the master of honor and fidelity, was well and near her; they met often in company—some times, and how precious was the interview, alone; thus much formed her simple felicity,—for the diffidence of her pure and timid nature blushed at daring to cherish a warmer wish. 'Tis true she trembled and wept at the thought of parting; but she had by no means an adequate conception of the length of his probable stay in France and Italy, much less of the temptations and difficulties certain there to bestrew his path. Hitherto her attachment had been to her a source of the softest pleasure; she had gathered and worn the flowers of love without being pierced with the thorns —but the time was now come when she was made to feel that they had only been hidden; not lost their point. Seeing the object dearest to her after heaven, downcast and disturbed, though by a visionary, and to her incomprehensible emotion; the fair Sophie could but exert her tenderest powers to soothe and animate; in consoling his sorrow she insensibly shared it,—while trying to combat his arguments and apprehensions, they often overcame her principled disbelief of them. Still there was a charm, beyond all of past experience, in thus ministering to his peace and solace; the father of passion succeeded and effaced the placid sensation of joy: and never were their hearts drawn so closely together as while both shuddered in horror at the prospect of being severed soon, and for ever. When apart from Pelisson, Sophie thought not, with dread; but in pity of his prophetic alarms; 'twas only in his presence that they proved themselves powerful over her; and if she yieldod to the contagion and he saw the bright tears "like pearls from diamonds dropt" gather in her eyes, as she listened to his melancholy language, it acted like magic in rousing him from his vain imaginings of woe.

Mid-winter had now passed; the theatre was about to close and the Verniers had not yet missed a single play. The benefits were mostly taken, and the amateurs of the scenic art, crowded to enjoy the last and best treats. The profit-night of Placide, a popular manager, was announced; a new piece translated for the occasion from the French by the learned professor Girardin, offered great attractions, as did a very superior corpse dramatique. The fond Sophie felt relieved by the near cessation in her attendance; for she knew that Augustus was miserable while she was there surrounded—and her health scarce permitted such constant dissipation. In all the stiller combinations or op-

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position which controlled or thwarted his reckoning, the "bright particular star," that governed her mortal course showed no sign of change; no ominous variance of token: and on this benign and beauteous sphere, the eyes and hopes of the unwearied lover alike rested through the long sad hours that his divinity spent, less by her own choice than the will of her friends, in apparent enjoyment at the play-house. On Wednesday a slight indisposition detained Sophie at home. Augustus was there in the early part of the evening, but of course retired when the family party went their usual way. That night as he gazed on the auspicious orb, and breathed orisons for her weal and safety, a thick black cloud suddenly passed over the fair star; and it was visible no more. Chilled to the heart at this most frightful prodigy, he stood aghast, like one stricken with thunder; when somewhat recovered from the first shock he stood shrinking from a hundred hideous surmises of superstitious dread—and watched, but in vain, for the reappearance of the lost star till the morning light surprised him there. The moment that he could hope to gain access, he hastened to the abode of Mlle. Vernier, whom he found smiling in peaceful happiness like an emparadised angel. No opportunity then occurred of speaking particularly to her; so he returned in the evening to relate his dark vision and consequent agonies—and to beseech as if pleading for his salvation that she would, for once, consent to stay at home and let him with any of her young female companions bear her company. But Sophie could with truth, assign no cause for declining to go with her friends; her slight indisposition had left no trace behind it; 'twas an old and special acquaintance of her father, who was that night to be patronised, and who had complimented them with seats in the manager's box: and so little was she moved by the fond entreaties and fore-boding fears of her agitated lover, that for the first time, she rallied him on them, and refused to resign her own judgment to his empassioned representations. They parted; she to accompany her parents to the theatre, he to be miserable till they met again.

A brilliant audience filled the play-house. The night was calm, soft and starry as if to tempt unusual numbers forth. How many went forth that evening in the pride of gaiety and beauty, and all the splendour of rich adornment! How many that evening enjoyed their first, perhaps their last play! How many eyes sparkled and hearts beat high, as the hour came that summoned to the most moral and fascinating of pastimes! within the crowded edifice, reigned lights and music, mirth and mimic show; without, all seemed to bespeak peace, harmony and repose,—though afterwards, omen and strange warning were remembered and recounted as visibly foreshowing the wrathful purpose of Heaven.

Twas midnight; all were sleeping save perchance some anxious mother who sat up beside the parlour fire, waiting the return of a sole daughter or young son, permitted in charge of some older relative to see the performance of the night. The tortured Augustus, writhing under the pangs of a superstitious expectation, and the dread of he knew not what, but something more terrible because unknown and indistinct, leaned from a high window in his father's house, which stood near the theatre. His straining eyes alternately beat on two objects, took cognizance of nothing else. All emotion besides was to him paralized and extinct; he beheld only the star, presiding over his idol's destiny, and the quarter, wherein stood the building which at that moment contained her. At first the pulsations of his heart might have been heard and counted at the other end of the room; but, by degrees, as hour succeeded hour, and the watches of the night wore heavily away, he felt less awfully shaken. His gaze was still upon the far and favouring planet—and still as the fatidical rays twinkled down upon him, soft and luminous and clear, they re-assured his lightened breast,—and though he still watched what was to him a sacred light, 'twas less in terror than in rekindling confidence. All at once a deep shade came over his vision—a dark dense body shot before the lovely star, and it was lost in primeval and utter darkness. At the same instant, Pelisson's desperate eyes caught the aspect of the East—he turned them on a strong glare of red light, bursting forth, and spreading over that quarter of the sky. An instant more, and he was in the open air, pursuing his frantic way with the speed of lightning towards the hideous conflagration. Another moment, and the late silent streets resounded with shrieks, and swarmed with people, flying in the same direction—the great barracks-bell rung out its rapid and awful peal, far echoing over all the surrounding country, while yet above the din of frenzied call on wife and husband, and child; of the clamor of the iron tongue that sounded its hasty larum, and the rushing tramp of hundreds, who ran they knew not whither, was heard from countless voices, the tremendous cry of "Fire! fire! fire! The play-house is in a light blaze—and a thousand people burning up in it!" Augustus heard nothing, furiously dashing aside whatever came in his way, he knew not that he drew his breath till he reached the fatal spot. There raged the confirmation of his fearful auguries. A radiance as if of day illuminated the whole atmosphere. A thousand blazes of living flame, crackling, hissing, roaring, and darting their forked tongues into the upward air, streamed around, and through, and within the devoted building, and the human victims that there met a fiery death, while from each door and window immense volumes of thick, sulphureous smoke broke forth, and ascending slowly, hovered in solid masses, like the huge black wings of the fire-demon, waving in exultation over his sure prey. Never was there before exhibited an emblem so terribly sublime and vivid of the scriptural hell—for from within came rending the ears, and wringing the hearts of the spectators the fierce yell of masculine despair, the faint appealing shriek of girl-hood and infancy, the last screech, uttered in mortal terror, and the loud, piercing, prolonged scream, with which some wretch essayed to spring aside, as the broad winding-sheet of flame came rolling onward and enwrapped them like a funeral garment.

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Thousands stood around the burning pile, and yet no help was rendered, for earthly aid was powerless to save. All that the agonised lookers-on could do, was done by urging and imploring the frightened crowd, pent up within the blazing barriers, to throw themselves from any opening, and in rising and succouring as they fell one by one to the ground, the bolder ones who heard and obeyed the eager and encouraging appeal, many, alas! only encountered death in another form, or escaped horribly maimed and mangled by the fall. Here might be seen some maddened father, rushing amid the fierce, flaring torrent of flame, and hot suffocating steam, mixed with showers of sputtering sparks, to seek a helpless child; there a mother, trying in the energy of distraction to fling herself into death in rescue of her darling ones; young daughters just growing up to womanhood, were seen and heard by the parent, whom they vainly called upon to save them in that awful hour; sisters, and dearer yet than sisters, fell back from the windows into the fiery furnace, or were enveloped as they flew before the furious element, and brother and lover stood below, and beheld them perish unaided. No sight or sound of Sophie Vernier, greeted the maniac Augustus, as he burst with a mighty bound over each successive obstacle, and was lost to view in an instant. Ten minutes sufficed to finish the work of destruction, with a crash as horrible as the closing of the infernal gates, the staircase gave way, and fell beneath the hundreds heaped upon it; then with a noise like the loudest peal of splitting thunder, the roof tumbled in—the flames were smothered by it, and all was still within the smoking ruin, save the broken moans, heard here and there from some crippled, or half unconscious sufferer. But without arose from earth to sky, the wild, accusing cry, as the whole of the blazing and animated interior was buried beneath the falling beams and rafters: humanity shrinks in silence from the spot.

The morning dawned brightly over the calamitous city, and found the committees appointed to that duty passing from house to house, to ascertain who were missing. Seldom before did the fierce monster death seize upon his prey in a form so terrible and sudden. Ninety-six human beings, among them some of the first and fairest in the land were on that memorable Thursday, the 29th of December, burned to ashes, or scorched into a crispy mass of oily cinders. Among them, by the inscrutable decree of Providence, were numbered two of the Vernier family; the decrepid grand-mother; the stiff, unwieldy father, the elderly mother, were spared and set aside for life; the eldest daughter too escaped: not so the sweet Sophie, light as a vernal zephyr—the agile Cecile, that outran the mountain fawn—they perished together in the first blush of youth. There was no vestige, no imperishable memorial, whereby to identify the remains of that angelic being, who thus laid down her innocent life; they made part of the general gathering, over whom floods of tears were wept in pitying sorrow—but no holy drops of parental or kindred grief bedewed the mixed relicks.

My business is not with the multiplied ceremonies, that bewailed the shocking catastrophe, and attended the obsequies of the hapless sufferers. I left the frenzied Pelisson struggling with supernatural might to force his entrance into the burning play-house; he was borne back by the swaying movements of the crowd, trampled down and seen no more till next morning, when his bruised and bleeding body was found at a little distance from the smoking heap of mingled ashes. He was conveyed home, and carefully nursed into a recovery of sense and some corporeal strength, but the light of reason was lost forever. He recognized no friend and renewed no occupation. At first he awoke to raging madness, and the most severe methods were found necessary to curb his excesses. By degrees his violence subsided into a settled gloom and its paroxysms never re-appeared except when the implements of his astrological labors were presented to him in the hope that his complete oblivion of all former associations might not extend to a pursuit to which he had once so devoted himself. He then flew on the person, who held the offensive objects, tore him with savage ferocity, broke them into a thousand fragments and relapsed into a partial delirium. After the interval of a year, it was thought advisable to remove him to Philadelphia, where he had since continued. A younger brother—for there was no sister remaining with him, and to his affectionate care, was owing the neatness and agreeable arrangement of his chamber. Surrounded by the mementos of his past avocations and delights, and furnished with all means and appliances to multiply them—the unobservant Augustus knew nobody—recurred to nothing—memory was a blank, no trace of the past survived, save that each evening, at the twilight hour, he apostrophized his buried love in fondest repetition of the last discourse that passed between them, and lavished his caresses on a white rose always kept within his bosom, frequently renewed by Theodore.

All the rest of his time was employed in the duties of a devotion, now become his sole principle of action, and in executing with his most sublime powers, the fine music of the Catholic church services. How much or how little he remembered of her who was so cruelly taken from him, is not known. Her fate is aptly imaged in the lines prefixed to this faint sketch; his is to be read in the records of a mad-house: in pity and in admiration, I left him there a Lunatic.

E. C. S.

OLD BACHELORS.

He who *alone* would ever live,
Deserves to always live *alone*;
No sympathy has he to give,
No joys that he can call his own.

Like some uncultivated field,
His breast all tenantless doth lie;—
No fruitage the waste soil can yield,
And buds of hope but spring to die.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

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From the Philadelphia Gazette.

WASHINGTON.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

When the clear sun comes o'er the eastern hills,
And his bright face the world with glory fills,
Where are the stars that gemmed the crown of night?
Drowned in the splendour! dwindled out of sight!
So earth's great names grow less, and one by one,
Fade, and retire from that of WASHINGTON,
Who took through life his high, untrodden way,
Unmatched, as o'er the skies, the orb of day!

Return, ye mighty, ye illustrous dead,
Whose shining deeds on history have shed
Its purest radiance—who, from age to age,
Have left your names as stars upon the page
Of the world's annals! now return and play
Your parts again: and who shall wear the bay?
The only wreath that has no blighted leaf,
Will bind the forehead of our nation's chief!

Bring out your swords ye warriors, from the hush
Of their long slumbers! while a thousand blush
For madly clashing in the useless strife,
With blood that tells of wanton sport with life,
One, *nicely-tempered*, shines without a stain!
Columbia's hero ne'er unsheathed in vain!
By noble means, he noble ends pursued,
Whose first, great conquest was *himself* subdued.

Ye Patriots come and all your breasts unveil
To show which had the flame the last to fail!
'Tis his who on our country's altar cast
His dearest private interests, to the last,
While self consuming for a people's right,
Rose in a cloud of incense to the sight
Of earth and heaven, till from a weary hand
The baffled foe-man dropped his harmless brand.

Statesmen and sages, come and cluster round!
Who aimed so high reflections so profound
As our great Counsellor! His mental view
Pierced every shade, and showed a people through.
He, a fair pillar by a master hand,
Sublime, towers o'er you, rock-based, firm and grand,
Wisdom, and strength, and beauty—these combined
To form the structure of his perfect mind!

Philanthropists, from every clime draw near,
While in your midst we set your high compeer,
Rehearse your lives, and prove, if any can,
Who honored God by purer love to man,
That glowed within the bosom that is laid,
In holy rest, beneath the cypress shade.
Where Vernon gives our deathless friend a tomb,
To slumber in his Laurels all in bloom!

Souls of the just made perfect! which of you,
More just and perfect—bade the world adieu,
Than our immortal Chieftain? While he bore
The high commission from his King, to pour
The oil of joy throughout a weeping land—
To give a nation being by his hand;
He, o'er the earth, with garments undefiled,
Walked before Heaven as a little child.

SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON! though often told,
The story of thy deeds must ne'er grow old,
Till no young breast remains to be inspired,
And virtue, valour, greatness have expired!
But should the land whose bondage thou hast broke,
Sport off her freedom for another yoke,
O, look not down upon her—she will be
Debased, nor worth a father's smile from thee!

From the New England Magazine.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER III.

Rochefoucauld, who probably saw as deeply into the inmost recesses of the human heart, as any man that ever lived, stated as an aphorism, that "no man was ever more unlike another, than he was occasionally unlike himself." Some other ethical philosopher said, to the same purpose, that "man is a bundle of contradictions." Alas! for the honour of human nature, there is too much truth in both remarks—and I am persuaded, that there hardly exists a human being, who does not frequently prove the truth of both. So far as regards my single self, "I plead guilty to the soft impeachment," and have, in the early part of my career, given full proof that I can claim no exemption. My *coup d'essai*, as a writer, was a violent tirade against the barbarous practice of duelling; and behold me, in a very few short years, running full tilt, and provoking a duel, which, according to the strictest laws of chivalry, I might have avoided, without dishonor. Behold me firing a pistol at a man, whom, notwithstanding my ignorance of the use of fire arms, I might have killed, and thus deprived a woman and five or six children of their natural protector, though I was conscious, at the very moment, of the enormity of the offence! I might well say, "I see the right, and yet the wrong pursue." Alas! Alas! I repeat, for poor human nature!

Having very few notes to guide me, and depending, therefore, as I do, almost altogether on my memory, in these loose sketches, I shall frequently omit to introduce incidents in their proper chronological orders; as events do not present themselves to my recollection in a regular, consecutive series. In all such cases I shall note down the items as they afterwards occur, without regard to anachronism.

Two or three circumstances, just now recollected, fall within this category, and ought to have been noticed in my first letter, if noticed at all,—perhaps the reader will think that they might just as well be omitted altogether.

I happened to be in Crow-street Theatre, Dublin, on the first representation of the Poor Soldier—and maugre the genuine humour of the piece, the excellent music of the songs, and the admirable performance of the actors, I was to the last degree indignant at the introduction on the stage, of an Irish coward. The offence was, in my estimation, infinitely enhanced by the writer being an Irishman. I wrote next day, and published in the Volunteer's Journal, a violent attack on the piece—on the writer—and on the manager, Mr. Daly, who had dared to insult an Irish audience by the representation of such a piece, the first in the British Drama in which an Irish coward is exhibited. British dramatists, when they introduced an Irishman on the stage, however they might have caricatured the character by bulls and blunders, and too often by low buffoonery, had never rendered an Irishman despicable by the display of cowardice.

Daly called upon me, and expostulated on the injury he would sustain, if, through my instrumentality, the piece should be damned; and urged, as an important consideration, the large sum he had paid for the permission to have it performed. He begged and prayed I would forbear any further attack upon it. I was inexorable—and pledged myself that whenever it was about to be represented, I would use the artillery

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of the press to decry, and exasperate the public against it. We parted on very ill terms.

Some days afterwards, it was announced,—and I renewed the attack, and urged the citizens to muster strong at the Theatre on the night of the performance, to prove their national spirit, and to convince the manager and his friends, that a Dublin audience was not to be insulted with impunity. Accordingly, large parties were made for the purpose, and we appeared in great force. Daly, however, was not wanting to himself. He knew the arrangements that were being made, and took the necessary measures to defeat the hostile forces. He gave innumerable passes, and hence a large majority of the audience was composed of his friends. The curtain rose—and as soon as Darby appeared, the party opposed to the piece, began a general hissing and yelling. But to our dismay, we soon found we were greatly outnumbered; and were obliged very reluctantly to cease our warfare. The performance of course went on peaceably; and such was the influence of the merits of the piece, that before it was half over, those who had gone with the determination to put it down, if possible, and I among the rest, united in loud plaudits.

The result was perfectly analogous to a circumstance that occurred in a very different place, and in an assembly collected for a very different purpose; where

"Those who came to scoff, remain'd to pray."

Another incident took place about the same time, in the same Theatre, of a much more serious character to the Manager, and which was in danger of producing fatal consequences. The Duke of Rutland, when he assumed the reins of government in Dublin, as viceroy, was one of the most popular lieutenants that ever were in Ireland. At the Theatres he used to be greeted with the most marked approbation, and "three cheers for the noble son of the illustrious Marquess of Granby," were re-echoed by the whole house, Boxes, Pit, and Gallery. But having urged forward some very obnoxious measure, his sun of popularity set forever, and he was among the most odious of those vicegerents. Having *ordered* a play, (the usual mode of intercourse between the Castle and the Theatre) on a particular night, parties were formed on a very extensive scale, to give him a strong and very unequivocal demonstration of the popular indignation and the general disapprobation of his conduct. Tickets were distributed by hundreds. Daly, from whom these hostile machinations could not be concealed, determined to spring a countermine, to blow the conspirators sky-high. Accordingly he distributed a still greater number of tickets, or passes, and the house was of course oppressively crowded. He had, moreover, half a dozen ruffians placed at the wings of the stage, with voices that could out-stentorize Stentor himself. As soon as the curtain rose, began the tug of war. Both parties exerted themselves with might and main; but the Dalyites put down the others, yet not so effectually as to prevent frequent growls to annoy the Duke and the auditory. The result was regarded as a signal triumph on the part of the adherents of the viceregal court, and mourned as a defeat by their opponents. The courtiers, elated with the victory, had a play ordered in about a week or ten days afterwards. Their adversaries were resolved to leave nothing undone to regain the ground they had lost, and made redoubled exertions. The Volunteer's Journal was not deficient in exertions to fan the flame, and serve the good cause.

At length arrived the night—"the awful night, big with the fate" of Rutland's popularity, and of Daly's career for the season. On the entrance of the Duke, the curtain rose, the orchestra struck up as usual, "God save the King," the actors and actresses made their appearance on the stage, and commenced the performance. But for any effect they produced on the tympanums of the *spectators* (not *auditors*, for auditory, as far as regarded the players and the music, there was none) they might as well have been on the summit of Kilworth mountains. Never was there a more complete conglomeration of hideous sounds and yells heard out of Pandemonium. This was the vocal part of the entertainment, to which, in melody, the orchestral part did not yield an iota. Corn-craiks, watchmen's rattles, whistles, small drums, and every other conceivable thing calculated to make a noise, united their powers to hail the appearance of the Duke of Rutland. The harmony of these musical instruments, was broken in upon by stentorian vociferations of "*three groans for the degenerate son of the illustrious Marquess of Granby.*" And such groans were re-echoed through the house as would almost have sufficed to awaken the dead. Only think of 800 or 1000 persons screaming at the the top of their voices, "three groans," &c. It beat the confusion among the builders of the Tower of Babel.

After the players had been on the stage for 10 or 15 minutes, the curtain was lowered—and in a short time was again raised, in the hopes that the popular effervescence had subsided. But the hope was fallacious,—the same "dulcet harmony of sweet sounds" was renewed. The curtain was again lowered, and again raised, with the same hopes and the same success. But it being found that the audience were inflexible, the Duke, and his suite, and the grandees, left the theatre. All the rest of the assembled multitude (quorum parva pars fui) rushed out and chased him and his followers through the streets, shouting and groaning, till we were arrested in our career by the castle gates. Ten or a dozen Scotch horse were sent out of the castle yard among us, who had an easy triumph; for we fled with as much precipitation as a flock of sheep pursued by a hungry fox. It was a denouement for which we had made no calculation.

As the frog said to the boy in the fable, this was sport to us—but it was death to Daly. The theatre from that night forward during the whole season, became unfashionable, and was deserted. I have been in the boxes when Mrs. Siddons, who was engaged that season, played to less than one hundred persons. A custom had formerly prevailed, of dismissing the audience, and putting off the play, when there were but few persons present; but Daly had pledged himself never to put off a play, whatever number of persons might be in the house.

It is almost certain that there scarcely ever was a correct biography, whether penned by the party, or by friend or foe, in which there were not various episodes to Love, that universal passion. Some such adventures fell to my lot. Of these episodes, I shall pass over all but one.

As I was about to go into the country previous to my interview with the Marquess de la Fayette, I was two or three times in company with a young lady, a Miss Boys, (daughter of a commodore Boys,) of considerable attractions, with whom I was somewhat smitten. Her charms were, I confess, more personal than intellectual: but it is well known that at 24 or 25 the biped, man, more generally chooses a partner of the other sex by the eye than by the ear. I persuaded myself, perhaps without reason, as is not unfrequent occurrence in such cases, that my addresses would not be unacceptable. But in the uncertain state of my affairs, I scorned to attempt to gain her affections.—Before commencing my rustication, I was desirous of ascertaining how far, in the event of the arrival of my funds, my addresses would be acceptable to her father and family; and accordingly waited on her father; candidly revealed the whole of my situation; and stated that all my present means were confined to a few

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guineas; that I had reason to expect a remittance of £500; that if it arrived, I should commence the bookselling and printing business; that in the mean time, I proposed retiring to the country for a few weeks; and was desirous of knowing, whether, should my expectations be fulfilled, he would be satisfied to admit me as a suitor for his daughter's hand. This procedure was, I presume, perfectly fair and honourable, and entitled me to be favourably heard. Had he received me with a corresponding frankness, I should have announced my views to his daughter, with the same openness and freedom from disguise. He was, I believe, very poor, but proud and haughty as a Spanish Don Juan de Lopez de Mendoza de Olivarez. He told me that there had been a great many unfortunate matches lately made with foreigners; and that he could for the present say nothing on the subject. This was not very flattering. Had he said, that, provided he found my character and conduct correct and fair, he would be content to let me essay to make an impression on his daughter's heart, I would have been satisfied. It was all I could reasonably expect. But in addition to the uninviting sentiments which he expressed, his hauteur and manner were so cold and repelling as to chill me. My Irish blood was roused. Fortunately Cupid's arrow had not penetrated far. The wound was only skin-deep, and instantaneously cicatrized. I gave up his daughter almost without a struggle or a pang.

After I had commenced printing the Pennsylvania Herald, the young lady and her aunt came to my office on some frivolous business, apparently with a view to renew the acquaintance. But I was very cool on the subject. The hauteur of the old don had wholly effaced the very slight impression she had made. I never saw her more. She died shortly afterwards.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1833. M. CAREY.

From the Religious Souvenir.

PAUL BEFORE THE AREOPAGUS.

Come to the Hill of Mars, for he is there,
That wondrous man, whose eloquence doth touch
The heart like living flame. With brow unblanch'd
And eye of fearless ardor, he confronts
That high tribunal, with its pen of flint,
Whose irreversible decree must pale
The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near—
Fickle and warm of heart, and fond of change,
And full of strangers, and of those who pass
Life in the idle toil, to hear or tell
Of some new thing. See hither throng the bands
Of Epicurus, wrapt in gorgeous robe,
Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask,
"What will the babler say?" With front austere
Stand a dark group of stoics, sternly proud,
And predetermined to confute, but still
'Neath the deep wrinkles of their settled brow,
Lurks some unwonted gathering of their powers
As for no common foe. With angry frown
Stalk the fierce cynics, anxious to condemn,
And prompt to punish; while the patient sons
Of gentle Plato bind the listening soul
To search for wisdom, and with reason's art
Building the fair mart.
Behold the throngs
Press on the speaker, drawing still more close,
In denser circles, as his thrilling tones
Speak of the God who 'warneth every where
Men to repent,' and of that fearful day
When he shall judge the world. Loud tumult wakes,
The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,
And that blest voice is silenced. They have mocked
The ambassador of Heaven, and he departs
From their wild circle. But his graceful hand
Points to an altar with its mystic scroll—
'The Unknown God.'
Ah, Athens, is it so?
Thou who didst crown thyself with woven rays
As a divinity, and called the world,
Thy pilgrim worshipper, dost thou confess
Such ignorance and shame? *The Unknown God!*
While all thy hillocks and resounding streams,
Yea, every heast that beats within thy walls,
May choose its temple and its priestly train,
Victim and garland, and appointed rite;
Thou mak'st the gods of every realm thine own,
Fostering with boundless hospitality
All forms of idle worship. Canst be
That still ye found not him who is so near
To every one of us,—in whom we live,
And move, and have a being? He of whom
Thy tuneful poets spake with childish awe;
And thou Philosophy, whose art refined
Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of Fate,
And compass with thy fine spun sophist web,
This mighty universe, didst *thou* fall short,
Of the Upholding Cause?
The Unknown God!
Thou who didst smile to find an awe-struck world,
Crouch to thee as a pupil; wert thou blind?
Blinder than he who in his humble cot,
With hardened hand, his daily labor done,
Turneth the page of Jesus, and doth read,
With toil, perchance, that the trim school-boy mocks,
Counting him in his arrogance a fool;
Yet shall this poor way-faring man lie down,
With such a hope as thou couldst never teach
Thy king-like sages: yea, a hope that plucks
The sting from death—the victory from the grave.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Forget me not, when midst the winds careering,
I pour my song of tenderness to thee,
When o'er the wave my joyous bark is steering,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when million stars are beaming,
And the fair moon is shining tranquilly;
In thought's sweet vision, when my heart is dreaming,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when all those stars are melting
In the moon's light—and the sun's rays we see,
Where last night's lamps the firmament were belting,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when the storm spirits waking,
Make war on man, and tempests furiously,
Pillars of earth and dome of heaven are shaking,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, when into fury dashing,
The swarthy billows furrow the deep sea;
When all the elements are fiercely clashing,
Forget not me!

Forget me not, in twilight, morn or even,
When on the waves the stars sink smilingly,
I think of thee, as saints converse with heaven.
Forget not me!

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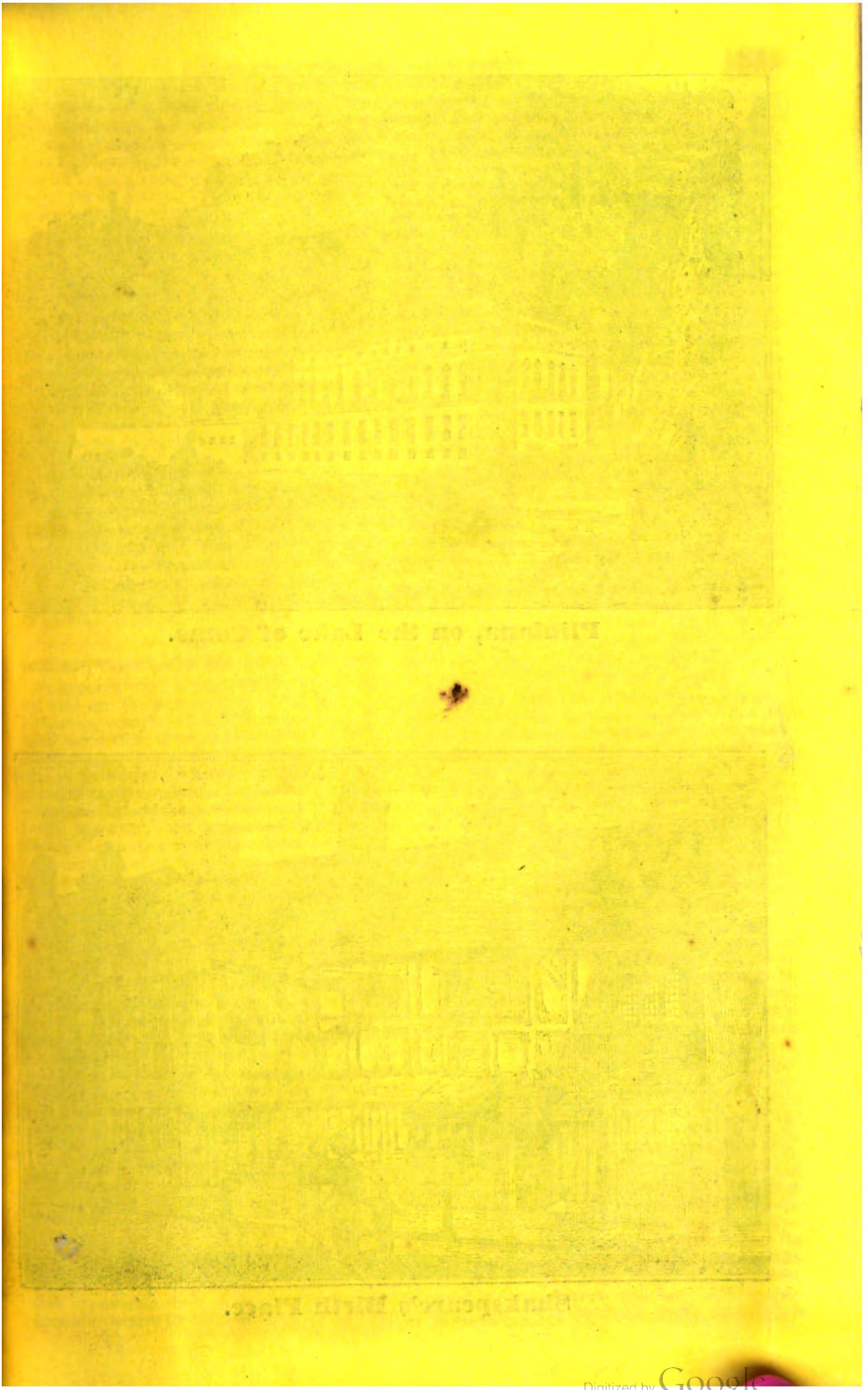

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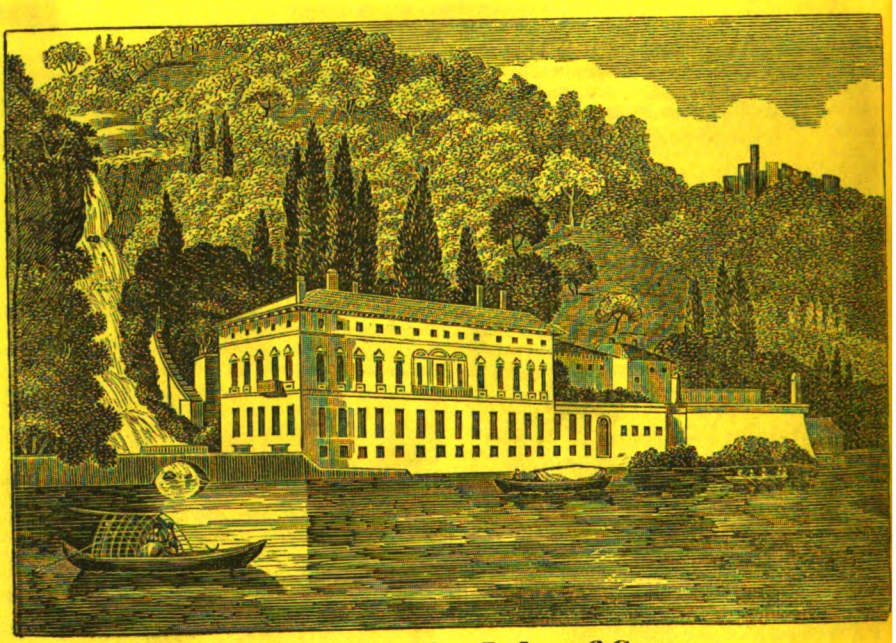

Pliniana, on the Lake of Como.

Shakspeare's Birth Place.

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PLINIANA AND THE LAKE OF COMO.

On the bank of the lake of Como, between Urico and Forno, is seated the elegant villa called La Plininia, from its being conjectured to be the site of a house belonging to the younger Pliny. On the general beauty of this view it is unnecessary to expatiate.

The hill rising behind the villa, is covered with a variety of luxuriant foliage; not interfering, however, too much with the picturesque effect of the rugged eminences, over which the fine cataract to the south dashes with impetuosity. The villa itself is delightfully situated, and may be said to gaze upon itself in the transparent mirror of the lake, with as much complacency as the roses of Ariosto.

In the court yard of this villa is seen the curious intermitting spring which the two Plinys so highly admired, and of which they have left an elegant description. According to the elder Pliny, it ebbs and flows every hour, but the younger states that this phenomenon occurs regularly three times a day.

The lake of Como is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most extensive of the Italian lakes. Though it receives but one river, the Adda, it is nevertheless subject to considerable swells, especially when agitated by the wind. With care and prudence, however, the navigation is attended with scarcely any danger.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare was born on the 23d of April, 1564, and died on the anniversary of his birth-day, 1616, having completed his fifty-second year. His father, according to some writers, was a dealer in wool, according to others a butcher, and according to others a glover. William was the second of eight children. In regard to his early education, there is much uncertainty. It is probable, however, that he learned Latin in the school in his native town: the French and Italian, which he often introduces in his plays, he may have acquired afterwards by himself. Before he was sixteen years old, his father required his aid in his trade; and, in his eighteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway of Shottery, who was twenty-five years of age, and who became the mother, in 1583, of his favorite daughter Susanna, and, in 1584, of his two children, Hamnet and Judith. It must have been soon after this event he visited London. The time usually assigned is 1586, when he was in his twenty-second year; but the cause of his leaving his native place, as well as his connexions and prospects in London, are unknown. Rowe relates, and others have adopted the opinion, that, having fallen into bad company, he was induced more than once to assist his associates in stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman so severely, that he at first wrote a satirical ballad on him, and afterwards fled from his home to avoid arrest. This story, however, does not rest on sufficient evidence to entitle it to credence. Without dwelling on the circumstance, or crediting another improbable story of holding horses at the door of a theatre for his livelihood, we shall find a rational motive for his visiting London, and resorting to the theatre, by knowing that he had a relative and townsman already established there, and in some estimation. This was Thomas Green, a comedian. He became an actor, but, according to Rowe, he never rose higher than the performance of the ghost, in his own Hamlet. Others, however, have endeavored to prove that he was an excellent actor. His greatest patron was a friend of Essex, the earl of Southampton, who is said to have presented him, on one occasion, with a thousand pounds. Queen Elizabeth, who was much delighted with his Falstaff in Henry IV, is said to have ordered him to write another play, in which the facetious knight might appear in love, which gave rise to the Merry Wives of Windsor. He was also favoured with a letter from James I, in return, as doctor Farmer supposes, for the compliment in Macbeth. How long he acted has not been discovered; but he finally became a proprietor and manager, by license, of the Globe theatre in Southwark; and it was in this situation that he afforded Ben Johnson the opportunity of appearing as a dramatic writer. Having a sobriety and moderation in his views of life, not very common in the profession which he adopted, the great dramatist retired early, with a respectable fortune of from 200*l* to 300*l* per annum, equivalent, perhaps, to 1000*l* in our own day, and spent the remainder of his life in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. For some years before his death, he resided in Stratford, in a house which continued in the possession of his descendants until the restoration. Garrick, Macklin, and others, were entertained, in 1742, under the mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare. The house wes afterwards sold to a clergyman of the name of Gastrel, who, being rated for the poor higher than it pleased him to pay, peevishly declared that the house should never pay again; and, from ill-will to the inhabitants of Stratford, who were benefitted by the company it brought to the town, he pulled it down, and sold the materials. He had previously cut down the mulberry-tree for fuel; but a silversmith purchased the whole of it, which he manufactured into memorials of the poet.

Though the shrine of many a catholic saint has had more numerous, yet none had ever more sincere or enlightened devotees, than those who have paid homage to the genius of Shakspeare, at Stratford-on-Avon. The room which is there shown as that in which the immortal bard was born, is covered in every part with the names of visitors; even the ceiling, the sides, the projecting chimney, and every partition of the surface, have been written on. A list of the names would exhibit all the rank, character, and genius of the age. Among these names are those of the present king of England, the duke of Clarence, and of at least one half of the members of both houses of parliament; as well as those of many distinguished foreigners, among whom are Lucien Bonaparte, and the Russian and Austrian princes, who visited England since the peace. Even the tomb of Shakspeare, and his bust, are in like manner covered with names, proud of an association with him, "who was not for an age." On the scroll, under the effigy, is

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the name of "Wellesley," inscribed by the successive viceroy of Hindostan and Ireland himself, and near it the name of Lucien Bonaparte, with the following lines:—

"The eye of Genius glistens to admire,
How memory hails the sound of Shakspeare's lyre;
One tear I'll shed, to form a crystal shrine
Of all that's grand, immortal and divine."

From the engraving which is appended, it will be seen that a portion of the humble dwelling in which he was born is now occupied by the Swan public house, the other part is occupied by a butcher's shop; these two tenements were originally but one house—the birth place of the poet, the spot where he drew the first breath of life, where fancy

——fed the little prattler, and with songs
Oft sooth'd his wondring ears.

In a lower room of this public house is a curious ancient ornament over the chimney, relieved in plaster, which from the date, 1606, that was originally marked on it, was probably put up at the time, and possibly by the poet himself, is a rude attempt at historic representation which has passed unnoticed by most of the multitude of visitors that have been on the spot, as it is not generally known. The motto runs thus, in old English black letter,

Golith comes with sword and spear,
And David with a sling,
Although Golith rage and swear,
Down David doth him bring.

In the corner of the chimney, stood an old oaken chair, which had for a number of years received nearly as many adorers as the celebrated Shrine of the Lady of Loretta. This relic was purchased in 1790, by the Princess Ozartoryska. She made a visit to this place in order to obtain intelligence relative to Shakspeare, and being told that he often sat in this chair, she placed herself in it and expressed an irresistible desire to become a purchaser, which she accomplished after much difficulty, at the price of twenty guineas.

THE SNOW.

BY WM. SINCLAIR.

The fair, the light, the sparkling snow
By gentle breeze or whirlwind driven,
Thou seek'st the changeful world below,
And wend'st thy way from heaven:—
O! thou may'st shame the purest heart,
For Purity itself thou art!

The virgin snow—the chaste, the free,
The myriad winged—the stainless white!
The mountain's brow is wreathed with thee,
As with a wreath of light:
And garments of the vestal bride
Are very darkness by thy side.

For thou dost clothe our parent Earth
With matchless robes, and bid'st her throw
Ten thousand radiant sunbeams forth—
Bright as the gems that glow
Above the purple throne of Night—
When thou hast kissed the morning light.

Thine icicles in radiance bright,
In hollow caves and ancient halls,
Are hung like crystal lamps of light,
That gladden festivals;
Thy floor of frost-work thou hast spread,
Clear as the ocean's coral bed.

The avalanche in thunders dread,
The might of man indignant scorns;
The wild volcanic furnace red
Above thee ever burns;
And o'er the vast Siberian wild,
Thou sleepest as a new-born child.

Thou art too poor for subject earth,—
And thou hast made thy loved abode
In giant regions of the North,
Where foot hath never trod:
There thou hast pitch'd thy thousand tents,
And reared thy deathless monuments—

Where thou ne'er feel'st the bosom throb—
The heart give forth the crimson flood—
And where thine ever-spotless robe,
May not be stained with blood,
Nor Death's high feast, nor scattered arms,
Bedim the lustre of thy charms.

Emblem of God! effulgent snow!
The beautiful, unspotted vast—
Unto the fair green earth below
Thou comest on the blast;
O! thou may'st shame the purest heart—
For Purity itself thou art!

From the Georgia Telegraph.

THE OCEAN.

I have been on Continent and Isles,
When War and Peace dwelt there;
And wandered o'er the ruined Piles,
And breathed their perfumed air—
But where a scene so wildly grand,
So boundless, or so free,
As where in distance sinks the land—
The Ocean still for me!

The gilded halls of Kings I've trod,
And mingled midst their crowd,
I've wandered where Alhambra stood,
The beautiful! the proud!—
But not for me are scenes like these,
Nor valley, brook, nor tree,
The sea toss'd bark, the wave, the breeze—
The Ocean still for me!

I've rambled over field and fern,
O'er mountain, vale, and wood;
And hunted 'midst the wildest glen,
And woo'd its solitude—
But give me still my ocean home,
And ever merry sea;
Contented ever there I'd roam—
The Ocean still for me!

I've been where Earthquakes shook the pole,
Upon the trembling land;
See mountains from their bases roll,
And cities crushed to sand—
As others will, I love the wave,
And its wild revelry;
Home of the daring and the brave—
The Ocean still for me!

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THE PARTING AND RETURN.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and woes,
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no blame and affliction no sting.
MOORE.

Passing one evening along the piazzas of Covent-Garden theatre, I entered the house, and with some difficulty wedged my way into the pit, which, owing to the first appearance of a new play, was more than usually crowded.

Whether the fault was in the piece itself or in the acting I cannot say, but, certain it is, I felt little or no interest in the performance, and began—as is usual in such cases—to look about, and to seek amusement in a survey of the company.

While I was busily engaged in scanning the faces around me, I observed that my own was diligently perused by a gentleman dressed in black, who was sitting close beside me. I looked at him in my turn, and felt a dim and confused remembrance of having seen him before.

"If I am not much mistaken," said the stranger, "your name is ——?"

"Your acquaintance with my name," replied I, "confirms the conjecture that I had begun to form; that yours is not unknown to me, though at this moment I cannot recollect it, or tell when and where I have seen you."

"Is it possible," returned he, "that a few years passed in India can have wrought such a change, that you cannot recognize your old friend Morris?"

Morris, indeed, it was; and after the first burst of pleasure and surprise, at this unexpected meeting, was over, we left the theatre, and adjourned to a tavern in the neighborhood, where we partook of a light repast. As soon as the supper equipage was removed and we were left to ourselves, "I congratulate you," said I, "upon your return to your native country, and almost envy you the feelings arising from it, which I have no doubt more than compensate for the pain of absence and privation;—indeed, the trials of a few years spent abroad are not to be regretted, since they enable us to appreciate and enjoy the comforts and delights of home during the rest of our lives."

"You are mistaken," replied Morris; "the enviable feelings which you suppose I possess, exist but in your imagination, as they once did by anticipation in mine; but let not him who has sojourned in a distant land, give way to his longings to revisit the scenes of his childhood and retrace the walks of his youth,—let him keep the mountains and the sea betwixt him and his place of birth. Shrined in his heart and glowing with the light of happier days, lies that fairy land of memory; but to revisit its scenes would be to dash the picture with shade, and to strike out from it the fair familiar faces that gladden our dreams, or touch them with the dreary traces of time,—let him therefore enjoy the beauteous vision as it exists in memory, but not seek to view the reality with a faded eye and a disenchained heart."

"I am well aware that all our enjoyments come short of our anticipations, yet I fear there must have been some untoward circumstances in your case which have mingled unhappy associations with the senses which should naturally give rise to the sweetest emotions."

"That is too true," said Morris with a sigh,—"there is in my case a circumstance of sorrow that well may cloud the brightest day and the fairest scene; and though perhaps it is wrong in me to trouble you with a record of my errors and sufferings, yet, since by communication we lighten the burden of our woes, I know you will forgive me." He then began as follows:—

"I had nearly completed the course of education which is generally considered sufficient for young men destined to seek their fortunes abroad, when, through the interest of an uncle who had been long resident in India, I was appointed to a cadet ship in the Company's service.

"I left the scene of my studies in order to pay a farewell visit to my relations in the North Highlands of Scotland, and for that purpose took my seat in the mail coach, which brought me, at a turn of the road, within a few miles of my birth place, where I left it, and, striking off from the highway proceeded on foot towards my native glen.

"It was Sabbath morning, and as I advanced upon my journey I began to see the 'dwellers of the hills' assembling towards the church, and to hear the chime of the bells. Before the commencement of divine service, I also had reached it, and entered in along with the humble friends and companions of my early youth.

"In a few minutes a middle aged gentleman walked in, accompanied by his wife and daughter, and seated themselves in a pew almost opposite to the one which I occupied; and by the stir and bustle of curiosity which their entrance excited among the congregation, I guessed that they were strangers in that part of the country. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the gentleman, except an expression of worldly shrewdness, which I felt to be disagreeable; but his wife had a mild and dignified demeanour, and his daughter was one of those who, once seen, are never to be forgotten.

"She might then have been about the age of seventeen; but her countenance had more thoughtfulness and feeling than generally belong, or indeed seem natural to such early years. Her features were not of that regular description with which painters and sculptors body forth as their conceptions of perfect beauty, but possessed in a far greater degree, the power of fascinating the beholder; for they beamed with that light of the soul which the cunning of the pencil cannot steal; nor need I regret that it had not the power to fix upon earth the image of that beauty which is now in Heaven, since the picture is better engraved on my heart; and there, at least, the cheek hath not lost its rose, nor the eye its ray. But to return.

"The service of the day commenced, and the sermon seemed to be a farewell address to men about to leave their country, and to seek a home in a distant land. They were exhorted not to despond because their place of refuge lay beyond the great waters,—they were reminded that God is every-where present, and would be with them

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in the wide wilderness as much as in the haunts of men; that we are at best, but strangers and sojourners upon earth, as all our fathers were,—and that having here no continuing city, we seek one to come.

"These passages of the sermon seemed to give pain to the strangers; by which circumstance I conjectured that they were a family which had been expected for some time past in the parish, and that the gentleman was the person who had taken a lease of the surrounding district for the purpose of throwing it into sheep farms; in consequence of which, so many poor people were about to be turned adrift upon the world, and obliged to seek a home in the wilds of America.

"When the service was concluded, the strangers left the church, and passed hastily through the crowd, who eyed them in sullen silence as they walked along the glen towards a house lately erected by the proprietor of the district for his new tenant, by which circumstance my conjecture respecting them was confirmed.

"There they go!" exclaimed an aged woman who had once seen better days,—"there they go, but the blessing of the poor goeth not with them! I had hoped," continued she, "to have been allowed to die where I have lived, and to lay me down in peace beside my fathers: but it may not be,—the stranger hath come and left me neither house nor home; yet mark my words. Yon blighted tree was once strong and flourishing; it fed upon destruction, for its stem was in the grave, and was nourished by the tears of the widow and the fatherless; but the thunder came at last; it scathed the boughs, and the trunk withered; and so shall it fare with the despoiler of the poor. The hope of his heart, the child of his love shall perish,—even yon young maiden, fair a flower though she be as ever gladdened a cottage or graced a court; but it needs not the vision which is now upon my soul to foretel her doom; for there is that on her pale and thoughtful face, which to the experienced eye of a mother, who like me, has seen her own fair daughters drop away, speaks of an early grave."

"I was much shocked at this speech of the old woman, whose denunciation of death against the young, beautiful, and unoffending girl had something fiendish in it, which curdled my blood, and seemed the curse of the withered heart on which the prophet spirit had come down before death.

"I arrived at my destination in the evening.—It was the house of a friend with whom my sister resided, who was the nearest living relative I had.

"We were happy to meet, and had much to ask and communicate. I retired to bed at a late hour; but the image of the fair stranger whom I had seen at church, and which had engrossed my waking thoughts, came back upon my dreams.

"I will not dwell upon the minute details of the progress of my affection for the fair Emma. Suffice it to say, that I soon became acquainted with the family, where I was a frequent visiter; and my sister being the only young woman of a rank corresponding to her's in that part of the country, they were often together, and I had frequent opportunities of enjoying her society and gaining her affections.

"From me her young unsophisticated heart received the indelible impression of first love, and I in turn became devoted to her. Our attachment was unsuspected by her parents, and indeed was known to no one but my sister, who, although she disapproved of it as imprudent and likely to end in disappointment, had yet too much sympathy with our happiness to throw any impediment in the way of our meetings, or deprive us of the pleasure which we felt in each other's society.

"The time at length approached for my departure: we had our last meeting, and at that feast of tears I vowed eternal fidelity, and promised that as soon as my services abroad should entitle me to leave of absence, I would return, when, with improved prospects, I might solicit her hand with the reasonable hope of obtaining the consent of her parents.

"I took my departure with a heavy heart, and proceeded to London, where I embarked on board a vessel bound for Calcutta. We dropped down the river in the night, and having entered the Channel on the following day, bore away in the direction of the Land's End, and then stood out to sea.

"The sun was setting in the west, and gilding the green earth, then sinking in the deep; and, oh! what a world of slumbering feelings and long-lost memories flashed back upon my heart as I beheld the 'land of my birth and of my father's grave,' and the scene of my past joys and sorrows, which held all that was dear to me in life, waning over the waters, faint and far away as the phantom shores of the land of dreams! I watched it as it lessened along the deep to a dark line,—a speck that glimmered a while through the mist of tears which obscured my gaze. I dashed the dew from my eyelids and looked again; but the vision was gone,—all gone,—it might be forever. I shall never see these shores fade again with such a pang, and strange as it may seem, I grieve thereat. So blessed a thing is youth, that we regret the loss even of its sorrows.

"After a voyage of the average length, we reached our destination, where I was received and welcomed by my uncle in the most flattering manner, and entered with the fairest prospects upon oriental life. Yet still I was a stranger in a distant land, whose mode of life were foreign to my heart,—where day was a season of languid repose, and eve, which at home was sacred to quiet walks and soothing contemplations, was the time of bustle and excitement. Night alone was to me the time of enjoyment; for it wafted me away into the land of memory, and gave me back in vision the smiles and sweet faces that were far away.

"Would it had continued ever so! but by degrees I began to mingle with and at length to relish the society among which my lot was cast.

"About this time it was my misfortune to become acquainted with a set of young men whose peculiar boast it was to be proof against the fascinations of woman, or as they expressed it, the cunning of the sex. Love, as it is felt in young and innocent hearts, was to them the inexhaustible theme of ridicule, and the existence of female virtue they considered entitled to the same

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degree of credit as that of the Phœnix. While they confined themselves, however, to general and sweeping assertions, their opinions had little or no influence upon me; but when these were backed by a multitude of corroborative facts and particular examples of dereliction from virtue, with which their own evil experience had supplied them, my mind insensibly but strongly imbibed the poison of their principles, of which the baneful effects soon became evident, and I began to repent of my vows to the fond, confiding girl who had given me her heart.

"For a considerable time I had combated opinions which I saw, if generally received, must be utterly subversive of the social charities; but the fiend of suspicion once fairly roused, could not be laid, and shook, like an earthquake, the peace of my once unsuspecting heart.

"Hitherto my correspondence with Emma had been both frequent and regular; but now, although I still duly received her letters, my replies became gradually colder, then less punctual, and at last ceased altogether. She could no longer misunderstand my meaning, and wrote me a last letter, seemingly calm and passionless; for though my apostacy was death to her young heart, yet the dignity and proper pride of a true woman concealed the wound. In that letter she absolved me from my engagement to her, wished me every happiness through life, and bade me an eternal farewell.

"After our correspondence had finally ceased, I heard nothing of her for a considerable time. At length I received a packet from my sister, who did not seem to be acquainted with what had happened, as her letter did not contain one upbraiding word; yet it was written in a strain which cut me to the heart.

"It informed me, that, in consequence, she feared, of some secret sorrow, her amiable friend, Emma, had fallen into bad health and low spirits, ending in a brain fever, from which her recovery was imperfect,—that her intellects continued in a disordered state, and that she appeared to be rapidly sinking into a decline.

"It was then for the first time that I felt the pangs of remorse; and it was by awakened feeling that my reason was enabled to detect the miserable sophistry by which it had been deluded, and to be sensible of the absurdity of forming an estimate of all womankind from the conduct of some of the worst of the sex whom my companions might have known in England or in India, in whose alliances the heart had no share, and with whom wealth, even if coupled with age and disease, was preferred to every thing else. I felt ashamed of myself for having been the dupe of fools, and longed to make reparation to the girl whom I had so deeply wronged, if it might not yet be too late.

"For this purpose I was just about to apply for leave to return home, when my uncle died, leaving me sole heir to his fortune, which was considerable. I immediately resigned my situation in India, and embarked in a vessel about to sail for England.

"Once more did I behold the cliffs of Albion soar like a white wall over the sea; but they rose upon my gaze with troubled emotions, for my soul was dark, and cast a shadow over every scene. Immediately upon landing, I set off for Scotland, and, leaving the coach a few miles from my native spot, took my solitary way towards the glen that sheltered the dwelling of Emma.

"The scene was still the same as when I last beheld it,—and yet how changed! The same, for its green hills, 'all light and silence,' towered as heretofore into the sky, and over them the winter-storms of a thousand years had shed their snows, and wreaked their fury in vain,—but changed; for where the smoke of an hundred hamlets rose curling in the calm, and where the milkmaid's song was heard at morn and eve mingling with the chorus of the woods,—all was silent, save the whistle of the solitary shepherd, or the bleating of his flock on the lonely hill. It was spring-time, moreover, when I last looked upon my native vale, and the flower was in bud, and the woods were green, which had now fallen into the 'yellow leaf.'

"Upon approaching the dwelling of Emma, I became wild with emotion, and a nameless, undefined foreboding of ill,—my heart beat as if it would leap from my breast, and by the time I reached the house, I was almost overpowered by my feeling. The door was opened by a female servant; but I had no power of utterance. She desired me, however, to walk into the parlour. I knocked at the door, and a voice—which seemed the faint echo of one I had heard in other days—bade me come in. I entered in a state of breathless agitation, and my startled gaze rested upon the faded form of my first love!

"She was seated in a window, through which the crimson light of the evening sky shed a dying glow upon her pale cheek, and was gazing on the setting sun and the falling leaf, as if reading her own doom in the book of nature.

"As soon as I regained the power of utterance, I addressed her, I scarce know how, for I was bewildered with sorrow. But she answered me coldly and as a stranger. I then mentioned my name, and asked her if she had forgotten me? She raised her beautiful eyes, and—looking at me with a vague and abstracted gaze—replied, that she thought my name was not new to her, but the recollection of it was like that of a dream: 'Indeed,' continued she, 'I have been very unwell, and my memory begins to fail: but I will call my mother, and she will recollect you at once, for she is not one of those who forget their old friends.'

"I was struck with remorse as I gazed upon the ruin which my folly and wickedness had wrought; while the kindness with which her unsuspecting mother received and welcomed me back, was like coals of fire heaped upon my head.

"My tale now draws towards a close. A bright hectic spot began to glow upon the cheek of Emma; and a fearful thing it is to see that fatal sign,—that blossom of the grave lurking amid the smiles of hope, with which consumption flatters and deludes its victim. It is as if, while gazing on the face of beauty, we could discover through the bright eye and blooming cheek the ghastly frame-work which they veil, and could see the naked skeleton grinning behind its mask, in mockery of the 'fools who adore.'

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"At length Emma died. She waned to a shadow, and vanished like a noiseless dream. Had she lived to recognize and forgive me, it had been some consolation; but she never once had a lucid interval, nor even for a moment awoke to a sense of her sorrow. I saw her laid in the grave, in the same churchyard, and beneath the blighted tree where the old woman had foretold her death on the day I first beheld her.

"Her father and mother were inconsolable,—the former has become dead to the world, and regardless of his affairs, which are rapidly falling into confusion, and it does not seem likely that he will long survive her loss; and my sister has now left that part of the country, which no longer holds any thing dear to me but the grave of Emma.

"I shall pay a pilgrimage to it once more, and then seek such alleviation of my sufferings as time and distance can administer in some foreign land."

Such was the conclusion of Morris's story. I mused upon it in silence, but answered not, for I had no consolation to bestow.

PRIZE POEM.

The following is the poem which obtained the prize of $50, offered by W. W. Clapp, Esq. editor of the Boston Evening Gazette. It is from the pen of that accomplished writer, Miss HANNAH F. GOULD, of Newburyport, Mass.

THE DEATH OF THE SAGAMORE.

A SCENE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE Servant of GOD is on his way
From Boston's beautiful shore;
His boat skims light o'er the silvery bay,
While the sleeping waters awake and play,
At the touch of the playful oar.

The purpose that fills his soul is great
As the soul of a man can know;
Vast as eternity, strong as the gate
The spirit must pass, to a changeless state,
And enter, to bliss or wo!

His boat is fast; and over the sod
Of a neighboring wood he hies.
Through moor and thicket his path is trod,
As he hastens to speak of the living GOD
In the ear of a man who dies!

Where Rumney's* forest is high and dark,
The Eagle lowers her wing,
O'er him, who once had made her his mark;
For the SAGAMORE, in his hut of bark,
Is a perishing, powerless King.

At the door of his wigwam hang the bow,
The antler, and beaver-skin;
While he, who bore them, is faint and low,
Where death has given the fatal blow,
And the Monarch expires within.

The eye that glanced, and the Eagle fled
Away, through her fields of air—
The hand that drew, and the deer was dead—
The hunter's foot, and the chieftain's head,
And the conqueror's arm, are there!

But each its powerful work has done!
Its triumph at length is past;
The final conflict is now begun,
And, weeping, the mother hangs over her son,
While the SAGAMORE breathes his last!

The Queen of the Massachussetts grieves,
That the life of her child must end!
And that is a noble breast, that heaves,
With the mortal pang, on the bed of leaves,
Of the white man's Indian Friend!

The stately form, which is prostrate there,
On the feet that are cold as snow,
Has often sped, in the midnight air,
A word to the Christian's ear to bear,
Of the plot of his heathen foe!

And oft, when roaming the wild alone,
That generous heart would melt,
At the touch of a ray of light, that shone,
From the white man's GOD, till, before his throne,
Almost has the Indian knelt.

Yet the fatal fear, the fear of man,
That bringeth to man a snare,
Has braced his knee, as it just began
To bend; and the dread of a heathen clan,
Has stifled a Christian prayer.

But now, like a flood, to his trembling heart,
Has the fear of a GOD rushed in;
And keener far, than the icy dart,
That rends the flesh and spirit apart,
Is the thought of his heathen sin.

To the lonely spot where the Chief reclines,
While the herald of love draws nigh,
The Indian shrinks, as he marks the signs
Of a soul at peace, and the light that shines,
Alone from a Christian's eye.

"Alas!" he cries, in the strange, deep tone
Of one in the grasp of death,
"No GOD have I! I have lost my own!
I go to the presence of thine alone,
To scorch in his fiery breath!

The Spirit, who makes the skies so bright,
With the prints of his shining feet;
Who rolls the waters, kindles the light,
Imprisons the winds, and gives them their flight—
I tremble his eye to meet!

"When, oh! if I openly had confessed,
And followed and loved him here,
I now might fly to his arms for rest,
As the weary bird to her downy nest,
When the evening shades draw near.

"But, grant me the one great boon I crave
In a dread, and an awful hour!
When I shall have sunk in my forest grave,
O, take my Boy to thy home, and save
That beautiful forest flower!

"The God of thy people, the HOLY ONE—
And the path that shall reach the skies—
Say! say that to these thou wilt lead my son,
That he may not second the race I've run,
Nor die, as his father dies!"

"As his father dies!" with the breath that bore
That sorrowful sound, has fled
The soul of a king—for, the strife is o'er
With spirit and flesh; and the SAGAMORE
Is numbered among the dead!

But has he not, by his high bequest,
Like the penitent on the tree,
The Saviour of dying man confessed;
And found the promise to him addressed—
"*To day thou shalt be with me!*"

* For the character and the death-scene of Wonohaquaham, better known as SAGAMORE JOHN, son of the Squaw-Sachem; and for an account of the Rev. Mr. Wilson's visit to him, in his last moments, at his Wigwam on the ground anciently called *Winnisimit* and *Rumney Marsh*, but now, divided between Chelsea and Saugus, see THATCHER'S INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE VENITIAN CONSPIRACY.

It was a calm, delightful evening in summer, the day had been hot and sultry—but as it began to close, the cool breezes from the Adriatic sprang up, but just enough to wave the flags and streamers upon the vast crowd of vessels, that from all quarters of the known world, then frequented the bays of Venice. The sun was setting and seemed half embedded in the sparkling wave, as he threw his last rays across the water, lighting them as well as the glorious sky, in one vast sheet of crimson and gold. It was a splendid sight, far too grand for the pen to describe, or the pencil to portray. So indeed thought Francesco di Loria, as, leaning against a column of a ruined Pallazzo, on the shore, with his arms folded on his breast he gazed over the calm Adriatic, upon the glorious golden orb, as it sank beneath the wave, leaving its crimson traces in the cloudless sky.

Francesco di Loria was descended from a noble, but now decayed family, that had once swayed Venice—and whose illustrious banner had once floated over the battlements of the Palazzo, against whose shattered ruins he leaned. Now it was almost treason to breathe the name of di Loria in the streets of Venice, and wo to the wretch who chanced to murmur against the tyrannic sway with which the family of Valmarino, with the despotic Doge Niccolo, at their head, governed Venice. But the measure of their crimes was full; and a mine was laid which at the slightest spark would crush with a tremendous explosion the whole race and family of Niccolo Valmarino to atoms.

The sun had now set, and the Italian twilight was fast stealing over land and sea. Francesco remained leaning against the broken column—thinking perhaps of the days of happy childhood that he had spent in those halls, when he, now an exile, was sole heir to the vast possession. He remained some time lost in thought, when a step approaching, roused him from his reverie; turning round he saw the figure of a man stealing towards him, and knowing he was in a dangerous situation, he was about to retreat within the ruins, but the stranger quickening his pace, exclaimed aloud, "who goes there?" "Permit me to ask the same question, before I answer you Signor," replied Francesco.

"I care not who knows my name—'tis Marco Bertucio."

"Marco Bertucio!"—exclaimed di Loria starting, "my old friend, and am I so changed then, that even you cannot remember me?"

"In the fiend's name who are you?" said Marco, approaching him.

"I fear not to trust you with my name; we were friends in our youthful days, and I trust are so yet. I am Di Loria."

"Heaven be praised," said Bertucio embracing him, "but my friend, you certainly are aware of the danger you are in, by exposing yourself so near the city, surrounded by your foes."

"I knew it well—but adversity and hardship has steeled my heart against danger; I am therefore perfectly at my ease. But how do the Venitians like their mild and peaceable governers, now?" asked Di Loria in bitter scorn.

"Like them! there are thousands in the city, that, had they a leader, would assemble and tear their Doge's heart from his body, for the most inveterate and deep rooted hatred prevails against the Valmarinos, and as I say—could there be found a firm and resolute leader of an opposite faction, the bloody head of the Doge would soon be seen rolling down the Giant's Staircase."

"Marco—were I to trust you with a secret that concerns my life—would you be faithful."

"By St. Marco, my patron, I swear, that never"——

"Nay,—a promise," said Francesco, "is all that is necessary."

"That is freely given to my friend," said Marco.

"Know then, that I have at last formed bold designs for raising my fallen fortunes. I have put myself at the head of a few friends, that are daily, and hourly increasing, for what purpose you may easily guess, as we all have sworn if God and St. Mark aids our cause, that the power of the Valmarino family shall be brought down. We meet nightly in the subterranean vaults of our old Pallazzo, and only wait till our numbers are strong enough to raise my decayed family from the obscurity and disgrace into which it has fallen—and settle it upon the ruins of the now powerful Valmarino. Now my friend, I leave it at your option to join us or not—for 'tis a desperate undertaking."

"And join you I will without delay—but 'twill be scarce worth the while, as I possess naught but my sword."

"And a courageous heart"—said Di Loria.

"It is danger only that can prove that"—said Bertucio—"I once was—but no mattter, my heart and hand will be joined to promote your just and virtuous cause, to deliver from the gripe of oppression, a proud and noble people. But the night has closed in, I must begone—where do you sleep to-night?"

"Sleep! I sleep"—answered Di Loria—"no no—not until Niccolo di Valmarino sleeps—in his tomb—but you see that tall white column—just visible amid the gloom, near it is a tomb—be there to night at the hour of eleven, strike thrice upon the iron door, and it will be opened, repeat this watchword, 'Venice and Liberty,' and amid the bones af my ancestors, deep in the earth, you will become one of our band; till then, farewell."

"Farewell, and may St. Mark bless you," said Bertucio, and after Di Loria was out of hearing added, "but if St. Marco can save you now, you may bless him. Ah! simple, simple Francesco, thou knowest not what a viper thou hast in thy bosom; it is laughable to think that I, the head spy of the Doge, should so easily find these conspirators haunts, and become a worthy member. I will instantly to the Doge, and inform him of it; and if I can secure these villains to night, my fortune is forever made." So saying, the treacherous Marco Bertucio departed.

Niccolo di Valmarino, the Doge of Venice, was walking with a slow and measured step, in a balcony of the palace, that over-looked one of the principal canals. The balcony communicated with a large room, the private hall of audience of the Doge, which was furnished in singu-

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lar magnificence. On either side of the apartment, was a row of slender marble columns, supporting a carved cieling, representing the firmament, while the floor was paved with marble. At the upper end of the room, which was hung with purple and black satin, was a chair or throne, above which, in sombre majesty, appeared rampant, the Winged Lion of St. Mark. At the extremity of the room, were large folding doors that, however, were seldom used, owing to a small door concealed by the hangings, and opening upon a back staircase, which better answered the purposes of the Doge and his emissaries.

The moon had now arisen above the towers of the Inquisition opposite, and the Doge was entering the apartment, when a sound below arrested his footsteps. Leaning over the balcony, he discovered a small gondola, with a single rower, approach the stair that led to the Pallazzo. It seemed as if the Doge expected this visiter, as he gave a signal to the rower, who immediately advanced up the staircase, and in a short space of time, was standing unannounced in the hall.

"Ha! Marco, is it thee," said the Doge.

"It is your servant, most illustrious Signor," answered Marco Bertucio.

"Well, what wouldst thou—is there any more accusations in the Lion's mouth—or have the men of the Lagune rebelled?"

"Something of more importance, Signer, of Francesco di Loria!"

"Saint Michael! what sayest thou?" said the Doge, starting.

"I have the means," answered Bertucio, "of entrapping him with his whole band this night, if your noble highness will give me fifty picked soldiers with their stout halberds."

"Hell and furies!" cried the Doge, "what do I hear, the last of Di Loria's race in my power! Lodge them in the deep vaults of the holy tribunal, and the wealth of the Indies, good Bertucio, shall be yours. Instantly to the captain of the guard and show him this signet—take a hundred soldiers with you—and if the conspirators make any resistance, spare not one—but you know your business." "And shall remember the reward—good night, noble Signor;"—and Marco Bertucio departed—

* * * * *

It was about the mid-hour of the night, and the bright moon silvered the many christian banners that floated in the cool and night breeze, high above the temples and towers of conquered Jerusalem. The streets were all silent, and deserted, except by two persons, who passed swiftly along towards a postern gate of the city.—One was habited as a monk, and the other seemed of the lowest class of the peasantry—though he was, as appeared, a christian. The gate was passed, and they were walking along the banks of the Kedron, before either of them broke silence—at length the monk spoke.

"Where is thy habitation, friend?" he enquired. "You can see it, holy father, that low white house about a quarter of a league up the brook, but craving your pardon, had we not better walk faster—the man is near his end."

"'Tis well, knowest thou his name?"

"No, he does not wish it known; but he says he was formerly of Venice."

"Of Venice," cried the monk, "holy St. Mark, who can he be?"

"What disturbs your reverence so," said the peasant.

"Nothing, nothing; I lived at Venice in my youth," said the monk, and added musingly, "twenty bitter years have gone by, since then; but twenty years of suffering has failed to wash out from my remembrance, the horrors of that night; betrayed by my dearest friend—Oh heaven!"

"Of what night do you speak, good father," said the peasant.

"Night!" said the monk starting, "Oh, good friend, I sometimes think aloud, that is all, but we have arrived, I suppose?"

"Even so, and may it please you sir, to enter my poor abode."

So saying they entered the hovel, and in a corner of the only room the house afforded, was a wretched sight. Upon a few tattered rags, lay the remnants of what once had been a man, but so emaciated by hunger and disease, that he looked more like a beast than a human being. His hair, grizzled more by care than by age, floated wildly around his features; but the fire of his dark eye was unquenched.

Hearing footsteps approach, he turned round, and seeing the monk, clasped his hands and shrieked as in agony.

"Holy father, I thought thou wouldest never have come; behold a vile sinner suffering the torments of the damned—Oh for the love of God, pray for me—I cannot, the words would blast thine ear."

"Compose thyself, my son, confess to me, and I will pray thy Redeemer to have mercy on thy soul."

The monk then requested the peasant to leave the room, and seating himself by the dying man, requested him to proceed.

"Holy father," began the man, "before my eyes are closed forever, I will cheerfully unburden my loaded conscience to thee, and pour into thy ear a tale of horror and of crime. I am a Venetian by birth, and my name is——is——oh how can I speak a name, never before stained by crime, it is Bertucio!"

"In the fiend's name, tell me," said the monk starting wildly, "are you Marco Bertucio?"

"Even so," groaned the dying man, "and has my polluted tale reached even to Palestine—oh, 'tis too much to bear."

If an attentive observer had been there, he would have been surprised to have seen the death-like hue, that overspread the features of the monk, as he sunk on his knees beside Bertucio. In a few minutes, however, he was calm enough to bid the man proceed, who soon spoke as follows:

"It was a beautiful evening, many years ago, that I, prowling about the ruins of the Pallazzo di Loria, being a spy of the Doge Valmarino, chanced to see one, who, thinking I was his friend, requested me to join a conspiracy against the hated ruler of Venice. This man was Francesco di Loria, who in the simplicity of his heart, even informed me where his little band held their

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nightly meetings. Wishing to be the gainer by this information, I appeared to consent to join them, but could he at that moment have discovered my treacherous designs, his stilettoe would have been buried in my heart.

"All that I had learned, I carried to the Doge, and he already thinking his power giving way, offered me large sums of gold, if I would murder, aye, murder the noble Francesco and his band. That was all my rapacious soul wished; I already saw the confiscated estates of the conspirators, in my possession, and that very night, at the head of a band of soldiers, I forced my way to where they were assembled—and, God of heaven! amid the hecatombs of their fathers, murdered them all; even the noble and generous Francesco; since then, like Cain, I have wandered upon the face of the earth, with the horrible thoughts of being a murderer; and the murderer of one, who, in my younger years, I was proud of calling my friend. What worlds would I give, could Francesco be but here to——to——oh how could I ask his forgiveness, as——

"He does forgive thee," cried the monk, embracing Bertucio, "I am what once was Di Loria, and from my heart, I forgive thee all!"

"What do I hear," exclaimed Bertucio, "thou, thou Francesco di Loria!—oh do not deceive me, or thou wilt madden me."

"Marco, be calm and hear me," said di Loria, "when you stabbed me in the burial vault, the blow aimed by a guilty hand, did not take effect; being merely stunned; I soon recovered, in body but never in mind; it was the deathblow of all my hopes; and having nothing earthly to fix my attention upon, in the gloom and silence of a cloister I have passed my days in peace."

After some conversation, Bertucio proceeded with his confession: "Believing you dead, the Doge rewarded me, as he had promised; but a year after, I was dragged before the holy tribunal; tried, condemned, and banished for years; I found a refuge under the banners of the Infidel, and with the blood of many a christian on my scymetar, have wandered friendless and forsaken, but I die in peace."

His soul passed to its eternal resting place, but not a stone marked his grave. He that was born in a Venitian Pallazzo, and was nursed amid the the powerful Bertucio's and Di Loria's, died in the hovel of a low born Syrian.

Years passed on, and when the cross was again trampled beneath the feet of the Arabian conquer, and when once more the cresent shone above the holy city—deep in the vaults of the monastery of St. John of Jerusalem, was seen a white marble tomb, with but this inscription—

"Hic Jacet—
Francesco Di Loria.'

OMEGA.

When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an object of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery. The best expedient therefore is to be pleased upon himself.—*Steele.*

No man can possibly improve in any company, for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

From the Blackwood's Magazine for Aug.

THE WATER LILY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

———The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.—[*Lights and shadows of Scottish Life.*

Oh! beautiful thou art.
Thou sculpture-like and stately River Queen!
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene,
Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave,
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head!
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread,
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower?
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
The Love of Woman; quivering to the blast,
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh! is not Faith—
Like thee, too, Lily? springing into light!
Still buoyantly above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath!

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts!
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie,
Till something there of its own purity,
And peace be wrought.

Something yet more divine!
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed,
Forth from my breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

BY MOORE.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles and tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken:
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone;
The cheerful hearts now broken.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in winter weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

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KENTUCKY SPORTS.

It may not be amiss, kind reader, before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasures experienced by the sportsman of Kentucky, to introduce the subject with a slight description of that state.

Kentucky was formerly attached to Virginia, but in those days the Indians looked upon that portion of the western wilds as their own, and abandoned the district only when forced to do so, moving with disconsolate hearts farther into the recesses of the unexplored forests. Doubtless the richness of its soil, and the beauty of its borders, situated as they are along one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, contributed as much to attract the old Virginians, as the desire so generally experienced in America, of spreading over the uncultivated tracts, and bringing into cultivation, lands that have for unknown ages teemed with the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. The conquest of Kentucky was not performed without many difficulties. The warfare that long existed between the intruders and the Redskins, was sanguinary and protracted; but the former at length made good their footing, and the latter drew off their shattered bands, dismayed by the mental superiority and indomitable courage of the white men.

This region was probably discovered by a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boon. The richness of its soil, its magnificent forests, its numberless navigable streams, its salt springs and licks, saltpetre caves, its coal strata, and the vast herbs of buffaloes and deer that browsed on its hills and amidst its charming valleys, afforded ample inducements to the new settler, who pushed forward with a spirit far above that of the most undaunted tribes which for ages had been the sole possessors of the soil.

The Virginians thronged towards the Ohio. An axe, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for equipment of the man, who, with his family, removed to the new state, assured that in that land of exuberant fertility, he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants. They who have witnessed the industry and perseverence of the emigrants, must at once have proved the vigour of their minds. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground. Numberless streams they had to cross on rafts, with their wives and children, their cattle and their luggage, often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores. The cattle would often stray amid the rich pasturage of these shores, and occasion a delay of several days. To these troubles add the constantly impending danger of being murdered, while asleep in their encampments, by the prowling and ruthless Indians; while they had before them a distance of hundreds of miles to be traversed, before they could reach certain places of rendezvous called stations. To encounter difficulties like these must have required energies of no ordinary kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoy, was doubtless well merited.

Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their wagons, their negroes, and their families. Their way was cut through the woods by their own axemen, the day before their advance; and when night overtook them, the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for their encamping, loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply, the blazing light of a huge fire guided their steps as they approached, and the sounds of merriment that saluted their ears assuring them that all was well. The flesh of the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, soon hung in large and delicious steaks, in front of the embers; the cakes already prepared were deposited in their proper places, and, under the rich drippings of the juicy roasts, were quickly baked. The wagons contained the bedding; and whilst the horses which had drawn them were turned loose to feed on the luxuriant undergrowth of the woods, some perhaps hoppled, but the greater number merely with a light bell hung to their neck, to guide the owners in the morning to the spot where they might have rambled, the party were enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day.

In anticipation all is pleasure; and these migrating bands feasted in joyous sociality, unapprehensive of any greater difficulties than those to be encountered in forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of abundance; and although it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, who sometimes crept unperceived into their very camp, still did the Virginians cheerfully proceed towards the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio, when, struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land, for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

Others, perhaps encumbered with too much luggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared *arks* pierced with port-holes, and glided on the gentle current, more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land, by the attacks of the Indians, who watched their motions. Many travellers have described these boats formerly called *arks*, but now named *flat-boats*. But have they told you, gentle reader, that in those times a boat of thirty or forty feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, was considered a stupendous fabric; that in this boat men, women and children, huddled together, with horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry, for their companions, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds? The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farm-yard, being covered with hay, ploughs, carts, wagons, and various agricultural implements, together with numerous others, among which the spinning-wheels of the matrons were conspicuous. Even the sides of the floating mass were loaded with the wheels of the different vehicles, while themselves lay on the roof. Have they told you that these boats con-

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tained the little all of each family of venturous emigrants, who, fearful of being discovered by the Indians, under night moved in darkness, groping their way from one part to another of these floating habitations, denying themselves the comfort of fire or light, lest the foe that watched them from the shore should rush upon them and destroy them? Have they told you that this boat was used, after the tedious voyage was ended, as the first dwelling of these new settlers? No, kind reader, such things have not been related to you before. The travellers who have visited our country have had other objects in view.

I shall not describe the many massacres which took place among the different parties of white and red men, as the former moved down the Ohio; because I have never been very fond of battles, and indeed have always wished that the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and shall merely add, that, in one way or other, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil. Let us, therefore, turn our attention to the sports still enjoyed in that now happy portion of the United States.

We have individuals in Kentucky, kind reader, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To *drive a nail* is a common feat, not more thought of by the Kentuckians than to cut off a wild turkey's head, at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will *bark* off squirrels, one after another, until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night *snuffing a candle* at the distance of fifty yards, off-hand, without extinguishing it. I have been told that some have proved so expert and cool as to make choice of the eye of a foe at a wonderful distance, boasting beforehand of the sureness of their piece, which has afterwards been fully proved when the enemy's head has been examined!

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle-sport, I shall present you with the results of my observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that state.

Several individuals, who conceive themselves expert in the management of the gun, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which a common-sized nail is hammered for about two thirds of its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called wiping it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it over. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot that comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is, of course somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. Well, kind reader, one out of three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed *driving the nail*.

Barking off Squirrels is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels, whilst near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boon. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margin of the Kentucky river, until we reached a piece of flat land thinly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting-shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot were the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the bead (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boon kept up his firing, and, before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know, kind reader, that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot, it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boon, I have seen other individuals perform the same feat.

The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of the Green river, not far from a large pigeon-roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen tall stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torch-light. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of

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the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle, I could say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. In every thinly peopled portion of the state, it is rare to meet one without a gun of that description, as well as a tomahawk. By way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva, for the bull's eye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.

After what I have said, you may easily imagine with what ease a Kentuckian procures game, or despatches an enemy, more especially when I tell you that every one in the state is accustomed to handle the rifle from the time when he is first able to shoulder it until near the close of his career. That murderous weapon is the means of procuring them subsistence during all their wild and extensive rambles, and is the source of their principal sports and pleasures.—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography.*

TO A LADY.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

The world is bright before thee;
Its summer flowers are thine;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee;
Thy bosom virtue's shrine:
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow—
The death-dirge of the gay—
That tells ere dawn of morrow,
Those charms may melt away.
That sun's bright beam be shaded;
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flower be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely
The winning home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art
The wild flower wreath of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart.

From the New York Mirror.

THE MINATURE.

In all her youth and loveliness,
She lies before me now;
The same bright curls of shining hair,
Upon her sunny brow.
The witching look, the soft blue eye,
The lip of laughing glee,
And the blush that burned upon her cheek,
And the smile I loved to see.

The round white arm is still the same,
Embraced with jewelled band,
And the taper fingers seem fresh with life,
As you mark the lily hand;
And the painter's skill hath caught the hue
Of the roses in her hair,
They are pale with envy's withering blight,
Out-blcomed by maiden fair.

She moved amid the young and gay,
Within the lighted hall,
And she seemed among a thousand girls,
The fairest of them all.
It was the last time that we met,
The hours flew swiftly by,
And I never deemed a star so bright
So soon would leave the sky.

She was too pure for weary earth—
She might not live to feel
The sadness that should cloud her brow,
And o'er her spirit steal;
And in life's young hour she faded,
Like all cherished things below,
A buds may wither on the stem,
E'er yet the roses blow.

Ye may gaze upon this pictured thing,
And praise the beauty rare,
Of her speaking eye, and laughing lip,
And curls of shining hair;
But you know not half the gentleness
That dwelt within a breast,
Where the sorrowing might relieve their woes,
Where the startled dove might rest.

O, there never moved on earth a form,
Of more bewitching grace,
Or a kinder heart, whose gentle thoughts
Illum'd a fairer face;
But they all are hid within the grave—
Bright smile and sunny brow,
And nought is left but this pictured thing
That lies before me now.

THE STAGEMAN'S HORN.

Written by a lady in the country to her husband in town.

Oh! say not the *horn* has no musical notes,
Its sound is delightful to me,
Far sweeter than warblings from nightingales' throats,
For it brings me a letter from *thee*.

The little ones joyful all gather around,
Their pretty eyes sparkle with glee,
Exclaim, as they hear the enliv'ning sound,
"Oh, mother! a letter for thee."

A magic there is in that sweet little word,
Delightful to age and to youth;
In absence, what joy does a letter afford,
When filled with affection and truth.

That thine are thus filled, dear Howard, my heart
Enraptured delights to confess:
I open, and read them, and dwell on each part
With a transport I cannot express.

Then say not the *horn* has no musical notes,
Its sound is delightful to me,
Far sweeter than warblings from nightingales' throats,
For it brings me a letter from *thee*. *N. Y. Mirror.*

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Behold the babe
Wrapp'd in a mantle, in the manger laid,
The shepherds shouting round him: see him then
The great Redeemer of a fallen world,—
The Saviour of mankind.

The brilliant orb which arises on this memorable morn, shedding light upon a benighted world, is a type of that more glorious luminary, which arose in beauty on Bethlehem—and went down in blood on Calvary. Behold the infant Saviour! Behold the herald of Heaven and the harbinger of hope and future happiness! Behold the great emancipator of a wicked world! Methinks I see the shouting shepherds flying to and fro, with the glad tidings that a child is born whose virtues shall bequeath to them the rich inheritance of hereafter. Methinks I see the admiring multitude, crowding round the manger to catch a glimpse of that glorious Being, who had come into the world not to propagate his Gospel like Mahomet, with the sword, but with his blood to baptize all nations.

What a destiny is his! Born in a land of peace, and nursed in the lap of persecution, we behold him at one time the pride of the pulpit, adorned with all the dignity of a man, and with all the glory of a God, every knee bowing before him, and every heart paying the tribute of its homage; while at another, we see him the scorn, the scoff and mirth of the multitude, his head covered with a crown of thorns, his temple a dungeon, and future destiny a lingering and ignominious death on the cross. But he trembled not at the taunts of the multitude, or the tyranny of the magistrate. Magnanimous amid the ruin that surrounded him, he stood the hope of this world, and the harbinger of a better, welcoming the bitter cup that contained the price of universal emancipation. He crouched not at the footstool of power, nor fed and fattened on the plundered property of the people, but, he came as a father to the fatherless, a pattern to the rich, a pastor to the poor, as a balm to the blind, and a beacon to the benighted and forlorn. In a word, he came to save the sinner and redeem the world. The accumulated calumnies of the wicked and the worthless, the arrows of envy, and the daggers of defamation fell harmless against the breast plate of his piety, and the world's passions, instead of stirring him to revenge, only roused him to the exercise of virtue, and to the promulgation of the Gospel which he came to establish. A man of sorrow and suffering, he appealed not to the passions and prejudices of the multitude—he offered not his blessing to the Pagan priest as the pay for his apostacy from the faith of his fathers, but he taught a morality and a religion purer than the pages of Socrates, and Seneca, a doctrine fraught with the noblest precepts, and practice that ever served as a pattern and a model for man. He sought not to dazzle the imaginations of men, with the splendors of eloquence or the pomp of philosophy; he drew not his morality from the temples of Grecian genius or his inspiration from the tombs of Roman learning; superior to all, and opposed to that system from whence the Kantian philosophy sprung, he breathed but the inspired spirit of his Father.

What an object of admiration! With all the grandeur of a God, and with all the mind of a man, at one moment refuting the learned Doctors in the temple, and at another, mingling with and comforting his fellow creatures in wretchedness and rags. To him the petty distinctions of mankind were nought but mockery—alike to him was the pomp of earthly power and the pride of penury—alike to him the rags of the beggar, and the crimson robes of royalty—alike to him the grandeur of wealth, the boast of birth, the mansion of the monarch, and the cottage of the plebeian. Alike to him the humble and the haughty, alike to him the pompous and the poor. In the spirit of his divinity he dashed the golden crown from the head of guilty greatness, bade tyrants tremble on their thrones, and drew from the solitude of poverty the Apostles of his church and his Gospel. He was no titled tyrant or imaginary monarch, tricked out in gaudy magnificence to dazzle and degrade a horde of slaves, pleased with the chains which rattled on the limbs of liberty. Far different was *his* glory and *his* grandeur, upon his manly lips hung the hallowed accents of religion and Gospel law—*his* regal robes were innocence and peace, *his* weapon was his word, and *his* throne and sceptre were the hearts and hopes of men. With the light of faith he dissipated the illusive landscape of human error, and with the sword of truth he trampled to the dust, the splendid Pantheon of Pagan idolatry. The darkness which surrounded their golden Gods and their Gospel, was dissipated by the dawn of that day which shed brilliancy and beauty on the purity and the practice of piety. In the urbanity of his benevolence, he led the van of victorious emancipation, he decked his brow with the garland of glory, with the wreath of every religion, and filled his army with the soldiers of every sect, and every clime. But he forged no fetters, he lit no fires for those who refused to bow to his decrees and obey his decalogue. Unlike the monarchs of the earth, he pleased not the eye of the world with the pomp of his power, and yet at the magic of his word, the mighty waves of the ocean in its anger were stayed, and while it obeyed him he walked upon its surface with a dignity that adorned him, and with a faith that never failed.

The hideous heart of Judas, actuated by the gluttony of gold, betrayed the Redeemer of mankind. How short was the transition from the cradle to the cross! Behold the insulted Saviour of the world, rudely beaten and basely scourged! Behold him on the cross, gashed with gushing wounds, and suffering all the agonies of outraged humanity, with all the unbent and unbroken spirit of a God, now commending his soul to his Father, and now calling for mercy on those who were cruelly baptizing him in blood. He was indeed the great martyr of man-

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kind, for the first drop of gore that gushed from his wounds, sealed that redemption which the Prophets had foretold, and his death fulfilled. The mighty multitude grow giddy while they gaze and glut their senses on the sufferings of an expiring Saviour. There are none but a few followers to vindicate his violated honor. Behold his blanched and bruised brow! Behold his sunken sockets, and his visage pale! No vile passion is depicted there—revenge sits not enthroned on the martyred brow it has butchered—anger lights not the eye, nor curls the lip which once beamed with moderation and blessed with mercy and love. Oh no, the angel dove-like peace sits there the herald of the happiness he came to bestow on degenerate men.

Ah see! he has bowed his head and died! With the word of life upon his lips, and the blessing of Heaven in his heart, he has met death from the dart of the assassin, and perished to perpetuate the boon he bequeathed. The prophecies are fulfilled and man redeemed. In the moment he became a conquerer, he became a corse. Thus to reclaim sins, and soften the condition of man, the great mediator withered from the world. No sooner had the spirit of the glorious victim vanished, than the great triumph was announced. The sun blushed and buried his face in the gloom of midnight, while the marble jaws of the tomb were rent asunder and rolled forth the dead who had slumbered for ages on the pillow of their repose, to walk the earth, startled from their deep damp vaults by the agonies of an expiring God. In that awful hour the key of Heaven's happy portal, and of Hell's inexorable doors was placed in the hand of man. In that awful hour man became the arbiter of his own choice, whether to be doomed to the dark dungeons of the lower world, or rise to the sublime palaces and gardens of God—whether to be entombed amid the burning wreck of human crime, or wander in the flowery fields and pleasant plains of Palestine.

No garlands adorned his grave, and no tears save those of women, bedewed the place of his repose. His few followers alone wept over his death, and worshipped his divinity—they alone mourned over his wounds, and admired his wisdom. Jesus Christ was a martyr to the very immortality of man, for his Gospel, the glorious mantle of his memory, fell upon us all. Precious and imperishable was that legacy of his love. Treasured in the heart, it has become the brightest gem on the brows of beauty, at once the refuge of the wretched, the solace of society, the charm of solitude and the amulet of age, of anguish and despair. His very tomb became a temple, and his relics and resurrection confounded skepticism, which in vengeance, though in vain, attempted to rise upon his ruin, and make him the scourge and scorn of all mankind. Even when enveloped in the gloomy garb of the grave—even when the doom of death had passed, and the glorious intercessor no longer blushed and bled for the sins of his enemies—even when piety and affection in the angel garb of woman, alone mused and mourned at the door of the sacred sepulchre—even then his spirit triumphed in the doctrine which his death had achieved. Even then his Gospel was destined to become the glory of the world, a solemn and sublime moment of his merits, and the glorious monument of his mercy, which neither Pagan superstition could pollute, nor all the revolutions of time could blast or obliterate. Inspired with the spirit of that wonderful Being who sits throned in gold, and in whose sight

"Vast worlds hang trembling,"

the Gospel became more imperishable than the pillars of the universe, and though all the rays of persecution have been concentred upon it, in the language of a great classic, they served but to illumine but could not consume.

He has left behind the light of his glorious intellect to linger among men, at once the beacon, the beauty, and the blessing of the world. His humility and mildness, his benevolence and love must forever remain the blest memorials of his mission, and be handed down to the latest posterity as perfect patterns, for he was without a model. The benefit conferred, can never be abolished, for he crushed the very serpent that crawled over the cradle of Eden, and dashed from the hand of death, and the grasp of the grave, the very attributes of their victory and their vengeance. In his death he redeemed the violated virtue of our first father, and palliated with his blood the impiety of Eve, when her soul was won to sin by the seductive blandishments of the serpent. The miseries they entailed upon mankind, were mitigated and immerged in the immunities conferred by his martyrdom and the Gospel he gave to the world.

The very cities and empires which were the scenes of the prophecies, of his miracles and martyrdom, as though cursed by Heaven, have crumbled to dust, and their ruins alone remain as mementos of their former magnificence. Where now is the glory of ancient Jerusalem, the princes of Palestine, decked with the gaudy grandeur of Solomon, and graced with her lofty temples, her towers, and her tombs? Where now is the splendour of Babylon, adorned with her golden gates, her temple of Belus, and her hanging gardens, and everlasting walls. Alas, they are in ruins, and their crumbling temples and tombs alone remain sad monuments amid the waste of time, of their rise and ruin, of their degradation and decay. Their sumptuous halls where eloquence, and mirth, and music once held the listening ear of the grand, and the gay, have since become the lion's lair, or echoed the hooting of the dusky owl, or the hiss of the solitary serpent. The land of the elect, the garden of God, has become the abode of the barbarian, the home of the Mahometan, and the very scenes which groaned and glittered beneath the palaces of Solomon, are now distinguised only by the tent of the humble Arab, or the moving caravan of the Moabite. The laden camel now rests his limbs in the banquet halls of ancient kings, and the toad spits its venom in the boudoirs of ancient beauty. Even the tombs of the mighty and magnificent, the tombs of oriental genius, have become the refuge of the Arabian robber, while the sepulchres of Israel's potentates are profaned by the nocturnal tri-

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umphs of a barbarian banditti. The very dust of their high priests and princes, may have become the cement of the sepulchre of Mahomet. Melancholy is the memory, and sad the renown of the once worshipped and wonderful Jerusalem. The fame of the East, and the favorite of Heaven, she bade fair to flourish through all time like the Pyramids of Egypt, and to wither but with the world. The traveller now treads upon her mouldering walls, and the ruins of her once majestic temples, to muse for a moment on the mutability of human glory, and to sigh over the miseries of ungrateful man.

And where too is the glory of Athens, the seat of science and the home of song; the illuminator of nations, the haunt of Socrates, Plato and Zeno, and the very cradle of liberty, learning and law? Like Greece she has become the grave of her own glory, her light only serving to distinguish the circle of darkness which surrounds her, magnificent in her ruin and melancholy in her magnificence. The lamp of her ancient learning has gone out in the midnight of ages, and her Acropolis has crumbled at the touch of the irresistible tooth of time. The fame of her philosophy alone survives her fallen grandeur, the pages of history alone preserve the relics of her renown. When Paul preached in her pulpit and Plato plead his philosophy in her porch, Athens was the wonder and the admiration of the world.

Imperial Rome, whose pampered soldiery offered insolence and injury to an insulted Saviour, lies in ruins a mighty marble wreck, the spectre of her ancient splendor, the mere apperition of her ancient renown. Rome, within whose walls millions once congregated—Rome, the conquerer of Carthage and the world, has become the lap of ruin like her ancient catacombs, still white with the mangled remains of of the martyred christians. Her millions have gone down to dust, her glory slumbers beneath her crumbling columns, and her time-worn walls, her arts lie dormant in the lap of Gothic darkness, and her science reposes in the unnumbered volumes of the Vatican. She is no longer the city of the Cæsars. The palaces of Augustus and Tiberius have become the property of the Pope, vainly considered the vicegerent of Heaven, and the grandson of God.

Such has been the fate of all those countries which were the scenes of the Saviour's sorrows and sufferings. A thousand thrones have fallen, a thousand cities have become silent, empires have passed away on the ocean of oblivion, and even nations have been annihilated amid the wrecks and rubbish of time's revolutions. The Jews are a splendid example. Born in the lap of luxury, and bred amid all that was grand and glorious, the peculiar favorites of Heaven, they dreamt not of their degradation, and reckless of their ruin seemed to dare that arm—

Which heaved the Heavens, the ocean and the land.

The Jewish empire and people were once mighty. What are they now? The sun of their glory, which arose in lustre, was doomed to go down in oblivion; they have been scattered over the earth, while their identity has been preserved as a mark and a remembrance of their turpitude and treachery. The cup of Heaven's kindness dashed from their lips, and pining under the doom of prophecy, they have become the proverb and the prey of all nations. Looking forward for that Saviour who has already suffered for the sins of mankind, and neglecting the mercy which he has already meted out, they wander in the dark for the rays of that light which has already illuminated the world.

Yet notwithstanding the benefits conferred by the Gospel, there are those in the present day who would hurl from the hand of age the only cup of his consolation, and snatch from the lip of sorrow the balm of its salvation. There are skeptical scoffers who would drag from the beggar his only boon on earth, who would extinguish the very day-star, whose beams light error and ignorance to the path which leads to glory and to God. Merciful God! there are those who would see the venerated temple of christianity tumble to the earth, and triumph over the downfall of the most beautiful and beneficient doctrine in the world. Yes, there are those who would mock at the bleeding shade of the resuscitated Saviour, and laugh to scorn the blessings conferred by his doctrine and his death. Infidelity strikes at the very divinity of Christ.

The introduction of christianity has conferred benefits on society which were unknown in the days of Pagan doctrines and darkness. Abolish it and what is the consequence. Let us examine the pages of history—let us turn to France, the land of fashion and fancy, for a picture so touching, and so terrible a catastrophe. Aye, let us turn to France, the very home of philosophy and fame, the very land of the social virtues, of elegance and grace, and we shall then see her scaffolds streaming with the blood which skepticism demanded for the altar of her hellish adoration. We shall there see her sabbath abolished, her cities sacked, her sons groaning in dungeons beneath an intolerable tyranny, her priests turned out to pine in penury, and her princes and her potentates sacrificed on the pyre lit from the fires of hell. Poverty became the pander of licentious power, and virtue became the victim, and beauty the oblation on the accursed altar of promiscuous prostitution. No charm was sacred, no virtue was secure; the attractions of beauty, the pride of birth, the pomp of wealth, and the glory of talents served only as incentives to persecution and plunder. The infidel demon Robespierre was in league with death, and the gore which gushed from a hundred hearts of the bravest and best, was but a moiety of that terrible torrent which swept away the religion and the liberties of France, and dyed their brow red with the avenging wrath of God. The convulsive heavings of the French volcano lit all Europe with its lurid flame, and the terrors it excited subsided only with the death of the master demon. Look at the last moments of those miserable men, who plunged all France in grief, made blood their oblation at the altar of liberty, and plundered the expiring heart of its very hopes of Heaven. Too cowardly when

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condemned, to strike the dagger home to their own hearts—they were meanly dragged to the same block which their tyranny had made run red with the blood of so many. Trembling at the terrors which surrounded them, and deafened by the rejoicing plaudits of the multitude, they perished and found a grave unregretted though not forgotten.

Thus died the ruffian Robespierre covered with the curses of a thousand mourning mothers. Thus fell one of the most terrific tyrants that ever prostituted power, or disgraced the glory of a nation. He died not like a christian, but like a demon. The principles he had perpetuated perished with him, and if these were the trophies of the tenets of Rousseau, well might Napoleon exclaim while contemplating his tomb, that it had been better for France had he never lived. Beneath the skeptical philosophy Rousseau originated, France withered, and under such a system of universal vice, the world would become a waste, and man a murderer. Sweep christianity from our hearths and our hearts, from our churches and our homes; banish the Bible from the pulpit, the parlour and the closet, and give skepticism the sceptre of the same power she possessed in France, and the world would become a mighty Coloseum of carnage, and the hands of a hundred Robespierre's would reek with the unmeasured gore of millions.

Let us then cling to christianity as the last plank of shipwrecked humanity, and the only anchor of our hopes and our happiness. Let that brilliant luminary which went down in blood on Calvary be the morning star of our merits, and our memory being assured that it will light us to the pleasant paths of peace in this world, and beyond the dark defiles of death and the grave. It is with regret, my dear reader, that I bid adieu to so grand and so glorious a subject. MILFORD BARD.

JAMES LAWRENCE.

James Lawrence, a distinguished American naval commander, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1781. He early manifested a strong predilection for the sea; but his father, who was a lawyer, was anxious that he should pursue his own profession; and, when only thirteen years of age, he commenced the study of the law; but after the death of his father, entered the navy as a midshipman, in 1798. In 1801, the Trippli war having commenced, he was promoted, and, in 1803, was sent out to the Mediterranean, as the first lieutenant of the schooner Enterprise. While there, he performed a conspicuous part in the destruction of the frigate Philadelphia, which had been captured by the Tripolitans. In the same year he was invested with the temporary command of the Enterprise, during the bombardment of Tripoli, by Commodore Preble, all the ships of the squadron being employed to cover the boats during the attack; and so well did he execute his duty, that the Commodore could not restrain the expression of his thanks. He remained in the Mediterranean three years, and then returned with Preble to the United States, having previously been transferred to the frigate John Adams, as the first lieutenant. In June, 1812, war was declared between Great Britain and the United States, and Lawrence, at the time in command of the Hornet, a few days afterwards sailed with a squadron under the orders of Commodore Rogers, for the purpose of intercepting the Jamaica fleet. They returned, however, at the end of the following month to Boston, without having been able to accomplish their object. Lawrence then accompanied Commodore Bainbridge on a cruise to the East Indies; but they separated near St. Salvador, on the coast of Brazil, the Hornet remaining there to blockade a British ship of war, laden with specie; till compelled to retire by the arrival of a seventy-four. Feb. 24, 1813, the Hornet fell in with the brig Peacock, Captain Peak, which he took after a furious action of fifteen minutes. This vessel was deemed one of the finest of her class in the British navy. In the number of her men and guns, she was somewhat inferior to the Hornet. She sunk before all the prisoners could be removed. The latter was considerably damaged in the rigging and sails, but her hull was scarcely hurt. Lawrence returned to the United States; where he was welcomed with the applause due to his conduct; but the most honorable eulogy bestowed upon it, was contained in a letter, published by the officers of the Peacock, expressing their gratitude for the consideration and kindness with which they had been treated. Shortly after his return, he was ordered to repair to Boston, and take command of the frigate Chesapeake. This he did with great regret, as the Chesapeake was one of the worst ships in the navy. He had been but a short time at Boston, when the British frigate Shannon, Captain Brooke, appeared before the harbor, and defied the Chesapeake to combat. Lawrence did not refuse the challenge, although his ship was far from being in a condition for action; and June 1st, 1813, he sailed out of the harbor and engaged his opponent. After the ship had exchanged several broadsides, and Lawrence had been wounded in the leg, he called his boarders, when he received a musket ball in his body. At the same time, the enemy boarded, and, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in taking possession of the ship. Almost all the officers of the Chesapeake where either killed or wounded. The last exclamation of Lawrence, as they were carrying him below, after the fatal wound, was, "Don't give up the ship." He lingered for four days in intense pain, and expired on the 5th of June. He was buried at Halifax with every mark of honor.—*Enc. Amer.*

GO-BETWEENS.—There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world, than that of go-between—by which is meant that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness, he makes that poison effective, which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanderers in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

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TO THE DARK EYES OF ——.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Where now are those dark eyes—(sweet eyes!)
In tears? in thought? in sleep?
Those lights, like stars in the stormy skies,
Which gently shine, when all else weep?
O dark, unconquered eyes!
Are ye from human anguish freed?
Or do you sometimes mourn indeed,
In pity or superior pain,
For some deep secret hid from all the world, in vain?
O melancholy eyes! which love to dwell,
On Juliet's passion, Belvidera's wo,
Where was the light which now ye wear so well,
(That tender, touching lustre!) long ago?
Did it lie dreaming in your orbs unknown,
As in the rose's bud the unblown perfume,
Till evil fortune, now forever flown,
Struck out your dazzling bloom?
For what too dangerous purpose were ye born?
To lead the youthful poet's ear astray?
Or was't to turn to tears the proud and gay,
With looks that in their beauty mock the morn?

Long may ye shine, as dark, as bright, as young,
(Shall age e'er harm ye?) as complete in power,
As when from out Verona's midnight bower,
Upon the moonlight first your glances hung,
And filled with love the rich enamoured air,
And made the fair more fair!
Long may ye shine, undimmed by storm or cloud,
Uninjured, unconsumed by grief or pain;
Your high, heroic spirit never bowed,
Your love ne'er lost, your tears ne'er shed—in vain!

Long may she live and shine, and have no fear
Of fatal fortune or the touch of time,
To whom belongs your beauty without peer,
To whom belongs this slight and careless rhyme!

OLD MAIDS.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

I would by no means persuade you or any woman to *prefer* single life. It is not the "primrose."—Nothing less than a spirit of meekness, of self-renunciation, and of benevolence, can make a woman who has once been first, happy in a subordinate and *second best* position. And this, under ordinary circumstances, is the highest place of a single woman.—Depend upon it, my dear young friend, it is safer for most of us to secure all the helps to our virtues that attend a favorable position; besides, married life is the destiny Heaven has allotted to us, and therefore best fitted to awaken all our powers, to exercise all our virtues, and call forth all our sympathies. I would persuade you that you may give dignity and interest to single life, that you may be the cause of happiness to others, and of course happy yourself—for when was the fountain dry while the stream continued to flow? If single life, according to the worst view of it, is a moral desert, the faithful, in their passage through it, are refreshed with bread from Heaven and water from the rock.

I shall conclude with a true story. The parties are not known to you. The incidents occurred long ago, and I shall take the liberty to assume names: for I would not even at this late day, betray a secret confided to me, though time may long since have out-lawed it. My mother had a schoolmate and friend whom I shall call Agnes Gray. Her father was a country clergyman with a small salary, and the blessings that usually attend it—a large family of children. Agnes was the eldest, and after followed a line of boys as long as Banquo's. At last, some ten years after Agnes, long waited and prayed for, appeared a girl, who cost her mother her life.

The entire care of the helpless little creature devolved on Agnes. She had craved the happiness of possessing a sister, and now, to a sister's love, she added the tenderness of a mother. Agnes' character was formed by the discipline of circumstances—the surest of all discipline. A host of turbulent boys, thoughtless and impetuous, but kind-hearted, bright and loving, had called forth her exertions and affections, and no one can doubt, either as lures or goads, had helped her on the road to heaven. Nature had, happily, endowed her with a robust constitution, and its usual accompaniment, a sweet temper; so that what were mountains to others, were mole-hills to Agnes. 'The baby,' of course, was the pet lamb of the fold. She was named, for her mother, Elizabeth; but instead of that queenly appellation, she was always addressed by the endearing diminutive of Lizzy. Lizzy Gray was not only the pet of father, brother and sisters at home; but the play thing of the village.

The old women knit their brightest yarn into tippets and stockings for 'the minister's motherless little one'; (oh, what an eloquent appeal was in those words!) the old men saved the 'red-cheeked' applies for her; the boys drew her, hour after hour, in her little wagon, and the girls made her rag babies. Still she was not, in any disagreeable sense, an *enfante gatee*. She was like those flowers that thrive best in warm and continued sunshine. Her soft hazel eye, with its dark sentimental lashes, the clear brunette tint of her complexion, and her graceful flexible lips, truly expressed her tender, loving and gentle spirit. She seemed formed to be sheltered and cherished; to love and be loved; and this destiny appeared to be secured to her by her devoted sister, who never counted any exertion or sacrifice that procured an advantage or pleasure for Lizzy. When Lizzy was about fourteen, a relative of the family, who kept a first-rate boarding school in the city, offered to take her for two years, and give her all the advantages of her school, for the small consideration of fifty dollars per annum. Small as it was, it amounted to a tithe of the parson's income.—It was well known, that, in certain parts of our country, every thing (not always discreetly) is sacrificed to the hobby—education. Still the prudent father, who had already two sons at college, hesitated—did not consent till Agnes ascertained that, by keeping a little school in the village, she might obtain half the required sum. Her father, brothers, and friends all remonstrated. The toils of a school, in addition to the care and labor of her father's family, was, they urged, too much for her—but she laughed at them. 'What was labor to her if she could benefit Lizzy—dear Lizzy!' All ended, as might be expected, in Lizzy going to the grand boarding school. The parting was a great and trying event in the family. It was soon followed by a sadder. The father suddenly sickened and died—and nothing was left for his family but his house and well kept little garden. What now was to be done? College and schools to be given up. No such thing. In our country, if a youth is rich he ought to be educated; if he is poor, he *must* be. The education is the capital whereby they are to live hereafter. It is obtained in that mystrious but unfailing way—'by hook and by crook.'

The elder Grays remained in college.—Agnes enlarged her school; learned lessons in Mathematics and Latin one day, and taught them the next; took a poor, accomplished young lady from some broken down family in town into partnership, and received a few young misses as boarders into her family. Thus she not only was able to pay 'dear Lizzy's' bills regularly, but to aid her younger brothers. Her energy and success set all her attractions in a strong light, and she was talked about, and became quite the queen of the village.

I think it was about a year after her father's death, that a Mr. Henry Orne, a native of the village, who was engaged in a profitable business at the south, returned to pass some months at his early home. His

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frequent visits to the parsonage, and his attentions on all occasions to Agnes, soon became matter of very agreeable speculation to the gossips of the village. "What a fine match he would be for Agnes!—such an engaging, well-informed young man, and so well off!" Agnes' heart was not steel; but though it had been exposed to many a flame she had kindled, it had never yet melted.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Seton, for interrupting you—was Agnes pretty?"

"Pretty?" The word did not exactly suit her.—At the time of which I am now speaking, she was at the mature age of five-and-twenty, which is called the perfection of womanhood. Prettiness is rather appropriate to the bud than the ripened fruit. Agnes, I have been told, had a fine person—symmetrical features, and so charming an expression that she was not far from beautiful, in the eyes of strangers, and quite a beauty to her friends and lovers. Whether it were beauty, manners, mind, or heart, I know not; one and all probably—but Henry Orne soon became her assiduous and professed admirer. Till now, Agnes, had lived satisfied and happy with subordinate affections.—She had never seen any one that she thought it possible she could love as well as she loved those to whom Nature had allied her. But now the sun arose, and other lights became dim—"not that she loved Cesar less, but she loved Rome more." Their mutual faith was plighted, and both believed, as real lovers do, that the world never contained so happy, so blessed a pair, as they were.

Lizzy's second year at school was nearly ended, and one month after her return the marriage was to be solemnized. In the mean time, Agnes was full of the cares of this world. The usual preparations for the greatest occasion in a woman's life are quite enough for any single pair of hands; but Agnes had to complete her school term, and the possibility of swerving from an engagement never occurred to her.

Lizzy arrived, as lovely a creature as she had appeared in the dreams of her fond sister. In the freshness and untouched beauty of her own existence, just freed from the trammels of school, her round cheek glowing with health, and her heart overflowing with happiness. 'Here is my own dear Lizzy,' said Agnes, as she presented her to Henry Orne, 'and if you do not love me for any thing else, you must for giving you such a sister.'

Henry Orne looked at Lizzy and thought, and said 'the duty would be a very easy one.' 'For the next, month,' continued Agnes, 'I shall be incessantly occupied, and you must entertain one another. Henry has bought a nice little pony for me, Lizzy, and he shall teach you to ride, and you shall go over all his scrambling walks with him—to Skycliff, Rose-glen and Beech-cove—the place he says nature made for lovers; but my poor lover has had to accommodate himself to my working-day life, and woo me in beaten paths.'

The next month was the most joyous of Lizzy's life—every day was a festival. To the perfection of animal existence in the country, in the month of June, was added the keen sense of all that physical nature conveys to the susceptible mind.

Wherever she was, her sweet voice was heard ringing in laughter, or swelling in music that seemed the voice of irrepressible joy—the spontaneous breathing of her soul. To the lover approaching his marriage, Time is apt to drag along with leaden foot, but to Henry Orne he seemed rather to fly with Mercury wings at his heels; and when Agnes found herself compelled by the accumulation of her affairs, to defer her wedding for another month, he submitted with a better grace than could have been expected. Not many days of this second term had elapsed, when Agnes, amidst all her cares, as watchful of Lizzy as a mother of an only child, observed a change stealing over her. Her stock of spirits seemed suddenly expended,—her color faded,—her motions were languid, and each successive day she became more and more dejected. 'She wants rest,' said Agnes to Henry Orne; 'she has been unnaturally excited, and there is now a re-action. She must remain quietly at home for a time on the sofa, in a darkened room, and you, Henry, I am sure, will, for my sake, give up you riding and walking for a few days, and stay within doors, and play on your flute, and read to her.' Agnes' suggestions were promptly obeyed, but without the happy effect she anticipated. Lizzy, who had never before had a cloud on her brow, seemed to have passed under a total eclipse. She became each day more sad and nervous. A tender word from Agnes—sometimes a look, would make her burst into tears.

'I am miserable, Henry, said Agnes, 'at this unaccountable change in Lizzy—the doctor says she is perfectly free from disease—perhaps we have made too sudden a transition from excessive exercise to none at all. The evening is dry and fine, I wish you would induce her to take a little walk with you. She is distressed at my anxiety, and I cannot propose any thing that does not move her to tears.

'It is very much the same way with me,' replied Henry, sighing deeply, 'but if you wish it, I will ask her.' He accordingly did so—she consented, and they went out together.

Agnes retired to her own apartment, and there, throwing herself upon her knees, she entreated her Heavenly Father to withdraw this sudden infusion of bitterness from her brimming cup of happiness. Try me in any other way," she cried, in the intensity of her feeling, and, for the first time in her life, forgetting that every petition should be in the spirit of "Thy will be done," "try me in any other way, but show me the means of restoring my sister—my child, to health and happiness!"

She returned again to her little parlor. Lizzy had not come in, and she sat down on the sofa near an open window, and resigned herself to musings, the occupation, if occupation it may be called, of the idle, but rarely, and never of late, Agnes!

In a few moments Lizzy and Henry returned, and came into the porch adjoining the parlor.—They perceived the candles were not lighted, and concluding Agnes was not there, they sat down in the porch.

"Oh, I am too wretched!" said Lizzy. Her voice was low and broken, and she was evidently weeping.

"Is it possible," thought Agnes, "that she will express her feelings more freely to Henry than to me? I will listen. If she knows any cause for her dejection, I am sure I can remove it."

"Why, my beloved Lizzy," replied Orne, in a scarcely audible voice, will you be so wretched? why will you make me so, and forever, when there is a remedy?"

"Henry Orne!" she exclaimed, and there was resolution and indignation in her voice. "If you name that to me again, I will never, so help me God, permit you to come into my presence without witnesses. No, there is no remedy, but in death. Would that it had come before you told me you loved me—before my lips confessed my sinful love for you—no, no—the secret shall be buried in my grave."

"Oh, Lizzy, you are mad—Agnes does not, cannot love as we do. Why sacrifice two to one?—Let me, before it is too late, tell her the whole, and cast myself on her generosity."

"Never, no never—I now wish, when I am in her presence, that the earth at her feet would swallow me up; and how can you, for a moment, think I will ask to be made happy—that I could be made happy at her expense? No I am willing to expiate with my life, my baseness to her—that I shall soon do so is my on-

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ly comfort—and you will soon forget me—men can *forget*, they say."

"Never—on my knees, I swear never!"

"Stop, for mercy's sake, stop. You must not speak another such word to me—I will not hear it." She rose to enter the house. Agnes slipped through a private passage to her own apartment.

She heard Lizzy ascending the stairs. She heard Henry call after her, "One word, Lizzy—for mercy's sake, one *last* word." But Lizzy did not turn. Agnes heard her feebly drag herself into the little dressing room adjoining the apartment, and after, there was no sound but the poor girl's suppressed, but still audible sobs.

None but He who created the elements that compose the human heart, and who can penetrate its mysterious depths, can know which of the sisters was most wretched at that moment. To Agnes, who had loved deeply, confidingly, without a shadow of fear or distrust, the reverse was fatal. To Lizzy, who had enjoyed for a moment the bewildering fervors of a young love, only to feel its misery, that misery was embittered by a sense of wrong done to her sister. And yet it had not been a willing, but an involuntary, and resisted, and most heartily repented, wrong. She had recklessly rushed down a steep to a fearful precipice, and now felt that all access and passage to return was shut against her. Agnes without having one dim fear—without any preparation—saw an abyss yawning at their feet—an abyss only to be closed by self-immolation.

She remained alone for many hours—she resolved—her spirit faltered—she re-resolved. She thought of all Lizzy had been to her, and of all she had been to Lizzy, and she wept as if her heart would break. She remembered the prayer that her impatient spirit had sent forth that evening. She prayed again, and a holy calm, never again to be disturbed, took possession of her soul.

There is a power in goodness, pure, self-renouncing goodness, that cannot be overcome, but overcometh all things.

Lizzy waited till all was quiet in her sister's room. She heard her get into bed, and then stole softly to her. Agnes, as she had done from Lizzy's infancy, opened her arms to receive her, and Lizzy pillowing her aching head on Agnes' bosom, softly breathing,—'My sister—mother!'

"My own Lizzy—*my child*, answered Agnes. There was no tell-tale faltering of the voice. She felt a tear trickle from Lizzy's cold cheek on her bosom, and not very long after both sisters were in a sleep that mortals might envy, and angels smile on.

The rest you will anticipate, my dear Anne. The disclosure to the lovers of her discovery, was made by Agnes in the right way, and at the right time. Every thing was done as it should be by this most admirable woman. She seemed, indeed, to feel as a guardian angel might, who, by some remission of his vigilance, had suffered the frail mortal in his care to be beguiled into evil. She never, by word, or even look, reproached Lizzy. She shielded her, as far as possible, from self-reproach, nor do I believe she ever felt more unmixed tenderness and love for her, than when, at the end of a few months, she saw her married to Henry Orne.

My story has yet a sad supplement. Madame Cotin, I believe it is, advises a story-teller to close the tale when he comes to a happy day—for, she says, it is probable no other will succeed it. Poor Lizzy had experience of this sad mutability of human life. Hers was chequered with many sorrows.

Lapses from virtue at eight-and-twenty, and at sixteen afford very different indications of character: and I think you cannot expect much from a man, who, at eight-and-twenty, acted the part of Henry Orne. He was unfaithful in engagements with persons less merciful than Agnes Gray. He became inconstant in his pursuits—self-indulgent, and idle, and finally intemperate in his habits. His wife—as wives will—loved him to the end.

Agnes retained her school, which had become in her hands a profitable establishment. There she labored, year after year, with a courageous heart, and serene countenance, and devoted the fruits of her toils to Lizzy, and to the education of her children.

I am telling no fiction, and I see you believe me, for the tears are trembling in your eyes—do not repress them, but permit them to embalm the memory of an *old maid*.

NIGHT—By James Montgomery.

Night is the time to rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast,
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blended in fantastic strife,
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by day-light are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poet's sung, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full-moon's earliest glance
That brings unto the home sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse:
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death:
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

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OH! DEEM NOT THAT I LOVE HER LESS.

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Unnoticed I have followed her
To mansions of the proud,
Without a thought that passes me,
Among the menial crowd;
But while they praise the dazzling gems,
That on her forehead shine;
One fait'ring voice has breathed her name,
She little thinks 'tis mine.

I gaze at midnight on the lamp
That from her chamber gleams,
Morn finds me there, but I am not
The subject of her dreams;
Of me she thinks not, tho' for her
My health and strength decline,
And when she looks upon my tomb,
She'll little think 'tis mine.

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

THE FAIR QUERIST.

"Oh! did you see that curious sight!
The shooting stars, the other night?"
The laughing Harriet cries.
"O yes—methinks I see them now,"
Replies her lover with a bow.
"Good gracious!—tell me where and how!"
"In Harriet's sparkling eyes."

"Well—did you see that foolish show,
The strange fantasticals, you know,
Who dress'd so very queer?"
"O yes—I see them, every day,
Parading up and down Broadway—
And see *one* now." "O tell me!—say!".
"In Harriet's walking gear."

"Pshaw—you've no taste!—But, do you know,
Perpetual motion's all the go,
With both the old and young?
If *you* had now the skill or wit,
Or genius, to discover it."
"I think I've made the lucky hit."
"Indeed! O tell me, e'er you quit?"
"It moves in Harriet's tongue."

CORRECT ANSWER.—"Might your name be Smith?" said a lout to that oddest of odd fellows, I——, after a rap at his door loud enough to disturb the occupants of a churchyard. "Yes, it might, but it aint by a long chalk."

"Timothy," said a certain Grocer to his clerk "I've joined the Temperance Society, and it won't *look well* to sell liquor, in future, *before folks*. So if any person call for any, you must take them into the *back room*."

THE STANDARD.—Judge a man by his actions—a poet by his eye—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a player by his strut—a boxer by his sinews—an Irishman by his swagger—an Englishman by his rotundity—a Scotchman by his shrug—a justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—an editor by his coat—a tailor by his agility—a fiddler by his elbow—and a woman by her neatness.

VERY MALAPROPOS.—A certain turf Baronet who had been struck with the charms of a pretty *fille de chambre* of his lady's, lately stumbled on her on the staircase and could not resist the temptation of imprinting some kisses, which the damsel cordially returned. Flushed with excitement, Sir ——— exclaimed, "By Jove, Susan, your lips are sweeter than your mistress's." "Lord, Sir, (said the blushing *soubrette*, with the greatest *naivete*,) only think! why now if John, my lady's own man, does not say the same." The Baronet's courage cooled down to zero.

As the celebrated and haughty Seymour, speaker of the house of commons in England, was riding out one day in his carriage, he met a large west country wagon, which he was astonished did not turn out of the road in compliment for his dignity. As the wagoner approached him Seymour raised his gold-headed cane and made a stroke at him. The driver, falling back his whip's length, soon convinced the courtier of his error; who, smarting under his well applied lash, exclaimed, Sirrah, villain, I'll commit you to jail; I'll send you to the devil; dont you know who I am—I am the *Speaker*, rascal! D—n you then said the countryman, why didn't you speak before!

Some years before we became settled in life, it was our custom to spend a few weeks in the spring and autumn, for the purpose of fishing and sporting at a small village on the south shore. Our landlady was very ugly and rather cross; but blessed with "one fair daughter," with whom we occasionally took a walk in a grove by moonlight, the interval of sentimental speech being filled up by an owl solo, and the perspective being generally a rainy walk home afterwards. She was tall and wrote poetry; at least we have a song of her's entitled, "Why do I weep?" to the the tune of "There is nae luck about the house," in slow time—It having been ascertained that quick tunes are the most pathetic ones when sung slow. A beautiful thing we thought it, then, and were surprised that she did not put "Alice Gray" *hors decombat*. We thought also that we were in love; and are very glad it was not so, for she turned out fat and eat mustard with her roast beef. She married a particular friend of ours, and we wished him joy. We wish him so still, but doubt the efficacy of our prayers, inasmuch as his wife's countenance resembled an illuminated dial plate. All this, however, has nothing to do with the anecdote. During the interval between one of our spring and fall visits, our hostess became converted. We were ignorant of this, but as we drove up to the door at which she was standing, we imagined something was in the wind, for her face seemed to "shed a browner horror o'er" the front yard. "Good morning, Mrs. T——," throwing our valise from the chase, and preparing to alight.

"We can't accommodate you, sir."
"Have you boarders?"
"No, sir, but we can't take you."
"Havn't I always conducted myself like a gentleman?"
"Yes, I spose so—in a worldly way; but you are a sinner, young man,—you dont believe as I do."
"Why, what do you believe that I dont?"
"You don't believe that we shall all be damned."
"No, not all—but I believe that some will."
"How many?"
"Fifty thousand, perhaps,"
"*Well, that's better than nothing.*"

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.—The Portsmouth Journal is mistaken in representing this distinguished character as of Scotch descent. The father of John and James—the President of New Hampshire and the Governor of this Commonwealth—came to this country in 1723; from the Emerald Isle, where he and his wife were both born. Both the sons were educated also by the father. There is a good story told, on the best authority, of John's first debut as a lawyer, which illustrates the character of the man.

He went to Durham, N. H. accompanied by his brother James, who was younger, for the purpose of opening an office. The settlers there, chiefly Irish, were opposed to such an innovation. They wanted no lawyers at all at all. They soon gave John to understand as much, and indeed told him he must make off, in so many words. John thought of it awhile, consulted James, and finally made a deliberate proposal, to settle the matter by a personal combat between himself and his brother, on one side, and any two of the Irishmen they might select on the other; if the former whipped they should stay; or if otherwise, they should go. The challenge was accepted, and decided in favor of John and James; and never were two men more popular than they ever after.

Sharp Penetration.—"You don't love me, I know you don't," said a young married lady to her husband. "I give you credit, my dear, for a keen penetration," was the consoling reply.

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EXCUSES FOR NOT ATTENDING CHURCH.—No other time to myself. Mean to have a walk into the country. No fresh air but on Sundays. Caught cold last night at a party—intend nursing myself to-day. Don't like a Liturgy—always praying for the same thing. Don't like Extempore Prayer—don't know what is coming. Don't like the organ—it's too noisy. Don't like singing without music—makes one sad. Can't bear extempore sermons—too frothy. Dislike a written sermon—too pressing. Nobody to-day but our own minister. A stranger to-day; don't like strangers—always so much to say. Can't keep awake when at church: snored aloud last time I was there—shan't risk it again.—*Charleston Mercury.*

Sandy Wood's Plan of Supporting a Wife.—The eccentric and well-remembered Sandy Wood, an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, at the outset of his professional career, married Miss Veronica Chalmers, second daughter of George Chalmers, W. S. a highly respectable man, and to whose honesty and integrity his fellow citizens bore the most ample testimony, by giving him the popular title of "Honest George Chalmers." This marriage turned out very fortunate for both parties, though before it took place, there was danger of its being impeded by the poverty of the intended husband. It is related that Mr. Wood, on obtaining the consent of the lady, proposed himself to Mr. Chalmers as his son-in-law, when that gentleman addressed him thus: "Sandy, I have not the smallest objection to you, but I myself am not rich, and should therefore like to know how you are to support a wife and family?" Mr. Wood, putting his hand in his pocket and taking out his lancet-case, with a scarlet garter rolled round it, presenting it to him, said, "I have nothing but this, sir, and a determination to use my best endeavors to succeed in my profession." Mr. Chalmers was so struck with this straight-forward and honest reply, that he honestly exclaimed, "Veronica is yours."

FIRST INTRODUCTION OF THE SHERIDANS TO FASHIONABLE LIFE.—It was at the house of the present Dowager Countess of Cork, then as now, remarkable for its admixture of literary and fashionable society, that the late Duchess of Devonshire was struck by the singing of a very beautiful young woman, who was represented to her as a professional person, just married to an Irish gentleman of literary connections.—"She is a charming creature, and I should like very much to have her at Devonshire-house," said the Duchess. "But what shall we do about the husband? He is such an odd-looking person, and the Duke so much dislikes strangers! I scarcely know how to manage it." Yet within a year the odd-looking man was the most favourite guest and distinguished ornament of the circle of Devonshire House; the Duke himself, a scholar of no mean attainments, being often unable to tear himself away from the fascinating society of the all-accomplished Sheridan!

There are people in the world who are continually speaking of their ill-luck. One of these discontented beings was passing through our streets the other day. Something glistened on the side walk, and he stooped to pick it up. It was an old fashioned pistareen. "Dang it," he exclaimed, in a tone of petulant disappointment, "if any body else had found it, *it would have been a quarter dollar.*"

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter," answered, "Upon my life, I do not yet know whether I am an *uncle* or *aunt.*"

A SCENE AT COURT.—An attorney, whose practice was confined to the crown or *half*-crown business, delayed later than usual to obtain the necessary instructions from his clients, insomuch that he was obliged and allowed to accompany some of them into the dock where the gaoler, being a bit of a wag, locked the legal adviser in with his accused clients. The Court was about to sit, and the attorney perceiving his awkward predicament, was precipitately effecting his retreat over the spikes, upon which he was caught just at the moment that Chief Justice Downes appeared at the side curtain of the bench, and spying the clambering agent, cried out—"Gaoler, look to your prisoner." Attorney—"My Lord, my Lord!" Chief Justice—"Gaoler, I say, your prisoner." Attorney—My Lord, I'm an attorney." Chief Justice—"I'm sorry for it—I'm mighty sorry for it." Attorney—"My Lord, I'm guilty of —— Chief Justice—"Prisoner, don't commit yourself." Attorney—"There's no charge against me, my Lord," (somewhat recovering.) Chief Justice—"You'll be tried by your King and your country." Attorney—"I say, my Lord, I'm not a prisoner—there's no indictment whatever." Chief Justice—"You'll be discharged, then, by proclamation." The convulsion of laughter was here so great and so general, that it was some time before an explanation could be effected. —*Stewart's Despatch.*

A BLACK JOKE.—Blackee passing along Fleet street, was astonished at hearing a voice call out,—"How d'ye do, massa Mungo, how d'ye do, Snowball," and on looking up, observed it proceed from a parrot, in a splendid gilt cage. "Aha, massa Parrot," said Blackee, "you great man here; you live in *gold house now*, but me know you *fader* very well, *he* live *in de bush.*"

A very virtuous lady was desired by another to teach her what secrets she had to preserve her husband's favour:—"It is," said she, "by doing all that pleases him, and by enduring all that displeases me."

A traveller on the continent, visiting a celebrated cathedral, was shown by the Sacristan among other marvels, a dirty opaque phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said, 'Do you call this a relic? 'Sir,' said the Sacristan, indignantly, 'it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt.'

A NEW METHOD OF TAKING A PROFILE.—Early on a very cold morning, a travelling profile cutter called at the house of a wag, and inquired if he wanted a profile taken. "Yes," was his reply, "I want yours *taken* from my door."

WITTY INFERENCE.—A lady asked a child how long it took to build Rome, and was answered a *night.* "How do you make that out?" She replied, "Because mamma told me it was not built in *a day.*"

A person very fond of playing at nine pins, and who when excited was rather apt to sputter out with great vehemence anything which came uppermost in his mind, fell a-sleep one day in meeting, when all at once he bawled out loud enough to stun the whole congregation—"I'll be to-totally condemned if they aint all down—*no two ways about that*—SET 'EM UP."

A MERRY PLACE.—"Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?"

"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think."

"And why so?"

"Because, I am told that *there*, all bodies *lose their gravity.*"

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OLD GRIMES'S SON.

Old Grimes's boy lives in our town,
A clever lad is he,—
He's long enough, if cut in half,
To make two men like me.

He has a sort of waggish look,
And cracks a harmless jest,
His clothes are rather worse for wear,
Except his Sunday's best.

He is a man of many parts,
As all who know can tell,
He sometimes reads the list of Goods,
And rings the Auction bell.

He's kind and lib'ral to the poor,
That is, to number one,
He sometimes saws a load of wood,
And piles it when he's done.

He's always ready for a job—
(When paid)—whate'er you choose.
He's often at the Colleges,
And brushes boots and shoes.

Like honest men, he pays his debts,
No fear has he of duns,
At leisure he prefers to walk,—
But when in haste he—runs

In all his intercourse with folks,
His object is to please,
His pantaloons curve out before,
Just where he bends his knees.

His life was written some time since,
And many read it through,
He makes a racket when he snores,
As other people do.

When once oppress'd he prov'd his blood
Not covered with the yoke,
But now he sports a freeman's cap,
And when it rains, a cloak!

He's dropped beneath a southern sky,
He's trod on northern snows,
He's taller by a foot or more—
When standing on his toes!

In church he credits all that's said,
Whatever preacher rise,
They say he has been seen in tears,
When dust got in his eyes!

A man remarkable as this—
Must sure immortal be,
And more than all, because he is
Old Grimes' posterity! J. W. B.

LAY OF A LAZY PUNSTER.

'Tis well I'm born a gentleman,
And that enough I've got,
But I would fain earn what I eat,
Yet do—I don't know what.

A sailor I would never be,
To risk my life as nought;
Your tars are loose and ignorant,
Though some say they're *all taut!*

Then for a valiant colonel I'm
Too old to gain renown;
Besides, a *kernal* of my (*y*) *ears*
Ought not now to *come down!*

A public private I'd not be,
To be at all commands;
I'm sure I should not like to walk
My *arms* borne *in my hands!*

A doctor's an uneasy life,
No time to sleep or sup,
For *unwrapp'd*, just laid down *to sleep*,
You're in the cold *rapt up!*

Then he who would a poet be,
Must maddest be of men;
For my part I am not *a calf*,
To take up with *a pen.*

I ne'er could learn a cobbler's trade,
Or if I on should get,
I should make *pumps* like engineers,
That is, they'd *water let!*

Were I a moody sexton, I
Should *hate* while I *add mire;*
I see no fun in *delving down*,
And getting little *hire!*

A SHORT SOLILOQUY

BY MY MAIDEN AUNT—AGED FORTY.

Scene discovers my Aunt at her toilette. Time—New Year's morning.

And 'tis e'en so? (abstractedly) Another year;
Alack! how time glides on;
Another year; 'tis very queer;
Another year has gone.

Heav'n help me! I am growing old;
And ah! (sorrowfully) I fear the Colonel
And the world too, begins to think
My youth is not eternal.

Why! a grey hair! (starts and shrieks) Pshaw! what a fool!
Thank heaven! it is a thread;
How it did frighten me; Oh! la;
Dear me I'm all but dead. (out of breath)

(Takes up the thread and tries to put it through a needle.)

Bless me! I do declare, 'tis strange;
'Tis odd I cannot thread it;
I know my sight is good enough; (tries again.)
But pshaw! I do not need it. (throws it down.)

No, no; my hair, I'm sure, is quite
As black as 't ever was, (very complacently)
And to complain of my eye-sight,
I'm certain I've no cause.

My skin is smooth and white as snow, (approaching
My eyes have all youth's fire, the mirror)
There is no wrinkle on my brow,
My teeth are all entire.

And then my form is *en bon point*,
My step is light and spry, (*cuts a pigeon wing*)
There's many a spruce young Miss, that looks
Not half as young as I.

In fine my New York visiters, (slowly retiring with
Though one year more is gone, her face toward
Can't estimate my age, I think, the mirror.)
Much over—*twenty-one!* [*Exit.* X.Y.Z.

N. Y. Atlas and Constel.

My Pretty Kate.

My pretty Kate, I do not know
The reason why I love you so
Devotedly; but when a day
Without thy presence drags away,
I feel as though a year had flown
And I the while been left alone.

Yet when a day I spend with thee,
It scarcely seems an hour to me;
Yet tho' no suicide am I,
Nor very anxious am to die;
My soul unmoved the hope surveys,
That Kate may shorten all my days.

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ATKINSON'S
CASKET
OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.—*Byron's Don Juan.*

No. 4.] PHILADELPHIA.—APRIL. [1834.

LORD BYRON.

This distinguished poet was born at Dover, January 22, 1788. He was the grandson of admiral Byron, and succeeded to the title and estates of his uncle, when only ten years old. By the eccentricity and misconduct of several members of the Byron family, the reputation of the family, so ancient and honorable in English history, had been considerably tarnished. One of them was indicted for murder, in killing his relation, Chaworth, and only escaped by pleading his peerage. The father of the poet having deserted his wife and only child, Mrs. Byron returned with her son to Aberdeen, where she lived in narrow circumstances and great seclusion. The singular circumstances attendant upon the early childhood of Lord Byron, seem to have operated very materially in the formation of his very striking character. Until seven years of age, the care of his education rested solely on his mother, to whose excusable, but injudicious indulgence, some of the waywardness by which it was subesquently marked, was, even by himself, attributed. Being then of a weakly constitution, that disadvantage, added to a slight malformation of one of his feet, naturally rendered him an object of peculiar solicitude; and, to invigorate his constitution, he was not sent to school, but allowed to brace his limbs upon the mountains in the neighborhood; where he early acquired associations, and encountered a mass of legendary lore, which indisputably nursed his poetical tendencies. At seven years he was sent to the grammar school of Aberdeen, whence he was taken, when but ten years old, and sent to Harrow. While there, he fell in love with Miss Chaworth, the daughter and heiress of the gentleman who had fallen by the hand of his great uncle, whom he met with on his occasional visits to Newstead; but the attachment amounted to a mere interchange of billets and poetical epistles. At nineteen he quitted the university and took up his residence at the family seat of Newstead Abbey, where he employed himself chiefly in amusement. In 1807 he arranged his "Hours of Idleness," which, on their publication, drew down a severe attack from the Edinburg Review, which ridiculed the poems so much as to rouse their author, who soon after came out with his celebrated "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which was even more severe and illnatured, in many particulars, than the original attack.

About this time Lord Byron fell into a career of dissipation too prevalent among the possessors of rank and fortune; thus he became deeply involved before he attained legal maturity. In 1809, he determined to travel, and left England for Lisbon, whence he proceeded through Spain, Greece, Turkey &c. In 1811 he returned home, but not in time to close the eyes of his mother, who breathed her last a short time before he arrived at Newstead. In 1812 appeared Childe Harold, which, in spite of its moral defects, produced a great impression. Eulogy flowed in from all quarters, and his first entry into public life may be dated from this time. The Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara, and the Siege of Corinth, followed each other in quick succession. In January, 1815 he married Miss Anna Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Millbank Noel; her fortune was not large, but it was soon dissipated by the splendors which followed the nuptials. A formal separation, after the birth of a daughter, took place the following year, which produced a great sensation, in the midst of which Lord Byron left England, never to return. At Rome he completed his third canto of Childe Harold, Manfred, and other poems. In 1819 appeared Mazeppa and Don Juan. In 1822 he wintered at Genoa, and began first to indulge those feelings in regard to the efforts of the Greeks to throw off the Mohammedan yoke, which determined him to lend them the aid of his person, purse and influence. In 1823 he established himself in Cephalonia, where he advanced about $50,000 for the relief of Missolonghi,

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for which place he sailed some time afterwards in person. Here he exerted himself in a variety of ways to aid the cause of the Greeks. In the month of April, 1824, while riding out, he got extremely wet, the result of which was a violent fever, which proved fatal on the 19th. His body was conveyed to England, and interred near his own seat of Newstead Abbey. He left a natural child in Greece, to whom he bequeathed five thousand pounds, on condition of her not marrying an Englishman.

From the Literary Souvenir.

ALLAN M'TAVISH.

In a secluded nook of one of the wildest and most solitary parts of the Argyllshire coast, where it is washed by the Atlantic waters, there stood, some thirty years ago, the cottage of a Highland fisherman. The traveller who should now look for its site would probably be unrewarded for his pains;—it has long since mouldered from the face of the earth. A few stones, half buried among sand, are all that remain to indicate where the humble dwelling of human hearts once sanctified the bosom of solitude;—yet were its walls the mute witnesses of love as deep—of agony as intense—as ever lived and burned within the soul beneath the roof of palaces. Nature is no respecter of places. The passions, which obey her call, belong alike to all her children; the decay which follows her footsteps is the appointed lot of all things wherein these children have a path here below.

At the period of which I spoke the cottage stood at the very base of a range of lofty and precipitous cliffs, which, retiring in a semicircle from the shore at that particular spot, left a recess at their feet, whose only opening was to the sea. This little nook, not more than half an acre in extent, was during high water entirely separated from communication with the world beyond it, as the sea flowed up to the base of the rocky walls which, girding it on either side, extended themselves along the coast. The only mode by which it was at such times possible to obtain egress from it, was one accessible only to the foot of a daring and fearless craigsman, that of scrambling on hands and knees across the face of rocks, which, beetling over a sea so high and tempestuous, looked as though they defied the pigmy efforts of man to surmount their mighty ramparts. Yet this feat, frightful as it would have appeared to one unaccustomed to it, had more than once been accomplished by the bold and sure-footed inhabitants of the coast, by means of strong wooden poles, ropes to aid their descent, and a judicious method of availing themselves of every projecting bush, or tuft of heather, to assist their toilsome progress. At ebb-tide, a narrow strip of sand, turning the projecting headlands, afforded a path whereby to gain the wider extent of shore beyond them, some three-quarters of a mile along which was situated a row of fisherman's cottages, lying on the right hand, after leaving the solitary cabin above mentioned, which stood aloof and secluded from all, yet wearing a character very superior to that of the others. Its appearance, in fact, was nearer that of the neat and carefully-kept abodes of peasantry on a Lowland gentleman's estate, than the slovenly hut of a northern fisherman. Some pains had been taken to form a little garden beside it, at the sheltering foot of the cliff; and these pains—screened as it was from all winds, even from those blowing off the sea, at least in ordinary weather—had been attended with considerable success. Every thing around the door was kept in extreme order; and the narrow strip of grass on which the sand had not encroached, served as a little bleaching-green to the fisherman's young and lovely Lowland wife, on which she was often to be seen spreading out her clothes, and with her baby laid upon the grass beside her, while awaiting the return of her husband from his fishing; at which time it was her usual custom to repair to the beach, in order to assist him in carrying up his nets to the house.

Allan Mac Tavish, her husband, was a tall and handsome young Highlander, who had, about two years previous to the time of which I write, arrived in that part of the country to settle, with his newly-married wife. He was a native of the coast, and had been bred a fisherman from childhood; but some time before his marriage he had left the country, to accompany his foster-brother, a young Highland gentleman, to the bridge of Allan, a watering-place in Stirlingshire, whither he had been ordered for his health. The young laird's affection for his foster-brother was such that he could not endure to be separated from him, and Allan left his fishing to go with him. The laird returned no more; he died in the Lowlands, but Allan Mac Tavish came back, enriched by a small legacy from him, and accompanied by one of the prettiest girls in all Stirlingshire as his wife. From that time they had continued to reside in the Cove of Craigna-varroch, as the spot where their cottage stood was named, to all appearance the happiest of couples. They were doatingly attached to each other; and when, on returning from his fishing, Allan Mac Tavish sat down beside his clean and cheerful hearth, with his infant on his knee, while his wife spun, or mended his nets beside him, he at least felt that the world did not contain for him a spot so blessed as his own little home.

But there was one heart in the group that felt as though it dared not be happy. Margaret Weir, the young wife of Allan, loved her husband with a depth and intensity of affection which had led her to do as she had done—to violate filial duty for his sake, but which could not teach her to forget the fault she committed, or the parent whom she had deserted; and the consciousness of her disobedience was with her, in her happiest hour, to sink her heart as with a weight of lead. She was the only child of a wealthy farmer, originally from Ayrshire, who had come during his daughter's childhood, immediately after the death of his wife, to settle in Stirlingshire, not far from the Bridge of Allan. Andrew Weir was one of those who still retain, almost in all their original strictness, the peculiar tenets, and ideas of the Cameronians; of whom there are many to be found at the present day in the wild and lonely districts of the south-western part of Scotland. His notions of family

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discipline, and of strict seclusion from those who held a different doctrine from his own, were extremely rigid;—yet notwithstanding these, the affection which he had borne his daughter was very great,—nor had the harmony subsisting between them ever experienced any interruption, until the arrival of Allan Mac Tavish near their place of residence, and his subsequent acquaintance with Margaret, first broke in upon the calm tenor of her life, by introducing sensations to which her heart had never before been awakened. The intimacy of his daughter with the young Highlander had continued for a considerable time, ere Andrew Weir became aware of it; for Margaret knew her father's prejudices too well to dare to make him acquainted with her lover. It came to his knowledge by accident, and his anger was proportionably great. In common with many of his countrymen, Andrew entertained an extreme dislike to Highlanders, which dislike, in the present instance, received tenfold confirmation from the circumstances of Mac Tavish being a Catholic. He would have considered himself as signing the warrant for his daughter's eternal perdition, had he not instantly forbidden all intercourse between them.

At this conjuncture, Allan's foster-brother died, and left him the legacy already mentioned, but with his death, at the same time, ceased all the reasons for Allan's remaining absent from his own country. He contrived an interview with Margaret ere he should depart. It is needless to linger on an oft-told tale. The struggle between filial affection and all-powerful love in the heart of the unsophisticated girl, was severe and long continued; while the religious feelings in which she had been educated contributed to swell the amount of reluctance and of terror with which she contemplated the step to which she was urged. But love at last prevailed.—Margaret fled from her father's house with her lover. They instantly proceeded to Edinburgh, where they were married by a Catholic priest; and then sought the lonely solitude of Allan's old Argyllshire mountains. But Margaret,—so strict had been the filial obedience in which she was brought up, so severe the religious faith of her youth,—could not find happiness the portion of her married life, notwithstanding all the kindness of her husband, the loveliness of her infant, and the peacefulness of her home. The image of her gray-haired father going down in his sorrow to a lonely grave, mourning, in bitterness of heart the sin and the falling away of his only child, was ever before her eyes. She concealed from her husband the remorse which embittered her happiness; but often when his boat was on the sea, and she was alone in her little dwelling with her infant,—not a sight or a sound of a human being near,—nothing but the sea-birds screaming from the cliffs, and the sea making wild music to their song, as it splashed and roared against the rocks that shut out the cove from the world—often at such an hour, would Margaret look back to the image of the cheerful farm-house in the green sunny holm by Allan water;—to the blazing ingle, by whose side stood her old father's chair,—to the venerable form of that now forsaken father, as he opened "the big Ha' Bible," to begin the evening worship; while she sat by his side, and the farm servants formed a circle around. Alas! her accustomed seat was empty now. The name of the undutiful daughter was heard no more in the dwelling of her childhood. Had she indeed still a father? or had her guilty desertion not broken his heart and sent him to a death-bed which no filial hand had smoothed?—Then would she press her babe to her heart, while the tears of bitter and fruitless penitence fell on its innocent face, and pray to God that her sin might not be visited on it; nor be punished in her own person by a like instance of ingratitude in her own child. The return of her beloved husband might for a time dispel these miserable thoughts; but still they came again when he left her—sometimes even when he was by her side. And when, as often happened, his boat was out in rough and tempestuous weather, the anxiety and the terror of poor Margaret were indeed terrible. She seemed ever haunted by some mysterious dread of punishment through the means of her warmest affections—her husband or her child.

There came a bright sunny day in April, when the sun set calmly and cloudlessly, leaving a long train of light over the sea. Allan Mac Tavish went to his bed at sunset, bidding his wife awaken him at eleven at night. It would be high tide in about an hour after that time, when his boat would be most easily floated off; and he, in common with the fishermen who lived in the huts already mentioned, farther along the coast, were then to depart on their expedition. Margaret determined accordingly to sit up until that hour, in order to obviate any danger of not waking in proper time, had she laid down to sleep. But as the night darkened in, and all became stillness and silence in the cottage, an unwonted drowsiness crept over her: in spite of all her efforts, her eyes closed—thoughts wavered before her mind in confused and shapeless forms, till they gradually melted away into dreams; and leaning her head on a chair beside the low stool on which she had seated herself, she sank into a profound sleep.

When at last she opened her eyes, which was with a sudden start, she perceived her husband standing on the floor, and nearly dressed. Casting her eyes towards a silver watch (the gift of Allan's foster-brother,) which hung upon the wall, she perceived by the firelight that it was after eleven: and hastily rose from her seat, in that confusion of ideas which attends a hurried awakening from sleep.

"Margaret, dear," said her husband kindly, "what for did ye stay out of bed? I never knew till I wakened, and saw ye sleeping there."

"Have I no' been i' my bed?" exclaimed Margaret, as she looked around her, "Oh, ay, I mind it a' noo. I just felt asleep sittin' aside the fire. An', Allan, whar are ye gaun e'en noo?"

"Where am I gaun?" returned Allan. "Where would I be gaun? Ye're no awake yet, Margaret, dear. I am for the boat, lass."

"The boat!" almost shrieked Margaret, as the recollection seemed to rush upon her; "the boat!—Oh no, Allan, ye maunna' gang the nicht, Allan. Ye maunna' gang?"

"Not gang to night!" exclaimed he in aston-

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ishment. "And what for no? I must gang in half an hour's time. And gang ye to your bed, hinny, and tak a sleep."

"Oh, Allan," said Margaret, bursting into tears, "be guided by me, and take na the boat the nicht, or we'se a' rue it."

"What's the matter, Margaret?" anxiously inquired he. "What's pitten that in yer head?"

"I had a dream e'en now, Allan," sobbed Margaret, "that warned me no to let ye gang. I fell asleep, and I dreamed that I was sitten' here, i' the ingleneuk, an, waitin' till it was time to wauken ye for the fishin', an' on a sudden the door opened, and my auld father cam ben, and stood afore me; there whar you're stannin', Allan. An' I thocht he leukit gay an' stern-ways at me; an' says he, 'Margaret,' says he, 'tell your husband to bide at hame the nicht, and no gang to the fishin', or ye'll may be rue it when ye canna' mend it.' And wi' that he turned roun', and gaed awa' again, or ever I had pooer to speak till him; an' I startit up, and wankenet wi' the fricht. But do, Allen!" and Margaret again burst into a flood of weeping: "it's na for nocht that I've seen the auld man this nicht. Be ruled by the warnin' he gied me, and dinna gang to the fishin'."

"Hoots, bairn," exclaimed her husband, "your father liked na' me. It was mair like he wad warn ye no' to let me gang, to hinder me from some good than from ill. No, no, Margaret dear, gang I must, this night."

Margaret again wept, wrung her hands, and implored her husband not to go. But superstitious as every Highlander is, on this night it appeared that his wife's mysterious dream made no impression upon Allan Mac Tavish. His spirits, on the contrary, had seldom seemed so high or so excited. He led Margaret to the door;—shewed her the calm, clear sky, brilliant with stars, and the full spring-tide coming so tranquilly into the little bay;—asked her with a kiss, if this were a night to let a dream frighten him from his fishing; and without awaiting farther remonstrance, strode to the place where his boat was moored: and as he pushed it from the shore, turned his head, once more to utter a light and laughing farewell. "Gang to your bed, my bonny Peggy," he said, "and be up belyae the morn, to see the grand boat load o' fish that I'll bring ye back."

Margaret stood upon the shore and watched his boat as it doubled the headland, until, through the darkness, her straining eyes could no longer discern it; heedless the while of the still advancing tide, that now laved her feet. She dried her tears, and looked up to the calm heaven, where not a cloud obscured the dark-blue bosom of night; till at last, half reassured by her husband's cheerful anticipations, half cheered by the serene aspect of the weather, she returned to the cottage, and after commending him in a fervent prayer to the protection of heaven, she replenished the fire with peats, and lay down beside her child, where, in a short time, she fell into a tranquil sleep.

How long Margaret had slept she knew not; but it could not have been very long, for, except the fitful flashes of the firelight, all was darkness in the cottage, when she was suddenly awakened by a loud prolonged sound. She started up in bed, and listened, in an agony of apprehension that almost froze her blood in her veins. It was no dream,—no delusion, she distinctly heard the loud wild howling of the awakened blast, raging overhead as though it would tear off the very roof of the cottage, and scatter it in its fury. She had sunk to sleep when all was stillness on earth and in heaven. She awoke to a tumult as awful as though all the winds had at once been set free from their cave, and dispatched to waste their wrath upon the vexed bosom of the sea. But, deeper and more awful than the winds, there came another sound—the raging of the waters, as they rose in their might, and dashed themselves with a loud booming roar upon the cliffs. Margaret sprang from her bed, and, undressed as she was, rushed to the cottage door. The instant she raised the latch, the force of the tempest dashed it open against the wall. She looked out into the night. A pitchy darkness now brooded over all things; every star seemed blotted from the face of heaven; but dimly through the gloom she could descry the white crests of the waves, as they surged and lashed the beach within a few yards of the cottage door. The tide had risen to a height almost unexampled on that coast beneath the influence of a vernal storm; it had far overpassed its usual limits within the Cove of Craignavarroch; and on the rocks, beyond which it could not go, it was breaking high,—high over head,—with a noise like thunder. Never was change in the weather more sudden and more complete. Margaret stood for a minute in speechless horror and dismay; then, rushing back into the cottage, she fell upon her knees, and held up her hands to heaven: "Lord God!" she exclaimed—"have mercy! have mercy!" She could not utter another word. She hid her face in her hands, and sobbed in agony.

Still the tempest raged, and the waves roared on. Margaret dressed herself, and carefully covered her infant, whose sweet sleep was unbroken by the fearful tumult. Again she went to the door, and stood, looking into the night, regardless of the wind, which drove a heavy rain against her face. She strained her ears to distinguish some sound,—some cry,—amid the pauses of the hurricane. As well might she have striven to distinguish the low music of the woodland bird, as the wildest shriek that ever broke from the lips of despair and anguish, in the midst of an uproar of the elements like that which she had dreamt of hearing. But those from whom that sound must have come, were far—far beyond where her ear could catch their voices.

She closed the door, returned into the room, and knelt down again on the floor, burying her face and closing her ears, as if to shut out the noise of the tempest; while her whole frame shook with the gasping sobs which brought no tears to relieve her; and at every fresh howl of the blast, she shuddered and her limbs shrank closer together. She tried to pray,—but the words died upon her lips. She could not speak;—she could not even think;—she only felt as though she were all one nerve—one thrilling

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nerve—quivering beneath repeated and torturing pangs.

On a sudden the wind sunk,—completely sunk. For the space of three minutes there was not a breath heard to blow. Margaret raised her head, and listened. All was still. She was about to spring from the ground, when back—back it came again,—the hideous burst—the roaring billow of the augmented hurricane, as though it had gained strength and fierceness from its brief repose! Back it came—shaking the very cottage walls, and rattling the door and little window as though it would burst them open,—and Margaret flung herself forward again with a wild shriek, and clasped her hands over her ears again, to deaden the sound.

Then she started from the ground, as a thought struck her, which seemed to bring some faint gleam of hope. "I kenna whan the storm began," said she to herself. "He may never hae won farrer nor the houses ayont the craigs yonder;—or they may hae pitten back time to ashore there; and he'll be biddin' the mornin's licht, and the fa' in' o' the wind, or he come back here again. Oh, ay, that'll just be it! Surely—surely that'll be it," she repeated, as if to assure herself of the truth of what she had said. She took down the watch from the nail on which it hung, and looked at it by the fire-light. The hand pointed to half past two. "Oh! will it never be day?—will it never be light again?" she exclaimed as she replaced it, "that I may win yont the craigs, and see gin he be there." She went again to the door. All was darkness still, and wild uproar without. No gleam of light to announce the far distant dawn. A fresh burst of wind drove her back. "Oh!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "I gin he had been advised by me! But the dochter that left her father's gray hairs to mourn her, deserves na' a better lot. It was e'en owre muckle guidness to gie me a warnin' o' it."

The long dark hours of that terrible night dragged on—on—in all the torments, the unutterable torments of suspense. And if any thing can aggravate those torments, it is enduring them amid darkness. There is something awfully indefinite at all times in the thick impenetrable gloom of night:—but when that gloom is armed with terrors, and big with dangers, to which the very impossibility of ascertaining their extent adds tenfold in the imagination, then it is that we truly feel the full amount of its awfulness. At last a faint dim glimmer of gray light began to break over the trembling waves.—Again Margaret was at her cottage door. It was barely light enough to show her how mountainous were the billows that dashed and raved upon the shore,—how thick and heavy were the clouds that darkened the sky. The wind howled with unabated fury, and the rain drove against her by fits. She could just discern, by the faint day-break, the white foam that marked the tops of the waves, which were now ebbing from the bay; while a thick rib of sand and sea-weed upon the grass not far from the door, marked how fearfully high they had flowed through the night. She cast an eager glance towards the cliffs. Surely by this time it would be practicable to scramble along their base, and to reach the path on the shore of the fishermen's huts?—She felt as though it were impossible to remain another instant in that state of terrible uncertainty. But then, her infant! She durst not carry it out by so hazardous a path, in the wet, cold, dark dawn; and should she leave it behind, it might wake and miss her! She turned distractedly into the room, and approached its bed. It was still in a sound and tranquil sleep; and with a desperate effort of resolution, she determined to make the attempt. She approached the door, and fastened her plaid firmly around her, ere she stepped forth upon her scarce distinguishable way.

At that moment, ere Margaret could cross the threshold, a strange sensation came across her. A cold air rushed past her, like that occasioned by the rapid approach and still more rapid passing of some undiscernible object. A dimness came over her sight; she could not be said to see—but she felt as if something cold and wet had glided swiftly by her, with a scarce perceptible contact, into the house. A damp dew overspread her forehead; her limbs trembled and bent beneath her, as she instinctively turned round, and looked into the room which she had quitted. The light was so faint, that within the house it scarce vanquished the darkness; but a bright gleam flashing up from the fire, showed every thing in the room distinctly for an instant's space; and by that gleam, Margaret beheld the figure of her husband standing within the door, pale, as it seemed to her, and dim, and shadowy, with the water dripping from his clothes and hair. The fire-flash sunk as instantaneously as it had shone, and all was again obscurity, as she dropped upon the floor in a swoon.

When the unhappy wife again opened her eyes, and recovered her perceptions of what was passing around her, she found herself laid in her own bed. The bright glorious sunshine was beaming in at the cottage window, as though to mock her desolation. Several women, from the neighbouring fishing village, were in the room, one of whom held in her arms the infant of Margaret, whom she was endeavouring to soothe and quiet; and at the moment she raised her head, the door opened, and upon the self-same spot where she had that morning beheld his likeness stand, she saw the lifeless corpse of her drowned husband, borne in the arms of some of his comrades, who had with difficulty rescued it from the devouring waves; yet rescued it too late to save.

Some weeks afterwards, as the household of Andrew Weir, were rising from their evening devotions, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the kitchen in which they were all assembled. The old farmer himself went to open it. A female figure, pale, thin, and wasted, clad in deep mourning, and holding an infant in her arms, stood trembling before him. He gazed on her for a moment in silent uncertainty, then desired her to "come in bye."

"Father," said she, clasping her attenuated hands together, "do ye no ken me?" An electric shock of recognition seemed to run through the old man's face. He sank into a chair that stood by the door, and with averted face waved his hand, as though to bid the intruder be gone.

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"Father!" she exclaimed, flinging herself on the ground before him, and clasping his knees, "the hand of the Lord has been upon me, for my fau't, I cam' back to crave your pardon, or I dee. Oh! dinna cast me aff! I hae been sair chasteesed; sair, sair, chasteesed."

A murmur of sympathy and compassion arose from the assembled group of old and attached domestics. The farmer remained silent yet a little space, with his gray head bowed upon his hands, and his whole frame shaking with strong convulsive shudderings. He raised his face at last; and while every feature working with emotion, he stretched forth his hand to the weeping culprit at his knee—

"Rise, Margaret," he said, in a broken voice, "rise, my bairn, the Lord grant ye peace and pardon, as freely as your father dees the nicht." And the penitent and mourning daughter was clasped once more to her parent's heart.

Margaret died not long after in her father's arms, rejoicing with humble faith in her release. The infant son remained with his grandfather; and the cottage which had been the scene of his parents' brief time of wedded love—of his mother's widowed anguish, was left uninhabited, and speedily fell to decay, which was accelerated by the encroachments of the sea upon the Cove. Some broken expressions which escaped from Margaret, regarding the apparition seen by her on the morning of her husband's death, being speedily circulated among the inhabitants of the coast, deterred any one from ever attempting again to fix a habitation in the Cove of Craignavarroch. The place acquired the reputation of being "uncanny;" and at present, there are few fishermen who would willingly put in there after nightfall, however rough the sea, and however distant their destined haven. It stands in the solitude and the desolation befitting the theatre of such a tale.

From the Liverpool Chronicle.

THE SEAMAN'S GRAVE.—By J. S. Walker.

The moon rode high in the cloudless sky,
The ship o'er the billows rolled,
When silent and slow, we bore from below
The corse of our ship-mate bold.

On the gratings placed, in his hammock laced,
The ensign floating o'er him:
We thought of his worth, but no words found birth,
To tell the love we bore him.

And we weighted him well, with shot and shell,
That far beneath the wave,
His sleep might be, secure and free
In the deep, deep coral cave.

A while we stood, in musing mood,
Then lowered him o'er the side,
And we wistfully took a parting look,
As he sank on the dark blue tide.

Some bubbles arose, from his place of repose,
And as quickly forever fled:
We gave but one tear—but that was sincere—
One sigh—for the honoured dead.

But the sea-bird's wail, and the stormy gale,
And the roar of the ocean wave,
Sang deep and long, the funeral song
O'er the seaman's traceless grave,

Preston, Dec. 1833.

From Russel's Work. No. XLI. of the Family Library.

ABYSSINIAN ZOOLOGY.

TRAITS OF THE HYENA.

Hyenas generally inhabit caverns and other rocky places, from whence they issue under cover of the night to prowl for food. They are gregarious, not so much from any social principle, as from a greediness of disposition and a gluttonous instinct, which induce many to assemble even over a scanty and insufficient prey. They are said to devour the bodies which they find in cemeteries, and to disinter such as are hastily or imperfectly inhumed. There seems, indeed, to be a peculiar gloominess and malignity of disposition in the aspect of the hyena, and its manners in a state of captivity are savage and untractable. Like every other animal, however, it is perfectly capable of being tamed.—A contradictory feature has been observed in its natural instincts. About Mount Libanus, Syria, the north of Asia, and the vicinity of Algiers, the hyenas, according to Bruce, live mostly upon large succulent bulbous roots, especially those of the fritillaria, &c., and he informs us that he has known large patches of the fields turned up by them, in search for onions and other plants. He adds that these were chosen with such care, that after having been peeled, if any small decayed spot became perceptible, they were left upon the ground.

In Abyssinia, however, and many other countries, their habits are certainly decidedly carniverous; yet the same courage or fierceness, which an animal diet usually produces, does not obviously manifest itself in this species. In Barbary, according to Bruce, the Moors in the daytime seize the hyena by the ears and drag him along, without his resenting that ignominious treatment, otherwise than by attempting to draw himself back; and the hunters, when his cave is large enough to give them entrance, take a torch in their hands and advance straight towards him, pretending at the same time to fascinate him by a senseless jargon. The creature is astounded by the noise and glare, and allowing a blanket to be thrown over him, is thus dragged out. Bruce locked up a goat, a kid and a lamb all day with a Barbary hyena which had fasted, and he found the intended victims in the evening alive, and uninjured. He repeated the experiment, however, on another occasion, during the night, with a young ass, a goat, and a fox, and next morning he was astonished to find the whole of them, not only killed, but actually devoured, with the exception of some of the ass's bones!

ANECDOTE TOLD BY BRUCE.

Many a time in the night, when the king had kept me late in the palace, and it was not my duty to lie there, in going across the square from the king's house, not many hundred yards distant, I have been apprehensive they would bite me in the leg. They grunted in great numbers around me, though I was surrounded with several armed men, who seldom passed a night without wounding or slaughtering some of them. One night in Maitsha, being very intent on observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed, but upon looking round could perceive nothing.

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Having finished what I was then about, I went out of my tent, resolved directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called upon my servant with a light, and there was the hyena standing nigh the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him, I was in danger of breaking my quadrant or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, but with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could judge. It was not till then he showed any sign of fierceness; but upon feeling the wound, he let drop the candles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me; so that, in self-defence, I was obliged to draw a pistol from my girdle and shoot him; and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his scull with a battle-axe.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.

Mr. Salt and his party stationed themselves on a high overhanging rock, which commanded one of the favorite pools, and they had not remained long before a hippopotamus rose to the surface, at a distance of not more than 20 yards. He came up at first very confidently, raising his enormous head out of the water, and snoring violently. At the same instant their guns were discharged, the contents of which appeared to strike directly on its forehead; on which it turned its head with an angry scowl, and making a sudden plunge, sank to the bottom, with a peculiar noise, between a grunt and a roar. They for some minutes entertained sanguine hope that he was killed, and momentarily expected to see his body ascend to the surface. But it soon appeared that a hippopotamus is not so easily slain—for he rose again, ere long, close to the same spot, and apparently not much concerned at what had happened, though somewhat more cautious than before. They again discharged their pieces, but with as little effect as formerly; and although some of the party continued firing at every one that made his appearance, they were by no means certain that they produced the slightest impression upon any of them. This they attributed to their having used leaden balls, which are too soft to enter his almost impenetrable scull.

It appears from what they witnessed, that the hippopotamus cannot remain more than five or six minutes under water. One of the most interesting parts of the amusement was to witness the perfect ease with which these animals quietly drop down to the bottom; for the water being exceedingly clear, they could distinctly see them as low as twenty feet below the surface.

RHINOCEROS HUNTING.

The eyes of a Rhinoceros are extremely small; and his neck is stiff, and his head cumbrous; he seldom turns round so as to see any thing that is not directly before him. To this, according to Bruce, he owes his death, as he never escapes if there is as much plain ground as to enable a horse to get in advance. His pride and fury then induce him to lay aside all thoughts of escaping but by victory. He stands for a moment at bay, then starting forward, he suddenly charges the horse, after the manner of the wild boar, which animal he greatly resembles in his mode of action. But the horse easily avoids his ponderous onset, by turning short aside, and this is the fatal instant; for a naked man, armed with a sharp sword, drops from behind the principal hunter, and unperceived by the Rhinoceros, who is seeking to wreak his vengeance on his enemy, he inflicts a tremendous blow across the tendon of the heel, which renders him incapable of either flight or resistance.

In speaking of the large allowance of vegetable matter necessary to support this enormous living mass, we should take into consideration the vast quantity of water which it consumes. No country, according to Bruce, but such as that of the Shangallaga, deluged with six months rain, full of large and deep basins, hewn out by nature in the living rock, which are shaded by dark woods from evaporation, or one watered by extensive rivers which never fall low or to a state of dryness, can supply the vast draughts of its enormous maw. As an article of food he is himself much esteemed by the Shangalla; and the soles of his feet, which are soft, like those of a camel, and of a grisly substance, are peculiarly delicate. The rest of the body resembles that of the hog, but it is coarser, and is pervaded by a smell of musk.

THE MOUNTAIN VULTURE.

On the highest summit of the mountain Lamalmon, while the traveller's servants were refreshing themselves, after the fatigue of a toilsome ascent, and enjoying the pleasures of a delightful climate, and a good dinner of boiled goat's flesh, a Lammergeyer suddenly made his appearance among them. A great shout, or rather cry of distress, attracted Bruce's attention, who, while walking towards the bird, saw it deliberately put its foot into the pan, which contained a huge piece of meat prepared for boiling. Finding the temperature somewhat higher than it was accustomed to, among the pure gushing springs of that romantic region, it suddenly withdrew its foot, but immediately afterwards settled upon two large pieces which lay upon a wooden platter, into which it thrust its claws, and carried them off. It disappeared over the edge of a "steep Tarpeian rock," down which criminals were thrown, and whose remains had probably first induced the bird to select that spot as a place of sojourn. The traveller, in expectation of another visit, immediately loaded his rifle, and it was not long before the gigantic bird reappeared.

As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies to'ards the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericans, where Chinesse drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light;

so landed the Lammergeyer within ten yards of the savory mess, but also within an equal distance of Bruce's practised rifle. He instantly

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sent his ball through his body, and the ponderous bird sank down upon the grass with scarcely a flutter of its outspread wings.

SERPENTS.

There are not many serpents in Upper Abyssinia, and few remarkable animals of that class even in the lower counties; if we except a species of boa, commonly so called, which attains to the length of twenty feet. It feeds upon antelopes and the deer kind, which it swallows entire. Its favorite places of resort are by the sides of grassy pools of stagnant rivers, where it lies in ambuscade, ready to encircle in its horrid folds whatever quadruped approaches.

A remarkable and noted serpent of these parts, is the cerastes, or horned viper. It hides itself all day in holes in the sand, where it lives in little chambers similar and contiguous to those of the jerboa. Bruce kept a pair of them in a glass jar for two years, without any food; they did not appear to sleep even in winter, and cast their skins during the last days of April. This poisonous reptile is very fond of heat; for however warm it might be during the day, whenever Bruce made fire at night it seldom happened that fewer than half a dozen were found burnt to death by approaching too close to the embers.

It seems there are Crocadiles also in Abyssinia, of a greenish color and enormous size. The natives are so exceedingly afraid of them, that in the hottest weather they dare not bathe where they are seen, and will not even wash their hands at the water's edge, without a companion with them to throw stones at the Crocadiles.

The following excellent sketch, full of humor and philosophy, we take from a number of the London Magazine, published many years ago. It is one of the best productions of that rich and tranquil writer, Charles Lamb. The sketch purported to come from the papers of one R—d, a respectable London merchant, of a humorous turn of mind, who was placed in the pillory for some alleged fraud on the revenue. Our readers of course know generally, that in this place of punishment, the culprit is exposed on a scaffold, within a kind of frame, to the missiles, foul and hurtful, of a metropolitan mob; being turned every quarter of an hour, to face different points of the compass. The attendant who manages these turnings of the culprit, goes by the name of *Jack Ketch*. An address to him from the prisoner, opens the piece.

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY.

SCENE, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Time,—Twelve to One—Noon.

KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward—do you mind? and so on, till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half points I beseech you; N. N. by W. or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipmen's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is assembled in honor of me! How grand I stand here! I never felt so sensibly the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon the vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplated with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's place sits desolate. What is there in my face that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it?—(*Here an egg narrowly misses him.*) That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings it should not be either myrrh or frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no-ways mercenary. I desire no massive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow those coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such Olla Podridas; they have need of them. (*A brick bat is let fly.*)—

Discase not, I pray you, dismantle not your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. (*A coal flies.*) Cinders are dear gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your cuttings from the shambles at three ha'pence a pound shall stand at cold a simmer. Now, south, about, Ketch. I would enjoy australian popularity.

What, my friends from over the water! Old benchers; flies of a day; ephemeral Romans; welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? Can it dispeople purgatory; ha!

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces like Persians at the sunrise, bent singly on mine alone? It wont be esteemed an ordinary visnomy, a quotidian merely. Doubtless these assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, gentility, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation,—some intimation, as it were of wisdom, piety, valor, and so-forth. My sight dazzles; and if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth that envelopes it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painters now, to take me in the lucky point of expression!—the posture so convenient; the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artizans require a westerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St. James' air in these new friends. Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be any where in that group, his fortune is made forever. I think I see some one taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile which yet shall not so predominate, but that gravity and gaiety shall contend as it were; you understand me? I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture; a gentle enthusiasmus; which the artist may transfer in a manner warm to the canvass. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House, not made of

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every wood! Lodging, that pays no rent; airy and commodious: which owing no window tax, art yet all casement out of which men will have such pleasure in peering, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it! Pulpit, that instructs without note or sermon book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruits! Throne, unshared, and single, that disdainest a Brentford competitor! Honor without co-rival! Or hearest thou rather, magnificent theatre, in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen? From the giddy heights I look down upon the herd who stand with eyes upturned, as if a winged messenger hovered over them, and mouth open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me your flock, your overseer! What, though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate!* Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime! O Pillory, 'tis thee I sing! Thou young brother to the gallows, without his rough and Esau palms; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks, which claim presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know that thou art far higher born! Let that domicile of groundling rogues and earth kissing varlets envy thy preferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting house, the temporary retreat of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwich and of Pryme hover o'r thee —Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shebbeare—from their (little more elevated) stations that look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud Exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly!—I stand upon a level with all kings. They and I from equal superciliousness, o'erlook the plodding, money hunting tribe below; who busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals.* He closed the Exchequer; I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

Are those the quarters? 'tis their fatal chime. That the ever winged hours would but stand still! But I must descend, from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay, a little while, importunate hour hand. A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot, with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out.

Several statues of Charles II., are placed near the London Exchange, without and within.

BEAUTIFUL QUOTATION.—The Rev. D. Griffin, in his speech before the American Education Society, appealed to "the sex, who, like ministering angels, love to hover about the chambers of sickness"—who owe so much to Christianity; and introduced this beautiful quotation:

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, when apostles shrunk, could danger brave,
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave.

Written for the Casket.

WHAT I'D BE.

I would be a summer cloud
Soaring through the ether proud,
Flitting round the azure sky,
Or in the sunbeams tow'ring high;
Who'd be then as gay as I?
"These have but a transient day,
Summer clouds soon pass away,—
Winter comes with chilling gloom
And sends them shivering to the tomb!"

Then I'd be a blushing rose
That around its fragrance throws,
Blooming on my parent stem,
With brightness like some orient gem;
Who'd be then as gay as I?
"Roses beautiful may bloom
Sending round their rich perfume;
But how soon their beauty fly,
Scarce they're blooming ere they die!"

Then I'd be a little dove,
Soaring thro' the clouds above,
Now to lands remote I'd fly,
Now I'd swell my wood-notes high;
Who'd be then as gay as I?
"Thou on pinions light may'st soar,
And the distant land explore;
Though awhile may'st gaily sing,
But death shall seize thee on the wing!"

Then I'd be a twinkling star,
Seen amid the mists afar;
And though clouds o'erspread the sky,
Still I'd hold my place on high;
Who'd be then as gay as I?
"Mortal, every thing shall pall,
Stars shall from their sockets fall;
And know, while o'er this earth you plod,
All that is shall change but GOD."

Philad. LISLE.

INSANITY.

It is difficult to account for the severity of treatment which the insane have received. For many centuries the sentiment seems to have been almost unquestioned, that this class of invalids should be terrified and lashed and goaded to the serene enjoyment of their mental powers. Celsus says, that this unnatural excitement of the mind, must be allayed by starvation, chains, and the lash.

Willis, an eminent English physician, who wrote about two centuries since, recommends manacles, fetters and stripes, and insists upon coarse food, rough clothing, a hard bed, and treatment generally rigid and severe. It mattered not whether the patient was a hardy sailor, or the refined lady, who had been nurtured from the table of dainties, and had reposed on the couch of down.

Savages, who generally suppose that insanity results from demoniacal possession, have a shadow of reason on their side, when they endeavor to whip the demon out of the body into which he has intruded. But it is indeed strange, that civilized nations, with more enlightened views as to the nature of the disease, should so long have followed this cruel, unnatural prescription. Every measure seems to have been adopted which ingenuity could devise to torture and terrify the poor maniac into sanity. Among these instruments of torture 'the bath of surprise' is one, which not unfrequently has proved fatal. The unsuspect-

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ing patient, perhaps in feeble health, and with a nervous system highly excited, is blindfolded and led across a room, when he is unsuspectedly plunged into a bath of cold water, the sides of which are carefully guarded with cushions. The sudden shock and fright are so great, that not in a few instances the patient has never recovered from them.

Sometimes the patient would be seated in a chair, and from a trap-door fourteen feet above his head, a large pail of water would suddenly be poured upon him. Enfeebled in body by damp dungeons, degraded by heavy chains, and exasperated by unkind treatment, it is not strange that so few should recover. A farmer in Scotland who kept a private mad-house, was in the habit of yoking a number of the insane in his plough, and goading them on to plough his fields.

There are but few so far lost to self respect as not to feel, and keenly feel, such degradation.

Insanity does not always blunt the sensibilities; it not unfrequently excites them to greater acuteness. A nobleman of England, of fine and cultivated mind, suddenly became insane, and manifested so much violence that it was necessary to confine him with the straight waistcoat. The restraint and imagined insult exasperated him to the highest degree. Offended pride increased his delusion and ravings. One day his physician urged him to walk in the garden for exercise. 'No sir!' he repied, 'I will not while in this degraded condition!' (glancing at the straight waistcoat) 'But, my Lord, no one will see you there.' 'Ah sir!—what a base man you must be to think it is being seen!—No sir, it is not my body's degradation—it is my mind that is degraded and suffers.'

This man while most furiously insane, felt the ignominy to which he was exposed by confinement and restraint.

There are perhaps no institutions in which oppression and abuse may be more easily practised than in asylums for the insane. Persons perfectly sane have not unfrequently been confined for long periods, and subjected to the most rigorous treatment, in consequence of the representations of others, who from motives of interest or revenge desired their seclusion. It has been by no means a difficult task to have a sane man shut up in the wards of a lunatic hospital. A man of slight eccentricities of character has a large fortune which relatives are anxious to secure. They place him in some private institution. The man is indignant at this treatment, and his indignation passes for raving. Perhaps he makes a great effort to control his feelings, and most earnestly denies being the subject of any mental derangement. His very denial is considered as evidence against him, and his moderation is regarded as the proverbial cunning with which the lunatic endeavors to effect his escape.

A man of undisturbed understanding, suddenly surprised by the servants of a lunatic asylum, with hand-cuffs ready, and a coach waiting to carry him off, would infallibly exhibit some signs easily construed into proofs that he was "not right in his head." A man of shy and eccentric habits, if exposed to a similar outrage, would manifest his feelings in moods still more peculiar, and furnish abundant proofs of undeniable madness; and if the attempt were made on an individual of a susceptible nervous system, of irritable temperament, suffering too under some temporary cause of discomposure or affliction, no one who has ever attended to the inequalites of his own mind, can doubt that his mental government would be sufficiently shaken to warrant any restraint or coercion on the part of those who would seldom be found reluctant to restrain and coerce.

Once confined, the very confinement is admitted as the strongest of all proofs, that the man must be mad. When, after suffering so much wrong, he has an opportunity of speaking to the appointed visiters of the house, supposing him to be confined where he can be visited, and supposing him not to give way to his feelings, but to control them,—his entreaties, his anxious representations, his prayers for liberty,—what do they avail. The keeper of the asylum is accustomed to all these things. He knows that the truly and dangerous insane can act in the same way; and from ignorance, in the absence of any bad intention, he entirely disregards the patient's words. The visiters, knowing nothing of the shades of disorderd minds, or not reflecting upon them, are told that they see the 'best of him;' that it is one of his 'good days;' that he is often dreadfully violent; or that if left to himself he will commit suicide; and they shrink from the responsibility of deciding, where they know it is very possible they may be wrong!

It is a much more difficult matter than is generally imagined, for a person suspected of insanity to convince others that he is not insane. In a lunatic asylum you may talk for hours with individual patients, without elicting a single remark which detects their insanity. The most furious maniacs have hours and days of apparent freedom from any unnatural excitement. Many persons are insane upon one subject only. They will converse upon other topics with perfect propriety; their demeanor is consistent and respectful. No one would suspect their mental aberration, as long as the particular object of derangement is not introduced.

In the Hospital at Worcester, an individual was introduced, brought from some distant town, and no account of the peculiarity of his case came with him. For several weeks he gave no exhibition whatever of a disorderd mind. His conduct was correct, his conversation calm and rational. One day he wished to smoke, and being told that it was contrary to the laws of the institution, he was excited to a violent rage; his insanity at once flashed out; he declared that he was high sheriff, and possessed authority paramount to any and all other. Upon this point and this only, the man was insane, and as nothing had previously occurred during his residence in the Hospital, to directly contradict his will, his paticular delusion had not been elicited. Pinel mentions the case of a lunatic, confined in one of the Hospitals in France, who appeared so perfectly sane that the Commissary, after holding a long conversation with him, and detecting no shade of hallucination, ordered him to be discharged. When the certificate was handed the patient, he subscribed himself Jesus Christ, and immediately was lost in reverie and delusion.

A physician was once prosecuted by an insane man for confining him without cause in a mad-

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house. The lunatic underwent the most rigid examination, and was found remarkable for soundness of mind, until some one asked him about a princess with whom he had corresponded in cherry juice. This touched the chord which awoke all his latent delusions, and he exhibited himself to the court a violent maniac.

Hence a man who is really sane, if once placed in a mad-house by the machinations of others, finds it almost impossible to prove his sanity. He can say nothing which the most furious madmen have not said. He can present no evidence of a sound mind, which has not again and again been presented by those whose delusions are the most frantic and dangerous. And if the mind has been enfeebled by disease, or agitated by calamities, or disturbed and defected by the pressure of care, it is still more difficult to sustain mental composure, under the irritations of unjust confinement and persecution.

The caprices of the human mind are inexplicable and undefinable. Mental delusions are of all kinds and degrees, from the slight shades of eccentricity to the phrenzied laugh and uncontrollable rage of the confirmed maniac. Take any definition of insanity which is laid down in treatises upon this subject, and it will either make one half the world suitable subjects for Bedlam, or it will be so narrow as to set at liberty one half of those who are now inmates of lunatic asylums. Locke says that insanity is reasoning correctly from wrong premises. And is every man who reasons from false premises mad? And does every madman *reason correctly* from the impression with which he is deluded? The futility of every definition hither to offered, of the morbid conditions of the mind is now very generally admitted. When Dr. Burrow, in an important legal investigation, was asked by the court to define unsoundness of mind, he decidedly declined saying that he had heard the question frequently put to medical men of the greatest eminence, and never heard any one of them, by his explanation, make the subject at all clearer.—*Religious Magazine.*

From the New York Mirror.

DESCRIPTION OF A BALL ON BOARD THE FRIGATE UNITED STATES.

By N. P. Willis.

Trieste.—The guns were run out of the ports; the main and mizen-masts were wound with red and white bunting; the capstan was railed with arms and wreathed with flowers; the wheel was tied with nosegays; the American eagle stood against the mainmast with a star of midshipmen's swords glittering above it; festoons of evergreens were laced through the rigging; the companion way was arched with hoops of green leaves and roses; the decks were tastefully chalked; the Commodore's skylight was piled with cushions and covered with red damask for an ottoman; seats were laid along from one carronade to the other: and the whole was enclosed with a temporary tent lined throughout with showy flags, and studded all over with bouquets of all the flowers of Illyria. Chandeliers made of bayonets, battle lanterns and candles in any quantity were disposed all over the hall. A splendid supper was set out on the gun-deck below, draped in with flags.—Our own and the Constellation's boats were to be at the pier at nine o'clock to bring off the ladies; and at noon every thing promised of the brightest.

First, about four in the afternoon, came up a saucy-looking cloud from the westernmost peak of the Friuli. Then followed from every point towards the north, an extending edge of a broad, solid black sheet which rose with the regularity of a curtain, and began to send down a wind upon us which made us look anxiously to our ballroom bowlines. The midshipmen were all forward, watching it from the forecastle. The lieutenants were in the gangway, watching it from the ladder. The commodore looked seriously out of the larboard cabin port. It was as grave a ship's company as ever looked out for a shipwreck.

The country about Trieste is shaped like a bellows, and the city and harbor lie in the nose. They have a wind that comes down through the valley, called the "bora," which several times in a year is strong enough to lift people from their feet. We could see by the clouds of dust on the mountain roads, that it was coming. At six o'clock the shrouds began to creak; the white tops flew from the waves in showers of spray, and the roof of our sea-palace began to shiver in the wind. There was no more hope. We had waited even too long. All hands were called to take down chandeliers, sword-stars and ottomans, before it was half done, the storm was upon us, the bunting was flying and flapping, the nicely chalked decks were swashed with rain, and strown with leaves of flowers, and the whole structure, the taste and labor of the ship's company for two days, was a watery wreck.

Lieutenant C——, who had had the direction of the whole, was the officer of the deck. He sent for his pea-jacket, and leaving him to pace out his watch among the ruins of his imagination, we went below to get early to bed and forgot our disappointment in sleep.

The next morning the sun rose without a veil.—The "blue Friuli" looked clear and fresh; the southwest wind came over softly from the shore of Italy, and we commenced retrieving our disaster with elastic spirit. Nothing had suffered seriously except the flowers, and boats were dispatched ashore for fresh supplies, while the awnings were lifted higher and wider than before, the bright coloured flags replaced, the arms polished and arranged in improved order, and the decks re-chalked with new devices. At six in the evening every thing was swept up, and the ball-room astonished even ourselves. It was the prettiest place for a dance in the world.

The ship has an admirable band of twenty Italians collected from Naples and other ports, and a fanciful orchestra was raised for them on the larboard side of the mainmast. They struck up a march as the first boatful of ladies stepped upon the deck, and in the course of half an hour, the waltzing commenced with at least two hundred couples, while the ottoman and seats under the hammoc-cloths were filled with spectators. The frigate has a lofty poop, and there was room enough upon it for two quadrilles after it had served as a reception room. It was edged with a temporary ballustrade, wreathed with flowers and studded with lights, and the cabin beneath (on a level with the main ball-room) was set out with card tables. From the gangway entrance the scene was like a brilliant theatrical *ballet.*

An amusing part of it was the sailors' imitation on the forward decks. They had taken the waste shrubbery and evergreens, of which there was a great quantity, and had formed a sort of grove, extending all round. It was arched with festoons of leaves, with quantities of fruit tied among them; and over the entrance was suspended a rough picture of a frigate with the inscription "*Free trade and Sailors' rights.*" The forecastle was ornamented with cutlasses and one or two nautical transparencies, with pistols and miniature ships interspersed, and the whole lit up handsomely. The men dressed in their white duck trowsers and blue jackets, and sat round

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on the guns playing at draughts, or listening to the music, or gazing at the ladies constantly promenading fore and aft, and to me this was one of the most interesting parts of the spectacle. Five hundred weather-beaten and manly faces are a fine sight any where.

The dance went gaily on. The reigning belle was an American, but we had lovely women of all nations among your guests. There are several wealthy Jewish families in Trieste, and their dark-eyed daughters, we may say at this distance, are full of the thoughtful loveliness peculiar to the race. Then we had Illyrians and Germans, and Terpischore be our witness —how they danced! My travelling companion the count of Friuli was there; and his little Viennese wife, though she spoke no christian language, danced as neatly as a fairy. Of strangers passing through Trieste we had several of distinction. Among them was a fascinating Milanese marchioness, a relative of Manzoni's the novelist, (and as enthusiastic and eloquent a lover of her country as I ever listened to on the subject of oppressed Italy,) and two handsome young men the counts Neipperg, sons-in-law to Maria Louisa, who amused themselves as if they had seen nothing better in the little duchy of Parma.

We went below at midnight to supper, and the ladies came up with renewed spirit to the dance. It was a brilliant scene indeed. The officers of both ships, in full uniform, the gentlemen from shore, mostly military, in full dress, the gaiety of the bright-red buntings, laced with white and blue, and studded, wherever they would stand, with flowers, and the really uncommon number of beautiful women, with the foreign features and complexions so rich and captivating to our eyes, produced altogether an effect unsurpassed by any thing I have ever seen even at the court *fetes* of Europe. The daylight gun fired at the close of a *gallopade*, and the crowded boats pulled ashore with their lovely freight by the broad light of morning.

Unpublished Letters of Robert Burns.

From Burns to James Hoyes, Esq., Gordon Castle.—No. 1.

Sir,—I will defend my conduct in giving you this trouble, on the best of Christian principles—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them." I shall certainly, among my legacies, leave my latest curse to that unlucky predicament which hurried—*tore* me away from Gordon Castle. May that obstinate son of Latin prose be curst to Scotch mile periods, and damn'd to seven league paragraphs, while declension and conjugation, gender, number, and time, under the ragged banners of dissonance and disarrangement, eternally rank against him in hostile array!

Allow me, sir, to strengthen the small claim I have to your acquaintance by the following request. An engraver James Johnson, in Edinburgh, has, not from mercenary views, but from an honest Scotch enthusiasm, set about collecting all our native songs, and setting them to music, particularly those that have never been set before. Clarke, the well known musician, presides over the musical arrangement, and Drs. Beattie and Blacklock, Mr. Tytler, Woodhouselee, and your humble servant to the utmost of his small power, assist in collecting the old poetry, or sometimes, for a fine air, to make a stanza when it has no words. The brats, too tedious to mention, claim a parently pang from my bardship. I suppose it will appear in Johnson's second number—the first was published before my acquaintance with him. "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," is one intended for this number, and I beg a copy of his Grace of Gordon's words to it, which you were so kind to repeat to me. You may be sure we wont prefix the author's name, except you like, though I look upon it as no small merit to this work that the names of so many authors of old Scotch songs, names almost forgotten, will be inserted. I do not well know where to write to you—I rather write at you but if you will be so obliging immediately on receipt of this, as to write me a few lines, I shall perhaps pay you in kind though not in quality. Johnson's terms are, each number a handsome pocket volume, to consist of at least a hundred Scotch songs with basses for the harpsichord, &c. The price to subscribers five shillings, to non-subs, six shillings. He will have three numbers, I conjecture.

My directions for two or three weeks will be at Mr. William Cruickshank's, St. James'-square, New Town, Edinburgh.

I am, sir, yours to command,
Edinburgh, 30th Oct. 1787. Robt. Burns.

To James Hoyes, Esq. of Gordon Castle.—No. 11.

Dear Sir,—I would have wrote you immediately on receipt of your kind letter, but a mixed impulse of gratitude and esteem whispered to me that I ought to send you *something* by way of return. When a poet owes any thing, particularly when he is indebted for good offices, the payment that usually recurs to him—the only coin, indeed, in which he probably is conversant—is rhyme. Johnson sends the book by the Fly, as directed, and begs to enclose his most grateful thanks; my return, I intended, should have been one or two poetic bagatelles, which the world have not seen, or perhaps, for obvious reasons cannot see. These I shall send you before I leave Edin. They may make you laugh a little, which, on the whole, is no bad way of spending one's precious hours and still more precious breath. At any rate they will be, though a small, yet a very sincere mark of my respectful esteem, for a gentleman whose farther acquaintance I should look on as a pecuniary obligation.

The Duke's song, independent totally of his *Dukeship*, charms me. There is I know not what of wild happiness of thought and expression peculiarly beautiful in the old Scottish song style, of which his grace, old venerable Skinner, the author of Tullochgorum, &c., and the late Boss at Lochlee, of true Scottish poetic memory, are the only *modern* instances, that I recollect, since Ramsay with his contemporaries, and poor Bob Ferguson, went to the world of deathless existence and truly immortal song. The mob of mankind, that many-headed beast, would laugh at so serious a speech about an old song; but, as Job says, "O that mine adversary had written a book!"—Those who think that composing a Scotch song is a trifling business—let them try.

I wish my lord duke would pay a proper attention to the Christian admonition, 'Hide not your candle under a bushel," but "let your light shine before men." I could name half a dozen dukes that I guess are a devilish deal worse employed; nay, I question, if there are half a dozen better. Perhaps there are not half that scanty number whom Heaven has favoured with the tuneful, happy, and, I will say glorious gift.

I am, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant,
ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh, Nov, 6, 1787.

Sympathy.—There are two neighboring hills near Cumberland, (Eng.) viz: Skiddaw and Skuffiel, of which it is said, that if the former be capt with clouds and mists, it will not be long ere rain falls on the other. They who are contiguous to each other in residence, business, friendship, or the ties of blood, must remember that if adversity is the lot of one, it will be also that of the other. Sympathy is expected and due from all towards each other: for as all are subjects of the same blessings, they are also of similar calamities.

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From the New Monthly Magazine for October.

PAGANINI'S FIDDLE.

"*Il cantar, che nell anima, si sente.*—PETRARCH.

"This must be spirit music, good my Lord!"

TEMPEST.

What traveller who has ever visited "Genoa la Superba," can forget the Strada Balbi, with its marble palaces, its bright frescos, and hanging orange groves? Who can forget that clear blue sky, whose tints are reflected in the Mediterranean, and whose heat is tempered by the "aria marina," which there so greatly refreshes the southern atmosphere? Bright and sunny as the picture is, still, like all others, it has its reverse—and some of the narrow lanes, which lie in the vicinity of this magnificent street, present, as if by way of contrast, scenes of dirt, desolation, and wretchedness, unequalled in any even of the Italian cities.

In one of these miserable byeways, in 1810, the period at which our story commences, Nicolo Paganini, the violinist, "par excellence," whose name has since been borne upon the waters of fame throughout all Europe, and who has been deemed, in the judgment of the musical world, unrivalled and supreme in the arcana of his art, dwelt in poverty, unnoticed and unknown. He was the inhabitant of one of the poorest shops in the Vicolo, or narrow lane, and barely obtained enough by working as a musical instrument maker to support his aged mother, who for many years had been his sole companion. For some time past their circumstances had been gradually declining, and the little patrimony bequeathed to Paganini by his father, had been dissipated and exhausted, so that the poor Genoese had been reduced from comparative independence to obtain his daily bread by his daily labour. This had not always been the case. The little shop of Paganini had at one time exhibited an appearance of comfort, and even wealth; he and his mother Brigitta had been decently clad; and as there were not many tradesmen in Genoa who followed the same occupation, he had obtained a tolerable livelihood. At that period he might regularly have been working cheerfully at the door of his little habitation, gaily humming some of the favourite airs of his native city, and repaying with interest the good-humoured jokes of the Genoese damsels, who often raised their veils in passing to gaze upon his thin ungainly figure, and wild, spirit-like face. But all his bright prospects of independence had been clouded, and one unfortunate calamity seemed to doom him to continual melancholy, and to hopeless poverty—he had become the victim of monomania; a devoted prey to one unchangeable idea, which haunted him night and day, and whose impulses he blindly followed, regardless of the privations he might suffer or give rise to. His poor mother, deeply afflicted at seeing him thus dissipate his substance, in vain entreated him not to reduce her to misery. Her supplications were disregarded, sometimes unheard, and her son continued to neglect his ordinary occupation, so that by degrees all his savings, his stock in trade, his furniture, and even his very clothes, were swallowed up in the expenses incurred by the futile experiments which his monomania induced him to make. It must, however, be confessed, that if there had been any chance of his obtaining his object, Paganini had hit upon an excellent speculation. Having in his possession a violin of the celebrated Mantuan maker, Tartini, for which several amateurs had offered him extravagant prices, the idea of imitating the excellencies of that maker flashed across his mind. He calculated, fairly enough, that if he could produce a violin, copied from this model with mathematical exactness, formed of a similar description of wood, and coloured and varnished in a similar manner, his instrument would fully equal the original in tone and value. In spite, however, of all his endeavours, he always discovered some trifling difference between the copy and the model—some indefinitely slight distinctions which rendered it necessary to commence the work over again. Thus the poor instrument-maker seemed destined to the endless task of constructing new violins, and of making infinitely close approximations to, without ever reaching, the perfection which he aimed at. At last, after many experiments, Paganini's original ideal became somewhat modified; he had completed a violin which, to all appearance, was a perfect copy of the Tartini, and which, nevertheless, was so wholly inferior to it, that Paganini began to suspect that some element of a superior nature, some intellectual essence above his reach, existed in the composition of that *chef-d'œuvre* of violins. "Who knows," said he, raising his tall, thin figure, and fixing his dark, unhealthy eyes upon a Genoese professor, who endeavoured to solve his problem by some new application of the theory of sound—"Who knows whether I should not seek, out of the pale of this gross material world, the solution of my doubts? Words are the representatives of ideas, are they not? Well, then, when I speak of the soul of music which dwells within my violin, perhaps I may have unwittingly mentioned the obstacle which retards me; perhaps there may be a soul of music? What think you Signor?" The Professor, with an inward conviction of the madness of poor Paganini, only answered by shaking his head in that oracular, Lord Burleigh style, which means every thing or nothing, and left the shop, while Paganini continued soliloquising. "Aye, the soul of music! but how is that spirit to be invoked, and to what incantation will it prove submissive? I have heard of one Mozart, a German, who has effected wondrous music with a zauberflote (a magic flute) why should there not be also a magic violin? Let me consider now." His head sunk on his breast, and he only became the more deeply buried in his speculations.

One day a customer, who brought him a fiddle-bow to have it repaired, forgot in his shop a book, which remained there unreclaimed for some time. Paganini, in his hours of leisure, which were rare, (for when his hands were not engaged in manual labour, his poor visionary brains were at work), turned over the leaves. It was one of those respectable monuments of Florentine patience which the press of Messrs. Giulio Auberti produced in the seventeenth century—the prototype of the modern Encyclopædias and Societies for the Diffusion of Knowl-

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edge The author of the work, which thus fell into Paganini's hands, modestly professed his intention to treat "*de omnibus rebus*, and also of many other things," and certainly did his best to fulfil his profession by making his book, like Lord Brougham's head, a universal repertorium! There a chapter upon the best form of government was to be found beside one upon the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne; and a receipt for making Cypress wine was followed by a dissertation on the Council of Trent. As Paganini indolently turned over its leaves, the words "Transmigration of Souls" suddenly met his eye. He started up in extasy, feeling that his hour was come, and that the great secret which he had so long sought, and sought for in vain, was on the point of being revealed to him. He devoured the chapter, which contained merely an account of the Indian doctrine of the Metempsychosis; and conceiving that a new light had burst in upon him, occupied himself in making preparations for the great physiological experiment, which he hoped would soon crown his efforts.

Three months after Paganini had perused the volume which had so deeply attracted his attention, and had become imbued with the idea of the eternal transmigration of souls, through animate and inanimate bodies, thus convincing himself of the possibility of animating an inanimate violin, the interior of the little shop which he inhabited presented a strange and unusual scene. It was one o'clock in the morning; not a sound was to be heard in the devoted streets of Genoa; and then, in a small apartment behind his shop, whose darkness was only rendered visible by one small lamp, lay Brigitta Paganini, the mother of our artist, in the pangs of her last hour, on the very same black leather bed on which, thirty years before, her son Nicolo had been brought into the world. We would not, however, insinuate for a moment, that Paganini had murdered his mother for the sake of establishing his theory. No; he had not as yet reached so high a degree of apathetic philosophy. The respectable old lady was only dying of a cancer, which she had rendered inveterate by copious doses of rosolia. There she lay, a prey to all the agonies which that torturing disease inflicts upon its victims, speechless, and only giving evidence of her existence by deep and painful groans; and beside the bed stood her son Nicolo, pale but determined,—unnerved by the pangs of which he was witnesss,—not one tear glistening in his eyes,—not one muscle of his face exhibiting an expression of sympathy. No; all his faculties were absorbed in watching the expiring woman, while he applied to her dying lips a long leathern tube connected with the violin lying upon the table.

At fifty-two minutes and some seconds past one, the respiration of poor Brigitta suddenly ceased; her pulse stopped,—her eye became fixed;—and her son, almost shouting for joy, having received her last breath in the tube, hermetically stopped the entrance, and forced the dying sigh down the leathern passage into the body of the violin. This, it is hardly necessary to inform our readers, was the experiment over which Paganini had so long pondered. This was the impious attempt which, with the heartlessness of ambition, he made to imprison the soul of his respectable mother in the bowels of a violin. Happily, however, the superhuman experiment was frustrated. The Indian philosophers, who fancied the last sigh, the *anima ultima*, to be synonimous with the soul, had misled him through their false system of metaphysics. The human soul has other modes of reaching the region of eternal misery or bliss than through the medium of human respiration; and the result of the experiment was to imprison, not the *soul*, but the *ghost*, the surviving human breath of the estimable Brigitta, in the fiddle of her son. It must not, however, be imagined that such audacious tampering with the things of the invisible world were unattended with evil to the bold experimenter. At the moment the great effort was accomplished, and the ghost was heard fluttering for freedom against the sides of the violin, Paganini, exhausted by the efforts which he had made, and the emotions which he had experienced, sunk lifeless upon the floor, and remained there until the sun was already high in the heavens.

When he recovered, it was only by slow degrees that the transactions of the night were presented to his mind. With a slow and trembling step he approached the bed upon which his mother lay. He closed her eyes, which seemed to regard him with a melancholy and reproachful glance; and then, throwing aside all thoughts of repentance, rushed in ecstacy to the table on which the violin lay, and, gently touching the strings, ascertained, from the soothing spiritual sounds which issued from it, that his experiment had not been without effect. His violin had at length become a something more than human!

Gradually, and by awful degrees, did Paganini venture to make use of the magic power which he had thus acquired. The place in which the incantation had been performed grew hateful to him: he quitted Genoa, where he had become an object of suspicion and envy, and went to exhibit his magic violin upon the more extensive theatres of Rome and Naples. Everywhere his music produced the most astonishing effects; everywhere he was heard with the deepest rapture, his performance striking even the most jealous of his rivals dumb with admiration. At Rome he had the honour of a private audience with the Pope at the Quirinal Palace, and had the incredibly religious audacity to perform upon the spirit of his mother for the entertainment of Pius VII. and a select conclave of Cardinals. The Pontiff, after consulting Cardinal Gonsalvi, pronounced the music to be heavenly!—a judgment which the reader must needs regard as a striking proof of Papal fallibility, as the spirit of Brigitta was not in heaven, and, at best, was subject to all the tortures of a musical purgatory,—now groaning in the *de profundis* of a bass, and now hurried aloft into the aerial wailings of a *in altissimo*. Her voice is particularly observable in his E flats. However, Paganini departed from Rome covered with honours; and at Naples his success was still more remarkable. The king assigned a suite of apartments in the Caserta Palace for his use. The Lazzaroni, awakened from their usual "dolce

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far niente," pointed him out to each other in the streets, "Ecco il gran sonatore;" and, better than all, the Opera-house was crowded to suffocation every night of his performance, and crowns and sonnets were showered upon his head. Little did the Roman Pontiff, or the amateurs of the San Carlo, think, while they listened to the unearthly tones of the enchanted instrument, that it was spirit music sounded in their ears,—that it was the injured spirit of the imprisoned Brigitta pleading in plaintive tones for her release.

At length, thanks to the newspapers and M. Laporte, the fame of Paganini reached the good city of London, where higher rewards than even those in the Arabian tale await the inventor of a new pleasure, and where novelty calls down a golden shower more surely than the conductor attracts the electric fluid. Money was all-powerful in the soul of the Italian, and to London he went; passing, however, through Paris, where he had the good fortune of "assisting" at a grand review of the National Guard, by Louis Philippe, one or two "emeutes," and about a dozen concerts. At London Paganini at last arrived; and there his unhallowed thirst for fame and gold was doomed to experience some foretaste of its punishment. It is true that his concerts were well attended; his name was the topic of every tongue; enterprising booksellers puffed his pseudo biographies; grave physiologists wrote essays upon his physical organization; his face and figure disfigured every printshop; and sentimental young ladies (there is no nation more romanesque than the English) laid their bewitching selves, and still more bewitching fortunes, at his feet! Even the barriers of the exclusives fell at his approach! He was *fêted* at Lady Y——'s and the Duke of D——'s; and, to crown the triumph of his soul, managers vied in offering him the hugest engagements!

"Sed medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat."

"Amidst the roses fierce repentance rears her snaky crest.

While the triumph of the violinist was at its highest, the cup of pleasure, for a time, was dashed from his guilty lips. At his last concert in the Haymarket, an old Genoese, the butler of the Sardinian Ambassador, happened to be present. He had known "dans les beaux jours de sa jeunesse," under the bright sky of Italy, Brigitta Paganini; he had known and passionately loved her; and the recollections of his early attachment had never been obliterated from his susceptible bosom. When the first sound of Paganini's violin reached his ears, he started in amazement; a thousand recollections of youth, of home, of happiness, of the smiles and tears of former years, were excited by the plaintive tones of his early love issuing from the fiddle. Human nature could not support the shock, and old Pietro fainted. Some of his fellow-domestics, it is true, accused him of having swallowed at dinner too large a portion of that pernicious potation, so pleasing to Londoners, called gin; but Pietro stoutly maintained the next morning (for on the fatal evening he had been carried to bed in the most affecting state), that his emotion had not been occasioned by any earthly spirit, but by the heavenly spirit of the long-lost Brigitta. He immediately proceeded to 22 Regent street, demanded an interview with Paganini, approached him with tottering steps, and, in a hollow voice, demanded, "Where is the mother?" This question overcome the shattered nerves of the conscience-stricken fiddler. He glared unutterable things,—struck his forehead frantically, rushed from the room, with his fiddle-case under his arm; locked the door upon the astonished Pietro,—ordered post-horses instantly,—and quitted England never to return.

Such, at least was his intention; but the love of gold is stronger than the love of one's mother, or even than the dread of her ghost. At any rate, all the Genoese think so, and some few Englishmen; otherwise so many good lessons in childhood and one's copy-book would not be so soon forgotten by the dealers in bank-notes and fiddle-notes. News was brought to Paganini that Pietro, not many hours after his interview with him, had died of a locked jaw, and that his notion of the maternal spirit had been looked upon by the incredulous English as the fancy of a disordered brain. Paganini sighed; looked at his strong box; gave a few ducats to the church of St. Siri, for the repose of his mother's soul! (so inconsistent is superstition;) and set off again with that very soul in his fiddle-case for England.

"With this sauce," says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, speaking of we forget what exquisite condiment, "a man might eat his father."

"With this temptation," quoth Paganini, looking at a fresh draft on a banker, with a groan betwixt rapture and remorse, "a man may, and *must* play the devil with the ghost of his mother."

THE WISHING GATE.

From Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book, with Practical Illustrations, by L. E. L.

Wishes, no! I have not one,
Hopes's sweet toil with me is done;
One by one have flitted by
All the rainbows of my sky.
Not a star could now unfold
Aught I once wished to be told.
What have I to seek of thee?
Not a wish remains for me.

Let the soldier pause to ask
Honor on his glorious task;
Let the parting sailor crave
A free wild wind across the wave;
Let the maiden pause to frame
Blessings on some treasured name;
Let them breathe their hopes in thee—
Not a wish remains for me.

Not a wish! beat not my heart,
Thou hast bade thy dreams depart;
They have passed, but left behind
Weary spirit, wasted mind.
Ah! if this old charm were sooth,
One wish yet might tax its truth;
I would ask, however vain,
Never more to wish again.

Seneca has very elegantly said that "malice drinks one half of its own poison."

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[From the London Quarterly Review.]

THE UNIVERSE AND ITS AUTHOR.

From the earliest ages shepherds tending their flocks on the plains of Asia, have been familiar with the more remarkable of those objects which shine by night in the sky, and to which the Persians gave the general name of stars. The word imports in its origin, to rule or direct; those lights being often the guide of the shepherd over the spacious pastures which he had to traverse, and of the husbandman as to the seasons of the year. The stars were long supposed, and still are imagined by a great majority of mankind, to be fixed; but the telescope has enabled us to say with more certainty that many, and with a strong degree of probability that the whole are in a state of motion, although we, borne along in the train of succession ourselves, are not capable of discovering the direction in which they march round the orbit of the universe.

We are, as yet, and doubtless ever shall be, without the means of numbering those tenants of the firmament. Every new improvement of the telescope brings within the range of vision, countless multitudes which human eye had never seen before*. Some stars are double and even triple, that is to say, they appear to us within a barely distinguishable distance of each other. Upwards of three thousand double stars have been already discovered, and it is justly supposed that even this number by no means exhausts the fertility of the heavens in these twin productions, some of which have been actually observed to move round each other in orbits requiring for their entire completion twelve hundred of our years. Such systems as these give the mind a faint glimmer of eternity.

Astronomers conjecture, not without reason, from the analogies of our system, that these suns do not revolve round each other shedding their light in vain; but that each is accompanied by its circle of planets, which being opaque bodies, would of course be forever shrouded from our view by the splendor of their respective orbs of day. This idea leads us to conclude that the stars, which are separated from each other by distances at least as great as that of Uranus from our sun—that is to say, some eighteen hundred millions of miles—have also their respective planets, their Mercuries, their Earths, their Jupiters and Saturns, and are the centres of peculiar systems throughout the whole firmament. If those planets be peopled by intelligent beings, as Earth is, and the other planets of the solar system are supposed to be, the contemplation in thought of such myriads of globes with the inhabitants overwhelms the mind.

We have no mode of ascertaining the distance of any one of the stars from the earth. We have measured the circumference which we describe in our annual journey round the sun; we take the diameter of that circle, and with it form the base of a triangle whose vortex should be at the nearest of those luminous bodies. The angle thus formed, however, at the star, would be unappreciable with the most perfect instrument of human invention. Now an angle of one second of a degree is appreciable; consequently the distance of the nearest fixed star must exceed the radius of a circle, one second of whose circumference measures one hundred and ninety millions of miles; that is, it must exceed two hundred times the diameter of the earth's orbit. If the dove that returned no more to Noah, had been commissioned to bear with her utmost speed, an olive branch to the least remote of the spheres, she would therefore still be on her journey: after towering for forty centuries through the heights of space, she would not, at this moment, have reached the middle of her destined way.

No machinery has yet been invented, indeed it seems at present impossible that we should ever devise any means, by which we might estimate the magnitude of even the least of the stars, since we never behold their discs. We become sensible of their existence by rays of light, which must have taken, in some instances, probably, a thousand years to reach our globe, although light is known to travel at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second. Sirius, the brightest, because perhaps the nearest to us of those luminaries, is conjectured by Dr. Wollaston to give as much light as fourteen suns, each as large as ours. Magnificent, therefore, as the system must be of which Sirius forms the centre, yet we behold no part of it. The planet Saturn, with its appendages of rings and satellites, exhibits, when its rings are visible, a spectacle, which, seen through a telescope of moderate power, we imagine that a half-crown piece would cover.† But an individual gazing through a similar instrument from a planet of Sirius to our sun, might suppose, in the same manner, that he could cover our entire system with a spider's thread. He would set down the sun in his map as a fixed star, but to his eye it would present no variation, as the largest of our planets would not intercept much more than a hundredth part of the sun's surface, and could not therefore, produce any loss of its light of which he could take an estimate. For him this globe of ours, immense as to our finate faculties it seems to be, would have actually no existence. It would not find even a point's place on his chart, and if it were blotted out of space to-morrow, it would never be missed by any of the probably

* For instance *o* in Orion, which is marked in South and Herchel's catalogue as containing two distinct sets of stars, each set triple, as appears in Mr. Barlow's *fluid*-refracting telescope, is composed of two *quadruple* sets, with two very fine stars between them, which, as well as the fourth star on each set, had previously escaped the powers of the most finished instruments. Mr. Barlow's telescope has also enabled him to exhtbit *s* in Perseus, marked *double* in the same catalogue, as a collection of no fewer than *six* stars! See *Phil. Trans.* 1831 p. 10. We trust that Mr. Barlow's efforts for the improvement of his telescope may meet with the support which the importance of the subject demands. Were its powers increased only fifty-fold, it is not improbable that, instead of six he might discover a hundred stars, were only one now appears to the unassisted eye.

† The rings have been gradually opening since the 13th of June. In 1839 they will afford as magnificent a spectacle as they did in 1825.

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fifty worlds that are bathed in the floods of light which Sirius pours forth. Whose eye is it that watches over our sphere? Whose is the ever-extended arm that maintains it?

The star called Omicron, in the constellation *Cetus*, appears to us only twelve times in eleven years. It is seen in its greatest brightness during a fortnight; it then decreases gradually during three months, when it disappears. After an interval of five months it again becomes visible, and continues increasing during the three remaining months of its period. Another star, that called Algol, or β Persei, continues visible during a period of sixty-two hours, when it suddenly loses its splendor, and, though a star of the second magnitude, becomes reduced to the fourth magnitude in the course of two or three hours. It then begins to increase again, and in three hours and a half it resumes its wonted lustre. Goodricke, who discovered† this remarkable fact in 1782, suggests, and his idea is now generally adopted by astronomers; that this variation must be caused by the revolution around Algol, of some opaque body, a planet of its own, which, when interposed between us and the star, cuts off a large portion of its light. It is highly probable that a similar arrangement periodically affects the light of Omicron, though upon a different scale. There are eleven other stars that exhibit analogous phenomena, some of them at intervals of five hundred years, to which we may look forward without danger of mistake—thus opening a vista of futurity. When we reflect upon these facts; and upon the circumstance that the rays by which we may to-night behold the Pleiads, must have left their sources in the time of our Heptarchy, or before it—we feel that the mind which is in this manner enabled to comprehend the existence of myriads of peopled worlds besides our own, and to glance to the past with more than the speed of light itself, must be the creation of some superior Spirit dwelling in eternity.

Placed as we are, according to the opinion of astronomers, in the middle of the strata of systems which animate all space, and favored though we be by supernatural disclosures and by great scientific acquirements, we are nevertheless prone to question whether such systems exists of their own innate vigor, or whether they have been created by a power extrinsic to to themselves. If they are discovered to be self-existent, it follows that they must be imperishable. But if they are proved to be perishable, it follows that they cannot be self-existent, and then they must have been created by an extrinsic power, which power must be Omnipotent from the very nature of its productions. The same power must be self-existent, therefore, since no agency inferior to Omnipotence could have given such a Being birth; and it must be Eternal, as an Omnipotent, Self-existent Being can know neither infancy nor age. Here then, upon an inquiry of the greatest importance to mankind, astronomical facts come to our assistance, which carry with them a force of conviction as strong as any demonstration in mathematics—and stronger than most of the evidence upon which the history of human transactions is founded. The stamp of mortality, the finger of death itself, had been traced upon some of the brightest worlds which have ever yet been seen in the firmament.

In the year 125, B. C., an extraordinary luminary attracted the attention of Hipparchus, which induced him to frame a catalogue of stars, the earliest on record. That star in his time disappeared from the heavens. In A. D., 389, a star blazed forth near *a* Aquilæ, remained three weeks as bright as Venus, and then died away. In the year 1572, Tycho Brahe, returning home one evening from his observatory to his dwelling-house, was suprised to see a group of people looking in astonishment at a bright star, which he with all his scrutiny of the heavens had never seen before. It shone in the constellation Cassiopeia, was then as bright as Sirius, and for a while was visible even at midday. It began to fade in December of the same year, and after exhibiting all the changes of conflagration, disappeared in March, 1574. Was this a satellite of some fixed star, which caught fire, and thus prefigured to us the fate, that, according to the declaration of the prophets, awaits our own world?

"Similar phenomena," says Sir J. Herschel, "though of a less splendid character, have taken place more recently, as in the case of the star of the third magnitude, discovered in 1670, by Anthiem, in the head of the Swan; which after becoming completely invisible, re-appeared, and after undergoing one or two singular fluctuations of light, during two years, at last died away entirely, and has not since been seen. On a careful re-examination of the heavens, too, and a comparison of catalogues, many stars are now found to be missing; and although there is no doubt that these losses have often arisen from mistaken entries, yet, in many instances, it is equally certain that there is no mistake in the observation or entry, and that the stars have disappeared from the heavens." [Treatise on Astronomy, p. 384.]

The existence and death of Alexander the Great,—the rise and fall of the Roman Empire,—the destruction, by earthquake or volcano, of cities, which were once the seat of commerce and the arts,—have been handed down to us upon evidence, in no respect whatever better entitled to our belief, than that upon which the astronomical facts here related by Sir John Herschel, stand recorded. Men who have made it their peculiar occupation for years to observe the changes of the firmament, agree in stating that, in *many* instances, stars, which were once

† The same discovery appears to have been made nearly about the same time by Palitzch, a farmer of Prolits, near Dresden—a peasant by station, an astronomer by nature—who, from his familiar acquaintance with the aspect of the heavens, had been led to notice, among so many thousand stars, this one as distinguished from the rest by its variation, and had ascertained its period. The same Palitzch was also the first to re-discover the predicted comet of Halley in 1759, which he saw nearly a month before any of the astronomers, who, armed with their telescopes, were anxiously watching its return. These anecdotes, bring us back to the age of the Chaldean shepherds. [Sir John Herchel's Treatise on Astronomy, p. 381.]

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familiar to the eye, have ceased to appear, and that, too, for periods which clearly indicates their annihilation. The consequence is obvious and inevitable;—those bodies must have been *created*, otherwise they could not have been liable to decay.‖ They performed their appointed revolutions, and they perished—just as a man lives his predestined number of years, and dies. If created, then there must be some power which gave them existence, and prescribed the laws by which that existence was carried to its close.

The Shepherd's Resolution.

[This fine old song was written by George Wither, a satirical writer of the times of James and Charles the First. It is extracted from one of his long pastoral poems, entitled "The Mistress of Philatrete," published in 1622.]

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deservings known,
Make me quite forget *mine own?*
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of *best*,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, what with them, they would do,
That without them, dare not woo:
And unless that mind I see,
What care *I* how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.—
If she love me, this believe:
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go.
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

‖ We forget whence we extracted the following quaint but expressive lines:

Quenched volcanoes, rifted mountains,
Ocean driven from land,
Lakes submerged and dried up fountains,
Empires—whelmed in sand;
What?—though her doom be yet untold—
Nature like time is waxing old.

From the Religious Souvenir for 1838.

AURÆ SENTENTIÆ,

OR EIGHT SETS OF GOLDEN SENTENCES FROM THE RICHEST MINES OF SPIRITUAL WEALTH.

I.

1. I HAVE taken much pains to know every thing that was esteemed worth knowing among men; but, with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." To this I cleave, and herein I find rest.—*Selden.*

2. What wings are to a bird, oil to wheels, or a load-stone to the needle, such is Christ to the soul of the believer; he gives speed to his devotions, activity to his obedience, and draws him nearer and nearer to God.—*Mason.*

3. The name of Jesus to a believer, is as honey in the mouth, music in the ears, or a jubilee in the heart.—*Ibid.*

4. Death-bed repentence is a sacrifice made to God from the devil's leavings.—*Dean Swift.*

5. The love of Christ hath a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit.—*Anon.*

6. What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.—*Sibbes.*

7. Lowliness of mind is not a flower which grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God, in a renewed heart, and learned of the lowly Jesus.—*Boston.*

8. It is safer to be humble with one talent than proud with ten; yea, better to be an humble worm than a proud angel.—*Flavel.*

9. Men are out of their right minds until they come, by faith and repentence, to Jesus Christ.—*Bain.*

10. Charity, *to the souls of men*, is undoubtedly the highest, the noblest, and the most important charity. No one knows how much good he may do by dispersing Bibles and books of piety, which may have a tendency to make men wiser and better. Who can tell but with an expense less than a *shilling*, you may "convert a sinner from the error of his ways and save a soul from death?" A worse doom than to be condemned to the mines, rests upon that soul who had rather hoard up his money than employ it in such a charity.—*Cotton Mather.*

II.

1. SPIRITUAL sloth leads to spiritual poverty. Corrupt nature doth not always discover its opposition to that which is good by passionate contradiction, but oftentimes too successfully by sloth and sluggishness.—*Anon.*

2. If there were no enemy in the world, nor devil in hell, we carry that within us, that if let loose, will trouble us more than all the world beside.—*Sibbes.*

3. Nothing can be very ill with us when all is well within: we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot.—*Sibbes.*

4. In all worldly joys there is a secret wound.—*Owen.*

5. Unreasonable fears are the sins of our hearts as truly as they are thorns in our sides; they grieve the Holy Spirit.—*Burgess.*

6. One rose upon the bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it to be a true rose-tree.—*Ibid.*

7. He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend it.—*Charnock.*

8. I would rather obey than work miracles.—*Luther.*

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9. God will give the men of the world the blessings of his *footstool*, but to his children he gives the blessings of his *throne*.—*Augustine.*

10. Prayer is chiefly a heart work: God heareth the heart without the mouth, but he never heareth the mouth acceptably without the heart. This is lying unto God, and flattering him with the lips, but no true prayer, and so God considers it.—*Marshall.*

III.

1. How small a portion of our life is it, that we really enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we are looking backward to things that are gone past; in manhood, though indeed we appear to be more engaged in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.—*Anon.*

2. We will not be convinced how basely and foolishly we are busied, though in the best and most respected employments in the world, as long as we neglect our best and noblest trade of growing rich in grace and the comfortable enjoyment of the love of God.—*Leighton.*

3. Hope and fear are the strongest passions of the mind. The apostle urges the *hope* of that glory which the gospel displays, and *fear* of God as the greatest and most powerful judge. This *fear* is a holy self-suspicion. The more a Christian believes and loves, the more unwilling he is to displease God.—*Leighton.*

4. Is the heart yet unbroken? give it to God, with a desire it may be broken: and if he break it, thou shalt not repent thy gift.—*Ibid.*

5. We may know what Christ has done *for* us, by what he has done *in* us.—*Mason.*

6. In Christ the whole gospel is treasured up; he is the light, the food, and the medicine of the soul.—*Ibid.*

7. Patient waiting upon God and importunate calling upon God, are twin sisters, found always in company.—*Ibid.*

8. The *law* presseth on a man till he flies to Christ; then it says, thou hast gotten a refuge, I forbear to follow thee: thou art wise: thou art safe.—*Bengelius.*

9. Great care must be taken as to the end of our actions; for this, like the altar, sanctifies the gift; as is the *end* such is the man. He whose end is worldly, is himself earthly; but if God be a man's end, it makes him Godlike.—*Brooks.*

10. Faith must be the root of the divine life—that which causes the branches to spread and the fruits to appear. When I take my morning walk in my garden, after the morning sacrifice has been paid for the countless mercies I have received, and the refreshing sleep I have enjoyed in the night past; and at that beauteous season of the year, when all is health and gaiety and life, and see the leaves just beginning to expand, the flowers to blossom, and the fruits to open their infant bud on the trees; after the first impulse of my admiration has subsided, my next and most improving meditation is on the source to which their beauty and luxuriance and existence are to be traced—that without their First Cause, none of the beauty we admire, none of the fragrance we breathe, none of the fruits, so pleasing to the sight and so good for the taste, ever could be! And as in nature, so in religion, which go hand in hand together—mutually borrowing from and throwing light and strength upon each other. But for the tree of faith, the fruits of virtue and holiness would not vegetate upon, and impart beauty and loveliness to, the moral world. Let them both, then, grow together, and live in harmony one with another; God will bless and multiply them on the earth, and cause them to be transplanted into the Eden of his Paradise, and flourish in immortal bloom and beauty! Let it ever be our prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!"

IV.

1. All the snares and temptations of the world are allied to some one or other lusts within us, that suits them as tinder to the fire.—*Boston.*

2. Reason can never show itself more reasonable, than in ceasing to reason about things which are above reason.—*Flavel.*

3. He is the best accountant, who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.—*Dillwyn.*

4. Head knowledge and heart experience are not always concomitant.—*Ibid.*

5. No cloud can overshadow the Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—*Bp. Irvine.*

6. Bees never work singly, but always in company, that they may assist each other. A useful hint to Christians.—*Ibid.*

7. Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly leaves the worst for that day when it comes.—*Cecil.*

8. With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool. If he judge amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all else does but aggravate his folly.—*Young.*

9. A man without discretion, is as a vessel without a helm, which, however rich the cargo, is in continual danger of being wrecked.—*Dillwyn.*

10. The graces which the Blessed Spirit implants in our hearts, resemble a sun-dial; which is of little service except when the sun shines upon it. The Holy Spirit must shine upon the graces he has given, or they will leave us at a loss, in point of spiritual comfort, and unable to tell whereabouts we are.—*Toplady.*

V.

1. There is no eloquence so powerful as the address of a holy and consistent life. It shames the accusers. It puts to silence the ignorance of foolish men. It constrains them to admire.—Jay.

2. Grace withereth without adversity.—*Rutherford.*

3. Faith makes us draw all our comforts from a fountain that will never fail.—*Halyburton.*

4. Spiritual pleasures only are greater in fruition than expectation.—*Dillwyn.*

5. Humility of mind is neither arrived at, retained, nor increased, by comparing ourselves with others.—*Ibid.*

6. Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple. Who ever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter?—*Milton.*

7. The depths of misery are never beyond the depths of mercy.—*Sibbes.*

8. Only the power that makes a world can make a Christian.—*Wesley.*

9. The true estimate of being is not taken from *age*, but *action*.—*Jer. Collier.*

10. Faith is the *hand* by which we embrace, or touch, or reach toward, the garment of Christ's righteousness, for our own justification. A soul who enjoys this, is undoubtedly *safe*. Assurance I consider as the *ring* which God puts upon Faith's finger. A soul who enjoys this is not only *safe*, but also *comfortable* and *happy*. Full assurance we may consider as a brilliant, or cluster of brilliants, which adorns the ring, and renders it incomparably more beautiful and valuable. Where the diamond of full assurance is thus set in the gold of faith, it diffuses its rays of love, joy, peace, and holiness, with a lustre which leaves no room for doubt or darkness. While these high and unclouded consolations remain, the believer's felicity is only inferior to that of angels, or of saints made perfect above. 'Covet' this 'best gift, earnestly.' —*Toplady.*

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VI.

1. God in every dispensation is at work for our good. In more prosperous circumstances he tries our contentment: in misfortunes, our submission.—*H. More.*

2. Faith takes God at his word, and depends upon him for the whole of salvation. God is good, and therefore he *will not*, he is true and faithful, therefore he *cannot*, deceive me: I believe he speaks as he means, and will do what he says.—*Ryland.*

3. God! what more glorious? *Flesh!* what more base? Than God in *flesh!* what more marvellous?—"Elle etoit de ce monde ou les plus belles choses
"Ont le pire destin;
Augustine.

4. The Christian's life is *in* Christ, *on* Christ, *by* Christ, *to* Christ, *for* Christ, *with* Christ.—*P. Henry.*

5. He that enquires what is the just value and worth of CHRIST, asks a question which puts all the men on earth, and the angels in heaven, to an everlasting nonplus.—*Flavel.*

6. Many things in the course of human life, are grievous for want of rightly pondering this truth: that if we needed them not, we should hardly meet with them; and if we do need them, we ought not to wish exemption from them.—*Dillwyn.*

7. A man must be deplorably insensible or blind to the depravity of his own heart, who sees not the necessity of supernatural aid to correct its disorders.—*Ibid.*

8. Glory follows afflictions, not as the day follows night, but as the spring follows winter. Winter prepares the earth for spring, and afflictions, sanctified, prepare the soul for glory.—*Sibbes.*

9. No books are so plain as the lives of men; no characters so legible as their moral conduct.—*Fuller.*

10. We may be members of a true church, and yet not true members of *the* church.—*Ibid.*

VII.

1. True religion is a refuge inaccessible to either the fraud or the violence of men: happy are they who know it to be their shelter in the day of their trouble.—*Dillwyn.*

2. Some men will follow Christ on certain conditions—if he will not lead them through rough roads; if he will not enjoin them any painful tasks; if the sun and wind do not annoy them; if he will remit a part of his plan and order. But the true disciple, who has the spirit of Jesus, will say, as Ruth to Naomi, 'whither thou goest I will go;' whatever difficulties and dangers may be in the way.—*Cecil.*

3. The word of the Lord is a lantern to my path and a light to my feet; and I will not, and dare not for my life, step one foot further than I have the lantern going before me. And so far dare I boldly go, though all the world counsel and command me to the contrary.—*John Bradford.*

4. Let Christ be your only comfort, who will teach you to think rightly and to live happily. The world indeed accounts this to be mere folly and distraction; yet happy that fool who is wise unto Christ, and miserable folly is it not to know him.—*Erasmus.*

5. The light of Divine Revelation is the only light which can effectually disperse the gloom of a sick chamber, and irradiate even the countenance of death.—*Dr. Reid.*

6. The sun shines on the moon and stars, and they shine upon the earth: so doth God shine in his goodness and grace upon us; that we might shine in good works towards all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith.—*Sibbe.*

7. As the condemnation of the *first* Adam passeth not to us, except as by generation we are his, so grace and remission pass not from the *second* Adam to us, except as by regeneration we are his.—*Flavel.*

8. Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, can do any thing.—*Elliot.*

9. Believers are not promised temporal riches, but they are assured of an aid, which is fully sufficient to reconcile them to their allotment.—*Dillwyn.*

10. Let us beware of judging ourselves by what others think of us.—*Fuller.*

VIII.

1. To know what religion has done for an individual, we should consider what he would have been without it.—*Fuller*

2. A high conceit of one's self is no proof of excellence.—*Ibid.*

3. Had our heavenly Father intended this world for his children's portion, their accomodations would be better; but they are strangers and pilgrims travelling to a distant home, therefore they must expect *traveller's fare*—which will make home more desirable.—*Anon.*

4. Until we can make a clear distinction between head knowledge and heart experience, we may easily mistake our own works for the work of religion; which, though wrought *in* us, is not *of* us.—*Dillwyn.*

5. In religious concerns, every thing which we do of ourselves, independently of divine aid, has a tendency to stop us short of the object we are aiming at; and whatever be the substitute we rely on, whether outward or mental, it is an *idol* at the time.—*Ibid.*

6. What a mercy it is that no one ever *sincerely* desires to know the state of his own soul in vain! In the pursuit of all other knowledge, our motives may be too arrogant and selfish to be gratified; but in this, the deeper the research, the more we are humbled, and consequently the better prepared to receive the desired instruction.—*Ibid.*

7. Prayer is this—to look into the bible and see what God has promised; to look into our hearts and ask ourselves what we want, and then, for Christ's sake, ask and expect the promise to be fulfilled.—*Anon.*

8. Paul had *three* wishes, and they were all about Christ; that he might be *found* in Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ.—*Anon.*

9. Persons may go far, and yet not far enough; they may be convinced, yet not converted; like king Saul, have *another* heart, and yet not a new one.—*Jay.*

10. Those who depend on God, shall not want even in a desart.—*Bishop Hall.*

REMEMBRANCES OF AN OLD MAN.

"At our cottage door
There was a well—the water sweet and clear,
Far in an old brown bucket was drawn up;
No other draught in after life has been
To my parched lips, like that which oft I took
Out of the bucket! Oh! how cold it was!
How sweet the labor was to draw it up!
And when 't was drawn, how oft with eager hand
'T was thrown away to find some cooler still.

—I've been to France and quaffed
The rich and noble juice of the pressed grape;
In every clime and country I have drank
What other men call nectar; but I still
Have often quenched my thirst at some rude well,
Hoping to find it like the one so dear
To mem'ry! But never have I found it—
And never shall I! There are not two wells
On earth like that at our dear cottage door—
'T is said the cottage is in sad decay—
Ah! when I was a boy, I never thought
That either that dear cottage or myself
Could e'er grow old!"

AQUARIUS.

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DEATH OF CICERO.

Cicero was at his Tusculan villa, with his brother and nephew, when he first received the news of the proscription, and of their being included in it. It was the design of the triumvirate to keep it a secret, if possible, to the moment of execution; in order to surprise those whom they had destined to destruction before they were aware of the danger, or had time to escape. But some of Cicero's friends found means to give him early notice of it; on which he set forward presently, with his brother and nephew, towards Astura, the nearest villa which he had on the sea, with intent to transport themselves directly out of the reach of their enemies But Quintus being wholly unprepared for so sudden a voyage, resolved to turn back with his son to Rome, in confidence of lying concealed till they could provide money and necessaries for their support abroad. Cicero, in the mean while, found a vessel ready for him at Astura, in which he presently embarked: but the winds being cross and turbulent, and the sea wholly uneasy to him, after he had sailed two leagues along the coast, he landed at Circæum, and spent a night near that place, in great anxiety and irresolution: the question was, what course he should steer, and whether he should fly to Brutus, or to Cassius, or to S. Pompey; but after all his deliberations, none of them pleased him so much as the expedient of dying; so that, as Plutarch says, he had some thoughts of returning to the city, and killing himself in Cæsar's house, in order to leave the guilt and curse of his blood on Cæsar's perfidy and ingratitude: but the importunity of his servants prevailed with him to set sail forward to Cajeta, where he went again on shore, to repose himself in his Formian villa, about a mile from the coast, weary of life and the sea, and declaring that he would die in that country which he had so often saved. Here he slept soundly for several hours; though, as some writers tell us, a great number of crows were fluttering all the while, and making a strange noise about his windows, as if to rouse and warn him of his approaching fate; and that one of them made its way into the chamber, and pulled away his very bed-clothes; till his slaves, admonished by this prodigy, and ashamed to see brute creatures more solicitous for his safety than themselves, forced him into his litter or portable chair, and carried him away towards the ship, through private ways and walks of his woods; having just heard that soldiers were already come into the country in quest of him, and not far from the villa. As soon as they were gone, the soldiers arrived at the house, and, perceiving him to be fled, pursued immediately towards the sea, and overtook him in the wood. Their leader was one Popilius Lænas, a tribune or colonel of the army, whom Cicero had formerly defended in a capital cause. As soon as the soldiers appeared, the servants prepared themselves to fight, being resolved to defend their master's life at the hazard of their own: but Cicero commanded them to set him down, and to make no resistance: then looking on his executioners with a presence and firmness which almost daunted them, and thrusting his neck as forwardly as he could out of the litter, he bade them do their work, and take what they wanted: on which they presently cut off his head, and both his hands, and returned with them, in haste and great joy, towards Rome, as the most agreeable present which they could possibly carry to Antony. Popilius charged himself with the conveyance, without reflecting on the infamy of carrying that head which had saved his own: he found Antony in the forum, surrounded with guards and crowds of people: but on showing from a distance the spoils which he brought, he was rewarded on the spot with the honour of a crown, and about eight thousand pounds sterling. Antony ordered the head to be fixed on the rostar, between the two hands; a sad spectacle to the city, and what drew tears from every eye, to see those mangled members, which used to exert themselves so gloriously from that place, in defence of the lives, fortunes, and liberties of the Roman people, so lamentably exposed to the scorn of sycophants and traitors. The deaths of the rest, says an historian of that age, caused only a private and particular sorrow, but Cicero's a universal one: it was a triumph over the republic itself; and seemed to confirm and establish the perpetual slavery of Rome. Antony considered it as such; and, satiated with Cicero's blood, declared the proscription at an end.

He was killed on the 7th of December, about ten days from the settlement of the triumvirate, after he had lived sixty-three years, eleven months and five days.

BIOGRAPHY.

Marshal Ney was perhaps, next to Napoleon, the greatest of the generals produced by the French Revolution. When the French people, goaded to desperation by the minions of a long line of besotted and voluptuous monarchs, the oppression of an overbearing and privileged aristocracy, and the arrogance of a proud and dissolute hierarchy, at length threw off the yoke under which they had groaned during so many centuries, and proclaimed an equality of political rights, all the other powers of Europe united to put down the principles which had led to this event. The revolutionary spirit, thus pressed upon and hemmed in on all sides, acquired tenfold energy, and burst like a torrent through the barriers opposed to it, over-running the whole of continental Europe, throwing down the longest established thrones, and sweeping away, in its impetuous course, the very foundations of the most ancient social edifices. This ill-judged opposition to the rights of between twenty and thirty millions of people, changed the aspect of the whole civilized world, and from it sprang a race of warriors who, seconded by the military spirit inherent in the French nation, subdued every country in Europe, save only Great Britain, protected by her navies and her insular situation. Among the "first and foremost" of these warriors stood Michael Ney, the son of a cooper at Sarrelous, a small town on the Rhine. He was born in 1769, when the debauchery of Louis XV. had exhausted the finances of his country—when the mistresses of this monarch appointed his ministers, his ambassadors, and his generals, and made the government of a great and high-minded people pander to their profligacy. Ney became a soldier in 1787, a short time before the meeting of the States-General, and the wonders effected by the astounding eloquence of Mirabeau.

From the moment the privileges of the aristocracy were abolished, and military promotion was opened to all classes of the community, Ney's career was as rapid as it was brilliant. He gave proof of surpassing genius throughout the French campaigns in Germany and in Switzerland; he displayed diplomatic talents of a high order, under the guidance and the instructions of the celebrated Charles Maurice Talleyrand, then minister for foreign affairs to the French Republic—and certainly the greatest diplomatist of this or perhaps any former age.

Michael Ney was appointed Marshal of the French Empire, in his thirty-fifth year; and from that period he shared, day by day, in all the glories and perils of Napoleon. As he was no party man, but devoted wholly to his country, whatever its form of government, he lent his sword and talents to the chief whom it had chosen. This was his principle through life, and it accounts for his serving Louis XVIII. in 1814, as well as for his joining his former master and friend when he found his efforts to oppose him unavailing—when the whole of his army had gone over to Napoleon, and the positive will of the nation, afterwards put down by

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the united armies of Europe, recalled the exile of Elba to the imperial throne.

The talents, the dauntless valour, the high-minded generosity, and the considerate kindness of Ney, are proverbial in the French army; and he dwells in the memory of the veterans who served under him, like one of the heroes or demigods of old.

From Ney's activity and daring spirit, combined with consummate skill and prudence, and from his particuliar tnlent in providing for the wants of the troops, without oppressing the inhabitants of the countries overrun by the French armies, he was generally employed by the vanguard—a circumstance which had led to the error, in which even many of his own countrymen share, that he was a mere soldier of action, excellent in leading an attack, but devoid of the high acquirements, extensive knowledge, and strategic skill so necessary to wield and manœuvre large masses of soldiers. This mistaken notion has been strengthened by some of his old companions in arms, who now attempt to vituperate his memory, because he would not allow them, when under his command to practise that system of robbery and plunder which disgraced the French armies in the countries through which they passed, whether as friends or foes, and by means of which some of Napoleon's generals acquired immense wealth. These men, since Ney's death, have attempted to undervalue his talents as a commander. Others, with a view of elevating themselves, have sought to found a military reputation at the expense of his; and among the latter, is a certain General Jomini, aid-de-camp to the late Emperor Alexander, a Swiss by birth, and a flippant writer about compaigns and battles. Ney, having met with him in Switzerland in an almost destitute condition, made him enter the French service, brought him rapidly forward, and ultimately placed him at the head of his staff. Jomini now pretends that while filling this situation, he was Marshal Ney's providence; that he constantly directed all the brilliant achievements of which his general obtained the credit, and got Ney out of all the scrapes into which his deficiencies as a commander were continually leading him. Now, supposing this contemptible rhodomontade to be true, how happens it that this same General Jomini has never distinguished himself by his military talents since he left Ney to enter the service of Russia? His name is quite unknown, even among the third and fourth-rate generals of the day. Surely he cannot allege the want of opportunity; for in the service of no European state is high military talent made more available than in that of Russia.

The truth is, Ney never asked the advice either of his staff collectively, or of its officers in particular, on those grand and extraordinary movements by which he often baffled and defeated an enemy of vastly superior force. They were the rapid inspirations of his own instructive genius, and to this may perhaps be attributed the almost unvaried success that attended them. With regard to his skill as a theoretical as well as a practical warrior, he was unquestionably superior to every other officer in the French service, even to Massena, by many considered the best of Napoleon's generals. This may appear, to some, a very hazardous assertion; it is nevertheless true. Marshal Ney was second only to the Emperor, who on many important occasions, even yielded to his opinions.

Ney's retreat from Russia, in 1813, was a masterpiece of strategy; it is equal to any thing of the kind ever performed by the greatest generals of ancient or modern times, and will hold a prominent place in the military annals of the nineteenth century. That Ney united profound science to the experience of a life of active warfare, is placed beyond a doubt by the manuscripts left in his own hand writing, containing his observations upon the various campaigns in which he served, and also his military studies for the use of his own officers, when he commanded the camp of Montreuil. To this we may add, that he first improved upon the old system of military tactics, and founded the system now followed by the French armies.

In defiance of a solemn capitulation, Marshal Ney was imprisoned as a traitor, and adjudged to die by the members of a faction who had sold their country. These men had fixed his doom before they came to the judgment seat; it was sealed by their iniquitous sentence, and "the bravest of the brave" was judicially murdered at the back of the Luxembourg, on the 7th of December, 1815. He died as he had lived, a man of heroic courage and unshaken firmness. His death will ever remain a foul blot, not only upon the then government of his country, but upon those foreign governments which might and ought to have interfered to prevent such a catastrophe. This view of the case will doubtless be declared erroneous by men of the present day, imbued with the blind vindictiveness of party feeling; but it will surely be the one taken in after ages, when time shall have effaced every vestige of such feeling. Then will the name of Marshal Ney rise pure and imperishable, and justice be done by the whole world to the memory of one who died a felon's death, only because he loved his country too well, and the person of its king less.

DEATH OF MOHAMMED.

Until his sixty-third year, Mohammed had sustained with unabated vigour the temporal and spiritual fatigues of his mission. The infirmities of age had not impaired his constitution, though his health had suffered a gradual decline. His mortal disease was a fever, of which he was seized in the house of Zainab, one of his wives, while giving directions to Asama to lead an expedition into Palestine to avenge the death of Zaid, who had earned the crown of martyrdom at the battle of Muta. Finding his malady increase, he requested to be conveyed to the mansion of his favorite Ayesha, whose tenderness might sooth his last moments. To her he expressed his serious conviction that he owed the cause of his distemper to the poisoned mutton at Khaiber. For three days he suffered the tortures of an intense and insupportable heat, which deprived him at intervals of the use of reason. This paroxysm was succeeded by a more favorable crisis, and he recovered so far as to officiate at prayers in the mosque.—His audience were edified by a penitential acknowledgment of his willingness to make restitution to such as he might have unconsciously wronged. "If there be any man whom I have unjustly scourged, I offer my back to the lash of retaliation. If I have aspersed his reputation, let him proclaim my faults. If I have taken his money, or despoiled him of his goods, I am ready to give the little I possess to compensate his loss.—Let my accuser make his demand; it is not my disposition to resent the claims of justice." "Yes," exclaimed a voice from the crowd, "you owe me three drachms of silver." Mohammed immediately discharged the debt, and thanked his creditor for accusing him in this world rather than at the day of judgment. To his latest hour, and amidst sorrow and suffering, he continued to act the character of the Prophet; evincing at the closing scene of mortality the same remarkable fortitude and presence of mind that he had displayed on the field of battle. In one instance only did the violence of disease betray his wandering faculties into a momentary illusion, when he called for pen and ink, that he might write a book for the better instruction of his followers and therein to consummate the work of revelation.—The proposal was startling, and met with opposition, as the Koran was deemed sufficient; the chamber of sickness was disturbed by an unseasonable dispute, until the dying Prophet was

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forced to reprimand the indecent vehemence of his disciples. Unwilling that his attendants should witness the recurrence of his infirmities, he ordered all persons to be excluded from his apartment; and the last three days of his existence were spent in the exclusive society of Ayesha.—Tradition, which disfigured his life with romance, has left us to contemplate the circumstances of his death through a cloud of superstitious incense. If we are to place the slighest credit on the evidence of his only companion, he received more incontestible proofs to establish the truth of his mission at its termination than in any former period.—Gabriel made regular visits of condolence and inquiry after his health. The angel of death was not permitted to separate his soul from his body till he had respectfully solicited permission to enter his chamber. The request was granted, and the last office performed with all the deference of a servant to the command of his master. When the moment of his departure approached, his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha; he fainted in the agony of pain, but recovering his spirits, and raising his eyes with a steady look towards the roof of the apartment, he uttered with a faltering voice the following broken and scarcely articulate expressions:—"O God!——pardon me——have pity——Yes——receive me——among my fellow citizens on high!" and immediately expired on a carpet spread on the floor. The particular year of his death has been disputed; but the best authors fix it to the 12th, of Rebiah I, in the eleventh year of the Hejira, corresponding to the 17th June, A. D. 632.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. XIII. History of Arabia, Ancient and Modern* Vol1.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

The deep blue Sea! how fair it seems,
When gleaming in the morning beams,
And silver clouds, like sunny dreams,
Glide o'er its placid breast.
The breeze sighs softly o'er the wave,
As silent as the banks they lave,
For every wind sleeps in its cave,
Each billow is at rest!

The dark blue Sea! how pure and bright,
When resting in the hush of night,
Bathed in the radiance of moonlight,
So fair and yet so cold.
The twinkling stars, far downward peep,
Reflected in the tranquil deep,
Whose bosom glows in quiet sleep,
Like mantle decked with gold!

The proud blue Sea! when winds are high,
And darkness gathers o'er the sky,
And the frail bark unconsciously
Is swiftly onward borne;
Then like a lion roused, at length
It strikes its mane in pride of strength,
And its wild roar, from shore to shore,
Resounds, as if in scorn!

The wild blue Sea! how fearful now
To gaze upon its furious brow,
And list the dreary waves that plough
Its billows mountains high!
Now death and danger seem to ride,
Presiding o'er the foaming tide,
And Ocean drowns, with voice of pride,
The seaman's strangling cry!

The calm blue Sea! how still the wave,
Soft breathes the wind through rock and cave,
A dirge o'er many a victim's grave,
Far 'mongst the waters free!
O how sublime must be the power
Of Him who bids the tempest lower,
Yet sways thee, in thy wildest hour,
Thou glorious dark blue Sea!

FABLES OF THE ANCIENTS.

ÆNEAS, THE TROJAN PRINCE.—This celebrated personage was said to be the son of Venus, although his father was a Trojan by the name of Anchises. During the ten years' siege of Troy by the Greeks, Æneas behaved with great valour in defence of his country; and when the city was finally taken and in flames, he carried away upon his shoulders his aged father, and the statues of his household gods, leading in his hand his son Ascanius, and leaving his wife to follow behind. He afterwards equipped a fleet of twenty ships, in which he embarked, with the fugitives from Troy, in search of a new country. After a seven years' cruise, they finally landed in Italy, and founded the Italian nation. His filial piety has rendered him more celebrated than even his martial achievements.

"More valour, mix'd with greater piety.
Than was in him, the world could ne'er descry;
Who on his shoulders, with triumphant joy,
Bore his old father from the flames of Troy."

Moral—Filial affection and duty are evidence of a great mind.

ARACHNE'S NEEDLE-WORK.—The fair Arachne, a female of Colophon, was the daughter of Idmon, a dyer. She challenged Minerva to a trial of skill with the needle, and represented on her work the amours of Jupiter with Europa, Antiope, Leda, Asteria, Danæ, Alcmena, &c. But though her piece was perfect and masterly, she was defeated by Minerva, and hanged herself in despair, and was changed into a spider by the goddess. It is probable that she still continues her favourite vocation of making curious webs. Let our fair votaries of the needle be careful how they challenge goddesses to a trial of skill.

"To whom Minerva gave a fatal doom,
For her contending at the skilful loom,
The nymphs of Tmolus off their vines forsook,
The sweet Pactolian nymphs their streams, to look
On her rare work, nor more delight in viewing
The done (done with such grace) than when adoing."

ARGUS, THE WATCHFUL.—As this celebrated personage had an hundred eyes, of which only two were ever asleep at one time, Juno commissioned him to watch Io, with whom Jupiter was enamoured. The vigilance of Argus being somewhat annoying to Jupiter, he caused him to be slain by Mercury, who first lulled all his eyes to sleep with the sound of his lyre. After this Juno put his eyes on the tail of her favorite bird, the peacock, where they can be seen to this day. Such is the brief history of Argus, of whom the poet says,

——"Io's jealous guard,
Whose hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd;
Whereof at once, by turns, two only slept,
The others watch'd, and still their stations kept."

ACHILLES, THE WARRIOR.—This intrepid chief is represented as the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war. During his infancy, his mother, Thetis, is said to have plunged him into the waters of the river Styx, and thereby made every part of his body invulnerable, except the heel, by which she held him. His education was entrusted to the centaur Chiron, who taught him the art of war, and made him master of music; and, by feeding him with the marrow of wild beasts, rendered him vigorous and active. Vulcan, at the entreaties of Achilles's mother, made the young hero a strong suit of armour, which was proof against all weapons. He slew Hector, the bulwark of Troy, tied the corpse by the heels to his chariot, and dragged it three times round the walls of Troy. In the tenth year of the war, Achilles was charmed with Polyxena; and, as he solicited her hand in the temple of Minerva,

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it is said that Paris aimed an arrow at his vulnerable heel, which inflicted a wound that caused his death.—Thus perished the brave Achilles—

"He whom the silver-footed goddess bore,
That brave attemptive spirit, that could feel
Death's wounding stroke at no place but his heel;
Swift as the dart he cast, as arrows fleet,
Who, though he best could, least would use his feet,
He, for whose arms, such stern debate did rise,
That Ajax would not live without the prize."

Moral—Never make love in church.

APOLLO, GOD OF MUSIC.—This deity is generally represented with a lyre or a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows suspended at his back. He was worshipped as the god of medicine, music, poetry and the fine arts, and was supposed to be the son of Jupiter and Latona, born in the floating island of Delos. The chaste Diana was his sister, and the fable probably alludes to the sun and moon. The poets have called him the "laureat god," the "unshorn deity," the Delian god; the Lycian, Delphian, Clarian, Leucadian deity. Also, the "master of the Delphian oracle," the president of verse, &c.

———"By whose instinctive rays are seen
What is, what shall be, or hath ever been,
Immortal verse from his invention springs,
And how to strike the well-concording strings."

ANGER.—It was a memorable saying of Peter the Great, "I have civilized my country, but I cannot civilize myself." He was at times vehement and impetuous, and committed, under the impulse of his fury, the most unwarrantable excesses; yet we learn that even he was known to tame his anger, and to rise superior to the violence of his passions. Being one evening in a select company, when something was said which gave him great offence, his rage suddenly kindled, and rose to its utmost pitch; though he could not command his first emotions, he had resolution enough to quit the company. He walked bare-headed for some time, under the most violent agitation, in an intense frosty air, stamping on the ground, and beating his head with all the marks of the greatest fury and passion; and did not return to the company until he was quite composed.

Lord Somers was naturally of a choleric disposition; and the most striking part of his character was the power of controlling his passion at the moment when it seemed ready to burst forth. Swift, in his "Four last years of Queen Anne," has in vain endeavoured to blacken this amiable part of that great man's character; as what the dean mistook for a severe censure, has proved the greatest panegyric. "Lord Somers being sensible how subject he is to violent passions, avoids all incitements to them, by teaching those whom he converses with, from his own example, to keep within the bounds of decency; and it is indeed true, that no man is more apt to take fire upon the least appearance of provocation; which temper he strives to subdue, with the utmost violence to himself; so that his breast has been seen to heave, and his eyes to sparkle with rage, in those very moments when his words and the cadence of his voice were in the humblest and softest manner."

An Arabian merchant, having hired a waterman's boat, refused to pay the freitage. The waterman, in a violent passion, appealed several times to the governor of Mashat for justice: the governor as often ordered him to come again; but observing him one day present his petition with coolness, he immediately granted his suit. The waterman surprised at this conduct, demanded the reason why he did not sooner grant his petition. "Because," said the judge, "you were always drunk when I saw you." But the waterman declaring he had not been overtaken with wine for several years, the judge replied, "the drunkenness with which you were overtaken, is the most dangerous of all—it is the drunkenness of ANGER."

What is a Love Match? A love match is like that childish toy which consists of various boxes enclosed one within another, and yet contains nothing, after all. I wonder where experience got its reputation! It has been very easily obtained, but it does not deserve it. They say it teaches fools; it may teach them, but they do not learn. Every year one sees a young woman in a white gown, and a young man in a blue coat, adventuring on what is called "the happiest day of one's life;" so called, perhaps, as they are never very particularly happy afterwards. Equally, every year, does one witness couples who in like manner begin in blue and white continue in green and yellow melancholy; yet no one takes warning by the example; all seem to expect a miracle from fate in their own favor—what business they have to expect it I don't know; but we do flatter ourselves strangely. I must, however, do fate the justice to acknowledge its strict impartiality—all are disappointed alike.—*Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book for* 1834.

COURAGE AND FIDELITY OF A DOG.—Some winters back, in a part of the vast forest that stretches along the Upper Norwegian frontier, were travelling two gentlemen—one a native, the other an Englishman. They had gone on the day many weary miles through the waste of snow and forest, when climbing a steep ascent, some two hours' ride from the place of their destination, they left the sledge and walked, thereby relieving the horse, and at the same time stretching their own cramped limbs. A large dog (a cross of the bull and mastiff, and English born) trotted slowly at their heels, and appeared to share with them the gloom which the monotonous gloom of a winter forest never fails to cast over even the most volatile disposition. Having attained the hill top, the travellers, at the moment of re-entering the sledge, perceived a wolf of gigantic size following in their track. They dragged the dog, who was a great favourite, into the sledge with them, and put the horse to his full speed. As, by inconceivable imprudence, they had ventured unarmed in the forest, their only chance of safety was flight, and, while the descent was in their favour, they outstripped their pursuer; but the horse, though winged by fear, as his dropped ears and quivering limbs too plainly told, was already jaded: he soon slackened his speed, and faint and trembling he staggered feebly onward, his strength rapidly deserting him. One only resource now remained, which was to slip the dog, who might possibly hold the wolf in check sufficient time to allow of their escape. However reluctant to consign the poor animal to certain death, self-preservation forced them to adopt this last and only expedient. The wolf was within a few yards when they loosed him, and instantly the two had grappled, and rolled struggling on the snow. As if he knew that life was at stake, the horse now sprang forward desperately, and never paused in his career until he fell expiring in the court yard of ———. That night, while in ease and security the travellers were forgetting their danger, a faint moan was heard at the gate. It was the dog. Covered with blood and wounds, the faithful creature crawled to his master's feet and expired. The wood was searched next morning, and in a spot where the up-torn snow attested the length and fierceness of the conflict, the wolf was found dead. He was the largest seen in those parts within the memory of man.

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Gallery of Algaby, on the Simplon Road.

Interior of the Temple of Concord, &c. Rome.

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The Gallery of Algaby, Simplon Road.

The Simplon Road across the Alps, from Geneva to Milan, is one of the most glorious monuments of Napoleon's enterprise. The route eminently claims the attention of all travellers by the novelty, variety, and grandeur, of the objects which it incessantly presents to the view. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to select another tract of equal extent, in which he would find such diversity of scenery, embracing all that is wild, awful and sublime in the polar regions of everlasting snow; and all that is beautiful, picturesque and magnificent in the mountains, forests and waters of more temperate regions. This road was began in 1801, by M. Consil, author of the plan. Imagination can scarcely conceive the obstacles opposed to this undertaking. The road was required to cross rivers and precipices, and perforate hard rocks; but in many places it was to rest on crags, undermined by time and torrents, which it was necessary to support and consolidate. The execution of these works, however, fully answered the expectations formed from the talents of the engineers. From Brieg to Domo D'Ossola, the road passes twenty-two bridges, through seven galleries, one seven hundred feet in length, rises 4814 feet, and descends 5,225 feet. The Gallery of Algaby may be considered one of the most remarkable views on the whole route. The Gallery, or Tunnel, is 215 feet long, and is cut entirely through an immense mass of solid granite. The sombre appearance of the interior of the Gallery is well contrasted with the cheerfulness of the objects beyond it. The road is seen winding in various directions in the distance. The Gallery is, perhaps, less affected by changes of the weather than most others, in consequence, perhaps, of the peculiar solidity of the materials of which it is composed. It now and then happens, however, that the species of cement which unites the masses of granite gives way after severe frosts, and in consequence large fragments fall and obstruct the passage.

Remains of the Temple of Concord, &c.

All that now remains of the Temple of Concord at Rome, is eight pillars of oriental granite. Scarcely any thing is left above the architrave; all that exists is of brick; and there are arches in it over the intercolumniations. This temple was destroyed by fire, and was probably repaired in haste; the materials employed had probably belonged to different buildings, for neither the diameter of the pillars nor the intercolumniations are equal. One of them has evidently been made up of fragments of two different pillars, so that the diameter is perceptibly greater near the summit than in the middle. The bases are composed of Doric and Ionic, mixed. The bases and capitals are of white marble, and with the exception above mentioned are formed each of one block of granite; they are altogether 43 feet in height, and 13 feet in circumference.

It was long supposed that the edifice to which these pillars belonged, was that temple of Concord where Tully assembled the Senate on Catiline's conspiracy. In fact, the Temple went by this name for a long period, but now, that it has become the fashion with Roman antiquaries to call into dispute the names given to ancient buildings, the Temple of Concord has been obliged to change its name, and is now conjectured to be a Temple of Fortune; there seems to be no direct evidence for the change.

In front of these fine ruins is the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Tonaus (the thunderer,) erected by Augustus, in gratitude for his escape from the lightning which killed one of his attendants preceding his litter. The pillars on the left of the picture overgrown with moss, are of great size, four feet four inches in diameter; and appear to have been tinged with a purple colour, which may still be clearly observed in the fluting near the capitals. Upon the lateral frieze are sculptured several ornaments connected with sacrifices.

The church of Santa Martina also on the left of the picture, is now dedicated to St. Luke, and one of the oldest churches in Rome still in repair. It was given to the Academy of Painters who dedicated it to their patron St. Luke. Its subterranean vaults are well worth seeing; annexed to the church is the gallery belonging to the Academy of St. Luke. It contains the portraits of a number of the most celebrated painters; among others that of Raphael, and a portrait of the saint by that master.

The general reader never tires of reading of Rome and its antiquities; the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Forum, St. Peter's and the Vatican never fail to gratify the enthusiasm of the classical enthusiast. The pensive reflections inspired by the recollections of the historic past are more freely called up in Rome than elsewhere. Our readers who desire to pursue the subject are referred to a most charming book, entitled "*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*," written by a lady of fine taste and talent, with all the playfulness of a female pen, light, graceful, and interesting, and yet filled with desirable information, which all should possess, and yet few attain, because the generality of books on the subject of Rome are filled only with dry details. *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, on the contrary, will delight *every reader* with the least pretentions to taste.

WOMAN.

A Song—By Barry Cornwall.

Be gentle with woman, our heart of hearts,
Who loveth us even while life departs;
Oh, call her not fickle, nor false, nor vain;
Oh, touch not so tender a heart with pain!

What, woman, the treasure, the gem, the flower?
The star that is bright in the wildest hour?
The bird that comes singing to sterner breast?
Ah! should we not teach it to love its nest?

Come on! let us vow that they all are fair;
Let's shout of their virtues to earth and air!
Let's soothe them, and guard them, and so repay
The love that they lend in our darker day!

Oh, value their gifts beyond gifts of gold,
All you of the sterner and courser mould;
And learn that their love, amidst toil and strife,
Is the spirit that calmeth and crowneth life.

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A TALE OF MEXICAN LIFE.

It was a fine-looking, but deadly-broiling noon on the sea coast of Vera Cruz, when the jolly boat of the Mexican frigate "Libertad" pushed off for the ominous island of Sacrificios. What condition this miserable patch of distempered sand may be in now, we cannot say: at the period we allude to, it was a most wretched place, whose only inhabitants were lizards, turkey-buzzards, vermin of all classes and grades, a "garrison" of half a score of ragged Mexican soldiers, and several negroes, who kept huts, where fiery *aquadiente* drams and rank Campeachy cigars were vended. It was a glorious place for the orgies of yellow fever. Human bones were strewn about in all directions.

The boat of the national frigate, that was now pulling for the island, was like anything but a British man-of-war's boat. A midshipman in a broad straw hat, with one side of the brim bent down and held between his teeth to keep off the sun's rays that glared upon the sea, was lolling in the stern sheets, puffing a long cigar from the other end of his mouth. He seemed to be thinking as little of the "sickly season," as of his present duty. His blue jacket was like those worn in our own service, except the Mexican eagle and serpent upon the button; but there was a profusion of gold lace upon his white kerseymere trowsers, whose purity was in a rapid way of defacement from the hot ashes of the cigar which continued to fall as the boat rode over the unequal waves occasioned by a coming "norther." His boat's crew consisted of an English cockswain and three half-naked *costas*. It spoke volumes for the state of the Mexican navy. At the bottom of the boat lay two Mexican marines at full length, and guarded by four others, with loaded muskets, and a serjeant.—One of the prisoners was amusing himself with certain small and interesting intruders in the region of his dark matted locks, the other was fast asleep. They had been found guilty of insubordination and mutiny against an officer, and were ordered ashore to be shot.

Their ostensible offence was not, however, the only cause of their present sentence. There was a *secret* cause that had excited the officer's most deadly enmity against them. Availing himself of the very lax morality of the country, the said officer, partly by bribes to her parents, but more by promises that were poetically magnificent, and equally fabulous of result, had possessed himself of a pretty coal-eyed *nina* from the interior, who had now been under his fostering wing some six months. Pablo, her lover, who was a young *paysano*, had quickly followed and entered the national marine, in the hope of discovering some day, by watching the movements of his officer, in what quarter of Vera Crux his lost fair one was secreted. This he was not long in effecting, as the town is small, and at this period was very thinly inhabited, owing to the sickly season, and also to the frequent firing of the Castle of St. Juan Ulloa which was not then subjugated. The officer not being then aware of the previous acquaintance of Pablo with his beautiful Indian, though he was well aware that his bribe to her parents had rendered some young suitor miserable as well as herself, took no measures to keep him out of the town by extra duties on board gun boats or other vessels, so that frequent meetings of the lovers ensued.

Don Jose, the captain of marines, was a man very much addicted to falling in love; and though by no means intending to return his first fair one to her parents, had recently become desperately enamoured of the wife of one of his men, named Perez, who had been long in the service, but was descended from some old Castilian "stock" or "blade" in the Spanish armies. Don Jose, finding the object of his new passion impregnable to all his assaults, scornfully refusing his bribes, and laughing at his lies, made an end of the siege one fine dark windy night, and carried her off by force to a distant quarter of the town. Meantime he took especial care to keep her husband afloat, "on duty."

Perez, however, with all the acuteness of Argus-eyed jealousy, soon discovered what was transpiring ashore. He meditated sundry schemes of signal revenge; but upon mature reflection not finding any of them to his mind, he determined, with all the patience of one who has a fixed purpose, to wait till he could effect it entirely to his wish.

Perez and Pablo were shortly after transferred, with a few other marines, on board the schooner Tampico; when accidentally becoming acquainted with their mutual wrongs, they agreed to take the next opportunity, when ashore, of way-laying our sea-landsman Lothario. The consequence was, that Don Jose narrowly escaped with his life from the hand of the justly vindictive Perez; and seeking refuge and consolation a short time after at the abode of his first youthful victim, was met at the door by her lover, Pablo, who threatened certain death if he attempted to enter then—or at any future period. Don Jose drew his sword fiercely; but, recollecting that his rank made its use unnecessary in this case, retired to the guard-house, and sending a party of his men to seize Pablo, had him quickly shipped off to the Libertad frigate as prisoner. Here he was joined by Perez, who was in a similar predicament; and a summary court-martial having tried them, without any weight being attached to their half-heard defence, they were ordered the punishment of death, for offering violence to the person of their commanding officer.

In pursuance of this sentence, they were now being conveyed to Sacrificios for execution next morning at day-break. The boat landed them with their guards, and then pulled off again for the frigate.

The crew of the Libertad (though the naval officers were all English) was composed of an ungainly mixture of Portuguese, French and Mexicans; some *called* "marinorns," others in the shape of marines, and British seamen. A party of the latter had been to Sacrificios in the morning with the launch, and having given their officer "the slip," had congregated into the negro huts, and there treated themselves and Mexican ragamuffin soldiers from the dilapidated guard-house, with plentiful potations of aguadiente, to drink King George's health! When the prisoners arrived, the "soldiery" were in a

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very disorderly state; staggering about proudly, striking their breasts and exclaiming, "Mejicano! Mejicano!" and occasionally, by way of gratitude for their exhilerated condition, mingling the name of his Britannic majesty, pronounced *ad libitum*. The interference of the new comers, who claimed more authority than was due to their rank, upon the impertinent score of being quite sober, gradually induced a disturbance and broil, during which the two prisoners escaped, and made off to a remote part of the island.

Upon such a place as Sacrificios it was scarcely possible that they could remain long undiscovered; and to leave it was equally beyond hope. The two men, however, hid themselves in a hole under the lee of a hot and crumbling sand bank. Here, in hoarse whispers, they spoke of their approaching fate, and at sunset they had come to the following determination.

Though sentence of death had been passed, it had nevertheless been left at the option of Don Jose to pardon either, or both, if he pleased; the offence, though not investigated, being evidently of a private and not a public nature. If, therefore, one of them could kill him when he came to Sacrificios to enforce their sentence, the other taking care previously to surrender himself at the guard-house, so as to prevent his implication, it was very probable that the latter would be pardoned, and the former only suffer. Who should do the deed was settled in a most characteristic manner. The Mexicans are most confirmed gamblers; and as to death, they are as careless about it as can be imagined of any people. Perez drew forth a very small and dirty pack of Spanish cards, and they agreed to play for every thing they possessed: (this may seem "forced and unnatural" to the Great Cockaigne;) when the one who lost all his money, silver buttons, trinkets, cigars, and clothes, though the latter only were not to be taken, should kill Don Jose by any means he could, either secretly that night, or if he came there, openly the next morning.

And thus in ghastly silence, at the dusk of evening, while the sound of the sea upon the near shore came surging low upon the ear, exchanging nods and looks at each other, indicative of the progress of the game—oft pausing to listen if those who were searching for them were approaching their hiding place—did those men sit crouching in the sand hole, with their knees touching each other, and their eyes bent close down upon the obscure oracular cards, to decipher their fate as they alternately displayed them in the fast-fading light.

By the time the moon was an hour high, Perez had won every thing belonging to his comrade. He accordingly rose, and receiving from him his money, consisting of a quarter of a dollar and sundry medios, his buttons, tobacco, half a pack of cards, three gilt rings, and two rosarios, ornamented with tinsel and little green silk tassels, they embraced each other several times, with looks of sensibility and affectionate intelligence—that perhaps had never before been expressed upon their features—and parted.

Perez immediately betook himself, by a short cut, to the guard-house, and surrendered himself to the three half-drunk dancing soldiers, and a sedate, towering-drunk corporal. The rest, who could stand, were all out in pursuit, headed by Don Jose, who had subsequently arrived on the island.

Meanwhile, Pablo, after a pause to collect himself for the accomplishment of the deed that had thus devolved upon him, slowly and cautiously moved forth to reconnoitre. He had not proceeded far, when he heard the sound of approaching men, forming one of the parties, that were in search of him and his comrade. As he came nearer, he clearly distinguished the shrill voice of Don Jose. The young Mexican made a rapid, yet noiseless, descent to the sea-shore, along which the party were approaching, and heading them before they were well in sight, stole himself into the sea, and swam, or rather floated, as low in the water as possible, till they had passed. He purposed following them, in order to watch his opportunity when Don Jose might be separated a short distance from his men; but the former manœuvre was rendered unnecessary by Don Jose seating himself upon a stone to rest, giving orders to the soldiers as to the direction in which they were to search before rejoining him.

They were no sooner out of sight, than Pablo issued from the sea and advanced rapidly towards Don Jose. The latter thought at first that it was a messenger with news of the fugitive; but seeing the glitter of a drawn blade, added to a peculiarity of manner in the approaching figure, he started up and placed himself in a posture of defence. The young Mexican, though new to the service of arms, was most expert, like many of his countrymen from the interior, in the use of the knife; and grasping his bayonet in the same style, it became a dreadful weapon in his hand, which nothing but an equal skill in his antagonist's sword could withstand. Don Jose had scarcely time to recognize and call upon him to surrender himself, ere Pablo attacked him with a spirit and vigor that precluded all further parley, not even giving him breath to call for assistance.

The contest was not of long duration. Don Jose wounded Pablo slightly several times, but fearing to make a thorough-going lunge, because, if it failed, his own fate was pretty certain, he continued to retire backwards a step at a time, till stumbling, he fell at his length, and his antagonist, striking the sword from his hand, stood over him with his uplifted weapon.

Don Jose instantly rose upon his knees with his hands elevated to avert the descending point, and begged his life. Pablo paused a moment, indecisive; when, remembering his faith plighted to his comrade, he exclaimed:—"No—you shall die as you deserve; but I will not kill you in that attitude. Rise, and take your sword once more, and be quick about it, lest your men return." As he said this, the young Mexican drew himself up with that degree of abstraction and dignity which generally accompanies the sudden transition of feeling in a magnanimous action; when the wily Don Jose sprung upon him like a tiger-cat, and snatching the bayonet from his relaxed hand, thrust it deep into his breast,

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and Pablo, with one long convulsive gasp reeled and fell lifeless upon the sand.

Don Jose quickly returned to the guard-house. Finding the other prisoner already in custody, he gave the strictest and most peremptory injunctions as to his safe keeping, and chuckling with bitter glee at the further satisfaction he should have in the morning, betook himself to rest.

When Perez understood the fate of his comrade, he as readily saw his own, and with one shrug of the shoulders reconciled himself as well as he could to the unlucky disappointment and its consequences. In the course of the night he drew forth his tattered pack of cards, and offered to play with the soldiers who were guarding him for all he had; they thought it would be very easy to win every thing from a man who was to die in the morning, and of course could have no need for, and must be equally careless about losing his money and "valuables." They were deceived. Perez never played with so much skill as upon this occasion, and his luck, by a freak of fortune common enough in *such* cases, was unfailing. He made the most hazardous bets, and won them; he gave any odds upon any card, and still won. Having nearly possessed himself of all the money, ornaments and other trumpery of the soldiers, he was obliged to desist, as the dawn was breaking; he therefore gave them in charge to one whom he could depend upon, to be conveyed to his wife in Vera Cruz, together with a *short message* between an adieu and an injunction.

At gun-fire aboard the Libertad—from which the "garrison" of Sacrificios generally took their time—Perez was led forth to execution, with a cigar in his mouth. We do not say that he was insensible to the end that awaited him; but knowing that it was inevitable, his presence of mind was disturbed by no hopes, and his nerves were not of a kind to be shaken by fears. The only thing that superseded indifference, was a bitter sense of the injustice of his fate. Though a Mexican by birth and parentage, his grandfather had been a soldier of some small rank in Old Spain, and Perez seeing nothing but Mexicans around him, thought he could not show his own contempt of death sufficiently without including the people of the country he was about to "quit" and who were to fire at him, he laid his hand upon his breast, with an air of hauteur, as though he had descended from a grandee, exclaiming—"Soy Espanol; Castellano! y no Mejicana mestizo."*

Don Jose, with an enraged voice, ordered the foremost party, who were marines, to load.—While they were doing so with their usual awkwardness, Perez addressed the officer with scornful composure, holding his cigar between a finger and thumb.

"Don Jose, you are a coward. I know it by your having killed Pablo. He was far more expert with his weapon than you with yours: his death must have been effected by some foul trick or promise."

With a furious execration, Don Jose snatched a musket from the hand of the marine nearest to him, and fired at his victim. The ball missed him, and Perez, with a grim smile, taking a whiff of his cigar, spoke again:

"Don Jose, you were a brutal piocaroon to carry off my wife by force; but you were a fool before that, to suppose that she, or any other woman, would have left me, Espanol! Castillano! for such a lizard-faced spider-limbed thing as you! As those noisy barrels pointing at me ——."

At this moment a volley from the marines silenced him forever. The ghastly hue of death overspread his countenance, and the blood issued from several parts of his white dress, trilling down in long branching rills into the sand. With eyes fixed on Don Jose, he stood a moment—tossed his cigar scornfully upon the ground—and folding his arms, fell backwards stone dead without a groan.

Don Jose returned to his marine corps in Vera Cruz, exulting in the end of his rivals. He did not long enjoy his ill-gotten triumph over his unfortunate men; for, a few weeks after, he was found murdered in the streets of Vera Cruz, close by the Santa Febarrier. The deed was traced, without much difficulty, or the lazy "authorities" would never have traced it at all—to the wife of Perez. She was accordingly fined five dollars, and ordered to be imprisoned a fortnight; the triviality of which punishment was not owing to any sense of political or moral justice—that being about the average estimate of the value of a life in Mexico.

*I am a Spaniard!—a Castillian!—not a mongrel Mexican!

LOVE ME!

Love me—Love me—like the stars
That love to shine at night,
With sparkling eyes
In joy arise
To kiss the gloom and make it bright.

My heart—My heart is a gloomy veil,
That time has darkened o'er;
But come with the light
Of thine eyes, star-bright,
And darkness shall be no more.

Love me—Love me—like the sun
That warms while it lightens too;
Brings flowers to life
With sweetness rife,
I care not for life without flowers to view.

My heart—My heart's a garden wild,
Its flowers are left to perish;
But come like the sun,
And smile upon
The heart's garden roses, and cherish.

Love me—Love me—like the moon,
For the moon is chaste and bright;
And love to endure,
Must, like moonlight, be pure,
And holiness be in its light.

My heart—My heart's like a placid brook
That lies in a garden fair;
And the sun-rays at noon,
And the stars and the moon,
Must beam on and brighten there.

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From the New England Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER IV.

In October, 1786, I commenced, in partnership with T. Siddons, Charles Cist, C. Talbot, W. Spotswood, and J. Trenchard,* the Columbian Magazine. In the first number, I wrote four pieces, "The Life of General Greene," "The Shipwreck, a Lamentable Story, Founded on Fact," "A Philosophical Dream," and "Hard Times, a Fragment."

The Philosophical Dream was an anticipation of the state of the country in the year 1850, on the plan of Mercier's celebrated work, "The Year 2500." Some of the predictions, which at that period must have been regarded as farcical, have been wonderfully fulfilled, and others are likely to be realized previous to the arrival of the year 1850. I annex a few of them, which may serve to amuse the reader.

"*Pittsburg*, Jan. 15, 1850. The canal which is making from the river Ohio, to the Susquehanna, and thence to the Delaware, will be of immense advantage to the United States. If the same progress continues to be made hereafter as has been for some time past, it will be completed in less than two years."

This was probably the first suggestion of the grand project of uniting the waters of the Delaware with those of the Ohio. It preceded by four years the project of the financier, Robert Morris, and his friends, to unite the Delaware with the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna, which was broached in 1790.

"*Pittsburg*, Jan. 15. Delegates from the thirtieth new state, laid off a few months since by order of Congress, lately arrived at Columbia; and on producing their credentials, were received into the Federal Council.

"The Agricultural Society of this town, have offered premiums to the amount of £1000, for the improvement of husbandry.

"In the assembly of this state, it was lately ordered that the salaries of public school-masters shall hereafter be £200 per annum.

"Ezekiel Jones was lately convicted of not sending his son to school, although five years old. The time ordered by law is at four years. He was sentenced to stand in a white sheet, three successive Sundays, in his parish church.

"*Charleston*, April 15. No less than 10,000 blacks have been transported from this state and Virginia, during the last two years to Africa, where they have formed a settlement near the mouth of the river Goree. Very few blacks remain in this country now; and we sincerely hope that in a few years every vestige of the infamous traffic carried on by our ancestors in the human species, will be done away.

"*Richmond*, April 30. By authentic advices from Kentucky, we are informed, that "no less than 150 vessels have been built on the river Ohio, during the last year, and sent down that river and the Mississippi, laden with valuable produce, which has been carried to the West Indies, where the vessels and their cargoes have been disposed of to great advantage.

"*Boston*, April 30. At length the canal across the isthmus of Darien is completed. It is about sixty miles long. First-rate vessels of war can with ease sail through. Two vessels belonging to this port, two to Philadelphia, and one to New York, sailed through on the 20th of January last, bound for Canton, in China.†

"*Columbia*, May 1. Extract from the Journals of Congress.—"Ordered that there be twenty professors in the University of Columbia, in this city; viz: of Divinity, of Church History, of Hebrew, of Greek, of Humanity, of Logic, of Moral Philosophy, of Natural Philosophy, of Mathematics, of Civil History, of Natural History, of Common and Civil Law, of the Law of Nature and Nations, of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, of Botany, of Materia Medica, of Physic, of Chemistry, of Anatomy, and of Midwifery."

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1786.

The discomfort arising from the discordant views of the different partners—the utter improbability of such a work producing any profit, worth the attention of five persons, and other considerations, determined me to withdraw from the Columbian Magazine, which I did in December, 1786. And in January, 1787, I issued the first number of the American Museum, intended to preserve the valuable fugitive essays, that appeared in the newspapers, which I continued for six years, ending Dec. 1792.

The first number, which contained a mass of most excellent matter, attracted great attention. It was eagerly sought after; and as I sold it separately, the edition, 1000 copies, was soon exhausted. I had not means to reprint it. This was a very serious injury; many persons who intended to subscribe, declining, as I could not furnish the whole of the numbers. I applied for a loan of $150 to half a dozen or a dozen wealthy persons, but for a considerable time my applications were wholly in vain.‡ At length I procured the requisite sum from Mr. George Fox, to whom I gave bond and judgment for the amount. He passed the bond to his grocer, in payment for family supplies, and the grocer was indemnified by instalments, as I found it convenient.

Never was more labour bestowed on a work, with less reward. During the whole six years, I was in a state of intense penury. I never at any one time, possessed 400 dollars,—and rarely three or two hundred. My difficulties were of the most embarrasing kind. I was, times without number, obliged to borrow money to go to market, and was often unable to pay my journeymen on Saturday; which sent me to bed sick with vexation. One resolute negro pressman, who had not received his wages on Saturday night, refused to go to work on Monday morning. "He was not," he said boldly, "going to starve in the midst of the fat of the land."

The strongest instance of my extreme poverty, was in the case of a German paper maker, named Conrad Hindersheets, to whom I had given a note for 37 dollars, which I paid at five instalments, one of which was a French crown! Be it observed, that I was then as willing and ready to pay my debts, as I have ever been, or am at present; and what renders the case more remarkable, is, that the man lived, as far as I recollect, 15 or 20 miles out of town; and there is always more scruple about putting off a country dun, than one who lives in the same city with the debtor.

My embarrassments arose from three sources. The subscription was too low. It was only two dollars

*After I quitted the concern, a general title was engraved for the first volume, which contained the names of the proprietors at that period—viz: T. Siddons, W. Spotswood, C. Cist and J. Trenchard.

†Utterly ignorant of canalling at that period, I made a most miserable calculation of the width and expense of such an improvement. I have therefore omitted both, to escape ridicule. This, be it observed, is the only variation from the original.

‡What a contrast between this conduct and that of the Marquis de la Fayette! In the one case, I was a poor, friendless, forlorn stranger; in the other I was engaged in a very useful occupation, which, for aught the parties knew, might prove highly profitable, and therefore had a tenfold claim. Moreover, the sum required *as a loan*, was not much more than a third of the amount of the Marquis's gift.

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and forty cents per annum, for which I gave two volumes containing each from 500 to 550 pages; a quantity that now commands $5. This was an immense disadvantage, and enough of itself, to keep me constantly in a crippled state.

Another source of difficulty arose from the fact, that more than half of my subscribers lived in remote situations, 2, 3, 4 and 500 miles from me; and their remittances were so extremely irregular that I was obliged to hire collectors to dun them, at a heavy expense, which averaged at least 30 per cent. of the slender modicum I was entitled to receive! It is painful to relate that wealthy citizens of Philadelphia, were in many cases guilty of the gross impropriety, of obliging me to send half a dozen or a dozen times for the paltry annual subscription.

I printed, moreover, quite too many copies, in the vain hope of ultimately procuring a large increase of subscribers. In a word, my pecuniary embarrassments were so great, and so constant, that I am now astonished, how I was able to muster perseverance and fortitude to struggle through them.

I was much attached to the work, and had great reluctance to abandon it, unproductive and vexatious as was the management of it; but at length I sang its requiem, as I have said, at the close of the year 1792. That it had considerable merit is universally acknowledged; and there is no vanity in the declaration, as the work did not contain a single essay of my own. The whole of my labour consisted in the selection of its contents from newspapers, and the addition, occasionally, of a few notes of little importance.

The American Museum met with the most unqualified approbation of some of the most distinguished citizens of the United States—of Gen. Washington; John Dickinson; Gov. Livingston; Dr. Rush, Bishop White, Judge Hopkinson, Dr. Dwight, &c. &c.

"I believe the American Museum has met with extensive, I may say, with universal approbation from competent judges; for I am of opinion that the work is not only eminently calculated to disseminate political, agricultural, philosophical, and other valuable information; but that it has been *uniformly conducted with taste, attention and propriety.* If to these important objects, be superadded the more immediate design, of rescuing public documents from oblivion; I will venture to pronounce as my sentiment, *that a more useful literary plan has never been undertaken in America, or one more deserving of public encouragement.*"—Gen. Washington, June 25, 1788.

"With very great pleasure I have observed, that *it has been conducted in a manner highly deserving encouragement.* As I do not doubt but it will be continued with the same *diligence, prudence, and zeal for advancing the welfare of these states*, that have hitherto *so eminently distinguished its direction*, I fervently wish, and firmly trust, that a generous and enlightened people, will justly estimate the merits of a work carried on with such a variety of exertions, and such a fidelity of intentions for the publick good."—Hon. John Dickinson, July 19, 1788.

"Perusing one of your Museums, lent me by a friend, I hesitated not a moment to subscribe to the work. Since that, I have read all the preceding numbers, and can say, without flattery, (which I always detested) that *it far exceeds in my opinion, every attempt of the kind, which, from any other American press, ever came to my hands.*"—Gov. Livingston, August 8, 1788.

"I cheerfully concur in adding the testimony of my name in favor of the usefulness of your Museum together with my best wishes for its extensive circulation, while it *continues* to be the vehicle of essays that are calculated *to advance the interest of science and virtue, and of the agriculture, manufactures, and national government of the United States.*"—B. Rush, M. D.

To the married state I had long looked forward, as the most elegible condition in life, even before my adventure with Miss Boys. But I was so chivalric, that I had determined never to marry till I could support a wife genteelly, or at least comfortably. But in this case, as in many others, in which I had resolved, as I thought, irrevocably, fortune or destiny crossed my purpose; for when I married at 31, my whole property consisted in cart loads of odd volumes, and odd numbers of the American Museum, which, when I finally abandoned the work, proved almost valueless; and also a most slender supply of furniture, which would not sell for one hundred dollars. My wife was as poor as myself. I did not receive a dollar with her: all her fortune was a quantity of furniture, not much more valuable than my own. So far as fortune is concerned, it rarely happens that a more imprudent marriage takes place—or one in which sordid views of interest have less influence. I was obviously not a fortune hunter.

I married Miss B. Flahavan, the daughter of a highly respectable citizen, ruined by the revolution. He sold his stock in trade for continental money; and, being inactive and indolent, took no means to realize it; and it finally perished nearly altogether in his hands.

My wife was about ten years younger than me. She was industrious, prudent, and economical, and well calculated to save whatever I made. She had a large fund of good sense. We early formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense—and to mount the ladder so slowly, as to run no risk of having to descend. Happy, thrice happy would it be, for thousands and tens of thousands, if they adopted and persevered in this salutary and saving course! What masses of misery would it not prevent! But a large portion of young people at present, crowd into a few years, enjoyments which might last for life; and hence, it too often happens, that daughters, tenderly reared, and who have brought handsome fortunes to their husbands, are obliged to return home to their aged parents, who have to maintain them, their husbands, and an increasing brood of children; a deplorable fate for old age. The young men are highly culpable, who, through their imprudence or extravagance, make such a return to the parents of their wives, for their cares and anxieties and expenditures. To avoid this calamity, no pains, no sacrifice of enjoyment or even of comfort or convenience ought to be spared. Some idea may be formed of the fidelity with which we observed this rule, when I state that at a time when I did business to the amount of 40 or 50,000 dollars per annum, I hesitated for four or five years about changing my gig for a one-horse four-wheel carriage—and nearly as long about purchasing a carriage and pair. And during the whole period of our marriage, I never, as far as I recollect, entered a tavern except on a jury, or arbitration, or to see a customer, or at a public dinner, or on my travels; never in a single instance for the purpose of drinking.

My wife and I lived together happily for nearly thirty nine years. We had nine children, of whom three have died, two in infancy, and one, a daughter, of the most angelic character, at about seventeen years. Of her I can truly say, that to the best of my recollection, she never gave her mother or me a single moment's uneasiness by ill temper or ill humour. She was placidity and gentleness personified. M. CAREY.

Phila. Dec. 7, 1833.

LETTER V.

When I relinquished the ill-fated Museum, I commenced book-selling and printing on a small scale. My store, or rather my shop, was of very moderate dimensions; but, small as it was, I had not full-bound books enough to fill the shelves—a considerable por-

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tion of them were occupied by spelling-books. I procured a credit at Bank, which enabled me to extend my business; and by care, indefatigable industry, the most rigid punctuality, and frugality, I gradually advanced in the world. Some idea may be formed of my devotion to business, from the fact, that for above twenty-five years, I was present, winter and summer, at the opening of my store; and my parlor being close to the store, I always left my meals, when business of any importance was being transacted.

In 1793, I was a member of the Committee of Health, appointed to devise the best course to be pursued for the relief of the sick of the Yellow Fever, and of the orphans, who had been and might be bereft of their parents or other protectors. While the committee were deliberating on the appointment of managers of Bush Hill hospital, (a villa belonging to William Hamilton, Esq. of which possession had been taken, in the absence of the proprietor, from the impossibility of procuring any other place as well situated;) while, I say, they were thus deliberating, they were inexpressibly delighted by the offer of Stephen Girard, one of the members, to officiate in the capacity of superintendent. Stimulated by this noble offering of himself, as a sort of forlorn hope in the cause of humanity, in a situation which was generally regarded as dooming the party to destruction, Peter Helm, a plain German, came forward, and offered his services in the same perilous office. They both performed the duty most faithfully. Mr. Girard helped to dress the sores, and perform all the menial offices for the sick. This part of the duty was not, I believe, so much attended to by Mr. Helm, who had the general superintendence of the house and all its concerns.

I wrote a full account of the rise, progress, effects, and termination of this dreadful calamity, of which I published four editions. The chief part of one of them, the second, was sent to Europe, for the information of correspondents. Hundreds of them were sent by debtors to creditors in that quarter, to account for deficiency of remittance.

The following extract from this pamphlet may prove interesting to the reader:—

"The consternation of the people of Philadelphia, at this period, September, 1793, was beyond all bounds. Dismay and affright were visible in almost every person's countenance. Most of those who could, by any means, make it convenient, fled from the city. Of those who remained, many shut themselves up in their houses, being afraid to walk the streets. The smoke of tobacco being regarded as a preventive, many persons, even women and small boys, had cigars almost constantly in their mouths. Others, placing full confidence in garlic, chewed it almost the whole day; some kept it in their pockets and shoes. Many were afraid to allow the barbers or hair-dressers to come near them, as instances had occurred of some of them having shaved the dead, and many having engaged as bleeders. Some, who carried their caution pretty far, bought lancets for themselves, not daring to allow themselves to be bled with the lancets of the bleeders. Many houses were scarcely a moment in the day free from the smell of gunpowder, burnt tobacco, nitre, sprinkled vinegar, &c. Some of the churches were almost deserted, and others wholly closed. The coffee-house was shut up, as was the city library, and most of the public offices; three out of the four daily papers, were discontinued, as were some of the others. Many devoted no small portion of their time to purifying, scouring, and whitewashing their rooms. Those who ventured abroad, had handkerchiefs or sponges, impregnated with vinegar or camphor, at their noses, or smelling-bottles full of thieves' vinegar. Others carried pieces of tarred rope in their hands or pockets, or camphor bags tied round their necks. The corpses of the most respectable citizens, even of those who had not died of the epidemic, were carried to the grave on the shafts of a chair, the horse driven by a negro, unattended by a friend or relation, and without any sort of ceremony. People uniformly and hastily shifted their course at the sight of a hearse coming towards them. Many never walked on the foot-path, but went into the middle of the streets to avoid being infected in passing houses wherein people had died. Acquaintances and friends avoided each other in the streets, and only signified their regard by a cold nod. The old custom of shaking hands, fell into such general disuse, that many shrunk back with affright at even the offer of the hand. A person with a crape, or any appearance of mourning, was shunned like a viper; and many valued themselves highly on the skill and address with which they got to windward of every person whom they met. Indeed, it is not probable that London, at the last stage of the plague, exhibited stronger marks of terror, than were to be seen in Philadelphia, from the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth of August, till late in September. When the citizens summoned resolution to walk abroad, and take the air, the sick cart conveying patients to the hospital, or the hearse, carrying the dead to the grave, which were travelling almost the whole day, soon damped their spirits, and plunged them again into despondency.

"While affairs were in this deplorable state, and people at the lowest ebb of despair, we cannot be astonished at the frightful scenes that were acted, which seemed to indicate a total dissolution of the bonds of society in the nearest and dearest connexion. Who, without horror, can reflect on a husband, married perhaps for twenty years, deserting his wife in the last agony—a wife, unfeelingly abandoning her husband on his death-bed—parents forsaking their children—children ungratefully flying from their parents, and resigning them to chance, often without an inquiry after their health or safety—masters hurrying off their faithful servants to Bush Hill, even on suspicion of the fever, and that at a time, when, almost like Tartarus, it was open to every visitant, but rarely returned any—servants abandoning tender and humane masters, who only wanted a little care to restore them to health and usefulness—who, I say, can think of these things without horror?"

It is a curious fact, which I leave physiologists to account for, that some of the most tranquil and happy hours of my existence were passed during the prevalence of this pestilence. And the feelings of my colleagues generally, were pretty much the same. I was, for the first time for ten years, wholly free from the cares of business—had no money to borrow—no notes to pay—and my mind was fully occupied by the duties to which I had devoted myself. We generally breakfasted at home, at an early hour, and mustered immediately at the state-house, where we remained till late in the evening. We had a sideboard plentifully provided with ham, round of beef, cheese, bread, wine, and porter; and we freely enjoyed the good things provided for us—became a band of brothers, attached to each other—and were in some degree callous to the scenes, which daily and hourly took place, and of some of which we were eye-witnesses. The only drawback on our enjoyment, was when some friend or relation was swept away suddenly—when we had information that one of our colleagues shared that fate*—or when some person had become a corpse,

* Four of our members, among the most valuable citizens that Philadelphia could boast of, died of the fever—Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant, the father of our estimable fellow citizen, John Sergeant, Esq.; Andrew Adgate, Daniel Offley, and Joseph Inskeep. Mr. Sergeant left ten children, one of them posthumous. Seven of them were under thirteen years of age. What a

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whom we had seen or known to be in good health a few hours before.

One day I rode with Caleb Lowndes towards Bush Hill, where we stopped to speak to the physician, Dr. B. Duffield, who was standing at the gate. He asked us to alight, which we complied with. After we had conversed together for a few minutes, he invited us to come in, and examine the house. Lowndes had the prudence to refuse. But although I saw the impropriety of a wanton exposure of myself to danger, without any possible good to arise from it, I had not courage to refuse (a failing which has often cost me dear;) I entered the building, and went through every room in the house. The atmosphere was fetid, for it was just after Messrs. Girard & Helm had undertaken the management of it, and before there was opportunity to purify the rooms from the pestilential air that had accumulated, previous to that epoch, when dead and putrefying bodies remained for days collected in the rooms, the attendants having been inadequate to inter them. When I returned home, I found, or perhaps only fancied, myself affected with what are always regarded as incipient symptoms—lassitude—pains in the head and back—and an icy coldness over the surface of my body. I was, as may be readily supposed, considerably alarmed—and *obstare principiis* being my maxim, I took immediate measures to arrest the fell destroyer in his career. I bathed my feet in warm water—took large draughts of warm centaury tea—and went early to bed, covered with as many blankets as I could well bear. I had a strong presentiment that a sound sleep and copious perspiration would completely put the enemy to flight. For three or four hours I could neither sleep nor perspire. But, at length, I fell into as sound a sleep as if I had been drenched with laudanum; and, when I awoke, was covered with a profuse perspiration, and found myself as well as I had ever been.

Let me here insert two or three banking anecdotes, although one of them, at least, is rather out of time.

The Bank of North-America was regarded pretty much as a Quaker bank,—its most influential directors being Friends. I had a small account there, and was sufficiently accommodated. When that interesting comedy, Wild Oats, came to this country, I published it. There is introduced among the dramatis personæ a hypocritical Quaker, Ephraim Smooth, at which the Quakers very naturally took offence. Simultaneously with this publication, I met with several unusual rejections at this Bank. It being a novelty, I was, from the coincidence, led to believe it was in consequence of the publication of Wild Oats, which the good followers of the illustrious Penn, I supposed, took in high dudgeon. How far this idea was correct, I never had any opportunity to decide. I was probably quite mistaken.

During the yellow fever of 1798, died my excellent friend, Isaac Price, than whom a better, more zealous, more ardent, or public spirited man never lived. I was indorser for him at the Bank of Pennsylvania to the amount of probably six or seven thousand dollars, and he for me, for five or six thousand dollars. I offered two names of perfectly unexceptionable character, James Gallagher, and John Carrell, to supply his place, each for about one half the total sum. The Bank demanded both names on each note. I felt indignant, refused, and set them at defiance. I wrote them a long and strong letter, in which I distinctly stated, that I would not sanction such a libel on my credit, as to admit that my name, with the addition of that of one of those citizens, was not good for the amount; and that "*I could not, if I would—and would not if I could*," give two indorsers to each note—meaning, that the confession of the necessity of two names would alarm the parties, and produce a refusal from both. I was in a considerable quandary; and, had the Bank persisted, I really knew not what to do. But I had the pleasure of seeing the president, S. M. Fox, come to me in the evening, with the information, that the Bank had receded from its demand—that I had the privilege of withdrawing my letter—and that I might, in the morning, send in the notes on my own plan. Mr. Fox, who was, in the fullest sense of the word, a complete gentleman, of the most amiable manners, spoke to me so kindly, that he brought tears to my eyes—a result which has never been produced on me by harshness, but frequently by kindness and sympathy.

Philadelphia, Dec. 12, 1833. M. Carey.

sacrifice in the cause of humanity! Of the whole number of members there are now living only four, Thomas Wistar, John Letchworth, James Sharswood, and the writer of these pages.

From the Western Methodist.

THE TRUMPETER OF ZION.

There was once a wild tradition among the Tyrol mountains that on one of the inaccessible summits a terrible trumpeter had taken his stand, and that the course of the world rolled on prosperously or the contrary according to the fearful tunes which he played. After blowing through the gloom and glory of this world it was said that he would blow a dirge so mournfully solemn for himself, that death would refuse for a time to execute his last commission upon him, hoping that his trumpet would wail again among the mountains.

A blast is on the hills,
A roar upon the sea,
A searching echo thrills
Like trumps of victory,—
And louder—broader—swells the song
That rolls in stormy chords along.

Tremendous, heard at night,
A moral trumpet blows,
And dead men wake in fright,
Rending their damp grave clothes—
Staring with eyes of fire, toward
The outspread banner of the Lord.

Blow, trumpeter, again!
Up-break old monuments,
And flashing o'er the plain
Blaze unexplained portents,—
While earth upon her mountain throne
Gives from her mighty heart a groan.

Blow, trumpeter, once more!
Ten thousand legions come
Without the cannon's roar
Or beat of stirring drum—
Grim war turns pale before a host
The proudest captains ne'er could boast.

The rush of wings is heard,
The lutes of heaven play,
The storm creation feared
Hath passed in peace away,—
And glory like an unbound sea
Sweeps proudly round immensity.

Blow, trumpeter, in power!
The earth beneath the blast
In changing every hour;
Its iron age hath passed,
And golden eras sweetly rise
Like daylight over summer skies.

The mellow east is red,
The sun of glory nigh;
Uncover now thy head
Beneath a crimson sky,

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Which blushes all a Saviour's love
To gild thy canopy above.

Blow, trumpeter, a peal
Before the solemn knell
Thy death-note shall reveal,
And ring thy sad farewell:—
Blow, wild trumpeter, in thunder
And break the jaws of death asunder!

Blow trumpet—clarion—horn!
Like many waters crying,
The doomed one to warn
And save a soul from dying—
Blow rock and mountain rampart round
Till glory echoes back the sound.

Blow with your dying breath!
Fling on the midnight air
The swan-notes of your death
And leave their echo there:
The last shout of your sounding shell
Shall blend with angel harpers well.

The trumpeter is dead,
His trumpet speaks no more,
The gravel for his bed
Was dug upon the shore—
Yet signet, sceptre, harp and crown,
Upon his dying couch came down.

JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

Baltimore, 1833.

COUNSELLOR COSTELLO.

While the celebrated Costello was in his zenith, at the Irish bar, he was unrivalled for wit, acuteness and propensity for brogue. His practice lay considerably in the criminal courts, where by his ingenuity, he enabled many a deserving culprit to evade the punishment of the law. He was one day summoned to Newgate in a great hurry, and in a case of great emergency. The safe or strong box of the bank of Glendower & co. had been plundered to an immense amount. Suspicion had fallen upon the deputy cashier, who was in consequence arrested and sent to prison, inside the walls of which he had not been ten minutes, before he was advised by his fellow prisoner to send for Counsellor Costello, who would, if any man could, save his life. It was in obedience to this summons, that the Counsellor repaired to Newgate.

"I am told you are committed for purloining ten thousand guineas, my dear sir?" said the Counsellor, as he entered the cell.

"I am."

"Are you guilty?"

"Sir."

"Have you the *Aragoun cheese?*"

"I don't understand you."

"Did you do the thing?"

"Sir, you insult me by your suspicions!"

"Then you'll be hanged!" and the Counsellor took his hat.

"Hold, sir," said the prisoner—who after a little hesitation confessed that he was *able to pay* the Counsellor a thousand guineas, if he should procure his acquittal. The bargain was struck, and the Counsellor then took his leave.

Costello immediately repaired to the Crown Office, as it was then called, in Dublin, from which his client had been committed. The sitting magistrate was still on the Bench.

"Good morrow, Mr. Alderman," said the Counsellor, as he entered, "is there any news to day—any thing stirring in my way?"

"Yes, a most extraordinary case has occurred. One of Glendower's clerks has abstracted from the strong box of the bank, ten bags, each containing one thousand guineas in gold. He was arrested this morning; some of the property was found on him, and has been sworn to. I sent him to Newgate about half an hour since, and he'll certainly swing after the next commission." (Old Bailey Sessions.)

"The property sworn to! Why zounds! how can that be? One guinea is like another, and—

"True, true, but with the guineas, the fellow stole some foreign gold coin, one of which, a broad Dutch piece was found on him when he was arrested—it has been identified by the chief cashier; so you will admit he has no chance of escape. Here it is"—and he handed the coin to the Counsellor.

Costello took the piece of money into his hand, looked at it most attentively, turned it in his hand and after considering it with an air of virtuoso, returned it to the Alderman, with "Upon my conscience, as clear a case as I ever met." After some unimportant conversation, he withdrew, went home, and by the packet which sailed, that night, he despatched a trusty messenger to Amsterdam with certain instructions, and a strict injunction to be back in Dublin, within three weeks, at the end of which, the commission of Oyer and Terminer was to commence. The man succeeded in the object of his mission, and returned to Dublin on the morning of the day appointed for the trial of his master's client.

The prisoner was put upon trial. The principal cashier of Glendower & Co. proved the circumstance of the robbery as narrated by the Alderman, to Costello; adding that the robber (who could be none but the prisoner) had substituted ten bags of half pence for those of gold, which he had stolen. The Dutch piece was then handed to the witness by the counsel for the prosecution; he unhesitatingly identified it as the property of his employers. This evidence was deemed conclusive—the prisoner's countenance changed; the jury indicated by their gestures that they were satisfied; the witness was descending from the table, when Costello exclaimed—

"Stop, young man, a word with you. I will thank you for that gold piece, Mr. ——," (to the counsel for the prosecution, who handed it to him.) He looked at it, rubbed it on the sleeve of his well worn coat, and then turning to the witness, said, holding the piece of money in his fingers—"and you positively swear this is the identical piece of gold which was in the strong box of Glendower & Co?"

"I do."

"Have a care young man, look at it again, said Costello, offering it to the witness, but letting it fall into his hat which lay before him on the table. "I beg your pardon," said he, taking it up and handing the coin to the witness—

"You are sure that this is the identical piece of money?"

"I am."

"You are positive? Look at it again."

"I do swear this is the identical piece."

"And *this?* said the Counsellor, taking another and similar one from his hat.

The witness was petrified.

Costello had at the Crown office impressed upon his mind the date and effigies of the gold piece shown him, and it was to procure some similar coin, that he had sent to Holland.

"And *this?*" continued he—"and *this?* and *this?*" taking a fresh piece from his hat at each question.

The witness was struck dumb. The prisoner was immediately acquitted.

PERSECUTION.—The first war undertaken for religion, was that of the Armenian christians, to defend themselves against the persecution of Maximum.

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From the New-York Mirror.

The Fight of Hell-Kettle.

BY TYRONE POWER.

Author of the "Lost Heir," "The King's Secret," &c.

Never let it be said the days of chivalry are fled: heralds may have ceased to record good blows stricken, to the tune of "a largesse worthie knights,"—pennon and banner, square and swallow-tail'd, sleeve and scarf, with all the trumpery of chivalry, are long since dead, 'tis true; but the lofty generous feeling with which that term has become synonymous, is yet burning clear and bright within ten thousand bosoms, not one of which ever throbbed at the recollections of the word itself inspires in "gentil-heartes," or could tell the difference between Or and Gules, or Vert and Sable, as the following narration of a combat between two "churles," or "villains," as the herald would term my worthies, will, I trust, go nigh to prove.

It was the fair night at Donard, a small village in the very heart of the mountains of Wicklow, when at the turn of a corner leading out of the Dunlavin road, towards the middle of the fair, two ancient foemen abruptly encountered. They eyed one another for a moment without moving a step, when the youngest, a huge six-foot mountaineer, in a long top-coat, having his shirt open from breast to ear, displaying, on the least movement, a brawny chest, that was hairy enough for a trunk, growing rather impatient, said in a quick under-tone, that a listener would have set down for the extreme of politeness,

"You'll lave the wall, Johnny Evans?"

To which civil request came reply, in a tone equally bland,

"Not at your biddin', if you stand there till till next fair day, Mat. Dolan."

"You know well I could fling you neck and heels, into that gutter, in one minute, Johnny, mo bouchil."

"You might, indeed, if you call up twenty of the Dunlavin faction at your back," coolly replied Evans.

"I mane, here's the two empty hands could do all that, and never ax help, 'ather," retorted Dolan, thrusting forth two huge paws from under his coat.

"In the name o'heaven, thin, thry it," said Evans, flinging the alpeen* he had up to this time been balancing curiously, over the roof of the cottage by which they stood; adding, here's a pair of fists, with as little in thim as your own!"

"It's aisy to brag by your own barn, Johnny Evans," said Dolan, pointing with a sneer to the police guard-house, on the opposite side of the way, a hundred yards lower down; "the peelers would not be likely to look on, and see a black orangeman, like yourself, quilted in his own town, under their noses, by one Mat. Dolan, from Dunlavin, all the way!"

"There's raison in that, any way, Matty," replied John, glancing in the direction indicated. "It's not likely thim that's paid by government to keep the peace, would stand by and see it broke, by papist or protestant: but I'll make a bargain wid you; if your blood's over hot for your skin, which I think, to say the truth it has long been—come off at once to Hell-kettle wid me, and in the light of this blessed moon, I'll fight it out wid you, toe to toe; and we'll both be the aisier after, which ever's bate."

"There's my hand to that, at a word, Johnny," cried Dolan, suiting the action to the word—and the hands of the foes clasped freely and frankly together.

"But are we to be only ourselves, do ye mane?" inquired Matthew.

"And enuff, too," answered Evans; "we could'nt pick a friend out of any tint above, without raisin a hulabaloo the divil wou'd'nt quiet without blows. Here, now, I'll give you the wall, only you jump the hedge into Charles Faucett's meadow, and cut across the hill, by Holy-well, into the road, where you'll meet me; divil a soul else will you meet that way to-night; and I want to call at home for the tools."

"Keep the wall," cried Dolan, as Evans stepped aside, springing himself at the same time into the road, ankle-deep in mud; I'll wait for you at the bridge, on the Holy-wood glin road. Good bye."

A moment after, Dolan had cleared the hedge leading out of the land into Mr. Faucett's paddock, and Evans was quietly plodding his way homeward. To reach his cottage, he had to run the gauntlet through the very throng of the fair, amidst the crowded tents, whence resounded the ill-according sounds of the bagpipe and fiddle, and the loud whoo! of the jig-dancers, as they beat with active feet the temporary floor, that rattled with their tread. Johnny made short greetings with those of his friends he encountered, and on entering his house, plucked a couple of black, business-like looking sticks from the chimney, hefted them carefully, and measured them together with an eye as strict as ever gallant paired rapier with, till satisfied of their equality, he put his top-coat over his shoulders, and departing by the back door, rapidly cleared two or three small gardens, and made at once for the fields. As Dolan dropped from the high bank into the lane near the bridge on one side, Evans leaped the gate opposite.

"You've lost no time, fegs," observed Matthew, as they drew together, shoulder to shoulder, stalking rapidly on.

"I'd bin vexed to keep you waitin' this time, any how," replied Johnny—and few other words passed.

Just beyond the bridge, they left the road together, and mounting the course of the little stream, in a few minutes were shut out from the possibility of observance in a wild narrow glen, at whose head was a water-fall of some eighteen feet. The pool which received this little cascade was exceeding deep, and having but one narrow outlet, between the huge stones, the pent waters were forced round and round, boiling and chafing for release; and hence the not unpoetic name of Hell-kettle, given to this spot. The ground immediately about it was wild, bare

* Little stick.

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and stony, and in no way derogated from this fearful title.

Near the fall is a little plafond or level of some twenty yards square, the place designated by Evans for the battle-ground. Arrived here, the parties halted; and as Dolan stooped to raise a little of the pure stream in his hand to his lips, Evans cast his coats and vest on the gray stone, close by, and pulling his shirt over his head, stood armed for the fight, not so heavy or so tall a man as his antagonist Dolan, but wiry as a terrier, and having, in agility and training, advantages that more than balanced the difference of weight and age.

"I've been thinkin, Johnny Evans," cried Dolan, as he leisurely stripped in turn, "we must have two thrys after all, to show who's the best man; you've got your alpeens wid you, I see, and I'm not the boy to say no to thim, but I expect you'll ha' the best ind o' the stick, for its well known, there's not your match in Wicklow if there is in Wexford itself."

"That day's past, Matty Dolan," replied Evans. "It's five years since you and me first had words, at the Pattern o' the Seven-churches, and that was the last stroke I struck with a stick. There's eight years betune our ages, and you're the heavier man by two stone or near it, what more 'ud yez have, man alive?"

"Oh, never fear me, John, we'll never split about trifles," quietly replied Dolan; "but, see here, let's dress one another, as they do potatoes, both ways. Stand fairly up to me, for half a dozen rounds, fist to fist, and I'll hould the alpeen till you're tired, after id."

"Why look you here Matty, you worked over long on George's Quay, and were over friendly with the great boxer, Mister Donalan, for me to be able for yez wid the fists," cried Evans. "But we'll split the difference; I'll give you a quarter of an hour out o' me wid the fists, and you'll give me the same time, if I'm able, with the alpeen after; and we'll toss head or harp, which comes first."

Evans turned a copper flat on the back of his hand, as he ended his proposal, and in the same moment Dolan cried,

"Harp for ever."

"Harp it is," echoed Evans, holding the coin up in the moon's ray, which shone out but fitfully, as dark clouds kept slowly passing over her cold face.

In the next moment they were toe to toe, in the centre of the little plain, both looking determined and confident; though an amateur would have at once decided in favor of Dolan's pose.

To describe the fight scientifically would be too long an affair; suffice it, that although Johnny's agility gave him the best of a couple of severe falls, yet his antagonist's straight hitting and superior weight left him the thing hollow: till five quick rounds left Evans deaf to time and tune, and as sick as though he had swallowed a glass of antimonial wine instead of potteen.

Dolan carried his senseless foe to the pool and dashed water over him by the hatfull.

"Look at my watch," was Johnny's first word, on gaining breath.

"I can't tell the time by watch," cried Dolan, a little sheepish.

"Give it here, man," cried Johnny, adding, as he rubbed his left eye, the other being fast closed, "by the Boyne, this is the longest quarter of an hour I ever knew—it wants three minutes yet," and as he spoke again he rose up before his man.

"Sit still, Johnny," exclaimed Matthew; "I'll forgive you the three minutes, any how."

"Well, thank ye for that," said Johnny; "I wish I may be able to return the compliment presently; but, by St. Donagh, I've mighty little concait left in myself, just now."

Within five minutes, armed with the well-seasoned twigs Johnny had brought with him, those honest fellows again stood front to front, and although Evans had lost much of the elasticity of carriage, which had ever been his characteristic when the alpeen was in his hand and the shamrock under his foot, in times past; although his left eye was closed, and the whole of that side of his physiognomy was swollen and disfigured through the mauling he had received at the hands of Dolan, who opposed him, to all appearance, fresh as the first, yet was his confidence in himself unshaken, and in the twinkling of his right eye, a close observer might have read a sure anticipation of the victory a contest of five minutes gave to him, for it was full that time before Johnny struck a good-will blow, and when it took effect, a second was uncalled for. The point of the stick had caught Dolan fairly on the right temple, and laying open the whole of the face down to the chin, as if done by a sabre stroke, felling him senseless.

After some attempts at recalling his antagonist to perception by the brook-side without success, Evans began to feel a little alarmed for his life, and hoisting him on his back, retraced his steps to the village, without ever halting by the way, and bore his insensible burthen into the first house he came to, where, as the devil would have it, a sister of Dolan's was sitting, having a goster with the owner, one widow Donovan, over a "rakin-pot o' tay."

"God save all here," said Johnny, crossing the floor without ceremony, and depositing Mat on the widow's bed, "Wid'y, by your lave, let Mat Dolan lie quiet here a bit, till I run down town for the doctor."

"Dolan!" screamed the sister and the widow, in a breath, "Mat, is it Mat Dolan! that's lying a corse here, and I his own sister, not to know he was in trouble?"

Loud and long were the lamentations that followed this unlucky discovery. The sister rushed frantically out into the middle of the road, screaming and calling on the friends of Dolan, to revenge his murder on Evans and the orangemen that had decoyed and slain him. The words passed from lip to lip, soon reaching down to the heart of the fair, where most of the parties were about this time corn'd for any thing.

"Johnny Evans," cried the widow Donovan, as he made in few words the story known to her, "true or not true, this is no place for you now, the whole of his faction will be up here in a minute, and you'll be killed like a dog on

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the flure; out wid you, and down to the guard-house while the coast's clear."

"I'd best, maybe," cried Evans; "and I'll send the doctor up the quicker—but mind, widow, if that boy ever spakes, he'll say a fairer fight was never faught—get that out of him, for the love o' heaven, Mrs. Donovan."

"He hasn't a word in him, I fear," cried the widow, as Johnny left the door, and with the readiness of her sex, assisted by one or two elderly gossips, who were by this time called in, she bathed the wound with spirits, and used every device which much experience in cracked crowns, acquired during the lifetime of Willy Donovan, her departed lord, suggested to her. Meantime Evans, whilst making his way down through the village, had been met, and recognized by the half frantic sister of Dolan and her infuriated friends, who had been all for some time puzzled at the absence of him who was proverbial as

"Best foot on the flure,
First stick in the fight."

"There's the murderer of Mat Dolan, boys," cried the woman, as some ten or twelve yards off she recognized Johnny, who was conspicuous enough, wearing his shirt like a herald's tabard, as in his haste he had drawn it on at Hell-kettle. With a yell that might have scared the devil, thirty athletic fellows sprang forward at full speed after Evans, who wisely never stayed to remonstrate, but made one pair of heels serve, where the hands of Briareus, had he possessed as many, would not have availed him. He arrived at Mrs. Donovan's door before his pursuers; he raised the latch, but it gave no way, the bar was drawn within, and had his strength been equal to it, further flight was become impracticable—turning with his back to the door, there stood Johnny like a lion at bay, uttering no word, since he well knew that words would not prevail against the fury of his foes. Forward with wild cries and loud imprecations rushed the foremost of the pursuers, and Evan's life was not worth one moment's purchase; a dozen sticks already clattered like hail upon his guard, and on the wall over his head, when the door suddenly opening inwards, back tumbled Johnny, and into the space he thus left vacant stepped a gaunt figure, naked to the waist, pale and marked with a stream of blood yet flowing from the temple. With wild cries the mob pressed back.

"It's a ghost! it's Dolan's ghost?" shouted twenty voices, above all of which was heard that of the presumed spirit, crying in good Irish, "That's a lie, boys, it's Mat Dolan himself! able and willing to make a ghost of the first man that lifts a hand agin Johnny Evans; who bate me at Hell-kettle like a man, and brought me here after, on his back, like a brother."

"Was it a true fight, Mat?" demanded one or two of the foremost, recovering confidence enough to approach Dolan, who, faint from the exertion he had made, was now resting his head against the door-post.

"A pause and the silence of death followed. The brows of the men began to darken, as they drew close to Dolan. Evans saw his life depended on the reply of his antagonist, who already seemed lapsed into insensibility.

"Answer, Mat Dolan?" he cried impressively, "for the love o' heaven, answer me—was it a true fight?"

The voice appeared to rouse the fainting man. He raised himself in the door-way, and stretched his right hand towards Evans, exclaiming,

"True as the cross, by the blessed virgin!" and as he spoke, fell back into the arms of his friends.

Evans was now safe. Half a dozen of the soberest of the party escorted him down to the police station, where they knew he would be secure; and Dolan's friends, bearing him with them on a car, departed, without attempting any riot or retaliation.

This chance took place sixteen years ago; but since that day, there never was a fair at Dunlavin that the orangeman Evans was not the guest of Dolan; nor is there a fair-night at Donard that Mat Dolan does not pass under the humble roof of Johnny Evans. I give the tale as it occurred, having always looked upon it as an event creditable to the parties, both of whom are alive and well, or were a year ago; for it is little more since Evans, now nigh sixty years old, walked me off my legs on a day's grousing over Church-mountain, and through Oram's-hole, carrying my kit into the bargain. Adieu. It will be a long day ere I forget the pool of "Hell-kettle," or the angels in whose company I first stood by its bubbling brim.

We have Lived and Loved Together.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
I have never known a sorrow
That was long unsoothed by thee;
For thy smile can make a summer,
Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us,
In autum's fading hours,
And the traitor smiles that darken
When the cloud of sorrow lowers;
And, though many such we've known, love,
Too prone, alas! to range,
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom time could never change.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears;
And let us hope the future
As the past hath been will be;
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy smiles with me.

Woman.—As the dew lies longest and produces most fertility in the shade, so woman in the shade of domestic retirement sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man, who is more exposed to the glare and observation of public life.—Thus the humble and retired often do more valuable benefits to society than the noisy and bustling satellites of earth, whose very light of unconcealed enjoyment deteriorates and parches up the moral soil it flows over.

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THE MISERIES OF A NEW MEMBER OF THE YACHT CLUB.

Somebody has somewhere very sensibly remarked "that men are never ridiculous for not possessing any particular accomplishment. It is the endeavour to *seem* that which they *are not*, which justly exposes them to ridicule."

No man ever learnt from experience the truth of this axiom more thoroughly than myself; and I am about to expose my own weakness, and the miseries that resulted from them for the benefit of mankind.

My father was a respectable professional gentleman, who resided in an inland county, and being a younger son, my allowance was small, and my expectations were not very great. It so happened, however, that I was fortunate enough to win the affections of a young lady of very large property; and after all the usual impediments offered by the relatives of a rich young lady who has set her heart upon marrying a poor young gentleman had been surmounted or set at defiance, (for she was of age and under no control,) we were married by one of my brothers at the church of my native parish, and after an elegant dejeune a la fourchette, we set off in a travelling carriage and four to spend our honeymoon at Brighton.

My young wife had been educated at a fashionable boarding-school near the metropolis, and she had acquired notions of fashions and style that were perfectly astonishing to her less sophisticated husband.

I can't imagine what made her first think of marrying me; I had led so quiet a life in my somewhat retired country town in the inland county before alluded to, that her accomplishments and fascinations dazzled and bewildered me, and had she not smiled in a most encouraging manner, I never should have thought of popping the question. I believe she thought, and still thinks me remarkably good looking, and ladies being the best judges on such subjects, I am by no means inclined to affirm that she is mistaken.

When the residents of an inland county first look upon "the sea, the sea, the open sea," the event becomes an era in their existence. Never shall I forget the day of our arrival in Brighton; the vast deep lay before us, exceedingly blue, radiant with sunbeams, and so calm, that the pretty little pleasure-boats seemed to slumber on its bosom.

We drove to "*The Ship*;" none of your York and Brunswick hotels for us; such places may be found in *inland* towns, and we were determined that, for the time being, we would be exclusively maritime. We therefore took a house on the Marine Parade, walked before breakfast on the chain-pier, and, neglecting our own carriage and horses, we took daily drives in a fly, (except "the Mermaid."

Said Mrs. Cockle to me one morning—(I forget whether I have already informed the reader that my name is Cockle) said Mrs. Cockle to me,—"my dear, I am quite delighted with the sea, let us take a marine mansion."

"With all my heart," said I.

"And," added my fair bride, "as our wealth will enable us to move in the first circles of fashion, you must become a member of the Royal Yacht Club. There is nothing so stylish as a yacht; the club is entirely composed of noblemen and members of Parliament, and Cockle, my love, you must become a member.

When a wife, who has enriched a husband, proposes agreeable ways of spending her own money, where is the man who could refuse her? I had never yet put my foot in a boat, and therefore could not flatter myself that I was quite fit to undertake the management of a large vessel. But, thought I, "the sea looks a mighty agreeable, sunshiny place, and the motion of a ship must be quite a lullaby to the nerves—as to the names of the ropes and those things, I shall soon learn *them*; and by the end of the season, I shall be as good and practical a naval commander as any in the club." At the wane of our honeymoon we left Brighton, proceeded to Portsmouth, embarked in a steam-vessel, and were soon landed at West Cowes, the head-quarters of the association of amateur nautical noblemen and gentlemen. Mrs. Cockle has a cousin, a Mr. Lorimer Lomax, an exquisite of a certain age, who is well known "about town," and piques himself on his dress and personal appearance. He is always to be found at the haunts of fashionable persons, at Melton, at Newmarket, at Brighton during the court season, in London during the spring months; and now it fortunately happened that he was residing at Cowes, and living constantly with the leading members of the club.

He was charmed to hear of my seafaring propensities, readily offered to introduce me to the commodore, and declared that a very excellent first-rate yacht was to be sold, the property of a young gentleman, who had found it convenient to sell off, and retire for a time to the continent.

My arrangements were soon made; I became master and commander of the cutter "Waterwagtail," of 100 tons burden, and also of her crew, and I made my appearance on the parade in a straw hat, a blue check shirt, large rough blue trowsers, and a sailor's jacket ornamented with the button of the club.

I confess I felt rather like a mountebank, but my dear wife admired me, and indeed kept me in countenance, for she too had cloth trowsers, and upon her head a very unladylike cap.

When I enter on a new pursuit, I like to be given time to settle down calmly and gradually into the habits to which I have been hitherto unaccustomed; as a new member of the yacht club I should have preferred being left to myself, to feel my way as it were, and like a cat on a wet floor, to put out one paw, and then the other, ere I too rashly ventured from dry land. I should have liked to have remained at anchor for the first month or so, and indeed had it been possible to draw up the "Waterwagtail" high and dry upon the beach, I should have infinitely preferred that arrangement, and should thus have got accustomed to the smell of pitch, before I was called upon to encounter the motion of the vessel.

But friends are always injudicious; and I had now unfortunately *enlisted* at an inauspicious moment. The whole squadron was on the eve of departure to Cherbourg, and I was congratulated on having joined them when an opportuni-

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ty offered for at once enjoying a delightful voyage, visiting a French port, and looking at a French king and all the royal family.

I confess that a little qualm came over me as I listened to the enumeration of these promised joys; but my wife was in an ecstacy, and her cousin, Mr. Lorimer Lomax, kindly offered to accompany us. The next morning we were to put to sea; we were therefore in no small bustle making preparations, and laying in stores for our first voyage.

"The dawn was overcast, the morning lowered," and when I looked out of my window, and saw the clouds, and heard the wind whistle, I at once decided that there would be no embarkation that day. But I was no longer my own master. Every body but myself seemed to exult in the fairness of the wind; to me it sounded very foul, and when I looked at the sea, and saw a quantity of what us landsmen call "*white horses*," I felt as if something had disagreed with me, and said in a supplicating tone to a "*brother sailor*," who stood near me, "Of course, we shall not sail to-day?" "Not sail!" he replied "to be sure we shall, this is just the breeze we wanted."

It was too late to retreat; I believe I had got some orders from the commodore about the time and order of sailing, and the exact place allotted to the "Waterwagtail;" but of all this I knew nothing, my people on board had the management of my vessel, and now came my time for going on board, with my wife and her cousin.

It now really blew hard, I do not mean in my estimation alone, for it had done that all the morning; but all people about me cast ominous looks at the skies, and seemed to my nervously excited imagination to consider us doomed creatures. When we got to the steps in front of the club-house, we found the little boat which was to convey us to our "Waterwagtail," tossing about like a mad thing, now up, now down, and the water splashing over her. "It is a tempting of Providence to thing of getting into her," said I; and my wife clinging to my arm, said "Had we not better go back?" But Lorimer Lomax, though no sailor himself seemed desperately bent on destruction to himself and us, and almost unconsciously he and my boatmen hurried us into the danger, and enveloped us in cloaks.

The boatmen seized their oars and away we went, rolling and tossing in a terrible manner, the shore receded, and the happy people walking on the immoveable parade grew less and less, and I now longed to tread the deck of my newly-purchased yacht, thinking that, of two evils, the big ship would be better than the diminutive punt.

We now got into fearfully rough water; a strong current of the tide, which, I believe, met the wind, and caused commotion; I am not sure about this, but I think I heard somebody say so; but whatever might be the causes, I am sure that I can answer for the effects. My wife screamed, and leant upon me; and Lorimer Lomax pinched my arm black and blue. "Luff! luff!" said the man who steered the boat, and thinking that he looked at me, and that very probably our safety depended on my instantly doing something that he desired, I almost shouted in reply—"In the name of heaven what do you mean by luff? Mary, my dear, luff, if you please; Lomax, pray luff, if you happen to know how." The steersman (I think you call him) gave a grim smile, and addressing my wife, said, "Trim the boat, if you please, Ma'am."

"Mary," said I, "the man speaks to you."

"What, sir?" cried Mrs. Cockle.

"Trim the boat," said the man.

"Mercy on us," I cried, "he talks as if he were desiring her to trim a bonnet!"

"Sit there!" said the sailor.

And thankful that at last he spoke intelligibly, without saying a word, I took my wife by the shoulders, and placed her in the identical spot to which he had pointed. We were now nearing the "Waterwagtail," and the sailor said, "There's your yacht, your Honour, they'll soon bear down upon us."

"*Down upon us!*" cried I looking at the great black body that came nearer and nearer every moment; "Oh, how shocking! to be run over by one's own Waterwagtail!"

We were now tossed about worse than ever. A rope was thrown to us, which hit me in the right eye, the boat bumped against the side of the yacht, and Lomax lay prostrate on the flat of his back. My wife fainted, and was borne up in a state of insensibility, and I followed, holding two slippery ropes, and with difficulty keeping my feet upon what, I believe, they called the accommodation-ladder. A pretty *accommodation*, indeed!

I stood upon my own deck, I leant against my own mast, and my own sailors pushed me about, and seemed to consider me in the way. I felt as if an illness was coming over me—my legs lost all strength—cold drops stood upon my forehead—I sank upon a seat—my head dangled over the side of the vessel—I was sea-sick!

All fears left me, and with them all natural affections. I cared not three straws about my inestimable wife,—I heeded not her cousin, who was my guest and fellow-sufferer,—I gave no orders,—I knew nothing that was going on. I was conscious the weather was getting worse; but I was getting worse and worse myself, and what is the weather to a dying man?

I knew nothing about the commodore,—I knew nothing about the squadron. All night I lay on my berth in the cabin, opposite to my wife, who also lay upon hers; and our beds being on something like shelves let into the wall, and we being pale and motionless, I thought we resembled bodies in a mausoleum.

One lamp, suspended from the ceiling, cast on us a melancholy light. Oh, how it swung to and fro! and the chairs, how they tumbled about! and the horrid clamour that I heard of shouting men, and flapping sails, and creaking masts, and howling winds, and rushing waters. I speak nothing but the truth, when I declare that I expected every minute that we should go to the bottom.

One of my men came down to us occasionally, and gave me brandy, which I passively swallowed, and then gave brandy to Mrs. Cockle. I had just sense enough left to observe that she drank it passively too.

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Once I ventured to whisper, "Is there any hope? I trust we're near land."

"Near land!" he replied. "No, no; we must keep clear of land. Land is the worst place we could see, such a night as this."

How people may be mistaken! Land was what I had been longing for.

"Could we not go ashore?" said I.

"Aye; if we don't keep a good look-out we *shall* go ashore," he answered.

"Well?" said I.

"And in ten minutes the vessel would go to pieces, and every soul on board would perish."

My wife groaned, and so did I, and I heard an echoing groan from Lorimer Lomax, whose body had been *laid out* in a sort of closet which served many purposes, and, being lined with plate glass, among others, as a place to dress in.

Little need had we now of dress. Day dawned, but still the storm roared on; and the vessel pitched so much, that, had my sickness permitted me to rise from my bed, I should have found it impossible to stand or walk.

Of Lorimer Lomax I heard nothing but the oft-repeated groan. He was a bachelor of sixty, and ever anxious to appear to the best advantage. He always "made himself up," as the phrase goes, and was the very worst subject in the world for a sea voyage like the present.—The chances were, that his outward man would be entirely washed away, and that, when we did meet, I should not recognise him.

But I thought not of this; I thought of nothing but impending destruction. Again came the horrid night, with the swinging lamp, and the din of many noises, and another day passed, and another; and at length, feeling the improbability of her having survived so long, I sometimes spoke faintly to my wife, that I might, from her answering or remaining silent, judge whether she was alive or dead.

One morning I heard guns firing, and people buzzing, and was informed that, the weather having abated, we had ventured nearer the French coast, and that we were now off Cherbourg. My mate was a communicative person, and he told me all that was going on. We had arrived too late for great part of the festivities, a sort of awkward squad to the squadron. But the sailor told me, with great glee, that we were at that moment going through evolutions for the amusement of the great people on shore, where I was invited, with the other members of the R. Y. C., to dine with French royalty.

"Dine!" said I, shaking my head convulsively, as a sick person always does when you talk to him of dainties. However, I rose, for the first time, from my bed, and reeled across the cabin to kiss the extended hand of my still surviving Mary.

Dining on shore was entirely out of the question; but as we shortly got into smooth water, we both refreshed ourselves with a change of dress, and sent to beg Lomax would join us at dinner.

After a long pause he tottered forth from his plate-glass dormitory; and it was evident, from his appearance, that he had been for some time employed repairing "the ravages of time" misspent on board a vessel in a storm.

No painter can command a steady hand in a rough sea, and poor Lorimer's had evidently shaken sadly. His wig was awry, one whisker was darker than its fellow, and his artificial eyebrows were carefully pencilled a quarter of an inch above his real ones. His dress, too, lacked his usual taste and finish; and the Lorimer Lomax on whom I now gazed, might have passed for the grandfather of the beau who embarked with us at Cowes.

Our dinner was a brief repast. We were soon obliged to betake ourselves again to our beds; and there we lay, kept wide awake by the guns fired in honour of the gay party enjoying themselves on shore.

The next morning we were all considerably better, and ordered the sailors to row us to the shore. The king and royal family had just left Cherbourg; the members of the Yacht Club had all gone on board their vessels, and were preparing to set sail for the Isle of Wight.

We saw in fact, nothing but a French town, involved in that extreme state of dullness which invariably follows a period of unusual gayety and excitement.

I told my captain and crew to make the best of their way to the Isle of Wight in the "Waterwagtail," on board which never will I again set foot; and Monsieur and Madame Cockle, with Monsieur Lorimer Lomax, were soon reckoned among the "departures" from Cherbourg, having hired a carriage to take them to Calais, from which place they *steamed* safely to Dover in three hours and a half.

A party of pleasure is proverbially a painful undertaking; but its annoyances are generally petty ones,—an *al fresco* dejune under an umbrella, or a July day passed with five or six people in a *closed* landau, with the windows up.

Such dilemmas are *farcical*; but my party of pleasure was very nearly ending in a tragedy; for I have been given to understand by *real* sailors, that a storm so sudden and so severe has been of rare occurrence at such a season.

I now print my miseries as a warning to all uninitiated *fresh-men*, whose minds are bent on salt-water excursions. Let them dabble about within the Isle of Wight as long as they please; but if then pass the Needles—my mind (ay, and my body) sickens at the dangers that await them. 'Tis rash for children to play with edge-tools; but it is ten times more rash for a landsman, like myself, to try to make a plaything of a vessel in a gale of wind. T. H. B.

MISERRIMUS was a pious clergyman named Morris, who for non-conformity, was deprived of his benefice soon after the accession of William III. He was therefore a "sufferer for conscience-sake," not a person of flagitious conduct. He was destitute, to the end of a long life, of all means of support, except what were supplied by the charity of the Jacobites, and it *was* in compliance with his own request, but in allusion to *this* misery, that the sole word "Miserrimus," was inscribed on his grave-stone.

An accomplished woman, in common parlance, means one who sings and dances well, knows a little French, a little Italian, a little drawing, a little embroidery, and not much of any thing, excepting fashionable novels; in which she is a great adept.

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THE ADVENTUROUS BOY.

While the fleet lay at anchor, one of the most heart-thrilling scenes occurred on board the Commodore's vessel, that my eyes ever witnessed. In addition to the usual appendages of a ship of war, there was a large and mischievous monkey on board, named Jocko, retained for the amusement and diversion of the ship's company. It was my watch on deck; and having retired to the side of the vessel, I was musing on the beautiful appearance of the fleet, when a loud and merry laugh burst upon my ear.

On turning to ascertain the cause of such an unusual sound on the frigate's deck, I perceived the Commodore's little son, whom the crew nicknamed "little Bob Stay," standing half way up the main hatch-ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft upon some object that inspired him with a deal of glee. A single glance explained the occasion of the merriment. As Bob was coming up from the gun deck, Jocko, the monkey, perceiving him on the ladder, and dropping suddenly from the rigging, leaped upon his shoulder, seized his cap, and running up the main-top-sail-sheet, seated himself on the main-yard.

Here he sat picking the tassel of his prize to pieces, occasionally scratching his sides, and chattering as if in exultation for the success of his mischief. Bob being a sprightly, active fellow, did not like to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make the chase after Jocko, from observing me smile at his plight, and hearing the loud laugh of Cato, a black man, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence.

"Ha, you rascal, Jocko," said the black man, "hab you no respec for de young officer, den to steal his cap? We bring you to de gang-way, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back, for a tief." The monkey looked down from his perch, as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer. "Ha, ha, Massa Bob, he say you mus' ketch him, 'fore you flog him; and 'tis no easy matter for midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

The cheeks of little Bob looked red, as he cast a glance of offended pride at Cato; and, springing across the deck, in a moment he was half way up the rigging. The monkey quietly watched his motions, and, when nearly up, suddenly put the cap on his own head, and ascended to the top cross-trees, and quietly seating himself, resumed his work of picking the tassel.

In this manner, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when suddenly springing on the rigging, he again descended to the fore-top, and running out on the fore-yard, hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail-boom, where, taking his seat, he raised a loud and exulting chattering. By this time Bob was completely exhausted; and not liking to return to the deck to be laughed at, he sat down on the cross-trees.

The spectators, presuming that the boy would not follow the monkey, but descend to the deck, paid no further attention to them. I also had turned away, and had been engaged some minutes, when I was suddenly started by a cry from Cato, exclaiming that "Massa Bob was on the main-truck!" A cold shudder ran through my veins, as the word reached my ears; I cast my eyes up—it was too true.

The adventurous boy, after having rested a little, had climbed the sky-sail pole, and the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on that circular piece of wood, on the very summit of the loftiest mast, at a height so great that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. There was nothing above him, or around him, but empty space; and beneath him nothing but a small unstable wheel.

Dreadful temerity! If he had attempted to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his motion! His feet covered up the small and fearful platform on which he stood; and beneath that, a long smooth pole that seemed to bend beneath his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. In endeavouring to get down, he would enevitably lose his balance, and be precipitated to the deck, a crushed and shapeless mass.

In this terrible exigency, what was to be done? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, it was thought, would ensure his ruin. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him; and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. By this time the deck was covered with officers and crew, to witness this appalling, this heart-rending spectacle. All seemed mute. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed absorbed in one deep, intense emotion of agony.

At this moment, a stir was made among the crew about the gangway, when the Commodore, the boy's father, made his appearance. He had come on board without being noticed by a single eye. The Commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was an austere man; and it was thought by some that he had not a very strong affection for his son. All eyes were now fixed on him, endeavoring to read his emotion in his countenance.

The scrutiny, however, was vain—his eyes retained its severe expression; his brow the slight frown it usually wore; and his lip its haughty curl. In short, no outward sign indicated what was passing within. Immediately on reaching the deck, he ordered a marine to hand a musket; when, stepping aft, and leaping upon the look out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him with his trumpet, in a voice of thunder.

"Robert," cried he "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you!" The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering; for his arms were thrown about like one endeavering to balance himself. The Commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energeric tone, cried—"Jump! 'tis your only chance for life!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before he left the truck, and sprung out into the air. A sound between a shriek and a groan burst from many lips.

The father spoke not—sighed not; indeed, he seemed not to breathe. For a moment of intense agony, a pin might have been heard to

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have dropped on the deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball the body descended to the water; and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwark. Another short period of suspense ensued. The body rose! he was alive! his arm was seen to move—he struck out towards the ship.

In spite of the discipline of a man-of-war, three hurras, the outburst of unfeigned joy from the hearts of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment, the old Commodore had stood unmoved. His face was now ashy pale. He attempted to descend from the block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and attempted to tear open his vest; but in the attempt he staggered, and would have fallen, had he not been caught by the bystanders.

He was borne to his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equilibrity and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin, he was in tears.

The German Tale of PETER KLAUS, the Goatherd, by the German writer Otmar, contains the original outline of Rip Van Winkle, or the Legend of the Sleepy Hollow, and which the pen of Washington Irving, has poutrayed with additional charms. Whether Mr. Irving was acquainted with this tradition and adapted it for the ground-work of his tale of Van Winkle, we cannot determine, but the German author ought to have the credit of originating the idea.

In the village of Littendorf, at the foot of a mountain, lived Peter Klaus, a Goatherd, who was in the habit of pasturing his flock upon the Kyffhausen hills. Towards evening he generally let them browse upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall, from which he could take a muster of his whole flock.

For some days past he had observed that one of his prettiest goats, soon after his arrival at this spot, usually disappeared, nor joined the fold again until late in the evening. He watched her again and again and at last found that she slipped through a gap in the old wall, whither he followed her. It led into a passage which widened as he went into a cavern; and here he saw the goats employed in picking up the oats that fell through some crevices in the place above. He looked up, shook his ears at this odd shower of corn, but could discover nothing. Where the deuce could it come from? At length he heard over head the neighing and stamping of horses; he listened, and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they were fed. The poor goatherd was sadly puzzled, what to think of these horses in this uninhabited part of the mountain; but so it was, for the groom making his appearance, without saying a word beckoned him to follow him. Peter obeyed, and followed him up some steps which brought him into an open court-yard, surrounded by old walls. At the side of this was a still more spacious cavern, surrounded by rocky heights which only admitted a kind of twilight through the overhanging trees and shrubs. He went on, and came to a smooth shaven green, when he saw twelve ancient knights, none of whom spoke a word, engaged in playing at nine-pins. His guide now beckoned to Peter, in silence, to pick up the ninepins, and went his way. Trembling in every joint, Peter did not venture to disobey; and at times he cast a stolen glance at the players, whose long beards and slashed doublets were not at all in the present fashion. By degrees his looks grew bolder; he took particular notice of every thing round him; among other things observing a tankard near him filled with wine, whose odor was excellent, he took a good draught. It seemed to inspire him with life; and when he began to feel tired of running, he applied with fresh ardor to the tankard, which always renewed his strength. But finally it quite overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

When he next opened his eyes he found himself on the grass-plot again, in the old spot where he was in the habit of feeding his goats. He rubbed his eyes, he looked round, but could see neither dog nor flock; he was surprised at the long rank grass that grew about him, and at trees and bushes which he had never before seen. He shook his head and walked a little further, looking at the old sheep path and the hillocks and roads where he used daily to drive his flock; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him; it was the same Littendorff, and scratching his head he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to inquire after his flock.

All the people whom he met going into the place were strangers to him, were differently dressed, and even spoke in a different style to his old neighbors.—When he asked about his goats, they only stared at him, and fixed their eyes upon his chin. He put his hand unconsciously to his mouth, and to his great surprise found that he had got a beard, at least a foot long. He now began to think that both he and all the world about him were in a dream; and yet he knew the mountain for that of the Kyffhausen (for he had just come down it) well enough. And there were the cottages with their gardens and grass-plots, much as he had left them. Besides, the lads, who had all collected round him, answered to the inquiry of a passenger, what place it was, "Littendorf, sir."

Still shaking his head, he went farther into the village to look for his own house. He found it, but greatly altered for the worse; a strange goatherd in an old tattered frock lay before the door, and near him his old dog, which growled and showed its teeth at Peter when he called him.

He went through the entrance which had once a door, but all within was empty and deserted; Peter staggered like a drunken man out of the house, and called for his wife and children by their names. But no one heard him, and no one gave him any answer.

Soon, however, a crowd of women and children got round the inquisitive stranger, with the long hoary beard; and asked him what it was he wanted?

Now Peter thought it was such a strange kind of thing, to stand before his own house, inquiring for his own wife and children, as well as about himself, that evading these inquiries, he pronounced the first name that came into his head; "Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith?" Most of the spectators were silent, and only looked at him wistfully, till an old woman at last said: "Why, for these twelve years he has been at Sachsenburg, whence I suppose you are not come today." "Where is Valentine Meier, the tailor?"—"The Lord rest his soul," cried another old woman, leaning upon her crutch, "he has been lying more than these fifteen years in a house he will never leave."

Peter recognized in the speakers, two of his young neighbors, who seemed to have grown old very suddenly, but he had no inclination to inquire any further.

At this moment there appeared, making her way through the crowd of spectators, a sprightly young woman with a year old baby in her arms, and a girl about four, taking hold of her hand, all three as like his wife he was seeking for as possible. "What are

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your names?" he inquired in a tone of great surprise. "Mine is Maria." "And your father's?" continued Peter. "God rest his soul! Peter Klaus to be sure. It is now twenty years ago since we were all looking for him, day and night, upon the Kyff hausen; for his flock came home without him; and I was then," continued the woman, "only seven years old."

The goatherd could no longer bear this: "I am Peter Klaus," he said, "Peter and no other," and he took his daughter's child and kissed it. The spectators appeared struck dumb with astonishment, until first one, and then another began to say, "Yes, indeed, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, good neighbor, after twenty years' absence, welcome home."

CHILDHOOD.

"Oh, give me still the memories
That hallow every scene,
Which stirred my bounding bosom,
When existence all was green!"

I LOVE children. I delight to listen to their innocent prattle, and to take part in their little amusements—to feel a community of interest with them, in their little enjoyments and recreations. There is nothing on earth so unaffected, so open, so frank as childhood. How the light laugh gurgles up from their young and unsophisticated hearts! They have not been out into the world—they have not yet learned to disguise their emotions—to dissemble—to smile, when their hearts are rankling with envy or hate, or to weep, when they secretly rejoice. They are as an open book, in which one may read all that they are—all that they feel.

There are not wanting those, who have an utter aversion to children—who well nigh hate them. For myself, I want little better evidence of a bad ungenerous heart—and prone as I am to think kindly of my species, I could almost say, "Let no such man be trusted." He can have small enjoyment in himself, and is certainly little calculated to contribute to the happiness of others, who cannot look with pure pleasure upon the innocence, and artlessness, and hilarity of youth. To me, the playful sports, the laughing countenances, the beaming eyes of children, unpractised, as yet, in the busy world upon which they are entering with such light hearts,—are a complete antidote against ennui, or depression of spirits.

I remember, that during a residence of one summer in the city many years ago—for gentle reader, I am declining into the vale of years—was, for a few of the first weeks, exceeding lonely. There is no solitude like the solitude which a stranger feels in a large and populous city. You meet thousands in the thronging streets, all passing on, intent upon their own amusements and avocations—and it is a thousand times more cheerless than to be in the still and solemn forests of the wilderness, or by the solitary shore of the "great and wide sea." You have *there* the communings of your own heart, and the almost visible presence of the Maker of the World. But in the city, your thoughts are confused,—their variety leaves you no time to reflect—and they weary you into the very depths of gloom.

One Saturday afternoon, when despondency sat heavy at my heart, I sallied out into the streets. It was the holiday from the thraldom of the schools—and their young inmates, neatly dressed, and happier than the king on his throne, were taking their pastime, and rambling with their parents, or elder brothers and sisters, about the streets. I was soon inoculated with their visible happiness, as I met them in my lonely walk. How many bright faces gleamed upon me! You look kindly upon a child, and how soon do they understand you! How their young eyes will beam upon you, and how they will turn,—especially little girls—and look at you, and blush, and smile—and pass on a little, and turn, and smile, and blush and look again!

I know not how it is, but in gazing upon children, I am actually invested as with a spell.—Time and space are annihilated—I am carried back to the morning of life, and, for the moment, live over again the early days of the past.

Before I had reached my room again, I had all the familiar places of my childhood before me. It was, 'as if I had seized the hour glass of Time, inverted it, and rolled back again the sands which had marked the weary lapse of years.' I was again in the meadow—in the field—about the fire-side hearth. My departed father's voice was again in my dreaming ear—my mother's hand was upon my young head. Again I saw my paper kite, in the gentle south wind, cleaving the upper air—and I gazed upon the same ample sky which spread over my boyhood—

"And marked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,
Like my own sorrows then, as fleeting and as few!"

It is my earnest prayer, that as I glide slowly down the declivity of years, it will please God to preserve in me that freshness of feeling, which enables me to look upon childhood and youth, with such purity of enjoyment. It beguiles life of its sombre spirit, "and the weariness of the flesh,"—and while it teaches us, that we are receding farther from the shore of youth, it reminds us, also, that we are approaching that other shore, where we shall renew an existence of immortal youth. Let all, then, cultivate and cherish these emotions. Let—

"The bright thoughts of early days
Still gather in our memories now
And not the later cares, whose trace
Is stamp'd so deeply on the brow:
What though these days return no more?
The sweet remembrance is not vain—
For heaven *is waiting* to restore
The *childhood of the soul* again!"

WASHINGTON.

No matter what may be the birth place of such a man as Washington, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. In the production of Washington it does really appear as if Nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the new. Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications, of some single qualification.—Cæsar was merciful—Scipio was mild—Hannibal was patient—but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his councils, that to the soldier and statesmen, he added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed the sword—necessity stained—victory returned it. If he had paused, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed his country, resigned her crown and retired to a cottage, rather than reign in a capitol! Immortal man! He

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took from the lamb its crime, and from the serpent its sting—he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy America: the lightnings of Heaven could not resist your sage—the temptations of earth could not corrupt your soldier.

OVER THE WAY.

"I sat over against a window where there stood a pot with very pretty flowers; and I had my eyes fixed on it, when on a sudden the window opened, and a young lady appeared whose beauty struck me." [Arabian Nights.

Alas! the flames of an unhappy lover
About my heart and on my vitals prey:
I've caught a fever; that I can't get over,
Over the way!

Oh! why are eyes of hazel? noses Grecian?
I've lost my rest by night, my peace by day,
For the want of some brown Holland or Venetian,
Over the way!

I've gazed too often till my heart's as lost
As any needle in a stack of hay:
Cousins belong to love, and mine is crossed
Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax—
Of what avail Lord Althorp or Earl Grey?
They cannot ease me of my window-tax
Over the way!

Even on Sunday my devotions vary,
And from St. Bonnet Fink they go astray
To dear St. Mary Overy—the Mary
Over the way!

Oh! if my grandmother were but a fairy,
With magic wand, how I would beg and pray
That she would change me into that canary
Over the way!

I envy every thing that's near Miss Lindo,
A pug, a poll, a squirrel, or a jay—
Blest blue-bottles! that buzz about the window
Over the way!

Even at even, for there be no shutters,
I see her reading on, from gray to gay,
Some tale or poem, till the candle gutters
Over the way!

And then—oh! then—while the clear waxen taper
Emits, two stories high, a starlike ray,
I see twelve auburn curls put into paper
Over the way!

But how breathe unto her my soft regards,
Or ask her for a whispered aye or nay,—
Or offer her my hand, some thirty yards
Over the way!

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring;—
Like Captain Lyon at Repulse's Bay,
I meet an icy end to my exploring
Over the way!

Each dirty little Savoyard that dances
She looks on—Punch—or chimney-sweeps in May,
Zounds! wherefore cannot I attract her glances
Over the way?

Half out she leans to watch a tumbling brat,
Or yelping cur, run over by a dray;
But I'm in love—she never pities that!
Over the way!

I go to the same church—a love lost labor;
Haunt all her walks, and dodge her at the play:
She does not seem to know she has a neighbor
Over the way!

Associates she has not—she never sups;
No Chloes and Dianas her fancy sway;
She nurses visiting gentlemen with trusts
Over the way!

The billets-doux by post she shows no favor—
In short, there is no plot that I can lay
To break my window-pains to my enslaver
Over the way!

I play the flute—she heeds not my chromatics—
No friend an introduction can purvey;
I wish a fire would break out in the attics
Over the way!

My wasted form ought of itself to touch her!
My baker feels my appetite's decay;
And as for the butcher's meat—oh! she's my butcher
Over the way!

At beef I turn; at lamb or veal I pout;
I never ring now to bring up the tray,
My stomach grumbles at my dining out
Over the way!

I'm weary of my life—without regret
I could resign this miserable clay
To lie within that box of mignonette
Over the way!

I've fitted bullets to my pistol-bore;
I've vowed at times to rush where trumpets bray,
Quite sick of number one—and number four
Over the way!

Sometimes my fancy would build up castles airy,
Sometimes it only paints a ferme ornee,
A horse—a cow—six fowls—a pig—and Mary
Over the way!

Sometimes I dream of her in bridal white,
Standing before the altar, like a fay;
Sometimes of balls, and neighborly invite
Over the way!

I've cod'd with her in dreams, like any turtle,
I've snatched her from the Clyde, the Tweed, and Tay;
Thrice I have made a grove of that one myrtle
Over the way!

Thrice I have rowed her in a fairy shallop,
Thrice raced to Gretna in a neat "po-shay,"
And shower'd crowns to make the horses gallop
Over the way!

And thrice I've started up from dreams appalling,
Of killing rivals in a bloody fray—
There is a young man very fond of calling
Over the way!

Oh! happy man—above all Kings in glory,
Whoever in her ear may say his say,
And add a tale of love to that one story
Over the way!

Nabob of Arcot—Despot of Japan—
Sultan of Persia—Emperor of Cathay—
Much rather would I be the happy man
Over the way!

With such a lot my heart would be in clover—
But what—O horror!—what do I survey!
Postillions and white favors—all is over
Over the way!

T. HOOD.

Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

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TAKE HEED! WHISPER LOW!

THE CELEBRATED BARCAROLLE FROM MASANIELLO.

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TAKE HEED! WHISPER LOW!

THE CELEBRATED BARCAROLLE FROM MASANIELLO.

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

WHAT IS GLORY!

What is glory? Ask the *Printer*
Laboring hard, both night and day;
Stew'd in Summer—*froze* in winter;
He would tell you—*better pay.*
Ask *delinquents*, What is glory?
They'll reply, with scoffs and sneers,
'Tis like *printers*—tell a story—
Promise pay for many years!

Short vs. Long.—Says Long to Short, "how are ye, Top?" "Top," repeated Short, "I had rather be as small as a Top, than long enough to require six hours to get asleep *all over.*" "You had, ha? Well, I had rather be ten hours getting to sleep, than so short as to be obliged to mount a cabbage-leaf to hiccup."

Bass.—Our friend Bass recently had a severe touch of the rheumatism. Our anxiety for him, induced us to send our *devil* to inquire the state of his health. "My *form*," says he, "is plaguily *battered*, and if I don't get better soon, I shall have to be *lifted*."—*Boston Tyro.*

An Infidel Village.—It is told, as a well-known jest, that a beggar-woman, repulsed from door to door, as she solicited quarters through the village of Annandale, asked in her despair, if there were no Christians in the place. To which the hearers, concluding that she inquired for some persons so surnamed, answered, "Na, na, there are no Christians here; we are a' Johnstones and Jardines."—*Notes to Guy Mannering.*

The Last Promise.—"You will, of course, immediately join the mess, Mr. ——," said the adjutant to ensign —— on the day of his arrival at the regiment. "You are very kind, sir," stammered out the incipient hero, "but the last promise which I made to my father was to avoid getting into any mess whatever."

"Please to give me some cold victuals," said a little girl with a basket on her arm, to a servant whom her ringing had summoned to the door. "What do you do with cold victuals, my little girl?" asked the servant as she put some meat and bread into the child's basket. "Father feeds his pigs with it," was the reply.

Puffing.—John Kemble and Lewis chancing to be at Dublin at the same time, were both engaged by the manager for a night's performance in *Leon* and the *Copper Captain.* The announcement was coupled with the following delectable passage:

"They never performed together in the same piece, and in all *human probability* they never will again; this evening is the *summit* of the manager's *chimera.* He has constantly gone higher in his endeavors to delight the public; beyond this it is not in *nature* to go."

Original Anecdote.—Several years since, a celebrated juggler "held forth" some of his tricks of legerdemain in this village; and among other put a watch into a bag, "smashed it all to pieces," and by saying *presto*, restored the watch, uninjured, to its owner. A young lad who was present, thinking it a very pretty, as well as a very easy trick, took advantage of his father's absence the next day, placed his gold repeater in a pillow-case, and smashed it effectually. To his no small chagrin, in spite of *presto*, it "*staid* smashed."

Curious Letter.—A Quaker, who had sent his watch to one of the same belief three or four times to be repaired, but which was not at all benefitted in the end, despatched the following characteristic epistle to the watch repairer:—"Friend John,—I once more send thee my erroneous pocket-clock. The last time she was at thy board, she was in no ways benefitted by thine instructions. I find, from the wavering of her hands and the index of her mind, she is not right in her inward man,—I mean the mainspring. Therefore, take her, and purge her with thy adjusting tool of truth; and, if possible, drive her from the error of her ways. Let her visit the Sun's motion—the true calculation table, and the Equator; and when thou hast brought her conformable to the Standard of Truth, send her home with the bill of moderation, which shall be remitted to thee by thy friend,

Obadiah B——.

Dated this second day of the week, commonly called Monday.

A negro's Answer.—A planter in St. Domingo, was one day disposing of a horse to a neighbour, and being questioned by the purchaser regarding its qualities, among the rest, whether it kicked, the disposer replied it was the quietest animal imaginable. He had, however, hardly used the expression when it flung up its heels, to the danger of the by-standers. The purchaser, being irritated at the duplicity of the other, reproached him with his intended deception, when, to substantiate the peaceful character of the animal, he called one of his slaves, and demanded of him if he ever saw this horse kick before? "O, no massa," smartly answered the negro, "me never saw him kick before—always saw him kick behind."

A Sailor's Description of Hunting.—Going to see my father the other day, he ax'd me to take a voyage a hunting with him. So when the swabber had rigg'd the horses, they brought me one to stow myself on board of—one that they told me was in such right trim, she would go as fast on any tack as a Faulksome cutter. So I got aloft, and clapped myself athwart ship, and made as much way as the best on 'em; and on the windward of a gravel pit, we espied a hare at anchor; and so we weighed and bore away, and just as I had overtaken her, my horse came plump ashore upon a rock—the back stay broke—she pitched me over the forecastle, came keel upwards, and unshipped my shoulder, and hang me if I ever sail on land privateering again.

An old lady, speaking of a remarkably slim man with whom she was once acquainted, declared he was so thin, that when he turned sideways he could not be seen at all! If the good lady spoke the truth—and she certainly cannot be accused of *stretching* the story—this fellow would have made a rare duellist. A charmed bullet couldn't hit him.

Wit of a Gourmand.—Your true *gourmand* is, generally speaking, without much wit. Mr. G——, invited to dine with a lady, a scrupulous observer of etiquette, offered his service to cut up a brace of partridges. Instead, however, of doing so on the dish, he put them, for the purpose, on his own plate. "For whom do you intend your leavings?" asked the lady in surprise: "Madam," replied he, "I do not intend to leave any."

Polite Visiter.—"What will you take, sir—tea or coffee?" said a waiter at a fashionable hotel, to a western merchant, who was seated at the breakfast table, munching a sandwich. "Why, I dont know," was the reply, "what are you going to take yourself?"

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'TAKING THE RESPONSIBILITY.'—Clem contracted with a wharfinger to complete a job in his perfeshan.', Clem was a contractor, and instead of "liftin, ob de saw," himself, engaged Cuff to do the labourious part of the business, paying him therefor at a rate which would afford the contractor a profit. When Cuff ascertained this fact, he blubbered, "Wha for you keepa any back you do no work?"

"Wha for! Why you nigger don you know I take-a de responsibility?"

ANECDOTE FOR THE TIMES.—The Salem Gazette relates, as apposite at this moment, that when a pressure for money existed some years ago in England, an old lady took a hackney coach and proceeded to London, on business. Happening to pass the banking house of Sir John Lubbuck, a wheel of the coach broke just before the door. She was extricated with difficulty, and a crowd immediately collected around the coach, and the door of the banking house, which soon became so dense that few could ascertain the cause. In answer however, to one of the quidnuncs, it was replied by a quizzer that there was a *run* upon Sir John's Bank. The report flew like wildfire, and in a few hours, almost every outstanding note of the house was poured into the Bank; and before the people could be undeceived, it cost the establishment a sacrifice of £30,000 sterling on property to raise the requisite specie to meet the demand consequent upon the simple accident of an old woman's broken coach wheel!—*Transcript.*

DYING FOR ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.—Mr. L****** resides in Henry-st. His wife who is an economical body had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and unluckily as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door, "Is madame within," asked the Frenchman. The husband, who is of a jealous disposition, replied, "And suppose she is, what do you want with her." "I *dying* for her sir." "You dying for my wife—get out of my house you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest mechanic into the street, when the lady made her appearance and set the matter to rights.

AN UNPLEASANT BED FELLOW.—A boy once complained of his brother, for taking half the bed. "And why not?" said his mother; "he's entitled to half, aint he?" "Yes, ma'am," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take out all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle! and I have to sleep both sides of him!"

A poet was noticing how sometimes the most trivial and unforeseen accident overturns an author's hopes. A thing said he, once happened to me which was enough to make a man forswear ever taking a pen in hand. I had a tragedy—Garrick performed in it—I must confess the principal incident was a little similar to Lear's abdication of the throne in favor of his daughters. Mine were two daughters; and the king—after giving them a lesson fraught with legislative advantages that might have done honor to Solon or Lycurgus—finished his harangue by saying, "and now I divide this crown between you." Sir, a malicious scoundrel peeping over the spikes of the orchestra, and staring Garrick in the face, cried out, "Ah, that's just half a crown a piece." Sir, an incessant laugh immediately prevailed, and if it had been to have saved your soul, another syllable could not be heard.

A clever servant is almost invariably quick tempered. The reason is obvious: superior talent is always accompanied by pride, which must meet with many petty annoyances in the menial state.

DIS-AFFECTION—EXEMPLIFIED.

The experiences of physicians have lately been often detailed in print; formerly they held themselves bound not to tell the "secrets of the prison-house." A couple of anecdotes, never before published, were related to us the other day:—

Dr. C——, as celebrated for humanity, address, and penetration, as for his professional skill, attended the last illness of a gentleman, the profligate levity of whose "son and heir" hastened his decease. Meeting the young parricide on the stairs, the doctor, without assuming the least caution or delicacy, said, coolly, "Sir, your father has just expired." "Indeed!" exclaimed the youth, starting; "this is very sudden—had you not better open the body immediately, to ascertain?" "Oh, sir," interrupted his hearer, with cutting severity, "you need not give yourself the slightest alarm—I assure you he is *quite* dead."

Ought the wretch to have survived such a reproof?

At another time this doctor was called in to the abrupt and fatal indisposition of a very rich old man, who left behind him a curiously ignorant yet handsome young widow, apparently unsolaced by the prospect of wealth, a year's freedom, *and then*—the lady let down her hair to tear it, raving wildly, "I'll not believe that the dear man could die, and leave me! No!—he lives! I'm sure he's alive! Doctor, tell me, don't you think he will come to life again?" "Why, madam," replied the physician, solemnly, "since you are so pressing, I confess that we *have* means. Shall I galvanize him?—you will soon see him jump up then." "No, doctor, no!" screamed the widow, in pious horror, "I'll have none of your experiments—they are downright witchcraft—none of your experiments. Jump up—against the law of nature! Heaven forbid, dear man! Hard as it is to bear my fate—let us have no experiments!—*Comic Offering.*

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—A soldier, while coming up Leith Walk on a wet day lately, had his pure white inexpressibles, which seemed to be the very pride of his heart, completely destroyed, for one day at least, by a splash of mud from a cart going down. The man of war did not much relish the salute, and insisted that the carter must pay the damage done or fight him. "Fight!" said the carter, with a look of supreme contempt, "D—n it, fightin's *your* trade; but I'll ca' a hoose wi' ony o' ye—hup, Charlie, hup!"

A lady entered a Store, a few weeks since in the town of N—I— in N. H. where Dry Goods and Groceries were sold, and after making sundry purchases, amounting to the enormous sum of *five cents*, and occupying the attention of the Clerk for at least one hour—she inquired if he had any wine of very superior quality. He told her that he could furnish her with some of super-excellent quality, at $3 per gallon. The Lady thought the price high—and repeatedly asked if that was the lowest—and being assured that it could not be offered for less—she opened her purse, took out a piece of coin and handed it to the Clerk, saying that she believed *she would take a* CENT's *worth!*—adding that she did not know what her husband would say to her for spending so much money!

A gentleman being asked how old the Siamese twins were, replied, very artlessly, that he thought the eldest was about twenty, and the other, two years younger.

A diminutive Highlander boasted to a son of the Emerald Isle that he was descended from a race of giants. "Och, by the powers," says Pat, "if that's true, my little fellow, you have had a descent, indeed, and a devil of a one too."

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MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

Verses for the year 1933.

Tell John to set the kettle on,
I mean to take a drive;
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back by five.

Tell cook to dress those humming birds
I shot in Mexico;
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll be *un peu trop haut*.

And, Tom, take you the gold-leaf wings,
And start for Spain at three;
I want some Seville oranges
'Twixt dinner time and tea.

Fly round by France, and bring a new
Perpetual motion gun;
To-morrow, with some friends, I go
A-hunting in the Sun.

The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the Moon,
Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,
Has spoiled my new balloon;

For steering through the milky way,
He ran against a star;
And turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

But, Tom, get you the car repaired,
And then let Dan and Dick
Inflate with ten square miles of gas—
I mean to travel quick.

My steam is surely up by now,
Put the high pressure on;
Give me the breath-bag for the way;
All right—hey—whiz—I'm gone.—

London Times.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

MATRIMONY.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! thou art a bitter draught."

To die, some wicked rascals tell us,
Is a mere joke—a bagatelle,
Whether we're partial to a gallows,
Or choose to walk into a well;
But, from a paltry love of life,
Say the same rogues, not over-civil,
To take unto yourself a wife,
Alas! a spouse—O! that's the d—l!
Who, cry these wags, would ever cumber
His house with such a dull, insipid,
Useless, heartless piece of lumber,
A mere machine—a moving biped?
And then they speak of Eve and Adam,
And Sampson's wife, and Lot's sad dame,
And poor Job's breeches-wearing madame,
And hundreds more than I can name.
Pandora with her poisonous box,
And Ellen who to Asseran,
And she who had the art to hoax
Poor Socrates, unhappy man!
Yet, after all, I still maintain
That women, on the whole, increase
Man's happiness; and can't refrain
From saying they're a useful piece
Of household furniture, a kind,
Domestic animal, that knows
All the vagaries of your mind,
And makes your tea, and mends your clothes.
But marriage is, no doubt, a sea,
With many a rock that one may split on,
With many a hidden shoal that we
Will soon or late be sure to get on.
Who ever saw a genuine tear
Stand in a widow'd husband's eye?
Who ever had the luck to hear,
At such a time, a genuine sigh?
Look at the widower, when he goes
Accoutred in his best black clothes;
Is there no smile about his face,
No air of freedom in his pace?
No scorn about the glance he throws
In proud security on those
Whose looks inform you well enough
Their mates "are made of sterner stuff?"
This puts a story in my head,
I somewhere either heard or read:

A messenger, in breathless haste,
With hair erected on his head,
Into Cornaro's chamber press'd,
And rush'd up to the sleeper's bed;
The sleeper lay in sweet repose,
The wasted strength of his restoring,
Lull'd by the music of his nose,
Which mortals vulgarly call snoring.
The stranger shook him pretty roughly,
And tweak'd his nose and pull'd his hair.
At last Cornaro, rather gruffly,
Ask'd, "what the d—l brought him there?"
The messenger, in great distress,
At length, in broken accents, said,
"O! sir, they've sent me here express,
To tell you that your wife is dead!"
"Indeed!" the widow'd man replied,
Turning upon his other side,
And pulling o'er his eyes his cap,
In hopes of finishing his nap—
"To-morrow, when I wake, you'll see
How very sorry I shall be."

Dr. Reid says—"I have been credibly informed, that a monkey, having once been intoxicated with strong drink, in consequence of which it burnt its *fou*: in the fire, and had a severe fit of sickness, could not after be induced to drink any think but pure water. I believe this is the utmost pitch which the faculties of brutes reach."

A gentleman was distinguished for his attachment to the society of females. Where ladies were present one evening, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of Pythagoras. The gentleman remained silent. One of the party, (remarkable for the whiteness of her neck,) asked his opinion. "Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, sir?"

"O yes, madam!"

"And pray, may I inquire what creature's form you would prefer hereafter to inhabit?"

"A fly's, madam."

"A fly?"

"Yes; that I might have the pleasure, at some future day of resting on your ladyship's neck."

An English writer suggests a plan of naturalizing the fire fly, which abounds not only in America but in the Vaudois of Piedmont. The people of the Vaudois, he suggests would deliver any number of these insects in Paris, at ten shillings a dozen in boxes properly contrived, in every stage of their existence, and even in the egg, should that be desired; and that if twenty dozen were turned out in different parts of England, there could not remain a doubt, that, in a few years, they would be common through the country, to the great embellishment of English summer evenings.

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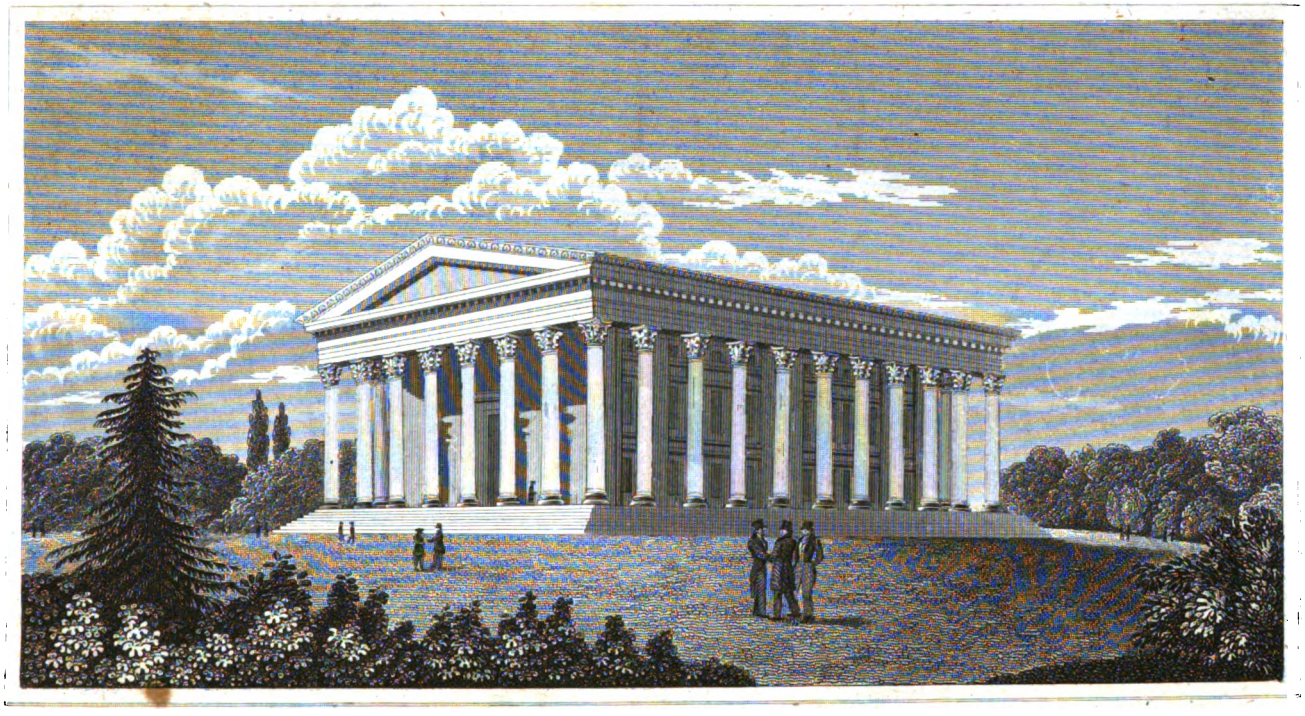

GIRARD COLLEGE.

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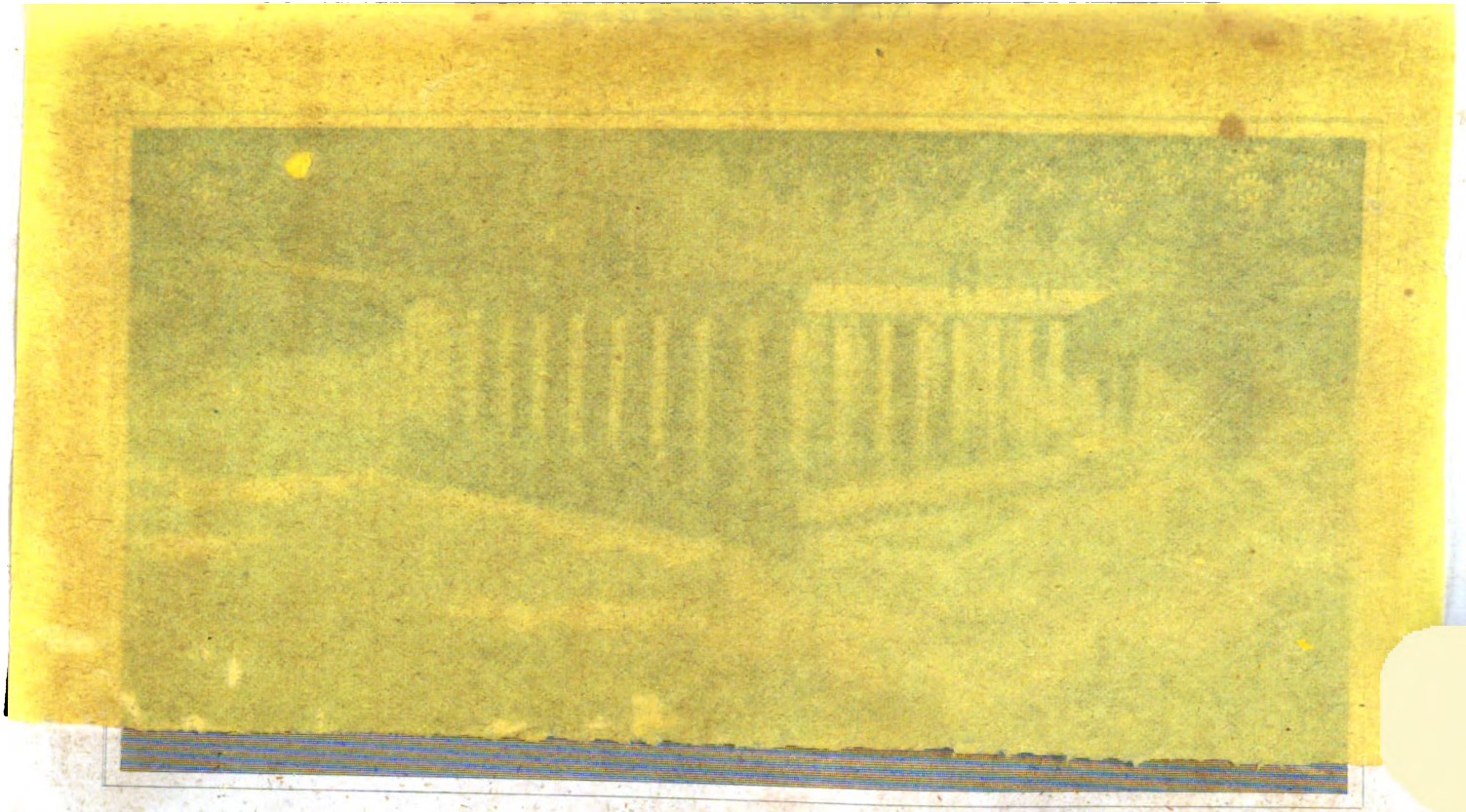

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ATKINSON'S

CASKET

OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

For noble youth, there is no thing so meet
As learning is, to know the good from ill:
To know the tongues, and perfectly indite,
And of the laws to have a perfect skill,
Things to reform as right and justice will:
For honour is ordained for no cause,
But to see right maintained by the laws.

No. 5.] PHILADELPHIA.—MAY. [1834.

THE GIRARD COLLEGE.

It is with no common feeling of satisfaction that we present to the readers of the Casket, the first engraved view of this magnificent monument of human philanthropy. If the public attention has been anxiously directed to the subject of the College, it was worthy that it should be, as it is seldom called on to contemplate an object so deserving. The architect, THOMAS U. WALTER, Esq. is a gentleman who has already distinguished himself by the erection of the Wills Hospital for the Blind and Lame, an institution which had its origin in a legacy to the corporation of Philadelphia, from the late JAMES WILLS of this city, and by the erection of a Prison for the County of Philadelphia, which is now rapidly approaching its completion.

The Girard College will be constructed in exact compliance with the will of Mr. Girard, with the Single exception of increasing the thickness of the walls, which as directed by him, were found to be insufficient for the safety and permanency of the vast stricture they were destined to support. Mr. Girard having caused a large number of stores and dwelling houses to be built, naturally became well versed in all the details of building, and in his will laid down a plan for the construction of his College, in which he directed the walls, after a certain height, to be made of only two feet thickness. This thickness was found, by more practical men, to be insufficient to make it a "permanent and durable" edifice, an injunction on which great stress was laid in his will; the thickness of the walls was therefore increased in the parts considered as needing it. The College is 111 feet east and west, and 169 feet north and south. *It is built on "lines parallel with the east and west city streets," deviating from a parallel with the north and south streets only as much as said streets deviate from a right angle. The design adopted by the councils, and now being executed, makes the house "three stories high; each story is fifteen feet high, in the clear from the floor to the cornice." The elevation of the arch, together with the thickness of the floor and arch, makes each story twenty five feet from floor to floor. "The whole building will be fire proof inside and outside."

"The floors and the roof are to be formed of solid materials, on arches turned on proper centres, so that no wood will be used except for doors, windows, and shutters."

"Cellars are made under the whole building; the doors to them from the outside, are on the east and west of the building, and access to them from the inside will be by steps descending to the cellar floor, from each of the entries or halls hereinafter mentioned, and the inside cellar doors are to open under the stairs on the north east, and north west corners of the northern entry, and under the stairs on the south east and south west corners of the southern entry."

"There is a cellar window, under, and in a line with each window of the first story. They are built 3 feet below, and 3 feet above the surface of the ground. The sashes are to open inside on hinges, like doors, and there is to be strong iron bars outside of each window," placed securely in the portico floor; the "windows inside and outside are 4 feet wide in the clear."

"There are in each story 4 rooms, each room being 50 feet square in the clear."

"The four rooms on each floor occupy the whole space east and west, on such floor or story, and the middle of the building north and south, so that in the north of the building, and in the south thereof, their remains a space" of 26 feet, "for an entry or hall in each, for stairs and landings."

"In the north east, and in the north west corners of the northern entry or hall on the first floor, stairs are to be made so as to form a double staircase, which are to be carried up through the several stories; and in the like manner, in the southeast and southwest corners of the southern entry or hall, stairs are to be made on the first floor, so as to form a double staircase, to be carried up through the several stories; the steps of the stairs are to be made of smooth white marble with plain square edges," each step is to be 7 1-2 inches rise, and 12 inches on the tread.

The outside and inside foundation walls, are 14 feet high in the clear from the ground to the ceiling, (or under side of the arches) the first floor is eight feet above the level of the ground, around the building after such ground shall have been properly regulated.

Arrangements have been made for chaining or banding the walls in the manner that Mr. Girard has directed.

* The quotations used in describing the College are from the Will of Mr. Girard.

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The elevation of the roof is one-ninth of the whole span, this being "as nearly horizontal as may be, consistently with the easy passage of water to the eaves;" "the outside walls" are to be caried up of the thickness of two feet, to the height of two feet above the roof, and to "have a marble capping, with a strong and neat iron railing thereon."

"The outside walls" are to "be faced with slabs or blocks of marble," the thickness of none of the courses "being less than two feet," understanding by the thickness, the vertical dimensions, these blocks are to be "fastened together with clamps, securely sunk therein."

"The floors and landings as well as the roof, are to be covered with marble slabs, securely laid in mortar; the thickness of the marbie on the roof, will be double that of the floors."

"In constructing the walls, as well as turning the arches, and laying the floors, landing and roof, good and strong mortar and grout, are to be used, so that no cavity whatever may any where remain."

Provision is made for a large furnace, in each end of the cellar, "for the generation of heated air," and flues are to be constructed in the walls, for the purpose of conducting the warm air thus generated, to all the rooms in the house.

"There are two principal doors of entrance into the College, one into the entry or hall on the first floor in the North, and one in the South of the building, and in the centre, between the East and West walls; these doors are proportioned according to the size of the building, the purpose of the doors and the size of the entry."

The same principle has governed in deciding upon the size and position of all the interior doors and windows.

"All the doors are to be double, those opening into the rooms to be what are termed glass doors, and those opening outward to be of substantial wood work, well lined and secured."

"The windows of the second and third stories," are "to be made in the style of those in the first and second stories of Mr. Girard's late dwelling, in North Water street;" that is to say, they are to be made to open in the centre, and hung on hinges the same as doors; "the windows of the first story, to be in the same style except that they are not to descend to the floor, but so far as the surbace, up to which the wall is to be carried, in the same manner as Mr. Girard's house in Passyunk Township."

The whole building is to be surrounded with a portico, twenty-one feet in width, with columns of the Grecian Corinthian order, this portico is essentially necessary, inasmuch, as it affords strength and stability to the third story arches. This additional strength is not obtained from the columns as props or shores to the building, but these columns support the entablature, ceiling of portico, &c. from which the requisite strength is obtained.

As it regards the arching of the first and second stories, there will be no difficulty, inasmuch, as the superincumbent weight will create a resistance to lateral pressure, and prevent any swerving that might occur from the tremendous pressure of the arches, but the third story arches not having the advantage of superior weight, must be secured by some other method.

All the arches will be banded with iron, (in the words of Mr. Girard) they will "be secured with iron chains," but these chains cannot embrace all that portion of the wall that is subjected to outward pressure, all the force cannot be positively resolved upon one horizontal line; the chains are of great importance it is true, but something more than chains is requisite. As a dernier resort therefore, a colonnade around the whole building was adopted.

The weight of the materials used in the construction of the entablature, portico—ceiling, roof, &c. is supported, one half on the columns, and one half on the walls of the building; this additional weight applied directly to that part of the wall, receiving the thrust of the third story arches, will prevent any "cracking or swerving," and give "strength and durability" to the whole work.

In addition to the strength gained by the weight on the walls at the spring of the arches, the ceiling of the portico and the entablature will be securely clamped together with iron; by this means a band will be formed around the whole building, which will give permanency and durability to the edifice.

All the marble required in the construction of this magnificent edifice, is now under contract, and a large quantity has already been delivered at the College, and prepared for placing on the walls; it is all of a very superior quality, and that intended for the porticoes, is clear white.

We understand that the carving of the corinthian capitals for the exterior, is also under contract, and the contractors have commenced the work; it is all to be executed on the land surrounding the College.

The whole of the marble is obtained in the state of Pennsylvania, and within 26 miles of Philadelphia.

The cost of the whole establishment is estimated at $900,000, and from six to eight years will be required to finish it. By the will of Mr. Girard, two millions of dollars are set aside for the construction and future support, while the balance of his vast estate is in reality a mere reserve fund, from which as much more may be drawn for the use of this College as may be found necessary. When this stupendous edifice is completed, it will be, without exception, the most splendid work on the American continent. All that taste, skill, money, and materials of surpassing excellence can do, will be united to form a monument worthy of the man who so munificently endowed it, and of which not only Philadelphia, but the country at large may well be proud.

The devotion of his wealth to charitable and useful purposes, seems to give the finishing stroke to the character of this remarkable man. By patient and laborious attention to his business, united with a shrewdness and sagacity which are seldom found to blend in a single individual, Girard accumulated a fortune which was even more than princely. In obtaining it, he wronged no man by overreaching, deception, or any of the dishonourable tricks of trade. No reproach of that kind has ever been brought against him. It is true that he was parsimonious, and it is said, unkind to his relations, as it is certain he was brutal in his treatment of those employed under him. On occasions too, he was liberal in the extreme. Of his religious life we dare not judge, as well because we have no knowledge of his secret devotions, their extent or their sincerity, as because it is no man's province to pass upon that which is the prorogative of Almighty Power alone. When dying, his wealth was not given to appease the horrors of a death bed, because his end was calm and tranquil; but having provided liberally for all the members of his family, in this country as well as in France, he bequeathed the remainder of his vast estate for the accomplishment of objects which after ages will unite, as we do, in pronouncing the most exalted and eminently beneficial to the human family.

POLITENESS.—A polite behavior can never be long maintained without a real wish to please; and such a wish is a proof of good-nature. No ill-natured man can be long well-bred. No good-natured man, however unpolished in his manners, can ever be essentially ill-bred.

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LOVE, LUCK AND HORSEMANSHIP, OR MY FIRST STEEPLE-CHASE.

By the Author of Wild Sports of the West.

It was the first week in July, when, having taken the honours of a graduate, after a five years sojourn within the classical courts of old Alma Mater, I strolled into the repository in Stephen's-green, to bid adieu to old H——, who for thirty years had horsed us of Trinty. It was a sale-day, and a blank one too; the world was out of town. There were few to sell, and fewer yet to buy. A hack not worth a hay-band, was knocked down to an aspiring linen-draper, who wanted "something smart" whereon to dust himself occasionally. I saw him regularly jockeyed with infinite satisfaction, as he had once dunned me, even unto payment, for "a beggarly account" of gloves and pocket handkerchiefs. Although he did not venture to invite me to be of the multitude of his counsellors, as I had broken his windows upon the evening I had paid his bill, that did not prevent me from pointing out certain beauties in the quadruped then beneath the hammer, which even had escaped the auctioneer himself. Indeed, according to my showing, the cardinal virtues of horseflesh were concentrated in that matchless animal. Yet human judgment is fallible, and the steed did not realize the qualifications ascribed to him by the puffer and myself; for, as the Evening Post soon afterwards announced, Mr. Lawrence Lutestring was run away with upon the rocky road, and the excited courser, not content with demolishing sundry ribs of the unfortunate cavalier, had, from an infirmity of vision, come in contact with a loaded jaunting-car, and the concussion was so awful, that the company were deposited in a wet ditch, and the vehicle rendered *hors du combat*.

I was about to leave the yard, when old Phil, prime-minister to the repository, jogged me on the elbow. "Stop a minute—it's worth while, sir. There's a queer one coming out—he's the devil, to be sure. Och, if he had but temper; but here he is." While he spoke, a rattling high-bred dark bay horse issued from the stables.—He was in the lowest condition imaginable; but, notwithstanding his poverty, he was the ruin of a noble animal—he was far from being handsome; the head was coarse, the shoulder thick; but he embodied some good points, and, though cross-made, to an experienced eye his "ensemble" was excellent. Archy, my best man—as honest a groom as ever won a living, whispered, "if he had not the *go* in him, he was the biggest villain under the canopy" and before the animal had made the third turn down the run, I had come to a similar conclusion.

The groom stopped when he had gained the vantage ground. "There, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "there's what I call youth and beauty; there's the maker of a fortune, and no mistake. The lady who could refuse any thing to a man with such a daisy cutter under him would be hard to please indeed—run him down, Lanty—that's action and elegance—come, sir," to a tall, raw-boned young grocer—"that horse was foaled for you—a gentleman of your figure should never cross any thing but blood—this here horse is young Selim: he's own brother to Mouse-catcher; cousin to Morgiana, and up to fourteen stone with any fox-hounds in the kingdom"—but Selim appeared likely to profit little by his respectable relationship; he had a *ree* look, a blemished knee, was fired behind, and had killed a man into the bargain; for he had run off with a drunken helper, and broke the rider's neck against the frame-work of the stable-door—no, in company of sober cits, requiring "steady roadsters," and "useful family horses," Selim found little favour; and the young grocer, even to become a lady-killer, would not bid a sixpence.

"Gentlemen, I put him up at *fifty*," said he of the hammer—"no reserve in this case—none, upon honour—owner gone to the Peninsula, and orders for sale absolute. Selim is a beautiful charger; steady with arms," and here he addressed a corpulent personage, who, as it appeared, was in the yeomanry; "he would carry you upon parade delightfully; his courage is only equalled by his training; his late master would ride him to a battery." A *battery*—may heaven forgive him! Selim had never seen a corporal's guard relieved in his life; a cracker would raise him sky-high, and a squib send him across the broadest part of Sackville-street.—Still, not a whisper from the company, and the auctioneer proceeded—"gentlemen, we must sacrifice him—orders peremptory, say *forty* for the beautiful and gentle animal:" "gentle," ejaculated the grocer, "and that after killing a groom." This was indeed a home hit—the auctioneer coughed—"hem—hem—rather unfortunate, but mere accident after all—say *thirty*, gentlemen—twenty—ten—do, give me a bid." "Five," roared a jingle owner—"*ten*," said Archy—"*fifteen*" shouted the puffer—"*twenty* cried I—the hammer fell—and the brother of Mouse-catcher was mine.

Now, I verily believe, that the whole history of Selim was apocryphal, except the solitary fact of his having finished a stable-boy. In one thing, however, Archy and I were unanimous—that to a herring-cadger he was worth the money, provided he would carry the basket. We brought him in the country—bled, fed, blistered, and physicked him, "*secundum artem*," turned him out upon a fine salt marsh, and left him "to fulfil his destinies."

At this memorable period of my life, the north of Ireland was celebrated for its sporting associations. The Boyne, the Doagh, the Newtownbreda hunts were all in full force; and few of the larger towns wanted their own particular club. Many private gentlemen were also masters of hounds, and kept their establishments nobly. Then the glory of "The Rangers" was in its zenith—their county and members were alike extensive; and no gentleman attached to field sports within thirty miles, whose rank and fortune would authorize his admission, but was enrolled in this celebrated club. The members met annually in the country town, attended by a pack of fox hounds, and "a gallant following." They lived liked "Irish kings," played high, drank deep, seldom went to bed, gave dashing balls, and set the country in a blaze weeks be-

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fore, and months afterwards. Alas! all this is over; the club is no more; the pack is scattered; the kennel a ruin; "The Rangers fill the narrow house:" and where in Ireland could rank, and wealth, and influence, be congregated now?

Into "The Rangers" I had been recently admitted; their meeting was fixed for the middle of October, and the cup, with other valuable plates, were then to be contested. The cup had excited unusual interest, and had been challenged by a dozen members, good men and true, and each having, or believing he had, an excellent chance of winning it. The race was three miles, over *Hibernice* a sporting, *Anglice* a break-neck country—the weights thirteen stone. There were already eight candidates in full preparation. Six depended on their own horses—good, fat, honest, weight-carriers—but two had gone to considerable expense, and had secured at "a large figure," celebrated racing-hunters "for the nonce."

"What will not young ambition?" In spite of this mighty array, I boldly added my name to the list of challengers. I had a slashing four-year-old mare, whose stride and action were extraordinary. As there were no allowance for the age or sex, the weights were certainly against her; but I was not the one to despair, and even to name her in the match was an honour more than worth the entrance-money.

August came; Miranda was in beautiful condition: and Archy exhausted upon her training all the arcana of the racing-stable, and the experience of a life; while I dreamed of nothing but cups and conquest. Alas! these youthful visions were rudely dispelled, for, one morning, Miranda was found halter-cast in the stable.—She was dead lame, and lame she continued for many a month afterwards. To me and my master of the horse this was a sad disappointment. I took myself to the grouse-shooting, and Archy to whiskey and religion. Poor Archy, in the hours of business, was an indifferent catholic, as the priest declared, but from the moment a horse was put in training, he never "darkened a chapel door."

August passed, and I would have willingly continued absent. To witness the downfall of my ambition was painful, as Miranda was incurably lame. Other feelings where paramount; I was deep in love, and at twenty-one that is a desperate concern.

Rosa lived near me. I would have forgotten her, but that was impossible. She was an heiress, gentle, and timid to a degree, and fearful of hearing she was beloved. Yet there were times when, if my advances were not encouraged, at least my suit was listened to, and an ill-concealed satisfaction told, that she was not indifferent to my suit. Her coldness piqued me for the moment, and yet I left her, persuaded that of all her sex she was the best worthy of being wooed and won.

I arrived home for a late dinner, discussed some old port, listened to a long story, and was musing over the misfortune of my mare, when Archy popped in his head to ask "if I would look into the stables." I followed him, and one glance told me that Miranda was not to figure in the field. My eyes passed over the stalls, and rested on a stranger in the corner, sheeted with my own covers. Archy, with a knowing look, stripped the new comer, and the brother of Mouse-catcher was before me; and could this be he? The rakish, tattered, rejected man-killer of the Repository, changed into as fine a horse as ever followed a fox-hound! The mystery was quickly solved—Archy had visited the salt-marsh—found Selim so altered as scarcely to be recognized; took him up and got him through physic, and ready for training. For this, indeed, there was but little time; but Archy swore "slight training was best for a half-breed," and Archy was right.

For my part, I could scarce believe my eyes, and examined Selim carefully, to assure myself of his identity. Every scratch upon his legs had disappeared; the blemish on his knee was hardly visible; he was now a sporting looking horse, and Archy swore, "better than he looked."

Time flew, and every thing increased my confidence in the cousin of Morgiana. His speed was easily ascertained, but of his fencing qualities we knew nothing. Any thing we took him at he executed well, and intricate leaps were for obvious reasons avoided. I had secured a gentleman to ride for me, who in steeple-chasing had covered himself with glory, and, with a reasonable hope of success, waited the result.

And yet I never caused my competitors a thought. With the lameness of Miranda, it had pleased them to conclude my racing history.

They heard, accidentally, that I had purchased a horse in town, and all they knew of him was, that he had killed a man and been bought for a song. With this information they rested satisfied, and decided that myself and man-killer were of "no consideration." I kept my own counsel, and when it was necessary to remove to the vicinity of the race-ground, I procured accommodation for my establishment at an obscure farm-house, and our incognito was as perfect as if we had never left our stables.

But there was one to whom my proceedings were not indifferent, and that one was my gentle Rosa. With all a woman's tenderness, she had sympathized in my disappointment; she knew my secret, for ours were young hearts, and what agitated one breast could not but interest the other.

The evening before the eventful day, I stole from the club-room, to exchange the jargon of the field for a tête-à-tête with my pretty mistress. "Hot with the Tuscan grape," I urged my passion with more than common ardour, and Rosa listened. Just then her maid disturbed us, and brought me a letter that had been forwarded by express. I broke the seal—death to my hopes! My rider had been thrown from a coach-box, and lay with a broken arm at a country inn some ten miles distant.

Rosa remarked my agitation.

"Is there any thing wrong, Arthur?"

"Yes, dearest, I am indeed a luckless cavalier; H——— has met with an accident, and Selim is consequently without a rider."

"And will he not run, then?"

Half a minute determines, frequently, as well

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as the consideration of half a year, and in that brief space I had formed my resolution.

"*He will run*, Rosa, but with me upon his back, what chance can he have with the best riders in the kingdom opposed?"

"But the danger, *dear* Arthur—"

"Is not greater than fox-hunters encounter thrice a week."

"And is there really no more?"

I assured her there was not, and shortly afterward bade her good night. This trifling occurrence elicited more from Rosa than all my studied efforts; and when I left her, for the first time I pressed her to my bosom, and heard her murmur a prayer for my safety.

Whether it was that unforseen events call forth the latent energies of the mind, or the consciousness that I was beloved by her for whom I would sacrifice a world, that roused the ardour of my spirits I knew not, but I entered the crowded club-room with a buoyant and excited feeling. The accident to my rider had transpired, and from some I received sincere, from others ironical, condolence.

"I hope notwithstanding, that the *homicide* will run," said the president.

"The *homicide*, as you are pleased to term him will run; and, for want of a better horseman, his owner will ride, and win—if he can."

My tone and manner were not unmarked; and while some were recommending me to effect a life insurance, I was coolly booking heavy odds, and so continued till every gentleman inclined to bet them had been heartily satisfied. The joking at my expense subsided fast-people began to look suspiciously, and Jemmy Joyce whispered his next neighbour, that the sooner he hedged the better, as the race was not quite so sure, I being, according to his parlance, "very like a lad who would make a spoon or spoil a horn." Having balanced my book, I borrowed an old blue jacket from the huntsman, left the club, visited the stable, and went quietly to rest, to be ready for the morrow.

Morning came, and I felt rather queer: I began to discover that it is no joke for a nervous gentleman to ride steeple-chases for the first time, under the critical examination of thirty thousand spectators. But an incident restored my *hardiesse*. At breakfast, a sealed parcel was handed me by the waiter; it contanied a beautiful pink and yellow jacket. No note accompanied it, but to the cap a scroll was attached, bearing in a female hand, the motto, "*may this be foremost!*" Whose might the fair favour be? My heart whispered the name and I was not mistaken.

The ground selected for the race was chosen, with excellent judgment, as it afforded to the mighty multitude an uninterrupted view of the race, from its commencement to its close: from a circular valley the surface undulated gently, and the course, nearly elliptical, stretched across the rising ground. In the same field the starting and winning posts were placed. This was a favourite stand; a long line of carriages of every description occupied it. Ladies were there "thick as leaves in Vall'ombrosa," for every thing *distingué* and beautiful for counties round was on the ground.

At twelve o'clock a warning bugle was heard, and from their respective cantonments the horses slowly approached the same point; each, as he entered the field, was scrutinized by a crowd of horsemen, who were assembled for that purpose at the gate. With short intervals, a brown, a gray and two bays passed review; they had their respective admirers, but caused no great sensation, and expectation "was still on the tiptoe;" presently a buz was heard, a horse approached, and Firebrand, a noted racing hunter from Roscommon, appeared. He looked to be in capital condition, and from having won four cups already, his character was deservedly first-rate.

"But louder yet the clamour grew," as the pet of the day, the far-famed English horse, Comet, appeared. He was a splendid, thorough-bred chesnut, full sixteen hands high, and looking every inch like a racer, I felt my cheek blanch as I examined him: he was indeed a formidable opponent; and as his late owner, Capt. M——, reputed justly to be the best field horseman in the kingdom, was to ride him, no wonder that I began to dread the contest.

He was led off, and my forlorn charger was impatiently expected. In the few minutes which elapsed before his entrée, I and my *man-killer* were subjected to many a sporting jest; at length the brother of Mouse-catcher appeared, and on he came with a careless toss of the head, as if he had never finished a stable-boy; closely sheeted as he was, his appearance was very different from what had been anticipated: the knowing ones looked more knowing; and Jemmy Joyce exclaimed with a grin, that he seemed "mighty like a Tartar!"

While the horses were leading to the starting-post, I galloped up to the hill to the place my pretty mistress occupied in an open carriage; "tell me, pray you," said her cousin, "what spell is over Rosa; know you the secret that robs her of the roses?" "Shall I restore them?" I replied; and unclosing my top-coat, displayed my handsome jacket. When it met her eyes, her cheeks were dyed with blushes, and left me at no loss to conjecture whence my fancy favour came.

Again the bugle sounded; Comet and Firebrand occupied the attention of the crowd, while Selim was stripped and saddled behind a large marquee; to assume my gay cap and doff my coat was the business of a minute; my competitors were already mounted, and I was impatiently called for, when from behind the tent a dashing horse and gallant rider issued. Our appearance elicited a murmur of applause; the owners of Comet and Firebrand looked blank enough; and faith they had good reason.

As we drew up in line, I thought the English racer appeared not to be in full force; but the determined countenance of the inimitable jockey, dressed in his black and buff stripes, looked alarming; nor was Firebrand without his friends; and the *green cap* was offered fully against every thing but Comet; as to me, people seemed afraid to back or bet against *me*; and those who had laid the odds last night pretty heavily, were hedging now as fast as they could meet with customers.

Off we went in a bunch; the bays, brown, and gray making the running. I saw at once that

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the pace, though severe for them, was nothing to Comet, Firebrand, and my friend the *Man-killer*. After a mile we tailed them off, and had the race to ourselves.

One moiety of the ground was broken into tillage fields and enclosures; the other was open meadow, affording excellent galloping, and interspersed with stiff fences. Here, having cleared the poddocks, we increased the speed, and came out at a killing pace.

On entering the grass-lands, I found my rivals could not conveniently go faster, and that I was up to it well; the race was indeed beautiful; for the next mile a sheet would cover us; the fences were taken in line; and none could tell whether black, yellow, or green was foremost.

Half a mile from home, there was a fence of tremendous size; it was a ditch with a drain at either side, and the place that we approached was *stoccaded* with stumped thorns. It was, in truth, a "regular rasper," and was distinguished by the country people "par excellence," as the *big-leap;* as we neared it, my companions gathered the energies of the horses for the trial, and Selim looked as if he were half-inclined to decline it; and yet with a glorious effort he cleared this formidable barrier in a style that drew from the multitude a thunder of applause: not so my rivals; Firebrand fell, and staked himself; while Comet, by his rider's horsemanship, was indifferently brought across, but staggering, he came down on landing, and in the mistake lost ground he could never recover; during the run home, he did make a wonderful struggle to pull up; it was in vain, for after we crossed the break-neck fence, I had the race hollow.

Amid deafening cheers, I was carried from the scales in triumph; I was declared, even by Jemmy Joyce, a youth of promise, and my *man-killer* the best weight-carrier in the kingdom.

Every tale has its moral; so has mine. Never condemn a horse untried; for many a good one has thus been sacrificed. I saved Selim from slavery and a jingle; and he won me four cups, and carried me four seasons as I was never carried afterward: nay more, I owe my connubial happiness mainly to "my bonny bay." Rosa was an heiress, and I a younger son; a rich rival was encouraged by her guardian, and in a few days he was expected to make his addresses in form. I was flushed with victory, and she flattered to see her fairy favourite *foremost* in the field. At the ball that night, my eloquence was irresistible; she smiled upon my suit; and, to end uncertainty, and save her guardian future trouble, eloped with me to Grenta the next morning.

Years of happiness have proved how fortunate our union was; and if some reminiscences of early indiscretion will sometimes intrude upon my memory, on two eras I can look back with unalloyed delight—the morning when I rode my first steeple-chase, and the evening that made Rosa mine.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to any one, talk as much as you please about his or her affairs, and as little as possible about your own. People are such downright egotists themselves, that they cannot tolerate egotism in others.

PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.—The habits and peculiarities of authors in almost every branch of literature have, in many instances, been sufficiently ridiculous. Rousseau, for instance, could write only when dressed in the highest style of refinement, and with crow pens, on tinted or gilt paper. Dr. Samuel Johnson was almost the only author of the last century who could write at any time and under any circumstances. In recent times, and in the present day, we find the greater proportion of authors free of the peculiarities which were fashionable among their predecessors; occupying half their time with some ordinary pursuit, and taking up the pen in most cases in the intervals of business. The chief composers of music were in general still more affected and impassioned in their feelings than the authors of the last century, and were apparently unable to compose, unless under great excitement. It is seen from a recent article in the *Harmonicon*, that Gluck, in order to warm his imagination, and transport himself in idea to Aulis, or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him, and a bottle of champagne by his side, he wrote his two Iphigenias, his Orpheus, and other works. Sarti, on the contrary, required a spacious dark room, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the most silent hours of night that he could summon musical ideas. Cimarosa, it seems, was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently, in the course of a single night, he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends. Cherubini was also in the habit of composing when surrounded with company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the *pips* with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though certainly not equally great with both. Sacchini could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gamboling about him. Paisiello composed in bed; and it was there that he planned *Il Barbiere de Seviglia*, *La Molinara* and other *chef-d' œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. Zingarelli would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic. Haydn, who was lofty in his conceptions, required a peculiar, but a harmless species of excitement. Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which, he said, was necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.

In the first ages of the world, the year was distinguished by two seasons only. Moses mentions seed-time and harvest, summer and winter. In process of time, the exertions of industry marked out other periods; but all that the Germans wanted of the earth was corn and grain, and the harvest being over, they had no fruits to expect in autumn. Brotier says, the Germans at this day have no distinct word in their language for the autumnal season. The term that satisfies them is Herbst, harvest. Beyond that period, the Ancient Germans knew no productions of the earth, having neither orchards nor fruit trees; and accordingly the Anglo-Saxon language has no name for autumn. The word in English was borrowed from the Latin.

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LAURA LOVEL.

A SKETCH—FOR LADIES ONLY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

The world is still deceived with ornament.—*Shakspeare.*

Laura Lovel was the eldest surviving daughter of a clergyman settled in a retired and beautiful village at the western extremity of the state of Massachusetts. Between Laura and her two youngest sisters, three other children had died. Being so much their senior, it was in her power to assist her father materially in the instruction of Ella and Rosa; as after his family had become small, Mr. Lovel thought it best that the two little girls should receive all their education at home, and never were children that conferred more credit on their teachers. Mrs. Lovel was a plain, good woman, of excellent practical sense, a notable seamstress, and a first rate housewife. Few families were more perfectly happy, notwithstanding that the limited income of Mr. Lovel (though sufficient for comfort) left them little or nothing for superfluities.

They had a very neat house standing in the centre of a flourishing garden, in which, utility had been the first consideration, though blended as far as possible with beauty. The stone fence looked like a hedge of nasturitans. The pillars supporting the rustic piazza that surrounded the house, were the rough trunks of small trees with a sufficient portion of the chief branches remaining, to afford resting places for the luxuriant masses of scarlet beans that ran over them; furnishing, when the blossoms were off, and the green pods full grown, an excellent vegetable-dish for the table. The house was shaded with fruit-trees exclusively, the garden shrubs were all raspberry, currant, and gooseberry, and the flowers were chiefly those that had medicinal properties, or could be turned to culinary purposes—with the exception of some that were cultivated purposely for the bees. A meadow which pastured two cows and a horse, completed the little domain.

About the time that Laura Lovel had finished her seventeenth year, there came to the village of Rosebrook an old friend of her father's whom he had long since lost sight of. They had received their early education at the same school, they had met again at college, and had some years after performed together a voyage to India; Mr. Brantley as supercargo, Mr. Lovel as a missionary. Mr. Brantley had been very successful in business, and was now a merchant of wealth and respectability, with a handsome establishment in Boston. Mr. Lovel had settled down as pastor of the principal church in his native village.

The object of Mr. Brantley's present visit to Rosebrook, was to enquire personally into the state of some property he still retained there. Mr. Lovel would not allow his old friend to remain at the tavern, but insisted that *his* house should be his abiding place; and they had much pleasure in comparing their reminiscences of former times. As their chief conversation was on topics common to both, Mr. Lovel did not perceive that, except upon mercantile subjects, Mr. Brantley had acquired few new ideas since they had last met, and that his reading was confined exclusively to the newspaper. But he saw that in quiet good-nature, and easiness of disposition, his old friend was still the same as in early life.

Mr. Brantley was so pleased with every member of the Lovel family, and liked his visit so much, that he was induced to prolong it two days beyond his first intention; and he expressed an earnest desire to take Laura home with him, to pass a few weeks with his wife and daughter. This proposal, however, was declined, with sincere acknowledgements for its kindness; Mr. Lovel's delicacy making him unwilling to send his daughter as a guest to a lady who as yet was ignorant of her existence, and Laura sharing in her father's scruples.

Mr. Brantley took his leave: and three months afterwards, he paid a second visit to Rosebrook, for the purpose of selling his property in that neighborhood. He brought with him a short but very polite letter from his wife to Mr. and Mrs. Lovel, renewing the invitation for Laura, and pressing it in a manner that could scarcely be withstood. Mr. Lovel began to waver; Mrs. Lovel thought it was time that Laura should see a little of the world, and Laura's speaking looks told how much pleasure she anticipated from the excursion. The two little girls, though their eyes filled at the idea of being separated from their beloved sister, most magnanimously joined in entreating permission for her to go, as they saw that she wished it. Finally, Mr. Lovel consented; and Laura seemed to tread on air while making her preparations for the journey.

That evening, at the hour of family worship, her father laid his hand on Laura's head, and uttered a fervent prayer for the preservation of her health and happiness during her absence from the paternal roof. Mrs. Lovel and all her daughters were deeply affected, and Mr. Brantley looked very much inclined to participate in their emotion.

Early next morning, Mr. Brantley's chaise was at the door, and Laura took leave of the family with almost as many tears and kisses as if she had been going to cross the Atlantic. Little Ella, who was about eight years old, presented her, at parting, with a very ingenious needle-book of her own making, and Rosa, who was just seven, gave her a keepsake, an equally clever pincushion. She promised to bring them new books and other little presents from Boston, a place in which they supposed every thing, that the world produced, could be obtained without difficulty.

Finally, the last farewell was uttered, the last kiss was given, and Laura Lovel took her seat in the chaise beside Mr. Brantley, who drove off at a rapid pace; and in a few moments, a turn in the road hid from her view the house of her father, and the affectionate group that still lingered at its gate to catch the latest glimpse of the vehicle that was bearing away from them the daughter and the sister.

As they proceeded on their journey, Laura's spirits gradually revived, and she soon became interested or delighted with every thing she beheld; for she had a quick perception, with a

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mind of much intelligence and depth of observation.

The second day of their journey had nearly closed before the spires of the Boston churches, and the majestic dome of the State House, met the intense gaze of our heroine. Thousands of lights soon twinkled over the city of the three hills, and the long vistas of lamps that illuminated the bridges, seemed to the unpractised eyes of Laura Lovel to realize the glories of the Arabian Nights. "Oh!" she involuntarily exclaimed, "if my dear little sister could only be with me now."

As they entered by the western avenue, and as Mr. Brantley's residence was situated in the eastern part of the city, Laura had an opportunity of seeing as she passed, a vast number of lofty, spacious, and noble-looking dwelling-houses, in the erection of which the patrician families of Boston have, perhaps, surpassed all the other aristocracies of the union; for sternly republican as are our laws and institutions, it cannot be denied that in private life every section of our commonwealth has its aristocracy.

At length they stopped at Mr. Brantley's door, and Laura had a very polite reception from the lady of the mansion, an indolent, good natured, insipid woman, the chief business of whose life was dress and company. Mr. Brantley had purchased a large and handsome house in the western part of the town, to which the family were to remove in the course of the autumn, and it was Mrs. Brantley's intention when they were settled in their new and elegant establishment to get into a higher circle, and to have weekly soirees. To make her parties the more attractive, she was desirous of engaging some very pretty young lady (a stranger with a new face) to pass the winter with her. She had but one child, a pert, forward girl, about fourteen, thin, pale, and seeming "as if she suffered a great deal in order to look pretty." She sat, stood, and moved, as if in constant pain from the tightness of her corsets, the smallness of her sleeve-holes, and the narrowness of her shoes. Her hair, having been kept long during the whole period of her childhood, was exhausted with incessant tying, brushing, and curling, and she was already obliged to make artificial additions to it. It was at this time a mountain of bows, plaits and puffs, and her costume was in every respect that of a woman of twenty. She was extremely anxious to "come out," as it is called, but her father insisted on her staying in, till she had finished her education; and her mother had been told that it was very impolite to allow young ladies to "appear in society" at too early an age, as they were always supposed to be older than they really were, and therefore, would be the sooner considered passed.

After tea, Mrs. Brantley reclined herself idly in one of the rocking-chairs, Mr. Brantley retired to the back parlour to read undisturbed the evening papers, and Augusta took up some bead-work, while Laura looked over the souvenirs with which the centre-table was strewed.

"How happy you must be, Miss Brantly," said Laura, "to have in your power to read so many new books."

"As to reading," replied Augusta, "I never have any time to spare for that purpose, what with my music, and my dancing, and my lessons in French conversation, and my worsted-work, and my bead-work; then I have every day to go out shopping, for I always *will* choose every thing for myself. Mamma has not the least idea of my taste; at least, she never remembers it. And then there is always some business with the mantua-makers and milliners. And I have so many morning visits to pay with mamma—and in the afternoon I am generally so tired that I can do nothing but put on a wrapper, and throw myself on the bed, and sleep till it is time to dress for evening."

"Oh!" thought Laura Lovel, "how differently do we pass our time at Rosebrook! Is not this a beautiful engraving?" she continued, holding one of the open souvenirs towards Augusta.

"Yes—pretty enough," replied Augusta, scarcely moving her head to look at it—"mamma, do not you think I had better have my green pelerine cut in scollops rather than in points?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Brantley, "that scollops are the prettiest."

"Really, mamma," said Augusta, petulantly, "it is very peculiar in you to say so, when you ought to know that scollops have had their day, and that points have come round again."

"Very well then, my love," replied Mrs. Brantley indolently, "consult your own taste."

"That I always do," said Augusta, half aside to Laura, who addressing herself to Mrs. Brantley, made some inquiry about the last new novel.

"I cannot say that I have read it," answered Mrs. Brantley, "at least, I don't know that I have. Augusta, my love, do you recollect if you have heard me say any thing about the last new book—the—a—the—what is it you call it, Miss Lovel?"

"La! mamma," said Augusta, "I should as soon expect to write a book as to read one."

There was a pause for a minute or two. Augusta then leaning back towards her mother, exclaimed—"Upon second thought, I think I will have the green pelerine scolloped, and the blue one pointed. But the points shall be squared at the ends—on that I am determined."

Laura now took up a volume of the juvenile annual entitled the Pearl, and said to Augusta—"You have, most probably, a complete set of the Pearl."

"After all, mamma," pursued Augusta, "butterfly bows are much prettier than shell bows. What were you saying just now, Miss Lovel, about my having a set of pearls?—you may well ask,"—looking spitefully towards the back parlor, in which her father was sitting. Papa holds out that he will not give me a set till I am eighteen—and as to gold chains, and corals and cornelians, I am sick of them, and I wont wear them at all—so you see me without any ornaments whatever, which you must think very peculiar."

Laura had tact enough to perceive that any further attempt at conversation on books, would be unavailing; and she made some inquiry about the annual exhibition of pictures at the Athenæum.

"I believe it is a very good one," replied

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Mrs. Brantley. "We stopped there one day on our way to dine with some friends out of town. But as the carriage was waiting, and the horses were impatient, we only staid a few minutes, just long enough to walk round."

"Oh! yes, mamma," cried Augusta, "and don't you recollect we saw Miss Darford there in a new dress of lavender colored grenadine, though grenadines have been over these hundred years. And there was pretty Mrs. Lenham, as the gentlemen call her, in a puce-colored italianet, though italianets have been out for ages. And don't you remember Miss Grover's canary-colored reps bonnet, that looked as if it had been made in the ark. The idea of any one wearing reps!—a thing that has not been seen since the flood! Only think of reps!"

Laura Lovel wondered what *reps* could possibly be. "Now I talk of bonnets," pursued Augusta; "pray, mamma, did you tell Miss Pipincord that I would have my Tuscan leghorn trimmed with the lilac and green riband, instead of the blue and yellow?"

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Brantley, "I found your cousin Mary so extremely ill this afternoon when I went to see her, and my sister so very uneasy on her account, that I absolutely forgot to call at the milliner's, as I had promised you."

"Was there ever any thing so vexatious!" exclaimed Augusta, throwing down her beadwork. "Really, mamma, there is no trusting you at all. You never remember to do any thing you are desired." And flying to the bell she rang it with violence.

"I could think of nothing but poor Mary's danger," said Mrs. Brantley, "and the twenty-five leeches that I saw on her forehead."

"Dreadful!" ejaculated Augusta. "But you might have supposed that the leeches would do her good, as of course they will. Here, William," addressing the servant man that had just entered; "run as if you were running for your life to Miss Pipincord, the milliner, and tell her upon no account, whatever, to trim Miss Brantley's Tuscan Leghorn with the blue and yellow riband that was decided on yesterday. Tell her I have changed my mind, and resolved upon the lilac and green. Fly as if you had not another moment to live, or Miss Pipincord will have already trimmed the bonnet with the blue and yellow."

"And then," said Mrs. Brantley, "go to Mrs. Ashmore's, and inquire how Miss Mary is this evening."

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Augusta, "aunt Ashmore lives so far from Miss Pipincord's that it will be ten or eleven o'clock before William gets back, and I shall be all that time on thorns to know if she has already disfigured my bonnet with the vile blue and yellow."

"Yesterday," said Mrs. Brantley, "you admired that very riband extremely."

"So I did," replied Augusta, "but I have been thinking about it since, and as I tell you, I have changed my mind. And now that I have set my heart upon the lilac and green, I absolutely detest the blue and yellow."

"But I am really very anxious to know how Mary is to-night," said Mrs. Brantley.

"Oh!" replied Augusta, "I dare say the leeches have relieved her. And if they have not, no doubt Dr. Warren will order twenty-five more—or something else that will answer the purpose. She is in very good hands—I am certain that in the morning we shall hear that she is considerably better. At all events I *will not* wear the hateful blue and yellow riband—William what are you standing for?"

The man turned to leave the room, but Mrs. Brantley called him back. "William," said she, "tell one of the women to go to Mrs. Ashmore's and inquire how Miss Mary is."

"Eliza and Matilda are both out," said William, "and Louisa is crying with the tooth ache, and steaming her face over hot yerbs—I guess she won't be willing to walk so far in the night air, just out of the steam."

"William!" exclaimed Augusta, stamping with her foot, "don't stand here talking, but go at once; there's not a moment to lose. Tell Miss Pipincord if she has put on that horrid riband, she must take it off again, and charge it in the bill, if she pretends she can't afford to lose it, as I dare say she will—and tell her to be sure and send the bonnet home early in the morning—I am dying to see it."

To all this Laura Lovel had sat listening in amazement, and could scarcely conceive the possibility of the mind of so young a girl being totally absorbed in things that concerned nothing but external appearance. She had yet to learn that a passion for dress, when thoroughly excited in the female bosom, and carried to excess, has a direct tendency to cloud the understanding, injure the temper, and harden the heart.

Till the return of William, Augusta seemed indeed to be on thorns. At last he came, and brought with him the bonnet, trimmed with blue and yellow. Augusta snatched it out of the bandbox, and stood speechless with passion, and William thus delivered his message from the milliner—

"Miss Pipincord sends word that she had riband'd the bonnet afore I come for it—she says she has used up all her laylock green for another lady's bonnet, as she chose it this afternoon; and she guesses you won't stand no chance of finding no more of it, if you sarch Boston through; and you chose the yellow and blue yourself, and she han't got no more ribands as you'd be likely to like. Them's her very words."

"How I do hate milliners!" exclaimed Augusta, and ringing for the maid that always assisted her in undressing, she flounced out of the room and went to bed.

"Miss Lovel," said Mrs. Brantley, smiling, "you must excuse dear Augusta. She is extremely sensitive about every thing, and that is the reason she is apt to give way to these little fits of irritation."

Laura retired to her room, grieving to think how unamiable a young girl might be made, by the indulgence of an inordinate passion for dress.

Augusta's cousin Mary did not die.

The following day was to have been devoted to shopping, and to making some additions to the simple wardrobe of Laura Lovel, for which

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purpose her father had given her as much money as he could possibly spare. But it rained till late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Brantley's coach was out of order, and the Brantley's (like many other families that keep carriages of their own) could not conceive the possibility of *hiring* a similar vehicle upon any exigency whatever.

It is true that the present case was in reality no exigency at all; but Mrs. Brantley and her daughter seemed to consider it as such, from the one watching the clouds all day as she sat at the window, in her rocking-chair, and the other wandering about like a troubled spirit, fretting all the time, and complaining of the weather. Laura got through the hours very well, between reading Souvenirs, (almost the only book in the house,) and writing a letter to inform her family of her safe arrival, and to describe her journey. Towards evening, a coach was heard to stop at the door, and there was a violent ringing, followed by a loud sharp voice in the entry, inquiring for Mrs. Brantley, who started from her rocking-chair as Augusta exclaimed, "Miss Frampton! —I know 'tis Miss Frampton!" The young lady rushed into the hall, while her mother advanced a few steps, and Mr. Brantley threw down his paper, and hastened to the front-parlor with a look that expressed any thing but satisfaction.

There was no time for comment or preparation. The sound was heard of baggage depositing, and in a few moments Augusta returned to the parlor, hanging lovingly on the arm of a lady in a very handsome travelling dress, who flew to Mrs. Brantley and kissed her familiarly, and then shook hands with her husband, and was introduced by him to our heroine.

Miss Frampton was a fashionable looking woman of no particular age. Her figure was good, but her features were the contrary, and the expression of her eye was strikingly bad. She had no relations, but she talked incessantly of her *friends*—for so she called every person whom she ever knew by sight, provided always they were *presentable* people. She had some property, on the income of which she lived, exercising close economy on every thing but dress. Sometimes she boarded out, and sometimes she billeted herself on one or the other of these said friends, having no scruples of delicacy to deter her from eagerly availing herself of the slightest hint that might be construed into the semblance of an invitation. In short, she was assiduous in trying to get acquainted with every body from whom any thing was to be gained, flattering them to their faces, though she abused them behind their backs. Still, strange to tell, she had succeeded in forcing way into the outworks of what is called society. She dress well, professed to know every body, and to go every where, was *au fait* to all the gossip of the day, and could always furnish ample food for the too prevailing appetite for scandal. Therefore, though every one disliked Miss Frampton, so every one tolerated her; and though a notorious calumniator, she excited so much fear, that it was generally thought safer to keep up some slight intercourse with her, than to affront her by throwing her off entirely.

Philadelphia was her usual place of residence; but she had met the Brantley family at the Saratoga Springs, had managed to accompany them to New York on their way home, had boarded at Bunker's during the week they stayed at that house, had assisted them in their shopping expeditions, and professed a violent regard for Augusta, who professed the same for her. Mrs. Brantley's slight intimation "that she should be glad to see her if ever she came to Boston," Miss Frampton had now taken advantage of, on pretext of benefitting by change of air. Conscious of her faded looks, but still hoping to pass for a young woman, she pretended always to be in precarious health, though of this there was seldom any proof positive.

On being introduced to Laura Lovel, as to a young lady on a visit to the family, Miss Frampton, who at once considered her an interloper, surveyed our heroine from head to foot, with something like a sneer, and exchanged significant glances with Augusta.

As soon as Miss Frampton had taken her seat, "My dear Mrs. Brantley," said she, "how delighted I am to see you! And my sweet Augusta too! Why she has grown a perfect sylph!"

After hearing this, Augusta could not keep her seat five minutes together, but was gliding and flitting about all the remainder of the evening, and hovering round Miss Frampton's chair.

Miss Frampton continued, "Yes, my dear Mrs. Brantley, my health has, as usual, been extremely delicate. My friends have been seriously alarmed for me, and all my physicians have been quite miserable on my account. Dr. Dengue has been seen driving through the streets like a madman, in his haste to get to me. Poor man—you must have heard the report of his suffering Mrs. Smith's baby to die with the croup, from neglecting to visit it, which, if true, was certainly in very bad taste. However, Dr. Dengue is one of my oldest friends, and a most charming man.

"But, as I was saying, my health still continued delicate, and excitement was unanimously recommended by the medical gentlemen—excitement and ice-cream. And as soon as this was known in society, it is incredible how many parties were made for me, and how many excursions were made on my account. I had carriages at my door day and night. My friends were absolutely dragging me from each other's arms. Finally, they all suggested entire change of air, and total change of scene. So I consented to tear myself awhile from my beloved Philadelphia, and pay you my promised visit in Boston."

"We are much obliged to you," said Mrs. Brantley. "And really," pursued Miss Frampton, "I had so many engagements on my hands, that I had fixed five different days for starting, and disappointed five different escorts. My receiving-room was like a levee every morning at visiting hours, with young gentlemen of fashion, coming to press their services, as is always the case when it is reported in Philadelphia that Miss Frampton has a disposition to travel. A whole procession of my friends accompanied me to the steamboat, and I believe I had more than a dozen elegant smelling-bot-

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ties presented to me—as it is universally known how much I always suffer during a journey, being deadly sick on the water, and in a constant state of nervous agitation while riding."

"And who did you come with at last?" asked Mrs. Brantley.

"Oh! with my friends, the Twamberleys, of your city," replied Miss Frampton. "The whole family had been at Washington, and as soon as I heard they were in Philadelphia on their return home, I sent to inquire—that is, or rather, I mean, *they* sent to inquire as soon as they came to town, and heard that I intended visiting Boston—they sent to inquire if I would make them happy by joining their party."

"Well," observed Mr. Brantley, "I cannot imagine how you got along with the Twamberleys. Mr. Twamberley, besides being a clumsy, fat man, upwards of seventy years old, and lame with the gout, and nearly quite deaf, and having cataracts coming on both eyes, is always obliged to travel with his silly young wife, and the eight children of her first husband, and I should think he had enough to do in taking care of himself and them. I wonder you did not prefer availing yourself of the politeness of some of the single gentlemen you mentioned."

"Oh!" replied Miss Frampton, "any of them would be too happy as they politely expressed it, to have had the pleasure of waiting on me to Boston. Indeed, I knew not how to make a selection, being unwilling to offend any of them by a preference. And then again, it is always in better taste for young ladies to travel, and indeed to go every where, under the wing of a married woman. I dote upon chaperons; and by coming with this family, I had Mrs. Twamberley to matronize me. I have just parted with them all at their own door, where they were set down."

Mr. Brantley smiled when he thought of Mrs. Twamberley (who had been married to her first husband at fifteen, and was still a blooming girlish looking woman) matronizing the faded Miss Frampton, so evidently by many years her senior.

Laura Lovel, though new to the world, had sufficient good sense and penetration to perceive almost immediately, that Miss Frampton was a woman of much vanity and pretension, and that she was in the habit of talking with great exaggeration; and in a short time she more than suspected that many of her assertions were arrant falsehoods—a fact that was well known to all those numerous persons that Miss Frampton called her *friends*.

Tea was now brought in, and Miss Frampton took occasion to relate in what manner she had discovered that the famous silver urn of that charming family, the Sam Kettlethorpe, was in reality, only plated—that her particular favourites, the Joe Sowerbys, showed such bad taste at their terrapin supper, as to have green hock-glasses for the champaign; and that those delightful people, the Bob Skutterbys, the first time they attempted the new style of heaters at a venison dinner, had them filled with spirits of turpentine, instead of spirits of wine.

Next morning, Miss Frampton did not appear at the breakfast table, but had her first meal carried into her room, and Augusta breakfasted with her.

Between them, Laura Lovel was discussed at full length, and their conclusion was, that she had not a single good feature—that her complexion was nothing, her figure nothing, and her dress worse than nothing.

"I don't suppose," said Augusta, "that her father has given her much money to bring to town with her."

"To be sure he has not," replied Miss Frampton, "if he is only a poor country clergyman. I think it was in very bad taste for him to let her come at all."

"Well," said Augusta, "we must take her a shopping this morning, and try to get her fitted out, so as to make a decent appearance at Nahant, as we are going thither in a few days."

"Then I have come just in the right time," said Miss Frampton. "Nahant is the very place I wish to visit—my sweet friend Mrs. Dick Pewsey has given me such an account of it. She passed a week at Nahant when she came to Boston last summer."

"Oh! I remember her," cried Augusta. "She was a mountain of blonde lace."

"Yes," observed Miss Frampton, "and not an inch of that blonde has yet been paid for, or ever will be. I know it from good authority."

They went a shopping, and Augusta took them to the most fashionable store in Washington street, where Laura was surprised and confused at the sight of the various beautiful articles shown to them. Even their names perplexed her. She knew very well what gros de Naples was, (or gro de nap, as it is commonly called,) but she was at a loss to distinguish gros de Berlin, gros de Suisse, gros de Zane, and all the other gros. Augusta, however, was *au fait* to the whole, and talked and flitted, and glided, producing, as she supposed, great effect among the young salesmen at the counters. Miss Frampton examined every thing with scrutinizing eye, undervalued them all, and took frequent occasions to say that they were far inferior to similar articles in Philadelphia.

At length, a very light-coloured figured silk, with a very new name, was selected for Laura. The price appeared to her extremely high, and when she heard the number of yards that were considered necessary, she faintly asked "if less would not do." Miss Frampton sneered, and Augusta laughed out, saying, "Don't you see that the silk is very narrow, and that it has a wrong side and a right side, and that the flowers have a top and a bottom. So as it cannot be turned every way, a large quantity will be required."

"Had I not better choose a plain silk," said Laura; "one that is wider, and that *can* be turned any way."

"Oh! plain silks are so common," replied Augusta; "though for a change they are well enough. I have four. But this will be the best for Nahant. We always dress to go there, and, of course, we expect all our party to do the same."

"But really, this silk is so expensive," whispered Laura.

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"Let the dress be cut off," said Miss Frampton, in a peremptory tone. "I am tired of such hesitation. 'Tis in very bad taste."

The dress *was* cut off, and Laura on calculating the amount, found that it would make a sad inroad on her little modicum. Being told that she must have also a new printed muslin, one was chosen for her with a beautiful sky blue for the predominant colour, and Laura found that this also was a very costly dress. She was next informed that she could not be presentable without a French pelerine of embroidered muslin. Pelerines in great variety were then produced, and Laura found, to her dismay, that the prices were from ten to twenty-five dollars. She declined taking one, and Miss Frampton and Augusta exchanged looks which said, as plainly as looks can speak, "I suppose that she has not money enough."

Laura coloured—hesitated—at last false pride got the better of her scruples. The salesman commended the beauty of the pelerines; particularly of one tied up at the front, and ornamented on the shoulders with bows of blue ribbon—and our heroine yielded, and took it at fifteen dollars; those at ten dollars, being voted by Miss Frampton "absolutely mean."

After this Laura was induced to supply herself with silk stockings and white silk gloves, "of a new style," and was also persuaded to give five dollars for a small scarf, also a new style. And when all these purchases were made, she found that three quarters of a dollar were all that remained in her purse. Augusta also bought several new articles; but Miss Frampton got nothing. However, she insisted afterwards on going into every fancy store in Washington street—not to buy, but "to see what they had," and gave much trouble in causing the salesmen needlessly to display their goods to her, and some offence by making invidious comparisons between their merchandize and that of Philadelphia.

By the time all this shopping was over, the clock of the Old South had struck two, and it was found expedient to postpone till next day, the intended visit to the milliner and mantua-maker, Miss Frampton and Augusta declaring that of afternoons they were never fit for any thing but to throw themselves on the bed and go to sleep. Laura Lovel, fatigued both in body and mind, and feeling much dissatisfied with herself, was glad of a respite from the pursuit of finery though it was only till next morning; and she was almost "at her wit's end" to know in what way she was to pay for having her dress made—much less for the fashionable bonnet which her companions insisted on her getting—Augusta giving more than hints, that if she went with the family to Nahant, they should expect her "to look like other people;" and Miss Frampton signifying in loud whispers, that "those who were unable to make an appearance, had always better stay at home."

In the evening there were some visitors, none of whom were very entertaining or agreeable, though all the ladies were excessively dressed. Laura was reminded of the homely proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together." The chief entertainment was listening to Augusta's music, who considered herself to sing and play with wonderful execution. But to the unpractised ears and eyes of our heroine, it seemed nothing more than an alternate succession of high shrieks and low murmurs, accompanied by various contortions of the face, sundry bowings and wavings of the body, great elevation of the shoulders, squaring of the elbows, and incessant quivering of the fingers, and throwing back of the hand. Miss Frampton talked all the while in a low voice to a lady that sat next to her, and turned round at intervals to assure Augusta that her singing was divine, and that she reminded her of Madame Fearon.

Augusta had just finished a very great song, and was turning over her music books in search of another, when a slight ring was heard at the street door, and as William opened it, a weak hesitating voice inquired for Miss Laura Lovel, adding, "I hope to be excused, I know I ought not to make so free; but I heard this afternoon, that Miss Laura, eldest daughter of the reverend Edward Lovel, of Rosebrook, Massachusetts, is now in this house, and I have walked five miles into town for the purpose of seeing the young lady. However, I ought not to consider the walk as any thing, and it was improper in me to speak of it at all. The young lady is an old friend of mine, if I may be so bold as to say so."

"There's company in the parlour," said William, in a tone not over respectful—"very particular company."

"I won't meddle with any of the company," proceeded the voice. "I am very careful never to make myself disagreeable. But I just wish, (if I am not taking too great a liberty,) to see Miss Laura Lovel."

"Shall I call her out?" said William.

"I would not for the world give her the trouble," replied the stranger. "It is certainly my place to go to the young lady, and not her's to come to me. I always try to be polite. I hope you don't find me unpleasant."

"Miss Lovel," said Miss Frampton sneeringly, "this must certainly be *your* beau."

The parlor door being open, the whole of the preceding dialogue had been heard by the company, and Miss Frampton from the place in which she sat, had a view of the stranger, as he stood in the entry.

William then, with an unsuppressed grin, ushered into the room a little thin, weak-looking man, who had a whitish face, and dead light hair, cut straight across his forehead.

His dress was scrupulously neat, but very unfashionable. He wore a full suit of yellowish brown cloth, with all the gloss on. His legs were covered with smooth cotton-stockings, and he had little silver knee-buckles. His shirt collar and his cravat were stiff and blue, the latter being tied in front with very long ends, and in his hand he held a blue bandanna handkerchief, carefully folded up. His whole deportment was stiff and awkward.

On entering the room, he bowed very low with a peculiar jerk of the head, and his whole appearance and manner denoted the very acme of humility. The company regarded him with amazement, and Miss Frampton began to whisper, keeping her eye fixed on him all the time.

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Laura started from her chair, hastened to him, and holding out her hand, addressed him by the name of Pyam Dodge. He took the proffered hand, after a moment of hesitation, and said, "I hope I am properly sensible of your kindness, Miss Laura Lovel, in allowing me to take your hand, now that you are grown. Many a time have I led you to my school, when I boarded at your respected father's, who, I trust, is well. But now, I would not, on any account, be too familiar."

(Laura pointed to a chair.)

"But which is the mistress of the house? I know perfectly well that it is proper for me to pay my respects to her before I take the liberty of sitting down under her roof. If I may presume to say that I understand any thing thoroughly, it is certainly good manners. In my school, manners were always perfectly well taught—my own manners, I learnt chiefly from my revered uncle, Deacon Ironskirt, formerly of Wicketiquock, but now of Popsquish."

Laura then introduced Pyam Dodge to the lady of the house, who received him civilly, and then to Mr. Brantley, who, perceiving that the poor school-master was what is called a character, found his curiosity excited to know what he would do next.

This ceremony over, Pyam Dodge bowed round to each of the company separately. Laura saw at once that he was an object of ridicule; and his entire want of tact, and his pitiable simplicity had never before struck her so forcibly. She was glad, when, at last, he took a seat beside her, and in a low voice she endeavored to engage him in a conversation that should prevent him from talking to any one else. She found that he was master of a district school about five miles from Boston, and that he was perfectly contented—for more than that he never had aspired to be.

But vain were the efforts of our heroine to keep Pyam Dodge to herself, and to prevent him from manifesting his peculiarities to the rest of the company. Perceiving that Augusta had turned round on her music-stool to listen, and to look at him, the school-master rose on his feet, and bowing first to the young lady, and then to her mother, he said, "Madam, I am afraid that I have disturbed the child in striking on her pyano-forty. I would on no account cause any interruption—for that might be making myself disagreeable. On the contrary, it would give me satisfaction for the child to continue her exercise, and I shall esteem it a privilege to hear how she plays her music. I have taught singing myself."

Augusta then, by desire of her mother, commenced a new bravura, which ran somehow thus:—

Oh! drop a tear, a tender tear—oh! drop a tear, a tender, tear. Oh! drop, oh! drop, oh! dro-o-op a te-en-der te-e-ear—a tender tear—a a tear for me a tear for me; a tender tear for me.

When I, when I, when I-I-I am wand'ring, wand'ring, wand'ring, wand'ring, far, far from thee—fa-a-ar, far, far, far from thee—from thee.

For sadness in—for sadness in, my heart, my heart shall reign—shall re-e-e-ign—my hee-e-art—for sa-a-adness in my heart shall reign—shall reign.

Until—until—unti-i-il we fondly meet again, we fondly meet, we-fo-o-ondly me-e-et—until we fondly, fondly, fondly meet—meet, meet, meet, again—we meet again.

This song (in which the silliness of the words was increased ten-fold by the incessant repetition of them), after various alternations of high and low, fast and slow, finished in thunder. Augusta striking the concluding notes with an energy that made the piano tremble.

When the Bravura was over, Pyam Dodge, who had stood listening in amazement, looked at Mrs. Brantley, and said "Madam, your child must doubtless sing that song very well when she gets the right tune."

"The right tune," interrupted Augusta, indignantly.

"The right tune!" echoed Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton.

"Yes," said Pyam Dodge, solemnly—"and the right words also. For what I have just heard, is, of course, neither the regular tune nor the proper words, as they seem to go every how—therefore I conclude that all this wandering and confusion, was caused by the presence of these strangers; myself in all probability being the greatest stranger, if I may be so bold as to say so. This is doubtless the reason why she mixed up the words at random, and repeated the same so often, and why her actions at the pyano-forty are so strange. I trust that at other times she plays and sings so as to give the proper sense."

Augusta violently shut down the lid of her piano, and gave her father a look that implied, "Won't you turn him out of the house." But Mr. Brantley was much diverted, and laughed audibly.

Pyam Dodge surveyed himself from head to foot, ascertained that his knee-buckles were fast, and his cravat not untied, and finding all his clothes in complete order, he said, looking round to the company, "I hope there is nothing ridiculous about me—it is my endeavor to appear as well as possible; but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

"Upon my word," said Miss Frampton, leaning across the centre-table to Mrs. Brantley, "your protegee seems to have a strange taste in her acquaintances. However, that is always the case with people who have never been in society, as my friend Mrs. Tom Spradlington justly remarks."

A waiter with refreshments was now brought in, and handed round to the company. When it came to Pyam Dodge, he rose on his feet and thanked the man for handing it to him—then taking the smallest possible quantity of each of the different articles, he put all on the same plate, and unfolding his blue bandana, he spread it carefully and smoothly over his knees, and commenced eating with the smallest possible mouthfuls, praising every thing as he tasted it. The wine being offered to him, he respectfully declined, signifying that he belonged to the Temperance Society. But he afterwards took a glass of lemonade, on being assured that it was not punch, and again rising on his feet, he drank

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the health of each of the company separately, and not knowing their names, he designated them as the lady in the blue gown, the lady in the white gown, the gentleman in the black coat, &c.

This ceremony over, Pyam Dodge took an old-fashioned silver watch, of a shape almost globular, and looking at the hour, he made many apologies for going away so soon, having five miles to walk, and requested that his departure might not break up the company. He then bowed all round again—told Laura he would thank her for her hand, which on her giving him, he shook high, and awkwardly, walked backwards to the door and ran against it, trusted that he had made himself agreeable, and at last departed.

The front door had scarcely closed after him when a general laugh took place, which even Laura could scarcely refrain from joining in.

"Upon my word, Miss Lovel," said Augusta, "this friend of yours, is the most peculiar person I ever beheld."

"I never saw a man in worse taste," remarked Miss Frampton.

In a moment another ring was heard at the door, and on its being opened, Pyam Dodge again made his appearance in the parlour, to beg pardon of the lady of the house, for not having returned thanks for his entertainment, and also to the *young* lady for her music, which, he said, "was, doubtless, well meant." He then repeated his bows and withdrew.

"What an intolerable fool!" exclaimed Augusta.

"Indeed," replied Laura Lovel, "he is, after all, not deficient in understanding, though his total want of tact, and his entire ignorance of the customs of the world, give an absurdity to his manner, which I confess it is difficult to witness without a smile. I have heard my father say that Pyam Dodge is one of the best classical scholars he ever knew, and he is certainly a man of good feelings, and of irreproachable character."

"I never knew a bore that was not," remarked Miss Frampton.

There was again a ring at the door, and again Pyam Dodge was ushered in. His business now, was to inform Miss Laura Lovel, that if she did not see him every day during her residence in Boston, she must not impute the unfrequency of his visits to any disrespect on his part, but rather to his close confinement to the duties of his school—besides which, his leisure time was much occupied in studying Arabic; but he hoped to make his arrangements so as to be able to come to town, and spend at least three evenings with her every week.

At this intimation, there were such evident tokens of disapproval, on the part of the Brantley family and Miss Frampton, and of embarrassment on that of Laura, that poor Pyam Dodge, obtuse as he was to the things of this world, saw that the announcement of his visits was not perfectly well received. He looked amazed at this discovery, but bowed lower than ever, hoped he was not disgusting, and again retreated.

Once more was heard the faint ring that announced the schoolmaster. "Assuredly," observed a gentleman present, "this must be the original Return Strong."

This time, however, poor Pyam Dodge did not venture into the parlour, but was heard meekly to inquire of the servant, if he had not dropped his handkerchief in the hall. The handkerchief was picked up, and he finally departed, humbly hoping "that the gentleman attending the door, had not found him troublesome." The moment that he was gone, the gentleman who attended the door, was heard audibly to put up the dead-latch.

Next day, Augusta Brantley gave a standing order to the servants, that whenever Miss Lovel's school-master came, he was to be told that the whole family were out of town.

In the morning, Laura was conveyed by Augusta and Miss Frampton, to the mantua-maker's, and Miss Boxpleat demurred a long time about undertaking the two dresses, and longer still about finishing them that week, in consequence of the vast quantity of work she had now on hand. Finally she consented, assuring Laura Lovel that she only did so to oblige Miss Brantley.

Laura then asked what would be the charge for making the dresses. Miss Boxpleat reddened, and vouchsafed no reply. Miss Frampton laughed out, and Augusta twitched Laura's sleeve, who wondered what faux pas she had committed, till she learned in a whisper that it was an affront to the dress-maker to attempt a bargain with her before-hand, and our heroine, much disconcerted, passively allowed herself to be fitted for the dresses.

Laura had a very pretty bonnet of the finest and whitest split straw, modestly trimmed with broad white satin ribbon; but her companions told her that there was no existing without a dress hat, and she was accordingly carried to Miss Pipincord's. Here they found that all the handsomest articles of this description, were already engaged, but they made her bespeak one of a very expensive silk, trimmed with flowers and gauze ribbon, and when she objected to the front, as exposing her whole face to the summer-sun, she was told that of course she must have a blonde-veil. "We will stop at Whitaker's," said Augusta, "and see his assortment, and you can make the purchase at once." Laura knew that she could not, and steadily persisted in her refusal, saying that she must depend on her parasol for screening her face.

Several other superfluities were pressed upon our poor heroine, as they proceeded along Washington street, Augusta really thinking it indispensable to be fashionably and expensively drest, and Miss Frampton feeling a malignant pleasure in observing how much these importunities confused and distressed her.

Laura sat down to dinner with an aching head, and no appetite, and afterwards retired to her room, and endeavoured to allay her uneasiness with a book.

"So," said Miss Frampton to Mrs. Brantley, "this is the girl that dear Augusta tells me you think of inviting to pass the winter with you."

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"Why, is she not very pretty?" replied Mrs. Brantley.

"Not in my eye," answered Miss Frampton, "wait but two years, till my sweet Augusta is old enough, and tall enough to come out, and you will have no occasion to invite beauties, for the purpose of drawing company to your house—for, of course, I cannot but understand the motive; and pray how can the father of this girl, enable her to make a proper appearance? When she has got through the two dresses that we had so much difficulty in persuading her to venture upon, is she to return to her black marcelline? You certainly do not intend to wrong your own child by going to the expense of dressing out this parson's daughter yourself. And after all, these green young girls do not draw company half so well as ladies a few years older—decided women of tone, who are familiar with the whole routine of society, and have the veritable air distingue. One of that description would do more for your soirees, next winter, than twenty of these village beauties."

Next day our heroine's new bonnet came home, accompanied by a bill of twelve dollars. She had supposed that the price would not exceed seven or eight. She had not the money, and her embarrassment was increased by Miss Frampton's examining the bill, and reminding her that there was a receipt to it. Laura's confusion was so palpable, that Mrs. Brantley felt some compassion for her, and said to the milliner's girl, "The young lady will call at Miss Pipincord's, and pay for her hat." And the girl departed, first asking to have the bill returned to her, as it was receipted.

When our heroine and her companions were out next morning, they passed the milliner's, and Laura instinctively turned away her head. "You can now call at Miss Pipincord's and pay her bill," said Miss Frampton. "It is here that she lives—don't you see her name on the door?"

"I have not the money about me," said Laura, in a faultering voice—"I have left my purse at home." This was the first attempt at a subterfuge, and conscience-struck, she could not say another word during the walk.

On the last day of the week, her dresses were sent home, with a bill of ten dollars and a half for making the two, including what are called the trimmings, all of which were charged at about four times their real cost. Laura was more confounded than ever. Neither Mrs. Brantley nor Augusta happened to be present, but Miss Frampton was, and understood it all. —"Can't you tell the girl you will call and settle Miss Boxpleat's bill," said she. "Don't look so confused," adding in a somewhat lower voice. "She will suspect you have no money to pay with—really your behaviour is in very bad taste."

Laura's lip quivered, and her cheek grew pale. Miss Frampton could scarcely help laughing, to see her so new in the world, and at last deigned to relieve her by telling Miss Boxpleat's girl that Miss Lovel would call and settle the bill.

The girl was scarcely out of the room, when poor Laura, unable to restrain herself another moment, hid her face against one of the cushions of the ottoman, and burst into tears. The flinty heart of Miss Frampton underwent a momentary softening. She looked awhile in silence at Laura, and then said to her, "Why, you seem to take this very much to heart."

"No wonder," replied Laura, sobbing,—"I have expended all my money; all that my father gave at departing from home. At least, I have only the merest trifle left: and how am I to pay either the milliner's bill or the mantua-maker's?"

Miss Frampton deliberated for a few moments, walked to the window, and stood there awhile—then approached the still weeping Laura, and said to her, "What would you say, if a friend was to come forward to relieve you from this embarrassment?"

"I have no friend," replied Laura in a half-choked voice—"at least none here. Oh! how I wish that I had never left home!"

Miss Frampton paused again, and finally offered Laura the loan of twenty-five dollars, till she could get money from her father. "I know not how to ask my father so soon for any more money. I am convinced he gave me all he could possibly spare. I have done very wrong in allowing myself to incur expenses which I am unable to meet. I can never forgive myself. Oh! how miserable I am!" And she again covered her face and cried bitterly.

Miss Frampton hesitated—but she had heard Mr. Brantley speak of Mr. Lovel as a man of the strictest integrity, and she was certain that he would strain every nerve, and redouble the economy of his family expenditure, rather than to allow his daughter to remain long under pecuniary obligations to a stranger. She felt that she ran no risk in taking from her pocket-book notes to the amount of twenty-five dollars, and putting them into the hands of Laura, who had thought at one time of applying to Mr. Brantley for the loan of a sufficient sum to help her out of her present difficulties, but was deterred by a feeling of invincible repugnance to taxing any further the kindness of her host, conceiving herself already under sufficient obligations to him as his guest, and partaker of his hospitality. However, had she known more of the world and had a greater insight into the varieties of the human character, she would have infinitely preferred throwing herself on the generosity of Mr. Brantley, to becoming the debtor of Miss Frampton. As it was, she gratefully accepted the proffered kindness of that lady, feeling it a respite. Drying her tears, she immediately equipped herself for walking, hastened both to the milliner and mantua-maker, and paying their bills she returned home with a lightened heart.

Laura Lovel already began to find her visit to the Brantley family less agreeable than she had anticipated. They had nothing in common with herself; their conversation was neither edifying nor entertaining. They had few books, except the annuals; and though she passed the Circulating Libraries with longing eyes, she did not consider that she was sufficiently in funds to avail herself of their contents. No opportunities were afforded her of seeing any of the lions of the city, and of those that casually fell in her way, she found her companions generally

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more ignorant than herself. They did not conceive that a stranger could be amused or interested with things that, having always been within their own reach, had failed to awaken in *them* the slightest curiosity. Mr. Brantley was infinitely the best of the family; but he was immersed in business all day, and in the newspapers all the evening. Mrs. Brantley was nothing, and Augusta's petulance and heartlessness, and Miss Frampton's impertinence, (which somewhat increased after she lent the money to Laura,) were equally annoying. The visiters of the family were nearly of the same stamp as themselves.

Laura, however, had looked forward with much anticipated pleasure to the long-talked of visit to the sea-shore, and in the mean time her chief enjoyment was derived from the afternoon rides that were occasionally taken in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and which gave our heroine an opportunity of seeing something of the beautiful environs of Boston.

Miss Frampton's fits of kindness were always very transient, and Laura's deep mortification at having been necessitated to accept a favour from such a woman, was rendered still more poignant by unavoidably overhearing (as she was dressing at a toilet-table that stood between two open windows,) the following dialogue; the speakers being two of Mrs. Brantley's servant girls that were ironing in the kitchen porch, and who in talking to each other of the young ladies, always dropped the title of Miss:

"Matilda," said one of them, "don't you hear Laura's bell! Didn't she tell you arter dinner, that she would ring for you arter a while, to come up stairs and hook the back of her dress?"

"Yes," replied Matilda—"I hear it as plain as you do, Eliza; but I guess I shan't go till it suits me. I'm quite beat out with running up stairs from morning till night to wait on that there Philadelphy women, as she takes such high airs. Who but she indeed! Any how, I'm not a going to hurry. I shall just act as if I did'nt hear no bell at all—for as to this here Laura, I guess she an't much. Augusta told me this morning, when she got me to fix her hair, that Miss Frampton told her that Laura axed and begged her amost on her bare knees, to lend her some money to pay for her frocks and bonnet."

"Why, how could she act so!" exclaimed Eliza.

"Because," resumed Matilda, "her people sent her here without a copper in her pocket. So I guess they're a pretty shabby set, after all."

"I was judging as much," said Eliza, "by her not taking no airs, and always acting so polite to every body."

"Well now," observed Matilda, "Mr. Scourbrass, the gentleman as lives with old Madam Montgomery, at the big house, in Bowdin Square, and helps to do her work, always stands out that very great people of the rale sort, act much better and an't so apt to take airs as them that are upstarts."

"Doctors differ," sagely remarked Eliza. "However, as you say, I don't believe this here Laura *is* much; and I'm thinking how she'll get along at Nahant. Miss Lathersoap, the lady as washes her clothes, told me, among other things, that Laura's pocket handkerchers are all quite plain—not a worked or laced one among them. Now our Augusta would scorn to carry a plain handkercher, and so would her mother."

"I've taken notice of Laura's handkerchers myself," said Matilda, "and I don't see why we young ladies as lives out, and does people's work to oblige them, should be expected to run at the beck and call of any strangers they may choose to take into the house; let alone when they're not no great things."

Laura retreated from the open window, that she might hear no more of a conversation so painful to her. She would at once have written to her father, told him all, and begged him, if possible, to send her money enough to repay Miss Frampton, but she had found by a letter received the day before, that he had gone on some business to the interior of Maine, and would not be home in less than a fortnight.

Next day was the one finally appointed for their removal to Nahant, and our heroine felt her spirits revive at the idea of beholding for the first time in her life, "the sea, the sea, the open sea." They went in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and Laura understood that she *might* ride in her black silk dress, and her straw bonnet.

They crossed at the Winnisimmet Ferry, rode through Chelsea, and soon arrived at the flourishing town of Lynn, where every man was making shoes, and every woman binding them. The last sunbeams were glowing in the west, when they came to the beautiful Long Beach, that connects the rocks of Lynn with those of Nahant, the sand being so firm and smooth, that the shadow of every object is reflected in it downwards. The tide was so high that they drove along the verge of the surf, the horses' feet splashing through the water, and trampling on the shells and sea-weed left by the retiring waves. Cattle, as they went home, were cooling themselves by wading breast high in the breakers; and the little sand-birds were sporting on the crests of the billows, sometimes flying low and dipping into the water the white edges of their wings, and sometimes seeming with their slender feet to walk on the surface of the foam. Beyond the everlasting breakers rolled the unbounded ocean, the haze of evening coming fast upon it, and the full moon rising broad and red through the misty veil of the eastern horizon.

Laura Lovel felt as if she could have viewed this scene forever, and, at times, she could not refrain from audibly expressing her delight. The other ladies were deeply engaged in listening to Miss Frampton's account of a ball and supper given by her intimate friend, that lovely woman, Mrs. Ben Derrydown, the evening before Mr. Ben Derrydown's last failure, and which ball and supper exceeded in splendour any thing she had ever witnessed, except the wedding party of her sweet love, Mrs. Nick Rearsby, whose furniture was seized by the sheriff a few months after, and the birth-night concert of the coming out of her darling little pet, Kate Bolderhurst, who ran away next morning with her music master.

Our party now arrived at the Nahant Hotel,

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which as full of visiters, with some of whom the Brantleys were acquainted. After tea, when the company adjourned to the lower drawing-rooms, the extraordinary beauty of Laura Lovel drew the majority of the gentlemen to that side of the apartment on which the Brantley family were seated. Many introductions took place, and Mrs. Brantley felt in paradise at seeing that her party had attracted the greatest number of beaux. Miss Frampton generally made a point of answering every thing that was addressed to Laura, and Augusta glided and flitted, and chattered much impertinent nonsense to the gentlemen on the outskirts of the group, that were waiting for an opportunity of saying something to Miss Lovel.

Our heroine was much confused at finding herself an object of much general attention, and was also overwhelmed by the officious volubility of Miss Frampton, though none of it was addressed to her. Mrs. Maitland, a lady as unlike Mrs. Brantley as possible, was seated on the other side of Laura Lovel, and was at once prepossessed in her favour, not only from the beauty of her features, but from the intelligence of her countenance. Desirous of being better acquainted, and seeing that Laura's present position was any thing but pleasant to her, Mrs. Maitland proposed that they should take a turn in the veranda that runs round the second story of the hotel. To this suggestion Laura gladly assented—for she felt at once that Mrs. Maitland was just the sort of woman she would like to know. There was a refinement and dignity in her appearance and manner that showed her to be "every inch a lady;" but that dignity was tempered with a frankness and courtesy that put every one round her immediately at their ease. Though now in the autumn of life, her figure was still good—her features still handsome, but they derived their charm from the sensible and benevolent expression of her fine open countenance. Her attire was admirably suited to her face and person; but she was not over-drest, and she was evidently one of those fortunate women who without bestowing much time and attention upon it, are *au fait* to all that constitutes a correct and tasteful costume.

Mrs. Maitland took Laura's arm within hers, and telling Mrs. Brantley that she was going to carry off Miss Lovel for half an hour, she made a sign to a fine looking young man on the other side of the room, and introduced him as her son, Mr. Aubray Maitland. He conducted the two ladies up stairs to the veranda, and in a few moments our heroine felt as if she had been acquainted with the Maitlands for years. No longer kept down and oppressed by the nightmare influence of fools, her spirits expanded, and breathed once more. She expressed without hesitation, her delight at the scene that presented itself before her—for she felt that she was understood.

The moon now "high in heaven," threw a solemn light on the trembling expanse of the ocean, and glittered on the spray that foamed and murmured for ever round the rocks that environed the little peninsula, their deep recesses slumbering in shade, while their crags and points came out in silver brightness. Around lay the numerous islands that are scattered over Boston harbour, and far apart glowed the fires of two lighthouses, like immense stars beaming on the verge of the horizon, one of them a revolving light, alternately shining out, and disappearing. As a contrast to the still repose that reigned around, was the billiard-room, (resembling a little Grecian temple,) on a promontory that overlooked the sea—the lamp that shone through its windows, mingling with the moon-beams, and the rolling sound of the billiard-balls, uniting with the murmurs of the eternal waters.

Mrs. Maitland listened with corresponding interest to the animated and original comments of her new friend, whose young and enthusiastic imagintion had never been more vividly excited; and she drew her out, till Laura suddenly stopped, blushing with fear that she had been saying too much. Before they returned to the drawing-room, Aubray was decidedly and deeply in love.

When Laura retired to her apartment, she left the window open, that she might from her pillow look out upon the moonlight-sea, and be fanned by the cool night breeze that gently rippled its waters; and when she was at last lulled to repose by the monotonous dashing of the surf against the rocks beneath her casement, she had a dream of the peninsula of Nahant; not as it is, covered with new and tasteful buildings, and a favourite resort of the fashion and opulence of Boston, but as it must have looked two centuries ago, when the seals made their homes among its caverned rocks, and when the only human habitations were the rude huts of the Indian fishers, and the only boats, their canoes of bark and skins.

When she awoke from her dream she saw the morning-star sparkling high in the east, and casting on the dark surface of the sea a line of light which seemed to mimic that of the moon, long since gone down beyond the opposite horizon. Laura rose at the earliest glimpse of dawn to watch the approaches of the coming day. A hazy vapour had spread itself over the water, and through its gauze veil she first beheld the red rim of the rising sun seeming to emerge from its ocean bed. As the sun ascended, the mist slowly rolled away, and "the light of morning smiled upon the wave," and tinted the white sails of a little fleet of outward-bound fishing-boats.

At the breakfast table the majority of the company consisted of ladies only: most of the gentlemen (including Aubray Maitland,) having gone in the early steamboat to attend to their business in the city. After breakfast, Laura proposed a walk, and Augusta and Miss Frampton not knowing what else to do with themselves, consented to accompany her. A certain Miss Blunsdon, (who being an heiress, and of a patrician family, conceived herself privileged to do as she pleased, and therefore made it her pleasure to be a hoyden and a slattern,) volunteered to pioneer them, boasting of her intimate knowledge of every nook and corner of the neighbourhood. Our heroine, by particular desire of Augusta and Miss Frampton, had arrayed herself that morning in her new French muslin, with what they called its proper accompaniments.

Miss Blunsdon conducted the party to that

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singular cleft in the rocks, known by the name of the Swallow's Cave, in consequence of its having been formerly the resort of those birds, whose nests covered its walls. Miss Frampton stopped as soon as they came in sight of it, declaring that it was in bad taste for ladies to scramble about such rugged places, and Augusta agreeing that a fancy for wet slippery rocks was certainly very peculiar. So the two friends sat down on the most level spot they could find, while Miss Blunsdon insisted on Laura's following her to the utmost extent of the cave, and our heroine's desire to explore this wild and picturesque recess, made her forgetful of the probable consequences to her dress.

Miss Blunsdon and Laura descended into the cleft, which as they proceeded, became so narrow as almost to close above their heads; its lofty and irregular walls seeming to lose themselves in the blue sky. The passage at the bottom was in some places scarcely wide enough to allow them to squeeze through it. The tide was low, yet still the stepping stones, loosely imbedded in the sand and sea-weed, were nearly covered with water. But Laura followed her guide to the utmost extent of the passage, till they looked again upon the sea.

When they rejoined their companions—"Oh! look at your new French muslin," exclaimed Augusta to Laura. "It is draggled half way up to your knees, and the salt water has already taken the colour out of it—and your pelerine is split down the back—and your shoes are half off your feet, and your stockings are all over wet and sand. How very peculiar you look!"

Laura was now extremely sorry to find her dress so much injured, and Miss Frampton comforted her by the assurance that it would never again be fit to be seen. They returned to the hotel, where they found Mrs. Maitland reading on one of the sofas in the upper hall, Laura hastily running up stairs, but Augusta called out—"Mrs. Maitland, do look at Miss Lovel—did you ever see such a figure? She has demolished her new dress, scrambling through the Swallow's Cave with Miss Blunsdon." And she ran into the Ladies' drawing-room to repeat the story at full length, while Laura retired to her own room to try some means of remedying her disasters, and to regret that she had not been permitted to bring with her to Nahant some of her gingham morning dresses. The French muslin, however, was incurable; its blue, though very beautiful, being of that peculiar cast which always fades into a dull white when wet with water.

Miss Frampton remained a while in the hall; and taking her seat beside Mrs. Maitland, said to her in a low confidential voice—"Have you not observed, Mrs. Maitland, that when people, who are nobody, attempt to dress, they always overdo it? Only think of a country clergyman's daughter coming to breakfast in so expensive a French muslin, and then going out in it to clamber about the rocks, and paddle among the wet sea-weed. Now you will see what a show she will make at dinner in a dress, the cost of which would keep her whole family in comfortable calico gowns for two years. I was with her when she did her shopping, and though as a friend, I could not forbear entreating her to get things that were suitable to her circumstances and to her station in life, she turned a deaf ear to every thing I said, (which was certainly in very bad taste) and she would buy nothing but the most expensive and useless frippery. I suppose she expects to catch the beaux by it. But when they find out who she is, I rather think they will only nibble at the bait—Heavens! what a wife she will make? And then such a want of self-respect, and even of common integrity. Of course you will not mention it—for I would on no consideration that it should go any further—but between ourselves, I was actually obliged to lend her money to pay her bills."

Mrs. Maitland, thoroughly disgusted with her companion, and disbelieving the whole of her gratuitous communication, rose from the sofa and departed without vouchsafing a reply.

At dinner, Laura Lovel appeared in her new silk, and really looked beautifully. Miss Frampton observing our heroine attracted the attention of several gentlemen who had just arrived from the city, took an opportunity while she was receiving a plate of chowder from one of the waiters to spill part of it on Laura's dress.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lovel," said she, "when I took the soup I did not perceive that you and your new silk were beside me."

Laura began to wipe her dress with her pocket handkerchief. "Now don't look so disconcerted," pursued Miss Frampton, in a loud whisper. "It is in very bad taste to appear annoyed when an accident happens to your dress. People in society always pass off such things, as of no consequence whatever. I have apologized for spilling the soup, and what more can I do?"

Poor Laura was not in *society*, and she knew that to *her* the accident *was* of consequence. However, she rallied, and tried to appear as if she thought no more of the mischance that had spoiled the handsomest and most expensive dress she had ever possessed. After dinner she tried to remove the immense grease-spot by every application within her reach, but had no success.

When she returned to the drawing-room, she was invited to join a party that was going to visit the Spouting Horn, as it is generally denominated. She had heard this remarkable place much talked of since her arrival at Nahant, and she certainly felt a great desire to see it. Mrs. Maitland had letters to write, and Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton were engaged in their siesta; but Augusta was eager for the walk as she found that several gentlemen were going, among them Aubray Maitland, who had just arrived in the afternoon boat. His eyes sparkled at the sight of our heroine, and offering her his arm, they proceeded with the rest of the party to the Spouting Horn. This is a deep cavity at the botton of a steep ledge of rocks, and the waves as they rush successively into it with the tide, are immediately thrown out again by the action of a current of air which comes through a small opening in the back of the recess, the spray falling round like that of a cascade or

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fountain. The tide and wind were both high, and Laura was told that the Spouting Horn would be seen to great advantage.

Aubray Maitland conducted her carefully down the least rugged declivity of the rock, and gave her his hand to assist her in springing from point to point. They at length descended to the bottom of the crag. Laura was bending forward with eager curiosity, and looking steadfastly into the wave-worn cavern, much interested in the explosions of foaming water, which were sometimes greater and sometimes less. Suddenly a gust of wind twisted her light dress-bonnet completely round, and broke the sewing of one of the strings, and the bonnet was directly whirled before her into the cavity of the rock, and the next moment thrown back again amidst a shower of sea-froth. Laura cried out involuntarily, and Aubray sprung forward, and snatched it out of the water.

"I fear," said he, "Miss Lovel, your bonnet is irreparably injured. "It is, indeed," replied Laura; and remembering Miss Frampton's lecture, she tried to say that the destruction of her bonnet was of no consequence, but unaccustomed to falsehood, the words died away on her lips.

The ladies now gathered round our heroine, who held in her hand the dripping wreck of the once elegant bonnet; and they gave it as their unanimous opinion, that nothing could possibly be done to restore it to any form that would make it wearable. Laura then tied her scarf over her head, and Aubray Maitland thought she looked prettier than ever.

Late in the evening, Mr. Brantley arrived from town in his chaise, bringing from the post-office a letter from her little sister, or rather two letters written on the same sheet. They ran thus:—

Rosebrook, August 9th, 18—.

"Dearest Sister—We hope you are having a great deal of pleasure in Boston. How many novels you must be reading—I wish I was grown up as you are—I am eight years old, and I have never yet read a novel. We miss you all the time. There is still a chair placed for you at the table, and Rosa and I take turns in sitting next to it. But we can no longer hear your pleasant talk with our dear father. You know Rosa and I always listened so attentively that we frequently forgot to eat our dinners. I see advertised a large new book of Fairy Tales. How much you will have to tell us when you come home. Since you were so kind as to promise to bring me a book, I think, upon second thought, I would rather have the Tales of the Castle than Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.

"Dear mother has now to make all the pies and puddings herself. We miss you every way. The Children's Friend must be a charming book—so must the Friend of Youth.

Yesterday we had a pair of fowls killed for dinner. Of course, they were not Rosa's chickens, nor mine—they were only Billy and Bobby. But still Rosa and I cried very much, as they were fowls that we were acquainted with. Dear father reasoned with us about it for a long time; but still, though the fowls were made into a pie, we could eat nothing but the crust. I think I should like very much to read the Robins, and also Keeper's Travels in search of his Master.

"I hope, dear Laura, you will be able to remember every thing you have seen and heard in Boston, that you may have the more to tell us when you come home. I think, after all, there is no book I would prefer to the Arabian Nights—no doubt the Tales of the Genii are also excellent. Dear Laura, how I long to see you again. Paul and Virginia must be very delightful.

Yours affectionately,

"Ella Lovel."

"Dear sister Laura,—I cried for a long time after you left us, but at last I wiped my eyes, and played with Ponto, and was happy. I have concluded not to want the canary-bird I asked you to get for me, as I think it best to be satisfied by hearing the birds sing on the trees, in the garden, and in the woods. Last night I heard a screech owl—I would rather have a young fig-tree in a tub—or else a great quantity of new flower-seeds. If you do not get either the fig-tree or the flower-seeds, I should like a blue cat, such as I have read of—you know those cats are not sky-blue, but only a bluish gray. If a blue cat is not to be had, I should be glad of a pair of white English rabbits; and yet, I think I would quite as willingly have a pair of doves. I never saw a real dove—but if doves are scarce, or cost too much, I shall be satisfied with a pair of fantailed pigeons, if they are quite white, their tails fan very much. If you had a great deal of money to spare, I should like a kid or a fawn, but I know that it is impossible; so I will not think of it. Perhaps, when I grow up, I may be a president's wife—if so, I will buy an elephant.

Your affectionate sister,

"Rosa Lovel."

"I send kisses to all the people in Boston that love you."

How gladly would Laura, had it been in her power, have made every purchase mentioned in the letters of the two innocent girls. And her heart swelled and her eyes overflowed when she thought how happy she might have made them at a small part of the expense she had been persuaded to lavish on the finery that had given her so little pleasure, and that was now nearly all spoiled.

Next day was Sunday; and they went to church and heard Mr. Taylor, the celebrated mariner clergyman, with whose deep pathos and simple good sense, Laura was much interested, while she was at the same time amused with his originality and quaintness.

On returning to the hotel, they found that the morning boat had arrived, and on looking up at the veranda, the first object Laura saw there was Pyam Dodge, standing stiffly, with his hands on the railing.

"Miss Lovel," said Augusta, "there's your friend, the schoolmaster."

"Mercy upon us," screamed Miss Frampton, "has that horrid fellow come after you? Really, Miss Lovel, it was in very bad taste to invite him to Nahant."

"I did not invite him," replied Laura, colour-

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ng; "I know not how he discovered that I was here."

"The only way then," said Miss Frampton, "is to cut him dead, and then perhaps he'll clear off."

"Pho," said Augusta, "do you suppose he can understand cutting—why he won't know whether he is cut or not."

"May I ask who this person is?" said Aubray Maitland, in a low voice, to Laura. "Is there any stain or any suspicion attached to him?"

"Oh! no, indeed," replied Laura, earnestly. And, in a few words, as they ascended the stairs, she gave him an outline of the schoolmaster and his character.

"Then do not cut him at all," said Aubray. "Let me take the liberty of suggesting to you how to receive him." They had now come out into the veranda, and Maitland immediately led Laura up to Pyam Dodge, who bowed profoundly on being introduced to him, and then turned to our heroine, asked permission to shake hands with her, hoped his company would be found agreeable, and signified that he had been unable to learn where she was from Mr. Brantley's servants; but that the evening before a gentleman from Boston, had told him that Mr. Brantley and all his family were at Nahant. Therefore, he had come thither to-day, purposely to see her, and to inform her that the summer vacation having commenced, he was going to pay a visit to his friends in Rosebrook, and would be very thankful if she would honour him with a letter or message to her family.

All this was said with much bowing, and prosing and apologizing. When it was finished, Maitland invited Pyam Dodge to take a turn round the veranda, with Miss Lovel and himself, and the poor schoolmaster expressed the most profound gratitude. When they were going to dinner, Aubray introduced him to Mrs. Maitland, placed him next to himself at the table, and engaged him in a conversation on the Greek classics, in which Pyam Dodge, finding himself precisely in his element, forgot his humility, and being less embarrassed, was therefore less awkward and absurd than usual.

Laura Lovel had thought Aubray Maitland the handsomest and most elegant young man she had ever seen. She now thought him the most amiable. In the afternoon there was a mirage, in which the far off rocks in the vicinity of Marblehead, appeared almost in the immediate neighbourhood of Nahant, coming out in full relief, their forms and colours well-defined, and their height and breadth seemingly much increased. While all the company were assembled to look at this singular optical phenomenon, (Aubray Maitland being earnestly engaged in explaining it to our heroine,) Miss Frampton whispered to Laura that she wished particularly to speak with her, and accordingly drew her away to another part of the veranda.

Laura turned pale, for she had a presentiment of what was coming. Miss Frampton then told her, that presuming she heard from home, she concluded that it would, of course, be convenient to return the trifle she had lent her; adding that she wished to give a small commission to a lady that was going to town the next morning.

Poor Laura knew not what to say. She changed colour, trembled with nervous agitation, and at last faultered out, that in consequence of knowing her father was from home, she had not yet written to him on the subject, but that she would do so immediately, and hoped that Miss Frampton would not find it very inconvenient to wait a few days.

"Why really I dont know how I can," replied Miss Frampton, "I want a shawl exactly like Mrs. Horton's. She tells me they are only to be had at one store in Boston, and that when she got her's the other day, there was only two left. They are really quite a new style, strange as it is to see any thing in Boston, that is not quite old fashioned in Philadelphia. The money I lent you is precisely the sum for this purpose. Of course I am in no want of a shawl—thank heaven, I have more than I know what to do with—but, as I told you, these are quite a new style—"

"Oh! how gladly would I pay you if I could!" exclaimed Laura, covering her face with her hands. "What would I give at this moment for twenty-five dollars!"—

"I hope I am not inconvenient," said the voice of Pyam Dodge, close at Laura's back; "but I have been looking for Laura Lovel, that I may take my leave, and return to town in the next boat."

Miss Frampton tossed her head and walked away to tell Mrs. Horton confidentially, that Miss Lovel had borrowed twenty-five dollars of her to buy finery, but not to add that she had just been asking her for payment.

"If I may venture to use such freedom," pursued Pyam Dodge: "I think Miss Laura Lovel, I overheard you just now grieving that you could not pay some money. Now, my good child, (if you will forgive me for calling you so,) why should you be at any loss for money, when I have just received my quarter's salary, and when I have more about me than I know what to do with. I heard you mention twenty-five dollars—here it is, (taking some notes out of an enormous pocket-book,) and if you want any more, as I hope you do—"

"Oh! no, indeed—no," interrupted Laura. "I cannot take it—I would not on any consideration."

"I know too well," continued Pyam Dodge, "I am not worthy to offer it, and I hope I am not making myself disagreeable. But if Miss Laura Lovel, you would only have the goodness to accept it, you may be sure I will never ask you for it as long as I live. I would even take a book oath not to do so."

Laura steadily refused the proffered kindness of the poor schoolmaster, and begged Pyam Dodge to mention the subject to her no more. She told him that she now wished to go home, and that she would write by him to her family, begging that her father would come for her (as he had promised at parting,) and take her back to Rosebrook, as soon as he could. She quitted Pyam Dodge, she was evidently much mortified, and retired to write her letter, which she gave to him as soon as it was

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finished, finding him in the hall, taking a ceremonious leave of the Maitlands. He departed, and Laura's spirits were gradually revived during the evening, by the gratifying attentions and agreeable conversation of Mrs. Maitland and her son.

When our heroine retired for the night, she found on her table a letter, in a singularly uncouth hand, if hand it could be called, where every word was differently written. It enclosed two ten dollar notes and a five, and was conceived in the following words—

"This is to inform Miss Laura, eldest daughter to the reverend Edward Lovel, of Rosebrook, Massachusetts, that an unknown friend of her's whose name it will be impossible for her to guess, (and therefore to make the attempt will doubtless be entire loss of time, and time is always precious,) having accidentally heard (though by what means is a profound secret,) that she, at this present time, is in some little difficulty for want of a small sum of money—he, therefore—this unknown friend, offers to her acceptance the before-mentioned sum; hoping that she will find nothing disgusting in his using so great a liberty."

"Oh! poor Pyam Dodge!" exclaimed Laura, "why did you take this trouble to disguise and disfigure your excellent hand-writing." And she felt, after all, what a relief it was to transfer debt from Miss Frampton to the good schoolmaster. Reluctant to have any further personal discussion on this painful subject, she enclosed the notes in a short billet to Miss Frampton, and sent it immediately to that lady's apartment. She then went to bed, comparatively happy, slept soundly, and dreamed of Aubray Maitland.

About the end of the week, Laura Lovel was delighted to see her father arrive with Mr. Brantley. As soon as they were alone, she threw herself into his arms, and with a flood of tears explained to him the particulars of all that had passed since she left home; and deeply lamented that she had allowed herself to be drawn into expenses beyond her means of defraying, and which her father could ill afford to supply, to say nothing of the pain and mortification they had occasioned to herself.

"My beloved child," said Mr. Lovel, "I have been much to blame for entrusting you at an age so early and inexperienced, and with no knowledge of a town life and its habits, to the guidance example of a family of whom I knew nothing, except that they were reputable and opulent."

Mr. Lovel then gave his daughter the agreeable intelligence, that the tract of land which was the object of his visit to Maine, and which had been left him in his youth by an old aunt, and was then considered of little or no account, had greatly increased in value by a new and flourishing town having sprung up in its immediate vicinity. This tract he had recently been able to sell for ten thousand dollars, and the interest of that sum would now make a most acceptable addition to his little income.

He also informed her that Pyam Dodge was then at the village of Rosebrook, where he was "visiting round," as he called it, and that the good schoolmaster had faithfully kept the secret of the twenty-five dollars which he had pressed upon Laura, and which Mr. Lovel had now heard, for the first time, from herself.

While this conversation was going on between the father and daughter, Mrs. Maitland and her son was engaged in discussing the beauty and the apparent merits of our heroine. "I should like extremely," said Mrs. Maitland, "to invite Miss Lovel to pass the winter with me. But you know we live much in the world, and I fear the limited state of her father's finances could not allow her to appear as she would wish. Yet perhaps I might manage to assist her, in that respect, without wounding her delicacy. I think with regret of so fair a flower being 'born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desart air.'"

"There is one way," said Aubray Maitland, smiling, and colouring, "by which we might have Miss Lovel to spend next winter in Boston, without any danger of offending her delicacy, or subjecting her to embarrassment on account of her personal expenses—a way which would enable her to appear as she deserves, and to move in a sphere that she is well calculated to adorn, though not as *Miss Lovel*."

"I cannot but understand you, Aubray," replied Mrs. Maitland, who had always been not only mother, but the sympathising and confidential friend of her son—"yet be not too precipitate. Know more of this young lady, before you go so far that you cannot in honour recede."

"I know her sufficiently," said Aubray with animation. "She is to be understood at once, and though I flatter myself that I may have already excited some interest in her heart, yet I have no reason to suppose that she entertains for me such feelings as would induce her at this time to accept my offer. She is extremely anxious to get home; she may have left a lover there. But let me be once assured that her affections are disengaged, and that she is really inclined to bestow them on me, and a declaration shall immediately follow the discovery. A man, who after being convinced of the regard of the woman he loves, can trifle with her feelings and hesitate about securing her hand, does not deserve to obtain her."

Laura had few preparations to make for her departure, which took place the next morning, Aubray Maitland and Mr. Brantley accompanying her and her father to town, in the early boat. Mr. Maitland took leave of her affectionately, Mrs. Brantley smilingly, Agusta coldly, and Miss Frampton not at all.

Mr. Lovel and his daughter passed that day in Boston, staying at a hotel. Laura showed her father the childrens letter. All the books that Ella mentioned were purchased for her, and quite a little menagerie of animals was procured for Rosa.

They arrived safely at Rosebrook. And when Mr. Lovel was invoking a blessing on their evening repast, he referred to the return of his daughter and to his happiness on seeing her once more in her accustomed seat at the table, in a manner that drew tears into the eyes of every member of the family.

Pyam Dodge was there; only waiting for Lau-

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ra's arrival to set out next morning on a visit to his relations in Vermont. With his usual want of tact, and his usual kindness of heart, he made so many objections to receiving the money with which he had accommodated our heroine, that Mr. Lovel was obliged to slip it privately into his trunk before his departure.

In a few days, Aubray Maitland came to Rosebrook and established himself at the principal inn, from whence he visited Laura the evening of his arrival. Next day he came both morning and evening. On the third day he paid her three visits, and after that it was not worth while to count them.

The marriage of Aubray and Laura took place at the close of the autumn, and they immediately went into the possession of an elegant residence of their own, adjoining the mansion of the elder Mrs. Maitland. They are now living in as much happiness as can fall to the lot of human beings.

Before the Nahant season was over, Miss Frampton had quarrelled with or offended nearly every lady at the hotel, and Mr. Brantley privately insisted that his wife should not invite her to pass the winter with them. However, she protracted her stay as long as she possibly could with any appearance of decency, and then returned to Philadelphia under the escort of one of Mr. Brantley's clerks. After she came home, her visit to Boston afforded her a new subject of conversation, in which the predominant features were general ridicule of the Yankees, (as she called them,) circumstantial slanders of the family to whose hospitality she had been indebted for more than three months, and particular abuse of "that little wretch, Augusta."

SONG.

BY ROSA L. DERWOOD.

Oh! beauty's daughter! maiden thou
Of jetty locks, and moonlight brow—
And eyes, so like the Heav'ns above
As brightly blue! where art thou love?
Thou erst wert gath'ring wild flow'rs here,
To deck thy soft luxuriant hair;
Away, away o'er the silv'ry tide
Thy lover's come to bear his bride!
Come love! come to the cypress tree
Thy Gerard's bark but waits for thee!

And merrily, merrily shall we glide;
Now o'er the blue waves lightly ride—
On—on we'll hie by the moon's soft light,
And the starry beams of thine eye so bright!
Thy free and boundless home shall be,
On the waters of the deep blue sea!—
And thou shalt have a gentle maid
A Nereide, thy locks to braid—
Then, come, love, to the cypress tree,
Thy Gerard's bark still waits for thee!

The moonbeams o'er the waters play—
Why ling'rest thou? oh! Ada say?
(She comes not still! kind Heav'n! but throw
Her shadow in the tide below!)
I've wov'n thee, love, a coronal—
The flow'rs will fade—the dew-drops fall!
Each sunny clime, each coral cave,
Shall yield thee treasures on the wave!
She comes! farewell dark cypress tree—
My bark but waits, my love, for thee.

Norfolk, Virginia.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

HONOUR AND INTEGRITY.

Honour and integrity ought to be the leading principles of every transaction of life. These are virtues highly requisite, notwithstanding they are too frequently disregarded. Whatever pursuit individuals are engaged in, sincerity in profession, steadfastness, promptness, and punctuality in discharging engagements, are indispensably incumbent. A man of honest integrity, and uprightness in his dealings with his fellow creatures, is sure to gain the confidence and applause of all good men; whilst he who acts from dishonest or designing motives obtains deserved contempt. Dishonest proceedings in word or deed, are very offensive to, and unjustifiable in the sight of God and man, even in trivial, but much more so in consequential affairs. The most perfect uprightness is highly requisite between man and man, though it is too often disregarded; and is much more so between the sexes. Every profession of regard should be made without dissembling, every promise preserved inviolate, and every engagement faithfully discharged. No one ought to make any *offers* or *pretentions* to a lady before he is, in a great measure, certain her person, her temper, and qualifications, suit his circumstances, and agree perfectly with his own temper and way of thinking. For a similarity of mind and manners is very necessary to render the bonds of love permanent, and those of marriage happy.

"Marriage the happiest state of life would be,
If hands were only joined where hearts agree."

The man of uprightness and integrity of heart, will not only observe the beauties of the mind, the goodness of the heart, the dignity of sentiment and delicacy of wit, but will strive to fix his affections on such permanent endowments, before he pledges his faith to a lady. He looks upon marriage as a business of the greatest importance in life, and a change of condition that cannot be taken with too much reverence and deliberation. Therefore he will not undertake it at random, lest he should precipitately involve himself in the greatest difficulties. He wishes to act a conscientious part, and consequently cannot think (notwithstanding it is too much countenanced by custom) of sporting with the affections of the fair sex, nor even of paying his addresses to any one, till he is perfectly convinced that his *own* are fixed on just principles. All imaginable caution is certainly necessary, but after a man's profession of regard, and kind service and solicitations have made an impression on a female heart, it is no longer a matter of indifference whether he perseveres in, or breaks off his engagements. For he then is particularly dear to her, and reason, honour, justice, all unite to oblige him to make good his engagement. When the matter is brought to such a crisis, there is no retreating without manifestly disturbing her quiet and tranquillity of mind; nor can any thing but her *loss* of virtue, justify his desertion. Whether marriage has been expressly promised or not, it is of little signification. For if he has solicited and obtained her affection, on supposition that he intended to marry her, the contract is, in the sight

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of Heaven, sufficiently binding. In short, the man who basely imposes upon the honest heart of an unsuspecting girl, and after winning her affection, by the prevailing rhetoric of courtship, ungenerously leaves her to bitter sorrow and complaining, acts a very dishonourable part, and is more to be detested than a common robber. For private treachery is much more heinous than open force; and money must not be put in competition with happiness. S. B.

From "Hours of Devotion."

"MATRIMONY.—With what sordid motives do parents sometimes compel their children to enter into the married life; and that too, with those whom they may regard with cold indifference or even disgust.—Mutual affection is seldom made the subject of inquiry. It is enough to know that their wealth or power will be increased, and for that they are ready to make every sacrifice. They heed not the grief or sorrow that they bring upon their devoted offspring.—They little think of the tears of anguish that they cause to flow. Sooner than be disconcerted in their ambitious schemes, they will doom them to unmitigated wretchedness—to all the glowing agonies of despair. Remember, there is an eternal and all-seeing God who is watching over you! He hears the groans which you are extorting by your cruelty. You may accomplish your designs, but you will not escape the dread retribution of punishment. When you are stretched upon the bed of death, you will not forget the wrongs you have inflicted upon those who should be dearer to you than all the world beside, and these reflections will torment you like so many fiends, until the last pulses of life have ceased.

"UNMARRIED LIFE.—Why will you increase the misery of her who has renounced the happiness of a matrimonial life? Are you qualified to judge of her motives? Do you know what disgust she may have felt for the deceitfulness of man? Were you a witness of her agony—her burning tears—the grief that secretly devoured her, when the spell of her affections was broken? when the vows of love proved a deceiving and lying oracle? when the joys of life fled quickly away, and existence became to her a curse—a torment? And yet, you despise her—you do not possess an atom of her nobleness of soul—you, whose passions, whose lusts, are all unrestrained.

"THE WARRIOR.—He may be compared to the splendors of a sunset, that succeeds a gloomy and tempestuous day. He requires no idle ceremonies—no high soundings epithets—no jargon of senseless and unmeaning praise—no proud monument, to perpetuate his name, or keep him alive in the remembrance of the people. He has been consecrated by his own blood—and his death becomes the pride and glory of the whole nation. The recollection of his valor adds to its further security. Enemies will respect a people who have had such a fearless champion of their rights. His virtues never die—they are transmitted from one generation to another.

"FAMILY DEVOTION.—It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved by the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, as she looks to heaven, and pours forth her fervent supplications, for the welfare of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the venerable father surrounded by his family, with his uncovered locks kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feelings, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hands in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and its playmates.

From Montgomery's Lectures.

EARLY POETRY.

The most ancient specimen of oral literature on record we find in the oldest book, which is itself the most ancient specimen of *written* literature. This is the speech of Lamech to his two wives (in the fourth chapter of Genesis,) which, though consisting of six hemistichs only, nevertheless exemplifies all the peculiarities of Hebrew verse—*parallelism, amplification*, and *antithesis*. The passage is exceedingly obscure, and I shall not attempt to interpret it: the mere collocation of words, as they stand in the authorized English Bible, will answer our present purpose:—

"Adah and Zillah! hear my voice:
Ye wives of Lamech! hearken unto my speech."

This is a parallelism, the meaning of both lines being synonymous, though the phraseology is varied, and the two limbs of each correspond to those of the other.—

"Adah and Zillah! | hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, | hearken unto my speech,
"For I have slain a man to my wounding,
And a young man to my hurt."

Here is amplification: concerning the man slain in the first clause, we have the additional information in the second that he was "a young man."

"If Cain shall be avenged seven fold,
Truly Lamech seventy and seven fold."

The antithesis in this couplet consists, not in contrary, but in aggravation of the opposing terms—seven fold contrasted with seventy and seven fold.

The context of this passage has a peculiar interest at this time, when the proscription of everlasting ignorance is taken off from the multitude, and knowledge is become as much the birthright of the people of Britain as liberty. This Lamech, who, if not the inventor of poetry, was one of the earliest of poets, had three sons; of whom Jabal, the father of such as dwell in tents, followed agriculture; Jubal the father of all such as handle the harp and organ, cultivated music; while Tubal-Cain, an instructer of every artificer in brass and iron, practised handicraft. Thus, in the seventh generation of man, in one family we find poetry, music, agriculture, and the mechanical arts.

The next specimen which occurs in Sacred Writ are the words of Noah, when he awoke from his wine, and knew what his children had respectively done unto him:—

"Cursed be Canaan;
A servant of servants shall he be to his brethren:
Blessed be the Lord God of Shem;
And Canaan shall be *his* servant:
God shall enlarge Japheth,
And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem,
And Canaan shall be *his* servant."

This quotation, in the closing triplet, rises into genuine poetry, by the introduction of a fine pastoral metaphor illustrative of the manner of living among the ancient patriarchs:—

"God shall enlarge Japheth,
And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem.

But these lines are more striking, as exhibiting the first example of the union of poesy and prophecy; for in those primitive days,

———"the sacred name
Of prophet and of poet were the same."
Cowper.

I have passed over the reputed prophecies of Enoch before the flood, because, though we have a quotation from them in the Epistle of St. Jude, the original language in which they were uttered is either itself extinct, or, if it were the Hebrew, has lost the words that imbodied them. It may be observed, however, that the translated extract in the Greek Testament, bears tokens of the original having been rhythmical, which

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is specially indicated by the use of one emphatical word four times in as many lines—a pleonasm that would hardly have occurred in prose composition, even in the age of Adam, but might be gracefully adapted to the cadence and character of the most ancient mode of verse.

Isaac's benedictions upon Esau and Jacob are at least presumptive evidence of the advanced state of oral literature (for writing was probably not yet invented) in his age. The critics, I believe, do not allow the language to have the decided marks of Hebrew rhythm. If so, the passage may be, without hesitation, set down as the oldest specimen of *prose* in the world.

Of the words of dying Jacob, however, there is no question that the structure of them is verse, and the substance of them at once poetry and prophecy of the highest order. It might seem, from the power of the sentiments and the brilliancy of the illustrations, as though the patriarch on his dying couch, surrounded by his mourning family, were again caught up into the visions of God—as when in his youth, he lay alone on the earth in the wilderness and saw the angels of God ascending upon a ladder, that reached from his stone pillow into the heavens; for here, in his last accents, it is even as if he had learned the language, and spake with the tongues of angels—so fervent, pure, and abundant in wisdom and grace are the words of his lips and the aspirations of his heart. One extract will suffice:—

"Judah is a lion's whelp; from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up?"

"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and to him shall the gathering of the people be."

"Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes with the blood of grapes."

"His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk."

The whole of this imagery might be engraved in hieroglyphics; but not one of the sister arts alone can do it justice, for it combines the excellencies of all three—picture to the eye, music to the ear, poetry to the mind.

HANNAH MORE.—The celibacy of this excellent lady, which gave her so much time to bend her powers to humanity, has been a subject of surprise. A writer in a recent Scottish periodical relates as authentic, the following circumstances: She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off gaily to the church, where the ceremony was to be performed, and the groom was to make his appearance. The lady was first upon the ground. Her lover was not there. "The laggard comes late," thought the attendants. They miscalculated. He never came at all. A horseman rode up to the church door, and handed Miss More a letter, written by her faithless swain, declaring, with many apologies, he could not "take the responsibility" of making her his bride. At the same time, he offered her any pecuniary renumeration in his power!—Whether the lady fainted or only pouted, is not mentioned, but the male relatives followed the business up with such promptness and spirit, that the "dastard in love" made a settlement upon the slighted lady of £400 sterling, a year, for life.—*Albany Adv.*

HOW TO RULE.—They that govern must make least noise. You see when they row a barge, they that do the drudgery work, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir.

MUNCHAUSEN.—Many doubts have been expressed whether such a person ever existed: the following brief sketch, by Mr. Lieber, a learned German, sets the matter at rest; Jerome Charles Frederic Von Munchausen, the original of the well known narrator of wonders, was a German officer who served several campaigns against the Turks, in the Russian service. He was a passionate lover of horses and hounds; of which, and of his adventures among the Turks, he told the most extravagant stories; and his fancy, finally, so completely got the better of his memory, that he really believed his most improbable and impossible fictions, and was very much offended if any doubt was expressed on the subject. In relating these monstrous lies, his eyes would shine and stare out of his head, his face became flushed, the sweat rolled down from his forehead, and he used the most violent gestures, as if he were really cutting off the heads of the Turks, or fighting the bears and wolves that figure in his stories. Having become acquainted with the poet Burger, at Pyrmont, and being pleased with his society, Munchausen used to relate those waking dreams to him; and the poet afterwards published them, with his own improvements, under the title of Wunderbare Abenthener und Reisen des Herrn Von Munchausen, translated from the English, 1787. A part of them had already appeared in the third volume of the Delicise Academicæ under the title of *Mendacia ridicula.* The wit and humor of the work gave it great success, and it was translated into several foreign languages. When it appeared in England, the British reviewers laboured hard to show that it was a satire upon the ministry. Munchausen was very angry with the liberty thus taken with his name, and Burger became involved in some difficulties in consequence. An enlarged edition was published in four volumes. Munchausen when quite advanced in years, married a very young wife, who, to the astonishment of every one, presented him with a son, the consequence of which was a suit prosecuted by his relations after his death, in 1797, in support of their claims to his estate.

BYRON ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—"Of the immortality of the soul," says Lord Byron, in a paper written toward the termination of his life, "it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of the mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body. In dreams, for instance; incoherently and madly, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now, that this should not act *separately*, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass'—a heavy chain, to be sure; but all chains, being material, may be shaken off. How far our future life will be *individual*, or rather, how far it will resemble our present existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal, seems as probable as that the body is not so. But the whole thing is inscrutable."

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Viaduct across the Sankey Valley, Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

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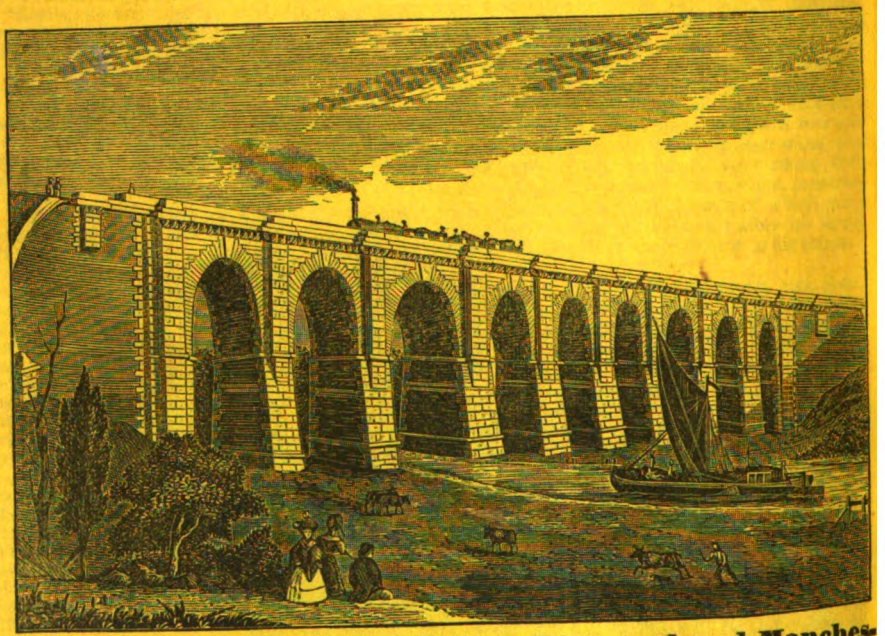
Pulpit Rocks, Pennsylvania.



Viaduct across the Sankey Valley, Liverpool and Manchester Rail Way.

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PULPIT ROCKS, PENNSYLVANIA.

These remarkable rocks, of which the opposite plate furnishes a very correct view, are found in what is called the Bald Eagle or Sinking Spring Valley, on the frontiers of Bedford county, Pa. The valley is bordered on the east by a chain of high, rugged mountains, anciently called the Canoe Ridge, and on the west by the Warrior Mountains. The Pulpit Rocks are situated about 200 miles from the city of Philadelphia, in a mild country, distinguished by many singular natural objects. They assume various striking forms and shapes, and parts are designated as pulpits, bowls, teapots, &c. from the resemblance they bear to such articles. They are unquestionably an object of great curiosity, and no traveller should visit that section of the country without seeing them.

Sinking Valley was made remarkable during the revolutionary war, on account of numerous lead mines found there, over which extensive works were established. The lead ore was of many kinds, some in broad shining flakes, and others of the steely texture, and was found in great quantities. Owing, however, to frequent molestation from the Indians, and the inexperience of the miners, who were old countrymen, unused to such labour, the mines were soon entirely abandoned.

Among other curiosities of this place, the swallows (which absorb several of the largest streams of the valley, and, after conveying them for several miles under ground, in a subterraneous course, then return them upon the surface) are not the most inconsiderable. These, and the number this place contains, have given rise to its general name. Among the most remarkable of them, that called the Arch Spring may be particularized, as it runs close upon the road from the town to the fort. It is a deep hollow, formed in the limestone rock; about thirty feet in width, with a rude arch of stone hanging over it, forming a passage for the water, which it throws out with some degree of violence, and in such plenty as to form a fine stream, which at length buries itself again in the bowels of the earth. Some of these pits are near three hundred feet deep; the water at the bottom seems in rapid motion, and is apparently of a colour as deep as ink, though, in truth, it is as pure as the finest springs can produce. Many of these pits are placed along the course of this subterraneous river, which soon after takes an opportunity of an opening to a descent, and keeps along the surface among rocky hills for a few rods, then enters the mouth of a large cave, whose exterior aperture was sufficient to admit a shallop with her sail full spread. In the inside it keeps from eighteen to twenty feet wide. The roof declines as you advance, and a ledge of loose rugged rocks keeps in tolerable order upon one side, affording means to scramble along. In the midst of this cave is much timber, bodies of trees, branches, &c. and are to be seen lodged quite up to the roof of this passage, which affords a proof of the water being swelled up to the very top, during the time of freshes, &c.; its mode of escaping being, perhaps, inadequate to the prodigious quantities which sometimes must fall from the mountains into this channel, swelling it up to the very surface, as several places over the side seemed to evince the escape of water at times, into the lower country. This opening in the hill continues about four hundred yards, when the cave widens, after you have got round a sudden turn, which prevents it being discovered till you are within it, to a spacious room, at the bottom of which is a vortex, the water that falls into it whirling round with amazing force; sticks, or even pieces of timber, are immediately absorbed, and carried out of sight, the water boiling up with excessive violence, which soon subsides until the experiment is renewed.

Viaduct across the Sankey Valley, England.

The Liverpool and Manchester Rail-way, certainly one of the most stupendous undertakings ever commenced in England, is now in successful operation, and affords great facilities in the transportation of passengers and merchandise. The road extends thirty-one miles, and in its construction more than ordinary difficulties, owing to the unfavourable situation of the country, were surmounted, involving an expense far more extensive than was anticipated in the original estimates. The bridges cost 108,565 pounds 11s. 9d., and the sum of 105,282 pounds 14s. 3d. was paid for land. These two items alone exceed the whole estimated cost of the Pennsylvania rail-road from Columbia to Philadelphia, which is eighty-one miles in length.

One of the most interesting portions of the Manchester Rail-way, is that referred to in the accompanying engraving, giving a view of the splendid Viaduct across the Sankey Valley, about fifteen miles from Liverpool. The following description of this magnificent work is furnished in a late minute account of the Rail-way. The writer says—

"Leaving Parr Moss, we soon approach the great valley of the Sankey, about half way between Liverpool and Manchester, with its Canal at the bottom, and its flats or barges in full sail passing to and fro, between the River Mersey, near Warrington, and the great coal districts, near St. Helen's. Over the valley and canal, and over the topmasts and high peaks of the barges, the Rail-way is carried along a magnificent viaduct of wire arches, each 50 feet span, built principally of brick, with stone padings, the length from the top of the parapets to the water in the canal being 70 feet, and the width of the Rail-way between the parapets 25 feet. The approach of this great structure is along a stupendous embankment; formed principally of clay, dug out from the high lands on the borders of the valley. Looking over the battlements there is a fine view down to the south—Winwick spire rising in the distance, and below you, the little stream of the Sankey running parallel with the canal; while the masts and sails of the vessels, seen at intervals in the landscape where the Canal is no longer visible, present a vivid specimen of inland navigation. Immediately below you, the barges, as they approach the bridge, escape from view for a few minutes, till, having sailed under your feet, they become again visible on the opposite side of the viaduct."

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THE FLOOD.—A SONNET.

Earth's groans are heard afar; the air's deep sleep
Is broken. Springs gush out and sparkle high;
The silver streamlets swell and howling leap,
While swift the ocean foam invades the sky;
Dark seas in fury lash the sounding shore,
And howl defiance to the world of men;
The rains descend and swell the deaf'ning roar
That raves o'er field and forest, hill and glen;
The seething waters storm in phalanx wide
And whelm the living in their whirling tide;
A shoreless ocean now enwraps the globe;
The roar of waves in solemn might prevail;
Wild clouds, are spread for nature's funeral robe,
And loud winds o'er the lost creation wail.

JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

From the New England Magazine.

Autobiography of Mathew Carey.

LETTER VI.

In 1792 or 1793, feeling for the sufferings and wretchedness of the numerous Irish emigrants who arrived in this city, many of them pennyless, and in a most forlorn situation in every respect, I called a meeting at the Coffee house, of a number of the most respectable and influential Irishmen in the city—and, having previously prepared a constitution, submitted it to the meeting, by which it was adopted, an association being formed, under the title of "The Hibernian Society for the relief of emigrants from Ireland." Hugh Holmes, a man of as kind and friendly a heart, and of as amiable a temper and manners, and withal as jovial and festive a companion, as any native of the Emerald Isle, that ever lived, to whose friendship and kindness I was frequently indebted, was elected President, and I was at the same time elected Secretary, in which office I officiated for a number of years. This society exists in full and beneficent operation at the present day. It has been extremely useful to many hundreds of emigrants—some of whom are now in easy and affluent circumstances, who, but for their aid and advice, might have pined in penury. The treasury has a handsome fund, the interests of which is adequate to the current demands on the society.

There was at that period, a society of Irishmen in Philadelphia, under the title of "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick." Although their object was solely a jovial celebration of the anniversary of the patron saint of the island, and there could, therefore, be no real ground of rivalship between the two societies, the old society was somewhat jealous of the new. And two eminent merchants, belonging to the two societies, having met at the door of one of them, they had angry words on the subject, which, both being high tempered and passionate, soon eventuated in a pitched battle, wherein the advocate of the Hibernian Society came off victorious. The name of the latter was Robert Rainey—long since dead, without leaving any relations behind in this country; but I withhold the name of his antagonist, out of respect to his son, now living.

In 1793 and 1794, I was seized with a theatrical mania, and used to attend in Chesnut street, particularly in the former year, about twice for every three times the theatre was open. I wrote in each year a set of Dramatic criticisms, which induced Wignal and Reinagle to send Mr. Rowson, the prompter, (now employed in the Boston Custom House) to offer me the freedom of the house, which I declined for the reasons assigned in the annexed letter.

"Gentlemen, while I am duly sensible of your kindness, I am obliged decline its acceptance, for reasons which you must deem satisfactory. If I accepted it, and praised the performers and performances, as I am well disposed to do, whenever I can with justice and propriety, it would be said that I was paying for my seat by puffing. On the other hand, should I exercise any severity, as would sometimes be proper (but which I shall always do with reluctance) I would be charged with ingratitude for making so ill a return for your kindness. To avoid all such ill natured observations, I will hold myself free to censure or praise as the case may require.

Yours, &c. M. CAREY."

In the fall of 1796, I was zealously engaged with half a dozen or more citizens in the formation of a Sunday School Society, the first, I believe, ever established in this country, of which the Right Rev. Bishop White was and is President. This led to the formation of the many hundreds, that exist at present in the United States.

About the year 1796, William Cobbet, who had previously written and published anonymously, came before the public *in propria persona*, as a writer and publisher.

In the account of his life, published about that period, he made mention of me in rather favorable terms.—Some sorry scribblers, who did not dare to attack him themselves, strove to embroil us together; and the most practicable means they could devise to accomplish this sinister and unworthy purpose, was, to hold out the idea, that he was afraid of me. This was distinctly stated in four pamphlets and several newspapers.

This was copying the example set by children, in a crowd of their fellows, who, when any little bickering takes place between two of their companions, pat each on the back, and encourage him to begin the onset, by persuading him that his antagonist is afraid of him. Of this very humane and honorable propensity, Smollet availed himself in Peregrine Pickle, where, in a duel between Jolter and Pallet, both consummate cowards, to prevent them from running away, to which denouement both were inclined, they were pushed towards each other by Pickle and Tom Pipes. One of these doughty heroes, having uttered something like an Indian yell, so terrified the other, that he ran off, as if a roaring lion was at his heels.

I have no hesitation in acknowledging that I was very much afraid of Cobbet, and dreaded to enter the lists with such a powerful adversary, a controversy with whom I regarded as a most serious evil. He had displayed his talents as a formidable antagonist both before and after laying aside his incognito. It is not wonderful, therefore, that I sought to avoid polemics with him, knowing the extreme severity of his pen—the great influence he had on public opinion—and the danger of his injuring me in my business and in my standing in society—as there is no character, however pure or sacred, that is not more or less impaired by a succession of attacks by a powerful writer. The case of General Washington affords a pregnant proof of the correctness of this theory; for notwithstanding his inestimable services, his immaculate character, and the veneration in which he was held, not merely by the great body of his fellow citizens, but by the civilized world, his standing was temporarily impaired among a large portion of his fellow citizens, by the reiterated abuse he received during the effervescence that took place in consequence of his signature of Jay's Treaty. When such was the fate of this mighty Cedar of Lebanon, what chance would such a slender reed as I stand, under similar circumstances?

One of those scribblers, a certain Joseph Scott, wrote a pamphlet against Cobbet, entitled the Blue Shop, in allusion to the colour of his windows and shutters. In the preface he made some kind mention of me, and brought it and the title to me previously to publication, to inquire whether, in common with other booksellers, I would allow it to be advertised for sale in my store. I urged and prayed him to omit the part in question, lest it might commit me with Cobbet.

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But the malishness of all the mules in Andalusia, could not exceed that of Scott. He would not alter an iota, although I solemnly declared that on no other terms would I allow it to enter my store. Be it known that I had not seen the pamphlet, or known any thing of its having been in the press, or even written, before that moment. During the time he was engaged on it, I was absent from Philadelphia in Boston.

Being always of opinion, that prevention is far better than cure, I wrote Cobbet the following letter, to countervail the efforts of those who sought to array us against each other.

"SEPTEMBER 6, 1796.

"Sir,—I regret exceedingly the introduction of my name into your Life; not that I have any reason to complain of the manner in which it is done; for, without any affectation of modesty, I think the compliments paid me are rather greater than I deserve.

"My regret arises from the occasion it has since given to no less than four writers to couple our names together—and apparently with a view to lead to a literary warfare between us.

"I feel no hesitation about declaring, that this would, for various reasons, be to me highly disagreeable. My wish is to live peaceably; therefore I am desirous to avoid controversies of every kind. My business demands my whole attention; therefore I want the leisure such an irksome affair would require; and moreover, every prudent man would sedulously seek to avoid, while it could be avoided without dishonour, the probable issue of a controversy carried on, as, I believe, ours would be.

"For these, and other reasons, I am induced to take this step, as a precautionary measure; according to the old adage, 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'

"I therefore inform you, that I have never written or published a line or sentence respecting you; and that it is my determination to pursue the same line of conduct, unless (which I hope will not be the case) I am driven to a different course by unprovoked aggression. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

MATHEW CAREY."

"Mr. William Cobbet."

To this he made the following courteous reply:

PHILAD. 7th Sept. 1796.

"Sir,—Hurry has prevented me from answering your polite note sooner. Be assured, that you cannot have a greater aversion to a paper war than I have, or a greater contempt for the miserable wretches who have manifested the malicious desire of involving us in one. It is my sincere desire to live in peace with all the booksellers—and towards none does this desire direct itself [more] than towards Mr. Carey.

I am your most humble and obedient servant,

"Mr. M. Carey." W. COBBET."

LETTER VII.

Some months afterwards I was attacked in the United States Gazette, by John Ward Fenno, a rash, thoughtless, and imprudent young man, who had succeeded his father in the proprietorship and management of that paper. Cobbet, who patronized Fenno, copied into "the Porcupine's Gazette" some of that young man's abuse.

Still desirous of avoiding, if possible, an open collision with a man whom I justly regarded as a most formidable antagonist, I wrote him the following letter.

"Mr COBBET,—I am concerned to find that you appear disposed to force me into a paper warfare with you, whether I will or no. This does not correspond with the declaration in your billet of September 7, '96—'It is my sincere desire to live in peace with all the booksellers—and towards none does this desire direct itself [more] than towards Mr. Carey.'

"The aversion I formerly expressed to this warfare has not diminished. On the contrary, it is stronger than ever. I therefore make this one more effort to avoid it. Should we be engaged in it, I am determined to be able to exculpate myself from its consequences, whatever they may be.

"I have merited no ill treatment at your hands, except for the sin of differing from you, *toto cœlo*, in political opinions. I have done you no injury. In the account of your Life, you professed your gratitude towards me; what has cancelled this debt?

"I have, you must acknowledge, taken no common pains to escape a contest with you. To me it would be as irksome, as can well be conceived. For if you slander and abuse me, what am I to do? Very unfortunately, in bodily strength I am far your inferior.—Were I, as, in my humble opinion, every man ought, in such a case, to attempt to procure redress by the cudgel, for the injuries of the pen, it is more than probable I should only meet with an aggravation of the injury. But it is no reason, because I am weaker than you, that I am therefore to be subject to your unprovoked attacks.

"Shall I return slander for slander, abuse for abuse? In this line I am unpractised. I despise a recurrence to those weapons. Besides, the utmost of my ingenuity could devise nothing to add to what has been written against you ineffectually. I scorn to borrow scurrility from any man. I hope there is no vanity in the declaration, that in fair, open, gentlemanly controversy, there lives not a man from whom I would shrink—but abuse I have never employed, and never shall willingly.

"Should I sue you for damages?—Poor satisfaction to be derived from dancing attendance in courts, to have perhaps a few hundred dollars damages decreed, after an expense of time worth probably double the amount!

"What other alternative remains? You fight no duels. In this latter mode, the inequality arising from a disparity of strength and size, and from my lameness, is done away. But to this *ultima ratio* there are strong objections. Arms have been your trade for years: I have never drawn but two triggers in my life. Here, therefore, the inequality returns, though not in so great a degree. But this is not my only objection. I have a wife and four small children to support. On my industry they depend. I owe it to them to incur no honourably-avoidable risque: this motive, and a decent regard for the laws of the state, induce me to take every step that can be taken with propriety, to avert a commencement of hostilities. But powerful as these motives are, and powerful they must surely be allowed, no man shall abuse or insult me with impunity.

"I once more, sir, in the same spirit as dictated my former letter, declare, that I have never written or published a line or sentence against you. I have long done writing on politics. I have no concern in nor control over the Daily Advertiser; and cannot, therefore, be responsible for its contents. In fact, although I regard it as extremely well conducted in general, yet articles have appeared in it, which I disapprove as much as any thing that has ever appeared in your paper.

"I should be extremely sorry to have this letter ascribed, on the one hand, to a desire of intimidating you, or, on the other, to any fear of you. They are both equally remote from my heart. My wish is peace. I have done nothing to provoke hostility. As long as in my power, I shall avoid it—when it comes, I shall know how to meet it.

"This letter, like my former, is intended for your own perusal. The other, contrary, to my wishes, was divulged. Some anonymous miscreant scoundrel, whom perhaps I may discover and repay, stated it to

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be a deprecation of your wrath, for injuries I had offered. Heaven and hell are not more opposed to each other, than this idea is to truth.

MATHEW CAREY."

To this he made a harsh and angry reply, and continued to copy Fenno's squibs. I then sought to intimidate him, and wrote him the most severe letter I ever penned, of which I annex a specimen.

"Wretch as you are, accursed by God, and hated by man, the most tremendous scourge that hell ever vomited forth to curse a people, by sowing discord among them, I desire not the honour or credit of being abused or vilified by you. I have not leisure to attend to a controversy, unless I am driven to recommence the trade of newspaper printing, and make a profession of scribbling; this, if I cannot escape your coarse, low-lived abuse, I shall certainly and infallibly do—and then I will hold you up to the execration of mankind.

"But no; I will never disgrace my paper with your detested name. Callous and case-hardened, you draw subsistence from your infamy and notoriety. "Hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd," you care not, provided you can amass money enough to secure you a competence at the close of your dishonorable career.

But your writings I shall so cut up, and strip of their sophistry, as to make 'Folly's self to stare' and wonder how she could possibly have been so long duped by you.

* * * * *

"To send a challenge to a blasted, posted, loathsome coward, who, a disgrace to the name of a soldier, when he was called to account for his villainy, hen-heartedly took refuge under the strong arm of the law, and swore his life against the challenger, would sink me almost to a level with yourself. But, detested miscreant, if ever you dare approach the throne of heaven, pour out thanksgivings that I am so far inferior to you in bodily strength. Were I able to grapple with you single-handed, I swear by all my hopes of happiness, the inmost recesses of your dungeon-like labyrinths should not screen you from my vengeance! Heavens! what pride! what pleasure! I should feel in dragging you reeking from your den, and cow-skinning you, till Argus himself should not be able to perceive a hair's breadth upon your carcase but sore upon sore; so that were you and Lazarus candidates for the commiseration of the public, you would carry off the palm."*

DECEMBER 22d, 1798.

It has been generally supposed, and with some appearance of justice, that I was in a violent passion when I wrote this letter This is a great error.—Mrs. Carey sat opposite to me, while I was writing; and, as I wrote a dozen or twenty lines, I read them to her, and we burst into a fit of laughter at the extreme severity of the style—after which I resumed my pen.

This letter did not produce the effect of silencing him. However he seemed undetermined for some days what to do. The letter was sent on a Monday, and unnoticed by him till the following Saturday, whon he opened his batteries on me—and his attacks became more virulent than before. This induced me to publish a "Plumb Pudding for Peter Porcupine," in which I handled him with great severity in his own abusive style, and therein published our correspondence.

To turn this publication into ridicule, he sent his servant with some venison and jelly between two plates, in return for the Plumb Pudding. I did not feel disposed to let the affair pass *sub silentio*—and sent back his present by a stout Irish porter, above six feet high, with directions to let the plates fall in the middle of Cobbet's store, and, if possible, in his presence, and to be ready to defend himself in the event of aggression, pledging myself that I would, as far as the nature of the case permitted, bear him harmless. He performed the service faithfully, as he said—gave a scowling look of defiance at Cobbet, and came away unmolested.

This publication gave rise to a slight altercation with Robert Goodloe Harper. On the day of publication, he came to my store in company with Messrs. Swift, Coit and Dana, three members of Congress, and observed—"I understand you have been giving it to Cobbet."—"Yes," says I, "I have treated him in his own style I have no idea of fighting a man with a small sword, who has a wheelbarrow full of brickbats to knock my brains out. I have given him brickbat for brickbat." After some further conversation, "Give me," says he, "a copy; for I like to read *all these blackguard things*." Irritated by this rudeness, I said, "then, sir, you must like to read your own speeches; for by —— *they are among the most blackguard things that have appeared in this country*." He bit his lip, changed colour, and appeared undetermined whether or not to knock me down, which he could readily have done. At length, he walked off quietly, with tarnished laurels. I was, as may be supposed, tickled with the result, and mentioned the affair to all who came to my store in the afternoon. It made its way to the beer houses in the evening; to the Aurora in the morning; and into a large portion of the Democratic papers throughout the Union in due course.

Philadelphia, December 28, 1833.

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

"Love never sleeps!" The mother's eye
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distress'd, she sits and weeps,
With beating heart! "*Love never sleeps!*"

Yet, e'en that sad and fragile form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
O'erburthen'd nature sinks to rest;
But o'er them both *another* keeps
His midnight watch—"*Love never sleeps!*"

Around—above—the angel bands
Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes, and eager hands
They raise the soul to hope again;
Free as the air, their pity sweeps
The storms of time! "*Love never sleeps!*"

And round—beneath—and over all,
O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
A higher bends! The slightest call
Is answer'd; and relief is given:
In hours of wo, when sorrow steeps
The heart in pain—"*He never sleeps!*"

Oh! God of love! our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world's false radiance, turn!
And as we view thy purity
We feel our hearts within us burn;
Convinced, that in the lowest deeps
Of human ill—"*Love never sleeps.*"

MAN.—The nature of man, in one point of view, is so rich, so varied,—in another, so enigmatical, so incomprehensible, that it may well excite our fears.—The depth of the ocean furnishes forests of coral and beds of pearls; but they also are the abode of the most hideous monsters.

* I should have some reluctance about republishing these extracts and letters, but that all the abuse ever levelled at me by Cobbet is embalmed in "Cobbet's works" published in London in the year 1801, in 12 vols. and will be read when I am dead and gone. It is therefore not improper to record some portion of the off set matter.

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Written for the Casket.

CONVERSATION ON HUMAN NATURE AND KNOWLEDGE.

As steel by steel is polish'd and refined,
So mind is brighten'd by its kindred mind,
By conversation half our bliss is given;
And social meeting made an earthly Heaven;
A mutual benefit is thus bestowed—
And mutual power is gain'd for doing good.

"I have my own opinion concerning all things," said Mr. Wiseacre, as he seated himself in the garret of a literary student, and picked up one of the periodical publications of the day. "I have my opinion of all things, and I never yet could see the use of so much printing and publishing. The world is inundated with books—the shelves of our libraries groan with thousands of volumes, which are never read, and is the world any wiser now than in ancient times, when books were written with the pen and consequently, were so high in price, and so scarce that few could obtain them?"

Student. "The world has, perhaps, been ever nearly the same in virtue, and the mind of man from time immemorial, has been active in the dissemination of knowledge. If ancient books were scarce, philosophers were plenty to illuminate the world, by their lectures and conversations. Many of them travelled from Greece into distant regions to enlighten the ignorant, and consequently to increase their happiness. It is my opinion that the world has ever been the same, both in virtue and intelligence, though the wheel of fortune has been continually turning. As it is in society where some families once opulent became poor, and *vice versa*, so it has been with the world in matters of learning and virtue. Countries which once shone on the list of fame, have long since gone down to Gothic ignorance and barbarian darkness, while others have risen from obscurity and the long night of time, to splendour and glory. The mind of man will ever be active, hence idleness is the parent of crime; for if the mind has not the resource of learning, it will engage itself in reflections upon ignoble and vicious objects."

Wiseacre. "I infer from your reasoning, that you think all men happy in proportion to their knowledge. You certainly cannot mean it for the most ignorant are, in my opinion, the most happy."

Student. "Your proposition ends almost in a paradox. It is true that small things give pleasure to the ignorant mind, upon which the wise man would look down upon in contempt. On the contrary, having little sensibility, and being unconscious of his deficiency, the ignorant man feels not the neglect of the world, and writhes not beneath the envy of cotemporary rivals. But then his happiness is only negative, a mere case originating in the absence of sensibility. Like the brute, he eats and sleeps without pain, but is entirely ignorant of that exquisite happiness which springs in the mind capable of reflecting and feeling the sublime delights of life and learning. In the one happiness is negative, and in the other positive."

Wiseacre. "I must confess I am one of those who believe that the human race, would be happier in a state of nature. You must confess that whenever civilization and christianity have been carried into a nation of barbarians, they have become more vicious and wretched. Witness the North American Indians."

Student. "Ay, witness the North American Indians. But has it been the introduction of the arts, and moral principles of civilization—has it been the introduction of the glorious gospel, teaching humility, love, and good fellowship to all men, which has degraded the condition of the North American Indians? No, sir, it has been the introduction of our vices, not our virtues. To them drunkenness has been more fatal than Capua was to Hannibal, or the Syrens to the mariners of Ulysses."

Wiseacre. "Are you prepared to say that the introduction of civilization and christianity never injured a nation or degraded a people?"

Student. "I am: and I am equally prepared to say, that the downfall of christianity would be the ruin of all. Take away the restraints imposed by religion, and where would the unbridled passions of man lead him? Witness the fatal anarchy which skepticism introduced into France. The very moment that christianity was abolished, the reign of terror commenced, and no sooner did the bloody Robespiere become a skeptic, than he also become a tyrant. So much was Napoleon Bonaparte convinced that skepticism paved the way for the revolution in France, that he once observed, while standing by his tomb, that it would have been better for France, had Jean Jacques Rosseau never lived. The doctrines of the French Illuminati, the doctrines of Voltaire, of Mirabeau, D'Aleumbert, Maupertuis and a hundred others, had a direct tendency to throw off that restraint which chains man to his duty, and to stimulate the the worst passions of his nature."

Wiseacre. "Do you not believe that there were other and greater causes which led to the French Revolution?"

Student. "I do not; for the first spread of skepticism changed men into tigers. No sooner did they throw off their allegiance to God, and their fears of futurity, than they were prepared for crime; and ready to baptize the land in the blood of their fathers and brothers."

Wiseacre. "Then you are in favour of christianity, even putting aside future rewards and punishments?"

Student. "Yes, sir; I believe that christianity makes better society, and better men, and even admitting that there were no futurity, I would still give my vote in favour of its being upheld and retained."

Wiseacre. "In your zeal you forget how many oceans of blood have been shed by, and how many wars have been the consequence of the spirit of christianity. Witness the Crusades, the fires of Smithfield, and ——"

Student. "But you must recollect that they sprung not from the spirit of christianity, but from a mistaken notion of it. Christianity possesses inherent virtue, and cannot be charged with the follies of man, neither can those follies bring disgrace upon it. Christ only died

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for, or to redeem the sins of mankind; he was not chargeable *with* them."

Wiseacre. "Well, I must confess that I am in some degree skeptically inclined, more from principle, however, than through pride. I am sometimes inclined to doubt the existence of the Supreme Being."

Student. "No man in his senses can do that. I would advise you never to acknowledge it, for the greater mass of mankind are against you, and consequently you will gain an unenvied fame. Can you be blind to the evidences around you? All nature cries aloud, and declares the existence of a God. There is not a fruit that reddens in the sun, there is not a flower that blushes in the light, nor a blade of grass that waves in the wind but that testifies to the great architect divine. Who but a Superior Being could form the flower, and paint it with its delicate tints? Who but God, could have formed the complicated creature, man, and united two such dissimilar natures as mind and matter, making each dependant on the other?"

Wiseacre. "I do not believe in the union of mind and matter. I am a firm believer in the doctrines of Dr. Priestly, and other materialists, who tell us that the fibres of the brain when moving give us our ideas, and constitute what we call mind. In other words, I believe that the soul or mind is the life, and consequently that it pervades the whole body and ceases with its vitality."

Student. "Then if a man have the misfortune to have his arm or leg amputated, he looses a corresponding part of his soul. It matters not, however, as you believe in annihilation."

Wiseacre. "You mistake me, sir; permit me to explain. Scripture tells us that God approached Adam in the garden of Eden, and breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul. Now we are told by some of the best scholars, that this is a wrong translation; and that it should have been 'the breath of *lives*.' Now according to a great writer, this breath of lives signifies the five senses, without which, or at the cessation of which, man instantly ceases to exist. Through the five senses we gain all our ideas; for it is utterly impossible to imagine any thing that we have not previously seen, heard of, smelt, tasted or felt. You mistake in supposing I doubt the immortality of the soul."

Student. "Then your doctrine seems inconsistent. If your soul is a part of, and dependant upon your body, it cannot leave it after death. How can you reconcile this?"

Wiseacre. "You have not a proper idea, sir, of the doctrine of materialism. When a common machine, stops the substance which it manufactures stops also; so it is with the machine called man. The brain, aided by the external power of the senses, manufactures ideas or thoughts, or in other words the mind. Now, sir, it is evident, that so soon as the brain and the senses become quiescent, the mind must also cease."

Student. "No doubt you think your reasoning ingenious; but it is mere theory at last, without proof."

Wiseacre. "Not so, sir; I will prove it. Suppose a man to receive a fracture of the arm, thigh or leg, you will observe that his mind is still clear and unobscured; but suppose his skull is fractured so as to obstruct the movement of the fibres of the brain, where then is the mind? Suppose a man drowned and taken from the water lifeless; his heart is still, his body is cold, and would never recover without the aid of artificial means. His heart is again set in motion, the brain goes on, the senses are awakened, and he is again a living soul. Ask him where his soul was during the period he was dead, and he will tell you he has no consciousness of the elapse of time. A man dies and lies in the grave thousands of years, without any consciousness of the elapse of time. When we have slept a number of hours, the time appears but as a moment, though we are still living, and if we have a little consciousness in our sleep, what idea of time's flight can we have in the grave."

Student. "I object to your proof. In the first place, the drowned man is not dead, the vital principle is still there, and we know not where life leaves off, and death begins. We have no proof of death but putrefaction; and no man was ever resuscitated after putrefaction had taken place. In the second place, your theory runs counter to Holy Writ, which positively declares that the soul not only leaves the body after death, but, that it goes to happiness or misery. Your theory of materialism is at best but an Utopian dream, which can be productive of no benefit either to the living or the dead. It is a subject which we never can fathom until death sets the prisoner free. I will agree with you that there are some parts of knowledge which are useless. God has given us sufficient intellect to understand all in this world that can be of use to us; but when we undertake to go beyond our limit, all is darkness and confusion. A finite mind cannot comprehend infinite things, and when we dive into the origin of first causes we seek knowledge which is useless, and beyond our reach. Still an increase of ordinary knowledge is an increase of happiness. The cultivated mind is happy in its own reflections—whether in solitude or the crowded hall, while the vacant mind must seek for recreation and amusement in external objects. How listless, how uneasy is the ignorant mind when left alone—while to the cultivated one, every flower, and every charm of nature is ripe with happiness."

Wiseacre. "I hold in my hand one of the common periodicals of the day—filled with poetry, anecdotes, and tales of love and life. Of what benefit to mankind are such writings?"

Student. "Of the greatest benefits, as I shall prove. Polite literature, and light reading, have a tendency to refine, to exalt and elevate the tone of society. Who has not noticed the powerful effect of ridicule on the follies of a whole community or nation, and what melancholy mind has not reaped the advantage of wit in many a hearty laugh. The Spectator of Addison revolutionized the corrupt society of London. Poetry and tales of which you speak contemptibly, have had their advantages in all ages. He who has read most poetry, knows the most of

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refined feelings, for it has a direct tendency to refine the heart. What an unbounded influence have national songs and ballads over the patriotic feelings of the people. What wanderer on the shores of Europe has not shed tears while listening to the plaintive air of "*Home, sweet Home?*" What patriotic heart has not leaped, listening to the "*Star Spangled Banner?*" Literary fiction cultivates in us the finest principles, stimulating us to the practice of virtue, benevolence, gratitude, friendship, and many other duties, without the observance of which, life is but a misanthropic pilgrimage, and society a desert or wilderness."

Wiseacre. "But do you not think that one active benefactor bestows on mankind more benefits than all the sciences? For instance, Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam boat, or Dr. Franklin."

Student. "If you have reflected a moment, you would have seen that these men owed more than half their usefulness to their knowledge of the sciences. What would either of them have done without an acquaintance with mathematics and natural philosophy? What would commerce be without that little instrument, the compass, the offspring of science? Mankind do not know how much they are indebted to the sciences. The cook who is making bread, and the man whom you see from the window putting a tire on a wheel, do not know that they are performing chymical operations. He heats the iron, places it upon the wheel, and then pours water on it, though he is not acquainted with the grand law in nature that cold contracts, and heat expands all bodies. He does not know that he is operating under the same law when he heats the steel tool red hot, and plunges it into cold water or oil to make it hard. Neither does he who carbonizes iron, to convert it into steel, know the nature of carbon, or that it is one of the few grand principles of nature. The good housewife, also, makes her soap without any idea that she is so much indebted to science."

Wiseacre. "I will agree with you that some of the sciences, particularly, those upon which the arts are founded and dependent, have been useful to mankind. But there is Natural History ——"

Student. "Natural History is of the greatest use to mankind in many points of view. Without its aid we never should have known the strength and fleetness of the horse, or the luxury of the patient cow. Without the study of Natural History, we could not have known the fidelity of the dog, and the friendship of the dignified and familiar cat. We should also have remained strangers to the useful sheep, and never have known the luxury of animal food. Of the qualities of game, we should have known nothing—to our palates, the innumerable luxuries of the sea would have been locked up. Nothing more strongly convinces us of the existence of a Supreme Being, than the study of Natural History. Look at the operations of the Silk Worm, and the Bee, and you will at once acknowledge that chance never created them. See the ingenuity displayed in the Lobster. He is so firmly incased in his shell, that he cannot slip out of it, and yet if it remain upon him, he cannot grow. So avoid this dilemma, at a certain period the shell bursts, and the naked animal is liberated. How wisely has God distributed the various animals over the earth, to benefit man! On the great deserts where man has no fixed habitation, he has placed the Camel, which is capable of enduring fatigue, where the horse would expire for want of water and food. In Lapland, where eternal snows covers the earth, the Rein Deer is placed, to the eye of which is fitted a skin, in the centre of which is a small aperture, through which the animal may see without having his eye injured by the drifting flakes of frozen snow. The horse would perish in either situation; for he has neither the water reservoir of the Camel to supply him on the desert, nor the eye shield of the Rein Deer to protect his eye from the frozen snow. Here you see the evident intention of the Diety; for if chance had formed them, it is more than probable that they would have chanced to have been stationed in the wrong place, or the qualities of one given to another."

Wiseacre. "If a knowledge of science points out and proves the existence of the Diety, why are so many learned men skeptics? Why were Voltaire, Volney, and Rosseau, among the French; and Hume, Gibbon, and others among the English, unbelievers? Can you fathom the mystery?"

Student. "Fashion governs every thing. Many learned men, ashamed of old established opinions, wish to dazzle the world with something new—and to attract attention by the singularity of their doctrines. Neither Voltaire nor Gibbon, neither Hume nor Paine, would ever have been so universally known, had they not struck at, and attempted to overthrow the established opinions of the religious world. We are told by the ancient historians, that Ærostratus set fire to the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, to immortalize his name, he having despaired by honorable means of transmitting his reputation to posterity. Pride no doubt instigated men in the first instances to become skeptics—and many afterwards were actuated by pride in patterning after them. The French school of Deists and Atheists, attempted to propagate their doctrines in England, and succeeded in corrupting a few of the profligate,—but they were met by such men as Addison, Cowper, and Johnson, and put to flight. When the talented and pious Addison was on his death bed, he sent for his son-in-law, a wild young infidel, and after bearing witness of the purity of the christian religion, he added in a triumphant tone—"see how a christian can die!" A strong proof that all learned skeptics affect their doctrines through pride, is the fact that those doctrines will not support them in the hour of death. Voltaire's pride supported him on his death bed whenever his pupils were present, and he cried—"Crush the wretch," meaning Jesus Christ; but so soon as they were absent he cried to his offended God, to have mercy upon him. Many men have become skeptics merely through a low desire to imitate others, whom they have considered their superiors. Nothing is more contemptible

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than to affect to imitate the follies and weaknesses of great or distinguished men."

Wiseacre. "Do you not believe the world is governed too much by Priestcraft and delusion?"

Student. "That is the old cry among infidels. Yet it must be admitted that there is too much superstition, bigotry and fanaticism—but they are all paliated by the fact that they originate in ignorance. The christian religion is not chargeable with them; for they spring from a mistaken notion of it, and no sooner is the light of knowledge shed upon the minds of men, than they fly before it as the mists of night before the rising orb of day. On the contrary, it is a melancholy fact that an increase of knowledge in any country, always brings with it a corresponding increase of shrewdness, duplicity, and crime. The Roman people were never more wicked, than when they were in the plenitude of knowledge, and at the height of their glory. Our cities are more enlightened than smaller communities, and the ratio of crime is far greater. This may be accounted for. It is said, that it is a bad rule which will not work both ways. Knowledge gives to a good man a greater capacity to do good, and *vice versa*; when a naturally bad man becomes enlightened, his capacity for doing evil, is greater because his mind has power to invent stratagems and evil designs which the ignorant would never dream of."

Wiseacre. "As the ancient said to Paul, 'almost thou persuadest me to be a christian,' and to love knowledge. Were it not too late, I would immediately apply myself to the acquisition of both."

Student. "It is never too late to do good. No man has an idea of what he may perform with diligent attention, and properly directed genius. Some of the most talented and learned men, have risen to great eminence by their own exertions from the lowest obscurity. Great philosophers have contended in early life with obscurity, poverty, and deficient education. Genius with industry *will* shine."

Wiseacre. "Have you any examples within the scope of your recollection?"

Student. "I have, and I might mention a long list of such names as Franklin, Rittenhouse, and Fulton, in this country, and Herschell, Adam Clark, and Simpson, the mathematician, in England."

Wiseacre. "If I understand you right, you are a believer in genius. Some philosophers teach the doctrine that there is no such thing as genius; that all have an equal capacity for learning; and that the superior success of some, depends upon superior advantages or opportunities, and more laborious application. This is, I must confess, most flattering. Will you favour me with your opinion on the subject?"

Student. "I will do so with pleasure; for conversation is enumerated by the great Dr. Watts, as one of the great means of increasing knowledge. It is as certain that one mind may possess a superior capacity to another, as that one memory is superior to that faculty in another mind. Witness two children of the same parents. Both have the same opportunity and the same teacher. That one with a superior capacity will have a desire for knowledge; for that desire always follows genius, and he will readily acquire whatever he attempts, while the other will toil on without any material increase. The one will acquire without effort, that which the other never can master with laborious application. Some men appear to have an universal genius for the acquirement of the sciences, or the arts as it may happen. They will take up an art which they have never learned, and excel those who have spent their lives in the employment. It appears that in the most of families there is one child which possesses more talent than all the rest—and hence it is exceedingly rare that more than one rises to distinction in the same family. There is as much difference between genius and mere application as there is between reason and instinct."

Wiseacre. "You cannot convince me that there is any difference between the reason of man, and the instinct of brute creation. Do you call instinct inferior or superior to reason?"

Student. "It is inferior by all means. Instinct is not a less degree of reason, as cold is the absent of heat—but it is, in my opinion, quite a different principle. It supplies in the brute the want of judgment as well as réason. It is to the brute precisely what reason is to man, though not the same principle."

Wiseacre. "You say it is inferior to reason. Can man with all his ingenious art build a bird's nest?"

Student. "No, sir; for the best reason in the world, he has not the materials required. The nest is modelled by the body of the bird, and hence you see again that God fits every thing to circumstances."

Wiseacre. "There is one act performed by the common hen, which I think will convince you that instinct is nothing less than reason. In summer when the weather is warm, the hen comes off from her nest and remains a long time, whereas, in winter her stay from her eggs is of short duration, proving that she is aware that should she remain off so long in the winter, the eggs would chill, and the young chick die. Then how reasonable does she act in turning over her eggs every day and changing the place of those which have had least warmth."

Student. "Your reasoning appears very reasonable, but it will not stand the test of scrutiny. The hen will sit upon painted blocks or the eggs of a goose without knowing the difference, and sometimes when robbed will sit upon the ground. She will hatch the eggs of the duck, and when the young ducks enter the water, will fly along the shore, alarmed for their safety. Now had she a particle of reason, she would know that they are ducks, and consequently fitted by nature for swimming in the water. No, sir, God never intended to endow these creatures with reason, because they would then have become fearful of death from a knowledge of it, and consequently, would have either resisted man, or fled from him in terror."

Wiseacre. "Indeed, sir, you hem me in on every side and if you refute my next proposition, I shall give up the contest and acknowledge you, as I must, my superior in knowledge. I was once travelling over an old bridge, through

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which my horse broke and injured his leg. The next year I had occasion to travel, not over the same bridge to be sure; for a new one had been put in its place; the horse refused to go over, nor could I force him over. It was at that place he had been injured, and he remembered it. Are you prepared to say that he did not reason?"

Student. "I will readily agree that your horse remembered having been injured; for horses have the faculty of memory—but I will not agree that he reasoned correctly; for if he had he would have been convinced, that though he fell through an old decayed bridge, it was no reason he should fall through a new one, made strong enough to bear a hundred times his weight."

Wiseacre. "You are right, sir; I see my error and resign the contest. I am also convinced of the value of knowledge, and the pleasure I have enjoyed during this conversation convinces me that you are right in saying that where there is an increase of knowledge, there is an increase of happiness. The correct philosophical ideas I have gained from your reasoning will have a tendency to do away my skeptical notions which I now confess, originated in ignorance."

Student. "The study of philosophy either makes us better or worse—depending upon the use we make of our knowledge. In like manner the greatest blessing may become a curse."

Wiseacre. "Well, sir, for the present I must bid you adieu. There are other subjects I should be happy to discuss with you, and shall give myself the pleasure of calling again in your garret."

Student. "Sir, I shall be extremely happy to see you. Adieu!" MILFORD BARD.

(From a volume of Poems, by John Mackay Wilson.)

THE CLYDE AND TWEED.

Nursed on a rocky mountain's breast,
Two twin-born rivers played;
And parting, one rushed fleetly west,
The other eastward strayed.

The Clyde rolled on,—a warrior's song
Of triumph; while the Tweed
With stilly murmur swept along,
Its voice the shepherd's reed.

A bridegroom leaping light with joy,
On, onward bounded Clyde;
The Tweed, a maiden, timid, coy,
Moved like a blushing bride.

The Clyde rushed forth in glory, where
The sunbeams revelled wild;
The Tweed in beauty, softly, fair,
Was kissed by moonlight mild.

Sublimity and Beauty's tread
Impressed their favoured Clyde;
While loveliness hung o'er the Tweed,
And slumbered on its side.

The Clyde embraced a golden Firth,
Where lake and mountain shone,
And fairy islands left the earth
To deck their marriage throne.

The Tweed her deckings cast aside,
Plain was her bridal bed—
Fair Tweed an unadorned bride
The hoary Ocean wed.

Biographical Sketch of Haydn.

Joseph HAYDN, born 1732, in the village of Rohaur on the borders of Hungary and Austria. His father, a poor wheelwright, played on the harp on Sundays, his mother accompanying with her voice. When the boy was five years old, he used, during his parents' performance, to make motions with a board and a stick, as if he was playing the violin. A schoolmaster, whom accident led to this concert, observing that Joseph kept good time, asked permission to take him to his school. Here he learned to read and write, and received instruction in singing and in playing on the violin and other instruments. After he had been here 2 years, he became, at the age of 8 years, a chorister in St. Stephen's. At the age of ten years, he composed pieces for six or eight voices. "I then thought," he afterwards remarked, laughingly, "that the blacker the paper, the finer the music." With his fine soprano, he lost his place, in his 16th year. His situation was now very discouraging, and he had a foretaste of the difficulties which await an artist without fortune or patrons. He gave instructions in music, played in the orchestra, and occupied himself with composing. "With my worm-eaten harpsichord," said he, "I did not envy the lot of kings." At that time, the six first sonatas of Emanuel Bach fell into his hands. "I did not leave the harpsichord," said he, "until they were played through, from beginning to end; and any one, who knows me, must perceive that I owe much to Emanuel Bach; that I have carefully studied his style; and he himself once paid me a compliment about it." The youth at length had the good fortune to become acquainted with a Mlle. de Martinez, the friend of Metastasio. He instructed her in singing and playing on the harpsichord, for which he received his board and lodging. The first opera-poet of the age and the first composer of the symphonies thus lived in the same house, though in very different circumstances. The poet, honored with the favor of the court, lived in the midst of pleasures, while the poor musician was obliged to pass the days in bed, for want of fuel. When Mlle. de Martinez left Vienna, Haydn was again plunged in the greatest distress. He retired into the suburb of Leopoldstadt, where a hair-dresser took him into his house. This residence had a fatal influence over the rest of his life. He married the daughter of his host, who poisoned his happiest days. Haydn was 18 years old when he composed his first quartetto, which met with general success, and encouraged him to new efforts. At the age of 19, he composed the Devil on Two Sticks, an opera which was forbidden, on account of its satirical character, after its third representation. Haydn now became so celebrated, that prince Esterhazy placed him at the head of his private chapel. For this prince he composed some beautiful symphonies,—a department in which he excelled all other composers,—and the greatest part of his fine quartetts. Here he also composed the symphony known by the name of *Haydn's Departure*, in which one instrument stops after another, and each musician, as soon as he has finished, puts out his light, rolls up his note book, and retires. When, after a period of about 20 years, the prince Esterhazy reduced his court, and Haydn received his discharge, he went to London, to which he had often been invited. In 1794, he made a second journey thither. He found a most splendid reception, and the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of doctor of music. In England, Haydn first became generally known; he had not enjoyed an extensive reputation in his native country. On his return from England, he purchased a small house and garden in one of the suburbs of Vienna. Here he composed the Creation and the Seasons. The former work, which is full of the fire of youth, was finished in his 65th year. The Seasons, his last work, was completed in 11 months. Among

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his numerous works are also a *Te Deum*, a *Stabat*, many concerts, marches, masses, &c. Haydn made a new epoch in instrumental music. Inexhaustible in invention and execution, always new and original always surprising and satisfying the hearer, he ruled the taste of the age. His symphonies have all these characteristics. From him the quartetts first obtained a spirit and an artful involution, which enraptured connoisseurs. Some years before his death, which happened May 31, 1809, the Dilettanti Society in Vienna concluded their winter concerts with a splendid performance of the Creation, to which Haydn was invited. His reception made a great impression on him, weakened as he was by age, but his own work affected him still more deeply; and, at the passage "It was light," overpowered by the harmony which he had himself created, the tears ran down his cheeks, and, with upraised arms, he cried, "Not from me, but thence does all this come!" He sunk under the weight of his feeling, and was obliged to be carried out.

SHERIDAN.

Taylor, of the Opera House, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds, and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet no one can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went into a post chaise and four; he in one and his son following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty. They throw away all the ready money they get upon any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber, (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed, she brought the dress, which came to five and twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan, who sent out a Mr. Grimm, (one of his jackalls,) to say that he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank note in the house.

She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it were necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for further instructions, who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this, Mrs. B. said, she was also provided: she had brought one in her pocket. At each message she could hear them laugh heartily in the next room, at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after Sheridan came out in high good humour, and paid her the amount of her bill in ten, five and one pound notes. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I tell you what I would advise you to do with it my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it upon parchment!"

He once mounted a horse, which a horse dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's street, rode it to Tattersall's, and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his cheeks at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow.

Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entry. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown.

I have heard one of his old city friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much.

[From the Pen and Ink Sketches in the Liverpool Journal.]

ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.

One of O'Connell's earliest displays of acuteness was at Tralee, in the year 1799, shortly after he had been called to the Bar. In the intricate case where he was Junior counsel, (having got the brief more as a family compliment than from any other cause,) the question in dispute was as to the validity of a will, which had been made almost *in articula mortis*. The instrument was drawn up with proper form; the witnesses were examined and gave ample confirmation that the deed had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant, possessed of a strong passion for speaking. It fell to O'Connell to cross-examine him, and the young barrister allowed him to speak on, in the hope that he might say too much. Nor was this hope disappointed. The witness had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. "Yes," continued he, with all the garrulousness of old age, "I saw him sign it, and surely *there was life in him at the time*." The expression frequently repeated, led O'Connell to conjecture that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eye upon the old man, he said, "You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth, and the whole truth—the eye of God is upon you; the eyes of your neighbors are upon you also. Answer me, by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which has passed your lips, *was the testator alive when he signed the will?*" The witness was struck with the solemn manner in which he was addressed, his colour changed—his lips quivered—his limbs trembled, and he faltered out the reply, "there was life in him." The question was repeated in a more impressive manner, and the result was that O'Connell half compelled, half cajoled him to admit, that, after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand—that one of the party guided it to sign his name, while, as a salve for the consciences of all concerned, a living fly was put into the dead man's mouth, to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that "there was life in him" when he signed that will. This fact, literally dragged from the witness, preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and was the first occurrence in O'Connell's legal career, worth mentioning. Miss Edgeworth, in her, "Patronage," has an incident not much different from this—perhaps it was suggested by it. The plaintiffs in this case were two sisters, named Langton, both of whom still enjoy the property miraculously preserved to them by the ingenuity of O'Connell; and the writer of this sketch

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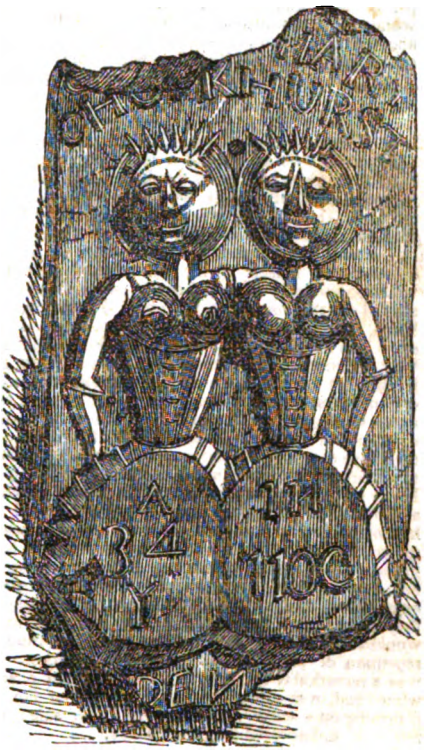
has often heard them relate the manner in which he had contrived to elicit the truth.

Again—One of the most remarkable personages in Cork, for a series of years, was a sharp-witted little fellow named John Boyle, who published a periodical called "The Freebolder." As Boyle did not see that any peculiar dignity hedged the Corporation of Cork, his "Freebolder" was remarkable for severe and satirical remarks upon its members, collectively and personally. Owing to the very great precautions as to the mode of publication, it was next to impossible for the Corporation to proceed against him for libel—if they could have done so, his punishment was certain; for, in those days, there was none but Corporation Juries—and the fact that Boyle was hostile to the municipal *clique*, was quite enough for these worthy administrators of justice. It happened on the occasion of a crowded benefit, that Boyle and one of the Sheriffs were coming out of the pit of the theatre at the same moment. A sudden crash drove the scribe against the Sheriff, and the concussion was such that the latter had two of his ribs broken. There could be no doubt that the whole was accidental; but it was too lucky not to be taken advantage of. Mr. Boyle was prosecuted for assault,—O'Connell (who was personally inimical to the Corporation) scarcely cross-examined a witness, and called none in defence. He proceeded to reply. After some hyperbolical compliments on the "well known impartiality, independence, and justice of a Cork jury," he proceeded to address them thus:

I had no notion that the case is what it is; therefore I can call no witnesses. As I have received a brief and its accompaniment—a fee, I must address you, I am not in the vein for making a long speech—so, gentlemen, instead of it, I shall tell you a story. Some years ago, I went specially, to Clonmell assizes, and accidentally witnessed a trial which I never shall forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair, and exchanged blows: again, that evening, they met at a low pot-house, and the bodily interference of friends alone prevented a fight between them. The prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival. The wretched victim left the house, followed soon after by the prisoner, and was found next day on the road-side, murdered, and his face so barbarously beaten in by a stone that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner—in fact it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a form—of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called, to the surprise of every one, the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward. It seemed that another man had been murdered; that the identification by dress was vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes; that the presumed victim had got a hint that he would be arrested under the Whiteboy act; had fled, and only returned, with a noble and Irish feeling of justice, when he found that his ancient foe was in jeopardy on his account. The case was clear; the prisoner was innocent. The Judge told the Jury that it was unnecessary to charge them. They requested permission to retire; they returned in about two hours, when the foreman, with a long face, handed him the verdict, 'guilty.' Every one was astonished. 'Good God!' said the Judge, 'of what is he guilty? Not of murder, surely?' 'No, my Lord,' said the Foreman, 'but if he did not murder that man, sure he stole my gray mare three years ago.'"

The Cork Jurors laughed heartily at this anecdote; ere the mirth had time to cool, O'Connell continued with marked emphasis, "So gentlemen of the Jury, if Mr. Boyle did not wilfully assault the Sheriff, he has libelled the Corporation; find him guilty by all means!" The application was so severe that the Jury, shamed into justice, instantly acquitted Mr. Boyle.

EASTER CUSTOM.



An account of the Biddenden Maids in Kent, Born joined at the hips and shoulders.

On Easter Sunday in every year after Divine Service in the afternoon in the Parish of Biddenden, in the county of Kent, there are by the Church-wardens, given to the Strangers about 1000 Rolls with an impression on them similar to the Plate. The origin of this Custom is thus related.

In the year 1100 at Biddenden, in Kent, were born Elizabeth and Mary Chulkhurst, *Joined together by the Hips and Shoulders, and who lived in that state Thirty Four Years!!* At the expiration of which time, one of them was taken ill and after a short period died; the surviving one was advised to be separated from the corpse which she absolutely refused by saying these words, "*as we came together, we will also go together*," and about six hours after her sister's decease, she was taken ill and died also. *A stone near the Rector's Pew marked with a diagonal line is shewn as the place of interment.*

The moon on the east orial shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Shewed the twin sisters and many a saint;
Whose images on the glass were dyed;
Mysterious maidens side by side,

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The moon beam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a mystic stain.

It is further stated, that by their will, they bequeathed to the Church-wardens of the Parish of Biddenden, and their successors, Church-wardens for ever, certain pieces or parcels of Land, in the Parish, containing about 20 Acres, which is hired at 40 Guineas per annum, and that in commemoration of this wonderful Phenomenon of Nature, the Rolls and about 300 Quartern loaves and Cheeses in proportion, should be given to the Poor Inhabitants of the Parish.

Everyday book

ANECDOTES OF PARROTS.

From the Miscellany of Natural History.

In passing by a garden, (of a house the narrator visited at the Cape,) we heard a talking which our Portuguese, after attentively listening, pronounced to be "plain Dutch," nor was it long, before we had a specimen of as "plain English." After our ears were saluted with the squalling and screaming of a fowl in distress, and indeed, in the act of being strangled, which excited our astonishment, as we could see all around us, the voice of a boy under flagellation was heard, crying out most lustily, "O Lord, sir! O Lord, sir, it was not I, sir; I never saw the old cock before, Sir." To unravel this mystery, we went back to the house once more; and, on making known the strange circumstance, we were conducted to the garden, and a tree was pointed out to us, where we saw, almost enveloped in the thick foliage, the arch deceiver in the shape of a large cockatoo. I was at a loss which to admire most, the half stifled and broken sobbing (if I may so call it) of the fowl, or the outcry of the boy, as detected in killing and stealing what belonged to his neighbor. The girl told us their father had lately given the amazing price of fifteen dollars for this bird in Cape Town; and that it spoke in different languages but that in all of them it made use of such gross expressions, and swore so profanely, they supposed they should soon be obliged to part with it. Nor would they stay long in the garden, possibly fearing a repetition of "plain Dutch," by the same author. It was a remarkably fine bird, in full feather, and nearly white: and, in shutting its eyes, a large sort of fan, as if turning on a spindle, rose up from either side from the neck, and covered them completely.

The following curious circumstances occurred with a couple of parrots in London. A tradesman who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, much to the annoyance of his neighbors, one of which was green and the other grey. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door,—the grey put in his word whenever the bell was rung; but they only knew two short phrases of English a-piece, though they pronounced these very distinctly. The house in which these Thebans lived had a projecting old fashioned front, so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day, when they were left at home by themselves, hanging out of a window, some one knocked at the street door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot, in the exercise of his office.—"The man with the leather!" was the reply,—to which the bird answered with his further store of language, which was "Oh, ho!" Presently, the door not being opened as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time. "Who's there!" said the green parrot again, "who's there!" said the man with the leather; "why dont you come down?" to which the parrot made the same answer, "Oh, ho!" This response so enraged the visiter, that he dropped the knocker and rung furiously at the house bell; but this proceeding brought the grey parrot, who called out in a new voice, "Go to the gate." "To the gate!" mustered the appellant, who saw no such convenience, and, moreover, imagined that the servants were bantering him. "What gate?" cried he, getting out into the kennel, that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor. "Newgate," responded the grey parrot, just at the moment when his species was discovered.

What proved a peculiar sagacity in the imitations of Dr. Thornton's parrot, was that they were effected sometimes without his voice; for example, there was a scissors grinder, who came every day into the street where the bird was kept. All parrots have a file in the inside of the upper mandible, with which they grind down the under bill, and in this they are employed an hour every evening. This sound people usually mistake for snoring. This scraping was attempted, but the nice ear marked the difference; and he had recourse to his claws, which he struck against the perch, armed with tin, and observing the time of the turning of the wheel, he effected a most exact imitation, which he repeated every Friday. Sometimes the child's pap would be taken to the window, and beaten with a spoon; this he would immediately imitate by striking his bill against the side of his perch.

Parrots are sometimes extremely quick in picking up certain words that happen to strike their ears; and this they often do very untowardly, so as afterwards to repeat them with an apparently mischievous intent. We remember a parrot which belonged to a lady, which was the innocent means of getting its mistress into a very unfortunate scrape. A friend of hers having called one afternoon, the conversation of the two ladies took that turn towards petty scandal, to which, we grieve to say, it is but too frequently bent. The friend mentioned the name of a lady of their acquaintance. "Mrs.——!" exclaimed the owner of the parrot, "Mrs. —— drinks like a fish." These words were hardly uttered, when the footman, in a loud voice, announced "Mrs.——!" and as the new visitor, a portly, proud dame, came sailing into the room, "Mrs.——!" exclaimed the parrot, "Mrs.—— drinks like a fish." Mrs.—— wheeled round, with the celerity of a troop of heavy dragoons, furiously, to confront the base and unknown maligner. "Mrs.——!" cried the parrot again. "Mrs.—— drinks like a fish." "Madam," exclaimed Mrs.——, to the lady of the house, "this is a piece of wickedness towards me which must have taken no small time to prepare. It shows the blackness of your heart towards one for whom you have long pretended a friendship; but I shall be revenged." It was in vain that the mistress of the parrot rose and protested her innocence. Mrs.—— flounced out of the room in a storm of rage, much too loud to admit of the voice of reason being heard. The parrot, delighted with his new caught up words, did nothing for some days but shout out, at the top of his most unmusical voice. "Mrs.——! Mrs.—— drinks like a fish." Meanwhile, Mrs.——'s lawyers, having once taken up the scent, succeeded in ferretting out some information, that ultimately produced written proofs, furnished by some secret enemy; that the lady's imprudence in the propagation of this scandal had not been confined to the instance we have mentioned. An action of law was raised for defamation. The parrot was arrested, and carried into court, to give oral testimony of the malignity of the plot which was supposed to have been laid against Mrs.——'s good fame; and he was by no means niggardly of his testimony; for, to the great amusement of the bench, the bar, and all present, he was no sooner produced, than he began, and continued to vociferate, "Mrs.——! Mrs.—— drinks like a fish!" till judges and jury were alike satisfied of the merits of the case; and the result was, that the poor owner of the parrot was cast with immense damages.

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[From the Knickerbocker.]

BUCK HORN TAVERN,

A SCENE IN THE WEST.

It was during the latter part of September, in the year ——, that it was my fortune to be travelling through the western district of Tennessee, and along the main road which now leads on from Bolivar to Paris.

The close of a pleasant day found me fatigued and weary, jogging along through a wild and thinly settled country, on the *qui vive* for a resting place; the few *clearings* which I had passed, indicated contentment rather than wealth, or even comfort, and the hooting of owls, the long howl of some famished beast, the rapid passage of birds on their way to roost, together with the recollection of many stories of hair breath escapes and desperate conflict, which had taken place in the country through which I was passing, caused me to feel much solicitude as to where I should sleep, and made me think of home, and happiness, and the busy crowd of Atlantic cities—and when I contrasted all this with the fact, that I was a stranger in a strange land, and beheld the quiet, yet wild appearance of the dense and dark forest around me, I involuntarily tightened my reins, and urged my horse onward.

It was in this mood, that, upon turning an angle of the road, I discovered a horseman coming towards me in a sweeping trot—he was rather badly mounted; but his dress and appearance were of rather a better order, and *bespoke* him a genuine backwoodsman of some note.

Seeing that he was about to pass me, with a common salutation I hailed him to stop.

"Halt, Billy,"—said he, and Billy halted so suddenly, I thought his rider would have gone over his head—"An now stranger what is it you want with me, you must talk fast, for the way that I'm in a hurry is curious."

"I shall be obliged to you," said I, "if you will tell me where I can sleep to night?"

"An is that all?—well, here's Buck Horn just a head of you, though its right rough there—an about eight miles further there is an excellent house—an if you don't like either of them spose you turn back with me; I've got but one cabin, and it is full of young ones, but I'll make you a pallet and take care of your horse."

"I thank you, sir, but my horse is tired, and I am anxious to get on."

"No thanks, no thanks, stop at Buck Horn, you can make out there for the night."

"But I think you said it was right rough—can I stand it?"

"Oh! stand it—yes—we stand any thing here—I only said so cause you seemed to be a stranger in these parts, an I thought you mightn't like their ways."

"Will they give me and my horse something to eat?"

"Oh! yes—staff you both as full as tics."

"And a bed?"

"Yes—they'll give you a bed—you don't mind sleeping thick—do you?"

"How thick?"

"Oh! sorter thick, and not so very thick neither—they'll only put you in spoon fashion, an you must lie awful still, or all turn over together, if you don't the outside ones will fall out, an if they do, they'll be right apt to hurt themselves."

"Well, is this all I have to fear at Buck Horn."

"Fear! you have nothing to fear—Buck Horn is considered by many as a very clever, nice place—an don't they have musters there?—an don't they try warrants? an don't they have shootin matches? so you see Buck Horn is not so coarse—an if any of 'em should try to use you up, you'll find more who'll fight for you, than agin you—a stranger never wants for friends in these parts."

"Well, I must go now—good bye—if ever you come my way, gim me a call, you hear—jist ask for Little River Jack, they all know me. Go along Billy,"—and he gouged his old horse, who wriggled, shot forward, and curled it so rapidly, that all which remained visible of him was a dark streak.

Contrasting western with eastern manners, and thinking of Buck Horn and its inhabitants, I pursued my way, until, from well known signals, I knew a house was near—and in a few moments after, situated in a small clearing, immediately on the road, appeared a large rude double logged cabin, with a Buck's Horn nailed over the door, which means, in the west, entertainment for man and horse, and this I identified as the tavern to which I had been recommended.

It was now the dusk of evening, and although its appearance was uninviting, it seemed to me a welcome spot—it was quiet—and as I rode up, nothing was to be seen but the cattle lying about the yard, chewing their cud, and the fowls arranged in close order on the limbs of an oak, which grew near to the door—my arrival, however, seemed entirely to change the scene, for the dogs came whisking and barking about me, as if they wished to know who and what I was, and what was my business—the cows eyed me—the turkeys clucked—and I thought an old gobbler would have twisted his neck off, in his solicitude to get his head in such a position, that he might take a fair *squint* at me. Turkeys, when they examine any thing closely, only use one eye, and my old gobbler would first try one, and then the other, and then he put his head under his wing, as if for the purpose of brightening his vision and drawing it out, would take a long searching look—and then he examined his roost, and said something to the turkeys around him which I could not understand—but they all clucked, and adjusted themselves, concluding, I thought, with, 'he's a stranger in these parts, and I don't much like his looks'—and they would have liked them much less had they known the state of my appetite.

While all this was passing an old lady came to the door to see what was the cause of so much commotion, looked out for an instant, and then disappeared—next came a flock of children of all sizes, barefooted, with short cotton shirts, who scarcely saw me before away they scampered, tumbling over each other, into one of the side doors—and finally there came, with a stately stride, the landlord of the house—he was

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without a coat, rough in appearance, large and portly in his form, with a good humored, jolly looking face, and while he approached, a pair of eyes might be seen peeping out through every crevice in the house.

"Come, friend, won't you 'light?"

"Thank you, sir, I wish to spend the evening with you."

"Git down—git down—I'll take your horse, and fix you as snug as a bear in a hollow."

Having dismounted, he stripped my horse, and giving me my saddle-bags, and saddle. "Now take 'em in, an put 'em under the bed an make yourself at home—children clear the way, an let this gentleman come."

I did as I was directed, but observed that the gobler rose up, and turned his head towards the door I entered, in order that he might keep a sharp look out—it was nobly done, he seemed resolved never to turn his back to an enemy.

Having examined the apartment, I drew a chair before a large blazing fire, and contented with appearances, sat a silent spectator of the group before me—the house contained but two rooms, and a garret, or loft as it is there called, running the whole extent of the building, and yet I had seen children enough about the establishment to have filled up at least four good rooms, and still, every moment I saw a new face—there was many girls among the group, all pretty, yet barefooted, and when they would catch me looking at their feet—they would stoop so as to make their dress entirely conceal them—modesty must be innate, thought I.

The return of the landlord thinned the little group around me—he sent off all the *small fry* into the next room, and drawing some whiskey made me drink—then seating himself, began to inquire after his kin in the old country, all of whom he fancied I must know, merely because I came from the same state—discussing this, and sundry other topics, we whiled away some time—I learned from him, that he, with his wife, had that morning returned from a visit to Alabama, and that some of the neighbors would *drap* in presently to hear the news—I could hear the crowd gathering in the adjoining room, and was soon after called to supper.

The supper though plentiful and inviting had been prepared in the room where the largest part of the company was assembled—and there every face was joyous and happy, save that of the good dame, whose duty it had been to prepare the evening meal—she looked rather crabbed, and slung about the pots and pans, seemingly entirely careless of the shins of her neighbors. But she received my thanks, for among other things there was a large quantity of sweet potatoes, sliced and fried, which I had ordered for my own use. We crowded around the table, cracked jokes, and began to eat. There was a stranger at my elbow, who dipped into my sweet potatoes so often, that I began to take quite a dislike to him—for it was a dish of which I was very fond, which I had ordered, and consequently considered as my own property—besides this, I was as keen set as a hawk.

"Stranger," said I, "you are fond of potatoes"—

"No—I can't say, as how I am—but the way that aunt Pat there cooks 'em is a caution, an I think these are quite *sufflunk*, jest stick me up a few—will you?"

"You mean to say they will soon be *defunct*, I suppose?"

"No, sir; *sufflunk* is the idea, and, if you don't know what sufflunk is, I would advise you to *abschize*, for its quite impossible for you to *semprome* here."

Having supped, we arose in order to make room for another table, and I adjourned to the room which had been allotted to me; thither I was followed by my potatoe opponent, who accosted me, with "Come stranger, you musn't mind what I say; we are all free and easy here; I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, to save my life; the old man just come home to day, and we drapped in merely to have a little spree—come 'spose you join us?'"

I thanked him, but was so fatigued from my ride that I wished to retire early.

Considering a moment—"did you notice them girls?" said he.

"Yes."

"Well, I've a notion of Jinny; she's a real ticklur, and when she dances she slings a nasty foot, I tell you."

"Does she?"

"Yes, she does so; 'twould do you good to see her dance."

The company now began to get more noisy, and the landlord after telling me several times not to mind the boys, went about his business; the chief gathering was in the supper room, which echoed with the loud and noisy glee, leaving me comparatively alone. But unfortunately the whiskey barrel was near by my bed, and as regular as an hour-glass, but at much shorter intervals, did the landlord approach it, with a mug, draw out the spile, fill it, and and then drive in the peg with a hammer—saying "Don't let me disturb you, there's your bed, tumble in when you like it"—and so there was a very nice bed; but it was packed, from the wall to about the middle, with two rows of children, fitted to each other in the same manner as shoes are done up for exportation, and besides this, there were many persons around the fire, and among them several girls just grown. Under these circumstances, I felt loth to undress for bed; but upon being told that my bed was ready, and seeing that nobody was about to leave the room, I conceived that all was right, and stripped, retaining my shirt and drawers with a tolerable degree of composure.

Having been accustomed to sleep alone, I was as fraid of being touched by a child, as I would have been of an eel, and consequently courted sleep to little purpose.

Soon after getting into bed I heard a scuffle, and a general rush to the entry, saying "you strike him." Wishing to see all the fun, I slipped out of bed, and crept to the door, where there was such an eternal clatter of tongues, that it was sometime before I could ascertain the cause of this disturbance; which turned out to be this:

A servant belonging to one of the neighbors, had come over, as it seemed his usual custom, to buy a pint of whiskey, and while waiting at

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the door for the landlord, was accosted by a large bony, crabbed man, named Wolfe, who, from some cause which did not appear, thought proper to strike him; this was perceived by a small sharp, thin looking man, called Aaron, who having a good share of artificial stimulus, added to much natural firmness, bristled up, and strutted about with huge consequence.

There were many persons about the house who appeared perfectly unmoved by the passing scene, and it was principally the younger persons who surrounded the expected combatants, girls and men formed the ring promiscuously, the girls *chock full* of fun and life, holding aloft large lightwood torches, determined to see all that was to be seen; conceive myself undressed, peeping over the crowd and you have the scene as I saw it when Aaron cried out "Who struck that *niggur*?"

"I struck him, a d—n black *wampire* and he that takes his part, is no better than a niggur."

Aaron making towards him; "Now don't you call me a niggur, Wolfe, don't you call me a niggur; if you do, d—n me if I don't walk right into you, I'll go entirely through you."

"Come on then; I'll lick you, an the way I'll lick you, will be a caution to the balance of your family; if I don't, d—n me."

"Part 'em, part 'em," was the cry from many, and again I heard Aaron's voice rising above the others, saying—

"Did the niggur *mislist* you?"

"No; but I intruded my conversation upon him, and he could gim me no answer."

"Well I say 'twas d—n mean, to beat a neighbor's niggur merely because he come to git a drink; now you know, Wolfe, when you was in the army, sarvin under General Jackson, you would steal out to get a drink, and why not 'low the poor niggur the same privilege."

"D—n the niggur, I've a great mind to use him right up, and you too for taking his part."

"Now, use me up, just as soon as you choose: you know, Wolfe, you is bigger than me; but I tell you, I'm all gristle; an God never made a man who could walk over me, or hurt faster when he begins; I weigh just one hundred and twenty-five pounds."

"I don't care what the devil you weigh, nor any thing about you—all I can say, is, I can lick you; if you take the niggur's part you is no better than a niggur; I say this and stand in my shoes."

"Now, you needn't talk about your shoes, kaze you see I'm barefooted, I haint got no shoes, 'tis true, but I stand *flat footed*, and d—n the man who can move me one inch; do you hear that, Wolfe?"

"Yes—I hear it—and Aaron I can lick you."

"Well, Wolfe, I'll fight you, but you've never had a better friend than I've been. I'se 'friended you, when no other man would."

"How have you 'friended me, Aaron, an what have you done for me?"

"Didn't I keep them steers of yourn, better than two months; and didn't I turn that pied heifer of yourn into my pea patch?"

"An 'sposen you did, didn't I call up your hogs—but that's nothing to do with it; Aaron, you took that niggur's part, and you must fight me."

Aaron could stand this no longer but made at him.

"Part 'em, part 'em," was again the cry; but now the girls interfered, crying out "let 'em fight, let 'em fight, you 'spose we g'wine to stand here all night holding the light"—and at the same time I discovered a hearty, buxom, lively looking girl, whom they called Poll, rolling her sleeves up, and swearing at the same time, that both were cowards, and that she believed she could cool 'em both out; this added fresh stimulus, and at it they went; the first concussion was like the meeting of two locomotives at full speed—the jar was so great, that both were thrown into the yard, where, clinching, they rolled over like a couple of cats, squalling and using the most horrible execrations; the crowd still pressed upon them, the girls holding the torches.

"Horrah for Wolfe. Well done Aaron; now gouge him; oh! you missed a chance; now give it to him; why don't you bite him!"

These, and similar expressions, were constantly vociferated by the partizans of each other, and seeing the affair was about drawing to a focus, I slipped off, and went to bed.

Every thing now was comparatively quiet, and but a few moments elapsed, before Poll, with a crowd at her heels, came in, almost convulsed with laughter.

"What is the matter!" said I.

"Oh! the prettiest fight," said Poll, "they were both cowards, but you ought to have seen it; I knew they were sturbin you, standin there quarrelling, so I made 'em fight, merely to have it over; I tell you what, there's 'no mistake' in Aaron, when he does begin."

At this moment Aaron came in, walking carelessly along, with his face much scratched and a handkerchief over one of his eyes.

Poll—"Well Aaron you is a root, I didn't know 'twas in the little man."

"Poll, you know I always told you I was all gristle."

"Well, I didn't think so, but I tell you, you was all over him, I didn't see the licks, but I heard 'em and they seemed to me to fall just as if I was shakin down 'simmons."

How much longer this dialogue would have lasted heaven knows, but being uncomfortably situated, I called to Miss Poll, whose face I really liked, and asked her to be good enough to arrange the children, for if she did not I should soon be kicked out of bed; my wish was hardly expressed, before Poll stripped down the covering and began slapping every child which was out of its place, without paying the least regard to the fact whether it was asleep or awake; this had the desired effect with the children, they were soon packed away, with a strict injunction from Poll, to 'keep quiet or they'd git it agin'—and I cannot say that I felt more sleepy, after Poll had leaned over me to arrange the children, and was kind enough to wish me a good night's rest.

The house now soon became very still, so much so, that one would hardly even have suspected it of having been the scene of such a commotion as the one described.

The stairs which led to the loft, ran up from

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my room, and while I was endeavoring to sleep, Poll quietly tripped in again, bearing a child in her arms with several small ones following her.

"Hush, now; don't make a noise."

"O the devil!" said I, "you don't mean to put them in my bed?"

"No, sir, these belong up in the loft."

And she marched them gently up stairs, disposed of them, and again returning, disappeared; scarcely a minute passed, before she tripped up with another; until she began to labor up, I heard her say, "Well I never seed so many children in my life," and so I thought; speaking within the bounds of moderation, I think she carried into the loft, from twelve to fifteen children, then coming down puffing with fatigue, she disappeared, and all was quiet.

Well, the scene is over for the night, said I—not so, however, for I again heard Poll's voice in the entry, amid a small bustle, saying, "Now take your shoes off, and march up easy, don't you disturb that gentleman."

The door opened and Poll appeared with a light, and as she did, she turned about, and whispered in a low voice, "Now march," and then led the way up stairs, followed by, I will not say how many of the crowd who had gathered, all marching silently after her in single file; they formed a long line which was several minutes in passing, and I witnessed what I fear I shall never see again.

I must confess, with the whole scene I was struck dumb, utterly amazed, and confounded; good heavens, thought I, what a packing touch they'll have up stairs; and yet there was no bustle; I heard something which sounded like the rustling of *shucks*, and in a few minutes after every thing was as quiet as the wild woods; this silence reigned unbroken, save an occasional jar which shook the house, resembling the slight shock of an earthquake, or the moving of some heavy body above me with a handspike; this was occasioned, by the joint turning over of the phalanx in the loft; when this ceased all was quiet, and I went to sleep.

THE FALL OF ADAM.—The following images are such as none but an imagination truly poetical could conceive. They are descriptive of the moral consequences of Adam's fall.

"Fell Disease arose
And blew o'er earth his pestilential breath;
A train of evils followed on his steps.
There came Misfortune, with his iron scythe,
Dropping with human blood; there Envy stalk'd
And fann'd the flames of hell—fell Fury there
Yell'd to the winds, and stamp'd the hollow ground:
There came wan Melancholy slowly on,
Telling the sorrows to the list'ning night;
Folded her arms upon her heaving bosom;
Her face directed to the dewy moon.
There came Remorse absorbed in gloomy thoughts.
There rush'd Despair—his dark eye rolled in blood;
He tore his mantle from his raging breast,
And plunged his dagger in his heart. There came
Poor Lunacy, in tattered robes, and waved
A straw, and told the kingdoms which he ruled.
Lastly came Death, clothed in his night of terrors,
And clasped his victim in his shiv'ring arms."

ENGLISH BELLES-LETTRES.

WILSON.

The west of Scotland, as I have shown, produced Burns, Grahame, and Campbell; I have now to add a fourth—John Wilson. He is a native of Paisley, and was born in May, 1789. The affluent circumstances of his father enabled him to have the benefit of a classic education; he obtained the rudiments of his learning in Glasgow, and went from thence to Oxford, where he obtained prizes in his college; one of them was an essay, in verse: "On the merits of Ancient Sculpture"—there is a flow of words and the dawning of pure taste. He courted public attention, first, in his poem of "The Isle of Psalms:" it exhibits scenes of enchanting beauty, a prodigality of loveliness united to uncommon sweetness and tranquil grace. "The City of the Plague" succeeded; a noble and deeply pathetic poem—a picture of London, suffering under the calamity which laid her streets and squares desolate. It possesses great dramatic interest, and displays picture after picture of private suffering and public misery; the darkness is relieved by such flashes of light as few bards have at command; in the abodes of despair, there are rays of hope let in—on the brink of the grave, flowers of beauty are scattered! nor do we tread the floor of the charnel-house, but in joy mingled with fear. His most dolorous scenes, are redeemed back to our sympathy by inimitable touches of nature; and we rise from the spell of perusal sobered and elevated.

His poetical powers are very varied: that is, he can handle any subject in its own peculiar spirit. His "Edith and Nora" is one of those fairy fictions of which he once promised a volume; there is a wondrous beauty shed over the landscape, on which he brings out his spiritual folk to sport and play, and do good deeds to men: nor has he wasted all his sweetness on the not insensible earth; he has endowed his fairies with charms from a hundred traditions, assigned them poetic and moral tasks, and poured inspiration into their speech. Another fine poem of his, is "An address to a Wild Deer:" for bounding elasticity of language, hurrying thoughts, and crowding imagery, it is without a parallel. Indeed, throughout all his smaller poems there is a deep feeling for nature; an intimate knowledge of the working of the heart, and a liquid fluency of language almost lyrical. He is distinguished in all his compositions, for splendour of imagination, for loftiness of thought, for sympathy with all that is grand or honourable in man, for transitions, surprising and unexpected, but never forced, and for situations such as appear to an eye which sees through all nature. He may be accused sometimes of an overflow of enthusiasm about his subject; nor has he escaped from the charge of sometimes overflooding sentiments with words. In person he is the noblest looking of all our poets; in company he is free, companionable, and eloquent; never hesitates to do a good deed to a deserving person, or give the young and the meritorious a lift on the road to fame. He is a foe to all affectation, either in dress or verse, and mauls the fop

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of the toilet and the fop in poetry with equal wit and mercilessness.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

When Aaron's rod sprang out and budded, those who saw it could not marvel more at the dry timber producing leaf and bloom, than we did when Motherwell, an acute and fastidious antiquarian, appeared as a poet, original and vigorous. His lyrics are forceful and flowing—with more of the strength of Burns than of his simplicity and passion.

ALEXANDER ALARIC WATTS

Is distinguished among poets for sweetness of versification, tenderness of sentiment, with occasional bursts of true emotion. He has taste in art as well as in literature. He has wit, too, and humour, and bitterness, and lately exercised them at the expense of sundry of his brethren.

THOMAS PRINGLE

Is a poet and philanthropist; in poetry he has shown a feeling for the romantic and the lovely, and in philanthropy he has laboured to introduce liberty, knowledge, and religion, in the room of slavery and ignorance.

WILLIAM KENNEDY,

The author of "Fitful Fancies," and "The Arrow and the Rose," has fancy and feeling, nor is he without sudden bursts of manly vigour; but he is unequal in execution, and occasionally overstrained in language.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Is a poet at once devout and satirical. He has been sternly censured and highly praised; his chief fault lies in choosing topics too holy and heavy for human handling, and his chief merit is fluency of language and moral fervour of thought.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Has a happy fancy; his originality of thought is sometimes deformed by oddity of language; and his subject has not unfrequently to bear the weight of sentiments which spring not naturally from it. He has lyrical ease and vigour, and is looked upon by sundry critics as the chief living hope of the muse.

EBENEZER ELLIOT

Has sung of that public grievance, the Corn Laws, with the bitter energy of a man famishing on the highways. He heaps up images of scorn and loathing till he approaches the sublime. There is much truth amidst his satire, and many moving passages mingled with his invectives. But when the price of corn falls, the fame of the poet will fall in proportion, for such is the penalty paid for pouring out fancy and feeling and sarcasm on fleeting matters. He has, however, other chances of reputation; some of his pictures of domestic life are graphic and forceful; he has inherited not a little of the power of Crabbe—and, like Crabbe too, he sees the dark side of all things, and comes to the peasantry of his country, like the priest in Burns, with tidings not of hope, but damnation.

GEORGE DARLEY

Is a true poet and excellent mathematician: there is much compact and graceful poetry in his "May Queen;" and, in "The Olympian Revel's," a dramatic freedom and fervour too seldom seen in song.

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There are other bards of these our latter times, who have sung well and found listeners, and who deserve a place even in a brief account like this: Croly, and Clare, and Moir, and Malcolm, ought not to be forgotten, when the labours of the Muse are mentioned; and others, also; but I have already said too much about the sons of song; besides, a weariness of soul has come upon me, for I have not been insensible of a gradual descent from the commanding heights of genius on which I took up my subject. I must not, however, close accounts with poetry without introducing some of those female spirits who sing with energy as well as grace, and hang the garlands of their fancy on the highest altars of the Muse.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"Sister Joanna," as Walter Scott loved to call her, is a poetess of a high order; she is at once vigorous and gentle, sarcastic and moving, homely and heroic. Her genius is of the dramatic kind, and her "Plays on the Passions," display such variety of powers, as have obtained her the name of the Female Shakspeare. Her regular poems abound in noble sentiments, and her songs have all the life, humour, and simplicity of the early Scottish lyrics. In conversation she is shrewd, lively, and agreeable, and her looks are full of genius. I have never seen either a bust or portrait of her, and this is the more to be lamented, since she stands not only at the head of female writers, but takes precedence of many of the "lords of the creation," both in quickness of imagination and massive grandeur of thought.

FELICIA HEMANS

Is the authoress of many a plaintive and mournfully strain. She has shown high sentiment and heroic feelings occasionally but her affections are with the gentle, the meek, and the wounded in spirit. It ought to be remembered, that in the strife of song she vanquished all the male professors who entered the lists.—Some one who desired to do a good deed to the Muse, offered fifty pounds for the best poem on the memorable conference which ensued between Wallace and Bruce, after the fatal fight of Falkirk. There were many competitors; the Muse, with the waywardness of her sex, refused her effectual aid to any save Felicia, and enabled her to carry away the money and the fame. Her genius is of the domestic kind, and her best songs are rightly named of the "Affections."

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

Is, next to "Sister Joanna," the most successful poetess of our day. She is the L. E. L. of many a pretty poem: nor has she sung only a tender ditty or two, and then shut her lips to listen to the applause they brought; she has written much; sometimes loftily, sometimes touchingly, and always fluently and gracefully. She excels in short and neat things; yet she has poured out her fancy and her feelings through the evolutions of a continuous narrative and intricate story. The flow of her language is re-

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markable; her fancy is ever ready and never extravagant. Her chief works are "The Improvisatrice," and "Venetian Bracelet;" nor has she hesitated to try her hand in prose also, and in a long story, "Romance and Reality," displays ready wit, much sprightliness, and an extensive acquaintance with the world. She is young; pleasing, too, in company, and lively without effort.

MARY HOWITT

Has shown herself mistress of every string of the minstrel lyre, save that which sounds of broil and bloodshed. There is more of the old ballad simplicity in her compositions, than can be found in the strains of any living poet besides; her language is vigorous, but not swelling; and always subordinate to the sentiments, whether of tenderness or of love.

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On looking at the splendid and varied poetical productions of the last fifty years, and comparing them with the works of the first great era of British song, I cannot help perceiving a falling off. We have, it is true, fewer learned allusions; less classical copyism; nor is our verse swelling with gods and goddesses; Venus and Cupid no longer manage the affairs of love; but we have less noble emotion, lower flights of fancy, and little rejoicing in nature's joy; the Muse refuses to skip like a roe on the mountains, but is inclined to be moody and discontented; she sings in a strain sneering and dolorous; she is sensible, in fact, of the low estate of the inspired, and refuses to be comforted. The love of song has suffered of late a sad abatement; many circumstances have combined to harm it; criticism has something of this to answer for; the deluge of verse poured on the land during the last thirty years has had its influence, together with the calculating and mathematical turn which the public mind has taken. All this will pass away, and natural emotion will resume its power; though it is winter with the Muses now, the season of song and of flowers is at hand.

ANECDOTE AND GOSSIP OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.—By William Dunlap.

Benjamin West.—West, although born in humble life, was essentially *well born*, though not of parents who by riches or station could ensure, or even promote his views of ambition: his father was a man of sense; his mother affectionate and exemplary. He was not spoiled by indulgence, or soured by thwartings. His natural inclinations were good, and they were not poisoned by bad education or evil example. The most precious part of his education was not intrusted to ignorant and vicious menials; and all who surrounded him were temperate, pure, and happy. The sordid sufferings of poverty were unknown to him, neither was he pampered in the lap of luxury. As the youngest child of the family, he was the favorite of his parents, and equally so of his brothers and sisters. His physical advantages were great from nature, and the occupations of rural life in childhood tended to strenghten and perfect him. He was taught in the school of realities. He became acquainted with things as they are. The knowledge which he gained in the school of experience was not blasted by any untoward circumstances. His genius was developed by the friends his manners and his virtues gained him. West may be said to have been the favoured of fortune as well as nature, and to have been so led to the height he attained, that men might say, we know not whether genius or virtue placed him there. This we know: vice or folly did not counteract genius.

Stuart.—It is difficult to account for the very different style of Stuart's painting from that of the master under whom he studied, and whose works were daily before him and occasionally copied by his hand. The pupil had directed his attention to portrait, and the master delighted in the higher branch of the art. West, doubtless, saw that Stuart was the better portrait painter; and we know that when he saw the superiority of another in that branch, he readily acknowledged it. When applied to for instruction by an artist now in this city, he readily gave it, but said, "If you wish to study portrait painting, go to Sir Joshua." Stuart spoke freely of his own superiority as a portrait painter, and used to say, half joke half earnest, that "no man ever painted history if he could obtain employment at portraits." In connection with this difference of opinion and of style, I will mention the following circumstance, which took place about 1786, on the occasion of a visit to his old master's house and gallery in Newman-street. Trumbull was painting on a portrait, and the writer literally lending him a hand by sitting for it. Stuart came in, and his opinion was asked as to the colouring, which he gave very much in these words: —"Pretty well, pretty well; but more like our master's flesh than nature's. When Benney teaches the boys, he says—'yellow and white there,' and he makes a streak; 'red and white there,' another streak; 'blue-black and white there,' another streak; 'brown and red there, for a warm shadow,' another streak; 'red and yellow there,' another streak. But nature does not colour in streaks. Look at my hand; see how the colours are mottled and mingled, yet all is clear as silver."

This was and is true; and yet Mr. West's theory is likewise true, however parodoxical it may appear. Mr. West perhaps made too great a distinction between the coloring appropriate to historical painting and that best suited to portrait.

Stuart, Tom and Towser.—In the early period of Stuart's career, as an independent portrait painter, he had for his attendant a wild boy, the son of a poor widow, whose time was full as much taken up by play with another of the painter's household, a fine Newfoundland dog, as by attendance upon his master. The boy and dog were inseparable, and when Tom went on an errand, Towser was sure to accompany him. Tom was a terrible truant, and played so many tricks that Stuart again and again threatened to turn him off; but as often Tom found some way to keep his hold on his eccentric master. One day, as story tellers say, Tom staid, when sent of an errand, until Stuart, out of all patience, posted off to the boy's mother, determined to dismiss him; but on his entering, the old woman began first:—"Oh, Mr. Stuart, Tom has been here."—"So I supposed."—"Oh, Mr. Stuart, the dog!" "He has been here, too. Well, well, he shall not come again! but Tom must come to you; I will not keep him!" "Oh, Mr Stuart, it was the dog did it!" "Did what?" "Look sir—look there. The dog overset my mutton-pie; broke the dish; greased the floor; and eat the mutton!" "I'm glad of it! You encourage the boy to come here, and here I will send him." "It was the dog, sir, eat the mutton!" "Well, the boy may come and eat your mutton; I dismiss him! I'll have no more to do with him!" The mother entreated, insisted that it was the dog's fault—told over and over again the story of the pie, until Stuart, no longer hearing her, conceived the plan of a trick upon Tom, with the prospect of a joke founded upon the dog's dinner if mutton-pie. "Well, well, say no more; here's something for the pie, and to buy a dish. I will try Tom again, provided you never let him know that I came here to-day, or that I learned from you any thing of the dog and the pie." The promise was given of course,

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and Stuart hastened home, as full of his anticipated trick to try Tom as any child with a new rattle. Tom found his master at his easel where he had left him, and was prepared with a story to account for his delay, in which neither his mother nor Towser nor the mutton made parts. "Very well, sir," said the painter, "bring in dinner; I shall know all about it by and by." Stuart sat down to his mutton, and Towser took his place by his side as usual, while Tom as usual stood in attendance.—"Well, Towser, your mouth don't water for your share. Where have you been? whisper;" and he put his ear to Towser's mouth who wagged his tail in reply. "I thought so; with Tom to his mother's?" "Bow wow!" "And have you had your dinner?" "Bow!" "I thought so.—What have you been eating? put your mouth nearer, sir!" "Bow wow!" "Mutton-pie! Very pretty. You and Tom have eaten Mrs. Jenkin's mutton-pie, ha?" "Bow wow!" "He lies, sir! I didn't touch it; he broke mother's dish, and eat all the mutton!" From that moment, Tom thought that if he wished to deceive his master, he must leave Towser at home; but rather on the whole concluded, that what with the dog, the devil and the painter, he had no chance for successful lying.

THE BAMBOO.

The bamboo is a native of the hottest regions of Asia. It is likewise to be found in America, but not in that abundance, with which it flourishes in the old world. It is never brought into this country in sufficient supply for any useful purposes, being rather an object of curiosity than of utility. But in the countries of its production it is one of the most universally useful plants. "There are about fifty varieties," says Mr. Loudon, in his Botanical Dictionary, "of the *Arundo bambos*, each of the most rapid growth, rising from fifty to eighty feet the first year, and the second perfecting its timber in hardness and elasticity. It grows in stools which are cut every two years. The quantity of timber furnished by an acre of bamboos is immense. Its uses are almost without end. In building it forms almost entire houses for the lower orders, and enters both into the construction and furniture of those of the higher class. Bridges, boats, masts, rigging, agricultural and other implements and machinery; carts, baskets, ropes, nets, sail-cloth, cups, pitchers, troughs, pipes for conveying water, pumps, fences for gardens and fields, &c. are made of it. Macerated in water it forms paper; the leaves are generally put round the tea sent to Europe: the thick inspissated juice is a favourite medicine. It is said to be indestructible by fire, to resist acids, and, by fusion with alkali, to form a transparent permanent glass.

REQUISITES FOR A WIFE.—Lovely in her person and lively in her mind; her beauty, however transcendant, is, never to excite particular, only general, admiration, and her liveliness is never for an instant to be supposed to approach to levity. At the same time she must be no prude, object to sitting hours tete-a-tete with a man who evidently thinks her very handsome, and must not take his arm at a ball, assembly, or walk, if he offers it; and if her husband, or any one else, is inclined to cut jokes which may have a doubtful meaning, she must neither be amused nor offended. She is to be very clean in her person, and very well dressed, but never too late for breakfast or dinner, or long at her toilette. She must not spend much money, but be always in the fashion; if she does unfortunately get into debt, and is blamed by her husband, she must take care not to exceed her means again, but not to be in the least less well attired, or she may justly draw down her husband's ire for being a dowdy. She is to be very simple in her diet, and hardly aware of the difference between soup and fish, yet her table is ever to be such as to excite the admiration of the most distinguished epicures of the day. She is to be *au fait of* every passing event, but not fond of gossip. She is to know everybody, but not mix much in society. She is to know every thing, but not to be learned. She is to have great resources in herself within doors, but their interest is never to interfere with her exercise without, even in the worst weather. She is to like a garden, without presuming to interfere with the gardener; and to have the greatest possible interest in her husband's country-seat, without any power but that of picking a few violets in spring, and a few pinks in summer. She is to be extremely bold on horseback, though perfectly feminine, and ride remarkably well either in the parks or the chase, though she cannot get upon a horse ten times a year. She is never to be dull, though she must like retirement. She is to be extremely agreeable in society, without caring for it. If she is a mother, her children are to be highly accomplished, and dressed with infinite taste; but their governesses' wages are to be low, and their clothes to cost next to nothing. If ill and dejected, she is to be highly pleased if her husband takes that opportunity of going from home.—*Lady Isabella St. John, in the Keepsake for* 1834.

REQUISITES FOR A HUSBAND.—He is to be very fond of hunting and all manly amusements, without ever making such topics the subject of his discourse, or even thoughts. He is to belong to all clubs, but never frequent them. He is to bet with spirit at Newmarket or in private, but never lose his money. He is to be very fond of assemblies and balls, but not like talking or dancing. He is to admire beauty, but never look at any woman but his wife. He must have a very well-appointed equipage, but only consider it his own by sufferance. He should be very domestic and attached to home, yet regard Paris as a heaven upon earth. He should like reading aloud, without caring for books. *Lady Isabella St. John, in the Keepsake for* 1834.

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THE GASCON VESPERS.

As sung by Mrs. Wood.

Note.—Wandering one autumnal evening on the banks of the Garonne, in the neighbourhood of ——, where I was passing some time at the house of a friend, I accidentally approached several groups of peasantry who were chaunting the Vesper Hymn. The time of the evening, the situation and scenery, together with the delightful harmony of the rustic choristers, rivetted me to the spot. At length, separating from one of the groups, a lively interesting girl, who had seen me at the above friend's house, approached and singing, with the characteristic gaity of her country, an invitation to join her companions, I permitted her to lead me to them, and seating myself in the midst of them, soon learnt also to bear my part in their songs and revels.

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See them dancing, chaunt the pleasure
Of their rustic home so sweet;
Changing now in mournful measure,
Tales of hapless love repeat.
Haste then, stranger, join our chorus—
Come then with our maidens, pray;
Join the happy group before us,
Chaunting 'neath the moonlight ray.

Hark! the merry peal is ringing—
List ye how the bells around,
O'er the Garonne's banks are flinging
Far and near their cheerful sound.

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy, "To Be or Not to Be."

BY A PRINTER.

To Print, or not to Print? that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The loss and disappointments of our ev'ry effort
To gain an honest livelihood, or quit the business,
And end the contest. To stop—to add no more
To landlord's, poet's, and paper-maker's bills.
And every other expense incurred by printers,
Is really a consummation to be wished.
To die—to sleep—perchance, to dream:
Ay, there's the rub: perhaps like Egypt's sons of old,
Who died insolvent, be denied a burial.
Mayhap, the corpse for debt may be detain'd
For British laws permit; and closely held
In durance vile, till the last farthing's paid.
There's the respect that makes us bear the burden
Of weekly cares and toils without reward;
For who would else endure the loss of time,
Of labour and of cash, the duns of creditors,
The negligence of debtors, and the string
Of evils unsuccessful artisans suffer,
When he himself might quit them all for ever,
By a bare advertisement? Who would make
His press and pressman groan beneath the weight
Of sheets on sheets—and types, weekly compos'd
To gratify the gen'ral thirst for news;
Pore over books, and cull th' instructive page,
Or seek in ev'ry quarter of the earth,
Collect and publish ev'ry tale that goes,
"And paint the manners living as they rise,"
But that the dread of what may follow, as
The taunts of envious brethren of the type,
The scoff of enemies, (for who's without them?)
Silent suspicions of well-meaning friends,
Who think we should have struggled longer for success,
And utter ruin to our fondest hopes,
Puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear
The ills that now we have, than fly to others
We know not, and perhaps, might have avoided.
Thus is the Printer at a stand, and cannot
Between two sad alternatives determine.

Father. Tom, where have you been? Son. No where, Sir. F. Where is no where? S. Up on the Common. F. Who went with you? S. Nobody, Sir. F. Who is nobody? S. Bill Doakes, Sir. F. What have you been doing? S. Nothing, Sir. F. What is nothing? S. Playing marbles. F. What have you done with the money I gave you? S. Lost it, Sir. F. How did you lose it? S. Bill Doakes won it, Sir.

How to Curtail.—While a clergyman of the Methodist order was praying at a camp meeting in a most fervent manner for the power of the devil to be curtailed, a zealous old negro man loudly exclaimed, "Amen! yes, bless God, cut he tail smack smoove off."

Amiable Compassion.—Theodore Hook being told of the marriage of a political opponent exclaimed, "I am very glad, indeed to hear it;" then suddenly added, with a feeling of compassionate forgiveness, "And yet I don't see why I should, poor fellow, for he never did me much harm."

An Independent Man.—One who can shave himself with cold water, black his own boots, and live without tobacco.

Irish Spectacles.—The late General B. going post to Ireland on some extraordinary business that would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stoped to dine at the Inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks, which he saw ready at the kitchen fire up to the table. The General's desire had been just complied with, when some country bucks came in as hungry as hawks, after the morning's sport. They eagerly enquired what could be had to eat. Like a true Boniface, the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had; and among other things, mentioned the ducks, which had been only one moment before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner. "Irish jontlemon?" gibbingly exclaimed one of the chagrined group—"I'll lay fifty to five the fellow does not know B from a bull's foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the jontlemon, presenting compliments, and request him to tell me what o'clock it is."

The General heard the message, took the watch and with great temper returned his respects, with an assurance that as soon as he had dined he would endeavour to satisfy their enquiry. The bucks, chuckled at the embarrassment which they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could get; but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who, with that politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table where they were seated, and presented the watch; "Gentlemen," said he, "I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little while ago, I presume he is shortsighted, and have brought him this pair of spectacles," pointing to a pair of pistols under his arm, "to remedy the defect." Joke was gone; the bucks were silent. The General deliberately put the watch in his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him forever. "Gentlemen, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the owner is not among you; whenever he claims it he shall have it, but never without a trial of the *spectacles*."

Captain York's Piece.—A good old lady who always saved the cream, of everything to tickle the palate of her loving spouse, reserving for him the brownest piece of toast, the best slice of cake, and the biggest piece of pie, one day had a gentleman to take a cup of tea at her house, who liked to be the monopolizer of such dainties himself; and who was moreover on terms that warranted his helping himself to whatever suited his fancy. As usual the good woman had cut her pie in such a manner as to leave one formidable slice, which was well understood to belong to her husband. The visitant saw it, and proceeded to help himself to the tempting morsel, when he was interrupted by the wife; "Stop, stop, Mr. ——— that's Captain York's piece.

Docton Lathrop was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh "to be known of men."—A young divine who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him, "Do you suppose you have any real religion?" "None to speak of," was the excellent reply.

Mr. Garrow, some short time ago, examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a cause of assault, asked her, if the person who was assaulted, did not give the defendant very ill language; if he did not call him a d——d Scotch cobler, and uttered words so bad, that he, the learned counsel, had not impudence enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why Sir," she replied, "if you have not impudence enough to speak to them, how can you suppose that I have?"

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AN ORGAN WELL DEVELOPED.—Certain propensities are often exhibited in childhood, which show the character of the future man. In youth as well as age, the actions of an individual seem to be influenced by a ruling passion, which should be carefully watched, and encouraged or checked accordingly, as it may lead to good or evil. The following anecdote, related to us, furnishes an illustration:—

A little boy, whose parents resided not many miles from this city, was in the habit of seating himself on the gateways, posts, capstans of wharves and the like, much to the annoyance of his parents, who tried hard to overcome this habit, but in vain. One day his father having found his little son seated on the capstan of the wharf, and apparently deriving great enjoyment from his dangerous situation, resolved to try a desperate remedy. He accordingly came softly behind him, and pushed him into the water, and then immediately jumped in himself, to save his son from being drowned the water being nearly twenty feet deep. He naturally supposed that the fright consequent on the sudden event, and the imminent danger to which he was exposed, would effectually cure his son of such dangerous propensities for the future. But after the little fellow was borne safely on shore, and had time to recover breath, he exclaimed with child-like simplicity "Father, do so again, do Father!"—*Bost. Mercantile.*

Not long since, in South Carolina, a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites.—After declaiming at length on the awful consequences of disobedience to the divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice like thunder, that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "and are there any Jonahs here?" There was a negro present whose name was Jonah, and thinking himself called upon, immediately rose, and turning up his white to the minister, with his broadest grin and best bow, very readily answered, "Here be one, Massa."

A MAHOMETAN EXQUISITE.—No description of buck is more entertaining, or more vain, than a Mahometan one; and, in truth, they have much more in their outward finery to be proud of, than we have in the sombre coloured dress of Europe: the caparisons of their horses, too, are so superb and various, that they have a great field for exercising their taste upon them. When a youth or family is fully equipped and mounted for the course, he shows most plainly, by his air and manner, that he is, in his own opinion, all in all; the fashion of his turban and the curl of his moustache, are evidently the result of great pains. The horse is covered with costly trappings; and what little of his natural coat can be seen, is as sleek as possible. His tail is long and sweeping, and his mane plaited with the neatest art, leaving points of silver to each length, to keep it in its place. He is taught to caper, to turn, and to plunge; and is constantly exercised in these accomplishments, particularly when in a crowd; for the great ambition seems to be, as with beaux of less showy exterior, to attract attention, and create a sensation: and, as the scattered foot-passengers are seen flying in all directions before him, he is certain to attain his object.—*Capt. Skinner's Excursions in India.*

VOCAL MUSIC.—In Switzerland and Germany, vocal music is one of the branches of common school instruction, and it is there generally considered as necessary as reading and writing, and is regarded as an indispensable qualification for an instructor. In consequence of such general and early attention to the subject, this important portion of public worship can be suitably performed by the whole congregation.

At a ball given by the City of Paris to Bonaparte, was a Madam Cardon. The Corsican, in general, was not very fond of people who had become rich by any means but by his own favor. He had never seen Madam Cardon, whose name even he had never known before; but he had been told that her husband was possessed of great wealth. He walked towards her with a peevish sort of air, and said to her very abruptly—"Are you Madam Cardon" She made a profound courtesy to his query. Bonaparte continued his discourse—"You are very rich?" Yes Sir," she said, "I have ten children." Bonaparte, struck with the delicate force of this reply, walked quickly away from her ladyship.

A schoolmaster had among his other pupils, a Yankee and a Dutch boy. Both were learning orthography. The schoolmaster required the Yankee to spell his own name. He performed it thus. "Big a, little a-r-on." The Dutch boy took the hint from this, and answered to a similar request: "Big Hans, little Hans-r-o-n."

RICHARD III.'s CRUELTY.—Richard's crest was a white boar. Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Lovel, giving the King their advice, gave rise to the following rhyme:—

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dogge,
Rulen all Englond under a Hogge.

A gentleman named Collingborne was executed on Tcwerhill for the above effusion. He was hanged, cut down immediately, and his bowels cast into the fire, which torment was so speedily done, that when the butcher of an executioner pulled out his heart (to use the words of the historian, Stow,) he spake, and said, 'JESUS, JESUS!"—*Mirror.*

"I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a dull and warm orator, to the president Montesquieu, in an argument. "I accept it," replied the philosopher; "any trifle among friends has a value."

It is wise to do with the utmost kindness of manner a favor which you see to be inevitable, unless, indeed, you fear to encourage a future or frequent application.

ALLITERATION.—We dearly delight in *Alliteration.* And it is with the purest pleasure that we have lately seen several splendid specimens of this sublime style of writing, perambulating the country in the public prints. What can be more brilliant or beautiful than the following line:

"Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane."

Or this cacophonous couplet, on the worldly-wise and wiley Wolsey:

"Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
How high his honor holds his haughty head!"

What can surpass the singular sententiousness of the sentence? And then it is so sweet, so soft, so solemn! We know of nothing which can compare with it, in clear, comprehensiveness of character, except, perhaps a curious colloquy between an *al*-literate Dutch sailor and his Skipper, who coming on deck, one soft serene, summer evening while staying in St. Salvador, and hearing a horrid hallabulloo on the forecastle, hoarsely halloed out.

"Peter Pipkin what's to pay?"

"It is young yack in the yellow yacket," answered Peter.

"Where is the wile wagabond?" screamed the skipper.

"He has yust yumped off the yib-boom into the yolly boat."—*Boston Evening Journal.*

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☞ The following humorous affair appeared in a London Magazine shortly after intelligence had been received of the disastrous expedition to Moscow:

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

Bonaparte he would set out
For a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green and the sky was blue;
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more,
Heigh ho, for Moscow!
There were Marshals by dozens and Dukes by the score,
Princes a few, and Kings one or two,
While the fields are so green and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh ho, for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
General Rapp and Emperor Nap,
Nothing would do.
While the fields were so green and sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But they must be marched to Moscow.

But then the Russians they turn'd to,
All on the road to Moscow,
Nap had to fight his way all through,
They could fight but they could not parley vous,
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

They made the place too hot for him,
For they set fire to Moscow;
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Than to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,
All on the road from Moscow;
There was Tormazow and Gomalow,
And all the others that end in *ow;*
Rajefsky and Noverefsky,
And all the others that end in *efsky;*
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff, and Schepeleff,
And all the others that end in *eff;*
Wasiltschecoff, Kostomaroff, and Theoglokoff,
And all the others that end in *off;*
Milaradovitch, and Jaladovitch, and Karatchkowitch,
And all the others that end in *itch;*
Oscharoffsky, and Rostoffsky, Kazatichkoffsky,
And all the others that end in *offsky;*
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all must know very well,
Nobody can speak and nobody can spell;
And Platoff he played them off,
And Markoff he mark'd them off,
And Tutchkoff he touch'd them off,
And Kutusoff he cut them off,
And Woronzoff he worried them off,
And Dochtoroff he doctor'd them off,
And Rodinoff he flogg'd them off.

They stuck close to them with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
Nap would rather parley vous than fight;
But parley vous would no more do,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
For they remember'd Moscow!

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow!
The Emperor Nap found as he went,
That he was not quite Omnipotent;
And worse and worse the weather grew,
The fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Ventrebleu!
What a terrible journey from Moscow!

The devil take the hindmost,
All on the road from Moscow!
Quoth Nap, who thought it small delight,
To fight all day and to freeze all night;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away, I tell you true,
All by himself from Moscow.

THE FATE OF THOMAS BROWN, SHOEMAKER:

Showing the folly of getting "BLUE," *and the evil consequences attending thereon!*

A shoemaker was Thomas Brown,
But he'd no work to do—
And so one night, his cares to drown
Our friend Tom Brown got *blue!*

And as he strove his home to gain,
He chanc'd a post to meet;—
The contact was a source of pain—
And Brown fell in the street.

A friend who saw poor Tom fall down,
To his assistance flew;
"Help, help!" cries Tom, "my name is *Brown*—
My back is *black* and *blue!*"

"Oh, Thomas Brown," said Tommy's friend,
"Who'd have thought this of you?
Quick *mend* your course!—think what an *end*
All such, at *last* come to!"

Now Tom *was'd* hot, but he'd not gained
His *understanding* yet—
For though his friend *seemed* so much pained,
He left him in the street.

"Pray help me up! I want no more
Of your advice!" Tom said;
"I ne'er made such a *slip* before,
Since I have *slippers* made.

"You know, if in this state I'm *found*,
And cannot move a *foot*,
My wife will soon make my ears sound,
And *strap* me well, to *boot!*"

His faithless friend left Tom to gaze
On *upper* worlds and sky;
Thought Tom, "I'd not have been so *low*,
If I'd not got so *high!*"

"Before I help," a passer cries,
"Your name and trade I'd learn."
Quoth Tom, "The *concerns of mens' soles*
Are, sir, *my sole concern.*"

"And if I help you up, sir now,
Will you again get mellow?"
"If, sir, I do," cries Tom, "I vow,
I'm but a *half-soul'd* fellow!

"Upon my word, I feel quite *down*,
That this thing did be*fall*:
Oh, help me!—I can't stir a *peg*,
If 'twas to save my *all!*

He help'd poor Tom upon his feet;
And as they walk'd, Tom wrung
His hands, and thought of blows he'd get—
When home——My song is done—

And if I've *bored you with my all*,
And if I've *botch'd the job*,
The tale's not *long*, but very short,
So please forgive

Poor Bob.

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Painted by F. Danby A.R.A. Engraved by Geo. B. Ellis

THE FAIRY ISLE.

Published by S. C. Atkinson.

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ATKINSON'S

CASKET

OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

No. 6.] PHILADELPHIA.—JUNE. [1834.

THE FAIRY ISLE.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

I.

In the far off sea there is many a sprite,
Who rests by day, but awakes at night.
In hidden caves where monsters creep,
When the sun is high, these spectres sleep.
From the glance of noon, they shrink with dread,
And hide mid the bones of the ghastly dead.
Where the surf is hushed, and the light is dull,
In the hollow tube and whitened skull,
They crouch in fear or in whispers wail,
For the lingering night, and the coming gale.
But at eventide, when the shore is dim,
And bubbling wreaths with the billows swim,
They rise on the wing of the freshened breeze,
And flit with the wind o'er the rolling seas.
At summer eve, as I sat on the cliff,
I marked a shape like a dusky skiff,
That skimmed the brine, toward the rocky shore—
I heard a voice in the surge's roar—
I saw a form in the flashing spray,
And white arms beckoned me away.

II.

Away o'er the tide we went together,
Through shade and mist and stormy weather.
Away, away, o'er the lonely water,
On wings of thought like shadows we flew,
Nor paused 'mid scenes of wreck and slaughter,
That came from the blackened waves to view.
The staggering ship to the gale we left,
The drifting corse and the vacant boat,
The ghastly swimmer all hope bereft—
We left them there on the sea to float!
Through mist and shade and stormy weather,
That night we went to the icy Pole,
And there on the rocks we stood together,
And saw the ocean before us roll.
No moon shone down on the hermit sea,
No cheering beacon illumined the shore,
No ship on the water, no light on the lea,
No sound in the ear but the billow's roar.
But the wave was bright, as if lit with pearls,
And fearful things on its bosom played;
Huge krakens circled in foamy whirls,
As if the deep for their sport was made,
Or mighty whales through the crystal dashed,
And upward sent the far glittering spray,
Till the darkened sky with the radiance flashed,
And pictured in glory the wild array.

III.

Hast thou seen the deep in the moonlight beam,
Its wave like a maiden's bosom swelling?
Hast thou seen the stars in the water's gleam,
As if its depths were their holy dwelling?
We met more beautiful scenes that night,
As we slid along in our spirit-car,
For we crossed the South Sea, and, ere the light,
We doubled Cape Horn on a shooting star.
In our way we stopped, o'er a moonlit isle,
Which the fairies had built in the lonely sea,
And the surf spirit's brow was bent with a smile,
As we gazed through the mist of their revelry.
The ripples that swept to the pebbly shore,
O'er shells of purple in wantonness played,
And the whispering zephyrs sweet odours bore,
From roses that bloomed amid silence and shade.
In winding grottos, with gems all bright,
Soft music trembled from harps unseen,
And fair forms glided on wings of light,
Mid forests of fragrance, and vallies of green.
There were voices of gladness the heart to beguile,
And glances of beauty too fond to be true—
For the surf sprite shrieked, and the Fairy Isle,
By the breath of the tempest was swept from our view.
Then the howling gale o'er the billows rushed.
And trampled the sea in its march of wrath;
From stooping clouds the red lightning gushed,
And thunders moved in their blazing path.
'Twas a fearful night, but my shadowy guide
Had a voice of glee as we rode on the gale,
For we saw afar a ship on the tide,
With a bounding course and a fearless sail.
In darkness it came, like a storm-sent bird,
But another ship it met on the wave—
A shock—a shout—but no more we heard,
For they both went down to their ocean grave!
We paused on the misty wing of the storm,
As a ruby flash lit the face of the deep,
And fair in its bosom full many a form
Was swinging down to its silent sleep.
Another flash! and they seemed to rest,
In scattered groups, on the floor of the tide!

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The lover and loved, they were breast to breast,
The mother and babe, they were side by side.
The leaping waves clapped their hands in joy,
And gleams of gold with the waters flowed,
But the peace of the sleepers knew no alloy,
For all was hushed in their lone abode.

IV.

On, on, like midnight visions, we passed,
The storm above, and the surge below,
And shrieking forms swept by on the blast,
Like demons speeding on errands of woe.
My spirit sank, for aloft in the cloud,
A star-set flag on the whirlwind flew,
And I knew that the billow must be the shroud
Of the noble ship and her gallant crew.
Her side was striped with a belt of white,
And twenty guns from each battery frowned,
But the lightning came in a sheet of flame,
And the towering sails in its folds were wound.
Vain, vain was the shout, that in battle rout,
Had rung as a knell in the ear of the foe,
For the bursting deck was heaved from the wreck,
And the sky was bathed in the awful glow!
The ocean shook its oozy bed,
As the swelling sound to the canopy went,
And a thousand fires like meteors shed
Their light into the tossing element.
A moment they gleamed, then sank in the foam,
And the darkness swept over the gorgeous glare—
They lighted the mariner down to their home,
And left them all sleeping in stillness there!

V.

The storm is hushed, and my vision is o'er,
The surf sprite changed to a foamy wreath,
The night is deepened along the shore,
And I thread my way o'er the dusky heath.
But often again I shall go to that cliff,
And seek for her form on the flashing tide,
For I know she will come in her airy skiff,
And over the sea we shall swiftly ride.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE LAST WORDS OF BYRON.

"I must sleep now," the murmur'd sound,
Hung on the dying Poet's breath,
And his closed lids were almost bound,
By the cold wreath of death.
The lustre of that eye was fled—
Press'd by the heavy, clammy brow,
And half released from earth he said
In gentle tones, "I must sleep now."

That cold, and unexpressive eye
Once lighted on the brave to peace;
And that still voice, once raised on high,
The triumph songs of Greece.
"Was she, the loved one, lingering near,
The sharer of his early vow—
That he might whisper in her ear
His dying words, "I must sleep now?"

Unheard by her, those accents fell,
Unheeded passed his latest breath,
No gentle wife, to bid farewell,
No child to smooth his bed of death.
No forms of kindred youth, or love,
Around his couch, were seen to bow;
But stranger ears, and *His—Above*
Heard his last words, "I must sleep now."

LELIA.

MORAL PERCEPTIONS.—No moral perceptions are so blunt as those of the selfish; their's is the worst of near-sightedness—that of the heart.

THE BARONET'S BRIDE.

From the Diary of a Late Physician.

Never was man married under more auspicious circumstances than Sir Henry Harleigh. Himself the descendant of an ancient house, and the accomplished possessor of a splendid fortune; his bride the fairest flower in the family of a distinguished nobleman; surely here were elements of high happiness, warranting the congratulations of the "troops of friends" who, by their presence, added *eclat* to the imposing nuptials. "Heaven bless thee, sweet Anne?" sobbed the venerable peer, her father, folding his daughter in his arms, as Sir Henry advanced to conduct her to his travelling chariot; "may these be the last tears thou wilt have occasion to shed!" The blushing girl could make no reply; and linking her arm in that of her husband, dizzy with agitation, and almost insensible of the many hands that shook hers in passing, suffered him to lead her through the throng of guests above, and lines of be-favoured lacqueys below, to the chariot waiting to conduct "the happy pair" to a romantic residence of Sir Henry's in Wales. The moment they were seated, the steps were shut up—the door closed. Sir Henry hastily waved a final adieu to the company thronging the windows of the drawing-room he had just quitted: the postillions cracked their whips, and away dashed the chariot-and-four, amidst the cheery pealing of the bells—

——"bearing its precious throbbing charge
To halcyon climes afar."

Sir Henry's character contrasted strongly, in some respects, with that of his lady. His urbanity was tinctured with a certain reserve, or rather melancholy, which some considered the effects of an early and severe devotion to study; and others, perhaps more truly, of a constitutional tendency inherited from his mother. There was much subdued energy in his character; and you could not fail, under all his calmness of demeanour, to observe the strugglings of talent and ambition. Lady Anne, on the contrary, was all sprightliness and frolic. 'Twas like a sunbeam and a cloud brought together; the one, in short, "L'Allegro:" the other, "Il Penseroso." The qualities of each were calculated to attemper those of the other, alternately instigating and frightening; and who would not predicate a happy and harmonious union of *such* extremes?

Six months after their marriage, the "happy couple" returned to town, after having traversed an extensive portion of the Continent. Lady Anne looked lovelier, and her spirits were more buoyant and brilliant than ever. She had apparently transferred not a little of her vivacity into her husband's more tranquil temperament: his manners exhibited a briskness and joyousness which none of his friends had ever witnessed in him before. During the whole of the London "season," Lady Anne revelled in enjoyment, the idol of her husband—the centre of the gaiety and cheerfulness—the star of fashion Her *debut* at Court was the most flattering of the day. It was generally talked of, that the languid elegance, the listless fastidiousness of royalty, had been quickened into something like an appearance of interest, as the fair bride bowed before it, in the graceful attitude of loyal duty. One or twice I had the satisfaction of meeting with her Ladyship in public—all charming vivacity—all sparkle—followed by crowds of flatterers—till one would have thought her nearly intoxicated with their fragrant incense! 'What a sweet smile!'—'How passing graceful!'—'Heavens, what a swan-like neck?'—'Ah! happy fellow, that Harleigh!'—'Seen Lady Anne! Oh! yonder she moves—there—that laughing lady in white satin, tapping the French Ambassador on the shoulder with

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her fan.' 'What! is *that* Lady Anne, now waltzing with Lord ——? What a superb foot and ankle!—What a sylph it is!' Such was the ball-room tittle tattle that ever accompanied Sir Henry and his lady in passing through the mazes of a London season; and I doubt not the reader would have joined in it, could he have seen Lady Anne! Should I attempt to present her bodily before him, *he* would suspect me of culling the hyperboles of the novelist, while *I* should feel that after all I had failed. He should have seen for himself the light of passion—of feeling and thought—that shone in her eyes—the beauteous serenity that reigned in her aristocratic brow—'in all her gestures, dignity and love!' There is a picture of a young lady by Sir Joshua Reynolds that has been sworn to by hundreds as the image of Lady Anne; and it is one worthy of the artist's pencil. Not the least characteristic trait about her, was the *naivete* with which she acknowledged her love of Sir Henry, displaying it on all occasions by

'Looks of reverent fondness,'

that disdained concealment. And so it was with the Baronet. Each was the other's pride and contentment: and both were the envy of society. Ah, who could look upon them, and believe that so dark a day was to come.

In due time Sir Henry completed the extensive arrangements for his town residence; and by the beginning of the ensuing winter, Lady Anne found herself at the head of as noble an establishment as her heart could desire. The obsequious morning prints soon teemed with accounts of *his* dinners; and of the balls, routs, *soirees*, and *conversaziones* given by this new "queen of the evening hour." Sir Henry, who represented his county in Parliament, and consequently had many calls upon his time—for he was rather disposed to be a "working" member—let his lady have it all her own way. He mingled but little in her gaities; and when he did it was evident that his thoughts were elsewhere—that he rather tolerated than enjoyed them. He soon settled into the habitudes of the man of *political* fashion, seldom deviating from the track, with all its absorbing associations, bounded by the House and Clubs;—those sunk-rocks of many a woman's domestic happiness! In short, Sir Henry—man of fashion as he was—was somewhat of a character, and was given ample credit for sporting "the eccentric." His manners were marked by a dignity that often froze into almost surly abruptness; which, however, was easily carried to the account of severe political application and abstraction. Towards his beautiful wife, however, he preserved a demeanour of uniform tenderness. She could not form a wish that he did not even personally endeavour to secure her the means of gratifying. Considering the number and importance of his public engagements, many wondered that he could contrive to be so often seen accompanying her in rides in and about the Park and elsewhere; but who could name

'The sacrifice affection would not yield.'

Some there were, however, who ere long imagined they detected a moodiness; an irritability; a restlessness; of which his political engagements afforded no sufficient explanations. They spoke of his sudden fits of absence, and the agitation he displayed on being startled from them. What could there be to disturb him? was he running beyond his income to supply his lady's extravagance? was he offended at any lightness or indiscretion of which she might have been guilty? had he given credence to any of the hundred tales circulated in society of every woman eminent in the *haut ton*? was he embarrassed with the consequence of some deep political move? No one could tell; but many marked the increasing indications of his dissatisfaction and depression. Observation soon fastened her keen eyes upon the Lady Anne, and detected occasional clouds upon her general joyous countenance. Her bright eye was often laden with anxiety; the colour of her check varied; the blandness and cheerfulness of her manner gave place to frequent abruptness, petulance, and absence; symptoms, these, which soon set her friends sympathising, and her acquaintance speculating. Whenever this sort of enquiry is roused, charity falls asleep. She never seemed at ease, it was said in her husband's presence—his departure seemed the signal for her returning gaiety. Strange to say, each seemed the conscious source of the other's anxiety and apprehension. Each had been detected casting furtive glances at the other—trackling one another's motions, and listening, even, to one another's conversation; and some went so far as to assert that each had been observed on such occassasions to turn suddenly pale. What could be the matter? Every body wondered; no one knew. Some attributed their changed deportment to the exhaustion consequent upon late hours and excitement; a few hinted the probability of a family—many whispered that Sir Henry —some that Lady Anne—gambled.—Others, again, insinuated that each had too good a cause to be dissatisfied with each other's fidelity. When, however, it got currently reported that a letter was one evening given to Sir Henry at his club, which blanched his face and shook his head as he read it—that his whole manner was disturbed for days after, and that he even absented himself from a grand debate in the house—an occasion on which he was specially pledged to support his party—curiosity was at once heightened and bewildered. Then, again, it was undeniable that they treated one another with the utmost tenderness—*really* —unequivocally. Lady Anne, however, daily exhibited symptoms of increasing disquietude; the lustre faded from her eye, the colour from her cheek—her vivacity totally disappeared—she no longer even affected it. "How thin she gets!" was an exclamation heard on all hands. They were seen less frequently in society; and even when they did enter into it, 'twas evidently an intolerable burden.—Sighs were heard to escape from Lady Anne; her eyes occasionally filled with tears; and it was noticed, that on observing Sir Henry watching her—which was often the case—she made violent efforts to recover her composure. Thus in tears one evening, curiosity was strained to the utmost when Sir Henry approached her, bowed among the gentlemen who were proposing to dance with her, drew her arm within his, and, with some trepidation of manner, quitted the room. 'Good Heaven! what *can* be behind the scenes? thought fifty different people who had witnessed this exhibition.

'Afraid they lead a woful life together,' said one. 'I never thought they would suit one another,' was the reply.

''Pon my soul,' simpered a sickly scion of nobility, ''tis an odd thing to say—but—but—gad, I do believe I can explain it all! Harleigh, I know hates to see her dance with *me*—whew!'

'Haven't you seen her turn pale, and seem quite sick at heart, when she has noticed him talking to Miss ——?' wheezed an old Dowager, whose daughter had attempted to join in the race for the Baronet's hand? These, and a thousand others, were questions, hints, and innuendoes bandied about everywhere during the remainder of the season; soon after the close of which Lady Anne brought her husband a "son and heir;" and as soon as circumstances would permit, the whole establishment was ordered out of town—and Sir Henry and his lady set off no one knew whither. It was presently discovered, however, that they were spending the summer in a sequestered part of Switzerland. At an advanced period of the autumn they returned to London; and the little that was seen

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of them in society served to show that their continental sojourn had worked little or no change in either—save that Lady Anne, since her accouchement, was far more delicate in health than usual under similar circumstances. Rumour and speculation were suddenly revived by an extraordinary move of Sir Henry's—he broke up, at a moment's warning, his extensive town establishment, and withdrew to a beautiful mansion about ten or twelve miles distant from the metropolis. Strange as was such a step, it had the effect, probably contemplated by the Baronet, of quieting curiosity, as soon as the hubbub occasioned by the removal of its cause, had ceased. In the vortex of London pleasure and dissipation, who can think of objects no longer present to provoke enquiry? One thing was obvious—that Lady Anne's family were, or affected to be, in the dark about the scource of her disquietude. The old peer, whose health was rapidly declining, had removed to his native air, in a remote part of Ireland. Several of his daughters, fine, fashionable women, continued in town. It was whispered that their visits to Sir Henry's had been coldly discouraged: and thus, if secresy and seclusion were the objects aimed at by the Baronet, he apparently succeeded in attaining them.

I may observe, that during the period above referred to, several enquiries had been made of *me* concerning the topics in question, by my patients, and others—who supposed that a former professional acquaintance with the Baronet, slight though it was, gave me some initiation into the mysteries of his conduct. Such, I need hardly say, were queries I was utterly unable to answer. Sir Henry, though a polite, was at all times a distant, uncommunicative man: and had he even been otherwise, we came but seldom into personal contact since his marriage. I therefore shared, instead of satisfying, the prevalent curiosity respecting his movements.

It was late in the evening of the 25th of April 181—, that a letter was put into my hands, bearing on the envelope the words "Private and confidential." The frank was by Sir Henry Harleigh, and the letter, which also was from him, ran thus. Let the reader imagine my astonishment in perusing it!

"Dear Doctor ——: My travelling carriage-and-four will be at your door to-morrow morning at between nine and ten o'clock, for the purpose of conveying you down to my house, about ten miles from town—where your services are required. Let me implore you not to permit any engagement—short of life or death—to stand in your way of coming at the time, and in the mode I have presumed to point out. Your presence—believe me!—is required on matters of special urgency—and—you will permit me to add—of *special confidence*. I may state, in a word, that the object of your visit is Lady Anne. I shall, if possible, and you are punctual, meet you on the road, in order that you may be in some measure prepared for the duties that await you. I am, &c. &c.

HENRY HARLEIGH.

P. S. Pray forgive me if I say I have opened my letter for the sake of entreating you not to apprise *any body* of the circumstance of my sending for you."

This communication threw me into a maze of conjectures. I apprehended that the ensuing morning would introduce me to some scene of distress—and my imagination could suggest only family discord as the occasion. I soon made my requisite arrangements; and when the morning came, without having shewn my wife the Baronet's letter, or giving her any clue to my destination, jumped into the pea-green chariot-and-four, the instant it drew up at my door—and was presently whirled out of town at the rate of twelve miles an hour. I observed that the pannels had neither crest nor supporters; and the colour was not that of the Baronet's. I did not meet the Baronet, as his letter had led me to expect. On reaching the park gates, which stood open, the groom leaped down the instant the reeking horses could be stopped, opened the carriage-door, and with a respectful bow informed me that the Baronet begged I would alight at the gates. Of course I acquiesced, and walked up the avenue to the house, full of amazement at the apparent mystery which was thrown about my movements. I ascended the spreading steps which led to the hall-door, and even pushed it open without encountering any one. On ringing the bell, however, an elderly and not very neatly dressed female made her appearance—and asked me, with a respectful curtsy, whether my name was "Dr. ——." On being answered in the affirmative, she said that Sir Henry was waiting for me in a room adjoining, and immediately led the way to it. I thought it singular enough that no male domestic should have hitherto made his appearance—knowing that in town Sir Henry kept an unusually large retinue of such gentry. I thought, also, that I perceived something unusual, not only in the countenance and manner of the female who had answered my summons, but of the groom who attended me from town. I was soon, however, in the presence of the Baronet. The room was spacious and lofty, and furnished in a style of splendid elegance. Several busts, statues, and valuable paintings graced the corners and sides, together with a noble library containing, I should think, several thousand volumes. Before I had time to cast more than a cursory glance around me, Sir Henry issued from a door at the further extremity of the library, and advancing hastily to me, shook me by the hand with cordiality. He wore a flowered green velvet dressing-gown, and his shirt collars were turned down. I thought I had never seen a finer figure or a more expressive countenance—the latter, however, clouded with mingled sternness and anxiety.

"Doctor," said he, conducting me to a seat, "I feel greatly obliged by this prompt attention to my wishes—which, however, I fear must have inconvenienced you. Have you breakfasted?"

"Yes—but my drive has sharpened my appetite afresh—I think I could not resist a cup of chocolate or coffee."

"Ah—good! I'm happy to hear it. Perhaps then you will permit me to take a turn round the garden—and then we will join Lady Anne in the breakfast room?"—I assented. There was something flurried in his manner and peremptory in his tone—I saw there was something that agitated him, and waited for the *denouement* with interest. In a moment or two, we were walking together in the garden, which we had entered through a glass door.

"Doctor," said Sir Henry in a low tone, "I have sent for you on a most melancholy errand to-day"—he seemed quite agitated, and paused—proceeding, "I have infinite satisfaction in being able to avail myself of your services—for I know that you are both kind and experienced—as well as—confidential?" Again he paused, and looked full at me—I bowed, and he resumed.

"Possibly you may have occasionally heard surmises about Lady Anne and myself?—I believe we have occasioned no little speculation latterly!" I smiled and bowed off his enquiry. "I am conscious that there has been some grounds for it"—he continued with a sigh—"and I now find the time is arrived when all must be known—I must explain it all to you. You have, I believe, occasionally met us in society, and recollect her ladyship?"

"Several times, Sir Henry—and I have a distinct recollection of her. Indeed"—

"Did it ever strike you that there was any thing remarkable either in her countenance or deportment?"

I looked at a loss to understand him.

"I—I mean—did you observe a certain peculiarity of

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expression in her features?"—he continued earnestly.

"Why—let me see—I have certainly observed her exhibit languor and lassitude—her cheek has been pale, and her countenance now and then saddened with anxiety. I supposed, however, there was no unusual mode of accounting for it, Sir Henry"—I added with a smile. The Baronet's face was clouded for a moment, as if with displeasure and anxiety.

"Ah"—he replied, hastily—"I see—I understand you—but you are quite mistaken—totally so. Pray, is that the general supposition?"

"Why—I am not aware of its being expressed in so many words; but it was one that struck *me* immediately—as a matter of course." As I was speaking, I observed Sir Henry change colour.

"Doctor ——" said he, in a low agitated voice, grasping my arm as if with involuntary energy—"We have no time to lose. One word—alas, *one* word—will explain all. It is horrible torture to me—but I can conceal it no longer. You must be told the truth at once. Lady Anne is—*insane!* "He rather gasped than spoke that word. He stood suddenly still, and covered his face with his hands. He shook with agitation. Neither of us spoke for a minute or two—except that I almost unconsciously echoed the last word he had uttered. "Insane!—Why, I can scarcely believe my ears, Sir Henry. Do you use the last word in its literal—its medical sense?"

"Yes, I do!—I mean that my wife is mad—Yes! with a mad woman you are asked to sit down to breakfast. I can assure you, Doctor ——, that the anguish I have latterly endured on this horrible account has nearly driven me to the same condition! Oh God, what a dreadful life has been mine for this last year or two, as I have seen this tremendous calamity gradually befalling me"——

"I implored him to restrain his feelings."

"Yes, you are right," said he, after a pause, in which he tried to master his emotion—"I have recovered myself. Let us repair to the breakfast-room. For Heaven's sake, appear—if you can—as though nothing had transpired between us. Make any imaginable excuse you please for coming hither. Say you were called in by me, on my account; for—for—any complaint you choose to mention. It will be for you to watch my poor Lady Anne with profound attention—but, of course, not obviously. I shall take an opportunity, as if by chance,—of leaving you alone with her. Afterwards, we will concert the steps necessary to this dreadful emergency. By the way, you must not expect to see any thing wild or extravagant in her manner. She will not appear even eccentric; for she is very guarded before strangers. Hush!" said he, shaking and turning round palely—"did you hear; no, it was a mistake!—Alas, how nervous I am become!—I have perfect control over her; but watch her eye; her mouth—her *eye*"—he shuddered; "and you will know all! Now, Doctor, for mercy's sake don't commit yourself; or me!" he whispered, as he regained the room he had quitted. He paused for a moment as if to expend a heavy sigh,—and then opening the door through which he had originally entered to receive me, ushered me into the breakfast-room. Lady Anne; beautiful creature; in a white morning dress, sat beside the silver urn, apparently reading the newspaper. She seemed surprised at seeing me, and bowed politely when Sir Henry mentioned my name, without moving from her seat. Her cheek was very pale—and there was an expression of deep anxiety; or rather apprehension; in her eye, which glanced rapidly from me to Sir Henry who could not appear calm; his cheek was flushed; his hand unsteady; his voice thick; his manner flurried.

"Are not you well, Sir Henry?" enquired his lady, looking earnestly at him.

"Never better, love!" he replied, with an effort at smiling.

"I fear I have disturbed your ladyship in reading the Morning Post," said I, interrupting an embarrassed pause.

"Oh, not at all, sir; not the least. There is nothing in it of any interest," she replied, with a faint sigh; "I was only looking over a silly account of the Duchess of ———'s fête. Do you take breakfast?" addressing me.

"A single cup of tea, and a slice of this tongue, are all I shall trouble your ladyship for. Talking, by the way, of fêtes," I added, carelessly, "it is whispered in the world that your ladyship had taken the veil—or—or—died; in short, we are all wondering what has become of your ladyship—that is, of *both* of you!"

"Ah!" said the Baronet, with affected eagerness, "I suppose, by the way, we come in for our share of hint and innuendo! Pray, what is the latest coinage, doctor, from the mint of scandal and tittle-tattle?"

Lady Anne's hand trembled as she handed me the cup of tea I asked her for—and her eye settled apprehensively on that of her husband. "Why, the general impression is, that you are playing general misanthrope, in consequence of some political pique." Sir Henry laughed feebly.

"And your Ladyship, too, turns absentee! I fear you are not in the health—the brilliant spirits—which used to charm the world."

"Indeed, Doctor, I am not! I am one of the many victims"——

"Of ennui," interrupted the Baronet, quickly, fixing an imperative eye upon his lady, I saw with what nervous apprehension, lest she should afford even the desired corroboration of what he had told me in the garden.

"Yes, yes, ennui," she replied, timidly, adding, with a sigh, "I wonder the world remembers us so long."

"I have a note to write, Docter," said the Baronet suddenly, treading at the same time gently on my foot, "which I intend to beg you will carry up to town for me. Will you excuse me for a few moments?" I bowed. "Lady Anne, I dare say will entertain you from the Morning Post—ha! ha!"

She smiled faintly. I observed Sir Henry's eye fixed upon her, as he shut the door, with an expression of agonizing apprehension. The reader may imagine the peculiar feelings of embarrassment with which I found myself at length alone with Lady Anne. Being ignorant of the degree or species of her mental infirmity, I felt much at a loss how to shape my conversation. As far as one could judge from appearance, she was as perfectly sane as I considered myself. I could detect no wildness of the eye—no incoherence of language—no eccentricity of deportment—nothing but an air of languor and anxiety.

"Sir Henry is looking well," said I, as he closed the door.

"Yes—he always looks well; even if he were ill, he would not *look* so."

"I wish I could sincerely compliment your ladyship on your looks," I continued, eyeing her keenly.

"Certainly—I *have* been better than I am at present," she replied, with a sigh—"What I have to complain of, however, is not so much bodily ailing, as lowness of spirits."

"Your ladyship is not the first on whom a sudden seclusion from society has had similar effects. Then why not return to town—at least for a season?"

"There are—reasons—why I should at present prefer to continue in retirement," she replied, dropping her eyes to avoid the steadfast look with which I regarded them.

"*Reasons!* permit me to ask your ladyship the import of such mysterious terms?" I enquired, with

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gentle earnestness, drawing my chair nearer to her, believing that the ice was at length broken.

"I am not aware, Doctor," said she coldly, "that I said anything that should be called *mysterious*."

"Pardon, pardon me, my lady! I was only anxious lest you might have any secret source of anxiety preying on your mind, and from which I might have the power of relieving you. Permit me to say, how deeply grieved I am to see your ladyship's altered looks. I need not disguise the fact that Sir Henry is exceedingly anxious on your account"—

"What! what! Sir Henry anxious—on my account!" she repeated, with an air of astonishment; "why, can it then be possible that *I* am the object of your present visit, Dr.——?"

I paused for a moment. Why should I conceal or deny the fact, thought I.

"Your ladyship guesses aright. Sir Henry's anxieties have brought me hither this morning. He wishes me to ascertain whether your ladyship labours under indisposition of any kind."

"And pray, Doctor," continued her ladyship, turning pale as she spoke, "what does he imagine my complaint to be? Did he mention any particular symptoms?"

"Indeed he did—lassitude—loss of appetite—lowness of spirits."

She raised her handkerchief to her eyes, which, glistening with tears, she presently directed to the window, as if she dreaded to encounter mine. Her lips quivered with emotion.

"Dear lady, for Heaven's sake be calm! Why should you distress yourself?" said I, gently placing my fingers upon her wrist, at which she started, withdrew her hand, looked me rather wildly full in the face, and bursting into tears, wept for some time in silence.

"Oh, Doctor——!" at length she sobbed, in hesitating, passionate accents—"you cannot imagine how very ill I am—*here*," placing her hand upon her heart. "I am a wretched, a miserable woman! There never lived a more unfortunate being! I shall never, never be happy again," she continued, vehemently.

"Come, come, your Ladyship must make a confident of me!—What, in Heaven's name, can be the meaning of all this emotion? No one, sure, can have used you ill? Come, tell me all about it!"

"Oh, I cannot I dare not! It is a painful secret to keep, but it would be dreadful to tell it. Have you *really* no idea of it? Has it not, then, been openly whispered about in the world?" she enquired eagerly, with much wildness in her manner.

Alas, poor, lady Anne! I had seen and heard enough to satisfy me that her state corroborated the fears expressed by Sir Henry, whose return at that moment, with a sealed note in his hand, put an end to our melancholy *tete-a-tete*. He cast a sudden keen glance of scrutiny at his lady and me, and then went up to her, and kissed her tenderly without speaking. What wretchedness were in his features at that moment! I saw by his manner that he desired me to rise and take my leave; and after a few words on different subjects, I rose, bowed to her ladyship, and accompanied by the baronet, withdrew.

'Well, am I right or wrong, Doctor, in my terrible suspicions?' enquired the baronet, his manner much disturbed, and trembling from head to foot, as we stood together in the large bow-window of his library. I sighed, and shook my head.

'Did she make any allusions to the present arrangement I had been obliged to adopt in the house?'

I told him the substance of what had passed between us. He sighed profoundly, and covered his eyes for a moment with his hands

'Is her ladyship ever violent?' I enquired.

'No—seldom—never, never! I wish she were! Any thing—any thing to dissipate the horrid monotony of melancholy madness—but I cannot bear to talk on the subject. I can scarcely control my feelings!' He turned from me and stood looking through the window, evidently overpowered with grief. For a minute or two neither of us spoke.

'The dreadful subject *forces* itself upon us,' said he suddenly turning again towards me—'Doctor, what in Heaven's name—what is to be done in this tremendous emergency? Let our first care be to prevent disclosure. I suppose—a contemporary seclusion, I am afraid, will be necessary?' he added, in a hollow whisper, looking gloomily at me. I told him I feared such a course would be advisable, if not even necessary, and assured him that he need be under no apprehension on that score, for there were many admirable retreats for such patients as his unfortunate lady—where privacy, comfort, amusement, and skilful surveillance, were combined. I told him not to despond of his lady's early restoration to society.

'Oh, Doctor!'—he groaned, clasping his hands vehemently together—'the maddening thought that my sweet, my darling wife, must be banished from my bosom—from her home—from her child—and become the inmate of—of—a—.' He ceased abruptly. A wild smile shot across his features.

'Doctor,' said he, lowering his tone to a faint whisper, 'can I trust you with a secret? I know I am acting imprudently—unnecessarily disclosing it—but I know it will be safe with *you!*"

I bowed, and listened in breathless wonder * * My flesh crept from head to foot as he went on. I had been all along the dupe of A MADMAN. His eye was fixed upon me with a devilish expression. The shock deprived me of utterance—for a while, almost of sight and hearing. I was startled back into consciousness, by a loud laugh uttered by the Baronet. He was pointing at me, with his arm and finger extended, almost touching my face, with an air of derision. The dreadful truth flashed all at once upon my mind. I could now understand the illness, the melancholy of Lady Anne—whose blanched countenance, looking through the half-opened door, caught my eye at that moment, as I happened to turn in the direction of the breakfast-room. I trembled lest the madman should also see her, and burst into violence!

* * I had been pondering all the while on the proper course to follow under such extraordinary circumstances, and therefore permitted him to ramble on as he pleased.—"First and foremost," his countenance suddenly fell, and he cast a disturbed glance at the breakfast room door, "we must make some decisive arrangements about poor Lady Anne. She knows my secret, and it is the thoughts of it that have turned—(women you know cannot bear sudden fortune!)—but oh! such a gentle madness is hers!" He uttered this last exclamation in a tone that touched my heart to the quick; melting, moving, soul-subduing was it as some of the whispers of Kean in Othello! "Doctor," he commenced abruptly, after a pause, "let me consider of it for a moment—a thought suggests itself—I would not have her feelings wounded for worlds!—I'll consider of it—and presently tell you my determination." He folded his arms on his breast, and walked slowly up and down the library, as if engaged in profound contemplation, and so continued for five or ten minutes, as if he had utterly forgotten me, who stood leaning against the window-frame, watching him with unutterable feelings. What should I do? It was next to impossible for me to have another interview with Lady Anne before leaving. I thought it on the whole advisable not to alarm his suspicions by any such attempt, but to take my departure as quietly and quickly as possible; determined on reaching London to communicate immediately with Mr. Courthrope, his brother-in-law, with whom I had some little acquaintance, and with him suggest such measures as were

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necessary to secure the safety, not only of the Baronet, but his wretched lady. This resolution formed, I felt anxious to be gone. As the poor Baronet's cogitations, however, seemed far from approaching a close, I found it necessary to interrupt him.

"Well, Sir Harry," said I, moving from the window-recess, "I must leave you, for I have many engagements in town."

"Do you know, now," said he, with a puzzled air, "I positively cannot remember what it was I had to think about! How very absurd! *What* was it, now?" standing still, and corrugating his brows. "Oh, it was whether it would be proper for me to see Lady Anne before I left—Ah," said he, briskly, "aye, so it was—I recollect—why—see Lady Anne?—No—I think not," he replied with an abrupt, peculiar tone and manner, as if displeased with the proposal, "I will accompany you to the road, where you will find the carriage in readiness to take you back to town." He at the same time took from a pocket book in his bosom-pocket a note case, and gave me a check, by way of fee, £500!

"By the way," said he, abruptly, as arm-in-arm we walked down to the park gates, "what, after all, are we to do with Lady Anne? How strange that we should have forgotten her? Well, what step do you intend taking next?"—I sighed.

"I must turn it over carefully in my mind, before I commit myself."

"Ah Sallust!—*Priusquam incipias—consulto; sed ubi consulueris—sed ubi consulueris*, Doctor ——."

"*Maturæ facto, opus est*, Sir Harry," I replied, humouring his recollection."

"Good. There never was any thing more curt and pretty." He repeated the sentence. "Well, and *what* will you do?"

"I cannot precisely say at present, but you may rely upon seeing me here again this evening. I hope you will conceal it from Lady Anne, however, or it may alarm her."

"Mind me, Doctor," said he abruptly, his features clouding over with a strange expression, "I—I—will have no violence used."

"Violence! my dear Sir Henry! violence! God forbid!" I exclaimed, with unaffected amazement.

Of course, Doctor, I hold you *personally*, laying a strenuous emphasis on the last word, 'I hold you *personally* responsible for whatever measures may be adopted. Here, however, is the carriage. I shall await your return with anxiety.' I shook him by the hand, and stepped in the chariot.

'Good morning—good morning, Sir Henry!' I exclaimed, as the postilions were preparing to start. He put in his head at the window, and in a hurried tone whispered,—'On second thoughts, Dr. ——, I shall decline any further interference in the matter—at least to-day.' He had scarcely uttered the last words, when the chariot drove off.

"Hollo! hark ye, fellow! stop! stop!" shouted the Baronet, at the top of his voice, "stop, or I'll *fire*."—The postilions, who, I observed, had set off at pretty near a gallop, seemed disposed to continue it; but on hearing the last alarming words, instantaneously drew up. I looked with amazement through the window, and beheld Sir Henry hurrying towards us—fury in his features, and a pocket-pistol in his extended right hand.

"Good God, Sir Henry!" I exclaimed, terror-struck, "what can be the meaning of this extraordinary conduct?"

"A word in your ear, Doctor," he panted, coming close up to the carriage door.

"Speak, for Heaven's sake, speak, Sir Henry," said I, leaning my head towards him.

"I suspect you intend violent measures towards me, Doctor ——."

"Against you! Violent measures—against *any body*?—You are dreaming, Sir Henry!"

"Ah, I see further into your designs than you imagine, Doctor ——! You wish to extract my secret from me, for your own exclusive advantage. So, mark me—if you come again to —— Hall, you shall not return alive—so help me ——! Adieu!" He strode haughtily off, waving his hand to the terrified postilions, and we soon lost sight of the unhappy madman. I threw myself back in my seat completely bewildered. Not only my own personal safety, but that of Lady Anne was menaced. What might not frenzy prompt him to do, during my absence, and on my return?—Full of these agitating thoughts, I rejoiced to find myself thundering townward, as fast as four horses could carry me, in obedience to the orders I had given the postilions, the instant that Sir Henry quitted us. At length we reached a steep hill, that compelled us to slacken our pace, and give breath to our panting horses. I opened the front window, and bespoke the nearest postilion.

"Boy, there! Are you in Sir Henry's service?"

"No, sir, not exactly—but we serves him as much as thof we was, for the matter of that," he replied touching his hat.

"Were you surprised to see what occurred at starting?"

"No, sir," he replied, lowering his tone, and looking about him, as if he expected to find the Baronet at his heels. "He's done many a stranger thing nor that, sir, lately!"

"I suppose, then, you consider him not exactly in his right senses, eh!"

"It a'n't for the likes o' *me* to say such a thing of my betters, sir; but *this* I may make bold for to say, sir, if as how I, or any o' my fellow-servants, had done the likes o' what we've latterly seen up at the Hall there, they'd a' clapped *us* into jail or Bedlam long ago?"

"Indeed! Why, what has been going on?"

"You'll not tell of a poor lad like me—will you sir?"

"Oh, no—you may be sure of that—I'll keep your secret."

"Well, sir," said he, speaking more unconstrainedly turning round in his saddle full towards me, "first and foremost, he's discharged *me*, and Thomas here, my fellow-servants, an' we takes up at the inn, a mile or so from the Hall; likewise the coachman and the footman; likewise all the women servants—always excepting the cook, and my lady's maid—and an't *them* a few sarvents for to do all the work of that great Hall? An't *that* strange-like, sir?"

"Well, what else? How does Sir Henry pass his time?"

"Pass his time sir? Why, sir, we hears from cook, as how he boils candles, sir," quoth the fellow, grinning.

"Boils candles, sirrah? What do you mean? Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, sir, I be indeed! He'll boil as many as twenty in a day, in the cook's best saucepans; and then he pours the most precious brandy into the mess—wasting good brandy—and then throws it all into a deep hole every night, that he has dug in the garden. 'Twas no later nor yesterday, sir, cook told me all—how she happened to be squinting through the key-hole, and no harm neither, sir, (axing your pardon,) when a man goes on in sich ways as them—and seed him kneel down upon the dirty hearth, before the saucepan full of candles, as they were boiling, and pray sich gibberish—like!"

"Well!" said I, with a sigh, "but what does her Ladyship all this while?"

"Oh, sir, our poor lady is worn almost, in a manner, to skin and bone. She follows him about like a ghost, and cries her eyes out; but for all that she is so gentle-like, he's woundy stern with her, and watches

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her just like a cat does a mouse, as our would say! Once he locked her in her bedroom all day, and only gave her bread and water! But the strangest thing is yet to come, sir; he makes out that it's *her* that's mad! so that for a long time we all believed it was so; for, sir, it's only of late, that we began to see how the real truth of the matter stood, sir. Sir Henry was always, since we've known him, a bit queer or so, but steady in the main; and as our poor lady was always mopish and melancholic like, it was natral we should give in to believe it was her that was, as one would say, melancholy mad, and so all true what Sir Henry said of her."

"Is Sir Henry ever violent?"

"Lord, sir! Mrs. Higgins, that's the cook, tells strange tales of him just latterly. He bolts every door, great and small, in the Hall, with his own hands, every night, and walks about in it with a loaded blunderbuss!"

"Miss Sims," said the further postilion, "that's my lady's maid, told Mrs. Higgins, and she told my sister, who told me, as a secret, sir, that Sir Henry always sleeps every night with a bare drawn sword under his pillow, and a couple of loaded pistols stuck into the watch-pockets, as they call 'em, and frightens my Lady to death with his pranks!"

I could scarcely believe what they were telling me.

"Why, my boy, I cannot believe that all this is true!"

"'Deed, sir, we wish it warn't!"

"How long have you known it?"

"Only a day back, or so."

"And why did not you set off for London, and tell ——."

"Lord, sir—*us* spread about that Sir Henry was mad! Nobody would believe us, for he's woundy cunning, and can talk as grave as a judge, and as good as the parson, when he chooses; an' that being so, if we'd gone up to town with them stories, the great folk would ha' come down, and he'd a' persuaded them it was all false—and what would have become of *we*?"

"And what is become of the servants? Are they all dumb?"

"Yes, sir, in a manner, seeing as how they have been bound to silence by our poor lady, till she should tell them to give the alarm; an' *he's* been too cunning latterly to give her an opportunity of doing so. She'll be main glad o' your coming, I'll warrant me, for scarce a fly dare leave the house but he'd be after it!"

"Drive on—drive on, boys, for your lives," said I, finding we had at length surmounted the hill, and directed them to go at once to the house of Mr. Courthrope. Indeed there was not a moment to be lost, for it was clear that the madman's suspicions were roused, indefinite as might be his apprehensions; and his cunning and violence, each equally to be dreaded, might prompt him to take some dangerous, if not fatal step in my absence. Fortunately, I found Mr. Courthrope at home, and immeasurably shocked he was at my intelligence. It seemed that the Baronet and he had been totally estranged for some months, owing to an affront, which he was now satisfied arose out of his unhappy relative's insanity. Our arrangements were soon made. We exchanged the chariot in which I had returned to town, for a commodious carriage, calculated to hold four or five persons, and drove off at once to the residence of Dr. Y——, one of the most eminent "mad doctors," as they are somewhat unceremoniously denominated. Our interview was but brief. In less than half an hour, Dr. Y——, Mr. Courthrope, and I, with two keepers, deposited ourselves respectively within and without the vehicle, and set off direct for —— Hall.

Mr. Courthrope and I were sad enough; but little Dr. Y—— was calm and lively as if he were obeying an invitation to dinner!

"Suppose Harleigh should grow desperate—should offer resistance!" said Mr. Courthrope, very pale.

"Nothing more likely," replied Dr. Y——, coolly.

"But what is to be done? My cousin was always an athletic man; and now that the strength of madness"—

"Pho, my dear sir, he would be but a child in the hands of those two fellows of mine outside—like a wild elephant between two tame ones—ha, ha!"

"*You*, I dare say, have witnessed so many of those scenes," said I, with a faint smile—for his indifference hurt me; it jarred upon my own excited feelings.

"For Heaven's sake—for Lady Anne's sake, Dr. Y——," said Mr. Courthrope agitatedly, as a sudden turn of the road brought us in sight of —— Hall, "let nothing like violence be used."

"Oh, most assuredly not. 'Tis a system I always eschewed. Never do by foul, what may be accomplished by fair means. Our conduct will be regulated to a hair by that of Sir Henry. Only leave him to us, and, by hook and by crook, we'll secure him."

"But, suppose he should have fire-arms," said I; "I know he carries them—he pointed a loaded pistol at me this morning."

"My dear Doctor, how did you know it was *loaded*? 'Tis what one would have called at the schools a gratuitous assumption! Madmen have a vast *penchant* for terrifying with fire-arms; but somehow they always forget the ammunition!"

"But only put the case; suppose Sir Henry should have got possession of a pistol ready loaded to his hand!"

"Certainly, in such a case, something awkward might occur," replied Dr. Y——, seriously, "but I trust a good deal to the effect of my eye upon him from the first. 'Tis a kind of talisman among my patients—ha, ha!"

"Poor Lady Anne!" exclaimed Mr. Courthrope, "what will become of her?"

"Ah! she must be *removed* with, and kept out of the way; otherwise we may expect a *scene*!" replied the matter-of-fact Dr. Y——.

Now there was a certain something about this my professional brother that was intolerable to me; a calm, self-satisfied air, a smirking civility of tone and manner, that, coupled with his truly dreadful calling, and the melancholy enterprise which he at present conducted, really revolted me. How doleful, how odious, would be the jocularity of Jack Ketch! And, again, when the Doctor, who was a well-bred man, saw the sickening agitation of his two companions, there was an artificial adaptation of his manner, in the tones of his voice, and the expression of his features, that offended me, because one felt it to be assumed, in consideration of our weakness! He was, however, in his way, a celebrated and successful man, and I believe deserved to be so.

In due time we reached the park gates, and Dr. Y——, Mr. Courthrope, and I, there alighted, directing the carriage to follow us at a leisurely pace to the hall-door. I rang the bell; and, after waiting nearly a minute or two, an elderly woman answered our summons.

"Can we see Sir Henry Harleigh?" enquired Mr. Courthrope.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"And why not? My good woman, we *must* see Sir Henry immediately, on business of the highest importance."

"Indeed! Then you should have come a little earlier!"

"Come a little earlier?" said I; "what do you mean? Sir Henry himself appointed this evening."

"Then it's clear he must have changed his mind; for

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he and my Lady both set off in a post-chaise-and-four some two hours ago, howsomever, and I don't know where, either; perhaps you had better go after him!"

We stood looking at one another in amazement.

"In what direction did he go?" I enquired.

"Down the road, sir. He desired me to tell any one that might call, that he was gone off to Wales."

I sighed with vexation and alarm; Mr. Courthrope looked pale with apprehension; while Dr. Y——, with his eyes half-closed, stood looking with a smiling inquisitiveness at the confident woman that was addressing us. A pretty stand-still were we arrived at! What was now to be done?

"Here!" said Dr. Y——, in an under tone, beckoning us to follow him to a little distance from the door. We did so.

"Pho, pho!" he whispered, taking our arms into his —"the woman is trifling with us. Sir Henry is at this moment in the Hall—aye, as surely as we are now here!"

"Indeed! How can you possibly"——

"Ah, he must be very clever, either sane or insane, that can deceive *me* in these matters! 'Tis all a trick of Sir Henry's, I'll lay my life on't. The woman did not tell her tale naturally enough. Come, we'll search the Hall, however, before we go back again on a fool's errand! Come, my good woman," said he, as we reascended the steps, "you have not told us the truth. We happen to know that the Baronet and his lady are at this moment above stairs, for we saw him just now at the corner of the window."

This cool invention confounded the woman, and she began to hesitate. "Come," pursued our spokesman, "you had better be candid; for *we* will be so—and tell you we are determined to search this Hall from one end to the other, from top to bottom, but we will find him we come to seek."

"Oh, lord!" replied the woman, with an air of vexation. "You must do as you please; I've given you my answer, and you'll take the consequences."

With this she left us. After a short consultation, Mr. Courthrope volunteered to go through the principal rooms alone. In about ten minutes' time he returned, not having seen any thing of the fugitives, except a letter lying on the library-table, in the Baronet's frank, the ink of which was scarcely dry. It proved only, however, a blank envelope. We determined together to commence a strict search over the whole Hall. Every room, however, we explored in vain, and began to despair of success. The back drawing-room we examined again, hoping to find some note or letter that might give us a clue to the Baronet's retreat. It commanded a fine view of the grounds; and after standing for some moments at the window, narrowly scrutinizing every shrub or tree that we could fancy Sir Henry lurking either in, or near, we turned together in council once more. Where could he be? Had he really left the place? We cast our eyes on the mantel-piece and table, on which were scattered various papers, notes, cards, &c. and one or two volumes, with the Baronet's manuscript notes in the margin—and sighed. This, Mr. Courthrope informed us, was Sir Henry's favourite room, because of the prospect it commanded. We could, however, see nothing to cast a ray of information upon the subject of our enquiries. We determined, then, to commence a rigorous search of the outer premises, but were delayed for a time by the violence of the storm. The afternoon had been very gloomy, and at length the rain came down in torrents. The thunder rattled directly overhead, in fearful proximity, followed in a second or two by lightning of terrible vividness. Peal upon peal, flash after flash, amid the continued hissing of the hail and heavy rain, followed one another with scarce a minute's intermission. Nothing attracted the eye without, but the drenched gloomy grounds, and the angry lightning-laden sky; a prospect this, which, coupled with thoughts of the melancholy errand on which we were engaged, completely depressed our spirits; at least I can answer for my own.

"Gloomy enough work this, both within and without!" exclaimed Dr. Y——, "If Sir Henry is travelling, he will be cooled a little, I imagine."

"What can he have done with Lady Anne? I tremble for her safety!" exclaimed Mr. Courthrope.

"Oh, you may depend she's safely stowed somewhere or other! These madmen are crafty beyond" —said Dr. Y——, when the doors of an old fashioned oaken cabinet, which we had examined, but imagined locked, were suddenly thrown wide open, and forth stepped the Baronet, in travelling costume, with a composed haughty air.

"Gentlemen," said he, calmly, "are your aware of the consequences of what you are doing? Do you know that I am Sir Henry Harleigh, and that this happens to be my house? By what warrant, at whose command do you thus presume to intrude upon my privacy?"

He paused, his hand continuing extended towards us with a commanding air. His posture would have charmed a painter. The suddenness of his appearance completely astounded Mr. Courthrope and myself, but not so Dr. Y——, the experienced Dr. Y——! who, with a confident bow and smile, stepped forward to meet Sir Henry almost at the moment of his extraordinary *entree*, just as if he had been awaiting it. Never in my life, did I witness such a specimen of consummate self-possession.

"Sir Henry, you have relieved us," said Dr. Y——, with animation, "from infinite embarrassments; we have been searching for you in every corner of the house!"

"You have been—*searching*—for me, Sir! Your name!" exclaimed the Baronet, with mingled hauteur and astonishment, stepping back a pace or two, and drawing himself up to his full height.

"*Pray*, Sir Henry, relieve us, by saying where her ladyship is to be found!" pursued the imperturbable Dr. Y. I could scarce tell why, but I *felt* that the Doctor had mastered the madman, as if by magic. The poor Baronet's unsteady eye wandered from Dr. Y. to me, and from me to Mr. Courthrope.

"Once more, sir, I beg the favour of your name?" he repeated, not however, with his former firmness.

"Dr. Y.," replied that gentleman, promptly, bowing low.

The Baronet started. "Dr. Y., of———?" he whispered, after a pause, in a low thrilling tone.

"Precisely—the same, at your service, Sir Henry," replied the Doctor again bowing. Sir Henry's features whitened sensibly. He turned aside, as if he could not bear to look upon Dr. Y., and sunk into a chair beside him, murmuring, "Then I am ruined!"

"Do not, Sir Henry, distress yourself!" said Dr. Y., mildly, approaching him; but he was motioned off with an air of disgust. Sir Henry's averted countenance was full of horror. We stood perfectly silent and motionless, in obedience to the hushing signals of Dr. Y.

"George," said Sir Henry, addressing Mr. Courthrope in a faltering tone, "*You* are not my enemy"—

"Dear, dear Henry!" exclaimed Mr. Courthrope, running towards him and grasping his hand, while the tears nearly overflowed.

"Go and bring Lady Anne hither!" said the Baronet, his face still averted, "you will find her in the summer-house, awaiting my return!"

Mr. Courthrope, after a confirmative nod from Dr. Y. and myself, hurried off on his errand, and in a few moments returned, accompanied, or rather preceded by Lady Anne, who, in a travelling-dress, flew up the grand staircase, burst open the doors, rushed into the room, almost shrieking. "Where—where is he?

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Dear, dear Henry! my husband! What have they done to you? Whither are they going to take you? Oh, wretch!" she groaned, turning towards me her pale, beautiful countenance, full of desperation, "is all this your doing? Love! love!" addressing her husband, who never once moved from the posture in which he first placed himself in the chair, "I am your wife! your own Anne!" and she flung her arms round his neck, kissing him with frantic vehemence.

"I thought we should have a scene!" whispered Dr. Y. in my ear, "'twas very wrong in me to permit her coming! Pray be calm, my lady," said he, "do, for God's sake, for pity's sake, be calm," he continued, apparently unnoticed by Sir Henry, whose eyes were fixed on the floor, as if he were in profound meditation. "You will only aggravate his sufferings!"

"Oh yes, yes," she gasped, "I'll be calm! I am so! There! I am very calm now!" and she strained her grasp of Sir Henry with convulsive violence—he all the while passive in her arms as a statue! Dr. Y. looked embarrassed. "This will never do; we shall have Sir Henry becoming unmanageable," he whispered.

"Can I say a single word to your ladyship, alone?" he enquired, softly.

"No, No, No!" she replied, with mournful vehemence through her closed teeth, "you shall never part me from my husband! Shall they love! dearest?" and loosing her embrace for a moment, she looked him in the face with an expression of agonizing tenderness, and suddenly reclasped her arms around him with the energy of despair.

"Speak to her ladyship, calm her, you alone have the power," said Dr. Y., addressing Sir Henry, with the air of a man who expects to be—who knows that he will be obeyed. His voice seemed to recall the Baronet from a reverie, or rouse him from a state of stupor, and he tenderly folded his lady in his arms saying fondly, "Hush, hush, dearest, I will protect you."

"There! there! did you hear him? Were these the words of—of—a—madman? almost shrieked Lady Anne.

"Hush, Anne! my love! my dearest, sweet Anne! They say we must part!" exclaimed the wretched husband, in tones of thrilling pathos, wiping away the tears that showered from his poor wife's eyes,—"but, 'tis only for a while"———

"They never shall! they NEVER shall! I won't—I won't—won't," she sobbed hysterically. He folded her closer in his arms, and looking solemnly upwards, repeated the words, "Take—oh take her to your care!" He then burst into a loud laugh, relaxed his hold, and his wretched wife fell swooning into the arms of Mr. Courthrope, who instantly carried her from the room.

"Now, Sir Henry, not a moment is to be lost," said Dr. Y. "Our carriage is at the door, you must step into it, and accompany us to town. Her ladyship will follow soon after, in your carriage."

He rose and buttoned his surtout. "What," said he, eagerly, "has his Majesty *really* sent for me, and in a friendly spirit? But," addressing me with a mysterious air, "you've not betrayed me, have you?"

"Never—and never can I, dear Sir Henry," I replied, with energy.

"Then I at once attend you, Dr. Y. Royalty must not be trifled with. I suppose you have the sign-manual?" Dr. Y. nodded; and without a further enquiry after Lady Anne, Sir Henry accompanied us down stairs, took his hat and walking-stick from the hall stand, drew on his gloves, and followed by Dr. Y. stepped into the carriage, which set off at a rapid rate, and was soon out of sight. I hastened, with a heavy heart, to the chamber whither Lady Anne had been conducted. Why should I attempt to dilate upon the sufferings I there witnessed—to exhibit my wretched patient writhing on the rack of torture? Sweet suffering lady! Your sorrows are recorded above! Fain would I draw a curtain between your intense agonies, and the cold scrutiny of the unsympathising world!

From Lady Anne's maid I gathered a dreadful corroboration of the intelligence I had obtained in the morning. True I found it to be, that every domestic, except herself and the cook, had been dismissed by the despotic Baronet; the former retaining her place solely through the peremptoriness of his lady; the latter from necessity. Why did not the disbanded servants spread the alarm?—was explained by the consummate cunning with which Sir Henry, to the last, concealed his more violent extravagances, and the address with which he fixed upon Lady Anne the imputation of insanity, alleging frequently, as the cause of dismissing his servants, his anxiety to prevent their witnessing the humiliation of his Lady. More effectually to secure himself impunity, he had supplied them liberally with money, and sent them into Wales! On one occasion he had detected Sims—the maid—in the act of running from the Hall, with the determination at all hazards, of disclosing the fearful thraldom in which they were kept by the madman; but he seemed apprised of her movements—she fancied, even her intentions—as if by magic, met her at the Hall gates, and threatened to shoot her, unless she instantly returned, and on her knees took an oath of secrecy for the future. He would not allow a stranger, or visitor of any description under any pretence, to enter the precincts of the Hall, or any member of his family, except as above mentioned, or to quit them. He had prayer three times a day and walked in procession every day at noon round the house, himself, his lady, her maid and the cook; with many other freaks of a similar nature. He got up at night, and paraded with fire-arms about his grounds! I understood that these palpable evidences of insanity had made their appearance only a few days before the one on which I had been summoned. Sir Henry, I found, had always been looked upon as an eccentric man; and he had tact enough to procure his unfortunate *Lady* the sympathy of his household, on the score of imbecility. After giving the maid such general directions as suggested themselves, to procure an immediate supply of attendants, and to have the neighbouring apothecary called in on the slightest emergency, and enjoining her to devote herself entirely to her unhappy lady, I returned to her chamber. The slight noise I made in opening and shutting the door startled her ladyship from a brief doze into which she had fallen a few minutes before I quitted her bedside. She continued in a state of lamentable exhaustion; and finding the soothing draught I had ordered for her was beginning to exhibit its drowsy agency, I resigned my patient into the hands of the apothecary whom I had sent for, and hastened up to town, by one of the London coaches which happened to overtake me.

Late in the evening Mr. Courthrope called at my house and informed me that they had a dreadful journey up to town. For the first mile or two the Baronet he said, appeared absorbed in thought. He soon however, began to grow restless, then violent, and ultimately unmanageable. He broke one of the carriage windows to atoms, and almost strangled one of the keepers, whom it was found necessary to summon to their assistance by suddenly thrusting his hand into his neckerchief. He insisted on the horses' heads being turned towards the Hall; and finding they paid no attention to his wishes, began to utter the most lamentable cries, which attracted many persons to the carriage. On reaching Somerfield House, the private establishment of Dr. Y., whither it was thought advisable in the first instance, to convey the Baronet, till other arrangements could be made, he became suddenly quiet. He trembled violently, his face became pale as ashes, and he offered no opposition to

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his being led at once from the carriage into the house. He imagined it was the Tower. He sate in silent moodiness for a length of time, and then requested the attendance of a chaplain, and a solicitor. In a private interview with the former, he fell upon his knees, confessing that he had several times attempted the life of Lady Anne, though he declared with solemn asseverations that he was innocent of *treason* in any shape He owned, with a contrite air, that justice had at length overtaken him in his evil career. He imagined, it seemed, as far as they could gather from his exclamations, that he had that morning murdered his Lady! On Mr. Courthrope taking leave of him for the evening, he wrung his hands with the bitterness of a condemned criminal who is parting with his friends forever, and in smothered accents warned him to resist the indulgence of unbridled passions!

Well, a singular, a woful day's work had gone through; and I thanked God, that putting out of the question all other considerations, I had not suffered personal injury from the madman. How horrid was my suspense, at several periods of the day, lest he should suddenly produce fire arms, and destroy either himself or his persecutors! Alas, how soon might I expect the distressing secret to make its appearance in the daily newspapers, to become the subject of curiosity and heartless speculation! I resigned myself to rest that night, full of melancholy apprehensions for Lady Anne, as well as the Baronet; and my last fervent thoughts were of thankfulness to God for the preservation of my own reason hitherto, under all the troubles, anxieties and excitements I had passed through in my life!

I determined, on rising in the morning, to make such arrangements as would leave me at liberty to pay an early visit to Lady Anne; and was on the point of stepping into my chariot, to hurry through my morning round, when a carriage rolled rapidly to the door, and in a few seconds I observed her maid handing out Lady Anne Harleigh. Deeply veiled as she was, and muffled in an ample shawl, I saw at once the fearful traces of her yesterday's agony and exhaustion in her countenance and feeble tottering gait. She almost swooned with the effort of reaching the parlour. I soon learned her object in hurrying thus to town; it was to carry into effect an unalterable determination —poor lady!—to attend personally on Sir Henry, even in the character of his menial servant. It was perfectly useless for me to expostulate; she listened with impatience, and even replied with asperity.

"For mercy's sake, Doctor, why do you persist in talking thus? Do you wish to see me share the fate of my unhappy husband? You choke me; you suffocate me! I cannot breathe"—she gasped.

"Dearest Lady Anne!" said I, taking in mine her cold white hand, "try to overcome your feelings! My heart aches for you, indeed, but a solemn sense of duty forbids me to yield to you in this matter. You might gratify your excited feelings for the moment, by seeing Sir Henry—but I take God to witness the truth, with which I assure you that, in my belief, such a step would destroy the only hope left for his recovery. The constant presence of your ladyship would have the effect of inflaming still more his disordered, his excited feelings, till his malady would defy all control. and Heaven only knows what would be the consequences, as well to him as to yourself." I paused; she did not reply.

"I thank God, that he enables your ladyship to listen to reason in these trying circumstances. Rely upon it, Providence will strengthen you, and you will prove equal to this emergency!"

"Oh Doctor," she murmured, clasping her hands over her face, "you cannot sympathize with me; you cannot feel how wretched, how desolate I am! What will become of me? Whither shall I go to forget myself? Oh, my child, my child, she groaned, and fell back senseless. It was long before our attentions succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. What an object she lay in my wife's arms! Her beautiful features were cold and white as those of a marble bust; the dew of agony was on her brow; her hair was all dishevelled; and thus prostrate and heart broken, she looked like one on whom misfortune had dealt her heaviest blow! As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she yielded to my wife's entreaties, and suffered herself to be conducted up to bed, and promised there to await my return, when I would bring her tidings of Sir Henry. In two or three hours' time, I was able to call at Somerfield House. I found from Dr. Y., who told me that such cases were always fluctuating, that Sir Henry's demeanour had undergone a sudden change. He had, from great violence and boisterousness, sunk into contemplative calmness and melancholy. On entering his chamber, where there was every comfort and elegance suited to his station, I found him seated at a desk writing. He received me courteously; and but for that strange wildness of the eye, of which no madman can divest himself, there was no appearance of the awful change which had came over him.

"You may retire, sir, for the present," said the Baronet to his keeper, who, looking significantly at me, bowed and withdrew.

"Well, Sir, Henry," said I, drawing my chair to the table at which he was sitting, "I hope your present residence is made as comfortable as circumstances"——

"I neither deserve nor desire any thing agreeable," he replied gloomily. "I know, I feel it all; I am conscious of my deep degradation; but of the particular offence for which I am arrested, I solemnly declare that I am innocent. However," he concluded abruptly, "I must not be diverted from what I am doing," and inclining politely towards me, he resumed his pen. I sat watching him in silence for some minutes. He seemed to be unconscious of my presence—completely absorbed with what he was doing. I was turning about in my mind how I could best introduce the topic I wished, when he suddenly asked me, without removing his eyes from the paper, how I had left Lady Anne.

"I am glad you ask after her, Sir Henry, for she is afraid you are offended with her."

"Not at all—not the least! It is surely *I* who am the offender," he replied, with a sigh.

"Indeed! her ladyship does not think so, however! She is in town; at my house: will you permit me to bring her here?"

"Why—why—do the regulations of this place admit of females coming?" he asked, with a puzzled air, proceeding to ask in a breath: "Has any thing further transpired?"

"Nothing," I replied, not knowing to what he alluded.

"Will she be calm?"

"Why otherwise, Sir Henry?"

"Or object to your being present all the while?"

"No; I am sure she will not."

"Mind, I cannot bear her to bring any bells with her!"

"Rely upon it, Sir Henry, you shall not be annoyed."

"Well—then I beg you will leave me for the present, that I may prepare for the interview. Had we not better engage a short-hand writer to attend? You know she might say something of moment."

"We will see that every thing is arranged. In two hours' time, Sir Henry, then, you will be prepared?"

He bowed, resumed his pen, and I withdrew. There seemed little to be apprehended from the interview, provided he retained his present humour, and Lady Anne could overcome her agitation, and control her feelings.

On returning home, I found her ladyship had risen,

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and was sitting with my wife in tears: but more composed than I had left her. I told her how calm and contented Sir Henry appeared, and the satisfaction with which he received the proposal of her visit: she clasped her hands together, and assured me, with a faint hysteric laugh, how *very* happy she was! Presently she began to convince me that I need be under no apprehension for her; and repeated her conviction that she should preserve a perfect composure in Sir Henry's presence, over and over again, with such increasing vehemence, as ended in a violent fit of hysterics. My heart heavily misgave me for the event of the interview: however there was nothing for it but to try the experiment.

About six o'clock, her ladyship, together with her sister, Lady Julia ——, who had been hastily summoned from the country, and Mr. Courthrope, drove with me to Somerfield House. They were all shewn into the drawing-room, where Dr. Y. and I left them, that we might prepare his patient for the visit. Dr. Y. saw no objection to the whole party being admitted: so, in a moment's time, we introduced the wretched couple to one another.

"Ah, Henry!" exclaimed Lady Anne, the moment she saw him, rushing into his arms, where she lay for a while silent and motionless. I suspected she had fainted.

"Julia, is that you? How are you?" enquired the Baronet, with an easy air, still holding his wife in his arms. She sobbed violently. "Hush, Anne, hush!" he whispered. "You *must* be calm; they allow no noise here, of anykind. They will order you to leave the room! Besides, you disturb *me*, so that I shall never be able to get through the interview!" All this was said with the coolest composure; as if he were quite unconscious of being the object of his wife's agonizing attentions. Her sobs, however, became louder and louder. "Silence, Anne!" said the Baronet, sternly; "this is foolish!" Her arms instantly fell from around him, for she had swooned—and I bore her from the room—begging the others to continue till my return. I soon restored my suffering patient by a potent draught of sal volatile, and enabled her once more to return to her husband's presence. We were all seated, but conversation languished.

"It is now my bitter duty," said the Baronet, with a serious air, breaking the oppressive silence, "to explain the whole mystery. Have you firmness, Anne, to bear it?" She nodded. "And in the presence of so many persons?" Again she nodded; to speak was impossible,

"Perhaps we had better leave?" said I.

"No, not one of you, unless you wish. The more witnesses of truth the better," replied the Baronet, proceeding with much solemnity of manner. "I am not, I never was, a dishonourable man; yet I fear it will be difficult to persuade you to believe me when you shall have heard all. The dreadful secret, however, must come out; I feel that my recent conduct requires explanation, that disguise is no longer practicable, or availing. The hand of God has brought me hither, and is heavy upon me—you see before you a wretch whom He has marked with a curse heavier than that of Cain!"

He paused for a moment, and turned over the leaves of his manuscript, as if preparing to read from. We all looked and listened with unfeigned astonishment. There was something about his manner that positively made me begin to doubt the fact of his insanity; and I was almost prepared to hear him acknowledge that for some mysterious purpose or other, he had but been feigning madness. Lady Anne, pale and motionless as a statue, sat near him, her eyes riveted upon him with a dreadful expression of blended fondness, agony, and apprehension.

"Behold, then, in me," continued Sir Henry, in a stern undertone, "an IMPOSTER. The world will soon ring with the story; friends will despise me; the House of Commons will repudiate me; relatives will disown me; my wife even," raising his eyes towards her, "will forsake me. I am no Baronet;" he paused; he was evidently striving to still strong emotions: I have no right either to the title, which I have disgraced, the fortune which I have wantonly squandered, or the hand I have dishonored." His lips, despite his efforts at compression, quivered, and his cheeks turned ashy pale. "But I take God to witness, that at the time of my marriage with this noble lady," pointing with a trembling hand to Lady Anne, "I knew not what I know now about this matter—that another was entitled to stand in my place, and enjoy the wealth and honours; what, does it not, then, confound you at all;" he enquired, finding that we neither looked nor uttered surprise at what he said. "Nothing like agitation at the confession? Is it, then, *no news*? Are you all prepared for it? Has then my privacy, my confidence, been violated? How is this, Lady Anne?" he pursued with increasing vehemence; "Tell me, Lady Anne, is it *you* who have done this?" The poor lady forced a faint smile into her palid features—a smile as of fond incredulity. "Ha! cockatrice! away" —— he shouted, springing from his chair, and pacing about the room in violent agitation. Lady Anne, with a faint shriek, was borne out of the room a second time insensible.

"Yes," continued the Baronet, in a high tone, regardless of the presence of his keeper, whom his violence hurried back into the room, "that false woman has betrayed me to disgrace and ruin! She has possessed herself of my fatal secret, and turned it to my destruction! But for her it might have slept hitherto! Ha! *this* is the secret that has so long lain rankling at my heart, blighting my reason, driving me to crime, making my continual companion, the Devil, the great fiend himself, and Hell all around me! Oh, I am choked! I am burnt up! I cannot bear it! What, Dr. Y., have *you* nothing to say to me, now you have secured me in your toils! Are you leagued with Lady Anne? *Lady* Anne!—*Lady!*—*she* will preserve her title, but it will be attached to the name of a villain! Ah! what will become of me! Speak, Doctor," addressing me, who had returned to whisper to Mr. Courthrope, "speak to me."

"While you are raving thus, it would be useless, Sir Henry ——."

"*Sir* Henry! do you then dare to mock me to my face?" He paused, stopped full before me, and seemed meditating to strike me. Dr. Y. came beside me, and the wretched madman instantly turned on his heel and walked to another part of the room. Again he commenced walking to and fro, his arms folded, and muttering, "The Commons, I suppose, will be impeaching me; ha! ha! ha! and thus ends Sir Henry Harleigh, Baronet, member for the county of ——! Ah, ha, ha! What will X., and Y., and Z.," naming well known individuals in the Lower House. "What will they say to this! What will my constituents say! They will give me a public dinner again! The pride of the county will be there to meet me!"

Mr. Courthrope caused Lady Anne and her sister, as soon as the former could be removed with safety, to be conveyed to his own residence, which they reached, happily, at the same time that Mrs. Courthrope, one of Lady Anne's intimate friends, returned from the country, to pay her suffering relative every attention that delicacy and affection could suggest. What *now* was the situation of this once happy, this once brilliant, this once envied couple! Sir Henry, in a mad-house; Lady Anne, heart-broken, and, like Rachel, "refusing to be comforted!" All splendor faded; the sweets of wealth, rank, refinement, loathed!—What a commentary on the language of the Royal Sufferer in Scripture; "And in my prosperity, I said, I

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shall never be moved. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong; thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled."

The ravings of Sir Henry, on the occasion last mentioned, of course passed away from my recollection, with many other of his insane extravagances, till they were suddenly revived by the following paragraph in a morning paper, which some days afterwards I read breathlessly and incredulously.

"We understand that the lamentable estrangement, both from reason and society, of a once popular and accomplished Baronet, is at length discovered to be connected with some extraordinary disclosures made to him some time ago concerning the tenure by which he at present enjoys all his large estates, and the title, as it is contended, wrongfully. The new claimant, who, it is said, had not been long in this country, and is in comparatively humble circumstances, has intrusted the prosecution of his rights to an eminent solicitor, who, it is whispered, has at length shaped his client's case in a form fit for the investigation of a court of law; and a very formidable case, we hear, it is reported will be made out. If it should be successful, the present unfortunate possessor, in addition to being stripped of all he holds in the world, will have to account for several hundred thousand pounds. The extensive and distinguished connexions of Sir ——, have, we understand, been thrown into the utmost consternation, and have secured, at an enormous expense, the highest legal assistance in the country."

Wonder, pity, alarm, perplexity, by turns assailed me, on reading this extraordinary announciation, which squared with every word uttered by the Baronet on the occasion I have alluded to, and which we considered the mere hallucination of a madman. Could then, this dreadful—this mysterious paragraph—have any foundation in fact? Was it *this* that had shaken, and finally overturned, Sir Henry's understanding? And did Lady Anne know it? Good God, what was to become of them? Would this forthwith become the topic of conversation and discussion, and my miserable patients be dragged from the sacred retreats of sorrow and suffering, to become the subjects of general enquiry and speculation? Alas, by how slight a tenure does man hold the highest advantages of life!

I had proposed calling at Mr. Courthrope's that day, to see Lady Anne. I should possibly have an opportunity, therefore, of ascertaining whether this newly-discovered calamity constituted an ingredient of that "perilous stuff" which weighed upon her heart.

What an alteration had a fortnight worked on Lady Anne! In her bed-chamber, where I entered, were her sister, Lady Julia, Mrs. Courthrope, and her maid; the latter of whom was propping up her mistress, in bed, with pillows. How wan was her once lovely face,—how wasted her figure! There was a tearless agony in her eye, a sorrowful resignation in her countenance, that spoke feelingly the

> 'Cruel grief that hack'd away her heart
> Unseen, unknown of others!'

"And what intelligence do you bring from Somerfield, to day, Doctor?" she whispered, after replying to my enquiries about her health.

"I have not seen him to-day, but I hear that he continues calm. His bodily health is unexceptionable."

"Is that a favourable sign?" she enquired faintly, shaking her head, as though she knew to the contrary.

"It may be, and it *may* not, according to circumstances. But how is your ladyship to-day?"

"Oh, so much better! I really feel getting quite strong—don't you think so, Julia?" said the feeble sufferer. Lady Julia sighed in silence.

"I shall be able to get about in a few days," continued Lady Anne, "and then—dont be so angry, Julia! —once at Somerfield—I—I know I shall revive again! I know I shall die if you do not give me my way. Do, dear Doctor," her snowy attenuated fingers gently seized and compressed my hand, "do persuade them to be reasonable! You can't think how they torment me about it! They don't know what my feelings are," —she could utter no more. I endeavored to pacify her with a general promise, that if she would keep herself from fretting for a fortnight, and was then sufficiently recovered, I would endeavor to bring about what she wished.

"Poor Sir Henry," said I, after a pause, addressing Lady Julia, "takes strange notions into his head.,"

"Indeed he does!" she replied, what new delusion has made its appearance?"

"Oh nothing new; he adheres to the belief that he is not the true Baronet; that he has no title to the fortune he holds!" No one made any reply; and I felt chagrined and embarrassed on account of having alluded to it. I mentioned another subject, but all in vain.

"Doctor, you must know it to be true, that there is another who claims our fortune!" whispered Lady Anne, a few minutes afterwards. I endeavored to smile it off.

"Yes smile, Doctor; but my poor husband found it no smiling." She sobbed hysterically. "And what if it is true," she continued, "that we are beggars—that my child—oh!—I could bear it all, if my poor Henry" —her lips continued moving, without uttering any sound; and it was plain she had fainted. I bitterly regretted mentioning the subject; but we had frequently talked about other cretchets of Sir Henry's, by his lady's bed-side, without calling forth any particular emotion on her part. No allusion of any kind had been since made to the topics about which Sir Henry raved on the last occasion by any member of the family; and I thought it would prove either that Lady Anne was in happy ignorance of the circumstances, or that they proved a chief source of her wasting misery. The latter, alas! proved the case! She lay for some minutes rather like a delicate waxen figure before us, than actual flesh and blood. Never did I see any one fade so rapidly; but what anguish had been hers for a long period! And this poor wasted sufferer was relying upon being the nurse of her husband in a fornight's time! Oh! cruel delusion! I left her, apprehensive that when matters assumed a more favorable aspect, a fortnight would see her more than half-way towards the grave.

"Doctor," whispered Lady Julia to me, as I descended the stairs, "have you seen that frightful paragraph in this day's newspaper?"

"I have, my lady—and"—

"So has my poor sister!" interrupted her ladyship.—"We generally read the newspapers before they are shewn to her, as she insists on seeing them—but this morning it unfortunately happened that Sims took it up to her at once. Poor girl! she soon saw the fatal paragraph, and I thought she would have died."

"Indeed—indeed, my lady, I never can forgive myself," said I, wringing my hands.

"Nay, Doctor, you are wrong. I am glad that you have broken the ice; she must be talked to on the subject, but we dared not begin."

"Pray, how long has her ladyship known of it?"

"I believe about six months after Sir Henry became alarmed about it; for, at first, he disbelieved it, and paid no attention to it whatever. He was never aware, however, that she knew the secret source of his anxiety and illness; and as she saw him so bent on concealing it from her, she thought it more prudent to acquiesce. Fancy, Doctor, what my poor sister must have suffered! She is the noblest creature in the world, and could have borne that which has almost killed her husband, and quite destroyed his reason. People have noticed often his strange manner; and circulated a hundred

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stories to the discredit of both, which Anne has endured without a murmur, often when her heart was near breaking! Alas! I am afraid she will sink at last!"—She hurried from me, overcome by her emotions, and I drove off, not much less oppressed myself.

During the next few weeks, I visited, almost daily, both Sir Henry and Lady Anne. It was a dreadful period for the former, whose malady broke out into the most violent paroxysms, rendering necessary restraints of a very severe character. Who could have believed that he was looking on the once gay, handsome, accomplished, gifted Baronet, in the howling maniac, whom I once or twice shuddered to see chained to a staple in the wall, or fastened down on an iron-fixed chair, his head close shaven, his eyes bloodshot and staring, his mouth distorted, uttering the most tremendous imprecations! I cannot describe the emotions that agitated me as I passed from this frightful figure, to the bedside of the peaceful, declining sufferer, his wife, buoying her up from time to time with accounts of his improvement! How I trembled as I told the falsehood!

Sir Henry's bodily health continued to improve; his flesh remained firm; the wilder paroxysms ceased, and soon assumed a mitigated form. In his eye was the expression of settled insanity! I confess I began to think, with the experienced Dr. Y. that there was little reasonable hope of recovery. His case assumed a different aspect almost daily. He wandered on from delusion to delusion, each absurder than the other, and more tenaciously retained. On one occasion, after great boisterousness, he became suddenly calm, called for twenty quires of foolscap, and commenced writing from morning to night, without intermission, except for his meals. This, however, remained with him for nearly three weeks; and the result proved to be a speech for the House of Commons, vindicating his alledged ill-treatment of Lady Anne, and his claims to his title and estates! It must have taken nearly a fortnight to deliver! He insisted on his keeper, a very easy tempered phlegmatic fellow, hearing him read the whole; good occupation for a week—when the Baronet tired in the middle of his task. He always paused on my entrance; and when I once requested him to proceed in my presence, he declined, with a great air of offended dignity; I several times introduced the name of Lady Anny, curious to see its effect upon him; he heard it with indifference, once observing, "that he had formed a plan about her which would not a little astonish certain persons." I represented her feebleness—her emaciation. He said coldly, that he was sorry for it, but she brought it upon herself, quoting the words, "Thus even-handed justice," &c. He adopted a mode of dress, that was remarkably ridiculous, and often provoked me to laughter, in spite of myself—a suit of tightly-fitting jacket and pantaloons, made of green baize, with silk stockings and pumps.—His figure was very elegant and well-proportioned, but in this costume, and with his hair cut close upon his head, looked most painfully absurd. *This* was Sir Henry Harleigh, Baronet, M. P. for the county of ———, husband of the beautiful Lady Anne ———, master of most accomplishments, and owner of a splendid fortune! Thus habited, I have surprised him, mounted on a table in the corner of his room, haranguing his quiet keeper, with all the vehemence of parliamentary oratory; and on my entrance, he would sneak down with the silliest air of schoolboy shame! He became very tractable, took his meals regularly, and walked about in a secluded part of the grounds, without being mischievous, or attempting to escape. And who shall say that he was not happy? Barring a degradation, of which only *others* were sensible, what had he to trouble him? Where, in this respect, lay the difference between Sir Henry, wandering from delusion to delusion, revelling in variety, and the poet, who always lives in a world of dreams and fancies all his own.

And Lady Anne—the beautiful—the once lively Lady Anne—was drooping daily! Alas, in what a situation were husband and wife! I could not help likening them to a noble tree, wreathed with the graceful, affectionate ivy, and blasted by lightning—rending the one asunder, and withering the other. For so in truth it seemed. Lady Anne was evidently sinking under her sorrows. All the attentions of an idolizing family, backed by the fond sympathies of "troops of friends"—even the consolations of religion—seemed alike unavailing!

The reader has not yet, however, been put into distinct possession of the cause of all this devastation.

It seems that shortly after his marriage, his solicitor suddenly travelled to the Continent, to communicate the startling—but in the Baronet's estimation ridiculous—intelligence, that a stranger was laying claim to all he held in the world, of title and fortune. The lawyer at length returned to England, overpersuaded by the Baronet, to treat the matter with contemptuous indifference; and nothing further was in fact heard for some months, till, after Sir Henry's return, he received one evening, at his club, (a circumstance which I have before said, appeared to confirm certain suspicions then afloat) a long letter, purporting to come from the solicitor of the individual preferring the fearful claim alluded to. It stated the affair at some length and concluded by requesting certain information, which, said the writer, might possibly have the effect of convincing his client of his error, and conducing to the abandonment of his claim. The shocking letter at length roused the Baronet from his lethargy. Several portions of it tallied strangely with particular passages in the family history of Sir Henry, who instantly hurried with consternation to his solicitor, by whom his worst apprehensions were aggravated. Not that the lawyer considered his client's case desperate; but he at once prepared his agitated client for a long, harassing, and ruinous litigation, and exposure of the most public nature. It cannot be wondered at that a sense of his danger should prey upon his feelings, and give him that disturbed manner which occasioned the speculations, hints, and inuendoes, mentioned in an early part of this paper. He anxiously concealed from his lady the shocking jeopardy in which their all on earth was placed; and the constant effort and constraint—the withering anxiety—the long continued apprehensions of ruin—at length disordered, and finally overthrew his intellects. What was the precise nature of his adversary's pretensions, I am unable to state technically. I understand it consisted of an alledged earlier right under the entail. To support his claim, every quarter was ransacked for evidence by his zealous attorney, often in a manner highly indelicate and offensive. The upstart made his pretensions as public as possible; and a most imprudent overture made by Sir Henry's solicitor was unscrupulously—triumphantly—seized upon by his adversary, and through his means at length found its way into the newspapers. The additional vexation this occasioned Sir Henry may be readily imagined; for independently of his mortification at the circumstance, it was calculated most seriously to prejudice his interests; and when he kept ever before his agonized eyes the day of trial which was approaching, and the horrible catastrophe, he sunk under the mighty oppression. Lady Anne had, despite her husband's attempts at secrecy, for some time entertained faint suspicions of the truth; but as he obstinately, and at length sternly interdicted any enquiry on her part, and kept every document under lock and key, he contrived to keep her comparatively in the dark. He frequently, however, talked in his sleep, and often did she lie awake listening to his mysterious expressions with sickening agitation. The

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illness of Sir Henry and his lady, together with its occasion were now become generally known; and the cruel paragraph in the morning paper above copied, was only the precursor of many similar ones, which at length went to the extent of hinting, generally, the nature of the new claimant's pretensions, with the grounds of Sir Henry's resistance.

Recollecting the event of Lady Anne's last interview with Sir Henry, the reader may imagine the vexation and alarm with which, at the time she imagined I had fixed, I heard her insist upon the performance of my promise. Backed by the entreaties of her relatives, and my conviction of the danger that might attend such a step, I positively refused. It was in vain that she implored, frequently in an agony of tears, occasionally almost frantic at our opposition—we were inexorable. During a month's interval, very greatly to my surprise and satisfaction, her health sensibly improved. We had contrived to some extent to occupy her attention with agreeable pursuits, and had from time to time soothed her with good accounts of Sir Henry. Her little son too—a charming creature—was perpetually with her; and his prattle served to amuse her through many a long hour. She was at length able to leave her bed, and spend several hours down stairs; and under such circumstances, she renewed her importunities with better success. I promised to see Sir Henry, and engaged to allow her an interview, if it could be brought about safely. In order to ascertain the point, I called one day upon the Baronet, who still continued at Somerfield House, though several of his relatives had expressed a wish that he should be removed to private quarters. This, however, I opposed, jointly with Dr. Y——, till the Baronet exhibited symptoms of permanent tranquility. I found no alteration in the mode of his apparel. If his ridiculous appearance shocked me, what must be its effect on his unhappy lady? He wore—as he did every day—his tight-fitting green baize, [what first put it into his head I am at a loss to imagine,] and happened to be in excellent humour; for he had just before beaten a crazy gentleman in the establishment at chess. He was walking to and fro, rubbing his hands, detailing his triumph to his keeper with great glee, and received me with infinite cordiality.

"What should you say to seeing company, Sir Henry?—Will you receive a visiter if I bring one?"

"Oh, yes—happy to see them—that is any day but to-morrow—any day but to-morrow," he replied briskly; "for to-morrow I shall be particularly engaged: the fact is, I am asked to dinner with the king, and am to play billiards with him."

"Ah! I congratulate you!—And, pray, does his majesty come to Somerfield, or do you go to Windsor?"

"Go to Windsor?—Lord bless you, his Majesty lives *here*—this is his palace; and I am one of his resident lords in waiting!—Were you not aware of that?"

"True—true; but at what hour do you wait on his majesty?"

"Three o'clock precisely—to the millionth part of a second."

"Hem!—Suppose, then, I take the opportunity of bringing my friend—who is very anxious to see you—at twelve o'clock?"

He paused, apparently considering. I was vexed that he made no enquiry as to the person I intended to introduce. I determined, however, that he should know.

"Well, Sir Henry, what say you—shall she come at twelve o'clock?"

"If she will *go* soon, I don't mind; but, you know, I must not be flurried, as I shall have so soon to attend the king. How can I play billiards, if my hand trembles?—Oh dear, it would never do—would it?"

"Certainly not, but what can there possibly be to flurry you in seeing Lady Anne?"

"Lady Anne!" he echoed with a sheepish air—"well you know, Lady Anne!—well—she can make allowances—eh?"

Aye indeed—poor madman—thought I, if such a spectacle as yourself does not paralize her—replying, "Oh, yes—*all* allowances, supposing any to be necessary, you may depend upon it. She's very considerate, and longs to see you."

"Well, I hope you'll be in the room? for, do you know, the thought of it almost makes me sick—don't I look pale?" he inquired of his keeper—"It is so long since I have seen her. Will she—I hope—what I mean, is—has she recovered from the wound?"

"Ha, long ago! She was more frightened than hurt at the accident."

"*Accident!* is that what it is called? All the better for me, you know," he replied, with a serious air, "However, I consent to see her at the hour you mention. Tell her to be calm, and not to try to frighten me, considering the king." With this he shook my hand, opened the door, and I took my leave. Dr. Y—— greatly doubted the prudence of the step we were about to take; but we were too far committed with her ladyship to recede. I grew alarmed, on returning home, with the apprehension of her mere presence—however calmly she might behave—stirring up slumbering associations in the mind of her husband, that might lead to very unpleasant results. However, there was nothing for it but to await the experiment, and hope for the best.

The following morning, I called on her ladyship about eleven o'clock, and found her dressed and waiting. Out-door costume seemed as if it did not become one so long an invalid. She looked flushed and feverish, but made great efforts to sustain the appearance of cheerfulness. She told me of her hearty breakfast—(a cup of tea and part of an egg!)—and spoke of her increasing strength. She could almost, she said, *walk* to Somerfield. Lady Julia trembled, Mrs. Courthrope was deadly pale, and I felt deeply apprehensive of the effect of the coming excitement upon such shattered nerves as those of Lady Anne.

Into the roomy carriage we stepped about half-past eleven. The day was bright and cold—the air, however, refreshing. As we approached Somerfield, it was evident that but for the incessant use of her vinaigrette, Lady Anne must have fainted. We were all silent enough by the time we reached the gates of Dr. Y——'s house. Lady Anne was assisted to alight and, leaning on my arm and that of her sister, walked up with tottering steps to the house, where Mrs. Y—— received her with all respectful attention. A glass of wine considerably reassured the fainting sufferer; and while she paused in the drawing-room to recover her breath, I stepped to the Baronet's apartment to prepare him for a suitable reception of his lady.—Dr. Y— informed me that sir Henry had been talking about it ever since. I found him pacing slowly about his chamber, dressed, alas, with additional absurdity, In vain, I found, had both Dr. Y—— and his keeper expostulated with him: they found that nothing else would keep him in humour. He wore over his usual green baize dress, a flaming scarlet sash, with a massive gold chain round his neck. An ebony walking stick was worn as a sword; and his cap, somewhat like that of a hussar, was surmounted with a peacock's feather, stripped, all but the eye at the top, and nearly three feet high. On this latter astounding appendage, I found, he particularly prided himself. I implored him to remove it, but he begged me, somewhat haughtily, to allow him to dress as he pleased. I protest I felt sick at the spectacle. What a frightful object to present to Lady Anne. However, we might prepare her to expect something *outre* in her husband's appearance. "Permit me to ask, Sir Henry," said I, resolved upon a last effort, "why you are in full dress?"

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He looked astonished at the question. "I thought, Doctor, I told you of my engagement with his majesty."

"Oh, aye, true; but perhaps you will receive your lady uncovered," said I, pressing for a dispensation of the abominable head-dress.

"No sir," he replied, quietly but decisively, and I gave up the point. His keeper whispered to me at the door, that Sir Henry alledged as a reason for dressing himself as I have described, his having to attend the king immediately after the interview with his lady; so that he would have no time for dressing in the interval.

"Is *the party* ready?" enquired the Baronet, interrupting our momentary *tete-a-tete*. I hesitated; I was suddenly inclined, at all hazards, to put off the dreaded interview; but I dared not venture on such a step.

"Y—yes, Sir Henry, and waits your pleasure to throw herself into your arms."

"What! good God! throw herself into my arms! throw herself into my arms! was there ever any such a thing heard of!" exclaimed the Baronet, with a confounded air; "no, no! I can admit of no such familiarities! that is going *rather* too far under the circumstances—eh?" turning towards his keeper, whom he had thrust reluctantly into a costume something like that of an Austrian soldier. "What do *you* say?" The man bowed in acquiescence.

"And further, Doctor," continued the Baronet, pointing to his keeper, "this gentleman, my secretary, must be present all the while, to take notes of what passes."

"Undoubtedly," I replied, with an air of intense chagrin, inwardly cursing myself for permitting the useless and dangerous interview. I hastened back to the apartment in which I had left the ladies, and endeavoured to prepare Lady Anne, by describing, with a smile, her husband's dress. She strove to smile with me, and begged that she might be led into his presence at once. Leaning between Lady Julia and myself, she shortly tottered into the Baronet's room, having first, at my suggestion, drawn down her black veil over her pale face.

"Pen! pen! pen!" hastily whispered the Baronet to his keeper, as we opened the door—and the latter instantly took his seat at the table, before a desk, with pens and ink. The Barenet bowed courteously to us as we entered.

"Speak to him," I whispered, as I led in her ladyship. She endeavored to do so, but her tongue failed her. Her lips moved, and that was all. Lady Julia spoke for her sister, in tremulous accents. Lady Anne closed her eyes on seeing the fantastic dress of her husband, and shook like an aspen-leaf.

"Harry, dearest Harry," at length she murmured, stretching her trembling arms towards him, as if inviting him to approach her. Sir Henry, with a polite but distant air, took off his cap for a moment, and then carefully replaced it without making any reply.

"Shall we take seats, Sir Henry?" I enquired.

"Yes—she may be seated," he replied, with an authoritative air, folding his arms, and leaning against the corner of the window, eyeing his lady with curious attention.

"Are you come here of your free will?" said he, calmly.

"Yes, Henry, yes," she whispered.

"Put that down," said the Baronet; in an under tone, to his secretary.

"Are you recovered?"

"Quite, dearest!" replied his lady, faintly.

"Put *that* down," repeated the Baronet, quickly, looking at his "secretary" till he had written it. There was a pause. I sat beside Lady Anne, who trembled violently, and continued deadly pale.

"I am sure, Sir Henry," said I, "you are not displeased at her ladyship's coming to see you? If you are not, *do* come and tell her so, for she fears you are offended!" She grasped my fingers with convulsive efforts, without attempting to speak. Sir Henry, after an embarrassed pause, walked from where he had been standing, till he came directly before her, saying, in a low tone, looking earnestly into her countenance, "God be my witness, Anne, I bear you no malice; is it thus with you?" elevating his finger, and looking towards his keeper, intimating that he was to take down her reply—but none was made. He dropped slowly on one knee, drew the glove off his right hand, as if going to take hold of Lady Anne's, and tenderly said, "Anne, will you give me no reply?" There was no madness in either his tone or manner, and Lady Anne perceived the alteration.

"Harry! Harry! Dearest! my love!" she murmured, suddenly stretching towards him her hands, and fell into his arms, where she lay for a while motionless.

"Poor creature! How acute her feelings are!" exclaimed the Baronet, calmly. "You should strive to master them, Anne, as I do. I bear you no ill-will; I know you had provocation! How her little heart beats," he continued, musingly. "Why, she has fainted! How very childish of her to yield so!"

It was true; the unhappy lady had fainted, and lay unconsciously in her husband's arms. Her sister, weeping bitterly, rose to remove her; but the Baronet's countenance became suddenly clouded. He allowed us to assist his lady, by removing her bonnet, but continued to grasp her firmly by the wrists, staring into her face with an expression of mingled concern and wonder. His keeper's practised eye evidently saw the storm rising and came up to him.

"You had better let her ladyship be removed!" he whispered into his ear authoritatively, eyeing him fixedly, at the same time gently disengaging her arms from his grasp.

"Well, be it so; I am sorry for her; I've a strange recollection of her kindness; and is it come to this, poor Anne!" he exclaimed, tremulously, and walked to the further window, where he stood with his back towards us, evidently weeping. We removed Lady Anne immediately from the room; and it was so long before she recovered, that we doubted whether it would be safe to remove her home that day." "Well, as far as I am concerned," thought I, as I bent over her insensible form, "this is the last time I will be a party to the torture inflicted by such a scene as this, though in obedience to your own wishes!" As I was passing from the room in which she lay, I encountered Sir Henry, followed closely by his keeper.

"Whither now, Sir Henry," I enquired, with a sigh.

"Going to tell the king that I cannot dine with him to-day, as I had promised, for I am quite agitated, though I scarce know why. Who brought Lady Anne to me?" he whispered. I made him no reply. "I am glad I have met you, however; we'll take a turn in the grounds, for I have something of the highest consequence to tell you."

"Really you must excuse me, Sir Henry; I have"—

"Are you in earnest, Doctor? Do you know the consequences of refusing to attend to my wishes?"

"I suffered him to place my arm in his, and he led me down the steps into the garden. Round, and round, and round we walked at a rapid rate, his face turned towards me all the while with an expression of extensive anxiety, but not a syllable did he utter. Faster and faster we walked, till our pace became almost a run, and beginning to feel both fatigued and dizzy, I gently swayed him from the pathway towards the door-steps.

"Poor, poor Anne!" he exclaimed in a mournful tone, and starting from me abruptly, hurried to a sort of alcove close at hand, and sat down, covering his

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face with his handkerchief, his elbows resting upon his knees.

I watched him for a moment from behind the door, and saw that he was weeping, and that bitterly. Poor Sir Henry! Presently one of his brother captives approached him, running from another part of the grounds, in a merry mood, and slapping him instantly on the back, shouted, "I am Lord of the isles!"

"I can't play billiards with your Majesty to-day," replied Sir Henry, looking up, his eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"Embrace me, then!" said the lunatic; and they were forthwith locked in one another's arms. "You are in tears!" exclaimed the stranger, himself beginning suddenly to cry; but in a moment or two he started off, putting his hand to his mouth, and bellowing, "Yoicks, yoicks! Stole away!"

The Baronet relapsed into his former mood, and continued in a similar posture for several minutes, when he rose up, wiped away his tears, and commenced walking again round the green, his arms folded on his breast as before, and talking to himself with great vehemence. I could catch only a few words here and there, as he hurried past me. "It will never be believed! What could have been my inducement? When will it be tried? I saw all the while through his disguise! My secretary, if acquitted, released, discovery, ennobled," were fragments of his incoherencies. Alas! what an object he looked! I could not help thinking of the contrast he now afforded to the animated figure he had presented to the eye of the beholder from the gallery of the House of Commons, the busy eager throngs of the clubs, and as the man of fashion and literature!

"Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis,
Vel Danaum Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignes!"

On regaining her room, I found Lady Anne had been relieved by a copious flood of tears. She continued weeping hysterically, and uttering wild incoherencies for some time, nor could the entreaties or commiserations of those around her, assuage her grief. When at length her paroxysm had abated, from exhaustion, she expressed a determination not to be removed from the house in which her unfortunate husband resided! It was in vain that we represented the peril with which such a resolution was attended, as well to herself as Sir Henry: she was deaf to our solicitations, regardless of our warnings. She requested Mrs. Y. to inform her whether their house was fully occupied; and on receiving a hesitating answer in the negative, at once engaged apartments occupying the whole of the next wing of the building, careless, she said, at what expense. The result was, that finding her inflexible on this point, the requisite arrangements were at once entered upon, and that very night she, with her sister and maid, slept under the same roof with her unconscious—her afflicted husband. Every measure was taken to secure her from danger, and keep her as much out of Sir Henry's way as possible.

Nearly a month passed away without her having been once in Sir Henry's company, or even seeing him, for more than a moment or two together; and, unlikely as it had seemed, her health and spirits appeared rather to improve than otherwise. At length, the Baronet, being taken in a happy mood, was informed that she had long been a resident in Somerfield House, at which he expressed no surprise, and consented to her being invited to take tea in his apartment. He was very shy and silent during the interview, and seemed under constraint till his guests had taken leave of him. Gradually, however, he grew reconciled to their visits, which he occasionally returned, always accompanied by his "secretary"; and took great pleasure in hearing the sisters play on the piano. He composed verses, which they pretended to set to music; he brought them flowers, and received various little presents in return. For hours together he would sit with them reading, and hearing read, novels and newspapers; and, in short, grew in a manner humanized again. He treated Lady Anne with great civility, but, towards her sister, Julia, he behaved as if he were courting her!—They soon prevailed upon him to discard the absurd peacock's feather he frequently wore, always on Sunday, accepting in its stead, a small drooping ostrich feather, which also, in its turn, he was by and by induced to lay aside altogether, as well as to assume more befitting clothing. They could not, however, dislodge from his crazed imagination the idea that he was confined in prison, awaiting his trial for the murder of his wife, and high treason!

He addressed her one morning, as Queen, receiving her with the most obsequious obeisances. He persisted in this hallucination with singular pertinacity. All poor Lady Anne's little familiarities and endearments were thenceforth at an end: for he seemed so abashed by her presence, that no efforts of condescension sufficed to reassure him, and she was compelled to support a demeanor consistent with the station which his crazed imagination assigned her. His great delight was to be sent on her royal errands about the house and grounds! He could hardly ever be prevailed upon to sit, at least at ease, in her presence; and was with great difficulty induced to eat at the same table. The agony I have seen in her eye on these occasions! Compelled to humour his delusions, she wore splendid dresses and jewels; and dismissed him on every occasion by coldly extending her hand, which he would kiss with an air of reverent loyalty! He believed himself to have been elevated to the rank of a general officer, and insisted on being provided with a military band, to play before his window every evening after dinner. He invited me, one day in the Queen's name, to dinner in his apartments, some time after this delusion had manifested itself. It was a soft September evening, and the country round about seemed every where bronzed with the touch of autumn. During dinner Sir Henry treated his lady with all the profound respect and ceremony due to royalty, and I, of course, was obliged to assume a similar deportment, while his lady was compelled to receive with condescending urbanity attentions, every one of which smote her heart as an additional evidence of the inveteracy of her husband's malady. I observed her narrowly. There was no tear in her eye—no flurry of manner—no sighing: her's was the deep silent anguish of a breaking heart!

How can I do justice to the virtues of this incomparable wife, or sufficiently extol her unwearying, her ennobling self-devotion to the welfare of her afflicted husband! Her only joy was to minister to his comfort, at whatever cost or feeling, or even health, at all hours, in all seasons; to bear with his infinite, incongruous whims, perversities, and provocation; to affect delight when *he* was delighted; to soothe and comfort him under all his imaginary grievances. Her whole thoughts, when absent from him, were absorbed in devising schemes for his amusement and occupation. She would listen to no entreaties for cessation from her anxious labours; no persuasions, no inducement, could withdraw her even for a moment from the dreary scene of her husband's humiliation and degradation. Hail, woman, exalted among thy sex! Eulogy would but tarnish and obscure the honour that is thy due!

All, however, was unavailing; the unhappy sufferer exhibited no symptoms of mental convalescence: on the other hand, his delusions became more numerous and obstinate than ever. He seemed to be totally unconscious of Lady Anne's being his *wife;* he treated her, and spoke of her, as an amiable companion, and even made her his confidant. Among other

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vagaries, he communicated to her a long story about his attachment to a girl he had seen about the premises, and earnestly asked her opinion in what way he could most successfully make her an offer!

Shortly after dinner was removed, we drew our chairs—Lady Anne in the centre, seated on a sort of throne, specially provided for her by the Baronet—a circle round the ample bow window that overlooked the most sequestered part of the grounds connected with the establishment, as well as a sweep of fine scenery in the distance. In a bower a little to our right, was placed Sir Henry's band, who were playing very effectively various pieces of brilliant military music. By my direction, privately given beforehand, they suddenly glided, from a bold march, into a concert of French horns. Oh, how exquisite was that soft melancholy wailing melody! The hour—the deepening gloom of evening—the circumstances—the persons—were all in mournful keeping with the music to which we were listening in subdued silence. Lady Anne's tears stole fast down her cheeks, while her eyes were fixed with sad earnestness upon her husband, who sat in a low chair, a little on her left hand, his chin resting on the palm of his hand, gazing with a melancholy air on the darkening scenery without. Occasionally I heard Lady Anne struggling to subdue a sob, but unsuccessfully. Another, and another, and another forced its way—and I trembled lest her excitement should assume a more violent form. I saw her, almost unconsciously, lay her hand upon that of the Baronet, and clasp it with convulsive energy. So she held it for some moments, when the madman slowly turned round, looking her full in the face; his countenance underwent a ghastly change, and fixing on her an eye of demoniac expression, he slowly rose in his seat, seeming to my disturbed fancy, an evil spirit called up by the witchery of music, and sprung out of the room. Lady Anne, with a faint groan, fell at full length upon the floor; her sister, shrieking wildly, strove to raise her in vain; I hurried after the madman, but finding his keeper was at his heels, returned. I never can forget that dreadful evening! Sir Henry rushed out of the house, sprung at one bound over a high fence, and sped across a field, amidst the almost impervious gloom of evening, with steps such as those of the monster of Frankenstein. His keeper, with all his efforts, could not gain upon him, and sometimes altogether lost sight of him. He followed him for nearly two miles, and at length found that he was overtaking the fugitive. When he had come up within a yard of him, the mad man turned round unexpectedly, struck his pursuer a blow that brought him to the ground, and immediately scrambled up into a great elm tree that stood near, from amidst whose dark foliage he was presently heard howling in a terrific manner; anon, there was a crashing sound amongst the branches, as of a heavy body falling through them, and Sir Henry lay stunned and bleeding upon the ground. Fortunately the prostrate keeper had called out loudly for assistance as he ran along; and his voice attracted one or two of the men whom I had despatched after him, and between the three, Sir Henry was brought home again to all appearance dead. An eminent surgeon in the neighbourhood was summoned in to his assistance, for I could not quit the chamber of Lady Anne—she was totally insensible, having fallen into a succession of swoons since the moment of Sir Henry's departure; Lady Julia was in an adjoining room, shrieking in violent hysterics; and, in short, it seemed not impossible that she might lose her reason, and Sir Henry and Lady Anne their lives. 'Tis a small matter to mention at such a crisis as this, but I recollect it forcibly arrested my attention at the time: the band of musicians, unaware of the catastrophe that had occurred, according to their orders, continued playing the music that had been attended with such disastrous consequences; and as Lady Anne's bed-chamber happened to be in that part of the building nearest to the spot where the band were stationed, we continued to hear the sad wailing of the bugles and horns without, till it occurred to Mrs. Y. to send and silence them.—This little incidental circumstance—the sudden mysterious seizure of Sir Henry—the shrieks of Lady Julia—the swoons of Lady Anne—all combined—completely bewildered me. It seemed to be a dream.

I cannot—I need not—dwell upon the immediate consequences of that sad night. Suffice it to say, Sir Henry was found to have received severe but not fatal injury, which, however, was skilfully and successfully treated; but he lay in a state of comparative stupor for near a week, at which period his mental malady resumed its wildest form, and rendered necessary the severest treatment. As for Lady Anne, her state became eminently alarming; and as soon as some of the more dangerous symptoms had subsided, we determined on removing her, at all hazards, from her present proximity to Sir Henry, to ——— Hall, trusting to the good effects of a total change of scene and of faces. She had not strength enough to oppose our measures, but suffered herself to be conducted from Somerfield without an effort at complaint. I trembled to see an occasional vacancy in the expression of her eye; was it *impossible* that her husband's malady might prove at length contagious? Many weeks passed over her, before Lady Anne exhibited the slightest signs of amendment. Her shocks had been too numerous and severe—her anxieties and agonies too long continued—to warrant reasonable hopes of her ultimate recovery. At length, however, the lapse of friendly time, potent in assuaging the sorrows of mankind, the incessant and most affectionate attentions of her numerous relatives, were rewarded by seeing an improvement, slight though it was. The presence of her little boy powerfully engaged her attention. She would have him lying beside her on the bed for hours together; she spoke little to him, sleeping or waking; but her eye was ever fixed upon his little features, and when she was asleep, her fingers would unconsciously wreathe themselves amongst his flaxen curls. About Sir Henry she made little or no enquiry; and when she did, we, of course, put the best face possible upon matters. Her frequent efforts to see and converse with him, had proved woefully and uniformly unsuccessful; and she seemed henceforth to give up the idea of all interference, with despair.

But the original, the direful occasion of all this domestic calamity, must not be overlooked. The contest respecting the title and estates of Sir Henry went on as rapidly as the nature of the case would permit. The new claimant was, as I think I hinted before, a man of low station; he had been, I believe, a sort of slave-driver, or factotum, on a planter's estate in one of the West India Islands: and it was whispered that a rich Jew had been persuaded into such confidence in the man's prospects, as to advance him, from time to time, on his personal security, the large supplies necessary to prosecute his claims with effect.

There were many matters of most essential consequence that no one could throw light upon but the unfortunate Baronet himself; and his solicitor had consequently, in the hope of Sir Henry's recovery, succeeded in interposing innumerable obstacles, with the hope, as well of wearing out his opponents, as affording every chance for the restoration of his client's sanity. It was, I found, generally understood in the family, that the solicitor's expectations of success in the lawsuit were far from sanguine: not that he believed the new claimant to be the *bona fide* heir to the title, but he was in the hands of those who would ransack the world for evidence—and, when it was wanting, *make* it. Every imaginable source of delay how-

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ever—salvation to the one party, destruction to the other—was at length closed up; all preliminaries were arranged; the case was completed on both sides, and set down for hearing. Considerable expectation was excited in the public mind; occasional paragraphs hinted the probability of such and such disclosures; and it was even rumored that considerable bets were depending upon the issue!

I was in the habit of visiting Sir Henry once or twice a week. He became again calm as before the occasion of his last dreadful out-break; and his bodily health was complete. New delusions took possession of him. He was at one time composing a history of the whole world; at another, writing a memoir of every member that had ever sat in the House of Commons, together with several other magnificent undertakings. All, however, at length gave way to 'The Pedigree, a Tale of Real Life,' which consisted of a rambling, exaggerated account of his own lawsuit.—It was occasioned by his happening, unfortunately, to cast eye upon the following little paragraph in his newspaper, which chanced to have been overlooked by the person who was engaged for no other purpose than to read over the paper beforehand, and prevent any such allusions from meeting the eye of the sufferer.

'*Sir Henry Harleigh, Bart.* This unfortunate gentleman continues still greatly indisposed. We understand that little hope is entertained of his ultimate recovery. The result, therefore, of the approaching trial of 'Doe on the demise of Harleigh, *v.* Higgs' will signify but little to the person principally interested.'

From the moment of his reading these lines, he fell into a state of profound melancholy—which was however, somewhat relieved by the task with which he had occupied himself, of recording his own misfortunes. He had resumed his former dress of green baize, as well as the intolerable peacock's feather. What could have conferred such a permanency upon, or suggested this preposterous *penchant*, I know not—except the interest he had formerly taken in a corps of riflemen, who were stationed near a house he had occupied in the country. He continued quiet and inoffensive.—His keeper's office was little else than a sinecure—till Sir Henry suddenly set him about making two copies of every page he himself composed!

I remember calling upon him one morning about this time, and finding him pacing about his chamber in a very melancholy mood. He welcomed me with more than his usual cordiality; and dismissing his attendant, said "Doctor, did you ever hear me speak in Parliament?" I told him I had not.

"Then you shall hear me now; and tell me candidly what sort of an advocate you think I should have made—for I have serious thoughts of turning my attention to the bar. I'll suppose myself addressing the jury on my own case—and you must represent the jury. Now!"—

He drew a chair and table towards a corner of the room,—mounted on it, having thrown a cloak over his shoulders, and commenced. Shall I be believed, when I declare that—as far as my judgment goes—I listened on that occasion, for nearly an hour, to an *orator*? He spoke, of course, in the third person; and stated in a simple and most feeling manner, his birth, education, fortune, family, marriage—his Parliamentary career—in short, his happiness, prosperity and pride. Then he represented the contemptuous indifference with which he treated the first communications about the attack meditated upon his title and property, as well as the consternation with which he subsequently discovered the formidable character of the claim set up against him. He begged me—the jury—to put myself in his place; to fancy his feelings; and proceeded to draw a masterly sketch of the facts of the case. He drew a lively picture of the secret misery he had endured—his agony lest his wife should hear of the disastrous intelligence—his sleepless nights and harrassing days—the horrid apprehensions of his adversary's triumph—the prospect of his own degradation—his wife—his child's beggary—till I protest he brought tears into my eyes. But, alas! at this point of his history, he mentioned his discovery of the mode of turning tallow into wax—and dashed off into an extravagant enumeration of the advantages of the speculation! There, before me, stood confessed—the madman—violent and frantic in his gestures, haranguing me, in my own person, on the prodigious wealth that would reward the projector; and had I not risen to go, he would probably have continued in the same strain for the remainder of the day! I had purposed calling that evening on Lady Anne, but I gave up the idea. The image of her insane husband would be too fresh in my mind. I felt I could not bear to *see* her, and *think* of him. What a lot was mine—thus alternating visits between the diseased in mind, and the diseased in body—and that between husband and wife—over whom was besides impending the chance, if not probability of total ruin! Oh, Providence—mysterious and awful in thy dispensations among the children of men!—who shall enquire into thy purposes, who question their wisdom or beneficence!

"Who sees not Providence supremely wise—
Alike in what it gives, and what denies!"

My heart misgives me, however, that the reader will complain of being detained so long amongst these scenes of monotonous misery—I would I had those of a different character to present to him! Let me therefore draw my long narrative to a close by transcribing a few extracts from the later entries in my journal.

Saturday, Nov. 5, 18—. This was the day appointed for the trial of the important cause which was to decide the proprietorship of the title and possessions of Sir Henry Harleigh. Much interest was excited, and the court crowded at an early hour. Six of the most distinguished counsel at the bar had taken their seats, each with his ponderous load of papers before him, in the interest of Sir Henry, and three in that of his opponent. A special jury was sworn; the Judge took his seat; the cause was called on; the witnesses were summoned. The plaintiff's junior counsel rose to open the pleadings: after having paused for some time for the arrival of this client's attorney, who, while he was speaking, at length made his appearance, excessively pale and agitated. The plaintiff had been found dead in his bed that morning, having been carried thither in a state of brutal intoxication, the preceeding night, from a tavern dinner with his attorney and witnesses. He died single, and there of course was an end of the whole matter that had been attended with such direful consequences to Sir Henry and his lady. But of what avail is the now established security of his title, rank and fortune to their unhappy owner? an outcast from society, from home, from family, from the wife of his bosom; even from himself! What signified the splendid intelligence to Lady Anne, perishing under the pressure of her misfortunes? Would it not a thousandfold aggravate the agonies she was enduring? It has been thought proper to entrust to me the difficult task of communicating the news to both parties, if I think it advisable that it should be done at all. What am I to do? What may be the consequence of the secret's slipping out suddenly from any of those around Lady Anne? About the Baronet I had little apprehension; I felt satisfied that he could not comprehend it; that whether he had lost or won the suit was a matter of equal moment to him!

As I had a patient to visit this morning, whose residence was near Somerfield, I determined to take that opportunity of trying the effect of the intelligence on

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Sir Henry. It was about two o'clock when I called, and I found him sitting by the fire, reading one of Shakspeare's plays. I gradually led his thoughts into a suitable train, and then told him, briefly, and pointedly, and accurately, his own history; up to the latest incident of all; but as of a *third* person, and that a nobleman. He listened to the whole with profound interest.

"God bless me!" he exclaimed, with a thoughtful air, as I concluded; "I surely must have either heard or read this story before! You don't mean to say it is a *fact!* That it has happened lately?"

"Indeed I do, Sir Henry," I replied, looking at him earnestly.

"And are the parties living! Lord and Lady ——?"

"Both of them; at this moment; and not ten miles from where we are now sitting!"

"Indeed!" he replied, musingly; "that's unfortunate!"

"*Unfortunate*, Sir Henry!" I echoed with astonishment.

"Very; for my purpose. What do you suppose I have been thinking of all this while?" he replied, with a smile. "What a subject it would be for a tragedy! But, of course, since the parties are living, it would never do! Still I cannot help thinking that *something* might be made of it! One might disguise, and alter the facts."

"It is a tragedy of *very* real life!" I exclaimed, with a deep sigh.

"Indeed it is!" he replied, echoing my sigh; "it shows that fact often transcends all fiction; does it not? Now, if this had been the plot of a tale, or novel, people would have said; "how improbable! how unnatural!"

"Aye, indeed they would, Sir Henry," said I, unable to keep the tears from my eyes.

"'Tis affecting," he replied, his eyes glistening with emotion, adding, after a moment's pause, in a somewhat tremulous tone—"Now, which of the two do you most pity, Doctor—Lord —— or Lady ——?"

"Both. I scarce know which most."

"How did they bear the news, by the way, do you know?" he enquired, with sudden interest.

"I believe Lady Mary — - is in too dangerous circumstances to be told of it. They say she is dying!"

"Poor creature! What a melancholy fate! And she is young and beautiful, you say?"

"She is young, but not now beautiful, Sir Henry!"

"I wish it had not been all *real!*" he replied, looking thoughtfully at the fire. "What would Shakspeare have made of it! It would have been a treasure to the writer of King Lear? And how, pray, did Lord —— receive the intelligence. 'Stop,' said he suddenly, 'stop—How can one imagine *Shakspeare* to have drawn the scene? How would *he* have made Lord —— behave? Let me see—an ordinary writer could make the madman roar, and stamp, and rave—and perhaps be at length sobered with the news—would not he?"

"Very probably, Sir Henry, I replied faintly."

"Ah, very different, I imagine, would be the delineation of that master painter! Possibly he would make the poor madman listen to it all, as to a tale of another person? He would represent him as charmed with the truth and nature of the invention—poor, poor fellow!—commiserating himself in another! How profound the delusion! How consumately true to nature! How simple, but how wonderfully fine, would be the scene under SHAKSPEARE'S pencil!" continued Sir Henry, with a sigh, folding his arms on his breast, leaning back in his chair, and looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Why, you are equal to Shakspeare yourself, then my dear Sir Henry."

"What!—what do you mean?" said he starting and turning suddenly towards me with some excitement, rather pleasurable, however, than otherwise—"Have I, then" ——

"You have described it EXACTLY as it happened!"

"No! Do you really say so? How do you know it, my dear Doctor?" said he, scarce able to sit in his chair, his countenance brightening with delight.

"Because I was present, Sir Henry; I communicated the intelligence," I replied, while every thing in the room seemed swimming round me.

"Good God, Doctor! Are you really in earnest?"

"As I live and breath in the sight of God, Sir Henry," I replied, as solemnly as my thick, hurried voice would let me, fixing my eye keenly upon his. He gave a horrible start and remained staring at me with an expression I cannot describe.

"Why—did you see that flash of lightning, Dr.?" he presently stammered, shaking from head to foot.

"Lightning, Sir Henry! Lightning!" I faltered on the verge of shouting for his keeper.

'Oh—pho!' he exclaimed, with a long gasp, 'I—I beg your pardon! How nervous you have made me! Ha, ha, ha! attempting a laugh, that mocked him with its faintness: 'but really you *do* tell me such horrid tales, and look so dreadfully expressive while you are telling them—that—that—upon my soul—I cannot bear it! Pho! how hot the room is! Let us throw open the window and let in fresh air! He rose, and I with him. Thank God, he could not succeed, and I began to breathe freely again. He walked about, fanning himself with his pocket handkerchief. He attempted to smile at me, but it was in vain; he became paler and paler, his limbs seemed to stagger under him, and I had scarce time to drop him into a chair, before he fainted. I summoned his keeper to my assistance, and with the ordinary means, we soon restored Sir Henry to his consciousness.

'Ah! is that you?' he exclaimed, faintly smiling, as his eye fell upon the keeper. '1 thought we had parted long ago! Why, where have you, or rather where have I been?'

At length, with the aid of a little wine and water, he recovered his self-possession.

'Heigh-ho! I shall be fit for nothing all the day, I am afraid! So I shall go and play at chess with the king. Is his majesty at liberty?'

My soul sunk within me; and seeing he was uneasy at my stay, I took my leave; but it was several hours before I quite recovered from the effects of perhaps the most agitating scene I ever encountered. I found it impossible to pay my promised visit to Lady Anne that evening. One such interview as the above is enough, not for a day, but a life: so I despatched a servant on horseback with a note, stating that I should call if possible, the next evening.

Sunday, Nov. 6.—I determined to call upon Sir Henry to-day, to see the effect, if any, produced by our yesterday's conversation. He had just returned from hearing Dr. Y—— read prayers, and was perfectly calm. There was no alteration in his manner; and one of the earliest observations he made was, "Ah, Doctor, how you deceived me yesterday! What could I be thinking of, not to know that you were repeating, in another shape, the leading incident in—absolutely!—ha, ha!—my own tale of "The Predigree." 'Tis quite inconceivable how I could have forgotten it as you went on; but I have gained some valuable hints! I shall now get on with it rapidly, and have it at press as soon as possible. I hope it will be thought worthy by the world of the compliments you took occasion to pay me so delicately yesterday."

I took my leave of him, in despair.

On reaching ——— Hall, in the evening, I found that the news, with the delivery of which I fancied myself specially and exclusively charged, had, by some

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means or other, found its way to her ladyship in an early hour in the afternoon of the preceding day. She had been but slightly agitated on hearing it; and the first words she murmured were a prayer that the Almighty would make the intelligence the means of her husband's restoration to reason; but for herself, she expressed perfect resignation to the Divine will, and a hope that the consolations of religion might not be withdrawn from her during the little interval that lay between her and hereafter. Surely, that pure prayer, proceeding from the depths of a broken heart, through guileless lips, found favour with her merciful Maker. Surely it was his influence that diffused thenceforth serenity and peace through the chamber of the dying sufferer; that extracted the keen thorn of mental agony; that healed the broken spirit, while it gently dissolved the elements of life, kindling amid the decaying fabric of an earthy tabernacle that light of faith and hope which shines

"Most vigorous when the body dies!"

Come hither a moment, ye that doubt or deny the existence of such an influence; approach with awful steps this deathbed chamber of youth, beauty, rank—or all loveliness in womanhood, and dignity in station—hither! and say, do you call THIS "the deathbed of hope, the young spirit's grave?" Who is it that hath rolled back from this sacred chamber door the boisterous surges of this world's disquietude, and "bidden them that they come not near?"

It was true that Lady Anne was dying, and dying under bitter circumstances, as far as mere earthly considerations were concerned; but was it hard to die surrounded by such an atmosphere of "peace that passeth understanding?"

I found my sweet patient surrounded by her sisters, and one or two other ladies, propped up with pillows in a sort of couch, drawn before the fire, whose strong light fell full upon her face and showed me what havoc grief had made of her once beautiful features. She was then scarcely eight and-twenty; and yet you might have guessed her forty! The light with which her full eyes once sparkled had passed away, and left them sunk deep in their sockets, laden with the gloom of death. Her cheeks were hollow, and the deep bordering of her cap added to their wasted and shrunken appearance. One of her sisters, a very lovely woman, was sitting close beside her, and had always been considered her image: alas, what a woful disparity was now visible!

Lady Sarah, my patient's youngest sister, was stooping down upon the floor, when I entered, in search of her sister's wedding ring, which had fallen from a finger no longer capable of filling it. 'You had better wind a little silk about it,' whispered Lady Anne, as her sister was replacing it on the attenuated alabaster-hued finger from which it had dropped. 'I do not wish it ever to be removed again. Do it, love!' Her sister, in tears, nodded acquiescence, and left the room with the ring, while I seated myself in the chair she had quitted by her sister's side. I had time to ask only a few of the ordinary questions, when Lady Sarah reappeared at the door, very pale, and beckoned out one of her sisters to communicate the melancholy intelligence, that moment received, that their father, the old Earl, who had travelled up from Ireland, though in an infirm state of health, to see his dying daughter, at her earnest request,—had expired upon the road! In a few minutes, all present had, one by one, left the room, in obedience to similar signals at the door, and I was left alone with Lady Anne.

"Doctor," said she, calmly, "I am afraid something alarming has happened. See how they have hurried from the room! I observed Sarah through that glass," said she, pointing me to a dressing-glass that stood so as to reflect whatever took place at the door. "Are you aware of any thing that has happened?" I solemnly assured her to the contrary. She sighed—but evinced not the slightest agitation.

"I hope they will tell me all; whatever it is, I thank God I believe I can bear it! but, Doctor," she pursued in the same calm tone, whatever that may be, let me take this opportunity of asking you a question or two about—Sir Henry. When did you see him?" I told her.

"Have you much hope of his case?" I hesitated.

"Pray, Doctor, be frank with a dying woman!" said she, with solemnity. "Heaven will vouchsafe me strength to bear whatever you may have to tell me! How is it?"

"I—I—fear—that at present, at least, he is no *worse*, and certainly far more tranquil than formerly."

"Does he know of the event of Saturday? How did it affect him?"

"But little, my lady. He did not seem quite to comprehend it." She shook her head slowly, and sighed.

"I hope your ladyship has received consolation from the intelligence?"

"Alas, what should it avail *me!* But there is *my child*. Thank God, he will not now be a beggar! Heaven watch over his orphan years!" I thought a tear trembled in her eye, but it soon disappeared. "Doctor," she added, in a fainter tone even than before, for she was evidently greatly exhausted, "one word more! I am afraid my weakness has from time to time occasioned you much trouble—if the frequent attempts I have made to see my husband—my poor lost Henry!" She paused for several seconds. "But the word is spoken from on high; I shall never see him again on this side the grave! I have written a letter to him, which I wish to be delivered to him after I shall be no more, provided—he be capable of—of"—again she paused. "It is lying in my portfeuille below, and is sealed with black. It contains a lock of my hair, and I have written a few lines—but nothing that can pain him. Will you take the charge of it?" I bowed in respectful acquiescence. She extended her wasted fingers towards me, in token of her satisfaction. I can give the reader, I feel, no adequate idea of the solemn, leisurely utterance with which all the above was spoken. In her manner there was the profound composure of consciously approaching dissolution. She seemed beyond the reach of her former agitation of feeling—shielded, as it were, with a merciful apathy. I sat beside her, in silence, for about a quarter of an hour. Her eyes were closed, and I thought she was dozing. Presently one of her sisters, her eyes swollen with weeping, stepped softly into the room, and sat down beside her.

"Who is dead, love?" enquired Lady Anne, without opening her eyes. Her sister made no reply, and there was a pause. "He would have been here before this, but for"—muttered Lady Anne, breaking off abruptly. Still her sister made no reply. "Yes—I feel it; my father is dead!" exclaimed Lady Anne, adding in a low tone, "if I had but strength to tell you of my dream last night! Call them all in—call them all in; and I will try, while I have strength," she continued with more energy and distinctiveness than I had heard during the evening. Her eye opened suddenly, and settled upon her sister.

"Do not delay—call them all in to hear my dream!" exclaimed Lady Anne, her eye glancing at me with sudden brightness. "There he is—he wishes to see his children around him, poor old man!" A faint and somewhat wild smile lit her pale features for a moment. "I hear them on the stairs—they must not find me thus. I am getting cold!" She suddenly rose from her chair, drew her dress about her, and walked to the bed. Her maid that moment entered, assisted in draw-

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ing the clothes over her. I followed, and begged her to be calm. Her pulse fluttered fast under my finger.

"I should not have hastened so much," said she, feebly, "but he is beckoning to me!" At this moment her sisters entered the room. "The lights are going out, and yet I see him!" she whispered, almost inarticulately. "Julia—Sarah—Elizabeth—Elizabeth—Eliza—El'—she murmured; her cold hand suddenly closed upon my fingers, and I saw that the brief struggle was over!

Her poor sisters, thus in one day doubly bereaved, were heart-broken. What a house of mourning was —— Hall! I felt that my presence was oppressive.—What could I do to alleviate grief so profound—to stanch wounds so recent! I therefore took my leave shortly after the decease of Lady Anne. As I was walking down the grand staircase, I was overtaken by the nursery maid, carrying down the little orphan son of her ladyship.

"Well, my poor little boy," said I, stopping her, and patting the child on the cheek, "what brings you about so late as this?"

"'Deed, sir," replied the girl, sobbing, "I don't know what has come to Master Harry to-night! He was well enough all day; but ever since seven o'clock, he's been so restless, that we did'nt know what to do with him. He's now dozing, and then waking; and his little moans are very sad to hear. Had'nt he better have some quieting physic, sir?"

The child looked, indeed, all she said. He turned from the light, and his little face was flushed and feverished.

"Has he asked after his mamma?"

"Yes, sir, often, poor dear thing! He wants to go to her; he says he will sleep with her to-night, or he won't go to bed at all," said the girl, sobbing; "and we daren't tell him that—that—he's no mamma to go to any more!"

I thought of the FATHER—then of the son—then of the precious link between them that lay severed and broken in the chamber above; and with moist eyes and a quivering lip, kissed the child and left the Hall. It was a wretched November night. The scene without harmonized with the gloom within. The country all around was wrapped in a dreary winding-sheet of snow; the sleet came down without ceasing; and the wind moaned as it were a dirge for the dead. Alas for the dead! Alas for the early dead! The untimely dead!

Alas, alas, for the *living!*

Tuesday, Nov. 8th.—"On Sunday, the 6th November, at —— Hall, of rapid decline, Lady Anne, wife of Sir Henry Harleigh, Bart., and third daughter of the late Right Hon. the Earl of —— whom she survived only one day."

Such was the record of my sweet patient's death that appeared in to-day's papers. Alas, of what a sum of woes are these brief entries the exponents! How little does the eye that hastily scans them see of the vast accumulations of suffering which are there represented!

This entry was full before my eyes when I called to-day upon Sir Henry, who was busily engaged at billiards in the public room with Dr. Y——. He played admirably, but was closely matched by the Doctor, and so eager in the game, that he had hardly time to ask me how I was. I stood by till he proved the winner, and great was his exultation.

"I'll play you for a hundred pounds, Doctor!" said Sir Henry; and give you a dozen!"

"Have you nothing to say to your friend, Doctor?" replied Dr. Y——, who knew that I had called for the purpose of attempting to make Sir Henry sensible of the death of Lady Anne.

"Oh yes; I'll play with *him;* but before I lay odds, we must try our skill against one another. Come Doctor, ' extending the cue; you shall begin!"

"Of course I excused myself and succeeded in enticing him to his apartment, by mentioning his tale of the "Pedigree."

"Ah, true," said he briskly; "I'm glad you've thought of it! I wish to talk to you on the subject."

We were soon seated together before the fire, he with manuscripts lying on his knee.

"And what have you done with the *wife?*" said I, pointedly.

"Oh, Lady Mary? Why—let me see. By the way—in *your* version of *my* story, the other day—how did *you* dispose of her?" he enquired curiously.

I heaved a deep sigh. "God Almighty has disposed of her since then," said I, looking him full in the face. "He has taken her gentle spirit to himself; she has left a dreary world, Sir Henry!" He looked at me with a puzzled air.

"I can't for the life of me make you out, Doctor! What do you mean? What are you talking of? Whom are you confounding with *my* heroine? Some patient you have just left? Your wits are wool-gathering!"

"To be serious, Sir Henry," said I, putting my handkerchief to my eyes, "I *am* thinking of one who has but within this day or two, ceased to be my patient! Believe me—believe me, my dear Sir Henry, her case —*very—closely*—resembled the one you describe in your story. Oh, how sweet—how beautiful—how resigned!"

He made no reply, but seemed considering my words—as if with a reference to his own fiction.

"I can tell you, I think, something that will affect you, Sir Henry!" I continued.

"Aye! What is that? What is that?"

"She once knew *you!*"

"Knew me! What, intimately?"

'Very—VERY! She mentioned your name on her deathbed: she uttered a fervent prayer for you!'

'My God!' he exclaimed, removing his papers from his knee, and placing them on the table, that he might listen more attentively to me; 'how astonishing! *Who* can it be?' he continued, putting his hand to his forehead—'Why, what was her name?'

I paused, and sickened at the contemplation of the possible crisis. 'I—I—perhaps—it might not be *prudent* to mention her name'——

'Oh, do! do! he interrupted me eagerly,—'I know what you are afraid of; but honour! Her name shall be safe with me! I cannot be base enough to talk of it!'

'Lady Anne Harleigh!' I uttered with a quivering lip.

'Po—po—poh, he stammered, turning pale as ashes, and trembling violently, 'What—wh—at do you mean? Are you talking about *my wife?*'

'Yes—your wife, my dear bereaved Sir Henry; but your little boy still lives to be a comfort to you!'

——the boy!' said he, uttering, or rather gasping a violent imprecation, continuing, in a swelling voice, 'You were talking about *my wife!*'

"For heaven's sake, be calm," said I, rising.

"MY WIFE!" he continued exclaiming, not in the way of an enquiry, but simply *shouting* the words, while his face became transformed almost beyond recognition. * * I shall, however, spare the reader the scene which followed. He got calm and pacified by the time I took my leave, for I had pledged myself to come and play a game at billiards with him on the morrow. On quitting the chamber, I entered the private room of Dr. Y——; and while he was putting some questions to me about Sir Henry, he suddenly became inaudible,—invisible for I was fainting with excitement and agitation, occasioned by the scene I have alluded to.

"Depend upon it, my Dear Doctor, you are mistaken," said Dr. Y—— pursuing the conversation,

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shortly after I had recovered, "Sir Henry's case is by no means hopeless—by no means!"

"I would I could think so? If this madness has stood *two* such tremendous assaults with impunity, rely upon it, it is impregnable. It will not be accessible by any inferior—nay, by *any* whatever."

"Ah, quite otherwise—*experto credè!*" replied the quiet Doctor, helping himself to a glass of wine; "the shocks you have alluded to have really, though invisibly, shaken the fortress; and now we will try what *sapping—undermining*—will do—well followed out in figure, by the way is it not? But I'll tell you a remarkable case of a former patient of mine, which is quite in point."

"Pray, forgive me, my dear Doctor, pray excuse me at present. I really have no heart to listen to it; I am, besides all in arrear with my day's work, for which I am quite unfit, and will call again in a day or two."

"*N'importe*—Be it so—'twill not lose by the keeping," replied the Doctor, good-humouredly; and shaking him by the hand, I hurried to my chariot, and drove off. Experience certainly had not *sharpened* the sensibilities of Dr. Y.!

[Bear with me, kind reader! Suffer me to lay before you yet one or two brief concluding extracts from this mournful portion of my Diary. If your tears flow, if your feelings are touched, believe, 'tis not with romance—it is with the sorrows of actual life. "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men—and the living will lay it to his heart."]

Nov. 9th to 14th inclusive. Between these periods I called several times at Somerfield House, but saw little alteration in Sir Henry's deportment or pursuits, except that he was at times, I heard, very thoughtful, and had entirely laid aside his tale, taking, in its place, to chess! He grew very intimate with the crazy gentleman before mentioned, who was imagined, both by himself and Sir Henry, to be the king. More than once, the keeper warned Dr. Y. to interfere for the purpose of separating them, for he feared lest they should be secretly concerting some dangerous scheme or other. Dr. Y. watched them closely, but did not consider it necessary to interrupt their intercourse. I found Sir Henry one evening, sitting with his friend, the king, and their two keepers, very boisterous over their wine. Sir Henry staggered towards me, on my entry, singing snatches of a drinking song, which were attempted to be echoed by his majesty, plainly far gone. I remonstrated with the keepers, full of indignation and alarm at their allowing two madmen the use of wine.

"Lord, Doctor," said one of them, smiling, taking a decanter, and pouring out a glass of its contents, "taste it, and see how much it would take to intoxicate a man."

I did; it was toast and water, of which the lunatics had drunk several decanters, complaining all the while of their being allowed nothing but sherry! I need hardly add, that they had, in a manner, *talked*, and laughed, and sung themselves tipsey! Sir Henry, with a hiccup—whether real or affected I knew not—insisted on my joining them, and told his majesty of the *hoax* I had lately been playing upon him, by "getting up" his own "tale," and mystifying him with telling it of another. His majesty shouted with laughter.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.—This was the day appointed for the funeral of Lady Anne, which I was invited to attend. I set apart, therefore, a day for that melancholy, that sacred purpose. I was satisfied that no heavier heart could follow her to the grave than mine.

It was a fine day. The sky was brightly, deeply blue, and the glorious sun was there, dazzling, but apparently not warming, the chilly earth. As I drove slowly down to the Hall, about noon, with what aching eyes did I see here a scarlet jacketed huntsman, there a farmer at his work whistling; while the cheery sparrows, fluttering about the bare twigs, and chirruping loudly, jarred upon my excited feelings, and brought tears into my eyes, as I recollected the words of the Scotch song,

"Ye'll break my heart, ye merry birds."

In vain I strove to banish the hideous image of Sir Henry from my recollection—he seemed to stand gibbering over the corpse of his lady! ——— Hall was a spacious building, and a blank desolate structure it looked from amidst the leafless trees—all its windows closed—nothing stirring about it but the black hearse, mourning coaches and carriages with coachmen and servants in sable silk hat-bands. On descending, and entering the Hall, I hastened out of the gloomy bustle of the undertaker's arrangements below, to the darkened drawing-room, which was filled with the distinguished relatives and friends of the deceased—a silent, mournful throng! Well, it was not long before her remains, together with those of her father, the Earl of ——— were deposited in the vault which held many members of their ancient family. I was not the only one whose feelings overpowered him during the ceremony, and unfitted me in some measure, for the duty which awaited me on my return, of ministering professionally to the heart-broken sisters. Swoons, hysterics, sobs and sighs, did I move amongst during the remainder of the day! Nearly all the attendants of the funeral left the Hall soon afterwards to the undisturbed dominion of solitude and sorrow: but I was prevailed upon by Lord ——, their brother, to continue all night, as Lady Julia's continued agitation threatened serious consequences.

It was at a late hour that we separated for our respective chambers. That allotted to me had been the one formerly occupied by Sir Henry and his lady, and was a noble, but, to me, gloomy room. Though past one o'clock, I did not think of getting into bed, but trimmed my lamp, drew a chair to the table beside the fire, and having brought with me pen, ink, and paper, began writing, amongst other things, some of these memoranda, which are incorporated into this narrative, for I felt too excited to think of sleep. Thus had I been engaged for some twenty minutes or half an hour, when I laid down my pen to listen; for, unless my ears had deceived me, I heard the sound of soft music at a little distance. How solemn was the silence at that witching hour! Through the crimson curtains of the window, which I had partially drawn aside, was seen the moon, casting her lovely smiles upon the sleeping earth, and quiet as in her immediate presence. How tranquil was all before me, how mournful all within! The very room in which I was standing had been occupied, in happier times, by her, whose remains had that day been deposited in their last cold resting place!

At length more dreary thoughts; of Somerfield; of its wretched insensate tenant, flitted across my mind. I drew back again the curtain, and returning to the chair I had quitted, resumed my pen. Again, however I heard the sound of music; I listened, and distinguished the tones of a voice, accompanied by a guitar, singing the melancholy air, 'Charley is my darling,' with exquisite simplicity and pathos. I stepped again to the window, for the singer was evidently standing close before it. I gently drew aside a little of the curtain, and saw two figures, one at a little distance, the other very near the window. The latter was the minstrel, who stood exactly as a Spaniard is represented in such circumstances; a short cloak over his shoulders; and the colour fled from my cheeks, my eyes were almost blinded, for I perceived it was Sir Henry, accompanied by the wretch whom he treated as 'the king!' I stood staring at him unseen, as if transfixed, till he completed his song. He paused.

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'They all sleep sound,' he exclaimed with a sigh, looking with a melancholy air at the windows—'Wake, lady-love, wake!' He began again to strike the strings of his guitar, and was commencing a merry air, when a window was opened overhead. He looked up suddenly; a faint shriek was heard from above; Sir Henry flung away his guitar, and, followed by his companion, sprung out of sight in a moment! Every one in the house was instantly roused. The shriek I had heard was that of Lady Elizabeth, the youngest sister of Lady Anne, who had recognized Sir Henry; and it was providential that I happened to be on the spot. Oh, what a dreadful scene ensued! Servants were sent out, as soon as they could be dressed, in all directions, in pursuit of the fugitives, who were not, however, discovered till day-break. Sir Henry's companion was then found, lurking under one of the arches of a neighbouring bridge, half dead with cold; but he either could not, or would not, give any information respecting the Baronet. Two keepers arrived post at the Hall by seven o'clock, in search of the fugitives.

It was inconceivable how the madmen could have escaped. They had been very busy the preceding day whispering together in the garden, but had art enough to disarm any suspicion that circumstance might excite, by a seeming quarrel. Each retired in apparent anger to his apartment; and when the keeper came to summon them to supper, both had disappeared. It was supposed that they had mounted some of the very many coaches that traversed the road adjoining, and their destination, therefore, baffled conjecture.

Advertisements were issued in all directions, offering a large reward for his capture; but with no success. No tidings were received of him for upwards of a week; when he one day suddenly made his appearance at the Hall, towards dusk, very pale and haggard; his dress in a wretched state; and demanded admission of a new porter, as the owner of the house. Enquiry was soon made, and he was recognized with a shriek by some of the female domestics. He was, really, no longer a lunatic; though he was believed such for several days. He gave, however, unequivocal evidence of his restoration to reason; but the grief and agony occasioned by discovering the death of his lady, threw him into a nervous fever, which left him at the end of five months, 'more dead than alive.' Had I not attended him throughout, I declare I could not have recognised Sir Henry Harleigh in the haggard, emaciated figure, closely muffled up from head to foot, and carried into an ample travelling chariot-and-four, which was to convey him towards the continent. He never returned to England: but I often heard from him, and had the satisfaction of knowing that for several years he enjoyed tolerable health, though the prey of unceasing melancholy. The death of his son, however, which happened eight years after the period when the events above related occurred, was a voice from the grave, which he listened to with resignation. He died, and was buried in Italy, shortly after the publication of the first of these papers. I shall never forget that truly amiable, though unfortunate individual, whose extraordinary sufferings are here related under a disguise absolutely impenetrable to more than one or two individuals. They will suffer the public to gather, undisturbed, the solemn instruction which I humbly hope and believe this narrative is calculated to afford, as a vivid and memorable illustration of that passage from Scripture already quoted, and with which, nevertheless, I conclude this melancholy history '*And in my prosperity, I said, I shall never be moved. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled!*'

THE GOINGS FORTH OF GOD.

An extract from 'The Maniac Minstrel, a Tale of Palestine.' (MS.) by OTWAY CURRY.

GOD WALKETH ON THE EARTH. The purling rills
And mightier streams before him glance away,
Rejoicing in his presence. On the plains,
And spangled fields, and in the mazy vales,
The living throngs of earth before him fall
With thankful hymns, receiving from his hand
Immortal life and gladness. Clothed upon
With burning crowns the mountain heralds stand,
Proclaiming to the blossoming wilderness
The brightness of his coming, and the power
Of Him who ever liveth, all in all!

GOD WALKETH ON THE OCEAN. Brilliantly
The glassy waters mirror back his smiles
The surging billows and the gamboling storms
Come crouching to his feet. The hoary deep
And the green gorgeous islands, offer up
The tribute of their treasures, pearls and shells,
And crown-like drapery of the flashing foam,
And solemnly the tesselated halls,
And coral domes, of mansions in the depths,
And gardens of the golden sanded seas,
Blend with the anthems of the chiming waves
Their allelujahs unto Him who rules
The invisible armies of eternity.

GOD JOURNIETH IN THE SKY. From sun to sun,
From star to star the living lightnings flash;
And pealing thunder through all space proclaim
The goings forth of Him, whose potent arm
Perpetuates existence, or destroys.
From depths unknown, unsearchable, profound,
Forth rush the wandering comets; girt with flames,
They blend in order true with marshalling hosts
Of starry worshippers. The unhallowed orbe
Of earth-born fire that cleaves the hazy air,
Blanched by the flood of uncreated light.
Fly with the fleeting winds and misty clouds
Back to their homes, and deep in darkness lie.

GOD JOURNIETH IN THE HEAVENS. Refulgent stars,
And glittering crowns of prostrate seraphim,
Emboss his burning path. Around him fall
Dread powers—dominions—hosts—and kingly thrones.
Angels of God—adoring millions—join
With spirits pure, redeemed from distant worlds,
In coral songs of praise.—"Thee we adore,
For thou art mighty. Everlasting spheres
Of light and glory in thy presence wait;
Time, space, life, light, dominion, majesty,
Truth, wisdom—are all thine, Jehovah! Thou
FIRST, LAST, SUPREME, ETERNAL POTENTATE."

Chr. Mirror.

SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

Aye! now let prayer and music
Meet in love on shore and sea!
Now, sweet mother! may the weary
Turn from this cold world to thee.

From the dark and restless waters
Hear the sailor's hymn arise!
From his watch-fire, 'midst the mountains,
Lo! to thee the shepherd cries.

Yet, where thus full hearts find voices,
If o'erburden'd souls there be,
Dark and silent in their anguish,
Aid those captives—set them free!

Touch them, every fount unsealing,
Where the frozen tears lie deep;
Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,
Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!

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From the New England Magazine.

Autobiography of Mathew Carey.

LETTER VIII.

I next published the Porcupiniad, a Hudibrastic poem, in which I gave a great number of extracts to shew the scurrilous and abusive nature of Cobbet's paper. I turned some of his paragraphs into Hudibrastic verse, and it is wonderful how smoothy they ran, in many instances, with the alteration of a single word or two—and often without the alteration of a letter.

"*The same villains on the same* evening, *arm'd in the same way*, came to the house also. My clerk did not call me down. If he had, and if they had struck me, THEY WOULD NOW BE IN HELL."—Porcupine's Gazette, Feb. 1, 1799.

The self same villains, sameway arm'd,
My house on that same night alarm'd;
My clerk to call me down forgot—
Had he, hard would have been their lot.
If they had struck me, mark me well,
They would ere now be lodged in hell.*

"It must be a republican to belie a fallen republic. You are like porpoises, the moment one receives a wound, the rest gather round and devour him."—December 6, 1798.

None but republican so base,
As to belie and heap disgrace,
On fall'n republics. You are all,
Vile porpoises, both great and small,
The moment one receives a wound,
The rest, instanter, gather round,
And seizing their devoted prey,
Tear and devour him straitway.

"Let them write on, till *their old pens are worn to the stump*: let *the Devils sweat;* let them fire their balls at my reputation, *till the very press cries out murder. If ever they hear me whine* or complain, I will give them leave to fritter my carcase, and trail my guts along the street, as the French sansculottes did those of Thomas Mauduit." Life of Porcupine, p. viii.

Let them with perfect freedom write;
And to the stump their pens wear quite;
I'll let the wretched Devils sweat,
And all their base attacks repeat;
Let them my precious fame belie,
Till e'en the press shall murder cry;
If they should ever hear me whine,
Or at their calumny repine,
I ne'er shall even once gainsay,
That they my carcase fritter and flay,
And trail my guts along the street,
As erst the French serv'd Mauduit.

"Gullibility is far from being the characteristic of Americans in the common concerns of life; but in politics they have shown themselves most miserably shallow. They have been the dupes of every artful rascal, who has thought it worth his while to deceive them."—Pt G. November 8, 1798.

Th' Americans, I know full well,
In small affairs, a'nt gullible,
In politics, they're very shallow,
And dup'd by ev'ry artful fellow,
Or rascal, who thinks worth his while,
Their easy nature to beguile."

"Shoot and hack away, my brave fellows! You cannot strike amiss. Lay about you on all sides: and, like Hercules of old, when you have rid the world of all other monsters, conclude by doing justice on yourselves. So shall your vile carcases become a prey to the beasts of the forest and to the fowls of the air, and the earth shall have peace. Amen."—Sept. 17, 1797.

Shoot, hack away, my fellows brave,
Nor child, nor man, nor woman save.
You cannot strike amiss, ne'er doubt you
On all sides fiercely lay about you,
And when, like Hercules, you kill
All other monsters, then fulfil
Decree of justice on yourselves,
You Democratic, dev'lish elves.
So shall, our terrors to allay,
Your carcases become a prey
To fowls in air, and beasts in den;
And wearied earth have peace again,
I, William Cobbett, sing Amen.

"This wolf-like trick, is an exact emblem of the general conduct of the brutes of Democracy all over the world."—December 24, 1798.

This wolf-like trick exactly suits
Democracy's most furious brutes.

"I hope destruction will light on me and mine, if ever I do any thing either directly or indirectly to aid or assist him."—May 24, 1798.

Destruction light on me and mine,
If ever I should once incline,
By means direct, or indirect,
To aid the caitiff, or protect.

"Send me a file of your papers, you trimming rascals, and you shall see what pretty creatures I'll make of you. I'll cook you up into a dish fit for the Devil."—Idem, Jan 28, 1798.

Of your newspapers send a file,
You trimming rascals, base and vile;
What pretty creatures I shall make you!
I'll make your warmest friends forsake you.
To my old patron, I'll be civil,
A dish I'll cook you for the Devil.

"With this before their eyes, the house of Representatives sit debating, shilly shally, whipping the devil round the post, and no energetic measure is adopted, no strong alien bill or sedition law is passed, nor is any declaration of war made, by which traitors can in the eye of the law, be found guilty and punished."—Idem, June 19 1798.

Congress, alas! are still debating,
Shilly shally, hesitating;
Whipping the Devil round the post,
And so much precious time is lost,
No bill 'gainst Aliens do they pass,
Nor strong sedition law, alas!
Nor do the cowards dare declare
Against the French a state of war.

I presume this is enough for the present letter. My next shall furnish another collection, equally creditable to the taste of the public by whom Cobbett was patronized.

Philadelphia, Jan. 2, 1834.

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*Should any critic be disposed to be severe on some of these lines as harsh and unpoetical, let him examine Hudibras, the grand prototype of this species of versification, and he will find couplets infinitely more harsh than any of mine—as, for example:

And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one and the other pigsney.—Hudibras, p. II. c. 1, 569.

If we permit men to run headlong,
T' exorbitances fit for bedlam."—Idem, p. 1, c. II. 655.

Was no dispute afoot between,
The caterwauling brethren?"—Idem 701,

'Twas nothing so. Both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was valian'st.—Idem 807.

Ward, author of England's Reformation, a celebrated Hudibrastic writer, took equal liberties.

That every one may understand,
What sort of faith we are to teach the land.—England's Reformation Canto II.

The doctrines taught in every one,
Tho' perfect contradiction.—Ibid.

And in plain syllables declare,
That only bread and wine are present there.—Ibid.

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LETTER IX.

I give a few more extracts to shew the authoritative and imperious style used by Cobbet, and his dictation to the government.

"Can there be any stronger evidence than these, that you do not possess the public confidence; and that, although by some fatality or other, you fill seats in Congress, you are really not the representatives of the people at this moment, nor the organs of their will and opinion? What do you wait for more? Are you resolved to hang as dead weights, and to stop the wheels of government, until the people rise and take you by the shoulders, as Cromwell did the rump, in the last century, and turn you out of doors?"—June 26th, 1798.

And will you, pray, dare make pretence
T' enjoy the public confidence?
Although you fill the Congress seats,
You are a pack of very cheats:
I pray, why will you longer wait?
Will you still hang a deadly weight,
To stop the governmental wheel,
And overturn the commonweal?
Wait you until the people rise,
Your various misdeeds to chastise,
And out doors turn you in a rage,
As Cromwell serv'd the rump last age?"

"Were I the king (there is but one upon earth,) I would immediately declare war against the Danes and Swedes. People in general are not aware of the mischief these peddling monarchs have done. I pray to God to reward them with a revolution."—March 1, 1799.

Were I the king (what jubilee!)
There is but one—and George is he—
I would directly war declare,
'Gainst Danes and Swedes. Few are aware
How much their peddling kings have done
Of mischief, which they'll ne'er atone.
I pray, O God! reward them well,
With revolutions dire from hell!

"In all combats or rencontres—in all transactions of peace or war, between Englishmen and Dutchmen, the perfidy of the latter, and particularly their atrocious conduct towards the British army, ought ever to be remembered. If I could save one of these snigger-sneeing rascals from sinking in the Delaware, I would not do it. To forgive the crimes of the Dutch is one of the most base offences against nature that a Briton can commit."—Jan. 1, 1798.

In each rencontre, or affair,
'Twixt Dutch and English, peace or war,
The Dutchman's perfidy ought not
A single moment be forgot,
If I a snigger-snee could save
From sinking in the Del'ware wave,
Perdition on me if I'd do it,
I'd make the rascals surely rue it.
The crimes of Dutchmen to forgive,
Must surely be, as I'm alive,
'Gainst nature, the offence most base,
That can on Briton heap disgrace.

"Let us hope that the Methodist Preachers all over the country will follow this gentleman's example. The Methodists ought to fight as well as other people. The sword and the word have often co-operated, and such a co-operation is at this time ten thousand times more necessary than ever. There ought to be, and there must be, a real crusade, a holy war, against the infidel reprobate French. To kill one of them in field of battle, will merit more in the eyes of God, than praying and singing psalms for a hundred years."—July 11, 1798.

Let us the Methodists excite,
As well as other folks, to fight:
Let the word and sword co-operate,
To save the holy ark of state;
'Tis thousand times more needful now,
Than in times past, all men allow:
Let's boldly make a grand crusade—
And quick the gallic lands invade;
T' attack the French in field of battle,
And butcher them like sheep or cattle;
Will gain of grace a greater store,
And please the God of Mercy more.
Than singing psalms a hundred years,
Or teazing heav'n with pray'rs and tears.

"The rascal deserves to have a red-hot wire run through his tongue."—July 11, 1798.

Run through his tongue a red-hot wire:
No less deserves this rascal dire,

"And yet the sound of peace re-echoes through the land! O lasting disgrace! Rivers of blood will not wash it away!"—May 26, 1798.

Still through the land, the sound of peace,
Re-echoes! O what dire disgrace!
Rivers of blood, you'd use in vain,
To wash away the hideous stain!

"It would be a happy thing if the accursed art of printing could be totally destroyed, and obliterated from the human mind."—Sept. 1, 1798.

O what a glorious theme for joy,
Could we with vandal rage destroy,
And from mankind obliterate
Printing, thou art most reprobate.

The Porcupiniad closed the controversy, Cobbet made no attempt at reply, and never, as far as I recollect, had my name in his paper after the publication, except once or twice, and then only incidentally.

In 1796 there was an association in the city of Philadelphia, of which Dr. Leib, Dr. Reynolds, John Beckly, W. Duane, J. Clay, and B. F. Bache, were the prime leaders. As the name and character of Gen. Washington were employed as a species of argument in favour of the treaty, it was debated among the leaders for a considerable time, whether the validity of this argument, that is, the character and merits of Gen. Washington, should be canvassed. At length, in an evil hour, it was resolved to assail Gen. Washington in the Aurora, and in pamphlets, of which a number appeared, some of them coarse and vulgar. Among the rest, the spurious letters published, as those of Washington, during the Revolutionary war, and the attacks on the General in an old pamphlet, of which I forget the title, wherein he was charged with the murder of a Frenchman bearing a flag of truce, during the war of 1756. A Pole, of the name of Trezulney, who acted as bookkeeper for Mr. Duane, wrote a pamphlet, the object of which was to prove the utter incapacity of Gen. Washington as displayed during the revolution.

These violent measures, which did more to injure the cause of Democracy than all the efforts of its enemies could have done in five years, were carried, as I was given to understand, through the influence of Dr. Leib and Dr. Reynolds, two men of ardent temperament; the latter of whom was among the most imprudent of men. The publications were highly pernicious to B. F. Bache, who, till that period, was popular on account of his amiable manners and his descent from Dr. Franklin. The Aurora was ably conducted, and had had a very extensive circulation. But the attacks on Gen. Washington blasted Bache's popularity, and almost ruined the paper. Subscribers withdrew in crowds—and the advertising custom sank to insignificance.

Dr. Reynolds was the most unfortunate of men in all his undertakings. Unlike Midas, whose touch turned every thing he came in contact with, into gold, every thing in which the Doctor was concerned, eventuated unprosperously. On one occasion, he stationed himself in the yard of St. Mary's Church, on Sunday, with a chair, table and desk, to procure subscribers to a memorial to Congress against a proposed al-

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tration in the laws respecting citizenship, which went to extend the time of probation for emigrants. The majority of the congregation were federalists, and hostile to the object of Dr. Reynolds. A rash young man gave him a shove, and upset his table and desk —a scuffle ensued, in which the doughty hero of the memorial was severely handled—thrown to the ground —and his clothes torn—He was finally taken by constables, followed by at least 500 men and boys, to the House of Judge McKean, by whom he was at once released. What became of the affair afterwards, I have forgotten. So convinced was I of the fatality of his efforts, that I once told him, half jest, half earnest, that if I were a leading federalist, I would give him 500 dollars a year to take an active part in the affairs of the Democrats, for so surely as he did, so surely would they be utterly blasted.

MATHEW CAREY.

Philadelphia, Jan. 6th, 1834.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

A SKETCH.

From the blank-book of a Sexagenarian.

'Come what may, you will never find the happiness you ask; you exact too much from the ideal.'

The prophetess spoke truth; but I had worshiped the ideal too long to heed the admonition; and I turned again to the eversmiling countenance of Hope, who still urged me unward.

Oh, Hope! fair is thy form to the vision of youth and inexperience. Softly dost thou linger with us in the spring-time of existence. Beautiful are thy pictures of happiness, and sweet are the tones of promise with which thou dost betray us. Lovely, fair, but ever in the dim distance, is the goal of contentment and joy which thou dost point out to us: and we struggle forward, amid strife, and toil, and sorrow—still by thee deceived, and still seduced—until we totter to the brink of the grave, to hear the only truth which thou dost ever utter. It tells of peace in heaven.

* * * * * * * * *

I stood at morning upon the the peninsula of Apsheron, and the restless waters of the Caspain were sparkling before me in the sunlight. Noon came and passed; but the promised boon came not. It never came.

'Well, well,' I exclaimed, 'I can die here. The cold waves shall sing my requiem, and their mourning shall outlive my name and the record of my fate.'

'Follow! follow! follow!' said my mysterious guide. 'Follow—to the sunny clime of Italy, or die, a baffled wanderer, here.'

'Have I not followed thee, faithfully and far? Have I not journeyed with thee through many a strange land! The banks of the Euphrates are imprinted with our footsteps, and in the groves of Damascus, and beneath the cedars of Mount Lebanon have we reposed. We have stood in sorrow by the entombed grandeur of Laksor, and in the ever-green valley of Quito, we have loitered in vain. Through climes of eternal snow—through deserts of burning sands—through ocean's calms and storms, with thee have I toiled—with thee I have journeyed—and thou—*thou* hast ever mocked me.————Oh! deceiver, I will follow thee still!'

* * * * * * *

Gloriously the moonbeams glittered upon the towering spires of St. Peter's. Softly they shone upon the buildings of the Vatican. Silence reposed upon the bosom of night, and sweet flowers mingled their perfume with the breath of zephyrs. Who could have told that, on such a night, the dark angel of destruction was unfurling his banner.

A piercing cry broke the stillness of the hour, and shrieks of 'fire!' resounded wildly through the air. I started from the column against which I had been leaning, and flew towards the part of the city from which the alarm proceeded. Dashing onward, through hurrying men, and terified women and shrieking children, the broad, bright blaze of the destroying element soon broke upon my sight. It arose from the dwelling of the Signor di Valendi.

'Save her! save her! for the sake of the holy virgin, save my child,' cried a gray-haired man, as I reached the spot. His eyes and hands were raised in agony towards the upper part of the building, as he spoke.—Casting a single glance in the direction indicated, I beheld his daughter, leaning, pale, and apparently paralyzed, against the side of one of the windows, at a fearful height from the ground. The fire originated in a back apartment below, and the building was almost entirely enveloped in flame. Below—above—around —all was smoking, blazing and crackling.

A few, urged by feelings of humanity, or the cries of the aged father, made attempts to enter the blazing pile and rescue his daughter; but they were driven back by the flames that began to curl in red wreaths along the flight of stairs that arose from the hall.

My coat and cap were upon the ground in an instant. My eye caught the prostrate form of Carlo, who was crouching and winning before me.

'If I perish, God bless thee, Carlo!' I forgot, in that moment that he was a dog.

I flew into the smoking hall, and bounded up the fiery stairs with the speed and strength of a tiger. I reached the third story, and found myself in a back apartment, without ceiling or roof, amid the flame and smoke, and falling brands, while the red rafters threatened destruction from above. I saw a smoking door before me which seemed to lead into an apartment fronting the street. I did not stop to reflect, but rushing forward, the iron bolt gave way at my touch, and in another instant the object of my search was in my arms. Flying again to the door at which I had entered, I saw a sight that chilled my heart to the very core. Large pieces of timber had fallen upon the staircase, and were blazing, and crackling, and sending up, and around hot flames—hot as the flames of hell.

"God of heaven do not forsake me, now," I exclaimed, as I pressed my unconscious burden closer to my heart. At that instant I saw a flight of stairs that led to an upper apartment, from the room in which I then stood. I remember that I passed up those stairs, forced my way through a skylight, and found myself upon that part of the roof which looked upon the street. The flames were curling over the cone. Large flakes of fire were falling around me. I saw the roof of an adjoining building which the destructive element had not reached. I rushed towards it along the very verge of the eaves, and found that a chasm several feet wide separated the two houses. Ah! it was no time to despair—no time to doubt. I made the leap. I reached the roof, and fell, and rolled with my senseless burden to the very verge—over but I grasped with one hand an iron rod that passed along the eaves—and I knew that I had saved the old man's child. Ay—I saw that I graped her wrist with my right hand. I saw that my fingers were buried in the flesh. And I knew she was safe!

I looked down upon the silent crowd. The light of the flames shone full upon them. They spoke not—they moved not—but with pale cheeks and parted lips, they stood, statue-like, gazing up at me, as I hung suspended from the roof.

"A ladder!" I exclaimed, in a voice which I did not recognize as my own. The words had an electric effect. The whole mass below appeared to be in agitation. Another moment, and a ladder was raised against the wall. I felt my feet upon one of the rounds. Releasing my hold of the rod, I began to descend. My frame seemed to be of iron. Not a muscle shook, not

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a nerve trembled. I reached the ground in safety. I saw the old man clasp his child to his heart. I saw no more—I remembered no more of what passed that night. The roaring of a thousand cataracts sounded in my ears, and I staggered, and reeled, and fell.

* * * * *

How long I remained insensible I know not. I awoke as from a dream, and found myself reclining upon a sofa in a gorgeous apartment, which was lighted by a lamp that burned feebly upon a small table near me. I was just awakening from the fever of delirium, and it was some time ere I could collect my wandering senses. The events of the night of the fire however, soon recurred to my mind; and I remembered all.—But I knew not where I was. Looking around the dimly lighted apartment, I saw a female form. She seemed to be gazing on me with a look of the sweetest tenderness. Those features could not be mistaken. I should have known them in eternity. It was the daughter of the signor di Valendi. A sudden light burst upon my soul. Was my pilgrimage at last ended? Was the boon at last found? Would *she* love me? Why would she not? My heart again felt the thrill of the spring-time of youth. My blood ran wildly through my veins. I arose from the couch. I knelt before her. I spoke long and incoherently. I told her all my sorrows, and all my hopes. I was bewildered with the intensity of my own feelings. She did not turn from me. Her face was not averted, and I thought I saw by the flickering light, a deep blush suffusing her cheeks. I thought I saw her white bosom heave with emotion, while a tear seemed to be stealing to her soft blue eyes. I believed she would love me. How could I doubt it. Maddened with ecstacy, I arose from my kneeling posture, and rushing forward, clasped to my heart—PICTURED CANVASS—lifeless—soulless—cold.

Slowly did I unclasp that embrace. Steadily did I gaze for one moment on the portrait before me. I did not faint, nor fall—nor falter, But I laughed—ay, laughed—long—loudly—bitterly.

INVOCATION.

The flowers, the flowers, the summer flowers
The playmates of our earlier hours,
Ye children of the dews, and showers,
Come from your cells.

Yield them to life, Oh! gentle earth,
Give the fair buds and blossoms birth,
The angry season of their dearth
Young spring repels.

Hither it hastens on its wing,
The fair, the bright, the beauteous spring,
Waters, and woods, and wild birds sing
Its welcome hail.

Hither it hastens in its pride,
(Like to a young and glorious bride,
With rose-wreath'd Cupid for her guide,)
Sweet'ning the gale.

Come then, and earth shall catch the sound,
And, as thy breathings kiss the ground,
Like fairy spirits all around
The flowers shall rise.

'Till, by the Valley's fertile store,
Thou'rt led the woodland's verdure o'er,
To thy bright home, on sunny shore,
Or in the skies.

IDEAS.—Shakspeare, Butler and Bacon, have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be sublime, witty or profound.

THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

The Chevalier de Boufflers, whom Delile characterized as "the honour of knighthood and the flower of troubadours," the erotic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the saloons of Paris, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academician, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most gay, careless and witty of French cavaliers.

I was long acquainted with this highly-gifted man. I saw him in 1780, at the beautiful estate of Chanteloup, near Amboise, whither the duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the court, attracted many of the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The duchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a friendship for the chevalier de Boufflers, which did her honour; he was her companion in her walks, in the chase, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the peasantry, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul, who was in her youth intimate with Buffon, had imbibed from that celebrated man a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern.

This delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea. Opposite to the windows of her own room she had erected a temple of gause of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country.

The duchess alone had a key of the temple of butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of village girls of the neighbourhood. They strove, by presenting to her continually some new species, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved patroness, and they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the duchess's assiduous cares about her favourite temple.

"Chevalier," said she to him, with a smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies; they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of his charge in the pleasure of receiving the country girls, who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports and their love affairs, so that he was soon master of the chroni cles of all the surrounding vilages In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls; his scrutiny turned rather

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upon their features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour, but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the duchess's bounty, passing through the easy hands of the chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer the fruits of their chase, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large, deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, soft voice realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forester of Amboise, and that her name was Aline. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his, which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined that he felt a peculiar interest in this young girl, and with what pleasure he rewarded her, in the duchess's name; and how he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies, to double the gift. Boufflers soon drew from her the secret of her heart; he learnt how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortunes. Boufflers, who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the young Aline. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the duchess, who, wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage-portion of the chevalier's protegé, made it known in the neighbourhood, that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-five louisd'ors to the girl who brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Aline's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the ighest value.

One day, when the duke and duchess, accompanied by the train of nobles, who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Aline, with a gause net in her hand, and, panting for breath, came running joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her, "Look, Monsieur le Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that every body laughed. He took the butterflies from Aline's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and most valuable kind; one, especially; which, with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-coloured eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Aline had won the promised prize; she soon afterwards received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Aline promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of Autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers, could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the maiden who had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover, the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Aline had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital.

A short time after, the duke de Chosieul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune, to pay the debts contracted by her husband, who had outshone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the duke de Penthievre, and went to live at Paris. Aline, thus deprived of her patroness, lost all hope of being united to her lover, whose father remained inflexible, and the young man in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of Marechal des Logis. On his first leave of absence, he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his fair one provided with a sufficient portion of the chevalier's generosity; the old keeper no longer withheld his consent, and the lovers were speedily united.

Twenty years passed away, and France fell into the confusion of political dissentions, and, at length, into all the horrors of a first revolution. Boufflers, though friendly to the opinions which were then propagated by the true lovers of liberty, was compelled, after the deplorable tenth of August, 1792, to quit France, and take refuge in Berlin. Prince Henry and the king of Prussia, after keeping him some time with them, gave him an estate in Poland, where, like a true French knight, he founded a colony for all the emigrants who were driven from their unhappy country. But in spite of all the advantages, and all the consolations he received in foreign lands, he never ceased to sigh after Paris. Thither his family, his friends, his most cherished habits, all called him. The compliments paid him on his poems, only served to remind him of the lovely and captivating women who had inspired them; those on his novel, of the delights of Chanteloup, of the amiable duchess de Choiseul, (who had survived her husband only a few years,) and of the temple of butterflies.

The storm of the revolution having subsided, many proscribed persons obtained leave to return to France; among these was Boufflers, who left Poland, travelling homewards through Bohemia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. He wished to revisit the beautiful shores of the lake of Geneva, where, thirty years before, he had pass-

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ed a time which he never recurred to without delight. He therefore stopped at Lausanne, and, fearing lest his name might expose him to some disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had furnished himself with a passport under the name of Foubers, a French painter. In this character, which he had more than once assumed before, he presented himself in the first houses of Lausanne, where he was received with all the attention due to genuine talent. The rage for M. Foubers, and for his fine miniature portraits, was universal. As he was anxious to obtain beautiful subjects, he was constantly told that he ought to paint the countess de Lauterbach; she was described to him as a lady of French origin, and the widow of a Bavarian general, who, at his death, had left her considerable property, including a magnificent estate, situated on the banks of the lake, at a few miles distance from Lausanne. At a fête given by one of the principal inhabitants of Lausanne, the beautiful countess of Lauterbach was present, and more than justified all his expectations.

He was introduced to the countess, who appeared struck by the sound of his voice, and agitated by some emotion which she strove to dissemble. They entered into conversation, and Boufflers expressed the most earnest desire to paint from so fine a model. After a moment's reflection, the countess accepted his offer; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed, a calèche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb ampitheatre, traced by the Alps on the horizon. Boufflers arrived; he crossed an outer court, passed through an outer hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which every thing announced opulence and taste. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late duchess de Choiseul, seated near the temple of butterflies, with a volume of Boufflers' works in her hand. The chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him, and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he, involuntarily: "this countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to these reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, and that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desire him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation a la Francaise. Boufflers followed his conductor through a long suit of apartments, where he entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning, he saw, under the shade of some large trees, a temple of gauze, precisely like the duchess the Choiseul's. The temple was filled with butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Boufflers had formerly written over the entrance of the temple at Chateloup, and he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing towards him a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape and gait were precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest that he thought it was she herself that stood before him, and whose deep, rich voice met his ear.

"Your servant, Monsieur de Boufflers," said she, with a courtesy, and presenting to him a little gauze net, "what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge?"

"What are you—angel, sylph, enchantress?"

"What! do you not remember Aline, the daughter of the forester af Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?"

"Do I dream!" said Boufflers, rubbing his eyes, and, taking the child's hand, he pressed it to his lips; "Aline, lovely Aline! it cannot be you?"

"How! it cannot be I? Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies? Who received from the hands of the duchess a prize of twenty-five louis, and from yours this golden cross, which I promished to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?"

"I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Your elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me, then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life? Whence do you come? Who are you?"

"She is my daughter," cried the countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers. "My dear protector; kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Aline, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine."

"How, madame! are you that simple village girl? Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that for once fortune was not blind? Have the kindness at once to satisfy my curiosity."

"Listen then," replied the countess, with confiding delight, "and you shall hear all. Charles, in whom you took so generous an interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany, called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the general's care. Count de Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver as by becoming the husband of his widow and a father of his child. After a few years of happy union he died, leaving me a large fortune, and a revered and cherished memory. At that time," added the countess, "I knew that you had been compelled to quit France, and to

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take refuge in Prussia. I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes of my heart. Judge, then, what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter's age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Aline who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch you with your own enchantments; have I succeeded?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, "never shall I forget this ingenious fraud; it is true, that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl, may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest."

AN ESCAPE FROM THE GUILLOTINE.

"Another victim!" I uttered involuntarily, as looking through a window which commanded a view of the principal entrance to the prison, I observed a crowd who, with the shouts of "*pain ou sang*," were dragging some unfortunate man to confinement, preparatory to his final *debut* on the scaffold.

I saw a man cross the street, of whose purpose my heart misgave me. This was an individual named Canve, for whom my brother and me had interested ourselves. He had received numberless favours from us; we had, therefore, every reason to dread his enmity.

It was as I conjectured; a few minutes after I remarked his approach in our direction, we were startled by a loud battering at the door.

"Open your door!" thundered the ruffian; "*Je le donnerai les raisons ensuite.*" I, of course, refused.

"Ah! ah!" he shouted, with a demoniac laugh, "you shall see me return shortly and then—" He did not wait to conclude the sentence but hurried away, evidently with the intention of seeking assistance. When he had departed, I turned towards my sister, who, pale with surprise and fear, stood by me, and requested her to see to the immediate collection of our plate, jewels, and money. This done, we took the boxes in which we had packed them, and carrying them into the wood-cellar, we dropped them into a hole which was fortunately found there, and covering the spot with wood, we returned to wait the threatened return of Canve, and his band of ruffians.

We were fortunate in completing our task, for scarcely had we composed ourselves after our hasty labour, when the door with one blow was shattered to pieces, and in rushed Canve, accompanied by four men, all armed.

"We have come," said Canve, who appeared to act as the leader, "to search your house for a man called Le Cour." (The husband of my youngest sister, who was at this moment lying ill at our country seat.) Saying this, and without further remark, they rushed past us.

Expecting that in the course of their search they would visit my chamber, I repaired to it to hide a few little articles which were on my dressing-table. As I anticipated, they came to examine my apartment, but as if fatigued with their undertaking, they contented themselves with examining the closets, and thrusting their swords through the bed, saying, at the same time, "If he is here, this will spare the guillotine one job."

Having completed their survey, they repaired to the drawing-room, seated themselves without any ceremony, and ordered my sister to supply them with some of the best wine. By this time the poor girl had recovered herself, and indignation took the place of fear. She treated this demand with contemptuous silence, and Canve, started up, I believe, with the intention of striking her. I laid my hand on the pistol which I always carried, but perhaps awed by her firm bearing, he departed, without making any remark, in the direction of the wine-cellars. He returned shortly, loaded with several bottles, having to appearance previously satisfied himself of its quality. Having regaled themselves until they became in a state of beastly intexication, they left us, having first, out of mere wantonness, destroyed a large quantity of china and glass, which unfortunately lay in their way.

For three days we continued unannoyed by any of the revolutionary spirits; at the end of that time we learnt with horror that poor Le Cour had fallen into their hands, and would on the following day undergo his trial as a Royalist. The next day came, and the hour was fast approaching appointed for the commencement of the trial.

I had ever remarked that my sister possessed a certain noble-mindedness and contempt of self which had insured her my esteem and affection; but I was yet to learn that she was a heroine.—In the present instance she was the only one whose presence of mind remained unshaken.—Well knowing the disregard paid to any defence proceeding from the unfortunate individuals whose deplorable fate had brought them before this bloody tribunal, as also the unwillingness evinced by legal characters to undertake it, she determined to perform the part herself. I was astounded at the extraordinary resolution she had formed. A young and beautiful girl, who had hitherto appeared to me timid as a fawn, to array herself in a court of justice—and such a court—in defence of one whom it was a crime to succour. In vain I remonstrated—she was inflexible. She delayed her departure to the last moment, to render her appearance as striking as possible. Probably she thought the power of beauty might effect that which justice might plead for in vain. If so, never was beauty applied to nobler purpose. I could not witness the exhibition, and therefore remained at home, in an agony of apprehension for the result.

Whether the beauty and eloquence of this fair creature softened the hearts of the miscreants who presided at that dreadful tribunal I know

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not, but she was successful. The sentence of death which Canoc (who formed one of the members of this tribunal) endeavoured to have decreed against our relative, was commuted to banishment for life, with three months' imprisonment as a kind of preparation.

Morning after morning passed, and regularly as the hour of ten came round did it find my sister at the prison gate an applicant for admission, bearing such luxuries as his prison fare did not afford; and it is with a shudder of horror that I recall to my mind when accompanying her, the sight of blood, warm perhaps from the heart of some victim to private revenge, streaming down the gutter which conveyed it to the Saone.

It was during the performance of one of these morning duties that we remarked a young lady, whom we had known a few months before as the leading star of fashion in Lyons, now walking alone to convey to her husband such consolation as the sight of her would afford. She, as is ever the case, early became surrounded by a crowd of admirers, all envying the look which accidentally she might cast upon any one in particular. Of all these none had so distinguished himself in her eyes (as he thought) as N——, and he industriously circulated rumours that he would shortly receive the hand in marriage, which was the object of general rivalry; and even the day was named when all doubts would be set at rest.—Fortune, however, decreed otherwise, and threw in the way a young man whose accomplishments appeared in her eyes to outweigh the pretensions of all others. His noble countenance interested her—his elegant figure captivated her—and a few weeks saw the charming—the universally admired Annette become the bride of Romeo de Pouilli. Truly might he say with Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici.* "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The deaths this event occasioned must be acknowledged were but few, but the disappointment, I may say, general; and as N—— had at one time possessed the happiness through the prospect of winning the prize, saw now that all hopes was perished, his share of disappointments were the largest; and although time seemed to have washed from his mind the memory of his blighted prospects, still the veteran physiognomist traces were discernible in his features of deep and bitter enmity to his successful rival.

Time had passed with this happy pair in a continual round of pleasure until the event took place, which consigned so many of the *elite* of France to the scaffold. De Pouilli and N—— were both of the royalist creed: but N—— adopted the revolutionary principles to wreak his vengeance on the man, who, as he said, had robbed him of his happiness—they both having been suitors to the reigning beauty of Lyons, the consequence was that De Pouilli immediately became the inmate of a dungeon, there to wait until the moment had arrived when the revenge of N—— could consign him to the guillotine. On the occasion of her first visit to her husband in prison she had been summoned to attend the wretch who was the source of all her misery in an apartment, the window of which looked out upon the guillotine, where three unfortunate individuals were about to be executed, and addressing her, he said, without any introduction—

"There, feast your eyes upon the scene before you, and consider that ere three days pass, the axe, which you see now about to fall on those miscreants, will sever the beautiful neck of your *adored.*"

"Unable to endure the sight, for at the moment he finished, the axe fell upon one of the unfortunate wretches," related Mad. De Pouilli, "I sank to the ground, and on my recovery found him watching over me with a look of anxious tenderness—with my faculties returned my sense of De Pouilli's situation, and I eagerly seized on this moment to endeavour to procure his liberty. As his wife did I sue for him, but in vain—in vain I conjured by every motion calculated to move the breast of man with compassion—all in vain! At last I touched upon the love he so often had professed for me, and named this as an opportunity to prove his sincerity.—Hitherto he had gazed upon me with a vividness of countenance, but like oil thrown on fire it revived the slumbering flame of hatred which I had hoped to have subdued."

"Can you," said he, "remind me of those moments, and use them as arguments in *his* favour! Do you suppose that my memory only retains the recollection of my former love, and not the means by which my happiness was blasted?—Can I forget that I had a rival—that *that* rival was the high-born, haughty and favoured de Pouilli, and that he now lies in prison waiting only my command to die? No, no; do not deceive yourself, but hear the only terms on which he lives. The time is arrived when priestcraft and all its rules are set at naught—freedom for heart and hand is amongst the blessings of the age. Consent to be mine—discard him from your love—and he is free!"

"He uttered this last sentence in a slow impressive manner, that I might fully understand his meaning; and when he had concluded, I still continued to gaze upon him, as if bereft of my senses. Whether he thought favourably of my silence, I know not, but relaxing the severity of his countenance, he approached me, and inquired whether I was prepared to purchase my husband's life on such terms. The inquiry aroused me from the state of torpor into which his declaration had thrown me,—every nerve seemed strung anew,—my voice was changed from that of supplication to that of desperation, as I bitterly reviled him, and rushed from the room, leaving him motionless with surprise."—As she finished her relation, she burst into tears, unable any longer to control her feelings, and wringing her hands implored the intercessions of heaven in behalf of her husband.

A few mornings after, her husband informed her that N—— had directed him to prepare for his execution on the following day. With this terrible information she returned to us, and the scene which took place was truly heart rending; she tore her hair—beat her breast—called herself her husband's destroyer—and vented curses on the beauty which had murdered him;—lastly, throwing herself on her knees before my sister, she implored her to save her husband's life. I

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never shall forget the astonishment with which I gazed on my sister, as she said calmly—

"I cannot save his life—it is for you to accomplish that." "I!" she cried wistfully, "Oh! if I knew how;—tell me—what can I do to save him?"

"Return to N——," replied she collectedly, 'and say you consent to his proposal!"

We were positively aghast, and before a word could be said, she continued—"If you will be guided by me, you shall suffer no dishonour. Go to N——, I repeat—say that when your husband has his passport in his hands, and you see him, from his windows if he pleases, parting from death and danger you will resign yourself into his hands!—trust to me for the rest, and now begone." Such an influence had Maria over her weaker friend, that without another word to any one, she departed. Half an hour had passed ere she returned; pale and ghastly she entered the apartment, and sought, by a flood of tears, to ease her over-burdened heart.

The morning came, and after a long interview with my sister, during which I was not present, she departed with a kind of cheerfulness, that raised suspicions in my mind of her sanity. I watched her from the window which overlooked the prison, until she entered the gate, and when it closed upon her, I thought it would be for ever!

Three months after we were the inhabitants of another soil, refugees from our country, sharing the same roof with those whose sufferings had endeared them to us,—these were M. and Madame de Pouilli,—the story of their escape is short.

On the morning of her departure to the prison, after her interview with my sister, who gave her advice as to the only course left her, she visited the monster N——, who was highly pleased at her unexpected compliance, and every thing was done as she dictated. Night saw her husband with his passport, in a post carriage on the road to England, and in a few hours his wife joined him—he having, by a preconcerted understanding waited for her on the road.

The next morning spread the news of N——, having been found stabbed in his apartment by some unknown hand; my sister's advice—secret advice—was no longer a mystery!

Interpretation of Motives.—There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands: either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice, and suspicion: and all things do succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself; but to misconstrue a good thing is a treble wrong, to myself, the action and the author.—*Bishop Hall.*

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

[From the Chinese.]

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn,
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn:
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people, and well governed state.

From the New Monthly Magazine for November.

MY TWO AUNTS.

Philosophers tells us that we know nothing but from its opposite; then I certainly knew my two aunts very perfectly, for greater opposites were never made since the formation of light and darkness; but they were both good creatures,—so are light and darkness good things in their place. My two aunts, however, were not so appropriately to be compared to light and darkness as to crumb and crust—the crumb and crust of a new loaf; the crumb of which is marvellously soft, the crust of which is exceeding crisp, dry, and snappish. The one was my father's sister, the other was my mother's; and very curiously it happened that they were both named Bridget. To distinguish between them, we young folks used to call the quiet and easy one Aunt Bridget, and the bustling, worying one Aunt Fidget. You never in the whole course of your life saw such a quiet, easy, comfortable creature as Aunt Bridget; she was not immensely large, but prodigiously fat. Her weight did not exceed twenty stone, or two-and-twenty at the utmost; hot weather made some little difference: but she might be called prodigiously fat, because she was all fat: I don't think there was an ounce of lean in her whole composition. She was so imperturbably good-natured, that I really do not believe that she ever was in a passion in the whole course of her life. I have no doubt that she had her troubles; we all have troubles more or less, but Aunt Bridget did not like to trouble herself to complain. The greatest trouble that she endured was the alteration of day and 'night; it was a trouble for her to go up stairs to bed, and it was a trouble to her to come down stairs to breakfast; but, when she was once in bed, she could sleep ten hours without dreaming, and when she was once up and seated in her comfortable arm-chair, by the fire-side, with her knitting apparatus in order, and a nice, fat, flat, comfortable quarto volume on a small table at her side, the leaves of which volume she could turn over with her knitting needle, she was happy for the day; the 'grief of getting up was forgotten, and the trouble of going to bed was not anticipated. Knowing her aversion to moving, I was once saucy enough to recommend her to make two days into one, that she might not have the trouble of going up and down stairs so often. Any body but Aunt Bridget would have boxed my ears for my impertinence, and would in so doing, have served me rightly; but she, good creature, took it all in good part, and said, "Yes, my dear, it would save trouble, but I am afraid it would not be good for my health I should not have exercise enough." Aunt Bridget loved quiet, and she lived in the quietest place in the world. There is not a spot in the deserts of Arabia, or in the Frozen Ocean, to be for a moment compared for quietness with Hans Place—

"The very houses seem asleep;"

and when the bawlers of milk, mackerel, dabs, and flounders enter the placid precincts of that place, they scream with a subdued violence, like the hautboy played with a piece of cotton

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in the bell. You might almost fancy the oval building to be some mysterious egg on which the genius of silence had sat brooding ever since the creation of the world, or even Chaos had combed its head and washed its face. There is in that place a silence that may be heard, a delicious stillness which the ear drinks in as greedily as the late Mr. Dando used to gulp oysters. It is said that when the inhabitants are all asleep, they can hear one another snore. Here dwelt my Aunt Bridget,—kindest of she kind, and quietest of the quiet. But good nature is terribly imposed upon in this wicked world of ours; and so it was with Aunt Bridget. Her poulterer, I am sure, used to charge her ten per cent. more than any of the rest of his customers, because she never found fault. She was particularly fond of ducks,—very likely from a sympathy with their quiet style of locomotion: but she disliked haggling about the price, and she abhorred the trouble of choosing them, so she left it to the man's conscience to send what he pleased, and to charge what he pleased. I declare that I have seen upon her table, such withered, wizened, toad-like villians of half-starved ducks, that they looked as if they had died of the hooping cough. And if I ever happened to say any thing approaching to reproach of the poulterer, Aunt would always make the same reply—"I dont like to be always finding fault." It was the same with her wine as it was with her poultry; she used to fancy that she had port and sherry, but she never had any thing better than Pontac and Cape Madeira. There was one luxury of female life, which my Aunt never enjoyed—she never had the pleasure of scolding the maids. She once made the attempt, but it did not succeed. She had a splendid set of Sunday crockery, done in blue and gold, and by the carelessness of one of her maids the whole service was smashed at one fell swoop. "Now that is too bad," said my aunt; "I really will tell her of it." So I was in hopes of seeing Aunt Bridget in a passion, which would have been as rare a sight as an American aloe in blossom. She rang the bell with heroic vigor, and with an expression of almost a determination to say something very severe to Betty, when she should make her appearance. Indeed if the bell pull had been Betty, she might have heard half the first sentence of a terrible scolding; but before Betty could answer the summons of the bell, my aunt was as cool as a turbot at a tavern dinner. "Betty," said she, "are they all broke?"—"Yes, ma'am," said Betty.—"How came you to brake them?" said my aunt.—"They slipped off the tray, ma'am," replied Betty.—"Well then be more careful another time," said my aunt.—"Yes, ma'am," said Betty. Next morning another set was ordered. This was not the first, second, or third time that my aunt's crockery had come to an untimely end. My aunt's maids had a rare place in her service. They had high life below stairs in perfection; people used to wonder that she did not see how she was imposed upon; bless her old heart! she never liked to see what she did not like to see, and so long as she could be quiet she was happy. She was a living emblem of the Pacific Ocean.

But my aunt Fidget was quite another thing. She only resembled my Aunt Bridget in one particular, that is, she had not an ounce of lean about her, but then she had no fat neither—she was all skin and bone; I cannot say for a certainty, but I really believe that she had no marrow in her bones; she was as light as a feather, as dry as a stick, and, had it not been for her pattens, she must have been blown away in windy weather. As for quiet, she knew not the meaning of the word; she was flying about from morning to night, like a faggot in fits, and finding fault with everybody and everything. Her tongue and her toes had no sinecures. Had she weighed as many pounds as my Aunt Bridget weighed stones, she would have worn out half-a-dozen pair of shoes in a week. I don't believe that Aunt Bridget ever saw the inside of her kitchen, or that she knew exactly where it was; but Aunt Fidget was in all parts of the house at once—she saw every thing, heard every thing, remembered everything, and scolded every thing. She was not to be imposed upon, either by servants or tradespeople. She kept a sharp look-out upon them all—she knew when and where to go to market. Keen was her eye for the turn of the scale, and she took pretty good care that the butcher should not dab his mutton-chops too hastily in the scale making momentum tell for weight. I cannot think what she wanted with meat, for she looked as if she ate nothing but raspings, and drank nothing but vinegar. Her love of justice in the matter of purchasing was so great, that when her fishmonger sent her home a pennyworth of sprats, she sent one back to be changed because it had but one eye. She had such a strict inventory of all her goods and chattels, that if any one plundered her of a pin, she was sure to find it out. She would miss a pin out of a peck, and she once kept her establishment up half the night to hunt for a bit of cheese that was missing. It was at last found in the mouse-trap. "You extravagant minx," said she to the maid, "here is cheese enough to bait three mouse-traps;" and she nearly had her fingers snapt off in her haste to rescue the cheese from its prison. I used not to dine with my Aunt Fidget so often as with Aunt Bridget, for my Aunt Fidget worried my very life out with the history of every article that was brought to table. She made me undergo a narration of all that she had said, and all that the butcher or the poulterer had said concerning the purchase of the provision; and she used always to tell me what was the price of mutton when her mother was a girl—twopence a pound for the common pieces, and twopence halfpenny for the prime pieces. Moreover, she always entertained me with an account of all her troubles, and with the sins and iniquities of her abominable servants, whom she generally changed once a month. Indeed, had I been inclined to indulge her with more of my company, I could not always manage to find her residence, for she was moving about from place to place, so that it was like playing a game at hunt-the-slipper to endeavor to find her. She once actually threatened to leave London altogether if she could not find some more agreeable residence than hitherto it had been her lot

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to meet with. But there was one evil in my Aunt Fidget's behaviour which disturbed me more than any thing else; she was always expecting that I should join her in abusing my placid Aunt Bridget. Aunt Bridget's style of housekeeping was not, perhaps, quite the pink of perfection, but was it not for me to find fault with it; and if she did sit still all day, she never found fault with those who did not; she never said any thing evil of any of her neighbors. Aunt Fidget might be flying about all day like a witch upon a broomstick; but Aunt Bridget made no remarks on it; she let her fly. The very sight of Aunt Fidget was enough to put one out of breath—she whisked about from place to place at such a rapid rate, always talking at the rate of nineteen to the dozen. We boys used to say of her that she never sat long enough in a chair to warm the cover. But she is gone—*requiescat in pace:* and that is more than ever she did in her life time.

SINGULAR PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

The journal of Mr. Kay, one of the Wesleyan Missionaries in South Africa, contains the following remarkable account of the deliverance of a poor sick Hottentot, from the jaws of a lion.

"About three weeks or a month ago, he (the Hottentot in question) went out on a hunting excursion, accompanied by several other natives. Arriving on and extensive plain, where there was an abundance of game, they discovered a number of lions also, which appeared to be disturbed by their approach. A prodigiously large male immediately separated himself from the troop, and began slowly to advance towards the party, the majority of whom were young, and altogether unaccustomed to rencounters of so formidable a nature. When droves of timid antelopes, or springbocks only, came in their way, they made a great boast of their courage, but the very appearance of the forest's king made them tremble. While the animal was yet at a distance, they all dismounted to prepare for firing, and, according to the custom on such occasions, began tying their horses together, by means of the bridles, with the view of keeping the latter between them and the lion, as an object to attract his attention, until they were enabled to take deliberate aim. His movements, however, were at length too swift for them. Before the horses were properly fastened to each other, the monster made a tremendous bound or two, and suddenly pounced upon the hind parts of one of them, which, in its fright, plunged forward, and knocked down the poor man in question, who was holding the reins in his hand. His comrades instantly took to flight, and ran off with all speed; and he, of course, rose as quickly as possible, in order to follow them. But, no sooner had he regained his feet, then the majestic beast, with a seeming consciousness of his superior might, stretched forth his paw, and striking him just behind the neck, immediately brought him to the ground again. He then rolled on his back when the lion set his foot upon his breast, and laid down upon him. The poor man now became almost breathless, partly from fear, but principally from the intolerable pressure of his terrific load. He endeavored to move a little to one side, in order, to breathe; but, feeling this, the creature seized his arm, close to the elbow; and, after once laying hold with his teeth, he continued to amuse himself with the limb for some time, biting it in sundry different places down to the hand, the thick part of which seemed to have been pierced entirely through. All this time the lion did not appear to be angry, but he merely caught at his prey, like a cat sporting with a mouse that is not quite dead; so that there was not a single bone fractured, as would, in all probability, have been the case had the creature been hungry or irritated. Whilst writhing in agony, gasping for breath, and expecting every moment to be torn limb from limb, the sufferer cried to his companions for assistance, but cried in vain. On raising his head a little, the beast opened his dreadful jaws to receive it, but providentially the hat, which I saw in its rent estate, slipped off, so that the points of the teeth only just grazed the surface of the skull. The lion now set his foot upon the arm from which the blood was freely flowing; his fearful paw was soon covered therewith, and he again and again licked it clean! The idea verily makes me shudder while I write. But this was not the worst; for the animal then steadily fixed his flaming eyes upon those of the man, smelt on one side, and then on the other of his face, and having tasted the blood, he appeared half inclined to devour his helpless victim. 'At this critical moment,' said the poor man, 'I recollected having heard that there is a God in the heavens, who is able to deliver at the very last extremity; and I began to pray that he would save me, and not allow the lion to eat my flesh, and drink my blood.' While thus engaged in calling upon God, the beast turned himself completely round. On perceiving this, the Hottentot made an effort to get from under him; but no sooner did the creature observe his movement, than he laid terrible hold of his right thigh. This wound was dreadfully deep, and evidently occasioned the sufferer most excruciating pain. He again sent up his cry to God for help; nor were his prayers in vain. The huge animal soon afterwards quietly relinquished his prey, though he had not been in the least interrupted. Having deliberately risen from his seat, he walked majestically off, to the distance of thirty or forty paces, and then laid down in the grass, as if for the purpose of watching the man. The latter, being happily relieved of his load, ventured to sit up, which circumstance immediately attracted his attention; nevertheless, it did not induce another attack, as the poor fellow naturally expected; but, as if bereft of power, and unable to do any thing more, he again rose, took his departure and was seen no more. The man seeing this, took up his gun, and hasted away to his terrified companions, who had given him up for dead. Being in a state of extreme exhaustion, from the loss of blood, he was immediately set upon his horse, and brought, as soon as was practicable, to the place where I found him. Dr. Gaulter, who on hearing of the case, hastened to his relief, and has very humanely rendered him all necessary attention ever since, informs me that, on his arrival, the appearance of the wounds was truly alarming, and amputation of the arm seemed absolutely necessary. To this, however, the patient was not willing to consent, having a number of young children whose subsistence depends upon his labor. 'As the Almighty had delivered me,' said he, 'from that horrid death, I thought surely he is able to save my arm also.' And, astonishing to relate, several of his wounds are already healed, and there is now hope of his complete recovery."

TURKISH INCREDULITY.—A late traveller in the East, endeavouring to display the wonders of British machinery, mentioned, among other examples, that of the Manchester and Liverpool Rail-road, illustrating its speed by reference to corresponding distances in Egypt; to which the Turk to whom it was addressed simply replied by saying, "That's a lie." "But," replied the narrator, "these gentlemen have seen it." "I do not," rejoined the Turk, "believe it any the more for that."

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Written for the Casket.

SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

No. 1.

Abraham and Isaac. *Genesis* xxii.

Night trembled on her throne, and furling up
Her starry banner, to the conquering sun,
Whose car of flame rolled up the Eastern hills,
Resigned the silver sceptre of her reign.
Leaving his couch, while yet in foldings hung,
The vale of darkness on the face of earth,
The patriarch arose, and poured his soul
In fervent aspiration to his God—
And prayed for grace to stay his fainting heart
In its deep trial.
Strengthened and composed,
With holy resignation on his brow,
He left his tent and saddling up his beast,
Clave, in obedience to the word of God,
Wood for a holocaust, wherein his son
Should to the Lord an offering be made—
And taking servants and the fated youth,
Sped on his journey to the distant hills
Of Mount Moriah.
Thrice the golden sun
Had from the glowing theatre of earth
Rolled up the curtain, bringing on the day—
And now the patriarch beheld far off
The place appointed—the then electric flash
Of anguish ran like lightning down the wires
Of strong paternal feeling, and his hand
Palsied with age and grief smote on his breast
In nature's sorrow; yet the gath'ring shades
That clouded o'er his venerable brow,
Like shadows chased by sunbeams, fled away,
And left it cloudless, tranquil, and serene.
Now toiling up the rugged mount's ascent,
Oft resting on his staff his hoary head,
Ascended Abraham, bearing in his hand
The knife and sacred fire for sacrifice—
And by his side, groaning beneath the wood
Pressed on his victim, steadying, with his hand,
The tottering footsteps of his feebler sire.
Led on to slaughter as the unconscious lamb,
Upon his father's face he turned his eye
Of dovelike innocence, and mildly said,
"Behold the wood, and fire, my father! Where,
Is the burnt offering for the Lord our God?"
The look of tender conficence, the voice,
Soft as the echoes of an angel's hymn,
Wakened in sorrow's tone the sleeping chords
Of yearning nature; and the gathering tear
Moistened his eyelids, as the patriarch gazed
On his devoted son; yet grace from Heaven,
Like oil upon the troubled Ocean's waves,
Restrained the swelling torrents of his breast,
And calmly he returned "God will provide
A victim for an offering, my son."

Now on the appointed mount the altar stood
Waiting its victim. Abraham had prayed
Until within his bosom every thought
And feeling upward rose from earth to Heaven,
Like sublimated incense; and the glow
Of heavenly composure o'er his face
Threw the calm glories of the midday sun,
As in obedience to Jehovah's word
He bound with thongs his son for sacrifice.

There is amid the majesty of mounts,
Whose towering summits seem to pillar Heaven,
A sense of solitude—a loneliness,
Chill and oppressive to the awe struck soul—
And deeply Abraham felt it as he stood
Upon Moriah's heights, and saw around
A thousand hills rearing their azure fronts
Above the clouds, flinging back on the plain
The lengthened shadows of their giant forms.
How awful and how still was all around,
Hushed was the lip of every echo—voice
Was not on all the air: No rustling leaf
Trembled upon its stem; amid the boughs,
Tongue, pennon, plume was still; the very clouds
Poised their bright purple wings and hovered o'er.
The painful breathings of the youth, alone
Stole on his ear; and, as around he gazed,
No eye was on him, save the eternal eye,
And the broad gleam of the meridian sun;
As on the mountain altar of the Lord,
Curtained with clouds he stood to pour the blood
Of innocence—his son's, his only son's,
In a libation to the most high God.

The victim pressed the wood. The waxen neck
And ivory wrists were dented with the chords,
Until the purple blood seemed bursting through
The tissue of the pure, transparent skin.
Glowing in youthful, like a rose,
Meek as an uncomplaining lamb he lay—
Yet as he turned his silent eye to Heaven
Upon the beauteous sky and golden sun,
Glories that now would meet his gaze no more,
His snowy bosom swelled with stifled sighs;
And from his eyelid's silken fringe, the tears
Rolled down his damask cheek, like melted pearls.
Raising the fatal knife, the patriarch stood
With eye upturned to God, and throwing back
The golden curls that bathed his victim's neck,
Aimed the dread blow, when on his startled ear
A voice thrilled loudly "Abraham! forbear!
Nor stretch thy hand against thy boy to harm."
The knife, unconscious, from his palsied grasp
Fell suddenly; and from his aged eyes
Gushed the warm tear of overpowering joy,
As bending o'er his child, he loosed his bands
And pressed his beating bosom to his own,
In fervency of gratitude and love.
Now on the altar of the Lord, a lamb,
A substituted victim, blazed on high,
A holocaust in ruddy spires of flame;
While, on the incense wings of sacrifice
Wafted, arose the prayer of sire and son,
A goodly savour to the Lord, their God.

At the battle of Waterloo, the 2d battalion of the 3d Foot Guards gallantly repulsed the attacks of the enemy on the Chateau Hougoumont, which they garrisoned. The shades of night terminated a conflict which had, throughout the whole day, with little interruption, been vigorously carried on. Utterly exhausted by fasting and fatigue, the remnant of the brave garrison endeavoured to provide some refreshment ere they sought repose; and some of the officers kindling a fire, plucked a fowl or two, which dismembering with their fingers, they broiled or toasted in small separate portions over the embers, on the points of their swords, &c. One of the party, now a beneficial clergyman retains rather a ludicrous recollection of the part he played on this occasion. Overcome with weariness, he dropped into a sound sleep while gnawing the leg of a chicken; and when he woke next morning, found it still between his teeth, but protruding from his mouth by the *drumstick!*

REVENGE.—There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world;—to despise it—to return the like—or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually *pretended*—the last is almost *impossible*. The universal practice is for the second.

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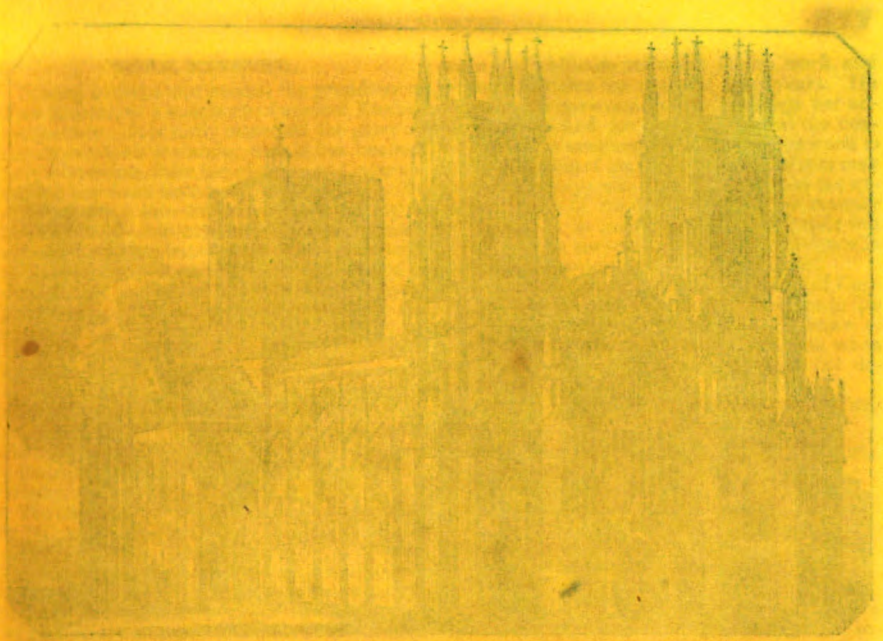

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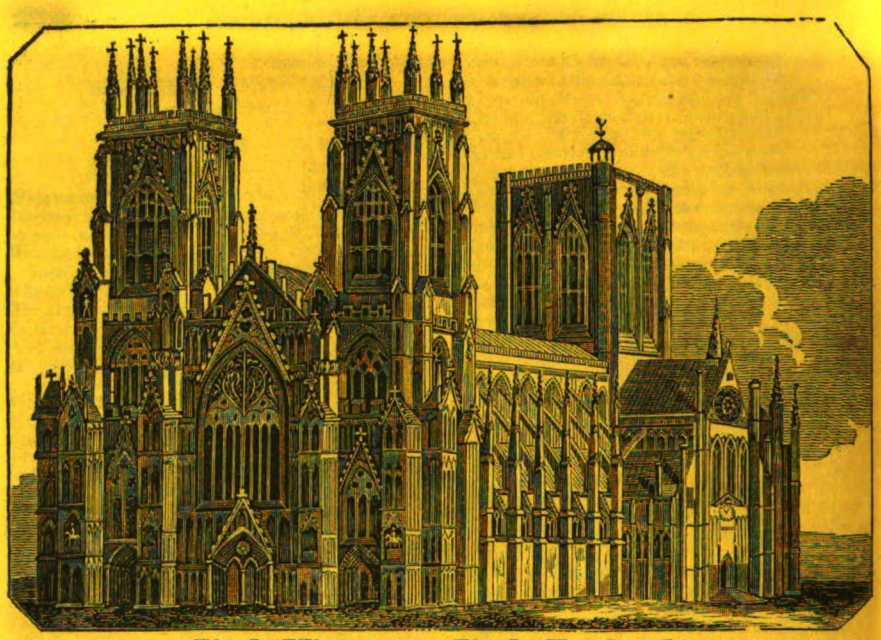

York Minster, at York, England.

Rock of Gibraltar.

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YORK MINSTER.

Nothing perhaps can exceed the grandeur of York Minster, as a specimen of ancient English architecture. It is justly esteemed the glory of the city in which it stands; and it has become more interesting, from the changes and injuries, which it has from time to time undergone. To enter minutely into the particulars relating to its history and architecture, is, with our limited space, impossible: but we can furnish a general account of the cathedral, and certain dates of the different portions of the building as they at present exist. These, we trust, will prove acceptable to our readers.

The first church dedicated to St. Peter, in the city of York, is supposed to have owed its origin to Edwin, King of the Northumbrians, who was converted to Christianity, A. D. 627; but it was scarcely finished when that prince fell in battle. His head is said to have been interred in this cathedral, and his body in the monastery of Whitby.

The church built by Edwin, was burnt down in 741, and being afterwards rebuilt, had the same fate in 1069. Thomas, a canon, of Bayeux, and the first Norman archbishop, in addition to appointing the several dignities in the cathedral, repaired the fabric, which was again destroyed by a fire that accidentally occurred in 1137, reducing to ruins the greater part of the city. In 1171, Archbishop Roger began to rebuild the choir, in which the Norman style prevailed; circular arches, single and massive pillars with plain capitals, and an entire freedom from all the aid of ornament," were here conspicuous.

York Minster was, however, afterwards entirely renewed; and by the care and munificence of some succeeding archbishops and other benefactors, the stately fabric now standing was erected.

Of the present building, the south part of the cross-aisle or transept is of as ancient a date as 1227, and is supposed to be the oldest portion of the Minster: at that time, in the reign of Henry the Third, the large heavy pillar had given place to a cluster of slender and elegant columns; a quantity of rich foliage adorned the capitals; the windows were made high, narrow, and pointed; and the light tracery ran round the vaultings of the roof. The north transept was built in the same character in 1260. The first stone of the nave was laid with great state in 1291, and it was finished with the two western towers about the year 1330. The materials for building the nave were supplied by Robert de Wansour and Robert de Boulton, earl of Boulton, the former of whom gave the stone, the latter the timber. The memory of these noble benefactors is preserved by statues at the east and west ends of the cathedral.

The choir just alluded to, as built by Archbishop Roger, not corresponding with the rest, was taken down, and a new one begun in 1365, and the great central tower in 1370. The eastern window, which forms the grand termination of the choir, was put up in the reign of Henry the Fourth. The glazing of this magnificent window, was done at the expence of the dean and chapter, by John Thornton, of Coventry, who, by the contract then made, was to receive four shillings per week for his work, and to finish it within the space of three years. He was, also, to have one hundred shillings per annum besides, and ten pounds more at the conclusion, if he continued and finished his work to the satisfaction of his employers. The sum may at first appear small, particularly when the extreme beauty of the colouring, and the manner of execution in this window is considered; but it is no longer surprising, when the difference in the value of money is taken into account.

The nobility and gentry of the north of England, were at all times great contributors to this magnificent structure; and the experience of our own times, is sufficient to prove that, when such assistance is actually required, is not denied in these days.

The following are the dimensions of York Minster.

Whole length from east to west, -	524½ feet.
Breadth of the east end, - - -	105
Breadth of the west end, - - -	109
Length of transept from north to south,	222
Height of the grand lantern tower, -	235
Height of the nave, - - - -	99
Height of the east window, - - -	75
Breadth, - - - - - - -	38

The interior of the Minster, is in every respect answerable to the grandeur of its exterior, and exhibits a striking specimen of the progressive styles of architecture which marked the reigns of the English monarchs, from Henry the Third, to Henry the Sixth or Seventh inclusive, with the last of whom Gothic architecture may be said to have ceased.

The newest portion of the building, but not the least beautiful, is the organ-screen, at the entrance of the choir. It is of a florid kind, ornamented with fifteen statues of the kings of England, and is probably of the time of Henry the Seventh. When the great repairs were recently made in the Minster, to which we shall more particularly allude, it was at one time contemplated to remove this screen eastward, in consequence of its concealing the bases of two great pillars, which help to support the lantern tower; but the plan was afterwards abandoned, as likely to injure the proportions of the choir, besides that it would have sacrificed some of the statues on the screen. It would be difficult indeed to imagine a view more calculated to fill the mind with awe and delight, than that which is presented on entering the west end of the Minster. The columns, the arches, "the long drawn aisle," the screen, not intercepting the noble *eastern window*, which sheds its rich and varied light through the forms of kings and prelates, giving that air of mingled gravity and beauty so appropriate to the sacred place, and assisting to lift the soul to *him* who made us, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, and yet who dwells in the hearts of those who worship *him* in spirit and in truth.

This spacious building is well-adapted for music, and considering its size, favourable to the conveyance of sound; a point to which great attention seems to have been paid in the construction of our Cathedrals. Its importance in *all* churches, for the general purpose of hearing properly, and for the due effect of psalmody,

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scarcely requires to be pointed out. But the advantages possessed by York Minster, in this respect, were never so fully displayed, as at the Musical Festivals which have been held there.

The first of these took place in September, 1823, when the number present on one of the days was, 4860, and of vocal and instrumental performers, 459.

This performance of sacred music, which was chiefly from the works of Haydn and Handel, is said to have been most grand and striking, surpassed by nothing of the kind except the commemoration of Handel in West Minster Abbey, in 1784.

The benevolent object in view was the benefit of the York County Hospital, and of the General Infirmaries of Leeds, Sheffield, and Hull, to which between seven and eight thousand pounds were divided, as the balance of the receipts. Two similar festivals, for the same purpose, were subsequently held in the Minster, in 1825 and 1828.

In recording in our pages, a short sketch of this splendid cathedral, we now come to a memorable event in its history which, excited most painful emotions at the time of its occurrence, and must be yet fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. Early in the morning of the 9d of February, 1829, York Minster was discovered to be in flames. A boy, one of the choristers, happened to be passing through the Minster-yard, and accidentally stepping upon a piece of ice was thrown on his back. Before he could rise, he saw a quantity of smoke issuing from several parts of the roof. As soon as the doors were opened, the beautiful wood-work of the choir was found to be extensively on fire. It soon spread to the roof, which shortly after fell in. The pews on each side of the choir were completely demolished; the organ (a modern and excellent one) was consumed; the screen, however, upon which it rested, sustained very little injury. The great eastern window, which is styled the "glory of the cathedral," and for the fate of which intense anxiety was felt by many during the conflagration, remained almost entire. The fire was not accidental. It was traced to be the work of a deranged fanatic, who was afterwards tried for the crime at York, found to be insane, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, in New Bethlehem Hospital, London.

A very becoming and generous spirit soon manifested itself in the nobility and gentry of the county, and of other places, for the restoration of the Minster. A meeting was held in the following month, at which Mr. Smirke, the architect, furnished a statement of the mischief occasioned, and an estimate of the probable cost for a thorough repair, to be performed after the original designs. The dean and chapter concurred in his recommendation, and on a liberal and public subscription being entered upon for the purpose, pledged themselves to the restoration of the Minster, to its former strength and beauty. This has been amply fulfilled. Mr. Smirke's first object was to give security to the fabric, and to repair substantially the walls, and the shafts of the pillars which had suffered from the fire. Masons were employed to prepare a new alter-screen, the ornamented capitals of the clustered pillars, new mouldings and cornices, all according to the original models, fragments of which still existed. The roof of the choir was constructed of teak, a wood which has been known to last firm, in situations where even oak has failed. The elaborate stalls and seats, with the *tabernacle-work* over them, were formed with the assistance of parts remaining among the ruins, and of drawings formerly made. These found employment for a considerable number of carvers and other workmen in London. It may be remarked, that in the progress of these works, some instances of former, but partial imperfect, repairs were found, and of course, supplied by such as were of more solid execution.

The discoveries under the floor of the choir, were very interesting, consisting of a series of Norman pillars, the remains of the crypt of a church more ancient than any other part of the present building. These pillars stand within the space of those of the choir, and are ornamented in spiral lines: they were found by the workmen, while employed in clearing away the rubbish from the interior of the organ-screen. It may be fairly conjectured, that this was the lower portion of the church built by Thomas, the Norman archbishop before mentioned, or perhaps of that of Archbishop Roger, whose choir was removed for a more modern one.

It is not perhaps generally known, that the archbishops of York, had anciently the privilege of a *mint*. There are coins still extant, one as early as the eighth century, struck by archbishops in this right. The last archbishop who struck money in this mint, was Dr. Edward Lee, the successor of Wolsey. He died in 1544.

Among the curiosities preserved in the treasury of York Minster, two articles deserve particular attention. One is a very ancient ivory horn, granted in the Saxon times, with certain lands, by Ulphus, a Prince of Deira. It was lost at the period of the reformation, but was restored to the dean and chapter by Henry Lord Fairfax, (into whose father's hands it had accidentally fallen) in 1675. The other is a mazer-bowl or *maple*-bowl, edged round with silver, gilt, and with silver feet, anciently given by Archbishop Scroop, to the coordwainers company of the city.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

The rock of Gibraltar is, as its name imports, an immense mountain of stone, rising abruptly from the sea, at the southern extremity of Spain, and of the European continent. It is separated into two distinct parts, by a lofty ridge, which beginning abruptly at the northern extremity, rises still higher, until it has reached an elevation of 1400 feet, thence declining gradually, and terminating in Europa point, the southern extremity of Europe. The eastern section, which looks upon the Mediterranean, is either perfectly perpendicular, or else so steep and craggy, as to be altogether inaccessible. The western front, though interspersed with dangerous precipices, offers some gradual slopes, which have furnished sites to the town. On this side are the only landing places.

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This spot of ground, which has been the cause of so much bloodshed and contention, is yet only three miles long, and but seven in circumference. It is not quite insulated, being connected with the Andalusian coast, by a narrow sandy neck of land, which rises but a few feet above the level of the sea. To the west there is a deep bay, which forms the harbour of Gibraltar, an unsafe roadstead: the eastern coast is utterly inaccessible. This place, until the invasion of the Saracens, was known by the name of Calpe. Its position in front of the opposite African mountain of Abyla, and at the opening of that vast sea, of unknown waters, which none ever penetrated, or penetrated to return, awakened at an early period, the attention of the ancients, who invented a fable, which has connected its origin with the achievements of a deified hero of Antiquity. As the story goes, Hercules, in honour of a victory he had obtained over the Girons, caused immense stones to be thrown into the mouth of the Strait, until a great mountain arose on either side; and these were the famous "Pillars of Hercules."

Gibraltar was for a long time a strong hold of the Moors: but subsequently returning into the possession of its proper owners, it continued for many centuries to form an appendage of the Spanish crown, and its fortifications were enlarged and strengthened by Charles the Fifth, until it was esteemed impregnable. While the Austrian and Bourbon competitors were struggling, in 1704, for the Spanish crown, the weakened garrison having only 150 men, to work 100 guns, became the prey of a third party. Admiral Rooke, having been sent to Barcelona with troops, had failed to effect the object. Dreading the reflections of a disappointed public at home, he called together a council, in which it was determined to attack Gibraltar. On the 21st of July, the fleet arrived in the bay, and 1800 English and Dutch was landed on the beach. The fortress was summoned to surrender, and, on receiving a refusal, the batteries were opened, and the Spaniards were eventually driven from their guns, and forced to submit. The possession of this fortress, to recover which Spain has sacrificed tens of thousands of men, and millions of money, was purchased by the British, with the trifling loss of sixty killed, and two hundred and twenty wounded. Several unsuccessful attempts were made from time to time, especially in 1726, and 1760, on the part of the Spaniards, to recover their lost possession: but all the efforts made to regain this important fortress, become insignificant, when compared to the siege it sustained during the great war, set in motion by the struggle for American Independence.

This famous siege, lasted nearly four years. The Duke de Crillon commanded the Spaniards and their allies. The defence was conducted by the brave General Elliott, with equal courage and good conduct. The number of rounds of artillery from the allied batteries, was sometimes a thousand a day. The total on both sides, amounted to half a million. The loss of life was of course proportionate. All the known arts of taking towns, were exhausted, and new inventions in the hateful art of destruction, date from the siege of Gibraltar. Among the number were ten floating towers of the Allies, which mounted 200 guns, and where so contrived as to be both ball and bomb proof, and had consequently nothing to fear from any known art of annoyance. But they were not provided against possible inventions. In this emergency, the expedient was tried by the British, of heating shot in furnaces, and discharging them red hot at these moving fortresses, which were able to approach the walls, and place themselves in the most assailable positions. The expedient succeeded; the shot penetrated and fired the wood, and at midnight, those floating castles, which, in the morning, had been the terror of the besieged, furnished huge funeral piles for the destruction of the besiegers. The situation of the brave, but unfortunate Spaniards, shut up in these sea-girt towers, is enough to make the heart bleed. Assailed by balls of fire from the fortress, by flames from within, surrounded by an adverse element, and their escape cut off by the British Flotilla, all that remained to them in their extremity, was a choice of deaths. From that period, to the present, Gibraltar has continued in the possession of the English.

The rock of Gibraltar would be considered a very singular production of nature, if it had not St. Michael's Cave: and if it possessed no other claim to attention, this alone would render it remarkable. This cave, like other similar ones to be seen at the rock, is supposed to be produced by the undermining, and falling away of the loose earth and stones below. In process of time, the dripping of the moisture and its petrifaction cover the vault with stalactities, some of which depend lower and lower, until they reach the corresponding mass of petrifaction (commonly called stalagmite,) which the dripping water has produced immediately below: these uniting, form a perfect column, while the space between two of them, assumes the figure of an arch. The entrance to St. Michael's Cave is very small, and, being overgrown with bushes and brambles, might easy escape the search of a stranger. On entering, however, it at once expands into a vast hall, from which passages branch out to other halls, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. The floor, like the vault above; is very irregular, and the stalactites of the roof above, are much blackened by smoke from the torches of visiters. Upon penetrating a short distance, the cave assumes a beautiful and highly interesting appearance. The little light which streams in at the entrance, is yet sufficient to define with clearness, the outline of caverns, columns, and arches, which intervene: and so closely has nature seemed in this instance to have imitated art, that in earlier times, the whole might have passed for the work and residence of a fairy.

The extreme singularity of the place, has given rise to many superstitious stories, not only among the ancients, but also among the vulgar of our own day. As it has been penetrated by the hardy and enterprising, to a great distance, (on one occasion by an American, who descended by ropes to a depth of 500 feet,) a wild story is current, that the cave communicates, by a submarine passage, with Africa. The sailors who

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have visited the rock, and seen the monkeys, which are found in no other part of Europe, and are only seen here occasionally and at intervals, say that they pass at pleasure, by means of the cave, to their native land: the truth, however, seemed to be, that they usually live among the inaccessible precipices of the eastern side of the rock, where there is a scanty store of monkey-grass for their subsistance: but when an east wind sets in, it drives them from their caves and crannies, and they take refuge among the western rocks, where they may be seen from below, hopping from bust to bush, boxing each other's ears, and cutting the most extraordinary antics. If disturbed, they scamper off with great rapidity, the young ones jumping upon the backs, and putting their arms round the necks of the old. As they are very harmless, strict orders have been issued from the garrison, for their special protection.

While I was at the rock, two drunken soldiers, one day, undertook to violate these orders. The result was a most melancholy one. As they were rambling about the declivity, below the signal-tower, they happened to come upon the traces of a party of monkeys, and at once gave chase. The monkeys, cut off from their upward retreat, ran downwards; the soldiers followed, and the monkeys ran the faster. In this way they approached the perpendicular precipice which rises from the Alameda; one of the soldiers was able to check his course, and just saved himself; the formost and most impetuous, unable to stop himself, passed over the fearful steep, and fell a mangled and lifeless corpse upon the terrace below. The next morning, the slow and measured tread of many feet beneath my window, the mournful sound of the muffled drums, and the shrill and piercing plaint of the fife, told me that they were bearing the dead soldier to his tomb.

THE REWARD OF JUSTICE.

Quisera, king of Persia, was one of the most just and virtuous monarchs that ever governed a nation; and that over-ruling Providence, which constantly defends such characters from the arts and designs of their enemies, signally rewarded, on one occasion, the sacrifice of his own wishes to his high sense of personal injustice.

Quisera was desirous of erecting a magnificent palace in one of the most pleasant parts of his dominions; and as the spot which he had selected was occupied by a number of small cottages, he offered a considerable sum of money for permission to remove them. His proposals were gratefully accepted by all the inhabitants, except one old woman, who refused to listen to any conditions whatever. "This hut," said she, "was my cradle, and it shall be my tomb."—When the king was informed of her obstinacy, instead of giving way to passion, he very coolly said, "The cottage is certainly her's, and I cannot deprive her of it by force, without being guilty of injustice. However, I will build my palace, and her hut shall remain where it is." The architect represented to him that this mean dwelling would stand completely in the court-yard. "So much the better," replied Quisera, "the good woman will be in no want of light." His courtiers incessantly repeated, that his majesty was too considerate; that there was not any respect due to a foolish old peasant, who had the audacity to oppose her sovereign's will.—But he answered, that it was the duty of every sovereign to be just. "It may be said," observed he, "that this poor creature is foolish; but it shall never be said that Quisera was unjust.

The palace was finished in the first style of magnificence, and ornamented in such a costly manner that it was reckoned one of the wonders of the East. No traveller ever visited Persia without procuring a sight of it; no ambassador ever arrived from a foreign court, who was not struck with admiration at its amazing beauty. One of these, who was celebrated for his taste and judgment, could not refrain, one day, from addressing the king to the following purport: "Your palace, sire, certainly corresponds with the greatness and sublimity of your mind; but I am astonished to see that a mean hut should be suffered to stand in the midst of such unrivalled magnificence." The king then informed him of the reason of its remaining in that situation; but the ambassador replied, that the old woman not only deserved to lose her habitation, but her life, for daring to oppose her sovereign's pleasure. "Pardon me," said Quisera, "if I differ from you in opinion, and if I persist in thinking that, in the present instance, you have lost sight of that wisdom for which you are justly famed. This little cottage is, in my estimation, the most precious ornament of my palace, since it proves that I am just, though possessing absolute power; while on the contrary, the magnificence of this structure, and all its expensive decorations, are only the display of riches, which blind Fortune either gives or withdraws at her caprice. I remember that, when yet a child, as I was going one day to my sports, I saw a mischievous boy throw a stone at a dog, which was quietly lying asleep on the ground, and break his leg; then, as if delighted at the exploit he had achieved, he went away jumping with joy. It so happened, that, at the very instant, a gentleman on horseback passed by. The giddy youth, who was running along, came so near the horse's hoof, that he gave him a kick, which fractured his leg. The lad fell down crying most piteously. The traveller, instead of going to his assitance, pursued his way; but, immediately after, the horse, putting his foot into a deep hole, fell on his chest, and broke his knees; and the rider, who was thrown on the earth, dislocated his shoulder. This circumstance," added the king, "has been a lesson to me, by which I have endeavored to regulate my conduct through life; for, as it appears perfectly just that evil should befall those who intend evil to others, I carefully abstain from doing wrong. Besides, Nature has implanted this universal law in the human heart—'Do not unto others that which you would not have them to do unto you.'"

The ambassador, by his respectful silence, showed that his reason was convinced by the arguments of this truly just monarch; and, on returning to his master's court, he applauded his justice even more than his magnificence.

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This rigid adherence to strict equity, however, though it insured the happiness of Quisera's subjects, and was the object of their respect and admiration, was considered in a very different light by his ministers. As it obliged them to give an exact account of all their proceedings, they regarded it as an intolerable oppression; and thought themselves much aggrieved, because they were denyed the privilege of promoting a relation, or protecting a rich man, who offered a large sum of money for their patronage.

It happened that Jeroluf, the prime minister's brother, having committed a capital crime, was imprisoned until the execution of his sentence. There remained not the smallest hope of his being pardoned; for the king insisted that the award pronounced by the laws should be irrevocable. The minister, who was much attached to his brother, went and threw himself at his sovereign's feet, to implore his mercy. But Quisera made him this reply: "I would readily pardon him, had I condemned him; but he is condemned by the *laws*, which were made for the public good. I am only their guardian, and it is my duty to see them executed." The minister used every argument he could devise to induce the king to grant his petition, but in vain: that just monarch was inflexible, and refused to listen to his prayer. He, therefore, quitted his sovereign's presence with his heart full of rancor, resolving to form a conspiracy, and assassinate his master. For some minutes, he walked to and fro, considering how he should be able to effect his dreadful purpose. At length, he recollected a man, whose name was Daramuc, who, from a low situation, had been raised by his means to a high military station, but who was still discontented, because he could not pursue his vicious inclinations with impunity. Towards this man he directed his thoughts, and determined to make him the instrument of his vengeance. He accordingly went to him, and engaged him to meet him privately, the same evening, in the palace court, behind the old woman's cot, where, he said, he wished to speak to him on an affair of the utmost importance.

The minister knew that his brother, at a time when he commanded the armies of Quisera's deceased father, had artfully lost a decisive battle, for which the enemy had rewarded him with a considerable sum; and that he, whom he intended to involve in the conspiracy, had assisted Jeroluf in betraying the king's army. Quisera, however; was entirely ignorant of this treachery; and all the heads of accusation against Jeroluf were of recent date. But the artful minister availed himself of his knowledge of the fact, to try whether Daramuc, in endeavoring to save his own life, might not also preserve his brother's.

In the evening, Daramuc did not fail to repair to the court of the palace, where the minister, thinking himself unheard by every human ear, spoke as follows: "My friend, our masters's rigorous justice is much too dangerous for ourselves and our friends. I only wish you to recall to mind the last war in which we were engaged."—"You then," said Daramuc, "obtained for me one of the first military posts under your brother, who was appointed commander of the whole force."—"I did not mention this," rejoined the minister, "to remind you of an obligation, but merely to bring forward a circumstance that will be no less fatal to you than to my imprisoned brother, unless we have the courage to avert the blow. Know, then, that Quisera has decreed your death, and that, to-morrow, you will be confined. The monarch against whom our late king took up arms, has sent my brother's letters to Quisera, by which the whole treason is exposed, and the names of all who were concerned with him: yours, of course, is among the number." Daramuc, who knew the account of this treachery to be true, exclaimed —"Well, then, I will plunge my dagger in his heart before he can pronounce my sentence.—He has long been hateful to me!" The minister, finding his design likely to be accomplished, replied—"I will be of your party; for I am determined to save Jeroluf, or perish in the attempt."

The old woman, who had overheard the whole conversation, now crept out very softly from her little hut, and, going up to the officers who guarded the royal apartment, demanded an audience, saying, she had discovered a conspiracy, and must speak to the king in person. When led into his presence, she thus addressed him: "Most great and just monarch! send your guards instantly to secure two villains, who are behind my cottage—lose no time—and whilst they are gone, I will relate all I have overheard." The guards were immediately dispatched; the king was informed of the whole conspiracy; and ten other conspirators were arrested, and separately examined by the judges, who sentenced them all to the ignominious death they so justly merited.

Quisera, seeing that to a single act of justice, which had been blamed by every one, he owed the preservation of his life, felt, with the greater force, the justice of the Almighty, and became the more confirmed in his resolution of being just himself.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

The following well-told story, by the poet Rogers, will be read with interest even by those who have seen it before. We should deem it susceptible of a fine effect from the stage.

"There lived, in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lampertini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who, in a revolution of the state, had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day, like a statue, at the gate of the cathedral—her rosary in her left hand and her right held out for charity—her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura.

"But fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Appennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing, when in my youth I

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passed that way; though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door—a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin—a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

"Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day, in September, that three foot travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trells, were supplied with a flagon of Alcatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues were many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those free bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery; and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

"'At length they rose to go; and the Venetian thus addressed their hostess:—'Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?'

"'You may, she replied gaily. 'But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?'

"'In your word, lady.'

"'But what if I died to-night? where would it be then?' said she, laughingly. 'The money would go to the church; for none could claim it.'

"'Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment.'

"'If you will write it.'

"An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the villiage physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one, nor to two but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

"They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, 'Give me leave to set my seal on the bag as the others have done; and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"'Wretched woman that I am!' she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck; 'what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!' And all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due, and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make—how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

"'Go, Gianetta,' said she to her daughter, 'take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer.'

"Alas! she went, but in vain. Those were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow!

"Now, Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law—a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently, under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas; who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the arch-doctor, the rabbi of doctors, the light of the world. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter, Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution, in this instance at least, unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

"To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?

"'Were I as mighty as I am weak,' said he, 'my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you.'

"The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a

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pause and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises, and thus addressed them:

"'Reverend signors—Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? *Not to one—not to two—but to the three.* Let the *three* stand forth and claim it.'

"From that day, (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him."

The following lines, full of the life and soul of poetry, appeared originally in the Cincinnati Journal.—The New York Evangelist states that they are the production of a poor young man, who, with a companion, not long since, set out from the Oneida Institute of New York, to join Dr. Beecher's Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. Being short of money they hired themselves to work on a craft from the head of the Alleghany river to their place of destination, on arriving at which they found themselves richer, by twenty dollars each, then when they started from home. The author is, however, rich in talent and genius.

DELUGE.

Thrice fifty years the teacher toil'd;
Around his head Time twined a wreath of snowy whiteness,
And the deep hollows in his cheek—where Age
Had laid its fingers, told of labors for the good of men;
The Earth was not yet old: but in deeds of darkness
It had grown to quick maturity. The groves of Eden
Saw the Sun of Righteousness descend and set
Among its lonely and forsaken bowers.
The holy patriarchs were in their graves of peace:
The message came, and sainted Enoch too,
Was gone to take his seat among the blest'd on high.
All, all were gone! Their dying words forgotten;
Their memories swathed in winding sheets,
And laid away to moulder and to rot.
No bleeding goat lay on the altar now;
No guilty one would come and pray to be forgiven:
No tear of gushing penitence now glisten'd in the eye;
But Crime would come and dance with death,
And Guilt would take its fellow's hand
And sit and feast at sin's carnival. The maiden
Threw away her native loveliness, and stood
Array'd in paint and daub of harlotry;
The mother's hand had torn the mother's heart away,
And left it in the house of nameless crime!
O! deeds of guilt were practised then
That crime itself would blush to look upon.

All the patriarchs were dead. Yet there was one
Who toil'd and pray'd, and wept and groan'd,
To bring the wanderers back. Alas! 't was vain;
His tears fell on the ground unheeded;
His age was mock'd: and oft precocious guilt
Seem'd loth to let him pass in safety by.
Ourath! a fearful time had come in thy dark history;
Upon thy giant brow it yet recorded stands;
Thy mountains, hills, and e'en the ocean's voice,
Shall tell the tale of woe—
Till thy great maker's hand shall blot them out.

The sun went down upon the isles that deck
The sea: and, as it sunk away the preacher stood
Upon thy mountain's top, and told again his tale of mercy
He said the time had come when pardon ne'er would plead
Again with plaintive voice. He heard the angel
Of destruction coming in his car of death;
He told them mercy's voice would cease to plead,
That pity's fount of tears was dry.
But no one listen'd—no one heard—
And no one answered—save now and then a cry of scorn.
Or frenzied shout came rolling on the evening air.
The man of God now turned his footsteps to his home
Of peace. He trod the road that lay to where
The ark was built, and entered in. His hand
Now closed the door, and all was still
As where the grave worm riots on the wreck of beauty.

At midnight in the seats of sin,
A strange unearthly cry of terror came.
The voice of mirth was hush'd—the dancers
In the hall stood still—the bridegroom's song
Of gladness ceas'd, with all its beauteous minstrelsy;
The moon had hid her face as if she wept,
And each lone star that treads its pathway
In the skies, now veil'd its face, as if afraid
To look. Again the sound came on the palsied ear—
Ask ye what it meant? It was the voice
Of vengeance coming in its iron chariot
To tread the winepress of the world.
A night like this the world had never seen—
The winds that make their beds among
The pillar'd clouds of heaven—now waked
Their giant energies, and came as laborers
In th' harvest field of ruin—and thunder
Rais'd his maddening voice amid the storm;
And lightning lit his baleful fires, to show the way
Of death—and earthquake, that had slumber'd
In his gloomy cave, awoke and did his work.
O earth! thy watery grave is made and God
Has wove thy winding-sheet of waters:
The stars have put their weeds of mourning on,
And come to lay thee in thy sepulchre!

The morning dawn'd at last—
The sun arose to meet his bride;—He look'd
Not with a smile of holy gladness that used
To dawn upon his golden forehead;
No! his brow was dark and stormy,
And the light came darting on the air,
As flash the flames of hell upon the midnight
Of the pit!

Alone!
Upon the flood the ark in safety rode,
An angel's hand was on the helm—
The inmates of its chambers sung and pray'd;
For GOD had come; and in their hearts
Had kindled up a little heaven.

DEATH.—The whole plot of the world being contrived by infinite wisdom and goodness, we cannot but surmise that the most sad representations are a show, but the delight real to such as are not wicked and impious; and that what the ignorant call "*evil*" in this universe is but as shadowy strokes in a fair picture, or the mournful notes in music, by which the beauty of the one is more lively and express, and the melody of the other more pleasing and melting.—MOORE.

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O SAW YE MY MARY.

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Second Verse.

Would you picture our meeting, our mutual fond greeting,
When we whisper our vows 'neath the moon's silver beam;
The world's richest treasure, compar'd to such pleasure,
Is but an illusion, a phantom, a gleam!
Her fair form caressing, her balmy lips pressing,
I yield me a captive in Love's silken chain;
I've a kind heaven o'er me, and rapture before me,
For Mary has promis'd that she'll be my ain.

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

HEAVY TIMBERED LANDS.—"Is the land heavy timbered?" inquired a person of a Vermonter, who was offering a tract of land for sale. "I vum," replied the vender, "it is a most mighty piece of land, and so heavily timbered that a humming bird cannot fly through it? As I was passing upon the road along side of it t'other evening, I heard a loud cracking and crashing among the trees, I looked to see what it was, and I'm d——d if it were not the moon trying to get up through the branches, but it was so tarnation thick she could not do it; so down she went again; and I had to come home in the dark."

ADVANTAGE OF CONFINEMENT.—An Italian conversing with some friends on the subject of the great injury Rome had recently sustained from an inundation of the Tiber, declared that they ought all to pray for the river to be seriously indisposed in the future. Being asked for his reason, he replied, "because he does nothing but mischief when not *confined to his bed*."

Voltaire defined a Physician as an unfortunate gentleman who is every day requested to perform a miracle to reconcile health with intemperance or surfeiting, but as will be seen by the anecdote subjoined, the disciples of Æsculapius have other duties occasionally:—

Dr. M. being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutariums, &c. up Broadway, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling neither," replied the quack; "for, to tell the truth, I have, by a mistake, taken some of my own pills."

COMPOUNDING WITH CONSCIENCE.—An Arab, having lost his camel, swore that if it was ever found, he would sell it for a single dirhem. The camel was found, but the owner was very unwilling to fulfil his rash oath. At length he adopted the following expediant; taking his cat he entered the market proclaiming, "Who will buy a camel for a dirhem, and a cat for a hundred dirhems? but take notice, that one animal will not be sold without the other.

A Connecticut Jonathan, in taking a walk with his *dearest*, came to a toll bridge, when he, as honestly as he was wont to be, said, after paying his toll, (which was one cent,) "Come, Suke, you must pay your own toll, for jist as like as not I shant have you arter all."

SOVEREIGNTY.—A recent European traveller speaks of the little principality of Monaco, in Sardinia, as not being larger than a Kentucky farm. This reminds us of an anecdote told of George Selwin, an English ambassador to one of the minor German courts. Having given offence to the Prince, he was ordered to quit his territories in twenty-four hours. "Tell your master," was his reply to the messenger, "I shall look back to his dominions in half an hour."

"JACK AT ALL TRADES."—A man, in a Maryland paper, advertises and returns his sincere thanks to the public for the liberal encouragement he has received in the *wheelwright and butchering business*. He likewise takes the liberty to inform them, that he has provided himself with a *hearse* and materials for making *coffins*, and that he will be at all times ready to attend to any calls in the *shoemaking* and *blacksmithing* business, and that he is willing to *fill up his time in fiddling at pig shoes*.

LAZARETTOS.—A few centuries ago when leprosy was one of the prevailing diseases, there were more than 20,000 lazarettos in Europe alone. The following were the interdictions pronounced by the Priest, from the ritual, on any one becoming an inmate of one of these receptacles of misery:—

"I forbid thee to go abroad without thy leper's dress.

"I forbid thee to go abroad with naked feet.

"I forbid thee to pass through any narrow street.

"I forbid thee to speak to any one except against the wind.

"I forbid thee to enter any church, any mill, any fair, any market, any assembly of men whatever.

"I forbid thee to drink or wash thy hands, either in a well or a river.

"I forbid thee to handle any merchandise before thou hast bought it.

"I forbid thee to touch children, or to give them any thing."

The Priest then gave them his foot to kiss, in token of obedience.

Pat outwitted by Patrick.—Yesterday two specimens "of the finest *pissantry* upon earth," one named Pat Daly, and the other Patrick Fagan, appeared at the Mayor's Court, Pat in the witness box, and Patrick in the dock, the latter charged by the former with having robbed him of eight sovereigns. From the evidence of Pat, it appeared that he and Patrick were "sworn friends" before the matter happened, and having come on Tuesday last, to Liverpool together, they were anxious to bed and board in the same house, and accordingly, on that day they went on the discovery of suitable lodgings. In the course of their peregrination, Patrick said to Pat, "sure, man, ye'd better be after hiding the eight sovereigns, as we don't know the company we may get into." "Faith, you're a broth of a boy for thinking of the main thing," replied Pat, "but I've no needle to sew them up in the back of my waistcoat." "But I have," rejoined the other, and kindly undertook the task, which, the complainant said, he *tolerated* him to do, and was much obliged for the favor. After performing the kind office for his friend, Patrick was suddenly missing, having wheeled round a corner. Pat was at first afraid that his countryman would be lost in the wilds of Liverpool, and, in consequence, was in a great perturbation for his fate, until at length, he fancied that the sovereigns in the back of his waistcoat felt light, and he was induced to overhaul the stitches, when, to his consternation, he discovered that his faithless friend had "rung the changes," and deposited eight shillings, instead of eight sovereigns in the waistcoat; he accordingly ran to the police and informed them of the treachery, and Patrick was apprehended on Saturday, and accommodated with lodgings in Bridewell. The case was proved, and Patrick committed.

SMUGGLING.—A countryman was stopped by a revenue officer, who took from him two casks of spirits, and carrying the same to the next town (a distance of fifteen miles) was desired by the countryman to stop and leave it at the first public house; the officer replied, "No, I have seized it, and it must go to the excise office." "Not so, master," said the countryman; "I have a little bit of paper here, which, if you'll take the trouble of reading, will convince you I am right." The officer, reading his bit of paper, exclaimed, "Why, you rascal, this is a permit; why did you not show it me sooner?" "Because," said he, "if I had, you would not have carried the liquor so far for me."

A little man observed, that he had two negative qualifications—which were, that he never lay *long* in bed, or wanted a *great* coat.

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A Kentuckian's account of a Panther Fight.

By James H. Hackett.

I never was down-hearted but once in my life, and that was on seeing the death of a faithful friend, who lost his life in trying to save mine. The fact is, I was one day making tracks homeward, after a long tramp through one of our forests—my rifle carelessly resting on my shoulder—when my favorite dog, Sport, who was trotting quietly ahead of me, suddenly stopped stock still, gazed into a big oak tree, bristled up his back, and fetched a loud growl. I looked up and saw, upon a quivering limb, a half-grown panther, crouched down close, and in the very act of springing upon him. With a motion quicker than chain-lighting I levelled my rifle, blazed away, and shot him clean through and through the heart. The varmint, with teeth all set and claws spread, pitched sprawling headforemost to the ground, as dead as *Julyus* Cesar! That was all fair enough; but mark! afore I had hardly dropped my rifle, I found myself thrown down flat on my profile by the old she panther, who that minute sprung from an opposite tree and lit upon my shoulders, heavier than all creation; I feel the print of her devilish teeth and nails there now! My dog grew mighty loving—*he* jumped a-top and seized *her* by the neck; so we all rolled and clawed, and a pretty considerable tight scratch we had of it. I began to think my right arm was about *chawed up*; when the varmint, finding the dog's teeth *rayther* hurt her feelings, let *me* go altogether, and clenched *him*. Seeing at once that the dog was undermost, and there was no two ways about a chance of a choke-off or let-up about *her*, I just out jack-knife, and with one slash, *prehaps* I didn't cut the panther's throat deep enough for her to breathe the rest of her life without nostrils! I did feel *mighty savagerous*, and big as she was, I laid hold of her hide by the back with an alligator grip, and slung her against the nearest tree hard enough to make every bone in her flash fire. "There," says I, "you infernal varmint, root and branch, you are what I call *used up!*"

But I turned around to look for my dog, and—and tears gushed smack into my eyes, as I see the poor affectionate cretur—all of a gore of blood—half raised on his fore legs, and trying to drag his mangled body towards me; down he dropped—I run up to him, whistled aloud, and gave him a friendly shake of the paws—(for I loved my dog!)—but he was too far gone; he just had strength enough to wag his tail feebly—fixed his closing eyes upon me wishfully—then gave a gasp or two, and—*all was over!*

Origin of the Discovery of Peru.—Balboa, the famous Spanish adventurer, in one of his expeditions, met with a young cazique, who expressed his astonishment at the high value which was set upon the gold, which the Spaniards were weighing and distributing. "Why do you quarrel," said he, "about such a trifle? If you are so passionately fond of gold as to abandon your own country, and to disturb the tranquillity of distant nations, for its sake, I will conduct you to a region where the metal, which seems to be the chief object of your admiration and desire, is so common, that the meanest utensils are formed of it." Transported with the intelligence, Balboa eagerly inquired where this happy country lay, and how they might arrive at it.—The cazique informed them, that at the distance of six suns, or six days' journey to the south, they would discover another ocean, near which this wealthy kingdom was situated; but if they intended to attack it, they must assemble forces far superior in number and strength to those which now attended them. This was the first information which the Spaniards received concerning the great southern continent, known afterwards by the name of Peru.

The Scotch Doctor and the Jackalls.

Doctor S—— was on board a Company's ship lying at or near Diamond Harbour; and being short of amusement, and feeling the bump of *destructiveness* more strongly developed than usual on the surface of his pericranium, he took up his gun, and went on shore to lay wait for the Jackalls. In his walk along the beach he encountered the carcase of a dead buffalo—and, thinking himself sure of sport, lay down behind some bushes, and waited till the moon rose. Jackalls poured down from the woods by dozens, and began to pick the buffalo's bones. The Doctor cocked his percussion—and thought to himself, "The de'il my coveys!—boot I ha' thee noo!—here goes for wha's the best mon, a Scot or a Jackall!" No sooner said than done,—the Doctor blazed away right and left, and through the cloud of his own smoke, dashed down the beach to bag his game! Alas! not a Jackall's brush was singed!—and, to the Doctor's consternation, instead of running away, the animals stood looking at him with much coolness; and though frightened by the report at first, they now began to collect round him, in great numbers, as if unwilling to be cheused of their booty. Dr. S—— thought they might relish a bonny Scotsman more than a carrion buffalo, and fumbled for his ammunition. But, unlike a wise general, he had left his powder-flask under the bushes; and the gaunt bony forms of the Jackalls were now stealing down towards him from that quarter. "The de'il!—the de'il!—but my retreat is cut off!" wailed the Doctor; "and the varmints look as if they would na mind a bit o' Christian flesh!"

Strange and almost unparalleled as the incident may appear—and I had it from the Doctor himself—the hungry Jackalls, when a cloud passed over the moon, began to compass him around, and yelping and grinning with their long fangs, forced the Doctor to back as they advanced.

Dr. S—— brandished his firelock and shouted, "Hoot awa'! Hoot awa'!" with all his vigour; but the cunning animals seemed aware of his being out of powder, and as the buffalo lay at the edge of the water, they fairly drove him into the river up to his chin, shrieking; "Hoot awa'!—hoot! awa'—the de'il damn your mither's sons!"—and being unwilling to lose his powder-horn, and yet afraid to attack such a host of "hoongry beasts," he waited shivering in the limpid element for many hours, till the gray of morning induced his conquerors to retire.

Nothing annoys the Doctor so much as the question: "Which is the best mon, Doctor, a Scot or a Jackall?" I believe it was S——'s first and last sporting excursion.

He left off shoting on the wise principle of a celebrated tiger-shot, who having killed nine, and narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by the tenth, relinquished the sport for ever: and, when jeered for his timidity, he coldly replied, "Tiger-hunting is a delightful recreation while you hunt the *tiger*, but not quite so agreeable when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt *you*."—*London Sport. Mag.*

Resignation.—Mr ——, a covetous man, lost his only son an event which overwhelmed him with sorrow. The minister came to comfort him, and in the course of conversation remarked, that such chastisements of Providence were *mercies* in *disguise*—that, although in the death of his son, he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had already suggested to him some sources of consolation. "Yes," exclaimed the weeping father, "James was a *monstrous oster*."

A schoolmaster being asked what "fortification" meant, replied that two twenty-fications made one fortification!

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THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

AS SUNG BY MR. POWER.

The Groves of Blarney, they are so charming,
Down by the purling of sweet silent brooks—
'Tis there's the Daisy spontaneous growing,
Planted by nature all in the rocky nooks,
'Tis there's the poesy call'd the sweet Carnation—
The blushing Pink, and the Rose so fair,
Likewise the Lily and the Daffy-dilly,
All sweet flowers scenting the most fragrant air.
Och hone! Och hone! &c.

'Tis Lady Jeffery that owns this station,
Like Alexander or like Helen fair,
There's never a commander in all the nation,
For emulation can with her compare;
There's castles round her where no nine pounder,
Would dare for to enter into her place of strength,
Until Oliver Cromwell, (bad luck to that old thief,) he did her so pummel,
That he made a great breach right through into her battlements.

There's gravel-walks there for meditation,
And contemplation, all in sweet solitude—
'Tis there's the lovyer may meet the Plovyer,
Or the gentle Dove, by way of interlude:
And in case any young lady be so engaging,
Just to fetch a walk those shady bowers around,
Oh! 'tis there's her courtier might transport her,
Into some dark cavern all down in under ground.

'Tis there's the cave where no day-light enters—
Where Cats and Badgers are forever bred,
Almost by nature, which makes it complature,
Nor a coach and six nor a downy bed.
'Tis there's the lake well stored with fishes,
The comely Eels in the vardant mud that stray,
There's them Trout and them Salmon, playing together at black-gammon.
But if you try to catch hold of them dont they sill immajuntly swim away.

'Tis there's the Kitchen with many a flitch in,
And the maids a stitchin before the door:
There's bread and biscay, likewise the whiskey,
Which would make you friskey, if yourself was there,
'Tis there's good Katy Whaley's daughter Nelly,
A washing praters forment the door,
And Roger Daly and Miss Biddy Kelly,
All blood relations of that entirely great, noble, and renowned family my Lord Donnogmore.

There's statury gracing that noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair,
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and sweet Nicodemus,
All alive and naked out in the cold frosty air—
And now to finish this brief narration,
Which my poor genus could ne'er divine,
Oh was I a Homer, or even Nebuchadnezzar,
In every feature I'd make it for to shine.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

LOVE'S ALAS!

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Th' unluckiest lover sure am I
That ever penned a sonnet,
Or eulogized a lady's eye,
Or tied a lady's bonnet.

And what is worse, my case is one
That hath no parallel
In Cupid's calender. There's none
E'er loved so ill—so well!

Perhaps you'll think Louise is crusty—
Or else too young—or I
A bachelor, grown old and fusty,
Less fit to wed than die.

Or perhaps, you'll think my goodness silly
Some one else caresses;
Or that papa has treated drily
Me and my addresses.

Yet no: I am but twenty-one;
The nymph not quite so aged;
Moreover, I'm an only son,
And she quite disengaged.

And for papa and ma, I'm sure
They'll never rant and rave,
Because I know they're both secure,
And quiet in the grave.

Neither is't absence mars my lot;
Nor illness, which is worse;
Nor yet that Wedlock's antidote,
Yclept an empty purse.

Then what, you'll ask,—what can it be,
I' the name of love and wonder,
That keeps my sweet Louise and me
So wrongfully asunder?

This—this the cause of all my woes—
Woes that no tears can quench!
She not a word of English knows,
And I not one of French.

THE LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

The gay *Daffodil* once, an amorous blade,
Stole out of his *bed* in the dark,
And waking his man *Ragged Robin*, he strayed,
To breathe forth his vows to a *Violet* maid
That dwelt in a neighbouring park.

A spiteful old *Nettle* aunt frown'd on their love,
But *Daffy* who laughed at her power,
A *Shepherd's Purse* slipped in the nurse's *Fox-glove*,
Then up *Jacob's Ladder*, he flew to his dove,
And into the young *Virgin's bower*.

The *Maiden's Blush Rose*, and she seemed all dismay'd,
Attired in her new white *Lady's Smock*;
She called *Mignionette* but the sly little jade
That instant was hearing a sweet serenade
From the lips of a tall *Hollyhock*.

The *Pheasant's Eye*, always a mischievous wight,
For prying out something not good,
Avow'd that he peep'd through the key-hole that night,
Where clearly he saw, by a glow-worm's light,
Their *Two faces under a Hood*.

Old dowager *Peony*, deaf as a door,
Who wish'd to know more of the facts,
Invited Dame *Mustard* and Miss *Hellebore*,
With Miss *Periwinkle*, and many friends more,
One ev'ning to tea and to tracts.

The *Buttercups* rang'd; defamation ran high,
While every tongue joined the debate:
Miss *Sensitive* said, 'twixt a groan and a sigh,
"Tho' she felt much concern'd, yet she thought her dear *Vi*
Had grown rather love-sick of late."

Thus the tale spread about through the busy parterre;
Miss *Columbine* turned up her nose;
And the prude Lady *Lavender* said with a stare,
That her friend, *Mary Gould*, had been heard to declare,
"The creature had toy'd with the *Rose*."

Each *Sage* look'd severe, and each *Cock's comb* look'd gay,
When *Daffy*, to make their minds easy,
Miss *Violet* married, one morning in May,
And as sure as you live, before next Lady-day,
She brought him a *Michaelmas Daisy*.

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ATKINSON'S
CASKET
OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"Then came the jolly summer, being dight,
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light,
And all his head a garland well beseene
He wore, from which, as he had chaffed been,
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
A bow and shaft, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore."

No. 7.] PHILADELPHIA.—JULY. [1834.

THE LUTE.

My twilight lute! my twilight lute!
You hear each silver tone,
Breathing among the tremulous leaves
Of all these woodlands lone,
As plainly as you ever heard
From mortal lips a living word.

And may not love, in burning souls
Of such a clime as this,
Utter with such a voice divine,
Its sorrows and its bliss?
It fills the eye, the brow, the cheek;
Yet cannot, as it need not speak.

Ah no! it is a vestal fire,
In the veiled bosom fed,
Whose hallowed heat must only be
O'er its own worship shed:
Within, within, the spirit kneels,
Hushed with the rapture which it feels.

Ah no! it is enough to see,
In glorious eyes like thine,
O daughter of the vine-crowned land,
The fervid feeling shine:
She smiles—she sighs—I will not seek
For surer pledge—she need not speak.

B. B. T.

Written for the Casket.

THE MONARCH'S WISH.

Oh! that I had wings like a dove! for then would I flee away, and be at rest. Lo then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.—Ps. 55. 6, 7, 8.

The wearied monarch sat apart,
A moment from his troubles free;
Saddened in soul, and sick at heart,
With earthly pomp and vanity:
And while with burdening cares he strove,
And griefs were gathering in his breast,
He sighed for pinions like a dove,
To flee away, and be at rest.

He languished for a calm retreat,
Some far-away and peaceful shore;
Untrodden, but by sinless feet,
Were earth should vex his soul no more:
Hate had usurped the bower of love,
And wild the phrenzy of his breast;
And oh! for pinions like a dove,
To flee away, and be at rest!

'Tis thus with life: its best estate
Is but a feeble ray of joy;
An hour of golden hopes elate,
Which often clouds and storms destroy:
And while the heart reluctant clings,
And sorrows, whelm the laboring breast,
Oh! for the Turtle's gentle wings,
To flee away, and be at rest!

And though the joys of earth invite
To sip their flattering streams of pain,—
Who, that has tasted earth's delight,
Would ever sigh to taste again?
Its purest joys, its fairest things,
But serve to wound the bleeding breast:
Oh! for the Turtle's gentle wings,
To flee away, and be at rest!

But there shall come a glad release
From all the storms that darkly roll;
And mercy's voice shall whisper "*peace*"
Upon the tempest of the soul:
For death the envied treasure brings,
And calms the turmoils of the breast;
And gives the spirit deathless wings,
To flee away and be at rest!

C. W. E.

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Written for the Casket.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVES.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

Holy to human nature seems,
The long forsaken spot;
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot.

MRS. HEMANS.

It was a fearful period in New England's early history. The pilgrim fathers, enduring persecution and wrong, had become jealous of their rights and suspicious of every novelty. The night was dark and boisterous, and the tempests of autumn gathering up their might threatened deeper distress to the unprovisioned colonies, when the family of Gov. Endicott was surprised by the entrance of two strangers, habited each in a long black surplice and hood. There was a startling pause as they entered, during which they stood as criminals awaiting their destiny. The Governor, placing himself in attitude of defence, and assuming an air of one who was wont to command, demanded who they were and what their errand. The stoutest of the two laying aside his cowl and bowing with a courtly air, replied, "fear not, honored sir, we are from the haughty, persecuting government of Charles II. and we come to you as exiles—outlaws, on whose heads a price is set, entreating your protection." The Governor drew up his benignant countenance to a sort of frown, and sternly bade them welcome. The strangers gravely seated themselves while the eldest continued;—

"It were not best to conceal my character sir, at this critical hour in the political affairs of England; I will therefore boldly declare myself, I am William Goffe, one of the judges of King Charles the 1st, and now, that Cromwell is deposed, and Charles the 2nd about to be proclaimed, I with this my wife have sought protection here, yet I ask it not for myself beneath your roof. I would seek a more retired spot, and if you will but shield and shelter the companion of my bosom till the tempest of political fury be spent, you will not be conferring a favor on ungrateful hearts."

Governor Endicott immediately signified his readiness to accoom modate and oblige them; and it was soon agreed that on the succeeding morning Goffe should remove to Cambridge, and the lady, his wife, remain in the family of Gov. Endicott and pass for his own daughter.

Accordingly next morning the exiles "pressed the parting hand," and bade adieu with swelling bosoms, little deeming it was their last farewell. The wife of William Goffe was the daughter of Robert Endicott, Bart. brother to the Governor of the colony of Massachussetts, at whose house she now dwelt, consequently she felt not entirely as a stranger; but so long had she been wont to tread the paved walks of England and accustomed to courtly honors that she was ill prepard to dare the perils and the sufferings of that infant colonly: yet with woman's heroism, and woman's faithfulness, she forsook her titled splendours and accompanied the idol of her heart in exile to this unexplored, savage wilderness.

Not long however had they remained in their new situations, before the act of indemnity was brought from England, and it appeared that Goffe was not excepted with those to whom pardon was offered; consequently the Governor was obliged to summon a court of assistants to consult about securing him, but they did not agree to it, yet finding it unsafe to remain where he was, Goffe immediately left Cambridge, and none knew whither he went, not even the grief stricken spirit of her, the companion of his youth, the sharer of his exile. A few days after his removal a hue and cry was brought by way of Barbadoes and the Governor and assistants issued a warrant as in loyalty they were obliged, to secure him; and to avoid all suspicion of their sincerity they sent two zealous loyalists through the colonies in search of him. But though he effectually eluded discovery, the yearning soul of his beloved wife was not quieted, for she knew not but he was a captive in savage hands, or suffering even greater perils than savage ingenuity could devise. It was in vain her friends endeavoured to cheer her suffering heart, and in vain that they offered her the sympathies and the consolations of friendship. Years passed on, each bearing on its bosom the unebbing tide of her woe and the record of woman's constancy; years passed on, and she passed from youth to middle age, with her spirit still unburthened, and her sorrow unassuaged. The flatteries of those who would gladly have won her to themselves, she heeded not, and the vows and protestations of England's titled sons as they knelt before her on their public errands hither, passed by her as the wind, though there was scarce a shadow of probability that he for whom every sacrifice was made, would ever again return to shield her beneath the arm of his protection. Patiently, meekly, aye, and joyfully could she have borne with him his degradation and his shame, if shame and degradation there could be, in bearing the image of an outlaw and an exile for a deed his conscience and his country had approved; patiently and meekly could she have borne with him his sufferings and privations, but to be separated from him and uncertain of his fate, was more than her woman's heart could bear.

There was at this time an Indian, by the name of Ninnigret, a sachem of the Niantick's, one of the most venomous and subtle among the numerous tribes of the Naragansetts, who had for a time held bitter enmity towar dthe family of long Gov. Endicott, and he having by some secret art become acquainted with the circumstances of the regicide Goffe, and ascertained also the situation and distresses of his faithful wife, resolved on a plan to convey her away and destroy her, hoping thus to afflict the family of the Governor and vent his hatred.

Accordingly he kept hourly watch about the dwelling, and finding her one evening on an excursion alone to a neighbouring grove, he stepped forward and in a friendly tone and manner made known his errand, telling her that her husband was secretly holding himself in the cave of a high rock, which was the fact, near New Haven; and that he had sent him to give her information and conduct her to the place; and added that it must be done without the knowledge of any one, lest public information

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should be obtained of his residence, and be consequently exposed to the long threatened punishment. The heart of Mary Goffe bounded with joy at the communication, and she was ready to accompany the savage through the untrod pathless wilderness even to its most desolate haunts, could she but once more behold the object around which had clustered all her youth's bright hopes, and her heart's most sacred sensibilities. She paused a moment—a slight expression of distrust passed over her countenance; then once more looking in the face of her narrator her confidence was renewed and she moved gaily forward with her savage escort.

Ah what will not the affection of woman dare, and its enthusiasm attempt; in the blindness of her love through every age, what sacrifices has she not made and what perils suffered that she might unhindered bow down to the star of her youth.

The sachem was accompanied by a band of hardy warriors and they had not proceeded far before she was made to understand their unhallowed deception, and by menaces and threats forced to a state of the most distressing and perplexing fearfulness. Hunger, and cold, and sickness, and suffering of every kind, the delicacy of her constitution was made to endure and its feebleness support. But it would be in vain to attempt to pourtray the sorrows and the woes of her long and dreary wanderings. Daily was she expecting and wishing the hour of her trial and her torture, but it came not, while her spirit strove with savage insult. At length after the weary wanderings of nearly two years, during which she had seen no human face but the savages around her, the faggots were gathered, the implements of torture prepared on the top of the highest mountain that overlooks the Connecticut, near Northampton. The river rolled as now in all its majesty along, and its beautiful curve was distinctly visible from the top of that commanding eminence. What though the hand of centuries had not polished the mountain and dignified the plain, yet the forest stood in its native grandeur, laden with foliage, grass and herbage flourished, and flowers in all their beauty bloomed unplucked and the impress of the God of nature dwelt on all around; in view of these the heart of the woe worn captive felt the presence of the Deity and could calmly yield herself to her destroyers.

But while these things were preparing there, other and still more alarming scenes were passing in the village a few miles below them. The Sabbath's holy calm as yet unbroken by the savage whoop had settled on the spirits of that small band of puritans and they had gathered with hallowed yearnings in the house of prayer, rejoicing in that interval of alarm and peril; suddenly their orisons ceased, and the still communion with their God was broken by the yells of savage warriors. Unarmed and defenceless as they were, confusion and consternation prevailed. But in the midst of their alarm when all was terror around, there appeared among them an aged and venerable man, in military armour, and with the air of one of authority he immediately placed himself at their head and led them to the onset. Valiant indeed were his deeds, for by his bravery the enemy were soon dispersed. But instantly he disappeared, leaving the astonished and grateful inhabitants to the conjecture that the arm of an angel had delivered them. As he passed from their gratulations, he discovered, through the bending forest, the fire prepared, and the helpless victim of Ninnigret ready for sacrifice. His spirit was emboldened, and his arm strengthened for the rescue; he hastened to the spot with the firm and elastic step of his better days. The savages noticed his approach, and simultaneously they shrank back from a look so bold and daring. Their leader resolving to accomplish his work of death, instantly raised his tomahawk, and planting it in the head of his captive, fled with his followers far into the forest's fastnesses.

At this moment the valorous stranger came up and knelt to raise that fallen one from the earth. But more than the lassitude of fatigue, and the weakness and tremulousness of age came over him as he traced in the ghastliness of death, and though the marks of grief, and woe, and years, the features of one whose image he had cherished in his heart with an idolatry that had been almost crime in the sight of Heaven—the companion of his youth—the wife of his bosom! Years, painful years had passed since their separation in their exile, and that face and form he had worshipped so devotedly were changed indeed, still the beauty and the grace were there, and they could not be mistaken even in the fixedness of death, and he *wept*, aye, wept as woman weeps, till his armour was dewed as with the rain drops. Alas! the tears of manhood, they gush forth from the agony of an o'erburdened spirit, as the torrent from the swollen fountain bursts through all restraint.

At length he rose from the earth with a calmer spirit, and raising his dead wife in his arms, he bore her far through the forest depths and depositing her at the foot of a lofty mountain, he dug a grave, and after kneeling long and fervently beside it, he laid the clods upon the bosom of his love.

* * * * * *

In an unplained, unrivered, and unromantic town in the interior of Massachusetts there rises abruptly from the surrounding scenery a beautiful mountain, abounding equally in vegetation and story, and still known to its inhabitants by its original Indian name. It overlooks many very pleasant villages; but by far the most beautiful of all it commands, are the rudely constructed dwellings of the inhabitants at its base, with their fertile gardens, rich in culinary importance, stretching toward the sun and bedded with herbage and flowers, while here and there rises in rustic grandeur a stately stock of the sunflower, the most domestic of all Flora's numerous family, and the more ungraceful holly with its innumerable varieties; and still further on "the twinkling maize field," the meadows with their waving grass, and grain, the untilled pasturage dotted with lowing herd and bleating flocks, quietly grazing on the hillocks or ruminating in its valleys. There is also at the foot of this mountain a small pond, glittering in the rays of the noonday's sun, and reflecting its sedgy

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margin, and the drooping tassels of the willows that fringe its banks.

It was near these that a small party of the original Massachusetts colony quietly located themselves, after their sun of battle had gone down; but as they began to fell, and build, and frame, and cultivate what then was but a forest, they discovered a slight mound of earth marked at each end by two bits of unhewn stone, and on them rudely carved the letters M. G. 1679. On one side of it there stood rooted a plant of the sweetbriar, shedding its fragrance round the desolate spot, and on the other a giant oak which seemed like one of the fathers of the soil; many of its boughs were leafless and dead. But these, as well as its trunk, were covered with leaves of the ivy which had sprung up at its root, and pierced the body with its tendrils until the bark had grown over it in some places, and it seemed a part of the oak itself. It was the only tree of the kind that could be found in that vicinity, and the ivy is by no means an indigenous plant, therefore, there was every reason to believe that these had been transplanted by some careful hand to mark that spot, "holy to human nature." It was also surrounded by a small spot of cultivated land, and near it an old log hut in a dilapidated state, its timber overgrown with moss, and here and there among the ruins a rusty kitchen utensil, or implement of husbandry. All these were carefully examined, and the place left to its desolation. Indeed the inhabitants avoided the place as a haunted spot and feared to tread the soil. Many and various were the conjectures respecting it. Some declared that it was the grave of Paugus; others, that it was that of one of the Salem witches, who having fled from the scene of confusion they had created, had perished there; while one old lady, the oracle of the town, collecting more of truth than others might have believed, deposed, that it was the grave of one of the judges of King Charles the 1st, and from this it was commonly received, that it was the grave of a murderer; and hence, at that superstitious age, the stoutest and most fearless of all that hardy band of labourers that emigrated thither, dared not turn the sward around it. But there was one who *knew* its history, and treasuring it in his heart, daily watched that sacrilege did not polute it, while tradition with her Babel tongues was babbling.

At sunrise on a morning in spring, an aged man, of giant stature was discovered by the inhabitants of the nearest dwelling in an attitude of prayer beside that lonely grave. His beard was long, and his locks thin and hoary and unprotected by any covering, fiercely wrestled with the winds that swept around the mountain, and his stout and sinewy frame seemed as unyielding as the tall forest around him. His loins were slightly girded with the skin of the wolf and his feet bound in that of the timid fawn. Horror and amazement siezed the affrighted family, and they at first believed it some supernatural visitor to the tomb of an injured relative. Shortly they become more rational, and come to the conclusion, that it was a lunatic, or wild man of the wood who had his dwelling in some recess of the mountain, and they resolved to watch him through that day, and communicate his movements to the neighbouring peasantry, and should he make his appearance on the succeeding, they would give him chase as they would the beasts of the forest. Ere long, however, the aged stranger rose from his orisons and gazing steadfastly a few moments on the grave before him, he turned away, and began to collect from the ruins around, the bits of broken wood and small timber; with these in the course of the day he erected a sort of booth, covering it with the boughs of the oak that stood in lonely pride on that desolate spot. Thus he had formed a shelter from the rain and sun, and a covering for the night; observing this as a token of pacific disposition, the inhabitants began to look upon him less fearfully or more leniently, and to consider him as a being of friendly order, and whose claim to the soil was prior to their own, and they concluded to let him remain peacefully and enjoy as he would his own mysterious character and hermit seclusion.

For many months he made his fearless abode in the then dreary place, keeping himself aloof from the society of man, and apparently holding intercourse alone with Heaven and the mysteries of his creation. Daily was he to be seen beside that lonely grave in the attitude of prayer. At length one morning at the accustomed hour he was missed at the spot where he was wont to kneel in adoration, and nothing was observed of him through the day. Another followed, and another, and he was absent still, and conjecture was earnest to account for his disappearance. Finally it was determined to rally the bravest among them and proceed to the hut. Accordingly, after he had been missing three or four days, several of the sternest and the stoutest among them formed a band and entered the hut. Braver hearts than the fathers of that age possessed were never on Columbia's soil, yet even these quailed and shuddered, as they found themselves in presence of a feared and dreadful thing—the mere vestige of humanity in the very throes of death. Alas there is ever a fearfulness attached to mystery and death. It has made the bold heart shiver and the sturdy shrink. What wonder then, they should stand aghast when these that make earth a fearful spot, brake upon their vision in the fullness of their terror. The object of their search was stretched upon the ground before a small faggot blaize and loosely wrapped in a blanket. Nothing like food appeared within his reach, and his haggard looks betokened he had not obeyed nature's call for many a day. A few papers were laying about the hut, a pen and ink stood in one corner of it and his hand firmly clenched a folded piece of parchment. To the sound of human voices he roused for a few minutes, seemed to parly with death and raising his eyes to those who surrounded him, in a feeble and tremulous voice he interrogated, "Are ye come to bury me now? The destroyer has not finished his work." To this one of the boldest among them replied, "nay, we are not come on any purpose of harm or errand of mercy and if necessary would be ministers of mercy; nor would we molest the stranger who is at peace in his own dwelling. But our business here was to learn the fate, and if possible, ascertain something of the character of one who has seemed a wanderer in this valley,

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shunning the haunts of men and familiar only with the forest caves." "My history," the aged man replied, "has no connexion with any thing here, nor can never be fully known, nor has it ever been wept or mourned by any, except the occupant of that grave ye may see not far distant; many incidents of my life may stand recorded on England's history, and others perhaps connected with the annals of America, but the heart's true history can never be told. The events of our lives become important to ourselves, only as they influence and affect the heart. And dropping the parchment he had held, he added, that, I had hoped, would preserve my name from oblivion and asked no more—'tis useless now, my hour has come, and I beseech ye men, bury me in solitude and silence beneath that aged oak, and beside that grave where I have so often knelt, the grave of my wife, and let my name only be there inscribed, for I am William Goffe, England's long lost, long exiled son. There was a choaking for utterance and a struggling for breath and then a moment and the heart of the regicide was at rest forever!

* * * * A long unbroken pause succeeded, and that firm band gravely and solemnly obeyed the injunction of the dead, and to this day the spot is marked and passed with hallowed breath, and childhood points it out, as the place of the *Unknown Graves*.

Bombardment and Defence of Stonington,
During the late War with Great Britain.

No part of the sea-coast of Connecticut is more exposed to an annoyance from an enemy than the village of Stonington. It is compactly built on a point of land extending into the sea, with a harbour easy of access and wholly unfortified. During the late war, whilst the national vessels were blockaded in the harbour of New-London by the British fleet, the inhabitants of Stonington were under continual apprehension of a visit from the enemy. The blockading ships were in fair view of the village, and their boats almost daily reconnoitred along the coast, apparently with other objects than the interruption of commerce. We implored the general government for protection, but it was not found convenient to grant it. The governor of the state, however, sent us a small guard of militia to aid the inhabitants in keeping a nightly watch, and sound the alarm in case the enemy should approach. Despairing of further aid, the citizens who were disposed to do their duty to their country and to themselves, resolved to take their defence into their own hands. By voluntary labour, three temporary breastworks were thrown up in different positions. At the upper work a staff-flag was planted, and a small platform prepared, on which was placed two fine eighteen-pounders which had been obtained from the national government previous to the war. Scarcely were these hasty preparations made, when on Tuesday, the ninth of August, 1814, the hostile fleet was perceived to be in motion, passing through Fisher's Island Sound and coming on in the direction of Stonington. Various conjectures were formed as to their destination; few of us, however, supposed that so formidable a force could be arrayed for the attack of our defenceless village. As they continued to approach, the female portion of our population expressed great alarm, which soon rose to indiscribable consternation when the whole squadron were seen to enter our harbour, consisting of the Ramilies, seventy-four, the frigate Pactolus, the bomb-ship Terrour, and the brig of war Despatch, of twenty guns. Soon after they were moored, a barge put off from the nearest ship and rowed towards the shore, bearing a white flag. A momentary consultation was held among the inhabitants who were then assembled, on the question what shall be done? when it was decided, as by a general impulse, to meet the foe! Immediately several gentlemen entered a boat and proceeded to receive the flag. The officer of the barge, the first lieutenant of the Ramilies, presented an unsealed communication, of which the following is an exact copy, but refused to answer any interrogatories further than to say he had performed his duty in delivering the message of the commodore.

"His Britannic Majesty's ship Pactolus,
9th August, 1814, half-past 5, P. M.

"Not wishing to destroy the unoffending inhabitants residing in the town of Stonington, one hour is granted them from the receipt of this to remove out of town. T. M. HARDY,
Captain of his Majesty's ship Ramilies."

I shall not attempt to describe the agitation which this message occasioned. Its brevity, its awful import, the overwhelming force of the enemy, our defenceless condition, and the short time allowed us to remove our "unoffending" women and children, and to prepare for the conflict, awoke sensations which can be more easily conceived than expressed. The brief space allotted us was diligently employed in taking our non-combatants to places of safety, and in collecting whatever ammunition could be found in the possession of individuals, whilst ten determined volunteers took their stand at the breastwork, to observe the first movements of the enemy. All remained quiet until eight o'clock in the evening, when the Terrour commenced the bombardment, by throwing a shell into the town, and continued with short intervals to fire bombs and carcasses through the night. Nothing was done, at that period, on our part, except once discharging an eighteen-pounder at the brig, which had suspended a lantern in her shrouds, but immediately hauled it down from the apparent effect of the shot. As soon as the day broke on Wednesday, the enemy's barges appeared at a short distance from the east side of the point, and commenced firing their rockets at the buildings. Immediately a sufficient number of the volunteers dragged one of their guns across the point, attacked the barges from the open field, sunk one of them, compelled the rest to retire, and, in the midst of a raking fire from the brig, returned to the breastwork in safety. At sunrise, the brig of war commenced firing upon the town, approaching within grape-shot distance of the shore. At the same moment the Terrour resumed the discharge of rockets and throwing of shells and carcasses. Whilst the brave men at the guns were doing their duty,

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others equally fearless followed the rockets and carcasses to the buildings, and extinguished the fires they were kindling—a perilous service, which they continued to perform to the end of the conflict. The men at the breastwork had ammunition for one gun only, which they aimed with deadly effect, hulling the brig at every shot; but their powder at length failing, they reluctantly retired for a short time, until the express which they had despatched to New-London should return with a supply.

This, to their great joy, arrived at eleven o'clock, A. M., when they instantly repaired to their post, nailed their colours to the staff, opened their fire anew, and with such effect that the brig, in no great length of time, to avoid being sunk, cut her cable and retired, leaving her cable and anchor behind, which were afterwards secured, and are still preserved. During this exhibition of desperate valour, the men were driven to the expedient of making cartridges with clothing torn from their bodies, and weeds collected around the breastwork; and when the match-rope failed, they fired the cannon with a small gun snapped over the vent. The number of men thus engaged at no time exceeded twenty, all equal in command. The bombardment continued until Thursday, when a cessation of hostilities took place, and a flag was sent from Commodore Hardy, with a message, the purport of which was, to require us to send on board his ship Mrs. Stewart, the British consul's wife, then in New-London, and to give a pledge that we would not send *torpedoes* to annoy his ships. On our compliance with these terms, he engaged the bombardment should cease. With a spirit becoming the occasion, he was told in reply, that no compliance could be expected from us, and no favours were asked of him beyond what the rules of honourable warfare required. The bomb-ship re-commenced her fire of shells and carcasses; and on Friday, after the Ramilies had fired two broadsides at the town, the squadron, about noon, retreated to the place from whence it came, with little cause of triumph, it is believed, at the result of the expedition.

Should it be asked how many lives were lost on our part? I must answer, with gratitude to God, not an individual was killed. One young man received a wound in the knee, and died six months afterwards. This statement may appear incredible when it is considered that during a part of the conflict the men were wholly exposed to the enemy's fire—that their breastwork was merely a mound of earth—the star-spangled banner, which hung low over our heads, was pierced with many balls, and the board-fence and buildings in their rear were perforated in a manner so remarkable, as would seem to render it impossible that any of them could have escaped uninjured. It will also be seen that those who were engaged in watching the houses, and guarding them against the effects of the rockets and shells, were exposed to dangers of no ordinary kind. Their unremitting efforts prevented a single instance of conflagration, although many buildings were greatly injured by the balls and shells, and some were wholly destroyed.

The bombardment, it is perceived, lasted from Tuesday evening to Friday noon; during which many incidents of an interesting nature occurred which cannot now be detailed. One instance, however, of female fortitude and filial piety united, I feel it a duty to record. A few rods in the rear of the breastwork stood a small house, in which resided an aged widow and her daughter. The mother was sick and could not be moved. Her daughter remained alone with her through the night of Tuesday and the battle of Wednesday, until the mother died. The daughter then went forth to announce the fact and obtain assistance to bury the dead. No female aid could be had; all had fled. A few men assembled, but perceived they could do nothing with the body except to take it with the bed and covering, and bury them together. Accordingly they carried all to the nearest burying-ground, where they found a hole made by the fall and explosion of a shell, in which the whole were interred, and where they have since remained. The composure, the passive courage as well as dutiful affection of the daughter, astonished all who saw her. Without calling for aid or uttering a complaint, she continued at the bed-side of her dying mother until her death, while cannon-balls were often passing through the house, and even the room where she sat. Her name is Huldah Hall. She is still living, poor in worldly substance, but "rich in faith," and I doubt not, "an heir of glory."

The writer of the foregoing narrative has furnished no estimate of the enemy's loss, as he probably possessed no certain evidence of its amount. But if we may credit the account published at the time, it was far from proving a bloodless affair to the assailants.

Expresses were also sent to convene the neighbouring militia, who promptly assembled, were organized in the confines of the town, and stood ready to meet the enemy if a landing had been effected.

Written for the Casket.

Lines written at the request of a friend, on finding a Violet amidst the snows of January, 1834.

Frail delicate bloomer, how lovely, yet lonely,
'Mid tempests that chill thee, and wither thy bed;
In sweetness thou dwellest, meek, beautiful, only
Survivor of changes, that pass o'er thy head.

The rose can but blossom, when sunlight grows round her,
'Mid airs mild and balmy, as zephyrs of spring,
But thou hast a smile, when the snow wreath hath bound her—
And drear frosts of winter are wild on the wing.

Let the rose-bud of spring, be the type to remind us
Of friendships that bloom in the smile of the day,
But wither and pass, when the sorrows that found us,
Have rent all the sweets of existence away.

But thou art the same, *true* and *constant* forever;
The sunlight may glow, or the storm howl above,
Thy leaf is unfading, thy fragrance dies never—
Oh! what is thy type, and thine emblem but *love*.

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Chapters from the Note-Book

OF A DECEASED LAWYER.

One of the most extraordinary and most interesting trials of which I find any account in my note-book, took place in the Northern Circuit, very little less than fifty years ago. It is instructive in many points of view. To those who believe that they see the finger of Providence especially pointing out the murderer, and guiding, in a slow but unerring course, the footsteps of the avenger of blood, it will afford matter of deep meditation and reflection. To those who think more lightly upon such subjects; to those whom philosophy or indifference has taught to regard the passing current of events as gliding on in a smooth and unruffled channel, varied only by the leaves which the chance winds may blow into the stream, it will offer food for grave contemplation. However they may smile at the thought of Divine interposition, they will recognise in this story another proof of the wisdom of the sage of old, who said, that when the Gods had determined to destroy a man, they began by depriving him of his senses, that is, by making him act as if he had lost them. To the inexperienced in my profession it will teach a lesson of prudence, more forcible than ten thousand arguments could make it; they will learn that of which they stand deeply in need, and which scarce anything but dear-bought experience can enforce—to rest satisfied with success, without examining too nicely how it has been obtained, and never to hazard a defeat by pushing a victory too far. "*Leave well alone*" is a maxim which a wise man in every situation of life will do well to observe; but if a barrister hopes to rise to eminence and distinction, let him have it deeply engraven on the tablet of his memory.

In the year 17—, John Smith was indicted for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. The case was one of a most extraordinary nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled.—The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate, in an unfrequented part of —— shire. A person, supposed to be an entire stranger to him, had, late in a summer's day, requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had, it was supposed, after taking some slight refreshment, retired to bed in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered his room for that purpose, he was found in his bed, perfectly dead; and, from the appearance of the body, it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence on his person, and the countenance retained the same expression which it had borne during his life. Great consternation was, of course, excited by this discovery, and inquiries were immediately made, first, as to who the stranger was—and, secondly, as to how he met with his death. Both were unsuccessful. As to the former, no information could be obtained—no clue discovered to lead to the knowledge either of his name, his person, or his occupation. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighbouring village about an hour before he reached the house where his existence was so mysteriously terminated, but could be traced no farther. Beyond this, all was conjecture.

With respect to the death, as little could be learned as of the dead man; it was, it is true, sudden—awfully sudden; but there was no reason, that alone excepted, to suppose that it was caused by the hand of man, rather than by the hand of God. A coroner's jury was of course, summoned; and after an investigation, in which little more could be proved than that which I have here stated, a verdict was returned to the effect that the deceased *died by the visitation of God*. Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. In the mean time rumour had not been idle; suspicions, vague, indeed, and undefined, but of a dark and fearful character, were at first whispered, and afterwards boldly expressed. The precise object of these suspicions was not clearly indicated; some implicated one person, some another; but they all pointed to Smith, the master of the house, as concerned in the death of the stranger. As usual in such cases, circumstances totally unconnected with the transaction in question, matters many years antecedent, and relating to other persons, as well as other times, were used as auxiliary to the present charge. The character of Smith, in early life, had been exposed to much observation. While his father was yet alive, he had left his native country, involved in debt, known to have been guilty of great irregularities, and suspected of being not over-scrupulous as to the mode of obtaining those supplies of money of which he was continually in want, and which he seemed somewhat inexplicably to procure.

Ten years and more had elapsed since his return; and the events of his youth had been forgotten by many, and to many were entirely unknown; but, on this occasion, they were revived, and, probably, with considerable additions.

Two months after the death of the stranger, a gentleman arrived at the place, impressed with a belief that he was his brother, and seeking for information either to confirm or refute his suspicions. The horse and the clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were instantly recognised; one other test there was, though it was uncertain whether that would lead to any positive conclusion; the examination of the body. The test was tried; and although decomposition had gone on rapidly, yet enough remained to identify the body, which the brother did most satisfactorily. As soon as it was known that there was a person authorised by relationship to the deceased to inquire into the cause of his death, and, if it should appear to have been otherwise than natural, to take steps for bringing to justice those who had been concerned in it, the reports which had been previously floating idly about, and circulated without having any distinct object, were collected into one channel, and poured into his ear. What those reports were, and what they amounted to, it is not necessary here to mention; suffice it to say, that the brother laid before the magistrates of the district such evidence as induced them to commit Mr. Smith to gaol, to take his trial for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. As it was deemed essential to the attainment of justice,

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to keep secret the examination of the witnesses who were produced before the magistrates, all the information of which the public were in possession before the trial took place, was that which I have here narrated.

Lord Mansfield's charge to the grand jury upon the subject of this murder had excited a good deal of attention. He had recommended them, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the sufficiency of the evidence to ensure a conviction, to throw out the *Bill;* explaining to them most justly and clearly that, in the event of their doing so, if any additional evidence should, at a future time, be discovered, the prisoner could again be apprehended and tried for the offence; whereas, if they found a true Bill, and, from deficiency of proof, he was now acquitted on his trial, he could never again be molested, even though the testimony against him should be morally as clear as light. The grand jury after, as was supposed, very considerable discussion among themselves, and, as was rumoured, by a majority of only one, returned a true Bill.

Never shall I forget the appearance of anxiety exhibited upon every countenance on the entrance of the judge into court. In an instant the most profound silence prevailed; and interest, intense and impassioned, though subdued, seemed to wait upon every word and every look, as if divided between expectation and doubt, whether something might not even yet interfere to prevent the extraordinary trial from taking place. Nothing, however, occurred; and the stillness was broken by the mellow and silvery voice of Lord Mansfield—"*Let John Smith be placed at the bar.*" The order was obeyed; and, as the prisoner entered the dock, he met on every side the eager and anxious eyes of a countless multitude bent in piercing scrutiny upon his face.—And well did he endure that scrutiny. A momentary suffusion covered his cheeks: but it was only momentary, and less than might have been expected from an indifferent person, who found himself on a sudden "the observed of all observers." He bowed respectfully to the court; and then folding his arms, seemed to wait until he should be called upon to commence his part in that drama in which he was to perform so conspicious a character. I find it difficult to describe the effect produced on my mind by his personal appearance; yet his features were most remarkable, and are indelibly impressed on my memory. He was apparently between forty and fifty years of age; his hair, grown grey either from toil, or care, or age, indicated an approach to the latter period; while the strength and uprightness of his figure, the haughty coldness of his look, and an eye that spoke of fire, and pride, and passion, ill concealed, would have led conjecture to fix on the former. His countenance, at the first glance, appeared to be that which we are accustomed to associate with deeds of high and noble daring; but a second and more attentive examination of the face and brow was less satisfactory. There was, indeed, strongly marked, the intellect to conceive and devise schemes of high import; but I fancied that I could trace, in addition to it, caution to conceal the deep design, a power to penetrate the motives of others, and to personate a character at variance with his own, and a cunning that indicated constant watchfulness and circumspection. Firmness there was, to persevere to the last; but that was equivocal; and I could not help persuading myself that it was not of that character which would prompt to deeds of virtuous enterprise, or to "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth;" but that it was rather allied to that quality which would "let no compunctious visitings of Nature shake his fell purpose," whatever it might be. The result of this investigation into his character, such as it was, was obviously unfavourable; and yet there were moments when I thought I had meted out to him a hard measure of justice, and when I was tempted to accuse myself of prejudice in the opinion I had formed of him; and particularly when he was asked by the clerk of the arraigns the usual question, "Are you guilty, or not guilty!" as he drew his form up to his fullest height, and the fetters clanked upon his legs, as he answered with unfaltering tongue and unblenching cheek, "Not guilty," my heart smote me for having involuntarily interpreted against him every sign that was doubtful.

The counsel for the prosecution opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He began by imploring them to divest their minds of all that they had heard before they came into the box; he entreated them to attend to the evidence, and judge from that alone. He stated that, in the course of his experience, which was very great, he had never met with a case involved in deeper mystery than that upon which he was then addressing them. The prisoner at the bar was a man moving in a respectable station in society, and maintaining a fair character. He was, to all appearance, in the possession of considerable property, and was above the ordinary temptations to commit so foul a crime. With respect to the property of the deceased, it was strongly suspected that he had either been robbed of, or in some inexplicable manner made way with, gold and jewels to a very large amount; yet, in candour, he was bound to admit that no portion of it, however trifling, could be traced to the prisoner. As to any motive of malice or revenge, none could by possibility be assigned; for the prisoner and the deceased were, as far as could be ascertained, total strangers to each other.—Still there were most extraordinary circumstances connected with his death, pregnant with suspicion at least, and imperiously demanding explanation; and it was justice, no less to the accused than to the public, that the case should undergo judicial investigation. The deceased Henry Thomson was a jeweller, residing in London, wealthy, and in considerable business; and, as was the custom of his time, in the habit of personally conducting his principal transactions with the foreign merchants with whom he traded. He had travelled much in the course of his business in Germany and Holland; and it was to meet at Hull a trader of the latter nation, of whom he was to make a large purchase, that he had left London a month before his death.—It would be proved by the landlord of the inn where he had resided, that he and his corres-

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pendent had been there; and a wealthy jeweller of the town, well acquainted with both parties, had seen Mr. Thomson after the departure of the Dutchman; and could speak positively to there being then in his possession jewels of large value, and gold, and certain bills of exchange, the parties of which he could describe. This was on the morning of Thomson's departure from Hull, on his return to London, and was on the day but one preceding that on which he arrived at the house of the prisoner. What had become of him in the interval could not be ascertained; nor was the prisoner's house situated in the road which he ought to have taken. No reliance, however, could be placed on that circumstance; for it was not at all uncommon for persons who travelled with property about them, to leave the direct road even for a considerable distance, in order to secure themselves as effectually as possible from the robbers by whom the remote parts of the country were greatly infested. He had not been seen from the time of his leaving Hull till he reached the village next adjoining Smith's house, and through which he passed without even a momentary halt. He was seen to alight at Smith's gate, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He now came to the most extraordinary part of the case. It would be proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt that the deceased died by *poison*—poison of a most subtle nature, most active in its operation, and possessing the wonderful and dreadful quality of leaving no external mark or token by which its presence could be detected. The ingredients of which it was composed were of so sedative a nature, that, instead of the body on which it had been used exhibiting any contortions, or marks of suffering, it left upon the features nothing but the calm and placid quiet of repose. Its effects, and indeed its very existence, were but recently known in this country, though it had for some time been used in other nations of Europe; and it was supposed to be a discovery of the German chemists, and to be produced by a powerful distillation of the seed of the wild cherry tree, so abundant in the Black Forest.

But the fact being ascertained, that the cause of the death was poison, left open the much more momentous question, by whom was it administered? It could hardly be supposed to be by the deceased himself! there was nothing to induce such a suspicion; and there was this important circumstance, which of itself almost negatived its possibility, that no phial, or vessel of any kind, had been discovered, in which the poison could have been contained. Was it then the prisoner who administered it? Before he asked them to come to that conclusion, it would be necessary to state more distinctly what his evidence was. The prisoner's family consisted only of himself, a housekeeper, and one man-servant. The man-servant slept in an out-house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thomson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, and the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the housekeeper's. It would be proved, by a person who happened to be passing by the house on the night in question, about three hours after midnight, that he had been induced to remain and watch, from having his attention excited by the circumstance, then very unusual, of a light moving about the house at that late hour. That person would state, most positively, that he could distinctly see a figure, holding a light, go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the housekeeper's room, and the light disappeared for a minute. Whether the two persons went into Thomson's room he could not see, as the window of that room looked another way; but in about a minute they returned, passing quite along the house to Smith's room again; and in about five minutes the light was extinguished, and he saw it no more.

Such was the evidence upon which the magistrates had committed Smith; and singularly enough, since his committal, the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week, the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined; and, in order to refresh his memory, he had been placed, at dark, in the very spot where he had stood on that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it, was acted over again; but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above mentioned, to ascertain, when the light disappeared, whether the parties had gone into Thomson's room. As if, however, to throw still deeper mystery over this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement; that, after the persons had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more (said the learned counsel) and he had done his duty; it would then be for the jury to do theirs. Within a few days there had been found, in the prisoner's house, the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description; it was apparently not of English manufacture, and was described, by the medical men, as being of the description used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtue by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the counsel for the prosecution; and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who had listened to it with deep attention. Twice only did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of his housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lip; and the notice of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and, I thought, an apprehension; but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution; it amounted, in substance, to that which

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the counsel stated; nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the house; but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even to knowledge.

When the case was closed, the Judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said, he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence; and if the jury were of the same opinion, they would at once stop the case. Upon this observation from the Judge, the jury turned round for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his lordship's view of the evidence. The counsel folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He stated, that having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had his character assailed by suspicions of the most afflicting nature, that character could never be cleared by his acquittal, upon the ground that the evidence against him was inconclusive, without giving him an opportunity of stating his own case, and calling a witness to counteract the impression that had been raised against him, by explaining those circumstances which at present appeared doubtful. He urged the learned Judge to permit him to state his case to the jury, and to call his housekeeper, with so much earnestness, and was seconded so strongly by his counsel, that Lord Mansfield, though very much against his inclination, and contrary to his usual habit, gave way, and yielded to the fatal request.

The prisoner then addressed the jury, and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he never could feel satisfied to be acquitted, merely because the evidence was not conclusive; and pledged himself, in a very short time, by the few observations he should make, and the witness whom he should call, to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds, upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the dreadful crime. With respect to the insinuations which had been thrown out against him, he thought one observation would dispose of them. Assuming it to be true that the deceased died from the effect of poison, of which he called God to witness that he had never even heard either the name or the existence until this day, was not every probability in favour of his innocence? Here was a perfect stranger, not known to have in his possession a single article of value, who might either have lost, or been robbed of, that property which he was said to have had at Hull. What so probable as that he should, in a moment of despair at his loss, have destroyed himself? The fatal drug was stated to have been familiar in those countries in which Mr. Thomson had travelled, while to himself it was utterly unknown. Above all, he implored the jury to remember, that although the eye of malice had watched every proceeding of his since the fatal accident, and though the most minute search had been made into every part of his premises, no vestige had been discovered of the most trifling article belonging to the deceased, nor had even a rumour been circulated that poison of any kind had been ever in his possession. Of the stopper which had been found, he disowned all knowledge; he declared, most solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was produced in court; and he asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce upon an impartial mind even a momentary prejudice against him? One *fact*, and one only, had been proved, to which it was possible for him to give an answer, the fact of his having gone to the bed-room of his housekeeper on the night in question. He had been subject, for many years of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage while she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light; and after she had remained in his room for a few minutes, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired again to bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest. It had been said, that, after his committal to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He avowed that, finding his enemies determined, if possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought it probable they might tamper with his servant; he had, therefore, kept her out of their way; but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was concerned, the statement which he had just made.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a very powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave to it an appearance of truth. The housekeeper was then put into the box, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. According to the custom, at that time almost universal, of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a single word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner or appearance; she might be about thirty-five, or a little more; with regular though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment. She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story that he had told of his having called her up, and her having accompanied him to his room, adding that, after leaving him, she had retired to her own room, and been awakened by the man-servant in the morning, with an account of the traveller's death. She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here, that which, though not known to me till afterwards, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene:—The counsel for the prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstance mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had intervened between the candle and the window, which was totally irreconcilable with the appearance of the room when examined; and he had half-persuaded himself, that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the search of the officers of justice, the opening

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of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously disappeared. His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which, as she could not help seeing its importance, would have led her at once to a positive denial. He knew, moreover, that as she had not been in court, she could not know how much or how little the inquiry had already brought to light; and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it so also, and by that means draw forth all that she knew. After some few unimportant questions, he asked her, in a tone and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust,—

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room, you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room?—Yes.

Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened *once* or *twice*, while it stood there?—A pause; no answer.

I will call it to your recollection; after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?—He shut it.

Then it was opened again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?—It was.

Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?—Not above a minute.

The door, when open, would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?—It would.

I forget whether you said the closet was on the right, or left, hand side of the window?—The left.

Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?—None.

Can you speak positively to that fact? Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?—I never opened it myself.

Did you never keep the key?—Never.

Who did?—Mr. Smith always.

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes towards the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its colour; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another, till she had told him all that he wanted to know. A medical man was immediately directed to attend her; and during the interval occasioned by this interruption to the proceedings, the solicitor for the prosecution left the court. In a short time the gentleman who had attended the witness returned into court, and stated that it was impossible that she could at present resume her place in the box; and suggested that it would be much better to allow her to wait for an hour or two. It was now about twelve in the day; and Lord Mansfield, having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court for two hours. The prisoner was taken back to gaol, and the witness to an apartment in the gaoler's house; and strict orders were given that she should be allowed to communicate with no one, except in the presence and hearing of the physician. It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench, the prisoner his station at the bar, and the housekeeper her's at the witness-box; the court in the interval had remained crowded with the spectators, scarce one of whom had left his place, lest during his absence it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness—I have very few more questions to ask of you; but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs upon a thread.

Do you know this stopper?—I do.

To whom does it belong?—To Mr. Smith.

When did you see it last?—On the night of Mr. Thomson's death.

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it; some other articles there were in it, not material to my story. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness; and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner. A few words will bring my tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horse back, with two sheriff's officers, and, after pulling down part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded: the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thomson was found there, amounting, in value, to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson. The result was too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the, perhaps, unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder, the evidence against whom was so slight as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquittal; but who, persisting in calling a witness to prove his innocence, was, upon the testimony of that very witness, *convicted and executed*.

A man whose great qualities want the ornament of exterior attractions is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.—*Johnson.*

Argument is to be invalidated but by argument, and is in itself of the same force, whether or not it convinces him by whom it is proposed.

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From the New York Atlas.

STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF STAIR.

This house was occupied by the Dowager of the celebrated general and statesman, John, second Earl of Stair, who died in 1747. Her ladyship, after long exercising a sway over the *haut ton* of the Scottish capital, died here, November 21st, 1769, at a very advanced age. The late Mr. Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," informed the author that he recollected her ladyship living in this house. The close takes its name from her ladyship. Some remarkable circumstances in the early life of this lady formed the groundwork of a tale by the author of Waverly, under the title of "Aunt Margaret's Mirror." They are now related here in a more ample form. She was the youngest daughter of James, second Earl of Loudoun, and consequently was grand-daughter to that stern old Earl who acted so important a part in the affairs of the covenant, and was Lord Chancellor of Scotland during the troublesome times of the civil war. While very young, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, she was married to James, first Viscount Primrose, a nobleman of extreme bad temper, and what was worse, of very dissolute character. Her ladyship, who had a great deal of her grandfather in her, could have managed most men with great ease, by dint of superior intellect and force of character, but the cruelty of Lord Primrose was too much for her. He treated her so barbarously, that she had even to apprehend that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, during the time she was laboring under this dreadful anticipation, she was dressing herself in her chamber, near an open window, when his lordship entered the room behind her with a sword drawn in his hand. He opened the door softly, and although his face indicated a resolution of the most horrible nature, he still had the presence of mind to approach her with the utmost caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure in her glass, he would, in all probability, have approached her near enough to execute his bloody purpose before she was aware, or could have taken any measure to save herself. Fortunately, she perceived him in time to leap out of the open window into the street. Half dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very laudable exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord Primrose's mother—where she told her story, and demanded protection. That protection was at once extended; and it being now thought vain to attempt a reconciliation, they never afterwards lived together. Lord Primrose soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence, a foreign conjurer or fortune-teller came to Edinburgh, professing, among other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition of other persons, at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady Primrose, who had lost all trace of her husband, was incited by curiosity to go with a female friend, to the lodgings of this person in the Canongate, for the purpose of enquiring regarding his motions. It was at night, and the two ladies went, with the tartan screens, or plaids of their servants, drawn over their faces by way of disguise. Lady Primrose having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know what he was at present doing, the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly preceived the inside of a church with a marriage party arranged near the altar. To her infinite astonishment, she recognized in the shadowy bridegroom no other than her husband, Lord Primrose. The magical scene thus so strikingly displayed, was not exactly a picture; or if so, it was rather like the living pictures of the stage than the dead and immoveable delineation of the pencil. It admitted of additions to the persons represented, and of progress of action. As the lady gazed on it, the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed. The necessary arrangements had at last, been all made; the Priest seemed to have pronounced the preliminary service; he was just on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands, when suddenly a gentleman, for whom the rest seemed to have waited a considerable time, and to whom Lady Primrose thought she recognized a brother of her own then abroad, entered the church, and made hurriedly towards the party.

The aspect of this person was at first only that of a friend, who had been invited to attend the ceremony, and who had come too late; but as he advanced to the party, the expression of his countenance and figure was altered very considerably. He stopped short; his face assumed a wrathful expression; he drew his sword and rushed up to the bridegroom, who also drew his weapon. The whole scene then become quite tumultuous and indistinct, and almost immediately vanished entirely away. When Lady Primrose got home, she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, to which she appended the day of the month on which she had seen the mysterious vision. This narrative she sealed up in the presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers.

Soon afterwards her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked if, in the course of his wanderings, he happened to see or hear any thing of Lord Primrose. The young man only answered by saying that he wished he might never again hear the name of that detested personage mentioned. Lady Primrose, however, questioned him so closely that he at last confessed having met his Lordship, and that under very strange circumstances. Having spent some time at one of the principal Dutch cities—it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam—he had become acquainted with a rich merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter, his only child, and the heiress of his enormous fortune. One day his friend, the merchant; informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a Scotch gentleman, who had lately come to reside there. The nuptials were to take place in the course of a few days, and as he was a countryman of the bridegroom, he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, was a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but, fortunately, came in time to prevent the union of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster alive in human shape, his own brother-in-law, Lord Primrose! Although Lady

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Primrose had proved her willingness to believe in the magical delineations of the mirror, by writing down an account of them, yet she was so much surprised and confounded by discovering them to be consistent with fact, that she almost fainted away. Something, however, yet remained to be ascertained. Did Lord Primrose's attempted marriage take place exactly at the same time with her visit to the conjuror? To certify this, she asked her brother on what day the circumstance which he related took place. Having been informed, she took out her key, and requested him to go to her chamber, and open a drawer which she described, and to bring her a sealed packet which he would find in that drawer. He did as he was desired, when, the packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady Primrose had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials, on the very evening they were transacted in reality. The story, with all its strange and supernatural circumstances, may only excite a smile in the incredulous reader. All that the narrator desires to say in its favor is this—it fell out in the hands of honorable men and women, who could not be suspected of an intention to impose on the credulity of their friends; it referred to a circumstance which the persons concerned had the least reason in the world for raising a story about; and it was almost universally believed by the contemporaries of the principal personages, and by the generation which succeeded.

From the Mobile Register.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

BY D. MARTIN.

Ye burning blazonry of God!
Ye glittering lights that never die!
That pave the realms by seraphs trod!
And hold untiring watch on high!
And circling Heaven's eternal King,
Ye dwell—His glorious fashioning!

Creation saw your timeless birth,
When from your own clear sapphire skies,
Ye gazed upon the virent earth—
An everlasting paradise!
And seemed to mock with silent gaze,
Nature's green garb and tuneless lays!

Since then ye've read the world's black page,
And seen a stream sublime,
Roll its dark waters o'er an age,
Of countless years of time!
In whose deep, dark, unletter'd caves,
Earth hides her mighty, as in graves.

Life's wasting—but ye still shine on,
And seem to me to be—
The lights upon the horizon
Of Eternity's black sea!
Pointing to the far-off sun-lit west,
Where all immortal spirits rest!

No man can possibly improve in any company, for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

MARK LEE'S NARRATIVE.

"Toward Heaven's descent had sloped
"His waltzing wheel."

Milton in Lycidas.

An amiable youth, like thousands of others as young, as amiable, and as poor, was not many months since on the point of setting out for the Hesperia of the United States, or in plain English "The Western Country." This young man a few days before his departure, brought his Album to me, requesting the insertion of a piece as remembrancer of a friend. I put the Album in the drawer of my desk, and in the silence and quiet of the evening, drew it forth and spread it open on my table.

The circumstance roused all my own recollections. There was a something of more than common interest, of even awful in the very sound of "The West" which sighed to my heart in whispers of days, months and years, gone into the past. In the very first settlement of western Pennsylvania, amongst the emigrants were several families, from the banks of Swatara, in the neighbourhood of Hummelstown. Many of these were the intimate and cherished friends of my parents, who naturally sighed after their associates. Then, fifty-two years ago, "The West" was not what it is now, a smiling and widening garden. Even ideas of distance were then very different from what they are now. It is a fact which may well excite a smile, that in my native neighbourhood, "Illinois" was used as a term to express in the simple minds of a primitive people, the utmost limit, the *Neplus Ultra*. As late as 1785, when residing near Washington, then "Cat Fish's Camp," the first Geographical work ever put into my hands, contained a map on which the mouth and a very limited part of lower Missouri river were represented, with the following note:

"Traders and hunters, *it is said*, have ascended this river *thirteen hundred miles*, but its sources and branches are *unknown*."

The then mysterious West, was limited by Illinois river. I cannot resist relating an anecdote, as it illustrates the feelings and knowledge of the times.

On Swatara resided a poor itinerant Irish weaver or taylor, by the name of Eneas Grymes, and also a poor, but very corpulent Irish woman, named Jane Montgomery. The youngsters, for mischief, had much pleasure in teazing Grymes about Jane; and one day his good nature was tested beyond all bearing; Grymes in violent wrath, after a most bitter oath, exclaimed, "Before I'd marry Jenny Montgomery, I'd go to Illinois." If any man was now to swear, that in place of marrying any given woman, "He would go to Van Diemen's Land or New Zealand," the asseveration would have little force when compared with a trip in 1779, or 1780, from where Herrisburg now stands, to Illinois. Many, perhaps most of my readers, will doubt, perhaps if they do not actually deny the fact, that a voyage at present to New Zealand, and back to Philadelphia is, in point of difficulty and danger, a very inconsiderable affair to what

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was a journey fifty-five years ago from Philadelphia to the spot where stands Vandalia.

Is there not something seductive in vague or undefined danger? Can the conduct of man be otherwise explained, in the operations of voyages by sea; caravan journeying over trackless desarts; or those of land and naval warfare? I should reply myself in the affirmative, for long and severely was I schooled to the movements and motions of my fellow men in the settlement of the West, where danger presented itself in all the aspects from that of mere light shadowy terror, to death in all the terrific frowns which imagination can conceive, or that the most infuriate rage could inflict.

Though a child, I might say an infant of five years of age, well do I remember while playing on the floor with one brother older and one younger, on a very stormy night of the winter 1780–81, that after some conversation between my parents respecting their friends, already gone there, that my father exclaimed, half in jest, I believe, "why can't we go to 'the Western country?'" My mother replied in the same playful careless strain, "Why not?"——

In as short a time as preparations for his journey could be made, my father, early in 1781, put his design into effect; went to the West, made a cross on Buffaloe, about five miles westward of the now fine borough of Washington.

Think not kind reader, from the preceding, that you are to be treated with "My Life written by myself," no, that is a legacy I have bequeathed to posterity, the reversion to oblivion, and the above glance of self biography is introduced to establish the fact, that in this and many other Border Tales which may follow—I am writing of events, to which I was either an eye witness, or a very close hearer. To what I have already given as personal to myself, let me add, that from 1781, to 1815, or from my sixth to fortieth year, I resided in "The West." This residence of thirty-four years, has sometimes appeared to me as a troubled dream, when some works have been put into my hands, purporting, to give the character of that generation which subdued the wilderness. "These are not the men or women that I have seen," have I often mentally exclaimed; and have I not seen the men and women of the West, from the lakes of Canada to the Mexican Gulf? Have I not seen this people under every form that this new born society could offer, and under almost every vicissitude which could excite them to action?

To say there was nothing peculiar in the color and substance of Border Society, would be to run into the opposite extreme to the disgusting caricatures, which represent a most efficient generation as composed of Yahoos.

Before resuming the thread of my story, I must intrude one more remark. What has been called the distinguishing character of any given people, has never, in any case, been the real character of one tenth part of the individuals. The fact is, that the far greater part of every nation or fraction of nations, have to conduct the business of life, and have neither leisure or inclination to act those deviations from the ordinary pursuits of their respective callings, which afford travellers element for what they choose to entitle National Character. To sum up in a word what is, in most instances, given as the character of a nation, is almost invariably the most striking exception that can be given to the true character of that nation. Many, and fatal are the instances also, where this remark applies to individuals.

* * * * * *

Traversing the mountain valley in October, 1781, my infant eye first caught a view of the parade of war. It was at the very moment that Lord Cornwallis and his army found themselves in a position, from whence, either advance or retreat was alike beyond their power. The rumour of war on the Potomac, was far from the most appalling to families with little children advancing every day deeper into the gloom of the West. Yes, gloom I may repeat; with the very partial exceptions of a few recently founded villages and farms, "so few and far between," that they rather rendered the untamed face of nature still more striking, a dense forest swept over the mountains, and spread between the rivers to the then unknown regions in the interior of the continent.

Every day travellers on horseback passed in both directions our slow moving little caravan, and by both directions came reports of thrilling interest; but on the mother's heart of most appalling effect. Still we advanced to the bank of the Monongahela, to Chaffinch's Ford, where Brownsville now stands.

The season was rainy and unpleasant; the Ferry-house formed of two of the roughest log rooms joined into one cabin, and the whole joined to a constant stream of travelling both ways, gave a pavement of mud in and out doors. Young as I was, the scene was imprinted on my mind by incidents I seem to see at this moment. The morning after our arrival at Chaffinch's, my father and mother were sitting in the back part of the house; my sister, an infant not three months old, on her mother's breast, and myself and younger brother, still hanging on our father's knees. My poor terrified mother was pleading to stop, and my father, who had no dread of any particular danger, encouraging her to go on to the Buffaloe settlement, when their attention was arrested by a stranger on horseback, who winding down the hill, stopped at the tavern door, (tavern and ferry-house in one) and giving his horse to one of Chaffinch's sons, walked into the front room. This same front room already contained several persons, some of them loiterers from the neighbourhood, as it soon appeared. Every traveller was at the moment, a news-carrier, come in what direction he would, and the stranger had not even time to order his breakfast, until half a dozen mouths were open with questions regarding the continental and British armies. The stranger, with eyes sparkling replied:

"Oh! friends, fine news, Cornwallis has surrendered!"

A very rough man who was sitting near the fire-place, sprung to his feet, and without giving the stranger a moment to explain, gave him the lie direct, and in the next breath swore, that "No British army would surrender to the Buck-skins."

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The stranger, a fine athletic looking man, took fire like tinder at the individual and national insult, and his eyes flashing fire, replied "Dont give me the lie again." But the instant the defiance was pronounced, the advocate of the British flashed the bright blade of a scalping knife in the face of the stranger, who sprang back, throwing off his coat. The whole house was in immediate uproar—women and children mixing their screams with the loud, hoarse, and angry voices of the men, and murder ready to be committed, when in stepped a man in the full dress of the western hunter warrior; his rifle poised in his left hand, and tomahawk in his right. Rushing between the combatants, he gently pushed the stranger back with his rifle hand, while he struck the knife from his opponent, who sunk back into his seat in the utmost terror. *

The hunter-warrior, a short, but very broad shouldered man, stood an instant viewing the crest fallen knife drawer, and then burst forth "Jee Timmons, do you know who I am?—Answer in a moment." "Mark Lee," at length replied Timmons, in great trepidation.

"Yes, it is Mark Lee, you infamous coward—you could draw your knife upon a stranger, and an unarmed stranger;—you could deny the success of a cause you never had courage to either oppose or support with even a knife in your hand; and —— but I need not say what all knows who ever knew you, that you are a villain. I have now, God forgive me, saved your life from this young man, in his own defence, or from being hung for wanton murder."

Timmons seemed now ready to make a move to get away, but the tomahawk of Lee once more flashed in rapid whirls over his head, as the warrior in a most astounding voice, exclaimed, "Keep your seat, or I'll not leave an ear on your head,—the head itself is not worth cutting off." This invitation Timmons obeyed, and Lee eyeing him again, burst into a laugh, which to be felt, must be heard, and then observing, in a most sarcastic tone "What a good soul it is"—then another laugh followed by—"Timmons, you have done my bidding once, now take up that knife and throw it behind that fire"—that order was obeyed, "Now, my good fellow, I have one more advice to give you," says Lee, "never be seen again with a knife by your side, for, if you do, I'll take care to find it employment on that scalp," and sheathing his tomahawk, continued, fitting the action to the word, "just so," and seizing the burly hairs of Timmons, he shook him round the room, while the poor wretch screamed with pain and fright.

At length Lee, with another laugh, whirled Timmons into his seat, and turning round, called out "Mr. Chaffinch, bring us a pint of your best; here's poor Joe Timmons breaking every tooth in his head with the ague; but I'll cure him." The spirits was brought in, and Lee filling a horn, handed it with a mock bow to his writhing victim, saying, "Toss it off my dear fellow, and streak it."

Timmons obeyed both orders promptly, and I saw no more of him that I ever knew of. Lee I knew long and well in after life. As soon as Timmons was off the scene, Lee turned to the stranger, observing, "Well friend, you say Cornwallis, and his red coats, have surrendered to our Buckskins!"

"I have been told so, and believe the fact," replied the stranger.

"And I have been told so before, and I believe the fact," replied Lee, "for two reasons I have no doubt. First I helped to trap Burgoyne and his red coats, and in the second place, I don't think a red coat is more in one place than in another."

Here the keen eye of the hunter glanced through the inner door on my mother and her children, and with the manly freedom, exempt from rudeness, which marked the men of his cast, rose, entered the room, and seated himself by her side, lifting little brother upon his knee.

"Well, good woman, I suppose you have come amongst us,—ticklish times—where are you going to settle."

Before my mother could answer, my father relieved her by satisfying the inquirer, and then adding, in an air far more careless than he felt, "Mr. Lee, you seem to be well acquainted with this country,—you don't think there is any danger of the savages?"

"You have a little family, so have I," replied Lee, "and it will not do to stop your fears by a falsehood—I do believe there is two kinds of danger from these savages. One from them, and another from our own foolery."

"In going in their way," said my mother, timidly.

Lee smiled and replied, "Yes, in going in their way, but not in the manner perhaps you mean."

"We are strangers to the country," said my father, solemnly, "we have entered it with our three little ones; as to myself, I have seen much of war, but nothing of Indian war, and as you appear friendly, and if you have time to spare, we would gladly receive from you some knowledge of the dangers, if any, before us."

* Let not the reader suppose that this was a man of straw, manufactured to be shot at; he really existed and made use of, in my hearing, of the very insulting expression recorded above; but it was not until many years afterwards, that I learned, that he was one of a similar set, who had from the commencement of its settlement, infested the vicinity of Redstone Fort. Mr. Withers, in the 167th page of his "Chronicles of Border Warfare," mentions this band, and then proceeds to state; that "So far did their opposition to those who espoused the cause of American liberty, blunt every finer and more noble feeling, that many of them were willing to embrue their hands in the blood of their neighbours, in the most sly and secret manner, and in the hour of midnight darkness, for no offence but attachment to the independence of the colonies. Mr. Withers then proceeds to relate, that a conspiracy had been formed to murder the Whigs, and for acceding to the terms offered by the Governor of Canada. This plot was discovered, and as our author states, only the ring-leader "of this fiendish league lost his life." He then concludes his account of the cowplot, by stating, that:—"A Court, for the trial of the conspirators was held at REDSTONE FORT, and many of them arraigned at its bar. But as their object had been defeated by its discovery, and as no further danger was apprehended from them, they were released, after having been required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States."

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"What I have I'll give you freely," replied Lee, "I am one of the men called spies, and part of my duty is, to put people on their guard; and perhaps I cannot do my duty in your case better than just telling my own story."

By this time we were joined by several other persons, and all seemed anxious to hear Lee's little history, and the warrior seemed as willing to fight his battles once more, then commenced.

"Myself and two brothers were amongst the young men who left the banks of Potomac with Col. Cressap. In health and youth, and raised pretty much in the woods—in the woods we were at home. The Indian enemy, and hard beds on the ground, or on a rock, were what never disturbed our thoughts. Before crossing the mountains, I had from every mouth heard of that madman Braddock, and the scrape he had led his army into, and his own end. The name of this thing of feathers and cocked hat always came with Fool, Scoundrel, Rash Blockhead, or some other title, all of which it is likely he deserved, but I had not been long on this river, before I learned that General Braddock had left fools behind him. By the way, stranger, you say you have seen something of war, and of what you would call disciplined troops. When a boy I saw some of these disciplined troops, and *by my gun* that's now in my hand in these woods, they are the most undisciplined, confused, and stupid rabble that ever went blindfolded to be shot at. Why in their way, the Indians are the most completely disciplined men in the world. Were their arms as good, and their numbers half as great as ours, they would pick us out of these woods too soon. You, me, or any one else may call Braddock a fool, and tell no lie, but we are from the mountains to Ohio, doing in the small way, what this English fop did in the large. Now let me give you a bye-tale or two."

Old Cressap's advice always was, "when you fear Indians, never kindle a fire; eat meat raw, eat worms, or if you cannot do otherwise, why fast, but never kindle a fire—why an Indian," says Cressap, "can smell a fire as far as white man can see one."

"These things I laid by for use, and after I made that campaign under Capt. Van Swearingen, and General Morgan, and came back to the Monongahela, after having helped Burgoyne, and *his* red coats, to case themselves of their guns and shot-pouches, I had become just wise enough to know, that the only fire to make where you have these red rascals to fight, ought to be from the lock of your gun.

"Well, we were amusing ourselves in and about Old Red Stone Fort on the hill yonder, when in come a runner and told us, that a whole family was murdered on the head of Ten Mile Creek, not much above twenty miles from where we sit.

"Now we had a number of young chaps here, to whom General Braddock was as shy as an Indian. Not cowards, but careless, heedless, and of course conceited. To hear half a dozen of such talking, and if you believe all they said, one was a match for any three *Shawnees*. You know as you are an old soldier, that a barrel with its head knocked out does not much quicker lose its contents, than soldiers do their courage if they doubt their commander; and so every militia man is his own commander, if he loses confidence in himself, away he goes, and then catch him if you can.

"To head a few such heroes, in order to proceed to the scene of the late murder; give aid to the inhabitants, and bury the dead, I, Mark Lee was named. In all ten, and light on our occasions, we set out on our march. Another of Cressap's maxims, as he called them, was now given to this little army, "Keep your mouths shut, and never speak a word if you can help it, and never loud when an Indian enemy is near," but I might as well have attempted to stop the Monongahela, as the tongues of my companions; for it is useless to say they were under my command. Says I to myself, "I hope you'll receive a lesson before long, that will be of benefit to you, and one you'll never forget." Two of my terribles made themselves particularly merry as we marched along, by every once in a while levelling their rifles at some distant object, and exclaiming, "*If that was only an Ingen*," and in a thousand fooleries of the kind.

"As I had learned enough of the enemy, to know there was never so little to fear from them, as immediately after they had made a *Stroke* as we call it—I did not so much care, though much vexed. As I expected, we met no interruption until we arrived near the place of blood, at a block-house, where I joined, and was superseded in command, by a captain from the waters of Cheat River, who, with twenty men, and myself and nine, made thirty.

"I soon found that the hot blood of my boys was cool when compared to that of our captain. Nothing was listened to short of pursuing the red villains to the Ohio. With the captain I found a man of the name of Lewis Bonnet, who was a volunteer, and the only man of the whole thirty who really knew the country between us and the Ohio, and except myself, the only man in the company who understood the enemy.

"We reached the place about ten in the morning—and I will not shock you with any long description. The little clearing did not occupy or extend over three acres of a very narrow valley at the outskirts of the settlements. The woods were very heavy all around; the ground rich, and the high weeds and pea-vines give any person who really knew the manner of Indian marching, the means of tracking where they had come in and went out. We first buried the dead, and while the others were so employed, Bonnet and myself undertook to search for the Indian trail, as the captain would listen to nothing less than pursuit. The trail was soon found in advance and retreat, and the place where the Indians had lain watching their poor victims. We were both as anxious for vengeance as it was possible for men to be; but we found, by the broken and withered weeds, that the enemy had been gone long enough to have crossed the Ohio.

"We've fount dhe drail, Captain," says Bonnet, in his Pennsylvania broken English; "put dhe Ingens are far enufe—dhese fellers know wat dhere apout."

This was throwing a candle into the whiskey bowl. The captain was determined before, and more determined now.

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"Vell, vell," says Bonnet, "away, I left town en Veeling," and turning round with a twitch of his nose, cries, "Come, come, Mark, vee'll go before."

"Show me the trail, says the captain, in thunder, 'do you suppose I'd lead you into danger, and then skulk behind?' No! I'll march before."

"Could Braddock beat this think you?" says Lee, and then proceeded with his narrative.

"We fell back, of course, after showing the trail, Bonnet observing to me in a low voice "Mine got ve'd pe in a fine bickle if dhe Ingens vere here." I made no reply, and all proceeded up the deep hollow about may be a mile, when our Commander in Chief, scrambling over a log, fell backwards under the feet of Bonnet, as the sharp crash of a rifle echoed through the woods. I was in all the battles with Morgan, in taking Burgoyne, but such a scream and such groans I never heard before or since.

"Bonnet who was at once our natural commander, and thought the captain mortally wounded, sprung himself behind a tree, calling out "Dhree poys dhree und spreat out." As many as remained obeyed the order; and some indeed, got as near the ground, as the ground would let them. To do my warriors justice, none ran away, but several of the captain's men were never again heard of by me, except while tearing the pea-vines behind us. There we all lay in breathless expectation, peeping past our trees, as far as we dare, in order to watch our enemy, no sound was heard except the dying groans of the heroic captain, and the cracking through the thicket behind us of some of our men who broke through the pea-vines and bushes with astonishing speed.

Bonnet, who may be, began to suspect the truth, but with the true caution of a really brave and disciplined man, examined the pan of his rifle, loosened his knife and tomahawk in their scabbards, and in a commanding tone ordered us to keep our places, crouched on his hands and knees to the expiring commander, demanding, in a half whisper,

"Captain, vere aare you vounded?"

"Oh, in my side," replied the captain.

"I see no plood," replies Bonnet, reaching at the same time to the captain's rifle lying beside him. As soon as Bonnet had the rifle in his hand, he sprung to his feet with a most boisterous laugh, exclaiming, as soon as he could get breath—

"Here poys, cume ant let us pury our captain; he ish not det, put he vill tie, for he is shot trough and trough mit his own rifle."*

We all crowded around them to see how matters stood. The captain, it appeared, in scrambling the lanes and commons of human life, and was also the companion and friend of Lewis Bonnet. Sitting together one day, when the course of conversation led me to repeat the incidents related to me by Bonnet, and now incorporated into this tale.

"Of the facts, I have no doubt," replied Jolly, for after I returned from the continental army, all caution was worse than neglected by our whites, because they confounded it with cowardice. It was only such men as Lewis Bonnet, Lewis, John, and Martin Wetsel, the Zanes', and a few others, and I may say myself, who then *dared* to oppose the Indian mode of warfare to themselves. Our young men would actually kindle a blazing fire, and lie down by it in the Indian country, and you see they are not yet cured of their madness."

The concluding remark of Jolly was pronounced with much bitterness, and alluded to the tragic event which led to our conversation. An event, which many of the old inhabitants about Wheeling, will very distinctly remember, should their eyes fall on this tale.

In the fall of 1794, thirteen years after the capture of Cornwallis, two men by the name of Scott, went over the Ohio, on a hunting expedition, taking with them, as a hireling, a man of the name of Thomas Mannery. The Scotts were fine looking men, and excellent riflemen; Mannery, a squat, and very ordinary person in appearance, only indeed fit for the woods; but low as was his stature, when in the woods he was fit for his business. The Scotts, unfortunately for themselves and families, despised poor Tom Mannery too much to take his advice.

After all that had happened under their eyes, these men fixed a camp, and at night made up blazing fires, setting their rifles against trees or other places, as it happened. Mannery, to whose mind all this was wrong, never quit his piece, even when eating or sleeping, nor sat in the open glare of their fire at night. So were the little party situated a few nights after their arrival in the woods. Mannery was seated where the light fell but faintly, but the two Scotts were fully exposed. A party of Indians advanced, and fired on them. One of the Scotts fell dead on the spot; his brother, wounded, ran a short distance, but was overtaken and murdered.

Mannery received a ball which broke his left arm just above the elbow, but having his weapon in his right hand, and observing the golden rule of war against Indians, reserved his fire. The rapid tact of Indians, who, in a moment, from the motions of their enemy, see whether that enemy is dangerous or not, taught them in this case not to rush upon Mannery with the tomahawk, and aided also by the dark, this wounded man made good his escape. Two of these blood seekers pursued him some distance, but as they pressed too close, Mannery took to tree. Several times, he said afterwards, he could have shot one, but such was his coolness, he reserved his fire and saved his life. I saw him in Wheeling often after his return, and heard him relate the adventure, while his broken arm was healing.

While on the subject of the closing of the Indian depredations in the vicinity of Wheeling, and as I may not again have as appropriate a place, I must introduce two circumstances more, to which I was in part an eye witness.

Mr. Alexander S. Withers, in his Chronicle of Border Warfare, published at Clarksburg, Harrison county, Virginia, 1831, after detailing the murders committed on a family of the name of Bozarth, on the Buchannon branch of Tygart's valley river, in the summer of 1795, sums up by saying

* The reader may think this scene overwrought, but with a few imaginary incidents, not at all material to the story, I have now put it on paper, *as I heard it related by Bonnet himself*, in his own house in Wheeling, *forty years* since. It was related when many of the actors were living; and with that and the character of the old warrior himself, I had no doubt of its truth; but in the ensuing year I received the full confirmation of its truth. Captain Henry Jolly, one of Gen. Morgan's immortal rifle corps, was residing in the village, now flourishing town of Wheeling. Jolly was a man of excellent natural sense, and not devoid of that kind of education which is picked up along

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bling over the fallen tree, had cocked his piece, and slipping, fell backwards, and the rifle discharging in the fall, as he struck his side on a broken limb; the poor man in the confusion, actually thought he was shot, as he was indeed severely hurt in the fall. When all was explained, the situation of the captain was about such as that of Joe Timmons, a while ago, except that the poor captain was really badly bruised, and no Tory. You might say he was a coward, but I believe no such thing. He was only employed upon what he knew nothing about—and what more or less could be said of Braddock?—But to go on.

The captain, you may well suppose, felt as good as dead, when his danger was removed, and Bonnet did not spare him in his distress, observing:—

"Now my tear captain, I'll gife you one biece of advise, zust go home, and neever again go hoonting Ingens undil you laarn how."

How far the captain followed the advice, I know not, as I never heard of him since. He and those of his men who remained with him, now separated from Bonnet, and myself, and nine men. There we were in the woods, and after the departure of our warriors over the river Bonnet asked me if I intended to return to Redstone. I told him, I had orders to proceed, after I had performed my first duty, to Ryerson's Fort, which I was to assist to garrison until further orders. He then informed me, that he was himself to pass by that place on his way home, and would act as guide if necessary. This I very gladly accepted, and we set out. Late in the evening we reached the Fort, or stockaded Block-House, and next morning parted with our guide."

To all this none listened with perhaps such intense interest, as my mother, but Lee, fixing his eye on my father, observed, "I see by your looks that you think I am using a hunter's liberty; but wait a few moments, and you will hear worse, and all true, marvellous as it may be.

"Joe Timmons is only a worthless, cowardly scoundrel, but Simon Girty is an infernal villain, such a villain as can only be formed by a mixture of all that's bad in Indian and white. This monster is amongst the Indians, and as an example of how completely our people can be decoyed to destruction, by men they call savages, let me just relate the attack on Wheeling Fort, and the massacre above Grave Creek.

"Wheeling is not alone our outpost—it is the

"This was the last mischief done by the Indians in North-western Virginia."—*Chronicles, &c.* page 319.

In this, though I am not certain, I am inclined to think Mr. Withers mistaken. In the same year, the Indians fell upon a family whose name I cannot now recall, though I knew the man personally, who resided on the waters of Wheeling, and within one mile of the house of Lewis Bonnet. The mother, and I think two small children, were murdered; the man, though badly wounded, escaped, and was brought to Wheeling, and there cured of his wounds.

The last human blood, however, shed in war near Wheeling was that of an Indian, on the morning of March 21st, 1795, and as the circumstances illustrate, in a very striking manner, one of the objects of this tale, I shall introduce them into this note, with some detail.

The Indians had been defeated on the 20th of August, 1794, and all fears of them ever again appearing near Wheeling, in a hostile manner, had subsided. Early in March, 1795, a party was made up in Wheeling, to proceed to the Muskingum, on a land jobbing expedition. This party crossed the Ohio on the 20th, and proceeded to near where St. Clairsville now stands. Some of these men had been so long in the habit of regarding themselves in danger, when west of the Ohio, that they suggested some caution, and on the morning of the 21st, when ready to move, two men, whose names may as well as not be omitted; noted hunters they were, and acquainted with every part of the adjacent country, and now volunteered their services to advance ahead of the main body as a guard. This was accepted, and to the wonder of the party, a young man by the name of Denny, only a short time from Ireland, insisted on also being of the advanced guard. With some little mirth, at the latter circumstance, all moved forward.

Denny, kept in the rear of his more experienced companions, and was no little amused by one or other repeatedly raising his rifle and levelling it on some object, exclaiming, "if that was but an Indian." At length they came to a place on the trace where it wound very abruptly back upon its course round a very deep and thickly wooded hollow. Denny, who was in fact, the only one of the three who was really attending to the duty they had to perform, espied through the intervening branches, three men, who, as the path curved, were walking in the same direction with himself and comrades, and must have met face to face at the loop of the road. Denny thought at once that they were Indians, and stepping up to the man next to him, and by a jerk brought him round, pointed out the enemy.

The Indians had not yet seen the whites, but the instant that the two heroes who so much desired to see Indians, were gratified, they thought a small part of the show would answer, actually turned and ran backwards at the top of their speed.

If all the Zanes, and all the Wetzels, had been training Denny from his cradle, he could not have behaved much better. It was only when the two white men turned to run, that the Indians espied them, and without following the road, they dashed across the ravine. It was not even known whether or not they saw Denny, who had "taken the tree," until they were rising the bank near him, where they tree'd also. With their unerring keeness of eye, the Indians saw by his movements, that Denny was not a practised warrior, determined to draw his fire. In this they succeeded, but with a consequence they did not probably expect. One discharged his piece, calculating what happened, that the white man would do so also. The Indian intentionally threw away his fire, but Denny did not, for the savage received a ball through his heart, and through the smoke of his own rifle. If he had been unsupported, such a proceeding would have cost Denny his life in all human probability. But the whole affair transpired in less time than I have been making the record, and as soon as the rifles were discharged in rapid succession, the main body, seventeen or eighteen in number, raised a shout and set forward. The two surviving Indians fled, and the party returned with his scalp and gun, as the spoils of a man, who like myself had never before seen such a trophy, and such a memento of what man may be.

I close this note, by stating, that though bred from an infant in the frontier, this was the only one of these disgusting memorials of victory I ever actually beheld.

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outpost of white inhabitants on the continent of North America. This Fort, if it can be called one, was established by authority of Government, in 1769, by the Zane family, Ebenezer, Andrew, Silas, and Jonathan, and in fourteen years has become the defensive point of a settlement extremely flourishing, if we allow for its position. It is the most important post on the Ohio, from Fort Pitt, downwards, and yet, four years ago, when we were busy catching Burgoyne, Wheeling, though in name a garrison under the Government, had not in it, or nearer than Fort Pitt, a single regular soldier. The only true guard of the country was, and is, our *Scouts.** These men are too few in number, however, and generally, too young to have much influence beyond their individual exertions. In the spring, and early in the summer of 1777, four years since, our scouts reported Indian signs, and as no very remarkable outrages had been committed, suspected the warriors who made the marks to be spies, examining the state of the country. Information was sent in at the same time, from friendly Indians, of the Moravian towns, that preparations were making at Detroit, and in the towns of the hostile Indians, to organize a force which was, no doubt, intended to invade the Ohio settlements. Having no regular troops, the inhabitants were left to their own resources, and all was activity. The Fort at Wheeling was put into a state of defence; and the scouts became more than usually active. By some means, the Indians and their allies were made acquainted with the fact, that the whites on the Ohio were on their guard, and the invasion was delayed.

As week after week passed, and no invading force appeared, the whites gradually relaxed their vigilance, attended to their crops and other business, and finally relapsed into careless security.

"From this security, the people were awakened late in August. The dreadful news reached Wheeling, that an army composed chiefly of Indians, of the Northern confederacy, but commanded by Simon Girty, had reached the Moravian towns on the Muskingum. General Hand, who then commanded Fort Pitt, and was the superior military officer in the country, was made acquainted with the state of things in the Indian country.

"The intermediate country was supplied with Block-Houses, but the only village below Fort Pitt, was at Wheeling. Eight years before, a forest untouched. That place in the summer of 1777, had already a town of thirty houses. Fine farms had been opened, and stock of horses, cows, and hogs, increased beyond belief. In fact, a wealthy little colony had risen on Wheeling Creek. Lulled into forgetfulness of the necessity of more watchfulness and preparation, though so recently advised of their danger, these people were at last taken by surprise.

"Ebenezer Zane, though a regular officer, and himself and brothers, as wary as men could be, they had no legal authority over the people. The erection of a defensive enclosure for their stock, had been urged, but neglected; and on the first morning of September, Wheeling, and all around it had the appearance of peace and safety. The approaching Indians, conducted their march with consummate skill, avoiding the usual routes of approach. Captain Ogal with twelve men, had been engaged several days, in scouting through the woods to guard against the approach of danger, returned to Wheeling on the evening of the first of September, reporting that no enemy was near, and yet, in that very night the invading Indians, (near four hundred strong) approached, and made their dispositions within very little more than rifle shot of the fort. The lights seen in the fort, occasioned in part by the arrival of Captain Ogal and his party, induced the Indians to suppose the very reverse of what was true, that the people were on their guard. This mistake caused the enemy to delay the attack, and change their dispositions; this saved the whole body of inhabitants from destruction. I have said, that the Indians in their own way, are the most disciplined of men; but I may here observe, that like all other men, it is only in their own manner of fighting that they are so well disciplined. Against the most feeble fort, a block-house, or even a well defended common house, they are in fact a contemptible enemy. On the contrary, however, it is real matter of astonishment; the skill with which these men of the woods, draw the whites into positions, to give themselves the full advantage of their forest mode of warfare.

*Scouts, or spies, as they were indifferently called, were men employed to scout the woods, and watch the approach of Indians. They were generally young, active and sober men, and in the then condition of the West, were of the most pre-eminent service to the settlements. It may be here remarked, as an instance how quickly and surely men accommodate themselves to their situation. They were remarkable in their ordinary intercourse with society, for taciturnity and watchfulness. Of the two most eminent Scouts in North Western Virginia, this could be said emphatically. Lewis Wetsel, and Jonathan Zane, were almost as careful of their words as of their ammunition. These men are gone to rest, and most of their gallant, brave, and generous companions sleep with them, and their usefulness is rapidly fading from memory, but no language can now convey an idea of the estimation in which they were held upwards of twenty years, from Dunmore's campaign in 1774, to the treaty of Greenville, 1795.

It is because I personally knew many of these hunter-warriors, and because the general character of the *caste* to which they belonged, was long exposed before me, that I have no patience, nor pretend to patience, when I read the trash that is yet issuing from the press as descriptive of their manners, and language—the latter in particular. I was in the country in the fourteenth year after its original settlement by Whites—*Red Stone Fort*, where the Scene of "*Mark Lee's Narrative*," was laid on the basis of fact, was established in 1767, and Wheeling two years afterwards. The language, habits, manners and customs of the western people, if to any very sensible extent, were found different from the same characteristics east of the Mountains, the contrast was far indeed from being to the disadvantage of the West. Amongst the circumstances of my existence, the most felicitous to myself, is, that after *half a century is past*, I live to give my feeble, but sincere testimony to a body of people whose intrinsic worth is not hearsay, but experience; and shall be remembered until I follow to their home.

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"Wheeling creek, in its windings, meets the base of a hill about one mile above its mouth. Inflected by this hill, the creek winds to the southward nearly parallel to the Ohio, and curving again, is lost in that river, having a tongue of land between the two streams. The bottom next the Ohio, on which the fort and village stands is rather high, but narrow, and is followed by the hills, here very steep. Most of the hill was in wood when the Indians came before the fort, but there were some naked spots in full view from the fort and village. The Indians were formed in two lines, extending from the river below the fort, across the bottom, and around the southern extremity of the hill. In the front line a considerable interval was left on both sides of a road leading into some of the cleared bottom, and along the lower margin of one of the cleared spots on the hill side. So silently and skillfully were all their arrangements made, that in complete security the people saw day breaking over the high hill to the east.

"The most sufficient man in the fort, was certainly Ebenezer Zane, and under him were ranged the inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood; but the militia drawn from the settlements more eastward, who were then in the fort at Wheeling, were about equally divided between Captains Mason and Ogal, and did not amount to thirty men.

"Samuel Mason, an ignorant man, now living in the very neighbourhood to which you are moving, and except being rashly brave, and a good rifleman, is utterly unfit for any command. Pretty near the same may be said of Captain Ogal. Very early in the morning, two men left the fort, and passed the first line of Indians in search of horses. Six Indians had been stationed in the centre, who as the two white men advanced, shot one down, and suffered the other to escape; and then showing themselves openly, taunted the garrison, holding up the bloody scalp. The Zanes, and every other person in the fort, who had any knowledge of the Indian character, pronounced at once, that the six warriors were a decoy; but Mason became outrageous, and insisted on marching out, which he did in defiance of all advice, calling those cowards who refused. The worst of such conduct, is the dreadful alternative which it presents to brave men. There is little doubt, but that the most of Mason's men knew they were rushing to destruction, yet twelve followed him to the fatal field. The six warriors provoked the party on past the first line, were enveloped, and Mason himself wounded in two places, was the only one of the whole thirteen who escaped instant death. *

* Well would it have been for Capt. Samuel Mason, if he had fallen with his gallant companions on the field at Wheeling. After the end of the war of the revolution, he removed with his family to the southward, and when advanced beyond middle age, about 1800 to 1805, became the leader of a band of highway robbers, between Natchez and Tennessee. Though I believe neither Mason, or any of his band, ever imbrued their hands in human blood, they were a very severe evil to the country on both sides of their wilderness haunts.

About 1802, one of Mason's sons was brought to Natchez, under a charge of robbery, tried, convicted, and punished by whipping. This poor man, it appeared afterwards, was not only innocent of the offence with which he was charged, but that he was opposed at heart to his father's conduct, and was convicted merely from the natural connection. One of the jury, whose name I omit, made himself very conspicuous on the trial of John Mason, wishing before the whole court and audience, that "*the rascal might be hung.*"

By some means, Samuel Mason received a report of this speech, with additions, no doubt, but the affair passed at the moment. Some months afterwards, the juryman was returning to Natchez, from a journey he had made to the upper part of the then white settlements, and alone on horseback, bending his way along a mere bridle path, through a very heavy brake of cane. This enormous grass presents in such places a wall impenetrable to the eye to any distance beyond a few feet. On this lonely path, suddenly issued from the cane, and before the rider, a man armed with tomahawk, scalping knife, and shining rifle. Mason at any time of his life, or in any situation, had something extremely ferocious in his look, which arose particularly from a tooth which projected forward, and could only be covered with his lips by effort. This, with the thousand and one tales afloat at the time respecting "*Mason the robber,*" and the conduct of the man towards his son, all combined to render his presence unspeakably frightful.

Stepping into the path and presenting his rifle, the horseman stopped, and the two stood eyeing each other a few moments.

"Your name is ——— I presume, ?" said the footman.

"That is my name," replied the horseman.

"And mine is Samuel Mason," rejoined the footman, knitting his brows and clinching his teeth.—"two days have I waited your coming, to blow your brains out."

"Oh! Mr. Mason I have a wife and children."

"Children," replied Mason, in a voice which pierced the very heart of the trembling horseman—"children, and d—n you, do you think I don't love my children as much as you can yours. You thirsted for the blood of my son;—did ever John Mason do you any harm?"

"Never."

"Did I myself ever do you any injury?"

"None whatever."

"Did you ever hear of me committing murder, or suffering murder to be committed?"

"I have not, Mr. Mason."

"Thank God," asseverated Mason, with great earnestess, "I have never shed blood—but now—come down Sir. If you have any-thing to say to your Maker say it,—I give you five minutes."

The terrified man sunk off the horse, and fell on his knees, uttering a fervant prayer, addressed rather to the man, who stood beside him with his gun cocked. At length his words failed him, and he burst into a violent shower of tears.

The man himself, who afterwards related the whole circumstance, and could scarce ever do so without tears at the remembrance, said, he every moment expected death; but Mason regarding him with a bitter smile, swore his life was not worth taking, wheeled round, and in an instant disappeared amongst the cane.

Recently, a tale has went the rounds, of the public papers, in which it was stated, that Mason was finally executed. This to my certain knowledge, was untrue. Sometime, I think in the latter end of 1803, or early in 1804, Charles C. Claiborne, then governor of the Mississippi territory, offered by proclamation, a reward of *five hundred dollars*, for the head of Samuel Mason, dead or alive. This was done in order to

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"The situation of the whites was now terrible; the people of the village flying, with scarce their common clothing, to the fort; the screams of Mason's men, who were hacked to pieces with the tomahawk, and the still more piercing cries of the women and children, who every moment expected the appearance of their enemy in the village. In the midst of this fearful tumult, Captain Ogal led his men into exactly a similar snare, which had drawn Mason's party to destruction. Ogal advanced with twelve scouts, across the narrow plain, between the fort and hill; the men were in front of their commander, and were suffered to pass the outer line of Indians, and when fired on, the Captain being still on the outside of the enemy's line, threw himself into a thicket, where he remained until next day, and finally regained the fort. Out of twenty-six men thus stupidly exposed by these two officers, three only escaped, and one only unwounded.

The only benefit obtained by such waste of blood, was to admit the escape of many of the inhabitants into the fort; a result, which would have been much more securely obtained, by the two parties of militia uniting, and by adopting their own mode, awed the Indians, and covered the retreat of the inhabitants.

Incredible as it may appear, the events I have been relating happened in little more time than I have employed in giving the relation. The gates of the fort had scarcely been closed, when the comparatively overwhelming army of Indians issued forth, headed by that worst of villains, Simon Girty, who summoned the fort to surrender, in the name of the king of Great Britain, and under the terms offered in Governor Hamilton's proclamation—pledging protection in case of submission, and instant destruction in case of resistance. To meet this terrible alternative, Col. Ebenezer Zane had thirty-three men, in a feeble fort, crowded with women and children, whose terrors influenced them to plead for surrender. In this moment of horror, a saviour appeared in the form of a young woman, a Pennsylvania German—Betsy Wheat, who answered Girty in no measured or flattering terms, shamed such of the men who appeared disposed to yield, and encouraged the women, by telling them that their own lives, and that of their children depended on their arms.

Thus supported Col. Zane pronounced defiance, and the assault commenced, and continued until nearly the same hour the next day, when Girty, and the other savages finding they made no impression on the fort, and dreading the reinforcement which would of course march to the relief of the place, gave up the enterprise; but before commencing their retreat, left not a living animal of the stock of the inhabitants which they could find, or a cabin unconsumed. Upwards of three hundred head of horses, cows, and hogs were shot down, and their dead bodies left to taint the air. And mingled with the carcasses of their domestic animals, lay the corpses of twenty-three men, imprudently, but generously sacrificed in their defence.

Such a lesson any one would suppose, would have been effectual for some time at least—but hear a little more. The dead slain at Wheeling were scarce cold in their graves, when a Capt. Foreman, with a company of militia, arrived from beyond the mountains, to take station at Wheeling, and protect the people. Indian signs were often seen, and the spies were frequently making reports of lurking war parties; and to watch these parties, was the peculiar duty of the spies.

On the 26th of September, Capt. Foreman led forty-five men down the Ohio, to Grave Creek, and was on his return, when about three miles above Grave Creek station, he encamped for the night. Unpractised in Indian warfare, and as obstinately bent on taking no advice from those who were, as even Braddock could be—Foreman suffered his men to kindle large fires, and lie down by them, as if provoking danger, and enabling the Indians to approach and examine his number and force in safety. A young man of the name of Lynn, had accompanied Foreman with three or four more settlers as spies. The kindling fires in the night was so utterly contrary to Lynn's notions of propriety, that he remonstrated—but finding his caution neglected, retired to some distance with his own men, and thus spent the night.

The dawn found Lynn and his little party on the watch, and even before day Lynn and his men felt convinced they heard the breaking of sticks by men walking slowly, and also the splashing of water in the Ohio, made by men pushing canoes.

These signs were made known to, and scouted by Foreman, who, with his men recommenced their march towards Wheeling, and soon reached the lower end of the Narrows; and again ventured to suggest the great impropriety of continuing through the pass, and advised following the hill top, as they would there see all around them. Captain Foreman replied by some insulting language. The vigilant spy preserved his temper, and observed:—

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destroy their mutual confidence, and had the effect on Mason's band, as his head was actually brought to Natchez, in the spring of 1803, or 1804, I cannot distinctly remember in which year, by two men, of the names of Sutton, and May. Never did a more striking instance of retributive justice occur. Mason was shot by one of these villains, expecting the reward. The Governor, it is probable, would have cheerfully paid the sum, to any citizen, who had abated such a nuisance, and proved the head; but never intended to screen any of the gang from justice, for such a service; refused the demand of Sutton, and May, unless full proof was given, that the head offered, was really that of Samuel Mason, the robber.

While these wretches were altercating about their claim, Col. —— Winter, of Kentucky, or Arkansa, who had been robbed on the Mississippi river, sometime before, by the very same Sutton, and May, arrived at Natchez. This active and determined man had warrants issued, and they learning their danger, fled from Natchez, but were taken in Jefferson county, Mississippi, and confined in Greenville jail; and in due time, tried, convicted, and executed.

These were the leading facts, which broke up a nefarious band, and such was the real termination of the life of Mason, whose rashness, occasioned the Wheeling massacre. When Mason fell, and his destroyers met a due reward, I was myself residing near Natchez.

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"Captain Foreman, if there is an Indian on this side of the Ohio, and that there is a large party, I am sure, they are now at the head of the Narrows, and my advice is to keep the ridge and avoid the bottoms."

"This was responded to, by the term "Coward."

"Lynn stood a moment, and then replied "You and your men may do as you please, but we, addressing his own companions, will keep the ridge; and thus the two parties separated, and set out on their march in return to Wheeling. The intention of Lynn at first was to ascend the hill to its summit, but his generous feelings prevailed, as he felt convinced, that Foreman and his men would be attacked at the head of the Narrows, and if so far off as the hill top, he could give no aid. The five men then turned along the hill side, as near the other body as he thought prudent.

"Immediately at the head of the Narrows, there is a hollow of the bottom, a kind of basin or sink, near the margin of which the path winds. As Foreman and his men reached this fatal spot, one of them picked up some Indian ornaments found lying on the path, and all halted to examine the object, closing upon one another, and while in that position received a volley, every ball of which pierced a man—and then a second, and it is almost certain that every man would have met instant death, had it not been for Lynn and his four companions. The moment the Indians opened the fire, Lynn and his men in place of flying, which they could have done in safety, raised a shout as loud as in their power, separating from each other to a considerable distance, and discharging their guns. This brave and gallant conduct alarmed the Indians, who now thought themselves exposed to a large reinforcement, retreated at their utmost speed. But Captain Foreman with two of his sons, with eighteen more men, found a grave in the very hollow place where their crafty enemy lay concealed. It was the opinion of the spies, and of Ebenezer Zane, on examining the ground and Indian signs, that the whole number of Indians did not exceed, if it equalled, that of the slain."

Here the veteran Ranger paused an instant; grasping his rifle, as if in the act of rising, but as if struck with an after thought, slaunted his piece between his knees, resting the barrel on his left shoulder, and casting his keen grey eyes on my parents, continued "Pass yon river, and you are in a country of bold action, and where thoughts rest not on trifles. The woods and the Indians are your enemies; brace your mind to set both at defiance; your hands are your friends. The picture I have placed before you, is the worst view. How strongly are even the faults of some, and crimes of others, met by the opposite characters in the progress of these new settlements. To Braddock, have we not to oppose George Washington, and on a more confined scale, and in events of lesser importance; if we have a white Girty with the Indians, we have also with them Isaac Zane. Have I not, indeed, in every instance I have mentioned shown you the extremes of rashness, and cool deliberate caution. These things faintly described by me, a man of the woods from youth, will become stronger in your eyes every mile you tread towards Ohio. Farewell."

A mountain seemed to be removed from the breasts of both my parents, and in a few days afterwards, the Rubicon of that day, the Monongahela, was passed by us all; and in those regions were spent the early and middle life of

MARK BANCROFT.

From the Augusta, (Geo.) Sentinel.

The enclosed lines are interesting, not only from their poetical merit, and the fine tone of feeling they exhibit, but as a tribute to American female excellence, from the pen of a foreigner. B.

VERSES

Written on reading Miss WIRT's letter descriptive of the last moments of her father.

The bird that sung thy sire's funeral lay,
Hath never hymn'd such lofty strains as thine!
The sun which did, upon that mournful day,
Bless with his light thy dying parent's shrine,
Appeared less lovely in the house of death
Than thou, fair lady! blessing with still breath
The heaven-summoned soul, who, made divine
By the rich mercy of his Saviour's grace,
Was soon to meet his Master, face to face.

Lady! I would each parent of your land
Did own a daughter of as fair a mind
As thine must be; then would affection's hand
Support declining years, and old age find
Not only sustenance from children's wealth,
But a far nobler boon; a holy health
Blessing their spirits;—as a genial wind
Is to the dying flowers of the spring
A valued treasure past imagining.

Is it not beautiful, when manhood's prime
Fades into Age, to see a gentle girl
Guarding the feelings of her childhood's time,
"Nature's inheritence," from the rude whirl,
The spirit-killing whirl of Folly's sea?
Whose scarcely noticed waves continually
Make shipwreck of our hopes, and then unfurl
Over the regions of the happy past
Destruction's banner to life's very last.

Long be thy womanhood's blotless page
Writ in the Book of Life, where we may trace
Much that is lovely; till a green old age,
Silently changing every youthful grace
Into its heavenly nature, you ascend
Unto your father's kingdom; and each friend
Known, loved, and valued on this earthly stage,
Shall joy, their sister in an honored grave
Hath passed Affliction's troubled bitter wave.

Thou wilt not know Affliction. 'Tis for thee
The shadow of a shade. Its bitter tear
May dim the brightness of thine eyes, and be
Its mirror on thy hectic'd cheek;—its *fear*
(Mail'd in such holy armor as thou art)
Can never pass the threshold of thy heart.
And strives in vain to gain admittance there,
The spirit of Affliction is its fears;
Bereft of them, it perishes in tears. E. G.

MAXIM.—Nothing is more essential to happiness than the regulation of our passions, and keeping them under the dominion of reason.

The covetuous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in every thing, and part with nothing.—*South.*

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The Drop Scene.

BY THE REV. MOSART CAUNTER.

I had at all times a restless propensity for practical jokes, but I have lived long enough to find that, "like young chickens, they always come home to roost." Experience is a stern disciplinarian; she is, nevertheless, the nurse of wisdom, and but for her sage lessons, how often should I have disgraced my grey hairs by frolics which were once dear to my heart, and which I have only relinquished because I so frequently found that they left either a sting or a bitter behind.

Propensities and antipathies are merely converse qualities of our moral nature, both equally difficult to subdue. It is perhaps impossible to struggle against either with any certainty of success, until the actual cautery of experience has been long enough applied to deaden the one, or correct the other. My propensities in early life were always active. There was a natural vehemence in my moral temperament, which I found it scarcely possible to control; and both in mind and body I felt a restless impatience for action, which was perpetually involving me in some difficulty or danger. Nothing could exceed the delight which I took in the execution of a practical joke; and to praise my dexterity in an acquirement so perfectly unexclusive, was at once to open the nearest passage to my heart. With me this propensity was an absolute monomania. I was however cured of my fits of agreeable delerium, without being subjected to the discipline of a shorn crown or a strait waistcoat. I have made up my mind, as a penance for past folly, to record my own shame, by telling how I was cured of my volatile propensities.

I was born in a village in Staffordshire, in the vicinity of numerous coal-pits, into which I had descended with that eager thirst of curiosity so prevalent in young and ardent minds. To me the scene was new and inspiring; and when I gazed upon the wonders beneath the earth, I derived from them a greater zest in contemplating the wonders above it. I took infinite delight in listening to the superstitious legends of "goblins damned," so readily and gravely related by the old pit men; and these subterranean tenements were the frequent resort of my holiday hours. As I was of an active and buoyant temperament, excitement with me was the one thing needful, the ne plus ultra of moral enjoyment; and that particular excitement occasioned by the plan and execution of a practical jest, was above all things what I most dearly loved. This was in truth but a childish predilection; nevertheless, it grew up with the man; so that though in my adolescent year I could truly say, that "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child," yet I could not predicate of myself that "when I became a man I put away childish things." Matrimony it was thought would sober my restless and mercurial habits, and I was accordingly, soon drawn within the circumscribed boundaries of a domestic circle. I was still, however, for a joke, in spite of connubial bliss; and my wife, who was as good humored and affectionate as she was beautiful, only laughed at my hallucinations, and persuaded her friends to do the like, which gave a stimulus to my habits, and this increased momentum soon brought them to a climax.

On the eve of some great day, as I well remember—the annual fair of a neighboring town, or something as eventful—the workmen of a large pit near my rustic dwelling had obtained leave to work during the night, in order that they might be free to enjoy the fun of the fair next day. I accordingly determined to descend into the pit at the "witching time of night," in the character of a goblin, and terrify these dark rustics, in order to quicken their relish for the day's pleasures. I prepared the necessary disguise, and tied it up in a dark bandanna, and having arranged with a friend to assist in my descent into the valley of black diamonds, waited that much dreaded hour.

"When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead,"

with most restless impatience. I almost counted the moments; but time, as if to mock my anxiety, seemed to have folded his wings, and

"Like a wounded snake, drag his slow length along,"

Anxiety is never comotase; I had therefore no desire to sleep, for the fever of anticipation had got so strong a hold upon me, that my pulse outran the tickling of the clock by at least sixty in a minute. The hand of the dial, to my very great joy, at length pointed to three quarters past eleven, when I sallied forth, and my friend at the mouth of the pit, awaiting my arrival. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The heavens were starred and cloudless. In spite of my sinister project, I could not be insensible to the loveliness of the scene around me. The blue vault of heaven was studded with innumerable stars, sparkling with light and life, radient in celestial beauty, and recording in a language mute indeed, but universally intelligible, the omnipotence of HIM who hung their glories in the firmament, as the paragons of his creation. Where can we so legibly read the power and wisdom of the GODHEAD, as in the language of the skies, when night is hanging out her lamps on the wide battlements of heaven, and its azure plains stream with the effulgence of their glories? There is a vital loveliness in the clear, calm, moonlight, which at once lifts the soul to the GOD of its existence, and makes it exult in the consciousness that it is a part of that mighty scheme of motion and intelligence, by which it is surrounded, and in which it is absorbed. The beauty of the scene still lingers upon my memory; nor was I so entirely engrossed by the anticipations of a droll adventure, as to have abandoned all relish for beauties which have never failed to kindle in my bosom the most impressive emotions of wonder and admiration.

The mouth of the pit was encircled by a rude rail. The mode of descent was by a rope fastened to a windless; at the end of which was a piece of strong chain, terminated by a cross bar of iron. As I had been accustomed in my boyish days to descend into these dark and dismal excavations by a similar mode of conveyence, I had no fears upon the present occasion in repeating the freak. My friend placed himself at the windless in order to regulate my pro-

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gress, and having first dropped my bundle into the pit, I fixed my feet firmly on the bar at the end of the chain, and commenced my somewhat perilous descent. The harsh creaking of the crazy machine, as the tightened rope gradually uncoiled from the wooden cylinder round which it was rolled, seemed amidst the silence of midnight, like the muttering of unquiet spirits

"Doom'd for a stated time to walk by night,"

when

"Upon a corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporouse drop profound;"

and a tremor of something like dread came over me when light was entirely excluded from my view, and the very "blackness of darkness" fearfully closed in around me. My progress appeared to be extremely rapid, so much so, that I felt a sudden faintness steal upon me, but this soon passed; yet when I considered that my safety depended upon the strength of a rope scarcely more than an inch in diameter, I confess I felt for a moment that my life was held upon a very uncertain tenure, and the throbbings of my heart become almost painfully accelerated. It was by this time so dark that I could not distinguish the sides of the shaft, while the small fragments of earth which occasionally fell as they were disturbed by my progress, sounded in my ears with a loud and terrifying indistinctness, like the multiplied re-percussion of echoes amid the vaults of a cemetry.

I had not been long on the rope when, to my great surprise, I found my progress suddenly arrested. I waited for a few moments with much impatience, under the idea that some impediment had arisen in the machine above, but finding, after a lapse of several minutes, that the rope, on which I was balanced still continued stationary, I concluded that I had reached the bottom of the shaft, and prepared to quit the chain. I forebore calling to my friend above, lest I should alarm the pitmen, and thus at once expose myself to their coarse raillery, and mar my own diversion. I now became keenly sensible that I had done a very foolish thing in venturing by night into a pit which I had not examined by day, and some very unpleasant apprehensions began to steal over me; however, summoning my resolution, and persuading myself that I must be within a yard at most of terra firma, I slid down the chain until my hands grasped the cross bar, when, to my utmost consternation and horror, my feet rested upon nothing and I found myself swinging with the most fearful oscillation in the "empty air." I stretched myself to my utmost length, but in vain. I still swung, and there appeared to be a supernatural power in the dark void around me, dragging, me down into the gulf beneath;—the whole mass of my blood seemed as it were to circulate only downward, and I became, for the first time, most painfully sensible of my own gravitation. That mysterious principle, by which all material objects are attracted to one common centre, appeared to be increased a thousand fold, and I already fancied that I saw my brains whitening the black pavement below. My blood curdled. I strove to regain my former position on the chain but found myself unable to raise my body to a sufficient elevation enable me to grasp it above the bar from which I was suspended. My arms were stretched to their utmost tension, and I felt all the pangs of luxation. My sensations were appalling. It seemed as if an enormous weight were attached to my extremities, and the most fearful noises met my ears, as though the dismal ministers of doom were exulting in the near possession of their victim. It was clear that I could not long maintain my hold. I shuddered; my temples were bedewed with drops of bitter agony. My eyes, stretched open to their utmost extent, could still distinguish nothing in the pitchy void around me. My tongue was parched with the violence of my exertions. How did I curse my folly in having wantonly brought myself into such jeopardy! What a situation! To hang between time and eternity, about to drop from one into the other, and to quit reality for uncertainty; to be suspended over a dark and horrible pit, were no eye could behold my sufferings but His to whom "darkness and light are both alike;" about to perish, without one expression of consolation, or of sympathy from her who was the depository of my tenderest affections, though I had so often laughed at her gentle rebukes whenever she attempted to check the exuberance of my wayward will. Reflections rushed like a whirlwind through my brain; though the period of my involuntary suspension had been but a few minutes, as many painful thoughts crowded into my mind, as under ordinary circumstances would have filled up the melancholy void of years. I remembered my child and groaned—"Thou wilt soon be fatherless, my boy, and thy father"—Oh God! What a reflection. Tears, scalding and bitter, streamed down my heated cheeks, but I had no hand to dash them off, for although I felt destruction to be near, I still clung to life with that instinctive energy which is common alike to the coward and the brave, in the hour of extremity. I thought for the first time, upon my iniquities, and felt that I had a fearful reckoning to make with Him before whom I was about to appear, but for which I was altogether unprepared. How should I meet that omnipresent which had read my inmost thoughts, and therefore knew, but too well, that I had rather been a worshiper of the idols of this world, than of Him who "founded it upon the seas, and prepared it upon the floods." A pang pierced through my bosom as my mind confusedly reverted to my spiritual insecurity. The possibility of what my futurity might be, flashed like a stream of lightning through my brain. I shouted to my friend above—in vain. He heard me not. Feeling my strength fast deserting me, I concentrated all my energies in one resolved effort, and lifting myself above the bar made a plunge at the chain. The endeavor was unavailing; I missed my hold, and from the violence of the exertion, was swung round and round with a velocity that almost deprived me of consciousness. I now hung by one hand over the dark abyss. I felt that I had but a few moments between life and death. My brain reeled; I put up a short prayer to heaven, and scarcely conscious of the action, unclasped the bar, and dropped into the terrible abyss. I was all but insensible when I fell, yet a something of

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consciousness remained to me and it appeared to my fading fancy that I was some time whirling in the air before I met the earth. My senses now utterly deserted me. When I recovered them, I found myself supported on the smutty knee of a pitman, who was chafing my temples with fingers that had not known the wholesome application of water since their hebdomadal abolution just five days before. I gazed around me with an expression of stupified amazement. I looked up, and saw the awful chain swinging scarcely a yard above my head; and upon putting myself in the position I had just so fearfully quitted I discovered to my inexpressible surprise and mortification, that from the distance between my toe and the ground, when my body was at its utmost stretch—I had fallen from the prodigious height of TWO INCHES!!

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

BY WHITTIER.

Storm on the midnight waters!—The vast sky
Is stooping with its thunder. Cloud on cloud
Reels heavily in the darkness, like a shroud
Shook by some warning spirit from the high
And terrible wall of heaven. The mighty wave
Tosses beneath its shadow like the bold
Upheavings of a giant from the grave,
Which bound him prematurely to its cold
And desolate bosom. Lo—they mingle now—
Tempest and heaving wave, along whose brow
Trembles the lightning from its thick cloud fold!

And it is very terrib'e!—The roar
Ascendeth unto heaven, and thunders back,
Like the response of demons, from the black
Rifts of the hanging tempest—yawning o'er
The wild waves in their torment. Hark—the cry
Of strong man in peril, piercing through
The uproar of the waters and the sky;
As the rent bark one moment rides to view,
On the tall billows, with the thunder cloud
Closing around, above her, like a shroud!

He stood upon the reeling deck—his form
Made visible by the lightning, and his brow,
Uncovered to the visiting of the storm,
Told of a triumph man may never know—
Power underived and mighty—"PEACE—BE STILL!"
The great waves heard him and the storm's loud tone
Went mourning into silence at his will:
And the thick cloud, where yet the lightning shone,
And slept the latent thunder, rolled away,
Until no trace of tempest lurked behind,
Clinging upon the pinions of the wind,
To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

Dread Ruler of the tempest! Thou before
Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm—
To whom the waves do homage, round the shore
Of many an Island empire!—if the form
Of the frail dust beneath thine eye, may claim
Thy infinite regard—oh—breathe upon
The storm and darkness of man's soul the same
Quiet, and peace, and humbleness, which came
O'er the roused waters, where thy voice had gone,
A minister of power—to conquer in thy name!

ORNAMENT.—A man whose great qualities want the ornament of exterior attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Love and Prudence.

"Oh! Love's an unco glamour light,
Flitting an' fause to lead astray;
But Prudence shines sae clear and bright,—
A beacon to the safest way!"

OLD SCOTCH SONG.

It was an important night to the bright-eyed belles of Washington. The elegant Mrs. Secretary R———, by way of varying the eternal routine of drawing-rooms (properly *soirées*) at the Executive Mansion, and dull conversation parties—or (we beg pardon of our polite readers) *converzasiones* elsewhere,—had projected a concert at her own house; not, like those got up abroad, a regular musical entertainment, where some professional *lion* was to thrill forth, no less for the profit of his patroness than for his own—but an *amateur* concert, at which several young ladies *très distinguée*, had volunteered themselves for performers. As the appointed hour of seven approached, many a fair bosom among the uninvited swelled with chagrin and envy, for this was to be a very exclusive affair; while those, fortunate enough to boast of a card, made themselves ready in a flutter of joyful pride and expectation. Our present business lays with two of this last number. One of these rather *petite* in stature, but of an easy shape, moved slowly about her chamber, in the principal hotel of the Metropolis—or stood before the dressing-glass on her toilette table, giving the finishing touches to her *coiffure*. If the figure of this "nymph intent" was deficient in the height and dignity necessary to constitute a grace, it was in recompense surmounted by a head worthy to serve as a model of symmetrical beauty. The set of features reflected in the mirror before her, were cast in the finest mould of the Grecian line with a pair of hazel eyes, large, languidly lustrous, and rolling with that sleepy glance said to "speak a melting soul;" her tresses, not luxuriant, but of a rich glossy auburn, where braided back from her low white brow, and bound up by a single string of pearls, crowned her head with a cluster of careless curls, which falling and gleaming with every turn of her neck, shone like the plumes of the golden bird of Paradise. This classic style of adjustment, which would have impressed most countenances with an air of sternness, harmonized finely with a face, resembling in sweetness and pale placidity of outline, that of a marble statue. But this immobile and faultless beauty was less happy in the rest of her person, which if not positively awkward and misshapen, was distorted by attempts at majesty and attitudinizing. Her dress was a petticoat of white satin, as short and as full as those of a Dutch peasant-girl, or second-rate Parisian *élégante*, which, drawn down at the shoulders and in front of the *corsage à la Rozelaine*, by loops of pearl, exhibited so much of a bosom and scapula not quite perfect in their proportions, as clearly proved the heedless owner to have merged her modesty in a blind compliance with the most impolitic of fashion's whims. From beneath the silver fringe that edged the voluminous folds of the skirt, a sleader ancle and foot fully displayed

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themselves, (for, now-a-days women of the world scorn the affectation of letting such commodities peep forth by stealth,) arrayed in an open web of flesh-coloured silk, and shod in a sandal *à la Grecque*, laced with silver cords. As the fair damsel drew on her glove of French kid, gaily worked on the back in floss silks, with a smile of triumph occasioned partly by the certainty that not another belle would "sport" a pair costing five dollars, and partly by a consciousness of her surpassing appearance,—a lady, over-rouged and over-dressed in all the tinsel of false taste,—who middle-aged according to our rude notions, showed by her *minauderies*, that, in this particular, the reckoning of her own vanity coincided with the statutes of Viennese gallantry,—burst into the room, panting for breath, as she waddled along under the weight of super-abundant flesh and finery, and crying out in a shrill treble, the very antipodes of *sotto voce* tones of *ton*—"Bless my soul! Eliza, love, are you goin' to keep us waitin' all night? Dear! now you do look nice and spruce, love, all in silver and white sating! I guess Mrs. Tilley done her best in that dress—and I know somebody'll be down in the mouth when they see ye. But make haste, love,—that's a dear! 'Tis nigh upon eight o'clock," looking at a superbly chased watch as she spoke; "the concert'll be half over before we get there; that don't make much odds, to be sure: but Mr. Webster's gone!!! only hear that!! just this minute gone! and now we're finely dished about goin' in along side of him, as if all come together. Come along, Eliza, I say; for the third and last time. Mercy on us! if she han't left her fan, and her six dollar cambric pocket hankerchief." "Give me the 'kerchief, if you please, ma'am," responded the soft voice of the languid daughter, "and the bunch of artificial flowers to take on my hand. I don't want the fan; statues never carry *them*—and you know"—Here they found themselves in the passage—and the lovely speaker was cut short in her dissertation on *antique costume*, by a general rush of the gentlemen out of the dining-room, sacred to the Congress mess, all eager to hand the not merely admired, but the rich Miss Bassett, to the well appointed equipage of her father, one of the wealthiest and most prominent members of the House. Leaving her to be whirled onward to the place of rendezvous, we turn to a personage less conspicuous in the *beau-monde*, but not less essential to the progress of our tale.

In a large parlour, respectably but plainly furnished with the massive relics of ancient grandeur, sat in a huge arm chair with a high backed ebony frame, and cushion heavily embroidered, a lady, whose matronly majesty of mien and dress, "costly, not fine," were those of other and grander days. The remains of a great beauty, and the simplicity and stateliness of a manner consistent with her age which was past the prime of life, rendered her an object as truly noble and interesting, as her pedigree was, for this country, illustrious. Her looks rested with a pure and profound expression of maternal fondness, that yet broke not forth in words, on her sole and only companion. This was a young lady, who critically considered, had no claim to beauty—but, wherever seen, bore off the belle from insipid regularity of feature, by her varying and resistless play of countenance, and the superiority of her *tournure*. Above the middle height, her's belonged to the "first order of fine forms," and was set off by a careless and airy grace of demeanour, a buoyant and undulating sorcery of motion to be found only in the step and gait of a highly accomplished dancer. Her eyes and hair were brown, of a shade so deep as to pass usually for black, and the latter possessed in an abundance, that might have vied with the silken growth of any Spanish head. was part wreathed about her leaf-shaped comb of carved tortoise shell, in a diadem the most becoming that can encircle a female head—and part fell in large, loose ringlets over the lofty brow, where

"Her eye-brow's shape was like the aerial bow."

The half severed lips, full and red, gave glimpses of a double row of pearl within, exempting our heroine at least from the foul reproach, flung at the American fair by Moore's sarcontemptuous lines. The clear brown of a complexion constitutionally pale, and the whole *contour* of her face, betrayed a foreign descent as decidedly as every look and gesture did the patrician air and graceful ease of a high-bred fashion: in short, the whole presence, manner and style, were, at a glance, those of a supreme *ton*—such as would be obeyed as an "Open Sesame" by the difficult doors of Almacs. This forlorn but fascinating creature, was, likewise, in evening costume as bidden and bound to the so talked of musical party. The dress of black *crépeline*, unornamented with jewels, and simple in the extreme, was made and worn with that style so rare and *recherché*, which adorns whatever it touches; its flowing drapery, that fell about the prettiest feet in the world, and the decorous height of the *corsage*, which, shaded without concealing the perfect outline of a bust, equal to that of the far-famed Lady Charlemont, were in unisonalike with delicacy and good taste; and each one of the flowers, composing the *bouquet* inserted amid her dark locks, was perfumed according to its natural scent. The fan of carved ivory, the *mouchoir brodé*, the essence bottle, was, each *impayable*, of its kind; but unlike the toast, whose person and pretensions we have already described, it was evident that no part of her garb or equipments here occupied the chief portion of the wearer's thoughts. After a few minutes chat with her august looking parent, and having kissed her forehead and cheek at parting, Monimia de Rozelle, not forgetting a last glance at the bright reflection of herself

"In the fair mirror pictur'd true,"—

flitted like a sylph to her carriage, and was driven to the house of her friend.

Dissimilar as we have represented these two young ladies to be, there was yet one point of resemblance between them: both were, at that instant, secretly engrossed by the same male subject. Edward Vere, nephew and reputed heir to the chief magistrate of Washington, was a handsome young man, who concealed

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beneath an almost feminine shyness and softness of exterior, a character replete with energy and passion. Despite his want of tact and address, an engaging figure and amiable temper, endeared when once known, and the wealth and worldly dignity of his uncle were such as reflecting on his protégé, rendered him a great object in the circles of high life. Gen. Vere was a widower, without children, and had, so far, shown no intention of taking a second wife. His house, his gardens, his plate his equipage, were all unrivalled in elegance; and the kinsman who was heir at law to so much splendour, seemed likewise, invested with the stronger claim of an adopted son. Miss Bassett, an only daughter, but not an only child, had just made her *début* with vast applause in the fashionable world of Washington. Her father, long ranking as one of the "merchant-princes" (as they have been ironically called) of New York, was also a man whose pre-eminent talents gave him a proud place among the legislators of the Republic. He was passionately fond of his beautiful Eliza, and disposed to humour her in every wish: hence a union with young Vere, who though himself without fortune, had its substitute in birth and brilliant prospects, was not likely to displease him, even in a prudential point of view. Installed as the belle of the season, the fair and rich Miss Bassett, had she been governed by the precepts of her maternal *chaperon*, would have scorned to look below a foreign minister, or *attaché* at the least; but frightened by the broad hints of the purse-proud mother, the diplomatic principals all fought shy of a matrimonial scrape,—and their secondaries, though covered with gold lace on coat and *chapeau*, were none of note sufficient to inveigle into the golden nets, spread to snare their betters. The young lady, herself, of a gentle and affectionate disposition, and hitherto a passive spectator of the plots for her aggrandizement had worth—alloyed to be sure by a little vulgar affection—to make the happiness of any man; and from the evening of her first appearance at the President's, had evinced by her peculiar complaisance to Edward Vere, that in choosing a husband, *her* preference was for private felicity rather than show. But her smiles, while they could not fail to flatter his vanity, took no farther effect upon a heart prepossessed beyond recall in favour of another.

Monimia de Rozelle, though living with her parent in almost conventual seclusion, had long been intimately acquainted with the gentleman in question. She had formerly mixed a good deal in the gay world, of which she was so formed to be an ornament; but circumstances of deep domestic affliction, had given her a distaste for haunts of pleasure, and confirmed her natural bias to less ephemeral and more ennobling enjoyments. With a genius fit for the highest studies, she had a surprising aptitude to all elegant accomplishments—and an air and manner such as belongs to the inhabitants of a court. Of French extraction by the father's side, she joined the wit and vivacity of his nation, with the sterling qualities and modest virtues of a Virginia house-wife—and sublimed them all with a lofty reach of thought and a capacity of heroic purpose peculiarly her own. Yet was the attractive and accomplished Monimia, no "faultless monster!" She was proud, satirical, refined to fastidiousness, and too apt to despise others for their lack of the fortitude and strength of mind, which, in her, regulated, without impairing feeling. Devoted unto the death to the few she valued, she had little sympathy with, or tolerance of the many; and though an hereditary generosity, and that compassion innate in her sex, moved her eagerly to extend relief to all who craved it—and her keen sense of the ludicrous, enabled her to extract amusement from the most ordinary things and characters; still she was no general lover of her kind. But proud as our heroine was, and took pride in being, hers was not of that revolting species which alienates by arrogance and supercilious condescension to inferiors. *Her* pride taught her to spurn a mean action as unworthy Monimia de Rozelle—to adhere to a high strain of principle and conduct, as transmitted to, and alone befitting that name. Of a sensibility profound, rather than vehement, she had long been deemed not merely "chaste," but cold as

> "The icicle that hangs on Dian's temple;"

and yet twice had this "seeming marble-breast been softened, nay melted into the warmest love. Her first passion, such as can be felt only once, and on its termination, leaves life a desert, and the heart a waste—was repaid with interest by him who excited it; but as proud and shy, as he believed her frigid and haughty, the lovers owed their eventual disappointment to a mutual misapprehension of character. For a long time Monimia, with the impatient despair of a youthful mind, had fancied all the amatory ends of life to be over with her; but after the death and worse than death, of a three year's constancy and grief, she began to perceive herself, gradually but surely, imbibing the same dangerous sentiments for another. But, though alike intense in degree, what a difference in nature between the wild energy of her early adoration, and the soft bondage of her present attachment. Under the resistless rage of the one her heart had been seared and blighted like the "sweet leaves" of the opening flowret beneath the fierce splendour of the noon-tide ray: the other, like "the refulgent lamp of night" ensilvering a summer landscape, diffused a gentle and delicious serenity—a tender moon-light over her soul, as mild as it was voluptuous. But a new and unlooked-for impediment speedily disclosed itself to mar the delight attendant on these reciprocal and exquisite sensations—and to verify the celebrated complaint of Hermia,

> "Ah! me! for aught that ever I could read,
> Could ever hear by tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth!"

Edward Vere on his introduction to the graceful De Rozelle, had been wonderfully struck by the fascination of her figure and a further acquaintance ripened this impression into an idolatry as lasting as it was violent, and romantic. At first he sought her society for the sake of that lively elegance and witty *badinage*, which seemed to put every body at immediate ease;

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then as the symptoms of his disorder grew stronger upon him, he persuaded himself it was only

"Admiration glancing harmless by:"

and when at last aware of the extent of his enslaver's empire over him, the discovery was productive of no unpleasant anticipations or regrets. Judging by the rank and opulence of the young lady's family, the *inamorato* took it for granted that she inherited a moderate competency; without which, on the one side or the other, *prudence* urged the impossibility of a marriage between them. This was, however, but an after-thought; for in the beginning of their courtship, Edward concluded, his mistress to be as plain and unexpensive in her habits as she really was. Under this belief, his visits increased in frequency; and soon passion prevailing over timidity, he spoke of love. Though Monimia replied not, she blushed—she listened,—and Vere was encouraged to persevere in his suit. But this avowal from him, led, on her part, to the like sincerity on one point: as soon as she perceived herself seriously sought by him, she frankly and fully declared her portionless condition. The immense possessions of Monsieur de Rozelle, had been dissipated in extravagance and sumptuous living,—and his daughter was left utterly unprovided for, save in the slender pittance secured by the clever management of his widow, and now well nigh consumed in their joint support. This piece of news was as unexpected as undesired by the lover, not however that he thought of, or feared for himself. Any thing but mercenary in temper, he was proud, sensitive, jealous and faint-hearted at the thought of Miss de Rozelle's immeasurable superiority over him, and his own destitute state. He could with firmness, indeed rapture, brave all privation and suffering with Monimia for his partner; but how, he asked himself, would it fare with *her?* Each day's intercourse convinced him more and more of the luxury, the magnificence that she was bred to, and in which all her connexions basked: and he felt shocked, debased at the idea of humbling her to his poverty and dependence. Sometimes swayed by the promptings of a suspicious diffidence, he dreaded that, accustomed to the glare and lavish expenditure of wealth, her gracious reception of him, was wholly interested and based on a calculation to re-instate herself by his means in her original sphere,—and that on learning his actual pecuniary position, she would spurn a wooer with only "wisdom and worth" to recommend him. But even if she should say in the words of the tender Angelina, "but these were all to me," he was too well versed by an experience the most injurious to a generous mind, in the endless mortifications, the corroding misery inseparable from a paucity or uncertainty of means to commit, in order to his own gratification, the villainy of subjecting a girl so born, and habituated to the elegancies of life, to the precarious chances of one without income or property. His expectations of heirship deemed so certain by others, and whose influence he mistrusted over the mind of Monimia, he knew to be held by the frail tenure of another's will; and recent demonstrations on the part of his uncle, made it probable that they would ultimately end in smoke: at all events, nothing would so much incense him as an *imprudent* match on the part of his nephew. It is true he had strongly and repeatedly urged Edward to marry—but always with the proviso that he must win a wealthy bride; especially had he warned him to beware of an entanglement with the bewitching De Rozelle. High-spirited and tenacious of his rights, the young man secretly resented this interference with his freedom of choice, which it only tended to rouse; but considerations of the most sacred and delicate nature, forced him to be cautious of flying in the face of the General's recommendation. Besides his self-love was nettled at the coldness, which shrunk from openly confessing a return of regard. Hence his behaviour was influenced by all the fluctations of hope, doubt and despair; and Monimia, to whom he had, without reserve, laid open the whole state of his affairs, was, by turns, charmed and vexed at an irresolution, now realizing the line—

"I loved thee well, and yet I wooed thee not."

Sure of herself, knowing that her mind was firmly fixed on its own centre, and not to be shaken by difficulties or indigence, of which she had already an ample foretaste—she was willing—indeed eager to encounter any lot with Vere; and the forbearance of his disinterested attachment, struck her sometimes as admirable—then as capricious and provoking in the extreme. At length, after divers alternations of warmth and coldness—after many a covert declaration *de part et d'autre*, and joint railings at "the foul house-wife, Fortune,"—the lovers came to understand themselves as tacitly pledged to await, disengaged and in patience, some favourable change of circumstances. Matters stood thus between them when one of the lady patronesses of Washington amusements, bestirred herself in getting up the concert just about to commence.

We accompany our young people to the scene of gaiety at the Secretary's mansion. The Bassetts, as their coach outstripping the hack filled with the beaux of their party, drew up without difficulty to the door, found themselves, to the infinite satisfaction of the corpulent lady-mother, almost the last arrival,—though Gen. Vere's carriage drove off to make way for theirs—and they saw his nephew ascending the steps before them: in the entry they overtook him. The eyes of the gentle Eliza invited his advance as plainly, if not as loudly, as the tongue of her consequential mamma, and their male attendants lagging unaccountably behind, in civility he could but proffer his service to assist the daughter in uncloaking, while Mr. Bassett performed that office for his wife. One act of politeness entailed another; Edward's arm was, of course accepted, as the corollary to his involuntary duty about the clasps and furred overshoes of the reigning beauty,—and they went in, together *en partie carrée*. The drawing-room was empty, or nearly so,—Mrs. R——, had left her station of reception near the door,—and they passed through into a larger and inner

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apartment, were the etherial sounds of a harp divinely played, arose above the buzz of voices, the hum of motion, and the clatter of spoons and saucers. All heads were turned to see who entered so late, and immediately reverted in their previous direction. "Mrs. R——, has taken her seat," proclaimed one gentleman, as he bowed *en passant*. "Keep on, sir,—keep on—a little more to the right; you will find the lady near the fire-place," said another, as drawing her husband after her, and jostling and discomposing those on either side, the protuberant leader of the double file, undauntedly forced her way through the dense mass in front of her. "Oh! my hair!" screamed one poor girl in agony, whose head, dressed after Lafore's best fashion, suffered sad derangement from the ponderous gold tassels, pendant from Mrs. Bassett's magnificent turban, hitching in its elaborate puffs. Good Lord! what ails the woman, to come smashing my sleeves out of all shape?" demanded a second, facing angrily round to repel the aggression, as bobbing her head about and twisting her fat body into various fantastic contortions intended for courtsies, the *soi-distant* dame of *ton* moved majestically onward regardless of the damage she had done, like a mighty galliot wrecking a parcel of fishing-smacks. The elegant hostess, who from the lateness of the hour, had given them out, came hastily forward to meet the new-comers; but Edward Vere, transfixed in excess of credulous consternation, neither noticed nor returned her cordial greeting. A sight, as hideous and as fascinating as the Gorgon's head, glared full upon him. Through an opening in the half-circle formed around her, he saw Monimia de Rozelle, bending over the most picturesque of instruments, in an attitude of inimitable negligence and grace, and singing with a depth of expression, carefully banished from her glance only to luxuriate in a voice comparable to Garcia's, the impassioned air of "Di tanti palpiti;"—while his uncle leant over her chair, his ardent eyes rivetted on her peerless figure—and on the other side, a foreigner of distinction, with all the exuberant gesture of his country, kept time to her performance, and seemed lost in exstacy. The disconcerted lover saw "the white rising of her hands upon the harp;" he saw those usually pale cheeks, dyed with the deepest crimson—and those orbs full and "darkly bright," now downcast and "beautifully shy," as they drooped before the gaze of her numerous auditors. The agony of ages seemed condensed in the deadly pang, that shot through his heart, as he reflected that Monimia had, that very morning, playfully evaded his inquiry as to whether she was to be at Mrs. R——'s. And yet here she was, in spite of her half-denial—the being he fancied so fond and so faithful—so dependant on his suffrage for her own approbation; here she was, radiant in gaiety and grace—resistless in her regal supremacy—smiling and playing in careless coquetry—encouraging the applause of others besides himself: and most horrible of all, attracting the homage, perhaps, the love, of his uncle. At once his jealous fears suspected himself supplanted by this, his second parent. Misjudging the flush and embarrassment of a modest confusion at finding herself the object of general attention, he translated these evidences of woman's instinctive virtue, (rather obsolete they were in truth) into testimonies of a delightful consciousness of his rival's obvious admiration. He turned away from the odious spectacle, scarce knowing what he did,—and dropping the arm, that lay so lovingly within his, retreated without one syllable of apology—or even leading his fair charge to a seat. Yet he had not reached the next room, ere a moment's reflection convinced him of his absurdity; a sense of triumph involuntary triumph blended itself with his chagrin—and urged his return, to witness the success of her, whom, in some measure he considered as belonging to himself. The last full chords of the symphony vibrated on his ear, as he made his way back to the side he had so abruptly deserted; but the great press around the nominal orchestra, hid the syren from his view. "Charming! now an't it?" "How sweetly she plays!" "Now, really she *has* a fine voice,"—was uttered by the would-be *dilletanti*, and mechanically re-echoed by simpering belles, and starched and lounging beaux. At length as Edward with Miss Bassett, now, for the first time, unheeded and overlooked, followed in the wake of their bulky conductress, who resolutely wrestled forward to gain a conspicuous place,—the undulations of the crowd afforded him a nearer glimpse of the soul-subduing musician. She now stood beside the harp, putting on her gloves, and bowing in acknowledgment of the compliments heaped upon her,—among which the agitated lover caught the words from his courtly uncle, "What can we say of your voice, and of yourself, but that both are exquisite as this" odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds?" And plucking a sprig of the lilacs interwoven with scarlet and geranium in her hair, the General apparently shunning a marked attendance on Monimia, suffered the Italian signor to lead her away to Helen and Nancy R——, the lively and amiable daughters of the Secretary. Here her enthusiastic escort endeavoured to place himself so as to keep off all intruders—but he was not allowed to achieve his impertinent monopoly. "Who is she?" "What is she?" "Where is she from?" were questions eagerly and repeatedly asked, and as often answered by Mrs. R——. The long estrangement of Miss De Rozelle, from promiscuous society, rendered her as new to the dashers of the *grand monde*, as if she had been, in reality, the French woman her name and manner denoted her; except to her own particular *coterie*, her person and rare endowments were utterly unknown, and their effect proportionally great. They now blazed forth like lightning out of a cloud, eliciting general wonder and commendation. The New York star disappeared before this brighter luminary; the tame and automaton-like regularity of her beauty and motions undergoing a transient, but entire eclipse, by the animated attractions of grace and talent, enhanced by the perfection of *ton* and *tournure*. Foiled in his aim at an exclusive appropriation of the *débutante*, as she might, in some sort, be termed, the obsequious Neapolitan found himself, every moment, disturbed in his discourse by some fresh presentation to the

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prima-donna of the evening. By the *Corps Diplomatique* she was completely *obsédé*; and when a French *chargé*, with the easy assurance and civil pertinacity of his nation, edged himself within speaking distance of his *compatriote*, as he styled her; the disappointed Italian, quite out-talked, was fain to resign his station in extremity of despair.

The company had now divided into groups—conversation, partially suspended during our heroine's excelling strains, revived apace; the clamorous chorus of tongues entirely drowning the clatter of the piano-keys, whereon one of the fair band of harmonists made out with false notes, and discords innumerable, to stumble through the "Overture to Der Freyschutz. Then came "Le Portrait," that tenderest of French romances, sung in pure style, and a fine mellow tone—but with a pronunciation so barbarously variant from the original, that *Madame la Consule Générale*, who knew no "*Angloise*," gravely thanked the songatress for gratifying her with English words to her favorite air.* Another and another succeeded; but in vain was the spell of "sweet Lydian measures" exerted in opposition to our natural and national indifference to melody. Few, or none listened to the music; the men disscussing political and gambling topics with all the more freedom because less liable to be overheard,—and the ladies, as dull of ear, bandying compliments with such gallants, as they could per force detain them—else whispering scandal, or audibly indulging in rude and sneering personal remarks. Miss De Rozelle continued the queen of the scene, and paid the costs of her popularity among the gentlemen, in many a bitter or insidious critique from the female part of the assemblage. Now the witchery of her speech and address shone out in their full lustre, as pleased rather than piqued by the stealthy, yet earnest observation of her anxious adorer, who hovered around without accosting her—and inspired by the desire of showing off before him, she became engaged in a lively dialogue with her new and vivacious acquaintance. Speaking his vernacular like a native, and her elegant and varying countenance lit up by the glow of genius and excitement, their colloquy soon assumed that peculiar and happy turn, which conversation possesses only in French; that play of words and ideas—that correspondence of phrases and gestures—that union of sentiment, and sprightly sense, so expressively designated by the epithet *spirituel*. While the two thus talked in high spirits together they gradually become the centre of a circle, and the subject of various commentary.

"There's a shape for you! Mills," said a gentleman joining a cluster near, and pointing as he spoke to Miss de Rozelle.

"Truly, it is very fine! small by degrees and beautifully less, from the soft bosom to the slender waist,"—"said the honourable member appealed to and famous for quotation, to his friend, a "buck-horse" Kentuckian.

"Yea, strait as a pine-splinter, and nimble as a wild-cat," was the comparative reply.

"And yet in some points, I hold her inferior to that nymph-like beauty, with her "glossy tresses loosly bound," observed the pompous orator, in the tone and manner of one declaiming before a public assembly.

"Like enough—like enough," rejoined his blunt companion, "for one's rich, and t'other's poor, as I understand—and let alone your Yankee speculators for smelling out and hanging on to a good bargain. But I'll be blessed if that an't the girl for a back-woodsman—eyes like a snake's—sings like a mocking bird—and could run up a tree like a squirrel. Its' a cursed shame though, to see her turn her back on her own country-folks, and stand there jabbering away with that outlandish cretur, that looks plagey like a monkey with its tail cut off."

"Oh! horrid, Mr. Wildth," drawled out with what she fancied the true Clara Fisher lisp, a maiden somewhat in the wane, with her hair hanging dishevelled about her scraggy throat—her robe fantastically bedizened with as many flowers as Ophelia's—and *pantalettes* on (that most unfeminine usurpation) deeply frilled with lace. "Abominable! now an't it, to thee a young woman tho bold and tho inthulting to we Americanth. I declare I had rather have a bean from the Wetht, than a forrin duke." And the bashful querist slipped her hand within the Kentuckian's arm, saying as she looked-up in his face with a grimace meant for an insinuating smile, "but leth walk about a little—do. I'm tired to death thitting thill ever thince Col. Hutton went to get me thome ice-cream."

"Come on, Madam, I must be at your service, since you seize upon me with the gripe of an alligator. Here we go, as large as life, and twice as natural. Let's walk round this way; I want to take a look at that pretty little Bassett: she's hooked a fine fellow in young Vere—worth a thousand imported ninnies like that, I can tell you."

And aptly representing a huge bear led captive by an ape, the couple sauntered towards our hero, in whose breast the universal admiration and delight, contended with the suggestion of a morbid jealousy. With Miss Bassett, who suffered the sensations of a deposed sovereign, still leaning on him, Edward Vere stood, writhing under worse than the fabled agonies of Tantalus, as he contemplated the brilliant and beloved being before him. Enchanted by her seductive spells—enraged at her flirtations, as he ungratefully miscalled those innocent efforts to appear to the utmost advantage in his eyes, he inwardly execrated her as a heartless and deceptive coquette, while all her powers were put forth solely to please and dazzle him. Under this erroneous judgment, he tried to repay the false girl in her own coin, by the most glaring dedication of himself, to his fair and forsaken conquest,—and gazed with his soul in his eyes, on the first, while apparently, absorbed in interesting communion with the latter. For once in her life, the discontented Eliza, overjoyed to engross Edward, but mortified at her temporary dethronement and desertion, felt the touch of envy, as even while blushing and whispering to the man of her choice, she beheld her fickle court of "well-dressed males," crowding eagerly about the new "CYNTHIA of the minute." In vain the ex-belle

*A fact.

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twirled her pensonnial posy—in vain she practised her softest glances, and best classic postures; and if amid the first raptures of requited love, female vanity missed, and bewailed its lost empire, it was a pardonable weakness, especially as her "dear five hundred friends," lady-like, took the opportunity of revenging themselves on the past triumphs of her beauty, by their invidious condolence on her present forlorn plight.

"Now, positively, 'tis too bad to see your beaux run away from you so," said one bosom-companion kindly, as several gentlemen recognizing their late divinity by hasty bows, pressed forward to render fealty to her successor.

"To be sure 'tis vastly provoking," continued another of the sympathetic comforters, who set up for a wit, "but then Eliza knows it can't be helped—and some comfort is her recreant knights will soon tire of that flirting Euterpe. There's no holding the men, any how; they are as fugitive as time, or as our fairest charms,"—and the speaker surveyed Miss Bassett, as if to imply the decay of her boasted face.

Numberless hits of this sort somewhat tended to ruffle the wrapt serenity of a heart secure in the return of its affection; and it was natural they should—(she had been no woman else:) but after all, pleasure predominated commensurably over pain, when the fond girl looked upon him, whom she had long sighed thus to enthrall.

Mrs. Bassett, baffled in her attacks on the diplomatic dignitaries, was well enough pleased to believe her daughter sure of the first young man about town. Wholly intent upon fastening herself for the evening to Madame Huggens, she had left the "young folks" to their own discretion, and was busy in chasing that lady from room to room—sometimes lucky enough to walk abreast with her—then holding on to the gown of the ambassadress, that she might not lose her in the throng; a calamity, which nevertheless occurred more than once. A wealthy Georgian, returning from the medical school at Philadelphia, espied her sedulous servility to *Madame la Baronne*, and mischievously thwarted it in every possible way. Once as the lady of an American, and a member of Congress, thus abased herself into a train-bearer (or something below it) he whistled her off by name, as if calling his dog,—"Here, Bassett—here, fellow, here," to the infinite amusement of the bystanders.*

Meanwhile the rivals stood a few paces apart,—offering, in all respects, the strongest contrast; the Northern representative, with her exquisite head, and ordinary person, reminding one of a peerless fragment of Grecian art, placed on the shoulders of some modern piece of sculpture, and her airs and attire, no less unsuitable, and the lovely Virginian, no incongruities of costume or manner marring her attractions, but all ease and elegance, now and then embellished by the superb affectations and graceful folly of a Farren, or an Abingdon, looking not like a deity or a muse (however much her acquirements assimilated her to this last)—but, like what she actually was, the most polished and gifted of her sex,—the Devonshire of our Western Continent. Young Vere, as he alternately surveyed the confronted competitors, acknowledged the full force of superiority in her he adored, but whom, at this moment, he thought he detested. Their eyes met—they were too close to avoid a recognition; a bow, stiff and distant on his side—slight and *non-chalant* on her's, was all the salutation exchanged between the two, who, for months had been all in all to each other. But Monimia felt the blood mount to her very temples, and the lover's whole frame was shaken by a tremour, that communicated itself to the lady upon whom he waited with such praise-worthy constancy.

It was now time for the concert to re-commence,—and Mrs. R——, who, evidently, relied on Miss De Rozelle, to make the *frais of* the entertainment, came to summon her to the *piano* which was her *forte*. The General, whom his nephew had remarked to keep at a little distance, warily noting the motions of Monimia, contrived, for a miracle, to forestall the officious *chargé*, and handed her to her seat before the instrument, calling out, as he did so, to those around, "Come, come, silence! silence! now we'er going to have—

"A fearful battle rendered us, in music."

and the jealous Edward fancied that he overheard his uncle, as he led the young lady along, make some allusion to the lilac-flower, taken from her hair, and proudly worn in his button-hole, as the floral type of "the first emotions of love," then agitating his heart. This supposition was enough to send him, for a while, away from her vicinity. But her Parisian friend was not to be so easily shaken off. He took up his post behind the chair of the matchless pianist,

"Whose voice, thro' melting mazes running,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning."

first warbled to her own accompaniment, and the chorus of sundry assistants, the pretty *rondeau* of "*Depuis* long-tempe." He adjusted and turned over the leaves of the piece next in order, which was a set of brilliant variations to a popular air; at the conclusion whereof, the room resounded with cries of "*Encore—encore!*" Miss De Rozelle arose with dignity, and retired to a sofa, still pursued by the devoirs of her assiduous attendant; he flirted the fan,—he held the handkerchief,—he presented the *flacon*, with a happy mixture of *empressement* and self-complacency; and Edward, who despised, yet coveted this knack at polite trifling, had much ado to refrain from inflicting, on the spot, summary punishment upon the coxcomb, who thus presumed, and was repaid by those sunny smiles due to him alone. His uncle, who, like himself, he knew to be perfectly indifferent to the "concord of sweet sounds," continually interupted the chat of the fluent egotist with petitions to the captivating minstrel for a renewal of her performance; and at last, in order to escape the sight of Edward's ostentatious devotion to Miss Bassett, she consented to resume the place just vacated by one of the lady-musicians. At first she began the appointed air of "Auld Lang Syne," and sang a few bars with a spirit and feeling, that stirred a sympathetic string in every

* An actual occurrence.

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breast. Suddenly her voice failed her—she could no longer dissimulate; and changing the touching strain for one of sportive brilliancy, she dashed off a waltz with a rapid yet masterly hand, and bade the listening throng obey the dictates of the dance. The proposal was rapturously received; for her auditors—all but a few passionate amateurs—were long ago—weary and yawning over the musical treat. Chairs were pushed back—sofas wheeled aside—tables rolled out of the way—and couples instantly arranging themselves in a circle. The scientific Frenchman, who had been deploring with vehement pathos, the monstrous solecism of a "Concert" in an apartment carpeted and crowded with furniture,—now horror-struck at the worse anamoly about to be enacted, was moving off with a pantomimic expression of pity and contempt at such vulgar ignorance,—when the mistress of the revels approaching, insisted for Monimia to go and join the set, adding, "I am competent to this—and 'tis time you should enjoy yourself a little." Miss De Rozelle yielded up her seat,—and the *chargé* pausing in his flight, seized her hand exclaiming, "*Quelle horreur! Mais que c'est une barbarie, cette mode-la!* I was abous to run away wid my-sel—*mais qui-si vous voutexi lein me faire l'honneur* to take one letteel turn in de valtz."

"Excuse me, *Monsieur le* Compte," said Monimia, speaking purposely in English, "I would with pleasure, if 'twere any other dance, but I never waltz in company."

The Frenchman dropped her hand—bowed slightly, and shrugging his shoulders and wringing his *chapeau*, retreated in huge disdain, repeating half-aloud as he went off, "Not valtz in *compaynie! Mais, mon Dieu! quelle précieuse ridicule! Vraiment*, she be *bourgeoise* and *Américaine* after all."

"Edward heard the request and the repulse; new life sprung up in his heart; snatching her hand, and pressing it fervently, he ejaculated, "Thank you, a thousand times for this forbearance!"

Confused at his own impetuosity, which, however, passed unnoticed in the general bustle, he relinquished the soft fingers so tremulous in his grasp,—with a thrill of delight, that beamed in her magic smile, Monimia disengaged a bunch of roses from her breast, and threw them on the chair beside him, with a whispered application of the line,—

"May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!"

given in Lady Montagu's Turkish love-letter as the symbolical meaning of the queen of flowers; which quotation had once before, sanctified a similar gift from his idol. He caught up the emblematic treasure, and pressed it to his heart,—while she turned away her blushing face; and for once, the lovers understood, and were satisfied with each other.

But fate frowned adverse to their flame. The beautiful Eliza, whose attention during this short scene, had been diverted elsewhere, now turned towards Edward Vere,—and seeing the living cluster he held, in disparagement of her own artificial garlands, stretched out her hand for it, saying, "What lovely roses! are they for me?"

Edward's constitutional *mauvaise-honte*, and his dread of the discovery of his attachment, hindered him from answering, "No"—but he did say "Yes." He suffered her to take the *bouquet* expecting its instant return; but while she was smelling at, and admiring its fragrance, they were separated by some crossing between them; and ere they met again Miss Bassett, whose revolted subjects had, one or two of them, resumed their allegiance, was led out to dance. Edward, who never joined in that lively exercise, had nothing better to do than to look on, and compare her rectangular and constrained movements, with the elastic step and swaying shape of his aerial De Rozelle, who, when the waltzers tired of their awkward whirling, formed into cotillions, took the floor, and when nigh transformed the whole company into spectators, by an exhibition, which might have reconciled the superfine French functionary to her tasteless rejection of the gliding German measure. Her dancing, as perfect and as modest as that of Taglioni, had an effect on her lover, which her harmonic powers had failed to produce; but when he sought to tell her this by his glances of fond admiration, he found her's hardly cast on him, and averted with an expression of bitterest scorn and anger. The *bouquet*, bestowed in a moment, and with a feeling so tender—that *bouquet* gathered from the rose-bush, his sole present to her, and whose blossoms had been culled only for him,—now reposed on the bosom of her wealthy rival, who seemed thus to inhale the sweets of Edward's love, while she felt its sharpest thorns beset her breast. But pride rallied to her aid,—and the attentions of her partner, a young English attaché, afforded an opportunity of retaliation not thrown away. The unwitting offender, who saw the momentary direction of her eyes, and was distracted at her subsequent *agacerie*, hastened to reclaim the fatal nose-gay, but it was all to late. Glowing with a resentment, which she was too haughty to vent in words or glances of reproach, Monimia carefully avoided looking towards him,—but divided her smiles and her sparkling sallies between Gen. Vere, and her handsome foreign partner. At length the endless evening came to a close. Edward, who lingered till the last moment, in hopes of being able to to make his justification, was standing in the passage, as Monimia with her friend, Helen, came down stairs. The gay tones of that silvery voice, still in pleased converse with her English cavalier, grated dissonant on his ear; he witnessed the care, almost tenderness, with which this happy man enfolded her in her cloak; he heard her coquettish reply to his entreaty for leave, to wait upon her *next day*; "I permit you to shawl me,—to see me to the carriage—and now," as he put her in, and stood hat in hand on the step, "*au revoir*." Miss R———, who was going home with Monimia, followed with her brother—the door was shut—they drove off; and devoutly cursing the object of his dotage, for an errant jilt, the indignant lover flung himself into the coach, which had, long since, conveyed his uncle home, and now came back to fetch him.

This night was decisive of the lovers' implied engagement. Monimia, glowing with a dis-

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pleasure all the more intense because it scorned crimination or complaint, never admitted Edward to a chance of explanation or apology. *Love* had enjoyed his day—and the reign of *prudence*, was about to succeed that blind rule. She had long been aware, though her tenderness for the nephew's feelings, had shrunk from conceding the fact, that very little encouragement was necessary to convert Gen. Vere into her declared lover. Her only parent's means of subsistance, were fast dwindling into nothing; she had sacrificed every thing for the benefit of this beloved daughter, who now appeared, fatally bent on throwing away her whole life upon an *imprudent* attachment, the issue whereof was precarious and protracted to the last degree. Extremely partial to young Vere, and deeming Monimia the best judge, in a measure involving her own happiness, Mrs. De Rozelle was quite willing for her to take the consequence of a union with a man, whose merit, at least, was equal to his poverty; but she had no patience with such unusual and interminable procrastination. Her pecuniary affairs were perplexed in the extreme; and want and difficulty together, or a separation insupportable to either, she foresaw as the inevitable lot of both mother and child, except the latter speedily retrieved her fortune by marriage. There was small likelihood of this, with the nephew,—while the overtures of the uncle were as eligible as mortal woman could wish; rank, affluence, an amiable character, a fine mind, every advantage but the questionable one, of youth, seemed included in the offer of his hand. All this, and much more, had been enforced over and over again, by the urgent arguments of Mrs. De Rozelle; but so long as the prepossessed Monimia could hug to her heart, the faintest prospect of a settlement, at however distant a date, with the object of her preference, she turned, not a deaf, but a cold ear, to the grave counsel of wisdom and experience. But weeks had grown into months, and months into years, since the beginning of her intimacy with young Vere; and still the lovers languished on in "single blessedness,"—their lives embittered by the agonies of "hope deferred."

Miss De Rozelle, alive to a full sense of her own dignity, and quickened by an extraneous impulse began, at last, to get impatient, under the idea that Edward trifled with her—and that it was high time for him to "wed, or cease to woo." She felt at a loss how to apprehend his conduct; he haunted her company incessantly—was miserable if she spoke to, or of, any other man, and consulted and confided in her precisely as if they were an affianced couple; yet with all these marks of impassioned interest in her, there was no correspondent hurry to bring matters to an ordinary conclusion. Nevertheless Monimia, believing herself truly and honourably loved, found no fault with a hesitation founded on the purest motives of regard for her ease,—till she accidently heard from a source entitled to implicit credit that Mr. Vere was the favorite suitor of the rich beauty, Miss Bassett. Several corroborating circumstances gave authenticity to this rumour; and though not prone by nature to mistrust without cause, the suspicions of the lofty girl, were not, when once roused, to be removed or allayed without sifting the story to the bottom. Besides, apart from any misgivings of Edward's fidelity, she readily conceived that, unless kept up by constant excitement, the strongest passions are liable to "sink by slow decay,"—and that holding himself sure of her whenever he pleased, both from her predilection for him, and that mode of life, whose privacy guaranteed the absence of all rivals,—her lover might be apt to wear off the chains of an affection so calm and monotonous, and with the inconstancy synonymous with the lordly gender, to run after those, who, from their own attractions, and a commanding position in the realm of fashion, there flashed with a meteor's light across his path. The sequestered maiden knew that, endowed beyond most of her sex, she must tower above any, if placed upon equal ground! but the finest painting requires the advantage of a proper light,—and she was sensible that, owing to a want of opportunity for their exercise, her lover remained unconscious of the one-half of her talents and graces. Under this aspect of the case, she resolved to try what their full display could do.

Mrs. R———, who was particularly fond of the elegant recluse, had always chided her impolitic retirement, and begged to *produce* her at a select party. Many a long day had elapsed since Monimia had made one in a gay assembly; but, now emulous of annihilating the petty disturber of her right of pre-emption to Edward Vere, and in order to ascertain the truth of what had so deeply galled her,—she consented to perform, with other belles at the famous Concert. Coming out there in all the *eclat* of her extraordinary accomplishments—outshining the *élite* of society—and taking her lover by surprise; she hoped the happiest effect from this sudden developement of her splendid powers. Nor were such anticipations false or unreasonable, though the event so cruelly belied her wishes. She saw Edward make his appearance with Miss Bassett—and that he left not her side during the evening; still, for some time, she made allowances for that shy and wayward nature, so well known to her,—and excused that distance and apparent inattention to herself as characteristic alike of his love and his delicacy. But as he wrongfully irritated at her gaiety and apparent disregard of his feelings, redoubled his assiduities to the fair boast of New York,—Monimia began to tremble and to recognize more than a casual flirtation in their deep and exclusive intercourse. Her heart ached with anguish, at the bare supposition—and she felt faint and sickening under the pangs of a jealous suspense, while singing or moving in the height of her loveliness with the joyous smiles and grace of a Euphrosyne. Edward's emotion and delight, so unexpectedly expressed at her refusal to waltz, renovated her drooping hopes and spirits; and they rose elate in airy rapture at the very moment, that was doomed to crush them forever. When the confiding girl beheld the pledge of her fondest faith, transferred before her eyes to the keeping of another—and that other her superior—not in intrinsic worth, but in mere worldly and sordid dross, her whole being seemed

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to undergo a sudden and radical convulsion,—and that bosom, so long the seat of purest passion, became at once its grave. The agony was tremendous, but salutary. The studious neglect, the insulting preference, for her beautiful rival, by him she had so much distinguished, had been eagerly extenuated and forgiven; but not so this last, and grossest affront. In an instant her resolution was formed, and subsequently acted upon. The claims of the dearest and most affectionate of mothers, the consideration of her own interest, the dictates of *prudence* hitherto stifled,—all now interposed in aid of outraged pride, and womanly dignity, pierced in its tenderest nerve; and after the glance that showed her the palpable proof of not only Edward's disloyalty, but of his disdain, she stood "regenerated and disenthralled," and his influence over her expired forever.

He, on his part, deemed himself no less wronged and insulted, when, after every effort to regain Monimia's ear, he heard her abrupt reserve and obstinacy accounted for by the certain news that she was receiving the addresses of his uncle. Incredible as this seemed, it was notwithstanding, as true as horrible; but far from ascribing this *denouement* of their out-standing engagement to his own blunder, the blame was all laid upon female venality and caprice. Edward believed that Miss De Rozelle had some right to be offended at his momentary surrender of her precious token; but he trusted in her candour and kindness to do him justice, and he had no doubt of her being as eager to listen to, as he was to render a satisfactory apology for his apparent slight. But when he found his long-worshipped idol not implacable, but indifferent—when he contrasted her late and last favour, with this sudden and complete estrangement—when he was able to recognize in her severe and deceitful course, no semblance of her former self,—he could not but conclude, not that both were somewhat in the wrong, but that she had never loved—that his truth and ardour, all his sufferings on her account, reciprocal as he had weakly dreamed them, were in vain,—and that *prudently* determined to dispose of her charms at the best market, she had now accepted a wealthy bidder, while he was "whistled upon the wind, a prey to fortune." All that was manly and sensitive within him rebelled against the insolence of her cold-blooded desertion; and with a precipitancy as instantaneous as that of Romeo, he abjured a haughty and unfeeling Rosalind for a Juliet, as artless as she was fair and fond. In doing this, he but followed the example of her, to whom he had been too long and deeply devoted,—and who had stung him to the quick, by a treachery long meditated, and masked beneath the most seductive tenderness. He would thus lessen her triumph, by showing that he could be as changeable and as *prudent* as herself,—and that the beautiful daughter of a *millionaire*, was well worth a portionless and unprincipled coquette, even though she were the most elegant and accomplished of her sex.

Some two or three months after the concert at the Secretary's, a double marriage was celebrated in the Vere family. That of the General, to Monimia de Rozelle, took place in Washington, at St. John's Church; while Edward led the fair Miss Bassett to the hymeneal altar in her native city of New York. And now contrary to every rule of romance, which dooms those guilty of sacrificing Love to Prudence, as martyrs to fate and fine feelings; a regard to truth compels us to record that both matches turned out extremely well. Monimia, as a wife, performed her duty to admiration, and reaped the reward of her principled and rational conduct; while the force of her example and conversation insensibly cured the *young* Mrs. Vere (as Eliza was called) of those little defects engendered under the pernicious tuition of her mother; and she too made her husband as happy as if he had wedded his first love. It is true the world, with all its customary good nature, affirmed that the quodum lovers still maintained a secret commerce, and hinted shrewd surmises, that all was not right between them, as the General would one day find to his cost. But these charitable conclusions invaded not the better part of society, among whom the Vere's long continued to be esteemed as among the happiest and worthiest couples in the District; and Monimia, exemplifying the triumph of virtue and good sense, never had a moment's reason to repent her surrender of Love to Prudence. E. C. S.

TO ——.

You say I love the moon,—I do
And why? It whispers dreams of you!
I love the moon, though 'neath its light
Is often hid the darkest night,
And many a heart that ill could brook
The sunshine, steals at eve, to look
On that pale moon.

I love the moon; though pale its beam,
'Tis truer than the sunny gleam
That glads awhile our summer's day,
Then passes like a dream away,
And leaves behind a broken spell,
Upon our night of thought to dwell.
I love the moon!

I love the moon, that silent thing
Of night and dreams, to see her fling
Her robe of light o'er earth and sea,
To wake us to her witchery
Of loveliness; mine eye could rest
For ever on a scene so blest.
I love the moon!

I love the moon, earth, sea, and sky,
The summer's sun, the autumn's sigh,
The winter's blast, though wild and drear,
Has fell like music on my ear.
I love the spring, but ah! to me
The moonlight whispers dreams of thee.
I love the moon!

VANITY.—All is vanity among men, their joy as well as their sorrow. It is better, however, that the soap-bubble should glitter with gold, or wear an azure tint, than be overcast with clouds, or what painters of nature call a dim obscurity.

A mediocrity in writing is quicker perceived in poetry than in any thing else. Who would not *buoy* on the surface sometimes, than always *anchor* in the mud.

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A TALE OF BLOOD.

If further proof were wanting that not unfrequently "truth is stranger than fiction," the inhuman atrocities detailed in the following bloody tale would present unanswerable testimony. The moral turpitude of the hardened villain who forms the subject of our story is almost without a parallel, and the agony and suffering resulting from his crimes are shocking in the extreme; his situation drove him to desperation, and love of life prompted him the the execution of deeds at which we shrink from the mere recital.

A few months since a Mulatto named Eriaz, at Hayti, Port au Prince, was sentenced to die for the murder of a merchant of the island. The murder was attended with horrible circumstances, and a robbery to a large amount. A few days after, Dardeza, a young Portuguese, was condemned to death for stabbing his mistress in a fit of jealousy.

The two convicts were confined in the prison, but in different cells; Eriaz, whose ferocity made him an object of terror, was confined in a dark cell; a small grating to give air opened on the passage, but not a single ray of light could penetrate this abode of wretchedness. Dardeza, the Portuguese, whose crime could not entirely obliterate sympathy for his fate, was better treated; his cell was larger, more airy, and the grated window opened on the country.

Both convicts were ironed at the feet and hands. They were informed that their execution would take place in three days, and bread and water sufficient for the period was delivered to them.

They both meditated their escape. Dardeza, who was permitted to see his friends, received from them instruments to enable him to effect his purpose, but the young man, weak and inexpert, gave up the attempt in despair, and waited in sullen horror the moment of the hangman's visit.

Eriaz, bold and resolute, resolved to surmount every difficulty, and effect his escape.

From the road to his cell, he fancied that one side of it was the outer wall of the prison, and if so he might get off. He set to work, and to prevent his being heard, he moistened the wall, and with the irons on his hands scratched it; he thus removed some fragments; he continued to moisten it and scratch; he slept not; he never ceased working an instant, save when the jailor came with a lantern to peep at him through the grating; he then crouched down before the hole, and pretended to sleep. He continued to remove small fragments of stone, but as day brought no light to his dungeon, he was not aware how long he had worked, nor how long he had to live; he neither knew the thickness of the wall, nor into what place the breach would lead, but the hope of life triumphed over every obstacle. His situation was horrible; every noise he heard made him fancy the fatal hour was arrived; despair for a moment paralyzed him; but instantly arousing all his energies, he resumed his labour, the stone yields to his efforts—it falls—a passage is made large enough for him to pass; but, alas! to his sorrow he finds that instead of the outer wall he had only penetrated another cell; he heard the moan of despair—it was the call of Dardeza!

Eriaz approached him, told him of his plan, and showed him what he had done. He perceived the grating open on the air of heaven—he considers flight certain; but how long it was before the fatal hour he knew not. Dardeza informed him that the coming night was the last. Eriaz overjoyed at the thoughts of one night more, considered their flight secure. Dardeza had a watch spring; with this feeble instrument they severed the iron bars of the grating—they were able to pass; but, to their horror, they found the window 60 feet from the ground. Yet this fall must be risked. There now only remained to file off their chains; both could not use the spring at once; the time before the fatal hour would not suffice for liberating both from their irons, and to escape with them on was impossible.

A terrible discussion now arose between the wretched convicts. The file was in the hands of Dardeza, and he resolved to use it himself. Eriaz, rushed on him to take it from him; a dreadful struggle took place. Eriaz, more vigorous, threw his adversary down. Dardeza feels himself vanquished; he approaches the window to throw out the file, for if it cannot save him it shall not save another. Eriaz perceives his object and prevents it. "Thou shalt not have it," exclaimed Dardeza, who put his hand to his mouth, and swallowed the file.

Eriaz threw himself down, in a state of stupification. "It is over then," said he, with the accent of despair—"I must die."

Dardeza was stretched on the ground—there was a rattling in his throat—the file had stuck in it, and was suffocating him. A horrid thought entered the mind of Eriaz—he rushed on Dardeza, seized him by the throat, strangled him, dashed out his brains against the wall, thrust his fist down his throat, seized the instrument, drew it forth reeking with the blood of his victim! In this state he applied it to sawing off his irons. He stript the body of Dardeza—tore up his clothes to form a cord, which he tied to a bar of the window. He descends by it. When arrived at the extremity, he sees with a fright 30 feet below him—he falls—a platform breaks the violence of the fall—he rolls to the earth covered with bruises.

Here new difficulties await him—he is not out of the prison, but in the outer round—he has still a high wall to scale before he can be free.

While he sought for the best place to attempt this last obstacle, one of the prison mastiffs rushed on him. Eriaz met him courageously, and thrust his still bloody hand into his mouth to prevent his barking. The dog made an effort to disengage himself, succeeded, and bit off the hand of Eriaz. Thus mutilated, he fought and conquered the dog; but there was not a moment to lose, the day was beginning to break, he found a part of the wall filled with crevices, he had only one hand, yet he succeeded in climbing the wall. He was free!

At day-break the jailors went to visit the prisoners to prepare them for their fate. They found only the corpse of Dardeza, horribly mutilated.

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A general alarm was given, and a proclamation made; from the traces of the blood and the hand ly ng near the dog which Eriaz had strangled, they found that the convict had lost his right hand; this circumstance was noticed in the description of his person.

Eriaz had run as fast as his legs would carry him an hour—he perceived a small hut, he was dying with hunger and fatigue, he entered it to solicit hospitality, for he could not reach that isolated spot. An old negress, who inhabited the hut, gave him some food, he was about to depart, when a mulatto named Caro, the son of the negress who had so generously entertained him, entered.

He had just came from Port au Prince, and began telling the wonderful story of the flight of Eriaz and murder of Dardeza. Eriaz turned pale, and concealed the stump of his right arm under his clothes. Caro perceived it, and the intrepid young man rushed upon him, tore off his cloak, and discovered his bleeding wound. Eriaz retreated, and spying a hatchet, he advanced against Caro, who had seized a large stick. Eriaz aimed a mortal blow at his adversary; Caro warded it off; the hatchet slided along the stick, and fell on the head of the poor negress, who had tried to part them—she fell bathed in her blood; Caro, furious, rushed on Eriaz, and struck him down senseless. He attempted to raise his mother—she was no more! At this time three horsemen belonging to the police entered to enquire if Eriaz had passed that way; they discovered him the author of a new crime. He was handcuffed, and fastened to the tail of one of the horses, and conveyed thus back to his prison.

Eriaz had no sooner arrived there, than he asked for a bottle of rum and a priest; to whom he related with the greatest *sang froid* all the details of his evasion. He then swallowed a bottle of rum at a draught. The priest had scarcely withdrawn when Eriaz fell senseless on the floor, and when the executioner came to convey him to the gallows he was no more.

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO SOCIETY.

BY DR. CHANNING.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to the virtues of ordinary life. No man perhaps is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into the hopeless ruins, were the ideas of a supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be totally erased from every mind: Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices, to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men abandon religion, and who can describe the extent of the desolation which would follow? We hope perhaps that human laws and naturally sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches could illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the earth. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? and what is he more if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes.

It particularly deserves attention in this discussion, that the christian religion is singularly important to free communities. Indeed we may doubt whether civil freedom can subsist without it. This at least we know that equal rights and impartial administration of justice, have never been enjoyed where this religion has not been understood. It favors free insutitions, first because its spirit is liberty; that is, a spirit of respect for the interest and rights of others. Christianity recognizes the essential quality of mankind, beats down with its whole might those aspiring and rapacious principles of our nature, which have subjected the many to the few; and by its refining influence, as well as by direct precept, turns to God, and to Him only, that supreme homage which has been so impiously lavished on crowned and titled fellow creatures. Thus its whole tendency is free. It lays deeply the only foundations of liberty, which are the principles of benevolence, justice, and respect for human nature. The spirit of liberty is not merely, as multitudes imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, an unwillingness to be oppressed ourselves, but a respect for the right of others, and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged and trampled under foot. Now this is the spirit of christianity; and liberty has no security, any further than this uprightness and benevolence of sentiment actuates a community.

In another methed religion befriends liberty. It diminishes the necessity of public restraints, and supercedes in a great degree the use of force in administering the laws; and this it does, by making men a law to themselves, and by repressing the disposition to disturb and injure society. Take away the purifying and restraining influence of religion and selfishness, rapacity and injustice will break out in new excesses; and amidst the increasing perils of society, government must be strengthened to defend it, must accumulate means of repressing disorder and crime; and this strength and these means may be, and often have been turned against the freedom of the state which they were meant to secure. Diminish principle, and you increase the need of force in a community. In this country government needs not the array of power which you meet in other nations—no guards of soldiers, no host of spies, no vexatious regulations of police? but accomplishes its beneficent purposes by a few unarmed judges and civil officers, and operates so silently around us, and comes so seldom in contact with us, that many of us enjoy its blessings with hardly a thought of its existence. This is the perfection of freedom; and to what do we owe this condition? I answer to the power of those laws which religion writes on our hearts, which unite and concentrate public opinion against injustice and oppression, which spread a spirit of equity and good will through the community. Thus religion is the soul of freedom, and no nation under heaven has such an interest in it as ourselves.

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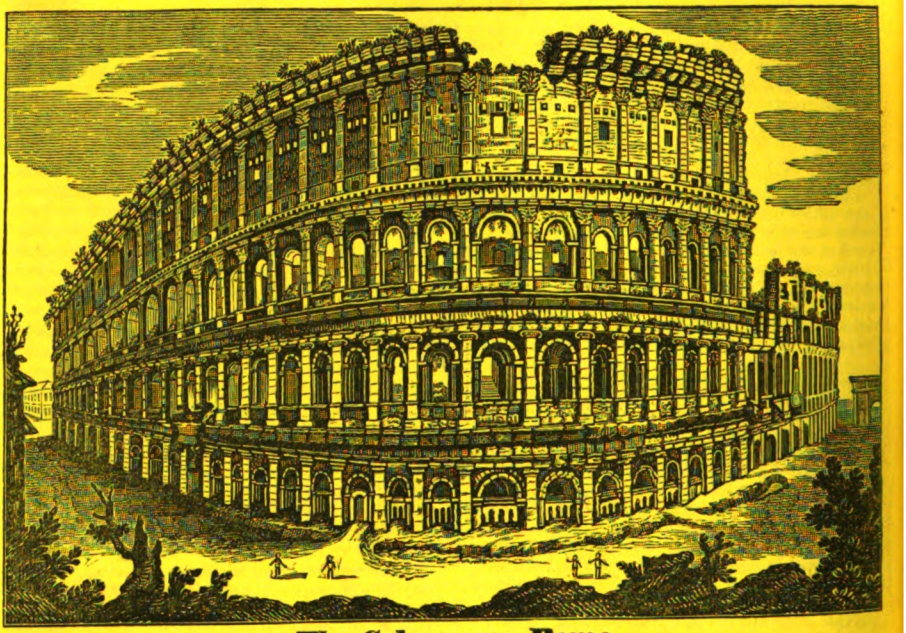

The Colosseum, Rome.

Stirling Castle, Scotland.

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THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.

The Coloseum, which is of an oval form, occupies the space of nearly six acres. "It may justly be said to have been the most imposing building, from its apparent magnitude in the world; the pyramids of Egypt can only be compared with it in the extent of their plan, as they cover nearly the same surface." The greatest length, or major axis, is 620 feet; the greatest breadth, or minor axis, 513 feet. The outer wall is 157 feet high in its whole extent. The exterior wall is divided into four stories, each ornamented with one of the orders of architecture. The cornice of the upper story is perforated for the purpose of inserting wooden masts, which passed also through the architrave and frieze, and descended to a row of corbels immediately above the upper range of windows, on which are holes to receive the masts. These masts were for the purpose of attaching cords to, for sustaining the awning which defended the spectators from the sun or rain. Two corridors ran all round the building, leading to staircases which ascended to the several stories; and the seats which descended towards the arena, supported throughout upon eighty arches, occupied so much of the space, that the clear opening of the present inner wall next the arena is only 287 feet by 170 feet. Immediately above and around the arena was the podium, elevated about twelve or fifteen feet, on which were seated the emperor, senators, ambassadors of foreign nations, and other distinguished personages in that city, of distinctions. From he podium to the top of the second story, were seats of marble for the equestrian order; above the second story, the seats appear to have been constructed of wood. In these various seats eighty thousand spectators might be arranged according to their respective ranks; and indeed it appears from inscriptions, as well as from expressions in Roman writers, that many of the places in this immense theatre, were assigned to particular individuals, and that each might find his seat without confusion. The ground was excavated over the surface of the arena in 1813; a great number of substructions were then discovered, which by some antiquaries are considered to be of modern date, and by others, to have formed dens for the various beasts that were exhibited. The descriptions which have been left by historians and other writers of the variety and extent of the shows, would indicate that a vast space and ample conveniences were required beneath the stage, to accomplish the wonders which were doubtless, there realized in the presence of assembled Rome.

When the imperial power was firmly established, the sports of the amphitheatre were conducted upon a scale to which the Consuls of the republic had scarcely dared to aspire. Caligula, on his birth-day, gave four hundred bears, and as many other wild beasts to be slain; and on the birth-day of Drusilla, he exhibited these brutal spectacles, continued to the succeeding day on a similar scale. Claudius instituted combats between Thessalian horsemen and wild bulls; and he also caused camels to fight for the first time with horses. Invention was racked to devise new combinations of cruelty. Many of the emperors abandoned themselves to these sports, with as passionate an ardour as the uncultivated multitude. Sensuality debases as much as ignorance, because it is ignorance under another name. Claudius rose at daylight to repair to the Circus, and frequently remained, that he might not lose a single pang of the victims, while the people went to their afternoon meal. Sometimes, during the reigns of Claudius and Nero, an elephant was opposed to a single fencer; and the spectators were delighted by the display of individual skill. Sometimes, hundreds and even thousands of the more ferocious beasts, were slaughtered by guards on horseback; and the pleasure of the multitude was in proportion to the lavishness with which the blood of men and beast was made to flow. The passion for these sports required a more convenient theatre for its gratification, than the old Circus. The Colosseum was commenced by Vespasian, and completed by Titus (A. D. 79.) This enormous building occupied only three years in its erection. Cassiodorus affirms that this magnificent monument of folly cost as much as would have been required for the building of a capital city. We have the means of distinctly ascertaining its dimensions and its accommodations, from the great mass of wall that still remains entire. Such a building can never again appear in the world, because mankind have learned that the expenditure of princes upon useless monuments to their own pride and power, can only be wrung from the hard labours of the people themselves; and that the wealth thus diverted from the channels of usefulness, perpetuates the abuses of misgovernment, and at the same time impedes the progress of the many in knowledge and comfort. Public happiness and the ostentation of despotism cannot exist together.

STIRLING CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

Stirling, was in former times, one of the most important towns, in a military point of view, in the Scottish realm. From its position on the Forth, it was the key to the Highlands—"the bulwark of the north"—as Scott has called it in his 'Lady of the Lake.' It stands on the south bank of the river, and used to command the only bridge by which it was crossed.

Stirling has been called the Windsor of Scotland; and it has some pretensions to that appellation. The view from the castle is of vast extent, and comprehends the richest variety, both of the beautiful and the grand in the natural scenery. Towards the west, the prospect is bounded by the solitary Benlomond, rising in the sky, at the distance of about thirty miles, to the height of above 3000 feet. The intervening space is a level valley, through which the Forth is seen stealing its way with a thousand meanderings. Round the northern horizon sweeps the almost continuous chain of the Grampians. To the south lie the green hills of Campsie; turning round from which towards the east the eye rests on a plain of rich and cultivated beauty, with the sister towers of the capital cresting the distance, and between, the broad and fertile plains of Carron on the one hand, and on the other "the many Forth unravelled" in a succession of beautiful windings, till it spreads out

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from a slender stream into a great arm of the sea. Some idea of the singular manner in which the river lingers over this part of its course, may be formed from the fact that it travels over about twenty-four miles in making its way through a space not more than six miles in length. The innumerable green peninsulas, of every variety of shape and dimension, which it forms in its sportive progress, present a picture which certainly has not often been surpassed in bright and animated beauty.

"Grey Stirling, with her towers and town," is unquestionably a place of very high antiquity. The oldest existing charter of the burgh is dated in 1120; but it bears to be a confirmation of former grants, and there can be no doubt that the fort at least was of importance a considerable time before this. The first mention which historians have made of it, is in the ninth century, about the middle of which it is recorded to have been taken and thrown down by Kenneth II, the King of the Highlands of Scotland, when he overcome the Picts, whose principal fortress it was, and that which guarded the most exposed extremity of their territory.

It was afterwards repeatedly attacked and taken by the English, and by the several factions whose contentions continued to distract Scotland with little intermission, during nearly all the time it remained an independent kingdom. But even to enumerate all the sieges it sustained would lead us far beyond our present limits. The last time it was attacked, was by the Highlanders in the rebellion of 1745, when it was successfully defended by the governor, old General Blackeny, throughout a siege of several weeks.

Stirling appears to have become a royal residence about the middle of the twelfth century; but probably none of the present buildings of the castle are older than the middle of the fifteenth, when James I., on his return from his long but fortunate detention in England, made this place his principal royal seat.

One of the buildings in the Castle is called the Palace; being a quadrangular edifice, with a small court in the centre. It was built by James V. Here is a room designated the King's Room, or the Presence, the roof of which was formerly adored with a series of carvings in wood, in the very highest style of art. About half a century ago one or two of these ornaments fell; and the incident was taken advantage of, to pull down the roof altogether, and to convert the hall into a barrack.

The ground immediately around the Castle, and which is walled in as a royal park, contains various monuments of antiquity. Among them is an eminence, on the north-east, where criminals used to be executed, alluded to in the 'Lady of the Lake,' in the speech put into the mouth of Douglas, as he makes his way up the rock:—

"Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his Sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft has heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand!"

Here also is the round table, where it is said that tournaments were anciently held, with the adjoining seat from which the dames of the court viewed the contest, still distinguished by the name of the Lady's Rock. This, too, is introduced by Scott:—

"The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladie's Rock sent back the clang," &c.

And so frequently in ancient times, was the country in the neighbourhood of this important fortress, the scene of the meeting of hostile armies, that no fewer than twelve battle-fields are pointed out from the summit of the rock,—the glorious field of Bannockburn, the Marathon of Scotland, among the rest.

The Bibliotheque Choisie of French literature, though no longer published under its former title, is united with another publication, that of the *Revue Francaise*, published by Hoskin and Snowdon, New York. This work in typographical neatness, general appearance, and intrinsic excellence, may be compared with any publication of its class, that we meet with either at home or abroad. It is, as its name imports, not a library of French literature, but a collection of flowers for the great literary parterre, which is no where more watered with genius, or cultivated with more care, than in France. Monthly we have in each number a bouquet, comprising selections from all departments, the useful the fragrant, and the beautiful. There is something in the French literature so *spiritual* and aspiring, that a charm is thrown over the most jejune subjects, and it is rendered more attractive in this, than it can possibly be in any other language.

The Revue Francaise is valuable to all who read the French language well, but particularly so to those who are learning it, as the contents of a periodical are much more easy mastered than the heavy pages of a voluminous work. The sprightliness of the lighter branches of French literature is exceedingly attractive, as may be seen by the following translation from the number now before us, furnished by an intelligent literary friend.

A SOIREE AT LADY N***'S.

I had returned one cold evening in December, disappointed enough, from a visit where I had found no one at home. I was dressed, and as I do not like the labour of such preparations, I stopped mechanically before the well-lighted shop of an apothecary, turning over in my mind what I should do, in honour of my Cashmere vest, my granate coloured coat, with gold chased buttons and my boots *a Suisseki*. I was in a sort of indolent indetermination, unable to find any means of turning to advantage, my fine dress, which I cursed, and which prohibited my going to spend the evening gaily with my friends, when a well known voice called out

"Well! Henry! what are you about, planted there by the cold, opposite that bottle of water for the cure of chilblains?"

I turned, and pressed the hand of one of my best friends.

"You look fine this evening," said I, folding my arms in my cloak! "do you visit in this neighbourhood!" added I with a half sigh.

"My dear fellow, I am going to take tea with Lady N***. If you were only dressed,——I'd take you along."

"Oh, thank you," says I, throwing the cloak off my shoulders under the pretext of consulting my watch.

"See now! you are dressed like a bridegroom!—Zounds! I'll take you along."

"Not so fast, if you please," says I, "*you don't know* yet it would suit me. Besides I don't know ——"

"Good Heavens, my dear fellow, these English are so fashionables. Come along, you will be amused."

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"Are there any young ladies there?" said I. "Ay, are there; delightful ones my dear boy, who speak French like ourselves—come."

"Agreed!"

Ten minutes afterwards, we entered a magnificent hotel in Helder street, glittering with cut glass, gilding and drapery, divinely arranged, blue and granate.

On a spacious sofa, at the extremity of the saloon, three young ladies, negligently placed, were amusing themselves in turning over the leaves of an album.—Their feet were upon the rich hair cover of Gobelin manufacture.

We advanced near the fire, around which were seated a number of ladies and gentlemen.

"Milady," said Evariste, addressing the mistress of the house, "allow me to present to you one of my best friends; I ask of you for him, the same kindness you have shown for me." And Lady N***, a large, cold statue-like woman, opened, as she fixed her eyes upon me, a great toothless mouth, from whence issued a certain noise like the crackling of a piece of parchment. I made her a profound bow—this finished the ceremony.

"This is your house, my dear fellow," said Evariste; "Your tea will be served here every evening—there are charming women here—and you will form delightful acquaintances."

While he thus vaunted the pleasures attendant upon the tea parties of Lady N***, I surveyed all parts of the saloon, which contained about twenty persons. But my eyes fell with most pleasure, upon the charming beauties upon the sofa; and as in a *bouquet*, we recur ever to the freshest and most fragrant flowers, my attention, abandoning all other portions of the room, was riveted upon the three rosy and splendidly dressed young ladies, who were immersed in a sea of light, shed from a rich candelabra, on a table by them.

One of them, the middle one, and the merriest, was especially beautiful. She was not too large;—of a fair complexion, with a rich frontlet around her forehead, like the rich cream which mantles over the milk below it—cheeks and lips animated with laughter; black eyes, the sparkling expression from which varied, as from the facettes of a chrystal pendant: the whole enclosed by a wreath of hair, which fell in voluptuous ringlets, around her enchanting visage:—then a waist so surprisingly slender. In short, of a form, the most perfect, languishingly inclined in the most coquettish attitudes over the album, with which all three were amusing themselves. The other two young ladies were likewise well enough; but her! the lady of the album, she was the most winning, for winning is the word; not beautiful,—winning!

"Who," said I, in addressing Evariste, "who, is this charming sportive fair one, seated between the two English ladies."

"Ah, my dear boy; charming! charming! that is Miss Florine de ***, one of the jolliest dames of Paris. She's brilliant—all talent, my dear fellow!—unsurpassed at the piano forte!—witching when she sings—ravishing when she dances! and ——"

"Enough! enough," said I, interrupting him, "you have already worked yourself into such a passion, as to fix her attention—see how she observes us; let us move away—"

"What!—on the contrary," said he, "let me present you."

"By no means—it is not a good time," said I, drawing him to another part of the saloon.

"Zounds, you remind me!—shall I tell you a good story, little known I assure you, in regard to her, the beautiful Florine? You know Gustavus Angot, the only son of the rich banker de ——"

"Well.—He is a gay young fellow, full of talent and spirit. He was much sought in the *beau monde*. His social rank and financial station, assisted also the elegance of his manners, for —"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, my dear fellow, fancy him, madly in love with this fair lady. She loved him also—I believe so at least. Their approaching union, was the grand topic of the saloons. Marquisses, Countesses, Baronnesses, surrounded the gay Florine, praising Gustavus and his good taste. Finally, the demand in marriage was seriously made. That lady there upon the sofa, asked eight days to reflect upon it."

"Eight days," said I "'twas but reasonable—a young girl must be familiarized to the idea of the transition to a—young woman."

"But after these eight days, eight more. Then eight more; in fine, as much reflection in taking a husband, as in the choice of a colour for a ball. The old Chevalier de ***, visited his daughter one evening, to know finally from her own lips, what hopes Gustavus might entertain. Think what he must have suffered, from this procrastination, poor fellow, enamoured of this enchanting girl."

"My daughter, my Florine," said the Chevalier, "I came to know of thee, what we must definitely reply to those, who do us the honour to seek our alliance. One month thou hast been reflecting upon it. It is time thy mind was made up."

She put on a prudish look, pursed up her little mouth (just as I'd like her to do to me for reconciliation) and twisted the lace border of her work apron.

"Come, my Florine, open thy heart to thy father; come my dear child!"

"Papa!" she stammered forth.

"Well; dost thou love him? Hast thou any thing to say to thy mother!—come be not a child!"

And she looked prudish again, and she made a charming little mouth, and she twisted the corner of her silk apron!

Then.

"Listen—dear papa,—you know how much I love you—It would be so hard to me to leave you! True Gustavus is very amiable! he is the most gracious cavalier of our saloons! but—"

"But!"—replied the old Chevalier.

"But," said she, half concealing her pretty face in her silk apron, "to be called—Papa, dear papa, do not be angry, but it would be dreadful to be called—Madame Angot!"

"'My child,' said the Chevalier, suddenly rising, 'you are mad. In truth, this is the strangest reason.'"

"'Dear Papa,' said the cajoling girl, throwing her arms round her old father, and playing with his cross of honour: 'fancy then, when I should arrive at the saloon, the ball, after the Countess de —, the Marechale ——, had been announced; how I could bear to hear the thundering voice of the footman, cry out: madame Ang ——! oh, every body would turn to look at my hoop, my neck, my carlin, my green paper fan. You see now, dear little papa, that is quite impossible. And besides, I have the headache now."

"In fine, my dear friend, she put into play a thousand other whimsicalities, and that is the reason, dear Henry," said Evariste, that Miss Florine is still a young lady."

"What would you; her ideas are of the highest aristocratic cast. I believe she would like to see on the head of her spouse, the plumes of the peerage. I wish it for her. Tell me, now, is not that a delicious anecdote?"

"It is a queer story, and hardly credible! I confess, I should like to hear her chat.

"Are you willing now to be introduced?"

"Very."

I passed my hand through my hair, and we approached. A thought struck me, and I squeezed the

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arm of Evariste. "But a simple untitled name, like mine! will it be well received, said I?"

"You are right—stop. I'll add the name of your mother to your own, and that will make a magnificent name."

Then ten steps farther!

"Ladies," said he, pulling at his silk doublet, "I have the honour to present to you M. L. de B——, officer in the royal marine corps, and my best friend; he draws and sings like an angel, and speaks English nearly as well as these two Misses. I am happy and proud, ladies, of this circumstance, which gives me some claim to your remembrance."

He bowed and disappeared.

I was struck dumb by this tirade of my Mæcænas; I reddened, and stood rooted before the three young ladies, who gazed at each other, without understanding my first observation. I was about to begin with common places, when the gay French girl, supplied me with a delicate opportunity. That instant I forgave her, her mania for titles.

"How does Monsieur like that head of G don? we have rarely seen any thing so beautiful—I think, that could not have been conceived, save in the imagination of an artist, and that never."

"It is said, Miss, that Lawrence sees in his dreams at night, the delightful heads of young ladies and children which he subsequently animates upon the canvass. If the artist has dreamed this here, I, more happy, may recollect having seen one which surpassed it."

She reddened, with pleasure, else I know little—and turned over the leaves of the album. It was a book of marine views of Eugene Isabey, taken from the Revue Maritime.

"Oh—the poor little boats," said she with charming terror—"look there, Ellen!"

Ellen looked.

Oh it was fine, the three heads of those young girls. The interest with which they invested those barks, made me proud of being a sailor.

"*What is the name of that little boat?*" said Ellen, (in English) to me, raising her two black, lustrous eyes.

"Miss (cursed Evariste, who asserted I could——) it is—*it is a cutter!*"

And the gay French girl laughed—in mockery perhaps! I got enraged. I wanted none of its aid however, except in regard to her—for I believed that alone with the other two, any English would have proved sufficient.

Happily, just at this moment, a waiter came to inform the ladies, that they were waited for at the tea table. They arose, and light as leaves, they glided over the floor—Miss Florine replaced the album; I offered her my hand, and we crossed the saloon.

I was seated near her.

The cups of tea went round—I drank two—three—four. That was enough—my four words of English had already singularly heated me.

Still, I kept taking tea, when all the rest had finished. There was but one old Englishman, and myself who drank—Evariste was talking near the window, and yet I drank—the old Englishman gave over,—and still I had to drink.

Hardly, could I get my cup down upon the table but an arm was stretched out over the table and filled it. The perspiration stood on me in large drops—I was inundated, drowned, yet dared say nothing—Miss Florine, each time presented me the sugar bowl with a mischievous look—and it was nearly empty—and ten individuals talked English, with their eyes fixed on me—I was in a desperate state—I turned myself, I removed my cravat,—but the moment I could get my cup down upon the table, it was filled again.

It is perhaps the fashion in England, said I, to myself, to drown people in this way the first time they honor them with a reception. Oh, I shall remember this.

But, there was the sixteenth cup, and the stiff, statue-like lady, gibbered out something that my mischievous neighbour translated thus:

"Lady N*** begs you will excuse her Monsieur; she says she has no more warm water,—but if you desire it, she will order some."

"Not at all—no—no—I ask your—pardon—madam,—for the trouble—I have drank—my lady, I am sensible—"

And I could not find words to tell, quickly enough that I had had an hour ago as much tea as I wanted—that my stomach was inundated—that—

Miss Florine began to laugh; after looking full at me, she began to laugh in her cambric handkerchief,—the witch!

"You don't know then, Monsieur, that among the English, it is usual to place the spoon in the cup, and not at the side, when you have tea enough."

"What? I—and you would'nt tell me, Miss!"

"Monsieur—I thought you were thirsty—I saw great drops of perspiration running down—I believed you took pleasure in drinking."

"Mercy!"

And the sugar bowl was emptied before the three last cups. She fixed her eyes on me, still laughing. The adventure went the round of the circle.

"There," said Florine, after having well enjoyed herself; "they are going to dance, I believe; is Monsieur a musician? here is some charming music."

"I play the flute Miss, and like you I find these country dances charming."

And I rose with the rest.

She followed me with her eyes—I put my mouth to the flute, laying on the piano, and I sounded some musical notes, but firmly decided not to ask Miss Florine to dance, who had permitted me to drink sixteen cups of tea,—I picked up my hat.

"Do you go?" said Evariste, "what's the matter? Stay, they are about to dance, and you will spend a delicious evening! An't these amiable people? You had some gay chat with Miss Florine—hey. Every body had their eyes on you. Remain; here is a flute, and you shall play; some warm wine will be handed this evening."

"Heavens," I replied, "I have drunk sixteen cups of tea—I can't dance, and I can't make others dance—I am going to bed."

"I am sorry for you," said he, squeezing my hand; "adieu then, since you wish it."

"Good by, till to-morrow," and I went out.

Seeking my cloak in the antichamber, I heard Florine say to Evariete:

"Your friend has drunk sixteen cups of tea—He'll feel some indigestion to-night."

"Oh," said he, "he's furiously fond of it; these sailors drink like fishes."

Had it not been for that tea, I should have fallen in love with Florine. JULES LECOMPTE.

There was pith in the short reply of Mr. O'Connell in the British House of Commons, to a speech of Lord Althorp, against the repeal of the Irish Union. His Lordship ended with expressing his inability to comprehend "how a poor country could suffer by its union with a rich one." "The leech swells upon the blood it sucks," was the brief comment of Mr. O'Connell.

Memory tempers prosperity, mitigates adversity, controls youth, and delights old age.—*Lactantius.*

The world is a great book, of which they that never stir from home, read only a page.—*Augustine.*

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A THRILLING PASSAGE.

THE DEATH OF CHASTELAR.

There is a powerful article in the last number of the American Magazine, under the title of "Passages in the Life of Mary Stuart." Unable to find space for the whole of it in our columns, we cannot refrain from giving the following extract, which, we perceive, has already won a compliment from the New York American. The illfated Chastelar, having first confessed his love to the object of it, had been indignantly dismissed. The scene is thus continued.

An hour had scarcely elapsed, before the lights were extinguished throughout the vaulted halls of Holyrood; the guards were posted for the night, the officers had gone their rounds, the ladies of the royal circle were dismissed, and all was darkness and silence. In Mary's chamber a single lamp was burning in a small recess, before a beautifully executed painting of the virgin, but the light was not sufficient to penetrate the obscurity which reigned in the many angles and alcoves of that irregular apartment, although the moonbeams were admitted through the open casement.

Her garb of ceremony laid aside, her lovely shape scantily veiled by a single robe of spotless linen, her auburn tresses flowing in unrestrained luxuriance, almost to her feet, if she had been a creature of perfect human beauty when viewed in all the promp of royal pageantry, she now appeared a being of supernatural loveliness. Her small white feet, unsandalled, glided over the rich carpet with a grace, which a slight degree of fancy might have deemed the motion peculiar to the inhabitants of another world. For an instant, ere she turned to her repose, she leaned against the carved mullions of the window, and gazed pensively, and, it might be, sadly upon the garden, where she had so lately parted from the unhappy youth whose life was thus embittered by that very feeling which, above all others, should have been its consolation.—Withdrawing her eyes from the moonlight scene, she knelt before the lamp and the shrine which it illuminated, and her whispered orisons arose, pure as the source from which they flowed—the prayers of a weak and humble mortal, penitent for every trivial error, breathing all confidence to Him who can alone protect or pardon; the prayers of a queen for her numerous children, and, last and holiest of all, a woman's prayers for her unfortunate admirer. Yes, she prayed for Chastelar, that strength might be given him from on high to bear the crosses of a miserable life, and that by divine mercy the hopeless love might be uprooted from his breast. The words burst passionately from her lips, her whole form quivered with the excess of her emotion, and the big tears fell like rain from her uplifted eyes. While she was yet in the very flood of passion, a sigh was breathed, so clearly audible, that the conviction flashed like lightning on her soul, that this most secret prayer was listened to by other ears than those of heavenly ministers.—Terror, acute terror, took possession of her mind, banishing by its superior violence every less engrossing idea. She snatched the lamp from it niche—waved it slowly around the chamber—and there, in the most hallowed spot of her widowed chamber, a spy upon her unguarded moments, stood a dark figure. Even in that moment of astonishment and fear, as if by instinct, the beautiful instinct of purely female modesty, she snatched a velvet mantle from the seat on which it had been cast aside, and veiled her person, even before she spoke—"Oh God! it is de Chastelar."

"Sweet Queen,"—replied the intruder—"bright beautiful ruler of my destinies, pardon—"

"What ho!"—she screamed in notes of dread intensity—"*a moi, a moi mes Francois. My* guards!—Seyton—Carmichael—Flemming—will ye leave your Queen alone! alone with treachery and black dishonor!—Villain! slave!—she cried, turning her flashing eyes upon him, her whole form swelling as it were with all the fury of injured innocence, "didst thou dare to think that Mary—Mary, the wife of Francis—the annointed Queen of Scotland, would brook thine infamous addresses—Nay, kneel not, or I spurn thee—What ho! will no one aid me in mine extremity—"

"Fear naught from me," faultered the wretched Chastelar; but with a voice like that of some inspired Pythoness, she broke in, "FEAR! think'st thou that I could fear a thing, an abject coward thing, like thee? —a wretch that would exult in the infamy of one whom he pretends to love? FEAR THEE! by heavens, if I could have feared, contempt must have forbidden it."

"Nay Mary, hear me! hear me but one word, it that word cost my life—"

"Thy life! had'st thou ten thousand lives, they would be but a feather in the scale against thy monstrous villainy. "What ho!" again she cried, stamping with impotent anger at the delay of her attendants, "Treason! My guards—Treason!" At length the passages rang with the hurried footseps of the startled inmates of the palace, with torch and spear ,and brandished blades, they rushed into the apartment; page, sentinel, and chamberlain ladies, with dishevelled hair, and faces blanched with terror. The Queen stood erect in the centre of the room, pointing with one white arm bare to the shoulder toward the wretched culprit, who with folded arms and head erect awaited his doom in unresisting silence. His naked rapier, with which alone he might have foiled the united efforts of his enemies lay at his feet, his brow was white as sculptured marble, and no less rigid, but his eyes glared wildly, and his lips quivered as though he would have spoken. The Queen, still furious at the wrong which he had done her fame, marked the expression. "Silence!" she cried—"Degraded! would'st thou meanly beg thy forfeited life? were thou my father, thou should'st die to-morrow! Hence with the villain!—Bid Maitland execute the warrant—Ourself—Ourself will sign it—away! Chastelar dies at day break!"

"'Tis well" replied he calmly, "it is well—the lips I love the best pronounce my doom, and I die happy, since I die for Mary! Would'st thou but pity the offender, while thou dost doom the offence, de Chastelar would not exchange his shortened span of life, and violent death for the brightest crown of Christendom. My limbs may die, my love will live forever! Lead on minions—I am more glad to die, than ye to slay! Mary—beautiful Mary—think! think hereafter upon Chastelar!"

The guards passed onward, and last of the group, unfettered and unmoved, de Chastelar stalked after them. Once, ere he stooped beneath the low browed portal, he paused, placed both hands on his heart, bowed lowly and then pointed upwards, as he chanted once again the words "Pensez a moi—Noble Dame—Pensez a moi." As he vanquished from her presence she waved her hand impatiently to be left alone—and all night long she traversed and retraversed the floor of her chamber in paroxysms of the fiercest despair. The warrant was brought to her, silently, sternly she traced her signature beneath it; not a sign of sympathy was on her pallid features, not a tremor shook her frame; she was passionless, majestic and unmoved. The secretary left the chamber on his fatal errand—and Mary was again a woman. Prostrate upon her couch she lay, sobbing and weeping as though her very soul was bursting from her bosom, defying all consolation, spurning every offer at remedy. "'Tis done!" she would say—"'Tis done! I have preserved my fame—and murdered mine only friend."

The morning dawned slowly—and the heavy bells of all the churches clanged the death peal of Chastelar. The tramp of the cavalry defiling from the palace gates struck on her heart as though each hoof dashed

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on her bosom. An hour passed away—the minute bells still tolling, the roar of a culverin swept heavily downwards from the castle, and all was over! He had died as he had lived, undaunted; as he had lived, devoted! "Mary, divine Mary," were his latest words. "I love in death, as I have loved in life thee and thee only. The axe drank his blood, and the Queen of Scotland had not a truer servant left behind, than he, whom for a momentary frenzy she was compelled to slay: yet was his last wish satisfied, for though the Queen might not relent, the woman did forgive, and, in many a mournful hour did Mary think on Chastelar.

From the Western Methodist.

THE BATTLE OF NICKAJACK.

BY THE REV. JAMES GWIN.

In reading over in your paper two or three weeks since the remarks made in Congress by the Hon. Mr. PEYTON, of Tennessee, on the Nickajack expedition, it brought afresh to my mind events long since past by. I called to mind the forms of my old companions in arms, with whom I suffered in those times of tribulation which tried men's souls; but alas! there are few now living who bore a part in our earlier Indian wars. I concluded I would write a brief sketch of the events of that expedition, for insertion in your very interesting paper.

The Indian town called Nickajackt was settled by an amalgamation of different tribes of Indians, called by the general name of Chickamaugas. It was situated in what is now Indian territory, on the south bank of the Tennessee river, at the base of Look-Out mountain, between two creeks that disgorged their sluggish waters into the Tennessee. This town or Indian fort was called by the Indians the "Yellow Jackets' nest." It was the rendezvous of all the southern as well as northern hostile warriors; here they formed their plans of attack on the white settlements. They considered their situation impregnable, and boasted of being able to raise three thousand warriors in one day from the adjacent towns and forests (as we were informed by Fenelstone, a half-breed, who deserted from them, gave us information of their intended attack on Nashville, and was our guide when we assaulted Nickajack.) Proud and haughty in their independent security, they paid no attention to treaties.

At length they become so troublesome that no alternative was to be chosen between breaking them up or leaving the country. Tennessee, at that time, could not boast of men enough to ensure success to the expedition, and at the same time leave enough at home to guard and protect the women and children. Gen. Robertson, therefore, sent to Kentucky for help; it was granted. The brave Col. Whitney (who fell in the last Indian war at the battle of the Thames) soon appeared at Nashville with 180 brave Kentuckians, well armed and appointed; our men were all ready; we were joined by Major Ore, of East Tennessee, the commander of the rangers, who had been on an expedition searching for the Indians on the Cumberland mountain; having heard of our expedition, he hastened and joined us with 80 men, just as we were ready to start. We now numbered in all 600 men: we took the wilderness, with Fenelstone for our guide. Passing on in good order, we reached the Tennessee river on the fourth day of our march, about midnight. It was in the month of August, about the year 1798—warm and sultry. We commenced making a few boats with frames of sticks, on which were stretched raw hides that we had packed up and brought along for that purpose. While the boats were getting ready, two men swam across the river and kindled up a fire on the opposite shore, so as to direct us across, and the men soon commenced crossing. The boats carried the guns and those soldiers who could not swim, others swam across, so that before eight o'clock in the morning, 272 men had crossed over safely.

We were then four miles below Nickajack, and three miles above Cow Town, and the morning was so far advanced we could not safely wait for any more to get over for fear of being discovered. We resolved to make the attack even with this small number. Col. Montgomery had got over and took command of the Tennessee troops, and Col. Whitley of the Kentuckians. As the lower creek cut off our direct approach to the town, we had to take a circuit of seven miles and cross over a spur of the mountain so as to descend upon the town in the rear. We would run with all our speed a few moments, and then lie down flat on the ground, until we took breath and then would run again. We thus soon reached the mountain undiscovered, and sat down and rested on the cliffs quite overlooking the town. We sat here in gloomy silence nearly half an hour—then slid down the rocks unperceived and formed in the underwood in the rear of the town. Whitney commanded the right wing, Montgomery the centre, and Ore the left. We advanced and found the Indians at breakfast. They knew nothing of us until they saw the flash and heard the rifles speak; and then so much were they deceived, that the warriors near the bank of the river, when they heard our guns, came running with drums and shouting for joy, supposing that some of their own people had returned from a successful excursion against the whites, and were firing off their guns in triumph.

Many of the Indians were shot down on the spot, and the remainder made for the river; and as many as could getting into their canoes, and others swimming with their heads the most of the time under water; yet when they rose to take breath, the unerring rifle would send them down again, while a red gush of blood boiling up to the surface of the river showed too plainly that they would never rise again. Those in the canoes could not lift a hand to use their paddles; they lay stupified in the bottoms of their frail barks, while the rifle ball would search them out like an inevitable death warrant.

During the space of forty-five minutes, we killed 143 Indians, took all the women and children whom we could find as prisoners, and brought them off with us. In this affair we had only two men slightly wounded.

Long Town lay on the river 2 or 3 miles above.—The troops hastened on to attack it. The path lay along the river bank, and close under the ridge of the mountain. When about half way between the two towns, the Indians made a furious attack upon us from the mountain above. The firing was quite sharp for a few minutes—but as their chief lifted his head over a rock to fire, he was shot through the scull and came rolling down the mountain like a huge lump of shapeless flesh. The Indians immediately fled. The brave Thomas, of Nashville, here got his death wound.—The savages firing from above shot him in the bosom, and the ball came out behind quite low down his back. We brought him off alive on a horse litter, but he died soon after our return.

Our men advanced, burnt Long Town and some other smaller towns unopposed, as the Indians had all fled; we then returned and crossed over to our camp without any other loss than the three wounded (one mortally) mentioned before. We took about 20 canoes, on which we put the wounded, the prisoners, and the goods found in Nickajack—for the Spanish had a store in this fort, and no doubt many villainous Spaniards were killed in the battle, who had often stirred up the Indians against the early American settlers.

After the canoes had started down the river, a band of Indians on the other side of the river from Nickajack commenced an attack, but desisted when told by Fenelstone, in the Indian language that, if they fired

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another gun their women and children and prisoners should be instantly put to death. At this moment a squaw who had her infant lashed to her back sprung from one of the canoes and swam to the shore in sight of all our troops, and made her escape.

Thus closed one of the days of severest fatigue ever experienced in the West. The day's work closed the Indian wars which had raged for many years with great barbarity. Gen. Robertson left a written notice at his camp, informing the Indians, that if any more murders were committed on the whites, he would raise an army, destroy all their towns and burn their corn. They took the alarm; their strong hold was broken up: many of their chiefs killed, and they sued for peace. A treaty followed—and from that time until the last war, they lived in peace.

All their prisoners were returned to them. The squaws informed us that they had often advised their young men and warrior chiefs to quit killing the white people and stealing their horses, or that we would come and kill them all—but their men would not mind them. When they saw us come suddenly upon them on the morning of the battle, they concluded that we came out of the clouds.

RELIGION AND POETRY.

BY JOHN N. MAFFITT.

The connection between religious emotion and poetic enthusiasm, is a subject worthy of more than a transient reflection. The sensibilities and emotions connected with religion, have perhaps less of fervency than the ardor of poetry—but they have an energy, a power to mould, transform and sustain beyond any earth-born feeling. Religion, in its moments of triumph, calls in the aid of poetry to sustain with its ministry the wing of devotion rising towards its native heaven. In seasons of religious despondency, too, the harp is taught to moan with melancholy music. Plaintive thoughts—the remembrances that come over the mind of the captive,—the bright anticipations of faith, spontaneously clothe themselves in poetic drapery —and, from this circumstance, a very common error has originated; which is, that religious emotion is nothing more than the action of the mind under a high state of excitement.

The advocate for the individuality and the supernatural origin of religion, has a marked advantage over the champion, for the excitements of genius, taste, passion, or sublimity, derived from the last scenes of life, when time gives up the being of a few years, to the unchanging dominion of eternity. It is but seldom, that a man of genius retains in the hour of death, the enthusiasm which distinguished his life. A man of genius, may indeed, have the noble enthusiasm of religion, to sustain him when earthly objects cease to interest him; but in a very general extent, men feel at death the impotency of fame, riches, power, or human grandeur in any of its varieties, and reach out their imploring hands towards the mighty spirit, whose influence is supposed to extend beyond the boundaries of this world, and cantrol the destinies of the future.

It is just to consider poetry as the servant of religion, bending its vivid perceptions of beauty, and the melody of its song, to the service of a better one than itself. Miriam, on the farther shore of the Red Sea, could not praise the author of her country's deliverance, without calling to her aid the triumphant measures of the Hebrew verse; and throughout the volume of inspiration, the higher emotions of devotional triumph are poured forth, by different writers through the language of impassioned song. An analysis of the pleasurable sensations created in the cultivated mind by poetic imagery, will at once detect the difference between religion and poetry. Mongtomery, who is an excellent authority on both subjects, spurns the idea advanced by Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, and subsequently in his life of Watts, that sacred subjects are unfit for poetry, nay, incapable of being combined with it. He considers the native majesty and grace of religious emotions far above the reach of human embellishment, yet would advocate the propriety of pressing into the service of religion the noblest powers of men; and remarks, that a poet of christian character, can find no more difficulty in blending beauty, simplicity, and sublimity, with heavenly aspirations, than in combining the same qualities of song with the dreamy flights of fancy, or the pictorial descriptions of nature and the human passions.

Montgomery has given examples from authors of the last generation of pure simplicity and pathetic expression which would have been most admirably suited to sacred themes. We give two of his quotations in his own language:—

'See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simple note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.'

Gray's Fragment on Vicissitude.

It cannot be questioned that this is genuine poetry; and the beautiful, but not obvious thought, in the last couplet, elevates it far above all common-place. Yet there is nothing in the style, nor the cast of the sentiment, which might not be employed with corresponding effect on a sacred theme.

The following stanzas are almost unrivalled in the combination of poetry with painting, pathos with fancy, grandeur with simplicity, and romance with reality:

'How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy-hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.'—*Collins.*

The unfortunate author of these inimitable lines, a little before his death; in a lucid interval of that madness to which a wounded spirit had driven him; was found by a visiter with a bible in his hand. "You see," said the poor sufferer, "I have only one book left; but it is the best."

It is too late in the age of mental philosophy, to make the assertion that poetry has no power to pour its notes of sweet, and transporting melody into the quiet recesses of a deeply humbled heart. The genius of poetry, comes at the call of the holy affections. The most enduring monument of mind on earth, are the productions of the muse. Homer, embalmed in his own immortal verse, survives his country; Maro, is destined to a longer remembrance than the "eternal city"— and later poets have exerted an influence over the hearts of men, and the manners of generations, other than those in whose time they wrote, far mightier than regal authority, or the patronage of governments could command. But if a stranger to the poetry of the world, from Hesiod to Byron, should inquire in what other poetry than that found in the bible is the purity, the sublimity, the pathos, the elevating and spirit sustaining themes of our holy religion best illustrated, and most invitingly presented to the eye of taste and genius,—we must, with a few reservations, say—it is yet unwritten.

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MY SISTER DEAR.

Sung by Mr. Sinclair, in the celebrated Opera of Masaniello.

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Second Verse.

And now alas! I weep alone,
By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken;
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,
Trembling for thy fate unknown:
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Principle causes of the decrease of Marriages.
A word in your ear, Messrs. Editors.

I'll tell you why young ladies do not go off quite so soon and so frequently as formerly. They are too nice and too proud, &c. &c.

I know a young lady—not very young now indeed—who, to my certain knowledge, has refused above *fifteen offers*!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

One, because the gentleman could not afford to keep a carriage.

Another, because he could not speak French.

A third, because he knew nothing of the Italian Operas.

A fourth, because he stooped in the shoulders.

A fifth, because he had not fortune enough.

A sixth, because he was a tradesman.

This lady's own fortune is as follows:—

In bank stock,	$0 00
In permanent bridges do.	0 00
Turnpike roads, do.	0 00
Insurance Company, do.	0 00
Money at interest,	0 00
Lottery tickets,	6 00
Houses,	0 00
	$6 00
To which in cash, diamonds, &c. may be added,	0 00
Making in all,	$6 00

With a fortune like this you may judge with what propriety a lady rejects a tradesman, or insists on keeping a carriage. CHERAPHILUS.

An eccentric genius stepping into the door of a landlady, observed, "Will you, ma'am, give me a drink of water, for I am so hungry I don't know where to stay to-night." We doubt whether more meaning could be embodied in so few words.

Keep me from my friends.—Mr. J. (in his juvenilia) went to a club, and as his appearance was any thing but respectable, he borrowed a pair of breeches of a friend. In the course of the evening the lender called out to him, 'J——, don't you sit down in the *damp* there in my breeches.' A friend who condoled with the embryo critic upon this expose, offered to lend him a pair of unmentionables for the next meeting—he did so, and J—— had hardly entered, when his benefactor exclaimed aloud, 'J——, you may sit down wherever you like in *my* breeches.'

Some years ago, a fellow was sentenced to be cropt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law, he found that the prisoner had undergone the punishment before, which threw the hangman into a passion. "What, the deuce!" said the convict cooly, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears, every time I am sentenced to be cropt?"

More Plain than Pleasant.—A lady playing on the piano-forte, on being called upon for a dead march, asked Mr. H., a celebrated professor of music, what dead march she should play, to which he replied, "any march that you may play will be a *dead* one, for you are sure to *murder* it."

Fashion.—A puppy grower was offering for sale a fine litter of young spaniels, a day or two since, when a barbarian enquired why he did not cut off their tails. "Why, sir, ye see as how it be'aint the fashion now. I diskivered by the last lot, that if I go for to *curtail* 'em, I can't *retail* 'em *no how!*—*Lowell Journal.*

Manley acted before his majesty George III. at Weymouth, when the farce of the Spoiled Child (a favourite of the king's was played; and a remarkably masculine woman sustained the character of Miss Pickle. On lighting their majesties to their carriage, the king said to the manager, "Very good, very good Hughes; farce well played, well played!—clever man that Miss Pickle; clever man, clever man!" "Man!" exclaimed Hughes, "your majesty is deceived; the person who sustained Miss Pickle is Mrs. ——, a very respectable *woman!*" "No, no, Hughes," rejoined the laughing monarch—"a man, Hughes—a man, a man." "With all submission," rejoined the astonished manager, "I assure your majesty Mrs. —— is a woman!" "It won't do, it won't do, Hughes," continued the delighted sovereign; "a man, Hughes, a man!—hey, Charlotte, hey? hey?—clever man, Hughes,—saw his beard—saw his beard!—a man, Hughes, a man!" The next morning Hughes entered the green-room, and addressed the assembled company: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to tell you their majesties were very much gratified by the performance of last night—much gratified! And (turning to Mrs. —— who sat in gigantic dignity in one corner of the room) I am most happy in saying, madam, that his majesty particularly noticed you!" "God bless the king!" exclaimed the delighted lady. "And the queen also distinguished you," continued Hughes. "Lord love them!" said the lady, "I saw they were looking at me, bless their dear hearts." "Yes," said Hughes, "his majesty was vastly pleased." "May the king live for ever!" rejoined Mrs.——, brightening with smiles. "But his majesty," proceeded Hughes,—"God bless him," interrupted Mrs.——. "His majesty insists that you are—a man!" "The nasty beast!" cried Mrs.——, as she rose with offended dignity and stalked out of the room.—*Nine Years of an Actor's Life, by Robert Dyer.*

Knowing one's place.—A lady, sending her footman to fetch home some clothes, strictly charged him to take a coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them. But a great shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with them dripping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said he had obeyed his orders. "How then, answered the lady, "could they be wet, if you took them into the coach with you?" "No, no," replied the man, "I know my place better, I did not go into the coach, but *rode behind*, as I always do."

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade by all manner of roguery, was met upon change by a merchant who told him of some of his tricks with a freedom the other did not relish, but irritated at the recital, asked with some heat, "Sir, did you call me a knave?" "No," replied the merchant, "but I'll give five guineas if you'll find a person here, who will say you are an honest man."

Southey relates an instance, where two Smithfield drovers (a sort accustomed to cutting and slitting) tossed up for each other's ears. Nor was it in mere play; for the winner proceeded forthwith to take possession, by cutting off his adversary's "souse" close to his head.

An honest Hibernian was in the House of Commons gallery on Thursday, and asked who that sleek Member was (pointing to Mr. Pease, the Quaker)? He was told that it was Mr. Pease, the chief (there) of the Q's. And who is that sturdy stalking gentleman (meaning the new Member for Leeds, who was at the time passing along the side gallery)? "That is *Mr. Baines.*" "Faith, then" (he rejoined), "the House is well off: it has *Pase* and *Banes*; and Peel gives *Bacon.*"

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NEVER HOLD YOUR HEAD TOO HIGH.—One day, a little bantam-cock, with a high top-knot, was exceedingly vain, because he had so many feathers on his legs, that he could hardly walk, seeing a goose duck her head in passing under a bar at least six feet high, thus accosted her: "Why, thou miserable, bare-legged caitiff! thou shovel-nosed, web-footed, pigeon-toed scavenger of the highways! thou fool of three elements! not content with ignominiously crawling under a fence, thou must even nod thy empty pate by way of confessing thy inferiority. Behold how we bantams do these things!" So saying, with a great deal of puffing and fluttering, with the help of his bill, he managed to gain the top of the fence, where he clapt his wings, and was just on the point of crowing in triumph, when a great hawk, that was sailing over his head, pounced down on him, and seizing him by the top-knot, carried him off without ceremony. The goose, cocking her eye, and taking a side view of the affair, significantly shook her feathers, and the next time she passed under a bar, bowed her head lower than ever.

TRICK OF A PAINTER.—A capital story is told of Basici, an Italian artist. He had painted the portrait of a young sprig of nobility, without any previous agreement as to the price; and after it was finished, his customer, upon learning his terms, took himself away, and neither returned nor sent for the portrait. Whereupon the knight of the easel painted a grate over the portrait, and wrote beneath it, "imprisoned for debt." An uncle of the young man paid for the painting to liberate his nephew's face from imprisonment.

A QUEER AMUSEMENT.—A London paper relates an account of a single wager between the son of an Earl, and a member of the Royal Household. The former, a lad of 14, had a bet of fifty guineas that he would sail in a washing tub from Blackfriars to Westminster, having six geese harnessed to take him in tow. He performed this feat without the least difficulty, in presence of a number of distinguished personages, among whom was Queen Adelaide. Whenever the geese were inclined to deviate, they were gently guided by the aid of a stick into the right course again. This young man had trained the geese in question on a large pond on his father's estate. He had a boat made on purpose, and could guide them in calm weather, to any part of the pond, which was several miles in circumference. The sailing on the Thames, in a wash tub, however, was an experiment in which he was entirely successful.

LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.—One day last week two itinerant travellers, accompanied by an enormous bear, were coming from Coventry, when bruin took it into his head to jump into a ditch. His keepers tried every effort to get him out, but in vain. A farmer's servant coming with two horses, he offered his assistance to displace the bear, by yoking his horses to him, and he was soon displaced, but in an instant gave a hideous roar. Away went the horses, with the bear secured behind, at full speed, leaving all parties far behind. A traveller coming up to them, they asked if he had seen a pair of horses with a bear along with them? "Yes," replied the man, "I did see the horses, but no bear—it was the devil driving the horses at the rate of 20 miles an hour!"

Peterson, the comedian, lent a brother actor two shillings, and when he made a demand for the sum, the debtor, turning peevishly from him, said, "Hang it, I'll pay you to day in some shape or other." Peterson good-humouredly replied, "I shall be obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as like two shillings as you can."

ASTONISHING FEAT.—A raw-boned youth, without shoes or stockings, started from Frome on Wednesday morning with the Frome coach, and ran a-head of it all the way from that place to Devizes (19 miles), accomplishing the distance in two minutes less than two hours, apparently without the slightest fatigue!—Soon after his arrival in Devizes, he was told that a stag was to be uncarted about four miles off. Thither the youth immediately proceeded; and, after waiting a short time, he followed with the horsemen, and, throughout a remarkably fine run, kept up with the fleetest horse in the field—cleared every fence—hedge, brier, and ditch—was in at the taking; and on his return to Devizes (having run altogether nearly 50 miles) offered to lay a bet that he would then run two miles in 10 minutes!—*Devizes Gazette.*

A Bear's Conscience.—The Indian includes all savage beasts within the number of his enemies. This is by no means a metaphorical or figurative expression, but it is used in a literal sense, as will appear from what I am going to relate. A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear in the back bone. The animal fell and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of a panther when he is hungry. The hunter instead of giving him another shot, came up close to him, and addressed him in these words: "Hark ye bear, you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours is the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods stealing their hogs—perhaps at this time you have the hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I should have borne it with courage and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct. I was present at the delivery of this curious invective, and when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought the poor animal could understand what he had said to it. "Oh," said he, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked, and how he blushed when I was upbraiding him?"

CHEAP TRAVELLING.—We have been told that a son of the "Green Isle"—recently took his seat in the new *Omnibus*, after travelling from the Point to Howard street was asked to "poney up."

"How much is it that you ask?" inquired he.

"A *levy* only, sir," replied the boy.

"A levy, did you say? och! to the devil with ye, but I hav'nt got the value of a cent about me, but to make accounts square, all you've got to do honey, is jist to lave me back in the place where you took me up."—*Balt. Visiter.*

Ask any saddler what a saddle is put on a horse's back for, and he will give some foolish answer as the following: "The ease of the rider, or to help the rider to hold on." Let us tell them that they are not right, and that so far from the saddle helping to keep on, it is much more difficult to sit on them the bare back, and if riders only wanted to stick on, they should ride on a cloth, or adopt the plan of the Marquis of Tweedale—ride with plush breeches on a saddle made of the same material, the nap of this being turned the reverse way to the breeches, so that they worked into one another.

A man seeing an oyster vender pass by, called out, "Give me a pound of oysters." "We sell oysters by measure, not by weight," replied the other. "Well," said he, "give me a yard of them."

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THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

BY L. E. L.

They come, the merry summer months of Beauty,
Song and Flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick
leafiness to bowers,
Up, up my heart! and walk abroad, fling cark and
care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters
glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquility.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the
hand,
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet
and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup, are nodding courteously,
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and
welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now
are silvery grey—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering
"Be gay."

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon
sky,
But hath its own winging mariner to give it melody:
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleaming like red gold,
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course
they hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who far above
this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler
mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder
wood it came;
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own
glad name;—
Yet, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from all his
kind,
Slow tells his beads monotonous to the soft western
wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void
of art,
But simple strains do soonest sound the deep founts
of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed
wight like me,
To smell again those summer flowers beneath this
summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls
away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright
summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless
truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud
to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight
to drink;
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days
gone by,
When summer's loveliness and light fall around me
dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath
wax'd old!

THE FEATURES.

That mortals are made up of quarrelsome clay,
My tale, I imagine, will prove as it goes;
For the Features composing the visage one day
Most cruelly fell to abusing the *Nose*.
First the *Lips* took it up, and their reason was this,—
That the *Nose* was a bane both to beauty and love;
And they never, moreover, in comfort could kiss,
For that horrid protuberance jutting above!

Then *Eyes*, not behind in the matter to be,
With a sparkle began, as I've oftentimes seen 'em,
And said it was perfectly shocking to see
Such a lump of deformity sticking between 'em.
The *Cheeks*, with a blush, said the frightful shade
By the *Nose* o'er their bloom and their beauty was
thrown;
And *Ears* couldn't bear the loud trumpeting made
Whenever that troublesome member was blown!

So 'twas moved and agreed, without dallying more,
To thrust the intruder at once from the face;
But *Nose*, hearing this, most indignantly swore,
By the breath of his nostrils, he'd stick to his place!
Then addressing the *Eyes*, he went learnedly through
His defence, and inquired, when their vigour was
gone,
Pray what would their worships for spectacles do,
If the Face had no Nose to hang spectacles on?

Mankind, he observed, loved their scent as their sight,
Or who'd care a farthing for myrtles and roses?
And the charge of the *Lips* was as frivolous quite;
For if *Lips* fancied kissing, pray why mightn't
Noses?
As for *Ears*, (and in speaking, *Nose* scornfully curl'd,)
Their murmurs were equally trifling and teazing;
And not all the *Ears*, *Eyes*, or *Lips* in the world,
Should keep him *unblown*, or prevent him from
sneezing!

To the *Cheeks*, he contended, he acted as screen,
And guarded them oft from the wind and the weather;
And but that he stood like a land-mark between,
The *Face* had been nothing but *cheek altogether!*
With eloquence then he repell'd their abuse,
With logical clearness defining the case;
And from thence came the saying, so frequent in use,
That an argument's plain "as the nose on your
face!"

SINGULAR OLD SONNET,

The longer life, the more offence,
The more offence, the greater pain;
The greater pain, the less defence;
The less defence, the lesser gain—
The loss of gain long ill doth try,
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!
The shorter life, less count I find;
The less account, the sooner made;
The count soon made the merrier mind;
The merrier mind doth thought invade
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!
Come gentle death, the ebb of care,
The ebb of care, the flood of life:
The flood of life, the joyful fare:
The joyful fare, the end of strife—
The end of strife, that thing wish I,
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

A man who was imprisoned for bigamy, (marrying two wives) complained that he had been severely dealt with for an offence *which carries its own punishment along with it!*

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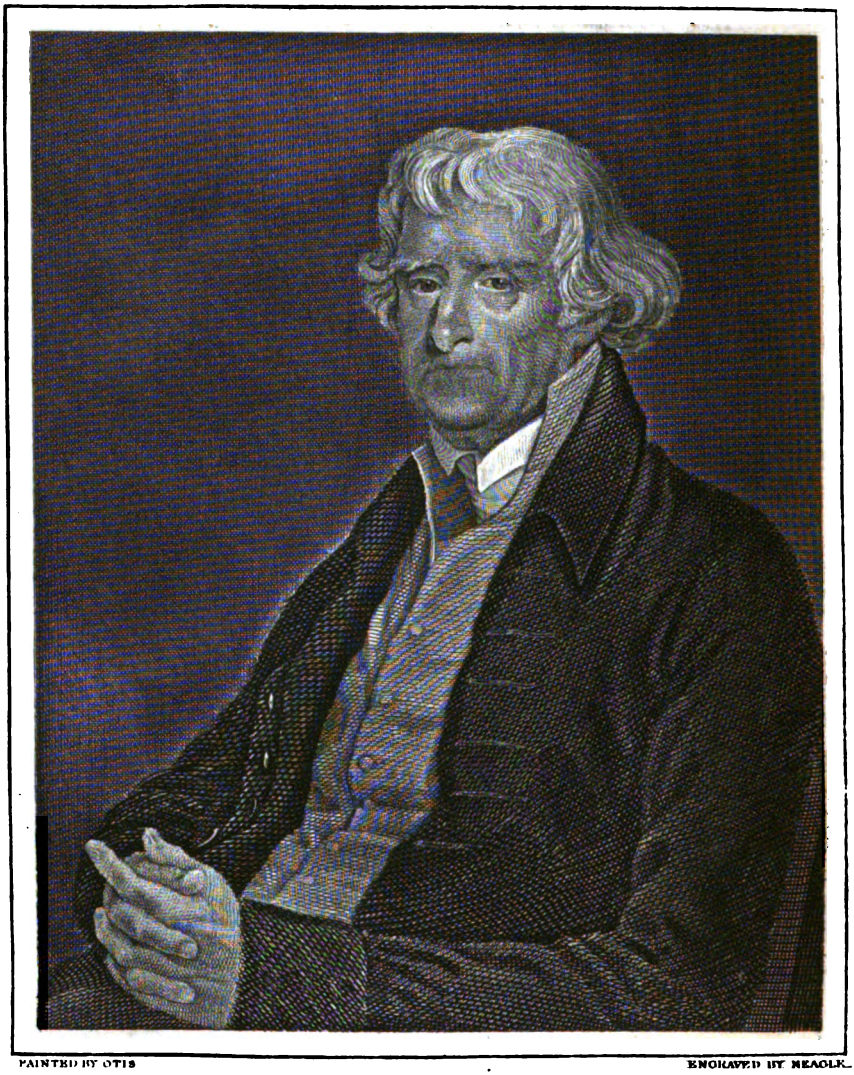

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THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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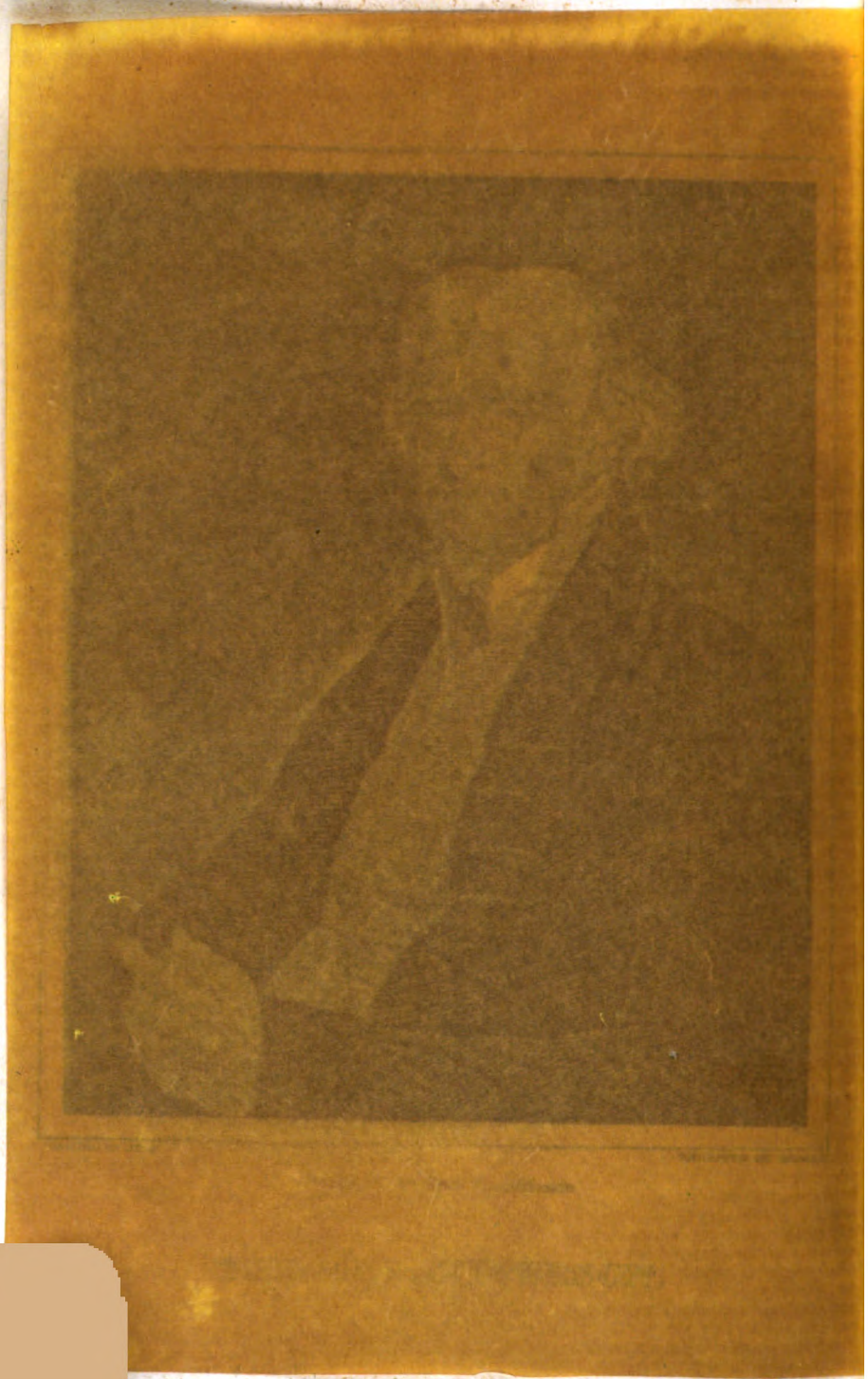

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ATKINSON'S
CASKET
OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic! She has taught
Her Esau brethren, that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
May strike to those whose red light hands have bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood."—Byron.

No. 8.] PHILADELPHIA.—AUGUST. [1834.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Thomas Jefferson, the third president of the U. States of America, was born April 2, old style, 1743, at Shadwell, in Albemarle county, Virginia, and was the eldest of eight children. His father, though his education had been entirely neglected in early life, being a man of strong mind, acquired by subsequent study, considerable information. He died when the subject of our sketch was about twelve years old, having previously given him every means of knowledge that could be procured, and left him a considerable estate. After going through a course of school instruction, young Jefferson entered the college of William and Mary, where he remained for two years. He then commenced the study of law under the guidance of the celebrated George Wythe, by whom, in 1767, he was introduced to its practice, at the bar of the general court of the colony, at which he continued until the revolution. In 1769, he was elected a member of the provincial legislature from the county where he resided, and made a fruitless effort, in that body, for the emancipation of the slaves. By this time, a spirit of opposition had been excited in the colonies to the arbitrary measures of the British government; and when the governor of Virginia dissolved the general assembly, in 1769, in consequence of the sympathy which was displayed by the majority of its members with the feelings which had been manifested in Massachusetts, they met, the next day, in the public room of the Raleigh tavern, formed themselves into a convention, drew up articles of association against the use of any merchandise imported from Great Britian, and signed and recommended them to the people. They then repaired to their respective counties, and were all re-elected, except those few who had declined assenting to their proceedings. In 1773, Mr. Jefferson associated himself with several of the boldest and most active of his companions in the house ("not thinking," as he says himself, "the bold and leading members up to the point of forwardness and zeal which the times required,") and with them formed the system of committees of correspondence, in a private room of the same Raleigh tavern. This system was adopted as the best instrument for communication between the different colonies, by which they might be brought to a mutual understanding, and a unity of action produced. This end was completely accomplished, as well as another object—that of exciting throughout the colonies a desire for a general congress. It was accordingly resolved that one should be held, and in Virginia a convention was assembled for the purpose of choosing delegates. Of this convention Mr. Jefferson was elected a member; but, being suddenly taken ill on the road, as he was repairing to Williamsburg, its place of meeting, he sent on to its chairman, Peyton Randolph, a draught of instructions which he had prepared as proper to be given to the delegates who should be sent to congress. It was laid on the table for perusal; but, though approved by many, the sentiments contained in it were too bold to be adopted by the majority: "tamer sentiments," in his own words, "were preferred, and, I believe, wisely preferred; the leap I proposed being too long, as yet, for the mass of our citizens." The position that he maintained was, that the relation between Great Britain and the colonies was exactly the same as that between England and Scotland, after the accession of James, and until the union, and the same as her relations with Hanover, having the same executive chief, but no other necessary political connexion. In this doctrine, however, the only person who entirely concurred with him was George Wythe, the other patriots "stopping at the half-way house of John Dickinson, who admitted that England had a right to regulate our commerce, and to lay duties on it for the purposes of regulation, but not of raising revenue." Though the paper was not adopted, the convention, nevertheless, caused it to be printed in a pamphlet form, under the title of a Summary View of the Rights of

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British America. Having found its way to England, it was taken up by the opposition, and, with a few interpolations of Mr. Burke, passed through several editions. It procured for its author considerable reputation, and likewise the dangerous honor of having his name placed on a list of proscriptions, in a bill of attainder, which was commenced in one of the houses of parliament, but was speedily suppressed. June 21, 1775, Mr. Jefferson took his seat for the first time in congress, having been chosen to fill the place of Peyton Randolph, who had resigned. In this new capacity, he preserved in the decided tone which he had assumed, always maintaining that no accommodation should be made between the two countries, unless on the broadest and most liberal basis. After serving on several committees, he was at length appointed a member of that, whose report has linked the name of its author with the history of American independence. June 7, 1776, the delegates from Virginia, in compliance with the instructions of the convention, moved that congress should declare the United Colonies free and independent states. This gave rise to a warm and protracted debate; for as yet there were many who continued to cling to the hope of a peaceful adjustment. In the course of the discussion, it appearing that several colonies were not yet fully ripe for separation, it was deemed prudent to defer the final decision of the question for a short time; and, in the mean while, a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration of independence, consisting of John Adams, Doctor Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston and Mr. Jefferson. The last named gentleman was requested to draw up the paper, which he did, and it was reported to the house, after receiving a few alterations from Doctor Franklin and Mr. Adams. On the first of July, the day selected for deciding upon the original motion of the Virginia delegates, it was carried in the affirmative by a large majority, and two or three days afterwards by a unanimous vote. The declaration of independence was then brought before the house, by which, though generally approved, it was in some respects, modified. Those passages, especially, which conveyed censure upon the people of England, were either greatly softened, or entirely omitted, as the idea was still entertained that the colonies possessed friends in England, whose good will it would be proper to cherish; and a clause reprobating the slave-trade was cancelled, in complaisance to some of the southern states, who were largely engaged in the traffic. The debates respecting the declaration occupied three days, on the last of which, the 4th of July, it was signed by every member present, except John Dickinson, who deemed a rupture with the mother country, at that moment, rash and premature. September 2, 1776, Mr. Jefferson retired from his seat in congress, and on the 7th of October, took his place in the legislature of Virginia, of which he had been elected a member from his county. In this situation, he was indefatigable in his labors to improve the imperfect constitution of the state which had been recently and hastily adopted, before a draught of one which he had formed on the purest principles of republicanism, had reached the convention, which was deliberating at Richmond. The chief service which he performed was as a member of a commission for revising the laws, consisting, besides himself, of Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, George Mason and Thomas Ludwell Lee, by whom no less than 126 bills were prepared, from which are derived all the most liberal features of the existing laws of the commonwealth. The share of Mr. Jefferson in this great task was prominent and laborious. June 1, 1779, he was chosen the successor of Mr. Henry, in the office of governor of the state, and continued in it for two years, at the end of which period he resigned, "from a belief," as he says, "that under the pressure of the invasion under which we were then laboring, the public would have more confidence in a military chief, and that, the military commander being invested with the civil power also, both might be wielded with more energy, promptitude and effect, for the defence of the state." General Nelson was appointed in his stead. Two days after his retirement from the government, he narrowly escaped capture by the enemy, a troop of horse having been despatched to Monticello, where he was residing, for the purpose of making him prisoner. He was breakfasting, when a neighbor rode up at full speed with the intelligence that the troop was ascending a neighboring hill. He first sent off his family in a carriage, and, after a short delay for some indispensable arrangements, mounted his horse, and, taking a course through the woods, joined them at the house of a friend—a flight in which it would be difficult to discern any thing dishonorable, although it has been made the subject of sarcasm and reproach without end, by the spirit of party. June 15, 1781, Mr. Jefferson was appointed minister plenipotentiary, in conjunction with others, to negotiate a peace then expected to be effected, through the mediation of the empress of Russia; but he declined, for the same reason that had induced him, in 1776, to decline also the appointment of a commissioner, with Doctor Franklin, to go to France in order to negotiate treaties of alliance and commerce with that government. On both occasions, the state of his family was such that he could not leave it, and he "could not expose it to the dangers of the sea, and of capture by the British ships, then covering the ocean." He saw, too, that "the laboring oar was really at home," especially at the time of his first appointment. But, in November, 1782, congress having received assurances that a general peace would be concluded in the winter and spring, renewed the offer which they had made the previous year; and this time it was accepted; but the preliminary articles being agreed upon before he left the country, he returned to Monticello, and was chosen (June 6, 1783) a member of congress. It was during the session at Annapolis, that in consequence of Mr. Jefferson's proposal, an executive committee was formed, called the *committee of the states*, consisting of a member from each state. Previously, executive and legislative functions were both imposed upon congress; and it was to obviate the bad effects of this junction, that Mr. Jefferson's proposition was adopted. Success, however, did

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not attend the plan; the members composing the committee quarrelled, and, finding it impossible, on account of their altercations, to fulfil their duties, they abandoned their post, after a short period, and thus left the government without any visible head, during the adjournment of congress. May 7, 1784, congress, having resolved to appoint another minister, in addition to Mr. Adams and Doctor Franklin, for negotiating treaties of commerce with foreign nations, selected Mr. Jefferson, who accordingly sailed from Boston July 5, and arrived in Paris August 6. Doctor Franklin was already there, and Mr. Adams having, soon after, joined them, they entered upon the duties of their mission. They were not very successful, however, in forming the desired commercial treaties, and, after some reflection and experience, it was thought better not to urge them too strongly, but to leave such regulations to flow voluntarily from the amicable dispositions and the evident interests of the several nations. In June, 1785, Mr. Adams repaired to London, on being appointed minister plenipotentiary at the court of St. James, and, in July, Doctor Franklin returned to America, and Mr. Jefferson was named his successor at Paris. In the February of 1786, he received a pressing letter from Mr. Adams, requesting him to proceed to London immediately, as symptoms of a better disposition towards America were beginning to appear in the British cabinet, than had been manifested since the treaty of peace. On this account, he left Paris in the following March, and, on his arrival in London, agreed with Mr. Adams on a very summary form of treaty, proposing "an exchange of citizenship for our citizens, our ships, and our productions generally, except as to office." At the usual presentation, however, to the king and queen, both Mr. Adams and himself were received in the most ungracious manner, and, after a few vague and ineffectual conferences, he returned to Paris. Here he remained, with the exception of a visit to Holland, to Peidmont and the south of France, until the autumn of 1789, zealously pursuing whatever was beneficial to his country. September 26 of that year, he left Paris for Havre, and, crossing over to Cowes, embarked for the U. States. November 23, he landed at Norfolk, Va., and, whilst on his way home, received a letter from president Washington, covering the appointment of secretary of state, under the new constitution, which was just commencing its operation. He soon afterwards received a second letter from the same quarter, giving him the option of returning to France, in his ministerial capacity, or of accepting the secretaryship, but conveying a strong intimation of desire that he would choose the latter office. This communication was produced by a letter from Mr. Jefferson to the president, in reply to the one first written, in which he had expressed a decided inclination to go back to the French metropolis. He then, however, consented to forego his preference, and, March 21, arrived in New York, where congress was in session, and immediately entered upon the duties of his post. It would be altogether inconsistent with our limits to give a minute account of the rest of Mr. Jefferson's political life. This could not be done without writing the history of the U. States for a certain period. We must, therefore, content ourselves with stating that he continued to fill the seretaryship of state, until the 31st of December, 1793, when he resigned. From that period until February, 1797, he lived in retirement. In this year he was elected vice-president of the U. States, and, in 1801, was chosen president, by a majority of one vote over his competitor, Mr. Adams. At the expiration of eight years, he again retired to private life, from which he never afterwards emerged. The rest of his life was passed at Monticello, which was a continued scene of the blandest and most liberal hospitality. Such, indeed, was the extent to which calls upon it were made, by foreigners as well as Americans, that the closing year of his life was imbittered by distressing pecuniary embarrassments. He was forced to ask permission of the Virginia legislature to sell his estate by lottery, which was granted. Shortly after Mr. Jefferson's return to Monticello, it having been proposed to form a college in his neighborhood, he addressed a letter to the trustees, in which he sketched a plan for the establishment of a general system of education in Virginia. This appears to have led the way to an act of the legislature, in the year 1818, by which commissioners were appointed with authority to select a site and form a plan for a university, on a large scale. Of these commissioners, Mr. Jefferson was unanimously chosen the chairman, and, Aug. 4, 1818, he framed a report, embracing the principles on which it was proposed the institution should be formed. The situation selected for it was at Charlottesville, a town at the foot of the mountain on which Mr. Jefferson resided. He lived to see the university—the child of his old age—in prosperous operation, and giving promise of extensive usefulness. He fulfilled the duties of its rector until a short period before his death, which occurred on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of independence, and within the hour in which he had signed it.—In person, Mr. Jefferson was tall and well formed; his countenance was bland and expressive; his conversation fluent, imaginative, various and eloquent. Few men equalled him in the faculty of pleasing in personal intercourse, and acquiring ascendency in political connexion. He was the acknowledged head of the republican party, from the period of its organization down to that of his retirement from public life. The unbounded praise and blame which he received as a politician, must be left for the judgment of the historian and posterity. In the four volumes of his posthumous works, edited by his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, there are abundant materials to guide the literary or historical critic in forming an estimate of his powers, acquirments, feelings and opinions. His name is one of the brightest in the revolutionary galaxy. Mr. Jefferson was a zealous cultivator of literature and science. As early as 1781, he was favourably known as an author, by his Notes on Virginia. He published, also, various essays on political and philosophical subjects, and a Manual of Parliamentary Practice, for the use of the Senate of the U. States. In the year 1800,

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the French national institute chose him one of their members. The volumes of posthumous works, in addition to an auto-biography of the author to the year 1790, consist principally of letters from the year 1775 to the time of his death, and embrace a great variety of subjects.

For the Casket.

The following feelings and reflections, excited by an uncommonly beautiful summer evening, are with diffidence submitted to the judgment of the editor. The author would never have presumed to offer it for publication, but several of his friends, who are of sober, thinking minds, and lovers of the quiet, simple scenes of nature, think there are many of your numerous subscribers of like minds and feelings, who will read it with interest.

SUMMER EVENING.

Be it my theme to sing mild evening's scene,
The soft'ning beauties of a summers' day,
When lengthning shadows stretch across the green,
And broken clouds imbibe the solar ray;
O! could my feeble muse the scene portray,
Catch all its touching beauties as they rise,
Impress each glowing colour ere decay,
Snatch all their radiance from my gazing eyes,
And in one undistinguished shade, enwrap the skies.

From western skies the horizontal sun,
Throws o'er the hills his last bright blaze of light;
The forest's smile around, and one by one,
Resign their gleam to the dull shades of night;
While scattered clouds, till now, a snowy white,
Catch the warm tints of Sol's refracted ray,
Their crimson hues attract our ravished sight—
We gaze, astonished at this grand display
Of mingled light and shade, which mock the boldest lay.

See far south-west, yon glittering pile of clouds,
Like shining mountains lift their heads on high,
Whose humid bosom deep and dark, enshrouds
Soft evening lightnings to illume the sky;
Whose mild broad glare, gives pleasure to that eye
Which loves to watch in twilight's deep'ning gloom,
The ragged clouds, and mark successively,
Each separate gleam the various folds illume,
While all their abrupt points rich different tints assume.

Presiding Genii, o'er this quiet hour,
O! guide my foot-steps to some calm retreat,
Where nature's hand has wildly dressed the bower,
And formed with nicest care, the mossy seat—
Near to a running stream, whose murmurings sweet,
Just reach the ear with intermitting sound,
Where social caty-dids' their comrades greet—
There let me sit in musing thought profound,
And mark the solemn stole of night, slow closing round.—

Or, unincumbered with oppressive thought,
Turn loose the heart to feel its lonely way:
Its warmest interests often comes unsought,
When general native feelings bear the sway—
Released from all the anxious cares of day,
The heart luxuriates in the quiet eve,
For nature's scenes and peaceful sounds, convey
More perfect bliss than costly joys can give,
Or the loud laugh of those who in wild riot live.

Hail potent fancy! thy creative ear
Can hear sweet music in the passing breeze!
Melodious strains float on the evening air,
How sweet, how slow, with what harmonious ease
The lengthened cadence dies among the trees—
Then in a lower, and softer key, resumes
The distant strain, with ampler power to please,
Till fancy's full excited power assumes
Ascendance o'er the heart, dispelling all its glooms.

No village murmurs reach my lonely seat,
No "gabbling geese" my tortured ears assail,
No sportive children seek this lone retreat,
Yet active life and joyous sounds prevail;
For here the crowds of happy insects hail
The mild, the soft impressive evening hour,
The cow-bell's rural sound winds up the vale,
Mellowed by distance, to my silvan bower,
While thousand nameless notes, soft mingling round me pour.

Hark! the dull screech-owl sings his drowsy note,
And bats, scarce seen, in giddy circles fly,
All objects fade, save yonder orbs remote,
Whose kindling lustres catch the gazing eye—
Thousands on thousands glittering in the sky,
The sober mind to serious thoughts excite,
While meditation's favourite hour draws nigh,
Wrapt in the awful deep'ning gloom of night,
For here no rising moon throws round her silver light.

Let contemplation spread her eagle wings,
And try her strength through yonder blue profound,
Trace the just order of created things,
Harmonious moving through the mighty round
Of endless space to great creations bound;
Here musing, pause upon the awful brink,
Conceive thy arduous labours amply crowned;
Yes, pause one moment, and reflecting, think,
And thou wilt find thyself still on the central link.

There's no proportions in infinity,
A finite principal can never scan,
Then let me turn the contemplative eye
To the great author of his wond'rous plan;
But sinking ere the lofty theme's begun,
My feeble muse abruptly makes an end,
And pausing, mourns the impotence of man,
Whose mind in wise humility may bend,
But all her boasted powers can never comprehend.

A. D.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

"Farewell, farewell, I falt'ring cried,
When I return thou'lt be my bride,
'Till then be faithful;—sweet adieu,
In absence oft I'll think of you."
The glist'ning tears stained her bright eyes,
Her thick'ning breath is choked with sighs
Her tongue denies her bosom's sway,
'Farewell'—I tore myself away.

"One moment stay," she stammered out,
And quick as thought I wheeled about;
"My angel, speak? can ought be done,
To comfort thee when I am gone?
I'll send thee specimens of art,
From every European mart;
I'll sketch for thee each Alpine scene,
To let thee see where I have been—
A stone from Simplon's dreadful height,
Shall gratify thy curious sight—
I'll climb the fiery Ætna's side,
To bring home treasures for my bride,
And oh, my life, each ship shall bear,
A double letter to my fair."

"Ah George," the weeping angel said,
And on my shoulder fell her head,
"For constancy my tears are hostage,
But when you write, pray pay the postage."

X.

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

DRAMAS OF THE WEST.

Cyrus Lindsay and Ella Moore.

"When we now (1828) consider the horror of women and children, in conceiving such an enemy (Indians) always about them in the pathless wilderness, it astonishes us, that settlers could ever have been found, who would put their lives in their hands, and march so far away from their native country and home, to encounter these dangers. We are surprised, that they could cheerfully meet the labors of cultivation and the field, constantly surrounded by these dangers; and still more, that they would expose themselves to the greatest dangers of hunting, under such circumstances. But notwithstanding all these difficulties and dangers, in number and magnitude not to be described, the population of Kentucky was constantly increasing."—*Flint's Geography and History of the Western States.*

With one exception, what posed Mr. Flint in retrospect, as greatly poses me, who was an eye witness to the mysterious effect of the spirit of emigration to the West in the face of death in his most appalling forms. But long since have I ceased to wonder that women were found to face such horrors! as I have lived long enough and seen sufficient evidence to prove, that wheresoever, fathers, sons, brothers, and husbands, will go, daughters, mothers, sisters, and wives will go, and go cheerfully.—Not to speak of another connexion, which if possible, sublimes the soul of a virtuous woman, above even the feelings of a wedded wife—but are they not wedded in the highest sense of the term? * * *

This entire self devotion of women to those to whom they are connected by blood, or still stronger ties, is neither the exclusive virtue of the cabin nor the palace, nor is its exertion found alone in the middle rank; it belongs to human nature, and consoles us in misfortune, in sickness, wounds and death, as it sweetens prosperity, and sheds a brighter sunshine over our days of joy and gladness.

Amongst those who floated down the great western current, very few were wealthy, but many were they, who had seen better days and were wafted to the wilderness, by the storms and tempests of life. Many were females, reared in the very lap of ease, and whose bright and buoyant minds, long thought only of such days to come in future as they had seen in the past.

Of all the early parents of the now populous Kentucky, of either sex, there were few if any more remarkable than was Ella Moore. In Ella was combined beyond any other woman with whom I was ever acquainted, the masculine and feminine in feeling. She seemed to neglect the graces of a polished woman, and yet, was eminently graceful in every act; she seemed to speak from impulse without reflection, yet never spoke what herself or others could wish unsaid. In her manners there was a careless veil, but it was a veil only to the common crowd; to those who knew her intimately and were capable of appreciating her true character, she was regarded as possessing deep reflection in an eminent degree. This was shown at an early age, in her keen insight of the true character of those presented to her notice. Though never known to speak with asperity or even with severity of any one in their absence, her resentments were as deep, intense, and durable as her attachments. The one course of feeling led, however, to un wearied and unshrinking acts of kindness and love under every change of fortune; the other led only to coldness—revenge, even by a whisper was too far below her nature to be even for a moment thought of. This exalted woman was an only child, of wealthy parents in the city of ———. Her father a merchant for a long series of years regarded as amongst the most prosperous of his class. Engaged in very extensive concerns with the mother country, the colonial disputes involved him with many more in ruin, and in 1775, the once rich and honoured Henry Moore was a bankrupt and a widower. With no stain upon his integrity, but the reverse, and though an Englishman, an ardent advocate of the colonial cause! yet Henry Moore, who thought he saw, perhaps he was not deceived, the frown of public scorn on him, found most powerful support, from the person who of all others in ordinary cases, who would have most contributed to aggravate his misfortunes; that person was his daughter. But we must go back in time, and retrace other events.

Henry Moore was a branch of an aristocratic family, in whose views the pursuits by which every society must be supported, were dishonorable, and considered commerce amongst the degrading pursuits. In these *high* or *low* notions as different minds place them, Henry Moore might have passed uselessly through life, if his fortunes had not been diverted from their course. With a natural disposition in which slept the latent fire which only demanded some violent blow to strike into a flame—at a fashionable watering place, like every other person of sense, in like condition, sauntering about with contempt in his heart for the very pleasures in which he participated, he was on a certain day leaning against a pillar, which formed a part of the front of a Hotel, and enjoying one of the few rational amusements the place afforded; that was, gazing on the ocean, spreading like an eternity before him. Several pleasure boats were skimming along shore, when a sudden flaw of wind threw one of these light barks on her beam ends, and precipitated the persons on board into the deep. This incident was one of those which always restore such minds as that of Henry Moore to full energy. His hat, shoes, and upper garments, with a very valuable watch, were in an instant thrown on the pavement and the intrepid young man in the waves. In a few moments he was again on shore with the only person rescued from the wreck. That person turned out to be the only daughter of a rich London merchant, and by a very natural consequence, Henry Moore as soon as he discovered the intrinsic value of his prize considered himself at liberty to claim its possession. So thought not his family, but as it is probable, not one amongst them ever suspected the true cast of his character, they threw oil on the flame, which was blown to a conflagration by the father of the young lady. This true Englishman, returned with compound interest, the contempt of the aristocracy for his mercantile profession, and when Henry Moore made proposals for his

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daughter, received them with the following blunt address.

"Young gentleman, we live in a country with two codes of laws, one for the nation and the other for the nobility, as you choose to entitle yourself. My daughter is of too good a family to be made an object of neglect. She is a true born Englishwoman, with neither spot nor blemish on her or her blood kindred—don't interrupt me. You may think yourself an object of great consequence, but you are only one, and cannot if you would, protect my child against the whole of your clan. My consent therefore, depends on one condition, and one only, and remember, that my child will not, even to be your wife, desert her father—either come into my family or never again speak on the subject."

The Moore family had conducted their side of the affair in such a manner as to fully prepare the way for a total breach between them and Henry, and it is probable, if they had succeeded in separating him from the object of his choice, the breach between him and his family would have been still irreparable. Sufficeit to say, that Henry and Mrs. Moore, with their father was in a few days in London, and in a few years, Henry took place in the counting house, so long and so honorably filled by his wife's father.

Time who tames the most restive of our feelings, if he does not soften our hearts, brought reflection to Henry Moore, and on several occasions, he found that his own embittered relations, if they were determined to shew him no favor, they were as inveterately determined to do him injury, when chance put it in their power, which happened more than once. These, with political reasons induced him to transfer his family and business to the colonies, whose cause he espoused with all the energy and rectitude of his nature. His wife, long declining, survived her removal little more than a year, and Henry Moore in his adopted country had, when the storm burst in 1775, of all that shared his blood or family affinity, only his energetic daughter Ella. It need hardly be said that the education and early habits of Henry Moore, were the opposite of such as fitted him for the pursuit which fortune threw him into, and that such a change demanded a corresponding moral change; a demand very seldom complied with. Moore had also a generosity of feeling, which when indulged, is the rock of ruin to the merchant. He became security for a villain, who realized as much money as he could secure, sailed to Europe and left Henry Moore a bankrupt.

Ella Moore was one of those human beings, who in an intellectual point of view, have no infancy. From twelve years of age, she was her father's house keeper and domestic adviser. Now in her seventeenth year, Ella saw that grief was preying on the heart of her only parent. She redoubled her care and attention, but obtruded not into what she, however, suspected. But the cloud became deep, and Henry Moore sat down one evening to his tea in a state of utter depression. Ella saw at length the tear falling down his wan visage, and what child can withstand the tear of a parent! She threw her arms round his neck and sobbed, "My dear Father I know all."

"That we are ruined"—burst from the heaving heart of the father.

Ella released her embrace and stepping back, assumed that commanding and inspiring attitude and look which distinguished her through life.

"Ruined, no my father, we are not ruined, nor can we be ruined, whilst we can set the world at defiance. Your character no one can or dare touch. Let the world have all it can take from us. Our peace of mind, our integrity, and our power of laboring for our support, are goods which God and ourselves can preserve."

Moore eyed his daughter for a moment, feeling the whole energy of his powerful mind again called into action. "Sit down Ella and fill up my cup of tea, my cup of joy you have filled—a fortune is well paid away to have such a child in its place."

A frown of regret was never again seen to cloud the brow of Henry Moore at the remembrance of loss of fortune. The next morning after the scene we have described, he was engaged in the arrangements of his own bankruptcy, and Ella in her domestic preparations; it having been resolved upon between the father and daughter to go to the "*back woods*," as "*the west*" was then quaintly called, with all they could save after every debt was paid.

Some months before the bankruptcy of Moore, a man in all the uncouth dress of a hunter, but with a fine countenance beaming health, entered his store. In the stranger, there was a strong contrast of appearance and language. The dress bespoke a man of the forest, but the conversation, the man of education, keen observation, and acquaintance with men and manners in all their extremes.

"Is this the store of Mr. Henry Moore?" demanded the stranger.

"My name is Henry Moore," replied the owner, handing a chair.

"And mine," said the stranger, seating himself, "is Cyrus Lindslay. I am here a stranger, and without money or acquaintance."

Most men, in Moore's place, would have asked "what brought you here, where you have no acquaintance, and moneyless"—but Moore merely smiled, and awaited explanation, whilst his visiter drew from his shot-pouch a large bundle, enveloped in dressed deer skin, and while opening it, continued—"I am here as I have truly told you; here are some Virginia land warrants, the titles are good, though the land is distant; it is in Kentucky."

"In Kentucky," interrupted Moore, repressing an open laugh with difficulty.

"Yes," replied the stranger smiling, "and not in the Moon," I have been on the land, examined and surveyed it."

Moore, like almost every other human being of the time who dwelt on the sea board, indulged an unrestrained curiosity to hear from the vast unknown regions beyond the mountains, no sooner heard the stranger say he had actually been in Kentucky, than he interrupted him at once by saying "well! well! never mind saying any more now about the titles, I hear the dinner bell; come and dine with me and my daughter, and tell us something about Kentucky."

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With perfect self possession, Lindsay put up his papers, and with the tact of a real gentleman entered the splendid dining room with unpretending confidence, in the full dress of the woods.

If all the philosophers of all the schools, were to write each a volume to prove the contrary, the whole together would never beat it out of my head, but what there are attractions between young men and younger women, that draw those of congenial minds with a force beyond their power to controul. At the first glance on the stranger, Ella was surprised, but she belonged to a class who only laugh at the ridiculous, and only scorn the vicious, she therefore received the introduction with all her dignified politeness, and well was she rewarded, even at the first interview. The stranger warmed by the manner of his hosts, entered on a full, flowing and entrancing account of the unheard of rivers, and mountains he had passed, and in the current of his narration named Boone.

"Boone," interrupted father and daughter, "we have heard of that man."

"And in him you have heard of a man" replied Lindsay, "who is never alone. For reasons I shall not now repeat, I, when only twenty years of age shouldered my rifle and crossed the mountains into that wide wilderness. I had heard that Boone and Findlay had lived alone amid the wilds and I resolved to follow their example. For many months I saw no human face. Meat alone was my food, and I found that with health, man might live alone, but a raging and consuming fever taught me at length the penalty of being alone. Tortured with a consuming thirst, but extremely weak, I sat me down under the shade of a tree on the verge of a very high rocky precipice with a river flowing at its base. Worlds would I have given for a cup full of the water I saw flowing almost under my feet. Delirium followed, and when my senses returned, I felt a delicious coolness, and as my eyes opened, I found myself lying by a cool fountain and a man dressed pretty much as I am now, sitting beside me. I was truly surprised, but he was not, and as he saw me rousing from what had been a refreshing sleep, he observed, "young man I have been following your track for two days. I knew by the signs you left, that you were a white man. My name is Daniel Boone; from whence have you come.

I then satisfied his inquiry, and he continued, "come with me;" but it was with his powerful support, I could accept the invitation, but what was my astonishment to find myself in a short time and distance in a camp of civilized men. My strength rapidly improved and in a few days I was able to take my share in hunting and surveying, and by such means have become a land owner in Kentucky. Our business is now to find settlers, and men to fight Indians. With these views I have returned to this side of the mountains, but my business here was in pursuit of a man who absconded deep in debt to my father. This knave I learned this very day has taken passage to England, and here am I without a penny and where deer and Buffaloe are rather scarce. "Not much more so than genuine honesty," rather bitterly replied Henry Moore, but resuming his gaiety and turning to Lindsay, observed, half laughing "come, let us have a look at some of your Kentucky land deeds, who knows Ella, but your husband, if you ever find one may not wish to become the head of a colony?" This speech brought a brighter glow into the cheeks, which Lindsay scanned with his hunter's eye, as he spread the maps, and warrants, on the table.

"That fine curving bend and high commanding bank is my choice," said Moore, preserving his high spirits in appearance at least, what is your charge for that whole tract?"

"I should suppose it is worth—worth," and for the first time in a hesitating manner, at last brought out "fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" almost vociferated Moore, "why man you are crazy surely."

Lindsay, a little abashed and misunderstanding the drift of his host, replied "very well perhaps I have set too high a price."

"I hope, Mr. Lindsay, that you understand hunting better than selling land—now if you will make me a deed of that very land, I will pay you in hard money fifty sterling pounds."

Lindsay with all his self possession was fairly astonished, and sat looking first at father and then daughter, without being able to bring out a single word. But the noble minded Moore who sat in the full and deserved enjoyment of a generous action, soon relieved the hunter, by observing,

"You have told me Mr. Lindsay, that you have no acquaintance here, then you will do me the favour to accept a room in my house and a seat at my table until we can see matters arranged."

This invitation was accepted with cordiality on both sides, and Cyrus Lindsay, the Kentucky surveyor and hunter became an inmate in the elegant mansion of Henry Moore. The afternoon, (even persons of quality then dined in the afternoon) was spent in hearing of buffaloes, and bears, wild deer in thousands, wild turkeys in millions, and Indians, far too many, in hundreds. Never had Ella Moore been so entranced with history, novel or epic; indeed she now heard all those blended, and new regions of the earth spreading wide and far on her really vivid fancy. Her soul seemed as if disembodied, and transported to another life; she felt her heart mingling in new and exciting scenes; her sympathies caught new inspiration and shared danger, braved death, and fell or triumphed with beings of whose very existence, only a few hours before she could have had no conception. Did she not in reality soar for a moment into futurity, and gain a glance of her future destiny?

Henry Moore made the purchase and paid the price, but his guest seemed to have got over any excessive hurry in his return to Kentucky, and his entertainers gave no symptom of being weary of his society. The weather, political rumour, and other subjects of excuse were, however, nearly exhausted, when on Sunday evening after returning from church, Lindsay with unaffected gravity observed, "to morrow morning I set out for Kentucky." Ella was rising to quit the room when a knocking at the door was heard, and in an instant a new actor appeared on the scene.

If there is any thing beyond the utmost depth of philosophy to account for, it is the human heart,

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and of individual hearts to render the problem more intricate, it is the most gifted and most powerful minds who enact the most glaring inconsistencies.

Deming Rostraven, the young man who now entered the parlor of Henry Moore, and was introduced to Cyrus Lindsay, was a man no one could see and forget; his form was larger and taller than common, and in structure was a model of ease and grace; his high and retiring forehead and deep sunken, but dark and keen eye gave him something of repulsive, which his ease of manner and cultivated politeness could not remove. His name for the first time since his arrival at the Moore mansion threw a gloom approaching to a scowl upon the face of Lindsay; and his presence taught Ella Moore, that she was wretched.

Deming Rostraven was a distant relation, and for some months the affianced husband of Ella Moore. Being compelled to go on a journey of business to Boston, and from thence found it necessary to sail to England. Letters had informed Moore and his daughter of these movements, but the vessel in which Rostraven sailed was forced back to New York, by stress of weather, and there, the political aspect of the time caused him to abandon his intended voyage, and setting out by land, arrived very unexpectedly to all, and by a strange change or rather developement of feeling, a very unwelcome visitor to his betrothed wife.

Ella Moore was one of those strong minded persons who deceive themselves, in thinking that intense passion is not only necessary to their happiness, but incompatible with their character. Many such pass through life undeceived in this matter, but fearful is the discovery when made too late, that with the strength rises the extent of feeling. There was with an imposing exterior, a negation of character in Deming Rostraven; on the contrary with an exterior, little if any, less attractive, the qualities of Cyrus Lindsay, were active, daring, yet circumspect. Rostraven represented the many and Lindsay the few, and if the latter had not appeared to her presence, Ella Moore, would probably have become Ella Rostraven, without either much joy or sorrow—he had been the chosen of her father and again filial affection aided his cause. But a rapid and durable change was preparing for all parties.

Rostraven and Ella met, as too many in their relative situations meet. He gave to herself the common place account of the cause of his return, did not remain long, but rose to take leave as his expected father-in-law followed him to the door, calling out "Deming, we expect you to breakfast to morrow morning"—"very well," replied Deming as his footsteps died away on the pavement. That moment decided the fate of all parties, as Lindsay whispered to Ella with intense energy, "I must speak with you this night;" "in this parlor at twelve"—"replied Ella," as her father re-entered laughing and observing "Deming is too good a whig to leave his country at this time. Neither his daughter or guest made any reply, but most likely both would have been just as well pleased if he had sailed to England as had many other loyal subjects of George III.

At the appointed hour when all was silent around them, Lindsay and Ella found themselves together. With all her self-command and purity of intention, Ella felt that something was wrong in the step she had taken, but an irresistible and invisible power seemed to impel her forward and to sustain her in the trial. The intrepid hunter was not himself free from a hesitation he had never experienced before, but the hour of his inevitable departure pressed, and approaching the now trembling Ella, and seizing her hand as he seated himself beside her, observed very solemnly,

"Ella Moore most sincerely do I thank you for this proof of confidence. If I had not felt the absolute necessity to the future happiness of my life—never would I have dared to request such a meeting or to put the question," and he hesitated; "are you really engaged to the man whom I saw here this evening?"—"I am," replied Ella in agitation.

"As to any misery it has or may inflict on me, that is nothing, but on your account dear Ella"—

"Why on my account? demanded Ella, with some surprise, and with rallied spirits.

"Because," answered Lindsay, "you never were made for each other. I shall not say, but that with such a man you may not be wretched; yes, you may vegetate as thousands do, but I mistake your character most egregiously, if with such a man you can ever be happy."

"And I mistake your character also Mr. Lindsay," rejoined Ella, "if you would not advise misery in preference to violated faith."

"My advice either way," replied Lindsay, is neither given nor shall be given, it is what I have no right to do:—but Ella Moore, if the engagement was now to be made with Deming Rostraven, would you?"—

Both remained long silent, whilst Ella, leaning her left hand on her forehead, was lost in a conflict of contending reflections, at length as if awaking from a dream, she replied, "no not for worlds."

"Oh! Ella, dare I ask another question, if this engagement should by any means be broken?"—

The very idea of a release was too much for the presence of mind of even Ella Moore, and with a smile her secret was revealed.

Mountains seemed to be raised from the head and heart, not of one but both, so seductive is hope—

Next morning as Deming Rostraven entered the breakfast room, he even started back in astonishment at seeing Lindsay in the full garb of the hunter. It was a phenomenon to the cit, he was unprepared for; and strong indeed was the contrast between the two; one in the full dress of European fashion, and the other, in his own way, as fully equipped. It never once entered the head of Deming, that such a savage could be his rival in the affections of the city bred and accomplished Ella Moore; and each of the party indulging their own reflections, completed their breakfast, and Cyrus Lindsay, shouldering his rifle, turned his footsteps towards the setting sun.

"If that young man was dressed like a christian," said Deming to Moore and his daughter,

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as Cyrus left the house," I declare he would not look so shocking—he would appear more like a man."

"Then in your opinion," observed Ella, "it is dress that makes men and christians—high compliment to taylors and barbers." And she left the room with a something in her manner which gave a sting to her betrothed, his sagacity could not account for, but his self complacency came to his aid and all was soon at ease in his heart. But even Deming Rostraven, had his trials to encounter. Every breast is exposed in some way or other, and vanity was the weak point of Deming, and in that quarter he received some severe wounds. The happy day was put off under various pretences, and even the father of Ella seemed to become less anxious for the connexion; but that was attributed to, in some respects to the true source, perplexities of business; and to which was daily added with accumulating force, the political difficulties of the times.

The patience of even the half in love, Rostraven, like all things human, was waxing to its term, and the great day pressed and still prolonged from very opposite motives in the parties. The very evening before the open declaration of the bankruptcy of Henry Moore, and whilst, as many declared afterwards, they knew it was one of the certain coming events, Deming visited his intended, whom he met with his own even blooming smile, but on her side a solemnity, even a sadness of manner, which would have greatly damped if not pained a heart of real affection; and struck up a light in a head of a little more penetration. But coldness and darkness have their benefits, such as they are.

Ella was seated on her usual evening seat, and was, contemplating a most splendid setting sun, with an air of thoughtfulness, and of anxiety as if she was seeking to allay earthly care by soaring in thought to higher regions. Such consoling and exalting reflections were broken by a repetition of those expressions from her intended, which like all other set forms are repeated on all necessary occasions, by all the extremes from devoted sincerity to the most deeply concealed hypocrisy. Ella heard rather than listened to the effort of memory, whilst her mind was perhaps following the western sun, and the steps of some other than Deming Rostraven. At length, after a hundred dry responses of yes, or no, or a mere inclination of the head, and with all her equanimity, a little ruffled by being distracted from a train of most pleasing thought, by the proposal of all others, which she most dreaded and loathed to hear, turned round and fixing her eyes with all their power upon Rostraven, observed.

"Deming Rostraven, as matters seem now to admit but little more delay"—and she paused some time, and then proceeded, "this day two weeks"—

At the joyful sounds, Rostraven in transport was ready to clasp her to his bosom, but his raptures were allayed by a look and wave of her hand, as she continued in a still more impressive tone—

"Mr. Rostraven, you think me rich."

"Oh my Ella," exclaimed the betrothed" "who with you can think"—"of wealth" interrupted Ella, "few men in your situation, think of much else before, or talk of much else after marriage; but oh! grant me now one favour Deming Rostraven."

"Any thing in my power to grant," replied the devoted lover.

"Perfectly in your power," subjoined Ella with a look which would have cooled a real lover to zero. "It is only to leave me alone."

With the most prodigal profusion of expressions of devoted attachment that *his* death alone could obliterate, Deming Rostraven was measuring his steps from the house, and Ella was left alone, or far more correctly, she now entered the assembly of beings fancy created, and whispering hope in her heart.

The reader will remember the annunciation of his ruin to make his daughter, and his heart-felt compliment, when he said, "Sit down Ella, and fill up my cup of tea; my cup of happiness you have already filled—A fortune is well paid away to have such a child in its place."

From the unwelcome presence of Rostraven, Ella had been but a short time relieved, when the always cheering sounds of her father's footsteps roused her to action. The elegant table and smile awaited him, and the eventful explanation followed.

The father and daughter sat for some time silently sipping their tea when Ella at length broke silence—"Deming Rostraven"—

"Has been here this evening," interrupted the father.

"Yes, he has been here—and this day two weeks," replied Ella, very composedly.

"My God," emphatically as he dropped his cup, exclaimed Henry Moore, "what circumstances for the espousals of my child."

"Be comforted my father, and best friend," rejoined Ella, "those espousals can never take place."

"Why Ella, my child, do not let any considerations for me, permit you to break"—

"My plighted faith," interrupted Ella, with one of her looks, which even her father felt—"If I have read Deming Rostraven rightly, you and I will both be saved from any breach of faith."

These words, and their manner struck so forcibly on the heart and head of Henry Moore, that involved in profound reflection on the past and present, on the character of the man he so long desired to make his son, and on the almost sublime character of his daughter, that his lips were sealed.

Ella, absorbed also in her own reflections, and on her release, for with all her strength of mind, Ella was but a woman at last; and reader, I must really whisper my suspicions, that though his name is not mentioned, Cyrus Lindslay, some how or other, contributed his share to fortify her mind at her change of fortune, and to reconcile her to cross "*the mountains Blue.*" As to Deming Rostraven, on the very morning which proclaimed Henry Moore a Bankrupt, he received letters demanding his presence in New York, and of so pressing a nature as not to leave him one moment to even pen a tender adieu to his Ella. She saw him no more.

This desertion was soon known, and carefully added to the story of Henry Moore and his daugh-

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ter. To Ella it was communicated by several of those friends who never fail in the hour of misfortune, and was treated by the disconsolate lady in such a manner as to convince the kind creatures that their labour was lost, and so they desisted.

"He's not at all to be blamed," said the many.—"He is what we always thought him, a mean spirited wretch," said the few. The person who in the common course of things in this world, ought to have been most concerned, said nothing, and thought little about the recreant. The father and daughter with hearts and minds, which only a few admired, for few were they who could appreciate their conduct, arranged their affairs, paid their debts to the last penny, and one fine sunny morning left the town of——, and in a few weeks were no more thought of in the town of——.

Boonesboro', a fine little village on the southern side of Kentucky river, and on the northern border of Madison county, and twenty miles south-east of Lexington, stands now near the centre of the most densely inhabited, most highly cultivated, and most highly civilized section of Kentucky, was founded in the spring and summer of 1775 by Daniel Boone, and a small party from Holston river. The extraordinary man, who was the father of Kentucky, was a native of Maryland, but in early life removed by his parents into Virginia, and thence into North Carolina. In 1769, this still very young man was in the wilds of Kentucky, with a man of the name of Finley. After a residence of three years, sometimes accompanied by one of his brothers, but often alone, visiting his family in North Carolina, in the autumn of 1773, Boone entered Kentucky with his family, and a small colony, in all about fifty persons. This little band was attacked by the Indians, on the 10th of October, and the first settlement of Kentucky delayed about 18 months. In the eventful 1775, the wife and daughter of Boone were the two first white women who inhabited Kentucky, now blooming in beauty.

There is a something indescribable in the romantic characters of such men as Boone, and with more of education and polish, Cyrus Lindslay was of similar cast. Generous, open, manly, brave and humane, Lindslay joined Boone in 1773 and innumerable were the instances in which without other companions, those two men sought the forest. With equal keenness of eye the Indian trail was plain to them as the beaten road. With a precision which very seldom failed, the direction of their march and the number of their enemies, were known to Boone and Lindslay, at a moment's examination.

"*Dark and Bloody Ground*," was indeed Kentucky in her early days. Every man was compelled to be a warrior and every house was made a fortress. Many of the present flourishing villages scattered over Kentucky, attest the location, and perpetuate the names of the patriarchs of this beautiful state. Boonsboro', and Harodsburg carry us back to 1775.

It was drawing towards evening, of a rather heavy day, late in the fall of 1775, that Daniel Boone and Cyrus Lindslay, were treading the tangled woods, whose to tread on a dry stick or cane was avoided. Indian signs had been seen, and these two weary spies, had traversed the forest to examine the trail, and circumvent the enemy. They were on the elevated ground from which issues the sources of Rockcastle branch of Cumberland river, the higher sources of Dick's river, and those of some branches of Kentucky river. Along this section extended the path by which most of the whites entered central Kentucky at that time. The two spies rose a hill, and reaching the wood examined carefully whether any recent marks had been made. It was sometime before either, with all their tact, could observe that any person or horse had passed for many days, but, at length, they both started as if roused by some important discovery, and in complete silence, but intense scrutiny of every weed, they slowly went to some distance; when Boone stopped and whispered, "these marks are not made by an Indian, but by some person, I think a girl flying in great haste." Both, without further parley, took the track at their utmost speed, and had not proceeded more than two or three miles, until they saw before them the object of their pursuit. That object was as Boone surmised, a female almost exhausted, and crawling rather than walking. In order to alarm her, but as little as possible, Boone made a slight noise by striking his rifle with his knife. At the sound she turned round in great terror, but Boone in a voice which calmed her fears, called out to her, "Why my girl, we are white men." At the welcome sound she sunk to the ground utterly exhausted. The two humane spies gave her every aid and comfort in their power, but it was considerably advanced in the night before she was sufficiently restored to be able to account for being alone in the wilderness of Kentucky; but when she was restored they found her to be a remarkably intelligent girl of about fourteen years of age, and from her they learned, that she was with her parents and several others, some families and some single men, removing to Kentucky; that their place of destination was Boone's station. The men, she said, were well armed with guns, but that they were always making a noise, and that a woman of the party was always telling them that they ought not to do so, as Indians might be in the woods, but that the men said there was no danger. So they travelled on until the evening before, when the party encamped for the night near a creek. The strange woman, she said, had always before got some of the men to sit up and watch, but this time she failed, as a quarrel arose amongst the men, who should watch, which ended by no one of the men doing so, but that the woman did watch.* The girl stated further, that, after the party had stopped, she accidentally noticed a large hollow tree, a little distance down the creek, from the encampment, but with the rest of her family had lain down and fallen asleep, from which she was awakened by the

* The tragical event interwoven in our tale, is here but very slightly changed from fact, as to either place or incident, and was far from a solitary instance of similar infatuation. The girl who escaped in the manner we have related, became a married woman and the mother of a large family in Kentucky.

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most terrible shouts she ever heard, and the screams of the white people and shots. She said she had lain down in her clothes, and supposed the Indians had not noticed her, as she ran and crouched into the hollow tree.

From her place of safety to herself, the terrified girl beheld the destruction, and heard the death cries, as she thought of both her parents, brothers and sisters, with many more, and beheld also several others bound and led captive. After the Indians had completed their work of destruction, satisfied their hunger, and collected the horses, they departed with the booty and prisoners. Several times whilst driving up the horses, the girl said, "The ugly *Ingens* came so near the tree, I was afraid to breathe for fear they would hear me."

Thus alone in the wilds of Kentucky, in circumstances, under which man might be excused for losing his presence of mind, this intelligent female child reflected that as she had heard her parents and others say, that in two days more they would be able to reach Boone's station, and knowing the many days they had travelled since leaving the settlements, she at once, as soon as day dawned, took the track to the westward, and was found as we have related.

Such men as Boone and Lindslay, have their faculties rendered more clear, and presence of mind strengthened by danger. They ascertained from the girl that the Indians had went in a northerly direction.

"The villains," said Boone, "intend to cross the Ohio about the mouth of Sciota, and we must get this child to the station, and see whether we cannot come up with them and save the prisoners."

Without farther delay, except to give the exhausted Sally, as she called herself, some short rest, they set out, supporting, or actually carrying Sally by turns. Their fatigue was lessened and objects promoted by meeting a party of ten men, some fifteen miles from the station. From this party Boon selected four, on whose active courage and endurance of fatigue, he could most depend, directing the others to return to the station and deliver Sally to his family.

As Boone and his men were shouldering their guns, and bracing their minds, to the very daring and apparently very unequal contest they were exposed to, as both Boone and Lindslay were convinced there were at least twenty warriors of the Indian party, the former very coolly observed, "My boys, I think I know exactly where the *Ingens* intend to cross the Ohio, it is our business to get there before them, for two reasons. First, one man placed between them and their own country is worth two on the other side of them; and secondly, the recovery of the prisoners is much more certain." This short speech, and a "Now for it," from the mouth of the whole party, our six warrior hunters were on their way, in loose Indian file, the most silent in voice and tread of any living being of the wide waste. To the citizen who is most severely fatigued by a walk round three or four squares, or to the young country dandy who will go one mile to a field to catch a horse to ride another mile, it would be vain to say, that six men, would leave the southern end of Madison county, Kentucky, and be on the banks of the Ohio a little below where Maysville now stands, a distance of near *one hundred miles*, in less than two days; but yet many are they of the west, yet living, who will regard such an effort as only one of many others as extraordinary.

Boone and Lindslay were correct in their calculations and tactics, and they not only obtained the advantage they sought, but had turned the Indian mode of watching the motions of their adversaries on themselves. This success was, however, in part owing to the Indians still regarding that part of the left side of Ohio, as their own country. A very few years afterwards, these wily children of the forest, come to consider themselves in an enemies country, at any point south of Ohio, hence their extreme vigilance, in their advance and retreat, after crossing that stream, and hence, from 1776, until the final destruction of Indian power in the valley of Ohio, by the United States' army in 1794, under General Wayne: it is yet a matter of astonishment how deeply Indian war parties could penetrate, strike their murderous blows, and retire in safety to themselves, unseen and unheard except by their victims. In 1775, their true position, and advantages and disadvantages, were not so well understood, and on more than one or two occasions, were circumvented by Boone.

On the same evening after Boone and his party left the head of Dick's river, they fell on the Indian trail, and as darkness came on, Lindslay was stationed in the rear with three of the men, while Boone with another on whom he had great confidence, advanced and succeeded to completely examine the camp, in which were found twenty warriors. Boone saw by their conduct that the Indians were in full security, and without any suspicion of an enemy hovering on their skirts, and having gained what he wished, returned and joined Lindslay and his other men. By his admirable knowledge of the country, Boon led his little troop round the Indians, and gained the Ohio before the sun of the second day had reached the "*Tree Tops.*"

The only general order given, was, that if the Indians attempted to cross the Ohio that night, they must be attacked that night, as the prisoners were not to be, if possible, exposed to be taken over the river; but if they encamped, the attack was to be delayed until day-break next morning; and in either case, Boone himself on the right, was to fire first, and then the next man, and so in rapid succession from right to left; no one to fire without being sure of his mark, and then every man remembering he had still more than two to one to contend with, was to seize his tomahawk, rush into the camp and do his best. Thus, like crouching tigers lay these six determined men, awaiting every moment, the arrival of more than three times their number of well armed enemies. Nor had they long to wait, as just at sun-set, the Indians appeared with their wretched captives, whose last hope expired at the view of the Ohio, which appeared to them as the very vale of death. As Boone and his men anxiously hoped, the Indians prepared to encamp, evidently considering it too late to cross the river; and neglecting also what no Indian party would have neglected, two years after-

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wards, that was, a careful examination of the coverts around them.

In this state of confidence in their safety, on one side, and determination and watchfulness on the other, the night was passed, and the grey dawn of morning was opening to the poor forlorn captives, the still darkly shadowed vale of Ohio. The Indians were still wrapped in their blankets, when the mellow but heart-moving tones of a woman's voice, rose in prayer to the FATHER OF LIGHT AND LIFE. The distinct words they could not hear, but the voice fell upon the very souls of their deliverers, and if possible inspired them with ten-fold confidence in victory; but it was on Lindslay that the sound fell as if from HEAVEN. There was a something in the thrilling aspiration which so transported him as for a moment to render him forgetful of where he was. He felt as if in the regions of the blest, and as if listening to a disembodied spirit, but his trance was short; the Indians began to rise until near half their number was on their feet, when the still profound silence was broken by the clear, sharp sound and deadly aim of Boon's rifle, followed in less than one minute by the discharge of five more, and the death struggles of as many Indians. With a shout loud and terrible forward rushed the little band, and so rapid were their motions, that several warriors were tomahawked as they rose in terror. All who could, fled at the first surprise, still, however, numbers were on the side of the Indians, but the presence of mind of Boone on the evening before, decided the battle. In the creek, were Boone expected, lay the Indian canoes, which were by his express order not even approached only near enough to ascertain they were there. In their terror, the warriors who escaped the first volley and charge, made for the canoes and pushed them as speedily as possible into the Ohio, very naturally supposing from the suddenness of their onset, that the whites formed a numerous party, and the whites were indeed very speedily re-inforced by two men whose bonds were cut by the hands of the woman, whose voice in prayer, had first burst on the silence of that fearful morning scene.

Though the Indians were defeated with the loss of near half their numbers, and the despairing prisoners released, their conquerors did not all escape. One of the Indians, a very active and athletic man, who was amongst those who were cut off from retreating to the canoes, turned and fled into an adjacent thicket, overtopping a ledge of rocks, into which he was closely pursued by Cyrus Lindslay. Both for a few moments disappeared, but the report of two rifles fired so near together that their sounds were scarcely distinguishable, told that the strife of death was commenced. Boone and one of his men were returning from their pursuit after two more enemies who had fled and escaped in an opposite direction, when they beheld the flying savage, and Lindslay in rapid pursuit towards the covert; the other three, and one of the released prisoners were discharging shots, some of which took effect on the retreating canoes. The impulse of Boone and his companion were to speed to the aid of Lindslay; but even in a moment, when their every power of mind and body was on the full extent of exertion, an incident occurred which turned their attention to unexpected allies. As Lindslay with the fleetness of an Apollo and his flying enemy no less fleet, seemed to fly past them, the woman we have already introduced, screamed, "Father, Father, Cyrus Lindslay," and in frantic gestures seized the tomahawk of one of the dead Indians, and shot with swiftness almost superhuman past Boone and his attending warrior, and also disappeared amongst the brambles at the instant that the shots were heard. Boon and his man followed; the released prisoner exclaiming, "My child, my child," also endeavoured to fly after his daughter, but his limbs cramped by the thongs with which he had been bound, refused their office, and in excruciating agony he sunk down at the foot of the ledge exclaiming, "My child, my child." His suspense was short, as a rustling amongst the branches, stifled expressions of rage from men in the strife of death, and the cries of a female voice, which rent his soul, was followed by the rush of the two combatants, already covered with blood, to the edge of the precipice, down which they hurried each other in tiger grasp. They struck upon some branches projecting from the rocks which broke the force of their fall, and brought them to the ground on their feet, within a few yards from the anxious father. Both fell, however, to the earth, and Lindslay, under the triumphant Indian, who had before made abortive attempts to draw his knife, but now succeeded. His yell as the blade flashed was his last; the heroine seemed to drop from the impending rocks, and a tomahawk was sunk to the handle in the brain of the savage.

The victory was now complete—need I say that the heroine was Ella Moore—Yes! it was Ella, the same Ella amid blood and death on the wilderness banks of Ohio, who erst shone in the splendid saloon. If we were describing the heroine of a novel in place of a woman who really did exist, we would be compelled to describe her as rushing into the arms of the man she loved and saved; but plain truth compels us to describe her in an infinitely more elevated sphere of action. Her feelings were repressed, but her energies called into rational action. Lindslay was literally covered and blinded with his own blood and that of his antagonist. The ball of the Indian had pierced his right arm above the elbow without breaking the bone, whilst the Indian received a severe flesh wound through one thigh. In the heat of the battle neither was much disabled by their wounds, though that of the Indian brought him to the ground, and enabled Lindslay to seize his prey. But the great loss of blood, as an artery had been cut, soon exhausted Lindslay, who fainted as they bore him to the camp. With a wave of her hand, and imploring gesture, Ella prevented her father from arousing by any ill-timed expression, the recollections of Lindslay. With the aid of Boone and a part of the dress of Ella, the bleeding was staunched, and the wound bound up, and not then considered very dangerous. The blood was then washed from his blinded visage, and

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his senses gradually restored. As returning consciousness confusedly brought back the remembrance of where he was and in what fearful conflict he had been engaged, his sight first fell upon a countenance, black and haggard, intently fixed upon him.

"What vision have I seen? what voice have I heard? inwardly murmured Lindslay," "Ella Moore! no that cannot be."

"Why should the voice not have been that of Ella Moore?" mournfully exclaimed the man before him.

"And that voice"—"is the voice"—of Henry Moore, surely all this must be a dream."

"It is reality," exclaimed another mouth whose breathings of anxious affection could be no longer repressed. "It is reality," and for the first time Cyrus Lindslay was enfolded in the arms of Ella Moore.

Boone whose mind untaught in the dark intricacies of artificial human policy, but who never had a superior in intuitive knowledge of the finest feelings of the human heart; Boone, who loved his species, and entered into the every joy, care, and danger of his friends, and his friends were all of mankind, not his enemies with whom he ever had to act, and who now from conversation formerly held with Lindslay, perfectly understood the characters and scene before him, but felt that on him devolved the safety of all, and that retreat to his station must be prompt and speedy. Orders were given to the young men to collect the horses without any avoidable delay, and then seizing the hand of Henry Moore, observed with his native blandness:

"Mr. Moore you are not altogether unknown to me,—that young warrior, I believe did not receive his first wound to day."

"Can you be Daniel Boone," exclaimed Moore.

"Daniel Boone is my name"—replied the warrior—"don't attempt thanks to me," and Boone in the Indian and most impressive manner pointed to the Heavens. Moore felt the appeal and turning his tearful eyes upon his daughter, exclaimed fervently, "Oh! my God! my daughter."

"We must be off," said Boone; and in less than two hours from the break of day, and firing of their first rifle, the party was on their way. We need not describe their retreat, suffice it to say, they arrived safe at Boone's station; but we cannot omit a most affecting incident, which took place on approaching the station. We have mentioned, that two men had been spared by the Indians from massacre and made prisoners. One we have accounted for, in the person of Henry Moore; the other was a plain, but kindly looking man, who seemed steeped in the bitterest grief. He spoke seldom, and when the party halted, retired to commune and mourn with his own thoughts. Boone, Henry Moore, and his daughter, indeed all others of the party, were fully employed in their respective duties, and the three former, in care of Cyrus Lindslay, whose wound had become excessively painful. Boone had learned from Henry Moore, that the disconsolate man, with a wife and five children, had joined their party in Powell's valley, and that he believed the mother and all the children had perished.

On the third day, and as they had hopes of arriving at the station that night, Boone led the mourner gradually into a conversation on his loss, in which the man at length observed, "I know I should not,—but how can I help envying Mr. Moore, he has suffered much, but his daughter is safe."

"You had a daughter?" interrupted Boone.

"Yes! two, and one fourteen years of age."

"Her name?" demanded Boone.

"Sally," replied the man fixing his inquiring eyes on Boone.

The look was returned with earnestness, as Boone seized the hand of the anxious father, for hope had beamed in his bosom.

"Be comforted, friend," continued Boone, "you see a man who has been witness to the death of a child by *Ingen* hands—be comforted, your Sally has been the means under that," and Boone again pointed to the heavens, "of saving her father," and the astonished, and delighted parent, that very evening pressed to his bosom, the remnant of his earthly treasures; for little did he bring into the wilderness beside his family. * * * * * *

The fatigue of his journey, with the defective means of healing his wound, had thrown Cyrus Lindslay into a violent fever, which was burning his brain when brought back to Boone's station. For many days his mind roamed under the rack of pain and anxiety, according to the access of his complicated malady. All that the tenderest care which the circumstances of the place admitted, was done. Surgical aid was not wanting, as Boone himself was no mean surgeon—and there was beside him, a professional man at the station.

"Either his life or his arm must go," said at length the surgeon to Boone and Henry Moore." On that, he must himself be consulted," said both the latter, and he was consulted. When the dreadful alternative was placed before him, for the first time in his life, the manly spirit of Lindslay shrunk back upon itself, and fixing his still fine countenance first on the surgeon, next on Boone, and at length as if he dreaded the appeal on the working visage of Henry Moore, faintly, but impressively observed.—

"My father, my friend, for well may I call upon you by both names. When a stranger you received and cherished me—will the surgeon have the kindness to retire?" The surgeon rose and left the room; while Moore and Boone sat too much affected to interrupt the invalid, who seemed to gain strength by effort, and proceeded. "I had hoped that these arms would have—but alas! I must see Ella." And raising his eyes to the roof, for other ceiling was not over his head, seemed a moment lost in most bitter reflection from which he was diverted by a hand laid softly on his devoted hand.

Long, deep and painful was the silence of the whole party, but some relief came at length from the bursting heart of Ella, who with a smile, such as ministering angels smile upon those they are sent to bless and comfort—"I know all and in the name of him who speaks life or death, let it be so—but oh Cyrus upon one condition only."

"What condition Ella."

"That before that hand is severed from its

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arm I receive your plighted faith; that I may watch over you as a wife.

"Incomparable woman," energetically exclaimed, Lindslay, "Oh! I cannot wed thee Ella thus, if I survive the trial how am I to support—."

"Cyrus Lindslay" interrupted Ella as her face fell on his bosom, "these hands—with you in this wilderness will I labour cheerfully."

"And God will bless you both," exclaimed Moore and Boone transported to enthusiasm, as they rose to their feet, so powerfully had fallen on their hearts the words of the devoted woman. At this moment the evening clouds parted, and a ray of sun-shine fell upon the bed and on the faces of Lindslay and Ella, rich, clear and golden, it seemed a smile from Heaven, and in the next hour in presence of Boone and his family, of Henry Moore and the surgeon, Cyrus Lindslay and Ella Moore were united in the most holy of all human bonds. If ever a union was formed refined from all the dross of selfishness, and if ever affection without alloy prepared two hearts for such union, such was the union of Cyrus Lindslay and Ella Moore.

If ever the sordid foresight of common mortals was confounded, it was in this instance. A man deprived of his right hand, and a woman bred in all the indulgence of wealth, with but little resource beyond their personal labor, in the midst of an untamed waste, on what were the foundations of their hopes based? on purity of heart, on unstained minds, on dependence placed where none but the pure in heart can place their hopes.

Cyrus and Ella were not deceived. The amputation was successfully performed, and from that day the health and strength of Lindslay, slowly, but surely recovered; wealth, the least reward of such minds also slowly, but surely increased in their hands, and the aged and happy Henry Moore lived to see his name multiplied, as the first son received the name of Moore Lindslay, and the second Henry Lindslay.

In their plain and neat mansion, many is the traveller who felt and expressed unqualified astonishment at finding with the most unaffected hospitality, manners, not always even approached, in mansions glittering in splendor.

MARK BANCROFT.

PLEASURE.

Vain is the hope that pleasure's dazzling blaze,
Will chase the shades of grief's nocturnal hour!
Vain is the gay delusion that betrays
The child of sorrow to her magic bower!
True, she will gleam and glitter on the sight,
And e'en the brow of pallid wo illume,
As the wild meteor of the wintry night
Suns the lost wanderer through the deepening gloom;
'Till faint it dies on the dark river's wave,
In whose cold breast the pilgrim finds a grave.

VIRTUE.

Saw you the sun obscur'd at noon
Burst through the mist and fiercer blaze?
Saw you at eve the clouded moon
Shine out and shed soul-soothing rays?
Oh, thus shall youth's eternal beam,
Consume foul falsehood's venal shroud!
Thus, thus shall lovely virtue gleam
Through calumny's malignant cloud.

Written for the Casket.

TO JUNE.

Hail bright-eyed daughter of the year!
Thy varied charms through all our senses steal;
We touch, we taste, thy glories;—and we hear,
We look, upon thy loneliness!—we feel
The tingling pleasure course its veinward flight,
In all the rich, deep, fullness of delight!

And O, thy balmy breath!—its fragrant flow,
Bathing the earth with perfumes;—or, in freak,
Lifting the early ringlet from the brow,
With fairy fingers;—or, upon the cheek
Of beauty lingering, playfully,—as though
Enamored of its sweets, and loth to go!

And then thou com'st all smiles!—as if thy face
Were quite unused to storms, and loved not gloom!
A very laughing one!—and then the grace
Of thy light foot-steps, where the spring-flowers bloom!
The forest's peopling, with its leafy vine—
The south-wind's music mid the whispering pine—

And all the glory of thy deep blue sky—
O, these *are* beautiful! how came they thine?
Methinks they fit thee not. Thy length'ning hours,
Can they but fit us less to die?
But bring fond hopes, to crush them ever;
But being fond hearts,—and rudely sever
Love's most indissoluble tie!
What then should spring,—its opening flowers,
What should *they* have to do with such as thee?

SENEX.

Written for the Casket.

LINES TO ELLEN.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE.

She was one of those beautiful beings we meet with once in a long life time, and part with too soon! whose large black eye sends its silent, (oh no!) its thrilling eloquence to the soul of man; whose voice like the Æolean harp, captivates the spirit with its wild witching numbers;—in short, whose form and action would lead us to suppose some spirit from the abodes of the blessed, had come to point to erring man the pathway from the earth to the skies.

Heaven would be surpassing lovely with but one such to tread its sapphired floors with.

Thou'rt young and beautiful, sweet girl,
And o'er that polished neck of thine,
In many a love fraught glossy curl
The rival raven ringlets twine.

And o'er that brow so pure and white,
Young hope her joyous lines doth trace,
In characters so chaste and bright,
That wo may not, cannot efface.

Yet why of wo? dear Ellen, why?
No sorrow shall that bosom know,
No tear of anguish dim thine eye,
Or mine shall freely with it flow.

Around thy path may lovely flowers,
Spontaneous throw their bursting bloom;
On Seraph pinions pass thy hours,
Without one cloud thy soul to gloom.

And when in death, that large dark eye
Of thine shall glaze, oh breathe for me,
One little prayer, that when I die,
I may but die, sweet girl like thee!

Farewell! the sunshine's all thine own,
The storm is mine; farewell! farewell!
My back is on life's ocean blown,
The plaything of each rival swell.

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THE MINIATURE.

"Look on this picture.—*Shakspeare.*

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Diaper Garnet was standing at his shop door, diving his hands into his pockets; anon rubbing, and causing them to revolve over each other with a leisurely satisfaction; presently, introducing his thumbs into the arms of his waistcoat, casting one eye occasionally at the sunny atmosphere around; and, in short, betraying evident comfort with the most perfect composure.

And indeed, as things went, Garnet might very reasonably deem himself well off. Just married to a pretty little creature, who, in addition to a constant flow of high spirits, and an inexhaustible stock of good temper, had brought him a sufficient dowry; established in a jeweller's shop, which, although small, contained, not to mention that priceless gem, Mrs. G., many others of inferior value and lustre; and blest with an inimitable skill in the adjustment of jewellery, and irresistibly persuasive in the recommendation of plate, what could possibly thwart his advancement in life?

His thoughts had been occupied all the morning by a review of the flattering circumstances of his situation. He called to mind the pithy and profound sayings of his master, old Agate, now deceased, and lying in the adjacent churchyard; by a heedful interpretation of which he had caused himself to prosper. He remembered, with a triumphant smile, (for he had now discarded them,) his juvenile faults, vices, and indiscretions; he conjured to memory that auspicious day, when twitching from its congenial cotton, one of his own wedding rings, he insinuated it on the left hand fourth finger of his Lucy; and, above all, he had the eye of retrospection upon those three per cents transfered into his own name in the books of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, just over the way.

To have seen Garnet at this moment, you would have sworn that he deserved all these blessings. There was a seraphic delight in his round and cherubic countenance, as he warbled a soft and sentimental air. He was gorgeously dressed in an open blue coat, a velvet waistcoat, enriched by a gold chain, and pantaloons of amazing tightness. He was going presently to the exhibition with Mrs. Garnet.

The approach of a young lady, dissipated the concluding shake of "Love's young Dream," and brought signals of recognition into his visage. "Ha, my dear Miss Lucy Penfold," said he, with kind solicitude, "'tis a world since I saw you! how is your excellent father?" Miss Lucy satisfied him upon that point.

"Mother?"

"Quite well."

"Yourself?"

"Also quite well."

"Why then, all's well," retorted Garnet, laughing at his own wit. "But pray walk in, the pathway is so narrow, and we have so many accidents from the cabs at this corner. A dreadful accident happened just now. Oh! there are many lives lost by cabs—this was a young man, a fine young man too;—here's his card—"Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg." But what ails you, my dear Miss Penfold? you turn pale—sit down—that's right—hilloa!—what the deuce?—fainted, by the Lord!"

With these words Mr. Garnet leaped over the counter, and sought to restore the young lady by the application of salts. As he hung over her, he could not help thinking that he had never seen her look so charming before. Miss Lucy Penfold was, certainly, a very pretty girl, but Garnet had tender recollections that rendered her additionally interesting. He had once sighed for her, and sighed in vain. A desperate thought crossed the threshold of his brain. He quailed at the idea of welcoming it. "Eh? what? shall I? Mrs. G's not in the back parlour. No one will be the wiser. I'll snatch a kiss."

Just as he was about to perform this felonious feat, Miss Lucy revived, and murmured in a faint voice, but with a trembling emphasis, "Did you say, sir, that the young man was killed?"

"Killed, Miss!" said Garnet, striving to recover a composure, which the surprise of her revival had in some measure disturbed; "killed, Miss!—young gentleman?—ey—Fogg—oh, no—killed—no—bruised his elbow, or some such small matter. No, I said dreadful accidents *did* sometimes happen; but, you're so susceptible. Miss Penfold, pray be calm;" and he attempted a glance of tender interest at the invalid with one eye, while he sought to include, with the other organ of vision, a prospect of the back parlor.

"And now, Miss Lucy," resumed the indiscreet goldsmith, "that you are a little composed, pray take the protection of my arm to your father's;—nay, I will not be refused."

"Well, since you are so very kind," said the young lady, "and as I'm still very weak, I will defer the business I came about, and accept your offer;" and the pair slowly departed from the shop.

CHAPTER II.

"I'll teach Mr. Garnet to pay attention to ladies in the shop," exclaimed a pretty little woman, as she issued from the back parlor, with a roguish smile upon her small lips. "I do believe the man was going to kiss the young person. Oh, these men!—Well, he shall never hear the last of it. I'll take care of that—but what's this lying upon the ground?"

It was a miniature portrait of a young gentleman in a blue coat, yellow waistcoat, white kerchief, and a somewhat ostentatious frill; his hair neatly curled for the nonce, and his eyes directed sideways, as though he were looking for the frame; in which ornament, however, the picture was deficient.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Garnet, sitting down on the shop stool, and leaning her hand on one knee, "a very nice young man, indeed. I wonder who he can be; how different from Mr. Garnet?—Certainly," she resumed, after a pause, looking obliquely at the picture with her head on one side, the more critically to examine

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it, "certainly G's face is that of a griffin by the side of this—he shall smart for this morning's impudence, the little villain." So saying, and carrying the painting with her, Mrs. Garnet re tired again to the back parlor.

Presently in runs Mr. Garnet, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and drawing his watch from his fob. "My dear Lucy, are you ready?" said he with forced vivacity, for his conscience smote him, as he popped his head through the opening door of the back parlor, "we shall be too late for the exhibition."

"Not in such a hurry, Mr. Garnet," said his wife, calmly, "we are too late as it is, I'm sure. Pray, sir, come in." Garnet crept forward with the look of a culprit.

"Who was that young lady in the shop this morning, sir?"

"Who—in the shop—this morning?" faltered the goldsmith; "ha! ha! ha! that's a secret, Mrs. G— a little private affair of my own," added he, with a rueful pleasantry, as though, by gaily avowing a secret intrigue, he should ward off suspicion; "a secret, I say, not to be divulged," rubbing his hands, and winking his eye knowingly.

"Then you should keep your secrets better, Mr. Garnet, that's all I know," said the lady; "you think I did'nt see you kiss the girl, I suppose?" Ah! Mr. G., Mr. G."

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Garnet," cried the jeweller, with a cool confidence worthy of a better cause, yet inwardly quaking at this unexpected discovery, "really you make such strange charges; you're such an eccentric woman;" hardly conscious of what he uttered; "you are such a little quiz, you know you are, aren't you now?" and here he attempted to pinch her waist coaxingly, and began to dance about the room to hide his confusion.

"Well, well—it's no matter, Mr. Garnet, it is a happy thing for me that I have a consolation elsewhere," said Mrs. Garnet, pouting, and looking tenderly at the same time, at something which she held in her hand. "What have you got there, my dear," cried Garnet, with renewed nerve and vigor of speech—"a lock of my hair? Come, come, you must not shear off Sampson's hair by stealth, thou fond Delilah."

"It cannot concern you what I have in my hand," returned the wife, kissing the precious treasure fondly.

"Nay, now, I insist upon seeing what it is Mrs. Garnet—resistance is vain—ha! a portrait!"

"Yes, a portrait, sir."

"Really, Madam, this is very indiscreet, not to say culpable," said Garnet, seriously—"I never had a portrait taken. Let me look at it. The portrait of some fellow, I'll be sworn."

"Why, Lord bless *me!* Mr. Garnet, how you tease," exclaimed the lady with provoking coolness—"as though it could signify to you whose portrait it is. I had other beaux in my time, you may be sure."

"The beaux may go to the devil," cried Garnet, with a look of defiance, exploring the remotest corners of his pockets, and striding about the room in a fury.

"For shame, Mr. Garnet, to mention the devil in my presence," simpered the lady, without lifting her eyes from the portrait at which she was fondly gazing.

"I will see it!" shouted the jealous jeweller, as, like Woodworth's cloud, which

"Moves altogether, if it move at all,"

with a simultaneous spring, like a tiger, he obtained possession of the miniature. "Pretty doings, pretty doings, upon my word!" exclaimed he with a hysterical chuckle—"this is excellent, upon my word—ha! ha! ha! upon my life," it's good—not three months married, and—capital!—ruin and misery,—glorious!—despair and madness,"—and the overpowered little man rushed madly into the shop with the portrait.

CHAPTER III.

"I certainly was a great fool," said Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg, a young gentleman of imposing appearance, as he stood musingly at the front of the Royal Exchange, "to quarrel with Lucy as I did, and to fly in the face of old Penfield, by beating him at cribbage;—besides, that trip to Margate was in every respect ruinous; and now I find the door shut in my face, and the servant inaccessible to silver. I'll go down to the little goldsmith who helped me up, after my fall from the cab—he may, perhaps, assist me."

So saying, our soliloquist walked down the street, and soon found himself in Garnet's shop.

That distracted man was seated on a stool behind his counter, upon which both his elbows rested—his head having fallen into his extended hands. He was busily engaged in examining something before him. "I come, sir," said Fogg, with respectful politeness, "to thank you for your kind attention to me. I am the ex-cab passenger of this morning."

"Sir," sighed the goldsmith, slowly raising his head, "the unfortunate are ever entitled to such services as—ah! what?" and he fell to a second scrutiny of the counter, and then, tilting himself back upon his stool, leaned against the edge of a glass case behind him, and pushing his fingers into his waistcoat pockets, gazed with a wo-begone countenance at the stranger.

"May I ask, sir," said the other with surprise, —"what have you been, and are gazing at with, permit me to say, such lack-lustre expression? —a portrait?—by heavens! *my* portrait. How came you by this? Speak, goldsmith; where did you get it? Confess, jewel-setter, confess."

"Where did I get it?" returned Garnet, in a deeply moral tone, as though it were a prelude to a religious discourse, shaking his head and pointing to the door of the back parlor—"there!—my wife."

"Your wife!" shrieked the other, falling upon the shop stool with all the immobility of the national debt, and, like that incubus, as though he were never to be removed.

"My wife, I say," repeated Garnet, beating his forehead—"Lucy, there, reluctantly gave it to me."

"Lucy!" screamed Fogg, burying his face in his hands—"lost, for ever lost!"

"Lost, forever lost!" echoed the goldsmith, "my good sir, *do* take your elbows off that glass case; if it *should* give way, they'd play the

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deuce with the brooches below: lost! then there's a pair of us—God bless my soul?"

"Please, sir," said a man, as he entered the shop, pulling off his hat, and smoothing two inches of straight hair on his forehead—"you promised to wait on Mrs. Deputy Tomlins at three—it's now half past."——

"By the by, and so I did," cried Garnet, as he bustled from his stool, and drew a small case from a drawer. "I'll be with her instantly. Pray, Mr. Fogg, don't stir till I return—this matter must be investigated," and seizing his hat and throwing up his eyes and hands, he darted from the door.

Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg remained for a considerable period buried in profound grief; —at length, raising his head, he murmured with a vindictive pressure of his teeth together, "ass that I was—idiot—incurable fool—to go to Margate—on pleasure, I think I said to myself—on pleasure, ha! ha! and left my Lucy to be snapt up by a mercenary and morose brooch-seller. But why, why do I reproach myself? Is she not to blame? Is not perverse Penfold culpable? Then welcome revenge! Come hither, immense Roland, for a prodigious Oliver: the thought pleases me; yet how?—But why?" he resumed, deviating into another train of thought, "why do I sit here like a fool?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," answered a boy who had been called to mind the shop during the absence of Garnet, looking up under an enormous brim of a hat, six sizes too large for his small skull.

"Peace, mysterious cub, peace," cried the distracted one, eyeing him with a baleful look—"I am ill, faint, weak, and wo-begone;"—then, sitting bolt upright upon the stool, and elevating his eyes, he turned round as on a pivot, till his face fronted the glass door of the back parlor. "In there, in there, boy," darting his finger before him—"a glass of water might be procured?"

"Pray, sir, walk in," said Mrs. Garnet, who had been eye-piercing through the corner of the cambric blind for a considerable time, and now opening the door—"you seem unwell—pray come in and rest yourself."

"Ten thousand pardons—but I am indeed indisposed;" cried the bereft, as he tottered into the parlor.

"I fear, Madam," said he, when he had swallowed a glass of water, "that I gave you much trouble; but an announcement on the part of your brother has so agitated me."

"My brother, air!" interrupted Mrs. Garnet, calling up from the depths of memory a little boy who had died of the measles twelve years before—"my brother! what do you mean?"

"Your brother, madam, I repeat," answered Fogg impatiently, "just now stepped out to Mrs. Deputy Tomlins—has agitated me so by a communication—he is blessed with the possession of a lovely wife."

"Do you think so!" returned Mrs. Garnet, with a soft smile, which, however, was instantaneously exchanged for a vissage of extraordinary gravity, as she recognised the original of the portrait, and noted the strange manner in which he confounded relationships. The wildness of his eyes, also favored the idea that he was a recently self-emancipated maniac.

"Has he been married long?" said Fogg, with an alarming start, as a torturing reminiscence shot through his brain.

"Oh, no, sir! a very short time, indeed," said the trembling wife, a vision of the incurable department of St. Luke's intruding itself into her mind.

"But why do I ask idiot questions?" he continued, querulously; "my dear madam, you are goodness itself to listen to my ravings; permit me when I am more calm, to call and repeat my acknowledgements of your kindness; then seizing her hand, and kissing it, "farewell," he cried, and opening the door, tumbled over the couchant form of Garnet.

That blighted goldsmith was, indeed, drawn up into a compendious mass of concentrated misery. His hands were tightly clenched upon his stooping knees, his neck sunk between the shoulders with the lax pliability of a turtle's; and the one open eye was endeavoring to peer through the blind, with a ten argus power of vision. "Wretch!" he gasped as the other tumbled over him, but further utterance was denied him—"Wretch! ah! you say true, I am indeed a wretch," said Fogg, rising, with a grim smile, "but you—oh! how much the reverse! too happy in the possession of such a wife;" and he retired shuddering from the shop.

CHAPTER IV.

Garnet thought verily that his lot was too much for man to bear; and, accordingly, applying to a closet just behind him, drew forth a bottle, and directed the neck to his mouth, leaning leisurely back that a sufficient portion of the cordial might find its way to his inner man. While in this constrained posture, he was interrupted by the entrance of somebody into the shop, and turning round, and hastily replacing the cork, the presence of Miss Lucy Penfold greeted him. "Oh! my dear Mr. Garnet, pray tell me," said that young lady, "do you know the gentleman that just left your shop?"

"I do Miss, I do," answered he with unnatural emphasis, setting down the bottle in the closet, "his name is Fogg—a fog that has obscured my sun of happiness for ever; look there, look at that room; it contains my wicked wife."

"Your wicked wife, sir!" said Lucy, confused: "what do you mean? you surely aint so foolish as"—

"I have discovered all," he roared. "I have discovered an attachment subsisting between Fogg and my wife!"

"Gracious heavens! Mr. Garnet," cried the young lady, sinking upon the stool, "you do not mean"——

"I mean revenge," said he, clenching his teeth and hands.

"Oh, for mercy's sake, sir, do not talk so; it is I who am the most miserable of human beings;" and she sank back faintingly.

"God bless my soul!" cried Garnet, "why you are going to faint again, I hope; you're subject to fainting fits, I fear;" and he scrambled to the closet, and seized the bottle; but, finding that the young lady was recovering he stealthily placed it

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to his own lips in a trice, and returned—"What's the matter, Miss Lucy, what is the matter!" he whimpered, wringing his hands, "I have trouble enough of my own, Heaven knows; surely"—and lifting his head, he met the reflection of his own face in a glass opposite. A thought flashed across him: he drew up his shirt collar, "Surely," he continued in a softer tone, "this concern cannot be for me. Oh! might I hope that in that bosom?"

"Oh! no, no, no," cried Miss Penfold, weeping, and pushing him from her.

"Oh! yes, yes, yes," returned he—"say yes, then at least I shall be blest.

"You will, will you, Mr. Garnet," cried a voice with terrific shrillness in one ear, while the other was seized upon and wrung excruciatingly; these are your sly ways, are they? to pretend jealousy of me, in order to cover your own designs. Oh! Mr. Garnet, Mr. Garnet"—and here his partner fell into a passion of tears.

"Something strikes me that I shall go distracted," said Garnet, hopelessly raising his spread palms to his head, and sitting down upon the stool—Oh misery!"

"Misery, indeed," retorted his wife, sobbing with convulsive sighs, "you have made me miserable, you know you have."

"There now!" cried Garnet, appealing to Miss Lucy, as he sprung from the stool, with his extended hands sticking out from his sides like the fins of a fish, "did you ever hear the like?—the woman has lost all sense of shame; didn't I see the man kiss your hand through the blind?—didn't I see it, I say, with this eye," shooting his finger towards the organ in question.

"And didn't I see you this morning, Mr. Garnet—now, confess—through the very same blind"—

"Hush, hush, woman!" interrupted Garnet, solemnly, "you know not what you say, deserted alike by reason and virtue."

"I am sorry, madam," said Lucy, interposing, "that there should be any misunderstanding, but I trust that I am in no measure the cause of it."

Mrs. Garnet made no answer, but retired into the parlor.

"I came, Mr. Garnet," she continued, "about a trifle which I fear I must have lost; nothing was picked up in your shop this morning?—not that it is any longer valuable to me."

"Nothing, nothing, Miss Lucy," answered Garnet, not heeding the question. "Picked up? yes information that has distracted me."

"Good morning, sir; I hope to find you calmer when I see you again;" and the young lady departed.

"Calmer! yes in the stiffness of death, perhaps," murmured Garnet, with a bitter grim.

"Mr. Diaper Garnet," said his wife, coming forward with red eyes, a white handkerchief, and a serene placidity of countenance, "we must part; your unjust suspicions of me, coupled with your own shameful proceedings, render it absolutely necessary that we should part."

"Ha! ha! this is too much, this is too much, upon my soul," chuckled Garnet, with a stifling and in a fearfully guttural tone—"ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! and now reason seemed to be taking an eternal leave of him, but that, as he tossed his head back at the last interjection, it came into contact with the edge of a glass case, with a crash that threatened the cleaving in twain of his scull.

"What need of this violence, Mr. Garnet?" resumed his wife, alarmed at his forlorn aspect; "we can never more agree on this side of the grave; it is better, therefore, that we should separate."

"Oh, hour of wo! that it should come to this," —groaned the goldsmith, physical and mental pain struggling for the mastery. "Go in, Mrs. G. and we'll talk of it presently. You are right, we never can be happy again;" and when his wife was out of sight, he fell into a fit of tears.

CHAPTER V.

In the meantime, Fogg had betaken himself to a shop-house in the neighborhood, and there (for even despair has an appetite) solaced himself with a beefsteak. He, however, found himself, in half an hour, opposite Garnet's shop. "Yes, I will see her for the last time,—I will learn from her own lips the reasons of her cruelty and desertion of me, and then leave this hated country for ever." So determined, he drew himself up before the shop window, and examined with a vacant eye the gold pins and bracelets. Garnet observed him, as he stood at the back of the shop bathing his afflicted head with an embrocation of vinegar. "Oh! I am looked upon as a mere cipher in my own house, that's quite clear,—deuce take the fellow's impudence, he's coming in; well, I'll confirm my suspicions at all events, I will not wrong Mrs. G. rashly," and under the counter dived the goldsmith. Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg now walked in, and tapping at the door of the back parlor, was admitted. "I am come, madam," said Augustus in a melancholy tone, "for a purpose which true lovers must applaud, to take a last farewell of your sister-in-law—lead me to her."

"My sister-in-law!" cried Mrs. Garnet; "oh, sir, do leave me! You have been the innocent cause of much misery in this family. Your unhappy infirmity can alone excuse"——

"Madam," interrupted Fogg, "where is Mr. Garnet's wife—fate shall not hinder our final interview."

"She is here, sir; I am Mr. Garnet's wife."

"Gracious heavens! what mystery is this?—Propitious powers! who then is the young lady I met coming into the shop this morning? Oh, joy unutterable!"

"I know not who she is," said Mrs. Garnet; "but this I know, that in consequence of her, I am the most miserable of women."

"How, madam,?" cried Fogg, "what horrible mystery is this?—explain."

"Must I confess my husband's shame, and my own despair?" cried the lady, in a state of doubtful perturbation.

"Do, madam, by all means, I entreat—let Garnet's disgrace be made manifest, or any thing rather than my suspense should continue."

"There is something wrong, then?"

"Something wrong? Madam, you tremble."

"An unfortunate and guilty attachment between Mr. Garnet and that young person."

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"Ha!" bellowed Fogg, seizing a pair of scissors which lay on the table; "where are the unprincipled pair; even this small instrument would suffice,"—and he stalked about the room, opening and closing his weapon with demoniac violence; "but oh! why do I rave? forgive me, best of women! that I have put you to that torture of confessing this degrading fact," and he fell upon one knee before her, "Ha! what noise was that?" rushing to the glass door, the pair were just in time to behold Garnet, as he rose up, strike his head against the counter, over which he scrambled, and rushed from the shop.

"Is Miss Lucy within?" cried Garnet, panting, as the door of Penfold's house was answered, in obedience to his peremptory knocking.

"She is, sir."

"Send her here instantly."

Miss Penfold, who, alarmed at the extraordinary noise, was loitering on the stairs, approached. "Put on your bonnet and shawl, and come with me," said Garnet.

"Really, Mr. Garnet, after this morning's"

"Pho, pho, nonsense," said he, "you're wanted. I say;" then lowering his voice to a whisper, and putting his forefinger on the side of his nose—"they're there."

"Who are there, sir? I do not understand you."

"My wife and"—and he swelled up his cheek as though he would fain enact Boreas, "and Fogg! come, come." Miss Penfold made no further objection, but suffered herself to be hurried by the excited goldsmith to the scene.

"Ha! ha! have we caught you?" cried Garnet, with a triumphant shout, as he dragged Lucy after him. "Miss Lucy Penfold, look there I beg of you; here's a caution to wives and families."

"Unheard of audacity!" said Mrs. Garnet, "to bring her into the very room with us! look; sir, do you see? Do you mark the very shamelessness of the guilty parties?" Fogg did indeed look and see, but he seemed to be curiously examining vacancy.

"Come, come, this won't do, Mrs. Garnet," said her husband, "it is discovered."

"It is, indeed," retorted Mrs. Garnet; "and now, sir, I look to this gentleman for redress and protection;" turning to Fogg.

"From me! madam," said Fogg upon his knee, "expect that love which ungrateful Garnet has transferred to another.

"Say you so?" quoth Garnet, in like manner going upon his knee, and addressing Lucy,

"Deign, Miss, to receive assurances of my affection; and if this portrait will avail to impress"——

"My portrait again, by heaven!" cried Fogg.

"Which I lost this morning," said Lucy.

"Which I found"—said Mrs. Garnet.

"Lost and found! what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," springing into his wife's arms. My dearest Mrs. G. but how is this? explain Fogg, explain. Do you know Miss Lucy Penfold?" Lucy blushed.

"I do indeed," answered Fogg.

"Oh, your most obedient! I see how it is;" and the joyous goldsmith danced about the room—"let's be merry"—and he drew out the decanter and glasses; "you shall stay with us, and we'll all go together this evening to old Penfold."

"Well, there never was such an extraordinary mistake, was there?"

"Never!" answered all, in simultaneous concert with the goldsmith.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

DEATH OF LA FAYETTE.

A thousand hearts have mourn'd his doom,
A thousand bells have toll'd,
A requiem o'er the hero's tomb—
The hero brave and old.

With all the mighty dead,
With Washington and Greene
On glory's lap he rests his head—
Honor'd as he hath been.

Toll for the patriot brave
The bell of liberty,
And garlands weave for the warrior's grave—
Sons of the brave and free.

Can freedom's sons forget,
What glorious deeds were done,
By the generous hero La Fayette,
In the land of Washington?

In the morning of his life
He left a brilliant Court,
For the battle field of savage strife—
For the forest and the fort.

His purse was freely given
In the cause of liberty,
And his glorious spirit is now in Heaven
With the brave Montgomery.

A thousand halls are hung
In mourning on our shore,
And a thousand harps our bards have strung
To sing his brave deeds o'er.

No marble monument
Need deck the good man's grave,
For Freedom's sons with France have bent
In sorrow o'er the brave.

In the hearts of millions he
A monument hath won,
And his name forever blest shall be
With that of Washington.—MILFORD BARD.

Written for the Casket.

BEAUTY: HOW EVANESCENT.

The downy cheek so red and fair,
The bosom's snowy whiteness;
The coral lip so red and rare,
The eye with sparkling brightness:
Are beauties like the summer leaf,
With length of years decay—
Which envious time, that jealous thief,
Will surely steal away.

But when with sense and grace we find
Charms that surpass all beauty;
A virtuous heart, a feeling mind,
Our love becomes a duty;
How foolish those, who idly range,
To all but beauty blind;
For time, nor place, can never change
Those beauties of the mind. S. A. A.

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Written for the Casket.

HOPE.

BY LYMAN WALBRIDGE TRASK.

Hope, according to Dr. Webster, is a desire of something good, accompanied at least, with a slight expectation of obtaining it; or a belief that it is attainable. Hope, differs from wish or desire, in this, that it always implies some expectation of obtaining the good desired, or the possibility of possessing it. Hope, therefore always gives pleasure or joy, whereas wish or desire may produce or be accompanied with pain or anxiety.

The present is full of sorrows and vicissitudes—the past is a book bearing record of almost unparalleled turpitude and crime; of distress and anguish,—of uncertainty, misfortune, and disappointment. When we turn over the pages of the past, we are convinced beyond a doubt, of the uncertainty of human affairs, and are constrained almost to cower beneath the withering influence and cold unmerciful grasp of despair! Do you read of a nation, in the highest bloom of prosperity—peruse the page a little farther, and some error, crime, mismanagement, or fatality, will reduce it to a depopulated desert—a field for tygers or hyenas—or savage barbarians! Did men co-operate for the amelioration of their condition of their race,—conscious of the noblest generosity and philanthrophy,—still, they died the death of Socrates or Stephen—fell beneath the poisoned arrows of persecution, and their systems crumbled into atoms. Did a man engage in an honourable pursuit—and persevere with devotion,—still some sinister circumstance prostrated him in the dust. A bounding ship spurning the billows that dashed by her side, sailed with streaming banners from her port—but she returned no more—the hurricane made her its sport, and the foaming waves engulphed her forever! An individual, or individuals, engaged in the most laudable enterprise, of increasing the stock of human knowledge and happiness by discovery in travels or voyages, and perished on polar icy mountains—desert islands, or among tropical savage barbarians. MERCIFUL HEAVENS! it seems that this world is the grave of every thing high,—noble,—generous—and philanthropic!—It seems that the past is only a history of prosperity in mourning,—of honesty in rags,—of virtue in sackcloth,—of friendship violated,—of love unrequited—of confidence betrayed,—of prospects blasted,—of enterprises defeated,—and of the highest and most generous feelings of the human mind in ruins, by the blighting influence of uncertainty and disappointment! But there must be some animating influence to keep us from despair, and is not that the contemplation of the future? The past and the present are dark gloomy and fearful—but the future must be delightful, or we should absolutely sink to the lowest depths of despair. No, it is not. If the past is full of gloom, and the present full of misery—the future carries in its bosom, a thousand unrevealed—latent sorrows. How many a heart is doomed to be broken, and many a spirit of energetic power to quail, beneath the long catalogue of miseries stored away in the dark, impenetrable and mysterious future! In view of the miseries of the past—who can contemplate the future with pleasure? Perhaps, we have escaped the miseries of years that have rolled by us, but who will give us indemnification for those years that are to come? No one can do it.—Perhaps, we are now treading on the grassy turf beneath which an earthquake slumbers, which will break forth and involve us in destruction. Perhaps, our honourable exertions may not be prospered; perhaps our present happy condition as a nation, or as individuals, may not exist one day longer. Perhaps our social family circles may be invaded by the hand of death, and the cheering voices of surpassing melody be hushed in the cold damp grave. The experience of the past reveals to us with considerable certainty—that our highest pleasures may be blighted—that our present independence and comfort, may soon end in dependence and misery. And that our present unhappy condition (if we are so circumstanced) may continue. It is clear, then, that the miseries—perplexities—and uncertainties incident to our existence in this world, would merge us in despair—would paralize all our exertion, and render us nothing more than passive statues—without any incentive to action,—if it were not for the existence of some powerful principle to counteract the influence of the evil and unhappy circumstances which surround us. That animating principle is *hope*. It smiles at despair,—warms and invigorates us,—like an angel of benevolence, it comforts the afflicted,—dries the briny water of sorrow from the eye,—chases the wan, ghostly picture of despair from the cheek,—smooths the agony of disease and death,—cheers the wanderer,—animates and beautifies the green bowers of home,—makes icy mountains or burning deserts in some degree to be borne,—gives pleasure in youth—support in manhood—and consolation in old age. Like the angel of Spring, it beautifies—and embellishes. Nature, and every glen, mountain, valley and stream, awakens more exquisite pleasure—and gives rise to innumerable associations—from that inspiring, pleasing, enchanting angel of our happiness—that delightful principle of Hope! Its benefits are incalculable;—it exerts its influence upon every mind—extends to every scene and department in life, the high and the low, the rich and the poor participate in its benefits. From the first dawnings of intellect to its final extinction by death, the human mind feels the animating principle of Hope. As the sun's influence, frees the earth from the icy fetters that bind it—warms its bosom—and brings forth plants, flowers, leaves and verdure, so the influence of Hope upon the human mind—frees it from the icy fetters of despair—causes a thousand flowery anticipations of pleasure, profit or enjoyment to spring up and become the incentives to action. What inducement would man have to act at all, if it were not for the promptings of Hope? Surely he would have none. What man or number of men, in their senses, would boldly step forward, as did our forefathers, and risk their reputation, property and lives, to fight a powerful foe, and establish a new government—if they knew their purposes would be defeated—and their *lives* sacrificed, as the records of the past would have taught them to expect, by a great number of in-

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stances of defeat and disgrace? But their ignorance of the future clothed their undertaking with uncertainty—it was not absolutely certain they would succeed, nor certain that they would be defeated. Here Hope whispered to them to persevere—"You will succeed," she said,—"you will form a new government, unequalled in the annals of time for its advantages;—solid as the rock of Gibraltar, and enduring as the everlasting hills.—Although the Republics of Greece and Rome fell, yours will be eternal! Some attempts, indeed, of this kind have failed, but that relates to the past—not to the future. You have better destines in store; *persevere*, in after ages your names will descend to posterity as the benefactors of your race, and in stead of dying an ignominious death—you will live respected and die regretted. They *did* persevere, and triumphed, and did not the inspiring principle of Hope bear them through the hardships of that tremendous struggle? The *Hope* of enjoying their liberties—of protecting their defenceless wives and children, and of triumphing over the foe!

Inspiring Hope still led them on,
Their glorious land to save;
And awful power to the Hero's arm,
That conquering power gave.

The principle of Hope, inspires the husbandman in his toils. Although the forest must be prostrated and burnt up, which requires immense labour; yet Hope smilingly whispers that he will be rewarded with an abundant harvest, she pictures the rich comfortable home—the extended fields—filled with flocks and herds—the beautiful garden full of luxuries and perfumes—the generous woodbine and beautiful morning glory, entwining around the summer house; where he, and the partner of his bosom, could sit down with their friends and be happy! These powerful inducements cause the death of many a sturdy forest tree, and if *he* dies before his object is accomplished, the pleasures of Hope will have abundantly repaid him for his labours. The mariner embarks on the uncertain ocean, on a voyage of discovery, on a commercial enterprise, or to carry passengers to a destined port. Hope whispers, the voyage will be prosperous, that the ship will again re-visit the port in her pride, how enthusiastically will the signal gun be hailed on its return! The ship proceeds on her voyage—a tempest rises, and threatens to plunge the ship beneath the waves. Does Hope forsake the mariner? No: he thinks the storm will cease, and the voyage yet be prosperous. The storm *is* calmed, and tranquility returns to the ocean. Soon a second tempest rises, more furious than the first—the ship seems completely at the mercy of the waves! Does Hope forsake the mariner now? No: he cries make increased exertion, we may hope to save the ship. "Home, sweet home," occurs to his mind,—there is the little white gate—the beautiful gravel walk—his aged father and mother seem coming out to meet him—there is his little sister, with flowing hair and sylph-like form—in whose eye a tear started when he left her—*now*, her face is brilliant with smiles. But, alas! a sudden plunge of the ship awakens him from his revery—it is his last moment—the ship sinks beneath the waves forever! Another vessel sails from the same port—the mariners having a knowledge of the foregoing circumstances, would be discouraged, did not Hope whisper that *their* voyage would be more prosperous, that, although the former vessel was overwhelmed in the ocean, theirs would ride the waves in safety—and return in triumph. The latter vessel sailed—was prosperous—and did return. The sustaining pleasures of hope were enjoyed in as great a degree by the former ship, as by the latter. The traveller may pass through solitudes, or traverse mountains infested with banditti or wild beasts—yet *Hope* sustains him there. She whispers that the robber is hid in his far off place of concealment—and the savage beast reposing in his mountain den.—He may pass in safety, or he may not—yet Hope nobly sustains and animates him in either case. Or he may travel in barbarous countries, as Mungo Park, and the Clapperton's have in Africa. The noble design and Hope of increasing the sum of human knowledge prompt him to risk the danger and the toil—and the pleasures of Hope sustain his mind in all the vicissitudes through which he may pass. Hope, says, or seems to say, that he will discover the mouth of some mysterious Niger, or the source of some majestic Nile, or make splendid discoveries in the interior of some uncivilized country, isolated from the rest of the world by its barbarism. Some savage chief may lead him into captivity, he may be doomed to be a slave among barbarians—to drink the cup of human misery to the bottom. But Hope will sustain him—will smooth his sorrows—will present distant prospects of release—some certain and final means of return to his native land; and even when nature sinks under accumulated miseries—the pleasures of Hope will brighten his eye, and soften the pangs of death, when he thinks for the last time on the endearments of home!

"Alas! nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends nor sacred home."

Unfortunate beings, shipwrecked on inhospitable shores—carried captive on burning deserts, receive supporting consolation from the pleasures of Hope, amid their sufferings. Hope pictures, murmuring rivulets, when thirst oppresses—abundance of provisions when hunger gnaws, and sure deliverance from the dominion of their savage masters. Deprived of food, of clothing and of drink—doomed to melt beneath a burning sun, like Riley and Robbins,—and reduced to skeletons—yet Hope made that even to be borne. And when they seemed more like mummies, rescued from the long silence and gloom of a catacomb and covered with the hieroglyphic marks of savage cruelty,—than human beings—they entertained unshaken faith that they should see their native land again! The writhing victim of disease, receives his most powerful consolation from the pleasures of Hope—when pain forces his body into contortions and spasms—and almost insufferable agony, would seem to be sufficient to drive him to destruction—yet Hope whis-

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pers that the violence of disease and pain will soon be over—that a speedy recovery will ensue—and this unshaken confidence in future good fortune—this beneficial pleasure of Hope, is perhaps one powerful means of recovery.—The victim of consumption—whose pale emaciated form—sunken eye—and hectic cheek—denote immediate dissolution—yet feels the powerful sustaining pleasures of Hope—it paints future years of pleasure—strengthens the mysterious chain that binds to life—awakens new associations;—and perhaps when the person is engaged in a pleasing revery of future prospects, the destroyer steals along and calls away one of the most happy beings in existence. Hope even cheers the maniac; in those wild creations of his distorted fancy, he builds and dedicates a temple to *Hope*. And the inspiring being that presides in that temple administers more comfort and joy to his ruined and wrecked mind, than all the world besides. There is no form of the thousand ills that "flesh is heir to," where the pleasures of Hope are not equal to the "good Samaritan,"—pouring wine and oil into the wounds and ailments that mankind is subject to—to heal, comfort and restore. We cannot estimate the benefit of the pleasures of Hope, to those labouring under disease. But the most triumphant view of Hope, is that of the Christian—his well-grounded Hope of future good is more pleasureable than any earthly Hope *can* be—it raises him above all earthly misfortunes and dangers. In view of the future good which he has in anticipation—all temporal vicissitudes dwindle into insignificance—the keenest pain can be borne without a groan—death can be encountered without fear—and this fickle, uncertain world can be resigned without regret. Hope spreads her most enchanting touch upon his future destiny—it is all happiness—all flowers—all consolation. What signify a few trials and uncertainties in this world—if we can have confidence that our existence in another, will be one unbroken series of unspeakable joys! The pleasures of Hope enjoyed by the Christian, elevate him above temporal and fading objects—and direct him to unfading and eternal treasures and enjoyments—in that realm of everlasting glory—where trouble, pain and anxiety, can never come! Triumphant Hope! thou sustainest us from the pressure of this world's misfortunes—paintest the future in happiness and flowers, and banishest that utter hopelessness, into which the disagreeable, unfortunate and insufferable tribulations, with which we are surrounded, would inevitably plunge us, where it not for thy sustaining, cheering, balmy influence. Thou art our anchor in the voyage of life—in difficulties our guide—in sorrows, our consolation. Without thine aid, man would be as a sensless statue—without mind or purpose to perform those sublime destinies for which he was created.

Eternal Hope! thy realm is unfading—thou art strong even in the maniac—thou art present in high and low condition—thou art a balm for every wo—thou leadest us to the *Himlayan** summit of Time—spreadest Eternity before us like one grand Panorama—and shewest us joys at GOD'S RIGHT HAND, that shall never pall nor fade while Eternity endures! Oh! when marble shall moulder—when arts shall crumble—and worlds in flaming fire decay, thou shalt light thy torch with the last blazing fragment of expiring nature, and live eternal in the SKIES!

Written for the Casket.

THE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

"At the siege of Bommel, in 1599, two brothers, Spaniards, who having been separated in early life and had never seen each other since that time, suddenly met on the field of battle. Having recognised each other, they ran and fell on each other's necks, and while in that close embrace, their heads were at once carried off by a cannon shot, their bodies falling to the ground together."

Death, death, how couldst thou there,
'Mid those crested ones find place;
Mingling with ought so fair,
As love's full fond embrace!
Thy task, with weary ones should be,
To hush th' abodes of misery.

Their dreams were not of thee—
On the battle field they met,
The stern heart, and the free,
With shield and banner set,
With quivering steel, and glittering spear,
And blood red plumes high waving there.

No, not of thee, they dreamed;
Those brothers, Spain's early lost;
Where hall and banquet gleamed,
Far from the servied host,
Their hearts were fixed—the magic word,
Freedom alone their bosoms stirred.

But now upon their path,
A thrill, and a yearning came;
Spirit in spirit, hath
Kindled a glowing flame,
Quenched with the light of childhood's dream,
A spell broke with their cradle dream.

The shield and helmet fell,
From those mail-clad men of might;
Their plated bosoms swell,
And shrink from battle fight!
Spain, Spain, thy sons of lofty brow,
Are feebler than thine infants now.

The lance aside was thrown,
As their childhood's dream came back;
With voice of tender tone,
On memory's startled track—
Their vintage sports, the olive shade,
And mingled prayer, as nightly said.

They rushed, those warriors there,
And met in long embrace—
Death, death, with ought so fair,
How couldst thou find a place!—
Kindly ye slumber, men of Spain,
In love's fond clasp—ye noble slain!

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* Reference is here made to the mountains of Himlaya or Himmalek in Asia, the highest mountains in the world.

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From the New York Mirror.

The following is translated from the "*Bibliotheque choisie de Litterature Francaise.*" The original is written in a style of piquancy and sprightliness usual with the French journalista. It exhibits the effect of a sense of disgrace on a delicate and sensitive mind, educated under the principles of that nice notion of honour which considers a blow as an irreparable offence, and not to be atoned for but by blood. The story is told with much cleverness; and the circumstance of making the high opinion of the honour and character of the young man entertained by his mistress, the very cause of his utter despair and final suicide, is well conceived. But the most striking part of the moral, if it may be so called, is the reckless selfishness of the journalist, who, to further his own views, in establishing for himself a character for courage, engages his friend in a scandalous imposition, and is even upon the whole pleased and satisfied that *that* friend had committed suicide, as he might otherwise have betrayed the imposition which had been practised. How much it is like some editors, who, provided they can make up a smart paragraph in their paper, are little solicitous about its truth, or what wound they may inflict upon the feelings of others.

A COWARD.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER ONE.

Two ladies, seated at a table in a saloon of the Rue Larochefoucauld, were surrounded by a number of gentlemen, and engaged in animated conversation. One of the ladies was named Madame de Nerville, the other, her daughter, was named Marie. Marie was naturally pale; she had light hair; large, swimming blue eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, and full, strongly-marked eyelids, indicated one of those elevated, thoughtful souls, which burn and glow in secret. Just then her usual paleness had left her, her eyes dialated and sparkled, and her voice was deep and broken, as though she was much moved.

"How, M. Lascour," said she, "did the man receive a blow?"

"Yes, miss, some time ago, at the Pavillion d'Ermenonville."

"And did not return it?"

"He did not."

"And has not demanded satisfaction of the aggressor?"

"He would be more likely to beg his pardon!"

"And what is the wretch's name, so that, in case I ever meet him, I may show him plainly that I despise him?"

"His name!—it will be difficult to ascertain it; for probably no one witnessed the circumstance but the friend who mentioned it to me, and you would do wrong in despising him—he may be a very fine man."

"What! he, the coward!"

"Coward! coward! that is your great argument. *Is* it the man's fault? Courage is a matter of nerve; we cannot command resolution any more than we can appetite. Thus Captain Derriere, with whom you are well acquainted, mentioned to me, the other day, the case of a young man who, having been grossly insulted, on the ground, fainted away three times, when he came to lay hand on his sword. Would you despise this man? Can we control our swooning? He is perhaps of very delicate sentiment, and very pure in soul, only his organs are weak; find fault with his limbs, therefore, not with his feelings.

"Very well," replied Marie, "I say, for my part, that were there is no courage, there is no honour. Let a man be an assassin, a deserter, nay, even a traitor, love can pardon it all; an assassination is but a crime, treason perhaps no more than hatred, and hated and crime may both proceed from a great soul. But a coward! oh, the very name sickens me—and were the man you saw insulted there at my feet, beautiful as an angel, noble as a king, with a revenue of a million, I would not marry him were I but the servant-maid of an inn."

As she was saying this, a young man who was leaning on a *console* at the other end of the room, and had taken no part in the discussion, let an album fall. Marie turned at the noise, and her eyes assumed an indescribably sweet and tender expression, as she rose and approached the young man.

"Savigny, my friend," said she, in a whisper, "come along—why do you remain alone in this distant corner? Do you not approve of what I have said?"

At these words, uttered with captivating grace and submission, Marie's betrothed turned toward her, disclosing mild and noble, but somewhat disturbed features.

"Excuse me, Marie," said he, "I was looking at the sketch of Roqueplan in your album, and did not hear you."

"Ah! I am sorry for it," said she, "you are so pure and noble-minded, you would have been pleased with the sentiments I expressed."

"Marie," said Savigny, in an agitated voice, and showing her the album, "pray look at this head of an old woman—how expressive! how true to nature! It reminds me of my poor grandmother, who loved me so much."

"Ah! my friend," said Marie, "I see a tear standing in your eye—hide it, pray, or I must weep too. My Savigny, how tender hearted you are!"

Meanwhile the discussion was going on at the table at which Madame de Nerville was seated.

"No," said Lascour, "I don't set much value on courage, and yet if I have a son who is like myself, I will tell him, 'Never submit to an insult.'"

"Well, for my part," said Madame de Nerville, "if I had the good fortune to have a son, and he had received what you call an insult, I would beseech him on my knees not to fight.—What difference does it make to me whether my son is a coward or not? What I want is to have him live. I am no Spartan. I will not tell my son, 'Return with your shield, or upon it.' I would say to him, 'Do not go at all.'"

"Neither would I fight Madame," said Lascour, "if I were your son; for if I were your son, I would have twenty thousand a year—if I were your son, I should need no one's good offices—if I were your son, I would have horses, a good

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table, a thousand pleasures, and I would not be fool enough to risk my happy life against that of a wretch who has nothing else to lose."

"But, sir," rejoined Marie, quickly, "suppose that wretch should offer you an insult?"

"I would understand it as a compliment."

"And if he gave you a blow?"

"I would walk off to avoid a second."

"But the dishonor!"

"Which?"

"You love yourself very much then?

"Very much, miss. Besides, why do people fight except from self-love? Bullies fight because they value their reputation—I would not fight because I value my bones. Self-love against self-love—mine is the most reasonable of the two. For after all, where is this honour lodged? You say, his honor has received a fatal blow—yet people live a hundred years after such a mortal wound. But a blow with a cudgel—oh! that I should feel very deeply, and that's the reason why I am not anxious to get a shot with a pistol, inasmuch as that is still more painful."

"But, sir, what would your conscience say?

"My conscience? it would be dumb if I were rich!"

"And then men who would insult, the women who would despise you!"

"But, miss, nobody is despised now-a-days You are a coward—who knows the fact?—two individuals out of a hundred, or ten in a thousand. And do you think that it would prevent those ten individuals from drinking my champagne, accepting my money, and calling me 'my dear friend?' They would abuse me in private, but what is that to me? I would know nothing of it, and even if I should, I repeat, what is that to me? I would rise—I would go and look in the glass—and when I found my complexion clear, my eye bright, my lip ruddy—when I felt in my writing-desk and found some bank notes in it—when I looked around me, and saw splendid hangings and elegant furniture, I would say to myself, 'Upon my word, I did very wisely in retaining all this.' I would soon forget all they could say of me. I would mount my bay, and take my Greek greyhound with me; when I reached the park, all the pretty women I knew would stretch their necks out of their carriages to salute me, and I would be happy, be envied and honoured. And yet, spite of all I have said, if I, Alfred Lascour, was insulted tomorrow, I would fight in a moment."

"How so, sir?"

"Oh, because with me, Lascour, the case is very different! I must be a man of honour; I need it for my support. I am the ostensible editor of a newspaper;-I must be brave. Only consider that I am employed to be courageous for all my anonymous coadjutors; I am the shield of their wit, or folly, as the case may be; courage, with me, means champagne, trifles, and a pheasant *a la royale*, and I am very fond of pheasants and champagne, therefore I must needs be very courageous. But could I find money any where else than in my pen, I would be willing to be a coward, and to let the whole world know I was one; I would have the word coward engraved on my cards as my title, and I would not be the less liked; and I would wear mustaches, and I would find people who would tell me it was a great pity I was not in the army; and I would make a gallery of the miniatures that the ladies would send me."

"No, sir," answered Marie; "no woman of honour would love such a man. A lover is a protector, as well as a husband. What, suppose I loved a man, took his arm, and went out with him, and he was to let the first puppy that chose insult me, and I must reflect that the man who pretended to love me would yield me up to the first threat made him! If I fall in the water, he will let me drown; if I am in a fire, he will let me burn up; if I fall in the hands of villains, he will let me be dishonoured. A coward, sir, is a man who knows neither love, pity, nor friendship; a coward can never be a husband, a son, or father, for he could not protect his wife, his mother, or his daughter. And can a woman love such a man?—oh, never, never!"

"It is singular," said Madame de Nerville, "Savigny has gone, without saying a word to us."

CHAPTER TWO.

The next day, Savigny was seated at home, in a sad and melancholy mood, when he heard a voice, which he recognised at once, ask the servant if he was within; and in a few moments the door opened, and Lascour was announced. Lascour entered with an ease, which bordered on familiarity; and after Savigny had, with ceremonious politeness, requested him to be seated, began as follows:

"Sir I have had the honour of meeting you at Madame de Nerville's, and I now come to do you a service."

"What, pray?"

"Sir, you are a coward."

"Sir, you shall make me atonement for this insult, and I will prove to you—"

"Don't get vexed, I entreat you; for you are not angry—only afraid, that's all. But I did not come to insult you; therefore, spare yourself a display of courage, which does not deceive me. I resume then, and tell you, you are a coward."

"Sir!"

"Allow me to finish—"

"No, sir, nor will I suffer—"

"What a man! when I tell you that I did not come—"

"Such an insult, in my own house!"

"Listen to me, do. I am as great a poltroon as you—a greater one—a thousand times greater. Be cool, and let us talk over our business quietly, and like men of sense. I will not repeat that you are a coward, since that word wounds your feelings, but will tell you that you are not a brave man. Neither am I, as I have already given you to understand—and that is what brings me here. You don't understand, I suppose?"

"Not in the least sir."

"I presume so; but have patience a moment. Do you recollect that, a few days since, you were breakfasting at the Pavillion d'Ermenonville, in the Bois de Bologne, and that a man with mustaches—"

At these words, Savigny turned pale, and said in a hoarse voice, covering his face with his hands, "Pray, pray, spare me!"

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"Be not alarmed, sir," replied Lascour, with his usual *sang-froid*, "I will not recall to your mind the degrading insult you have received, for I have come as a friend: all that I want you to understand is, that I saw you insulted, and saw you pocket the insult. You cannot conceive the object of my visit yet, I conclude?"

"No, sir."

"I will proceed. You were speaking with Madame de Nerville about marrying her daughter. The young lady is beautiful, has a dowry of half a million, and every thing is nearly arranged. But yesterday, after you went away, I told the family that you were the person insulted in the Pavillion d'Ermenonville; and the young lady declared openly, that she would never marry a dishonoured man. The opportunity is a fine one, the fortune large, and it would be hard to lose it; it is therefore absolutely necessary, for you to have a brilliant affair of honour, which may retrieve your reputation, but without exposing you to danger—you understand—without exposing you to any danger—and I now arrive at the object of my visit."

Here Lascour paused for a moment. Monsieur Savigny listened, immovable, with his eyes nailed on the ground, as though choaked with emotion, except that now and then a big tear rolled down his cheek. And Lascour, balancing himself carelessly on his chair, watched his unfortunate patient with an ironical smile. He resumed:

"I too, need an act of courage, which will make a noise, and for this reason:—I am an editor, as you know. To live by that business, we must be *piquant:* to be piquant, we must sink the truth, in a measure; we must use personalities and scandal; but I am afraid of those who will take offence at this. I want a brilliant duel as a shield, sheltered behind which, I can attack all my dimi-courageous acquaintance, who, if I had never fought, would come to demand satisfaction from me; and when they know I have been out once, will pretend not to have seen the offensive article. When I saw you receive that insult at the Pavillon d'Ermenonville, it occurred to me, at first to follow you every where, to seize the first opportunity to insult you publicly, and to build up a reputation for courage on your cowardice. But, I know not why, I esteem you, spite of that insult. I watched your conduct in that unfortunate dispute, and you are a man of honour: you were angry at yourself; you did all that you could to fight, and it was your nature only that refused. I am sure that you have wept many a night when you thought on that outrage! therefore, I at once gave up my plan of insulting you, and have discovered a means which reconciles every thing, which retrieves your reputation, establishes mine, brings about your marriage, and assures my position in society; it is this:"

Monsieur Savigny, who had not spoken for a quarter of an hour, and sat like a criminal, before the inquisition, rallied his trembling limbs, and by a painful effort raised his head abruptly, approached Lascour, and said—

"Sir, I understand and despise you; leave the house!"

Lascour smiled, and answered, in no way disconcerted, "If it was not for my interest, as well as for yours to remain, I would not stay a minute longer, but I have need of you, as well as you of me, and I will do you a service in spite of yourself."

"Sir, said Savigny, with dignity, yet embarrassed, you have heard."

"Listen to me," answered Lascour, "I ask your pardon for mentioning Madame de Nerville's fortunes to you just now, I know that you are above all interested views, but this is what binds you to me; you are in love, passionately in love with Mademoiselle de Nerville—have you courage enough to resign her voluntarily?"

"Yes, it is better to resign her, than win her by a trick."

"But reflect that you not only lose her, but remain dishonoured, in her eyes; that she will always see the mark of insult on your cheek, and will never meet you without saying to herself, 'there is a man who has received a blow!'"

"Oh, 'tis the torture of hell!" said Savigny, and the sweat poured off his forehead.

"Say but a word, and that torture is at an end."

"But after all," said the young man in despair, "what do you intend to do?"

"Listen. Go to the opera this evening, place yourself in the front seat in the balcony, on the left; I will come a quarter of an hour after you; in the middle of the piece, I enter, you approach me, asking me by what right I presume to slander you; I answer you rudely, you call me an impertinent scoundrel; I grow angry, you lay hands on me, the spectators rise and surround us, and when a good many people are collected, I call you by name, that all may know it is you, and we make an appointment for the next morning."

"Never, never!" said poor Savigny, panting for breath.

"You do not love Mademoiselle de Nerville, then?"

"Not love her! heavens! not love her!" said he, striking his forehead.

"Well, let me go on then. The next day, that is to-morrow, we go on the ground."

"I tell you I will not go," answered Savigny, with fury, "no, I will not go! Do you know that what you propose, would be the eternal torment of my life! What! obtain the greatest blessing of the world; the esteem of my fellow-men, by fraud! Owe the respect I enjoy only to a stratagem, my friends to a trick! to reflect, in the midst of love's purest endearments, that I am stealing them—to see myself looked up to as a man of honour, and to feel that I am the most vile and degraded of created beings. No, sir, no! since I am a coward, I will pass for one, but I will not steal a character for courage; I will not go."

"Very well," said Lascour, coolly, "very well; I'll go and tell Mademoiselle de Nerville."

"For mercy's sake, do not name that name," cried Savigny. "What shall I do—what agony—ah, you are my evil genius, Lascour. Marie—dishonour—the world—my conscience—my head is wandering—oh heavens! If I have thirty years more to live, take away five-and-twenty, and give me courage!"

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"I offer it to you without expense; why do you not except it?"

"Shall I have been the less insulted?"

"I alone saw the insult offered you, I alone make it known; you attack me as having slandered you, and all is blotted out. Listen to me, and let me finish. We go on the ground to-morrow morning; we place ourselves at twenty paces—no, at fifteen, it is more in form. The pistols are loaded; we fire, at the same time, six inches too high, you understand me? six inches too high. After the first fire, the seconds will declare, that the laws of honour are satisfied. But you, for I yield up all the glory to you—you declare that the atonement is not sufficient, otherwise it would look like a duel between two deputies. They load—we fire, without touching either; they load a third time—we miss again; then the seconds interpose forcibly; you yield, at the same time declaring, that if you were in my place, you would not be satisfied. However, we are reconciled, we shake hands, I am a brave man, you are a hero, your reputation is re-established, you marry Mademoiselle de Nerville, and I announce it in my paper. What do you say to my plan?"

Savigny did not answer; his hand twisted convulsively in his hair, he seemed devoured by one of those internal conflicts, which exhaust ten years of our life in an hour; his knees shook, and his contracted lips showed his teeth firmly set. He remained in this situation before Lascour, five minutes, who alarmed himself at the sight of this silent, motionless agony, forgot his selfishness, was silent, and almost turned pale. All at once Savigny removed his hand, rose, and said to Lascour, in a hoarse voice, "this evening, at the opera!" and fled into his chamber.

CHAPTER THREE.

At eleven next morning, the following scene was enacted in the Carrières Montmartre, behind a wall; an open pistol-case lay on the ground, and two men, fifteen paces apart, had their weapons still in their hands. Then one of the seconds, stepping between them, said with a resolute air, "Gentlemen, six shots have been fired; it is enough for your honour, and too much, perhaps, for our conscience; the duel must cease, or I leave the ground." M. Lascour approached Savigny, and requested him to give him his hand.

"I have no right to refuse you, sir," said Savigny, and gave it to him.

"Now, gentlemen," said Lascour, addressing the seconds, "before we part, I will ask you to sign a declaration that M. Savigny and myself have acted like men of honour."

The seconds sat down on a grassy bank, and wrote hastily, in pencil:

"A meeting took place at Montmartre, this morning, between M. Savigny and M. Lascour, principal editor of the ——. Three shots were exchanged on each side, and we declare on our honour, that the two combatants proved themselves men of courage.

[Signed]

"*Delaunay, Dercourt, Lenoir, Morval.*"

This document being finished, M. de Launay, one of Lascour's seconds, drew near Savigny, and said—

"Sir, I earnestly desire that our acquaintance, began under such unpleasant circumstances, will not end here; your honourable and spirited behaviour to-day, ensures you my friendship for ever. If you will vouchsafe me your's in return, I shall be proud of it, as that of one of the most honourable men of my acquaintance."

Savigny, bowed.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Lascour, approaching, and taking Savigny one side, "allow me to say a single word to one who was, a moment since, my antagonist, and who I trust is now my friend. "Well! what is the matter with you?—you seem quite anxious, and yet our plan has succeeded beyond my hopes. Do you know that I was afraid for a moment, at your first fire. If you had taken aim and shot me!"

Savigny, made an indignant gesture.

"It would have been an original idea, at all events, my dear fellow. Luckily, every thing went off as well as could be. Here is our second's declaration; I will take it to all the papers; it will be printed this evening, known by all parties to-morrow, at the end of a week, we shall have two hundred friends more, and in a month's time, we shall not be able to accept half the invitations, that will pour in upon us at the *Rocher de Cancale*. Meantime, let us go to breakfast. What say you, gentlemen?—suppose we adjourn to the Pavillon d'Ermenon—" but seeing Savigny turn pale at the name, he added, hastily, "no, I am wrong, to Gillet's."

"Gentlemen, excuse me for not joining you," said Savigny, "I feel somewhat unwell." And he got in his cabriolet alone, and drove off rapidly.

"What a strange fellow! how cool!" cried Delaunay, as he went away. "Do you know my dear Lascour, you have had a lucky escape, with such an antagonist."

CHAPTER FOUR.

It is noon. A young girl in her morning-dress; her hair in disorder, and her eyes swollen with weeping, goes incessantly from the door to the window of the saloon; leans as far as she can out of the balcony; stretches her neck out of the window, watching the entrance of the street, with fixed gaze: removes the locks which shade her forehead, to see the clearer, and then throws herself on a seat again, sobbing and concealing her face in her hands.

"He is dead! he is dead! I am sure he is dead!"

"My daughter; my dear daughter, do not give yourself up to despair, in this way."

"And I, who suspected him of cowardice; I, who could think that he had tamely let himself be insulted, when at the same time——"

"He will return, my daughter; he will return."

"Oh, if he returns! I will beg him to forgive me; I will throw myself at his feet: he will forgive me; I will repeat so often and so tenderly that I love him, that he will forgive me. But he will not return! and heaven punishes me, for having dared to suspect the noblest of men. He

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is dead! I shall never see him again! Savigny, Savigny, oh, heavens!"

All at once, a slight noise was heard in the adjoining room. "'Tis he!" cried the young girl, and hurried to the door. Savigny entered in fact, very pale, and let himself drop on the first seat he could find. "You are not wounded, are you?" cried she: "no no, you are not—oh, what happiness! It is he, mother, look, it is he; how I weep! but these are no painful tears; I would be glad to shed such always. Dear Savigny! how kind heaven has been to us. But pray, speak to me, say one word—one single word; I want to hear your voice; say only Marie, and I will understand it. What, still silent? Oh, I know you have heard of what I said, and are displeased with me. Oh, forgive me, my friend; I have been sufficiently punished for it: I have suffered so much. If you were told that your Marie had disgraced herself, you would die with grief; would you not? Well, then, judge of my sufferings, when a man assured me he had seen Savigny put up with an insult; my brave, my pure, my noble-minded Savigny; I ought not to have believed him, and yet he swore to me, that he had seen it; and then it is your fault too, if I am too nice on the point of honour. Why did you reveal to me, all the treasures of your generous and lofty spirit? A drop of water stains the snow. Ah, forgive me; forgive me! What, you do not answer me; you turn your head aside—this is cruel in you—I entreat you, look on Marie, who is stretching out her hands to you; you will not refuse me, and then, you know I am of the noble family of Nerville; that family in which there never was a coward, and I thought I should have died, when I reflected that he, whom I loved, had been insulted. But how could I believe it—it was a crime in me—an unpardonable crime. Tell me how I must ask your pardon, and I will do so. But look at me—look at your Marie, for if you do, you will not have the heart to be so angry. Oh, what happiness! your hand clasp in mine, your eyes melt with tenderness; I recognize Savigny's features, when he tells me, 'I love you!' Oh, mother, mother, let me kiss him"—and without waiting for her smiling mother's consent, she threw herself in her betrothed's arms; kissed him tenderly, and hid her face in his bosom. M. Savigny embraced her affectionately; kissed her fair locks; let a tear fall on her neck, and said "dear Marie;" then he disengaged himself from her arms, and went away, saying, "I shall return."

An hour afterwards, Madame de Nerville received a letter from Savigny, stained with blood. He had just shot himself. Poor Marie.

CHAPTER FIVE.

"Joseph, bring me my chocolate and the papers," said M. Lascour, from his alcove. "Ah, here is the paper. Let me read my own glory. Capital!

"Yesterday, *a rencontre* took place, etc."

"Very well, aha! Savigny's name again! what can that be?

"'Yesterday, about two o'clock, M. Savigny blew out his brains at his own residence. The motive of this horrid action, is unknown. M. Savigny, was on the point of connecting himself with one of the first families of the metropolis.'

Savigny! I must be dreaming—it is not possible—Savigny—yes, it is he, sure enough; he was on the point of connecting himself—there can be no doubt of it. What a riddle! such courage! This is a very meagre article. Something might have been made out of the close connection between his duel, and his suicide; something fine might have been said about the stern intrepidity of that man, who had risked his life, three times that morning already, and yet dared to put an end to it an hour afterwards, not fearing death after having stood so near it? and this strangely brave man, fought with me; and I with him! It does me credit; I will touch the article up. But what could have been the reason? I cannot imagine. He must have been beside himself. With such a wild head, he might have revealed our secret, if he had not killed himself. Joseph, bring me my chocolate."

Written for the Casket.

'To Elizabeth H***,—of Cincinnati.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWER.

BY I. M'ILTON.

There is a flower, a lovely flower,
Of gayer, greener bloom,
Than ever lent an eastern bower,
Its hue and rich perfume;
Potosi's gems and glittering ore,
Beam not the brightness of this flower.

Not all the sands the Caspean's tide,
Rolls to the skill-wreathed coast;
Nor all the gold on earth beside,
Its brilliancy can boast;
No flood of light nor starry tower,
Can ray the glory of this flower.

The Eden-home where Adam fell,
Was redolent and fair,
No earthly flowers could those excel,
That grew and flourished there;
Yet Eden's shade, and scented bower,
Were gloom, compared to this sweet flower.

Fast by the throne of God it grew,
On Zion's holy towers;
And bloomed in brightness ever new,
Fairest among the flowers;
Nor Seraph's strength, nor Angel's power,
Could rear this rich, this splendid flower.

A bud from heaven's eternal tree,
Plucked by the hand of God,
Transplanted was on Calvary,
And struck its roots in blood;
It grew, and flourished—spotless pure,
A green imperishable flower.

Behold the tree, whose boughs are spread
O'er all the earth abroad,
A shelter for the weary head—
A bower built by God;
He is the root, firm and secure,
That warms with life, the holy flower.

Could Persia's Bdelleum, purchase earth,
And purchase all the skies,
Compared with this, 'twere nothing worth
This pearl of nameless prize,
Religion priced of God and pure,
Is this sacred sainted flower.

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LION HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LEWIS LESLIE, ESQ. 45TH REGIMENT.

Some years ago, it was my fortune to be attached to a party of the Cape Cavalry, encamped on the banks of Orange River in South Africa, for the protection of the boors on the extreme boundary, against a tribe of savages who were then supposed to threaten an invasion on the Colony. That portion of our African territory extending from the Fish River, formerly the north eastern limit to the banks of the Gariep or Orange River. had been but a few years in our possession, and then only a scanty population of Dutchmen was scattered over a space of some hundred miles. The occupation I believe, was not recognized at that time by Government. The character of the scenery was somewhat peculiar; vast plains or flats extended in all directions, bare and sandy, rarely presenting a green blade ot verdure to the weary eye; these plains were enriched or intersected by ranges of low table mountains, whose sides and summits were equally divested of all vegetation; and in passing over the country, as you crossed the lower ridge of some of these hills, a prospect of the same monotonous and barren extent was presented to the view. It was seldom we met with a human habitation, and nought enlivened the dreary scene, save the various species of antelope and quagga abounding in these plains, who, frightened at the appearance of man, ran wildly off in every direction. At a distance they might have been sometimes taken for vast herds of sheep, and droves of cattle. If a boor's dwelling happened to be in the neighbourhood, these dwellings were always erected on the banks of some rivulet or spring, where there might be a sufficient supply of water for their flocks, and to irrigate a few limited roods of land to grow vegetables and tobacco for themselves. In the drier seasons, however, these almost pastoral farmers were obliged to forsake their more permanent abodes, and something like the Israelites in the desert, betake themselves to tents, and with their flocks, wander over the sandy waste in search of pasturage for their sheep and cattle. While encamped in these open plains, their craals or folds were frequently disturbed by the midnight visit of the lion; and their only escape from his attacks was in the discovery of his retreat and his destruction. His usual prey was the quagga or the antelope; but the fleetness of these animals or their instinctive precautions perhaps gave them more security than the feeble defence of a crowded craal.

It was on these occasions that I witnessed the mode in which the boor discovered and rid himself of his troublesome neighbour, as the officer commanding was applied to, and most willingly granted the assistance of a few men, whom we were delighted to accompany. It has been frequently asserted that the lion is not the magnanimous and courageous animal that he was formerly described to be, and I see that Dr. Philip, in his researches, has related facility with which the Boajesmans, (Bushmen,) with their poisoned arrows, destroy the Monarch of these Wilds. From a tolerable long acquaintance and experience on the African Frontier, I am inclined positively to deny both of these opinions. I have seen the Lion on several occasions hunted and slain, and heard the relations of many (on which I could place more credit, than on those of the credulous boor,) which bear ample testimony of his courage and noble bearing when at bay.—The bushmen I have frequently seen practice with their bows, but I have very little faith in the correctness of their aim or the strength of their poison. The most authentic relations I could obtain of their shooting even the smallest species of the antelope, prove that the poison is not at all immediate in its effect; the wounded animal, with the barbed and poisoned arrow in his side, will bound along the plain, where he is traced by the Bushman's eagle eye until he staggers and falls when the poison has been absorbed. If such is the case with a weak and timid animal, what would it be with the powerful, bold, and fiery lion? destruction of the daring bushmen who would attempt to meet him. I am well aware that they assert their being able to kill the lion, but am confident it is for the purpose of imposing on the credulous boor to magnify the power of their favourite weapon. In nine months that we were encamped within a mile of a numerous craal of bushmen, they appeared to live almost wholly on roots, locusts and ants, and what they obtained from the neighbouring farmers, or from our station.

Those who have denied the noble daring of the lion, have never seen him in his native desert.—I have heard an individual who was engaged in the hunt, of which Mr. Pringle gives so vivid a description, bear ample testimony of his high and fearless bearing in many a furious encounter. My own experience is in every instance in his favour. He has nothing of the cunning, cowardice or treachery ascribed to the tiger.—In his conduct there appeared no pusillanimity. Before man he retreats with coolness and deliberation. He avoids because he hates, not because he fears him; once confront him, convince him that he is the object of your pursuit, and he retreats no longer. Whatever may be the number of his enemies, he will no longer shun you. He seats himself on some ridge, which he will never leave, and from thence growls inimitable defiance till loss of blood or some well-aimed bullet lays him prostrate on the earth. Often have I seen him roll, when wounded, from the ridge where he was seated, but on his recovery, his sole object appeared to be to regain it, as if it alone was the object of the contest, and he would only yield it with his life.

The method by which the boors pursue the lion, will be shown by describing the last hunt at which I was present. In every instance it was the same; and in three successful, without injury to any individual of the parties. The north-east bank of Orange River, opposite our encampment, was totally uninhabited save by a few wandering Bushmen.

Vast numbers of antelopes and quaggas grazed upon the plains; and in the rugged and bare hills which intersect them, the lion dwelt during the day, and at night descended after considerable intervals in search of food. I have seldom seen him in the plain during the day, save when, in the extreme heat of the summer, he might be found on the wooded banks of the river; but of-

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ten during the night, when he bivouacked in the open plain, and the terror of the cattle and horses bore evidence of his approach; at dawn he would be seen winding slowly his way to the loftier summit of some neighbouring mountain. One might hear the thunder of his voice at miles distance, while every animal shook with fear.—A lion of huge dimensions passed the river, which at that season was low, and carried off a horse, the property of a neighboring boor. For some nights previous he had been heard in a hill close to the bank of a river, to which it was supposed he had again retreated on destroying his prey. The boors say that the flesh of the horse is highly prized by the palate of the lion, but perhaps it is because this animal is their own most valuable property. It was proposed to cross the river the following morning, and trace him to his den. With the few boors we could collect, and a party of our men, we mounted immediately after sunrise, and with a large number of dogs, proceeded to the mountain, every crevice and ravine of which we examined without finding him. Gorged with his late meal, he had, perhaps, we thought, remained in the thick cover on the steep bank of the river, to which we then returned, and in passing over a large plain, a spot of ground was pointed out to us by an eye witness, where he had been to seize and devour a quagga some days before. The hard and arid soil was actually hollowed by the violence of the mortal struggle. The dogs had scarcely entered the thick bushy banks of the river, ere they gave tongue, and they appeared to advance in the pursuit as if the lion was slowly retreating. At times it would seem that he turned and rushed upon the dogs. We however, could not dare to enter farther than the skirts of the jungle with a finger on the trigger and the carbine half at the present. One single clutch of his tremendous paw unquestionably would have been fatal.

For a considerable time the dogs remained silent, and we fancied we had irrecoverably lost him. With more and more confidence we examined the thicket, but without success, and were about giving up the pursuit in despair, when a Hottentot and boor observed his footsteps in the sand.

The word was again to horse. The lion's course appeared to be towards the mountain, which he had left. R——, with a party of boors and soldiers, galloped straight up the nearest declivity, while I, with a smaller number, rode round a projecting edge of the hill, into a deep ravine, to which he might have retreated. With my party I had been too late; he had been just brought to bay, as he was commencing his descent on the opposite declivity of the hill, but R——, delayed the attack until we should arrive to witness the encounter; meanwhile the dogs amused him. The ascent by which we could reach the summit was steep and rugged, but our horses were accustomed to such, and with whip and spur we urged them on. Whoever has seen the African lion at bay, would assuredly say the sportsman could never behold a more stirring scene in the chase. There he was seated on his hind-quarters, his eyes glaring on a swarm of curs yelping around him; his dark shaggy mane he shook around his gigantic shoulders, or with his paw tossed in the air the nearest dog, more apparently in sport than anger. We arranged preliminaries. The horses were tied together, in a line, taking care to turn their heads from the direction where the lion was at bay, and likewise that they were to the windward of him, lest his very scent should scare them to flight. The retreat behind this *living* wall is the boor's last resource if he should advance upon them, that his indiscriminate fury may fall upon the horses. Some of the boors are excellent marksmen, and the Hottentot soldiers are far from being despicable; yet many a bullet was sent ere he was slain. Fired by the wounds he received, his claw was no longer harmless, one dog he almost tore to pieces, and two more were destroyed ere he fell. At each shot he rushed forward as if with the intent of singling out the man who fired, but his rage was always vented on the dogs, and he again retired to the station he had left. The ground appeared to be bathed with his blood. Every succeeding attempt to rush forward, displayed less vigour and fury, and at last, totally exhausted, he fell; but still the approach was dangerous.—In the last struggle of his expiring agony, he might have inflicted a mortal wound; cautiously approaching, he was shot through the heart; twelve wounds were counted on his head, body, and limbs. He was of the largest size, and allied in appearance to the species which the boors call the black lion. We claimed the skin and skull; the bushmen the carcase, which to them is a delicious morsel; and the boors were satisfied with knowing that he would commit no farther depredations on them.

On another occasion we roused two on the summit of a low stony hill. They were deliberately descending one side as we reached the top, and amid a shower of bullets, they quietly crossed a plain to ascend another. We followed, and they separated; we brought them to bay in succession and slew both. It appears to me from what I have seen and heard, that a lion, once wounded, will turn upon his pursuers, but I am of opinion that he seldom attacks man, generally shuns his vicinity, and that he has none of the reported partiality for human flesh. In the district I described, and of which a description was necessary to show that we encountered him upon fair and open ground, the various kinds of lion were originally very numoreus. The boors enumerated three, the yellow, grey, and black. Their numbers were much diminished, principally, perhaps, from their retreating beyond Orange River, to an unoccupied country, although many also were destroyed by the boors. It has been said that the lion dwells in the plains. The African hunter almost always seek him in the mountains, occasionally one or two will not shun the encounter, if armed with their long and sure rifles, which on almost all occasions they carry.

One instance, and I have done. A party of officers a few years previous, along with some boors, discovered a lion, lioness, and two whelps, within a short distance of Hernianus Craal on the frontiers. The lion dashed forward to protect his mate and young ones, and attempted to defend them by shielding them with his body,

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until the officers, moved by his magnanimity of conduct, entreated that he might not be destroyed, but the Dutchmen were inexorable, and they killed him, the cubs fled and the lioness followed, but all were found dead of their wounds the succeeding day.

The above anecdote was related to me by an officer who was an eye witness.

Moelinine Tennesserin, 26th Dec. 1832.

Written for the Casket.

PETITION OF THE NERVES.

BY L. W. TRASK.

To the human mind:—The undersigned, member of the human system, and as such entitled to certain rights and privileges, beg leave to represent,—that they have ever entertained nothing but sentiments of the highest respect towards your highness. With pride and supreme delectation we have seen ignorance humbled in the dust—we have seen science rearing her banner towards the heavens, bearing this lofty inscription, "*Universal mental emancipation.*" We have seen this, and are proud to acknowledge, that this triumph has been achieved by the great and untiring exertions of the human mind. It would be an unworthy affectation to conceal, that your Highness is highly esteemed by us for your brilliant powers and services, and not only by us, but by an admiring world. Permit us then as your affectionate subjects, to approach your Highness, to come even to the throne of reason, for an effectual and timely redress of the wrongs with which we are afflicted. It is our station in the economy of nature, to be a medium of communication between the mind or [brain,] and the different organs of the system —and by a peculiar action, (which we are not at liberty to reveal,) to transmit from the different organs to the brain, the effects of causes on the several senses, or to carry from the brain to the different organs its wishes or suggestions. This being our office, it will easily be seen that the deep performance of our functions, is of great benefit and necessity to the system. We do not mention this to show our own importance—but for a very different purpose—to show the loss which the mind sustains in our impairment. It is a principle of our constitution, that violent stimulus abstracts our delicate sensibilities, by first raising our actions to an uncommon degree of power, and thus leaving us in consequent debility; disturbing the regularity of our actions—impairing the acute sensibility of our formation, and destroying the tender connexion of our mind with matter. Ardent spirits, is the violent stimulus of which we complain; this, the grievance for which we earnestly implore redress. Free, oh free us from the tyranny of *Ardent spirits!*—more poisonous than the Bohon Upas—more paralyzing than the Simom's blast—it sweeps over our department—blasting our acute and delicate sensibilities. By its accursed influence, rosy health is turned into disease—sensation into numbness—and genius into faturity. It changes love into hatred—virtue into vice—riches into poverty—honesty into knavery—truth into lies, and *religion into infidelity!* Great arbiter, the Human Mind, deliver us from worse than Egyptian bondage, sever the manacles that bind—break the chain of habit that surrounds us. Oh! as you regard virtue—as you detest vice—as you revere mental greatness,—as you fear falling from your present elevation,—free us from the curse which is laying waste the moral heritage. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray for your wellfare. THE NERVES.

A SABBATH SCENE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Glad to man's heart comes Scotland's Sabbath morn
When every sound save Nature's voice is still—
Mute shepherd's song pipe—mute the harvest horn—
An holier tongue seems given to stream and rill.
Old men climb silent up the cottage hill,
There ruminate, and look sublime abroad—
Shake from their feet, as thought on thought comes still,
The dust of life's long, dark, and dreary road,
And from this gross earth rise, and give themselves to God.

The warning bell hath o'er the parish rung,
Grove, glade, and glen, sound with the solemn strain:
Wide at the summons every door is flung,
And forth devout walks many a hoary swain,
Their meek wives with them; while, a gayer train,
Their daughters come and gladden all the road,
Of laughing eyes, ripe lips, long ringlets vain;
Young men, like lambs, upon Spring's sunny sod,
Come, light of foot and heart, to seek the house of God.

I loved much in my youth down dale and glen,
Upon the morn of the Lord's Day, to look;
For all the land pour'd forth its stately men,
Its matrons, with staid steps and holy book.
Where'er a cottage smok'd, or flowed a brook,
Or rose a hall, or tower'd a castle gray,
Youth left its joys, old age its care forsook,
Meek beauty grew, and look'd sadately gay,
Nor at her shadow glanced as she went on her way.

Lo! see yon youth—clad as the season's clad
In homely green—he loves with aged men
To come conversing—hears sedately sad
Tales from their lips, which 'scaped historic pen,
And linger still in dale and pastoral glen.
O much they talk, upon their kirkward way,
Of holy martyrs, who, by flood and fen,
Fell 'neath the persecutor's sword a prey—
They point towards their graves, and seem in thought to pray.

And see yon maiden, beauteous as a beam,
Stray'd from the sun upon creation's morn;
Pure as the daylight in yon crystal stream
By which she walks—pure as the bladed corn
Begemm'd with dews, and ripening to be shorn—
Her looks the greensward lighten all, her feet
Seem winged things, and from the ground upborne—
Birds sings new songs such loveliness to greet—
She's lovely, and in love—which makes her doubly sweet.

I saw her in the church. Men's eyes forsook
The sacred page to gaze upon her there;
Young hearts with awe were for the first time struck,
And even the preacher in his parting prayer
Shut his grave eyes, and warn'd them to beware
Of beauty. 'Midst them like a star she shone,
Or a pure lily born in dewy air;
Or rose the moment of its opening—None
Could look on her, but wish'd to look on her alone.

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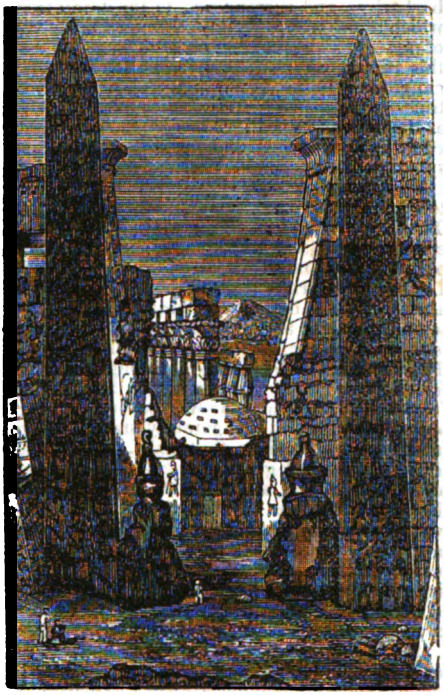
Written for the Casket.

Reverses—A Fragment.

BY LYMAN WALBRIDGE TRASK.

Long ere the delightful shores of the American continent burst like a vision of unspeakable brightness upon the view of Europeans, empire had gained an elevation which enabled her to see nearly the ultimation of earthly glory. But it was emphatically an empire of ignorance. The history of those times comprises more of the daring acts of chivalry—the cruelties and extortions of barbarous tribes, than surprising discoveries in the sciences or the arts. The art of navigation in particular, was so little understood, that, although London was founded 40 years before Christ, and some improvements made in sciences and arts, a vast continent extending almost from pole to pole, and embracing every variety of climate, remained undiscovered until 1492 of the Christian era. But as a consequence of a more enlightened form of society, and a better appreciation of the benefits which science can confer, some progress therein was made but it was trifling for several centuries. Greece was no longer a land of song and eloquence.—Rome in the tide of her successes, subjugated Greece, and became in her turn the nursery of ancient learning; and genius there raised on drooping science the light of his inspiring countenance. But Rome fell as Greece did, before her; and genius and science perished together beneath the ruins of empire. Then succeeded, as I said before, the dark age of papal supremacy, in which, though empire prospered, but little improvement was made in science. The papal supremacy faded also, and on the ruins of those dark ages has arisen the modern temple of science, the most lovely the world ever saw. Oh! may it be forever indestructible! In this renovation of scientific light, Europe and especially England, took a distinguished part. I rejoice that she did—I am glad that she produced men, whose genius and acquirements were universally admired, and who gave to science an importance and brilliancy, which will not soon be effaced. But her savage policy severed from her dominions a territory which will be her rival—a country rich in genius, and almost all the resources which nature can supply, and on which is based a republic of the most flourishing character. Increasing in almost unparalleled rapidity, and with a speedy developement of her resources, our republic promises the full extent of fair anticipation. England, no doubt, has reached the height of her glory; her decline may be slow, but it will be certain. And while the contemplation of the future inspires us with pleasing emotions, we may possibly forget some of the injuries that Europe and England has inflicted on us; for the sake of the support they have given to science. Sure of great political distinction—Sure of immense wealth and magnificence, it must afford pleasure to every mind, to view the exertions of our countrymen, the genius of our literary institutions, and the freedom of our laws. But let us remember that knowledge is the foundation and sure support of a free government like ours, without which it cannot exist, and must fall into dissolution. Americans! let knowledge and science receive your fostering encouragement—let them be ever near your hearts—for they alone can preserve that LIBERTY purchased with blood! Without Knowledge, we should soon decline!

THEBES.



All travellers agree that it is impossible to describe the effect produced by the colossal remains of this ancient capital. No knowledge of antiquity, no long cherished associations, no searching after something to admire, is necessary here. The wonders of Thebes rise before the astonished spectator like the creations of some superior power. "It appeared to me," says Belzoni, "like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence." Denon's description of the first view of Thebes by the French army, which he accompanied in the expedition into Upper Egypt, is singularly characteristic. "On turning the point of a chain of mountains which forms a kind of promontory, we saw all at once ancient Thebes in its full extent—that Thebes whose magnitude has been pictured to us by a single word in Homer, *hundred-gated*, a poetical and unmeaning expression which has been so confidently repeated ever since. This city, described in a few pages dictated to Herodotus* by Egyptian priests, which

* Herodotus has given no description of Thebes. Denon several times quotes Herodotus for what is not in that author.

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succeeding authors have copied—renowned for numerous kings, who, through their wisdom, have been elevated to the rank of gods; for laws which have been revered without being known; for sciences which have been confided to proud and mysterious inscriptions, wise and earliest monuments of the arts which time has respected; this sanctuary, abandoned, isolated through barbarism, and surrendered to the desert from which it was won; this city, shrouded in the veil of mystery by which even colossi are magnified; this remote city, which imagination has only caught a glimpse of through the darkness of time—was still so gigantic an apparition, that, at the sight of its scattered ruins, the army halted of its own accord, and the soldiers, with one spontaneous movement, clapped their hands."

Thebes lay on each side of the Nile, and extended also on both sides as far as the mountains. The tombs which are on the western side reach even into the limits of the desert. Four principal villages stand on the site of this ancient city, Luxor and Carnak on the eastern, Gournou and Medinet-Abou on the western side. The temple of Luxor is very near the river, and there is here a good ancient jettée, well built of bricks. The entrance to this temple is through a magnificent gateway, facing the north, 200 feet in front, and 57 feet high above the present level of the soil. Before the gateway stand the two most perfect obelisks that exist, formed, as usual, of the red granite of Syene, and each about 80 feet high, and from 8 to 10 feet wide at the base. Between these obelisks and the gateway are two colossal statues, also of red granite; from the difference of the dresses it is judged that one was a male, the other a female, figure;—they are nearly of equal sizes. Though buried in the ground to the chest, they measure 21 and 22 feet from thence to the top of the mitre.

It is this gateway that is filled with those remarkable sculptures, which represent the triumph of some ancient monarch of Egypt over an Asiatic enemy, and which we find repeated, both on other monuments of Thebes, and partly also on some of the monuments of Nubia, as, for example, at Ipsambul. This event appears to have formed an epoch in Egyptian history, and to have furnished materials both for the historian and the sculptor, like the war of Troy to the Grecian poet. The whole length of this temple is about 800 feet.

The remains of Carnak, about one mile and a quarter lower down the river, are still more wonderful than Luxor. An irregular avenue of sphinxes, considerably more than a mile in length (about 6560 feet) connected the northern entrance of the temple of Luxor with it; but this was only one of several proud approaches to perhaps the largest assemblage of buildings that ever was erected. The irregularities in the structure and approaches of this building show that the various parts of it were raised at different periods. Some parts, both of this temple and of the larger building at Carnak (sometimes called a palace), have been constructed out of the materials of earlier buildings, as we see from blocks of stone being occasionally placed with inverted hieroglyphics. It is impossible, without good drawings and very long descriptions, to give any thing like an adequate idea of the enormous remains of Carnak, among which we find a hall whose roof of flat stones is sustained by more than 130 pillars, some 26 feet, and others as much as 34 feet, in circumference.

The remains on the western side of the river are, perhaps, more interesting than those on the east.

That nearly all the monuments of Thebes belong to a period anterior to the Persian conquest, B. C. 525, and that, among them we must look for the oldest and most genuine specimens of Egyptian art, is clear, both from the character of its monuments themselves and from historical records; nor is this conviction weakened by finding the name of Alexander twice on part of the buildings at Carnak, which will prove no more than that a chamber might have been added to the temple and inscribed with his name; or that it was not unusual for the priests to flatter conquerors or conquerors' deputies, by carving on stone the name of their new master.

THE SKY-LARK.

Whither away, companion of the sun,
So high this laughing morn? are those soft clouds
Of floating silver, which appear to shun
Day's golden eye, thy home? or why 'mid shrouds
Of loosen'd light, dost thou pour forth thy song?
Descend, sun-loving bird? nor try thy strength thus long.

Ambitious songster! soaring merrily,
Thy wings keep time to thy rich music's flow,
Rolling along the clouds celestially,
And echoing o'er the hill's oak-waving brow;
Across the flood, whose face reflects the sky,
And thee, a warbling speck deep-mirror'd from on high.

And thou has't vanished singing from my sight—
So must this earth be lost to eyes of thine;
Around thee is illimitable light—
Thou lookest down, and all appears to shine
Bright as above; thine is a glorious way,
Pavilion'd all around with golden-spreading day!

The broad unbounded sky is all thine own,
The silver-sheeted heavens thy free domain;
No land-mark there—no hand to bring thee down,
Sole monarch of the blue etherial plain;
To thee is airy space far-stretching given,
Broad and unmeasured as the boundless vault of heav'n!

And thou art gone, perchance to catch the sound
Of angel voices heard far up the sky;
And wilt return harmonious to the ground,
Then with new music, taught by those on high,
Ascend again, and carol o'er the bowers
Of woodbines waving sweet, and wild bee-bended flowers.

Lov'st thou to sing alone, above the dews?
Leaving the nightingale to cheer the night,
When rides the moon, chasing the shadowy hues
From list'ning vales, far stretched in silent night;
She veils her head, while thou art with the sun,
Looking beneath on hills, and woods, where deep streams run.

Lute of the sky, farewell! 'till I again
Climb these cloud-gazing hills, thou must not come
To where I dwell, nor pour thy heav'n-caught strain
Above the curling of my smoky home;
Others may hear thee, see thee, yet not steal
That joy from thy glad song, which it is mine to feel.

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JACOB FAITHFUL.

The New York Albion furnishes extracts from the adventures of Jacob Faithful, by the author of Peter Simple. They notice Jacob's first love incidents, and possess extraordinary interest. We copy that part relating to Stapleton's daughter, who seems to have made a deep impression on Faithful's susceptible heart. —Stapleton was a fisherman, reported to be deaf, to whom the hero of the tale was apprenticed.

Stapleton had lost his wife, but he had a daughter, fifteen years old, who kept his lodgings, and *did for him*, as he termed it. He lived in part of some buildings leased by a boat-builder, his windows looking out on the river; and on the first floor a bay window thrown out, so that at high water the river ran under it. As for the rooms, consisting of five, I can only say, that they could not be spoken of as large and small, but as small and smaller. The sitting-room was eight feet square, the two bed rooms at the back, for himself and his daughter, just held a small bed each, and the kitchen, and my room below, were to match; neither were the tenements in the very best repair, the parlour especially, hanging over the river, being lop-sided, and giving you the uncomfortable idea that it would every minute fall into the stream below. Still the builder declared that it would last many years without sinking further, and that was sufficient. At all events, they were very respectable accommodations for a waterman, and Stapleton paid £10 per annum. Stapleton's daughter was certainly a very well favoured girl. She had rather a large mouth, but her teeth were very fine, and beautifully white. Her hair was auburn—her complexion very fair; her eyes were large, and of a deep blue, and from her figure, which was very good, I should have supposed her to have been eighteen, although she was not past fifteen, as I found out afterwards. There was a frankness and honesty of countenance about her, and an intellectual smile which was very agreeable.

"Well, Mary, how do you get on?" said Stapleton, as we ascended to the sitting-room. "Here's young Faithful come to take up with us."

"Well, father, his bed's all ready; and I have taken so much dirt from the room, that I expect we shall be indicted for filling up the river. I wonder what nasty people lived in this house before us."

"Very nice rooms, nevertheless; an't they boy?"

"O yes, very nice for idle people; you may amuse yourself looking out on the river, or watching what floats by, or fishing with a pin at high water," replied Mary, looking at me.

"I like the river," replied I, gravely; "I was born on it, and hope to get my bread on it."

"And I like this sitting-room," rejoined Stapleton; "how mighty comfortable it will be to sit at the open window, and smoke in the summer time, with one's jacket off!"

"At all events, you'll have no excuse for dirtying the room, father; and as for the lad, I suppose his smoking days have not come yet."

"No," replied I, "but my days for taking off my jacket are, I suspect."

"O yes," replied she, "never fear that: father will let you do all the work you please, and look on—won't you, father?"

"Don't let your tongue run quite so fast, Mary; you're not over fond of work yourself."

"No; there's only one thing I dislike more," replied she, "and that's holding my tongue."

"Well, I shall leave you and Jacob to make it out together; I am going back to the Feathers." And old Stapleton walked down stairs, and went back to the inn, saying, as he went out, that he should be back to his dinner.

Mary continued her employment, of wiping the furniture of the room with a duster for several minutes, during which I did not speak, but watched the floating ice on the river. "Well," said Mary, "do you always talk as you do now? if so, you'll be a very nice companion. Mr. Turnbull, who came to my father, told me that you was a sharp fellow, could read, write and do every thing, and that I should like you very much; but if you mean to keep it all to yourself, you might as well not have had it.

"I am ready to talk when I have any thing to talk about," replied I.

"That's not enough. I'm ready to talk about nothing, and you must do the same."

"Very well," replied I. "How old are you?"

"How old am I! O then you consider me nothing. I'll try hard but you shall alter your opinion, my fine fellow. However, to answer your question, I believe I'm about fifteen."

"Not more! well, there's an old proverb, which I will not repeat."

"I know it, so you may save yourself the trouble, you saucy boy; but now, for your age?"

"Mine! let me see; well, I believe that I am nearly seventeen."

"Are you really so old! well, now, I should have thought you no more than fourteen."

This answer at first surprised me, as I was very stout and tall of my age; but a moment's reflection told me, that it was given to annoy me. A lad is as much vexed at being supposed younger than he really is, as a man of a certain age is annoyed at being taken for so older. "Pooh! replied I; "that shows how little you know about men."

"I wasn't talking about men, that I know of; but still, I do know something about them. I've had two sweethearts already."

"Indeed! and what have you done with them?"

"Done with them! I jilted the first for the second, because the second was better looking; and when Mr. Turnbull told me so much about you, I jilted the second to make room for you; but now, I mean to try if I can't get him back again."

"With all my heart," replied I laughing. "I shall prove but a sorry sweet-heart, for I never made love in my life."

"Have you ever had any body to make love to?"

"No."

"That's the reason, Mr. Jacob, depend upon it. All you have to do, is to swear that I'm the prettiest girl in the world, that you like me better than any body else in the world; do any thing in the world that I wish you to do—spend all the money you have in the world in buying me ribbons and fairings, and then——"

"And then what?"

"Why, then I shall hear all you have to say, take all you have to give, and laugh at you in the bargain."

"But I shouldn't stand that long."

"O yes you would. I'd put you out of humour, and coax you in again; the fact is, Jacob Faithful, I made up my mind before I saw you, that you should be my sweetheart, and when I will have a thing I will, so you may as well submit to it at once; if you don't, as I keep the key of the cupboard, I'll half starve you; that's the way to tame any brute, they say. And I tell you why, Jacob, I mean that you shall be my sweetheart, it's because Mr. Turnbull told me that you knew Latin; now tell me, what is Latin?"

"Latin is a language which people spoke in former times, but now they do not."

"Well, then, you shall make love to me in Latin, that's agreed."

"And how do you mean to answer me?"

"O, in plain English, to be sure."

"But how are you to understand me?" replied I, much amused with the conversation.

"O, if you make love properly, I shall soon under-

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stand you; I shall read the English of it in your eyes."

"Very well, I've no objection; whem am I to begin?"

"Why directly, you stupid fellow, to be sure. What a question."

I went close up to Mary, and repeating a few words of Latin—"Now," says I, "look in my eyes, and see if you can translate them."

"Something impudent, I'm sure," replied she, fixing her blue eyes on mine.

"Not at all," replied I; "I only asked for this," and I snatched a kiss, in return for which I received a box on the ear, which made it tingle for five minutes.—"Nay," replied I, "that's not fair; I did as you desired—I made love in Latin."

"And I answered you, as I said I would, in plain English," replied Mary, reddening up to the forehead, but directly after bursting out into a loud laugh.—"Now, Mr. Jacob, I plainly see that you know nothing about making love. Why, bless me, a year's dangling, and a year's pocket-money, should not have given you what you have had the impudence to take in so many minutes. But it was my own fault, that's certain, and I have no one to thank but myself. I hope I did'nt hurt you—I'm very sorry if I did; but no more making love in Latin, I've had quite enough of that."

"Well, then suppose we make friends," replied I holding out my hand.

"That's what I really wished to do; although I've been talking so much nonsense," replied Mary. "I know we shall like one another, and be very good friends. You can't help feeling kind towards a girl you've kissed; and I shall try by kindness to make up to you for the box on the ear; so now sit down, and let's have a long talk. Mr. Turnbull told us that he wished you to serve out your apprenticeship on the river, with my father, so that if you agree, we shall be a long while together. I take Mr. Turnbull's word, not that I can find it out yet, that you are a very good tempered, good-looking, clever, modest lad; and as any apprentice who remains with my father must live with us, of course I had rather it should be one of that sort, than some ugly awkward brute who——"

"Is not fit to make love to you," replied I.

"Who is not fit company for me," replied Mary. "I want no more love from you at present. The fact is, that father spends all the time he can spare from the wherry, at the alehouse, smoking, and it's very dull for me, and having nothing to do, I look out of the window, and make faces at the young men as they pass by, just to amuse myself. Now there was no great harm in that a year or two ago; but now, you know Jacob ——"

"Well, now—what then?"

"O, I'm bigger, that's all; and what might be called sauciness in a girl, may be thought something more of a young woman. So I've been obliged to leave it off; but being obliged to remain at home, with nobody to talk to, I never was so glad as when I heard that you were to come; so you see, Jacob, we must be friends. I daren't quarrel with you long, although I shall sometimes, just for variety, and to have the pleasure of making it up again. Do you hear me—or what are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking that you are a very odd girl."

"I dare say that I am, but how can I help that? Mother died when I was five years old, and father couldn't afford to put me out, so he used to lock me in all day, till he came home from the river; and it was not till I was seven years old, and of some use, that the door was left open. I never shall forget the day when he told me that in future he should trust me, and leave the door open. I thought I was quite a woman, and have thought so ever since. I recollect, that I often peeped out and longed to run about the world, but I went two or three yards from the door, and felt so frightened, that I ran back as fast I could. Since that I have seldom quitted the house for an hour, and never have been out of Fulham."

"Then you have never been at school?"

"O no—never. I often wish that I had. I used to see the little girls coming home as they passed our door, so merry, with their bags from the school-house; and I'm sure, if it were only to have the pleasure of going there and back again for the sake of the run, I would have worked hard, if for nothing else."

"Would you like to learn to read and write?"

"Will you teach me!" replied Mary, taking me by the arm, and looking me earnestly in the face.

"Yes, I will, with pleasure," replied I, laughing. "We will pass the evening better than making love, after all, especially if you hit so hard. How came you so knowing in those matters.

"I don't know," replied Mary, smiling; I suppose, as father says, it's human nature, for I never learnt any thing; but you will teach me to read and write!"

"I will teach you all I know myself, Mary, if you wish to learn. Every thing but Latin—we've had enough of that."

"Oh! I shall be so much obliged to you. I shall love you so!"

"There you are again."

"No, no, I didn't mean that," replied Mary, earnestly. I meant that—— after all, I don't know what else to say. "I mean that I shall love you for your kindness, without your loving me again, that's it."

"I understand you; but now, Mary, as we are to be such good friends it is necessary that your father and I should be good friends; so I must ask you what sort of a person he is, for I know little of him, and of course wish to oblige him."

"Well, then, to prove to you that I am sincere, I will tell you something. My father, in the first place, is a very good tempered sort of man. He works pretty well, but might gain more, but he likes to smoke at the public houses. All he requires of me is his dinner ready, his linen clean, and the house tidy. He never drinks too much, and is always civil spoken; but he leaves me too much alone, and talks too much about human nature, that's all."

"But he's so deaf—he can't talk to you."

"Give me your hand—now promise—for I'm going to do a very foolish thing, which is to trust a man—promise you'll never tell it again."

"Well, I promise," replied I; supposing her secret of no consequence.

"Well, then—mind—you've promised. Father is no more deaf than you or I."

"Indeed!" replied I; "why he goes by the name of Deaf Stapleton."

"I know he does, and makes every body believe that he is so; but it is to make money."

"How can he make money by that?"

"There's many people in business who go down the river, and they wish to talk of their affairs without being overheard as they go down. They always call for Deaf Stapleton: and there's many a gentleman and lady, who have much to say to each other, without wishing people to listen—you understand me?"

"O yes, I understand—Latin!"

"Exactly—and they call for Deaf Stapleton: and by this means he gets more good fares than any other waterman, and does less work."

"But how will he manage now that I am with him?"

"O, I suppose it will depend upon his customers: if a single person wants to go down, you will take the sculls; if they call for oars, you will both go; if he considers that Deaf Stapleton only is wanted, you will remain on shore; or, perhaps, he will insist on your being deaf too."

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"But I do not like deceit."

"No, its not right; although it appears to me that there is a great deal of it. Still I should like you to sham deaf, and then tell me all the people have to say. It would be so funny. Father will never tell a word."

"So far, your father, to a certain degree, excuses himself."

"Well, I think he will soon tell you what I have now told you, but till then you must keep your promise; and now you must do as you please, as I must go down in the kitchen, and get dinner on the fire."

"I have nothing to do," replied I; "can I help you?"

"To be sure you can, and talk to me, which is better still. Come down and wash the potatoes for me, and then I'll find you some more work. Well, I do think we shall be very happy."

I followed Mary Stapleton down into the kitchen; and we were soon very busy and very noisy, laughing, talking, blowing the fire, and preparing the dinner. By the time that her father came home, we were sworn friends.

VOYAGE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

In a late number of the Military and Naval Magazine, we find an interesting and well written article under this title. We should be pleased to transfer the whole to our columns, but have only room for the following, in which the reader will be introduced to a character by no means rare in the western country. The date of the excursion on the Upper Mississippi, is June, 1833.

As the steamer was passing a small "white settlement" at the Red Banks of Illinois, a "Sucker," as the frontier inhabitants of Missouri term their neighbors of the opposite State, appeared upon the bank, and with violent gesticulation begged to be taken on board. A boat was sent for him, and as he reached the deck of the vessel, he thus accosted her commander: "I say Captain, seeing I ha'nt no plunder (i. e. baggage) along, I reckon you thinks you wont make no great haul in me; but I've got the pewter about me, and the way it's easy for me to pay my passage is no man's business. But stranger, lets have a horn of your *bold face*, if you've got the article aboard." "You will find what you want at the bar," replied the Captain, and thither the Sucker proceeded. The whiskey bottle having been set before him, he poured out what in frontier phrase is termed "a buck load." Measuring the quantity with an experienced eye, ere he replaced the bottle on the counter, he remarked with the knowing cut of the eye, "rather a heavy charge, stranger," and with great deliberation was about to return the excess, when changing his mind suddenly, he exclaimed, "d—mine, it's only a relative drink, any how," and so saying, tossed off the glass undiluted. Having paid his sixpence, he returned to the forward deck.

"Captain," said he, addressing him, with the familiarity of a seven years' acquaintance, "the way that them there Sack rascals know how to come over a fellow, is a caution, I tell you. The devils is abroad now, and use about in open ground and they think to have their own fun; but wait till old Whitesides comes up with his battalion of spies, and the way that you'll see them break for tall timber is a sin to Moses." "Have the Sacs commenced hostilities?" inquired the Captain. "They wont fire the first gun," answered the Sucker, "but there's mischief working among them. I fell in with a camp, t'other day at the rapids; they came mighty near laying us out cold as a wagon-tire; but the way I come Charley over 'em is no man's business." The Sucker then commenced his story, but as it would probably be scarcely intelligible to any but a frontier man repeated in the dialect in which it was told, we shall relate it in our own words. It appeared from his account that a few evenings previous, two keel-boats laden with merchandise, and bound to Galena, had hauled up for the night at a convenient spot some miles above the French-Indian, or Indian-French settlement at the *Des Moines* Rapids. While the crew of these boats were on shore preparing their evening meal, a party of Indians, professedly friendly, and averring to belong to Keokuk's division of the Sacs and Foxes, loitered round their fires, and with the unconquerable pertinacity peculiar to their race, pushed their inquiries in such a variety of shapes that they at length gathered from the answers of their less subtle white brethren, the information they were so desirous to obtain—that the boats contained amongst other articles a quantity of red cloths, powder, whiskey, &c., belonging to the traders who reside with their old enemies the Sioux. When they had satisfied themselves on this point, they begged a bottle or two of whiskey of their "very good friends," and retired to their own camp to drink it.

As soon as they disappeared one of the boatmen, who for many years had enjoyed the advantages of a friendly intercourse with the Indians on the Upper Mississippi, expressed to his companions his fears that all was not right. "These men," said he, "are evidently Sacs; but so far from believing them to be of Keokuk's party, I shrewdly suspect they belong to the British Band, under Black Hawk." Hereupon a council of war was held and it being thought advisable to watch the motions of their late visiters, the speaker volunteered his services. As soon therefore as their own supper was finished and they supposed the "fire water" had begun to do its office with their neighbors, the Sucker, (for it was the same to whom we have already given the appellation common to the people of Illinois,) departed for the purpose of reconnoitring their camp. He found the Red Men already under the influence of the liquor they had drunk, and cautiously crawling towards the fire, the first words that saluted his ear, for he perfectly understood their language, convinced him that his suspicions were but too well founded. The Sacs were five in number, and one of them, apparently a brave of some distinction, was addressing his comrades to this effect, "My brothers," said he, "the storm which has long been gathering in the South, is rolling on in heavy clouds which will soon burst over our heads; the braves of the pale faces are at this moment preparing to surround our towns; even now their watch fires illuminate the forests of our ancestors, their great guns are pointed, their long knives are bared, and they only wait the arrival of their horsemen to force us from the homes, the fair fields and the graves of our forefathers." He paused, and his hearers hung their heads in silence and melancholy dejection. "You see before you," he continued, "the canoes of the pale faces filled with presents for our enemies the Sioux, who, fourteen moons past, under the pretence of offering the pipe of friendship to our tribe, faithlessly attacked our unarmed chiefs, and immolated to the Evil Spirit, whom they serve, eleven of the noblest warriors of our nation. Answer me, my brothers! Shall the treasures of the pale faces reach their destination?" As the speaker concluded, the Sacs simultaneously sprang upon their feet, and a long and thrilling war-whoop was their answer to his question.

Their fierce looks and violent gestures too plainly indicated their purpose to require interpretation; yet the alarmed Sucker maintained his position in breathless anxiety to learn their plan of attack. When the excitement of the moment was over, the Sacs again seated themselves in council. It was decided that one of the party should immediately set out to collect a sufficient force to insure success, and in the mean time, the others were to hover round the boats as they slowly ascended the river, and observe their motions

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until they reached a certain point, where a strong war party was to await their coming. The plan of operations being arranged, the leader raised the bottle from the ground, scanned its contents with an eagle glance as he held it to the fire-light, then carried it to his mouth. The scout did not wait to see the flask make its round but hurried to his friends with an account of what he had seen and heard. The boatmen were dumbfoundered by this intelligence, and were divided in their opinions as to the course to be pursued.

"We treble 'em in numbers, it is true," said the Sucker, "but without arms we cannot attack them Sacs with a certainty that some on 'em won't escape, and raise all wrath agin us, and at any rate the runner, who has already started, will bring a pack of Red skins upon our track, that'll dog us till we get out of the settlement, and then the way they'll be down upon us is a caution." When the Sucker had delivered himself to his purpose, some of the party were in favor of proceeding on their voyage at once, and making the most of their time, others more timid, were for returning to the settlement. But the Sucker assured them they were in no immediate danger, and that they had nothing to fear before they reached the point designated by the Indians—some distance beyond the Red Banks—unless they should awaken the suspicions of the savages by a precipitate movement. He advised them to pursue their course as it nothing had happened, until they arrived at this settlement, where they might remain in safety until a convoy could be obtained from Fort Armstrong. At the same time he volunteered his services as a runner, and promised to meet them at the appointed place, with a sufficient guard to insure their safety. It was resolved to follow his advice, and the boats having been hauled out from the bank, and sentinels posted on deck, the crews went below to seek that repose which a hard day's cordelling had prepared them to enjoy. At day-light the Sucker was on his way to Fort Armstrong, and having slept at the Red Banks the night before he was introduced to the reader's acquaintance, he was about to resume his journey when the steamboat hove in sight, and was taken on board in the manner related. The weather was charming, and the boat continued her course without interruption. That night, about the middle of the second watch, several of the passengers, unable to sleep, were loitering upon the deck. Nature was at rest, and no sound was heard but the deep intonation of the stream, and the quick, incessant splashing of the boat's wheels. The moon was at the full, and the night beautiful; the silent prairies on the left, smiling in the soft moonlight, were finely contrasted with the dark and frowning woodland that overhung and shaded the waters on the right. The air was redolent of the rich tribute of unnumbered prairie flowers, and Love and Poetry, as they accepted the offering, pronounced the hour to be their own. The silence was broken by the pilot calling to the captain. He had discovered near the right bank, at some distance ahead, a canoe apparently adrift and floating with the stream; but suspecting it contained some Red skins, he asked if he should steer for it. He was directed to do so, and the steamboat immediately changed her course and began to plough the waves in the direction of an object, which gliding along in the shade of the woody bank, would, to an inexperienced eye, have passed for one of the numerous pieces of floating timber which are, at this season, borne seaward on the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. It was as the pilot had anticipated; and as the boat approached the object the prominent prow of the canoe was discernible, but still no human form was visible. The courage of the midnight wanderers was constant, and firm to their purpose they lay perfectly concealed until another revolution of the wheels would have brought the steamboat upon them, and buried them with their canoe in the turmoil of waters that whirled and parted beneath her angry prow. Then, as it were by magic, five dark forms simultaneously appeared above the low sides of the hollowed trunk, and one simultaneous sweep of five light paddles, whirled the canoe like an arrow to the shore, where they sprang upon the rocks and leaving their frail bark to the guidance of the current, disappeared in the thicket. As the steamboat was running close to the shore, she passed within a few yards of the spot, as the bushes closed upon the last of their dark figures. The next morning the pilot pointed out the mouths of Rock river, since become noted in Indian story, as the ancient haunts of the ruthless band of the celebrated Black Hawk. This river pours its tribute into the channel of the great father of waters, between deep flats, covered with an impervious growth of brushwood, above which the tall oaks wave their arms with a wild air of sovereignty. As the boat moved on, a glimpse was had of the Sac village, situated about two miles up the stream, and at that time the quiet abode of the fated tribe.—Soon after, however, the attention of all was called to Fort Armstrong; and Horse Island, in other days the field of deadly strife, together with many minor objects of curiosity were passed with a transient notice.—There, in open view, upon the southern iron-bound promontory of Rock Island, stood the proud little fort, with her red striped flag gallantly floating in the morning breeze. At that distance the fort had precisely the appearance of an ancient feudal castle, and at the water's edge a deep fissure in the precipitous rock, upon the very edge of which, the southern face of the fort stands, might easily have been mistaken for a subterranean sally-port, or an entrance to the donjon keep. While the three blockhouses that flanked the interior faces of the work looked not unlike the flanking towers of other ages. The boat came to just above the fort, when the plain of the island was discovered to be white with tents. A strong force of United States' troops had already been concentrated at this point, and the General commanding, only waited the arrival of a brigade of mounted militia from the State of Illinois, to move the Sacs to their destined lands on the west side of the river; for sound policy required that this measure should be deferred until he had a sufficient mounted force to protect the whole frontier.

The Indians had already assembled in council, and had boldly denied that they had ever authorized a sale of their lands, and as resolutely declared their determination never to leave them. They had been told, however, that the time had now arrived when it was absolutely necessary they should move; that the rapid advance of the settlement, now brought the whites and their red friends into constant collision, and that the peace of the frontier having been repeatedly interrupted of late, they could no longer be permitted to remain upon the government lands. But still they had not consented to give up the lands which they professed to consider their own. Another council had been called, at which they were to give their final answer; and just as the boat arrived, the Indians were seen landing on the opposite side of the Island, for the purpose of attending this meeting.

Where the love of the people is assured, the designs of the seditious are thwarted.—*Bias.*

A good prince is not the object of fear.—*Diogenes.*

A prince ought to be aware not only of his enemies, but his flattering friends.—*Dionysius.*

Laws are not made for the good.—*Socrates.*

Go slowly to the entertainment of thy friends, but quickly to their misfortunes.

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Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople.

The Rialto, at Venice.

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MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The principal church in Constantinople, which was dedicated by the founder of St. Sophia, to the eternal wisdom, had been twice destroyed by fire, when its renewal was undertaken by Justinian. Anthemius formed the design, and his genius directed the hands of ten thousand workmen, whose payment in pieces of fine silver was never delayed beyond the evening. The emperor himself, clad in a linen tunic, surveyed each day their rapid progress, and encouraged their diligence by his familiarity, his zeal, and his rewards. The new cathedral of St. Sophia was consecrated by the patriarch, five years, eleven months, and ten days from the first foundation; and in the midst of the solemn festival, Justinian exclaimed, with devout vanity, 'Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!' But the pride of the Roman Solomon, before twenty years had elapsed, was humbled by an earthquake, which overthrew the eastern part of the dome. Its splendour was again restored by the perseverance of the same prince; and in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, Justinian celebrated the second dedication of a temple, which remains, after twelve centuries, a stately monument of his fame. The architecture of St. Sophia, which is now converted into the principal mosch, has been imitated by the Turkish sultans; and that venerable pile continues to excite the fond admiration of the Greeks, and the more rational curiosity of European travellers. The eye of the spectator is disappointed by an irregular prospect of half-domes and shelving roofs; the western front, the principal approach, is destitute of simplicity and magnificence; and the scale of dimensions has been much surpassed by several of the Latin cathedrals. But the architect who first erected an aerial cupola, is entitled to the praise of bold design and skilful execution. The dome of St. Sophia, illuminated by four-and-twenty windows, is formed with so small a curve, that the depth is equal only to one-sixth of its diameter; the measure of that diameter is one hundred and fifteen feet, and the lofty centre, where a crescent has supplanted the cross, rises to the perpendicular height of one hundred and eighty feet above the pavement. The circle which encompasses the dome, lightly reposes on four strong arches, and their weight is firmly supported by four massy piles, whose strength is assisted on the northern and southern sides by four columns of Egyptian granite. A Greek cross, inscribed in a quadrangle, represents the form of the edifice; the exact breadth is two hundred and forty-three feet, and two hundred and sixty-nine may be assigned for the extreme length from the sanctuary in the east to the nine western doors which open into the vestibule, and from thence into the *narthex*, or exterior portico. That portico was the humble station of the penitents. The nave, or body of the church, was filled by the congregation of the faithful; but the two sexes were prudently distinguished, and the upper and lower galleries were allotted for the more private devotion of the women. Beyond the northern and southern piles, a balustrade, terminated on either side by the thrones of the emperor and the patriarch, divided the nave from the choir; and the space, as far as the steps of the altar, was occupied by the clergy and singers. The altar itself, a name which insensibly became familiar to Christian ears, was placed in the eastern recess, artificially built in the form of a demi-cylinder; and this sanctuary communicated by several doors with the sacristy, the vestry, the baptistery, and the contiguous buildings, subservient either to the pomp of worship, or the private use of the ecclesiastical ministers. The memory of past calamities inspired Justinian with a wise resolution, that no wood, except for the doors, should be admitted into the new edifice; and the choice of the materials was applied to the strength, the lightness, or the splendour of the respective parts. The solid piles which sustained the cupola were composed of huge blocks of freestone, hewn into squares and triangles, fortified by circles of iron, and firmly cemented by the infusion of lead and quicklime; but the weight of the cupola was diminished by the levity of its substance, which consists either of pumice-stone that floats in the water, or of bricks from the Isle of Rhodes, five times less ponderous than the ordinary sort. The whole frame of the edifice was constructed of brick; but those base materials were concealed by a crust of marble; and the inside of St. Sophia, the cupola, the two larger and the six smaller semidomes, the walls, the hundred columns, and the pavement, delight even the eyes of barbarians, with a rich and variegated picture.

"A variety of ornaments and figures was curiously expressed in mosaic; and the images of Christ, of the Virgin, of saints, and of angels, which have been defaced by Turkish fanaticism, were dangerously exposed to the superstition of the Greeks. According to the sanctity of each object, the precious metals were distributed in thin leaves or in solid masses. The balustrade of the choir, the capitals of the pillars, the ornaments of the doors and galleries, were of gilt bronze; the spectator was dazzled by the glittering aspect of the cupola; the sanctuary contained forty thousand pounds weight of silver; and the holy vases and vestments of the altar were of the purest gold, enriched with inestimable gems. Before the structure of the church had risen two cubits above the ground, forty-five thousand two hundred pounds were already consumed; and the whole expense amounted to three hundred and twenty thousand: each reader, according to the measure of his belief, may estimate their value either in gold or silver; but the sum of one million sterling is the result of the lowest computation. A magnificent temple is a laudable monument of national taste and religion; and the enthusiast who entered the dome of St. Sophia, might be tempted to suppose that it was the residence, or even the workmanship, of the Deity. Yet, how dull is the artifice, how insignificant is the labour, if it be compared with the formation of the vilest insect that crawls upon the surface of the temple!"

When, in 1453, Constantinople was taken by Mahomet the Second, and the Turks rushed

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into the devoted city, the terrified inhabitants, "from every part of the capital, flowed into the church of St. Sophia. In the space of one hour, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were filled with the multitudes of fathers and husbands, of women and children, of priests, monks, and religious virgins." The fane of St. Sophia was violated, as well as that of every other temple in which the wretched Greeks sought a momentary security: they were dragged from the sacred domes and the altars to the slave-market, and from every place where they had sought refuge within the walls, to become the victims of the passions, the cupidity, and the power of their conquerors.

"The profanation of the plunder of the monasteries and churches excited the most tragic complaints. The dome of St. Sophia itself, the earthly heaven, the second firmament, the vehicle of the cherubim, the throne of the glory of God, was despoiled of the oblations of ages; and the gold and silver, the pearls and jewels, the vases and sacerdotal ornaments, were most wickedly converted to the service of mankind. After the divine images had been stripped of all that could be valuable to a profane eye, the canvass, or the wood, was torn, broken or burnt, or trod under foot, or applied, in the stables or the kitchen, to the vilest uses."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall.*

After eight hours of disorder and rapine, on the memorable twenty-ninth of May, 1453, the Sultan entered in triumph, by the gate of St. Romanus, the city he had conquered. "At the principal door of St. Sophia he alighted from his horse, and entered the dome; and such was his jealous regard for that monument of his glory, that on observing a zealous Mussulman in the act of breaking the marble pavement, he admonished him with his scymetar, that, if the spoil and the captives were granted to the soldiers, the public and private buildings had been reserved for the prince. By his command the metropolis of the eastern church was transformed into a mosch; the rich and portable instruments of superstition were removed; the crosses were thrown down; and the walls, which were covered with images and mosaics, were washed and purified, and restored to a state of naked simplicity. On the same day, or on the ensuing Friday, the *muezin* or crier ascended the lofty turret, and proclaimed the *ezan*, or public invitation in the name of God and his prophet; the iman preached; and Mahomet the Second performed the *namaz* of prayer and thanksgiving on the great altar, where the Christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars." "In the new character of a mosch, the cathedral of St. Sophia was endowed with an ample revenue,* crowned with lofty minarets, and surrounded with groves and fountains, for the devotion and refreshment of the Moslems. The same model was imitated in the *jami* or royal moschs; and the first of these was built, by Mahomet himself, on the ruins of the church of the Holy Apostles and the tombs of the Greek emperors."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall.*

* Tournfort says, 800,000 livres—about 32,000*l.*

THE RIALTO, VENICE.

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances

SHAKESPEARE.

There is a glorious city in the sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

ROGERS.

There is no spot, on which the European traveller can rest his foot, more fruitful in the most interesting of historical associations, than the noble bridge we are contemplating; and both the simple beauty of its broad span, the magnificent line of marble palaces which adorn the canal over which it is thrown, and its antiquity, render it in picturesque effect, and moral and romantic interest, one of the grandest monuments of past ages.

The present bridge of the Rialto was commenced in the year 1588, and completed in 1591;—Pasquale Cicogna, whose arms appear in the centre of the arch, being then doge of Venice. The design has been attributed by Vasari to Michel Angelo; and his assertion is supported by other authorities, although Michel Angelo died upwards of twenty years before the completion of the bridge. According to Vasari, the design was made at the request of Andrea Gritti, at that time doge of Venice. Many, indeed almost all the great architects of Italy, appear to have furnished designs for this celebrated bridge. The genius of Palladio and Scamozzi was exerted upon it, and Sansovino is said to have presented a design to the Venetians, which was prevented from being carried into execution by a war between the republic and the Turk. Sansovino, however, was the architect of the building or exchange adjoining the bridge of the Rialto known by the name of the Fabbriche Nuove.

Besides the historical recollections attaching to the old Rialto, it is known to have been the scene of many a strange and tragic event—many an act of appaling vengeance for private injury or hate. Hence has it offered so fertile a field of incidents for the genius of the dramatist, the novelist, and the poet; and not only to its own but to almost every European people. The most remarkable of these, like the plots of Othello, the Merchant of Venice, Venice Preserved, and many of those in our old dramatists, are already familiar to us.

Venice was once the queen of the Adriatic, and is yet one of the most remarkable cities of of Europe. A city of this extent, built entirely on small islands, and having canals instead of streets, boats instead of cars and black gondolas instead of coaches, is unique in its kind. It is built, according to some, on ninety, according to others, on seventy-two islands, separated from the continent by the lagoons (a wide and shallow arm of the sea), and connected with each other by 456 bridges, among which is the magnificent Rialto, consisting of a single arch, 187 feet long and 43 wide. The houses, among which are numerous palaces, many of them decaying, and magnificent churches, adorned with precious

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monuments of Mosaic work, and splendid pictures of the Venetian school, are mostly built upon piers, and almost all of them stand with their front towards the canals which forms wide and long passages, whilst the real streets are hardly passable for three persons on foot abreast. There are forty-one public places, indeed, but only the place of St. Mark, surrounded by arcades, and ornamented with two high columns, deserves the name. The number of houses is stated to be 15,000, and that of the inhabitants 150,000. The principle manufactures are of cloth, linen, silk, gold and silver cloths, masks, artificial flowers, gold wire and other works in gold, soap, wax, theriac and chemical preparations; also copper and brass ware, leather, catgut and wire strings. Considerable ship-building is carried on. In the manufacture of glass, Venice was formerly the teacher of Europe, but at present is surpassed by other countries; the telescopes, spectacles and beads made here, however, are justly esteemed. On the whole, though the manufactures have much declined, and the commerce still more. Venice yet remains one of the most important commercial places of the Adriatic sea. In 1817, 1050 vessels, under the Austrian flag, left this port, and 2653 entered it besides 315 foreign vessels. The value of the merchandise imported was 34,000,000 lire. The port is spacious, but the entrance is difficult, on account of the shallowness of the channels and the constantly fluctuating sand.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

By Mrs. Hemans.

The muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound
Which told the hamlets round
Of a soldier's burial rite.

But it told them not how dear
In a home beyond the main,
Was the warrior youth laid low that hour,
By a mountain stream of Spain.

The oaks of England wav'd
O'er the slumbers of his race,
But a pine of the Ronceval made moan
Above *his* last lone place:

When the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound
Which call'd strange echoes round
To the soldier's burial rite.

Brief was the sorrowing *there*,
By the stream from battle red,
And tossing on its wave the plumes
Of many a stately head:

But a mother—soon to die,
And a sister—long to weep,
Ev'n then were breathing prayer for him,
In that home beyond the deep:

While the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound,
And the dark pines mourn'd round,
O'er the soldier's burial rite.

THE WIDOW.

Mine has been a troublous and a perilous life in matters of love: no sooner have I emerged from one ocean of sighs and tears, than I have plunged headlong into another. It is passing strange that I never fell into matrimony in my very early days; my father did so, and so did my mother, and also my respected grand-dame. She, good soul, originally Miss Letitia Simpson, at fifteen married her first husband, a Mr. Jeffery Wilson; at sixteen, gave birth to my mother. Her husband then died without any other issue, leaving her more than well provided for. At seventeen, she espoused a Mr. Winckworth, who, in his turn, consigned her to a single blessedness and a fat dower; after which, having quarrelled with all her race, or all her race with her, she abjured them and the realm, betook herself to the Continent, and was barely heard of afterwards. My mother, following one part of her example, married at sixteen, and enriched the world with me at seventeen. Fate, however, I suppose, (for I am a believer in fate,) destined me to—

"Waste my sweets upon the desert air;"

and thus only can I account for my escaping all the matronly and matrimonial snares that beset me in my youth. But to my tale.

On my arrival on the Continent, I had been but a short time at ——, when my health visibly and seriously declined, and the medical men who attended me advised a visit to —— for its restoration. In accordance with their directions, I, nothing loth, (for a seat at a desk never was a desideratum with me,) set out; and, as I was alone, and was not over-enamoured of my monosyllabic patronyme, assumed one more suited to the euphony of a billet-doux; and having, therefore, rebaptised myself, I made my appearance at my journey's end as Augustus Montagu, with, moreover, a dash of black down on my upper lip, which I dignified, to my own mind, with the title of *moustache*. Thus yclept, and thus accoutred, I began my way at ——; and, by dint of my modest looks, a litile foppery, and my good name, I shortly won my way into a circle of acquaintance.

At a party to which I had, through these means, been asked, I one night met a Madame Perollet, whose appearance, and more, her sufferance of my attentions, made some impression upon me. She was an extremely fine woman, and English, seemingly about five-and thirty, though less-favoured fair ones spoke of her having numbered fifty years. Her hair and eyes were of the blackest; her eye lashes of the same colour, and long, thick, and silky; her complexion fair, but not ruddy, such as best contrasts with, and best becomes, the raven lock; her features were more beautiful in their expression than in their individuality, although then even they were beautiful; her teeth were the finest I ever saw; and I opine no woman can lay claim to beauty who cannot show, nay, even display, her teeth. She bore an easy, dignified, and complaisant, smile; her figure was of the strictest proportions, and her carriage most graceful; moreover, she was rich and consequently *amiable*. She was a widow, too; and, with all these qualifications, of course was greatly sought after by the men. But she had sense and caution; and while she smiled on all, and enamoured many, she never gave more than hope, and preserved all her own freedom. The women, who wished her dead, or married, consequently called her a coquette, and some of the *vieux garcons* agreed with them—but this was suspicious evidence; while the younger men, whom the aunts and mothers of standing spinsters admonished to beware of the widow, only bowed, and then turned on their heel to laugh.

The first time I met her, a glove which she dropped, and which I proffered her, gave me an opportunity of opening a conversation with her. At first, conscious

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of my youth, I hesitated a little, although my looks bespoke an age riper, by some years, than I had attained; but her answers were so mild, so *suave*, and so condescending,—her manner to me so kind and easy,—and her whole conduct so engaging and assuring,—that, before I left her, I had, although blushingly, adventured on some little gallant badinage, for which, to the mortification of my elder competitors, she shook her delicate finger at me, and tapped me with her fan. Encouraged thus, I might have proceeded farther; but as she knew how to commence a conquest, so she knew how to continue one; and assuming a dignity, not violent, but perceptible, she restrained my further advances: and being even then sensible that an independent respect is the surest way to a woman's heart, (for I had begun to think of hers,) I contented myself for that time, by expressing a hope that I should have the happiness to meet her again, and bowed myself away.

That night I rose 50 per cent. in my own esteem. "Truly," said I to myself, the man whom that woman distinguishes must own some attractions; she is a lovely and intellectual specimen of her sex; to possess the love of such a one would be something to pride one's self on. What honour is the love of a giddy, indiscriminating girl, who runs the market of matrimony with her heart in her hand eager to bestow it on the first bidder!—Truly, I'll be a chapman no more for such common wares. But vanity! vanity! Can the rich, beautiful, sought, and at an age when prudence has mastered passion, think of such a one as me? Yet she seemed very kind. "But kindness never marries," said a small voice. Yet she ofttimes gives birth to love, I thought, in answer. "But she is wealthy, has a wide range for choice, is a widow, and has the whole town after her," replied my monitor. "True, true," I whispered; "but she has interested me, and by —— I'll try it!"

Again we met—"Et je contais encore quelques fleurettes." The widow smiled at them, and threatened if I persisted, to reprove me. "Cela va bien," said I to myself, and I rotired; for my vanity, or little else, was as yet interested.

A third time we met. "Now then, Ephraim," said I, "for the *coup d'essai*—this time you must be serious and distant, and if she has thought upon you, the result will tell." I approached her with a low and most respectful reverence; inquired after her health; without giving her time to answer, made some dry remarks on the wet weather, broached a recent murder; remarked on the Almanac, and the last new flounce; and was retiring, when she said—

"But, Mr. Montagu, I wish to trouble you with a commission, if you can find time to execute it for me."

I assured her I was at her service.

"Then will you have the goodness to see my carriage ordered here at twelve, as I have been out all the week and am fatigued. Perhaps you will let me know when it is at the door, as I don't wish to be seen leaving so early."

"Allons, mon bon ami, Ephriam," thought I; "cela va du mieux." And thanking her for the honor of her commands in a tone of deep and grateful respect, I left her to execute them.

That done, and twelve o'clock came, I made my way to her. She was seated near the door, and whispering to her, (for the secrecy she wished to practise gave me the privilege to do so) that the carriage was ready, I offered myself as her escort to it. She accepted my offer, and placed her arm within mine; as she did so, I felt a fluttering in my heart I was unprepared for, and as the stair case was deserted, I looked up in trembling and confusion into her face, and perceived she looked at me. One instant our eyes met, and the next they were cast down or averted, and I thought the confusion was mutual—I positively shook. As I handed her into the carriage, I stammered out an expression of hope that she would feel relieved from her fatigue next day, and begged her permission to call and inquire after her health in the morning; a gracious smile, and a graceful inclination of the head, answered me, and the coach drove off.

"Fool," said I, as I slowly reascended, "to match your puny wits against a woman's charms and wiles! Your own weak snares have entrapped you."

In the morning, having dressed myself with more than ordinary care, I found myself, about two o'clock, with a very unsettled pulse, at Madame de Perollet's door; and being announced, was ushered into the drawing room, where the widow was seated on a couch, at a small and elegantly carved writing table, drawing her small white hands over some invitation cards. The usual enquiries made and answered, our conversation turned on the previous night's party, and she told me she was busy when I entered writing cards for one of her own.

"But do you know," she said, "I wrote so little lately that my hand is quite stiff, and I am so awkward. "See," said she, laying it over the table to me, "see how I have blacked my fingers with the ink."

"Indeed," said I, rising and advancing to the table, and with an affectation of short sight, taking her hand in mine to examine it. "This ink of yours is a most sacreligious violator. Would you permit me,' I added, as she drew her hand away, "to finish your task?"

"Oh indeed," she answered, rising and vacating her place to me, "you will oblige me much, if you will undertake that kind office for me."

"Rather say for myself," I said; "for I fear I am selfish in seeking the pleasure I ask."

She made me no reply, but smiled, and placed herself opposite, with a list of names to dictate.

"What is this?" said I, taking up the last she had finished. "This is my name. Am I the only Mr. Montague of your acquaintance?"

She nodded acquiescence.

"And am I to have the honour of attending you?"

"If," she answered, "no better, no more agreeable engagement."

"Heavens!" said I, "what better, what more agreeable engagement is it possible I could have? what other engagement could induce me to forego——"

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, "I will read the names."

"I thank you—but, Madam," I resumed, "you must first permit me to thank you for the honour you have done me, or you will make me believe you think so meanly of me as to deem me insensible to it."

"If your thanks are on each recurrence of the occasion to be as fervent," said the widow, "I fear the task will soon be irksome to you, for I have just made up my mind, if you will promise to write all my cards, and be a little more sedate in your gratitude, to put your name down in my book for the season."

"Is it possible, Madame? then will I be sworn, like the Hebrew copyist, never to pen aught else; and will attend you, too happy as your bidden, your bounden scribe—nay, but there is no room for that dubious smile—I will swear."

"Don't, pray," she replied; "remember, if you write for me only, how many damsels will die for lack of the elegant food of your billets-doux!"

"Not one, I assure you, Madam; if I have polluted paper with a line to woman since my arrival, or dared to harbour thoughts of more than one, and she, one to whom I can never presume to aspire——"

"Then there is one, Mr. Montagu? but pray remember my cards. I fear you will make a very negligent amenuensis."

"There is indeed one, Madam, if I dared reveal her."

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"Well, well, Mr. Montagu," she said, "I don't wish to confess you."

"And yet, Madam," I answered, "you could absolve me."

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, hastily, "do, pray, think of my cards, or I must write them; and only see how that nasty ink has stained my fingers."

"It only serves as a foil to the snowy lustre of the rest," I said.

"But yet you would not like it if the hand were yours— "

"If it were mine—if it could ever be mine," said I, warming as I spoke, and raising it to my lips.

"Have done then, have done, Mr. Montagu; see how you have kept your promise, not one card written—oh, fie! and now we really must leave it till to-morrow, for I must go out."

"I hope not, I said. "I will complete them instantly."

"But, indeed, I must go out."

"To-morrow then, perhaps, you will permit me to show my industry?"

"Yes," she said, "if you will promise, very faithfully, really to write."

"As closely as a pundit, on my honour;" and once more pressing her hand, and having fully received pardon for my sins, I withdrew.

The next day and the next, our seats were resumed. I pen in hand, Madame with her pocket-book; but still the cards remained stationary. Not so with other matters: I progressed in love and boldness, until I won from the widow's lips a confession of regard, and the sweetest assurance of it that lips can give. Never did love sit so lightly or so happily on me, though my passion for Matilde, for that she told me was her name, was ardent; and she was beautiful, fascinating, and every way engaging; but she was not to be treated with continual scenes, and her own demonstrations of love were of that nature which satisfied without ever exciting the heart. We felt rather than told each other's hopes and thoughts, and wishes, and I enjoyed serenely what I had before and have often since squandered in unnecessary or unavailing suffering. Her actions spoke more than her words, and I was too proud of her to doubt her for her silence —her and her only have I loved rationally—I loved her as a woman; others I have adored as angels, till adoration became torture; and I have phrenzied myself in seeking and worshipping their attributes.

About four months I led in this way a very happy life, when it was agreed we should be married: a *contrat de marriage* was necessary, and I was to await upon a notary to instruct him to prepare it. To enable me to do so, Matilde explained to me the nature and amount of her property; which was ample.

"And now, Augustus," said she, "I must own, I have deceived you in one point."

"Indeed!" said I. "I am sure it is a very venial one."

"It is so, indeed; but it is necessary I should now explain it to you—my name is not Matilde Perollet."

"Indeed!" said I, at the same time thinking to myself how easy a way this confession would make for my own on the same subject.

"That name I assumed to escape the importunities of relations in England. Listen, and you shall soon be made acquainted with the brief story of my life. My maiden name, you must, know was Simpson."

"Indeed!" I said, "we have the name already in our family."

"On my first marriage with Mr. Wilson ——"

"Who?" I cried.

"Wilson!" she answered.

My hair stood on end—"Were you married a second time?

"I was."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Winckworth."

"Winckworth!" I exclaimed, "Simpson, Wilson, Winckworth! Heavens! you are my grandmother."

TROUT FISHING.

Skinner's Sporting Magazine for June, just published, contains a great variety of interesting matter, and is embellished with a representation of the *Sebago Trout*, a most beautiful and excellent fish, found in Lake Sebago, Maine. The plate is accompanied with a lively and entertaining description of a fishing excursion, a portion of which we extract, being confident that it will please our readers.

There were four of us, C——, P——, F—— and myself. The first was an accomplished angler, an amiable, intelligent and generous companion. The second was a great lover of fishing and of good company, always inclined to an enterprise and full of health and hardihood to support him in it. The third was a novice with the angle and a stranger to Sebago, but exceedingly zealous in the cause and eager to become initiated. With such a fellowship, it may well be imagined that I augured well for our social prospect whatever might be our success among the trout. So on the 22d of May, 1833, we took coach at Portland, in which we packed our rods, creels, baskets, &c. with extra refreshment "tackle and apparel" for a week's campaign, and off we drove for the Sebago.

On Thursday, the 23d, we had a fair day, with flying clouds and a brisk wind from north-west. Temperate. —Soon after breakfast we seated ourselves in the boat, which was sufficiently capacious and equipped with both sails and oars, and set forth upon our first trip across the lake, full of spirits and eager expectation. As soon as we were fairly off the shore each one baited and put out his line, first ascertaining that his minnow would spin handsomely, when passing through the water. As much line was now suffered to run out as was thought proper, varying from thirty to one hundred and fifty feet, and the rods being severally held out from either side of the boat, so as to prevent any entanglement of the lines, we fell to betting who should have "the first bite." We trolled along in this manner for nearly a mile, with no occurrence to break the monotony of the scene or relieve our waning patience, until we all concluded that fish were "scarce," "very scarce!" Perhaps we were "too early for the season," "perhaps the day was not favorable," or "the wind," and "perhaps the trout were destroyed in the canal last autumn!" But there always results a pretty fair compensation for the "scarcity" of fish in the corresponding appreciation of their value when taken, and the excitement of the pursuit is generally in full proportion of the rarity of the prey. We were not doomed, however, to an utter disappointment, "a bite! a bite!" now exclaimed C——, his countenance brightening, while the rest of us were aroused to a livelier degree of interest. "Ah! he is off!—no,—he has hold again;—he is hooked;" said C——, "and I shall have him! reel up." At this signal every other line was rapidly gathered in, so as to give clear play for the fish without the danger of entanglement.

But for this precaution, it is almost impossible to avoid the perplexity, vexation and a total loss of sport. Besides, the capture of a lake trout is a work of time; the boat's progress, too, is arrested in the mean while, and, but for reeling up our lines they would be carried by the sinkers to the bottom, where the hooks would in all probability get foul. Every one is intent upon he operations and chances of the game, watching, with almost as much anxiety the bending rod and

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straightened line of his lucky companion, as it was his own hook that held the prize and his own hand that wound the reel.

Every moment seems pregnant with event;—the delicate snood,—with which a skilful angler will kill a trout of ten pounds, and which would not lift from the floor to the table a dead weight of *two*, may break, the trout if hooked in a tender part of the mouth may tear loose, or by a struggling leap may detach the hook, and many other are the chances which favor the fish; in his controversy. Thus is our anxiety kept alive thus it gathers intensity, from the first shock of a bite, to the moment when the dip-net envelops him he is safely deposited in the bottom of the boat.

But we left C—— with a trout at the end of his line, some 75 feet astern. He commences winding up, keeping his rod at right angles to the direction of his line so as to present the maximum of its elasticity, taking care never to allow the line to slacken entirely, nor yet to be so hardly drawn upon as to endanger the tackle. "Look! look!" said F , our novice, "see that larger fish yonder jumping out of water!—How the dashes the spray about! can that be a trout?" "That fish," said C——, slyly and with ineffable complacency, "has my limerick hook in his mouth!" His rod now suddenly sprung back to its position, straight as an arrow and all his alacrity was required to take in line as fast as it slackened, and for one dread moment it was feared that the trout was off. But no—the supple rod bowed down again and C—— felt reassured that master trout and himself had still something to do with each other. The resistance now became more moderate and uniform, so that for several minutes C—— had little do but to wind up and watch sharply. Every moment brought the fish nearer to us and added to the excitement. We knew that, however passively he suffered himself now to be drawn forward, the moment he should come so near as to see the boat, and his formidable array of enemies, he would put forth his utmost powers again in his effort to escape, and that unless he should prove to be well hooked and was managed with an artist like skill, this effort would certainly be successful. Another splash! The water was broke within 20 feet of us and a fine, large, silvery trout leaped up 4 or 5 feet into the air, flashing and sparkling in the sun, then cutting a flourishing summerset, dashed into his element again and down he sped to the bottom, fathoms deep, while the rattling reel spun round most merrily, yielding up to the fleeting captive as much line as he pleased to carry away. But in spite of this symptom of aversion, the actual attachment was too strong to be severed by any such vagary as this, and after squire trout had exhausted his share of the argument, squire C—— put in his replication, and by the aid of the reeling process, the former relations between the parties were soon re-established, and their personal acquaintance with each other, grew closer and closer every moment. Now he was near enough for us to see all his motions. How brightly gleamed his eyes! and how flashed the silvery light from his scales as he clove his way through the water; now starboard, now larboard, now plunging again to his depths and now bursting forth into the air, in restless impatience of his thrall; while the imperturbable, but highly excited C ——, keeping a steady eye upon all his movements, yielding just enough to his impetuosity to save the tackle, but still shortening line upon him at every interval of relaxation; until, wearied out, at length, the noble trout so fierce and vigorous before, now turned languidly upon his side and gave token of complete exhaustion. The landing net was now called in requisition and duly manned. Several spirited efforts, however, were made by the reluctant prisoner before the net could be placed under him; but his strength was now expended, and he suffered himself to be towed in so near to the boat, that he was soon dipped triumphantly from the water into the boat, and received on his head the coup de grace, which put an end at once to his troubles and his existence.

Now for the steelyards!" "and now for a guess" "How much?" "how much does he weigh?"—were the questions each was prompt to ask of the other: five pounds—five and a quarter pounds—four and a half pounds—four and three quarter pounds, were the different opinions ventured, but, the impartial beam disappointed us all, and four and a quarter pounds, was all the weight of this well fed and powerful fish.

But, fruition is not satisfaction. Pursuit—pursuit alone, is that which constitutes the essence of sporting; and, of much more peradventure, which we comprehend under the denomination of human felicity. So "up sails" and "off again for another trout. "Let us now steer," exclaimed P——, as he began to wax impatient for a little action himself; "let us now steer between Sloop and Squaw islands and so up the reach to the "Images." Our lines were soon out again, and for another hour we were fain to content ourselves with conversation, which, however, was now animated by reminiscence as well as by hope, when F—— cried out, "ha? what's that?" his rod bending off to the rear and his line stiff with tension. "You have a bite" "Take care now!" "reel up!" "give him line!" "he'll be off!" "no, you have hooked him!" Were the several exclamations with which the excited F—— was greeted from every quarter; and, for some moments it might well be doubted, whether he could have told his right hand from his left: so excessive is the agitation, which is sure to possess the tyro, on his initiation to this most facinating of sports. "Look!—there he leaps a noble fellow! a trout of at least six pounds:" "be careful now! reel up slowly!" and, so amidst the various cheerings and caveats of the party, did F—— proceed in the grand manipulation of capturing a trout; his eye fixed rigidly on the water where the fish might be, and anon towards his creaking rod which he felt was put to a severer trial than he would ever have dared to impose voluntary; his whole frame trembling in the meantime with half dread, half extacy. For five long minutes this state of silent excitement continued, when a splash in the water, some fifty feet astern of us, betrayed the place of the trout, who made one glorious vault into the air, flapped his tail in high jubilee, and disappeared again beneath the wave. The countenance of F. now fell. His rod was straight and he began to wind in his slackened and unresisting line,—so sadly!! The fish had indeed escaped, and it was a long, long while, before F—— regained his composure and could set his thoughts upon a new trial. He now drew in, to examine his hook and to rebait if necessary, but alas! his hook, snood, swivels and sinkers, were all gone, carried off by the triumphant trout as trophies of his victory. An inspection of the line, which as it proved had given way just above the snood, was sufficient to explain the whole cause of the disaster. F—— had equipped himself very thoroughly with every kind of gear but swivels, and being compelled to borrow, he modestly declined more than one for his snood, which it seems was insufficient or else did not play easily and his beautiful blue silk line was in consequence so untwisted, unlaid and tortured into kinks that its strength was almost entirely destroyed. He thus lost his fish and a full hour of sport besides, for it was not easy to rig another snood to his mind without a resort to our box of spare tackle, which had unluckily been left at our lodgings. This, however, was but the first chapter of accidents, Something or other was constantly giving way, as the fishing became more animated, and before the day was gone we found ourselves much in the situation of a frigate after an engagement; we brought in no less than eight fine prizes, however, which were distributed as follows.

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C——killed one trout of four and a quarter pounds—one of four pounds—one of three and a quarter pounds—and one of two pounds. P——killed one of five and quarter pounds—and one of four pounds. F——killed one of two pounds. And myself one of five and three quarter pounds. Full as many more were hooked and afterwards lost, some at a distance, but the greater number after they had been brought near to the boat, where their struggles were always more violent and the hold of the hook upon their lips proportionably weakened. I hooked a fine large trout early in the forenoon, and had beautiful play with him for more than ten minutes; but when brought within a few feet of the boat, he plunged directly down for many fathoms, where he remained a long time, sullen and immovable and at last broke away.

BURYING ALIVE.

There are numerous authentic instances of premature interment on record in the medical works of the old countries, and if authorities were searched, it is probable, that even in America, many of a similar character, might be found. During the prevalence of the yellow fever in this city, in the year 1793, we have every reason to believe, that many persons, suffering with the disease, were removed from their houses and interred before the vital spark had fled. So general was this desolating scourge, that those who officiated as undertakers, acted without any check or responsibility, and if in entering a house the door of which was marked with the fatal characters of the disease, the dying were taken with the dead, to avoid the trouble of a second visit, there was none to call them to account. Horrible, beyond measure, are the reflections which a recurrence to such scenes occasions. An intelligent French gentleman has furnished the editors of the New York Commercial Advertiser with the following facts, relating to premature interments, collected from medical history.

"The diseases in which a partial and momentary suspension of life most often manifests itself, are Asphyxia, Hysterics, Lethargy, Hypochondria, Convulsions, Syncope, Catelepsis, excessive loss of blood, Tetanus, Apoploxy, Epilepsy and Ecstasy.

"Among many cases which have been recorded, the following are particularly striking:—

"Chancellor Bacon relates that Dr. Scott, nicknamed the subtle, was buried alive at Cologne, and that, recovering from this apparent death, he gnawed his hands and broke his head in his tomb.

At Toulouse, a lady having been buried in the church of the Capuchin friars with a diamond ring on her finger, a servant entered the vault to steal the ring, and, as the finger was swelled and the ring could not come off, he began cutting the finger: on hearing a loud shriek from the deceased, the thief fell senseless. At the time of morning prayers, the Monks, having heard some groans, found the lady alive and the servant dead. Thus death had her prey; there was but a change of victims.

"A street porter in Paris, having died at the Hotel Dieu, was carried with the other dead into the same grave; recovering his senses towards 11 at night, he tore open his winding sheet, made his way to his house, knocked at the door which was not opened to him without some difficulty, and took a new possession of his lodgings.

"In 1756, a woman in Paris was thought to be dead, and the body put on some straw with a taper at the feet; some young men who sat up round the corpse, in a frolic overturned the taper. This set the straw on fire. The deceased, whose body the flames now reached, uttered a piercing shrick. Timely assistance was rendered, and she so well recovered that, after her resurrection, she became the mother of several children.

"On the 21st of Nov. 1763, the able Prevot, well known for his literary productions, was taken with an apoplectic fit as he was travelling through the forest of Chantilly. Being supposed dead, he was carried to the house of the mayor of the village and the magistrate directed a post mortem examination to be commenced. A piercing shriek uttered by the unfortunate man proved that he was alive. He expired under the scalpel.

"Dr. Devaux, a surgeon of St. Come hospital in Paris, had a maid-servant who had three times been carried to burial. She did not recover her senses, the last time, till they were lowering the coffin into the grave. That woman having died anew, the body was kept six days lest they should have to bring her back, the fourth time.

"A Mr. Rousseau, of Rouen, had married a young lady of fourteen, whom he left in perfect health at his starting on a short journey. After a few days, he heard that, unless he returned immediately, he would find his wife buried. On reaching home he saw the funeral ready.—In an agony of grief, he had the coffin removed to his room and unscrewed. He placed the body on a bed and ordered twenty-five incisions to be made on it. At the twenty-sixth, probably deeperthan the others, the deceased exclaimed. "How severely you hurt me!" Medical assistance was immediately given. The lady had afterwards twenty-six children.

"The wife of Mr. Duhamel, a celebrated lawyer, having been supposed dead twenty-four hours, the body was placed on a table for the purpose of preparing it for burial. Her husband strongly opposed it, not believing her dead.

To ascertain it, and knowing that she was very fond of the cymbal, and the tunes which cymbal players sing, he called one. Upon hearing the instrument and the voice, the deceased recovered motion and speech. She survived her apparent death forty years.

"Andre Vesale, first physician to Charles V. and Phillip II., after attending a Spanish grandee, thought him dead. Having obtained leave to examine the body, he had scarcely thrust the bistoury into it and opened the chest, when he perceived that the heart palpitated.

The relatives of the deceased prosecuted him as guilty of murder, the inquisitor as guilty of profaneness.—Through the intercession of the King he obtained to be merely condemned to a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

"In the sitting of the royal Academy of Medicine on the 10th of May, 1027, Mr. Chantournelle read a paper on the danger of hasty inhumations. This led to a discussion, in which M. Desgenettes stated that he had heard from Mr. Thouret who had superintended the removal of the human remains of the cemetry and the charnel house *des innocens*, that many skeletons had been found in positions showing that the individuals had moved after their inhumation. Mr. Thouret had been so much struck with this that he had inserted in his will an article relating to his own interment."

A Good One.—Dr. Hoadley Ashe, lately dead, was nephew of Dr. Hoadley, who wrote the "Suspicious Husband." I had the pleasure of sitting next to Dr. Ashe one day at dinner, when he began a story, with "As eleven of my daughters and I were crossing Piccadilly—"Eleven of your daughters, doctor!" I rather rudely interrupted. "Yes, sir," rejoined the doctor, "I have nineteen daughters, all living; never had a son; and Mrs. Ashe, myself, and nineteen female *Ashe plants*, sit down one-and-twenty to dinner every day. Sir, I am smothered with petticoats." He probably meant *ashes*.

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THE MINSTREL BARQUE.

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A certain lodging house was very much infested with vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, sir, we hav'nt a *single* bug in the house." "No, ma'am," said he, "they are all *married* and have *large families* too."

"I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clark, "to know the great secret of human happiness is this; never suffer energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all: keep them all a going."

Francis the First asked one day of Duchatel, the learned Bishop of Orleans, if he was a gentleman? "Sire," was the Prelate's reply, "in the ark of Noah, there were three brothers—I cannot tell from which of them I am descended."

Dying Consolation.—"I shall be happy," said the expiring husband to the wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will only promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin Charles." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow, "I am engaged to his brother."

"Pa, I know what piece of music that is which the band's playing—I do." "Do you, though?—what is it?" "It's the same that sister plays on the *pirano;* she calls it the *overturn of a load of whiskey,*" (overture to Lodoiska.)—[Baltimore Visiter.

A Simile.—A preacher in the upper part of the city, while descanting on the impossibility of the sinner retracing his steps after he had gone a certain length, made use of the following strong similes: "My brethren, it is a very easy task to row a skiff over Niagara fall—but an all-sufficient job to row it back again!"

An Irish Rainbow in Spain.—A Carlist chief in Guipuscoa, in a proclamation in which he calls on the Spaniards to take up arms, and rush into a *civil war* in support of Don Carlos, says "*peace* and justice are the rainbow which precede him."

Riding Courtship.—A little boy just returned from a long visit, was asked by his mother how he had enjoyed himself while absent from home. He answered with a boyish simplicity, that he "liked his visit very well, but he would'nt—that's what he would'nt, never ride home between Cousin George and Sarah again, for they kept hugging and kissing each other so much that they squeezed him all the time, and almost *spoilt his new hat!*"

Paddy's use of Chocolate.—The porter of a Dublin grocer, was brought by his master before a magistrate, on a charge of stealing chocolate, which he could not deny.—Upon being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was greatly wounded. To whom did I sell it?" says pat; "why does he think I took it to sell? "Then, Sir," said the magistrate, "what did you do with it?"—"Do wid it? Since you must know," said he, "we made *tea* of it."

Odd answer.—The elder folks were talking of the Doncaster, when one turned to a listening child and said. "Did you ever see a race, Bobby?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have seen the candles run?"

"Dear me," said a lady, upon reading in the newspapers, that Lord T———'s son had been brought before a police magistrate, charged with not paying his reckoning; "dear me, the poor fellow, I suppose, had no money in his pocket!" "Madam," cried Tom Moore, who was present, "that is a *complaint* the young gentleman has." "A *complaint*, Mr. Moore?" exclaimed the lady. "Yes, madam," rejoined the wag, "and an *hereditary* one."

Paradise.—An old colored man delivering a sermon, made use of the following beautiful illustration of the high state of enjoyment of the *good* in the other world:—"Dare my beloved bruddern, ye git de good roast goose, and dare ye git de nice bak'd possum—gravy all runnin down; squash him tween your teeth." Whereupon an old coon in the congregation, jumped up, shook his head, and sung out "whew! whew, too good! so bress my Master; you say dat agin, Cato ge wid you quick!"

The "divided scissors."—A man who passes through life without marrying, is like a fair mansion left by the builder unfinished. The half that is completed runs to decay from neglect, or becomes, at best, but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole useful.

The Reason Why.—A small lad asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why mother, did'nt you and father use to go to balls when you was young?" "Yes, but we have seen the *folly of it,*" answered the mother. "Well mother," exclaimed the son, "I want to see the *folly of it* too."

Precise Direction.—While travelling in the state of Connecticut some years since on a first visit to an uncle, having arrived in the vicinity of his residence we came to a cross road, and inquired of a passing farmer, which of the roads led to the house of the Rev. Mr. T——, "Go right ahead," said he, "the minister lives in the last house you come to, *before you come in sight of the meetin' house.*

The following libel is going the rounds: "Never trust a secret with a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell aunt Hannah, and aunt Hannah will impart it as a *profound secret* to every one of her female acquaintance."

A Bull.—An Irishman, who was brought up to the police the other day, on a charge of vagrancy, on being asked if he had eaten any thing during the week, replied, that he "hadn't tasted a bit of any thing for three days, barring a little oyster soup made of *clams.*"

No Ear for Music.—A bachelor of Woonsocket Falls, R. I. after descanting on the evils of carrying infants to meeting, which he considers all but an unpardonable sin, thus expresses his abhorrence of the cries of a child. "I can stand firm and face a hurricane; I can brook the tempest, and listen to the roar of an earthquake, but oh! ladies deliver us from the cry of sucklings in the house of God."

Jonathan where was you going to yesterday, *when* I saw you going to mill?

Why I was going to mill to be sure.

Well I wish I had seen you, I'd got you to carry a grist for me.

Why you did see me did'nt you?

Yes, but not till you got clean out of sight.

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"FILL IT AGAIN."—A German parson, in an adjoining county in this State, who was in the habit of indulging, with some of his congregation, when an opportunity offered, in partaking of a social glass together, one Lord's day, after having made several calls on the way, repaired to the church, of which he was pastor, to officiate in his holy calling. After he had finished his sermon, he gave out a psalm, as usual, and took his seat. During the singing, he fell asleep, and continued so until the congregation became impatient to be dismissed, when one of the deacons ascended to his box, and without ceremony gave him a hearty shake, exclaiming—"Wake up, wake up, it is most out," (meaning the service was nearly closed.)—"Is it—fill it again, fill it again," said the parson, partially recovering himself from the effects of sleep, but quite unconscious of where he was, and doubtless thinking that it was his glass the deacon meant, and that he was in a bar-room instead of a pulpit. The congregation, accordingly, in great confusion and laughter, dismissed themselves, leaving the parson and deacon to make the best of the joke.

Light Work—Light Pay.

ANECDOTE.—Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, was the first chaplain to the State Prison, in that town. On his being appointed, Gov. Strong, a particular friend to the doctor, called in person, and informed him that the Governor and Council, had given him the office, and a salary of $200 per annum. The doctor intimated with his customary suavity, that the pay was rather small. "The Governor and the Council, were aware of the smallness of the salary," replied his excellency, "But you will reflect, doctor, that your labour is already half done. The prisoners are now under *conviction*, and all you have to do, will be to *convert* them."

The following amusing dialogue occurred at Sierra Leone, between two sailors who happened to be on the military parade, when the soldiers were at drill, going through the evolution of marking time—a manœuvre by which the feet as well as the whole body of the person are kept in motion, presenting a similar appearance to that which they exhibit when they are actually marching. One observed the other watching the movements of the corps very attentively, with his eyes fixed, and his arms akimbo. "What the devil are you looking at?" he inquired. "Why, Jack," replied his companion, "I am thinking there must be a very strong tide running this morning, for these poor beggars have been pulling away this half-hour, and have'nt got an inch a head yet."—*Holman's Travels*

TEACHING A COW.—A gentleman riding near his own house in Ireland, saw a cow's head and fore feet appear at the top of a ditch, through a gap in the hedge on the road side; he heard a voice alternately threatening and encouraging the cow; he was induced to ride up close to the scene of action, when he saw a boy's head appear behind the cow. "My good boy," said he, "that's a fine cow." "Och, that she is," replied the boy, "and I am teaching her to get her own living, plase yer honor." The gentleman did not precisely understand the meaning of the expression, and, had he directly asked for an explanation, wou'd probably have died in ignorance; but the boy, proud of his cow, encouraged the exhibition of her talents; she was made to jump across the ditch several times, and this adroitness in breaking through fences was termed "getting her own living." Thus, as soon as a cow's education is finished, she may be sent loose in the world to provide for herself; turned to graze in the poorest pasture, she will be able and willing to live on the fat of the land.

NEGRO ELOQUENCE.—Negroes are said to be as fond of set speeches as professional orators; yet amidst their verbose and tautological harangues, we meet, if not good argument, at least that which resembles, and even supersedes its necessity—that is to say, acute illustration.—Does a negro wish to express that it is folly to brave danger unnecessarily, this he will not do by mode and figure; but will at once say—"Crab what walk too much go 'na pot." Does he wish to indicate that oblivion generally follows the death of any one, he says—"When man dead, grass grow at him door." Nor are there wanted instances of a higher kind of elequence. An old negro having beaten a young one, the former was called to give an account of the transaction. Instead of coming directly to the point, he brought a negro child—a little woolly-headed knave—and holding the ebony-skinned infant up in one hand, spoke to the following effect: —"Do you see this boy? When that man (pointing to his opponent) came from Guinea no bigger than this child, he was given by the white people into my charge; when he called for his father, I consoled him; when he wept for his mother, I dried his tears; when hungry, my plantains fed—when weary, my bed supported him; until my kindness drove both father and mother from his memory, for I was both to him. For this I am well repaid.' Nourish a young serpent, and when big enough it will sting you.' Now he has grown as tall and stately as a Palmiste, while my own hair is as white as a cotton shrub, he abuses me, he curses me, he strikes me! Ah Cudgo, Cudgo! 'tis not me you insult, *'tis the ghost of your father!* 'tis not me you curse, *'tis the spirit of your mother!* 'tis not against me your impious hands are raised, 'tis against Heaven!"

HAVING THE ADVANTAGE.—Tom Hobbs was a queer fellow in his day, and lived in a place called Squam, somewhere on Cape Ann. Tom would drink like a fish, and when he had taken his fifth glass of a morning, no man possessed more shrewdness. When in this condition, and in his happiest mood, Tom one morning met a gentleman on horseback, whom he had never put his eyes on before. As is customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him: "Ah! here you are, my good fellow, how d'ye do. Upon my honor, it does my heart good to see you once more. How's your family, and the old woman, we hav'nt seen her this long time; when is she coming down to see my wife?" "I am quite well, I thank you," said the gentleman. "but indeed sir, you have the advantage!" "Advantage! my good fellow, what advantage?" inquired Tom. "Why really, sir, I do not know you?" "Know me!" exclaimed Tom, "well, I don't you; where in the deuce is the advantage?"

DUTCH PRAYER.—A Dutch preacher, who was warmly inclined in favor of the tory party during the revolutionary war, happened once to get into an American camp, on a Sunday, and was consequently called upon for a sermon and a prayer. He, from force of habit, commenced the latter with "Got bless te king"—whereupon there was considerable excitement amongst the soldiers when he perceived it, with admiral presence of mind continued. "Yes, mine heares, I say Got bless te king—bless him mit plenty of hardt dimes—bless him mit a whig barliament—bless him mit defeats on landt unt on te zea—bless him mit all kindths of pad luck—bless him mit sickness—bless him mit a shordt life—unt, Lordt, *may we have no more of him.*"

A cheesemonger's wife having attempted, at a Lord Mayor's ball, to take precedence of a grocer's wife, the latter pulled her back, significantly observing, as she rushed by, "Nothing, Madam, after cheese."

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From the London Magazine.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

Twelve years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics;
I wondered what they meant by stock;
I wrote delightful sapphics;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supp'd with fates and furies;
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures,
Those whispered syllables have brought
From memory's hoarded treasures;
The fields, the forms, the beasts, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces.

Where are my friends? I am alone,
No playmate shares my beaker—
Some lie beneath the church-yard stone,
And some before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medler loath'd false quantities,
As much as false professions;
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic;
And Medler's feet repose unscann'd.
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a beauty;
And Darrell studies, week by week,
His Mant and not his Manton;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now—
The world's cold chain has bound me;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me:
In Parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles;
And lay my head in Germyn-street,
And sip my hock at Doodle's.

But often when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hobby in a hurry;
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry:

For hours and hours, I think and talk
Of each remember'd hobby;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk,
To shiver in the lobby;
I wish that I could run away
From house, and court, and levee,
Where bearded men appear to day,
Just Eton boys, grown heavy;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses;
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses;

And pray Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids Houris;
That I could be a boy again—
A happy boy at Drury's!

PUFFING, A FABLE.

A bustling hen did once acquire
A barn-yard reputation,
For being, certes, the stoutest crier
Of all the feathered nation.

To lay an egg, she'd oft retire,
And then what exultation!
She'd cackle like a house a-fire,
And make a proclamation.

Her jealous sisters tried to mock,
Geese thought she was ill-bred;
The patriarchal turkey-cock,
Was seen to shake his head;
And once, in view of all the head;
He spake to her and said.

"Madam, what good you get by noise
'Tis hard for me to see;
Your constant cackling annoys
My ears exceedingly.
Why need you publish all your joys?
Lay eggs, and let them be."

She, meanwhile scratching with one leg,
Soon gracefully up-drew it;
And poised upon a single peg,
Cried: "Oh! 'tis time you knew it;
'Tis the fashion now to lay an egg,
And then, sir, to REVIEW IT."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—The following dialogue is said to have taken place a few months since, between a lawyer, and an editor who had been called into court to give up the name of the author of a certain offensive article in his paper:

Q. Are you the editor of this paper, sir?
A. I am sir.
Q. Did you write that article? [pointing to the one in question.]
A. I did not, sir.
Q. Is this an editorial article?
A. It is, sir.
Q. Who assists you as editor?
A. No one, sir.
Q. Then you write all the editorial yourself?
A. Very little of it, sir.
Q. And still no one assists you?
A. Exactly so, sir.
Q. You deny having written this article—who did write it?
A. Nobody, sir! I got the subject in my head, took up my composing stick, and, as I usually do, *set it up without writing it.*

TO KISS OR NOT TO KISS.—When a female member of the British Royal family holds a levee, it is customary for her to kiss the ladies of nobility, and no others. It happened that the lady of the Lord Justice Clerk was on one occasion among the number of those presented to the late Princess Amelia, who, as is well known, was very deaf, "Stand by for my Lady Justice Clerk," said the man in waiting. Meanwhile some meddling person whispered him that his announcement was incorrect, the lady being a commoner. By this time the kiss preliminary was about to be performed, when out bawled the man of office, as through a speaking trumpet, "Dont kiss her, madam—she's not a lady!"

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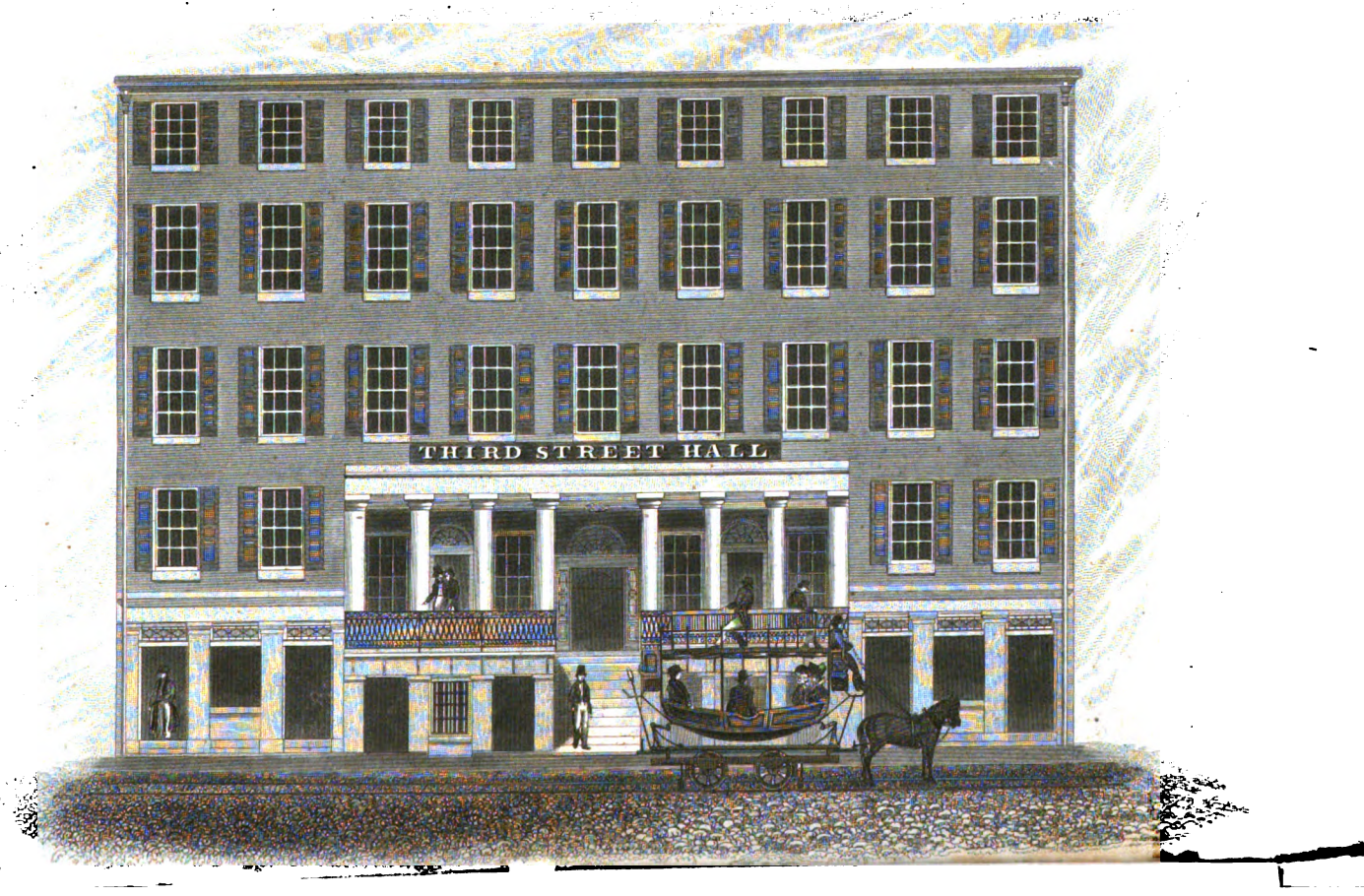

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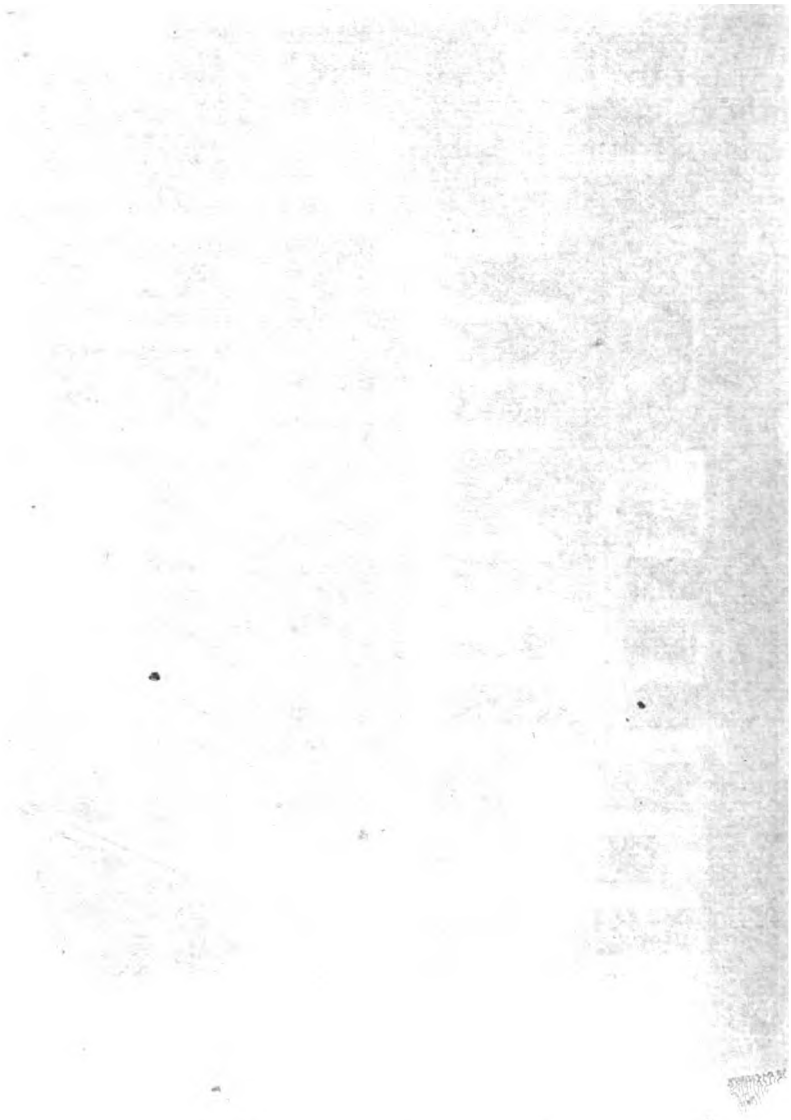

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ATKINSON'S
CASKET
OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

To be rich, be diligent; move on
Like heav'n's great movers that enrich the earth;
Whose moment's sloth would show the world undone;
And make the spring straight bury all her birth,
Rich are the diligent who can command
Time—nature's stock.

No. 9.] PHILADELPHIA.—SEPTEMBER. [1834.

THIRD STREET HALL.

This elegant and commodious establishment, of which the plate is a correct drawing, was erected during the past year by our enterprising townsman, Enoch Middleton, Esq. It is situated on Third above Callowhill street, on a branch of the Columbia Rail-road. It contains 105 rooms, numerous private parlours and bath rooms, where travellers and others can be accommodated with hot or cold baths at all hours.

In the centre of the building stands the observatory, 16 feet square and 88 feet high, commanding a most extensive and delightful view of the city, the river Delaware and the surrounding country.

Two daily lines of cars depart from the door for Pittsburg via the Columbia Rail-road, as also hourly cars for Fairmount and Peters' Island.

The march of improvement in Philadelphia, is not more remarkable in any thing than in this—that the facilities for the accommodation of travellers, have increased to an extent which would, a few years back, have staggered belief. Travelling seems to increase in even a greater ratio than the facilities. Great as these are, by rail-roads and steam-boats, the locomotive propensities of our countrymen seem to keep pace or to exceed them. For every traveller ten years ago, there are one hundred now, and we are sometimes fearful the comforts and conveniences with their cheapness, will make us a nation of travellers, always in motion, and that the art will be brought to such perfection, that it will be cheaper to travel than to stay at home and pay rent—indeed we are not sure but that it is so already.

But be this as it may, very sure we are that Mr. Renshaw, who keeps Third Street Hall, Philadelphia, not only keeps it very well, but that it is away up town near Peg's run, where we should never have looked for such a thing—and where, instead of Peg's run, now runs divers and several very convenient, comfortable, tasty and neat rail-road cars on the Penn Township rail-road, which connects with that to Columbia; so that a person may leave Mr R.'s, and go to Pittsburgh without even entering the city of brotherly love—that is, if he is such a Goth as to choose so to do.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,
On the day of its first dedication,
When the cherubim's wings widely waving were seen
On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skilled
To minister, standing before thee,
Retired from the cloud which the temple then filled,
And thy glory made Israel adore thee:

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then;
Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repealed,
But by him, unto whom it was given
To enter the oracle, where is revealed,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once entered, hath shown us the way,
O Lord! how to worship before thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore thee!

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well, sitting weary alone,
With the stillness of noontide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage he taught
To her who inquired by that fountain,
If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought;
Or adored on Samaria's mountain!

Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When he, if ye rightly would hail him,
Will neither be worshipped *exclusively* here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit! and they, who aright
Would perform the pure worship he loveth
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That spirit the Father approveth.

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

JULIA GRAY,

Or the Orphan.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Never were two men much less like each other, than were two very friendly neighbours, Solomon Rayfield, and Patrick O'Doyle. In temper and in creed, these two were opposites; Solomon a Calvanist, and Patrick a Catholic, and both deemed their respective churches the very standard of truth. Solomon most prolific of tongue, and abundant in quotation from his name-sake. Patrick, who is to figure in our veracious history, moulded to unbending stiffness of language and belief, came young, from "*The sweetest Isle of the Ocean;*" and if the assertion could not be proven, I would never dare state a fact so incredible, Patrick O'Doyle was a man sententious of speech.

With adjoining fences, extended the two very neat and well cultivated farms of Rayfield and O'Doyle, both rising by rather a bold sweep from the banks of Chartier creek, a fine, clear, but noisy stream. Rayfield, with his notable wife Ruth, or Ruthy, as he called her, and their little son and daughter, were the contented inmates of one cottage, whilst Patrick O'Doyle, who gruffly muttered often between his teeth, "Never be denied again," inhabited alone, as to wife and children, a very comfortable cabin.

Facing the Rayfield and O'Doyle farms, rose another far more extensive than both put together. Rising also, by a fine acclivity from the Chartier, and spread like a painting, intentionally so disposed, swept the farm of James Gray, in full view from the front doors and windows of Rayfield cottage. James Gray, and Jane, his wife, had brought with them to Chartier, one most engaging child, a girl, Julia by name, the daughter of her father's first wife; and they brought also, a much larger amount of money, than generally enters into the baggage of emigrants, and a prodigiously swelled sum of aristocratic consequence. The money procured the farm, and its fine set of merchant mills, from a man, who, to use a common proverb, "*Peeled an egg for another to eat;*" and the patrician manners ensured respect and hatred from their less wealthy neighbours.

For good, sound, plain, and discerning common sense, and for sterling integrity, few stood equal, and none higher, in his country, than did Solomon Rayfield; who to the duties of a Justice which were forced upon him, had to share pretty nearly every vexatious arbitration over the whole vicinity. Being of the same church and congregation, Solomon Rayfield and James Gray were brought into the same temple weekly, and their public duties as magistrates, and other *et ceteras*, brought them very frequently into contact, in other days of the week; yet between these men, friendship did not, nor could not exist. James Gray and his wife, decidedly the most wealthy couple in the two counties, were probably the most miserable pair in either, and why? Because, gentle reader, they were exactly alike in temper; and had long ago ceased to agree in any but two things. and these were to *hate* each other, and *love money*.

Divines of all creeds, and philosophers of all schools, have, on one subject, formed a common conclusion; and that conclusion is, that riches and happiness, do not always dwell together. Now, though I am neither a divine nor a philosopher, but simply a sojourner on earth, walking over it to see what I can see, I have ventured another conclusion; that is, that wealth is not happiness, but one of the elements of happiness. While passing along the vale of life, over which sunshine and storm alternately prevail, I have found kindness of heart the only element inseparable from happiness, and have found that same element, as independent of condition, as gold is of the rubbish in which that precious metal is found.

Of the gold in the human bosom, Solomon Rayfield had his full share, and his neighbour James Gray, and Mrs. Gray his wife, not enough to reward its extraction. Though members of the same church, between two such men friendship could not exist, and even good neighbourship was performed on one side, from a sense of duty, and on the other, by a sense of interest.

The Rev. John Dancey, the spiritual guide of the Rayfield and Gray families, was the pastor of a congregation, much more remarkable for the honesty of their hearts, and the sincerity of their devotion, than for the polish of their manners. Many long years did the minister and his flock meet in harmony weekly. The only complaint against their pastor, made by any one of these pioneers of the wilds of Chartier, was, that he was rather lavish of "*Glad Tidings*," and trusted too little to their memories. This was, however, a mere speck on the sum of love and respect, and glad were the good people to meet each other and the minister, once every week. Into this temple, not seldom, sat down also, Patrick O'Doyle, though sometimes saying playfully to his friend Rayfield, "A bee can find honey from the thorn flower."

Of all the sweet flowers ever blooming on Chartier, none other ever bloomed more lovely than Julia Gray. Lovely in childhood, she was—not in any respect "*A beauty in promise*," but every one who saw the little budding sprightly brunette, except her parents, felt, and many rapturously exclaimed, "*How Lovely!*"

Mary Layton, afterwards Mary Gray, the first wife of James Gray, and the mother of Julia, deserved a better fate than to be united to such a man, even in his best days, and survived by only a few weeks the birth of her child; falling a victim to that worst of cruelty to a fond wife—neglect. Jane Gray, once the spoiled dependent of his first, became his second wife, and effectually revenged the murdered Mary. If James Gray neglected his first wife, his second, did not neglect James Gray; and succeeded by the real terror she excited, combined with imaginary evils to unsettle a brain, harrassed thus by actual, and in his apprehension, impending misery.

James and Mary Gray, were only two of the many Rose-destroyers, and Thorn-searchers, which it has been my fortune to meet with, be-

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tween the mouths of the Sabine and Passamaquodey, and only two of the many who took ten times more pains to embitter their lives, than would have been necessary to have made them the delight of each other and of their neighbours. No man or woman was ever yet disappointed in the aim of making themselves hated, and this couple succeeded just in proportion to their respective talents: James, to be passably, and Jane, to be supremely hated. Solomon Rayfield, who never dealt in epithets of censure, only sighed when his nearest neighbours were named; but Patrick O'Doyle, though so sparing of words, and warm of heart, seldom named either husband or wife, without finishing by a "*Bad luck to them.*"

It will be only strange to those who have not reflected on the features of human society, what I am now ready to assert. All those feelings of disgust against the wealthy Grays, very seldom appeared on the surface. In the ordinary and extraordinary walks of life, all outward things were on the Gray farm clothed just as on other farms; and even the sarcastic O'Doyle, who was like many other pioneers, a little of every trade, was very often called to do jobs at Gray's; went there, did the job, got his wages, and returned to his cabin, just as he did for Solomon Rayfield, and fifty others. Stop! my young readers, and before you call this hypocrisy, wait until forty years more have passed over your head, and ten to one, but you will then call it prudence. I can tell you, between friends, that were not the affairs of the world thus conducted, the earth would be, as far as man is concerned, one great scene of discord.

To a close observer there appeared nothing of hard hearted atrocity in the character of James Gray, but he loved money, and pursued money for itself, and neglected every thing else; and amongst the rest, his own child. With a view to great profit, which was indeed in the end realised, this man was induced, much to the astonishment of even the man who led him into the engagement, to become security to a considerable amount. His intellects never of high order where his property was concerned, James Gray, the moment his name was on paper became alarmed; the sweets of sound and refreshing sleep fled his pillow, and each day and night fear increased its phantoms, until James Gray added one more name to the list of men whose minds sink to actual insanity, from the apprehension of what, in a majority of cases, never happens. At the age of forty, in ruins, was seen sitting in utter faturity, bewailing his loss, a man who had at that time, perhaps no compeer in wealth in all western Pennsylvania. His family, and the world generally with its concerns, faded from his view, one desolating fancy remaining to render his life a terrific dream. The step-mother and protector of little Julia, we have already sketched and need not add, that tearful indeed was the path of the orphan. Muttering his fancies, and writhing under supposed wrong, the mind of James Gray took a turn in its wanderings. From childish apathy or listless indolence, frenzy succeeded. His range was now the tangled woods, where, with curses loud and fearful, and screams too dreadful for human ear, the very wild animals of the forest, and the casual being of his own species who met him in his walks, alike fled his presence.

Nature could not long support such a condition of existence, and the unearthly maledictions of James Gray, became silent. "Where is he?" demanded one neighbour of another;—none could answer. To do justice to his unworthy wife, in the case of her husband, she added not hypocrisy to want of feeling, and was amongst the last to ask, and the most indifferent to answer, "Where is he."

That question must be a very stirring one, which continues to interest any portion of the great world through one whole week, and taking their way towards oblivion, the name and fate of James Gray, had pretty nearly floated out of the little fraction of the world watered by Chartier, by the next Sunday morning after he had been seen by several persons. Sunday morning, particularly in summer, is in a country place, where friends have but one place of general meeting, a most important little era. To those not fashioned to city manners, let their individual belief be what it may, the sight must be deeply interesting, to see old and young, in decent dress, coming together in peace and harmony, free from toil, and with one voice chaunting a hymn to the AUTHOR OF ALL BEING. That hymn had rose and ceased in the Meeting House of John Dancey, and the Pastor himself, had read:

"And I find more bitter than Death, the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God, shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her." *Eccl'sts. vii.* 26.

In true singleness of heart the preacher took his text, in a mystical sense, intending by "*The Woman*," the evil propensities of the human heart, but there was one hearer who received the words literally. This was Mrs. Gray, and the words, "The woman whose heart is snares," was no sooner pronounced, than she had to encounter every eye in the Meeting House, who could get a sight of her, and had her ears greeted by many a heartfelt groan. How she felt, was never known by man, for the reverend gentleman had just commenced the division of his subject into five heads, with a conclusion, and the members of his congregation were adjusting their seats and their patience for a long sitting, when priest and laity were electrified, as in rushed Patrick O'Doyle, his naturally expressive features strongly agitated, and without apology or interlude, observed very deliberately, "I have found him."

Who he had found was surmised at once by all present, and as they rose from their seats, the minister merely demanded, "Where?" and O'Doyle as sententiously replied, "In the Mill Dam." The service was at an end for that day, as all the congregation hurried after Patrick O'Doyle. The body was removed to shore, and as the Coroner of the county was accidentally present, an immediate inquest was held, one member of which was the Rev. John Dancey, and another Solomon Rayfield.

It was one instance of such an inquest, on which the members were not compelled to violate their real convictions from any mistaken

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delicacy. The insanity of James Gray had been too apparent for doubt, and when the humane heart of Mr. Dancey, was powerfully affected, his language was only short of inspiration. His common prolixity dissappeared, and in the case before us, a short address wrung the heart of every hearer. The utter worthlessness of wealth, as an END, and not as a MEANS, seemed to come to their souls as from the lips of Inspiration. And were not indeed the words the expression of Inspiration?

Not all the influence, however, of Mr. Dancey, Solomon Rayfield and one or two more, could procure for the remains of Gray a resting place, in what in common custom had been called his burying ground. Here a cord was touched which sounded harshly in its vibrations. "His soul is in the hands of his GOD, with that we dare not, we wish not to meddle," said the elders and the far greater part of the congregation ratified the decision, "But let him rest in what he called his own land."

In land once his own, and in a deep and wooded vale, not far distant from, but out of sight of all human habitation, was placed with sad, not sorrowful solemnity, the corpse of James Gray. Much of superstition then lurked, and some yet lurks along Chartier, and soon from "*Gray's Grave*," according to report, issued sounds at eve, which drove more than the strolling boy far away from where the chilled imagination could give terrible meaning to the echoing winds; and where a sight might appear, too horrible for human courage to behold. The spot, dark, tangled and lonely from nature, became deserted and desolate. Long and mournfully was pronounced "Gray's Grave."

"Man ought not to war with the dead," is one of those humane injunctions not in every case easy to obey. The harsh feelings of man against James Gray, would have yielded, however, to the common law of forgetfulness, had not his child remained to revive every bitter reflection on his memory. Whatever, not of kindness, for that she never enjoyed, but mitigation of hatred, Julia had experienced on the part of her stepmother during the life of her father, now vanished; and this fine child, who inherited the angelic disposition, and was a living miniature of her departed mother, had for three years to endure unremitting torture. Thus, uncloathed, except in rags, unfed, except on the refuse of a kitchen, and compelled to sleep, if sleep she could, amid straw and filth, passed the years of a child entitled to a rich inheritance, the property of her mother.

On the very day of his burial, the man for whom Gray had been security, came forward and fully satisfied all present, that his engagements were fully provided for. And as soon as legal means were also provided, to give him a discharge, this man made complete settlement with, and considerably enlarged the estate.

"*What is every body's business is no one's business*," is another saying, of much more general application, than that death operates as a treaty of peace between the dead and living. It was every-day rendered more and more obvious, that Julia ought to be taken out of the hands of her persecutor. Pity is a natural feeling, and when it leads to relief, an almost divine feeling; but pity is too often a barren waste of sympathy. Julia Gray, appeared, in despite of any commisseration felt in her favor, to be destined to rise to maturity destitute of education, and moral culture, but from this state of thraldom she seemed at once snatched by a still more dreadful fate. One evening late in autumn, she had been more than usually beaten, and driven, bruised and bitterly weeping, to her pallet of straw.

The next morning the shrill voice of Jane Gray, for the first time, failed to rouse the trembling Julia. Call after call obtained no response, and the irritated step-mother rushed into the kitchen venting threats,—but no Julia was there. Every one about the farm was roused, and the alarm that Julia Gray was missing, soon spread over the neighbourhood, but all search was in vain—not a trace of the lost girl was to be found.

The not idly terrified Jane Gray, made, for once in her life, every effort in favor of humanity, whilst her own danger became every moment more eminent. "*Murder*," first whispered, was soon audibly, and long before night, loudly sounded in her ear, and the enraged inhabitants were only calmed by her arrest.

In this moment of excessive agitation, and violently aroused passions, when this woman changing a comfortable home for a prison, and crushed by the wrath of her fellow creatures, the conduct of the Rayfield family and their next neighbour, Patrick O'Doyle, excited no small astonishment. In her extremity, Jane Gray found no friends, but she found, where and like all avaricious men, timid to extreme, she least expected, two men, and one of these a very influential man, who persisted in the opinion that she was innocent of the alleged murder.

Only those who have observed society with a scrutinizing eye, can ever perceive the singular and often very deep moral influences, operating on trials of life and death. Her true position Jane Gray could not understand, but she felt, and deeply felt her danger. In herself or in retrospect of her life no consolation offered, and in society, except those purchased by her money, one man only, Solomon Rayfield, entered her prison and spoke of hope and safety. Every legal delay under pretext of still finding alive the lost Julia, having been exhausted, the day of trial came, and with it an almost universal opinion of certain conviction.

The charge was supported by evidence entirely circumstantial, but as the trial advanced, circumstances of crimination seemed to combine with irresistible force. The defence rested on the body not being found, and on the evidence of Patrick O'Doyle. This testimony stated, that the deponent with several others had been the day before the evasion of Julia, employed in repairing some part of the mills belonging to Mrs. Gray; that a very heavy rain had so swelled the creek, that he was compelled to remain all night in Mrs. Gray's house; and that with an intention of returning home, he rose very early in the morning; and saw and spoke to Julia outside of the house. Finally O'Doyle closed by observing,

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that he "Wondered not at seeing the *chile* out of *doors* before day, knowing the ways of the family."

Notwithstanding the closing remark, O'Doyle's testimony was very decisive in favour of the prisoner at the bar:—but still, that a female child of eight years of age, could, in the cold and wet of November, with creeks flowing full, leave the neighbourhood, seemed next to impossible. That by some means the lost child had been drowned, became at length the settled opinion of court and audience, and also of the Jury: but with them was left the awful *yes* or *no*, did she fall by accident, or by the hand of her unnatural step-mother. Two days the trial lasted before the Jury was sent to their room, having received a brief and rather vague charge from the bench; but a charge inclining to acquittal. Two nights and one day more, did the Jury remain engaged in earnest recapitulation and comparing the testimony, and on the morning of the second day returned into court. The room and yard was crowded, yet a pin dropping would have been heard. The convulsive sobs of the woman whose life depended on two words, were the only sounds which broke the dread silence. At length the decisive "NOT GUILTY," was read.

If the character of man is mysterious in any one thing more than another, it is in their general conduct, in cases of acquittals on charges involving life and death. Jane Gray, pale as a statue, sat a few moments after hearing of her escape; then clasped her hands to her temples, uttered a piercing scream, and fell senseless; and in a state of infantile weakness was conveyed to her home under the care of Solomon Rayfield, who alone stood by her through the storm.

The acquittal of a Jury often prolongs life, but where a strong suspicion of blood-guiltiness fastens on the public mind, it is difficult to conceive life to be held under any other more dreadful tenure. Existence is in such cases a lingering death, and such was the case of Mrs. Jane Gray. It is true, the dews and rains of Heaven fell upon her fields, as upon the fields of others; the sun shone and the winds blew as genial upon her fields, as upon the fields of others, —her harvests, her orchards, and her stock, were no more liable to blight, mildew, or disease, than were those of her neighbours. To her well constructed and well managed mills, the adjacent inhabitants brought their grain.

In brief, if any difference in prosperity, as far as wealth was concerned, it was perceptible a more than common share fell on the Gray farm. But, still that prosperity was without soil,—a black and scowling gloom hung over the whole scene. For want of direct proof, she had not been punished as a murderess, but yet, as such was she regarded by the public, and the tone of human feeling must greatly change, before public indignation is easily or quickly appeased in any similar case. That impression which grows deeper by time, and which death alone can obliterate, was made on every heart, and "The murdered Julia," came to remembrance whenever Jane Gray, or her history came to remembrance.

So passed ten more tedious years.

* * * * * *

During the most part of the intervening period of ten years, I had been absent, and only occasionally received and exchanged a letter with my old friend Rayfield, to whose house I hastened on my return. Sprigs of the almond tree had crowned the old farmer and his wife, and their daughter had become a fine young woman. My reception was cordial, the evening very fine, and the downward sun glanced his yellow beams over the hills and vallies, and over the Gray farm, which spread from us eastward a rich landscape.

"Jane Gray, is she yet living?" I demanded.

"A living death," replied Mr. Rayfield, "but friend Mark, if you have been surprised at the first part of her history, you will be more astonished at the latter. Jane Gray, is now living in the house she once called her own, under the protection of Warden Rayfield, my son, and his wife Julia, once Julia Gray."

I actually started to my feet, repeating, "Julia Gray!" and sunk back on my chair, still repeating, "Julia Gray!"

"Yes! Julia!" replied father, mother, and daughter together; "The supposed murdered Julia, is now the matron of yonder mansion, and our beloved, daughter and sister."

"Can such glad tidings be true?" I responded, as soon as I recovered from my trance of astonishment.

"Yes! true," replied the whole family together, "as the ways of God are just," and continued Mr. Rayfield, "we have yet time to pass over events ending so heart-pleasing, before supper."

I sat a statue of attention, and the old historian proceeded.

"You no doubt remember the little Julia, and the mysterious circumstances attending her disappearance, and also the trial of Jane Gray. The real facts of the case were only known to the persons here present, to our son Warden, and to Patrick O'Doyle. Before I proceed to relate those facts, I must do justice to that man; by saying, that very few men, educated or uneducated, ever exceeded him in cool, determined courage, of course in presence of mind; and farther, none can exceed him in purity of purpose. You recollect that it was his evidence that saved Jane Gray from conviction, by deposing that the saw and spoke to Julia, on the morning of her disappearance."

That morning was one we had all too much reason to remember, to admit our forgetting the appearance of nature. The moon had passed the full about two days, but the sky was overcast, therefore, it was one of those mornings which prevents us from distinguishing day break. Patrick then in Mrs. Gray's house, I have no doubt providentially detained there, awaked long before day, but not being able to distinguish musky moon light from twilight, though the day had dawned and rose in order to return to his own house. The room he slept in was only divided by a plank partition from the pallet of poor Julia, and we suppose, that the noise he necessarily made, roused the poor distressed girl, and that in the alarm she thought only of her step-mother,—but be that as it may, she started up and rushed frantically from the house, pursued by the astonished O'Doyle, she

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took the road directly towards Chartier, and towards this house. Such was the effect of her terror that she very closely approached the still foaming creek, before the really active O'Doyle could overtake and seize her in his arms. His voice did not fall kindly on her ear for the first time, and it now came soothingly to her beating heart, as her waking senses returned. He folded her to his manly breast, and in place of bearing her back to her step-mother, dashed through the creek and bore her into this house. We were all up and around the dripping man and child in a few moments, and had a fire kindled before O'Doyle commenced his explanation, which closed with the most bitter "*bad luck to her*," that I ever heard him express.

When I remember the condition of the suffering child, christian charity seems extinct in my breast. When bereft of her wet, to put on dry and warm clothing, her tender limbs showed one series of wounds and stripes.

My own share in the affairs of Julia Gray, so long accounted for by the public, by every suggestion but the true one, was even a mystery to my family and O'Doyle, at the moment of her evasion, but you will soon receive what will convince you of the correctness of my proceedings. When my real motives were disclosed to the public in this vicinity, some few there were who condemned, but applause came from the far greater number, and what is of infinitely more consequence to me, I have a self-approving and I firmly believe a God approving conscience.—But let us proceed.

So long and so bitterly had Julia suffered every species of hardship, and hunger not even did she escape, that she seemed to devour some warm milk and bread, and in a few moments fell into a sound sleep on the lap of my wife. If our feelings had not been most powerfully enlisted in her cause, our excitement would have been roused to the utmost while looking on her angel face, as she seemed to repose in gladness. A voice went to my inmost soul, saying, "That child is given to thy care."

"And as far as strength is given me," I inwardly breathed, the trust shall be faithfully fulfilled."

My purpose was instanly formed, and I knew Patrick O'Doyle too well to conceal from him that purpose, and I observed, "Julia must not be returned to her."—

"Returned," vehemently interrupted O'Doyle, "No, I'd take her on my back myself and beg before—bad luck to her."

"I have reasons," I replied, "which I cannot explain, for what I am to propose,—Julia must be concealed and taken out of this part of the country. I then detailed the plan of proceeding, which as I came to a close, O'Doyle with one of his inimitable expressions of face, muttered—

"Mother Gray will be"—and pausing a moment, finished by, "She deserves it, come what will."

His thought flashed on us all, and in one breath responded, by completing O'Doyle's prediction, "Will be charged with murder," which I, however, carried out by exclaiming, "so let her be charged, the charge will be only for what she has morally committed. Well does she deserve all the terrors of even a conviction for a crime, it is evident she has no compunction against committing; and we have the means in our hands to snatch the child from the grasp of Jane Gray, and in the last extremity save herself from death, if even convicted."

I then proceeded to arrange matters; secresy, it was merely and indeed scarcely necessary to enjoin. We had long been preparing to send my son Warden to Princeton, within a few miles of which resided a farmer in good circumstances, and a very particular friend of myself and family, and also a cousin of Mary Layton, the mother of Julia. To this man and his wife, I was determined to confide Julia, and never was confidence better placed. For the moment, however, we were put to our utmost resources to carry our design into effect, as, while we were concerting measures, and still before day actually broke, all was uproar at Gray's. Very seldom had poor Julia been permitted to rest on her wretched pallet at open day, and this morning the shrill voice of Jane Gray in a louder and louder key, calling Julia, at length acutnally reached our ears. Not a moment was to be lost, and we were admirably aided by the cool O'Doyle, who snapping his fingers exclaimed,

"Do you fix things; I'll go over there," and away he was like an arrow. We hastily conveyed the little sleeper to an upper room with my daughter to watch over her, and I then followed O'Doyle.

One of the first exclamations made by Jane Gray, when Julia was first missed was, "where is O'Doyle?"—and when the man himself made his appearance with a face expressing, "what is the matter here?"—the now almost distracted woman ran to meet him crying, "Julia oh! Julia," and oh! Mr. O'Doyle, did you see nothing of Julia?"

O'Doyle stopping short, and with a stare, which no man but an Irishman, ever could assume, after a long breath answered her by repetition.

"Julia—Julia—what of her?"

"Mr. O'Doyle what time did you rise?"

"What time did I rise?" replies O'Doyle, as if in the utmost surprise at the question—"why this morning, shure,"

"Oh! heavens, Mr. O'Doyle, did you see nothing of Julia?"

"Did I see nothin of Julia? sartin what could I see of the chile? To be plain Misthress Gray, these are strange questions; an to be more plain Madam, if I d'dnt see you I heard you put'n her to bed last night.—Sure you ought to know bether than me, how she got out nse it."

The first part of this reply was too much for the terrified woman; the close she heard not, but it was not wasted in air, as a number of the neighbours had already arrived, and others every moment appearing, and just as O'Doyle closed to him rather lengthy ejaculations, and I came close to where he was standing, a hoarse and very angry voice was heard.

"She knows very well what has become of her husband's child," and in a tone still more

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loud and angry, another voice rose, "If Julia Gray is not found, and alive and well, Jane Gray shall be found."

I now exerted myself to turn every attention to search, but long ere noon I found it necessary to keep Mrs. Gray under my own protection, and within her own house. From the decent and reflecting part of the crowd, she had no personal danger to fear, but there were on the ground numerous very different characters, and some half intoxicated, whose threats were not to be disregarded, or easily resisted, and in fact, there were but two men present, O'Doyle and myself, who did not agree in opinion that Julia was murdered. We, you are aware, could not, and myself in an especial manner, as you will see, disclose the truth, without an utter abandonment of our plans. Under the necessity of protecting Jane Gray, I was relieved from what I must know was a fruitless search, but about two in the afternoon, a very serious reflecting though plain man, and a justice of the peace called me to one side, and then observed solemnly,—

"Mr. Rayfield I am dreading every moment to hear that the body of Julia Gray is found, and if it is, and covered with the rags, in which she was usually exposed, that miserable woman will be torn to pieces, and all of us, who wish to leave her to the laws of God and man, will not be able to prevent her destruction." And again, after a long pause he finished in a still more solemn tone, "I dread evening any how."

"She shall be got out of the way," I replied, and hastened into the house and into the room which Mrs. Gray was pacing in little short of distraction. Strange as it may appear, it was on me and me alone she depended for relief or safety in her danger, and in my presence became calm, and passive. It was no time for either delay or misplaced delicacy, and in few words I told her soothingly, that I did not myself join in the charge of murder, but that I could not restrain an enraged multitude, and that her only chance of protection was under the arm of legal authority. She submitted even thankfully, and the man who suggested its necessity made out a warrant, and she was put in custody of a constable.

"Now occurred again another of those mysterious illustrations of human character. It was no sooner known that Mrs. Jane Gray was in the custody of even a common constable under a simple warrant, than threats against her ceased, and late in the afternoon, the county sheriff arrived and the wretched victim of her own cruelty was led from her home to a prison."

"Yes! I see by your looks Mark Bancroft, that you think the affair was carried too far, but I think otherwise, and I must explain another one to my share of the proceedings. Between myself and James Gray, there never was friendship, but on his part towards me there was confidence. In full health, and in complete exercise of his unimpaired faculties, many years before his death, he came to with me a request to draw his will, and to be named as sole executor. To draw up the will, I readily consented, but to be executor I did not consent without much persuasion. But I did consent, and the will was duly executed, and deposited in my hands. Three very respectable men of the county were witnesses. I kept an open copy.

On this will was endorsed, an order, that it should not be opened until Julia Gray, the daughter of the testator was eighteen years of age complete; or in case of her death, or lastly, by consent of the executor, in open court. A second endorsement named me, as also I had been named within, whole and sole executor. In the endorsements no allusion was made to Jane Gray, the second wife.

But to me as matters turned out, and until the will would be opened and its contents made public, only known to me, James Gray by an inconsistency too common in wills, left the custody of his daughter to the full control of her stepmother. Being the only person acquainted with the provisions of the will, and knowing the inextricable legal disputes that would follow a disclosure of the existence of Julia, or the opening of the will on the supposition of her death, and farther, that every humane and prudent consideration regarding the orphan urged her being kept out of the power of her step-mother, I had the important paper deposited as the law directed, after the death of the father, and used my authority to prevent its being opened until the period would pass at the end of which Julia would reach her full age of eighteen, urging the possibility of her being alive, as no direct proof of her death had been produced. Mrs. Jane Gray could not oppose any serious opposition to this course without advancing on the assumption of the death of her step-daughter, which, if she had done, the whole mine of latent suspicion against her would have been blown into a flame; therefore, she was compelled to let matters rest.

Some informality there might have been in all these proceedings, yet not such as to superinduce injustice, but on the contrary, to secure the reverse. Jane Gray was left in possession of the estate, but under my eye; and regarding herself as ultimate and full heiress, she administered it well. She was indeed left to the management of her affairs, as her house was, except by her servants and work people, a solitude. On her brow and in her heart sat cankering, devouring care with sleepless wakefulness. Before her keen sense appeared two impending casualties, to her alike dreadful. She shared with the public, the opinion that Julia had been actually drowned, of course shuddered at the consequences to herself of the fact being by any means rendered certain; for though she well knew she could not be again brought before a court of justice, for the offence, yet that popular vengeance would be again roused. The latter danger she had frequent causes to apprehend, by murmurs which reached her ear from time to time.

In almost any supposable case, except that of Jane Gray, in which a woman endured the suspicion of having murdered her husband's child, the reappearance of that child in life must have been hailed by the suspected party as a benefaction from heaven, but such were the peculiar intricacies of guilt and ruin which environed Jane Gray, that it was doubtful to me, and I had more means of comprehending her struggles

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than any other person which she most dreaded, the certainty of the life or death of Julia. We leave her now, however, to the inflictions of remorse, shame, and never dying or sleeping anxiety, and follow the footsteps of the object of her fears.

I have already mentioned, that at the time of the disappearance of Julia, we were preparing to send our son Warden to Princeton College, a circumstance very happily well known in our neighborhood, therefore, on the fourth night after the catastrophe, my son with the little charge were far on their way before day break. With letters from me, by diligence they both reached safely the house of my friend Ringwood Layton, in New Jersey. This truely honest and good man had a wife deserving such a husband, and before two days were over little Julia was deep in the affections of both; they were themselves childless. To this worthy couple I disclosed the whole history of Julia. Between Mr. Layton and my son, it was arranged that Julia should pass under the name of her mother Mary Layton, and as an orphan relation of Ringwood Layton. This latter was true in fact. Warden was fixed at Princeton, and little Mary soon as happy as infant innocence, health, and kind treatment could make her, became the cherished child at Ringwood farm.

Except the trial of Mrs. Gray, which was as I have already stated delayed as long as law would admit, ten more years passed away. With us here on Chartier, the ordinary incidents of life only came and went to mark the passing time. In the vacations, Warden retired to Ringwood, and by his letters and those of Mr. Layton, we learned with unmixed delight the progress of Mary.

"The little spirit" says Layton in one of his letters, "she is by turns a bee, an angel, and a sky lark—she is sometimes all three at once. By the hands of a travelling painter, I have had her drawn at her spinning wheel, yes! at her wheel, for she would have one, and declares it is the finest buzzing play thing she ever saw. By the first good chance you shall have the picture—we have what is worth ten thousand such pictures"—and so he ran on, and we were made glad by many more of his letters.

The most strict injunctions were laid on all parties, to avoid before Mary any allusion to her real history, and as years of joy and gladness past, the incidents of her unhappy infancy faded and became dim. Of her father she had lost all recollection, and her step-mother, well remembered, appeared as an infuriate wretch to which in her orphan state she had been exposed. The objects of either joy or sorrow imprinted on our infant minds, is perhaps never obliterated, though in after years we cannot give them restored being in our recollections. It was observed of Julia Gray, that any harsh expression made in her hearing fell so heavily on her mind as to long depress her spirits, and that she shrunk with disgust and horror from any woman, in any manner resembling her step-mother. From fourteen to seventeen she was sent to Bethlehem, where she could hear no sounds but those of kindness and harmony—where she saw no figures to recall her terrors;—and where she learned only what was useful, ornamental and elevating to learn. At her home at Ringwood, again she met only tenderness.

Long before Julia had completed her eighteenth year, and before Warden Rayfield had completed or would consent that he had completed his studies, we learned, at first indeed with pain, that the feelings of cousins as they called each other, had taken a far more serious turn, and deeper intensity. From his lisping childhood, I had endeavoured by kindness and attention to him as a rational being to secure the confidence of my son, and in this instance I received his full confidence.

"My father, he observed in one of his letters my situation with—you know. Was she really the destitute, but virtuous and amiable, Mary Layton, all would be plain before us—But, lovely, accomplished and wealthy as Julia Gray—would to heaven she was restored to her rights, and knew her real condition. From a sense of duty, I have been compelled to fly far from her. I have not seen her for weeks. She thinks me—yes, a monster. Her protectors cannot explain. And—but." Here he entered on another subject. To this letter I answered.

"My son, pursue the path of true honor, of religion.—Be patient, and all may be yet to your wish. A few months, and Mary Layton, will become Julia Gray." In due time I received an answer to the preceding, requesting our consent to a journey into Virginia, in company with a young gentleman and fellow student. The conclusion of this letter ran thus. "I have not strength to meet the trial, nor had I such fortitude, I ought not to be present." Our consent was given, and in the same month. Warden Rayfield set out for Virginia, and Mary Layton for Chartier.

It was in the fall of the leaf, when as in death, a smile played over the pale visage of nature, and in early October, that the silver locks of Ringwood Layton, and the dark locks and sweet blue eyes of Mary Layton were seen at our humble board. As we sat down to our domestic supper, the evening of their arrival, "Thank the All Disposer," ejaculated the worthy old man, "my charge is returned safe into the hands of her best earthly friends," and casting a knowing glance at my wife and myself continued. "As soon as possible after the twelfth of this month, I must set out on my return," laying great emphasis on the word *twelfth*.

Poor Mary, as we still continued to call her, had been just so far informed of her own history, as to know that the same twelfth day of October was her birthday, and that her next birthday was the completion of her eighteenth year. When Mr. Layton proposed therefore, to remain with us until the said twelfth, Mary very naturally supposed, what was indeed most true to an extent she little conceived, regarded the delay as an affectionate attention to her, tremulously exclaimed "dear uncle"—could say no more, but her tears spoke gratitude.

Little surmising of how immense an importance was this twelfth of October, Mary Layton retired to rest. To me I must confess, it was not a night of rest. Sleep fled my pillow.

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The whole circumstances of the Gray family, and my own responsibility, passed in review. Though in a retrospection, I could remember nothing exciting self reproach; yet I could not repress a feverish anxiety on account of the now noble woman, the once bruised, bleeding, and shivering child brought under my roof and protection, by means so extraordinary and attended with such striking circumstances. The future also offered images darkly seen, but of fearful presence. In a few days the stranger Mary Layton would be changed to the wealthy Julia Gray, and my son—thus revolving the past and present passed the night.

The next morning opened and presented all the rich garb of an American autumn, but it was visible to my family and friends, that my mind had been harrassed. My looks were no doubt care speaking, and to their kind inquiries, I replied, as I laid my Bible on the table, and as all sat down around me, I observed, "This will restore my spirits." I then gave out and we chanted together that song which no sceptic could ever hear unmoved, the twenty-third Psalm.

After the morning duties, and our breakfast was over, I called the whole group into the room in which we are now sitting, and setting Mary Layton beside myself, and pointing to the fine eastern landscape in the midst of which beautiful picture spread the Gray farm. Whilst Mary whose taste of the works of nature and rural scenery was exquisite, had her eyes and mind fixed on the scene before her, I opened a roll of paper, observing I had a short tale I wished to read. All was attentive and I in a slow and solemn tone read a narrative of the events I have now related. As the reading advanced, the mind of Mary was withdrawn from the seductive landscape, and her every faculty enchained by the history of Julia. She actually forgot the place where she then sat, and followed the path of the suffering child. I had adopted her own real name. At length she raised her streaming eyes to Heaven, and then leaned on her hands. Thick and crowding came her recollections. She seemed to be awakening from a lengthened dream to reality. Her lips moved, but she interrupted me not, though long before my reading was closed, she was fully convinced that she was the Julia Gray of my tale.

As I closed and was dropping the roll on the table, she fell on her knees leaning on mine, breathing, "oh I have indeed been a brand plucked from the fire." And again, but inaudibly to us she sent her thanks to where they were heard.

From a situation really too painfully delightful to be long supported, we were relieved by another face peeping in at the door. It was the rough but kindly expressive visage of Patrick O'Doyle, who had been thus long purposely kept out of sight. It has been long observed, that the human eye is not only the window but the sun of the human heart. The intervening years, which had greatly changed myself and my wife and daughter, and even our house, had, except changing a few of his hairs to grey, made very few changes on O'Doyle. With her recollections enlivened by the reading of my paper, the moment Julia saw O'Doyle, she almost screamed his name, and in a moment more her arms was clasped round her manly preserver.

After some order had been restored, O'Doyle with a sarcastic smile, observed "Feth that's more than I expicted, and much more than I got this mornin over the creek."

"What did you get over the creek this morning Patrick?" I replied.

"First," says Patrick, "I got a message, while at the mill, that madam wanted to spake to me, and by good luck I wanted to spake to her, so I went up wid my hat in my hand. "Good mornin Misther O'Doyle, says she. Oh! I always know when this Misther comes that a secret is fished for, and I bowed as much as to say, "your will Misthress Gray." "Misther O'Doyle," says she, "I'm tould that there's a lady arrived at Mr. Rayfields."

"A young lady," says I, looking at her.

"Yes, says she, a young lady, and they say her name is Mary Layton."

"Mary Layton, Mary Layton, says I, studying a bit wid my hand to my ear, and then tould her, looking full in her face, "Aye to be shure that's her name, and Misthress Gray, says I, in my turn, wast'nt that the name of Mr. James Gray's first wife?—But my conshins I saw the madam had no notion to give secret for secret, but seemed willin to give me something else I didn't want, an I made a step or two backwards towards the road, for she had a purty stout stick in her hands. Still bating my retrate, I says "Oh madam no offence I hope, but they say that the young lady at Misther Rayfields is as like as two paise to the first Misthress Gray—a relation may be." But before I askt the last question of mysilf, I was by mysilf in the big-road; and says I again to mysilf, Misthress Gray, you'll soon know all about it, you will."

Under the excuses of fatigue and indisposition, neither being altogether confounded, Julia was kept as far as possible out of sight; but so penetrating is curiosity, and so vague popular report, that the week after her arrival had not passed, until it was over the whole adjacent country, that a relation of the first Mrs. Gray was come forward to claim the estate under some plea that it came by and remained in their legal heirs of the first wife. Though in all the varied shapes of such reports, flying from mouth to mouth, strange it was, not a surmise of the real truth was formed. The strong resemblance, I verily believe reported by O'Doyle to torture Mrs. Gray, and the unity of names, was base enough for this invented pyramid.

We found on this occasion, how deep and enduring had been the impression on the public mind of the actual murder of Julia, and the equally strongly impressed confidence, that Providence would in fitting time, reveal the crime and bring to punishment the perpetrator. And by a very natural operation of that sense of justice so salutary to human society, I verily believe Mrs. Gray was protected in great part from personal violence, she being regarded as the reserved victim of vengeance.

As reports were crossing, and often contradicting each other, the eventful twelfth passed, and I sought a meeting with Mrs. Gray, in presence

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of the two surviving witnesses to her husband's will. She received us with much formality, and in ill concealed anger and trepidation. Before I could state my errand, she observed, "Mr. Rayfield, I am told that there is now residing at your house a young woman of the same name with James Gray's first wife."

"In my house," I replied," at this time there is residing a young woman who came there under the name of Maria Layton."

"And to claim my estate!" sharply responded Mrs. Gray.

There was so much of truth in this indirect demand, that under the circumstances I was compelled to give an evasive answer, but in as mild a tone as I could assume, I observed—

"Mrs. Jane Gray, that young lady came to my house with no such intention, but if she had came there with such views, that would have nothing to do with our present business." I now fixed my eyes firmly on her face and continued, "you know that as soon as possible after the twelfth day of October, which would have completed the eighteenth year of Julia Gray, that her father's will is to be opened. That day has now nearly arrived."

If you can picture a woman past middle age, never very good looking even when young, and whose whole frame, and visage agitated by the worst of passions and remorseful recollections, you may have a faint image in your mind of Mrs. Jane Gray, who sat before us silent as death.

To all requisite arrangements she assented, and in due time, the, to all parties, awful morning dawned, clear and fine and bracing and the sun rose and shone with an enlivening warmth, and splendour, as if grime, or even the imaginings of crime, had never existed. Guilt trembles and shudders at the aspect of such a crisis, and even innocence itself, cannot encounter unmoved such a change in the current of life. It demanded all our support to uphold Julia, as the decisive moment approached.

The fact that James Gray's will was to be opened, spread far and wide, and except to see Jane Gray herself led to what most of her acquaintance thought she deserved, no other event could have collected a larger crowd. Almost literally before ten in the forenoon, the population for many miles round, was poured into the country seat of ——.

This intensity of feeling and of curiosity, was, I am on reflection inclined to think, much increased by some incautious expressions of my family, or of O'Doyle; as the idea, though vague, almost universally prevailed amongst the people present, that the opening of the will of her father, would in some insecretable manner reveal the fate of Julia Gray.

The usual formalities gone through, the seals of the important document were broken and it was read in open court.

This will commenced by stating that the testator James Gray, stood indebted to Mary Layton, with whom he intermarried, for all his property; acknowledging that he the said James Gray was, previous to his first marriage, destitute of property; and then stated the justice of vesting the bulk of his fortune on his daughter, by the said Mary, and her legal heirs, which was then formally done.

To his second wife he directed the payment of an annuity of three hundred dollars, during her life, if she remained unmarried.

In case of the death of Julia Gray, without lawful issue, before the age of eighteen, then the whole property with trifling exceptions was to pass to and be vested in his second wife, as he had no connexion of his own to which he was willing to make out such bequest.

Some other dispositions followed, but which as matters eventuated fell of themselves, I may merely observe that the whole testament being read, a pause of several minutes followed, at the end of which, a middle aged, harsh visaged lawyer rose, the attorney of Jane Gray, who in a speech of some length, expatiated on the long persecutions his client had sustained; endeavouring to maintain that the demise of Julia Gray ought to be assumed as proven; finally demanded probat of the will in favour of Jane Gray.

To this speech our attorney, an old, very mild, but shrewed man replied, by addressing the court, to the following purport.

"We on our side are as anxious, as can be the learned gentlemen on the other side, to terminate the persecutions of Mrs. Gray, as he has been pleased to term them. In this good work we therefore enter zealously. But before probat of this last will and testament is granted, we must claim the right of calling in testimony to render the death of Julia Gray, at least doubtful.

This was granted, and Patrick O'Doyle was called.

With rather a mischievous cast of face O'Doyle presented himself, and was sworn according to the rites of his church.

In his rich brogue, but in a clear manner and voice, he gave a distinct and concise narrative of the manner in which Julia escaped, and his own share in her safety.

As this testimony disclosed a totally unexpected turn in affairs, and established the altogether unexpected fact, that Julia was still alive, the agitation became so great, that the judge was forced to rise and address the audience. He procured the utmost attention by observing, that the people were excusable in their emotion, but were in its expression defeating their own object. After the judge resumed his seat, respiration seemed suspended. O'Doyle was directed to retire, and Solomon Rayfield called and sworn.

My testimony in substance was what you have heard, and even more in detail than given to the court, as I there stated nothing, but what was absolutely necessary. When I reached the point of time at which it was requisite to bring Julia forward to claim her inheritance, I paused a moment from the excess of my own feelings. The pause was too much for the audience, who by an impulse which no judge could punish by even a look of reproach, exclaimed as if by one voice, "Where is Julia Gray?"

The judge and myself both cast imploring looks over the assembled crowd, and all was again the most noiseless attention. My heart was indeed ready to burst, and after several at-

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tempts to resume my deposition, I sunk into a chair which had been provided for me, but which I had hitherto refused to occupy.

Our attorney then handed a slip of paper to the sheriff, who in a steady and solemn voice called Julia Gray.

Vain indeed would it be for me to attempt any description of the effect this name produced. As Julia came forth from the public house adjacent, attended by my wife and daughter, and several other female friends, we expected a tumultuous expression of public feeling, but that feeling was too real for noise, and was far more impressively shown by deep silence or repressed exclamations. The crowd parted as if by one impulse, and gave free space to the female group. There was indeed a something indescribably sublime in the low, tremulous, and scarce audible repetition of "Julia Gray, that is Julia Gray, between Mrs. Rayfield and her daughter," breathed every one to themselves, as only one object was thought of. The human heart felt as if a beatified spirit had returned to partake again of human life. Julia was veiled until she reached a chair by my side. She trembled violently, but the touch and presence of her father as she fondly called me, gradually restored her firmness, and throwing back her veil, was in the act of rising, when the judge himself, who had been acquainted with her mother from infancy, in inutterable astonishment, lost for a moment all recollection of his situation, started to his feet, exclaiming "Maria Layton!—Maria Layton!—thy sainted spirit watcheth over thy child." They stood intensly regarding each other sometime, when both sunk back into their seats.

It is really Julia Gray, now ran in murmurs through the crowd, followed by a shout which shook the judgment seat, and then by another and another. All legal interferences would have been vain, nor was such interference necessary, as all again subsided to respectful silence.

Where was, I know you are now ready to ask the fallen woman? forgotten I may reply in this moment of excitement, and fallen, truly fallen. The foul stain of murder was removed from her name—but fortune, fame, and human sympathy, were gone from her forever. To earth she could turn in vain, and to Heaven with dread. During the testimony of O'Doyle and my own, she sat like a frozen corpse, and remained unmovable until the impressive acknowledgment of Julia came from the bench. Then casting a despairing and desolating gaze around her, she clinched her hands in agony. But even Jane Gray in her extremity found one sympathizing bosom in her woe. What bosom say you?—The bosom of her injured daughter, for daughter in its best and highest meaning did Julia Gray become to her father's widow. As the tearless eyes of Mrs. Gray unable to meet a pitying return, she was clasped to the heart of her step-daughter. The act was instantaneous and unexpected; the court was dismissed, and if an angel in reality had shed his wings over the broken hearted woman; those wings could not have more effectually protected her from insult than did the slender arms of Julia.

The close of the drama is soon told, Julia was put into possession of her fine estate. Her stepmother from the opening of the will, became an altered, subdued, and totally changed woman. Her harsh and obdurate spirit was broken. Into the world she could not have gone; the breasts of her fellow creatures were shut against her. She felt her lonesomeness, and she felt that safety from sneer, insult, and violence could be found only under the protection of her husband's child, and that protection she has truly found.

Here Mr. Rayfield paused—"Your son Warden?" I inquisitively exclaimed.

"Oh yes!" replied Mr. Rayfield smiling, "my son Warden was at length thought of, but it is a fact that his name was never once alluded to by Julia, until some days after the final restoration of her rights. In the mean time, my wife and daughter, were not so immersed in legal affairs, as to forget they had a son and brother. Julia remained with us, whilst O'Doyle was preparing her house, sitting one day with my daughter, when a letter from her brother was put into her hand. Sarah turned to the window and while reading became much affected, and at length unmindful that she had a hearer ejaculated in a low and mournful tone, "My brother."

Julia clasped my daughter in her arms and responded, "Your brother does not forget you." Sarah raised her eyes to the face of her friend, and earnestly replied, "No! forget me no—nor any one else he ever loved."

"Oh had I but a brother," replied Julia, pathetically as she resumed her seat.

Women seem to intuitively reach the true sentiments of each other. Warden got a reply to his letter which soon brought him to Chartier—and—yonder comes Warden, and his Julia, and our Julia, over the meadow. MARK BANCROFT.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

IN MEMORY

OF MY KINSMAN—JAMES ROSS.

In the morning of youth he has gone to the grave,
While life was still glowing before him,
He sleeps with the honor'd, the gifted and brave,
And sorrow is bending o'er him.

With a mind that never to meanness bow'd,
Adorned with the gifts of nature,
He walked erect in the world's great crowd,
In the pride of his noble stature.

With a heart as warm as the hearts in Heaven,
His friendship ever was cherish'd;
And a nobler nature never was given,
Alas! that so soon he perished.

'Till he fell, no tear had ever been shed
By the friends that dearly lov'd him,
For they honor'd him living—they honor him dead,
For those who knew him, had proved him.

Had he lived till time had honor'd his name,
In the paths of honor and glory,
He might have dwelt in the temple of fame,
And shone on the page of story.

But alas! in youth, he has gone to the grave,
While life was still glowing before him,
He sleeps with the honor'd, the gifted and brave,
And sorrow is weeping o'er him. MILFORD BARD.

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Written for the Casket.

GUATIMOZIN.

"He was succeeded by his nephew Guatimozin, who for a while made a vigorous opposition to the assaults of Cortez. After a noble defence he was taken prisoner; but not until he had previously caused all his treasures to be thrown into the lake. Being put to the torture to make him discover his riches, he bore with invincible fortitude the refined cruelties of his tormentors. While extended upon burning coals he exclaimed, "Am I reposing on a bed of flowers?"

Unawed the captive stood before
The haughty chief of Spain;
Instead of royal robes, he wore
The flesh-consuming chain.
The spirit of the King remained,
Though oozing blood his fetters stained.
Still firm, and unsubdued;
His brow no sign of grief betrayed,
And calmly, his dark eye surveyed
The steel-clad multitude.

The instruments of torture nigh
No thrill of dread awoke;
And fixing on the chief his eye,
With energy he spoke
While bitter thoughts convulsed his brow.
"Since to my bleeding country now
I can no aid impart;
Unsheath the dagger by your side,
With the life-blood of thousands dyed,
And pierce this aching heart!"

"But yesterday, my battle-blade
Proved fatal to the foe;
And millions willingly obeyed
My beck, an hour ago;
A crownless captive now I stand,
The sceptre wrested from my hand
Inhuman chief by thee!
The spirit from this tortured frame,
Which neither bars nor bolts can tame,
Is panting to be free.

"Proud King! I will unbind thy chain,"
The cruel conqueror said,
"The crown of Empire shall again
Be placed upon thy head,
If those rich treasures are revealed
Which you have long from me concealed;
But if you rashly dare
Refuse, your treasures to disclose;
On burning coals you shall repose
By all the saints, I swear.

"When famine aided by the brand,"
The fearless King replied,
"Unnerved each bold defender's hand;
When every street was dyed
Of our great capital, with blood,
And vultures came in flocks for food,
My treasures vast, were thrown
By my command, into the sea;
Go, bid the wave give up to thee
Its gold and precious stone!"

The Spanish leader's cheek grew red,
Then darker grew his brow,
And sternly to his men he said,
"Bring blazing faggots now!"
The stake-bound victim trembled not
When fire to torture him, was brought,
With changeless brow he gazed
On those who thronged to see him die;
And calmly spoke, while haughtily
His fettered hand he raised.

"The glowing ember, not one thrill
Of dread, awakes in me,
Unfeeling men! my spirit still
Is unsubdued and free.
Ye cannot bend the chainless mind,
Although in cruel deeds refined;
When raged the battle storm,
This bosom hath been freely bared,
Undaunted I have often dared
Death in his sternest form."

"If thou wilt with those lips of pride,
Tell where thy treasures are;"
The Spaniard with a frown replied
"Your life I yet may spare."
Stretched on the coals, the monarch said,
"Of rose-leaves you have made my bed,
For treasures ask the wave!"
Old Sparta with her dazzling host
Of dauntless heroes, cannot boast
Of one more truly brave.

AVON BARD.

☞ Bulwer in his new work, the Pilgrims of the Rhine, describing the children of the "Ideal," gives the subjoined

"SKETCH OF BYRON."

And he, the erring great and dimly wise,
O'er whom stern Judgment, while it censures, sighs;
"The young, the beautiful"—whose music cast
A haunting echo where his shadow past,
And with a deep, yet half disdainful, art
Chained to his wandering home the world's mute heart;
Was he not thine—all thine?—his failings, powers,
Faults, fame, and all that make his memory ours?
Not in this world his life; he breathed an air,
It's light thy hope—it's vapor thy despair.
If earthlier passion, snake-like crept within—
If strong suspicion, nursed ungenial sin—
If his soul shrunk within one sickly dream,
Till self became his idol as his theme.
Yet, while we blame, his mournful image chides,
As if we wronged the memory of a friend.
As moonlight sways the trouble of the tides,
Wild minstrel, didst thou sway the soul, and blend
Thyself with us as in a common cause;
And when thy wayward heart its rest had won,
The eternal course of nature seemed to pause;
We stood stunn'd—shocked; thy very life had grown
A part—a power—a being of our own!

Oh, who shall tell what comforts yet were thine,
In the lone darkness of the unwatchful mind?
What time thou stood'st beside the rushing Rhine,
Or heard, through Nero's towers, the moaning wind;
Or watch'd the white moon, in thy younger day,
O'er shrunk Ilyssus shed the dreaming ray?
Victim and votary of the ideal, none
Shall sound their joys, or measure thy despair!—
The harp is shattered, and the spirit gone,
And half of heaven seems vanished from the air!

Yet still the murmurs of the Adrian sea
Shall blend with Tasso's song wild thoughts of thee:
Thy shade shall gloom through old Ravenna's lair
"Till even the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer;"
And when the future, envious of the past,
Shall break the Argive's iron sleep at last,
Thy reverent name the Albanian youth shall keep;—
Thy shape shall haunt the Ionian maiden's sleep;—
Thy song shall linger by the Oread's hill,
By Love's own isle, and Music's ancient rill:
And one gay halo, all unknown before,
Crest the dear wastes by Missolonghi's shore!

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE GREAT WEST,

As it was sixty years past; or on the eve of the American Revolutionary War.

Bred on the Indian frontier, and an eye witness to the advance of White, and destruction of Indian population, and in the decline of life, when the far greater number of those in whose fate or fame my feelings were ever enlisted, are gone to their rest,—I hope I may speak freely. In my youth long before the most distant idea was conceived of writing on the subject, it had struck me repeatedly, that one material error prevailed, as regarded the Indian population of the Ohio valley, and that was, that their numbers were most enormously exaggerated. "What has become of the Indians?" is a question proposed on all sides, and much of its import may be complied with, by the plain answer *"to the amount usually supposed, or any near approach to such an amount, the Indians never had an existence."*

"This is a bold assertion," says many, and unsupported by evidence it would really be, not only a bold, but rash assertion. Let us examine the evidence.

The European settlements commenced necessarily on or near the sea coast. The first was that of Virginia, 1607, and between that epoch and 1650, the English had colonised lower Virginia, and the eastern and southern parts of Massachusetts, Rhode-Island and Connecticut; the Dutch had planted a colony on the Hudson; the Swedes one on the Delaware; and the French were scattered along the St. Lawrence. Fifty years still later, the French planted a small and feeble colony on the Mississippi river, now Louisiana. And again, at the end of another half century, or in 1750, what was the condition of the immense interior regions, drained by the confluence of the mighty Mississippi? Thus answers the author of border warfare:

"As settlements extended from the sea shore, the Massawonees gradually retired; and when the white population reached the blue ridge of mountains, the valley between it and the Alleghany, was entirely uninhabited. This delightful region of country was then only used as a hunting ground, and as a highway for belligerent parties of different nations, in their military expeditions against each other. In consequence of the almost continued hostilities between the northern and southern Indians, these expeditions were very frequent, and tended somewhat to retard the settlement of the valley, and to render a residence in it, for sometime insecure and unpleasant. Between the Alleghany mountain's and the Ohio river, within the present limits of Virginia, there were some villages interspersed, inhabited by a small number of Indians; the most of whom retired north-west of that river, as the tide of emigration rolled towards it. Some, however, remained in the interior, after settlements began to be made in their vicinity.

"North of the present boundary of Virginia, and particularly near the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, (where Pittsburgh now stands,) and in the circumjacent country, the Indians were more numerous, and their villages larger. In 1753, when General Washington visited the French posts on the Ohio, the spot which had been selected by the Ohio Company, as the site for a port, was occupied by Shingess, king of the Delawares; and other parts of the proximate country, were inhabited by Mingoes, and Shawanees. When the French were forced to abandon the position, which they had taken at the forks of Ohio, the greatest part of the adjacent tribes removed further west. So that when improvements were begun to be made in the wilderness of north western Virginia, (north western and western Pennsylvania also,) it had been almost entirely deserted by the natives; and excepting a few straggling hunters and warriors, who occasionally traversed it in quest of game, or of human beings on whom to wreak their vengeance, almost its only tenants were beasts of the forest."

The following tabular statement, is formed on the information afforded by the best authorities on the subject, and shows, as far as correct, the state of the Indian tribes west of the main spine of the Alleghany mountains on the Ohio valley and adjacent places, at about 1755.

Munsees, Senecas, Cayugas and Sapoonies, residing on Alleghany and Susquehanna rivers, and intermediate country to lake Ontario,	1380
Delawares, residing on Big Beaver, Cayahoga, and Muskingum,	600
Shawanoes, residing on Muskingum and Scioto rivers,	300
Chippewas, near Michilimakinak,	400
Cahunnewagos, residing on Sandusky river,	300
Wyandots, on Maumee river,	250
Twightwees, residing also on Maumee,	250
Miamis, on Miami river,	300
Ottawas, in Michigan towards Detroit,	550
Ottawas, in Michigan towards Michilimakinak,	250
Chickisaws, on the western part of what is now the state of Tennessee, and northern of Mississippi,	750
Cherokees, western part of North Carolina, and adjacent parts,	2,500
Tribes scattering,	1,000
Total,	8,830

It strikes us now with utter astonishment, and to those who have received former accounts on credit and without severe examination, such an exhibition must appear as a tax on their credulity, but on the opposite side of the question to exaggeration. Yet I must venture to assume as fact, that if to the above aggregate we add the whole tribes of Creeks, Choctaws, and every other tribe from the Canadian lakes, to the gulf of Mexico, and as far west as the Meridian of St. Louis, there did not, in 1775, exist along this lengthened region an Indian population of 30,000 souls. The space exceeds an area of 450,000 square miles, or upwards of 15 square miles to every human being.

In no other instance, in all human affairs, was that profound metaphysical truth, that *"words are things,"* more completely proven, than in the history of the Indians of the Ohio and Mississippi region. The pompous title of *nation*, and when using the term, the idea of nation rose in the mind, though it was given to mere tribes,

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and what was worse, diminutive tribes. From the first landing of the English at Jamestown, up to the treaty of Greenville, indeed we may say up to 1834, entire peace has never existed along the whole frontier line; the Indians have foreseen their ruin; have attempted confederacies, and yet, have never at any moment been able to assemble an army of 2000 men; and why?—simply because such a body would have in their state of population, demanded the entire males, of a space of country equal to Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia taken together. As the whites advanced, cut down the forests, and let daylight fall upon the earth, the Indians disappeared, as phantoms disappear before the rising sun. To render the preceding observations more striking, let us take a map of the United States, and on it draw a line through the city of Albany, to Lynchburg in Virginia, then continue the same line in both directions, and one extreme will fall on the Gulf of Mexico, a little to the westward of the mouth of Appalachicola river, and the other, after traversing the southern part of Vermont, and the northern of New Hampshire, will leave the United States in the upper part of Maine.

If on the preceding supposed line, we take Martinsville, Henry county, Virginia, as a point of outset, and proceed to the north-east, we would leave all the dense settlements of the then (1775) Anglo-North America colonies to the right or towards the ocean. On the opposite side, in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and Vermont, scattering settlements had been made within the preceding forty years, but receding from the line of demarcation, the settlements became more and more scattered, until along the western ridges of the Appalachian mountains, Pittsburgh and a few other forts marked the utmost frontiers.

Returning again to Martinsville, and following our projected line in a south-westward direction, we would in 1775, have found a few settlements to our right in North Carolina, some in South Carolina, and in Georgia still fewer on that side, and before reaching the Mexican Gulf, plunge into an unbroken Indian country.

If we again suppose a second line drawn parallel to, and one hundred and fifty miles direct air course north-west of the first, the second line would on the Gulf of Mexico, leave the mouth of Mobile river, pass near Knoxville in Tennessee, traverse eastern Kentucky and western Virginia, within from ten to forty miles from Ohio river; enter Pennsylvania near the south-western angles, pass near Pittsburgh, and traversing western Pennsylvania, and western New York, merge into lake Ontario, a little west of the mouth of Oswego river, but after crossing the eastern angle of that lake, then follow the general course of the St. Lawrence, to north lat. 45°.

The parallelogram between those lines include, in the United States a length of 1200 miles, which with a breadth of 150 miles, would comprise 180,000 square miles, and the far greater part of the Appalachian region, and a region there is no hazard in asserting, having in every thing which can conduce to human happiness, no superior continuous section on the surface of the earth. The existing civilized population in 1834, is no doubt underrated at 3,500,000, and as little doubt would have been exaggerated by an estimate of one *twentieth* part of the number, sixty years past.

The southern part of this parallelogram was then, 1775, occupied by the Cherokees and Muskogees or Creeks; the northern by the Senecas, and other scattering tribes, but the central and far greater part of the surface was a dark, gloomy, and silent void; in regard to human civilization, and what was peculiarly remarkable, appears never to have been the permanent residence of Indian tribes. It was, as we have said, a fearful void in respect to intellectual life and improvement, but nature literally luxuriated, in both animal and vegetable productions. The buffaloe, deer, elk, and other innocent creatures, had to contend with the various tribes of the feline and canine races, and with the bear. I entered this parallel in 1781, and several years afterwards, in western Pennsylvania and Virginia, have seen flocks of deer and turkey (Maleagris Americana,) come frequently in sight of the houses, and heard the dismal howl of the wolf, in the very skirts of Washington in Pennsylvania. This may appear incredible to the generation now residing in that beautiful village, with a densely inhabited and well cultivated neighbourhood; but I can assure them of another fact, which still more strongly attests the then prevalence of the beasts of the forest. The lower part of Washington in its primitive state, was a very tangled thicket, and from that covert, I have heard the soul chilling scream of the panther, than which nature affords no other sound more piercing and appalling. The howling of the wolf is music when compared to the screams of a famished panther. Such were the commingled sounds which rendered still more dreadful by the yells of savage men, broke upon the deep solitude of the forests from the St. Lawrence to the Mexican gulf, within the life of thousands now living in happiness on its surface.

But at the interior verge of the great parallelogram we have drawn, we are still only entering the vast Ohio and Mississippi regions. Let us imagine a third line setting out from Michilimakinak, and passing through St. Louis, and continued to the north-western angle of Louisiana. The latter line is very nearly parallel to the two others, and only a few miles short of 400 to the north-west of the middle line. This interior parallelogram is also about 1200 miles in length, which at 380 miles wide, yields an area of 456,000 square miles, or something above two and a half fold more extensive than the preceding. This immense interior oblong comprises the heart of THE GREAT WEST, and contains the extreme western part of New York and Pennsylvania, three-fourths of Tennessee, two-thirds of Alabama, and half of Arkansas; about one-fourth of Missouri, and one half of Illinois, with all Louisiana, Mississippi, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, and now sustains an aggregate civilized population of at least 3,600,000; but which sixty years since, did not, from any document we can now procure, contain on its surface 30,000 human beings, savage and civilized.

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It was not, however, the desolation which reigned over this vast surface, under which nature seemed to have concealed not only her richest but her accumulated treasures, which contributed most to arrest the attention of the very few reflecting whites, who penetrated into its recesses; no, the high problem was the character of the native people. This problem remains unsolved, nor do I come before the reader with a key in hand to unlock the mystery, but I come before the readers with plain facts. I must first, nevertheless, assume one postulate, that is, that MAN, is as much the subject of cultivation, as the ground he treads, with the difference, that MAN very tenaciously nourishes tares as well as wheat, and produces in preference, whichever has been first sown.

The scattered Indian tribes, had one feature in common, one trait of character, a thirst of vengeance, or in other words, war with them was still in its primitive state. Removed as they were in many other respects from the rudest savage state, in war they were unchanged, and unmitigated savages. What did the whites do to soften this ferocious spirit? What did the whites do to teach the savages the first lessons of humanity, mercy and protection to prisoners? These questions will be answered as we advance, most fearfully against the whites.

The statistical view here given, shows that in numbers, the Indians of the west were greatly overrated; and I now proceed to show, that their character, if not overrated, for indeed the contrary was the fact, it was most egregiously mistaken. The Indian has an abstracted contemplative air, which has been taken for stupidity or inattention. If the simple truth had been reflected on, that in civilized life, the deepest thinkers are persons who seem to look inward, the real character of the Indian would have been better understood. As far as their range of ideas extend, they think profoundly, and reflect with great discrimination.

"Their fierce and malignant passions," say some, "deprive the Indian of the benefits of his strong natural reason." True. Read the history of Europe, in all stages of the intellectual advance of its inhabitants; read the history of all the nations it contains, and compare human conduct with human conduct there in all ages, and then reproach the Indians, for sacrificing themselves and their enemies to the demon of vengeance.

Without indulging in epithets, or plunging into theories, we may carry our views backwards, and scan the fate of the Indian race, since the first Anglo-American colony set foot on the continent of North America to this hour. In Virginia, Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and the Carolinas, in the primitive white settlements, a very different policy was pursued with the Indians, and yet, one result was produced in every one of these colonies—the Indians disappeared. Many tribes have utterly perished, and many remnants of other tribes attest still more strongly the melancholy fate of this race. The grave of the dead is less striking to our senses, or afflicting to our hearts, than is the decrepit, shrivelled and trembling aspect of expiring nature.

In Europe, Ceres preceded Cadmus by many ages, and men were there taught to make bread before they were taught to write. In the Anglo-American colonies, missionaries were placed amongst the Indians in place of the plough, and in place of taming them by kindness, they were taught the use of fire arms. In words they were described as human beings; but in action treated as incorrigible beasts of prey. And this policy was in full force, about the middle of the last century, when settlements of the whites began to be formed west of the Alleghany, or main spine of the Appalachian system of Mountains. Without stopping in the course of our view, to speculate on the probable consequences of a different system of measures, we proceed to show the effects of those actually pursued.

Between about 1735 and 1750, the whites passed the Blue Ridge. Winchester in Virginia, is the oldest town in the great valley of the United States, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany, and south-westward of the Susquehanna. It was a trading post as early as 1730, and gradually became a village, and long within my own recollection, remained the principal place with which the inhabitants on the upper Potomac, and Monongahela and branches, made their traffic. In the progress of settlement from the coast, and before wagons could, without very great difficulty, be conducted over the mountains, Winchester and Hagerstown became temporary, and at the period under our view, very important outposts and *entrepots*.

I may be permitted to mention in this place, a hitherto unnoticed, but in my humble opinion, the greatest difficulty which opposed the settlement of *The West*; that was the enormous price, and indispensable necessary of human life, common culinary salt. Well do I remember when salt was from *five* to *ten* dollars per bushel, and when money was at least double its present value. This was also a burthen of no momentary endurance, as it was but little abated for upwards of thirty years.

Though at far distant and separate points, from Wyoming in Pennsylvania, to Holston in south-western Virginia, settlements were made previously west of the main spine of the mountains, the real and decisive era of that great interior colonisation dates in 1752, when Robert Dinwiddie came over as Governor of Virginia. With this great man, for he well deserves the title, came John Stuart, and three of his step children; one John Paul, who died on the eastern shore of Maryland, as a Roman Catholic priest; the second, Audley Paul, a British colonial officer; and their sister Mary, afterwards the wife of Col. George Mathews.

The principal circumstance, however, which gave not alone a national but a universal importance to the administration of Governor Dinwiddie, was, that it brought on the stage of human action, one of those men who change permanently the destinies of whole nations. George Washington, third son of Augustine Washington, a planter of Westmoreland county, Virginia, was, when Robert Dinwiddie assumed the government of Virginia, in his twentieth year.

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Though a youth in years, this truly extraordinary production of nature, or of a power above nature, was then mature in intellect far beyond what ordinary men ever reach, and had already commenced his military career, against the very people whose history is our theme.

That smothered fire of the civilized world, the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, covered up, or in diplomatic language signed, April 30th, 1748, "had," in the language of an elegant and profound historian, "extinguished a devouring flame with one hand, and with the other, collected combustible materials. Nothing more was wanting but the death of the king of Spain, [Ferdinand VI.] to revive war and its consequences in Europe, and the least spark could re-kindle war between France and Great Britain, on account of their limits in Canada, which had been left undetermined by vague expressions in the former treaties."*

War was not indeed to be re-kindled in the central region of North America; war, and in its most terrific form, had never ceased on that "bloody ground." Here I must anticipate events, and in the language of a most influential actor, depict the spirit of the times. This actor was the Rev. Samuel Davis, in his late years president of Princeton College. This strong minded man, tinctured, however, all the pulpit influence he possessed, with the deep animosity of an Englishman against the French, and of course coupled them and their Indian allies under one unsparing censure. In a sermon preached on the 17th of August, 1755, to Captain Overton's Independent company of volunteers, raised in Hanover county Virginia, the following language is used from the text:

2 Sam. x. 12.—Be of good courage and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.

"An hundred years of peace and liberty in such a world as this, is a very unusual thing; and yet our country has been the happy spot, that has been distinguished with such a long series of blessings with little or no interruption. Our situation (Virginia,) in the middle of the British colonies, and our separation from the French, *those eternal enemies of liberty and Britons*, on the one side by the west Atlantic, and on the other by a long ridge of mountains, and a wide extended wilderness, have for many years been a barrier to us; and while other nations have been involved in war, we have not been alarmed with the sound of the trumpet, nor seen garments rolled in blood.

"But now the scene is changed; now we begin to experience in our turn, the fate of the nations of the earth. Our territories are invaded by the power and perfidy of France: our frontiers ravaged by merciless savages, and our fellow subjects, they are murdered with all the horrid arts of Indian and Popish torture. Our general,† unfortunately is fallen; an army of thirteen hundred choice men routed, our fine train of artillery taken, and all this, (oh mortifying thought) all this by four or five hundred dastardly, insidious barbarians!

"These calamities have not come upon us without warning, we were long ago apprized of the ambitious schemes of our enemies, and their motions to carry them into execution; and had we taken timely measures, they might have been crushed before they could have arrived at such a formidable height. But how have we generally behaved in such a critical time? Alas! our country has been sunk in a deep sleep: a stupid security has unmanned the inhabitants; they could not realize a danger at the distance of two or three hundred miles: they could not be persuaded, *that even French Papists*, could seriously design us an injury, and hence, little or nothing has been done for the defence of our country, in time, except by the compulsion of authority. And now, when the cloud thickens over our heads, and alarms every thoughtful mind with its near approach, multitudes, I am afraid, are still dissolved in careless security, or enervated with an effeminate, cowardly spirit.

"When the melancholy news first reached us, concerning the fate of our army, (under Braddock,) then we saw how natural it is for the presumptuous to fall into the opposite extreme of unmanly despondence and consternation; and how little men could do in such a panic, for their own defence. We have also suffered our poor fellow subjects in the frontier counties, to fall a helpless prey to blood-thirsty savages, without affording them proper assistance, which as members of the same body politic, they had a right to expect. They might as well have continued in a state of nature, as be united in society, if, in such a moment of extreme danger, they are left to shift for themselves. The bloody barbarians, have exercised on some of them, the most unnatural and leisurely tortures, and others, they have butchered in their beds, or in some unguarded hour. Can human nature bear the horror of the sight? See yonder! the hairy scalps clothed with gore! the mangled limbs; women ripped up! the heart and bowels still palpitating with life, and smoking on the ground! see the savages swilling their blood, and imbibing a more courageous fury with the human draught! Sure these are not men; they are not beasts of prey; they are something worse: they must be infernal furies in human shape. And have we tamely looked on, and suffered them to exercise these hellish barbarities upon our fellow men, our fellow subjects, our brethren. Alas, with what horror must we look upon ourselves, as being little better than accessories to their blood!

"And shall these savages go unchecked? shall Virginia incur the guilt, and the everlasting shame of tamely exchanging her liberty, her religion, and her all, for *arbitrary Gallic power*, and *for Popish slavery, tyranny and massacre?* Alas! are there none of her children, that enjoyed all the blessings of her peace, that will espouse her cause, and befriend her now in the time of her danger. Are Britons utterly *degenerated* by so short a remove from their mother-country? Is the spirit of patriotism entirely extinguished among us? And must I give thee up

* Paganel's Life of Frederic II. vol. I. p. 358.

† We shall see in the sequel, how very little Braddock deserves the poorest compliment that can be paid to the commander-in-chief of an army, in the face of an enemy.

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for lost, O my country! and all that is included in that important word? Must I look upon thee as a conquered, enslaved province of France, and the range of Indian savages? My heart breaks at the thought. And must ye, our unhappy brethren in our frontiers, must ye stand the single barriers of a ravaged country, unassisted, unbefriended, unpitied? Alas! must I draw these shocking conclusions?

"No: I am agreeably checked by the happy, encouraging prospect now before me. Is it a pleasing dream? or do I really see a number of brave men, without the compulsion of authority, without the prospect of gain, voluntarily associated in a company, to march over trackless mountains, the haunts of wild beasts, or fierce savages, into an hideous wilderness, to succour their helpless fellow subjects, and guard their country? Yes, gentlemen, I see you here upon this design; and were you all united to my heart, by the most endearing ties of nature or friendship, I could not wish to see you engaged in a nobler cause."

Never did as many words more completely express the moving principles of the times, nor was there ever another address more calculated to rouse the latent feelings of the colonists, and it did rouse them to action, and led on to consequences which were far from the prophetic foresight, and at the time of delivery of his sermon, as far from the wishes of Mr. Davis. But another paragraph of this same sermon, gained a most important historical and political consequence.

"Our continent," continues the fervent preacher, "is like to become the seat of war; and we for the future, (till sundry Europe nations that have planted colonies in it, have fixed their boundaries by the sword,) have no other way left to defend our rights and privileges. And has God been pleased to diffuse some sparks of the martial fire through our country? I hope he has: and though it has been almost extinguished by so long a peace, and a deluge of luxury and pleasure, now I hope it begins to kindle! and may I not produce you, my brethren, who are engaged in this expedition, as instances of it?* Well, cherish it as a sacred fire, and let the injuries done to your country, administer fuel to it: and kindle it in those breasts, where it has been hitherto smothered or inactive."*

These are the expressions of a messenger of peace, and not one quoted, is equal to others in the same collection in denunciations against the Indians and their French allies. That both parties entered on the conflict with feelings of unsparing vengeance, needs no farther proof. But how very different were the means of contest. On one side a rapidly increasing mass, with all the advantages of European science; and on the other, a few detached tribes of savages, which in the whole aggregate of persons of both sexes, fell short of ten thousand.

At this time when the Indians are crushed; when millions of whites reside in the immense regions, were once roamed the warrior hunter, and when new generations have risen, ought we not to scan the past without passion? If we place before us the cruelties of the Indian, ought we not also to place before us, what he has lost and what we have gained? If we scan the long protracted border warfare as military men, can we refuse the meed of admiration, for the prowess of a handful of naked warriors who maintained "A thirty years' War," with force and means so very inadequate, upon any principle of human calculation?

But we return to the direct object of this paper.

Even while in the hands of the French, a few English families had settled near Fort du Quesne, now Pittsburg; and a body of men had been organised under the name of "Indian Traders," and no other body of men were ever of more sinister consequence to their number. Amenable to no law, or under the moral restraint of any principle sacred to man, with few exceptions, these traders were directly and indirectly ministers of blood.

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*This sermon was published not long after its delivery, and gained a sublime claim to historical record by the following note, appended to the sentence last quoted:

"As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out "to the public, that heroic youth, COL. WASHING-"TON, whom I cannot but hope PROVIDENCE "has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner, for "some *important service to his country.*"

Short of inspiration, a more remarkable sentence was never written, and if suggestions I have more than once heard, were well founded, and I am myself a convert to their soundness, then this note stands alone in literature, as the words which have had the most effect on the fate of human liberty.

The reader will pardon a personal anecdote on this subject. When residing near Natchez, in the summer of 1800, I got acquainted with an old man, whose name I regret to have forgotten. I found him very intelligent and fond of "fighting his battles over again," one day in conversation on the Revolutionary war, the old man broke from our immediate subject, and abruptly asked me the following question.

"Do you know how George Washington came to be appointed Commander-in-chief of the continental army?"

Seeing me hesitating, he continued "I'll tell you," and springing to his feet with the activity of youth, went into his bed-room, and brought forth an old book, and opening it, proceeded; "Here are the sermons of Samuel Davis, and here is a sermon I heard preached, for I was myself one of Captain Overton's volunteer company. When some years afterwards, but long before the Revolution, I obtained this book, and was much struck myself with this note." He then read me the note, and proceeded, "Mr. Davis became President of Princeton College, and his sermons, of course became well known. Amongst many who remembered the note I have read was Dr. Witherspoon, who had much influence in Congress, when the appointment of Commander-in-chief was discussed; brought this very note forward, and decided the appointment in favour of George Washington."

Here the reader again will pardon reflection. The prediction continued to verify itself. If Mr. Davis could have foreseen the nature and extent of the services, Washington was preserved so signally to perform, it must be evident from other expressions in the same quotation, he would have started backward in terror, unless he could have foreseen also, an intire change in his own political and religious opinions.

*Sermons by Rev. Samuel Davis, vol. 5. pp. 213-220, Philadelphia edition, Carey & Son, 1818.

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Overrating the value of the Indian trade, and to counteract the advance of the French, and to seize the traffic from private hands, the British government chartered the Ohio Company. Under this corporation, the first serious attempts were made by the English and the Anglo-American colonists to extend settlements to the Ohio. Their agents were watched, and circumvented by the traders, who were the real instigators of the French, seizing and fortifying the point where the Monongahela and Alleghany forms the Ohio, which was done in 1754.

So many and so conflicting have been the accounts and conjectures respecting the defeat of Braddock and the army he commanded in 1755, that the real causes have been lost in mist. As I am not confined to any regular plan of historical narration, the following is given as it was given to me.

In January 1824, I met the late James Ross, Esq. of western Pennsylvania, who I had known from my infancy. While recalling old scenes, the defeat of Braddock was mentioned. Mr. Ross observed, "I can on that subject relate what was related in my hearing, by the father of his country," and then proceeded.

"In that part of war, which consists in watching an enemy," observed General Washington, "the Indians are perfect, and that army commanded by Braddock, was watched carefully by Indian spies and some French soldiers trained to Indian manners. Independent of Indians, there were in Fort du Quesne, at the time no force which could with any probability of success, oppose the approaching British and Provincials, and the commandant had expressed the necessity of retreat, or surrender. By accident rather than design or concert, there was about the Fort, four or five hundred Indian warriors. Of the French garrison, one officer of inferior rank, who had been paymaster, strenuously urged, that for the honour of the French arms, some resistance ought to be made. This young man consulted the Indians, who volunteered to the number of about 400. With much difficulty, this hero obtained leave to lead out the Indians, and as many French to a certain limit, as chose to join the desperate enterprise. Of the French about 30 volunteered, and with these 430 men, the officer marched to meet more than three times the number.

"In the mean time every remonstrance made by Washington himself, and other colonial officers, for several others joined him, was met by insult, and Braddock advanced as if determined on destruction, was suffered to proceed just as far as their enemies desired, and defeat and death to near one half of the whole army, with their imprudent general, was the result.

"When the victory was reported to the commandant of Fort du Quesne, his transports knew no bounds, the young hero was received with open arms, loaded with the most extravagant honors, and in a few days, sent to report the event to the Governor General of Canada. But behold! when his despatches were opened, they consisted of the criminal charges of peculation in his office of paymaster, and other charges equally criminal. Under these charges this injured man was tried, broke, and ruined, and so the matter rested, until in the revolutionary war, the subject of Braddock's defeat, happened to come into conversation between General Washington and the Marquis de La Fayette. In this conversation, the real facts were stated to La Fayette, who heard them with unqualified astonishment. But with his powerful sense of justice, determined to do all in his power to repair, what he considered a national act of cruelty and injustice; took careful notes, and on his return to France, had inquiries made, and the victim was found in a state of poverty and wretchedness, broken down by advancing years and unmerited obloquy. The affair was brought before the government of France, and as the real events were made manifest, the officer was restored to his rank and honors."

I do not pretend to have reported the exact words of Mr. Ross, but the facts as he stated them, I do vouch for, and as I have not the least doubt of their truth, am at much loss to determine which most deserves the meed of baseness of the two opposing Commanders-in-chief, outside and inside of Fort du Quesne in 1755.

Another fact I believe to be founded on truth. When I was removed by my parents to the neigbourhood, the popular report was, that Braddock received his mortal wound from a provincial militia-man of the name of Faussett. When my father was removing with his family to the west, one of the Faussetts kept a public house a few miles east of where Uniontown in Fayette county, then Beeson's town, stands. This man's house we lodged in, about the tenth of October 1781, twenty-six years and a few months after Braddock's defeat, and there it was made anything but a secret, that one of the family dealt the death-blow to the British General.

Thirteen years afterwards, I was at Thomas Gallagher's, in Fayette county, where I met an old man, one of the Faussett's in his 70th year, as he informed me. To him I put the plain question, and received the plain reply, "I did shoot him." He then went on to insist, that by doing so, he contributed to save what was left of the army. In brief, in my youth, I never either heard the fact of Faussett having shot Braddock, either doubted or blamed.

Leaving this minion of a corrupt court to his infamy, we may say with safety, that few defeats ever produced more disastrous consequences. The exertions made principally by the colony of Virginia, which then claimed the country, watered by the Monongahela to its mouth, and also the adjacent country, to raise troops to re-take possession, in conjunction with a force of British regulars, encouraged settlers. The defeat of the combined army, gave for three years, all that is now west Pennsylvania and west Virginia to the Indians, and exposed the new settlers to destruction; yet incredible as it may appear, even then settlers pressed into the fearful void, in which at every step the form of an Indian might be expected to burst from the brake, the minister of death or captivity.

As early as 1754, David Tygart, settled on the eastern branch of Monongahela, and gave name to that stream and the valley it waters. About the same time, a man of the name of Files, fixed

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himself on the same river where stands Beverly, the now county seat of Randolph county. The family of Files, one excepted, fell victims to Indian barbarity. Young Files escaped, and hastening to Tygart's, that family made a timely retreat from the country, and did not return for some years afterwards.

The founding of Red Stone Fort, on Monongahela river, eastern side, at the mouth of Dunlap's Creek, and where the two fine borough towns of Brownsville below the creek, and Bridgeport above, now stands, was the first effectual step taken towards actual and permanent settlements, of that beautiful picturesque, and fertile region between the mountains and Ohio river, and drained by the innumerable fountains of the Monongahela.

The warrior with his gun, hatchet and knife, prepared alike to slay the deer and bear for food, but also to defend himself against and destroy his savage enemy, was not the only man who sought the wilderness. A very interesting and tragic instance was given of the contrary by the three Eckarly's. These men, Dunkards by profession, left the eastern, and cultivated part of Pennsylvania, and plunged into the wilds of the west. Their first permanent camp was on a creek flowing into Monongahela river, in the south-western part of Pennsylvania, to which stream they gave the name of Dunkard Creek, which it still bears. These men of peace, employed themselves in exploring the country in every direction, in which one uncultivated waste spread around them. From Dunkard's Creek, they removed to Dunkard's Bottom on Cheat river, which they made their permanent residence, and with a savage war raging at no considerable distance, these men spent some years unmolested, indeed it is probable, unseen.

In order to obtain some supplies of ammunition and clothing, Dr. Thomas Eckarly, recrossed the mountains to Winchester, with some poultry. On his return to join his brothers, he stopped on the south branch of the Potomac, at Fort Pleasant, and roused the curiosity of the inhabitants by relating his adventures, removals and present residence. His pacific religious principles, as pacific religious principles have every where done, exposed him to suspicion, and he was detained as a confederate of the Indians, and as a spy, come to examine the frontiers and its defences. In vain did Dr. Eckarly assert his entire innocence of any connexion with the Indians, and that on the contrary, him or his brothers had not even seen an Indian since their residence west of the mountains, he could not obtain his liberty until by his own suggestion, he was escorted by a guard of armed men, who were to reconduct him a prisoner to Fort Pleasant, in case of any confirmation of the charges against him.

These arbitrary proceedings, though in themselves very unjust, it is probable saved the life of Dr. Eckarly, and his innocence was made manifest in a most shocking manner. Approaching the cabin where he had left and anxiously hoped to find his brothers, himself and his guard were presented with a heap of ashes. In the yard lay the mangled and putrid remains of the two brothers, and as if to add to the horrors of the scene, beside the corpses, lay the hoops on which their scalps had been dried. Dr. Eckarly and the now sympathising men buried the remains, and not as a prisoner, but a forlorn and desolate man he returned to the South Branch.

Decker's settlement on what is yet Decker's creek, was made on the Monongahela in 1778, under the direction of Thomas Decker, but was in the ensuing year, surprised by a party of Indians, and most of the inhabitants murdered. One of the men composing Decker's settlement, escaped and reached Red Stone Fort, then commanded by a Captain Paul, who being too weak to spare men to pursue the Indians, despatched an express to Fort Pitt, which had a short time before fallen into the hands of the British and Provincials under General Forbes.

In the mean time the murderers of Decker's settlement had escaped, and though Captain Gibson the commander at Pittsburg, marched promptly with thirty men across the country, to get in their front. But if Gibson failed to come up with or intercept those in which he was in pursuit of, he very unexpectedly to both parties, fell in with Kiskepila, (Little Eagle) a Mingo chief, and six or seven more warriors. The meeting took place on Indian Cross Creek, near where Steubenville now stands, at break of day. The Indians had not all risen. The Mingo chief first spied Gibson, raised the war-whoop and discharged his rifle. The ball cut Gibson's clothes, and wounded a soldier, but drawing his cutlass, the captain rushed forward, and by a gigantic swing, severed the head from the body of Kiskepila. Two other Indians fell, and the others fled and escaped.

The act of cutting off the head of the Mingo Chief, by the sword and arm of Captain Gibson, produced some singular consequences. At the final restoration of prisoners, after the treaty of 1763, some white persons who were in the Mingo villages, when the remnant of Kiskepila's party returned, stated that these warriors reported that their chief was killed with "*a big knife.*" A death dance, was then performed, at which several white prisoners were devoted to death, to revenge the dead chief. Amid their horrid orgies, bitter and bloody were their threats of vengeance against "*the big knife warrior.*" The name became general amongst the Indian nations for the Virginians, by which, they then, and long afterwards, included all the white militia, as "*the big knife warriors.*"

Thus stood the country on the upper Ohio and its confluence in the end of 1758. Pittsburg, with a feeble garrison, and Redstone with one still more feeble, were the out-posts of civilization. The main spine of the mountains was really the frontier, as the two posts of Redstone and Pittsburgh were far in advance of the settlements, except a very few cabins, the inhabitants of which, had the Indian hatchet impending every moment over their heads. The Monongahela was then the Rubican, all beyond was silent or hostile.

Similar was the line from Pittsburgh to Georgia. The settlements on the upper Roanoke, near where Salem in Bottetort county, Virginia, now stands, was surprised in 1757, and the in-

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habitants mostly murdered. A fort had been established on Jackson's river, branch of James river, by Governor Dinwiddie, and known by his name. As soon as the massacre on Roanoke was made known to him, Dinwiddie ordered a detachment of regulars from the Fort on Jackson's river, to join several militia detachments, from the counties along the frontier, and the whole to form an army under the command of Andrew Lewis. The plans of Governor Dinwiddie, evinced a knowledge of the Indian character, of their country and the intermediate country between villages and settlements of Virginia, which must have been acquired by confidence in men of the colony, who had gained their means of advising by experience. The policy of Governor Dinwiddie and his counsellors, was to form a strong line of forts along the Ohio, and had this wise and humane system been carried into effect, what streams of blood and tears would have been stayed.

In the instance before us, the army under Andrew Lewis, was formed and marched to attain two objects. First to chastise the Indians; but secondly, to effect a far more important purpose; that was, to establish a military post, at or near the mouth of Big Sandy. With much delay from various obstacles, the season was far advanced before this little army reached a point on Sandy river, within a few miles of Ohio. What would have been the final result can be never known, as at this critical epoch, Francis Fauquier, succeeded Dinwiddie in the government of Virginia, and marked his commencing administration, by ordering the regular troops back to Fort Dinwiddie, and the militia to return to their homes.

This was one of the innumerable vexatious measures of the British colonial government which irritated, in an especial manner the frontier, and in war, far most formidable portion of the population. This very proceeding of Fauquier, was most dreadfully retaliated, as it was well remembered in the revolutionary war. In the year 1706, settlements were extended to the Holston river, and amongst the men who thus dared an advance, was Evan Shelby, William Campbell, William Preston and Daniel Boone. It is singular, that the sons of Shelby, Campbell and Preston, were amongst the leaders in the battle of the King's Mountain, and from the very country left exposed by the cold hearted Fauquier, twenty-three years afterwards issued that terrible corps, who on the 7th October 1780, dealt death to Colonel Ferguson and his British and tory troops.

To return to Col. Andrew Lewis's little army. The governor's order to return, produced a counsel of war, most of the officers insisted on prosecuting their expedition, and determined to at least to proceed to Ohio river. This was accomplished, and was no doubt the first Anglo-American military force, which ever reached that river below a very few miles from Pittsburg.

With heavy hearts, which is the case in all retreats but in this, the soldiers, however, brave and hardy, had complicated reasons to superinduce depression. Winter had set in; their provisions were exhausted, and ammunition, their resource for food, was scanty; and thus were they to retrace three hundred miles over rapid rivers, in pathless forests, and over high and rugged mountains. To these were added the appaling danger of hovering Indians, which were soon found on their flanks.

In these dreadful circumstances, orders were issued, forbidding either shooting or kindling fires, reducing the men to perish with hunger, to save themselves from being shot by their enemy. Many did perish with cold and hunger. Their famished pack horses, their buffalo hide thongs, the strings of their moccasins, and their belts were used for food. Under such circumstances of suffering, did the remnant of this gallant army reach their homes and friends. Many of those who did survive, lived to gain a terrible vengeance in the revolutionary war, on those they regarded as their worst enemies, the British officers.

The peace of 1763, brought little of any relaxation of hostility or mitigation of Indian war, to the frontier from the environs of Pittsburgh, to the farthest outer settlements of Georgia. Between the frontier inhabitants and the Indians, under their respective circumstances, no peace could exist, and it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for persons to be murdered returning from treaties.

One feature in the Indian military character, began to be developed, and contributed greatly to the advantage of the whites. It was found that the slightest fortification, could be defended against these sons of the woods, who seemed to have no idea of using themselves any other shelter in war but "*the tree.*" To this advantage, the ferocious and faithless character of the Indian added another. It was soon demonstrated, that to surrender was to meet certain death. The knowledge of these advantages were, however, like all other knowledge, purchased at great expence. One terrible purchase I may mention.

About 1760, at or near where Franklin, the seat of justice for Pendleton county, Virginia, now stands, and on the south fork of the south branch of Potomac, was situated Sivert's Fort. About forty persons, men, women and children, had taken refuge in this place of defence. The people within were becoming careless after the first alarm, but were suddenly assailed by a large body of Indians. Captain Sivert prevented the people in the fort from firing on the Indians, proposing to attempt a negociation under a flag. This proceeding, though much opposed, he carried into effect, the Indians very readily agreeing to retire peaceably, on receiving certain presents or ransom; but to test their kindly feelings, the fort was to be opened, that they might shake hands with the people within. These stipulations were complied with, and the gates thrown open, and an almost indiscriminate massacre followed. The number of all ages and both sexes thus sacrificed to the folly or timidity of their commander, amounted to about forty.

In 1761, the Indians penetrated into the country on the head of James river, committed many murders, and led captive several others. On this occasion one man very narrowly escap-

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ed death, who lived to perform important services during the Revolutionary war; this was George Mathews, one of the heroes in 1774, of the battle of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of great Kenawha; of the battle of Germantown, on the 4th of October 1777, and twice governor of Georgia.

The hostile spirit kept in excitement, from the end of what has been called "*The French War*," was not fostered more by the Indians than by the whites, and if we allow for the pretences of religion and superior civilization, treachery and cruelty was really on the side of the whites. There was not any year from 1732, to the end of the Revolutionary war, in which murder to a greater or less extent, was not perpetrated by one or both of these irreconcilable parties. In 1764, in March, "*The Manor Indians*," or "*The Moravian Indians*," residing at Litiz, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, were murdered, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, if we judge by our modern estimates of the deed. The men who committed the act, where from the neighbourhood where I was born, and well do I remember to hear the destruction of "*The Manor Indians*," receive a very different title from that of murder. The act, however, never at any time, could be viewed in any other light, than that of a wanton waste of human blood, without any adequate object. But to show the feelings of the times on this very event, I insert the following, which I have repeatedly heard told, and of its entire truth I have not a shadow of doubt. Amongst the men who destroyed the Manor Indians, there were two brothers, both married men, but one without children. The childless brother saved a small child, or rather attempted to save it, as his brother stepped up to him and asked him, "what he had got there?" "A pet," he replied, "which I am going to take home to ———" pronouncing the name of his wife. The words had scarce passed his mouth, when the tomahawk of the brother was dashed into the child's brains, and its innocent blood sprinkled over its protector.

The perpetrator of this dreadful deed, I remember to have seen, and never learned that in common life, there was any atrocity remarked in his conduct, but rather the reverse. Such facts deserve record, if for no other reason than to mitigate our censures and soften our feelings, towards a people, who in retaliating such acts, thought they were only doing a duty imposed upon them, by the laws of their education.

The scenes are passed, and we now look back upon them, as the convulsions of a storm which is to rage no more.

One cause amid every other fluctuation of war, or peace, was steady in its effects, that was the migration of the whites to the west, which might well be compared to a fluid rushing into a void. Danger, hunger, cold, and death itself seemed to have no influence over this all powerful human motion. Individuals and families fell, and their dying screams, seemed to hardly cease their echo in the forest, when other individuals and families followed. I was myself, one who in infancy I may well say, was borne along on this mighty current. MARK BANCROFT.

The following beautiful and affecting lines, are taken from a late number of the Christian Advocate and Journal. They were written by Dr. H. W. Baxley, of Baltimore, subsequently to witnessing the consignment to the tomb of the remains of his departed mother. He speaks the language of filial respect and devotion.

MY MOTHER.

We buried her deep in her own native earth,
Not a murmur nor sigh did we hear;
In view of the hamlet that gave her birth,
We laid her unmourn'd by a tear.

The wind it was still, the grass did not move,
All nature seem'd hush'd in that hour—
Spring's own balmy zephyr had breathed on the grove,
Yet the bud still withheld its gay flower.

The once cherished scenes that partook of her youth,
And join'd in the mirth that it shed,
Seem'd sad at beholding the now mournful truth,
That their early companion was dead.

It was silent around, until the harsh cord,
As drawn from the depths of the tomb,
Gave token that earth had received its award,
That dust was consigned to its doom.

God's minister spake, and the valley's dark clod
Lent a sad, solemn thrill to the heart:
In anguish, it answer'd, O! God, O! my God!
Must a child and a parent thus part?

Then burst the seal'd fountains of grief, as they tore
Them deserted and helpless away;
The soul, in its agony, wept as they bore
Them afar from her still sacred clay.

There was one who stood by, his heart seem'd unmov'd
And his cheek was unstained by a tear;
His memory lingered o'er scenes that he loved,
And his fix'd eye was turn'd on her bier.

He thought of the days affection's pure beam
Shed magical sweetness around,
When life's happy dawn pass'd on like a dream,
And naught save its pleasures was found.

He thought of the bosom that pillow'd his head
In infancy's helpless repose,
The eye that watch'd o'er him, the bright smile that spread
Its influence around when he rose.

When affliction's hard hand was laid on his brow,
What lighten'd the force of its fall?
'Twas her ready breast, ever bared to the blow,
Ever prompt at the sufferer's call.

And must she depart? The earth, as it fell,
Told the tale that his mother was there—
Struck deep on his heart the funeral knell,
And he shudder'd—but shed not a tear.

The fields now stand forth, deck'd in gaudy array,
The graves in their liveried green;
The south brings its zephyrs, and the spring her sweet May,
All nature in gladness is seen.

The lark, as it mounts with its anthem on high,
And the nightingale, over her tomb,
All, all, now exult, while the bosom's deep sigh
Is still heaved at her freedom from gloom.

O, mourn not her death! Let her towering wing
Sweep on through the regions of heaven!
And join the loud choir of angels, who sing,
"To her the bright promise is given!"

Baltimore, May 1, 1834.

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SICILIAN FACTS.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

Mascali, a thriving town on the eastern coast of Sicily, some miles distant from the city of Catania, is situated on the beach, at the foot of one of the most charming of the Ætnean hills, whose gentle slope is covered with vinyards, corn-fields, and olive grounds, interspersed with gardens and range groves, which impart a delicious perfume to the air. The size and flourishing condition of its productions abundantly testify the exuberant fertility of the soil. A little above the town, and overlooking it, is the modern residence of the ancient family of Z——, situated in one of the pleasantest spots imaginable, embowered in a wilderness of agrunie, whose never-fading verdure gives the appearance of perpetual spring, to this favoured region. The summit of this beautiful eminence is crowned by an antique castle, formerly the abode of the same family; and in still early times, a royal chateau, built by one of the kings of Sicily, for his reception, when disposed to partake of the pleasures of the chase. It commands in front an enchanting view of the distant coast of Italy, the sea studded with craft of every denomination, and the shore variegated with town and village, winding streams, and promontories of lava. To the right, lay the superb city and vast plains of Catania, so renowned for its fertility. To the left, the silver currents of the Acts and the Fiume Freddo, are seen paying their tributes to the sea. Behind, stretches an extensive wood, remarkable for the size and variety of its trees, and the inexhaustible stock of game with which it is furnished. In the distance, the most prominent and sublimest feature of the scene, the snow-crowned Ætna, elevates its smoking head into the clouds. This old edifice is called il Castello della Zita, or the Betrothed, from a daughter of an ancient lord of these possessions, whose father, as the tale runs, arbitrarily promised her hand to one of her suitors, whilst her heart was engaged to another. In spite of tears, prayers, and remonstrances, a day was destined for the marriage. On the evening preceding the morning on which the ceremony was to take place, it was observed, that the intended bride had dried her tears, and appeared composed and resigned to her fate. In the morning the guests had arrived, the priest was ready, the bridegroom in attendance; but the bride was wanting. She was not in her apartment. The castle was searched from turret to dungeon, but the young lady was not found. At length, a pair of slippers was discovered on the ledge of a window; they were recognized as those of the bride. On looking out, she was seen lying in her night dress, a corpse, in the ditch of the castle, into which she had precipitated herself to avoid a detested union.

The present story, though of a more modern date, as it happened somewhat after the middle of the last century, in some points resembles the foregoing; but the lady, although, if possible, still more unfortunate in her destiny, does not appear to have possessed the desperate resolution of her fair predecessor.

Baron Z——, the proprietor of these domains at that period, had led a single life until near fifty, and perhaps might have continued to do so, had not some disagreement with his brother, who in default of issue was his heir, determined him to disappoint his expectations by taking a wife at that late period. Having formed this resolution, he proposed for the daughter of the Prince of P——, of Catania, a girl of eighteen, whom perhaps he had not seen twice in his lifetime. The baron being well known by his large possessions, the father consented at once to a match, which, reckoning for nothing the disparity of years, or the inclinations of his child, he esteemed highly advantageous. When he communicated the offer to his daughter, and ordered her peremptorily to receive the baron as her future husband, the young lady was thunderstruck, at intelligence so unlooked for, and disagreeable, and remained silent, being incapable of utterance, in the presence of the prince; but no sooner had he retired, than throwing herself at the feet of her mother, she conjured her to prevent a union, which could not fail to plunge her in irremediable misery. The princess, though attached to her daughter, knowing the arbitrary and violent character of her husband, declined all interference in the matter, and recommended obedience, as the wisest and fittest course. In fact, both her parents were aware that her principal objection to the baron was, an attachment she entertained for a cadet, of a noble family, an officer in the army, then absent in Naples; but neither of them suspected that she had already clandestinely become his wife. They had, previous to his departure, been privately married by the family chaplain, who had been won over by their entreaties. No wonder, then, that the unfortunate girl testified such repugnance to the match now proposed to her. In vain she expostulated and entreated; a deaf ear was turned to her prayers. Her union with the officer she dared not reveal, well knowing, from the vindictive temper of her father, that such confessions would cost the life of her husband. She prevailed on the chaplain who had married them, to remonstrate with the prince, on the injustice he was about to commit by forcing the inclinations of his daughter, and thus rendering her miserable for life; but the efforts of the priest were unavailing, the prince drove him from his presence, and threatened him with his vengeance, for this uncalled for interference in his family affairs.

Whilst the young lady remained utterly at a loss, what step to take in so deplorable a condition; her father aware, as I have said, of her inclination for the young officer, artfully procured a letter to be sent from Naples, detailing a fictitious account of his death; conceiving that when he had thus succeeded in shutting out all hope, he should find her more tractable. These dreadful tidings overwhelmed her with grief; but far from answering the expectations of the prince, seemed only to have increased her aversion to the baron; until her father, designing to terrify her into consent, gave her the choice of a convent, or that nobleman for a husband; disappointed by her gladly embracing the former, he retracted his offer, which had been mere menace, and would not even hear of the alter-

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native he had himself proposed. He then allowed her but three days to prepare herself, giving her to understand that the baron, at the expiration of that period, would come to the palace to be betrothed to her, as is the custom in Sicily, previous to the actual celebration of the marriage ceremony.

These three days, were three whole ages of horror, to the unfortunate young lady. At times her heart misgave her, and suspicions came over her mind, that the story of her husband's death, might be a fabrication; a notion which only served to add to the cruel embarrassment of her situation. She resolved still to hold out, and to refuse her consent when the fatal hour arrived. When it did, and the baron came in state, with a long train of relatives and friends to witness the event, she refused to appear, and remained in an undress within her chamber. But these were weak preservatives against the fury of her father, who violently tore her in that condition from her appartment, and apologizing to the baron for what he termed girlish waywardness, commanded her to signify her consent to the proposed union. Terrified by his menaces, and not gifted by nature with any great energy of character, she said, in faltering accents, that she was compelled to comply with the will of her father. This dubious assent was esteemed sufficient by those to whom a direct refusal would have signified as little. Soon after the marriage ceremony took place; she was carried by force to the church, where she fainted at the altar, and remained in a state of insensibility, during the greater part of the service. After its termination, the exulting baron returned to Mascali, with his mourning bride, whose sorrow he attributed, as her father had hinted, to her being now, for the first time, removed from the parental residence.

Her internal struggles, her grief for the supposed death of her real husband, the agitation she had undergone affected her brain, and though not altogether amounting to insanity, she began to give proofs of aberation of intellect. There was at the time, and there still is, in the grounds, a beautiful reservoir of water, ornamented with a superb fountain. This was her favourite resort; she would sit by its margin for hours together, in utter listlessness, or mingling her tears with its pellucid stream. Even at night she would leave her bed, hasten there, and giving vent to her feelings, commit a thousand extravagances. The baron, who it seems, was in reality much attached to her, was at first alarmed by these nightly wanderings, but having caused her to be watched, and finding that she discovered no inclination to injure herself, he thought it best to let her have her own way, and gradually grew accustomed to her wild and eccentric habits. At length she became a mother, an event which gave great delight to the baron, and seemed for a time, to relieve the devouring melancholy which preyed on her heart.

It is not improbable that the flow of new feelings, maternal affection, and the assurance that her first husband was no more, might have finally succeeded in restoring reason, which had only been occasionally clouded, to the empire of her mind. She gradually grew better, and appeared reconciled to her situation; when one day, her favourite attendant, whom she had brought with her from Catania, told her, that she had seen the ghost of her former husband, in the garden: that it attempted to approach her, but overcome with terror, she had escaped into the house. The wretched young baroness, never entirely convinced of his death, saw at once through the deceit, that had been practised on her, and broke into violent exclamations of grief, remorse and despair. She directed the maid to watch the garden, and the next time she saw the appearance, (which she was convinced was not a spirit, but her beloved husband in person,) to speak to him, and relate how cruelly she had been beguiled into a marriage with the baron, and to acquaint him that she would, the same night, meet him at her favourite haunt, the fountain. Next day the woman again fell in with him, and on his addressing her, soon found that he was no spectre, but the living husband of her lady. Having imparted all her mistress had desired, the young man said, that hearing of her marriage with Baron Z——, he had felt assured that she had been made the victim of some artful misrepresentation, and that as soon as he had been able to obtain leave of absence, he had hastened to Sicily, to hear the fatal story from her own lips; prepared, in case he found her union was voluntary, to bury his own claim in oblivion, rather than destroy her peace, or injure her honour in the eyes of the world, whatever the effort might cost him.

That night, the wretched husband and wife met at the fountain, and gave vent to the poignant anguish with which they were alike penetrated. They would willingly have fled together, but where would they be safe from the pursuing resentment of her father and the baron? To avow their marriage, and claim her as his wife, was equally hopeless and hazardous. There was no other witness to the marriage, which had taken place privately in the family chapel, than her own servant and the priest who performed the ceremony; whose testimony no doubt would be overruled, or themselves, if expedient, put out of the way. After several hours spent in fruitless deliberation, they at length parted: having resolved, as their only practicable plan, to attempt an escape to a foreign country, as they could not hope to be secure in their own. Night after night the unhappy couple continued to meet at the fountain. The baron, aware of her mental infirmity, and of her similar excursions before her confinement, paid little attention to what he supposed a return of the malady. In the mean time, the officer having collected what money he could command, which, with the lady's jewels, was all they had to rely on for future subsistence, he hired a felucca, which was to convey them to Trieste, whence they proposed making their singular story known to her family, and effecting, if possible, a reconciliation with them.

All, for some time, appeared to favour their plans, the day appointed for the sailing of the felucca and the flight of the lady approached. But their nightly meetings, carried on with too little precaution, had attracted the attention of the domestics; one of them, the gamekeeper, to

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ingratiate himself with his master, betrayed the secret of the unhappy couple. The baron, infuriated at being thus, as he conceived, dishonoured, ferociously gave orders to the informer and an assistant, to lie in wait for, and dispatch the unhappy young man, in the presence of his supposed mistress. These men, though they accepted the horrible commission, less cruel than their master, had the compunction to forbear committing the dreadful deed before the eyes of the lady. The officer was, as usual, the first who came to the place of meeting. The assassins discharged their blunderbusses at him, a few paces distant from the fountain, willing that their mistress might at least be spared the terrible shock of discovering the body herself. But the dying man, badly wounded as he was, either to slake the death thirst, or obtain perhaps a last sad look of his beloved, contrived to crawl to the margin of the fountain, and there expired, a few moments before his wretched wife came to the spot. When she saw and recognized her husband, heedless of discovery, she threw herself on the bleeding body, pressed it in her arms, and filled the air with her piercing screams. The murderers conjecturing the cause of the cries, drew near to the spot. When she saw them approach, she sprang up, and endeavoured to precipitate herself into the water. Prevented in this design by the savage humanity of the assassins, she broke from them, and ran wildly through the grounds, frightfully shrieking, leaving behind her, a track of her husband's blood, which dropped from her night dress, saturated with the crimson stream. When at length overtaken, and conveyed to the house, deliquium followed deliquium, and when they ceased, frenzy succeeded; the dark night of insanity, had utterly quenched the light of reason. In her lucid intervals, which were few, and far between, she was heard to pray for the return of madness, as a relief from sufferings too acute to be endured. The baron, her husband, never mentioned the circumstance, nor suffered it to be alluded to in the house. The morning after the event he ordered the corpse to be consigned into the hands of the police, as that of a person killed by his servants in the supposition that he was a robber, having been found trespassing by night on his premises.

During the short time the lady lived, she returned to the former habit of wandering by night. The spot stained with the blood of her husband, was her favourite haunt; there was she accustomed to sit and linger for hours, seeming to hold converse with some invisible being, addressing the visionary creation of the brain, with the most endearing epithets, and extending and folding her arms, as if embracing a beloved object. Long after her death, the terrified domestics were wont to assert, that they often beheld at night, a female form sit weeping by the brink of the fatal fountain.

It is easier to admire than to imitate, and there is no error more common, than to imagine that talking of virtue is to practice it.

He who cannot endure a single disagreeable word, exposes himself to the annoyance of hearing many.

Written for the Casket.

THE VISION.

BY LYMAN WALBRIDGE TRASK.

This was written in 1830, and if the reader will consult the History of Greece since that time, he will see that the predictions contained in this "Vision" have been fulfilled.

The wind was wild—the sea ran high,
No star-light smil'd upon the sky;
The roaring winds soon left the plain,
Careering onward o'er the main.
From heaven's arch, burst on my sight,—
A being of seraphic light
And—o'er the mighty watery way
He shewed me Greece, and seemed to say:
"Behold those isles, of genius bright,
Once brilliant with a heavenly light,—
A land that endless fame has rung
The clime where classic Homer sung;
Where genius raised his towering fires—
And muses touched their sweetest lyres,
Where spirits bold with vengeful hand
Dared vindicate the rights of man.
Though Greece, once sunk in awful gloom,
Has risen from her ancient tomb—
Though now the modern Grecian son
Has triumphed o'er the Ottoman—
Yet other tyrants seize the hour;
Yes! other tyrants lust for power,
And thus these tyrants will decree,
That modern Greece shall not be free!"

He said, and quick as lightning flew
Above, to the etherial blue;
And darkness o'er the spreading plain
Assumed again her dismal reign.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

ON THE DEATH OF LA FAYETTE.

Death at length his work has done,
Fallen is the mighty one,
To his rest of glory gone—
To his home on high.

O'er his bier Columbia weeps,
O'er the grave where low he sleeps,
Mourning, she her vigil keeps,
Wat'ring with her tears

That now consecrated spot,
Destin'd ne'er to be forgot,
Till the things which are not,—
Till time shall be no more.

With her tears we mingle ours:
Over Freedom's happy bowers
Dark the cloud of sorrow lowers,
Freedom weeps thy fall.

Yet we mourn not as do they
Who, when lov'd ones fade away,
Early see their hopes decay,
Blighted in the bud.

Not by an untimely doom
Fall'n, in manhood's op'ning bloom,
To the cold and lonely tomb
Wast thou borne away.

Late to thee the summons came.
Hero of immortal name,
Full of years, and full of fame,
Thou art laid to rest.

Strew we, then, thy grave with flowers,
Cease the tears that nature pours,
Thou art Freedom's, now, and ours,
Given to deathless fame.

JUAN.

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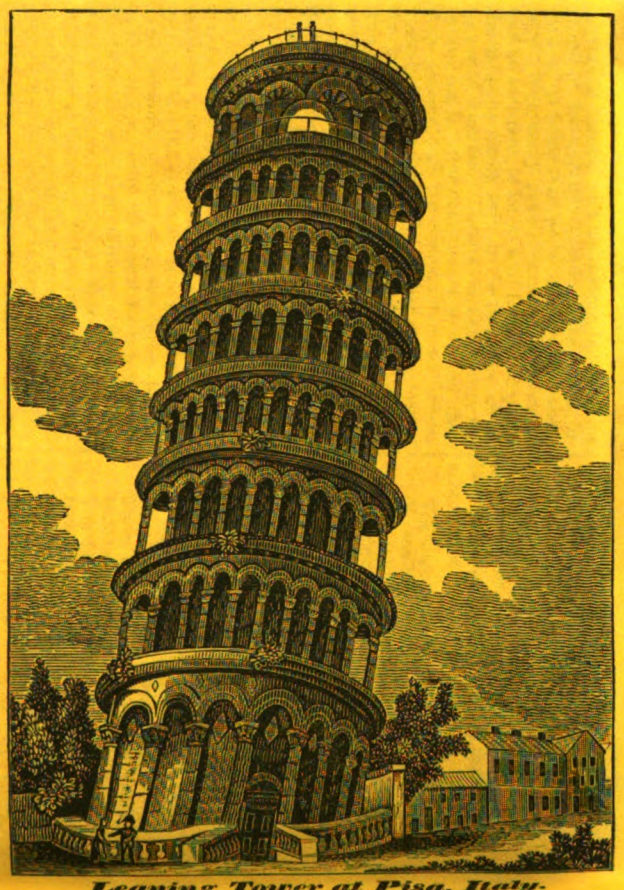
St. Paul's Church, New York.



Leaning Tower at Pisa, Italy.

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THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

We have already embellished the Casket with views of different Leaning Towers; we now introduce to our readers the celebrated Tower at Pisa, in Italy. Its height is about 187 feet, it is ascended by 355 steps, and contains 7 bells. It stands alone, unconnected with the neighbouring buildings, and was probably intended as an ornamental belfry. It is inclined from the perpendicular rather more than 14 feet. It is built of marble and granite, and has 8 stories, formed of arches, supported by 207 pillars, and divided by cornices. Its form and proportions are graceful, and its whole appearance, from a short distance, remarkably beautiful. Whilst approaching the city (which is situated on an extensive plain) at the distance of a few miles, the effect, when the tower is seen over the tops of the trees, between two others which are perpendicular, is so striking, that the spectator feels almost inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses. It was erected about A. D. 1174, by Wilhelmus, or William, a German architect, assisted by two Pisans. From the inclination of the stairs, it seems to a person going up or down hastily, to roll like a ship. This beautiful structure, notwithstanding its inclination, seems to have withstood the ravages of time with more than usual success, as it has now stood for more than 600 years, without any fissure, or the slightest perceptible sign of decay. Travellers, antiquaries, and the learned in general, have been perplexed and divided in opinion, with respect to the cause of the inclination: some have argued in favour of its being accidental; others have merely stated the different opinions on the subject, without giving their own; whilst Dr. Arnott, in his popular work "on the Elements of Physics," distinctly says, that it was built *intentionally* inclined, to frighten or surprise.

It has remained for the accurate observation of an English lady, who travelled in Italy a few years ago, to set the question at rest, by discovering what had escaped the notice of so many learned gentlemen. "In that part of the Campo Santo," says Mrs. Starke, "in which the life of St. Ranieri is painted, we see the now leaning tower *upright*." These paintings are supposed to have been done about A. D. 1300, more than 100 years after the tower was erected: so that it may now be considered as certain, that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as in all other instances in Italy. This opinion is confirmed by the circumstances of the lowest row of pillars being sunk deep in the earth, the mouldings not running parallel with the horizon, and the inclination of the stairs.

MIRROR.

Julia! in this glass you see
Her who is admir'd by me.
Oh, that in it I could view,
The happy man belov'd by you!

HOPE.

Hope, heaven-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower;
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

This edifice rears its venerable head in the very centre of bustle and fashion. It is situated in Broadway, with Fulton street on one side, and Vesey street on the other—the American Museum is opposite, and the Park—the City Hall—and the Theatre, are in its immediate vicinity. Standing as it does, with its grave-yard shadowed by old trees, and white with tomb-stones, it seems as though it was intended to arrest the attention of the gay passer-by, and inspire him with serious thought, while he is in the eager pursuit of his business or his pleasures.

St. Paul's Church was built about 74 years ago—the steeple was finished in 1794. The front upon Broadway, is an Ionic portico, supported by 4 columns of brown stone; its pediment contains a statue of St. Paul in a niche. In front of the great window, is the monument erected by order of Congress, to the memory of General Montgomery, under which his bones now repose. The interior of the church exhibits a great deal of elegant taste, an arched ceiling is supported by Corinthian columns, the galleries are airy, yet substantial, and the tones of the fine organ, are unrivalled in power, by any in the city.

The steeple rises to a height of above 200 feet from the ground. In symmetrical beauty, it cannot be surpassed by any thing in the Union. A quadrangular section of the Ionic order, with proper columns, pilasters, and pediments, rises above the tower, then follow two octangular sections of the Corinthian and Composite orders, with columns at the angles, a neat spire crowns the whole. The church, tower, and first section, are of stone, the rest is of wood The most beautiful view of the church, at present, is, from the steps of the City Hall, where you have the verdure of the Park for a fore-ground. Mr. Aston's large hotel, when completed, will, it is feared, materially intercept this view.

In the rear of the Church, upon a little hillock, stands the monument erected by Edmund Kean, over the remains of a kindred genius, George Frederick Cooke; and by the side of the church, near Fulton street, is the obelisk to the memory of the eloquent and patriotic Emmet. It consists of one solid piece of white marble, with appropriate ornaments, and his head, a very tolerable likeness, in bass relief.

St. Paul's and St. John's Churches, are attached to the parish of Trinity Church, and were under the pastoral care of the Bishop of the Diocese, as rector, with associate ministers, during the life-time of the late Bishop Hobart. Shortly after the consecration of the present Bishop, it was deemed proper to separate the Diocesan from parochial occupation. The Rev. Wm. Berrian is now rector, and the Rev. T. F. Schroeder, and the Rev. Henry Authon, associate ministers.

J. B. S.

As many more can discover that a man is richer than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged, as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness, which the consciousness of great abilities incites, borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence.—*Johnson.*

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NOTES ON PERIODICALS.

This is the true millenium of the printers. Oh! that those typographical heroes of the fifteenth century, Faust, Guttenberg, and Peter Schoeffer, could burst the marble monuments in which they are enshrined, and just take a peep at one of our steam-engines, which deliver to Fame, or to the cheesemongers, as many sheets in an hour as they, with infinite labour, though with ingenuity laudible for such an age, brought forth in a month! Doubtless every department of the press will henceforth be subjected to the same law of periodicity, which prevails throughout every region of the heavens. The earth is at once an annual, laden with all the accumulated treasures of the year; a Quarterly Review, delighting us with the varieties of each succeeding season; and a Daily Newspaper, teeming with new events which keep us, its readers, in a state of constant excitement. The moon, what is it but a perpetual "New Monthly Magazine?" In the highest firmament of the skies, we hear of systems which require for their periodical completion some five hundred years. What prodigious periodicals the people in those remote planets must possess! Their weeks must be longer than our years, their hours than our days. "Paradise Lost" they would look upon as a trifle. It would scarcely fill the space which they dedicate to the "Poet's Corner." As for this article, upon which we are at present engaged for the edification of our much-beloved readers, whoever they may be, we fear that it would be scarcely perceptible in a page of the "New Monthly" which illuminates and exalts the good folk who bask in the rays of Bellatrix or Betelgeux. Heaven defend us from being appointed, some fine morning, for our sins, editor of the Times, in the head of the Ram, or the tail of the Great Bear!

Indeed, matters are in a sufficiently deplorable state on the petty planet to which we happen at present to belong. Behold us obliged,—the thing is so cheap we cannot help it,—to take in, or be taken in by, "Johnson's Dictionary," converted into a neat periodical. For the same irresistible reason we renew our acquaintance every Saturday with the beauties of "Guthrie's Gazetteer," and the pleasantries of that Grammar, which goes under the renowned name of Lindley Murray. We next turn with enthusiasm to four pages of law; made easy to the most obtuse mind, and beguiling to the most phlegmatic. Astronomy comes before us, clothed in the garb of romance; and History looks so gay with all her embellishments, that we hand out our penny for her with rapture. We have already become perfect geologists for the sum of three-pence; and for a groat we received in exchange such a degree of enlightenment in the mysteries of anatomy, that we hereby undertake to kill any man in such a really agreeable and expeditious way, that he shall know nothing at all of the process. To determined suicides we shall be found invaluable, and we take the liberty to recommend ourselves to their attention. Paganini spent fourteen years and all his fortune in learning to play on *one* string. We played excellently on *four*, in two weeks, by the aid of the "Musical Magazine," for which we paid the sum of three halfpence. We may say, without vanity, that we shine in botany, divinity, zoology and horticulture, having made ourselves perfect masters in these branches of useful knowledge, at the rate of two-pence halfpenny per branch. In short, we expect that, before Christmas, we shall be, in our proper person, a complete animated Encyclopædia, at the sum total expense of half a crown. When the holidays come, however, we shall repay our poor soul for the heavy burdens which we at present hebdomadally impose upon it. We are all Minerva now,—then we shall be Bacchus.

Look at the illustrations, their perfections, their brilliancy, the number of them that we can buy for a trifle! Portraits, landscapes, still life, dogs, horses, game, Landseer, Turner, Martin, Cruikshank, all you may have almost for nothing. Montgomery the Second is gone to Pandæmonium to collect materials for landscapes, which he has undertaken to describe in a most tremendous poem. The ever-to-be-lamented Rosa Matilda is already awakened from her tomb, for the purpose of lending her never-to-be forgotten verses to the prints of Charles Tilt. We are soon to have not only a new edition of Robert Burns, but charming sketches of every individual whiskey-house which he honoured by getting particularly drunk therein. The Findens threaten to make even Crabbe popular.

What is to become of all the paper which is now in constant process of typo-impressment? What are we to do with it? Where is it to find room in some half-dozen years? We observe, indeed, more than one Encyclopædia in progress, which is likely to be concluded about the year of our Lord 2000. As we do not intend to live so long as that, we leave the said Encyclopædia to shift for itself. But, mercy on us, how are we to dispose of the "National Library?" Here is a collection "intended to place *all* the most useful, instructive, moral, and entertaining works, comprising the standard literature of almost *all* countries, within the means of *all* families in the three kingdoms!" We are kindly informed, lest our natural feelings should be alarmed at the prospect of paying for such a number of books, still more of perusing them, that all this is to be accomplished "without taxing *too* heavily, at one and the same time, either the pocket or the head of the reader." Infinite are the obligations of the happy subscriber to the editors, for thus dividing the inflictions which they are resolved to heap upon his devoted head. After being nicely wrecked on the rocks of Scylla, most comfortably swallowed up in the whirlpool of Charybdis.

It is not long since we came home one day from the Bank with our dividends in one pocket, and about a hundred weekly journals in the other, which we purchased in the fragrant purlieus of Fetter Lane. We were seduced by the show which they made, all embellished with cuts as they were, in a shop window. There shone "The Cab," price one halfpenny, addressed to gentlemen of aspiring notions, but limited means; and offering them, in return for a small annual subscription, not only the *Cab* itself, but the occasional use of a chariot, with horses quiet to drive, ride, or run in tandem,

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and also the loan of boxes at Covent Garden and the Opera, as well as ladies of the fashion, only for the purpose of gracing the said boxes by their appearance. They were to present themselves *moustaches a la porcupine*, to talk loud during the opera or the play, to smell of cigar, and to take snuff in abundance. It was necessary of their periodical felicity that they should, in all externals, be men of *ton*, whatever their previous habits might have been in the mystery of picking pockets. "The Halfpenny Magazine" had already, by some accident, arrived at a seventh number, a fatal one, we fear, for the editors were fain to confess. "We have no *cut* this time." "The Halfpenny Library" had the singular merit of manufacturing a new adage out of an old one. There is an ancient saying, "Truth lies in a well." "May not the modern adage," quoth the said Library, "run thus, 'The most certain charity is at a pump?'" "The Magnet," after admiting candidly that periodicals had increased beyond the possibility of purchase, or perusal, had the courage to add to the number, and the conscience to promise that it would print the essence of the whole in its own pages. "The Squib" threatened to blow up all its rivals. Forgetting that it was itself of inflammable materials, it became the first victim of its own temerity. "The Sunday Chronicle" came to proclaim the comfortable doctrine that all the world was mad, and that, as things went, Miss Baxter would have made a capital *Lord* Mayor. The editor gave demonstrative proof of his own wisdom, by departing spontaneously from such a world almost as soon as he came into it. Among the prescriptions of "The Doctor" and "The Penny Lancet," we looked in vain for a remedy capable of being administered to a young periodical diseased. We never beheld two medical practitioners, who stood more in need of assistance from their own "damnable compounds." "The Tourist" had pledged itself to travel from Wellington Street, in the Strand all over the civilized and savage world. After crossing over Waterloo Bridge, and disporting himself amid the pleasant retreats of Lambeth, he returned by Blackfriars to the place of Wellington once more, where we found him ruminating in the following penitential strain:—"Human hopes are frequently falsified by experience. No sooner are they submitted to an infallible criterion, than they have been proved defective and illusory:—the offspring of self-conceit, or of partial knowledge. We are free to acknowledge that we have failed to realize our own expectations." "Rude Boreas" Dibdin! What is it really Tom? It is in truth, the same concoctor of immortal songs, pouring with all his might, the tones of a heart still buoyant after every vicissitude, through a "Penny Trumpet," in the character of one Doctor Blow. Alas! poor Tom!—he was soon destined to realize the converse of a story, which he himself tells of Schmidt, one of the late King's band. The German, having been once asked to sustain a note of forty minims' duration, replied, "You may find ears, but who the devil is to find *wind*?" Dibdin was copious in wind, but, after essaying a few blasts, he found an appalling deficiency of ears.

Peace be to the shades of the many "Gleaners," "Spies," "Investigators," "Scrap-books," "Caskets," "Correctors," "Schoolmasters," "Guardians," and "Devils," which we have consigned to the tender mercies of our *scoul*, in order to save the expense of wood for the ignition of our fires. We were about to add to them a whole volume of the "Crisis," when the ghost of Robert Owen, its patron, stared us in the face, mildly reproving us for our consummate ignorance of the disorders which prevail throughout all classes of society, and for which he, Robert, believes that he has discovered a most effectual remedy. The "Crisis" is, it seems, intended to prepare the way for the new terrestial Paradise, which he has been labouring for many years to create. Having been quietly bowed out of the factory at New Lanark, where he had been for some time managing clerk, but where he had contrived, by his inspirations, to introduce most admired confusion, he came to London to dissipate his chagrin, and diffuse his principles. But here he toiled in vain. He found no associates to assist him in the scheme of rendering property common, in order that he might come in for a commodity of which he happened then, as he happens still, to be rather in need. He next, like many other speculators who have been sadly disappointed at home, turned his eyes towards America, and, having purchased a dim forest in the back settlements, for a few dollars, he 'yclept it, "New Harmony." But old Discord was too strong for even that sweetly sounding title, the concern was dissolved, and he returned once more, on fresh speculations, to this Babylon. He took up his residence near the pastoral glades of Burton-crescent, put up a brick and composition portico to a little, low house, which he called "The Institution for the removal of Ignorance, and the regeneration of the World." Here he preached and lectured, gaining a few shillings now and then, by way of admission money, and informing his slender audience that he was charged with an express mission (from whom or whence we never could learn) for the purpose of turning the whole fabric of society exactly upside down.

It has been our good fortune to meet with him sometimes in our nocturnal perambulations.—Strange to say, if it rained, he held an umbrella over his head like any common mortal. Nay, more, we have actually seen this great reformer of our bad habits eating beef, and drinking bottled beer!—although he is indisputably (according to his disciples) the identical person referred to by the sybils of yore, the long-expected of nations, at whose birth

> "Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo:
> Jam redit et virgo, redeunt saturnia regna;
> Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto."

With him the age of iron is to cease, that of pure gold to begin. Every trace of ancient sin and sorrow is to disappear at his command from earth. The lion shall gambol with the lamb, and every field shall spontaneously grow yellow with golden harvests. There will be no necessity for public worship, as in the new order of things everybody is to pray in secret, if he have any disposition that way. If not, he can judge or

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whistle if he like, instead of going to church, for no church there is any longer to be. The lawyers may sell their wigs and gowns, for law is come to an end. Order is to be altogether dispensed with, as a beautiful confusion is to prevail in its place. A young man shall met a young maiden in the streets, and, without saying "A fine day, my dear," or anything else of that bashful tendency, he is straight to pop the question, "Will you marry me?" and she will! They are to live together from that moment, without further ceremony, just as long as they choose; they may separate, and their children, if any there be, are to receive maintenance from the public treasury. Here will be a glorious state of things for all the bucks of Cambridge.

"They who give themselves to the study of just and good works," says the Cumæan sybil, "and to piety and holy thoughts, shall be carried by the angels through the flaming river, into a place of light, and a life without care, where the immortal path of the great God is, and where three fountains of wine, milk, and honey flow without cessation. And the earth shall be equal to all, not divided by walls or partitions, but shall bear much fruit spontaneously; and all shall live in common, and their wealth shall be undivided; neither poor nor rich shall be there, nor tyrant, nor servant, nor one greater or less than another; no king, nor leader; all shall enjoy all things in common, and none shall say the night is come, nor to-morrow, or yesterday is past; and no care shall be for many days. There shall be no spring nor summer, no winter nor autumn; nor marriage, nor death; nor buying, nor selling; nor setting nor rising of the sun, for there shall be a long day." "This is a highly figurative description of heaven upon earth, in the usual hyperbolical style of prophecy," quoth the "Crisis:" "but it is evident, when stripped in part of its mystical character, that it describes such another state of things as we propose to establish by the adoption of the new system of society?"

Now observe the wonderful process by which the new system has been already, in part, carried into effect. Among the various speculations upon which Mr. Maberly, unluckily for himself, bestowed, some years ago, his time, together with a princely fortune, was an immense edifice, which he erected near the top of Gray's Inn Road, intending the lower part thereof for a horse-bazaar, the upper for a mart, in which all things whatever, from a kitchen-range to a doll's eye, were to be exposed for sale. Exposed, indeed, many articles of utility and finery were upon neat stalls, peeping eagerly behind which were numbers of the prettiest faces which that quarter of the metropolis could turn out; but, by some fatality, no purchasers appeared. Indeed, who that could afford to buy even a tetotum was to guess that a bazaar existed in Gray's Inn Road? We have not, at present, the most remote idea how we ever chanced to hear of such a thing. Of course, it was soon shut up.

The time was now at hand, when the true regenerator of mankind was to step forth upon a more public stage than the small institution in Burton-place enabled him to enjoy. Having converted the landlord of the said Horse Bazaar to his principles, he prevailed upon the man to give him the use of the empty premises for nothing. He then collected together numbers of poor mechanics from the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, formed them into a society *pro bono publico*, appointed himself their father, and set about knocking into their heads his magnificent principles in a series of grave lectures. In the course of his labours, he had the good fortune to receive the most valuable assistance from Miss Macauley, a lady some time out of her teens, and not unknown to fame as an actress, a teacher of enunciation, a reader of plays and poems, a head of a new religion, in which capacity she preaches, and as an author of pamphlets upon the currency, the poor laws, agricultural distress, the Factory Bill, and a variety of other subjects, equally poetical and enchanting. She has also a horse, or rather a mule, to which is appended a little omnibus. Within the omnibus sits a lad. On the *front*, the back, and the sides of the machine are painted, in gigantic letters, three mystic words—"Miss Macauley's Repository." "A repository of what?" we asked the lad, for in our ignorance we deemed it a public vehicle, and flattered ourselves with the hope that it would carry us for a penny from Finsbury, where it then stood, to the rural groves of Paddington. "Sir," replied the urchin, smiling, "of Miss Macauley's pamphlets, will you buy one? you may have it for a penny." When her store of literature shall have been disposed of, it is Miss Macauley's intention to convert her shop into a Thespian cart, and to act tragedies all along the New-Road.

The mirror-like serenity with which this fair associate of Mr. Owen delivered herself of the new doctrines was marvellous. The Messiah, she declared, was a very good sort of a person in his way, considering the manner in which he was brought up, and was tolerably well informed too, remembering the dark age in which he lived; but he knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the evils of society, or of the real remedies which they required. These were matters wholly unrevealed to the world until the——Owen made his debût. She was proud to be one of his most zealous disciples, and was ready, as far as she was concerned, to carry all his principles into practice. To her inventive genius the patriarch is indebted for the establisment of what are called social festivals, at which the mechanics, their wives, their sons and daughters, together with a galaxy of beauties from the virtuous precincts of Shire-lane, assemble periodically, and sing, and dance, and take tea, and enter into those temporary engagements which are to form the principal felicity of the new system.

So much for the instruction and amusement of the diciples—and thus far they go in common with the St. Simonians of France, who have recently despatched missionaries to this country, in order to assist in the propagation of the doctrine. But the practical remedy for the real evil of society, that is to say, for the poverty of the lower orders—the secret hitherto unknown to all men save Robert Owen—stands disclosed in the most admirable invention of modern times, the "Equitable Labour Exchange." Through the instrumentality of this institution, the labour

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of the industrious is constantly converted into gold. Knowledge is power. Give the ignorant education, and they will therefore be the rulers of the country. Labour is wealth. Let the poor labour, and they must in consequence become the proprietors of all the land and money in the empire. This is the logic of these grand reformers. But how are syllogisms to be transformed into loaves and roast beef? That is the question. We shall see.

There was an abundance of room to spare, as we have already mentioned, in the bazaar in Gray's Inn Road. Thither the distressed shoemaker was invited by the patriarch to send such part of his stock as lay upon his hands. To the same receptable the cabinet-maker was advised to commit his tables and chairs, the hatter his hats, the cooper his tubs, the nailer his nails, the tinman his pans, the musical-instrument maker his fiddles, and flutes, and tambourines, the toyman his dolls, the milliner her caps, the baker his bread, the butcher his meat, the market gardener his vegetables. Upon such of these articles as were transmitted to the bazaar, a certain valuation was fixed, according to the proportion of labour supposed to have been bestowed upon the production of them; and that labour was estimated, in every case, at sixpence per hour. Thus a table or a dog collar, for instance, was valued at twenty hours; and to the owner thereof, a nicely printed slip of paper, resembling a country bank-note, was given, stating the number of hours at which his deposite was estimated. This note he had then an opportunity of presenting to one of the attendants behind the counter of the bazaar, and from that officer he was entitled to receive any other article then in store, which was valued at the same amount. Unfortunately, however, nobody could get exactly the thing he wanted. The nailer presented his note for some coals; but there were none, as yet, in the bazaar. An umbrella or a fife was very much at his service; but he needed not the one, and had neither time nor disposition to play on the other. The weaver who had deposited a piece of cloth, the labour of a whole week, required some bread. But the bakers were not yet disciples of the new system, would he have any objection to a tambourine? The cabinet-maker, who had placed in the store a capital chest of drawers, looked forward with considerable glee to a series of legs of mutton. But when he was told that the butchers had not yet become Owenites, and that the market-gardeners continued incredulous, when he looked round and discovered that he could only obtain in exchange for his said chest, a flute or an old coat, or some dozen of list shoes, or half a ton of dog-collars, or a case of dried beetles, or a picture of a shipwreck, or necklaces, or merry-andrews, or some pile of Miss Macauley's pamphlets, he naturally enough kicked up a row. Complaint became contagious among the disciples, riot the order of the day, and the Bazaar the scene of tumult which demanded the interposition of the police. The plain sense of Clerkenwell revolted at the gross imposture of the new Messiah, the Bazaar was shut up once more, and the precious institution was transferred to the West End. Thus the rogue, who is detected in the city, puts on a new coat and renews his enterprizes in Portman-square. The "Crisis" is still the organ of the gang, assisted by "The Destructive," "The Pioneer," and several other periodical publications, which, though unstamped, comprise all the ordinary topics of newspapers, and are attaining a wide circulation amongst the industrious orders of our population. There is a rude energy in their style, added to a profligate dereliction of morality in their principles, which renders them acceptable to all the discontented men in the country—a numerous as well as an active race of idle libertines, who, having neither character nor property to lose, are fervently looking forward to new revolutions, by which they hope, if they cannot ameliorate their condition, to reduce the happier orders of society to the level of their own wretchedness.

C. H.

Written for the Casket.

MILLENNIUM.

By I. McLEOD.

Traveller stop? the morn is breaking,
Nature from her sleep is waking;
See her sun rise glorious up,
O'er life's sea his beams are throwing,
Gladly now the waves are glowing,
All the world of waters flowing,
Lustered by immortal hope.

Hail the long predicted morning,
All the moral waste adorning,
Sprinkling heavenly brightness there;
Soft the light through æther spreading,
Slowly on the darkness treading,
Chasing gloom and glory shedding,
Brilliant on the ambient air.

From Heaven's throne in clusters beaming,
Thousand hued the rays are streaming,
Sainted spirits side by side,—
In shining ranks, are all advancing,
Lightly on the glory dancing,
The glittering heart with tread entrancing,
Revel on the radiant tide.

Holy harps in sweetest numbers,
Waking sleepers from their slumbers,
Role the highest notes of song;
The vaulted heavens ring with praises,
Loud the mighty anthem raises,
Holy harps in holy praises,
Bear the sacred sounds along.

The banner of the cross unfurling,
Bloodless on the air is curling,—
Waving on its glorious fame,
Before it Islam's power is falling,
Allah's honours all are thralling,
Jew and Moslem both are calling
On the true Messiah's name.

See the son of God ascending,
All the ransom'd throng attending;
Lo! he grasps the sceptre now,
Multitudes in light are winging—
Seraphim sweet incense flinging,
Cherubim new honours bringing,
Binds them on Messiah's brow.

Harps of heaven in hallowed numbers,
Burst the world's protracted slumbers,
Call the dead in sin to rise;
Thousands who with woe are sweeping,
In the shades of death were sleeping,
Wakened from their dreams, are keeping
The sacred Sabbath of the skies.

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DREAMS.

Dreams have at all times excited the attention of the ignorant—they have been regarded as omens of coming events, and have in many instances been productive of the most melancholy instances. A dream has sometimes put whole families in agitation and alarm for a week. Before its magic influence, appetite, pleasure and peace have vanished—weddings have been suspended, journeys postponed, and the great business and duties of life, have been interupted by these sleeping phantasies of the mind, these visionary creations of a disturbed and excited brain. In former times and ages they received more attention than at the present,—and this change in opinion in regard to their influence, has arisen from the more advanced state of knowledge of the present to past periods. The philosophy of dreaming is now better understood than formerly, and medical physiologists of the present day ascribe them to the activity of certain organs of the brain, during sleep, which should be in a state of repose. Our space will not admit of our enlarging upon this, or we could readily show that dreams are occasioned by natural causes, and that the prevention of their recurrence may be secured by proper means. For the entertainment of our readers we select a chapter from a work on the philosophy of sleep, entitled "Prophetic Power of Dreams."

Dreams have been looked upon by some, as the occasional means of giving us an insight into futurity. This opinion is so singularly unphilosophical, that I would not have noticed it, were it not advocated even by persons of good sense and education. In ancient times, it was so common as to obtain universal belief; and the greatest men placed as implicit faith in it as in any fact of which their own senses afforded them cognizance. That it is wholly erroneous, however, cannot be doubted; and any person who examines the nature of the human mind, and the manner in which it operates in dreams, must be convinced, that under no circumstances, except those of a miracle, in which the ordinary laws of nature are triumphed over, can such an event ever take place. The Sacred Writings testify that miracles were common in former times; but I believe no man of sane mind will contend that they ever occur in the present state of the world. In judging of things as now constituted, we must discard supernatural influence altogether, and estimate events according to the general laws which the Great Ruler of Nature has appointed for the guidance of the universe. If, in the present day, it were possible to conceive a suspension of these laws, it must, as in former ages, be in reference to some great event, and to serve some mighty purpose connected with the general interests of the human race; but if faith is to be placed in modern miracles, we must suppose that God suspended the above laws for the most trivial and useless of purpose—as, for instance, to intimate to a man that his grandmother will die on a particular day, that a favorite mare has broke her neck, that he has received a present of a brace of game, or that a certain friend will step in and take pot luck with him on the morrow.

At the same time, there can be no doubt that many circumstances occurring in our dreams have been actually verified; but this must be regarded as altogether the effect of chance; and for one dream which turns out to be true, at least a thousand are false. In fact, it is only when they are of the former description, that we take any notice of them; the latter are looked upon as mere idle vagaries, and speedily forgotten. If a man, for instance, dreams that he has gained a law-suit in which he is engaged, and if this circumstance actually takes place, there is nothing at all extraordinary in the coincidence; his mind was full of the subject, and, in sleep, naturally resolved itself into that train of ideas in which it was most deeply interested. Or if we have a friend engaged in war, our fear for his safety will lead us to dream of death or captivity, and we may see him bent up in a hostile prison-house, or lying dead upon the battle plain. And should these melancholy catastrophies ensue we call our vision to memory; and, in the excited state of mind into which we are thrown, are apt to consider it as a prophetic warning, indicative of disaster. The following is a very good illustration of this particular point.

Miss M——, a young lady, a native of Rossshire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular war. The constant danger to which he was exposed, had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction, that when she last parted with her lover, she had parted with him forever. In vain was every scheme tried to dispel from her mind the awful idea; in vain were all the sights which opulence could command, unfolded before her eyes. In the midst of pomp and gaiety, when music and laughter echoed around her, she walked as a pensive phantom, over whose head some dreadful and mysterious influence hung. She was brought by her affectionate parents to Edinburgh, and introduced into all the gaiety of that metropolis, but nothing could restore her, or banish from her mind the insupportable load which oppressed it. The song and the dance were tried in vain; they only aggravated her distress, and made the bitterness of despair more poignant. In a surprisingly short period, her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness; and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her, at the same time, to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the unfortunate girl died a few days thereafter, but not without desiring her parents to note down

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the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly after received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corrunna, which was fought on the very day, on the night of which his mistress had beheld the vision.

This relation, which may be confidently relied upon, is one of the most striking examples of identity between the dream and the real circumstances with which I am acquainted, but it must be looked upon as merely accidental. The lady's mind was deeply interested in the fate of her lover, and full of that event which she most deeply dreaded—his death. The time of this occurrence, as coinciding with her dream, is certainly curious; but still there is nothing in it which can justify us in referring it to any other origin than chance. The following events, which occurred to myself, in August 1821, are almost equally remarkable, and are imputable to the same fortuitous cause.

I was then in Caithness, when I dreamed that a near relation of my own, residing three hundred miles off, had suddenly died: and immediately thereafter awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a paroxysm of nightmare. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-jesting, half-earnest way. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be laughed at for putting any faith in dreams. However, in the interval between writing and receiving an answer, I remained in a state of most unpleasant suspense. I felt a presentment that something dreadful had happened, or would happen; and although I could not help blaming myself for a childish weakness in so feeling, I was unable to get rid of the painful idea which had taken such rooted possession of my mind. Three days after sending away the letter, what was my astonishment when I received one written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed, had been struck with a fatal shock of palsy the day before—*viz.* the very day on the morning of which I had beheld the appearance in my dream! My friends received my letter two days after sending their own away, and were naturally astonished at the circumstance. I may state that my relation was in perfect health before the fatal event took place. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, at a period when no one could have the slightest anticipation of danger.

The following case will interest the reader, both on its own account, and from the remarkable coincidence between the dream and the succeeding calamity; but, like all other instances of the kind, this also must be referred to chance.

"Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Mr. D. of K——, in the County of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D. and three or four young gentlemen from England, (his inmates,) made parties to visit all the neighboring places about Edinburgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig-Millar, &c. &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr. D. said, 'We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inch-Keith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat; we shall be off at six;' no objection being made, they separated for the night.

"Mrs. Griffiths, had not been long asleep, till she screamed out in the most violent agitated manner, 'The boat is sinking; save, oh, save them!' The Major awaked her, and said, 'Were you uneasy about the fishing party?' 'Oh no,' said she, I had not once thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again: in about an hour, she cried out in a dreadful fright, 'I see the boat is going down.' The Major again awoke her, and she said, 'It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep, but no rest could be obtained for her; in the most extreme agony, she again screamed, 'They are gone; the boat is sunk!' When the Major awakened her, she said, 'Now I cannot rest; Mr. D. must not go, for I feel, should he go, I would be miserable till his return; the thoughts of it would almost kill me.'

"She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping-down, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. 'But what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock? 'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present; consider, you are an only son, under our protection, and should any thing happen to you, it would be my death,' Mr. D. immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented from joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat, and all that were in it, went to the bottom, and were never heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen."*

Equally singular is the following case, from the "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe."

"My mother being sick to death of a fever, three months after I was born, which was the occasion she gave me suck no longer, her friends and servants thought to all outward appearance she was dead, and so lay almost two days and a night; but Dr. Winston coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly on her face, said, 'She was so handsome, and now looks so lovely, I cannot think she is dead;' and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket, and with it cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this, he immediately caused her to be laid upon the bed again, and to be rubbed, and by such means, as she came to life, and opening her eyes, saw two of her kinswomen stand by her, My Lady Knollys and my Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and said, 'Did not you promise me fifteen years, and are you come again?'

* "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," vol. xix. p. 73.

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which they not understanding, persuaded her to keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness wherein she then was; but some hours after, she desired my father and Dr. Howlworth might be left alone with her, to whom she said, 'I will acquaint you, that during the time of my trance I was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearest to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down upon my face upon the dust; and they asked why I was so troubled in so great happiness. I replied, O let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman: to which they answered, it is done: and then, at that instant, I awoke out of my trance!' and Dr. Howlsworth did there affirm, that that day she died made just fifteen years from that time."

A sufficiently striking instance of such coincidence occurs in the case of Dr. Donne, the metaphysical poet; but I believe that, in this case, it was a spectral illusion rather than a common dream. Two days after he had arrived in Paris, he was left alone in a room where he had been dining with Sir Robert Drury and a few companions. "Sir Robert turned about an hour afterwards. He found his friend in a state of ecstacy, and so altered in his countenance, that he could not look at him without amazement. The Doctor was not able for some time to answer the question, *what had befallen him?*—but after a long and perplexed pause, at last said, 'I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert answered, 'Sure, Sir, you have slept since I went out; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' Donne replied, 'I cannot be more sure that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that at her second appearance she stopped, looked me in the face and vanished."*

It is certainly very curious that Mrs. Donne, who was then in England, was at this time sick in bed, and had been delivered of a dead child, on the same day, and about the same hour, that the vision occurred. There were distressing circumstances in the marriage of Dr. Donne which account for his mind being strongly impressed with the image of his wife, to whom he was exceedingly attached; but these do not render the coincidence above related less remarkable.

I do not doubt that the apparatition of Julius Cæsar, which appeared to Brutus, and declared it would meet him at Philippi, was either a dream or a spectral illusion—probably the latter. Brutus, in all likelihood, had some idea that the battle which was to decide his fate would be fought at Philippi: probably it was a good military position, which he had fixed upon as a fit place to make a final stand; and he had done enough to Cæsar to account for his own mind being painfully and constantly engrossed with the image of the assassinated Dictator. Hence the verification of this supposed warning—hence the easy explanation of a supposed supernatural event.

At Newark-upon-Trent, a curious custom, founded upon the preservation of Alderman Clay and his family by a dream, has prevailed since the days of Cromwell. On the 11th March, every year, penny loaves are given away to any one who choose to appear at the town hall and apply for them, in commemoration of the alderman's deliverance, during the siege of Newark by the parliamentary forces. This gentleman, by will, dated 11th December, 1694, gave to the mayor and aldermen one hundred pounds, the interest of which was to be given to the vicar yearly, on condition of his preaching an annual sermon. Another hundred pounds were also appropriated for the behoof of the poor, in the way above mentioned. The origin of this bequest is singular. During the bombardment of Newark, Oliver Cromwell's forces, the alderman dreamed three nights successively that his house had taken fire, which produced such a vivid impression upon his mind, that he and his family left it; and in a few days the circumstances of his vision actually took place, by the house being burned down by the besiegers.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a gentleman in Edinburgh, who was affected with an aneurism of the poplitel artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons. About two days before the time appointed for the operation, his wife dreamed that a change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which an operation would not be required. "On examining the tumor in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased; and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not professional, it may be right to mention that the cure of popliteal aneurism, without an operation, is a very uncommon occurrence, not happening, perhaps in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon as probable in any individual case. It is likely, however, that the lady had heard of the possibility of such a termination, and that her anxiety had very naturally embodied this into a dream: the fulfilment of it, at the very time when the event took place, is certainly a very remarkable coincidence."*

Persons are said to have had the period of their own death pointed out to them in dreams. I have often heard the case of the late Mr. M. of D——related in support of this statement. It is certainly worth telling, not on account of any supernatural character belonging to it, but simply from the extraordinary coincidence between the dream and the subsequent event. This gentleman dreamed one night that he was out riding, when he stopped at an inn on the road side for refreshment, where he saw several people whom he had known some years before, but who were all dead. He was received kindly by them, and desired to sit down and drink, which he accordingly did. On quitting this strange

* Hibberts philosophy of Apparations, p. 435

* Abercrombie's Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, p. 282, 1st edit.

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company, they exacted a promise from him that he would visit them that day six weeks. This he promised to do; and, bidding them farewell, he rode homewards. Such was the substance of his dream, which he related in a jocular way to his friends, but thought no more about it, for he was a person above all kind of superstition. The event, however, was certainly curious enough, as well as melancholy; for on that very day six weeks on which he had engaged to meet his friends at the inn, he was killed in attempting to spring his horse over a five-barred gate. The famous case of Lord Lyttleton* is also cited as an example of a similar kind, but with less show of reason, for this case is now very generally supposed to be an imposition; and so will almost every other of the same kind, if narrowly investigated. At the same time, I do not mean to doubt that such an event, foretold in a dream, may occasionally come to pass; but I would refer the whole to fortuitous coincidence. Men dream, every now and then, that they will die on a certain day, yet how seldom do we see those predictions fulfilled by the result! In very delicate people, indeed, such a visionary communication, by acting fatally upon the mind, might be the means of occasioning its own fulfilment. In such cases, it has been customary for the friends of the individual to put back the clock an hour or two, so as to let the fatal period pass by without his being aware of it; and as soon as it was fairly passed, to inform him of the circumstance, and laugh him out of his apprehension.

There is another way in which the apparent fulfilment of a dream may be brought about. A good illustration in point is given by Mr. Combe. The subject of it was one Scott, executed in 1823, at Sedburg, for murder. "It is stated in his life, that, some years before the fatal event, he had dreamed that he had committed a murder, and was greatly impressed with the idea. He frequently spoke of it, and recurred to it as something ominous, till at last it was realized. The organ of *Destructiveness* was large in his head, and so active that he was an enthusiast in poaching, and prone to outrage and violence in his habitual conduct. This activity of the organ might take place during sleep, and then it would inspire his mind with destructive feelings, and the dream of murder would be the consequence. From the great natural strength of the propensity, he probably may have felt, when awake, an inward tendency to this crime; and, joining this and the dream together, we can easily account for the strong impression left by the latter on his mind."†

One method in which death may appear to be foretold is, by the accession of frightful visions immediately before the fatal illness. This, however, goes for nothing in the way of argument, for it was the state of the system shortly before the attack of disease which induced such dreams. According to Silimaches, the epidemic fever which prevailed at Rome was ushered in by attacks of nightmare; and Sylvius Deleboe, who describes the epidemic which raged at Leyden in 1669, states, that previous to each paroxysm of the fever, the patient fell asleep, and suffered a severe attack of nightmare. The vulgar belief, therefore, that unpleasant dreams are ominous death, is not destitute of foundation; but the cause why they should be so is perfectly natural. It is the incipient disease which produces the dreams, and the fatal event which often follows, is a natural consequence of that disease.

It is undoubtedly owing to the faculty possessed by sleep, of renewing long-forgotten ideas, that persons have had important facts communicated to them in dreams. There have been instances, for example, where valuable documents, sums of money, &c., have been concealed, and where either the person who secreted them, or he who had the place of their concealment communicated to him, may have forgotten every thing therewith connected. He may then torture his mind in vain, during the waking state, to recollect the event; and it may be brought to his rememberance, at once, in a dream. In such cases, an apparition is generally the medium through which the seemingly mysterious knowledge is communicated. The imagination conjures up some phantom that discloses the secret; which circumstance, proceeding, in reality, from a simple operation of the mind, is straightway converted into something supernatural, and invested with all the attributes of wonder and awe. When such spectral forms appear, and communicate some fact which turns out to be founded on truth, the person is not always aware that the whole occurred in a dream, but often fancies that he was broad awake when the apparition appeared to him and communicated the particular intelligence. When we hear, therefore, of hidden treasures, wills, &c., being disclosed in such a manner, we are not always to scout the report as false. The spectre divulging the intelligence was certainly the mere chimera of the dreamer's brain, but the facts revealed, apparently by this phantom, may from the above circumstance, be substantially true. The following curious case is strikingly in point, and is given by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to the new edition of "The Antiquary."

"Mr. R——d of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the Vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of tiend, (or tithe,) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriators of the tithes.) Mr. R——d was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and, therefore, that the present prosecution was groundless. But after an industrious search among his father's papers,

* "Of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course, had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was, no doubt singular, that a man, who meditated his exit from the world, should have choosen to play such a trick upon his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead, to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire." *Scott's letters on Demonology, p.* 361.

†Combe's System of Phrenology, p. 511, 3d edit.

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an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he formed the determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with the resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams, men are not surprised at such apparations. Mr. R——d thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding, that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. 'You are right, my son,' replied the paternal shade; 'I did acquire right to these tiends, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in hands of Mr. ———, a writer, (or attorney,) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible,' pursued the vision that 'that Mr. ——— may have forgotten amatter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern.'

"Mr. R——d awoke in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to walk across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man. Without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his diseased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them —so that M. R——d carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

"The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best success to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot, therefore, refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind, which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. R——d a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. R——d had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours. It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. R——d; whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired, by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night." This result is a melancholy proof of the effect sometimes produced by ignorance of natural laws. Had Mr. R——d been acquainted with the nature of the brain, and of the manner in which it is affected in sleep, the circumstance above related would have given him no annoyance. He would have traced the whole chain of events to their true source; but, being ignorant of this, he became the victim of superstition, and his life was rendered miserable.

From the New England Weekly Review.

STANZAS,

On seeing a group of Girls kneeling in silent Prayer.

Look—they are kneeling—and each brow is covered
With the white hands that press them—and an awe,
Rests on their souls, as if above them hovered
The Holy Spirit, visibly, to draw
The young affections of their guileless bosoms.
The ardent hopes that burn within each breast.
From earthly treasures, to those fadeless blossoms
That wreath the bowers of everlasting rest!

Still—still—as if each spirit held communion
In silence with its God!—or else had flown
Away from Earth to seek a closer union
With him that sits upon that dazzling Throne
Before which angels and archangels, bending,
Offer perpetual worship!—while abroad
Through Heaven's bright regions, harps with voices blending,
Pour loud hosannahs to the LIVING GOD!

A balmy breeze, with fragrance richly laden,
Comes as from Heaven, to greet those kneeling girls,
And, as it softly passes by, each maiden
Feels its air-fingers dallying with her curls—
But feels it not, unless, perchance, her spirit
Deems it a whisper from another world,
Which the pure-hearted shall alone inherit,
When Earth to utter nothing shall be hurled!

Are they not beautiful?—nor noise, nor motion
Is there—and yet those silent worshippers
Feel their hearts burning with as pure devotion
As e'er was uttered—and the love that stirs
Each humble spirit, is a flame from Heaven
Lit on the altar of the human heart.
Oh! bright will be the hope that shall be given
To those pure girls—and theirs the "better part."

Do they—the guileless—guiltless—whose existence
Hath been a summer morning, cloudless bright,
Do they, while gazing in the forward distance
On future scenes of joyance and delight,
Feel they have sins which need to be forgiven?
That in God's *mercy* they alone can trust?
If *they* need grace to fit their souls for Heaven
Be my proud spirit humbled in the dust.

UNISFALL.

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BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU.

One of the most entertaining books of the day is now in the course of publication in Waldie's popular Select Circulating Library. It is entitled "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau," and describes the society, manners and customs of the fashionable society at the Watering places of Germany, with a description of the country, the celebrated Seltzer Springs of Nassau, &c. It is said in the title, to be by "an old man," who is thus represented blowing his bubbles:

Major Head, the celebrated traveller, is said to be the author; the following account of the Schwein-General, or pig-keeper, of one of the villages, is surely an amusing sketch:—

THE SCHWEIN-GENERAL.

Every morning at half-past five o'clock, I hear as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense long wooden horn, from which always proceed the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild reveille, and the vibration has scarcely subsided, it is still ringing among the distant hills, when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold a pig! Some from their jaded, care-worn, draggled appearance, are evidently leaving behind them a numerous litter; others are great, tall, monastic, melancholy-looking creatures, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon; while others are thin, tiny, light-hearted, brisk, petulant piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn.

Gregarious, or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tails, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pigs trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades, halting only whenever they come to any thing they can manage to swallow.

I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses, which, trailing to the ground, are hanging to the butchers' shops, as if they were on a sort of *parole d'honneur* not to touch them; the middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also, while the piglings, who (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble; yet, no sooner does the dead calf begin again to move, than from the window immediately above, out pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee, whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment, sounding quite equal to the offence.

As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street, a little bareheaded, barefooted, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old,—a Flibbertigibbet sort of creature, which in a drawing, one would express by a couple of blots, the small one for her head, the other for her body; while, streaming from the latter, there would be a long line ending in a flourish, to express the immense whip which the child carries in its hand. This little goblin page, the whipper-in, attendant, or aide-de-camp of the pig-driver, facetiously called at Langen-Schwalbach, the "Schwein-General," is a being no one looks at, and who looks at nobody. Whether the hofs of Schwalbach are full of strangers, or empty—whether the promenades are occupied by princes or peasants—whether the weather be good or bad, hot, or rainy, she apparently never stops to consider: upon such vague subjects, it is evident she never for a moment has reflected. But such a pair of eyes, for a pig, have perhaps seldom beamed from human sockets! The little intelligent urchin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded; she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or whether, having overslept itself, it is still snoring in its stye—a single glance determines whether she shall pass a yard or enter it; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp cannot be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it. As soon as finishing with one street, she joins her general in the main road, the herd slowly proceed down the town.

As I followed them this morning, they really appeared to have no hams at all; their bodies were as if they had been squeezed in a vice; and when they turned sideways, their long sharp noses, and tucked-up bellies, gave to their profile the appearance of starved greyhounds.

As I gravely followed this grunting, unearthly-looking herd of unclean spirits, through that low part of Langen-Schwalbach which is solely inhabited by Jews, I could not help fancying that I observed them holding their very breaths, as if a loathsome pestilence were passing; for though fat pork be a wicked luxury—a forbidden pleasure which the Jew has been supposed occasion-

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ally to indulge in, yet one may easily imagine, that such very lean hungry pigs have not charms enough to lead them astray.

Besides the little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was preceeded by a boy about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost, the more enterprising, or in other words, the most empty pig, advance too fast. In the middle of the drove, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the "SCHWEIN-GENERAL," a wan spectre-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his jaundiced, ill-natured countenance, was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by the vexatious contrarieties and "untoward events" it had met with. In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle, turning upon a swivel, there was a lash about nine feet long, formed like the vertebræ of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, decreasing in size, was closely connected with its neighbour by a band of hard greasy leather. The pliability, the weight, and the force of this iron whip, rendered it an argument which the obstinacy even of the pig was unable to resist; yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he endeavoured to speak kindly to the herd; and, as the bulk of them preceded him, jostling each other, grumbling and grunting on their way, he occasionally exclaimed, in a low, hollow, worn-out tone of encouragement, "Nina! Anina!" (drawling, of course, very long on the last syllable.)

If any little savoury morsel caused a contention, stoppage, or constipation on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the Riot Act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd; but if they neglected this solemn warning, if their stomachs proved stronger than their judgements, and if the group of greedy pigs still continued to stagnate—"ARRIFF!" the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fancied he possessed, a smack that seemed absolutely to electrify the leader. As lightning shoots across the heavens, I observed the culprit fly forwards, and for many yards continuing to sidle towards the left, it was quite evident that the thorn was still smarting in his side; and no wonder, poor fellow! for the blow he received would almost have cut a piece out of a deer.

As soon as the herd got out of the town, they began gradually to ascend the rocky barren mountain which appeared towering above them; and then the labours of the Schwein-general and his staff became greater than ever; for, as the animals from their solid column began to extend or deploy themselves into line, it was necessary constantly to ascend and descend the slippery hill, in order to outflank them. "ARRIFF!" vociferated the old man, striding after one of his rebellious subjects; "Arriff!" in a shrill tone of voice was re-echoed by the lad, as he ran after another; however, in due time, he drove reached the ground which was devoted for that day's exercise, the whole mountain being thus taken in regular succession.

The Schwein-general now halted, and the pigs being no longer called upon to advance, but being left entirely to their own notions, I became exceedingly anxious attentively to observe them.

No wonder, poor reflecting creatures! that they had come unwillingly to such a spot—for there appeared literally to be nothing for them to eat but hot stones and dust; however, making the best of the bargain, they all very vigorously set themselves to work. Looking up the hill, they dexterously began to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones, and then grubbing their noses into the cool ground, I watched their proceedings for a very long time. Their tough wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of every thing they touched; and thus, out of the apparently barren ground, they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct.

In this situation do the pigs remain every morning for four hours, enjoying little else than air and exercise. At about nine or ten o'clock, they begin their march homewards, and nothing can form a greater contrast than their entry into their native town does to their exit from it.

Their eager anxiety to get to the dinner-trough that awaits them, is almost ungovernable; and they no sooner reach the first houses of the town, than a sort of "sauve qui peut" motion takes place; away each then starts towards his dulce domum: and it is really curious to stand still and watch how very quickly they canter by, greedily grunting and snuffling, as if they could smell with their stomachs, as well as their noses, the savoury food which was awaiting them.

At half-past four, the same four notes of the same horn are heard again; the pigs once more assemble—once more tumble over the hot stones on the mountain—once more remain there for four hours—and in the evening once again return to their styes.

Such is the life of the pigs, not only of Langen-Schwalbach, but of those of every village throughout a great part of Germany: every day of their existence, summer and winter, is spent in the manner I have described. The squad consists here of about a hundred and fifty, and for each pig the poor old Schwein-general receives forty kreutzers, (about 13*d.*) for six months' drilling of each recruit. This income, therefore, is about 20*l.* a year, out of which he is to pay the board, lodging and clothing, of his two aids-de-camps; and when one considers how unremittingly this poor fellow-creature has to contend with the gross appetites, sulky tempers, and pig-headed dispositions of the swinish multitude, surely not even the most niggardly reformer, would wish to curtail his emoluments.

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THE BEGGAR.

From the French.

Not long since an old beggar, named James, was in the daily habit of placing himself at the principal gate of a church in Paris. His manners, tone and language, showed that he had received an education far superior to that which is the ordinary lot of poverty. Under his rags, which were worn with certain dignity, shone a still living recollection of a more elevated condition. This beggar also enjoyed great authority among the paupers belonging to the parish. His kindness, his impartiality in distributing alms among his fellow paupers, his zeal in appeasing their quarrels, had earned for him well-merited respect. Yet his life and misfortunes were a complete mystery to his most intimate comrades, as well as to the persons attached to the parish. Every morning for twenty-five years, he regularly came and sat down at the same place. People were so accustomed to see him there, that he made, as it were, part of the furniture of the porch; yet, none of his fellow-beggars could relate the least particular of his life.

Only one thing was known, James never set his foot in the church, and yet he was catholic. At the time of the religious services, when the sacred dome resounded with hymns of devotion, when the incense, ascending above the altar, with the vows of the faithful towards heaven, when the grave and melodious sound of the organ swelled the solemn chorus of the assembled christians, the beggar felt himself impelled to mingle his prayers with those of the church; with an eager and contented eye, he contemplated from without, the solemnity which the house of God presented. The sparkling reflection of the light through the gothic windows, the shade of the pillars, which had stood there for ages, like a symbol of the eternity of religion, the profound charm attached to the gloomy aspect of the church: every thing inspired the beggar with involuntary admiration. Tears were sometimes perceived to trickle down his wrinkled face; some great misfortune, or some profound remorse seemed to agitate his soul. In the primitive times of the church, he might have been taken for a great criminal condemned to banish himself from the assembly of the faithful, and to pass, like a shade, through the midst of the living.

A clergyman repaired every day to that church to celebrate mass. Descended from one of the most ancient families in France, possessed of an immense fortune, he found a joy in bestowing abundant alms.—The beggar had become the object of a sort of affection, and every morning the Abbe Paulin de Saint ——, accompanied with benevolent words his charity, which had become a daily income.

One day James did not appear at the usual hour. The Abbe Paulin, desirous of not losing this opportunity for his charity, sought the dwelling of the beggar, and found the old man lying sick on a couch. The eyes of the clergyman were smitten with the luxury and the misery which appeared in the furniture of that habitation. A magnificent gold watch was suspended over the miserable bolster; two pictures, richly framed, and covered with crape, were placed on a white-washed wall; a crucifix in ivory of beautiful workmanship, was hanging at the feet of the sick man; an antiquated chair, with gothic carvings, and among a few worn out books lay a mass book, with silver clasps; all the remainder of the furniture announced frightful misery. The presence of the priest revived the old man, and with an accent full of gratitude, the latter cried out—

"M. Abbe, you are then kind enough to remember an unhappy man?"

"My friend," replied M. Paulin, "a priest forgets none but the happy ones, I come to inquire whether you want any assistance."

"I want nothing," answered the beggar, "my death is approaching; my conscience alone is not quiet."

"Your conscience! have you any great fault to expiate?"

"A crime, an enormous crime, a crime for which my whole life has been a cruel and useless expiation; a crime, beyond pardon!"

"A crime beyond pardon! there does not exist any! The divine mercy is greater than all the crimes of man."

"But a criminal, polluted with the most horrible crime, what has he to hope for? Pardon? There is none for me."

"Yes, there is," cried out the priest with enthusiasm; "to doubt it would be a more horrible blasphemy than your very crime itself. Religion stretches out her arms to repentance. James, if your repentance is sincere implore the divine goodness; it will not abandon you. Make your confession."

Thereupon the priest uncovered himself, and after pronouncing the sublime words, which open to the penitent the gates of heaven, he listened to the beggar.

"The son of a poor farmer, honoured with the affection of a family of high rank, whose lands my father cultivated, I was from my infancy welcomed at the castle of my masters. Destined to be a valet-de-chambre to the heir of the family, the education they gave me, my rapid progress in study, and the benevolence of my masters, changed my condition; I was raised to the rank of a secretary. I was just turned of twenty five years of age, when the revolution first broke out in France; my mind was easily seduced by reading the newspapers of that period; my ambition made me tired of my precarious situation. I conceived the project of abandoning for the camp the castle which had been the asylum of my youth. Had I followed that first impulse, ingratitude would have saved me from a crime! The fury of the revolutionists soon spread through the provinces; my masters, fearing to be arrested in their castle, dismissed all their servants. A sum of money was realized in haste, and selecting from among their rich furniture a few articles, precious for family recollections, they went to Paris to seek an asylum in the crowd, and find repose in the obscurity of their dwelling. I followed them, as a child of the house. Terror reigned uncontrolled throughout France, and nobody knew the place of concealment of my masters. Inscribed on the list of emigrants, confiscation had soon devoured their property; but it was nothing to them, for they were together, tranquil and unknown. Animated by a lively faith in Providence, they lived in the expectation of better times. Vain hope! the only person who could reveal their retreat, and snatch them from their asylum, had the baseness to denounce them.—This informer is myself. The father, the mother, four daughters, angels in beauty and innocence, and a young boy, of ten years of age, were thrown together into a dungeon, and delivered up to the horrors of captivity. Their trial commenced.

The most frivulous pretences were then sufficient to condemn the innocent; yet the public accuser could hardly find one motive for prosecution against that noble and virtuous family. A man was found, who was the confident of their secrets and their most intimate thoughts; he magnified the most simple circumstances of their lives into guilt, and invented the frivolous crime of conspiracy. This calumniator, this false witness, I am he. The fatal sentence of death was passed upon the whole family, except the young son an unhappy orphan, destined to weep the loss of all his kindred, and to curse his assassin, if he ever knew him. Resigned, and finding consolation in their virtues, that unfor-

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tunate family expected death in prison. A mistake took place in the order of the executions. The day appointed for theirs, passed over, and if nobody had meddled with it, they would have escaped the scaffold, it being the eve of the ninth of Thermidor.

A man, impatient to enrich himself with their spoils, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal, caused the error to be rectified; his zeal was rewarded with a diploma of civism. The order for their execution was delivered immediately, and on that very evening the frightful justice of these times had its course. The wicked informer, I am he. At the close of the day, by torch light, the fatal cart transported that family to death!—The father, with the impress of profound sorrow on his brow, pressed in his arms his two youngest daughters: the mother a heroic and christian-like woman, did the same with the two eldest; and all mingling their recollections, their tears and their hopes, were repeating the funeral prayers. They did not even once utter the name of their assassin. And it was late, the execution. Little accustomed to the horrible work, the valet, on the way, begged the assistance of a passer-by. The latter consented to help him in his ignoble function. This man, is myself. The reward of so many crimes was a sum of three thousand francs in gold; and the precious articles, still deposited here around me are the witnesses of my guilt.

After I had committed this crime, I tried to bury the recollection of it in debauchery; the gold obtained by my infamous conduct was hardly spent, when remorse took possession of my soul. No project, no enterprise, no labour of mine, was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. Charity allowed me a privileged place at the gate of the church, where I have passed so many years. The remembrance of my crime was overwhelming; so poignant, that, despairing of divine goodness, I never dared implore the consolation of religion, nor enter the church. The alms I received, yours especially, Mr. Abbe, aided me to hoard a sum equal to that I stole from my former masters: here it is. The objects of luxury which you remark in my room, this watch, this crucifix, this book, these veiled portraits, were taken from my victims. Oh! how long and profound has my repentance been, but how powerless! M. Abbe, do you believe I can hope pardon from God?"

"My son," replied the Abbe, "your crime, no doubt is frightful: the circumstances of it are atrocious. Orphans, who were deprived of their parents by the revolution, understand better than any one else, all the bitterness of the anguish suffered by your victims! A whole life passed in tears, is not too much for the expiation of such a crime. Yet the treasures of divine mercy are immense. Relying on your repentance, and full of confidence in the inexhaustable goodness of God, I think I can assure you of his pardon."

The priest then rose up. The beggar, as if animated by a new life, got out of bed and knelt down. The Abbe Paulin de Saint C. was going to pronounce the powerful words which bind or loosen the sins of man, when the beggar cried out:

"Father, wait! before I receive God's pardon, let me get rid of the fruit of my crimes. Take these objects, sell them, distribute the price to the poor."—In his hasty movements, the beggar snatched away the crape which covered the two pictures. "Behold!" said he—"behold the august images of my masters!"

At the sight, the Abbe Paulin de Saint C. let these words escape:—"My father! my mother!"

Immediately, the remembrance of that horrible catastrophe, the presence of the assassin, the sight of those objects, seized upon the soul of the priest, and yielding to an unexpected emotion, he fell upon a chair. His head leaning on his hands, he shed abundant tears; a deep wound had opened afresh in his heart.

The beggar, overpowered, not daring to lift up his looks on the son of his masters, on the terrible and angry judge, who owed him vengeance rather than pardon, rolled himself at his feet, bedewed them with tears, and repeated in a tone of despair—"My master! my master!"

The priest endeavored, without looking at him, to check his grief. The bagger cried out:

"Yes, I am an assassin, a monster, an infamous wretch! M. Abbe dispose of my life! What must I do to avenge you?"

"Avenge me!" replied the priest, recalled to himself by these words—"avenge me, unhappy man!"

"Was I not then right in saying that my crime was beyond pardon? I knew it well, that religion itself would repulse me. Repentance will avail nothing to a crimnal of so deep a dye; there is no forgiveness for me—no more pardon—no forgiveness?"

These last words, pronounced with a terrible accent, reached to the soul of the priest, his mission and his duties. The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred functions ceased immediately. Human weakness had for a moment claimed the tears of the saddened son. Religion then stirred the soul of the servant of God. The priest took hold of the crucifix, his paternal inheritance, which had fallen into the hands of this unhappy man, and presenting it to the beggar, he said, in the strong accents of emotion:

"Christian, is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes."

"Is your crime the object of profound horror?"

"Yes."

"Our God, immolated on this cross by men, grants you pardon! Finish your confession."

Then the priest, with one hand uplifted over the beggar, holding in the other the sign of our redemption, bade the divine mercy descend on the assassin of his whole family!

With his face against the earth, the beggar remains immovable at the priest's feet. The latter stretched out his hand to raise him up—he was no more!—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mothers! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we seek it, and weep no more!
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire flies glance through the myrtle boughs!"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or, midst the green Islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze.
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
—"Not there, not there, my child?"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And diamonds light up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy:
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrows and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

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From Bulwer's New Work, the Pilgrims of the Rhine.

THE SOUL IN PURGATORY;

OR, LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

The angels strung their harps in Heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odours to the pavilions of the Most High. But the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah—only far in the depths of Heaven, they see one Unsleeping Eye watching for ever over creation) was heard, saying,

"Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Seralim answered—

"There are in that place which men call Purgatory, and which is the escape from Hell, but the painful Porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins: grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!"

And the voice answered—

"Thy prayer is heard, oh gentlest of the angels; and it seems good to him who chastises, but from love.—Go! Thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sang the praises of God, and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, he flew to that melancholy orb which, nearest to earth, echoes with the shrieks of souls, that by torture become pure. There the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings, who, fresh from the Fountains of Immortality, walk amid the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no morrow; and this thought consoles amid their torments, and makes the true difference between Purgatory and Hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock, and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demon ceased to torture, and the victim to wail. As sleep to the mourners of earth was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star, one only voice amid the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel; it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry—

"Oh, Adenheim—Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

The angel struck chord after chord, till his most skilful melodies were exhausted, but still the sweetest harp of the angel choir, cried out—

"Oh, Adenheim—Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

Then Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demons lying idly by. And Seralim said to the demons, 'Doth the song lull ye thus to rest?'

And they answered, 'Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle.'

Then the angel approached the spirit, and said, in a voice which stilled her cry—for in what state do we outlive sympathy? 'Wherefore, oh daughter of earth, wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail? and why doth the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions fail in its melody with thee?'

'Oh! radiant stranger,' answered the poor spirit, 'thou speakest to one who on earth loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she thus justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all the demons can inflict.'

'And how knowest thou that he laments thee?' asked the angel.

'Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for *him*,' replied the spirit, simply.

The Divine nature of the angel was touched; for love is the nature of the sons of heaven. 'And how,' said he, 'can I minister to thy sorrow?'

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mist-like and impalpable arms, and cried:

'Give me—oh, give me to return to earth but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own.'

'Alas!' said the angel, turning away his eyes, for angels may not weep in the sight of others, 'I could, indeed, grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty. For the souls in Purgatory may return to Earth, but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth, thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!'

'Is that all!' cried the spirit; 'willingly, then, will I brave the doom. 'Ah, surely they love not in heaven, or thou wouldst know, oh Celestial Visitant, that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand thousand ages of torture to ourselves!—Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim; no matter what becomes of me.'

Then the angel looked on high, and he saw in far distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all-guarding Eye; and heard the VOICE of the Eternal One, bidding him act as his pity whispered. He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him: he uttered the word that looses the bars of the gate of Purgatory; and lo, the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the Lord of Adenheim; and he sat at the head of his glittering board; loud and long was the laugh, and merry the jest that echoed round; and the laugh and jest of the Lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all.

And by his right side sat a beautiful lady: and ever and anon he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

'And oh,' said the bright dame of Falkenbery, 'thy words what ladye can believe; didst thou not utter the same oaths and promise the same love to Ida, the fair daughter of Loden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave!"

"By my balidom, quoth the young Lord of Adenheim, 'thou dost thy beauty marvellous injustice.—Ida! Nay, thou mookest me; *I* love the daughter of Loden! why, how then should I be worthy thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles—behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, 'didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation.'

At this moment the Lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him: he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away, and vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

* * * * *

"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the spirit of the wronged Ida returned to Purgatory.

"Bid the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas," answered Ida, "after the single hour I have

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endured on earth, there seems to be but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of Purgatory!"*

"What! is the story ended?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes."

"Nay, surely the thousand years were not added to poor Ida's doom; and Seralim bore her back with him to heaven?"

"The legend saith no more. The writer was contented to show us the perpetuity of woman's love—"

"And its reward," added Vain.

"It was not I who drew that last conclusion, Albert," whispered Gertrude.

From the Atlas and Constellation.

COL. BOONE, THE BACKWOODSMAN.

Who has not heard of Daniel Boon, the free and fearless hunter of the western wilds, and the patriarch of Backwoods Rovers? A name identified with the history of Kentucky, and with the founders and benefactors of our great Republic? A name that shall live through all time and in every portion of the globe; in history, in sculpture, in eloquence and in song, and what is still more enduring, "in the hearts of his countrymen!" Mr. Flint has lately issued his biography of him, "interspersed with incidents in the early annals of the country," from which we make a selection that will not fail to interest our readers.

Boon was born near Philadelphia, in 1746, and was at the time referred to in our extract, at about his majority. We must here premise that Boone's father with his family had removed from Pennsylvania, and after travelling "o'er the hills and far away" for many a weary mile, they at length located themselves (about 1765) in an unbroken forest at no great distance from the eastern slope of the Alleganies, in the vallies of which game was abundant, affording the embryo Leather Stocking, Trapper, and Scout, a fine oppottunity for indulging those pecul ar habits, and for the developement of that roaming, restless disposition so characteristic of his descendents and of a large portion of the denizens of Yankee land.

Our contemporary of the Tribune speaking of young Boone, says, "at an early age we find him roaming the vast forest at the south and west; now hunting deer and other game for subsistence; now struggling in bloody conflict with a panther, a bear or a wolf; now watching in his rude cabin in momentary expectation of being attacked by the hostile red men with whom he is surrounded; now a captive of the merciless savage; and now bound to the stake with the bloody tomahawk raised over his head. Yet he appears, with all their dangers and privations, to have preferred the solitudes of the forests to the open country with the comforts and luxuries of civilized life; for no sooner do we find that other emigrants are gathering around the spot where he has located himself—that the smoke of other cabins is mingling with that of his own, and that his clearing is to be extended by the hands of other adventures, then we see him with his rifle upon his shoulder departing for the still untrodden depths of the forest."

Many adventures of the chivalrous backwoodsman are here depicted in Mr. Flint's happiest style, and will serve occasionally to give variety to our columns; we this week present Boone's encounter with his wife when "shining a deer;" after first giving some account of his local habitation, the country, &c. which is in fine keeping with the singular character of the enterprising emigrants.

The country was well stocked with all kinds of game and afforded fine range both for pasture and hunting. These forests had, moreover, the charms of novelty; and the game had not learned to fear the rifles of the new settler. It need hardly be added that the spirit of Boone exulted in this hunter's new paradise. The father and the other sons settled down quietly to the severe labour of making a farm, assigning to Daniel the occupation of his rifle, as aware it was the only one he could be induced to follow; and probably from the experience, that in this way he could contribute more effectually to the establishment, than either of them in the pursuits of husbandry.

An extensive farm was soon opened. The table was always amply supplied with venison, and was the seat of ample and unostentatious hospitality. The peltries of the young hunter yielded all the money which such an establishment required, and the interval between this removal and the coming age of young Boone, was one of health, plenty, and privacy.

But meanwhile this settlement began to experience the pressure of that evil which Boone always considered the greatest annoyance of life. The report of his family's prosperity had gone abroad. The young hunter's fame in his position, attracted other emigrants to come and fix themselves in the vicinity. The smoke of new cabins and clearings went up to the sky. The baying of other dogs, and the crash of distant falling trees began to be heard; and painful presentiments already filled the bosom of young Boone, that this abode would shortly be more pressed upon the one he had left. He was compelled, however, to admit, that if such an order of things bring disadvantages, it has also its benefits.

A thriving farmer by the name of Bryan, had settled at no great distance from Boone, by whose establishment the young hunter, now at the period of life when other thoughts than those of the chase of wild game are sometimes apt to cross the mind, was accustomed to pass.

This farmer had chosen a most beautiful spot for his residence. The farm occupied a space of some hundred acres on a gentle eminence, crested with yellow poplar and laurels. Around it rolled a mountain stream. So beautiful was the position, so many its advantages, that young Boone used to often pause in admiration, on his way to the deeper woods beyond the verge of human habitation. Who can say that the same dreary thoughts that inspired the pen of the eloquent Rousseau, did not occupy the mind of the young hunter, as he passed this rural abode? We hope we shall not be suspected of a wish to offer a tale of romance, as we relate, how the mighty hunter of wild beasts and men was himself subbued, and that by the most timid and gentle of beings. We put down the facts as we find them recorded, and our conscience is quieted, by finding them perfectly natural to the time, place and circumstances.

Young Boone was one night engaged in a fire hunt, with a young friend. Their course led them to the deeply timbered bottom that skirted the stream which wound round this pleasant plantation. That the reader may have an idea of what sort of pursuit it was that young Boone was engaged in, during an event so decisive of his future fortunes, we present a brief sketch of a night fire hunt. Two persons are indispensable to it. The horseman that precedes, bears on his shoulder what is called a fire pan, of blazing pine knots, which cast a bright and flickering glare far through the forest. The second follows at some distance, with his rifle prepared for action. No spectacle is more impressive than this pair of hunters, thus kindling the forest in a glare. The deer reposing quietly in his thicket, is awakened by the approaching cavalcade, and instead of flying from the portentous brilliance, remains stupidly gazing upon it, as if charmed to the spot. The animal is betrayed to its doom by the

* This story is principally borrowed from a foreign soil. It seemed to the author worthy of being transferred to an English one, although he fears that much of its singular beauty in the original has been lost by the way.

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gleaming of its fixed and innocent eyes. The cruel mode of securing a fatal shot is called in hunter's phrase, shining the eyes.

The two young men reached a corner of the farmer's field at an early hour in the evening. Young Boone gave the customary signal to his mounted companion preceding him, to stop, an indication that he had shined the eyes of a deer. Boone dismounted, and fastened his horse to a tree. Ascertaining that his rifle was in order, he advanced cautiously behind a covert of bushes, to reach the right distance for a shot. The deer is remarkable for the beauty of its eye when thus shined. The mild brilliance of the two orbs was distinctly visible. Whether warned by a presentiment, or arrested by a palpitation, and strange feelings within, at noting a new expression, in the blue and dewy lights that gleamed to his heart, we say not. But the unerring rifle, and a rustling told him that the game had fled. Something whispered him it was not a deer; and yet the fleet step, as the game bounded away, might easily be mistaken for that of the light-footed animal. A second thought impelled him to pursue the rapidly retreating game; and he sprang away in the direction of the sound, leaving his companion to occupy himself as he might. The fugitive had the advantage of a considerable advance of him, and apparently a better knowledge of the localities of the place. But the hunter was perfect in all his field exercises, and scarcely less fleet footed than a deer; and he gained rapidly on the object of his pursuit, which advanced a little parallel with the field fence, and then, as it endowed with the utmost accomplishment of gymnastics, cleared the fence at a leap. The hunter, embarrassed with his rifle and accoutrements, was driven to the slow and humiliating expedient of climbing it. But an outline of the form of the fugitive, fleeting through the shades in the direction of the house, assured him that he had mistaken the species of game. His heart throbbed from a hundred sensations; and among them an apprehension of the consequences that would have resulted from discharging his rifle, when he had first shined those liquid blue eyes. Seeing that the fleet game made straight in the direction of the house, he said to himself. "I will see the pet deer in its lair," and he directed his steps to the same place. Half a score of dogs opened their barking upon him, as he approached the house, and advertised the master that a stranger was approaching. Having hushed the dogs, and learned the name of his visitant, he introduced him to his family as the son of their neighbour, Boone.

Scarce had the first words of introduction been uttered before the opposite door opened; and a boy apparently seven, and a girl of sixteen rushed in, panting for breath and in seeming affright.

"Sister went down to the river, and a *painter* chased her, and she is almost scared to death," exclaimed the boy. The ruddy, flaxen-haired girl stood full in view of her terrible pursuer, leaning upon his rifle, and surveying her with the most eager admiration. "Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbour," was their laconic introduction. Both were young, beautiful, and at that period when the affections exercise their most energetic influence. The circumstances of the introduction were favourable to the result, and the young hunter felt that eyes of the *deer* had *shined* his bosom as fatally as his rifle shot had even the innocent deer of the thicket. She, too, when she saw the high, open, bold forehead; clear, keen, and yet gentle and affectionate eye—the firm front, and the visible express of decision and fearlessness of the hunter—when she interrupted a look which said as distinctly as looks can say it, "how terrible it would have been to have fired!" she can hardly be supposed to have regarded him with indifference. Nor can it be wondered at that she saw in him her *beau ideal* of excellence and beauty. The inhabitants of cities, who live in mansions, and read novels stored with unreal pictures of life and the heart, are apt to imagine that love, with all its golden illusion, is reserved exclusively for them. It is a most egregious mistake. A model of ideal beauty and perfection is woven in almost every youthful heart, of the brightest and most brilliant threads that compose the web of existence. It may not be said that this forest maiden was deeply and foolishly smitten at first sight. All reasonable time and space were granted to the claims of maidenly modesty. As for Boone, he was incurably wounded by her, whose eyes he had *shined*, and as he was remarkable for the backwoods attribute of *never being beaten out of his track* he ceased not to woo, until he gained the heart of Rebecca Bryan. In a word, he courted her successfully, and they were married.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

TO ——.

Whilst my poor bark its stormy way
O'er life's dark sea is wending,
Without one star's enliv'ning ray,
Its gloomy course befriending;
By adverse currents often swept,
Far from the course its steering,
Thy mem'ry o'er my soul has crept,
Its drooping sadness cheering.

'Tis thus when struggling on his way,
'Midst billows' wild commotion,
The sailor spies that welcome ray,
Come beaming o'er the ocean;
From where removed by howling storm,
And braving every danger,
The light-house rears its noble form,
To guide the wearied stranger.

Yes, thus, when sorrows dark and wild,
Within my breast are striving,
And my worn soul of peace beguil'd,
Has scarce a hope surviving,
Thy memory like the light-house beam,
Can break the dreary sadness,
And o'er its darkness shed a gleam,
That lights it up to gladness!

ARIOSTO.

STANZA.

My hopes are like the azure clouds,
Enveloped in the evening sky,
Rapt in terror's darkest shroud,
And showered on the earth to die;
Yet morning calls the clouds away,
And evening's darkest mists shall flee,—
But in sorrow's dark array,
Who shall drop a tear for me?

My hopes are like the fragile bark,
Whom terror's raging billows save,
But without the beacon's mark,
To guide it o'er the roaring wave;
But ah, when oceans storm's have sped,
Others bark shall stem the sea,
But when every hope is fled,
Who shall drop a tear for me?

My hopes are like the witching dream,
Fashioned on the feverish bed,
Ere morning sends its cheering beam,
Its visions and its scenes are fled;
Yet life may view an other morn,
And dreams shall other visions see,—
But when every hope is gone,
Who shall drop a tear for me?

B. R. B.

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A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

On a lovely morning towards the close of Spring, I found myself in a beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia.—Spurred on by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendor and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streaks of the purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great *Natural Bridge*.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for the visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country, Niagara falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The natural bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two large mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 80 feet, its width about 35, its thickness about 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from 220 feet. A few bushes grow on its top by which a traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from 200 to 300 from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of the bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from 40 to 60 feet wide, he sees nearly 300 feet below a wild stream foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees of 70 feet under the arch, and yet to look down upon them, they appear like bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch and they looked like insects. I threw a stone down and counted thirty four before it reached the water. All hear of heights and depths, but they here see what is high and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting butments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon and the stars, and allow that none but *God* could make them, will here be impressed that none but *Almighty God* could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge below, is as pleasing as the top is awful.—The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that as I stood on the bridge and my companions beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficent loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in heighth.

As we stood under the beautiful arch we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed twenty-five feet and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in the book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had occupied his place, was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach, but he was not thus to be discouraged. He opens a large jacknife, and in the soft limestone began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty, he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend unless he fell upon the rugged rocks beneath him.

There was no house near, from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plies himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascending with incredible labor. He exerts every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood on the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted: but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not forsaken him. His course upwards was rather obliquely than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than 200 feet, and had still farther to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from 200 feet from the water, in a centre almost perpendicular; and in little less than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was some time before he recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We stayed around this seat of grandeur four hours; but from my own feelings, I should not have supposed over half an hour. There is a little cottage near lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visitors to the bridge, in a large book kept for this purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we slowly and silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature; and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, or throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.

JUGGLERS.

From an article on the "Autobiography of the Emperor Jahagueuir," in the Quarterly Review.

The author makes a characteristic transition from the grave subject on which he had been just engaged to an account of the feasts of some Bengal jugglers, which cannot, he thinks, but be considered among the most surprising circumstances of the age. The description of the operations of these men, is, however, in itself by no means unworthy of attention, inasmuch as it shows the degree of perfection to which they carried their various contrivances for deceiving the imperial court. Jahaugueir was so struck with astonishment at the wonders which they wrought, that he ascribes them without hesitation to supernatural power. The jugglers were first desired to produce upon the spot, from the seed, ten mulberry trees.—

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They immediately sowed in separate places seed in the ground, and in a few minutes after a mulberry plant was seen springing from each of the seeds, each plant, as it rose in the air, shooting for the leaves and branches, and yielding excellent fruit! In the same manner, and by a similar magical process, apple trees, mangoes, fig trees, almond and walnut trees were created, all producing fruit, which Jahaugueir assures us was exquiste to the taste. This, however, he observes was not all:—

"Before the trees were removed, there appeared among the foliage birds of such surprising beauty, in colour and shape, and melody of song, as the world never saw before. At the close of the operation, the foliage, as in autumn, was seen to put on its variegated tints, and the trees gradually disappeared into the earth from which they had been made to spring.

Major Price states, that he has himself witnessed similar operations on the western side of India, but that a sheet was employed to cover the process. "I have however," he adds "no conception of the means by which they were accomplished, unless the jugglers had the trees about them, in every state, from the seeding to the fruit."

The reader will be amused with the Emperor's narrative of some more of these "specious miracles."

"One night, and in the very middle of the night, when half this globe was wrapped in darkness, one of these seven men stripped himself, almost naked, and having spun himself swiftly round several times, he took a sheet with which he covered himself, and beneath the sheet drew out a resplendent mirror, by the radiance of which a light so powerful was produced, as to have illuminated the hemisphere to an incredible distance round; to such a distance indeed, that we have the attestation of travellers to the fact, who declared, that on a particular night, the same night on which the exhibition took place, and at the distance of ten days' journey, they saw the atmosphere so powerfully illuminated as to exceed the brightness of the brightest day they had ever seen.

"They placed in my presence a large seething pot or chaldron, and filling it partly with water, they threw into it eight of the smaller mauns of irick of rice; when without the smallest spark of fire, the chaldron forthwith began to boil; in a little time they took off the lid, and drew from it nearly a hundred platters full, each with a stewed fowl at top!"

But these feats of skill fall into insignificance when compared with the following extraordinary process:—

"They produced a man whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing his head from his body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time. They then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot, and one of the men putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received a wound or injury whatever.

This trick we can easily understand to have been performed by means not unlike those which are resorted to upon our stage, whenever it becomes necessary to hang, draw, and quarter pantaloon in the pantomime. If it be true, as Jahanguer relates, that his jugglers also in a moment covered a pond with a mantle of ice sufficiently strong to bear an elephant, the machinery sent from England to India some time ago for freezing water must have been no novelty in that country. We should much like to know Sir David Brewster's conjectures with respect to the following, which must have been optical deceptions, and in which we trace a certain similarity to some of the stories so amusingly cleared up in the "Letters on Natural Magic."

"They caused two tents to be set up, the one at a distance of a bow shot from the other, the doors or entrances being placed exactly opposite: they raised the tent walls all around, and desired that it might be particularly observed, that they were entirely empty. Then, fixing the tent walls to the ground, two of the seven men entered, one into each tent, none of the other men entering either of the tents. Thus prepared, they said they would undertake to bring out of the tents any animal we chose to mention, whether bird or beast, and set them in conflict with each other. Khaunse-Jahaun, with a smile of incredulity, required them to show us a battle between two ostriches. In a few minutes two ostriches of the largest size issued, one from either tent, and attacked each other with such fury that the blood was seen streaming from their heads; they were at the same time so equally matched, that neither could get the better of the other, and they were therefore seperated by the men, and conveyed within the tents. In short they continued to produce from either tent whatever animal we chose to name and before our eyes set them to fight in the manner I have attempted to describe; and although I have exerted my utmost invention to discover the secret of the contrivance, it has been entirely without success.

"They were furnished with a bow and about fifty steel-pointed arrows. One of the seven men took the bow in hand, and shooting the arrow into the air, the shaft stood fixed at a considerable height; he shot a second arrow, which flew straight to the first, to which it became attached, and so with one of the remaining arrows, to the last of all, which striking the sheaf, suspended in the air, the whole immediately broke asunder, and came at once to the earth.

"They procured a chain 50 cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained, as if fastened to some hinge in the air. A dog was then brought forward and being placed at the lower end of the chain, instantly ran up and reaching the other end immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion and a tiger, were alternately sent up the chain and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain.

At last they took down the chain, and put it into a bag, no one even discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described. This I may venture to affirm was beyond measure strange and surprising."

EARLY FRUGALITY.—In early childhood, you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save everything,—not for their *own* use, for that would make them selfish—but for *some* use. Teach them to *share* everything with their playmates; but never allow them to *destroy* anything. I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed; yet nothing was mean or uncomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be as comfortable with a little, as others can be with much. In this family, when the father brought home a package, the older children would, of their own accord, put away the paper and twine neatly, instead of throwing them in the fire, or tearing them to pieces. If the little ones wanted a piece of twine to play scratch-cradle, or spin a top, there it was in readiness; and when they threw it upon the floor, the elder children had no need to be told to put it again in its place.—*From the Frugal Housewife.*

Lord Byron's Lines, found in his Bible.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

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HER EYES THE GLOW WORM LEND THEE.

Andante Cantabile.

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Second Verse.

Let darkness ne'er the cumber;
What tho' the moon does slumber,
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number;
Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto thee,
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My thoughts I'll then declare thee.

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"THE DEVIL TO PAY."—This phrase doubtless originated in a printing office, on some Saturday night's settlement of weekly wages. "John," says the publisher to the book keeper, "how stands the cash account?" —"Small balance on hand sir."—"Let's see," rejoins the publisher, "how far will that go towards satisfying the hands?" John begins to figure—arithmetically: so much due to Potkins—so much to Typus—so much to Grubble—and so on, through a dozen dittos. The publisher stands aghast. "Here is not money enough by a jug full."—"No sir—and besides, there is *the devil to pay.*"—*Nantucket Inq.*

LEFT-HANDED PLEA.—A prisoner at the bar of the Mayor's Court, Philadelphia, being called on to plead an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his *right* hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. 'Hold up your *right* hand,' said the clerk. 'Please your Honour,' said the culprit, still keeping his left hand up, 'Please your Honour, I am left handed.'

JOKES UPON LAWYERS.—The English papers state that a certain member of the bar, remarkable for his red face and irritable temperament, goes by the appropriate name of the "red precipitate." A better joke than this however has been committed at the expense of one of the gentlemen of the long robe remarkable for his high stature and at the same time *vacant* countenance. He has been christened "*The long vacation.*" Another in New Hampshire, whose complexion indicated a more extensive practice at the bar of the Hotel than of the Court, was said by Judge V. to be a very *deep red* lawyer.

WATER.—Some humane persons has affixed printed handbills to the pumps, cautioning those who are heated against drinking water. "Botheration," said an Irishman, "only look at that—one says, don't drink ony of the cratur, my darling, for it will be the death on ye; anither says, don't drink any water, honey, or you will be kilt out right. By the powers, I'll mix the whiskey and the water in equal parts, and chate both of 'em."—*N. Y. Star.*

GRAMMATICAL CONSTRUCTION.—A Farmer's son, just returned from a boarding school, was asked "if he knew *grammar?*" "Oh yes, father!" said the pupil, "I know her very well—*Grammer* sits in the chair fast asleep."

CONSCIENTIOUS MOLLY.—"Molly," said a lady to her servant, who was not remarkable for her quickness of conception or general industry, "I think you'll never set the Thames on fire." "No, ma'am" was the reply, "I should be very sorry to do any thing so wicked."

It is known to all who are acquainted with the early history of Kentucky, that the first emigrants settled in small squads, like the first settlement in all other frontier countries, for mutual defence. The order was, whenever an alarm was given all were to run to that place. Early one morning the shouts and cries of a female were heard—all ran to the spot. When they arrived they saw a bear and a man engaged in combat. They had it hip and thigh, up and down, over and under, and the man's wife standing by and hallooing "fair play! fair play!" The company ran up and insisted on parting them. The woman said, "No—no—let them fight! for it is the first fight I ever saw that I did not care which whipped."

NEW PROFESSIONAL SERVICE.—'Docther,' said an Hibernian as he entered the office of a practitioner in this city, 'I'd be afther spaking a word to you in secret.'

"Speak on, no one will hear you."

"Are you sure of that, intirely? By me sowl, its afraid to think I am, lest the botherin" crature should hear me."

"Who?"

"Why who but Kathleen Mahoney to be sure.—Hasn't she bewitched intirely me body and sowl; the swate murdherin hussey? And isn't it meself that can't slape for drameing of her, nor wake for the nightmare; that can't ate a maly paraty but of her cookin' nor taste a drap o' the cratur widout wishing good luck to her swate face!"

"You love her then?"

"You may say that! the blessed Saint Patrick niver loved the howly church bether."

"You must marry her."

"O wouldn't I! but the unfaling creature wont so much as spake to Terence O'Flaherty, and that's meself, your honor."

"Then she don't like you?"

"Divil a bit, your honor, she spur-rns me worse nor St. Patrick would blast a toad or a sarpint!"

"Quit her then."

"I can't your honor. Havn't I kept away from the cabin till the char-rms and wicked arts of the crature make me go back agen like a tomtit into the mout of one of your ugly Yankee sarpents, bad luck to them."

"Well, Terence," said Esculapius, with difficulty suppressing a laugh, "this is a severe visitation, but what am I to do?"

"Docther," in a whisper, "Docther, I'll take my bodily oath that Kathleen has been puthin a somethin in my dhrink to make me love her."

"Well."

"Can't you be afther givin me a dose to mix in her potheen to make her bewildered afther me, jist as I'm crazy for her, your honor?"

"No, Terence, but I'll give you a dose to cure you of your love."

"Its not that exactly I'd have your honor. If Kathleen loved Terence, and Terence loved Kathleen, wouldn't we make a swate couple? and barrin a bit of a row now and thin, we'd agree intirely."

"Ah, Terence, Terence, its only wicked wizards that bewitch, I can't do that, but I can cure those who are so unlucky as to get in the clutches of the wicked. You look sick. You'll die to a certainty, if I don't remove the spell."

Poor Pat was in a quandary.

"Ah well, Docther, jist fix me the articul, bether live alone, than die with a witch; oh, murther! murther! Kathleen you murdherin witch, St. Patrick defind me from you!"

If Terence did not curse the Docther as well as Kathleen, when he had taken his panacea, the fault was not in the recipe.—*Boston Galaxy.*

INTERESTING FACT—A few years ago, a very worthy laboring man, in this town, who had been so unfortunate as to acquire a habit of drinking spirit, becoming convinced of its ruinous tendency, had strength of mind sufficient to form an effectual resolution of future abstinence. At the time, he had a wooden box made, with a hole in the lid, and labelled "RUM," into which he every day dropped as much money as he had been in the habit of spending for liquor. The box was never opened till very recently, when, on counting the sum, it was found to amount to no less than *one hundred and eighty dollars*, with a part of which he purchased a good house lot, and the remainder will go towards putting a neat and comfortable new house upon it.—Such examples are above all praise.—*Salem Gaz.*

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LONDON POLICE.

MANSION HOUSE.—SHAVING EXTRAORDINARY.

A journeyman barber was brought before the Lord Mayor, on Saturday, charged with having, in a fit of drunkenness, threatened to assault and shave his mistress dry.

The mistress, who keeps a shaving shop in Petticoat lane, stated that she employed two men besides the defendant to do the business of the shop, which had a very fair trade considering the general negligence of the neighborhood as to the growth of unnecessary hair. Unfortunately, the defendant's habits became offensive to the customers. She had expostulated with him frequently, for he was a skilful hand, but remonstrance was useless. The customers began to go to a rival establishment—and, to save hereelf from ruin, she told him he must depart. This sentence at once introduced him to a gin shop; where he took so copiously to the "cream of the valley," that he besieged the shaving shop, and, to the terror of the neighbors, proceeded to the work, razor in hand, and swearing that he would shave his mistress, without the mercy of a taste of soap and water.

The defendant—My Lord, it's all revenge. Misses has a grudge towards me, for she always puts me in the rough work, and I'm blest if my hand can stand it.

The Lord Mayor—What do you call the rough work? I suppose you have to shave and cut hair as the other men do?

The defendant—Like the other men! Lord bless you, your vorship, I've got for to shave all the Jews as comes to our shop out of mourning. (Laughter.) It's no joke to go over a pair of cheeks wot no steel's touched for three months.

The mistress stated that those remarks were a libel upon her character, and calculated to do great injury to her shop.

The defendant—Only let me have fair play at a face, and I defy Barbarossa; but I'm hanged if I can make a horse's tail as smooth as a yard of velvet in a couple of minutes. (Laughter.) Besides, please you, my lord, if there's a blacksmith or a coal-heaver as wants his face to be goe'd over, why missus calls out to me, "Jack, clap your suds upon this face. (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor tried to reconcile the parties, but in vain. The defendant was discharged. He said he would try for employment at the other end of the town.

Remarkable Coincidence.—During the Revolution an artillery carriage among other munitions was captured at the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, in 1777.—This carriage together with a brass field piece taken by Gen. La Fayette in person at the storming of a redoubt at York Town, in which memorable battle he bore a conspicuous part, are now at the Government Arsenal in Gibbonsville. While Gen. La Fayette was on his tour through the United States in 1825, he called to visit the Government works opposite this city, and while the salute was being fired he recognised the identical cannon above mentioned, and is said to have instantly approached and embraced it as the companion of his youth. Another link in this chain of coincidence, was added on Saturday last. The Government order had been received the day before at the Arsenal, respecting the death of La Fayette, directing the half hour gun to be fired in honor of that great patriot. The order was executed with the same gun, which had figured so conspicuously in his early history. The effect upon those who heard the salute, with a knowledge of the historical coincidents connected with it must have been peculiarly affecting and melancholy.—*Troy Whig.*

NEW YORK POLICE—LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

John McLean, one of the gentlemen of the Press was brought up for getting drunk on Sunday night, and further added to the enormity, by not getting sober before he was put to the bar.

Mag.—Well McLean, how came you to get drunk on Sunday?

McLean.—Bekase as yer honor pleases, I have no time to get drunk any other day. Bad luck to me, isn't Sunday a day of rist: and its little rist I get any way, save when I am peaceably drunk, and then I can neither walk nor work, ate or dhrink, nor THINK, and it's risted I am then, intirely, according to scripture; and if I'm right according to gospel, sure I'm not wrong according to law.

Mag.—Well, have you any money to pay your fine?

John.—Divil a cent, sir; I worked seventeen hours a day all last week, in turning a wheel for the printers, and I got but five dollars and my liberty of a Saturday night, for the rason, they said, I didn't make quite a week's work. Bad luck to me (said he, bursting into a laugh,) but I'd like yer honor jist to have one spell at that wheel—you'd say it was the most pressing and roundabout business you ever took in hand.

Mag.—I'll take your word for it—you may go; for your absence may, perhaps, delay the publication of some of the journals.

John.—Bad 'cess to me, but you're right—divil a paper could they get out at all without me. I see yer honor knows how to respect the liberty of the press. Good morning, and good many such to you.—*Tran.*

An Irish Watchman in London.—It happened a few years since that a gentleman who is now living in Dublin was, with some of his companions, arrested by a party of watchmen as they were making their way out of a tavern in London. The gentleman recognised in the voice of his captor the mellifluous tones th characterise those who inhale their brogue upon t banks of the Lee. "You are from Cork," said he the watchman. "Why, then, you may say that, answered the watchman, "many is the fine day, whe I was young and handsome, I worked in Mulligan' nursery there." "In Mulligan's nursery!" replied th gentleman, who at once perceived what string in h countryman's heart could be played upon, "sure I ar the son of Mr. Mulligan." "The son of Mr. Mulligan!" exclaimed the captor, relaxing his hold; "the son of Mr. Mulligan—by dad then I'll be bail, you're Master George, that I have often heard was living in London." "Indeed I am Master George Mulligan," sighed out the captive. "Why, then, Master George, the devil a bit of Pat Daly will bring you to the watch-house this blessed night; but I must have a prisoner at all events. Now," said he, grasping at an English gentleman who happened to be passing him on the pathway, "now, Master George—run, you devil, down that lane with you." Master George took the hint, and, as he hurried off, he heard the watchman abusing the unconscious delinquent for resisting his arrest. "What, you vagabone, would you be trying to be after getting off from me that way? Come along peaceably, or I'll knock you into smithereens.—*Irish Mag.*

Magic of a name.—What romantic lady has not wept over the fate of Charlotte and Werter? The very name of Charlotte is replete with sentiment—but did curiosity ever prompt thee to ask the other name of the heroine? Goethe, who wrote the "Sorrows of Werter," has revealed the secret in the memoirs of his own life. Her name was *Buff!* Charlotte Buff! Here is an end to the romance of it, and what a puppy Werter must have been, to blow out his brains for a girl named Charlotte Buff!

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I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

Well, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womankind
Such unkind women now;
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set.
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance in Bruin's plan;
Me draw! me paint! me any thing!
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh, how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa;
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays her girls upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is, the change
In parlour and in hall,—
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran.
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was one so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dumb
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernised—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is full of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his tombs.
From head to heel they make me feel
Of quite another clan;
Compell'd to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a star—
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow,
Would make me find all womankind
Such unkind women now;
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

A SCOT'S LUVE SANG.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Could this ill warld hae been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peaceful' bodies wad hae lived,
Released frae a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the waefu' case
That maun hae this teazing mony,
Why see a sweet bewitching face!
—O had they no been made so bonny!

I might hae wandered dale and wood,
Brisk as the breeze that whistles o'er me.
As careless as the roe-deers brood,
As happy as the lands before me;
I might hae screwed my tunefu' pegs,
And carolled mountain streams so gaily,
Had we but wantit a' the Megs
Wi' glossy een sae dark an wily.

I saw the danger, feared the dart,
The smile, the air, and a' sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
And gat the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green;
O' wild witch-notes it has nae ony,
Sin' e'er I saw that pawky queen,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

CONJECTURES.

A horse with his nose in a bag,
Is probably thinking of corn;
A vestment reduced to a rag,
Is likely enough t' have been worn;
A sceptic, who boggles at doubts,
May silently swallow a sin;
And in politics, they who are "outs,"
May possibly wish to get *in*.

A lady, when dressing for church,
May perhaps have a thought of this earth;
A lover, when left in the lurch,
With maudlin may bother your mirth;
A lawyer who frowns at a fee,
May be moved by some deeper pretence;
And a man who is hanging, can be
In a state of most painful *suspense*.

EPITAPH.

ON SIR JOHN GUISE.

Here lies the body of Sir John Guise—
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries:
Where his soul is, and how it fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

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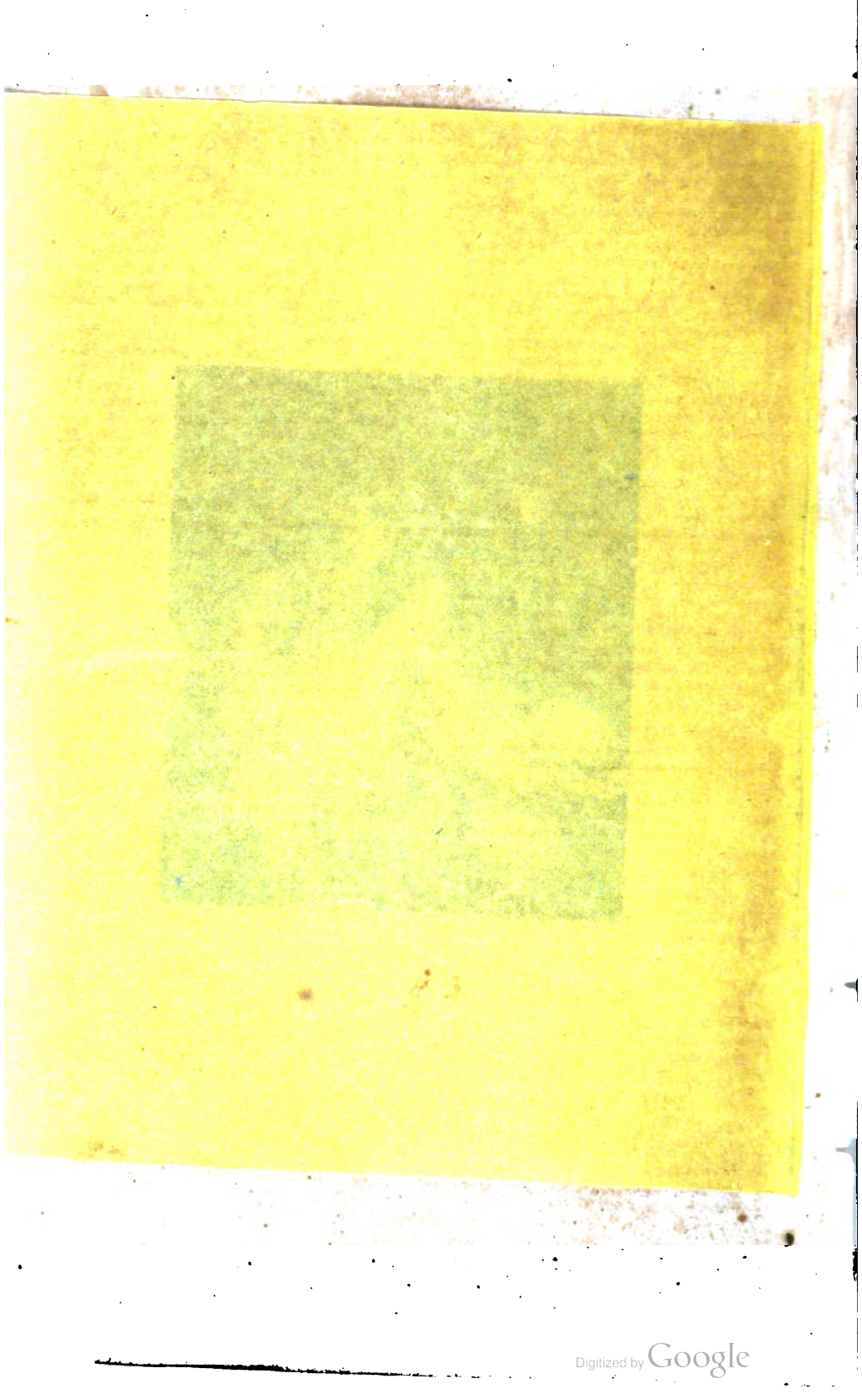

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ATKINSON'S
CASKET
OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"To aid thy mind's development—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss—
This, it would seem, was not reserved for me!
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this."

No. 10.] PHILADELPHIA.—OCTOBER. [1824.

INFANCY.

BY FREDERICK S. ECKARD.

Sacred your play and gladness,
Fair creatures! to recal
Those dim refreshing memories
On which no taint can fall;
A charm too, like the sunset
On the young blossom's hue,
They fade amidst the waning hours,
And change must come o'er you.

You can wake our early pleasures,
When dream-like and unknown
Life stretch'd beyond,—a glittering morn
Before the dew has flown;
You can give us back unsullied
The phantasies of youth,
When the sunshine from the bosom veil'd
The ruggedness of truth.

Those visions soon are ended,
For deeper thoughts must fill
The current of our after years,
Yet we are losers still;
For with them goes the innocence
That own'd no evil thought,
And knowledge, at that heavy price,
Alas! is dearly bought.

As those who in a tempest
Are shuddering o'er the grave,
When hope has almost ceased to nerve
Their strivings with the wave,
Discover some green island,
Some calm sequester'd spot,
Where terror may be hill'd to rest,
And ocean's rage forgot;

Thus, O ye joyful children!
Appears your radiant glee,
A fairy land to which the soul
From storm and cloud can flee.
'Midst bitterness and discord
Ye come like music sweet;
A zephyr from the balmy dawn,
To check the noon-day heat.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Unto him who hath loved us, and gave himself for us and washed us from our sins, in his own blood.—*Rev.*

How hath he loved us?—Ask the star
That on its wondrous mission sped,
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene
Where His, the Eternal, bow'd his head:
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn no room!

Judea's mountain—lift your voice;
With legends of the Saviour fraught;
Speak, favor'd Olivet—so oft
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought—
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent his weary feet did lave.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the band
That fled his woes with breathless haste—
Ask the weak friend's denial tone,
Scarce by his bitterest tears effaced—
Ask of the traitor's kiss—and see
What Jesus hath endured for thee.

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dews
Shrank from that moisture strangely red,
Which in that unwatch'd hour of pain,
His agonising temples shed!
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,
Like the unanswering lamb, He bore.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky—
Ask of the sheeted dead, who burst
Their cerements at his fearful cry—
O, ask no more,—but bow thy pride,
And yield thy heart to him who died.

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MARIA HAMMOND.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

"We live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles."—STERNE.

What is the human mind? It is an "auræ divina particula," says Horace: "it is material," whispers Infidelity: "it is an essence," replies Religion: "I declare," says my Uncle Toby, "I know nothing of the matter." Now I am certain, and I will undertake to prove it this minute, that my Uncle Toby's answer is the best, the wisest, and indeed the only sensible answer that can be given to the question by man, woman, or child.

Sometime in the month of last November, I was sitting in the evening by myself, before the parlour fire, chewing the bitter cud of a vexed spirit. That day a series of petty annoyances had given me the "horrors." Twenty thousand devils, as blue as indigo, had taken possession of my brain, and were scampering about, grinning and kicking up their heels, in utter defiance of all the most approved exorcisms in such cases made and provided. I treated my disease first phlogistically: that is to say, I drank a glass of brandy and water *hot*, with sugar. I was not an iota the better. I treated it anti-phlogistically: that is to say, I took another glass *cold, without*. I got no better—but at last, recollecting Dr. Hahnemann's theory of medicine—"Similia cum similibus"—or, as he calls it, his "System of Homœpathics"—and the night being a miserable, suicidal sort of night—a thick fog having fallen, like a wet blanket, over that part of nature's face on which stands the city of London—and my friend Withering being a most wearisome proser, and living at a distance of at least two miles—I resolved to give Dr. Hahnemann's system a trial, and treat my case homœpathically. So seizing my hat and stick, with the air of a man who has taken his resolution, I trudged away through mud and mire, filth and fog, to my friend Withering's.

I have said that a thick fog had fallen over that part of Nature's face on which stands the city of London. This remark, I am sensible, exposes me to the inconvenience of being asked what part or particular feature of Nature's face it is which the aforesaid city occupies. But in order to forestall any such inquiries, I do hereby openly acknowledge that I am wholly at a loss to answer them with any degree of certainty; but if I may be allowed to venture a guess on so difficult a subject, I should say, it must certainly be the upper lip. For how otherwise is it possible to account for the dust, dirt, and dinginess with which London is eternally besmutted? But grant that it stands on the upper lip—and only suppose, further, that Dame Nature is, like most other ancient dames, a snuff-taker, and not a cleanly one, and the thing is explained at once—'tis as plain as a pikestaff. Nay, by heavens! "it is much plainer,"—"'tis as plain," may it please your Grace of Wellington, "as the nose on your face."

My friend Withering is a natural philosopher—by which I mean a philosopher naturally, and not by acquired habits. He knows that the great sum of human misery is made up by the continual addition of small items—that these items are the taxes which we are called upon to pay to the King of Kings, for the protection which he affords us, and for the countless blessings he is continually showering down upon us. He knows, moreover, that, let us grumble as we will, pay them we must—so my friend pays them cheerfully. He knows, too, that the sum of human happiness does not chiefly consist of high excitement and momentary transports—but of the quiet enjoyment of things as they are—so my friend takes the world as he finds it. He walks through life with a composed step—neither turning to the right to gallop after the will-wi'-the-whisps with which the beckoning devil, temptation, lights up the marshes and quagmires of life, nor is he frightened away to the left by the hobgoblins of fanaticism—but holds on his way as nearly in a straight line as he can, content to gather by the way-side here a flower and there a flower.

On the present occasion, however, I found my friend's equanimity thrown a little off its centre. On inquiring the cause of the musing dejection in which I found him absorbed, he addressed me as follows:—

"You must remember to have often heard me mention the name of a very old and dear friend, who died some ten years ago. His name was Hammond. When he died he was a widower, and left behind him an only daughter. His little Maria was the apple of her poor father's eye, and on his death-bed he besought me to keep a parent's watch over her till I saw her settled in life. After the funeral of her father, Maria was sent to reside with a maiden aunt, and shortly after that event was conveyed to a respectable boarding-school of my own choosing. At this school she almost immediately formed an intimate acquaintance with a Miss Melton—an interesting child of her own age, and the daughter of highly respectable parents. They became at once school-cronies. They walked always together—sat always next each other at the desk and at the dining-table—slept together—and each spent one half of the holidays at the house of the other. During the whole time they remained together at school their friendship never was broken—but grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. At length the time arrived for Miss Melton to leave school, and the two friends were parted. About twelve months after this, Miss Hammond also left school and returned to live with her aunt, when she learnt that Mr. Melton had gone to reside in a distant part of the country.

"Not very long after Miss Hammond left school, her aunt fell into a bad state of health, and her medical attendants recommending her to try a change of air, she went to reside at the town of C——, taking of course her niece along with her. After having resided here about twelve months, she one day met in the street, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, her old friend Miss Melton—now, however, no longer Miss Melton, but Mrs. Remington. She had been married, it seems, all parties happily consent-

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ing, only a few months previously, to Mr. Remington, who was an attorney (and a most excellent man) in full practice at the town of C——. The old friendship was of course renewed, and from that time they were almost daily visitors at each other's houses. It was about this time that I received a letter from Maria's aunt, requesting to see me. When I arrived, I found I had been summoned by the old lady in order to consult with her as to the propriety of allowing Maria to accept the addresses of a young gentleman who had made pretensions to her hand. I immediately set about making inquiries into his respectability, connexions, &c., and found him in all things an unexceptionable match. I do not mean to say that the young man was represented to me as an absolute saint; but all parties agreed in speaking of him as an honourable young man, of promising talents. Having satisfied myself thus far, and having seen and conversed with him on the subject of his pretensions to Maria, he was formally permitted to visit my *protegée* as her accepted suitor; and I returned to town. This gentleman's name was Charles Fenton. All things seemed to "work together for good." I was delighted with my poor orphan's prospects; and had she *not been* an orphan, could I have congratulated my poor friend on the approaching happinsss of his only and beloved daughter—we should have set our feet, at the same moment, and shaken hands together on the topmost step of human happiness.

"Days, weeks, and months passed away, and our sky was still without a cloud. Fenton, however, became importunate with Maria to name the wedding day, which was at last fixed. It was to be the sixth Saturday after Mrs. Remington's confinement, which was expected to take place in the course of the current month. This was exacted by Maria in compliment to her friend, in order that she might be present at the ceremony. Maria was now almost constantly with Mrs. Remington, assisting her in the various little preparations for her approaching accouchement; and frequently sleeping at her house. On these occasions, Fenton of course went also to see Maria. It was, in fact, her friend's house, at which Fenton had first seen Miss Hammond, for he had become acquainted with Remington, and had visited him on the most friendly footing, almost from the time of his marriage. One evening while Maria was sitting at work with Mrs. Remington—rather late in the evening, for she intended to stay all night—Fenton knocked at the door. When he was admitted into the parlor where the ladies sat, it was instantly perceived that he had been drinking somewhat too freely. As this was, however, a circumstance of exceeding rare occurrence, and as he was always at such times well-tempered and tractable, it occasioned no uneasiness in Miss Hammond, but was only treated by her as a matter of good-humoured raillery. On this occasion Fenton was so much excited, that Mr. Remington insisted on his staying where he was all night; and soon after supper he was prevailed on to go to bed. As he was going up stairs, the maid following with a light, he suddenly stopped, and laughing as he did so, took off his coat and giving it to the servant, "Here," said he "carry this into Maria's bed-room."* The servant considering the thing as a mere drunken frolic or whim, did as she was ordered, and when she came down stairs mentioned the circumstance, with a smile, to Miss Hammond. When Maria went into her bed-room for the night, the first thing she saw was Fenton's coat, spread out on the back of a chair. "What a ridiculous fancy!" said she, and then without further notice, proceeded to undress and get into bed. It appears, however, continued my friend with a forced smile, that although she took no further notice of the coat, either it or its owner was still uppermost in her mind; for she forgot to put out the light until she was in bed. As she rose again for this purpose, the coat again caught her eye, and it now, for the first time occured to her, that certainly Fenton must have had some motive in sending his coat into her room. She sat upright in the bed for a minute or two with her eyes fixed on it, musing and wondering what that motive could be. Not being able to frame, however, any satisfactory conjecture, but still intent upon the subject, she once more lay down in bed, and once more discovered that she had again wholly forgotten the light. When, however, she made this second discovery, she did not immediately get up and rectify the error, but lay for some time still pondering on the circumstance of the coat. At length she suddenly started up, exclaiming to herself, "I'll lay my life Fenton has some present, or perhaps a letter, in his coat-pocket for me; and has taken, in 'tipsy fun, this whimsical method of delivering it." She got out of bed and went straight to the chair on which hung the object that had so much puzzeled her. She had no sooner come within reach of it, however, than she hesitated, and began to question the propriety of putting her hand into another's pocket. After a little pause—whether it was that she felt assured it was sent there by its owner for that very purpose, or whether it was the perfect innocence and simplicity of her intentions, or that she thought the whole affair altogether too ridiculous to be worth a moment's serious reflection, or whether, continued my friend with another sad smile, it was curiosity—whatever it was, it soon overcame her scruples, and laughing to herself, and putting her hand into one of the pockets she withdrew from it, not one merely, but several letters, all with their seals broken. The idea of reading these letters, merely because, the seals being broken, she might do so undiscovered, never even presented itself to the delicate mind of Maria Hammond; but in looking at them, one by one, in order to discover whether any of them were addressed to herself, she was struck with the strange fact that the subscriptions were all evidently in the handwriting of her friend, Mrs. Remington, and all addressed to Fenton. An indefinable misgiving came over her, and almost made her sick. The shadow of some impending evil fell upon her, the frightfulness of which was only

* Fact—however improbable it may appear in the sequel.

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so much the more appalling, that she had no distinct notion of its nature and extent. She longed to know the contents of the letters—perhaps the whole happiness depended upon it—but she could not bring herself to read them: it was a trying moment—one by one she returned them slowly to the pocket, her eye dwelling on the superscription of each as she did so, till she came to the last. She paused—over and over again the poor girl read the superscription—it was certainly her friend's writing—it was impossible to doubt it; she looked on the other side of the letter—the seal was quite broken—the paper was not even confined by having one of its folds slipped within the other—she could even see, where the edges gaped, a little of the writing within. It was not in human nature to resist the temptation—and, while her mind was in the act of reiterating its condemnation of the deed, her eyes, swimming in tears, were running over the contents of the letter. Poor Maria! she has not yet forgiven herself for that act of what she calls treachery, though so fully justified by the event, as far as events can justify any act—"but, indeed," said Maria, weeping most piteously, when she told me the circumstance, "indeed I could not help it."

"When she had read the letter through, she let it fall to the floor, and taking another from the pocket, (for her mind was now too far bewildered to speculate on the nature of the act) she read that also, and so on, till she had read them all: then sinking down upon a chair by the bed-side, she buried her face in the bedclothes, and wept bitterly. The feeling which most oppressed her at that moment was not resentment, but a sense of desolation. There was not one of all those letters, which did not contain proofs of an improper intimacy between the woman whom from her childhood she had loved as her friend, and the man whose vows of affection had so often and so lately mingled with her own; and who was on the point of becoming her husband. "If these," said she, "injure and betray me, who will love and protect me?" At length, her mind having recovered somewhat of its tone, she rose, refolded the letters, and returned them all, except one, to the pocket. She then got into bed to weep away the night. In the morning, before the family had risen, she dressed herself, and merely telling the serant she felt unwell, and that she was going home, left the house. To her aunt's inquiries she gave some evasive answer, for with a beautiful feeling of compassion and forbearance towards her who had wronged her, but who nevertheless she felt she had wronged herself more, she had already determined to make no disclosure till she had recovered from the perils of her expected accouchement; perhaps not then, unless circumstances should compel her. In case Fenton should call, she desired the servant to say, she was ill, and could not see him. This, indeed, was perfectly true; for the poor girl was unable to leave her room for some days.

"In the course of the day, on the morning of which she left her friend's house, Remington called to inquire after her. She saw him; but to all his inquiries she only answered with tears, and the reiterated expression: "I am ill, and low-spirited, but shall soon be better." I was sent for by her aunt, and pressed her to consult a physcian, but this she steadily and absolutely refused to do. Fenton never once called—and it is evident that he, having missed one of the letters, guessed but too truly how matters stood. There was a young gentleman, whose name was Markham, who, being a friend of Remington and Fenton, had often met Miss Hammond at the house of the first. One day this gentleman called, and requested to see Maria. He was admitted. He had heard nothing of Maria's indisposition, and was wholly unconscious of its cause. After a little general conversation, he told her that he had often wished to see her alone, and that he had come at last on purpose; "for," said he, "I think you ought to know that Fenton is in the habit of showing your letters about among his friends—which is, in my estimation, as I have often told him, a piece of conduct alike ungenerous and ungentlemanly. "I own," said he, "that this seems something like intermeddling with matters which concern me not: and yet, by concealing the fact from you, I really did feel as though I should be guilty of a sort of misprison of treason against the united sovereignty of love and honour." Maria did not seem so much surprised and offended at this as Markham expected.—She merely said that it certainly was unhandsome conduct, but there was nothing in her letters which might not be exhibited to the whole world; so the matter dropt. Shortly after Mr. Markham took his leave. Soon after he was gone, however, it occurred to her that perhaps, Fenton had exhibited *as her's*, the letters he had received from Mrs. Remington, only concealing the signature. This thought overwhelmed poor Maria with confusion, and she instantly dispatched a note to Mr. Markham, requesting to see him immediately. He came, and saved Miss Hammond the embarrassment of opening the business, by remarking at once that the handwriting of the note he had just received was nothing like the writing of those letters which Fenton had shown, among others, as having come from her. The truth was now clear. Fenton had shown Mrs. Remington's letters, concealing the signature, and had boasted of having received them from Miss Hammond. It now became necessary to her reputation, therefore, to tell the whole circumstances to Markham, which she did at once; for an honest and honourable pride had now mastered every other feeling. Without comment, Markham asked if she had secured the letters. She said she had retained one, in case it should become necessary to vindicate her future conduct towards Fenton and Mrs. Remington. "And have you taken no steps to bring this foul affair to light?" said he. She said she had not—that she resolved not to stir in the matter, at all events, until after her friend's confinement, for fear of consequences—and not then, unless it were to vindicate her own reputation. "But what can I do?" said the poor girl, weeping, "I cannot suffer it to be supposed that those vile letters were written by me!" "Do!" said Markham, rising from his chair—"but no—give me that letter, and I will do it for you." He then took the letter which

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Maria had concealed, and went straight to Remington's house. He found him alone; and after a short preface, told him the facts. The only answer he received from Remington was:

"'It's a lie, by God!'

"'My dear friend,' said Markham, 'I can easily understand your feelings, and therefore pass over that expression unnoticed—but it is all, believe me, too true.'

"'Dare you confront my wife with that tale?'

"'I will confront her immediately,' said Markham.

"They went up stairs into the drawing-room. Mrs. Remington was sitting at the table sewing. Markham repeated, in her presence, the principal facts. Mrs. Remington sewed on, with a dogged resolution, exhibiting no symptoms of concern, excepting that her fingers moved more quickly as the speaker went on. When he had nearly done, poor Remington started up, exclaiming, 'Helen! why do you not deny this foul calumny?'

"His wife sewed on, making no reply; and Markham, taking the letter from his pocket, gave it to Remington. He sat down, and opening it, began to read. Slowly and steadily his eyes travelled along the lines till they settled finally on his wife's signature at the bottom of the page. Here they rested. At last, the iron band, which had hitherto restrained his feelings, gave way, and he burst into tears. For one whole hour he sat weeping and sobbing, with the letter in his hand, in wordless agony. He was then taken to bed. The next morning Mrs. Remington was no where to be found; and yesterday the iron gates of a mad house closed on poor Remington—perhaps for ever.

"In this sad story," concluded Withering, "there are two remarkable circumstances—that of Fenton sending his coat into Maria's room—and that of her forgetting, not once only, but twice, to put out the light; for had she extinguished the light, the chances are a hundred to one that the discovery of this iniquitous transaction had not been made. Shall we say that these circumstances only serve to show by what minute threads the most important accidents of life hang suspended—from what trival causes the most stupendous effects often result—or would it be wiser to suppose, that circumstances like those mentioned above, are nothing less than the visible finger of PROVIDENCE, indicating the existence of crime, and pointing to the means of its detection and arrest?"

Soon after my friend had finished his relation, I returned home, heartily ashamed of the petulent temper into which I suffered a few trifling mortifications to throw me. On my way home I puzzled myself in endeavouring to account for the difference of character in these two young women. Both born of parents equally virtuous and good—educated under the same circumstances, at the same school—companions together, from childhood to womanhood—both occupying the same respectable position in society—the one proves all that is estimable—the other infamous.

Concluding as I began, once more I ask, "What is the human mind?"* EGO ILLE.

* As the leading incidents of the above story are facts, and of very recent occurrence, it will gratify my readers to learn that Mr. Remington already exhibits some symptoms of recovery.

THE BLESSED LAND.

"The inhabitants shall not say—I am sick."
Isaiah.

Not sick! shall throbbing brows no more
With nameless anguish start?
No more the ebbing life-blood pour
Cold currents through the heart?

No tortur'd nerve with racking pain
To sudden madness thrill?
Nor strive the powerless limbs in vain
Their office to fulfill?

Is there no weak, no palsied hand,
No agonizing breast?
Where, book of mercy, is that land
Which thus thy page has blest?

Dwells there no sickness of the heart
Within that favor'd bound?
No pleasure with its poison'd dart,
The unwary youth to wound?

No hope deferr'd the soul to harm?
No joy on parting wing?
No love with fickle smile to charm,
With false embrace to sting?

Oh glorious world! from ills of time,
From fears and dangers free,
Why should we fear to seek that clime,
Tho' death our passport be?

SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

* * "Oh! cast thou not
Affection from thee! in this bitter world,
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast,
Watch, guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity!"

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted,
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp, or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thyself a token?

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The Summer's breath is healing,
Its cluster yet may glow
Thro' the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
Filled with a bright draught, never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lips' fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee,
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweetest sound is scattered;—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords
So soon forever shattered.

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[From the New England Galaxy.]

TALE OF ERROR.

On one of the very few clear afternoons of May of the present year, the Felton family were seated in their back parlor after dinner. The cloth had been removed. Mr. Felton lighted a cigar, as was his wont, and closed his eyes to enjoy more tranquil sensations that stole over him. The nurse brought in a bright-eyed infant, and placed him in the arms of the blooming mother. The warm wind blew through the opened window and lifted the child's curls; then a little more roughly, till the tender frame shuddered—and then, victorious over the zephyr, the mimic man lifted his voice, and crowed long and loudly.

The glad mother took him to the rocking-chair in which his father sat, and bending over, placed the rose-bud lips upon the still closed eyes. Mr. Felton smiled, without opening them. He knew he was very happy; but he was not a man of words, and his wife was accustomed, and contented, to read in a smile, all that her heart needed.

The folding doors opened into the front parlor; and sitting by the closed blind, was a young lady, bending over a little table. Now and then she raised a pair of blue eyes, fixed them for a moment upon the group in the other room, and then resumed her occupation.

Mr. Felton finished his cigar, and rose to depart.

"Oh—I forgot: here are your tickets."

"And cannot you go with us?"

"No: business first—the Messenger will be in to-day, and I must be on the ground to see her."

"Well—then,—good bye."

Mr. Felton took his way to Long wharf; his wife rung for the nurse, showered kisses on the cherub face as it vanished, and then went into the other parlor.

"What a piece of work is man, Kate:—or rather, what a piece of *business*, is man! I was in hopes Mr. Felton would have been able to go to the Gallery with us, to-day—but you see how it is—business,—business,—all the time."

"And yet you are very happy?" queried Miss Felton, with an arch smile.

"Yes,—very—very. I don't say that I could not be more so, if it would please your brother to spend one hour out of the twenty-four, in conversation, or in affording himself rational entertainment,—but—"

"But—'husbands are as God pleases,' as the French woman said, and so you are very wisely happy as you are."

"Yes, and so you would be Catharine."

"Never."

"Which is to say, you know nothing about it."

"Which is to say, I don't know myself;" answered Miss Felton.

"Which is to say the truth."

"Now don't suppose I am to be persuaded in this way, out of my common sense, my dear. Because you have been deceived in yourself, and have fancied you were romantic, without cause, that is no reason I should fall into the same error."

"Very excellent sense, Kate—which will be proved nonsense in good time.

"Who—or how?"

"Experience."

"The old argument of married people!—as if one could not judge as well what is necessary for one's happiness at my age as a they ever can!"

"We shall see. What is this?" said Mrs. Felton, taking up the sketch that was lying on the table. "Our charming selves, as I live! This, of Mr. Felton, is very good—but you had only to make a perfect beauty, you know, and you could not help getting a likeness. You have wisely avoided my face, I see—and this sketch of the darling, with his little hands stretched out, is admirable;—after all, Catharine, you have a taste for domestic pictures. I am sure you will come round by and by, and it will be my turn to take the pencil. Here, let me try. Tilburnas, in white satin—but you don't affect splendour: in white linen, then: the great unknown, what pencil can portray him?—perfect beauty—grace—wit—accomplishments! chivalric, imaginative, poetical, noble, proud, and with a name beginning with a Fits—and ending with a what? Kate—what ending is worthy of such a beginning?"

"Laugh on, if you will. But I have good sense still on my side. Taste, or habit of thought, or whatever you please to call it; romance if you choose—whatever it is—I should never, I could never, be happy, unless that taste were satisfied, though all the world else were perfectly settled that I was a fool, and the great unknown, every thing that was desirable in 'an establishment.'"

As Catharine spoke, she rose from her seat in the earnestness of her feelings. At sixteen, girls are apt to be in earnest, and Miss Felton joined to an unsophisticated contempt of the ways and means generally employed to procure an establishment, a romance, quite as unsophisticated. It was not the weak offspring of a novel-turned brain, but the healthy result of natural feeling. She was right in her principle, but she was apt to be wrong in her applications.

Mrs. Felton did not reply to her last remark. She often heard her express the same sentiments: so she only smiled.

"What do you say then, to our going now to the Gallery? such a continual rain—rain—as we have had!—we may as well improve this pleasant afternoon.—What say you, Kate,—yes or nay?"

"Yea, verily."

"Then it is an unanimous vote."

* * * * * *

Mrs. Felton and Catharine stood delightedly gazing on the picture of "Joan of Arc, in prison." The gallery was dark and cool. A few persons only remained, of the crowd which had filled it through the earlier part of the day.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" murmured Catharine, as she looked at the surpassing loveliness of the warrior victim; "Can any thing be more perfect? I declare, this picture thrills me like a trumpet-note!"

"Don't you think her eyes are rather fierce?"

"Perhaps they would be, but for the softening,

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redeeming roundness of the cheek—and the feminine grace of the form:—but how full of soul it is! how spirited the attitude! and how melancholy the contrast between what she is dreaming of, and what she is! Oh! I hope she will keep the illusion!—if she could die now! at the head of the army, with the war-cry ringing in her ear—"

Mrs. Felton passed on to look at a portrait, and Catharine remained, entranced by the beauty of the picture, and recalling all the noble and mournful associations it excited, till the tears fell fast over her face. As she wiped them from her cheek and half smiled at her own enthusiasm, she looked again at the picture, and started to see the same high look, beaming out of the dungeon. Its haughty glance remained, and the stern "Avancez!" seemed bursting from the quivering and open lip.

Mrs. Felton touched her arm, and she started again as if from sleep.

"Have you been standing here, ever since I left you, Catharine?"

"Yes."

"What a strange girl you are! Why, I have made the whole circuit of the gallery.—Who is that behind us?" continued Mrs. Felton, in a low voice.

Catharine turned her head, and saw a gentleman extended at full length, on one of the seats, and leaning his head on his hand. He looked up, as she turned, and met her glance with one of evident admiration.

"I don't know who it is;—I never saw him before."

"I guess he thinks you are crazy; standing before one picture an hour together."

Two young girls passed them at the moment, with shoulders of two yards width, and two little bonnets between them; from which proceeded two little voices, whence nature had long ago departed in disgust.

"Oh what is this? 72—Mary and Martha—sweet face, isn't it?"

"Lovely!—what's that she's got on? horrid! isn't it? Oh! have you read Pilgrims of the Rhine?"

"No—but Fred MacDodd said there was the sweetest story in it about a fox and a cat!"

"Dear! so there is! Oh, I met a Pole to day! such splendid moustaches! you can't imagine!"

"Mercy! I know two very well. Elegant creatures! nothing in the world to be seen but their eyes! Oh! the sweet smile they have! don't you think them divine?"

"Yes indeed—what's this? 74—Joan of Arc—what's she? how she looks! she's chained! do you know anything about it?"

"No—rather a low thing, I fancy. See the straw all about."

"Horrid!—come, let's go—I don't see as there is a creature her one knows—let's go to the Artist's Gallery."

They passed on, and down stairs, Catharine looked after them. A smile still lingered on her lip, when she met, again, the eye of the gentleman, who had been so long prone behind her. He too smiled, as if he understood what she thought. There is something very captivating in such a smile, and Catharine looked again, not to see whether she had ever seen him before, but how he did actually look.

The survey was not very satisfactory. He was a small man, and his dress of dark cloth, made him look almost diminutive. His features strong and sharp.—Black eyes, piercing enough of themselves, were shadowed by an habitual frown; and his mouth, when the expressive smile had subsided, was compressed and straight. There was a charm about his face, as there is about every face, however unfortunate: and the charm of his, was the smile that played like summer lightning, over the gloom of his marked features.

Catharine wondered she had never seen him before, and then, all at once, the illusion so common to imaginative persons, came over her, and she remembered that she *had* seen him before, and in the same place,—a long time ago. But when? Just then, the stranger rose from his seat, and walked to the upper end of the gallery; and Catharine felt quite certain that he would stop before a particular picture. And he did.

"It is very strange," said she to Mrs. Felton, "but I am perfectly confident that I have seen that person before: only what puzzles me, is, that it must have been in this same gallery, and just as we are standing now:—for my memory of him, is not only akin to the present, but absolutely identified with it. I feel as if I must have been looking at this picture, long ago—and as if this man, were a shadow of former time—I remember him—and now he will turn and go out—now do you doubt that I have the second sight?"

"I don't doubt you are losing your senses; so let us go too: you promised, you know, to meet Mrs. Aiken, at five, and it wants but a quarter to that time."

"Is it possible? and I have seen but one picture."

"You would see but one picture now, if we were to stay till midnight. But we will come again."

* * * * * *

The next day it rained—and the next;—and the first time it did not rain, Catharine proposed to Mrs. Felton, that they should go early, very early to the Athenæum Gallery.

When they entered, a gentleman who stood before the Joan of Arc, stepped aside; and Catharine was glad of an opportunity to gaze once more on the beautiful features that had haunted her like a presence, since her former visit. She looked at the picture, until gradually the scene before her of degradation and suffering, faded away, and another came over her eye.—Yet the principal figure remained. There was a crowd and many cries. But the cries were execrations, and the crowd were blood-thirsty and superstitious wretches. There was a public market-place, and a million of heads—and a stake—and a far off cry of "sorcery!" "witchcraft!" Then the flames curled about the form of the heroine—but the proud glory of the face was unblanched. The eye shot forth the glance of command, and the pale cheek was fixed and stern, as when the pulses beat to victory.

As a new burst of flames seemed to curl a-

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round the light form of the victim, Catharine started and shuddered.

"This is indeed, the true triumph of art," said a low voice at her side. "To be able to call up such pictures to the fancy,—to enthral—to subdue—to pale the cheek, with the reality of the horrors it images—this is worth being a painter for! and were I a painter—I would not resign the flush of pleasure, or pain it may be, that such a picture brings up from the heart, for loud plaudits eternally."

The person who spoke, was the same that had attracted Catharine's attention the day she had been before at the gallery. She suspected he was an artist:—and yet he had said, "*if* I were a painter," implying that he was not one. She replied to his remark; and he smiled and repeated her's, with the pleasant preface of, "as you just now, truly observed," (it is so pleasant to find that one's sentences, at sixteen, are worth repeating by a dark, stern-looking man!) and Catharine thought when he talked and smiled, he looked almost handsome. They had talked of painters and paintings—and then of scenery —and then of picturesque scenery on Connecticut river—and then of Bellows Falls in particular—finally of several persons whom they discovered they both knew; and although the gentleman contradicted several of Catharine's favorite opinions, and maintained two or three that she did not agree to at all, she thought him very, very agreeable, and wondered more than ever, who he could be.

Mrs. Felton said, "Shall we go now? It is two o'clock."

"Is it possible?" answered Catharine, looking about the gallery, for the first time, and seeing it nearly empty. Mrs. Felton looked at her companion—but as none of the three were acquainted, there was no hope of introduction—and the gentleman bowed and departed.

"Have you seen most of the pictures, Kate, to-day?"

"Just as many as I had, before I came."

"You are a strange child. Who was it you were talking with when I spoke to you?"

"I don't know his name," said Catharine, and she colored slightly, without imagining why. Mrs. Felton was looking at a French muslin, which hung at a shop window, and did not notice her embarrasment.

When they reached Chesnut Street, it was half past two o'clock. Dinner had been waiting some time, and Mr. Felton had come as near to being audibly vexed as he ever did, at their long delay. He was reading a newspaper as they came in, and read aloud:

"A new combatant has appeared in the arena. The young member from A———, has astonished even his friends. His sudden outpouring yesterday, in the House, of eloquent remonstrance against the late proceedings of the administration, the indignant force of his arguments and the cutting sarcasm with which he adduced some illustrations of the conduct of the collar men, altogether marked him out as destined to a high rank as an orator and statesman, and a terror to some evil doers we could name."

"The member from A———," said Mrs. Felton, "why that is your friend Tagfoot Waddle, is it not?"

"Yes—and I am a little surprised at his breaking out in this way: he was a dull scholar in college, I remember."

"Tagfoot Waddle!" exclaimed Catharine, "you are joking! there can't be such a name!"

"Indeed there can," replied her brother, "and he may be thankful he had not got the whole."

"The whole! I hope there is no more to it?"

"Yes there was—the original name was Bunting—old Waddle Bunting of Philadelphia: uncle to the young member, I visited him several times, on my return from the south. He was the oddest being, I believe that ever lived."

"Well, I don't understand now," said Catharine "how Tagfoot came to be harnessed to all this euphonious set of names?"

"Money, Kate: money does every thing, you know. Old Bunting was rich as a Jew—and he left to his sister's eldest son, the pretty sum of $20,000, on condition of his changing the very decent name of John Russell, to the very indecent one of Tagfoot Waddle."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" exclaimed Catharine, indignantly, "and could he yield to a temptation so paltry—and make himself ridiculous for life!—And how does he look? though you need not tell me;—I know how Tagfoot Waddle *must* look;—Tagfoot Waddle!" repeated Catharine over and over; and the more she repeated it, the more unaccountable it appeared, that any person of common sense should have required the assumption of such a name, and doubly so, that any body could be found willing to take it.

"I ought to tell you, Kate," said Mr. Felton, "that Waddle had a motive beyond money, for exposing himself to so much ridicule. His mother and sisters are placed in comfortable circumstances by his means, and his younger brother is at Cambridge."

"But I thought you said he was at college with you."

"Yes, he was. His uncle paid his college expenses—but his widowed mother was quite poor. Another thing—whatever people may think, he is not in much danger from their ridicule. They would be daring, indeed, who would insult John Russell,—Tagfoot though he be—and you see he is making a figure in the House, in spite of his name."

"Yes," replied Catharine, musingly, "and how did you say he looked? red haired, I guess: since he has such a fiery temper—and eyes that look every way, as if they would say—'Does any body dare to insult Tagfoot Waddle, member from A——!'"

"It is a pity to spoil such a picture," said Mr. Felton, "so I will not contradict you."

"And you?"

"I never beheld him," replied Mrs. Felton. And Catharine could not persuade her brother to enlighten her any farther.

* * * * *

A month after this conversation, Mr. Felton, with his wife and sister, were pacing the deck of a steamboat which was bound for Portland. The sky was as blue as the smooth wave, and the air bracing and cool.

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A gentleman who stood near the companion-way, looked towards them, and Mr. Felton immediately went to him.

"Who is that?" said Mrs. Felton, "My husband seems to know him very well—they are shaking hands!—I can't imagine who it is.

"But I can," said Catharine, laughing and blushing, for she at once saw it was the incognito of the gallery.

Mr. Felton now came towards them, and introduced his companion. "Mr. Smith—an old friend of mine."

"Smith," thought Mrs. Felton, "I wonder if he is one of the Exeter Smiths?"

"Smith!" thought Catharine, "what a name!"

And they both curtseyed and smiled, as sweetly as if his name had not been Smith.

Mr. Smith seemed pleased to recognize the intelligent face of Miss Felton, and alluded to their meeting in the gallery, thence the transition was easy to many subjects they had discussed at that time, and Catharine thought he had lost none of his powers of making himself agreeable.

"Do you go on to Portland?"

"No," answered she, hesitatingly.

It was but a short time, however, before she told him, without any hesitation, that they were to stop in York harbour; go on board Captain Croft's vessel, the schooner Mary Ann; that Captain Croft was a particular friend of their's; and that then and there, they were to visit Dom-Daniel's cavern in the depth of the ocean."

"How! what do you mean?"

"I wish we may make it out a more romantic expedition, than I fear we shall. Capt. Croft has a diving-bell on board, with which he is exploring the wreck of sunken glories, in the shape of white wax, bales of duck, and other gems of the ocean; and Mrs. Felton and myself intend to find out the latest sleeve-patterns for sea-fairies, and leave our cards at some of the country seats and coral groves, one hears of. This is at least a perfectly safe curiosity—there is not the slightest danger to be apprehended, if Captain Croft tells us; or my sister and myself were both too arrant cowards to tempt our destiny in this way."

Mr. Felton approached them, and asked Mr. Smith if he stopped at Portsmouth.

"If you had asked me that question half-an hour ago," he replied, "I should have said yes: now I have a great inclination to say no."

"Then Miss Felton has enlightened you, as to our projected tour? I wish you would join our party."

"That will I, with the greatest pleasure," answered Mr. Smith—and it was all settled. Mrs. Felton looked extremely pleased: Mrs. Felton smiled mischievously at Catharine; and Catharine herself, though she was very glad of so pleasant an addition to their party, felt rather uncomfortable. She was not quite at ease with Mr. Smith. Very foolish of her, to be sure; but some how or other, he had struck her imagination. Her imagination was always playing truant. This Mr. Smith, with his ugly face—but his face was no longer ugly;—and Catharine remembered, how she had laughed at a lady of her acquaintance, for asserting that Mr. ——— neither stammered nor squinted, though he was notoriously given to both practices. People do change so on acquaintance. She listened to Mr. Smith, who was talking with Mr. Felton and another gentleman, on some political subject, and she was proud of the good sense he showed, and the energy and strength with which he defended his opinions. There was nothing ornamented or laborious in his manner of speaking, but it was manly and forcible, and Catharine was proud of him. Already her face flushed with satisfaction. She had begun to identify his success with her own happiness. The symptoms were alarming. Thank fortune! his name is not Tagfoot Waddle. Smith, though a very common name, was bearable. There were James and Horace Smith, of England—names to be proud of. It might be refined into Smythe. It might be worse.

"Why is that flag hung out?" she asked.

"It is a signal, I believe, to Captain Croft," replied Mr. Smith; "do you not see his vessel off there to the left?"

"Yes, I do—it is but a little way off—shall we go *alongside*, as the sailors say?"

"Oh, no; that vessel is more than two miles off; the captain of the boat will send us there."

"Is it possible it is so far off? and it looks so near!"

As Catharine spoke, a boat manned by eight rowers, shot up to the side of the steam-boat, and Captain Croft stepped on deck. Introductions—apologies—compliments, followed—baggage lowered, and in five minutes the boat was bounding over the water like a spirit.

The exhilirating motion of a swift boat, contrasted with the monotonous, rolling, half-sickening one of the vessel they had been in, was delightful—and when they found themselves at the side of Captain Croft's vessel, Catharine could hardly believe it possible that they had come two miles.

"Welcome, ladies, to the good schooner Mary Ann," said Captain Croft, when they reached the deck, crowded with men, bales of wet duck and machinery, and the masts hung with thousands of yards of duck, drying in the sun; while twenty men were actively employed in unfolding and drying the remainder.

"Not exactly in a fit condition for ladies, to be sure, but she makes her own apology. Now let me give you some refreshment; and then I propose that you improve this fine afternoon, to make your descent. I have been down myself twice to-day, and the water is perfectly quiet: the ground swell above, to be sure, but you don't feel that after you are a fathom or two below."

"Then why not go immediately?" said Mr. Felton, who had drank a glass of wine, and was always prompt; "I see no need of delay."

"None in the world. We are not sure of to-morrow—and even to-day—the wind may rise, in which case you could not go down."

"Why?" said Catharine, "is it dangerous?"

"No—not dangerous—but you would find it unpleasant, if the water is agitated. It is perfectly still now."

Captain Croft gave some orders to the men who stood at the other end of the ship, and in a

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few moments the diving-bell slid out from the deck, and stood over the water, about three feet above the surface.

"Who shall go first?" was the question.

"Why not all go together?"

"Oh, that is not possible. Only two can go at a time, besides the bell-man, who directs the machine. The seat will hold but three."

"Will you go first, Catharine?" asked Mr. Felton.

"Ye——s," said Catharine, with a shudder at the thought of it—"there is no danger you say?"

"Not the least in the world. You see those cords from above, where the men are, which go into the bell? those are the signal ropes; and the man inside will direct the motion, up or down, one way or the other, by pulling them. So you see the machine is perfectly manageable."

"And suppose a shark walks in?"

"Oh, you must take your chance. If you will go to shark's domains, you must expect him to call upon you."

Mr. Smith asked Catharine if she would accept his escort, and Catharine was very willing to accept it.

"Take a glass of wine," said Mrs. Felton. But Catharine had grown very brave, and said it was quite unnecessary. She was equal to it.

Captain Croft told her she had better tie a handkerchief about her head. "The compression of the air, when you first go down, is unpleasant; it is like water poured into your ears."

Catharine recollected her escort; and she thought she should prefer the unpleasant sensation of which Captain Croft spoke, to the unpleasant consciousness of her own appearance, with her head bound up as if it was broken: and she declined. A small boat was now lowered, and Catharine was handed into it. It passed round to the bell—under it—then the bell was lowered a little. Mr. Smith held his hand for her to step on, and she sprang into the seat. The man followed and Mr. Smith. They were all in their places, and the boat floated out from beneath.

The signal was given, and the men above cheered long and loudly. The water pressed up into the bell, till it nearly touched their feet, and the air became hot as a furnace. Catharine closed her eyes. There was a rushing in at her ears, like the sound of many waters, and then a sensation of something tight round her head like an iron band. She had no idea of time, till she felt herself supported by her companion, and heard him say anxiously,

"Are you faint, Miss Felton?'

"Not at all, now," she answered; and she started at the strange sound of her own voice.

"How far down are we?" said Mr. Smith to the bellman.

"Six—ten—about eighty feet, sir."

"And the bell is still——"

"Catharine looked at her companion's face. It was deadly pale.

"You are faint, surely!"

"Not in the least," replied Mr. Smith, casting his eye towards the lights at the top of the bell; "it is the reflection of the green water—you, too, look very pale."

Through these lights Catharine could see the fish float quietly by—and below them, on the bottom, lay a large shining flounder as motionless and aristocratical as might be.

"Poets do not tell the truth after all, said Mr. Smith; "where are the 'purple mullet and gold fish,' and 'the sea-flower with leaves of blue?' alas! alas!"

"Shall I move the bell, ma'am?" asked the man.

"Why?"

"Only to show the facility with which it can be managed," replied Mr. Smith. "Raise it a little."

The man pulled one of the ropes, and the bell rose.

"Now to the right."

"Now to the left."

And the obedient machine moved in the directions indicated.

"Now let us be perfectly still," said Catharine, "I want to *feel* that we are really under the 'deep, deep sea.'"

There was silence. Her companion held her hand, and a quick pressure of it, showed that he understood the feeling that subdued her. Catharine was glad, very glad, that she could associate with this impression of the sublime, that one sympathy with one, in whom she felt a great and increasing interest. Altogether the feeling was worth all the trouble of gaining it. It is so seldom that one has the opportunity of feeling really sublime. At length Mr. Smith broke the silence, by asking the man how long it would be practicable to stay.

"There is air for one, an hour and a half," he replied—"for three, half an hour, of course."

"Then our time must be nearly expired."

"Within five minutes," said the man, taking out his watch. "Shall I sign to rise?"

As he spoke, a grating loud sound, like that of some heavy body falling across the top of the bell, startled them all.

"What can it be? how it shook us!"

The man hesitated—looked anxiously out of the bull's eye, and then said,

"It is the cable chain! how the confounded thing has got out here, I can't guess—but here 'tis, that's plain. I'll sign to rise, if you like."

"By all means!"

But the signal was not obeyed. It was repeated.

"I've made it twice, sir."

"What *is* the matter! what shall we do?" cried Catharine, in great alarm.

"Be calm—be quiet," said Mr. Smith, holding her firmly with one arm, while with the other, he clasped a large iron hook which hung from the side of the machine. "What is the reason they don't answer you, do you think?"

"The d—d thing has got afoul of the bell, and they can't move us," replied the man, in evident and painful anxiety.

"And the air will last but a short time longer," said Mr. Smith.

"Oh, what can we do! what can we do!" exclaimed Catharine, in an agony of fear, which she vainly tried to control.

"I shall dive! and if I get up, I'll send you word," said the bell man; and suiting the action

the word, he was out of sight in a moment.—
Here then they were—exposed to almost inevi-
able death. Catharine looked at her companion,
ut she could not tell what were his emotions;
is face was nearly hidden by the thick vapor
hat rolled up to the top of the bell. She began
o feel a sense of suffocation, and she breathed
ardly and painfully, as if every breath would
e her last. Then the thought of all she left
bove, and in her own green, sunny home, came
rer her—and the terrible death she must die!—
was too dreadful. She tried to speak, but she
ould not utter a word. Her companion at
ngth broke silence.

"If he has got safely up, we shall very soon
e relieved—if you can be calm."

Catharine was quieted by the resolute tone of
er companion, and she found she could breathe
od even speak.

"Is there any danger but he will get up? I
ought he could not help rising—shall not we
o, go the same way if we are not relieved soon?"

"I hope very much he will reach the surface
safety—'

"And you fear—?

"I fear—that he may hit against the vessel.
or that reason, I would not expose you to such
chance if it is possible to escape it. But you
re very calm—you bear it nobly!"

The air was now almost exhausted. Catha-
ne heard Mr Smith say. 'I dare not wait lon-
er, let me bind this handkerchief round your
m and fasten it to my own—and now hold your
reath!'—he put one arm round her waist——
he bell jarred.

"Thank God! we are rising! exclaimed both
e sufferers at once, as a quick grating sound
owed that the chain was removed, and the
ell rose rapid to the surface. It was but a
inute, and the cheer of the men above came
o their ears:

"A Lady in the Bell! yeo! cheerily!" sung
e hoarse voices of the sailors, and no band of
usic ever approached the sounds, in more hea-
nly beauty. A moment more, and the fresh air
the upper world rushed in. They were safe.
The revulsion of feeling, was too much for
e exhausted Catharine, and she fainted as she
as lifted into the boat.

When she came to her senses, the first object
e saw was the bell-man lying on the deck; his
ad bound with a handkerchief stained with
ood:—and the next was her companion in dan-
r and safety anxiously bending over her. A
ousand thoughts rushed through her brain in
instant. But for him she must certainly have
ed.—She would have fainted, but for his cour-
e—or she would have followed the bell-man in
e impatient fear of delay: his courage—his
mposure had saved her life; and with a feel-
g of over-powering gratitude, she clasped his
nds, and thanked him, as well as her gushing
ars would let her.

'Do not thank me,' he replied smiling, and
t as if he sympathized in her enthusiasm. 'I
uld have done nothing, but for your own calm-
ss and energy—and the efforts of this brave
low here.'

"Yes,' said Mr. Felton 'we could not imagine
y you did not come up—the men felt the sig-
nals, and had put on more purchase, but of
course had no idea of the entanglement, when
what should appear above water, but this glori-
ous fellow—his head broke—blood pouring out
and he ready to drop with exhaustion,—howev-
er he wouldn't faint, till he had got out 'Cable
chain—over bell!' and then he sank away in an
instant. Hadn't it been for that you were gone,
I can tell you;—my dear, give Kate some of that
wine. Well, Waddle, you've had a taste of the
brine! I fancy you'll not be in a hurry to go
again!'

"Mr. Smith!" was all that Catharine could
utter.—He answered her look of astonishment.

"I believe your brother did not intend the de-
nouement to happen quite so soon—however he
must thank himself. And now, since it has hap-
pened, he will perhaps explain to me, as well as
to you, why he wished me to drop my own name
for the one I have so patiently borne. I have been
quite passive under it, so far, but will now re-
sume my lawful cognomen of Waddle."

As he spoke he drew himself up with so much
dignity that Catharine did not laugh. Somehow
or other, she did not feel at all in a laughing
mood. And so—this man—the incognito of the
gallery—the companion of her danger—'the
member from A—' this man—who, with all his
want of beauty, grace, manner,—any thing that
she could have thought captivating,—had inter-
ested her more than any man she had ever seen;
—this man, was Tagfoot Waddle!—What could
be done? he never would change it again.' Alas!
she had no rich uncles, like old Bunting, to tempt
him back to his old name!—Oh, if it *were* his old
name!—or even Smith refined into Smythe—but
Waddle! Tagfoot! what could be done! what
could be done!'

She looked up at Mr. Felton. He was smil-
ing: so was Mrs. Felton; and with such mis-
chievous and expressive smiles, that Catharine
could only blush to the tips of her fingers, and
fix her eyes on the green water. She envied
the placid wave, which contrasted so strongly
with her own tempest tost mind. Once more
she turned over in her thoughts the *possibility* of
being 'Mrs. Tagfoot Waddle,' and this time
she glanced at Mr. Tagfoot Waddle. He stood
a little apart from the others, and an expression
of gravity, almost of melancholy, rested on his
peculiar features. It touched Catharine to the
heart. How sad it must be, to bear such a name!
to bear it too alone! Probably he would never
wish, would never *dare* to ask anybody to share
it with him. She wondered if he ever would.
She began to fear he would not. After all,
'what's in a name?' And Catharine was think-
ing how much '*experience*' had done towards
changing some of her opinions, when Mr. Felton
spoke, and she started, for she thought her ears
had deceived her. No: she had heard very
plainly, as was evident from the response. Mr.
Felton had said:

"Did you bring Mrs. Waddle with you to Bos-
ton?' And he had replied, that Mrs. Waddle's
health was indifferent, and the care of her chil-
dren detained her,——' Then there *was* a
Mrs. Tagfoot Waddle! and a number of little
Waddles!'

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Extrordinary Murder.

A trial took place very recently in the Grand Duchy of Hesse Cassel, in Germany, which excited a very strong sensation throughout the whole continent. The history of the case is as follows:

Two young travellers, in the course of a tour which they were making into one of the provinces of the above duchy, visited a Benedictine monastery which is situate on a very high mountain, and from the beauty of scenery, had been much frequented by tourists. In returning down from the convent, the stranger saw, lying under a beech tree, the dead body of a man, with a cord doubled round his neck, and they instantly ran back to the convent and gave information of the fact to the monks. The prior immediately despatched a messenger to the proper officers, who lost no time in hastening to the spot. It is mentioned in the account that according to the custom in Germany, the legal officer was accompanied by two medical men. Upon an examination of the body, they found that it was that of a highly distinguished count, Count Uregg, who lived in the neighborhood, and whose ancient castle could be seen from the mountain where the monastery was situated. The question now was, how the count met his death, and, as the circumstances in which he was found justified the suspicion that he lost his life by violent means, the officers instituted an immediate inquiry. An inquest was accordingly held, and the jury, who relied on the evidence of the medical witnesses, brought in a verdict to the effect that the deceased must have been murdered.

The history of the catastrophe was this: The Count Uregg lived in his castle, where his ancestors had resided before him, in splendor and comparative happiness. About the period when he had attained his fifteenth year, there came into the neighborhood to live a military gentleman and his family. The name of the stranger was Conord Essor, and having the habits of a gentleman, he became acquainted with the count, and was hospitably received by him. An intimacy sprung up between the count and Essor's family, and the result was that the former offered his hand to Miss Essor, then a beautiful girl. The count was so determined on the marriage, that he was ready to secure the young lady for his wife on any terms; and he agreed by a settlement, not only to provide an ample fund for his wife in case of his death, but to support the parents in his castle, or, if they disagreed, that he should give them an ample allowance for supporting them in a suitable manner. For some time the family lived very happily together, but about two years after the marriage, the villagers began to remark that a very rich landlord, who resided a short distance from the castle, and whose name was Antoine Osterfeld, came every Sunday to see M. Essor.—The real truth was that Osterfeld paid clandestine attention to the Countess, and he was encouraged by the parents, and particularly Mrs. Essor, in his immoral project. Such was the nature of the evidence obtained by the law officers in their early inquiries; and having ascertained thus much, they thought it essential at once to proceed to the castle and make inquiries. They examined the Countess.

At this period, it is proper to state, that the Count had left his castle some months before for a short time; that he had charged his wife with criminality, and imputed both to her father and mother a privity of her guilt; he moreover obtained a legal prohibition for preventing Osterfeld from visiting his residence. The mother of the Countess was examined, as were also her father and the servants, and the nature of the evidence was such as to authorize the officers to place those parties in custody, on the accusation of being accessories to the murder.

Whilst in prison a young woman, who happened to be a prisoner also, in an adjoining apartment to that where the Countess and Osterfeld were placed, overheard their conversation, and she communicated the substance of it to the officers.

A variety of witnesses were afterwards forthcoming who spoke to the utterance of various expressions on the part of the Countess her mother, and Essor, which confirmed the suspicion they had a hand in the murder.

The countess was, therefore, submitted to a fresh examination, when the President of the Court conducted the interrogatories. The acuteness and address which he displayed, were two much for her, and she confessed that Osterfeld had told her that he murdered her husband with the assistance of her father and mother; but in the most solemn manner, she declared that she was convinced that neither of her parents had any thing to do with the crime. At this juncture Osterfeld was brought in and confronted with the Countess.

He first attempted to make a denial, but he at last confessed that he and Essor, with Essor's wife, all were parties to the murder. Osterfeld proposed a mild way of getting rid of the Count, but Essor would not listen to this, and said he had injuries of his own to avenge. He then stated that he was the person who dragged the Count from his horse, assisted by Mr. Essor, and when the Count was down he held his mouth while Essor perpetrated the murder!—(We refrain from giving the account of this act in detail, as the death of the unfortunate victim was effected in a manner which showed a great anatomical skill.)—It was Essor who put the cord about the victim's neck.

The whole were found guilty. Essor died in prison before the final trial. The other prisoners were sentenced as follows:—

Osterfeld imprisoned for life in the house of correction but in the mean time he is at liberty to prove that he was not the principal.

Juliah Essor the mother-in-law of the victim, four years of hard labor, after which she must give security that she will be forthcoming whenever required by the government.

Amelia Uregg, three years and a similar penalty.

The three prisoners were further obliged to pay the whole expenses of the prosecution.

One sign of mediocrity of sense, is to be always talking stories.—*La Bruyer.*

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(*From the Religious Souvenir, for* 1834.)

THE INTEMPERATE.

"Come along," said James Harwood to his wife, who, burdened with two children, followed in his steps. Her heart was full, and she made no reply.

"Well, be sullen if you choose, but make haste you shall, or I will leave you in the woods."

Then, as if vexed because his ill humor failed to irritate its object, he added in a higher tone—

"Put down that boy. Have not I told you twenty times, that you could get along faster if you had but one to carry? He can walk as well as I can."

"He is sick," said his mother; feel how his head throbs. Pray take him in your arms."

"I tell you, Jane Harwood, once for all, that you are spoiling the child by your foolishness. He is no more sick than I am. You are only trying to make him lazy. Get down I tell you, and walk," addressing the languid boy.

He would have proceeded to enforce obedience, but the report of a gun arrested his attention. He entered a thicket, to discover whence it proceeded, and the weary and sad heartened mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of rest among the wilds of Ohio. The pleasant New England village from which she had just emigrated, and the peaceful home of her birth, rose up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to one whose unkindness now strewed it with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union promised happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the smiles of their infant in his evening sports or slumbers, more than repaid the labours of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fireside. He permitted debts to accumulate, in spite of the economy of his wife, and became morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to hide, even from her own heart, the vice that was gaining the ascendancy over him, and redoubled her exertions to render his home agreeable. But too frequently her efforts were of no avail, or contemptously rejected. The death of her beloved mother, and the birth of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow nor sickness could she expect sympathy from him, to whom she had given her heart, in the simple faith of confiding affection. They became miserably poor, and the cause was evident to every observer. In this distress a letter was received from a brother, who had been for several years a resident in Ohio, mentioning that he was induced to remove farther westward and offering them the use of a tenement which his family would leave vacant, and a small portion of cleared land, until they might be able to become purchasers.

Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the salvation of her husband. She believed that if he were divided from his intemperate companions, he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue. The trial of leaving native and endeared scenes, from which she would have once shrunk, seemed as nothing in comparison with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet when all their few effects were converted into the wagon and horse which were to convey them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessaries which were to sustain them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brother and sisters, with their households; when she shook hands with the friends she had loved from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native village faded into the faint, blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a desolation of spirit, such a foreboding of evil, as she had never before experienced. She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their indulgence.

The journey was slow and toilsome. The autumnal rains and the state of the roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them were gradually abstracted and sold. The object of this traffic could not be doubted. The effects were but too visible in his conduct. She reasoned,—she endeavoured to persuade him to a different course. But anger was the only result. When he was not too far stupified to comprehend her remarks, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. He felt that she had no friend to protect her from insolence, and was entirely in his own power; and she was compelled to realize that it was a power without generosity, and that there is no tyranny so perfect as that of a capricious and an alienated husband.

As they approached the close of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided for, as the intemperance of his owner had taxed and impoverished every thing for its own support. Jane wept as she looked on the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-repaid services.

"What shall I do with the brute," exclaimed his master, "he has died in such an out-of-the-way place, that I cannot even find one to buy his skin."

Under the shelter of their miserably broken wagon, they passed another night, and early in the morning pursued their way on foot. Of their slender stores, a few morsels of bread were all that remained. But James had about his person a bottle, which he no longer made a secret of using. At every application of it to his lips, his temper seemed to acquire new violence. They were within a few miles of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise. But his mind became so bewildered and perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of underwood and tangled weeds, under the pretence of seeking a shorter rout. This increased and prolonged their fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. The little boy of four years old whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain soliciting aid and compassion from her husband, took him in her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable

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to walk, clung to her shoulders. Thus burdened, her progress was tedious and painful. Still she was enabled to go on: for the strength that nerves a mother's arm, toiling for her sick child, is from GOD. She even endeavored to press on more rapidly than usual, fearing that if she fell behind her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road during the day, though approaching the small settlement were they were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry; and as the exhausted mother sat upon the grass, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held it to the parched lips of the feeble child. But he turned away his head, and with a scarcely audible moan, asked for water. Feelingly might she sympathize in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham, who laid her famished son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way off, saying, "Let me not see the death of the child." But this Christian mother, was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward to HIM, who is the refuge of the forsaken and the comforter of those whose spirits are cast down.

The sun was drawing toward the west, as the voice of James Harwood was heard issuing from the forest, attended by another man with a gun and some birds at his girdle.

"Wife, will you get up now, and come along? —We are not a mile from home. Here is John Williams, who went from our part of the country, and says he is our next-door neighbour."

Jane received this hearty welcome with a thankful spirit and rose to accompany them. The kind neighbour took the sick boy in his arms, saying—

"Harwood, take the baby from your wife; we do not let our women bear all the burdens here in Ohio."

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But accustomed to neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying in the maternal bosom.

"You see how it is. She makes the children so cross, that I never have any comfort of them. She chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way."

"You have come to a new settled country, friends," said John Williams; but it is a good country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are such as you never saw in New England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you; though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood, I shall like to talk with you about old times and old friends down east. Why dont you help your wife over the fence with her baby?"

"So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoke a word to me all day. I always say let such folks take care of themselves till their mad fit is over."

A cluster of log cabins now met their view through an opening in the forest. They were pleasantly situated in the midst of an area of cultivated land. A fine river, surmounted by a rustic bridge of the trunks of trees, cast a sparkling line through the deep, unchanged autumnal verdure.

"Here we live," said their guide, "a hard-working, contented people. This is your house which has no smoke curling up fron the chimney. It may not be quite so genteel as some you have left behind in the old States, but it is about as good as any in the neighbourhood. I'll go and call my wife to welcome you; right glad will she be to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New England."

The inside of a log cabin, to those not habituated to it, presents put a cheerless aspect. The eye needs time to accustom itself to the rude walls and floors, the absence of glass windows, and doors loosely hung upon leather hinges. The exhausted woman entered and sank down with her babe. There was no chair to receive her. In a corner of the room stood a rough board table, and a low frame resembling a beadstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad kind voices of her own sex, recalled her from her stupor. Three or four matrons and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles.—The warmth of reception in a new colony, and the substantial services by which it is manifested, put to shame the ceremonious and heartless professions, which in a more artificial state of society, are dignified with the name of friendship.

As if by magic, what had seemed almost a prison, assumed a different aspect, under the ministry of active benevolence. A cheerful flame rose from the ample fireplace; several chairs and a bench for the children appeared; a bed with comfortable coverings concealed the shapelessness of the bedstead, and viands to which they had long been strangers were heaped upon the table. An old lady held the sick boy tenderly in her arms, who seemed to revive as he saw his mother's face brighten, and the infant, after a draught of fresh milk, fell into a sweet and profound slumber. One by one, the neighbours departed, that the wearied ones might have an opportunity of repose. John Williams, who was the last to bid good by, lingered a moment as he closed the door, and said—

"Friend Harwood, here is a fine, gentle cow feeding at your door; and for old acquaintance sake, you and your family are welcome to the use of her for the present, or until you can make out better."

When they were left alone, Jane poured out her gratitude to her Almighty Protector in a flood of joyful tears. Kindness to which she had recently been a stranger, fell as a balm of Gilead upon her wounded spirit.

"Husband," she exclaimed in the fulness of her heart, "we may yet be happy."

He answered not, and she perceived that he heard not. He had thrown himself upon the bed, and in a deep and stupid sleep was dispelling the fumes of intoxication.

This new family of emigrants, though in the midst of poverty, were sensible of a degree of satisfaction to which they had long been stran-

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gers. The difficulty of procuring ardent spirits in this small and isolated community, promised to be the means of establishing their peace. The mother busied herself in making their humble tenement neat and comfortable, while her husband, as if ambitious to earn in a new residence, the reputation he had lost in the old, labored dilligently to assist his neighbors in gathering in their harvest, receiving his payment in such articles as were needed for the subsistence of his household. Jane continually gave thanks in her prayers for this great blessing; and the hope she permitted herself to indulge of his permanent reformation, imparted unwonted cheerfulness to her brow and demeanor. The invalid boy seemed also to gather healing from his mother's smiles, for so great was her power over him, since sickness had rendered his dependence complete, that his comfort, and even his countenance, were a faithful reflection of her own. Perceiving the degree of her influence, she endeavored to use it, as every religious parent should, for his spiritual benefit. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in Heaven, and of his will respecting little children. She pointed out His goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun as it came forth rejoicing in the east; in the gently falling rain; the frail plant, and the dews that nourish it. He loved even the storm and the lofty thunder, because they came from God. She repeated to him passages of scripture, with which her memory was stored, and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, and how he called young children to his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And it seemed as if a voice from heaven urged her never to desist from cherishing this tender and deep rooted piety, because like the flower of grass, he must soon fade away. Yet, though it was evident that the seeds of disease were in his system, his health at intervals seemed to be improving, and the little household, partook, for a little time, the blessings of tranquility and content.

But let none flatter himself that the dominion of vice is suddenly or easily broken. It may seem to relax its grasp, and to slumber, but the victim who has long wore its chain, if he would utterly escape, and triumph at last, must do so in the strength of Omnipotence. This James Harwood never sought. He had begun to experience that prostration of spirits which attends the abstraction of a habitual stimulant. His resolution to recover his lost character was not proof against this physical inconvenience. He determined at all hazards to gratify his depraved appetite. He laid his plans deliberately, and with the pretext of making some arrangements about the wagon, which had been left broken on the road, departed from his home. His stay was protracted beyond the appointed limit, and at his return, his sin was written on his brow, in characters not to be mistaken. That he had also brought with him some hoard of intoxicating poison, to which to resort, there remained no room to doubt. Day after day did his shrinking household witness the alterations of causless anger and brutal tyranny. To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed to be his prominent object. By constant contradiction and misconstruction, he strove to distress her, and then visited her sensibilities upon her as sins. Had she been more obtuse by nature, or more indifferent to his welfare, she might with greater ease have borne the cross. But her youth was nurtured in tenderness, and education had refined her sensibilities, both of pleasure and of pain. She could not forget the love he had once manifested for her, nor prevent the chilling contrast from filling her with anguish. She could not resign the hope that the being who had early evinced correct feelings and noble principles of action, might yet be won back to that virtue which had rendered him worthy of her affections. Still, this hope deferred was sickness and sorrow to the heart. She found the necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance wholly from above. The tender invitation by mouth of a prophet, was as a balm to her wounded soul,—"as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, have I called thee, saith thy God."

So faithful was she in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her—so careful not to irritate her husband by reproach or gloom—that to a casual observer she might have appeared to be confirming the doctrine of the ancient philosopher, that happiness is in exact proportion to virtue. Had he asserted that virtue is the source of all that happiness which *depends upon ourselves*, none could have controverted his position. But, to a woman, a wife, a mother, how small is the portion of independent happiness! She has woven the tendrils of her heart around many props. Each revolving year renders their support more necessary. They cannot waver, or warp, or break, but she must tremble and bleed.

There was but one modification of her husband's persecution which the fullest measure of her piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart strings. What began in perverseness seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create perverted principles.—The wasted and wild eyed invalid shrank from his father's glance and footstep as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

"I mean to harden him, said he. All the neighbours know that you make such a fool of him that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be coaxed by a silly mother."

On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control

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the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which else might have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered away like a blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man and his fear for God.

Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption fed upon its vitals, and his nights were restless and full of pain.

"Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our old dear home."

"It is too early for violets my child. But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their hearts were full of praise."

"In my dreams last night I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music, too, as used to come from that white church among the trees, were every Sunday the happy people meet to worship GOD."

The mother saw that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and knew there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed, and bent over him to sooth and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

"Do you think my father will come?"

Dreading the agonizing agitation which in his paroxysms of coughing and pain he evinced at the sound of his father's well known footstep, she answered—

"I think not, love. You had better try to sleep."

"Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good-by to him, before I go to my SAVIOUR."

Gazing intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too strong to be mistaken.

"My son—my dear son—say LORD JESUS receive my spirit."

"Mother," he replied, with a sweet smile upon his gastly features, "he is ready. I desire to go to HIM. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and, oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

He clung, with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge

"Sing louder, dear mother, a little louder, I cannot hear you."

A tremulous tone, as if from a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his—one shudder—and all was over. She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and revivify it with her breath. Then she stretched it upon its bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude, alone with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathings of the sleeping babe fell upon that solmen pause. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing agony. It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of supplication, for strength to endure, as "seeing HIM who is invisible?" Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to HIM who had released the dove-like spirit from the prison house of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of HEAVEN.

She arose from the orison, and bent calmly over the dead. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of JESUS. She composed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as of one who had given an angel back to GOD.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, immovable brow,—

"See, he suffers no longer."

He drew near and gazed on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first-born who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother; and she, who a short time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.—Neighbors and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attend them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot, which they had consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and seated on the springing grass, listened to the holy, healing words of the inspired volume. It was read by the oldest man in the colony, who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow which seemed to say "this has been my comfort in affliction." Silver hairs thinly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the frailty of man withering like the flower of grass, before it groweth up; and of HIS majesty in whose sight "a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." He selected from the words of the COMPASSIONATE ONE, who "gathereth the lambs with his arm, carrieth them in his bosom;" who, pointing out an example of the humility of little children, said, "Except ye become as one of these, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven," and who calleth all the weary laden to come unto him, that he may give them rest. The scene called forth sympathy, even from manly bosoms. The mother, worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay that concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

He returned from the funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance and reflection was misery. For many

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nights sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will. Then he would see him pointing with a thin dead hand to the dark grave, or beckoning him to follow to the unseen world. Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose that he might now be led to repentance. The venerable man who had read the bible at the funeral of his boy, exhorted him to yield to the warning voice from above, and to "break off his sins by righteousness, and in his iniquities by turning unto the LORD."

There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it would be permanent. She who, above all others, was interested in the result, spared no exertion to win him back to the way of truth, and sooth his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his MAKER. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief and of remorse upon intemperance, only to see them utterly overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had solaced herself and even gave thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his salvation, resumed its dominion. The friends who had alternately reproved and encouraged him, were convinced that their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, "like the strong man armed," took possession of a soul that lifted no cry for aid to the HOLY SPIRIT, and girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer.

Summer passed away, and the anniversary of their arrival at the colony returned. It was to Jane Harwood a period of sad and solemn retrospection. The joys of other days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, and while she wept, she questioned her heart what had been its gain from a Father's discipline, or whether it had sustained that greatest of all losses—*the loss of its affections.*

She was alone at this season of self communion. The absence of her husband had become more frequent and protracted. A storm, which feelingly reminded her of those which had often beat upon them when homeless and weary travellers, had been raging for nearly two days. To his cause she imputed the unusually long stay of her husband. Through the third night of his absence she lay sleepless, listening to his footsteps. Sometimes she fancied she heard shouts of laughter, for the mood in which he returned from his revels was various. But it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then she thought some ebulition of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest. All night long she listened to those sounds, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Unrefreshed, she arose and resumed her morning labors.

Suddenly her eyes were attracted by a group of neighbors, coming up from the river. A dark and terrible foreboding oppressed her. She hastened out to meet them. Coming towards her house was a female friend, agitated and fearful, who, passing her arm around her, would have spoken.

"Oh! you come to bring me evil tidings; I pray you let me know the worst."

The object was, indeed, to prepare her mind for a fearful calamity. The body of her husband had been found drowned, as was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, in attempting to cross the bridge of logs, which had been partially broken by the swollen waters. Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the privation of poverty and emigration, and the burdens of unceasing labor and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had laid her first-born in the grave with resignation, for faith had heard her SAVIOUR saying, "Suffer the little child to come unto me." She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a persecutor and injurer, a prey to vice the most distructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope remained with her as an "anchor of the soul"—the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. She had persevered in her complicated and self-denying duties with that charity which beareth all things,—believeth all things,—endureth all things. But now he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be "purged by sacrifice or offering for ever." She knew that not a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the HIGH JUDGE'S bar. There were bitter dregs in this grief, which she had never before wrung out.

Again the sad hearted community assembled in their humble cemetery. A funeral in an infant colony awakens sympathies of an almost exclusive character. It is as if a large family suffered. To bear along the corpse of a strong man, through the fields which he had sown, and to cover motionless in the grave that arm which trusted to have reaped the ripening harvest, awakens a thrill deep and startling in the breast of those who had wrought by his side during the burden and heat of the day—To lay the mother on her pillow of clay, whose last struggle with life was, perchance, to resign the hope of one more brief visit to the land of her fathers,—whose heart's last pulsation might have been a prayer that her children might return and grow up in the shadow of a school house and the church of GOD, is a grief in which none, save emigrants, may participate. To consign to their narrow, motionless abode both young and old, the infant and him of hoary hairs, without the solmeu knell, the sable train, the hallowed voice of the man of GOD, giving back in the name of his fellow christians, the most precious roses of their pilgrim path, and speaking with divine authority of HIM who is the "resurrection and the life," adds desolation to that weeping with which man goeth downward to the dust.

But with heaviness of an unspoken and pe-

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culiar nature was this victim of vice borne from the home that he troubled and laid by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. There was sorrow among all who stood around his grave, and it bore features of that sorrow which is without hope.

The widowed mourner was not able to raise her head from the bed when the bloated remains of her unfortunate husband were committed to the earth. Long and severe sickness ensued, and in her convalescenec a letter was received from her brother, inviting her and her child to an asylum under his roof, and appointing a time to come and conduct them on their homeward journey.

With her little daughter, the sole remnant of her wrecked heart's wealth, she returned to her kindred. It was with emotions of deep and painful gratitude, that she bade farewell to the inhabitants of that infant settlement, whose kindness, through all her adversities, had never failed. And when they remembered the example of uniform patience and piety which she had exhibited, and the saint-like manner in which she had sustained her burdens, and cherished their sympathies, they felt as if a tutelary spirit had departed from among them.

In the home of her brother, she educated her daughter in industry, and that contentment which virtue teaches. Restored to those friends with whom the morning of life had passed, she shared with humble cheerfulness the comforts that earth had yet in store for her; but in the cherished sadness of her perpetual widowhood, in the bursting sighs of her nightly orison, might be traced a sacred and deeprooted sorrow—the memory of her erring husband, and the miseries of unreclaimed intemperance.

Hartford, Conn. L. A. S.

Written for the Casket.

LOVE,

(As exemplified in the influence of woman.)

Oh! how the dullest heart is stirred,
As that word melts upon the ear,
That gentle and delightful word,
Our happiest hours have made so dear.

'Tis nature's blessed beacon-light,
That burns with soft and steady ray,
Leading the world's lone wanderers right,
When life's cold tempests cloud their way.

Its power sways e'en our satchel'd years,*
Ere the young men can reason why;
Joined with a thousand hopes and fears,
That make the school-boy smile or sigh.

Before he's learn'd the name to spell,
Love has been busy in his breast,
Awaken'd by some childish belle,
Whose witcheries will not let him rest.

The object of his bashful choice,
To whom he is afraid to speak,
Or, if he ventures—with faint voice,
And downcast glance, and glowing cheek.

Too often will her thrilling eye,
Steal on his lesson, with a look
That makes him bid the task good-bye,
Wondering what can ail the book.

And when he rises to his teens,
What spurns his studies and his plays?
Nerves him, among the roughest scenes?
The hope of some girl's whispered praise.

Yes, woman's white hand rules the world;
That beauteous sceptre all obey;
The soul's strong pinions are unfurl'd,
Wheree'er it points to glory's way.

The sailor, on the midnight deck,
When death is ankle-deep in gore,
'Mid the fierce noise and blazing wreck,
Thinks of a fond pale face ashore.

The soldier, moving to the field,
That few, perhaps, may never leave;
Where his most anxious thought reveal'd,
'Twould be for her he left to grieve.

The statesman, in his mightiest speech,
On which a nation's weal may rest,
Thinks of the time when it will reach
The home some female form has blest.

The poet, who has breathed a song
Whose echo centuries will repeat,
Amid the earth's admiring throng,
Deems woman's tearful mood most sweet.

Thus through every grade of life,
From the proudest to the hum'blest place,
From study's calm to battle's strife,
Her influence leaves a lasting trace.

With her sweet memory are allied
Our loveliest hopes from youth to age,
Her smile has been the dearest pride
Of mortals high on history's page.

Each glorious prompting of the mind,
Each hallow'd impulse of the heart,
All that's ennob'ling and refined,
With woman's image have a part.

'Tis felt to blend with every aim
Ambition's grand excitement wakes;
And dearest is that quiet fame,
That from her lip its softness takes.

Her presence, like a moonlight calm,
A tranquil brightness round us throws;
Life owes to her its purest charm,
Through every rough change to its close.

* Byron is said to have felt the tender passion at the age of seven. The experience of others, less susceptible, might confirm a similar circumstance.

LINES

Written for a Lady's Album, under an Engraving of the Rising Sun.

Thy beams, oh, Sun of Righteousness! hath power
To quicken life, and bid all moral darkness flee:
A healing balm they waft on wings of love,
To heal the moral sickness of the soul.
Thy rays spread joy and peace on all around,
And genial influence to the opening bud impart;
They brighten as they lengthen—and,
As they brighten, cherish, and sustain
The tender scion of a pious heart.
E'en decomposed, they please the eye of faith,
And give, in rainbow hues, unchanging signs
Of God's unchanging love to fallen man.
In mid-day splendour, soon thou wilt appear,
Clad in the bright effulgence of our God!

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The Miseries of Artificial Teeth.

Every one has, it is said, one's misfortune, a favorite grievance, which grows to a head, withdrawing the attention from other evils, and carrying off the discontents of the system,—a sort of healthy disease, if I may so express it. So Ætna and Hecla have been called safety-valves of the earth, great pimples, which every now and then relieve our venerable mother from a too great heat of the system. My pimple, or safety-valve, has been my teeth, or rather, my want of teeth; true, I have had what some may think greater misfortunes; I have lost money—much more than was convenient; have lost friends also; and, perhaps, I may say, consequently, I have lost an eye, and three fingers on the sword-hand by the cut of a sabre. Some people would call these greater misfortunes. Bah! They did not hinder me from eating, talking, and laughing, as usual; but when I lost my teeth my invaluable *incisores* and *molaires*, and, by the rigid laws of society, was obliged to supply their place with false ones, then, indeed and for the first time, I felt what is meant by the troubles of life, and such like lugubre phrases;—then, when an embargo was laid on my mouth, and I could not eat, talk, or laugh as I had been used to do, my fortitude was shaken, and I felt that man is, indeed, born to trouble. But I believe it is usual, in a piece of autobiography, for the reader to be introduced, with more or less of form, to the writer. Briefly then, to my intimates, and at the Club generally, I am Jack Webster merely,—to the rest of the world, my name and addition are Major Webster of the —— Regiment of the line; pretty well known, I believe, as a sub in the Peninsular War, a Captain at Waterloo, and, since peace, a Major,—though peace itself has been war to the Major, as you shall see. More I say not on this head; the intelligent reader will pick up an idea of my character, as he will surely sympathize with my misfortunes, in the course of the following narrative. No one, as I have said, knew less of pain and grief than I did before I lost my teeth, those "inestimable instruments of mastication, utterance, and beauty," as they are styled in the *affiches* of advertising dentists. Since then I am certainly, in some sort, an altered man. How far I am excusable, from the circumstances of the case, I now proceed to show:

About five years ago, (I am now five and forty, or thereabout,) I first perceived little dusky specks between my front teeth, and shortly after on the occasion of a sharp but temporary bout of illness, felt a tenderness about my gums, and found that my teeth, like those of a portcullis, had a tendency to drop,—this I mentioned to my medical man, who, after examining them closely, told me, with all the cold-blooded precision which they affect on these occasions, that he thought it more than probable that I should "not be able to save them!"—Not save them! Heaven and earth! the idea of being toothless had never seriously, and to its full extent, occurred to me for a moment. This my Mephistophiles of a doctor well knew, and stood grinning at my consternation, much like his prototype in the inimitable designs of Retzsch, the twenty-third of the series, I think it is. However, his prediction was true; out they all came,—not all at one time, however,—and only in the upper jaw; but the front teeth in this all deserted, on different occasions, in the course of a few weeks. One—the first, a front tooth—I shall never forget it—came out as I was sucking an orange; and not being sufficiently on my guard, went down my throat before I was aware of anything being the matter; I felt it, indeed, rather scrape on my œsophagus as it passed, but thought I had only swallowed a pip, or some such matter: my tongue, however, soon detected the gap that was left, and told me—more gently, certainly, than any other tongue could do—the grievous event that had happened. To be brief, they all followed, one after another; not I mean, down my throat; I was too much on my guard for that; for though teeth are the necessary instruments of digestion, they are not, I believe, very digestible things themselves. But this was only a *foretaste* of what I was doomed to suffer, as you shall see. When I next saw the doctor, I told him what had happened, which, indeed, it was not possible for me to open my mouth without doing; when he told me, with another Mephistophelian smile, that it was of no great consequence, as I could easily get a new set. This idea was some comfort to me at the moment; unfortunate people catch at straws, and are easily made grateful, for I almost forgave him the display of his own firm white set with which he conveyed the intelligence to me; though it was, I am now sure, at the thought of the unknown misery I was going to endure in the wearing of artificial teeth. Next morning, my mouth muffled up, and squeezed into the corner of my cab, I drove to Mr. ——, the fashionable dentist in —— Street. The case was a clear one; not a peg (or a stump) to hang a doubt upon. I must have "a whole set," or "an under and upper piece," as they are technically called. Such was the decision—disinterested one, no doubt—of the man of teeth. Here I would fain give to the uninitiated reader an idea of the dire and complicated piece of machinery which was proposed to me; but no,—my graphic powers are, I feel, quite unequal to the task. To the inquisitive loiterer through the streets of London, who has ever been drifted by the current of Sydney's Alley and St. Martin's Court, into the neighbourhood of May's Buildings, little explanation will be necessary; and I thing it better to refer those who would have an adequate idea of what sort of "infernal machines" some people carry about with them in their mouths, to this place, which is the market for this kind of ware—the Bezesteen of tooth-drawers. Here, on every hand, are to be seen glass cases filled with all sorts and descriptions of this precious merchandise, "from a single tooth to a full set," grinning insultingly, in all the pride of white and scarlet, on the toothless passenger; but many cannot, or will not, visit the shops of these plebeian tooth-drawers: let them imagine, then, a something which presents to the sight about so much of the teeth and gums as are to be seen when the lips are drawn forcibly back, called in English a "piece or set;" and at Paris somewhat more elegantly "*un ratellier*." It consists of two parts,—the *cadre* or frame, and the teeth themselves:

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the former is a piece of metal, or of the tusk of the hippopatamus, or of the walrus, made to fit in some degree to the gums, and a part of the roof; to this human teeth are usually rivetted, through sometimes, to save expense, the material of the frame itself is employed. In order to keep this machine from falling out of the mouth, which, from its weight and bulk, is has a strong propensity to do, a stiff spiral wire spring is employed; one of which is attached on each side of the two pieces, and unites them, so that when the teeth are put into their natural posture, the springs being bent back into the hollow of the cheek, force the two pieces against the upper and lower jaws respectively, and keeps the whole apparatus it its place, that is, until something disturbs it, and after all, in a most uncomfortable and precarious state. All this, and much more, I learnt on my first visit to the dentist; quite enough, indeed, to open my eyes to the unfortunate situation in which I was placed. I went home, therefore, in no very jocund mood, pondering over, and balancing the dire alternatives that were before me, no easy matter to decide. On one hand the question was no less than to pass the remainder of my days with a mouth filled with metal plates, spiral springs, and dead men's teeth; on the other, to give up *talking*, *laughing*, *flirting*, in short, the world—retire to some "nook merely monastick," and feed on pottage and batter puddings—"a trim reckoning!" For a whole week I mused and calculated the sacrifices on either side; the scale so nearly balanced that each alternately seemed going down. The world, with a thing nearly as big as a musical snuff-box, in one's mouth (*che boccone!*) or a hermitage with toothless gums, that was the question. Society, I well knew, by its rigid code, allows no one with any conspicuous personal defects, remediable or not, to join its ranks; and a blotched face, or a broken mouth, would exclude a man from many circles more decidely than doubtful acts, or a broken reputation. This may be very right, at least so far as regards the disqualifying character of personal defects; at any rate, I who had been a strict disciplinarian in this matter, had no right to expect any special indulgence in my own favour. At last the world prevailed; I was only forty, had always lived in society: postponed—not given up matrimony; I felt, too, like a soldier, ashamed of a retreat; and thought with my experience and *savoir vivre*, under all disadvantage, the last chances of the game were still worth playing for.

The next morning, accordingly, I drove to my dentists's again seated myself with a kind of desperate courage in his vile operating fauteuil, and told him to proceed; in five minutes he was prepared, and at my side, with a large lump of bees-wax in his hand. This he stuffed into my mouth, pressing against the roof and gums, to get, as he said, a form or mould for a model of the *locale*. No very plesant operation this, a man's hand, and half a pound of bees-wax, for some minutes together, in one's mouth, half-stifled, and hardly able to sestrain an insurrectionary disposition in the stomach, to explode all his wax-work in his face. A detail, however, is impossible of half the annoyance to be endured between the initiative process of "taking the model," and the completion of the work. A week at least elapses; and three or more of these purgatorial sort of operations. But my job was finished, and the engine was jammed between my jaws, with about the same sort of sensation on my part, as I suppose a young horse feels when the breaker's bit is first brought into his mouth. Imagine, ye who never experienced the like,—for I shall never be able to describe it,—what I felt on finding my mouth full of metal plates, strong wire springs, and teeth that ought to have been lying quietly with their original owners in some neighbouring church-yard,—a combination of physical and moral annoyances, that can hardly be equalled, I think, in the class of minor evils, as they are called. From this time I was an altered man; looks, manners, temper, all gave way in some degree, and my spirit was fairly broken in by this vile "bit" in my mouth. My friends all observed an extraordinary change in me; from gay to grave, from talk to taciturnity,—and puzzled themselves mightly about the cause. I had something on my conscience, seemed to be the general opinion. Some crime committed in my youth, remorse for which had at last overtaken me. Some were content to say I was only suffering the usual consequences of early debauchery and hard drinking: I was guiltless in all and every respect; but I said nothing. I had only to open my mouth to clear up my character and explain everything, but I prudently preferred to keep my mouth shut, and suffer in silence. All my attempts to return to my former habitudes, and regain my place in society, were in vain; the difficulties I had to contend with were too much for me; and after struggling with them for a twelvemonth, I gave it up, and made a retreat to a small and tolerate circle of old friends and relations in a provincial city.

I shall here describe a few of the difficulties and annoyances which I have endured, to show the world that I am not the chicken-hearted fellow that some have supposed, or have yielded to slight or imaginary evils. I shall give those instances of my sufferings without any order or connexion, save that in which they shall occur to my memory, and shall add, perhaps, before I conclude, some part of the mass of information which I have gained in the course of my experience in the matter of artificial teeth. The subject is not without its curious points, its arcana. Some are piquant enough, and even border on the horrid; they are also for the most part little known, *une lettre close*, to the multitude. They can only be known by personal experience, and are seldom communicated; for vanity, a better guard than masonic oaths, keeps the secret. And first, for my personal annoyances. A man's mouth is useful in so many ways, (a woman's certainly not less so,) that to have, as it were, a padlock put on it, and all its functions embargoed, must, it is clear, be no trifling calamity; thus I found, so soon as my mouth was fitted up with the diabolical machinery which I have been describing, that, besides the misery of such a mouthful, I could neither eat nor talk with any degree of ease or security; laughing was quite out of the question, though I confess I had not much disposition to exercise

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the faculty just at that time. After a short period, however, I thought I would make trial of the efficiency of my new weapons, and make my first essays at the club and in a few morning calls. The results, however, were by no means so encouraging as to induce me to venture on the more ardous field day-of a dinner, or evening society; for though the click of my metalic mouth-piece was perhaps audible only to my watchful ears, yet now and then the spiral springs, which remain curved in the hollow of the cheek, escaped and sprang forward, projecting between my lips like the gold and silver out of the good girl's mouth in the fairy tale, and often resisted all my efforts, with my handkerchief to my mouth, to force it back into its place again. On one of these occasions, my friends seeing me, with my eyes rolling about, and unable to speak, thought I was going to be choked; and one old lady, in her fright, gave me some hard thumps on the back, by way of relieving me. What could I do with half-a-dozen astonished faces turned towards me? Explanation was impossible: I could not utter a world. A hasty and unexplained retreat was the only course that my military or social tactics could suggest; this I effected, and through the doorway too, though I should not have refused the window; and would have given my half-year's pay to have been able to descend through a trap-door in the floor, like the ghost in Hamlet, veiled in blue smoke. On another occasion, while talking with some acquaintances at the door of our club, a sudden inclination to yawn, not prudently resisted, or in time, again threw all my tackle into disorder, and I remained for some time a silent, though not very attentive, listener to a political discussion in which I had been taking an active part. My silence at last, and projecting lips, drew upon me the scrutinizing eyes of my companions; if I had attempted to speak, I should certainly have delivered something much more sterling than is usually depicted in such conversations; but then my secret would infallibly have come out, clattering upon the pavement, like Belphegor, when told that his wife was a-coming. A thought, however, luckly occurred to me—the cholera, which was then rife in the land. Screwing up my face, therefore, as if in great pain, and pressing my hand against my epigastrium, I bobbled off, without looking to the right hand or to the left, as if labouring under an incipient stage of the epidemic. My escape, however, was not yet complete. I was still in the street, and almost certain of meeting some acquaintance, for few men have a greater number. I therefore continued my retreat into the Park, where, thinking myself secure from observation, I relieved my mouth of its burden, and proceeded to re-adjust and replace my teeth according to the directions of my dentist, in such case made and provided,—namely, by placing the springs backward, and then pressing the two pieces together, in the natural position, with the forefinger and thumb of each hand—back it into its place in my mouth again. But all this is not done by an inexperienced hand in a moment; it took me some time, and so absorbed my attention, that I did not observe a group of nurse-maids who had approached the part of the garden where I stood, and who were stilling their little ones, to have a better view of what I was about. At last, as I was cautiously raising my double set of teeth to place it in my mouth—lifting up my eyes in the operation—I beheld half-a-dozen funny faces peeping at me over each other's shoulders, and only waiting that signal to burst into a general laugh. Here no generalship could be of any avail—a retreat, anyhow, was the only thing to be thought of; so, without any more ado, I crammed my teeth into my pocket, and made off as fast as I could, reaching home luckily without meeting any one to speak to. I cannot pretend, however, to detail all, or half of what I suffered in this way. At last I resolved to leave London. Whatever has been connected with our griefs seems a part or a cause of them. I would try country air—the sea air—Madeira—the Cape—anywhere—to escape from my annoyances; and indeed it was necessary to think of getting away, at least for a season, for my acquaintances began to whisper about that there was something not quite right about me. If they had said that all was not right in my head, they would not have been far from the truth. *Enfin*, I thought of a sea-bathing place in Wales, where, unknown and unquizzed, I might practise on this new mouth-organ of mine at leisure, and prepare myself to return to the world by degrees. I chose Aberistwith, and inquired for a quiet boarding-house. I can't live alone,—that's the devil of it. Nothing to fear here, thought I, when I saw my fellow-boarders: three or four old ladies—fixtures—such as always form the nucleus of these establishments; an East Indian; an old Irish doctor; and a banker, and his wife and daughter, (with his cursed political economy,) from the neighbourhood of Cirencester. But who can conceal any thing from the scrutiny of a regular boarding-house old lady's eye? Before three days were over they had found out my secret, and watched every mouthful I took, with the kind expectation of seeing my teeth tumble into my plate, trying to make me talk for the same benevolent purpose, and inquired, very significantly, if I was ever troubled with the tooth ache? Use, however, had now begun to lessen the piquancy of these and similar annoyances. We soon get accustomed to, and indulgent in our own defects; besides, my tongue and lips were now drilled into better management of the new-comers, over which they stood guard unceasingly,—the tongue especially, who was constantly going his rounds, to feel that all was right, or re-adjust any disorder that had taken place. Still I was then, and for the next two or three years, constantly meeting with accidents and *contretems* with my borrowed teeth, of which my space will only allow me the brief mention of a few, as *echantillons*, of the mass of miseries I have endured from this prolific cause.

On one occasion, I recollect being at the opera with some ladies. Hanging over the front of the box for a moment, to see who were in the house, and speaking at the same time, out sprung my unlucky teeth, and fell into the pit. With out any explanation, (what could I say without my teeth?) I hurried down, and though the alley was much crowded, began to search quietly for

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my lost property. The men standing there supposed at first that I had dropped a glove, or some such matter, and took little notice of me. At last I caught sight of my set of teeth, partly concealed under the shoe of an officer in the Guards. The avidity with which I begged him to move his foot and picked it up excited their notice, and made them think I had found something of value. They began to feel for their snuff-boxes, &c.; and one of them, thinking that he missed his box, followed me into the corridor, and requested to see what I had found. I refused, of course; high words ensued; and a crowd came round to see what was the matter. The affair was awkward enough, and I was completely at a loss what to do. Seeing, however an officer of the police coming up, I took him aside, and showing him the cause of all the hubbub, desired him to inform the gentleman that the property was mine, and of no sort of value to any body but the owner; and of not much to him he might have added. I stood aloof while this explanation was made, and heard him exclaim, "But what is it, then? why can't I see it?.' The man, finding no other way out of the affair, whispered something—the bare fact, I suppose—into his ear, which was immediately followed by a rather indecrous laugh, as it seemed to me; the disposition to which, before I could get out of hearing, was rapidly extending itself among the bystanders.

On another occasion, I was staying at a friend's house in the country. On going to bed, I placed my set of teeth, as usual with me, on the table of my dressing room. I had not long been asleep, when I was awakened by a noise, which, I soon found, was made by the favorite spaniel of the lady of the house; but what had brought him to my dressing-room I could not guess. I rose, however, and, just as I was, took the lamp, and went to turn him out; when, lo, and behold! there was little Fidele with my set of teeth in his mouth, gnawing away merrily at them under the table. It was a set, the frame of which was made of the tusk of the hippopotamus, and he had taken it, I suppose, for a bone; follow him I must, for how could I carry on the war without my teeth, and a house full of ladies? Not being well acquainted, however, with the geography of the back-staircases, I stumbled, threw down the lamp, and brought out all the servants and the master of the house, to see what was the matter. There was I in my night gear and red kerchief bound round my head, and brandishing an umbrella, which I had snatched up in my hurry to make the beast refund my grinders; vexed as I was, I could not help joining in the laugh, which my picturesque figure occasioned. The affair, however, was no joke to me, and this I was obliged to explain to the assembled night caps, who, as soon as they were informed of the case, instantly gave chase, in full cry, for the recovery of my teeth. The spaniel dodged us some time; but being hard pressed, stood at last at bay, at the door of his mistress's bed-chamber, still holding his bone, as he thought it, between his teeth; being a pet dog, no one dared to touch him, for fear of offending my lady, into whose fair hands alone, and after much coaxing, he consented to give up his prize.

Of course the affair was no secret at the breakfast table next morning, and the grave congratulations were not few which I received at the success of the chance of the night before. I will mention one more of my misfortunes in this way, and that of somewhat less vexatious character, or, at least, in which the expense of the ludicrous did not fall wholly on me,—one of the city companions, (I don't exactly know which,) bearing at the least their share of it, and thus it fell out. One Lord Mayor's day, I was coaxed by two young nieces into taking them to see the procession, "the Show," as it is called; and accordingly procured a seat at the rich silversmith's first floor window, in Cheapside; well, when the show made its appearance, I, with one on each side of me, and all our necks stretched out of the window, was playing the part of showman, and explaining, as well as I could make it out, the "order of the course," when, at a very exciting part of the pageant—the men in armour I think—down fell my unfortunate teeth perpendicularly into the street; they did not reach the ground, however, on this occasion; for it so happened that one of Birch's men was passing just at that moment, with a large jar of mock turtle on his head, ordered for some city company, to form a part, and a favourite one I understand, of a grand dinner they gave on this occasion. My little nieces laughed like mad things, and I too; indeed, the affair was not very serious, so far as I was concerned; for this set of teeth had done hard duty, and were getting rather too old and discoloured to be worn much longer; and so much the worse, I am obliged to confess, for the glass-cutters' company, (or whichsoever it was, who had this windfall added to their annual banquet.) I am, perhaps, rather scrupulous on some points, and thought it right, on this occasion, to send a servant after the man to bring him and the soup back again; but Birch's man was self-willed, or perhaps, much hurried on a Lord Mayor's day; for on he went his way in spite of my message, and the destiny of the worshipful company was fulfilled. I was really concerned at the part of this adventure: for I am fond of mock-turtle myself. It was some alleviation, however, to think, that, as the specific gravity of my *dents postiches* was much greater than that of the turtle soup;—for I saw it plainly sinking between the pieces of floating fat, and forced-meat balls—unless they should eat very gluttonously, and reach the bottom of the tureen, the addition which I had made to the soup would not be apparent; and, on the other hand, if they should eat their way to the bottom, and perceive something suspicious lying there, it would not be until the pleasure of eating (the main point in a city feast I take it) had been actually "had and received;" and no one would then think of refunding, at least on a point of delicacy; and besides, the uninitiated in artificial teeth had never, perhaps, seen such a production of art before, and might easily mistake it for a part of the calf's head, which the cook, much hurried on a Lord Mayor's day, had baled out of the copper by mistake.

Lose no opportunity of doing a good action.
Learn to live as you would wish to die.

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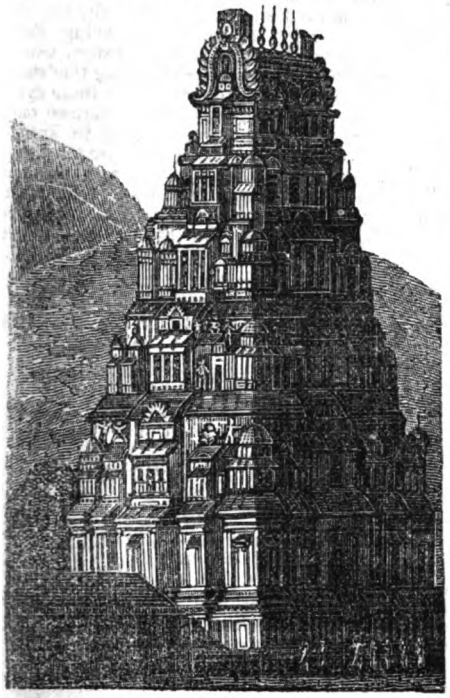
A HINDOO TEMPLE.



The temple represented by the engraving, is at Tritchengur; and is built in the centre of an extensive area, and surrounded by a colonnade. Occasionally between the pillars, fakeers, pilgrims and other temporary residents, (for vagrancy is one of the great nuisances of this country,) have thrown up partitions, and thus formed tolerably comfortable habitations.

The gateway of this temple is a remarkably fine specimen of pyramidal architecture, in which Hindostan is so rich. The entrance to the main building is through the centre of the base, forming a large and lofty passage with a flat roof. Above this are five distinct stories; so that I should think the building must exceed the height of a hundred feet.

The exterior of this structure is very splendidly ornamented, but bears the marks of a much more modern date than the temple on the hill. It is covered with the richest tracery, projecting in the boldest relief from the foundation to the summit, which is surmounted by five styles or cullices, supposed to have some cryptic reference to one of the principal Hindoo deities, too sacred for the profane understandings of the vulgar. The temple, which is several yards within the gateway, to which it is far inferior both in external grandeur and variety of decoration, is a flat-roofed building, supported upon an immense number of elegant columns, which, though they all bear precisely the same character, are nevertheless every one differently embellished, showing at once the amazing fertility of invention of the persons who erected these stupendous edifices, their taste, their manual skill, and a perfect knowledge of architecture.

The noblest monuments of ancient Greece and Rome, must yield in splendour to the wonderful structures of this most extraordinary country. There is certainly nothing in the whole world that exceeds them for magnificence of design, and grandeur of effect. The mighty dome and gallery of St. Peter's, sinks into comparative insignificance before some of these incomparable monuments of remotely ancient, and comparatively modern art to be found in Hindostan.

History, indeed, has left us some faint records of the amazing efforts of human ingenuity, exhibited in the vast cities of Ninevah and Babylon. These mighty capitals, of still more mighty empires, have passed away, together with every memorial of them; but there still exist monuments as noble, which challenge the absolute wonder of the traveller, among the remains of Hindoo architecture.

Written for the Casket.

LAND OF MY BIRTH.*

BY L. W. TRASK.

Land of my birth! what pleasing visions roll,
In hurried course across my raptured soul—
To see thy scenes in glorious order rise,
'Till earth commingles with the distant skies!
And scenes so fair, that magic well might feign
That here she held her own delightful reign,
To chaunt her songs in every woodland bower,—
To mark her impress on the blooming flower—
To guide our rivers in their wandering course—
To lead our streamlets from their narrow source—
And draw fresh praises from admiring eyes,
By vales that fall, or gentle hills that rise.
But magic bows before that potent hand,
That formed our earth and bles't our happy land,—
Blest with profusion every vale and shore,
That we might love our native land the more.
Though Europe's sons may boast their mountains high,
With snow-clad tops that tower 'mid the sky.
Though Asia's gales with costly spices blend,
And to the smell a grateful fragrance lend—
I love the clime where nature marks no strife,
And every zephyr cheers the stream of life!
Thou favored land! clime of the great and brave!
We boast not these, for bounteous heaven gave
A gift more pure,—a right more dear to thee—
The gift,—the glorious gift, of LIBERTY!
Daughters of HEAVEN! fair LIBERTY, descends
And welcomes all, and all she calls her friends,
With pitying hand the captive's chain destroys,
And heals his wounds, and turns his griefs to joys.
Her presence speeds like sol's warm vernal ray,
Pure science flowers, and brightens into day.
And genius lingers in her happy train—
Shouts rend the hills and praises fill the plain!

Land of the great! much sooner be my grave
The desert sand—or awful ocean-wave;
Than thy fair clime to Tyrant's hands should bend,
Or freedom's reign should here forever end!

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* This was composed when the author was on a journey, and it contains some of the sentiments with which the scenes through which he passed inspired him.

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ON REARING OAK PLANTS IN HYACINTH GLASSES.

The following experiment on the germination and growth of plants, may be new to many of the readers of the "Casket."

Let a common hyacinth glass, or other glass if more convenient, be filled about a half or a third part full of water; and a piece of card be prepared as a cover for the opening of the glass, so as to fit close and exclude the air. Fasten a strong thread, or a piece of brass wire, round an acorn; not iron wire, for it will rust, and corrode the acorn, and frustrate the experiment. Suspend the thread or brass wire from the card, or from a small transverse bar of wood or metal beneath it, so that the acorn may be sustained at a short distance above the surface of the water, but near enough for the steam which will be generated by the glass being kept in a warm room, to be communicated to the acorn, from which it will descend in a large drop.

In a few days the germ will be found to burst the shell of the acorn, and in about a fortnight afterwards the radicle, or little root, will protrude itself through the cleft, and take a downward direction into the water, where it will be continually extended and enlarged, by degrees throwing out external fibres, until, after a few days more, the other member of the germ will be seen to rise upwards till it comes near the card that covers the vessel, through which a hole must be cut to allow of its free passage. This forms the stem of the tree, which will shortly be seen to throw out two leafits at its extremity, and shortly again others; till in the course of a few weeks from the commencement of the experiment, the tree will have grown to the height of several inches, and be ornamented at its top with leaves of two or three inches long, and wide in proportion, besides smaller ones breaking out at its sides, the root meanwhile having continued growing to a length exceeding that of the stem. In six instances of this experiment commenced in November last, the hyacinth glasses having been kept during the cold weather for the most part on the mantle-piece of an inhabited parlour, of the usual temperature of such apartments, the stems have grown to different heights, being respectively about five inches, which is the lowest, and so on to about nine inches, with intermediate heights, at the date of this letter, March 4th; the acorn itself having in the meantime become shrivelled, and lost much of its substance and weight.

The above sketch represents one of the examples described. The growth of a similar plant will, I am sure, afford an interesting object of observation to any of your readers who are fond of natural history, and may be disposed to try the experiment; and if, when they have satisfied their curiosity by the phenomenon, they desire to turn it to further account, they may do so, by removing their nursling from the glass to the garden, where they may have the pleasure of seeing the stem, at least, continue to improve under their eyes, the progress of the root being of course only known by its effects in continuing to supply moisture, and thereby giving increase and vigour to the stem. I have in my possession a couple of small oak plants, now growing in the earth, which were raised two or three years ago in glasses after the manner above described. *March 4th*, 1833.

Written for the Casket.

On a Young Lady's Admission to the Holy Communion.

Bright'ning round her youth's blue morning,
Hastens on without a cloud;
Hopes upon her soul are dawning,
Hopes too dear to breathe aloud.

Life is in its loveliest season,
Memory's flowers are half unblown;
Yet the sober smiles of reason
Have among her visions shone.

She has with the gay world mingled,
Felt its choicest pleasures pall,
Seen not one she would have singled,
Sighed not to renounce them all.

In her mind reflections crowded,
In her breast emotions thrill'd—
Earth's deceitful pomp was shrouded,
Nobler aims her spirit filled.

It has looked beyond existence,
Bounded by a few fleet years,
Discovered in the awful distance,
What the name of death endears.

Scenes that mortal never painted,
Scenes of bliss too pure for sound,
Where the trial'd, and the sainted,
Have an endless Sabbath found.

It has bowed in sweet dejection
At the altar's humblest place,
Early—ere the world's infection
Left it one polluted trace.

Felt a thrill of deeper rapture
In that shadowed hour of prayer,
Than when fashion's splendours wrap'd her,
Idol of the proudest there.

Should her youth's delicious morning
Darken with affliction's frown,
Calmly can she meet the warning,
Think each rising sorrow down.

Should her hopes with wavering lustre,
Fade like summer sunset's hue;
He, she loves the best, disgust her
Faith, in friendship tremble too.

All the flowers of feeling perish,
All that seems so true, depart;
One assurance can she cherish,
Dear to a deserted heart.

Past the grave's mysterious border,
Truer blessings yet may be,
Richer glories to reward her,
If she's faithful, GOD, to THEE.

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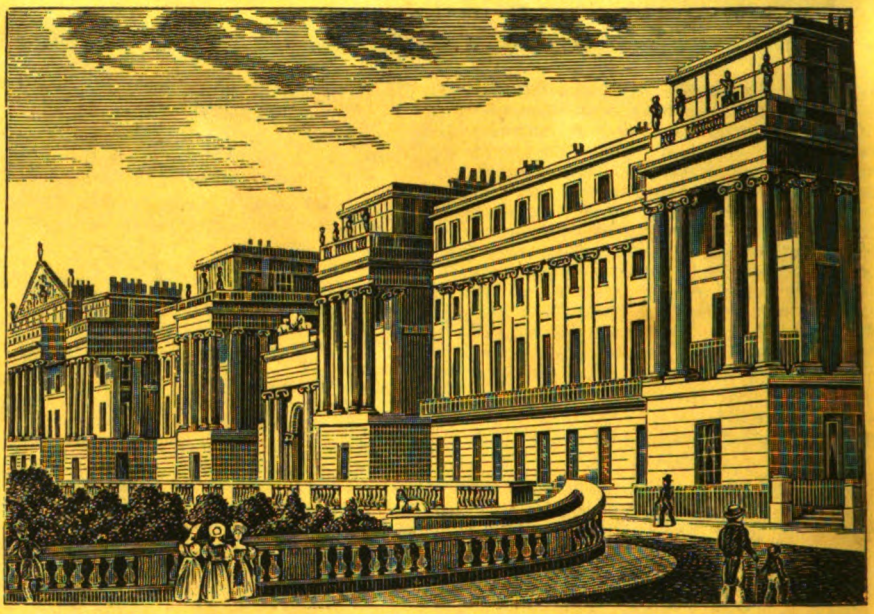

Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, London.

Allentown, Pennsylvania.

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CUMBERLAND TERRACE.

The opposite engraving represents one of those rows of splendid mansions, with which wealth and modern taste have, within a few years past, adorned the west end of London, to an *enormous* extent. Within the last twenty years, the city of London has increased more rapidly in size and magnificence, than at any era before known; and no part of the environs of that great metropolis, has received so large a portion of favour as Regent's Park. This celebrated place, situated on the north-west suburb, was formerly called Mary-le-bone park, and contains 543 acres. It was disposed of by Cromwell, as part of the crown lands, for £13,215, including 124 head of deer, and large quantities of timber.

It is a part of the ancient *manor* of Mary-le-bone, still more anciently called Tybourn, from its situation near a small bourn or rivulet formerly called Ayebrook; and the church built there, was called St. Mary at the bourn, and became corrupted to its present appellation of St. Mary-le-bone, or Mary-bone.

This immense parish, which is larger, more opulent, more populous, and possessed of more public and private buildings of good taste and real beauty, than many metropolises of Europe, is eight miles and a quarter in circumference, and computed to contain about 2,500 acres of land.

The manor house, which during the time it was vested in the crown, was occasionally used as a temporary royal residence, particularly by Queen Elizabeth, who appears by many accounts to have used her various palaces in rapid succession, was pulled down in the year 1791. It is related, that in 1600 the manor was abundantly stocked with game, when the ambassadors from the Emperor of Russia, and other Muscovites, rode through the city of London to Mary-bone park, and there hunted at their pleasure.

A recent Italian traveller in England, alludes to the houses of London in the following Trollopic style of description.

"If the sky is dark, not less gloomy is the whole first appearance of London, to him who enters it by the Dover road. The smoky colour of the houses, gives it the appearance of city that has been burnt. If to this be added the silence which prevails in the midst of a population of, perhaps, one million four hundred thousand persons, all in motion (so that one seems to be in a theatre of Chinese shades,) and the wearisome uniformity of the houses, almost all built in the same style, like a city of the beavers, it will be easy to imagine, that on first entering this darksome hive, the smile of pleased surprise soon gives way to a gloomy wonder. This was the old English style of building, which still prevails in the country. But, since the English have substituted the blue pill for suicide, or, still better, a journey to Paris—and, instead of Young's Night Thoughts, read the romances of Walter Scott, they have cheered up their houses with a coat of white, and have recently rebuilt the western part of the capital (west end) in a gayer and more varied style of architecture.

"The houses are small and fragile. The first night I spent in a lodging-house, I seemed to myself still on board the vessel; the walls were equally slender, and in great part of wood, the chambers small, and the staircase like a companion ladder; the walls are generally so thin, that they allow the passage of sounds without interruptions. The lodgers would hear one another talking, but that they are accustomed to speak in an under tone. I could hear the murmur of the conversation of my neighbour overhead,—my zenith, as that of the other neighbour beneath my feet, like the opposite point nadir; and I distinguished, at intervals, the words—"Very fine weather,—indeed—very fine—comfort—comfortable—great comfort," words which occur as often in their conversation, as commas in a book. In a word, the houses are *ventriloquous*. As I said before, they are all uniform. In a three story house, there are three bedrooms, one over the other, and three parlours in the same situation, so that the population is, as it were, warehoused in layers like merchandise—like the cheese in the storehouses at Lodi and Codogno. The English have not chosen without design this (I will venture to call it) *naval* architecture. The advantages they derive from living in houses of small size and little durability, are these: in general, a house is only built for 99 years; if it outlive this term, it belongs to the proprietor of the ground on which it is built. It seldom happens, therefore, that they attain to any great longevity; on the contrary, they sometimes tumble to pieces before the natural period of their existence. The English, who are better arithmeticians than architects, have discovered, that, by building in this slippery manner, they consume less capital, and that consequently the annual interest and the annual loss of principal, are proportionately less. There is another advantage: by this method, posterity is not hampered or tyrannized over. Every generation can choose and build its own houses, according to its own caprices, and its own necessities; and, although in a great measure composed of wood, all the houses are, as it were, incombustible, by means of the insurance companies, which guarantee the value of the house, the furniture, and every thing else. A fire is no misfortune, but merely a temporary inconvenience to the inmates; a something to look at for the passengers, and an entertaining paragraph for the newspapers. To an Englishman, his house is his Gibraltar; he must not only be invictable, but absolute, without dispute or *fuss*. He prefers living in a shell, like an oyster, to living in a palace with all the annoyance of a hen-roost.

ALLENTOWN, Pa.

Allentown—situated on the west bank of the river Lehigh, near the junction of the little Lehigh and Jordan, is one of the oldest settlements on that river; and in the different wars of America, was the scene of many a *brave and bloody deed*. It was here that Col. James Bird displayed such heroism in the early wars with the aborigines. It was here during the revolutionary war, that the bells which "chime so merrily" on Christ church in Philadelphia, were

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concealed by the Americans; and it was here, at a still later period of our national existence, that the insurrection in which the notorious John Fries bore so conspicuous a part, was fomented, and happily for us all, smothered in its birth.

Inhabited by a few wealthy and enterprizing Germans, and cut off for many years from the different post routes by the influence of the neighbouring towns, it remained inactive a long time. Its great elevation too, rendering it difficult to procure the necessary supply of water, had the effect of retarding its progress in the march of improvement, and remained, as at first, "unnoticed and unknown," until the year 1811, when by the division of Northampton county, Pennsylvania, was incorporated and called *Northampton Borough*, (a name which by the way, has occasioned innumerable mistakes, and might be altered with advantage.) Since that period it has improved rapidly, and bids fair to eclipse its neighbours in trade and wealth, as it has already done in point of beauty.

The town contains about 2200 inhabitants. One English and two German churches; two Libraries; an Academy and Boarding School, together with three smaller Seminaries; a Court-house, decidedly the handsomest in the state; a Jail, for which there is little or no use; twelve or fourteen houses of entertainment, some of which in point of size and convenience, are inferior to none in the interior of the country, and instead of the long low weather board huts of the first settlers, there are seen some splendid three storied buildings with granite fronts, containing stores vieing with those of the metropolis.

The Manch Chunk Company's canal has opened the trade to Philadelphia and New York, and produce to the amount of $200,000 per annum is sent from Allentown to those cities. Elevated above the surrounding country, Allentown has been remarkably healthy, and it is a fact worthy of notice, that during the prevalence of the yellow fever of 1793 and '99, and the cholera in 1832 and '33, there was not a single case of either in that place, that in any way resembled those diseases. A company incorporated in 1828, have erected a splendid Water Works about half a mile from the town, by means of which a stream of cool spring water is forced up to the height of 160 feet, and distributed in cast iron pipes through the streets. As a country residence, a more delightful spot cannot be imagined. The natural curiosities are numerous, and well worth seeing. The springs of Messrs. Martin, Smith and Worman, are justly admired by all who have seen them, while a walk to the Big Rock on the Lehigh mountain, amply repays the adventurer by the extent and novelty of the scenes which are there spread out before him on every side. A thousand feet below are seen well cultivated farms, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, except on the north, where the vision is bounded by the Blue Mountain, after forcing its way through which, the river may be traced meandering through a country beautifully varied, until it washes the base of the hill on which the town stands, and then uniting with the Little Lehigh, Trout Creek and Jordan, rushes along the foot of the Lehigh mountain, and is lost in the distance.

The inhabitants are mild, hospitable and orderly, the situation healthy and highly romantic, and within a convenient distance from Philadelphia, to which city there are two daily line of stages. The whole number of arrivals and departures of stages amount to 76 weekly. There are four well conducted weekly papers printed in Allentown. In short, whether we consider it as a place of business, or a pleasant retreat from the noise and bustle of the crowded cities, it is alike remarkable, and we confidently assert that none ever visited it without assenting to the correctness of these remarks, or left it without casting a "longing wish behind."

From the Saturday Evening Post.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

——"My native land, *good-night*."—BYRON.

Farewell my home!—the scenes I love
Are fading from my view,
And every hill, and every grove
Seem echoing back adieu.
But yet, where'er my lot shall be
My heart shall send a sigh to thee.

Farewell my home!—a burning tear
Has from its pearly fountain strayed,
To tell what most my soul held dear,
And quell the storm which grief had made.
Blest be that tear! for as it fell,
It seemed to say to me, farewell.

Farewell my home!—that tear shall be
A parting token of regret,—
The fount may dry that flowed for thee,
Yet never will my heart forget.
For all my paradise on earth
Is that sweet land which gave me birth.

Farewell my home!—friends of my youth,
For you shall heave my heart's last sigh—
The pangs of absence hope shall soothe,
And fancy paint my native sky.
No more within thy bowers to dwell—
My own—my father's home—farewell! T. H.

MAN EVER RESTLESS.

BY HERBERT.

When God at first made man,
Having a fount of blessings standing by
Let us, said he, pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches that dispersed lie
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure,
When almost all was out, God made a stay:
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure,
Rest, in the bottom lay.

For if I should, said he,
Bestow this jewel, also, on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me:
And rest in nature, not the God of nature:—
So both should loser be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with ripening restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my heart.

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From the Lady's Book.

THE ALBUM—A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

'Tis not in mortals to command success.—*Addison.*

"UNGALLANT!—UNMILITARY!" exclaimed the beautiful Orinda Melbourne to her yet unprofessed lover, Lieutenant Sunderland, as in the decline of a summer afternoon, they sat near an open window in the northwest corner of Mr. Cozzens's house at West Point, where as yet there was no hotel—"And do you steadily persist in refusing to write in my album? Really, you deserve to be dismissed the service for unofficerlike conduct."

"I have forsworn, albums," replied Sunderland, "and for, at least, a dozen reasons. In the first place, the gods have not made me poetical."

"Ah!" interrupted Miss Melbourne, "you remind me of the well-known story of the mayor of a French provincial town, who informed the king that the worthy burgesses had fifteen reasons for not doing themselves the honour of firing a salute on his majesty's arrival: the first reason being, that they had no cannon."

"A case in point," remarked Sunderland.

"Well," resumed Orinda, "I do not expect you to surpass the glories of Byron and Moore."

"Nothing is more contemptible than mediocre poetry," observed Sunderland; "the magazines and souvenirs have surfeited the world with it."

"I do not require you to be even mediocre," persisted the young lady. "Give me something ludicrously bad, and I shall prize it almost as highly as if it were seriously good. I need not remind you of the hacknied remarks, that extremes meet, and that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Look at this Ode to West Point, written in my album by a very obliging cadet, a room-mate of my brother's. It is a perfect gem. How I admire these lines,

"The steam-boat up the river shoots
While Willis on his bugle toots."

"Wo to the man," said Sunderland, "who subjects his poetical reputation to the ordeal of a lady's album, where all, whether gifted or ungifted, are expected to do their best."

"You are mistaken," replied Orinda; "that expectation has long since gone by. We have found, by experience, that, either from negligence or perverseness, gentlemen are very apt to write their worst in our albums."

"I do not wonder at it," said Sunderland. "However, I must retrieve my character as a knight of chivalry. Appoint me any other task, and I will pledge myself to perform your bidding. Let your request take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble."

"But why this inveterate horror of albums?" asked Orinda. "Have you had any experince in them?"

"I have to my sorrow," replied Sunderland. "With me, I am convinced," "the course of albums never will run smooth." For instance, I once, by means of an album, lost the lady of my love, (I presume not to say the love of my lady)."

Orinda looked up and looked down, and "a change came o'er the spirit of her face:" which change was not unnoticed by her yet undeclared admirer, whose acquaintance with Miss Melbourne commenced on a former visit she had made to West Point to see her brother, who was one of the cadets of the Military Academy.

Orinda Melbourne was now in her twenty-first year, at her own disposal, (having lost both her parents,) and mistress of considerable property, a great part of which had been left to her by an aunt. She resided in the city of New York, with Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury, two old and intimate friends of her family, and they had accompanied her to West Point. She was universally considered a very charming girl, and by none more so than by Lieutenant Sunderland. But hearing that Miss Melbourne had declined the addresses of several very unexceptionable gentlemen, our hero was trying to delay an explicit avowal of his sentiments, till he should discover some reason to hope that the disclosure would be favourably received.

Like most other men on similar occasions, he gave a favourable interpretation to the emotion involuntarily evinced by the young lady on hearing him allude to his former flame.

There was a pause of a few moments, till Orinda rallied, and said with affected carelessness—"You may as well tell me the whole story, as we seem to have nothing better to talk of."

"Well, then," proceeded Sunderland, "during one of my visits to the city, I met with a very pretty young lady from Brooklyn. Her name is of course unmentionable, but I soon found myself, for the first time in my life, a little in love"—

"I suspect it was not merely a little," remarked Orinda, with a penetrating glance—"It is said that, in love, the first fit is always the strongest."

"No no," exclaimed Sunderland; "I deny the truth of that opinion. It is a popular fallacy—I know it is"—fixing his eyes on Orinda.

At that minute the young officer would have given a year's pay to be certain whether the glow that heightened Miss Melbourne's complexion was a bona fide blush, or only the reflection of the declining sunbeams as they streamed from under a dark cloud that was hovering over the western hill. However, after a few moments' consideration, he again interpreted favourably.

"Proceed, Mr. Sunderland," said Orinda in rather a tremulous voice; "tell me all the particulars."

"Of the album I will," replied he. "Well then—this young lady was one of the belles of Brooklyn, and certainly very handsome."

"Of what colour were her eyes and hair?" inquired Orinda.

"Light—both very light."

Orinda, who was a brunette, caught herself on the point of saying that she had rarely seen much expression in the countenance of a blonde; but she checked the remark, and Sunderland proceeded.

"The lady in question had a splendidly bound album, which she produced and talked about on

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all occasions, and seemed to regard with so much pride and admiration, that if a lover could possibly have been jealous of a book, I was, at times, very near becoming so. It was half filled with amatory verses by juvenile rhymesters, and with tasteless insipid drawings in water colours, by boarding-school misses: which drawings my dulcinea persisted in calling paintings. She also persisted in urging me to write "a piece of poetry" in her album, and I persevered in declaring my utter inability: as my few attempts at versification had hitherto proved entire failures. At last, I reluctantly consented, recollecting to have heard of sudden fits of inspiration, and of miraculous gifts of poetical genius with which even milkmaids and cobblers have been unexpectedly visited. So taking the album with me, I retired to the solitude of my apartment at the City Hotel, concluding with Macbeth that when a thing is to be well done, 'tis well to do it quickly. Here I manfully made my preparations "to saddle Pegasus and ride up Parnassus"—but in vain. With me the winged steed of Apollo was as obstinate as a Spanish mule on the Sierra Morena. Not an inch would he stir. There was not even the slighest flutter in his pinions; and the mountain of the muses, looked to me as inaccessible as—as what shall I say"—

"I will help you to a simile," replied Orinda; "as inaccessible as the sublime and stupendous precipice to which you West Pointers have given the elegant and appropriate title of Butter Hill."

"Exactly," responded Sunderland. "Parnassus looked like Butter Hill. Well then—to be brief (as every man says when he suspects himself to be tedious,) I sat up till one o'clock, vainly endeavouring to manufacture something that might stand for poetry. But I had no rhymes for my ideas, and no ideas for my rhymes. I found it impossible to make both go together. I at last determined to write my verses in prose till I had arranged the sense, and afterwards to put them into measure and rhyme. I tried every sort of measure from six feet to ten, and I essayed consecutive rhymes and alternate rhymes, but all was in vain. I found that I must either sacrifice the sense to the sound, or the sound to the sense. At length, I thought of the Bouts Rimes of the French. So I wrote down, near the right hand edge of my paper, a whole column of familiar rhymes, such as mine, thine, tears, fears, light, bright, &c. And now I congratulated myself on having accomplished one half of my task, supposing that I should find it comparatively easy to do the filling up. But all was to no purpose. I could effect nothing that I thought even tolerable, and I was too proud to write badly and be laughed at. However, I must acknowledge that could I have been certain that my "piece of poetry, would be seen only by the fair damsel herself, I might easily have screwed my courage to the sticking place; for greatly as I was smitten with the beauty of my little nymph, I had a secret misgiving that she had never sacrificed to Minerva."

Our hero paused a moment to admire the radiance of the smile that now lighted up the countenance of Orinda.

"In short," continued he, "I sat up till night's candles were burnt out" both literally and metaphorically, and I then retired in despair to my pillow, from whence I did not rise till ten o'clock in the morning."

"That evening, I carried back the album to my fair one, but she still refused to let me off, and insisted that I should take it with me to West Point, to which place I was to return next day. I did so, hoping to catch some inspiration from the mountain air, and the mountain scenery. I ought to have recollected that few of the poets on record, either lived among mountains, or wrote while visiting them. The sons of song are too often fated to set up their household gods, and strike their lyres in dark narrow streets, and dismal alleys."

As soon as the steam-boat had cleared the city, I took out my pocket-book and pencil, and prepared for the onset. I now regarded the ever-beautiful scenery of the magnificent Hudson with a new interest. I thought the Palisades would do something for me; but my imagination remained as sterile and as impenetrable as their eternal rocks. The broad expanse of the Tappan Sea lay like a resplendant mirror around me, but it reflected no image that I could transfer to my tablets. We came into the Highlands, but the old Thunder Barrack rumbled nothing in my fancy's ear, Anthony's Nose looked coldly down upon me, and the Sugar Loaf suggested no idea of sweetness. We proceeded along, but Buttermilk Falls reminded me not of the fountain of Helicon, and Bull Hill and Breakneck Hill seemed too rugged ever to be smoothed into verse."

"That afternoon I went up to Fort Putnam, for the hundred and twentieth time in my life. I walked round the dismantled ramparts, I looked into their damp and gloomy cells. I thought, (as is the duty of every one that visits these martial ruins) on the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.' But they inspired nothing that I could turn to account in my lady's album; nothing that could serve to introduce the compliment always expected in the last stanza. And, in truth, this compliment was the chief stumblingblock after all. 'But for these vile compliments, I might myself have been an album-poet."

"Is it then so difficult to compliment a lady?" inquired Orinda.

"Not in plain prose," replied Sunderland; "and when the lady is a little imbecile, nothing in the world is more easy. But even in prose, to compliment a sensible woman as she deserves, and without danger of offending her modesty, requires both tact and talent."

"Which I suppose is the reason," said Orinda, "that sensible women obtain so few compliments from your sex, and fools so many."

"True," replied Sunderland. "But such compliments as we wish to offer to elegant and intellectual females, are as orient pearls compared to French beads."

Orinda cast down her beautiful eyes under the expressive glance of her admirer. She felt that she was now receiving a pearl.

"But to proceed," continued Sunderland, "I came down from the fort no better poet than I

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went up, and I had recourse again to the solitude of my own room. Grown desperate, and determined to get the album off my mind and have it over, an idea struck me which I almost blush to mention. Promise not to look at me, and I will amaze you with my candour."

Orinda pretended to hold her fan before her eyes.

"Are you sure you are not peeping between the stem of the feathers," said Sunderland. "Well then, now for my confession; but listen to it 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and remember that the album alone was the cause of my desperation and my dishonour. Some Mephistophiles whispered in my ear to look among the older poets for something but little known, and transfer it as mine to a page in the fatal book. I would not, of course, venture on Scott or Moore or Byron, for though I doubted whether my lady love, was better versed in *them* than in the bards of Queen Anne's reign, yet I thought that perhaps some of the readers of her album might be acquainted with the last and best of the minstrels. But on looking over a volume of Pope, I found his "Song by a person of quality."

"I recollect it," said Orinda; "it is a satire on the amateur love-verses of that period: such as were generally produced by fashionable inamoratoes. In these stanzas the author has purposely avoided every approach to sense or connexion, but has assembled together a medley of smooth and euphonous sounds. And could you risk such verses with your Dulcinea!"

"Yes," replied Sunderland, "with *her*, I knew that I was perfectly safe, and that she would pronounce them sweet and delightful. And in short, that they would exactly suit the calibre of her understanding."

"Yet still," said Orinda, "with such an opinion of her mental qualification, you professed to love this young lady—or rather you really loved her—no doubt you did."

"No, no," replied Sunderland, eagerly. "It was only a passing whim—only a boyish fancy—such as a man may feel a dozen times, before he is five and twenty, and before he is seriously in love. I should have told you at this period, I had not yet arrived at years of discretion."

"I should have guessed it without your telling," said Orinda, mischievously.

The young officer smiled, and proceeded.

"I now saw my way clear. So I made a new pen, placed Pope on my desk, and sitting down to the album with a lightened spirit, I began with the first stanza of his poem—

'Flattering spread thy purple pinions
Gentle Cupid o'er my heart,
I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to art.'

And I then added the second and sixth verses, substituting the name of my fair one for that of Aurelia."

"What would I not give to know that name!" thought Orinda. "But, in those verses," she remarked to Sunderland, "if I recollect aright, there is no direct compliment to the lady's beauty."

"But there is a very great one by implication," answered the lieutenant. "For instance, the line—'Hear me pay my dying vows.'—What more could I profess than to die for love of her! And a lady that is died for, must of course be superlatively charming. In short, I finished the verses, and I must say they were very handsomely transcribed. Now do not laugh. Is it not more excusable to take some pride in writing a good hand, than to boast of scribbling a bad one? I have known persons who seemed absolutely to plume themselves on the illegibility of their scrawls; because, unfortunately, so many men of genius have indulged in a most shameful style of chirography."

"Well, I viewed my performance with much satisfaction, and then proceeded to look attentively through the album, (I had as yet but glanced over it,) to see if any one excelled me in calligraphy. What was my horror, when I found among a multitude of Lines to Zephyrs and Dew-drops, and Stanzas to Rose-buds and Violets, the identical verses that I had just copied from Pope! Some other poor fellow, equally hard pressed, had been before-hand with me, and committed the very same theft: which, in his case, appeared to me enormous. I pronounced it 'flat burglary,' and could have consigned him to the Penitentiary 'for the whole term of his natural life.' To be compelled to commit a robbery is bad enough, but to be anticipated in the very same robbery, and to find that you have burdened your conscience, and jeopardized your self-respect for nothing, is worse still."

"There was one way," observed Orinda, "in which you could have extricated yourself from the dilemma. You might have cut out the leaf, and written something else on another."

"That was the very thing I finally determined on doing," replied Sunderland. "So after a pause of deep distress, I took my penknife, and did cut out the leaf: resolving that for my next 'writing piece,' I would go as far back as the poets of Elizabeth's time. While pleasing myself with the idea that all was now safe, I perceived, in moving the book, that another leaf was working its way out; and I found to my great consternation, that I had cut too deeply, and that I had loosened a page on which was faintly drawn in a lady's hand, a faint Cupid shooting at a faint heart, encircled with a wreath of faint flowers. I recollected that my 'fair one with locks of gold,' had pointed out to me this performance as 'the sweetest thing in her album."

"By the by," remarked Orinda, "when you found so much difficulty in composing verses, why did you not substitute a drawing?"

"Oh!" replied the lieutenant, "though I am at no loss in military drawing, and can finish my bastions, and counterscarps and ravelins with all due neatness, yet my miscellaneous sketches are very much in the style of scene-painting, and totally unfit to be classed with the smooth, delicate, half-tinted prettiness that are peculiar to lady's albums."

"Now," said Orinda, "I am going to see how you will bear a compliment. I know that your drawings are bold and spirited, and such as the artists consider very excellent for an amateur, and therefore I will excuse you from writ-

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ing verses in my album, on condition that you make me a sketch, in your own way, of my favourite view of Fort Putnam—I mean that fine scene of the west side which bursts suddenly upon you when going thither by the back road that leads through the woods. How sublime is the effect, when you stand at the foot of the dark gray precipice, feathered as it is with masses of beautiful foliage, and when you look up to its lofty summit, where the living rock seems to blend itself with the dilapidated ramparts of the mountain fortress!"

"To attempt such a sketch for Miss Melbourne," replied Sunderland, with much animation, "I shall consider both a pleasure and an honour. But Loves and Doves, and Roses and Posies, are entirely out of my line, or rather out of the line of my pencil. Now, where was I? I believe I was telling of my confusion when I found that I had inadvertently cut out the young lady's pet Cupid."

"But did it not strike you," said Orinda, "that the easiest course, after all, was to go to your demoiselle, and make a candid confession of the whole: which she would undoubtedly have regarded in no other light than as a subject of amusement, and have been too much diverted to feel any displeasure."

"Ah! you must not judge of every one by yourself," replied Sunderland. "I thought for a moment of doing what you now suggest, but after a little consideration, I more than suspected that my candour would be thrown away upon the perverse little damsel that owned the album, and that any attempt to take a ludicrous view of the business would mortally offend her. All young ladies are not like Miss Orinda Melbourne"—(bowing as he spoke.)

Orinda turned her head towards the window, and fixed her eyes intently on the top of the crow's nest. This time the suffusion on her cheeks was not in the least doubtful.

"Well then," continued Sunderland, "that I might remedy the disaster as far as possible, I procured some fine paste, and was proceeding to cement the leaf to its predecessor, when in my agitation, a drop of the paste fell on the Cupid's face. In trying to absorb it with the corner of a clean handkerchief, I 'spread the ruin widely round,' and smeared off his wings, which unfortunately grew out of the back of his neck; a very pardonable mistake, as the fair artist had probably never seen a live Cupid. I was now nearly frantic, and I enacted sundry ravings 'too tedious to mention.' The first use I made of my returning senses was to employ a distinguished artist (then on a visit to West Point) to execute on another leaf, another Cupid, with bow and arrow, heart and roses, &c. He made a beautiful little thing, a design of his own, which alone was worth a thousand album drawings of the usual sort. I was now quite reconciled to the disaster which had given me an opportunity of presenting the young lady with a precious specimen of taste and genius. As soon as it was finished, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, went down to the city, and album in hand, I repaired to my Brooklyn beauty. I knew that, with her, there would be no use in telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and I acknowledge with shame that I suppressed the fact of my copying Pope's verses. I merely said, that not being quite satisfied with my poetry, I had cut out the leaf; and I then went on to relate the remainder exactly as it happened. As I proceeded, I observed her brows beginning to contract, and her lips beginning to pout. "Well, sir," said she, with her eyes flashing, (for I now found that even blue eyes could flash,) "I think you have been taking great liberties with my album: cutting and clipping it, and smearing it with paste, and spoiling my best Cupid, and then getting a man to put another picture into it, without asking my leave."

"Much disconcerted, I made many apologies, all of which she received with a very ill grace. I ventured to point out to her the superiority of the drawing that had been made by the artist."

"I see no beauty in it," she exclaimed, "the shading is not half so much blended as Miss Cottonwool's, and it does not look half so soft."

"I have observed," said Orinda, "that persons who in reality know but little of the art, always dwell greatly on what they call softness."

"I endeavoured to reconcile her to the drawing," continued Sunderland; "but she persisted in saying that it was nothing to compare to Miss Cottonwool's, which she alleged was of one delicate tint throughout; while this was very light in some places and very dark in others, and that she could actually see distinctly where most of the touches were put on, 'when in paintings that are really handsome,' said she, "all the shadings blended together, and looks soft."

"To conclude, she would not forgive me; and in sober truth, I must acknowledge that the petulance and silliness she evinced on this occasion, took away much of my desire to be restored to favour. Next day I met her walking on the Battery, in high flirtation with an old West Indian planter, who espoused her in the course of a fortnight, and carried her to Antigua."

Orinda now gave an involuntary and almost audible sigh; feeling a sensation of relief on hearing that her rival by anticipation, was married and gone, and entirely hors de combat.

Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury, who had been taking a long walk, now came in: and shortly after, the bell rang for tea. And when Orinda took the offered arm of Sunderland, (as he conducted her to the table) she felt a presentiment, that before many days, the important question would be asked and answered.

The evening on which our story commences, was that of the 3d of July 1825, and tea was scarcely over at the Mess House, when an orderly Serjeant came round with a notice for the officers to assemble in uniform at the dock, to receive General La Fayette, who was expected in half an hour.

The guest of the nation had visited the Military Academy soon after his arrival in America. He had there been introduced to Cadet Huger, the son of the gallant Carolinian, who, in conjunction with the generous and enterprising Bollman, had so nearly succeeded in the hazardous attempt of delivering him from the dungeons of Olmutz.

La Fayette was now on his return from his

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memorable tour throughout the United States. Major Worth, who was in command at West Point during the temporary absence of Colonel Thayer, happened to be at Newburgh when the steam-boat arrived there, in which La Fayette was proceeding down the river from Albany to New York; and he invited the General to stop at West Point, and remain till the next boat. The invitation was promptly accepted, and Major Worth instantly dispatched a messenger with the intelligence; wishing to give the residents of the post, an opportunity of making such preparations for the reception of their distinguished visiter, as the shortness of the time would allow.

The officers hastily put on their full dress uniform, and repaired to the wharf, or docks as it is called. The band (at that time the finest in America) was already there. The ladies assembled on the high bank that overlooks the river, and from thence witnessed the arrival of La Fayette.

On the heights above the landing place, and near the spot where the hotel has been since erected, appeared an officer, and a detachment of soldiers, waiting with lighted matches to commence the salute; for which purpose several pieces of artillery had been conveyed thither.

The twilight of a summer evening was accelerated by a vast and heavy cloud, portentous of a thunder storm. It had overspread the west, and loured upon the river, on whose yet unruffled waters the giant shadows of the mountains were casting a still deeper gloom. Beyond Polipel's Island was seen the coming steam-boat, looking like an immense star upon a level with the horizon. There was a solemn silence all around, which was soon broken by the sound of the paddles, that were heard when the boat was as far off as Washington's Valley: and in a few minutes, her dense shower of sparks and her wreath of red smoke were vividly defined upon the darkening sky.

The boat was soon at the wharf: and at the moment that La Fayette stepped on shore, the officers took off their hats, the band struck up Hail Columbia; and, amid the twilight gloom, and the darkness of the impending thunder-cloud, it was chiefly by the flashes of the guns from the heights, that the scene was distinctly visible. The lightning of heaven quivered also on the water; and the mountain echoes repeated the low rolling of the distant thunder, in unison with the loud roar of the cannon.

The general, accompanied by his son, and by his secretary Levasseur, walked slowly up the hill, leaning on the arm of Major Worth, preceded by the band playing La Fayette's March, and followed by the officers and professors of the Institution. When they had ascended to the plain, they found the houses lighted up, and the camp of the cadets illuminated also. They proceeded to the Mess House, and as soon as they had entered, the musicians ranged themselves under the elms in front, and commenced Yankee Doodle; the quick-step to which La Fayette at the head of his American division, had marched to the attack at the siege of Yorktown.

While the General was partaking of some refreshment, the officers and professors returned for the ladies, all of whom were desirous of an introduction to him. Many children were also brought and presented to the far-famed European, who had so importantly assisted in obtaining for them and for their fathers, the glorious immunities of independence.

Even now, while one who was present at this scene is essaying to describe it, her reminiscences are broken by the intelligence that has recently reached our shores of the death of that truly great man, a few hours in whose history she is attempting to rescue from the waves of oblivion. The star has now set which shone so auspiciously for our country at that disastrous period of our revolutionary struggle—

"When hope was sinking in dismay,
And gloom obscured Columbia's day."

Mouldering into dust is that honoured hand which was clasped with such deep emotion by the assembled sons and daughters of the nation, in whose cause it had first unsheathed the sword of liberty. And soon will that noble and generous heart, so replete with truth and benevolence, be reduced to 'a clod of the valley.' Yet, may we not hope that from the world of eternity, of which his immortal spirit is now an inhabitant, he looks down with equal interest on the land of his nativity, and on the land of his adoption: that country so bound to him by ties of everlasting gratitude, that country where all were his friends as he was the friend of all.

Tears suffused the beautiful eyes of Orinda Melbourne, when introduced by her lover, she took the offered hand of La Fayette, and her voice trembled as she replied to the compliment of the patriot of both hemispheres. Sunderland remarked to the son of the illustrious veteran, that it gave him much pleasure to see that the General's long and fatiguing journey had by no means impaired his healthful appearance, but that on the contrary, he now looked better than he had done on his first arrival in America. "Ah!" replied Colonel La Fayette, "how could my father suffer from fatigue, when every day was a day of happiness!"

After Orinda had resigned her place to another lady, she said to Sunderland who stood at the back of her chair—"What would I not give for La Fayette's autograph in my album!"

"Still harping on the album," said Sunderland, smiling.

"Excuse me this once," replied Orinda. I begin to think as you do with respect to albums, but if nothing else can be alleged in their favour, they may, at least, be safe and convenient depositories for mementoes of those whose names are their history. All I presume to wish or to hope from La Fayette is simply his signature. But I have not courage myself to ask such a favour. Will you convey my request to him?"

"Willingly," answered Sunderland. "But he will grant that request still more readily if it comes from your own lips. Let us wait awhile, and I will see that you have an opportunity."

In a short time, nearly all the company had departed, except those that were inmates of the house. The gentlemen having taken home the ladies, returned for the purpose of remaining with La Fayette till the boat came along in which he was to proceed to the city.

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Orinda took her album; her admirer conducted her to the General, and with much confusion she proffered her request; Sunderland brought him a standish, and he wrote the name La Fayette in the centre of a blank page, which our heroine presented to him: it having on each side other blank leaves which Orinda determined should never be filled up. Highly gratified at becoming the possessor of so valued a signature, she could scarcely refrain, in her enthusiasm, from pressing the leaf to her lips, when she soon after retired with Mrs. Ledbury.

The officers remained with General La Fayette till the arrival of the boat, which came not till near twelve o'clock. They then accompanied him to the wharf, and took their final leave. The thunder storm had gone round without discharging its fury on West Point, and every thing had turned out propitiously for the General's visit; which was perhaps the more pleasant for having been so little expected.

The following day was the Fourth of July, and the next was the one fixed on by Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury for returning to New York. That morning, at the breakfast table, the number of guests was increased by the presence of a Mr. Jenkins, who had come from the city in the same boat with Miss Melbourne and her friends, and after passing a few days at West Point, had gone up the river to visit some relations at Poughkeepsie, from whence he had just returned. Mr. Jenkins was a shallow, conceited, over-drest young man, and moreover extremely ugly, though of this misfortune he was not in the least aware. He was of a family whose wealth had not made them genteel. He professed great politeness to the ladies, that is, if they had beauty and money, yet he always declared that he would marry nothing under a hundred thousand dollars. But he was good-natured; and that, and his utter insignificance, got him along tolerably well, for no one ever thought it worth while to be offended at his folly and self-sufficiency.

After breakfast, Mrs. Ledbury asked Orinda if she had prevailed on Mr. Sunderland to write an article in her album, adding—"I heard you urging him to that effect, the other day as I passed the front parlour."

"I found him inexorable, as to writing," replied Orinda.

"Well, really," said Mr. Jenkins, "I don't know how a gentleman can reconcile himself to refuse any think a lady asks. And he an officer too! For my part, I always hold it my bounden duty to oblige the ladies, and never on any account to treat them with hauteur, as the French call it. To be sure I am not a marrying man—that is, I do not marry under a hundred thousand—but still, that is no reason why I should not be always polite and agreeable. Apropos, as the French say—apropos, Miss Melbourne, you know *I* offered the other day to write something for you in your album, and I will do it with all the pleasure in life. I am very partial to albums, and quite au-fait to them, to use a French term."

"We return to the city this afternoon," said Orinda. "You will scarcely have time to add any thing to the treasures of *my* album."

"Oh! it won't take me long," replied Jenkins—"short and sweet is my motto. There will be quite time enough. You see I have already finished my breakfast. I am not the least of a gourmand, to borrow a word from the French."

Orinda had really some curiosity to see a specimen of Jenkin's poetry: supposing that, like the poor cadet's, it might be amusingly bad. Therefore, having sent for her album, she put it hastily into Jenkins's hand: for at that moment, Lieutenant Sunderland, who had, as usual, been breakfasting at the mess-table with his brother officers, came in to invite her to walk with him to Gee's Point. Orinda assented, and immediately put on her bonnet, saying, to her lover as she left the house—

"You know this is one of my favourite walks; I like that fine mass of bare granite running far out into the river, and the beautiful view from its extreme point. And then the road, by which we descend to it, is so charmingly picturesque, with its deep ravine on one side, filled with trees and flowering shrubs, and the dark and lofty cliff that towers up on the other, where the thick vine wanders in festoons, and the branches of the wild rose throw their long streamers down the rock: on whose utmost theights still linger some vestiges of the grass-grown ruins of Fort Clinton."

But we question if on this eventful morning, the beauties of Gee's Point were duly appreciated by our heroine, for long before they had reached it, her lover had made an explicit avowal of his feelings and his hopes, and had obtained from her the promise of her hand: which promise was faithfully fulfilled on that day two months.

In the afternoon, Lieutenant Sunderland accompanied Miss Melbourne and her friends on their return to the city. Previous to her departure, Orinda did not forget to remind Mr. Jenkins of her album, now doubly valuable to her as containing the name of La Fayette written by his own hand.

Jenkins begged a thousand pardons, alleging that the arrival of a friend from New York had prevented him from writing in it as he had intended. "And of course," said he, "I could not put off my friend, as he is one of the elite of the city, to describe him in French. However, there is time enough yet. Short and sweet you know"—

"The boat is in sight," said Sunderland.

"Oh! no matter," answered Jenkins. "I can do it in a minute, and I will send it down to the boat after you. Miss Melbourne shall have it before she quits the wharf. I would on no consideration be guilty of disappointing a lady."

And taking with him the album, he went directly to his room.

"You had best go down to the dock," said the cadet, young Melbourne, who had come to see his sister off. "There is no time to be lost. I will take care that the album reaches you in safety, should you be obliged to go without it."

They proceeded towards the river, but they had scarcely got as far as Mrs. Thompson's when a waiter came running after them with the book, saying—"Mr Jenkins's compliments to Miss Melbourne, and all is right."

"Really," said Sunderland, "that silly fellow must have a machine for making verses, to have

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turned out any thing like poetry in so short a time."

They were scarcely seated on the deck of the steamboat, when Orinda opened her album to look for the inspirations of Jenkins' Muse. She found no verses. But on the very page consecrated by the hand of La Fayette, and immediately under the autograph of the hero, was written in an awkard school-boy character, the name of Jeremiah Jenkins.

Written for the Casket.

THE VISION OF LIBERTY.

Or, the World's complete Emancipation.

BY L. W. TRASK.

Percipient Muse, whose animating fire
Bids every soul to nobler deeds aspire,
Assist my strain, thy towering flame impart
To kindle love in every freeman's heart.
Piercing the dark and lurid gloom that rears
Between the present, and expected years,
The muse's vision all the earth explores,
Her rising prospects and her endless shores.
And lo! bright glories from the earth's domain,
Ascends to heaven and filled the etherial plain;
The stars and sun with one reviving glow,
Beam heavenly radiance on the world below;
Rapt with the sight, extended forests leap,
And islands dance along the rumbling deep;
Enrapturing scenes amid the earth arise,
And laughing earth salutes the smiling skies.
The time arrives when LIBERTY pervades
The darkest spot of tyrants, and their shades,
The world rejoices, for the world is free
And songs resound to heavenly LIBERTY.
The cheerless islands of the northern wave,
The rocky coasts that southern oceans lave,
The burning Indies and the eastern isles—
Clothed with the joy, of lovely Freedom's smiles,
Announce the conquests of that promised power,
And gladly hail the consummated hour.
Thrones burst asunder, sceptres fall to dust,
And mighty cannons are as crumbling rust.
Dungeons are rent, and tyrants victims bear
Their feeble bodies to the breathing air—
And bloody ensigns of the tyrant race,
No more the world or wiser man disgrace!
In this new realm Eternal truth pervades
The dusky mists of superstition's shades;
And horrid fanes defiled with human gore,
Shrink at her sight, and fall to rise no more.
From pole to pole, from sea to sea, her flight
Illumes the darkness of the heathen night,
And the bright glories of a future day,
Beam with effulgence on her earthly way.
Fair science shines with rich transparent rays
And to the realm of human mind essays;
With rapid wing she mounts the bending sky,
Observes how worlds in circling orbits fly,
How flaming suns in sure attraction draw
Vast orbs around by nature's ruling law;
Then down to earth her various labors tend,
Where ponderous strata in rude circles bend—
Describes the boundary of the rolling waves,
The hidden pearls and distant coral caves—
And shows, arranged at one primeval birth,
How different strata form our solid earth.
In all her labors brilliant thought she finds,
That raises, elevates and cheers our minds.
Virtue, indigenious in Freedom's sway,
Wrests the cold sceptre of disgrace away,
Points up to fame, re-comforts the distressed,
And shows the place of perfect earthly rest.
As springing plants upon the flowery mead,
On sol's warm ray will only well succeed—
So virtue's graces, and perfections, run
And flourish best in freedom's lovely sun.
Mankind connected in one common joy,
Mankind disparted by no adverse tie—
War shall no more give forth his bellowing breath,
Nor wing the sable instruments of death!
But peace eternal springs in every clime,
Till HEAVEN ordain the final close of time.
The canvassed navies sail on every deep,
And agriculture graces every steep;
Extending cities rise on every strand,
And fair magnificence adorn the land!
Oh! lovely vision, tyranny is hurled!
And undistinguished glory crowns the world!
From star to star, the pleasing glory runs,
From worlds to worlds, and flaming suns to suns,
And should its course be bright as it portends,
Creation's bound its progress only ends!
Arise! ye freemen whom these flames inspire,
And show in *action*, what your hearts desire,
And live to see the good your deeds bestow,
When honour, virtue, GOD are loved below!

The following lines were written by the late Miss Martha Day, a daughter of President Day, of Yale College.

TWILIGHT FANCIES.

I would not wish that o'er my grave
A rose or myrtle bough should lean,
Nor e'en the willow there should wave,
Nor aught but wild-flowers should be seen.

I would not wish that those I love
Should wander there at close of day,
And think of her o'er whom they rove
As dwelling only with decay.

Or gazing on the little mound,
Imagine all they cannot see,
And, starting at the slightest sound,
With chilling horror think of me.

No, but in each familiar spot,
Which both to me and them was dear,
There I would not be by all forgot,
Yet ne'er remembered with a tear.

In the sweet home I loved so well,
Round them unseen I oft would fly,
Teaching the summer breeze to swell
With notes of spirit melody.

And something in that half-heard strain
Should breathe an unforgotten voice,
And bringing thoughts all free from pain,
Should still forbid them to rejoice.

Or when around the cheerful hearth
Parents and children meet at eve,
While beats each heart with love and mirth,
Oh! should I wish those hearts to grieve?

Yet I would hover in the air
And bind each heart with spells unknown,
Till they should feel my spirit there,
Mingling in every look and tone.

Each glance of childhood's sparkling eye,
Each thrilling sound of childish glee,
And every pensive look or sigh,
All should some token bear of me.

Yet with my memory should not come
One thought of dear affections crossed,
Or any shade in that dear home,
To which I never could be lost.

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[From a German Paper.]

THE PIE.

Mr. Heftelmeyer was the court tailor, and had a due sense of his importance. No person, who would pretend to be well dressed, could think of wearing a coat that did not proceed from the gallery of Mr. Heftelmeyer; and all the attempts of his rivals to attain the singular elegance of his cut, failed most miserably. But he was perhaps more, and certainly more justly, renowned for the beauty of his daughter Amelia, than for his tailoring accomplishments transcendant as they were. All the flatteries which were addressed to her were disregarded; for she had vowed her affections to the son of a celebrated preacher, Mr. Seeheim; and although that reverend personage had expressed his disapprobation of his son's marrying Amelia, she was satisfied with the young man's assurances that nothing could ever change the affection he entertained for her.

Mr. Heftelmeyer could not understand why the preacher should object to this marriage, because he thought himself inferior to no one in importance; and moreover, he inhabited the first floor of the hotel, while Mr Seeheim lived in the second. His wife said she was sure it was not the preacher, but Madame Seeheim, whose pride opposed the union. The real truth was, that the whole affair was one of foolish vanity on the part of the parson. He was afraid that his relations, who were distinguished persons, would not countenance his son if he should marry a tailor's daughter. Maurice could not understand this, and resolved, although he was an obedient son, that as soon as he could establish himself in any way of living independent of his father, he would make Amelia his wife. In the meantime there was any thing but neighbourly feeling between the two families. One day Mr. Heftelmeyer wondered that his wife would eat no dinner, and at length extorted from her a confession, that she had set her mind on a pie which she had seen carried to Madame Seeheim, and in so ostentatious a manner that she had no doubt it was done purposely to mortify her. Amelia ventured to doubt this, and received a reproof for her pains. Mr. Heftelmeyer, like a good husband, consoled his wife with a promise that she should have such a pie as would make their neighbour's pie blush for very shame.

The court pastry cook was an artist not less distinguished in his line than the court tailor, and quite as proud of his productions. To this important personage, Mr. Heftelmeyer applied, and ordered a pie for the following Sunday, enjoining the pastry-cook, at the same time, to put on the top of it, by the way of ornament, a letter S. finely gilded; which was meant by the gallant tailor to be a compliment to his spouse, whose baptismal name was Sophia. The pastry-cook in vain represented that such a decoration was by no means in good taste; but it was Mr. Heftelmeyer's taste, and as he had to pay for the pie and to eat it afterwards, he had surely a right to follow his own vagaries. The pastry cook saw that a man might make good coats, yet know nothing of the true principles of taste; so he shrugged up his shoulders, and set about making the pie.

Sunday came and the pie was brought home. He enjoined silence to all his household, and intended to make his present a surprise to his wife. He had it placed on a table in the anti-chamber, and left the door open, in order that Madame Seeheim, might be sure to see it as she passed down stairs. Unluckily the good lady did not go out at all, so this part of the scheme was frustrated. Mr. Seeheim, however, who was gone to church, must see it as he came home, and so the door was still left open.

Before Mr. Seeheim's return, however an old woman, who was in the habit of asking alms, came up the stairs. She entered the anti-chamber where no person happened to be. She knocked at the inner door; but the child was crying most lustily and prevented her knocks from being heard. The old beggar, although she had just come from the church where Mr. Seeheim had been preaching a sermon against mendicity and theft, had not profited by his exhortations. The first she was already committing, and the sight of the pie induced her to commit the other. She seized the master piece of pastry with the gilt S. upon it, and made the best way down stairs.—Just as she reached the bottom she heard some one enter the passage; and thinking the best way of avoiding detection would be to turn back again, she mounted the staircase rapidly, and passing the tailor's door, went still further up stairs. The person whom she had heard, followed her, and she saw it was Mr. Seeheim, who was all the while congratulating himself on the effect which he thought his sermon would have in diminishing the practice of beggary and theft.

The old woman felt herself already in the hands of the police, when she found that she could not get higher than the second floor, and that Mr, Seeheim was behind her. A sudden thought occurred to her, which, as it promised her safety, she did not hesitate to put in practice. Making up a demure face, she told the preacher that she had been sent with the pie as a present to him and his wife, and begged his acceptance of it, with as many compliments as she could invent off hand.

'But who is it that has sent it, my good woman!' said the parson, perfectly dazzled at the sight of so handsome a present.

The old woman had her cue here, and said that she had been expressly forbidden to tell. Mr. Seeheim believed her, and seeing the gilded S on the pie, convinced him it had been made for him, and nobody else. He gave the woman something for bringing the pie, and returned to her the pewter dish on which it had been sent.

The old hussey, delighted at having got so well off hurried down stairs as fast as possible, and gaining the street, got clear away.

Madame Seeheim was delighted with her husband's handsome present. 'One would think,' she cried, 'that we live in times when good deeds meet with a certain and prompt reward. Yesterday you read to me your sermon on mendicity and theft, and to-day, almost as soon as you have finished preaching it, this handsome present is sent to you.'

Mr. Seeheim tried in vain to guess who it could be that had sent him this pie. He fixed upon and rejected various personages, and at last

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ended by declaring that he could not satisfactorily attribute this compliment to any one of his acquaintance. While he was occupied with these agreeable reflections, a scene of a very different nature was acting on the floor below. As soon as the loss of the pie was discovered, a noise and confusion which may easily be imagined, had ensued. Each person accused the other of inattention and negligence, but the tailor internally blamed himself for the ostentation with which he had displayed the pie; and but for which, the accident would not have happened. He enjoined his maid servant, under threats of immediate dismissal, not to say a word of the matter to any one, in order that he might at least avoid the scoffs of the preacher and his wife, who he concluded would be delighted to hear of his misfortune.

The inmates of the second floor, in the mean time, had tried the contents of the pie, which they found excellent. Madame Seeheim had just finished dinner when she said to her husband, 'I can't imagine what has happened below; but there is a great noise in our neighbor's rooms. I hope no accident has happened to the poor woman who is confiend.'

'I should indeed be very sorry,' said her husband, 'for although I don't want our families to be united, they are very honest people, and I have a great regard for them. They have, upon many occasions, been very civil to us; and I think it not be sorry to make the first advances to it conciliation; suppose we send down some the oth- pie to the lying-in lady. ensue.' benes

Madame Seeheim readily accorded with her husband's proposition; and as she also knew that Mrs. Heftelmeyer's name was Sophia, she sent that part of the pie on which the gilt S was placed.

While the servant carried this peace-offering down stairs, the worthy pastor was felicitating himself and his spouse upon what they had done. 'There would not,' he said, 'be half so many quarrels in the world, nor would they last half so long, if people would be willing to accommodate their differences. I'm sure we shall not have cause to repent this.'

Alas! how differently did the event turn out from what the pastor had predicted! The tailor had no sooner set his eyes upon the dish with the pie in it, than he rushed by the servant without hearing her message, and ran up stairs to his neighbor's room, which he entered very abruptly.

'How is this sir,' he cried: 'do you mean to insult me by this treatment?'

'Is it possible you can imagine that I mean to do so?' said the pastor, mildly.

'How can I think otherwise?' said the angry tailor; 'and how can I guess what has induced a man of your character and years to play so wanton a school-boy's trick?'

'I really don't understand you,' replied Mr Seeheim; 'but as your behavior and language is very offensive, I beg it may cease. If this is the return you make to an act of politeness and good will, I shall take care not to repeat it.'

'Politeness and good will, indeed!' cried the angry tailor; 'you shall see, sir, what the magistrate will say to such politeness, and be bounced out of the chamber.

Mr. Seeheim could only think that his neighbor had gone mad; and, as he saw him go out of doors soon after, he expressed a very sincere hope that he would come to no harm. In the course of a very short time afterwards, Mr. Herbst, a lawyer, entered.

'Your neighbor, the tailor, has been with me just now, he said, and has been consulting me with a view of taking legal proceedings against you; and I am come for the purpose of seeing whether I can arrange matters amicably between you.'

'How is it possible to arrange matters amicably or otherwise, with a man who is decidedly out of his senses?'

'Well, indeed, I have perceived no signs of insanity,' said the lawyer; and on the contrary I must confess that the complaint he makes against you has very much surprised me. My friendship for you makes me say that it would give me great pain if the trick you have played him should be made public.'

'Why, really, my dear Herbst,' said the pastor, 'you puzzle me as much as my neighbor has done. All the notions I have hitherto entertained of justice and decency, must have been mistaken. You think seriously that what has passed between Mr Heftelmeyer and me will furnish sufficient grounds for a formal complaint?'

'Certainly; how can I think otherwise? Either what you have done was in jest, which, under the circumstances of disagreement that subsist between you and Mr. Heftelmeyer, would be looked upon as a very unwise and unjustifiable liberty, or else it is a downright theft.'

'A theft'—

'Don't be angry—I know you are incapable of such an act; and, besides, your subsequent conduct shows"—

'Do give me leave. I will prove to you in two words, that Heftelmeyer is unquestionably mad, and that he has represented things to you most absurdly false. This is the fact. All this disturbance arises from a contemptible piece of pie, which I sent as a mark of civility to his wife, who is lying-in, and out of this, by some means or other, you make a theft, and an impropriety of behaviour.'

'Mr. Seeheim! Madame Seeheim!' cried the tailor, who at this moment appeared at the door with a most mortified and contrite air, 'I beg your pardon a thousand times. I beseech you not to mind any thing that Mr. Herbst may say. The whole matter is a mistake, and I come before you covered with shame at having requited your kind intentions so ungratefully.

This speech was an inexplicable as any part of the business; and the pastor and the lawyer looked at one another, as much as to say there was no doubt now that the poor fellow was really deranged.

Matters was soon explained. It appeared that the police had made a general perquisition, at the moment when it was least expected, among all the suspected persons in the city. The old woman by whose ingenuity the pie with the gilt S had found its way to Mr. Seeheim's apartments, had been taken, and the pewter dish, on which Mr. Heftelmeyer's name was inscribed, being found in his possession, had led him to inquiries,

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the result of which, with her own confession, cleared up the whole of the mystery.

Mr. Seeheim laughed heartly at the adventure, and readily forgave his neighbor's impetuosity. The lawyer seized the favorable opportunity for bringing about a firm reconciliation between the parties; and three months after the adventure of the pie, Maurice and Amelia, (notwithstanding Mr. Seeheim's great relations) were happily married.

DEATH.

BY THE REV. O. P. PEABODY.

Lift high the curtain's drooping fold,
And let the evening sun light in:
I would not that my heart grew cold,
Before its better years begin:
'Tis well at such an early hour—
So calm and pure—a sinking ray
Should shine into the heart with power
To drive its darker thoughts away.

The bright young thought of early days,
Shall gather in my mem'ry now,
And not the latter cares whose trace
Is stamped so deeply on my brow;
What though those days return no more;
The sweet remembrance is not vain—
For heaven is waiting to restore
The childhood of my soul again.

Let no impatient mourner stand
In hollow sadness near my bed—
But let me rest upon the hand,
And let me hear that gentle tread
Of her whose kindness long ago,
And still unworn away by years,
Has made my weary eye lids flow
With grateful and admiring tears.

I go—but let no plaintive note
The moment's grief of friendship tell;
And let no proud and graven stone
Say where the weary slumber well!
A few short hours and then for heaven!
Let sorrow all its tears dismiss,
For who would mourn the waining given,
Which calls us from a world like this!

DAYS OF ABSENCE.

Days of absence sad and dreary,
Cloth'd in sorrow's dark array,
Days of absence I am weary,
One I love is far away.

Hours of bliss too quickly vanish,
When will ought like you return,
When this heavy sigh be banish'd,
When this bosom cease to mourn?

Not till that lov'd voice can greet me,
Which so oft has charmed mine ear,
Not till that sweet eye can meet me,
Telling that I still am dear.

Days of absence then will vanish,
Joy will all my pangs repay,
Soon my bosom's Idol banish
Gloom but felt when he's away.

All my love is turn'd to sadness,
Absence pays the tender vow,
Hopes that fill'd the heart with gladness,
Memory turns to anguish now.

Love may yet return to meet me,
Hope may take the place of pain,
And one I love with kisses greet me,
Breathing love and peace again.

E.

From an English Paper.

THE WISH.

Say, what would be thy first wish,
If a Fairy said to thee,
"Now, ask a boon; I'll grant it,
Whatever it may be."
The first wish of thy heart, I think
May easily be told—
Confide in me—deny it not—
Thy wish would be for gold.

"Oh, no—thou art mistaken—
That should not be the boon—
My thirst for this world's lucre
Is ever sated soon:
The only gold I prize, is such
As Industry has brought;
And gold like that from fairy's hands
Would fruitlessly be sought."

"Say, what then would thy *first* wish be—
Ambition's laurelled name—
The pride of popularity,
The pinnacle of fame—
The pampered board of luxury,
Where crowds of menials wait—
Thy *second* wish would still be gold—
To furnish forth thy state."

"Ah! no—the days have long gone by,
When such had been my choice;
I ask not fame—far more I prize
The self-approving voice.
My *first* wish should not be for fame—
My *second* not for gold—
But listen to me patiently,
My wishes shall be told.

"Oh give me but a happy home,
To share with her I love—
Oh, let me from *her* path of life
Each anxious care remove—
And like the sweet days of the past,
May we have 'days in store,'
Oh, give me this—and only this—
I'll never ask for more."

THE PLEDGE.

By Miss L. E. Landon.

Come let your cup flash sunshine like
To friends now far away:
"Here's to the absent and the loved!"
The absent, did you say?

And wherefore shall we drink to them?
It is a weary toast;
What boots it to recall the friends
Whom we have loved and lost?

Fast cuts our good ship through the sea—
What does it leave behind?
There is no path upon the wave,
No track upon the wind.

Like that swift wind we have past on
And left no deeper trace;
The circle parted from at home
Has now no vacant place.

Fewer and happier years than mine
On thy young brow are set;
Soon thou wilt learn Time's easiest task
Is teaching to forget.

I'll fill as high, I'll drink as deep—
Or must a toast be said?
Well, here are all I ever pledge—
"The present and the dead."

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Having expressed our opinion on the merits of Miriam Coffin, we annex an extract from the work, confident that the specimen will induce our readers to seek for more entertainment from the book itself.

The Murderer's Fate.

"But hist! seest thou that lurking rascal, prowling stealthily around the warehouse?"

"Ay—'tis the same that had to do with the boy just now: and see,—the lad is again gamboling in the water. Let us keep an eye upon him."

The Indian soon afterwards deposited his bundle of clothes between two oil casks, and dropped silently into the water, from the side of the wharf next the campus. He disappeared beneath the surface, as he doubled the corner of the pier, which had previously hid him from the sight of Isaac, who was carelessly and boyishly turning summersets in the water—sometimes floating like a sleeping animal upon its surface, and then diving like a waterfowl, and reappearing after a half minute's absence, a long distance from the place of his exit.

It was necessary for him to breathe more than once before he reached Isaac; and he did so with the dexterity worthy of an Indian, by turning on his back, and merely projecting his nose for an instant above water.

Jethro and the captain watched the wary approach of the Indian to the vicinity of the unsuspecting boy, until they had satisfied themselves of the ulterior design of the assailant. The skiff was again in motion. The assailant and assailed had both disappeared, the first to ferret out his prey, and take him by surprise; and the other, without a thought of what was about to issue, to try the length of time that he could remain beneath the water without drawing breath. Presently two heads approach simultaneously above water, confronting each other; and two long breathing sounds, like the blowing of a porpoise, accompanied by a hurried ejection of water from the mouth, freed the lungs of both the swimmers at the same moment.

A strife of breasting the waves again ensued, which betrayed the earnestness with which each sought to outdo the other. In every thing, physically speaking, the Indian appeared to be superior to the boy.—His sinewy frame, broad chest, and flat feet, were the identical requisites for a swimmer; while the undeveloped form of Isaac, and his protracted exertion in the waters, unfitted him for coping with his athletic opponent.

But though he was not the equal of the Indian in strength of limb, he was superior to him in stratagem, which the aquatic disciples of Franklin, who, in his time was a practised swimmer, knew so well how to execute in the water. Quibby had several times nearly overtaken Isaac, and had stretched forth his hand to secure his prey; but the little fellow eluded his grasp, and slid away from him under the water, in an opposite direction, which left the Indian completely at fault. Though the scoundrel was baffled time after time, he returned to the assault so often and so unrelentingly, that he succeeded at last in tiring the boy down. Isaac made his last dive, but the Indian anticipated him, and pounced upon his back, as he was repeating, for the fifth time, the trick of passing under his opponent; and thus, by a well managed feint, drawing his attention to a point towards which he appeared to be steering while his head was above water, but which he changed to a different direction the moment his body became submerged.

The greatest general of the age ceased to be victorious after he had taught his enemies the trick of his art, by beating them in a hundred battles. The obtuse intellect of the Indian (they have thick sculls like the African negro), at last comprehended that the little Quaker meant to go South below the surface, when his head was driving North above. But he had him now; and dearly did he intend to repay the gripe of the throat and the punch in the stomach which Isaac had administered. Take thy last look upon the sun brave boy! The demon of the island has fastened upon thee, and it will be a miracle if thy spirit is not soon winging its flight to eternity.

It is said that the struggles of the dying man, in the possession of all his faculties, are irresistible; and that no human hand can grapple and master his, without the sinews of a giant are brought to try the issue of strength. It was the demoniacal intention of the Indian to drown the boy forthwith, let the consequences be what they would. He had Isaac's neck between his legs, at the depth of several feet beneath the surface of the water, where he held him immovable; while with his hands he pressed the body again strongly to the bottom.

One minute in this position is an age! It is an eternity of time! The death-struggle was again come upon the poor little fellow, and the fiend was once more exulting over him! He felt the blood of his whole body rushing to his brain—imagined loathsome snakes twisting about his neck and brow, and his body assailed by frightful sea-monsters. A streaming gush of water poured into his ears and mouth. His reason was on the point of giving way, in the agony of gasping suffocation———but a moment, it rallied—and that moment was his salvation!

Isaac, without being aware of the fact had, in his struggles, been working himself, as well as his opponent, into deeper water. The murderer was obliged to discontinue his endeavors to press the body of the boy downwards, from the necessity which required that he should keep his own head, particularly his mouth, and nostrils, in the free air. By this means the limbs of the boy were left at liberty, and he was enabled to brace his feet firmly upon the sandy bottom. His hands were free; but heretofore he could do nothing with them, while his feet were *hors de combat*.

But now he gathered himself, instinctively, for a desperate effort, and locking his arms around the legs of his foe, and planting his feet strongly beneath his body, with one mighty surge he raised the Indian from the bottom, and pitched him headlong into the sea! The relief thus gained was just in time. A moment more would have closed the mortal career of the boy. But the advantage thus acquired was not to be lost. Isaac sprang after his enemy with the agility of a dolphin—and, ere he could regain his balance, his young hand, still nerved with the desperation of one battling for life, was firmly twisted in the lank black hair of the Indian. He avoided the experiment, which the native had tried, to conceal the struggling of his victim, and contented himself with holding the head, face downwards, beneath the water, at arm's length—caring nothing for the splashing and flourishing of the foe,—which the Indian, while he held the lad, was anxious to conceal, for fear of attracting notice from the shore.

"Perish!" exclaimed Isaac, in accents not loud, but deep;—"Perish!"—thou black hearted savage! Ay—kick if thou wilt, struggle on, monster!—It is my turn now;—I owe thee no mercy,—and die thou shalt the death thou hast twice escaped to bestow upon me, for the alleged sin of my father. Ay sprawl, bite, scratch, it will require something more than human interposition to save thee from death!"

"Boy! what doest thou do?—Release the Indian, and we will protect thee:—Release him, I say!" repeated an authoritative voice, close to the ear of Isaac.

"I am not deaf, good friends;—I shall release him in

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a minute or two, but in my own discretion. The peril be mine, keep off, meddle not with this quarrel, I am desperate! I was but now dying in the grasp of this hell-hound:—twice within the hour has he given me a taste of the other world; and it shall go hard but I requite the favor. Keep off, I say!—By the heavens above us, I will serve thee after the same fashion, if thou darest to come between me and my prey—Away!—I have said it, he shall die the death of a dog!—There, all is over now!"

The limbs of the Indian became relaxed and quiescent. The tide of life had withdrawn to the citadel whence it sprung;—the body floated for a moment, without convulsion, on the surface of the water, and then settled away gradually from the sight. Isaac had loosed his hold, and he stood gazing with stupid wonder upon the water.

"Isaac, my son, what hast thou done?" demanded Jethro, in a choked, but fatherly voice, as, sorrowfully, he reflected on the termination of the violent and tragic scene, and marked the wild and altered look of his son.

"Father is it thou?—Oh save me from the fangs of that dreadful Indian!—But where is he."

"Where, indeed!" responded the father, mournfully.

Macy plunged into the water after the drowned body. He found it without difficulty, for the water was shallow, and not more than half body deep. The captain placed the Indian carefully in the boat, across a seat in the stern with his mouth downwards to give the water egress from the stomach, and then quickly seizing the oars, he pulled for the shore with all his strength, leaving Jethro and his son wading in the sea. The case of the Indian would not brook delay. The gaze of poor Isaac was fixed and vacant, while Jethro, taking his passive hand in his own, led him gently towards the beach. Exhaustion had renderered him powerless; and perception and memory had fled. The faculties of his mind were sleeping, curtained by what seemed to be a horrid dream,—but which partook so nearly of a tragic reality.

Scene in a Private Mad House.

The following lines, descriptive of a scene in a private Mad House, are from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq. They were published in the National Intelligencer, about eight years since, the Editors of which paper introduced them with these remarks:—"If any one can read the following lines without shuddering in sympathy with the supposed captive, he must have a heart dead to every human feeling. The perusal of them had the more effect upon us, from the conviction we have for some time entertained, that insanity, when superinduced (not natural)—when it is an affection of the mind, and not a defect of organization—is often the consequence of the treatment of the disease—not merely of the estrangement of friends; of seclution from the world; of coercion; but of the horrible dread of being thought mad by others. We recollect hearing of the case of an enlightened physician, who was carried by his friends to an Asylum for the insane, after exhibiting symptoms of an alienation of mind.—'My God: am I come to this? Never shall I leave these walls!' and he died within them, not many days after:"

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee.
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair,
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad: I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell,
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! jailer, haste that fate to tell!

Oh! haste, my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key!
He quits the gate! I knelt in vain!
His glimm'ring lamp, still, still I see!
'Tis gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold—no warmth! no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no! not mad!

'Tis sure some dream! some vision vain!
What! I, the child of rank and wealth!
And I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends and health!
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart! how burns my head,
But 'tis not mad—no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou my child, forgot ere this,
A mother's face; a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thought away—
They'll make me mad—they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled—
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone—
None ever bore a lovelier child—
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty little lad?
I *will* be free—unbar the door—
I am not mad—I am not mad.

O, hark—what mean those dreadful cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks—
He comes—I see his glaring eyes—
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes—
Help—help—He's gone.—Oh—fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights too see—
My brain, my brain—I know, I know
I *am* not mad—but soon *shall* be.

Yes, soon,—For lo, yon—while I speak—
Mark how yon demon's eye balls glare—
He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart so crushed and sad,
Aye, laugh, ye fiends, *I* feel the truth—
Your task is done.—*I'm mad—I'm mad.*"

A LOVER'S SONG.

You are very lovely, lady!
Soft and fair your skin;
Beauty's pencil has been there,
Blending colours fresh and rare;
Is all fair within?
Yes; that blush, with modest glow,
Sweetly tells what I would know.

You are very gentle, lady!
Humble and discreet.
Let not words of artless praise
Kindle anger in your gaze.
Praise is not unmeet,
When the lip of truth doth find
Language for th' approving mind.

You are very dear sweet lady!
Will your hear my suit?
Honest is my love, and pure,
Lasting while my days endure;
Why are you so mute?
Ah! you smile, and blush, and sigh—
I do ask no more reply.

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Battle of Monmouth.

The following graphic sketch of the Battle of Monmouth, is taken from the life of Hamilton, recently published in New York.

"On the evening of the twenty-seventh, Hamilton, who had rejoined the main body by order of Washington wrote to General Lee, directing him, from the apprehension that the enemy might move off at night, or early in the morning, to detach a party of six or eight hundred men, to lie near them, and to skirmish, so as to produce some delay; while Lee was directed to give orders to Colonel Morgan to make an attack for a similar purpose: a previous order had been issued to Lee to call the officers together, and an hour was appointed by him for their conference; but before they met, he rode out, and on the inquiry for orders, were informed that he had none to give.

In the interim, the enemy had taken a strong position with their right flank on the skirt of a small wood, and their left secured by a forest, and a morass running towards their rear, a wood also covering their front.

The main body of the Americans being put in motion to support him, Lee was ordered to commence the attack. Colonel Hamilton, who had rejoined the Marquis before break of day, as soon as he saw the probability of the van of the advanced corps being engaged with the enemy, returned to Washington, who was coming up with the main body, and advised* him to throw the right wing of the army round by the right, and to follow with the left wing directly in Gen. Lee's rear, to support him; and an order was immediately given to Greene to file off with the right wing, and take a position so as to protect the right of the army, which was done. Hamilton then went forward to reconnoitre. Lee, after having advanced a short distance ordered a halt, he then again moved forward, and in half an hour after, Wayne was directed by Lee, to leave his own detachment, and take command of the front. Scott's brigade, then advanced up the morass on one side, Varnum's following its rear. Wayne, on reaching the front sent intelligence to Lee that the enemy were moving in great disorder, and urged him to push on the rear. He continued to advance, crossing the morass near the road where they were marching. The whole force then in view halted; a body of British horse, covered by infantry, instantly charged the foremost regiment under Colonel Butler, who pouring in a well-directed fire, broke them, and threw their covering party into disorder. The pursuit was kept up; when the enemy opened a fire from their artillery inclining to the right of the Americans, in order to gain an eminence, where their veterans formed with admirable coolness, as they came up in succession. Wayne hoping to gain the advantage of the ground, formed Scott's brigade, under a heavy discharge of artillery, and still pressed on when an order was received from Lee, who Hamilton states "meditated the disgrace of the Americans," TO RETREAT. —The enemy seeing the situation of this detachment wholly unsupported passed a column through the village and gained a position between it and the remainder of the army, when they again made a spirited charge with their horse, and their whole advance was compelled to retire; which they did under cover of a wood, until they reached the body under Lee. Hamilton having urged in vain that possession should be taken of a hill which commanded the plain on which the enemy were coming up, and that there the battle should be fought,† rejoined Washington, to report what he had done. He thus represented the situation of the advance;‡ that when he came up with Lee, the enemy was drawn up with their right near a wood, their left in open ground covered by cavalry; that the American columns were within cannon shot of the enemy; that he rode up to the front of the column, and perceiving that their cavalry were filing off towards the left, as if to attempt Lee's right, he suggested to him that a column should wheel on their right and attack them. This suggestion was approved; and Hamilton, by Lee's order, directed Lafayette to wheel by his right, gain and attack the enemies' flank. At this instant, while Washington was standing with his arm extended over his horse, during a halt for a few moments, where the roads forked, a small party came rapidly up, from whom he learned that the advanced corps was on the retreat. He instantly, giving way to a burst of indignation, sprung upon his horse, and having ordered Colonel Harrison, who had returned from reconnoitring, to ascertain the truth, pushed forward to the rear of the advanced corps and rallied the retreating troops.

To every inquiry as to the cause of the retreat, an unsatisfactory answer was given. Colonel Ogden, who followed, exclaimed with an oath, "we are flying from a shadow." The troops were then in the greatest disorder, ignorant what direction to pursue.

Washington meanwhile reached the knoll, where Lee was,—he immediately ordered Wayne to renew the combat, directed cannon to be brought up, which was done by Colonel Oswald, and a brisk cannonade ensued. Then calling up Colonels Ramsay and Stewart, he vehemently exclaimed that they were the officers on whom he should depend to give the enemy a check. While these regiments were forming, Lee approached. Washington demanded of him, in haste, the cause of the retreat. He replied—Sir, Sir, with hesitation, stating that it was owing to contradictory information and disobedience of orders, and that he did not choose to beard the British army in such a situation; and that besides, the attack was contrary to his opinion. Washington replied, that whatever was his opinion, he expected his orders would have been obeyed.

At this moment, Hamilton rode up, and exclaimed to Lee, "I will stay with you my dear General, and die with you. Let us all die here, rather than retreat." Perceiving the enemy advancing on the artillery, which by the orders of General Knox had been posted on the right,§ he advised that a detachment should march to their succour; when, after a short interval, Colonel Livingston pushed forward and repulsed them with spirit.

Hamilton then rode towards the rear; when finding Colonel Olney‖ retreating with Varnum's brigade, and fearing that the artillery in their front would be lost, he ordered the brigade to form along a fence near him, with all possible despatch, which they immediately did, and charged at the point of the bayonet, where Hamilton, who had assisted in forming them, and had placed himself at their head, had his horse shot under him; when, hurt by the fall,¶ and overcome by the heat, (for he had ridden throughout the action without his hat,) he was compelled to retire.

This party, after exchanging a sharp fire gave time for the artillery to fall back; but too weak to prevent the enemy from outflanking them, retreated with considerable loss.

These two successive checks by Livingston and Olney afforded time to make a disposition of the left

* Proceedings of a Court Martial for the trial of General Lee held at Brunswick, July 4th, 1778. Fitzgerald's testimony, p. 23. Tilghman's, p. 26.

† Lee's Defence, p. 53.

‡ Hamilton's testimony, p. 20.

§ Hamilton's testimony, p. 20.

‖ Hamilton's testimony, p. 21.

¶ Col. Olney's testimony, p. 40.

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wing, and to form the second line of the army upon an eminence, and in a copse in the rear covered by a morass. On this elevation, Stirling, who commanded that wing, placed cannon, which protected the charges of the infantry, and produced a great impression on the enemy, and stopped their progress.

Greene, as soon as he heard of the retreat, pushed forward and selected a position on the right which Hamilton had advised Lee to take, crowned it with artillery and kept off the British advancing on the right while he severely enfiladed the left. Wayne then advanced, and pouring in a close fire, drove the enemy beyond the morass, near which Butler had at first repulsed them. Washington followed up the attack, by orders to General Poor, with two brigades; to move on the right, and Woodford on their left, while Knox brought his artillery to bear upon their front. These dispositions were made; but obstacles prevented their reaching the enemy until night had closed in.

The Americans, worn out by intense heat, reposed on the field of battle, hoping to renew the action in the ensuing day; but the enemy taking advantage of the darkness pressed on, and succeeded in embarking at Sandy Hook. Washington unfortnately, believing that no serious injury could be inflicted upon them, leaving only a small force to hover round them, moved up for the protection of the Hudson.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Written under a Scotch Rose, which was painted for a young Lady.

Sweet Rose that blew on Scotland hill,
Or in the glen beside the rill,
I love thy modest feature.
But since 'tis not for me to gather
Thy blossom o'er the brake and hether,
I bid my pencil greet you.

Of virtue, thou an emblem art,
And all I love in human heart,
Methought when first I saw you.
The innocence upon thy brow,
And half hid charms remind me now
Of her for whom I draw you.

Hopkinsville Ky, W. P. Y.

THE DEPARTED.

O, sacred Star of Evening! tell
In what unseen celestial sphere,
The spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.
Roam they the chrystal fields of light,
O'er paths by feet of angels trod;
Their robes with heavenly splendor bright;
Their home, the paradise of God!

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst the radiant orbs sublime,
When life's delusive scene is o'er,
And all the griefs of changeful time?
And canst thou join the blissful choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In ever-during notes of praise?

O who would heed the chilling blast
That blows o'er life's eventful sea,
If doomed to hail—its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity?
And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a fleeting world as this,
When faith displays beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss?

Thomson, the poet.—The most extraordinary fact in the history of this excellent poet I derived from my late friend, Mr. George Chalmers, whose industry, research, and learning are well known. It was Mr. Chalmer's intention to write the life of Mr. Thomson, but whether to introduce into his elaborate work, "Caledonia," or not, I do not recollect. He told me, however, the following remarkable fact, in which, he assured me, I might confidently depend. Mr. Chalmers had heard that an old housekeeper of Mr. Thomson's was alive, and resided at Richmond. Having determined to write a life of the celebrated poet of his country, he went to Richmond, thinking it possible he he might obtain some account of the domestic habits of the poet, and other anecdotes, which might impart interest and novelty to his narration. He found that the housekeeper had a good memory, and was of a communicative turn. She informed him Thomson had been actually married in early life, but that his wife had been taken by him merely for her person, and was so little calculated to be introduced to his great friends, or, indeed, his friends in general, that he had kept her in a state of obscurity for many years; and when he, at last, from some compunctious feelings, required her to come and live with him at Richmond, he still kept her in the same secluded state, so that she appeared to be only one of the old domestics of the family. At length his wife, experiencing little of the attention of a husband, though otherwise provided with every thing that could make her easy, if not comfortable, asked his permission to go for a few weeks to visit her own relations in the north. Thomson gave his consent, exacting a promise, that she would not reveal her real situation to any of his or her own family. She agreed, but when she had advanced no farther on her journey than to London, she was there taken ill, and in a short time died. The news of her death was immediately conveyed to Thomson, who ordered a decent funeral; and she was buried, as the old housekeeper said, in the churchyard of old Marylebone church. Mr. Chalmers, who was indefatigable in his inquiries, was not satisfied with the old woman's information, but immediately went and examined the church register, where he found the following entry:—"Died, Mary Thomson, a stranger," in confirmation of the housekeeper's testimony. My late worthy friend, Mr. Malone, I doubt not, would not have been satisfied with this simple register, but would have pursued the inquiry till he had discovered all the family of Mary Thomson, the time of the marriage, and everything that could throw a light on this mysterious event, important and interesting only as it relates to a poet who will always be conspicuous in the annals of British literature. Thus we find, that the letter from Thomson to his sister, accounting for his not having married, which is inserted in all the biographical reports of Thomson, is fallacious; and that his concealment of his early marriage was the result of pride and shame, when he became acquainted with Lady Hertford, Lord Lyttleton, and all the high connexions of his latter days.—*Taylor's Records.*

Inflation of the Lungs of Newly-born Infants.—At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Julia Fontanello stated a curious fact in confirmation of the usefulness of the practice of inflating the lungs of newly-born children apparently lifeless. An infant, born in a state of asphyxia, was brought, said the speaker, for dissection, to M. Portal;—it had already lain some time in the room, and the surgeon was about to commence the anatomy, but before proceeding to operate the thought occurred to him to blow into its mouth. This he accordingly did, and at the end of two or three minutes warmth returned, the circulation was excited, the heart beat, and the body was sent back to the parents—a living child.

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From the New England Galaxy.

Human Life,

OR THE FIRST AND LAST MINUTE.

Minutes pass.—The anxious husband paces slowly across his study. He is a father, a man child is born unto him. *Minutes pass*—the child has been blessed by a parent, whom it cannot recognize, and pressed to that bosom, to which instinct alone guides for sustenance—the young wife too has faintly answered to a husband's questions, and felt his warm kiss on her forehead.

Hours pass.—The low moaning from the closely covered cradle, tell of the first wants of its infant occupant. The quiet tread of the nurse speaks of suffering around her; while her glad countenance says that the very suffering which she is trying to alleviate, is a source of joy, and the nameless articles, which from time to time she arranges on the hearth, tell of a new claimant for the courtesies and attentions of those, who have progressed further on the pathway of existence.

Days pass.—Visiters are thronging the chamber, and the mother, pale and interesting after her recent sickness, is receiving their congratulations, and listening proudly to their praises of the little treasure, which lies asleep in its rocking-bed at her feet. The scene shifts, and the father is there with her alone; as the twilight deepens about them, while they are planning the future destiny of their child.

Weeks pass.—The eyes of the young mother are sparkling with health, and the rose blooms again on her cheek, and the cares of pleasure and home engage her attention, and the father is once more mingling with the world; yet they find many opportunities each day to visit the young inheritor of life; to watch over his dreamless slumber—to trace each other's looks in his countenance, and to ponder upon the felicity, of which he is the bearer to them.

Months pass.—The cradle is deserted. But the chamber floor is strewed with play things, and there is a little one loitering among them, whose half lisped words, and hearty laugh, and sunny countenance tell you, that the entrance into life is over a pathway of flowers. The cradle is empty, but the last prayers of the parents are uttered over the small crib, which stands by their own bedside, and their latest attention is given to the peaceful breathings of its occupant.

Years pass.—Childhood has strengthened into boyhood and gamboled along into manhood. Old connexions are broken—parents are sleeping in their graves—new intimacies are formed—a new home is about him, new cares distract. He is abroad, struggling amid the business of life, or resting from it with those whom he has chosen from his own generation. Time is beginning to wrinkle his forehead, and thought has robbed his looks of their gaiety and study his dimmed his eyes. Those who began life, after he had grown up, are fast crowding him out of it, and there are many claimants upon his industry and love for protection and support.

Years pass.—His own children have become men, and are quitting him, as he also quitted the home of his fathers. His steps have lost their elasticity—his hand has become familiar with the cane, to which he is obliged to trust in his walks. He has left the bustle which fatigued him. He looks anxiously in each days paper among the deaths—and then ponders over the name of an old friend, and tries to persuade himself, that he is younger, and stronger, and has a better hold upon life than any of his contemporaries.

Months pass.—He gradually diminishes the circle of his activity. He dislikes to go abroad, where he finds so many new faces: and he grieves to meet his former companions, after a short absence, they seem to have grown so old and infirm. Quiet enjoyments only are relished,—a little conversation about old times—a sober game at whist—a religious treatise,—and his early bed, form for him the sum total of his pleasures.

Weeks pass.—Infirmity keeps him in his chamber. His walks are limited to the small space between his easy chair and his bed. His swollen limbs are wrapped in flannels. His sight is failing—his ears refuse their duty, and his cup is but half filled, since otherwise, his shaking hand cannot carry it to his shrunk lips, without soiling its contents. His powers are weakened—his faculties are blunted—his strength is lost.

Days past.—The old man does not leave his bed—his memory is failing—he talks but cannot be understood—he asks questions but they relate to the transactions of a former generation—he speaks of occurrences, but the recollection of no one around him can go back to their scenes—he seems to commune with comrades, but when he names them, it is found that the waters of time and oblivion have long covered their tombs.

Hours past.—The taper grows dimmer and dimmer—the machinery moves yet more and more slowly—the sands are fewer as they measure the allotted span. The motion of those about him is unheeded, or becomes a vexation. Each fresh inquiry after his health is a knell. The springs of life can no longer force on its wheels—the "silver chord" is fast untwisting—the pitcher is broken at the fountain—and time "is a burthen." His children are about him, but he heeds them not—his friends are near, but he does not recognize them. The circle is completed. The course is run—and utter weakness brings the damp, which ushers in the night of death.

Minutes pass.—His breathing grows softer and lower—his pulse beats fainter and feebler. Those around him are listening, but cannot tell when they cease. The embers are burnt out—and the blaze flashes not before it expires. His "three score years and ten" are numbered. Human life "is finished."

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

BY JNO. N. MAFFITT.

Is earth the vale of woe
Where hope's rich clusters fail,
The field where sorrows grow
And blighting storms prevail?

Heaven is the fount of light
Where rosy waves of love
Kiss with their billows bright
All who arrive above.

Is earth a chequered maze,
Like evanescent clouds
That life's young morning haze,
Wrapping the sun in shrouds?

In Heaven no clouds have been,
No change is feared or known,
An everlasting green
Is o'er its vallies thrown.

Is earth the spoiler's home,
Where sin's dark traces are—
Where cruel monsters roam,
And mad'ning passions war?

No sin high Heaven has marred,
It glows with holy light,
With gems of glory sparred—
Perennial—calm—and bright.

Do death's black banners wave,
On all the plains of earth:
Digs he a midnight grave
For every human birth?

In Heaven his frosty breath,
Blights not a single flower;
Thy sting is lost, O Death,
In glory's healing power.

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Reminiscences.

RED JACKET.—It happened during the revolutionary war, that a treaty was held with the Indians, at which La Fayette was present. The object was to unite the various tribes in amity with America. The majority of the Chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made to it, more especially by a young warrior, who declared that when an alliance was entered into with America, he should consider the sun of his country as set forever. In this travels through the Indian country, when lately in America, it happened at a large assemblage of Chiefs, that La Fayette referred to the treaty in question, and turning to Red Jacket, said, "pray tell me if you can, what has become of that daring youth, who so decidedly opposed all our propositions for peace and amity? Does he still live—and what is his condition?" "I, myself, am the man," replied Red Jacket, "the decided enemy of the Americans, as long as the hope of opposing them with success remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death."

LA FAYETTE AND AN OLD SOLDIER AT MONTGOMERY.—When on his late visit to America, while at Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, he was visited by a veteran who had served under him in many battles, whom he immediately recognized, as an orderly and most gallant soldier. After much interesting and familiar conversation, the old man said, "there is one thing, General, which it puzzles me to account for—when we served together, I believed myself to be the youngest man of the two. But my locks are now perfectly grey, and you do not appear to have a grey hair in your head." "My good friend," replied the General, "you are altogether in error, the advantage is totally on your side. The hair of your head is grey—while I cannot boast a single hair on my head—I wear a wig!"

MRS. BRATTON, OF S. C.—At a period, when an absolute want of arms and ammunition precluded, in a great degree, the possibility of effectual resistance, a small depot of powder was entrusted to Mrs. Bratton, wife of Colonel Bratton, an active officer, serving in the field. The treachery of an individual communicated the important secret to the enemy, and a British detachment was pushed forward to secure so valuable a prize. Mrs. Bratton, informed of their near approach, immediately laid a train of powder from the depot to the spot on which she stood, and seeing no chance of saving her charge, blew it up. "Who," exclaimed the irritated officer who led the detachment, "has dared to do this atrocious act? Speak quickly that they may meet the punishment they deserve." "Know then," said Mrs. B., "'twas I—and let the consequence be what it will, I glory in having frustrated the mischief contemplated by the merciless enemies of my country."

A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE IN WASHINGTON.—When Colonel Washington was stationed at Alexandria, in 1754, there was an election for members of the Assembly, when Mr. W. Payne opposed the candidate supported by Washington. In the course of the contest, Washington grew warm, and said something offensive to Mr. Payne, who at one blow, extended him on the ground. The regiment heard that their Colonel was murdered by the mob, and they were soon under arms, and in rapid motion to the town to inflict punishment on the supposed murderers. To their great joy, he came out to meet them, thanking them for such a proof of attachment, but conjuring them by their love for him and their duty, to return peaceably to their barracks. Feeling himself to be the aggressor, he resolved to make honorable reparation. Early next morning, he wrote a polite note to Mr. Payne, requesting to see him at the tavern. Payne repaired to the place appointed, in expectation of a duel, but what was his surprise to see wine and glasses in lieu of pistols. Washington rose to meet him, and smiling as he offered his hand, began, "Mr. Payne, to err is nature; to rectify error is glory. I believe I was wrong yesterday; you have already had some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand—let us be friends." An act of such sublime virtue produced its proper effect, and Mr. Payne was from that moment an enthusiastic admirer of Washington.

ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN PLUNKETT.—Captain Plunkett, a high-spirited Irishman, whose attachment to the cause of liberty had led him to seek a commission in the Continental army, had, by the chances of war, been compelled to give up his sword, and to surrender himself a prisoner to the enemy. Previously to this untoward event, by the suavity of his manners, and uniformly correct conduct, he had rendered himself an acceptable guest in many families in Philadelphia, and particularly so, to one of the Society of Friends, who, however averse to warfare, were not insensible of the claims of those to their regard, who, by the exercise of manly and generous feelings, delighted to soften its asperities. There was among them a female, mild and gentle as a dove, yet, in firmness of mind, a heroine, in personal charms, an angel. She saw the sufferings of the captive soldier, and under the influences of pity, or perhaps a more powerful passion, resolved, at all hazards, to relieve him. It accidentally happened, that the uniform of Captain Plunkett's Regiment bore a striking resemblance to that of a British corps, which was frequently set as a guard over the prison in which he was confined. A new suit of regimentals was in consequence procured and conveyed, without suspicion of sinister design, to the Captain. On the judicious use of these rested the hopes of the fair friend to give him freedom. It frequently happened that officers of inferior grade, while their superiors affected to shun all intercourse with rebels, would enter the apartments of the prisoners, and converse with them with kindness and familiarity, and then at their pleasure retire. Two centinels constantly walked the rounds without, and the practice of seeing their officers walking in and out of the interior prison, became so familiar, as scarcely to attract notice, and constantly caused them to give way without hesitation, as often as an officer showed a disposition to retire. Captain Plunkett took the advantage of this circumstance, and putting on his new coat, at the moment that the relief of the guard was taking place, sallied forth, twirling a switch carelessly about and ordering the exterior door of the prison to be opened, walked without opposition into the street. Repairing without delay to the habitation of his fair friend, he was received with kindness, and for some days secreted and cherished with every manifestation of affectionate regard. To elude the vigilance of the British Guards, if he attempted to pass into the country, in his present dress, was deemed impossible. Woman's wit, however, is never at a loss for contrivances, while swayed by the influence of love or benevolence. Both, in this instance, may have aided invention. Plunkett had three strong claims in his favor: he was a handsome man—a soldier—and an Irishman. The general conduct of the Quakers, exempted the sect in a great measure from suspicion, in so great a degree indeed, that the barriers of the city were generally entrusted to the care of their members, as the best judges of the characters of those persons who might be allowed to pass them. A female Friend, from a farm near the city, was in the family, on a visit to a relative. A pretext was formed to present her with a new suit of clothes,

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in order to possess that which she wore when she entered the city. Captain Plunkett was immediately disguised as a woman, and appeared at the barrier accompanied by his anxious deliverer. "Friend Roberts," said the enterprising enthusiast, "may this damsel and myself pass to visit a friend at a neighboring farm?" "Certainly," said Roberts, "go forward." The city was speedily left behind, and Capt. Plunkett found himself safe under the protection of Colonel Allen M'Lean, his particular friend.

INDIAN GRATITUDE AND WIT.—Soon after Litchfield began to be settled by the English, an unknown Indian came into the inn at dusk, and requested the hostess to furnish him with food and drink; stating, that he had no success in hunting, and could not pay till he had better fortune. The woman refused; calling him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow. A man who sat by noticed the Indian as he turned away from the inhospitable place, and perceiving that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, he generously ordered the hostess to furnish him with a good supper, and call on him for payment. After the Indian had finished his meal, he thanked his benefactor again and again, and assured him he should never forget his kindness, and would, if it were in his power, faithfully recompense it. He observed, that he had one more favor to ask; if the woman was willing he wished to tell a story. The hostess, whose good nature had been restored by money, readily consented. The Indian, addressing his benefactor, said, "I suppose, you read the Bible?" The man assented. "Well, the Bible says, God make the world; and then he took him, and looked on him, and say 'all very good.' Then he made light; and took him, and looked on him and say, all very good.' Then he made land and water, sun and moon; grass and trees; and he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'all very good', Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes; and he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'all very good,' Then he made man; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'all very good.' Then he made woman; and look him, and looked at him, and —— he no dare say one such word."

Many years after this, the Indian's benefactor was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried into Canada. He was saved from death by one of the tribe, who asked leave to adopt him in the place of a son, who had fallen in battle. Through the winter, he experienced the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came to him and appointed a meeting at a certain place, on a given day. The prisoner consented; but afterwards, fearing mischief might be intended, he neglected the engagement. The Indian again sought him, reproved him for his want of confidence in him, and assured him the meeting would be for his good. Encouraged by his apparent friendship, the man followed his directions. He found the Indian provided with muskets, ammunition, and knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to arm himself and follow him. Their course was towards the south, and day after day the white man followed, without being able to conjecture the motives of his guide. After a tedious journey he arrived at the top of an eminence, commanding a view of a country somewhat cultivated and populous. "Do you know that country?" said the Indian, with an arch smile. "Oh, yes! it is Litchfield," replied the white man, as he cordially pressed his hand. "Many years ago, you give weary Indian supper there," said he. "He promise to pay you, and he pay you now. Go home, and be happy."

As the frigate South Carolina, commanded by Com. Gillion, was cruising between the Bahama Islands and the Florida Keys, it happened one night, (Lieut. John Mayrant being officer of the deck,) that he was ordered to keep a good look-out and the lead a-going; and a Midshipman with a night-glass was placed at each quarter. About two hours before day, the one stationed on the starboard, announced that he perceived a rock: upon a nearer inspection, it proved to be a fleet, and on drawing still nearer, a Jamaica fleet. About ¼ A. M. the frigate was close aboard four of them, and another ship was to be seen at about five miles windward; to secure the whole prize was now the object of the Commodore, but one, which there was no possibility of attaining without having recourse to artifice; and, after a hasty consultation with his officers, the following line of conduct was determined on;—In the first place, the frigate, having British colors flying, hailed the four ships nearest to her, ordering them to heave to, and promising to send a boat aboard of them. Lieutenant Mayrant, was then ordered to take a barge, and with twenty-four choice men and about four or five marines, (himself, as well as the marines) being all in British uniform, to make for the furthest vessel, he did so, and when arrived under her stern, and rounding upon her quarter, in answer to the Captain's inquiry, as to what boat that was, replied that it was the barge of the D'Artois, commanded by Captain M'Bridge; the Captain ordered him to keep off, threatening to fire into him. Lieutenant Mayrant, in return, commanded him to heave a rope immediately, and asking if he would dare to fire in His Majesty's boat, ordered his men to pull along side: on hearing this, the British ship, without further dispute hove a rope, and manned her sides; such being the ceremony usually observed in receiving an officer. Lieutenant Mayrant immediately stept on board, having previously ordered his men not to follow, but on receiving a concerted signal; the Captain received him with great politeness, and the usual inquiries having been made and answered, Lieutenant Mayrant desired to see his papers, in order to examine them. No sooner had the captain gone below, in the search of them, than Lieutenant Mayrant's men, receiving the expected signal, stept on board to the number of twenty, all armed with cutlasses, and having pistols concealed under their jackets. The captain having returned, Lieut. Mayrant, after examining the papers, inquired how many men he had on board, and on his replying that there were forty, ordered him to take his papers and twenty men, and to go with them on board of the frigate; he replied, 'why, surely Sir, you do not mean to impress my men at sea.' Lieut. M. replied, 'certainly not, but Captain M'Bride being a very particular man, wishes to examine the men and papers himself. The Captain still hesitated, upon which Lieut. Mayrant reiterating his order, made a sign to his men to draw their sabres, on perceiving which, the Captain, not choosing to risk a contest, obeyed; Lieut. M. ordered him to row off, while he would undertake to carry the ship down to the frigate. As soon as the Captain was fairly off, Lieut M. ordering the remainder of the crew below, reversed the British colors. At which sight, the consternation of the Captain, who, from the barge, was a spectator of what had passed, may be better conceived than expressed; he declared it to be a damned Yankee trick; but, the deception was discovered too late, and he found himself obliged to go on board of the frigate: by this means, Commodore Gillion was enabled to capture the whole fleet, consisting of five Jamaica men, heavily laden with sugar and rum.

The most pure and exquisite pleasure which a man can experience is at the moment when the girl to whom he is fondly attached, but of whose affection he is doubtful, confesses that she loves him.—*Modern Pythagorean.*

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THE MOON-LIT BOWER.

Grazioso.

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2.

Nor bid me sing, for why should I
On things of sadness dwell—
To call the tear drop to thine eye,
Or cause thy breast to swell,
With feelings that would badly suit,
A heart so young as thine?
O let me die, ere I pollute
With grief, that bosom's shrine.

3.

The grave will soon, the happy grave
Will soon enshroud this form—
Which, like the ocean's trem'lous waves,
Hath often felt a storm:
And in some lone deserted spot,
My resting place shall be;
By native hill and stream forgot—
Perhaps by all but thee!

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

EPITAPH.

ON WILLIAM GRAY.

Here lieth wrapt in clay,
The body of William Gray—
I have no more to say.

Life is an inn, where all men bait;
The waiter *Time*, the landlord *Fate;*
Death is the *score* by all men due—
I've paid my *shot*—and so must you.

TO MARY, ON PRESENTING HER WITH A MONTHLY ROSE.

For you I plucked the Rose, my dear,
The emblem of yourself;
It blossoms without any care,
But sure the fairy elf
Who watched its bud and bloom,
Bespangled o'er with dew,
Ne'er loved it half so well, my dear,
As he who brought it you.

EPIGRAMS.

Whilst different aims in different lights appear,
What is the chiefest good?—A conscience clear.
Since rolling ages in their course began,
What has been man's worst wo?—His fellow man.
Who's rich?—Who seeks not to increase his store.
Who's poor?—Who having much yet longs for more.
What is the brightest gem that decks a wife,
And what her noblest dower?—A spotless life.
What woman's chaste?—Of whom fame *fears* to lie,
And tongue of scandal never once came nigh.
What marks the wise?—When wronged for suffered ill,
To have the power to hurt, but want the will.
What speaks the fool?—When hate and spleen devour,
To have the will to hurt, but want the power.

CAUSES OF RAIN.

There is a story in Germany, that when monks go abroad it is sure to rain. Frischlin says, that he heard a philosopher in Prague gravely attempt to account for the phenomenon, attributing it to the fumes of liquor easily escaping through the bald crowns, and becoming condensed by the cold of the atmosphere.

A BUSTER.—"Landlord," said Jonathan the other day, stepping up to the bar of a public house, "just give us a cent's worth of New England, and put it in two tumblers. Here Jim take hold, I'll pay—d—n the expenses, I say, when a fellow is on a bust!"

Filial Account of one's Father's Attraction.—Though my father was neither young, being 42; *nor* handsome having lost an eye; *nor* sober, for he spent all he could get in liquor; *nor* clean, for his trade was oily; *nor* without shackles, for he had five children; yet women of various descriptions courted his smiles, and were much inclined to pull caps for him.—*Hutton's Autobiography.*

Knowledge and Ignorance.—The man of knowledge lives eternally after his death, while his members are reduced to death beneath the tomb. But the ignorant man is dead, even while he walks upon the earth; he is numbered with living men and yet existeth not.—*Arabian Author.*

A man of uncommonly grotesque countenance, boasted of having received his infant heir's *first* smile. A friend observed, that it was not wonderful the child should only *smile* when no one else could look without *laughter!*

A candidate for medical honours, having thrown himself almost into a fever, from his incapacity for answering the questions, was asked by one of the professors, "how would you sweat a person for the rheumatism?" He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."—*Boston News.*

Some one remarking to Major O'D—— that a mutual friend of theirs was looking as yellow as a guinea—"Is it a guinea he is looking like?" exclaimed the Major; "you should have seen the poor fellow in India; there he was looking as yellow as five guineas at least."

At a baker's at the west end of London, any lady or gentleman so disposed may step in and have, as we are informed by notice over the door, his or her "*vittals* baked *here.*"

DEGREES OF DRUNKENNESS.—These, according to the author of the "Frolics of Puck," are five; "First *fresh;* secondly, *emphatic;* thirdly, *glorious;* fourthly, *uproarious;* and lastly, *insensible.*"

A horse slaughterer in London, lately made a horrible disclosure, and one calculated to produce a "sensation" among the board of epicures. Being asked why horses' tongues were never lately to be seen among the cats' meat hawked about the streets, he answered that they were "too valuable for that," as they were sold for reindeer's tongues, and under that name were eagerly sought for and purchased at a high price by the high livers of the metropolis.

There is a story told of the late Lord Mansfield, when Chief Justice of the King's Bench, that he thus retorted, upon a council, who in a very marked and angry tone, told him that he entirely differed with him in law and opinion. His Lordship replied, "To be sure you do! I know that very well; you are paid to do so."

A western editor thus apologises for what he modestly deems some deficiencies in his paper:—"Want of time, and the tooth ache, have interfered very considerably with our editorial duties for the last two weeks. Our right to complain louder than our readers, is of course indisputable."

The following compliments were paid to old Sheridan, in Norfolk, England, by an Irish servant belonging to Mr. Coke, who attended him in his shooting excursion, and which old Sherry retold with great glee: Shot the first (the birds all getting away.) "Fore God, your honour, did you see one little gintleman drop his leg as he went off; he'll never stand on his tin toes again."—Shot the second (ditto. ditto.) "By the powers, there they go! But didn't your honour hear the shots rattle among them like pase against a winder? They'll pray to never see your honour again on this side of the country."—Shot the third (birds all off again.) "Blood and ouns! but they've caught it. (After watching them awhile.) There's three wounded any how, for they could but just get over yonder hedge! They'll get no sleep this blessed night!" Shot the fourth (a pheasant gets away.) Well, I never saw a poor gintleman taken to like him! He'll remember your honour, many a day to come! That spalpeen shall carry away more shot than would set up an ironmonger at Ballyshannon!—Shot the fifth (a snipe gets off.) "Crake, indeed! You may take your long bill in against this world! You'll wake to-morrow morning with a lumbago in your soft head!" Poor Sheridan could stand it no longer but gave his countryman a handsome fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

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A Ruse de Guerre.

Strategie as well as force is among all nations considered justifiable in war, but whether the conduct which is embraced in the anecdote which we are about to relate, should be considered strictly in accordance with the moral principles which ought to regulate the actions of men, we leave to casuits to decide.

During the early part of the last war with Great Britain, a small brig mounting about ten sixes, with a crew of forty or fifty men, sailed from New England as a Letter-of-Marque; with permission to cruise as a privateer for a certain length of time, and capture prizes from the enemy. While cruising in the latitude of the homeward-bound West Indiamen, the brig one morning fell in with a large ship, to which she gave chase, but the Captain, an "old sea dog," on reconnoitering her through his spy-glass, was satisfied that she mounted too many guns to contend with, with any prospect of success, and hauled off, much to the dissatisfaction of the crew, who attributed his conduct to want of spirit and courage. In fact, they were not backward in exhibiting their feelings, and the word *coward* was more than once bandied about the ship in the hearing of the Capt.

A few days afterwards the brig fell in with another vessel. Every stitch of canvass was spread, and just at night, the chase was made out to be a large West Indiaman, apparently well armed and manned, and looking like an "ugly customer." "Now" said the Yankee Captain to his crew, "I wish you to listen, men, to what I am going to say. I heard some of you muttering something, not long since, about *cowards*,—and to oblige you, I will give you an opportunity of testing the courage of every man on board. You see that ship ahead. She is pierced for twenty-four guns, and probably carries sixteen at least, of heavy metal. That ship shall be my prize before two hours. So look out for squalls. If some of you don't lose the number of your mess I'm mistaken. But mind ye, no backing out. COWARDS, ha."

The crew looked rather blank, at this pithy harangue, but dared not remonstrate. They were caught in their own toils, and resolved to fight it out like men.

Night came on, but they still kept sight of the Englishman. It was about half past eight in the evening, when they ranged up within hail, on the weather quarter of their more bulky antagonist, who had every man at quarters, evidently prepared for a brush, and with his high bulwarks, and numerous deck lanthorns presented rather a formidable appearance. The Captain of the brig seized his speaking trumpet, and in a peremptory manner hailed the stranger.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Hallo!"

"Heave to—and I'll send my boat on board."

"What brig is that pray?"

"*The United States Brig* ARGUS!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

John Bull thought it would be madness to contend with the U. S. Brig Argus, which was well known to be a crack Sloop of War of twenty guns and accordingly backed his main top-sail, without further parley. The Yankees were thunderstruck at their Captain's impudence. But the quarter boat was lowered and officered and manned immediately in true man of war style.

The American officer ascended the gang-way of the English ship, with a "swab" on his shoulder. "What cup is this?" said he in an authoritive tone as soon as he reached the deck.

The English ship "Caernarvon Castle, sir, from Barbadoes, bound to Bristol," returned the Englishman submissively.

"Then sir, you will please to step into the boat, with your papers, and return with me on board the Argus. Mr. Simpson," said he to the Captain's clerk, who filled the post of a middy on this occasion, "I leave you with the men in charge of the ship! you will proceed to put the prisoners in irons ready to be transferred to the Argus."

When the British Captain arrived along-side the Argus, he was astonished at her diminutive size,—when he got on board, he saw at once that he had been duped; but it was then too late to remedy the evil.

"Sir," said he to the Yankee Captain, more in anger than in sorrow, "you told me this vessel was the United States brig Argus."

"And I told you the truth, sir. Her name is the Argus,—*and she belongs to the United States!*"

A DANGEROUS SITUATION.—When passing near the Riet river-gate, and while our oxen were grazing, Van Wyk, the colonist, related to us the following interesting circumstance; "It is now," he said, "more than two years since in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without near the house, busied in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was midday, on enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may be well conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was escape seemed impossible, yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance I had set it in the corner close to the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive the opening was too small to admit of my having got in; and still more fortunate, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth as sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground so that he never stirred more." Indeed, we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost; if the boy had moved he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him without, was impossible; while the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun would have betrayed him. So consummate the whole, the head of the creature was in some sort protected by the door post.—*Naturalist's Library.*

WOMEN.—Women are formed for attachment.—Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it, and knows how to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of your highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and warmwood if you fail to attend to it or abuse it.

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[From the Nantucket Inquirer.]

GRUMBLINGS.

"Clam exclamate! be less clamorous, sirs!" *Link. Fidelius.*

"Fresh clams! fresh clams! who'll buy, who'll buy."
The world is in a stew—
I wish that fellow's clamshells there
Were *univalv'd* by glue.
Why, every animal that swims
Is floundering on land—
Scales grow upon your face and eyes,
Fins fasten to your hand.

"Fresh halibut!" just hear that boy
Yelling with *alto* lungs,
As if they were of triple brass,
Hinged to a thousand tongues.
Ere day has dawned, my rest is broke,
And if perchance I dream,
Millions of clamorous mouths expand,
And grin, and hiss, and scream.

"Tap! tap! it is the milkman's rap—
I hear him at the door;
He treads like some rhinoceros
Waltzing about the floor.
And there! his tin quart measure falls
Upon those steps of stone,
And grates like filing of a saw
Upon your every bone.

'*Yar-char-foin** cod fish, fresh and corn'd,
Mackerel and eels! who'll buy!"
Oh! hear that long tongued fellow sing
His everlasting cry!
Dreams! dreams! oh Clarence look'd not down
So deep into the sea,
Nor saw such monsters without heads,
As lash their tails at me.

A minnow beckons to a whale
To cool him while he boils
And sharks turn up their crisped snouts
And gape for roasting spoils.
Huge porpoises there roll along
Sea-serpents on their hams,
For pickled salmon foraging,
For chowder and for clams.

There shoals of herring tow along
Big skeletons of whales
And ever and anon they join
Together all their tails.
Then change into a mermaid fair,
Who jigs it on the sea,
And whistles to those skeletons
To dance and have a spree.

"Fresh lobsters from the sea—who'll buy!"
Zounds, how he howls and sings;
When will the ocean yield its loads
Of creeping, wriggling things?
There's not a thing that crawls or swims,
From whale to smaller fry,
That is not thrust into my dreams—
By Jonah! I shall die!

Oh mercy! let a single man
Enjoy his blessed rest,
Nor overwhelm his morning thoughts,
Unquiet ones at best.
I have no wife to scold or fret
No brats to cry or tease;
Then bawl and sing! but give me leave
To grumble when I please.

* The vernacular for "here's the fine," &c.

T'd rather be a hake and gasp
And dangle from a line,
And have my either end bit off
Far down the bitter brine;
Than thus my twilight visions fill'd
With all that h— surrounds—(whew)
"Ancient and fishlike" cries and groans,
Unearthly *tongues* and *sounds*.

DISAPPOINTMENT OR THE BILLETDOUX.

Rat a tat, rat a tat, run, Lucy, run!
What *can* that stupid girl be at?
Why in the kitchen stay to chat?
Hark! hark! again! the postman's rap!
O, run! good Lucy, run!

Here's a *pink* letter, miss, for you!
Post paid, dear heart! why how you blush!
Cock'd-hat-like folded; (fashion new)—
The seal two doves, that bill and coo—
Well! hush, good Lucy, hush!

From Coronet Slender, of the Blues,
No doubt!—its every fold breathes sweets;
Dear charming youth—the muse he woos—
"Sophy, my darling, what's the news?"
N.o-thing, papa; how my heart beats!

I tremble—gentle wax unclose—
Goddess of nerves! support me still!
'Tis open'd—(pa's so kind to doze!)
Dear youth, I knew he would propose—
What do I see?—*Miss Fitwell's bill!*

Was it for *this* my heart *so* beat?
(With grief and rage I shall expire,)
Instead of Love's own whispers sweet,
A milliner's account to meet,
That feeds no *flame except the fire*

Shameful! that *tradespeople* should write
On *tinted* paper, sealed with doves;
Sure *they* may keep to "black and white,"
If these vile bills they *must* indite,
And leave the GRACES to the LOVES!

From the Boston Morning Post.

LOVE.

What is love? A sorry, sorry thing
That predisposes young men to straight jackets:
Ah! broken hearts—oh! broken heads they get,
And then are shipped from home in India packets,
The father whispers in the captain's ear,
'Mind that you keep him sea-sick," list, young masters!
"And when the rogue's on deck, please ship a sea,
I'll pay for all *gratuitous* disasters."

Daughters of Eve! the fairest and the best
Of living things, fall not in love—because it's
The reason why you sew so bad sometimes,
And prompts ma'ma to lock you up in closets.
It generates romance and then you stroll
Away at eve to perpetrate sweet sonnets;
If clouds arise you heed them not; oh, no—
Till 'tis too late, then follow—ruined bonnets.

Byron and I you'll say are very wrong
To cry the bow-boy down, for all the poets
Wear out their goose quills, and their *elbows* too,
In penning odes and heaven knows what, to show it
All fal de ral for folks to try to teach to
That lovers an't sound, reasonable creatures.

Think as you list; but when you're *cupid proof;*
That is, have reached the *t'other side* of forty,
I'll lay a wager that you cry—"all sham."
And "Tom Moore ought not write such stuff—I
be"

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ALI BEY EL ABBASSI

Published by S.C Atkinson for the Casket.

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ATKINSON'S
CASKET
OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to instruct my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts, domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

No. 11.] PHILADELPHIA.—NOVEMBER. [1834.

ALI BEY.

We have, in the picture of Ali Bey, the portrait of a traveller, who wrote one of the most singular productions presented for many years to the public; a work composed in the name of a "Mussulman: a descendant of the illustrious family of the Abassides;" the original of which is in French, and is supported by a fictitious account of his birth and family. The London publishers determined to cast off a part of the veil, and to represent Ali Bey as no other than a Spaniard, travelling in the guise of a Mohammedan, who was personally known, they add, to Sir Joseph Banks, and other literati, having visited England in 1802 and 1814. As a farther proof of the authenticity of the work, they quote a passage from a letter from Monsieur Chateaubriand, who met Ali Bey at Alexandria, and who, in his usual style of amplification, describes the traveller as "the most polished and knowing Turk living."

To these circumstances, communicated in the preface to the travels, we are now enabled to add, from an American, formerly a resident at Tripoli, that Ali Bey's real name is Badia Y. Leblich; that he is a Spaniard, born in 1766; that he was educated at the University of Valencia; that, having acquired the Arabic language, and familiarized himself with Mussulman usages, he untertook his great journey in 1802, with the tacit sanction of the Spanish Government; and that he obtained from Godoy, (who was then all powerful at that Court, and who was so long known to the world by the unmerited name of Prince of the Peace,) an engagement for an annuity to his wife and daughter, in return for the public benefit that might be expected from this expedition.

Fortified with this important preliminary, and provided with the necessary stock of money, presents, and other means of travelling, Ali Bey (as we must continue to call him,) set out from the southern coast of Spain, in June 1803. His peregrinations occupied between four and five years, and embraced a wide tract of country then little known. The leading outline may be collected from the following sketches:—

I. Residence in the Morocco dominions for two years.

II. Voyage to Egypt, and journey across the country to Suez.

III. Pilgrimage to Mecca.

IV. Return by the way of Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and Constantinople.

Previously to the commencement of his journey to these regions of barbarism and superstition, our traveller had not only adopted the dress and appearance necessary for the support of his assumed character, but also underwent the painful operation necessary to prevent detection, and to prove his adherence to the rights of Islamism. Assuming the Mussulman from the outset, Ali Bey begins with an invocation in Arabic, the first words of which are, "Praise to God, the Mightiest, the Immense." He proceeds to mention his passage across the Straits of Gibraltar to Tangier, where, when he arrived, he found himself in as different a part of the world as if he had traversed a thousand miles of European ground.

He soon had an opportunity of being introduced to the Emperor, or Sultan of Morocco, Muley Soliman, who happened to come to Tangier soon after. No sooner had he offered the customary presents, than he was very kindly received, the Sultan condescending to make him read aloud to him, and even to correct his pronunciation of Arabic. A further acquaintance led our traveller to shew his Camera Obscura to his Moorish Majesty, and to the observation of two eclipses which Ali foretold; the result of all this was that, besides other presents, the Sultan gave him a large estate, of which there is in the book a very prolix description.

From Tangier he proceeded to Fez, and thence to the city of Morocco, where the Sultan, with his usual magnificence, presented him with two

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females, the one fair, the other of the African dye, but he scarcely visited them, and they were left behind. The Emperor wished him to remain in his dominions, but Ali was not to be persuaded, and with additional presents, embarked for Tripoli.

Here he fascinates every body, and after some time spent in observation, he embarked for Alexandria, but was driven by contrary winds to the Island of Cyprus; his time was now spent in the survey of its classical antiquities, as well as those of other islands. At Alexandria he remained five months, and in the autumn proceeded up the Nile to Cairo, from whence he travelled with a caravan across the Desert to Suez, whence he embarked, and after a passage of great length, and some hazard, landed at Djedda, a harbour in the Red Sea; from which a journey of two days brought him to the Holy City of Mecca; the ceremonies there, he describes minutely, but their rehearsal here would exceed our limits.

The traveller's curiosity was strongly excited in regard to Medina, the second Holy City of the Mussulmans, and he determined to visit it. Setting out, he was robbed by the Wahabees, and losing his baggage was obliged to return to the coast, and proceeded through Palestine. To comprehend fully his account of this delightful country, it would be necessary to have recourse to his engravings.

We next find him at Jerusalem; and then at Jaffa, which, with other portions of the Holy Land, he describes at much length, and well. Damascus and Aleppo, also came within the range of his searching eye. The journey from the latter place to Constantinople, afforded nothing remarkable: on arriving there he resided with the Spanish Ambassador, taking the precaution to have the apartments fitted up in the Turkish manner; a precaution which, however, would not have availed him, if it had been known that he, a Spaniard and a Christian, had dared to set his feet within the Sacred Kaaba of Mecca. His account of Constantinople is curious. The book is concluded with the relation of the journey from thence to Bucharest, written by another person.

Here the narrative ends, but as we are enabled from an undoubted source, to add, that he came to Paris in 1806, soon after the completion of his journey; and that he was supposed to have had previously, an understanding with Bonaparte, whose projects of conquest, in fact, bear a considerable resemblance to his own wanderings. Be this as it may, he had little difficulty in obtaining from the French Court a favorable testimonial, with which he went to Madrid; and he was occupied in publishing his book, when his Imperial Patron commenced his usurpation of the Spanish crown. King Joseph Bonaparte appointed Ali Bey in 1810, to be Intendant of Segovia, and in the next year Prefect of Cordova; but fortune soon seemed to envy him his new honours, and condemned him, after the decisive day of Vittoria, to fly with his dethroned sovereign across the Pyrennees, and to take refuge in Paris, where he continued to reside for some time, seeming, at the last account of him, to regard that capital as his permanent abode; his daughter was married to M. de Sales, a member of the Institute.

His narrative in the main, is deemed authentic, though some of the details exceed credibility.

SLEEP.

——Sleep hath its own world,
A wide realm of wide reality. BYRON.

Sleep hath a wide and mighty realm
Of bright, unfettered things,
When every wild and wayward thought,
A wilder shadow flings.

Thoughts flash on thoughts, and visions rise
With an entrancing power;
The mighty lapse of ages seems
The drama of an hour!

How many withered hearts do feel
The gush of hope again!
Live o'er their time of sorrow here,
Without its bitter pain.

The felon in his dreary cell,
Finds in his heavy sleep,
A thousand sweet and blissful thoughts
Around his senses creep.

Feels the clanking fetters break,
The deed of sin removed,
And presses close the phantom breast
Of one he dares not love.

The captive, on some foreign strand,
Far from his native shore,
Sees in that sleep, when visions come,
His happy home once more.

Gathers his loved ones round his knee,
And talks of grief and pain,
Until the joyous spirit soars
Above the captive's chain.

The aged have their dreams—the one
Of three score years and ten,
Dreams upon the verge of time,
That he is young again.

Feels the rich blood rush through his veins,
The fire of youth mount high,
And echoes the shout of happy cries,
In mild and stirring cry.

All have their dreams—their glowing dreams,
In the still hour of sleep,
When the winged thoughts in wild array,
Across the senses sweep.

All have their dreams—and there are some
That come in waking hours,
And bright and wayward images,
Float round with mystic power.

When thought leads thought in mazy round,
And busy fancy's free,
Mocking the visions of the night,
In thrilling energy.

All have their dreams—delusive dreams!
And doubly blest are they,
Who peaceful pass this troubled life
In one sweet dream away. LAURA.

A poet that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine, makes at length, excellent vinegar.—*Shenstone.*

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

ROSALIE VANE:

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

So young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe,
But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
How many ties did that stern moment tear!

BYRON.

Nor the most beautiful, but by far the loveliest girl, I ever met with, was Rosalie Vane. The child of very handsome parents; she could not well be otherwise than resembling them in this particular; and with less regular beauty than either father or mother, few of her sex were in appearance so sweet and engaging. Her's was not the faultless symmetry of Grecian models—the glow and grandeur of Circassian perfection; neither had she the brilliancy of French, nor the picturesque and passionate expression of Spanish beauty: her aspect rather realized our idea—not of a Helen or a Dione—but of Psyche, the young, the pure, the lovely. With a profusion of rich brown curls, and a complexion as clear and fresh as the lilies and roses of the fabled Aurora, the chief and distinguishing charm of this fair creature, lay in the delicious emanation that seemed to breathe from her whole face and form, of that feeling, which we have the authority of Scripture for believing, to be the essence of the Deity himself. There was *Love* in the languishing and soul-lit glance of her deep-blue eyes—love in her soft dimples, and the wreathed smiles ever playing about her ruby lips—love in the low, liquid tones of her melting voice: in a word, she looked and moved a personification of the tender passion, as fervent and as charming as the Veronese Juliet. Her person was below the middle height—but exquisitely moulded, though rather inclining to the fulness and voluptuous swell, so prized in the beauties of the East.

Nor was it outward loveliness alone, that adorned this sweet being; for she was as good as fair, as artless as intelligent, as full of simplicity as of accomplishment and grace. In manner, gay, and yet gentle, modest, though free,—her intellectual gifts and attainments were like herself, sensible, feminine, and elegant. Soft as a seraph, to which order of angels her name belonged, dependents, school-fellows and acquaintances alike idolized her mild and gracious incapability of a violent or unkind emotion; and when, in the bloom of girl-hood, she returned, after a long absence, from the Northern seminary, at which her education was completed, to her natal halls,—it was to be welcomed by high and low—at home and abroad, with such a jubilee, as after a Greenland winter, might hail the reappearance of the diurnal luminary. And this sun-shine, did Rosalie Vane continue, through life, to diffuse around the domestic hearth, and the haunts of social glee.

And fortune had been as kind to Miss Vane as nature. She was an heiress, not merely of immense wealth—but of the moral nobility attached to a name, on which attended universal respect and esteem. Her father, admired as a most gallant and polished gentleman—the Chesterfield of America—was a patrician *par excellence*, and at the head of Washington society—not in virtue of official—for of that he stood in no need—but of private and personal dignity. As opulent as the ownership of one-half of the City, and a good third of its principal Bank, could make him,—he was even richer in talent and sterling weight of character—and had moreover drawn a high prize in that most hazardous of lotteries: to wit, the hymeneal. The lady, wooed and won by a cavalier so highly gifted, and at that time a prominent member of Congress, from his native State of New York, had much beauty, a most amiable disposition, and a large inheritance to recommend her. The mother of the orphan, the friend of the destitute; she was reverenced as a public benefactress; having founded several charities to sanctify and perpetuate her name. Their union, so fertile in all the elements of happiness, had been long and prosperous, as the merit of the parties deserved—and was further cemented by the birth of one child, their darling Ann-Rosalie.

During the infancy and childhood of her daughter, Mrs. Vane had figured as the first in all fashionable circles—and upheld the honours of her state and station, with a success that more than justified the admiration of her doating husband. He, himself, one of the few Americans who could afford to live without professional exertion and emolument, as that most enviable of characters, a private gentleman,—was of the most refined and luxurious tastes; and these, together with his high style of living, drew around him all that was courtly and consequential in the promiscuous assemblage of metropolitan life. Possessed of a great indirect political influence, he was courted by all parties, and surrendered himself to none. Proud, high-minded, and feeling that it was his office to lead, not follow: he was in situation, bearing, and character, the Earl Grey of our Republic; (of course, I refer to that nobleman before he took office.)

Thus holding himself free from the trammels of place or party, General Vane occupied his time in the care of his vast property, and the enjoyment of social and domestic bliss, such as rarely blesses our lot below. The foreign representatives at the Federal City, stationary and transient, praised and frequented his house, as superior to their own Hotels; all strangers desirous of mixing with the *élite of ton*, had to bring letters to its President; and to be seen at Vane House—to exchange a word or bow, in public, with either of the distinguished couple—were privileges of which numbers were vehemently ambitious, though mostly "doomed to disappointment dire." And if such was the state of things *before* the advent of the lovely heiress, it may be supposed that the force of attraction did not lessen *afterwards*. The elegant owners of Mansion Square, as their town residence was called, had always studied a nice selection of visitors; and now the difficulty of admittance to them, was increased ten-fold. Parents introducing a beautiful daughter to the world, have been well likened to travellers bearing a precious charge through a country infested with numerous and fierce robbers; and without exactly proceeding upon this principle, Gen. Vane and

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his lady found themselves beset with those anxieties and apprehensions inseparable from the parental relation. Their sole and charming child was surrounded and solicited on all sides; society wooed her as its brightest ornament—no fashionable *ré-union* was held complete without her—no young aspirant of *ton* was satisfied unless he could gain permission to dangle in her train. Lovers came not by scores, but in troops; and the fair Rosalie reigned the queen of a little court; where the suitors and imitators contended for the distinction of her notice. Thus circumstanced, it behooved her natural guardians to be doubly *exclusive*—and so they were. A breath stains the surface of a crystal mirror; and the parents of my heroine, in their delicate sense of propriety, held the mere casual contact with many persons, generally circulating in society, to be contamination to a pure and polished young lady: so, soon none, save the highest and most irreproachable in the land, stood a chance of presentation to the sweet "sovereign of the hour."

Meanwhile Miss Vane's air, Miss Vane's dress, Miss Vane's attitudes were commented upon by all ambitious of an *extérieur distingué*. The characteristic of her manner, was a fine simplicity, happily exemplified when she sat at the harp. I have seen her portrait in this attitude, which embellished King's Gallery for a short time, where this pervading tone of "plain grace," is so admirably caught and expressed, as absolutely to enliven the canvass. I have gazed on it for hours, in mournful admiration and wonder, that a creature so spotless and so exquisite, should have been decreed to pass away so soon, and so sadly from existence. Insensibly, with these melancholy musings, would mingle the remembrance of my impressions when I first saw her in the glow and freshness of youth and hope: then life seemed opening its pathway before her, through a vista, carpeted with velvet, strewed with roses, and overcanopied with the garniture of splendour and love. Her sweet, confiding frankness of manner, the chastened vivacity of her graceful mirth—her father, too, following her every motion, with rapture in his eye—her mother's accents, softening into exulting tenderness, as she presented me—an old friend of the family—to her daughter, her Ann; the whole scene would appear plain and palpable before me. That group is indelibly impressed on my memory, as one, not only of the deepest interest, but forming a rare picture of beauty. It was a *trio unique* in personal endowments: the General, just in his prime, and a most handsome man—Mrs. Vane, her charms matured, not changed—and near her that fair girl, in the first blush of youth, like Summer and Spring, standing side by side.

At the period of my introduction to her, Rosalie had just reached the zenith of felicity. She had been the object of numberless proposals—but still the paternal sanction authorized none; and the daughter, as docile and guileless as a pet lamb—and her sensibilities not yet awakened on this paramount point, appeared to commit the matter entirely to his wiser care. At length, however, the happy man came; but, though he saw, he conquered not, at first. This was the son of a Carolinian, of senatorial rank, and great estate; to say nothing of his family, which was one of the oldest and haughtiest among the Southern aristocracy. The personal gifts of the lover in question, equalled his worldly advantages; and he loved the pretty Miss Vane, as few are capable of loving. She alone

"Heard, felt and seen,
Possessed his every thought—"

and his ardour eventully awakened in her gentle bosom, a sentiment as tender, if less warm. The General, though from the first, approving the overtures of this candidate, knew the full value of the treasure in his hands, and was, in proportion, cautious and chary of parting lightly with it. In truth, neither himself nor Mrs. Vane, relished the idea of giving away their idol thus early to another; but as they began to see how much her heart was in the match, parental fondness, as usual, sacrificed itself, and after a courtship of two years and better, preparations were at last making for the marriage of Rosalie Vane, to Arthur Morrison. These were conducted on a scale of magnificence conformable with the wealth and grandeur of the parties—and necessarily consumed much time in their completion.

The wedding day arrived; it was one which summer seemed to have adorned expressly for the occasion; and the stately chamber of [illegible] sion Square, glowing with paintings and exotics, and its finished gardens, equal in point of beauty, to that of Shenstone, were thrown open after the ceremony, to a concourse of the *grand monde*. The privilege of intimacy, entitled me to be present at the marriage, and I went thither, rejoicing in the simplicity of my heart, at the happy prospects of one, as perfect and as pleasing, as mere humanity can be. As I approached the bridal abode, the white walls of Vane House, gleaming from amid its screen of verdant vines, and "tall ancestral trees"—its balmy groves stirred by the whispering zephyr, and the superb grounds, with their perfumed bowers and green recesses, bounded by Potomac's silvery waves, seemed to smile with a gayer beauty—to breathe a fresher and more luxurious charm; and by contrast with the stifling dust and heat and noise of the streets I had just left, the whole demesne realized the poetic dreams of Eden, in its earliest hour of coolness and repose. And yet, an angel was about leaving this, her native Paradise, for another yet untried, though giving promise of an even dearer joy—a more extatic bliss. Groups of servants with their holy-day clothes and countenances on, laughed and loitered about the portico and vestibule; and every thing around, even to inanimate objects, appeared to brighten under the sunny influence of the festive hour.

Being shown in, and finding myself almost the first arrival, I made my way, in order to replace a book, towards the library, where I unexpectedly encountered the first and most touching scene of the nuptial day. I stopped, unseen, at the door, to survey the two persons within. The young bride, not yet

"Clad in her bridal robes, of taintless white,"

but in a *negligée*, whose unstudied elegance adorned her anew, half reclined in a caressing

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attitude at her father's feet—her fair cheek resting on his knee—her sweet face bathed in tears—and yet in a glow of blushes and smiles, upturned to his. The General, as he concluded something that he was addressing her with great earnestness, stooped down and kissed her brow; then, as starting from her recumbent posture, she threw her graceful arms about his neck,—he caught her by one of the long, loose ringlets that wantoned down her alabaster throat,—and clipping it off, carefully hid away in his bosom this last memorial of his virgin daughter. In the deep emotion of that moment, neither observed me;—so I stole away softly to the Long Drawing-room, appointed for the performance of the conjugal solemnity, and which, in addition to the usual splendid furniture, was hung with draperies of white silk, and filled with fragrance from the rare flowers of an adjoining conservatory.

At last the French clock on the marble mantle piece, struck the hour of noon. The invited guests were all assembled, among them the Rector of St. John's, in full canonicals, and suavity of clerical complaisance—the white gloves and silver favours duly distributed—all preliminary observances properly gone through—and the bridegroom, who in excess of proud rapture, seemed transported out of himself, led down the lovely heiress, about to be made his own. An involuntary murmur, expressive of admiration and envy, ran through the male part of the company; while among the ladies, I overheard sundry emphatic whispers in praise of "those divine pearls," and "perfect silver flowers." Never did Rosalie look so coy and so captivating. She was dressed in white satin, and deeply veiled in the richest lace; there was a shy and tremulous radiance in her down-ward glance—the soft flush of maiden timidity on her transparent cheek; and yet she came forward with an elegant, and even easy air. I thought of Milton's lines, as applicable:

"Grace was in all her steps—Heav'n in her eye—
In every gesture, dignity and love."

It is a strange and sympathetic thing to witness—that ceremony coeval with the creation—the first ordinance assigned by Heaven to man. There is naught else on earth that so excites and blends contrary and yet consentaneous emotions. That sacred form of words, so simple yet solemn, acts as a talisman of mightier potency, than all that the world of nature or magic can besides produce. It consecrates or curses a new existence—it identifies two individuals as "one indivisible"—and the end of its bonds is with one at least, to be the end of time. Sensations, sad, uncertain, and yet sweet—all that is gay and gentle—all of power to thrill or soothe the soul, comes clustering around that single and charmed era of life. Joy and grief, modesty and love, pride and humility, hope alternating with fear, delight qualified by dread, alike wait upon the union of hearts and hands: and this was truly such.

The holy book is opened, and all eyes rivetted on the fair bride, who bore herself with a mingled majesty and modesty; how different from the nervous affectation of sentimental airs and graces, wherewith many young ladies disfigure the most interesting moment of their lives. Here was nothing of this absurd pretence, no assumption of false feeling and bad taste; and the gentle seriousness, the intense yet chastened fervour, the low yet distinct firmness of tone, with which the promissary responses were made, invested the ceremony, impressive as it always is, with additional solemnity and effect.

It was over; the fitting vows had been spoken—the awful compact, indissoluble through weal and woe, entered into; the young couple were pronounced man and wife—and Miss Vane was no more! Then came the pleasing bustle of kissing and wishing joy; and Rosalie, for the first time, both trembled and wept, as her mother folded the beloved child, now appertaining to another, in a long and silent embrace, whence she passed into her fond father's arms. But marriage, after all, is a joyous, not a melancholy celebration; and this passed off amid smiles and gratulations, as sincere as they were gladdening. An exquisite collation, which would have done honour to Udé's science, was doubly enjoyed amid the refreshing shades and perfumed coolness of the gardens; and I left the mansion and its splendid circle of guests, believing that if ever Heaven looked down auspiciously on a "connubial league," it was on that amiable girl, whom I had just seen put off the maiden, and assume the matron.

Immediately after this happy espousal, my affairs recalled me to a distant home: I left Washington, but not before the departure of the new-married pair. Time went by, and at the year's end, I found it necessary to visit the Capital on some old business. My first inquiries at the hotel, were for friends, the Vanes. I knew that their sweet daughter had accompanied her husband to the South, where her bridal tour had resembled the triumphal progress of a princess; I had also heard, that after a twelve-month of rapture, she had presented her adoring Arthur with a source of loftier happiness—of a more abiding beatitude of exalted feeling—in a fine son—and that the birth had taken place at her father's house, where the young couple still were. The person, whom I now questioned about them, handed me the morning's paper; I glanced over the paragraph he pointed out: it was an obituary! Gracious God! my queries were fearfully answered—my curiosity—the prompting of sincere regard—in an instant extinguished: Mrs. Morrison was dead! The star of hope and happiness to so many fond hearts, was lost—its lovely light quenched—and for ever. The young, the innocent, the idolized, had been snatched away in her prime; the greedy grave stood open for its tenant; and I, who had last made one at her marriage-feast, now read the mournful bidding to her obsequies. For some time I felt too much shocked to ask for particulars of this sudden catastrophe, but I could not escape hearing them in detail; for every body was full of the sad subject. The loveliest of wives, and of women, had died of a low fever, contracted before her confinement, but not till after her poor heart had bled,

"The mother of a moment, o'er her boy."

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The same grave was to receive them both—and this the day set apart for the double funeral. It was already past the hour of attendance; still I dressed myself in a "suit of solemn black," and and set out to join in this last tribute of respect to the memory of my departed favorite.

It was a sad, cold day in April; the spring had been blighted in her backward bloom, and the appearance of nature so withered and wintry, as aptly typified the fate of the fair being thus cruelly cut off in the spring-time of life. It was a day congenial with the dismal duty of a burial-rite. There was gloom in the aspect of the dark and congregated clouds, as they hurried across the heavens—gloom in the melancholy wail of the wind, as it whistled, as if to mark an autumnal, not a vernal day—gloom in the dull, sloppy streets and marshy fields, along which my course lay. The whole city seemed pouring towards Vane House; and yet there was neither life nor hurry in the slow-rolling vehicles and sedate passengers, that swelled the collection around the porter's lodge, and within the darkened halls of the desolated mansion. A dull, misty rain dimmed the landscape around; and how different did the proud edifice, as from the serpentine approach, I caught a glimpse of it through the leafless trees, now look—the hearse with its black waving plumes, standing before the door—the bell handle and knocker, that I had last heard gaily ringing such frequent peals, and re-echoing to rap thundering upon rap, now muffled in crape—the undertaker's men, in their lugubrious garb, lining the entrance-hall—and the servants, in mourning, running hither and thither, and sobbing as if their hearts would break. Every body looked startled and aghast, as if some strange and awful visitation had smitten each individual self; and while recalling the late scene of marriage-merriment, now so frightfully reversed, I felt like one walking under the bewildering spell of an horrid but unreal vision.

After a greeting in dumb show from Col. ——, who acted as master of ceremonies, he ushered me into the chamber, where death lay sternly shrined in state. It was the same already signalized as the scene of one bridal solemnity, and now filled with still statue-like figures, ranged in formal rows, and imperfectly seen through the half-light that, counterfeiting gloom, came, faint and tremulous, through the sable hangings. The few words, now and then spoken under breath, indicated rather than broke the deep, dead silence, pervading the crowded apartment. Its centre was occupied by the palled and velvet coffin—that final tenement of frail mortality—within which the cold corpse of the sainted dead was already laid—but not alone—for its last, long rest. With steps of reverential stealth, I drew near, to take a parting look at what had lately been full of loveliness and angelic life. I raised the winding-sheet, thickly strewed over with the funeral herbs that embalm the dead. Before me, wrapped in a shroud of white satin, and extended in rigid length, I beheld a marble figure: the countenance was sweet and serene, as if in soft repose; *love* yet lingered on that pale, placid brow—and a languid smile half-parted the once roseate lips, whence the warm and perfumed breath was now for ever fled. And this was all that remained of Rosalie! the heiress of thousands—the idol of society—the treasury where so much deep love and doating hope had so long been garnered up! "Vanity of vanities! and all is vanity!" saith the preacher; and here lay the emphatic commentary on that solemn text. Who had possessed, like her, "all that makes mankind adore?" To whom had nature and fortune held out such fair promise of the future? Who seemed to smile so securely above the reach of fate? Youth, health, grace, goodness—the most brilliant prospects—the most endearing relations; all had been lavished only to render the victim more conspicuous, and to gild with a fugitive glory, the gloom of an early grave. To the dead body of Rosalie Morrison, the moralist might well appeal, as preaching more powerfully than a thousand sermons, the futility of all earthly expectations—the uncertainty of life—the insufficiency of wealth, grandeur and amiability, to ensure happiness, or avert the decree of destiny. It had sought and smitten a shining mark; like a pale, withered rose, whose fragrance survives decay, here lay the spotless sacrifice, motionless and stiff—the imperishable impress of parted immortality yet playing about that calm face; and, oh! touching sight! within those gentle arms, her infant sleeping upon its mother's lifeless breast; and her husband! her parents! the bereaved—the broken-hearted—where, alas! were they? Morrison appeared not: within the solitude of his widowed chamber, he yielded himself up to the tremendous bursts of despair that, maddening his brain, by turns, threatened destruction to himself, or wildly arraigned and scoffed at heaven—his strong mind still supporting, with more self-command, a dispensation so overwhelming.

Gen. Vane was present: he sat erect in the majesty of manly bearing; but though his superior fortitude disdained the outward show of complaint, yet none could look upon him without recurring to

"Laocoon's torture dignifying pain."

"Tried but not subdued," he struggled with his grief in such sort, that

"A father's love and mortal's agony,
With an immortal's patience blending,"

presents but a faint picture of the conflict between intolerable anguish and firm endurance, visible in the expression of his fine features.

I had not to turn in search of Mrs. Vane: she sat by the coffin that held the mortal reliques of her soul's darling; but her sufferings displayed not itself in the mode natural to her sex and her own meek character. Her looks were wan and wild—her dry eyes red and fixed; and the tearless agony, the mute despair in which she was plunged, only vented itself occasionally in a long, deep, convulsive sigh, that seemed to upheave her whole frame. The grim array of death glared upon her sight without informing her senses; she appeared uncertain—almost unconscious of her irrepairable loss, though its dreadful evidence lay so close beside her, and sat watching her daughter's cold remains with such intensity of eager love, as must have hung over and smoothed her sleeping couch. The

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trying moment arrived—that bitter moment in which the heart, rent with a double pang, seems, for the first time, fully to recognize the decease of a friend. The coffin lid was about to be screwed down—the veil drawn, which was for ever to hide her precious Ann from her longing eyes. With a dubious and hurried glance, the wretched mother started to her feet, and leaning over the corpse, laid her cheek upon the chill damp brow. The shock of conviction darted like an ice-bolt through her heart; the horrid truth, for the first time, flashed, with that touch, across her mind; and with a cry so piercing and prolonged, that it mocked the very shriek of despair, Mrs. Vane sunk senseless upon the floor. The ladies, her intimate friends, who hitherto had vainly dissuaded her away from the scene, now hastily, yet tenderly, raised and removed her, and the conclusion of the sad ceremony went on.

At last all was announced as ready; the superb coffin, with its storied plate, borne out by eight distinguished pall-bearers, was laid within the hearse—and slowly driven away from that house, through which the departed had shed a light and joy, that henceforth it was to know no more. Next to the gaunt and spectral-looking carriage of the dead, went the General's coach, containing himself as chief mourner, and one or two near relatives besides: then followed a string of carriages almost interminable; and the sad procession moved slowly on to the mausoleum of the Vane family, where, within the funeral vault, amid sobs and prayers and general blessings on her memory, were deposited the mortal remains of one who, too fair and good and pure for earth, had, while upon it, been worshipped as only a little lower than the angels, among whom she was now eternally admitted.

Such was the opening and closing scene of wedded life to Rosalie Vane; such the commencement and end—how unlike! of one brief year. To illustrate a fate so familiar in its tragical termination, to that of the Princess Charlotte, we may, not improperly, employ the inimitable stanzas, wherein Byron commemorates and bewails the royal, though not superior sufferer:

"Wo unto us! not unto her, for she sleeps well,"

might the forlorn parents of the lovely Mrs. Morrison, exclaim, as even while bending over her untimely bier, they felt their temporal loss to be her eternal gain. But in spite of this consolatory persuasion, nature asserted and received her right; and childless, hopeless, and enduring—not enjoying existence, Gen. Vane and his exemplary wife, in the possession of all that splendour and luxury can bestow, continued, long after the world supposed them recovered from the disastrous blow, to sigh and pine over the extinction of their fairest hopes and fondest wishes, and to experience how long

"The heart may break—yet brokenly live on."

"And thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort! vainly wert thou wed:
The husband of a year!—the father of the dead!"

And thus disconsolate did Arthur Morrison remain. Faithful to the memory of his only love, he wooed no second bride,—but expatriating himself, sought in foreign travel and distant realms, to lose, or at least, assuage the keen sense of insupportable misery, still, in spite of time or effort, brooding incessantly over the image of her, "the mourned, the lost, the loved."

Alone—and more than once—I visited the sepulchre of Rosalie Vane; and while, with a mind saddened and soberized by the affecting contemplation, I looked down upon the hallowed spot, where "rests her gentle dust,"—its fit epitaph secured to me, as already written in the exquisite old lines, which (after taking the liberty to modernize the spelling) I cite in conclusion of this Sketch from Real Life:

"This shell of stone within it keepeth,
One who died not, but sleepeth;
And in her quiet slumber, seemeth
As if of heav'n alone she dreameth.
Her form it was so fair in seeming,—
Her eyne so holy in their beaming,—
So pure her heart in every feeling,—
So high her mind in each revealing,—
A band of angels thought that she
Was one of their bright company;
And on some homeward errand driven,
Hurried her too away to heaven."

E. C. S.

"AT TWILIGHTS' HOUR."

BY THE REV. JOHN N. MAFFIT.

At twilight's hour, when dews are falling,
Shadows gathering o'er the sky;
In the stilly moments hopes arising,
Brighten in the heart—to die.

Within the bosom's temple swelling,
Feelings burn in that lone hour,—
On earthly idols fondly dwelling,
Waked by memory's magic power.

But when the soul in holy musing,
Contemplates the Christian's rest:
Seraphic joy, divine, inspiring,
Thrills the striken, wearied breast.

What glorious scenes o'er heaven are breaking,
Bursting on the ravished view,
Hopes of eternal bliss awaking
In a world forever true;

Where no twilight shadows creeping,
Dim the carnival of joy;
No sorrow there, nor change, nor weeping;
All is bliss without alloy.

At twilight's hour, when dews are falling,
Shadows gathering o'er the sky,—
In the stilly moments hopes arising,
Clus.er where our treasures lie.

On an Infant's Grave.

'Tis well, perhaps, the flower has never bloomed,
Nor burst to beauty in this vale of tears:
'Tis well, perhaps, it now lies low entombed;
It fell unsullied ere the waste of years.

Affection saw the rude approach of death,
And strove in vain to arrest the impending blow;
Maternal feeling fed the latest breath,
Which kept a spirit in this world of woe.

Ah! why should grief your hapless life consume?
And why should sorrow thus pervade your breast?
In blissful realms your darling girl shall bloom,
And wake to raptures in eternal rest.

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Misadventures of a Lover.

As I was walking one day up the Strand, arm-in-arm with a friend, we met an excessively handsome young female, with whom my friend was acquainted. "Miss Jackson," said he, making a polite inclination of the head from the young lady to me. "Mr. H——," said he, with a very pretty nod towards Miss Jackson. The half-minute's conversation we had with the young lady, only served to deepen the impression her charms had made on me at the first glance. My readers know, from what I have told them before I had got this length, the remarkable facility with which I fall in love. A look, a nod, a word spoken, from an engaging female, has a dozen times over "done" for my poor heart. To be brief, I was completely smitten in this case. In parting with Miss Jackson and her mother—I ought to have mentioned before now that her mamma was with her—I inquired of my friend where they staid. "Newman street, Oxford street, but do not recollect the number," was the answer. "Are you in love? Do you mean to call?" he inquired in a half jocular tone. That will do—that's very fair," said I, assuming a little pleasantry at his queries. The conversation was dropped.

Nothing further passed that day concerning the adorable Miss Jackson. To my ineffable surprise, I next day received a card from *Mrs.* Jackson, inviting me to form part of a select company who were to drink tea the next afternoon at her house. My immediate inference was, that, in the interim, my friend had met with Mrs. Jackson, and the conversation turning by accident, or otherwise, on me, he had spoken favourably of me—as I may say, without incurring the imputation of egotism, he had every reason to do,—and that the invitation I received was the result. I of course heartily accepted the invitation—drank tea with Mrs. Jackson and friends—and spent a most agreeable evening. I sat opposite *Miss* Jackson on the occasion, and went home in a state of transport.

"I will write her," thought I; "I will propose a meeting for next Friday afternoon, (the hour, four o'clock precisely,) at Hyde Park Corner." The only hesitation I had in doing this was, that as it was dark when I went to and came from her mother's house, I did not observe the number. I concluded, however, that, as I knew the street perfectly, the letter would in all probability find her. I *did* write her to the effect above hinted at, and a more tender note never emanated from a lover's pen.

The same evening the twopenny-postman brought me a neatly-folded letter, the address written in a style of penmanship which seemed to me the *beau ideal* of lady caligraphy. I guessed the writer; she could be none other than Miss Jackson. I looked at the seal before breaking open the letter: it spoke of the nature of the contents. The motto was, "Ever thine." I opened the letter with a heart palpitating from joy. I was not disappointed; the charming creature was most propitious. Nothing, she protested, could afford her greater pleasure than to meet me at the time and place appointed. Of what bliss was the receipt of this letter productive to me! I purchased a new suit of clothes—called in the aid of the perruquier—spent hours at my toilet—(have gentlemen toilets?)—in preparing for the appointed meeting. Last, though not least, I spent no inconsiderable sum—a greater one, I can assure my readers, than my ways and means afforded—in purchasing certain trinkets from the jewellers, which I intended to present to Miss Jackson.

The long-looked-for hour came at last. I was punctual to the appointed moment. The afternoon was particularly fine: all the *beau monde* of London, seemed to be in Hyde Park. Four o'clock struck. I was astonished at the non-appearance of Miss Jackson. I took out my watch, looked at it, was putting it again into my fob, when a tall, stern, Cossack-looking fellow came up to me. "Pray, sir," said he, in a gruff tone, "pray, sir, is that your hand-writing?" As he uttered these words, he held a letter before my optics. I looked, as any one in my situation would have done, amazingly stupid. My first glance was directed to the stout-whiskered animal before me—my next, to the sheet which he held in his hand. Sure enough it was *my* letter to Miss Jackson. I at once recognized the vile penmanship—I write a miserable scrawl.

"How the deuce could this booby have come by this letter? There is something mysterious in this business. It cannot be that Miss Jackson has also——"

I was interrupted in my unpronounced ejaculations, by a "Sir, I demand an answer to my question: is *that* letter (holding it in my face) in your hand-writing?"

I have already said it was mine; I could not deny it; besides, I am no disciple of Ferdinand Mentez Pinto. I accordingly muttered out, in a subdued tone, "Yes, sir, it is; and pray, wherein——"

I was about to inquire what interest he could have in the matter—what possible reason he could have to be offended by it, for it was clear he was offended—when I was cut short by a tremendous application of a whip—drawn out of the whiskered-monster's pocket—to my person.

"Sir, sir, what can be the meaning of——" I essayed to speak, but my poor voice was either drowned in the crackings of the whip, or my assailant heeded it not. Never was human being more unmercifully whipped before. How many lashes I received, is and will be a mystery; but this I know, that, but for the interference of some of the more humane bystanders, I might and should have received several scores more.

Miss Jackson did not keep to her promise; indeed, after what had occurred, I deemed it fortunate she did not. I went home, fully determined to institute an action against my assailant, so soon as I could ascertain his name and address. This, I knew, I could have no difficulty in doing, as there were so many present. As to witnesses to prove the assault, I had clouds of them, whenever matters were in a sufficiently advanced state to require.

On my return home, I found the friend who had introduced me to Miss Jackson waiting for me. I mentioned to him what had occurred, and

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the determination to which I had come to prosecute my unknown assailant. My friend was very inquisite to know who had thus assaulted me, and what could have prompted the fellow to such a step. I told him again, as I told him before though he seemed to think I rather wanted the will than the power, that I could give him no information on either head.

"Can you not, at any rate," said he, "give me some description of the personal appearance of your assailant?" I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, let me hear all you can communicate on the subject." I described the brute as well as I could.

"Oh! I know who it is! It is Mr. Jackson!" he exclaimed, after a moment's hesitation.

"Mr. Jackson! Impossible! Did you not tell me that Miss Jackson's father was dead, and that she never had a brother?"

"It is another Mr. Jackson," said my friend; one who lives in the same street. Do you not recollect having seen a Mrs. Jackson, a beautiful woman, among those present at Miss Jackson's mother's house? Her husband would have been present also, but was out of town that day!"

I did not recollect having seen a newly-married lady at Mrs. Jackson's on the evening in question. I mentioned this to my friend.

"But what possible ground of offence could you have given to her husband?" inquired my friend.

"None in the world that I know of," answered I. "I never before saw the man in my life; his wife I have never seen before or since that evening."

"The matter is certainly involved in much mystery. Did he say nothing when committing the assault, that could have led to infer the cause of his displeasure? Did you not write to *his wife?*—for if you did, however innocently, a jealous husband would construe an epistle from a man to *his* wife, into something bad."

"I never in my life penned a syllable to his or any other person's wife; but I will confess to you that I did write Miss Jackson, to whom you introduced me; and from the hasty glance I gave the letter which my assailant held in his hand, it is the identical one I addressed to her. How *he* came by that letter, is to me as mysterous as any of the countless incomprehensibilities in nature."

"What was the nature of your note to Miss Jackson, if it be fair to ask such a question?" said my friend.

"It was written in very general terms. I merely, as I suppose is common in all correspondence between the sexes, professed a fervent, an immutable, an eternal attachment to her—an attachment formed from what I had seen of her on the evening and at the party referred to, and concluding by urgently begging the favour of a meeting with her, next afternoon, at a given hour, at Hyde Park Corner."

"I have it!—I have it!" exclaimed my friend, Archimedes-like. "The letter you intended for *Miss* Jackson, has by mistake gone to *Mrs.* Jackson; and no wonder that such an epistle should have kindled suspicions in the husband's breast—no wonder that he chastised you as he did."

The hypothesis struck me as probable, though I could not exactly see how the mis-sending of the letter should have occurred.

"I will go to Mr. Jackson's," said my friend, and learn all the particulars from him."

He departed at that moment—he had not far to go; he returned in an hour afterwards, informed me his conjecture was quite right, and that he learned from Mr. J. the whole details of the awkward business.

The story may be told in a few words. The two Jacksons, as formerly mentioned, resided in the same street. The right house had no brass plate, with the name inscribed on the door; the wrong one had. Being ignorant of the number of the right house, I could not of course write it on the back of my letter. The postman, in these circumstances, very naturally delivered the letter at the wrong place. I scrawl a wretched indistinct hand; so that, when the letter arrived, *Miss* was read *Mrs.* The latter lady probably wishing to pass, in the estimation of her husband, for a woman of surpassing rectitude, showed him my letter, instead of consigning it, as she ought, to the flames.

"Why Charlotte, my dear," said the husband, "if ever villain deserved chastisement, this rascal does. You only do as I desire you—and if I don't give it him in style!"

Mrs. Jackson, being newly married, expressed her readiness to do any thing her husband desired her. "Augustus," said he, "you know, dear, your *will* is always a *law* with me."

"Well," says he, "as Solomon enjoins us to answer a fool according to his folly, you shall answer this villain according to his villainy. You will immediately write him, declaring that he made an indelible impression on your heart when you saw him at the party to which he refers, and acquiescing in his proposal for a meeting at Hyde Park Corner."

She did as she was bid. I, never having seen Miss Jackson's hand-writing, was of course easily deceived. I was in perfect raptures with the supposed success of my proposal for a meeting. The reader is already informed how transitory my joy was. I never saw Miss Jackson after this; I never wished to see her; I could not, after what had occurred, again look her in the face.

It was long before I recovered from the effects of this new shock. I had well nigh determined never again to speak to womankind; but a little reflection served to convince me, that, constituted as society was, that was impossible, unless I turned hermit.

It is the error of a great many, even of those who are considered sensible men, that they run from one extreme to another. This was the next error I committed in love matters. I resolved, as the best way of avoiding the recurrence of such mishaps as I have already encountered, to dispense with all and every thing in the shape of courtship, or lovemaking, and, by means of an advertisement, get married at once. The idea struck me as the happy one. I resolved to put it into effect without any unnecessary loss of time. Accordingly, taking my pen and

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paper, I that moment drew up the following advertisement, and caused it to be published in the *Morning Herald*—that journal being then, as I believe it is still, the medium most generally made use of for sending forth such notices to the fair world:—

"*Matrimony.*—Circumstances which it is unnecessary here to detail, having prevented the advertiser from mingling much in female society, he takes this opportunity of appealing to the heart, and soliciting the hand, of any young lady, who, like himself, possesses a good temper, and a disposition to be happy. If the partiality of private friendship has not exaggerated his personal appearance, he flatters himself that no lady, however fastidious in taste, will be dissatisfied with him on that score. As regards his principles and disposition, he takes on himself to say—though the statement would doubtless come with a better grace from another—that the former are perfectly unexceptionable, and the latter of the most amiable and affectionate kind. In fine, at the risk of being thought egotistical by those who know him not, the advertiser ventures to say, that it is extremely seldom that any young lady desirous of entering the matrimonial state—that state especially appointed by the Deity himself for the happiness of his creatures—has such an opportunity presented her. The strictest confidence may be relied on, on the advertiser's part, and he expects the same confidence on that of any female making application. It is hoped no male or female will exhibit any impertinent curiosity on the occasion. Address *A. B.* 23 *Fetter Lane, Fleet street.* No unpaid letters will be received."

At this time I lodged with an old woman, whose house I had entered eight days before. I mentioned to her, on sending the advertisement to the *Herald* office, that I expected early next day several letters, desiring her to receive such as should come, and bring them up stairs. My landlady nodded assent. Just as eleven o'clock forenoon chimed on St. Dunstan's, I heard a rap at the door. On my landlady opening it, a thickly-spoken lad inquired if there were any A. B.'s within. "A. B.! no!—there's no A. B. nor B. C. here!" said the old woman, somewhat ill-naturedly. "Bring the letter to me! bring the letter to me!" cried I, popping my head a little bit down stairs. My landlady brought the epistle up. I forgot to apprise her on the previous evening, that the letters I expected would be mostly, if not altogether, for a certain reason, addressed to A. B. I then repeated my request that all letters so addressed should be brought to me immediately. She had scarcely got down stairs, and shut the outer door, when another knock was heard. It was another A. B. letter, which of course was directly brought up stairs to me. In short, for an hour after, epistles in answer to my advertisement were brought up at the rate of one per minute; in one instance two arrived at once. By the time my landlady had brought me up twelve or fourteen, she evidently began to get surprised and alarmed at the number of A. B. letters; by the time she had delivered the twentieth—for it will be observed that she had hardly got down stairs when there was some new bearer of an A. B. epistle rapping at the door—by the time, I say, she had delivered the twentieth, the good old woman got fairly out of breath. When she came the length of No. 30, she began to think her best way would be to bring up several at a time, which would of course lessen the frequency of her up-stair journeys. By the time the fortieth epistle arrived, she commenced the system of bringing up six at once. By this time I myself had become dreadfully alarmed. I began to think I had done some excessively foolish action, and that surely all the unmarried ladies in London had of a sudden become correspondents of mine. I grew sick of love epistles. I could almost have wished both them and their fair inditers at the antipodes. "Here is too much of a good thing," said I emphatically to myself. While in this agony of uneasiness at the Mont Blanc of letters piled up on the table before me, there was a rather long interim between the last and next epistolary delivery. This gave birth to the fond hope that there would be few if any more letters. Foolish hope!—short lived delusion! The hope—the delusion, had hardly a moment's existence, when it vanished by the sound of my landlady's footsteps on another journey up stairs. She entered my apartment. "Here, sir," said she, throwing down on the table ten more A. B. letters, "here, sir; and if there come any more A. B.'s you must come down and fetch them up yourself, or get somebody else to do it for you."

In ten minutes thereafter I went down stairs, and to my ineffable satisfaction found there was only one new arrival. I was never more thankful in my life. I returned to my own apartment, and sat me down to examine the contents of the heap of epistles before me—for hitherto they had poured in so fast on me, that it required all my activity to receive them and lay them on the table, instead of reading them. An occasional stray one continued to drop in on me until nine o'clock post meridian. Not one of these late ones, however, was opened by me. I chucked them into the fire on their receipt, concluding that they could not be the offspring of true, ardent love, as that is always *prompt* in its motions.

Well, I at length got to the most important part of the business—that of reading the letters, and deciding as to the claims of their respective authors. O how my heart palpitated as I sat down to the task! I commenced. Though the inditers of all professed a boundless attachment to me, there were great differences in the contents of the letters. The first epistle I read, augured very ill indeed. The writer made sundry inquiries about my finances, my prospects in life, the rank of my relations, &c. which I assuredly did not like. I tossed her letter at once into the fire. The second epistle unfolded a candidate for matrimonial bliss who spoke a great deal touching the propriety, necessity indeed, of being regularly asked in church before marriage, and of having, in the event of making a bargain, a respectable wedding. "*Bargain!*" I hated the word. It imported something too sordid for me. The flourish about a respectable wedding I concluded to mean, if translated into plain English, that the fair scribe had a

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sheal of acquaintances—which I abhor in a wife. The third lady ran to the opposite extreme. She proposed an instantaneous elopement, lest her brother should hear of the thing, and by that means prevent the marriage.—"*Elopement!*" *Brother!*" How the words grated on my ears!

It would be endless, and would, besides, answer no good purpose, to specify the objectionable matter I discovered in every intervening letter until I came to the twenty-fourth. *It* was just the thing. Its contents were as much to my mind as if I myself had guided the pen of the lovely writer. Here it is:—

"*My Dear Sir*—Though as yet personally unknown to you, I hope I am justified—I am sure my own feelings justify me—in using the above affectionate epithet. I have read your intimation in the *Herald* of this morning; and never, I assure you, did human composition make such an impression on my mind: it went directly to my heart, from which I know it will never depart. My dearest unknown, but I trust destined husband, believe me when I say that your advertisement has led me to conceive of you as the *beau ideal* of all that a lover or husband should be. Words cannot express my admiration of your generosity and disinterestedness. You speak not, you give not the most distant hint of a love of money. How unlike the infinite majority of those who advertise for wives! But though money seems to be no object with you, I hope it will prove no objection, other matters being to your mind. I have a handsome competency solely at my disposal; for indeed I have no near relatives in Europe to interfere, either directly or indirectly, with me or mine. My fortune shall be the more readily laid at your feet, that it is moral worth and not sordid pelf of which you are in quest. Of my personal appearance, I will not speak, farther than to express a hope that it will not be offensive. My age, not being matter of opinion but fact, I may mention is twenty. I am morally certain, from the spirit that manifestly prompted your advertisement, that our dispositions are similar; and that, as far as human eye can see, our union, if it be effected, which I hope and pray it will, will prove one of unusual happiness to both. May I, my dear sir, have the felicity of an interview? If vouchsafed to me, be so kind as to write me immediately, when I will appoint such time and place for our meeting as will be most likely to secure us against the intrusion of any third party. Waiting with breathless anxiety your answer, I remain, my dear sir, yours, most affectionately. C. D.

"*P. S.*—Please direct C. D. 27 *Paul street, Tottenham-Court road.*"

I was—who in my situation would not have been?—in raptures with this letter. It was just the thing,—there was intellect in it; there was judgment in it; there was affection in it.

"Shall I open and peruse any more of the mountain of epistles lying before me in beautiful chaos?" I asked myself this question. I hesitated a moment as to whether I ought to open more of the A. B. letters or not. My determination was, after a few moments' consideration, to read no more. Into the grate, therefore, I chucked the whole lot; and what a sublime and brilliant blaze they made!

In answer to Miss C. D. I wrote a most affectionate and sentimental letter. It is too long, and withal of too tender and delicate a nature, to be inserted here. It will suffice the reader to be informed, that I assured her, of all the numerous candidates who had made application to me in consequence of my advertisement, there was none but herself who came up to my conceptions of what a wife ought to be. I protested that the beauty and inestimable worth of her mind were established in her letter, beyond the power of mortal to controvert, and that nothing was so desirable to me as an early interview.

It is incredible how soon I received an answer. And how propitious! Miss C. D. fully responded to all I had said touching the peril of delays. She burned with an impatience to see me, which she declared must be greater than mine, for an interview with her. In short, she forthwith appointed a meeting;—the place, a house she described in a lane off Holborn; the time, that evening at five o'clock precisely.

What could be more satisfactory. What more soul-exhilirating than this! The appointed hour for the interview approached. Properly brushed up for the occasion, I went to No. 33 —— lane, Holborn. Tremulously—for in all such cases, I suppose, persons feel a certain degree of tremor—tremulously I lifted and let fall the knocker of the door. A very polite maid, as I had been made to expect, opened the door in an instant. "Is Miss Young within?" I inquired. "Yes sir; walk up stairs, if you please," said the "she domestic," simperingly.

The damsel, with all apparent respect, conducted me up one pair of stairs, and then showed me into an elegantly furnished apartment. "Miss Young will be here presently, sir," said the maid, as she held the door in her hand when quitting the room. She disappeared. The door was shut—I was left alone. That was an epoch in my history. The intensity of my anxiety to see my future partner in life, made by pedestals quiver beneath me; my whole frame shook. In about half a minute I heard footsteps approaching. In a second more, the handle of the door was lifted. I sprang to the door, and ere it was well opened, I seized in my arms, and most cordially embraced, the lady who was making her appearance. In the warmth and fervency with which I embraced Miss Young, my future wife, I actually lifted her off her feet, and carried her several yards towards the centre of the apartment. She at first uttered a wild shriek, and then set up, as loudly as her lungs (which were certainly of the Stentorian cast) would permit, a frightful yell of "Murder! Murder!"

"My dear Miss C. D." said I, "I am A. B.; don't be alarmed." The only answer she made was, a bound towards the poker, which she seized and hurled at my head with tremendous force. That the article did not come in terrible contact with my cranium, was more a matter of miracle than any thing else. I was so overwhelmed with astonishment at this singular circumstance, that I stood for some moments in the centre of the floor as motionless as the dome of St. Paul's. While thus standing a perfect personification of

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stuperfaction, in rushed, "like a torrent down upon the vale," half a dozen young fellows, exclaiming in discordant chorus, "What's the matter? What's the matter?" These harsh sounds, bellowed out by the idiots, were answered by the exclamation, that I had committed a gross assault as well as insult. "Take him into custody!" shouted one and all of the six ruffian intruders. I declared most vehemently my innocence, and that nothing in the world could have been farther from my intention than the perpetration of any insult or crime.

"What, then, brought you here? and what was the cause of the assault on this lady?" interrogated one of the notable blockheads.

I was silent, and looked, I have been since informed, remarkably stupid.

"Come, sir, answer, otherwise we hand you over to the authorities," said one Old Bailey-looking idiot.

"Sir—Gentlemen—Sir—Gentlemen," I was stammering out, not having the most distant conception of what I was going to say, when, observing that the door was fortunately open, I bolted out of the apartment, rushed down stairs, and, getting to the street, bounded away with a rapidity to which the heels of few men would be equal.

I got home, packed up my things, cleared scores with my landlady, and, ere a couple of hours, procured new lodgings. I was afraid of farther annoyances, if I vegetated any longer at No. 23 Fetter lane.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings at the issue of this adventure. During the whole of that night I was in the dark as to the business. Next day I made inquiries indirectly as to the mysterious affair, when I learned that the half dozen scoundrels who rushed into the room, had, on seeing my advertisement in the *Herald*, entered into a conspiracy together to hoax the "wight" as they had the audacity to call me; that one of six who had a sister—a *lady* I suppose she would call herself—as unprincipled as himself, got her to write to his dictation.

I will advertise no more. I have made up my mind to retire to some secluded spot, some "boundless contiguity of shade," if it can be had, where I will never more, or at least but seldom, see unmarried women. I am now convinced that all and every attempt at forming a matrimonial alliance would issue so unfortunately as to hold me up anew to the ridicule of the world; so convinced, I say, am I now of this, that all the logic in the world would not expel the persuasion from my mind.

An Irish Definition of "the Premier."—"But sure," added a third, "sure, didn't the Prime Ear himself lay it all out before the parleymint!" "What Prime Ear are you talking about, man dear?" said Paddy, rather testily. "Well, and who is the Prime Ear of his Majesty, and no less. Is that satisfaction for you, eh?" "Well, and who is the Prime Ear?" "Why, the Prime Ear of his Majesty, I towld you before. You see, he is the one that hears of every thing that is to be done for the whole impire in partic'lar; and bekase he *hears* of everything, thats the rayson he is called the Prime *Ear*,—and a good rayson it is."—*Lover's Legends, &c. of Ireland, Second Series.*

THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

With cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy!
And round his gentle finger twines
Those scattered locks, that with the night
Of four score years are snowy white
And, as the scar arrests his view,
He cries, 'grand pa, who wounded you!'

'My child, 'tis five and fifty years,
This very day, this very hour,
Since from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell by hostile power—
I saw retire the setting sun,
Behind the hills of Lexington;
While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brother lay, for freedom slain.

And ere that fight—the first that spoke
In thunder to our land—was o'er,
Amidst the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore!
'Tis since that dread and wild affray,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek this scar.

When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May freedom's rights be still thine own.
And thou and thine in quiet reap,
The unblighted produce of the toil,
In which my blood bedewed the soil;
And while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy!

But should thy country's voice be heard,
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy grandsire's trusty sword;
And, undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember on the battle field,
I made the hand of God my shield!
And, be thou spared like me to tell,
What bore me up, while others fell.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Young Love and Death, by chance one night,
Stopped at a hut together,
While raged the storm, with lurid light,
To shelter from the weather:
Love gave the host, with strict behest,
His darts to keep till morning;
Death, too, gave his, with looks—stern guest!—
Of future ills a warning.

Each to his chamber then retired:
But when the sun was peeping,
The Travellers of the host required
Their charge, left in his keeping:
The host complied; but, as we're told,
Too fatally mistaking,
Gave Death Love's arrows tipped with gold.
Young Love in turn Death's taking.

Whichever course the archers went,
They caused a sad confession!
Old age, on whom Death's aim was bent,
Felt playful Love's delusion;
While victims maids and youths became,
Where luckless Cupid wanders!
Young hearts drooped in a blighted frame,
And passion's bliss was squandered!

Love soon his fellow-traveller met,
And straight, with sobs and sighing,
Complained that all he'd aimed at yet
Were either dead or dying!
Said Death, "Dry up your tears, poor boy!
Take back your own bright quiver,
And give me mine." Love did with joy—
They parted then for ever!

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A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF TEDDY O'DONOHU.

It was about a year after our revolution that Sergeant Teddy O'Donohu arrived in the town of Bergen.

Now the sergeant was as brave a bandy-legged little man as ever cheered a soldier on to battle. He was the son of old Michael O'Donohu, the great prize fighter from Limerick, but after a while old Michael was gathered to his fathers, and his son Teddy reigned in his stead. The patrimony was small and caused no litigation, consisting merely of an old pair of cast-off galligaskins, most carefully patched; a bountiful stock of impudence, and a strong, natural hankering after a canteen of whiskey, which last inclination was a sort of heirloom in the family, and descending to Teddy in a direct line from both father and mother, was strong in proportion; so that by the time he had reached the age of fifteen, sorrow a boy was there in the whole country round, could judge of the merits of a small jug of whiskey, equal to Teddy O'Donohu.

Shortly after the death of his father, he had crossed over to America, and during the war had enlisted on the side of congress, with the determination of seeking his fortune; but after having spent several years in the search, and during the whole war, having only arrived at a sergeant's halberd, he came to the conclusion that the fortune which belonged to him, was scarcely worth having, and sagely determined to give up the pursuit.

Setting out with this wise resolution, from that time the sergeant had never been known to trouble his head about the fortune; and if he could only contrive to assemble with three or four of his boon-companions over a canteen of whiskey, and relate the exploits performed by himself during the war, the sergeant was in his glory. He was excellent, also, in running up scores in the different bar-rooms in the neighbourhood, and there was not a tavern within ten miles of his residence, (that is of the place where he was most frequently seen,) but could point out a score chalked up as long as your arm, while the initials, T. O'D., very conspicuously brought up the rear.

But although the sergeant was thus villainously out of credit with the landlords, yet the scores contrived to wax larger and larger; for, to tell the truth, he had a mighty winning way with him, and many were the sly glasses handed to him with a smile while the husbands were absent, attending to their out-door concerns. And the women, heaven bless them, all thought it mighty hard that the evil of an empty stomach should be added to that of empty pockets, which it was already well known, pressed heavily upon the sergeant; so that never a day passed without his having received his full compliment of whiskey, and retiring to bed in what he termed "glorious case," but what another would call, pretty considerably well fuddled.

But to proceed to my narrative. It was upon a stormy evening, not very long after the revolution, that the inhabitants of the only inn in the little town of Bergen, had gathered around a cheerful fire, which was blazing in the huge chimney-place: the rain poured in torrents, the landlord edged his chair nearer to the fire, while gradually his head and shoulders settled down into the cushion formed by his ponderous abdomen. The landlady was busily engaged in plying her knitting-needle. A large gray cat was lolling in the ashes at their feet, with all that air of self-satisfaction which denotes a pampered favourite, occasionally breaking the silence by a lazy good-natured purr. Still the wind roared on as if the spirits of the storm had been let loose, and were bursting over the earth in fierce and joyous revelry; for a few moments it would hush up, and then again it howled forth like the yell of some tortured demon, and with a violence that shook the whole building to the foundation.

It was during one of these intervals that a tremendous knocking was heard at the door.

"Mynheer, dere ish somebody vot knocksh," screamed the landlady.

"Yaw," drawled the landlord, as his head and shoulders slowly emerged from the huge abyss of his portentous stomach.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, again thundered at the door.

"Dere ish somebody vot ish hurried;" said the landlord, scratching his head, but without moving from his chair.

Rap, rap, rap.

"Mein heavens! dere ish blenty of time," shouted the Dutchman, now springing to his feet and moving towards the door; for the last application was made with a vehemence that made the whole building ring, and threatened to dash the door from its hinges.

But the motions of great bodies are slow, and the landlord was not an exception to the general rule, for ere he had reached more than half way across the room, rap, rap, rap, was again heard, and the door flew open before the energetic blows of the traveller; and dripping with rain, he burst into the room.

A leather military cap was cocked sideways upon a mop of carrotty hair, and was intended to screen a face, which deep and incessant potations had covered with a continual blush; an old military undress coat was buttoned tightly over his broad, brawny shoulders, and two short, thick, bandy-legs were almost lost in a capacious pair of blue kersey pantaloons, considerably the worse for wear. In fine, it was our friend, Sergeant Teddy O'Donohu, who had been thus scurvily treated, and who now stalked up to the landlord with all the fury of a mad bull.

"A word with ye, you ould blackguard. What is it ye mane, by kapein' a gintleman, and that's meself, a drippin' and a drownin' in sich a rain like this; especially when he's willin' to pay for all that he calls for? If you had your desarts, you'd nivir been born, you ould thief you!"

For a long time the sergeant continued furious, paying no attention either to the apologies or pacific speeches of the landlord; but after railing and abusing until completely out of breath, he at last consented to listen to reason, and in a short time peace was restored—

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his clothes were dried, and long ere bed-time the sergeant was perfectly at his ease. He joked with the bar-maid, who had come simpering in with a large jug of home-brewed—he chuckled the landlady under the chin—and he drank glass for glass with the landlord—although, now and then, the perplexing thought would come over him, "How is all this to be paid for in the mornin'?" But as it was one of his maxims never to puzzle his brains about subjects which it was not easy to elucidate, he determined to let the morning take care of itself, and continued drinking for the rest of the evening, without troubling his head about the matter. It was late in the night when they had finished the jug; and the landlord, taking up the light, led the way, while the sergeant reeled after him to his bed-room.

It was a dull dingy-looking room; on one side was nailed a shelf, upon which were standing two large, dirty glass-rummers, probably left there by the last tenant; in one corner was placed a broad, wooden table, covered with crumbs of bread and the pieces of a broken pipe; and in the opposite corner was resting a dirty-looking bed, the intended resting-place of the sergeant. At its foot was a large wooden chest, probably intended as the receptacle for the clothes of the inmates; and in front of a fire-place, filled with ashes and burnt cinders, was standing a small oaken settee, which completed the furniture of the apartment.

But neither the disarray of his room nor the slovenliness of his bed, troubled the sergeant; he threw off his clothes upon the lid of the chest, tumbled upon the bed, and the music of his nose soon bore ample testimony to the soundness of his slumbers. How long he slept he knew not, but he was at length awakened by a shrill ringing laugh which burst in upon his ear, and seemed to proceed from the opposite side of the room. The sergeant started up in the bed, and rubbed his eyes. The candle, which was standing upon the table, had burnt nearly to the socket, while a tall, black cap of snuff was hanging upon the end of the wick, and throwing a dim, melancholy light through the chamber. The sergeant looked around the room, put seeing nothing, was again yielding to his soporiferous feelings—when chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again sounded in his ears.

Again he started up in his bed; and now in front of him upon the floor he saw a little, broad-sterned, Dutch-looking figure, scarce a foot high, with an immense cocked-hat perched upon the top of his head, skipping up and down the room with all the agility of a Parisian rope-dancer. At last he paused opposite the sergeant, his eyes began to twinkle and twinkle, his broad little mouth began to spread——it opened—and chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, came pouring out with a vivacity that fairly caused his little fat body to quiver.

"Is it awake that I am?" exclaimed the sergeant, rubbing his eyes with one hand, and raking his head with the five prongs of the other.

Again the eyes of the little man began to twinkle, again his mouth opened, and chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, burst forth.

Now, the sergeant, who was a brave man, and feared nothing, earthly or unearthly, began to wax wroth at the repeated chuckle of his jolly little room-mate; to be awakened from a sound sleep was bad enough, but to be laughed at into the bargain—it was intolerable, and the sergeant was not the man to put up with it; his hair bristled up with anger, and the carbuncles on his nose grew fiery red. But as he was scrupulously honourable in all his movements, he determined, before proceeding to extremities, to afford his little room-mate an opportunity of exculpating himself; and knowing that the only method of holding a conversation with a ghost or hobgoblin, or any animal of that species, was to open the way, he accordingly commenced:

"Let me tell you, ould gintleman, that I look upon this conduct of yours as mighty improper, not to say ungintlemanly."

Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again burst from the lips of the little man, as he threw himself upon the floor, unable to support himself under the convulsive bursts of merriment which threatened to shake to pieces his oily little carcass.

"It's meself that will tache you manners, and will give you a little corriction that will be highly binificial to yoursilf and improvin' to your iddication," said the sergeant, as he stepped from the bed to seize upon his little friend, but he was gone.

Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, rattled a voice from the opposite side of the room, and, turning around, the sergeant beheld his fat little acquaintance standing with his arms akimbo, nearly splitting his sides with laughter, while the tears were pouring in small rivulets down his oyster-like cheeks.

The sergeant waxed furious at being thus baffled by a man of such insignificant proportions, and commenced a hot pursuit around the room, but the little fellow was too nimble for him; at one time he was in front of him, at another he was behind him; he skipped from the floor to the bed, from the bed to the table, from the table to the shelf, and as the sergeant reeled after him he only succeeded in scraping the skin from his limbs, and bringing his nose violently in contact with the wall, all which he set down to the account of the little man—to be wiped off when he should succeed in capturing him. At last he had completely cornered him, there appeared no way of escape, he was sure of him, he balanced himself steadily upon his legs, and bringing his eyes to bear upon him, he made a plunge at him with all his force; but again the little man eluded his grasp, and darted between his legs, while the head of the sergeant came in contact with the wall with all the force of a battering-ram. Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again rung in his ear, and ere he had time to recover himself the little man bounced upon his back and clasped his arms around his throat.

"Ah, ha! have I caught you at last," shouted the sergeant; "but aisy, now; you're chokin' me, you divil; be aisy; its ungintlemanly."

Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again pealed out from the mouth of his rider.

"Is it laughing you are? by my soul, it's

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meilf that will put a stop to that," exclaimed the sergeant, seizing hold upon the arms that encompassed his neck.

But the arms were immoveable, and it was in vain that he tugged and tugged; the little man grew peevish, and at last, downright angry, and commencnd hammering with his heels into the sides of the sergeant until he fairly roared.

"Let loose your grip, ould gintleman," exclaimed he, "and the bating that I'll give you will be nothing to the one that I intinded for you at first."

But the little man liked not the terms, and still continued his hold upon his neck, while thump, thump, still rattled his heels against the ribs of the sergeant. The sergeant waxed furious, and the legs waxed vigorous, as they flew to their full stretch from beneath the little broad-tailed coat, and were brought back into the sides of the soldier with a violence that nearly annihilated him, and completely baffled all his attempts to keep count of the score which was thus rapidly running up on his ribs.

The face of the Irishman grew black with passion, and he poured forth volleys of oaths, with a most impartial indifference both as regards quantity and quality, but they sufficed not, for his rider still maintained his position, plying his legs as briskly as ever.

Now the sergeant had a stock of patience, but it was a small one, and soon exhausted, and he determined to get rid of his tormentor at all hazards.

He writhed and he twisted, he bounced about the room, he rolled upon the floor, he dashed his back against the wall, but in vain; his little friend was too quick for him; when he rolled upon the floor he was standing by his head, waiting for him to get up, and when he dashed himself against the wall, he was by his side, until he had got through, and nearly broken his bones by this manœuvre; but, no sooner had he finished, than he was again upon his back, plying his heels as vigorously as ever, while the chuckel again grated in the ear of the discomfitted Irishman.

At last the sergeant, finding that the fate of the war was against him, determined to try the effect of expostulation.

"I'd like to ax you a question, you blackguard—is it gintlemanly in you to kape hammerin' an hammerin' in my ribs in sich a manner, and having no more regard to my convanience than if meilf was an empty rum-puncheon? And now let me tell you, that it's perfectly unplisant, and altogether improper, to say the laste of it."

Again the hearty chuckle of the little man announced his enjoyment of the prank, while his heels worked away more vigorously than ever.

"Aisy now, ould gintleman; for the divil a rib will there be lift, if I'm to be straddled and hammered at sich a rate till mornin'. Whist! a word in your ear," said he, with a winning air, and laying his finger along the side of his nose: "Isn't it a compromise that we might make, that's honourable to both, and disgraceful to nather?"

The little man again chuckled, and opening his mouth for the first time, condescended to speak: "Sergeant O'Donohu."

"Here," shouted the sergeant, as his military habits were, for a moment, revived by this call upon his name.

"I know that very well," returned the little man; "here you are, and here you are likely to remain, unless we can agree upon the terms of the compromise."

"Is it the terms? oh, iny thing."

"Well, then, as regards the beating with which you threatened me?"

"Was I sich a feol as threaten that?"

"You most certainly did."

"Och! it's mistaken that ye are, but nivir mind, we'll say nothing more about that; and now my little fellow, jist have the goodness to get off my shoulders."

"Stop, stop," quoth the little man, "not so fast; what pledge am I to have that you will keep to the terms?"

"The word of a soldier and a gintleman."

"Enough; honour is a thing I respect," answered the little man, "and now sergeant, bend down, so that I may get from your shoulders without injuring my limbs, and we'll seal the compact over a bottle of whiskey."

"Och, you're a beauty," shouted the delighted sergeant. "I knowed by the smell of your breath, that the whiskey you've been raised on is iligant. But methinks, my little fellow, that you were so mighty spry a short time ago, it could not trouble you much to git off my shoulders in the same way that you got on."

"Silence!" retorted the other, "that's my business."

"Divil a word will I spake," rejoined the sergeant, as the little man stepped from his shoulders, and bounded upon the table.

Here he paced up and down for some time, until the Irishman, who grew alarmed for his whiskey, thought it best to drop him a slight hint on the subject.

"I should not like to mintion the whiskey which we were spakin' about," said he bowing low, and laying his hand upon his heart, "but honour——."

"Oh, honour bright," answered the other, "it shall be paid;" and, fumbling in his coat-pocket, he drew out a small bottle, which might contain about as much as would fill a moderate-sized wine-glass. "Bring me those two glasses. Ah! ha! sergeant, we'll have a night of it," drawing the cork from the mouth of the flask.

Just then the sergeant, who had been eyeing the size of the flask with a very doubting look, stretched out his glass: "To help company first is manners," said he; "so, if you plase, I'll drink first, especially as that flask happens to be most particularly small."

Again the little man chuckled. "Small, sergeant; why it holds ten gallons."

"Tin gallons! niver."

"Do you doubt my veracity?" quoth the little man, bristling up.

"Doubt your voracity; divil a bit; divil a man that ever laid eyes upon that fat, round stomach of yours would be apt to do that."

"You are growing personal, sergeant," ex-

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claimed the other, growing red in the face; "take care, or you will lose your whiskey."

"It was altogether unitintional, I assure you," apologized the sergeant; "but about that same whiskey. Is it tin gallans that there is?"

"You shall see," said the little man, who was as placable as he was quick-tempered; "hold out your glass."

The sergeant reached it out, and the other poured and poured, until the large rummer was filled to the brim, and still the quantity in the bottle appeared undiminished.

"It's a jewell, that bottle of yours," said the sergeant, eyeing it wistfully.

"It is, indeed, sergeant."

"And the whiskey, it's mighty powerful and intertanin' to the insides."

"It was called excellent at the place from whence it came," answered the little man.

"You may say that, but where *did* it come from? for if I may believe my own eyes, it come from no place at all."

"Ah! that's a secret," answered the little man, laying his finger against the end of his nose, with a very quizzical look; and only known to the initiated."

"The initiated, ph——w, I smell brimstone," retorted the sergeant, shoving back the oaken settle upon which he had seated himself, and feeling for his rosary; for, though a staunch toper, and not particular about his company, he was yet too good a catholic to enter into any compact that might endanger the forlorn hope which he yet entertained of sneaking through purgatory, without attracting more attention to himself than was absolutely necessary.

But at this motion the little man grew fidgety; "None of that, sergeant, none of that," said he, "it's uncivil, and I'll not submit to it; but come, fill your glass, an empty glass destroys fellowship."

"Might I take the liberty of asking your name?" said the sergeant, filling his glass.

"Ah, that, too, is a secret," said the little man, as his eyes began to twinkle, and a smothered chuckle rattled in his throat.

"Well, then, if I might make bould to reckon on sich a subject, your name is———."

"What?" asked the other.

"No offence, I hope?"

"None in the world."

"Why, thin, you are most commonly known by the name of Ould Nick," answered the sergeant.

"You have hit it exactly."

"And now sergeant, that you have discovered who I am, will you tell me what do you think of me? for I hear that some folks have slandered me, representing me as a crusty, ill-natured old fellow, who is continually getting his neighbours into trouble, and in fact, heaping upon my shoulders the accumulated villanies of every rascal that ever breathed."

"The blackguards!" ejaculated the sergeant.

"But, tell me, sergeant, what is your opinion of me?"

"Is it my opinion? Why then it is, that you are a divelish fine ould boy, and kape most excellent whiskey in that little bottle of yours. But, I say, Mr. Divil, none of your tricks; none of your compacts; no clawing hold of the soul, I'll not stand that."

"Oh, by no means," returned the other, bowing low; "honour! sergeant, honour! but still I should like to see a specimen of your hand-writing; suppose you merely write your name upon this piece of paper," said he, reaching out a long roll of paper, covered with cabalistical characters.

"On that paper? divil a particle of it," answered the Irishman, who strongly suspected a snare.

"Well, then, try on this parchment," said the little man, smiling.

"Divil a letter."

"Then, you'll not sign it?"

"Divil a bit."

"And the whiskey."

'It's beautiful."

"You will please to hand me the *rhino* for what you have already drunk."

"Is it the mony you mane?" asked the sergeant.

"Exactly," was the laconic reply.

Now the little man well knew that deuse a copper was there in the sergeant's pocket, but to tell the truth he was not more fully aware of this than the sergeant himself; however he boldly walked up to the chest and commenced fumbling over and over the pockets, which had been fumbled and fumbled a hundred times before, and with like success; the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead, for he now began to tremble for the safety of his soul, but still he ransacked in the deep abyss, for he well knew that it could not want much of daylight, and could he but keep the devil at bay till then, he might not only save his soul, but cheat him out of the pay for his whiskey into the bargain. But the little man seemed to know this too, for he grew impatient.

"I'm a little pressed for time and will trouble you for that money as quick as convenient," said he, at the same time extending his hand.

"Och, its funnin' you are," answered the sergeant, with a coaxing air, "for divil a copper has seen the inside of my pocket for this many a long day."

"Then you'll sign the paper," said the little man, with a winning smile, at the same time extending to him a small steel pen.

"That's perfectly impossible," returned the sergeant

"Then I am to understand that you will neither sign nor pay?"

"That's it exactly."

"Then, here's my respect to you," said he, and seizing the sergeant by the nose, he wrung it until it fairly hissed; he sprung to the floor, dragging the body of the sergeant at his heels; he raced round and round the room; he battered the body of the sergeant against the wall; at one time his crooked legs were scraping against the chimney corner, the next they rattled against the table; still the little man raced on until fairly out of breath, and until every limb of the yelling sergeant bore testimony to the good will of his little friend; at last the cock crowed.

"Whiz! I'm off," shouted the little man; "but you'll go along, sergeant," and darting to

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the fireplace, he flew up the chimney, still pulling the unfortunate sergeant by the nose; but here his broad shoulder befriended him, for tho' the flue was sufficiently large to admit the escape of the little man, the sergeant stuck in the hip, and brought up so suddenly, that the grip slipped from his nose, and he fell heavily back into the room.

It was late the next morning when the barmaid, coming up to awaken the sergeant for breakfast, found him snugly seated in the fireplace, while his nose, was holding forth in a most delectable soliloquy. A hearty shaking soon aroused the sergeant, and shortly afterwards he made his appearance at the breakfast-table, where he related his adventure; he was laughed at by all, but it was afterwards observed that from that period none of the family could ever be induced to visit that room after sunset; and a few years after, the whole house having gained the reputation of being haunted, was deserted and fell to ruin. How the sergeant settled his bill with the landlord, I never could fully learn; but I have since heard, that for more than a year afterwards, there appeared upon the side of the bar a long row of chalk-marks, the meaning of which no one could divine; but what puzzled them more than all, was the appearance of the three hieroglyphics, which stood beneath, and which, after close inspection, it was discovered were intended to represent the letters, T. O. D.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

STANZAS.

I gazed when the beauty of life was untainted,
The flush on the cheek was all blooming and gay;
But ere on the mind the heart's feelings were painted,
It hath in its loveliness faded away.

The young bud was nipp'd ere its leaves were expanded,
To catch the soft vapour, the dew or the sun;
Ere the soul to thy boundless realm's knowledge extended,
The life glowing flush of its beauty was gone.

Thou hast fled like a meteor or mist of the mountains,
Or the light clouds which fly on the wings of the gale;
As the spirits which float o'er earth's sunny bright fountains,
And o'er the soft breezes in mourning shall wail.

Bright as that sweet star which ushers the morning
Short as its lustre thy stay upon earth;
But loftier and brighter, where free from all mourning,
Thy spirit shall rest where they know of its worth.

I have silently cherished that early nipp'd blossom,
Though grief found no vent when thy soul didst depart;
Still deeper its lines hath been left on the bosom,
The deeper its image is press'd on the heart.

Pure as the fountain from which springs its being,
Thy spirit hath sought for the land of the blest;
Untainted and free from thy poor earthly dwelling,
Now go to thy Maker, sweet pilgrim, and rest.

Yea rest thee, my lov'd one, for bless'd is thy slumber,
No sin of this earth can disturb thy repose;
But angels shall waft thee, where souls without number,
Are resting with God, from earth's harrassing woes.

INDIAN BARD.

Written for the Casket.

PARADISE OF SPRING.

A DREAM.

It was on the evening of the last day of winter that I sauntered from my lodgings towards a picturesque and moss-covered knoll, rendered dear to memory, as well from a quondam occurrence, as the imposing scenery it commands. It stands half a league distant and overlooks Hopkinsville, a pleasant and beautiful town with its landscape, environs of farms and streams, of hills and barrens. I reached the summit of the knob and recognized the same features which my frequent haunts had rendered familiar several years before. On its utmost height stood the same huge and stormbeaten stone. Wind and time and tempest, had polished and whitened it, but never had they shaken the hoary sentinel from his post. No! nor yet had they erased the initials of one engraven as indelibly on its side as the memory of her virtues were set on my heart. But this is foreign from my subject, and must suffice for that being. That spot to me was holy ground, and the durability of that stone, the dial of my constancy.

Being seated, and leaning against its base, I committed myself to meditation, but no exertion of mind could banish the associations of the spot from my imagination, until sleep, pleasant sleep, came ever with its lulling balm, and presented a vision, having but little affinity with my last waking thought.——I saw the venerable monument against which I rested, slowly becoming higher, and still more elevated until it overlooked the grandest heights of earth. On looking round I saw Asmodeus, the demon tutor of Don Cleopas ascending the gentle slope on my right, and bearing company with a female personage whose mien and attire indicated a high order of being. The Demon of deformity informed me that his companion was the Genius of Fancy. At this I was startled with surprise; for in all my conceptions, and personifyings, in all the imaginings of the poet, and creations of the artist, she had never been presented in her present character! she stood a few paces distant and rested in noble negligence on the low bending trunk of a thunder-rent ash. She heeded not the persuasive invitings of romantic beauty that lay scattered in the distance; but seemed engaged in burying every sense in the deepest vault of thought. Her features were wrapped up with composure, and her face though unfurrowed with a trace of care or time, told more of the matron than,

> The nymph that "dwells
> In sylvan cells."

He related a ramble she had recently taken over the planet earth, in which journey she chanced to meet with the goddess of spring. The goddess was making a tour towards the south to her place of habitation in the "Paradise of Spring!" and in compliment to Fancy solicited her presence the next day, (1st of March) to witness the opening of the Paradise. Then waving his wand above my head I was directed to vault upon the summit of the spire, from whence I might behold Fancy through every trace of her voyage. I did as commanded, and soon found myself perched on the cloud crested

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pillar. I looked towards earth and discovered Fancy as she arose in her flight. She is now the archetype of her general character; her very self *in propria persona*. She is now the sportive Naiad the agile sylph that bounds from beauty to beauty courting smiles from one and caressing another. She is now the airy Grace of lightest mould and like the sea shallop, glides now from islet to islet, then chases from billow to surge the high riding coral. Her eye of light swam not but played like lightnings flash; and the carnation on her cheek was the tinge of an orient cloud. "Her locks were the white mists of the morning" that curled for a while then scattered in the gale. In this portraiture she flitted from the mossy mound; nor hasted her flight but glided apace and rested anon as one gilt spot of nature and another enchanted her gaze. In her wild orgies many was the rattling rill with mimic beach and ozier fringe to arrest her step, many a cliff was scaled to catch the enamelled profile of scenery away. Many the scowling crag she mounted to lave in the dimpled pool above, then dashing to the brink she rode on the mad cataract as its liquid tresses were flung from rock to rock down the rugged precipice. Now she sinks in a dank leafy dingle where the bittern's cry and the owlet's hoot is all that gives cheer to the gloom of the glen. She takes her hence to the sunny plain beyond the steep, but her pathway is the cavern that passes beneath. The fountain gush in some distant hall is the voice of the cave; and the lair of the lynx is the mark of an absent tenant. The inmost recess was shaded in darkness, but brilliant and burning was the sconce of the living day that poured in from the far off outlet, opening on a wide bounded plain that was studded with the livery of bloom.

That plain was the "Paradise of Spring!" it was the firmament of flowers, a diadem of brilliants giving back the lustre of a midday sun, like the clustering galaxy that mock with their twinklings the soft shining of the moon. Fancy paused—then wondered in delight; and moving towards the centre, she discovered the palace of the Goddess. The edifice was superb and spacious, and the materials of the structure the flowery products of spring. She was led by the Goddess through every border and bower of this panorama of nature's pearls. Beauties rich and rare, even such as had never appeared in the brightest galleries of her own paintings were constantly presented to her pampered gaze. But the creative laws of this Tempe were no fac-simile of the regulations of nature. Here was found no variation of climate to muffle with its mantle the products of April until those of March were matured; or retard the growth of May until the time and regular order of their coming. The same genial ray that warmed the germs of March, at the same time ripened and expanded the fruit and the blossom of May. Each month had its virgin florist and to each was a separate division in the Paradise alloted. The inclosure of March being thrown open for her departure through the world, they entered and found her making hasty preparations to leave the Paradise. She was a noisy blustering maid, of low though heavy statue, with a complexion rough, and as deeply flushed as though it were dyed in the aurora borealis. Some of her borders were set with dwindling shrubs whose once budded foliage had been crisped and seared by the frost. In others might be seen a few scattered blooms that were cautiously expanding, though in seeming defiance of a turbulent mistress. By these she brushed scowling along and just snatched a handful of buds in which were gathered a snowdrop or two, a daisy and violet, a crocus and daffodil, with some others, and clapping her loud wings, was borne in a gust. April was tall and graceful; her fine modelled symmetry and contour of face bore the impress of elegant refinement without becoming effeminate, and the air of benevolent majesty without the rude deportment of March. Though placid and gentle, the flashes of feeling sometimes lighted her eye and she was uncumbered with any decoration of ornament save the blooming tuft that flowed loose from her head. The guardian of May was the same gay, erratic little damsel that I had always conceived. Her dress was light and that of the holiday belle of the village. There was an unconscious though lively innocence that played continually on her features; and those features were sketched with the hectic life, glow that arises on the spring tide of youth. But her eye was too restless and wayward; too eager and active in buoyant sports, and herself too untiring in playfulness. It is true her face was always lighted, and seemed a mirrored image just taken from the cast of her soul, and reflecting from it every vibration of delight; for that soul was the refuge of no other feeling. The chaplet she wore hung low on her brow, and the gentle impulse that rustled its blooms was the soft breathing gale that arose from her lips. She sprang to throw open the vineclad portal to her visiters and Fancy found herself ushered into the same department which she had passed on her way to the palace, and which had charmed and captivated her every sense. The rich parterres were dressed up in all the deep-hued trappings of the world of vegetation. Nor was it "any city of solitude;" no Elysium for departed spirits, but a mighty reservoir of incense; a great shrine, where nature hung her luxuries. It was also the scene of the living. Philomel and the sweet-singing canary, the parrot and high crested eagle were perched together on the same evergreen tree. The bee had buzzed from its Hyblian heights; the butterfly with rainbow dress, and the humming bird from Arabia's groves, all sipped from the same fountain of sweet that rose in the "lily's virgin bell." The "dear gazelle" the gentle lamb, the fawn and the highland kid all couched them down in the same verdant fold. Having strolled to the northern extremity of the plain they stopped at the spout that burst out at the foot of an aged laurel, and quaffed its azure element caught in the silken cup of the tulip. Here Fancy swept with her glance the prospect beyond the enclosure; and erected on a small eminence she espied, a huge and dark mausoleum. This the Goddess informed her was the tomb of Winter, a certain hoary and merciless tyrant, who after subduing autumn, held the earth in bondage for a season, and was careering to-

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wards the confines of Spring when his icy armour was destroyed by the shafts of the vernal sun, and himself slain on the event of executing his ambitious scheme. Here I woke and found my magic tower dwindled down to the "stone of the hill" and catching the last lingering ray of the sinking sun. W. P. T.

Written for the Casket.

ISABEL L.

A TRUE STORY.

"When she was a tender, and beauteous infant in the cradle, did you see that unfortunate, that forlorn being? said a venerable female, to a friend who was sitting with her, by the bedside of a poor emaciated woman, on whose features, as she lay in a disturbed, and uneasy slumber, were indelibly impressed the traces of the deepest sorrow. But the skeleton of her former self, she was a fit representation, of the image of woe. "I saw her in her childhood," replied the sympathising friend; "she was an interesting child: little did her fond father think, as he dandled her on his knee, that she would ever be the victim of such deep, such incurable sorrow; or he certainly would have prayed, when she was at the verge of the grave, rather for her to have been taken from the evil to come, than for her restoration to health, which he so fervently did." A low moan, proceeded from the object of their mutual sympathy. They were silent; "Ah, my husband, don't leave me," murmured, she in a low tone, a deeper gloom overspreading her countenance, "don't leave me!" repeated she mournfully, "how can you deride me thus? if I have done wrong sometimes, have I not borne much for you, and from you? But you will not listen to reason, I see that your heart is hardened against me, and fixed on another: you take an exaggerated view of every thing; my imperfections, and the supposed perfections of another are alike distorted." After a short pause—"Oh," cried the still sleeping invalid, with evident emotion,—"that you were now, what you once were! *then*—however unworthy of your regard I might have been, you could not have witnessed such suffering, as you now cause, without relenting." A shiver seemed to run over the frame of the unhappy woman, as she started from her unquiet slumber. "Poor creature," murmured the old lady, "she cannot even sleep in peace." A deep sigh burst from the aching heart of the sufferer, as she opened her eyes and looked around; on seeming to recollect herself, she appeared confused and distressed,—"Don't be agitated, my dear," said her kind friend, "you have been dreaming, we are here, to do all we can for you; and your mother is not far off:" she closed her eyes with a shudder, her weeping sister, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed unobserved, now approached, and kneeling down by the bedside, pressed her hand on the throbbing temple of the afflicted one, "yes, my poor sister," said she, "we are all anxious to do all we can for you;" after a moment's silence, she turned her head, and leaned it on her sister's shoulder; "yes my dear Anna, I know that; and I desire to be thankful, for the many blessings I have left; God will chasten his children for their wanderings, but he will not utterly forsake them. My affliction is of a peculiarly distressing nature, but no doubt, it is intended for my good, and I desire to be, and hope that I am, entirely resigned to the will of Heaven."

But I have commenced my story in the wrong place; I must give some account of the heroine, before I finish the sad tale of her suffering—but it must be a short sketch; it is too gloomy to enlarge on, there is too much truth in the history of this unfortunate female, to permit the writer to be very eloquent, in describing her troubles. Isabel M. was born in 18—, it makes no matter where, and it is not necessary that any notice should be taken of her life, until she reached the age of twenty-one, as nothing of any peculiar interest occured before that time, or rather, I would say, from that period may the commencement of her troubles be dated, it was then she became a wife, it is true, with her own choice, but the attachment between her and Mr. L. was hastily formed, and they were as hastily united; her kind parents were too indulgent to oppose the wishes of their daughter, on whose judgment they placed much reliance, and she reposed too much confidence in her lover to refuse compliance to his urgent solicitations, to become his without delay—she could not doubt the purity of his motives, and indeed, it cannot be said, that they were improper, at least he said, and I believe, thought they were good; but still I cannot think, that Isabel was ever truly and devotedly loved by her husband:—he was in need of a wife at the time, and imagined, he loved the inexperienced, and fond girl, who was willing to marry him without delay, whether her friends approved of her hasty proceeding, or not. In a few days after, she promised to be his; Mr. L. carried the then happy Isabel to his home; and she, full of romantic notions, (for alas: she had studied romances too much for her good,) imagined that her bliss was complete, that she could never know what sorrow was; my dear Edward loves me, thought she, too tenderly, ever to be unkind,—he is the idol of my heart, how then can I ever be unhappy?—no, it can never be,—the world may censure, but what is all that to me, I have happiness they can never touch.

But alas! how mistaken was Isabel; Mr. L. had been a married man before; his former wife was his senior, and probably his superior, in every respect—she had much wealth at her command, and what was better, her youthful husband, was all her own; he looked up to her with reverence, as to a superior being; but now the case was exactly reversed;—he had married a girl much younger than himself, inexperienced in the ways of the world, and in the management of a family; and with a mind, it must be acknowledged, too full of visionary notions. Mr. L. soon discovered this, and what she thought, would operate much in her favour—that is, her disregard of the opinions of the world, in marrying him so suddenly, had the contrary effect; he soon formed a low, and even a contemptible opinion of his wife. The first symptoms Isabel saw of it, astonished and distressed her so, that she only made matters worse, by her excessive grief; she took, what he afterwards said was intended for advice, as unkindness; and without trying to conform to his wishes, at least, without trying in

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a proper manner, as she afterwards forcibly felt; she yielded herself up to incessant sorrow: her husband remonstrated: for it cannot be supposed that he did not wish his wife to counteract any impressions, that were made on his mind, to her prejudice: but things only grew worse, they could not understand each other; she took every renewal of his remonstrance with her, as just evidence that he had never loved her. and he construed her continued griefs, into stubborness and violence of temper. Sometimes, there would be a partial understanding between them. Mr. L. would occasionally manifest more than usual tenderness for her, it would fill his poor wife's heart with joy, and she would hope that all would yet be well; but unfortunately for Isabel, she had not discrimination to know how to improve those moments. I think she never knew her husband's disposition fully. He was a man of very peculiar turn of mind; possessed of strong prejudices, and extreme quickness of temper, it required great discernment and prudence in a wife, particularly one he considered his inferior, to get along comfortably with him; but alas! for Isabel, she possessed neither of those qualifications, in that degree, that was necessary for her peace and happiness; added to which, she also had a temper which she had not learned to govern properly. Thus, for the want of discernment, prudence and self command, on the part of Isabel, and of affection and forbearence, on her husband's part, was then a fatal blow given to the happiness, the peace—ah, even the last prospect of earthly felicity to the unfortunate Isabel; by her own hands, and the hands of one who had promised to protect and cherish her, under all circumstances. And here, were I to suffer the feelings that arise and oppress my heart, to predominate, I would lay down my pen and let the remainder of the sad story of Isabel L. sink forever into oblivion; but a hasty recital of her sorrow may prove a warning perhaps, to some inexperienced girl, should it fall into the hands of any such. In consequence of the continued misunderstanding between Mr. L. and his wife, his heart, which had never been her's as it should have been, ere he made her his wife, was entirely estranged from her, and the most bitter hatred seemed to take possession of his soul. Being of a warm temperature naturally, he sought and found another object, on whom to lavish all his fondness, and who, like his first wife, possessed many advantages, over his now neglected one. I, however, have not the least doubt, had Mr. L. ever felt half the affection for Isabel, that he now did for his new found love, that there was no obstacle in her to their permanent happiness, but might have been removed by kindness and perseverance on the part of an experienced and affectionate husband. If the entire alienation of Isabel's husband had been concealed from her, she could have borne the want of his love better, as she had now become a mother, which was certainly calculated to draw off her mind from former disturbances; and she would, in all probability, have grown more and more domesticated, and eventually have become such a wife, as even her scrupulous husband could not have objected to, but that could not be. Mr. L. found it necessary to his interest to make his wife a confident; it was highly necessary to his character, that the connexion which he had formed with a young and beautiful girl, should be concealed from the world; and he could not bear the idea of relinquishing one who had now engaged all his heart. Mr. L. therefore determined to throw himself on the generosity of his wife, he had no fears of her betraying him, he explained his situation to her, but did not permit her to know the strength of his affection for her happy rival, and gave her assurances that his love for her still existed, that it was not entirely gone; and that any thing she might do to promote his happiness now, would be adding to her own, as it would tend to render her more dear to him; and indeed he professed not to know which was most dear to him, his wife or the youthful Malvina; and said he could not reconcile it to himself, to desert the young and innocent girl, who had relinquished every prospect for him. He entreated his wife, therefore, to bear with him, and promote their happiness together—by doing which, she would secure his lasting gratitude and love. Isabel felt greatly shocked and astonished, when thus made acquainted with her husband's secret movements; but she immediately saw that opposition would do no good, but much harm: she also felt much cheered by the assurances of her husband's love, which she had feared was entirely extinguished; and by yielding, she was made to believe, that she would be nearer to her Edward, than she had ever been, and that was all that was necessary to her happiness in this world. She could not in her heart approve of her husband's conduct, yet she felt that acquiescence on her part was the best she could do; nay, she even went so far as to conform to every wish of his, under the solemn pledges he had made her, that such a course should ever operate in her favor. She could not blame her rival—her extreme youth and inexperience were a sufficient apology to the mind of Isabel, for her departure from a correct course which she knew had been only caused by the incessant importunity of her husband; the blame, therefore, was all his; and perhaps, thought Isabel, mournfully, had I done all my duty as a wife, this had never occurred; let me therefore bear it patiently, and be thankful that I have a part of my husband's affections left. The reader, if a gentleman, may laugh at Isabel's folly in thus flattering herself, for her hopes, her newborn expectations, were doomed to perish in the bud. For my part I know too little about the heart of man, to determine whether she was justifiable in entertaining such hopes as she did, or not; but from the observations I have made in a short, and not uneventful life, I think differently. But be that as it may, poor Isabel was disappointed, bitterly disappointed; she saw her last hope wither before her eyes, like the tender flower that is just planted under the scorching rays of the midday sun. When she saw her imaginary hopes dissolve in the air—when the solemn pledges of her husband were permitted to pass as words without meaning—then it was she gave herself up to despair. Sometimes, under very peculiar aggravation, which she had daily to bear, she would become almost reck-

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less of consequences, would yield herself up to fits of desperation and folly, which only made the breach between her and her powerful and revengeful husband, still wider. At length poor Isabel's cup of bitterness and woe, was filled to the brim. I would forbear going over a description of her trials, of her anguish of soul, of the contempt and ill usage that was heaped upon her devoted head; neither will I pretend to say that Isabel, at all times, acted prudently; but this much I will say, that she endured much. But the time did arrive when endurement was no longer possible. A seperation took place. Isabel was deserted by her husband, and cast off a heart-broken wife. She lingered a few months after, but her peace, except what was drawn from a hope of immortality beyond the grave, was forever gone; her constitution was broken, and not all the kind attention of sympathising friends, could restore the heart-broken Isabel—she sunk into the grave, pitied by all who knew her sad story.

Thus perished the earthly hopes, the earthly prospects, and the earthly life of Isabel L. But her melancholy fate will be remembered and lamented by some, while life lasts. A.

LINES.

Yes—one by one earth's fondest ties,
Are sev'ring within my breast;
And in my long scar'd bosom lies
No hope—no wish to make it blest.

Would the dark curtain of the grave
Could close around my weary head,
As calmly as the ocean wave,
Above the sinking wrecks o'erspread.

For once, I thought the world was fair,
And knew not that such dark deceit
Lay under beauty's 'semblance there;
This was I unprepared to meet.

I placed my all upon one cast;
I loved her as none loved before;
And misery I found at last
Too soon—my hopes prostrate and o'er.

I loved, through happiness and ill,
Without a hope—without a fear—
We ne'er could be united—still
I'd love her, even to her bier.

Oh! 'twas a portion of that love,
That all around the eternal throne,
Unites the hearts of those above,
The ties that mortals love to own.

It was with me—ah, vain—I thought
That she could love me, with a feeling
As pure as mine—unasked—unbought—
As music o'er the senses stealing.

Heard at a distance wild and free,
Producing o'er the attentive mind
A dreaming thought of extacy—
A thought that could not be divined.

Such was my love—my adoration,
Imagination—like a dream,—
Such was my love—heart's dedication,
To her, my constant—only theme.

Ah! those were happy days—though fled
As evening's golden shadows haste;
Still will I call it from the dead,
A green spot in my memory's waste.

Though young in years, my hopes are crushed,
Withered as buds before a blast;
A blight as o'er my spirits rushed,
My days of sunshine all have past.

Once, nature's charms were dear to me—
The music of the water-fall—
The songster in the green-wood tree—
The echo-cavern's rocky hall.—

The tall blue mountains' rugged breast—
The gently flowing, waveless river,
Whereon the dark green shadows rest,
Of forests that have stood forever.

There's rapture in the setting sun,
There's glory in his crimson beam,
The rapture has departed—gone,
The glory from the mirror-stream.

My strain must close—would 'twere the last—
The last sweep of my breaking chords;
Oh! how the memories of the past
Rush, at the lone heart's parting words!

A light has o'er my spirit broken,
A light that I have shunn'd before,
I feel it—yes—it is a token,
That my worn spirit must give o'er.

Earth's but a "broken reed at best,"
Still we must tread the path we've trod;
The weary soul will find no rest,
But in the bosom of its God. W. F. D.

From the New York American.

THE HEBREW REQUIEM.

"They made a funeral oration at the grave, after which they prayed, then turning the face of the deceased towards Heaven, they said—"Go in peace;"
Hebrew Antiquities.

Go thou in peace—we may not bid thee linger
Amid the sunlight and the gloom, of earth,
Where ev'ry joy is touched by sorrow's finger,
And tears succeed the brightest hour of mirth;
Thine upward gaze is fixed upon the dwelling
Where sin and sorrow never more are known,
And seraph lips, the loud Hosanna swelling,
Have caught the music of celestial tone.

Go thou in peace—thy home on earth now leaving
In the lone chamber of the dead to dwell,
Thou hast no portion in the sorrow heaving
The hearts whose anguish tears but freely tell—
A path of light and gladness is before thee,
The hope of Isreal in fruition thine,
And thou wilt gaze upon the beams of glory
Around the throne of Isreal's God that shine.

Go thou in peace—why are the loved ones weeping
Around the spot where now thy form is lain,
There is no cause for grief that thou art sleeping,
Free from each trial, and untouched by pain;
Thy path has been through many a scene of sorrow,
The weary form has needed this repose;
Calm be thy rest until the eternal morrow
Its light and glory on thy dwelling throws.

Go thou in peace—temptation cannot sever
The tie that now unites thee to thy God;
The voice of sin—of unbelief—can never
Enter the precincts of thy low abode:
We leave thee here with mingled joy and sadness,
Our hearts are weak, our faith is low and dim,
Yet to the Lord we turn with chastened gladness,
And yield our friend—our brother up to him.
M. J. W.

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THE TIGER'S CAVE.

An Adventure in the Mountains of Quito.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow crowned head no longer shone above us its clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehension of a violent storm. We soon found their fears well founded. The thunder began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning; flash followed flash—above, around, beneath,—every where a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in the cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty and not a little danger, at last got into it.

When the storm had somewhat abated, our guide ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge, was so extremely dark, that we could not see an inch before us: and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it, even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a groaning or growling in the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman crept about on their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded.

They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of green color; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "We have come into the den of a ———" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, and then hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal; and we were lost beyond redemption if he reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay.

There was a small open space however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by his glowing eyes, which he rolled glaring with fury upon us. His frightful roaring too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton with his usual calmness, "aim at his eyes: the ball will go through his brain, and we shall have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command they both drew their triggers, at the same moment; but no shot followed. The Tiger who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance, but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet.

"All is now over," said Wharton, we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter.

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which, for the moment, defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the further end of the cave; I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning, and the tiger, which had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner; then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest broke forth in a deafning howl.

Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity, to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having at length, succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down, as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of the string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware what he had intended, he threw them through

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the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears.

The thunder had now ceased; and the storm, had sunk to a gentle gale, songs, of birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture, how all nature was reviving, after the war of the elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Ceberus kept watch over us.—The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength; and his limbs being stretched out at full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once, another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately arose and answered it with a fearful howl. At the instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears; for another tiger, not quite so large, came rapidly to the spot where we were.

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing of horror that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his cry with hers.—Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forwards, with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, which lay stretched out besides his cubs, and he rose and joined in the hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased.

Our Indians descended from their tree, and called upon us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves, by instant flight; for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were, no doubt, acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and following the examples of our guide, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees, with which the storm had strewed our path, and the slippyness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks, threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the neighboring forest; the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge, to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock.

He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress with a moment's pause rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance: she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rock. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek as if all hope had been lost.

But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger and struck his sword into the tiger's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff he seized Wharton by the thigh. The heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while, with his right, he wrenched and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance, but Lincoln who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss.—*Edin. Literary Journal.*

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[The following poem, written by one of the young ladies of the Albany Female Academy, obtained the first premium gold medal, at the recent annual examination in that institution.]

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH.

Hail! thou eternal flood, whose restless waves
Roll onward in their course, as wild and free
As if the shores they lashed were not the graves
Of mouldering empires? When I think of thee,
Thou dost remind me of the ebbless sea—
The sea of Time, whose tide sweeps unconfined,
Its channel Earth, its shores Eternity;—
Whose billows roll resistless o'er mankind:
Like that thou rollest on, nor heed'st the wrecks behind.

Thy shores were empires; but the tide of Time
Rolled o'er them, and they fell; and here they lie,
Wrecked in their greatness, mouldering yet sublime.
And beautiful in their mortality;
And godlike men were there, the wise and free;
But what are they who now look o'er thy waves?
They're but as worms, that feed on their decay,
They kneel to stranger lords—a land of slaves,
Of men whose only boast is their ancestral graves.

Upon thy shores the Holy Prophets trod,
And from their hill-tops came the voice of One
Whom *thou* obeyest, even the Eternal God;
And on thy breast the Star of Bethlehem shone.
That star, though quenched in blood, hath risen a sun,
And other climes are radiant with its light;
But thy fair shores, alas! it shines not on,
Save when some land with its effulgence bright,
Reflects the heavenly rays upon their moral night.

Philosophy hath decked her form divine
In all her loveliest draperies, and wrought
Her brightest dreams by thee, thy shores her shrine;
Thy sons her oracles, the kings of thought;
But they have passed, and save their names, are naught
And their bright dreams are buried like their clay,
Or shattered, like the fanes where they were taught
But though religions, empires, men decay,
Thou, restless, changeless flood—thou dost not pass away.

There Poesy hath woven such fair dreams,
That man hath deemed them bright reality;
There she hath peopled hills and vales and streams
And thy blue waters with her phantasy;
And fabled gods left heaven to roam by thee;
There she embodied passions of the heart
In such fair forms, that frail mortality
Failed to conceive, until triumphal Art
Bade from the Parian stone the immortal image start.

The loftiest bards whose names illume the past
Have hung upon thy shores, and thy deep tone
Ceased at their Orphean lyres;—but now the last,
"The Pilgrim Bard," whose matchless song alone
Hath made thy name immortal as his own,—
A stranger of the north, but "as it were
A child of thee," his spirit too hath flown,
Thus have the greatest passed. Thine azure air
Still echoes to their song, but thou alone art there.

Thine empires one by one have fall'n, and now
The last is crumbling in decay—yea, she,
The coronet upon thy furrow'd brow,
The mistress of the world, the queen of thee,
The paradise of earth, sweet Italy;
Stript of her queenly robes in dust she lies,
Enchained by slaves nor struggling to be free.
There hath she fallen, as the dolphin dies,
More brightly beautiful in her last agonies.

But though thy shores are sepulchres that time
Hath peopled with dead empires, though they are
But shattered wrecks, and every other clime
Hath sprung from their decay; yet Nature there
Hath made her *pall* of beauty—sadly fair.
And they shall be, while thy blue waves shall foam,
The Mecca of the world—the altar where
Science, Devotion, Genius, Art, shall come,
And feel as Moslems feel above their Prophet's tomb.

And thou, unchanging flood, that wanderest on
Through that dark path of ruin and decay,
Still must thou roll untainted and alone.
Men shall arise, and shine, and pass away,
Like the bright bubbles of thy glittering spray;
And thrones shall totter, kingdoms be laid waste—
Yea, empires rise and fall along thy way,
Like the dark heavings of thy troubled breast;
But thou shalt still roll on—for thee there is no rest.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

STANZAS,

On the Death of a talented Young Friend.

"Great God! how could thy vengeance light
So bitterly, on one so bright?
How could the hand that gave such charms,
Blast them again?" MOORE.

Bright, viewless dead! receive the lays
Which flow from friendship, most sincere
If round this globe, thy spirit strays,
Or haunts the scenes that once were dear.

The muse who knew thy gifted powers—
Who oft admir'd thy burning verse—
Shall strew thy urn with brightest flowers,
And all thy matchless worth rehearse.

When night his ebon throne resumes,
When skies reflect their softest ray,
When flow'rs give out their sweet perfumes,
Around thy dew-wet grave I'll stray.

Some friendly hand a tomb will raise,
And genius rear the sculptur'd stone,
Which justly shall record thy praise,
And tell how bright thy virtues shone.

The youths, whose generous bosoms swell
With rapture, at thy rising fame,
Shall all thy manly graces tell,
And hand to future time thy name.

For thee, on each returning year,
Beauty will heave the tender sigh;
For thee shall drop the briny tear,
And all her native numbers try.

Around yon kind paternal dome,
Where oft thy childish footsteps stray'd,
Methinks there hangs a solemn gloom,
Which saddens all the distant glade.

Like Virtue's image, sent on earth,
Thou charm'd'st awhile our wondering eyes,
Then sought the climes that gave thee birth,
And wing'd thy way to happier skies!

If Virtue can a crown receive,
What dazzling glories deck thy head!
No longer, then, let friendship grieve,
Since thou, from woe to bliss art fled.

But why did all-mysterious heaven,
Form such a faultless piece of clay?
Why was the transient blessing given,
Thus to be torn so soon away!

* * *

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Written for the Casket.

AN ESSAY

On the Education of Females.

"Remember, man, the universal cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
Heaven breathes thro' every member of the whole,
One common blessing as one common soul."

POPE.

In this country, talent and good sense have been united to promote the general respectability and comfort of the community—the laws of other nations have been consulted, and the efforts which they produced examined prior to the formation of our own code, judging from the experience of others, those which had been proved to be beneficial, were selected, and any having a tendency to lessen the dignity of man, where rejected—no wild speculations were hazarded—no Utopian theories were attempted to be realized, and if it be true that originality is simply judicious imitation, we may claim for our edict the merit of being original, as well as admirable. They gave to every American a right to vote, and in order that this inestimable privilege should be granted to men capable of using it with propriety, they gave them likewise every facility for obtaining an Education calculated to enlarge the mind and fit them for their duties to themselves and the commonwealth—the species of knowledge most necessary, and the best method of conveying that knowledge, have been frequently discussed, and the formation of a College in consequence of Mr. Girard's bequest, has elicited the opinions of men whose experience, enlightened minds and benevolence, gives us an assurance that their prospects are such as would tend to the advancement of the rising generation, both in a moral and political point of view; yet while so much care has been evinced for the cultivation of the minds of men, it seems strange that one material circumstance should be overlooked, namely, the foundation upon which those excellent principles of instruction are to rest—when an architect draws his plan of an edifice, it does not escape his recollection that the basis by which it is to be supported, must be solid, durable and in keeping with the remainder of the building, although it is not destined to share in the admiration which the structure, when complete, may excite either by its usefulness or its beauty—and should not the architect of the human mind look out for laborers suited to the task of forming its first ideas in order to qualify it for its future destruction? To whom is the earliest formation of the mind necessarily entrusted?—To women—and are women prepared by their own Education to perform this duty? It is to be feared, not—custom has made it indelicate for an unmarried lady to speak of being a wife or mother; ought not this to be rectified—should she not on the contrary be made fully to understand the importance of the stations assigned to her. How would a man act in his trade, his profession, or as a citizen, if it were considered a breach of decorum on his part to speak on the subject—or if they were made theories for jests to be laughed or blushed at—why cannot women receive the same advantages as men in this case? why cannot their early years be passed in preparing them for the situations they will be called upon to fill when they arrive at maturity? The only reply that can be given to this question is, that custom has arranged otherwise; but it should be broken—this, like many other absurdities which have clogged the human mind, and which are day after day discovered to be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." A gentleman who had lately written some able and ingenious letters upon the Education of young men, says "there are fewer absurdities in the Education of Females, than in that of the opposite sex"—if this be true, it is indeed to be desired that such men as the writer alluded to, would devote their talents to clear away the dark cloud which hangs between them and the light of reason and truth—yet there can hardly be a greater absurdity than the ignorance in which women are kept of the duties of their alloted sphere—another fault exits in the lure held out to induce them to learn. A young lady commences the attainment of some accomplishment—she finds it, difficult and this difficulty engenders a dislike—she asks why she must learn it, and what is the answer, "because it is fashionable—because Miss such a one learns it, and because it will make you appear to advantage when you grow up;" these are sown—the seeds of that vanity, which is attributed to females—the child naturally concludes that it must be of great consequence to appear to advantage, and no wonder if it becomes her first object in after life; in place of drilling her to appear to advantage in company, it would be more conducive to her usefulness and to her happiness, if she were taught to look upon her accomplishments as means to render her more pleasing to her family or more capable of passing her solitary hours agreeably; this would alleviate some of the sorrows of the female sex—she who leads a life of celibacy would by this course be taught to turn to her accomplishments as sources of delight, in place of that disgust to which the present mode of tuition gives rise; how does she regard them as years advance, and it chances that no one sues for her hand.—Her acquirements have failed in their object, they have not, after all, made her appear to sufficient advantage to obtain for her one eligible offer—they were given her for ornament, not for use, and the victim of a fallacious mode of Education, is left to repent, "a youth of follies," and to meet "an old age of cares"—so much for its effect upon single ladies; and how for married ones—she whom Heaven gave to man for a companion, but alas! the designs of providence are prevented, custom has said that as the duties of men and women do not assimilate, neither need their education—is not this an absurdity; on the contrary, ought not some means be devised to encourage a reciprocity of taste; persons of opposite tempers may agree, but those whose taste differ, rarely do—or indeed who would, if he consulted his reason, choose for a companion one who was ignorant of the subjects which interested him or who disliked the pursuits he loved to follow. For this reason, men often seek abroad for that social intercourse from which they are debarred at home; this leads to dissipation and ex-

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travagance, and is the cause of many of the evils of wedded life; in like manner it produces ill effects between a mother and her son—the child remains in her charge for five or six years or even for a longer period—or if he is sent to school, it is frequently to a female teacher who is not better qualified for the task than is the mother herself—at length he is placed under the care of a master, and objects are presented to his imagination, totally different from those he has been hitherto accustomed to contemplate. He hears other boys in the course of their lessons, tell some historical anecdote which attracts his attention; he relates it in turn to his mother and and how does she act—does she seek to show forth his ideas upon the subject—does she relate some similar circumstance, and throw a clear light upon the interesting fact, alas! no—she either evinces an indiscreet admiration of her boy's acquisition of knowledge, or she shows an equally indiscreet indifference about it. In the former case, she exalts the child's opinion of his own understanding, and lessens his reverence for her, and in the latter, she represses the natural desire of his young mind to make his mother his confident, and in consequence his affection diminishes, he seeks for another heart to be the repository of his thoughts, and thus a bar is placed between him and the mother who watched over his helpless infancy, and she mourns, when he arrives at the age of manhood, that he neither pays respect to her advice nor shows a desire for her society. If women were made aware of the necessity of conforming themselves to the taste of their husbands and sons—if their minds were allowed the same advantages, there can be no doubt of their using their knowledge with propriety—they are told that a well ordered house ought to be their chief boast, and behold what neatness, what cleanliness and what an appearance of comfort is found in those of the American women; but their domestic avocations do not employ their whole time, even in the humble walks of life, and habit has rendered them so easy, that although they employ their hands, they do not occupy their thoughts too much, therefore, would not be imposed upon them, if in addition to their present studies they were called upon to assist in the formation of the minds of their children, it would prove an advantageous exercise for their mental faculties, it would lessen their fondness for dress, expensive furniture, and above all, that senseless gossip on which men look with contempt. Let the ample page of history be laid open for the perusal of females, in place of their present superficial knowledge of its contents. In every female seminary let some portion of each day be set apart for conversation and needlework, let the governess then introduce some subject combining instruction and interest, this will create a distaste for that idle chit chat, to which many females, estimable in other respects, are so much addicted—and this will relieve them from the necessity of seeking for topics suited to the limited understandings of women when they are conversing with them. The line drawn between the two sexes is a remnant of barbarism, a custom engendered when war was the business of men, and at periods when women were sunk beneath their proper standing or elevated far above it. It is a line which Providence has not drawn, never was it said to the intellects of women as to the troubled waves, "So far shalt thou go and no further"—Oh no—in all improvements projected for the male part of the creation, if some care is not bestowed upon the other portion of it, the scheme will prove visionary—an air-built castle which resembles the poet's wish for his mistress.

As half in shade, and half in sun;
The world along its path advances—
Oh may the side the sun's upon,
Be all that ever meets thy glances.

This is very beautiful, but it is also impossible—and it is equally impossible for men to bask in the light while women are left in the dark. The stronger mind of man may sustain the full glare of intellectual beams as the eagle's eye is framed to meet the full rays of the sun, while that woman can only encounter its brightness at a distance; but if she is completely left in the shade, her influence will prevent men from ever leaving it totally—this influence is of the most dangerous kind under the present state of things; for it is unacknowledged and therefore, no care has been taken to inspire women with a prudent use of it, yet has it existed through all nations.—Behold the Spartans whose matrons were employed to deliver the shield to their sons on going forth to battle with words to unite them to bravery. Behold the Romans, who when their State was on the brink of ruin, sent their females to the Volscian camp, and the proud, the injured Coriolanus yielded to the tears of his mother—by her influence, did Esther save her tribe; let us therefore take example from the history of other countries and seek to turn this power of women to good account, and in place of [illegible] ing weeds to spring forth in their [illegible] let us teach flowers to grow—[illegible] to Reason. Education most refine the soul—it softens the vices of the English Elizabeth, and to it she owed the glory of her reign. It strengthened the unfortunate lady Jane Grey—preserved her during her youth from the dissipation of high life, and assisted her to resign her throne and her life, without a sigh. But we need not look to other times or other countries, for its effects. who can read the pure effusions of Mrs. Sigourney's muse, without acknowledging the delight which educated minds, when endowed with genius, can give, or who can be [illegible] Mrs. Hale exerting her talents for the support of her orphan family, without feeling proud of their countrywomen—these are bright constellations, shining forth amid darkness; nor are they alone—yet although, we do not expect such luminaries to rise in every man's home any more than we should hope that each separate star in the milky sky, should omit the effulgence of Venus or Mars, yet we desire, ardently desire, that every female mind may receive its portion of light, whether it afterwards sheds it around for the benefit of others, or confine its rays to a narrower orbit—then should the glowing lines of the poet be verified—

"Woman, lovely woman,

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Nature made you to temper man;
We had been brutes without you—
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness—purity and truth;
Eternal joy and everlasting love."

MRS. BELL.

Written for the Casket.

FLOWERS.

"How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

O nature's charms, I love them—
But view'd in flowers the most,
The loveliness 'tis theirs to wear, the fairest cannot boast;
The Tulip gay, I love it—
With its bright spreading leaves,
And the sweet and modest violet that scents the passing breeze.

The fragrant Rose, I love it—
Emblem of beauty meet;
And the little flower Forget-me-not that springs beneath my feet!
The Lilly pure, I love it—
The fairest of all flowers,
With its snow-white leaves so delicate, so fit for queenly bowers.

The Cowslip small, I love it—
With its tiny cups of gold;
And the Hyacinth, whose fragile bells are cast in beauty's mould!
Sweet flowers, I dearly love ye,
Remembrancers of youth,
Remembrancers of days now past, of friendship, home, and truth.

Oh! childhood's days were happy,
When I placed ye in my hair—
And my playmates sporting, called me the "fairest of the fair."
Now when your beauties charms me,
In garden, vale or glen,
I do not fly as once I did, to pluck ye from the stem;

For those who love'd me now are gone,
With them my joys are fled;
Some far away, some cold estranged, some numbered with the dead.
Your simple graces oft recall
The playful group again,
Alas! that memory of past joys should add to present pain.

To me sweet flowers, your fading,
With it a sadness brings,
It seems to say, how fleeting are earth's most lovely things—
It seems to speak of pleasure's past,
Fled like the morning's ray;
It speaks of young affection crushed, bright dreams, ah! where are they?

Faded and flown like May's last flowers
In rude December's blast—
Like them too bright, too beautiful, in this cold world to last!
But not like them to bloom again
With the first breath of spring,
Oh no! they never, never know, a second blossoming.

FLORA.

From Outre-Mer.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

The more you mow us down, the thicker we rise; the Christian blood you spill is like the seed you sow; —it springs from the earth again and fructifies the more.

TERTULLIAN.

As day was drawing to a close, and the rays of the setting sun climbed up the dungeon wall, the prisoner sat and read in a tome with silver clasps. He was a man in the vigor of his days, with a pale and noble countenance, that wore less the marks of worldly care than of high and holy thought. His temples were already bald; but a thick and curling beard bespoke the strength of manhood, and his eye, dark, full, and eloquent, beamed with all the enthusiasm of a martyr.

The book before him was a volume of the early Christian Fathers. He was reading the Apologetic of the eloquent Tertullian, the oldest and ablest writer of the Latin Church. At times he paused and raised his eyes to Heaven as if in prayer, and then read on again in silence. At length a passage seemed to touch his inmost soul. He read aloud:

"Give us, then, what names you please, from the instruments of cruelty you torture us by, call us Sarmenticians and Semaxians, because you fasten us to trunks of trees, and stick us about with faggots to set us on fire; yet let me tell you, when we are thus begirt and dressed about with fire, we are then in our most illustrious apparel. These are our victorious palms and robes of glory; and mounted on our funeral pile we look upon ourselves in our triumphal chariot. No wonder, then, such passive heroes please not those they vanquish with such conquering sufferings. And therefore we pass for men of despair, and violently bent upon our own destruction. However, that which you are pleased to call madness and despair in us, are the very actions, which under virtue's standard lift up your sons of fame and glory, and emblazon them to future ages."

He arose and paced the dungeon to and fro, with folded arms and a firm step. His thoughts held communion with eternity.

"Father, which art in Heaven!" he exclaimed; "give me strength to die, like those holy men of old, who scorned to purchase life at the expense of truth. That truth has made me free; and though condemned on earth, I know that I am absolved in heaven!"

He again seated himself at his table, and read in that tome with silver clasps.

This solitary prisoner was Anne Du Bourg, a man, who feared not man. Once a merciful judge in that august tribunal, upon whose voice hung the life and death of those, who were persecuted for conscience' sake, he was now himself an accused,—a convicted heretic, condemned to the baptism of fire, because he would not unrighteously condemn others. He had dared to plead the cause of suffering humanity before that dread tribunal, and in the presence of the king himself to declare, that it was an offence to the majesty of God to shed man's blood in his name. Six weary months,—from June to December,—he had lain a prisoner in that dungeon, from which a death by fire was soon to set him

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free. Such was the clemency of Henry the Second!

As the prisoner read, his eyes were filled with tears. He still gazed upon the printed page, but it was a blank before his eyes. His thoughts were far away amid the scenes of his childhood, amid the green valleys of Riom, and the Golden Mountains of Auvergne. Some simple word had called up the vision of the past. He was a child again. He was playing with the pebbles of the brook,—he was shouting to the echo of the hills,—he was praying at his mother's knee, with his little hands clasped in hers.

This dream of childhood was broken by the grating of bolts and bars, as the jailor opened his prison door. A moment afterwards, his former colleague, De Harley, stood at his side.

"Thou here!" exclaimed the prisoner, surprised at the visit. "Thou in the dungeon of an heretic! On what errand hast thou come?"

"On an errand of mercy," replied De Harley. "I come to tell the———"

"That the hour of my death draws near?"

"That thou mayst still be saved."

"Yes; if I bear false witness against my God—barter heaven for earth—an eternity for a few brief days of worldly existence. Lost, thou shouldst say,—lost, not saved!"

"No! saved!" cried De Harley with warmth; "saved from a death of shame and an eternity of wo! Renounce this false doctrine—this abominable heresy—and return again to the bosom of the church, which thou dost rend with strife and dissention."

"God judge between thee and me, which has embraced the truth."

"His hand already smites thee."

"It has fallen more heavily upon those who so unjustly persecute me. Where is the king?—he who said, that with his own eyes he would behold me perish at the stake?—he, to whom the undaunted Du Faur cried, like Elijah to Ahab, It is thou, who troublest Israel! Where is the king?—called through a sudden and violent death to the judgment seat of heaven?—Where is Minard, the persecutor of the just?—Slain by the hand of an assassin! It was not without reason, that I said to him, when standing before my accusers, Tremble! believe the word of one, who is about to appear before God; thou likewise shalt stand there soon,—thou, that sheddest the blood of the children of peace. He has gone to his account before me."

"And that menace has hastened thine own condemnation. Minard was slain by the Huguenots, and it is whispered, that thou wert privy to his death."

"This at least might have been spared a dying man!" replied the prisoner, much agitated by so unjust and so unexpected an accusation. "As I hope for mercy hereafter, I am innocent of the blood of this man, and of all knowledge of so foul a crime. But tell me, hast thou come here only to embitter my last moments with such an accusation as this? If so, I pray thee, leave me. My moments are precious. I would be alone."

"I came to offer thee life, freedom, and happiness."

"Life—freedom—happiness! At the price thou hast set upon them, I scorn them all! Had the apostles and martyrs of the early christian church listened to such paltry bribes as these, where were now the faith in which we trust! These holy men of old shall answer for me. Hear what Justin Martyr says in his earnest appeal to Antonine the Pious, in behalf of the Christians, who in his day were unjustly loaded with public odium and oppression.

He opened the volume before him and read:

"I could wish you would take this also into consideration, that what we say is really for your own good; for it is in our power at any time to escape your torments, by denying the faith, when you question us about it; but we scorn to purchase life at the expense of a lie; for our souls are winged with a desire of a life of eternal duration and purity, of an immediate conversation with God, the father and maker of all things. We are in haste to be confessing and finishing our faith; being fully persuaded, that we shall arrive at this blessed state, if we approve ourselves to God by our works, and, by our obedience, express our passion for that divine life, which is never interrupted by any clashing evil."

The Catholic and the Huguenot reasoned long and earnestly together; but they reasoned in vain. Each was firm in his belief; and they parted to meet no more on earth.

On the following day Du Bourg was summoned before his judges to receive his final sentence. He heard it unmoved, and with a prayer to God, that he would pardon those who had condemned him according to their consciences. He then addressed his judges in an oration full of power and eloquence. It closed with these words:

"And now, ye judges, if indeed you hold the sword of God as ministers of his wrath, to take vengeance upon those who do evil, beware, I charge you beware, how you condemn us. Consider well what evil we have done; and before all things, decide whether it be just, that we should listen unto you, rather than unto God. Are you so drunken with the wine-cup of the great sorceress, that you drink poison for nourishment? Are you not those, who make the people sin, by turning them away from the service of God? And if you regard more the opinion of men than of heaven, in what esteem are you held by other nations and principalities and powers, for the martyrdoms you have caused in obedience to this blood-stained Phalaris?—God grant, thou cruel tyrant, that by thy miserable death, thou may'st put an end to our groans!

Why weep ye? What means this delay? Your hearts are heavy within you. Your consciences are haunted by the judgment of God. And thus it is, that the condemned rejoice in the fires you have kindled, and think they never live better, than in the midst of consuming flames. Torments affright them not,—insults enfeeble them not,—their honour is redeemed by death—he that dies is the conqueror, and the conquered, he that mourns.

No! whatever snares are spread for us, whatever suffering we endure, you cannot separate us from the love of Christ. Strike then—slay—grind us to powder! Those that die in the Lord

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shall live again; we shall all be raised together. Condemn me as you will—I am a Christian; yes, I am a Christian, and am ready to die for the glory of our Lord—for the truth of the evangelists.

Quench, then, your fires! Let the wicked abandon his way, and return unto the Lord, and he will have compassion on him. Live—be happy—and meditate on God, ye Judges! As for me, I go rejoicing to my death. What wait ye for! Lead me to the scaffold!"

They bound the prisoner's hands, and leading him forth from the council-chamber, placed him upon the cart, that was to bear him to the Place de Grève. Before and behind marched a guard of five hundred soldiers; Du Bourg was beloved by the people, and a popular tumult was apprehended. The day was overcast and sad; and ever and anon the sound of the tolling bell mingled its dismal clang with the solemn notes of the funeral march. They soon reached the place of execution, which was already filled with a dense and silent crowd. In the centre stood the gallows with a pile of faggots beneath it, and the hangman, with a burning torch in his hand. But this funeral apparel inspired no terror in the heart of Du Bourg. A look of triumph beamed from his eye, and his countenance shone like that of an angel. With his own hands he divested himself of his outer garments and gazing round upon the breathless and sympathizing crowd, exclaimed:

"My friends; I come not hither as a thief or a murderer; but it is for the gospel's sake!"

A cord was then fastened round his waist, and he was drawn up into the air. At the same moment the burning torch of the executioner was applied to the faggots beneath, and the thick volumes of smoke concealed the martyr from the horror-stricken crowd. One stifled groan arose from all that vast multitude, like the moan of the sea; and all was hushed again, save the crackling of the faggots, and at intervals the funeral knell, that smote the very soul. The quivering flames darted upward and around; and an agonizing cry broke from the murkey cloud:

"My God! My God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

The wind lifted the reddening smoke, like a veil, and the form of the martyr was seen to fall into the fire beneath, that glowed like a furnace seven times heated. In a moment it rose again, its garments all in flame; and again the faint, half-smothered cry of agony was heard:

"My God! My God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

Once more the quivering body descended into the flames; and once more it was lifted into the air, a blackened, burning cinder. Again, and again this hellish mockery of baptism was repeated; till the martyr with a despairing, suffocating voice, exclaimed:

"O God! I cannot die!"

The chief executioner came forward, and either in mercy to the dying man, or through fear of the populace, threw a noose over his neck, and strangled the almost lifeless victim. At the same moment, the chord which held the body was loosened, and it fell into the fire to rise no more. And thus was consumated the martyrdom of the Baptism of Fire.

IDLE WORDS.

I have a high sense of the virtue and dignity of the female character; and could not, by any means, be thought to attribute to the ladies emphatically, the fault here spoken of. But I have remarked it in some of my friends, who, in all but this, were among the loveliest of their sex. In such, the blemish is more distinct and striking, because so strongly contrasted with the superior delicacy and loveliness of their natures.

"My God!" the beauty oft exclaimed
With deep impassioned tone—
But not in humble Prayer she named
The High and Holy one.

'Twas not upon the bended knee,
With soul upraised to heaven—
Pleading, with heart felt agony,
That she might be forgiven.

'Twas not in heavenly strains to raise
To the great Source of good
Her daily offering of praise,
Her song of gratitude.

But in the gay and thoughtless crowd,
And in the festive hall,
'Mid scenes of mirth and mockery proud,
She named the Lord of All.

She called upon that awful name,
When laughter loudest rang—
Or when the blush of triumph came—
Or disappointment's pang!

The idlest thing that flatt'ry knew,
The most unmeaning jest,
From those sweet lips profanely drew,
Names of the Holiest.

I thought how sweet that voice would be,
Breathing this prayer to heaven—
"My God, I worship only thee;
O, be my sins forgiven!"

LINES

Extracted from an unpublished Poem.

"Oh, believe not the tears that in torrents are rushing
"Unnoticed, unchecked, down the colourless cheek,
"Oh! believe not the sobs from the bursting heart gushing
"A sacred, a deep rooted sorrow bespeak."

Prize Song—Hosea.

No, 'tis not the eye dimm'd with weeping and sadness,
That tells the dark tale of a desolate heart;
It is not the soul that is frenzied with madness,
Can tell the deep pangs that its blighting imparts.

Oh! when the lov'd idol at whose cherish'd shrine
So often in fond adoration we've knelt,
Is torn from the spot, and the heart must resign
Each hope that it clung to, each wish that it felt.

Then, then, can the tear tell the torture of feeling?
Oh no, as it rose 'twould congeal in the eye,
And calm, settled gloom o'er the mourner's heart stealing
He would hide all his sorrows, and silently die.

Full many a cheek, that with smiles may be lighted,
Is a mask to the heart that is with'ring beneath,
As the core of the tree may be perish'd and blighted,
Tho' freshness and fragrance around it may breathe.

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THE SOIREE MUSICALE.

From "Gale Middleton," a new novel, just published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life,
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.—THOMPSON.

It happened that, on the day fixed by the Duchess of Harrowgate for the musical party in Portland Place, Sir Matthew, having some official business to transact in his capacity of alderman, with the common councilmen of his ward, had engaged a party of them to dine with him afterwards at the London Tavern, a circumstance very acceptable to Lady Middleton, who, knowing his boon companions of the city to be no less staunch topers than himself, had no apprehension of seeing him return home until long after the departure of her fashionable guests. How she had toiled and tormented herself in all the preliminary arrangements; how keenly she had calculated the mode in which the greatest display could be reconciled with the smallest expense, so as to combine magnificence with meanness; how she had racked her imagination and exhausted her taste in arranging the decorations for the rooms, and the ornaments for the supper table; how long and deeply she had meditated upon the new dresses to be worn by herself and her daughter—these and a thousand other hows, whys, and wherefores, "the willing Muse shall tell." Suffice it to state, that all was at length completed to her entire satisfaction; the great, the important, the long expected night had arrived; the drawing-rooms, hung with rich draperies, and brilliantly illuminated with wreath-entwined lamps, lustres, and candelabra, seemed to anticipate, by their joyous aspect, the gay and glittering pageant of which they were shortly to be the scene; every thing, in short, was ready, and every thing wore a look of cheerful expectation, unless we may except the bass-viols, violoncellos, and other musical instruments deposited in a little orchestra, fitted up at the extremity of the suite. These vehicles of harmonious sound, which had so often enraptured a polite audience, and were about to do so again, appeared, by their grave aspect, to be wrapped up in the dignity of their own silence, and to be either feeding upon the recollection of their past exploits, or to be seriously perpending what they should next achieve. The leader's violin, supported by a music-book, was evidently consulting the bow, twisted beneath its bridge; the subordinate instruments were not less obviously listening to the conference; and as to a portly bass reclining against the wall in a brown study, you might have sworn that he was weighing the respective merits of Rossini and Mozart. Perhaps we may have erred in thus interpreting the meditations of these inanimate occupants of the orchestra; but as to the significant and serious air of self-importance which they severally assumed, we speak without the smallest fear of contradiction.

Lady Middleton's good taste, of which we have already made honourable mention, shone conspicuously in the embellishments of the apartments, which were at once chaste and rich; sufficiently resplendent to stimulate and delight, but not so gorgeous as to dazzle and satiate the spectator, or to offend him by an air of ostentation. In her personal appearance the same nice tact was perceptible. Other wives, circumstanced like herself, might have thought themselves justified, considering the great reputed wealth of Sir Matthew, in bedizening themselves with diamonds, and challenging the admiration which the high and low vulgar willingly concede to such evidence of opulence. Aware of her origin, though she did as much as possible to forget it, and determined not to afford a plea for any sneering imputations upon civic finery, Lady Middleton left her jewels in their box, and, avoiding all attempts at magnificence, only sought to render her attire as elegant and as becoming as possible.

As a special favour, she had procured from Lady Barbara Rusport a list of the company to be invited, with an intimation, however, that some addition might be subsequently made to the number. Over this catalogue, many names of which appertained to members of the high and mighty exclusives, superlatives, and inaccessibles, had she brooded with the exultation of a little mind, which tells that it is about to triumph over and mortify all its competitors. Of these names she had extracted the most fashionable conspicuous, to weave into a variety of newspaper paragraphs, writing them with her own hand, and seldom concluding her employment without ejaculating in a tone of triumphant delight, "So much for Mrs. Maltby! I will take care she shall have all the papers. Poor thing! she will be half killed with envy!" Many people are in the habit of imputing malignant feelings to those whom they dislike, as an excuse for their own; a species of self-vindication in which it will be seen that Lady Middleton was not deficient, although, in point of fact, there was little or no ground for the charge against her sister, and, consequently, no valid pretext for her own jealous and uncharitable feelings. "There will be no small uproar," she continued, "among my old acquaintance, when they find that not one of them is invited to my party; but as I shall be under the necessity of cutting them when I have the *entrée* among the exclusives, it may be as well to bring our separation to immediate issue, and give them their dismissal at once. It is only to be never at home to them when I am in the house, and never to see them when I am abroad, and the whole affair will be settled in three months."

This soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Cecilia, who, under her mother's directions, was attired with an elegant simplicity, though the effect of her well-turned and well-dressed figure was neutralised by her inexpressive features and general air of insipidity. "I am sorry that we are not to have Sir Dennis tonight," said the mother, "he assures me that he could easily have accomplished it, through some of his noble friends who are acquainted with the Duchess; but as he abhors a crowd, has no particular penchant for music, and abominates trouble of all sorts, he declares that he would not be at pains of applying for a ticket."

To this observation the daughter made some

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unimportant reply, and, as they walked up and down the room, both endeavouring to assume an air of self-possession, which was foreign to their hearts, they fell into conversation upon the approaching entertainment, each hoping that the Duchess and Lady Barbara would come early, as there would otherwise be so much awkwardness in their being totally unacquainted with their guests. It was not without a sudden start of the body, and some little trepidation of spirit, that they heard the first thundering knock, which seemed sufficiently consequential to announce the desiderated patroness of the entertainment; but, to their great disappointment, it proved to be a party of titled strangers, whose names they could not catch, so miserably were they blundered by Dupin, who Gallicized one half of what he heard, and perverted the other moiety into gibberish. Carriages now rolled in uninterrupted succession into Portland Place; loud and incessant became the appeals to the knocker; Dupin announced a whole Babel of unintelligible appellations; peers, peeresses, and commoners, poured through the open door; the drawing-rooms began to fill with turbaned chaperons, rouged staring dowagers, tittering young ladies in tulle dresses and wreaths, *roué*-looking elderly gentlemen with bald heads and spindle shanks, and here and there a solitary juvenile beau. Tongues chattered in every variety of intonation, from the loud confidence of the oracular and infallible peeress, to the lisp of the simpering *debutante;* plumes waved, diamonds glittered, and silks rustled; but still the Duchess and Lady Barbara did not make their appearance, and the embarrassment of Lady Middleton and her daughter, who, amidst all this interchange of recognitions and tittle-tattle, were no more noticed in their own house, than if they had been statues, increased with every passing minute. Evident as was the awkwardness of their situation, it excited not in their distinguished visitants the smallest attempt to remove it; they conducted themselves exactly as if they were in a theatre, or other public place, into which they had paid for admission. Upon these occasions there is a negative rudeness which none but the polite world can assume, and which is almost as offensive as a positive incivility. They who had first arrived, and who could not, therefore, fail to recognize the mistress of the mansion and her daughter, measured them superciliously through their glasses, and passed on with a cold stately indifference to criticise the rooms. There were but two unnoticed outcasts, and their situation spoke for itself, although many of the promenaders seemed to be quite unconscious of their presence, as with a condescending and patronising air they ejaculated—

"Really, now—all things considered, the rooms are by no means inelegant—I hadn't the least idea they could get up these things so decently in this part of the town—ar'n't you amazed, Lady Wriggleton?"

"Oh, never more so! quite an agreeable surprise. It must be confessed that the apartments are admirably fitted up, though I understand that Sir Matthew——— really I quite forget the old gentleman's name—is a citizen and alderman. How very odd!—exceedingly singular!—remarkable! People may well talk of the march of intellect!"

Pride, it is said, feels no pain; but even Lady Middleton, with all her pitiful ambition and grovelling aspirations, felt humiliated at being exposed to so much impertinence in her own house. Cecilia, abashed at the bold and almost contemptuous stare with which she was regarded, whenever she ventured to lift up her eyes, could have cried outright; and both the mother and daughter listened with increasing impatience for the announcement of the noble patroness, who was to introduce them to their visitants, and enable them to be at home in their own house.

At length they caught the welcome names of the Duchess of Harrowgate and Lady Barbara Rusport, when they were presented in form, first to her Grace, and, subsequently, to several of her friends; most of whom comported themselves with an air of stiff, cold, haughty condescension, little better, even in its assumed courtesy, than a direct insult. At this juncture a name was announced, which would have induced Lady Middleton to distrust the evidence of her ears, but that individual to whom it appertained was presently ushered into the drawing-room. It was no other than Mrs. Howard Maltby, who, having by some inexplicable means procured an introduction to the Duchess, had contrived to get invited to the party. Magnificently dressed, and looking provokingly well, she tripped up to the Duchess, made her a profound obeisance, smiled graciously on the mistress of the mansion, and then ran up to every individual with whom she was acquainted, in order to state that she came as the friend of the Duchess, not in virtue of her relationship to the lady of the house. Poor Lady Middleton was ready to sink into the earth with vexation. To mortify Mrs. Howard Maltby had been the main object of the party which she had collected together with so much management; and now to find that her sister had anticipated her in making the acquaintance of the Duchess, and outsparkled her in her own house, was beyond all human endurance. The victim, thus justly punished by the disappointment of her machinations and the recoil of her own angry feelings, writhed under the infliction; but good-breeding and conventional politeness enabled her to conceal her emotions beneath a smile more than usually bland and complacent. After the Duchess had gone through the form of presentation, leaning all the while on the arm of Miss Borradaile, she inquired for Gale Middleton; and, on learning that he had been compelled, on account of his health, to visit the country, she expressed her disappointment in terms that showed her to be out of humour, while her *protegée* brought her spectacles nearer to her eyes, and uttered a doleful and dissonant hem! From this moment her Grace, evidently piqued, introduced no more of her friends, but sank into an easy chair, gazing at the assemblage with a vacant unconcern, and venting her spleen upon her unfortunate toady; for Lady Barbara, anticipating this burst of peevishness, had made her escape.

Lady Middleton, already distressed and disconcerted, saw that something had annoyed her illustrious patroness, though she knew not what,

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and, by way of supplying some new object of attention, wished to expedite the music, as the performers had, by this time, mostly taken their positions in the orchestra; but even this she hardly knew how to accomplish without contravening the instructions she had received from Lady Barbara, and appearing vulgar, which it was her special object to avoid. "*Laissez faire*," was to be her motto, and an absolute *nonchalence* was to mark her demeanour. Far from caring for her guests, she was not even to wear the semblance of caring for herself, so that she wandered disconsolately up and down her rooms, with an anxious and aching heart, but smiling and gracious countenance, not knowing to whom to speak, and spoken to by none: wishing the concert to begin, and yet afraid to give any orders for accelerating it, lest she should exhibit an unfashionable *empressement*. For want of proper arrangements beforehand, a tedious day ensued, but the leader, at length, gave his preparatory flourish, the company took their seats, the place of honour being appropriated to the Duchess, and the concert at length began.

It exhibited the usual features presented by such entertainments among a people who pay more and care less for music than any other upon the face of the earth. The timid young ladies, who had been afraid lest their voices should be overheard, now ventured to flirt and chatter, like parrots, under cover of some of the finest pieces of Bethooven and Rossini; while the dowagers and old women gossips of either sex, seemed determined that their tongues should keep tune with the fiddlesticks, getting into a louder key with every *crescendo* movement, as if resolved to "to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." Had Orpheus himself played to such a herd of human animals, he would have set nothing dancing but their tongues. Even the vocal performers failed to command more than an occasional attention, most of the company being evidently of opinion that no voice was so sweet as their own; while all afforded a most audible and irrefragable proof, that even the taciturn English may be stimulated into loquacity by really good music. Upon this occasion, however, the spectators, we cannot call them auditors, were not less enthusiastic than discriminating in their applause, invariably lavishing the most ecstatic "bravos!" upon those songs or pieces to which they had paid the least attention. To be sure, they reserved these marks of favour for the conclusion, so that they were perhaps merely expressing their natural delight at being brought so much nearer to the termination of the concert. By the help of incessant discourse and occasional plaudit, it did terminate at length, all parties, and especially those who had been the most incessant talkers, agreeing that it had been a remarkably good concert, and had gone off uncommonly well. Let us not, however, be misunderstood as imputing to our countrymen a uniform indifference to the charms of music. When a private concert is to be followed by a supper, the two or three pieces are sure to collect a numerous and eager audience, a fact that was illustrated at Lady Middleton's, where a knot of officers, a bevy of beaux, and two or three *vieux garçons;* all of whom, if they had no stomach for music, had, at least, an excellent ear for champagne and Roman punch, simultaneously made their appearance full three minutes before the commencement of the finale.

The performers, doubtless very much flattered by the vehement applauses they had received for not being heard, now took their departure, and the company began to perambulate the rooms, waiting for the announcement of supper, when a disturbance sounded up the stairs from the hall, of which we must give a passing explanation. Foiled in all her attempts to procure a ticket for the party, and yet determined to make a bold push for admission, Mrs. Burroughs had arranged with her friend Dupin, whose services she had procured by a bribe, that she should be smuggled into the drawing-room during the *melée*, that usually precedes the going to supper. For the music she cared not, but she coveted the *éclat* of being present; and she only desired to be in time for the supper, because her dear little darlings were so fond of *bonbons*. Attired, accordingly, in her new figured silk dress, and bedizened with all her jewels, baubles, and gold chains, she presented herself in Portland Place; but, unfortunately for the success of her scheme, the Duchess had ordered that none should be admitted who did not bring their cards of invitation, and, to guard against interlopers, had directed that one of her own servants should be stationed in the hall. Faithful to her orders, this man put a *veto* upon her introduction; and Mrs. Burroughs, in the fear of a detection that would not place her in a very enviable light, made a precipitate retreat, leaving her battle to be fought by Dupin, who lavished abuse in broken English upon the Duchess' menial, and would, probably, have received a broken head in return, had he not taken to his heels and sought sanctuary in the drawing-room.

Here the company were still lounging about in different groups, beguiling the time with such elevated and edifying conversation, as is usually heard in similar assemblages. After complimenting one another on their mutual good looks, their divine *toques*, delicious turbans, and exquisite tiaras, the elderly ladies parted from their dear friends with a most affectionate smile, and then whispered to their companions,—"Never saw her look so ill in my life,—a frightful head-dress, but, poor thing! she never had an atom of taste." The young ladies flirted, and simpered, and talked nonsense, almost as glibly as the dandy danglers by their side; while the elderly gentlemen, gathered together in solemn conclave, discoursed with a becoming gravity of the winners and losers at the Newmarket meeting, of the new female opera-dancer, and of a recently discovered intrigue in fashionable life, upon the subject of which they evinced a proper sense of morality, unanimously condemning the parties for the irremissible crime of—suffering themselves to be found out.

Tom Rashleigh, for thus familiarly was he always termed, who affected, upon every occasion, to be the very latest of the late, and who had rather hear the liquid music of out-poured champagne, than the finest strains of Paganini, now made his way into the drawing-room, where his progress was presently arrested by the Duchess

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of Harrowgate, to whose arm-chair he was summoned. Her Grace's motives for wishing to conciliate the man she most disliked, we have already stated; but though she feared him, she found a certain pleasure in his society, for he sometimes said droll things, sometimes abused her best friends, and, in either case, administered a momentary excitement to her stagnant faculties. "Dear Mr. Rashleigh!" she exclaimed, "I am glad you are come, but how shockingly late you are! This affair is awfully dull; I have not found the least pleasure in it, hitherto, and now I have lost Miss Borradaile."

"Surely *that* must be a pleasure. I congratulate your Grace on the loss, and recommend you to offer a handsome reward to any one who shall find and *not* bring her back."

"Nonsense! do tell me whether you have passed her in the *melée*."

"Oh, yes! I saw her just now—*quite plain*."

"I understand the meaning of your emphasis, but I will have no reflections on poor Miss Borradaile, who does not make any pretensions to beauty."

"I don't know why she should not, since she lays claim to talents."

"Why should you always be so censorious, Mr. Rashleigh?"

"Why should others wish to monopolize all the scandal to themselves?"

"You do not glance at me, I hope. No injurious rumours can be laid at my door: I am merely an echo."

"Echo never begins a story, and in babbling about what she has heard from others, makes it less at every repetition. Far be it from me to doubt that your Grace acts up to this character."

"Nay, *our* dull gibes may be excused; they fall to the ground by their own weight."

"But mine, your Grace would infer, being pointed with wit, and sometimes barbed with epigrammatic verse, fly like an arrow, and seldom suffer their object to escape without a wound. Ay, there's the rub. Doubtless you think, as others have done, that I deserve to smart for my smartness. I might be as malignant as others, if I would only be as stupid. Many thanks for the implied flattery. I never knew a man who would refuse a compliment to his head at the expense of his heart. But I differ from your Grace; there is a species of slander, which, being adapted by its ponderous dulness to every capacity, has a wider range than any other: like a leaden bullet, its heaviness only enables it to go farther, and hit harder."

"Nay, I am not in the humour for arguing, nor, indeed, for anything else. You know how anxious I have been to get a good lion for my next grand party. I had already exhibited the man who performs upon his chin, and the child who plays the Battle of Prague upon a penny trumpet, and the Swiss milk-maid, who yells the Ranz des Vaches; and for my coming *soirée*, I had made sure of securing the son of our civic host, about whose strange adventure in the church-yard all the world have been lately talking; but he has taken himself off into Sussex—was ever any thing so provoking! One cannot easily get another man who has been buried alive."

"Not in London, Duchess! in the country they are common enough."

"They say that the poor young man's intellects, not of the strongest order before, will never recover from the fright."

"Talking of frights, yonder is Miss Borradaile, walking arm-in-arm with old Lady Totteridge, who pretends to have a nervous affection in the head—the only thing she has in it, by the by—in order that she may display her diamond tiara to more glittering advantage. I wonder that your *protegée* should select for her companion a deaf, dull, peevish crone, who, were it not for the Thames Tunnel, would be the greatest bore in existence."

"It must be confessed, that Miss Borradaile is somewhat singular in her tastes: she always attaches herself to what every body else dislikes."

"I never understood until now the secret of her inordinate self-love."

"You are prejudiced against her; in solid attainments, I can assure you, that there are very few of either sex who come near her."

"They are quite right; *I* wouldn't, for one. Ah! I do her an injustice; I see she can admire something besides herself, for she is evidently eulogising the drapery of yonder curtains, and, in common candour, I feel free to confess that the apartments are fitted up with an inexplicable taste, considering that they belong to a PARVENU a *roturier*, an actual *bonâ-fide* alderman, and a native of the *terra incognita*, eastward of Temple Bar. We shall soon hear of Hottentots building habitable hotels." It required no small impudence in a man of the most obscure origin to affect this fashionable arrogance, but Rashleigh had upon all occasions so confidently sneered at upstarts and fellows of low birth that he had actually extorted credit for being a person of good family. "Pray, Duchess," he continued, "did you notice that beautiful cast of Minerva in the hall?"

"No!"

"Then I will speak about it to Lady Bridget O'Leary; she, you know, must have seen it, for she has always a cast in her eye."

"How can you be so illiberal? her's is by no means a squint, but an agreeable obliquity of vision. Her admirer, Jack Rutland, thinks it a beauty."

"Ay, her eye is like a bowl; its bias takes it out of the straight line, only that it may more certainly hit the Jack. *Apropos* of little deviations from the straight line, where is your friend, Lady Barbara Rusport?"

"Just now she was sitting at the window of the boudoir, gazing at the moon, of which she has always been fond."

"That I can understand, for there is a man in it."

"I cannot listen to such innuendoes. Would you insinuate that Lady Barbara———?"

"I only say that she is a philanthropist. A person so charitable as your Grace will hardly hold this to be a disparagement."

"Really, Mr. Rashleigh, I do not exactly comprehend you."

"Truly, Duchess, I can very easily believe it; but, hark! there is the supper bell, which few

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will deny to be the best and pleasantest music they have heard to-night. Shall I have the honour of escorting your Grace down stairs?"

Lady Middleton had requested the most distinguished nobleman present to offer his arm to the Duchess, which he tendered accordingly; but so completely was this dictatress of the fasionable world enslaved by her fear of ridicule, that, in defiance of all established rules, and to the profound horror of many a "tenth transmitter of of a foolish face," she pleaded a prior promise to Rashleigh, and suffered him to conduct her to the supper-room.

A considerable quantity of plate, with a variety of handsome ornaments, having been hired for the decoration of the tables, they presented a very beautiful appearance; the banquet was elegant without any gewgaw tawdriness, and sufficient without superabundance; yet the comfort of the whole entertainment was spoiled by some of those paltry economies from which Lady Middleton could not refrain, even in the midst of a profuse expenditure. Rather than pay the full price to men accustomed to wait at table, she had engaged a cheaper and less expert set of assistants, who, not knowing where to find any thing that was wanted, and unable to comprehend the broken English of the sputtering Dupin, ran over each other, spilled the liquids and the viands upon the guests, and filled the whole apartment with most admired disorder. The champagne, being from Sir Matthew's cellars, was of excellent quality, but as her ladyship would not incur the expense of ice, which she declared to be unnecessary, and had moreover ordered the wine to be deposited upon the table beforehand lest it should be purloined by the servants, it had become so warm as to be scarcely drinkable. Nor had she been more fortunate in his Roman punch, which, having been furnished by an inferior confectioner, who supplied it at a lower price, was little better than a libel upon the exquisite and unrivalled beverage of which it bore the name.

As some of the young sprigs of fashion conducted themselves very much as if they had been at a tavern, their dissatisfaction at these epicurean delinquencies came to the cognizance of Lady Middleton, not only by their distasteful looks, but by very unequivocal exclamations of surprise and disappointment, which filled her with inexpressible mortification. Though she could not hear Tom Rashleigh, she gathered from his manner, and the sneering laugh of his immediate circle, that the wag who affected an ultra and superlative epicurism, was unmercifully quizzing the contents both of the long and the green glasses. It annoyed her also to perceive that the Duchess, evidently *ennuyée*, notwithstanding the sallies of the witling at her side, looked frequently and impatiently at her watch, as if anxious for the hour at which she had ordered her carriage.

In spite of these partial failures, the banquet seemed to be passing off with a tolerable cheerfulness, so far as might be judged by the commingled clatter of tongues, glasses, and plates. A supper-party is almost always pleasant and sociable, and the present offered no exception to the festive and hilarious character of such entertainments, so far as the guests were concerned; though the mistress of the mansion and her daughter were not participants in the general gaiety. With a serene and complacent smile mantling over her features, the former sat upon thorns; while Cecilia, abashed, and unnoticed, and feeling herself completely out of her element, sighed more earnestly for the conclusion of the entertainment than she had ever desired its arrival. The general exhilaration, however, continued to increase; the madeira and frontinac, which were pronounced admirable, seemed gradually to thaw the torpor of even the most frozen fashionable; the *bonbon* crackers exploded with a sharp report, that justified an affected exclamation of alarm from some, and a derisive simper from others; the significant mottoes elicited pleasant titterings; smiling countenances, white teeth, and sparkling eyes were to be seen in every direction; the solemn foppery of *haut ton* had been so far forgotten, that an unequivocal, we had almost said a hearty, laugh had more than once been heard; in short, the whole party was at its very acmé of enjoyment, when a sudden and obstreperous irruption of strange figures into the banquetting-room, filled some with terror, and all with utter amazement, instantly silencing every sound, except the screams of the more timid young ladies.

We have recorded that Sir Matthew had engaged a party of common-council-men to dine with him at the London Tavern, all of whom were as unflinching topers as himself. At a late hour of the night some of these revellers were still at table, and still calling for fresh bottles or shouting Bacchanalian songs, when, upon a proposal being made that some devilled turkey should be ordered for supper, Sir Matthew ejaculated—"Hey, what?—do you want some—hick!—supper I mean. Lots to be had at my house. Mag has got the platter-faced Duchess, and a set of scarecrow Countesses to listen to—hick!—twedle dum twee, and squally-wally. More fool she:—never mind: can't make a silken sow of a purse's ear. Tell 'ee what, lads—'Spose we tumble in upon 'em, and help 'em to—hick! finish the—hick!—capital fun! frighten platter-face and the scrags of mutton out of their wits. Hick, hick, hick! Ha, ha, ha!"

For an enterprise that was to begin with a wild frolic and end with a supper and champagne, his auditors, who were still more intoxicated than himself, were exactly in cue, and they accordingly received it with a shout of assent. Sir Matthew, scarcely able to stand, less, however, from ebriety than from his chuckling laughter, as he thought of the astonishment which his unexpected appearance would excite, invested himself in his alderman's gown; his companions put on their robes; and the whole party reeled into a hackney-coach, shrieking a verse of one of their standard Bacchanalian songs—

What's life but a frolic, a song and a laugh,
My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff,
May mirth and good fellowship always abound,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

On descending from their vehicle in Portland Place, they found lying on the hall table, some of the instruments belonging to the performers,

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when each, "for madness ruled the hour," the motion of the coach having completed the intoxication of the whole party, imitated the example of Sir Matthew, by snatching up a fiddle, followed him to the door of the supper-room, and burst into the midst of the assemblage, all scraping their violins in a dissonant screech, and yelling in chorus—

Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

In the belief of many of the guests that this uncouth and boisterous pageant constituted a portion of the night's entertainment, and that the performers were destined to enact some species of mask, the first cries and faint screams of the females were rather indicative of surprise than dismay; while the rest preserved silence, in order to gather, if possible, the meaning of the scene. Meanwhile, Sir Matthew, still plying his screeching fiddle and hiccoughing his Bacchanalian chorus, advanced to the head of the table, and, fixing his fuddled grapy eye upon her Grace of Harrowgate, stammered out—"What, hey, are you the moon-faced Duchess?—hick! very glad to see—no—ar'nt glad at all—not my doing—all Meg's—hick! But now you're come I'll give 'ee a buss, not—notwith—notwithstand—hick!"

The first person that seemed to comprehend Sir Matthew's real plight, was the Honourable Augustus Fortescue Sidney Clavering, a sprig of nobility and a coronet of dragoons, who, after peering at him through a jewelled eye-glass, ejaculated with a distastful look, and in an effeminate lisping voice—"Ath I hope to be thaved! the nathty fellow'th beathtly drunk!" This had already been discovered to be the case with the Baronet's companions, who, in the fond, maudlin blindness of intoxication, had offered to salute some of the mummy-like dowagers, and rouged scraggy countesses, occasioning a shrieking dismay, and confusion, which it would be difficult to describe. In the midst of this hubbub, the reeling Alderman put his audacious arm round the fat throat of the Duchess, and attempted to salute her cheek, when her Grace, struggling to avoid the indignity, escaped from the embrace, leaving in his arm not only her *toque* and its splendid ornaments, but the entire wig that concealed the ravages of time upon her head.

Heavens and earth! was ever such a profanation known? The dictatress of the *haut ton*; the queen of fashion, the autocratrix of the exclusives and the inaccessibles, to be thus exhibited to the *élite* of her subjects, sitting upon her throne with a bald pate!! Even the inebriated Sir Matthew seemed, by his solid and bewildered stare, to be struck aghast at this unexpected apparition of a bare scalp; but, as he discovered the cause of the phenomenon, he exclaimed—"Hey, what? little scull, big body—like a turnip on a sack of—Hick, hick, hick! Ha, ha, ha!"

The age of chivalary hath not altogether passed away. An indignant cry of—"Knock him down!" burst from the Knights and Cavaliers who had witnessed this inexplicable outrage, and several of those who surrounded the offender prepared to obey the summons; but the object of their wrath, always as bold in spirit as he was powerful in body, and enflamed by the vinous valour that delights in a scuffle, no sooner perceived their intention, than he brandished his violin as a weapon of defence, and whirled it round him with a sudden and vehement swing, which brought its extremity in collision with the scull of the Honourable Augustus Fortescue Sidney Clavering. The hollow sound that ensued, might have proceeded either from the instrument, or from the cranium upon which it impinged; but the effects upon the respective vacua were very different. With a lugubrious groan, the smashed violin breathed its last upon the spot, while the unwounded cornet merely measured his length upon the floor, beholding an incalculable number of additional lights, and ejaculating "Oh, the thocking, thanguinary thavage! Thave me! thave me! I am quite thure he hath thplit my thcull!" He had nothing farther, however, to apprehend from his assailant, for Sir Matthew having overreached himself in the blow, tumbled beside his prostrate victim, and was utterly unable to rise again from the floor.

In other quarters of the room two or three of the common-council-men, not less pugnacious than their leader, struggled and fought with those who endeavoured to secure them; but they were forcibly expelled, and their companions fairly carried out of the apartment in the simultaneous rush, and dispersed them in search of their respective carriages, amid hysterical cries, and indignant execrations, and vociferous orders, and clamorous footmen, and swearing coachmen, and a general confusion, such as had never before been witnessed in the respectable and well regulated purlieus of Portland Place. Either on foot or in carriages, for the withdrawing of the visitants rather resembled a disorderly flight, than an ordinary dispersion, the whole of the fashionables had presently betaken themselve to more appropriate haunts, leaving the scene of recent uproar to a melancbly tranquility. Although the Duchess, by the assistance of some of her friends, had almost instantly re-established herself in her *toque* and peruke, she was too much mortified by the exposure she had suffered, and her apprehension of the ridicule which would be entailed upon her by Tom Rashleigh's satirical muse, to proceed to any other party; and she, accordingly, returned home in a most splenetic mood, vexed beyond all measure that she should have subjected herself to so much humiliation and annoyance, and yet not have succeeded in procuring the desiderated husband for Miss Borradaile.

Sir Matthew, the unconscious Marplot of all his lady's schemes and devices, had fallen fast asleep upon the floor, whence he was raised, and carried to bed in the arms of his servants. The weeping and trembling Cecilia—for she was both grieved and terrified out of her customary composure—had already obeyed the orders of her mother, by retiring to her apartment. Lady Middleton, shortly afterwards, did the same; but sleep, in the agitated state of her mind, being entirely out of the question, she threw herself into an arm-chair, covered her crimson face with her hands, as if she felt that she should ne-

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ver be able to show it again, and, bursting into an agony of tears, remained for a long time overwhelmed with a painful and humbling conflict of shame, rage and vexation.

Thus ended the grand *soirée musicale*, which had been planned and executed with so much care, cost, and contrivance, and which, from its first concoction to its final failure, had heaped upon the meanly ambitious Lady Middleton nothing but bitter disappointment and pitiable degradation.

From the New Monthly Magazine for August.

RECORDS OF PASSING THOUGHTS.

A SERIES OF SONNETS, BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

A Vernal Thought.

O vestal Spring! 'midst thy victorious glow,
Far spreading o'er the awaken'd woods and plains,
And streams that bound to meet thee from their chains
Well might there lurk the shadow of a wo
For human hearts; and in the exulting flow
Of thy rich songs a melancholy tone,
Were we of mould all earthly; *we* alone,
Sever'd from thy great spell, and doom'd to go
Farther, still farther, from our sunny time,
Never to feel the breathings of our prime—
Never to flower again!—But *we*, O Spring!
Cheer'd by deep spirit-whispers not of earth,
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,
As here thy birds and flowers press on to bloom and sing.

II.

To the Sky.

Far from the rustlings of the polar-bough,
Which o'er my opening life wild music made,—
Far from the green hills with their feathery glow
And flashing streams, whereby my childhood play'd:—
In the dim city, 'midst the sounding flow
Of restless life, to *thee* in love I turn,
O thou rich Sky! and from thy splendors learn
How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and blow.
With thee all shapes of glory find their home;
And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome!
By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rove
Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest,
That Nature's God hath left no place unblessed
With founts of beauty for the eye of love!

III.

On the Memorials of Immature Genius.

Oh! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those
Who, richly dower'd for life, are called to die
Ere the soul's flame through storms hath won repose
In Truth's pure ether, unperturb'd and high.
Let their mind's relics claim a tasteful sigh!
Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,
First notes of some yet struggling harmony,
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain
Of many inspirations met, and held
From its true sphere. Oh! soon it might have swell'd
Majestically forth:—No doubt that He,
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve
Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gusts made free.

IV.

On Watching the Flight of a Skylark.

Upward and upward still! In pearly light
The clouds are steeped; the vernal spirit sighs
With bliss in every wind; and crystal skies
Woo thee, O Bird! to thy celestial height.
Bird, piercing heaven with music, thy free flight
Hath meaning for all bosoms,—most of all
For those wherein the rapture and the might
Of Poesy lie deep, and strive and burn
Their high place. Oh, heirs of Genius! learn
From the sky's bird your way!—no joy may fill
Your hearts—no gift of holy strength be won
To bless *your* songs, ye Children of the Sun,
Save by the answering flight—upward and upward still!

V.

A Thought of the Sea.

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound—
Thy solemn shores—thou ever-chanting Main!
The first *rich* sunsets, kindling thought profound
In my lone being, made thy restless plain
As the vast shining floor of some dread fane,
All paved with glass and fire! Yet oh, blue Deep!
Thou that *no* trace of human hearts dost keep,
Never to thee did Love, with silvery chain,
Draw my soul's dream, which through all nature sought
What waves deny—some bower for *steadfast* bliss;
A *home* to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,
As with sweet flowers. But chastened Hope for this
Now turns from Earth's green valleys, as from thee,
To that sole, changeless World where "there is no more sea."

VI.

Distant Sound of the Sea at Evening.

Yet, rolling far up some green mountain dale,
Oft let me hear, as oftimes I have heard,
Thy swell, thou Deep! when Eve calls home the bird,
And stills the wood; when summer tints grow pale,
Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil:
And peasant-steps are hastening to repose:
And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups close,
To the last whisper of the falling gale.
Then, 'midst the dying of all other sound,
When the soul hears thy distant voice profound
Lone worshipping, and knows that through the night
'Twill worship still, *then* most its anthem tone
Speaks to our being of the Eternal One
Who girds tired Nature with unslumbering might!

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

In a garden where flowrets were blooming wild,
One arid and sultry morning,
There restlessly wandered a beautiful child,
Whose sense was too clearly dawning:
"Ah, father!" he cried,
As the buds he eyed
That languidly drooped before him—
"The dew-drops to-day
Have been snatched away
Too soon, and we're left to deplore them!

Alas, not permitted to glitter on flowers,
As happier dew-drops have been,
That have sparkled at eve on the moonlight hours
Like fairy lamps o'er the scene,
And liv'd through the night
And the morning bright,
On the buds, till the noon of the day:
But the heat of the sun,
Or his wrath, has undone
These poor dew-drops, and chas'd them away!"

Thus had murmur'd the child, when a fleeting show'r,
Bore down from the darkening sky,
And a rainbow appear'd ere the closing hour,
As a beautiful arch upon high:
"See the drew-drops fair
In the rainbow there,
More brilliantly set than before!
So that which fades here,
In a purer sphere
Will re-bloom to be blighted no more!"

While thus spoke the father, how little he knew
That his words as prefiguring fell,
Or that the fair infant, soon fading from view,
Ah! would witness their truth but too well:
For this child of light
In the morning bright
Of his wisdom, too early given,
By sickness assailed,
Was even exhaled
As a dew-drop from earth into heaven.

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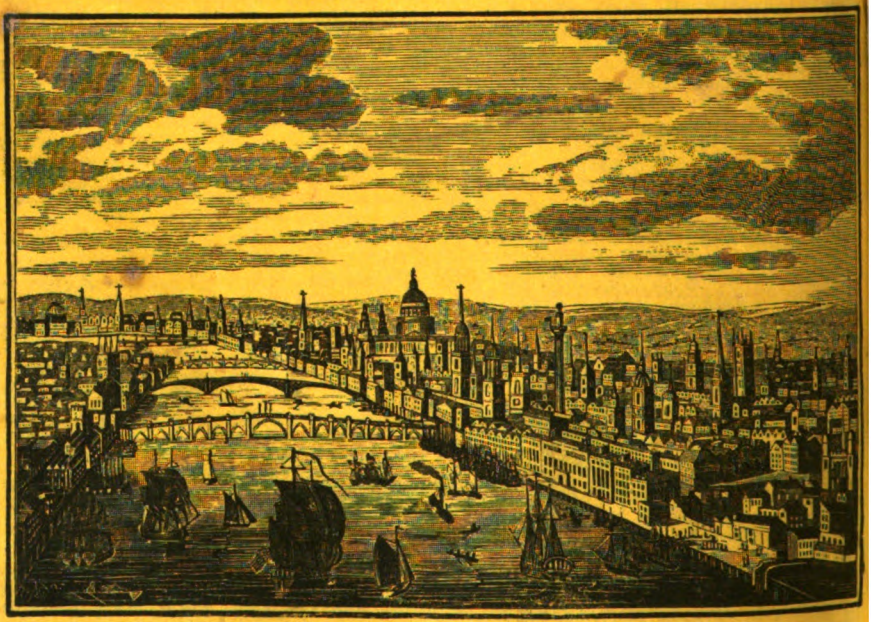
St. Mark's Place, Venice.



River Thames, and City of London.

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ST. MARK'S PLACE, VENICE.

The beautiful building in which was formerly deposited the Library of St. Mark, is situated on one side of the Piazza di S. Marco. The architect was Sansovino, to whose genius Venice was indebted for many of her most magnificent structures. Jacopo Tatti, who afterwards assumed the name of Sansovino, was born at Florence, about the year 1479, and became the pupil of a sculptor, Andrea Contucci da Monte a Sansovino. His labours at Florence having rendered him much celebrated, he transferred his studio to Rome, where he became known, not only as a sculptor, but also as an architect of the highest talent. On the sack of Rome, in 1527, Sansovino was compelled to fly, and retreated to Venice, intending from thence to proceed to the court of France, whither he had been invited. Having been called upon to superintend the affairs of the Church of St. Mark, he executed this duty so much to the satisfaction of the Senate, that he was appointed to the office of chief architect of the republic.

The first building erected in Venice, from the designs of Sansovino, was the Zecca, or Mint, which was followed by that of the Library. In the execution of this work, however, the reputation of Sansovino was greatly endangered. Owing to some unforseen cause, the roof of the Library fell in, an accident which was attributed by the Senate to the negligence of the architect, who was thrown into prison, heavily fined, and deprived of the office of protomaestro. From this confinement, however, he was soon liberated, and being restored to his official situation, he continued to ornament the city with his splendid and classical designs. The remainder of his life was spent by Sansovino at Venice, where he died in 1570, at the advanced age of ninety-one, having embellished that city not only with its most magnificent buildings, but also with many beautiful specimens of sculpture.

The Library of St. Mark is said to be indebted for its origin to the generosity of Petrarch. The poet had visited Venice in the character of Ambassador from the Visconti, to negotiate peace between the Republic and Genoa; and the consideration and respect with which he was received, appear to have produced an impression upon his mind highly favourable to the Venetians. Visiting the city on another occasion, he announced his intention of bequeathing to the republic his library. The Venetians gratefully accepted this inestimable present, which became the foundation of the Library of St. Mark. Amongst the manuscripts collected by Petrarch were one of Homer, presented to him by Nicholas Segoros, Ambassador from the Emperor of the East; a Sophocles, which he had received from Leontius Pilate, his instructor in the Greek language; a Latin translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey by the same person, copied by the hand of his pupil Boccaccio, together with the greater part of the works of Cicero, which the poet had himself transcribed.

Stimulated, probably, by the example of Petrarch, Cardinal Bessarion, in the year 1468, presented to the republic of Venice his rare collection of Greek and Latin manuscripts. In the letter which he addressed on this occasion to the Doge and Senate, he stated that, even from his boyhood, he had exerted all his labour, care and study, in the collection of books in every branch of literature. That, in his early youth, he had not only copied several volumes in his own hand, but had expended all the little money he could save in the purchase of manuscripts. That although he had ever been earnestly bent on such acquisitions, yet that, after the destruction of Constantinople, he had consumed his entire care, strength, power, and industry, in increasing his collection of the Greek writers; and that he had now selected the city of Venice as the depository of his library, on account of its admirable government, the number of Greeks who frequented it, and the benefits which he himself had derived from that city. This splendid gift was gratefully received by the Venetians, and by a decree of the Senate, was lodged in the ducal palace. The learned Sabellicus was the first librarian to whom the care of this collection was confided.

The chief benefactors to the Library of St. Mark, after its illustrious founders, Petrarch and Bessarion, were Geronymo Justiniani, Jacopo Nani, several members of the illustrious family of Contarini, Venturi Leonigo, Piero Morosini, and Nicolo Manuzzi. The librarians to whom the literary treasures of St. Mark were committed were of two classes, the superior or honorary librarian, and the acting librarian. In the list of the former, many of the most celebrated Venetian names are to be found—the warriors, the scholars, and the Doges of Venice. Of the acting librarians many have been distinguished by their attachment to literature, and by their successful efforts in its cause.

Venice has always occupied an illustrious station in the republic of letters. She claims, though the claim has been disputed, the glory of having been the first to introduce the art of printing in Italy. The manuscript treasures of St. Mark's Library, and the learning and munificence of the Venetian nobility, soon drew to that city the most distinguished printers of the fifteenth century. The *editiones principes* of many of the classical writers were ushered from the Venetian press, which also gave to the world the first edition of the Bible printed in Hebrew characters. To Venice also is referred the invention of newspapers, a very remarkable fact, when the nature of the government is considered. The name of Gazette is derived from gazetta, a small piece of money paid for the Venetian newsletters. In literature, the annals of Venice present a long roll of splendid names—scholars, poets, and philosophers.

RIVER THAMES AND CITY OF LONDON.

London, the most ancient constitutional borough of England, is a city of great antiquity. Without going further back to the historical romance of Geoffry, of Monmouth, who attributes its foundation to a descendant of Venus and Anchises, and enumerates seventy successive kings before the invasion Julius Cæsar, it may suffice our purpose to state that Cæsar gives no description, in his narrative of his conquests, of any other kind of town in Britain, than a thick

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wood, fortified by a ditch and a mound. Hence, it is concluded, that London was commenced, or at least assumed the appearance of a town, at a later period even than the invasion of Cæsar.—Tacitus is the first Roman historian who mentions London by name. He speaks of the number and opulence of its merchants, and the abundance of its provisions.

A continued struggle appears to have existed between the Roman generals and the natives of Britain under their queen Boadicea, Caractacus and their successors, till Agricola, with his legions achieved the conquest of nearly the whole Island. Agricola being appointed governor of Britain, exhorted the natives, says Tacitus, to cultivate the arts of peace, to build temples and houses, and imitate their enlightened conquerors.—This caused London to revive after the severe defeat of Boadicea to such an extent, that Herodian, in his life of the emperor Septimus Severus, who reigned from the year 193, to 211, calls it a great and wealthy city. It extended from Ludgate to Town Hill in length, and from the causeway above Cheapside to the Thames, in breadth.

The erection of the wall of London is attributed to Constantine the Great: it was adorned and strengthened with many towers of so firm a structure that two were in existence in Maitland's time; and Dr. Woodward doubts not, that nearly the whole circuit of the city wall as it stood in 1707, was erected upon the old Roman foundation, which comprehended an area of more than three miles in circumference.

When the mighty Roman Empire was crumbling to pieces, by slow but certain steps, the British island separated itself from its great protector. The Roman forces being withdrawn, the natives were left to the ravages of the Saxon pirates and their neighbouring enemies of Ireland and Caledonia.

It would not accord with our limits to quote a history of this great city to the present day.

A brief sketch, descriptive of the annexed engraving must suffice.

The first bridge in the centre is London bridge, the length of it is 915 feet. The second is Queen street bridge, consisting of three arches, it is constructed of iron, the length is 708 feet.—The third is Blackfriars bridge, 995 feet long.—The fourth is Waterloo bridge, 602 feet long and adjoins a large stone building on the right, named Somerset house, built by the proud duke of Somerset, and now used as offices connected with the government. The church with the tall spire next to the right is St. Bridges, near Blackfriar's bridge, built in the year 1680, and has the highest spire in London: the next church is St. Magnus. The principal building in the centre, is the celebrated building so well known, named St. Paul's Cathedral, built by Christopher Wren, the length of the church, including the western portico, is 514 feet, its breadth 386 feet, the height to the top of the cross, 330 feet, and diameter of cupola, 145 feet; entire circumference of building 2292 feet. The next is Bow church, 228 feet high. St. Magnus is the next principal church at the foot of London bridge, a very old building. The custom house, to the right of London bridge, was built in 1817, its south front measures 488 feet, in length, and is 107 feet deep.

The monument above the custom house is a fluted doric column,—the diameter at the base is 15 feet, height of shaft 123 feet, the cone at top being a blazen urn of gilt brass, measures 42 feet, and height of massy pedestal 40 feet. The church with the pointed arches, is Allhallows Barking, built in the year 1651. The Tower is the next principal building, erected first by William the conqueror, and consists of four white towers: the extent of the tower within the walls being 12 acres and 5 rods.

THE RIVER THAMES.—This source of all the greatness and wealth of the metropolis of London, and one of its chief ornaments, deserves an especial notice.

The forest of masts which are presented by the shipping from London Bridge, fills every beholder with astonishment; but how much is this feeling increased, when in an excursion down the river, it is discovered that this forest covers the Thames for several miles, and also that all the docks are full of shipping.

The *Port of London*, as actually occupied by shipping, extends from London Bridge to Deptford, being a distance of nearly four miles, and from four to five hundred yards in average breadth. It may be described as consisting of four divisions, called the Upper, Middle, and Lower Pools, and the space between Limehouse and Debtford: Upper Pool extends from London Bridge to Union Hole, about 1600 yards; the Middle Pool, from thence to Wapping New Stair, 700 yards; the Lower Pool from the latter place to Horse Ferry Tier, near Limehouse, 1800 yards; and the space below to Deptford about 2700 yards.

The Thames rises two miles south-west of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire: at Lechdale, 138 miles above London, it becomes navigable for barges of 80 or 90 tons: it is navigated by ships of 700 or 800 tons up to London Bridge, and by the largest ships to Deptford and Greenwich. The tide flows eight miles in four hours, as high as Richmond, but the water is not salt higher than Gravesend, which is thirty miles below London Bridge. At London, it is about a quarter of a mile broad, and at Gravesend, about a mile. Its whole course is about 200 miles.

Its fall from Oxford to Maidenhead, is 25 feet every 10 miles, and thence to Brentford, 20 feet every 10 miles, but the fall from Brentford where the tide ends, to the Nore, a distance of 60 river miles, it is but seven feet.

The southern banks of the Thames, contiguous to the bridges, for a considerable extent, are lined with manufactories and warehouses; such as iron-founders, dyers, soap and oil-makers, glass-makers, shot-makers, boat-builders, &c. &c. To explore these would repay curiosity; in a variety of them, that powerful agent *steam*, performs the work, and steam engines are daily erecting in others.

The mercantile importance of this noble stream is greater than that of any other river in the world. Its merchantmen visit the most distant parts of the globe; and the productions of every soil, and of every clime, are wafted home upon its bosom, to answer the demands of British commerce. The frozen shores of the Baltic and North America, the sultry regions of both the

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Indies, and the arid coasts of Africa, have alike rescounded with its name: and there is not a single country, perhaps, in any quarter of the earth, bordering on the sea, but what has been visited by its sails.

It deserves to be remarked in conclusion, that notwithstanding the very existence of London depends on the navigation of the Thames, insomuch that if this river were rendered unnavigable, London would soon become a heap of ruins, like Nineveh and Babylon, yet some of the passages of this important river, below the Nore, are suffered to become half choaked, and almost impassable, from the increase and shifting of sand-banks.

City of London.—It is impossible, in our limited space, to furnish any like a complete sketch of the city of London, or indeed even to glance at the numerous public buildings which ornament its various parts. Most of our readers, we presume, have formed some idea, from their readings, of the extent, magnitude and wealth of the city, and it is therefore unnecessary for us to enter into a minute detail. The annexed sketch of London—taken from the travels of Count Pecchio—will, however, probably be new to some.

If the sky is dark, not less gloomy is the whole first appearance of London to him who enters it by the Dover road. The smoky colour of the houses gives it the appearance of a city that has been burnt. If to this be added the silence which prevails in the midst of a population of, perhaps, one million four hundred thousand persons, all in motion (so that one seems to be in a theatre of Chinese shades), and the wearisome uniformity of the houses, almost all built in the same style, like a city of the beavers, it will be easy to imagine, that on first entering this darksome hive, the smile of pleased surprise soon gives way to a gloomy wonder. This was the old English style of building, which still prevails in the country. But, since the English have substituted the blue pill for suicide, or, still better, a journey to Paris; and, instead of Young's Night Thoughts, read the romances of Walter Scott, they have cheered up their houses with a coat of white, and have recently rebuilt the western part of the capital "west end" in a gayer and more varied style of architecture.

The houses are small and fragile. The first night I spent in a lodging-house, I deemed myself still on board the vessel; the walls were equally slender, and, in great part, of wood, the chambers small, and the staircase like a companion ladder; the walls are generally so thin, that they allow the passage of sounds without interruption. The lodgers would hear one another talking, but that they are accustomed to speak in an under tone. I could hear the murmur of the conversation of my neighbour overhead,—my zenith, as well as that of the other neighbour beneath my feet, like the opposite point nadir; and I distinguished, at intervals, the words, "Very fine weather,—indeed—very fine—comfort—comfortable—great comfort" words which occur as often in their conversation as stops and commas in a book. In a word, the houses are *ventriloquous*. As I said before, they are all uniform. In a three-story house, there are three bed-rooms, one over the other, and three parlours in the same situation, so that the population is as it were, warehoused in layers, like merchandise—like the cheese in the storehouses at Lodi and Codogno. The English have not chosen without design this (I will venture to call it) *naval* architecture. The advantages they derive from living in houses of small size and durability are these: in general, a house is only built for 99 years; if it outlive this term, it belongs to the proprietor of the ground on which it is built. It seldom happens, therefore, that they attain to any great longevity; on the contrary, they sometimes tumble to pieces before the natural period of their existence. The English, who are better arithmeticians than architects, have discovered, that, by building in this slippery manner, they consume less capital, and that consequently the annual interest and the annual loss of principal are proportionately less. There is another advantage: by this method, posterity is not hampered or tyrannised over. Every generation can choose and build its own houses, according to its own caprices, and its own necessities; and, although in a great measure composed of wood, all the houses are as it were incombustible, by means of the insurance companies, which guarantee the value of the house, the furniture, and every thing else. A fire is no misfortune, but merely a temporary inconvenience to the inmates; a something to look at for the passengers, and an entertaining paragraph for the newspapers. To an Englishman, his house is his Gibraltar; he must not only be inviolable, but absolute, without dispute or *fuss*. He prefers living in a shell like an oyster, to living in a palace with all the annoyance of a hen-roost.

Why are not the English good dancers? Because they do not practise. The houses are so small and so weak, that he who would cut a caper in the third story must run the risk of thundering like a bombshell down into the kitchen, which is placed under ground. This is no mere hyperbole of mine. One of the stipulations on taking a house in London, is often that no dancing shall take place in it. Why is it that the English gesticulate so little, and have their arms almost always glued to their sides? For the same reason, I believe: the rooms are so small that it is impossible to wave one's arm without breaking something, or inconveniencing somebody.

In London I have often risen early, in order to be present at the spectacle of the resurrection of a million and a half of people. This great monster of a capital, like an immense giant awaking, shows the first signs of life in the extremities. Motion begins at the circumference, and, by little and little, goes on getting strength, and pushing towards the centre, till at ten o'clock commences the full hubbub, which goes on continually increasing till four o'clock, the Change hour. It seems as if the population followed the laws of the tide until this hour; it now continues flowing from the circumference to the Exchange. at half past four, when the Exchange is shut, the ebb begins; and currents of people, coaches, and horses, rush from the Exchange to the circumference.

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VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE following beautiful and pathetic story is taken from the first volume of a new work, by the accomplished Mrs. Jameson, called "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad."

A SISTER'S LOVE AND COURAGE.

My heroine—truly and in every sense does she deserve the name—was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine-merchant of Deuxponts. She was one of five children, two much older and two much younger than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri: he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Elangau, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family, with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with all a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens, "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent, enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. The name of the prince, and the particulars of this part of his life, have escaped me; but it appeared that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became professor of theology in a university of Courland, I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight-and-twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her—and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second. The consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not, but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced, and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptised, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well-arranged, or were betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force; and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring that the girl had fled with him by her own free will: that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered in a faint voice, "No." Had then violence been used to carry her off? "*Yes.*" Was she a Christian? "*No.*" Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband? "*No.*"

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth—from all he could have anticipated—the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupified; then, as if seized with a sudden phrensy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became sullenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months, but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga, for the purpose of obtaining some information, some redress, he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died: his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heartwearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of last year, (1833,) a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Amboe. He informed them that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Amboe, a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned, and besought him with tears, and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she described—the feelings which this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburgh, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poor Henri—that a petition in his favour must be presented to the emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey, and urged that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl, set off alone, on her long and perilous journey. "When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to heaven and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother. I feared nothing. I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was *resolved* to succeed; but ah! *Bobe madame!* what a fate was mine! my poor old mother!" Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage; after a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburgh, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and partica-

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lately with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, etc.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added brutally—"Your brother was a *mauvais sujet*; he *ought* not to be pardoned, and if I were the emperor I would not pardon him."

She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervour—"I call heaven to witness that my brother was innocent! and I thank heaven that you are not the emperor, for I can still hope!"

The minister, in a rage, said—"Do you dare to speak thus to me! Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," she replied; you are his excellency the minister C——; but what of that? you are a cruel man! but I put my trust in heaven and the emperor; and then," said she, "I left him, without even a courtesy, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily."

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers, (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardship of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition,) she resolved to do, what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the emperor in person: but it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church: invariably beaten back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank, who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise, something or other, whose name I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protegée* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, I cannot dare to present your petition myself, I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain the audience under my name; when once in the presence of the emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I, "was your answer?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown!"

I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend? She replied, "That thought did not strike me—but what would you have? I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon—I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it—and, heaven forgive me, I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged, and at the time appointed my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laquais in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few moments she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back——.

Here I could not help asking her, whether at that moment she did not feel her heart sink?

"No," said she firmly; "on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher! I sprang forward and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands—'Pardon, imperial majesty! Pardon!'"

"Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished; "and what can I do for you?"

He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and overcome, even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said, "May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise——, I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Amboe, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon!—pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O imperial majesty!—pardon my poor brother!" I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips. The emperor said,

"Rise, rise!" but I would not rise; I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them. At last the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying,—

"Rise, mademoiselle—I command you to rise." I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears,

"I pray of your majesty to read that paper."

He said, "I will read it." I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him while he unfolded the petition and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice,

"Is it possible?—This is dreadful!" When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation said at once,

"Mademoiselle Amboe, your brother is pardoned." The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying, and yet I scarce knew what I said,

"Your imperial majesty is a good man upon earth; do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would not suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear ——!" He said,

"Fear nothing: you have my promise." He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not; he held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room.

"Ach ja! the emperor is a good man—ein schoner, feiner, mann! but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse, in his name!"

[The excitement and fatigue produced a severe attack of illness under which she was still labouring, when, on the fifth day after her interview with Nicholas, a *laquais* in the imperial livery came to her lodging with a sealed packet, and "the emperor's compliments to mademoiselle Amboe." It was the pardon for her brother.]

Those mean official animals, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, *in order to save her trouble*; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands: she determined to carry it herself—to be herself the bearer of glad tidings: she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as

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possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days. According to her description, the town in Siberia, to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at a great distance beyond that. I could not well make out the situation of either, and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer. She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she travelled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights; alone, and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation, which had been given to her at St. Petersburgh.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon, with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out,

"I am sorry—but the Henri Ambos mentioned in th s paper—*is dead!*" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief.

"Ach lieber Gott! was fur ein schrecklich shicksal war das meine! What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find not my brother—*nur ein grab!* (only a grave!") she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

The period was now approaching when we were to part company, the Gazelle for Jamaica, and the Midge for Havana; and on such a day, having received my orders, we altered our course a point or two to the northward, and lost sight of the Commodore before the night fell.

Nothing particular occurred until we arrived within a couple of day's sail of Havana, when we made out a sail lying becalmed right a-head; we carried the breeze up to within half a mile of her, when it failed us also, and there we both lay rolling on the glass-like swell of the great Bahama Channel, one of the hottest quarters of the globe in a calm that ever I was in. The heat was absolutely roasting.—The vessel we had seen was a brig with bright sides, which, as we approached, had hoisted a signal of distress at the mizen peak, the American ensign, with the stars down, and stripes uppermost. I immediately manned a boat, and pulled towards her, for apparently she had none of her own. As we neared her, the crew, some six or eight hands, were running about the deck, and holding out their hands imploringly towards us, in a way that I could not account for. As we came closer, the master hailed us in a low husky voice, "For Heaven's sake send some water, sir, we are perishing of thirst—water, sir, water if you please." I was now alongside, when three men absolutely *tumbled* over the brig's side into the boat, and began, before we could recover our surprise, to struggle who should first get his lips into the small puddle of dirty water in the bottom of it. Brackish as it must have been, it was drank up in a moment. The extremity of the poor fellows was evidently great, so I jumped on deck, and immediately sent back the boat for a breaker of water, with orders to pull for life and death.

Sailors have their virtues and their vices like other men but I am not arrogating when I say, that a scene like this, in all its appalling bearings, that misery, such as we saw before us, so pecurliarly incidental to his own condition, would, were it from this cause alone thrill to a sailor's heart, with a force unknown and undreamt of by any other human being. Dogvane, the old quarter master, had steered me on board. He now jumped up in the stern sheets, and cast off his jacket—"You Jabos, you limber villain," said he to a slight boy who pulled the foremost oar, "come out of the bow, and take the tiller, will ye? and mind you steer steady. Shift forward my hearties, and give me the stroke oar." The boat's crew at this hint tore their hats off, with a chance of a stroke of the sun before their eyes, and threw them to the bottom of the boat, stripped up their frock sleeves to their armpits, undid the ribbons that fastened their frock collars, new fitted their stretchers, and wetting the palms of their hands, feathered their oars, and waited for the word. "Now mind you strain, my lads," again sang out old Dogvane, "until the boat gathers way—no springing of the ash staves, do you hear? Give way now." The boat started off like an arrow—the oars groaned and cheeped, the water buzzed away into a long snow white frothy wake, and in *no time* she was alongside the felucca, on whose deck, in his red-hot haste, Dogvane first toppled down on his nose, and then bounded down the main-hatchway; in another moment a small cask, ready slung, slowly ascended, and was rolled across the deck into the boat. But this was not all; the Midges on board the felucca were instantly all astir, and buzzing about at a devil of a rate—out sweeps was the word, and there was the little vessel torn along the shining surface of the calm sea, right in the wake of the boat, by twelve long dark sweeps, looking for all the world, in the distance, like a beetle chasing a fly across a polished mirror, blazing with intolerable radiance under the noonday sun.

It appeared that, first of all, the brig had been a long time baffled in the Horse latitudes, which ran their supply of water short; and, latterly, they had laid ten days becalmed where we found them. Several days before we fell in with them, they had sent away the boat with three hands to try and reach the shore, and bring back a supply, but they had never returned, having in all likelihood either perished from thirst before they got to land, or missed the brig on their way back. No soul on board, neither captain nor crew, had cooled his parched tongue for eight-and-forty hours before we boarded them—*this in such a climate!*

There was not only no water, but not a drop of liquid unconsumed of any kind or description whatsoever, but some new rum, which the men had freely made use of at first, until two of them died raving mad in consequence. When I got on board, the cask was lying on the tap, and perishing as they were, not one of them could swallow a drop of it if they had tried: they said it was like taking molton lead into their mouths, at any time when driven, by the fierceness of their sufferings, to attempt to assuage their thirst with it. I had not been five minutes on board, when the captain seemed to go mad altogether.

"My poor wife, sir—oh, God, she is dying in the cabin, sir—she may be dead—she must be dead—but I dare not go below to look at her. Oh, as you hope

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for mercy at your dying day, hail your people to make haste, sir—half an hour may be too late"—and the poor fellow dashed himself down on the deck, writhing about, like a crushed reptile, in a paroxysm of the most intense agony; while the men, who were all clustered half-naked in the bows, with wet blankets on their shoulders, in the hope that nature would in this way absorb some moisture, and thus alleviate their sufferings, were peering out with their feverish and blood-shot eyes, and wan faces, at the felucca, watching every motion on board with the most breathless anxiety.

"There, there—there is the cask on the deck—they are lowering it into the boat—they have shoved off—oh, great God in Heaven, we shall be saved after all"—and the poor fellows raised a faint hurrah, and closed in on me, some shaking my hands, others dropping on their knees to bless me; while one poor creature lay choking on the hard deck in a fit of hysterical laughter, as if he had been a weakly woman.

The boat could not possibly be back under ten minutes; so I went below into the cabin, and never did I behold such a heart rending sight. The small table that had stood in the centre had been removed, and there, stretched on a coarse wet blanket, lay a half-naked female—pale and emaciated—her long hair dishevelled, and hanging over her face, and down her back, in wet clotted strands, with a poor miserable infant pulling and muzzling at her wasted breast; while a black woman, herself evidently deep sunk in the same suffering, was sprinkling salt water from a pail on the unhappy creature and her child.

"Oh, massa," cried the faithful negress—"oh, massa, give misses some water, or him dead—I strong, can last some time yet—but poor misses"—and here she sobbed, as if her heart would have burst; but the fountains of her tears were dried up. The white female was unable to raise her head—she lay moaning on the deck, and mumbling audibly with her dry and shrunken lips, as if they had been ossified, but she could not speak.

"Keep a good heart, madam," said I—"I have sent on board for water—it will be here in a minute." She looked doubtingly at me, and clasped her hands together above her child's head, and seemed to pray. I ran on deck—the boat in an incredibly short time, was alongside again, with the perspiration pouring down the flushed faces and muscular necks of the kind hearted fellows in her—their duck clothing as wet and dank as a boat-sail in a race.

"Now, Dogvane—hand up the breaker—quick, man, quick." My order was unnecessary; it was on deck in an instant; and before I could turn round the men of the brig made a rush aft, in a vain attempt to carry it forward, but they had not the strength of children. We easily shoved them aside as it was necessary they should not get water-logged by a too free use of it at first. "Now, Dogvane, mind what I tell you—make that small tub there full of five-water grog—no stronger, mind—and serve out a pint to each of these poor fellows, and not a drop more at present." I seized a cup full of the first of it, and ran below. "Here," said I, to the black servant—"here, take a mouthful yourself, and then give some to your mistress." She shook her head, and made a sign as if she would have helped her mistress first; but the selfishness, occasioned by the grinding force of her own misery, conquered the poor creature's resolution; and dashing, rather than carrying the glass to her mouth, she ravenously swallowed the whole contents in a second, and fell flat on deck with a wild laugh.

"Oh, massa, I can't help it—nobody love misses like Juba; but could not help it for the life-blood of me, massa captain. Oh, my eye, my eye like cinder,—like red-hot bullet dem is, massa—oh, for one tear, one little tear—oh, dere come one tear—but God, God, him is hot more as boiling rum, and salt—ah, ah, ah,"—and the poor creature sprawled about the deck in the utmost distress.

The master of the vessel had by this time entered, and lifted up his wife into a sitting position; and there she sat, with her parched mouth all agape, and the black fur on her tongue, and with glazed and half shut eyes; her pinched features and death-like complexion, evincing fearfully her tremendous sufferings.

He poured some water into her mouth, but she could not swallow it; he tried again, and from the gurgling noise in her throat, I thought she was suffocating, especially as I noticed, that, as if conscious she was departing, she clutched her poor wasted baby to her shrunk bosom with all the strength she possessed. But she had swallowed a little, and this revived her; and after several other trials, the poor fellow had the happiness to see his wife snatched from the jaws of death, and able to sit up by herself with her back against the locker. She now began to moan heavily, and to rock herself to and fro over her helpless, all but dead infant, as it lay, struggling faintly, and crying with its small imploring voice, on her knee; at length she acquired sufficient strength to gasp out, "God bless you, sir—God bless you—you have saved my child, and all of us—God bless you,"—and then resumed her moaning, as if she was suffering something that she herself could not describe. I sent on board for more water, and spared some tea and other small luxuries to the poor people; and that same evening, as the setting sun was dropping into the water, under a canopy of glorious clouds, beneath which the calm sea glowed like molted gold, gradually melting into gorgeous purple, I saw a small dark ripple ruffling the mirror-like surface of the sleeping waters in the east and gradually steal down towards where we lay becalmed, until I felt a light zephyr-like air on the palm of my wet hands as I held it up. Presently as the grey cat's-paws became darker, and fluttered down stronger and nearer to us, and were again withdrawn, and shifted about, shooting out and shortening like streamers. Mr. Peake sung out, "There, there's the breeze at last, sir, there, there;" and the small smooth shining canals that divided the blue shreds of ripples, gradually narrowed, and the latter increased and came down stronger, until the whole sea to windward was roughened into small dark waves, that increased as the night fell, until both the Midge and the brig were buzzing along on the course to Havana before a six knot breeze.

The next evening we were under the Moro Castle, where we anchored; and at daylight on the following morning we ran in through the narrow entrance, and under the tremendous forts that crown its high banks on each side, and anchored before the magnificent city, this Tyre of the West, while its batteries and bastions, with the grinning cannon peering through the numberless embrazures, and the tall spires and towers and the highest of the houses, and the masts and drying sails of the numberless vessels, and their gay flags, British, American, French, Spanish, and of almost every country in the world were glancing bright and fresh in the early sunbeams.

PASSION FLOWER.—The passion flower is so named from its supposed resemblance to the instruments of crucifixion, and is imagined, by the devout, to have particular reference to the Saviour's passion, or suffering on the cross. Hervey, in his Meditations in a Flower Garden, has an account of all the apparatus used in the crucifixion, and supposed to be found in the passion flower. There is a description of the *cord* that bound the limbs of the victim; of the *nails* that fastened them to the wood; of the *hammer* that drove the nails; and of the *thorns* that formed the crown.

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I Love the Shepherd's Artless Rhymes.

Andante Expressivo.

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3.

When hopes that could the heart entrance,
On airy wings have vanish'd;
When all the dreams of wild romance,
From memory's page are banished;
Such strains the heart awhile may soothe,
Mid foreign wilds deserted;
Though all the joys that pleased our youth,
Have one by one departed!

3.

Sweet is the dream of former years,
When sleep the eye has shrouded;
Sweet as the star that oft appears,
When all the rest are clouded;
Sweet as the warbler's latest strain,
When storms the year have shaded;
Or ling'ring rose that decks the plain,
When all the rest have faded!

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

When to leave off Drinking.—When you feel particularly desirous of having another glass, leave off—you have had enough. When you look at a distant object, and appear to see two, leave off—you have had too much. When you knock over your glass, spill your wine upon the table, or are unable to recollect the words of a song you have been in the habit of singing for the last half dozen years, leave the company—you are getting troublesome. When you nod in the chair, fall over the hearth rug, or lurch on a neighbour's shoulders, go home—you are dead drunk.

A Saving.—An English stock-jobber, known for his unexampled parsimony, although possessed of an immense fortune, one day met a very poor man, one of his own relations. "Come hither, George," said the miser, "do you know I have just now made my will, and remembered you handsomely my boy?" "God bless your honor," said the grateful man, "you will be rewarded for so charitable an action, for you could not have thought of a more really distressed family." "Are you indeed so very poor, George?" "Sir, my family's starving!" said the man, almost crying. "Hark ye, then, George, if you will allow me a good *discount*, I will pay your legacy immediately." We need not add, that the terms were accepted of, and that they parted equally pleased with the bargain they had concluded.

Substitute for a Soul.—The custom of judging whether a man has a soul or no soul, by his disposition in regard to money matters, is not badly illustrated in an article from the Vermont Free Press, of which the following is an extract.—A stuttering man, in great wrath, was rating a neighbor, who had overreached his wife in the sale of a rennet-bag.

"I know you, you sti-i-ngy dog you and your fa-a-ther before you—when you was bo-o-rn your fa-a-ther found a so-o-oul would cost a shi-i-illing, and he could get a gi-i-zzard for nine pence, and so he bo-o-ought a-a-a gizzard.

Pretty Good.—Tip was a tippler when we knew him.—He was in the habit of lounging about one of the bar-rooms, taking every opportunity to get liquor free of expense. It was his peculiar way, when a glass was mixed, and the back of the purchaser turned, to drain the glass and slip stily off. The ostler had called for a glass of brandy, when Tip came in. He immediately thought of a trick, and left his brandy upon the bar, while he stepped to the door. On returning, he saw the glass empty, and exclaimed, "Brandy and opium! enough to kill forty men!—Who drank that poison I had prepared? Tip was frightened—'I,' stammered he. "You are a dead man," says Brush. 'What shall I do?' said Tip. "Down with a pint of Lamp Oil!" answered Brush—and down went the pint of oil, and Tip not only got over the poison, but tippling too.

One Man's Proportion.—Jonathan came down from his farm yard to see the lions in the city, and among the rest *our* men o' war. He went accordingly on board of a national vessel, where his swaggering air happened to take the notice of honest Jack. The tar watched him a long time, and at length sidled up to him, with, "Who may you be if its a fair question?"—"Who, why I am one of the owners!" "One of the owners!" "Yes, this ship belongs to the people of these United States, and I reckon I'm one on 'em.' "Take your share of the ship and scud then!" said Jack, as he gave Jonathan a rope yarn and shewed him to the gangway.

A pretty considerable Head-ache.—A jolly son of Bacchus, who wears a nose like a handful of ripe strawberries, and resides within a hundred miles of Matlock Bath, after having sacrificed at the shrine of the rosy god, thus described his sensations on the ensuing morning:—"Talk of a head ache! my head aches all over from my crown to my chin! every hair of my head aches!! (and pulling out half a dozen) I can feel these aches while I hold them in my hand."

E Pluribus Unum.—A few years since the captain of a Militia Company in a certain town in New Hampshire who felt all the importance of the high station to which he had been lately elevated, resolved to have a *base drum* added to the drum and fife ordinarily used in his company. He accordingly visited the town of Portsmouth for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, and with some difficulty at length succeeded in finding a person, who had a base drum, of which he was willing to dispose, and a bargain was soon struck. But the Captain was somewhat puzzled with the phrase "*E Pluribus Unum*," which was carried in the beak of the American Eagle, and painted on the drum. He demanded an explanation—and was told by the wag, that that was the name of the captain of the company to which the drum formerly belonged. "Then it must be altered." "Certainly." The drum was accordingly taken to a painter, and the objectionable words, *Pluribus Unum* were erased, and other words substituted in their place. For many years this drum was carried at the head of the company—the Eagle proudly bearing in his beak the scroll, to which was attached the name of the brave and well meaning *Jonathan Pilsbury!*—*Bost. Jour.*

A Toast helped Out.—At a fourth of July celebration in Delhi, N. Y. where General Root presided, a militia colonel, who was sitting next to him, was called upon for a toast. Not having prepared himself before hand, he was a little puzzled what to give. He thought a moment and then concluded that it should be something of a military nature; but precisely what, he had not fully determined, when he rose and thundered forth:

"The Military of our country—may they never want"—here he hesitated—"may they never want"—here he boggled—"may they never want"—and here he came to a full stop, and looking imploringly at the president, whispered, "what the devil shall I say next?"—

"And never be wanted," whispered back the General.

"And never be wanted," roared out the Colonel.

Thus they made between them a capital toast, which neither of them and perhaps nobody else would originally have thought of—reading, when put together, as follows:—

"The Military of our country—May they never want, and never be wanted."

Unwise Men.—The angry man—who sets his own house on fire, in order that he may burn up that of his neighbour.

The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do.

The robber—who, for the consideration of a few dollars, gives the world liberty to hang him.

The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable.

The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it.

The miser—who starves himself to death, in order that his heir may feast.

The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him a liar.

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REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

General Isaac Huger.—An officer calling out to him, "General Huger, I plainly see one of the enemy's riflemen taking deliberate aim to destroy you." "That is no concern of mine," said the General. "If you think proper, order one of your men to take the fellow off." "Dodge, or, change your position," rejoined the officer, "or you are a dead man." "I will neither dodge nor quit my post," replied the General, "be the consequence what it may."

The properties due to a Lieutenant's Portmanteau.—"When we received a route for Kilkenny, we were ordered to precede the baggage, and therefore directions were given to have it placed in the store, which was two stories high. I was always of opinion, that the less an officer was encumbered with baggage the better; but for such ideas I never received any credit, and my acting up to them was invariably ascribed to want of means to increase it. Be this as it may, my light portmanteau was put in the tackle; and one of the men, by a couple of quick hauls with one hand, whisked it up to the top of the store in a moment. The serjeant conceived that this was not done in a respectful manner, and called out to the fellow, "What way is that, sir, to hoist the lieutenant's baggage? Lower that trunk immediately!" And, as soon as this order was obeyed, "Now, sir," cried the exact non-commissioned officer, "clap both hands to it, and hoist away handsomely." The portmanteau was then raised as slowly, and with as much seeming exertion, as if it had possessed the respectable weight of half a ton."

The Golden Age in France.—A French periodical gives the following curious tariff of the value put upon injuries to the person, by the tribunal of correctional police, in the time of Louis the tenth. The ordonnance was granted at Vincennes, in 1314. For a blow with the hand, twelve deniers. For a blow with a stone, five sous. For taking a person by the throat with one hand, five sous—with two hands, fourteen sous. For spitting in a person's face, five sous. For a blow on the nose without blood, five sous—if there be blood, ten sous. For a kick, ten sous. For a sword-thrust without blood, ten sous—and if there be blood, twenty sous. For a wound with blood above the teeth, thirty-six sous—below the teeth, fifty-two sous. For a broken arm or leg, seven francs and four sous. And for each broken tooth, seven francs and four sous.

The Twin Brothers.—The Count de Ligniville and Count D'Autricourt, twins, decended from an ancient family in Loraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both captains of light horse the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count D'Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest of no avail. One day, Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment, and put his night gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and taking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but, to his great astonishment, he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil; he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavoring to call him to life, Count D'Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligniville, who was half shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between the two brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indispoed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain, and this was the case with every misfortune that befell them; so that, on that account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both had often the same dreams.—The day that Count D'Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was near sinking under it.—*Paris Journal.*

Phrenology.—One anecdote concerning St. Clair the assassin, having excited considerable interest among the partisans of phrenology, we are requested to insert the following authentic narrative. Some surgical students of Paris, being desirous of laying a snare for the celebrated Gall, (who was at that time delivering his course of surgical lectures in that city,) contrived to purchase from the executioner of Versailles the head of a remarkable malefactor, and to place it among the human skulls deposited before the lecturer, to afford illustrations of his discourse; after which, they took their places among the audience, to enjoy the blunders about to be committed by the unfortunate craniologist. "What have we here," cried Gall, the moment he cast his eye upon the skull.—"How came this fearfully organized head into my possession? Never did I behold so frightful a developement of human passion! The owner of this head must have been under the dominion of the most dreadful propensities, and with a singular tendency to their concealment." The skull was, in fact, that of Leger, guillotined a few years since on conviction of having decoyed a young girl into a remote cave in the forest of Versailles, where, after a series of outrages, he murdered her, cooked a portion of her remains, and actually fed upon them; a greater criminal probably never fell into the hands of justice.—The discomfiture of the boxers may be readily guessed.

Preparing for an expected evil.—Fraser, in his history of Persia, relates that an acquaintance of his, while residing in a certain town, was alarmed by hearing, in a neighbouring house, a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given, and a person was continually crying out, "Amaum! amaum! Mercy! mercy! I have nothing—heaven is my witness, I have nothing!" Upon inquiry, he learned that the sufferer was a merchant reputed to be very rich, who afterward confessed to him, that having understood the governor of the place to be meditating how he should possess himself of a share of his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habituate himself to the endurance of pain, in order to be able to resist the threatened demands. He had brought himself to bear a thousand strokes of a stick on the soles of his feet, and as he was able to counterfeit great exhaustion and agony, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money

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From the New England Galaxy.

Degrees of Drunkenness;

"First, *Fresh;* second, *Emphatic;* third, *Glorious;* fourth, *Uproarious;* lastly, *Insensible.*"

FROLICS OF PUCK.

FIRST.

That ruby cheek, and sparkling e'e
Prove jolly Bacchus in possession;—
Premonitory of a *spree*,
They mark the aspect of a *Fresh'un.*
He fills the goblet to the brim,
Drinks and refils
Until his happy senses swim,
And his head reels.
He thinks his every thought is attic,
And soon from *fresh*, becomes

EMPHATIC.

As in a crowded house the throng,
Fast to the door are borne along,
Shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip,
All the ideas by liquor wrought
Are in a chaos, sudden brought
Upon the burdened lip;—
Jostling, pushing,
Outward rushing
The crowd, each other's steps embarrass;
So one word o'er another trips,
Upon the EMPHATIC bibber's lips;
Though pressed not half *ex*-pressed, in vain,
You strive his meaning to attain,
His words but put himself in pain,
And serve the listener to harrass;—
Forthwith he rises to the *squall*-ics
As if each word were in *italics;*
With gestures odd, and upraised hand
He *emphasizes if* and *and;*—
Till to all present, 'tis notorious,
That he has reached the order

GLORIOUS.

As difficulties but incite
The impetuous mind to further daring,
His swollen tongue, tho' oft he bite
Yet will he still continue swearing;—
While deeper his potations grow,
His patriotism 'gins to flow;—
He damns the fool who does not think
A man to drunkenness should drink;
In politics his op'site party
Is visited with curses hearty;—
'Till his noise shews he has from *glorious*,
Gone a step further to

UPROARIOUS.

'Wake Snakes!' 'Huzza!' waste, and confusion
Bye-words, and shouts, and noisy revel,
Wassail and wine in sad profusion
Have with his senses played the devil!
Windows are smashed, and glasses broken;
Too drunk to speak; no longer spoken
His oaths are bellowed, such a rate on
As to astonish even Satan.
Until with liquor gorged full
He drops him down

INSENSIBLE.

Here 'Bacchi plenus,' full of wine
Behold the 'human form divine!'
Like leather bag of ages back
His hide is but a liquor sack!

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, diligence and vigilance of the best mother.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

"Farewell, farewell, I talt'ring cried,
When I return thou'lt be my bride,
'Till then be faithful;—sweet adieu,
In absence oft I'll think of you."
The glist'ning tears stained her bright eyes,
Her thick'ning breath is choked with sighs
Her tongue denies her bosom's sway,
'Farewell'—I tore myself away.

"One moment stay," she stammered out,
And quick as thought I wheeled about;
"My angel, speak! can ought be done,
To comfort thee when I am gone?
I'll send thee specimens of art,
From every European mart;
I'll sketch for thee each Alpine scene,
To let thee see where I have been—
A stone from Simplon's dreadful height,
Shall gratify thy curious sight—
I'll climb the fiery Ætna's side,
To bring home treasures for my bride,
And oh, my life, each ship shall bear,
A double letter to my fair."

"Ah, George," the weeping angel said,
And on my shoulder fell her head,
"For constancy my tears are hostage,
But when you write, pray pay the postage." L.

PETER-PINDARICS.

A milk-maid with a very pretty face,
Who lived at Action,
Had a black cow the ugliest in the place,
A crooked-back'd one,
A beast as dangerous, too, as she was frightful,
Vicious and spiteful,
And so confirm'd a truant that she bounded
Over the hedges daily, and got pounded.
'Twas all in vain to tie her with a tether,
For then both cow and cord eloped together.

Arm'd with an oaken bough, (what folly!
It should have been of birch, or thorn, or holly,)
Patty one day was driving home the beast
Which had as usual slipp'd its anchor,
When on the road she met a certain Banker,
Who stopp'd to give his eyes a feast
By gazing on her features, crimson'd high
By a long cow chase in July.

"Are you from Action, pretty lass?" he cried:
"Yes," with a courtsey she replied.
'Why then you know the laundress, Sally Wrench?'
"She is my cousin, sir, and next door neighbor."
"That's lucky—I've a message for the wench,
"Which needs despatch, and you may save my labor.
Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,
But mind you owe me one—I've only lent it."

"She shall know," cried the girl, as she brandished her bough,
"Of the loving intentions you bore me;
But as to the kiss, as there is haste you'll allow
That you'd better run forward and give it my cow,
For she, at the rate she is scampering now,
Will reach Action some minutes before me."

YOUTH.—We were much amused the other day by a little urchin, who threw a missile at one of his playmates, through the glass of a greenhouse. Of course, several panes were broken, to the apparent astonishment of the delinquent, who said, with great naivete, that "*he did not mean to break the glass—he only wanted to hit Tom.*"

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Painted by T. Maher

Engraved by Annis & Smith

AN ESCAPE.

Published by S C Atkinson.

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ATKINSON'S

CASKET

OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"The wrathful winter hast'ning on apace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybar'd the treen,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green;
The mantles rent wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves, that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every tree down blown!"

No. 12.] PHILADELPHIA.—DECEMBER. [1834.

AN ESCAPE.

FROM A TRAVELLER'S SKETCH BOOK.

It was the afternoon of an autumn day, and my journey led me over a range of low, broken hills, that skirt the southern border of the Ohio, not far from its junction with the Mississippi.—The path was narrow, and but little travelled, and wound with a devious course amid open prairies, knolls covered with dwarf trees, and glades of thick forest.

I had pursued my way for several hours, without seeing a human being, or observing a human habitation. But I did not regret their absence, for solitude often feeds the mind better than society. I left my horse to choose his way, and determine his pace; and, musing on things far or near, as they came pouring through my imagination, I proceeded on my journey.

It was at a late hour, and with a feeling of some surprise, that at length I observed a thundercloud spreading over the western sky, and already shooting down its lightning upon the tops of the distant hills. Its grey masses were whirling in the heavens, as if agitated by the breath of a hurricane; and the mist that streamed down from its lower edge, declared that it was full of rain. It was idle for me to turn back, with the expectation of finding any other shelter, than what the forest might afford; I therefore pushed on, in the hope of reaching some hut or house, before the tempest should burst upon me.

I had scarcely taken this resolution when a bolt of lightning fell upon a tall tree, at no great distance, at the same time ploughing a deep furrow in its trunk, and scattering the kindled fragments around in every direction. There was a momentary pause, and then a rush of wind that made the firmest oak of the forest tremble like a reed. This was succeeded by a second and third sweep of the gale, when a tall chestnut-tree, by the side of my path, was beset by the tempest. It wrestled with the wind for a moment like a giant, but suddenly it was torn from its place, and thrown over exactly in the direction where I chanced at the moment to be. I heard the sound, and saw the falling tree, and, believing that I must inevitably be crushed, felt that momentary stupor, which often attends the first discovery of instant peril. But the instinct of my horse was not thus paralyzed. He, too, saw the descending mass, and with a bound, placed himself and me out of danger. But the branches, as they fell, struck his back, and his tail had well nigh shared the fate of that which adorned Tam O'Shanter's mare. This, however was the only adventure we met with, for I soon arrived at a small inn, and there sheltered myself and horse from the torrent, which began shortly after to pour down from the cloud.

Written for the Casket.

On seeing the Sun shine, after many days of Cloudy Weather; in Autumn, 1832.

FAREWELL! thy rays just gleamed awhile,
To teach me how I lov'd thee,
And e'er I felt thy cheering smile,
Its glad'ning beams had left me.

Black hanging clouds, like mourning robe,
Are floating high above me,
While gloom, and rain, falls on our globe,
To tell how they regret thee.

Perhaps, when looking from yon sky,
Upon the world beneath thee,
Ashamed—for Mars' enormity
In grief I see, thou'st left me!

Heavenly, cheering, brilliant sun,
I pine, thus long to lose thee,
Along yon track thy course still run,
Its brilliant hues to cheer me.

Perhaps, thy rays, in glory bright
Are playing on the sea,
Whilst we are left in gloom and night,
So long to mourn for thee. ERINETTE.

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From the Saturday Evening Post.

An Old Maid's Early Dream.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

"I AM glad to go to the city, at last," exclaimed a joyous, rosy-lipp'd girl of sixteen, to her young school-mates, as she crammed an open letter into her pocket, and flew across the hall with the lightness of a bird. "Look!" she continued, flinging the out-side door wide open, and pointing to a shining vehicle which had just arrived; "I am to go in that; is'nt it beautiful?" Her associates, who had followed close behind, looked with something like envious eyes, at the splendid equipage, which was to convey their classmate to a scene which they imagined to be the finest in the world.

"To-morrow, to-morrow!" exclaimed Emily Browne, "only one night more, and I shall leave this old-fashioned dormitory, this enormous bird-cage, and launch out into an ocean of pleasure and fashion. Oh! how delightful, to be always amid smiling and happy faces, amidst music and parties, to be always dressed and always admired. But I must be off, and prepare for the happy to-morrow." Thus saying, she bounded up the long stair-case, while her sad-faced school-mates passed to the now dull and tedious monotony of the recitation room, to con over their lessons, while their hearts were far off, on more beautiful imagery. Emily felt a sort of contemptuous pity for them, when she thought of their low pursuits, as she now styled the duties of the school-room; and her heart beat rapidly, at the idea of the happiness which her sanguine imagination painted in long perspective before her.

Her apparel all looked shabby and common, as she packed the different pieces into an elegant new travelling trunk, which had been sent her from the city, and it was with much difficulty that she could find any thing suitable for her debut into the fashionable world. Her eye first rested on a pale lilac merino, but she turned from it with astonishment at herself, when she recollected that the summer was not yet past and she laughed outright, thinking what a figure she should make in the city with this dress, adding, as she folded it rudely up, "How tastefully it would shine in New York, in the blaze of an Autumn sun!"

The next that underwent her scrutiny, was a silk plaid, which had been greatly admired among her young associates, for the richness and beauty of its colors; but suddenly remembering to have heard it observed, that plaids of all kinds, had become extremely unfashionable in the city, she laid it carefully aside; for she could not find it in her heart to abuse so faithful and valuable an old friend.

The next in rotation, was a pink satin, but, Oh, dear me! The sleeves were so sadly out of fashion, that the poor garment was actually torn in pieces, and next morning the fragments distributed among the girls, to be manufactured into ridicules, pin-cushions, thread-cases, &c. &c. as keep-sakes, to be used on holidays only; for after all, Emily thought the stuff beautiful. The next which came to view, was an elegant flounced and embroidered muslin, sent from the city only the season before; but she thought it would better become a school-girl, among the Hudson Highlands, than a belle in New York; so it was given away to one of her most intimate friends, and her mind became at length settled on a pea-green damask, which, though a legacy of her mother's, it had nevertheless been recently done up in fashionable style, and so it was laid aside with a nearly new calash, of the same color, to be worn on the joyful to-morrow. The tea-bell rang before every thing was duly arranged, but she returned again to the delightful task with new alacrity, and while yet the sun-light lay on the tops of the forest trees, she had put all in proper order, and seated herself by her open window, to watch the last beam of light, as it departed slowly from the top of the tallest tree, on the summit of the highest mountain.

Now, when the cooling influence of the evening breeze, from the Hudson, was shed around her, and the sweet hum of nature, which is ever heard at twilight, among country scenes, stole upon the listening ear, her spirits became gradually calmed, and her mind soothed from the feverish, anxious delight, in which it had existed for several hours. She was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and often had she leaned out at this very window, and gazed with delight on the profusion of fruits and beautiful wild flowers around her; but her chief object of admiration was the broad, calm bosom of the Hudson, rolling its pure waves at the foot of the eminence on the top of which the house was situated, and winding along among the mountains, like a beautiful thread of silver, filled the mind of the beholder with sensations as chastened as purity itself.

Emily possessed naturly an excellent mind, and quick perceptive faculties; and at this secluded seminary, where she had been nearly four years, she was acquiring a thorough and useful education, when the long solicited permission to go to the city, put an end to her acquirements. This permission was at last brought about, by the decease of a good old maternal aunt, who had resided in the family for many years, and at the death of Emily's mother, took the entire superintendence and command of all the household concerns, and even Mr. Browne himself, never formed the most trivial plan without first consulting Aunty Sybil. The three elder sisters felt her loss in the domestic management of the family, but were, nevertheless, released from a sort of bondage which was very irksome to them during her life-time. Their father never restrained them in any thing, and they now felt their liberty to be complete. The case of poor Emily was soon brought into consideration. They had looked upon her as a sort of exile, banished from the pleasures of life for a season, to acquire something which they possessed not, and cared not to find in another; and all to please Aunty Sybil's "queer whims and notions." They had removed to the city after Emily's departure from home, and all along, their letters to her had been filled with blazing descriptions of the splendid scenes they mingled with in New York, the numerous parties they attended, the elegant and fashionable dresses they were con-

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stantly appearing in, and above all, the admiration, nay, even the homage which a beautiful female would receive in the fashionable circles in which she moved. Emily's mind was kept in a constant uneasiness, by these extravagant and ill-timed letters, and she often plead bitterly with Aunty Sybil, to be allowed to leave the boarding-school, and spend at least the vacations in the city; but the wary old sentinel, knew too well the effect such visits would be likely to produce, and utterly refused her permission to set her foot in New York until her education was completely finished, and her mind stored with that useful information and valuable knowledge, which would render her an ornament to her family and sex. The poor girl knew it was in vain to remonstrate, and she therefore redoubled her diligence in her literary pursuits, that her task might be the sooner completed, and the liberty her sisters enjoyed conferred upon her also. Not unfrequently, at twilight, after a day of excessive literary labor, would she steal out a few rods among the Highlands to enjoy the free mountain air, and perchance to watch a solitary steam-boat, as it passed down the Hudson to her beloved city. Often was the feverish temperament of her mind soothed, and rendered gentle and amiable, by these little rambles; and sometimes would she sit nearly a whole night at her open window, and gaze on the calm and beautiful earth, in its repose; while not the sound of a living thing was heard, save now and then it might be the plaintive voice of some lonely whippoorwill, which is a frequent wanderer among the Hudson Highlands. She loved solitude; and had she never heard of New York, and its splendid follies, she would have been most happy in this secluded spot: and even now did she sometimes forget all the world in the objects before her, and the pleasant emotions which tranquilized her bosom.

The letter which contained the news of Aunty Sybil's death, contained also permission for Emily's removal to the city; and it was accompanied with such glowing descriptions of the delights of the place, and the splendid parties in contemplation for the ensuing season, that the poor old lady was quite forgotten, in the first ecstacy of the moment; and even afterwards, when she attempted to drop a tear to the memory of her faithful old friend, she could not drive away the deep gush of joyful anticipation, which covered her cheek with a crimson glow, and made her bosom throb with delight.

As she was sitting by her window, indulging the various thoughts, and yielding to the various emotions which the circumstances naturally inspired, the notes of a lonely lute broke on the stillness of the evening, and fell on her ear with such strange and mournful sweetness, that her heart was softened with the most tender emotions; and she wept, with the rich solitude of feeling which flung itself into her soul. She had heard those notes before,—she knew the voice which accompanied them—she knew they were breathing a parting strain for her—and then—for the first time—did she feel a strong tie binding her to the Highlands; a depth of affection like that of mind for kindred mind—or, like the yearning of the soul after its likeness in another; and she sobbed like an innocent child, as she covered her face with her hands, and listened to the last melody of the expiring music. She never, until that moment, realised the true feelings of her heart, or felt the strength of the bands which had been imperceptibly twining themselves for years around her heart; forming a captivity which even the splendors of city life, in long and beautiful perspective, could not burst at a time when the softer emotions of the soul held dominion.

A tree rose at the side of her window, and extended its branches above her head: she heard a rustling among its leaves; but supposing it to be the motion of some wakeful bird, she looked not up, until a low, trembling whisper caught her ear, and assured her of the proximity of some human being; she started back in terror, but her fears were suddenly allayed by the kind words of a well known voice.

"Forgive me, dear Emily," said the romantic intruder, peering from among the branches, and placing one hand on the old fashioned casement, "forgive me, for thus stealing upon your solitude; but they told me you were about to leave us; and I thought——," he hesitated;—her heart spelled out what his would have uttered. "You are going to a dangerous place;" he continued, after a short pause; "and many are the temptations and snares which will there beset you. Why not consent to remain with us a little longer? Surely the beautiful scenery of the Highlands cannot be wholly devoid of charms, if every other object fail to interest you."

She replied not, and taking courage from her silence, bending nearer, he added: "Dearest Emily, I once fondly hoped—but why talk of my hopes?—To-morrow, will convey you forever from my sight; and you will forget—in the dazzling vortex of gaiety and fashion, that the humble Henry Manor, ever wandered by your side along the shores of the Hudson, and braided wreaths for your hair, of the most beautiful wild flowers he could call—that you chattered in his ear, like a playful and happy bird—and that you familiarly called him by the endearing names of friend and brother." He paused, and waited her reply.

They had spent the last four years together, like two joyful and innocent children, in each other's society; not dreaming that a pang was taking root in either heart, to grow up in bitterness.

Henry was the only child of the good woman who conducted the seminary; and never did a son have a more excellent parent. She was training him up to the business of a silver-smith, and never did he go to his work, which lay in a village, about a mile distant, without first receiving her prayers and her blessings. He was fatherless, but so unwearied and efficient had been the kindness and labors of his devoted mother, that he felt it not. He was now just twenty years of age; to a tall and graceful form, began to unite that decided and manly appearance, which constitutes the whole secret of beauty and interest, in the countenance of the male sex. His fine form and face, formed a frequent topic of conversation among the school-girls; but Emily admired most of all, the rich black hair, which

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clustered above his pale and thoughtful brow, and flung a softened charm over the proud expression of his haughty black eye. He sometimes sighed, that he was to be trained up a mechanic, but he always replied to these murmurings of his heart, that it was his mother's wish; and filial duty should prompt him to entire obedience. He loved Emily, tenderly and unreservedly; but had never breathed aught in her ear, beyond what the most common friendship might have dictated: but now—that she was going forever away—and going to mingle with scenes which would crush in the bud, any little cherished tenderness, which she might have indulged towards him, he felt he must know *if* he had any thing to hope for in the future; or, whether that parting must be a final separation. These inquiries were made and replied to, with deep embarrasment; but they were free from deception, and coquetry; and contained assurances of reciprocal attachment. A letter correspondence was agreed upon, and Henry retired with a happy heart to his apartment; not to repose, but to meditate on the felicity which he fondly believed would soon be his. Emily also, still remained at her window, to indulge the sweet visions which rooted pleasantly through her mind. She thought of the future, and joy and light seemed written on her footsteps, all along that uncertain track. Soft and harmonious sounds of love and contentment were breathed around her spirit: they flung a sacred charm over her mind, and wrapped up her senses in unutterable delight. The splendors of city life, died away in her imagination, when compared with the rich enjoyment of sweet domestic life; and the unrivalled possession of such a heart as Henry Manor's. A new world seemed open before her, and its sunshine and holy charm, bathed every object with ineffable radiance; life seemed a blessed vision of sinless things, fanned by the fragrance of perennial climes, and soothed by the happy songs of the birds of paradise. Her young heart bounded with delight, and how could it be otherwise, with such a shrine of unsullied innocence and purity? The gloomy forms of art and deception had never entered there, and the rich buoyancy of her spirits beamed from her eye, and covered her countenance with a smile of peace which lasted many days. More than an hour, she indulged these blissful anticipations and early dreams, inspired by purity itself: but at length remembering it was late, she retired to rest, and her sleeping visions were in the same train with her waking.

On her arrival in New York, she found that splendid preparation had been made for her reception; but the treasures of her heart had been left among the highlands, and she secretly pined to return again to their peaceful quiet. At length, however, the dazzling light of fashion and admiration began to allure her understanding—the adder tongue of flattery, began to have a sweetness in its sound, and she was persuaded to look with contempt on the quiet of country life, and above all, to despise the idea of corresponding with a mechanic. At length, Henry's letters remained unanswered, which caused great uneasiness in his mind, and made him resolve on as early a visit to the city as business would permit. Meanwhile Emily became wholly engrossed with the gay scenes around her; she received proposals of marriage from many a flaunting suitor, but her choice fell on one of great wealth, and of whom it was said, he would be the most eloquent speaker at the bar of any lawyer in New York; her sisters often jeered her on the subject of her former intimacy, asking her if she did not prefer a mountain *boy*, a highland *mechanic*, to Esq. B——; telling her she would make a fine figure, walking down Broadway with a *silversmith!* At first, she was displeased at these remarks, but at length she learned to carry on a jest at the expense of poor Henry, with a very good zest, and even, as the love of coquetry strengthened, she would introduce the subject herself.

Her nuptials were to be celebrated on the 22nd of February, and as strange fate would have it, Henry's first visit to the city was made on that very day. His announcement caused the poor bride considerable consternation, and she flew to her sisters for advice, "Go to him, Emma, and speak kindly; tell him we wish his presence to a fine party here this evening; but hark ye, say nothing about your wedding."

The trembling girl knew it was in vain to remonstrate, but her heart smote her bitterly, at the idea of thus treating her old friend and lover; but suddenly the recollection of the admiration or envy, she expected to see flashing from every eye that evening, the high alliance her beauty and wealth had secured her, and above all, the little garlands of coquetry she had been for some time wreathing, she thought would be most gracefully displayed on that occasion; "And Oh!" she said, her heart bounding with delight, "what a fine figure it will make, when it comes to be whispered about, that so handsome a youth as Henry Manor, has come so many miles to sigh, and perhaps to weep at my wedding." Her vanity, and foolish love of coquetry now entirely overcame the better feelings of her heart and understanding, and she determined to make herself appear as lovely as possible in his eyes, that the triumph of her coquetry might be the more complete. Poor Henry little thought of the plot which was maturing, to destroy his peace and make him the object of ridicule and contempt for the party which he promised to attend, and for which he left his Emily with a buoyant heart, to make the necessary preparations. He fancied himself the happiest of men, and as the appointed hour drew near, he paced his room with impatience, keeping his watch before him, that not a moment might be lost by delay, not that he anticipated so much pleasure from the festivities of the scene, as from the society of his almost adored Emily.

The elegant mansion of Mr. Browne shone with great splendor that evening, and never, perhaps, in New York, had a more becoming bridal dress been worn, than graced the beautiful form of Emily, and gathered up a sort of scornful expression in her eye, as she adjusted the last ringlet, and seated herself in her own apartment to wait Esq. B——'s arrival. The hour passed over, however, and he came not; it was thought exceedingly singular, but no one doubted of his speedy arrival. Henry wondered greatly at

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what he saw and heard, and inquiry at length unfolded to him the whole mystery with which he had felt himself surrounded. He dashed through the crowd, and declaring he had something of importance to say to Emily, was conducted to her apartment. Supposing it to be her intended husband, she arose to meet him; but what was her surprise, when she beheld the injured Henry Manor before her, pale and trembling with emotion, and scarcely able to articulate her name. Soon recovering his self-possession, he said in a low voice: "I came, not to upbraid you, Emily, but to leave you my forgiveness and my blessing. I hope you may yet see, and understand, the wrong you have inflicted on the most devoted of hearts; but, may GOD avert its punishment from your head. I shall endeavour to forget this painful evening, and————" his voice faltered, and his manly heart seemed contending with powerful and conflicting emotions; but it was for a moment only. Rallying himself, he added; "Should your ever *need a friend*, call on Henry Manor;"—then gazing steadily in her face a moment, he hurried from the apartment, and was seen no more in that place. Emily felt her heart sink within her, but striving against her better feelings, she essayed to laugh at his emotion, and scorn his offers of friendship.

Another hour passed, and strange surmises and whispers began to be industriously circulated among the vast company, which was now all assembled, and waiting in uneasy suspense. At length, however, a messenger came, and brought sad tidings! The bridegroom had been seized with sudden illness, and begged to be excused; but the fact was, he had all along secretly solicited the hand of another, who had perseveringly refused his suit, and he had given the case up as hopeless, until that very evening, when he received a short note from his lady love which made him the happiest man in the world, and the next week they were married, without any farther comment or explanation. Emily was so chagrined, and her pride so deeply wounded by this dreadful slight, that she shut herself up in her room, and refused all society. Her sisters, who were not less mortified than herself, now set themselves busily at work to put slanderous stories in motion respecting the newly married couple, particularly the wife, who seemed the object of their most inveterate malice; her family stood very high in society, and soon this slanderous abuse of their relative was so resented by them as to plunge Mr. Browne deeply into the law; and the daughters still continued to take so active a part in the business, that they rendered themselves disgusting. They were accordingly neglected by degrees, and finally no one visited the house, unless it was some old family gossip, or perchance now and then, some dandy money-hunter, who cared more for his mustaches than his mind, and valued in the same ratio a heavy purse and the good qualities of a wife.

At the expiration of a few months, Mr. Browne informed his daughters, that in addition to what he had expended in the law, he had lost several very large sums in trade, by the failures of country dealers, which had reduced him to actual poverty, and in the course of a few weeks he should be under the necessity of removing to some small and hired mansion. In this dilemma, the poor girls shut themselves up to consult together what they should do. After a distressing time of resolves and re-resolves, the eldest proposed that each one should accept of some rejected offer, and thus secure herself some sort of a settlement, before their father's insolvency became public.

"But here is little Emma," exclaimed one of them; "she looks exceedingly dejected; thinking, probably, that no one will have her, after such a disgrace as she has sustained."

"What, not the genteel highland mechanic?" cried another, tapping Emily on the cheek; "never fear, sister; he would gladly walk on his head to New York, could he but carry you back with him."

"I have no doubt of his good will," replied Emily, "but it humbles me exceedingly, to have to offer myself to him, after what has passed."

"But that was only a trifle," said another, "written on the page of coquetry, which marriage will blot out. I intend to have Dick Denson, the country merchant, whom I treated so scornfully last fall. He knows not what I have suffered in society, nor my ruined fortune, and you all know he thinks me next to an angel."

Several letters were forthwith despatched, and never was the arrival of the penny post, or some sort of messenger, more eagerly desired. At length Mr. T ——, was announced. The elder of the sisters laughed aloud with joy, and hastily renewing her rouge, and putting on one of her prettiest airs, she passed to the best parlour, not a whit doubting but she should soon walk there a bride. Mr. T——— received her very gravely, and after the first salutation, desired her to sit down and hear him patiently a few moments, as he had but a short time to remain.

"Your note, Miss Browne," said he, looking her full in the face, "was duly received; but I am surprised that you should think of a connection with me. When I offered you my hand, I believed you possessed of all those amiable qualities which render woman lovely, and also tenderly solicitous for my happiness; but when I discovered your entire want of regard for me, your coquetries and flirtations, I feared you, and have since deemed my escape a merciful interposition of Heaven. Take my advice, Miss Browne, and never desire a connection with a man for whom you have no tender regard, or with whom you have thus trifled." Wishing her prosperity through life, he bade her good morning, and hurried from the parlour, leaving her as pale and motionless as a statue.

Her next sister was more successful, as the dandy physician to whom she offered herself, cared for her fortune only; and deeming this secure, he joyfully accepted her proposal. They were speedily married, and each secretly triumphed in the bargain they believed they had made; but the wretchedness that ensued in after life, was a stern proof, that marriage contracted on such narrow and selfish principles, can never be productive of domestic felicity.

A short time after this event, the same penny post brought a letter from Dick Denson and

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Henry Manor. Emily grasped the anxiously looked for packet, and trembling with emotion, fled to her own apartment. The letter from the country merchant was broken open on the spot, and its contents were as follows:

DEAR MADAM:—I am sorry to disappoint you, but really, I was married to a lovely woman in just three weeks after leaving you. It is surprising that you should possess so deep a regard for me as to have it still continue, and make you so extremely miserable. Please excuse the brevity of my note, as you know that commonplace business usually receives but a small share of attention while the honey-moon lasts.

Yours, &c. RICHARD DENSON.

The vexation of the poor girl was indescribable. She beat her breast in an agony of grief and shame, and flinging herself flat on the floor, she gave full vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. The torrent of passion having subsided, she remembered that Emily had received a letter also, and with a sort of envious emotion, she hastened to learn its contents. She found Emily as colorless as the letter in her hand, which she grasped convulsively, and yielded only at her sister's earnest entreaties. It read as follows:

DEAR EMILY:—Your communication was the first intelligence I have received from you since I saw you, as I supposed, on the evening of your marriage. I am sincerely sorry for your misfortunes; and be not offended at my plainness, if I assure you, that pride and deception seldom go unpunished. Had you loved me, Emily, as my devoted heart fondly believed, and as you declared, you could never have treated me as you did; and this fact taught me a lesson, which was exceedingly painful to be learned; but the task is now nearly accomplished, and I would not, for the wealth of the Indies, have those feelings revived which once existed in my bosom. The coquet is altogether an unsuitable companion for a sober and rational man. I would therefore entreat you, if you expect any happiness in this life, or in the life to come, to repent before God, and to forsake the dangerous path you are pursuing. I am still your friend, and any assistance I can render you, shall be cheerfully done; but a dearer sentiment than common friendship, must never again be awakened in my heart towards you. I am happy *now*, and that you may be so also, is the sincere prayer of your

Well wisher, &c. H. MANOR.

"What fools we have been," exclaimed Emily's sister, with bitterness; "we might——but why talk of what we might have done? all is over now. But stop: I have just bethought me of the tall young poet, and his intimate friend, the printer. You recollect the delicate sonnet the former composed on my beauty, and also the splendid visiting cards which the latter presented you, as a specimen of his uncommon ingenuity. We will invite them to tea to-morrow."

Seven years from that evening, Emily Browne sat in the little parlor of a friend, alone, and sad hearted. She had buried her father and two sisters; and the one who remained, was nothing less than a living death. Married as she had been for the sake of her supposed fortune, a knowledge of her poverty had rendered her a hated and miserable being, and the abuse she constantly received from her iron-hearted husband, was fast bringing her also, to an early grave.

Poor Emily had not received a single offer of marriage since her disappointment, and she now subsisted solely on the trifling income of her needle. She often wept bitterly over her egregious errors, and the image of Henry Manor was seldom out of her mind. She had heard of the high reputation he had acquired in society, and of the wealth his talent at business was rapidly accumulating. She had also heard he was still unmarried, and who could tell but she was the cause. Some had said, that early and deep affection never wholly expires; and perhaps, should he behold her, (and she deemed herself as beautiful as ever,) the inextinguishable spark might be rekindled into as bright a flame as when it first existed. She sat alone, brooding over her hard fate, when a new resolution suddenly crossed her mind, and its effect was like the first ray of morning over the darkened earth. She flung aside her needle, and made preparations for a journey. That journey was a pleasant one, for the days of other years came over her memory with rich and delightful views; and when she beheld at a distance the Hudson Highlands, her heart throbbed with sweet emotion, produced by the lovely imagery which crowded before her fancy. The bliss of her artless and innocent days seemed flinging back a sort of sunshine on her wearied spirit, and lighting it up to hope, and pleasing anticipation. It was evening when she reached the seminary house. A soft and holy charm rested on the face of creation, and the quiet moonbeams slumbered, as they had used to do, on the bosom of the Hudson. The same rich hum of nature—the same deep murmur of the winds among the surrounding mountains—and the same image of hallowed purity rested on that beloved spot; and in comparison with their charms, she despised the most splendid city life.

"Oh, that I had never left you, blest seclusion from temptation and vanity;" she sighed, as the cool breeze lifted her still glossy ringlets, and wafted by the fragrant breath of June. Entirely overcome with the overflowing emotions of her soul, she dismissed her attendant, and sat down on the stone steps, to enjoy the mournful delight which the scene inspired, and nerve her feelings to meet her old friends with less embarrassment. Suddenly the soft touch of instrumental music fell on her ear, and soon the high strains of vocal harmony united in the joyous peal, and filled all that lonely spot with the voice of happy but sacred song. Emily entered the hall, and soon perceived that a considerable company were assembled in the large parlor. She stood in the shade, and could distinctly see what was passing. She soon discovered Henry, and a very young and beautiful female at his side, attired in her bridal array. She listened with breathless anxiety—the voice of music was breathing a nuptial hymn—the sacred Administrator was there—with his flowing robe—all—all confirmed the painful fact!—her head grew dizzy—she saw and heard no more.

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* * * * All was silent as the tomb in the apartment, where she found herself on the return of consciousness: a feeble light glimmered on the hearth, and a female whom she recognized as an old family domestic, was sitting beside her. She was bewildered a moment, but suddenly the whole truth flashed before her recollection, and her hurried inquiries told the bitter repentance and anguish of her heart. The old domestic informed her that, about three years previous, a widowed lady, in delicate health, took board at the seminary, for a few weeks, for the benefit of the free mountain air. She was accompanied by her only child, a daughter, just fourteen years of age. The lady's health declined so rapidly that she soon found herself on the eve of death. She gave up her daughter to the care of Mrs. Manor, declaring she knew no person, among an extensive circle of friends, with whom she would sooner trust her orphan child. She begged her, with her dying voice, to watch carefully over her religious and moral education, as well as those of books, and be to her a mother, when she should be motherless in the world. The young orphan possessed a handsome fortune, which was also entrusted to the care of Mrs. Manor and her son, until she should become of age. The sympathy which Henry felt for her in her lonely situation, soon ripened into a deeper sentiment. The superior intelligence and excellence of her mind, developed by degrees, secured his highest esteem; he sought to assimilate her views and feelings to his own, and to blend their minds together, if possible, that they might be suitable companions for after years. Nor was he disappointed in this; for they soon became so entirely one in spirit, that they were happy only in each others society; but their marriage was delayed until her education was finished.

Emily heard this little narration through, and felt that her heart was bursting in silence. She begged to be assisted to a large arm-chair standing by the window, and then to be left alone. It was the very room she used to occupy when a scholar at the seminary; and there were the same articles of furniture, which used to constitute its ornament and convenience. She was sitting in the same chair, and by the same open window, as on the evening before her departure for the city; but oh! what different emotions now filled her bosom! Then she was floating away in the dreamy existence of many happy years—now she was brooding over the gloomy days of a desolate future. Her last hope was now wrenched from her heart, and she felt like a miserable outcast on the face of the earth. What was she, and what might she not have been! "Oh! that I could roll back the wheels of time," she exclaimed, with unutterable agony of spirit, "to that pleasant evening when I last sat here; that I could but feel what I then felt;—Alas! that early dream has departed forever from my heart, and my own folly has averted its fulfilment! Henry Manor justly hates me—he loves another—he is married!" and she burst into a flood of bitter tears. Suddenly the door opened, and Henry himself entered, supporting his lovely bride. She sobbed aloud, and refused to be comforted. "Emily," said he, "we are all happy here, come and be happy with us. I have heard of your sorrows, I know you are a pennyless orphan, but let not that afflict you. This place shall be your home as long as you will remain with us. I will be a brother to you, and my beloved Cynthia will be a sister. She deeply pities you, for her heart is all tenderness and affection. My excellent mother is also ready to extend the hand of sympathy and consolation. Come, Emily, draw a veil over the past, and blend the sunlight of hope with the future." She replied only with the burning tears, wrung from an agonized heart.

* * * * * *

Several years after this, a stranger visited this romantic solitude. The old seminary house had been metamorphosed into an elegant country seat, and Henry Manor still lived there, with an interesting family rising around him. Poor Emily Browne was still an inmate there; but her hollow eye, and faded cheek, told how the errors of youth embitter the years of after life.

Written for the Casket.

A Father's Lament for his First Born.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE.

She's gone! that lovely flower, which late so fond I prest.
And that young heart that beat so quick hath hushed itself to rest;
And as the rolling billow, that dies along the shore,
Makes a low soul-touching moan, and then is heard no more;
My little prattler gazed awhile upon the earth and sighed,
Then closed her azure lids o'er her soft blue eyes, and died.

Farewell, my little charmer! farewell, my Mary dear!
O t from thy father's eye shall fall, the agonizing tear;
When memory from her treasury brings each feature fond to view;
The coral lip, the rosy cheek, the eye of melting blue,
When fancy shall the ear with touching music fill,
Of that loved voice, oh! how the soul with anguish keen will thrill.

'Tis said that kindred spirits, watch over those on earth they love,
And art thou, dearest Mary, looking from thy home above,
O'er the pathway of thy father, as he wends him to thy grave,
Where night-winds whisper solemnly, and weeping willows wave?

Oh! couldst thou leave thy happy home, beyond those star-lit skies,
Or could I take an angel's wing, and to those regions rise,
That I might clasp my child once more, and give a parent's kiss,
A calm would o'er my spirit steal, and grief would yield to bliss.

It cannot be! it cannot be, thou never wilst return,
Nor can my clay-clogg'd spirit rise, to where those pale lights burn:
But at thy little tomb I'll watch, 'till each star fades away—
Night! thou shalt witness all my grief, too sacred 'twere for day.

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ROULETTE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

ROULETTE! The word is ignoble—base. It combines in its eight letters a thousand horrid and shameful associations:—embezzlements—dishonour—ruin—want—despair—and even a violent death! Gentlemen of uniform habits—mild and gentle housewives—students—timid young girls, whose lively step and graceful gait but speak of love and happiness—parents, whose only hope is in your first born, does not this word, with its hidious "cortegè," sound frightful to your ears?

To me it was so, but confusedly.

"Bah!" said I one day—I wished to see it.

This was curiosity.

You are aware that one always feels an emotion, not to be defined upon first visiting an unknown and mysterious place, but mine was an uncontrollable palpitation of the heart—it was terror. At the entrance, in a long hall but faintly lighted, covered with an immense number of hats, whose owners were there, engaged at roulette;—figures who never smile, and whose scrutinizing looks would almost seem to penetrate your soul—examine attentively your person—your countenance; and immediately behind these are "Gens d'armes," who look like mastiffs ready to leap forward and seize their prey. The appearance is chilling. Thoughts of the malefactor—of the thief—the prison—of the inquisition, came over me; the penetrating and distrustful looks, which convey to your mind the idea of the secret and invisible police! Yes, it is evident the moment you enter here, the compact is ratified—"Tell me whom you associate with, and I will tell you what you are!" Of this I was conscious these men make no distinction. I thought of my mother, my friends, and my sweet Marie, and my heart melted. I had determined not to hazard a "denier;" but of that hereafter.

I have now entered. This is worthy of description:—In the centre of a vast hall, which occupies almost the whole extent of the building, you perceive an immense throng, who are, as it were, immoveable. In the midst of this collection of men, is a space occupied by a large oval table, tightly covered with cloth of a beautiful and sightly green; upon this cloth are traced lines of a yellow golden colour. Each number has a little enclosure where it is distinctly visible, and seems to say to the eye which regards it, come to me, and not to my neighbour. Around the numbers and on the opposite side, these words were written—"Manquè," marking the division from 1 to 18—"Passe,"—that from 19 to 36,—"Pair,"—"Impair."—Upon each side there is also a *laxenge*, the one "*rouge*," and the other "*noir*." The figures are exactly the same on both sides of the table, in the centre of which is seen that infernal instrument the *Roulette*. At the base of a shining and beautifully polished cavity of mahogany, about two feet in diameter, a cylinder turns upon a pivot, upon which are figures in circular order, alternatively "*rouge*" and "*noir*," the numbers on the cloth, and each number furnished with a little case.

Four personages of grave and unchangeable countenance, sit on the right and left in semi-circular spaces cut in the table; before them are arranged, in symmetrical order, rouleaux of gold and silver. Three hold between them a long "rateau," fit simbol of their terrible power. The fourth, grasping with one hand the sticks of copper, by means of which the cylinder is put in motion, gives it a lively push, and with the other, at each revolution of the cylinder, throws with force an ivory ball. The silence is deathlike—each eye is fixed with intense anxiety upon that ball, as upon that of a judge from whose sentence there is no appeal. It quickly makes eight or ten rotations the length of the shining partitions of the basins, then losing its force, it declines towards the centre, and encountering the little obstacles purposely placed in its route, is forced to fall at last into one of the numerous cases of the cylinder. The number which has "Manquè," is proclaimed in a loud voice, and the tranquil banker unpityingly removes the stakes, or ostentatiously throws to the fortunate players a shower of gold.

This sight is not sad—despair does not agitate any one; a brilliant light shines directly upon the lively green cloth, where, like the brightest diamonds, glitters the newly coined gold. A delicious warmth is circulated throughout the hall, and gives to my limbs the elasticity of which a cold winter's month had deprived them. Thus the emotion of fear and shame which I had at first felt, waxed fainter and fainter, until I stood, in bold relief, the attentive observer of the game and the gamester.

Behold me now, well familiarized. I placed myself first to observe all the players. They belonged partly to that of the middling class—partly to that of the necessitous and eminently "Parisienne," whose clothes, without being mean, showed long service. Persons whose expedients were inexhaustible—of a wan and haggard appearance.—the last fourth, of the working class. All ages, with the exception of infancy and youth, were here indistinguishably commingled. There were also to be seen from time to time, old and hoary heads, which shook and seemed to intimate that in this place, as well as in all others, we shall attain old age.

In the street, either of these figures could not but have arrested my attention. Here only they have nothing in their appearance which could excite particular notice. Here all have the same appearance. The green cloth gives to each a uniform and general cast of countenance—that of cupidity, but tranquillity. A short experience taught me that it was but from time to time that concealed emotions suddenly manifested themselves. A deathlike paleness, the livid compression of the lips, the haggard fixedness of the eyes, following the last piece of money, which goes and leaves in exchange misery and despair.

I perceived, also, that some players almost covered the table with gold and notes which nightly made and sank fortunes, and it was that which forcibly struck my imagination. But no! some pieces of two and five francs are the stakes. Roulette is not the giant monster whose insatiate rapacity devours all in an instant, but like

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the snow-ball, it increases with each revolution, insidiously but constantly. Whatever obstacles are opposed to its march, it speedily overthrows—still rolling on, until it accumulates all. But the justice of this last comparison was not yet demonstrated to me.

For curiosity I studied the complicated motion of the machine, and I perceived that in the payment of the winnings, the bank always had the balance in its favour; but it did not appear to me in an unequal proportion, for I made the illusory calculation that the hazard was subject to the laws of equilibrium, whilst there was a power which advantageously counterbalanced the chances against the banker, and gave them in his favour. Alas! it is this cursed idea which governs the actions of those who play; it is the foundation of all their ingenious but erroneous systems—the true malady which undermines and slowly consumes the source of riches, and even that of life itself—an insurmountable barrier opposes all his efforts—the limits imposed upon the winnings. Finding myself under the influence of this idea, I studied the game to myself. After having attained what I thought would give the probable chances in my favour, I played by myself long, and always fortunately. A feverish and irresistible desire to substitute the reality for fiction came over me.

I did so—hazarding little, it is true, at first. Fortune did not leave me to sigh. The moment my plan began systematically to unfold itself, I became suddenly relieved and consoled. I returned a possessor (in comparison with what I had hazarded) of winnings, which encouraged me to return. As I had been likely to have lost all my stake, I put my experience to good account. I passed the rest of the night, pen in hand, in forming a plan more extensive and systematic, which would by successive gradations, make me possessor of five hundred francs!

I did not deceive myself. I did not suppose that my calculation was infallible. I saw a possibility of losing, but it was distant and improbable, and which, should it occur, would find me covered by anterior winnings. I was not without emotion, but I calmed myself by the common reflection, that "if I do lose, I shall not die, and will play no more."

Who would believe that in the course of twenty-seven nights, in intervals of three and four hours, my winnings were constant as the gain was in proportion to the extreme precaution which I took in my stakes, (which were always the smallest possible,) it was not a fortune, but still it amounted to three thousand six hundred francs. It requires but little knowledge of the weakness of poor human nature, to perceive that a French head could not long resist this good fortune entranced by all its fascinations. But it did not last. I had discovered the secret for which the pale alchymist had so long laboured, of which so many sages had dreamed. I saw in the far perspective all the pleasures in the power of luxury and riches to bestow. I arrived at such a point of infatuation that I was agitated by fears lest the public rooms should be suddenly closed by an ordinance of government.

On the 28th day, (for I noted it particularly, having given myself a month's leisure to judge whether my calculations were correct,) on the 29th day I repeat, I dressed myself gaily according to custom and repaired to the table as a source from which I could derive all the happiness in the power of gold to bestow. I saw with a malignant joy and a kind of triumph, that the bankers threw furtive glances upon the two little tablets placed before me and sought to discover what that system could be which so unceremoniously diminished their piles of treasure.

At length the moment arrived when the period prolonged by the sortie of several numbers, put the chances in my favour, and gave me an opportunity to commence my play. My calculation had thus far proved correct, but I had little success. Behold me now at the last throw, the loss of which involves that of five hundred francs. I listen with anxiety—my fate is pronounced, and five hundred francs are lost.

This blow overcame me. I took a few hurried turns in the hall, and was obliged to have recourse to the wretched beer which is there gratuitously distributed.

When a few minutes had reconciled me to the idea of my loss which it would take five or six days to repair, I again advanced to the fatal field of battle, but not with the same confidence. In short, with an inconceivable perversity and without in the least deviating from the rules I had laid down, I lost twice the amount of the whole stake. It was all I had brought with me. Fifteen hundred francs! One night has seen them all disappear. As my elevation had been rapid, so was I the more discouraged by my ill success. I must now fall from the dizzy height to which I had so lately been raised. It would be well to reflect. One thing is evident, what happens to-day may happen to-morrow—may occur repeatedly and end by ruining me.

I would have been wise had I retained this lesson, but a deceitful hope glitters anew before my eyes, and not to fatigue the reader by the repetition of the same scenes, let it suffice, that in a few evenings I not only lost the sums I had won, but after a few fluctuations of insignificant winnings, I saw myself stripped of nearly two thousand francs—my primitive property. One cannot form an idea of the whimsical strangeness with which objects and persons appeared to my eyes during the last days of my visits to this place. It was no longer life. It was a dream. I tossed upon my sleepless pillow until I became almost delirious, whichever way I turned the little balls of ivory met my eyes. Mine ear accustomed to the monotonous tones of the banker was unceasingly tortured by the importunate repetition. During the night my situation was insupportable, the whole phantasmagoria appeared to my tortured imagination with an intolerable *eclat*, and when the light of day appeared bringing with it returning reason, I could only make the cruel but just reflection, that without play I was absolutely miserable. Nevertheless I had not resolution to abstain, an irresistible impulse still urged me madly forward to the total loss of all my money.

An hundred francs were to be remitted to me by my sister-in-law, these must also pay their tribute. I flew to her and whilst she opened her secretary to seek for them, I gazed upon the

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cheerful fire which enlivened the room—the neat and well arranged apartment in which she so much prided herself—the half opened book so tastefully laid beside the familiar lamp and I felt as a being of another world—like something hideous.

These joys are no longer mine—the calmness which is painted on the face, and which, (as it were,) identifies itself with the atmosphere in which she lives, have long since fled from me. How bitterly did this thought recur—with what an agitated hand did I receive the money which a few brief minutes would probably see engulphed. The poor girl in giving me the money, noticed five recently coined gold pieces, and remarked, that "they were very new;"—"they are worth keeping, mon cher." I fled from her presence. Had an adder stung me, I could not have felt it more keenly. Bitter indeed were my reflections, and for a moment my better genius prevailed. It was but for a moment. The insatiable thirst again came over me, and ere another hour had pass'd I was at Roulette! I threw my five pieces upon the table. I have lost.

Well—some may think that it has the appearance of fiction, but I swear that a sombre satisfaction gladdened my heart, I had received a deserved and complete punishment for my folly, and I re-entered upon life—the happy life of other men. I again enjoyed the refreshing breeze of the early morning, the smiling face of my friends, and the tender endearments of her whom I love.

Behold me now leaving the accursed place, firmly resolved never to re-enter, when a man tolerably well clad, standing at the entrance of the alley, in the "Rue de Valois," seeing me advancing with a smiling face, humbly stepped forward, and begged me to have pity upon his misery. I was not in a frame of mind to refuse and mechanically put my hand to my pocket, I felt something in the corner of my vest pocket. It is money. 'Tis a franc. Here, said I, seizing him forcibly by the hand. There was something in my tone, something that told of joy and triumph, which had a visible effect upon the wretched being who speculated upon the generosity of the lucky players. He imagined that I came out with pockets lined with gold.

That man was one of the innumerable victims of play, and his appearance at that door was as forcible a lesson to me as that which I had a few moments before received.

Both have had their effects upon me, and may they yet be of service to the player, whose eye may by any chance fall upon this chapter.

Mc L.

If you are ever at a loss, as to the individual character of the person you wish to gain, the general knowledge of human nature will teach you one infallible specific—flattery. The quantity and quality may vary according to the exact niceties of art; but in any quantity and in any quality it is more or less acceptable, and therefore certain to please. Only never (or at least very rarely) flatter when other people, besides the one to be flattered, are by; in that case you offend the rest, and you make even your intended dupe ashamed to be pleased.—*Bulwer.*

ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE.

It is about three years since I first became acquainted with a young Englishman named Ord, who having on the death of his father, come into possession of some valuable estates in the West Indies, was at that time engaged in examining the value and management of his patrimony. In the prosecution of this object he visited Cuba, where my father, whose mercantile transactions were connected with his, resided, and where Ord remained for some weeks. He had a complete passion for the sea, and in the course of many pleasure trips among the neigbouring islands, in a fine little schooner which he had brought from England, we became the most intimate friends. There was a noble, almost a wild enthusiasm about his character, which though it harmonized well with his athletic and handsome appearance, would have appeared Quixotic, had it not been borne out by his utter contempt of danger, when danger really existed. I will give one instance out of many. We were boating up against a stiff south-east breeze off Cape Tiburon, in Hispaniola, when one of the men, who had gone aloft to take in a reef in the fore-top-sail, sung out to those below that a piratical galley was bearing down upon us with all sail set. Ord and I were at that time in the cabin, and having exhausted every social subject of amusement, half devoured with ennui, were engaged separately and almost silently; I, in turning over a set of engravings of sea fights, and Ord cursing these "piping times of peace," in lazily setting up a few of the ropes of a frigate, which he was making as a model. Immediately, however, that the man, entering the cabin doffed his cap, and smoothing down his hair, told his story, Ord uttered a whoop of delight, and springing up with a haste which snapped half the spars in his beloved frigate, rushed on deck.

The man at the helm was waiting for the expected order to put the vessel about, and the crew were at the sheets and braces ready to execute the manœuvre; but Ord, singing out "steady" seized a spy-glass and ran up the shrouds to examine the pirate. In a minute or two he came down, with a joyous expression of countenance, and seeing that his men whispering discontentedly to each other, well knowing the bloody dispositions of these pirates, he addressed them thus:

"My lads! there are just a score of strapping negroes in the galley bearing down upon us; of course they will be well supplied with cutlasses and small arms, but they have not a single piece of metal among them; now you all know well enough that the little petral (the name of our schooner) has the legs of these luffards, and my wish is to send a message from our long Tom in a friendly way among them; we can run when we can do no better—so all you who are willing to stand by your captain, will draw off to the weather side—and if there are any of you who are afraid of a few naked blacks in a long boat, with a lug sail, keep your present stations."

Our crew consisted of four Englishmen, a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and three or four negroes, and it was curious to observe the effect of our captains speech upon them. The En-

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fishermen gave three loud cheers, and sprang to the weather side of our little craft; the Scotchman more slowly, but quite as determinedly, followed, muttering, that "it was by no means prudent, but hang him if he would craw the dunghill craw;" while the Dutchman, without uttering a word, turned his quid in his cheek, squirted the juice deliberately over the lee bulwark, and hitching up his trowsers walked after his companions. The negroes alone remained standing; they seemed utterly terrified at the idea of attacking these bloody and remorseless pirates, of whose atrocities they had seen and heard so much, and cast fearful glances towards the nearing galley, as if they felt their long knives already at their throats.

A good dram, and a threat of keelhauling them, however, presently put them all right, and they bustled about with great alacrity to get "long Tom" (a long barrelled gun which we carried, and which was generally stationed amidships) placed astern with the muzzle depressed, and covered with a tarpaulin. For my own part, as I was more familiar than Ord with the barbarous cruelties of our pirates, I confess that I did not enter into the affair with the joyousness which he seemed to feel, I knew that a moment of ir-resolution, a chance shot, or a sheet missing stays, might place the pirate alongside of us, and then there was nothing for us but torture and death. However, I had every confidence in the excellence of our seamen, in Ord's coolness, and, above all, in "long Tom." The crew seemed also to consider the gun as their principal defence, for every glance at the approaching pirates was followed by one directed to the manœuvres of one of the companions, who under cover of the tarpaulin, was cramming "long Tom" with what he called "his grub," being several pounds of grape shot, old spike nails, and-so-forth.

We were still standing off on the starboard tack, and the pirates not at all expecting the warm reception we were preparing for them, bearing down with a flowing sheet upon us, when Ord, hailing them through a speaking trumpet, ordered them to stand clear or he would fire upon them. The only answer to this summons was a loud discordant laugh, which coming down the wind to us, sounded as if they were already alongside.—Turning round with a calm smile on his face, Ord nodded to his men, who having before received their instruction, rounded the little Petrel on the keel, and swept away on the larboard tack, with a celerity which could hardly have been surpassed by the sea bird whose name she bore. But though the manœuvre was performed with the most admirable dexterity, it placed the galley of the pirates for a moment within a hundred yards of us; and as, with our sheets close hauled, we stretched away from them, a shower of bullets discovered their vexation on being thus baffled. Most of the balls fell short, though two or three rattled through the cabin windows, and one whizzing between Ord and the man at the helm, snapped off one of the spokes of the wheel, and buried itself in the mainmast. "That's a Spanish rifle," said the helmsman, with great *sang froid* "and you thundering thief in the bow of the boat fired it; I can see the long barrel shining yet: none of their clumsy muskets could have sent a ball as far into a spar of the little Petrel;" and he passed his hand down the splintered wheel-spoke, as a person might examine the wounded limb of his friend. "Never mind," said Ord, "we'll return their civility presently;" and lifting his hat he cheered on the pirates, who had got their boat round, and with sails and sweeps were labouring in our wake.

Meantime we got 'long Tom's' nose, as the seamen jocosely called it, leveled, and ready for being thrust out on the larboard quarter, the carpenter, with his axe, standing ready to smash the bulwark, which yet concealed the gun from our pursuers. They were soon so near as that he could perfectly distinguish every individual of their crew, and fierce bloody looking wretches they were as ever I beheld. Most of them were nearly naked to the waist, where a belt, at which hung pistol and cutlass, girded their brawny frames. A tall, grey-headed negro stood at the bow of the boat holding with one hand by the forestay, and the other resting upon the long Spanish barrelled gun, which our steersman had before noticed. "I could hit him now, sir, if you would but trust me with your rifle for a moment," said the man, casting another glance at his partially shattered wheel. Whether Ord was pleased with that congenial pride in his vessel, and that desire to revenge an injury done to her, which every true seaman possesses and which the wish of the helmsman discovered, I do not know; but putting the rifle into the man's hand, and taking his place at the wheel, he simply desired him to make sure. Never did I see gratitude more forcibly developed than in the helmsman's face, nor did I ever behold more intense agony displayed in human features, than a moment produced in his. The gun which he was raising dropped from his grasp upon the deck, and his arm, shattered at the elbow, quivered convulsively at his side. A glance at the old pirate's rifle, showed the cause of this sudden injury; while it gave proof of the quickness and deadliness of his arm. At this moment the men cried out that other galleys where making from the shore, which we were now at no great distance from; and looking around, we saw two or three large boats pulling lustily out of a creek, where they had been concealed by the spreading cocoa-nut trees and thick tangled underwood.

It was now that Ord's perfect coolness and resolute courage displayed themselves; he put the helm into my hands, and giving the word "ready about," to his men, took up his rifle which the wounded seaman had dropped. The old negro was loading his piece, and we could even hear his chuckling laugh at the success of his late exploit. Immediately when Ord presented himself over the taffrail there was a general volley fired at him by the crew of pirates, amid which he stood as unmoved as a rock, until catching his opportunity, as our vessel hung on the top of a wave, he fired and the old negro tumbled headlong among his companions, while his gun was discharged by the shock, shewed that the Petrel and her steersman was fully avenged. "About ship," cried

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Ord, as he laid his rifle carefully down on the deck, and looked at me with a half suppressed smile of triumph. Every thing was so silent that the creaking of the ropes and flapping of the wet canvass, as our sails gibed, where heard distinctly, but in an instant the little craft was about, and getting hold of the wind began to skip over the waves for the offing. The pirates were now on our larboard quarter, and within a few oar's length of us, when Ord with a hand as steady as if he were writing an invitation for dinner, took the apron off 'long Tom' with one hand, received a lighted match from a seaman with the other, then nodded to the carpenter, who broke away the obstructing bulwark with one blow of his axe. I still think I see the horrified countenances of the pirates, and their quick dilated glances as they discovered the gun and their confused oaths, and the rattling of the oars and cordage as they attempted to escape the range of the shot. At this moment of unutterable anxiety when our lives depended upon the coolness of our captain, and the success of our discharge. I caught a glimpse of his features. He was with his head turned from the gun, blowing gently at the match to keep it clear from ashes; his countenance was, I thought, pale, but calm and resolved; the next instant it was shrouded in the smoke, as kneeling he stretched forward, and applied the match to the touch hole. We were not an instant in doubt. Ord had seized the moment when the partial confusion of the pirates had placed their galley within twenty feet of us, her huge sail shivering and herself almost motionless on the crest of a wave. Before that wave had lifted the little Petrel, before the smoke of the gun had drifted by—the crash and the plunge, and the horrible yells of the scattered and mangled wretches, assured us of their destruction. The boat, and great part of her slaughtered crew wheeled down into the deep at our very stern, while a few, who had not been wounded, struggled for a little time, and went down one by one as their strength failed. A stiff breeze and a flowing sheet, soon placed us out of hearing of their dreadful cries for help, and out of the sight of their still more dreadful features, convulsed with agony, and their eyes turned up white in the last death wrestle. The next morning we entered St. Jago, to place our wounded men under proper care.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society, is a calm imperturbable quiet, which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least. They eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose their wife, or even their money in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making such an amazing noise about it.—*Bulwer.*

When a person is once heartily in love, the little faults and caprices of his mistress, the jealousies and quarrels to which that commerce is so subject, however unpleasant they be, and rather connected with anger and hatred, are yet to be found, in many instances, to give additional force to the prevailing passion.—*Hume.*

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

On a moss-covered rock, by a pure bubbling fountain,
The Minstrel sat down, with his harp in his hand;
And sweetly he sung, of the vale and the mountain,
The wild woods and groves, of his own native land.

A land far away, where the days of his childhood,
Like a bright summer morning, passed sweetly away,
Where his heart was as free as the birds in the wild-wood,
And hope shed around him, her bright cheering ray.

The sun's latest rays, from the plains had departed;
And night's sable shadows fell dark on the lea;
When he sat himself down in despair, broken-hearted,
For weary, and sad, and dejected was he.

Like a bird that is caged, he exclaimed in his anguish,
I sigh for the long lost endearments of home;
In grief and despair I forever must languish,
Condemned, in the land of the stranger to roam.

Oh! when shall the smiles of contentment surround me,
And the blossoms of pleasure, for me, again bloom,
Or the spell of affliction, which deeply has bound me,
Be broken; its terrors no more to resume.

In the land of the stranger, my spirit can only
Recur to the scenes I have left far behind,
For here I am friendless, forsaken, and lonely,
To sorrow, and sadness, forever resigned.

My home! Oh! that name is still dear to this bosom;
For yet I remember the smile and the tear,
The wild throb of pleasure, and each fond emotion,
Which there rose and vanished, no more to appear.

Far down life's dark vale, midst the scenes of my childhood,
In fancy I linger, for there only there,
By the pure gliding brook, or alone in the wild-wood,
Fond memory lingers, midst pleasures that were.

Vain, vain, are the hopes that the minstrel may cherish,
Illusive the dreams of enjoyment to him;
For his joys like the roses of Summer will perish,
And the sun-light of pleasure be clouded and dim.

E.

The Language of Love.

There's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,
There is something that cannot be told;
There are words that can only be read on the cheeks,
And thoughts but the eye can unfold.

There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
So conscious, so quick to impart;
Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,
And strikes in a moment the heart.

This eloquent silence, this converse of Soul,
In vain we attempt to suppress;
More prompt it appears from the wish to control,
More apt the fond truth to express.

And oh! the delight in the features that shine,
The raptures the bosom that melt;
When blest with each other this converse divine,
In mutually spoken and felt.

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For the Casket.

Reminiscences of the West.

"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes;

"For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited."—*Isaiah* liv. 2, 3.

"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts higher than your thoughts."—*Isaiah*, lv. 9.

These were the texts from which was preached the first sermon, I distinctly remember to have heard, and dark and terrible was the occasion. Though still an infant, for I had not yet seen my eighth birth-day, the figure of the preacher is still before my mind's eye. Thin, spare, pale and solemn was his visage; his person slender, even light, and his whole figure contrasting and not according with the stern aspect of all around him. His eye however appeared as lamps in the gloom of night. Amid grim war this man seemed a spirit of peace; a spirit of re-assurance in an hour of peril he certainly was, and in a life of more than ordinary change and circumstance never since have I seen, tears so suddenly changed to smiles of hope, and the murmurings of despair so quickly followed by the aspirations of confidence in a power all was made to feel to the inmost soul.

Mark Lee's narrative published in the Casket for June of this year, closes with the following paragraph:

"A mountain seemed to be removed from the breasts of both my parents, and in a few days afterwards, the Rubicon of that day, the Monongahela was passed by us all; and in those regions were spent the early and middle life of Mark Bancroft."

Reader, before we again repass the deep flowing river, which winds along yon valley, let us seat ourselves on this rocky mountain brow and glance over the regions towards the setting sun, whilst in retrospect we return to the autumn of 1781. What do we see? One wide sweep of forests in the recesses of which, streams wind in silence, broken only by the wild scream of native animals.—The rude habitation of man appears to open at intervals, but man here dreads the echo of his own voice; in the innocent song of his children, he hears intermingled their death-cry and the chilling howl of the savage; he hears the wife of his bosom and her infants imploring Heaven and him, to save them from a worse than tigers rage.

Now let fifty three years pass away, and turn thine eye on the same landscape.—Canst thou conceive that the former desolation could be so changed, and dost thou not doubt the evidence of thine own senses? Yes! reader, the face of earth is the same, and the streams meander along the same valleys. Where thine eye swept over one vast forest—towns and villages, orchards, meadows, and farms now spread over the canvass. * * *

On a heavy autumn day, the 25th of November 1781, my mother with a beating heart and face bedewed with tears, three children at her side and one at the breast, crossed the Monongahela; my father, a man never a victim to idle fear could not entirely conceal apprehensions for his sacred charge. Well do I remember, as we rose the then winding road from Gillespie's ferry-house, and as the mountain-hill exposed the eastern view, that both turned their eyes frequently towards fields they were never to revisit. Still there was a something in even the savageness of the scenes then presented, which gave strength and fortitude to the mind, and that something operated on the heart of my poor mother, for as the river, valley and the hills and mountains beyond receded or were concealed by the trees, her natural buoyancy of mind returned, and the prattle of her children, the smiles of her husband, and hope, all combined to smooth the path. It is the little incidents which form the fine lines of human individual history, and describe, if I may use the expression, the very tones and vibrations of the human heart. My mother spoke the German language fluently, and from long associations loved the German character, two circumstances which tended greatly to throw a veil of softer texture over the dark picture before her. A Mr. William Wolf, who had been an intimate acquaintance of my parents on Swatara, but who had removed with his brothers and sisters and settled on Buffaloe creek, in what is now Washington county, Pennsylvania, five or six miles westward of where the beautiful village of Washington now stands; this man had accompanied my father on his return to Redstone, and was with us, when we crossed the Monongahela. With a very prepossessing countenance, Mr. Wolf entered into an animated description of the west, making a mere thing of shadows of Indian war. The face of a real friend, tones to which she had been long accustomed, and perhaps, carried backwards to more sunny days, the evening came peacefully to my fond mother as we reached our resting place, a Mr. Riley's, and in a rude log cabin, perhaps a more joyous night was never spent, by as many pilgrims, for as pilgrims we were in search of a place of rest.

Here I cannot resist doing justice to Mr. Alexander S. Withers, the author of "*Chronicles of Border Warfare*," and to the people he describes. Speaking of the persons who constituted the early society of "*The Western Country, or Back-Woods*," as the region beyond the Appalachian mountains was then called, Mr. Withers with graphic truth observes:

"Although hunting was not the object of most of the old settlers, yet it was, for a good part of the year, the chief employment of their time.*

* Extremes touching nothing more than in human society; and it is very doubtful which extreme is most seductive, that of the highest state of civilization or that of the hunter. When no danger of savages marred his pleasure, I am of opinion, that no human being ever was more joyfully happy than the American Hunter. Though never a hunter myself, long years of experience in surveying amid uncut woods, enables me to judge of the peculiar feelings of man in these solitudes. The true cause why so many continued hun-

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And of all these, who thus made their abode in the dense forest, and tempted aggression from the neighbouring Indians, none were so well qualified to resist his aggression, and to retaliate upon its authors, as those who were mostly engaged in this pursuit. Of all their avocations, this '*mimicry of war*,' best fitted them to thwart the savages in their purposes, and to mitigate the horrors of their peculiar mode of warfare. Those arts which enabled them, unperceived to approach the watchful deer in his lair, enabled them likewise to circumvent the Indian in his ambush; and if not always punish, yet frequently defeat him in his object. Add to this, the perfect knowledge they acquired of the woods, and the ease and certainty, with which they consequently, when occasion required, could make their way to any point of the settlements and apprize the inhabitants of approaching danger; and it will be readily admitted, that the more expert and successful the huntsman, the more skilful and effective the warrior.

"But various soever as may have been their objects in emigrating, no sooner had they come together, than there existed in each settlement, a perfect unison of feeling. Similitude of situation and community of danger, operating as a magic charm, stifled in their birth those little bickerings, which are so apt to disturb the quiet of society. Ambition of preferment and the pride of place, too often lets and hindrances to social intercourse, were unknown among them.—Equality of condition rendered them strangers alike, to the baneful distinctions created by wealth and other advantitious circumstances; and to envy, which gives additional virus to their venom. A sense of mutual dependence for their common security, linked them in amity; and conducting their several purposes in harmonious concert; together they toiled and together suffered.

"Not all the '*pomp and pride and pageantry*' of life, could vie with the Arcadian scenes which encircled the rude cottages of these men.—Their humble dwellings were the abode of virtue, rarely found in the 'cloud cap'd towers and gorgeous palaces of splendid ambition. And when peace reigned around them, neither the gaudy trappings of wealth, nor the insignia of office, nor the slacked thirst for distinction could have added to the happiness which they enjoyed.'

"In their intercourse with others, they were kind, beneficent and disinterested; extending to all, the most generous hospitality which their circumstances could afford. That selfishness which prompts to liberality for the sake of remuneration, and proffers the civilities of life with an eye to individual interest, was unknown to them.—They were kind for kindness sake; and sought no other recompense, than the never failing concomitant of good deeds—the reward of an approving conscience.

"It is usual for men in the decline of life, to contrast the scenes which are then being exhibited, with those through which they have passed in the days of youth; and not unfrequently, to moralize on the decay of those virtues, which enhance the enjoyment of life and give to pleasure its highest relish. The mind is then apt to revert to earlier times, and to dwell with satisfaction on the manners and customs which prevailed in the hey-day of youth. Every change, which may have been wrought in them is deemed a deteriorating innovation, and the sentence of their condemnation unhesitatingly pronounced. This is not always the result of impartial and discriminating judgment. It is perhaps, more frequently founded in prepossession; and based on the prejudices of education and habit.

"On the other hand those who are just entering on the vestibule of life, are prone to give preference to the habits of the present generation; viewing, too often, with contemptuous derision those of the past. Mankind certainly advance in intelligence and refinement; but virtue and happiness do not, at all times, keep pace with this progress, '*To inform the understanding*' is not always '*to correct and enlarge the heart;*' nor do the blandishments of life invariably add to the sum of moral excellence; they are often, '*as Dead sea fruit that tempts the eye, but turns to ashes on the lips.*'—While a rough exterior as frequently covers a temper of the utmost benignity, happy in itself and giving happiness to all around.

"Such were the pioneers of this country; and the greater part of mankind, might now derive advantage from the contemplation (and imitation) of their humble virtues, hospitable homes, and spirits, patient, noble, proud and free—their self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts; their days of health and nights of sleep—their toils, by danger dignified, yet guiltless—their hopes of cheerful old age and a quiet grave, with cross and garland over its green turf, and their grandchildren's love for epitaph."

If it was ever in any man's power to endorse the preceding picture, it is in mine, and with very partial exceptions, I can do so with full confidence. As to the reflections of one age upon another, the fact is solvable by distance, which in time as well as in space, softens asperities. To the ordinary rule, however, I must present myself as an humble exception. The virtues and energies of the western pioneers were terribly necessary and their happiness most dearly purchased. In every country, and in every age, there is some one possession which is paramount in estimation as in power. At the time, (1781,) that my father with his family crossed the Monongahela, the Hunter-warrior was the man! by pre-eminence, and never was any set of men more necessary to any society. To these men the lives of the people were doubly entrusted. Upon their activity, vigilance, and courage, all depended, and nobly indeed did many of them fulfil their mission. With not a few, hunting and war was a combined trade.—They had risen from infancy in war, which in fact never ceased, and was only at intervals relaxed from 1754 to 1795, or through forty-one years. This protracted and sanguinary conflict was raging in all its horrors when I was led an infant to "*The Border;*" and if not an eye-witness, was very soon an ear-witness, almost on

ters, when the necessity ceased of that mode of life, was its peculiar pleasures. The Leatherstocking of Cooper is one of the most perfectly natural characters ever sketched.

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the threshold of the theatre. But to return to the regular thread of my narrative.

We reached our momentary resting place late in November 1781, at a moment of excessive and violent excitement. The capture of Cornwallis and his army had electrified the country to the utmost border. It was a story told and retold, but momentary enthusiasm was finally cooled by reflection. Another and far more terrible enemy hovered on the frontier, and no one week, scarce a day passed without the report of murders being heard; nor were we long in our cabin until the dreadful sound came in reality.—The scene of alarm is now before me; a young woman, sister to the Henry Jolly, mentioned in one of my former tales, and the daughter of a near neighbour came to the house. She belonged to a family little subject to idle fear, and long inured to danger.* Miss Jolly knew the incessant fears of my mother, but also knew that no immediate apprehensions of savages need be entertained in our settlement for the best of reasons; she knew the Indian character, and of course knew that the least danger to be apprehended from them was immediately after their having "*made a stroke*" as their sudden and murderous blows were then provincially termed. This young woman came to my father where he was making fence, whilst myself and little brother were amusing ourselves by his side. I think I see him now, as he stood for at least a minute looking steadily at the young woman after she told in a very earnest manner "Oh! Mr. Hawkins has been killed." He had raised a fence-rail, and held it balanced in his hands while the dreadful tidings was communicated and for some time afterwards; but finally dropped the rail, cast a despairing glance over his hard labour, returned to the cabin, and in two hours more we were all on our way to Wolf's Block-House; our cabin was never again seen by one of the family.

Many may deem such details trivial, but it is sparks which often produce conflagrations by which cities are consumed. This was early in the spring of 1782, and the opening of a distressful tragedy. Hawkins, was only one of many murders which followed in rapid succession. A Mr. Wallace, above Wheeling, with his wife and five children, were surprised and massacred. A family of the name of M'Intosh, in Wheeling, were all except one daughter destroyed. A Mr. Monteur and family, near Pittsburgh, met a similar fate. These sanguinary depredations extended to western Virginia,—where several murders were perpetrated. The minds of the whites already exasperated, became absolutely furious, and the unaccountable apathy or neglect of the government, left them to their own passions and resources. The necessity of forming a strong post on the Ohio far below Pittsburgh, was felt before the revolution, and the events of that war demonstrated such necessity. The capture of Cornwallis and his army in the autumn of 1781, relieved the continental government from all apprehensions of the result of the contest, and excited hopes, which were never realised, in the breasts of the frontier people, of effective aid against their savage enemies.

By a fatality, which unfortunately for human nature, was not singular, the neglect of the government and rage of the people combined to inflict vengeance on the *innocent*, for the crimes of the *guilty*. Between the peace of 1763 and the revolution, the Christian Indians, usually called Moravians, from having been converted by that sect, had considerably increased, and three villages inhabited by them, were situated on Muskingum river, these went by the names of Salem, Gnadenhutten, and Shoenbrun. It was in fact at one of these very villages, that a strong outpost ought to have been formed early in 1782.—These people were, from their pacific professions, objects of contempt, and from their position of hatred and suspicion to two belligerant parties, breathing war and vengeance. If the Moravian Indians had been sufficiently powerful to maintain their neutrality, their situation would have enabled them to preserve peace on both sides, but it certainly was the very height of human infatuation, to expect less than destruction to an unarmed handful of people alike suspected by whites and Indians.

"In the spring of 1781, the principal war-chief of the Delawares, apprised the missionaries and them, of the danger which threatened them, as well from the whites as the savages, and advised them to remove to some situation, where they would be exempt from molestation by either.—Conscious of the rectitude of their conduct as regarded both, and unwilling to forsake the comforts which their industry had procured for them, and the fields rendered productive by their labor, they disregarded the friendly monition, and continued in their villages, progressing in the knowledge and love of the Redeemer of men, and practising the virtues inculcated by his word?"*

On a former occasion in "*The Tale of the Moravians*," I stated some of the leading facts

* Few families had a more bitter knowledge of war than that of Jolly; Henry Jolly himself had been one of General Morgan's immortal rifle corps, and a circumstance connected with their history, defies romance. One of the first settlements of that country, was formed at the Forks of Wheeling, at the place where Henry Clay's monument now stands on the United States road. A fort long stood on the point above the confluence of the two branches, known as Shepherd's Fort. Amongst the families who sought refuge in this port from Indian depredation, was one by the name of Howell. The father had sat down in the forest of Little Wheeling, near where the United States road now follows the deep vale of that creek, and had been driven into Shepherd's Fort. After some days, thinking the danger over, and rejecting advice, he prepared to return to his cabin. Something detained him behind his family who were proceeding along the path, towards their home, and had reached about two miles above the Fort, when they were assailed by the savages. Several were murdered and one son made prisoner. One of the daughters who had been tomahawked and scalped, was found alive, was taken to the Fort, recovered, and became the wife of one of my early friends, Henry Jolly. What rendered the case of Mrs. Jolly the more remarkable, was that it was the third day after her wounds had been inflicted before surgical aid was procured.

* Wither's Chronicles of Border Warfare, p. 233-4.

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in the final fate of this devoted people. In the present instance, I am employed in sketching the causes of the event. Col. David Williamson, the nominal commander of the party who destroyed the Moravians, has been not only censured but loaded with execrations for this deed, in the perpetration of which, in fact he was little more than a passive spectator. The true facts of the case as I always understood them, are truly and briefly stated by Mr. Withers, upon I think, the very respectable authority of the honorable Philip Dodridge.

After detailing the capture of the almost unresisting Moravians, and their being collected into one body at the village of Gnadenhutten, Mr. Withers proceeds to state:

"A council of war was then held to determine on the fate of the prisoners. COL. WILLIAMSON HAVING BEEN MUCH CENSURED FOR THE LENITY OF HIS CONDUCT TOWARDS THE INDIANS IN THE EXPEDITION OF THE PRECEDING YEAR, the officers were unwilling to take upon themselves the entire responsibility of deciding upon their fate now, and agreed that it should be left to the men. The line was soon formed, and they were told it remained with them to say, whether the Moravian prisoners should be taken to Fort Pitt or murdered; and Col. Williamson requested that those who were inclined to mercy, should advance and form a second line, that it might be seen on which side was the majority. Alas! it required no scrutiny to determine. Only SIXTEEN, or at most EIGHTEEN men stepped forward to save the lives of this unfortunate people, and their doom become sealed.

"From the moment these ill-fated beings were immured in houses, they seemed to anticipate the horrid destiny which awaited them; and spent their time in holy and heart-felt devotion, to prepare them for the awful realities of another world. They sang, they prayed, they exhorted each other to a firm reliance on the Saviour of men, and soothed those in affliction with the comfortable assurance, that although men might kill the body, they had no power over the soul, and that they might again meet in a better and happier world, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary find rest." When told that they were doomed to die, they all affectionately embraced, and bedewed their bosoms with mutual tears reciprocally sought, and obtained forgiveness for any offences which they might have given each other through life. Thus at peace with God, and reconciled with one another, they replied to those, *who impatient for the slaughter*, had asked if they were not yet prepared? Yes! We have commended our souls to God, and are ready to die."*

So fell ninety-six human beings, who had adopted and far more earnestly followed the precepts of Christianity, than many of their destroyers; but cruel and useless as was the act, the exclusive abuse heaped on the head of David Williamson, was and is not one jot less cruel or useless. This man was really anxious to save the Moravians, and had their fate depended on him, not a drop of their blood would have been shed. He was as most militia officers ever are, utterly powerless to stem the violence of men they nominaly command. Again, it is only those who lived at the time, and on the theatre, who can form a correct opinion of the instiating circumstances which silenced the still small voice of humanity.

I was very young at the time, but perhaps the impression on that account was the deeper and more permanent. I was present when the men returned, and present when the sermon was preached, the text of which stands at the head of this reminiscence. The public mind was agitated by every passion which could rouse to action and at the same time blind men to future consequences. The murder of the Moravians, never it is probable was justified by any cause, by any one, except necessity, and the preacher was one of the few who took a rational view of the whole face of affairs. He predicted the certain ruin of the Indian, and the equally certain spread of the white race.

Few dared to pronounce though many felt, that the whole scence of blood and wretchedness could have been prevented by one or two efficient garrisons.

It appears to be a law of human nature to concentrate into a focus, on the heads of individuals, both praise and censure. Effects which are in themselves emanations from popular, sometimes almost universal feeling, are placed to account of persons of prominent situation, but who have a limited agency to produce, and are utterly powerless to prevent the catastrophe, be it for good or evil. MARK BANCROFT.

* Wither's Chronicles of Border Warfare, p. 235-6.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hoarse clatter'd the crow on the boughs overhead,
And the owl, from a time-ruin'd tower,
Boded forth to my spirit its omens of dread,
And added fresh gloom to the hour:
Earth frowned like a desert; the clouds roll'd above
In murkier shadows, a desolate throng;
While the stream, as it flow'd through October's wan grove,
Had turn'd into wailing its song.

Then sunk the red sun o'er the verge of the hill,
The dull twilight breeze roam'd abroad,
And sigh'd—while all sounds of existence were still,
Through the scenes that bordered the road.
'Twas a scene of seclusion—beneath an oak tree,
All pensive I sate on a moss-covered stone,
And thought that, whatever the future might be,
How sweet were the days which were gone!

I mused on the friends who had passed to the grave,
Like spectres they rose on the mind;
Then, listening, I heard but the dull hollow wave
Of the rank grass, bestirr'd by the wind.
I thought on the glory, the sunshine of yore,
When Hope rear'd her fairy-built piles to the view;
Then turn'd to the darken'd plain scowling before,
And the wither'd plants laden with dew.

Thrice happy I deem'd, were the perish'd and dead,
Since pleasure but wane into woes;
And the friends, with whom youth's sunny morning was led,
Have left us alone e'er its close.
Who longest survive but the longer deplore,
Since Heaven calls its favorites the soonest away;
The holly-tree smiles through the snows lying hoar,
But the passion-flower fades in a day! DELTA.

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THE DIAMOND ROCK.

The annexed engraving is a view of the celebrated Diamond Rock, situated near Martinique, which was taken possession of and fortified in the year 1803, by lieut. Donett, of the Sophia, while that vessel and the Centaur, commodore Samuel Hood, were blockading ports Royal and St. Pierre. An interesting description of the place is given by captain Bonsall of the R. N. from which we extract the following particulars.

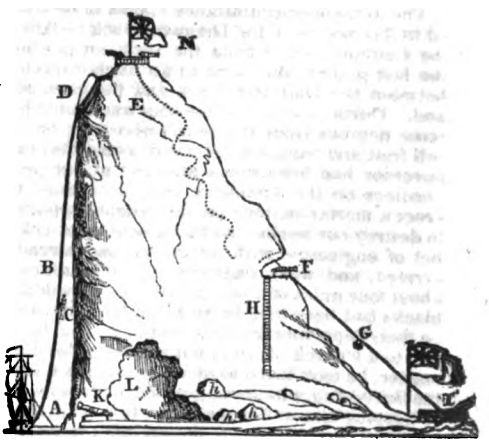
"While Mr. Donett was engaged on this service, he made frequent trips to the Diamond, for the object of procuring food for his stock, and found an abundance of thick, broad-leaved grass, well adapted for making straw hats for the seamen, which soon became a matter of some importance to them, as the schooner's crew had many orders from the ship for a supply. There was also growing on the rock, and almost covered it, an excellent substitute for spinach, called by the natives *calallo*; it is much the shape of the large common dock-leaf, and turned out a most useful vegetable to our people, as they had been long on salt beef; and the calallo, when boiled in large quantities and served out daily, put a stop to a heavy sick-list of scurvy cases.

The Diamond Rock now became a favourite spot, as the schooner had brought us so many good things; and I remember, when cruising on our usual station off Point Solomon, the schooner joined us. Mr. Donett came on board, when Sir Samuel then determined to take possession of the Diamond, fortify it, and to put it upon the establishment of a sloop of war. Next day, black-smiths and carpenters were set to work, making intrenching tools, hand-barrows, &c., and the seamen to make and prepare the necessary purchases. All in about a week was ready, as far as the resources on board the ship would admit; and a working party of fifty seamen and twenty-five marines, under the orders of lieutenant Andrew Maurice, with fourteen days' provisions, were landed on the Diamond Rock. As the party was to keep the launch completely armed with her 24 pounder carronade, she was secured at the only landing-place, and the gun, mounted on a projecting point, commanding this little cove. Immediately opposite the landing-place a very large cave was discovered, in which the forges were erected, and the carpenters and other artificers established their workshops; indeed it was so capacious that it contained the whole party and material for the first night. The interior of this cave, generally with the whole rock, being grey limestone, was very dry. From the roof were suspended numerous stalactites, which made a most brilliant appearance when the forge and other lights were burning; added to which, the mirth and fun of the party at getting on shore after long confinement on board, and our very novel employment of fitting out such a nondescript vessel as his majesty's sloop, the Diamond Rock, made this evening pass off very cheerfully; and, at the next dawn, our party entered most zealously into the various duties they had to do, so very different from what they had lately been accustomed to.

The low flat ground, as seen in the wood-cut, was soon cleared of its long grass and wild spinach; and a number of small dry caves and openings at the base of the rock were selected by the seamen for suspending their hammocks, and forming themselves into messes, while the officers were in tents, pitched on the flattish part of the ground, containing about three quarters of an acre. There were also two other caves of large dimensions, which became of importance to the safety of the rock, as well as conducive to the health of the squadron cruising amongst the French islands. It was armed with a 32 pounder carronade; and here was afterwards executed the grand magazine called "Hood's Battery."—It is about half way up the rock, (see wood-cut) at least three hundred and sixty feet from the water-line. This gun was sent up traversing on the jack-stay, or rope, secured at the top of the cave and on the low ground; and the latter was always used afterwards, by attaching a large tub to it, to convey stores and provisions to the upper parts of the rock; and when taken away, in the event of an enemy getting possession of the guns on the low grounds, the upper ones being deemed impregnable as long as they had ammunition or provisions, which was the case when the French fleet attacked it. They landed and stormed the lower forts, covered by their ships, after a heavy loss. Unfortunately, when our sailors retreated to the upper guns, they had not sufficient ammunition and water, and were obliged to surrender.

The other cave, on the east side of the rock, was built up in front to the height of three stories, and converted into a most excellent and well-aired hospital, (where the sick and wounded were sent, instead of conveying them to Barbadoes or Antigua,) amply supplied, after we left it, with a good medical staff, and every comfort for such an establishment.

NORTH-EAST SIDE.



A His Majesty's ship Centaur.
B Jack-stay and purchase, with the long 24 pounder slung.
C Gun, vial-black, and slings.

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D Projecting piece of rock at top, where upper end of the jack-stay was secured.
E Footpath to upper battery.
F Hood's battery, 24 pounder carronade, grand magazine. Provisions were also kept here for a month or six weeks.
G Jack-stay and purchase, with a large tub called the Royal-Mail, as a communication between Hood's battery and low ground for provisions, &c.
H Jacob's ladder, also communicating to Hood's battery, and hauled up every night.
I Centaur battery.
K Diamond, or Queen's battery.
L Hospital Cave.
h h h Caves where the people slept and trussed.
N Upper, or Chicel's battery, two long 24 pounders.

This nondescript man-of-war existed about two years and a half, and was of great service to many of the squadron stationed about the French islands. Here a few bullocks and sheep, with other fresh provisions, were kept for them; and the hospital was of infinite service in recovering the crews after fever, or other casualties,—indeed, in our estimation, it was the most favoured spot in the West Indies.

The Diamond Rock was at last retaken by a French squadron, in 1805 or 1806, after a gallant defence, owing to the want of ammunition, and perhaps not considered of so much importance by the admiral who succeeded our commodore, whose squadron was, indeed, employed in a more distant part of his station; and the only attraction now on this desolate rock is the chance visit of some old friend or shipmate who served in the West Indies at that period, to trace the graves of Reynolds and Neville, who gallantly fell in action, and are buried here with many other brave spirits, who all, like myself, had the happiness and honour to serve under that distinguished chief, Sir Samuel Hood.

The following circumstance claims to be added to this notice of the Diamond Rock:—After the Centaur parted from the rock, on getting the last gun up, she came to an anchor inside, between the Diamond Rock and the main island. During the nights, the ship was visited by some negroes from the shore, who stole off to sell fruit and bananas. It was reported that the governor had been much annoyed at our proceedings on the Diamond, and determined to erect a mortar-battery on the heights opposite to destroy our works, and that a lieutenant-colonel of engineers, with an escort, had already arrived, and were quartered at a plantation about four miles off from the beach. One of the blacks had been long in an English family, and on their departure from the island he had been sold to a French planter; but not liking his new master, he took leave to claim protection under the British flag, which was granted, and a promise of keeping him in the service, a free man, if he would conduct a party to the colonel's quarters. Accordingly the barge, well manned and armed, under the orders of Lieutenant Reynolds, with Lieutenant Butterworth and other volunteers, in all twenty-three persons, including *Black Jack*, our guide, landed on the main island at midnight. The party set off at quick time through the different plantations of sugar, cafloe, and cotton, and arrived in sight of the farm-house. Jack was sent in advance; and, with an acuteness so peculiar to his race, he crept softly into almost all the huts and out-houses, and discovered that the soldiers were sleeping in perfect security, and found their arms piled under a shed, evidently under the charge of a sentinel, but who, they afterwards learned, found himself more comfortable in the huts. On this information, Lieutenant Butterworth (being the best Frenchman) and a party went boldly up to the door of the house, and demanded immediate admittance to the colonel, being charged with despatches from the governor to Port Royal. They were let in by a female slave, who, seeing Black Jack in advance, whom she knew, showed the way to the colonel's sleeping room. The rest of our party, under lieutenant Reynolds, surrounded the huts and out-houses; and in ten minutes seventeen of the soldiers, with their arms, and giving them time to take their knapsacks, were made prisoners without firing a shot. The house party now joined with the colonel, also a prisoner, the whole returned to the boat, and were on board the ship by daylight. This little trick, played off on the governor of Martinique, took from him the only officer of engineers he had on the island: so the people of the Diamond heard no more intelligence respecting a mortar-battery.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Mankind had sunk from realms of light,
To regions of the deepest night:
The soul, where heavenly essence glowed,
Is now depravity's abode;
And glooms of death, eternal roll
Their hoary honours o'er the soul;
And not a ray of heavenly light,
To gild the gloom of spiritual night;
Till, bursting forth, his rising rays
The Sun of Righteousness displays;
And, darting deep, with force divine,
Through all the darkened soul they shine;
And then a living light diffuse,
Which fresh the germ of life renews.
The inward prospect then is fair,
And heavenly beauty centres there;
As when the sun returns to cheer
With golden beam, the rising year;
Fair Spring, her swelling bosom lays
Wide open to his smiling rays;
And flowers rise in every hue,
All glittering in the morning dew.
So, when the Sun of Righteousness
Has deigned the guilty soul to bless,
That soul rejoicing in his beams,
An intellectual garden seems.
The heavenly virtues brightly shine,
Rich in the beams of Love divine;
Which fills the whole expanded mind
With Charity, for all mankind;
The soul is fit for Heaven's abode,
And man united to his God. WAINAWR.

Leisure Hours.—In what way can your leisure hours be filled up so as to turn to greater account, than in profitable reading? the study of useful books, for those trifling amusements, which insidiously lead the unwary into the paths of profligacy and vice?

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THE SIAMESE TWINS.

ENG and CHANG are natives of a small village on the sea coast of Siam, called Maklong, about 60 miles from the capital. They were born in May, 1811, of Chinese parents, and are united to each other by a ligature, or band, about three and a half inches in length, and eight in circumference, formed at the extremity of the breast bone of each, and extending downwards to the abdomen. The upper part of the band is a strong cartilaginous substance; the lower part is soft and fleshy, and contains a tube or cavity, presumed to be about an inch and a half in circumference. On the lower edge of the band, exactly in its centre, is situated the umbillicus or naval; (there being but ONE in common between them;) a pressure upon the lower part of the band when they cough, laugh, or sneeze, would cause considerable pain, which would be equally felt by each. If the connecting link be touched in the centre, both are equally sensible to it; but if half an inch from the centre, it is only felt by one. There is nevertheless a considerable degree of nervous sympathy between the two bodies, but it is entirely overpowered by the operation of the mind. This was strongly proved at one time by Dr. Roget, Secretary to the Royal Society, by means of a galvanic experiment. I am clearly of opinion that there is a degree of muscular power in the band, and that strength is sometimes communicated from one to the other. The flexibility of the cartilage is so great, that they can readily turn those shoulders towards each other's which are outward when walking; indeed there probably would have been no difficulty in their walking either way, had they learned to do so when young. Their mother had a number of other children without any peculiarity, all of whom, excepting Chang and Eng, and a brother and sister, are dead.

Their father died when they were eight years of age; about the same time they were severely affected with the small pox, and shortly afterwards the measles; by both these disorders, they were equally ill, recovered at the same moment, and by the same remedies. Since that time they have never suffered by any illness excepting occasionally a slight cough. They have been several months at sea, but never were ill in consequence of it, so as to cause nausea; on the contrary, they were always remarkably well on shipboard, would frequently go aloft; and many times have expressed a wish that they might at some future day command a ship of their own.

Their parents were of the poorer class, and until the youths left their home, they were engaged in fishing, manufacturing cocoanut oil, keeping poultry, &c. for the support of their family. A visitor once asked them what was their occupation in their own country; when they facetiously answered that they were merchants having been engaged in the duck and egg trade.

They left Siam on the 1st of April, 1829, under the protection of Capt. Abel Coffin, on board the American ship Sachem, which was commanded by him, and who had obtained the consent of their parents and of the Government to their leaving the country. The mother and children were equally pleased with the voyage, as a sufficiency was left for her support, and all were aware of the respectability of those in whose charge they were placed. The youths never express any desire to return to their native country, excepting to visit their friends after which they hope to pass the remainder of their lives in Europe or America.

They are as near as possible of the same height, about five feet two inches; and finely formed in every respect, and possess a great degree of muscular power for persons of their size. I have known them to carry a person upwards of an hundred feet, whose weight was 280 pounds; and to throw others without any difficulty, whose weight much exceed theirs, which was, on the 1st of Jan. 1831, 210 pounds: having gained 40 pounds within a year. They are remarkably agile, can walk or run with great swiftness, and can swim as well as most single persons.—Their activity can readily be imagined by those who have seen them playing at battledore and shuttlecock, a game of which they are particularly fond, as combining exercise with recreation. They are very fond of hunting, are quite expert with the fowling-piece, and carry with them their shooting apparatus. Their hair, which is about four feet in length, is braided in the Chinese style. In doing this, in washing, dressing, or in any other occupation, they require no assistance, each acting for himself with as perfect ease as would an individual.

Their intellectual powers are very acute, and in this respect it has not been observed that one possesses the slightest degree of superiority over the other. The wisdom of Providence is herein strongly manifested; for did any mental superiority exist, it would necessarily lead to contentions and struggles for pre-eminence, which happily is so far from being the case, that many who have visited them have left them under the impression that they were actuated by only one mind, so simultaneous were they in all their movements. They play at chess and draughts remarkably well, but never in opposition to each other; having been asked to do it, they replied that no more pleasure would be derived from it, than by playing with the right hand against the left.

They now dress in the fashion of this country. They are so conversant with the English language, that they can understand all that is said to them and converse with tolerable fluency; they are also very desirous to make themselves generally acquainted with the manners and customs of our country.

A volume might be filled by enumerating their shrewdness and keenness of remark; and to mention one or two instances here may not be deemed improper. A visiter once came into the room, who had but one eye, upon which they observed to the doorkeeper that the gentleman should have paid only half price for admission, as he only had half the chance to see which others had. On seeing a cripple who had lost both hands and feet, they made him a present, remarking that as they had four hands and he none; it was not only a pleasure, but their duty to assist him.

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The ex-king of France, Charles X. once visited them in Liverpool, and on leaving them made them a present of a piece of gold; after he was gone, they observed that they supposed the reason why he gave them gold was because he had no crown. Indeed there are few who visit them, who escape their notice, and they generally amuse themselves and friends an hour or two in the evening, by relating some of the strange observations they have heard during the day and in remarks upon those they have seen at the exhibition room.

Their feelings are warm and affectionate, and their conduct amiable and well regulated. They are very susceptible, and an act of kindness or affectionate treatment of any description is never forgotten, while an injury or insult offered to one, is equally resented by the other. They never enter into conversation or discussion with each other, because, possessing, as before observed, the same quantum of intellect, and having been placed constantly in the same circumstances, precisely the same effects have been produced upon the mind of each, therefore they have not that to communicate which two other beings would have under the common circumstances of distinct observation. It is occasionally observed that a simple remark may be made by one to the other, but I have never known them to enter into conversation with each other.—The attempt has been frequently made to engage them in separate conversations with different individuals, but without success, as they are invariably inclined to direct their attentions to the same thing at the same time.

In their movements the most perfect equanimity is observed, the one always concurring with the other so exactly, that they appear as if actuated by one common mind, and it is next to impossible, by the strictest scrutiny, to discover with which the impulse originates, whenever they arise of their own accord. In their necessary employments of life, or in their amusements, they have never been known to pass an angry word with each other; and whenever either wishes to pursue any particular course, he immediately follows the bent of his inclinations, without the least intimation by word or motion to the other, who, nevertheless, readily coincides, and without the slightest hesitation moves wherever the will of the former may direct. As the one always assents to the movements of the other, and as no words pass between them, it is curious to imagine how such assent is conveyed.

Their appetites are remarkably good, and they are now quite accustomed to, and pleased with, the general living of this country. Their usual beverage is tea, coffee, or water; wine or spirits they seldom taste. Their likings or distastes for particular food are the same precisely; whatever pleases one, gratifies also the other; and any thing unpleasant to one, has the same effect upon the mind of his brother. This remark applies not only to food, but also to persons and things with which they come in contact. They invariably feel hunger and thirst at the same time, and the quantity of food taken by them is as nearly alike as possible.

Both feel the desire to sleep simultaneously, and they always awake at the same moment. I have never yet known one to be sleeping and the other awake at the same time; indeed, when asleep, so great is the nervous sympathy which exists between them, that a touch upon the body of either will awaken both. While in bed, they are not confined to any particular position, but rest on either side as may best suit their convenience, generally, however, with their faces towards each other. They usually sleep nine or ten hours each night, and quite soundly, when they do feel restless, and desire to vary their position, the one must roll entirely over the other, and they have frequently been observed to do this without either awaking or being apparently disturbed by the change.

Upon the possibility or otherwise of separating them by surgical means, some difference appears in the opinions of scientific men; ninety-nine in an hundred believe it altogether impossible, and all that it would be an experiment of such risk as not to be warranted, unless in the event of the death of one; and that it is considered as almost an impossibility, in consequence of the strong degree of circulation which is between them. It is however, to them a very unpleasant subject, and they feel quite averse to have it spoken of. They have often remarked that they never saw any single person as happy as they are, therefore they have no reason to wish for a change.

The humidity of a northern climate did not at first agree with them; the weather, on their arrival in England, being unceasingly damp and foggy, both, in consequence were severely affected by colds and coughs, in equal degrees, from which they recovered simultaneously. During the dark and foggy days, they would sometimes take a deadened coal from the grate, and holding it up, call it the London sun; and the day after their arrival there, it being necessary to have lighted candles in the drawing room at noon in consequence of the fog and smoke, they went to bed, insisting that it was not possible it could be day time. Snow they had never seen till they went to England, and on first viewing it they were much astonished, inquiring whether it was sugar or salt.

The youths arrived in the United States from their native country, in August, 1829; remained in America eight weeks, and embarked for London, where they arrived on the 19th November following. They remained in great Britain until January, 1831, having travelled upwards of 2500 miles in the kingdom, and received the visits of about 300,000 individuals in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Bath Leeds, York, Sheffield, Bristol, Birmingham, and most of the principal cities and towns in the kingdom. They were honored by visits from her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, and others of the royal family, the foreign ambassadors, nobility, and by most of the philosophers and scientific men of the age. They have travelled in all the United States except Vermont, Missouri, and Illinois.

Having thus, in order to gratify public curiosity hastily put together a few prominent facts regarding this extraordinary variety in the works of Almighty power, it need scarcely be

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observed that the most fastidious female will find nothing in the exibition to wound her delicate feelings. Ladies of the first rank both in Europe and America, have visited them daily in great numbers; and of all who have honored them with their company, none have appeared more gratified than the gentler sex.

Written for the Casket.

On the Uncertainty of Worldly Enjoyments.

'Tis the heart that is pure, I most love and admire,
The countenance ever serene;
Attun'd to the thrilling of charity's lyre,
And which dissipates sorrow and spleen.

When misfortune and poverty darken the brow,
Of the virtuous and sensitive mind,
Should the bosom of sympathy comforts bestow,
The feelings, how pure and refined.

Alas! to mankind, what can riches bestow?
Can they happiness ever impart—
To soften the painful reflections of woe,
Or banish distress from the heart?

Could riches, and honours, or noble descent,
Bring comfort, wherever they fall,
Could these add a drop, to the cup of content—
I'd gladly partake of them all.

E'en the charms of the face, may occasion a sigh,
And the costly allurements of art,
May yield a short respite of joy to the eye,
But can give no delight to the heart.

On riches, for happiness, never depend,
'Tis a ball that will quickly roll by,
While riches exist, they may gain you a friend,
But from *poverty*, soon they will fly. AGNES.

THE SUN BRIGHT CLIME.

Have ye heard? Have ye heard? of the sun-bright clime,
Unstain'd by sorrow, unhurt by time:
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the heart is fire, and the eye is flame,
Have ye heard of that sun-bright clime?

There are rivers of water, gushing there,
And beings of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave, and the golden shore,
That are found in the sun-bright clime!

There are myriads of forms array'd in white,
Beings of beauty cloth'd in light;
They dwell in their own immortal powers,
'Midst the countless hues of unfading flowers,
That spring in that sun-bright clime!

And there is the city whose name is light!
With the diamond's ray, and the ruby bright;
And ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl,
Over walls of brass, and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

But far away is that sinless clime,
Unstain'd by sorrow, unhurt by time.
'Tis where the song of the seraph swells,
Where the radiant Lord of glory dwells,
Where, amid all things bright, is given
The home of the just, and its name is heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

ESSAY

ON CRUELTY TO BRUTE CREATURES.

(Occasioned by seeing a man beat an ox unmercifully.)

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forwarn'd,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose—the alcove,
The chamber or refectory—may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame. COWPER.

I have no fellowship for the man who "needlessly sets foot upon a worm," and he who unmercifully beats the dumb, uncomplaining creature on which perhaps he depends for half of his subsistence, can never be my accepted friend. We are bound by every obligation to treat dumb beasts with gentleness and mercy; even our interest demands it. God created them at the same time and place, and of the same clay of which man was formed, and to man was given dominion over them, not for evil but for good. I have always been of the opinion that they do not perish after death, from the circumstance of their sharing in the evils which resulted from the fall of Adam. Man had dominion at first over them all, but after he fell from his state of glorious perfection, he became a tyrant so terrible, that the greater portion fled from the scenes of his presence. Even now every reptile in the fields and woods flies at his approach, fearful of his unprovoked vengeance. The arm of almost every human being is lifted against that harmless reptile, the snake. It is proscribed by man, woman and child, and it is for this reason that I never suffer myself to molest them when I wander in the solitude of their woodland haunts. I never read that part of the story of Uncle Toby, in which he throws up the window to let a fly escape, which had pestered him, without feeling a glow of pleasure. It proves a good heart, and the language he addressed to the fly, should be familiar to every one. "Go, poor devil, there is room enough in the world for thee and me."

If the thoughtless fellow who beats his beast, could reflect for a moment, he would be convinced that he owes gratitude to the brute, instead of vengeance—and that his own interest dictates care and mild treatment. In what a helpless condition would man be without the services and use of the brute creation. Without the horse, he would be confined to a circuit of a few miles, in all inland countries, and what the horse is to our own clime, the rein-deer is to the northern countries, covered with eternal snows, and the camel to the dried and solitary desert. God has wisely adapted every thing to the convenience and benefit of men. The horse would perish in long journeys over the desert, and the camel could not survive amid the frozen scenes of the north. Divine wisdom has placed in the stomach of the camel a reservoir for water, to serve him on the parched desert, and to the eye

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of the rein-deer, is fitted a skin with a small aperture in the centre, which shields it from the injuries which otherwise would have been inflicted by the frozen flakes of snow. Here is seen the wisdom, as well as the goodness of God.

Man is also indebted to the patient cow, for the luxuries of the dairy, without which, the pleasures of the table would become meagre and precarious. The ox in conjunction with the horse, tills our fields, and adds not only to our luxuries, but to our coffers. It is to the cow, that we owe a preventive to one of the most dreadful of all the diseases which ever proved a scourge to the human race. I mean the small pox, which destroyed millions, till the discovery by Dr. Jenner, of the vaccine matter on the cow's udder. Millions have since been rescued from untimely tombs by the singular discovery. But not only are those creatures useful while living, for when dead, their bodies supply us with excellent food. To their hides, we are indebted for shoes, to protect our feet, to their horns for combs, and glue so useful in many of the arts. By their tallow, we are enabled to see when the sun leaves the world in darkness, and the oil obtained from their feet, is useful in many ways.

The sheep is another useful animal. Upon its meat, we subsist in the summer months, and its wool renders us comfortable when the storms are abroad in winter. But among all the dumb servants of man, there is not one so fondly attached to him, as the dog. The dog watches our habitations by night, and our flocks by day, ever ready to die in the defence of the master, he at once fears and worships. When man has fallen under the scourge and scorn of an unfeeling world, when he is deserted by his fellow man, and all else forsakes him, his faithful dog still clings to him, willing to share in his ruin as he did in its rise. Many stories are told of the undying friendship, which the dog indulges for man. It is said that, during the French Revolution, a dog saw his master fall, and followed him to the grave, from which no entreaties or kindness could tempt him, till he perished with grief. The history of the dogs, of the great St. Bernard, is an interesting picture of the fidelity and affection of that noble creature. The convent of the great St. Bernard, is instituted near the top of a mountain, of the same name, not far from one of the most terrific passes of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In this dreary spot the traveller is frequently lost in snow storms, or overwhelmed by avalanches, vast bodies of snow tumbling from the summits of the mountains. The generous, and humane monks, of the convent, whose doors are never shut against the weary traveller; for many years kept dogs, which by the delicacy of their smell could discover the traveller though buried twenty feet beneath the snow. One of those generous dogs was honored with a medal on commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who but for him, must have perished. One of the dogs always carried a flask of liquor suspended under his neck, that the perishing traveller might be revived when discovered. The same dog, that had saved the lives of so many, perished himself in attempting to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. They were both overwhelmed by an avalanche, and perished. The same fate overtook the family of the traveller, who were coming up the mountain to meet him. It is said that one of those dogs found a little boy in the solitude of the mountain, whose mother had perished beneath an avalanche. The affectionate creature induced the poor boy to get upon his back, and thus carried the little fellow asleep to the gates of the convent. The subject I have seen represented in a print.

The dog is not the only creature remarkable for his attachment to man. It is recorded, that the celebrated Edmund Burke, owned a very old horse, which had formerly belonged to his son. After the death of the son, the old horse was turned into the park to end his days, in ease and quiet. Burke having given orders, that he should be treated with the utmost kindness, in memory of his former master. Burke was a man of not only splendid talents, but of refined feelings, and the most intense affections. One day he was musing in the park, when the old horse came and stood before him, apparently sympathising in his sorrows, for his son. At length, he approached still nearer and suddenly approaching closely, rested his head on his master's bosom. The tide of memory rolled over the heart of Burke, and he threw his arms round the neck of the affectionate animal, and wept long and loudly. Such an act was worthy a generous heart.

The elephant is also distinguished for its attachment to man, especially when well treated. Captain Mundy relates an extraordinary instance, which occurred in India. A gentleman, while hunting the lion, as is customary in that country, fell from the howdah, (or saddle on the back of the elephant,) and found himself in the very clutches of a large lion. The elephant no sooner saw the dangerous situation of his master, than he seized a small tree with his trunk, under which the lion was standing, and bent it down with so great a force over the back of the lion, that he roared with agony, and released the man from his jaws of inevitable death. —Such instances of affection and gratitude in dumb beasts, are by no means rare. Almost every page of natural history abounds with them. Dumb creatures have in a thousand ways contributed to the comfort and happiness of the human race. It was the cackling of geese, that once saved Rome, and from the goose which has the least brain of all animals of its size, we obtained that mighty instrument, the pen so useful to mankind. The monkey which has the most brain of any animal, according to its size, (save man,) has ever been of service to mankind. Its mimicry has cured melancholy in many persons, and rescued others from the grave, saving them by exhilirating the mind in low nervous diseases. A man was once saved from death, by seeing a monkey drink physic. His wry faces so tickled him, that he recovered from that moment.

During dark periods of the world, when superstition and ignorance conjoined with prejudice, prevented the anatomist from obtaining human bodies, the bodies of dumb beasts have

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contributed to the improvement and spread of science. We are told that Dr. Hoffman discovered the pancreas in a turky, and that the salivary glands which secrete spittle were discovered in an ox, by Dr. Wharton. The thoracic duct was first found in a horse by Eustachius; and Rufus, in dissecting an ewe, found the fallopian tubes. Thus was the door opened to the discovery of the same in man.

It is to be regretted that there is no veterinary chair established in any of our American Universities, teaching the cure of diseases in domestic animals. The illustrious Dr. Rush was as much in favor of such an institution, but his philanthropic wishes were never gratified. Such institutions are common in Germany, France and England, and are evidently productive of much benefit.

The study of that part of natural history, which treats of domestic animals, is very interesting and irresistibly leads the mind "from nature up to nature's God." How interesting, how beautiful do they render a country life! Who can gaze upon the gaudy peacock, the favourite of Juno; the strutting turkey, or see the gambols of innocent lambs on the green hills, without feeling a glow of delight and acknowledging that the works of nature are indeed beautiful and rife with wisdom. Such a study like music has a tendency to harmonize the human soul, and render man more intelligent, as well as a better being. What lover of nature but must admire the wisdom that implanted the principle of *instinct* in the mind of the brute creation. In many respects, it appears similar to reason in man, in others quite different. The brute mind possesses the faculties of memory and understanding, the former in perfection, for the horse will remember a road long after his rider has forgotten it. But no brute has the faculty of imagination, hence they are dead to those sublime delights which the human mind and especially that of the poet enjoys. That they have the faculty of understanding is proven by the fact, that goats, dogs and hogs have been taught to read and to use arithmetic. They perhaps reason in many instances but lack the principle of judgment.

The force of education has been strongly exemplified in the associations sometimes formed between stronger and weaker animals. The dog is the natural, jealous enemy of the cat, but in many families dogs and cats are seen eating together in perfect harmony. The force of early discipline and necessity was shown some years ago by a rat catcher who gave some young rats to a cat which had lost its kittens. The creature instead of destroying them, suckled and tenderly reared them. A man not long ago kept a small menagerie in London, containing a cat, a rat, mice, guinea pigs, an owl, a hawk, a sparrow, a pigeon, and starling, all living in perfect harmony and affection. The sparrow without fear perched itsef, on the head of its natural enemy the owl, and the mice unmindful of danger played their tricks in the presence of the cat. Beautiful sight! Beautiful exemplification of the power of early discipline and habit! We here see a result worthy the imitation of human beings.

The brute creation has been held in high esteem by all refined nations and people. In Rome the raven was considered to possess the power of foretelling awful events, for we are told by historians, that on the night preceding the assassination of Cæsar in the Senate House. The ravens croaked in the air. The lamb is used as a figure for our Saviour, and the flesh of certain animals was considered peculiarly and particularly acceptable in sacrifice to God. There is a custom still in use in the Roman church of praying for all dumb creatures. Many of the constellations are represented in the form of beasts, reptiles and fishes. Alexander the great owed much of his success to his noble horse Bucephalus, and did not hesitate to express his gratitude, for he named a city in honor of the proud creature which had so often borne him to battle and to conquest.

Seeing then and knowing that we are so much indebted to the dumb creatures, what shadow of excuse has man for his tyranny to them. The very meanest of the whole creation is his benefactor. Woman adorns her lovely form with the product of the labor of a poor worm scarcely two inches long. Many an unthinking man rails at the millions of flies which infest our dwellings in summer, ignorant that they are the great scavengers which remove putrid substances from our dwellings and our bodies and thereby no doubt prevent many diseases fatal to human life.

It behoves man then to acknowledge those creatures, blessings bestowed upon him by the Author of all good, and instead of tyrannizing over them, to treat them with that gentleness and kindness which they merit. Kindness to inferior creatures always indicates a good heart and intelligent mind, for ignorance and cruelty are generally found united in the same person.

MILFORD BARD.

Written for the Casket.

AMBITION.

BY A LADY.

"Thou, like hindmost chariot wheel, art cursed,
Still to be near, but ne'er to be the first."

How many, in toiling up the steep ascent on which are placed the offices, and employments of dignity, to which their ambition or their vanity has led them to aspire, feel this curse treading on their footsteps, and making even comparative success, little better than bitter disappointment: since to be first, is the supreme desire of small, as well as great ambition. Authors, whose chase is after fame, as well as those who toil after more earthly and substantial goods, are often fated to the misery of seeing their talents lagging in the rear of their ambition, and compelled, by public opinion, to occupy the second place, when self-love would fain urge them to the belief that their merits entitled them to the first.

Parnassus is of so steep and difficult an ascent, that few have mental strength to reach its summit, and of the myriads who have attempted it, many have proved that it is dangerous to stand upon its sides, and that those who stop midway, are more apt to reach the base of the moun-

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tain, than its top. Other eminences, less classical, offer the same difficulty, they prove too steep for the capacity of the aspirant, and oblige him to confess, that his talents and ambition are unequally matched.

The most elevated situations are not always or of necessity, the most happy; and it is very much to be doubted, whether those who have spent the best years of their lives, in labouring after some wished for eminence, would not gladly resign their hard earned grandeur, on condition of enjoying again the tranquility of earlier and humbler days.

It is on record, that the third Pope Adrian, after having past through so many vicissitudes of fortune, as to have been refused a menial office, in one of the English convents, and having gained the highest step in the ladder of human ambition, was heard to say, that St. Peter's chair, was the most uneasy seat he had ever sat upon, and that the papal crown, was like a burning iron bound around his head.

Since ambition, in different degrees, seems to be inherent in the human mind, it is much to be lamented that the goal to which it points is so often unworthy self-exultation, appears to be the govering principle or motive of all ranks, and employments are sought after, and offices petitioned for, not from the noble ambition of rendering these offices and employments the vehicle of usefulness to their country and their fellow men, but from the paltry pride of standing upon high places, and like the Pharisies of old, taking the uppermost seats in the synagogues.

This, indeed is ambition, with all the "illness that wait upon it." But is it worthy to be the ambition of those whose inheritance is eternity? Are the narrow views which bound this finite and inconsiderable globe of earth, fit objects for the immortal spirit to rest its labours and its hopes upon? Let the Philosopher and the Christian answer no! The action, which has no motive but the grovelling one of self-aggrandizement, has no spirit which can out-live time, and can claim no affinity with that noble ambition, which is the reward, as well as the incitement of noble minds.

The ignoble soul, makes self the centre, and self must be in all the circumference with such; self-interest is the moving spring that puts events in motion, which may involve the fate of thousands; the consequence of which may last long after the name and the fame of the original projector is forgotten in the dust of oblivion. But the Patriot, whose ambition takes a nobler flight, who makes the welfare of his country and mankind his object, spurns at the downward way, and aiming at a higher mark, obtains a higher prize.

This, we are bound to say, is the only legitimate ambition of an immortal being; how different, alas! from that which has actuated the whole race of heroes and Statesmen, (with but few exceptions,) whose actions are recorded in history, "From Macedonian's mad-man, to the Swede," the relation of whose brilliant, but useless achievements, but

"Lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind."

Ambition, may well be said, to be the governing motive of the whole human race: the hero and Statesman, may smile at the thought of the simple and lowly, arrogating to themselves that quality which they are apt to think their own exclusive privilege, the principle on which they have achieved their own elevation, and which appears to belong of right, to that portion of mankind, who act the principal character on the world's stage, be it for weal or woe. But though the Cæsars, the Alexanders, the Napoleans, and their kindred spirits, may claim exclusively that principle which stirs within them, to make them the wonder and the dread of the world; but still there follow, far in the rear, indeed, but still in the same path, multitudes, who, though they may not attain to the distinction from the common herd, as those before them, still feel that burning, for pre-eminence over their fellows, that may be called ambition, even though the mark at which they aim, may be a raven, instead of an eagle.

If then, it seems an indispensible condition of our being, that we be ambitious of, or aspire after something, let us all take care, that the object be worthy of us; lest we be found wanting time, our most precious possession, on that which profiteth most, and lest this life, which was only lent us, as a means of preparing us for a longer and a better one, closes in upon us, and we find ourselves entering the broad ocean of eternity, with little preparation, and few stores laid in for the never ending voyage.

Long life, is a blessing only to those who make industrious and active use of it, in administering to the wants, or supplying the deficiences, whether intellectual or moral, of their fellow beings. But he, who holds his time, as his own individual property, to squander with inconsiderate follys, and vicious indulgence, has each day a record against him, of follies committed, and duties neglected, and the list of his penalties, in the amount of which he is worse than bankrupt, becomes longer as his days are increased. Let us, then, keep alive within us, the sacred flame of honourable ambition; let the fire be kept as constantly, as religiously burning, as erst it was by the Vestal Virgins of old—let no neglect of ours, suffer the flame to expire, lest, like the Holy Vestals, we be scourged for the offence, and unlike them, be unable to re-light the fire, by rays from Heaven. A. B. J.

THE WILD RED ROSE.

Thou wild red rose of the forest green;
Why growest thou here in the woods scarce seen,
In the wild hanging woods by this mossy rock,
Why hidest thou here thy briery stock?

Thy fragrance sweet rose makes glad the thrush,
As she sings on a bough of the neighbouring bush—
Thy scent makes glad the harmless wren
As she chirps on a bough of thy woody den.

Scarce seen art thou, O sweetest rose,
In the forest green where the laurel grows—
Except by the hunters who pass this way,
Or the forest wilds that around thee play.

Thou wild red rose of the forest bred,
Art worthy a cultivated bed—
That thou mightest praise thy bounteous stalk,
Thy fragrance fill some public walk. B. A.

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The arch of Titus is situated on the eastern declivity of the Palatine mount. On approaching it from the south (being the side least injured by time) its original form is lost in ruins at each extremity; but the arch itself, a column on each side of it, with the frieze and attic, are still pretty entire. The building, in its original form, must have been nearly an exact square. It is constructed of white marble. In the space formed by the curve of the arch, there are winged figures, personifying Fame. Upon the frieze is a representation of a sacrifice, with an allegorical figure at the extremity of the procession, carried upon a litter.

Upon the attic appears the following inscription:

SENATVS
POPVLVSQVE . ROMANVS .
DIVO . TITO . DIVI . VESPASIANI . F .
VESPASIANO . AVGVSTO.

Which may be thus translated:

THE SENATE
AND PEOPLE OF ROME,
TO THE DIVINE TITUS, THE SON OF VESPASIAN
THE AUGUST.

Upon entering the arch (which is about fourteen or fifteen feet wide) on each side are oblong spaces, seven feet in height, by nearly fourteen in length, containing a representation of the triumph of Titus, when he returned to Rome, after having taken Jerusalem.

On the east side appears the emperor in a triumphal car, drawn by four horses; Victory is crowning him with laurel; Rome personified as a female figure, conducts the horses; and citizens and soldiers crowned with laurel, compose the crowd that attend him.

On the opposite side, is another and more interesting part of the procession, exhibiting the spoils taken from the temple of Jerusalem;—the golden candlestick with seven branches, the golden table, and the silver trumpets, carried and accompanied by many figures crowned with laurel, and bearing the Roman standards.

During the time these sculptures were in execution, the objects themselves must have been under the eyes of the artist, as the accidents to which their loss is attributed, happened long after the arch was completed. The same sacred vessels made under the immediate direction of Moses, did not exist in the Temple at the time it was destroyed: those brought back from Babylon having been carried off by Antiochus Epiphanes, but they were immediately replaced by persons well acquainted with their form, and it is still easy to trace the general outlines of these objects in Exodus xxv. 3—36.

The Jewish Historian, Josephus, an eye-witness of the triumph of Vespasian and Titus, distinctly mentions these objects as making a conspicuous figure in the procession. After mentioning some other particulars, he says, "But for these (spoils) that were taken in the Temple of Jerusalem, they made the greatest figure of them all; that is, the golden table of the weight of many talents; the candlestick also that was made of gold,"—"the branches were in number seven, and represented the honour in which the number seven was held among the Jews." He then adds, "and after these triumphs were over, Vespasian resolved to build a temple to Peace: he also laid up therein those golden vessels and instruments that were taken out of the Jewish temple, as ensigns of his glory. But still he gave orders that they should lay up their law and the purple veil of the holy place in the imperial palace itself, and keep them there."

Thus, although injured by time and accident, there is still standing at Rome a resemblance, taken from the objects themselves, of the holy instruments and vessels, originally formed according to divine instruction, 3323 years ago; bearing undeniable evidence to the truth of the Mosaic history.

It is probable that part of these injuries may be attributed to the antipathy which the Jews have to this moment of their final overthrow.—The lapse of eighteen centuries has not effaced the memory of that calamity from the minds of the modern Jews.

At little more than a thousand paces from this monument, there is another memorial of their subjugation. In what is called the *Ghetto Ebrei* (or abode for Jews), from five to six thousand of them reside, and are confined every night, from an hour after sun-set till an hour before sun-rising, in a few narrow and dirty streets that have been allotted to them.

After eighteen centuries of persecution, they remain a living monument and illustration of some of the most remarkable passages of Scripture prophecy. Moses foretold in detail, the miseries of the siege which Josephus has related, and predicted the signal punishment that awaited their unbelief; and the honours conferred upon Titus for completing their ruin, took place at the distance of no less than half a century from the time that our Saviour forwarned them of its approach. These prophecies are in our hands, and the captive nation itself has been dispersed among us to attest their accomplishment.

If the present condition of the Jews be a fact, for which we have the evidence of our senses, so the memory of those events which led to it, have been guarded by every circumstance that can give authenticity to history.

Two Roman emperors of eminent renown (Vespasian and Titus) were employed in the work of destruction, and the notice taken of it by their contemporaries proves it to have been regarded as the most prominent achievement of their reign. The exploits of Roman power were recorded and speedily published to the utmost limits of an empire that extended from the Thames to the Euphrates. Surviving the convulsions by which that mighty empire was torn in pieces, the Jews remain a distinct people, preserving with religious care the history of their crimes, and sentences of condemnation, and though in avowed enmity to Christianity, supporting by their obstinacy the evidence of its truth.

A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a woman of common talents not jealous, an accomplished woman who scorns to shine—are four wonders, just great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe. —*Lavater.*

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From the Philadelphia Gazette.

BECKFORD'S ITALY,

Upon a former occasion we directed the attention of our readers to the highly attractive and deeply interesting character of this deservedly popular work. We are induced to offer them the following extract, which will be found to arrest the attention and awaken the most lively interest in the mind of the most insensible and superficial reader.

The incident, and the circumstances connected with it, are of the most thrilling character, and are delineated in that graphic and impressive language, which indicates the scholar and man of feeling.

We shall offer no apology for the length of the extract; it will amply reward the time engaged in its perusal.

"But as it is not the lot of human animals to be contented, instead of reposing in the vale, I scaled the rock, and was three parts dissolved in attaining its summit. The sun darted upon my head, I wished to avoid its immediate influence; no tree was near; the pleasant valley lay below at a considerable depth, and it was a long way to descend to it. Looking round and round, I spied something like a hut, under a crag on the edge of a dark fissure. Might I avail myself of its coverts? My conductor answered in the affirmative, and added that it was inhabited by a good old woman, who never refused a cup of milk, or slice of bread, to refresh a weary traveller.

Thirst and fatigue urged me speedily down an intervening slope of stunted myrtle. Though oppressed with heat, I could not help deviating a few steps from the direct path to notice the uncouth rocks which rose frowning on every quarter. Above the hut, their appearance was truly formidable, bristled over with sharp-spired dwarf aloes, such as Lucifer himself might be supposed to have sown. Indeed I knew not whether I was not approaching some gate that leads to his abode, as I drew near a gulf (the fissures lately mentioned) and heard the deep hollow murmurs of the gusts which were imprisoned below. The savage, my guide, shuddered as he passed by to apprise the old woman of my coming. I felt strangely, and stared around me, and but half liked my situation.

In the midst of my doubts, forth tottered the old woman. "You are welcome," said she, in a feeble voice, but a better dialect than I had heard in the neighbourhood. Her look was more humane, and she seemed of a superior race to the inhabitants of the surrounding valleys. My savage treated her with peculiar deference.—She had just given him some bread, with which he retired to a respectable distance bowing to the earth. I caught the mode, and was very obsequious, thinking myself on the point of experiencing a witch's influence, and gaining, perhaps, some insight into the volume of futurity. She smiled at my agitation and kept beckoning me into the cottage.

"Now," thought I to myself, "I am upon the verge of an adventure." I saw nothing, however, but clay walls, a straw bed, some glazed earthen bowls, and a wooden crucifix. My shoes were loaded with sand: this my hostess perceived, and immediately kindling a fire in an inner part of the hovel, brought out some warm water to refresh my feet, and set some milk and chestnuts before me. This patriarchal attention was by no means indifferent after my tiresome ramble. I sat down opposite to the door which fronted the unfathomable gulf; beyond appeared the sea, of a deep cerulean, foaming with waves. The sky also was darkening apace with storms. Sadness came over me like a cloud, and I looked up to the old woman for consolation.

"And you too are sorrowful, young stranger," said she, "that come from the gay world! how must I feel, who pass year after year in these lonely mountains?" I answered, that the weather affected me, and my spirits were exhausted by the walk.

All the while I spoke she looked at me with such a melancholy earnestness that I asked the cause, and began again to imagine myself in some fatal habitation,

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

"Your features," said she, "are wonderfully like those of an unfortunate young person, who, in this retirement . . . . ." The tears began to fall as she pronounced these words; my curiosity was fired. "Tell me," continued I, "what you mean? who was this youth for whom you are so interested? and why did he seclude himself in this wild region? Your kindness to him might no doubt have alleviated, in some measure, the horrors of the place; but may God defend me from passing the night near such a gulf! I would not trust myself in a despairing moment."

"It is," said she, "a place of horrors. I tremble to relate what has happened on this very spot; but your manner interests me, and though I am little given to narrations, for once I will unlock my lips concerning the secrets of yonder fatal chasm.

"I was born in a distant part of Italy, and have known better days. In my youth fortune smiled upon my family, but in a few years they withered away; no matter by what accident. I am not going to talk much of myself. Have patience a few moments! A series of unfortunate events reduced me to indigence, and drove me to this desert, where, from rearing goats and making their milk into cheese, by a different method than is common in the Neapolitan state, I have, for about thirty years, prolonged a sorrowful existence. My silent grief and constant retirement had made me appear to some a saint, and to others a sorceress. The slight knowledge I have of plants has been exaggerated, and some years back, the hours I gave up to prayer, and the recollection of former friends, lost to me for ever! were cruelly intruded upon by the idle and the ignorant. But soon I sank into obscurity: my little recipes were disregarded, and you are the first stranger who, for these twelve months past, has visited my abode. Ah, would to God its solitude had ever remained inviolate!

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"It is now three and twenty years," and she looked upon some characters cut on the planks of the cottage, "since I was sitting by moonlight, under that cliff you view to the right, my eyes fixed on the ocean, my mind lost in the memory of my misfortunes, when I heard a step, and starting up, a figure stood before me. It was a young man, in a rich habit, with streaming hair, and looks that bespoke the utmost terror. I knew not what to think of this sudden apparition. 'Mother,' said he with faltering accents, 'let me rest under your roof; and deliver me not up to those who thirst after my blood. Take this gold; take all, all!'

"Surprise held me speechless; the purse fell to the ground; the youth stared wildly on every side: I heard many voices beyond the rocks; the wind bore them distinctly, but presently they died away. I took courage, and assured the youth my cot should shelter him. 'Oh! thank you, thank you!' answered he, and pressed my hand. He shared my scanty provision.

"Overcome with toil (for I had worked hard in the day) sleep closed my eyes for a short interval. When I awoke the moon was set, but I heard my unhappy guest sobbing in darkness. I disturbed him not. Morning dawned, and he was fallen into a slumber. The tears bubbled out of his closed eyelids, and coursed one another down his wan cheeks. I had been too wretched myself not to respect the sorrows of another; neglecting, therefore, my accustomed occupations, I drove away the flies that buzzed around his temples. His breast heaved high with sighs, and he cried loudly in his sleep for mercy.

"The beams of the sun dispelling his dream, he started up like one that had heard the voice of an avenging angel, and hid his face with his hands. I poured some milk down his parched throat. 'Oh, mother!' he exclaimed, 'I am a wretch unworthy of compassion; the cause of innumerable sufferings; a murderer! a parricide!' My blood curdled to hear a stripling utter such dreadful words, and behold such agonising sighs swell in so young a bosom; for I marked the sting of conscience urging him to disclose what I am going to relate.

"It seems he was of high extraction, nursed in the pomps and luxuries of Naples, the pride and darling of his parents, adorned with a thousand lively talents, which the keenest sensibility conspired to improve. Unable to fix any bounds to whatever became the object of his desires, he passed his first years in roving from one extravagance to another, but as yet there was no crime in his caprices.

"At length it pleased heaven to visit his family, and make their idol the slave of an unbridled passion. He had a friend, who from his birth had been devoted to his interest, and placed all his confidence in him. This friend, loved to distraction a young creature, the most graceful of her sex, (as I can witness,) and she returned his affection. In the exultation of his heart he showed her to the wretch whose tale I am about to tell. He sickened at her sight. She too caught fire at his glances. They languished—they consumed away—they conversed, and his persuasive language finished what his guilty glances had begun.

"Their flame was soon discovered, for he disdained to conceal a thought, however dishonorable. The parents warned the youth in the tenderest manner; but advice and prudent counsels were to him so loathsome, that unable to contain his rage, and infatuated with love, he menaced the life of his friend as the obstacle of his enjoyment. Coolness and moderation were opposed to violence and frenzy, and he found himself treated with a contemptuous gentleness. Stricken to the heart, he wandered about for some time like one entranced. Meanwhile the nuptials were preparing, and the lovely girl he had perverted found ways to let him know she was about to be torn from his embraces.

"He raved like a demoniac, and rousing his dire spirit, applied to a malignant wretch who sold the most inveterate poisons. These he infused into a pure cup of iced water and presented to his friend, and to his own too fond confiding father, who soon after they had drunk the fatal potion began evidently to pine away. He marked the progress of their dissolution with a horrid firmness, he let the moment pass beyond which all antidotes were vain. His friend expired; and the young criminal, though he beheld the dews of death hang on his parent's forehead, yet stretched not forth his hand. In a short space the miserable father breathed his last, whilst his son was sitting aloof in the same chamber.

"The sight overcame him. He felt, for the first time, the pangs of remorse. His agitations passed not unnoticed. He was watched: suspicions beginning to unfold, he took alarm, and one evening escaped; but not without previously informing the partner of his crimes which way he intended to flee. Several pursued; but the inscrutable will of Providence blinded their search, and I was doomed to behold the effects of celestial vengeance.

"Such are the chief circumstances of the tale I gathered from the youth. I swooned whilst he related it, and could take no sustenance. One whole day afterwards did I pray the Lord, that I might die rather than be near an incarnate demon. With what indignation did I now survey that slender form and those flowing tresses, which had interested me before so much in his behalf!

"No sooner did he perceive the change in my countenance, than sullenly retiring to yonder rock he sat careless of the sun and scorching winds; for it was now the summer solstice. He was equally heedless of the unwholesome dews. When midnight came my horrors augmented; and I meditated several times to abandon my hovel and fly to the next village; but a power more than human chained me to the spot and fortified my mind.

"I slept, and it was late next morning when some one called at the wicket of the little fold, where my goats are penned. I arose, and saw a peasant of my acquaintance leading a female strangely muffled up, and casting her eyes on the ground. My heart misgave me. I thought this was the very maid who had been the cause of such atrocious wickedness. Nor were my conjectures ill founded. Regardless of the clown who stood by in stupid astonishment, she fell to the earth and bathed my hand with tears. Her

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trembling lips with difficulty enquired after the youth; and, as she spoke, a glow of conscious guilt lighted up her pale countenance.

"The full recollection of her lover's crimes shot through my memory. I was incensed, and would have spurned her away; but, she clung to my garments and seemed to implore my pity with a look so full of misery, that, relenting, I led her in silence to the extremity of the cliff where the youth was seated, his feet dangling above the sea. His eye was rolling wildly around, but it soon fixed upon the object for whose sake he had doomed himself to perdition.

"Far be it from me to describe their ecstacies, or the eagerness with which they sought each other's embraces. I indignantly turned my head away; and, driving my goats to a recess amongst the rocks, sat revolving in my mind these strange events. I neglected procuring any provision for my unwelcome guests; and about midnight returned homewards by the light of the moon which shone serenely in the heavens. Almost the first object her beams discovered was the guilty maid sustaining the head of her lover, who had fainted through weakness and want of nourishment. I fetched some dry bread and dipping it in milk laid it before them. Having performed this duty I set open the door of my hut, and retiring to a neighbouring cavity, there stretched myself on a heap of leaves and offered my prayers to heaven.

"A thousand fears, till this moment unknown, thronged into my fancy. The shaddow of leaves that chequered the entrance to the grot, seemed to assume in my distempered imagination the form of ugly reptiles, and I repeatedly shook my garments. The flow of the distinct surges was deepened by my apprehensions into distant groans: in a word, I could not rest; but issuing from the cavern as hastily as my trembling knees would allow, paced along the edge of the precipice. An unaccountable impulse would have hurried my steps, yet such was my terror and shivering, that unable to advance to my hut or retreat to the cavern, I was about to shield myself from the night in a sandy crevice, when a loud shriek pierced my ear. My tears had confused me; I was in fact near my hovel and scarcely three paces from the brink of the cavern: it was thence the cries proceeded.

"Advancing in a cold shudder to its edge, part of which was newly crumbled in, I discovered the form of the young man suspended by one foot to a branch of Juniper that grew several feet down: thus dreadfully did he hang over the gulf from the branch bending with his weight. His features were distorted, his eye-balls glared with agony, and his screams became so shrill and terrible that I lost all power of affording assistance. Fixed, I stood with my eyes rivited upon the criminal, who incessently cried out, 'O God! O Father! save me if there be yet mercy! save me, or I sink into the abyss!

"I am convinced he did not see me; for not once did he implore my help. His voice grew faint, and as I gazed intent upon him, the loose thong of leather, which had entangled itself in the branches by which he hung suspended, gave way, and he fell into utter darkness. I sank to the earth in a trance; during which a sound like the rush of pennons assaulted my ear; methought the evil spirit was bearing off his soul; but when I lifted up my eyes nothing stirred; the stillness that prevailed was awful.

"The moon hanging low over the waves afforded a sickly light; by which I perceived some one coming down that white cliff you see before you; and I soon heard the voice of the young woman calling aloud on her guilty lover. She stopped. She repeated again and again her exclamation; but there was no reply.—Alarmed and frantic she hurried along the path, and now I saw her on the promontory, and now by yonder pine, devouring with her glances every crevice in the rock. At length perceiving me, she flew to where I stood, by the fatal precipice, and having noticed the fragments fresh crumbled in, pored importunately on my countenance. I continued pointing to the chasm; she trembled not; her tears could not flow; but she divined the meaning. 'He is lost!' said she; 'the earth has swallowed him! but as I have shared with him the highest joy, so will I partake his torments. I will follow: dare not to hinder me.'

"Like the phantoms I have seen in dreams, she glanced beside me; and, clasping her hands above her head, lifted a steadfast look on the hemisphere, and viewed the moon with an anxiousness that told me she was bidding it farewell for ever. Observing a silken handkerchief on the round with which she had but an hour ago bound her lover's temples, she snatched it up, and imprinting it with burning kisses, thrust it into her bosom in the last act of despair and miserable passion, she threw herself, with a furious leap, into the gulf.

"To its margin I crawled on my knees and there did I remain in the most dreadful darkness; for now the moon was sunk, the sky obscured with storms, and a tempestuous blast raging the ocean. Showers poured thick upon me, and the lightning, in clear and frequent flashes, gave me terrifying glimpses of yonder accursed chasm.

"Stranger, dost thou believe in our Redeemer? in his most holy mother? in the tenets of our faith?" I answered with reverence, but said her faith and mine were different. "Then," continued the aged woman, "I will not declare before a heretic what were the visions of that night of vengeance!" She paused! I was silent.

After a short interval, with deep and frequent sighs, she resumed her narative. "Daylight began to dawn as if with difficulty, and it was late before its radiance had tinged the watery and tempestuous clouds. I was still kneeling by the gulf in prayer when the cliffs began to brighten, and the beams of the morning sun to strike against me. Then did I rejoice. Then no longer did I think myself of all human beings the most abject and miserable. How different did I feel myself from those, fresh plunged into the abodes of torment, and driven for ever from the morning!

"Three days elapsed in total solitude; on the fourth, some grave and ancient persons arrived from Naples, who questioned me, repeatedly, about the wretched lovers, and to whom I related their fate with every dreadful particular. Soon after I learned that all discourse concerning them was expressly stopped, and that no prayers were offered up for their souls."

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With these words, as well as I recollect, the old woman ended her singular narration. My blood thrilled as I walked by the gulf to call my guide, who stood aloof under the cliffs. He seemed to think, from the paleness of my countenance, that I had heard some gloomy prediction, and shook his head, when I turned round to bid my old hostess adieu! It was a melancholy evening, and I could not refrain from tears, whilst winding through the defiles of the rocks, the sad scenes which had passed amongst them had recurred to my memory.

Traversing a wild thicket, we soon regained the shore, where I rambled a few minutes whilst the peasant went for the boatmen. The last streaks of light were quivering on the waters when I stepped into the bark, and wrapping myself up in an awning, slept till we reached Puzzoli, some of whose inhabitants came forth with torches to light us home.

THE RAINBOW.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of a covenant between me and the earth."—Gen. ix. 13.

Soft falls the mild reviving shower,
From summer's changeful skies;
And rain drops bend each trembling flower,
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call
A thousand buds to day,
Which, wanting but that balmy fall,
In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
With fragrance fills the shade;
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark, that arch of varied hue
From heaven to earth is bowed!
Haste! ere it vanish, haste to view
The rainbow in the cloud.

How bright its glory! there behold
The emerald's verdant rays;
The topaz blends its hue of gold
With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
Was given the vision fair;
Gaze on that arch of colored light,
And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
Erst by the Eternal chain'd,
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,
Awful and unrestrain'd.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
Fix'd by his sovereign will,
Shall, in their course, bid man behold
Seed-time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the field,
When vernal zephyrs blow:
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,
When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth, which yet
Smiles with each charm endow'd,
Bless thou his name, whose mercy set
The rainbow in the cloud.

Written for the Casket.

REFLECTIONS

ON HUMAN GLORY, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF LAFAYETTE.

Ingratitude! how many a noble name
Is doomed by thee to cold neglect and shame:
How many a patriot, from his tomb complains
Of pangs endured in dungeons and in chains.

A thousand halls are hung in mourning, a thousand bells fill the air with solemn tones, and millions of patriotic hearts are sorrowing over the tomb of one, whose name is honoured by all nations, and dear to every lover of liberty. Lafayette—the great Apostle of freedom, and the friend of man, sleeps with all the mighty dead. His illustrious spirit, freed from mortality, walks with that of Washington, in the bright halls of Heaven, while his honoured dust reposes on the pillow of eternal renown. Pass over the pages of history—roll back the splendid record of the past—there is no character, save that of the world-honoured Washington, which may compete with his, in all that was glorious and grand, in all that was virtuous and noble. Whether we view him in society or solitude, in the forum or the field—whether we see him bravely battleing in the cause of liberty at Brandywine, or standing on the fearful volcano of a French revolution, he is still the same grand and glorious character; still the same brave and benevolent hero. We find him still the same fearless and faithful friend of man, whether he was giving his gold and the glory of his achievements to the cause of freedom in the forests of America, or mourning over the miseries of his country in the dark, damp dungeons of Olmutz. How splendid must his character appear to posterity, when they behold him crowned with the brilliant honours of his own country, and receiving the homage of millions of freemen in another, whom he helped to emancipate from immutable despotism. To have been the bosom friend of Washington, was fame sufficient to immortalize the memory of any individual, but his deeds are celebrated in every language, and his name is known in every land. On every shore some gifted bard wakes the long neglected harp to the memory of the hero, and sings his brilliant career.

Though the name of Napoleon stands unrivalled in the archives of conquest, though he emancipated Europe from the dark despotism of a thousand years, freed France from a whole hecatomb of Bourbon tyrants, and made himself master of Europe, of Egypt, and the Isles, yet he dwindles into absolute insignificance when compared with that glorious patriot, and patriarch of liberty, the Marquis de Lafayette.

As different was their meed as were their motives. The one, actuated by an insatiable ambition, a reckless, restless love of conquest, sighed only for the pomp of power, and the splendid pageantry of French royalty. He thought not of his fields of carnage, of cities sacked, and the thousands who perished to perpetuate his name, when his eye was dazzled with the brilliance of a diadem, and he mused on the glories of a glittering crown, and the rich robes of royalty. He was ever ready to brave danger and death amid the burning sands of Syria, or the tumbling towers of Moscow, if his perils but

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pointed to the path of conquest and the pomp of power. Whether he was plundering a gallery of the arts in Italy, or a mausoleum of its mummies in Egypt—whether he was crushing a crown, imprisoning a Pope, banishing a tyrant, or delivering from a dungeon the good Lafayette, he was still the same mighty and mysterious being; still actuated by the same ambition, the same love of power and renown.

How different was the character of the philanthropic and patriotic Lafayette. Born to nobility, in the lap of luxury, and bred in the most brilliant Court in Europe, he yet imbibed in early life, the imperishable principles of justice and liberty; and at the age of eighteen left his native land, where elegance, and ease, and opulence surrounded him—left the fascinations of the French metropolis, and the Court of St. Cloud, to aid a foreign people in the glorious struggle for freedom and the rights of man. Dark was the day of that struggle, and gloomy was the prospect that that land would ever be liberated from the yoke of a distant and determined despot. Yet he not only gave his presence but his purse, to the prosecution of that holy enterprize, which eventuated in the emancipation of three millions of people, and gave to the world a glorious pattern of human perseverance and patriotism. He came, not in the moment when victory hung the bloody banner of liberty on the lofty pinnacle of the temple of peace; oh, no; but he came in the darkest day of danger, when swords were leaping to the hands of heroes, when despair, like a cloud at midnight, darkened the minds of men, and the eye of Washington alone saw in the dim distance the brilliant hues of the rainbow of hope, and a happy hereafter. Thank Heaven, the patriotic Lafayette lived to see his efforts successful, to say in the words of Cæsar,—"*Veni, vidi, vici;*" and in the language of the gallant Perry,—"*We have met the enemy, and they are ours.*"

Of all the illustrious benefactors and patriots, recorded on the pages of history, perhaps none, while living, have reaped so rich a harvest of fame as Washington and Lafayette. Illustrious men do not always receive the reward of their merits; the world is given to ingratitude. Miltiades, who on the plains of Marathon, with a handful of heroes conquered the crowded legions of Persia, and bound the brow of Greece with an imperishable garland of glory; he who eclipsed the fame of Themistocles, and threw a shade over the renown of Aristides, was doomed by the multitude to immediate condemnation for a single error; and while his friends, shocked and ashamed, reminded them of Marathon, he was permitted to pine and perish in a dungeon. It is true, that his picture by the celebrated painter Polygnotus, was preserved for ages, as a remnant of his renown in the Portico, where Zeno afterwards thundered his precepts of philosophy; but while it remained a splendid memento of his immortality, it also became the monument of their ingratitude and disgrace. Thus, he who had refused the sceptre of sovereignty in Chersonesus, that he might, by his virtues and his victories, shed glory on Greece, became a martyr to the jealousy of the mercenary, and met death in the chilling precincts of a prison. The ingratitude of Greece and her greedy sons did not even stop here. With the heart of the Hyena, they denied the right of sepulture to the sacred relics of the renowned hero, and it was not till the piety of his son had paid the penalty which had been imposed, that he found a grave in the land which his glory had immortalized.

The ingratitude of Greece can never be forgotten or forgiven. The venerable Socrates, the father of philosophy, the terror of the thirty tyrants, and the glory of Athens, and the world fell a victim to the envy of meaner souls and perished, a martyr to the principles he inculcated. Charged with corrupting youth, and denying the existence of the Gods, the aged philosopher and friend of man was doomed to death, at once, a victim to his virtue and to the glorious philosophy which he taught, and would not stoop to extenuate. Truly, in the language of the elegant Rosseau, Socrates died like a philosopher, and he might have added, like a Christian; covered with eternal glory, which a thousand tyrants can never extinguish, and which has burned brighter as it descended through the long, dark midnight of ages. The temples in which he taught have fallen, their columns have crumbled to dust, and other fanes of philosophy, which rose upon their ruins, are going down to decay; yet when these, and all the proud temples of Grecian glory and learning, shall lie crushed amid the melancholy wrecks of time's revolutions, his renown shall still survive, eternal as the virtue he practised, and imperishable as the principles he promulgated. It was fame enough to have been the preceptor of Plato, the great Apostle of truth, had he never adorned a temple or taught his principles and precepts to the world.

Ungrateful Athens! what a penalty did thy envy and ingratitude impose upon thee and the world. Cicero nobly declares, that he could never read the account of the death of Socrates without shedding tears.

Never was there an instance of ingratitude more glaring, or injustice more reckless, than was exhibited towards that illustrious individual Christopher Columbus, whose services and sorrows have alike been immortalized by the pen of the poet and historian. His philosophic mind conceived the idea that there was another land beyond the vast ocean, which no keel had ever cut, and no eye had ever traversed, but he was considered a visionary and enthusiast. It is recorded that woman was the cause of the fall of man and of the fall of Troy, and it is redeeming to her character that she was instrumental to that glorious discovery, which then covered Spain with immense riches and renown, and has since given mighty nations to the world. And how did Spain reward him for all his laborious toils and brilliant triumphs? Chains, and a dungeon, were all the rewards of him who made the most splendid discoveries to be found recorded on the long catalogue of human adventure.

Nor less ungrateful has been the world in bestowing upon Americus Vespucius the renown of giving a name to the New World, when it should have born the beautiful one of its brilliant discoverer. Had fortune made Christopher Columbus a conqueror, had he lit up the streets of

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Europe with the torch of war, had he hurled kings from their crumbling thrones, and given away their crowns with the profusive prodigality of a Napoleon—had he deluged fields in blood, and immola'ed a million on the altar of his unholy ambition, statues would have started from the sculptor's hand in every land, and marble cenotaphs and magnificent monuments would have recorded his renown, and stood to future generations as memorials of his magnanimous career. Far different has it been with the grand and glorious character of Columbus. Oh, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon, that the great discoverer of America died in a dungeon. Yet common justice has inscribed his imperishable name on the pages of history, which must endure when the temples and tombs erected to the common conqueror shall have tumbled to dust, and his very name, shall be obliterated from the marble that commemorates it.

What is human glory? What are all the brilliant achievements of the Macedonian madman—the trophies and triumphs of the mighty Cæsar? And what the victories of the world-worshipped Napoleon, who snatched a brand from the French volcano, and lit all Europe with its lurid blaze? The marble tablets of their monuments alone remain the records of their renown, for they, with all their glory and their gold, have become the trophies of the tomb. How humiliating the thought, that he, who once governed all Greece, and fancied himself the son of Jove—that he, who made Rome the empire of the world—and that he, who crushed a hundred thrones, and exiled all Europe's kings from their country and their crowns—should, like the beggar, go down to the dust, distinguishable only by the marble temple that entombs them.

What is human glory? Go muse for a moment on the plains of Marathon and Minden—go meditate in the fields of Pharsalia, of Jena, and Austerlitz—the genius of desolation sits there brooding over the destinies of thousands who perished to perpetuate the fame of one ambitious man. The pages of history has not even preserved their naked names, and their memory and their merits, have alike been lost, in the brilliant blaze of glory that surrounded their hero. What was glory to the thousands who perished on the plains of Waterloo? They sleep, not with the mighty dead—the garland of glory decks not their triumphs, nor adorns their tomb—to them the scroll of fame has never been unrolled, nor has the emblazoning trump blown the blast of their renown. They sleep the eternal sleep of oblivion, and their bleaching bones are obtained by the farmer to fatten his fields. No wreath adorns their bleeding brows—no flowers bloom over the place of their repose—and no splendid mausoleum lifts its marble tablet covered with the history of their achievements, for the admiration of millions yet unborn. Melancholy are the memorials of their merits and their martyrdom.

How different was the glory of Lafayette, the glory of doing good! How blissful must have been his reflections on the bed of death, when he looked back on a long life spent in ameliorating the condition of mankind. No mourning mothers covered his memory with a thousand curses—and no weeping widows rejoiced in the hour of the patriarch's departure. Beloved and mourned by millions, he went down to the tomb, while nations united in paying homage to his memory and his remains. Never can his name cease to be dear to the heart of every freeman, and his fame will brighten, as our country marches on to greater glory and greatness. The history of his deeds shall stir up in the hearts of our heroes the spirit which led Lafayette to victory, and the memory of his virtues shall point them to the path of true dignity and honour.

MILFORD BARD.

THE MOTHER.

The cold winds swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child—
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chill'd—her strength was gone.
Oh God! she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.

She stript her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapt the vest,
And smil'd to think the babe was warm;
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sank upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller pass'd by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was on her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—
He moved the robe from off the child;
It liv'd—look'd up—and sweetly smil'd.

STANZAS.

Thou little star, that, in yon purple cloud,
Hang'st like a dew-drop in a violet bed,—
First gem of evening, glittering 'mid the shroud,
'Neath whose dark folds the day lies cold and dead!
As thro' my tears my soul looks up at thee,
Loathing the clayey chains that bind it here,
There comes a fearful thought, that misery
Perhaps is found e'en in thy distant sphere.

Art thou a world of sorrow and of sin,
The Heritage of death, disease, decay—
A wilderness like that we wander in,
Where all things fairest soonest pass away?
And are there graves in thee, thou radiant world,
O'er which Affection, weeping, bows her head,—
Where Hope's bright wings in the dark dust are furl'd,
And living hearts lie buried with the dead?

Perchance they do not die that dwell in thee;
Perchance their's is a darker doom than our's:
Unmeasured toil, and endless misery,
And striving that hath neither days nor hours!
Horrible dream! Oh dark and dismal path,
Where I now weeping walk, I will not leave thee,
Earth *has* one boon for all her children—death:
Open thy arms, oh mother! and receive me!
Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,—
Give me my birth-right—give the grave—the grave!

F. A. K.

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MY FIRST DUEL.

"This is an awkward affair, Frank."

"Why, yes," said Frank, "*it is* an awkward affair."

"But I suppose I must go through with it," I continued.

"No doubt," rejoined my friend; "and you may rest assured, that although the anticipation is not very agreeable, you'll find the thing a mere bagatelle when on the ground."

"You'll take care to have every thing ready, and to call me betimes; will you, Frank?"

"Certainly, my dear Ephraim, rely upon me; and now, as it is already twelve, and we have to go out at six, perhaps I had better wish you good night, that you may rest and have a steady hand in the morning. Before I go, however, there is one thing I wish to mention to you."

"And what is that?" said I.

"Why," replied Frank, hesitatingly, "it is hardly worth troubling you about; but the fact is, there is a custom—that is, people have on these occasions a sort of habit of making their—their——"

"Their exit, I presume you mean?"

"Not so, my dear fellow; nothing was farther from my thoughts, as I hope (with God's will) nothing is farther from fact than the probability of such a catastrophe to the present——"

"Farce; but come, Frank, what is this that you would require of me, or enjoin me to?"

"Briefly, then, Ephraim, might it not be as well now as at any other time, just for form's sake, to scratch down a memorandum of your wishes respecting the disposal of your property?"

"Oh Lord!" said I, "is that the mouse your mountain laboured with? My property! God forgive you, Frank! Well, as Tom Moore says—

"I give thee all; I can no more."

I will bequeath you my debts, with a proviso that you don't pay interest; but seriously, I'll think of what you say; and now, good night; and for Heaven's sake be punctual in the morning!"

"Never fear that. Good night," said Frank; "and do you hear, Ephraim? you may take a pint of Madeira, if you have an inclination to it, to-night; but not a drop of port, sherry or brandy. I must have you placed with a cool head, clear eye, and a steady fist."

"Very well," said I, "I promise you to be observant of your orders;" and after once more exchanging greetings, the door closed, and I was left to myself.

"Well," said I, when I found myself alone, "this is a very delightful sort of dilemma to be placed in. If I loved the girl, there would be some satisfaction in standing up to be shot at for her; but to be blazed away at for a wench that I don't care a curse for—to be compelled to fight for mere flirtation—is certainly, at the least, very disagreeable. However, I suppose I must let the fellow have a brush at me, and so there's no more to be said on that head. By-the-by, Frank, hinted (with prophetic foresight, I presume) at the necessity of my disposing in writing of my moveables. *Allons donc*, let me see.—First, there is my linen and my clothes; let poor Betty have them, to recompense her in part for the colds she has caught in letting me in many a morning; the chances are, she'll catch no more on that errand. My coins and medals may be given to C. Then there are my books, and chief of them all, sinner as I am, my Bible, if I dare name it with the purpose of blood upon my mind. I charge you, Frank, deliver it yourself to my dear and widowed mother; tell her I revered its precepts, although I lacked the strength of mind that should have made me hold them fast and follow them; and, above all, never, never crush her bowed, and bruised, and lowly spirit with the truth of all the weakness, the folly, the impiety, that will mingle in my end! Tell her I fell by sword, plague, pestilence, or famine; but tell her not I fell at a task my common sense—my heart—my soul, which owns its divine origin—revolts from!—tell her not I fell as a duellist—Down, down my heart! the world must be worshipped. My other books may be divided between —— and —— and ——, except my series of Ana, my Hogarth, and Viel's and Bachaumont's and La Chapelle's and Langle's Journies, and my Bigarrures; reserve them, with my Meerschaum, to yourself, and over them remember the happy hours that you have spent before with them and him who thanks you now for all your warm-hearted kindness. In the drawer of my desk will be found a portrait and some letters; I need not say whose they are, but I entreat you, my dear Frank, I conjure you, to take them into your own hands—to let no other look upon them, and to deliver them to *her!* Gloss the circumstances of my death, and let the tidings fall gently on her; but tell her, amid all my sins and all my follies, I remembered her, and loved her, and her only, and more earnestly in the last moments of my life than when I held her on my bosom. Tell her ——"

I had written thus far when I was interrupted by a tapping at my door, and when I opened it Frank was there.

"Is it time then already?" said I.

"Yes," said he. "I am glad to see you ready. Come, we have few moments to lose."

"The hours have flown with strange rapidity," I said; "but I am prepared. You spoke to me last night of a will; doubtless it was a necessary precaution, and I thank you for the hint. I have attended to it, and have noted down my wishes; here is a memorandum of them, and I confide the execution of them to you; I know you will not refuse the task."

"God forbid," said Frank, taking my hand, "that I should; but God forbid there should be occasion for my offices."

"I also hope, my dear friend," I replied, "that there may be no such necessity; but I have a presentment (and my presentments have seldom boded me falsely) that this morning's work will be my last."

"Don't say that, Ephraim," said Frank; "if I thought that—but, good God! how can I get you out of it?"

"Out of it!" I exclaimed; "you mistake me. I cannot prevent my conviction; but if I saw my grave dug at my feet, I would not retrace the steps I have taken. Come, come, I am

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ready;" and, taking him by the arm, I drew him from the room, and we quitted the house silently, and in a few minutes were on the ground.

On arriving there, I found that my adversary (whom I had never seen before) was beforehand with us; he was a tall, raw, gaunt, muscular fellow, with an enormous pair of mustachios, and having very much the appearance of one of Napoleon's old *sabreurs*. We saluted each other coldly, and then turned away, while the seconds retired to settle the preliminaries; their conference lasted some time, and appeared to bear grievously upon my adversary's patience, for he seemed eager to despatch me.

At last he addressed them. "Gentlemen," he said, "I beg pardon, but I think we may arrange in a breath all that is to be arranged.—"First then," he said, speaking to Frank, "do you choose fifteen or twenty paces?"

Frank unhesitatingly replied the latter, out of regard to my safety.

"*Bon*," said the fellow, as he made a scratch in the turf with his heel, and prepared to take the distance.

I confess I was rejoiced at the thought of his measuring it, for I thought I perceived an omen of salvation in the length of his legs; in this, however, I was disappointed, for the vagabond stepped the ground as mincingly as a lady in pattens.

"And now," when he had finished that part of the business, "and now," said he, with a coolness that matched that of the morning, and bespoke him terribly *au fait* to the business, "whose weapons are we to use? Your's? They are only a common holster pair; mine are rifle-barrelled and hair triggered, and in every way superior to those machines; what say you to using mine? they'll make shorter work of the business."

"No doubt," thought I.

"What say you, Ephraim?" said Frank.

"O, by all means; what is good for the goose is good for the gander," I answered, with an attempt to smile; Frank therefore assented.

"*Bon*," said the fellow again; "and now, for the first fire; has any body a piece of money about them? Oh, here, I have one;" and he handed it to his second, who flung it up, and the result was in his favour.

Frank then came up to me, and, seizing my hand with passionate interest, said to me, in a tone of agitation, "Ephraim, my dear boy, be of good cheer; that hulking blackguard is evidently trying to bully you, but be of good cheer; let me place you; you are but a lath, give him your side; you know it is disputed whether on these occasions it is most prudent to give the front or the side; but let me govern you here; you are but a lath, give him your side, and the devil himself can't hit you. God bless you, and keep you!" And so saying, and again pressing my hand, he withdrew. Immediately after which we placed ourselves, and the next instant the signal was given. As soon as I heard it, I looked straight at my adversary, and saw him raise his pistol and steady it; I saw him eye me with the keenness of a hawk and the precision of a master; it was but the fair half-second, but I knew and was certain he had covered me. The next instant I felt a blow, as it were, on the outside of my right elbow, and a something like ice stealing along the arm as it dropped nerveless and with the weight of lead by my side, and I heard the report of his weapon. I was winged clean as a whistle.

Frank perceived how it was with me, and was by my side in a twinkling, bandaging my arm with the handkerchief he tore from his neck. "Are you faint, Ephraim?"

"Not at all," I said; "but make haste, I long for my revenge."

"Is the gentleman hurt?" inquired my adversary, with a half-stifled sardonic grin.

"Not a whit," said I; and he bowed.

"Can you give him his charge?" inquired Frank.

"O never fear," I answered; "let me have the pistol." He handed it to me; I grasped it, but I essayed in vain to raise it; my right arm was more disabled than I had thought.

"Try him with the left," said Frank.

I did so, but found the pistol far heavier than I had conceived, and much heavier than I knew my own to be; it was impossible to level it with my left. I looked at my adversary and saw his features relax into a damnable Mephistopholic grin. I maddened with unspeakable rage.—"Hell and the devil!" I exclaimed, "is there no having a slap at the long-legged rascal?"

"I fear not," said Frank; "but," he added, with affectionate warmth, "stand back, and I'll fight his second for you."

"That's out of the question," I replied; "let me try my left again." I did so, and felt convinced the pistol was more than usually heavy. I held it by the barrel, and then I felt assured the butt was plugged heavily with lead. The thought of treachery immediately came across me. The fire won at his own call on the toss of a floria from his own purse probably, and a piece contrived for these occasions, with the same impression on both sides. My right arm shattered certainly by aim, and his pistol of a weight that prevented all possibility of its being levelled with the left hand; all concurred to assure me I was the victim of a scoundrel.

"But it shall not go thus," I said, as I thrust Frank on one side, and advanced towards the villain with the cool purpose of blowing his brains out; "it shall not go thus!" And as I neared him, I poised the butt of the pistol with my left hand against my chest, and put my finger on the trigger to draw in his face. Fortunately, Frank, who was ignorant of my suspicions, closed on me at the very critical instant, and wrenched the weapon from my grasp, exclaiming, at the same time, "Would you commit murder?"

"With pleasure," I answered, "upon such a murderous villain as this!" But he was now secure from my fire, and seeing himself so, and safe in his superior physical strength, he sneered at me with such mean demoniacal insult, that unable to withold myself any longer, I rushed on him and grappled with him; but I was weak from pain and loss of blood, and I fainted.

Suddenly I was aroused by some one shaking

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me violently. I looked up; it was Frank. "Up, up, man," he cried.

"Up," I said, "for what?"

"For what," he replied, "to save my character and your own, if you have any care about either. Why, it wants but a quarter of six, and at six we must be on the ground."

"What, have not I been shot then?" I said,

"Shot!" he exclaimed, "who the devil has been here to shoot you? Why you have been dreaming."

It was true; I had drawn my table to my bedside to make my will, and had fallen back asleep, and dreamed what I have related.

"Then I suppose I must be shot again?"

"There's little fear of that, thank Heaven," said Frank, "for I have just learnt that your adversary, in alarm at your prowess, has bolted."

"Indeed," said I, as cooly as I could; but inwardly thanking God heartily for deliverance from jeopardy.

"Yes," continued Frank, "so it is; but come, we must take our ground, and give the vagabond an hour's law."

"With all my heart," said I; and in five minutes I was dressed and on my way to the spot, with a lighted cheroot in my mouth, and truth to say, *entre nous*, a lighter heart under my waistcoat than I think I should else have carried to the field.

On the ground we found Captain M., the fellow's second, who informed us he understood his principal had taken flight, and vowed summary vengeance on him when and wherever he should meet him, for the insult he had offered him by his pusillanimous conduct. To be brief, we waited one hour, and my antagonist did not appear. Frank thus addressed himself to his second:—

"Captain M.," he said, "you will do my friend the justice to say he has behaved as becomes a brave and an honourable man?"

"Most certainly," said the Captain; and we quitted the ground, and I proceeded to post the recreant; after which the Captain, Frank, and I together took steaks and claret for breakfast. And thus ended "the first duel" of a half-bearded boy.

EPHRAIM TWIGG.

THE GRATEFUL TURK.

Topal Osman, who had received his education in Seraglio, was in the year 1698, about the age of twenty-five, sent with the Sultan's orders, to the bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Said; and being afraid of the Arabs, who roved about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a very bloody action ensued. Topal Osman here gave the first proofs of that intrepidity by which he was so often signalized afterwards.—The crew animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh.

Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard; but his wounds were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, where the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous; and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of *Topal* or cripple.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marseilles, was commander of the port at Malta; who, as his business required, went on board the privateer as soon as she came to anchor.—Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, "Can you do a generous and gallant action? Ransom me: and take my word you shall lose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered made an impression upon the Frenchman, who, turning to the captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for his ransom. He answered 1000 sequins (near 500l.)—Arnaud turning to the Turk, said, "I know nothing of you; and would you have me risk 1000 sequins on your word?" "Each of us act in this," replied the Turk, "with consistency.—I am in chains, and therefore try every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my bare word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander upon this went to make his report to the grand master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the captain for 600 sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour, he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was, to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discerned, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves. He agreed to the proposal with a good grace; and showed him every other mark of generosity and friendship. Accordingly, Osman, as soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cairo. No sooner was he arrived there than he delivered 1000 sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave to the master himself 500 crowns as a present. He executed the orders of the sultan his master, with the bashaw of Cairo; and setting out for Constantinople was the first who brought the news of his slavery.

The favour received from Arnaud in such circumstances made an impression upon a generous mind too deep ever to be eradicated. During the whole course of his life he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

In 1715 war was declared between the Vene-

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tians and Turks. The grand Vizir, who had projected the invasion of the Morea, assembled the Ottoman army near the ishmus of Corinth, the only pass by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Osman was charged with the command to force the pass; which he not only executed successfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by assault. For this service he was rewarded by being made a bashaw of two tails. The next year he served as a lieutenant-general under the grand Vizir at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon. Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops.

In 1722 he was appointed Seraskier (general in chief) and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the counsels of the different nations came to pay their respects to him in this quality, he distinguished the French by peculiar marks of kindness and protection. "Inform Vincent Arnaud (says he) that I am the happier in my new dignity as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship, and I will charge myself with making his fortune."—Accordingly Arnaud's son went into the Morea; and the Seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages in trade, which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate.

Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a bashaw of three tails, and Beglerbeg of Romania, one of the greatest governments in the empire, and of the greatest importance from its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited upon him there, and were received with the utmost tenderness. Laying aside the bashaw and governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit upon the same sofa with himself; an honor but rarely bestowed by a bashaw of the first order, and hardly ever to a Christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents.

In the great revolution that happened at Constantinople, anno. 1730, the grand vizir Ibraham perished. The times were so tumultuary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive vizirs. In September, 1731, Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly so. He no sooner arrived at Constantinople, to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he should hasten to Constantinople while things remained in their present situation; adding that a grand vizir seldom kept long in his station.

In the month of January, 1732, Arnaud, with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with him a variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery. These, by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now seventy-two years of age, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the great officers of state with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him, and pointing to the ransomed Turks, "Behold (says he) these your brethren, now enjoying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave, loaded with chains, streaming with blood, and covered with wounds; this is the man who redeemed and saved me; this is my master and benefactor; to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me. Where is there a mussulman capable of such generosity?

While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed upon Arnaud, who held the Grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked both father and son many questions conberning their situation and fortune; heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence, ALLAH KERIM! (the providence of God is great!) He made before them a distribution of the presents they had brought: the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother, and the Kisler Aga, (chief of the black enuchs) upon which the two Frenchmen made their obeisance and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the Grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Sometime before they left Constantinople, they had a conference in private with the Vizir, who divested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears in the eyes of many to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest; adding, that a bashaw was lord and master of his own province; but that the Grand Vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself.

He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and likewise procured them payment of a debt which they looked on as desperate. He also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a load of corn at Salonica; which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that part had been for a long time prohibited.

As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against Christians.

A man who does not possess a particular talent, satisfies himself by despising it; he removes this obstacle which stands between him and merit, and by this means he finds himself on a level with him whose labours he is afraid of.—*Montesquieu.*

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NIGHT-MARE.

In every instance that we transgress the bounds of temperance and moderation, Nature has her revenge. Diseases are frequently only the penalties we pay for improper indulgence enjoyed either by our ancestors or by ourselves. Gout is produced by intemperance, and the stomach when deranged by the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors, influences the imagination so far as to conjure up before the eyes all kinds of horrible phantoms. Nature's revenge in the case of repletion is perhaps still more distressing. Over-feeding, or even moderate eating when the digestive functions are previously impaired by some other excess, is punished by the infliction of what is called night-mare, or incubus. The nature of this torment of the eaters of heavy suppers, is thus described by Mr. M'Nish in his interesting work, "The Philosophy of Sleep."—"Night mare may be defined a painful dream, accompanied with painful respiratory action, and torpor in the powers of volition. The reflecting organs are generally more or less awake; and, in this respect, night-mare differs from simple dreaming where they are mostly quiescent.

This affection is one of the most distressing to which human nature is subject. Imagination cannot conceive the horrors it frequently gives rise to, or language describe them in adequate terms. They are a thousand times more frightful than the visions conjured up by necromancy or *diablerie*, and far transcend every thing in history or romance, from the fable of the writhing and asp-encircled Laocoon to Dante's appalling picture of Ugolino and his famished offspring, or the hidden tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. The whole mind, during the paroxysm, is wrought up to a pitch of unutterable despair; a spell is laid upon the faculties, which freezes them into inaction; and the wretched victim feels as if bent alive in his coffin, or overpowered by resistless and immitigable pressure.

The modifications which night-mare assumes are infinite; but one passion is almost never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread. Sometimes the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks, which crush him on all sides, but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation. Sometimes he is involved in the coils of a horrid slimy monster, whose eyes have the phosphorescent glare of the sepulchre, and whose breath is poisonous as the marsh of Lerna. Every thing horrible, disgusting, or terrific in the moral or physical world is brought before him in fearful array; he is hissed at by serpents, tortured by demons, stunned by the hollow voices and cold touch of apparitions. A mighty stone is laid upon his breast, and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony; mad bulls and tigers pursue his palsied footsteps; the unearthly shrieks and gibberish of hags, witches, and fiends, float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed, he feels superlatively wretched; he is Ixion working for ages at his wheel; he is Sisyphus rolling his eternal stone; he is stretched upon the iron bed of Procrustes; he is prostrated by inevitable destiny beneath the approaching wheels of the car of Juggernaut. At one moment he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side; then, to shun the sight of so appaling an object, he will close his eyes; but still the fearful being will make its presence known, for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his image, and he knows that he is face to face with a fiend. Then, if he looks up he beholds horrid eyes glaring upon him, and an aspect of hell grinning at him with even more than hellish malice. Or he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted upon his breast—mute, motionless, and malignant—an incarnation of the evil spirit, whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed, deadly, incessant stare, petrifies him with horror, and makes his very existence insufferable.

In every instance, there is a sense of oppression and helplessness, and the extent to which these are carried, varies according to the violence of the paroxysm. The individual never feels himself a free agent; on the contrary, he is spell-bound by some enchantment, and remains an unresisting victim for malice to work its will upon. He can neither breathe, nor walk, nor run, with his wonted facility. If pursued by an imminent danger, he can hardly drag one limb after another; if engaged in combat, his blows are utterly ineffective; if involved in the fangs of any animal, or in the grasp of an enemy, extrication is impossible. He struggles, he pants, he toils, but it is all vain; his muscles are rebels to the will, and refuse to obey its calls. In no case is there a sense of complete freedom; the benumbing stupor never departs from him, and his whole being is locked up in one mighty spasm. Sometimes he is forcing himself through an aperture too small for the reception of his body, and is there arrested and tortured by the pangs of suffocation produced by the pressure to which he is exposed; or he loses his way in a narrow labyrinth, and gets involved in its contracted and inexplicable mazes; or he is entombed alive in a sepulchre beside the mouldering dead. There is in most cases an intense reality in all that he sees, or hears, or feels. The aspect of the hideous phantoms which harass his imagination, are bold and defined; the sounds which greet his ear appallingly distinct; and when any dimness or confusion of imagery does prevail, it is of the most fearful kind, leaving nothing but dreary and miserable impressions behind it.

In general, during an attack, the person has the consciousness of an utter inability to express his horror by cries. He feels that his voice is half choked by impending suffocation, and that any exertion of it, farther than a deep sigh or groan, is impossible. Sometimes, however, he conceives that it is bellowing with prodigious energy, and wonders that the household are not alarmed by his noise. But this is an illusion. Those outcries which he fancied himself uttering are merely obscure moans, forced with difficulty and pain from the stifled penetralia of his bosom.

At one time, night-mare melts into unbroken sleep, or pleasing dreams; and we awake in the morning with merely the remembrance of having had one of its attacks; at another, it arouses us by its violence, and we start out of it with a convulsive shudder. At the moment of throwing off the fit, we seem to turn round upon the side with a mighty effort, as if from beneath the pressure of a superincumbent weight; and the more thoroughly to awake ourselves, we generally kick violently, beat the breast, rise up in bed, and cry out once or twice. As soon as we are able to exercise the voice or voluntary muscles with freedom, the paroxysm is at an end; but, for some time after, we experience extreme terror, and often cold shivering, while the heart throbs violently, and the respiration is hurried.

An opinion prevails, that, during the incubus, the person is always upon his back; and the circumstance of his usually feeling as if in that posture, together with the relief which he experiences on turning round upon his side, are certainly strong presumptions in favour of its accuracy. The sensations, however, which occur in this state are fallacious in the highest degree. We have seldom any evidence either that he was on his back, or that he turned at all. The fact that he supposed himself in the above position during the fit, and the other fact, that on recovering from it, he was lying on his side, may have produced the illusion; and, where he never moved a single muscle, he may conceive that he turned round after a prodigious effort. I have had an attack of this disorder while sit-

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ing in an arm-chair, or with my head leaning against a table. In fact, these are the most likely positions to bring it on, the lungs being then more completely compressed than in almost any other posture. I have also had it most distinctly while lying on the side, and I know many cases of a similar description in others. Although, therefore, night-mare may take place more frequently upon the back than upon the side, the opinion that it occurs only in the former of these postures is altogether incorrect; and whose we are much addicted to its attacks, no posture whatever will protect us.

Persons not particularly subject to incubus, feel no inconvenience, save temporary terror or fatigue, from any occasional attack which they may have; but those with whom it is habitual are apt to experience a certain degree of giddiness, ringing in the ears, tension of the forehead, flashing of light before the eyes, and other symptoms of cerebral congestion. A bad taste in the mouth, and more or less fulness about the pit of the stomach, are sometimes experienced after an attack.

The illusions which occur are perhaps the most extraordinary phenomena of night-mare; and so strongly are they often impressed upon the mind, that, even on awaking, we find it impossible not to believe them real. We may, for example, be sensible of knockings at the door of our apartment, hear familiar voices calling upon us, and see individuals passing through the chamber. In many cases, no arguments, no efforts of the understanding, will convince us that these are merely the chimeras of sleep. We regard them as events of actual occurrence, and will not be persuaded to the contrary. With some, such a belief has gone down to the grave; and others have maintained it strenuously for years, till a recurrence of the illusions, under circumstances which rendered their real existence impossible, has shown them that the whole was a dream.

Some people are much more prone to incubus than others. Those whose digestion is healthy, whose minds are at ease, and who go supperless to bed, will seldom be troubled with it. Those again, who keep late hours, study hard, eat heavy suppers, and are subject to bile, acid, and hypochrondria, are almost sure to be more or less its victims. There are particular kinds of food which pretty constantly lead to the same result, such as cheese, cucumbers, almonds, and whatever is hard to be digested.

Night-mare is sometimes attended with danger, when it becomes habitual. It may then give rise to apoplexy, and destroy life; or, in nervous subjects, may occasion epileptic and hysterical affections, which prove extremely harassing. According to Coelus Aurelianus, many people die of this complaint. Probably, some of those who are found dead in bed have lost their lives in a fit of incubus, the circumstance being imputed to some other cause. Night-mare is thus, in some cases, dangerous; and all, when it becomes habitual, is such a source of misery, that sleep, instead of being courted as a period of blissful repose, is looked upon with horror, as the appointed season of inexpressible suffering and dread. It becomes, on this account, a matter of importance to contrive some method for preventing the attacks of so distressful a malady. The cause, whatever it may be, must, if practicable, be removed, and the symptoms thence arising will naturally disappear. If the disorder proceeds from heavy suppers or indigestible food, these things ought to be given up, and the person should either go supperless to bed, or with such a light meal as will not hurt his digestion. Salted provisions of all kinds must be abandoned, nor should he taste any thing which will lie heavily upon the stomach, or run into fermentation. For this reason, nuts, cucumbers, cheese, ham, and fruits, are all prejudicial. If he be subject to heartburn, flatulence, and other dyspeptic symptoms, he should make use of occasional doses of magnesia, or carbonate of potash or soda. I have known a tea spoonful of either of the two latter, or three times that quantity of the former, taken before stepping into bed, prevent an attack, where, from the previous state of the stomach, I am convinced it would have taken place had those medicines not been used. Great attention must also be paid to the state of the bowels."

CONNUBIALITIES.

Love is the epitome of our whole duty; and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy.

Women go further in love than men, but men outstrip them in friendship.

As some women lose their reputation rather for want of discretion than want of virtue, so others preserve theirs by their discretion only.

Women are pleased with courtship, and the most disdainful cannot but be complaisant to those that tell them of their attractions.

Some men say that it is hard to determine which is the more troublesome, a maid's reserve, or a wife's forwardness.

A woman that has but one lover, thinks herself to be no coquet; she that has several concludes herself no more than a coquet.

Reciprocal love is justice; constant love is fortitude; secret love is prudence.

It is the hardest thing in love to feign it where it is not, or hide it where it is; but it is easier counterfeited than concealed.

The face of her we love is the fairest of sights, and her voice the sweetest harmony in the world.

A man is more reserved in his friend's concerns than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secret better than another's.

A woman will think herself slighted if she is not courted, yet pretends to know herself too well to believe your flattery.

Absence is to love what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, is sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

Alcibiades being astonished at Socrates' patience, asked him how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his wife? "Why," said he, "as they do who are accustomed to the ordinary noise of wheels to draw water."

TO-MORROW.

Whate'er the grief that dims the eye,
Whate'er the cause of sorrow,
We turn us to the weeping sky,
And say, "We'll smile to-morrow."
And when from those we love, we part,
From hope we comfort borrow,
And whisper to our aching heart,
We'll meet again to-morrow.

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still
An image of to-day,
Still tears our heavy eyelids fill,
Still mourn we those away.
And when that morrow too is past—
(A yesterday of sorrow)—
Hope, smiling, cheats us to the last,
With visions of to-morrow!

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From the Lady's Magazine.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

In the whole range of common expressions there is none so indefinite as the term *accomplishment*—"Miss M. has just returned from a fashionable boarding school." Is she handsome?" "I have never seen her—of course I am unable to answer your inquiry; but report says she is highly accomplished, and how can it be otherwise? The three years that she has been absent having been devoted wholly to accomplishments." And what meaning should we attach to the term? Why, precisely that which our own mode of life, habits of thought, or those with whom we associate, choose to give it. If we have moved only in the world of fashion, we have adopted its ideas with its phraseology; and imagine the young lady who has endured two or three years' tuition, accomplished in mind, and she who has passed through the same term of fashionable dissipation—accomplished in manners. Let us analyze these acquirements. In what do they consist? She plays and sings, but so mechanically that we in vain watch to see the voice accompanied by an answering feeling from the heart. She paints, or rather colors, setting at defiance all rules of shade and proportion. She understands the French and Italian, but will look at you with vacant surprise, if called upon to give the derivation of a word, or a single rule connected with the grammatical construction of a language she feels so much pride in exhibiting. And what has been her progress, if we advance into the higher branches of intellectual culture—into those which demand persevering application and patient industry? These have never been thought of at all; deemed wholly subordinate to those which were to procure for her the envied distinction. The grand aim for which masters have been provided, and money lavished, was to make her *accomplished*.

I have been too often led to hope for elevation of feeling, purity of taste, and cultivation of mind, in those who have been termed accomplished, and too often been cruelly disappointed, not to turn from such eulogies with suspicion, and with a sickening feeling to regard those showy branches of education which are so highly valued, to the exclusion of all which tends to raise the female mind above the mere trifles of a day.

What is the meaning which the well informed and cultivated attach to the term *accomplished*? With them it implies the whole range of female acquirements, thoroughly, but *modestly* understood; nor is this all; with them mental culture *alone* is not sufficient. The conversation may be classically elegant, the memory stored with the treasures of ancient and modern literature; and the mind enriched by reflection, may be clear in its views, and vigorous in its decisions; and yet a void may be felt, a painful void, which the highest intellectual attainments alone can never fill. And from what source can this knowledge be obtained? What can purify and perfect the character, complete the work, and give a finish to the fabric which has been constructed with so much beauty and proportion? Mental culture has failed in its highest object, reflection has but half completed its work, if it has never been employed in raising the mind to the source from whence the intellectual spark at first proceeded; if it has never dwelt with feelings of the deepest interest of *religion*, as woman's peculiar province; the truths of which she should make her dearest study, the practice of its duties her constant aim. Religion has done more to elevate woman in the scale of being, than every other circumstance combined. To be sensible of this, we need only dwell upon the situation of the female sex, as universally exhibited eighteen centuries ago; or, are now seen among the degraded females of Asia, who occupied with childish sports, and ignorant of any higher source of pleasure, are valued only as they may furnish the amusement of a trifling hour; while their thoughts can never rise even to assimilate with those of their effeminate lord, who, while priding himself on his high prerogative, and his acknowledged superiority, declares, "that Allah who but denied to woman the possession of a soul has recompensed the defect by bestowing upon her an angels' form." Let us turn from such degrading scenes—turn from the favorites of an hour, whose influence is powerful only while their beauty is dazzling, to the enlightened, refined, and pious females, who have claimed the homage of the heart, and the understanding. Look, then, at a woman in the scenes of domestic life, mingling in the social circle, kneeling at the domestic altar, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge and scrupulous in the performance of duty, and say if mere accomplishments can give her that moral grandeur, can procure for her that high respect which she now attracts.

Shall we wonder that men of sense, so often deceived by finding a vacant head, an unfeeling heart, or a disgusting pedantry, where common report had prepared them for all that was estimable in the female character, shall we wonder they turn with an incredulous smile, from the *accomplished female;* and while they admire at a distance the few gifted minds, whose talents, as displayed in their writings, have charmed, and whose reputation has borne even the ordeal of criticism, believe them a sort of intellectual phenomena, rather as the exceptions, than as what their sex in general may approach? Shall we wonder that they at last turn to the simple, unpretending being, whom they at least imagine will not wound by pretension, disgust by pedantry, or call forth the smile of derision, by her far-famed accomplishments and *real ignorance*? But is it to those whose highest praise is the mere absence of evil that we are to look for the guides of the youthful mind? Is it from such that we are to expect a beneficial influence to be exerted on society? Will their families be illuminated spots on the intellectual map of the world? If it is the mother who gives the first impressions of the heart, how great is her responsibility, how sacred her duty to be all that nature and Providence designed her!

I would not lessen the value of those lighter acquirements, which render the well-educated woman still more attractive; I would not take from her a single resource which might serve to divert the attention in moments of weariness; or to unbend the mind after severe application. I would say that these are valuable, but only so long as they retain their proper place, as secondary to higher attainments, and more important duties. Not until accomplishments are weighed in the balance of reason, not until this hackneyed word, so comprehensive, and yet so indefinite, shall be understood to express the highest degree of mental and moral superiority; not till the education of a woman renders her unwavering in the performance of duty, elevates her mind from the trifles of the passing moment, places it on permanent objects of interest, and animates her heart with the pure sentiments of devotion, not until then, can she assume the higher station she was destined to occupy, and not till then will it be a boast to say of a lady that she is *accomplished*.

SUPERSTITION.—An elderly dame, sometime ago ran breathlessly towards a gentleman riding near a town on a white horse, eagerly asking him for a remedy for her child, who had the whooping cough. The silly creature was referred to a medical gentleman as the proper person for such an appeal, but the old woman insisted on it that he would not do, no prescription being of the least use unless given by the "first person she met on a white horse."

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ON THE MANNERS OF THE COMMON RAT.

A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer, communicates a number of interesting facts in relation to the manners and habits of the common rat, and furnishes an extract from the Journal of Latude, who, while in prison, succeeded in domesticating several of the species. Latude was imprisoned in the reigns of Louis XV and XVI for the term of 35 years, in the Bastile and other dungeons, and while thus a victim of the most execrable tyranny, he resorted to the following method to relieve the tediousness of solitary confinement.

"For a long time I had enumerated amongst my greatest annoyances, the presence of a crowd of rats, who came continually hunting for food, and lodging in my straw. Sometimes when I was asleep, they ran across my face; and more than once by biting me severely, occasioned the most acute suffering. Unable to get rid of them, and forced to live in their society, I conceived the idea of forming a friendship with them. They soon condescended to receive me; and I owe to them the only agreeable relaxation I have experienced during the thirty-five years of my captivity. Let me describe the progress of this interesting friendship.

"The dungeons of the Bastile were octagonal; the one where I was confined had a loop hole two feet and a half above the floor. On the inide it was two feet long, and about eighteen inches wide; but it gradually diminished towards the exterior, so that on the outside of the wall, it scarcely exceeded three inches in size. From this loop hole alone I derived the only light and air I was permitted to enjoy. The stone which formed the base of it served me also for chair, and table. When tired of reclining on a foul and infected pallet, I dragged myself to the loop hole to imbibe a little of the fresh air; and to lighten the weight of my chains, I rested my elbows and arms on this horizontal stone. Being one day in this attitude, I saw a large rat appear at the other extremity of the loop hole. I called him to me; he looked at me without showing any fear, and I gently threw him a piece of bread, taking care not to frighten him away by a violent action. He approached—took the bread—went to a little distance to eat it, and appeared to ask for a second piece. I flung him another, but at less distance; a third nearer still, and so on by degrees. This continued as long as I had bread to give him; for after satisfying his appetite, he carried off to a hole the fragments he had not devoured. The following day he came again. I treated him with the same generosity, and added even a morsel of meat, which he appeared to find more palatable than the bread. For this time he ate in my presence, which before he had not done. The third day, he became sufficiently familiar to take what I offered him from my fingers.

"I had no idea where his dwelling place was before, but he appeared inclined to change it, to approach nearer to me. He discovered on each side of the window, a hole sufficiently large for his purpose. He examined them both and fixed his abode in the one to the right, which appeared to him the most convenient. On the fifth day he came to sleep there for the first time. The following morning, he paid me a very early visit. I gave him his breakfast. When he had eaten heartily, he left me, and I saw him no more till the next day, when he came according to custom. I saw as soon as he issued from his hole, that he was not alone. I observed a female rat peeping from it, and apparently watching our proceedings. I tried to entice her out, by throwing her bread and meat. She seemed more timid than the other, and for some time refused to take them; however at last she ventured out of the hole by degrees, and seized what I threw half way towards her. Sometimes she quarrelled with the male; and when she proved either stronger or more skillful, ran back to the hole carrying with her what she had taken. When this happened the male rat crept close up to me for consolation; and to revenge himself on the other, ate what I gave him too far from the hole for her to venture to dispute it with him, but always pretending to exhibit his prize as if in bravado. He would then seat himself on his haunches, holding the bread or meat between his fore paws like a monkey, and nibbling it with an air of defiance.

"One day the pride of the female conquered her shyness. She sprang out and seized between her teeth the morsel, which the other was beginning to munch. Neither would let go—and they rolled over each other to the hole, into which the female who was nearest to it, dragged the male after her. This extraordinary spectacle relieved by contrast, the monotony of my ordinary sufferings and recollections. In the battle of the world, it is difficult to conceive the pleasures I derived from such a trifling source, but there are sensitive minds who will readily understand it.

"When my dinner was brought in, I called my companions. The male ran to me directly; the female according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me, and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintances. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family; and made himself so perfectly at home that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came accompanied by two others, who in the course of the week brought five more; and thus in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names which they *learned to distinguish*. When I called them, they came to eat with me from the dish, or off the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was forced to find them a dish for themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame, that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did so; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining in their gambols. Occasionally I threw them a piece of meat scalding hot: the most eager ran to seize it, burnt themselves, cried out and left it; while the less greedy who had waited patiently, took it when it was cool, and escaped into a corner where they divided their prize. Sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air.

"There was among them, a female whom I had named *Rapine Hyrondelle*, on account of her agility. I took great pleasure in making her jump; and so confident was she of her superiority over all the others that she never condescended to take what I held up for them. She placed herself in the attitude of a dog pointing at game,—allowed one of the rats to spring at the morsel offered to him, and at the moment when he had seized it, would dart forward, and snatch it out of his mouth. It was unluckly for him if she missed her spring, for then she invariably seized him by the neck with her teeth as sharp as needles: the other yelling with pain, would leave his prey at her mercy, and creep into a corner to cure the wounds she had inflicted on him.

"With these simple and innocent occupations I continued for two years to divert my mind from constantly brooding over my miseries. I found myself in the midst of a family who *loved* and interested me. In less than a year it amounted to twenty-six. It was certain there were no strangers amongst them. Those who attempted to obtain admittance, were received with hostility, and compelled to fight with the first who encountered them. These battles afforded me a most amusing spectacle. As soon as the two

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champions placed themselves in position, they appeared at once to estimate their respective force before a blow was struck. The stronger gnashed his teeth while the weaker uttered cries, and retreated slowly without turning his back, as fearful lest his adversary would spring upon and devour him. On the other hand, the stronger never attacks in front, which would expose him to the danger of having his eyes torn out. The method he adopts is ingenious and amusing: he places his head between his fore paws, and rolls head over heels two or three times until the middle of his back comes in contact with his enemy's nose. The latter attempts to fly: the former selects that moment to seize him—he grasps him at once, and sometimes they fight most furiously. If any other rats are present, they remain passive spectators of the combat, and never join two against one."

HOW D'YE DO AND GOOD BYE.

One day Good bye met How d'ye do,
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away!' says How d'e do—'your mein
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

"Where'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes in to shade it;
Where'er I plant one bosom's flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

"Ere How d'ye do has tuned his tongue,
To "Hope's delightful measure,"
Good bye in Friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure!

"From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation;
While you, from present joys distil
The tears of separation.'

Good bye replied, 'Your statement's true,
And well your case you've pleaded;
But pray, who'd think of How d'ye do,
Unless Good bye preceded?

"Without my prior influence,
Could your's have ever flourished?
And can your hands one flower dispense,
But those my tears have nourish'd?

"How oft—if at the court of Love
Concealment is the fashion—
When How d'ye do has fail'd to move,
Good bye reveals the passion?

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
(As every heart remembers,)
One sight of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers.

"Go bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How d'ye do's,'
One kind good bye would barter.

"From Love and Friendship's kindred source,
We both derive existence;
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our joint assistance.

"Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time (there's no denying)
One half in How d'e doing goes,
The other in Good byeing.'

ZIITO, THE SORCERER.

Very extraordinary things are related of Ziito, a sorcerer, in the court of Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, in the latter part of the fourteenth century. This is perhaps, all things considered, the most wonderful specimen of magical power any where to be found. It is gravely recorded by Dubravius, Bishop of Olmutz, in his history of Bohemia. It was publicly exhibited on occasion of the marriage of Wenceslaus with Sophia, daughter of the elector Palatine of Bavaria, before a vast assembled multitude.

The father-in-law of the king, well aware of the bridegroom's known predilection for theatrical exhibitions and magical illusions, brought with him to Prague, the capital of Wenceslaus, a whole waggon-load of morrice-dancers and jugglers, who made their appearance among the royal retinue. Meanwhile Ziito, the favourite magician of the king, took his place obscurely among the ordinary spectators. He, however, immediately arrested the attention of the strangers, being remarked for his extraordinary deformity, and a mouth that stretched completely from ear to ear. Ziito was for some time engaged in quietly observing the tricks and sleights that were exhibited. At length, while the chief magician of the elector Palatine, was still busily employed in showing some of the most admired specimens of his art, the Bohemian, indignant at what appeared to him the bungling exhibitions of his brother-artist, came forward, and reproached him with the unskillfulness of his performances. The two professors presently fell into a warm debate. Ziito, provoked at the insolence of his rival, made no more ado but swallowed him whole before the multitude, attired as he was, all but his shoes, which he objected to, because they were dirty. He then retired for a short while to a closet, and presently returned, leading the magician along with him.

Having thus disposed of his rival, Ziito proceeded to exhibit the wonders of his art. He showed himself first in his proper shape, and then in those of different persons successively, with countenances and a stature totally dissimilar to his own; at one time splendidly attired in robes of purple and silk, and then in a twinkling of an eye in coarse linen and a clownish coat of frize. He would proceed along the field with a smooth and undulating motion without changing the posture of a limb, for all the world as if he were carried along in a ship. He would keep pace with the king's chariot, in a car drawn by barn-door fowls. He also amused the king's guests as they sat at table, by causing, when they stretched out their hands to the different dishes, sometimes their hands to turn into the cloven feet of an ox, and at other times into the hoofs of a horse. He would clap on them the antlers of a deer, so that, when they put their heads out at a window to see some sight that was going by, they could by no means draw them back again; while he in the mean time feasted on the savoury cates that had been spread before them, at his leisure.

At one time he pretended to be in want of money, and to task his wits to devise the means to procure it. On such an occasion he took up a handful of grains of corn, and presently gave them the form and appearance of thirty hogs, well-fatted for the market. He drove these hogs to the residence of one Michæl, a rich dealer, but who was remarkable for being penurious and thrifty in his bargains. He offered them to Michæl for whatever price he should judge reasonable. The bargain was presently struck, Ziito at the same time warning the purchaser, that he should on no account drive them to the river to drink. Michæl, however, paid no attention to this advice; and the hogs no sooner arrived at the river, than they turned into grains of corn as before. The dealer, greatly enraged

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at this trick, sought high and low for the seller, that he might be revenged on him. At length he found him in a vintner's shop seemingly in a gloomy and absent frame of mind, reposing himself, with his legs stretched out on a form. The dealer called out to him, but he seemed not to hear. Finally he seized Ziito by one foot, plucking at it with all his might. The foot came away with the leg and thigh; and Ziito screamed out apparently in great agony. He seized Michael by the nape of the neck, and dragged him before a judge. Here the two set up their seperate complaints, Michael for the fraud that had been committed on him, and Ziito for the irreparable injury he had suffered in his person. From this adventure came the proverb, frequently used in the days of the historian, speaking of a person who had made an improvident bargain. "He has made just such a purchase as Michael did with his hogs."

Washington's Rules.

WASHINGTON lived by rule. Some of his rules of action he has left behind him in writing; they are published in Mr. Sparks' collection of his papers. It is interesting to know by what rules so perfect a character was formed; we subjoin a few.

Associate yourself with men of [illegible]ty if you esteem your own reputation, for it [illegible] to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature, and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grown and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.

Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not aloud nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest or earnest. Scoff at none, although they give occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer, and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commending.

If two contend together, take not part of either unconstrained; and be not obstinate in your opinion; in things indifferent be of the major side.

Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters and superiors.

Gaze not on the marks of blemishes of others, and ask not how they came.

What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt without being desired; interrupt him not nor answer him till his speech be ended.

Make no comparisons; and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, *commend not another for the same.*

Be not apt to relate news; if you do not know the truth thereof. In discouraing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

Undertake not what you cannot perform; but be careful to keep your promise.

When your superiors talk to any body, hear them, nor neither speak nor laugh.

In dispute be not so desirous to overcome as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.

SPEAK NO EVIL OF THE ABSENT FOR IT IS UNJUST.

Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals, feed not with greediness, cut your bread with a knife, lean not on the table, neither find fault with what you eat.

Be not angry at table whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not, put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humour makes one dish a feast.

Set not yourself at the upper end of the table, but if it be your due, or the master of the house will have it so contend not lest you should trouble the company.

When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously in reference and honor, and obey your natural parents although they be poor.

Let your recreations be manful not sinful.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

WASHING DAY.

Monday comes! and with it brings,
(What the damsels all will say,
As they tie their apron strings,)
"This is the dreaded Washing Day."

Sunday night its woes begin—
Lovers late then must not stay;
Girls will hint, "It is a sin,
And to-morrow's Washing Day."

Up at day-light then they leap—
Soiled clothes together lay—
Sadly view the monstrous heap—
Work enough for Washing Day.

Now around the tubs they stand,
Like the graces in array;
Soap and dipper close at hand—
Useful things on Washing Day.

Short-sleeved gowns, and bosom bare,
They their beauteous forms display—
Unadorn'd—more winning fair—
(Choose a wife on Washing Day.)

If by chance acquaintance knocks,
Sally cries, "Send all away;
Looking thus, I'd Satan shock—
Not at home a Washing Day."

Should one heedless through them go,
Of the suds he gets a spray,
"There's no passing here below—
Learn the rules of Washing Day."

Then at noon the table's spread—
Eat or famish then you may—
Dish of potluck soon is made,
But dainties none on Washing Day.

COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH.—Mr. Coleridge wrote a month or two ago his own humble and affectionate epitaph:

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
O, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped through CHRIST. Do thou the same.—*Quarterly Review.*

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A CHAPTER ON FLOGGING.

About eighteen months subsequently, I was appointed one of his majesty's officers, with the very important rank of midshipman. I was now destined to witness my greatest abomination in all its horrors. I had not been many days on board before I heard a hollow sound reverberating round the frigate's decks, and which seemed to bring a shade of gloom over all the faces arround me. Again the words were repeated, "All hands, a-hoy!" I eagerly inquired the meaning of this mystery, and was answered by a lad about sixteen years old, "It is all hands to punishment, my boy; you are going to see a man flogged."

The idea of a man being flogged at all, or under any possible circumstance, had never before entered my brain. I had as yet no notion that such a degree of brutality could exist; I had indeed known that boys were flogged, but how they could *horse* a man was to me a mystery. My reflections were broken in upon by observing all my mess-mates busily engaged in putting on their cocked-hats, swords, dirks, &c. And as this was the first time I had sported my new dirk, except in play, when I put it on at home to surprise my sister, and to dazzle the brightest eyes in the world, whose owner's name was Caroline, I felt very strange and mingled sensations as I strutted forth on the quarter-deck. The marines were drawn out on the larboard side of the deck, with their bayonets fixed, and their officer with his sword drawn, resting against his shoulder. On the main-deck the seamen had all assembled in a dense crowd about the hatchway, and the said hatchway was ornamented with several gratings fixed up on one end, evidently for some purpose, which I had never yet seen accomplished. The officers in their full uniforms, with swords and cocked hats, were pacing the deck in great numbers: but all was still and solemn silence. At length the captain, a stern, but yet good-looking man came forth from his cabin; the marines carrying their arms at the first appearance of his head above the ladder, which led from the cabin-door to the quarter-deck. The first lieutenant, taking off his hat, approached the captain, and reported that "all was ready."

As the captain came up to the gangway he removed his hat; which was followed by all the men and officers becoming uncovered; and, then, taking from his pocket a printed copy of the articles of war, he read aloud a few lines, which denounced the judgment of a court-martial on any person who should be guilty of some particular offence, the nature of which I did not understand. This done, he ordered Edward Williams to strip; adding, "You have been guilty of neglect of duty, sir, in not laying in on the foretop-sail yard, when the first lieutenant ordered you; and I will give you a d—d good flogging." By this time the poor fellow had taken off his jacket and shirt, which was thrown over his shoulder by the master-at-arms, while two quarter-masters lashed the poor fellow's elbows to the gratings, so that he could not stir beyond an inch or two either way. It was in vain that he begged and besought the captain and first lieutenant to forgive him; protesting that he did not hear himself called, in consequence of having had a bad cold, which rendered him almost deaf. His entreaties were unheeded; and as the words, "Boat-swain's mate, give him a dozen," a tall, strong fellow came forward with a cat-o-nine-tails, and having taken off his own jacket, and carefully measured his distance, so as to be able to strike with the full swing of his arm, he fling the tails of the cat round his head, and with all the energy of his body, brought them down upon the fair, white plump back of poor Williams. A sudden jerk of the poor fellow almost tore the gratings away from their position; he gave a scream of agony, and again begged the captain, for the sake of Jesus Christ, to let him off. I was horror struck on seeing nine large welts, as big as my fingers, raised on his back, spreading from his shoulder blades nearly to his loins; but my feelings were doomed to be still more harrassed. For as soon as the tall boatswain's mate had completed the task of running his fingers through the cords to clear them, and prevent the change of a single lash being spared the wretched sufferer, he again flung them round his head to repeat the blow. Another slashing sound upon the naked flesh, another shriek and struggle to get free succeeded,—and then another and another, till the compliment of twelve agonizing lashes were complete. The back was, by this time, nearly covered with deep red gashes; the skin roughed up and curled in many parts, as it does when a violent blow on the skin causes an extensive abrasion. The poor man looked up with an imploring eye towards the first lieutenant, and groaned out, "Indeed, sir, as I hope to be saved, I did not hear you call me." The only reply was, on the part of the captain, who gave the word, "another, boatswain's mate!" "Oh, God, sir, have mercy on me." "Boatswain's mate, go on; and mind you do your duty!"

The effect of one hundred and eight cuts upon his back had rendered it a fearful sight, but when these had been repeated with all the vigour of a fresh and untried arm, the poor fellow exhibited a sad spectacle. The dark red of the wounds had assumed a livid purple, the flesh stood up in ridges, and the blood trickled here and there like the breaking out of an old wound. The pipes of the boatswain and his mates now sounded, and they called "all hands up anchor!" The gratings were quickly removed, and of all the human beings who had witnessed the cruel torture on the body of poor Edward Williams, not one seemed in the least degree affected. All was bustle and activity and apparent merriment as they went to work to prepare for quitting old England. As for myself I was sad enough, and heartily wished that I had joined the camp of the gypsies, instead of the service of his majesty. A fair wind, however, compelled us again to anchor; and before we set sail for the Mediterranean, which we did in about a week after flogging, our captain exchanged into another ship, and we were joined by a very brave and excellent officer, who abominated flogging. For four years I served under his orders, and witnessed no more of the inhuman practice. The men were allowed to go on shore at Malta and other places, sometimes sixty or seventy at a time; and so kindly were they treated, that there was only one instance of desertion during all that period. The captain made a point of visiting the whole crew while at dinner, to see himself that they had every thing they required to make them comfortable. This he did every day. The sick were always fed from his own table. The result of this was that our ship was the smartest frigate on the station, and fought the most decidedly glorious action which ever graced the annals of the English navy.

WEDDING RINGS.—The singular custom of wearing wedding rings, appears to have taken its rise among the Romans. Before the celebration of their nuptials, there was a meeting of friends at the house of the lady's father, to settle the articles of the marriage contract, when it was agreed that the dowry should be paid down on the wedding day, or soon after. On this occasion there was commonly a feast, at the conclusion of which, the man gave to the woman a ring as a pledge, which she put on the *fourth finger of her left hand, because it was believed that a nerve reached from thence to the heart*, and a day was then fixed for the marriage.

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend and a companion.

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MARRIAGE AIRS.

By E. Enown, Esq.

Andantino.

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2.

I'll go to operas, balls and plays,
Or where I will, I won't be check'd;
But keep it up both nights and days,
Until he treats me with respect:
And, if he romps with——I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat;
For I can show, and will so too,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

3.

But this I vow, if he'll be good,
And sometimes let me have my will,
(Young wives, you know, most surely should,)
I'll duly every right fulfil;
And never—O, no, never rove,
But stay at home with him and chat—
And prove by kindest deeds of love,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

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WIT AND SENTIMENT.

LOVE.—At three years, we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweethearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

A SAILOR'S WEDDING.—A tar just returned from sea met one of his female acquaintances. He was so overjoyed that he determined to marry her; but at the altar the parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees: upon which Jack offered a few shillings, saying, "never mind, brother, marry us *as far as it will go*."

THE WAY TO TRY METAL.—Mr. Bagenal provoked Harvey to challenge him. They met. Harvey fired and missed. "You young rascal," cried Bagenal, "do you know that you had like to killed your godfather? Go back to Dunlickry, you dog, and have a good breakfast got ready for us. I only wanted to see if you were stout."

WITTY REMARK.—A young clergyman, who possessed every requisite for the pulpit but a good voice, having occasion to preach a probation sermon for a lectureship, a friend congratulated him, as he descended from the pulpit, observing that "he would certainly carry the election: he had nobody's voice against him but his own."

SUICIDE.—Dr. Johnson, having expressed a decided opinion against suicide, Mr. Boswell said, "suppose a man is absolutely sure, that if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which would be, utter disgrace and expulsion from society." 'Then,' said Johnson, let him go to some place where he is not known; don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known."

PRECEDENCY.—Two little girls of the city of Norwich, one the daughter of a wealthy brewer, the other the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, disputing for precedency,—"You are to consider, miss," said the brewer's daughter, "*that my papa* keeps a coach." "Very true, miss," said the other, "and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray."

George Stevens used to relate a story of a man that married a woman so much taller than himself, that if he wished to salute her, he was obliged to climb upon a table. "This woman," added George, "if her husband was ever out of humor and complained, would look down as if from a two story window, and ask, "Who it was that kept grumbling there below?"

A PUBLIC DANGER.—A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee joker, sitting near by, who bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that are hole in your countenance any larger for God's sake, for the rest on us will starve to death."

Small Game.—A Mr. Turner, well known in Vermont for his witty sayings at the bar, was one day pleading a cause before Chief Justice Tyler, when he made use of some keen but playful satire, which was evidently aimed at the bench. The Judge winced a little and endeavored to call the speaker to order by saying, "None of your small shots here, Mr. Turner."

"May it please your honor," replied the advocate, "we always proportion our shot to the nature of our game."

French Politeness.—The following compliment was lately paid by a Parisian dentist to a lady. He had made several ineffectual attempts to draw out her decayed tooth, and finding at last that he must give it up, he apologized by saying—"The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come out of your mouth."

SINGULAR GOOD LUCK.—An Irishman at Limerick, named Tuomy, on his way down to the ship James, for America, which was recently lost, met a widow, who, inquiring where he was going, told him he might perhaps do better at home." He took the hint, and forthwith courted and married her, forfeiting his passage money. What is singular, two men are now in jail for an attempted abduction of the same woman. We should call this a curious concatenation of romantic incidents.

ASTONISHING DEFICIENCY.—A man once wished to buy a good 'coon dog, for which he would pay a liberal price. He was soon offered one, which the owner said was first rate—excellent. The price was paid, and on trial the purchaser found that the dog would neither hunt 'coons nor any thing else. Returning to the seller, he accused him of deception. "Why, aint he a good dog for 'coons?" said the seller. "No, not worth a cent." "Well, that beats all natur," said the seller, "I tried the 'tarnal critter for every thing else, and he would do no good, so I thought he must be good for 'coons."

Worse than Wooden Nutmegs.—We have (says the North Carolina Watchman) in our office a specimen of Yankee Soap, the constituent of which is yellow clay; it looks well—smells well, but will not wash at all—at least, it washes any other way than *clean*.

Simile Matrimonial.—The following picture of matrimonial felicity is from the "Kings Own." It is one of the best comparisons we have seen; ingenious and just, as those who have studied scenes of domestic life in families, where the principal parties were "paired not matched," can testify:

"Mr. and Mrs. Rainscourt were joined, but they were not one. Like many others in this world of error the marriage might be typified by a vial of which one half has been filled with oil, and the other with water, having a cork in its mouth, which confined them, and forced them to remain in contact, although they refused to unite."

HOW TO SELL NEWSPAPERS.—A small lad, who sells penny papers near the Fulton Ferry, has an excellent faculty—(according to the advice of St. Paul) of making himself "all things to all men, that he may gain some"—pennies.

1st Stranger.—Is that a Whig paper, boy?

Boy.—Yes, sir—it's Whig to the backbone.

1st Stranger.—Well, I'll take it then.

Boy.—Thank you, sir.

2d Stranger.—Have you got a Jackson paper there, my son?

Boy.—Yes, sir—it's whole hog Jackson.

2d Stranger.—Give me two, then.

Boy.—Thank you twice, sir.

3d Stranger.—Is that a political paper you've got there?

Boy.—O no, sir,—it don't have nothing to say to politics.

3d Stranger.—That's the paper for *me then*.

The strangers get aboard of the boat; and the Jackson, the anti-Jackson, and neutral, find their papers to be all one and the same—a no-party paper. So much for a seven year old lad's dexterity in doing business.

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A Marriage Certificate.—An Irish soldier once waited upon his commanding officer, with what he termed a very serious complaint. 'Another man,' he said, 'upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many names besides, which he would be ashamed to mention to his honor.' 'Well my good fellow,' answered the officer, 'have you any proof that you are legally married?' 'Faith, your honor, I have the best proof in the world.' Here the soldier took off his hat, and exhibited a cut skull, saying, 'Does your honor think I'd be after taking the same abuse from any body but a wife.'

Origin of "Walking the Plank."—Plutarch says—"But the most contemptuous circumstance of all was, that when they (the Cilician pirates) had taken a prisoner, and he cried out that he was a Roman, and told them his name, they pretended to be struck with terror, smote their thighs, and fell upon their knees to ask pardon;—the poor man seeing them thus humble themselves before him, thought them in earnest, and said he would forgive them, for some were so officious as to put on his shoes, and others to help him on with his gown, that his quality might be no more mistaken: When they had caused on this farce, and enjoyed it for some time, they let a ladder down into the sea, and bade him go in peace; if he refused to do so, they pushed him off the deck and drowned him."

Original Anecdote.—At a late Temperance convention in one of our towns, the hotels being somewhat crowded, a couple of gentlemen called at a private dwelling to get accommodated for the night. The man of the house coming in soon after they had departed, inquired of his active and bustling helpmate the cause of so much unusual preparation and bustle. 'Why, la,' replied she, don't you think we're going to have a couple of *total absent alligators* here to supper, and ——' '*Alligators!*' exclaimed the old man, 'why you mean *delegates*, don't you?' 'O, yes, 'tis *delegates*,' replied she, 'but no matter—it all magnifies the same meaning, you know.'—*Bulletin.*

Charming a Snake.—In the morning the 3d of December we awoke early, when I was much surprised by my friend, Lieut. Baillie, calling out, "A snake! a snake! look at the snake!" We all stared at him, lying in his hammock, and, to our astonishment, beheld a monstrous serpent twisted round the rope which supported his hammock, with his head some distance above my friend's darting out his forked tongue, and examining him as he lay stretched below. "Lie still," cried the fiscal, "he wont hurt you;" and calling in two or three of the natives, he pointed it out to them. One of these men advancing towards it caught its eye with his own; the animal now appeared to move its whole body with fear or pleasure. The native stepped backwards, without turning the sight of his eye from the fierce orbit of his enemy; and, as he kept backing, the snake, with his head steadily advancing, gradually uncoiled his body from the rope round which it was twined. At length its whole body, trailing on the ground moved slowly along after this coloured man—eye fixed upon eye—until a youth, making a dash from behind a bush, in an instant flattened the head of this dangerous monster with one blow of his club; and although the body still undulated like the waves of the sea, it was now perfectly harmless, not being able to seize with its mouth. They immediately hauled him up to the branch of a tree, and, as our cooks in Europe serve an eel, they skinned him whilst the poor animal was writhing in the agonies of pain. This snake was called the Labare, and measured 19 ft. and a half in length.—*Colonel St. Clair's Residence in the West Indies.*

A Lucky Dream.—A correspondent of the United States' Gazette gives the following curious account of the manner in which the mode of *making round shot* was originally discovered. We believe it will be new to many of our readers:—My father was a plumber in this city, and for a long time could think of nothing but how to make round shot. Round shot was the burthen of the night as well as the day. One night he was awakened by a blow in the back from my mother, who exclaimed, I have found out how to make round shot. I dreamed I was going in to a shop to buy the child (myself) a hat, when, on hearing a hissing noise proceed from an inner room, I was informed that they were making round shot; on going in, I looked up, and saw a man pouring melted lead through a sieve at the top of the building, which fell into a tub of water on the floor, and on taking some of the shot in my hand, I found they were perfectly round! My father exclaimed in ecstasy, "You have found it out." Immediately he set the melting-pot to work, and on pouring some of the lead from the top of the stairs he found the shot much rounder than any which he had before made. At daylight he poured some from the top of the leaning tower in the city, succeeding much better; and on pouring some from the shaft of the mine he found that he had obtained "round shot."

The fancy of the lower Irish for a fight is illustrated in the following not too strongly coloured passage in Curry's just published "Tales of Ireland":—"Blur-an' agurs!" exclaimed Neal (a pugnacious tailor) one day when half tipsy at the fair, "am I never to get a bit of fightin! Is there no cowardly spalpeen to stand afore Neal Malone? Be this an' be that *I'm bluemould-ed for want of a batin!* I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm ladin'! Will none o'yees fight me either for love, money, or whisky—frind or inimy, an' bad luck to yees? I don't care a *trunecn* which, only out of pure frindship, let us have a morsel of a rale kick-up 'tany rate. Frind or inimy, I say again, if you regard me; sure *that* makes no differ, only let us have the fight."

A certain gentleman of the law, in the State of N. York, built him an office in the form of a hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop and viewed the building very critically; the lawyer somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them: "What do you stand there for like a pack of saucy blockheads, gazing at my office? do you take it to be a church?" One of them replied: "Why indeed I was thinking so, till I saw the devil put his head out of the window."

Refusing a Stump.—A clergyman, a while since in speaking of the future condition of his hearers, according as their lives should happen to be pure or otherwise, made the usual division of them into sheep and goats. He dwelt upon the condition of each. He especially enlarged upon the miseries of the latter, and upon the presumptuous conduct of those whose sins were likely in the end to place them in that division; and then exclaimed, "Who dare be a goat?"

"I dare," roared a sailor, from the gallery.

"How!" said the preacher in astonishment—"you dare to—"

"Ay, master," interrupted the sailor, "'cause you see I won't take a stump from any body.

A country schoolmaster having been employed a few days ago to draw up a petition to the chief magistrate of the borough, whose circumference could not be less than five or six feet in girth, headed it, by mistake, thus—"*To the More and boddy corpulent.*"

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A Country Ball on the Almack's Plan.

BY HAYNES BAYLY.

Oh! joy to her who first began
A country Ball on the Almack's plan!
Hogsnorton's Queen she walks erect,
The Ball exclusive and select;—
Four Ladies Patronesses sit
From morn to night arranging it;
And when you hear the names of all,
You'll guess the merits of the ball.
Plebeian persons they reject,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

The Squire's own lady, Mistress Pearl,
Her sister (quite a stylish girl),
And then the wife of Mr. Flaw,
(Churchwarden and a man of law,)
And Mistress Pitts, the Doctor's bride,
Related on the mother's side
To Mr. Biggs, (who was, you know,
Lord Mayor of London long ago!)
By these, all upstart claims are check'd,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

They've quite excluded Mr. Squills,
Who makes the antibilious pills;
Not 'cause he *makes* 'em, but they say
He *sells* 'em in a retail way;
But Mr. Squills declares *his* wife
Has seen a deal of stylish life,
And votes Hogsnorton people low,
So if she *could*, she wouldn't go—
A strange remark, when you reflect
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

And then you know the rich Mr. Flinn,
The rich old Mercer, can't get in;
And Sweet the Grocer has applied!
But Sweet the Grocer was denied;
And both appear to think it hard
That Slush the Brewer has a card;
And say, "Why should a brewer be
One bit more fit for *hops* than we?"
But Slush of course is quite correct,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

Of course all those they won't admit,
Discuss the ball, and censure it;
And strange opinions they express
About each Lady Patroness;
Says Mrs. Flinn to Mrs. Sweet,
"I wash my hands of the *elite*;"
Says Mrs. Sweet to Mrs. Flinn,
"For all the world I'd not go in!"
Here envious feelings we detect,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

Says Mrs. Squills, "There's Mrs. Pearl,
You'd think her father was an Earl!
So high and mighty! bless your heart,
I recollect her much less smart,
Before she married; and I knew
That people *said* ('tis *entre nous*)
She was a *leetle* indiscreet!
So much, my dear, for the *elite!*
"Dear me! don't say she's incorrect,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select."

Woe, woe to her who first began
A country ball on the Almack's plan!
Grim war is raging in the town,
The men are raving up and down;
And what may lead to worse mishaps,
The ladies all are pulling caps;
Indeed we hear, from one and all,
As much of *bullets* as the *ball!*
Why was Hogsnorton's comfort wreak'd?
Because her balls were *so* select.

[From the Cincinnati Journal.]

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS BOTTLE.

Sober. Touch thee! No. Viper of vengeance!
I'll break thy head against the wall.
Did you not promise?—ay—
To make me strong as Sampson—
And rich—rich as Croesus—
(I'll wring thy villainous neck,)
And wise—wise as Solomon,
And happier than the happiest!

But instead of this—villain!
You've stript me of my locks—
Left my pocket empty as a cuckoo's nest
In March; fooled me out of my senses;
Made me ragged—made me wretched,
And then laid me in a ditch!

Touch thee! sure as there's vengeance
In this fist, I'll scatter the moon
With thy broken skull!

But—one embrace before thou die;
(*tasting*)
'Tis best to pardon friendship.

Feeling good Ah! thou hast some virtues yet:
I always thought 'twas best
To give the devil his due:
And—(*tasting*) though devil thou art,

Feeling better Thou hast a pleasant face—
A sparkling eye—a ruby lip—
A blushing cheek—and thy breath—
(*tasting*)
'Tis swe-e-ter than the
Bre-e-ess that ev-er gambol
Till the break of day,
A-a-mong the beds of ros-es.

Feeling best My ho-honey (*tasting*) thou shalt not die.
I'll stand by thee, day and night,
And fi-ight like He (hic) cu-les.
I'll tea-e-each the parson (hic) a little wisdom.
I'll preach [hic] tem-per-ance too.
I'll live on mil- [hic] k and 'oney.
And—[*falling*] be the ha-hap-pi-est man on *earth*. [hic]

MY BREAKFAST.

Good Cook, all ceremony waive,
And, ere I'm famished, let me have,
What 'bove all other things, I crave,
My Breakfast.

Two dozen eggs, and some smoked fish,
Of butter'd toast a mod'rate dish,
And some good tea is all I wish
For Breakfast.

Since I'm so mod'rate then, make haste,
Else, honest cook, you'll be disgraced;
For really, I long to taste
My Breakfast.

Consider, cook, a day and night
Have passed, since I, half famish'd wight,
Have eat, (sole source of my delight,)
My Breakfast.

'Tis ready, say you? joyful news,
Your pardon, then, my gentle muse,
Spite of your charms I can't but choose
My Breakfast.

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GENERAL INDEX

TO

ATKINSON'S CASKET,

FOR 1834.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Vignette Title Page for the Volume.

January No.—Fashions, (coloured) -French House of Peers—Harbour and Custom-house of Dublin, &c.

February.—Medallion of Napoleon and Maria Louisa—The Pantheon at Rome—City of Oporto, Portugal, &c.

March.—The Dead Soldier—Views of Plinia na, Italy—and the Birth-place of Shakspeare.

April.—Portrait of Lord Byron—Gallery of Algaby—Remains of the Temple of Concord, Rome, &c.

May.—Views of the Girard College—Pulpit Rocks—Viaduct across the Sankey Valley—Easter Custom, Bamboo, &c.

June—The Fairy Isle, (engraved on Steel)—York Minster, (Eng.)—Rock of Gibraltar, &c.

July—The Lute, (a Steel engraving)—Views of the Colosseum at Rome, Stirling Castle, &c.

August.—Portrait of Thomas Jefferson—Views of St. Sophia, Constantinople; the Rialto, Venice; Gate of Luxor, Thebes, &c.

September.—Third Street Hall, Philadelphia; Leaning Tower of Pisa—St. Paul's Church, New York, &c.

October.—Childhood, (a Steel Plate)—Views of Cumberland Terrace, London; Allentown, Pennsylvania, &c.

November.—Portrait of Ali Bey, the Traveller—Views of the St. Mark's Place, Venice, and the Thames, at London.

December.—The Escape, a beautiful Engraving on Steel—Views of the Church of St. Martin's, Cologne, and of the Arch of Titus, Rome.

CONTENTS.

A

Apparitions, - - 24
Argalya, a Tale, - 58
Affections of the Moors, 91
Allan McTavish, - 146
Abyssinian Zoology, - 150
Aurae Sententiae, - 162
Anger, - - - 168
Adventurous Boy, - 184
American Painters, - 224
Aunts, my two, - - 273
Allentown, Penn.—(view) 457
Album, the—by Miss Leslie, 459
Ali Bey, the Traveller—with a Portrait, - 481
Ambition—by a Lady, - 551
Arch of Titus, Rome, the with an engraving, - 553
Accomplishments, - 567

B

Brothers, the, - - 2
Braddock, Sketches of Gen. 57
Bachelor, the Last, - 85
Birth-place of Shakspeare, with a view, - - 121
Birth of Christ, - - 133
Byron, Lord—(portrait) - 145
Ball on board Frigate U. S. 155
Byron, on the Immortality of the Soul, - - 216
Buck-Horn Tavern—a Scene in the West. - 229
Bamboo, the—engraving, 235
Baronet's Bride, from the Diary of a late Physician, 242
Battle of Nickajack, - 330
Burying alive, - - 379
Beggar, the - - 421
Boone, Colonel, the Backwoodsman, - - 494

Digitized by Google

Battle of Monmouth, - 471
Baptism of Fire, - - 507
Beckford's Italy, - 555

C

Chasseur Ant of the West Indies, - - - 23
Chase, the—a tale, - 26
Carey, Autobiography of, 30, 75, 118, 173, 217, 265
Courage and Fidelity of a dog, - - - 168
Counsellor Costello, - 177
Childhood, - - 186
Colosseum at Rome (view) 325
Cyrus Lindsay and Ella Moore, by Mark Bancroft, 341
Coward, a - - 359
Cumberland Terrace, with a view, - - - 457
Cruise of the Midge, - 522
Cruelty to Brute Creatures, 549
Church of St. Martin, Cologne, with an engraving, 553
Connubialities, - - 566

D

Dublin Harbour and Custom-house, - - 25
Dick Doleful, - - 35
Death of Cicero, - 165
Drop Scene, the, - 311
Death of Chastelar, - 329
Dreams, Prophetic Power of - - - 414
Dangerous Situation, - 479
Diamond Rock, the, - 545
Duel, my First, - - 561

E

Earthquake at Lisbon, - 42
Electricity, - - 103
Early Poetry, - - 215
Easter Custom, - - 227
English Belles-Lettres, - 232
Extraordinary Murder, - 444
Escape, an—engraving, - 529

F

Fashions—(with col. eng.) 1
French House of Peers, 25
French Privateer, the - 82
Fables of the Ancients, - 167
Fight of Hell Kettle, - 178
Family Devotion, - 215
Females, on Education of, 505
Flogging, a Chapter on, - 571

G

Gold Watch, the - - 91
Gambling, - - 98
Gallery of Algaby (Simplon)—with a view, - 169
Girard College—(view,) 193
Guillotine, Escape from the 271
Gibraltar, Rock of—(view) 278
Gold, the Bag of - - 281
Graves, the Unknown, - 290
German Pie, the - 466
Grateful Turk, the, 563

H

Honour and Integrity, - 214
Human Nature and Knowledge, Conversation on, 221
Haydn, Biog. Sketch of, 225
Husband, Requisites for a, 235
Hope, - - - 356
Hindoo Temple, - - 455
Human Life, - - 473
Human Glory, Reflections on, - - - 558

I

Insanity, - - - 153
Importance of Religion to Society, - - - 324
Intemperate, the - - 445
Isabel L——, - - 499

J

Jefferson, Biog. Sketch of, 337
Jacob Faithful, - - 369
Julia Gray, by Mark Bancroft, - - - 386
Jugglers, - - - 426

K

Kean, Anecdote of, - 42
Kentucky Sports, - 130
Klaus, Peter, German tale, 185

L

Legend of Buck Island, - 4
Lettre-de-Cachet, the, - 79
Lunatic, the—a prize tale, 112
Lawrence, James, - 136
Love, Luck and Horsemanship, - - - 195
Laura Lovel, - - 199
Love and Prudence, - 313
Lion Hunting in South Africa, - - - 469
Leaning Tower of Pisa—with a view, - - 309
London and River Thames, with a view, - - 517

M

Marshall (Chief Justice) 42
Miscellaneous Extracts, 43
Marriages in Abyssinia, 87
Mohammed, Death of 166
Mexican Life, a Tale of, 170
Miseries of a new Member, 181
Matrimony, - - 215
More, Hannah, - - 216
Munchausen, - - 216
Mark Lee's Narrative, by Mark Bancroft, - 301
Miniature, the - - 351
Mosque of Saint Sophia, Constantinople—(view) 373
Maria Hammond, - 434
Miseries of Artificial Teeth, 451
Murderer's Fate, the, - 469
Misadventures of a Lover, 488
Manners of the Common Rat, on the, - - 568

N

Nelsoniana, - - 37
Napoleon and Maria Louisa, with Medallion Heads, 49
Ney, Marshal, - - 165
Note Book of a deceased Lawyer, - - 295
Notes on Periodicals, - 410
Night-mare, - - 565

O

Oporto, City of—(view) - 73
Old Maids, by Miss Sedgwick, - - - 137
O'Connell, Anecdotes of 226
Old Maid's Early Dream, 530

P

Pantheon at Rome—(view) 73
Politeness, Code of - 88
Pliniana—with a view, - 121
Parting and Return, - 123
Paganini's Fiddle, - 157
Peculiarities of Authors, 198
Pulpit Rocks—with a view, 217
Parrots, Anecdotes of - 228
Petition of the Nerves, - 366
Purgatory, the Soul in, - 422
Passage in the Life of Teddy O'Donohu, - - 493
Paradise of Spring, - 497
Pirate, Adventures with a 538

Q

Queen Easter's Rock, - 105

R

Revenge, an African's, - 38
Receipt to make a Good wife unhappy, - 40
Rejected one, the - 41
Reflections in the Pillory, 152
Reward of Justice, - 280
Religion and Poetry, - 331
Reverses, a Fragment, - 367
Rialto, Venice—with view, 374
Rearing Plants in Glasses, 456
Reminiscences, - - 474
Ruse de Guerre, - - 479
Rosalie Vane, - - 483
Roulette, - - 536
Reminiscences of the West, 541

S

Scott, Marriage of Sir Walter, - - - - 89
Sheridan, - - - 226
Sexagenarian, Sketch of a, 267
Singular Providential Escape, - - - 275
Stonington, Bombardment of, - - - 293
Stair, Story of the Countess of, - - - 300
Stirling Castle, Scotland, with a view, - - 395
Soiree at Lady N***'s, - 396
Sicilian Facts, - - 406
St. Paul's Church, New York—with a view, - 409
Schwein-General, the, - 419
Soiree Musicale, - 510
St. Mark's Place, Venice, with a view, - - 517

Digitized by Google

Sister's Love and Courage, 520
Siamese Twins, the, - 547

T

Travels of Captain Hall, 100
Temple of Concord, (view) 169
Temple of Butterflies, with a view, - - - 168
Tale of Blood, - - 323
Thebes—with engraving, 367
Trout Fishing, - - 377
Third Street Hall—(view) 385
Tale of Error—prize tale, 438
Thompson, the Poet, - 472
The Tigers' Cave, - 502

U

Unpublished Letters of Robert Burns, - - 156
Universe, and its Author, 160

V

Venitian Conspiracy, 127
Viaduct across the Sankey Valley, - - 217
Voyage on the Upper Mississippi, - - 371
Virginia, a Scene in, - 426

W

Wit and Sentiment, 46, 94, 142 190, 238, 286, 334, 386, 430, 478, 526, 574
Wishes, the three, - - 50
Washington, - - 186
Warrior, the - - 215
Waterloo, - - 276
Widow, the - - 375
West, the Great—by Mark Bancroft, - - 397
Washington's Rules of Action, - - - 570

Y

York Minster, with a view, 277

Z

Ziito, the Sorcerer, - 569

POETRY.

A

Adam, the Fall of, - 232
Album, Lines for a Lady's, 450
Absence, Days of, - 468

B

Banian Tree, - - 2
Byron's Prayer, - 97
Beauty, how evanescent, 355
Brothers, the, - - 358
Byron, Sketch of, - 396
Better Land, - - 422
Blessed Land, the, - 437
Birth, Land of my, - 455
Billet-doux, - - 480
Breakfast, my, - - 567

C

Clyde and Tweed, - 225
Christ in the Tempest, - 313
Conjectures, - - 432
Country Ball, on the Almack's Plan, - 567

D

Death of Sir Walter Scott, 104
Death of the Sagamore, - 126
Deep Blue Sea, - - 167
Deluge, the, - - 283
Death of La Fayette, - 355
Drum, the Muffled one, - 375
Death, - - - 468
Departed, the, - - 472
Dew-Drops, the Prophetic, 516
Degrees of Drunkenness, 528
Drunkard and his Bottle, 567

E

Earth's Weary ones, - 99

F

Friendship, Art of Cultivating, - - - 30
Field Flowers, - - 111
Fair Querist, - - 142
Flood, the, - - 218
Fate of Thomas Brown, - 240
Fairy Isle, - - 241
Features, the - - 336
Flower, the Brightest, - 363
Farewell to Home, - 458
Flowers, - - 507
Father's Lament for his First-Born, a, - - 535

G

Grimes, Miss Polly, - 96
Grave, the Seaman's - 150
Goings forth of God, - 264
Groves of Blarney, - 288
Guatamosin, - - 396
Girls, on a Group of, - 418
Grumblings, - - 480
Grave, on an Infant's, - 487

H

Hymn to the Stars, - 331
Heaven and Earth, - 473
Hebrew Requiem, the, . 501
How d'ye do and Good-bye, 568

I

Inquisition, Destruction of, 3
Influences, Love's, - 48
Invocation, - - 268
I'm not a Single Man, - 432
Infancy, - - - 433
Idle Words, - - 509

J

June, Address to, - 350

L

Life Boat, - - 34
Land, the, - - 40
Lover, the Bashful, - 48
Lady, to a, - - 132
Lay of a Lazy Punster, - 144
Love Me! - - 172
Love never Sleeps, - 220
Love's Alas! - - 288
The Lute, - - 288
Love's Last Request, - 340
Lines to Ellen, - - 350
Lafayette, Lines on the Death of, - - 408
Love—exemplified, - 450
Land of my Birth, - 455
Lover's Song, - - 470
Love, - - - 480
Love and Death, - 492
Lines, - - - 501
Love's Last Request, - 528
Language of Love, the, - 540

M

Marriage Hymn, - 3
Meteoric Phenomenon, 96
Miniature, the - - 132
March of Refinement, - 192
Matrimony, - - 192
March to Moscow, - 240
Monarch's Wish, a - 289
Miss Wirt's Letter, verses on it, - - - 310
My Sister Dear, - 332
My Mother, - - 405
Millenium, - - 413
Man ever Restless, - 458
Mad House, Scene in a Private, - - 470
Mediterranean, the, - 504
Minstrel's Lament, the, - 540
Mother, the, - - 560

N

Night, by J. Montgomery, 139

O

Orphan's Hymn, - 38
Old Bachelors, - - 117
Ocean, the - - 122
Old Grimes's Son, - 144
Over the Way, - - 587

P

Palmer's Hymn, - 111
Paul before the Areopagus, 120
Pretty Kate, - - 144
Prosperity, Signs of - 273
Plants, Loves of the, - 288
Pleasure, - - 350
Puffing—a Fable, - 384
Pledge, the - - 468
Poem, Lines from an unpublished, - - 509
Peter Pindarics, - 228

R

Reputation, Hard to Regain, - - - 96
Remembrances of an Old Man, - - - 164
Ross, Lines in Memory of James, by Milford Bard, 495
Records of Passing Tho'ts, 516
Righteousness, the Sun of, 546
Rainbow, the, - - 558

S

Shetland Widow, - 23
Soldier, the Dead—engra. 97
Sailor's Song, - - 120

Digitized by Google

Snow, - - - 122
Stageman's Horn, - 132
Short Soliloquy, - - 144
Shepherd's Resolution, - 162
Song, - - - 214
Scripture Anthology, - 276
Summer Months, - 336
Singular old Sonnet, - 336
Summer Evening, - 340
Sabbath Scene, - 366
Sky Lark, the, - - 368
School and School-Fellows, 384
Spiritual Worship, - 385
Sketch of Byron, - 396
Stanzas, - - - 425
Scots Love Song, - 432
Stanzas, by Mrs. Sigourney, 433
Song, by Mrs. Hemans, 437
Scotch Rose, - - 472
Sleep, - - - 482
Scar of Lexington, - 492
Stanzas, - - 497, 502
Seeing the Sun, after cloudy weather, on, - 529
Sun-bright Clime, - 549

T

Thunder, the Voice of, - 24
Twilight Fancies, - 465
Twilight's Hour, - 487
Twilight Thoughts, - 544
To-morrow, - - 560
Thou Little Star, that in yon Purple Cloud. - 560

U

Uncertainty of Worldly Enjoyments, - - 549

V

Veteran and the Child, - 25
Violet in January, - 294
Virtue, - - 350
Vision, the - - 408
Vision of Liberty, - 465

W

Washington, - - 118
Water Lily, - - 129
Where now are those Dark Eyes, - - 137
What I'd be, - - 153
Wishing Gate, - - 159
Woman, - - 169
We have Lived and Loved together, - 180
Worship, Spiritual, - 185
Whilst my poor Barque, 425
Wish, the - - 468
Wild Red Rose, the, - 552
Washing-day, - - 570

Y

Yo Heave—Song, - 40
You say I Love the Moon, 322
Young Lady's admission to Communion, - - 456

Z

Zion, the Trumpeter of 176

MUSIC.

1. The Minstrel Boy to War is gone, - 44
2. The Proud Lover, - 92
3. O Deem not that I love her less, - - 140
4. Take Heed! Whisper Low! - - 188
5. The Gascon Vespers, 236
6. O Saw ye my Mary, - 284
7. My Sister Dear, - 332
8. The Minstrel Bi rque, 380
9. Her Eyes the Glow-Worm lend thee, - 428
10. The Moon-lit Bower, 476
11. I Love the Shepherd's Artless Rhymes, - 524
12. Marriage Airs, - 572

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Bernard Barton 365

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bees and upon going out to see, she was attacked by them and before she could be rescued she was fatally injured, and died August 15, 1859, at a very advanced age. She was borne to rest at the side of her noble husband, and thus passed away one of whom it was testified by many that she was one of the "best old ladies that ever lived in her neighborhood."

The writer cordially agrees with that sentiment, when he remembers how kind, and even affectionate, she was toward him while he was a mere youth. "Keep on trying to do right, Billy,—there will be better times for you some day." These words he fondly treasures in his memory, and for fifty years has seen and felt how wise and useful such words are.

BENJAMIN ARBOGAST.

This paper is composed of fragmentary notices of one of the early settlers of the Glade Hill neighborhood. Benjamin Arbogast, Senior, the progenitor of a well known branch of the Arbogast relationship, settled early in the century near Glade Hill, on the lands now in possession of Cornelius Bussard, Clark Dilley, and others. In his home were five sons and three daughters: Henry, Solomon, John, Adam, Benjamin, Carlotta, Sally, and Delilah.

Carlotta became Mrs Jonathn aPotts, and lived in Upshur County.

Sally became the second wife of Ralph Wanless, near Mt Tabor.

Delilah was first married to Joseph Wooddell, near Green Bank. Her second marriage was with Freder-

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ick Pugh, of same vicinity.

In reference to the sons, we have the following particulars, gathered from a variety of sources:

Henry Arbogast married Anna Warwick, on Deer Creek, and settled on a part of the homestead. Their sons Warwick and Newton died while young. Jamieson married Sarah Grimes, and settled on Elk.

Marshall Arbogast married Rachel Nottingham, and lives in Randolph County.

Sally Arbogast became the wife of George Arbogast and lives near Glade Hill.

Margaret was married to Martin Clark Dilley, and lives on part of the homestead.

Minta became Mrs Bud Stalnaker, and lives in Randolph County.

Henry Arbogast was a person of high natural endowments; was widely known in our county, and was greatly respected for many good qualities. He was a local preacher in the pale of the Methodist Episcopal church, and "cried aloud and spared not" when denouncing the fashionable foibles of his times. The writer once heard him preach a sermon from the text: "Pray without ceasing." The sermon was largely taken up in a description of the Magic Carpet, we read about in the Arabian Nights Entertainment, and then used it as an illustration, showing that the prayerful soul has in prayer something far more to the purpose than the magic carpet ever was or could be. He was an enthusiast in his religious views. To him Methodism was the chief of all the prevailing "isms,"—the one "ism" that was "altogether lovely,"—and he

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made no secret of it.

During the war between the States he was a sincere, decided, but harmless sympathizer with the Union cause. When last seen alive he and his neighbor Eli Buzzard were in charge of a squad of persons claiming to be Confederate Scouts. A few days afterwards these two civilians were found dead near the roadside, about half way from their homes towards Frost. From the attitude in which his body was found it is inferred that he died in the act of prayer, heeding the text referred to above.

Solomon Arbogast married Nancy Nottingham, and lived on part of the homestead. In reference to his family the following particulars are noted:

Allen first married a Miss Curry; his second marriage was with a Miss Gillespie.

George married Sallie Arbogast.

Charles was a Union soldier and died in the war.

Lizzie married Gilmer Sharp and lives near Frost.

Mary married William Cooper, near Green Bank.

Rachel became Mrs Samuel Sutton and lives beyond Green Bank.

Caroline first married the late James Ruckman; her second marriage was to Michael Scales, and lived near Mill Point.

John Arbogast, son of Benjamin, Sr., married Margaret Yeager and lived near Glade Hill. He was killed by a falling tree, leaving a widow and three sons.

Adam Arbogast married Clarissa Sutton, and lived near Green Bank. They were the parents of five sons and three daughters: John, Brown, Christopher, Ben-

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jamin, Reed, Dorinda, now Mrs David Shears; Eliza, who became Mrs James Sutton; and Emma, now Mrs J. Trace, all three near Green Bank.

When a little girl, Mrs Clarissa Arbogast had her arm crushed in a cider mill. She was given up to die by the physician sent for from an adjoining county. The late Captain John McElwee, ancestor of the McElwee relationship in our county, had the nerve to take his joint saw and razor and amputate the arm above the mortified part. The patient recovered and lived to rear the five sons and three daughters just named. What Mrs Arbogast could not do with her good left arm in housekeeping was not worth doing. She died quite recently.

Benjamin Arbogast, of Benjamin, Senior, married Miss Gibbons, a sister of the gallant Colonel S. B. Gibbons, Tenth Virginia Infantry, who died May 6th, 1862, on the McDowell battle field,—shot through the head the moment he reached the line of fire, leading his men into action.

Benjamin Arbogast, Junior, was one of the most remarkable persons that ever lived in our county. Upon attaining his majority he was appointed constable, and he magnified his office and worked it for all it was worth. He frequented the courts, and seemed to have been infatuated with the lawyers of loose habits and alcoholic propensities, and proficient in the history of the four kings. He aspired to the distinction of beating them at their own game, for they seemed to be what a gentleman should be. He soon acquired his coveted distinction of being the fastest young man in

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the county.

When about twenty-five years of age he came under the influence of Charles See, who taught in the family of Colonel Paul McNeel, and there was kindled in our young friend's mind an irresistible desire for a college education. He learned the rudiments of Latin and algebra from Mr See, went a session or two at Academy and then away to Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania, and was graduated among the best in his class. In the meantime he had professed piety, entered the ministry, and became a noted pulpit orator, and one of the most distinguished teachers of the high schools under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church, South. He died a few years since at Winchester; leaving a reputation long to be remembered by his denomination. Recently one of his surviving children, an accomplished daughter visited Marlinton.

The writer tenderly cherishes the memory of this remarkable Pocahontas man, for he often manifested special friendship for me, and we have had many good talks together. We last met in Winchester, in October, 1874. He introduced me to Norval Wilson, father of Bishop Wilson.

JOHN McNEEL.

John McNeel, the ancestor of the McNeel relationship in our county, appears to have been the first to occupy the Little Levels by permanent settlement. He was a native of Frederick County, Virginia, but passed much of his early life in or near Cumberland, Mary-

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Greenbrier Independent.

THURSDAY, JULY 27TH, 1893.

LOCAL MATTERS.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.—Trains arrive at Ronceverte as follows, Washington time: Eastbound—No. 4, at 5.47, a. m.; No. 14, at 4.03 p. m.; No. 2, at 8.27 p. m.; and No. 6, at 10.30 a. m. Westbound—No. 3, at 8.45 a. m.; No. 13, at 11.32 a. m.; No. 1, at 10.35 p. m.; and No. 5, at 5.03 p. m. Nos. 5 and 6 do not run on Sunday.

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Fatal Accident to Benj. Herold, Esq.

From the Parkersburg *Sentinel* of the 20th inst. we clip the following:

Last evening on the arrival here of No. 4 on the B. & O. among the passengers that alighted from the train was an old man, gray headed and feeble, and poorly clad. Several parties noticed him, as he acted rather strangely. Just before the train started he walked upon the front platform of the sleeper, crossed over and got off on the opposite side. He was told to get aboard, as the train was about to start, but paid no heed and walked up along the train, and as it pulled out past him he made no effort to get on.

When it had pulled out he asked some one whether that was his train, and they told him it was. Without making any further inquiries he started out through the B. & O. yards on a slow walk. He was seen and spoken to by several parties in the yards, but gave unintelligable answers. Conductor Bailey was one of these persons, and warned him to be careful and get off the tracks. He continued on out through

walk. He was seen and spoken to by several parties in the yards, but gave unintelligable answers. Conductor Bailey was one of these persons, and warned him to be careful and get off the tracks. He continued on out through the yards, however, and had reached the east end of the Red bridge, just east of the city. The West bound freight was pulling in, and as it rounded the curve engineer Scott Philips saw the old man. He blew the whistle and reversed his engine and made every attempt to stop the train. The old man paid no heed, whatever to the warning whistle and continued on the track until he was struck by the engine and thrown down over the embankment, where he alighted on a pile of rock. The train was stopped and the injured man was placed aboard the train and taken to S. Y., in the yards, and Drs. M. Campbell and Henry Campbell were summoned.

It was found upon examination that the man was terribly injured. The left arm was broken in two places, several ribs were broken, his nose was cleft in twain and there was an ugly cut on the forward. No money was found on his

the man was terribly injured. The left arm was broken in two places, several ribs were broken, his nose was cleft in twain and there was an ugly cut on the forward. No money was found on his person. Among the papers found in his possession was was a ticket from the chief of Police of Chicago and also a charity ticket made out in the name of Benjamin Herald, from Indinapolis to Grafton. An order for a small amount of money from the Mayor of Pocahontas and the following note was found in his pocket-book :

GRAFTON, W. VA., Aug. 1st, '92.

WHEREAS, Benjamin Herold has this day given me a note for $15,000.00, payable upon the performance of certain services, I hereby agree to give the said Herold from one to two years to make the said payment.

JOHN T. MCGRAW,
by John L. Heckmer.

Witness—B. M. Yeager.

Some other papers were found on him from which it was seen that the injured man was a resident of Huntersville, Pocahontas county, and that he owned considerable land in that section.

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The injured man was fully identified as Benj. Herold, of Pocahontas county, by Mr. B. M. Hamilton. It is supposed that he was on his way to Grafton at the time of the accident.

A letter was afterwards received from John T. McGraw, in which the $15,000 contract is explained and the residence of Herold's relatives are given. Mr. McGraw says that Herold owned large tracts of wild lands in Pocahontas county, which were forfeited to the State for non-payment of taxes, and that he was employed by Herold to begin proceedings to recover the property, and if successful the amount named in the note was agreed upon for his services.

WANTED by responsible parties in Ronceverte a loan of $1,000 or $500, for six or twelve months, at 8 per cent. interest a year, satisfactorily secured by

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INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THE BEVERAGE FAMILY

W. T. Price Reocrds the History of another of the Pioneer Families of Pocahontas County.

There is a relationship in our county, while not pioneers in the usual sense of the word, yet performed a very important part in material improvement of our mountain lands. Before the Beverage's came to our county and for years since there was a type of mountain land not much valued and was held comparatively cheap. It was a common remark about such land that like self righteousness the more a person had of such land the worse it would be with him. The Beverages utilized such land and prospered.

The Beverage's trace their ancestery to David Beverage, of Highland County, a native of Scotland, who came to Crabbottom previous to the war of 1812, it is believed. His wife was Catherine Shineberry. Their children were Jacob, Peter and William. The ancestral David Beverage died, leaving a widow and three small children. Mrs. Beverage with industry and good management succeeded in rearing her sons to industrious, economical and self reliant manhood.

About the year of 1840, Jacob Beverage came to Pocahontas, bought land and settled in the woods near Clover Lick and opened up a homestead now occupied by John Beverage. Jacob Beverage's wife was Susan Snyder, daughter of Adam Snyder, of Crabbottom. Their children were Lewis, Levi, William, Joseph, Woods, Jacob, Hannah, Margaret, Naomi, Jennie, six sons and three daughters.

Levi Beverage's first marriage was with Clarissa Waugh, daughter of the late John Waugh, Indian Draft. His second marriage was with Jane Hudson, daughter of the late Eligah Hudson, of Louise, and settled im part of the homestead and is a minister of the German Baptist church; William Beverage was never married; John Beverage married Mary, daughter of Squire J. B. Hannah, of Elk and lives at the old homestead. Harper Beverage is their only child; Joseph Beverage married Elizabeth, daughter of John Beverage, of Highland, and settled there. He is a German Baptist Minister; Woods, he died in youth; Jacob Beverage married Rachel Ann, daughter of the late William and Nancy McLaughlin, near Dunmore and lives on Elk; Hannah Beverage became the third wife of the late Wm. D. Moore on Elk. She lives near Poage's Lane with her daughter, Mrs. Page Gay; Margaret Beverage became Mrs. Townsend and lives on Back Allaghany. Her daughter Margaret is now Mrs. Uriah Beverage; Naomi, Jennie and Lewis all died young, and within a period of three weeks of each other, ailing with diptheria. Their sister, Mrs. Margaret Townsend came to help nurse them, she was seized with the disease herself and never returned home, dying soon after the others.

In 1845 William Beverage moved to Pocahontas from Highland, and settled in the woods, head waters of Stony Creek, on the place now occupied by Jacob Beverage. His wife Delena Peak, of Highland. In reference to their sons and daughters we have the following particulars:

Catherine became a Mrs. Arbogast of Highland County; Caroline is Mrs. Pleasant Smith, near Edray; Mary became Mrs. Benjamin R. Doyle and lives on Spruce Flat; Lovie is Mrs. George Miller on Spruce Flat; Susan became Mrs. George Rodgers and lives near Buckeye; Uriah Beverage married Jennie Townsend and lives on the head of Stony Creek; Jacob Beverage married Nancy Kellison and lives on the homestead settled by his father.

In 1850, Peter Beverage, the third of the Beverage brothers came to our county and settled virtually in the woods on the Dry Branch of Swago, at the place now occupied by John Beverage. Peter married Margaret Snyder, sister of Mrs. Jacob Beverage, who is so widely and favorably known throughout the Clover Lick section as Aunt Susan Beverage, and is now passing her nineties serenely and peacefully. In reference to Peter Beverage's family we are able to give the following items with the assistance of his daughter, Mrs. Aaron Moore:

Harriett died in youth; Susan Catherine became Mrs. Aaron Moore and lives a mile from Marlinton; Andrew Beverage was a Confederate soldier, died in service and was buried with a soldier's honors at Staunton; Peter Beverage's second marriage was with Susan, daughter of George White of Highland County.

In reference to the second family we are informed that Washington Beverage married Lydia, daughter of John E. Adkison, near Buckeye, and settled on the head of Dry Branch, where he now resides; Margaret Beverage became Mrs. Nathan Barlow near Edray, where she recently died; Julia Ann Beverage became Mrs. Jacod Simmons, and lived on Spruce Flats. To write all that might be told of her would require a book. Her sad story has been read throughout the world and will not be forgotten for all time to come for the moral it illustrates and emphasizes; Eliza Jane Beverage became Mrs. Nathaniel Arthur, and lives in Webster County; Frances Beverage became Mrs. Andree Wooddell, and was living near Edray when her husband was killed two or three years ago while logging on the hills near the Duffield mill on Stony Creek; Hannah Beverage became Mrs. James McNeill, a son of the venerable Jonathan McNeill, near Buckeye, and now lives at the head of Swago; John Beverage married Lucy, daughter of the late Jeremiah Sharp, and lives on the Dry Branch homestead; Amanda Beverage became Mrs. David Sharp and lives near Marlinton; Mrs, Beverage, the venerable widowed progenitor of the Beverage relationship, died at the Peter Beverage homestead about twenty five years since, aged eighty-three years.

W.T.P.

****

Nathaniel Barnett Arthur and Eliza Jane Beverage were united in matrimony, January 18, 1871, in Kentucky

Nathaniel Barnett Arthur died September 4, 1937 on Saturday morning at 7:00, at the age of 93 years. He was born June 30, 1844.

Eliza Jane Arthur died July 15, 1929, on Monday morning at 7:55, at the age of 75 years. She was born March 13, 1854.

Bishop Francis Asbury in West Virginia*

By Lawrence Sherwood

Introduction

"Whither am I going? To the New World. What to do? To gain honor? No, if I know my own heart. To get money? No: I am going to live to God, and to bring others so to do."

So Francis Asbury (1745-1816) wrote in his *Journal* on September 12, 1771 as he was starting from England to America. In the next forty-five years he not only was to be the dominant force in the shaping of American Methodism as its pioneer Bishop; he also was to become one of the greatest explorers of the American frontier.

His Journal

Asbury's part in the life of pioneer America and his observations of people and places have been in large measure hidden to recent generations. Asbury kept a daily diary or *Journal* from August 7, 1771 until December 7, 1815. Portions of this *Journal* were published during his life. The entire *Journal* was published in 1821. It was reprinted in 1852, and again reprinted about two years later. It had, thus, by 1958 been out of print for more than a hundred years, and copies had become increasingly difficult to obtain. Little wonder that present-day persons had scant knowledge of his life and importance.

Certain scholars in America knew of his *Journal* and of its meaning not only as a commentary on the beginnings of The Methodist Church, but also as a first-hand record of men and movements in the early days of the United States. Thus, when the National Historical Publications Commission of the United States Government chose sixty-six great Americans whose works should be edited and published, Asbury's name was included. The recommendation that this Commission made in 1961 was accepted by two Presidents and both Houses of Congress.

Through the recommendation and cooperation of the World Methodist Council, the *Journal and Letters of Francis Asbury*

* A paper presented by the writer at the annual meeting of the West Virginia Historical Society, Charleston, West Virginia, October 10, 1969.

were published by the Association of Methodist Historical Societies in the United States in 1958. The Editor-in-Chief is Dr. Elmer T. Clark; the present writer is one of the Regional Research Editors. The three-volume set of Asbury's works in this standard annotated edition is available for $21.00 from The Methodist Publishing House, 642 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.

On the Frontier in West Virginia

Asbury traveled where the people were. As the people moved westward, so did Asbury. In the earliest parts of the *Journal* one finds Asbury concentrating on the seaboard of what was to become the United States. Toward the end of his life his interest and travels extended as far west as Indiana.

The epitome of Asbury's constant interest in the edge of civilization can be no better shown than by the shift of emphasis in his travels in what is now West Virginia. Notice how his visits begin in the Eastern Panhandle and then move westward through rather definite phases.

Asbury's first visit to what is now West Virginia was in 1776; in July of this year he visited Berkeley Springs. This was the very year that this town was established, under the name of "Bath."

Asbury was again in West Virginia in 1781, 1782, 1783, and 1784. Each of these visits was in the Eastern Panhandle, westwardly including the present counties of Grant and Mineral. Thus, during the first eight years of Asbury's visits to West Virginia he did not get across the mountains to westward flowing water.

Asbury's first visit in West Virginia that took him across the Alleghany summit was in 1785 when he visited Morgantown. This crossing of the mountains was made, however, through Maryland rather than by a frontal attack over the West Virginia hills.

In 1786 Asbury's tour took him not only to the frontier in West Virginia but also to the frontier of the United States. In this year he visited Coxe's Fort in Brooke County in the Northern Panhandle, and from there he crossed the Ohio River. In

his *Journal* Asbury wrote: "We are now going to the frontiers, and may take a peep into the Indian land." This visit to the Northern Panhandle was an early scouting tour; he did not start regular visits to this area until after the lapse of seventeen years.

In 1788 Asbury began his assault on the mountains, south to north, as he traveled through the "devious lonely wilds." A look at a map of West Virginia shows that this south-north tour was the edge of civilization, west of the mountains that divide the waters of the Atlantic from the waters of the Mississippi. Asbury records that these tours from Monroe County in southeastern West Virginia via Morgantown to Pennsylvania were among the most difficult travels that he ever experienced in the whole of America. He drove himself and his horse over this rough terrain not only in 1788 but also in 1790, 1792, and 1796. In May 1796 he wrote: "I doubt whether I shall ever request any person . . . to accompany me across these mountains again." Asbury kept this resolve, not only because of the difficulties on this frontier, but also because the frontiers had shifted. Between 1796 and 1803 Asbury simply touched the hems of West Virginia (in Monroe and Jefferson Counties) as he toured to meet new problems and situations.

In 1803 Asbury began his long series of visits in the Northern Panhandle of West Virginia. In the thirteen years between 1803 and 1815, Asbury made eleven tours in the Northern Panhandle. One discovers that these tours were not only because of their importance to advancing Methodism in this area; Asbury was also in this section often as he crossed to Ohio and the further advancing frontier.

The only other area visited by Asbury in what is now West Virginia was Parkersburg, in 1810. The occasion of this visit was a Camp Meeting on the Little Kanawha. Although Wood County was now far removed from being the edge of civilization, nonetheless, pioneer conditions are reflected in Asbury's comment about his "toiling through bad roads and accidents at the ferry." His supplication tells much: "Lord, prepare me by Thy grace for the patient endurance of hunger, heat, labour, the clownishness of ignorant piety, the impudence of the impious, unreasonable preachers, and more unreasonable heretics and heresy!"

West Virginia Counties Visited

Asbury made thirty-four tours in West Virginia, starting with his visit at Bath in 1776 and ending with his stay at "John Beck's, West Liberty" in early August, 1815. In these thirty-nine years Asbury visited at least twenty-two of the present counties of West Virginia. Thus, persons interested in ecclesiastical or secular history in these counties may well find comments of interest in the *Journal*.

It is possible that Asbury was in the edge of two more counties; however, the following alphabetical list of counties is practically exhaustive, and is taken from Asbury's own records: Barbour, Berkeley, Brooke, Grant, Greenbrier, Hampshire, Hancock, Hardy, Harrison, Jefferson, Marion, Mineral, Monongalia, Monroe, Morgan, Ohio, Pendleton, Pocahontas, Preston, Randolph, Taylor and Wood.

Places

What is your area of interest in West Virginia history? Chances are that you will find source material in Asbury's documents.

Is your hobby West Virginia Springs? You will find rich material on this subject in Asbury. There is much comment on Berkeley Springs and a lesser amount on Sweet Springs.

If your interest centers about natural curiosities, you will find a common interest with the man Asbury. In his *Journal* you will find the first written description (1781) of Hanging Rocks in Hampshire County; you will find an early description of Iman's Spring in Grant County, now the site of the Spring Run Fish Hatchery near Petersburg, of which Asbury says: "The quantity of water it discharges (is) sufficient for a mill within two hundred yards from the source"; you will find descriptions of caves that are among the earliest published descriptions of this type of natural curiosity in West Virginia.

The descriptions of early towns in West Virginia can not but arouse interest in their present-day inhabitants. Of course, many of Asbury's visits were before towns had any names at all; other visits were during times that present towns had other names; other visits were in private homes on spots that since have become towns. Thus, this listing does not include all of

the present West Virginia towns; nonetheless, the following will perhaps show the wideness of Asbury's travels and interest.

In July 1790 Asbury was riding in Greenbrier and Pocahontas Counties; in his *Journal* he recorded: "On my way I premeditated the sending of a preacher to a newly-settled place in the Kenhaway county." This "newly-settled place" is more commonly called Charleston.

When Asbury visited Lewisburg in July 1790 he called it "Green Brier court house"—and further mentioned that "here some sat as critics and judges." In his quaint way, he mentions Lewisburg in his visit of May 1792 as follows: "We rode through Greenbrier by the town."

As is well known to all students of West Virginia history, the Town of Fort Ashby in Mineral County has had many official names. Asbury adds two more names for this community; in his visit of June 1781 he calls it "Dutch settlement"; in subsequent visits he calls it "Jones"—after the name of the family with whom he visited.

When Asbury visited the present site of Philippi, Barbour County, in July 1788, there was but one cabin there—that of William Anglin's. Asbury's visit in this home was not the most welcome that he ever received: "Near midnight we stopped at William Anglin's, who hissed his dogs at us; but the women were determined to get to quarterly meeting, so we went in. Our supper was tea. . . . I lay on the floor on a few deer skins with the fleas. That night our poor horses got no corn. . . ."

Asbury mentions his visit to Parkersburg, which he calls "Wood's Court House." He had many things to say about Berkeley Springs, among which was a "seat of sin." When he visited Harper's Ferry in May 1796, he wrote: "The impending rocks impress the mind of the traveller with terror; and should they fall would crush him to pieces: this scene is truly awful and romantic." When he was again in Harper's Ferry in August 1801 he noted that he "beheld with satisfaction the good plain buildings erected there by the United States."

And on he goes—visiting towns and often giving his impressions of them—to Martinsburg, Shepherdstown, Clarksburg

Morgantown, Charles Town, Wellsburg, West Liberty, Wheeling. In West Virginia, as in the nation, he "printed the map of his ministry with the hoofs of his horse."

People

Asbury had a great interest in people. He spent all of his life in the homes of others. He was at home with persons of high and low estate. In the section now known as West Virginia he found himself as guest in homes of both those who were famous and those who had been infamous.

Since Asbury's early visits occurred while Indians were still in West Virginia, he came into contact with persons who had been involved with the savages. He came to know Richard Williams, in 1781, who then lived near Romney; in the *Journal* (Volume I, page 464ff) he tells the thrilling story of the capture of Williams by the Indians. In 1788 Asbury visited Clover Lick in Pocahontas County and made reference to the work of Jacob Warwick who had built a fort there and had "made a small estate by keeping cattle, horses, &c., on the range." Asbury visited Coxe's Fort in Brooke County, in 1786, at which time the inhabitants could look across the Ohio River and see Indian lands. He visited in the home of Thomas Drinnon, in Pocahontas County, "whose wife was killed, and his son taken prisoner by the Indians." Asbury was a welcomed visitor at Cook's Fort in Monroe County—for two of the sons of the builder of this fort had become Methodist preachers.

Among the interesting references to the Indian incursions in West Virginia is his comment about the Kinnan massacre in Randolph County. The full story of this massacre may be found in Volume I, Number 1 of *West Virginia History, A Quarterly Magazine*, Charleston, October, 1939; in this publication there is an extensive article by Boyd B. Stutler as well as a reprint of the *True Narrative of the Sufferings of Mary Kinnan*. Asbury was on the spot in May 1792. He writes: "We stopped at Capt. S_____'s, where there were several families crowded together for fear of the Indians. The upper end of the valley has been depopulated, one family has been destroyed since I was last here. . . ."

In addition to his contacts with those who were in the midst of Indian activity, Asbury visited in homes of men who were leaders in their day. Perhaps this can be no better shown than

through Asbury's relationship with men who were members of the Virginia Convention which met in Richmond in June 1788 to ratify or reject the Federal Constitution. As has been often told, there were sixteen members from what is now West Virginia; the fifteen of these who voted to ratify more than made the majority of ten by which Virginia ratified the Constitution. It has been noted that it was the votes from "beyond the mountains" that aided not only Virginia but also other states to accept the Federal Constitution.

Among the sixteen men from West Virginia were the following: Isaac VanMeter from Hardy County, Abel Seymour from Hardy County, Col. George Jackson from Harrison County, Ebenezer Zane from Ohio County, and John Wilson from Randolph County. It is amazing to realize that Francis Asbury was a visitor in the homes and with the families of each of these five men!

Random comments of Asbury concerning the "famous five" include: "I had an attentive, well-behaved congregation at Squire VanMeter's." . . . He rode to Seymour's "as welcome as snow in harvest." . . . "I lodged with Col. Jackson." . . . "At Colonel Zane's, where I lodged, the aged people were kind indeed. . . . I contemplate two chapels; one of forty feet square, and the other of fifty feet; the first in Charlestown (Wellsburg), Alexander Wells to give the lot; and the other in Wheeling, the ground to be bestowed for its erection by Colonel Zane." "I preached at Wilson's. Here many careless people do not hear a sermon more than once in one or two years. . . ."

Asbury was a frequent visitor in many other homes of pioneers and patriots. He was in the home of the Hite family in the Eastern Panhandle from 1781 and after. He preached in the barn of Captain James Stroud near Martinsburg. He preached and baptized at Peter Dewit's in Mineral County—and doubtless heard of Dewit's experiences in the Revolution. He was a welcomed visitor at the home of John Jeremiah Jacob in Hampshire County—little knowing that a son of his host would later be Governor of the State of West Virginia. (See: *West Virginia History, A Quarterly Magazine*, Charleston, 1956, Vol. XVII, No. 2, January, pp. 117-137 for a biography of Jacob.) He found rest and opportunity at the home and church built by Col. Charles Martin on the West

Virginia-Pennsylvania line. He enjoyed his visits with John McNeel at the present site of Hillsboro—and probably thrilled to know that McNeel had come to this fertile area because he thought that he had killed a man "back in civilization," and had stayed in this lovely spot even after he learned that the man had not died. He looked forward to his visits with "Father" Calder Haymond, at the present site of Fairmont; he must have been overjoyed when Calder's son, Thomas, became a Methodist Circuit Rider.

Asbury entered a life-long friendship with Dr. Edward Tiffin while Tiffin lived in Charles Town in a house that is still extant. This friendship continued after Tiffin moved to Ohio and became the first Governor of that State.

Time would fail were we to attempt to tell the persons of interest with whom Asbury was friend—John Davenport, a Revolutionary soldier who lived in Jefferson County; John Beck, at whose home near West Liberty Asbury preached his last sermon in West Virginia; John McCullough, sheriff of Ohio County in 1776 and brother of Samuel who gained fame by his leap to escape from the Indians; Joseph Perkins, Asbury's old "friend and neighbor," who was the superintendent of the U. S. Armory at Harper's Ferry; and other names by the score.

In Asbury's *Journal* there is an almost inexhaustible mine of material for biographical and historical research. The new edition has the greatest amount of identifications and notations that space permitted. In addition to those printed in the *Journal*, the author of this paper has prepared extensive notes on West Virginia persons and places. A copy of this material may be found at the archives of the American Association of Methodist Historical Societies at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina; the author of this paper has another copy.

Conclusion

Asbury speaks to our day not only in the context of religion. He has much information and insight on the places and people of the early days of West Virginia. He lived and labored in a day when the pioneers were "but one remove from the Indians in the comforts of civilized society." His writings will be of benefit to the local historian or to the person interested in the many facets of life in America between 1771 and 1815. The pioneer Bishop has blazed a long trail.

Editor's Corner

The Bruffey Family

BORN-POCAhontasian, now living in Virginia, Rae Dowdy has submitted material on Bruffey Family history for your present reading and for the editor's possible gleaning for the encyclopedia. The material comes as clippings from the pen and hand-set type of the late and great Cal Price and time of printing is 1933.

THE BRUFFEYS

The Bruffeys held their family reunion on Bruffeys Creek on August 26, 1933. A goodly number of the relationship was present and the occasion was greatly enjoyed by all.

John Bruffey was born in the north of Ireland in 1752. He married Nellie MacDonald, of Scotland, and they moved to America prior to the Revolution. In this war he served as a soldier under General Anthony Wayne. He was killed in the year 1807 by being thrown from a horse. The horse scared at a deer at the stone trough on the lands of M. J. McNeel. He was buried in the McNeel graveyard. His grave is marked by a stone lettered by his son John.

John and Nellie MacDonald Bruffey were the parents of three sons, Mark, John and Patrick.

Mark married a Miss Lewis and lived in Monroe county. They had a son, Rev. George; his sons were Fletcher and Samuel; the latter was the father of Mrs. George B. Minter, of Warren, Ohio, who was a missionary in China for a number of years; returning home to care for her sister's children.

John Jr. married Elizabeth Hill and settled on Bruffeys Creek. They were the parents of three sons and seven daughters — Murry, Bradford and John.

Murry married Elizabeth Craig of Nicholas county. They were the parents of three sons and three daughters. William, Robert, Richard. Elizabeth became the wife of Wesley Hill; Nancy, wife of Henry Boggs, and Margaret, wife of Haggi Denison. Deputy Sheriff R. M. Bruffey and A. W. Hill are grandsons of Murry Bruffey.

Bradford married Mary Watts of Greenbrier county. They had three sons and four daughters. Newton, late of Renick; Frank, deceased; Squire T. A. Bruffey, of Bruffeys Creek; Elizabeth Whiting; Serene Grimes, Bird Shisler, Ida Sarver.

John Bruffey III, married Margaret Hill and went west.

The daughters of John 2nd were Eliza Moore, of Edray; George P. Moore was her son. Harriet, wife of Wesley Cruikshanks, of Nicholas. Levina, wife of Clayborne Blair; went west. Mrs. Jennie Lynch of Neola, Mrs. Annie Dotson and Culbison, of the west are her children. Julia become the wife of a McClure; the late Mathew was her only son. Margaret become the wife of Morgan Anderson. They had three children. Elizabeth became the wife of Samuel McCarty, and moved to Vermont; C. J. McCarty was her son. Tho Anderson became Mrs. Shannon Clutter; Eric Clutter is their son. Dickson Anderson married Sarah McCoy. Mrs. P. C. Curry is their daughter.

Nancy Bruffey became the wife of Levi Hooker, clockmaker, and Martha Bruffey become the wife of James Ewing. Both families went to Nicholas county.

Patrick Bruffey was born May 2, 1785, and died February 3, 1853. His wife was Annie Slaven, daughter of John Slaven, head of Greenbrier River. He was a skilled workman in wood, iron and stone. He was a miller, too, and owned the mill near Greenbank. His family consisted of six daughters and two sons. Polly Mathews was born January 29, 1813, and died November 1, 1849. She became the wife of John H. Ruckman, February 7, 1833. Her children were Caroline, wife of William J. Cackley, of Stamping Creek; Sidney, who married Almira Campbell; their son Charles teaches Indians in Oklahoma. Nancy Catherine born April 6, 1814, died October 1, 1888; wife of Ben Ervine, and was the mother of eleven children. One son James was a Confederate soldier and was killed in the presence of his mother.

James, born January 28, 1816, married Margaret Ann Hartman and went to Lewis county.

Elizabeth Slaven Bruffey, born March 24, 1818, became the wife of Addison Ervine and went west.

Priscilla Bruffey became the wife of Lorenson Pugh and went to Webster county.

Caroline Margaret Bruffey, born September 18, 1822, died August 14, 1853; became the wife of James Watts Ruckman October 14, 1852. Her child was William Wallace Ruckman, who lived on Stamping Creek, where his children, D. E. and Maggie, now reside.

Sarah Ann Bruffey, born November 7, 1824, died November 6, 1895, became the wife of James G. Hamilton, October 9, 1851. A daughter, Hester, became the wife of Robert Brown, County Surveyor. R. W. Brown is their son.

William Slaven Bruffey, born December 2, 1826, married Mary J. Hamilton, went to Missouri. He died March 14, 1873.

M. R.

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John Bruffey was born in the north of Ireland in 1752. He married Nellie MacDonald, of Scotland, an ancestral kinsman of Ramsay McDonald, prime minister of the British Empire.. John and Nellie MacDonald Bruffey moved to America prior to the Revolution. In this war he served as a soldier under General Anthony Wayne. He was killed in the year of 1807 by being thrown from a horse. The horse scared at a deer at the stone through on the lands of M.J. McNeel. He was buried in the McNeel graveyard. His grave is marked by a stone lettered by his son, John.

To the marriage of John and Nellie MacDonald Bruffey were born three sons, Mark, John and Patrick.

Mark married a Miss Lewis and lived in Monroe County. They had a son, Rev. George Bruffey; his sons were Fletcher and Samuel; the latter was the father of Mrs. George B. Minter of Warren, Ohio, who was a missionary in China for a number of years; returning home to care for her sister's children

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Nancy Catherine born 6 April 1814 died 1 Oct 1888; wife of Ben Ervine, and was the mother of eleven children. One son, James was a Confederate soldier and was killed in the presence of his mother.

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The Bruffeys were of an inventive turn of mind. One of the Pocahontas family worked for many years on the unsolved problem of "perpetual motion." The inventor developed a machine so finely poised that a grain of wheat would start a large wheel turning, but it could not be controlled and the longer it ran the greater became the speed, until it would finally tear itself to pieces. Bruffey's last effort was to start the wheel and watch it fling itself into fragments as it dashed off into space.

There are no millionaires among the Bruffeys, but there might have been, for it was a Bruffey who invented the hillside plow, the instrument that has probably done more to draw wealth from the soil than any other one farm implement. An unscrupulous lawyer of Washington stole the patent and thus the Bruffeys lived quietly on, content to hew

wppd and draw water. They are pastoral people and agricultural people and have never aspired to positions of honor and trust in the affairs of state.

If you would get a correct measure of such as Tom Bruffey from old Pocahontas, pull down your Bobby Burns and read again Cotter's Saturday Night. It will be like a fresh breeze in the twilight on a summer's night, and your heart will feel/warm glow as you touch the soil afresh on Scotland's sunny braes.

Note: From the tombstone in the McNeel graveyard, Hillsboro, West Virginia:

JOHN BRUFFEY

Native of Ireland and Revolutionist under General Wayne, U.S.A.

Died in 1807 - aged 55 which would make his birth date 1752. This tombstone was made by his son John Bruffey and inscribed as that was his business. His wife was Nellie McDonald, English, who came before the Revolution. Children: Patrick was as far as I can find out a carpenter and contractor, Mark, was a preacher and went to Monroe Co., W.Va. John lived in Pocahontas County, buried in the Hill Cemetery, Lobelia, West Virginai

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[illegible] County.

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This is the latest picture of Mrs. Mollie Bruffy, who died Monday. She is pictured here with a doll that was given her when she was a child at Calvin.

Mollie Bruffy, 61, Dies

Funeral services were to have been conducted at 2:30 today for Mrs. Mollie Bruffy, 61, wife of George Bruffy of La Frank, who died Monday morning, October 29, in the Sacred Heart Hospital.

Rev. J. E. Brown, pastor of La Frank's New Prospect Baptist Church, was to officiate, and burial was to follow in the Little Union Cemetery at Calvin with the White and Coleman Funeral Home in charge.

Mrs. Bruffy, a member of the New Prospect Baptist Church and of the Rebecca Lodge, was born at Calvin June 7, 1895, the daughter of the late Hamilton and Amanda Bredon.

Survivors besides her husband include one daughter, Mrs. Beulah Tonry of Cincinnati, Ohio; one brother, Ervin Bredon, also of Cincinnati; one half-brother, Justus Bredon of Morgantown; one half-sister, Mrs. Ruth Curry of Calvin.

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Maggie Ruckman

Bruffey Reunion

On August 25 the Bruffey family of West Virginia held a largely attended and worth while reunion at Webster Springs. The following comments on the occasion are from the Webster Springs Republican.

With the arrival of the chairman of the program committee in the afternoon an hour of reminiscence was introduced by Tom Bruffey, in the course of which a brief history of the family in America was given. From this historical account we gathered a few interesting facts and likewise gathered many more from private conservations with some of the Pocahontas visitors.

Miss Maggie Ruckman seems to be the recognized historian of this family. It was revealed that a certain John Bruffey of Scotch-Irish descent came from Ireland prior to the Revolution and settled in the neighborhood of Hillsboro, about fifteen miles from Marlinton on the Greenbrier River. He brought an attractive bride from among the Shamrocks of his native heath when he came to America, whose name was Nellie McDonald, and an ancestral kinsman of Ramsay McDonald, prime minister of the British Empire. The Bruffeys have studiously avoided public statement concerning the relationship with such royal personages, but it is no discredit in West Virginia to know that Tom Bruffey, who opened this reminiscent hour is a cousin of England's great prime minister.

We learned that Bruffeys were an inventive turn of mind. One of the Pocahontas family worked for many years on the unsolved problem of "perpetual motion". The inventor developed a machine so finely poised that a grain of wheat would start a large wheel turning, but it could not be controlled and the longer it ran the greater became the speed until it would finally tear itsel to pieces. Bruffey's last effort was to start the wheel and watch it fling itself into fragments as it dashed off into space.

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If you would get a correct measure of such men as Tom Bruffey from old Poca, pull down your Bobby Burns and read again Cotter's Saturday Night. It will be like a fresh breeze in the twilight on a summer's night, and your heart will feel a warm glow as you touch the soil afresh on Scotland's sunny braes.

Decatur, Illinois.
March 7th 1957

Dr. John O. McNeel,
1127 Pine Street,
St. Louis 1, Mo.

Dear Dr. McNeel:

Your letter of the 27nd inst. arrived this A.M., in re - the Postoffice of Millpoint W. Va., originally "Cackleytown", and some inquiry concerning the "Cackley Family".

You seem to have settled at least the time that "Millpoint, Virg." (now W. Va.) became a "U. S. Post office" - however, the name of the town could have been changed earlier than the date the P.O. was established.

I have a copy of a letter written on Feb. 6 1893 by "Dr. Stephen Hackley, Maysville, Ky. to "Wm. H. Cackley" of Kanawha, W. Va. (This W. Va. the son of (3) Valentine Cackley Jr. - not the "W. Bot. Co." of near Millpoint), in which he was seeking info. about the Virg. Cackleys) - and his letter contained the following paragraph = "I have a list of battle skirmishes in Va. I find the name "Cackleytown". I could not find such a "Postoffice" - where is it? I think Wm Cackley spoke of the place when at Father's."=

Of course, this has reference to "Civil War Skirmishes", and this would be thirty years after the date the P.O. Dept. Records show that the town was Millpoint. (1865 - less 1835 = 30 years) However, between 1861 and 1865 the residents and the Civil War Soldiers and correspondents, still still called the little village "Cackleytown". The above listed 1893 letter was where I conceived the idea that "Cackleytown" did not become "Millpoint" until the latter part of the Civil War, or later.

The above named "Dr. Stephen Hackley" was of the 5th Generation, a Son of (4) "Joseph (none) and Elizabeth (Turner) Hackley", and he a son of (3) "Elias (none) Hackley Sr.", a son of "Jacob Hackley Sr. (1701-1788), in our Gen. No 1.

You ask the privilege to look over my "Cackley" data at some time - and that "Bill" Cackley may have given me much of this material. "Bill" had sent me no data, until a letter came on March 27nd - in which he sent "Info." for his Branch, his parents, grandparents, and great grd parents (Gen no. 3) - of Levi (none) Sr. and Nancy (none) (Bradshaw) Cackley. He sent no data, not even names, for his grandfathers (4) Wm. Jones Co.) 3 Brothers and 2 Sisters.

I note that you are compiling a "History of the "McNeel Family". However, I am wondering how far back you may know about the original "Cackley Ancestors" who came to the "Colonies" - and if you have known the true spellings of the original Family name of "HACKLEY", namely = "Hackney - Hackney & Hackley?

Oh yes I forgot - you are welcome to come look over my (over)

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"Keckley Family History Data", at anytime it may suit your convenience - however - I wish to state that my "Cackley & Branches" data is limited, as I personally have contacted none of the "Cackley Branches" - I drew onto "Bill" in a rather peculiar manner. I wrote the "Asst of Commerce at Millpoint, Pa." then knowing it was such a small Village - my letter was sent to the "Prison Camp" - then relayed to "W.H. Cackley" of the "Twin Oaks Farm" - and he replied - My inquiry concerned the date that "Cackleytown" became "Millpoint" P.O. and - "Bill" did not know.

I will explain a little more about the "Keckley F. History" "processing" of data - It looks like me will not be "compiling" for 20 or 30 years yet. There are at present 3 Historians, and a General Genealogist - so engaged - I have been working on this "History" for only about 5½ years. The "Genl. Genealogist," about 8 years - at present we have "catalogued" probably over 9,000 families & descendants - I alone - have added over 4,000 in my 5½ years, or almost ½ of our total.

I put in about 3 years on the "KECKLEY" Beds Only, and while doing so - ran into a "Keckley Bed." out in Nebraska, who - in 1865 went into "Court" in Attimosa, Iowa, and Legally changed his last name to "KECKLEY" - and at that time he had 8 children, ranging in age from 6 to 22 years - and they all became "KECKLEY(S)" Without any legal procedure except his oldest Son who applied with his father. This instance - threw me into "processing" "Keckley" Branches - before - I was ready to do so - therefore, for the past 2½ yrs + - I have been "processing" "Keckley" Branches.

Our "Genl. Genealogist" - Mr. Finley B. Campbell of Clermont City, Ohio - has been "processing" mostly - "Cackley" Families, therefore, he has MORE "CACKLEY" detail data than we other 3 "Historians" - though - We all do know about what more each of us have are doing.

I hope, I would roughly say - probably 300 "Cackley" homes beginning with Gen No 1. of "Valentine and Mary (Bryan) Cackley" and then 6 sons + 4 daughters - names only - no dates - on the 2nd Gen. - I have a few dates - but from the 3rd Gen. onward on Pages of the Beds I do have both names and dates. Mr Campbell, I am sure has much more "Cackley data" than he has sent to me. Mr Jones "Historian" searched for some 8 years to finally PROVE that the ORIGINAL name here in the "Colonies" was "Keckley", but - we still can not locate the landing record of the 1st Germ.

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Our "Genl. Genealogist" - "Mr. Finley B. Campbell" of Vienna City, Ohio - has been "processing" mainly - "Cackley" Branches, therefore, he has MORE "CACKLEY" detail data than we other 3 "Historians" - though - We all do know about what more each of us four are doing.

I have, I would roughly say - probably 300 "Cackley" names beginning with Gen No 2. of "Valentine and Mary (Vega) Cackley" and their 6 Sons & 4 daughters - names only - no dates - on the 3rd Gen. - I have a few dates - but from the 4th Gen. onward on Some of the Bchs I do have both names and dates. Mr Campbell, I am sure has much more "Cackley data" than he has sent to me. Mr Jones "Historian" searched for some 8 years to finally PROVE that the ORIGINAL name here in the "Colonies" was "Keckley", but - we still can not locate the landing record of the 12 Germ.

[illegible] and died [illegible] in 1827
[illegible] Ohio. In the [illegible]
[illegible] on "Drums of [illegible]

of "Jacob Keckley Sr." - He evidently came here in the late 1720's or early 1730's. Which I'd too early for the first "Ship Leading Records" at Phila. Penn., shown in "Rupp's Thirty Thousand Names", which includes the "Immigrants in Penn" from 1727 to 1776, or 50 years.

Possibly you have, or have heard of the "article" entitled - "THE CACKLEYS", published by the "Hon. Charles B. Johnson" of Clarksburg, W.Virg. In the "Marlinton Pocahontas Times" of Feb. 28-1946. If you do have it - "throw it into the waste-basket", as it is the most "in-information" buch of "Info." ever leaked to the many - "Cackley, Kackley and Keckley Cousins" that We know of. It is practically All based on "THEORY". And that "Article" was "clipped" by many of our Virg. cousins, and "circulated" all over the various States. We "Historians" now call this "Honorable Chas. B. Johnson" the "HONKEY" C.B.J.

He is a descendant from the (6) "John Kackley Sr. Bch.", thru his daughter (6) Rachel (Ka) YOE - now "YOST", 8) Hannah (Ka) Johnson; (7) John Ka. Johnson; (?) Wm James Johnson - then "is (?) Hon Chas B. Johnson Gen No 6, of Clarksburg Va. (an Attorney).

In his article "The Cackleys" - he Sets up the "French Family" of "SEBASTIAN CADUELLE" AS our ORIGINAL ANCESTOR - this French name is pronounced in French as if Spelled "CACKELIE". They Sailed from Rotterdam, Holland in the "Princess Augusta", with Samuel Merchant as "Master", PALATINES with their families, in all 330 persons, they touched Cowes, England for clearance, and docked at Phila, Penn. as Vessell No 47 - on Sep. 16-1736. At that time - the "Shiplists" only Showed the "Male passengers" from 16yrs. upward. The women were carried as "FREIGHTS", the children as "HALF-FREIGHTS". At that time - three "Shiplists" were made - two of the Males 16 & upwards Signed, one to Swear allegiance to the "King of England" - the other to take oaths to the "Penn Colonial British Government" - If you intended to live in that British Colony of Penn. The "third Shiplist" was prepared by the Ships "Master", in this case "Samuel Merchant" - He - or Some sub. officer - made this list in their own hand-writing - Spelling the names as they understood the pronunciations. And on this Master's Ship list these "CADUELLE" names were Spelled "CACKELIE." - on the two lists they Signed - they plainly Spelled their names "CADUELLE" - A true Spelling of their names can be deciphered - I have "Photostats" of all three of these "Ship-lists". Knew Mrs [illegible] Children in the family. But -

[illegible] years - and died [illegible] records is 1727)
[illegible] years are "Drains of [illegible]

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[illegible] 177 acres. [illegible] out did Land in 1727 [illegible] In 1814 the [illegible] acres are "Drains of [illegible]

only the Father and 2 Sons signed, namely, Sebastian, Diedrich (Signed as DIDDY) and Jean. Sebastian Jr. died en route.

The "Masters" list showed them as follows:-

No. 70 - SEBASTIAN CACKLEY, age 50 yrs; No. 71 - SEBASTIAN CACKLEY, age 17 yrs. (DIED); No. 72 DIDERICK CACKLEY, age 20 yrs; and No. 73 - Hance (actually Jean) CACKLEY, age 17 yrs. One other male died enroute, namely, HANS JONER.

The "Masters" list showed 120 males, 167 upwards - Less 2 deaths leaves 118 - but only 117 signed the other two lists - So 6 evidently went to other colonies to settle.

A visiting relative of "Chas B. Johnson" - "Mrs. W. E. Collins" (Dau 6) Johnka Sec. dtr. 6) Rachel (Ka) (Coe) now Yost, and others = She Gen. No. 6 - was 6 B. Johnson's "Friend" for he to use his "THROAY" - and she actually believed the "Cagnelins" WERE our original ancestors. I will relate more of "Mrs W. E. Collins" later on.

I could not see these "Cagnelins" as our original ancestors for three reasons - FIRST - because I felt sure in mine NOT FRENCH; Secondly - None of the names of "SEBASTIAN, DIDERICH OR JEAN" ever appeared in the "Jacob Keagy Sr. Records", or any of his Children, or grand Children Books.; THIRDLY - his surname "Jacob Sr." Spelled his name "KEAGLEY", as did his 5 Children.

Therefore, when I had a little spare time in 1953, I began a search in Penn to either PROVE or DISAPPROVE these "Cagnelin's" as our original Ancestors. In about 4 months time, by correspondence, I PROVED (thru the Cagnelin Family Gen. Analyzist Mr. Henry S. Cacklin, Hillsboro, Penn) that the Cagnelins were NOT even a "LINEAGE" by any of Sebastian SRS. 7 Children marrying into either a "KE-KA or COCKLEY" Family. If I could have emitted this "HENRY S. COCKLIN" at first - 10 days or all I would have needed to PROVE them not even a "Lineage".

The "British Anglicising Law" of 1718 in the "Colony of Penn". Finally caught up with the Cagnelin Family in its third generation in Penn., arriving about 1760, when they became - "COCKLEY - COCKLEY & COCKLIN (s)".

Now, about "Mrs. W. E. Collins" - She was not what I would call a "Historian" - but - She was searching for an ancestor who was a "Rev War Soldier" - So - She could become a "D.A.R.". She traced down - "Keagley - Whitsman - Tribby - Yost - Parmer (2 Dtrs) and Collins". She knew that (6) John Keagley Sr - was a "Rev War Soldier" - BUT She could not

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find his record in either Frederick or Hampshire Counties — for, as she believed the Caquelins were our Original Ancestors — and that in the 1700's boundary lines were quite indefinate — She went up into Lancaster & Cumberland Cos. Penn., and took a "John COCKLEY" (actually Jean Caquelin) Who was shown as a = "Private in Cumberland Co. Pa. Militia, 3rd Battalion in 1781," and she added - "and Lancaster Co. Penn". He - probably never fired a gun at any body in the Rev. War - as the peace treaty was signed in 1781.

The "engineered" her Lineage this way:- Emma Barnes Collins, dtr of Sarah M. Tribby Collins, dtr. of Frances Yost Tribby, dtr of Rachel Cockley (actually Kackley - D.E.K.) Yost, dtr. of John Cockley, and the said John Kackley a son of Jacob Kackley (actually Keckley D.E.K). To support this "John Cockley" under "Ancestors Service" She brought in: An Archivist, Penn. State Library; French Huguenots; Sebastian Caquelin, his Son Sebastian (settled + never reached Penn - D.E.K), Dietrich and Jean; Anne Mary Gegley - a member Penn. Huguenot Soc. from "Jean"; John Cockley owner of Grist mills near Winchester Va; who was one of four brothers who operated Mills near Capon Springs Va; about 1812 (was 1807 D.E.K) John Kackley (KECKLEY - COCKLEY - CACKLEY) came to Guernsey Co. Ohio. Jean near Winchester. Va. The name is also spelled "COGLEY - KEGLEY - KUECHELE - KOCHLEIK & COCKLEY". =

This was sure a "Master-piece-of-deceit" - But She became a "D.A.R".

After - 3 yrs. Searching - I secured her "Old Stell Metal Box" full of letters, papers, notes, Etc - which She accumulated in about 35 years searching - it was at my home for about 2½ years - (just picked up - 2 mos. ago). A copy of the 1893 letter (two of them) by Dr. Ephus Kackley - was found in that "Old Metal Box". I also copied in long hand, two copies each of over 50 letters, which I felt had "possibilities". The two "Dr Ephus Ka." letters were worth more than all the others located.

He was a descendant of (4) Elias Ka. Sr., now commonly known as "ELLIS", through his Son (3) Joseph & Elizabeth (Turner) Ka., then (2) Dr. Ephus Kackley (Son No. 4). Through these two letters of Dr. Ephus Ka's, in the past 2 years we have contacted descendants of about all of (4) Elias Ka Srs. (12 Children, whereas, before that we had only contacted about 5 of them.

Probably I better give you the data, as we now have it for Generation No. 1 of "Jacob Keckley Sr.", who migrated from Lancaster Co. Penn. in 1749 to the "Valley of Virg." (from the (now)

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Shenandoah Valley) and settled in what is now Frederick County. Here he secured approx. 2,000 acres of land and operated a "Plantation" for about 47 years, or until his death in 1768. Have you ever learned where this plantation was located?

= GEN. NO. 1 = KECKLEY FAMILY HISTORY =

JACOB (NMN) KECKLEY SR. — B- ____ 1701 OR 1700 IN STAMHEIM, WURTTEMBERG, GERMANY. D- FEB 15TH OR 16TH - 1788 IN FREDERICK COUNTY, VIRG. BRO. FEB. 18-1788 IN OLD FURNACE CEMETERY, NOW ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND CEMETERY, LOCATED ABOUT 2 MILES WEST OF MOUNT WILLIAMS, ON STATE ROUTE NO. 600. MARR. - ABOUT 1740 IN LANCASTER CO. PENN., NAME BELONG — TO -

ANCE ____ ____ — B- ____ -1717; D- ____ -1805 IN FREDERICK CO., VIRG. BRO. IN ST. JOHN'S CEMETERY.

=CHILDREN=

(1) JOHN (NMN) KACKLEY SR. — B- 7-30-1744, LANCASTER CO. PENN. D- 4-23-1823, GUERNSEY CO., OHIO - NEE IN NOBLE CO., 2½ MILES SO. EAST OF PLEASANT CITY, GUERNSEY CO. OHIO. HE HAD 3 SONS & 5 DTRS. - MOST OF THEM LIVED IN GUERNSEY CO. OHIO. HE WAS A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER. BURD. IN C.G. RICH CEMETERY S.E. OF PLEASANT CITY, OHIO.
MRG — REBECCA WEISMAN.

(2) JACOB (NMN) KECKLEY JR. — NO BIRTH OR DEATH DATA. MARR. MARGARET ____ - HAD 2 SONS & 3 DTRS. INHERITED THE HOME PLANTATION IN 1788, DIED INTESTATE ONLY A FEW YEARS LATER. ESTATE EVIDENTLY HELD INTACT BY WIFE MARGARET, AS NO RECORDS CAN BE FOUND.

(3) VALENTINE (NMN) CACKLEY SR. — NO BIRTH OR DEATH DATES - MARR. "MARY (NMN) FRYE" OF BASOR SPRINGS, VA., EVIDENTLY A DTR. OF THE EARLY PIONEERS "ABRAHAM & AGNES FRYE" OF FREDERICK CO. VIRG., AND GRD. DTR. OF BENJAMIN FRYE (DIED IN FREDK. CO. 1752). THIS "FRYE" FAMILY CAME FROM MONTGOMERY CO. PENN. IN ABOUT 1738 AND SETTLED ON "CEDAR CREEK". IN ABOUT 1788 "VALENTINE CA. SR." MIGRATED TO WHAT IS NOW POCAHONTAS CO. W. VA., AT THIS TIME WAS GREENBRIER CO., HE SETTLED AT WHAT IS NOW "MILLPOINT, W. VA.", WHICH HE ESTABLISHED AS "CACKLEY TOWN". HERE HE BUILT A MODERN "MILL" FOR THAT TIME; PROJECTED A "TANNERY"; STARTED A "MILL-HARDWARE" AND A "GENERAL STORE". HE ALSO PROMOTED & ENDOURAGED OTHER USEFUL INDUSTRIES IN THAT SECTION. HE ACQUIRED A VERY LARGE LANDED ESTATE. HE HAD 6 SONS & 4 DTRS.

(4) HENRY GEORGE, K(C)ECKLEY SR. — NO BIRTH DATA; D- ABOUT 1816 IN FREDERICK CO. VIRG., WHERE HE LIVED HIS ENTIRE LIFE. MARR. "CATHERINE ____", EVIDENTLY IN FREDERICK CO. VA. THEY HAD 5 SONS & 4 DTRS., ONE SON "BENJAMIN" DIED IN AN INFANCY. THEIR FIRST DTR. REMAINED IN VIRG. ONE (1) SON (HENRY JR.) WAS BORN & DIED AT A FAIRLY YOUNG AGE. THE OTHER CHILDREN MOVED TO GUERNSEY CO. OHIO TO RESIDE, & (1) JACOB & SAMUEL STAYED TO NEAR TOWNSEND IN KNOX CO. OHIO (NEAR VINEYARD).

Assessment Records and many of [illegible]

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assessment records and census of [illegible]

Page No. 7=

(6) Elizabeth & (6) Mary = { These Two Dtrs. We Still Know NOTHING About - So, Do Not Know How They Spelled Their Last Names, or Whom They Married.

(7) Benjamin (Hons) Keckley - Evidently Died In Dec. 1780, As His Estate Was Appraised On Jan. 8, 1781, Valuation of 5454 Pounds, (About $30,000.00 Then - Dec.), The Sale Held On Jan. 16-1781, Estate Settled On Oct. 5-1781. Only Heir, Wife "Catherine", Who Became "Mrs. Henry Ricards" Before The Estate Was Settled. He One Of The "Appraisers". The Above Data Shows Clearly Why "Benjamin" was NOT Mentioned In His Father's Will - made on Aug 1st-1781. He Had Died About 8+ Months Prior, And Left "No Heirs" - Except - His Wife Catherine. Srs. Will Probated on Oct. 6-1781, In Book 5 Pp 277, Winchester, Virg. Executors Were His Dec. Wife (Not Named) & Son "Elias". The Settlement Of His Estate Was Delayed, Evidently Because "Mrs. Alice Keckley" (His Wife) Did Not "Qualify".

He Was A Revolutionary Soldier In - "Benjamin Cackley" - A Member Of "Daniel Morgan's Co. Of Vira Rifle-men (96). He Was Mustered On Dec 30-1775 At The Battle For Quebec, Canada".

"Note" - More Than Possible Both Last Name On The Rolls From Winchester, Va. To Quebec, Canada, In 1775-1776, Or Any Area, Of The Miles Both Ways. (Only 16 Days Time)

This will give you a good generalidea of Gen No. 1 - and the Three different Spellings of the Original Family Name, which the "Historians" are Sure was not Intentional - but due to "Circumstances". Caused by their "German Boys" pronunciation of their last name. A German always pronounces an "E." as if it was a long or broad "A" in English, therefore, they pronounced their names "Kackley". If a German wrote it down they would spell it "Keckley", but others would spell it either "Kackley" or "Cackley" - both pronounced the same. Therefore - as these German Boys eventually owned "tangible property", the documents were frequently made out Wrongly, and when they disposed of that property they were compelled to use these Wrong Spelled names - which fastened these Wrong Spelled names. In the middle 1700's it was more important to "till the Soil" to make a living - than it was - to worry about the "Spelling of your Name" - therefore - 2 Sons (a) John & (b) Elias) became "Kackley", 1 Son (a) Valentine) became "Cackley", and 2 Sons remained "Keckley" (a) Jacob Jr & (b) Benjamin), Although "Benjamin" was frequently called a "Cackley".

Now, you are probably wondering How I fit into this "Picture" - Well, I am, so to speak - a "Lost Keckley, who can Not "Find His Flock". After 5 Years searching, I am unable to trace my Ancestors further back than my Gt. Gd. Father, Namely, "John Keckley" (1767-?) who was born "Someplace" in Virginia - His parents Names Still Unknown to Me at Writing. He migrated to Jessamine Co. Ky. where he married the name "Christina (Teeter) Lough" (1805-1892) - Sometime they migrated to "Lawrence" Co. Mo. Settled, Farming Co. Seat, where he owned 111 Acres of Land - built a Log cabin and began clearing the land & raising his family of 6 Sons & Daughters - "Jesse Landon (Leon) Ke." was my Father (Cont)

Page No. 2=

(6) Kaleneth B (6) Barly — { Where The Dtrs. We Still Know NOTHING About — So, Do Not Know How They Spelled Their Last Names, Or Whom They Married.

(7) Benjamin (Note) Keckley — Evidently Died In Dec. 1780, As His Estate Was Appraised On Jan. 8, 1781, Valuation of 5454 Pounds, (About $30,000.00 Then - D.E.K.), The Sale Held On Jan. 16-1781, Estate Settled On Oct. 5-1781. Only Heir, Wife "Catherine", Who Became "Mrs. Henry Ricards" Before The Estate Was Settled. He One Of The "Appraisors". The Above Data Shows Clearly Why "Benjamin" was Not Mentioned In His Father's Will - Made On Aug 1st-1781. He Had Died About 8 + Months Prior, And Left "No Heirs" - Except - His Wife Catherine. Srs. Will Probated On Oct. 6-1789, In Book 5 Pp 277, Winchester, Virg. Executors Were His Dear Wife (Not Named) & Son "Elias". The Settlement Of His Estate Was Delayed, Evidently Because "Mrs. Alce Keckley" (His Wife) Did Not "Qualify".

He Was A Rev. War Soldier In - "Benjamin Caokley" - A Member Of "Daniel Morgan's Co. Of Vira Rifle-men (96). He Was Wounded On Dec 30-1775 At The Battle For Quebec, Canada".

"Note" "Note This" Famous Bee-Line Route" Of The Miles From Winchester, Va. To Boston, Mass. In 25 Days, Or An Avge. Of 24 Miles Per Day. (Day In & Day Out)

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(1837-1900) in 1856, Fielding to Ohio, he mrd. "Amy (nane) Hancock" (1839-1900) that fall they migrated Via "Covered Wagon", with a team of 6) Wm. Solomon Ke. & wife to near Bloomington Ills, McLean Co. Ills, where they settled on a farm - they had 7 sons & 2 dtrs - 6) John Wesley Ke. my father - (1860-1919) mrd. 1884 - "CYNTHIA FREDERICA WHITE" (beat that name - if you can) in McLean Co. Ills. (1866- Still living has birthday, Age - past 91 years) - they had 1 Son & 1 dtr - 6) DAVID HAROLD KEARNEY, the writer - b 1-18-1886 (Millikin U. Grad) mrd. 6-16-1917 Winchester, Ills, "Amy Helen Sims" b- 8-13-1890 Jasper Co. Ills - both living - No Children. The wife a "Stroke victim" - blood clot Nov. 1949 - Left Side effected - Still in a "Wheel-chair", and will be the balance of her days here.

"Public Records" in the Virginias are scarce articles - done to the ravages of three wars - "Tenth, 1812 and Civil". First marriage records in Frederick Co. Va in 1787 - too late to "Catch" any of the 7 Children of Gen. No. 1 of Jacob Ke. S.R. Deaths 178? or 86 yrs. later - Births 1896 or 114 yrs later than marriage.

I am wondering if you have heard about the two books on W. Va. Land Grants, assessments etc. that has recently been published by the State Auditor "Edgar B. Sims". one the "Making of a State" 9"x12" printed in 12 pt type, bound in blue rayed Buckram - 713 pages - covering items from 1731 to 1955. Copies of Land Grants to Geo. Washington a few of his officers and soldiers, and other individuals by the "Crown of England" and the Commonwealth of Virginia, and parts thereof - price $5.00 per copy.

The other book is the "Sims index to Land Grants in W. Virginia", of 864 pages of 50,000 names of persons to whom grants were made in the territory now W. Va, some of which date back to 1746. "Price $20.00 per copy.

I learned of the above books when I bought a modern detail map of "Hampshire & Pocahontas Co's, W. Va." from the "Dept. of Highways" at Charleston, W. Va. - and on Mch. 7th received a nice letter from State Auditor "Edgar B. Sims". In my letter I asked if any "Ke-Kea or Caceley(s)" lived in Charleston, and that I was interested in some way of finding out about Land Grants and assessment lists of these persons in Hampshire Co. from about 1760 onward - As it seems that Counties Public Records were all destroyed during the Civil War. Mr Sims advised that he had made a brief count of the assessment Records and Grants of Hampshire Co. (their earliest record is 1787) We did not find any Grants in these names - but did find in 1801 the name of "Abraham KERKLEY" 177 acres. In 1816 the name is taken as "Abra Lam Kearney" 177 acres on "Drains of Mill Branch". No other

to secure detail data for the 2 Visits

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In searching our Index on Grants we find that Valentine Keckley obtained a Grant in Bath County, Va. in 1797 on Knapp's Creek. This area went into Pocahontas Co., which was formed in 1821. A search of Pocahontas Co. land assessment book of 1822 (our earliest) reveals a number of "Cackley(s)" Viz:= Valentine, William, Levi, Benjamin & Joseph. (These were all Sons of Valentine Sr. - DEC'D). Pocahontas Co. was formed from Bath, Pendleton & Randolph Co's. in 1821, but the area in which these persons appear to have owned land would be the part from Bath Co. Bath was formed from Augusta Co. in 1790. We do not find any of the names you mentioned in our City or Telephone Directories. A copy of the "Valentine Keckley" Land Grant can be made for you at a price of $1.50. Signed - Edgar B. Sims - State Auditor.

The above info. about the land assessed to "Abraham Ka" was exactly what I was seeking - and - that Info. took me NORTH of Co. I had understood (from the 1893 letter of Dr. Caples Ka.) that "Abraham" Ka. died on his farm which adjoined Dr. C. Ka's father's (Joseph Ka) at near Capon Bridge, Va. (now W.Va) - this death was on 6-15-1849. The main reason for my present interest in "Abraham Ka's Family" IS - that I've now Suspicion our "John Keckley (1801-72)" of Licking Co., Ohio May BE a Son of this (1) "Abraham Kackley", the one of (2) Celias Ka. Sr."

On my detail Co. Map of Hampshire Co., I locate the Streams - "Drains of Mill Branch", just to the N.E. of Capon Bridge, and on the west slopes of "Timber Ridge" - a continuation of the "Big or Great North Mountain Range."

Next - our "Chore" IS to secure a "Times" in Charleston W.Va. to search the U.S. Census Records of "Bloomery Township" near the "Drains of Mill Creek Branch" for the years of 1810 and 1820 of the "Abraham & Christina (whitsell) Keckley Family" to secure all the names of their Children, which will show their nearest aged on these two Census Years. Both Census Lists are necessary, because some shown in the 1810 Census Records by 1820 will be married, and listed elsewhere, and some shown in the 1820 Census would not be born by the time the 1810 Census was taken. If "Abraham Ka." had a Son "John", whose age shown he would be born in 1802 - our "problem" will seem to be "John".

Of course, you know how difficult it is to secure info. by remote control (correspondence), especially 200 years back, as only a few "Census" will give the exact Name of the Adult Male Head to Census detail data for the 2 Visits - And - if you must buy these "Documents" at $1.00 per, they soon run into many Hundreds (over)

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of dollars - but if you try to make too many "personal calls" you may, like many former Historians, become a "Public Charge". "Public Genealogists" at from $4.00 to $6.00 per hour also soon become quite expensive.

Mr. Campbell's last "Mr. Willard H. Kackley" of Byesville, Ohio invested $8.00 in one, which produced the following item taken from "Rev. Christian Streit's" DIARY:= "FEB. 18-1788 - BURIED AT OLD FURNACE, JACOB KECKLEY, AGED 86 YEARS, FROM STAMHEIM, WORTTEMBERG. TEXT REV. 14:13".=

We have Record of this "Rev. C. Streit" the Lutheran Church Minister at Winchester From July 19- 1785 to 1814 - as his name appears on many of the Keckley & Kackley Boys & Girls Marriage Records of that Era, and we had utmost confidence in Re and his records, therefore, we feel the above "Diary Entry" is as authentic as any "Public Record". All of Jacob Ke Sr's Sons, except Benjamin - and his Wife "Alce" WERE living when he was buried on Feb. 18-1788- therefore, he secured the above Info. for his Sermons and "Diary" - direct from the Family, So, it MUST BE AUTHENTIC.

The above item is one entitled Hitems for "Jacob Ke. Sr.", Namely, his approx. Birthyear, Death date, Nationality - and above all that his original home here in the "Colonies" WAS "KECKLEY", which I have contended for the past 5 years, although in his Will the "Maker" spelled it "Kackley" - which "Jacob" signed with "his mark". If he could NOT SIGN his own name - then - he evidently could not read either, so, he could not determine that his name WAS INCORRECTLY SPELLED.

In re - your Original Ancestor's name - I imagine that you may have discovered by now that it was "Mc KIEK" - German - and pronounced as "Mc KEEK or Mc KEIK". And the spelling became changed by the pronunciation, the same as the "KECKLEY form".

In further reference to the "Rev. Streit Diary Entry" - I felt that this "Diary" would disclose many items that the Dieterich & Hampshire County Public Records did not yet show - and that it would be foolish to pay this "Profit Genealogist" $8.00 every time my Suspicions on "Item" might be found in it - So - Why not try to locate that "Diary".

So, I wrote the present Minister of the Winchester Lutheran Church, and learned that the Church Trustees had published in 1954 a book entitled "This Heritage", which included the "Rev. Streit Diary" (Complete), obtainable at $4.00 per copy. So, I sent check and had a copy within a week. The "Diary" comes 49 pages - but - began

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on July 19-1783, and ended abruptly on Nov. 28-1786 - Not even Completing the year 1788 - a coverage of about 3 1/3 years ONLY. Very disappointing, as I anticipated "Diaries" covering possibly 40 or 50 years. Only two "Keckley" items appeared, namely, the burial of Jacob Sr., and the election on Dec. 15-1787 of "Ellis Keckley" as a Reformed Deacon of the "Old Furnace Church". Two other "Keckley" names appeared in the 391 page Book, namely "Harry B." as Elder 1922-25 and Financial Secy. 1915- at Winchester, and "Frank" as a confirmed member in the Dec 31-1953 listing.

And during the 3 1/3 years of the "Diary" Rev. Streit gave 386 Sermons, 129 baptisms, 163 Confirmations, had 157 Marriage Ceremonies & 43 Funerals. but not a Single Marriage of a "Keckley or a Kackley". He also preached at many other Lutheran Churches in that Section - Also 3 times at Phila, Penn., one at Lancaster, Penn., Hagerstown, Md. & Jonestown. These trips were all made on "horseback" - took one week to ride to Phila., or two weeks per sermon. He came to Lancaster, Penn. "Rev. G. Streit" died in Winchester on 3-10-1817. Served there 1785-1794 & 1804-1812 = 18 years, and at Middletown New Woodstock 1795-1803 or 9 years - a total of 27 years in "The Valley of Virginia". He died at age of 67 years 9 mos. & 3 days. If you are a "Lutheran" - the book "This Heritage" would be very interesting to you, as it covers the founding of the Lutheran Churches in Virginia.

If you are interested in W. Virg., write "Edgar B. Sims" State Auditor W. Virg., Charleston, W. Va., for a copy of his circular on his "Bonds" - and copies of the "Map of present W. Va. as of 1938 - and as of 1780", which will give you an excellent idea of the Section you were born in, and for 25¢ you may obtain a very detail Map of Pocahontas Co. W. Va., which even shows all farm residences.

Since Auditor Sims last name is the same as my wife's "Maiden" name - I am "playing a few cards" with he - for some additional info in "Hampshire County", because, the records at Romney now date back to only 1865 - Fire ones destroyed during "Civil War". He seems very accommodating - So - to further the Sales of his "Bonds" - I may get some "extra favors".

I have not yet asked "Bill" to pinpoint the two "Mills" built by Valentine Keckley Sr. - are they on the Small Stream that flows thru Millpoint and empties into the "Green Brier River" about 1 1/2 Miles away, or on the Green Brier? I have assumed that neither are now being operated. The detail Co. Map published by the State shows "Saw Mills", but No "Grist Mills". A "Seasonal Industry" is shown at "Millpoint", Have a Church, Building, 2 Store Houses, and one Home Owner - and nearby 2 Farm Homes and one Home Owner. "Bill" tells me the population is 15 persons.

(over)

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(over)

For the past 18 months I have been "processing" a Branch of the "Abraham Kaceley's" from "(13) Hamilton Jefferson ("Jeff") and Margaret ("Peggy" Parish) Kaceley" who came from Hampshire Co. Va, in 1855 to "Coles County, Ills.", they never wrote to any of their Virg. Relatives, So, they were LOST for 100 years, or until I located a descendent's Branch at Charleston, Ills, through a death notice published in our local Newspaper in Sep. 1955. There were 10 Children in this "Jeff & Peggy Ka" family, however, the ones I contacted only knew of 6 - and I had come to Coles Co. with their Parents - or rather I and one knew these later ones. No one knew these Childrens parents names, when or where they died. But, from this meger beginning I have now Contacted all 8 Ills. Bchs., except one dtr. who may have died "Single" - None knew of her. I have not had time to answer "Leads" - but I believe these Bchs. now total more than 600 descendants. They are now scattered over, Ills, Ind., Ohio, Fla., Mo., Kans., Iowa, Colo., and Calif.

The "original Charleston Ills. Story" was that the parents both died Suddenly of "Cholera" leaving these 6 orphans - their "John" then only 2 years old - this was supposed to be Shortly after they came to Coles Co. Ills. - No one knew where any of the other Bchs. descendants were now living - or very little of Anywhere. I then got busy and procured the 1850 U.S. Census of the family in Hampshire Co. Va., then later on the 1860 " " " " " " then Cumberland Co. Ills - the two Census Reports gave me the names of all 10 Childrens, and their nearest ages on those two years, which both checked "O.K." - I learned, eventually that one Geo. (5) "John Sims Ka." served in the "Civil War", So, I secured his data from the "Archivist of Ills. State Library," Spfld. Ills. and learned he was enlisted as "Joab or Jacob CRACKLEY", and that in the Same Co & Regiment there was an "Elias J. CRACKLEY", whom they stated Shared the same in all respects, except for name.

After I secured the two "Census Reports" - it was easy to "Suppose" that "Elias J Crackley" - was "(5) Elias James Kaceley". Now evidence of carelessness in listing "Civil War Soldiers" - Fully 50% more WRONGLY listed. I then secured his record from Springfield, and it was NOT the Same as his brother "John Sims's", while served all thru the War - and Elias J. died of a disease at Nashville, Tenn on Feb 27 1864 - and is buried in the "National Century" at Nearby Madison, Tenn - A request is now in Work Dept. for what actual date they have - as to exact to date, and his Marital Status. So, I am "hoping" on this item.

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To save expense, I plan to soon go to Charleston, Ills, and have them "dig out" the dusty Birth & Death record books for me to peruse, begining with No 1 - and on the Marg. Books - from about 1860 onward. This will involve probably two or three days time - but will cost about $100.00 in "fees" for Certified Records. Before the trip - I plan to go to Springfield, and search the "1865 State Census" "micro-film-records" (with a good magnifing glass), to help determine if the parents were then Still Living - if not - then I will know they died Sometime between Aug 4 - 1860 (Census taking date), and the date the State Census taken in 1865 - I must search in both Counties of "Coles & Cumberland" to determine this. Then Someway I must learn their approx. death dates, and try to find their burial place in Some rural Cemetery - a tough jit.

Most "Historians" take what is sent them, and leave the "Stubborn" branch go - but that makes a very poor "F. History" - So, I make every effort possible to complete every Branch 100% - If they do not take too much money to complete.

By the way - can you furnish me the names and address of any of the descendants of - (a) "Joseph & Susan (McClure) Ca". and b) "Benjamin & Fanny (McKeever) Caseley" who migrated to Jackson Co. Ohio? - We have been unable to locate any of these Branches.

I also note you quote "Thomas Hill's" wife as Ann Cackley - We have her recorded as "Hyde". Are we WRONG?

I also have the name & adr. of "Willa Belle Cackley", 1315 East 62nd Terrace, Kans. City, Mo. - have never written her - Where does She "fit in the Cackley Bks.?

The answers to the above 3 Questions, I would like to "relay" to "Mr. Finley B. Campbell", who Is processing the "Cackley Branches".

Mike, I must confess that this letter has run into a "book", whereas, I only intended to write 2 or 3 pages - So - I must beg your pardon. Probably much of this "Keckley & Kacaley" data will Not interest you too much - but - while I was writing, I thought you would be interested in the "Irish Connection", so as to build up to your Ancestor "Ann Valentine (nee) Cackley SR."

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does considerable "Forest and Ohio State Income Tax work" at his home - and now is his busy season, So, if you write him it might be a little time before you hear from him - So - do not despair. And, in the meantime - if you would like to look over my data - almost any time will be suitable - as I put in about 10 hours daily on this I. History work - letters come in almost daily from the hundreds of contacts I am making - but - you better give me a few days advance notice, as once in a great while we are away from home. Our over-night accomodations are usually not too good, as we rent out all spare rooms to male roomers, but, of course, now and then we do hav a "Vacancy", when we can accomodate you - be sure and bring the "Mrs.", as She and the wife can "canfab" while you & I do the History work.

So, with this, I will bring this lengthy letter to a close, write when it may be convenient - and if you hav any questions - fire them to me - and I will do my best to answer them.

Very truly yours,

H. Earl Keckley,
938 - West Wood St.,
Decatur, Illinois

(Letter No. 1632)
(Reading time 1 hr.)

P.S. -

When you reply - the "Questions" are marked ×× in left margin, So as to save rereading the whole letter.

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E.E.K.

Decatur, Illinois
March 24, 1957

Dr. John O. McNeel
1127 Pine Street
St. Louis 1, Missouri

Dear Dr. McNeel:

Your letter of the 22nd inst. arrived this a. m., in re: the postoffice of Millpoint, W. Va., originally Cackleytown, and same inquiry concerning the Cackley Family.

You seem to have settled at least the time that Millpoint, Virg., (now W. Va.) became a U. S. Post Office, however, the name of the town could have been changed earlier than the date the P. O. was established.

I have a copy of a letter written on Feb. 6, 1893 by Dr. Cephus Kackley Maysville, Ky., to Wm. H. Cackley, of Ronceverte, W. Va., (this Wm. H. C. the son (8) Valentine Cackley, Jr., not the Wm. H. Ca of near Millpoint) in which he was seeking info. about the Virg. Cackleys - and his letter contained the following paragraph - "In a list of battle skirmishes in Va. I find the name Cackleytown. I could not find such a postoffice. Where is it? I think Wm. Cackley spoke of the place when at father's."

Of course this has reference to Civil War skirmishes and this would be thirty years after the date the P. O. Dept. Records show that the town was Millpoint. (1865 less 1835=30 years). However between 1862 and 1865 the residents and the Civil War soldiers and correspondents evi ently still called the little village Cackleytown. The above listed 1893 letter was where I conceived the idea that Cackleytown did not become Millpoint until the latter part of the Civil War, or later. The above named Dr. Cephus Kackley was of the 4th generation, a son of (4) Joseph (none) and Elizabeth (Turner) Ka., and he a son of (4) Elias (none) Kackley, Sr., a son of Jacob Keckley, Sr. (1701-1788), or Gen. No. 1.

You ask the privilidge to look over my Cackley data at some time and that Bill Cackley may have given me much of this material. Bill had sent no data, until a letter came on Mch. 22nd, in which he sent Info. for his branch, his parents, grandparents, and grat grd. parents (Gen. No. 3) of Levi (none), Sr., and Nancy (none) Bradshaw Cackley. He sent no data, not even names for his gradfather (5 Wm. James Ca.), 3 brothers and two sisters,

I note that you are compiling a History of the McNeel Family, therefore, I am wondering how far back you may know about the original Keckley ancestors, who came to the colonies and if you know about the three spellings of the original family name of - Keckley -- namely - Keckley, Kackley & Cackley.

Before I forget it - you are welcome to come look over my Keckley FAmily History Data, at any time it may suit your convienence - however - I wish to state that my "Cackley Branches" data IS LIMITED, as I personally have contacted none of the "Cackley Branches" - I ran onto Bill in a rather peculiar manner. I wrote the Assoc. of Commerce at Millpoint not then knowing it was such a small village - my letter was sent to the Prison Camp - then relayed to Wm. H. Cackley of the Twin Oakes Farm - and he replied - my inquiry concerned the date that Cackleytown became Millpoint - and Bill did not know.

I will explain a little more about the Keckley F. History, processiong of data It looks like we will not be compiling for 20 or 30 years yet. There are at present 3 Historians and a General Geneologist - so engaged. I have been working on this history for only about 5½ years. The Gen'l Geneologist about 8 years - at present we have catalogued probably over 9,000 ancestors and descendants. I alone - have added over 4,000 in my 5½ years, or almost ½ of our total. I put in about 3 years on the Keckley Bohn. ONLY, and while doing so - ran into a Kackley Boh. out in Nebraska, who changed his last name to Keckley - and at that time he had 8 children, ranging in age from 6 to 22 years - and they all became Keckley(s) without any legal procedure EXCEPT HIS oldest s on who applied

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Possibly you have, or have heard of the "article" entitled - "The Cackleys" published by the "Hon. Charles B. Johnson" of Clarksburg, W/ Virg. In the "Marlinton Pocahontas Times" of Feb. 28, 1946. If you do have it - "throw it into the waste-basket" as it is the most "in-informative bunch of 'Info.'" lore handed to the many - "Cackley, Kackley and Keckley Cousins" that we know of. It is practically ALL based on "Theory." And that "Article" was "clipped" by many of our Virg. Cousins and "circulated" all over the various states. We Historians now call this "Honorable Chas. B. Johnson" the "Honery" C. B. J.

He is a descendantx from the 1) "John Kackley, Sr, Bch.," thru his daughter (8) Hannah (ka) Johnson; (1) John Ka. Johnson; (?) Wm. James Johnson - then the ?) Hon. Chas. B. Johnson, Gen. No. 6, of Clarksburg (an attorney).

In his article "The Cackleys" - he sets up the French Family" of "Sebastian Caquelin" As our originial ancestor - this French name is pronounced in French as if spelled Cackelie. They sailed from Rotterdam, Holland, in the "Princess Augusta" with Samuel Marchant as "Master", PALATINES with their families, in all 330 persons, they touched Cowes, England, for clearance, and docked at Phila., Penn., as vessel No. A-2, on Sept. 16, 1736. At that time the "Ship-lists" only showed the "male passengers" from 16 yrs. upward. The women were carried as "Freights", the children as "Half-Freights." At that time - three "ship-lists" were made - two, the males 16 & upward signed, one to foresware alligiance to the "King of England" - the other to take oaths to the "Penn. Colonial British Government" - If - you intendéd to live in that British Colony of Penn. The "third ship-list" was prepared by the ship's "Master", in this case "Samuel Marchant" - he - or some sub-officer - made this list in their own hand-writing - spelling the names as they understood the pronunciations. And on this Master's Ship-lists these "Caquelin" names were spelled "Caekelie" - on the two lists they signed - they plainly spelled their names "Caquelin" - a very few of these names can be deciphered. I have "photostats" of all three of these "ship-lists." There were 7 children in this family. But only the father and 2 sons signed, Sebastian, Diedrich (signed as DIDDY) and Jean. Sebastian Jr., died en route.

The "Master's" list showed them as follows:
No. 70 - Sebastian Caeklie, aged 50 yrs.; No. 71 - Sebastian Caekelie, age 22 yrs. (DIED). No. 72 Diderick Caekelie, age 20 yrs.; and No. 73 - Hance (actually Jean) Caekelie, age 17 yrs. One other male died en route, namely, Hans Joner.

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A distant relative of "Chas. B. Johnson" - "Mrs. W. E. Collins" thru (1) John Ka., Sr. dtr. (1) Rachel (Ka) (Yoe) now Yost, and others= She Gen. No. 6* was C. B. Johnson "source"for kkx he to use his "theory" = and she actually believed the "Caquelins" were our originial ancestors. I will relate more of "Mrs. W. E. Collins" later on.

I could not see these "Caquelins" as our originial ancestors for three reasons= FIRST - because I felt sure we were NOT FRENCH; SECOND - none of the names of "Sebastian", Diderich or Jean ever appeared in the Jacob Keckley, Sr., Branch, or any of his children, or grand children"s Bchs.; THIRDLY - his namesake, Jacob, Jr., spelled his name KECKLEY , as did his 5 children.

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The "British Anglicising Law" of 1718 in the "Colony of Penn." finally caught up with the Caquelin Family in its third generation in Penn. or in about 1760, when they became = Cockley - Gockley & Cocklin (s)."

Now, about "Mrs. W. E. Collins" - she was not what I would call a "Historian" - but - she was searching for an ancestor who was a Rev. War Soldier" - so - she could become a "D. A. R." She traced down - "Kackley - Whiteman - Tribby - Yost - Barnes (2 Bchs.) and Collins." She knew that (1) John KAckley, sr WAS a Rev. War Soldier" - But she could not find his record in either Frederick or Hampshire Counties - so, as she believed the Caquelins were an original ancestors - and that in the 1700"s boundry lines were quite indefinite - she went up into Lancaster and Cumberland Co"s., Penn., and took a John COCKLEY (actually Jean Caquelin) who was shown as. a= "Private in Cumberland Co. Militia, 3rd Batallion in 1781" and she added - "and Lancaster Co., Penn". He - probably never fired a gun at any-body in the Rev. War - as the peace treaty was signed in 1781.

She engineered" her lineage this way: Emma Barnes Collins, dtr. of Sarah M. Tribley Collins, dtr. of Frances Yost Tribley, dtr. of Rachel Cackley (actually Kackley - D. E. K.) Yost, dtr. of John Cockley and the said John Kackley a son of Jacob Kackley (actually Keckley - D. E. K.) To support this "John Cockley" under "ancestor"s services" she brought in: an archivist, Penn. State Library; French Huguenots; Sebastian Coquelin, his sons Sebastian (he died and never reached Penn. - D. E. K.), Dietrich and Jean; Anna May Cogley - a member Penn. Huguenot Soc., from "Jean"; John Cooley, owner of grist mills near Winchester, Va.; who was one of four brothers who operated mills near Capon Springs, Va.; about 1812 (was 1817 - D. E. K.) John Kackley (Keckley- Cooley - Cackley) came to Guernsey Co., Ohio from Winchester, Va. The name is also spelled "Cogley - Keeley - Kuechele - Kechlein - Cockley."

This was sure a "master-piece of-deceit" - but she became a "D. A. R."

The "Master's" list showed 120 males, xthe 16 & upwards - less 2 deceased - leaves 118 - but - only 112 signed the other two lists - so 6 evidently went to other colonies to settle.

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He was a descendant of (4) Elias Ka., Sr., more commonly known as "Ellis", through his son (4) Joseph & Elizabeth (Turner) Ka., then (3) Dr. Cephus Kackley (Gen. No. 4). Through these two letters of Dr. Cephus Ka's. in the past 2 years we have contacted descendants of about all of (4) Elias Ka. Sr's. 12 children, whereas before that we had only contacted about 5 of them.

Probably I better give you the data, as we now have it for Generation No. 1, of Jacob Keckley, Sr., whp migrated from Lancaster Co., Penn., in 1741 to the Valley of Virg." (now the Shenandoah Valley) and settled in what is now Frederick County. Here he secured approx. 2,000 acres of land and operated a "Plantation" for about 47 years or until his death in 1788. Have you ever learned where this plantation was located?

Gen. No. 1 = Keckley Family History

Jacob (none) Keckley, Sr. B_____ 1701 or 1702 In Stanheim, Wurttemberg, Germany
D. Feb. 15 or 16, 1788 In Frederick County, Virg.
Brd. Feb. 18, 1788 in Old Furnace Cemetery, now St. Johns Church and Cemetery, located aboutcx 2 mi. west of Mount Williams, on State Route No. 600.
Mar'd about 1740 in Lancaster, Penn., we believe - to

Alice _____ B._____, 1717; D. _____, 1805, in Frederick Co. Virg.
Brd. St. Johns Cemetery.

CHILDREN

(1) John (none) Kackley, Sr, B. 7-30-1741, Lancaster Co., Penn. D. 4-23-1823 Guerbsey Co., Ohio, now in Noble Co., 2½ miles so. east of Pleasant City, Guernsey Co, Ohio.
wife Elizabeth Whiteman
He has 3 sons & 5 dtrs. - Most of them lived in Guernsey Co., Ohio. He was a Rev. War Soldier. Bdr'd in C. S. Rich Cemetery, S. E. of Pleasant City, Ohio

(2) Jacob (none) Keckley, Jr. No birth or death data. Mar'd Margaret Secrist. Has 2 sons & 3 dtrs. Inherited the home plantation. In 1788, died intestate only a few years later. Estate evidently held intact by wife, Margaret, as no records can be found.

(3) Valentine (none) Cackley Sr. No birth or death dates.- Mar'd. Mary (none) Frye of Capon Springs, Va. Evidently a dtr. of the early pioneers, Abraham and Agnes Frye, of Frederick Co., Virg., and grd.dtr. of Benjamin Frye (died in Fredk. Co. in 1753). This Frye family came from Montgomery Co., Penn., in about 1738 and settled on Cedar Creek. In about 1788 Valentine Ca., Sr., migrated to what is now Pocahontas Co., W. Va. At that

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time was Greenbrier Co., He settled at what is now Millpoint, W. Va., which he established as Cackleytown. Here he built a modern mill for that time; projected a tannery, started a tilt-hammer and a general store. He also promoted & encouraged other useful industries in that section. And accrued a vast landed estate. He had 6 sons & 4 dtrs.

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This will give you a good general idea of Gen. No. 1 - and the three different spellings of the originial family name, which we "Historians" are SURE was not intentional - but due to "circumstances" - caused by these "German Boys" pronunciation of their last name. A German always pronounces an "E" as if it was a long or broad "A" in English, therefore, they pronounced their names "Kackley." If a German wrote it down they would spell it "Keckley", but others would spell it either "Kackley" or "Cackley" - both pronounced the same. Therefore - as these German Boys eventually owned "tangible property", the documents were frequently made out WRONGLY, and when they disposed of that property they were compelled to use these wrong spelled names - which furthered these wrong spelled names. In the middle 1700's it was more important to "till the soil" to make a living - than it was - to worry about the "spelling of your name" - therefore - 2 sons ((1) John & (4) Elias) became "Kackley", 1 son (3) Valentine became "Cackley", and 2 sons remained "Keckley" (s) ((2) Jacob, Jr & (7) Benjamin), although "Benjamin" was frequently called a "Cackley".

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bought 111 acres of timberland - built a "log-abin" and began clearing the land & raising his family of 6 sons & 2 dtrs. (7) James Leander ("Lee") Ke. was my grd. father., (1837-1904) in 1856, Licking Co., Ohio, he mrd. Amy (none) Hauck (1839-1900), that fall they migrated via "covered wagon" with a brother (4) Wm. Columbus Ke. & wife to near Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill., where they settled on a farm - they had - 2 sons & 2 dtrs. (1) John Wesley Ke., my father, (1860-1919) mrd. 1884 - Cymsea Frederica White (beat that name - if you can) in McLean Co., Ill. (1866 - still living here in Decatur, age - past 91 years) - they had 1 son & 1 dtr. - (1) David Earl Keckley, the writer - b. 1-18-1886, mrd. 6-16-1917, Winchester, Ill., Amy Helen Sims, b. 8-13-1890 in Jasper Co., Ill., (they married McLean Co., Ill) - both living - no children. The wife a "stroke victim" - blood clot, Nov. 1949 - left side affected - still in a "wheel-chair" and will be the balance of her days here.

"Public Records" in the Virginia are scarce articles - some due to the ravages of three wars - Revlu., 1812 and Civil." First Mar'ge records in Frederick Co., Va., in 1782 - too late to "catch" any of the 7 children of Gen. No. 1 of Jacob Ke., Sr. Deaths 1782 or 88 years later - Births 1896 or 114 yrs. later than Mar' ages.

I am wondering if you have heard about the two books on W. Va., "Land Grants, Assessments, etc., that has recently been published by the State Auditor, Edgar B. Sims. One the "Making of a State, 9x12, printed in 12 pt. type, bound in blue & gold Buckram - 213 pages - covering items from 1738 to 1955. Copies of Land Grants to Geo. Washington, a few of his officers and soldiers, and other individuals by the "Crown of England" and the Commonwealth of Virginia, and parts thereof - price $5.00 per copy.

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I learned of the above books when I bought a modern detail map of "Hampshire & Pocahontas Counties, W. Va." from the Dept. of Highways at Charleston, W. Va. - and on Mch. 7th received a nice letter from State Audito, Edgar B. Sims. In my letter I asked if any "Ke.= Ka. or Cackley (s) lived in Charleston, and that I was interested in some way of finding out about Land Grants and Assessors lists of these persons in Hampshire Co., from about 1760 onward - as it seems that Counties Public Records were all destroyed during the Civil War. Mr. Sims advised that he had made a breif search of the assessment records and Grants of Hampshire Co. (their earlier records in 1782). He did not find any grants in these names - but did find in 1809 the name "Abraham Kerkley," 127 acres. In 1816 the name is entered as "Abraham Kackley" 127 acres on "Drains of Mill Branch." No where on the "Assessment Records" of Hampshire County earlier than 1809 do we find the names you list.

In searching our Index on grants we find that Valentine Keckley obtained a grant in Bath County, Va., in 1797 on Knapps Creek. This area went into Pocahontas Co., which was formed in 1821. A search of Pocahontas Co., land assessment books of 1822 (our earliest) reveals a number of "Cackley(s), viz., Valentine, William, Levi, Benjamin & Joseph. (These were all sons of Valentine, Sr. - D. E. K.). Pocahontas Co., was formed from Bath, Pendleton & Randolph Cos., in 1821, but the area in which these persons appear to have owned land would be the part from Bath Co. Bath was formed from Augusta Co., in 1790. We do not find any of the names you mentioned in our City or Telephone Directories. A copy of the "Valentine Keckley" land grant can be made for you at a price of $1.50. Signed - Edgar B. Sims, State Auditor.

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The above info. about the land assessed to "Abraham Ka." was exactly what I was seeking - and - that Info. cost me nothing. I had understood (from the 1893 letter of Dr. Cephus Ka.) that "Abraham" Ka. died on his farm which adjoined Dr. C. Ka's father's (Joseph Ka.) at near Capon Bridge, Va. (now W. Va.) - this death was on 6-15 1849. The main reason for my present interest in "Abraham Ka's family" IS - that we now suspicion our "John Keckley (1802-75) of Licking Co., Ohio MAY BE a son of this (1) "Abraham Kackley," the son of (4) Elias Ka., Sr.

On my detail Co. map of Hampshire Co., I locate the stream "Drains of Mill Branch," just to the N. E. of Capon Bridge, and on the west slopes of "Timber Ridge" - a continuation of the Big or Great North Mountain Range?

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And during the 3 1/3 years of the "Diary" Rev. Streit gave 386 sermons, 429 baptisms, 163 confirmations, had 157 marriage ceremonies & 43 funerals, but not a single marriage of a "Keckley or a Kackley." He also preached at many other Lutheran Churches in that section - also 3 times at Phila., Penn., one at Lancaster, Penn., Hagerstown, Md., & Funkstown. These trips were all made on "horseback" - took one week to ride to Phila., or two weeks per sermon. The same to Lancaster, Penn. "Rev. C. Streit" died in Winchester on 3=10-1812. Served there 1785-1794 & 1804-1812 = 18 years, and at Millerstown, NOW Woodstock 1795-1803 or 9 years - a total of 27 years in the " Valley of Virginia". He died at age 62 years, 9 months & 3 days. If you are a "Lutheran" - the book "This Heritage" would be very interesting to you, as it covers the founding of the Lutheran Churches in Virginia.

If you are interested in W. Virg., write "Edgar B. Sims" State Auditor W. Virg., Charleston, W. Va., for a copy of his circular on his "Books - and copies of the "Map of present W. Va. as of 1738 - and as of 1780," which will give you an excellent idea of the section you were born in, and for .25¢ you may obtain a very detail map of Pocahontas Co., W. Va., which even shows all farm residences.

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The answers to the above 3 questions, I would like to "relay" to "Mr. Finley B. Campbell" who is processing the Cackley Branches.

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Mr. Campbell IS a farmer "Justice of the Peace," and still does considerable "Federal and Ohio State Income Tax Work" at his home - and now is his busy season, so, if you write him it might be a little time before you hear from him - so - do not dispair. And, in the meantime - if you would like to come t o look over my data - almost any time will be suitable - as I put in about 10 hours daily on this F. History work - letters come in almost daily from the hundreds of contacts I am making -but - you better give me a few days advance notice, as once in a great while We are away from home. Our over-night accomodations are usually not too good, as we rent out all spare rooms to male roomers but of course, now and then we do have a "vacancy" where we can accomodate you - be sure and bring the "Mrs.", as she and the wife can "confab" while you & I do the History work.

So, with this, I will bring this lengthy lette r to a close, write when it may be convenient - and if you have any questions - fire them to me - and I will do my best to answer them.

Yours very truly,
s/ D. Earl Keckley
938 West Wood St.
Decatur, Illinois

Letter No. 1632
(Reading time 1 hr.)

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When you reply - the "questions" are marked ** in left margin, so as to save re= reading the whole letter.

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CALVIN W. PRICE.

Calvin W. Price, 76, editor and publisher of the Pocahontas Times, and one of West Virginia's most-widely known newspapermen, died unexpectedly at his home in Marlinton Friday, June 14, 1957. He was born in Rockingham County, Va., a son of the late Dr. and Mrs. William T. Price. His father was a Presbyterian minister, who moved to Pocahontas County when this son was a mere lad. At the age of 15, he became an apprentice on the Pocahontas Times, and four years later a partner, and became the sole owner in 1906. Besides being one of this state's most widely known editors, an honorary doctorate was conferred on him several years ago by West Virginia University, and in recognition of his great zeal for nature, wildlife and censervation, a State Forest in Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties was named for him. Services were held Sunday in the Marlinton Presbyterian Church, conducted by his pastor, the Rev. Ernest H. Flaniken, and burial followed in Mountain View cemetery. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Mabel Milligan Price; four daughters, Mrs. John Branch Green of Richmond, Va., Mrs. Isaac McNeel of Charleston, Mrs. J. D. Hubard of Virginia Beach, Va., and Mrs. Basil Sharp of Marlinton; a brother, Dr. Norman Price of Marlinton, and a sister, Mrs. Frank R. Hunter of Marlinton; also 10 grandchildren.

This paper is undertaken to discuss with you the identity of Lincoln's maternal grandfather. Under ordinary circumstances this might be considered a delicate question, but so much harm has been done by the number of books that have been published on the subject, and the scandal that has covered the nation that I am sure that I cannot add to the sorrow of two good women. It is my sincere desire to place them in a better light before a hundred million people everyone of whom is deeply indebted to them for the saver of the nation, Abraham Lincoln. The women I refer to are Lucy Hanks and her daughter Nancy Hanks.

Each passing year adds new luster to the name of Abraham Lincoln. Devoted as I have been to the neglected history of West Virginia, so long at the mercy of the mercenaries among historians, I had not considered Lincoln as a study demanding my attention any further than his actions as a statesman were responsible for the formation of the State of West Virginia and the movements of the Civil War within this State.

Every drop of blood in me is Confederate. I was born since the war but I can remember the days when Lincoln was not revered universally either in the North nor in the South. When it is remembered that his Gettysburg speech, now considered the supreme voicing of thought, was ridiculed and derided by Northern editors, some idea can be obtained of what Lincoln had to endure in his lifetime before the second sober thought of his countrymen set him on the highest place in history ever known in the troubled story of the world.

The Lincolns belonged to Rockingham County, Virginia. That was the county filled with what we call parfists in this day. It was the breed of Quakers, Mennonites and Dunkards. High class, level headed people who had a clear understanding of the horrors of war where the winner is also a loser. And as for the almighty dollar, they were experts in that game, and money was highly important to them. That was the county that suffered more than any other county in the United States per capita, and while Lincoln was president and commander in chief of the army. My earliest impression then were from men who had suffered from the burning and raiding of the Valley of Virginia, and "Old Abe" was about the best name that they called him. If it had not been for my father who was a historian and a Confederate soldier and who appreciated the greatness of Lincoln long before some of the men of disappointed ambitions in the North, I might have grown up in the belief that the war president had cloven hoofs.

Later on when we had moved from Rockingham county to the mountains of West Virginia and I had the opportunity of hearing men discuss for endless hours in conversation the history of the Civil War, I began to see how the existence of the Union depended upon the unfaltering purpose of one man, just as the success of the Revolution was due to the steadfast nature and good judgment of George Washington. I have come to regard Abraham Lincoln as one of the men that the Lord provides from time to time to preserve mankind from destruction through their own mad passions and prejudices.

Perhaps the most engrossing problem ever presented to the psychologist was how Lincoln the wise man and the man without the benefit of even a most primitive school, could have been evolved from the Lincolns and the Hankses, as the sole representative of two prolific families that ever showed any scholastic ability or who ever reached an eminent position upon his own merit. If there ever was a case of a man who burst his birth's invidious bar, it was he.

Ever since I can remember the searchers after truth who delighted in unsavory subjects were divided in two schools, one which advanced the theory that Lincoln was the son of John C. Calhoun, and the other that Lincoln was the half brother of Jefferson Davis. Something like forty years ago I was able to combat both theories for I had found out that if there ever was a pure and virturous woman on the face of the earth it was Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Therefore there could not be any truth in those rumors. Never was there a more undeserved case of the fell work of the livid wing of scandal.

But when it comes to the question of Lucy Hanks, the grandmother, who atoned for what some might consider a mistake of her girlhood, by a long life of good works as a noble Christian woman, the wife of a good man, and the mother of nine children, we have to accept the fact that Nancy Hanks was a base born child, and we have to look to the circumstances surrounding that fact.

There can be little doubt that the Hanks family knew who was the father of Nancy Hanks and there can be no doubt that they regarded it as a secret so profound that it could not be divulged. I believe that Abraham Lincoln knew who his grandfather was and that his lips were tightly sealed. All that he said about it that has been preserved was that his grandfather was a Virginia planter and that he believed that whatever talent that he had was inherited from his unnamed grandfather This is one of the strongest evidences to me that the gentleman that I am about to name was the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln.

One of Lincoln's great aunts, a sister of Lucy, had a child before marriage by a man by the name of Charles Friend. It did not suit to marry for some reason or other but there was no great concealment for they named the baby Dennis Friend Hanks, and he was adopted along with little Nancy by Elizabeth Sparrow, aunt to both of them, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. This was the Dennis Hanks, a sort of fireside philosopher, who was an earlier counselor of his cousin Abe. This Dennis Hanks took the view that he should perjure himself like a gentleman and prove that Nancy Hanks was named Nancy Sparrow and born in lawful wedlock after Lucy married the other Sparrow. This he failed to accomplish. I suppose that these matters

last test to be discussed as a general thing, but when the fate of nations depend upon the vagaries of human beings, there is nothing much we can do but reaffirm our faith and dependence in Providence, and admit that we are helpless and dependent mortals.

A woman said the other day that what was the rightest thing in the world could be the wrongest thing in the world under different circumstances.

Physically Lincoln took after the Lincolns. They were given to tall ungainly forms. One of my earliest recollections was one of the clan that was six feet seven inches tall and thin and raw boned.

Lincoln was a cousin of R. E. Lee. The name of Lee is one of the proudest in Virginia and China. Some of the rest of us decayed aristocrats may whisper around that the Lees are a comparatively modern family, dating back to a mere two hundred years or so, but the Lees sail grandly on nevertheless and number many great and important names on the list. They ought to agree on the spelling however for away back there a distinguished Virginia jurist spelled his name Leigh. It looks like there may have been an ancestor phonetically inclined, like the branch that were apt to spell their name Linkhorn.

Dr. Barton of Foxboro, Massachusetts, has become the most famous of the biographers of Lincoln, though Emil Ludwig is making a pass at the subject at this time and he seems to be a man of parts, capable of felicity in expression and discernment. West Virginia at this great intellectual feast takes the place of the poor man at a frolic. We furnished a tottering democracy with the immortal Nancy and you cannot laugh that off. I have had many kind letters from Dr. Barton lately and he has accepted my help in the spirit in which it was offered. After the home of the Hanks had been found to be in Mineral County, I was able to locate the missing title papers. In that I functioned as an attorney-at-law, rather than a historian. It is a matter of considerable satisfaction to me that the title and survey have passed the critical in-

spection of David C. Martin. I noticed in Dr. Barton's late book that he has the picture of the ruins of a house with a cellar as one of the possible sites of the Hanks homestead. This to an antiquarian is an anachronism, as the pioneers on the headwaters did not have cellars in 1784.

I feel that the best evidence of the identity of the mysterious grandfather is to be gathered from Lincoln's talk with his law partner, William H. Herndon, who has recorded it in his history, and his account should be carefully considered. Herndon said:

"It was about 1850, when he and I were driving in his one horse buggy to the court in Menard County, Illinois, ... he spoke, for the first time in my hearing, of his mother, dwelling on her characteristics, and mentioning or enumerating what qualities, he inherited from her. He said, among other things, that she was the illegitimate daughter of Lucy Hanks and a well bred Virginia farmer or planter; and he argued that from this last source came his power of analysis his mental activity, his ambition, and all the qualities that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family . . . . . The revelation—painful as it was—called up the recollection of his mother, and as the buggy jolted over the road, he added ruefully, 'God bless my mother; all that I am or ever hope to be I owe to her.' "

In the Virginias the word planter is never used to describe a farmer in the Valley or in the Mountains. It is confined to the tobacco and cotton regions and that is what was meant in this case. It is apparent that Lincoln knew who the grandfather was and that there was a powerful reason for not disclosing the name. It would have been fatal to his political life. It would have invoked a storm of ridicule. Lincoln up to the hour of his death was subjected to abuse and adverse criticism. Kind words were few and far between.

Joseph Hanks was a native of Richmond county a county in the Northern Neck where it narrows down to the few miles that separate the tidal rivers, the Potomac and the Rappahannock. The space here is taken up largely by Richmond County and Westmoreland County, and this spot has been the birthplace of many eminent men, among them being Washington, Monroe, the Lees, and other prominent personages.

Hanks signed by mark. He married Ann Lee. He was in the Fairfax grant and decided to go to the extreme western part of the Fairfax lands. This was about 1782, as fixed by Barton, from certain records that he examined in Richmond County. The way at that time lay by Alexandria by Leesburg through Snickers Gap of the Blue Ridge, and by Winchester, and Romney, to Patterson Creek.

Fairfax had set aside as manor lands 9000 acres of the bottoms along Patterson Creek but there was good land to be taken up outside the reservation.

When he moved he had nine children, five boys and four girls and all must have been with him as they were listed in the census of 1782 as living in Hampshire County.

Reaching back towards the Allegheny Front was Mikes Run a stream about ten miles long. In this neighhood, Hanks saw George Terry who had settled there. He looked at a choice spot in a hollow in the hills on the head drains of Mikes Run which Peter Hartman had bought of Fairfax in 1781. Hartman had gone back to Washington County, Maryland, beyond the danger of Indian raids and had left George Terry a title bond for the tract It was 216 acres and just filled the little hollow. It had limestones to insure its fertility. There were sugar trees. Good springs Shelter from the storms. Protection from the Indians. It had even a good deer lick. Terry agreed with Hanks that the latter should have the northern end. The tract was something over a mile long and about a third of a mile broad and lay parallel with the mountain ranges. Hanks built his home here. Barton says that Hanks may have come in the latter part of the year 1782. That is not at all probable. Whoever heard of a settler like Hanks who had no money coming to the mountains in

COPY

the fall of the year. It would be as unnatural as for geese to fly north at that time. It was absolutely necessary to raise enough corn to see the family through the winter. And when it is proven that Hanks wintered there with nine children, we know full well that he raised a patch of corn by hand the summer of 1782.

He must have been there two years. From the spring of 1782 to the spring of 1784. He had improved the land by clearing and building a house of one room which had no floor, no window, and not much of a chimney.

Hanks was a good citizen and a typical pioneer no doubt. There was a strong religious streak in the breed. I like to quote that verse about the pioneer families and how they trained their youths: "He raised them rough, but he raised them well, when their feet took hold of the paths of hell, he filled them full of the wrath of God, and tanned their hides with an old ramrod."

To this household came trouble and disaster. Their fine daughter, Lucy, unmarried, was found to be pregnant That put the household on the move. Hanks was poor. He managed to raise about a hundred dollars from a money lender by giving a lien on his land. It does not state that this was gold. Anything but that. And considering the state of the national and state currency it must have been a pitiful sum. Hardly enough to flag a bread wagon in this day and time. But on it the family turned their faces to the setting sun and their place knew them no more.

It was only by real work that Barton was able to locate them from year to year from the Atlantic coast to the western part of Kentucky. And there is an hiatus in his record from 1784 to 1787. It would be well for search to be made in the records of Monongalia and Ohio counties, West Virginia, and the original counties of the Virginia part of Pennsylvania, for it is more than likely that the Hanks raised corn for a season or two on the waters of the Monongahela. The year 1784, was a specially dangerous year for immigrants to float down the Ohio, and I hardly think it possible that they got through the Indian lines that year.

Hanks died in Kentucky nine years after leaving Mikes Run a rich and substantial farmer. He mentions every child he has in the will and leaves each something, except no mention is made of his daughter Lucy. Conjecture is that Lucy has been well provided for in worldly goods Conjecture is that Hanks has prospered exceedingly in the lean years between 1784 and 1793. What is the explanation? The Virginia planter.

In Kentucky Lucy has a few more troubled years but by 1790, she has agreed to marry Henry Sparrow and she writes a letter to the clerk saying that she is of age and for him to issue a Lisons for her and Henry Sparrow. Lucy had one error marked against her in a way on November 24, 1790, when a grandjury of hes returned an indictment against her for fornication. Scribes and Pharisees! Henry Sparrow comes into court and executes a marriage bond that he will marry Lucy and the fornication case is thrown out of court. Lincoln's mother died when he was a small boy but his grandmother Lucy lived until Lincoln was a man grown, and Lincoln was a serious, deep, and discerning man. Does anyone believe that he did not know who his grandfather was?

The clue we have is that Lucy Hanks was betrayed in the year 1783 in Hampshire county. The question naturally arises from the known facts whether there was any Virginia planter running loose in that county during the summer of 1783? It appears that there was. That he was rich, and powerful, of an amazing personal perfection, in the dangerous fifties, devoted to hunting and to woods life, and who had been born and raised with Joseph Hanks, Hanks being about seven years older than the planter. History places this planter in that Eastern Panhandle the summer of 1783. In fact he had a summer home there. That particular year he was the employer of and the financial backer of a man who was trying to build a boat that would float up stream without sails or oars.

That is the fatal opportunity. The summer of the next year we can imagine that same planter coming back to his summer home and finding a deserted cabin in the woods and the Hanks family in exile. The neighbors tell him perhaps that Lucy had been ruined and the family to hide their shame have gone to Kentucky. Then the planter gets up an expedition to Kentucky under

the plea of looking after his real estate holdings on the Ohio river. History says that after getting to the navigable waters of the Ohio, he finds the Indians are up and that it would not be safe to descend the river in a boat. He spends some weeks around the headwaters of the Monongahela River and returns. One night he sits under a tree all night in the rain

The Joseph Hanks family in its migration travelled from the coast to near the Mississippi River. They went from the banks of the Rappahannock to the headwaters of the Potomac and from there to Rough Creek or Rough River as it is now called a branch of the Green River in Kentucky. The planter had lands in each of the regions. It is significant that the only land that he owned in Kentucky was in the pennyroyal on Rough Creek where he had seven thousand acres.

Breed is stronger than pasture. No proof has been adduced that would be accepted after a plea in bar. But ill it seems to me that we know man. We sense it as it were. haps I had better not be more ite concerning a man who was in war, first in peace, and first hearts of his countrymen.

moves in a mysterious way and eople of the United States never cease to be grateful for e Washington, Nancy Hanks, braham Lincoln. And the time come when Nancy Hanks will au fame with Miriam and Joan

LAW OFFICES OF
CHRISTY & WHARTON
PATENTS AND PATENT LITIGATION
FARMERS BANK BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

ROOM 2203
CABLE ADDRESS
"PATENT PITTSBURGH"

O H CHRISTY
N B WHARTON
M GUTHRIE
A ENGLISH

May 5, 1937

Mr. Calvin W. Price,
Marlinton, West Virginia

Dear Mr. Price:

[illegible] me in my search for data concerning the Golden Eagle. It was very kind of you, and very useful to me. I am sorry that I did not see you either on Saturday or Sunday to speak of these things.

I append a list of birds casually noted in running about Pocahontas County. As a typical list it is imperfect, chiefly because the time is one when migrants are returning in daily increasing numbers, and the possibilities of seeing particular species necessarily exceeds any such casual experience.

With kindest wishes,

Yours very truly,

Bayard H. Christy

BHC/ALR

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
CHARLESTON 5

OKEY L. PATTESON
GOVERNOR

November 21, 1949

Honorable Calvin Price
Editor, Pocahontas Times
Marlinton, West Virginia

Dear Calvin:

I appreciate very much your thoughtfulness in sending me letter from James E. Banks, which he wrote to you under date of November 8.

However, I believe the matter has been worked out at least to the satisfaction of my Negro friends. For your information, I am herewith enclosing a Statement of Policy with reference to Negro Troops in West Virginia National Guard, together with a copy of my letter and General Fox's letter to General Cramer who is Chief of the National Guard Bureau.

In view of this Statement of Policy, I do not believe that even the Republicans could construe anything detrimental from the views therein expressed.

Also, I am returning your letter from Mr. Banks, and again sinderely thank you for your spirit of cooperation in this matter.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Okey L. Patteson

OKEY L. PATTESON,
Governor.

OLP:rc
Enclosures (4)

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
CHARLESTON

L. PATTESON
GOVERNOR

ROOM 2203
CABLE ADDRESS
ENT PITTSBURGH

November 14, 1949

Major General Kenneth F. Cramer
Chief, National Guard Bureau
Department of the Army
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear General Cramer:

Under date of November 9, 1949, our State Adjutant General, Brigadier General Charles R. Fox, wrote you in regard to additional units for colored troops in West Virginia.

I wish to take this opportunity to advise that I concur in General Fox's request one hundred percent, and sincerely trust that you will use your good office to aid in this very important matter. If I can be of any service in this connection, I will be most happy to make a trip to Washington with General Fox if such would expedite the granting of this request in any manner.

Thanking you for your courtesy in this matter, and with kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

OKEY L. PATTESON,
Governor.

OLP:rc

COPY

Concord Presbyterian Church
Organized 1775
Loray, North Carolina

E. V. WILEY
MINISTER

OCTOBER 21, 1953

MR. C. W. PRICE
MARLINTON, W. VA.

DEAR MR. PRICE:

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE HONOR OF THE 11,000 ACRES OF TREES FOR A NAMESAKE. AND YET I SHOULD CONGRATULATE THE FORESTRY DEPT. ON THEIR GOOD JUDGEMENT.

IT WOULD BE AN HONOR AND A JOY TO ME TO GO WITH YOU ON ONE OF YOUR EXPLORATIONS THROUGH THE FOREST. I STILL HAVE SUCH LONGINGS, EVEN IF I DON'T GET TO CARRY OUT MY HEART'S DESIRE.

AT THIS WRITING, WE ARE ALL WELL. THE WIFE AND I ARE AT HOME, KEEPING THINGS HUMMING. DORA LEE IS IN W. C. U. N. C. AT GREENSBORO, N. C. AND JOHN DUDLEY IS IN THE DARLINGTON SCHOOL, AT ROME, GA. THEY, EACH ONE, ARE DOING FINE.

WE ARE TO HAVE ONE OF OUR W.VA. BOYS WITH US HERE IN OUR CHURCH ON OCT. 28TH., THE REV. E. R. AREHART, FORMERLY OF FRANKLIN, W. VA., AND NOW OF THE NORTH BRAZIL MISSION. AS WE COULD NOT GET HIM ON A SUNDAY, WE ARE HAVING A DINNER FOR THE WHOLE CHURCH AND HE WILL BE OUR GUEST SPEAKER.

IT IS QUITE DRY DOWN HERE, BUT WE ARE STILL HAVING TOMATOES AND SQUASH OUT OF OUR GARDEN. (MULCH FARMING).

WITH BEST WISHES TO EACH OF YOUR FAMILY AND TO ALL OUR FRIENDS, I AM

MOST SINCERELY,

Ewell Wiley.

RAY CAVENDISH
COMMISSIONER

THE STATE ROAD COMMISSION
OF WEST VIRGINIA
CHARLESTON 5

August 23, 1951

9

Mr. C. C. Karnes
District Engineer
State Road Commission
Elkins, West Virginia

Dear Mr. Karnes:

As you know, we have had considerable pressure for the construction of an all-weather road from a point on Route US 219 in the vicinity of Slaty Fork to the operation of the Maust Coal & Coke Company, in Pocahontas County.

Request for this improvement has come from several of the County's leading citizens. On your next trip to that section please get in touch with Senator Fred C. Allen of Marlinton, Delegate June McElwee and the Honorable Calvin W. Price, Editor, The Pocahontas Times, in order to go into this matter thoroughly with them. In the event it develops that it is the desire of the people to have this section of road constructed, you may consider this as your authority to revise the Pocahontas County Bond Program to include this project.

Very truly yours,

Ray Cavendish
Commissioner

C.FB

cc—Hon. Fred C. Allen
Hon. June McElwee
Hon. Calvin W. Price
Hon. John C. Fox, Fayetteville
Mr. H. K. Griffith

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor

Marlinton, W. Va.. May 25, 1939

To all members of the West Virginia State Newspaper Council :

Greeting :

The date of the summer outing for 1939 to Pocahontas County has just been definitely set for Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 29 and 30, July 1. The plans and specifications will be mailed you soon. Please write to me and say you are coming, and how many you will bring with you. We all will do our poor best by you.

Regards,

CALVIN

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor

Marlinton, W. Va.. May 25, 1939

To all members of the West Virginia State Newspaper Council :
Greeting :

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Regards,

CALVIN

. PRICE, STATE GEOLOGIST
. TUCKER, ASST. STATE GEOLOGIST
E. KARE, ASSISTANT GEOLOGIST
T. NECK, ASSISTANT GEOLOGIST
. LUCKE, ASSISTANT GEOLOGIST
. AZURE, SECRETARY-BOOKKEEPER
J. HESSLER, CLERK

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
GEOLOGICAL AND ECONOMIC SURVEY
MORGANTOWN

JOHN B. McCUE, CHIEF CHEMIST
HOMER A. HOSKINS, CHEMIST
ALVAH J. W. HEADLEE, CHEMIST
COOPERATING GEOLOGISTS:
JAMES H. C. MARTENS, MINERALOGIST
HARRY M. FRIDLEY, GEOLOGIST
DANA WELLS, PALEONTOLOGIST

Aug. 3, 1937.

Honorable Calvin Price,
Editor, The Pocahontas Times,
Marlinton, W.Va.

Dear Calvin:

Some days ago in talking with you, I mentioned the fact that the Association of American Petroleum Geologists was holding its meeting this year in Pittsbungh, Pa. Preceding the technical session, an extensive field trip requiring three days would be taken the most of which is to be in West Virginia. The plan is to enter West Virginia near Red House continue east over U. S. 50 to Winchester down the valley to Harrisonburg, west to Franklin, Circleville, Thornwood, Minnehaha Springs, Marlinton, Lewisburg, Charleston, Parkersburg, Wheeling and Pittsburgh. You can see that this puts particularly all of the trip in West Virginia and furthermore, goes through the good county of Pocahontas. This delegation will be an important group, a group composed of people from widely scattered points, especially the western States. I am, of course, very anxious that we West Virginians make a good impression with our visitors. We know we have the geologic interest and the problem is up to us to see that they get to see our geology at its best.

My present purpose in writing though at this time is to ask if it will be possible to have lunch served the group in Marlinton. Could the hotels there handle it or would it be possible for one of the church organizations to do it. It will be impossible at this early date to tell definitely how many will be there. It is estimated that there will be anywhere from 75 to 150. I am inclined to think the latter will be nearer correct. It will be necessary, however, that the least amount of time possible is consumed for the lunch period because that day's trip will extend from New Market, Va., and the party must be in Charleston by six o'clock.

Hon. Calvin Price,
2
8-3-37.

With the many points of geologic interest, you can see that there will be little time for eating. If it is not asking too much, will you advise me whether or not arrangements can be made to serve a lunch or noon day meal to this party on Tuesday, October 12th at one o'clock, also the price for the meal? If you can help me with this and advise me, I will be further indebted to you.

Sincerely,

Paul H. Price,
State Geologist.

PHP a

No.9 Hubbard Court,Charleston,W.Va

Oct.11,1937

Mr.Calvin W.Price
Marlinton,W.Va

Dear Cal;-

I went off the W.P.A.payroll as of Oct. 9, but will continue to check the marker inscriptions and handle the other contacts with the manufacturer of the markers until the order is completed.There have been shipped the markers for 33 of the 55 counties. Of the remainder,of course there average much fewer markers to the county.

I can now devote my time for a few weeks to seeing what additional markers are desired by various communities. I enclose copy of statement which I am using.Perhaps it should have been printed but it cost a little more than I felt jusitified in putting into itDo you think that it should have been a printed form?

I'll be glad to have you indicate what you think of the set-up. Does there seem to be a feeling at Marlinton that there should be additional markers anywhere. Several towns want a marker on each road leading into that community but I feel sure that every county will want one or more additional markers.

Yours sincerely,

Ross B.Johnston

Prin:

Address

The program of marking points of outstanding historic and scenic interest in West Virginia will be completed so far as funds will permit before the end of 1937 by the erection of the last of the 440 highway markers under the Works Progress Administration, the Road Commission of West Virginia, and the Historic and Scenic Marker Commission. Private groups and communities have indicated a desire for additional markers for which there are no funds available. A plan is now offered by which private cooperation may add to the unified program that is now underway to designate the State's landmarks, and to more full mark places, such as towns and cities, that have already received single markers.

Private groups or communities which want to purchase additional markers of the same design as those now being erected on West Virginia highways may do so by obtaining the consent and approval of the Historic and Scenic Markers Commission as to the inscription appearing on the tablet, and as to the place of erection. If such markers are then paid for and delivered to the State Road Commission, with the necessary post for each marker, that department will erect and maintain the markers to the same extent as though purchased and installed by the combined effort of Federal and State government and the Marker Commission.

The Michaels Art Bronze Company., Covington, Kentucky, has manufactured the highway markers which have already been purchased. This firm has agreed to make direct contract for each order for additional markers at a delivered price of $65.00 each. This does not include the supporting posts which must also be supplied by the purchaser of the markers. The posts must meet standard specifications.

Agencies which want additional markers should fill out the order below and forward promptly to Ross B. Johnston, No. 9 Hubbard Court, Charleston, West Va., who will aid in preparing the inscriptions and checking locations of markers for the West Virginia Commission on Historic and Scenic Markers and assemble and forward the orders to the manufacturer.

THE MICHAELS ART BRONZE CO.,
231-243 Court Avenue,
Covington, Kentucky

Date _____ 1937

This is your authorization to manufacture _____ historic and scenic highway markers at the unit price of $65.00 delivered at West Virginia points which will be designated later. It is understood that inscription and location of each marker is to have the approval of the West Virginia Commission on Historic and Scenic Markers. Shipment will be made to the proper district offices of the West Virginia State Road Commission upon final instructions after the orders have been assembled.

Yours very truly,

Name _____

Please Print _____

Address _____

PARKERSBURG CIVIC WOMANS CLUB

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

July 31, 1950

Mr. Cal Price
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dear Mr. Price:

I am inreceipt of your letter of July 18 and am delighted to know you will come to Parkersburg and speak before the Civic Woman's Club.

Since you have specified that you can only come on a Thursday, Friday or Saturday, we have decided that Thursday, October 19 will be the time - if that is still all right with you. It will be a covered dish dinner with husbands present and if there is a Mrs. Cal Price we will be very happy to have you both present for the entire evening. If not - Mr. Price - for sure.

As a state federated club, we are asked to have one program on West Virginia this year - and that is what we would like for you to talk about also subject to your approval. Too, in my other letter to you I forgot to ask you about charges, etc. Please let me hear from you abain.

I will advise you later regarding time and place - place will depend upon registration. Looking forward to hearing from you, I am

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Glen E. Mealy

Mrs. Glen E. Mealy
1023 Laird Avenue
Parkersburg, W. Va.

MUSEUM DISPLAY
160th ANNIVERSARY INC.

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA
SENATE CHAMBER
RICHMOND

JAMES H. PRICE
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

2 October 1937

Mr. Calvin W. Price, Editor
Pocahontas Times
Marlinton, West Virginia

My dear Calvin :

Upon my return from Lexington this morning, I find several copies of the Pocahontas Times awaiting me. I have just had time to hurriedly look through the paper and my attention has been attracted by your very kind comments on the Price family. I will distribute some of these copies to other members of the connection.

When I returned home, my wife told me that during my absence Judge McClintic had done me the honor to call and pay his respects. He frequently comes to Richmond and I have thoroughly enjoyed him.

One of the greatest pleasures that I had at the Greenbrier Valley Fair was seeing you again and since you have some daughters living in our section, I am hoping that you may have occasion to come to Richmond. If you do, I certainly want you to reserve time enough to come to see us.

I appreciate the papers very much.

Sincerely yours,

Jim

W. VA.
AJORITY WHIP

CIVIL SERVICE
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
(CHAIRMAN)
LABOR
MINES AND MINING
ROADS

Congress of the United States

House of Representatives

Washington, D. C.

January 10, 1942

Mr. Calvin Price
Marlinton, West Virginia

Dear Calvin:

I appreciate your comprehensive letter of January 3. I shall direct my answer first of all to Mr. Bell. I have recommended Mr. Bell to Col. Vandervoort of the Zone Construction Quartermaster office of the War Department in Columbus, Ohio. I feel certain he is deserving and will do all I can to be helpful.

Secondly, I must state I have given practically no consideration to being an aspirant for the United States Senate. I have been so engrossed in my duties that I have really put forth an all out effort in my present job to contribute to our defense efforts. I sincerely appreciate your friendship for me, and I know how much valuable aid you would render in case I were to become a candidate. I shall check the matter very carefully within the next few days and perhaps come to a definite decision. I know Mr. Staggers very well.

Thirdly, the retention of the Fish and Wildlife Service in Washington is now being considered along with the retention of the other agencies. I have been having conferences with Senator McCarran, Chairman of the Senate District of Columbia Committee, and we have been putting forth every effort to keep these bureaus here because shifting them would impair efficiency, etc. We have had as witnesses before our joint hearing the Director of this organization. I hope for an audience with the President on this subject Monday, in company with Senator Barkley and Senator McCarran.

With kindest personal regards always,

I am

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

Jennings Randolph

jr/l

JENNINGS RANDOLPH

SERVICING DIVISION

readers.

CONSERVATION INFORMATION SERVICE

NATIONAL WILDLIFE FEDERATION

WASHINGTON, D. C.

- F L A S H -

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED -- NOW!

An executive order has been issued, transferring certain services of the government from Washington to other cities. The Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior is scheduled to go to Chicago, unless immediate steps are taken to prevent it.

A majority of the 375 employees are highly trained technicians and specialists. Over 150 have indicated that due to the purchase of homes or other conditions they cannot carry on in Chicago. These men have been with the Service for years and cannot be replaced in the near future when their services are indispensable to the conduct of this Bureau which in turn is vital to the conservation of our wildlife and related natural resources.

It is of the utmost importance that the Fish and Wildlife Service be in the vicinity of Washington in order that it may work in close cooperation with defense and other conservation agencies, such as the Soil Conservation Service, the National Park Service, Triple A, etc.

At Patuxent, Maryland, within ten miles of Washington, the Fish and Wildlife Service has 3,000 acres, now being used as a wildlife refuge with buildings and laboratories for conducting experimental work. Within sixty days, temporary buildings can be erected on this land, to house this Service and possibly the National Park Service.

To erect these buildings will cost far less than to move the Service and the personnel to Chicago. Such an arrangement will enable the retention of the Service of all of its valuable personnel.

Our Honorary President, J. N. Darling, says:

"This move to Chicago will mean the eventual disintegration of the Fish and Wildlife Service, because the broad comprehensive plan for the future of the Service requires that it work in close cooperation with the other departments having to do with the conservation of our natural resources.

"To have this decision revised and the Service move to Patuxent or some other place within a few miles of Washington instead of to Chicago will aid and not hinder our war preparations. Every effort must be made by those who are deeply interested in the preservation of our wildlife to prevent this transfer to Chicago."

The order was issued by the Executive branch of the government. Please - now - the day you receive this letter - write or wire Harold Smith, Director of the Budget, Washington, D. C., and express your view on this vital problem. For good measure, also write your Representative and Senator.

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR -- ALSO REMEMBER THE DUST BOWL!

Sincerely,

I. R. Watts

I. R. Watts, Director
SERVICING DIVISION

Mrw:Sh

OHIO RECLAMATION

AN ENTERPRISE CARRIED ON BY THE OPEN CUT MINING INDUSTRY OF OHIO TO RESTORE THE MARGINAL SURFACE LANDS DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH OPEN CUT OPERATIONS

304-26th.St.S.E.
Charleston,West Va.
December 31 1941.

Mr.Calvin Price,
Marlinton,West Va.

Dear Mr.Price:

I have today written a letter to Hon. Jennings Randolph in regard to getting a position in the land department U.S.Army or any other position and have taken the liberty to use your name as one of my references.I am also going to ask you if you will write him a letter tying me up with Pocahontas County as to property,family etc.also in regard to my character, ability and democracy.If you will do this as soon as possible so that it would reach him before he takes any action it will be greatly appreciated.

Hoping you had a merry Christmas and that you will have a Happy Prosperous New Year,I am,

Sincerely,

Walton H. Bell

WILLIAM L. BURT, Chairman
JAY LITTLEPAGE, Director

OHIO RECLAMATION COMMITTEE

AN ENTERPRISE CARRIED ON BY THE OPEN CUT MINING INDUSTRY OF OHIO TO RESTORE THE MARGINAL SURFACE LANDS DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH OPEN CUT OPERATIONS
BOX 85, ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO

April 7, 1942

Mr. Calvin Price
Pocohantas Times
Marlington, West Virginia

Dear Mr. Price:

In accordance with our telephone conversation the other night, I am enclosing a check for $35.00 in payment for the bear rug. I would appreciate it very much if you could have the rug shipped by express, collect, to me here at Wheeling, West Virginia.

I want to thank you very much for your interest and trouble in getting this rug for me.

Yours very truly

William L. Burt

WLB:RJ

Enc. 1

March 20, 1940

1614 NINETEENTH STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON 9, D. C.

January 14, 1949

Dear Mr. Price:

I have just become a reader of the Pocahontas Times and like your articles on wild life very much. You have a happy style (which I can certify as good, after my long experience as an editor). Keep up the good work!

Noting in the Blue Book that you are a member of the Commission on Markers of Historic and Scenic Places in your State, I should like to know if any such spots have been marked during the last year or two, and if so, where and why. Do not trouble yourself to write, but perhaps you have a printed report or some published data.

Although I have merely skirted the State in my travels, I have a keen interest in West Virginia's unique history and equally unique position geographically among the States. It seems to me to be capable of enormous development, aside from its chief product--coal. It should become the chief center of interest to motorists from every part of our Union, it seems to me.

Sincerely yours

Ira E.Bennett

Mr. Calvin W.Price
Editor Pocahontas Times
Marlinton, West Virginia.

Ira E. Bennett

Shenandoah Life Insurance Co., Inc.

Roanoke, Virginia

DAVID D. TAYLOR, BRANCH MANAGER

320-21-22-23 PROFESSIONAL BUILDING,
CLARKSBURG, W. VA

February 5, 1942

Mr. Cal Price
Editor Pocahontas Times
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dear Mr. Price:

First let me preface my remarks to you by stating that I to have a wholesome respect for the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, and I am sure your recommendation of Mr. S. N. Hench is not lightly given and that he is a gentleman of the first water. Be that as it may, I cannot help but be somewhat shocked that you, who stems from the fine old stock of the old dominion state of Virginia, steeped in its democratic traditions, and loyal in every other respect to its worthy tenents, should affiliate yourself and your worthy newspaper in a program of propaganda for this yankee domiciled and managed institution.

Do you not think, Cal, that the bones of your ancestors will turn over in chagrin, when they realize that grand old Virginia Company, the Shenandoah Life, has been represented in your baliwick by your good friend and neighbor, Harper M. Smith, low these many years, and has given protection and comfort to the good citizens of Pocahontas County, with never a nod of recognition or encouragement from your most illustrious publication the Pocahontas Times. Yet here at the first opportunity, you burst into impassioned print in behalf of this ultra northern, yankee dominated, New England located, financial institution.

Nevertheless, Mr. Price be assured of our love for you personally and respect for your ability regardless of this one misguided action on your part.

Very truly yours,

David D. Taylor

David D. Taylor, Branch Mgr.
Northern W. Va. Branch Office

DDT:LGN

ADDRESS REPLY TO
DIRECTOR CONSERVATION

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
CONSERVATION COMMISSION
CHARLESTON

October 5, 1937

Honorable Calvin Price,
Editor, Pocahontas Times,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Mr. C. T. Whitacre,
District Game Protector,
Dunmore, W. Va.

Mr. John Shanholtz,
District Game Protector,
Moorefield, W. Va.

Gentlemen:

It seems to me that in the past our friends from across the Alleghenies in Virginia, have been working a bit of a rabbit's foot on West Virginia, where deer hunting is concerned. I am reliably informed that when we opened our deer season prior to theirs, a considerable number of deer were driven from West Virginia across the Allegheny Mountains and into Virginia. The Virginians were then clever enough when their season started, to make their drive from the Virginia-West Virginia line eastward into Virginia -- thus driving the deer further into their territory where many of them remained.

Now, I propose that you gentlemen endeavor to pursuade our West Virginia deer hunters to take a leaf from Virginia's book and since Virginia's adjoining counties have an earlier open season, let our hunters drive westward from the Virginia line when our season opens -- thus driving any of the Virginia deer which have crossed the Alleghenies further westward into the good State of West Virginia, where I am sure they will feel more at home.

For your information, according to Virginia's Game Laws for the year 1937-38, the only open season in bordering counties are as follows:

Allegheny and Bath Counties -- November 15th -- 20th.
Craig County, Open Hunting Season - November 15th - 30th.

You will remember the old saying, "match force with force; guile with guile, craft with craft."

Very sincerely,

H. W. Shawhan

Director of Conservation

HWS:th

House Built By William Ewing, at Ewington, Ohio, 1812.

Enoch Ewing, 1799–1885.
Va.–O.–Mich.

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XI.

CAPTAIN JAMES EWING.

The Ewing family of Pocahontas County and vicinity was founded by James Ewing, born near Londonderry, Ireland, of Scotch parents, about 1720. He came to Virginia as a young man, and there married Margaret Sargent, of Irish birth. who bore him five children: Jennie, who married Clendennin, Susan who married Moses Moore, Elizabeth who married George Dougherty, John, and William. John was born in 1747. At the time of the Clendennin massacre in Greenbrier County, John, a mere lad, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and carried into the Ohio country. There he was adopted into an Indian tribe, baptized according to Indian custom, and given an Indian name. But John's Scotch-Irish blood was not easily converted to Indian, and when a returning party of warriors brought back as a curiosity an English Bible, he explained to them that it was the word of God. The Indians asked whether his God was an Indian or a white man, and when John answered that he was a white man, they would no longer listen to his reading the book.

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John learned the Indian tongue, but he never loved the Indian. In his old age, at the mention of the word "Indian in his presence he would always say, "Curse and confound the Indian." He was released from captivity under a treaty with the Indians, probably in 1764, and delivered to the whites at Fort Pitt, from which point he made his way back to his old Virginia home. In 1774 he married Ann Smith, Irish. They had eleven children, namely: William, 1775–1858; Susannah Holcomb, 1766–; Hon. John Smith Ewing, 1778–1837; Janeat Howell, 1781–1855; Sarah Holcomb, 1782–1850; Ann Ewing, 1785–; Andrew, 1787–1868; Elizabeth; Nancy Mills, 1781–; Lydia Burris 1792–1872; Samuel, 1797–1855. The children of these gave John a list of grand children numbering sixty-five. In 1801, John emigrated from Pocahontas and located in Gallia County, Ohio, where he died in 1825. Of his family, his son William alone remained in Virginia, occupying lands on Stony Creek until the time of his death. John Smith Ewing represented his district in the Virginia Assembly in about 1812. Anselm T. Holcomb, son of Sarah, was a member of the Ohio Legislature. John Ewing, son of Andrew, and George Burris, son of Lydia, were members of the Missouri Legislature. Andrew, son of John S., was a member of the California Legislature.

John's living descendants are legion. They may be found in nearly every western state, and counted among the successful farmers, business men, and professional men of the country. Among them are John Ewing, lawyer, Grant City, Mo., Clay Ewing, York-

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town, Kan., Jennie Sprouse, M. D. Greenview, Ill., M. Howell Finnegan- New London, Mo., P. H. Holcomb, lawyer, Butler, Mo., S. C. Holcomb, lawyer, Yates Centre, Kan., A. T. Holcomb, Portsmouth, O., William Whitman, county clerk, Van West, O., S. G. Burnside, merchant, Kansas City, Mo., Sumner Ewing, teacher and author, Springfield, O., Mrs Homer McCray, Kendallville, Ind., Laura Dunning, Ingomar California.

The descendants of John Ewing reverently refer to him as "Indian John."

William Ewing, brother of "Indian John," was born in 1756. In 1774 he joined Arbuckle's company of militia, and pursued Chief Cornstalk and his braves to the Ohio River, where he participated in the famous battle of Point Pleasant. Here he was in the thickest of the fight, but came out without a scratch, narrowly escaping instant death. He had availed himself of the shelter of a sapling while firing at thr redskins, when an excited comrade rushed up to the place pushing him from his shelter and occupying it himself. William was scarcely out of the way before his comrade was struck in the head by an Indian bullet and killed instantly. In after years he related that every time he took deliberate aim at an Indian in that battle his rifle flashed in the pan, and his Indian got away, but when he fired at random his gun never missed fire. If he killed an Indian he never knew it, but he tried his level best to avenge the capture of his sister Mrs Clendennin and his brother John.

In 1785 he married Mary McNeil, sister of Gabriel

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McNeil, and daughter of Thomas McNeil. He settled on Swago Creek, near Buckeye, and was popularly known as "Swago Bill." It is said that he blazed a line of trees around the lands he selected, and afterwards had the tract patented. Once he was plowing when the alarm came that the Indians were preparing to attack the settlement. The shelter of the nearest fort was sought, but the Indians did not appear. After a few days of quiet, William ventured out to the farm, where he found everything about as he had left them, except that a brood of quails which had been hatched and mothered by a chicken had disappeared. On his return to the fort he shouldered his plow, thinking to hide it from the Indians in the woods. While proceeding through the woods he suddenly heard "thump, thump, thump," followed by "click, click, click," and turning to one side he saw three Indians behind a large log with their guns pointed at him. They had tried to shoot, but their powder was damp, and the guns had missed fire. William dropped his plow and started for the fort as fast as he could run, with the Indians after him. Going over a hill and into a gully, he suddenly changed his course, ran up the ravine a short distance and stopped, and shortly had the pleasure of seeing his pursuers trot by in the regular course. Ewing made his way to the fort in safety.

William and Mary Ewing were the parents of twelve children, all born on the Swago, near Buckeye, namely: Elizabeth Doddrill, 1787–1852; Thomas, 1788–1874; Jonathan, 1790–1850; William, 1792–; James, 1793–1824; John, 1795–; Sarah Wallace, 1797–1827;

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Enoch, 1799–1885; Jacob, 1802–1878; Abram McNeel, 1804–1891; George, 1807–1883; Andrew, 1809–1885. The children of these gave William and Mary a list of grand children numbering eighty-one, twenty-two of whom are still living. In 1810 William and his family moved to Gallia County, Ohio, and the town of Ewington was named in their honor. Thomas served as Justice of the Peace for many years. Elizabeth, Thomas, William, James, John, Sarah, Abram, George, and Andrew lived and died in or near Gallia County. Jonathan and Jacob died in Hancock County, Ill., Enoch died in Hillsdale County, Mich., and Andrew died in Iowa. Mary McNeal Ewing, the mother, died in Mercer County, Mo., in 1858. Enoch Ewing and his family went to Michigan in 1853, and seven of his children are still living in that State, besides a host of grand children. William's descendants, like John's, are counted among the successful men of the country. Among them are Dr G. A. Ewing, Jackson, O.; Dr G. K. Ewing, Ewington, O.; Dr U. B. G. Ewing, Richmond, Ind.; Dr William Leonard, Fostoria, O.; Rev Thomas E. Peden, President Theological Seminary, Ayden, N. C.; Rev M. L. Peden, Temperance, Mich.; W. J. Aleshire, editor, Gibsonburg, O.; E. E. Aleshire, lawyer, Stanberry, Mo.; Levi Howell, civil engineer, Luray, Mo.; Frank P. McCarley, civil engineer, Pittsburg, Pa.; Hon. W. S. Matthews, President Insurance Company, Toledo, O., ex-member of the Ohio Legislature; E. B. Matthews, manufacturer, Jackson, O.; G. W. Ewing, Plymouth, Ill.; W. L. Ewing, Rutlege, Mo., J. K. Ewing, Port

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Blakely, Wash.; John W., H. McK., James L., and Andrew A., of Camden, Mich.; E. C. White, White, Mich.: J. C. Jenkins, Cunningham, Kansas; Isaac Jenkins, White, Mich.; William H. Ewing, merchant, Camden, Mich.; I. E. Ewing, manufacturer, Reading, Mich.; W. J. Ewing, merchant, Kunkle, O.; Rev I. H. Ewing, Bristol, Ind.; J. C. Ewing, merchant, Pioneer. O.; L. P. Cravens, teacher, Lake City, Minn.; Ida M. Ewing, Pontoosuc, Ill.; A. L. Ewing, teacher, Wellston, O.; Smith H. Ewing, merchant, Frankfort, O.; John H. Ewing, county clerk, Gallipolis, O.; Rev Sadie P. Cooper, Detroit, Mich.; Prof. R. B. Ewing, Ewington, O.; Theresa Gilbert, Sioux Falls, South Dakotah.

The compiler is indebted to Hon. A. E. Ewing, of Grand Rapids, Mich., for most of the material contained in this sketch. He is a great-grandson of "Swago Bill," a grandson of Enoch, and a son of Henry McK. Ewing. His mother was a Miss Hank, of Monroe County. He is a lawyer, and a member of the House of Representatives of Michigan in 1893.

Captain James Ewing, the founder of these families, died probably about the year 1800. He was captain of a company of militia in Augusta County during the Revolutionary war, and tradition asserts that he received a large tract of land in consideration of his services. Tradition makes him the hero of more than one occasion. One of especial interest is told of how he captured an outlaw by the name of Shockley, who was a terror to the country, and who had stolen James'

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rifle from ever his cabin door. His descendants have reached to the eighth generation, and numerically have reached into the thousands. His Highland Scotch instinct made him to prefer the mountains to the plains, and it is probable that in his mountain home, surrounded by the perils of pioneer life, beset on the one hand by wild animals, and on the other by savage Indians, he found life quite to his liking.

His wife, it is said, lived to be one hundred years old.

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IV.

CAPTURE OF THOMAS WILSON.

About 1750 John Wilson and Bowyer Miller located on Jacksons River, in what is now Highland County, Va. Mr Wilson settled at the mouth of Peak or Stony Run, while Miller located at Wilsonville, farther up. During Braddock's war Mr Miller refugeed to Tinkling Spring, and finally across the Blue Ridge, leaving land, house, and property uncared for.

About 1756 Mr Wilson refugeed near Greenville, taking his movable property with him, but finding it impossible to get subsistence, sent his horses and cattle back and employed some one to do the ranging and salting. We hear nothing more of him. In a year or two his family ventured to return and took up their abode on the east bank of the river, some two hundred yards perhaps below the crossing leading to the Bolar Spring. The Indians then raided their home about the year 1760.

This John Wilson, the pioneer, was the grandfather of the the late William Wilson, whose daughters Charlotte and Susan married Adam and Washington Stephenson, citizens of Highland County.

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The morning of the raid John Wilson, one of the sons, had gone to Fort Lewis on the Cowpasture to invite hands to assist in raising the house recently occupied by Mrs Washington Stephenson. In the meanwhile Mrs Wilson and her daughters Barbara and Susan were very busy in preparations for the raising, and were cooking and washing on the east bank of the river near the cabin. Thomas Wilson, a younger son, was at the mill grinding the needed corn meal. The mill stood near the crossing of the Warm Run leading to the residence of the late David Stephenson.

Upon John's return late in the evening as he came in sight of home he was fired upon by Indians. One ball passed under his arm pit and tore the fringe off his hunting shirt. Mounted on a fleet horse he turned instantly to return to the fort whence he had just come and was soon out of sight of the Indians. While going at full speed through the gap a limb knocked his hat off. He stopped and picked it up at the peril of his life. This person was the father of the William Wilson already mentioned, and of the late Mrs Esther Bolar near the Warm Springs.

Upon reaching the fort he told what had happened and begged for assistance at once. None were willing to venture that night. The captain then ordered a draft for a detachment. It was very late in the night before the detail reached the summit of Jack Mountain overlooking the valley. It was dark, no light save that of the summer stars, and in the valley this light was obscured by a dense fog. With sad forebodings they began the descent into the darkness of the ravine

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beneath, through which they were to grope their way, and where their young guide had been fired on and pursued by the wily enemy. They cautiously moved down the mountain, quietly passed through the gap—all on foot except their guide John Wilson. At the gap he dismounted, hung up his saddle and bridle, and turned the jaded horse out to graze in the woods. He also advised his friends to leave the path, cross the Warm Run, and pass down the right bank by a circuitous way to the mill to see whether it was running or not. "If it be running," says John Wilson," "it is a bad sign, for then I know the Indians have surprised Brother Tom and killed him, because they would not know how to stop the mill. But if it is not running there is some hope, for he may have seen the Indians, stopped the mill and made his escape, for I know no Indian can catch him by running."

The mill was found to be silent. Young Wilson entered it quietly and found everything in place, and the newly ground sack of meal was at the chest, securely tied. Taking hope from this, the rescuing party crossed the river just above the mouth of the Warm Run, and passed over the bottom to the knoll on which the church stands, and thence moved with the greatest caution in the direction of the dwelling on the opposite side of the river.

Upon reaching the camp just opposite the cabin, John Wilson advised the men to remain there until he could wade over and find out what had happened. If all was well he could call them over, but if the cabin had been destroyed or occupied by the Indians he

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would return and determine on what would be best to do. When he approached the dwelling he found the doors heavily barricaded, but through a well known crevice he discovered the family was yet there. Thereupon he gave the sigual, and his friends hastened over in all the transports of exulting joy, so great was their relief from the long and powerful suspense they had been in for so many hours.

The mother and her daughter Barbara had been wounded by the clubs or tomahawks of the Indians, but not fatally injured, Susan had escaped unhurt. It was found that none but Tom Wilson was missing. The last thing known of him he was at the mill. Upon going to the mill early in the morning, the party found his track, and that he had been running. This they followed until they found where Tom had stepped on a stick, had fallen, been overtaken and captured. The Indians were trailed from that point across the river to the bluff near the residence of the late Michael Wise. Thence they went southwest to a point about a mile below where the church now stands. There they remained some time, as the signs indicated. From that point they were traced back to Peak's Run, up which they went.

Tom's sister Susan took the lead in all this search for Tom. She was well nigh frantic with grief. At frequent times she would cry out as she went in advance of the party by fifteen or twenty yards: "Here are my poor brother's tracks."

Upon reaching the top of Back Creek Mountain, it was thought best to go no further, as fourteen men

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could do nothing with so many savages as the signs indicated. It was with great difficulty that Susan could be prevailed on to return. For years nothing was heard of Tom. He died of fever soon after his capture. We hear nothing of John Wilson, the father, as he does not appear to have been at home.

The writer is indebted to the late John Cleek, Esq., for the material for this and other sketches.

Information was received concerning Tom Wilson in the following manner.

David Kincaid, who had been one of the fourteen rescuers, went with an expedition sent to treat with the Indians at Fort Pitt concerning the ransom of prisoners. A treaty was made and a day appointed for giving up all in captivity. That day passed away and no prisoners were brought in as agreed. It looked suspicious, and that night every precaution against surprise was taken, lest the Indians should prove hostile and treacherous, but nothing occurred as feared.

The next day was nearly spent, when late in the evening a little girl ten years of age was brought in. She could speak nothing but Indian dialect, and could tell nothing about herself. Mr Kincaid's wife and three children had been taken prisoners about the time Tom Wilson was taken. He remembered one of the children had lost a thumb. Upon examination it was found as he had stated, and the recognition of father and child was of the most touching character. The next evening Mrs Kincaid was brought in, whereupon

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husband, wife, and the only surviving child were reunited.

Mrs Kincaid could tell all about that which had happened to Tom Wilson. He had just finished his task at the mill, and was on the way to the house, when he discovered the Indians, who were coming down the east bank of the river. Wishing to take him alive they headed him off, and he took up the river and was caught. They wished also not to alarm the women at work near the dwelling, nor the men at work on the west bank near where the new house was to be reared, getting in the logs and hewing them.

Tom and the other prisoners were taken to a place some distance away. They were securely bound and left in the charge of an old Indian, while the rest should return and capture the parties already referred to. In this they failed, and all escaped to the house, though some were slightly wounded by the tomahawks thrown at them. The doors were barricaded, and the Indians repulsed without taking any captives.

John Wilson having made his escape on horseback, the Indians supposed he would soon return with men from the fort, and so they did not press the seige, but started immediately for their towns and were miles away ere John returned.

Thomas did not survive his captivity very long.

John Wilson said he had great difficulty in persuading the family to give up the house raising and go to the fort until it was certain all danger for the time being was over. John also reports that among the wounded, besides his mother and sister Barbara, was

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an Irish weaver whose name is forgotten. At the time the attack was made he was weaving in an out house. During the melee an Indian came upon him and drew his gun. The Irishman fell forward on his face just as the trigger was pulled, the ball inflicting a wound on his hip.

When the relief party came in the night, and the question was asked "is anybody killed?" the Irishman quickly responded: "An faith, there is nobody killed but meself!"

The writer is also under obligatiovs to Squire John Cleek for the following items:

A fight occurred between the whites and Indians at Cunningham's fields, near Harpers, head of Kerr's Creek. The Indians are reported by tradition to have carried their dead to the summit of the mountain and buried tbem under the stones now found near the road-side on the way from Rockbridge Alum to Lexington.

The first settlement on the Bullpasture River, in Highland, was made near the Blue Spring, known as the Locrkidge farm, by the Hicklins and Estills. The Grahams and Carlyles the next farms higher up the river. Pullin, a native of Ireland, settled above Carlysle. A good many of these settlers sold out and moved to Kentucky, and some of them prospered greatly in their western homes.

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Sgt. John Ray Williams "Chipper" of the United States Army, died of wounds in combat action on November 29, 1968, in Vietnam. He would have been 22 years old on January,27, 1969. He was a member of Company A,second Battalion,second Infantry of the first Infantry Division.He was inducted into the service September 15,

He was the son of Mrs. Nellie E. Williams of Marlinton, and the late Dyrlie W. Williams.

Besides his mother he is survived by two half sisters, Mrs. Libby Rexrode of Marlinton, and Mrs. Marguerite Doig of Lincoln, R. I., and a host of other relatives.

At the time of his induction he was a junior at West Vir-

where he was a member of Lamda Chi fraternity, and the WVU Marching Band. A grad graduate of Marlinton High School where he also played in the band for six years in including two years in Junior High.

He had been a member of the Marlinton Methodist Church since he was eleven.

He has belonged to

in Junior High.

He had been a member of the Marlinton Methodist Church since he was eleven.

He has belonged to 4-H Club and Boy Scouts and was well-known over the County having worked for The County Agent's office and Youth Science Camp during the summer while attending the University.

Funeral arrangements are incomplete

and his children accomplished in opening up abundant homes, under difficulties, is truly remarkable and worthy of special appreciation. He loved to hunt, and on one occasion came near being killed by a panther from which he escaped with difficulty.

Mr Auldridge, owing to his disabled condition, became a school teacher, and pursued that vocation for years, and did much good in that line. When he died at an advanced age several years since, the common remark was that one of our best old men had gone from us.

CHRISTOPHER HEROLD.

Among the prosperous citizens of Pocahontas County in its early development, Christopher Herold deserves recognition of a special character. He was of pure German parentage—his immediate ancestry came from the Fatherland, settling in Pennsylvania, thence removing to Virginia. Though he could not read English, no one would have suspected it, so well posted he seemed to be in politieal matters and current affairs. His powers of memory were surprising, and his business sagacity was equal to any of his contemporaries. He was honest and enterprising. He and his sons accumulated an immense landed estate on Elk, Douthards Creek, and other places, amounting to many thousands acres.

Christopher Herold married Elizabeth Cook, of Pendleton County, and soon after their marriage located on Back Creek, now known as the Thomas

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Campbell place. From Back Creek, Highland County, he migrated to Douthards Creek, about seventy-six years ago, and bought of Colonel John Baxter, and settled on lands now held by Henry White and sons and Henry Sharp, on Douthards Creek. On this place Mr and Mrs Herold reared their family and passed the residue of their lives. Their family consisted of seven sons and three daughters: Susan, Jane, Elizabeth Ann, Henry, Peter, Benjamin, Charles, Christopher, Andrew, and Josiah.

Susan Herold was married to Philip Moyers, and settled in Upshur County.

Jane was the wife of Captain John Buzzard, who lived in Huntersville several years. He managed a hotel, was Captain of the "Light Horse" company, and finally moved to Missouri.

Elizabeth Ann married Samuel Hogsett, Junior, and settled in Harrison County, where her family now live. Mr Hogsett died, and she was afterwards married to Mr Sapp.

Henry, the eldest of the pioneer's sons, married Elizabeth Lockridge and settled at Driscol, and after living there a number of years, moved to Nicholas County. Their sons were Anderson, Washington, William, and Benjamin. Wise Herold, now living on Knapps Creek, is a son of Washington. Henry Herold's daughter Elizabeth married a McClung, in Nicholas County; and another daughter Maria was married to John McClintic at Frankford, W. Va.

Peter Herold married Catherine Snyder, of Highland; settled on the Red Lick branch of Elk, where he

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died, and his family afterwards went to Missouri, whither they had been preceded by Daniel Herold, a son of Peter.

Benjamin Herold, a very prominent citizen in his time, was married to Mary Boone of Franklin County, and for several years lived at Driscol. He bought out his brothers, Andrew and Josiah, and thereafter resided at the homestead. Finally he moved to Missouri. Benjamin's sons were, Charles, Joseph, Peter, and the daughters were Eugenia, Mary, and Lucy.

Christopher Herold's fourth son, Charles, died when about grown.

His fifth son, Christopher, Junior, married Sally Ann Hefner, daughter of Samuel Hefner of Anthonys Creek, and lived on the homestead, where both died, leaving a daughter, Sally Ann, who married Mr Waggoner of Webster County.

The sixth son, Andrew, married Maria Seybert, dasghter of Joseph Seybert, and lived some years on the old homestead, and then purchased near Frost, where he now resides.

Andrews's family numbered nine sons and two daughters: Mrs Ida Rebecca Moore, Myrta, Lanty W., Millard F., Joseph, died aged eight; Isaac Newton, now in Missouri; John L., Edwin L., Horace F., in Highland; Andrew Forrest and Pruyn Patterson, deceased.

The seventh son of Christopher Herold, Sr., Josiah Herold, married Mary Ann Cleek, of Knapps Creek, and located on Stony Creek, upon the farm occupied by the family of the late James McClure. Deeming it

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best to refugee during the war, he went to Mr Cleek's. There he was seized with diptheria in a malignant form, and he and his two little sons died.

To illustrate something of the privations endured by this worthy man and family in their efforts to make their way in the world, mention may be made of what occurred in the winter of 1840.

Andrew, then about grown, was sent to Elk to look after some cattle to be wintered there. A snow fell, early in the winter, between four and five feet in depth. The only chance to keep the cattle alive was to fell timber for browse. How to have this done was the problem that confronted the youth. Having procured the services of Joe Courtney, a man of stalwart form and needful pluck, they started for the browsing ground. Courtney went ahead, and the young man followed in his trail, snow up to the arm pits. They managed to cut what carried the cattle through.

In the meanwhile all communication between neighbors seemed cut off. Andrew's brother, Peter Herold had taken sick and died before he could hear of it. James Gibson, Senior, now living on Elk, managed to reach an eminence in hearing of the browsing party, and by the loudest tones he could command got Andrew to understand what had taken place. The funeral rites were performed under difficulties indescribable.

The winter finally passed away, and when Andrew returned home in the spring he was emaciated and changed in appearance almost beyond recognition by his neighbors.

When this venerated man---Christopher Herold—

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died some years ago, he was verging ninety years. He and his faithful wife sleep in the family burial ground near their last home on earth, the scene of much of their life's toils and mutual joys and sorrows.

DANIEL KERR.

Acknowledgements are due Samuel Sutton and Mrs Harvey Curry, near Dunmore, for the following items that may rescue from oblivion the memory of a very worthy and useful pioneer of upper Pocahontas. This was Daniel Kerr, who located soon after the Revolution on the upper end of the immense estate now owned by Uriah Hevener.

It seems very probable he came from Rockbridge County. He established a mill, saw mill, and blacksmith shop on the Little Back Creek branch of Deer Creek, and his place became a centre of industry for a wide region.

He was married twice. The first wife was a Miss Kirkpatrick, of Anthonys Creek. Their children were Robert, John, William, Thomas, and James. Daniel Kerr's second wife was a Miss McKamie, of Rockbridge, a very sprightly and attractive person. Her children were David, Daniel, Nancy, Betsy and Mary.

He was a sincerely pious person, and the close of his life was very touching. He had assemnled his family for domestic worship. Upon finishing the Scripture lesson he kneeled for prayer, and for a long interval he was silent. Upon going to him in that

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Colonel William Craig

Mountain Man and First Permanent Settler in Idaho

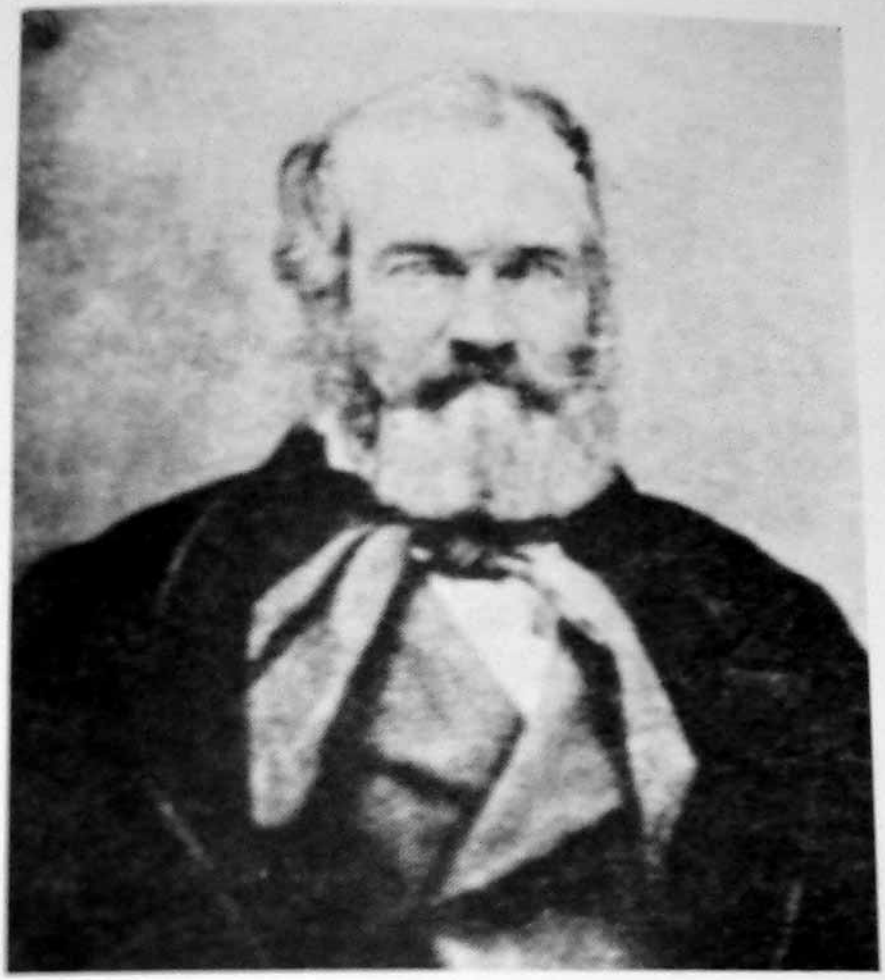
By D. B. Kraybill

In the late summer of 1954, I made a survey of the school district of Sandpoint, Idaho in connection with my duties as a Field Representative of the Office of Education. I was eager to get to know the history of the five Mountain States of Idaho, Montana, Utah, Wyoming and Colorado, which constituted the territory I was serving. The business manager of Sandpoint School District gave me a copy of the *History of the State of Idaho*[1] which was used in the schools and in this book I found the following brief statement about Colonel William Craig:

> Idaho's first permanent white settler was Colonel William Craig. Born in Greenbrier County, Virginia, in 1807, he cast his lot with the Rocky Mountain trappers in the summer of 1829. During the romantic fur-trading third decade of the last century, he, with his intimate associates, Robert Newell and Joseph Meek, led the wild, free life of the fur hunter. Shortly after the arrival of the Reverend H. H. Spalding at Lapwai (1836) Colonel Craig selected a home near the mission on Lapwai Creek. The records show that he established a permanent residence in Idaho in the fall of 1846. In harmony with the provisions of the Oregon Donation Act of 1850, he and his Nez Perce wife, Isabel, claimed and patented 640 acres of land at Lapwai. During the winter of 1855-1856 he rendered distinguished aid to Governor I. I. Stevens while the latter was negotiating a series of Indian treaties. So conspicuous was his leadership among the Nez Perce's that he was given a place on Governor Steven's staff with the title of Lieutenant-Colonel.
>
> During the winter of 1858-1859 he was postmaster at Walla Walla, where he resided temporarily. He was the first Indian Agent at Lapwai and was influential politically during the early years of the Territory. He died in 1869 and was buried at Lapwai.

Contact with the historians of the Far West educational institutions and research into the literature of the fur trading era in the Far West, including many biographies of Mountain Men or Free Trappers, has led to the following findings: (1) Little is known of Colonel Craig's early life. At age 17, he is reputed to have killed a neighbor in self defense and then

[1] C. J. Brosnan, *History of the State of Idaho*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948, p. 111.



COLONEL WILLIAM CRAIG

(Courtesy of Nellie B. Pipes, Oregon Historical Society). A reprint from *The Colorado Magazine* (Sept. 1934), publication of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

fled to the west. He would never speak of his life in Greenbrier County Virginia, now West Virginia. (2) From the biographies of some of the Mountain Men such as Kit Carson, Robert Newell, Joseph Meek, Jim Bridger, Old Bill Williams and others, we hear of him repeatedly and know that he was on many hunting and trapping expeditions during the hey-day of the trappers—from the middle twenties to the early forties. He was with Joe Walker who was assigned, by Captain Bonneville, to lead an expedition to explore Great Salt Lake. (3) Craig, together with Thompson and Sinclair, owned Fort Davy Crockett,[2] built in Brown's Hole in northwestern Colorado. It was located on the left bank of the Green River, above the mouth of Vermillion Creek. (4) Colonel Craig was a respected and influential citizen in the early days of Idaho Territory. Craig Mountain in Idaho is named after him. There is a Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution in Lewiston, Idaho, known as William Craig Chapter Number 2. This chapter took upon itself the task of securing funds to erect a suitable marker at the grave of Craig. His resting place is at Jaques Spur, near the mouth of Mission Creek, Idaho. The grave is in plain sight of the North and South Highway.

Craig's Early Life

References to the year of birth of Craig vary from the years 1800 to 1807. All references to his place of birth give Greenbrier County, Virginia. Nicholas County, West Virginia was formed January 29, 1818, by act of the General Assembly of Virginia, mainly from Kanawha County but included a small area from Greenbrier and Randolph Counties. The establishment of Fayette County (1831), Braxton County (1836), Clay County (1858), and Webster County (1860), successively altered the boundary of Nicholas County.[3] Descendants of William Craig, a Covenanter, from Ulster, Ireland who first moved to Pennsylvania (1721) and later to Augusta County, Virginia, settled finally in Greenbrier County, Virginia (now West Virginia) above Spring Creek. Robert Craig, of this family, came to Nicholas County in 1837 and located on what is now the Fielding Herold farm.[4]

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[2] Leroy R. Hafen, "Fort Davy Crockett, Its Fur Men and Visitors", *Colorado Magazine*, January, 1954, p. 1-11.
[3] William Griffee Brown, *History of Nicholas County*, (1954), pp. 1, 2, 3.
[4] Ibid., p. 308.

Whether our subject, William Craig, was of a family that had moved to Nicholas County or of a family remaining in Greenbrier County, further researches will have to determine. It is likely that he actually grew up in what is now Greenbrier County, West Virginia. If we take 1807 as his year of birth and age 17 or 18 (both ages are found recorded) as his age when leaving for the west, he would have left about the year 1825. This was 12 years prior to the first Craig coming to Nicholas County.

We here submit two brief accounts of his early life that vary only slightly in dates and the nature of his earliest activity in the west. Robert G. Bailey gives the following account:

> The authenticated story of Colonel Craig begins with his appearance in St. Louis in 1818. St. Louis at that time was the headquarters of the American fur traders, who were seeking to oust the Hudson Bay trappers of the Northwest. Craig joined one of the outfits, composed of American traders, or French Canadians, as they were popularly known, and accompanied them in bateaus [sic] to what is now Fort Benton, Missouri. Here he left his trader friends and joined forces with a number of trappers, who were headed for the Rocky Mountains. In time he became a full fledged trapper. The main rendezvous for the trappers was at Fort Bridger, Wyoming. It was here that Craig first met the Nez Perces, who told him of the large quantities of fur to be had in what is now Central Idaho. Later, Craig, Meek, and Robert Newell accompanied a party of Nez Perce Indians to their home section where they engaged in trapping on the waters of the Clearwater and Salmon. The date of this expedition is given as of 1829. On this trip each of the trappers got himself a Nez Perce wife, and with them returned to their rendezvous east of the Rocky Mountains. Craig had an adventurous career and for ten years after his marriage roamed the western country from Wyoming to the Pacific Ocean. He was a member of the Walker expedition to California (1833-1834).[5]

In the *Colorado Magazine*, September, 1934, Leroy R. Hafen gives us the following account:

> Of William Craig's early life we know but little. He was born in Greenbrier County of the 'Old Dominion', as he called his native state (Virginia), about 1799 or 1800. At the age of 18 he quarreled with a man much older than himself and killed him in self defense. Alarmed at this act, he went to St. Louis; here in this emporium of the fur trade, he joined a party of

[5] Robert G. Bailey, *River of No Return*, (1947) p. 47.

> French Canadian trappers bound for the upper Missouri. With bateaus [sic] they made the long, arduous journey to the vicinity of the present Fort Benton, then moved south into the mountains. Craig left the Canadians, joined American trappers and became a full fledged Mountain Man.[6]

So far, we have found no clear references to Craig, as a trapper, until 1829 when he joined the expedition under Smith, Jackson, and Sublette. The party of 54 trappers recruited by William Sublette left St. Louis March 17, 1829 and headed for the Rocky Mountains. It may well be that up to that time he was with the trappers operating in the upper Missouri. General William H. Ashley spearheaded the trading and trapping expeditions in that area from 1822 to 1826 when he sold out to Smith, Jackson, and Sublette.

Craig as Free Trapper and Mountain Man

It should be remembered that prior to the hey-day of the Mountain Men or Free Trappers, the southwestern part of what is now United States and most of what we speak of as Rocky Mountain Area, was Spanish Territory. There was not yet a settlement of boundary line in the disputed Oregon Country. In 1821 the Independent Republic of Mexico was established. In 1822 Mexico reversed the traditional Spanish policy and threw open the doors of New Mexico to American trade. In 1825 the state of Coahuila-Texas, of which Texas was a district, adopted a land law which opened the state to all Christians of good moral and personal habits who would swear allegiance to Mexico. Little wonder, then, that the decade beginning about 1820 saw enterprising and venturesome souls, from the East, beginning a trek to the West to open up trade. This, too, was the day of the Beaver Hat. The stage was set for the Western Trader and Trapper. The outpost of Toas, New Mexico, was the jumping-off point for trappers operating in the southwest. St. Louis was the starting point for those heading for the Northern Rockies and the Upper Missouri.

There was ushered into existence a new breed of men: The "free trappers" or "mountain men" as they called themselves. These individuals are aptly described by Enid Johnson in his biography of Bill Williams:

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[6] Leroy R. Hafen, "Mountain Men-William Craig", The Colorado Magazine, September, 1958, Vol. XL, No. 3, p. 174.

> The true pathfinders of the West were the Mountain Men; they were the hardy adventurers who wandered over the unknown deserts and mountains of the West in their search for beaver and to trade with the Indians. So they were called 'Mountain Men'.
>
> From the early 1800's to 1850 they roamed far and wide over the West adventuring into its lonely places, discovering its hidden trails, marching with the sun to the last frontier. Each footstep beset with danger from wild beasts, hostile Indians, hunger, cold, thirst, and many accidents.
>
> It was they who first explored and established the routes to travel which are now and ever will be the avenues of commerce in that region.
>
> The moving force in their lives was an intense love for the freedom of the wilderness. The mountain man knew that he would have to walk alone, relying upon himself, working and fighting on his own hook.[7]

William Craig was identified with these Mountain Men at least from 1829 to 1840 when he settled near Lapwai, Idaho with his Nez Perce Indian wife, Isabel.

In her biography of Joe Meek, Mrs. F. F. Victor sets forth the following incidents involving Craig:

> In the fall of 1829, while employed in William Sublette's trapper band, Craig became acquainted with a fellow Virginian, Joseph L. Meek. One day Craig, Meek, and Nelson were traveling up a creek on foot to tend their traps, when they came suddenly upon a red bear. The three men ran for trees. Craig and Meek climbed a large pine, but Nelson took to one of two small trees that grew close together. The bear followed Nelson. With his back against one tree and his feet against the other the bear climbed almost to Nelson's perch. When the trees separated with the bear's weight and he fell to the ground, the bear tried a second time with the same result. With his third fall the beast gave up in disgust and ambled away.
>
> 'Then', says Meek, 'Craig began to sing and I began to laugh, but Nelson took to swearing'. 'Oh, yes, you can laugh and sing now', says Nelson, 'but you were quiet enough when the bear was around'. 'Why, Nelson', Meek answered, 'you wouldn't have us noisy before that distinguished guest of yours'. 'But Nelson damned the wild beast and Craig and I laughed and said he didn't seem wild a bit.'[8]

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[7] Enid Johnson, Bill Williams—Julian Messner, Inc., N. Y. Foreword.
[8] F. F. Victor, The River of the West, pp. 11-12.

Meek also tells this story on Craig. An incident that happened in the winter of 1829-1830:

> While the trappers were crossing the mountains between the Yellowstone and Bighorn Rivers, game was scarce and provisions were nearly exhausted. Craig managed to catch a rabbit and put it up to roast before the fire—a tempting looking morsel to starving mountaineers. Some of his associates determined to see how it tasted, and Craig was told that the Booshways (a corruption of the word Bourgeois, the bosses, or leaders of the expedition) wished to speak to him at their lodge. While he obeyed this supposed command, the rabbit was spirited away, never more to be seen by mortal man. When Craig returned to the campfire, and beheld the place vacant where the rabbit was so nicely roasting, his passion knew no bounds, and he declared his intention of cutting it out of the stomach that contained it. But as finding the identical stomach which contained it involved the cutting open of many that probably did not, in the search, he was fain to relinquish that mode of vengeance, together with his hopes of supper.[9]

Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, a West Point graduate, who had become infected with the frontier fever, had secured the financial backing of a wealthy New Yorker and had come west in 1832 with 110 men. His experiences since that time had hardly been of the sort to delight his patron. The elaborately planned Fort Bonneville that he built in the Green River Valley was abandoned almost as soon as completed, while his brigades had been so handicapped by his inexperienced leadership that their catch in furs was small. Still clinging to hopes of a fortune, he ordered one of his bands of mountaineers westward at the close of the 1833 rendezvous, with instructions to search the barren lands beyond Great Salt Lake for likely hunting grounds. This was the expedition that gave its leader, Joseph Reddeford Walker, an opportunity to earn his niche among the pathfinders of the American West.

> No pains or expense were spared in fitting out this party of forty men which he was to command. They had complete supplies for a year, and were to meet Captain Bonneville in the ensuing summer, in the Valley of Bear River, the largest tributary of Salt Lake, which was to be his point of general rendezvous.[10]

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[9] F. F. Victor, *The River of the West*, p. 78.

[10] Washington Irving, *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A.*, The Co-operative Publication Society, Inc., (New York and London), p. 160.

A description of this expedition is given in various biographies of men who were among the 40 who made the journey. The accounts vary. According to Joe Meek they passed through what is now Yosemite National Park. We are here setting forth a brief account of the expedition as found in *The Far Western Frontier* by Ray Allen Billington:

> Walker's men skirted the north shore of the Great Salt Lake, found their way through the wild land of rocks and sand that lay beyond, followed the well-trapped Humboldt River to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and crossed this awesome barrier where swirling snow and icy winds reduced even the seasoned hunters to near desparation, [sic] to emerge at last amidst the warmth of the San Juaquin Valley of California. Pushing on to San Francisco, the party turned southward along the coast to Monterey, where they spent the winter of 1833-34. In mid-February Walker took the trail once more, moving south along the San Juaquin Valley to Kern River, which was followed eastward into the low defile since known as Walker Pass. There the hunters turned to skirt the Sierras as they marched through Owens Valley and across parched deserts where they nearly died of thirst. In June they picked up their own trail which led them back along the Humboldt in time to reach the 1834 rendezvous at Ham's Fork of the Green River.[11]

William Craig, with other independent trappers, was among the 40 men who joined the Joe Walker expedition to California. A story pertaining to it which Craig told to Thomas J. Beall after they met in Idaho in 1857 is here repeated:

> The waters of the Humboldt River are of a milky cast, not clear. So one afternoon, while camped on the said stream, and being the first to strip, I started for the swimming hole and was just about to plunge in when I got a hunch that things were not as they should be and I had better investigate before taking a dive. I did so and found the water was about a foot and a half deep and the mud four, this condition being in the eddy. So I waded to where there was a current and found the water a little more than waist deep, no mud and good smooth bottom. In looking toward the camp I espied Joe Walker coming and he was jumping like a buck deer and when he arrived at the brink he says to me: 'How is it?' 'Joe,' I replied, 'It is just splendid.' With that he plunged head first into that four and a half feet of blue mud.
>
> Fearing trouble and not being interested in the subsequent proceedings, I made myself scarce by hiding in the brush on

[11] Ray Allen Billington, *The Far Western Frontier 1830-1860*, Harper and Brothers, p. 86.

the opposite side and in so doing I ran into some rosebrier bushes and scratched myself some, but I was so full of laughter I did not mind that. I peeped through the bushes just in time to see him extricate himself from the mud. He then washed the mud off as well as he could, returned to the tepee, put on his clothes, shot his rifle off, cleaned it, then reloaded it and hollered at me, and said: 'Now show yourself and I'll drop a piece of lead into you' which I failed to do, as I did not want to be encumbered with any extra weight, especially at that time. I was compelled to remain in hiding most of the afternoon. Before sundown I was told to come into camp and get my supper and leave, that I could not travel any further with that party.

I was very glad of the permit for it was rather monotonous out there in the brush with nothing but a blanket around me and nobody to talk to and my pipe in camp. I soon dressed myself and then it was time to chew. Our company was divided into messes and each mess was provided with a dressed buffalo hide. It was spread on the ground and the grub placed upon it. When supper was announced we sat down. I sat opposite to Walker and in looking at him discovered some of the blue mud of the Humboldt on each side of his nose and just below his eyelids, and I could not help laughing. He addressed me in an abrupt manner and said: 'What the h--l are you laughing at?' I told him that gentlemen generally washed before eating. With that the others observed the mud and they too roared with laughter in which Walker joined, but he threatened if ever I played another such trick on him he would kill me as sure as my name was Craig. This place on the Humboldt River was ever afterwards called by the mountain men 'Walker's Plunge' or 'Hole'.

Craig characterized the Walker expedition as more of a horse-stealing than a fur-trapping expedition. He says that they got away with 500 to 600 horses, which they traded to the Indians on the way back to the Rocky Mountains.[12]

In his biography of Joe Meek, in Chapter VI, "The Exciting Year of 1832", Harvey E. Tobie has the following reference to Craig:

Late in the fall, Meek, Craig and a few other hunters joined the northern party of which Newell was a member, on an exchange of men. On the Madison River they were again within a few miles of their Tagging American Fur Company rivals. For several days disagreeable weather and mud underfoot kept both groups from moving; but story-telling, card playing and other amusements helped the fraternizing men while away hours that would otherwise have been tedious.

[12] Thomas J. Beall, "Recollections of William Craig", in Lewiston (Idaho) Tribune, March 4, 1912.

> Those ahead had the best hunting, and the Rocky Mountain men broke camp October 11. Three days later, Vanderburgh, moving in the opposite direction, met his death in an Indian attack. Fitzpatrick's men were also subjected to Indian annoyance which Newell noted briefly: 'Met some Blackfeet, 60 warriors, made peace with them and the next day fought another party. Returned to Salmon River and took up winter's quarters.'[13]

Bernard DeVoto in *Across The Wide Missouri* gives a detailed description of the fur trading expedition led by Jim Bridger in 1838. The Bridger brigade met with a group of missionaries on their way to the Oregon Country. Meek, Newell, Joe Walker, and Craig were with the expedition and the paragraph that we here quote shows that Mrs. Craig was with him. The rendezvous was at the Popo Agie not far west of Fort Laramie:

> While their husbands tinkered with the outfit, the ladies (missionaries' wives) moved New England to the Popo Agie by setting up a sewing circle. Humble, frantically inquisitive squaws hung round them in platoons, touching them to see the blood move under this odd white skin, inspecting the mysterious articles in their personal outfit, fingering unheard of things like brooches and hartshorns and pancake turners. The white squaws had odd, but admirable equipment for dressmaking; thimbles, emery bags in the shape of strawberries, needles of many sizes but all small to Indian eyes, darning eggs, embroidery frames, threads of all sizes and colors, yarns, silk flosses. They could do no finer work with these tools than the red ladies did with awls and split sinews but they could work with stupefying ease and speed. So the squaws sighed and chattered and brought the ladies the bright cottons their husbands had been buying for them at the trading booths and the ladies made dresses for them unquestionably longer in the skirts than Indian fashion prescribed. Myra mentions Mrs. Joe Walker and Mrs. Craig; Mary, Mrs. Robinson. Craig was an old Rocky Mountain Fur Company man; there were numerous Robinsons. Others are mentioned in quantity but not named. Myra sniffs at the mean quality of the cloth and is scandalized by its cost of two dollars a yard.[14]

This reference in DeVoto's book seems to be in harmony with what Francis Haines quotes in his book *The Nez Perces* relative to Craig's wife. But the marriage to Isabel, in 1838, would not be in harmony with the statement by Bailey in his *River of No Return* (Note 5) which has Craig getting himself

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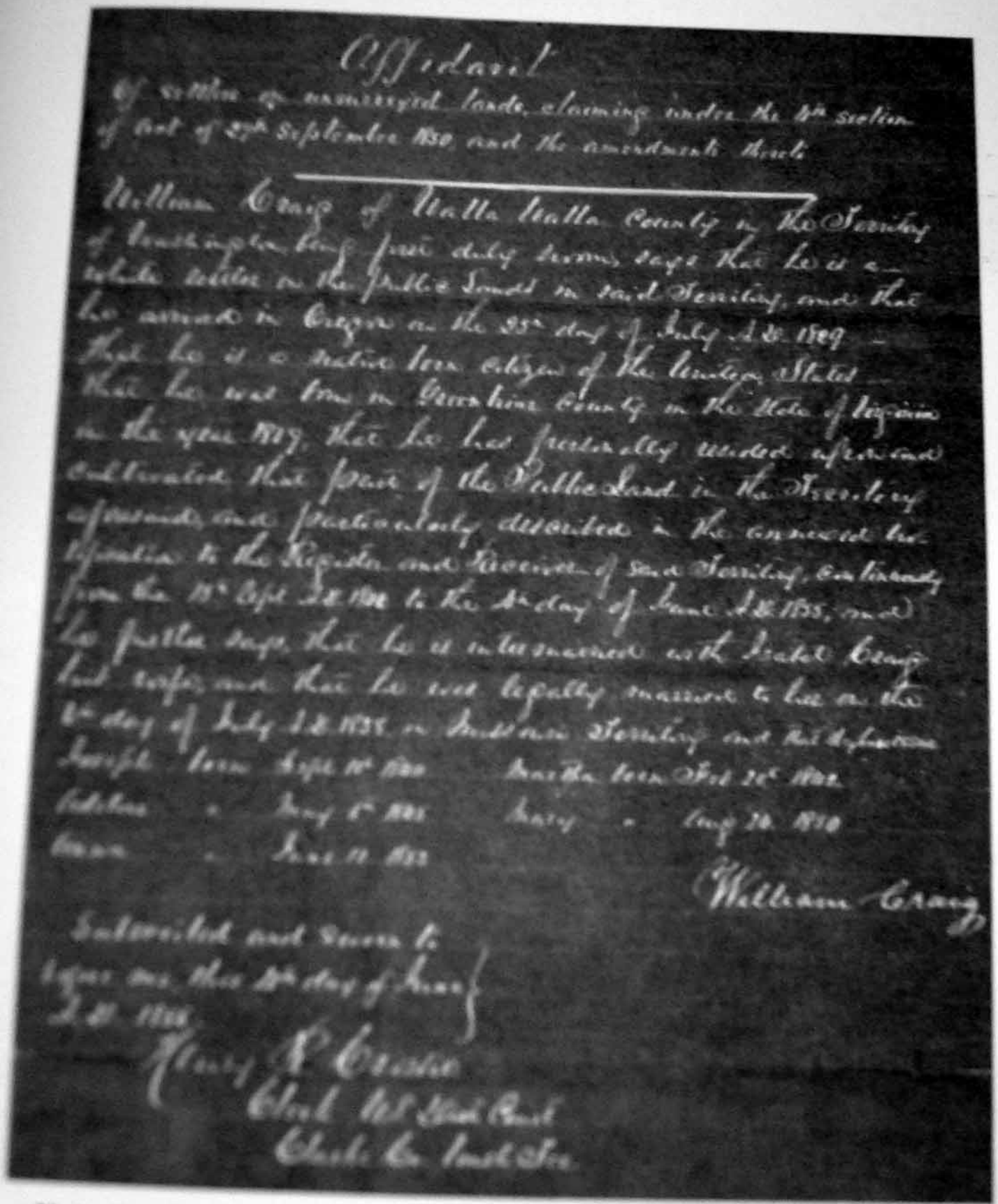
[13] Harvey S. Tyhus, *He Was Like Joe*, Portland, Oregon, pp. 31, 32.
[14] Bernard DeVoto, *Across The Wide Missouri*, Houghton Mifflin Company, p. 253.



Affidavit

of settlers on unsurveyed lands, claiming under the 4th section of Act of 27th September 1850 and the amendments thereto

William Craig of Walla Walla County in the Territory of Washington being first duly sworn, says that he is a white settler on the Public Lands in said Territory, and that he arrived in Oregon on the 23rd day of July A.D. 1849 — That he is a native born citizen of the United States — That he was born in Greenbrier County in the State of Virginia in the year 1807. That he has fractionally settled upon and cultivated that part of the Public Land in the Territory aforesaid, and fractionally described in the annexed declaration to the Register and Receiver of said Territory, continuously from the 15th Sept A.D. 1850 to the 1st day of June A.D. 1853, and he further says, that he is intermarried with Rachel Craig his wife, and that he was legally married to her on the 1st day of July A.D. 1838 in Indiana Territory and that daughters born Sept 10th 1840 — Sons born Feb 21st 1842

Sabrina " May 6th 1845 — Mary " Aug 20 1848

Emma " June 11 1853

William Craig

Subscribed and Sworn to before me this 1st day of June A.D. 1853

Clerk U.S. District Court

Clerk Co. Probate Ct.

Note that this affidavit establishes Craig's birthdate as 1807 in Greenbrier County in the State of Virginia.

a wife in 1829. We know that Craig visited the Nez Perce Country in 1829 and, at that time, could have met Isabel, but his affidavit relative to "Settlers on Unassigned Lands" in Washington Territory (National Archives, Washington, D. C.) gives July 6, 1838 as the date of his marriage and September 10, 1840 the date of birth of their first child. The reference by Haines follows:

> In 1838, at the Wyoming rendezvous, Craig married Isabel, daughter of Chief James of Lapwai. Two years later, in the summer of 1840, he helped Robert Newell and Joe Meek take two wagons from Fort Hall to Walla Walla for Marcus Whitman. Soon after that, he and his wife appeared at her father's village on Lapwai Creek, where Craig began farming a tract of bottom land near the Spalding Mission. When Spalding objected, saying that he needed all that land for the mission farm, Craig moved farther up the Creek. In 1846, he secured a government deed to his farm, the first deeded land in Idaho.[15]

Fort Davy Crockett—Its Owners and Visitors

Numerous references to Fort Davy Crockett give Craig, along with Thompson and Sinclair as the owners. Located as it was along the left bank of the Green River in the northwest corner of Colorado, it seems to have been a crossroads place, more or less secluded and visited, at sometime or other, by most of the famous Mountain Men of that era. Since Craig was one of the owners, and, therefore, frequently found there, I felt that a description of the fort, as given by several of its visitors, should be set forth in this study; also a word about the other two owners; and some references to visits involving Craig.

The date of the founding of Fort Davy Crockett has not been definitely determined. Brown's Hole, the mountain-walled valley that was the site of the post, had long been a favorite winter resort for the Indians. In this grassy retreat the Indian bands sought shelter from the storms that swept the surrounding mountains.

The most exhaustive study that has been made of Fort Davy Crockett is the one reported in the January, 1952 issue of the Colorado *Magazine*, published by the State Historical Society of Colorado. This report is by Leroy R. Hafen. He quotes T. J. Farnham as follows:

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[15] Francis Haines, The Nez Perces, University of Oklahoma Press, p. 83.

> Thomas Jefferson Farnham, leader of an Oregon-bound party from Peoria, Illinois, reached the post on August 12, 1839, after some rugged experiences in crossing northwestern Colorado. He writes that the Fort is a hollow square of one story, with roofs and floors of mud, constructed in the same manner as those of Fort Bent on the Arkansas River. Around these we found the conical skin lodges of the squaws of the white trappers, who were away on their "fall hunt", and also the lodges of a few snake Indians, who had preceded their tribes to this, their winter haunt. Here also were the lodges of Mr. Robinson, a trader, who usually stations himself here to traffic with the Indians and white trappers. His skin lodge was his warehouse; and buffalo robes were spread upon the ground and counter, on which he displayed butcher knives, hatchets, powder, lead, fish-hooks, and whiskey. In exchange for these articles he receives beaver skins from the trappers, money from travelers, and horses from the Indians. And, indeed, when all the independent trappers are driven, by approaching winter, into this delightful retreat, and the whole Snake village, two or three thousand strong, impelled by the same necessity, pitch their lodges around the Fort, and the dances and merry makings of a long winter are thoroughly commenced, there is no want of customers.[16]

Five days after the arrival of Farnham, an east-bound party, returning from Fort Hall, of present Idaho, reached Brown's Hole. Among the new arrivals was F. A. Wislizenus, a German doctor from St. Louis. In his book, written originally in German and giving an account of his journey, Dr. Wislizenus said:

> On August 17, we reached Fort Crockett. It is situated close by the Green River, on its left bank. The river valley here is broad, and has good pasturage and sufficient wood. The fort itself is the worst thing of the kind that we have seen on our journey. It is a low one-story building constructed of wood and clay, with three connecting wings, and no enclosure. Instead of cows the fort had only some goats. In short, the whole establishment appeared somewhat poverty stricken, for which reason it is known to the trappers by the name of Fort Misery. The fort belongs to three Americans: Thompson, Craig, and Sinclair. The latter was at the fort, and received us very kindly but regretted his inability to offer us any supplies.[17]

The excellent journal of E. Willard Smith gives valuable observations on Fort Davy Crockett and its owners. Smith came to the Rockies in the summer of 1839 with the Vasquez

[16] T. J. Farnham, "Travels in the Great Western Prairies" in R. G. Thwaites, Early Western Travels, XXVIII, pp. 262-263.
[17] F. A. Wislizenus, A Journey to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1839, St. Louis 1912, p. 120.

and Sublette Company. At Fort Vasquez on the South Platte, near the present site of Platteville, he joined a company that was heading for Fort Davy Crockett. Under date of September 16, Smith recorded: "Today we left our encampment, and started to cross the mountains. Our party consisted of eight men, two squaws, and three children. One of the squaws belonged to Mr. Thompson, the other to Mr. Craig. They were partners and have a trading post at Brown's Hole, a valley on the west side of the mountain".[18]

On October 1, they reached Brown's Hole, where Smith remained until mid-winter. Sinclair had been at the fort during the absence of his two partners.

Craig's partner, Philip F. Thompson, according to his sworn statement, Affidavit of Settlers on Unsurveyed Lands," National Archives, was born in Williamson County, Tennessee, in 1811. In early life he went to the Rocky Mountains and in 1842 came to Oregon. Of Thompson's youth and his early years in the mountains, we have no record. He was at Brown's Hole in the summer of 1837 according to Kit Carson and Doc Newell, and from there went on a trading expedition to the Navajo Indians. The mules, he and Sinclair procured in this venture, Thompson disposed of at Fort Vasquez on the South Platte. The goods received for the mules he brought back to Fort Davy Crockett to trade with the Indians.

Thompson went down the Arkansas River and to the Missouri frontier for supplies in the spring of 1839. He returned with his goods in the supply cavern of Sublette and Vasquez, leaving Independence, Missouri, on August 6, 1839, and reaching Fort Vasquez September 13.

From South Platte Post Thompson and his partner Craig, with their Indian wives and children, crossed the mountains to their Fort in Brown's Hole.

Of Sinclair, third partner in the ownership of Fort Davy Crockett, little is known. Of his hospitality Mr. Franham writes in 1839: "I enjoyed the lovely scene at Fort Davy Crockett till near midnight in company with Mr. Sinclair; and

[18] L. R. Hafen (Ed.), "With Fur Traders in Colorado, 1839-40: the Journal of E. Willard Smith", in the *Colorado Magazine*, XXVII (1950), p. 112.

when at last its excitements and the thrilling pleasure of being relieved from the prospect of death by hunger allowed me to slumber, that gentleman conducted me to his own room and bed, and bade me occupy both while I should remain with him"[19]

According to H. H. Bancroft, Prouett Sinclair went to California in 1843.[20] In December, 1851 the California State Library reported that Prouett Sinclair, who had gone to the Rockies from Arkansas in 1830, settled at Cowalitos, in Santa Cruz County, California, in 1843 and was an active business man there until 1882. The Santa Cruz County Great Register of 1888 lists him as 77 years old and born in Tennessee.[21] This was no doubt the partner, since his brother Alexander was killed at the battle of Pierce's Hole in 1832.

Edwin L. Sabin in *Kit Carson Days* has the following reference to Fort Davy Crockett and its owners:

> Myeth's Fort Hall had been sold, the summer of 1837 to the British. Under the new proprietors it engaged some of the American Trappers, but Fort Davy Crockett, in Brown's Hole, Colorado, on an elbow of the Green courteously managed by the mountain men, William Craig, Philip Thompson, and Sinclair, was the fashionable American gathering place. Thither, after the rendezvous of this summer, journeyed Kit Carson and seven others. Thompson and Sinclair were organizing a trading trip into the Navajo country of present New Mexico, and Carson joined them. This was a trip not after furs, but after horses and mules, and the Navajo merchandise of ropes and blankets. The latter article especially was valued, and it is valued today. Substantial, warm, waterproof, of pleasant pattern, the Navajo blanket early appealed to the Mexican and traveler over the Santa Fe Trail, was made popular by the American soldiers of the days of 1846, and has maintained itself as a Navajo asset ever since.
>
> Out of the Navajo Country, with its peach orchards and ranging flocks, the traders proceeded to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, where the spoils, principally mules, were sold for the Missouri Market. This winter of 1837-1838 Kit Carson spent in Brown's Hole as hunter for Fort Davy Crockett.[22]

Since Joe Meek and Doc (Robert) Newell were intimates of

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[19] Farnham's "Travels", op. cit., p. 288.
[20] H. H. Bancroft, *History of California*, IV, p. 690; V, p. 709.
[21] F. B. Hafen, (Ed.) *Colorado Magazine*, XXIX, January 1952, p. 24.
[22] Edwin L. Sabin, *Kit Carson Days*, A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, 1914, pp. 197, 198.

William Craig, we are here reporting a reference from DeVoto's book, *Across the Wide Missouri:*

> Joe was on his way to Fort Davy Crockett and his wife and his partner Newell. He had a shoulder of antelope and in the mountain code offered them breakfast. They had eaten, however, and what they wanted was instruction—the type held true at this meeting. Joe said there was a village of Nez Perces only a day's ride beyond Fort Hall. He himself was going to winter with them when he could get his wife. (A Nez Perce whom he called Virginia; she was to bear him eight children.) He advised the greenhorns to join the village, too, and travel with it to the Nez Perce Country where there was a mission, Spalding's Lapwai. The lava and the peaks, the rivers and the gulches, the sagebrush and the thirst—the country between Bear River and Trail's End was in Joe's mind and he thought, gently, that they would need the Nez Perces.
>
> Farnham thought him much like an Indian: 'The same wild, unsettled, watchful expression of the eye, the same unnatural gesticulation in conversation, the same unwillingness to use words when a sign, a contortion of the face or body, or movement of the hand will manifest thought: in standing, walking, reading, in all but complexion he was an Indian'. He cursed the American Fur Company for them. It had used his skill, risked his life, paid him little, and now cast him off. Every trapper whom Farnham had met—a good many—had said the same. And he looked poor. It was starving times for Joe Meek. He had so sparse and worn an outfit that the wind, which can be cold of an August morning in Bear River Valley, made him shake like an aspen leaf.
>
> Let them watch out for Blackfeet, Joe said. There were some near Soda Springs, which they would presently reach. Farther along they would find Joe's White horse. It had given out and he had had to cache its pack.
>
> Joe Meek, the bear killer, a Carson man, a Bridger man, a Rocky Mountain Fur Company Man—Joe Meek, free trapper, raised his hand and rode off toward Fort Davy Crockett. And the three greenhorns, authentic settlers, and their Snake guide took the trail again, toward the Columbia.[33]

The ultimate fate of the fort is unknown. The wooden structure may have been destroyed by fire, for evidence of the building disappeared. In fact, ranchmen who later settled in Brown's Hole swore that no such post as Fort Davy Crockett ever existed in the valley. Brown's Hole was again the setting

[33] Bernard DeVoto, *Across the Wide Missouri*, pp. 363, 364.

for lively activity a few decades later, when cattle rustlers made it a notorious hideout.

The year 1840, which saw the last fur trade rendezvous of the mountains, apparently witnessed also the abandonment of Fort Davy Crockett. The partnership of Thompson, Craig, and Sinclair broke up. Craig treked to Oregon in the summer of 1840. Thompson followed him two years later. Sinclair is reported to have settled in California in 1843.

Andrew Sublette led a company of health seekers out over the Oregon Trail and to Green River in the summer of 1844. They left Independence on May 12,[24] and in August turned down Green River to Brown's Hole. No data have been found as to whether or not they reached their destination and how they fared. But Andrew Sublette was back on the South Platte and Arkansas Rivers next spring.

John C. Fremont upon returning from the Pacific Coast on his second exploring expedition reached Brown's Hole on June 7, 1844. "This sheltered valley", he wrote, "was formerly a favorite wintering ground for the trappers." Carson, who accompanied Fremont, had spent much time at Fort Davy Crockett and must have told his chief something of the Fort's history. But nothing of this is recorded in Fremont's official report. The pathfinder merely recorded that his encampment was opposite to the remains of an old fort on the left bank of the river.[25]

Life in Idaho Territory

It is understandable that many of the Mountain Men would give up the life of trapper and seek to settle in the desirable areas that they had learned to know. There was no longer, after 1840, so great a demand for beaver skins as in the decade just closed. Also, it was becoming increasingly more difficult to find spots, in the mountains fastnesses, where beaver could be found in quantity as in former years. With one accord they agreed that it was essential to seek the settlements. Since many of these men had friendly relations with the Nez Perce Indians

[24] Letters of Andrew Sublette to his brother, William, written May 13, 1844 and March 2 and 6, 1845.

[25] J. C. Fremont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, etc.*, (Washington 1845), pp. 279-80.

and had wives from that tribe, and were favorably impressed with the country of the Nez Perce Indians, they quite naturally headed for that country. And in as much as there was not yet a boundary settlement in the disputed Oregon country, between Great Britain and the United States, it is not unlikely that some of these men wanted to help perfect the claim of the United States to that territory. I quote from H. H. Bancroft:

> As it was now absolutely necessary to seek the settlements in order to live, seven of them determined to go to Oregon with their Indian wives and children, about their only worldly possessions, and begin life anew. Their names were Robert Newell, C. M. Walker, J. L. Meek, William Craig, Caleb Wilkins, William M. Doty, and John Larison. Newell, Meek and Wilkins decided to make for the Columbia River. . . .
>
> Craig remained in the upper country and settled at Lapwai, while Meek and Newell proceeded to the Dalles on horseback, leaving their wagons to be brought on at the earliest opportunity.[25]

It was natural that William Craig would settle near Lapwai, Idaho. He was married to Isabel, daughter of Chief James, who was chief of the Nez Perce Indians in the Lapwai Valley. This made it possible for him to learn the Nez Perce language and to understand the customs, attitudes, and beliefs of the tribe. Spalding, the missionary, located along the Clearwater River, near Lapwai, in 1836. Many of the Nez Perce tribe attended his mission school, and in other ways came under his influence. With the coming of Spalding, the influence of Chief James over his people lost strength. This is, no doubt, the chief cause for an enmity between Chief James and Spalding. William Craig and Missionary Spalding did not get along well as neighbors. Craig's kinship with Chief James and his years "Roughing It" as a Mountain Man may have been the leading factors that promoted their mutual dislike for each other; but more about this later. Craig's usefulness in dealing with the Indians is shown in the following quotations from the book *War Chief Joseph* by Howard and McGrath. Incidentally, Chief Joseph as a boy, attended Spalding's school. His father, Chief Joseph had been baptized by Spalding.

> Soon after the Whitman Massacre, November 29, 1847, regular troops and several companies of volunteers were sent to cam-

[25] H. H. Bancroft, Vol. XXIX, *History of Oregon*, Vol. I, 1834-1848, pp. 241, 242.

paign against the Cayuses in revenge for the murder of the whites; when guilty members of the Cayuse tribe fled into the hills, some of the volunteers suspected the Nez Perces of abetting their escape and favored an attack upon the latter. For a while it seemed that the innocent Nez Perces would be involved in the trouble. With the arrival of Colonel Gilliam and his regulars at Waiilatpu, a council was arranged through the efforts of William Craig, who acted in behalf of the Nez Perces. This meeting was attended by 250 warriers [sic] led by Tu-eka-kas (Joseph), who approached the council under the American flag and carried a New Testament in his hand as proof of his good faith toward the Americans.

General Palmer, Indian Agent for Oregon, was favorably impressed by the attitude of the Nez Perces, and told them to return to their homes for the spring planting, and to continue their peaceful relations with the whites. . . .[27]

Concerning Governor Stevens' Council Meeting of 1855:

Next to arrive, after several days' delay, were the Cayuses; then came the Walla Wallas, the Umatillas, and the Yakimas. All tribes but the Palouses were represented. Five Thousand Indians and a mere handful of white officials, attended by a military escort of 47 dragoons under Lieutenant Archibold Gracie, were present at the council. It was probably the greatest peace gathering of Indians ever held in the west. Besides Governor Stevens there were present, his thirteen-year-old son, Hazard; General Joel Palmer; Secretaries James Doty and William C. McKay; Agents R. R. Thompson, R. B. Metcalfe, R. H. Crosby, N. Olney, and R. H. Lansdale; Packmaster C. P. Higgins, the army escort; and interpreters William Craig, N. Raymond, Mat Dampher, and John Flette.[28]

The difficulties between Chief James and Missionary Spalding and the possible influence on Craig are well presented by Francis Haines in his book, *The Nez Perces:*

Chief James and Henry Spalding did not get along too well. Spalding had taken over the local medicine practice depriving James of revenue. Spalding told the Indians that James and the other medicine men got their power from the devil and all their patients were in danger of eternal damnation. He also refused to pay James any rent for the land used by the mission. . . . James had an additional grievance. As Chief of Lapwai, he did not approve of the influx of Indians from other villages. The old tribal custom had explicitly reserved a village site for members of the local band. Now there were

[27] Howard and McGrath, *War Chief Joseph*, the Clayton Printers, Ind., 1952, pp. 36, 38.
[28] Ibid., pp. 41, 46.

Indians from many lands living on what he regarded as land belonging to his band and village but they would not acknowledge him as chief, nor would they obey any of his orders.

Joseph and Timothy, the first two converts, probably irked James most. They ranked highest of all the tribe in the eyes of the Spaldings, and had personal prestige in their own right, each being a village chief. Joseph was one of the important fighting men of the tribe, sometimes leading a war party of several hundred men. Their continued presence at Lapwai considerably reduced the influence of the local chief, who did not see how he could regain his prestige until he had shown that he had power over the Spaldings. It is apparent then that Craig did not cause the trouble at the mission. He merely entered the discussion after it had been going on for some time.[29]

Excerpts from Duery's *Life of Henry Harmon Spalding* throw further light on the difficulties between Spalding and Craig:

When William Craig arrived to live in the valley, things changed. . . . As soon as he arrived, Craig began criticizing Spalding. On December 1, 1840, Spalding wrote in his diary: 'Old James and others say they have been stopped from going after timber by Cragge who tells them I am making dogs and slaves of them. I ought to pay them for going after timber.'

Craig claimed that if Spalding were a sincere missionary he would feed and clothe the people for nothing. . . . Craig found a powerful ally and sympathetic listener in James, who had reasons of his own for opposing Spalding. . . . Craig persuaded some of the Indians to destroy Spalding's mill dam. . . . Spalding practiced the gospel of the second mile, and sawed a number of logs for Craig in order to help him build a house. For a time Craig worked for Spalding, and outwardly at least they remained peaceful, but Craig's influence was always with the 'Heathen' party. At various subsequent times he caused Spalding great concern.[30]

At the time of the Whitman Massacre, Craig gave protection to Mrs. Spalding by inviting her to come to his home:

On Monday, Mrs. Spalding and the others began to get ready to move to Craig's home when suddenly a party of Nez Perces rode up, headed by a Nez Perce who had taken part in the Whitman massacre. . . . They were keenly disappointed to find Mrs. Spalding forewarned, and that Craig was present with a number of Indians friendly to him. The murderous band saw at

[29] Francis Haines, *The Nez Perces*, University of Oklahoma Press, pp. 83, 84.
[30] Clifford M. Drury, *Henry Harmon Spalding*, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1936, pp. 282, 283, 285.

> once that if they tried to harm Mrs. Spalding, it would mean a fight among the Nez Perces. The friendly Indians surrounded the small band of white people and putting the women and children in a wagon that Spalding owned, took them off to the Craig home. . . . The small band of captives in the Craig home, for that is what they had become, were discussing what should be done. Craig felt safe for he had married into the Nez Perce tribe, and the Indians about him promised to protect him.[31]

In 1818 an agreement was reached between Great Britain and the United States that there should be a ten-year period of joint occupancy. Even after the ten-year period had expired no boundary, mutually satisfactory, could be determined upon. England declined any settlement that did not give her the north bank of the Columbia River. Until 1834 the only Americans in the Oregon Territory had been hunters, trappers, and fur traders. The coming of the missionaries, with a few permanent settlers began to change things. In 1835 Marcus Whitman set up a mission at the junction of the Snake and Columbia Rivers. By 1842 there were approximately 500 Americans permanently located in the territory. In 1843 the settlers formed a government of their own and asked Congress to make Oregon a territory.

The constitution of the government formed by the settlers in 1843 had this important provision relative to land claims:

> The claimant should designate the boundaries of his claim, and have the same recorded in the office of the territorial recorder, in a book kept for that purpose, within twenty days from the time of making his claim; unless he should be already in possession of a claim, when he should be allowed a year for recording a description of his land. It was also required that improvements should be made, by building or enclosing, within six months, and that the claimant should reside on his land within a year after recording. No individual was allowed a claim of more than one square mile, or 640 acres in a square or oblong farm according to natural surroundings, or to hold more than one claim at one time.[32]

As stated before, Craig, with some fellow trappers, returned to the Oregon Territory in 1840 and settled in the Lapwai Valley area presided over by Chief James, the father of his wife Isabel. That Craig follows out the provisions of the territorial regulations relative to land claims is indicated in his signed

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31 Ibid.

32 Bancroft, History of Oregon, p. 311.

Rec'd June 9, 1853

Territory of Washington

Notification

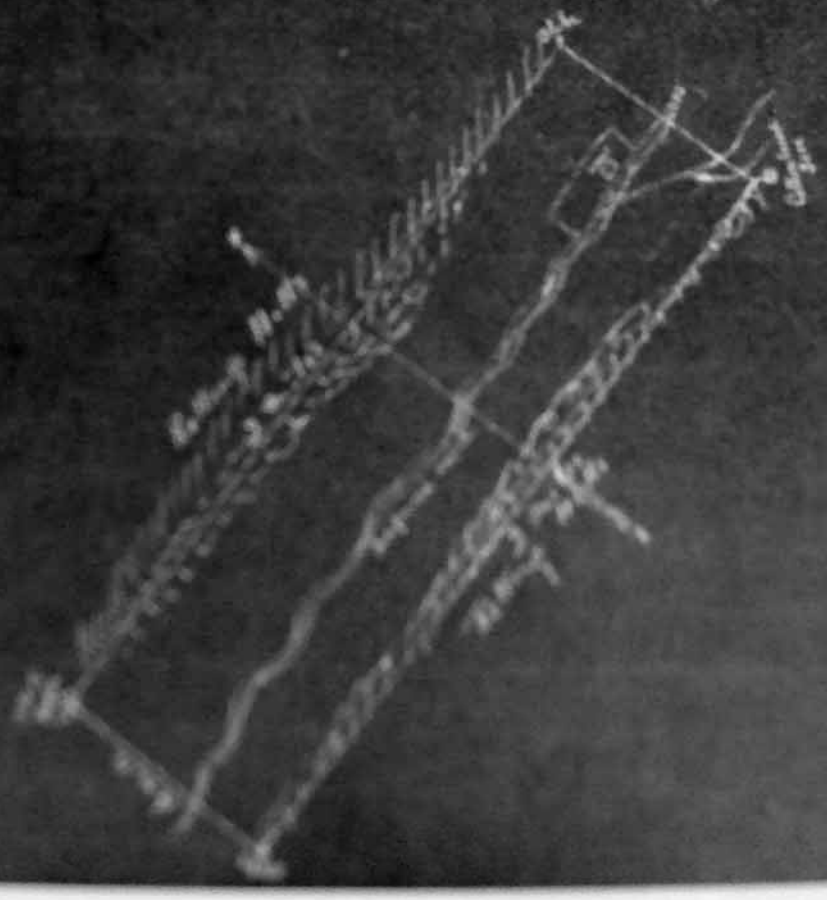
of the Register and Receiver of Washington Territory, of settlement on public lands, not yet surveyed

Pursuant to the Act of Congress, approved the 11th day of February 1853, entitled "An Act to amend an Act entitled 'An Act to create the office of Surveyor General of the Public Lands in Oregon, and to provide for the survey and make donations to settlers of the said Public Lands, and the Acts amendatory thereof.'"

I William Craig of Walla Walla County in the Territory of Washington, hereby give notice of my claim to a Donation of 640 acres of land particularly bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a Stake 30 yards North of Sapiene creek. Thence West two miles to a pile of Rocks, thence South half a mile to a Stake, thence East two miles to a Cotton wood tree, thence North half a mile to the place of beginning.

William Craig



affidavit of June 4, 1855 (See facsimile of Affidavit, National Archives, Washington, D. C.) where he says in part, "that he has personally resided upon and cultivated that part of the Public Land in the Territory aforesaid, and particularly described in the answered notification (see facsimile of Notification, National Archives, Washington, D. C.) to the Register and Receiver of said Territory, continuously from the 15th, September, A. D., 1846 to the 4th day of June A. D., 1855".

Of course, by June 4, 1855, the boundaries of Oregon, as an organized territory by act of Congress (August 11, 1848), had been fixed and the part, north of the Columbia River and east of the Snake River, was now in Washington Territory. Thus, The Lapwai Valley, which was an area east of the Snake River, was in Washington Territory as the "Notification" indicates.

Governor Stevens, in his capacity as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, after many days of deliberation in council, finally secured Indian approval of the land to be set aside as Nez Perce Reservation. This treaty was signed June 11, 1855. William Craig's claim was within the reservation area. The following excerpt indicates the high regard the Nez Perce Indians had for him:

> William Craig, at the special request of the Nez Perces, was protected in his holdings near Lapwai by a special clause in the treaty. His ability to retain the confidence of the tribe and of the various government officials would indicate that he was a more honest man than Spalding had believed. He was a useful man too, acting as interpreter and letter writer for the Indians on many occasions.[33]

In the Indian wars of 1856 and later Colonel Craig served on the staff of Governor Stevens, heading a company of Nez Perce Indians which he had recruited. He was made a Lieutenant Colonel by the governor.

Colonel Craig was interpreter and witness to several Indian treaties negotiated by Governor Stevens. Attention was already called to the treaty with the Nez Perces at the Walla Walla Council, June 11, 1855. There was also the treaty with the Flatheads at Hell Gate, near what is now Missoula, Montana, July 16, 1855 and the treaty with the Blackfoot Indians at the Blackfoot Council, October 7, 1855, on the Missouri River

[33] Haines, The Nez Perces, p. 126

below the mouth of the Judith in what was then the Territory of Nebraska, now the State of Montana.

As Indian Agent at Lapwai he made a report to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the year 1857. This report is here given:

Walla Walla, W. T.
July 21, 1857

Sir: In compliance with your circular issued at the office of the superintendent of Indian affairs, at Salem, Oregon Territory, March 19, 1857, to the agents and sub-agents of the different tribes of your superintendency, I have the honor to forward to your office the following report, which I think is correct, viz:

I have in my charge the friendly Cayuses, that live in Washington Territory and the Nez Perces tribe. The Nez Perces' country is bounded west by the Palouse River, which lies north of Snake River, and the Tucannon, which lies south of Snake River; on the north by the range of mountains between Clear Water and the Coeur d'Alene; east by the Bitter Root Mountains; on the south they are bounded near the line dividing the two territories.

The face of their country is barren, and very broken; it is well adapted for stock raising.

They number from thirty-one to thirty-five hundred souls. They have quite a large number of horses, and some cattle. They have always professed friendship towards the whites until last summer, when there were about two-thirds of them who got excited, became hostile, and joined the hostile bands; but since that time they have returned to their country and professed to be friendly. They are now working their little gardens, as they were in the habit of doing before the war. I think they have in cultivation some forty or fifty acres; they raise corn, wheat, peas, and potatoes. It is hard to make an estimate of the number of bushels that they raise, as they commence using it before it is ripe.

I think, with the assistance of some farming utensils, they would be able to raise their own subsistence. The last year they were all supplied with subsistence by the government for a short time, and a part of them until this spring, as they had raised nothing during the time of the excitement.

As a tribe, I think them more enterprising and industrious than any of the neighboring tribes. They have no mills, shops, or houses, erected in their country for the use of the Indians. A part of them appear anxious that the treaties should be kept, and a part do not wish it. As soon as they learn that the treaties are not sanctioned they will all be at rest.

They are anxious to have their children schooled, and mills built. I would suggest that an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars be made, as that sum, in my opinion, would be sufficient for those things and to maintain peace and friendly relations with the whites.

The friendly Cayuses that have been temporarily in my charge are not doing much in the way of farming this summer. I suppose there are about sixty souls. They do not appear satisfied that the military are in their country. I suppose Agent Dennison will report their condition, as he told me he had them in his report.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

William Craig
Indian Sub-Agent, W. T.

Col. J. W. Nesmith
Superintendent of Indian Affairs.[34]

Mention was already made of the fact that he was Postmaster at Walla Walla in 1858 and 1859.

In 1861 the first ferry was established on the Clearwater River at Spalding, Idaho. This ferry was operated by Colonel Craig until 1864 when it was sold to a man named Schenk.

Colonel Craig had a paralytic stroke in 1869 and died in September of that year. Listed as his heirs were: Isabel Craig (wife), Joseph William Craig, Adeline Pinney, Annie Fairfield Woodard, and Martha Robie Vaughan.

On October 27, 1946, Colonel Craig was honored at dedication ceremonies when a memorial stone was unveiled along the North and South Highway, two miles west of Jacques Spur, in the Lapwai Valley. The dedication address was delivered by Dr. Francis Haines who is presently at Oregon College of Education, Monmouth, Oregon. The following descendants of William Craig were present at the unveiling: Mrs. Mamie Johann, Culdesac, granddaughter; George Pinney, great grandson; Fitzhugh Pinney, Culdesac, the only surviving grandson; Mrs. Helen Pinney Jones, Portland, great granddaughter; Mrs. Minnie Caldwell, Lewiston, granddaughter; Mary Ellen Phinney, Culdesac, great great granddaughter; Mrs. Ermith Phinney Freeland, Portland, granddaughter of Fitzhugh Phinney; and Archie Phinney, Superintendent of the Indian Agency at Lapwai.

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[34] Senate Documents, First Session, 35th Congress, Vol. 2, 1857-1858. "Report of the Secretary of the Interior", pp. 341, 342.

CORNSTALK—
King of the Rhododendron Country

By Harold Lambert

Ten thousand times I begged you slay no more,
Ten thousand lies you told and cannon roar!
—Song of Cornstalk

Cornstalk stood like a Titan among the great Indians of the 1700's.

There have been great Indian warriors and great Indian statesmen in American history. But few were past-masters both on the battlefield and before the council fires. Cornstalk, Logan, and Tecumseh were three exceptions.

Burdened with the blood of his half-white ancestry, Logan was at psychological odds with himself too often to be canonized among the Indians of West Virginia. Cornstalk was of pure Shawnee blood and was the living result of a breeding program that had extended a thousand years. And it is a matter of record that Tecumseh was great because he not only used his own talents—but also applied knowledge gained from years of study of the life of Cornstalk.

Many Indians are more famed than Chief Cornstalk because there were no writers or 18th Century model press agents to record his deeds and parlay them into the startling chronicles that have made Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Joseph, Geronimo, and Roman Nose so familiar to today's public. Cornstalk is poor television or movie material because so little is known of his life—and because he has never had the build-up. Writers who told about him were extravagant in their praise. To hear them or read their accounts, Cornstalk was little less than a bronze god.

"He was truly grand and majestic," wrote Col. Benjamin Wilson who had recently fought for his life against the Shawnee Chief.

Wilson veered near the superlative when he told of Cornstalk's appearance before Governor Dunmore and the gathered

Cornstalk—a pen sketch by the author

armies. "His voice could be heard all over the twelve-acre camp." Today it would take quite an electronic sound system to deliver an oration by our most clarion speechmakers, over such an area.

Wilson's description of Cornstalk is one of the most colorful of recorded accounts of the man. "When he arose he was in no wise confused or daunted, but spoke in a distinct and audible voice without stammering or repetition and with peculiar emphasis. His looks while addressing Lord Dunmore were truly grand and majestic; yet graceful and attractive. I have heard the first orators of Virginia, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, but never have I heard one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of Cornstalk on this occasion."

Cornstalk spoke before Dunmore's gathered troops as he argued for a respectable peace after the disaster at Point Pleasant, when the Shawnees were defeated in what had been the greatest Indian battle of American history.

Not too much is known of Cornstalk's appearance, since people who knew him were so overpowered with his personality that words gushed into floods of vague near-worship. Soldiers who attended the council at Charlotte said that he was taller than the Virginia officers—and they were known to have stood over six feet in height. That Cornstalk was a handsome man can hardly be doubted when we learn that women were constantly attracted to him, including the white wives of Virginia settlers. Like all Shawnees, he was of the best mould of the American Indian. The Shawnees were big Indians and they were light of color. Yet Cornstalk stood out among them in his physical splendor. During the heyday of the Shawnee raids, defending settlers were heard screaming, "Shoot for the tallest one—he may be Cornstalk!"

But he was not intended for any death on the battlefield or raiding party. He was to die at the hand of the cruelest of Virginia weapons—the white man's forked tongue.

He was possessed of a peculiar and awesome modesty. In council he always spoke on the side of peace and with a strange gift of revelation for the outcome. He constantly hinted that the red man was destined for destruction, and that the best that could be done would be to delay the inevitable and try to

find some decency and truth in dealings with the pale adversary. He was dealing with people who encroached on Shawnee lands even after their greatest leaders had promised an end to encroachments. Cornstalk reiterated the lies he was told constantly, outlining the white man's perjuries, but he never hinted at personal revenge. His was simply the cause of his people.

When challenged by a lesser man, and who wasn't, Cornstalk was blunt in both talk and action. Before the battle of Point Pleasant when a chieftain labeled him a coward because he still wanted to avoid a pitched battle, Cornstalk was calm before the council. "If you wish to fight you shall fight," he said. "And I shall see to it that you do fight!" The next day this same chief sought to retreat in the heat of battle, and Cornstalk kept his promise by driving the blade of his hatchet through the doubter's skull. Cornstalk was not capable of fear. Two men of the Confederacy tried to retreat on that day of battle and he killed them both. It was his system of maintaining immaculately brave troops against the white man.

At the age of 38, Cornstalk appeared at a peace conference between the colonial administrators at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He represented the combined Shawnees from the Ohio and Allegheny River valleys—the tribes that had been called "The Arabs of the New World." In his first recorded oratory, Cornstalk urged:

"We produce to you a certificate of the renewal of our friendship in the year 1739. Be pleased to sign it afresh that it may appear we are now admitted to your friendship, and all former crimes are buried and forgotten."

This was the voice of the "Shawnee Sachem" beginning the first vain pleas that lives be saved and that his tribesmen be guaranteed security and a chance to live in the hardwood jungles and river bottoms where they could hunt and fish and maintain their old ways.

The colonial authorities turned Cornstalk down flatly. They wanted no deal with the dread Shawnee, for these were the greatest forest-fighters who had ever lived. The authorities said they would forgive only when future behavior was a historical fact. They did not like the Shawnee tribes and made no bones about it. They would not dignify the young Cornstalk

with any kind of a treaty or promise. They treated him shabbily: all other chiefs were given presents and favors at the parley—but Cornstalk received only their cold stares.

The Shawnees went away in disgrace. Cornstalk and his talk of peace were thrust from the parley and told to be on their ways.

This was one of the most horrible mistakes that colonial professional mistake-makers could have designed. The Shawnees had no alternative but to join up with the French. They moved back along the Ohio and Allegheny Rivers and were given arms and ammunition and regarded as human beings by French commanders.

One direct result of the colonial refusal to do business with Cornstalk was the defeat of Braddock near Pittsburgh in 1755. Of the army of 850 men who easily defeated the British's 1,400 regulars, about 600 fighters were the men who had followed Cornstalk. On that one day more than 700 men died because the white settlers had not listened to the King of the Shawnees when he sought peace. No lesser man than George Washington had feared going against these red demons—although he commanded his Virginians valiantly and managed to help many of them escape the slaughter that Braddock had ordered them into. Washington fought that day so sick that he had to have a pillow on his saddle. There is no record that Cornstalk was present in this battle, but many of his lesser chieftains were seen.

During the Indian massacres of 1770, when Indian women and children were slaughtered ruthlessly in Western Virginia and Pennsylvania almost daily, Cornstalk kept begging for peace. He sent word that his tribe was sorry for these incidents—and that he wanted peace so that his men could abandon battle and go hunting for food against impending starvation, if hostilities continued. He was ignored and Governor Dunmore began gathering Virginians into a great army.

When Logan's family was murdered near Wheeling, Cornstalk again plead the cause of a cease-fire. He asked the colonials to "stop such foolish people for like doings in the future." He added that he had gone to great trouble to restrain "the foolish people among us (Shawnees) to sit still and do no

harm . . . and shall continue to do so in hopes that the matters be settled."

But the Virginians wanted war—and they were ready to do anything to get the confederated Indians into a great battle for once and for all. The Virginians even cooked up a phoney deal with the Iroquois tribe whereby they "bought" the lands of present West Virginia south of the Kanawha. This incensed the Shawnees who felt that they owned this land—and that the Iroquois certainly had no legal right for the sale. But settlers began to swarm to Western Virginia.

Fearing any direct action against such an accomplished killer as Cornstalk, the Virginians plotted to kill one of Cornstalk's brothers to arouse the chief to do something foolish and justify Dunmore's actions of needling them toward battle. But this plot was discovered and that disaster was avoided when sympathetic whites delivered word of the scheme. Dr. John Conally, Dunmore's official spokesman, even went so far as to write a letter to a friend saying "I shall pursue every measure to offend them (the Shawnees)."

Still Cornstalk remained friendly to the British and the Virginians. Working with Chief White Eyes of the Delaware tribes, he restrained both tribes from taking up arms and murdering more white settlers. Cornstalk had one idea in this suit for peace: he wanted to save the Indians from complete destruction he knew would result from open battle. No patriot in any nation ever took more abuse than Cornstalk took from the colonials. But he was steadfast in his purpose to the end.

In his *Indian Wars of Pennsylvania*—C. Hale Sipe says the wars by the Virginians (Dunmore's) was "altogether unjustifiable war whose bitter fruits were gathered for many years." He added that it sent the Shawnees to the British in the Revolution and that hundreds of unnecessary lives were lost in Pennsylvania, Western Virginia and Kentucky when the British paid them bounties for colonial scalps. . . .

They went on the warpath in a great struggle that lasted to 1794 when General Mad Anthony Wayne defeated them at Fallen Timbers and compelled them to give up 25,000 square miles of territory north of the Ohio River. An honest treaty with Cornstalk could have saved thousands of lives.

But war was to come in 1774—and Dunmore had the army ready. In a maneuver that practically screamed "treason" to his own soldiers, he split his forces and arranged affairs so that General Andrew Lewis had to meet the Shawnees in a pitched battle.

Lewis had 1,100 troops. Cornstalk's forces were probably slightly less.

Lewis was camped at Point Pleasant. Cornstalk knew this and he headed the confederated warriors of the Delawares, Shawnees, Mingoes and Wyandots. On the night before the battle, Cornstalk made his argument for peace again. He felt that the Virginians were a superior force and that they certainly had superior equipment. Their firearms were good and they knew how to use them. Many Indians were good riflemen, but many were still too aboriginal to understand the mechanics of shooting and reloading at a rapid pace. The bow and arrow was still used in Cornstalk's ranks—and this was no instrument for this bloody day. Some of his warriors used only the tomahawk in battle.

But the chiefs insisted on battle and reminded Cornstalk of his duty to lead them. Cornstalk bowed to the inevitable and promised that he would give the white forces the fight of their lives—and that he would hold the red man's feet to the fire until the chiefs ruled otherwise.

The battle began when a pair of white hunters warned Lewis that Indians were approaching at dawn. The battle lasted a full day, and even General Lewis was awed at the skill of Cornstalk as he maneuvered the white soldiers into a triangle so that the Indian was in front and the rushing waters of the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers were behind them and retreat was impossible. Of the Virginians, 75 were dead at the end of that day and 140 were wounded. Most of the wounded died later. Indian losses were probably less (they admitted only 20 to 30 dead). But Cornstalk saw that the tide was definitely against his red fighters and he ordered a cease fire and directed his army to cross the Ohio and retreat into the plains.

In November Cornstalk entered into a peace treaty at Chillicothe, Ohio, with Dunmore's armies. Here Cornstalk boldly reiterated the sins and broken promises of the Virginians and

openly accused them of inciting the war. He spoke at length on the outrage of Logan's family.

With Cornstalk at Point Pleasant were probably the greatest all-American team of all time. Fighting at his side had been Elinipsico, Red Hawk, Scrappathus the Mingo, Chiyawee the Wyandot, Red Eagle, Blue Jacket, and Packinshenoah, the father of Tecumseh.

"Neither party could rightly claim a victory at Point Pleasant," said Drake, the foremost historian of that day. But the Shawnees dealt for peace on Dunmore's terms.

Death of Cornstalk

The outrage and killing of Cornstalk is familiar to everyone who knows West Virginia history.

It was the prime example of the venom that is carried in the forked tongue and the man-serpent in wartime.

Following the "peace" at Chillicothe, Cornstalk remained at peace with the whites in an immaculate gesture of honesty. In the spring of 1777 when most of the Ohio tribes were going with the English, the old chief went to the Moravians in Ohio and explained that the Shawnee chiefs were lining up for the destruction of the white settlers again—that blood would flow as never before. He admitted he was powerless to stop them this time, and that the British were arming the Indians furiously as they prepared to fight the rebelling Americans.

Still in pursuit of peace, Cornstalk went to Point Pleasant in the company of young Red Hawk, a Shawnee chief, where they warned Captain Matthew Arbuckle of the imminent disaster. Cornstalk and Red Hawk were taken prisoners and held as hostages. Several days later Elinipsico, Cornstalk's son, came to visit at a time when a white soldier had been killed and scalped outside the fort. With a cry of "let us kill the red dog," a company of white soldiers under Captain Hall took over the fort. Captain Arbuckle was threatened with death if he tried to stop them.

Cornstalk was advised of the mutiny when the wife of an interpreter slipped through the garrison and warned him. But he made no move to escape. In great dignity he walked toward

the murderers and took seven bullets in his body before he fell to the floor without a groan. The other two Indians were then slain in cold blood—and without a chance to defend themselves.

Cornstalk had a premonition of his own death. On the day before his assassination he said, "When I was young and went to war, I often thought each would be my last adventure and I should return no more. I still live. Now I am in the midst of you and if you choose, you may kill me. I can die but once. It is alike for me whether it is now or hereafter."

In 1896 the white men erected a monument to the King of the Shawnees at Point Pleasant. On it is an inscription, "Cornstalk."

The mutineers who took over the fort at Point Pleasant and slew Cornstalk were casually tried and summarily acquitted in the days that were to follow. After all, Cornstalk was an Indian—and what was worse, a Shawnee. . . .

Like most chiefs of his time, Cornstalk had more than one name. Among these were "Cornstock," "Monusk," "Tannebuck," and "Keigh-tuh-qua."

The birthplace of Cornstalk is a mystery that will never be solved. As with Homer of old, many states today claim his birthplace where they wanted to claim his life when he spilled blood on the rhododendron in defense of his people. His birth has been variously put in Pennsylvania, Sciota Valley in Ohio, Kentucky, on the Little Kanawha River in West Virginia, and at Forest Hills in Summers County.

The date of his birth was probably 1720. His first recorded raid was in Rockbridge County, Virginia, where he captured several prisoners. He was active in Pontiac's War and seems to have been assigned Western Virginia as his warring ground. During the ten years he was bringing terror in the Appalachian Mountains, Cornstalk is said to have killed ten settlers for every Indian brave he sacrificed. He once took the entire Greenbrier Valley—leaving it desolate for six years—losing not a single man!

A dozen incidents of Indian cruelty in Western Virginia are accredited to Cornstalk and his raiders, but there is no docu-

mented evidence that he was actually present on any of these occasions.

Draper's papers contain many references to Cornstalk, and this coldly documented material constantly praises the chief's character—asserting openly that the white settlers were responsible for all the bloodshed laid at Cornstalk's feet.

Following the battle of Point Pleasant, when his defeated chiefs wanted to renew hostilities with Dunmore, Cornstalk quickly proposed that he would lead such a campaign on the contingent that the Shawnees kill all their women and children and fight to the death. Cornstalk undoubtedly had his tongue in his cheek, and the gathered leaders quickly demurred. "Then I shall sue for peace," the old chief retorted.

Draper calls him a "forest-born Demosthenes."

THE MAN
AT THE WATER PLANT

Most of the young boys who grew up in Marlinton between 1950 and 1990 knew the man at the water plant. They called him "Mr. Curry", not because he required it, but because of their respect and admiration for him. That man was my father, Cecil A. Curry.

I didn't realize just how many young lives my father had influenced until I returned home to Marlinton after an absence of nearly fifty years. No one remembered me but when I explained my father had run the water plant, their faces brightened and a smile appeared. Their usual comment was – "He taught me how to fish" or "He taught my son how to fish." It was obvious how they had appreciated him!

We moved into the drafty log house beside the water plant in 1942 when my father became "operator" and only employee at the water plant. Despite his having only an eighth grade education, he had taken and passed the state examination to qualify for the job. He and my mother would live in the log house until he retired in 1970.

My father loved to fish and he loved to share his knowledge with the many young boys who flocked to the "dam" in the summer to fish in Knapps Creek. Often they would appear at the door to the water plant with a problem and a loud "MR CURRY". It might be a twisted line, a swallowed hook, or some other problem with their fishing gear. He patiently helped them and soon got them on their way back to the fishing hole. Sometimes they came just to show off their catch which he always admired and praised them for their skills.

Mr. Curry seemed to know what young boys needed. Perhaps this came from his childhood when he did not have the companionship of a father. His mother died two weeks after he was born leaving his father with four young boys. His father left him with the Woodell family who later gave him to his "Granny Moore" and never returned for him. Granny Moore was elderly and it was not long until my father was off on his own.

The boys seemed to respect him for the way he treated them. He was small in stature with a gentle voice and a non-threatening image. He could be firm at times, however, such as when a youngster might use bad language. He would not tolerate profanity at the dam and was quick to tell them about it!

After my father retired, he and my mother moved just a few houses away from the water plant. He was able to spend more time fishing, gardening, and tutoring his young students in the fine art of catching fish. He was a familiar sight at the dam helping all those who needed help.

Mr. Curry lived to be 97 years old. He was never a wealthy men but he was rich in friends – which after all is really more important!

SATURDAY NIGHT

When I was a young boy, my world consisted of our small town of Marlinton and the surrounding mountains and streams. Rarely did we travel out of the county and almost never out of the state. Marlinton seemed to have everything I needed or wanted.

The big social event of our week was Saturday night. That was when we all scrubbed clean and went to town. The farm community quit early this one night to travel to town for supplies and to see friends who they may not have seen for a week. Saturday was one night of the week when the merchants remained open past five o'clock.

Those with automobiles began selecting their parking spots on Main Street by about 4:00 P.M. It was almost like church pews with certain spots selected by the same family each week. They would shop, visit with friends, and stay until the stores began to close at 9:00 P.M. Everyone would quietly depart for home to get ready for Sunday church while the town "rolled up the streets".

There were the "sitters" and the "walkers". The sitters chose to remain in their cars while the walkers came by to visit and pass the time before going on to another vehicle. Others chose to stand on the sidewalk and greet the walkers as they went on their way. News and rumors were exchanged and everyone went home better informed than when they came.

There was quite a fuss when the town decided to install parking meters. Some people went out further to park where there were no meters. Others just grumbled and paid the meters. A few were even known to park their cars early in the day to assure a good space and have someone else feed the meter until they returned later in the evening.

Shoppers had their choice of several grocery stores. The A & P (The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company) was a popular spot and their "Eight O'Clock" coffee was well known. I especially liked their "Spanish bars". They were a long brown cake with raisins and plenty of creamy icing. Fortunately, my father liked them also and would buy one when he had some extra money.

Thomas & Thomas was run by two delightful ladies who also delivered groceries in their "woody" delivery station wagon. I remember they allowed me to fold my newspapers on the top of their coke machine before I hopped on my bicycle to deliver them. There was the Schrader Store, Curry's Super Market , Casdorph's and a few others. Few found it necessary to leave town to buy their groceries.

My mother worked for P. C. Curry, my father's great-uncle. He sold groceries and a variety of other supplies. I always enjoyed visiting with her and watching her work. There was a giant wheel of cheese which always looked so appealing. She used a large butcher knife to cut chunks from it for a customer. She would weigh it, wrap it, and price it. The wheel would then be recovered with cheese cloth until the next order was received. Large pickles could be purchased from a big barrel. She also cut plugs of

chewing tobacco from large pieces. I believe there were nickel plugs, dime plugs, and so on. My father bought small wood buckets of salt fish. They had to be soaked in water overnight before we could eat them. I remember them as being tasty.

Many of the Saturday night crowd went to the "moving pictures" at the Alpine Theatre. Most of us kids went to the afternoon matinee where we could enjoy a good "western" featuring Gene Autry or Roy Rodgers and "The Sons of the Pioneers". There was always an episode of the weekly serial where the hero was left in a precarious position at the end. My favorite was "Sheena, Queen of the Jungle" but there were many, many more. While some movies featured violence, most were good, clean family entertainment. None required parental guidance!

The price of admission was thirty-five cents, and this was not easy for us to get! For a dime more, you could buy a bag of popcorn and a coke was another nickel. We could nurse the drink and popcorn through nearly the entire movie. Those with a little more money could buy a candy bar, such as a Baby-Ruth or Boston Baked Beans.

The matinee crowd was usually very vocal cheering the hero, hissing the villain, and moaning at any romantic scenes. Sometimes the film would break causing painful cries followed by cheers as it was repaired and our hero returned to the screen. Funny scenes brought loud laughter and sad scenes silence. There was always the horseback chase scenes which circled the same large rocks and seemed to go on forever. We didn't mind as they were exciting and the hero won in the end. The cowboy always got the girl, although the horse was usually in between, and they would ride off into the sunset accompanied by music from some unknown source. The evening show started at 7"00 P.M. and were usually more serious. There were no movies on Sunday and all the stores were also closed.

Moses and Meadows was the busiest spot in town. Some came to buy sandwiches and drinks or brose through the magazines. Others came to play pool or the pinball machines. Many came just to watch or stand and talk. The most popular item in town was the "pool room hotdog". On a steamed bun with their special sauce, pickle relish and fresh onions, it was delicious. I was told by one of those who made the sauce that it was made in the back room and cooked three or four hours. Visitors from out of town just had to have a pool room hotdog with a "green river" soft drink. The price was originally a nickel, went to a dime, and eventually fifteen cents.

The pool tables began to fill up early in the afternoon and stayed busy until closing time. There were those who played a few games and left and the "regulars" who came to play all evening. My father was one of the regulars. His companions were usually Emerson Sharp, Bert Smith, and Ted Bright. They played partners with the two losers paying for the game. Sometimes these games became very serious especially if there was a "fox" where one player intentionally left the cue ball where his opponent would not have a clear shot! After all, games were three for a quarter and on a bad night, a player could spend a dollar or so for a few hours play!

You entered the pool room to a mixture of sights and sounds and smells. You threaded your way through the crowd with their constant din of conversation, past the tempting smells of the sandwich counter, by the bing-bing of the pinball machines and into the smoke filled pool area. It was a great place to spend a relaxing Saturday evening!

The pool room was largely a male domain with few women venturing beyond the soda fountain or magazine rack. Lang's Dress Shop, on the other hand was strictly for women. Few men dared to go in for fear a male friend would see them coming out! I don't believe I was ever in their store.

For an old fashion ice cream soda or milk shake, you would go to the Royal Drug Store or to Harry Sharp's. I loved to watch them fizz the sodas with the foamy top sticking up above the tall soda glass. Chocolate was my favorite. The drug store was usually quiet while Harry's was a bit noisy with mostly kids occupying the booths. The drug store was also where we stood in line to buy our school books every fall.

For men's clothing, you had the choice of the Men's Shop, Wilbur Sharps or the general stores like Brill's and Schraders. Another favorite of mine was Schrader's "5 cents to $1" store where all the toys could be viewed. I often bought a roll of caps for my cap pistol. We referred to it as the 5 and 10.

The Home Product Market or "froggy's" was the best place to buy fresh meat. They even had a home delivery service consisting of a bicycle with a small wheel and large basket on front. Richardson's was the place to find anything for the home, much as it is today.

There were some shady activities going on in Marlinton on Saturday night. Some gentlemen would appear on the street corners with a heavy black bag with them. Others would approach them and the two would disappear down the alley. When the first gentleman returned, his bag seemed somewhat lighter. I believe us kids knew what was happening but when we asked, we were greeted only with a smile.

It is sad now to walk through the streets of Marlinton past the empty stores and to remember what a busy, happy town it once was – especially on Saturday night!

DEER

By C. A. Curry

When I returned home to Pocahontas County a few years ago, I was delighted to see so many deer ((Odocoileus virginianus) in the fields and mountains around my old home. I believe they are a beautiful, graceful animal and each sighting was exciting.

I remembered hunting with my father during the 1940's when sighting a deer was unusual. Hunting them was a team effort with six or seven hunters required. A team of drivers would attempt to drive the deer from their cover and past a shooter on a deer stand. A stand was usually a low place across the mountain or somewhere that the deer would be expected to pass. The shooters job was to kill the deer.

Woe to the hunter who would miss killing the deer as it passed. He was said to have "buck fever" and the only remedy was to cut off his shirt tail. The next day he would be a driver – minus his shirt tail – with someone else on the stand.,

Kills were proudly displayed across the front fender of your vehicle. They fit nicely on the 1940's vehicles with a groove between the fender and the hood. This wouldn't work with today's styles. I'm sure they would simply slide off the vehicle!

Today's hunting methods have changed and it is no longer necessary for drives. Many deer are shot by single hunters and under various regulations, one hunter can legally kill several deer. Out of season kills are possible with special permits for those destroying crops. Improved roads allow hunters easier access to prime deer hunting areas. Despite these changes deer are still plentiful.

I am not a hunter and I deplored deer hunting season. I didn't even want to see my neighbor's trophy deer which was gutted and strung between two trees. I considered leaving the state during deer season to avoid seeing all the slaughtered deer.

My first winter I bought shelled corn and fed the deer. I enjoyed watching them from my bedroom window gobbling the corn. I sometimes got up at night just to check on the deer. Later that winter I had to leave town for two months. When I came back, I found my lawn practically bare. The deer had eaten my new grass so closely that I could barely grasp a blade of it.. I was annoyed but soon forgave them.

Spring arrived and gardens were planted. I didn't plant one but looked forward to helping my neighbor get rid of her surplus crops. The deer had other plans. In one night they consumed her beans, cabbage, and even the green tomatoes. She was devastated and I was now more than annoyed.

Flowers and shrubs were not exempt from the deer's menu. The townspeople had difficulty in raising gardens. Two deer were even seen on the Presbyterian Church lawn.

Some gardeners have resorted to electric fences to discourage the deer. Sometimes even these don't work. The deer seem to have little fear of humans and most dogs.

What happened to cause such great numbers of white-tailed deer now compared to the fewer number that existed when I was a boy some 50 years ago? There are more hunters now and thousands of deer are killed each year. Their population appears to grow and so do the related problems.

One explanation I have heard is that animal populations are cyclical and it is likely that the deer population will decline. There is no evidence so far that this is happening.

Another theory is that the cutting of the big timber has helped their growth. The tall timber provided little food but cutover areas with new growth does provide food for them. A friend cites the import of "Michigan deer" many years ago as a possible answer. They were said to be bigger and stronger and may have allowed a better winter survival rate A cousin has another interesting theory. He believes the deer population increased dramatically during World War II when the young men were serving in the armed forces and there were few hunters.

Whatever the reason, they have been one of the few animal species which have not only survived the advance of civilization but have greatly increased in numbers. I thought it might be interesting to find out what the deer harvest had been during this same period of apparent deer population explosion. My source was the *Pocahontas Times* which has been reporting deer kills every year. I started with 1942, the first season after World War II started, and sampled the kill statistics through the year 2000 season.

The earlier statistics were estimates while recent ones are the "official counts". They show "about 200" kills in 1942 and a combined bow/gun season kill of 3,218 in 2000, not including other special seasons or permit kills. Totals for other selected years are as follows:

Year	Kills	Year	Kills
1942	"around 200"	1988	2,064
1944	"a couple hundred"	1989	2,687
1946	"expected to be 600"	1990	3,154
1970	"about 500 killed"	1997	1,820
1980	1,488	1998	1,745
1985	2,148	1999	2,347
1986	2,239	2000	3,218 (Bow & gun)
1987	1,986		

Cal Price in one of his stories also spoke about the influx of hunters into the county during deer season. On December 5, 1946, he wrote "Place the visitors at 4,000 and the number will not be too great". I wonder what that number is today?

My love for the deer took a steep decline late one July 4th while we were returning from a fireworks celebration. I topped a small rise on U.S. #219 to see a deer in my headlights along the left side of the road. I hit the brakes and began to slow down but it was too late. At just the wrong moment, the deer leaped into the path of our car and the two met. I had experienced what many West Virginia drivers have done – a costly collision with a large animal!

A new hood and grille cost us over $1,000 and lots of time and paperwork. We believed ourselves fortunate as there were no injuries. A neighbor had a similar experience which resulted in a wrecked vehicle, a broken neck, and lots of missed work.

Two days after our encounter with the deer, I saw two fawns bouncing through our back yard. They were adorable and it was hard to dislike these babies. Now, however, I could imagine them as full grown animals crossing a busy highway. I hope the deer will always be in our mountains but I wish there were fewer of them and that they would stay in our beautiful mountains.

WORLD WAR II:
CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By C. A. Curry

World War II, the war to end all wars, was the greatest single national event to occur during my lifetime. Although I was too young to fully realize its significance, my memory of some of the events during the war years remains quite clear.

My first recollection was of December 7, 1941. Our family had gathered in the warmth of our living room to read and listen to the radio. When the announcement of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor came, my father stopped reading, leaned closer to the radio, and listened very intently. I could tell by his expression that something serious had happened but I was upset because I was missing some of my favorite programs such as "The Shadow".

Soon all young men had to register to be called into military service. My father at age 41 was not likely to be called but I am sure that my mother worried that the war would last until I was draft age. Numbers were assigned each person who registered and a lottery held to decide who would be taken from each community. My mother's brother was among the first taken. He and others gathered at the Post Office and marched several blocks to the court house to be inducted. My uncle did survive the war and returned home to marry and live on my grandfather's farm. My mother worried each day he was gone.

Small flags began appearing in the windows of homes. They were white with a single blue star and fringes on the bottom. We knew this meant a family member was serving in the armed forces. Later, some of these were replaced by a flag with a gold star. This indicated that a "gold star mother" lived there and that her son would not be returning from the war.

The town erected a large billboard on a corner in the business district. The names of all county residents serving in the military were written on the billboard for everyone to see. Stars were added beside the names of those killed in action. There were too many names and far too many stars! After the war, the billboard was taken down and a restaurant now stands in its place. I wonder what happened to it. Perhaps it should have been left standing or moved to another location.

Efforts were made to protect children from the horrors of war. Very little discussion of the war was done with children present. Something which touched everyone, however, was rationing. Ration stamps were issued for gasoline, shoes, and many other items. An "A" stamp for gasoline was issued to those who had to travel such as law officers and physicians. Those who had little need to travel were issued "C" stamps.

Some items did not require ration stamps but were scarce. I particularly remember the shortage of bananas. Word would spread that the "A & P" had received a shipment of bananas and everyone would rush to the store. My father and I stood in line to purchase three pounds of bananas – the maximum for each family. The cost was $.25.

I didn't read the daily newspaper but I did look at the combat maps which were on the front page. They showed the position of the allied and enemy forces in both the European and Pacific theatres. I didn't fully understand them but they did give me an idea of the movement of our troops.

I remember the "War Bond" drives and knew it was through the sale of these bonds that our government helped pay the cost of the war. Meetings were held to sell bonds to the citizens. I attended one rally held in the court house. I am sure it was not intended for children. One soldier told very emotionally and graphically about the combat death of his comrades. Each bond purchaser received a package of combat rations which our soldiers ate. I really wanted one but neither my father nor I had the $25 or so that was required to purchase a bond.

The schools participated in the bond drives. We would buy "savings stamps" for as little as $.10 each. These were pasted into a savings book and exchanged for a bond when the book was filled. Every Friday our teacher would march with us to the post office to make our purchases.

Another school project was the gathering of milkweed "pods" These pods contained long silky fibers with a seed attached. When it ripened, the pod opened and the wind carried the fibers away like tiny parachutes. Wherever they landed, a new milkweed plant would grow the next year. We were told these fibers would be used to insulate flight jackets and I seem to remember they could also be woven into a fine cloth. On a warm fall day, our teacher took us across Knapps Creek and to a field on top of the mountain to pick the pods. I remember it as being fun!

During the war I took a paper route. There were only about 35 customers but they were scattered all over town. I was to deliver papers during my school lunch hour and would need a bicycle to do so. Unfortunately, bicycles were scarce due to the war effort. My father finally managed to buy one at Richardson's. It was called a "Victory Bike". The tires were small and made from synthetic rubber. There were no fenders and the handlebar grips were made of wood. They were fine until they got wet when they split and fell off! It was a good bike and lasted several years.

The war seemed endless but it finally did end. The celebration which followed went on for weeks. I wondered why it lasted so long. The boys used it as an excuse to make a lot of noise.

Today modern technology has eliminated many of those things which we experienced during World War II. Thousands or hundreds of thousands can be killed

CURRY - SWINK

History of Rockbridge County Virginia by Oren F. Morton, B. Lit
[illegible] - Commercial 1980 Reprint

History of Rockbridge Co. Va by Oren F. Morton, B. Lit
Publisher Regional Publishing Co Baltimore date 1980
Road Precincts of 1841 - Taxpayers of 1841 in which they lived:

Page 386 & 552-553 Precinct
Swink, John - 57 - Barley's mill to Lantzy on North River down Kerr's Creek
Swink, Enos - 80 - Brownsburg, by Samuel Wilson's mill, to ridge road on Nevill's land.

Naturalizations prior to 1866
P. 459 - Hugh Laughlin from Ireland approximately
Years 1774 - 1815 - Final papers.

Soldiers of the Revolution
P403 - McLaughlin, James - in Cherokee Expedition, 1778
Present Surnames as shown in tax lists for 3 yrs ending May 5, 1917
P393 - Mc Laughlin - W
W - Walker's Creek

P374 Taxpayer of 1782 in Rockbridge
Mc Glaughland, Edward - 1 horse - 7 cattle

P405 - Rockbridge Artillery
officers and men were mustered into service of the Confederate States at Staunton, Va on the 11th day of May 1861:
2nd Lieut. Wm Mc Laughlin, Capt. Lieut-Colonel Artillery

P431 - Rockbridge Guards, Co. "H" 25th Va Infantry
Lists of officers and men
Privates
Mc Laughlin, J. M. transferred to Confederate Navy. Died since the War

P45 - Kerr's Creek Confederates - Company "H" 55th Va Infantry
Privates Stephen W. Wardlaw

P438 - "The Boy Company" (Junior Reserves) in the Confederate army from Rockbridge County
Serg.; Milton Swink

CURRY - SWINK

P438

In May preceding the organization of the foregoing company, the Reserves of Rockbridge, both senior & junior, were called in service to aid in checking the advance up the valley of the Federal army under Major-General David Hunter, and the name of the following boys are recalled as having rendered service at that time

Sibrik, Milton

P485 - Forsythe 1. Ann - m. James Armstrong, 1819
2. Catharine - m. John Auld, 1807 3. Elijah - d. in Ohio, 1822
c (about or nearly) 4. Samuel - m. Jinny Moore, 1802
5. William - m. Nelly Auld, 1809.

P498 Laughlin - Hugh - b in Scotland, 1774 c (about or nearly)
m. Mary Hilles, 1805

History of Rockbridge County Virginia by Oren F. Morton, B. Lut
Regional Publishing Company 1980 Reprint

P 341 - The only Holland names we have noticed are Hull (Hole), Sley, and Vansandt.

Taxpayers of 1841 - Road precincts in which they lived

P 382 Hull: Philip - 33; Peter and William - 54

33. Bolivar Mills to Henry McCorkle's store.
54. Moore and Dunlap's store to Peter Hull's.

P 230 John A. T. Hull, congressman from Iowa, is a grandson of John, who went from Rockbridge to Ohio in 1813.

P 391 - Present Surnames as shown in tax list for the 3 yrs. ending May 5, 19
Hull - B - K - W
B - Buffalo
K - Kerr's creek
W - Walker's Creek

P 417 - Rockbridge 2nd Dragoons - Company H, 14th Va Cavalry
This company was organized in the lower end of Rockbridge, principally in the vicinity of Brownsburg, previous to the war, and was mustered into service, April 21, 1861
The 14th Va Cavalry was organized in January '63 at Salem, Va and these 3 companies were assigned to it, the Dragoons becoming Company "H"
Hull, N. B.

P 441 - Hull - Wm. M., Co. K, 22nd Va Infantry
Hull, Jno. M., Co. K, 22nd Va Infantry

P 494 - Hull - 1. Daniel - m. Sarah Winegar, 1812 1X. Peter - m. ——— Linkenfelter - Chelsea John (m. Amy Strickland) 2. Peter m Jenny Dickey, 1805 3. Philip - m. Elizabeth Newcomer, 1816 4. Frederick m. Polly Cunningham by 1818.

Samuel Forsythe

Augusta Co, Va

Enea Swink
b - 1783-1784
d March 28, 1867 near Greenbank

Rachel M. Forsythe
b 1794-1795
d still living 2/8/1870

married January 9, 1817

Margaret ann Swink
b October 28, 1828
d January 21, 1913

James Cassell
b ca 1819
d May 17, 1882

November 18, 1847 Pocahontas Co, Va

Jacob Cassell
b
d

Nancy McGlaughlen
b
d

} Married Feb 18, 1815

James Cassell
b 1819
d May 17, 1882

Margaret Ann Slink
b October 28, 1828
d

Married November 18, 1847

James Morgan Cassell
b
d

Sarah Elizabeth Shinaberry
b
d

} Married

Homer Henry Cassell
b January 20, 1895
d January 15, 1978

Sarah Etta Lambert
b January 16, 1893
d February 11, 1986

} Married February 24, 1914

Forsythe

Samuel Forsythe

1. Sarah Forsythe
daughter of Samuel
married William Stephenson
March 13, 1797
Surety: Wm Stephenson & Samuel
Forsythe
(Volume 2 P. 329
Chalkley's

March 14, 1797 by Rev. Wm
Wilson - William Stephenson and
Sarah Forsythe

2. Rachel M. Forsythe
b 1794-1795
d Still living 8/8/1879
but not in 1880 Census of Pocahontas County
Burial

Married Enos Swink
marriage bond of Augusta Co, Va
January 9, 1817 Staunton, Va

3. Abraham Forsythe
Signed Rachel & Enos Swink marriage
Forsythe (above) bond

marriages in Rockingham Co from 1778 to 1816
p43 marriage bonds
Marriage List compiled by Harry M. Strickler
Published by Joseph K. Ruebush Co
Dayton, Va date ——

Isaiah A. Curry
b June 30, 1778 Augusta Co Va
located on Back alleghany Mt
not long after War of 1812
died October 9, 1859 alleghany Mt
growth on neck 81 yrs 3 months 9 days
Place of birth on Death record
Augusta Co. Va
old Zenith Legion marriage
Married 1802
Rockingham County
Abigail Hall

born about 1789-1790
Died

Late in life they moved to
Lewis County

His Parents
John Curry see Samuel Curry will in Chalkley's book

Pocahontas Co
1/31/1850
Solemnized by
James Wanless

Her Parents
Joseph Hall was surety when she married.
It is usually the Father, brother, relative or friend of bride + groom

1. Robert Curry age 32 yrs 1850 Pocahontas Co Census
born ~~Jan 15~~, 1818
died July 15, 1883 drowned at Leatherbark
Buried
married Elizabeth H. Swink in 1852 age 27 yrs Census
born in Rockbridge Co, Va
born 1822
died Sept 1, 1883 on Greenbrier River, Pocahontas Co 61 yr
reported by Son. Married in Rockbridge - sister to Margaret ann Swink that married James Cassell

2. John Curry
b July 18th, 1820
a confederate Prisoner and released
Located in Barbour County.
Married Virginia H. Wanless in Barbour County, Va
(See Pocahontas Co Marriages Name of bride Virginia Cunningham Sept 7, 1854

3. Margaret Curry Patt Gaspard
born June 10, 1824
Died April 2, 1875
Married Thomas H. Galford (1st wife
Buried Cochran Cemetery on Stacy creek
born March 9, 1823 - July 2, 1878

4. William Curry (Stonemason)
b In Lewis county, Va

Married Nancy Lytton of Rockbridge, Va

5. James Curry
d
killed by a falling Tree when half Jam

6. Sally Curry
b.

Son of Jacob Cassell, Sr
& Nancy McGlaughlin Cassell
went west

Married John Cassell
July 2, 1836 listed as John Castle
in Marriage bond of Pocahontas Co

7. Elizabeth Curry

See Pocahontas County Marriages

Married James Jones & settled in
Harrison County on February 3,
1829 - Wedded February 12, 1829
in Harrison County

8. Anna Curry

Married Isaac Hayes Hayse
located in Barbour County

Volume 3 - P 233 Chalkleys
Will book Number 8 P224 - 2nd August 1808
Samuel Curry's Will - To sons, William, Samuel, Isaac.
Daughter Mary. Teste; Alex Robertson, Samuel Forsythe
Jno. Keith proved 26th December 1808. Samuel &
Isaac Qualify

The Curry Family of Back Alleghany Mountains

to show relationship to Cassells

Native of Va. Came to Pocahontas Co after the War of 1812. Late in life he moved to Lewis County, Va (now WV) + was probated in December 1859
His will was written on 4/24/1855

Isaiah Curry

Born June 30, 1778 (Augusta Co, Va) ~~Rockbridge Co~~ indexed as Pocahontas Co records

located on Back Alleghany Mt not long after War of 1812

died October 9, 1859 - Alleghany Mt 81 years 3 months 9 days

Married Abigail Hall of Va Born about 1789-1790 Died

Place of birth on death record Augusta Co, Va

Late in life they moved to Lewis County

reported by John Curry, son

growth on neck

He listed as a farmer

His Parents John Curry ? See will of Samuel Curry

Sister to Margaret ann Swink that married James T. Cassell

Will of Isaiah Curry dated April 24, 1855 probated Dec term 1859

Anny Curry, daughter
Betsy Curry, Daughter
William Curry, Son
Sally Curry, Daughter
Margaret Curry, Daughter
Robert Curry, Son
John Curry, Son

He is Son of Jacob Cassell, Jr Nancy McClaughlin Cassell

4. William Curry (Stonemason)
Born in Lewis County, Va

Married Nancy Lytton of Rockbridge, Va + settled in Lewis County

5. James Curry

killed by a falling tree when half grown

6. Robert Curry
Born ~~July 15~~ 1818 - He 65 yrs
died ~~Sept~~, 1883 drowned at Leatherbark

Married Elizabeth H Swink born in Rockbridge Co, Va
born 1822
Died Sept 1, 1883 on Greenbrier River Pocahontas Co, 61 yrs reported by Son + Married in Rockbridge & believe

7. John Curry
born July 18, 1820
A Confederate Prisoner and released
located in Barbour County

Married Virginia H Wanless in Barbour County Va (See license) for different Bride
Sept 9, 1854 by James E. Moore
She born March 8, 1836

6. Sally Curry
b.
d.

Married John Cassell July 2, 1836 listed as John Castle in Marriage bond of Pocahontas Co
+ they moved west

7. Elizabeth Curry

Married James Jones + settled in Harrison
wedded Feb 12, 1829 in Harrison County -

Isaiah H. Curry was a native of Va
And came to Pocahontas County after
War of 1812: Later in life he moved to
Lewis County, Va Now W Va

8. Anna Curry

Lived in Barbour Co, Va (Hayes)
to
Married Isaac Hayes &
located in Barbour Co.

29 January 1850 Bond: Thomas Halford & Margret Curry.
Surety Thomas Halford & John Curry. Isaiah Curry consents for daughter. Test E
Enos Saint + Born Jan 10, 1824
John Curry Died April 2, 1875
31 January 1850; Register: Thomas Halford + Marg
Curry by Jas. Wanless
He born Solemnized by
March 9, 1823 James Wanless
died July 2, 1898

3
~~8~~. Margaret Curry
See P 156-157 of Halford Book
born June 10, 1824 Pritt Halford
Died April 2, 1875
Married 1/31/1850
Thomas H Halford his
1st wife

Burial: Cochran Cemetery on Stony Ck.

Ho E.

Died July 15, 1883 drowned reported by Elizabeth Curry wife Charles Curry son
Robert Curry and Elizabeth Swink Curry
& their children

James Curry confederate among last soldiers killed at Appomattox in 1865

F
Enos Curry Married Eliza ann on 10/16/1874 Solemnized by A H Hayes
born Dec 31, 1850 John Logan Miss Logan, daughter of the late
Died March 29, 1922 Nellysford Va Rachel Wanless Logan lives on Back Allegheny Mt
Ae 26 Burial G. Bethel cemetery Va
Rachel Ae 22 Nancy Curry Married Samuel Deneuer 5/11/1871 Solemnized by J.C. Moore
This Age lives on Back Allegheny Mountain

Charlotte Curry married Brown Gum and lives in Randolph County

Abigail Virginia
"Venie" Rachel A Lavenia Curry married Jacob Cassell born March 28, 1857 Back allegheny
(Little Jake) lives on Back Allegheny

born Sept 17, 1850 Charles Curry married Miss Burner and lives
Lewis on homestead on Back Allegheny. He reported
He dealt of his father, Robert Curry July 15, 1882
drowned son of David & A Curry. His mother Elizabeth Saint
Curry died Wreckville River Sept 1, 1883 - 61 years of age; Born in
Rockingham Co, Va

Eliza ann Logan Curry
born November 20, 1847
Died December 24, 1939 old age
Burial Bethel Cemetery She was 92 yrs 1 month 4 days old
Parents John Logan
Rachel Wanless Logan

Great Great Grandfather

Known Issue Swink

1860 census Enos was 71 Rachel was 64 Probably mistaken on him

Probably 76

Enos Swink (Shoemaker) Probably 1850 census

Born 1783-1784

Died March 28, 1867 near Red Bank, W Va

Burial

not listed in 1870 Census

1850 Census Pocahontas County Enos Swink 66 yrs Rachel Swink 55 years living with Robert Curry 32 yrs Elizabeth Curry 27 yrs

1870 census Rachel M Swink 70 yrs living With Zachariah Swink

Marriage Bonds of Augusta Co. Va. January 6, 1817

Married Rachel Forsythe January 9, 1817 at Staunton, Va

Born 1794-1795

Died

Burial

He was a Shoemaker

He was a Veteran of War of 1812 - a Lieutenant

Rachel M. Forsythe was daughter of Samuel Forsythe of Augusta County

4. Margaret ann Swink

She was 22 1850 census

Born October 28, 1828 Rockbridge Co, Va

Died January 21, 1913 Wanless W Va age 84 years

Burial Wanless Cemetery

C.

*Married James J. Cassell Pocahontas Co November 18, 1847

5. Zachariah J. Swink

He was 14 1850 census

Born November 3, 1835

Civil War Co. H 31st at Confederate age 14 in PC 1850 Census

Died December 20, 1915 age 80 yrs

Burial Wanless Cemetery

*Married Rachel Cassell Pocahontas Co. October 5, 1876

6. Elizabeth H Swink

She was 21 1850 census She was 32

Born about ~~1803~~ 1822 - Rockbridge Co, Virginia

age 27 in 1850 PC census

Died September 1, 1883 age about 61 yrs Greenbrier River reported by Son

Burial

C.

*James T. Cassell

Son of Jacob Cassell Sr. Nancy McLaughlin Cassell

a farmer

*Rachel Cassell

Daughter of Samuel Cassell Mary Eliza Valentine Jemerson Cassell

Married Robert Curry

Born about 1818

died July 15, 1882 Greenbrier River drowned at Featherbank

death reported by son Charles Curry

1850 census She was 19

5. Caroline R. Swink

Born about 1831

age 19 in 1850 PC census

Died 1907

Burial

Married Harvey Nottingham Oct 19, 1862 Pocahontas Co.

by James E. Moore

over

When figuring date from age of 89 9-
in her obituary she would have been born
about 1818

1850 census
She was 27

Nancy Swink

Born 1823
Died February 9, 1907 near Casa
Burial

1850 census
He was 28

Married Daniel Wilfong
Marriage bonds Feb 3, 1847

1860 Census
She was 33
He was 34

Ursula Jane Swink

Born 1827
Died
Burial

died before Feb 9, 1907.
as 1 brother & 1 sister living
in Nancy Wilfong's obituary

Married John W. Tallman
Marriage bonds May 22, 1847

21 October 1852 Harvey Nottingham & Caroline Ruth Swink
by James C. Moore, Enos Swink consents for daughter.
Teste, John W. Tallman & Zachariah J. Swink

In Birth records of Rachel abigail Va curry
March 25, 1857
Robert & Elizabeth E. Curry

Curry

Elizabeth H. Swink
Born about 1822 Rockbridge Co Va
Died September 1, 1883 age 61 yo Shenbrier River
Burial _____

Returned to Rockbridge Co, Va met Elizabeth Swink & brought her back to Pocahontas county as his bride -

Married
Robert Curry
Born July 15 1818
Died July 15, 1883 drowned at Leatherbark on horseback during a flood attempting to ford Leatherbark
Burial _____

(1882) & Pocahontas County Records

Elder in the Germen Baptist church
Stone Mason & farmer

Her Parents

Enos Swink

Rachel Forsythe Swink

His Parents

A.
Josiah Curry
born 6-30-1778 Augusta Co, Va
died 10, 9, 1859 Buck alleghany
age 81 y 3 m 9 D
farmer

Abigail Hall
born 1789-1790

1. James H. Curry
Born 1846
Died among last soldier killed at Appomattox, Va (civil war) 1865 at
Confederate age 19 y

2. Nancy Jane Curry
Born august 2, 1847 Pocahontas County
Died October 30, 1900 age 53 y 2 m 28 D Dillispie W. Va
Buried
Married Samuel A. Heverer born Rockingham Co, Va
may 11, 1871 Solemnized by
Pocahontas Co J. E. moore
He born Sept 8, 1843 Son of Adam Heverer & Rebecca Riley Heverer

3. Enos T. Curry
Born December 31, 1850
Died March 29, 1922 age 71 yr 2 m 28 D Nettingham W. Va
Buried Bethel Cemetery
Married Eliza ann Logan
archives 10/6/1874 solemnized by A. H. Hamilton
Pocahontas Co ? 10/16/1874

4. Elizabeth Charlotte Curry
Born Feb 7, 1853
Died March 5, 1932 age 79 yr 28 D Idamwood, W. Va
Married Joseph Brown Gum
July 13, 1876 by Hoge P. Moore
Pocahontas Co
Daughter of John W. Logan & Rebecca H. Hamilton Logan
lived in Randolph Co "Vermilion"

5. Rachel Abigail Lavenia Curry
Born March 25, 1857 Cass W. Va Back alleghany
Died July 29, 1930 at Cass, W Va age 73 y 4 m 2 D
Buried
married Jacob Cassell
10/15/1881 at Green Bank W Va
"Little Jake"
lived on Buck alleghany

(over)

Microfilm
Greenbrier River

2. J Zechariah

b. Charles R. J. Curry
Born Sept 17, 1860 Clover Creek va
Died April 18, 1916 Back Nt Death Case
age 55 yr 7 m 1 day
Burial

She is 2nd

Married Ida Crawford Burner
June 5, 1883 Solemnized
by Lafayette Fox
Pocahontas Co
She born 1868-1947

Daughter of Lafayette &
Caroline Gum Burner & Frank

lives on homestead on Back Alleghany
He reported the death of his father,
Robert Curry July 15, 1882
drowned -

...ayette Curry
...d wife & chil...
...son
...eported
...e death
...ly 15, 1883

4/20/1916 Pocahontas Times

Charles Curry died at his home on Back Mountain near Cass Tuesday (April 18) at an advanced age. Burial at the Swink burying ground.

4/27/1922 Pocahontas Times

Died

a few minutes past noon on March 29, 1922 Enos F. Curry, of Back Alleghany, quietly passed from this life. His age 71 yrs and 3 months.

Mr. Curry is survived by his wife and 2 sons, W. B. and F. J. Curry of Nettingham.

During late years he had been in failing health and during the recent epidemic of influenza, Mr Curry contracted the disease and pneumonia developed which quickly caused his death.

Born and raised in this county, Mr. Curry purchased a farm on Back Alleghany Mt, where he lived for a number of years the peaceful and industrious life of a farmer. He will be greatly missed in all the different forms of worship at the church, being a true follower of the Saviour for a long time, each Sunday found him at the little church on the hill.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. L. H. Vandevander of Durbin. His text was "I have finished my course". In the presence of a large crowd the body was laid to rest in the Bethel Cemetery.

"Time speedeth on / the years are
Fleeting by like shadows float

Logan

my days with promise come, then
fade and die - Days incomplete
Dear Lord, all things around me fail
to stay.
Be thou my portion & my rock alway."

D. N. M.

Pocahontas Times 4/27/1922

Logan

John W. Logan of Randolph County
Born May 5, 1818
Died
Buried
former Blacksmith
Married June 4, 1843 Pocahontas Co
Solemnized by Benjamin Zaellman
Rachel H. Wanless
Born April 24, 1824
Died November 26, 1903
age 79 yr 7 m 2 Days
Buried

Surely John W. Logan and William Wanless were related as cousins for daughter's Sale, Andrew Wanless + Nelson Warwick

His Parents
Rebecca Logan

Is Pocahontas data John's mother, → living with him and she was 68 years old at the time

Her Parents
William Wanless
Nancy Wilson Wanless

1. Preston Logan
Born July 29, 1844
Died July 13, 1851
age 6 yrs 11 m 14 D

2. Nancy Jane Logan
Born February 19, 1846
Died March 22, 1936
age 90 yrs 1 m 3 Days Single
Buried

3. Eliza ann Logan
Born November 20, 1847
Died December 24, 1937 old age
age 92 yr 1 m 4 D
Buried Bethel cemetery
Married Enos F. Curry 10/6/1874

4. Mary Elizabeth Logan Barbour Co
Born November 22, 1849
Died March 5, 1883
age 33 yrs 3 m 13 D
Buried Wanless Cemetery
Married John Creed Curtis December 12 1867
by [illegible]

He, 32 She 18

5. William Andrew Logan
Born April 29, 1852
Died July 22, 1855
age 3 yrs 2 m 23 Days

In Pocahontas death records death date July 15, 1855 Buckalew at 2 yrs + 3 months Place of birth Barbour County Reported by John Logan, father

over

august 27, 1855 Back
Allegheny
Pocahontas Co Birth records

6. Margaret Rebecca Logan
Combstone august 27, 1855 Pocahontas
Born august 24, 1855 County Death Record

Housewife. Lived
at Cass, W. Va.

Died March 13, 1938
age 82 yr 6 m 16 D
Chronic Nephritis
Burial Hill top Cemetery
Married James Hanson Gaston

7. Alvina Josephine Logan
Born September 28, 1857
Died December 5, 1929
age 71 y 11 m 9 D
Burial
Married Samuel Renick Hogsett (W.)
12/26/1876
lived at Huntersville, W. Va

12 December 1867 John C. Curtis & Mary E. Logan at the residence of John Logan by Charles A. Joyce. Groom: age 22, farmer, born & living Randolph Co, son of Thomas & Mary Curtis. Bride: age 18, born Barbour Co, daughter of John & Rachel Logan. John W. Logan consents for daughter & Teste, James Wanless.

Mrs. Margaret Rebecca Logan Galford was born August 27, 1855. born
Married to James Henson Galford April 1877. She departed
this life March 13, 1938, at the age of 82 years, 6 months
and 17 days.

Mrs. Galford was known to everyone in her community
as "aunt Beckey." She lived a devoted christian life. She
was a kind and loving mother and bore her many burdens
as only a true christian could do. When she realized the
end was near she expressed her desire and readiness to
go. During her many weeks of suffering she never complained
but seemed content to look beyond to a life eternal.

She was the mother of eleven children, seven of whom
are living: Mrs. Ida Belcher, Mrs. Clara Galford, Lewis,
Levi and Preston of Cass; Everett, of Covington, Virginia,
and Marvin of Logan

She also reared the following grandchildren: Wilson
Robertson, Wallace Robertson, Snowden and Flem Galford.

Pocahontas Times?

Preston Galford

Preston (Springy) Galford, 85, formerly of Durbin and Cass, died Tuesday, June 29, 1982 in Denmar Hospital after a long illness.

Born April 5, 1897 at Cass, he was a son of the late James H. and Rebecca Logan Galford. Mr. Galford was a lifelong resident of Pocahontas County.

Survivors include his wife, Shirley Pusey Galford, of Denmar; a daughter, Evelyn Snedegar, of Baltimore, Md.; a son, Leonard D. Galford, of Columbus, Ohio; and seven grandchildren; Nieces and Nephews.

Services were held Friday at 2 p.m. at the Wallace & Wallace Funeral Home Chapel in Arbovale with Rev. Rick Barkley officiating. Burial was in Arbovale Cemetery.

Pocahontas Times

Card of Thanks

We would like to thank the nurses and doctors at the Denmar State Hospital for their concern and services during the long illness of Preston Galford, and for the prayers, flowers, and expressions of sympathy of relatives and friends.

Shirley B. Galford
Leonard D. Galford
Evelyn G. Snedegar
and Grandchildren

Curry

Enos F. Curry
Born December 31, 1850
Died March 29, 1922 Nottingham WV
age 71 y 2m 28 D
Burial Bethel Cemetery

Married October 6, 1874 He 23 She 27
Solemnized by J. H. Hamilton
Eliza Ann Logan
Born November 20, 1847
Died December 24, 1939 old age
age 92 y 1m 4 Days
Burial: Bethel Cemetery

His Parents
Robert Curry
Elizabeth H. Swink Curry

Her Parents
John W. Logan
Rachel H. Wanless Logan
married June 4, 1843 Pocahontas Co
Solemnized by Benj Tallman

1. Joseph Franklin Curry
Born October 26, 1875 Durbin Pocahontas
Died May 12, 1948 Durbin
age 72 y 6m 16 Days
Burial

married Margaret Elsie Hoover
4/18/1900

2. Wallace Baxter Curry
Born September 16, 1879, Durbin
Died June 14, 1948 Durbin
age 68 yrs 8m 28 Days cerebral
Burial Bethel Cemetery Hemorrhage

Married ← not

3. William Curry Back Alleghany
Born June 13, 1884
Died July 15, 1884
age 1m 2 days
Burial

Curry

Joseph Franklin Curry
Born October 26, 1875
Died May 12, 1948 Durbin, WV
age 72 yrs 6 m 16 Days
Burial

Married 4/18/1900
Margaret Elsie Hoover
Born December 22, 1883
Died april 6, 1944
age 60 yr 3 m 14 Days
Burial Bethel Cemetery

His Parents
Enos F. Curry
Eliza Ann Logan Curry

Her Parents
William Hoover
Amanda Collins Hoover

1. Infant Curry
Born July 20, 1901
Died July 20, 1901
Burial

2. Harry E. Curry
Born August 26, 1903 Buck Mountain
Died October 23, 1972 1972
Burial Gum Cemetery age 69 yrs
Married Virgie E. Nottingham
July 3, 1925 at Durbin

3. James Buffer "Pat" Curry
Born January 12, 1906 Durbin
Died January 19, 1974 Elkins Hospital
Burial Bethel Cemetery
Married

4. Letha Curry
Born May 30, 1908
Died
Burial
Married J. Laurence Shiffert

5. Emma Curry
Born December 6, 1912
Died April 1, 1942
age 29 yrs 4 m 25 Days
Buried Burr Hawkins

(over)

6. Anderson Curry
Born July 19, 1915
Died March 19, 1962
age 46 yrs 8 m
Burial

"Joe" Addison
7. Carl Curry
Born april 26, 1918 Dublin
Died November 16, 1980 Middlefield Ohio
Burial Bethel Cemetery

8. William K Curry Hoderman
Born March 5, 1924
d. July 6, 1980
Burial Bethel Cemetery

Married Edith Mick

Margaret Elsie Hoover Curry was born December 22, 1883 and departed this life April 6, 1944. She was the daughter of William and Amanda Collins Hoover. One brother, Kennedy, of Alabama survives her

She was united in Marriage to Frank Curry April 14, 1900. To this union eight Children were born. She is survived by her husband, six children, 14 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Two daughters preceded her to the grave - one in infancy, and Mrs Burr Houchins, two years ago. Those surviving are: Harry E., and Carl A. of Durbin, James B., in service in Iran. Anderson N. in service in England and William E, in service at Mitchell Field, N.Y: One daughter, Mrs Lawrence Shifflett of Durbin

She joined the Church at an early age, uniting with the Methodist Church, and lived a consistent christian life; and was a regular attendant at Church as long as her health permitted. She was a kind & faithful wife, and mother & friend to all. She was an invalid for almost 6 years, but was always cheerful.

Her funeral was conducted at the Bethel (Olive Cook Mathews 1st cousin) Church by Rev. M. N. De Haven, & Rev J. William Pugh. She was laid to rest in the Church cemetery, in view of her earthly home.

(over)

She was tenderly cared for during her illness by her son, Carl.

She is gone but not forgotten. God saith come and she was ready to answer the call. She often expressed her readiness and willingness to go.

She opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household; and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and praiseth her.

Harry E. Curry

Harry E. Curry, 68, of Durbin, died at home Saturday, October 23, 1971, of an apparent heart attack.

Born August 26, 1903, on Back Mountain, he was a son of the late Frank J. and Elsie Curry.

He married Virgie E. Nottingham at Durbin on July 3, 1925.

He attended the Church of God at Durbin. Mr. Curry retired from the Pocahontas Tanning Company at Frank in March 1969, and had lived at Durbin his entire life.

Two sisters and one brother preceded him in death.

Survivors include his wife, Mrs. Virgie E. Curry; eight daughters, Mrs. Mapine Lantz, of Durbin, Mrs. Arlene Fitzgerald, of Washington, D.C., Mrs. Julia Pearl Mace, of Ridgely, Mrs. Opal Moore, of Hughesville, Maryland, Mrs. Georgia Nelson, of Daleville, Alabama, Mrs. Ellouise Matheny, of Fort Meade, Maryland, Mrs. Sandra Kaye Mullenax and Miss Dianne L. Curry, both of Hagerstown, Maryland; two sons, Leonard E. Curry, of Sharon, Pennsylvania, and Franklin Curry, of Warren, Ohio; one sister, Mrs. Letha Shifflett, of Durbin; three brothers, Baxter and William Curry, both of Durbin, and Carl Curry, of Middlefield, Ohio; 21 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon

in the Durbin Church of God by Alvin A. Craig and sister, Mary Sowers, of Hagerstown, Maryland, with burial in the Gum cemetery on Back Mountain, Ct.

The Pocahontas Times

In Loving Memory
of
Vergie E. Curry
8-16-87

Harry E. Curry
10-23-71

Wonderful Parents,
Gentle, good and kind,
We know the care you tenderly gave
God took them home
It was his will
But in our hearts
We miss them still.

Sadly missed and loved by
Sons, Daughters, Grandchildren
and Great-Grandchildren
The Pocahontas Times
6/1/1989

James B. Curry

James Baxter (Pat) Curry, 68, of Durbin, died Saturday, January 19, 1974, in an Elkins hospital.

Born January 12, 1906, at Durbin, he was a son of the late Joseph Frank and Margaret Hoover Curry.

He was a member of the Bethel United Methodist Church, Durbin American Legion Post and the Loyal Order of Moose, a veteran of World War II, and a farmer.

Survivors include one sister, Mrs. Leatha M. Shifflett, of Durbin; two brothers, Bill Curry, of Durbin, and Carl Curry, of Middlefield, Ohio.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the Bethel United Methodist Church by the Rev. Billie Helwick and the Rev. Virgil Cover. Burial was in the Bethel cemetery.

The Pocahontas Times

William E Curry

Durbin - William E. Curry, 56, of Durbin Pocahontas County died Sunday July 6, 1980 in Memorial General Hospital, Elkins after a short illness.

Born at Hosterman, March 5, 1924, he was a son of the late Frank J. and Margaret Hoover Curry.

A life-long resident of Durbin, Mr Curry was a World War II veteran, attended the Bethel United Methodist Church on Back Mountain and was a foreman for the Green Bank District of the W. Va Dept of Highways.

Surviving: Wife Mrs Edith Mick Curry; two daughters, Miss Brenda L. Curry at home and Mrs Donna Warner of Durbin; two sons, William E. Jr of St. Albans and Donald W. of Durbin; a sister Mrs. Letha Shiffett of Durbin; a brother, Carl Curry of Middlefield, Ohio and 3 grand Children

Service will be 2 p.m Wednesday at Bethel United Methodist Church with the Rev David Rittenhouse and the Rev. Mark Huckman officiating. Burial will be in the church Cemetery. Friends may call from 6 to 9 p.m today at Wallace & Wallace Funeral Home Arbovale.

(over)

J Lawrence Shifflett

Durbin - J. Lawrence Shifflett, 72 of Durbin, Pocahontas County died September 24, 1980 at home of a heart attack.

Born July 28, 1908 in Highland County, Virginia, he was the son of the late Cornelius and Mary Hatterman Shifflett. Mr. Shifflett had lived at Durbin for 68 years and was a member of the Durbin Church of the Brethren and a retired employee of the Howes Leather Co at Frank, employed for 45 years.

Surviving wife Letha Curry Shifflett; Three daughters, Mrs Margaret Hill of Green Bank, Mrs Leona Sheets, Colmar Manor, Maryland and Mrs Grace Varner of Durbin; 3 sons, Lawrence, Jr of Mt Hatfield, Pa, James of Green Bank, Allen of Lanham, Maryland; 14 grandchildren; 5 great grandchildren

Services will be 2 p m Monday in the Bethel United Methodist Church on Back Mountain with the Revs. David Rittenhouse and Donald Curry Officiating. Burial was in Church Cemetery.

Wallace-Wallace Funeral Home, Arbovale

one obituary says also Rev Mark Hickman officiating.

11/16/1980 Curry, Carl - Service Will be 2 p.m Friday in Bethel United Methodist Church, Back Mountain with the Rev. David Ritterhouse officiating. Burial will be in the Church cemetery. Friends may call after 6 p.m today at Wallace-Wallace Funeral Home, Arbovale. Mr Curry 62, of Middlefield, Ohio formerly of Durbin, Pocahontas County died Sunday at home after a short illness.

Carl Curry

Carl "Joe" addison Curry, 62, of Middlefield, Ohio died Sunday, November 16, 1980 of a heart attack ~~at his~~ + He had been a resident for 24 years of Middlefield, where he was employed by Georgia Industries as a mill operator.

Born April 26, 1918 in Durbin, he was the son of the late Frank and Margaret Curry. Four brothers and a sister preceded him in death.

Surviving him are three daughters, Mrs Susan Cramer and Mrs Louise Fenselon, both of Middlefield, and Anita Lynn Curry of Columbus, Ohio; one sister, Mrs Letha Shifflett of Durbin and five grandchildren

Services will be held at 2 p.m. Friday at Bethel Church on Back Mountain by the Rev. David Ritterhouse with burial in Bethel Cemetery.

Friends may call at Walker + Wallace Funeral Home in

Arbovale Thursday from 6 to 9 p.m.

The Pocahontas Times

Mrs Mary Fitzgerald

Mrs Mary Arlene Curry Fitzgerald, 51, of Washington, D.C., formerly of Durbin, died Wednesday, February 17, 1982 in Bethesda, Maryland, after a long illness.

Born on April 21, 1930, she was the daughter of Mrs Virgie Nottingham Curry, of Durbin, and the late Harry Curry.

She was a 32 year resident of Washington and was employed as a Manager of Weaver Brothers Real Estate Agency.

In addition to her Mother, she is survived by her Husband, Roy L.; stepdaughter, Mrs Hilda Shelton of Marlenton; Stepson, Raymond L. of Bladensburg, Maryland; Sisters, Mrs Myrine Lantz of Durbin, Mrs Opal Moore of Hughesville, Maryland, Mrs Georgia Nelson of Lepas, Mrs Julia Mace of Cumberland, Maryland, Mrs Eloise Hinson of South Carolina, Mrs Sandra K. Mullenax and Diana Curry, both of Hagerstown, Maryland; Brothers, Leonard Curry of Pennsylvania Franklin Curry of Durbin; five grandchildren, one great grandchild; 17 nieces and 24 nephews.

Services were held at 11 a.m. Saturday in Wallace and Wallace Funeral Home, Arbovale with the Rev. Donnie Curry officiating. Burial was in Curry Cemetery, Back Mountain Durbin

Nancy Jane Curry Pocahontas Co.

Born August 2, 1847

Died October 30, 1900 at Gillespie W. Va

Burial

age 53 y 2 M 28 D

She 22
He 26

May 11, 1871 Pocahontas Co

Married Samuel A Hevener

solemnized by J. E. Moore

Born September 8, 1843 Rockingham Co Va

Died

Burial

at age 18

He served 2 years in 18th VA Cavalry Co M under General Stonewall Jackson

lived on Back alleghany Mountain

Her Parents

Robert Curry

Elizabeth H Swink Curry

His Parents

Married at Broadway, Va. Rockingham Co. Va

Adam Hevener born 1815 Pendleton County

Rebecca Riley Hevener born 1819

He a blacksmith

(over)

1. Charles A. Hevener Back alleghany

Born

Died October 8, 1894 Pocahontas Co

Diptheria

21 years 11 months

reported by Dr. Settle

2. John Hevener ~~Curry~~

Born February 10, 1875

Died 1963

daughter of John Cassell

Burial

Married 1. Minnie Ellen Cassell

2. Elva May Calhoun

3. Lucy A. Hevener

Born June 10, 1878 Back alleghany

Died

Burial

Married

4. Elizabeth Hevener

Born

Died

Burial

Married

5. James Robert Hevener

Born May 3, 1882 Back alleghany

Died

Burial

Married

Name of this
Mattie V

6. Martha Hevener
Born Nov 8, 1885 Green Bank
Died
Burial
Married

7. Mary Susan Hevener
Born
Died
Burial
Married

——— Hevener
11/21/1889 DB
Samuel + Nancy J Hevener

2. J Zechariah

Charles R. J. Curry
b Sept 17, 1860 Clover Creek, Va
died April 18, 1916
age 55 yrs 7 m 1 day
Burial

Married June 5, 1883
Solemnized by Lafayette Fox
Pocahontas Co

Ida Crawford Burner
b 1868
d 1942
Burial

Resided: on Curry Family Farm for awhile
then moved to a location near
the present (1981) Company Store at Cass
around 1898 they moved to narrow valley
on Stony Bottom south of Cass near Beaver's
Hachin

His Parents
Robert Curry
Elizabeth H. Swink Curry

Her Parents
Lafayette Burner
Caroline Burn Burner

1. Edgar D. Curry
b June 16, 1888 Green Bank
d
Burial

Married

2. Parker L. Curry
b Dec 14, 1894 Greenbrier R. delivered by D Austin
d
Burial

Married

3. Harry Bernard Curry
b
d May 27, 1971 Cass General Hospital
Burial Montgomery Memorial Park
London, W. Va
Married Louise Burr Cassell January 3, 1917
at Cass, W. Va

4. Owens B. Curry
b December 9, 1890 Baltimore P. C. Record
d January 9, 1891 Cass, W. Va
January 24, 1971 at home in
Marlinton, W Va
Burial Mountain View Cemetery
Marlinton, W Va

Married Mary May Geiger

5. Mertie Viola Curry
b January 22
d
Burial

born Married 9, 1884 Bath Co Va ←
Married
Walter George Clarkson July 3 1906
Son of Sarah Jane Clarkson of Bath Co Va &
Grandson of John R. and Juliet Ann McCord
Clarkson of Bath Co, Va.

Clarkson

Myrtle Mertie V. Curry
b January 22, 1885
d February 12, 1975
Burial Arbovale Cemetery

Married June 3, 1906 residence of Bride's Parents
solemnized by Rev. H. L. Burr
Walter George Clarkson
b March 9, 1884 Bath Co. Va
died August 23, 1959 Pocahontas Memorial Hosp
Burial Arbovale Cemetery

1. Kyle Clarkson
b
d September
Burial Arbovale Cemetery

2. Ivan Clarkson
b January 7, 1909
d
Burial
Married Ernestine Hamrick

3. Russell Clarkson
b January 14, 1922
d
Burial
Married Lucy Pearl Reprode
dau of Media alice Sponaugle + Arlie Cecil Reprode

4. Roy B Clarkson
b October 25, 1926
d
Burial
Married June Hardwick

5. Vallie Clarkson
b July 7, 1907 Cass
d December 19, 1980 Sherman Hospital Elgin, Illinois
Burial Arbovale Cemetery
Married Lloyd Wilks

6. Lola Mae Clarkson
b December 22, 1911 Cass
d February 20, 1985 at home Cass
Burial Arbovale Cemetery

Married Ben Jackson
8/11/33

7. Glenna Bliss Clarkson
b
d
Burial
married Richard L. Raimondo

8. Odie Clarkson
b
d
Burial

married

9. Female Clarkson
b 1911
d February 1911
Burial

age 5 weeks when she died

Mrs. Mertie Clarkson

Mrs. Mertie Curry Clarkson, 90, of Cass, died Wednesday, February 12, 1975, after a short illness.

Born January 22, 1885, she was the last of the Charles and Ida Curry family.

She was a member of the Cass United Methodist Church and was a lifelong resident of Cass.

Her husband, Walter Clarkson, and five children preceded her in death.

Survivors include three sons, Ivan Clarkson, of Cass, Russell Clarkson, of Arbovale, and Roy Clarkson, of Morgantown; three daughters, Mrs. Vallie Wilkes, of Elgin, Illinois, Mrs. Lola Jackson, of Cass, and Mrs. Glenna Raimondo, of San Antonio, Texas; twelve grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

Services were held Friday afternoon in the Wallace and Wallace Chapel at Arbovale by the Rev. Kenneth Montgomery, with burial in the Arbovale Cemetery.

The Pocahontas Times

In 1886 when Rumbarger's mill started operations at Davis, Tucker County, another community was destined to become a large lumber town. This was Cass, Pocahontas county. It consisted of three log houses, one owned by Robert Curry (the author's grandfather) was located near where the present Company Store stands; another, owned by Allan Burner was east of the Greenbrier River and the third, owned by Allan Halford, was located near the mouth of Cold Run. Each of these houses had a nearby spring for drinking water.

Robert Curry owned almost all of the land where the town of Cass and the mill now stand. This land was traded to Newton Gum who owned it at the beginning of the twentieth century when Sam E Slaymaker began lumbering operations here

P 86 - Tulmult on the Mountains

He was born October 5, 1926

Lumbering in West Va - 1770-1920 by Roy B. Clarkson McClain Printing Company, Parsons, WVa 1964

His Mother - Mertie Viola Curry Clarkson

Father - Walter George Clarkson

had 11 Children. Roy B. Clarkson is the youngest

His wife June Hardwick of Morgantown

3 children - George Roy, Karen Sue & Kimberly Ann

Irvin O. Clarkson (Roy's brother)

same book

p 357

bull pen - part of a sawmill just past the cut-off saws. Here lumber is graded and tallied, then sorted onto trucks for transportation to the proper dock or dry kiln for stacking

p 359 cut-off - Saw or set of saws in a mill especially designed for trimming the ends of boards at certain standard lengths.

p 361 dry kiln - a building so constructed as to permit drying of lumber by steam or hot air.

p 368

pigs-ear - Saloon, especially one where "home brew" was sold

Clarkson, Walter George
b March 9, 1884 Bath Co Va
d august 23, 1959 Marlinton
75 years Broncho-Pneumonia

His mother Sarah J. Clarkson

Paula Clarkson

Paula Clarkson, of Johnson City, Tennessee, formerly of Cass, was killed in an automobile accident in Johnson City, March 7, 1984. Miss Clarkson was born June 18, 1948, at Marlinton, the only child of Ernestine and Ivan Clarkson, of Cass.

She graduated from Green Bank High School in 1966, and from West Virginia University, with a BS degree in medical technology in 1970. She worked as a medical technologist at the university hospital in Morgantown from 1970 to 1978.

Paula entered the VA system in 1978 and began working as a medical technologist in Danville, Illinois. She transferred from Illinois to the VAMC Mountain Home in Johnson City in August 1980, where she was appointed the position of Supervisory Medical Technologist in the chemistry/urinalysis section of the laboratory service. In 1983 she was awarded the Superior Performance Award.

She was a member of the Cass Presbyterian Church.

Miss Clarkson is survived by her parents and a host of relatives and friends.

Funeral services were held on Saturday, March 10, at the Wallace and Wallace Funeral Home at Arbovale with the Rev. David Rittenhouse and the Rev. Edwin Tetwiller officiating. Burial was in the Arbovale Cemetery.

The Pocahontas Times

In Loving Memory of our Daughter
Paula M. Clarkson

Paula Mae Clarkson

Paula Mae Clarkson, 35, was killed in a car Wreck in Johnson City, Tennessee, about midnight Tuesday, March 6, 1984, when she was hit by a car with a drunken driver.

Miss Clarkson, the only daughter of Ivan and Ernestine Clarkson, of Cass, was medical technology supervisor at the Veterans Hospital in Johnson City.

She was born June 18, 1948, in Marlinton.

Funeral arrangements are incomplete but services will be at Arbovale with Wallace and Wallace Funeral Home in charge.

The Pocahontas Times

In Loving memory of our Daughter
Paula M. Clarkson
June 18, 1948 March 7, 1984
Please stop the senseless killing
that caused her death.
Don't drive while drinking

Ernestine and Ivan

Pocahontas Times

Dinner Guests

Visitors and dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Clarkson on May 28, were Mrs W. Jean Raupach, Alexandria, Va., Mr and Mrs. George Reprode, Glen Burn MD, Guy Reprode, Baltimore, MD, Mr and Mrs. Hubert Reprode, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brubaker, Mrs. Dice Murphy Lewis Taylor, Arbovale, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grow Jr., Mr and Mrs. Gregory Miller, Grafton, OH. Recording and home movies were taken by Clarence and Louis Lockridge of Grafton, Oh.

The Pocahontas Times
6/8/89

Kyle Clarkson Date _____

One of the saddest funerals conducted in this community for some time was that of Kyle Clarkson, son of Mr and Mrs Walter Clarkson. He was 17 years of age and a young man who had endeared himself to all who knew him, and the great number of friends who called at the home to extend to the bereaved family their expressions of sympathy was evidence of the fact. He would have been in his third year of high school and the faculty and students of the Greenbank High school will miss him. Had he lived he would no doubt have done great credit to the school. He was a regular attendant at Church and Sunday School. He leaves to mourn his loss, his parents, three sisters and four brothers.

His funeral was conducted on Wednesday afternoon, September 6th at 2 P. M. in the presence of a large congregation by Rev. H. Blackhurst assisted by Revs. Barkers and Marshall after which he was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Arbovale to await the Resurrection.

May the God of all Grace comfort and sustain the bereaved family who dearly loved him

H. B.

The Pocahontas Times

CURRY - SWINK

Walter George Clarkson

Walter George Clarkson, aged 75, of Cass, departed this life Sunday, August 23, 1959, in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital after a long illness.

Mr. Clarkson was born in Bath County, Virginia, March 9, 1884. He was a member of the Cass Methodist Church.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Mertie Curry Clarkson; four sons, Odie Clarkson, of Marlinton, Roy Clarkson, of Morgantown, and Ivan and Russell of Cass; three daughters, Mrs. Lola Jackson, of Cass, Mrs. Glenna Raimondo of San Antonio, Texas, and Mrs. Vallie Gustafson of Batavia, Illinois; ten grandchildren, and nine great grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the home by the Rev. C. E. Potts, with burial in the Arbovale cemetery.

The Pocahontas Times

1973

Mrs Mertie Clarkson of Cass has left to spend the remainder of the winter with her Son, Professor Roy B. Clarkson, 142 Jackson Street (WC) Morgantown. Before leaving she had a dinner with daughter, Mrs Ben Jackson to celebrate her coming birthday, January 22; She will be 88 years old. Others of the family, also celebrating their birthdays were Ivan, January 7, 64 year old and Russell, January 14, 51 years old. Others attending were Mrs Pearl Clarkson, Professor Roy Clarkson and Ben Jackson.

The Pocahontas Times

Mrs. Vallie Clarkson Wilks

Elgin, Ill - Mrs Vallie Clarkson Wilks 73 of Elgin, Ill, formerly of Cass, W Va died Friday December 19, 1980 in an Elgin Hospital.

Surviving: Husband, Lloyd of Elgin, Ill
Daughters: Mrs Thelma Kautz of DeCatur, Ill
Mrs Ramona Schell of California
Son, Kenneth Smith of Elburn, Ill
Sisters Mrs Glenna Rawonds of San Antonio, Texas
Mrs Lola Jackson of Cass, W Va
Brothers: Ivan Clarkson of Cass, W Va
Russell Clarkson of Arbovale, W Va
Roy Clarkson of Morgantown, W Va

Services will be 2 p.m. Tuesday in Wallace & Wallace Funeral Home, Arbovale. Burial will be in Arbovale Cemetery. Friends may call from 6 to 9 p.m. Monday at the funeral home

Father Karl Friedrich Engelke

Mrs. Vallie Wilks

Mrs. Vallie Clarkson Wilks, 73, of Elgin, Illinois, died December 19, 1980 in Sherman Hospital in Elgin.

She was born on July 4, 1907 in Cass, the daughter of the late Walter and Nettie Curry Clarkson.

Surviving are her husband, Lloyd, of Elgin; 2 daughters, Mrs. Thelma Kautz, of Decatur, Illinois, and Mrs. Ramona Schell, of Whittier, California; one son, Kenneth Smith, of Elburn, Illinois; two sisters, Mrs. Lola Jackson, of Cass, and Mrs Glenna Raimonda, of San Antonio, Texas; three brothers, Ivan and Russell, both of Cass, and Roy, of Morgantown; ten grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by one daughter and two brothers.

Services were held in Elgin and on December 23 at the Wallace & Wallace Funeral Home in Arbovale. Burial was in Arbovale Cemetery.

Pocahontas Times

Picture

Golden anniversary

Open House was observed at the Ben Jackson residence in Cass in honor of the 50th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Jackson, on Sunday, August 7. The Jacksons were married on August 11, 1933. They have one daughter, Helen Houck, who lives in Houston, Texas, and four grandchildren. Mrs. Jackson is the former Lola Clarkson, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Clarkson, of Cass.

The table was beautifully decorated with a three-tier wedding cake, pink candles and heart shaped crystal and silver bowl.

The cake was served to sixty guests by Mrs. Pearl Clarkson, of Arbovale. The punch was served by Mrs. Ernestine Clarkson, of Cass, and the guests were registered in the guest book by Mrs. June Clarkson, of Morgantown. Mrs. Berdeen O'Brien, of Cass, assisted.

The guest list included: Jeanne and Ken Raysack, Alexandria, Va.; Karen and Scott McElroy and Ray and June Clarkson, Westover; Mrs. Bessie Morris, Cass; Mrs. Pearl and Russell Clarkson, Arbovale; Ida and William Decker, Beverly; Harry Wallace, Cass; Carl and Edythe Davis, Cass; Euna Barkley and Faye Burner, Frank; Wilma Buckman, Buckeye, Anna Grace Ware, Glen Moore, Glen Bank; Nadia Leprode and Lee Murphy, Arbovale; Stella Miller, Everette and Betty Arbogast, George Elliott, Cass; Ruby Salyers, Marlwood Park,

Green Bank; Mrs Nola Palmer, Cass; George and Jeanita Gilnita, Augusta, Ga.; Martha and Doug Livesay Stewton, White Va.; Beaulah and Sam Moore, Marlinton, Jim [illegible], Cass; Mina Brooks and Opal Arbogast, Dunmore; Odessa Kane, Cass; Becky O'Brien, Oswego, N.Y.; Beatie and Jamie Sheets, Green Bank; Cathy and Burke Fauley, Rockville, Md.; May and Bernard Freeland, Bellaire, Texas; Stella and Homer Blackhurst, Boyan, Texas; Mildred King, Mr and Mrs. W. K. Blackhurst, Charleston; Dan Taylor, Green Bank; Hurold and Hilda Blackhurst, Williston, S.C.; Richard and Verna Dale, Ernestine and Ivan Clarkson, Cass.

The Pocahontas Times
1983

Mrs. Lola Mae Jackson

Lola Mae Jackson, of Cass, died at home on Wednesday, February 20, 1985, after a long illness with cancer.

She was a lifelong resident of Cass, born December 22, 191[illegible], the daughter of the late Mertie Curry and Walter Clarkson.

Mrs. Jackson was a member of the Cass United Methodist Church.

She is survived by her husband, Ben Jackson; one daughter, Helen Houck, of Houston, Texas; one sister, Glenna Raimondo, of San Antonio, Texas; three brothers, Ivan Clarkson, of Cass, Roy Clarkson, of Morgantown, Russell Clarkson, of Arbovale; and four grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by her parents, two brothers, Kyle and Odie, and one sister, Vallie Wilson.

Funeral services were held at the Wallace and Wallace Funeral Home in Arbovale at 2 p.m. Saturday by the Rev. Edward Tutwiler, with burial in the Arbovale Cemetery.

The Pocahontas Times

Kenneth Raupach

Kenneth M. Raupach, 62, of Alexandria, Virginia, died of cancer on Monday, August 25, 1986 in Alexandria Hospital.

He was a retired supervisory special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation and also a founder and member of the board of directors of Ramparts Restaurant in Alexandria.

Mr. Raupach headed a major aspect of the investigation of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy and worked closely with the Warren Commission, testifying before several congressional committees.

In 1979 he retired from the FBI after 25 years service.

He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and graduated from the University of California at Santa Barbara.

He was an avid ham radio operator and served in World War II as a bomber pilot.

He is survived by his wife, Jeanne Clarkson Raupach, formerly of Cass (she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Clarkson, now of Arbovale); a son, Kenneth F. Raupach, of Plano, Texas; two daughters, Pamela R. Pelnick, of Media, Pennsylvania, and Jan R. Augsburger, of La Grange, Illinois; a sister, Carita Ruth Spillar, of Cleveland; and six grandchildren.

Funeral services were held August 28 at 10 a.m. at the Everly-Whitley Funeral Home in Alexandria.

The Pocahontas Times

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Clarkson, of Arbovale, and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Jackson, of Cass, attended the wedding of Karen Sue Clarkson and Gregory Scott McElroy, on Friday, June 17, 1983, in Morgantown.

The wedding ceremony was performed in the Spruce Street Methodist Church and was followed by the reception and dinner at the Ramada Inn.

Karen Sue is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Roy B. Clarkson and the niece of Russell Clarkson and Mrs. Ben Jackson.

The Pocahontas Times 6/23/83

6/23/1983 The Pocahontas Times

Mr and Mrs. Russell Clarkson, of Arbovale, and Mr and Mrs. Benjamen Jackson, of Cass, attended the wedding of Karen Sue Clarkson and Gregory Scott McElroy, on Friday, June 17, 1983 in Morgantown.

The wedding ceremony was performed in the Spruce Street Methodist Church and was followed by the reception and dinner at the Ramada Inn.

Karen Sue is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs Roy B. Clarkson and the niece of Russell Clarkson and Mrs. Ben Jackson.

Raimondo – Clarkson

Lieutenant Glenna Bliss Clarkson, of the Army Nurses corps, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter George Clarkson, of Cass, became the bride of Richard L. Raimondo, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Raimondo of San Antonio, Texas in a ceremony performed Sunday, November 16, 1947, at 7:30 P.M., in Chapel No. 1, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, with Father J. S. Kelley, Colonel, USA Chaplain's Corps, officiating at the double ring ceremony.

The bride given in marriage by Major James R. Harrison, of the Medical Corps, Memphis, Tennessee, wore a gown of pink pearl satin, fashioned with a tightly fitted bodice fastened with self-covered buttons all the way down the front, a high collar and floating peplum accented with Reposese lace. The limitless width of skirt flowed into a chapel length train. Her pink illusion finger-tip veil fell from a Queen anne headpiece of pink pearl satin, and her cascade bouquet was of orchids and pink carnation petals.

Lieutenant Mazelle Jernigan, of Little Rock, Arkansas, was attired in a rosemist moire faille, fashioned with a tightly fitted bodice featuring a deep V neckline and tiny short sleeves. A wide self belt emphasized the full flair of the skirt. She wore a half hat of the same rosemist shade of moline trimmed with the moire and

she carried a Colonial bouquet.

Mrs. Raimonds, Mother of the groom wore a gray silk afternoon dress, a gray felt hat with matching plumage and black accessories.

George R. Flemery, of San Antonio, was best man.

There is more to this but it was cut off

Pocahontas Times

Mrs. Roy Clarkson

Mrs. June Hardwick Clarkson, 56, of Westover, died Tuesday, July 23, 1985, in West Virginia University Hospital.

She was born April 14, 1929, in Morgantown, a daughter of the late George and Ida Phillips Hardwick.

She was a graduate of West Virginia University, where she obtained her bachelor's and master's degrees. She was a member of Alpha Epsilon Delta pre-med honorary, Kappa Phi, Methodist Girls Club, the Wesleyan Foundation, and Spruce Street United Methodist church, where she had served as pianist and Sunday School teacher. She was a teacher at Westover Junior High at the time of her death.

Surviving her are her husband, Roy B. Clarkson; one son, George Roy Clarkson, of Houston; two daughters, Mrs. Karen McElroy, of Westover, and Kimeran Ann, at home.

Services were held at 11 a.m. Friday at the Williams Home for Funerals in Westover by the Rev. William Turley and Dr. Stacy L. Groscup, with burial in Beverly Hills Memorial Gardens.

The Pocahontas Times

Clarkson - Curry

On June 3 (1906) at 9: a.m at the residence of the bride's parents near Cass, Mr. Walter D. Clarkson and Miss Myrtle V. Curry were united in Marriage, Rev. H. L. Burr, the bride's pastor officiating. The Groom is a native of Bath Co, Va, but has for several years been a resident of this county. The bride is well known, having numerous friends in upper Pocahontas. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left for Cass, where they boarded a train for Durbin and Bartow where they will visit friends and relatives of the bride for a few days.

Pocahontas Times
July 12, 1906

2/16/1911 Pocahontas Times
Dunmore - Walter Clarkson's little girl, aged 5 weeks died Monday near Cass

Roy B. Clarkson, a native of W. Va, was born Oct 25, 1926 in Cass, Pocahontas County, one of the most important lumber towns in the State. He was the youngest of eleven children of Walter George and Mertie Viola Clarkson. He grew up with the sound of whining saws, the whistle of Shay engines + the smell of newly sawn spruce or hardwood lumber as constant companions. He attended the local school, walked the board walks of the little town, whacked sticks against the white picket fences, and stared with awe at the swift log carriage as it swept back and forth in the sawmill.

He attended Green Bank High School and while a senior, at the age of 17, he started working Saturdays on the Mower Lumber Co. mill. Full time work at the mill was initiated the day after graduation from High School.

At 18 years he entered the U.S. army + served 2 yrs in the Philippine Islands and in Korea.

Upon returning from the army he again worked on the lumber mill until he entered Davis + Elkins College. A Bachelor of Science degree was earned there in 1951 with a major in Mathematics and minors in Biology & Chemistry.

After graduation from college he taught school one year at Green Bank High School. In 1952 he married June Harlwood of Morgantown and moved to that city. They now have 3 children, George Roy, Karen Sue, and Kimeran Ann. He taught in Suncrest Junior High School until 1956 when he was appointed to the faculty of W Va University. He received a Master of Arts Degree at W. Va University in 1958 and a Doctor of Philosophy degree in Botany in 1960. He is now Assistant Professor of Biology. He is Treasurer of the Appalachian Botanical Club, a member of the Botanical Society of America, the Society of Sigma Xi, and other professional organizations.

His research interests are primarily in
fields of Plant Taxonomy & Plant Geography. He
published several papers in professional j
in these fields. In addition, papers on th
history of lumbering have been published.

His doctoral dissertation, "The Vascular
of the Monongahela National Forest, W. Va." p
valuable background for writing a book of
nature. His early experience with the lu
industry stimulated an interest in the ind
that has culminated in the present book

Mrs. Roy Clarkson

Mrs. June Hardwick Clarkson, 56, of Westover, died Tuesday, July 23, 1985, in West Virginia University Hospitals.

She was born April 14, 1929, in Morgantown, a daughter of the late George and Ida Phillips Hardw

She was a graduate of West Virginia University, Whe she obtained her bachelors and Masters degrees. She was a member of Alpha Epsilon Delta pre-med honora Kappa Phi, Methodist Girls Club, the Wesleyan Foundati and Spruce Street Methodist Church, where she had serv as pianist and Sunday School teacher. She was a teach at Westover Junior High at the time of her death.

Surviving her are her husband, Roy B. Clarkson one son, George Roy Clarkson, of Houston; two daughte Mrs. Karen McElroy of Westover, and Kinneran Ann, at home.

Services were held at 11 a.m. Friday at the Willia Home for Funerals in Westover by the Rev. William Turley and Dr. Stacy L. Groscup, with burial in Beverly Hills Memorial Gardens.

Pocahontas Times

Mrs. Lola Mae Jackson

Lola Mae Jackson, of Cass, died at home on Wednesday, February 20, 1985, after a long illness with cancer.

She was a lifelong resident of Cass, born December 22, 1911, the daughter of the late Mertie Curry and Walter Clarkson.

Mrs. Jackson was a member of the Cass United Methodist Church.

She is survived by her husband, Ben Jackson; one daughter, Helen Houck, of Houston, Texas; one sister, Glenna Raimonde, of San Antonio, Texas; three brothers, Ivan Clarkson, of Cass, Roy Clarkson, of Morgantown, Russell Clarkson, of Arbovale; and four grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by her parents, two brothers, Kyle and Odie, and one sister, Nellie Wilds.

Funeral services were held at the Wallace & Wallace Funeral Home in Arbovale at 2 p.m., Saturday by the Rev. Edward Tetmiller, with burial in the Arbovale cemetery.

Pocahontas Times

Retired

The Rev. John Quinn Geiger, Jr., of Wellsburg, recently announced his retirement from active ministry in the West Virginia Conference of the United Methodist Church after having served 40 years as a pastor.

He began his ministry in 1940 while living in Beckley, and served nine pastoral charges which were: Nuttallburg, Green Sulphur Springs, Williamsburg, Huntsville, Kenova, Athens, Warwood, Wheeling, Wellsburg, and Kadesh Chapel. To mark this achievement, his wife and children gave recognition to him on Sunday, June 15, 1980, by presenting an engraved brass set of candlesticks to the Kadesh Chapel United Methodist Church in his honor and by offering a program of music to the congregation. Rev. and Mrs Geiger are the parents of ~~six~~ children: Rev. J. Q. Geiger, Jr., (Jack); Good Hope; Mrs Mike (Ellen) Dickerson, Painesville, Ohio; Rev. Joseph Geiger, Glen Dale; Mrs. Edward Marks (Irene), Wellsburg; Mrs George (Barbara) Johnson, Grand Rapids Michigan; and Roger, a student at West Virginia University but living at home.

The congregation, with Mr. and Mrs. John McCord as chairpersons, hosted a luncheon following the services and presented to Rev. Geiger a Gift in recognition of his ministry and retirement.

Rev. Geiger attended school in Pocahontas County, graduated cum laude from Glenville State College, and received theological training at Westminster School of Theology and Drew Theological School. He is the author of the book: Man from Michael's Mountain, which

characterizes the life and times of an itinerant pastor in Appalachia. He and his wife, the former Velma Mae Huffman, plan to make their home in Wellsburg.

Mr. Geiger, the son of the late John Michael Geiger and Anna Jerdina Steele Geiger, was born and spent his early years at Stony Bottom. His sisters living in Pocahontas County are; Mrs. O.B. (May) Curry, of Marlinton, and Mrs. Carl (Grace) Galford, living at Cass.

Pocahontas Times

Rev. John Quinn Geiger

John Quinn Geiger, of Wellsburg, passed away at the home of his daughter in Grandville, Michigan, on July 17, 1984.

As a member of the West Virginia Methodist Conference, Rev. Geiger's ministry spanned a period of more than forty years, serving Nettelburg, Green Sulphur Springs, Williamsburg, Grantville, Kenova, Athens, Warwood (Wheeling), Wellsburg, and Kadesh Chapel.

Funeral services were conducted at the United Methodist Church of Wellsburg, where he had been pastor for six years. Burial was in the Memorial Gardens of Kadesh Chapel by the side of his wife of nearly fifty years, who had preceded him in death eighteen months before.

Surviving are three sons: John Quinn, Jr., of Grantsville, Joseph N., of Huntington, and Roger, of Harpers Ferry; three daughters, Ellen Gilkerson, Kinesville, Ohio, Irene Marks, of Wellsburg, and Barbara Johnson, of Grandville, Michigan; two sisters, May Curry, of Marlinton, and Grace Galford, of Cass; one brother, Layke Geiger, of Durham, North Carolina; sixteen grandchildren also survive.

The Pocahontas Times

V. W. Geiger

Vaughn William Geiger, age 65, died Thursday, April 9, 1959, at his home at Cass after a long illness.

Survivors include his wife, Mrs. Gladys Geiger; four daughters, Mrs. Gladys Gilbert of Elton, Maryland, Mrs. Ann Stacy of France, Miss Mary Geiger of Chicago, Illinois, and Miss Margaret Geiger, at home; four sons, Raymond Geiger of Florida, Ralph Geiger of Painesville, Ohio, James Geiger and Andy Geiger, both at home; five sisters, Mrs. O. B. Curry of Marlinton, Mrs. D. M. Weiford of Roanoke, Virginia, Mrs. Emory Withrow and Mrs. W. W. Burner of Piedmont, and [illegible]ora.) Carl Dalford of Cass; four brothers, the Rev. J. L. Geiger of Kenova, L. S. Geiger of Alderson, L. G. Geiger of Stony Bottom, and D. B. Geiger of Cass; and eleven grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Sunday in the Alexander Memorial Church at Stony Bottom by the Rev. Philip Newell and the Rev. C. E. Potts, with burial in the family cemetery.

The Pocahontas Times

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF WEST VIRGINIA

JUDY CURRY,

Plaintiff,

v. **CIVIL ACTION NO. 2:03CV115**
(Judge Maxwell)

WALTER W. WEIFORD, personally and in his official capacity as Prosecuting Attorney of Pocahontas County, West Virginia; ROBERT A. ALKIRE, personally and in his official capacity as Sheriff of Pocahontas County, West Virginia; DAVID A. WALTON, personally and in his official capacity as Deputy Sheriff of Pocahontas County, West Virginia; and COUNTY COMMISSION OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA,

Defendants.

ORDER

I. Introduction

On December 22, 2003, the plaintiff filed a *pro se* civil action against the above- named defendants pursuant to 42 U.S.C. §1983, 42 U.S.C. § 1985, 18 U.S.C. §241, and W.Va. Code §§61-2-9, 61-5-27, and 61-5-28 seeking monetary damages and a permanent injunction enjoining the defendants from continuing to violate her civil and constitutional rights.

On June 13, 2005, the defendants filed a Motion for Summary Judgment pursuant to Rule 56 of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure. Because the plaintiff is proceeding *pro se*, the Court issued a notice pursuant to Roseboro v. Garrison, 528 F.2d 309, 310 (4th Cir. 1975) advising the plaintiff of her right to respond to the defendants' motion for summary judgment. On July 18, 2005,

the plaintiff filed a response. On July 26, 2005, the defendants filed a reply. On August 4, 2005, the plaintiff filed a Reply to Defendants' Reply to Plaintiff's Reply to Defendants' Motion for Summary Judgment. This matter has been fully brief and is now ripe for judicial review.

II. Plaintiff's Contentions

The plaintiff asserts that on December 20, 2001, she went to the office of Defendant Weiford, the Pocahontas County Prosecutor, to complain that the Pocahontas County Sheriff's Department had failed to investigate the alleged theft of her beagle by Larken Dean, a cousin of Defendant Walton. The plaintiff alleges that Defendant Weiford told her he "'had no control' of the actions of the deputy, Brad Totten, whereby stating there was nothing he could do for the plaintiff relevant to the failure to act upon her civil complaint." (Complaint ¶10). The plaintiff further asserts that Defendant Weiford ordered her out of his office and shoved her "in the back repeatedly." (Complaint ¶12). According to the plaintiff, as a result of the alleged assault and battery committed by Defendant Weiford, she suffers from head, neck, and shoulder pain consistent with whiplash. (Id. at 13).

The plaintiff raises six counts in her complaint. Counts I, II, and III address alleged violations of state law for assault and battery; witness intimidation; and failure to perform the duties of prosecuting attorney.

In Count IV, the plaintiff alleges that she is bringing a claim pursuant to 42 U.S.C. §§1983, 1985 and 18 U.S.C. §241, because Defendants Weiford, Walton and Alkire "conspired to injure, oppress, threaten, intimidate, and interfere with the Plaintiff's free exercise and enjoyment of her rights and privileges under the Fourth, Fifth, and Fourteenth Amendments of the Constitution of the United States. Plaintiff alleges that the Defendants, as a matter of policy and practice and under

color of law, repeatedly denied the Plaintiff equal protection and due process of law, whereby holding the relatives of Defendant Deputy Sheriff David A. Walton as 'above the law.'" (Id. at ¶22).

In Count V, the plaintiff raises a claim of intentional infliction of emotional distress. In Count VI, the plaintiff asserts that the County Commission engaged in "gross negligent supervision" and ignored the pattern and practice of selective prosecution.

III. Discovery

Pursuant to the Court's August 5, 2004 Scheduling Order, the parties had until May 27, 2005, to complete discovery. The Court notes that very limited discovery has occurred in this case. The plaintiff responded to the Defendants' First Set of Interrogatories and Request for Production of Documents. However, the plaintiff has not been deposed. Based on the information before the Court, it appears the following has occurred regarding the defendants attempts to schedule the plaintiff's deposition. By letter dated September 21, 2004, the defendants requested that the plaintiff provide them with dates she was available for deposition, and advised the plaintiff that her deposition would occur at the Pocahontas County Courthouse. No response was received. By another letter dated September 21, 2004, defense counsel made a second request for available dates to take the plaintiff's deposition, and advised her that her deposition would be held at the Pocahontas County Courthouse.[1]

On October 8, 2004, the plaintiff spoke with defense counsel, Drew S. Woods, regarding the location of her deposition. The plaintiff advised Mr. Woods that she did not want to have her deposition taken at the Pocahontas County Courthouse because such was the site of the incidents

[1]Defense counsel stated that the second request was erroneously dated September 21, 2004, as the letter was mailed on September 29, 2004.

alleged in her complaint. Thus, defense counsel offered to conduct the deposition at either their offices in Beckley or Charleston, West Virginia. However, the plaintiff requested that her deposition be conducted in a "motel room so that she could either lie-down or relax during the proceeding." The plaintiff was advised that she would be contacted at a later date.

The plaintiff sent defense counsel a letter dated October 7, 2004, in which she made numerous allegations against various individuals including "a federal judge."[2] Along with her October 7, 2004 letter, the plaintiff sent defense counsel a letter dated May 17, 2004 which she received from Dr. Debra C. Sams, D.O. Dr. Sams stated that the plaintiff had been her patient for over five years, and suffers from "recurrent severe depression" and "recurrent severe low back problems." Dr. Sams further stated "[d]ue to the severity of her depression and back problems, the simplest work tasks take a longer period of time. As a result of this, I feel Mrs. Curry to be totally disabled." The plaintiff also sent defense counsel a copy of a letter dated May 27, 2004 which she wrote to Dr. Sams. In her letter, the plaintiff described her various symptoms.[3]

Subsequently, by letter dated October 13, 2004, defense counsel advised the plaintiff that her deposition would be conducted either at the Pocahontas County Courthouse, or their offices in Beckley or Charleston, West Virginia. Defense counsel further advised the plaintiff that her failure to provide deposition dates within 7 days of the date of the correspondence would result in their

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[2]For example, the plaintiff calls the defendants "criminals" and states that there is "a federal judge who tampers with [her] cases in favor of political and personal friends."

[3]The plaintiff indicated that she has "extremely excessive pain, alternating from down both legs to severe pain of the sciatic nerve with total involvement of the right leg (which can bear no pressure), the hydrocodone (Lorcet 10/650 tabs) is no longer effective in controlling pain. It is still effective however, on the pain which radiates down the right arm from the cervicals." The plaintiff requested that she be given oxycodone for the pain.

filing a motion to dismiss.[4] The defendants eventually requested the Court order the plaintiff to subject to the taking of her deposition at either the Pocahontas County Courthouse or the law office of Pullin, Fowler, & Flanagan, PLLC, in Beckley, West Virginia. By order entered on November 17, 2004, the Court ordered the plaintiff to attend her deposition at the Beckley Office of Pullin, Fowler, & Flanagan, PLLC and within 7 days of the entry of the Order provide defense counsel with dates of her availability for her deposition.

On December 2, 2004, the defendants filed a Motion for Default Judgment pursuant to Rule 37 of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure as a result of the plaintiff's "callous disregard to participate in discovery and obey an Order of this Court." (Doc. # 27 at 1).

By Order entered on April 1, 2005, the Court denied the defendants' motion for default judgment and ordered the plaintiff to show cause within 15 days of entry of the order why she failed to comply with the Court's November 17, 2004 Order and to provide medical evidence which documented her inability to attend her deposition at the office of defense counsel in Beckley, West Virginia.[5]

On April 14, 2005, the plaintiff filed a Motion for Extension of Time to Respond to Order to Show Cause. In her motion, the plaintiff stated that she had to " wait until April 8, 2005, to get an appointment with her physician." She also asserted that Dr. Sams is "preparing documents which are to be typed by an 'outside' clerical service for the Plaintiff to present to the Court." The plaintiff stated that she would respond to the Court's Order to Show Cause on or before April 26,

[4]Defense counsel asserts that they decided not to take the plaintiff's deposition in a motel room because there is no medical evidence which reveals her deposition must be taken in a motel room and because of "the continuous threatening behavior displayed by the plaintiff."

[5]The Court also denied the plaintiff's motion for sanctions of unethical conduct.

2005.

On April 26, 2005, the plaintiff filed a document titled Plaintiff's Response to Court Order Entered April 20, 2005, in which she stated that Dr. Sams is working on documentation for the plaintiff to submit to the Court. The plaintiff also argued that the defendants have acted unethically by failing to request her medical records.

On April 28, 2005, the plaintiff filed a document titled Plaintiff's Response to Order to Show Cause in which, among other things, the plaintiff alleged that had the defendants requested her medical records, they would have received the "just cause" as to why she had not complied with the Order of the Court. The plaintiff also attached a copy of the April 25, 2005 report of Dr. Sams and requested that her deposition be conducted at a neutral location in Marlinton, West Virginia.

Prior to the plaintiff making her filings on April 26, 2005, and April 28, 2005, on March 17, 2005, the plaintiff filed a Motion to Extend Time to Amend Pleadings and on April 4, 2005, she filed a Motion to Amend Pleadings.

By Order entered on May 10, 2005, the Court Ordered the defendants to file a response, if any, to the plaintiff's Response to Court Order Entered April 20, 2005 and Response to Order to Show Cause and plaintiff's Motion Extend Time to Amend Pleadings and Motion to Amend Pleadings.

On May 24, 2005, the defendants filed a reply to Plaintiff's Response to Order to Show Cause in which they argued that the plaintiff has failed to show cause why the deposition cannot be conducted at counsel's office in Beckley, West Virginia or the Pocahontas County Courthouse. In support of their position, the defendants stated as follows: "Dr. Sams' correspondence simply provides that the Plaintiff may be uncomfortable if required to travel to Beckley, West Virginia and

that it would be in her best interest to be deposed in Pocahontas County. Dr. Sams' correspondence makes no reference to any requirement that the Plaintiff can only be deposed lying down or in a 'geri-chair.'" (Doc. #45 at 2). The defendants also stated that the plaintiff's assertion that her physical disabilities prevent her from traveling to Beckley, West Virginia, for her deposition must be "**seriously questioned as the Plaintiff appeared for the Rule 26(f) meeting at Defense counsel's office in Beckley, West Virginia on July 7, 2004.**" (Id. at 3). The defendants further argued that Dr. Sams "provides no evidence or explanation as to any medical or psychological condition that would prevent the Plaintiff from being deposed at the Pocahontas County Courthouse"; that the defendants would "incur unneeded costs in conducting her deposition at either a 'motel room' in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, or as Dr. Sams suggests in a conference room located in Pocahontas County Hospital"; and that "[i]t is simply not the Defendant's burden to incur further costs in acquiring Plaintiff's medical records to determine if the Plaintiff's refusal to be deposed in Beckley, West Virginia is legitimate, in particular, in light of the fact that Plaintiff previously appeared at the Beckley office for the Rule 26(f) meeting." (Id. at 4-5).

The defendants requested that the Court strike the plaintiff's pleadings and enter default judgment against the plaintiff. In the alternative, the defendants requested that the Court sanction the plaintiff and award the costs and fees associated with the taking of the plaintiff's deposition to the plaintiff.

IV. Analysis

A. Motion to Amend

On April 4, 2005, the plaintiff filed a Motion to Amend her complaint to add a claim under 18 U.S.C. §1961 for RICO violations against the current defendants and 8 potential defendants.

On May 25, 2005, the defendants filed a Response to Plaintiff's Motion to Amend Pleadings wherein the defendants asserted that the plaintiff attempts to use an alleged drug trafficking ring to raise a RICO cause of action against 8 individuals and that the plaintiff's new allegations of a RICO violation "could not possibly have resulted out of the same transaction, occurrence or series of transactions or occurrences resulting from the alleged incident on December 20, 2001." (Doc. #46 at 4). The defendants further asserted that "it is preposterous to believe that the eight (8) individuals are somehow conspiring against Plaintiff to benefit any interstate or foreign commerce as they have no common connection by law or fact" and that the plaintiff's allegation of an enterprise is based on acts of vandalism and stalking directed towards her. (Id. at 5). Thus, the defendants concluded it would be complete waste of judicial economy to allow the plaintiff to amend her complaint.

Federal Rule of Civil Procedure 15(a) provides that "a party may amend the party's pleading once as a matter of course at any time before a responsive pleading is served . . . Otherwise a party may amend the party's pleading only by leave of court or by written consent of the adverse party; and leave shall be freely given when justice so requires." "In the absence of any apparent or declared reason -- such as undue delay, bad faith or dilatory motive on the part of the movant, repeated failure to cure deficiencies by amendments previously allowed, undue prejudice to the opposing party by virtue of allowance to the amendment, futility of amendment, etc. -- the leave sought should, as the rule requires, be 'freely given.'" Foman v. Davis, 371 U.S. 178, 182 (1962). See also Sandcrest Outpatient Services, P.A. v. Cumberland County Hosp. System, Inc., 853 F.2d 1139, 1148 (4th Cir. 1988). However, the court has the discretion to either grant or deny the motion to amend. Foman, 371 U.S. at 182.

The defendants answered the complaint on April 13, 2004. The petitioner wants to add

totally new claims against totally new defendants as well as the existing defendants. The RICO claims are unrelated to the allegations in the plaintiff's complaint. Thus, the plaintiff's motion to amend is DENIED.

B. Motion for Summary Judgment

On June 13, 2005, the defendants filed a Motion for Summary Judgment pursuant to Rule 56 of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure in which they argued that the plaintiff has failed to provide any evidence prior to the close of discovery on May 27, 2005; that Defendants Weiford, Alkire and Walton have qualified immunity; and the Pocahontas County Commission cannot be liable on the basis of *respondeat superior*.

The plaintiff responded by stating that the defendants' interrogatories were "idiotic"; by making allegations against the Court and defense counsel; by blaming the lack of discovery on the Court's failure to "rule on the issues pertaining to said conditions of being deposed"; and argued that the defendants do not have qualified immunity. The plaintiff requests "an immediate arrangement to be deposed, under her Doctor's reasonable conditions, on neutral territory so Defendants may not fabricate false reports regarding the Plaintiff and have her wrongfully arrested and taken away." (Doc. # 55 at 6). She further requests that she be granted IFP status so she can "initiate reasonable efforts of discovery." (Id.)

From the text of Rule 56(c) of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure, it is clear that summary judgment "shall be rendered forthwith if the pleadings, depositions, answers to interrogatories, and admissions on file, together with the affidavits, if any, show that there is no genuine issue as to any material fact and that the moving party is entitled to judgment as a matter of law." Fed. R. Civ. P. 56(c).

"When a motion for summary judgment is made . . . an adverse party may not rest upon the mere allegations or denials of the adverse party's pleading, but the adverse party's response . . . must set forth specific facts showing that there is a genuine issue for trial." Fed. R. Civ. P. 56(e).

The Supreme Court has held as follows regarding summary judgment:

> [T]he plain language of Rule 56(c) mandates the entry of summary judgment, after adequate time for discovery and upon motion, against a party who fails to make a showing sufficient to establish the existence of an element essential to that party's case, and on which that party will bear the burden of proof at trial. In such a situation, there can be "no genuine issue as to any material fact," since a complete failure of proof concerning an essential element of the nonmoving party's case necessarily renders all other facts immaterial. The moving party is "entitled to a judgment as a matter of law" because the nonmoving party has failed to make a sufficient showing on an essential element of her case with respect to which she has the burden of proof.

Celotex Corp. v. Catrett, 477 U.S. 317, 322-23 (1986).

"The burden on the moving party may be discharged by 'showing' -that is, pointing out to the district court-that there is an absence of evidence to support the non-moving parties' case." Id. at 325.

First, the Court notes that plaintiff did not timely file her response to the defendants' motion for summary judgment. By Order entered on June 14, 2005, the plaintiff was advised of her right to file a response to the defendants' motion for summary judgment within 14 days of the entry of the Order. On June 29, 2005, the plaintiff requested that she be given until July 15, 2005, to file a response because of her "indigency, lack of transportation, change in medication, and worsening of Plaintiff's radiculopathies in both arms caused by permanent disc and vertebral degeneration." By Order entered on July 5, 2005, the Court granted the plaintiff's request gave her until July 15, 2005 to file a response. However, the plaintiff did not file her response until July 18, 2005 claiming that her copier broke. Thus, technically, the defendants' motion for summary judgment is unopposed. However, pursuant to Custer v. Pan Am. Life Ins. Co., 12 F.3d 410, 416 (4th Cir.1993) where a

motion for summary judgment is unopposed, the district court must nonetheless ensure that the moving party is entitled to judgment as a matter of law. See also, Riccobene v. Scales, 19 F. Supp. 2d 577, n.1 (N.D. W.Va. 1998).

Thus, the Court has proceeded to determine whether there is a genuine issue of material fact. The Court notes that pursuant to the August 5, 2004 Order, discovery was to be completed on May 27, 2005. The plaintiff has not conducted any discovery whatsoever. "The fact that a litigant is proceeding *pro se* does not relieve [her] from [her]obligation to comply with the scheduling orders of the Court entered for the orderly conduct of litigation." Jackson v. DDD Company, 3 F. Supp. 2d 666 (D. Md. 1998). Further, the plaintiff failed to comply with the defendants' attempts to depose her, and the Court finds that the plaintiff has not shown cause for failure to comply with the defendants attempts to depose her.

The April 25, 2005 letter of Dr. Deborah C. Sams, does not indicate that the plaintiff could only be deposed lying down or in a "geri-chair," or that the plaintiff could not physically attend a deposition in Beckley. Instead, Dr. Sams states that the plaintiff "does have a history of chronic degenerative joint disease, she does have disc disease of the neck C6-C7. She also does have disc disease central mild herniation in the lower back as S1. She has chronic pain syndrome, insomnia issues. She is on multi-medications for the above as well as for severe and quite distinctive muscle spasms that she has in her low neck and back." With regard to the plaintiff's ability to travel to Beckley, Dr. Sams merely states the plaintiff would be "uncomfortable by the time she got there it would make it more difficult to answer questions because she would be dealing with acute fatigue syndrome as well as acute muscle discomfort." Dr. Sams further states that the plaintiff rarely drives herself and would have difficulty getting transportation to and from Beckley. Thus, the plaintiff has

not shown cause for failing to comply with the Court's November 17, 2004 Order.

Because the plaintiff has not developed any evidence whatsoever, there is no genuine issue material fact.[6] Specifically, in Count IV of her complaint, the plaintiff alleges that Defendants Weiford, Alkire and Walton conspired to violate her Fourth, Fifth, and Fourteenth Amendment rights and, as a matter of policy and practice, denied her equal protection and due process of law. It appears to the Court, when liberally construing the complaint as required by Haines v. Kerner, 404 U.S. 519, 520 (1972) and Gordon v. Leeke, 574 F. 2d 1147 (4th Cir. 1978), that the plaintiff is complaining that Defendant Weiford violated her constitutional rights by failing to investigate or prosecute Larken Dean. However, prosecuting attorneys are entitled to immunity when deciding whether to prosecute, even if the decision to prosecute is malicious. Imbler v. Pachtman, 424 U.S. 409, 427 (1976).

Further, prosecutors are absolutely immune for failing to independently investigate matters that are referred to them for prosecution. Van Cleave v. City of Marysville, Kansas, 185 F. Supp. 2d 1212 (D. Kan. 2002). Prosecuting attorneys are also entitled to absolute immunity for decisions not to prosecute. Roe v. City of San Francisco, 109 F.3d 578 (9th Cir. 1997); Harrington v. Almy, 977 F.2d 37 (1st Cir.1993); Wellman v. West Virginia, 637 F. Supp. 135 (S.D. W.Va. 1986). The decision whether or not to prosecute and what charges to bring rests entirely within the prosecutor's discretion. Wellman, 637 F. Supp. at 138. Consequently, Defendant Weiford has absolute immunity for his decision not to prosecute . The plaintiff has failed to submit any evidence that would defeat Defendant Weiford's immunity.

Moreover, to establish a civil conspiracy under 42 U.S.C. §1983, the plaintiff must prove that

[6]There is nothing in the record which indicates the plaintiff attempted to conduct any discovery on her behalf at all. The plaintiff blames her lack of evidence on the Court's denial of *in forma pauperis*.

the defendants acted jointly in concert and that some overt act was done in furtherance of the conspiracy which resulted in the plaintiff's deprivation of a constitutional right. Hinkle v. City of Clarksburg, WV, 81 F.3d 416 (4th Cir. 1996). The plaintiff has not produced any evidence of a conspiracy.

Additionally, the plaintiff states that in addition to bringing her conspiracy claim under §1983, she is also bringing her claim under 42 U.S.C. §1985 and 18 U.S.C. §241. First, 18 U.S.C. §241 is a criminal statute, and provides no basis for civil liability. See Moore v. Kamikawa, 940 F.Supp. 260 (D.Hawai'i 1995), aff'd 82 F.3d 423 (9th Cir. 1996). Further, in order to state a claim under §1985(3), a plaintiff must allege and prove the following four elements: "(1) a conspiracy of two or more persons, (2) who are motivated by a specific class-based, invidiously discriminatory animus to (3) deprive the plaintiff of the equal enjoyment of rights secured by the law to all, (4) and which results in injury to the plaintiff as (5) a consequence of an overt act committed by the defendants in connection with the conspiracy." Simmons v. Poe, 47 F.3d 1370, 1376 (4th Cir.1995). "Moreover, the law is well settled that to prove a section 1985 'conspiracy,' a claimant must show an agreement or a 'meeting of the minds' by defendants to violate the claimant's constitutional rights." Id. at 1377. Conclusory allegations of a conspiracy are insufficient to state a claim. Id.

Additionally, the defendants have raised the defense of qualified immunity. With regard to qualified immunity, the United States Supreme Court has provided that "government officials performing discretionary functions, generally are shielded from liability for civil damages insofar as their conduct does not violate clearly established statutory or constitutional rights of which a reasonable person would have known." Harlow v. Fitgerald, 457 U.S. 800, 818 (1982); see also Pritchett v. Alford, 973 F.2d 307, 312 (4th Cir. 1992).

The plaintiff has provided absolutely no evidence with regard to her claims in Count IV.

Thus, the defendants are entitled to summary judgment.

In Count VI, the plaintiff attempts to hold the County Commission liable on the basis of *respondent superior*. Municipal entities are absolutely immune from punitive damages, City of Newport v. Fact Concerts, 453 U.S. 247 (1981), and are not liable under the theory of *respondeat superior*. Monell v. Department of Social Services, 436 U.S. 658 (1978). However, a municipal entity may be liable for monetary, declaratory, and injunctive relief under §1983 if the execution of a municipal policy or custom was the "the moving force for the violation of constitutional rights." Id. at 694.

A policy can be made in a "policy statement, ordinance, regulations, or decision officially adopted and promulgated by the body's officers," Monell 436 U.S. at 690, by an act of a municipal official with final policymaking authority, City of St. Louis v. Praprotnik, 485 U.S. 112 (1988), or by widespread custom or practice. Monell, 436 U.S. at 691.

"[P]laintiffs seeking to impose liability on a municipality under §1983 must, therefore, adequately plead and prove the existence of an official policy or custom that is fairly attributable to the municipality and that the policy proximately caused the deprivation of their rights." Semple v. City of Moundsville, 195 F.3d 708, 712 (4th Cir. 1999), cert. denied, 528 U.S. 1189 (2000)(quoting Jordan by Jordan v. Jackson, 15 F.3d 333, 338 (4th Cir. 1994)).

The plaintiff has provided no evidence whatsoever of an official policy or custom of the County Commission regarding the issue at hand. Consequently, the defendants are entitled to summary judgment as there is absolutely no genuine issue of material fact.

With regard to the plaintiff's state law claims, Counts I, II, III and V, the defendants are

entitled to summary judgment. The plaintiff is bringing these claims pursuant to the Court's supplemental jurisdiction which allows federal courts to hear and decide state-law claims along with federal-law claims when they "are so related to claims in the action within such original jurisdiction that they form part of the same case or controversy." 28 U.S.C. § 1367(a); Wisconsin Dept. of Corrections v. Schacht, 524 U.S. 381, 387 (1998). Discretion rests with the district court to decline to exercise supplemental jurisdiction when:

> (1) the claim raises a novel or complex issue of State law,
>
> (2) the claim substantially predominates over the claim or claims over which the district court has original jurisdiction,
>
> (3) the district court has dismissed all claims over which it has original jurisdiction, or
>
> (4) in exceptional circumstances, there are other compelling reasons for declining jurisdiction.

28 U.S.C. § 1367(c).

The Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals has provided additional guidance as to when a district court should exercise jurisdiction over state law claims, stating:

> A district court may exercise its discretion over state law claims made in the case through supplemental jurisdiction pursuant to 28 U.S.C. § 1367 when there is a federal basis for jurisdiction. See Shanaghan v. Cahill, 58 F.3d 106, 109 (4th Cir.1995). The district court exercises its discretion by considering factors that include: convenience and fairness to the parties, the existence of any underlying issues of federal policy, comity, or considerations of judicial economy."

Semple v. City of Moundsville, 195 F.3d 708, 714 (4th Cir. 1999), cert. denied, 528 U.S. 1189 (2000).

Because the Court has dismissed the plaintiff's federal claims, it declines to exercise

supplemental jurisdiction over the plaintiff's state law claims.

Consequently, in light of the foregoing, it is

ORDERED that the defendants' June 13, 2005 Motion for Summary Judgment is **GRANTED**. It is further

ORDERED that the plaintiff has failed to show cause for failing to comply with the Court's November 17, 2004 Order. It is further

ORDERED that the plaintiff's March 17, 2005 motion for extension of time to amend pleadings and her April 4, 2005 Motion to Amend pleadings are **DENIED**.

It is further **ORDERED** that the defendants' request for default judgment in Document #45 is **DENIED as MOOT** in light of the order granting the defendants' summary judgment.

It is further **ORDERED** that, in light of the Order granting defendants' summary judgment, this action is **DISMISSED** and retired from the docket of the Court.

IT IS SO ORDERED.

The Clerk of Court is DIRECTED to send copies of this Order to the pro se plaintiff and all counsel of record.

ENTER: September 21st, 2005

/s/ Robert E. Maxwell
UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlin ton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1926

Let us take up some more finished business. Move your calendar back about a hundred and fifty years

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THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1926

Let us take up some more finished business. Move your calendar back about a hundred and fifty years. Something happened here then that had news value if they had only been known it at the time. Daniel Boone and Jacob Warwick had a fight at Clover Lick. After all it happened the other day and it is not too late to chronicle the event.

This is to do my bit to claim for West Virginia a large share of the of fame Daniel Boone, and as usual we have to fight for what we get.

"Seven cities warred for Homer being dead,
Who living had no roof to shroud his head."

The seven cities were Smyrna, Rhodes, Colonphon, Salamis, Ios, Argos and Athens.

Seven states contend for a share in Daniel Boone. They are Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri. It can be shown that West

Argos and Athens.

Seven states contend for a share in Daniel Boone. They are Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri. It can be shown that West Virginia treated him better than any of the other states, for it is to West Virginia that he owes his civil and military rank.

West Virginia was at one time filled with traditions of Daniel Boone. He was a hero and the subject of much conversation. His name was on the lips of the pioneers wherever they congregated.

One of the tales that impressed me most as a child was the time that Daniel Boone killed twenty Indians. I believed it then, but I doubt it now, as it seems to me that it would have been preserved in written history. It came to me this way. I was receiving instructions how to split a log to make fence rails, and the use of the big wooden wedges called gluts. These were made in the woods out of dogwood or other hard material, and if carelesslly made they would not draw and were inclined to jump out of the log by the lateral pressure. The expert said that twenty Indians surprised Daniel Boone in the woods making rails. Boone thought his time had come. He was working on a log and it had

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There is no reason to question the fact that Daniel Boone and Jacob

hawked and scalped them at his leisure. Maybe they kept it out of the papers on account of a law against killing Indians, which law was more honored in its breach than its observance.

There is no reason to question the fact that Daniel Boone and Jacob Warwick had a fight. That is well established. My father who was born two years after Jacob Warwick died, knew him well. Alright, say that he knew about it well. My father was a great-grandson of Jacob Warwick, and he could get the story from his mother or grandmother, I reckon.

Boone was a surveyor and land looker but lacked the infinite capacity for taking pains to perfect the titles to his locations. He had started to take up land on Elk River, and had sold it to Jacob Warwick and got money for it. Some time later Jacob Warwick found that he had got nothing in the way of a completed title, and being a man who was then acquiring a great fortune in lands, he brooded over his loss. Then when

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Look at any reference book you pick up, you will find in it a life of Daniel Boone, yet none of the standard works even refer to his citizenship in Kanawha county, yet that is the only residence he ever had where he was honored by election to office, or where he ever received an officer's commission. He was elected to the Virginia legislature in 1790, with his colleague, George Clendenin. In

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When Daniel Boone sought to record some of the history that he had observed, he hooked up with a school teacher named Filson, and got out a publication called "The Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boone, formerly a hunter." This was when Boone was fifty-nine years old. Owing to the fact that Boone could not spell and Filson could not write, it did not add much to the sum of human

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Daniel Boone is the beau ideal of pioneer times. He filled all the specifications in the way of height, good looks, endurance, skill, and courage. In his day they called these disciples of Ulysses the Long Hunters, owing to the fact that a few generations in the mountains had produced a race of giants, Of late years they have started to call them the Tall Men. This was suggested by the late Emerson Hough. It is said that he undertook to bring out three books on related subjects called a trilogy. The first

was The Covered Wagon, and the second was North of 36. The third was never written, his career being cut short by death. The third book was to have been called The Tall Men. This would have have referred to the pioneers of this section and the hero would have been Daniel Boone. It was an irreparable loss to us of the mountains, but it coincides with our rotton historical luck.

If I had time I would undertake it myself, but I do not seem to be able to abstain from eating long enough to write a book.

Why did men and women grow tall and beautiful when they settled in the mountains? The bible says that no man can add a cubit to his stature. Perhaps not, but there is no reason why with proper care the human cannot add half a foot or even half a cubit. It was done in the mountains. Even yet you can get a six foot company of militia together in

why with proper care the human cannot add half a foot or even half a cubit. It was done in the mountains. Even yet you can get a six foot company of militia together in any of these counties, but our foot is subsiding. See what you think of this theory? The mountaineers were the tallest people on earth because they were cornfed. Wheat was unknown in the mountains for generations. The child was raised on corn bread prepared from corn meal manufactured in a primitive manner from grain ground by stone burrs. It naturally follows that a child so fed will grow strong and tall whereas a white flour child may be stunted in its growth. Thirty years ago, cornbread was a standard article of diet in this country. There was even a kind of compact formation of great specific gravity called sweetened corn pone, first called johnny-cake. Johnny-cake is something else now. On this corn diet boys grew like live

kind of compact formation of great specific gravity called sweetened corn pone, first called johnny-cake. Johnny-cake is something else now. On this corn diet boys grew like live stock. It would be a day full of sorrow when corn was taken away from the beasts of the field. But it has happened that our precious children are deprived of this healthy food and forced to live on starch.

In the old days when the long hunters or tall men went to the lowlands and there were fed on wheat bread they almost unvariably got sick. They could not digest it. I have heard old timers talk about sick wheat many a time. When they first grew it they were afraid to eat it.

Daniel Boone's distinguishing mark was black hair and golden eyebrows, and blue eyes.

Just a few dates. Not enough to tire you. But you have got to use a few dates in history as you go along. Boone was a son of George Boone, a citizen of Berks County, Pennsylvania, the county of the city of Reading,

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few dates in history as you go along. Boone was a son of George Boone, a citizen of Berks County, Pennsylvania, the county of the city of Reading, the strongest Democratic county in the world. When a boy, the family moved to the Yadkin river country in North Caroline. He was still on the eastern waters. There he grew to manhood and married Rebecca Bryan. He was born February 11, 1735, and died September 26, 1820, aged eighty-five years. To fix the period of his activities it may be mentioned that they correspond to the life and times of Jacob Warwick who survived him eight years.

When Boone was thirty-four years old, he was taken up by a certain rich man by the name of Henderson. who had dreams of an empire beyond the mountains. He sent Boone on an exploring trip and Boone spent much time around and about where Boonesboro, Kentucky, is located, giving it a claim to the oldest settlement in Kentucky, though Harrodsburg has perhaps the better claim by about two weeks.

who had dreams of an empire beyond the mountains. He sent Boone on an exploring trip and Boone spent much time around and about where Boonesboro, Kentucky, is located, giving it a claim to the oldest settlement in Kentucky, though Harrodsburg has perhaps the better claim by about two weeks.

Henderson then got a color of title to a tract of land from the red men. This tract was about as big as the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, and Henderson dreamed of founding an empire to be known as Transylvania. He did elect one legislature of eighteen members, Daniel Boone and his brother, Squire Boone, being two of them. They held one session in 1775, but the Continental Congress was practiced upon in the usual style of honest politics and Transylvania was sunk without trace.

The first effort to colonize Kentucky was undertaken by Boone in 1773. He led a colony of settlers in that direction. There were some twenty families traveling in wagons, that were to be left when the Wilder

and his brother, Squire Boone, being two of them. They held one session in 1775, but the Continental Congress was practiced upon in the usual style of honest politics and Transylvania was sunk without trace.

The first effort to colonize Kentucky was undertaken by Boone in 1773. He led a colony of settlers in that direction. There were some twenty families traveling in wagons, that were to be left when the Wilderness Trail had been reached. They had got as far west as Powell's Valley when they encountered a war party of Indians. Powell Valley is the most western of the valleys of southwestern Virginia.

The party numbered about seventy persons. Daniel Boone sent his son James Boone in command of a squad of men to scout as flankers on one side of the march. On October 9th, 1773, this party of scouts camped a mile or so in the rear of the main camp for its protection. During the night, an Indian war party of Shawnees fired on the rear camp and killed

of men to scout as flankers on one side of the march. On October 9th, 1773, this party of scouts camped a mile or so in the rear of the main camp for its protection. During the night, an Indian war party of Shawnees fired on the rear camp and killed James Boone and five others. This was on the morning of October 10, 1773, just a year before the battle of The Point, and was the beginning of the movement that ended with the subduing the Indians in Dunmore's War. It also marked the beginning of Daniel Boone's feud with the Indians. From that time forth he was dangerous. Before then he might had killed Indians through a sense of duty. After that it was a pleasure.

Dunmore's complaint of the slaughter of the pioneers on the Western Waters always started with the Powell Valley battle. This caused this expedition to Kentucky to be given up. In Powell Valley the wagon train broke up and the settlers returned to their former

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Dunmore had come to Virginia and had announced his policy of inducing the council to open up the western waters for settlement, and this caused the land hungry people to organize surveying parties to do the work of surveying and locating so that they would be ready to take the titles without delay. They did not wait for spring. In 1774, they commenced to trail west as soon as the days began to lengthen. By June, Dunmore knew he had a war on hands, and one of the things he impressed upon Preston, the headman of Fincastle county, was to warn all those surveying parties that war was

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Ohio, (Louisville) and warn all surveying parties. These two men accomplished a journey of eight hundred miles in sixty-four days in the month of June. July, and August, 1774. In the meantime, Preston, and Andrew Lewis, and Charles Lewis had been drumming up the long hunters for the Lewisburg army.

When Boone got back, the army was already assembling at Lewisburg, and Boone reported there, and was detailed to take charge of Moore's Fort, at the mouth of Stony Creek, on Clinch River, in Scott County, Virginia. He had no commission. He was referred to in the dispatches as "Boone." The commandant of the fort next to him, Russel's was William Poage, Sergt., who was recommended for a com mission. That is the part that Boone played in Dunmore's War. He saw long and continous service. None longer but he was not at The Point, the day of the battle.

Boonesboro. That is the first year that the pioneers took their families with them. Boone stayed in Kentucky for eleven years, and he was an active and important member of that community, and he killed and scalped the Indians. He was captured. He fought two battles with the Indians at Blue Licks, and lost another son in battle with the Indians. He was a friend and contemporary of George Rogers Clark, of Albemarle County, Virginia. Those two heroes of Kentucky, were simply ruined by peace. After the war, they became as nothing to their companions, and the ruling forces. Clark was an outcast and a drunkard, and shunned by all. Boone was sober, upright, and popular, but because he had not complied with all the red tape in regard to location of land and proving his claim, he was dispossessed and retired from Kentucky in dis-

was an outcast and a drunkard, and shunned by all. Boone was sober, upright, and popular, but because he had not complied with all the red tape in regard to location of land and proving his claim, he was dispossessed and retired from Kentucky in disgust. He could overcome the red Indian, but red tape he could not understand

Then it was that he moved to Kanawha county, West Virginia, and settled at the mouth of Crooked Creek, on the Great Kanawha, on the battlefield. He and his wife acknowledged a deed at Point Pleasant in Greenbrier County, in 1786, for land in Kentucky, and that is best evidence of the date when Daniel Boone was driven out of the ungrateful state of Kentucky.

We then find the Boone family back on the West Virginia side of the Ohio river, having parted with Kentucky forever. There must have been some grievance against that state. Such as might have followed

battlefield. He and his wife acknowledged a deed at Point Pleasant in Greenbrier County, in 1786, for land in Kentucky, and that is best evidence of the date when Daniel Boone was driven out of the ungrateful state of Kentucky.

We then find the Boone family back on the West Virginia side of the Ohio river, having parted with Kentucky forever. There must have been some grievance against that state. Such as might have followed the loss of his land.

When he got back. Kanawha had growing pains. It was ready for countyhood, taking in nearly all of the territory south of the Midland Trail and a lot north of it. Of course it was a backward settlement. The people of Point Pleasant, St. Albans, and Charleston, were not

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stylish like the people of Hunters-ville, Hillsboro, Frankford, Lewis-burg, and Union, in that day and time, however much dog they put on now. Boone was one of three most active men in the formation of that county. This is sufficiently proven by the fact that he was made lieutenant colonel of the county. Samuel Lewis was colonel, and George Clendenin and Andrew Don-nelly, members of the legislature. Boone was not a toiler. He could survey if you ever got him started and keep him at it. We know that he could not spell, but we know he was a man of a large vocabulary and was probably an orator. But here is something that tells me that he was a clever person and one that might conceive the idea of a new county and carry it out. One day when it was open season for Indians in Ken tucky he went out hunting and only killed two. But as he hung their scalps up to dry he remarked: Today

conceive the idea of a new county and carry it out. One day when it was open season for Indians in Kentucky he went out hunting and only killed two. But as he hung their scalps up to dry he remarked: Today I have been to Lulbegrud and killed two Brobdignags in their capital.

A man that could make that grim play on the words of Dean Swift, was a man of quality, condition, and character. The place where Boone got the brace of Shawnees is called Lulbegrue Creek, somewhere in the dark and bloody ground.

It is remarkable that the ten years or such a matter that Boone spent in Kanawha county could be so universally ignored by historians. The more I see of historians the more I am convinced that they are slow on the uptake. Boone's fifties were passed in Kahawha county, and the county of Kanawha is the proudest monument that he has today. He trailed to Missouri about the year 1795, where he lived for the remaining twenty-five years of his life. But his son or sons continued to reside here, and nearly all of the Boones

monument that he has today. He trailed to Missouri about the year 1795, where he lived for the remaining twenty-five years of his life. But his son or sons continued to reside here, and nearly all of the Boones yet qualify for the Society of Tall Men.

It seems to me that Boone during those years went on the good old rule not to allow business to interfere with hunting, trapping, and fishing.

Here is a specimen day that is well authenticated. Patrick Huddleston at the close of the Revolution lived at the Long Shoal below the Kanawha Falls. One evening a stranger walked in carrying a rifle and a pack. Huddleston was his friend but his boys had never seen him. The boys were delighted to know that this was the famous Daniel Boone. The next morning at day break when the family awoke Boone was not there but his pack was. After a while he came in and explained that it was his custom to look for game at

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It may be that Boone was that rare bird—a sensible man who took time to live.

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about a hundred and fifty years. Something happened here then that had news value if they had only been known it at the time. Daniel Boone and Jacob Warwick had a fight at Clover Lick. After all it happened the other day and it is not too late to chronicle the event.

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died some years ago, he was verging ninety years. He and his faithful wife sleep in the family burial ground near their last home on earth, the scene of much of their life's toils and mutual joys and sorrows.

DANIEL KERR.

Acknowledgements are due Samuel Sutton and Mrs Harvey Curry, near Dunmore, for the following items that may rescue from oblivion the memory of a very worthy and useful pioneer of upper Pocahontas. This was Daniel Kerr, who located soon after the Revolution on the upper end of the immense estate now owned by Uriah Hevener.

It seems very probable he came from Rockbridge County. He established a mill, saw mill, and blacksmith shop on the Little Back Creek branch of Deer Creek, and his place became a centre of industry for a wide region.

He was married twice. The first wife was a Miss Kirkpatrick, of Anthonys Creek. Their children were Robert, John, William, Thomas, and James. Daniel Kerr's second wife was a Miss McKamie, of Rockbridge, a very sprightly and attractive person. Her children were David, Daniel, Nancy, Betsy and Mary.

He was a sincerely pious person, and the close of his life was very touching. He had assemnled his family for domestic worship. Upon finishing the Scripture lesson he kneeled for prayer, and for a long interval he was silent. Upon going to him in that

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position he was found to be speechless and helpless. Much of the time after this he appeared to take very little notice of what was going on, and seemed unable to recognize friends. One day there was a gleam of intelligence and he uttered these words: "Farewell to all," and then lapsed into silence, and not long thereafter died so gently he had been dead some minutes before the fact was realized.

Andy Hughes now lives on or near the site of the old Kerr home. Daniel's son, Robert Kerr, settled on a part of the old place, and finally moved west. John Kerr went to Augusta County, and lived there, and then moved to Missouri. William Kerr married a Miss Gillespie, and settled the place now occupied by Asbury Sheets. His family was composed of three sons and two daughters. These sons, Jacob, George, and Andrew now live in the vicinity of the old home place. Mary Ann, one of these daughters, married Henry Sheets. The other daughter, Rachel, married a Mr Armstrong, in Highland County.

Thomas Kerr, another son of the pioneer, married a Miss Foglesong, of Greenbrier, and settled where James Kerr now resides, near the road to the top of Alleghany. His family consisted of three sons and two daughters. The sons are Robert, George, and James. The daughters are Mrs Phœbe Phillips and Mrs Mary Wooddell. Robert has been quite a traveller over most of the western States and territories, and now owns valuable lands in upper Pocahontas.

Lieutenant Robert D. Kerr, a son of James Kerr, graduated with distinction from West Point, in 1898,

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being assigned to the engineer branch of the service. He was ordered to the Philippines, and died on board a troop ship, in August, 1898, and was buried in the Pacific Ocean.

Mary Kerr, of the pioneer family, became Mrs Warwick Wolfenberger. Her brother, James Kerr, lived in Greenbrier, not far from Lewisburg.

David W. Kerr, one of the younger members of Daniel Kerr's family, lived for years near Greenbank, and was a person of high reputation. He was a carpenter by trade, yet by diligent self improvement he rose to be a person of prominence as a member of the county court, Colonel of the Militia, ruling Elder in the church, faithful teacher in Sabbath schools, and leader in prayer meetings. His daughter Maggie became the wife of Rev J. C. Carson, a well known minister in West Virginia and Tennessee. Adolphus Kerr, M. D., of Millboro Depot, is his son, and his brother and mother reside there also.

Colonel Kerr's wife was Eliza Whitman, daughter of William Whitman, on Anthonys Creek. Mr Whitman was a native of Orange County, Goshen Township, New York. He was a remarkable person, and his influence was for good wherever he lived.

The blessing called down by the good old pioneer abide with his descendants to the third and fourih generation. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to those who remember his commandments to do them."

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get ready for bed. At this suggestion Mr Hannah arose and in a very soft solemn tone repeated and then sang a hymn. He then knelt in prayer and poured out his full heart in humble, trusting prayer, in the tone and manner of a loving child to a kind and more loving father. The memory of that prayer, heard fifty years ago, imparts a pleasant glow to my feelings while writing these memorial sentences.

DANIEL McCOLLAM.

One of the oldest families in our county is that of the McCollam relationship. While it is not certain, yet there is good reason to believe that the pioneer ancestor was named Dan. McCollam. From some interesting correspondence had by James McCollam's family with a lady in New Hampshire there is no reason to question that he was of Scotch-Irish descent, and the son of a physician a graduate of the University of of Edinburg, and lived in New Jersey. The name of the pioneer's wife cannot be recalled.

Mr McCollam, the ancestor, came from New Jersey in 1770, or thereabouts, and settled on Brown's Mountain near Driscol, which is yet known as the "McCollam Place," now in the possession of Amos Barlow, Esq. His children were Jacob, Daniel, William, Rebecca, Mary, and Sarah.

Jacob McCollam first settled on the "Jake Place," a mile or so west of Huntersville on the road to Marlinton; thence he went to Illinois, and was killed by a falling tree.

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Daniel McCollam married Anna Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, the Frost pioneer, and settled first on the Bridger Place near Verdant Valley, thence to the Marony Place near Buckeye, and finally settled in Noble County, Missouri. Two of his daughters remained in Pocahontas, Mary (Polly) who became Mrs John Buckley. Her son was the Rev Joshua Buckley, a venerable and greatly respected citizen of Buckeye who died April 23, 1901, at the advanced age of 92 years. The other daughter, Jane McCollam, was married to the late Joseph Friel and lived on the Greenbrier about five miles above Marlinton, where some of her family yet reside. Rachel and Nancy went with their father to Missouri. Rachel became Mrs Van Tassell and Nancy became Mrs Brown. Daniel McCollam set out to visit his former home, and while coming up the Ohio he was exposed to the small-pox. He at once went back and died of the disease in his western home.

Rebecca McCollom was married to the late Robert Moore, Senior, of Edray. Isaac Moore, Esq., Robert Moore, Junior, and Jane Moore, the wife of the late Andrew Duffield, near West Union, were her children.

Sarah McCollam was married to John Sharp, and lived on the place occupied by J. Wesley Irvine, near Verdant Valley, who is her grandson. Ellen, who became Mrs Amaziah Irvine; Mary, who became Mrs Josiah Friel; Rebecca, who was Mrs John R. Duffield; and Nancy, who was Mrs Willlam Irvine, were her daughters.

Mary McCollam was married to Thomas Brock and

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lived on the "Duffield Place," now held by Newton Duffield. Her children were Daniel Brock, who married a Miss McClung, of Nicholas County; William Brock, Robert Brock, and Margaret, wife of the late William Duffield, near the Warwick Spring.

William McCollam married Sally Drinnan, daughter of Lawrence Drinnan, whose home was on Greenbrier River, on the upper part of Levi Gay's farm, very near the bank of the stream. It is to be remembered as the place where James Baker, one of the first school teachers, was slain by an Indian warrior about 1786. Soon after his marriage he settled near the summit of Buck's Mountain, about 1798, perhaps three hundred yards of the residence now occupied by his son, James McCollam, Esq. Traces of the old home are yet visible. His family consisted of five sons and six daughters. John, Lawrence, William, Isaac, James, Sarah, Susan, Nancy, Matilda, Rebecca, and Ruth.

John McCollam went to Lincoln County, Tennessee, where one of his descendants became an eminent Baptist minister.

Lawrence McCollam died in 1861.

William McCollam died in youth.

Isaac McCollam married Margaret Thomas, daughter of John Thomas, and settled in Randolph County. Fletcher McCollam, near the head of Stony Creek, is a son of Isaac.

James McCollam first married Anna Jane McCoy and settled on Buck's Mountain near the old homestead. George W. McCollam, a well known citizen, is his son. His second wife was Miss Mary Anna

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Overholt.

Sarah McCollam, daughter of William McCollam, became Mrs Absalom McCollam and lived on Hill's Creek. The late William Morrison, at Buckeys, was her son.

Susan was married to the late James Kellison, on Brier Knob, head of Hill's Creek. Daniel Kellison, Esq., at Mingo Flats, Randolph County, is her son.

The daughters, Nancy, Matilda, and Rebecca were never married. They lived to be elderly persons, and were esteemed for their good character, industry and lady-like deportment, and made themselves very useful in many ways. All of them were so kind and skilful in waiting on their sick neighbors.

Ruth McCollam was married to William Kee, Esq., near Marlinton.

Thus far it has been placed in our power to illustrate the family history of these worthy people.

William McCollam was one of the original members of the Stony Creek M. E. Church, and while he lived was prominent in meetings and the official proceedings. Upon one occasion while the parents were absent attending meeting or visiting the sick, the house caught fire and was consumed with the most of its contents. At the time of the burning, John, the eldest son, was about eight years old; Lawrence was about two. In the confusion the baby boy seems to have been forgotten, and when John asked where the baby was he was told by one of the little girls that he was in the cradle asleep. John pressed his way through the smoke and heat at the risk of his life, and brought

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his brother out alive, but in doing so both were so badly burned as to have scars upon their persons long as they lived.

This man toiled on however; rebuilt his home, opened more land, and in the meanwhile eleven children had gathered around his table. At the time when his care and presence seemed most needed, it seemed good to the God he loved to call him away from a responsibility so important. The sugar season had just opened —the morning was such as to indicate a heavy run, and much wood were needed to keep the kettles boiling fast enough. On the 4th of March, 1818, he had morning prayer, sang a hymn of praise to Him that watches the sparrow when it falls, and went forth cheerfully to his work. A large red oak tree suited to his purpose was selected, which soon bowed and fell beneath his stalwart strokes, but somehow a limb from another tree in its rebound smote him with such furious force that he never seemed to conscious of what had happened. This occurred about a mile from home, near where James Hannah lives.

Though all this was sudden, there has never been a misgiving about the certainty of his having found rest from his honest toils and efforts to meet his duties, the rest that remains for the people of God. He had learned from his Scotch ancestry to sing:

"The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfill their best desire,
From sin and sorrow set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee."

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SLATY FORK SCHOOL

Slaty Fork, West Virginia

Presented By

EMMA S. HOWARD,

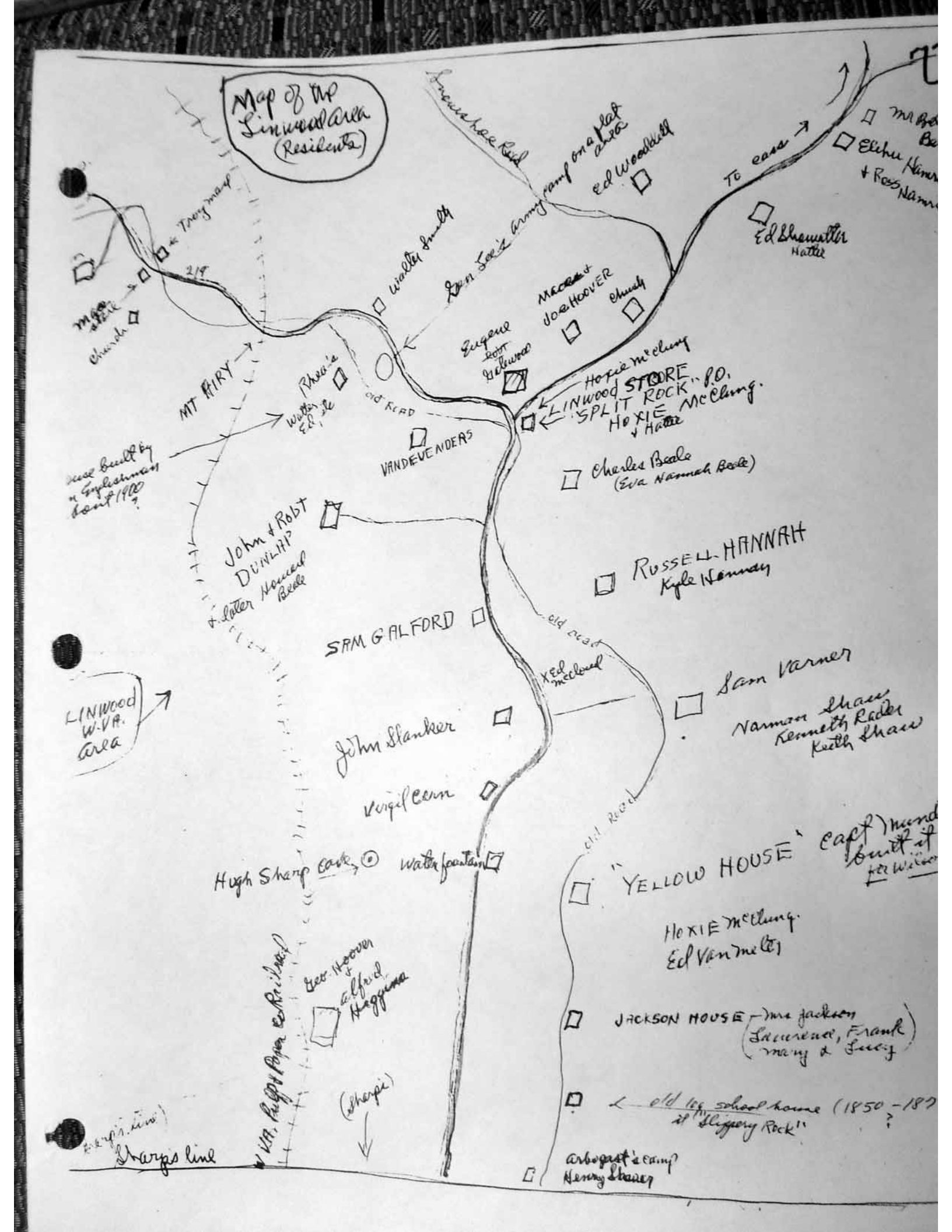
Teacher

March 20, 1908

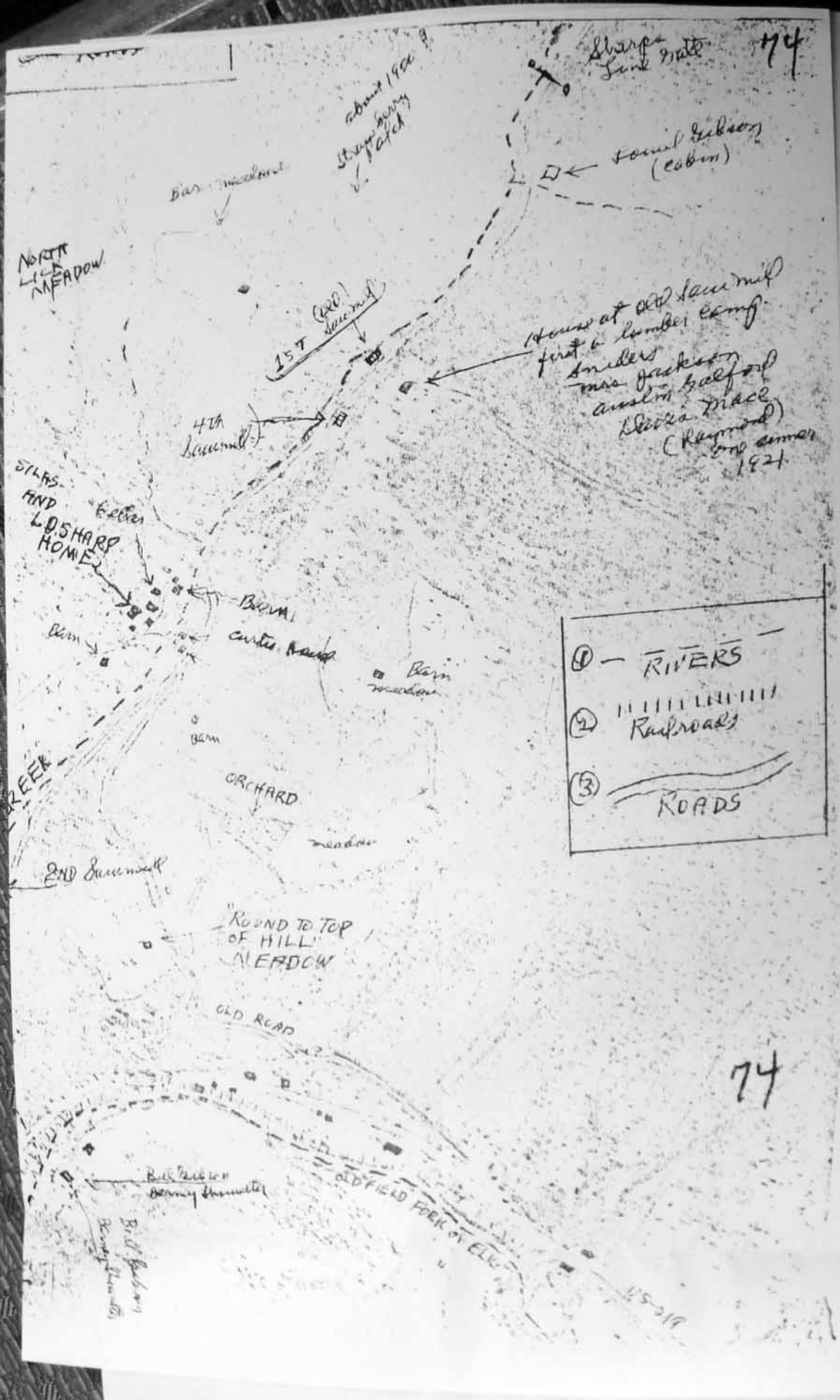
Trustees

F. T. Sharp L. D. Sharp

S. D. Hannah


Map of the Linwood area (Residents)
Sneuse Hare Rd
Ed Woodell
To east
Elihu Hamer
Ed Shewalter
Hatter
Wallace Smith
Ben Lee's army camp on a flat area
Mac & Joe Hoover
Church
Eugene Lott Gallwood
Hoxie McClung
LINWOOD STORE, P.O.
SPLIT ROCK
HOXIE McClung.
Hatter
MT AIRY
Rhea's
Walter
Ed
old road
VANDEVENDERS
house built by an Englishman about 1900 ?
Charles Beale
(Eva Hannah Beale)
John & Robt DUNLAP
& later Howard Beale
RUSSELL-HANNAH
Kyle Hannah
SAM GALFORD
old road
Ed McCloud
Sam Varner
Varnon Shaw
Kenneth Rader
Keith Shaw
LINWood W.VA. area
John Slanker
Virgil Cern
Hugh Sharp farm
water fountain
"YELLOW HOUSE"
HOXIE McClung
Ed Vanmeter
JACKSON HOUSE
Mrs Jackson
Lawrence, Frank
Mary & Lucy
old log school house (1850 - 187
at "Slippery Rock"
Geo. Hoover
& Alfred Haggans
(Sharps)
Sharps line
arbogast's camp?
Henry Shaver

Map of Slatyfork area & residents 1900's - 1900's


74
Sharps Lime Kiln
about 1950 Stumpy Ford
Bar meadow
Found Gibson (cabin)
NORTH LICK MEADOW
1st (old) Sawmill
House at old Sawmill first a lumber camp
Sneiders
Mrs Jackson
Austin Bedford
Eliza Mace (Raymond)
one winter 1924
4th Sawmill
STARS AND L.D.S HARP HOME
Barn
Barn
Barn meadow
Barn
CREEK
ORCHARD
meadow
2ND Sawmill
"ROUND TO TOP OF HILL" MEADOW
OLD ROAD
OLDFIELD FORK OF ELK
Bill Parsons
Barney Hunnicutt
Bill Parsons
Barney Hunnicutt
US-219
(1) — RIVERS
(2) Railroads
(3) ROADS
74

Post Office Department
BUREAU OF ACCOUNTS
Washington 25, D. C.

76

OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER

February 27, 1953

Mr. L. D. Sharp,

Slatyfork, West Virginia.

Dear Mr. Sharp:

This has reference to your letter of February 16, 1953, to the Postmaster General, regarding your eligibility for an annuity based upon your service as postmaster.

The records of the Department show that you were appointed postmaster at the fourth class post office in Slatyfork, West Virginia May 15, 1901 and resigned August 28, 1916.

Public Law 215, approved May 22, 1920, was the original United States Civil Service Retirement Act under which Federal Government employees were first accorded annuities based on such service. However, Section 1 of the Act required that an employee to be entitled to any annuity must have been actively in the service on August 20, 1920. In view of this information it appears that you were not eligible for any retirement rights when the first retirement law became effective.

Since the passage of the organic Retirement Act of May 22, 1920 there have been many amendments made thereto by acts of Congress but none have been retroactive to include cases where employees left the service prior to August 20, 1920 as in your case.

Sincerely yours,

J. W. Askew,
Comptroller.

John B. Floyd, Esquire, Governor of Virginia Deed to Adison Moore and George Beal June 22, 1848 July 31, 1849 Book 102, Page 16 Richmond Pocahontas Co.?

John B. Floyd, Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia:
To all to whom thes presents shall come---GREETING: Know ye, that in conformity with a Survey, made on the 22nd day of June, one thousand eight hundred and forty eight by virtue of Land Office Treasury Warrant No. 12,846, there is granted by said Commonwealth, unto Adison Moore and George Beal a certain Tract or Parcel of Land containing Seven hundred and twenty six acres lying and being in the County of Pocahontas, on both sides of Elk River, adjoining the land of William Sharp and a survey known by the name of the Pennell & Sherwood survey and bounded as follows, Viz-- Beginning at a spruce pine and beech on the East bank of the Old Field Fork of Said River, twelve poles above the mouth of Slatyfork on said Sharp's line and with the same so as to include any of said Sharp's land N 23 W 750 poles crossing Slatyfork at 12 poles and the Big Spring at 160 poles and Elk River at 378 poles to 3 sugar trees on the point of the Bearpen Ridge near the main top; thence leaving the "Pennell & Sherwood" survey S 60 W 60 poles to a yew pine & beech in a flat near Bearpen & N 80 W 40 poles to a maple & yew pine South 40 poles to a sugar tree and beech in a flat S 55 W 80 poles to 2 beeches S 25 E 352 poles crossing the ~~XIII~~ Middle run below a waterfall to a sugar tree on top of ridge S14 W 66 poles to a sugar tree and beech corner to David and John Hannah's survey of 500 Acres & with the same S 40 E 124 poles to a pine & indianwood S 80 E 128 poles to 2 beeches S 40 E 154 poles to a beech & sugar tree, leaving said line N 70 E 57 poles crossing the old Field Fork of Elk to the beginning, with its appurtenances.

To HAVE AND To HOLD the said Tract or Parcel of Land with its appurtenaenes, to the said Adison Moore and George Beal and their heirs forever

In Witness Whereof, The said John B. Floyd, Esquire,
Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia hath hereunto set his hand and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed at Richmond, on the thirty first day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty nine, and of the Commonwealth the seventy fourth.

(Signed) John B. Floyd

(Wax Seal attached here)

Note: Underlined words are printed by a press on the document.

Ivan Sharp got Uncle Hugh Sharp's old Deeds etc. This was among those papers. This deed does cover land on Gauley Mt. Wm Sharp bought Hamon Sharp land on the Gauley side of Elk at Slatyfork. Ella Sharp Gibson retained mineral rights on Gauley Mt., so she must have owned some land there at one time. The waterfalls mentioned must be the one near mouth of Slatyfork. (or remotely the one on Buck Hollow--up Slatyfork)
Why does this Deed say "include any of said Sharp's land"?
Ramona Sharp Shipley has the original Deed in her possession. (Parkersburg, W. Va.

Hugh Sharp and Capt. Nimrod(?) G. Munday(Mundy) received 105,000 A acres from Benjamin Rich, October 1875

87

Whereas, Benjamine Rich and Thortitos (?) Courow (?) who were joint owners of the James (?) Welch survey of one hundred and five thousand acres of land situated on the head waters of Elk and Gauley Rivers in Webster and Pocahontas counties in the State of West Virginia did on x the day of October 1875 enter into an agreement in writing with Nimrod(?) G. Mundy and Hugh Sharp of the State of West aforesaid ly which agreement the said Mundy and Sharp were to take possession of the said tract of land; and whereas the said Mundy and Sharp did take possession of said tract of land and did build a house on the same and the same Munday and Sharp now have possession of said land; and whereas the said agreement under which they entered into said land has been lost ar mislaid. Now this paper writing is made for the purpose of recognizing and (?) ←(cosetie ?) using said agreement and the tenanancy of the said Munday and Sharp and(?) continueing said tenancy.

Witness our hands and seals the 27th day of October 1887

Benjamin Rich (SEAL)
N. G. Mundy (SEAL)
H. C. Sharp (SEAL)

Executed in duplicate

This was some sort of a deed or attempt to get a deed for land maybe supposed to be recorded (but wasn't)?) in the court house. (Some records were lost during the Civil War when records were hid in haystacks etc to prevent the Yankees(?) from taking or burning them. (One record book was lost then)
Or this may have been an attempt to claim the land by "Squatter's Rights"---?

81
LDS#2

Now Mr. Sharp, there is just one thought that I wish to give you and that is that the stockholders of this Fair Company are just a little different from the Fair itself. In other words, the stockholders give to the people of Pocahontas a fair ground on which to hold their fair and in return they should and will get a reasonable return on the money invested. The fair itself is a public spirited proposition but the fair ground is a business proposition, although, of course, the investment is prompted to a very great extent by public spiritedness. (In other words, the first item on the fair company's expense account is the dividends to the stockholders and then the other expenses connected with the fair before the premium lis is considered, so that the stockholders can rest assured that they will ge their dividend.) Of course, all the property, buildings and everything con nected with the fair belongs to the stockholders, but it is just the way w have of handling this proposition to make it a success financially. When any one donates service to the fair, they should not feel that they are do nating anything to the stockholders but they are simply helping the fair. feel sure you will catch my idea and that it is of great assitance in sell stock, and the only way that we could handle the matter successfully in my opinion. In other words, we are to treat it as one separate and distinct proposition. Of course, anything more than the 6% dividend that the fair would make in any one year will be paid the stockholders, but the idea in mind is that we are going to pay them a 6% dividend as our insurance that we take out insures the payment of the dividend even though it rains every day of the fair.)

We have the following old subscribers from your district who have not paid up as yet:

(S.B. Wallace's Letter to L.L. Sharp)

[redacted]	5 shares
[redacted]	10 "
[redacted]	2 "
[redacted]	2 "
[redacted]	2 "
[redacted]	1 "
[redacted]	5 "
[redacted]	1 "

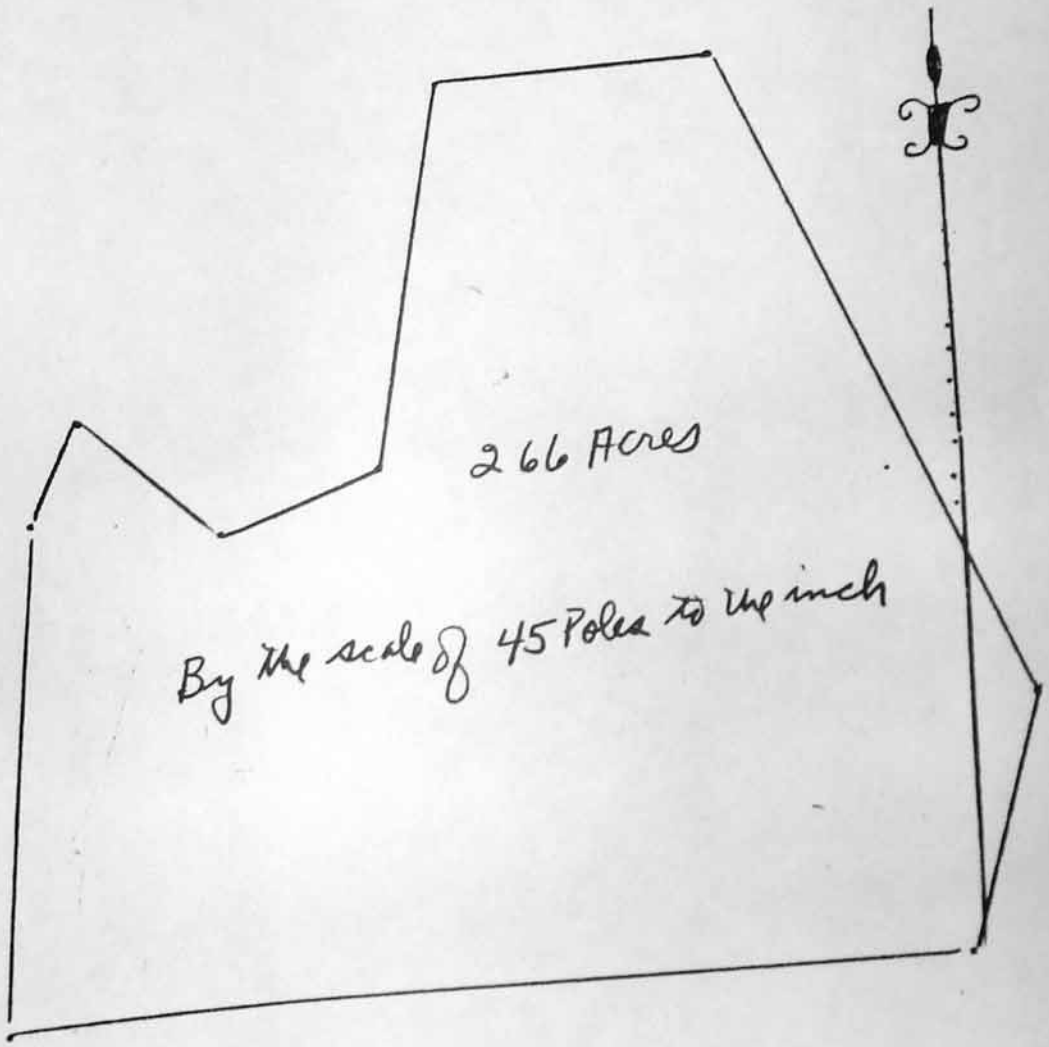
Now it seems that there must be some cause [illegible]

David & John Hannah Deed to Clunen ? 266 acres

(Courses?) of land sold by David & John Hannah to atty containing 266 acres on the water of the middle run being part of a survey of 450 acres bounded as follows (Tourt)

Beginning at a sugar tree and beech corner to 720 acres pattented to George Beel and Adison Moore and with there line N 14 E 68 poles to a Sugar tree & spruce pine on a ridge N 25 W 180 poles crossing the middle run to yew pine doble ironwood & sugar tree on a steep hillside thence leaving said line S 85 W 70 poles to 2 yew pines and Chestnut by a drain S 11 W 100 poles to a beech & birch S 68 W 49 poles to a yew pine sugar tre & lynn N 52 W 46 poles to an ash sugartree & yew pine S 27 W 28 poles to 2 yew pines near a large ledge of rocks S 5 W 130 poles to 2 ~~yew pines x x x x x x~~ maples & spruce pine N 86 E 246 poles to the beginning which is the division line

signed S. H. Clark



Thomas Wood's Deed to Wm Sharp Jan. 11, 1843 Book 3, Page 514 82

Deed from Thomas Wood and wife to Wm Sharp bearing date 11th day of January, 1843 for one undivided half of Lot No. 8 known as a survey made by Stephen Sherwood in the year 1786 - on which a patent issued in the year 1787 in the name of Joseph Pennell (the half of the lot aforesaid) conveyed by Wood to Sharp contains 2500 acres, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at 2 sugars on top of the mountain on a line dividing Lots No. 7 & 8. Then with the said line S 33½ W 526 poles to a birch on a rocky ridge, thence N 27 W 105¼ poles to a Beech & Spruce on Gauley Mountain, Thence N. 14 E. 480 poles crossing Elk River to a beech and cucumber in a small bottom near the river. S 36 E 1200 poles to the beginning. ---

Abstract taken from Deed of Record in Clerks office of County Court of Pocahontas in Deed Book No 3 Page ~~5th~~ 514.

Teste

Wm Curry clerk

This abstract taken from Deed Book #3 Page 514

Ramona Shipley has the original abstract of Deed
Reference made to Deed Book #3, Page 514

Which William Sharp is this ??

Wm. II (1772-1860) lived and burried near Fairview. He may have bought it for Wm III---?? (age 71 when deed written)

Wm. III 1815-1888) lived at Slatyfork and buried in Sharp cemetery.
---age 28 when Deed made.

By checking the Court House records, one might get a clue, since this is only an Abstract of the Deed.

See deed 1860 - Wm II To Wm III

Report on Lot #8. -- a Correction? Lot 7 & 8 July 19, 1854 87

Copy from surveyor's report made 19th July 1854: by S. H. Clark, of Lot No. 8---- Begin at a cucumber S 37½ E crossing Elk at XX 150 poles in all 1490 poles to a sugar tree in place of a stake called for in pat. of Lot No. 8 & No. 7 (?) (sva 1/3 102 poles longer S(?) (S35,?X) W crossing big spring at 300 Slatyfork 650 in 1160 to a pine & two birches on west brow of mountain ½° variation & 88 longer, thence X N 33 W 370 no cor (corner?) found hickory called for. 1° variation N 2 W crossing slatyfork at 276 big spring at 380 crossing slatefork at 276, big spring at 380 , crossing(elk (?)) at 1288 XXI (?) in all 1754 to big -(beginning . (?)

Ramond Shipley has the original copy of this.

A reference to Lots No 7 & 8 is in Thomas Woods Deed to Wm Sharp 1843

A reference to Lot # 8 is in Deed of Wm Sharp to Wm Sharp, Jr. 1860
(but this (1860) is after the above "report"

89 Wm. Sharp, Sr. (II) Deed to Wm. Sharp, Jr. (III) 11-2-1860. 2020 Acres. 88

This deed of conveyance made this 2nd day of Nov. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty between William Sharp Sr, of the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia of the first part and William Sharp, Jr. of the County and State aforesaid of the second part, witneseth that the said William Sharp Sr. of the first part in consideration of the natural love and affection he bears toward his son Wm. Sharp, Jr. and for the further consideration of the sum of five dollars to him in hand paid by the said Wm Sharp, Jr. before the ensealing and delivery of these presents the receipt thereof is hereby acknowledged by the said William Sharp, Sr. hath given, granted and conveyed and by these presents doth give grant and convey unto his son Wm. Sharp, a certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in the county of Pocahontas and State of Virginia on the waters of Elk River and containing 2020 acres being part of a lot of 2951 acres known as half of Lot No. 8 of the Pennell Survey formerly conveyed to Wm Sharp by Thomas Wood and wife and bounded as follows to wit: Beginning at three beenhes near a low place in Middle Mountain on the line dividing Lot No 8 Thence S. 82½ W. 105 poles to a Sugar and Beech on the brow of the mountain. Thence S 42 W. 22 poles to two sugar trees on the brow of the mountain Thence S 20 W. 66 poles to two beeches and Sugar tree by a drain, Thence 46 W. 76 (46 W 76 W 21 POLES) W 21 poles to two sugar trees & beech, Thence S 76½ W 76 poles to two beeches and cubumber, Thence S 20 W. 52 poles to a beech and two white lynns on the side of the mountain, Thence S 71 W. 40 poles to a cucumber and beech, Thence S 24½ E. 201 poles to two ashes and two maples on the top of a ridge, Thence S 34 W. 103 poles to two beeches and sugar tree on the back line of the original survey. Thence with the same S 27 E. 785 poles to a brich on a rocky ridge, thence N 33½ E 526 poles to two sugar trees on the top of the mountain. Beginning corner of the original survey, Thence N 36 W. 670 poles to the beginning.

To have and to Hold the same two thousand and twenty acres of Land together with all and singular the premises and appurtenances (&c) unto the Said William Sharp, Jr., his Heirs and assigns forever To and for the only use and behoof of him the said William Sharp Jr, his Heirs and assigns in all Time to come.

In Witness whereof the said William Sharp Sen,,(Sr?) hath hereto set his hand and (Seal) the day and year first above written.

Signed, sealed and acknowledged
In presence of

William Sharp (SEAL) signed

Pocahontas County to Wit:

I, William Baxter, a Justice of the Peace for the County aforesaid in the state of Virginia do certify that William Sharp Sr. whose name is signed to the writing above bearing date on the 2nd day of November 1860 has acknowledged the same before me in my County aforesaid, given under my hand this 2nd day of Nov. 1860

William Baxter, J. P.

Clerks Office of the County Court of Pocahontas 6th November 1860

This deed from William Sharp, Sen. to William Sharp, Jr. was presented in the Clerk's office and the certificate of the execution and acknowledgement being legally certified, the same is admitted to record.

Teste: Wm Curry , Clerk

In Deed Book # 8 Page 121

89

Hugh Sharp Deed to Sarah E. Sharp, 3-25-1885 Deed Book 17, Page 75.

89

This Deed made this 25th day of March 1885 between Hugh C. Sharp of the first part and Sarah E. Sharp of the second part all of the County of Pocahontas And State of West Virginia. Witnesseth, That for and in consideration of one dollar paid to him by the said Sarah E. Sharp the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged the said Hugh C. Sharp does grant, bargain and convey to the said Sarah E. Sharp with general warranty all his right and title and interest in a certain tract of land (except one hundred and fifty acres adjoining the lands of S. L. Gibson and James Gibson in the southern corner of the said tract) and lying on Elk River adjoining the lands of John Hannah, James Gibson, and others and bounded as follows, Viz: Beginning at a red oake beach and sugar tree below the mouth of Slate fork and by the creek on Jacob Sharp's line and with the same N 35 E 75 poles to 2 ashes and 2 maples on a ridge, thence leaving said line North 79½ E 28 poles to a yew pine and two beeches on a ridge and on a clift of rocks S 71 E 74 ps to 3 beeches on a ridge and opposite the Sharp School house S80 E 295 poles to 2 linns and 2 beeches on the side of Slate Fork Mountain S 18 E 44 poles to 2 beeches near the brow of the mountain S 79 E 76 poles to 3 beeches S 56 E 28 poles to 2 beeches S 67 E 92 poles to 2 sugars cor to the original tract of which this is a prt and with same (or sane)? S 33½ W 650 poles to a spruce pine and 2 birches on the side of the Mt, N 27 W 524 poles to a sugar and beech by the pike. Thence leaving said line N 34½ E 29 to a stake N 10½ E 10 poles to a cherry by the road, Thence N 13½ W 63 poles to 3 beeches by the creek N 3½ W 23 poles to a beech and 2 spruces near the bank of the creek N 47 W 40 poles down said creek and through a mill dam to the beginning corner, and containing twelve hundred acres of land, more or less, and being a part of a tract of 2020 acres conveyed by Deed from Wm Sharp to the said Hugh C. Sharp. Witnesseth, the following signatures and seal this the 25th day of March 1885

Hugh C X Sharp (Seal)
his mark

Teste Wm B. Hannah, Jr.
Samuel (W?)(M ?) Gibson

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County ---To wit.
I, a justice of the said county and district of Edray do certify that Hugh C. Sharp whose name is signed to the above writing bearing date 25th day of March 1885 hath this day acknowledged the same before me in my said County. Given under my hand this the 26th day of March 1885

Henry N. Hannah, J. P.
(?)

Pocahontas County Court Clerk's Office, June 15, 1885.
This deed from Hugh C. Sharp to Sarah E. Sharp was presented in this office, and thereupon toghether with the certificate thereto annexed is admitted to record.

Teste John J. Beard, Clk

(paid X $1.25) Sent by mail to Silas Sharp asper his order, July 10th 1885. John J. Beard, cl'k.

- contains 1200 acres
- Part of 2,020 acres
- 150 acres not included

Sam and Mary Gibson's Deed to Sarah [illegible] Sharp 3-11-1889

90

This deed made this 11th day of March 1889 between Samuel M. Gibson and Mary J, his wife of the first part and Sarah E. Sharp of the second part, all of the Co. of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. Witnesseth that for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar cash paid in hand the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged the said Sam M. Gibson and Mary J. his wife doth sell and convey unto the said Sarah E. Sharp a certain tract of land lying in the co. of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. on the East side of Old Field Fork of Elk River, adjoining the lands of S. L. Gibson, H. N. Hannah and others (it being a tract of land conveyed to said Samuel M. Gibson and wife by George P. Hannah and also a tract of 35 acres conveyed to the said Saml M. Gibson by J. T. (or L?) Hoggsett containing in all two hundred and two acres more or less together with all appurtenances there unto --attached and warrant generally the land herein conveyed. Witnesseth the following signatures and seals.
Samuel M. Gibson (SEAL) Mary J. Gibson (SEAL)

State of W. Va. , Pocahontas County.
I, H. N. Hannah, a Justice in and for the County and State afore said do hereby certify that S. M. Gibson whose name is signed to the writing hereunto annixed, bearing date on the 11th day of March 1889 acknowledged the same before me in my County aforesaid. I also hereby further certify that Mary J. Gibson, the wife of Samuel M. Gibson whose names are signed to the writing hereunto annexed bearing date on the 11th day of March 1889 personally appeared before me in my County aforesaid, and being examined by me privity and apart from her husband and having the writing aforesaid fully explained to her, She the said Mary J. Gibson acknowledged said writing to be her act and declared that she had willingly executed the Same and does not wish to retract it.
Given under my hand this 11th day of March 1889.
Henry N. Hannah, J. P.

Pocahontas County Court Clerk's Office, Jan. 7th , 1890.
This deed was this day presented to me in my office and therefore together with the.....

Dave: This Mary Gibson was the sister of Sarah (Hannah) Sharp, and the daughter of David Hannah. Also the sister of Melinda Hannah that married John Rose, and sister of Rev Geo. Hannah, Henry, and of Otha who died and had vision of Heaven. Mary was the baby that Otha asked to place in the fireplace to show that it would not be harmed when he had his vision. Another brother, Joe, died a few days before Otha.

91 Silas Sharp, Sarah Sharp & Hugh Sharp to L. D.Sharp (Book 26,Page 56)
March 30, 1895 91

This Deed made this 30th day of March, 1895 between Silas Sharp and Sarah E. Sharp, his wife and Hugh C. Sharp of the one part and Luther D. Sharp of the other part all of the county of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. Witnesseth: That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid to them by the said Luther D. Sharp the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, the said Silas Sharp, Sarah E. Sharp and Hugh C. Sharp doth grant,bargain, sell and convey unto the said Luther D. Sharp with general warranty all their right, title and interest in a certain tract of land containing 496 acres and bounded as follows. Beginning at 2 Lynns and 2 Beeches on the side of Slatyfork Mountain, corner to Hugh C. Sharp and with his lines S 18 E 42 4/5 poles to 2 Beeches near the B_____(brow?) of the _____ (Mtn.?) S 79 E 15 poles to 2 Beeches on top of Slatyfork Mountain corner to M. Ella F. Gibson and Malinda C. Hannah and with the same S 22 W 26¼ poles to a bunch of Lynns on a hill side ; S 30 W. 68 poles to a stone center and Sugar, Beech and Ironwood; S 47 W. 350 poles - at 52 poles crosses Slaty Fork - at 68 poles crosses Buck Lick Fork to 2 Beeches and 2 Yew Pines on hillside on a line of S. L. Gibson's Heirs, and with the same N. 20½ W. 47 poles to 2 Lynns and 2 Beeches; continued 246 poles to a rock above the turnpike road (¼ N 10 E _____(from?) a Hemlock witness) corner to lower lot and with the same; and with the meanderings of the turnpike road; N. 10 E. 35 3/4 poles to the Cleveland Rock; N 59 E 85 poles a Beech and Service below the road; thence leaving the meanderings of the road; S 69½ E 62 poles - crossing the road twice and the Slatyfork and the road to a stake by the road at the ford of the creek S 58¼ E. 92 poles to 3 Lynns at the foot of a hill near the Creek ; N 36 E. 48 poles to a cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and Beech on a hillside near the top of a spur; N 20 E 43 (43) poles to a Beech witnessed by 2 beeches on a hillside; N 30 E 24 poles to 2 beeches on Hugh C. Sharp's line and with the same S 79½ E 108 poles to the beginning. The said Silas Sharp and Sarah E. Sharp,his wife, reserves the right and privilege of cutting any timber they may want to use and to run any stock they may wish on the said above described tract of land free of charge. Witness the following signatures and Seals, this 30th day of March 1895.
Silas Sharp (Seal), Sarah E. Sharp (Seal) & Hugh C Sharp (Seal)
("X" --his mark)

State of W. Va., Pocahontas County: To Wit; I, A. C. L. Gatewood, a Justice of the Peace in and for the County aforesaid, do certify that Silas Sharp, Sarah E. Sharp, his wife, and Hugh C. Sharp whose names are signed to the writing bearing date on the 30th day of March 1895, acknowledged the same before me in my county aforesaid. Given under my hand this 30t day of March 1895 (signed)--A.C.. Gatewood, J. P

W. Va. : Clerk's Office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, May 1, 1895. This Deed from Silas Sharp & wife, and Hugh C. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was this day presented to me, in my office, and thereupon, the same together with the certificate of acknowledgment thereunder written is admitted to record.

Teste: S. L. Brown, Clerk

Dade: "Buck Lick Fork" apparently is the run that we called "Buck Hollow"--where Lowell Gibson has his camp.
Cleveland Rock is a large rock that rolled off the bank, almost blocking the old road--between "round top of the hill" and a place near Lou Gibson's place on Rt 219. "Cleveland" painted on it when he was running for President of USA.

92 Deed Book 33, Page 122 92

SARAH E. SHARP'S DEED TO L. D. SHARP 9-27-1902

This deed made this the 27th day of Sept. 1902 between Sarah E. Sharp party of the first part and L. D. Sharp party of the second part all of the County of Pocahontas, West Va. Witnesseth, That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid by the party of the second part to the party of the first part the receipt whereof in hereby acknowledged, the said party of the first part herebygrants and conveys to the party of the second part with covenants of general warranty; all her right, title and interest in and to a certain tract or parcel of land containing 165 acres lying on the Slatyfork of Elk River at or near its junction with the Old Field Fork situated in Pocahontas County, W. Va. and is and described as follows to wit: Beginning at (A) 2 maples and 2 askes in rocks on top of a ridge--corner to Hugh C. Sharp and with the same N. 80½ E 27 3/4 poles to a number of small birches on rocks by dead Yew Pine -- and 2 - dead Beaches S70½ E71½ poles to 3 beeches on a ridge opposite the Old School House S 77¼ E 180 poles to two beeches, corner to part laid off for L. D. Sharp and with the same S 30 W 24 poles to a Beech witnessed by 2 Beeches on a hillside S 20 W. 43 poles to a Cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and Beech on a hillside near the top of a Spur... S 36 W. 48 poles to 3 Lynns at the foot of a hill near Slatyfork, N 58¼ W 92 Poles to a stake at the pike at the ford of Slatyfork N 69½ W 62 poles, crossing the road and creek and crossing the road again twice to a beech and Service below the road thence with the meanderings of the Turnpike road S 59 W 85 poles to the Cleavland Rock S 10 W 35 3/4 poles to a Stone ¼ pole short of a Hemlock witness above the road on the old line and with the same N 20½ (20½) W 54 poles to 2 beeches on the bank of the Old Field Fork continued 45 poles to a Birch on the bank of the creek corner to H. B. Sharp and with the same N 20 W 22 poles crossing the Slatyfork to a stake on the McCutchean line and leaving the same N 36 E 60 poles to the beginning.

This said 165 acres of land conveyed by this deed being a part of a tract of land conveyed as 1200 acres but afterwards surveyed and found to contain 1105 acres and was conveyed by H. C. Sharp to the said Sarah E. Sharp by deed bearing date on the 25th day of March 1885 and of record in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Pocahont Co. W. Va. in Deed Book No 17 Page 75 to which deed reference is here made for a more complete description of said land.

The said party of the first part reserves the right to one half of the house in which the said parties now reside and the one third of the frui in the orchard on this tract of land and the said party of the first par agrees and binds himself to keep one horse and one cow for the party of the first part during her natural life. The said party of the second pa further agrees and binds himself to comfortably support, keep and mainta and furnish with all the necessaries of life the said party of the first part during the period of her natural life, and after her death the said party of the second part takeseverything reserved in this deed by the party of ther first part. To have and to hold unto the said party o the seonc part his heirs and assigns forever. Witness the following signatures and seal. Sanah E. Sharp (SEAL), State of W. Va., Co. of Poc ahontas, to wit: I, T. S. McNeel a notary public in and for Poc. Co. do certify that Sarah E. Sharp whose name is signed to the writing above bearing date on the 27th day of Sept 1902 has this day acknowledged this same before me in my said Co. Given under my hand this 27th day of Sept 1902 T. S. McNeel- N. P.

Clerks Office 9-27-02: This Deed from Sarah E. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was day presented to me in my office and thereupon the same together with th certificate of acknowledgement hereunder written, is adimtted to record. Teste : S. L. Brown, Clerk

92 Deed Book 33, Page 122 92

SARAH E. SHARP'S DEED TO L. D. SHARP 9-27-1902

This deed made this the 27th day of Sept. 1902 between Sarah E. Sharp party of the first part and L. D. Sharp party of the second part all of the County of Pocahontas, West Va. Witnesseth, That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid by the party of the second part to the party of the first part the receipt whereof in hereby acknowledged, the said party of the first part herebygrants and conveys to the party of the second part with covenants of general warranty; all her right, title and interest in and to a certain tract or parcel of land containing 165 acres lying on the Slatyfork of Elk River at or near its junction with the Old Field Fork situated in Pocahontas County, W. Va. and is and described as follows to wit: Beginning at (A) 2 maples and 2 askes in rocks on top of a ridge--corner to Hugh C. Sharp and with the same N. 80¼ E 27 3/4 poles to a number of small birches on rocks by dead Yew Pine -- and 2 - dead Beaches S70½ E71½ poles to 3 beeches on a ridge opposite the Old School House S 77¼ E 180 poles to two beeches, corner to part laid off for L. D. Sharp and with the same S 30 W 24 poles to a Beech witnessed by 2 Beeches on a hillside S 20 W. 43 poles to a Cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and Beech on a hillside near the top of a Spur... S 36 W. 48 poles to 3 Lynns at the foot of a hill near Slatyfork, N 58¼ W 92 Poles to a stake at the pike at the ford of Slatyfork N 69½ W 62 poles, crossing the road and creek and crossing the road again twice to a beech and Service below the road thence with the meanderings of the Turnpike road S 59 W 85 poles to the Cleavland Rock S 10 W 35 3/4 poles to a Stone ¼ pole short of a Hemlock witness above the road on the old line and with the same N 20½ (20½) W 54 poles to 2 beeches on the bank of the Old Field Fork continued 45 poles to a Birch on the bank of the creek corner to H. B. Sharp and with the same N 20 W 22 poles crossing the Slatyfork to a stake on the McCutchean line and leaving the same N 36 E 60 poles to the beginning.

This said 165 acres of land conveyed by this deed being a part of a tract of land conveyed as 1200 acres but afterwards surveyed and found to contain 1105 acres and was conveyed by H. C. Sharp to the said Sarah E. Sharp by deed bearing date on the 25th day of March 1885 and of record in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas Co. W. Va. in Deed Book No 17 Page 75 to which deed reference is here made for a more complete description of said land.

The said party of the first part reserves the right to one half of the house in which the said parties now reside and the one third of the fruit in the orchard on this tract of land and the said party of the first part agrees and binds himself to keep one horse and one cow for the party of the first part during her natural life. The said party of the second part further agrees and binds himself to comfortably support, keep and maintain and furnish with all the necessaries of life the said party of the first part during the period of her natural life, and after her death the said party of the second part takeseverything reserved in this deed by the party of ther first part. To have and to hold unto the said party of the seono part his heirs and assigns forever. Witness the following signatures and seal. Sanah E. Sharp (SEAL), State of W. Va., Co. of Pocahontas, to wit: I, T. S. McNeel a notary public in and for Poc. Co. do certify that Sarah E. Sharp whose name is signed to the writing above bearing date on the 27th day of Sept 1902 has this day acknowledged this same before me in my said Co. Given under my hand this 27th day of Sept 1902 T. S. McNeel- N. P.

Clerks Office 9-27-02: This Deed from Sarah E. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was this day presented to me in my office and thereupon the same together with the certificate of acknowledgement hereunder written, is adimtted to record.

Teste : S. L. Brown, Clerk

THIS DEED made this the 8th day of August, 1912, between Hugh C. Sharp, party of the first part, and L. D. Sharp, party of the second part, all of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia;

WITNESSETH: That for and in consideration of the sum of Ten ($10.00) Dollars cash in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and the natural love and affection which he bears to his nephew, L. D. Sharp, and the further consideration to be hereinafter mentioned, the said party of the first part does hereby grant, sell and convey unto the said party of the second part, a certain tract or parcel of land situate lying and being in the County of Pocahontas State of WestVirginia, on the Big Spring Branch of Elk River containing 868.64 acres, more or less, and is a part of 2020 acres, which is a part of the lot of 2951 acres, known as "Half of Lot No. 8" of the Pennell survey, formerly conveyed to William Sharp, Sr., by Thomas Wood and wife and the tract of land hereby conveyed is bounded and described as follows: Beginning at two sugars on top of Slaty Fork Mountain, corner to the West Virginia Pulp & Paper Company and running N 31-45 W at 4430' to the Turn Pike, corner to John T. McGraw eight acre tract sold by William Sharp to R. K. Wilson and with the Pike to a small beech on the edgeof the Pike; thence N 25 E 33 feet to a small beech and pointers on the bank of a small drain; N 47 W 922 feet crossing the Big

gone, small sugar marked, pointers marked; also corner to Harmon Sharp's land and with the same S 21-09 E 2100 feet; crossing Big Spring Branch of Yelk in all 3400 feet to two ashes corner to L. D. Sharp and with his line N 81 -15 E 463 feet to a stake, two yew pines and basswood called for now gone; S 70-30 E 1225 feet to two beeches on a ridge corner to the graveyard lot and with the same N 11 -30 E 45 feet to astake; S 86 W 175 feet to a set stone; S 11-30 W 70 feet to a set stone on the old line, leaving the Graveyard; S 78-07 E 4625 feet to two beeches and two lynns on the north of the mountain; S 17-51 E 680 feet to two beeches near the brow of the mountain; S 77-06 E at 231 feet to L. D. Sharp's corner leaving same and with the West Virginia Pulp & Paper Company in all 935 feet to three beeches; S 54-30 E 463 feet to two beeches; S 64-30 E 1217 feet to the beginning.

The further consideration of this deed as mentioned above, for the land hereby conveyed is that the said party of the second part agrees and binds himself to furnish and provide to the said Hugh C. Sharp all the proper maintenance and support during his natural life, such as clothing, food, medical attention and spending money necessary, as requested by the said party of the first part, consistent with his station in life, and everything so as to make the said party of the first part comfortable during his life-time and to provide a respectable funeral and burial for saidparty

95

State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas, to wit:

I, G. S. Welford, Justice of the Peace in and for Pocahontas County, West Virginia do hereby certify that Hugh C. Sharp, whose name is signed to the foregoing writing, bearing date the 6th day of August, 1912, has this day acknowledged the same before me in my said County.

Given under my hand this the 2nd day of September, 1912.

G. S. Welford, Justice of the Peace.

WEST VIRGINIA:

Clerk's Office County Court Pocahontas County,

September 6th, 1912.

This deed from Hugh C. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was this day presented to me in my office and thereupon the same together with the certificate of acknowledgment thereunder written, is admitted to record.

Teste: C. J. McCARTY Clerk

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,

COUNTY OF POCAHONTAS, to-wit:

I, Hildreth T. Meadows, Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy from the records of my said office.

GIVEN under my hand and seal this the 30th day of July, 1963.

Hildreth T. Meadows

Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia.

L.D.Sharp Deed 496 Acres to Sons 12-12-1934 Deed Book 70, Page 478 96

This Deed made this 12th day of Dec. 1934 between Luther D. Sharp and M. E. Sharp, his wife, parties of the first part, and Ivan L. Sharp, Silas S. Sharp, Paul L. Sharp, and Luther D. Sharp Jr. parties of the second part, all of the Co of Pocahontas and state of W. Va. Witnesseth: That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid cash in hand the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and for love and affection the said parties of the first part do hereby grant, sell and convey with the covenants of general warranty to the parties of the second part jointly all of the following described tract of land, situated in the Edray Dist. of Pocahontas Co. on the waters of Slatyfork, a branch of Elk River, and was conveyed to Luther D. Sharp by Silas Sharp, Sarah E. Sharp and Hugh Sharp, by deed dated March 30th 1895 and of record in the office of the County Clerk of Pocahontas Co., in Deed Book 26 at page 56 and bounded as follows, beginning at two lynns and two beeches on the West side of Slatyfork mountain a corner of the Hugh Sharp lands, and with the same, S. 18 E. 42.8 poles to two beeches near the brow of the mountain S. 79 E. 15 poles to two beeches on top of the mountain, corner to the W. Va. Pulp and Paper Co. and with same, S. 22 W. 26¼ poles to a bunch of lynns on a hillside, S. 30 W. 68 poles to a sugar, beech and ironwood with a stone center, S. 47 W. 350 poles, crossing Slatyfork at 52 poles, Bucklick run at 68 poles to two beeches and two spruce pines on a hillside, on a line of S. L. Gibson's Heirs, and with same, S. 20½ W. 47 poles to two lynns and two beeches, continued 246 poles to a rock above the old Turnpike, hemlock pointer, and with the meanderings of said pike, N. 10 E. 35 3/4 poles to the Cleveland Rock, N. 59 E. 85 poles to a beech and service below the road, thence leaving the meandering of the road, S. 69½ E. 62 poles crossing the road twice, crossing Slatyfork and the road to a stake, by the creek at the ford, S. 58¼ E. 92 poles to three lynns at the foot of the hill near the creek. N. 36 E. 48 poles to a cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and beech on a hillside, near the top a spur N. 20 E. 43 poles to a beech witnessed by two beeches, on a hillside, N. 30 E. 24 poles to two beeches in a line of the Hugh Sharp land and with said line N. 79½ E. 108 poles to the beginning, containing 496 acres, more or less, to have and to hold unto the parties of the second part their Heirs and assigns forever.

Witness the following signatures and seals. Luther D. Sharp, M. E. Sharp (Mabel) (SEALS)

State of W. Va. Pocahontas Co., to-wit: I, Jesse P. Hannah, a Notary Public in and for the Co. of Pocahontas do certify that Luther D. Sharp and M. E. Sharp, his wife, whose names are signed to the writing above, bearing date on the 12th day of December, 1934, have acknowledged the same before me in my said County. Given under my hand this the 31st day of Dec. 1934. My commission expires Mar. 18, 1939. (Notarial Seal) Jesse P. Hannah, N. P.

State of W. Va., Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas Co, Jan. 4th, 1935. This Deed from Luther D. Sharp and wife to Ivan L. Sharp et al was this day presented to me in my office, and thereupon the same, together with the certificate of acknowledgment thereunder written, is admitted to record therein. Teste: Moody Kincaid, Clerk.

(mailed to Ivan Sharp, Slatyfork Jan 10, 1935 (1935)

(A reference above to Deed Book 26, Page 56, 3-30-1895, Silas, Sarah, and Hugh Sharp to L. D. Sharp.)

This deed of Conveyance made this 2nd day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty between William Sharp Sr. of the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia of the first part and William Sharp Jr. of the County and State aforesaid of the second part witnesseth that the said William Sharp Sr. of the first part in consideration of the natural love and affection he bears toward his son Wm. Sharp Jr. and for the further consideration of the sum of five dollars to him in hand paid by the said William Sharp Jr. before the ensealing and delivery of these presents the receipt thereof is hereby acknowledged by the said William Sharp Sr. hath given granted and Conveyed and by these presents doth give grant & convey unto his

W. 21 poles to two sugar trees & beech. Thence
S. 76½° W 76 poles to two beeches and cucumber
thence S. 20° W. 52 poles poles to a beech and
two white lynns on the side of the mtn
Lain thence S. 71° W. 40 poles to a cucumber and
& beech thence S. 24½° E 20 poles to two ashes and
two maples. on the top of a Ridge. thence S. 34°
W 103 poles to two beeches and Sugar tree on the bac
line of the original Survey. thence with the sam
S. 27° E 785 poles to a birch on a rocky ridge. then
N. 33½° E 526 poles to two sugar trees on the top of th
mountain. Beginning corner of the original survey
thence N. 36° W. 670 poles to the beginning.

To Have and to Hold the said Two Thousand
and Twenty Acres of Land, Together With all and
~~Singular the Appurtenances and Appurtenances unto the~~
~~said~~ William Sharp Jr. his Heirs and Assigns Forever.
To & for the only use and behoof of him the said
William Sharp Jr. his Heirs & Assigns in all time
to come. In Witness Whereof the said William
Sharp Senr. hath hereto set his hand and Seal
the day and Year first above Written.
Signed Sealed & Acknowledged in
the Presence of us

William Sharp Senr

I William Baxter a Justice of the peace for
the County aforesaid in the state of Virginia do cert
fy that William Sharp Sr. whose name is signed to
the writing above bearing date on the 2nd day of
November 1860 has acknowledged the same
before me in my County aforesaid. Given under
my hand this 2nd day of Nov. 1860

William Baxter J.P.

Clerks Office of the County Court of Pocahontas
6th November 1860.

This Deed from William Sharp Sent.
to William Sharp jr. was presented in the Clerks office
& the certificate of the execution & acknowledgment
being legally certified, the same is admitted
to record

Teste

Jno Curry Clk

In Deed Book # Page 121

John B. Floyd Esquire Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia:

To all to whom these Presents shall come—GREETING: Know ye, That in conformity with a Survey, made on the twenty ninth day of June one thousand eight hundred and forty eight by virtue of Land Office Treasury Warrant, No. 12,846

there is granted by the said Commonwealth, unto Addison Moore & George Beal

103

a certain Tract or Parcel of Land, containing Seven hundred & twenty six acres, lying & being in the County of Pocahontas, on both sides of Elk River, adjoining the land of William Sharp & a survey known by the name of the Pennells & Sherwood survey & bounded as follows Viz. Beginning at a spruce pine & buckeye on the East bank of the old field fork of said River below the mouth of Laby's Run & with Sharp's line & with the same so as to include any of said Sharp's land N 23 W 92 poles crossing Sholy fork at 82 poles & the Big Spring at 160 poles and Elk River at 176 poles to 3 sugar trees on the point of the Bear pen ridge near the Big Spring to p; thence leaving the Pennell & Sherwood survey S 66 W 46 poles to a sugar & buckeye on a flat S 5 W 100 poles to a sugar & poplar pointers & a maple & sycamore S 60 W 80 poles to a sugar tree & buckeye at pt 333 & 80 poles to 2 buckeye S 25 E 332 poles crossing the middle run below a water fall to a sugar tree on top of ridge at 66 poles to a sugar tree & beech corner to David & John Kennard's survey of 220 acres, & with thence S 80 E 124 poles to a pine & indian wood S 60 E 128 poles to 2 beech N 40 E 354 poles to a beech & sugar tree, leaving said line at 220 & 7 poles crossing the old field fork of Elk to the Beginning, with its Appurtenances

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said Tract or Parcel of Land, with its appurtenances, to the said Addison Moore & George Beal and their heirs forever

In Witness Whereof, The said John B. Floyd Esquire Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, hath hereunto set his hand and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed, at Richmond, on the thirty first day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty nine and of the Commonwealth the seventy fourth

John B. Floyd

103

RAMSEY

Edith Harriett Ramsey

William N. Ramsey, Jr.
B. 10-18-1818 Pittsylvania Co, VA
or 12-5-1818 tombstone
D. 11-20-1857 White Sulphur Springs Greenbrier County

Md. 12-2-1839
Pittsylvania Co., VA
by Abner Anthony
Bondsman: Middleton Meade

Sarah (Sallie) Edith Meade
B. 10-29-1823
Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. 9-27-1862 (C.H.)
9-14-1862 (tombstone)
Greenbrier County Death Record
Cause of death "Fever"

William Newman Ramsey, Sr.
B. about 1772 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. after 1840 census
before 1850 census
Pittsylvania County, VA

Md. 3-17-1794
Pittsylvania Co., VA
Bondsman - Nathan Sparks

Rhoda McMillion (or MacMillion)
B. about 1776 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. before 1840 census
Pittsylvania Co., VA

Thomas Ramsey (Revolutionary War Soldier)
B. before 10-4-1734 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. between 4-20-1790 and 8-16-1790
Pittsylvania Co., VA
Md. before 1761 or 7-10-1762

Frances Young
B. about 1738 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. after 1808 Pittsylvania Co., VA
(her son, Noton, was married 1808 and named mother, Frances Ramsey)

Middleton Meade
B. 10-3-1793 Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. after 1850, before 1860 Greenbrier Co.
(appears in 1850 Greenbrier Census as being 55 yrs old)

Md. 12-19-1820
Pittsylvania Co. VA
Bondsman - Noton and Rachel Ramsey, parents

Elizabeth Ramsey
B. 9-13-1803 Pittsylvania Co., VA
not from Court House
D. 4-17-1854 (Monroe Co. C.H.)
(Monroe Co. Death Record Book 1 p. 5 Line 67)
Cause - Typhoid Fever
Age 50yrs., 5mos., 4 days
another source has death as 10-10-1867

Noton Ramsey
B. Pittsylvania Co, VA
D. about 1-29-1852 " " "

Md. 2-11-1808 Pittsylvania Co., VA
or 1-18-1808 " " "
or 5-30-1808 " " "
Bondsman, William Witcher, father

Rachel Witcher
B. Pittsylvania Co., VA
D. after 1852 " " "

Thomas Ramsey
(above)

Frances Young
(above)

William Witcher

Edith Ramsey

125 (death)

PEDIGREE CHART

STREET ADDRESS OR P.O.

CITY, STATE, ZIP CODE

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS THE SAME AS NO. ____

ON CHART NO. ____

ada
Violet
Evan
Cecil
Li
Paul

1 Luther David Sharp, Jr.
BORN 8 June 1916
WHERE Slaty Fork
WHEN MARRIED 11 July 1940
DIED
WHERE
Sylvia Virginia Friel
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

NAME OF RECORD OR BOOK WHERE THIS INFORMATION WAS OBTAINED. IF NOT NAMED ON CHART BY NUMBER

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

2 Luther David Sharp
BORN 8 June 1872
WHERE Slaty Fork
WHEN MARRIED 16 Feb. 1893
DIED 13 Mar. 1963
WHERE Marlinton Hospital

3 Laura Jane Morgan
BORN 31 Mar. 1874
WHERE Ronceverte
DIED 17 Oct. 1932
WHERE Slaty Fork

4 Silas Sharp
BORN 3-2-1842
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED 10-24-1895
WHERE Slatyfork

5 SARAH HANNAH
BORN 12-15-1844
WHERE
DIED 12-21-1905
WHERE Slatyfork

DAVID HANNAH

Hester ZICAFOOSE or SICAFOOSE (??)
from Crab Bottom

6 Rev. Samuel Craft Morgan
BORN 8 July 1847
WHERE Ronceverte
WHEN MARRIED 21 Feb. 1872
DIED 7 Jan. 1898
WHERE Falling Springs Greenbrier County

7 Edith Harriett Ramsey
BORN 20 Dec. 1855
WHERE White Sulphur Springs
DIED 25 Sept. 1932
WHERE Lobelia

8 William Sharp III
BORN 1815
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED 5-8-1888
DIED
WHERE

9 Rachel Dilley
BORN 1806
WHERE
DIED 7-31-1882
WHERE

Joseph Hannah (2 mar. Tavern 9 miles out)
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE Mill Run
Elizabeth Burnsides
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

12 James Randolph Morgan
BORN 2 April 1815
WHERE Rappahannock Co., VA
WHEN MARRIED 24 June 1841
DIED 6 May 1897
WHERE Ronceverte

13 Elizabeth Pollie "Mary" Myers
BORN 1810
WHERE Greenbrier County
DIED
WHERE Ronceverte

14 BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE
See her chart

15 BORN
WHERE

16 Elizabeth Waddell
CONTINUED ON CHART 7

17 Alexander Waddell
CONTINUED ON CHART Ross

18 Martin Dilley
CONTINUED ON CHART

19 Hannah Moore
CONTINUED ON CHART Margaret Moore born 2 Aug. 1765

20 David Hannah, Sr.
Lived Locust Creek
From Ireland
Elizabeth Gibson from Augusta County
CONTINUED ON CHART

22 CONTINUED ON CHART

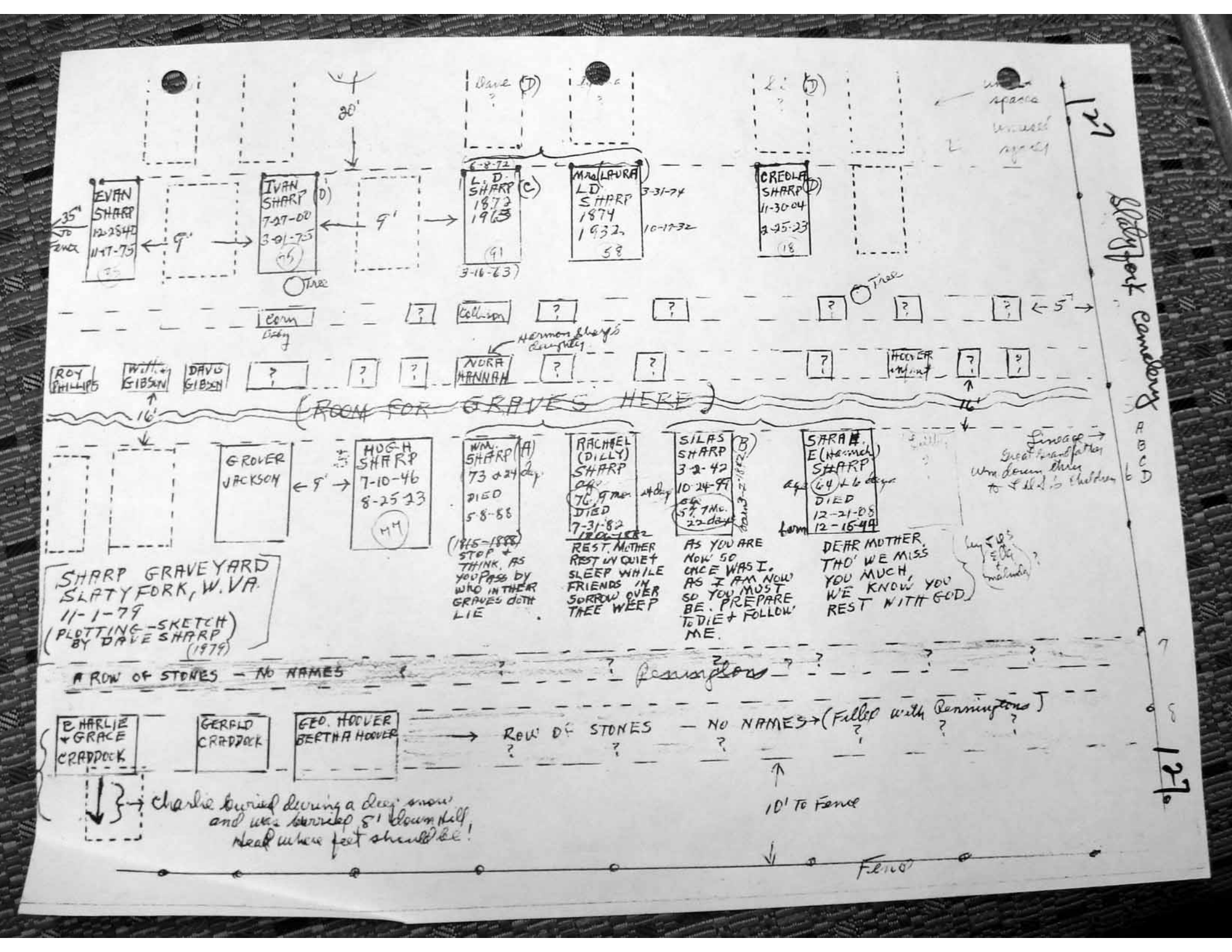
Alex. Waddell (above)
B. Feb 1732 near Glasgow, Scotland
D. Sept 6, 1834 Green Township Gallia Co. Ohio
Md. about 1770-72 Shenandoah Co. Va.

Eleanor Ransch - Nora Roush
B. 1751-52 Millseek Valley near Mt. Jackson, Va
D. Oct 27, 1827 Gallia Co. Ohio
daughter of John Adams Ransch (1711-1786)
and of Susannah Lehern (?-1796)

30 CONTINUED ON CHART

31 CONTINUED ON CHART

Edward Thornton


Slaty Fork Cemetery
SHARP GRAVEYARD
SLATY FORK, W. VA.
11-1-79
(PLOTTING-SKETCH)
BY DAVE SHARP
(1979)
EVAN SHARP
12-25-42
11-17-75
IVAN SHARP
7-27-00
3-01-75
L. D. SHARP
1872
1963
3-16-63
MAE LAURA
L D SHARP
1874
1932
3-31-74
10-17-32
CREOLA SHARP
11-30-04
2-25-23
30'
9'
35' to fence
Tree
corn
Collins
Herman Sharp's daughter
NORA HANNAH
ROY PHILLIPS
WILL GIBSON
DAVID GIBSON
HOOVER
ROOM FOR GRAVES HERE
16'
GROVER JACKSON
HUGH SHARP
7-10-46
8-25-13
WM. SHARP
73 & 24 days
DIED
5-8-88
(1815-1888)
STOP & THINK, AS YOU PASS BY WHO IN THEAR GRAVES DOTH LIE
RACHEL (DILLY) SHARP
age 76 9 mo. 14 days
DIED
7-31-82
REST, MOTHER REST IN QUIET SLEEP WHILE FRIENDS IN SORROW OVER THEE WEEP
SILAS SHARP
3-2-42
10-24-91
age 54 7 Mo. 22 days
AS YOU ARE NOW SO ONCE WAS I. AS I AM NOW SO YOU MUST BE. PREPARE TO DIE & FOLLOW ME.
SARAH E. (Hannah) SHARP
age 64 & 6 days
DIED
12-21-08
12-15-44
DEAR MOTHER, THO' WE MISS YOU MUCH, WE KNOW YOU REST WITH GOD
Lineage → Great Grandfather Wm Brown Sharp to Edd & children
A ROW OF STONES — NO NAMES
CHARLIE & GRACE CRADDOCK
GERALD CRADDOCK
GEO. HOOVER BERTHA HOOVER
ROW OF STONES — NO NAMES → (Fulled with Pennington's)
Charlie buried during a deep snow and was buried 8' down Half Head where feet should be!
10' TO Fence
Fence
127

128

A TRIBUTE
published in the pages of

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES
MARLINTON, W. VA.
MAR 20 1963

Memorial Obituary

L. D. Sharp

Luther David Sharp, a life long resident of Slatyfork, died Wednesday, March 13, 1963, in the Marlinton Hospital, at the age of 90 years, 9 months, and 5 days.

Mr. Sharp, the only son of the late Silas and Sarah Sharp, was born June 8, 1872, at Slaty fork. At the early age of 12 he started his mercantile business, buying and selling fur, livestock and merchandise. For many years his merchandise was hauled from Millboro, Virginia, and Beverly by covered wagons. Mr. Sharp was the first Postmaster of Slatyfork and gave it its name when the office was opened. He loved to fish and hunt, killing his last deer at the age of 89. He was one of the first group of apiary inspectors in West Virginia, and raised bees to produce the famous Pocahontas County white lynn honey.

"L D," as he was affectionately called by his close friends, helped organize and was a charter member of the Slatyfork Methodist Church. He was a lover of sacred music and organized the Slatyfork Choir, well known in Pocahontas and surrounding counties for its fine music.

Preceding him in death were his first wife, Laura Jane Morgan Sharp; two daughters, Creola and Ada Curtain; two sisters, Ella (Mrs. Robert Gibson) and Malinda (Mrs. Ellis Hannah).

He leaves his devoted wife, Mabel Hansford Sharp; a daughter, Mrs. Violet Markland, of Richmond, Virginia; four sons, Ivan Sharp, of Nitro; Paul Sharp, of Port Neches, Texas; Dave Sharp, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Si Sharp, at home; twelve grandchildren, twenty-one great-grandchildren; two great-great grandchildren, and a host of friends.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon in the Slatyfork Methodist Church with the Rev. Clarence Pierson assisted by the Rev. Ezra Bennett in charge. Burial was in the Slatyfork Cemetery.

128 1/2

Madison Eagle

Lucy C. Bowie, *Editor* Telephone 948-5121

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Investigation Continues In Forester's Death

Investigation is continuing by Augusta County Sheriff's Department in the death of forester, Evan L. Sharp.

Sharp, 34, a sub-district forester over Madison, Greene, and Rappahannock Counties, died last Monday while hunting in George Washington National Forest with friend and Chief Fire Warden of Greene and Madison, Donald Lee Parrott of Quinque.

His body was not discovered until last Wednesday morning on Elliott's Knob at North Mountain in Augusta County, about 1-3/4 mile from his truck. Sharp had apparently been shot by another hunter. A single shot from a high powered rifle entered through the abdominal area and lodged in the body. According to evidence found in the mountains, it is estimated the bullet which struck Sharp was fired from 80-85 yards away.

An Augusta sheriff's department spokesman said Monday, there was no definite information yet concerning the accident. A check of persons hunting in the area, licenses and big game stamps is underway. Several hunters at campsites in the area have also been questioned during the investigation. Reports are awaited from FBI laboratories pending identification of several items of physical evidence found in the area.

Letter to Editor

On behalf of the personnel of the Virginia Division of Forestry, I want to express our sincere appreciation to all of the people in the Madison and surrounding area for their help in the search for Forester Evan Sharp. All of us in the Division of Forestry feel very keenly the loss in Evan's tragic death. It is heartwarming to know that the concern for Evan was so widespread, and that the response to this concern by his friends and neighbors in Madison County was both immediate and magnanimous. We especially want to recognize the efforts of the Madison Rescue Squad and the many other volunteers, whose names we do not have, from the Madison area. For their efforts and time, including the considerable distance to Augusta Springs and in entering the search, we offer our sincere thanks.

Sincerely,
W. F. Custard, State Forester

Evan Sharp – Killed 129

AUGUSTA SPRINGS—A body identified as Evans Sharp, the Madison County hunter missing since Monday, was found late this morning on Elliott's Knobb.

MR SHARP

An Augusta County Sheriff's Department spokesman would only confirm that it was Sharp's body. He would not comment on the cause of death.

The search had been intensified this morning as scores of volunteers, Augusta Military Academy cadets and area students joined in the rescue efforts being coordinated by the sheriff's department at Grange's Market on Va. 42 here.

Mr. Sharp, 34, had gone hunting Monday with his partner, Donald Lee Parrott of Madison County, and failed to return to his truck parked on Chestnut Flat, a mountain top between Elliott's Knob and Hite Hollow, west of here.

Rescue teams concentrated Tuesday on the east side of the mountain, where a gunshot was reportedly heard Monday at dark.

Mrs. Sharp, who drove here Tuesday after learning of her husband's disappearance, said the whole situation seemed incredible since her husband was a very "self-sufficient" and experienced hunter, although he occasionally was troubled by one of his knees injured previously while fighting a fire.

Mr. Sharp was employed by the Virginia Division of Forestry and was a member of the Madison County Rescue Squad. He formerly lived with his family in Augusta County and was "very familiar" with the hunting area, according to his widow.

The search had not been without confusion. One report said that a hunter from Madison County somewhat fitting Mr. Sharp's description was seen several miles from the Chestnut Flat area.

Also rescue officials were helped or hindered by the innundation of volunteers that led one spokesman to say: "There are too many chiefs and not enough Indians."

Involved in the search were the Staunton-Augusta, Craigsville-Augusta Springs and Madison County rescue squads, the Civil Air Patrol, State Police, the Virginia Game Commission, the Virginia Division of Forestry, and auxilaries, churches and private individuals who supplied food to the rescue workers.

Two search planes of the CAP and a State Police helicopter flew over the mountainous terrain Tuesday and this morning.

Hunter died of gunshot wound 1975

The death of a Madison County man Monday in the mountains west of Augusta Springs was due to a gunshot wound, Augusta County authorities said Wednesday, and the wound appeared not to be self inflicted.

An autopsy completed today at the state medical examiner's office at Roanoke determined that Evans Lilbern Sharp died of a rifle wound in the abdomen. He had been dead since "sometime Monday", State Medical Examiner Dr. David Oxley said.

Mr. Sharp, 34, of Madison County was found Wednesday morning by Virginia Division of Forestry volunteers in a moderately wooded area in the Chestnut Flats section of North Mountain. An experienced outdoorsman and forester from Madison, Green and Rappahannock counties at the time of his death, Mr. Sharp was last seen around 1 p.m. Monday and was reported missing 9:30 that night.

Mr. Sharp, a former resident of Staunton said to be very familiar with the mountains, had gone hunting with a friend Monday and did not return to his truck.

A search, coordinated by the Augusta County Sheriff's Department and strengthened by volunteers, began Tuesday and intensified Wednesday before the body was found late Wednesday morning.

The body was first taken to King's Daughters' Hospital, then to Madison County. Later, it was taken to Roanoke to the state medical examiner's office for an autopsy.

According to a sheriff's department spokesman, Mr. Sharp was found lying face up, his rifle near the body. He had been shot in the stomach, the spokesman said.

The case is now under investigation by the department deputies.

A spokesman for the department thanked those who participated in the two-day search.

Mr. Sharp was son of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan L. Sharp.

Surviving besides his mother who lives at Nitro, W. Va., are his widow, Mrs. Phyllis (McCutcheson) Sharp of Madison; two sons, Arthur T. and Roderick E. Sharp, both of Madison; one brother, Ralph Sharp of California, and one sister, Mrs. Thomas Shipley of Parkersburg, W. Va.

Services will be conducted 10 a.m. Friday in Madison United Methodist Church. Burial will be 4 p.m. in Powhatan County, W. Va.

DEATHS

Mrs. Laura Morgan Sharp, wife of L. D. Sharp, died at her home at Slaty Fork on Monday afternoon, October 17, 1932. She had been ill for many months with heart disease and complications. She was in her 59th year, having been born March 31, 1874. Burial in the Sharp family graveyard on Wednesday afternoon, the funeral being conducted from the Slaty Fork Church by her pastor, Rev T. H. Taylor.

Mrs. Sharp was the daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Morgan. Her mother, Mrs. Edith Morgan Irvine, preceded her to the grave a few weeks since. Of her father's family there remain, two brothers, William and Edgar, and a sister, Sarah (Nannie)

Forty years ago she became the wife of L. D. Sharp. He and their children, Ivan, Silas, Paul and Luther, Jr., Mrs. William Curtin, of Baltimore, and Mrs. R. W. Markland, of Richmond, survive. A daughter, Creola, died nine years ago.

For a life time, Mrs. Sharp, had been a professing christian, a member of the Methodist Church. She was a good woman, who well performed the duties of wife, mother and neighbor.

Evan Sharp

Evan Lilburn Sharp, 34, of Madison, Virginia, formerly of West Virginia, was killed Wednesday, November 19, 1975, in the National Forest in Augusta County, Virginia. SLATYFORK

He was a native of ~~Philippi~~, and was in the Virginia Forestry Service.

His father Ivan Sharp, died earlier this year. He was a grandson of the late L. D. Sharp of Slatyfork.

Surviving are his wife, Phyllis McCutcheon Sharp; two sons, Arthur Todd and Roderick Evan, both of Madison, Virginia; mother, Mrs. Ivan L. Sharp, of Nitro, a brother, Ralph Sharp, of California; sister, Mrs. Thomas Shipley, of Parkersburg.

Services were held Friday morning in Madison United Methodist Church in Madison, Virginia. Burial was Friday at 4 p. m. in Slatyfork Cemetery.

(1) William Sharp, Pioneer of Huntersville (1740 -18 X33) 1833) 130

William Sharp, Jr. (or 2nd) (abt 1780-1860) Wife: Elizabeth Waddell (they lived near Verdant Valley) (1772-1860) MARRIED 4-27-1795

William Sharp, "Jr" (or 3rd) 1815-1888) Wife: Rachael Dilley of near Campbelltown, Lived Slatyfork. (born abt 1815)

Silas "Si" Sharp, 1842-1899 -57 "Sarah Hannah 1847-1908 -64 1847-1908	Hugh C 1848-1923 -77 Slatyfork (unmarried) 7-10-1846	Harmon, lived Slatyfork and Elkins father of: Talbert, Richard, Mable 10-2-1850	(William Luther civilin, killed in Civil War, 16 12-17-1843	Henry killed in Civil War 8-17-1840	Bernard killed in Civil War 6-14-1839	Mary Ella died age 6 2-11-1849

130

Luther David Sharp, 1872-1963 -91 married Laura Jane Morgan, daughter of Rev. Sam Morgan of Edgay Edray (5) 1874-1932 - 57

Luther's Sisters: Melinda (mrs. Ellis Hannah?):
- *Vee Hannah
- *Mrs. Charles Beale
- *Russell Hannah
- *Mrs Baxter (Lena?)

(Mrs Robt Gibson) Mary Ella Gibson:
- *Allie (Forest Gibson)
- *Bill Gibson
- *Florence Gibson
- *Otis OTIS Gibson
- * ONNIE THOMAS

Ada ELLA Johnson) Curtain) Donald Helen Billie Clara Stanley Baltimore	Violet (Rufus Markland) 3-15-97 Richmond, Va. *Rufus, Jr. (Ft. Wayne, Ind)	Ivan 1900-1975 (Genevieve Ornderff) *Ralph *Evan *Ramona (Tom Shipley)	Creola 1904-1923 18 died of throat infection 11-30-23	Si 10-27-07 ( ) Slatyfork	Paul 11-24-10 ( ) *(Venda Lowe) (deceased) (Katherine Milhellin) Pt. Neches, Texas *Thayer 6-3-33 (Beverly Champion) *Barbara Jane 8-4-35 (Glen Smith)	Luther D Sharp, Jr. 6-8-16 ("Dave") (Sylvia Friel of Marlinton) *Linda Dee 12-19-61 B (Dennis Eduardo) E (Cincinnati, O) May 1980

David Hannah (married 11-21-1843) Wife: Hester ("Hessie") Simafeese from Crabbottom (his sister Jane Hannah married Jess Barlow and lived on the Barlow place on Elk at Valley View)

Sarah (married Silas Sharp DEC 15-1844-12-21-08) -64 Thier children: Luther Sharp, Melinda (Hannah), Ella (Gibson) (

*Rev Gee. Hannah	*Mary married Sam Gibson *Richard *Henry *Archie *Ruth	*Melinda married John Rose Stella married Mr Fischer (Myrtle Hazel) A ROBERT	*Henry married Margaret McClure) (Son Ernest Hammond Roswell N.M	*Joe died age 12 diptheria	*Otha died about age 12 diptheria 16.500 Q vision

*STELLA

Rev. Sam Morgan (7-8-1847 - 12-31-1855), Circuit Rider, Edgay Charge (Methodist) (1889-1894) (Edith Ramsey) married at 16 (2-21-1872) (See Morgan History)

She later married Wes Ervin

Laura Jane Morgan 1874-1932 -58 married L.D. Sharp

*Will Morgan Lobelia	*Minnie died in Weston	*Edgar Lobelia	*Lena Edray
a daughter Miriam who married Roy Sparks			Married Charlie Mitchel (children were Ruby & Edith) Remarried McKenny (children John & ? Clyde & Naomi) more Ellis

Laura was 15 when her father moved into the Edray Parsonage, 3 years later at 18 (almost 19) she got married 2-16-1893

1980-1982

1

History and Stories
of the
SHARP FAMILY
of
Slatyfork, W. Va.
Principally by and of
Luther David Sharp, Sr.
6-8-1872 - 3-19-63

Compiled from magnetic tapes, recollections, etc.

This history booklet of the L. D. Sharp family was compiled by Dave Sharp from recollections and tapes he made of "LD" and from others in the family. Valuable assistance was provided by Si Sharp for his recollections of important stories; by Ramona Shipley for her transcribed tapes of her father, Ivan, and copies she made of old deeds etc.; by cousin Allie Gibson letting me tape her stories of the Sharps; and by Paul Sharp for his tapes he made of Dad's stories. THAYER SHARP MADE XEROX COPIES

Cousins Veo Hannah and Allie Gibson loaned old original pictures of the Sharps from which to make copies used in the booklet.

Credit goes to Edith Workman of Millsboro AND HUBERT TAYLOR-IN PARTICULAR for the copy of the Rev. Samuel Morgan history compiled by cousin Hubert Taylor, 14 Stroud St., Wilmington, Del. 19805, from which our copies are made. This is a complete history of the family of Laura Sharp, wife of L. D. Sharp. Thanks to cousin Edith! Thanks to cousin Hubert !

Stories and/or pages are numbered in "red" ink. Any one who has additional stories or pages please make four OR MORE copies and number them in red so we can place them in the proper location in the booklet. For instance, page 26-A would go after page 26.

Also: any other rare family pictures and other pictures of great interest are welcomed, to make negatives to have copies made for the four booklets.

A booklet was issued to each:

Paul Sharp, 723 Avenue D. Port Neches, Texas, 77651
Si Sharp, Slatyfork, W. Va. 26291
Mrs. Ramona Shipley, 43 Meadowcrest Drive, Parkersburg, W. Va. 26101
Dave Sharp, 4171 Paxton Woods Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209
Each of the above have Cassette tapes from which the transcriptions in the booklet were made.

PLEASE ! If this copy becomes misplaced or lost, please return it to one of the above persons or decendants. It is very important that it stays in the Sharp family

2-8-81

4

Last picture taken of Silas

1897

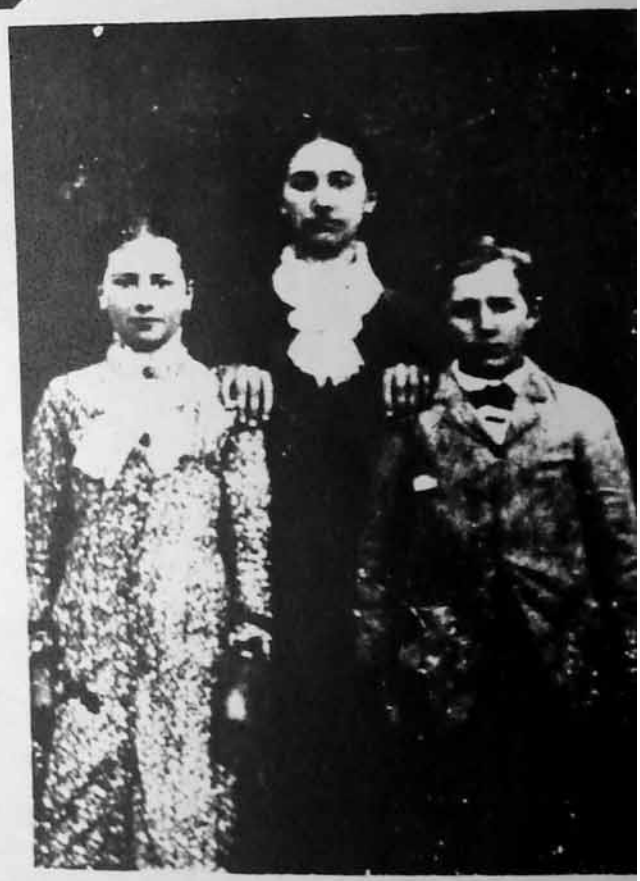
Ella Luther Melinda

Last picture of Silas 1898

Silas ("Si")

Sarah ("Sally")

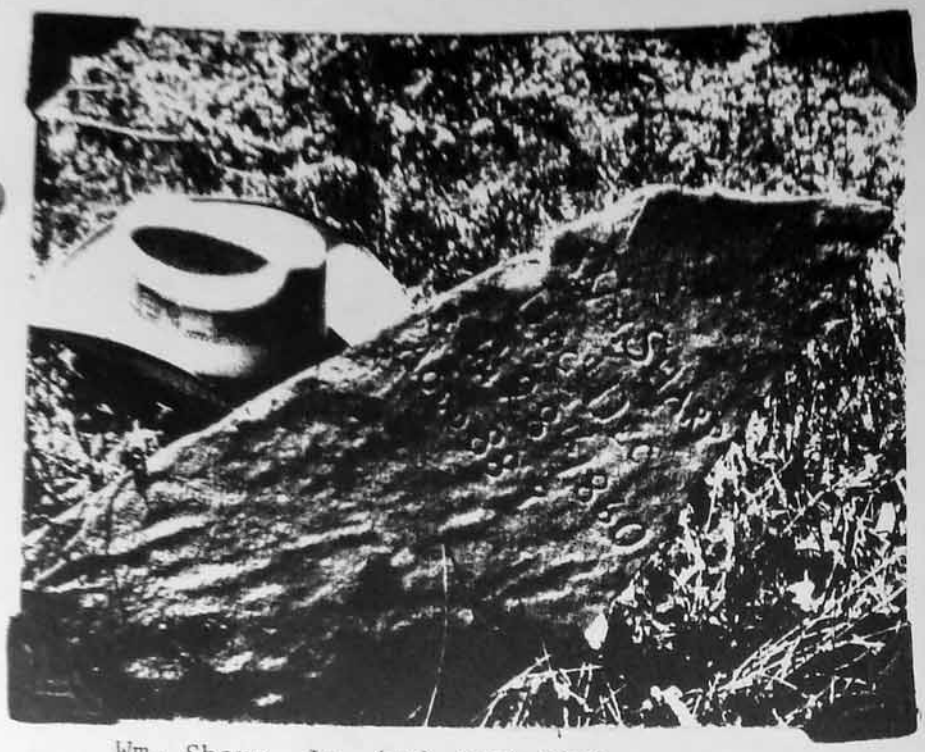
from a tintype



Ella Melinda Luther

Luther David & Mary Ella Melinda Luther

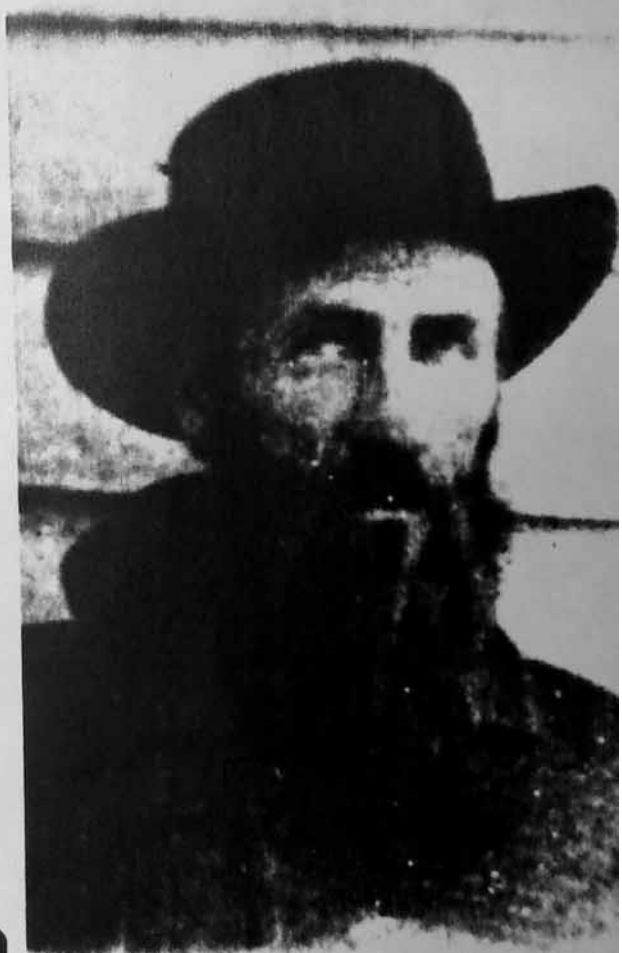
2



"WM SHARP
DECD DEC
The 28TH 1860
AODD 88Y"

Wm. Sharp, Jr. (II) 1772-1860

Wm. Sharp's tombstone in the Sharp cemetery on the Edray to Cloverlick road, near Fairview lane intersecting and near Arthur Friel's place.
He was the son of the pioneer William Sharp (1740-1833) and father of Wm. Sharp(III) (1815-1888) who is buried at the Slatyfork cemetery.



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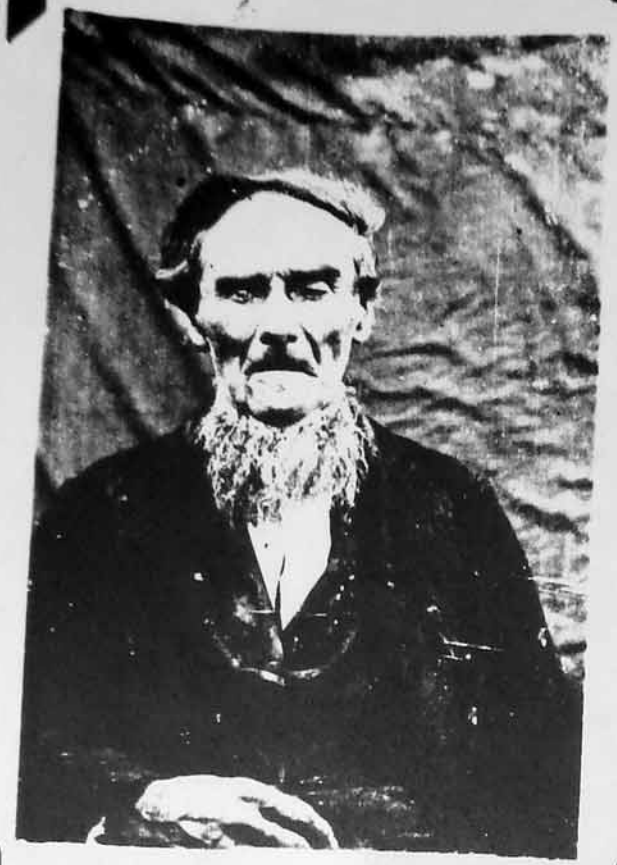


Parents of Silas and Harmon Sharp

WILLIAM SHARP (III) 1815-1888

RACHAEL (Dilley) SHARP 1805-18

Parents of Silas and Harmon

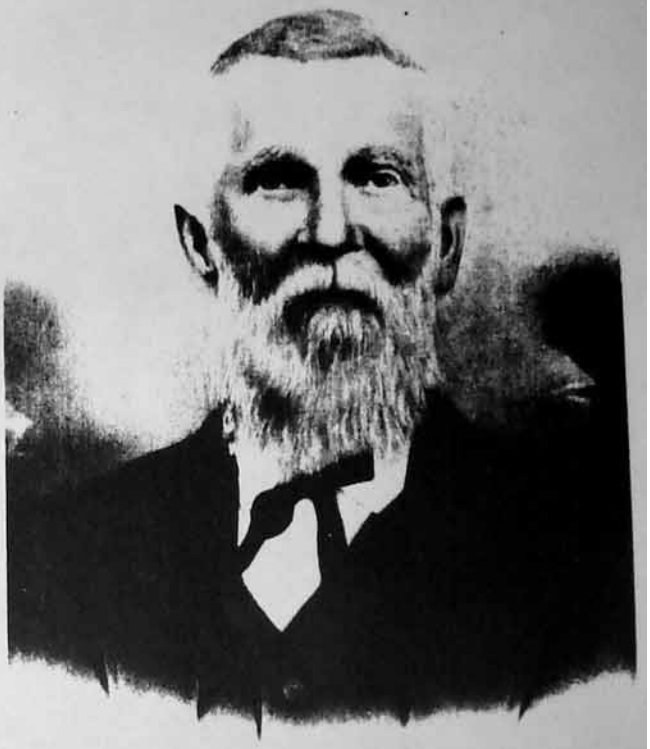
Sons of William

SILAS ("SI") SHARP SARAH (HANNAH)

James Randolph Morgan
4-3-1815 - 5-6-1897
father of Sam Morgan

5

Sam Morgan with Buggy ran off & wrecked & killed him

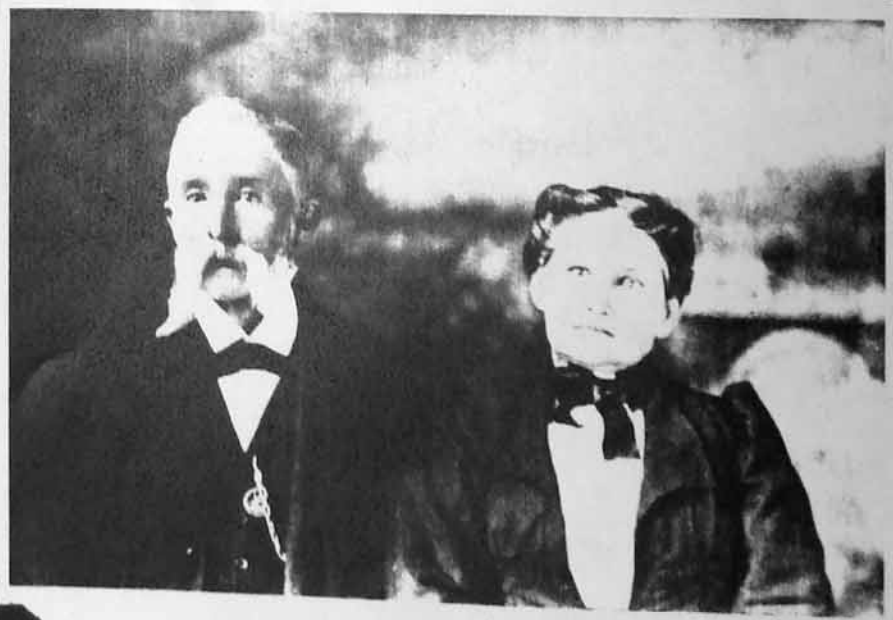


(married 2-21-1872)

↖ Rev. Sam Morgan

↖ Edith Morgan

(Parents of Laura Sharp (3-31-1874 - 10-17-1930))



Her second husband

Wes Irwin

Edith Irwin (3-31-1874 - 9-25-1932)

6

Hugh Calvin Sharp

The first bee-hive had a glass inspection opening, covered with a wooden removable cover still in existence.

Probably made by Capt Thomely (of Buckhannon) a friend of Hugh's.

Note earlier style of bee hive

Hugh Sharp
(7-10-1846 - 8-25-1923)

Uncle Hugh Sharp on Porch of old log house that used to be attached to the present log house.

(Perhaps Ed sitting on porch?)

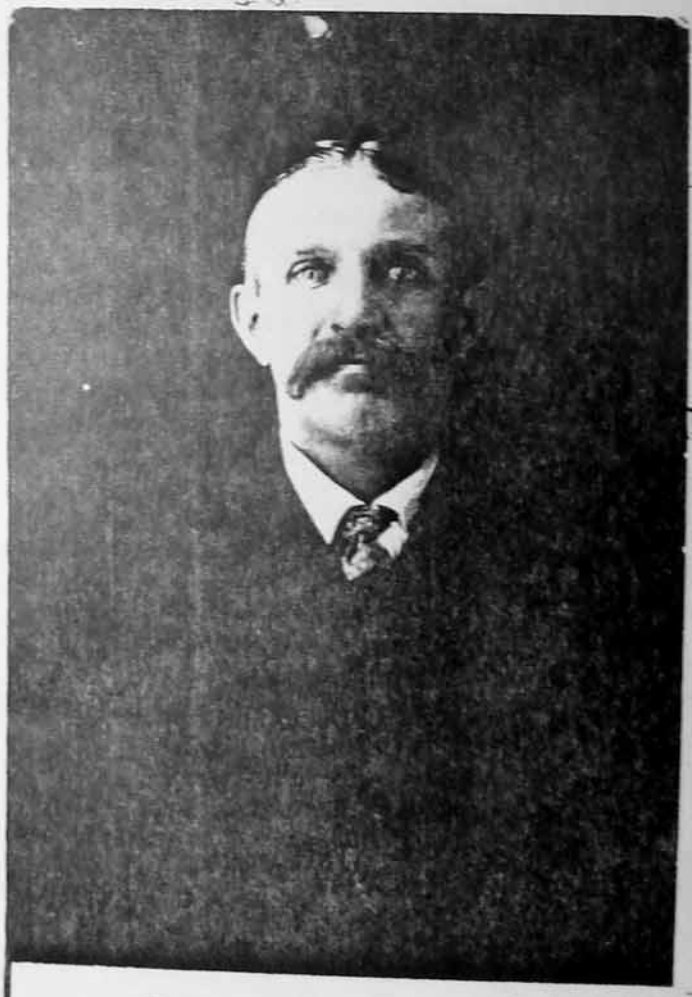
Hugh Sharp 1846-1923
Hunting knife in belt now belongs to Evan Sharps sons in VA.

H. H. Sharp

H. H. Sharp from Tan Type ap' 19-?

H. H.

HUGH SHARP Beaten Hunting Sept 1917
Age 71



8

8

(from Tin Types)

from Tin Types

Quarterly meeting – Perhaps ... Friday ... 8-F

Howard Wade S C Morgan ... George Hannah ... Rev Clark ... Rev. Fralt ... Rev Hedrick

1 George T Moore
2 Howard Wade
3 Rev. Clark
4. Uncle Georg Hannah
5. S.C. Morgan (Grandfather Samuel Morgan)
6. Rev. Hedrick
7. Rev. Faltz

(Believe all are preachers.)

8

Ivan (2) Violet

Jim Mother Freda (?)

To Will Morgan:
we send you a pic
of a part of the wool
handled by us this
year we have bought
The wool from 4000
5000 sheep This year
Your Friend
L. D. Sha
Sharp

Left to Right: Dad, Ada, Si, Paul
Ivan, Austin Galford, Mother,
+ Dave on horse behind Mother

10

10

Hugh → Ovada, Juan Ada, Dade, L.D.

Sept'

Sister Ramona Top picture →

Violet Sandra Paul Li

uncle Hugh ↑ L.D. Sharp family Sept 1917

65

65 1938

"65" candles "L.D."

Melinda Hannah L.D. (65 age) Ella Gibson

11

Sugar Camp

Maple Sugar camp at Slatyfork about 1912 ?
near old homestead, below the bridge
and just below the meadow near creek

(L. D. SHARP) I D + Laura
ada + Violet

ada Laura Ivan Violet Luther
Ivan Violet
(Married 2-16-1893)

C-1

Photograph of L. D. Sharp's Maple Sugar Camp at Slatyfork
Described by Ivan L. Sharp Nov. 27, 1973

"The picture faces Buzzard Mountian. You can faintly see the line of the old road going toward Marlinton. Ada may have been married or she and/or Si may have been taking care of or watching the store, in case some customer should come. I don't quite recognize the horses. The one with the (white) star in the forehead looks like "Old Bell", grandmother Sharp's (Sarah) mare. The other appears to be Mike, the strawberry roan with ears sticking straight up. A lot of age difference in the two horses."

"Judging from the size of Violet the plain (clear) one in the picture (in white), I appear to be standing (left to right): Ivan, Joe Snyder, Gemmie ~~[illegible]~~ Snyder, Violet, Mother (Laura), Creola, Paul and Dad (L.D.) at the kettles. ~~[illegible]~~ / Gemmie Snyder was oldest and only daughter of Wirt Snyder. Wirt Snyder and Austin or Floyd Galford on the sled."

Dave: (If this picture could have been snapped in Feb. 1916, they would be these ages: LD 44, Mother 42, Violet 19, Ivan 16, Creola 12, Si 9, and Paul 6 See further note of Dave's at the end.)--Dave.

Ivan further stated: "There looks to be a fuel shortage for the kettles, but we kept some dry wood in the shed and a pile of poles below the camp for the two pans. (evaporating pans were inside the shed.) One or two persons would stay in camp at night to keep fires going and pans filled to prevent burning of syrup. Sometimes would roast potatoes, apples and meat at night by the fire."

Dave's further notes: Violet born 1897, married July 1918 at age 21.

Willie H. Gibson of Will Gibson (at mouth of Slatyfork creek) was a photographer and took pictures up to perhaps 1920 or later. This picture was among Will Gibson's things after he died. The card was not mailed but was addressed to Mr. Earnest Gibson, Ekkwater, W. Va. with this message "Hello. How are you by this time? I am well and hope to find you the same. Sugar Camp view; from Willie H. Gibson". Dorothy Fitzwater gave Dave the original picture. She inherited it from perhaps a sister or other relative maybe married to young Willie. The Slatyfork Creek is between the camp and the hill, in picture.

Ivan further stated: "The sugar camp is below the old barn meadow. A big wood log type storage tank in foreground, 4 big iron kettles for boiling sugar water down from 50 gal. to about 1 gal of syrup. Inside shed is two furnaces with evaporating pans, a bunk bed for night work. The two smoke stacks were from the old saw mill that ceased operation further up the creek years before. A sled was used to haul the sap to the camp using two 50 gal wood barrels--sometimes three. Picture appears to have been taken when Wirt Snyder lived at the old Jackson house up the creek (almost to buck-hollow)"

Note: The boy beside Mother appears to be thin like Si or Dave. If Dave, then the boy in trough must be Paul. Then picture must have been taken about 1918 or 1919 before Violet married. Could the girl beside Violet be Creola??? A good puzzle ! ... but an interesting picture .

Laura Ingalls Wilder

Laura Jane Morgan (Sharp) Minnie Virginia Morgan

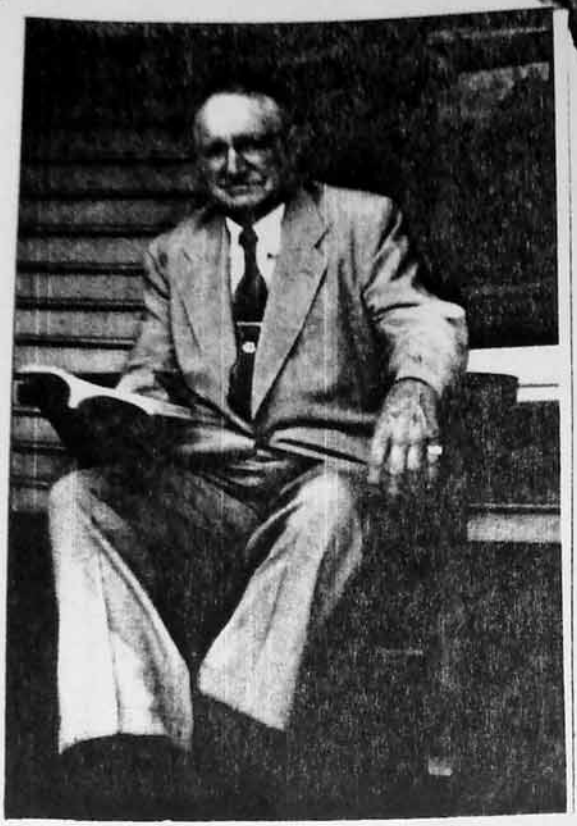
from Zan Types

Laura (Morgan) Vanness

Hauling sugar water To make maple syrup

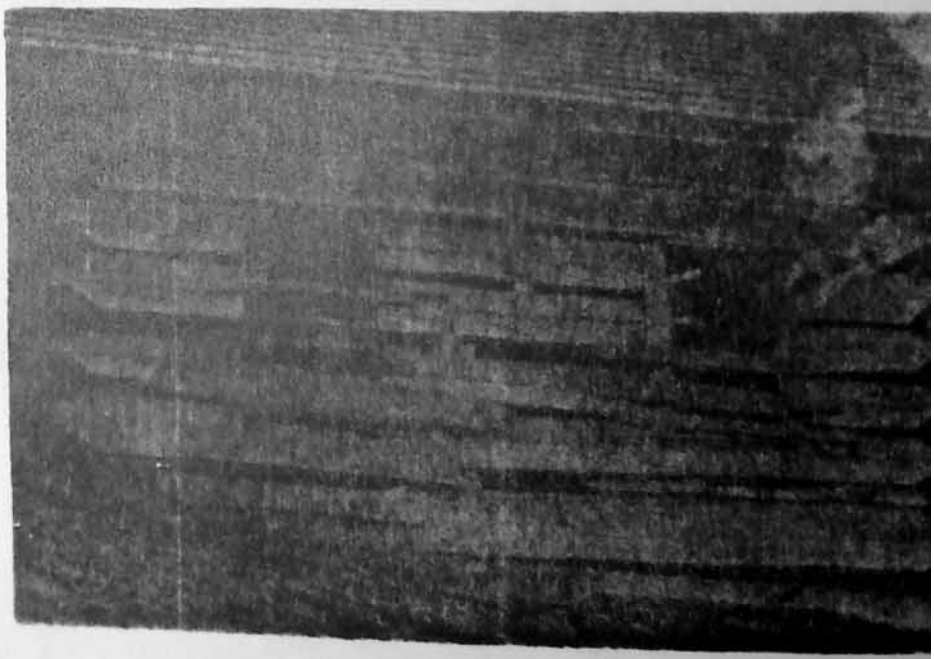
Laura & Cecila at store
(?) (?)
L & C on sled
Goin with bucket
Sam Gibson on horse carrying mail

(Hauling sugar water to make maple syrup & sugar



L.A. Sharp

Laura Jane (morgan) Sharp



Log School House where I'd went to school

We have clear photo's

ditto

Ralph Benwick & Mary

16

dismantled about 1955 (?)

The old mill dam and Grist mill at Slatyfork

played at Bethany

Luther Helmentoller Jr

Bernard Galford

Bernard Galford Rosie Galford Bernard Galford Miss Knowles Violet Slaty Austin Galford

old Mill Dam

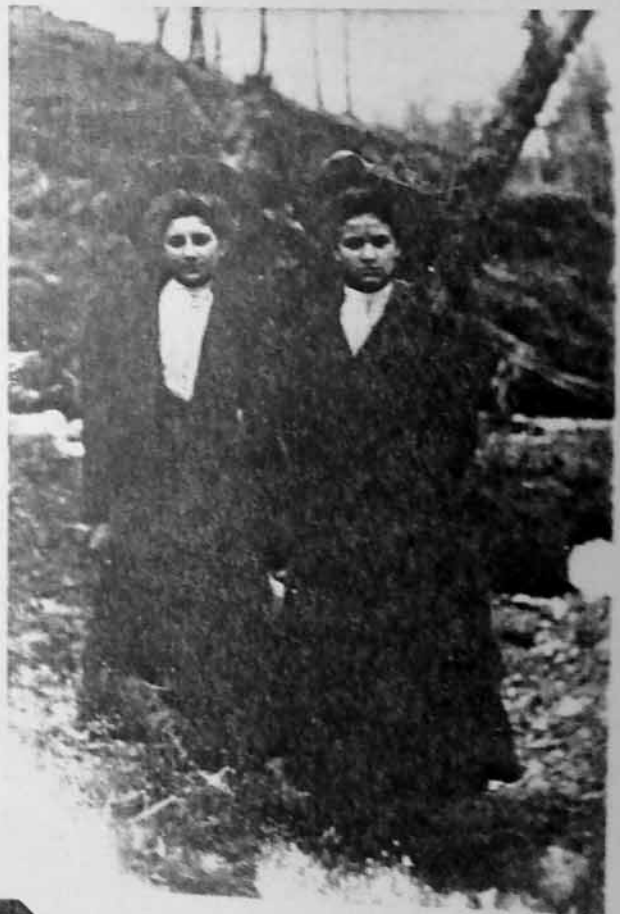
at the old Mill Dam

(Cir 1917)

"Brice Griffin" mill at Slatyfork

Violet (Sharp) Markland

Ada (Sharp) Curtain/Johnson

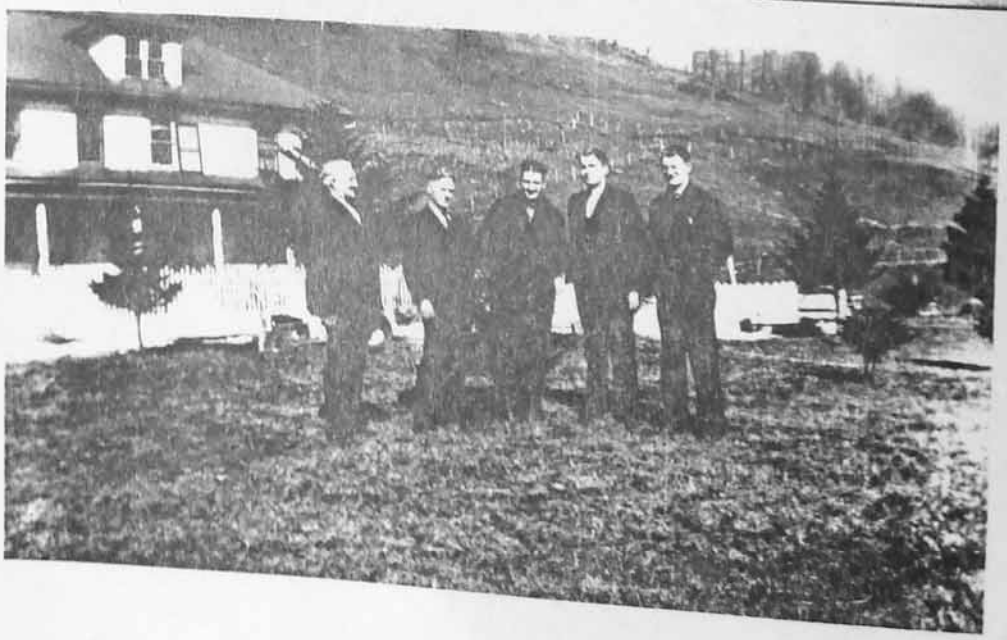


Violet Sharp. Lena McREAN

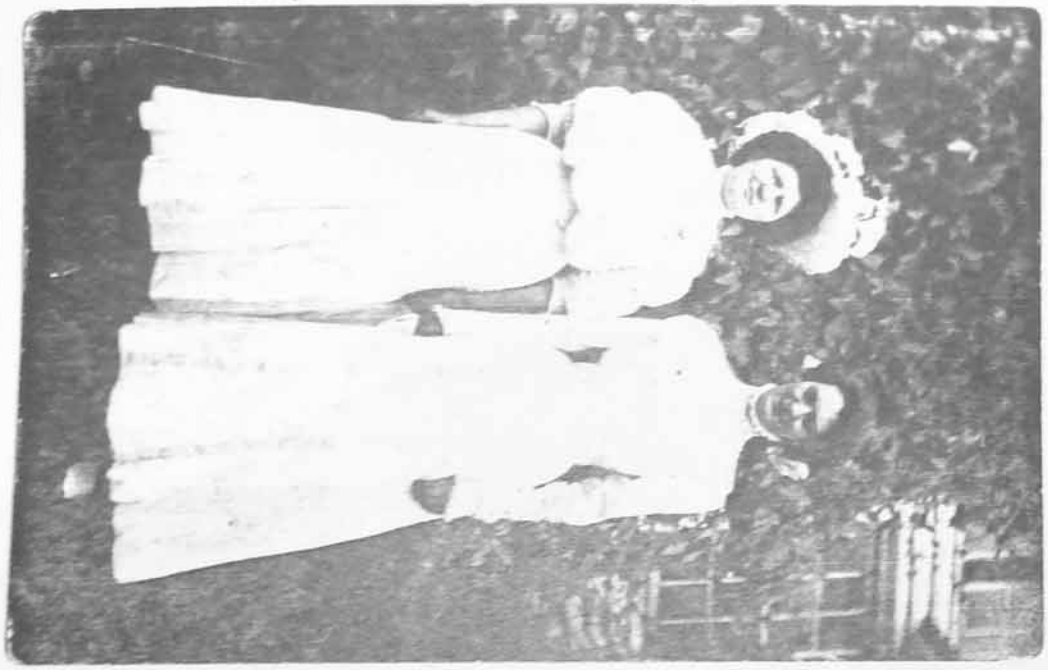
Ada Sharp at Dicky fork creek Mabel Mahanger

i. Ada Jean Violet Ernest

L.D. & his 4 sons



Abe + Mable wedding



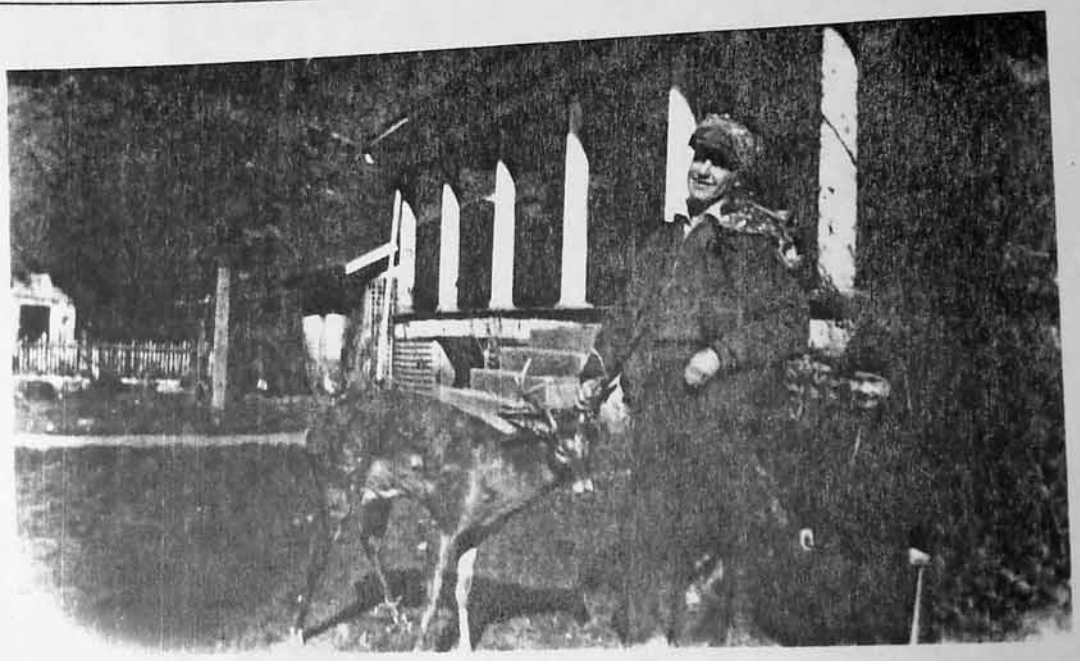
Abe Senna Brian Violet Ltd.

Marian Morgan Violet Senna Evelyn Ltd. Junior Davis

20

F H
+
his
children Chaves

Joan
Eva



Joan (1950) F.H.

Jan 1950

TAHQUITZ CANYON SPRING

at church services

1 Bob Gibson
2 ?
3 ?
4 Frank Graham
5 ?
6 Susan Gibson
7 Lil
8 Paul
9 Dave Berry
10 ?
11 Gordon (Graham)
12 Bertha Hoover
13 Emily Jackson
14 Mary Hedrick & Baby
15 Granddaughter
16
17 Cousin
18 Carrie Smith
19 Va Smith
20 Boy ? ? ?

Elizabeth
Cameron Hoover

Slatyfork School #3
Burned about 1928
Located 75 yards from Pg 219
up Slatyfork Creek

See 143-144

Slatyfork School #3

20-H

4 copies

3 copies

21

Mary Knowles & Violet

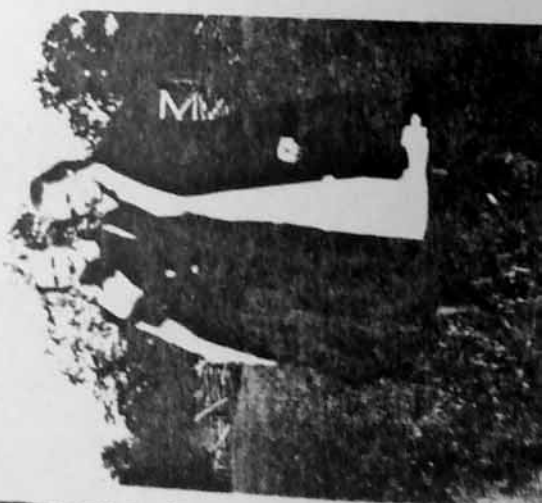
Ada & Violet

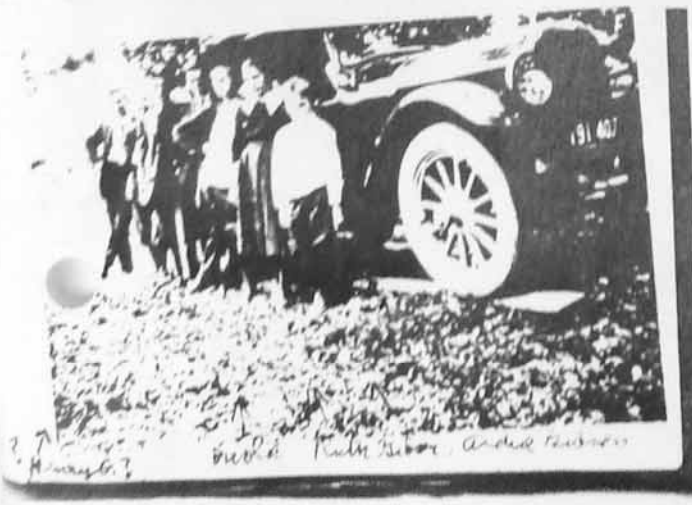
called Esther & Violet

Ada & Violet

Jean Bryant

Creola





From Creola's album 23

Creola

Mother and Creola

Creola

23

Creola

Creola

Creola Stamps
Sue Bratton

Creola Sue Bratton

24

Creola Shard

24

creola

creola
about
1930

25

Joan middle holding reins

Joan inside

"LD" on back of Spring wagon

Joan inside

"LD" + Joan "going to Town"

LD

Joan

(Dad) LD. abt

Joan

Joan Anita Halpin

Where on hers behind mother (Tenara)

LD (Dad)

Della Susan Violet
F.W. Carla Laura Li

Susan & Dad Cap.

Laura (morgan) Sharp

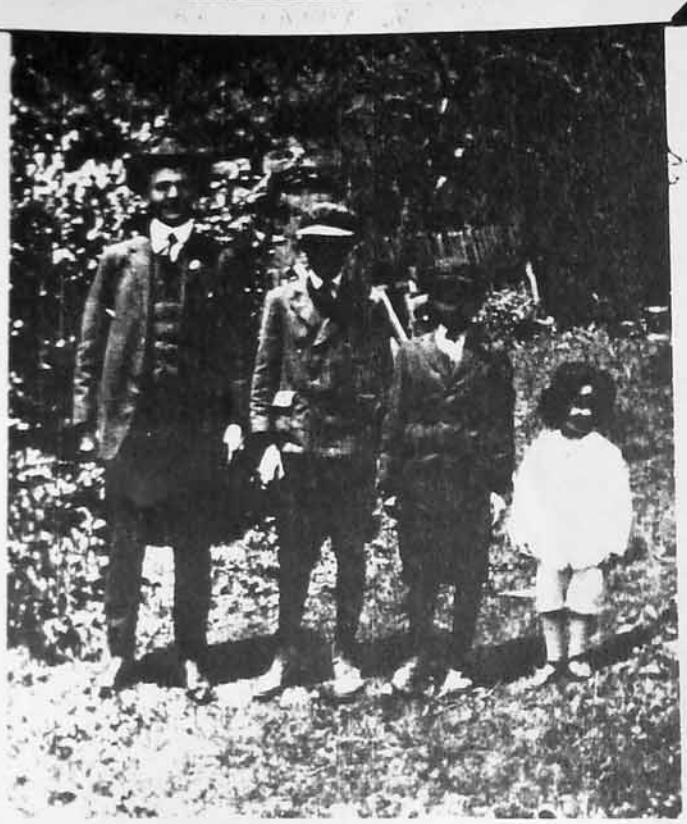
F.W. Sharp at 20 acre Farm near Orlando — Now "Disney World"

in Home meadow

Edith milked

Old "Charlie" Horse

Edith at old Home



28

J.H.

J.H. in Fla at 20 acre farm

J.H. fishing Trip

Twins Henrietta Laura ada
Rufus Violet Helen

POST CARD

POSTAGE NOW ONE CENT

THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE

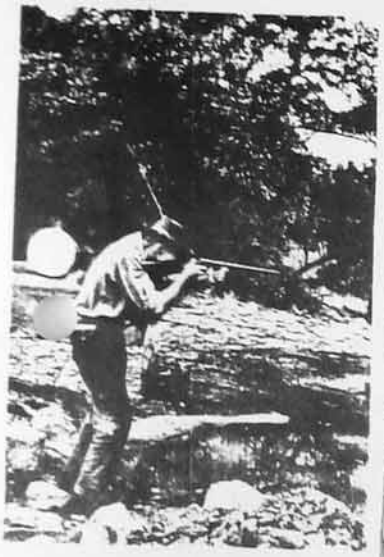
June 4, 1917

Dear Father as it is the day near your Birthday, I am sending you a little card hope it finds you well and yours, from your Loving Sister Malinda Hope we meet from beyond that Happy Land

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE

Mr. L. D. Short
Slaty Fork
W. Va.

L D Rev Eza Bennett Eugene Jones
Slaty Fork Church



Ada Short

Violet

Henry Gibson
LD's Ford car

L D & truck load of wood

Mrs. Columbus Morgan

Frank Boots, Miriam Morgan & Ada Shay
at Slate Fork company store

MIRIAM MORGAN

31

Ray? Sheldon

Thyrd girl?

Zola Hannah?

Charles Bradford

Pearl Hanely

Leola Simmons

Ruth Thomas

Dorothy Hanely

Gennetta Simmons or Sheldon girl

Harold Johnson

Mary Sharp

Raymond Mack

Hubert Bonner

Pearl Peoples

Helen Johnson

Slatyfork School

about 1924 (?)

L.D. & his Frolo.

Kitchen

DAVE "LD" [illegible]

At the Reunion--Sept. 1950

Dear Dave:

Clara took this candid picture of Dad at the reunion.

The camera seemed to have captured a glimpse of that elusive, ethereal happiness he experienced in having his children all home again.

Can't you just see him in memory as he talked to you on that eventful day? That treasured quality of good humored true friendliness in the laughter of his smile which lights up his face like a Heavenly Illumination, makes him seem very near and very dear to each one of us. With love and fond memories

Ada

Dad.

"LD" hiring boss
June 1-55

"LD" the fisherman
Summer 1958

"LD" out taking
care of his sheep
Christmas week
1958

"LD" and son, Ivan,
at Ivan's home
1959

"LD" the hunter,
Nov. 1955

He shot the squirrel out of the hickory tree just behind him and he is standing beside the old barn. The squirrel fell from the tree with a broken back. Dad tried to step on it's head and the squirrel bit at his pants leg !

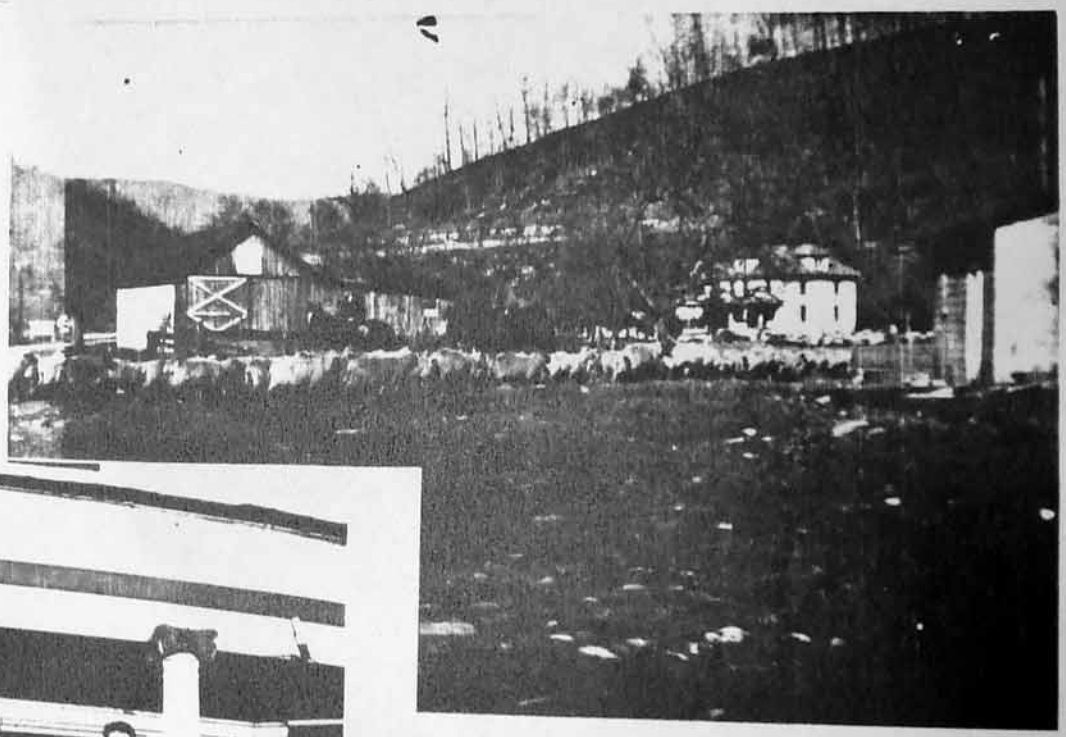
Dad's family
Christmas 1950
(in kitchen)
left to right:
Violet
Kathe
Paul
Ivan
Dad
Mable
Genevieve
Bashful Si
Dave
Evan
Sylvia a t bottom

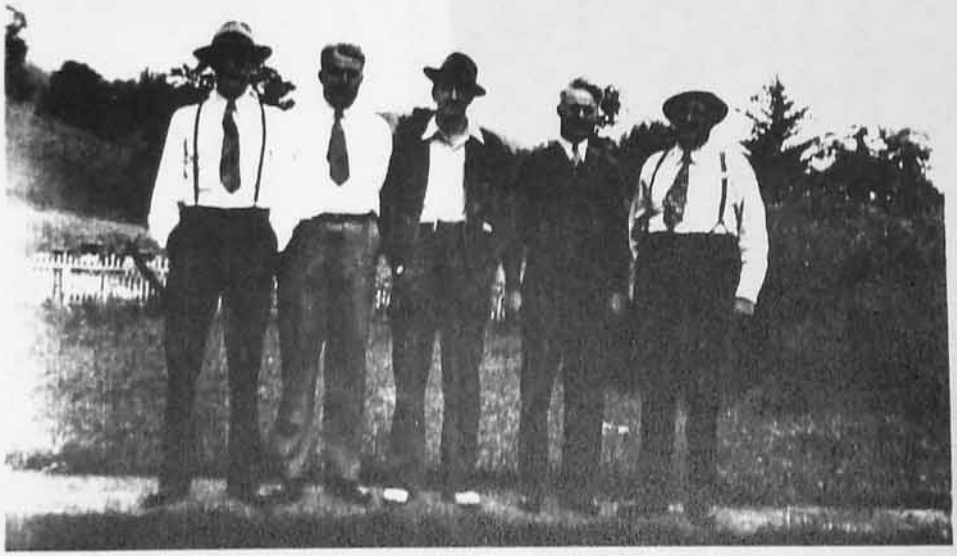
Dad
Stacy
(cor 1939)

Mary
Stacy

Si in Fla 1963

LD & chickens





Ed + his boys

Paul + Vonda
Barbara
+ boys

Eunice + Si Sharp 1982

Slats + Si

IVAN SHARP FAMILY

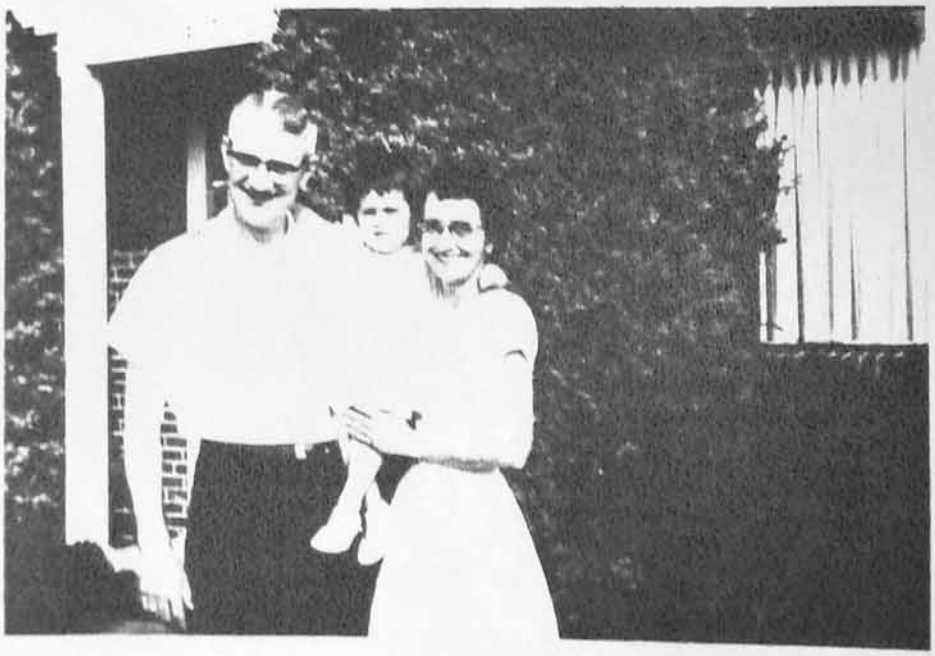
IVAN SHARP

EVAN

(Eunice, Si) Dave (Paul, Kitty) (Symington, Hallie) Tom Shipley

Paul & Kitty Edwards

JAN 64



Dave Linda Sylvia (1963 ?)

Benny & Linda
Eduardo
Xmas 1980

David Hannah house

Left:

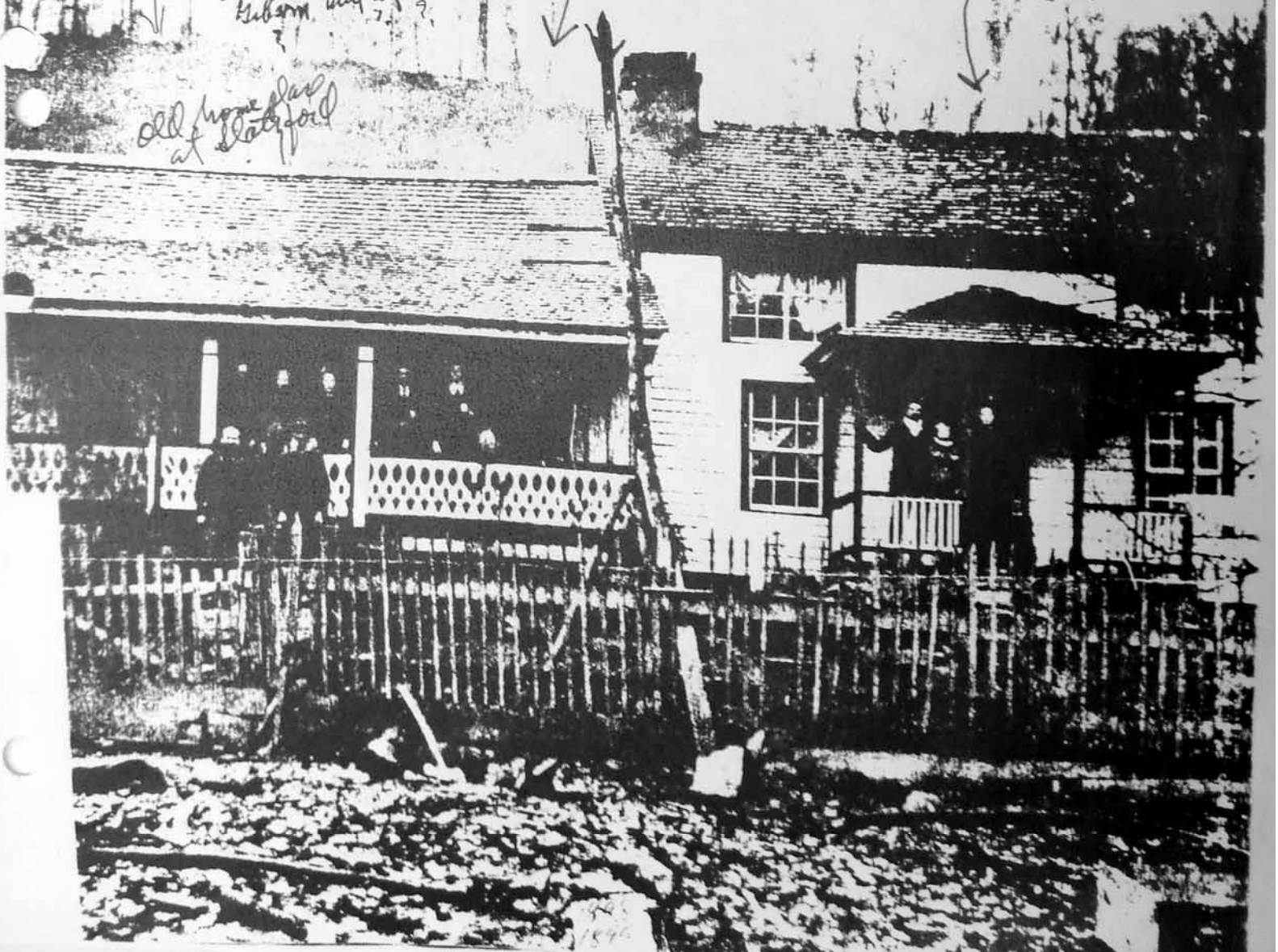
Rear: Jeff Sampson
Right old man Jim Gibson
Leo & Sarah (Jeff)

the old house place at Blackjack

Rear Portico
L.D. Laura
+ 2 children
ada + Kitty

Betty
Gibson

old house place at Blackford



(1)

Saturday night

Edray, W. Va.
Jan. 14th 1893.

Mr. Luther Sharp:-

Dear Friend:

I will try to write a few lines in reply to your kind letter that I received Wednesday evening. I am always glad to hear from you and to hear you were well. Willie and Pa have both been sick but they are better now, Pa went to Clover Creek this morning. Miss Effie Moore is right sick, the Doctor says she has the fever, I was down to see her this evening it snowed so, they did'nt want me to come home. Flora caught me home on a horse. If it keeps on snowing like it has been it will soon

Letter from Laura Jane Morgan to Luther Sharp from Edray, Webster County, West Virginia, January 14, 1893. They were married a month later on February 16th, 1893 at Edray Methodist Church, Pleasant by the Rev. Jeffrey Sam. Morgan. (Transcription)

(2)

be as deep as it was two years ago, it is almost too cold for sleighing now. I seen Mrs. Gillen going to Marlinton in a sleigh today it would be dark before she would get home. Mr. Andy and I have not taken any sleigh ride yet, I don't think we will if he can help it, it would be nice if he would come to take some one else sleigh riding and they would go with another fellow. I don't think I will go with him again, as second choice.

It has been right lonesome since school has closed, but I am glad it has closed, it has been so cold this week, I believe we would have frozen in that cold school-house. I never did see cold weather last so long. I have not entirely laid my books aside I did'nt quite get through some of them, and

4

O, may thy life be one sweet dream,
and one bright long summer day.
And like the winter evergreen,
May it never fade away.

(3) I look over them sometimes.

Mr. Sydenstricker was wanting Pa to send me to Hillsboro to school, he said he would board me for half price. Pa asked me if I wanted to go. I told him no, but did not say why.

I believe the people are very well pleased with the entertainments Saturday night, if they are I am. Mr. Jackson was here Thursday a while. I did want so bad to tell him what he said about me, but I did not have a good chance to tell him, he told the truth when he said I was ugly, I did'nt care for that, but as for me being "proud" or "stuck up", it is not so.

If I was as handsome as he is, I believe I would talk about other people being ugly, and stuck up. Ha. Ha. I heard he said

(4)

I received the present you sent me and appreciated it, but I would much rather you had not sent it. You must excuse this badly written and composed letter. I must close for this time. Your true and loving friend, Laura Morgan.

(4) if he were you, he would go to see Nimma, because she is the best looking. Perhaps he told you ~~so I don't~~ know

You certainly were treated "up a limb" Sunday night, and about as to have all gone

get a nice photograph.

I was very much pleased yesterday to get a letter from cousin Katie Wanger, she always writes such long letters, she writes all the news, and so much mischief.

You will have a cold time if you go to Webster Co. next week.

I think my ring is so nice it is rather tight, but then no one can get it off. I have never taken it off since you put it on. I would not give it up for any one else's ring.

Edray, Pocahontas Co. W. Va.
Oct 24th, -92

Mr. Luther Sharp:

Kind Friend I will endeavor to write you a few lines in answer to your kind letter, I received some time ago, I would have written sooner but was very busy, and I thought perhaps you would come over to the meeting. The meeting commenced yesterday. There was very good meeting last night, there will be meeting every night except Saturday night, The meeting will last over Sunday, come over before it closes.

It is such nice weather for meeting now.

You said you supposed the school master was afraid to scold me. He never has any occasion to scold me I am so good I would be afraid to cut up at school. Mr. Barlow is not very strict but he makes us get our lessons. I am going to go all the school, I like to go first rate.

You need not be afraid that I will show your letters. It is something that I would not do. It is useless for me to ask you not to show my letters, because I know you will not, I will close writing my scribling to a close, excuse it, short and bad writ[ten] because I am in a hurry.

I remain as ever yours friend. Laura Morgan.

I (Laura) all I want to see
her again some time. It's a long
ways to go. I would love to go
see aunt Sallie (Sarah Ragsdale Whaley Ware) while she is living.
Genevieve is better than she was.
she can walk over here and back.
she still has a girl staying with
her. Addy had all her boys (Addison & Rufus) together
pulled three weeks ago. she has
had an awful time of it. Addy
has an abscess on her gum. Dr
Dr lanced the place and has a
poultice on it and the dr wanted
her to go in town and have
an X-Ray made of it but
she said she was not able.
She has had an awful bad
cold too. She could get get
any one to stay with her. They got
a woman to stay a few hours
one day. Ollie aunt had been in
the hospital and his uncle sick
and his sisters husband had
Pneumonia so gone of his people
could help them any.

Laura wrote to her brother Will - Before 19280719

45 [redacted] who married [redacted]
3 [redacted] has not been well and
his mind is bad. they took him
last week to Roosevelt & the hospital
and he came back and they say
he is no better. he is at home.
it is a pity for him they have 8
children, and they want any thing
that is going. they want pick on
all the Children. they want the best
that is going but never think of the
poor Virgie was over 2 days and
helped clean up the store. Joe
is getting real frail he totters
around, he can hardly hear.
they are cutting timber up on the
Jim Jackson place and have a
saw mill there. Hally Shelton
they have a camp there and Ella
Bibson Cooke there. I must 2
send Ruby some thing pr per
Birthday. I will send Edith a hand
kerchief if I can send it in my
letter. write me when you can
Love 2 you all from Laura Shark
written to her brother L. Morgan

No mention of Violet (born 3-15-1897)
to Ada perhaps about 2 years old
(Ada born 2-21-1894) so letter written about Spring of 1896

Willy is still working
for Mr. Pat Henrys.
Will has not been over
to see his girl for a few
Sun's, but I think
he will go soon.
We had right dry
weather until the other
day it rained and has
been raining some
ever since. Our onions
are beginning to come up
somenow. I planted a
few Jerusalem cherry flowers
last week and they are
coming up somenow.
Ida called some to day.
Well what is Ada doing
I want to see her very
bad & suppose her
kiss her for me and
don't think her at all.
Mr. Harvey Morrison and
wife are going along good
they have been up to Mr.
William Morrisons to
a log rolling. Pa has been
clearing off his own
ground to day and is
too tired to write this
time. Well I will close
my uninteresting letter
for this time by
asking you to write
soon.

From your sister
Minna Morgan

Letter from Minna to her sister Laura Shaff (Morgan)

4

45

Letter to Ivan by his mother, Laura March 2 (1921 ?)

Dear Ivan: March 2 (Ivan in Buckhannon ?)

(page 1) I received your letter and card both last night. I should have gotten the letter of course I could do yp your clothes, but they might get mashed up getting to the railroad. You know they have to be carried horseback to Cloverlick and some times the mail gets wet. It is raining tonight. I came over to the store and stayed over tonight. There is some snow on the north side.

(page 2) I heard today that Cad Gilmore was arrested at Spruce for bootlegging whiskey. They were making it at Cheat Bridge and he was ..... it on the train and selling at Spruce. We heard they arrested one other man and Gilmore was fined $500 or that's what I heard. Coyner was not drunk but John (Slanker?) and Resa (Higgins?) were drunk. Hattie (McClung) said she would not have minded(?) if if John or Alfred (Higgins) had hurt him. But to have to carry a (scar ?) made by (with a couple stick) Resa was the limit. Resa had on her fine dress and she sat

(page 3) ~~She~~ (JOHN) in the cabbage that she had for supper. People talk awful about John and Resa. Bill(who?) (HOOVER OR GIBSON) and Sam (Higgins?) moved the wool out of the Curtis house today so I suppose they will .move.... Nannie (Higgins?) is as hot as a fox. She sent Sam over for a big box to put the things in and I was in a minute and she had three boxes in the floor. She said over there this morning she washed those little darned (horses or houses) were all burned up. I am afraid she is mean enough to burn them if she had her things out of there. She has no where to go only -(Page 4)--if where they came from. And she says she is not going there. Papa (LD) and I got an invitation to the inauguration ball at Charleston, but I don't expect we will go. ha, ha. The boys have their fishing tackle and fishing catalog. I am glad you got the "Times". Papa was around the hill and cut a lot of grafts to graft some apples in the spring. Papa wrote out a notice to take to Uncle Hugh about not selling apples on Sunday. Uncle hugh sells honey and apples to the Bohunks They could come any day, they are so close by.

The following on different paper, but apparently to Ivan, maybe mailed at the same time --?? (Pages 1, 2, 3 & 4, (or 5, 6, 7 & 8)

(1) March 3, 1921 Well I have come over to the new house. It rained and the creek is full Sam & Bill have gone to the commissary(?) The stores have come (?) and I suppose they will have lotsof .... (Grace Green (husband) ... there now... (Teacher) Delphie has sent her draft by Cecil to cass to have it cashed, and he has sent men (Rhodes) paying for her board and .... she has ..... . Nannie went (slagging?) out to the barn this morning where Sam was. I guess she thought Hattie might go out to see (page 2) him, Hattie never looked at him. Papa said Nannie would not speak to him this morning. ..... (Rec'd Mail P.O.)
The girls asked Papa about (stamp?) and he told them to go out to the house to get them... (stamps?) I reckon Nan would not let them go over. She just acts like a mad bull all the time she is a (raaring?) about a lamb of hers. Papa said he was keeping her sheep for nothing and paying Sam and Bill for looking after her sheep as well as hisown. She is so mad about Luthers ma.... (GRACE) moving down. (page 3) Mrs. Tracy is real poorly I heard they did not expect her to live.anytime. She is a good woman and (told)not to be afraid to die. Matilda Hoover is home now. Mrs. Hover has a very bad cold. I am sending Creola a couple waists. She wants Violet to select her some clothes at Baltimore. Ada was a little better, but real poorly when she wrote. Her ..... cost nearly $4 each. (page 4) (4) Well I have written all I know to write I will not get to write so often when the spring work comes on. Papa wants me to go to attend the store so he can sew grass seed over here. There is not many cutting timber now but the Bohunks. Well I will have to close for this time.
with love, Mama.

(Luther worked on farm & Ada more cooked) (Sam & Nannie Higgins lived in Curtis house for Uncle Hugh)

(See typed sheet #46)

Dear Ivan:

I got your letter and Candy both
but might have mixed the
letter Pat let
did not. Of course I
could do no more than
put them right at
washed up, getting
the RR and hurrying
home to be called first
thing to Clara [illegible]
and [illegible] mail
got wet. It is raining
to beat it. Cops out, to
the store and [illegible]
to night. Then no [illegible]
Brian at the [illegible]

Page 1 mar. 2

down in the cabbage
that she had for supper
Folk talk awful about
John and Resa.
Bill and Sam mowed
the weeds out of the Curly
house lot today so if
Pete they will grow
Nannie was not as a lot
she Bert Sam ought to
a big lot to feed the
things in and I was
in a quandry and of
had 3 notes — the flour
she paid over three days
morning she picked three
little Burrell peaches for
after breakfast up. I am
afraid she'll freeze
[illegible] to [illegible] before the
[illegible] and her [illegible]
[illegible] of them. She has
no there to [illegible]

47

page 3

I heard to day that Col
Gilmore had arrests at
Sprigle for not keeping
whiskey they ice grabbing
at Creek Bridge &
he was hung from
the dam and scaling of
Spruce the heartless
wretch one other man
and Simas says had
both of their hats shot
I heard Cooper was
not drunk but perhaps
had been the worse
Hatter and she would
not have appointed
an inferior officer
but the Capt & Lieut
to carry a scout ordered by
Resa was the Lieut
Resa had on her fine
dress and

page 3

page 4

we believe they came from
and also Hays like us but
going there. Papa and I
got an invitation to
the Inaugural Ball at
Charleston but I don't
expect we will go. Hatta
the boys have all been
having stake and fishy
Calabaw. I am glad you
got the Times.
Papa was around the
hill and got a lot
of Brass to pay off
some debts in the spring
papa wrote to a Northern
paper to tell them
about the Col Cooper affair
on Sunday. We have
Lelbs Church and after
the Benediction they have
Communion Service

page (4)

Note To copies:

If sheets (49) & (50)
is too bad
Then leave them OB
- as they are typed up on Page (45)

OK

51

Becky Post-Herald 6-13-60

Man Celebrates 88th Anniversary

SLATY FORK (RNS) — "Just keep on — keeping on" is to what I attribute my 88 years," said Luther David Sharp on his 88th birthday anniversary Friday. "Yes sir, activity is the thing that keeps us young. We would die in a short time if it were not for work," Sharp stated.

Sharp was born June 10, 1872, the son of Silas and Sara Hannah Sharp of Slaty Fork. He was educated in the schools of Pocahontas County. As a child, Sharp said he could remember that they always had three changes in the meal for breakfast, they had meat and bread; for dinner, bread and meat; and for supper they had both of them with lots of dried apples for sauce and pies.

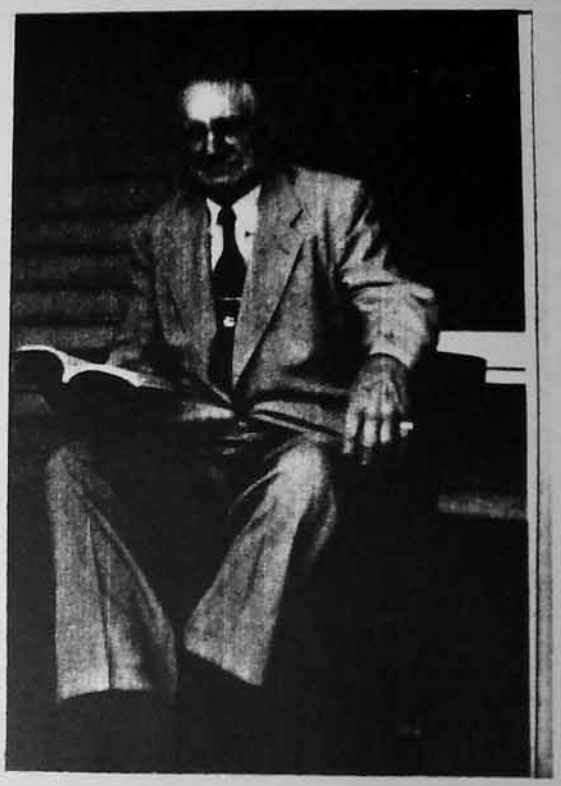
"The world has certainly bloomed out in flower since I was a boy," Sharp said. "I can remember when there was no buggy or no automobile. When a family bought the first lamp and around here, a daughter in the family slipped it out and brought it to our house and asked us to hide it because she was afraid it would blow up and kill their whole family. All the cooking had to be done over an open fire place."

"My father was a farmer who liked to hunt and fish. I have always liked to hunt and fish, and have gotten a deer each year of my life up until two years ago," Sharp reminised, "guess I am getting too old."

When Sharp was 15 years old he went into the store business at Slaty Fork on the old railroad. After the building of the new road, he built his present store in 1917. For 70 years he has been in the general store business. At the present time his oldest son, Luther David Sharp Jr., of Cincinnati, Ohio, owns the store and Mrs. Henry Gibson manages it for him.

Sharp married the former Miss Laura Jane Morgan and they were the parents of five living children, L. D. Sharp Jr. Ivan of Nitro; Paul of Port Netches, Texas, Silas S. Sharp, at home; and Mrs. Violet Markland of Richmond, Va. After the death of his first wife, several years ago, Sharp married the former Miss Mabel Hansford of Marlinton.

LUTHER DAVID SHARP



Notice to Confederates.

The meeting of Moffett Page Camp of Confederate Veterans is called to meet at the Times Office in Marlinton on Saturday, April 9 for the purpose of electing officers, appointing delegates to the Reunion at Mobile, and transacting any other business that may come before the Camp. A good attendance is desired.

LEVI WAUGH, Commander.
E. D. KING, Adjutant.

Farn For Sale.

Abont 385 acres, fine grazing, farming and fruit land. Some timber and an excellent orchard of improved trees. This land is so situated that there has never been a fruit failure. Good house, two barns, well watered, in good community. About five miles from depot, most of the distance being Macadam road. Address, Times Office, Marlinton, W. Va.

FOR SALE:—A small grist mill known as Griffin mill on Big Spring of Elk, Good water power all the year round. About 1 1-2 acres of land, with small dwelling. For further particulars apply to S. C. Galford, Slaty Fork, W Va.

Contractors Wanted.

We will let to contract the cutting of twenty thousand cords of pulp wood this season. As big a contract as you can handle can be secured. Apply at once to

WILLIAMS & PARIS,
1st National Bank Building,
Marlinton, W. Va.

L.D. Wrote from Fla. 1925

Pocahontas

3-26-1925

52

RLINTON, POCAHONTAS COUNTY WEST VIR

$1.00 A Year

Jan 1, 1914

YELK

Mrs. Carrie H. Dilley, of Dilleys Mill, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Birdie O. Dilley, the past two months, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGuire's little boy continues to improve.

Charles Galford has gone to Marlinton where he has opened a jewelry repair shop

The directors of the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Company met Saturday. The officers are L. D. Sharp, president; S. Mc Dilley, vice-president and general manager; J. D. Gibson, secretary and treasurer. The most important business transacted was the cutting out of free phones after January 1; the extending of the short line wire down Elk wherever the extension of the company's business justifies it; the cooperation of the different mutual companies entering the Marlinton switchboard will be asked in order to install two phones, one in the C. & O. station and the other in the freight office.

The W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co. have scheduled a daily passenger, (Sundays excepted) from Cass to the commissary near Slaty Fork, beginning January 1. The train will leave Cass in early morning, returnig in time to connect at noon with the up C. & O. train. This will be the main line to Webster Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gibson were Marlinton visitors, Friday.

James Gibson got tired of skinning his shins handling backlogs and foresticks and has now installed steam heat in his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Loan are spending the holidays at Millboro, Virginia.

Bina Moss and Earl Gibson are visiting at Howardsville, Va.

Joe Buzzard was on Elk this week contracting for lambs for next fall.

Married, at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. C. H. Anderson, December 25, 1913, Clarence Blakeslee and Miss Glenna Sharp. The bride is the eldest daughter [illegible] and a very promising lady

3-26-1925 Column #1

FROM FLORIDA

We have taken our east coast tour, and on arrival back to our home in Orlando, will give you a part of our experience. The first day we went through Cocoa City, Indian River City and several small towns and reached Melbourn City at about the right time to pitch our tent. We were directed to the tourist camp and found it to be the best camp we have seen on the east coast. And as my son and I are fond of fishing we enquired where we could go fishing that night and were told that the best place to fish in all the country was off the Indian River bridge. The bridge is two miles long. We got flashlights, hooks and lines and pulled out for the fish market to get shrimp for bait and found that they did not have any, so we went to the grocery and bought some meat rind. When we got to the bridge and were telling the fishermen about our bad luck in not being able to get shrimp. They said "you did not need any bait, we are all fishing with a small piece of white rag." I thought they were kidding me, but soon saw that they were actually catching them thick and fast with the white rag and hook. One man had a small piece of oil cloth on his hook and they used it just as we use an artificial fly in West Virginia. We had heavy sinkers on our lines and continued to fish with the meat rind until my son caught a trout, and took one of its gills and in a short time we caught all we could eat for breakfast. I never saw so many fish caught in so short a time in all my life. Some had fifty or more nice trout, and there must have been 200 people fishing and all were catching fish. One man told me that he had caught 700 trout the night before on a hook that was run through a piece of his white handkerchief. Ask Dick Smith if he can beat that man's fish story.

The next day we pulled straight ahead for Palm Beach and we reached the ocean in time to go out on the great long pier and catch a mess of fish for breakfast. Then we drove around among the beautiful palm trees and flowers and looked at all beautiful scenery on Palm Beach. Then we drove over to West Palm Beach to the tourist's camp, and instead of finding the camp among the fine cocoanut and palm trees we found it located where there were but few shade trees, and the tourists were not very well pleased with the camp, but we made it all right.

The next day we drove down to Hollywood and pitched our tent to camp over Sunday. This city has been building only four years and

Column #2

in bathing. We drove out to Coral Gabels where so many rich men are spending their money in lots and fine buildings. It is no place for a poor man. Miami is getting pretty well up with Chicago for crime. We found some tourists who were afraid to go to Miami on account of so much robbing and so many murders in the last year. That was one reason why Sharp camped outside of Miami.

We took another shoot out from Miami and went down the east coast as far as the road is cut out. The first city of any size below Miami was Homestead. We went on below Florida City along way down until we found no more road. There is a vast rich country and there are thousands of acres of tomatoes, and as the old saying is "I never saw tomatoes before." I did not see anybody but negroes living between these cities, and the negroes had many boxes of tomatoes along the road to sell to tourists. We bought the finest tomatoes I ever saw for two cents per pound; that was all they asked for them. There are many tomato packing houses and the packers no doubt are buying tomatoes from the negroes for a song and they are shipping them up north and making a fortune on them.

Florida is not considered much for corn, but I never saw better corn grow any place than in one section down near the jumping off place. The corn looked to be much higher than a man's head—probably ten or twelve feet high—and such a dark green color that the land must be very rich.

We went out to a Seminole Indian village. There were about fifty Indians there. Some of them work in the packing house. We parked our car by the roadside and walked out to the indian camps among the jungles, and when I saw the Indians sitting flat on the ground in squads and looking so strange at us, it very near got my nerve. I tried to get them to talk, but they would only say yes and no. They were cooking out on the ground and we could tell the meat they were cooking was more than ripe—anyway we did not stay for dinner. The children about six years old and under had no clothes on. The Indians were all barefooted but the older ones had on clothes of many colors. While we were at this village a very large swarm of bees passed over us and looked as if they were going to settle on a pine tree, but they slowly moved on. I suppose the Indians have plenty of honey to eat. It looks bad that our government does not educate the Seminoles. I am told they are getting fewer all the time.

The State is building a new road

that short time. They are now making artificial lakes. They think the northern people like lakes, so they are spending many thousands of dollars making them. The main street must be over 100 feet wide and the city runs out to the ocean front. In a few years Hollywood will be one of the big cities on the map.

As it is only eighteen miles to Miami, we decided to run down to go to William Jennings Bryan's Sunday school class. We were told that he teaches the largest men's class in the United States—5000 men. He teaches his class out in the Miami Park. But owing to being held back by the traffic we did not get to the park until he had closed, we thought we would go to the first church we could find for preaching, which was a Presbyterian church. After preaching I was told that Mr. Bryan and his wife were in the congregation, so I hunted him up and had a short talk with him on prohibition, and, while we differ in politics, we are together on prohibition. Mrs. Bryan has to be wheeled about in a chair. She is unable to raise her hands. Mr Bryan said she was not paralyzed but it was worse than being paralyzed as she suffered such great pain. She has been helpless for six years. They live in a fine mansion in Miami but of course Mrs. Bryan cannot enjoy it, so the poorest person with good health has the greatest blessing. Let us be thankful for our health while we have it.

Sunday afternoon we drove a distance of probably five miles across bridge to the Miami Beach. We could hardly get there and we could hardly get back. There were many thousands of cars going over and coming back and we would hardly get started until the city cop would stop the long double line of cars. We must have been one hour going that five miles to the beach. It looked to us like there were 100,000 people on the beach and there were thousands

and while we were driving at a fast rate to make up lost time, at about ten o'clock as we were driving through a jungle section we saw three alligators cross the road in front of us. About an hour later while we were a long way from any town, three men were standing by the road; one of them stepped out in the road and waved us to stop and kept on waving—we could see him from the light of the car. Not a word was spoken to our car, but my son had presence of mind and threw on all the gas he could. We were going at about 35 miles an hour, and we must have passed by them at 35 miles or more per hour. We don't know what their business was; they had no broken down car there, and as there had been so many people held up and robbed around Miami, I believe they were robbers, but they had no way to stop us unless they killed the driver, and we went so fast that it would have taken a Jesse James to have gotten him.

We drove on our tour down and back to Orlando about eight hundred miles. We found everything all right in our bungalow, and we are renting our property and getting ready to to start back to West Virginia in a few days. We are getting anxious to see our old friends. James White wrote us he would stop to see us on his way home but I suppose he lost directions and could not find us. We hope he reached home safely.

We expect to stop off with our daughter at Richmond for one day and will run over to Baltimore, and make a short call at Washington, probably one day, then we will proceed homeward. The tourists are going north very fast—so much so that you can't get a Pullman without engaging it a few weeks ahead.

L. D. Sharp.

Early Seed

come the demand in Pocahontas Pocahontas Supt Cass expects to rs in stock. The s expected right ontain cars for J. S. Hickman and a s.

hool of the Marian Church took linnehaha Springs ll the party numety. Dinner r the spring, and ing was enjoyed to in the fine big

wreck at the Kenow Seebert Saturle loaded cars were fic delayed several ise was a bad piece avy grade.

as the old man, at Armageddon, Ten Command- ise put in ten or y.

this part of the state.

Misses Mabel Fuller and Grace Stalting are visiting friends in Charlottesville, Va.

WHEN TWENTY TO FORTY YEARS

has been added to YOUR life and you are unable to work and earn the money you get now, how are you going to get necessities and comforts you need for you and yours?

A GROWING bank account today forecasts something better than a mere existence in later years.

Why not today start a account with

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Marlinton, W. Va.

said to be predominant in than three fourths of the necessary to ratify a nation- constitutional amendment, t is as yet without foot- y considerable extent in e., Pennsylvania, New and Nevada. As the pro- of the sale of intoxicating essentially a state mat- execution of the police hich is reserved to every ngress has seen the jus- oviding against it being with under the guise of commerce. As the ates Supreme court well otteries (188 U. S. 321, 321, 47 L. Ed. 492): not permit the declared he states, which sought heir people against the f the lottery business, hrown or disregarded ncy of interstate com- his applies with equal e prohibition of the xicating liquors. It the intention of Con- it its control of inter- ce to impair the po- the states but on the se it as an aid to the cing their home rule

DEUMED

uck, arch deacon missionary of the urch, claims with ns, to have reached Mt. McKinley, 20,- ore in height, on He offered praise erected the U. S. oot cross.—Liter-

n there and wor- non the lofty peak; i it was, so near re him, man did s by day and ed in the lonely l on McKinley's the symbol of made the uni- nounced the me ceaslessly, and says to ise above the e fold close g;

WARM SPRINGS, VA.

Quite a number of our town people attended the Sunday school convention which was held at Millboro last Tuesday and Wednesday. They report a large crowd and an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Walter Ricks of Covington visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. LaRue, the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gum and little son John E., spent last Sunday with Mrs.. Gum's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Rimel.

W. J. Pritchard of Frost, spent a week with his family here and returned to Frost last Wednesday.

Miss Willie Vines spent last Wednesday night with her friend Miss Annie Lupton Campbell.

Sam Mann of Augusta county, was the guest of friends here last week.

Mrs. D. B. Agner and grandson William Snider returned from several days visit to Mrs. Agner's daughter, Mrs. Allison, who lives in Covington.

Howard Campbell returned Saturday from Dayton where he attended school the past winter.

SLATY FORK

Very dry now and rain much needed.

W. T. Morgan has gotten an automobile.

L. D. Sharp and Miss Mariam Morgan were in Marlinton Friday night.

Miss Gladys Baughman is visiting her grandfather, Shell Hannah

Sam Moore passed through this part last week.

Miss Violet Sharp has returned home from Marlinton where she had been attending High School.

Miss Elizabeth Roads, of Ohio, who taught in the Marlinton High School the past winter, is spending a few days at L. D. Sharp's,

Rev. Mr. Coffman preached to a large congregation last Sunday afternoon.

The railroad is being pushed on down the river. They are running trains both day and night.

Shearing sheep is the order of the day here.

Miss Ada Sharp is expected home the first of June from Boston, Mass., where she has been attending Conservatory.

LOBELIA

Weather fine; hot days, cool nights and is getting very dry. Corn is coming

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

Notice, Contractors

IN THE MATTER OF BIDS IN CONSTRUCTION OF 258 RODS OF ROAD IN THE HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT

Bids will be received by the County Court until noon, June 23rd, 1914, for construction of 258 rods of road in Huntersville district, near J. H. Buzzard's being a relocation of the Hillroad in the direction of Brown's Creek located by J. H. Kramer, said road to be 14 feet wide, and to be built according to specifications in lands of Hevener Dilley, Road Superintendent and approved by him. one-half in length of said road to be built in the present year, and completed by Dec. 1st, 1914, the remaining half in the following year, 1915. This arrangement to permit of the financing of this road without unduly burdening the road fund of the Huntersville district.

C. J. McCarty, Clerk.

Commissioner's Notice

Pursuant to a decree entered by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia at the April term of said Court in the Chancery cause of Charles Friel vs Ira Shinneberry. Notice is hereby given to all parties in interest that as required by the said decree, I will proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia on Tuesday the 14th day of July 1914 to take state and report to the Court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. A complete statement showing the liens and their priorities against the lands of the defendant.

Second. What lands the defendant owns in this Jurisdiction and a description of the same.

Third. Whether the said real estate will in five years rent for a sum sufficient to pay off and discharge the liens thereon.

Fourth. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the commissioner or required by any party in interest.

S. H. Sharp,
Commissioner in Chancery.

NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of Ira Shinneberry.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK

To the Voters of Pocahontas county

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Pocahontas county and promise if elected to serve the people of this county to the best of my skill and judgment. As you know I have had many years experience in this work and I would be glad to take it up again.

Respectfully,
S. L. Brown.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK

To the voters of Pocahontas County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination for the office of Circuit Clerk of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic party in nominating candidates.

As I am engaged in school work now and will be for some time, it will not be possible for me to see all the voters of the county, so I shall ask you through the columns of this paper for your support and influence.

C. Forrest Hull.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Circuit Clerk of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Party.

Geo. D. Oliver.

Cass, W. Va., Feb. 23, 1914

We are authorized to announce M. Lacy Johnston as a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR COMMISSIONER

We are authorized to announce J. S. McNeel as a candidate for Commissioner of the County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic

FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT

To the Voters of Pocahontas County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Superintendent of Schools of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Party's way of nominating. I promise, if nominated and elected, to serve the

comb, and others.
e authority vested in the
Commissioner of the
t of Pocahontas County,
ay its decretal order
e 20th day of Octo-
above styled cause I
my office in the
rlinton, West Virginia
day of December, 1921,
and report to Court the
tters of account, to-wit:
ist personal property be-
a. Malcomb at the date

What real estate belong-
Malcomb at the date of
the value thereof.
defendant C. S. Mar-
n, amounts thereof, and
es.
What debts are properly
gainst the estate of Wm.
the amounts of each,
d their respective priori-

time and place any party
ay attend.
J. E. Buckley,
Commissioner.

inferred from the evidence in this case that you brothers had been engaged in making moonshine liquor and that on the night preceding the murder of George Huffman you had a part of your whiskey stolen and we may gather from the evidence that you accused George Huffman and another of having taken your whiskey. In this you may be correct, yet even this being true it gave you no license to commit murder. The penalty in this case is severe, yet it is only commensurate with the crime that has been committed. I doubt not that the criminal annals of this county does not show a more deliberate killing as has been narrated by the witnesses in this case.

"This certainly should be a lesson to others who may be engaged in the [illegible] whiskey business. That the day of settlement will finally come, and should be enough to turn all those similarly engaged, to the paths of lawful pursuits.'"—West Virginia News.

THORNY CREEK

Quite an excitement was created in this section last Friday when an insane man was taken into custody by John Perry, W. F. Harmon and Summers Hoover. He gave his name as Walter L. Carnefix and said he

son, in the Chicago Daily News.

SLATYFORK

Charley Craddock, Engineer on the G. C. & E. Ry., was painfully injured by being hit across the stomach by a log while working on a wreck. He was taken to the hospital at Ronceverte, where he is getting along nicely

Russell Dilley has sold his Ford car and purchased a new Maxwell.

Miss Creola Sharp, who is attending high school at Marlinton, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sharp.

Our school is progressing nicely with Glen Barlow as teacher.

Oliver Painter, Lee Burner and Russel Dilley are building a garage in partnership.

Mrs. G[illegible] at Hospital at Ronceverte with her husband, Charlie Craddock, who is in the hospital.

Earl and Irene Bryant, who are attending high school at Marlinton, spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bryant.

Senator Heflin (Dem., Ala.) made this prophetic declaration in a telling speech against the whitewashing of Senator Newberry:

"The way Senators voted on a question like this resulted in the re[illegible] of some of them as the Sen-

Treaty of Versailles wa
by posterity."
Cox, in D

HONOR ROLL: Pri
Stony Bottom School.
dridge, teacher. First
Bell Tallman, Anna
Edith Thomas, Maud
Moore, Frank Wilfong
Bearyl Bumgardner, L
Earl Tallman, Myrl T
Tallman, Harlan McLa
Rider, June Meeks, Or
Second month—Va
Grace Wilfong, Anna
Edith Thomas, Maud
Moore, Frank Wilfong
Bearyl Bumgardner, L
Earl Tallman, Myrl T
June Meeks, Orval
age, Mary Bell Tallm
fong, Edith Thoma
Jesse Moore, Frank
Moore, Bearyl Bumga
Wilfong, Earl Tallman
Laughlin, Clyde Tallm
man, June Meeks, Geo

Co. vs Dorsey Freeman judgment $308.59.

State vs Pete Snyder, forfeiture on bail bond.

Bank of Marlinton vs R. R. Snedegar and others, judgment $1698.81.

State vs Lee Vint, not guilty.

State vs John Milam, guilty, sentence two years in pen.

Pistol license granted Paris D Yeager and Park McNeil.

State vs Roy Houchin, verdict guilty of murder in second degree.

State vs Ira Vandevender, confessed, $300 fine six months in jail.

State vs Matus Bobconic, guilty, two years in pen.

State vs John Rose, guilty, $150 and costs

State vs E. D. Burner, $50 and six months in jail, charge carrying a pistol. Bail pending application for writ of error.

State vs J. W. Shifflet, guilty, $100 fine sixty days in jail.

State vs C. P. Hamrick, No. 1 & 2 quashed.

State vs C. P. Hamrick, not guilty

N. B. Arbogast was [illegible] W. Goodsell's over Sunday.

Wm Widney, superintendent of the Pocahontas Tanning Company, is making some changes in the tannery.

12-13-1922

SLATYFORK

Grass is growing fine and it looks like summer was not far off.

We are expecting Professor J. H. Hall, one of the world's best music teachers, to teach singing school for us this summer. Everyone near should take advantage of this great onportunity to study music.

L. D. Sharp has been working hard getting up petitions to re-establisn a mail route from Slatyfork to Edray. Many years ago the people of Elk had daily mail, but now have no mail at all for a distance of twelve miles. Well to do farmers and heavy taxpayers live here, and during the war were heavy subscribers of Government bonds and War Saving Stamps, and yet they have been denied any mail service, we hope that this very important route will soon be established. Let us pull together. There is but one road from the main road down to the Slatyfork office The mail has been carried several years from Linwood to Slatyfork.

Our Sunday School is progressing nicely. We think the Sunday school should not close for the winter. Since we have had a few years of evergreen Sunday School we find it the thing. Our attendance has been good all winter and last Senday the house was full, with not a vacant seat left.

There has been a lot of moonshining going on on Elk. Some men are too lazy to work and so they make the stuff to rob men of their money, minds and health. The moonshener must quit his dishonest business or soon be rounded up.

I am herewith enclosing you a few lines suggested to me by a conversation I heard on one of our streets last Sunday afternoon between a minister of the Gospel and a couple of our local attorneys. J. M. MEADOR.
Hinton, W. Va.

What boots if if,
Within the pulsing womb of time,
A thousand thousand years
Man passed from stage to stage;
Or if, at God's command,
With single bound
He leaped from Mother Earth
A Man?

To Him who gave us life
A thousand years is as a single day.
His handiwork shows purpose and design.
I question not His wisdom, mode or plan;
Nor hath the Record said
He breathed in him the Breath of Life
And Man became a Living Soul,
Before he was a Man!

Science hath not shown
The Sun to change his course
In all the years;
Nor whence Orion's bands.
Polaris guided mariners of old,
And points the North today.
The Pleiades we view with raptured gaze,
The Shepherds saw and Poets sang
On old Judea's hills.

The fragrance of the Rose,
The Violet's tint

ERMEN

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accepted

War on Elk

Vol No 34 · 3-31-1910 Marli

War Recollections.

THE FIGHT ON ELK.

Company F. 19th Va. Cavalry was organized at Millpoint, Pocahontas county, December, 1862. A few days after we organized and before we received our arms, one of our company, Frank McKeever, deserted and went to Beverly and told the Yanks that we were in camp at Millpoint without arms and how nice it would be to capture the company. So some two or three hundred soldiers set out from Beverly to take us in. But a day or two after McKeever deserted we got our arms and had gone over in the upper end of Greenbrier county to try and capture a bushwhacker by the name of McMillion, and had been on the march the greater part of the night without meeting up with McMillion, and stopped in the after part of the night in Renicks Valley to get a little sleep and feed our horses. That night a snow fell about 11 inches deep. After we got something to eat, we saddled up and started on our return to camp.

When we reached the Top of Droop Mountain some one met us and told of the Yankees being in the Levels and had captured our quarters and one or two of the company who had been left in camp and burnt all the feed and provisions we had. So when we arrived in the Levels we were without shelter, feed or anything to eat. We scattered out among the farmers, got something to eat, and organized for a dash after the Yanks to try to even up with them for what they had done for us in our absence. I think we had about sixty men. Some of Capt. Marshall's company fell in with us after we started on our raid, and proved to be of great help. Lieut. Price took the advance with Will Pouge, Geo. W. Jackson, Joseph Hull and Henry Sharp with him, expecting to

When Capt. McNeel found that he could not open the door he gave it a kick and asked them to surrender. The Yankee Lieut. in command answered him by saying, "Surrender, no, never," and they commenced shooting through the doors and windows and we replied in the same way. A Yankee by the name of McWhorter, from Jane Lew, was shot and killed as he made the attempt to get out of his bed, and another Yankee was killed in the room. By that time the Yankee Lieut. cried out, "I surrender."

Capt. McNeel answered, "I asked you to surrender and you wouldn't, let them have it, boys."

Then he said, "I surrender with up-lifted hands."

Capt McNeel then gave the command to cease firing, and we crowded in the house, and while we were in the house Walt Allen jumped from an upstairs window and made his escape. Well enough he did, I guess, for it is hard to tell what might have been his fate had we gotten him.

All the boys did not know that Lieut. Price and his squad were down the road and some of them mistook them for Yanks and fired on them, killing Henry Sharp, which cast a gloom over our victory. We captured eighteen Yankees with their horses and arms—all of which we needed in our business. So we evened up pretty well for what they had done to us.

Frost

Plowing and sugar making is the order of the day.

J. W. Jackson moved to Frost last week. We are glad to see him back again.

B. B. Williams, of Cass, was around last week shaking hands with his many friends.

Geo. B. Ryder, of Highland county, was in this community

Joe Wooddell, of Greenbank

ton or Edray, but not fi
them at either place we foll
them to Elk. When we g
where the road left the pike t
to William Moore's, Lieut.
noticed that some had taken
road and had not returned.
waited there for the compa
come up and when it got the
called for volunteers to go
him to Mr. Moore's and as
nearly frozen, and we wer
make the trip a-foot, I dismo
to make the trip, thinking i
way I would get warm; it wa
my bravery that caused me t
but just simply to keep from
ing. Well we were soon at
Moore's and surrounded the
and Lieut. Price called to
Moore and asked him if he
any one stopping with him f
night. He said, "Yes, ther
a couple gentlemen stopping
him." He told Mr. Moor
wished to see them, and we
and brought the gentlemen
which proved to be two Y
We went to the stable an
their horses put the Yanks o
string and started back. O
the Yanks was Sargeant M
the other a high private, I be
When we got back to the
was good and warm. We se
two prisoners back toward J
and then Lieut. Price and h
vance started on to Gib
When we got to the Moffett
we all dismounted, hitched
horses to the fence by the
and Lieut. Price and his
went on in front. When w
to Polly Gibson's, Lieut
Price and his men passed b
went on down the road to
just beyond the house. Th
of the command surrounde
house. The Yankee picket
had been on duty had gone
the house and was trying t
some one to go out and tak
place; so there was no pick
duty when we got there.
arms were stacked in one c
of the room. We though
would open the door and r
over the Yanks as they lay a
floor. Capt. McNeel tri
open the door but it ha
been used and a bed set a

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1926

Hearken unto the battle of Duncan's Lane. The story of that battle has never been printed before. It is ignored by all histories of the war. Until late years it was not a subject of frank and open discussion by the people of this county. Time cures all things. There are still living a number of men who participated in that fight, and I have talked with men on both sides recently and after so long a time this historic event which had been so nebulous came out clear and distinct and I will endeavor to state the case.

At the West Union school house at the foot of the mountain, on the road that leads to the Williams River country, in 1864, lived Henry Duncan, in a double log house on the headwaters of Stony Creek. The house was opposite the mouth of a draw or hollow leading off at right angles toward the south, and up that hollow lived William Beverage about a quarter of a mile distant. A passway was used up that hollow to reach the Griffin place, and the homes of people living on Days Mountain, and on over to the headwaters of Dry Run, a branch of Swago Creek. Part of the passway between the Duncan place and the Beverage place was fenced on both sides in 1864 as a lane. It was this lane that gave the name to the battle.

The State was formed in 1863, and in the early part of 1864 a regiment of state guards was formed at Buckhannon, and of this regiment Pocahontas county furnished one company, captained at times by Captain Sam Young, a minister, and later by Captain I. W. Allen. Captain Young preached at the sulphur spring on Stony Creek, (Ellis Sharp's) on May 3, 1854, and made an appointment to preach there again in forty years after. A great concourse of people gathered there in 1894 to keep the appointment, but the captain was the northern soldiers. Upon a council of war it was decided to take to the mountain and make a detour in the direction of Williams River in such a way that cavalry could not follow them. They realized that they were a small company of men in a country that was hostile to them, and that they might be killed by an ambushed force at any minute.

It turned out afterwards that the soldier at the bridge was not a sentinel, but was a deserter who was making his getaway to Buckhannon, where they saw him a short time after.

The little army turned up Price Run and from there climbed Bucks Mountain through the grass lands until they reached the fringe of trees near the top, and there they took some cold food from their haversacks and lay down to sleep without any fire whatever.

They were stirring before daylight and marched to the head of Dry Run and called at the house of Peter Beverage, a Union man, and there got something to eat, and then proceeded by the way of the Griffin Place, to William Beverage's place. Williams Beverage was a brother of Peter Beverage, but was a Confederate in sympathy, but was a non combatant.

Here there were bees, and the little army, feeling safe from possible pursuit, commandeered a bee gum or hive full of honey. It was the first week of November and the hive was heavy with honey. The soldiers made the farmer give them buckets and they proceeded to fill the buckets with honey, preparing for a midday feed.

In the meantime, the Confederates had been laying plans to capture the Union soldiers sent here in such a small force to beard the lion in his den. Captain J. C. Gay, holding a commission as captain under the Confederacy, with authority to guard the border was the ranking officer in this emergency, he augmented his force by summoning to his headquarters at his home at the mouth of Stony Creek, all southern soldiers who were at home on furloughs, and his command was made up of about half scouts and half soldiers on furlough.

Godfrey Geiger says that he and his brother Adam Geiger were called John Armstrong, Moffett Walton, John E. Adkison, William Kinnison, James L. Rodgers, received serious wounds. Moffett Sharp, shot in the mouth.

J. R. Moore, who was under fire from the first, says that no one was hit at the first fire, that is the firing that occurred while the Union soldiers were getting the honey for lunch in William Beverage's yard. I think this is correct. I think Bernard Sharp was hit in the hips with a mountain rifle ball while he stood behind a tree, returning the fire of the Confederates. He was a fine, tall slim young man, and his untimely death was greatly regretted.

The wounded soldiers were taken to a cave near James McClure's, under the shadow of Red Knob, and concealed, and they were treated with great kindness and consideration by the McClure family.

There was no one hit on the Confederate side. The Confederates turned back at Henry Duncan's and they took from his farm a bee gum and bees which they carried to William Beverage to replace the one that he had lost to the Union army. There seems to have been no cause for this other than Duncan was for the Union, and Beverage was for the Confederacy.

I have talked with Register Moore and Peter McCarty, soldiers of the Union, on one side, and Godfrey Geiger, soldier on the Confederate side. Godfrey Geiger was in some of the biggest fighting of the war. George McCollam was eight years old and he has a vivid recollection of the soldiers returning from the battlefield, shouting and victorious. He was at his Aunt Ruth Kee's on Bucks Mountain; George M. Kee, a wounded Confederate soldier being at home.

It is probably impossible for complete lists of the soldiers to be obtained at this late day and time, and the names here given are those furnished by survivers of the affair.

Union soldiers: Captain Samuel Young, Captain I. W. Allen Lieut. Wm. Kinnison, Corporal John Armstrong, William Hannah, William Gay, George Cochran, Clark Dilley of Ewings Battery, Jeremy Dilley, Sheldon Hannah, Clark Kellison, Newton Wanless, Moffett Wanless, James L.

The home guard m

-2-

have disintegrated. Col #1 continued

The dauntless Averell and his mounted infantry, like a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire to the Confederates, had conquered and subdued West Virginia for the Union. He was ignominously discharged in September 1864. The county of Pocahontas in the fall of 1864 was controlled by the Confederacy. It was determined however by the West Virginia authorites to hold an election for President in this county, and arrangements were made to open the polls at Edray. And the Pocahontas county state guards company was detailed to bring that election off. They marched on foot from Beverly to Edray, a distance of fifty-four miles, coming in by the way of Elk River, and arriving a day or two before election. It was recognized that it was a dangerous expedition, sending one company into Pocahontas county.

The company camped near the headwaters of Elk on the way in, and one of the soldiers, Washington Neff, obtained leave of absence to visit his wife who was stopping at William Gibson's. Here he was captured by a squad belonging to Captain J. C. Gay's company of Confederate scouts, and was taken as a prisoner to the headquarters of that company, at the farm of Samuel Gay just above the mouth of Stony Creek. That night in attempting to escape, Neff was shot and killed. The prisoner had laid out Private Bennett with a stone and had been shot as he fled near the ford in Stony Creek.

This word had reached the company at Edray. Captain Sam Young was in command. Capt. I. W. Allen was there too. Nearly every member of the company was a Pocahontas man. Already apprehensive of the danger of being in the heart of a Confederate county, the death of Neff must have impressed them with the dangers of their position. The polls were opened under the oaks standing in front of the William Sharp house, near the big spring. The soldiers all voted irrespective of age and a number of citizens of the vicinity, and the vote was solid for Abraham Lincoln for president.

Aaron Moore was chosen as the messenger to take the vote into the northwestern part of the State, where the existence of the government of West Virginia was recognized, and the company of soldiers prepared to act as his guard. William Hannah was one of the commissioners of election but he had the uniform of a soldier. It was decided not to attempt to return by the pike to Beverly, the road now called Seneca Trail. The return was to be made by crossing the river at Marlins Bottom, by Huntersville, and the Hill country, by Dunmore and Greenbank to the Staunton and Parkersburg pike at Travelers Repose and across Cheat Mountain. The company marched four miles south to Marlinton and when they came in sight of the bridge they saw a Confederate soldier at the end of the bridge on horseback. This soldier saw the Union soldiers at the same time and whirled his horse and galloped back through the bridge. This was construed to mean that he was a picket and that he had gone to notify southern cavalry of the advance of

continued back to Column #2 on 1st Page

continued

was soon within rifle yards. The order to fire being given, a volley was let off, the result of which was a general scattering of the blue coats for shelter. Some went to the hillsides on either side of the hollow Some went down Duncan's Lane, and sheltered in and behind Duncan's house, and some to the knoll commanding the mouth of the hollow where West Union school house stands and in this way gave battle and returned the firing.

Aaron Moore with the election returns ran up the hillside, and Godfrey Geiger says that he would most certainly been killed if it had not been that he was in citizen clothes. the rule being to shoot no one not in a uniform.

At or about the first fire, Bernard Sharp, of the Union army, a son of William Sharp, of Elk, and a brother of Silas, Harmon, and Hugh Sharp, fell mortally wounded. He was shot through both hips. Godfrey Geiger says that he was carrying an army gun called a musketoon, which took a paper cartridge. That he went into the light with three charges and that he would have been out of the battle but for the fact that he got a supply of cartridges from the battlefield after the first volley, the Union ammunition just suiting his gun. Godfrey Geiger says that his was a long range gun, and that he saw Captain Young in the passage way between the two parts of the Duncan house and that he shot at him. That Captain Young told him afterwards that the ball cut away his clothes across his chest The bullet was recovered after the war from the log where it had lodged.

The two little armies having taken shelter continued to fire at each other for something like an hour and a half. and neither side making a charge, the Union soldiers gradually withdrew and made their way by little squads to the original rendezvous at Beverly taking with them the result of the election.

When it became apparent that the Union army had retired from the place, the Confederates went on down the lane, and came on Bernard Sharp, and carried him to Henry Duncan's house. It was apparent that he was near death, but they sent for a doctor and did what they could for him, but he expired in a few hours.

The Union soldiers wounded were

Continued back to Col 3 Page 1

T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

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Col 3 continued

it was not a case that was discussed freely in the olden days. It was only when the story of this battle was about to be lost to history that I gathered some of the salient facts in connection with it, and fortunately I was able to talk to soldiers who had been in it.

As a battle it does not rank high in the national issue to be decided other than it had a direct bearing on the election of Lincoln the second time. If he had been defeated, it would have been a long farewell to the greatness of America. But it was not in the plan of Providence for him to fail.

As a part of the travail of West Virginia in her birth throes such contests as these, occurring in the border counties, are of the greatest importance.

I have never been able to under-

continued

54

failed to receive their peace was declared.

I am glad to be able you the salient facts Duncan's Lane, as what might be expect the day's work from ginia State guards wh fight. and finished t who failed to receive pensation after the wa

(continued to page 3)

BABY C

Tancred S. C. June 15th and 25 per 100 prepaid, d livery. A limit Rocks and S. C. L. per 100. Last hatches

OAK CREST POU

Millpoint, W. Va.

YELK

Harvestig if still the order of the day here. Some are through while others are still making hay.

The Italians have left this section of railroad and gone to Cheat River.

Page Hannah, of Staunton, is visiting his father, S. D. Hannah.

Miss Ada Sharp will go to Buckhannon to attend the Wesleyan College this winter.

Forrest Gibson and Misses Allie and Mary Gibson attended the camp meeting at Denmar Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. S. A. Jackson, who has been on the sick list for sometime, is improving.

James Hannah and daughter, Miss Eula are visiting at J. E. and S. D. Hannah's.

There was preaching here Sunday by Rev. Weiford.

Henry Shearer and wife, Elsewhere were visiting at Robert Gibson's Sunday.

Little Jimmie Hannah, whose hand was hurt in a hay fork last week, is improving very slowly.

Mrs. Kennie Dilley is improving slowly.

Mrs. Caroline Hoover and son and daughter were guests at Wm. Varner's, Sunday.

Henry Shaver and wife of M are at G. L. Hannah's.

We understand the schools on Elk will begin the 16th of this month.

Odes Gibson and family ar Elk now.

On Sunday night and Monday morning a terrible storm visited the Panhandle section of this state. At least thirty people los their lives. The property loss is very heavy.

Sept 8. 1917

Slaty Fork Item

Page 3

'59

Times.

JUNE 17

...uards of West ...ssioned and re... the volunteer ... a state guard ...ginia and pres... ...e state and to ...ary movement ...e state, was ...test peril and ...e troubles in ...ition, was the ...owerful Grand ...c organization ... And I can see ...n New Hamp... ...uld never hear ... and might not ... much consider... ...o faces death ...try. But the ...uard carried ...ng the four... ...ctive service, ... the discharge ... state guards ...d in a great ... of West Virginia ...alley of Virginia ...ue Ridge. In ...e guards were ...charge of the dan... Virginia, and in ...ire force of the ... Virginia, as the regulars stationed in the mountain state were called, were on the move to report to Gen. Hunter at Staunton in a movement against Lynchburg, Virginia, and from that to the end of the war at Appomatox, the Army of West Virginia, fought on the other side of the mountain, with the exception of a detour on a retreat from Salem to Martinsburg by way of Lewisburg and Charleston, from June 29, 1864, to July 18, 1864. The policy of West Virginia for the last year of the war was given over to the state guards, and I feel that they have not been given due credit for their courage and fidelity and effici...

CHARM OF A COUNTRY STORE

If you are passing through Slaty Fork in Pocahontas County, you might want to stop at the Esso Station and gas up for an excuse to have a gander at the store. It is owned by Luther David Sharp and he is trying to retain the quaint charm of an old-time grocery store. As long as he possibly can he wants it to look about the way it did when his father with the same first and second name started the store in 1925. The elderly Mr. Sharp died a couple of years ago at the age of 91. The present owner lives in Cincinnati where he is in the retail jewelry business and leaves the Slaty Fork managing to Eunice Gibson. She'll be happy to show you the store and the few mounted specimens of wild life that are there.

The senior Sharp left three other boys and a girl. They are Ivan of Nitro, Si of Slaty Fork, Paul of Port Neches, Texas, and Vi Markland of Richmond, Virginia.

"Hillbilly", Richwood, WVa, Sept 25 1965

CHURCH NOTES

...LINTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Harvey H. Orr, Pastor.

School 9:45

p m Junior Christian Endeavor
, m. Senior Christian Endeavor
Annual Childrens' Day service;
lress by Rev. Dwight Winn, of

DIED

A telegram was receive
day, announcing the deat
dore Moore at his home i
City, Kansas, on June 10,
age was about 80 years.
ed was a brother of M
Auldridge, of Indian Dr
the late Aaron Moore, of
His parents were the late

William Sharp, the former [illegible]

I The Children of William Sharp (1740-1833) and His Wife Mary Meeks

THEIR SONS (married)

James - - Married Ann Waddell, 4-28-1800

John - - " Sally Mccollam 8-27-1804

* Andrew - " Nancy Drinnan 1-18-1806

William jr. " Elizabeth Waddell 9-29- 1798

THEIR DAUGHTERS

Nancy- Married Levi MOOre 1-21-97
Mary " Arthur Grimes 1-21-97
Rachel " Jonathem Griffin 8-12-1806
Peggy " Francis Wilson 5-14-1811
Rebecca " Alexander Waddell 12-25-1816
Jane " McCollam
Margaret " Kelley

* No record of Andrew except his marriage bond and mention in his fathers will.

178, 179

II The Children of William Sharp jr. (1772-1860) and his Wife Elizabeth Waddell

Their Sons

James Sharp - Married Althea Martin
Alexander Sharp " Mary Dilley
Jacob Warwick Sharp " Elizabeth McNeel
William Sharp 3rd.. " Rachel Dilley
** John Sharp " Sally Johnson

Their Daughters

Mary married David Gibson
Elizabeth " Hugh McGlaughlin
Martha " Andrew Dilley
Ann married Alexander Stalnaker
Ellen " Warwick "
Jane " James Hanson
Rebecca " Wm. D. Moore
Nancy " Jacob Cassell

** Dave Sharp volunteered to write Family History of William 3rd

** Charles H. Sharp volunteered to write Family History of John Sharp

by — "Ward Sharp"

William Sharp, the Pioneer Submitted to Pocahontas Co. History Book Jan '81

132

WILLIAM SHARP SR.
1740-1833

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHARP SR. LEST WE FORGET.

The footprints of the name of Sharp have been indelibly imprinted on this land before the Revolution and most certainly before there was a Pocahontas County. This is a small attempt to trace some of these footprints that have traversed these lands for a period of over two hundred years. They have their beginnings in one pioneer by the name of William Sharp Sr. The underlined names show the line of descent from the pioneer to the writer. Each spouse is shown in parenthesis.

William Sharp Sr. 1740-1833 was the pioneer settler of the Huntersville vicinity and was the first to open up a permanent residence. It was located a few rods from the forks of the Dunmore and Huntersville road. Mr. Sharp located here about 1773. He saw service as a scout, spy and soldier against the Indians and the British. His affidavit made in 1832 indicates four short tours of service totaling more than two years and six months. These include an expedition against the Indians on the Muskingham River in the fall of 1764 to March 1765; service as an Indian spy during the summer of 1773 and summer of 1774; served as a scout and messenger from the summer of 1774 to December 1774; drafted early January 1781 and was in a skirmish against the British at Portsmouth, Va. where he was discharged in April 1781.

The nature of his services as an Indian spy was to guard Warwicks Fort situated on the headwaters of the Greenbrier River, to traverse the surrounding mountains and to watch the gaps and passes for Indians coming towards the settlements. Later he continued to guard the settlement forming on the Greenbrier River, reconnoitering the country between the headwaters of the Greenbrier, Tygarts Valley and Elk Rivers.

He came from Augusta County where he lived at a place then called Beverley Manor near Staunton. He was one of three children of John and Margery Sharp who were orphaned in 1750. The land records have several transactions relating to his

139

holdings. In 1756 he had 115 acres patented to him on both sides of the Middle River of the Shenandoah. In 1769 there was a land grant of 355 acres on the Greenbrier River, in 1787 another 320 acres on the Waters of the Greenbrier, in 1787 another 270 acres on Ewings Creek, in 1791 another 320 acres on Brown's Creek. Some of this land was used to settle his large family on. His will dated in 1826 shows ten children. (This shows three more children than are recorded in Price's History.)

His wife was Mary Meek(s) daughter of John Meek. Their children were: NANCY (Levi Moore Jr.), MARGARET(John Kelly), JOHN(Sarah McCollam), WILLIAM(Elizabeth 1772-1860 Waddell), RACHEL(Jonathan Griffin), MARY(Arthur Grimes), JAMES(Ann Waddell), ANDREW (Nancy Drinnen), REBECCA(Alexander Waddell Jr.), JANE(Mr. McCollam).

John Sharp who married Sarah McCollam owned tracts of land on the west side of Allegheny of 255 acres and 82 acres, also 238 acres on the head of Lewis Lick Run. The family of four girls are as follows: ELLEN(Amaziah Irvine), MARY(Josiah Friel), REBECCA(John Duffield), NANCY(William H. Irvine). This line of Sharps ends here in the county but a descendant of Mary, Ann Dillon of Columbus, Ohio is writing the Grimes family history of Pocahontas.

James Sharp was a member of the court under the old arrangement, was high sheriff and was held in high esteem for his patriotism and strict scrupulous integrity. One story about him needs to be kept alive. He was an avid hunter, not only for sport but as a matter of business. While living at his first home on Cummings Creek, he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. One evening while returning home he was passing along when a panther suddenly mounted a log a few yards in front of him. He shot the animal, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times when he panicked and ran home. During the night the remainder of the pack followed his trail home and killed a yearling calf. Properly reinforced, he went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there found nine dead panthers.

134

William and Elizabeth had the following family: JAMES (ALTHEA MARTIN), ELIZABETH(Hugh McLaughlin), JANE(James Hanson), WILLIAM(Rachel Dilley), MARY (David Gibson), REBECCA(William D. Moore), ANNA(Alexander Stalnecker), ELLEN (Warwick Stalnecker), MARTHA(Andrew Dilley), ALEXANDER(Mary Dilley), JACOB WARWICK (Elizabeth McNeil), JOHN(Sarah Johnson).

1762-1860

William Sharp Jr. There is the romantic tradition that William Jr. met Elizabeth Waddell at the home of Thomas Drinnen at Edray. Thomas had organized a congregation and one of the worshippers was William Jr. who came dressed in a coon-skin cap. When the young lady returned home she made some funny remarks about the homely young man she had seen at the meeting and his furry cap. Her mother said the young chap would probably be calling around the first thing she knew. Sure enough he did come and on a busy wash day. He found the young lady resting up, performing on the spinning wheel in short petticoat, chemise and barefooted. It was love at first sight and they became engaged that very day.

This couple at once settled in the woods near Verdant Valley (near Edray) and opened up a fine estate out of a forest noted for the tremendous size of its walnut, red oak, and sugar maple trees and reared a worthy family. He is listed as one of the most substantial and prosperous citizens of the county in its formative period. This Verdant Valley, which few people know of today, was located in the area of the Fairview church and school house. The homestead of William Jr. was very visible during the mid 1900's as the farm of Jacob Sharp, the brother of Dr. Ward Sharp of Russell, Pennsylvania. A son was William III, 1806-1882

John Sharp who married Sarah Johnson and lived at Fairview (near Edray) first, then bought on Jerico Road near Marlinton had the following family: HENRY(Elizabeth Moore), HUGH(Mary Jane Waugh), WILLIAM EWING(Laury Ann Malcomb), MARY(William Frank Dilley), MARTHA JANE(James Wilfong), NANCY ANN(Noah Erving Wilfong), JAMES ALEXANDER(Eleanor Wilfong), DAVID WARWICK(Amanda Beverage), SUSAN(Amziah Irvine).

William Ewing Sharp married Laury Ann Malcomb and lived at Fairview near

Marlinton. Their family consisted of: MARGARET MATILDA (Charles H. Dilley), PAUL WARWICK (Mary Catherine Sharp), LUTHER (Died at age 2), ROSA ARIZONA (David Early Webster), MARION McCOY (Della Jackson), DENCY EDWARD (Gosha Underwood).

Paul Warwick Sharp married his first cousin, Mary Catherine Sharp. To them were born eleven children, including a set of twins: CHARLES JACK (Ora Belle Thompson), LANTY JAMES (Mary Vanreenen), MARLIE MATILDA (Cecil Curry), NELLIE ANN (Theodore Vanreenen), HAZEL ELIZABETH (1. Karl Elcessor, 2. _____ Russell), LAYTON EWING (Juanita Ramona Tackett), PAULINE CATHERINE (1. Hubert May, 2. _____ _____), OSCAR WARWICK (Margaret Noonan), AUSTIN McCOY (Fula Mae Underwood), SYLVIA BELL (1. Jack Herman, 2. Robert Schultz, 3. Granville Moore), NINA JUNE (Charles Waybright).

He made his living as a carpenter and as a teamster with lumber companies in the surrounding areas. In later years he settled down to a life of farming on the Jerico Road at Marlinton. As a pastime, he played the fiddle (violin). A number of his children learned to play string music, including the banjo, guitar and the fiddle.

His apple orchards were some of the best. Sunday at his house would find many relatives and friends for dinner, which was usually followed with horse shoe pitching, games, etc.

In his later years he used to sit by the hour with friends spinning yarns of bygone years in hunting, fishing and working in the woods.

Charles Jack Sharp married Ora Belle Thompson and they became the parents of fourteen children: JACK ARNOLD (Margaret Sharp), EARL MILBURN (Mildred Kirkpatrick), LEW WARWICK (Muriel Ann Bates), DEMPSEY THOMPSON (Jeanie Walton), CHARLES HEREERT (Nona Harris), CATHERINE ELIZABETH (Andrew Robert Baechtel), CRAIG ARTHUR (Betty Shinaberry), DONALD JAMES (Mildred Underwood), TOMMY DAVID (Garnett McCoy), PATRICIA WENONA (Joseph Lamoureux), BRENDA CAROL (Marvin Doss), LOUISE KAY (Joseph Roy), LESLIE DOUGLAS (Martha Jean Horner), GLENDA CHARLOTTE (Kenneth Slagle).

136

Charles Jack Sharp spent a considerable amount of time during his younger years around logging and lumber operations, since his father was a carpenter and teamster. While attending high school, he worked as a teamster in the summer and attended school in the winter. School at that time was held six months out of the year. He attended West Virginia State Teachers College at Parkersburgh, then taught for nineteen years in the rural schools of Pocahontas County. He was held in high esteem as one who could control students as well as parents in rather rough communities. Places of residences include: the old Jackson place on the Jerico Road, Woodrow, Fairview and the present home at Brownsburg.

He accepted a position with the Farm Bureau during the depression of the 1930's. In 1943 he accepted the position of manager of the Southern States Cooperative tore. After twenty years he took an early retirement due to ill health.

He was also a lover of the outdoors and of his fellow man. There are few ople who ever knew him that have been on unfriendly terms. He was an ardent hunter d fisherman. He was a crack shot, winning many prizes in shooting matches. He s one of the best wild turkey and deer hunters that ever walked into the woods. love for trout fishing will still go on if there is such a thing in the hereafter.

is information was compiled and submitted by Charles Herbert Sharp of Brigham , Utah with the assistance of Dr. Ward Sharp of Russell, Pennsylvania; Dave p of Cincinnati, Ohio; and Ann Dillon of Columbus, Ohio.)

The LUTHER DAVID SHARP Family
of Slatyfork
(Spouses in Parenthesis), "Children in quotes"

- LUTHER DAVID "LD" SHARP, 1872-1963 (Laura Jane Morgan 1874-1932, daughter of Rev. Samuel Morgan of Edray). (His second marriage was to Mabel Hansford.) 3-20-1134
- His father was SILAS 1842-1899 (Sarah Hannah 1844-1908, daughter of David Hannah), "Melinda, Ella, Luther"--"LD".
- Silas' father: WILLIAM 1815-1888 (Rachael Dilley 1806-1882), "Silas, Hugh 1846-1923, Harmon, Luther 16, Bernard, Henry, and Mary Ella 6". "Bernard and Henry died as Civil War soldiers, perhaps on different sides. Family tradition says Henry was shot at Bob Gibson's place by his own (confederate?) men as a spy for the North. Luther, 16, a civilian, was shot by Confederate Jake Simmons. Silas, also a civilian, was captured the same day and marched to a Salisbury, N. C. prison. After 23 months and 24 days he and the other remaining five alive men were exchanged."
- Silas' grandfather: WILLIAM 1772-1860, (Elisabeth Waddell), "William, James, etc."
- Silas' great grandfather: WILLIAM 1740-1833 the pioneer, (Mary Meeks), "Nancy, Margaret, Rachael, Mary, John, and William." He built the first home in Huntersville, was an Indian scout 1773, fought the British in 1781, fought the Indians in Ohio 1761, and rescued their prisoners in Ohio 1764, and a messenger to Gov. Dunmore at Fort Pitt.

"LD's" children were Ada 1894-1956, Baltimore (John Johnson, Will Curtain), "Donald, Helen, Billie, Clara, Stanley"; Violet 1897- , (Rufus Markland, Richmond, Vice-President assistant, C & O.), "Rufus"; Ivan 1900-1975, Nitro, attended Wesleyan, a plant foreman, (Genevieve Orndorff, Arbovale), "Ralph, Ramona, Parkersburg, married Tom Shipley, Evan 1940-1975"; Creola 1904-1923; Si of Slatyfork, 1907- , who likes the out-of-doors and is an accomplished painter of wildlife; Paul 1910- , retired personnel director of U.S. Rubber Co. (Vonda Lowe, Katherine Milhollin) Port Neches, Texas, "Thayer 1933, Barbara 1935 married Glenn Smith"; Luther David "Dave" Sharp, Jr. 1916- , Cincinnati, Sylvia M Friel daughter of Dee and Mary Friel, Marlinton), "Linda Dee 1961, married Jonny Eduardo". Dave, a Wesleyan graduate, 1939, operated the M Slatyfork store, was a watchmaker, and as a Certified Gemologist, American Gem Society, operated a jewelry store in Cincinnati.

" had a most unique lifetime experience--seeing the development of modern conveniences t we take for granted. He saw his first train at age 12, experienced the exciting elopment of automobiles, airplanes, radios, telephones, TV, electric refrigerators, es, medical-surgical advancements, packaged food, electric lights, and the atomic bomb. started merchandising, buying fur and farming at age 12 and became a respected nessman in Pocahontas, running a general store, farming, dealing in wool, ginseng, raising the famous white lynn honey. He was a W. Va. Apiary Inspector, the first aster of Slatyfork, 1901, owned a water-powered ~~XXXXXXX~~ gristmill, had the first hone in Pocahontas as the line entered Pocahontas from Randolph on the way to nton 1898-1899. He owned one of the first three cars in the county, a 1914 Studebaker. s the first to import and turn loose Chinese pheasants at Slatyfork. He was a or of the Farmers and Merchant's Bank as well as the Pocahontas County Fair. ed his last deer at 89. He was asked by the American Museum of Natural History York to secure a Pocahontas ~~XXXXXXXXX~~ wild turkey nest at hatching time. done May 1906 and the turkeys and nest are still on display. He dearly loved and directed the Slatyfork Methodist choir that was invited to many song festivals a. and Virginia. He certainly was a credit to Pocahontas County !

ed by Dave Sharp 4171 Paxton Woods Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

Dave Sharp

sent to be inserted in the Pocahontas History book

SHARP 3

139

SARAH HANNAH 1847-1908 Married Silas Sharp

Compiled by Dave Sharp 12-15-80

The below lineage is taken from the "Pocahontas County History Book" by William Pirce (1830-1921) --plus family stories included.

1. David Hannah (Sr.) from Ireland, married a Gibson from Augusta County.
   Wife: Elizabeth (?) Practiced medicine---?

2. Joseph Hannah married Elizabeth Burnside and settled in "Old Field Fork of Elk, near "Mill Run" (Mill Run, I believe is near Marvin Hannah's place--?)

3. David Hannah married Hester Sicafoose from Crabbottom.(Virginai?) They became very religious afther their two children died--Joe and Otha of diptheria. Especially after Otha died, recovered after a vision of heaven, telling who he saw there, etc. (Story described elsewhere from a tape recording by L. D. Sharp, and of Allie Gibson

Their children were:
1. Otha
2. Joe (NOT IN this order)
3. Henry
4. Rev. George Hannah.
5. Mary, the baby mentioned in Otha's story of a vision, and who married Sam Gibson. They had one child named Stella who married a WADE Fisher, father of Rocky Fisher. Mary died and Sam remarried to (Emma -?) Buswalter of Linwood
   Born to second Marriage was Richard, Henry, Ruth and Archie.

6. Melinda married John Rose in Webster County. (I believe they lived down Elk River, as Dad when buying furs when 12 years old said he stayed at his aunt's house.)
   They had a son name Bob Rose. (He visited our home at the old house when I was small) a daughter, Stella, married Herbert Bonner.

4. Sarah Hannah (1847-1908) She married Silas Sharp, who was captured as a civilian by the Confederates who were operating in the Slatyfork--Linwood area one year. They considered him a northerner and he spent 23 months and 24 days in prisons in Richmond and Salisbury, N. C. and was then exchanged just before the war endedd

   Their children were:Melinda who married Ellis Hannah
   (1) Melinda: married Ellis Hannah. their children were Eva (Beale), Veo Hannah, (Lena)Baxter, Russel Hannah.

   (2) Ella: married Bob Gibson. She, we are told was named Mary Ella after Sarah's sister Mary. Hannah, or Mary Sharp, sister of Silas.→She died of diptheria at age of about 6 --?

5. -- (3) Luther David Sharp, Sr. who married → 1-16-1893 daughter of Rev. Samuel Morgan, Laura Jane Morgan, in the Edray Methodist Church. (Mother,(Laura), lived in the Edray parsonage.
   There children were:

6..... Ada (Johnson, Curtain); Violet Markladd, Ivan, Creolat, Silas, Paul, and Luther D. Sharp, Jr. (Dave)

SHARP 3

141

Years later, the baby Mary, who married Sam Gibson, herself had a daughter, Stella. Stella, perhaps 10, when Mary got ready for the two of them to go visit her sister, Sarah. Mary went in a room to get her wraps and ~~x~~ in a vision there stood two young men she didn't know. One said "don't be frightened, we're Otha and Joe. We've come to help bear your burdens. It ~~was~~ won't be long till you'll die too. Mary cried all the way from Sam Gibson's home to Sarah's. She dried her tears before going in. Stella told Sarah that her mother cried all the way. It was then that Mary asked Sarah to raise Stella if she died. Mary died shortly and Stella lived with Sarah.

A few years ago, Dr. Elizabeth Kubler*Ross, ~~x~~ noted psychiatrist, who has worked with many clinical-death cases, requested a transcript of Mr. Sharp's redordings of the incident.

References: Luther Sharp, Allie Gibson.

Submitted by Paul Sharp

(14)

DAVID MANNAH

and Otha's Vision.

140

(Spouses in parenthesis) David's children underlined.

DAVID, burried in Mannah cemetary on Elk, no marker. (Hester Zicafoose).

Linda (John Rose) a son Robert, a daughter Stella married Herbert Bonner. Stella 1980 at 90 in Elkins. Sarah 1844-1908 (Silas Sharp), mother of L. D. Sharp; Y (Margaret McClure) he and son Ernest moved to Artesia, N. M.; Otha and Joe died

141

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142

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS THE SAME PERSON AS NO.

ON CHART NO.

Sarah Hannah mother of F.M. Sharp

David Hannah

1 Sarah Hannah
BORN 12-15-1844
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED 12-21-1908
WHERE Slaty Fork.

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE
Silas Sharp
3-2-1842-10-24-1899

2 David Hannah.
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED 21 Nov. 1843
DIED
WHERE

3 *Esther Hester Zica Foose from crabbottom
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

4 Joseph Hannah
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

5 Elizabeth Burnsides
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

6 Sampson Zicka Foose
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED 1817
DIED
WHERE

7 Sarah Simmons
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

9 El
10
11
12
13
14
15
DIED
WHERE

GIVE HERE NAME OF RECORD OR BOOK WHERE THIS INFORMATION WAS OBTAINED. REFER TO NAMES BY NUMBER.

Wife of 1.

*Esther is given as marrying Hannah in Morton's History of Highland County p. 357

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Page 2

Consolidated

The fifth school was a four-room brick school known as the "Seneca Trail Consolidated School" It had a gymnasium, a kitchen, furnace and running water !

Ira Brill of the school board promoted the building of this new school which opened in the fall of 1930. That fall we had a powerful football team of well-grown boys which included the Vandevenders, Beales, Hannahs, Wooddells, Gibsons, and Sharp. But, the team didn't have any uniforms. Hillsboro had been a winning team for years. Marlinton was anxious for some one to beat Hillsboro and sent their uniforms over to the Slatyfork school on the Reynolds Bus Line. The word got to us that Hillsboro heard about our extra large team. They called by phone canceling our only game scheduled for the year !

After many years it closed, about the 1950's, and the students were then bused to the Marlinton school.

The first principal of the school was Robert Eades, Other teachers were Paul Sharp (also a principal), Lucille Bright, Louise McNeel the present W. Va. Poet Laureate, Florence Howard, Becky Slavens, Ruth Cunningham, Mr. La Rue, Orda Hill, Hugh Moore, Mable McNeel, Mr. Neil Conrad, Wanda Lee Smith, Deacon Shinnaberry, and Josephine Wooddell.

Footnote: For a period, about 1923, L. D. Sharp and Page Hannah (SAM HANNAH) were the Trustees. It was their duty to hire the teachers.

Submitted by Dave Sharp
Dave Sharp, Cincinnati

Slaty Fork School No. 23

EDRAY DISTRICT

Pocahontas Co., West Virginia

April 29, 1927

VIOLET LITTLEFIELD,
RUTH CUNNINGHAM,
Teachers

Pupils

UPPER GRADES

Beatrice Shelton	Eva Hannah
Leola Simmons	Cora Hannah
Dorthy Hannah	Porter Hambrick
John Shelton	Kathleen Carter
Frank Carter	Steward McNeely
Arlie Hannah	Donald Johnson
Luther Sharp, Jr.	Verdin McNeely
Sarah Shelton	Mary Francis Cromer
Earl Carter	Ruth Simmons
Ruby Mitchell	

PRIMARY ROOM

Lexie McNeely	Wanietta Bonner
Hubert Bonner	Richard Carter
Joe Carter	Elbert Cromer
Emma Cromer	Lyle Painter
Louise Painter	Arietta Higgins
John Victor, Jr.	Lughvan Victor
William Victor	Norman Hannah
Julian Shelton	Pearl Simmons
Helen Johnson	

146

Slatyfork Schools --Continued Genevieve Sharp

This is the way I remember the teachers at the Slatyfork School (now the church)

1924-1925 Genevieve Sharp
1925-1926 Pauline Guyer
1926-1927 Violet Littlefield and Ruth Cunningham
1927-1928 Pauline Cuyer and Gay Hannah
1928-1929 Stella Conrad Finch ~~XXX~~ (my sister) and Gaye Hannah--Kerr
1929 and 1930 Charlsie (Charlise)Beverage & Gaye Hannah.
1930-1931 I believe the history book we just received gives Seneca Trail School the year 1930-1931.

I am not real sure when the two rooms came into existence (partition), But I believe Pauline worked on that the first year she was there and it came to pass that first year she taught or the following year.

I looked it up in the history book and they have it dated 1931-1932 when Seneca Trail started. So I am not sure who taught in 1930-1931 Maybe the Seneca Trail School came that year--1930-1931.

Dave: Doc Hannah taught one year at Slatyfork. It may have been 1923-1924.

Dave: An end of school year, April 29, 1927, Violet Littlefield and Ruth Cunningham gave the students a small booklet for the Slatyfork School #23 Edray District and listed the students. So the above years listed must be correct.

Upper Grades		Primary Room	
Beatrice Shelton	Eva Hannah	Lexie McNeely	Wanietta Bonner
Leola Simmons	Cora Hannah	Hubert Bonner	Richard Carter
Dorothy Hannah	Porter Hambrick	Joe Carter	Elbert Cromer
John Shelton	Kathleen Carter	Emma Cromer	Lyle Painter
Frank Carter	Steward McNeely	Louise Pinter	Arietta Higgins
Arlie Hannah	Donald Johnson	John Victor, Jr.	Lughvan Victor
Luther Sharp Jr.	Verdin McNeely	William Victor	Norman Hannah
Sarah Shelton	Mary Frances Cromer	Julian Shelton	Pearl Simmons
Earl Carter	Ruth Simmons		Helen Johnson
Ruby Mitchell			
(Teacher Littlefield) Violet		(Teacher Cunningham) Ruth	

Dorothy (Hannah) Fitzwater said these teachers taught at the (church) school house: Ruth Moore (her first teacher, also Dave's), Charlcie Beverav Stella Fench, Genevieve Sharp, Gaye Hannah, Lila Orndorf Ruth Cunningham, (not neeessiarly in that order) And Arlene Judy taught at the new brick school--probably it's first year of use?.

Frank Hannah said the following taught school at the school that burned: George Bright (Frank's first teacher), Dave Baughman, Emmahh Howard, Lesslie Judy, Sadie Hannah, Mary Hannah, Eva (Hannah) Beale, Allie Gibson, Jessie Hannah.

Naomi Pauline Guyer, teacher 1927-28 May 1, 1928 "Year Book". Pupils: 4th grade: Hubert Bonner, Dick Carter, Mary Sage, "Waneita"Bonner, Mary Frances Cromer, Ray Sage. 5th: Arlie Hannah, Verdin McNeely, Luther Sharp,Jr, Don Johnson,Mattie Sage, Ruth Simmons,Catherine Wilfong; 6th: Porter Hambrick, Steward McNeeley, Chas. Smith; 7th: Kathleen Carter, Dorothy Hannah, Cora Hannah, Leola Simmons,; 8th: Reta Curr (Kerr)misspelle , Eva Hannah, Mazie Sage. (Dave apparently age 11 in May, and was 12 on June 8th, 1928 (Apparently a two-room school. Helen Johnson not mentioned so she must have been in about 3rd grade--?
(Edray Sub-district No. 23. Upper Grade Room. Sltyfork)

147

THE SLATYFORK METHODIST CHURCH

The first services apparently were held in school houses in the 1850s and 1870s. In the 1900s services were in the now-gone school house beside the Slatyfork creek, and near the present church. The charter members of the church of the recent 75 to 100 years were L. D. Sharp, Sam Gibson, Sam Hannah, etc.

Since about 1920 the present church has held services in the last one-room school house until 1930 when the same school house was turned over to the church, and at which time the school moved into the new brick building.

The members remodeled the church, changing the entrance to the now front, putting a steeple on it and dug a basement for a furnace. Charlie Beale, Ivan Sharp, Oscar Kerr, Eugene Hannah, Frank Hannah and others worked weeks digging the basement. Harvey Bright, a carpenter-cabinetmaker (also a watchmaker) was engaged in making all the benches etc. for the church.

L. D. Sharp was superintendent of the Sunday School for many of the years he was a member. Others who were also superintendents were Eugene Hannah, Ivan Sharp, Frank Hannah, etc.

Some of the ministers were Rev. Sam Morgan (1889-1894) (father of L. D. Sharp's wife, Laura.), Rev. Hill, Rev. Powers, Rev. Combs, Rev. Long,, Rev. T. M. Taylor, Rev. Clarence Peirson, Rev. Skaggs,, Rev. Crawford, Rev. Mitchim, Rev. Gum and Rev. Ezra Bennet.

In the 1930s and 1940s there were 60 to 70 attending Sunday services. With most of the lumber related jobs gone and many young people moving to the cities, the membership is now small.

Submitted by

Paul L. Sharp

Paul L. Sharp
723 Avenue D
Port Neches, Texas, 77651

Paul L. Sharp Book

The Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Co.

Since 1899 Pocahontas county has had telephone service. The first line came from Beverly in Randolph county, entering Pocahontas county at Mace. A Dr. Bosworth built the line from Beverly to Marlinton, which was finished in August 1899. Later that same year the line was extended up and down the county. About 1910 the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Co was established. Each stockholder bought a wall phone and paid about $5 a year or the equivalent in labor. Some non-stockholders paid rent to use their phones. Chestnut poles were set and a single wire was strung between the poles. Charles McGuire, Sam Gibson, Otis Gibson and Jake Hoover were some of the repairmen or linemen. A magnetic generator was cranked to cause all the bells in all the phones on the line to ring. When the receiver was lifted off the phone hook two dry cell batteries began providing the power to carry the audio over the wire. There was a line from Marlinton which terminated at L. D. Sharp's store with 20 phones in between on the line. If you wanted to talk to some one in Marlinton, or a long distance call, you would crank the phone a "short" and a "long" and "central" would answer and connect you with your party. Many times "central" (the operator) would have to repeat every word both ways for a long distance conversation. A "short" was about one turn of the crank. A "long" was about 3 turns of the crank. Central ignored all other rings which were direct calls to neighbors on the immediate line. Each phone had a different arrangement (code) of "longs" and "shorts". If some one wanted to call, for instance, L. D. Sharp, he would crank two "shorts" and two "longs". Others on the line were supposed to not pick up their receivers when the phone rang for some one else. But usually there was one or more listening to the conversation. That is how they heard the "news"! There were many 4-way, or more, conversations. Mr. Sharp said a man came in the store in 1899 and heard him talking on the phone to George P. Moore at Edray and asked him if the wire was hollow to carry the voice! Apparently the phone was an exciting thing and it was used for amusement sometimes. Mr. Sharp said he and a preacher at Edray sang a song together 12 miles apart, Mr. Sharp singing tenor and the preacher soprano. There are many interesting pranks and stories about this 20-party line that is not printed.

Submitted by Dave Sharp and Raymond Mace
Cincinnati Slatyfork

149

Notes on the Elk telephone system --- by Raymond Pace.

(Concurred by Dave Sharp)

According to Price's History of Pocahontas County the first telephone line was completed between Beverly and Marlinton in August, 1899. This was known as the Bosworth line and was the first telephone line in the county. I do not know the name of the promoter and builder, except that he was a member of the prominent Bosworth family living in the Huttonsville-Beverly area.

Apparently the Bosworth line lasted only fifteen or twenty (?) years, and perhaps not that long. Probably during World War I or shortly afterwards another telephone line was constructed. This was, I believe, known as the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Company. It consisted of a single wire strung between chestnut poles. Part of the telephone owners using this line were renters and part were stockholders. During the 1920's Susie Gibson, Frank's aunt, left Elk and moved to Marlinton. We bought her share in the telephone company. My grandfather Sam Rider owned a telephone but he was a renter. It is my impression that the telephone line extended no farther than L. O. Sharp's place. Charlie Beale had a telephone, but anyone who desired to talk to him from Elk had to have his call routed by way of Cass and then to Linwood. Veo Hannah would probably know this.

The old telephone line gradually fell apart, and service was impossible. In the late 1920's, sometime after Rt. 219 was completed, a move was made to re-organize the company and build a new line. There were to be no renters. Anyone wishing to have a telephone had to be part of the company. A family could have a telephone by contributing labor or money. My father contributed labor. The line was a single wire strung between chestnut poles. A lineman or troubleshooter was appointed at the stockholders' meeting. I remember that Jake Hoover was lineman for a time, and I believe Charles McGuire was also a troubleshooter or repairman a one time.

Jim Baer (sp?) owned "central" or the exchange at Marlinton. Any call through another system had to be switched by the Marlinton exchange. At one time there were two Elk telephone lines. On the Marlinton side of

Continued Page 153 →

SHARP 3

152

The Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Co.

Listed below are the "rings" (or codes) of the subscribers that were called "longs" and "shorts". L. D. Sharp's ring was two shorts and two longs. It was first used at the old home place and later transfered to the store building when it was built. Ivan Sharp who lived at the big house used two longs and two shorts.

Central - Telephone Operater	– —	Lake Reed	— — –
L. D. Sharp	– – — —	Charlie McGuire	— — –
IVan Sharp (Hugh Sharp	— – – —	Willie Gibson	— — – –
Gene Hannah Coal Scales	— — – –	Roy Shearer	— —
Seneca Trail School	— — — —	Amos Gay	— — – –
Manless (salon)	— – – – –	Nelia Mace	— — – –
Leu Gibson	– –	Jake Hoover	– – —
Lee Hannah	– – – – –	Helen Hannah	— – —
Sam M. Gibson	– — —	D	
Sam D. Hannah	— — —		
Veo Hannah	– – – –		
Clark Hannah	– – — —		
Fred Mullenax	— –		

Raymond Mace furnished the following "rings":

Marlinton (Central)	– —	Robert Gibson	— — – –
Davis Mace	—	Sam Rider	— –
Harry Varner	— – –	Hugh Hannah	– – – –
Harry Shelton	– – – —	William Hannah	— —
Malinda Hannah	— – – –	William Varner	— — —
J. A Gibson	— — –	Dock Gibson	— — – –
James Gibson	– – –		
Lottie Gibson	– –		
Luther Sharp	– – – —	John Baughman	— — —
Slatyfork	— – – –	"He must have been on the Elk "Short" line as he lived at Marlinton"	

B.S.

Violet Sharp

Elk Mountain there was a line known as the Short Elk Line. A telephone owner on our side of Elk Mountain had to use Central to talk to people on the other side. I believe the short line was used by people in the Edray part of the county. I am not sure whether the Short Elk Line existed after the new line was built in the late 1920's.

In the late 1930's the Federal Government became more interested in the Elk area, and a sub-camp of the C. C. C. was established across the river from us, on the spot where Floyd Gilford once lived. Then it was decided to rebuild the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone system, with the government furnishing the material and labor. Consequently, a new line was built. New poles were erected and a double line was strungbetween them. Some years later, perhaps in the 1950's, the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company took over telephone communication on Elk.

Telephone rates on the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone service were cheap. If I remember correctly, the yearly telephone dues were four or five dollars. I am fairly sure they never reached ten dollars. Even then, there were some people who had to be sued or threatened before they would pay their telephone bill. Also, it must be added, free calls were discouraged. If a stranger stopped at a man's house to call for help in getting his automobile started, he was supposed to pay for the call. I believe it was a dime. I doubt that most people ever collected. It just would not be neighborly.

Here is a list of calls or "rings" from a paper I found among my mother's things.

Davis Mace	—	Robert Gibson	— — —
Harry Varner	— —	Sam Rider	— —
Harry Shelton	— — —	Hugh Hannah	— — —
Malinda Hannah	— — —	William Hannah	— —
J. A. Gibson	— — —	William Varner	— — —
John Baughman	— — —	Doc Gibson	— — — —
James Gibson	— — —	Willie Gibson	— — — —
Lottie Gibson	— —	Marlinton	— — —
Luther Sharp	— — — —		
Slaty Fork	— — — —		

must have been on short Elk line at the head of Marlinton

If I remember correctly, "Central" ring was changed in later years (Maybe?)

I am not sure which period of time is represented by the "rings" I have typed here. It must have been early in the 1920's. Hugh Hannah has been gone from Elk a long time. Perhaps he was part of the Short Elk system. Also, William Hannah has been dead since the 1920's. His name could have been kept on the list of subscribers, however. I am puzzled a bit. Something else puzzles me. Sam Hannah and Sam Gibson were not included in the list. Both families had telephones. Sam Gibson's "ring" was ____ - ____. Sam Hannah's number was _ ____ -. In the very early 1920's Page Hannah had a telephone, but I don't remember his number.

Sometimes a telephone owner would let his batteries run down. This would prevent him from getting a message to whomever he called. Then some good soul would relay his message. Someone was always listening. At times there were four-way conversations taking place. On occasion a tree would fall on the line, or the line would get on the ground. This always caused problems. A bad telephone would poison the whole system. An incident during the 1930's is worth mentioning. People's telephones all up and down Elk were ringing at intervals, but nobody could be heard talking. For a few hours on a day or so people ran themselves ragged answering their phones, only to find no one there. Lee Hannah told me that he informed Jennie that [redacted] Gibson was drunk again and was using the telephone. [redacted] did get that way once in a dozen years or so, but this time he was innocent. After a thorough search for the trouble, it was located on Lake Reed's (Jake Gibson's farm) place. It was summer time and a power line which was just barely above the telephone line got warm and expanded, dropping just enough to touch the telephone line when the wind blew or when the line got a bit warmer.

(over)

50

Here is more information which I copied from The Pocahontas Times, January 1, 1914.

"The directors of the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Company met Saturday. The officers are L. D. Sharp, president; S. Mc Dilley, vice-president and general manager; J. O. Gibson, secretary and treasurer. The most important business transacted was the cutting out of free phones after January 1; the extending of the short line wire down Elk wherever the extension of the company's business justifies it; the cooperation of the different mutual companies entering the Marlinton switchboard will be asked in order to install two phones, one in the C. & O. station and the other in the freight office".

This would seem to indicate that the old Bosworth line had been replaced by the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone line sometime before.

(over) →

Our Pocahontas Co. Country Doctors

Dr. Cameron of Mace was a typical country doctor and he had perhaps the only Stanley Steamer car in the county. About 1934 my brother, Si, asked me if I wanted to go to Dr. Cameron with him for a check-up. Near the end of Si's check-up Dr. Cameron picked up his only and obviously many-time used wooden tongue depresser, and before Si could react, Dr. Cameron used it to examine his throat ! Half the stick was very dirty from holding it in his hand. The other end was clean from many previous tongues ! Dr. Cameron glanced at me and asked if I wanted him to check my throat. I promptly declined. He showed us some bent glass tubing fitted into bottles etc. and to a source of heat that he invented to use steam to cure T. B. in lungs. He said the steam would kill the germs but he hadn't solved the problem of injury to the patient ! Maude Hall of Mingo said he told many unique stories including this one. Dr. Cameron made a house-call and when he found the patient in severe pain he decided to operate to see what was wrong. He opened the abdomen and found the gut separated. He asked for a peeled potatoe and a needle and thread. He slipped the potatoe in the gut to hold it round so he could sew around the tear cleanly. With the gut sewed back like new, he slipped the potatoe to one side and crushed it with a squeese of his hand so it would "pass on through". He said the patient had a good recovery !

Dr. Jim Price was "Mr. Pocahontas County Docter". He had a typical country doctor's office right in town. After examining a patient he issued whatever pills or liquid medicine needed from one of the hundreds of bottles, jars etc. setting on tables, shelves and the floor. There was a pathway through bottles and jars on the floor from the door to his consultation desk. Vonda Sharp received an "A" on her college assignment when she wrote a loving account of Dr. Jim and his office. During the depression when banks were closing all over the country, it was reported that Dr. Jim, in order that his bank would be strong if there would be a "run on the bank", got a leather bag and rode to Washington, D. C. with some bonds and brought back about $60,000 of paper money in a bag. The bank emerged from the great depression in great shape.

SHARP 3

155

Dr. Cofer, the Slatyfork doctor about 1926 gave $5 to the student who memorized the most Bible verses during the year. The teacher reported to him that Donald Johnson won it and he was given the money the last day of school Donald carefully hid the $5 under his bed till the County Fair opened that summer. He took his $5 with him. His grandfather, L. D. Sharp, asked him about his $5. Donald said he lost it all on those gambling wheels!! Later, Donald, while riding a bicycle near the company store, ran into the back of the walking Dr. Cofer and blew out a tire, with no injury to Dr. Cofer. Dr. Cofer also removed glass from Donald's face, arms, and legs when Donald put a match in a bottle of gunpowder !

Other doctors at Slatyfork was Dr. Cox and Dr. Styers who had the first motorcycle in the area. A picture of the motorcycle exists.

Another noted doctor was Dr. Norman Price who ran a foot race with an Englishman from Randolph county to Marlinton, which story is printed elsewhere in this book.

Submitted by Dave Sharp, Cincinnati.

Editor: You may edit, correct spelling, grammar and remove any items you think uninteresting.

156

The Great Practical Joke in Reverse !
Slatyfork 1914

Hugh Sharp, a bacheler, who lived at Slatyfork had Mrs. Rachael Showalter doing the housekeeping and a man named Taylor Ramsey doing some farming on the place. Hugh loved his several hives of bees he kept inside his yard fence. Bee hunting was his sport. With honey in his glass bee-trap he would go into the woods until he found a tree with bees. He seldom cut the tree, but carved his initials on it to indicate that it was his tree. He worked with his bees without a veil over his face and claimed they never ever stung him. If they did he wouldn't admit it.

Every evening after supper he would always take a stroll past his hives to enjoy seeing them work. The two staying there decided to play a practical joke on him so they secured a "patented" snake" that looked just like a real snake and placed it at the mouth of one of the hives in a manner that looked like it was eating his bees. This day Hugh took his stroll and he noticed the snake a few hives up the row. He backed up and got a stick and slipped up on it with his stick raised. He suddenly realized it was a fake snake and knew that they were watching him. He did some quick thinking. He proceeded to turn around toward the house without looking up and after a quick "preparation" he did a wee-wee on the ground.! Well, that turned the practical joke around on them, as he knew they wouldn't tease him about the snake eating his bees ! And they didn't .

Submitted by Dave Sharp

Doc. to History Book - Not Printed!

Dave Sharp
4171 Paxton Woods Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

Editor: you may edit the story for Topical History. To shorten it you might leave out about his bee hunting. Correct any grammer. (Hugh Sharp was born in 1846.)

Send to History Book

Wm Sharp, The Pioneer 157

HE POCAHONTAS TIMES

ered at the Postoffice at Marlin
, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1931

For President
OWEN D. YOUNG
of New York

At a court held for the coun-
of Pocahontas on the 4th day of
ptember, 1832, present James Tall-
an, Benjamin Tallman, Thomas
ill, William Cackley, Jacob Light-
r, John Bradshaw, Robert H.
eale, gentlemen:

tate of Virginia
ocahontas county, ss:

On this 4th day of September 1832,
ersonally appeared before the sub-
criber a justice of the peace for the
ounty aforesaid William Sharp, a re
ident of the county and state afore-
aid, aged ninety-two, who being first
uly sworn according to law, doth on
is oath make the following declara-
ion in order to obtain the benefit of
he Act of Congress passed June 7th,
832. That he entered the service of
he United States under the follow-
ng named officers and served as here
s stated: That he was drafted and
nd went into service in a company
ommanded by Captain William Kin-
d; does not now recollect the name
his lieutenant, but recollects that
ensign's name was James Trim-
e; that the company to which he
elonged was attached to a regiment
ommanded by Colonel Sampson
Mathews; that he entered the service
in the early part of the month of
January, 1781, and was discharged
from that tour of service in the
month of April following; that he
was in a skirmish with the British at
Portsmouth, Virginia. That he re-
sided near where he now does, when
he entered the service, in what was
then called West Augusta. That he
was drafted; that he marched across
the Blue Ridge and directly on to
Portsmouth, where he remained un-
till he was discharged. That he has
no documentary evidence, but sup-
poses that John Bradshaw knows of
his having performed said tour of ser-
vice. He was drafted and was in
service in the summer of 1774 in a
company commanded by Captain Ap-
dree Lockridge in an expedition
against the Indians; that a certain
William Mann and himself were sent
by Colonel Andrew Lewis with a mes-
sage to Governor Dunmore, who was
then at Fort Pitt, (now Pittsburgh),
and did not return to join the army
until the next morning after the
memorable Battle at Point Pleasant.
That he has no documentary evi-
dence and that he knows of no per-
son now living whose testimony he
can procure who can testify to his
service in said campaign.

He went as a volunteer in the
month of September, 1781, under
Captain Charles Lewis, (the same
who was afterward killed in the
battle at Point Pleasant) in an expe-
dition against the Indians on the
Muskingham River. That he was in
service said tour during the fall of
1784 and did not return home until
the month of March, 1785. Lieuten-
ant McClanachan belonged to Captain
Lewis' company; he does not now
recollect the name of any other offi-
cers that were out on said expedition
except Colonels Field and McNeel;
that they had no engagements with
the Indians that tour; that the In-
dians came in and gave up the pris-
oners they then had.

He was also in service as an Indian
spy during the summer of 1773, and
the summer of 1774 previous to being
drafted into service as before stated
under Captain Lockridge, of which
said service as a spy he has no docu-
mentary evidence nor does he know
of any person now living whose testi-
mony he can procure who can testify
to his said service. He states that
adding all his services together;
those when drafted; the tour as a
volunteer and the various times as an
Indian spy, will exceed two years and
six months. He hereby relinquishes
every claim whatsoever to a pension
or annuity except the present and de-
clares his name is not on the pension
roll of the agency of any state.

Wm. Sharp

Sworn and subscribed the day and
year aforesaid before me a Justice of
the Peace for the County of Poca-
hontas, and I do moreover certify
that the said William Sharp cannot
from age and bodily infirmity attend
the court.

James Sharp

And the said court do hereby de-
clare their opinion that the above
named applicant was a revolution-
ary soldier and Indian spy and served
as he states.

The proceedings of that day is
signed by Thomas Hill as presiding
magistrate.

This William Sharp was the pio-
neer settler of Huntersville, and from
him descend the Sharps of Edray dis-
trict. The Sharp families around
Frost are descendants of John Sharp,
a native of Ireland, who settled with
his family in 1802 on the Abram
Sharp place at Frost. His wife was
Margaret Blaine, a sister of Rev.
John S. Blaine, a pioneer Presbyter-
ian pastor of Pocahontas county.
They came here from Rockingham
county. However, Judge Summers
H. Sharp and secretary of State Geo.
W. Sharp are also descendants of
William Sharp through their mother
Mrs. Amanda Grimes Sharp, daugh-
ter of David G. Grimes, who was a
son of Arthur Grimes, who married
Mary, a daughter of the William
Sharp, whose declaration of his ser-
vice as a revolutionary soldier is un-
der consideration.

William Sharp was the first to open
a permanent residence at Hunters-
ville. His home was near the pres-
ent residence of George W. Gingar.
He was living here prior to the Rev-
olutionary war, and according to tra-
dition he came here from near Staun-
ton. This is bourne out in his dec-
laration that he went out in 1784
with an expedition under Captain
Charles Lewis (of Staunton) to the
Muskingham (Muskingum) River to
bring back prisoners held by the In-
dians. I presume these captives were
taken in the second Kerr's Creek
Massacre. He came to Huntersville
about 1773. Anyway, he was here in
1774 and went on the Point Pleasant
campaign in Captain Andrew Lock-
ridge company.

I recall that mention is made of
him in the Chalkley Papers as Capt.
William Sharp, when he was dele-
gated to open certain roads in what
is now Pocahontas County.

His wife was Mary Meeks. Their
children were Nancy, wife of Levi
Moore, Jr.; Margaret, wife of John
Keller; Rachel, wife of Johathan
Grimes; Mary, wife of Arthur Grimes
mentioned above; John, who married
Sarah McCollam.

James, son of William, the pioneer
married Ann Waddell. They set-
tled on Beaver Creek. Their children
were Mary, wife of James Lewis;
Margaret, wife of Jacob Civey; Mar-
tha, wife of another Mr. Civey; Nan-
cy, wife of Robert Ryder; Ann, wife
of Levi Cackley, Jr.; Rachel, wife of
Robert Gay; Lucinda, wife of Jona-
than Jordan; William, Andrew and
James.

The last named, James, was the
magistrate who attested his grand-
father's declaration. He was a prom-
inent citizen of his day, justice of the
peace and as such a member of the
county court, high sheriff and elder
in the Presbyterian church. He was
also a great hunter. It is told of
him that when hunting deer in Buck
ley Mountain late one evening he
saw a panther mount a log a few
yards in front of him. He shot the
animal, but when the smoke cleared
away another panther crouched on
the log. This performance was re-
peated nine times, when the hunter
became panic stricken and flanked
out for home. Some time during the
night, other panthers followed his
trail to his house and killed a year-
ling calf. The next day with proper
reinforcements, Mr. Sharp went back
to the place where he had fired nine
times, and there lay nine dead pan-
thers.

James Sharp married Mary Burn-
sides. He died during the war.

William, son of William, the revo-
lutionary soldier, married Elizabeth
Waddell. Their children were James
who married Althea Martin and lived
on Browns Creek; William Jr. mar-
ried Rachel Dilley, and lived at Slaty
Fork of Elk; Alexander married
Mary Dilley; Jacob married Elizabeth
McNeel; John married Sally Johnson;
Elizabeth, wife of [illegible]
Mary, wife of David Gibson; Rebecca
wife of Wm. D. Moore; Anna, wife of
Alexander Stalnaker; Ellen, wife of
Warwick Stalnaker; Nancy, wife of
Jacob Cassell; Martha, wife of An-
drew Dilley.

Mr. Sharp says he was a member of
the regiment commanded by Colonel
Sampson Mathews. Colonel Mathews
lived at Staunton; his son Sampson
married Mary, daughter of Major
Jacob Warwick, and lived at Dun-
more; their son, Sampson Lockhart
Mathews, is the grandfather of Judge
George W. McClintic.

Mr. Sharp refers to John Bradshaw
as the only man then living who knew
of his having performed the "tour"
of service in the campaign that ended
the war. John Bradshaw was found-
er of Huntersville, prominent citizen,
and his name is among the magis-
trates sitting on the court the day
William Sharp's delaration was filed.
I will publish John Bradshaw's own
declaration in a coming issue. Wil-
liam Sharp says he was drafted for
the campaign to Point Pleasant in
the company under Captain Andrew
Lockridge. This Captain Lockridge
was a considerable of a figure in the
frontier fighting for a generation.
Cousin Georgianne Dunlap Arnold,
of Oklahoma City, has promised to
write us about the Lockridges.

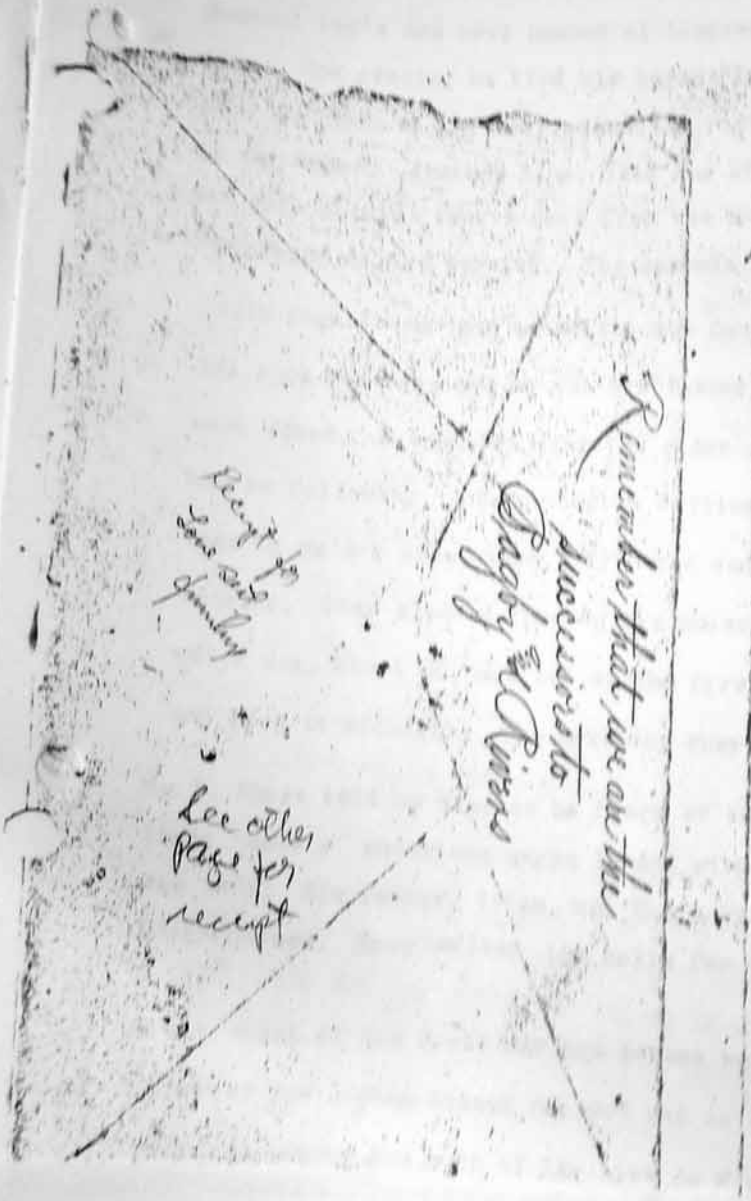
I can well understand why Mr.
Sharp was sent as a courier through
the wilderness for several hundred
miles to Fort Pitt with messages
from Colonel Andrew Lewis to Gov-
ernor Dunmore. He had been with
Captain Charles Lewis on the expe-
dition to the Indian country ten
years before. This commission show-
ed the confidence in his integrity and
in his ability as a frontiersman.

Attention is called to the fact that
Mr. Sharp says the place he lived in
1774 was in West Augusta, but at
the time his declaration was made it
was then in Pocahontas county. We
all know the esteem in which Gener-
al Washington held the people of
this region for he said: "Give me but
a banner to raise upon the mountains
of West Augusta and I will rally
around me an army that will lift my
bleeding country from the dust."

If any body knows the last resting
place of Captain William Sharp, I
want them to send the word in.
Marlinton Kiwanis club will take the
necessary steps to have the Federal
government mark it with a suitable
stone. I would just naturally sup-
pose his bones are either in the old
cemetery near the Huntersville Pres-
byterian church or in the McLaughlin
burying ground on Howard Bar-
low's place, but I do not know.

Pocahontas County's Beginning

156



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See other page for receipt

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APRIL 17, 1980

History

By Jessie Beard Powell

Traveller's Repose
[Political History]
How We Came To Be In Pocahontas County

I sometimes think of and compare this remote section of Pochontas, the Upper Greenbrier, or Traveller's Repose, to an orphan. An orphan child is without natural parents, often has more than a normal number of adoptive parents, is tossed about from pillar to post, and is sometimes allowed by the courts to make its own decision as to where it will go.

We began as part of Orange County, Virginia. When Orange was divided in the fall session of the Virginia Legislature in 1738 it was split into

In 1796 the southern line of Pendleton was pushed southward a varying distance of four to twelve miles for no apparent reason. In that year also both Bath and Pendleton were enlarged by being made to take in the Upper Greenbrier Valley. Thus, their west borders were changed from the crest of the main Alleghany to Back Alleghany. This enlargement of Pendleton and Bath in the Upper Greenbrier Valley was by petition of the settlers there. The orphans were allowed to choose. Settlers of Traveller's Repose went with Pendleton.

In 1821 Pocahontas was being formed so the remote section of Bath and Pendleton became a part of the new county, Bath at the same time was diminished in size to the south by the lopping off of Alleghany County. It was intended by the Virginia Legislature that the western county be called Alleghany and the eastern county, Pocahontas. They were accidentally changed by the engrossing clerk. They would have been much more appropriate had they been named as intended.

Much later, in 1847, after the Staunton to Parkers-

CIVIL WAR STORIES OF SLATYFORK

159 Page 1

Pocahontas County was on the border between the North and the South and the Beverly-Mingo-Slatyfork-Marlinton-Huntersville turnpike seemed to be important to both sides. General Lee's men were camped at Linwood one winter 1861-62 and he was with them part of the time. One evening he tied his horse "Traveler" to a post and with two guards standing ou side the door of the still-standing SHARP'S log house ate supper cooked in cast iron kettles stil in the house. Another time, late one afternoon, the Confederates camped across the creek and each soldier took a rail from the meadow fence--stripping every rail--to burn all nig They found apples burried. The captain told them to pay Mrs. William Sharp for them.

Uncle Hugh Sharp told us of the two Confederates ambushed on the turnpike on the hill. The snow was deep and he and his father, William, was getting in wood when several shot were fired. A southern dispatch rider came galloping along with two riderless saddled horses following. He yelled to William that his two buddies had been ambushed and ask them to go see about them. With the snow sled and horse they found one dead and the ot wounded. They sledded them to the house and put the dead one in the corn crib and the other one, about 20, was put at the fireplace where he talked of his parents back in Georg and died at midnight. The next day they were burried him near the present cemetary.

L. D. Sharp told us stories he heard of the retreat of the Confederates from Linwood. I their haste a munitions wagon loaded with lead minnie balls broke a wheel in the creek was left. His father, Silas, and Uncle Hugh went up there on trips to bring back lead o their horses. They melted the balls for their own guns in later years.

At the start of the Civil War the issues were not clear so the Sharps and John M. Gibson father of Joe and Sam Gibson decided not to take sides but found out that this was impossi These men camped out part of the time on Middle Mountain at the "Pine Knob" under a rock cliff. They decided to get together for an Easter breakfast. Mrs. Gibson came down to the Sharps to see her husband. While they were eating Easter breakfast, one of the boys ran in and said the Rebels were coming. Little Luther, age 16, ran up the hill and was shot by Jake Simmons. About a dozen shot at John Gibson. Two men whose who's guns were empty ran after him. At the top of the hill he pulled out a "pepper box" pistol and said "Congester, I'll kill you". They skidded into reverse and Gibson escaped. While Gibson s running across the meadow, one soldier reloaded and laid his gun across a wood pile or aim and Mrs. Gibson cracked his head with a piece of wood. Grandfather Silas jumped nto a fence-rail goose nest. A soldier jumped over the nest and was reloading h...

SHARP 3

gun with a ramrod when Si hit him over the head with a boot jack. Si ran around the house and faced Jake Simmons who had just shot Luther. He surrendered. Later in the day while marching Silas along the road they captured Bill Hannah. The other man had a very small hand and when they were handcuffed together for the walk south, he showed Silas he could get the handcuff off. A few days later when the soldier on horseback taking them south had to stop for a "call of nature" and set his gun against a tree a few feet from where he was "sitting", Silas asked him to take the handcuff off and he'd make a run for the gun, but the other man was afraid. Silas was taken to Richmond and then to Salisbury, N. C. where he spent 23 months and 24 days in prison where thousands starved to death. They ate rats, cats and dogs at times to survive. In the 1920's " LD", son of Silas, stopped in at Salisbury and asked an old man with a long white beard where the prison was. He told "LD" that all the prisoners starved to death--to the last man. "LD" tried to convince the man that his father lived through it, but the old man told him that he couldn't have!

The captain in charge of Richmond's Libby prison was cruel even to his own men, who finally killed him. He issued an order that any prisoner that stuck his head or arm out the window would have it shot off. The guards under him had a plan. One of the guards would fire a gun outside, which he did. The captain ran and stuck his head out the window and they shot his head off--complying with his order ! Si told many times of the rejoicing of the prisoners when the captain was shot.

Silas had two brothers, Henry and Bernard, killed in action. "L. D." thought one joined the North and the other the South. It was thought that Henry , killed at the Robert Gibson place had joined the South and was killed on purpose by his own men because he may have been a spy for the North--which he might have been--? They reported that it was an accident, when his men shot him while he was on picket duty at night there on the road.

Uncle Hugh Sharp was a bee-hunter sportsman. He would find a bee-tree and carve his initials on the tree, rarely cutting a tree for the honey. He told the family he after the war that he planned to go "bee hunting" over the mountain and kill Jake Simmons for killing his little brother Luther, but he never made the move.

" L.D." has told us many times that his parent's family really didn't know clearly the issues and didn't know which side to join. That's the reason Silas Sharp, John Gibson and others didn't join either side and camped part of the time under a cliff at the " Pine knob" called "Sharp's Knob" just behind the Middle Mountain meadow.

W. VA. SCHOOLS

161

When Silas returned from sleeping on hard floors in prison he couldn't at first sleep in a bed. He was so skinny after his long walk from the south that Sarah, his future wife, didn't know him when he came by her house.

After the war William brought a civil suit against a Captain Marshal and others, and we understand collected $500 for illegally taking his son, Si, a civilian, and sending him to prison.

Apparently there were some Southern sympathizers at Mingo as there is a very old and beautiful statue of Robert E. Lee behind an iron fence at Mingo Flats.

I have on file more details of the Hannahs, Gibsons, Sharps and events of the Civil War at Slatyfork.

Submitted by

[redacted]s. Dave Sharp
4171 Paxton Woods Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

513- 871-4813

Sent to Hershey Book

Civil War 167

Huntersville Target For Federal Army Raid

The 1862 campaign in the Alleghany highlands in West Virginia opened on the first day of the new year with a strong raiding force from the Federal winter camp at Huttonsville, Randolph County, marching on Huntersville, then the county seat of Pocahontas County. Huntersville, lightly garrisoned by some 250 Confederate cavalry and infantry with a contingent of county militia, was an important center in the summer and fall campaign of 1861 when it was the headquarters of General W. W. Loring, who commanded the Army of the Northwest, CSA. Loring had been called, with his troops, to re-enforce Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley; now its only military importance was as a supply center for the Confederate troops operating in that area, and also in the fact that it was connected with Warm Springs by a fairly good turnpike. This highway could be used as a gateway for Union Troops to Virginia east of the mountains, just as it was being used by the Southerners for their troops and for transportation of supplies funneled in from the central depots at Staunton and Warm Springs.

The Union high command at Huttonsville determined to destroy the center, though no Federal troops had penetrated that far into the Confederate-held mountain country. A task force was organized and at one o'clock in the afternoon of Dec. 31 Major George Webster, 25th Ohio Infantry, moved out of Huttonsville at the head of 400 of the men of his own regiment, headed toward Huntersville. At Camp Elkwater he [illegible]

of range as quickly as possible. One of the men later cofessed that he ran that day only because he could not fly.

The battle of Marlins Botton, Greenbrier Bridge, or by whatever of the half-dozen names it has been called, was an extremely noisy affair, but entirely bloodless. Not a man was killed, and not an man, Union or Confederate, was reported wounded—it was all sound and fury.

The small brush at the covered bridge did little more than to halt the Federal raiders. Stopping long enough to detach a guard of fifty men to protect the bridge, Webster pressed on for the six mile run to Huntersville. Confederate pickets were encountered about two miles from the town, but after trading a few shots with the advance guard, which did no harm to either side, the pickets retired upon the main body of dismounted cavalry drawn up in line of battle about a mile from the town. Webster deployed a part of the 25th Ohio up a hill to the left to turn the Confederate right, and with the balance of his force moved up to make a frontal attack. Firing became general all along both lines, remarkable only for noise, but when the Confederates discovered the flank movement they fell back to their horses, hastily mounted and retreated to a position a half mile nearer the town.

Webster's troops crossed Knapps Creek and there he employed the same tactics as at the first stand; two companies of the 25th Ohio were sent to the right at the base of a hill to turn the Confederate left, while Major Owens with the shots, then fled to Warm Springs and Monterey.

Major Webster said in his official report that on entering the town "we found the place deserted, the houses broken open, and goods scattered, the cause of which was soon stated by a returned citizen. The rebel commander (who is not identified in any report) had ordered the citizens to remove all their valuable property as he intended, if beaten, to burn the town." The retreating Confederates did set fire to a large barn containing commissary stores before taking their hasty departure.

Webster's attacking force at Huntersville was about 600 men - the wagon and bridge guards and some stragglers accounted for the men missing out of the original 738 - but exaggerated Confederate reports said that he had 4,000 to 5,000 men. No exact figures are fixed for the number of Confederate defenders which, it seems, was composed of about 250 mixed troops, units not identified, and a few militia hurriedly called up the night before. In all the Confederate force probably had a strength of 300 to 350 men. In all the marching, countermarching, shooting and waste of gunpowder, Webster had one man wounded - shot in the arm. The Confederate casualty list is fixed at one man killed and seven wounded, in addition to the loss of stores - and that loss caused real suffering in the Confederate mountain camps the balance of the winter.

The considerable quantity of Confederate stores found in Huntersville were given to the flames because of lack of transportation to carry them away. Major Webster reported capture of 350 barrels of flour, 300 salted beeves amounting to about 150,000 pounds, 30,000 pounds of salt, and large amounts of sugar, coffee, rice, bacon, clothing, etc. The soldiers kept and carried back to their camp a large number of Sharps carbines, sabers, horse-[illegible] ing, and he left the flag flying as he took his departure.

After an hour and a half driving the Confederates out of the town and two hours in accomplishing the real purpose of the raid, Webster turned back toward the Huttonsville base, marching about ten miles to Edray before encamping for the night. The task force had had a hard day; it had marched 24 miles and had fought two engagements — or skirmishes —that were more noted for footwork than action. The little army reached Huttonsville on January 6th, having made a winter march of 102 miles in a little less than six days, penetrated the enemy's country thirty miles further than any body of Federal troops had gone before and returned with all men, horses and wagons intact and with only Private Oliver P. Hershee, 25th Ohio Infantry, nursing a wound in the arm.

At the time Major Webster's foray was counted one of the most successful raids, for it did more than scatter county militia at Marlins Bottom and rout a small force at Huntersville — the raid threw a tremendous scare into the Confederate command. Pocahontas historian Andrew Price said it "made their lines quiver from Huntersville to Winchester, and from Camp Allegheny to Staunton. Scouts rode headlong in every direction carrying dispatches. They seemed to have agreed on the strength of the Federal army as being 5,000 men instead of the 738 that it actually was."

Civic Club to Hold Sweetheart Ball

The Clarksburg Welcome Newcomers Club will hold its Sweetheart Ball from 9 to 12 P Saturday, Feb. 10, at the Hotel.

Persons attending w to the music of the To Quartet and a midr

Pocahontas Co's Beginning

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By Jessie Beard Powell

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We began as part of Orange County, Virginia. When Orange was divided in the fall session of the Virginia Legislature in 1738, it was split into Frederick and Augusta. Augusta became that part extending 240 miles along the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountain (running North and South) and then West to the Mississippi. Augusta has been called the mother of Counties. Out of Augusta was carved four states, a considerable portion of Virginia, as she now is, and thirty-three counties southeast of the Ohio River, beginning with Botetourt in 1769.

Rockingham was carved from Augusta in 1778. In 1787 the German settlement north of "The Divide," that part of Rockingham west of the Shenandoah mountains, plus slices from Hardy and old Augusta was made the county of Pendleton. Scarcely two years later Bath was stricken off from Augusta and parts of Botetourt and Greenbrier. It took in that section west of the Shenandoah range and as far north as "The Divide," the whole upper James River Basin.

Pendleton was pushed southward a varying distance of four to twelve miles for no apparent reason. In that year also both Bath and Pendleton were enlarged by being made to take in the Upper Greenbrier Valley. Thus, their west borders were changed from the crest of the main Alleghany to Back Alleghany. This enlargement of Pendleton and Bath in the Upper Greenbrier Valley was by petition of the settlers there. The orphans were allowed to choose. Settlers of Traveller's Repose went with Pendleton.

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Much later, in 1847, after the Staunton to Parkersburg turnpike was built through "the Divide," our neighboring county of Highland was created from the southern part of Pendleton and the northern part of Bath. At last, a meld of the Germans north of "The Divide" and the Scotch-Irish, south of it.

So, it would have been quite possible for a child to have been born to an early settler of Traveller's Repose in Augusta County in 1780, spend his childhood in Augusta, grow to adulthood in Bath, be married in Pendleton, and die in Pocahontas and never leave his own house.

163

Remember that we are the successors to Bagby & Rivers

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Mrs. L. D. Sharp
Linwood
Va.

SHARP 3

...ERS W. VA. SCHOOLS

January 31, 1980 Dave Sharp

164

History and events of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharp family--Luther David Sharp, etc.

L. D. Sharp (LDS) was born June 8, 187? at Slatyfork, WvVa. in his father's house on the old county road crosses Slatyfork Creek about one mile above where Slatyfork Creek (...ounties into Elk River. He had two older sisters, Ella who married Robert Gibson, and Malinda who married (Silas)Hannah, father of Veo Hannah. Mary Estella Beard (Eva) Louis Lena Baxter

LDS as a child had light blond hair. He went to school in a log, 1-room, school house on a bank across the county road from the cemetary, at the edge of some trees and near the spring at the road. He watched his father and other men in the neighborhood build the school house, and he told us that his mother could see his white head bobbling along as he ran back to the house for lunch at noon.

He described his teacher Mr. "Dum-rather" as a very hard man with discipline. ← Montgomery Matthews

They got the basic "3-R's" of reading, writing and arithmatic, using slates instead of paper. His old slate used to be at the old house. "LD" as he was affectionately called by many including the family, did a lot of reading and educated himself to where he could carry on conversations and business deals with college trained men. At a young age (12) studied music under a teacher who taught shaped notes and through later years directed the Slatyfork Methodist Choir and they traveled much of W. Va. at singing festivals.

When "LD" was 12 years old he had set himself up in business and still worked on the farm. Before he was 12 some men working on a sawmill asked him if he could get them some handkerchiefs and Tobacco . I believe a drummer coming through gave him tips on how to order things.

And jewelry from J. Lind co.

At age 12 he got on a horse with some profit from a previous business deals, and went down Elk River to a family he knew of who had boys that trapped fur. He went to the house. The father told him the boys were in school and for him to go there and pay them whatever they asked for the fur. The father would not set a price. LD went to the school and asked to talk to the boys. They came outside and said they had MINKS SKUNKS FOXES B *

and when LD asked how much they wanted for them they said a very low price (see Uncle Floyd story elsewhere)

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...ERS W. VA. SCHOOLS

164

January 31, 1980 Dave Sharp

History and events of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharp family--Luther David Sharp, etc.

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He paid the boys for the fur and went back to the house to get the fur. The mother asked how much he paid for them. LD didn't want to tell them, so said "I paid them exactly what they asked". She asked again and the father told her to shut up, that if he paid them what they asked, that was the end of it.
He stayed at some one's home one night before coming back to his home. He said they had I believe, ham and bread. They had no forks. Maybe a big fork and a knife to cut in the kitchen, but none for the table.

Growing up wasn't easy. It was hard work to provide clothes and food for the family. He has mentioned many times of when he was hoeing corn etc that the hard ground and roots caused callouses and pain in his hands--that often he had to use his other hand to open up the fingers on the other hand after a tough row to hoe.
As a teenager, another country boy challenged him over some matter. In the middle of the fight the other boy picked up a sliver from a board and hit him across the nose, breaking it, resulting in a slightly crooked nose the rest of his life.
Another time when he was a young man, he ran through some elder bushes at the back of his father's house and where some one had cut off some of the bushes, one of the sharp ends ran through his left eye. Somehow, he was taken to John Hopkins Hospital. He said the fluid, like ege white, ran out of his eye. The Dr. called in students to see his eye. From whatever they did to him, he could see daylight through the eye, and had a white scar through the pupil. After getting a Studebaker car about 1926, he drove a car with one eye until he was about 85 years old. He used glasses to read. But could see great distances without glasses. His hearing was good until his death.

165

Page 2 The Sharp Family --Slatyfork, W. Va.

When LD became about 19 he went to see the girls, going in a buggy or horseback. Either at a party or a dance (square) Nelly Slanker jumped on his lap and embarrassed him by sitting on his lap, so he said.
He must have been about 17 when he planned to go up to see some girl living near his married sister Ella. Dad's(LD) mother SARAH suspected he was going to see her and sent a note along with him to his Sister, telling her to try to prevent it--for some reason. Ella lived about 4 miles up Elk River.

Dad met Laura Morgan, who lived with her parents, Rev. Silas Morgan, at the Edray parsonage. He went by horse or buggy to see her. He had her seen talked out of teaching school to marry him. When Rev. Morgan died, Laura's mother Edith married Mr. Wm. IRVIN ~~Mitchell~~

Dad had seven children: Ada, Violet, Ivan, Creola, Silas, Paul, and Dave, Jr.
Ada married John Johnson in Baltimore. Ada studied Elocution and performed in New York city, and knew a famous stage actress and exchanged letters for many years.
Violet married Rufus Markland of Richmond, Va. and had one child, Rufus, Jr.
Violet and Rufus came to Pocahontas County to get married. Dad had heard his last name but had never seen him before. When he started to introduce him in Marlinton to someone, he had to ask him his name. Dad laughed about that many times.
Evan didn't appear to be much interested in girls when he was a teenager, but did go up Elk to see a Hannah girl.
Then Ivan went up to Arbovale to a music school one summer and met Genevieve Ornderf. He immediately fell "head over heels" in love with her. He drove up there everytime he could get away. One time he put chains on both front and rear wheels of his Star car in order to get through the deep snow to see her.
They had three children, Ralph, Ramona and Evan. Ramona majored in music, taught school and married Tom Shipley. Ralph married Regena, Evan married Phyllis in Va.
He was fatally killed in a hunting accident at about age 34 Nov. 17, 1975

Creola died age 18 with a bleed ~~meningitis~~ pesion.

Silas Sharp still lives at the old homestead at Slatyfork.
Paul Sharp Married Vonda Lowe of Buckhannon, and they had two children, Thayer and Barbara. After Vonda died, Paul Married Retha Mitchell of Port Neches Texas.

Dave Married Sylvia Friel of Marlinton, W. Va. July 11, 1940, and adopted a daughter, Linda, in 1962, and live in Cincinnati, Ohio LINDA married Benny Eduardo, May 24, 1980 (12-19-61)

Ada's husband died. Her son Donald and Helen Johnson came to live with Dad and both went to school till on their own at Slatyfork. Ada remarried Wm Curtain and they had 3 children, Clara, Bill and Stanley. Donald lives in Portland, Oregon

When Dad got married, he built his house on to the same house he was born in, both houses sharing the same fireplace. The old house was taken down about 1940 andlumber from it was used to build an apartment on the back of the warereom of the "new"store on Route #219, for Dave and Sylvia to live in while they ran the store.
The old house that Dad built is still standing with the chemney, but the kitchen has decayed. The old apple orchard that must have been there when Dad's father lived there is still standing. Dad did some grafting of apple trees on the farm. Some of the very old apple trees are Pippin, Fallowwater, Red Astern,(and later a Richmond.) and (Red) Ben Davis, a hardy apple, but not much for flavor.
A story Dad told many times. His grandmother took the seeds from an apple and planted the seeds. She planted 7 seeds, but only 3 grew. She had 6 ~~children~~(boys). During the Civil War 3 boys died, and 3 boys lived. 1 girl 1 girl = 7 children

Found IN ONE of the Boys Books

IT seemed to be AN OMEN To her.

I understand the original of the Slatyfork Sharps was William Sharp who lived at Huntersville. His son William lived at Slatyfork in a house (probably log) at the edge of the meadow next to the big spring of water close by the route 219 bridge that crosses Big Spring creek. Apparently he moved, later on, a 1/4 mile up the creek to a log house still standing near the large 17-room house nowxx being used.

William had several boys and one girl Mary Ella (who died of I think diptheria) Henry lived in a house in a field below the Middle Mountain Meadow. Don't know where he was burried. Harmon Sharp lived in a log house at Slatyfork (Laruel Bank) where Big Spring and Elk River converge. The point on Gauley Mountain is known as X Sharp's Knob, perhaps xxxxx named after Harmon. — M William

Luther Sharp was a 16 year old boy, who started to run up the path above where the railroad track now is, when JAKE SIMMONS of Bath County, Virginia, of the Confederate army shot him at a great distance, thinking he was of military age. We don't know where he was burried. Probably an unmarked grave in the Sharp Cemetery — ?

Another Son Was Hugh Sharp, who lived all his life in either the original house near the spring or the one near the large existing house. He lived there at least after his childhood. Hugh, after the war, threatened many times to go bee hunting over in Bath County to kill Jake Simmons for killing his brother, Luther. Uncle Hugh's sport was to take a small glass bee-trap to catch a bee on a flower and by letting the bee feed on honey in the trap and turning it loose to come back, and repeating it many times xx he could see which direction the bees went and he could find the bee tree. He had all the bees he needed, so in stead of cutting all the bee trees, he'd carve his initials on the tree signifying to others that that was his tree.--mostly sport for him.

Uncle Hugh loved his bees. When he gave Dad (LD) his part of the original farm to keep him the rest of his life, Dad built the 17 room house with timber sold from the land. Uncle Hugh would not let them remove the bees from around the old house when the new house was being built. The carpenters had to fight bees during the building. One man jumped off the second floor roof when a bee got to him. After the house was finished, xxxxUudle Hugh lived there, with a hired hand and a cook, Mrs. Showalter that Dad provided form him. Every day at noon after eating, Uncle Hugh would go out and walk around each hive of bees to enjoy the sight. (He always worked with the bees without a bee-vail on, and claimed he never ever got stung.) The hired man, Taylor Ramsey decided to play a trick on him, so he got a patented snake (imitation snake), and put it at the mouth of a hive, appearing to be eating the bees. Mrs. Showalter and the man was looking out the door or window to see the fun and laugh at him when he found out it was a trick. Uncle Hugh made his rounds of h the hives, when he saw the snake. He stepped back and got a long stick and slipped up on the snake with the stick raised above his head, when he realized it was a trick. He did some quick thinking to keep them from having the joke on him. He turned around, opened his fly and facing the house wee-weed on the ground.! They didn't tease him about it!

Some of the Sharp boys joined the North and others the South. One of them Henry Bennett with the South, was on picket duty not too far from the Slatyfork Area, when he was shot by his own men, who said they made a mistake thinking he was from the other side (at night). Someone said they were suspecious he was working for the other side and they delibertly shot him. And of course he may have been??????

The only other son I knew the name of was Silas, father of L. D. Sharp (Dad). At that time the boys lived in the log house with their father and mother (next to what is now the 17 room house). Some of the boys joined the North and others joined the South. And perhaps two or three, not convinced which side to join, didn't join either, and technically wasn't on either side. Silas, and a brother or two and perhaps a couple other men under the same circumstances who chose not to join either side, being afraid either side would capture them lived under a cliff of rock at the "pine knob" just on the other side of Middle Mountain Meadow. They stayed there when there was troop movement in the valley, coming in for food when necessary. Silas and a man ~~Thad Gibson, (Sam Gibson's father)~~ BARNETT was captured by the confederates. Silas ran down below the house and hid in a goose's nest. A soldier fired his rifle and was standing a few feet away using a ramrod to reload. Silas picked up a boot-jack and hit him in the head, stunning him, but they captured him. Another man there tried to run away, up toward the cemetary. The Captain gave orders for two soldiers to cathh him. Threw down their guns and chased him up the hill.

John Gibson
(Sam Gibson's father)

Was missing this

167

When he got almost up to the top of the hill he was out of breath, and stopped, turned around, pulled out a "Pepper Box" pistol (that Dad said might not kill anyone) and said "Gangister, I'll kill you". They turned around and fled, leaving him free. This may have been ~~RANDY~~ Sam Gibson's father JOHN. If so, he wasn't captured.
Silas and the other man was handcuffed and a confederate soldier on horse was assigned to walk them south to Salisbury, N. C. to prison. They walked many days. The two men said they were not in the northern army, but the army took them as prisoners any way. One day on the trip south, the soldier on the horse had a "call of nature". He got off his horse set his gun against a tree, unfastened his suspendors. The man with Silas had a very small wrist, and showed Silas once before that he could take his handcuff off that was holding one man's left arm and the others right arm together. Silas begged him to take his handcuff off so he'd be free to grab the gun and free themselfes. But the man was afraid not to take it off. So they went on to prison.
Dad has told us many times the years and months and days (about 2 years) he was in prison. (__ years, 23 months and 24 days lacking 6 days of being 2 years

Silas was in the prison in Salisbury for ~~two~~ about years ~~or more~~ before being transferred to Richmond. While in Salisbury, most of the men died of disease or starved. Silas made (with his knife?) pieces of "jewelry" and had a black woman who came in the camp prison to clean up, to take out and sell for him and bring food to him., whith may have saved his life. The men at rats and dogs when they could get any. A captain came through the prison one day. Some men threw a blanket over the dog and that followed him, and killed it. They cooked it to eat. Silas took one bite but couldn't swallow it. He carved his initials or name on the stone walls of the prison. He went to Richmond to stay until he was exchanged later in an exchange with the north of prioners. He was given a written pass to walk through lines to his home from Richmond.
Silas had, ~~I think, married~~ after MARRIED before his capture to Sarah Hannah who's father lived, I think in a log house next to Page Hannah's house and near Archie Gibson's house. The house was still standing in about 1935. Si Sharp, my brother, thinks the Hannahs lived in a house above the road above Frank Hannah's (Sam Hannah's). There was a house there that a Hannah lived in and they may have lived there first and moved down to the other house after that one may have burned.
When Silas got back home from prison, he went to bed [redacted], but tossed and turned and couldn't sleep on the feather bed. He had to get out on the hard floor and sleep like he did in prison! - for a while

Silas's father, William married ~~Sarah~~ RACHAEL Dilly from I believe about Campbelltown. ~~Hannah~~ Rachael was of German descent(maybe from Germany?) and spoke German. Dad picked up a few words from her, but could not carry on a conversation in it. At the St. Louis Fair at about the turn of the centruy, Dad and Bob Gibson, his brotherinlaw, went to the fair by themselves by train. Each country had booths selling their merchanisise. Dad went up to a German booth that had German girls selling. Dad only knew one word, meaning "pretty girl". He said it to them, but when they responded in rapid German, he was embarrassed and turned heel and hurried away !

Apparently families had special pliers to pull teeth. Silas (grandfather) asked Dad to pull a teeth (maybe his last?). Dad was all excited, thinking he might fail or break it off. It was a successful pull.

Grandfather, Silas became sick, perhaps suddenly, complaining of his stomach. He died soon. Dad thought it may have been appendicitus, or cancer.

Was with Uncle Hugh 168

Page 5 The Sharp Family -- Slatyfork W. Va.

Grandfather Silas was in prison in Salisbury , N. C. So Dad (LD) on a trip to Florida about 1938 decided to stop in the city to see the prison that his father was in. Dad stopped in town and got out of the Nash car and saw a very old man sitting on a bench. Dad went to him and told him that his father had been in prison there and that he wanted to see the prison, and could he tell him how where to see it. The man told Dad "your dad didn't live through it. They all died. Everyone of them starved to death. Not a one lived." Dad told him again that his father lived through it, saying "I'm here, so my father must have lived" But he couldn't convince him that his father lived. The old man must have been a boy at the time of the war, or maybe he had been a soldier. Dad didn't see the prison.

During the War, General Lee's army was camped up at Linewood, and had a hospital on a little flat just below the 219 road, about half way up the mountain. Lee came by the Sharp's house about supper time and was invited in to eat. Uncle Hugh told many times of General Lee's white horse Traveler being tied up beside the house. Two guards were stationed outside the door on the porch. The log house, covered with clapboard, still stands, with the old stone chemney. Uncle Hugh was there, but was too young, or they ignored him because he didn't belong to the North's army.

One late afternoon, the Confederate army came there and camped across the creek in the meadow. They set up their tents and needed fire wood to keep warm and cook. Each man went to the rail fence and brought one to build a fire or fires. Every rail was taken. The soldiers found apples that were burried under dirt to keep from freezing. When the captain found out they took the apples, he ordered them to go pay the Sharp's for the apples.

1861-1862

Confederate soldiers camped up at Linwood one winter. It was a hard cold winter and the Sharp's heard that half the soldiers died of disease, but they were burried secretly. No one ever found their graves. Some thought they might have dropped them down some vertical caves in the area.

It seems the Confederates hurriedly retreated from up there when they heard of a Yankee army coming from Huttonsville. They loaded up their wagons and came down Big Spring Creek and then on toward Marlinton. One wagon loaded with lead musket balls broke an axle where the road crossed the creek at Linwood. They just left the load there. Dad said his father went up there ~~(with a sled or wagon)~~ and brought perhaps a 100 lbs of lead to meld down for his gun for bullets. ? on shoulder? — see story elsewhere

Uncle Hugh told about a Southern soldier being ambushed up along the old road. and wounded. I ~~think~~ another soldier was killed outright. Uncle Hugh and his father others took a sled up there and hauled him down to the house and made him a bed in front of the fireplace. He was mortally wended and he knew it. He told the Sharp's about his family in the South before dying that night. I don't know if any messages were sent south, or even if those there could write???? I'm sure Sarah (Silas's wife) could write, ~~but~~

After the war, Uncle Hugh thought it would be interesting to make a cannon and shoot it. He fashioned a cannon out of a hollow pole. Made ~~an~~ a round wooden ball. The story as I remember, he fired it and it blew up but the ball went through a wall of one of the houses.

In a letter of Si's to me: " Three of Uncle Hugh's brothers were killed in the war. One was "Little Luther", age 16 and one was Bernard. Don't know the name of the other one. (Henry)
Uncle Hugh and Uncle Harman who lived at Slatyfork--He later moved just out of Elkins..
There was one ~~12~~ year old girl (Mary?) died of Diptheria. Uncle Hugh had Diptheria too. Dr. told him to smoke a pipe." Ella

(179)

Was minds this

169

When Dad (LDS) was a boy of about 7, a black man ~~xxkingxxx~~ working on a saw mill or something took a liking to Dad, and with a knife whittled Dad his first and only toy of his life, out of a piece of wood. I think it may have been a figure of a boy.?

One summer when Dad was perhaps about ~~11~~ 12, he begged his father to let him ride with some wagons from the area going over to Millboro, Va to get supplies. There must have been 3 or 4 wagons and the men. One night after crossing into Virginia, they camped on some high ground overlooking a very small cluster ~~xx~~ of houses, that blacks lived in, or so they told him. They decided to have some fun, Dad told me, at his expense. They told him that these black girls liked to sleep with a white boy, and that they would come up at night when a person is asleep and go to bed with him. He didn't believe them. So they told him to look at~~x~~ his penis the next morning. That night when he was asleep, they unbottoned his pants, and rubbed charcoal from the fire on him. He said the next morning when he got up awake the first thing he did was look, and he was as black as he could be ! HIS UNCLE HARMON WAS ON THE TRIP

Harmon Sharp was one of them

When Dad was about 15,I'd guess, he and his father went on two horses up to Linwood where there was a store. It was apparently an all day job--go there buy some supplies and loaf a while before coming back home. They had some cider, which Dad said was boiled two barrels into one, and it had a kick to it that he didn't know it had. He drank a few drinks and then he and 3 or 4 boys there went down to the nearby creek in a patch of elderberry bushes where they were playing. One was whittling with a knife and accidently cut one of the boys just a little. Dad said it seemed funny to him beause he was drunk (and maybe didn't know it), but he was so lightheaded he could hardly get back in the store. His dad was ready to leave ~~from~~ FOR home, and said to Dad "would you like to have a glass of cider before we go home?" Dad said he didn't think he did, knowing he was already drunk. He didn't think he was ever going to get on that horse without his dad finding out he was drunk. He made it home ok. He said that was his first and last time getting drunk. All his life he never drank any beer or whiskey. He did smoke when he was about 20 but quit after perhaps 2 or 3 years.

Page 7. The Sharp Family Slatyfork, W. Va.

Dad was both a farmer and a merchant. He ran a store on the old road "over the hill" near the old house, which he build perhaps about 1900, along with farming. The product sold from the farm was wool, sheep, and cows.
Dad's store was about the only one in the area. later on the W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co had a store for their employees at Slatyfork. He bought furs, chickens and wool from farmers and shipped to Baltimore etc. He would buy up turkeys from farmers, pack them in barrels and haul them to Marlinton in wagons and put on a train to go to Baltimore where food brokers sold them. Usually he made out ok. That's a long way for turkeys to go unrefrigerated ! One batch he sent, maybe his last, the broker sent him a small check saying he peddled the turkeys all over town trying to sell them. He sold a few, but most of them stunk so bad no body would buy them ! ha.
Farmers would kill pheasants (grouse) and he would pack them in small barrels and sent to Baltimore. Another thing he bought all his life was gensang.
Dad was, I believe, the first to have a telephone. He was also the first around there to have a car, after telephones had been in. See phone number
One time some one up at the head of Elk rang a distress signal and everyone picked up their phones to see what it was about. Someone announced that a horse and buggy had run off and was headed down toward Slatyfork. People all along the road went out th the road to stop the horse and buggy only to find that it was one of those new fangled horseless carriages. Joke!
When a few cars got in the area, Dad ordered gasoline in barrels. They were hauled from Marlinton, and a hand pump was placed down in the hole after the cap was unscrewed. He later had, I believe a small tank put in with a hand pump to pump it into a car. I don't remember how the amount was measured.
Dad got a Studebaker sometime about 1918 (?) Maybe before that? In the early 1920's he or Ivan broke the axle housing on the rear end un near Ella Gibsons in a mud hole. Ivan made a wooden sled and took a team of horses up there, fit the sled under that one side, and pulled the car back home. He ordered a new housing. It cost what dad thought was too much --perhaps $150 when the car may have only cost $800--??
When he bought the car, he sent Ivan to Marlinton for I think a couple days to learn how start, run, and do minor repairs to the Studebaker. In the winter time, the car was jacked up off the tires.

About 1928 (?) the new highway came through, bypassing the store location on the old road. So Dad had a man KING in Marlinton to build a new store building where it is still in existance. Four new hand operated gasoline pumps with 10 galleng glass tanks at the top were installed. Dad had Standard Oil at t wo pumps, and Ivan had two pumps of Amico. It was big move moving furniture etc over to the new place by wagon.
Dad borrowed money from the Farmers & Merchants Bank to build the store. He also borrowed about $300 from his friend Sam Gibson. It was a struggle during the depression to not go broke, but finally after keeping some of us in school and college, he finished up the debt with some sale of timber. Ivan sold auto supplies in one corner of the store.
The store had 32 volt lights, run from a Delco generator. The house already had 32 volt electricity. Then about 1936 or 1938 (?) WestPenn came through with 110 volts.
Tourists began coming through so gasoline sales was reasonably good. Dad decided some "Tourists Camps" should be built, so old Camp 18 that the W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co left when they were finished, was torn down and used to make the camps. They perhaps more than paid their way. Then it seemed better to rent them out to people working for the company. Henry Gibson lived in one. Oscar Kerr in another. Others were...

The only one in exixtance now is the one Henry Shaver lived in, and his wife Lorraine still lives there.

(179)

(Page 178)

Slatyfork Sharps' Records

From the William Sharp's Bible Record.
Furnished by Ramona Shipley, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Copied from record pages between the New and Old Testoments. Xerox copies made.--copied from small Bible given to Rachael Dilley by her Father Martin Dilley on her Wedding Day.

Martin Dilley born Dec 27, 1779. Died 12-26-1851, age 71, 11 mo, 29 da; 26

Rachael Dilley born October 1815

William Sharp and Rachael Dilley married Sept 20 1838
(another date also entered at another place, but the ink is smeared and the year looks like 1832, which must be incorrect as the children's births started a ~~xxx~~ year after 1838).

William Sharp's children:

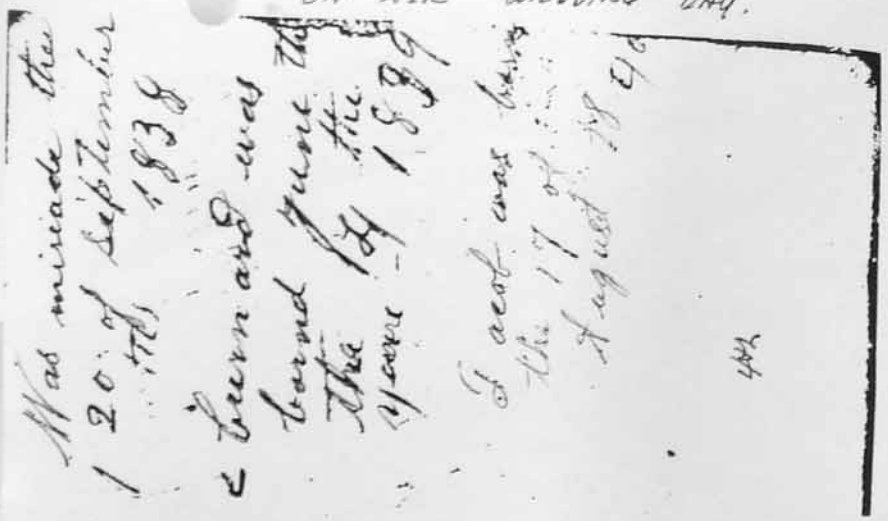
1. Martin B. (Bernard?) Sharp born June 14, 1839
2. Jacob Henry (Henry) Sharp born Aug 17, 1840
3. Silas Sharp born March 2, 1842
4. William Luther Sharp born Dec 17, 1843
   (The family knew him as Luther in his youth--perhaps to distinguish between him and his father, William. So he was the 4th William Sharp in line.) William IV.
5. Hugh Calvin Sharp born ~~xxx-1850~~ 7-10-1846
6. Mary Eleanor Sharp born Feb 11, 1849
   (She died with diptheria during the Civil War--or before the war. Family tradition is she was about 12 years old. She was burried to the left of the road on the rise just below the Sharp's Slatyfork store)
7. Harmon B. Sharp born 10-2-1850
   (He moved to near Elkins, died there and burried near there.)
   (Died with canger --of throat (?))

Luther Sharp above: Family tradition has been that Luther was about age 16 when he was shot. Date of birth and the dates of the first year or two of the Civil War indicate that he may have been perhaps about age 17.

see page 179 →

Dave Sharp
(7-14-82)

PAGES COPIED FROM SMALL BIBLE GIVEN TO RACHEL DILLEY BY HER FATHER, MARTIN DILLEY, ON HER WEDDING DAY.



Was miriade the
1 20 of Septemin
ber
1838

2 Evern and was
burnd June the
the 14 the
1 1844

I acet was born
the 17 of
August 1844

4th

5th.

Silvis Sharp was
born the 2 day
of March
1848

Mary Ann Sharp was
born the 17
of August 1850

Clifton Dilley
was born the
27th day of
1775.
Rachel Dilley died
in the 74th day of
April A.D. 1851.
Aged 76 years 11 months 24 days

Copied from Page Eleven
Old Testament

FRONT PAGE

Rachel Dilley
was born october
the yr 1815

1st Back Flyleaf

Wm Sharp &
Rachel was
miriade the
20 of Septe
1837

Martin B Sharp
was born the
14 of June
1839

Jacob Henry
was born the
17 of augus t
1840

2ND

Silas was
born the 2 of
march 1842

Wm Luther
was born the
17 of desember
1843

Hugh Calvin
was born the
10 of July
1846

3rd

Mary Eleanor
was born the
11 of febuary
1849

Harmon Bolton
was born the
2 of october
1850.

Remember that this is
the compass to guide
your little barque
to the port of eternal
Life

From Bible of William C. Morgan

From Bible of William C. Morgan 180

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Samuel C. Morgan was
born July 8th 1847.
Edith H. Morgan was
born Dec. 20th 1855.
Laura J. Morgan was
born March 31st 1874.
Williams C. Morgan was
born March 15th 1876.
Sarah V. Morgan was
born Feb. 15 1878.
Edgar R. Morgan was
born April 18th 1882.
Lena Florence Morgan
was born Dec. 17th 1896

BIRTHS.

Miriam Edith Morgan
was born august the 13th 1895

Georgia Virginia Morgan
was born Sept 2 1900

Laura Rachel Morgan
was born Feb 14th 1903

Samuel Aaron Morgan
was Born April 23d 1905

Jemima Rose Morgan
Was Born Jan the 12 1908

Jan. 12, 1908

FAMILY RECORD.

MARRIAGES.

Samuel C. Morgan
and Edith H. Ramsey
was married Feb. 21 18[illegible]

Laura G. Morgan + Luther L. Stark
was Married February 16th 1922

William C. Morgan and
Jemima A. Hill was
Married Nov 4th 1897

18-A

STUDIOS, VA. BORDER

181 Page 1 181

REEL #1 June 1, 1949 Tapes of L.D.Sharp
Old Mill , Civil War storeies, etc. (If done over on Ampex, may be clearer)

Dad: ....Sheep dip killed 5 sheep. Dave, I'll give you a jar of syrup to take back with you--and a sugar cake. ...Im sending 6 to Pauls. Thayer gave to sweetheart and Barbara treated her teacher. ...152 quarts of syrup....

....

(Civil war through Slatyfork) ...they'd go through and rob neighbors. My father was in prison 23 months and 24 days. They starved them to deatth and haulded them out of the prison by the wagon loads. Going to Fla I stopped in Salisbury , N. C. and there was an old grey headed man. I told him my father was a prisoner there. He said "they all died, either starved or poisoned. Father said the meat was covered with worms. They made brothe. He shut his eyes and swalloed it.. The dead were burried in trenches. A dog followed a captain through the prisone. The men threw a blanket over it and killed it and ate , some ate rats. The skinned a cat. Father couldn't eat the cat. My grandfather (William) got him exchanged for rebels. He had exchange papers and started home. At a small geathering of southerners, the said "where are you going"? He said "none of your business." They said: If we gain the war we won't let you live with us" Si said: I'll give you to understand I won't live with you, They started after himn and he ran. He was too weak to run. They didn't follow him further. He walked all the way home to Slatyfork. If old man Bill Hannah had done one thing. Two men left over them in charge of the two. They got off their horses to a call of nature. "My father reached over and took one of the man's guns and pointed to Bill Hannah to take the other man's gun. He couldn't get him to take the gun. They never thought of killing those fellows (rebels) but we could have killed them and had nothing to worry about--he said. They could have gotten away. (Dad told us one time, as I recall, that Bill had a very small wrist and could get the hand cuff off his wrist that held the two together. Bill showed Silas once that he could take it off. And that Silas wanted Bill to take the hand cuff off so they could grab the guns to threaten so they could get away. Dad may have been mistaken for a moment about them putting their hands on the guns---???? -Dave)
Jake Simmons killed Luther. The Confederate army went through past the house. Jake was behind and shot Luther going up the hill. That's the same time they captured my father. My grandmother said "look there's a regement of soldiers and he ran down and jumped over a fence and sat down in a goos nest covered with boards. About a 100 of them shot at John Gibson (Uncle Sam's father) and this fellow who had a muzzle loading gun shot at John. and he set his gun down almost between my father's lets, to load it. He waited, till he poured the poweder in and went to getthe bulled in and he said he knocked the man and gun over and jumped back over the fence and ran back into the same old Jake Simmons that killed his brother, Luther age 16. Jake put a gun on him . He looked for a rock to throw at Jake but couldn't find one. The men emptied their guns at John Gibson. Two thraw their guns down and ran to the top of graveyard hill and was about to catch John, a powerful man--Sam Gibson's father. He had a pepper box pistol that I reckon wouldn't kill you. and they ran back down the hill and he got away, ha, ha. He pulled the pistol out and said "dangester, I'll kill you".
There was twice he (John) almost got captured. He went home and later on, a bunch of rebel soldiers went in there to John Gibson's place and his wife said to him "look out there the rebel soldiers are coming down here to the house" He broke to run and ran over the hill and the soldiers fired at him and missed again and one rebel laid his gun across a post and got a rest and would have killed him but his wife took a bootjack and knocked him crazy, and he got away. Later on during the war he took pneumonia and died. With all the getting by in the war, pneumonia got him after all.

like a dog running a deer

Civil war stories, Old Mill etc.

(Story about the two soldiers killed in ambush up on the old road:) Dad: They brought the soldier (that was still living) in and he died at the house (the same log house still standing) There are two of them burried up at the top of the hill at the school house. Just dug a hole. They were riding along the road and the rebels (I think Dad's memory got it mixed--they were Yankees that shot them) waylaid them and shot two off horses. They were one or two that got away. Maybe one of them was Walt Allen. (Walt Allen was a Yankee from over about Randolph county, I think--Dave) Uncle Hugh (a young man) thought so much about one of the men that was shot and lived a while. If they had had doctors like today, he may have been saved. (Another account of this story is elsewhere in this history of the Sharps--Hugh and his father William was cutting wood and heard the shots and a southerner on a horse running told them to go look after the men shot. They took a sled up and got them. They put the dead one in the corncrib and took the other in by the fire.)

I don't know where the graves were, but one time I was plowing there in the school house lot and a horse's foot fell down through the grave. I hated it awful bad.

Dad: Henry Sharp, an uncle, joined the rebel army, or be taken prisoner. So he joined the rebel army. One joined the yankees and one the rebels. Dave: Was the Henry Sharp meadow named after him? Dad: No, that was another Henry Sharp. Henry (uncle) was killed) A picket shot him (at Bob Gison place) They were suspecious that he was a yankee, it was thought. But he was in the rebel army and was on picket duty and a fellow shot him and let on like they shot him by mistake. The other one wasin the Yankee army and was killed. I lost three uncles and the only girl 12 years old of diptheria and she is burried down there on the left side of the road --about top of the hill Uncle Hugh knew where it was. I said there ought to be a monument. He said: "it's been so long ago it isn't necessary" It's there inside the fence near the road (near the sheep barn.) That's what the war cost my family. The war spread diptheria. One of her boys, Henry Sharp when he was killed had an apple in his pocket and she planted the 7 seeds of the apple (grandmother Sharp) out here (near the beehouse) and only three oft of the 7 threw. She gave Uncle Harmon Sharp one and it was planted down there at the McCjtchin Place and gave Silas one and it was right below the old house over there (old home place) and Uncle Hughs was out here in this garden, and they all had the same kind of fall apple. --a good cooking apple. But she thought that represented that when the war was over she'd only have 3 children left. Four of them died. We cut the one down over the hill because it was where we wanted to build the warerrom, I think. It was 40 years old, I reckon. The one here an Uncle Hugh's was near the warerrom.

Tramp Dad: I saw that tramp going by today at the schoolhouse. He was swinging his arm as hard as he could swing it, and the other arm was like a dead arm. I hadn't seen him for 10 years. --a little short fellow. (Dave: We'd seen him go by about every year for years--walking fast.)

Uncle Hugh's story about a greased Indian:

Dad: a Joe Lagger or something like that wanted to go back in the woods to where he'd hear no sound of a gun but his own, and ran on to these two Indians. I can't tell the story as it was. The Indians gave a squall and made for him and he may have shot and missed and they were on him and he threw one on the ground and was getting his knife out to kill the Indian and the other Indian got his knife out of a scabbard. He had to kill him to same himself and the other Indian almost got advanta e of him by getting his knife out of the scabbard. I forgot the details but I think the other Indian got away. It was one of the most stirring stories you about ever heard to hear Uncle Hugh tell it.

Uncle Hugh's pet deer: Dad: Uncle Hugh had a pet deer. Aunt Ella and I. It'd fight or run us everytime we came here to visit. We were going home across the hill and looked coming off the hill coming as hard as it could right after us, like a dog running a deer. We [illegible]

could right after us, like a dog running a deer. We ran to the woods and got up on a leaning tree up higher than the deer could reach. A deer strikes with both front feet just like a man and cut you all to pieces with it's toes. We had hollered for Martha Hannah whox lived here then and she ran up there and got the deer by the bell collar and held her till we got over home (Dave: seems Dad said her name was Nell?) That doe knocked Nora Sharp down. Uncle Harmon's girl and would have beat her to death if didn't.....(not clear) (Dave: I think Nora married George L. Hannah--and she is burried in the Sharp cemetery)
Si talking about fishing..... up slatyfork creek.
Dave: Dad, isn't that where you built a dam and ran water around the hole?
Dad: yes, we got 53 fish out of it. Water was getting low, cavity in a rock holding about a barrel of two wof water, and ran a small stream--a inch pipe size. I stood there and studded it a good little while how to get those fish. A big lynn tree standing on the bank. I decided to go home and get my father to come and help pipe the water over the hole. We cut that tree down and stripped the bark off and the bark piped the water over past the hole of water, a sdistanceof about 20 feet and we dipped the water out and got 53 fish to eat. No restrictions on fishing then.

Deer hunting --- Deer salt licks

Dad: farmers killed deer at suck licks. Natural sulphur run out on certain places. Deer tear up the earth to get it. Then farmers made salt licks. Drive a stake in the ground and poor the hole full of salt. They couldn't get it all without digging down for it. It was either mornings or evenings that they came on to suck the licks. Dave: did you kill any at a salt lick? Dad: Yes, I did, on Gauley. One time over there a wild cat was at the lick. I sighted at it so long I was sighting on just the front sight. I was about to leave that day. The Englishman.... ...I thought I just sit there (Dave: He told the s tore another time:--he shot at the wildcat and it didn't know where Dad was and jumped into the treetop where dad was and scarxed Dad almost to death--just a boy). ....Saw the deer coming. ... I just broke it's back. I came a knat's heal of missing that deer. Lots of deer then. About like killing ground hogs now.

Bill Curtain War in Italy (not clear at all)... One thing, the let the Americans go in there, you see, read about the lost patalion. Carl Barnes was commander of that unit. Those rangers..... Crossed the highway and got in the heart of Rome.

Dave: The old Mill house needs a piece of roofing on it.
Dad: Well, Ive been trying to sell it. It's going to fall down. I offered to sell for $50 . When I sold it, xx the man came with a truck to get it and those old Kelley's (they lived in the mill house across the creek) took the box that goes around xhx to hold the meal in. It'd cost $25 to make it and they took it and burned it. They once rolled it out in the yard and Henry Shaver and I liked to not get it back in. They took it and burned it for firewood. I went there to sell it and there wasn't a thing in the world to hold the meal in so he wouldn't take it. . . . Brice Griffin ground meal for a half a day. Took half a day to grind a grist. Sam Jackson said he could eat it as fast as it comesout of the mill. Someone asked how long he could do that. He answered: " I could do it till I starved to death" ; ha, ha.

Might be clearer if redone on the Ampex reel to reel tape machine.

Stories by L.D.Sharp taped by Dave 6-1-49 Reel #2 Page 1

Voices of Dad, Otis Gibson, Si, Dave Ralph

184

Dad: something about the bee association (
Si: (to Ralph)(hunting) Did you go clear to teh Bob Gibson Place (all looking at an aerial view map) --are those skid roads?
SI: This is Slatyfork and he was supposed to go up this buck hollow that runs up to Joe Gibson place. He was supposed to go up here and come around thru here, thru a bunch of pines yonder on the point. Well eh got up there and cut over and looked down to Sam Hannah's from Bob Gibson's meadow. Then you came back from Bob Gibson's meadow thru there, huh?
Ralph: yes. Dad: Right here's where I was scared about out of my boots. I thought he had heart trouble. I couldn't holler him up and couldn't shoot him up and couldn't hear a word from him in the world . I worried and prayed and here he came up alive. Dave: You (dad) and Donald and I got lost up there coon hunting one night. Dad: Yes, we came down the roughest old hollow there ever was.--back of Page Hannahs' line. The roughest place you ever saw after night wasn't it.' We didn't know where we were and lost part of the gun. Came down to Page's apple orcard. Si later made a part for the gun--forestock. And John Woosley lost it again. He went down there watching for stealing corn where shucking corn (lower meadow). [redacted] was. When he started filling up a sack of corn, ye yelled to surrender and ran out and broke a rail at the fence and ran down over the bank and laid down., and Woosley lost part of the gun and he had to come back (home) because he was afraid he had something to shoot him with, ha. Woosley lost part of the 410 gun and couldn't shoot. Later on I told her about it. --caught him down there stealing corn. He smashed the fence flat. I said there was another fellow with him--old man [redacted]....his hogs. They worked on the track together. She didn't say a word. She knew it was true, We'd seen where he'd taken out loads of it before.
Dave: Didn't your dad catch someone stealing hay? Dad: No, it was Uncle Henry Hannah caught Hannah stealing Hay(on barn on Buzzard mt.) (made him pitch the hay back in the barn--Henry slept there to catch him)
Dad: Grandfather Sharp caught a man right out there in the corncrib. He set a fox trap through where they take corn out of the crib. He came to get corn and got caught. He went to the barn a cople times. He wouldn't holler at Grandfather. Finally he hollered: "Mr. Sharp, come out here. I tell you if you'll let me out of here, I'll never steal another thing as long as I live. Grand father promised him he wouldn't tell on him.
Dave: did he know who it was? Dad, oh yes, one of his neighbors, but he oulsn't tell us who it was. He promised he wouldn't tell. He let him out of the trap. I bet he had sore fingers, ha. Grand father was a man of his word. Dave: Do you remember him? Oh, yes, I was nearly grown when both of my granfathers died. Grandfather Hannah and grandfather Sharp and my grandmothers. Did you see yours? Dave: only grandmother Irvin.
Dad: Not preacher Morgan? Dave: no. Dad: Boy's I'd give $5 to (have you hear him preach?) He was one great preacher. He was the best preacher that ever preached on this charge and they sent him back here by the Dist. Supt. to the quarterly meeting one time when he was on the Lobelia circuit to preach and I never did forget his text. It was at Mary's Chapel. His text was the "Great Store House of God" He said the time would come as the human race needed the wealth, there was untold wealth in these hills and in the lands, and as the generations of the earth needed it it'd be unfolded (End of 1st side of cassette)
Ralph and Dad talking: deer hunting. Si: In Montana, a man killed a mule and brought it in to the checking station !! ha, ha. Dave: what did your father have to tell time? Dad: He had an 8-day clock. I don't know who got it. Maybe Ella or Malinda got it. It struck on every hour of the day. I think I took another clock over to repair at Wooddells and it was never fixed. He died and they closed th store. It may have been sold.
Either the original reel tape is not clear , or perhaps it would be clearer on the last Ampex player--to transfer to cassettes.

Tape #10 Sharp's Stories taped 8-21-49 by Dave Sharp 185

(LD, Ada, Ivan, Si, Dave, Sylvia, Will Curtain & Evan), Ralph)

Starts with Dad and Ivan singing songs. Dad: we can't all sing with one book. I've got the tuning fork there. I've got the tuning fork. "Do, me, do" I'm trying to get the sound. I can't see anything. Ivan: Wait, I've got something on my glasses. I don't what part are you going to sing? Dad: I'll sing tenor. Ivan: I don't know if I can sing soprano, or not. Dad: well, do you want me to sing soprano? Ivan: I usually sing base. Dad: here, somebody clean my glasses. Si: (talking about the tape recorder) said: everyone brags about their singing. Now theyLll know if they are telling the truth, ha.ha. Ivan: (wire recorder?) wire plays 15 minutes. (Ivan had a wire recorder) Dave: let's have some powerful singing. Dad and Ivan: me, so, do, me, do, me. (no pianot) "There's a glory in my sould, Then Jesus gets control. He lives with in my heart. Oh happy song ..... Si (joking) "... ....tape for identification. Have you used Mother Hubbard's little leg goos, ha. (pretending an ad after the song) Dave: You just heard LD, Ivan and Ralph Sharp. (Then with piano): several singing a song....."redeemed..... Dad: the title of this song is "Beautiful Home Somewhere". Looking at Pictures: Dave: look at the bees. Dad: those are Ivan's. Sylvia: Dave hived those bees.

Dave: Le's laugh a little bit, Ada.(Ada and Genevieve laughing.) Dave: Ada, who's that in the midddle? Do you know? Ada: ha, ha, yes. (About Ivan--discussion): Dave: ... Mary Roberts? SI; no, it was Genevieve at Greenbank. Si: Ivan And I ..... we got up there to that old ... He (Ivan) said if you'll get out close to the gate, well..... see THEM GIRLS. If you don't we won't, ha, ha. I wouldn't get out to open the gate and he turned around and came back home, ha, ha.

Evan: dann you! Genevieve: Evan I beg your pardon.... your saying. Dave: say nice words, Evan, ha (all laughed) Dave: I never saw that broken leg (Evan's) Genevieve: I had to keep him in bed for 3 weeks. He couldn't even turn over. At 3 o'clock in the morning he'd get awake and I'd have to read him a story.

Dave: Ada, I understand you used to speak over a radio WPBI in Baltimore. Tell us what it was about. Was it for a beer co.? Ada: No, no. ha, ha. Ada: I wason for 15 minutes. It wasdramatic sketches. different things each week and on for 8 weeks. Some interesting things did happen. The announcer said "I don't think I can go on the .... air. I didn't know what to do. There was no one else to take over. So I was trying to go on with the program and think up what to say in case he did colapse there, ha. But he went on through with it. Dave: You may have been an announcer if he'd colapsed. Did you have an audience? Ada: just a small one. In those days they sat in another room at that time.--the control room. Dave: what were the stories about: Ada: or, different things, Let me see. One I gave about Pappa and the boy. I don't know if I'll remember it. Perhaps Evan would like that. ada

Ada: "But it's not so agreeable about 2 o'clock in the morning when you're dead for sleep and you wouldn't give anything to hear pres. Truman speak. Well, this little boy woke up about 2 and said "Hey, Daddy. What? Did. .....What do you want? Nothing. Then go to sleep. I ain't sleeph Daddy. Well, I am young man. I'm not abit. Daddy if you was rich what would you buy me? I don't know. go to sleep. Wouldn't you buy me nothing? I suppose so. Then what would you buy me? Maybe a steam engine. would the wheels go round and round? Yes, yes, go to sleep. Daddy, if I was rich I'd buy sou something. Would you? I'd buy you some choc. drops and ice cream. No one wants to hear it this time in the morning. Go to sleep. Daddy, daddy, Well? what do you want now? Let me think-- I want a drink of water. No you don't. Yes I do, daddy. (thinking.. there'll be no peace until the boy gets a drink you get water) I don't want to hear another word from you tonight, young man. I can spell dog, daddy. No one wants to hear you spell it now. Yes, please.

SHARP 3

Sharp's Stories , taped 8-21-49 by Dave Sharp

C-A-T--dog. Is that right daddy. No it isn't, but nobody cares. Then it's D-O-G ? Yes, yes, now go to sleep. Then I'll be a good little boy, won't I? Yes, you'll be the best boy on earth. Good nite, daddy. Good night. -------Daddy, daddy -----don't you wish you had 2, 3 5 or 300 little boys??

Ada: I haven't done that one for years and years. (relatives laugh).

Si: I'm going to bed. You'd better too. .....

Si: (pretending to be a political candidate) "on this auspicious occassion, it is very gratifying to see your ignorant faces. (Si changing his voice, ha)I'll give you a dollar a vote for your vote" Dad: that's what they were trying to do. Dave: what are your planning to do this week: Ivan; well, I plan on making a little hay, taking off some honey, kill a few ground squirrels, whistle pigs and kill a little time. And visit a little with my relatives and friends, and then figuring on going back to work. Save a little of my vacation for deer season. I do like to hunt deer. I haven't had very much success as far asbringing in some game. A lot of exercise and enjoyment--just running through the woods toting a gun. Dave: what you doing ther e, Dad? Sleeping? Dad: finishing up a good nap. I didn't go to sleep last night till half past 1 o'clock, waiting for you to come in and you didn't get in. But made up for it this evening. Dave: Did you know we were coming in yesterday or today? Dad: I heard you were coming in to Ivan's last night. Said you phoned through and said where the key was at (to get in the house at Nitro.)..... I'd a ..... Dave: I told him to leave it under a cup on the back porch and he didn't like that idea much. Ivan: we were on a party line and I didn't want all the neighbors know where I was hiding the key. So I told him I'd leave it with his old girl friend across the street, Hattie Howell. (She went to Wesleyan same time as Dave) Dad: did you find anything to eat? Dave: they just about ate it about all up. wasn't much left there. (kidding) We went to the cellar and opened up peaches and pears and plums and apples (kidding) and we really had a feast. This is Aug. 21, 1949. ....(all eating at table). ..... Ada: did you have a lot of raspberries this year? Dad: a few. Had 40 gallons one year.....

(End of first side of cassette)

(Eating at table. all talking, not clear .....)

Genevieve: One of our cousins up home (Arborvale) Ed Arbogast's boy, came along in a car and we were out there making hay. Stella said "Ed you don't have any children yet?" He said "Well, we're still trying" ha, Ada: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Dad: Is that thing recording everything we say? Dad: do you want any berries? If you do go in there and help yourself. I'm going to shave. I've got to go to that funeral..... Dave: did you see Melinda out there a while ago? Ada: yes, yesterday, not t today. Dave: she can't hear well... (flame swallower) Dad: ..... gas in his mouth. Did you see that Ralph? He set that on fire and it went down his throat, then asit came out..... Si: alcohol alcohol flame.....and when they stick that in their mouth they generally let out a mouth of air to keep the heat going away, you see. Dad: As it came out his throat he lit a cigarette. (Dave (started to put a lighted match in hismouth) Dad: Oh, don't do that. Dave: I saw Bill Viering (at Wesleyan) chew up a razor blade and supposedly swallow it, but probably put in a side cheek.

Si: ..... he looked like he was drunk, this fellow. He was asked if he'd give him a push to get the car started. He said, yes he'd push him. She backed off about 20 feet and came a sailing and smashed into the back of that thing and smashed the bumpers right off and flattened the fenders, and nearly broke that fellows neck. ha, ha, ha.

 187

Si: (talking about a boy who lit seat of his pants and a gas flame shot out and breaches on fire--use wool pants instead of cotton. Ha,ha.
Si: talking about danger, that's dangerous !
Si: I wonder who reported the deer lick, salt lick back of the water fountain? (The game warden said there was one reported there. He was up there at 2 o'clock watching for them. Dad: Now if one comes there, they'll kill it. Si found the head of one where they dressed one up and left the hdad down in the hollow. A nice buck.
Will Curtain: Wasn't it old man Sam Gibson..... he could tell you right smart about deer. He was sick in bed and we went up there one time. Ivan: (or Si?): Yes, I used to like to go up there and listen to the bear stories. He'd sit there and smoke his pipe and tell the stories.
Indian Fight: (maybe later get a better or clearer version from the original reel tape instead of this cassette.) Dad: The Indian, had his hide so greased he couldn't hold him. Uncle Hugh would tell that..... Si, how was it? ..... He shot at the indian and he had a muzzle loader and before he could get another shot, the,indian,-s-there ware two of them ... (one?) indian going away. and he said he got him down and his hide was so slick with grease he oulcn't hold him and he said he (indian?) was reaching down to get a knife out of his scabbard, the indian was.... I can't tell you all the story but he finally killed the indian. The one he shot first was..... he noticed him just as he got through with the other one, he propped himself up and he was ready to shoot him(white man)..(/) Uncle Hugh used to tell that. It was interesting to hear him. It'd take him about ½ hour to tell that story about Joe Logst (or Louset?)
Dave: wasn't it uncle Hugh as a boy that was chased into a log by a bear?
Dad: That was Uncle Harmon. a long time ago, no, it was Uncle Hugh, by the way. Uncle Harmon told him a doe on the mountain had some young fawns in a brush thicket. That he heard them in there. He told Uncle Hugh to go up there and he could catch them. He'd been told that if you go in screaming and yelling and squalling that a fawn will lay right down and you can run right in and pick them up. And he dreamed he had a cane, a complete cane, with a knot on the end turned you know. The night before he dreamed something about being in a fight with a bear. So he went up the hill here. He saw a cane, and cut it, just carried out just like in his dream. So he went up to where uncle Harmon said he saw that doe that had the fawns in there. He got up there in brush , you know and he went jumping over top the brush and hollering and when he got in there, there was an old she bear that reared right up in his face , that had cubs in there. He went backwards and got out and started running. He ran down on the sugar flat, where there was at a big hollow log there and he ran in that log. Well that would be the place the bear would want him wouldn't it! ha, ha. I... would a climbed a tree. He was scared to death and didn't know what he was doing ! .... Uncle Harmon told Uncle Hughe that he heard the doe in the thick brush. Si, you've heard him (Hugh) tell about it. Si: yes, he told me "I saw if there was any running to do.....that Harmon, he knew that was a bear in there, ha, ha. ..... End of tape.

SHARP 3

Stories by L.D.Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11) Page 1
(age 76)

188

Ada, Ivan,

Stories: Otha, deer hunting, school house, bear,

Dad: Bowd (Boude) Hannah went out one evening to hunt the cows and he had his dog with him and he went back upon the mt. on Gauley. The dog came up on an old she bear and cubs. (Dave: was it before you were born? Dad: No. I was going to school, a chunk of a boy. The dog took for the vear and the bear took after the dog to run it from the cubs. When he saw the bear and dog coming he climbed up a pine tree. The dog r an to the tree for protection and the bear came to the tree and saw him up there. The bear went right up the tree after him and the dog ran away. It was a small pine tree. He shook the tree, it was tall and slim. He shook and hollered and they heard him all over Elk. Old man Billie Hannah, a mile away, heard him hollering. He said he knew Bowd was in distress. He got hisgun and hit for there as soon as he could. That bear, gave some knaws and drove his teet into the tree. They said he was scared nearly to death. And Billie Hannah got within about 100 yards, I expect before that old she bear left that tree. The dog ran off. The bear went after her cubs. He shook her off the tree. A bear can climbs a large tree, but it's hard to climb a small one. SI: was he the fellow that ran into a wild cat? Dad: yes, he was going before daylingt one morning up on the mountain after cows. He had his dog, maybe the same dog, with him, The dog was in front of him and this wild cat went up on a tree to jump on him and the dog happened to be in front of him and he jumped right off the tree on the dog. He said he had a cane with him It was a big dog and into it they went. He and the dog killed the wildcat. He said if he hadn't had the dog it would have killed him. Dave: Didn't you catch a wildcat in a trap? Dad: yes, up at the forks of Slatyfork creek, near Buck hollow. I saw a wildcat in my trap. The biggest one I ever caught or bought. I threw him across my shoulder and his front feet almost touched the ground. I'd gone up close to him and got a cane (stick) about as large as my arm. It was a dry stick. I got up to kill him the first licke. I was going to hit him with all my might and I hauled away with all that I had and he growled at me. When I gave him the lick, the stick broke off right above my hand and the stick went the other way. The stick was rotten inside. Boy's I went and got me a stick that I knew wouldn't break. I tried it. I went up again. He laid on the ground and growled gr-r-r-r. Everytime I hit him --about four times before I killed him. That wildcat had jumped in every direction trying to get out. The stake had gone down about 12 inches to the flat limestone rock. If he had jumped upward, there wasn't a thing in the world to hold him The hole was 3 inches across the top. But he had jumped and worked the hole big in the swamp. If he had jumped at me that stake would have come out. Ivan, it was in a muck near that swamp just below where you cross that swamp there at that appletree. I'd set the trap for coons.

Will Curtain: one time when we were up there hunting something came down that middle mt. like a streak of lightening. It wasn't any sheep nor deer. Dad: Over on Gauley, a boy there if clothes would have come off, they'd have come off. I was over there watching a deer lick and a deer dug a holee in the ground I expect 2 feet deep, where we had salt. I got down in an old pine tree top. I secured myself down in there hiding myself from the deer. It was hard to get in there and just as hard to get out. I looked across where the salt was, there was a big wildcat. --right at the deer lick. I don't know how it got there--it must have slipped around the other side. Those big ones they call catamounts. I sighted with my gun. An Englishman (there was an English settlement at Linwood to Mingo) was there with me and we wanted a deer so bad. He was watching another deer lick. I sighted and studied if I should shoot it. If I shot it I wouldn't get a deer. Finally I decied it was pretty close to time to leave there and I'll just kill it.

189

The wildcat came there looking for a deer, smelled around an looked. So I got down like this, you know --it wasn't over 20 steps from me. I cracked down on that thing--I remembered afterwards, --I'd looked at those sights so long, that I just looked at the front beed. That catamount didnt know where I was at. He wanted to get away from that shot and right into that pine top where I was and you never saw a boy come so! It scared me todeath! I came oft of there yelling at it. I didn't try shooting again. It wasn't trying to get me. But I didn't know it. Then it took off the other way. Boy I was scared! Si: Was you as scared as the time you shot a cub ear off a log? Dad: That was up on Slatyfork mt. I shot a cub bear off a log. There were 3 of them together. The were comeing down off the mt. I'd never seen a bear in the woods before. I saw what I thought was 3 black hogs, that I thought belonged to a man named Ben Varner. I was sure they were black hogs. Got within about 100 yards. I'd seen pictures of a bear. I'd never been to a zoological garden. They came down to about 50 or 75 yards of me and I saw they were bear. They just dropped down in the water and wallowed like dogs. They were hot because they were running. A man named Woods Dilley was after them back on the mountain. I thought I'll just kill them. I had a single shot Winchester. The jumped up out of that water when they got through wallowing . The old one had her tongue out. A big log ran right along besie a sugar tree and some beeches. I'd heard uncle Harmon Sharp say about bears. You yell "halt" to a bear and you yell "yenk" to a deer, and they'll stop and give you a chance to shoot. So just asthe bear passed this big sugar tree I hollered "halt" and she stopped that quick, and turned her head the other way--the sound echoed the other way. I could have shot her inthe neck. Si could have sot her neck off. But I moved back against a big tree about 2½ feet over.....(partly behind a tree?) I've heard if you shoot them behind the shoulders,in the breast orhead, it wouldn't kill them. But just about 6 inches of it's neck showed and I could have shot her in the neck, I believe. I was afraid I couldn't. There was a tree about 18 inches right behind the shoulders of the cub. I moved the gun back to the cub and shot it off the log. I kept trying to put a cartridge in my gun and dropped two shells. The old one thought I wasbelow there. She jumped off that log right toward me, if I was to drop dead the next minute. Sjumped right square off and trying to get away from me. She jumped as close to me asthat door. I just jerked my gun down like this. I got the shell just started in. Then she jumped 20 feet down over the hill. So as soon as I got the single shot gun loaded, I took off down below to head her off. Si: did you kill the cub? Dad: Yes, I killed it but I didn't get it there. She had run down to the road at Ode Gibson's (a recent man)--just below Ode Gibsons and she turned back to get the cub I'd shot. I could have stood there and shot for 150 yards where I saw them come down if I'd stayed where I was at. She rad now there and came right back up . Thiscub went over to the run where the water was. The blood had sprinkled the snow on both sides. I went on up on top of the high point and there was a laurel patch there. She wen in that laurel. Blood was flowing out on both sides on the snow. I went up in the laurel--she might have eaten me up alive--that cub eing wonded. I crawled thru the knob and I heard them break and run out. It had laid down there. I went down over the hill after them, but couldn't see them. So I decided to go down and get Ben Varner--they lived there where Shaw's lived (in recent years)--that old house. I said "Ben, I wounded abear up here and I want you to come up and we'll kill it. So Ben got his gun and went up there with me. He says you go around there and watch and I'll go up and take it's trail and follow it thru--blood on the snow. ..... I got on one side of the tree as he came up and I jumped out at him and scared him to death ! ha,ha, But he might have shot me. I shoul have had better sense.

SLATYFORK W. VA. SCHOOLS

190 Stories by L.D.Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11) Page 3

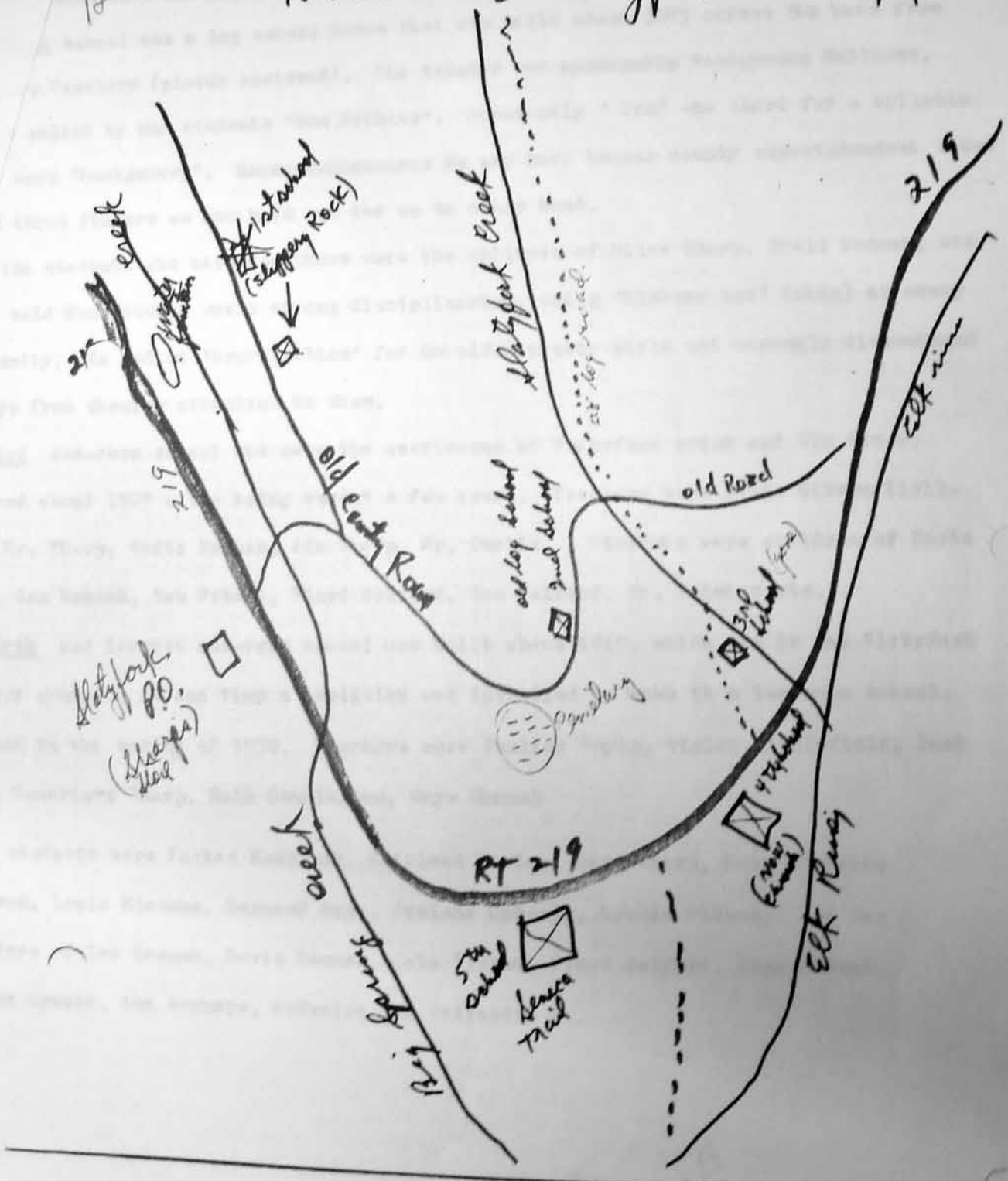
He said: let's don't go any further. Henry Sharp (lived on middle Mt.) has a bear dog. You go get that bear dog and we'll come back here in the morning. I said: well, all right. We came down to Ben's and then along the old road home. I told my father I shot a bear. Next morning it snowed about 6 inches that night. He said: "those bear won't stay on Slatyfork mt. They will go to Cheat tonight. Everything is snowed over and we're out of wood. I wouldn't go up and get Henry Sharp's dog for there isn't any use --you can't see anything and you can't get on the trail". My father told me that, which was right if you reason it out. So about two weeks later it set in warm weather and snow went off and Woods Dilley(?) ran across uncle Harmon. He said:" who killed one of those bear over there? I followe an old she and 2 cubs over the mountain and went back the next day and jumped them there on the Johnson Flat. S She had one cub. I followed them tillthey went to Cheat. Some one killed one" Dad: well, it was within 300 yards of where we left them. That was a loss.

Dad: Well, another time over on the other side of Slatyfork mountain I saw where it looked like someone had dragged a log right up over the roughest place across mossrocks. I wondered what had dragged all that moss, making such a road thru the brush. I took my gun down rright thereand went on up about a 100 yards and then up on top of the flat and there was a swamp there. They'd killed a sheep--an old bear was dragging that sheep. There were three others with her, 2 cubs and a yearling. All of them went thru that swamp. Law sakes a live, what a group of bear ! I went on up on top about 100 yards and looked and saw them eating on that sheep. There was a felled tree and she was laying on the other side of the tree. I saw her head on the other side of the tree. They killed the yearling the next day. It wasa 1/3 bigger than the cubs. They'd fight like pigs. If you've ever seen pigs sucking. One would knock the other one out and he'd run around and get another teet. That's the way they fought there and I stood and watched them with my gun this way--cocked for 15 minutesor more. Dave: why didn't you shoot one. Dad: well, I was waiting for the old big one. The wind was going strong across that way toward her. I thought she'd get up directly and I'd kill her first and then kill the whole bunch. All at once she got a whiff of me. They never looked up. If they'd looked and then ran I'd have shot. But the let that sheep go and ran for dear life ! The old big one, she just came up out of there and put her feet up on that log. I had the fairest shot in the world, I reckon. I drew the gun sight in to her neck and I never touched a hair on her, ha. I came home and sent word up to old man Bill Gibson. I told him the bear are killing all your sheep. They went in there the next morning with a bunch of dogs, and told Bob, my brother-in-law to come down here and tell me about it and for him and me to go right on to the top of the mt on this side and they'd go in on the other side of Slatyfork and take the dogs thru. So Bob, may have been disappointed because he couldn't go with them. He thought it'd be all over before we got there and he didn't come at all. So ..... they had gone down on Slatyfork (creek) in that pine patch (head of creek?) and they put the dogs after them and ran the yearling bear up a tree and they killed it. The (dogs) fought the old she clear up the mt. and held her until the men got pretty close to her and she'd break away and then the dogs would catch her. She went right on up to the op of the mt. where Bob and I would have been if he'd come on. They said they'd give him time to get there. So they only got to kill one bear. I've had the most expenerience not to get a bear of almost anybody in the country, ha,

Dad: I've lost 3 deer right in succession. I killed one here about 3 years ago. I got it. Dave: you have a picture of it.

See 20-A

Schools of Slatyfork 143



The first school at Slatyfork that we know of was at "Slippery Rock" on the old county road between the present post office and the water fountain, and near a house called the "yellow house". Silas Sharp, his brothers and others in the community attended there. One day the teacher was whipping him and Silas said "that's enough" ! The teacher said "I'll say when it's enough!", but he didn't whip him any more.

The second school was a log school house that was built about 1875 across the road from the Sharp Cemetery (picture enclosed). The teacher was apparently Montgomery Matthews, but was called by the students "Gum Mathias". Apparently " Gum" was short for a syllable in the word "Montgomery". He may have become county superintendent later He had three fingers on one hand and two on the other hand.

Among the students who attended there were the children of Silas Sharp, Shell Hannah, etc. Luther said Gum Mathias was a strong disciplinarian, using "hickory tea" (whip) at every opportunity. He had an "appreciation" for the older pretty girls and strongly discouraged the boys from showing attention to them.

The third one-room school was near the confluence of Slatyfork creek and Elk River. It burned about 1927 after being vacant a few years. Teachers were Allie Gibson (1911-1912), Mr. Tharp, Sadie Hannah, Ada Sharp, Mr. Curtis. Students were children of Davis Hannah, Sam Hannah, Sam Gibson, Floyd Galford, Sam Galford, Mr. Painter etc..

The fourth and largest one-room school was built about 1919, which now is the Slatyfork Methodist church. At one time a partition was installed to make it a two-room school. It closed in the spring of 1930. Teachers were Pauline Guyer, Violet Littlefield, Dock Hannah, Genevieve Sharp, Ruth Cunningham, Gaye Hannah

Some students were Porter Hambrick, Kathleen Carter, Dave Sharp, Don and Helen Johnson, Leola Simmons, Raymond Mace, Evelene Coberly, Archie Gibson, and the children of Lee Hannah, Davis Hannah, John Victor, Floyd Galford, Page Hannah, George Cromer, the Bonners, McNeelys and Weiferds.

See 20-A

Dad: I've killed one at the top of the mt. at the (red) oak stand (I think at the right hadd corner of middle mt meadow--knob) Shot about a 100 yards. Didn't hink I'd hit it. Killedit dead. It ran around the hill and another fellow got it and took off down the mt. with it. A man came around the hill, they scared the deer up to me. He said "some one killed a deer out there--right out yonder. He shot one shot (my shot) and I came around there and he just grabbed it up and ran down the mt and I followed him a way down yonder and I'm justnow coming back up." Dad: I got up before daylight He came in here (store) and had it checked. He knew he hadn't killed it. There wasn't but one shot fired there. Well, the other year up on the mt I shot one right thru--too far back and it ran about 100 yards and fell. Blood just gushed out as far ast the other side of that box (in room). It got up and ran about 20 feet and fell again and a pile of blood. The next time it fell a fellow named Martin came and picked it up and he went down to the camps (hunters camping down below). He never got it there. I'd hurt my foot and had nothing but artic shoes on so I could hardly go. Henry Shaver came to where I was and let on, hesaid he was sick and wanted to go home, or I'd sent him to see. I'd gone out to wehre I'd shot. I just went there and fell down different times. The ground was a glaze of ice. You couhdn't stand on the earth. I had to hold on to hickory trees. There was one place around there if I'd of slipped i'd gone 30 yards right on to those rocks and maybe killed. I saw the danger of me slipping and I turned to come back to the fire. So that fellow got that deer. That was two of them. Then about 3 years ago I shot from one end of the meadowto the other (middle mt meadow) --the biggest deer. I took a two shots at him before he went to the far end of meadow. He turned around and I must have drawed the gun 6 feet over his back. I hit him plumbs as a dollar right in behind the ribs, and he fell and I saw him ther. I hollered for Lowell Gibson to come. The deer got up anwent over the fence and and around below following the does. He got over in that big hollow and slammed right into the bank There was a hole that big where that big gun hit him. But he was shot too far back. We found the deer later. Henry got the horns and they're out here. That was 3 deer lost.

Ivan: didn't you kill one there before? .....Dad:....I yelled: "I've got him, I've got him". Ivan came running thru the meadow. I shot that deer 50 yards--shot him right in there and went on thru the deer. Never found the bullet. That deer didn't fall. He dropped down abou 12 inches of the ground and ran close to the ground. He ranto the fence and jumped the fence and then tumbled down about 30 yards and died. Ivan and Ralph cam running. Ye yelled " you got him". That was a nice deer, I tell you.

Dave: remember the turkey you shot and couldn't find the bullet hole?

Dad: ha, ha. the turkeys were feeding with their heads down and I shot it plumb in the "back" part, and nevermae a hole in the turkey. It flew across the creek. I went over there and there it was laying. ha, ha.

Dave: told story of seeing a white wild turkey at head of Slatyfork creek. had a 25 Stevens single shot. Thoutht it wasa tame turkey because it was white. Then decided to shoot but had to shoot right handed (not used to it) and missedthe turkey. Dad: I did an awful foolish thing, at that same place. I heard a turkey putting a shine in that hacking. I slipped over to the briar patch that was in patches then. It's grown up now to big timber. An eagle(?) had a big bunch of small ones and was trying to catch them .... and up flew this eagle and he went within 30 or 20 feet of me, right on down flopping his wings. I had a shot gun, and if I didn't let that Eagle get away in order to get a turkey. That was really foolish. I could have shot his eyes out. Well the turkeys flew flew out and I didn't get any then, but I called ..... and I killed 3.

(End of first half of big reel to reel tape)

192

Starts: Si playing some on the piano.
Dad: (Regarding the old log shcool house on the hill): Dad: that's the "high" school I went to (high on hill!) where I got all my education. It fell 2 or 3 years ago. I can tell you how old it is. Take 3 off of 77 (1875) It was built 74 years ago exactly. I was 3 years old when they sent me up there to school. My father took me up there .... to finish it. George Painter and later on lived at Valley Head, built it, old man George and he used to live here on Middle mt in the Henry Sharp house. My father took me up there and I watched..... a little fewllow, you wouldn't think a fellow 3 years old would notice. He was shaving, you know, planeing planks to sela it inside. Planed it by hand. I'd see the shavings fly. I'd go up every day, my father would go, and watch him putting it together,--the old school house, and sealing it inside. I was three and Ella and Melinda would take me up there to the school house and they'd take a sheepskin for me to lay on.(during school). Idd lay there on the sheepskin asleep. At dinner time, mother told the girls she'd watch for me. I'd come home for dinner. I'd go in the mornings. She said she'd see the littl white headed fellow a running down the road.
Ada: it's amazing that you'd remember that. Dad: the reason I remembered the age, was twhat my mother always told me. Ada: now, did they eat their luch up there? Dad: well, Melinda did ..... and I did later on. Mother said i'd say I was coming home to "eat gravy" ha, ha. I was raised on gravy, ha. Dave: are those logs still up there? Dad: some are just as solid as can be. Dave: I wonder if one could build a camp out of them. Dad: those logs could last 200 years....
...that church over yonder (the old log church?) over a 110 years old, the back part of it, you can catch your hand in it.... all of it (rotten) It still stands. It's gonna fall down one of these days and kill a lot of people. It just rotted. It was never weatherboarded. 110 years. Rained, beating on it, just like on a log heap, and it's just as rotte. I said,"why my goodness alives, it's dangerous for us to be in here" But Jack Baxter(?) said "I believe the best thing to do would be to jacke it up and get congrete blocks and put it on., that's what I thought we ought to do." They have song services ther and they can't hm (pay?) the preacher. The people don't pay enough. Only about 4 there that pays. There was 100 people there the other night and they took up a collection and got $15 or $20. Only paid a little bit themselves. Dunbrack's daughter, clerk in Clifton Forge Grocery co, said she came up there and couldn't get in and she went back home. Dave: doesn't it have a little balcony in the back? Dad: seems like there is one upstairs. There were so many people there that I couldn't enjoy it. I couldn't get around.
On Pres. Roosevelt: Dad: He just ruined the country. That's what he was elected on. .... old Roosevelt and Truman. (Genevieve laughed) Roosevelt placed a liquor store on every corner in the USA. It's killed 10,000 people with it's advocating liquor. Dave: (kidding) well it balanced the budget. Dad: He "douced"(?) it ! Yes, he did, with 200 billion dollars in the hole. ..... there was never a man in the USA that was elected that was as ornery as he was. ... because the whole bunch of the are a bunch of drunkars and divorced people. Si: (jokingly) "now, we'll hear from senator Curtain", ha, ha. Mrs. Roosevelt was preparing to get a divorce when he was running for office and some of them told her not to as she wouldn't get in the whitehouse, if it caused him to lose the office, so I'm told (Later confirmed in James Roosevelt's book) Genevieve: don't you know that Mrs. Roosevelt came out here to see Dad ? ! Violet; yes, I heardd that. Si: (pretending to be Dad, who shook her hand) "I want to shake your hand", ha, ha. Mabel: she took Ramona up in her arms. .....Dad: I said "now watch out Ramona, thay might kidnap you. (before he knew who it was) I was scared. Mable: you didn't know who they were. Dad: No. and Jennibgs Randolph,...one of the fellows. There were 4 other senators and reporters along. And he (

(Randolph) said (whispering to Dad) "out there is Mrs. Roosevelt" Theysaid I had my shirt tail hanging out and my hands were (dirty?) and I ran out there among all of them and I said "It gives me great honor to shake the hand of the first lady of the land" ! ha. ha. ha. Dad: the reporters came in the store and asked me what I thought of Pres. Roosevelt (before I knew who was out there) I said "times are hard. Men work a while and then they shut works down and they'd hardly get money enought to live on." They said"well it's better than it was 4 years ago, wasn't it?" I said "no, it's nothing like it was 4 years ago, and it'll never get any better as long as they keep that thing there in the White House ! Judge Sharp said he read a paper out west about Mrs. Roosevelt stopping at a country store and the merchant told the reporters that times were hard and would never bet any better as long as they kept him in the white house ! ha. ha. Dave: we saw a report of it in that Roncevertе paper, They'd taken the clipping out of a Washington newspaper. They said they'd stopped at a Pocahontas Co. country store a and told all about it. We cut it out and had it in the showcase in the store for a long time. Ada: I'd liked to have seen that. Dave: It might be out at the store now. Dad: I don't care, I say just what I think. But it makesme almost mad to hear the name of old Truman and more yet of Old Roosevelt, because he threw this country in a ..... that we'll nver get over, and he fixed ixx.... I heard him say the night before he was elected that the first thing "I do I'll go after prohibition," and that's everything he did carry out. Wehen he got in there he changed everything in the world but the resurection of Christ and the birth of Christ, and he ould have changed that if he could. He changed Thanksgiving. Dave: (joking) What did you think of him asa man? Dad: A man with no principle. He wouldn't tell the truth unless he couldN't find a lie to tell. Is that enought Dave: (pretending to be a reporter) what is your name? Dad: It's L. D. Sharp, and he's a republican! ha. Si: was it necessary for him to add that ! ha, ha. Dave: now we'll have an announcement by our station manager. Si: That doesn't necessarily represent the viewpoints of this station. These are political viewpoints only. and we try to give both sides of al l questions. We will now hear from Senator Curtain and get his viewpoints on him. We ask youu, ladies and gentlement to tune in next week. Now have you bought your grow-pup dog food this week. Now a mixture of this willput an end to your .... It's a wonderful dis. We have atestimoney here of the ones that have eaten it, and here is Mrs. Ada Curtain, ha, ha. Mrs. Curtain has barked all night, ha, ha.. Mrs. Curtain is that true? ha,....and Mr. Will Curtain, said Bow wow, bow wow. Dave: Mrs. Curtain will give us your testimony? Ada (barking) bow, wow. ha, ha, ha.

(starte other side of Cassete (Side 2)

Si playing the piano Dave: Now Mrs. Curtain with one of her poems:

Ada: If I'd known this morning how wearily all the day the thoughts
unkind, the trouble behind that was sad when you went away. I (would
have?) been more careful darling. nor give your needless pain. But we
hurt our wown with look and tone, we might never take back again. We
have smiles for the stranger and a kind word for the one time guest.
But xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx but all for our own a bitter
tone, though we love our own the best. How many leave the house in the
morning and never come home at night? and hearts have broken for harsh
words spoken. that love can never set right. (perhaps an oritinal of hers?)

Another: by Ada: this one is a little Canadian Lullaby:

My pretty brown baby with eyes like the sea. When the sun touched the
top of the wave. What for you play.... with me.....
You wanta do just as she do? Oh, little brown baby speak up and tell
me. An you say. ..... brown eyes.... something to say. but... on your
lips will keep moving all day. Oh, little brown baby, the pride of my
life. What will you be when you grow up You'll get your wife , work
on the farm ... All over the county to roam Idd rather you'd stay
where you are my ..... just

on the farm ... All over the county to roam I'd rather you'd stay
where you are my ..... just a little brown baby to me. To love and
to cherish through all the day long. No joy comes so great that I see.
But its true .. done went He push along the edge. He make no
..except to you. It's hard to think that someday we be dead. It seem
very strange but its true.
Ada: Now this is my interpetation of a little girl:
You're as ... and as cold as a stone little cat. The done throwed you
out and left you there all alone little cat. I'm stroking your fur but
you don't never purr, and ..... where little cat. Why is that? Did
they posion your stomach inside little cat? Diad they pound you with
bricks or beat you with sticks, little cat? Tell me that. Do you hurt
very bad, when you die? Why didn't you run away and hide little cat?
There's tears in my eyes, aause I most always cry when a pussy cat dies,
little cat. Think of that. And I'm very sorry, besides..... ...
burry in the soft groudn, little cat. Why I tucked the green grass
all around , little cat. They can't hurt you no more..... . so sore.
So just sleep quiet like a cat and for-get all the dicks.....
Another: Sometimes in the quiet evening, when the shadows creep from
the west. I think of the twilight songs you sang, ..I'M the boy the....
.. you loved(best? best?)..... Little boy with the ... of head.. thats
long long ago was (thine) I wonder if you sometimes long for that boy,
oh little mother of mine. But now he's come to man's estate, grown
stalworth in body and is strong. You scarce would believe that he
is the lad you hushed with your slumber song. The years have altered
the form and the life, The heart is unchanged by time. ..... only
thy boy as a goal. Oh, little motherof mine.
Another: They had been married just 3 weeks and on her honeymoon. She
was a very energetic young lady and had married a young man noted for his
lack of noble qualities. One night while they were on the honeymoon the
groom was awakenedby sobs from the bride. "What's wrong, what's the
matter"? "Oh, I've just had such a horrible dream" Well dear, adream
isn't anything to cry over. What did you dream? Oh, I just can't tell
you. Oh, I dreamed I was over to Marlinton, and I saw a sign in a window
that said: Bridegrooms for sale, boo-boo. All the lady s were going
in and I went in too. Well Dear, what's the matter,, what was it all
about? Oh, there such good looking husbands there, that sold for $10,000
a piece. Well did you see any there amonth t ose $10,000 crowd
that looked like me? That's the worst of it. You were with the ones
that were tied in bundles and sold for 30 cents a bunch. boo booo.
Dave: Turn on your radio next week and hear some more poems by Mrs.
Ada Curtain. Now we'll have our midnight horrow program. Now Genevieve
please laugh. Genevieve and Ada started laughing hilariously for two
minutes!! (Si playing the piano)
Dad: Story of Otha Hannah dying: Well, he took diptheria and died. About
two weeks before that one of the other boys, Joe, a mischeevious boy died
of diptheria too. The parents were uneasy about him because he'd never
been converted. They thought he might be lost (to hell) Otha was dead
maybe an hour and he came too. He said he'd been in heaven. Aunt Martha
Buzzard who'd been dead for years. She witnessed all over the county
and shouted all over the church. He said: (Otha) I saw Aunt Martha
Buzzard. He knew her and a number of people I knew of. I saw a boy that
lived up on Elk, that took the Lord's name in vain and he was in hell.
The Savior showed me he was in hell. The Savior asked him "why did you
take my name in vain"? He was in the flames of fire, suffering and
tormented for taking his name in vain. He was lost. He said it (heaven)
was the most beautiful place one could imagine. After a good while he
said to his mother (Mrs. David Hannah) I'd like you to fix something to
eat. I want to eat with you. She prepared something and told him to
come to the table. He went to the table and he sat there and didn't eat

why. She went ahead and ate and asked him why he didn't eat. He said "while you were eating the Savior fed me on light loaf, milk and honey" And he said of a small baby there (Mary, who married Sam Gibson), I can ~~xxxx~~take the baby and put in the fire and it won't burn or harm it. He wanted the baby to show them what he could do, but they wouldn't give it to him. He said I can take this handkerchief and throw it up against the loft and it'll hang there. He threw that handkercheif up against the loft and they said there looked like the differeence of a knife blade between it and the loft, and it stayed there until the next day. Grandmother Hannah (Hester), had a small baby (Mary) and didn't go to the funeral(the next day.) She asked them what time they burried Otha. They said about 2 o'clock. She noticed that handkercheief laying across the back of the chair at 2 o'clock--at the time they put him in the grave, the handkerchief came down.

Otha said, I can show you where heaven is.(this was after he came back to life) He went outside and showed them back in yonder and siad that's where heaven is. It was all lit up (after dark) , the whole heaven. "Now, this is the way Papas coming, down this way. He'd (David) been to a sale (on Elk) The said a light lit up like a flashlight, the way he was coming. After a while he arried home. Otha told him all about h heaven and all he'd sen. He'd never seen Aunt Martha Buzzard. Some people say we'll know peio;le in heaven. He saw her and knew her. He'd never ~~xxxxx~~ met her in his life. She died before he was born. (His father, David said:) : well, son you've come back to stay with me. Otha said, "only for a short time.. I can't stay. It's too beautiful over there in heaven. " I'll tell you what you bought at the sale. He told him of everything he bought. You bought a colt and you were going to give it to Sarah and me.(Dad:"that's my mother"). He said that that is right. So he finally at last said: "I'd like to lay down before the fire. Make me a pallet before the fire." He lay down there and never moved a hand nor foot. They looked later on and he was gone. I got ~~xxx~~ ahead of my story. He said to my mother (Sarah) "can't you see the Savior and Joe? They're just as plain as can be. Here goes Joe and there's the Savior right there in the room. She couldn't see them with her natural eyes. He (David?) was uneasy about Joe, but he was saved. He was a mischievious boy, nothing mean about him, but he'd never confessed. Of course, he believed from his training. (Dad quoting the Bible?): "Ye who believes in me shall not perish" All the family were great Christians, and one was a preacher. My grandfather lived so strict after that that he wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday.

Otha

My mother said to me when I was a boy, "don't whittle with your pocket knife on Sunday or you'll lose it." Oh, they were strict. We were taught if you take something the good Lord sees you. They taught us not to lie or steal. And you'll never prosper. Along that line of thought, when I was going to school, there were two boys that stole everything they could get their fingers on--pencils etc. They're old men now, about my age, one is 3 years older and they have hardly clothes enought to bury them. We all had the same chance. Our fathershad farms about equal. My mother said if you steal something you'll lose some other way. Those would steal and they've had a hard time of it all through life. I've worked hard. The good Lord surely has baken care of me.

Lassiters: "one of thme is in Calif. and one was sentenced to thepen on account of not registering. One in Jail wrote me a letter last winter --in calif.

March 24, 1977

19

Mr. Dave Sharp
Sharp's Jewelers
3049 Madison Road
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Sharp:

This is a very belated thank you note for your letter which you had sent to the University of Chicago, last fall. I had left the University nine years ago, and they as well as I were flooded with so much correspondence, that we were unable to catch up with all the letters.

I very much appreciated your sharing the incident of your father with me, and I would naturally very much like to listen to the tape which your father made 20 years ago about this little boy.

Yes, we are convinced that our findings are the truth, and I do wish more people would be aware of it. Do share with me as many details as you have. It would be greatly appeciated. In the meantime, you have my correct address which is listed above.

Again, my apology for this terribly late thank you note.

Cordially,

Elisabeth K. Ross, MD

Elisabeth K. Ross, M.D.

EKR/uz

197

[redacted]

Mr. & Mrs. Dave Sharp
4171 Paxton Woods Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

[redacted]

197

August 8, 1977

Dr. Elisabeth K. Ross
1825 Sylvan Court
Flossmoor, Illinois 60422

Dear Dr. Ross:

At your request I am sending a taped recording my father, Luther D. Sharp, Slatyfork, W. Va. made about 15 years ago, facts his mother and father told him about his mother's brother who died while his father was 4 miles away at a sale. Dead apparently a few hours.
One side of the tape is about 4 minutes of my father talking. I listened to the larger tape machine (and recorded this cassette from it) and typed very close to his conversation in the tape to make it easier for you to understand the poor quality of my re-recording.
The other side is also about 5 minutes of a cousin, Mrs. Allie Gibson who heard the same story from her mother who was a sister to my father. I had never heard my cousin ever discuss the story before, before my brother Si, got a recording of her recently. You'll hear my brother asking her questions about it in the recording. --basically the same as my father said.

I've heard my father tell the story many times from the time I was a child till his death. Briefly: Othey took diptheria. His father went to a farm sale 4 miles away. Othey died while his father, David Hannah, was at the sale. When his father returned at night, Othey told him what he had bought at the sale, saying "you bought me a poney" among other things. While his father was at the sale, Othey died, came back to life, told his mother about what all he saw in heaven...aunt Martha Buzzard, Christ asking a man why he took his name in vain, saw his brother Joe who had died shortly before of diptheria, etc. Othey said he could take the baby that his mother (Sarah's Mother too) was babysitting for (baby named Mary, I believe, who married later on married Sam Gibson) and put it ing the fireplace and it would not be harmed. He threw a red bandanna handkerchief up to the ceiling and said it would stay there, which it did till 2 o-clock the next day when Othey was burried and it then fell across a chairback.
When Othey's father, David Hannah, came back from the sale, he asked Othey if he came to stay and Othey said no, that he just came back to tell how beautiful it was in heaven.
Mrs. David Hannah had supper ready when he got back from the sale. They all sat down to eat. When through David asked Othey why he didn't eat food on his plate. He told his father that his Savior had fed him light loaf, milk and honey from the breadbox. (light loaf was delicacy then--usually cornbread) The family said the breadbox smelled of honey for a long time after that. The boy asked for a "pallet" (pillow) to be put down by the fireplace so he could lye down. He lay down and soon he quietly passed away. This is my recollection of the story my father told many times.

Use the enclosed typed sheet to help you hear or understand the side of the tape that is weak which is my father's voice cassette-taped from an old tape on a roll
There is a recording on each side of the tape--just short recordings.

If there is anything further I can help you on this, please let me know.

Sincerely,

Dave Sharp

PS You wrote me March 24, 1977 that you'd like to hear the tape of my father, but hunting up thetape and getting one from another branch of the family seemed to take time.

198 Stories of L. D. Sharp, 77 taped Fall 1949 by Dave Sharp Page 1 198 1/2

Starts with "abel reading a letter from Paul about Vonda in operating room. He called back to a neighbor in Borger who said Thayer and Barbara were getting along fine. Four-pint blood transfusion. Got her a ponsetta. Anderson Hospital. He got a wire from Violet--they are going to Ivan's for Xmas. Love Paul.....

Dad: ..... I see a coon on that limb and I told Lowell to try it. Coon Hunting Lowell said he moved a little bit. Next shot he shot him out. Went down to the back of the cellar and put my head up against the cellar, ~~xxxxxxx~~ after hearing dogs barking when I got to the old school house. I decided the dogs were away up the creek. We went to the top of the hill yonder--went down and across the creek and went up there to upper end of that meadow right from that big walnut tree and he treed that coon a ¼ of a mile from where we were at. Best coon dogs I ever saw. I believe better than when I was 12 years old. Well sir, he'd lay in the top of the tree and Lowell said "he'll fall in the creek, what'll we do about it?" I said I don't know. I'll just shoot it lightly and maybe he'll come out. I shot once and missed. I backed up far enought, I thought the shot would sprinkle him, but he didn't move. Next shot and he fell in the creek. Si said: "why didn't the dogs go in and get him when he fell in the creek?" Dad: I don't know why. But the creek's deep, Si. SI: The dogs can swim can't they? Dad: the water's awful rough up there. Pretty near knock the daylights out of a dog. I was on one side of the creek and he hung on until he was plumb dead. And then he let all hands and feet go and came straight down and he hit that water like a chunk of a calf. And I hollered and hissed the dogs and everything and the dogs ran to the water and wouldn't go in. Uncle George (Mabel's uncle) and Lowell was on one side of the creek and me on the other, but we couldn't see where it washed out to one side or the jother--clear down to the bridge. It was dark. . If he were stiff he'd lodge (against a rock) but he was warm and should roll out on the bank. He certainly was a big one. I hated to loose him. Oh it was the finest night I ever saw. I expect we scared out 8 or 10 from ~~xxx~~ mother's apple orchard. This one was a big one. I wanted Jr. in on it. I'd give a price of a coon and some extra if Jr. had been along. But it's hard work. I got tired looking along the creek. But he hung up there (in tree) until he was as dead as four o'clock, as the saying goes. Si: I'd like to see a good coon fight in the water where a dog goes in after him. Dad: They'll drown every dog, they say. I only saw one dog go in ahole of water in my life after one. That was the other dog I had when I caught those 26 one winter when I was 12 years old. I set it down in a diary. Set down everything I killed that year. It was at that hole where Pennington's lived (below church). Treed it over the hole and I shook him off and he fell in that hole of water and that yellow dog swam in. It was daylight when I got there. I heard him from over here and I went clear over the hill and down and he was there below Will Gibson. It was daylight. He seemed to sit in the water. The dogs swam up to him and he sat up on his hips and he just pulled his feet up like this and poppted that yellow dog's head under the water and he got strnagled and had to scramble to the shore. I hissedhim back in but the coon knew to stay in the water. And then I shot him

Chineese checkers: Dad: when Mabel got playing good enought to beat me, I quit.

Old cellar over the Hill: Dad: Henry has potatoes inthere. We put 15 bu. of apples in there and some one stole them all--all but ½ gal. and 2 or 3 bu. of potatoes. It was old H..... T... I guess. H. .. got a buggy rake ~~xxxxxxx~~ tool and drawed the steeple (for lock) He carried them out on his back. I have a pain at the ball of my right heel. Hurts right into the bone

Apparently when Dad was a boy: Dad: ... cow had a calf with two heads and had it mounted. We were talking and he said to the calf to speak to this little boy. It spoke to me and I thought it was the calf talking, ha ha. I don't see how they can do that, do you? --standing over there and talk to you over here.

Dad: ...Hannah boy killed a bear. We went up to the head of Slatyfork creek and heard the dogs going around the top of the mt. and I decided no bear was coming to the head of the creek and we came out of there and came around to home here and they heard Mazie Hannah phoning to head of Elk that the bear was coming around up there on the Gibson place. and we jumped in the cars with our guns and Uncle George went up here to the Sam Gibson place. There were a whole bunch of us there watching and tourists coming along and wondered if we were watching for a gangster. But here came Si around directly and said they already killed a bear up there at Ellis Hannah's. We all went up there and Si took some good pictures. The Boys that was an awful big bear. His arms were bigger than an man's arms. One bite and he'd kill a sheep.

Dave: what time will you get up tomarrow? Dad: about 6 o'clock. I get uncle George up, so he can get out at 7. I got up at 15 to 3 mornings to go coon hunting. One morning I went over the hill and the dog was dragging a big coon. That night he went over and we killed two and one got away. Gee, believe me, I had a load. I went down to the old wagon house and got a piece of wire and ran through their ham strings, you know and put them across my shoulder. I'd go a little piece and have to sit down and rest. The fun was all over when I killed those two coons. Aren't allowd to kill but two coons at a time. Very good thing the other one got away or I might have violated the law and I might have overdone myself carrying them in.

Dad: Old Jack was barking at the hog pen at Henry's. I was going up to the sheep and I called him away. He was back there barking to beat the band. I went up there and he had two coonstreed up two trees. Loraine was coming to help pen the sheep. After we shot one out I had Loraine --it was before daylight--to see with a flashlight and she said yes there's another.....

Dad: Then Keith Shaw was coming up from the church and said a coon ran across the road right down there. Lowell and I went down there and by the noise of the car and lights it ran up a big oak. Lowell said he saw it and shot it out. That last one made 20 coons. You take 20 coons and the clean out the cornfield and tear it up like a bunch of hogs. [redacted] Sharp said hogs aren't equal to beavers. He said he had 15 acres of corn on the river. He said a hog couldn't hold a candle to a beaver. They cut the stalks off and carried them off in to the river. He didn't mind telling me. He said he shot six of them. Dave: Is that the same [redacted] Sharp that killed someone? Dad: It was his boy, I found out. One of his boys shot a hole throught the top of Gay's hat.(gamwarden?) Gay would never go back in that country after that. He [redacted] says that's the best place to hunt because the gamewardens never go back in there--you know after he got shot through the top of his hat ! ha, ha. But that Gay, g when they came over to kill those bear, he came and asked and wanted to know who went up there bear hunting that day. Jake Mace went up there because the bear killed his sheep, and he went up there and caught him without a license on his own place. Took him up before a justice at Huntersville and fined him $20 and cost. I would have carried that up. Dave: They change the law so you can kil a bear for killing sheep? Dad: Si and I changed that. We really did. We wrote to the Times and the Times took it to the Clarksburg papers and Cal Price wrote how awful the bear was. The next thing, a rule came that Pocahontas county and a couple more, there would be no law on bear. Si wrote the best piece you ever saw. The Clarksburg paper gave Cal Price credit for writing that piece, you know.

(This sheet should have been immediately foolowing the story about the two-headed calf--near top of page 2 --I overlooked one ~~xhunk~~ one hand-written sheet when I typed it.) 199

..... (not clear)... Dad: ..... She's biggest liar I ever heard. They put them out over there at Duncan's house. She had twin babies. One named Lee after Lee Gibson and the other after Fred Hefner.

Dad: I was so tired I could hardly make it in. The roads were so bad--muddy and slushy and slick. I had that coat over all this winter ~~xhunk~~ clothes and I got so hot. We had a lot of fun though. I'd liked to have had Jr. along. Dave: "let's go out tonight". Dad: I got up 15 minutes till 3 o'clock and got that big coon. I don't have vitamens enough, but Lowell will go with you in the morning. He's got vitality enough, he'll jump right out of bed and go. 4 o'clock in the morning is good. Early at night and late in morning. They must retire at 12 o'clock. You can hardly catch them then. They travel just after dark and then again in the morning again. It seems that's the way they do.

Dad: I was almost eaten up one time. I was 12 years old and went down on Gauley to where a man named Curry had a corn field. Uncle Harmon Sharp went there a few nights before that and caught 7 coons. So I went down there and there were no coons in it. So I went out on the top of the bank, and built a fire. I had a dog I had so much confidence in. A 12 year old boy to go down there and camp out. I laid down by the fire and about 11 o'clock whe down in a laurel patch the dog was fighting something down there. And directly he was hollering like he was dieing. I waited for him to come back and I got scared. I went down through looking for my dog and couldn't find him I hit it right on down to Elk River and waded across the creek . The water was low and I hit for home. He rant into a bear down in there. The next day about 1 or 2 o'clocke in the afternoon he came in with his whole side torn out. You could see his insides. After so long a time he got well. That bear might have eaten me right there and you'd never seen your daddy . ha, ha, ha.(about five laughing with him) He almost killed that dog.

(Dave: Yes, I guess if that bear had killed him, we would never have seen him ! ha.)

Dave: are you going coon hunting? Dad: Yes, I'm going over and start the dogs. I ain't able to go over the hill. Get Lowell and you all can go over the hill You've got a lot of vim. You'd have a good chance to go up to Uncle Sam Mc Gibson's place. Just drive the car up there and get out and go under those apple trees. The creek might be up so high that if they came off Gauley Mt. they can't get across the creek. I'll take Jack and Shep over in the maddow. Get your shoes on. You and Lowell go along and you two can go on over the Hill. .....(not clear)... girls
Dad: ...(about a girl he knew using perfume) ..etti ... a box of..... a smell, gives you a perfume. It smells pretty and there's catnip in it. And she wanted in to that and he asked her if that's how she smelled all the time., and she said "yes sir, that's my natural smell", and he'd never go back to her any more ! ha. ha. ha. story
Another story: .....Dad:.... and she stepped in where some one had dumped, you know, over at the church and I could hardly stand it and I never liked that girl after that, ha, ha. Si: maybe she didn't wipe. ha, Dad: I never could like her after that. Everytime I'd think of her I'd think about that, ha. In church .... on the way, and walked to church and in the church and they smelled that.
(other side of cassette) Dad stalking a deer in a laurel patch on "bear pen ridge" on Gauley mt. Dad: ...right in the laurel patch. I walked right on out and the air was drawing from the deer to me. I walked to a birch tree, I remember it as well as yesterday. I stuck my head around. I could have pitched my gun right on top of that doe's back. Well, I cocked the gun. I'd never shot from my left shoulder in my life, ha. deer
I got the prettiest sight you ever say. I was just looking at the front bead. I never once thought of it till it was all over. I drawed the bead right on the middle of the deer and pulled it off and never touched the deer. I bet I shot a foot over it. Well, it went out of there like lightening. I jumped off in the laurel patch and fired a gain at it as it ran through in the brush, but didn't have a chance. Well, the next morning I said to Billy Marcus(?)"let's learn to shoot from the left shoulder. I could have killed that deer if I'd learned to shoot from the left shoulder. We went out and you've never seen the shooting we did (practicing) Bill got so he was better than I was. But Uncle Hugh shot all his life from his left shoulder. (Dave does too !) I was never closer to a deer in my life. That deer was eating laurel. It had it's hind leg toward me. Dave: You shot at a turkey the same way.
Dad: Ha, ha , yes the same way, ha, ha. I saw turkeys with young turkeys in the creek meadown one time, I had a mt. rifle. Had to load everytime. The turkey was going along picking grass hoppers in the grass. I picked out the largest one in the bunch. The young ones were nice size--in the fall of the year. She had her head down, facing the other way and when the gun cracked she just wentoover the bank were we treed that coon the other night, and flew across to that walnut tree. The others flew away. I went over and picked that turkey up and there wasn't a hole in it,! ha, ha.--only a natural hole, ha, ha. Si: so you shot it right in the mouth ! Dad: yes, ha, ha. That's the way to shoot a turkey--you don't tear it up, ha, ha. I've done a lot of hunting in my lifetime--ever since I was 12 years old. I'm 77, going on 78. I got so I could shoot that mt. rifle right along. YOU'd have to pour in poweder and then put the bullet in and get the ramrod. It fit right under the barrel. Put a cloth wad in and then the bullet and push it in with your knife--butt end and cut the cloth off right at end of the gun, and when you got to the bottom you begin to hit the ram rod like this and when it commenced to balance back you know you had it down on the poweder. gun

..... (some missing)....Dad: ....we'll go up to the peach orchard. Si: "I'll just call that --you're thru with the coons".--you're the one that made the bet". Dad: Like, Jr. last night, I told him I'd bet $100 against 2 cents that the dog wasn't on the porch (gone coon hunting on his own)--oh, yes, I didn't collect the 2 cents did I ?

SHARP 4

Si: I think you all will have to produce a coon hide to make sure you got a coon. Lowell: we'll get one tonight or tomarrow night. Dad: Lowell has enough experience to know that dog wouldn't go away back up there unlessa coon was there. There's no way to prove it because we didn't get the coon, but I know he ran the coon from that apple orchard. Si: (kidding) I'm satisfied in my mind that he was just running a fox up there and he ran far enough he decided he wanted to rest and he barked to fool you, ha. .....(Snowshoe rabbit) Dad: yes, wool on the bottom of their feet and their tracks as big as a dog's track. The first one I ever saw and I don't think I saw one since. Will Morgan saw this thing and he shot at it and I went to Will. He missed it. He said "I saw the biggest panther". I asked what color it was. He said "it' right white and as big as a sheep, I asked where it was. He said "it' right on up yonder--I knowit's a panther" I never heard of a white panther in my life. I slipped along and he yelled: "wait, wait, I see it". I shot and when the guncracked down it went. I went up to get it and held it up and it looked every bit that tall (demonstraed it). That was his "panther", ha. We brought it out to home. The biggest part of them is their feet. White as snow, with long ears. SI: They'll get brown in a frying pan". Si: you know, that cold winter in 1917 you know how cold it got? It stayed about zero about all through Dec. and Jan. We caught a weasel over at the high rocks over on Slatyfork that was as white as it could be--just like they do in Canada. We've got it mounted and it's out here in the store upper window. Dad: I saw where on crossed about 15 years ago, thru yonder at the meadow, round top of the hill. Oh, I've seen 100's of tracks in Gauley up there at the high top, I never ever ate one and never saw but that one and I killed it. Dad: ... . tie my shoe string. When my boys are here I want to make use of them. (Attempt to tape Dad and have him on the movie at same time (on front porch?) L.D.: usually Friday is my lucky day but I hunted 5 days and didn't have any luck. I was about to kill a deer on the 5th day. I was crawling up to the deer and another man scared it away, so I missed having good luck on Friday. So Sat. I went back to my old stand. The deer was coming in a different direction to one of my by-standers. He shot about 6 shots and crippled it a little bit. It ran away from him. I shot about 200 yards and broke it's let. Another fellow said "go down in the brush, there's a big deer there on the left side of you. That ohter fellow didn't go in the brush so I took off down there as hard as I could down in the hollow and I brought him down. He was a 6- prong buck. Now if you want to kill deer and want a partner, you take Lowell Gibson. He's a real chum and a real hunter and if I take him with me he usually gets game. Dave: (kidding) where's Lowell? Dad: He's right here. Come over here Lowell. He and I are hunters together. He does whatever I tell him, ha, ha. ha. Dad: After I killed that fine big deer I sent Lowell back up to my stand where I'd been standing for 5 days and a big deer came thru there and he shot 6 shots and the last shot he brought him down. It was an 8-prong buck. Boy's did we have luck that day ! We had two to bring in. It was a job bringing those two in. Boy's we did have venison! ha. Coon hunt:--Dad: Why, we had quite a sport killing coons. One night wen there was no one here my coon hunting partner wasn't here so I wanted to go hunting so bad and started out and went over the hill to the other farm and the dogs put 3 coons up a tree. I killed one and it jumped 25 feet down over the hill. It got away in spite of everything.I couldn't get the dogs away from the tree as they knew other coons were in the tree. So I shot out the other two. Believe me, I had a load carrying those coons home, I wished my chum had been there to help. Those dogs are just pups, but really good coon dogs. They won't bark when tracking.

(Mabel's experience at the bear chase) Dave: did she run? Dad: The dogs were coming toward us. She ran to the car as hard as she could run, jumped in and suth the door. They rant two deer out and came about 20 steps from us.

Dad: we used to have lots of turkeys. Back on the mountain there must have been 50 head of them. I followed tracks up on the flat and I thought no one within a ½ mile of me. I crawled up over the bank and was picking out the biggest one to shoot. But a man came up on the other side and went "bang, bang" and away went all the turkeys. I was spited enough to choke him a little bit. ha. Another time I was up on the mt. and was calling turkeys and about 15 of them came in a row across the flat as hard as they could a calling and cutting. I banged in with the shotgun and knocked down four of them. I ran up there. One jumped 15 feet high and I could have shot it. I was so excited with it jumping. It finally jumped up and out through a hole in the trees and sailed and fell ¼ mile down in Buck's hollow. I went down there and looked the country over and couldn't find it. So I went back up and I had three nice young turkey gobbleers, about all I could carry out of there. We can't do that anymore because we don't have the turkeys. They're as scarce as hen's teeth. Used to hear gobblers in the spring of the year. You seldom hear that now. Hunters and red and grey foxes about finished the wild turkeys. I'd like to recall back when my young days for a little while to have the sport like we used to have among the wild game--turkeys, deer, etc. Fish !, we used to have fish to galore. My goodness, you could go and catch a basket full of fish in just a little while. But we can't anymore. They stock the streams every year. But if you get the limit of 10 or 15 you've done awful well. So, back in our day we had really more enjoyable life than we do today with all our automobiles and air planes etc. We do, of course, have a few deer and most too many bear, but still that's not like plenty of turkey, fish and smaller game. Dad: another time hunting turkeys, I called up 7 big gobblers. I had agun that I hadn't used very much. I called them up to about 20 steps of me and planned to kill half of them, and the old gun wouldn't go off. I tried both barrels. They had their necks almost crossed each other--lined up. Their old beards looked about 10 inches long. By then the started "cutting"(danger signal) and saw me and flew out. When they got about a 100 yards, the gun went off as fair as could be. I felt like taking the gun around a tree, ha. I never had a better chance in my life and to think that old gun would do me that way. I broke the gun down that way (demonstrated) and brought it back up and it didn't cock, you see. It wouldn't cock half the time. They flew when they heard the gun clicking. That was the gun I got from a candy company for ordering a large shipment of hard candy. It wasn't wroth a dime! That's some of your give-away stuff. ha. Well, Im to go over the hill. I may take some corn over and feed those turkeys. If the water wasn't up so, I'd go in the car. ..... (not clear).... Dad: ..... life's ..... where we expect to meet again. Like Martha Gibson, I was talking to her , I had to leave, and I said "we hope to meet again" She said: we will meet again. I'd talked to them at the market (sheep?) . I hadn't seen them for 35 years. Talking about (age?) I said this world is good enough for me. I'd just like to live here always. I'd heard a man at conference a few years ago giving a testimony --a preacher. One fellow said he'd like to live always if the Lord would permit it. I like life. The fellow replied, I'm not caring much for living on, for according to what we believe and preach, why it's better for us beyond when this life's over. I said that's true too, but I just like life. He replied "I'm different. I'd like to go anytime.". He didn't live but about two months after that. He took sick and they took him to the Marlinton hospital and he passed over. His name was False. He said it was better on beyond.

Dad: my mother told me that just a few days before she died--I said to her, "mother, you're going to kill yourself tending to that colt that got it's leg broke. You'll take pneumonia and die. She said: why do

we worry about xhank that, Luther? It's better on beyond after this life's over. She took pneumonia and did die. Winters Gibson wasthere when he was a christian and she had him to sing the most beautiful song. I forget what it was now (she apparently requested it) There was never anyone who had a better mother than I did. There was never a more devoted christian. She was permitted--gave witness to ..... her brother, Otha, died and came to life and he told all about Heaven and who was in heaven. Told them how beautiful it was. The Savior took him all over heaven and let him look down into hell. He said a boy on Elk, a wicked boy, and the savior asked him "whid did you take my name in vain?" --he was in the flamesof fire. He told what boy it was. Otha said: "Joe's saved. He's here with me, can't you see him? (Joe apparently had died shortly before Otha with diptheria). --and there's the Savior. Dad: Joe was a mischevious boy and never joined the church and was never converted. Maybe never had the chance. He was raised by Christian parents (David Hannah) They were uneasy about him because he was so mischevious. He died about a week or 10 days before that. That is what made the family such devored Christians. One of them, Uncle George, became a preacher. Otha could pormore miracles. He said "I can throw that handkerchief up against the loft (ceiling) and it'll stay there" He threw a red handkerchief up there and it , they said, looked like just a space of a knife blade between it and the wall, and stayed there through that day and night and next day when grandmother askded what time he was burried--she had a small baby (Mary)(and couldn't go to funeral) and they said about 2 o'clock, when they put him in the grave, up there above Marvin, ah (uncle) George Hannahs--that's the Hannah graveyard. She said she noticed the handkerchief laying across the back of a chair. He (otha) said: I can take that child and put it in the fire (fireplace) and it won't burn". They wouldn't let him have the baby to put in the fire. Otha said "I can show you where Heaven is. They (his mother etc.) went outside and he said "up there's heaven--right back of Sam Hannah's--the whole heaven's lit up. Otha said "up this way, Pap's coming. He called him pap. He was coming home fromx a sale (up Elk) He told grandfather (David) everything that he bought at the Sale. Among the things, you bought a colt for Sara and I (brother and sister) Grandfather said "yes I was going to give it to you and Sarah (Dad's mother) David said "Son, you've come back to stay with me?" Otha said "no, it's too beautiful over in heaven. I've come to stay only a little while. I wish you'd make me a pallet before the fire". After about an hour or two. He laid down on the pallet before the fire and didn't move a hand nor foot. Just like going to sleep. That is what made them, well they were good Christians anyway. Grandfather (David) wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday. I don't know if it wasbefore that or not. It had to be cooked on Satur day. You know, when it rained manna from Heaven to feed the Iseralites they could only geather it one day at a time. If they picked two days at once it would spoil. If they geathered it on Sat. it would stay good on Sunday to eat.

George commented that he heard a preacher say "a man who fed stock on Sunday wasn't a christian. I disagreed with him" Dad: your're right. Because He spoke one place: "Who is it that won't pull the ox out of the ditch?" When they went through the field plucking corn or wheat, you know, some of the people critized them--the deciples plucking wheat(of grains) because they were breaking the sabbath. and he said: "I am the Lord of the sabbeth and which of you if the ox fell in the ditch wouldn't pull it out on Sunday? That means that things that have to be done, I think , possibly, it would be more harm to let the stock to starve and suffer than to feed it. YOU'd be doing a righteous act.

(End of 2nd half of reel-to-reel tape. Start on 2nd reelto-reel. --the first side. ------Cassette #4B

Otha

SHARP 4

Dad: Hanson Doyle said "I saw Jesus, I saw him face to face. I know Him,. I've met him". (Dad apparently telling of a vision he himself had): Dad: I said"I had the same experience." but I didn't tell it. Vision: I was out here on top of the hill about 5 years ago and an aunt I hadn't seen in years, Aunt Lear(or Lehr) Hannah. There was some other woman , came up from the old school house and coming up the hill-- I watched them and there was aunt Lear. I'd forgotten what she looked like--uncle George Hannah's wife. She'd been dead for several years, and she said "Luther, look yonder, look yonder". and for 2 or 3 years I couldn't speak of that without crying. It's hard to do it yet. I looked around and I never saw the heavens so beautiful in my life. There came the Savior with the most decorated stars(?) I ever saw on this earth--all around on his wings and crown. The most beautiful stars you ever saw in this world. He came on and there were two others in behind him. I wasn't to know who the were. I believe was my first wife, Laura and daughter Creola. They were decorated. You've never seen soldiers decorated that could compare anywhere. And I wondered aboutabout---they got Christ's picture on a pocket handkerchief(?) and I wondered if that was a picture of him on it or not, but it is. Talk about a personality--the finest personality I ever looked on the face of. And I kind of had a fear--entering in to the presence of God--a poor weak sinner likeme., and he came on down to top of the grave-yard hill---there was no timber there at all. And I said "shake hands with me" and he reached down and shook hands with me. (Dad weeping). It was no dream It was a vision. Aunt Lear called my attention to it. She said "Luther look back yonder. And then when I woke up. Aunt Lear and this other woman was walking in their ordinary clothes like when they were here on earth. She said "Luther look yonder". The sky was decorated with stars of various colors, gold, silver and came coming closer till they came to the graveyard. The speak that people are not permitted to look on the face of their creator. I've already had that privilege if I never see him again, and I shook hands with Him.

Saw Jesus

End

205

Tape begins at Ivan's at Nitro Xmas A.M. 1949--message to L.D. Evan: "Merry Christmas, Grandad" --giggles. Genevieve: Merry Xmas Dad & Mabel, and Si and all the little ones. Rufus: Merry Xmas to you Dad. We all wish we could be there with you this AM. And Si I hope you are feeling fine and enjoying Xmas like we are down here at Nitro. We've Just had a wonderful time. Violet: Well, good morning good old Dad. It's so nice to be here at Ivan's this AM, but it'd be so much nicer if we could all be up there with you and Si. We've been looking at some pictures and some we had of Paul and Vonda, and we've been thinking of them down in Texas, and I am sure you are too. We wish you you're having a peaceful happy Xmas up there and the new year will bring you peace and prosperity. We hope you'll all come real soon down to Richmond and we'll all have a nice family reunion together. God Bless each one of you is my prayer. Ivan: Merry Xmas Dad, Mable and Si and those about you. Genevieve and I would like to be up there with you. It happens to be Sunday and Xmas up there with you.....(?).... We played it to Dad Xmas night: He laughed happily about it. Dave asked about hunting: Dad: I started in on Monday morning at 4 o'clock and hunted all week. Saw several does and on Friday my lucky day, I saw a deer at a distance and I had to back out from where I was and go about a ¼ a mile around to get up on the deer and got down and crawled and had everything going my way, and I had about 30 yards yet to crawl and don't you know that big deer that was feeding was in a fair opening and Henry Shaver was watching from a distance when we first saw it. And a scroundrel, I don't really know what you'd call him, ha, came up on the other side and when I got up to lay my gun on the rail fence to shoolt the big buck it was gone. That'show he scared it andran it away. I lost out and lost faith. Then on Sat. I went out and Henry Gibson asked if Lowell could go along. I said "yes, I need a partner, and so Ivan, Ralph, Evan was back on the mountain and I think they ran the deer to me. I shot and broke it's leg and followed it's track about 300 yards and that time he laid there! a 6-prong buck and he was a dandy. Well, just after killing it I looked and saw 4 deer going across the ridge. One was large. I told Lowell to go back up to where I wason a stand and I'd follow the deer around and go across at the head of the other hollow, as I wasn't allowed to kill any more. When I got over there they had gone through. Just now I heard Lowell commence bang! bang! bang! He shot about 6 shots and the last shot hit him in the back bone and dropped him down. When I went up ther he had an 8 point buck, a dandy! If you don't call that luck I don't know what you'd call it! We'd hunted all week and then on Sat we had our first luck after seeing so many does. ha. Uncle George here (Mabel's uncle?) 1st day of the season he wasafraid of getting shot. Wouldn't go in the woods so he sat up on the mountain and some one ran a big buck by him and he dropped it. He came to the house and said "Henry, come up here quick. I got him--I got him !" I hollered for Ivan and Evan came by him and helped carry it in. It was the best luck we've had for years. I gave Ivan the head and hide and horns. And he is having it mounted. And Uncle George is giving him his (Dave: these must be the two deer heads of Ivan's mounted on one board--?) I didn't know Ivan would mount them so I messed up the neck of Uncle George's.

.....Si telling about someone backing into Frank's car etc. and about Dumire in 2nd world war.

Dave: I hear you killed some coons--? Dad: Well sir, I caught our limit. We have the best coon dogs--most any night you can get a coon. We go over to the apple orchard acrossthe creek We don't go so far from the house and over on the other farm (old home place). Dave: can't we go tonight? Dad: This is Sunday night !--my boy. Don't you regard the Sabbath and keep it holy? ha. ha. SI: (kidding) Dad's dogs hunt on Sunday. He made us go to church on Sunday but he doesn't make the dogs go!

Dad: I went over the hill one night by myself and the dogs treed a coon up a wild cherry tree beyond that barn (the big red barn?) I went up there and there were 3 coons. I shot one and one jumped out 25 feet from the tree--near the wagon house. The dogs knew the coons were in the tree. I tried to get them to chase the coon but they'd run back to that tree. and It got away. But I shot the two out and you should have seen the dogs fight them. I had the awfullest load. I hunted up a wire and tied them together. I was worn out when I got home.

SI: talking about army tank binoculars etc.

Dad--telling a story of the Civil war that was on the Edison Phonograph (Dave hasthe phonograph and the record) --about the colored man "darky" in the army. They asked the darky that was enlisting in the armh hom many battles he'd been in previously. Darkey: Well, Ive been in thousands of battles. Enlister: there wasn't thousands of battles. Darkey:, well, Ive been in loo(s of battles..... Well I know I've been in two battles. Recruiter: what were they? Darky: the battle with my wife and the battle of Bull's run. Recruiter: I bet at the battle of Bull's Run you did some running? Darkey: "Yesss Sirrrreee ! When the ordered retreat I sure ran ! Recruiter: what about the battle with your wife? Darkey: Oh, I surrendered ! ha, ha. He then said to the captain: I want you to do me one favor. I don t want you to put me in the cavalry---so, when the captain say's "retreat^!", I don't want a horse to hole me back in the retreat." ..... some not clear..... Gum Mathias

SI: ...Gum Mathias.....then Si telling about a teacher going up on Elk ... and Sandy (or Andy) wouldn't study. Parents told teacher to make him study anyhow. He said "I ..... him once but id doesn't do a bit o good". So the next morning he (teacher) said we'll all study now. Andy, get out your book and study. He said Andy wouldn't open his book. So he went back and caught him by the top oe his shirt and he said he just shook him almost out of his clothes, tore all the buttons off his shirt. He set him back in his seat and Andy opened up his book and he studied from then on. The teacher stopped by the home and they asked him if Andy studied? He said: didn't Andy tell you? They said "no, he never tells us anything. The teacher said he studied fine. I just shook him till all the buttons fell of his shirt. Them old lady said: "that's alright, I'll sewe them back on". ha, ha.

Dave: Dad, did you know Gum Mathias the teacher?

Dad: I reckon I did know him ! Si: "wasn't you and some other boy going to whip him one time"? Dad: Davis Hannah, Joe Sharp and I---we saw him about beat the daylights out of other kids. He had a stick about 20 inches long---he'd cut on it as a regulator (a ruler?) and he used it to prop up the window. He'd just jerk that out of the window and grab a youngen' and blister him right ! ---almost wear him out. So we three made it up that if he jumped one of us we'd join to gether and we'd lick the old man. We were in our teens (1s?) ha, ha. One day....he always would court some girl (student) --pick out some girl to court. Gum Mathias had 3 fingers on one hand and two on the other. (Dave: Raymond Mace wrote me the same thing !) Dad: He had high shoulders. A head as big as William Jennings Bryant. Smart enough and all like that. One day we were out there playing draw ball.. and they threw, you know, the ball to the other side and whoever was hit it put you out .. and so I doved for it and someone missed it. He yelled: "you jumped behind that girl to keep from getting hit"! He talked so independenat and mean. I looked for the other boys but neither was there that day. I said "Gum Mathias, I didn't do it ! I wasbeginning to think about the girls too, ha. He said: "don't you tell me you didn't jumpe behind that girl to keep from getting hit." I said no sir I did not. Dave: did he do anything to you? Dad: no, he stopped there.

↑ Gum mathias

Shotgun Haystack 207

Dad telling about being nearly shot on a haystack:
Dad: I went up in the meadow to feed the calves. Took Albert Hannah along. He was a boy that came from school. (both 12 or 13 ??) I took my gun along with me There were snow birds ou in the snow. While I was throwing the hay off the stack I told him to kill one of them. All you had to do was to barely touch the trigger on that gun. So e wiggled around trying to get a sight on a bird.--we didn't have English sparrows then-- I hadn't seen one till about 60 years ago. I said: reach me that gun and I'll show you how to kill one. He was reaching the gun up to me. I had a hold of the stack pole and reaching down to him He hadn't let the hammer down and he touched that trigger and the bullet went along the side of my temple and I just fell. I was numb. Wjen I got over that numbness I felt my head to see if blood. I remember it as well as yesterday. I said "Albert, you've shot me" ! He said: "don t you tell Paps, he'll whip me to death"! I asked him if he saw any blood and he said he didn't.

Skunks

Story of Dad stomping a skunk to death !
Dad: I was coming up from the Porter Morre house (mouth of Slatyfork creek --up that steep path--side of the hill near Sla yfork creek. I'd been down to Uncle Harmon Sharp's one night. I heard something coming above the path in the leaves. Skunks were worth about $2. Money was scarce. It was a skunk. I jumped on the skunk above a cliff of rocks and my feet slipped ,,,where the bank is awful steep. I landed at the bottom and broke my lantern globe. I was hurt so bad I thought I'd lay there a minute. I'd gone 20 feet--rolled down to the bottom By the way, I felt something digging under me. I'd caught that skunk sliding down there and I had it down tight and it couldn't do a thing. So I raised up just a little bit. I got off as soon as he started kicking and s cratching. Oh, land of merchy, it threw that scent all over me and I got up and stomped that skunk to death. ha, ha. Those boots I had on they stunk every time I'd warm them up--(Dave: I guess before the fire place that winter) and I'd think of that old skunk , Ha. Well, I got the skunk alright! Another skunk story:
Dad: My father and I, we tracked some skunks in down the creek bank -- back under a big flat rock. We got a mattock and went to digging. We built a fire in below it trying to smoke it out. You can't smoke them out or we didn't that time. We blew the smoke back under that rock. So we jumped in and thought we could dig in back behind that flat rock. We dug down. My father was digging and told me to watch below. He said: I'm coming through on it. The mattock broke in to it here. Now you watch there with that stick. I was watching. The smoke had strained my eyes. He puched down in there and instead of the skunk throwing it out his way he filled my eyes full through that smoke, Ha, ha. Great lands'. The reason the dog wallows and rubs his head in the grass, it's not the smell. it butns just like fire. I strained my eyes to seea dn it was about 10 feet to the creek. I made about five jumps into the creek and stuck my head right down in the water to get it out of my eyes. I washed and rubbed it out. My father finally killed the skunk.

Hugh & bear

Story of Uncle Hugh chased by a bear !
Dad: That's when Uncle Harmon Sharp said he heard an old deer and she had fawns in there (up on the mountain)(in a brush thicket) Uncle Hugh, just abboy, went yp there on Sunday morning. He had a dream that night that he had a fight with a bear and he had a cane with a knot on it. He'd get deer and raise them. He wanted to get one of those fawns. With a young fawn you squall and holler and they'll stay down. when they are a few days old. You can run up and catch them. He went up there and there was an old she bear and 4 cubs in there ! He'd cut this cane off as he went up the hill just like he(d dreamed of. I t had a knot on it, just like in the dream

SHARP 4

208

He then heard the noise in the thick brush, so he made a jump in there a hollering to catch the fawn. Instead of a deer it was an old she bear ! He kept saying "akh, akh, akh" and backing up and putting up a brave face to the bear till he got outside. and he said he ran down over the hill. He was just a boy. He saw a big hollow log and he said "I just piled into that old log and went in as far as I could go---if that bear had followed me that was just where she would have wanted me" ha,ha. He made the bear think he was brave until he got out of there.

.....Dad: Everybody has an influence on some one. I was watching a baby in it's mother's arms. The little fellow yawned. I stopped in the middle of my talking and ywwned. So I said: "Everyone has an influence . You may not think so, but yous do." I said pardon me, but I watched that little baby and it had enought influence over me to cause me to yawn. They all laughed."

More deer hunting--not clear: on the mountain--Henry Loraine, Lowell.
--telling strategy etc.

1st car

Dad driving his first car home : Dad:
It was in 1915 that I bought my first car. (Ivan thought it was 1914) You can count it up--15 from 49 is 35 years. I went over to Marlinton fair grounds (to learn) and drove it around two or three times. Then they took me out (out of the fair ground) and started home. and Mr. Burr who was with me--and another fellow was following us in another car---we didn't have good roads then They were muddy

(They turned Dad loose there at Campbelltown and Dad started home on the old dirt road) (Tape is blurred but here is some of it): ... I drove down to Charles McGuires place .....(someone) in a wagon. and the horses started hollering (with fright) I stopped, and they held the horses. I was afraid the horses would jump out in the road , you know. I cam on down to Page Hannahs, ... ha, ha. (Dave: I remember him telling that he had to back up on a curve there with great difficulty.) ---and he came on home.

(from Reel and Cassettes #8)

(LD, Ivan, Genevieve, Dave, Evan) Sat, Dec 31, 1949

Starts Dad and Ivan singing. Then eating at the table. Singing "Little Star of Bethleham" . Then Ivan saying the blessing at the table. (blurred) Ivan: "Our dear heavenly Father we thank thee for thy goodness and kindness, and watching over us and taking careous and permitted us to assemble around this family table again. Bless this food to the good of our bodies and bless our fellowship together and at last save us in they kingdom, we ask it in Jesus' name. Amen." Ivan: Everybody help yourselves. Violet: thank you. Sylvia--wanted some of the hot bread. Dad: help yourself..... (a lot of it unclear).....

Dave: are you going coon hunting tonight too, Dad? Dad: you've never heard of "LD" to fail ! --only that time I wasn't there, ha. I go over here (meadow across the creek)(corn) when nobody else goes. I have to go by myself. Ivan: have you got any sideboards for my plate? Dave: Evan, are you going coon hunting tonight, too? Evan: yes! Dave: aren't you afraid of coons? Dad: well we have a slim cha ance..... Dave: Ivan did you hear about one coon falling in the river? Ivan: yes, I heard about that. Dad: I hated that, I believe that was the biggest coon this year. He fell out of the tree asdead as a door's nail. Eunice asked me how that term got started--she'd heard it all her life. .....

Dad: Jr. won't drink any mild from his Dad's cows, he's afrait it isn't good like Cinti. mild. I believe he's afraid of the milking (Henry Shaver's milking--unpasteurized). Dave: Ivan's a traitor to his country--he's drinking tea. Ivan: my wife, "Eve" persuaded me. Dad: Is there any ice for my mild? Dave: If it hadn't been for the Boston tea party, maybe we'd be drinking tea. Dad: How was that? Dave: didn't you study that in histroy? Dad: no, I didn't. Dave: The British taxed the tea to payfor their soldiers over here and we didn't want that, so our men dressed up like Indians and threw all the tea off the ships into the sea. Dad: They did? Dave: then the revolutionary war started. Ivan Taxation without representation. Dad. Then the didn't let us send representives from this country?

Dad: Do we have any maple syrup? Genevieve: here's some apple butter. Dad: Ivan and Jr. do you want some of this maple syrup? Dad: Jr. go there in the delco house, there's a whole case of honey brought back from the time the other day (trip peddling in Randolph?) and get you some of that honey. It's already in cartons. Ivan: If you're going coon hunting, better eat a lot. The dogs are barking to go now. Dad: oh, those dogs can bark ! (Eunice came in kitchen) Genevieve: Hi, Eunice. Come in..(Everyone said"happy new year" Dad: come eat with us. ..... (she finally sat to eat) ..... (food mentioned at the table: strawberry jam chicken, ham, cottage cheese salad, apple butter, beans, pudding, cheese hot bread, cranberry, etc.

Mable: I'd like to take Dave & Sylvia to church tomarrow. Dave: are you having a contest? Mable yes. ..... (calendar shows it to be Sat, 31st '49) (William Morgan) Dave: is Edgar still living? Dad: no, Edgar has been dead for years. Will's still living. Ivan met him at the Ramsey reunion. I didn't get to go ..... He looked old. You've seen Uncle Will , haven't you? Dave: yes. ... Genevieve: Ivan wanted to get Dad some tires, so I thought they ought to have something for the house, so I got some fostoria. ..... Ivan: Plymouth is going to put out a cheap car, something like the Crosley. Dad: what do you call cheap? Ivan:, oh, about a thousand dollars. Genevieve: Kaeser-Frazier is making a cheaper car too ..... (table talk) Dad: I was fishing up at Eula (Russel-Kyle) Hannah's and I had a ..... and the old bull came at me bellowing and I brabbed a rock and I hauledaway and hit him right between the eyes. I told Eula that I hit him.....

(Evan must have cut his own hair) Mable: we almost had to get him a whig. Dad: turn your head around and show what the"barber"did. Evan: Si trimmed it off. Mable: I remember Ralph cut his one time.

210

Dad:; Thayer did the biggest. (on his.) Eunice: Lowell cut his one time.

Dad: Ivan, one time, a little fellow, sat down to get his hair cut on the old house porch. I had the clippers. Then I had to go from the old house down to the store A fellow hollered "Hello" at the store. I said sit there Ivan while I go wait on him. When I came back he'd started in right here and he cut up to there. So I had to cut his hair all off short to straightedn it. Dave: Remember the time that Si and Paul cut Donald's hair off short? There was a circus over at the old place (in upper creek meadow) They just shaved to top of his head to look just like a bald-headed man. He was just a little boy, about like Evan, and they left just a little hair around above his ears. Dad always said we had to go to church, but he wouldn't let Donald go for a month. Dad: He'd attract too much attention with everyone laughing, you know. I scolded the boys about it. ha, ha. Mabel: Dave, you cut Freda Phares' brother's hair off one time. Eunice: wasn't his name Jim? Dave: This Rhea up here that carries the mail. His boy came down and had me to cut his hair. I just cut a road through the top.

Hair Cuts

Dad: the only time I ever had to whip Jr. in church --you were a little fellow and pinned a clothe on a fellow's coat tail, ha. ha. And I gave him an awful good whipping over that. ha, ha. He was an awful mischevious little fellow ..... he was about the age of Evan.....
(coon hunting talk): Dave: You're not going to take a gun are you, Evan? Evan: if dad will want me to. Dave: Give him a shotgun! Evan: (knowing i was kidding said) "hu hu " Dad: you don't have a light gun like a 22? ..... Dave: Dad you might as well ride over there with us.....
Dad: We may go to Cinti and stay a few days, ha, ha. Ivan: I was thinking why didn't you and Mabel come down to our place for Xmas and then come up with Dave and Sylvia. Dad: We just couldn't get away, if we had 100 invitations.....we know we have an invitation all the time, so we don't need an invitation. Ivan: If you'll come down I'll bring you back any Friday or night. Dad: This was awful dangerous wasn't it,--Dave coming in? (snow on roads). Two years ago it snowed 15 feet deep up on Middle Mt. meadow. Ivan: these tires will help you an awful lot. Dad: I bought two tires---knobby treads. Ivan: yes, they should be on rear together.
End of the big reel #8 .----

If the cassette is turned over it will be garbled until last 1/3 and it may repeat what is on the first side?
Some of it may be clearer than other side.
There is some talk about the first cars (after the war?) If so, this tape may have been before 1949--maybe 1947 ?? (At one place Dave said: "it was about Auguest when we got it. They started making them about Feb. or March....) So..????

The box the #8 reel was in is dated "Dec 31" Then Mabel said she wanted Dave & Sylvia to go to church tomarrow (Sunday) indicating it was Sat that the tape was made. The onlly Saturday Dec. 31st is in 1949. so ....

Dad, Ivan, Otis Gibson, Ralph? Lowell? Si Reel #6 (A)
(1st half of LD and 2nd half of reel 6 is of Friels)

Dad: a fellow told me, he came here wanting to buy sheep and said someone told him Marvin Hannah wanted to sell all the sheep he had this year, because they had abortions and wer all losing their lambs. Some ewes lose their lambs before their time. .... cause cows too. ...should take that ewe from the other sheep. It's a disease. Ivan: (or Otis)?: Veo has lost 4 calves this year. Dad: He only got 5 calves. He had nine and lost 4 of them Otis: The Mace woman down ther, she lost twin calves. Dad: I feel sorry for her. Who's cow had twin calves? Otis: Nelia Mace's? Lately? She was telling me one of hers. Dad: Nelia Mace's? Lately? She was telling me Otis: here last week "I was down at Harry's and ..... and she lost 5 cows. Dad: Well, she lost three when ..... well there must be something wrong ! Si: what was wrong with Veo's calves: Ivan: Veo's not lost any before, Si. Dad: I think he lost two last year. Ivan, well last year he lost one, but well he just had a bad time of it. We lost two last year because of carlessness, and this year I set my head to there wouldn't be any carlessness. If we had losses it wouldn't be our fault, and we never lost a one out of 11. .....

Dad: He said she wouldn't jump three rails.... bought her and took her home and put her in a 8-rail fence and she cleared it ! and went back on old H. Schearer and told him you said she wouldn't jump a three rail fence. He said: "she won't, she won't --she'll just step over it ! ha, He wasa pretty slick drader. He sold a horse to a fellow. He was asked how he pulled. Schearer: Oh, that horse with a wagon, when you come to a hill he's right there . The man bought it. When he got to a hill he "was there" ! He bocked and wouldn't pull a lick . ha.
Dad: With a buggy rake she backed all over the field. If we had the rakes pointing the other wah ! ha. That old big grey mare, weighing about 1500 lbs. Do you remember her, Si: Si? No. Dad: I don't know who we got her from. She wasa bay mare. She wouldn't run off or kick, but when you put her in a buggy rake she'd commence backing, backing. You couldn't make her go foreward. I didn't keep her long. I traded her off, ha.

..... in a wagon, And when she started in a wagon she'd pull it all. But when she got to a steep place or a heavy load she'd just quit. She'd been spoiled. Dave: Your Dad cut a horse's foot out of the log barn. Dad: That was Black Sam's (negor's) horse. I can show you over in that old barn now where he chopped that hors's foot out. I'd like to show to show it to you sometime. (Dave: Dad showd we boys the notch chopped out of the log in the log barn near the old store building, beside the road). Talk about an axman--there never was a better one in this country ! He chopped left or right handed. That horse got down in there and rolling and ran his foot thru the barn in between the logs. Black Sam came to stay all night, him and Marge. He was a colored man. And sir, when that horse put it's foot between the longs there was no way in the world to get him out. We couldn't lift that big ole horse up and he (Silas) took an ax and..... Black Sam said "oh, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Sharp, be careful, Mr. Sharp" Dad: He just chopped one side and turned to the left side and chopped. You could hardly see an ax mark on either side. He chopped that horse's foot out of there. The horse walked awy asif nothing had ever happedned to him. That ole darkie, I can hear him yet saying "Oh, Mr. Sharp, be careful". Si: Where did the live? Dad: They lived down here at the Pogue place (below Slatyfork).
Dad: Another black man: One day I was hungry and they had the sheep penned. Isn't it wonderful how children can remember? They had the sheep penned over across the creek at the head of that meadow and there was a rail fence clear around that meadow and they built a pen there and was shearing sheep. I wanted something to eat so my mother sent over here to her house (? old log house--bee house now?) for a piece of bread. And Black Marge, she brought the mail (??) over, you know. the sandwich for me to eat. And I told mother "I ain't going to eat that bread, cause

looks at her hands, how black they are" My mother tried to fix it up you nnow so it wouldn't make her feel bad, ha, ha. Mother said "oh, her hands are clean, they are just that color", ha, ha. And I didn't eat it,! ha,

Dave: who was the black man you scared? Dad: he was the one that helped build that concrete bridge over the hill. I said "how do you do Mrs. Hannah" and he thought Mrs. Hannah was right there and scared him almost out of his boots, ha, ha. Dave: what was he doing? Dad: "What was he doing?" I knew you'd come to that, ha, ha. Dave: did his pants get wet? Dad: there was no one (Mrs. Hannah) near him, ha. (The black man was taking a leak) Hexx was a stranger to me. I'd never meet him before. That's why he thought there really was a woman right there ! ha, He nearly jumped out of his hide. He said "Oh, mista Sharp you scared me, you scared me ! ha, ha. Dave: Didn't you get scared one time when Joe Gibson's wife came down the path in the woods from their house on the mountain and you didn't know it? Dad: No, that wasn't me It was some other fellows. Well, she ran on to a couple"other fellows" that was working along there, ha, ha. and scared them. I can't tell you exactly how that was. If you'll turn off themachine I'll tell you how it was, ha. (("someone" had a call of nature on Buzzard mt. path and at the same time Mrs. Gibson came down the path and he had to pull his pants up. Then walked and past her saying "Hello, Mr. Gibson" -n-neither saying anything else--ha.)

Dave: One time you went to a church (Elk or Edray?) and went to the wrong out-house and 2 girls were in it. Dad: If you want to hear it on your machine, I'll tell you howit was, ha, ha I went to the toilet and looked in there and there were two ladies in there and it scared me nearly out of my booots, and I backed out backwards and through the excitement I threw the button (lock) on the door outside and they couldn't get out. I went on over to the other toilet in the corner of the yard and came back and they were hollering and scrambling to get out. I got another fellow to go and let them out, ha, ha. ..Then I told one of the girl's brothers that I was awful sorry, ha, ha. *They coouldn't sing. They belonged to the choir. *they were shut up!

.....oh, a lot of funny thingshave happened.

Mrs Gibson: Uncle Luther, being up there to Ella's and you wore a plug hat that time. Remember about it? The dog got the hat and he had the rim around his neck & ha. Dad: ha, ha, ..dog, tried to catch that rim you know. I went to see Lena Kennison, a school teacher, and that dog, --Bob, you know, he nearly died laughing--he ate the top out and slipped the rim over his head and he was trying to catch that rim! ha, ha Dave: was it your dress hat? Dad: Oh, yes! I didn't have xx any other ! And then I went down to Bill Varners. Bob had loaned me one of his hats and I went down to Bill Varners. And when I went to leave there I started looking for my plug hat, a "bee gum" hat--that was the style then. They were as hard as a bone, but were nice. And so when I started looking for my hat when I left and couldn't find my hat. I said:"I don't know where I laid my hat" Someone said: "I thought you wore this one". I just happened to come to my senses and thought of Bob giving me that hat. I hadn't looked at enough to knowit. I said, ha, " "oh, yes, sometimes I wear one one time and another xxxxxxxx time the other hat. ha, ha.

Dadx Well, I got me another one (hat) and I was going over to Ellis Hannah's (Melinda's husband) and had s grey mare that was just as frisky as she could be and as pretty as a speckled pup. The wind started to blow and my hat jumped off and hit her on the hips and she kicked it in the air and she kicked the whole top out of it, ha, ha, ha. (Ralph and Lowell laughing, too) Next time I bought a hat that a dog couldn't chew the top out of nor a horse kicke the top out of. ha, ha. Boys, I had xx some bad luck &

Dad: I went to xxx see the same girl, school teacher and I left there--

Dad: I went to see the same girl, school teacher and I left there--didn't have an overcoat. ...left there after night and I had a pipe. I smoked ~~xxix~~ a pipe. I didn't have any gloves. I don't think it wa cold when I went up there. And I put my hand on the pipe smoking it to warm my hands, and by the way it burned all out. So I got out the bag and filled the pipe with tobacco. Then I'd blow in and out to ~~xxxx~~ set it on fire from the bottom and in the meantime I sucked (nicotine) amber down my throat. I never got sicker in my life. When I came to the spring there at Frank Hannahs, I thought I'd die nearly. I rolled off the horse to get some water.

I aimed to roll of right at the spring as I didn't think I could walk. I got some water and got back on the horse again. Instead of going to the house (their house?) I rode out to the old barn. I remember as well as yesterday. I rode in under the shed and rolled off off and started vomiting. If I hadn't vomited that nicotine, it would have killed me! I believe it would. I never was sicker in my life.

I heard of a woman one time whose husband took colic and they wanted to give him something to vomit him and she took the amber from a pipe to get him to vomit. It was granmother Hannah or someone telling about it. That wasn't very far away. I forgot who it was. She gave him the amber from the pipe and it killed him in five minutes. If she'd given him strictnine it wouldn't have killed him quicker. It killed him dead ! They called it cramp colic, but in those days it might have been appendicitus.

(This tape was done when John Dee was 3 years old. This was mentioned in the other half of the tape that was of the Friels)

Readers Note: Most every story is copied verbatim--word for word--quoted. Very little was not verbatim. It will be obvious where it is not berbatim. Also, extra information or explanations have been put in parenthesis--for instance:"(Elk or Edray?)"

One reason it is verbatim, even if some of it is uninteresting, or superfluous, is that it gives the mood of thinking of the old-timers, and an insight in to their lives. Future generations may appreciate the detail.

SHARP 4

...mistake beargrease!

Dad, Si, Ivan, Dave.
Stories: selling honey, Hugh snake-bees, Davis Mace, Sally McLauglin-(mare)
Dad: either spoil the rod or spoil the child. Genevieve: you can't use a finger on them. Dad: you have to use judgment. How many licks did you give Ron?....Dad: ..... Friday Night. Ivan: ....at conference. Dad: Good land of Mercy ! No use to send my pants to the cleaner. Dave: maybe you should try to eat slower. Dad: I don t know what. Well, I get in a hurry. I et hungry and my mouth won't open enough....
Dad: that bull didn't look very good.... I didn't buy him for looks. I bought him for service. He's well marked. Ivan: He has all the qualifications of a registered and maybe he'll give better service.
Dave: Tell us about Sallie McLauglin. (she having the mare serviced on the road to Marlinton when she met the man with the stud). Dad: No, it wouldn't do, ha. .... say something else and the conversation will be "yea, yea and nea and nea" you have to be careful what you say.
Dad: you asked about Sally McLauglin. She had Al Bench (?) along with with her (on a trip)and he couldn't read nor write. At a restaurant he didn't know what to order. He couldn't read the menu. He'd say I'll take what ever Sally takes. So they afterwards had that for a by-word.
Dave: Didn't you go with her? Dad: Or no. That was Sally Gibson. She was too old for me. (Note: Dad wouldn't tell on tape about Sally. Her father wanted the mare serviced by a stud that some man was bringing over to Elk. Her dad sent her to Marlinton on the mare and told her for them to service the mare when they met on the top of Elk mountain. She held the mare while the man had the stud service the mare. Then she got on her mare and went on to town.) Dave: tell me about the time they put a snake at Uncle Hugh's bees. Dad: No, that's too funny. Well, Taylor Ramsey had a patented snake and he put it at the bee gum and put the head at the hole of the hive, and Uncle Hughe thought it was catching bees as he came around looking at his bees. He saw that snake there and he got a stick and slipped up, you know, and slammed down on the snake. He knew they (Ramsey and Mrs. Showalter) were watching him and knew he was beat (joke on him), why, he turned the thing on them ! ha Dave: how did he do that? Dad: I couldn't tell that, ha, ha. (uncle Hugh did some fast thinking. He turned facing the house and opened his fly and tinkled on the ground --in front of them They didn't tease him about the snake !) ha.
Dave: Uncle Bob looked alright today. Whad did Dr. Eddy (Cincinnati --there fishing) say about your heel? Dad: he looked at it but he didn't know any more about it than I did. Ha
(Dad heard his voice on the recorder for first time) Dad: forgive me if my voice sounds like that ! Now you talk and let us hear your voice. ...
Dave: did you find your "traps" (strictmine) in your drawer? Dad: I'll pay you for it. Dave: you already sent me a check for it. Dad: you didn't cash it. Dave: the banks down there said it wasn't any good.
.....Si: (to Dad) you give me enough to pay for that treasurer's book and we'll call it square. Dad: there's $15. Si: no... Dad: this is yours. Si: well go ahead... you I don't want to take that. Dad: take that, it's yours. Si: did you take out for .... (day's work?)? What do you pay them? Dad: $2 a day. Si: well, there's half of that.
Si: well, I don't want to do that. I didn't go along. Dad: Carnegia in New York. A fellow (at train station) asked if anyone would carry his suitcase up to the hotel. Carnegia said "yes, I'll carry it up for you" He carried it and charged him a quarter or 50 cents. He said: I might need you again sometime. Where do you live? He said: "I'm Carnegia, they call the steel magnet." That fellow said in the paper that as long as he lived he said he'd never ask anyone to do anything for him that he could do himself. ha, ha. I've always told my boys if anything is offered to them to take it, ...and I giveyou (Si) that. Si: I know but right is right. (Dave: I don't remember which won out ! ha.)

2

Dad: down the valley (Tygart) they plant their corn by and and they ploy both ways--criss-cross. Si: well, I think we'll have to get down to doing it that way. They use hand planters. They don't have to furrow it. Just take a tractor and a board and measure and put a spike down at each place, see? You drag a 2x4 board behind the tractor. You sight the tractor down thru yonder and sight it. Dad: Then you drop the corn by hand, don't you? SI: then you turn and go the other way and there are your checks, so you just take the hand planter and stick it down in that square and open it. That's the way Veo Hannah does. Dad: that's the way the did nown Tygart valley. Si; you dont have to stop and cover the corn. Kyle and Charlie Beales all checked their's off. Dad: then it wouldn't have to be hoed? Si: Archie Gibson takesthe tractor and harrows 2 rows at a time and plows both ways and there's nothing to do (hoeing). After it is planted, your biggest work iis over. Dave: we used to get down and dig weeds out with a hoe, and hoe and hoe., and between morning and noon you'd only get down to one end of the field (one row) --then it'd be dinner time. Si: well, they only got it hoed once over in here-(across the creek) Si: Down in Tygard balley they raise corn with less labor and sell it for 65¢ and 75¢ a bushel on ears. Dad: and they have corn pickers to run through.

Dad: I asked Lowell if he wanted to work this morning and he said he didn't think so. Si: Sweckers was down and said they'd planned on going fishing with him today and it rained. Dad: are they having a ball game up at Shaws tonight? Ralph said he wanted to go with Lowell up to Keith Shaws.....

Dad: That fellow up on the mountain (Point mt) at the mines looked like these Nelsons. He (George) was in there (store) an at last sold 2 lbs of honey at 25¢ (per lb.)--in order to get out of there, he said. There was a beer joint right acrossthe road. A young fellow about 25 and a fat fellow came up and said "Howdy do sir, howdy do sir, don't mind me, I'm just as drunk as a hog" and he turned around and walked off, reeling. .....Dad.....about 20 years ago.... investigated and found he bought stricting there at the drug store and Dr. Cammeron saved his neck. Dr. Cameron made oath that she didn't die of posion. She'd been put away (burried?) of course that finished it. (who???)

(Jessie Hannah postmaster--retired-- wife postmaster--Jesse still worked --$80 pay retirement --moved to Elking etc.) (Mr Morrisons's son, etc. (Davis Mace) Dad: I was up there to see Davis when he wasso sick. Si: I was up there to a shooting match. Dave: I was there with you that time and we didn't get anything. Nelia had the match. Dad: Davis was a handy man to have. He was an awful good man. Si: he was a good ole boy. Dad: No body could say any harm of Nelia Mace. She was a good neighbor. If she told a story, she'd tell you who told her so if it wasn't true you could trace it back and see she was clear. I douldn't blame her. .....

.....(apparently Paul or Dave hadn't written Dad for some time when away to school and apparently Dad had written in his letter an old saying that was used in such a situation--"you wouldn't even write to your grandmohher" Dad: I said "you wouldn't even write your grandmother" and he thought I meant it, ha. ha. He said: why, Dad, you must have been miskaken. It must have been Ivan, because I don't remember my granmother..... ha. ha. --it was an old saying. --like Henry Shaver has said: "you wouldn't eat your granmother's cooking". ha. --Dad. (Cars hard to get.) Si: it's been 5 years since the war (broke?) and they..... .. why, Bill Miller's has been trying to get his car and can't get it.

End of first half of Cassette

(Apparently Dad had a sore heal) Si: (joking) get some of that bear grease in there.... It might do it. Dave: how do you know it's bear grease? Si: cause Sharp (Cliff's boys?) rendered it out of a bear, ha. Dad: you can tell cause it smells like it. Si: you can't mistake beargrease!

216

Dad: I'll put some on my heel. Si: put a little on your ear.(sore ear). Dave: Didn't uncle Bob Gibson say it cured his asthma? Si: you know, no germs could live or stay near his ear in that grease; ha, ha.
Dad: to show you I have faith in bear grease I'll put some on top of my head (a cut there?) That's the finest thing for rheumatism I ever tried. My knees was so.... that I could hardly get up, down or any place, and it cured my knees. Yes sir !
(Apparently Dad want to Randolph Co selling honey) Dad: Boys, I had the best hog meat today ! I went to that restaurant--it was 12 o'clock when we got there (Huttonsville?)The boys (Ralph and George--Mabel's uncle) took two hamburgers. I said I'll take ham. They ordered 2 hamburgers. I ordered one ham sandwich but they brought me two. I could n't bite it off and I asked for a paring knife. She found one after a good bit, ha, ha., and I used it. It was good hot lean ham. They enjoyed their hamburgers. I told Ralph he'd better get another glass of milk, so he did. I asked the waitress if there were any girls around there that we could hire that we needdd one at our place. She said "I'm from Mill creek." I asked if she had any sisters that wants to hire out. She said, I had one but she went to N. Y. to her brothers. There were 10 of us in the family and they are all gone and now i'm gone. I'm 13 years old. Si: 13 years old.! ha, ha. Dad: and when the woman made out the bills she skinned out (left). She'd asked who to make the bills out to. I told her to me. She left the girl to bring the bill to me. She (woman?) took a pound of honey. deducted that off. Si: let's see--a pound of honey off--left 72 cents. Dad: It cost me $1.58 with 30 cents off. George said "she charged you awful high, didn't she? Si: what kind of hamburgers were they? Dad: just ordinary hamburgers. Si: they must have charged 25 cents a piece. Dad: They wer big hamburgeers. Si: they used to not be over a dime. Dave: Odie Johnson used to charge a quarter for a hamburter, but he'd give you a big one. What happened to the 13 year old girl? Dad: she brought the bill out and I said $1.58 cents and 30 cents comes off that and she said I already took that off. The ham sandwiches were 25 cents each and the milk must have been 4¢ glass.
(The only Monday in the summer of 1950 was in August)
Dad: this is Monday isn't it? No paper.....
(Dad was sitting in the car and Vonda shut the door on Dad's hand)
Dad: .... and after a bit I got sick. I said "Imm awful sick" and Paul trained in first aid ran to his car and got a kit and gave me some amonia. I fainted away. I didn't know a thing. This up here (demonstrating?) will be worse than that, I believe (2 different cuts?) Dave: did you loose your fingernail? No. it was up on the hand. See there, I guess that's the cause of it. Dave: what is that thing right there(a bump on a finger knuckle)? Dad: well, I guessthat's what started it. Si: that's what we've read about in the papers--some people get them--some kind of arthritis. Dave: maybe you could put some bear grease on it. Dad: Yes, I did. Dave: what are you going to do with that linement? Dad: put on that there. Dave: does it hurt? Dad: now it doesn't hurt. Dave: then why put linement on it? Dad: Old man Ervin, made Ervin linement that smelled just like this and there was a cancer or something like that on a bull's jaw and it took it right off. If it took a cancer off a bull's jaw it ought to take this off my finger. ha, ha, ha. Si: that's not a bump on a bull's jaw. ha, ha. Was he a doctor: Dad: Oh, yes, he was a veterinary doctor. ha, ha. Si: he was a bull doctor. I wouldn't want him to work on me. ha. Dad: He'd doctor anything. He got this bull off of me and cancer came on it. Well, he didn't get it "off" of me, but I sold it to him. ha, ha.---ha if you want me to explain it to you so you can understand it. My boys are a little hard to understand things. ha, ha.--you have to make thingsplain to them, or you can't get them to understand, ha, ha. Dave: what are you going to do about the linement on your fingertonight? Dad: I'll let it dry a little bit and in the morning that thing will be gone--just like that cancer on that bull's jaw. ha. ha. Si said: And so will Mabel.; ha, ha.

Honey

cont'd hamburgers

Stories by L.D.Sharp 6-14-80 (Reel #12) taped by Dave

217

that's bull's jaw. ha. ha. Si said: And so will Mabel ! ha, ha.--smell of that linement and that bear grease ! ha, ha. ha. .....
Dad: she was ready to leave this evening when I came in (late from Randolph co.) ..... I know what we call supper is dinner in the cities. ..... Dave: did you eat in Mill Creek? Dad: no, it was in Huttonsvile.
Dad: Ralph, George and I found out something about Mill Creek. We turned down in the lower end and crossed around and peddled hone to every house on every side and got back on main street. .....
Dad: well, we went through a good part of the city above the road --out toward Pickens. We went ou there about 50 yards and Ralph and I was standing on both sides of the road. .... Ralph said to park here and then you can go up yonder to the bank. I told him that I usually sold honey to the cashier in the bank. So I went up to the bank and I said I didn't expect you'd want any honey because I sold you a case last fall. I wanted to come in and see you anyhow. Another big fine fellowin there. He was in an office space by himself. He said he had plenty . He was awful nice, clever and nice. The other fellow said I believe I'll just take a pound of that honey. On my way back to the car I stopped in at the next house and the lady said "I'd like awful well to have honey. My husband is an insurance agent and he just left to go up to Valley Head. I'll see but I don't know if I've got any money or not. She hustled around and she had 14 cents. I said for her to take the honey anyway, that we'd be coming by here some time and collect. While you're at it take two of them and I'll have something to stop Bor, ha. She said""if you don't care I'll just take two. She gave me the 14 cents and just as got me paid here the man came in, ha. He laughted. He said I'll just pay for it. I was wanting to get the honey sold. By the time I got back, my boys were gone. Car was gone. I walked away up there and sat down, for ¼ hour. Ralph came up in the car and said"do you want a ride? ha. Now we went over some ground, I tell you ! I didn't see brother Brady.
Si: were they (state) working any of the convicts today. Dad: there were about 15 but they had no stripes on them--running a bull dozer etc.
Dad: Ralph said let's go to the penitentiary (to sell) I said we will--they've got to eat, wouldn't doubt but what we can sell them some honey. I said let's go on down and stop there on the way back, but we forgot to.
(Ice Cream) .....Dad: ..... ice cream. Dave: who did? Dad: Ivan did. four pints of ice cream he won. They had a guessing game.... they had some sort of social and he guessed with in a few beans of the number in a pint cup---~~1,200~~ 1,300 andsomething, and he got 4 pints of ice cream free, ha. Ivan said: I know my beans, ha, ha. Dad: I bet he counted a pint of beans before he went there, ha.
.... Dad: if you gave an old ewe two tablets it'd cure her. That surely fixed a $25 ewe. Ralph: maybe she was going to die anyway. Dad: no, she was getting along pretty good. Dave: then Iouldn't have given her pills the. Dad: well, I wanted to clean out what was ailing her.
.... Dad: he'll weigh 800 lbs. Si: he's mowing that grass up there. He'll fatten up. Dad: I paid $175 for him. A cow that size won't bring much. let's see, a 1100 lb cow would bring 15 cents a pound.--maybe $150.
Dave: what can you buy a Jersey cow for. Dad: $500. Si: you're buying a name... Dad: they'd cost $200.... Dave: what ill that old cowom mine bring? Dad: $150 to $175 and the calf $75. Dave: why don't you sell that cow and add a little extra and get a jersey? Dad:.... Dad: boys, that calf I bought from Ivan is really a cow. She's a heffer now and gives a gallon and a half at a miling. I wouldn't take $200 for that heffer.
(End of conversation)

[illegible] ha watched till out of sight.

218

Buying fur, Hatfield gang, Millsboro, Beverly, Last one living Passenger pigeons, old log school house.

(Dad watching Ralph Tiger Jones fight on TV.....)
Dad:"If I weren't so tired I'd go over there to the end of the meadow and start shep. He'd tree a coon right away. He's going to whip that white fellow. He's about got him.... Now, he's about got Jones. Pretty even fight... He's tired." ...(Jones won.)
(Dad playing the organ and doing very well !!) Dave: that's good Dad. Dad: ha, ha, ha. Dave: What's the name of that song? Dad: I don't know--it just came in my head, ha. Dave: who was that woman that shocked hay? Dad: Ronald Pennington's wife. The besh hand I ever had, in the hayfield in my life. She'd run from one shock after she shocked it to the next windrow to get started again. Yes, and the whole day long. She said she learned from Mr. Tyree when she lived there.
Dave: Paul, Dad has a "talk letter" to send you. (this was intended to be mailed to Paul and Vonda, but got misplaced)
Dad: Hellow Paul, Vonda and children. It'd be better to hear you say "hello Dad" and greet me with a kiss. I hope you are all well and enjoying God's richest blessings. I can't stand much hard work anymore. I feel I'm slipping down the evening side of life, but I'm enjoying life and I'm so glad my children are all Christians and seeking that eternal home where we can have a great homecoming xomeday. We'll not be so far apart and be together always. I'm looking forward to that happy day. We gathered 35 gallons of strawberries and our gardens is coming on nicely. We have our sheep sheared and have sold the wool. I made out a little check for your's and Thayer's wool. We're having several bee swarms. One big swarm went off yesterday, but that happens every year. Our Sunday school is holding up good--we have about 60 and that's good for Slatyfork. Well, I've been working hard to build up our church and have at least a few stars in my crown..... saved through our works. ... through the precious blood of Christ, can we be saved. So live close to Him and trust Him and our meeting won't be so far off.....I Ivan and Genevieve and Evan came in a little while ago and Sylvia and Jr. are here to say hello to you. Each of you have our sincere prayers that God will be real good to each of you. So goodbye till we meat again. Lot's of love, from old Dad.
Dave: Paul, I went fishing at the Mill about 3 times and caught a few small ones. We've been here a week--came up Sunday and going back tomarrow, Sunday. I was over to the Friels yesterday and Kerth and I fished down on Greenbrier river, but didn't catch any. I came back to Slatyfork and went over the hill and nailed some boards over the front windows of the old house where someone threw rocks through.
Si: Paul, Vonda, Thayer and Barbara Jane. Dave can't shoot any better than he ever did. Ha, He can make the groundhogs fly. Take care of yourselves. Come up when you can Goodbye.
Ivan: Hello Paul, Thayer, Vonda and Barbara. This is your brother Ivan. I'm getting older. But my youngest son talks courser than I do, so folks on the phone sometimes want me to tell my mother about the affairs of the church etc. Evan and I went over on Dry Branch and fixed some fence. This evening we came up Elk River from Charleston thru by Bergoo and up by Granville Brady's (dry branch) and took the truck part of the way up on the hill. Anyway we worked until after dark and came on over here and ate supper and see the folks and have a good time talking. We wish you were here with us. Best of joy and happiness to you all. Good night.
Dave: I'm having trouble with theforward speed on this recorder.--It slips. I have to rotate it with my finger to keep about the right speed. While I was here we hived about 10 swarms of bees. We doubled up some swarms in order to get enough bees for one hive. (End of 1 side of big reel)

... watched till out of sight.

Dave: this is Oct. 23, 1961. I'm up here seeing Dad, doing some hunting and looking for some chestnuts. I'll see if I can get some stories from Dad. Dave: Dad, tell us about the first money you borrowed and starting in business. Dad: I didn't have any money at all and I borrowed $30 to buy three calves from a neighbor. I borrowed from John B. Hannah for a year and I bought the calves. No, he wasn't a relative, but his son married my sister later on. Considering money then he had plenty. He trusted a 12 year old boy and I invested in those calves and sold them the next year and had $39 profit. I neighbor boy said "Let me have part of that money and we'll invest it in buying furs" He said he noticed at the Edray post office a price list that was away above what people was getting for furs. So Igave him some money and we both bought furs and I doubled my money. So I stared buying fur from that day on and I made double on every shipment. So I finally saddled up an old horse about 20 years old and went all over the country (county) buying furs. Believe me, you don't find many boys 12 years old that would do what (Eddie?) and I did to get started in life. The trip down Elk River: I went about 20 miles on the old horse to my aunts, Melinda Rose (Sarah's sister and stayed all night. Then went down further to a home where they had some prime minks. The old man wouldn't sell them to em. I told him I'd pay him what I could afford to pay. He said "you've got to go 2 miles down to the school house and buy them from the boys. Whatever they take is OK. So I went to the school house and called out the boys and asked what they wanted for the minks. One said "I'll take 25 cents a piece for the mine" I asked the other and he said "I'll take the same for mine" I said "what about the coon hide and skunk. They asked about two prices for them !! -- more than I could get. I said "alright" and paid them for the furs. I came back up and took the hidesoff the boards and put in the sack. The old woman asked me how much I paid for them. I said "I paid them all they asked", ha. I waited till I got the furs in the sack and then I told her I'd paid them 25 cents for the minks. She said "you didn't pay them anything" ! The old man said "now you shut up. This boy said he paid them all they asked for them. ha, ha. So those minks brought me about $3 a piece. From then on I bought fur for 25 years. I finally had 6 men buying fur for me all over the county. That's one way I got my start in business. Yes, I kept going back down Eld river buying fur. I went back to the same place and asked the old man if he had any furs and he said the boys had some. He said to come on in and look them over, so he let me buy them from him!

Dave: Did you pay the $30 back? Dad: Oh, yes, I waited a year. I went back to pay old man Hannah. I didn't know anything about interest or money, ha, ha. I said "here Mr. Hannah is your $30 and thank you for it", ha, ha. He said "that's alright " ha. ha. Dave: maybe he didn't expect any interest from you. Dad: No, I doubt if he'd a charged me for it anyway. , as he thought a lot of my father and mother, ha, ha.

Dave: what about the Hatfield gang? Dad: Well, they wrote me a letter and told me to put $500 in a box up at the old school house and signed it one of the gangs. But"they" weren't the gang. It was a man, they found out later, was a teacher. Down in Webster county. (Doddrill?) was a teacher at one time. He was planning to get this money. I took a box and put it at the school house where they said to put the money--"if not, we're coming after you" So I put the empty box at that place. I went with another fellow and watched for them to come, but they didn't come late in the night. We went up the next morning and there was his trank and he threw the box away about 30 yards from the school. People thought the Hatfields were coming. .....

Dave: you told about the first car coming through here. Dad: it came down Elk by one of the neighbors. 2 of the boys were down working in the field. They'd never seen a car before. One said "look yonder, the horses ran off and the buggy is still going," ha watched till out of sight.

Dave: Where did you see your first train? Dad: I went to Millboro, Va when I was 12 years old with another party after a load of salt--Johnny Slanker, after a load of salt for Hugh Sharp. It was the first train I ever saw--in Millboro. There was another fellow along with me and he went into a saloon and wanted a bottle of liquor and the man said "you're not of age" and he yelled "....give it to me etc. (fast talking) and the saloon keeper gave him the bottle of liquor and he held on to it--(pulling it from the saloon keeper). Another fellow went to Millboro and ..... like I was, and said to the conductor: "I want to take a 25 cents worth of ride". Dave: did you ride it too? Dad: No, I wasn't with that group of wagoners. So that fellow got on to take a 25 cent ride and thought he'd just go few 100 yards, and they said it took him 2 days to walk back, ha, ha. .. He had his horses there ready to haul a load of goods. DAD: there were many funny things that happened away back then. Dave: Whose wagons went to Millsboro? Dad: Everyone, about, in Pocahontas went to Virginia after salt. Farmers, there'd be maybe 3 or 4 wagons with sheets and lay on the ground (at night) Dave: what if it rained? Dad: We'd put the sheets over the wagons, like a covered wagon. and we had blankets. We'd take our food with us in a box to do us 4 days to a week. Sometimes it'd take a week. Others about 4 days. Back then we had some pretty tough times. When I wasgrowing up, we had 3 things for food. We had meat and bread for breakfast, and bread and meat for dinner, and had both of them for supper. ha, ha. And we got along just fine. We could go out and catch a mess of fish or kill all the turkeys we wanted, and there were plenty of deer. I believe the farmers enjoyed life just as much asthey do now with the airplanes and automobiles and the fast life we have today. They'd go to a neighbor's house and spend all day and enjoy the day toghether. Now we're in too big a hurry , only to say howdy-do and goodbye. Dave: You used to take wagons to Mill Creek didn't you? Dad: It was Beverly. I used to haul my .....goods from Beverly (meaning it was shipped by rail to there)) We had our own wagons and horses. One time, another fellow was ..... my horses and wagon. There were two other men's wagons too. One for the store at Linwood and one for Sam Woods at Mingo. Sam Woods had about 4000 lbs of goods and Frank(Hamilton?) (at Linwood) had 2000 lbs and I had about 2000 lbs but mine wasmostly all wire fence. They had about 25 cartons of jars. They stopped near Elkwater to stay all night and they saw a big storm coming and they decided to go up on the hill to stay all night at old man ..... and stay all night. So they put the horses in the barn on the hill on the right hand sid e of the river and they went over to -Coggers?-- There was a cloud burst at Mingo and washed a big heap of logs near Sam Woods store and took away.....the bank, and it came down the valley and washed away the old Stalnaker house that had been there for 50 years, but no one living in it. It picked up all th ree wagons and carried them all away. The had a time getting the wagons back together. They'd find a wheel here and there. But mine, the wire was within a few 100 yards. They got my outfit back gogether again. People said they saw those jars going through Elkins floating on the water. Sam Woods lost about 4000 lbs of all kinds of merchandise. I think I lost a barrel of sugar. The wall of water was from one side of the valley to the other. A man who lived up on a hill went over to see about the flood near our wagons. He heard the roar coming and there was a big pine log about 4 feet over laying over in the field. He ran as hard as he could run to escape and the water to his knees when he got to the bank and he saw that 30 ft long log float away. If my driver and the others hadn't gone to that house to sleep that night, they would have all drowned and the horses too ! It washed the saddle off the manger of a horse(house?) over on the bank or hill, a few100 yards away. I've gone thru many a hard spell in life, but the Lord has been good to me, as I look back over life.

Wagons - flood

(age 89)

Dad: Out of 250 people my age, when about 12 years old, from Mace Mt. to top of Elk Mt.--I figured up sometime ago, of families then, every last one of them have been called away, but L.D. Sharp. I'm the only one that's living of my age. Dave: we hope you live another 98 years. You're a 89 this summer. Dad: well, I like life. I'd like to live forever if the good Lord would leave me. I have ..... and a pretty tough time for a few years. (cancer of prostate. He may or may not have known he had it. If he did he didn't tell us). But I'm not complaining. After the 8th day of June, I'm going on 90. According to nature I can't stay here many more years. Many of the young people possibly may go before I'm called. But one thing sure and I'M certain of, I'm trying to make preparation for my eternal home, so I can be with my mother and father, sisters, former wife and daughters. I'm looking forward to that day to a homecoming and I'm expecting each one of my children to meet with me there on that homecoming day. I'm so glad they have all accepted Christ in early life and I trust they are living true and faithful

(End of 1st side of cassette)

It may not be far off that L. D. will be on the other shore. I'm praying that the Lord will spare my life for a few more years. I'm glad Jr. and Sylvia came to see me. I can't express how I love my children. I can't treat them as I'd like to treat them--by not having or enjoying health like I am. I'd like to be more jolly and go on the mountain (with them) and take a little hunt,--squirrels, and pheasants with Jr. when he was here. According to my health I'm not able to do that. But I'm thankful to be able to go. ..... After death we must meet the judgement. I advise my friends to accept Christ and be saved so we may meet again on the other shore.

Passenger Pigeons: Dave: You used to tell us about pigeons. Dad: Oh, there were thousands of wild pigeons. Thousands come in in one bunch. They'd light right down on the ground and scratch through leaves and eat a ways, they'd fly over the ones ahead of them and start scratching leaves again. .....

...we'd shoot among them sometimes with a musket loading gun --loaded through the muzzle. We didn't have any shotguns then. Still maybe a half a dozen would fall as they flew over. P.....

Pigeons used to roost on trees on Gauley and they nearly broke down a whole pine patch. Thousands and thousands of them. My uncle went in there to see about them. Hundreds of them killed when limbs broke off the trees. (Uncle Harmon?) You can hardly believe it. T Thousands in one cluster of them going through the country. I haven't seen a pigeon for years !

Buggies: Dad: Yes, Ellis Hannah, my brother-in-law bought the first buggy in this country. I had the first cart. I went to Greenbrier county and took a horse with me and bought a 2-wheel cart. I used that for several years. Dave: what did you use it for to ride in? Dad: courting ha, Dave: did you go to see mother in it? Dad: yes, and I married while I had that. I wasone of the first to buy an automobile in the county. There were 3 and I was one of them. I bought a Studebaker. We had muddy roads full of chuck holes. You couldn't go 50 MPH like you can now. (bought it about 1914-1915) Between here and Marlinton, one time, I had 3 flat tires--sharp rocks in the road. (Singing)--Dad: Yes, we've sung at several homecomings in the past few years in different counties. One had 15,000 people. Yes I've been choir director at the church for severa years. When I was 12 years old my father went me to a singing school and when the school was over they elected one person to lead the choir (group) for three months. Different ones were elected--Harry Jackson, Bob Gibson, Ellis Hannah, and that boy "LD, 12 years old wre elected for 3 months. I can remember it as well as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just

222 Stories by L.D.Sharp 10-23-61 (Reel #"61") taped by Dave Page 5 222

as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just bumped together--I was so excited. But now 10,000 people doesn't have any effect on me. At one of the homecomings they just had our group of singers. Someone from another church told us they enjoyed our singing and wanted us to be at their homecoming. Once we had about 8 in the choir and we went to the Indian Draft church homecomming.....
Dave: Did they teach you to keep time when you were in singing school?
Dad: Oh yes, and we used shapped notes and I use them yet today. I can read the shaped notes off faster than the round notes. They've envited us to some homecomings lately but I'm not able to go--been sick. I can't carry on like I did. I guess I'll have to give it up, I reckon.
(Land inheritad) Dave: Didn't your parents give you some land and some to your sisters? Dad: They gave me a tract of land where we lived (the old home place over the hill)--over at the old place and gave each of them (sisters) 200 acres of land. The only money my father gave me in my lifetime--for he wasn't able to give me any--he gave me $50. He sold some timber and gave each of us, Ella, Melinda and myself $50 each. Melinda got her land over on Slatyfork (up the mountain from Slatyfork creek above Lowell Gibson's present camp) , and Ella got the Alum Rock place (on left side of Slatyfork creek--there's powdery alum (vein under a cliff near the creek 1 or 2 hundred yars above line fence) --200 acres there.....Melinda got hers back on top of the mountain (Buzzard?)
Dave: Who owned the land on Elk where Ella lived. Dad: Old man Billy Gibson. Dave: Who owned that place where Harry Varner lives. Dad: that was part of the same place. I've been there a many a time. Ella married old man Billy Gibson's son, Robert and they lived at that place (Varner place?) for several years until old man Bill giave them the Bob Gibson place when he (Bob?) built up there. I went to a dance near there when I was about 18, and I slipped off from home. There were 36 there at the dance at old man Jim Gibsons and every last one of them are dead except L.. D. Sharp ! So I've been thankful the good Lord has spared my life as long as he has. (Story of the dance in another section).
Dave: Didn't your dad help build the old log school you went to? Dad: Or yes, I was only 3 years old. I saw them building that house. My father took me up there. You wouldn't think one could remember back till he was 3 years old. But I heard my parents speak about it so much. I saw them building that shhoolhouse and I saw old man Painter selling it inside and running a plane. I saw them making the blackboard. Ella and Melinda was older so they went to school a few 100 yards from home. They'd take the 3-year old kid there before it got too cold several times. They'd take the blanket (another place in these series he mentioned a sheepsking) for me to lay on. They had long benches about 10 feet long on both sides of the schoolhouse. I'd come out of the school to go home and my mother would watch for me. She could see the little white headed boy coming running down the road for dinner. I'd said "I'm coming home to eat gravy with mom. ha, ha.
Dave: Dad, I thank you for these stories. I'll keep them and it'll be nice to play them back from time to time.
(end of #"61" tape and end of Cassette-(side 2)

Stories and history of the Slatyfork,W.Va. Sharps by L.D.Sharp, taped 10-5-54 by Dave Sharp
0-54)

227

Excerpts from a taped, intended, letter to Paul and Vonda in Texas, by"LD", Si and Dave.
Dad on History: Grandmother Hannah said our forefathers came from foreign countries-- German, Englis, Irish etc. I was 12 years old when my father let me buy a mountain rifle-- muzzle leader. That first year I kept a diary of what I killed and remember distinctly I killed 16 grey squirrels, 3 wild turkeys and I forget how many pigeons. There were pigeons s'ore ey the thousands and 100s of thousands and reared like a train coming. But that is over. I've been hunting the past (82 years of age) One time back on Slatyfork mountain I saw 3 pretty black hogs coming down the mountain that I thought belonged to mr Varner, Ben Varner, and when they came closer, I saw they were a big bear and two cubs and they came down in front of me and wallowed in the little run and I had a single shot Winchester. I kept my eye on them and thought as soon as they got up I'd try to kill one of them I'd shoot the old one and maybe have a chance killing the others. So when they came outt of there they jumped on a big log and ran about 20 steps from me and I hollered "halt". I'd heard my father say at a bear you had to holler "halt" to get them to stop. There was a big tree, right as the bear jumped beside this tree I hollered "halt" and it wassn't like a deer they finished their jump right then. She stopped behind the tree and I could only see a part of her. I moved back (in the other direction?) there was a tree beside that one. There was a cub on the leg and I shot and it fell off down over the hill. There was quite a bit of snow on and I tried to get another shell in and kept trying to put the shell in with my fingers, single shot, and the old big bear jumped off that leg dst as I get the shell going in the gun, right off toward me. She thought the sound was below. She lookded down the hill. I could just see her neck where a little bit of her head looking down the other way. The sound echoed down the other way for her. She jumped within 15 feet of me and I just jerked the gun down and fired at her and missed her. But I was scared nearly to death. And she ran down over the hill and I ran around the hill to head them off at--I knew they'd come off at the highway (old road) and they'd likely come around to where there was a pine patch where they usually cross. I stood there a good bit and then came back to where I was at and went down to where this one fell off the leg and there was blood all over the ground on both sides. They'd come back and went right up the hill where I could have shot at them for 100 yards I reckon. while I was standing down there waiting for them to come around to me.I went up on the little flat, there was a laurel patch there and I went in. I ventured into that laurel patch , and I saw where the old big one and the other cubs had stopped there with this one that had laid down that was badly wounded. So I heard them tear out of that laurel patch. There was blood where the cub bear laid. So I went over about 200 yards and got sshaky-like. and I went down to Mr. Warners and told him I thought I'd killed a bear and for him to come up and help me take a stand, so he did. He took a track and told me to go up on the ridge and when I went up there, the bear had already gone through. So he said don't go any further. We'll go back home and get Henry Sharp's bear dog and come back in the morning and we'll go after them. So he was scared and didn't want to go any further. --because....I'd hid behind a tree and jumped at him and got his nerves ha. ha. ha. I came home that night and we were out of weed and my fahher said we'd have to get weed , and itsnowed about a foot that night. He said "why, these bear would go for 10 miles tonight. You'd never find them" He talked me out of going back the next morning. The fellows who followed them from Clever Lick, Woods Billey, he asked about 2 weeks from then " who killed one of these cubs" ? He'd followed them over there and went back the next morning and they jumped up on the Johnsen's flat, just a few 100 yards from where we left them, and there were two of them & knew someone killed one of these cubs . It snowed all over this dead bear and I lost my first kill.

I've had quite a lot of exeerience in my 82 years of living and hunting from the time I was 12 years old and killed quite a number of wild turkeys. One time I was over on Gaulley where there were plenty of deer. I killed 7 deer in 3½ days hunting. Of course, I've killed a deer each year until last year. I got my dear almost ever year till last year. Ifailed last year. They allowed killing does and fawns the last 2 years and they've about killed most of the deer out of around Slatyfork. Hardly any deer around here any more.

I've had the great sport fishing. I've caught a great many of trout. I enjoy hunting very much, but I'm getting most too old to get over the hills. I've not been very strong lately, so have to hunt around on level land, mostly. I haven't been able to find any turkeys yet., but we hope some one runs some through that I might have a chance to kill one.

Dad telling names of parents etc.: My father was Silas Sharp, my mother was Sarah Sharp. (Silas called her "Sally") Grandfather William Sharp, Grandmother Rachael Sharp (was a Bilby). There were 7 childre of William. There were 3 of them killed during the Civil War.--3 boys. My father was captured (as a civilian) and served 23 months and 24 days in prison in Salisbury . N. C. They stared them to death there by the thousands and I was going through there going to Florida and there was an old man there and I was talking to him and asked where the prison was and he was pointing out that the prisons were more like barns., and he said they all starved to death and what wasn't starved was poisoned. I said "no, they weren't--my father was exchanged a few days before the war ended and that he lived --he lived through all that but said thousands of them starved to death" he said; "oh no" this old man, he's getting old and childish said "no, no, there wasn't any of them that got out--every one of them died , my father didn't die they poisoned them" ha, ha, He contradicted my story of my father living through it. . But it was terrible what they went through.

David Hannah was my grandfather Hannah. Grandmother Hannah's name was Hester. They had a large family. There were two of the boys that died during the war with diptheria. Cut their family down.---mother's brothers. One (another) was a preacher. They were all very religious . George P. Hannah was the preacher (brother of Sarah, Dad's mother.) I think I had one of the best mothers that ever lived. I guess most everyone also thinks the same about theirs". My father was a great man, a good man, a good religious man. My mother was outstanding in every way. She was good to the sick and anyone she could help. One thing I'm grateful for is that I had good Christian parents.

My Dad's (Silas') brothers were: Henry, Bernard, Harmon, and Hugh and one sister, I think her name was Margaret, but she died with diptheria during the war. (burried below the store, left of the road on the high bank). The 3 boys that were killed was Luther, I was named after him., Henry and Bernard. Margared was 12 years old. Took diptheria. It sure was a hard stroke on my grandparents to loose that many of their family--four out of 7. Only three lived through the war. One of the boys was found with an apple in his pocket and my grandmother planted the 7 seeds from this apple and only 3 of them grew. She gave one of the trees to uncle Harmon Sharp and one to my father (Silas) and one to uncle Hugh. These trees grew up and bore fruit for many years. It lookedd like they represented --to show that just 3 lived through this seige, the grea t Civil War.

My first wife's name was Laura Morgan and she was a preacher's daughter. There were about 5 in in that family--Bill Morgan, Edgar Morgan Ninnie Morgan, Lena Morgan and Laura Morgan, my wife. (Edith was the mother of the children).

My sisters were: Ella Gibson (Mrs. Robert Gibson) and Malinda Hannah (Mrs. Ellis Hannah). Bothe were older. Malinda was 5 years older and Ella 3 years older. Malinda lived to be 85 years old and Ella must have been about 80. They lived about 4 miles from Slatyfork (on Elk) When I was a boy there was quite a number of people living on Elk and Linwood and out of maybe 200 or more there was, two years ago, only 6 of them living along my age and they've all died off. (End of first side of large reel tape).

In the past 2 years theyve dropped off and now I'm the only one that's left of these my age--about 80. I'm 82. I'm the only one that's living of that great number of people that lived here on Elk. Whole families have passed on. So, I'm going yet pretty strong--not like I used to, but I don't know how long the good Lord will leave me here. But I hope to live on so to meed these great many people I knew in my boyhood days.

Meeting Laura (mother): Well, I went to a pichic, first one I'd ever been to in my life, and my wife had visited this picnic with another girl, so I took a fancy to her actions, and meeting with her she seemed to talk so nice. I asked her if she'd take a ride with me in a swing, ha. ha. So that was the beginning of our courtship at this picnic, the first one I ever attended. After I was there with her there a few hours, I thought one day I'll write her a letter--a nice letter and see if I might have a date. And so that was the start of my courtship as best as I can remember. It was near Linwood--about 3 miles from here. The first time I ever drank lemonade was a t this picnic, ha. I thought it was something wonderful ! There hadn't been any in the country up to that time that I knew of. I thought the girl was more wonderful (than the lemonade) ha, ha. And she was so nice and every time I went to see her I thought she was the "only girl on the beach" ! ha. and finally we got married. I won the battle. To see her I had to go horseback them. Didn't have any cars, and really no buggies in this section of the country. I did win out even if I did go slow, ha, ha. Yes

Typed 3-28-80

225

Yes, I did have competition, but I was the best looking boy, ha, ha. ha. (joking). No, I don't mean that, ha. Any way my winning ways (joking) must have had something to do with me winning her. Because she was so fine. She was preparing to teach school. I changed her mind after we long and she became a great housekeeper.

had a nice family of 7 children. And one of the greatest things of all is that.... there was one of them, only about 16 (18) (Creola) just finishing highschool took sick and came home and died....but one great consulation is as I started to say is that my 6 children living, they've all established families except one who is not married and they are all Christians, living for that heavenly home we might someday enjoy. Countless ages of eternity together and it gives me great joy to know that they are all living for Christ.

buggy

Mode of traveling when a boy: Horseback and "footback" ha, ha. We either had to walk or ride a horse. I never had an automobile untill about 1915. Well, I don't know... a few years before that I bought a buggy and maybe a couple of them,---I were them pretty well out--about 1900. They didn't cost but about $100 to $125 and maybe not that much. We ordered them from Cincinnati from a factory there.

The first automobile I'd seen, a Dexter fixed up some kind of a meter on a buggy. He ran about 6 miles an hour. He drove around a few times here on Elk with that meter. I guess he fixed it up himself, to run that buggy. He had some kind of a steering arrangement. I'd seen him once or twice--maybe 3 times.

first one that came down Elk, it came over a hill and 2 neighbor boys, they yelled "look the horse ran off and there away from the buggy and the buggy is still going yet. Look a t it going yet" (probably an appropriate joke for them to tell on that occasion !).

They didn't have telephones then. My first telephone was around maybe 1900 or ? (1993-1994) People thought it was something wonderful when we had the phone put in and one about 12 miles away (at Edray) Some asked if the messages came in to our phone over a hollow wire. I told them it was a solid wire. Phones must have been cheap then. You could buy a pair of shoes for $1.25 that'd cost $6 or $8 new. Coffee cost.... we sold coffee a t 12 cents and 15 cents when we started the store. Now it cost $1 to $1.25. Flour sold for about $4 a barrel in wooden barrels. Your dollar was worth something then. I think we were as well off then as we are today.

End.

PS Dad's children were: Ada (married John Johnson and then Will Curtain), Violet (married Rufus Markland) Ivan (married Genevieve Cruderff of Arbovale), Creola who died at age of about 18., Silas of Slatyfork, Paul (who married Vonda Lowe of Buckhannon, and after her passing married Ketha of Port Neches Texas, and Dave who married Sylvia Friel of near Marlinton.

Stories & History of the Slatyfork W. Va. Sharps

Stories and History of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharps, by L. D. Sharp, taped 12-25-59, age 87 & 6 mo
(Taped by Dave Sharp) 226

(Dave: who were the first in Pocahontas county to own automobiles?) The first I knew of was Ace Barlow at Edray, Bowd Hannah on Elk and L. D. Sharp, myself. We bought the first few cars I know of in this county and they were Studebakers. Later on people began buying the Fords and different makes of cars. (Dave: Did you have any trouble with them running in the ruts that the wagons made?) That's all they had to run in, you might say, because of dirt roads. They weren't very wide and the wagons cut ruts in the roads. They had a let of trouble with the blowing out by stones and the bad roads. We had dirt roads. We had to keep them up. Each farmer worked, I believe 3 days or 5 days a year free to keep up the ruts such as we had. The government didn't pay any money for to keep them up. Farmers had to keep up the roads so they could travel. (Dave: what about gasoline in these days?) We didn't know anything about gasoline until we got the cars, and then we got the cars. Then someone in Marlinton set up a gas station and furnish us with gas. We'd get a barrel at a time. That's about as much as I'd get when I first started handling gas. But these others buying cars, ones already had them. Bowd Hannah was about as close to me any one else. He'd buy 60 gallon barrel at a time. We had ordinary pumps in order to pump it out into our cars. That was a pretty rough way to get along. We thought it was something wonderful. (Dave: what about that telephone line, which way did it come in here the first time?) It come throught from Randolph county. Dr. Bosworth was the first to come through and built the lines. There was one phone at Dr. Cameron's (Mace) and one at Mingo at Sam Woods store and I took a phone and so did George P. Moore at Edray, and Marlinton was the next place they were supposed to have telephone service. (Dave: could you call Marlinton from here?) No. We could call the office there, but didn't have any regular operaters to call for us. Yes, the phone line went on through to Marlinton. And they had a contract with some of the people at Marlinton to pay so much money to Dr. Bosworth for bringing the line throught to Marlinton. Yes, I think those were the first phones out of Marlinton (back thru to Elkins, I guess he meant) (Dave: In other words the line ran this way instead of down Greenbrier River). I don't know how long it was before the line went on down through Greenbrier county and up also up through the head of Pocahontas county--not very long after they found out what a great blessing it was to have a phone and talk over the wires. Different ones asked me how you talked over it, saying "The wire is hollow isn't it"? I said "no, the wire isn't hollow. Electriety in the wire. They could hardly believe that. And they were so excited they, at Edray, the preacher wanted to sing a song and he'd sing soprano and I'd sing tenor. So we sang over the telephone 12 miles away! He sang one part and I sang another and we thought that was wonderful. We sang together and 12 miles apart. Oh, it was hard to make people believe that we didn't talk through a hollow wire, ha. ha. (Dave: what about the first automobile that came down through Elk from Marlinton?) Yes the first one came down throught by a home up here and a couple boys out in the field and it came down the road and one of them hollered: "Look yonder, a horse has run off and with a buggy and it's going yet. There's no horse to it--it's torn loose--and it's going yet". ha. What a great laugh about it later on. They couldn't believe it possible that something likem that could go without horsepower. (Dave: didn't someone on Elk call on the Party line that a horse ran away and for them to stop it?). No. not that I know of, ha. ha. I don't remember. (Dave: where did you kill your first deer--back there on the mountain?) I couldn't answer that. I think it was back on Slatyfork, and Uncle Hugh Sharp, I killed a fawn. He said it belonged to his pet deer, Nanny. He had about 12 or 13 pet deer and he said "thats one of my deer you've killed, I believe. He didn't care about me killing it, but he said that one was one of old "Nannies"(name of his deer) fawns that I killed. and It might have been, ha, ha. I don't know, ha. ha. I wasn't looking for any brand or name. (Dave: what kind of gun did you kill it with?) I don't know--I can't answer that. I had, I think a rifle I got. I had a rifle and a muzzle loaded rifle--that's the kind of gun I had first, and it might have been it. (Dave: what di d you do with that gun?) I just don't know at all for my life what ever happened to that gun. It'd be a relic now, wouldn't it? (Dave: How many pheasants have you killed this year?) Well, it may be against my religion, ha, ha, ha. I don't know what the limit (Dave: say if the limit was 40 how many did you kill?) If the limit was 40 I guess I killed something less that that, ha. ha, I missed several, though. Well, if you're going to take me to court--to to take it down (tape it) for the fact, it was 13. Well now, don't take me to court and have me fined, ha, ha. (Dave: you'd say before the judge

(226)

Typed 2-28-80

ories & History of the Slatyfork,W.Va. Sharps by L.D.Sharp,taped 12-25-59 age 87 & 6 mo. 227

over there in court that you killed 13?) Ha, ha, well if I went before him I'd have to say it. I won't swear to a lie, ha. (Dave: how xix many did you kill last year?) I didn't get any last year. I only got 2 squirels. I had to go to the hospital (prostate operation ? and I didn't get to take a stand for a deer. So I missed last year. I had the priviledge of shooting at one this year, but it stopped in a big patch of brush--too thick to get the bullet through to it. I thought I might kill it anyway, but missed. And my gun got clogged up (jammed) and I couldn't get any other shots and it got away. What is that flying over there? Violet. I saw a robin out there. (Dave: yes it is. It's Dec. 26th) It flew down in the pathway and up in that tree and then flew over in the garden. (Dave: Violet, do you know this gentleman sitting here? who is he?) (Violet: Well, this is my father, my very devoted father) (Dad proudly laughed, ha, ha, ha.) (Dave: how many Christmases have you seen?) XXXXXXXXXXX(Violet: I just can't say that, I'd rather not, but it's been several. But this is the first Christmas I've been in here since 1917. 40 years since I've been to Slatyfork,for Christmas.) Dad: You see, the reason she doesn't want to tell her age, she lost her husband and looking for another, ha, ha, ha. (Violet: well it'd be awful hard to find anyone as good as he was. So I think they're very scarce). (Dave: how many of your kids were in here this time, all of them?) Well there was Violet from Richmond, Va.; Paul from Texas. Ivan and Genevieve and their son from Charlesten, and Si living here with me. IT's xxxx a great joy of having them with me for the Christmas holidays and celebrate the birth of Christ. It's been about the most enjoyable hellidays I've ever spent, I think. It's going to be very sad with them going out tonight and along in a few days--next week. It makdes it very sad to have them to leave us. We pray the Lord to take care of them. We commit them in to His hands to take them back safely to their place of abode or living,-- where they work to make a living. We're awful glad to have them. I cannot express in words. I can hardly think about it without shedding tears. If they all left at one time, I don't believe I could stand it. Some are going tonight aand tomarrow and next week. They'll drop off gradually and I'll live it through, but it's hard to give them up. We'd like them to stay on and on, like we used to have them around our fireside and our house, and we enjoyed their presence day in and day out. The way circumstances are, they're scattered far, and so we're certainly thankful to the good Lord that they have been with us and giving them health and strength to make thejourney--coming in to see old Dad and xx meet together and be together. I can't express in words how I appreciate it. (Violet: you know Dave and Sylvia are here too.) Oh, pardon me, Jr. was handling this machine (tape recorder) and I forgot, ha, ha, ha. I call him Jr. Dave and Sylvia pardon me. There is som many of them I have so many children, ha, ha, ha. I think of them as much as any of my children. That was just a slip of my mind. I was past 21 on my last birthday, so you may know why I'm just forgetful--being that old--past 21. If you ask how much past that, I was 87 the 8th day of June, last June. 87 years and 6 months, since I came into this world. Don't seem but a short time. Don'tx seem but a few years since I used to go to school up there at the top of the hill--about 80 years ago,,(school across old road from cemetary)--when I was first going to school--past 80 years ago when I first went to school. But it don't seem but a short time. So if any of you hearing me talking, If you think you'll live to be old and it'll be a long time for life. But it'll slip by before you know it, if the Lord spares your life, it'll be over before you know it. So it doesn't seem long since I went to school and lived with my mother and dad and sisters. But according to nature and all, like that, I can't expect to be here that much longer. So the main thing I think is for each one of us to live for .....

.... when least expected, and we find that is true. When one of our loved ones who goes out in just moments of time, so many people dying of heart trouble, and one way or another. (Dave: what's going on?) (Ketha, said : we're fixing to eat phesant) (all laughing and talking at one time) (Violet: Bet your fingers out of there (apparently they were weighing themselves on a part of bathroom scales) Dad: He's recording all that. (Ketha: Dave what are you doing?)(Genevieve: he's recording--we'll play it back.) (Ketha: I weight weigh 135) (Genevieve: I do too.) (Dave: How much do you weigh Paul?) (Paul: I weigh, with this heavy underwear and shoes 219 lbs.) (Genevieve: Violet wants to weigh her shoes.) (Dave: How much is that Lila?) (Lila: 140 even) (Dave: Come on Violet, comeon Helen) (Genevieve: come on Si, Dave , Evan .....(Dave how much do you weigh Evan?) (Evan: 155) .. .. (Helen? 126) ..... more talking. (Si is now playing piano over in the parlor. It's far from recorder so low volumn on the recorder)

227

Stories & History of the Slatyfork, W.Va. Sharp's by L.D.Sharp, ta ped 12-25-59 age87 & 6 mo.

(Dave: Dad, lets get some recording of your singing. When did you start?) Well sir, I started singing when I was 12 years old. My father sent my sisters Ella, Malinda and myself to a singing school. We went to two terms. I forget who the professer was that taught the singing school, up at the old log school house below Mary's Chapel Church (on Elk). That was the only church on Elk. They had the singing, preaching service and all the meetings in this old school house. And after they had the school closed, they decided to let the leaders carry on the singing. So they decided electing leaders for 3 months. And in electing, they elected Bob Gibson and Elis Hannah (maybe father of Russell Hannah?) and Curry Jackson and Dave Gwinn and L. D. Sharp, just a boy 12 years old. So I had more nerve than I had brains, ha, ha. So went ahead just the same. It came my turn. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday when I went up on the platform to lead the singing. My knees shnoock so, I could hardly keep them from bumping together and it was hard for me to stand on the floor.. I was awful bashful. But I've kept on singing all those many years. I'm 87 years old the 8th day of June. and I've been leading choirs ever since a boy 12 years old. And now it has no effect on me. I've been before a few thousand people leading our choir from Slatyfork. We've had a good many choirs in the last 60 years and we've had some awful good ones. It doesn't make me afraid or nervous or anything. I can go before these thousands as well as I could , or better than I could when I was 12 years old among my own friends and neighbors. (Dave: haven't you been superintendent of Sunday School many years?) Oh yes, I was superintendent and taught Sunday School. I've gone to church every Sunday I was able to go that I remember of since I was quite a small child. When I was too small to go, of course my mother and dad took me. They were both devoted Christians. And they'd take me to church when I was so small. I believe in that so much. The Bible says bring up a child when it is young and when it's old it won't depart from it. The trouble today is that so many people don't pay any attention to their children. Just left them grow up among all kinds of charcters and it's bringing it's results to most of the yong people. So many of them are going astray.....

I enjoy life, even at my age. I'd like to live on, if it's the Lord's will. But I know according to nature I can't live many more years. I've thought over it a lotm of times--several years. Three score and ten, but if it is his will I'd like to live just forever, even though I have lots of trials and troubles and disappointments and sorrows, Yet, I enjoy life. But I know it's better on beyond. (Dave : your dad's name was Bill?) William. (Dave: how much of this ground did he own around Slatyfork--most of it?) Well, Grandfather Sharp owned about 2,000 acres, and then he bought the place for Harmon Sharp (at the forks of Elk River, Big Spring Creek and Lawrel Run running off Gauley mountain). My mother and father sold live stock and helped pay for it. He promised to buy them a farm where it was level . Instead he bought him a tract of land just across the hill from where he lived--several hundred acres, but it was all in green timber. And my father had to go in that green timber and clear out fields to lay out his corn and wheat, oats and things that took care of us through life---food. My mother made clothes and my father made our shoes and we had an awful hard time of it, but we had plenty to eat such as it it was. We didn't have any canned fruit. It was all dried apples and dried berries, but they dried an awful lot of fruit. We didn't know what a can was. I didn't see a can when I was a small--like the cans today. But there was nothing better than a dried apple pie! We liked the way we had to live. We enjoyed it as much as we do now with all our conveniences, automobiles, etc. (Dave: what kind of lights did you use?) We had candle-. They killed a beef and used the fat, I mean tallow. They had candle moulds--makes six candles at a time. . And we thought we had a wonderful light when one had a candle light. They had flints back in my earlier days, where you had a flint rock and they had a spunk (soft dead pith wood in logs) and they would strike that flint and it knocked sparks in that spunk and set it a fire and get the fire started that way, and my father and mother had little twists of paper on the mantle that they'd reach and get one of them and put it in the fire and light their candle with it. We didn't have the conveniences of this day and time. (Dave: did you have to make your own sugar?) We made our own sugarx. My father and mother told us when we made it, we had to make, I think it was, a 100 pounds of maple sugar and then we could have the rest of it made up in molasses. And we children would work hard because we liked the molasses so well we'd get that 100 lbs of sugar. We had to have that before there was any molasses made.

228

Stories & History of the Slatyfork, W.Va. Sharp's by L.D.Sharp, taped 12-25-59 age 87 & 6 mo.
(Dave: what about mineral rights on the land?) Yes, I own the mineral rights. It'd never been sold. My father gave 400 acres: 200 to Elbn and 200 to Malinda. Ella (sold) kept her mineral rights. On her piece of land there was an alum rock and there were nugets that looked like gold or silver. They may become valuable some day. (That alum rock is a few 100 yards above the Sharp line on Slatyfork, Greek, just across the creek and up against the bank about 20 feet.), but she sold the land. But she may have kept the mineral rights. (Dave: Dad, --about the old mill down here. Did you have it built?) Uncle Sam Gibson and Tetrick a man named Tetrick. They got the land off of Uncle Hugh Sharp. He gave them the land to build the mill. And didn't charge them a penny for it. They built the mill and then ran it for a good while and they had an "up and down" saw attached. They sawed a lot of lumber there. They had a place to run up logs, and they could saw lumber. And could grind their grists if they wanted to. Finally at last, Brice Griffin bought it off of them for just a song and he ran it for 10 or 15 years, I expect. Couldn't grind over 15 bushels in a day's time. When they first had the contract the man who put the mill up contracted, guaranteed to grind so much an hour. They ground flour ..... The old mill rocks are down there yet, laying out on the ground. --The corn rocks and the flour rocks. (Dave: didn't Willie Gibson have a key for it and worked there?) He may have. Brice Griffin died. In his Will it was to be sold and the money to be given to his mother. Others bid against me. I didn't want anyone to get in there that was undesireable and it was up to me to buy that land back. The Mill was was gone down from the few years standing there. It wasn't used any more and it cost me $500 to get that piece of land that Uncle Hugh Sharp gave to Uncle Sam Gibson and Tetrick. I've given that land to Silas Sharp, my son. (Dave: did you run the mill some yourself?) No. I never. I had it run. I take that back. I got old man Elbon and his son Charlie to remodel that mill. I'm forgetful. I bought 50 bushels of wheat from Sam Moore at Edray and I ground all that wheat into flour. And I ground corn to meal. I didn't grind any for other people. I may have had Brice Griffin run it a while before he died, but i'm forgetful (he couldn't have had Brice, as Brice died and it was sold at auction to Dad--?) I didn't grind for others. You got a gallon out of a bushel for toll (for grinding it) So it didn't pay me to grind for others. (Dave: was it Henry Gibson's father, Sam Gibson that built it?) Yes, he and Tetrick ..... they built the first mill. There was a corn mill over at where Barney Showalter lives (Bill Gibson place across the creek from the church.) Andy Hannah, took it over from his father John Hannah who had it built. He ran it for years. I remember taking corn there to grind.
(Dave: did you buy any mill stones?) Yes, I bought from old man McLaughlin who had a mill for 40 years, I reckon. There's where i got the last corn stone and the flour stone--I bought from old man George McLaughlin over above Marlinton. Had them hauled over and had Elbon's put them on the mill to grind. They cost several hundred dollars (new) shipped from foreign countries--France. But I didn't pay much for them. They were doing him no good. I got them very cheap. If someone wanted to put in a mill they'd be just first class--corn meal and flour. People and times a re too fast now, you know, to stop to grind any corn.

Chas Elbon

229

History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D.Sharp 8-29-59 by Paul L. Sharp (Copy 1)
AGE 87 --Dec. 1980----Re-taped on Cassette and typed by Dave Sharp

In the presence of Paul, Ketha and Violet, Dad was asked to sing and did: " When the Roll is Called Up Yonder". Then they ate supper. On tape: Si played some good piano music.

Dad: Well, I was 12 years old when my Dad sent me and my two sisters to a singing school. And after we went to two singing schools, they elected what they called chorus leaders. They elected different ones for 3 months, and in electing the offices they elected the little boy 12 years old--that little boy was L. D. Sharp. The first time I got up before the congregation I couldn't keep my knees from clapping together. I could hardly stand on the floor. And I served out my three months and when it came another term (turn) I was elected again. I'm 87 years old and I've been singing and leading groups of singers since I was 12 years old,,and since that time going to different counties,, taking our groups. At one state song service they said there were 15,000 people there and getting up before large congregations didn't have any effect on me. I got so it doesn't have any effect to get up before large congretgations because I have been used to it. I often think how hard it was for me to stand before the congregation to lead the first songs I ever tried to sing. We've gone to different counties and gone over into the state of Virginia to a homecoming and were called to Greenbrier county to a homecoming 2 years ago, and they wanted the Slatyfork group of singers. So we took our group to this homecoming. We thought there'd be several groups of singers there. There were several preachers there and a very large crowd--some from California. To my surprise and disappointment, you might say, they depended entirely on the Slatyfork choir. We got a great deal of praise and I was very proud of our group of singers because they did a good job. I love to sing. I hope to someday to be able to sing after this life is over. I do the best I can here, but I'm looking forward to the day that I can really sing when I join the choir in heaven with the angels. (Knowing Dad and his intense love of music, that is exactly what he is doing now!) I'm looking forward to that day. I enjoy attending church and helping with the singing. We've done it several times at home comings this year, and we got a wonderful lot of praise at them, and I believe they really did enjoy the music--our singing.

Paul: Could you say some things about your family?

Dad: I have a whole lot to say about my individual family. We had seven children in the family and they all accepted Christ from the age of 8 to 12 years old. I'm certainly proud of that. And I'm proud of my father and mother of the lives they lived. Because I don't know what would have happened to me if I'd had parents like a great number of people have. They never attend church and live wicked lives. But my father and mother when we were growing up, they were so strict on us that the first pocket knife I ever bought, my mother said: "now don't use that pocket knife on Sunday or you'll lose it, ha. ha. and I believed it for a long time. I'd use it during the week and on Sunday I'd lay my pocket knife away. So I'm glad when we retired when the day came to a close, that my mother (I had two sisters) would say "come here and say your prayers before you go to bed" and we'd say our little prayers, as children commonly are taught : "now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, and if I should die before I awake, I pray the Lord my soul to take" So, then, we learned to bend our knees while we were so young, and I'm so proud of that, so proud of our early training. The Bible says: Bring up a child when it is young and the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it" . And I'm glad my children are following the steps of their mother and their father and trying to live for Christ, and it gives me great joy to think of the great homecomings we attended during the past years and this year, But I'm looking forward to the day when we'll have a great homecoming that will be worth while!--that we'll all meet together at that great homecoming after life is over. That'll be the greatest joy of anything a person can think of.

So many parents never take their children to church, never bring them as they should be brought up. A number of families, as many as 12 at Slatyfork who never attend church. It hurts me that the parents would bring up children so irreverant, not to love their Lord and master while they're young. So I'm certainly thankful that my children came a long distance to visit their old Dad and loved ones here. They haven't been able to come all at one time. But Paul and Ketha and Violet are here now and others have been coming. Before this, Junior (Dave) and his wife and Ivan and his family and Will Curtain (Ada's Husband) has been in visiting us. So we certainly do appreciate that. One thing we grieve about is that they take such a short stay and we hate to see them leave us without staying longer with us--for we enjoy their company so much. As I understand it, Paul and his wife and Violet are going to leave us in the morning and it makes me feel sad that they're leaving us. We'll be very lonesome after they leave, because theyve been such company to us.

231

History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D.Sharp 9-29-59 by Paul Sharp
Re-taped on Cassette and type Dec. 1980 by Dave Sharp

Copy 1

Paul: what about your father etc. He was in prison once.

Dad: ha. ha. He'd done no crime or anything like that to get in prison, ha. People'd think he had done a terrible crime. No. It was the time of the Civil War. He was living in his home, living a quiet life, harming nobody. The Rebel soldiers came and captured him when he was just in his prime of life. He really wasn't on either side. The people didn't know which side they should join at the beginning or out-break of the war. So they took him to prison and he served 23 months and 24 days in Salisbury, N. C. where they starved thousands to death. I had 3 uncles who were killded during the Civil War. Bernard Luther, and Henry. Luther was only 16 years old and the Rebel soldiers came running down the valley and his mother yelled out "look out, yonder comes the rebel soldiers"and this boy took to the hill back of our (this) house and only 16 years old . Old Jake Simmons was following behind the group of soldiers that were running down the valley and he shot this 16 year old boy and killed him. It was the same time they captured my father and took him to prison. The other two boys were in the army when they were killed. One was a rebel and the other was a yeankee. (Dad may have told us one other time he wasn't sure one was a rebel).

Paul: You were right here on the border between the North and South, and your family tried to remain neutral and couldn't do it. Dad: And they really didn't know. I've heard them say: at the time when it (war) broke out they didn't know which side they should join! --some of them. My grandfather (William) was a republican--after he lost so many (including Luther) of the family in the war and because of how my father (Silas) suffered as he did in prison. They were Republicans dyed in the blood--they surely were Republicans all their lives.

Grandfather Sharp (William) and grandfather Hannah(David) --their foreparents came from the foreign countries. They were Irish, German and Englis. My grandmother could almost trace them , as to speak" to Adam. She often time told about them coming over here. We've got all kinds of blood mixed in our veins--Irish, German and English. During the first World War when they were so down on the Germans I said to a traveling salesman: "I've got some German blood in me, what do you think of that?" He said: That's pretty bad blood, pretty bad blood!" ha, ha.

I've spend 6 winters in Florida and traveled quite a bit. I've been here 87 years the 8th day of June, and I thank the good Lord for taking care of me down through the years. I've had troubles, sorrows and disappointments. I've been only to one dance in my life. I chose to go to. You should keep good company: A girl I'd been corresponding with was as pretty as you may, a speckled pup, ha, and she came to my home, rode a horse up , horse-back. They rode horse back the. No automobiles, even no buggies, and persuaded me to slip off and go to a dance. So I went off up to the dance (on Elk), and the people from all over the country geathered to Elk, a certain section of Elk. They called it protracted dances. The best I counted, there were 36 people there, and were healthiest people in the county. I never saw such a time in all my life and I never expect to see , nor want to see another like it. Talkm about drinking ! A fellow played a banjo . Another played a violen. The banjo player got so drunk during the night and I was going around trying to promenade. I'd never been on the floor before and he through out his feet and I fell over his feet and fell in the floor. I was a bashful boy of 18. Oh, I was so ashamed of that! I almost pulled my girl in on me. I had to hold her. I didn't fall clear to the floor. The thing I want to bring out is that every one of those 36 that was there that night has been called into eternity. I'm the only one that the Lord spared a life. I give credit to the Lord for taking care of me down through the many years. I haven't tasted whiskey for 50 years. When I was a child we didn't have a doctor any closer than 23 miles. They had hardly any medicine. So when we were sick the people in the country would give us a little ginger in a little whiskey as a medicine. I never even tasted beer. I'd rather see a salon in the community than a beer joint. They call them beer parlors and I hear they even have ladies any more to go in and wait on the people, selling beer. I see in the paper where 45% of the people killed in car accidents last year was because of drunken drivers. I think the time has come when every Christian should do everything he can to stamp out the liquor traffic. It'd be a great saving of life for the country. Liquor is ruining so many families and causing so many deaths.

I don't know what else to say about my life. I'm going along pretty strong at my age. I've had quite a bit of sickness this past winter--operated on (prostate?), but I've scraped out of that. I'm going to stay as long as the Lord sees fit to leave me here. I'd like to live always if it was the Lord's will. But you know after one's death, then the judgement.

231

232

History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D.Sharp 9-29-59 by Paul Sharp 232 Copy
Re-taped on Cassette and typed Dec. 1980 by Dave Sharp

We are told that death comes a thief in the night, when least expected. So we are commandedy to be ready and not wait till death comes. We must have on the wedding garments, have our lamps trimmed and ready to enter into the marriage feast. No matter when the summons comes we should be ready. That's my advice to every individual and not wait till they are old to accept Christ. Because after they get to be 50 or 60 years old it is almost impossible to get any one to change their lives. It seems the older they get, the harder it is to amend their lives. So I sinsit on parents to bring children up the way they should go ,-- take them to church--not send them. Take them to church every Sunday and live close to a Christian live. Let their influence live in the family they are bringing up.

Paul: What about the roads and in your days. ?

Dad: We had mud roads. Weren't very wide and were kept up by each farmer who worked 4 days a year in order to keep up those roads. We had no buggies. Most people had wagons because they had to go to Millbore (Va) about 60 miles for salt and roofing and supplies. There wasn't any salt or sugar to amount to anything (here) and they went to Millbore. They (his parents) had mills and ground the wheat people grew and ground flour. Women these days wouldn't try to think about making light bread out of X flour like we had to live on. It was the best we could do. I owned a mill after I grew into manhood. (Last used about 1920. Remains can still be seen --1980-- submerged dam-leg, rock foundation and the rock side-dam.)

Paul: In the past you've talked about inventions, transportations in the early days.

Dad: Well, back in my boyhood days when there wasn't a buggy in the country and I was one of three who bought the first automobile bought in Pocahontas county. (A 1915 Studebaker) (The enameled licence plate in the store window possibly may have been the plate for it??) I remember the first buggy that was bought by my brother-in-law. I bought a surrey--a two wheel surrey, the first conveyance I ever had. A good many people don't know what a surrey was. It had two wheels and a skeleton seat, big enough for two people to ride in and we thought we had a wonderful way to move along with x one horse. I went about 40 or 50 miles to where a man was advertizing and selling these surreys and buggies. I rode a horseback to go get it with the harness on the horse (to be ready to pull it when I he got there) and I had that until my first courtship, ha. ha.

There were no telephones in the county. I was one of the first to have a telephone. There were 2 or 3 in the county when the lines got through first--just to try it out. (I believe that Dad in another taping said that Marlinton had no phones, and they got their phones after the line was brought through from Randolph County by Slatyfork. It was extended on to Edray and Marlinton. There were probably one or two in the Linwood area before the line got down to Slatyfork. First ones in the county??) Someone who came to my home one day and I was talking 12 miles to Geo. P. Moore's store at Edray. They had one. One fellow said to me: "How do you get the message over the line to Mr. Moore's store? The wire is hollow, isn't it?" ha, ha. I said: " no it isn't hollow" ha. ha. He thought we were talking through a hollow tube over the telephone wire.

We had no docter any closer than 23 miles. No hospitals. If anyone got sick,---most mall the farmers had different kinds of teas. They had teas for different sicknesses. They had peneraall tea and different names for teas they had. My mother (Sarah) had a half a dozen different kinds of tea hanging up there (attic?) dried, and If any one got sick --she was a great hand at going to visit the sick. She'd geather ups some of these teas and take with her.

(Joke??) When I was x quite small we had three changes of food a day. We had Bread and meat for breakfast. Meat and Bread for dinner, and both of them for supper, ha. ha. We enjoyed life, I believe better than today. We could go out and catch a basket full of fish in a few hours, and there were plenty of deer and wild turkeys to galore. And bear, plenty of them--too many of them. They killed our sheep. They did more harm than good. But I velieve people were better satisfied. They'd go visit a home and stay all day, and families would come to visit my father and mother and stay all day. There was no rush, and now if they go and stay just a little while in their automobiles, they're up and gone. We're living in a fast age and many are losing their lives by living in this age of automobiles.

232

History, Stories, Thoughts and Advice--Taped of L.D.Sharp 9-29-59 by Paul Sharp
Re-taped on Cassette and typed Dec. 1980 by Dave Sharp

Courting — We rode on horseback. I did my first courting riding horseback.
Paul: How did you court riding horseback?
Dad: Ha, Ha. Well, I managed to get an awful nice wife--your mother, a preacher's daughter (Laura Morgan) I fooled her and got one of the best girls in the country for a wife. I give credit to my children for being what they are to a great extent for having such a wonderful mother. She was a preacher's daughter. I don't take any credit. I give most of the credit to their mother. Her father was a Methodist circuit rider. He rode horseback. He didn't have any buggy. He preached at nine different appointments (country churches) on the Edray charge. He lived at Edray. (In the same present parsonage building) he had to ride horseback or not get to his churches. It looks like they'd (circuit riders) get a greater reward than ministers today who stes in an automobile and a few minutes after the church service (be at another church)--go all over his charge. Could do it in a few hours. In that time it'd take maybe a half a day to come from the Edray parsonage over to Slatyfork to preach.
Paul: what did you say you went to Millbore for?
Dad: We went to Millbore to get salt, sugar and such things as that. There was no salt in this area.
(About 1884)-- The first time I was to Millbore, I went with Uncle Harmon and another fellow. ..... to take his horses and wanted me to go along. I was 12 years old and it'd take us almost all week. We had a box to carry our lunch in and we'd sleep out at nights. When night came on we'd drive to the side of the road and camp over till morning. We took feed to feed our horses. It took us about all week for this wagon trip. Didn't have any buggies. There was no other way of conveyance.
(Dad told me,(Dave), a story that was not recorded on tape about this trip, when they camped near a negre town in Virginia, and when they pulled a trick-joke on him I may tell it elsewhere in this booklet being compiled.) see "Jan 31, 1980" page 6
RR — A couple fellows--a railroad came through Mountain Grove (Va)--they thought they'd like to try that train out. So theywent to the donducter when the train pulled up and said: "We'd like to have a quarter's worth of ride" The conductor knew they didn't know what they were talking about and he gave them a quarter's worth of ride, ha. He took them on the train and it took them 3 days to walk back, ha. ha. Well that taught them a lesson! They knew not to take over a dime's worth of ride the next time, ha. ha. I guess someone else in their group took care of their horses while they were gone.
Paul: Dad, you've seen a lot of new things--inventions...
Places at Fair — Dad: Telephone, hard surface roads, automobiles, T V, airplanes. I rode the first planes that came into the county at the County Fairs. One fellow came in there and made quite a bit of money barnstorming ("Scotty". He'd go behind the barn and take a drink between rides in his biplane. He got killed in Ohio stunting, --I believe flying under a bridge.) People would pay to take a ride over the town of Marlinton and sometimes pretty well all over the county, but not too far because he wanted to get back to get another load of passengers.
Paul: Did you like to fly?
Dad: I certainly did ! Paul: Would you rather live now than back when you were a boy?
Dad: I really believe we had more real enjoyment than we do today--even with all the inventions, telephone, TV, radio People are not satisfied today. We're looking for more inventions and goint to the moon(it was predicted). I haven't thought much about that trip! ha.ha. Paul: Do you have anything to say now before you sing for us? Dad: Well, all I have to say to those who may listen to this, be good and live from day to day, as we're commanded. Be thanful. Realize where our good blessings come from--God. Trust in him and you'll never regret it. Paul: Thank you Dad, Now what song do you want to sing?
Singing Songs — Dad: Well the title of the song is " Jesus is the Way"--a wonderful song. I hope anyone who listens to it will pay attention to the words, the meaning of the words. (Mable played the piano whild Dad sang solo. Another song : "My Faith Looks up to ~~THEE~~ Thee". Another song: Trio: Dad, Paul and Mable--"Beautiful Home Somewhere". (Dave: Icouldn't tape the music!) ha.

Dave: There was a lot of Si's fine piano playing on Paul's reel tape which was not included on the cassette copies made by Dave. After taping Dad's voice I did go back to Paul's reel tape and picked up (on last 1/4 of 2nd side of cassette) Si playing piano, and with a little comedy-conversation played the tener banjo, guitar and accordion.
And Dad's singing is on the cassette where indicated in the transcript.

History and Stories of the Sharp Family, by Luther D. Sharp, taped 6-13-67 in the presence of his children, Si, Ivan, Dave, Violet, his second wife, Mabel, and Genevieve, Ivan's wife.

Mable and I went to the Mary's Chapel graveyard. I looked all through it. There was old man Jim Gibson, Cousin Wm Gibson and other old people I thought was up about 90 , 95 years old, and there, they were 70 & 80 years old! Just for fun I told Mabel, "let's get out of here, let's get out of here. I'm the oldest person in here"! ha. ha. 234

Yes, Uncle Hugh was 77 years old--on the tombstone 77 years old. (He said to Ivan:): "Ivan, wasn't he converted?, Ivan, didn't you talk to him and he accepted Christ?" (Ivan: "yes, ... that was on his deathbed".) He was a mighty fine good man, but never joined the church. (Dave: We're all here except Paul") I'm awful proud of it. I appreciate it, you don't know how much. (Dave: you're 90 years old a couple days ago) I thought sometime ago that I wasn't going to reach 90. I prayed to the Lord to spare my life. (regarding age referred to years and days:): Better to have it even years, you know. It takes right smart paper to print that, and you'd have it in the paper no doubt, but it doesn't matter about it. (Violet: "approximately 5,000 Sundays--?) They made a mistake. Did you figure it up how much it is? (Violet: I don't guess they count the Sunday you were born") Dad: Oh yes they took.....(?) . (Violet: "four thousand,six hundred eight...(.?) Dad: Ha, ha.

(Dave: If you counted those.... before he was born that would make some more") Dad: ha, ha I don't regret it. The greatest heritage on earth is father and mother. Raise them up in the way of the Lord, When they get old they won't depart from it. That's history, and I'm no exception. That is time. He's recording every word I say.

I'm happy my children got in to my birthday, and my son's .....?... was born on my birthday. I said ('d never have any children named after me because it'd mix up the mail so and getting mail and letters . So the way Jr got his name, he was born on my birthday and after he was born my wife said to me "this is your birthday and this is your birthday present and I'm going to name him Luther David Sharp". I said allright , that's all right, ha, ha. She'd gone down to the jaws of death presenting my son, so she could have her wishes! That's how come Jr. got his name, Luther David Sharp. After I'm gone I guess he'll ..... his name .....?) (Dave: They can call me "LD" then.) ha , ha.

Yes, it was nice you to stop by and see old Dad. ....?....Christian Life that's the remain(?) of faith and family. That's my faith. .....

Thinking about having ... .prepared, I never heard my father go to bed in his lifetime to go to bed without having prayer. Lets all of us bow and have a silent prayer. (silence) (The following has to do with two hitchhikers he picked up on Elk in his car.).....this one fellow, he told me, I asked what was he doing coming out of that hollow up there and Lake Reed was up there getting lumber, and we sent truck up (hitchhiker: why, we were up there hauling lumber and broke the truck down and we're going on to Marlinton to get some parts") And in no time when the other wouldn't tell me where he was from.....hesitancy in answering, I figured out when I hadn't gone a half a mile, I knew who they were. And so I was scared out of my senses nearly. Went over to Marlinton, said to myself, now ..... If they demand me to go on by, I'm going to fly right on by over in the city and raise ned if they holler for me to go on. I came down hurried as fast as I could across the bridge. They yelled " we wanted to get out back there" and I'd run them all the way across the bridge and let them out. And here a couple days later police caught them in Huntington. Dad was asked if his father made their shoes. .....pair of boots a time or two. (Dave: where did you get the leather?) Got from McCarty down at Hillpoint. Killed a beef and they'd send hides down and he'd tan it and get it back in a year's time. Got leather all the time that a way. (Dave: didn't he (his father) make shoes for all the family?) Yes all the family. He had lasts for all of them (Dave: did he make shoes for others too?) No. I don't know where he got his lasts. (Genevieve asked: did they make different size shoes?) Yes different lasts ..... for size of our feet. (Dave: Did he ever make any pegged ones?) Yes, all he made was pegged shoes. He'd punch a hole and he made the pegs too. Made of maple. Sawed off about half an inch or one fourth an inch, you know , off right on through like that. He'd sharpen off at each side first, I think and all he had to do was sharpen each one on the other side. Oh, he could make them as nice as you could buy them. He was a mechanic, mechanically inclined. But I never got .... as most of my boys did, who take after my father. He made breast pins when he was in prison at the time of the civil war. He was in there 23 months and 24 days, lacking six days of two years, and he made breast pins and made a couple breast pins and sent them back to mother who he was courting before they nabbed him and took him into the starvation prison.

234

235

They starved them by the hundreds and by the hundreds, starved them to death. At Salisbury, N. C. (Dad on way to Florida about 1939 ?) and we stopped (Violet: wasn't he in prison in Richmond too?) Yes, before they took them all to Salisbury, N. C. and an old man (sitting on the street) had a long grey beard. Henry and I and your mother..... I said where was the prisons at---my father served 23 months and 24 days, lacking 6 days of being two years. I said they didn't have prisons, they just had just like barns scattered all over this country here. He said they starved to death and what they didn't starve to death, they poisoned. And I said my father was traded for rebel prisoners just a few days before the war ended, and he said, Oh no, there wasn't a one that escaped. Every last one of them starved to death, or was poisoned . And I said my father lived through it and I am his son. He wouldn't give up. I couldn't make him believe. My father said "I saw them every day, wagon loads of soldiers and saw them digging trenches through the fields and just throwing them in and dirt over them." Well, one thing about the rebels were starving even their own men. didn't have food and of course prisoners of the yeanked army. Why, a good way to get rid of them so wouldn't have to feed them, you know. (Dave: didn't he sell some of those breast pins he made to get extra food, but how did he get extra food if they didn't have it?) I don't know how he got these (? black hides ?...) made beautiful breast pins. (Dave: did you ever see any of those pins?) Oh yes, I've seen them. My mother kept the first few (?letters?) I don't know who which one of the girls got them, --Malinda or Ella. He said that they died off there with diptheria and said the old black woman that gave medicine for diptheria, that he got on the right side of her and told her to give him two doses of it. She doubled the dose. He said them out every day and burried them , And said there was a captain that was so mean to the prisoners and the prisoners threw a bag over a captains dog that followed him in. They then killed that dog, and ate that dog. And said they begged him to eat some of it and illled a cat and begged him to eat a bite of it and he said , I think he couldn't swallow it. And he said he didn't get any more in a week than he could eat in one meal. Said they had skippers (worms) all over the top where they had boiled the ham and said we just turned it up and drank it. (Dave: How did he come back home?) I started to tell you a while ago: why the captain that was so mean to the rprisoners , and somebody shot outside while he was in there going through among the prisoners, and he went to the windown and stuck his head out to see who it was that shot outside and they blew his head all to pieces. He said the prisoners rejoiced over this., because he was so mean to them... He stuck his head out to see who shot , so they blew his head off.. (Dave, did he walk back from Salisberry N. C?) Yes, he said he went by a town after his release--got his release. Grandfather Sharp (Wm.?) and Wamsley had (they or this?) yankees had Wamsley's son and Captain Marshall's son and Grand father's Sharp had traded. Got traded sons out of one prison out of the other. Just a few days or weeks before the war was over. Said they were going by a town and they said"how did you get out" and he told them he was released, and said traded.....? And they said "if we gain our independence, we won't let you live with us". He said:"if you gain your independence I'll not want to live with you!" , and they came out, started out like they were going to .... He said I put down the best running I could do I ran but they stopped and didn't follow. Yes , they was mean (souther rebesl) (Dave: I guess they were kind of mean on both sides,?) Well, I don't know about the Yankees, Iguess the yankees..... treated the southern prisoners better? anyway. My grandfather Sharp(william), after the war was over, he brought suit against Marshall. Capt. Marshall he was a captain, but had men through here. Old funny name (. . .) had captured my father (Silas). He brought suit against him for several hundred dollars. (apparently Marshall was a rebel) It was in court for years. He came to my father's house over there. Called him out. They wanted to see father to sign a compromise. (Dave: What was that in regard to?) Capt. Marshall and Wamsley , they came to see him. (Violet asked a question(?)) No. They wanted him to say something so when they go into court that they could get it released, you know. (Dave: what did he sue for?) Because they took his son (Silas) away from home here when he wasn't in the army. He wasn't bothering them at all, you know. They find a young man the thought he was a yankee and they took him to put in prison and starve him to death. Whether they meant to or not, they didn't have food for their soldiers, they claimed, but they did starve them to death by the 100's and 100's of them. I couldn't make that old man believe all my telling him about my father lived, that any of them got out at all. Oh, my father said

it was awful, awful life. (Dave: Gen Lee camped up here at Linwood, didn't he?) Yes, they came through here on our land and the fence around that field was all rails, and they said .....few thousand of them , they took from one side to the other and brought those rails and put them right up through that field yonder from one end to the other and started a fire and camped there and burned all the rails up in the 10 acre field. They camped at Linwood a great long time. (Dave: didn't someone go up there and haul back some lead bullets that was left by the rebels when a freight wagon broke a wheel in the creek?) My father and Uncle Hughs went up there and had all they could carry on their shoulders— a 100 lbs, I suspect, or 75.. all my life we melted those rebel bullets and made bullets for our guns. We put them behind the chemney over there (at the old home place--at a chemney about 50 feet below the present old house) I've gone there and got them & There was a pile as big as a half a bushel or more than that where they were piled there in back of the steps. Uncle Hughs brought the same over here (at the log house next to thenew house now in use) . It was all they could carry. Lots more left there. They carried out all they could. (Dave: did any of them (Sharp's) go up and visit the army at Linwood?) They wouldn't bother them up there. Mrs. (?) (Yeagart? ??...) different times talked about " there goes Gen. Lee's horse many times. (Dave; did she say that?) I think he was kinda courting her, you know. She was a girl. Gatewood was a colonel in the army in the rebel army. (Dave: In the rebel army? I thought maybe if colonel Gatewood would have been in the northern army) No he was in the southern army. (Gatewood lived at Linwood on the bank beside the road. It was dismantled about 1970 and a modern house built there) (Dave: that must have been the reason they camped at Linwood.) They knew about where the union army was, and they had some over in the valley, you see.(Valley Head-Mingo area) It was at Elkwater where they had their fight. (Dave-1980: I thin there is a stature of Gen Lee beside the road on Mingo Flats yet).

Jake Gibson acted crazy and ..... he was in the [illegible] army down there and he ran to the river and their army was then on horses. The captain was on a horse and they galloped past him and he ran to the river and the river was up deep and he couldn't swim and it was too deep and the captain galloped up to him and he [illegible] fired a shot or two and ordered him to surrender and he says: "your're an brave soldier--not a hair of your head will be hurt, then he an (Jake) shot at the captain and hit the horse and killed the horse out from under the captain. The captain ordered them to shoot him. They shot Jake Gibson all to pieces. He was a brother to old man Bill Gibson, old man Jim Gibson. He would have saved his life. That was foolish, when he didn't have a chance, he should have taken a chance on getting away again, shouldn't he?! His brothers were old man Bill Gibson and Dr. Gibson--they were raised up here on Elk. Is my bed made honey (Mabel) (Dave: you're 90 years old. You better get some rest) I have to get up so many times at night is what gets my .(strength?). WENT TO BED. X NEXT DAY: (Dave: who built the old house down here that we call the honey house?) Grandfather william Sharp. The first house was down at Eva Sheltons. Just at that apple orchard. (at the mill damn spring). Way back in my young days I've seen the chemney rocks. They hauled them away later on. And they came up here and built that house(what's standing of it?) and then built another above here, a new house--later on after later years.(Dave 1980: I don't know which he means) Had to haul the logs around to Andy Hannahs where Barney Showalter lives (across from the church). Old man Hannah had an up-and-down saw mill that was run by wa ter, where he had a mill dam where people took their logs there and he sawed them into lumber. And they got lumber to build this house--I mean that second house(Dave: I don't know which one it was unless it was the addition added on nearby and moved out of theway to build the present new house, and which log house covered with clappord that Si Sharp sold to a man in or near Elkins who planned to re-construct it over there--about 1976 or 77.) (Violet: why did they use wa ter at the saw mill--to float the logs?) Had a mill dam there and had a place the water ran through on a wheel and that started the grist mill a grinding and they ground all our corn into meal for years and years. Then we built one (a mill) down here. Will Elbon built one down here. Uncle Hugh Sharp gave Uncle Sam Gibson and somebody else the land--that tract of land--5 or 8 acres, to build a mill dam. So they got Elbon from down at Webster Springs. He was a millright man and .... .? But I got old man Elbon and his son Charlie to put in the burrs and ground flour. The box up in the wagon house--that was in the mill. We groudd wheat there for years. And Brice Griffin tended to the mill. Those rocks (burrs) are still there yet. (Violet: Did you get some of the meal for rent?) Well, I had Brice Griffinm make a Will, so if he died

that it was to be sold and the money be given to his mother. And Brice agreed to it and I drew up the will and had witnesses sign it. Later on..... he died and they put it up for sale. And here comes this fellow from up at Cass down there and it up on me. Uncle Hugh gave him the land to build themill. I had to pay $500 to keep that fellow from buying it and keep him out of down here. (Dave: you've gotten $500 worth of fishing out of it) Many times more than that of pleasure. I got pleasure of a thousand dollars or more just fishing. I'll have to go to bed now. Good night.

NEXT DAY: (Dave: did Uncle Hugh save those service trees up there?-on the flat) Oh yes, he cut down the other trees and left the service trees. (Dave: These chestnut trees, we used to pick them up and a nuts here when I was young) You could pick them up by the bushel. (Dave: what did they use them for, bread?) Well, they'd eat what they wanted to eat. Didn't make bread out of the m. I bought them by the bushels here 50 - 60 years ago and shipped to one of the cities, I don't know which. They'd lay on the ground and you could pick up a bucket full in no time. But some blight struck them and killed all the chestnut trees, I reckon all over the United States, and it about put the squirrels and turkeys out of business. They just feeded on them. That was an awful loss to our country. Wild turkeys feasted on them. There were so many wild turkeys, and they just died off--xx starved to death. (Dave: wasn't there one or two rebelx soldiers burried up at the top of the hill?) He was burried just to the left hand side of the road. I was plowing there and the horse broke through in on it. Looked down in one. (Dave: who shot those rebels--were they rebels?) I don't know if they were rebels or yankees. I think they were Yankees killed. Joe Gay and Walt (Allen? Apple?). (Dave, 1980 Uncle Hugh said they were from the South) (Dave: didn't uncle Hugh say they brought one of thense men in here to the fireplace in the old house?) Yes, Uncle Hugh thought so much of him--stayed with him till he died. He was shot up there at the "flatrocks" (near "yellow house"--near the new water fountain up on the old road). (Dave: Didn't those rebel soldiers take all the apples the family had?) They come there where they had them burried in holes, you know. Lee's army came over there and commenced taking apples. It was Grandfather Will Sharp's place. They commenced to pick them up and the captain told them to stand back and handed them out to them. They went across the creek to the meadow and took rails from each side and brought them up the middle and piled them along the center for 100's of yards and burnt every rail.

Seems like the captain told them to pay for the apples. They camped across the creek that night in that meadow and burned every rail. (Violet: whad did they burn them for?) Keep warm--Lee's army --through the night. (Dave: what did you use to start fires?) Shavins, had no lampoil, had no lamps. Candles was only thing I had to study my lessons with. Beef tallow candles, and sat by the fire and enjoyed it as much as we do now with electric lights we have now. Martha Jane Hannah was so " close" and "tight" and I was up there to visit my sister (Malinda?) she was married and young boys gathered around there and in a room there , I bet she had 150 candles piled up in a room. She'd light candles for her husband to read the Bible and before the'd say prayer, she'd get up and blow it out before we'd get down to pray! And remember, we always had let the candle burn, and their children studying their lessons, going to school, and one of them would get up there and punch the fire up so it'd blaze up and turn their books up sideways so they could see to read--I can still see it. She was that "close" in saving her money. My mother made our candles. I think the mould for them are out here in the store showwindows. I've seen my mother make a many a one. We had slates to write on. We figured arithmatic on slates at school. Oh, there's a big change, we got along just as well. We enjoyed life just as much as we do now,--I believe more. They'd go on a visit to neighbors and stay all day. And they don't do that now. They had log rollings. They'd come from all around--from 5 or 8 miles around--gathered for those log rollings and help roll up the logs that the man had cut through the winter time to raise crops next year. Most all of them would clear a patch of land and put in corn the next year. That's the way this country was cleared off, and then they'd call them in and move those logs into heaps and burn them up. Oh, they burned thousands and thousands of dollars worth of valuable timber--cherry and.... and I've seen where they rolled up big popular trees, you know, when lumber wasn't worth anything then. Then another man would have a log rolling and they'd all go and help him. They'd divide off with leaders. Each man would have 5 or 6 men in his crew, and each would see how fast they could roll up those logs. I remember when that field " around top of the hill" (right side of Slatyfork creek and below the old county road) had a log rolling for that. And John Gibson, he's a powerful man, he'd get spikes under a log and 5 or 6 men carry it if they could. I can remember it as well as if it were yesterday, carrying log

man, he'd get spikes under a log and 5 or 6 men carry it if they could. I can remember it as well as if it were yesterday--carrying logs out of that swamp over there. The man would have the trees cut up in logs ready then(for log rolling) They enjoyed life just as much. They killed a wild turkey about any time they wanted to.(that was his great sport). Deer were plentiful. And fish, i've seen my father , he made his flies, I've seen him so down Elk river and come back with a basket full of fish. Creeks were alive with fish. (Dave: how old was your dad and mother?) He was 56 and mother 62. Ivan has the honor... .... for getting Uncle Hugh to accept Christ. He was a good man but never had gone to church. But Ivan talked to him just before he died, and he accepted Christ. Isn't that right? (Ivan: ... a day or two before out on the porch??)(Ivan: he said "everything was straightened up all right --I accept the Lord") That's all we need to do. "If ye confess me before men you shall be saved" --and I risk my life on his word., for his word is true. (Dave: how many people did you say was gone from Elk to Mace your age or over that gone?) Well, from top of Elk Mountain to top of Mace Mountain the best I could count there were 253. They didn't have any jobs away from here and they stayed at home, and none of them would leave Pocahontas County or even Elk. And they married 1st and 2nd cousins--a whole lot of them, cause they didn't get out to meet with other children. Yes there were 253 of them from my age and above have gone into the enteral world. Molly Slanker was the latest one--about 2 years ago. She's from Pennsylvania--she died. She was about a year or two older than I was. Lots of people younger than me died, but those 253 were my age or older. But I don't know that it's any great blessing to live to be so old. If you're ready to die and pass off at any young age, why they spend a lot of chastisements and trouble through life. I've had a pretty hard life of it--up's and downs. (Genevieve: you've had more ups than downs) I guess that's right. But if I had the privilege, Ivan, tonight, to set back to two years old, to live my life over again, I'd say " no". I don't want to live it over. ..... But I wouldn't want to live my life over again and go through what I've gone through with. Oh, I've had a pretty hard time of it. Lots of sorrow--my mother and dad, sisters, my wife and my daughter and (them)leaving out, leaving me.(they'd passed on, he means.) Have to bear it though. That'll be a great homecoming, won't it!? And we don't know who has to go next. Should be ready and not worry about it. When the Lord calls us, why , I know we have on our wedded garments to enter into the marriage feast. I ...In the Bible some of them had made no preparation and when they went to go into the marriage feast why it was over with before they could go in. You know they gave that explanation. How easy, if we'd realize that Christ lives within all of us. "If you confess me before men, you shall be saved!"-"and I'll confess you before my Father who is in Heaven. I go to prepare a place for you and I'll come here and receive you unto myself. I go prepare a mansion for you" He promised a mansion up there for us. And it says it's never been told to man yet the great joy of heaven. The great joy we'll have in Heaven when we get through the pearly gates. That's his word. My father died so young. Finally, he was so tired he said "make me a a pallet down before the fire,"Sally" ~~the wife Sarah~~, " Sally" and I'll try to lay down". She laid the pallet before the fire (fireplace) and he laid down and he hadn't laid there, I don't think two minutes, he called "Sally, Sally, Sally" and by the time they got him up to his desk he had died right there. He suffered untold pain. Dr. Cameron said he had cancer, but we had no sign of it. But he had those awful bad spells, he couldn't lay down. It might have been appendicitus. If now, he'd been operated on and saved. (Dave: how long was he sick?), Oh, he had the cancer 12 months or longer, that he was bad. (Dave: what did your mother die of?) Yes, she took pneumonia and died. We had a mare that had a colt and mother was looking after it in the cold weather and the colt got in the fence. I told her "mother it's so cold you're exposing yourself. You'll take pneumonia and die. Why, she said: "why do we want to stay here, it's better on beyond" and by the way in a day or so she took pneumonia and lived just a short time. (she died Dec. 21, 1908) And I said to her "did you see this evening the beautiful sunshine with the going down of the sun?" She answered "I look at my heavenly home every day. There isn't a day but what I look and view my heavenly home." She's the one (Sarah) who had the brother (about age 10) who died and went to heaven and told all about the beauties of Heaven and all (the people) he saw there, and so on. And came back (to life) and performed miracles--threw a handkerchief up to the left and it stayed there till 2 o'clock the next day. And said I'll show you where

 History and Stories of the Sharp Family, Slatyfork, W. Va. by L. D. Sharp;(taped 6-13-59 62

Heaven is", and went out and my Mother and all of them, the whole heavens turned the Otha
prettiest light you ever saw. (The boy, Otha or Othy said:)"now up this way pap is 239
coming" He'd been to a sale up on Elk and had been gon all day, I reckon. And said a
light like a candle showed the pathway where Grandfather(Hannah). Grandfather (Hannah)
came home and Otha told him he'd died and had been in Heaven and told about seeing Aunt
Martha Buzzard. She'd shout all over the church. She died before he was born. And told(of)
different ones. Said "the Savior took me over and showed me the pits of hell, and there
was fellow on Elk that was so wicked and said Christ asked him " why did you take my
name in vain"? . And he said it was so beautiful there. Grandfather Hannah asked him "Did
you come back to stay with me?" "I just came back just to tell you about heaven. You're
worrying about Joe who died at 12 years old and had never joined the church. There he is!!
Can't you see him !--and there's the Savior!--just as plain as xx can be. The Lord has
saved my brother!" (Later:) "I'm just going to stay a short time. He then begged for
Aunt Mary (illegible) to put her in the fire and said
"not a hair of xHair will burn" and of course they wouldn't give her to him as she
was just a baby. And he told Grandfather Hannah after so long of time "Iwish you'd make
me a pallet down before the fire. Before that though he said I want to eat with you before
I go. She got some food on the table and he sat there and sat there and she ate. And
when they got through they said why didn't you eat with me. He said "the savior feed
me on light loaf and milk and honey all the time you were eating."(Dad told us other times
that the family could smell honey in that breadbox for a long time after that). He said
"there he is right there, can't you see him?" Then he asked Grandfather Hannah about
making a pallet before the fire after so long a time. And he laid the pallet down and
Otha didn't move a hand or foot and never gave a groan. That made them all.(?christians)
.... And, Uncle George Hannah became a preacher. Grandfather Hannah wouldn't
eat anything cooked on Sunday after that. I think Otha had diptheria. It killed so many
of them on Elk.-- Arabaugh's(?) and 5 or 6 old maids and bachealors--killed everyone in
the family and killed the only sister my father had. What was her name?--Martha? (Dave:
I think it was Mary) She was burried down top the hill on the left hand side of the road
(Rt 219 below the store). (Genevieve: was it your mother's brother that died and went to
heaven?) Yes, he went to heaven and came back and performed these miracles. When he
came back a--at the two-story house, there above Frank Hannah's above the road(Rt. 219).
I was there a time or two in that house when I was a child. And he went out and showed
them where heaven was. He threw the handkerchief up and xxxx said it will stay there
on the loft (ceiling) and it'll stay up there and when he threw the red bandana handkerchief
, I've heard different ones of the family say and it looked like the spaceof a knife
blade between it and the ceiling and it stayed there the rest of that day and Grandmother
Hannah had that baby and didn't go up to the Hannah graveyard up there at George L
Hannah's up where the graveyard was then.(Veo Hannah's place) She asked him what time xxx
did they put Otha in the grave. (~~Oh!~~?) And grandfather told her " at two o'clock" when
they burried him She said, " I noticed at 2 o'clock that handkerchief was laying across
the back of the chair. I've heard them say, and I know it to be a fact, they said it
looked like the width of a knife blade between it and the loft. Oh, God gave him the power
to perform those miracles. Genevieve, did your mother die with a heart attack? (Genevieve:
she must have) Wasn't she singing "I lay down my cross and take up my crown" ?(Genevieve:
I'll change my corss for a crown" --as soon as she got through singing that song she
was gone. END

Dad told us previously that Otha told his father, on his return from the sale that he
bought him (Otha) a colt.

* David Hannah's house

Where the tape was not clear, I put dots ..... and question marks ????? If someone can
decipher the tape better later on, it could be changed, or filled in.
This was a tape Dave Sharp, his son, made in the summer of 1959. Paul Sharp also has a
tape of Dad. I may also have another one misplaced just now. 62

Aunt Mary (Some name) buried (Jim Gibson),

239

SHARP 4

Stories and History of the Slatyfork Sharps

by Dave Sharp

240

Skunk

One time Dad,(L. D. Sharp) as a boy living at the"old place" over the hill, came home at night with a lantern up the path along the sideof the hill (left of the Slatyfork creek about 400 yards from the mouth of the creek, when he saw a skunk just in front of him. He couldn't let it get away so he jumped on it with both feet. His feet flew out from under him and he rolled 30 feet down the steep bank,bruised, so lay there a minute to get his breath. He felt the skunk under him and he jumped up and down on it tillhe killed it. He broke his lantern globe. He said he got more than enough from the pelt to buy a globe, But his mother made him leave the clothes outside thehouse until the odor left.

I, Dave, was given by my fa ther, Uncle Hugh Sharp's silver, 18 size, William pocket watch. Uncle Hugh may have bought the watch, or it may have belonged to his father, William. As I remember the story, the watch was droppped in the mill dam when they were working there late one day. They were only able to get it out the next morning. They wound it up and it started running. Dad said it probably was waterproof from the grease on it from Uncle Hugh wearing it, ha.

Dad always took us boys fishing on the first day of the season. He was a good fly fisher. I've seen him cathh two at once several times on flies. He said he took mother fishing once and he told her not to stand over the hole as the fish would see her. He laughed and said she caught the largest of all they caught. He took us deer hunting and bear hunting. One time he had me back up on Slatyfork mountain and the dogs were barking chasing a bear over on the other side, He listed a little bit and said: "that's the sweetest music ever made--dogs yelping after a bear"! He perhaps killed 50 or more deer in his lifetime, but I have never ever heard him say he ever killed a bear. He shot at, at least, one, up on the mountain. The bear had cubs. He sighted and when he pulled the trigger, he knew later, he had the rear sight on her, but not the front sight. He thought he'd have a fight with her.

When he was about 80 we children presented him for Christmas a trophy with a plate on the front engraved "The Greatest Deer Hunter in W. Va." and our names engraved on it. He was very pleased with it. Later, when he was unable to climb the mountains (age about 89) he sat in a chair up Slatyfork creek in a blind, went to sleep, woke up and saw a deer and shot it. It ran across the creek and fell dead. I think Ivan came down to where he was and brought it over to the road.

One time when he was over on Gauley, deer hunting at a deer lick, he hid in a tree top about 50 feet from the (salt?)lick. It was getting late in the afternoon when a "catamount" (wildcat?) kept smelling deer tracks at the licks and wouldn't leave. It was getting almost dark, so he decided to shoot the cat as no deer would come to it. He said he sighted and sighted, but didn't have the front sight up in the rear sight when he shot. The cat didn't know where the shot was from and the only place he could go hide was that tree top, so he made 3 or 4 big jumps toward Dad in the tree top. Dad said he jumped up and yelled as loud as he could, and the cat went the other way! ha.

Another time, he was hunting over there with, I believe Sam Higgins. The other man was on a stand up the hill. Dad was "driving" or hunting around the hill below when he saw a deer running by. He shot it and it fell down. Dad set his gun against a tree and stepped one leg across the deer, got a hold of its horns and to see where he hit it, when the deer jumped up quickly and started to run. Dad got off and away from it and grabbed his gun and shot it dead. He said later, it would have been funny if he had held on to its horns and rode it up through the stand by the other hunter. ha. ONE ANTLER HAD A BULLET NOTCH - IT STUNNED THE DEER.

Another time he went fishing with (Jackson, I think, over on Gauley. The boy was only about 11 years old. They camped on the bank of the creek, but it was actually an island when the water was up high. They built a fire, and it started to rain very hard and the creek got high. They heard a "catamount" whining in the woods. They were afraid to move over where the cat was, and afraid to stay on the island because the water may wash them away. As I recall, they kept the fire going bright to keep the cat away. (They may have moved over on higher ground and rebuilt the fire --?)

Another time hunting(or fishing) over on Gauley, they camped out (no shelter) and they told bear stories before going asleep. Dad's had came off and he was feeling around for it about 2 AM, when his hands came upon another fellowes head. He thought a bear had him and he jumped up yelling, ha.

Johnson Hayes(Jackson) the fellow that worked for Dad. He once told Ronald to get this [illegible] Shaw out of the piggin' what is it Shaw?

240

Stories and History of the Slatyfork Sharps (Dave Sharp) 241 CK

Uncle Hugh had, I think, about 15 pet deer at one time. When he was a small boy of about 12 one of his older brothers saw a bear with cubs up in the ~~saw~~ laurel patch, but they told him that they saw a deer with fawns up there, so he sneaked up there, perhaps to capture a fawn. When he got in the bushes, he saw the bear and she took after him in protection of her cubs. He ran down the hill and crawled into a hollow log so she couldn't get him.

Later on when he was grown and when Dad was perhaps 12 years old, he had the 15 deer. All he had to do to get a buck deer was to wait till a buck followed his most beloved deer, named, I think "Nellie" One time Dad and Aunt Ella was coming from over the hill (the old place) and were going through the meadow, when this deer who I believe had fawns CR Rock Vlz and protecting them, took after them. They ran to a small creek and climbed up, in it till Uncle Hugh came to their call for rescue.

One fall when Uncle Hugh was, perhaps above the service patch of trees, when men were deer hunting when he heard a shot. When he got out to where he heard the shot, there lay his pet deer with her bell that she wore around her neck. The man offered to pay for her. He then offered him the meat, but he told them he couldn't eat his pet deer.

The limestone cave below the railroad track, up the road, opposite the waterfountain on route 219 has been known for years as the Hugh Sharp Cave. I was told that a deer was tracked in there once. Maybe went to entrance for shelter. Uncle Hugh is supposed to have his name written inside some place. I have seen names one the walls inside but I don't recall seeing his name, but it is a big cave.

Captain Mundy and Uncle Hugh were good friends. I faintly remember a story about Captain Mundy coming up on an indian in the woods and they fought to the death?. The indian was mostly naked and greased and Captain Mundy could hardly hold him to throw him down. I don't recall the outcome of the fight.

Captain MUNDY lived at one time in Buckhannon. As I recall, Dad and I drove to Mrs. Mundy's house in Buckhannon when I was in college. She was old, and may have been younger than him when she married him??? ??

Ramona Shipley has Ivan's colledtion of old deeds. Among them is one of 1860 when William Sharp, Sr. deeded 2,020 acres "for love and $5" to his son Willaim Sharp, Jr. ~~I think~~ she also has a copy of a 1931 Pocahontas Times giving an account of in 1832 of William Sharp, age 92 petitioning the State of Virginia for an army pension for Indian scouting and fighting against the British in the revolutionary war. Perhaps she could make us some copies of these. She did.

I heard the story, I think Dad told, that Uncle Hugh went up ~~Elk~~ to see a Rider girl up the hollow above Jim Gibson's on a Sunday. Some boys knew he was coming and tied a string across the path up to the house, near the house. They pulled the string and he fell embarrassing him, and he never went with any girls after that.

Uncle Hugh used to go up to the upper meadow, up the creek from the new store, to feed the cows hay. When the water got up too deep to get across, he would walk on stilts. One day in the winter his stilt hit an apparent submerged cake of ice and he slipped and fell in the deep water.

This reminds me of the time Dad had Austin Galford to cut a limb of a locust tree over ~~xat the~~ "old place" that hung over the hole of water near the big barn (now gone). He climbed up there with a saw or ax and stood on the limb and cut it off and he fell in that hole of water. They described his yell as "Oussch!!" when he fell in the water on that winter day.

T I'd heard that Uncle Hugh didn't like flowers. Perhaps they planted some that he thought was in his way. One day when they went to church, and when they got back they found the flowers wilted, as if hot water had been poured on them.

files ~~Uncle Hugh~~ had a sugar tree orchard ~~back up on the flat~~ and he worked it on Sundays. His ~~mother~~ wife SARAH, ~~Emoncel~~, told him he would lose by working on Sundays. Dad said that for about five Sundays in a row he had misfortune. Spill all the Syrup. Log trough Sprung a leak and lost all the sugar water, etc etc.

Dad Said when he was a boy, they relied on sugar from sugar trees for sweetner. They had to get 100 pounds of sugar (maple sugar) and then they could make maple syrup. They used wooden spiles to get the water from the trees. And had small wooden troughs at each tree to catch it in, as they had few buckets. There was a sugar camp up on the flat. Dad had a sugar camp over at the old place just below the meadow there at the creek.

241

Stories and History of the Slatyfork, W.Va. Sharp's (L.D.Sharp)

242 242

Granddad, Preacher Morgan was driving along in his buggy on a steep mountain road, when a pheasant flew up and scared his horse and the buggy up-set over the hill and broke his leg and a gallon jug of mollasses. He was taken into a neighbor's house and put to bed. A woman who donated the molasses came to see him and worried about the lost mollasses. Granddad Morgan took phneumonia there and died. Probably was in a cold room. Grandmaw Morgan then married "Wes" Ervine up the "Brush Country", and inherited his 20 acres. The Morgans had Laura, Lena, Minnie, Bill and Edgar Morgan. Grandma was a Ramsey from Greenbrier County--(Ronceverte?) Maiden name, Ramsey. ----Si Sharp

Dad, L. D. Sharp, sold the timber on the Hugh Sharp place after Uncle Hugh gave him the farm to take care of him the rest of his life. With the money he built the large 17 room house. Kennison from Hillsboro (Perhaps a brother of a Kennison girl "LD" went to see when she taught school on Elk near Aunt Ella's-I think she taught school). contracted to build the house for $5000. When it was finished she told Dad that he broke even on it. Dad gave him 10% more--$500. Uncle Hugh moved into the new house, (from the log house which is still standing,) which was built about 1916- 1918. Mrs. Rachael Showalter from Linwood stayed there and cooked for Uncle Hugh. Uncle Hugh had his bee hives moved inside the new fence of the house. He hid his money in the lid of one of his bee hives. We heard that someone found out where it was and took it. He had a bee hive with a glass window to see the bees working. Ivan said that Captian Moundy made it for him. They were good friends and bought some land together, or received it as a grant from the State of Virginia. Uncle Hugh had several large round hives made from hollow logs that are still in storage along with the glass windowed one. The Log house was build before the Civil War, by William Sharp, father of Hugh. His first house was just inside the fence at the big spring at the mill dam. Si said the old barn below the store was there before and during the civil war. Uncle Hugh apparently told Si about it.

---Dave Sharp

Dad told a story that his father, Si told him Either grandfather Si or his father, William had been missing ears of corn out ot the corncrib at night. He decided to set the wolf spring trap in the corn crib. One morning at daybreak he was going by the crib on the way to the barn, and through the corner of his eye he saw a man caught at the corncrib and pretended not see him. The man yelled out "Silas" (or was it "William"). He went over, and he said to let him out of the trap and he'd never do it again. He begged that it not be told because he was so ashamed. Dad said he never did tell what neighbor it was that stole the corn.--he kept his promise not to tell.

--Dave Sharp

Another time, Silas was loosing hay out of the barn on the mountain. He slept up there a night or two and caught a man, that I believe said was _____ Hannah. He also promised not steal hay again, but no promises was made about telling about it.

--Dave Sharp

Dad and Uncle Bob Gibson went to the St Louis World Fair in 1904. Dad's grandmother, Hester knew some German because her parents were from Germany. Dad knew one word, which was German for "pretty girl". Among all the different booths (Italian, English, etc.) there was a German booth selling items. Dad walked up to a group of girls in the booth and said his word. They immediately started talking in German. He said he was so embarrassed that he turned around and hurried away., ha. --Dave

There is a large limestone cave between the road and the railroad at the waterfountain that has been known as the "Hugh Sharp Cave". He had been in it several times, and may have originally found it. Si, Paul, Dave and others have been in it. A creek runs over a waterfall in it. Paul took pictures of it with a flash back in the 30's.

On Gauley Mountain, is a knob known as the Sharp Knob, and probably named after Willian who bought land in that area for Harmon. It is near the fire tower area.

242

David Hannah, father of Sarah Hannah, wife of Silas Sharp , lived in a log house where Page Hannah lived, and in recent years where Archie and Cora Gibson lived in a newer house after the log house was removed. Frank Hannah said that David sold the place to Frank's father, Sam Hannah, before David moved to Buck. Apparently David died there and was brought back and burried in the Hannah cemetary on Elk. Tradition is that David was burried in an unmarked grave in the Hannah cemetary.
There is some confusion about where David lived all his life. My father said that David lived in a twostory log house on the left of the road--across from Sam Hannah's (Frank Hannah) house. Said he had been in the house. And Dad also told me one time that his grandfather lived there at Page Hannahs. Dad said the two story house burned. So maybe they rebuilt down at the Page Hannah place.
Ivan in his tapes (recorded elsewhere in this book) I believe states that David lived on the Dilley place in a log house that burned down, and where Otha died and had his vision of heaven. (Ivan's tape also said Anna Leha (tape not clear--was it Aunt Leha?) was the mother of Josie Lewis and Edna Foster of Minton.)
--Dave Sharp

Frank Hannah told me the story about Blaine Sharp, that "LD" told us many times. Blaine lived near Sam ~~XXXXX~~ Davis Hannah's, I think. He often times came down and stayed with Sarah and Si at night. Blaine, brother of a Henry Sharp, was a t Sarah's house when it got dark. Sarah, forgetting that Blaine didn't sleep in the extra room the night before, just told him "Blaine, you can sleep where you did last night". ha. Blaine "who was not very smart" said " It's dark, but I've got a good bed at home and I'm going there" ! ha. It may have been Allie Gibson instead of ~~Sam~~ Frank that retold this story to me, but I'm pretty sure it was Frank. ---Dave Sharp

Ellis, Bowd and Sam Hannah were brothers---Frank Hannah
A sister married John Beverage. Another sister was Nancy Dilley.
Bowd Hannah lived near the present rt 219 road above Sam Hannah's house.
John ~~XXXXXXXXX~~ Gibson was Sam and Joe Gibson's father . -- Frank Hannah

Andy Hannah was father of John Hannah. From one of Dad's tapes.

George L. Hannah ran the "Yelk" Post Office on Elk where Don Hannah now lives--in the same house. Si said Aunt Ella ran it when he remembered the P. O.
Hugh, Lee, Clark and Fred Hannah were brothers--sons of Sheldon Hannah.

Allie Gibson said she taught school at Slatyfork in 1911-1912.--in the school house that burned about 1927 when the Carter's (working on the new road-building) lived in it. It was located about 200 feet from the mouth of Slatyfork creek, on the creek bank.
Ada Sharp also taught school there, perhaps about 1913-1914 ? ↓ Taught Si

When the road (now 219) was built about 1926-1927, they (Battershell Construction Co.) used a real steam shovel fired by coal or wood and operated by Mr. Carter, father of Kathleen seen in a school picture. The shovel dumped dirt in wooden dump wagons pulled by mules to a dumping place--a low place in the roadway, pull a lever and the dirt fell through . Mud was very deep and they whipped the mules with big long whips. They worked them sometimes without a collar pad and the shoulders were bleeding and red like hamburger. Several died in the flat area just up the creek where they were tied up at night. After the road was dragged flat, loads of creek rock was hauled to the road and gangs of men with sledge hammers cracked the flat rocks into fist size rocks. then smaller sizes on top and later they hauled limestone crushed rock from over Elk Mountain etc for a topping before the tar on top.
A groups of shanties were built out of rough lumber between the roadway and where the old Slatyfork creek road crossed the creek.

The Sharp Family Slatyfork, W. Va. 244

I asked Ivan to write some of the Civil War history he remembered being handed down to us.

May 7, 1974 Ivan L. Sharp: (copied from blurred carbon copy hand written)
My Dear Brothers: Please excuse the carbon copy some may get. Thanks Dave for you two letters. The Civil War history on my part has been hit with something like modern scrapmal. It is very hard to put the pieces together in proper order. It was a hit and run bush-whacking gorrilla warfare except the General Lee march which camped over in your meadow across the creek from the store using the rail fences for fire wood, and they stayed some days at the knob at Gatewood farm at linwood, then at Mingo Flats. (Dave: I believe there is a General Lee statue at Mingo Flats). The Union army came in force. In hurried retreat some cannons were supposed to have been concealed up in those sink holes up there about the Rhea Place in hopes to come back later and get. Which they may have done. The ground hogs dug out from under a big sand rock at the Rhea Place a small piece of war equipment (38 or 44), parts of a pistol. Probably hid there by the Rhea boys. ? Back to our ancestors: Jake Simmons and Walt Allen (spelling?) were the culperts that did the most damage to the community (Dave: I think Simmons was from just over the Virginia State line.) I think Uncle Luther about ~~14~~ or 16 was the one Jake Simmons killed while he was running up the mountain road back of the old house. Uncle Hugh showed me where they dug the bullet out of the shale bank. Uncle Bernard may have been killed in the Dropp Mountain battle. A group of Yankees did camp at the pineknob. I think our grandfather, Silas, and Jake Gibson had come in with others to the house for food to take back, evidently leaving most of their guns at camp. I thing there were others along. The Confederate group came while they were home. Granddad hid in a box like goose nest about the old wood yard. A confederate had just shot at some of the others running away and was reloading his musket gun at his feet but had not been see as he thought, so out he came knocked this man down and started around the house but ran into a gang and had to surrender. Was taken prisoner to(Salisbury) Salsbury S. C. (or was it N. C.) where about 95% died of starvation. After 23 months and 24 days he was one of the prisoners exchanged. They thought he would die anyway but was given a pass. He managed to get home. On the capture event one fellow got away about the old school house (where LD went to school) or cemetary. Two fellows was after him with empty guns so were running were losing ground. One said to the other "take my gun and I will get him" but in the race Gibson (or Hannah) pulled out a pepper box pistol and shot at the would-be captor. He stopped the chase. One of the Yankees died fighting rather than be taken. was offered for bravery life, but refused. Some ammunition was made in the cave back of the mill dam. Sulphur, salt peter and lead and rock alum was used. Mary (Dave: Uncle Hugh's sister?) a young girl about 10 died and was burried on the bank where you enter Paul's "calf house" meadow (below the store)(Dave: The highway may have gone through it'). Bernard and Luther may have been burried at the Sharp graveyard. (no grave markers.)
There evidently was a lot of people living up the hills and down the valleys thosedays around there. Uncle Henry (lived) near the sheep shed on the Middle Mountain. Uncle Harmon Sharp below the company store at Slatyfork, his children: son Talbert lived with Uncle Hugh, then moved to California. had son Richard about my age, a girl Mabel. Maybe others, "but" or "had" had a host of daughters, Amos Dilley, George Hannah, (Sam Gibson), (Tom Liverty) and Cora went west. --
We are living one day at a time. No fruit or cherries, Love and Prayers, Bro Ivan.

I asked Si in 1976 something about Otha Hannah, grandmother Sarah's brother about 10 or 12 who died (diptheria?) and briefly and came back to life and told about who he'd seen in heaven etc. Si: "Otha Hannah--mentioned "Aunt Martha Buzzard" who he'd never seen and one or two others he'd seen in heaven. He threw a red Handkerchief up against the ceiling where it hung about an inch from the ceiling--until after he died a second time--about the time they burried him (Perhaps in the cemetary up at near Harry Hannah's farm home) --the handkerchief fell down across the back of a chair rocking chair. He died of Diptheria. He told his dad, who had gone up Elk to a sale what he'd bought.--One thing was a colt he'd bought for Othea."

Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp on tape recorder.

William Sharp's sister married David Gibson and lived where the Bob Gibsons orchard is. Bernard Sharp, killed near Bob Gibson place was burried in the Moffett cemetary on toe of the butt (hill) in front of the Jim Gibson house, during Civil War.
George Luther Hannah, ~~a minister, son of David~~, (that's where Luther Sharp got his name) married Emma McClure and she died down here in the church and she was burried behind the Droop Mountain Church. Allie's storym about Otha having died and going to heaven and returning to talk to the family was the same as down Dad's side of the family. I told Allie that Vee Hannah's daughter Evelene told me the same story came down Melinda's side of the family. Allie said: Otha todld the family that Joe had gone to heaven and that any of the rest of you that want to can go too. Otha said if you want to see where heaven is I'll take you outside and shew you and he whewed them the heavens were lit up beautiful. Mary (sister of Sarah) was a baby, who later married Sam Gibson and had one child, Stella who married a Fisher.
Many years later when Mary's child, Stella, was perhaps a teenager, Mary in getting ready to go down to Slatyfork to see Sarah, her sister(Mrs. Silas Sharp), went into a bedroom to get some wraps to wear and saw two men in there in a vision. She didn't know them and one said "don't be frightened--we're Otha and Joe--we've come to help bear your burdens, and it won't belong till you'll go (die)." Mary was aunt Mary. Mary took Stella on behind her on the horse and went to grandma's and she cried all the way from uncle Sam Gibson's home down to Slatyfork creek and dried her tears up before she went to the house, and Stellam said: Mommy cried all the way down till we got to the creek. That's the day Mary asked grandma (Sarah) if she'd take care of Stella and raise her, and ~~XXXXX~~ Mary died a short few months after that. (Dave: I've heard Dad tell about Stella being rais ed there with him. I always thought Dad raised her, but I suppose Dad meant Stella was raised by his family--his fa ther and mother.) Grandma Sarah lived till about 1908.
Dave: who was William Sharp? William always lived over on the Uncle Hugh Place. William owned all the Slatyfork country. They always had a mill there at Slatyfork. (Dave: I was told by Dad that there was an older smaller mill dam there. We could see one of the dam legs, half submerged, about 30 feet above the later dam legs--where the old dam was.)
Silas gave Ella and Melinda property up Slatyfork. We still own the mineral rights to that 242 acres. We had a nice orchard up there on the place (above LD's line on Slatyfork) and a freeze came and killed most of the trees in the country and I don't know if any are alive now. (I remember 2 or 3 trees across the creek from the present Lowell Gibson cabin)
Stories about the Sharps: I can tell you one about Silas Sharp. He didn't join either side in the Civil War, because the Confederates had come in and killed his (younger?) brother Luther, 16 and a civilian, right there at the house. He wouldn't fight on either side and they sent him to prison down in Richmond and he nearly starved to death while there. He said they killed rats and cats and ate them. They'd threw a cover over a cat when they came in with a guard and ate them. Silas said he never could eat a cat but did eat rats to keep from starving. When he came home he was so poor and thin no one knew him--not even his wife-to-be Sarah, who he soon married. After he married grandma, Sarah, she later said she didn't know him when he came back. I guess they were classmates together before the war and things like that. He fell in love with grandma and was married and had "L. D." , my mother Ella and Aunt Melinda. I've heard them tell about Silas sleeping on the hard ground in prison and when he got home he couldn't sleep in a bed very well for a while--slept on the floor.
I can tell a story of later on after he (Silas) was married. He had such a good sugar camp and when sugaring seanson was on he liked to make sugar and syrup. One time he went to sleep on Sunday and burned up his syrup. Grandmother wouldn't help him on Sundays (Sarah's parents wouldent even cook on Sunday--Dave Hannah). The next Sunday the same thing or similiar, he lost his syrup. Do you remember, Dave? (I said: I thought it was uncle Hugh who was wrned if he made syrup on Sunday he'd loose everything trying to do it on Sunday, but apparently it was Silas, and Dad tole me one time the wooden trough sprung a leak and lost all the sugar water, and another time he spilled it.) Allie said: and the 3rd time he said: " this is one time Sally's (he called Sarah by "Sally") prayers won't be answered, and he was going home with two big buckets of syrup and on his way home stubbed his toe and on a briar and spilled most of it and said: "I'll never try it again" . Allie assured me it was Silas instead of Hugh.

2) Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp in two different interviews. (1)

246 (2)

Allie: I know something Sarah did. LD was going to see a school teacher and he came up to my mothers(Ella), to see a teacher who was boarding with mother. Her name was Lena Kellisen from Millsbore and was teaching school across the road from mom's. He'd come up several times on Sunday to see her. Someone (his mother Sarah) put some bread in his pocket so when he got off his horse at the barn he threw out the bread from his pocket and the chickens were running around with bread in their mouths, and that was a joke on him. (Allie implied that LD was embarrassed and didn't go see her any more.)

It was the same Kellisens from Millsbore that built Dad's big house. (Henry)

Henry Gibson was killed up here on Elk, near Robert Gibson's house and burried at the Moffett's cemetary, on the hill in front of Jim Gibson's big house, across the road and up on a high knoll. (Jim Gibson was father of Forest, Winters, Summers, etc.)

There is no markers up at that graveyard. Not even of my granddad. (which granddad?)

I don't know where young Luther was burried. Otha was probably burried over at the Hannah cemetary where Marvin Hannah lived and now owned by Harry Hannah. Joe Hannah and wife Elizabeth, father of John Hannah was burried in the Hannah cemetary. I saw his marker.

The Indians crossed through above here (mountain) and came down through here.

"Jane" Hannah was a daughter of a pioneer and married to Joe Barlow and lived at the Barlow place (on Elk Mt.). She was a sister of David. (David Hannah)

Uncle George Hannah was the son of David Hannah and died in Minton and he was a preacher and preached at Buck, W. Va. and died there and burried there. He was keeping grandma Hannah, his mother, and she died down there and is burried at _____.

Most of the Hannahs were burried at the Hannah cemetary on Elk.

Melinda Hannah married John Rose in Webster Co. Their daughter Stella died last year at about 96.

Rowd Hannah was Sam Hannah's brother.

Otha's father, David, went to a sale (Martha Buzzard's? --recording weak) to get a horse but brought a cow home instead, I think. Othat told them before his father came home, that He'd bought a cow. Otha threw a handkerchief to the ceiling and it fell across a chair at the time Otha's body was lowered into the grave. He said he could put the baby (Mary) in the fire and it wouldn't hurt her, but they wouldn't let him. (Otha died)

'80 Grand father Silas would take us on his knee when I visited them. Ada and a bunch of us and Violet was smaller. And he'd sing "Hobbie horse and two little girls riding a saddle" "Hobbiedegig, hobbiediegig, two little girls riding a saddle".

William Sharp's sister was Mary Gibson--David Gibson's wife.

David Hannah must have been burried over here in the Hannah Cemetary. Aunt Hester Sieafoose Hannah, David's wife) is burried at Buck, W. Va.

Rev George Hannah was the minister. Son of David. He was not George L. Hannah.

Rev. Geo. Hannah took careof his mother, Mrs. David Hannah, at Buck.

He and his mother were burried there.

Instead of the story told in July: Mary Gibson and her daughter Stella planned to go to Slatyfork to see her mother Sara Sharp. She went in a room to get her wraps to go and there were two men standing in there and she didn't know them and they happened to be her brothers, Otha and Joe. They said "We're Otha and Joe, You've had a lot of troubles and we've come to help you bear them.--she'd been sick. She was only a baby when they died and she didn't know them. She (Mary) cried allthe way down to Grandma's. Stella told her grandma that her mother had cried all the way down. Stella told her grandma about the vision. That was when Mary asked Sarah to take care of Stella and raise her and she did, (Mary died soon after that). We all thought a lot of Stella. Stella was really mom's step-sister, you might say. She wasn't adopted, though.

Stella married a Fischer and died in Elkins, and had a son named Rockey.

Uncle George Hannah's wife died in the church. He married Emma McClure from Droop--she was burriedthere. Aunt Mag Hannah and Edith Calahan--all burried in Droop Mt. Cemetary--tombstones.

George L. Hannah was John Hannah's boy.

David and John were brothers. George L.(Luther) is the one that had the post office at Yelk (near Marvin Hannah's, where Don Hannah lives--the same house). There was a post office near Charleston named Elk, so they spelled it Yelk by adding a "Y" to it. I suppose the first post office in the area was there. (I believe she said the post office was there in the 1800's.)

David and John's parents, Joe and Elizabeth(Burnside) were burried in the Hannah cemetary.

John P Hannah's mother was a Burnside.

246

Interview of Mrs. Forest (Allie) Gibson in 1980 by Dave Sharp , two different times. (3)

247

Othe and Joe probably had a double vault, and probably burried in the Hannah cemetary. (I couldn't find a stone of Othe or Joe in the cemetary).

Dave: If Joe Hannah was burried over there in the Hannah cemetary then that would be in the early 1800's--? Allie: Yes, they were burried over there (near the present cemetary) and later an apple tree in the orchard grew up where the old cemetary was and they took the monument or stone up and put it in the cemetary and left the grave burried there. There was nothing they could do about it. The stone is a little square.

John Rose married Aunt Melinda Hannah. Robert Rose was a son of John Rose.
...and Stella Rose died last year at about 94. She was married to Harmon Bonner

Dave: I've heard that a lot of people stopped in at the house of Jim Gibson and he fed a lot of people. Allie: " They always cooked a 1/2 bushel --Potatoes, beans or corn. The big pot is still back there now. We made bread --2 pans of bread. I don't know how he (Jim) provided it all. He'd been a millionaire if he hadn't let people steal from him. He bought a lot of timeber land down in Webster County near Webster Springs--all that-- and didn't get reserved one iota of minerals--coal, and they mined all that land.

Where did the land come from where Uncle Bob Gibson lived.: Did the Sharp's have anything to dowwith it? Allie: That was Gibson Land all the time..
The land on Slatyfork (Creek) running up to the top of the mountain (near Laurel Run of Slatyfork creek), my mother, Ella, owned over 200 acres and aunt Melinda's land came in between mom's and another piece of propterty where it was flat down at the creek and we put out apple trees there one year (across from Lowell Gibson's new cabin).
Dave: There used to be some apple trees there a few years ago,--maybe still there.)
The government owns the land but mom reserved the mineral rights.
Ada and I went up there once and fished at the hole of water near the apple trees.

helped mom with the dishes etc. and helped her some in the garden. My sister, Florence, went out with the horses in the woods iwth the men. She could harness up horse as well as a man could. She worked with horses and skidded logs. Once a man asked her where he could "do his business" (BM) thinking she was a man and she said: " right over there" ha.

summer 1980
Frank Hannah: Harmon Bonner was a brother of Lee Bonner, Walter of Hubert and Jannetta Bonner — Dave went to grade school with them they lived in Harmon Sharp's old log house across the creek from where Big spring enties into Elk (Slatyfork)

247

Dave: they put the telephone line through here in 1898-1899. Tell me about it. Allie: We kids imitated the line by putting elder bush poles in the ground and trung strings on it. Dave: Dad said David Hannah lived just above Sam Hannah's place --beside the present road when Otha died and saw his vision. He said it was a log house, two stories. He said he'd been in that house when he was a boy and he said it burned. Didn't David Hannah live there before he moved down to the log house at Page Hannah's?. Allie: I never heard of him living up there near Sam Hannahs. Dave Who lived in the old house there near Sam Hannahs? Allie: Aunt Leah Hannah stayed there--Bowd Hannah--bee, I wonder what those people's name was. The Gibson house was an old log house up the hollow (at Sam Hannah's?--Dave) Dave: I stopped there and the old chemney rocks are still there between the old and new road. Allie: seems like the Browns lived there. I'll tell a little story. Grandma Hannah (Hester) was there to visit and she said Elmer Rider was a little boy and he visited there and there was a Rider lived there then--Elmer's daddy. He said he got a hair in something (eating) and she was so mad at him for saying loodly "gotta hair, what am I going to do with it"? ! Grandma told us kids, you know, "what that boy should have done was take that hair out and said nothing about it" It must have been a Rider that lived there because Elmer was there. (Dad told us the story about the boy and the hair, but I never remembered who it was--Dave).

Dave: Ivan, in one of his t pes he made said: "David Hannah lived in that log house before it burned." Allie: that isn't the same house. That's the one over where Archie (page Hannah's) Jim Jackson lived there (Archie's place) , after David lived there--in my time. My mother (Ella) stayed there with uncle Henry and aunt Mag when Ernest Hannah was born--he moved to New Mexico. (Dave: Frank Hannah said Davie sold the place to Sam Hannah before he died.) Allie: when David died he (~~Henry~~ ~~or~~ ~~Henry~~) left (what?) to George and Henry. Henry only had one boy and afraid he'd get in meanness and he kept moving like "a turkey gobbler"--jumping from place to place. Then they must have sold the place to Sam Hannah. George and Henry were to look after their mother, Hester. Uncle (George) was a minister and moved a lot and Uncle Henry was a merchant and he just went from place to place--Arbovale, Renick's Valley, and so many places. He married Mag MCClure. She's burried at Droop. She came back after Uncle Henry died from New Mexico and came back to her sisters and died down at Bee..... (?)

L.D.'s Courting: Allie: A school teacher was boarding at Mother's and uncle Luther was going with her (Lena Kennis(on)?). He'd been coming up pretty regularly to see her. Had to go horseback. So grandmother or Stella down there put some biscuits in his pocket. So when he got down off the horse at the barn, whe, he threw the biscuit out of his pocket and the chickens just scrambled for it. Embarrassed him. It may have been Lena Kennison. Mom had a picture of her. I was only about 2 years old when Luther and Laura married. Laura said she thought I was the cutest child she ever saw. She took a likening to me and we were always like mother and daughter. I believe even closer. I always thought so much of her. My father, Bob Gibson (wagons) went to Huttonsville to the train to bring Uncle Luther groceries etc. One of Suzie Rider's brothers or her father was drowned in the river (Tygart). I think he was a Brown. Dave: Dad told once of someone drunk and drowning in Tygart River. Allie: that was him. Suzie's father I think. He was a Brown. I wonder where the Brown's came from and the Jacksons?

Allie: .....Martha Hannah. That must have been the John Hannah's famuly. Forest's grandfather was ..(John?) (David and John brothers?) ... Where the Hugh Hannah house is--was- -a log house. I never remembered Forest's grandfather except when he was burried. I remembered. I wondered why that woman was sitting on the bed crying. I was a child. It was Aunt Mandy Hambrick with one of Lee Hambricks little ones --baby one. One.

Dave: Dad said when he visited up there, this woman (Martha Hannah?) would put out the candle ~~and~~ till the prayer was over to save candles.
Allie: I was the last baby that that woman took care of. She was a midwife--a doctor. Name Polly Hannah, She was a daughter of Dr. Sharp up in that section(?). She (Polly) was married to John Hannah. They ~~liv~~ lived where Hugh Hannah lived--just above Veo Hannahs. That's the Hannah's h's that Luther viited and she put out the candles during prayer. David and John Hannah was their son. John was going to a dance one night and he said the devil was in the shape of a dog and he ran around the fence. When he went to go over the ~~a~~ fence, that dog would be right there. He said it wasn't nothing but the devil. So he just went back home.

Stories by Dorothy (Hannah) Fitzwater: May 6, 1981

Blain Sharp lived down here at the old place (a house just 100 yards below her present house) and going over to visit your Dad and Mother. He lived here with Henry Sharp He visited Luther's and it was time to go ~~to~~ to bed, and Mrs. "Aunt Rachael" --Dad (Davis) called her aunt Rach. She said "Blain, you can slee where you did last night" (thinking he'd slept there last night). Blain said "it's a long ways to go but I can do her, and he got up and came back over here. They said it was so cold. (Dad's story about this elsewhere in stories) Dave: Dad said that someone was stealing some little things from his store and decided to talk to Blain about it. He said "you shouldn't be taking things" Blain replied: "Tee Hee, it's a good way to get things without paying for them. Dad said he couldn't keep from laughing, the way he said it. ha. (With Blain laughing, Dad couldn't be serious with him as he planned.)
Dorothy: John Slanker and Molly Slanker's mother was a Hannah. I think it is in theold history book. There were several David Hannahs. Dad (Davis) and L. D. Went to school together (log school) and Dad went to his store around there.(There was a circus there once. LD had some kind of a tent and told dad to take careof it and he went off and talked to his girls (teenagers?)
Dorothy: John Hannah was the Hannah that had slaves. He lived, I guess down here. Grandpa Hannah---Shell Hannahs father (?) They were burried just below the Hannah cemetery. They moved it because of water. --- moved them back up on the hill. Whites and Slaves both. Grandpa Hannah was burried down there. He was the one that jumped the ditch as reported in the history book.
John's boys were Andy and Bill. Uncle Andy Hannah married a "White" girl and so did uncle Bill Hannah--married a "White". and they used to say that two of "black John's" boys (he owned slaves and they called him "black" John). married white girls . ha.
(Dave:) Mrs. Marvin Hannah told me this store a couple years ago (1980)
Dorothy: There was another John Hannah that didn't have slaves. Bill Hannah's wife was Sarah. Andy's wife wad Udora.

Allie Gibson --Teaching Slatyfork 1911-1912 Pto. 250

I taught school at Slatyfork 1911-1912. The Trustees were L. D. Sharp and Sam Hannah. I stayed at my uncle LD and Aunt Laura's from Monday evening till Friday morning, for ~~K~~ $11 (I think) a month. I helped with the bed making, dish washing and the like, I helped around the house and store if needed. As far as I remember, I paid $11 for board. I loved them very much. I'm sure they all had an education suitable for their day. I remember Mandy Irvine tripping and running and doing the work at William Sharp's. I don't recall my great grand--Grandparents (Wm and Rachael Dilley). Uncle Hugh was there.
All I know is David Hannah and Hester raised their family at the Sam Hannah's house were James Jackson raised their family. I know my ~~family~~ mother stayed there when Uncle Henry and Aung Mag lived there and took care of Earnest Hannah--I think she was 14 then.

Sam Morgan preached at Mary's chapel
Yes, there was an old house where Frank Hannah said on Boude Hannah place just opposite the Gibson place in the corner (Corner? .....
.....
I think Grandma Hannah (Hester) told me Elmer & Pennick Rider, parents lived there.(Elmer's parents? It was just a vacant house to me. (It's gone now? .

That was Silas Sharp that slept in a rocking chair. He didn't lay down for six weeks. The night he died he asked Grandma: "Sarah"--his wife: to fix him a pallet by the fire. She helped him down. Then he said " help me up" He died peacefully then--just went to sleep.
I didn't know of any of the Sharp's owning slaves.
Ellis Hannah died in 1915 by an accident.

Joe Gibson's children stayed at Bob Gibson's--and went to school.

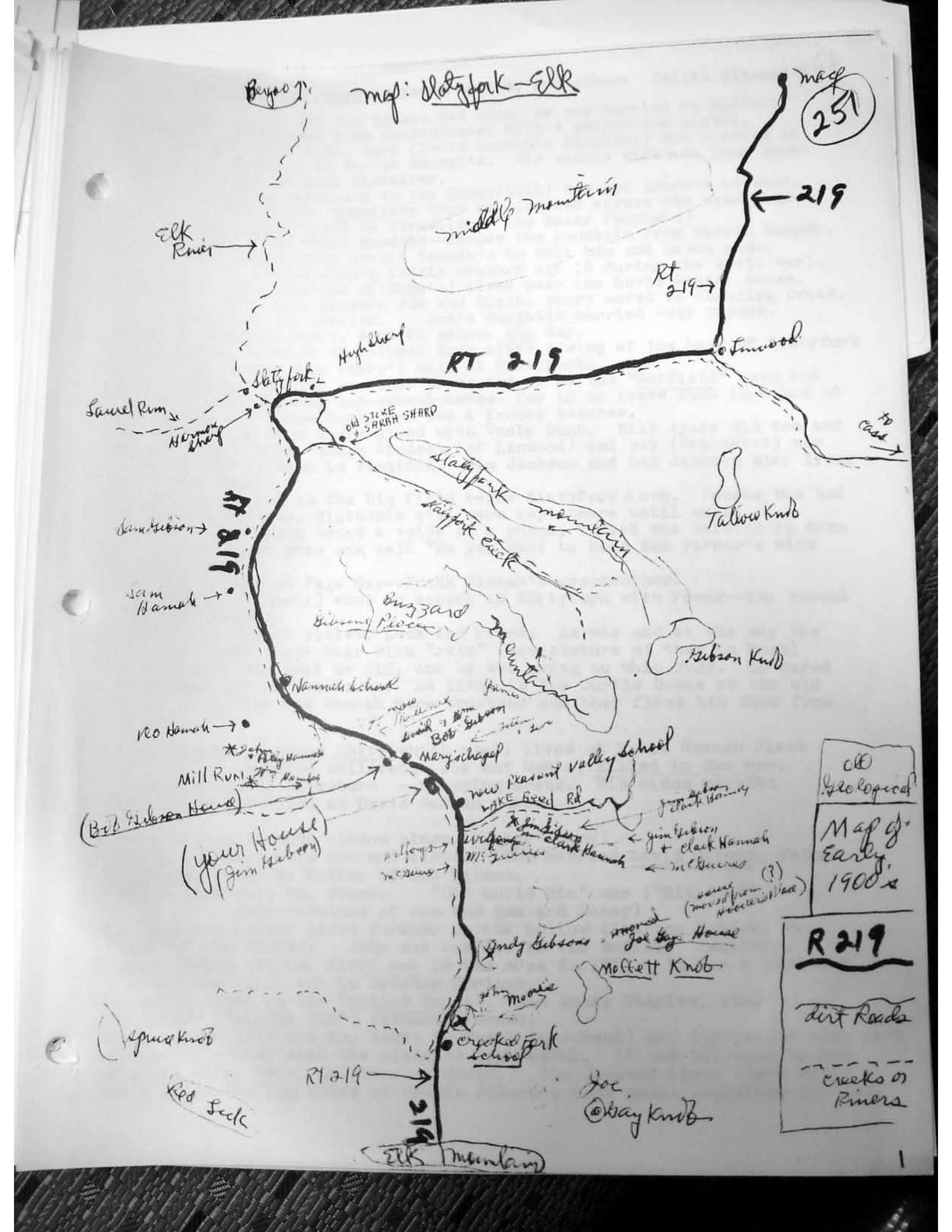
Nancy Rider? Anthony Creek....

Silas Sharp: I stayed with them what time he was sick and had a fly bush to keep flies off of him ---6 weeks he never got out of his chair. He had abench or something like a table on a high chair to put his arms on and his head down to rest. Stella Gibson was there. She could help grandma take care of him at night.

Students I taught: Jesse, Fred, Frank, Dock Hannahs, Ivan Sharp, Willie Hoover, Willie Harmon Gibson, Clyde Galford (just visited)--under 6, Crayde Ogukkuos Richard Gibson, Henry Gibson, Bernard Galford, Paul Hannah, Violet Sharp, Roxie Galford, Viola Jackson, Eula Galford, Beula Galford, Bessie Hoover, Velma Hoover, Maude Phillips, Bessie Higgins Creola Sharp, Emily Hoover, Ruth Gibson, Emma Hannah(Gibson), ~~Lucky~~ Lucy Hannah (Jackson) Bessie Higgins, (daughter of Sam Hisgins)

I remember mother (Ella) telling about the log school house at the cemetery. Teachers: Gum Mathews and Mr. Byus.→He had been left on a river bank to die and some folks found him and named him "Byus" meaning finding him by us. Mother said he was a good person and teacher. He prepared to preach and just preached one sermon and he died. I never asked where he was burried.
Uncle Ellis was driving to town in a wagon & Veo was with him. His horses got scared and he was thrown out and was taken to the Marlinton hospital, where he died --just lived through the night. Russell was at Richmond at school He came on home. I was at Richmond at the time to see uncle Harmon Sharp, his daughter was Lena Liesty--was at the hospital with her father. Harmon said "you are Bob and Ella's daughter"--he knew me. But I had left on an early train for Washington and didn't know about Uncle Ellis dying till later.

SHARP 4


map: Slatyfork–Elk
map 251
219
middle mountain
Elk River
Rt 219
Rt 219
Hughart
Slatyfork
Inwood
Laurel Run
Harmon Sharp
OLD STORE SARAH SHARP
to east
Slatyfork mountain
Slatyfork creek
Tallow Knob
Jim Gibson
Sam Hannah
Buzzard
Gibson Place
Gibson Knob
Hannah School
Bob Gibson
Marjschaapl
Mill Run
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(Jim Gibson)
new Pleasant Valley School
LAKE Creek Rd
Jim Gibson
Clark Hannah
Jim Gibson + Clark Hannah
McElwees
Wolfongs
McElwees
Mc Curtis
Andy Gibsons
moved Joe Gay House
Moffett Knob
John Moores
Spruce Knob
Creeked Fork School
Rt 219
Red Lick
219
Joe
Bay Knob
Elk Mountain
old Geological Map of Early 1900's
R 219
dirt Roads
Creeks or Rivers
1

Miscelleanous Facts by Frank Hannah, and others (Allie Gibson)

The father of Sam and Joe Gibson was John. He was burried at Moffett cemetery. He escaped from Confederates with a pepper-box pistol.
Sam Gibson's first wife, Mary (David Hannah's daughter) was burried at the Hannah cemetery at Marvin Hannah's. His second wife was Emma Showalter, a sister of Dick Showalter.
The W. T. Morgan mentioned in the Times(1914) was not Laura's brother. He was a clerk at the commisary that was located across the road from the "yellow house" where he lived.(near the water fountain)
Jake Simmons lived about Woodrow--across the mountain from Marvin Hannah. Hugh walked across from Marvin Hannah's to kill him and he was gone. (Jake Simmons killed Hugh's little brother age 16 during the civil war).
Henry Sharp (no relation of Hugh's) lived near the Davis Hannah house. He thought the had a brother Joe and Blain. Henry moved to Stamping Creek. His brother Joe got married. Joe's daughter married Lacy Bryant.
Henry's daughter, Mamie, went to school one day.
Buck Galford lived at the Gibson Knob after living at the head of Slatyfork creek, and he ran Hugh Sharp's mill at Slatyfork.
Henry Doddrill was the one that pretended to be the "Hatfield" gang and left a note ~~in the old log school house~~ for LD to leave $500 in a box at the old school house(log). He was a former teacher.
Dan Jackson and Noye Ayers lived with Uncle Hugh. Bill Ayers did too and got in a fight with Hansen Lindsey (of Linwood) and cut (Hanson's?) ear about off and he went to Virginia. Jim Jackson and Dan Jackson also lived with Uncle Hugh.
The Pest House was in the big field below Slatyfork town. People who had contagious diseases, diptheria etc. were kept there until well.
The first time Frank heard a voice on a phone, Violet was talking to some one at LD's house when she said "do you want to hear Sam Varner's wife on the phone"?.
Effie Moore married Page Gay--Frank Hannah's grandmother.
Lena Morgan (Mitchell) went to school at Slatyfork with Frank--the school house that burned.
Lesslie Judy taught Violet, Lena and Frank. He was mad at the way the two girls fixed their hair with "rats" (see picture of them in book) and made L.D. mad that he did, and he was going to whip Judy. LD dared him to come out of the house. He lived in the Curtis House at the old place. L. D. And Sam Hannah were trustees and they fired him from his job.

Allie Gibson: Bernard Sharp(which one?) lived at Davis Hannah Place (married children: Joe and Mamie) Killed in the war.
They moved to Hillsboro --Stamping creek. His widow married Henry Sharp and lived at Davis Hannah place.

Henry killed at Robt Gibson place. (Henry Sharp)
William and Mary were bro and sister. She married David Gibson, father of William, who was father of Bob Gibson.
David's sons were Wm. James. "Old uncle Jim" was ("Big Jim")
(John --father of Joe and Sam and Nancy)
Joe Gibson's father lived further up the hollow (Shelton Hollow) -- back of the church. John was burried in the Moffett Cemetery.
Forest Gibson had the first car in the area in 1913. It was a 1909 car. He had the first car in Webster Springs.
Tom Beale lived at the "yellow House". His sons: Charles, etc.
Jim Gibson ("Little Jim") fatherof Forest.
David Hannah left the log house to Henry (merchant) and George--to take care of Hester, --they sold the place to Sam Hannah. It had belonged to Sam Gibson's wife, Mary, daughter of David. Jim Jackson lived there after David died--the log house at Archie Gibson's (now gone) --picture in book.

Frank Hannah Interviewed by Dave May 1, 1981

Dave: (I asked him something about the first sawmills.--there was one half way from the mouth of Slatyfork to the old store place.)
Frank: ...on up the hollow next to the store (perhaps he means the one half way?) I was pretty small. Maybe that was when the cut the lumber for that new house Si livesin. There was a mill up Slatyfork between the old school house and the old store (that was the half-way one) I remember them cutting those big hemlocks trees. We'd go up there sometimes during noon hour, I think There was a saw mill near the school house later on (1930's)(Dad sold timber and had it sawed). Dave: There was also a saw mill up the creek above the old store place when Dad was a boy. (On Sundays he and others would push the cart up the creek on the tram rails and ride it back, and may have wrecked oncee?) The old boiler was sold for junk during the second world war. Si said the builder had a kiln near the new house when it was built to dry boards, and he thought they may have sawed the lumber for the house and planed it.
Frank: Kellison from Hillsboro built it.
Bill Friel, I think was the brother of Suzie Rider. George L. Hannah was married 3 times. First wife was a McClure. He fell out with them at Mary's Chapel church and said he'd never go back there again. His wife was there at church and died there. So he had to go back when she died. His second wife was Nora Sharp, daughter of Harmon.
Frank: Eva (Hannah) Beale taught at the Slatyfork school that later burned. Little Bill Gibson down there was full of mischief, like rest of us We got some dynamite. There was an old hemlock tree that fell across the road and some one had cut it out. We bored a hole in it and poured the dynamite in it and a fuse to it. On Friday evening Eva's father (Ellis) came down after her with the sled. We lit that thing and looked up and saw him coming on the sled and He had just about time to get to the dynamite. Some one ran back and pulled the fuse out.
Frank: (Phones) I don't remember the first time I heard a phone conversation. One time I was down at your Dad's. Violet picked up the phone and some one was talking and she said "you want to hear someone talking?" I said "yes". I remember that Sam Varner's wife was talking to someone. That was before we (Sam Hannah's) had a telephone. Your Dad, John Gibson and some others had phones on the old line.
Otis Gibson used to live up the hollow. He was sick. One winter my mother would go up and sit with him . He had some kind of rheumatism.
Dave: Did Lena Mitchel (Laura's sister) go to school here? Frank: Lena went to school with me at the school house that burned. Leslie Judy taught there when Lena and Violet went. This picture of their "hair-do". He got mad at them for fixing their hair. They rolled it up around like a "rat". (see picture) He jumped on them about it. It made your dad mad and he was going to whip old Judy. He was going to feed the sheep one morning and Judy was in the house (the Curtis house?) and L.D. dared him to come out. He had his feed sack and some grain in it and laid it down in the road. Judy lived across the creek from L.D.'s store in the Curtis house--the house that was up off the ground (now gone). He wooulдn't come out. He taught two schools down there. He taught one school Your dad, L.D. and my dad, Sam were trustees. My dad said to LD "we ought to get rid of him and get someone else. LD said let's try him one more year. They tried him another year. But they all fell out with him.
Frank: Roy Rider went up to the spring one evening to get a drink. He came back and said "do you all want a dringk"? If you do, better go now or it'll be too dark to fine the spring. He made out like Sam was working us too late, ha. (Story about the Hatfield Gang) L.D. was instructed to put a box with money at the school house. LD put an empty box there but they didn't come that night. The second night the came and got it and threw the box down. They thought it was Henry Doddrill, a former teacher that did it.

Frank Hannah Interviewed by Dave May 1, 1981

Dave: (I asked him something about the first sawmills.--there was one half way from the mouth of Slatyfork to the old store place.)
Frank: ...on up the hollow next to the store (perhaps he means the one half way?) I was pretty small. Maybe that was when the cut the lumber for that new house Si livesin. There was a mill up Slatyfork between the old school house and the old store (that was the half-way one) I remember them cutting those big hemlockx trees. We'd go up there sometimes during noon hour, I think There was a saw mill near the school house later on (1930's)(Dad sold timber and had it sawed). Dave: There was also a saw mill up the creek above the old store place when Dad was a boy. (On Sundays he and others would push the cart up the creek on the tram rails and ride it back, and may have wrecked oncee?) The old boiler was sold for junk during the second world war. Si said the builder had a kiln near the new house when it was built to dry boards, and he thought they may have sawed the lumber for the house and planed it.
Frank: Kellison from Hillsboro built it.
Bill Friel, I think was the brother of Suzie Rider. George L. Hannah was married 3 times. First wife was a McClure. He fell out with them at "ary's Chapel church and said he'd never go back there again. His wife was there at church and died there. So he had to go back when she died. His second wife was Nora Sharp, daughter of Harmon.
Frank: Eva (Hannah) Beale taught at the Slatyfork school that later burned. Little Bill Gibson down there was full of mischief, like rest of us We got some dynamite. There was an old hemlock tree that fell across the road and some one had cut it out. We bored a hole in it and poured the dynamite in it and a fuse to it. On Friday evening Eva's father (Ellis) came down after her with the sled. We lit that thing and looked up and saw him coming on the sled and he had just about time to get to the dynamite. Some one ran back and pulled the fuse out.
Frank: (Phones) I don't remember the first time I heard a phone conversation. One time I was down at your Dad's. Violet picked up the phone and some one was talking and she said"you want to hear someone talking?" I said "yes". I remember that Sam Varner's wife was talking to someone. That was before we (Sam Hannah's) had a telephone. Your Dad, John Gibson and some others had phones on the old line.
Otis Gibson used to live up the hollow. He was sick. One winter my mother would go up and sit with him . He had some kind of rheumatism.
Dave: Did Lena Mitchel (Laura's sister) go to school here? Frank: Lena went to school with me at the school house that burned. Leslie Judy taught there when Lena and Violet went. This picture of their"hair-do". He got mad at them for fixing their hair. They rolled it up around like a "rat". (see picture) He jumped on them about it. It made your dad mad and he was going to whip old Judy. He was going to feed the sheep one morning and Judy was in the house (the Curtis house?) and L.D. dared him to come out. He had his feed sack and some grain in it and laid laid it down in the road. Judy lived across the creek from L.D.'s store in the Curtis house--the house that was up off the ground (now gone). He wooouldn't come out. He taught two schools down there. He taught one school Your dad, L.D. and my dad, Sam were trustees. My dad said to LD "we ought to get rid of him and get someone else. LD said [illegible] let's try him one more year. They tried him another year. But they all fell out with him.
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Quotes from Raymond Mace

My mother, aunt and uncle attended the New Pleasant Valley School just a short distance from Allie Gibson lives. Before then, there was the "Old" Pleasant Valley School on the hill near Mary's Chapel Church. For quite a time your Aunt Ella used the building as a chicken house. Then when her house burned, the building was moved across the road and incorporated into the new home which still stands.

Summer of 1921: we lived up Slatyfork creek in the sawmill shanty, and I played on the old boiler.

Jake Gibson married a daughter of John Friel of Indian Draft, son of Jeremiah Friel. My great-grandfather, Wm Thomas Friel a Confederate soldier survived the war only to dwown in Tygert's Vally River near Elkwater. His grave in an abandoned cemetery overlooking Conley Run.

Anecdotes about the Sharps: According to the story I heard many years ago, LD set up his first store in the back room of his home. His first stock of goods was ink. One cold winter night a good part of his stock froze and burst. The youthful merchant was almost wiped out. However, the economic law of supply and demand went to work, and the price of ink doubled. Another: Your great-grandmother (Rachael) made a shirt each for Hugh and Harmon. To be sure there would be no mistake in ownership, according to the one who told the story, she said sh would just mark one with an "H" for Harmon and the other with an"H" for Hugh !

Easter Gibson: I heard he was namedd "Easter" because he was born on that day. His mother didn't know the exact date of his birth, and so he celebrated Easter Sunday as his birthday nom matter what month or date it happened to be.

The Pocahontas Times Jan 1, 1914 "The directors of the Marlinton and Elk Mutural Telephone Col met Sat. Officers are L.D.Sharp, President, S. McDilley vice-res. and gen. Mgr. J. D. Gibson,, sec and treas. The most important business transacted was the cutting out of free phones after Jan. 1; the extending of the short line wire down Elk wherever the extension of the company's business justified it (Mace: probably the W.Va. Pulp & Paper co.); the cooperation of the different mutual companies entering the Marlinton switchboard will be asked in order to install two phones, one in the C & O. station and the other in the freight office"

Mail service: The Times told of a lack of mail service in the Elk community in the very early 20's. About 9 miles of Elk had no mail service. (Dave: a letter to Ivan (at Buckhannon?) from mother said a package would be carried horseback to the Clover Lick PO.--no mail to Marlinton.)

Jake Simmons belonged to the 19th Va. Cavalry. He was probably one of the several Randolph County men belonging to it.--?) He was a 3rd Lieutenant.

Donald Johnson's gunpoweder accident: Donald was trying to ignite the poweder and then mud-cap the bottle before the powder furned !

Airplanes: Paul or Si conducting parachute jumps out of barn with unbrellas. --Donald or Dave--? Archie Gibson discussed the glory of flying.

War is terrible: Frank Hannah told me, after the war, Joe Gay and Walt Allen would get off their horses and fight if they happened to meed on road.

Automobiles on Elk: I seem to remember that L.D. sold gas from drums which he kept in the barn before he installed a gas tank to the front and left of the old store. I remember quite well the gas tank in front of the (old) store. It had a cylindrical bowl with gallong gradations pained on the side. The bowl had to be filled by hand and was fed into the car by gravity. In my memory I can see your mother filling the bowl for a customer.

Si Sharp's Recollections --- Capt. Mundy --Doc Lowe Murder
on cassette 1982 Feb Harmon Sharp's

255

Capt Mundy told Uncle Hugh that in a battle in the Civil war, some of his men were down under the brow of a hill and hisother men were back shooting over this hill at the enemy over on the other sid and they killed one of their own men. He said he thought it was from a misfire or low poweder charge and one of the men under the brow of the hill was shot in the back. But it was just an accident--one of the thingsof war.

Capt Mundy and Uncle Hugh had a squatter's deed of some kind for a lot of land back on Gauley. (Dave: that deed is Xeroxed elsewhere in book). That was the way you got unclaimed or unsurveyed land back in the early days. If no one claimed a patch of land you wrote up a claim and after you kept it so long it belonged to you. But I guess some one had a prior deed or claim to that property. Evidently his claim wasn't good. I think Ramona has that "claim" from Ivan's papers. I suppose Capt Mundy wrote it up. I didn't know that claim existed until after Ivan died.

"Doc Lowe"-- Along about 1890 or before that, there were a copple of young fellows that came in to Uncle Harmon Sharp's at Slatyfork and went up to the head of Laurel Run and built a cabin there. They wore six-shooters on their hips. They didn't socialize with any of the neighbors. They'd come out to the store and had money to buy supplies. They were there about a year or so. They didn't work at a job. They probably hunted some. They seemed to be hid out up there. One morning one of the fellows came down to Harmon Sharp's who lived across the creek in a big log house at Slatyfork. He said "I had trouble up at the house last night and I had to kill my partner. We fell out and I knewwasgoing to shoot me. We sat up all night. He was sitting backwards on a chair with my arms up on the chair and he was sitting over in the corner and we were waiting for the other one to go to sleep. I dozed off and I heard the click of his gun when he cocked it. I knew was going to shoot and I fell off sideways from that chair and pulled my six-shooter and shot him, but he shot as I fell off and the bullet hit the back of the chair where I had my arms on. I got off it just in time" . Well, Harmon's went up and from the best I can remember, they brought him out of there. His name was DockLowe. T think he was burried here at the Sharp cemetery. --probaly one of those on the back side that had just a rock for a stone. Anyway, they just took his word that he shot in self-defense. There wasn t any coroner's investigation or jury. I asked Allie Gibson if she knew anything about it. She said she knew about it. She was little girl then. She said she heard about "Old Dock Lowe" getting shot. But what Uncle Hugh said, I understand he wasn't a very old fellow. It was a supposition at the time that they were outlaws and were hiding out from the law till things cooled down. I asked old man Will Gibson (the one at Slatyfork?) about it and he said he knew where they had the cabin up there. It was before Uncle Harmon moved from Slatyfork. G. C. & E. Railroad came down here and offered Uncle Harmon a pretty big price for his farm, that took in all of the Slatyfork area and down the river a ways and he sold out and went down to Elkins, over there at the west side of Elkins at _____ "Steve"(?) Bottom , big level farm land .... and that when he had the girls, Mary and Cora, -- they went to California. I visited with them in San Diago in the 1930s. Cora was a nurse then and about 50 or 55 and Mary a little older. Mary married a Rhorabaugh and they had aboy called Harmon, and a girl. Both of them are now dead and both younger than me.

This is Feb 28, 1982.

(The tape continues with some piano playing by Si.

The other side of the cassette has Dave's, Paul's, Ketha's and Genevieveas visit with Violet in Richmond. --Violet's conversation with us.

Misceleanous "Loose Ends", Stories etc.

Si Sharp: Quince Harris made whiskey up the hollow (swimming hole) above Henry Shaver's and the RR track, for grandfather Wm Sharp--sold whiskey. Joe and Sam Gibson's dad, John, camped at the pine knob behind the middle mountain meadow during the Civil war, with Silas Sharp. Wm Sharp, after the war, sewed a Confederate for unlawfully taking Silas a civilian, a prisoner, and believed collected $500. Colonel Gatewood was probably one of them sued.

Got in the fur business: Jake Gibson went to Edray Post Office and tot a fur price list and gave it to Dad. Dad bought fur and sent to the address on the price list. About 12 years old.

Blain Sharp would stay some nights at grandmother Sharp's. One evening, thinking Blain had stayed with her the night before, told him: Blain, you can sleep where you slept last night"--meaning the same bed upstairs. He had actually slept at his house with Henry Sharp (near the Davis Hannah house--Dorothy Fitzwater) the night before. It made Blaine mad and he said: "I have a good bed at home and I'll go there and sleep" ! ha.

Fur Business: Dad had made a $30 profit on three calves he borrowed ($30) money to buy, and gave half of it to Jake Gibson to help buy fur, and he doubled his money.

John and Melina Rose lived at Whittiker Falls, down Elk river, (Dad stayed all night there buying fur when age 12). Their son, Bob lived near Point Mountain. Was a surveyor. And he lived at Webster Springs. Rumor that he got drunk and a car killed him.

Ivan had Dad's gold (filled) pocket Watch, a Waltham 18 size, 1892 model.

There was a house at the Gibson Knob, so Buck Galford could have lived there. They moved a lot.

George Hoover was probably the first to live up near the RR track.

Hanson Lindsey was a brother of Mrs. Showalter.

Burn Hamrick, Jim Shaver and Greens"held possession" (squatters) on Gauley.

Sam Gibson and Dad watched at the old school house for the "Hatfield" gang that sent a note for Dad to put $300 in a box in the corner of the school house. No one showed up. Another night he came and threw the empty box and decoy money on the ground. Dad first thought it was Burton Hoover, but a Dodrill from Webster county, perhaps a shhool teacher at Slatyfork one term, was convicted of a similiar trick down there, so it must have been Dodrill

Ivan Sharp's recollections taped November 1974
transcribed — 1980 by his daughter
Ramona Shipley

257

This November the 15th 1974 and I have a message here to those who may be concerned in regard to a little bit of history to the Sharp generation and ancestries . Since Mother and Dad hav past on to their final resting place with the Lord, we regret we did not make a record of their vast knowledge of our kin and their activities, while here on earth, therefore, I will start with myself:

I was the oldest of son of Luther David and Laura Jane Morgan Sharp. My name is Ivan L. Sharp. I was born July 27, 1900 and so the legend and knowledge that I have that has been handed down to me and some that I have known to be a fact on my own rights, so I'll begin with stating that there was seven children in my father and mother's family: Ada, Violet and Creola, Silas, Paul and Luther David, (junior) -- so I will state that I'm married to Genevieve Orndorff of Arbovale, a daughter of J. B. and Cora Ervin Orndorff and have lived happily together for fifty years. and we have three children- Ramona, now living in Parkersburg, married to Thomas Shipley and they have three boys, John, Thomas Alan and David and also a grandson Jeremy and my daughter , she teaches music in public school since the boys are grown up and away at school and one of them married off, so Ralph , he is taking care, of you might say, two families, he is living in Fountain Valley California and has a young son, Richard, and part of his family is in Albany, Georgia- Vickie, Brian, Kathy and Diana. Evan, youngest son, married Phyllis McCutcheon, a sister of Reverend Calvin Mc Cutcheon, a Methodist minister like what used to be called a circuit rider on his own preference, he prefers to deal with country people rather than preach and take care of a city congregation and he has been awarded several medals or plaques for his efficiency in his line of duty. And of course this takes care of the children and except , I might say that Ralph is asst production manager of a bearing factory where he lives, and Evan living out in Madison , Va. has two sons, Rod and Todd an d they are both in school and his wife teaches school so they are kept pretty busy, there on their farm trying to remodel the old farm house. And of course, now getting back to my dad's family..

Ada was married twice. The first marriage to Mr. John Johnson. She had a son, Donald which is now living in Portland , Oregon and a daughter, Helen, married to Eugene Hannah living in Slatyfork, West Virginia. After she taught a term of public school at Slatyfork, she remarried-to Will Curtain. To that union was two sons and a daughter. Billy Curtain, Stanley, and Clara Keene. Then Violet, lives in Richmond Virginia and she married Rufus Mark and who is now deceased and they had one son Rufus Melvin, Jr and he lives in Indiana. And Creola was a victim of the flu after the first World's War and she had-anyway it wasn't diptheria, but anyway her throat swelled shut and they had to 'lance' her throat and it turned to blood poison and in that time they didn't have penecillan or streptomicin to cure or check diseases like that. (1923)

She was very talented in music and was doing a little teaching of piano lessons even while she was in the last year of high school.

Then Si, my brother, Si after having a few operations and a slipped disc in the back and gall stones and a few other troubles, he decided that he'd remain single and free and therefore he is still living back at the old homeplace , the Hugh Sharp place where our great-uncle Hugh Sharp lived and of course my dad built the house there.

Then came along Paul. When he went to school at Buckhannon, he met Vonda Lowe and they were married and to this union was born a son and a daughter, Thayer and Barbara. Of course, Paul, after he finished school,he taught school and was principal ofthe Seneca Trail Public School at Slatyfork.for a few years. When the second World's War come along, he went down to Institute near Dunbar and Nitro and went to work as personnel man,U.S. Rubber company in making latex rubber for war purposes. When this factory closed, he followed with the company on to Texas and is living in Texas. Vonda died a few years ago and was buried near Barboursville or Huntington where her parents were buried. Paul remarried again. To this union there are no children and he was fortunate in getting two good wives and of course a good wife comes in pretty good to take care of you when you have ailments and we all have our share and Paul had some kind of paralysis in both arms for a while and the Lord is almost miraculously healing him and he has almost normal use of one arm.

Now Dave, married Sylvia Friel, one of Dee Friel's daughter's and they have a girl of which they adopted and is very bright and intelligent and a great help to them, when Sylvia hasn't been too well and like the rest of us- it's nice to have company around.

Now this takes care of, I believe, my brother's and sisters.

My dad was the only son of my grandfather, Silas Sharp and my grandmother Sarah Hannah Sharp. He had two sisters, Ella, who married Robert Gibson and Malinda,who married Ellis Hannah.

My grandfather Silas Sharp, spent twenty-three months and twenty-four days in a Confederate prison during the Civil War. He had several brothers, three were killed duringthe Civil War. OTHER ~~Bernard~~, I believe, was killed back of the present house where Uncle Hugh used to live. I do not know , but I think he was buried on the back in the calf lot' now belonging to Paul,(along 219) where Mary, Uncle Hugh's only sister was buried- she died with something like pneumonia during the civil war.

There was Uncle Hugh Sharp, Uncle Harmon Sharp and Uncle Henry Sharp are the only ones I can remember of my great-uncles. There was, of course, Luther and Bernard. Uncle Harmon had a big familyand they are scattered all the way to California. Tolbert after he helped Joe Gibson's buy up the timber land around Slatyfork, Gauley Mt, Middle Mt. etc, for these big companies , he went west.

* This Henry Sharp was no relative, but lived at or middle mt & then later near Davis Hannah's heirs with his brother Blaine

Uncle Harmon died in McKellum (?) Hospital in Richmond, Virginia. Dad and I visited him while he was in the hospital. It's been many years ago, Grandfather Sharp, his father was William Sharp, Jr. .III

William Sharp, Jr, III my great-grandfather is buried at the Sharp graveyard-named for him- up near the high rocks. Grandfather and grandmother and a sister. As I said I'm not sure where Bernard and Luther are buried, the boys that died during the Civil War. According to my reccollection, Jake simmons and Quince Harris were the guilty parties that killed Bernard one on them was guilty of BERNARD/LUTHER that,,,, I'm not sure but Luther may have been killed at the Battle of Droom Mountain. Of course they had a skirmish over on Mingo Flats he could have been killed there, He was serving in the army. So there seems to have been four sons on Wm. Sharp II, sr...One settled at Slatyfork, my great-grandfather. WM III One up about the Jake Gibson place and he was, I understand, was maybe killed by an Indian or by a sniper. One settled at Edray and the otherone over about Frost.

Of course William Sharp Sr, I came of from England and we were related to the Dilley's. My _____ grandfather SIKES married Sarah Hannah, daughter of David Hannah who was very religious and allowed no work to be done on Sunday., no cooking or anything like that-Sunday was kept as a sacred day . And my grandmother had a brother, Henry, HANNAH who ran a store up at Arbovale for a few years and moved from there to Renick and I'm not sure as to whether they were buried there, but he had a son Earnest who went to Arizona, (Phoenix, I believe) and was postmaster ther until his retirement. Now my grandmother had another son whose name I do not recall for certain but it might have been ~~Albert or~~ ~~Jee~~ and he had a severe ailment (might have been typhoid or not), but anyway a miracle seemed to have been performed, he died away and they were making arrangements for a funeral, seems as if his father and grandfather had been to a sale and was coming back and this boy awoke from this trance or vision and tried to show grandmother and the other members of the family the beautiful sights of heaven as he saw it. He mentioned some of the relatives who died before he was born. He said " They are up in heaven, don't you see them, but they were unable to see but the bright lights like the sunset in the evening, but he also told them everything that his grandfather and dad had bought at the sale. .. his mother a colt for one thing. He said, " I can take this baby and stick it the fire and there won't be a hair of his head scorched." But they were afraid to let him because of the knowledge they had of fire... Then he said I'll throw this hankerchief up to the ceiling, it will stay up there and he did and it did stay. He said, "I'm sleepy and he went to thebed and and laid down and he didn't want them to touch him because he had seen Jesus and the angels who took care of him while he was sick in this vision so that left a testamony to my forefathers and of the necessity of having th faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And while Dad related this story to me on more than one occasion, I'm sure I haven't repeated it exactly as it was and of course my grandmother had mentioned what had happened. There were miracles back in those days as there were when Christ was on earth and of course there are still miracles being performed today.

260

MY great-grandmother, Hessie Hannah was a wife of David Hannah and I remember seeing my three grandmothers: Grandmother Sarah Sharp, Grandmother Hessie Hannah and my grandmother, Edith Ramsey Morgan, the wife of Reverand Samuel C. Morgan the Methodist c circuit rider on the Edray charge during the 1888-89-90 or 91. — see Morgan HISTORY page 9 (1884-1994) At that time the methodist church was in the Virginia conference and later on in the Baltimore conference and now it is the W, Va, Conference, Lewisburg District. Of course both my grandfathers died before I was born. The prison term of my grandfather Silas Sharp....he was the only one or one of the six who survived malaria fever which struck practically all the prisoners that the Confederates had captured. My grandfather somehow or another managed to get some material, gold wire and things like that to make some rings and ornaments etc. — breast pins (D9)

(END SIDE ONE: RECORDED NOV. 1974- IVAN SHARP)

This is my second attempt to give some history of the Sharp generation as handed down to me by word of mouth by Uncle Hugh Sharp, and my father Luther Sharp and my grandmother Sara Sharp and some knowledge in my own rights. I have some legal papers but I really have done little or no research as to the history, but this information that I'm giving may help somebody who desires to do some research work on our ancestry.

I have some legal papers to show that my great-great grandfather, William Sharp, Sr. one of four brothers that came to this country, leaving many relatives in England, Scotland, Ireland and Germany. They received a land grant from the King of England for vast amount of acreage in what was then the state of Virginia. He had, as I understand it a brother that lived at Frost or Huntersville and one at Edray and one at Jake Gibson place at head of Elk. He was stationed at Slatyfork. In this deed that my great-great grandfather gave to my great grandfather was for some over a thousand or more acres including Slatyfork, Sharps Knob, part of Gauley Mt. and part of Buzzard Mt. Of course, my great grandfather, William Sharp, Jr married Rachel Dilley. This is what the deed calls for and they lived at Slatyfork and were buried on a shale soapstone type of ground, a ridge, east of the high rocks near the old county road. You might say that when they died they were both buried on this ridge, therefore the cemetary was named for them. Of course my grandmother and grandfather Sharp as well as my father and mother Sharp are buried there too along with my sister Creola. I've seen no markers that my great-great grandfather Sharp was buried at this cemetary, nor great- uncle Bernard Sharp or my great- uncle Luther Sharp who were killed during the Civil War. There was an aunt Mary Sharp, a teenager who died with pneumonia or something similar to that during the Civil War, and was buried down on the north side of 219 on the bank of what used to be called 'the Calf-lot Meadow'. Part of the stone markers are still there. I might say that my grandmother Rachel's sister, Mandy Dilley Ervin I believe it was stayed with them about the time that they died and stayed on to keep house for great-uncle Hugh Sharp for a certain length of time, I don't know just how long. She may have been buried over at Dilley's Mill,

(?)

← (which gate ?)

← (middle MT.)

III →

* 216) →

← WM. II (at Fairview)

side 2 (continued) 261

in that section over there , as well as my great-great grandfather, I'm not sure. Some of our relatives were buried up at the Hannah cemetary up where Billy Hannah and George Hannah used to live but they may have been relatives on my grandmother Hannah's grandfather David Hannah's side of the house.

I might say that I have here in my possesion, given to me by my great uncle Hugh Sharp, a small family Bible of his mother and (Wm Hester) dad's showing all the birthdays of all the family including my Grandfather Silas Sharp who married Sarah Hannah, daughter of David and Hester or Hessie as they called her and lived at the old Page Hannah house. I also have a small type spinning wheel given to my sister, Violet, and she in turn gave it to me to keep in the Sharp family. I also have a split- hickory bottom rocking chair given me by great-uncle Hugh Sharp and said his grandfather Dilley had died in this chair while sitting in the chair. The chair is old and straight, one of those homemade chairs put together with wooden pegs. My brother, Si, said 'I't's not much wonder he died in it -it was so straight and uncomfortable.' That is because the rockers are worn flat and there isn't much 'rock' to it.

As I said before I'm not sure where my great-great grandfather and grandmother were buried. Some of our relatives are buried in the Hannah graveyard but they may have been the ones on my grandmother Hannah's side of the house as I stated. A great great Uncle of my myGreat-great grandfather Sharp was located near Frost, Huntersville section which Judge Sharp and George Sharp, former Secretary-of-state and Austin and Asby were descendents and there may have been some others, maybe Ed, anyway I wasn't too well aquainted with the Sharp's in that section. And another was located about Edray in which Will Sharp and Giles Sharp and Jake Sharp were probably descendents probably Hanson Sharp, Ellis Sharp and Jim Sharp were descendants of this brother. And there were Elmer and Mitchell Sharp, sons of Jim Sharp. Maybe some of these lived Anoto section.

I'm not sure, but my great uncle Henry Sharp used to live at Middle mountain until a fire burned their home down and they lost everything they had and they moved form there to about the Davis Hannah house now is and from there over to the Onoto .. so they may be ancestors of Dave Sharp and Ellot Sharp of over inthat section. Of course there is Charlie Sharp and his brother so there are some distant relatives there somewhere ...how this all came about I don't know. Now the one of my great great uncles that settled up at the Jake Gibson place, according to Uncle HUGH Sharp, he died before the Civil War in a rather mysterious way-killed by an Indian or a sniper or a disgruntled neighbor or a hunter- anyway he found dead of a bullet wound, now so far as I know had no children.

262

Now getting back to great grandfather William Sharp's family. Besides my grandfather Silas Sharp, was Henry Sharp as I mentioned and Uncle Hugh Sharp who lived at the old home place and lived with us 'til he died. Uncle Harmon Sharp lived down at Slatyfork and he died in McKellum Hospital in Richmond, Virginia. My father and I visited him while he was in the hospital there. He had cancer of the throat. He had a large family and I knew most of them. So far as I know he had only one boy, Tolbert, and he and little Jim Gibson were selling real estate around Slatyfork and Elk and through there and after they did that of course a lot of the people that lived around here moved away, including cousin Tolbert Sharp. Tolbert Sharp married a Doyle and he had a son Richard about my age and a daughter, Mabel and a younger daughter I don't just recall her name whether it was Margy.. anyway there were two daughters and one son and they moved to California.

Harmon

Uncle Harmon had a number of daughters, his wife was named Many and she lived with her daughter, Mary Liesty over at Elkins. Mary Liesty and a son named Lawrence, I remember and of course there was Nettie who married Edgar Dilley. Another daughter married Edgar Doyle and they went west along with Tolbert Sharp to California of near the deserts or somewhere out there- anyway they liked it well enough that they stayed. They was one sister that married George (?L) Hannah and she was buried at the Sharp graveyard and there is a marker there, her name was Nora. Another daughter, Cora, who went west, I don't know whether she ever married or not, but she was one of the younger ones of the Harmon Sharp family.

He died [illegible] may 10th 1951

Geo L

Now I'm not too positive about all these statements that I made but it will give you some idea. I might say that Uncle Sam Gibson married one of the Harmon Sharp's daughters too. They had a daughter, Stella, ..Her mother died, perhaps in childbirth when she was very young. My grandmother Sarah Sharp raised Stella. Stella married a Fisher over at Elkins and was the mother of Rocky Fisher (father of Maxine and Julia Fisher.) Most of these relatives that I've mentioned of uncle Harmon's family I remember faintly.

Errors

Lee & Hannah married Harmon Sharp's daughter

Some married Mary, sister of Sarah Sharp

See allie Gibson's account of Stella

Only three of my great uncles I remember. Even my grandfathers died before I was born on both sides of the house. Silas Sharp died a few years before I was born and so did Samuel C. Morgan, Methodist circuit rider...so I didn't see any of my grandfathers. But I got to see two grandmothers and one great-grandmother, Hester or Hessie as they called her. While mother and dad Sharp were living they kept history in their minds and of course occasionally they would tell us, but I never thought to write them down. So I make these statements so that if anyone in the future wanted to do some research they would know more about it.

I might say here that my uncles that were killed during the Civil War. Uncle Bernard was only fourteen years of age and he was trying to get away from the raiders or Confederates and he was trying to get away up the back of the house where my brother Si now lives and old man Quince Harris or Jake Simmons are the ones that shot and killed him. Near the same time that Luther was killed probably in the Droop Mt. battle, or the skirmish over near Mingo Flats. He served in the army, as I understand it. But my grandfather Sharp at the time that Bernard was killed, hid in a goose nest when the Confederates made a raid through that section and this fellow that shot at uncle Bernard and missed there, so my grandfather jumped out of that nest while the other fellow was trying to reload his gun and knocked him down and ran around the house to get away from him ran intoa whole posse of Confederate soldiers so he had to surrender, along with Jake Gibson, not related to Jim Gibson -I don't think, but may have been grandfather to Jake and John Gibson. Anyway my grandfather had to give up and he went with them and they put handcuffs on him and also on Jake Gibson. It took two fellows to guard them while the rest of them went on to make raids on the farmers, through the section to get food and see who was hiding, and who the enemies were and so forth. Jake Gibson could get his handcuffs off and grandfather tried to persuade him to slip them off, knock the guard down and get his gun and shoot the other one but he was afraid to do that and anyway this fellow shot at Jake as he was running and missed him so he found that Jake was going to get away from him so he threw his gun down and ran after him and caught up with him up near the top of the hill near the Sharp graveyard. Jake Gibson happened to have somthing like a toy pistol they call it a pepper box pistol and he jerked that out of his pocket and whirled and started shooting at him and the guard ran back. Jake got away but my grandfather was taken on to Salisbury North or South Carolina and served twenty-three months and twenty-four days in prison there. There were only six prisoners, the Yankees, that survived the malaria fever and malnutrition or starvation there. My grandfather managed to get a hold of some gold wire etc. and made some jewelry etc. and gave to the colored maids and those that gave them their medicine and told them to give him double portion of the allowance, so he survived until the Confederates decided that they were all going to die anyway several hundred had died so they agreed to exchange the six prisoners that were left., my grandfather happened to be one of them. It took him about a monthe to get home. This may have been a factor in his death. He died with something simiaar to appendacitus some internal it may have been cancer but from what my dad, grandmother and uncle Hugh said it must have been the appendix that burst cause he didn't live too long after that happened. This is all that I have to say for now as regards to my ancestors, I may have more to say later.

264

I might say here that I left out Amos and Porter Sharp. over there about Warick t at may have been descents of uncle Henry Sharp and may have been brothers or cousins of Dave Sharp and Bill Ellot Sharp - I don't know what the connections are right there. But speaking about my my great- uncle Harmon Sharp. He was the most jolly person you would ever want to meet. You could, he had a unique laugh and I enjoyed hearing him talk. All of my uncles were great hunters and they had some tales to tell experiences back in the wilds of W. Va.

My great uncle Hugh Sharp never did get married. He somehow or another didn't seem to have much affection for the opposite sex. He didn't like to be bossed around or told what to do or what not to do. He had hired different ones to do the housekeeping for him and had had different families to move in with him. He always could get along with the men folks but the womenfolk didn't like his attitude or his mode of taking care of his tools and clothes etc. The fact that uncle Hugh would go out and stay all day and come in for dinner at four o'clock in the evening for something to eat. Of course that didn't suit most of the people that stayed there. I can remember that Dang Jackson was one family that lived there and James Jackson was anotherfamily that lived there the father of Will Jackson and Charlie, Bernie and Lucy Jackson and they lived for a while and there were no heirs that lived there. At one time my ~~aunt~~ uncle Will Morgan and my aunt Fannie lived there a while and took care of uncle Hugh. My dad took it upon himself after Tolbert left to see that uncle Hugh had sombody to look after him, wash his clothes etc. Uncle Will moved back to Lobelia where he came from and then came along Noah Ayres and his son, adopted son I belive about my age, called Cecil. And then after so long a time (Mix(?) Micks) the one that married Merle Gibson and then her sister Eva who married Luther Mace moved in for a while to take care of uncle Hugh. But at one time Virgie.....(end ofTape 2)

(START OF TAPE THREE)

Virgie Gibson stayed and kept house for a while but not very long. And Uncle Taylor Ramsey and his son Junior and I stayed there with uncle Hugh a summer, Junior was about my age. Later dad hired Rachel Showalter and son Barney, a year older than I was, to help take care of uncle Hugh and so the farmwork. Mr. and Mrs. Showalter were easy to get a long with and uncle Hugh liked her. Mother and Junior and maybe Paul and Si stayed stayed with Uncle Hugh one winter and did the cooking for uncle Hugh and taking care of him while dad and I batched overaat the old home place to take care of the feed and the livestock, the store and the post office. Of course, I think perhaps Henry Shaver was taking care of the livestock feeding over at uncle Hugh's. My experience in cooking was to put on a pot of kidney beans, about a pint to cook and they kept swelling and kept swelling gnd I had every pot on the place full of beans.

(side three- continued) 265

We had beans coming out our ears for about a week or more. Mother would keep us in bread as well as a lot of other things that we were up to cooking. Uncle Hugh was liked by everybody. One time he had some pet white tailed deer. One special deer, named Nannie, got to be quite mean and one time my dad and aunt Ellie Gibson, not yet grown, up a cherry stump and they had to holler for help so they could get home. Uncle Hugh was quite a wild bee hunter. Seldom ever would cut a tree. As he had fifty to a hundred stands of bees of his own. He would hid his money and valuables in a beehive as most people were afraid of bees - and sometime elsewhere. One money box we never did find after he died But after he missed some money before this he had dad take care of most of his valuables and sent the money to the bank. He lived to be seventy-six years old before he died and he died in about 1923, so I knew him for 23 years. Of course for the first few years of my life I didn't know one person from another but he was and I liked to hear him talk and he had a lot of bear stories and hunting stories to tell. I was at his bedside when he died and he told me the good Lord had saved him a few weeks before and he was ready to go. I was over in the cornfield across the creek and he called for me and I came, and I was at his bedside when he died. He was buried in the Sharp cemetary. Alarge granite marker was erected at his grave site.

Another thing about uncle Hugh- Captain Mundy was a great friend of his and made a lot of patent bee hives for him. some that he could take the lid off and watch the bees work. Some of these are in my possession now and I've made them over to take care of sections and the new type of selling the honey. Captain Mundy and uncle Hugh had gotten a lagge land grant from the king of England of 50,000 acres more or less in Pocahontas, Webster and Randolph counties of the state of Virginia. It may have been the Pennell survey or part of the land that Lawyer Reger of Elkins wanted my dad to bring suit for the title of the land and give him part of the land if they won the lawsuit. The survey appears to have been made according to papers of uncle Hugh's. The grant was stolen before the survey was put on record at least by the Virginia Court. They were applying for a copy to reinstate or get on record, but so far as I know it never was carried out unless this Mr. Reger dug it up in his land search for he was a real estate lawyer. My dad told Mr. Reger the lawyer that all the people in the country would be mad at him for taking in their property. But Reger said they could hold the improved property that they owned but not the wild country that hadn't been developed back on the mountain probably on Gauley, Buzzard , Middle and probably some of Point mountain. Dad could hold what some people call squatters rights to obtain legal title to the property,,if fact some big companies had Bernard Hamrick to build a camp back there on Gauley mountain and also a cousin of ours, Bob Rose was also paid so much a month for ten or more years to claim the property. So some of these big lumber companies got the timberland and timber for practically nothing.

(side three - continued)

264

Getting back to uncle Harman Sharp. He was the most jolly man I think I ever met. He was always laughing and had a very nice family. He liked to hunt, and camp out and tell of his experiences of his. That about takes care of my uncles, I'll get down to my grandfather later.

I might say I have been having trouble with this tape recorder erasing part of the material that I would like to record. So I repeat some and have left out some that should be mentioned. Speaking about the ancestors over around Onoto We were related to Joe Sharp down at Mill Point through what source I'm not sure perhaps uncle Henry Sharp. Joe Sharp had a son named for my father Luther David Sharp but since they have since died or moved away, but anyway my dad and I were at their auction sale when they broke up housekeeping. There was another Sharp over in that section over about Clover Lick. I don't know of any real connection between them or the other Sharp's that I've mentioned . Just recently a few months ago I saw an ad in the Pocahontas Times saying that there was an Ivan Sharp at Cass that had some pigs for sale - now what source they came from I'm not sure. There was some other Sharps: John and Ern and some of those that may have been from Bill Ellott Sharps people. There seem to have been two sets of Sharps in Pocahontas County. Two sets of Gibsons that weren't relation on the Elk section and two different sections of the Hannah's that do not seem to be related. In some cases had married into the same name. We are related quite a bit to most of the people around Dilley's Mill through grandmother Rachel Dilley Sharp She was a Dilley and I've heard my uncle Hugh speak of 'grandpappy Dilley.' I mentioned also some property that I have that he once owned. We are related to the Sharps around Frost and that section, the Dilley's perhaps several others perhaps the Gibson's over in that section and so then on my grandmother Hannah's side of the house my great grandmother Hessie and Henry Hannah. They had a son Henry Hannah who was a brother of my grandmother Sharp. I'm pretty sure they had another brother or son and two or more daughters. One was Aunt Malindy (Rose) Married to John Rose. They were the father and mother of Bob Rose. We were related to the Zickafoose's in some manner Whether my great-great grandmother Sharp was a Zicafoose or whether the later descendants married a Zickafoose I'm not sure but anyway there was one of them that lived over about Buckhannon during the twenties.that was distantly related to us. I've heard my dad speak of so many different ones in the community around there like LU ? Curry and Poague, Cook and places down around Elk river still go by that name and speaking about the Land Grant of Captain Mundy and Uncle Hugh's of that vast acreage. The West Virginia History in three volumes mentions aboutsome trouble the clerk of Pocahontas county was having in trying to keep the records secret from the Confederate invaders. They hid the records

← NB

(tape three- continued)

267

a while in a buckwheat stack, a while in a Methodist church, a while in two or three different homes. When the war was over and things settled down one of those record books was missing. It could be that this record book contained the information about uncle Hugh and Captain Mundy, his grant and also my great-great grandfather Sharp's grant from the King of England for property. Of course there is no way of tellin' what happened to that but I the papers that Uncle Hugh and Captain Mundy filed with the I suppose the Supreme Court at Richmond Virginia to try to establish the grant or get it on record again, but I have no information as to whether it was accomplished or not. Anyway we never paid any taxes or it and my dad owned some coal land back on Gauley and he deeded it over to Otis Gibson and he may still own those coal or mineral rights. In some cases those old people back there were smart enough to reserve the mineral rights. We were sure there were minerals in there but in later years I can remember myself that the old Staunton-Parkersburg road was being repaired, they had to use dynamite and pick and shovels and plows and manpower and horse power to repair the road. They put off a blast at the forks of the road there at the Slatyfork post office and within a few hundred feet of a geologic marker in a limestone ledge that produced quite a stream or quite a bit of oil ran out of this sand rock and so the folks working on the road got excited and ran over to where the old store was and told usabout it. Dad and I closed up the store and took a crowbar, pick and we gouged down around in that old sandstone and the thing tore loose again and the oil in the sandstone ran out into the water. Foolish like I struck a match to it and itflashed right across the water. I didn't know anything about gas and I reckon' I could have blowed the whole place up around there. But he talked to the geologist after that and he said that may have been forced up from several thousand feet and sandrock had so many cavaties and hollow places within that it was very susseptable to absorbing gas and the chances is if you go back to that flat there and sink a well and go deep enough that we would strike gas in that country. The thing that I don't understand that it is limestone country and there Is about as much water that runs underground that runs on the top of the ground and only when there is a flood or heavy rains that they have water on Big Spring of Elk. The way it got its name is that the water would run for maybe a mile or two and then it would go underground, so it would be dry for a mile or two and then come out again and there would be water for a few hundred feet or a mile. Of course we Don't know what all is back in those caverns. I know that one place on my farm about an eight of an acre dropped out of sight just the treetops. Then of course the sink holes through there in different places. You take up around next to Snowshoe, the Rhea place the Vandevender place for about a half a mile there is one sinkhole rightafter another some two hundred yards apart- almost in a straight line. They've filled up and there no openings except there is one place on the Vandevender place where you could drop a rock and time it and it takes almost a minute of falling before it

268

hits bottom -sounds like it hits glass or fossils or something thats down in that cave then it bounces off that into mud and it goes 'kerchug'. Those are mysterious things there., Then too, at the water fountain near Slatyfork the Hugh Sharp cave, as far as I know there has never been anybody to the end of that cave. They've been in for two or three days searching but there are some big rooms in there and then a place to crawel through and othere places where there is a river about waist deep. The serchers use carbide lamps and twine to find their way.

When the built the railroad in that section, the blasting caused a lot of the limestone to fall in and now it is too difficult to get into this cave. You could clear it away and probable have enough room to drive a car into it. That country is noted for caverns and high waters and stream beds with no water at all. You cross over the mountain to Dry Branch and for several miles there is no water for miles except when it rains. Those are some of the conditions that exist up in that country. Big oil companies at one time leased the land for oil. They had a lease of what was called the Rhea Place for ten years but then they cancelled it with in seven years. They decided if the government was not going to back them up on this deep well drilling they would just drop out on it. Of course that's got us in part of the trouble we're in now in the lack of fuel.

Now speaking about the relatives on the Hannah side, my great grandfather Henry er David Hannah was very religious and he wouldn't allow any work to be done on Sunday. He had some brothers I'm pretty sure because just above Frank Hannah's -Sam Hannah's it used to be on the Billy Mace place the corner there was a building a log house that bunnt down and this is where this boy lived that died away and came to again and the connections there I'm not too sure about. Aunt Leah Hannah she married another Hannah or just how it was but Aunt Leah was mother to Josie Lewis and Edna Foster and Paul and Silas Hannah of Hinton. Of course Josie Lewis is in Huntington W. Va. And of course we are related to that bunch of Hannah's and we are related to Bowd (?) Hannah and Silas Hannah.

Otha Hannah

(END OF TAPE THREE)

(BEGINNING OF TAPE FOUR)

I ran out of tape on that side. I don't know whether I stated that my aunt Ella married Bob Gibson a brother of little Jim Gibson and they had several children, Otis, Allie, Florence and Willie and Ona Gibson. Aunt Malinda married Ellis Hannah. They had a few children; Eva married Charlie Beale, Russell married andther Hannah and a sister of Ira of over around Marlinton no relation; Lena married Floyd Baxter over around Warick and Veo married a Dumire. Lena Baxter had one son; Veo and his wife had some daughters an some sons..two sons died with cancer at a rather earlyage.

(TAPE FOUR- CONTINUED)

269 (1889-1899)

Getting back to my father. He married a preacher's daughter (Rev. Samuel C. Morgan on the Edray charge- 1880-88-89-91" in the Va. conference later transferred to the Ohio Conference and now a part of the W. Va. conference. It's hard to trace those things because of the different conferences they change to. If I remember right I have in my possession the minutes of the Virginia conference with my grandfather's name in it. Uncle Wallace Sutton on my wife's side of the house was a minister of the Gospel, he married my wife's mother's sister. He gave us some information I didn't write down any points to try to keep things together.

(see morgan History (page 8) D9

Anyway we are related to a lot of people indirectly and I have noway or have not taken t e time to do any research about them. Anyway getting to my father's family. My sister Ada was married twice which I think I mentioned a while a go. Her first husband was a Johnson and they had a son Donald who stayed with us several years maybe through high school. He went west to Oregon and is real active in church work out there from what I can understand. He belongs to the Army Reserve was a chef in the army. Then there is Helen Johnson who married Eugene Hannah, son of Lee Hannah. As far as I know we were not related to the George L. Hannah other than George married uncle Harmon's daughter. Of course there was Sheldon Hannah and Bryson Hannah I've heard my dad mention quite a few times. He liked to sing and I think maybe he and my dad held a singing school and old man Ware liked to sing. So Bryson Hannah and there weren't too many of that set of hannah's who were very regular in church attendance. Hugh Hannah's family were very active in church work. There were several of those Hannah's who were school teachers. Bessie, Mary and the one that married the Woodell. Of course Marvin remained on the farm and his son, I think helped my brother Dave out in Cincinnatti in the jewelry business, repairing watches and things of that sort. That takes care of most of the history there. Of course there were a lot of people who used to live in that country there that like Vanderbritts and Slankers a d Varners- Sam Varner and his brother and Dave Varner who used to live about the Sam Galford property and moved to Cass. Alot of people sold out and moved elsewhere. The property the Kyle Hannah lives in (Russell Hannah) My dad bought two farms there from the Vanderbritts (?) and uncle Ellis Hannah wanted dad to buy those farms for him and seems as if he wanted to buy them and Vanderbritt wouldn't sell them to Ellis for some reason or another and when it came to a showdown when dad told him he wanted the deed made out to uncle Ellis Hannah , he was about to back out on it but finally went ahead and signed the deed, but in that agreement with uncle Ellis Hannah we Sharp's were supposed to have fishing privaleg es up and down the farm

(SIDE FOUR CONTINUED) 270

OF THE BIG Spring of Elk that didn't go dry. It was good fishing territory but they didn't seem to like too much for us to take that privilege after dad had Russell and Ellis and some of them to witness a deed Uncle Hugh Sharp had made to my dad for some property. They seemed to have felt that they should have a part in it. Maybe they should have but they didn't do anything to take care of uncle Hugh and you might say that part of therecord there that I was giving and the tape didn't pick up was....My mother stayed over at the new home and cooked for uncle Hugh while Dave was small. Si and Paul went to school from over there and that's when Dad and I batched over at the old home place. We had the Post office and the store. One of us stayed in the store while the other chores. One time dad sent me up to put on some beans and I didn't know about how many to put on. I thought a pint of red kidney beans wouldn't be too much . I put them in a pot and they kept swelling and kept swelling and for long I had every pot in the place full of beans. We had to send some over to mother and that is one lesson I learned about cooking. It's a good thing we cooked them before eating or we wouldn't be around... My mother took care of uncle Hugh that one winter. Dad hired Rachel Showalter and Barney to come and do the cooking and help on the farm . Barney was one yeqr older than I was. He was on the farm for a number of year. This Mix boy that I could not remember his name was Cameron Mix. I think he was a twi n to another Mix. Of course aunt Eva was there for a while but as I stated uncle Hugh couldn't get along well with the women folks bossing him around , but he could with the men folks. Uncle Hugh was likedby all over the county. People called him uncle Hugh whether they were any relation or not. He had a lot of bear stories he liked to tell. One story that Captain or somebody told on him. When he was a boy he saw a bear and it started towards him and he took to running down over the hill about a half a mile and he crawled in a hollow log so the bear wouldn't see him. After uncle Hugh got a little older he knew that a bear did a little more trailing by smell than by sight. he always said the way to get away from a bear if he attacked you it was best to climb a small tree for it was hard for a bear to reach apound to climb up seems as if that had happened a feww times in those days. Somebody would pick up a cub bear and th e old she bear would happen to be around there was a fight on their hands right then and there. Most of teSharps always enjoyed hunting and wild life.

(meeks or nicks) ← Meeks or NICKS

Let's see I think we came down to part of my dad's family. Ada being the oldest graduated from West Virginia Wesleyan College and went on to Argulia (spelling) up in Mass. She took a course in elocution and was very talented along that line and was very entertaining. After a few years she taught school at Slatyfork. Then married Will Curtain of Baltimore. To that union was born, Billy Curtain who was in World War II and was in all ,

(TAPE FOUR CONTINUED) 271

OF THE MAIN DRIVES* IN Africa Sicily a d Italy and the front at Argonne and he came out alive but was a very nervous type of man after that. Another boy, Stanley became a school teacher and he and his wife were both school teachers. There was a daughter Clara, married Bill Keene and probably still is there in Baltimore. They come out occasionally to Slatyfork to do a little hunting and so forth.

My dad at one time owned seven of the best houses in Campbelltown. When the Campbell Lumber co. went out of business dad heqrd about it and went over to Yeager who had charge of the sale of property. Dad bought the three houses on the hill used by the officials of the company and I think three or four houses over in town. He gave each one of us chiadren a house. Of course Ada and Violet sold their houses and after so long a time Junior sold his, a few years ago my brother Si sold his house. Dad, during the depression sold one house to Woodell (he owned property around the hollow he wanted to trade for but dad sold him this property..So I'm t e only one that owns any property there in Campbelltown as of now. That' the middle house , lot two on plot three and so dad did quite a lot of investing. He lost in a lot of investments...coal mining, gold mining things of that sort. He invested inVegleyCoal company and Yeager bought a lot of coal land in Kentucky, Ed Williams & Jim Price was connected with it so dad bought some stock in it and I bought some. But Dad's stock was guarenteed by the International Stock Food (?) Co. He got most of his money back. Trouble is the coal company left the property to be sold for taxes and either Yeager or Price or some of the folks who are lawyers found a chance to make some money at it, whether they hung onto it or not or whether they lost their money. One time I invested in Dan Patch Electric Railroad the first electric railroad train in this country that ran from Minneapolis to St. Paul. I invested $130.00 in it for I thought it would eventually take over and be used in place of steam engines. Different ones who rode on it claimed it was wonderful and I guess it was alright but there is always somebody that knows how to buy out the controlling interest. I also invested in Racer Disc Wheel and Rubber company which built an automobile wheel that was puncture proof. It had a solid rubber tire about and inch and a half thick on a rim and the rim fit down inside two discs and the innertube was the hub of the wheel and you rode on air yet there was no way to puncture the innertube. The only thing that could happen would be through friction. I happened to ride in a demonstrator car that had those wheels on. I happened to have two hundred and fifty dollars and I invested in that Disc compnay. Dr. Hutchison and several prominant men of Richmond were officials of it and this racer held fifty-one percent interest in the compnay and he went out to Cleveland or somewhere and he sold out the controlling interest to one of those tire companies and they knew that wouldn't do to have one tire that would last a lifetime of a car and they refused to put it on the market and they did come around with some kind of dope that you could put inside an innertube that would fill up any

278

16

small tack holes but nevertheless I never did get very far investing for financial benefits. I have enjoyed farming and had a gasoline business-American Gas andhandled automobile supplies in the twenties and of course I sold out and turned my part over to dad and outside of the parts etc. still have some racks etc that I had tires on. At one time Some robbers broke a window out and stole about three or four hundred dollars worth of tires, all that they could put in their car. We traced them, they went to Kentucky. The policeman at that time wasn't too anxious to follow up like the deal that we have today with the detective, so many of them of different kinds that they probably would have caught up with them.

On the relatives on the Hannah side, we have Forrest Hannah, William Hannah and Carrie Hannah lived at Valley Head. They were some of our realtions, they were cousins. They called my dad 'cousin'. Carries's mother must have married a Hannah, anyway she wasn't married and yet she carried the H Hannah name. I don't know whether they are related to Leah Hannah that bunch of Hannah's or not but there were two David Hannah's. One on ourside was very religious and one on the other side didn't take much interest in church work but was more interested in land deals, and things of that sort. The two sets of Gibson's, on Elk. I think Jim Gibson and Bob Gibson and I think they had a brother Sam who went out west and never did come back so maybe we have some relatives out there. There were a lot of those Gibson boys. There were Sheltons and Jackson's. ....

(END OF TAPE FOUR)

(BEGINNING OF TAPE FIVE)

Continuation of the Sharp History--I keep running out of tape. As I said I didn't have any points set down in order to keep the records together as they should be. Speaking of my dad I would like to say that he started out in the mercantile business when he was twelve years old. He borrowed thirty dollars from uncle "Henry" Hannah to buy three calves at ten dollars a piece off of some Hannah. They had plenty of feed to winter them and dad wintered those calves and sold them the next fall for maybe twenty or twenty-five dollars profit on his services for feeding the calves. He probably got twice as much for them the next fall when he sold them. So he went to buying furs and selling them and made some money that way. About that time the Cheery Lumber compnay built a tram road up Slatyfork and they had trolly cars that were pulled by mules but they had to lay a wooden floor and a track out of two by fours for the truck to run on in order to haul the logs from the head of Slatyfork and in that section there they would 'ball hoop' the logs off the mountain and it was winter time and icey and they had to load them on with cane hooks and things of that sort as they didn't have any hoists of any kind.

(side five -- continued)

(any hoists to get them on the truck). The mills above the old meadow at the old home place at Slatyfork. The parts of the mill were there up into the twenties. We sold part of it as junk to a junk dealer at Clarksburg. He wasn't t ere with them to see what they got- they were not supposed to take the blocks - the carriage blocks but they disappeared too. While they were cutting the cherry timber all over Slatyfork mountain and Buzzard mountain the men that were doing that sort of thing insisted on my dad putting in a littlestore there in the lumber room. He got some rough lumber at the saw mill and put up a warehouse or lumber room,'course later on they built a store. They bought tobacco and things of that sort and got started into the mercantile business that way. It enthused him very much when he was making some money. He raised food on the farm to live off of and the stuff that he bought and sold he considered that his. The funny part of it was in a way, he never once thought of asking uncle Henry Hannah how much interest he charged on the thirty dollars he borrowed and he just thanked him and of course back at that time was probably about four per cent but four per cent was worth as much as eight per cent now. But anyway that gave dad a start in the mercantile business and he built a store and ordered goods from Baltimore and different wholsalers. The tobacco he ordered in drop shipments and he got it less than wholesale prices because of the quantity he bought not only bought furs andsold but bought beef hides and bear hides and even wild animals such as pheasants and squirrels and back at that time you could sell them. They brought a big price, the Jews at that season of the year would pay top prices for them. Dad started buying wool and selling it to different companies that he wrote to and got prices and sometimes he would spend a half day with the wool buyer trying to close out the deal. They brought wool from Randolph county and Webster county and Pocahontas into dad's store and so we had to use this old warehouse to put t e wool in and the barn and shed and he had to haul the wool to Marlinton to load in box cars toship it away. Usually Jim Gibson the Varner's - Harry and Sam Varner, the Sheltons and those people up there had a lot of horses and wagons withthe big racks on them to haul hayetc. so they could haul pretty big loads of wool. They ahul it in and load it at Marlinton to ship it to Baltimore, Philadelphia and those places so dad made some money on buying and selling wool. And he also bought ginseng and and golden seal. Ginseng was a plant the republic of China bought the most of it for medical purposes and some for good luck.. The roots of the ginsang when shaped like a man that brought a premium price for that meant good luck and so he made some money off selling ginseng the wild roots. There is a lot of sport in digging wild genseng, I tried it myself a time.or two with some other folks in a rainy time when we couldn't make hay or anything and one would sayto another' "Let's go Censenging."

(SIDE FIVE CONTINUED) 274

We'd get our gensen hoes and out we'D GO AND DIG GENSENG. Well, dad prospered in the mercantile business and built up a good honest trade and as I said people came from Randolph, Webster and Pocahontas county in to sell their wool and buy their flour - dad even had a grist mill. At one time it belonged to Bryson Griffen and he got so he wasn't able to run the mill so Dad bought the mill and got uncle Sam Gibson to run it until the shaft or something tore up, so Dad had a new mill put in and had the Elbon's(?) from Webster Springs they were carpenters and had the mill designed and they built the shaft out of wood. Dad ordered French burrs from France to grind the corn meal and even corncobs for all to feed the livestock. But the the corn meal was edible. He also put in 'volts' (?) where they could sift the wheat flour. The flour was more or less dark, it didn't have all the vitamins taken out of it and if you wanted to stick your tooth into a good biscuit with cow butter on it why, there's nothin' better than the bread made from the flour of the French burrs. This mill was run by water power, the water went on the inside of the drivewheel instead of the overshot mill like my father-in law had up at Arbovale.

He had a mill up there, an overshot type of mill, that had buckets in and when they filled up the mill wheel moved. This new type of mill and so forth, when it started up would shake the whole building and you'd t ink it was going to tumble down., it had so much power about it. Anyway after so long a time the business got sort of slack along line and we'd only grind maybe once a week and would haveuncle Sam Gibson grind one week and maybe Dad the next. We had to build a mill dam and a shoot for the water to run into.this wheel that furnished the power.

And of course, my father went into the general mercantile of all types, ready made clothing, piece goods and groceries and hardware and anything you might need on the farm. Just mention it and he usually either had it or got it for you. Dad also liked to sing. He always maintained a pretty good choir at the church and developed a singing group that he would take to other churches to sing during revival meetings. Even at the county fair, we won a plaque or a medal for being the best choir in the county. Speaking about investments- I had $250.00 in the Pocahontas County Fair and it was like some of those other businesses. It was sold for taxes so I was out $250.00 there but I enjoyed the fair. I took my first airplane ride with a man by the name of Scott. He was hauling riders at the fair. My brother, Dave and I, my dad said, "Do you all want to go up?" We said, "Yes."

We didn't know it, but the pilot was one of these fellows who nipped the bottle a little bit and he told dad as we started to leave the ground, "I'm gonna give them a real good ride. I'll play some stunts with them." Well, he did. He went up there and made a loop the loop once or twice and it seemed like we were just gonna go through the floorboard as we came back down and as we went up we didn't know whether we were gonna stick on the upper side or not. Course we were strapped in, but we enjoyed that ride and it was a small plane. We landed safely.

Most of the rest of the family and my wife especially have riden a jet plane. She went to Chicago, I believe when Brian was born. She enjoyed the ride on the plane, it was comfortable even though she was sorta scared to start out.

Further, in regard to my dad, he was like my great uncle Hugh Sharp; he had a lotta bees. Dad studied scientific methods of taking care of bees. He advertised the basswood or white lynn honey throughout the state and built up a reputation of being the best flavored honey ever produced in the state of West Virginia. In a few years time the state decided the bee business was growing to such an extent that they needed to have some overseers and inspectors to try to take care that they wouldn't get disease and the people wouldn't have to get out of the bee business. So they came to see my dad to be one of the bee inspectors. Mr. Massey from Wheeling, W. Va. was to be chairman of the bee inspectors, so dad had to spend quite a bit of time during the summer months inspecting bees. If they found foul brood either European or the regular foul brood, the instruction then was to destroy the hive and the bees. The honey was supposed to have been edible and no harm in eating the honey. What they were trying to prevent was the spread of the foul brood and they are still trying to do the same thing today. We found out from experience that if you kept the bees watered, the bees like to have water for the young bees, and you put salt in the water and sometimes salt around the hives it seemed to protect them to a certain extent from taking foul brood. Of course there is a difference in thebreed of bees. The Italian bees were as mean as they ever get, about like yellow jackets. They were good housekeepers and would keep the weevils and worms cleaned out where a black bee would just accept them as part of the family and let them go ahead and destroy the brood and eat up the beehive. That's still true today.

My dad was always active in church work. He was layleader class leader of the church. He and Brice Griffin and uncle Sam Gibson and Sam Hannah, myself and two or three others would be the number that would be at prayer meeting in the winter time. when the snow was deep. When it was pretty a lot of folks would come out to prayer meeting back then that wouldn't have time or think about it today. They would rather stay home and watch television.

(SIDE FIVE CONTINUED) 276

NOW, of course we mentioned about Ada's career. Violet married Rufus Markland who finally became vice-president or assistant vice-president of the C. and O railroad. That's a position that cousin Sam Whanger, Ed Whanger also railroaders finally attained to. My brother-in-law, Rufus died with heart trouble several years ago. My sister lived by herself for a number of years and finally decided to sell out and go to the Methodist Hermitage. She had to pay, I believe, ten thousand dollars invest in the Hermitage plus about on hundred and seventy-five dollars a month for room and board for as long as she lives. Of course, she got all of the needed nursing facilities if she had to go into the hospital, they have hospital services on the third floor. All she had to do is pick up the telephone and call the nurse and she would be there in a minute or two if she were sick or needed help. She was very much satisfied with this sort of a set-up. She could still keep her own car and come and go as she pleased. That's fine, we thought we had something similar to that here in West Virginia and when we voted on it at the Methodist conference, we thought it was for the ministers of the gospels, retired and the laymen, retired and didn't have a home to go to. They could live in this Methodist Hermitage or place and live and be practically free. 'Course that was before social security and that sort of thing came into effect, but today if you own property, you have to dispose of it and turn it over to them and pay them probably two hundred dollars a month for room and board, something on the same order of what my sister has in Richmond, Va.. She inspected three different places, she checked in Cincinnatti and W.Va. and Richmond. Violet married a mighty good man, they seldom come any better. Their son, started out to study to be a doctor, he finally edded up working for an electrical company. He is working for Magnavox now as sort of a sales manager and of course, his wife teaches school at times and they had two children, Ann and John. Ann married a Zurr ,a painter contractor who work s for his dad and he's a nice fellow. They all seem to be doing pretty well. ZEHR

Now my sister, Creola, died in the flu epidemic ~~during~~ after the first world's war when she was eighteen years old. She took something like tonsillitus or diptheria and they lanced her throat and she took blood poisoning. They didn't have streptomicen or penecillan or anything like that to killit like they do today. She would probably be living today if they had this kind of medical treatment. (1923)

As for myself, I have one girl and two boys. Ramona lives at Parkersburg. She went to school at Morris Harvey and also went to school at Marlinton High School and Poca High School. She graduated at Marietta College after she was married and is now teaching music in several elementary schools. She goes from one school to another and she likes it real well in dealing with the children. They seem to be so enthused over songs that they sing and that sort. The oldest boy of Ramona and Tom, Ramona married Tom Shipley a chemical engineer at the Dupont plant and did work at the Dupont plant at Belle, John graduated from school and he is now a clothing store manager in St. Louis. He married Cindy, I forget her father and mother's name but she is a real nice, quiet girl. They have a son, Jeremy that would be my great grandson.

(SIDE FIVE CONTINUED)

227

Tomas Alan is still in school and he is taking what you might the Hollywood type of training of being in plays and movies and singing. He has a wonderful voice and has won two or three scholorships on that. The younger boy, David, he looks more like the Sharp's than the other two boys. He is at West Virginia University now.
(END SIDE FIVE)
(SIDE SIX)

WHERE I LEFT OFF...I think I told the history of my daughter, Ramona. Then there comes Ralph and Evan. Ralph served a term in the army during the Korean War. He married Rogena Davis. They had four children of this union, Vickie, the oldest, Brian and Kathy and Diane. They bought a house, a fancy home in Albany Georgia. They been down, that was the second time..he had a job with Gravley Tractor company as an engineer and he was transferred down there to manage the plant in Albany Georgia. The chance of promotion didn't appear too good and the suggestions that he made in regard to the company and the new motors that they were putting out and he decided that if they weren't going to pay any attention to his suggestions that he would look out for another job. He did, he went back to Chicago and while he was in Chicago he went to school and worked for a draftsman there in Chicago before he got this job with Gravley and the man he worked for there in Chicago hired him back and he got a job for another company and Ralph worked for him for a few years in making this remote over televisionusing cassettes in the television in place of the current program so if you wanted to you just slip in a cassette and listen to your own programs. It was getting along pretty good and Sears Roebuck was supposed to be distributors for it but Ralph told them that if they didn't shake a leg a bit and put out more production and try to perfect some of the 'bugs' in the system it wasn't going to work. Ralph was right much to stand up for what he thought was right; so he quit there and went out to Fountain Valley in Calif. working for one of his old bosses he used to work for there in Chicago. He is vice-president or manager of production of this bearing plant where they make bearings for airplanes and motors of that sort and they have more orders than they can fill. When he went out there he had to hunt for a place to live and when you are so far up in the company you have to buy for prestigious sake and had to live in a fairly decent home so I think he overbought there in Fountain Valley..paid too much for this big house which is much bigger than they of course needed. When the prices of utilities and everything went up it made it quite difficult for Ralph to take care of the one family in Albany Georgia and he married a Nancy Darby, a quiet type person and they have one son, Richard in Fountain Valley California. We don't hear from them very often since they are that far away and I don't get to see them so very often . So far they are making good and the children, Rogena is raising are making good grades, one of them is going to school in Norfolk, Virginia and I think Brian wants to go to Charlottesville.

(SIDE SIX CONTINUED)

278

Brian starts college next year. He got a scholarship. He went to the governor's conference and made grades that justified that sort of thing.
Now, Evan went to school at Poca then to West Virginia State for one year. He couldn't get the subjects there that he wanted to take for he wanted to be a forester. He went on to West Virginia University and practically worked his own way through school. We helped him out as we could. He graduated. During the summer months he worked with Mr. Bailey up in Pocahontas county, trapping turkeys, wild life-tagging them and trying them loose etc. He was at the camp over at Albon on Anthony's creek. Later on he got a job with the Virginia forestry division. They liked his work there and they hired him full time when he graduated from W.V.U. He was over in Rockingham County out from Staunton for a couple of years, bought a home and had to sell it when he got a promotion and was sent over to Madison in the eastern part of the state. He was put in charge of a district of three counties, I don't know if I can name the counties; Madison was one and two other adjoining counties. This year he has set out 500,000 trees, he and some high school boys so he had to work long hours to do that. His wife, daughter of Mr. McCutcheon and the sister of Calvin McCutcheon a Methodist circuit rider you might say - he preferred to preach to the country people and has a charge up around Webster Springs, Craigsville and that section and has won serveral plaques or medals for outstanding work for serving the young people as well as the old people of his charge.

That sort of takes care of my family.
I might say that my dad was quite a worker in the church. Of course, Ramona, Ralph and Evan all sang in church choirs as well as myself. I was in hopes of raising a quartet of my own but they soon married off and moved away and that didn't seem to work out very well.

Some of the other things that I left out regarding the history of the Sharp's. On my mother's side of the house. She was a Morgan and my grandmother was a Ramsey. My references mad e here to the Ramsey reunion history give the history of the Ramsey's on my mothers side. They have a reunion at a place they built at Alvon near the Methodist church there especially for their reunion - a sheltor. My grandfather, the preacher, died before I was born. I did know his brother, uncle Clone (?) his brother, he married a sister of Mrs Hodges, I believe. Their daughter married a Laudermilk. .. Related to the the Sampson's Boone's and the Whangers and Ware's quite a number of folks around Ronceverte.. Sherwood, one of the Sherwood boys became a preacher. Dan Sherwood was a railroader, he and his wife aunt Sally Ware was grandmother Edith Morgan's sister. I think one of her daughter's married a Boone.. Roy Boone, Rankin and Samuel Boone, Weldon and Edith Boone of theBoone Family related to us. I think aunt Sally Ann Ware and my grandmother Morgan acted as midwives during the births of perhaps myself and my brothers and sisters. Of course there were no doctor's close. Dr. Cameron was over at Mace. Dr. Jim Price and

(SIDE SIX CONTINUED)

279

steam car.

I might say that Dr. Cameron of Mace owned one of the first steam automobiles in the state of W. Va. He had one that was run by steam , used kerosene to heat up the boiler for steam he could make seventy-five, eighty or ninely miles an hour with that thing. It looked a wh ole lot like a jeep. Our first automobile that we owned was a Studebaker and I had to have cushions put behind me to reach the pedals to be able to drive it. When I bought the thing , Dad went over to town and old man Burr let dad drive the thing around town for about thirty minutes and turned him loose to drive the thing home over the wagon roads, dirt roads. That's the way we learned to drive back in those days. We didn't have to have a license for a few years there 'til they got some better roads and there wouldbe some chance of speeding and having wrecks. If you were going twenty or twenty-five miles and hour you were going at a high speed over those roads.

Back at the time my wife and I were married, I had bought a New Star automobile not long before that and drove it to Marlinton and put it in a garage there, and rode the train up to Cass, and Genevieve's dad met us up there in his model "T" Ford and took us on over to the Orndorff home for the night. We got married the next day about eleven o'clock. We were starting to Washington D. C. on our honeymoon and there were mud roads up there then. Moody, Genevieve's brother, harnessed up the horses and put the spreaders on and chains-log chains and went on down the road about a quarter of a mile and was waiting t ere 'til we came along to fasten to the old model "T" in order to get through the mud hole. So Moody got up on the radiator. My wife and I were sitting in the back seat and we had dad up front - he was chauffering, and we were riding in style, there; one man out on the radiator as conductor, flagman or something driving a team. After we got out of the mud hole, of course we made it all right over to Cass. We got on the train there at Cass and going down the Greenbrier river down near Watoga or thereabouts, a freight train had wrecked and upset about ten or fifteen cars of coal. So we had to get our baggage and tromp through the briers and weeds and walk about a half a mile around this wreckage. The railroad company had sent another passanger train up to meet us to take us on into Ronceverte. We made it into Ronceverte but we were about to be a little too late for the train to Washington D.C. We took a berth of course, it seemed we had to take an upper berth. While she went to the dressing room to dress, I went ahead and went to bed and I kept looking out the curtains for her. She kept delaying and delaying and here, her sister and another girl had taken a machine or a needle and thread and sown her gown all up, and she couldn't get inside of it, so she had been sitting in there in the train rocking backwards and forwards trying to get those stitches out so she could get her gown on..I thought her heart had failed her, but she finally appeared. So we landed in Washington the next morning, spent a few days there looking around at the sights, the museum of history and that sort of thing then came on back home.

(SIDE SIX CONTINUED)

280

While we were gone about two or three feet of snow had fallen. When we came to Marlinton I called home to my mother to see how the roads were and she said there hadn't been anybody over them for two or three days and the mail hadn't even run. She said I'd better go to the hotel and stay that night and wait until next day to see if the roads opened up. But I went over to C. J. Richardson's and bought a shovel, I had this new car so we started out. We made it up Elk mountain alright and coming down Elk the wind had blown the snow and drifted it over top of the fence along each side. I just kinda butted my way through the snow. It was a kind of soft, fluffy-like sno' but it was hard down inside. Finally made a way through, My mother was over at the new home fixing our wedding dinner for us, she wasn't expecting us so I stopped over at the old place, called over asking if everything was all right. She asked, "Where are you?" I told her we were over at the old place and she wanted to know how we ever got there. Of course, we started across the graveyard hill and the snow had drifted clear over and you couldn't tell where the road was going down the other side. But drivin' made a road through and we got there. There were a lot of our friends and loved ones came on anyway and we had a very nice wedding party. That's been fifty years ago and we've lived happily together for fifty years. My health has been bad for the last three or four years and I don't expedt to have too long to stay here. With the type of disease I have the doctor's are doing the best they can to care of it. I've been in the hospital three times now in the last year and am still not able to get out and stir around much. I'M still thankful the Lord has spared our lives this long and give us hope of eternity. We've had lots of friends that have been very kind to us and we hope to meet them someday, whether in this life or the life to come.

280

There are many more things perhaps I should say. On my wife's side of the house there are several preachers. Two of her sister's married preachers. Stella married Hillary Finch and Gaynelle married Ollie Heavener, a United Brethern preacher. Mary, a sister has a boy Billy is a Presbyterian preacher. Stella and Hillary's two boys were preachers, one of them a part time preacher. He was with IBM and war making more money in the sales field and of course liked to take care of his family. As a preacher I understand they got up good sermons and all like that, the Lord bless him and bring him back to the ministry where he belongs. It seems like we all have our troubles. Genevieve's sister, Eloise lost her husband little over a year ago. He died in Waynesboro Va. Marie lost her husband several years ago but she managed to raise her family, a very good family, one of them has an airplane taxi in Lewisburg, If you wanted to go somewhere in a hurry, he would take you. So I married into a good religious family and the Sharp's Ramsey's and the Morgan's were all considered very nice people. Fordy Morgan was uncle Tom Morgan's son and he went to Washington D.C. and had some children. We have relatives scattered all over the United States, I reckon. Si chose to remain single rather than get married. Dave owns the store building at Slatyfork and has somebody to operate it. The jewelry shop in Cincinnatti, he repairs watches etc. He married a Friel girl, Sylvia they have an adopted daughterthat is a wonderful girl and has been a great help to them and a great blessing to them.

Note; Submitted to Pocahontas County History Book 1981

287

Ivan Lilburn Sharp

In early June, 1921, Ivan Sharp returned home to Slatyfork from his studies at West Virgina Wesleyan College. His father, L. D. had plans for him. He was to take Si, Paul and Creola Sharp to Arbovale for J.H. Hall's Singing School. They would drive there in the Studebaker and room with Mrs. Summers Sutton for the week.

A local girl, Genevieve Orndorff, was also attending the school. Sometime during the week, Ivan asked to drive her home. She suggested they walk. The unpaved North Fork road to J.B. Orndorff's home was very muddy.

Ivan Sharp became accustomed to the road to Genevieve's door. In the next three years he would make numerous Sunday trips, arriving in time for church, to spend the day with Genevieve. In 1923, under an apple tree, he proposed marriage. J. B. and Cora Ella (Ervin) Orndorff gave their blessing.

February, 6, 1924, Ivan Lilburn Sharp and Jessie Genevieve Orndorff were married in the front parlor of the Orndorff home at eleven in the morning: Reverand Harris, Methodist minister of Arbovale charge, officiating with Mary Margaret Orndorff and Si Sharp in attendance. Martha, the organist, played the traditional wedding march for the processional down stairway and hall. The bride was dressed in a blue suit with grey squirrel collar, grey shoes and grey silk hose; the groom in a blue serge suit. The guests were served a turkey dinner after the ceremony. (Some members of the family missed the ceremony- Eloise Orndorff, age six, was behind the stove crying.... Lila Orndorff and Aunt Lola Sheets had gone to the well.)....(Lola was probably trying to get the sugar from her hands for she had helped 'ice' nine cakes.)

Ivan and Genevieve planned to honeymoon in Washington, D. C. They did. In that week, Woodrow Wilson passed away. Genevieve remembers the pallor over the city. They visited, the Smithsonian, the Congressional Library and the Zoo. Genevieve had never seen a leapord; the one she saw at the National Zoo presented her with an indeliable souviner, claw marks on a brand-new silk umbrella.

For Ivan's recollections, here are his recorded memories taped in November 1974: "Back at the time my wife and I were married, I had bought a new Star automobile. I drove it to Marlinton and put it in a garage. We rode the log train up to Cass, Genevieve's dad met us there in his model "T" Ford and took os on over to the Orndorff home for the night. We got married the next day about eleven o'clock. We started to Washington D.C. on our honeymoon and there were mud roads up there then. Moody, Genevieve's brother, harnessed up the horses and put the spreaders on and chains, log chains, and went on down the road about a quarter of a mile and was waiting there 'til we came along to fasten the old model "T" in order to get through the mud hole. Moody got up on the radiator. My wife and I were sitting in the back seat and we had my dad up front, chauffering. We were riding in style with a man on the radiator conducting us through the mud with a team of horses! After we got out of the mud hole, we made it all right over to Cass. We got on the train there at Cass and going down the Greenbrier river down near Watoga or thereabouts, a freight train had wrecked and upset about ten or fifteen cars of coal. So we had to get our baggage and tromp through the briers and weeds and walk about a half a mile around this wreckage. The railroad company had sent another passenger train up to meet us to take us on into Ronceverte. We made it into Ronceverte but were about a little too late for the train to Washington, D.C.

264

" We took a berth of course, it seemed we had to take an upper berth. While she went to the dressing room to dress, I went ahead and went to bed and kept looking out the curtains for her. She kept delaying and delaying and here- her sister and another girl had taken a machine or a needle and thread and sown her gown all up and she couldn't get inside of it! She had been sitting un there in the train rocking backwards and forwards trying to get those stitches out so she could get her gown on.....I thought her heqrt had failed her, but she finally appeared."

"We landed in Washington the next morning, spent a few days there looking around at the sights, the Museum of History and that sort of thing and then came on back home."

"While we were gone about two or three feet of snow had fallen. When we came to Marlinton I called home to my mother to see how the roads were . She said there hadn't been anybody over them for two or three days and the mail hadn't even run. She said I'd better go to the hotel and stay that night and wait until next day to see if the roads opened up.. But I went over to C. J. Richardson's and bought a shovel, I had this new car so we started out. We made it up Elk mountain all right and coming down Elk the wind had blown t e snow and drifted it over top of the fence along each side. I just kinda butted my way through the snow. It was a kind of soft, fluffly-like snow but it was hard down inside. We finally made our way through."

"My mother was over at the new home fixing our wedding dinner for us. She wasn't expecting us so I stopped over at the old place, called over asking if everything was all right. She asked, "Where are you?" I told her we were over at the old place and she wanted to know how we ever got there. Of course, we started over the graveyard hill and the snow had drifted clear over and you couldn't tell where the road was going down the other side. But drivin' made a road through and we got there. There were a lot of our friends and loved ones who came on anyway and we had a

very nice wedding party. That's been fifty years ago and we've lived happily together for fifty years."

Ivan Lilburn Sharp was born at Slatyfork, July 27, 1900, son of Luther David and Laura Jane (Morgan) Sharp. He died March 22, 1975 and is buried at the Sharp Cemetary at Slatyfork. Jessie Genevieve (Orndorff) Sharp was born in Arbovale, August 5, 1905 and now resides in Waynesboro, Virginia. Ivan and Genevieve had three children: Ramona Irene Sharp Shipley born at Slatyfork August 26, 1928, Ralph Myers Sharp born at Myers Clinic, Philippi April 7, 1933. Evan Lilburn Sharp born at Myers Clinic, Philippi December 28, 1940 died November 17, 1975.

RANDOLPH MORGAN

The Morgans were of Welch decent, having come from Wales and settled in Virginia.

Randolph Morgan was born in Rappahannock County, Virginia on April 2, 1815. He came to Greenbrier County in company with Noah Morgan about 1833. Their relationship is not known, but it was not father and son.

Randolph Morgan lived two miles below Ronceverte. It is said that he had the first flour mill in the town. He was married to Pollie "Mary" Myres, also of Irish decent. She was a sister of Charles Myres. They lived near Ronceverte in the Irish Corner District. Pollie Myres was born in 1810.

The children of Randolph and Pollie Myres Morgan were: (ages according to 1880 census)

(1) Albert born 1841

(2) Charles Lewis born 1844

(3) Samuel Craft born July 8, 1847

(4) Columbus born 1851

(5) Virginia

(6) Unknown child

287

The second marriage of Randolph Morgan was to Mrs. Ellen Wade. She was born in 1824. They were married March 23, 1887 in Greenbrier County. She survived her husband.

Randolph Morgan died at his home below Ronceverte on May 6, 1897. The cause of his death was a general breaking down of his physical powers from old age. Funeral services were conducted at the house by the Rev. L. E. Markwood, followed by burial in the Coffman graveyard.

ALBERT MORGAN

Albert Morgan was born in 1841 in Greenbrier County. On August 24, 1865 he was married to Rebecca Whanger (born 1847), the daughter of David and Nelly Whanger. She was born in Greenbrier County.

The following children's initials were listed in the census of 1880.

M. E.	Female	13 years
S. E.	Male	12 years
E. A.	Female	8 years
V. S.	Female	6 years
A. L.	Male	3 years
S. F.	Female	1 year

Added to this are two known children: Ernest and Grace.

Grace Morgan was born October 19, 1886 and died in a Thomasville N. C. nursing home in November, 1974 after a long illness. She was married to Benjamin B. Brown. She was buried in the Ketron Cemetery near Ronceverte. Survivors include four sons: Guy of Indian Valley Covington, Va.; Ben B. and Archie, both of Highpoint, N. C.; Earl ~~Guy~~ of Covington, Va. three daughters: Mrs. Pauline Ford of Earlehurst, Va.; Mrs. Gladys Brisendine of Westwood, Covington, Va.; and Mrs. Margare Young of Clifton Forge, Va.

CHARLES LEWIS MORGAN

Charles Lewis Morgan was born in 1844 and was married to Louisa Eades on September 21, 1865. She was born in 1842, the daughter of Sam and Harriet Eades in Monroe, Va. Charles Lewis Morgan died December 17, 1899 at his home in Irish Corner District near Ronceverte. He died of cancer. He was a farmer. No children were listed for the couple in the census of 1880.

COLUMBUS MORGAN

Columbus Morgan was born in 1851. He was married to Malinda Howard who was born in 1856. Columbus died in 1927 or 28.

They were the parents of two daughters according to the census of 1880 and are listed as:

N. A.	Female	2 years
M. F.	Female	1 year

A son was born later. His name was Ford E. Morgan. He was living at 330 Maryland Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C. in 1944.

Columbus Morgan was living in the Fort Spring District when the census was taken in 1880.

291

VIRGINIA MORGAN

Virginia Morgan was 21 years old when she married Charles T. Holliday, also aged 21 years. The marriage date is not known by me. He was a son of Israel E. and Mary Holliday. Charles was a farmer. They were both born in Greenbrier County. Charles and Virginia were the parents of a daughter, Mary Susan, who married John Ramsey.

Virginia Morgan's second marriage was to Andrew Hutchinson. Their children that can be remembered are:

(1) Sam married Anna(?) Green

(2) Charles

(3) Barbara Ann married Ed Morgan

(4) Nancy Jane married _____ Fink

292

SAMUEL CRAFT MORGAN

Samuel Craft Morgan was born near Ronceverte on July 8, 1847. He died January 7, 1898. He was married on February 21, 1872 (note: Greenbrier County Court House records show January 21, 1872) to Edith H. Ramsey by M. L. Lacy. She was born near Ronceverte on December 20, 1855, the daughter of William and Sallie Meade Ramsey.

The following children were born to this union:

(1) Laura J. Morgan born March 31, 1874

(2) William Columbus Morgan born March 15, 1876

(3) Sarah Virginia (Ninnie) Morgan born February 15, 1878

(4) Edgar Randolph Morgan born April 18, 1882

(5) Lena Florence Morgan born December 17, 1896

The following is from an obituary notice:

Rev. Samuel C. Morgan, of the Greenbrier Circuit, M. E. Church, whose injuries by his horse falling on him, were noted in these columns some weeks ago, died last Friday morning, January 7, 1898, at 11 o'clock, at the home of George W. Whiting, near Falling Spring, of pneumonia. Aged 51 years.

Mr. Morgan, while seriously hurt by his accident, would have recovered had he not suffered exposure by lying for several hours in the weather before he could make anyone hear his cries for assistance. This exposure developed pneumonia, but we understand that he was improving slowly until one week before his death, when he was moved from Mr. Abraham Snedegar's to Mr. Whiting's, a distance of some six

293

or seven miles. The change from a warm room to the outside air exerted perhaps an injurious effect upon his wexakened frame, and he could not rally from the shock.

We give below from the pen of J. W. Sampson, a brief sketch of Mr. Morgan's life.

"Rev. Samuel Craft Morgan, the subject of this article, was born on the 8th day of July, 1847, in Greenbrier County, near the location on which the town of Ronceverte now stands. He was the third son of Randolph and Pollie Morgan, and on his mother's side sprang from among the oldest citizens of Greenbrier -- the old Myres family. Deceased was converted at a protracted meeting conducted by Rev. Addison Weller of M. E. Church, South, at old Pleasant Grove school house, in the Coffman neighborhood, in the year 1866. From the time of his conversion to the day of his death, he was an active and zealous worker in the church. He was licensed as a local preacher in the M. E. Church in the year 1887, and in 1888 was received on probation in the Virginia Annual Conference of the same church. His first pastoral charge was the Edray circuit (in 1889 in Pocahontas County), where he remained the full time limit of five years after which he was appointed to the Greenbrier circuit, where he served until called from labor to reward.

Bro. Morgan was a kind friend and neighbor, ~~a kind friend and neighbor~~, a faithful and loving husband and father, and above all else, was a faithful, self-denying, crossbearing servant of his Divine Master. He labored faithfully for the salvation of precious souls,

294

and for the advancement of the church of his choice, as a minister for nearly eleven years, and died at his post of duty. Doubtless the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher." "Mark the upright man and behold the just, for the end of that man is peace." We mourn, but not as those who have no hope, for this great loss to the church, believing as we do that our loss is his great gain. We extend to the bereaved wife and children our warmest sympathies, and exhort them to follow the example of their beloved one, and trust in Him who promised to be a father to the orphan and a husband to the widow."

The following appeared in a Greenbrier newspaper:

A Dream

Our Loveridge correspondent writes of a curious dream which seemed to have a quick fulfillment in the death of a Methodist minister sometime ago. He says:

"In the death of Rev. S. C. Morgan, whose obituary appeared in the West Virginia News, we realize a great loss. While some do not pay any attention to dreams, many reflect over Bro. Morgan's dream the night before he preached his last sermon at this place and which he related at that time.

"He dreamed he was on the bank of the Greenbrier River, opposite the old homestead, not far from the present site of Ronceverte. He saw the old birch tree to which he used to hitch his canoe, but his canoe was gone. He wanted to get across but did not know how. He saw a boat up the river, but it was not the

295

boat he used to have. In some way he crossed, he said, but did not know how, but on the other side he met his father, who had been dead sometime.

"He said he did not know, but it might be that his earthly stay was short."

The Rev. S. C. Morgan was buried at the Oak Grove Cemetery. Following his death, the church was renamed Morgan Memorial Church.

His wife was buried at his side. She died September 25, 1932 at the home of her son, W. C. Morgan of Lobelia. Her second marriage was to John Wesley Irvin 10-16-1901 of Edray who preceded her in death. A week before her death, she suffered a stroke of paralysis.

The children of the Rev. S. C. and Edith Ramsey Morgan will now be presented.

Randolph Morgan - 11
Samuel Morgan - 5
Laura Morgan Sharp - 1

296

LAURA JANE MORGAN

Laura Jane Morgan was born March 31, 1874 near Ronceverte. She died at her home at Slaty Fork, Pocahontas County, October 17, 1932. She had been ill for many months with heart disease and complications. She was buried in the Sharp family cemetery, the funeral being conducted from the Slaty Fork Church by Rev. T. H.Taylor.

On February 16, 1893 she united in marriage with Luther David Sharp, born June 8, 1872 at Slaty Fork, the son of Silas and Sarah Hannah Sharp of the "Old Field" on Elk. "L.D." died March 13, 1963 and was buried in the Sharp cemetery. The following was taken from his obituary notice.

"Mr. Sharp was the only son of his parents. At the early age of 12, he started his mercantile business, buying and selling fur, livestock, and merchandise. For many years his merchandise was hauled from Millboro, Virginia, and Beverly by covered wagons. Mr. Sharp was the first Postmaster of Slatyfork and gave it its name when the office was opened. He loved to fish and hunt, killing his last deer at the age of 89. He was one of the first group of apiary inspectors in W. Va., and raised bees to produce the famous Pocahontas County white lynn honey.

"L.D." as he was affectionately called by his close friends, helped organize and was a charter member of the Slatyfork Methodist Church. He was a lover of sacred music and organized the Slatyfork Choir, well known in Pocahontas and surrounding counties for its fine music.

297

Luther's second marriage was to Mabel Hansford (May 20 1934)

The children of L.D . and Laura Sharp are listed below. They all attended West Virginia Weslyan College except Creola.

(1) Ada Ellen born Feb 21st 1894 - 1956 (died 8-18-1956), first married John Johnson

Their children:

Pocahontas Times (Aug or Sept) 1912: "Ada Sharp will go to Buckhannon to attend Wesleyan College" (age 18)

(A) Donald married Lexie _____ and lives in Portland, Oregon. Children: Paul, Linda, Donald Jr., and Bruce.

Helen's 2nd marriage 4-21-78 to Sampson Soldiers, at Warm Springs Va. He died near fair ground near Marlinton

(B) Helen married (May 1934?) Eugene Hannah, the son of Lee and Virginia Daft Hannah. Widowed Helen lives at Slatyfork. Their son Eugene H. married Jewell Mullins. Children: David and Douglas. They live at Fairmont.

died of heart attack

(at Warm Springs, VA) → Helen remarried to Samuel Soldiers 1978 (4-21-78)

Following the death of Mr. Johnson, Ada married William Curtin (April 20th (about 1925)) of Baltimore, Md.

He died (Jan 12) 1981 (age 80)

Also Carl (Baby) died about 1 year old ?

Their children:

(A) Stanley married Shirley Bell. He is a school principal near Baltimore.

(B) Clara married William Keene. They live in Baltimore.

(C) William "Billy" has been married 2 or 3 times in Baltimore.

(2) Violet (Morgan) born March 15, 1897, married Rufus Melvin Markland (7-6-1918) and lives in Richmond, Virginia. He is deceased.

Their child, Rufus Melvin,Jr., married Nancy _____ and lives in Indiana. Their children are: John and Ann.

298

(3) Ivan born July 25, 1900. Married Genevieve Orndorff, daughter of Jesse Brown Orndorff of Arbovale. Ivan and Genevieve live at Nitro, W. Va. (2-3-81) She moved to Waynesboro, Va a few years ago. (4?)
Ivan died spring of 1975
Their children:

(A) Ramona married Tom Shipley. Lives at Parkersburg.

Children: John, Thomas Alan, and David

(B) Ralph married Rogena Davis. Lives in California.
Ralph divorced Rogena Remarried & living in Calif. (Nancy Darby)
Children: Brian, Kathy, and _____.

(C) Evan married Phyllis McCutcheon. B. 8-4-1949, Reedy, W.Va. Lives at Madison, Virginia. Their two sons are Todd and Roderick.

(4) Creola (Evan killed by a hunter fall of 1975. Phyllis remarried a year later to Brad Melgen P.O. Box 1 Orange, Va 22960
born 1905 - died 2-25-1925) - died as a young girl in 1923.

(5) Silas was born October 27, 1907. ~~Never married~~. Lives at Slatyfork. married Eunice Gibson July 3, 1981

(6) Paul born November 25, 1910. Married Vonda Lowe. Deceased He lives in Port Neches, Texas. Remarried Katherine Milhollin

Their children:

(A) Thayer married Nancy Simpson. Their child is Timothy Thayer divorced Nancy & Married Sara Carter, Divorced Sara & Married Beverly Champion

(B) Barbara married Glenn Smith

After Vonda's death, Paul married "Ketha" Milhollin.

(7) Luther David Jr. born June 8, 1916. Married Silvia Friel. They live in Cincinnati, Ohio. Their child is Linda Dee 1919- 7-11-1940 12-19-61 She married Danny EDUARDO May 1980

Ivan L. Sharp

Ivan Lilbern Sharp, 74, of 110 Woodland Dr., Nitro, died Saturday in Thomas Memorial Hospital after a long illness.

He was a retired foreman of the FMC plant in Nitro and the U. S. Rubber Co. He was a member of St. Paul's United Methodist Church and attended West Virginia Wesleyan College. He was graduated from Massey Business College in Richmond and Rhea Auto and Tractor School in Cincinnati. He was a native of Slatyfork, Pocahontas County.

Surviving: wife, Genevieve at the home; daughter, Mrs. Romona Shipley of Parkersburg; sons, Ralph M. of Fountain Valley, Calif., and Evan L. of Madison, Va.; brothers, Si of Slatyfork, Paul of Port Neches, Texas, Dave of Cincinnati; sister, Mrs. Violet M. Markland of Richmond.

Service will be 11 a.m. Monday in St. Paul's United Methodist Church with the Rev. James B. Arbogast, the Rev. J. Hillary Finch and the Rev. Ollie Hevener officiating.

An additional service will be 4 p.m. Monday in the Slatyfork United Methodist Church. Burial will be in the Sharp Cemetery, Slatyfork.

Friends may call from 2 to 4 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m. today at the funeral home. The family requests that memorials be made to St. Paul's United Methodist Church.

Cook-Pauley Funeral Home, Nitro, is in charge of arrangements.

Evan Sharp

Randolph morgan 13
Sam morgan Sharp 7
Laura morgan Sharp 3½

Issue: 2 Ch'n

299

Evan Lilbern Sharp

B. 28 Dec. 1940
Philippi, W.Va.

D. 19 Nov. 1975
Augusta Springs, VA
Killed while deer hunting in Nat'l Forest.

bur. Sharp Cemetery
Slaty Fork, W.Va.

Forester in Virginia Forest Service

Resided: Staunton, Va.
Madison, VA

Parents: Ivan Lilbern Sharp
& Jesse Genevieve Orndorff

1. Arthur Todd Sharp
B. 1 Oct. 1965 Norton, Va.
D.
Md.

2. Roderick Evan Sharp
B. 13 Mar. 1967 Staunton, Va.
D.
Md.

3. a girl;

Md. 6 Mar. 1965
Weston, W.Va.

Jacksons Mill

Phyllis Jeanette McCutheon

B. 21 Aug. 1944
Reedy, W.Va.

She remarried
To Brad Mehges
Orange, Va.

D.

bur.

Parents: Thomas Edgar McCutcheon
& Edna West

Randolph Morgan - 14
Samuel Morgan - 8
W. C. Morgan - 1

300

William Columbus Morgan

William Columbus Morgan, the second child of the Rev. S. C. and Edith Ramsey Morgan, was born March 15, 1876 just below Ronceverte. He went to school at the Old Pleasant School House for a while which was in the Coffman neighborhood. He then went to the Oak Hill School in Ronceverte. The Morgan family moved to Edray in Pocahontas County in March 1889 to the Methodist Parsonage. He then attended the Edray School until he finished the sixth grade. He worked for Isaac Sharp at Edray for two 8 month hitches and also during sugar making time. In 1894 the Morgan family moved to the old log parsonage just below Lobelia and the Rev. Morgan preached at 7 or 8 churches in the Greenbrier Charge.

William C. married Jemima Frances "Fannie" Hill on November 10, 1897. She was the daughter of Aaron and Miriam Jordan Hill of Lobelia. W. C. and Fannie were married by his father at Lobelia. They started housekeeping in a house owned by Christopher Hill. They then moved on to Droop Mountain. Returned to Lobelia and bought a piece of land from Chris Hill where he built a house. He sold the land. In March 1907 the family moved ~~on~~ East Elk Mountain in Statyfork into the home with Hugh Sharp (uncle of L. D. Sharp). In October 1907, they returned to Bruffey's Creek and lived in the old house of his brother-in-law, Winnie Kennison. His wife, Fannie, died there on February 21, 1908 of pneumonia. Charlie Anderson, a school teacher at Bruffey's Creek, closed his school and preached the funeral on February 22, 1908. She was buried in the Emmanuel Cemetery on Bruffey's Creek. Will's sister, Ninnie, kept house for him for awhile until he broke up housekeeping.

301

Dr. T. G. Cook attended Fannie during her illness.

William stayed with Winnie Kennison on weekends and worked in the woods during the week. The children stayed with:

(A) Miriam stayed with her Uncle L. D. and Aunt Laura Sharp.

(B) Georgia made her home with Nathaniel Kennison near Hillsboro

(C) Laura stayed at Winnie Kennisons, also at Nat Kennisons, at Chris Hills, and with Mr. and Mrs. Harry K. Wilson who lived at Winterburn on Williams River and then moved to Thomas. Mr. Wilson was a sawyer and noted as a good one. Laura was 11 years old when she went to live with Will and Sallie Irvin at Fairview. She made her home with them until her marriage.

(D) Samuel was taken by his Grandmother, Mrs. Edith Morgan Irvin at Edray until his father remarried.

(E) Fannie was 6 weeks old when her mother died. Mrs. Mary Brock took her until Mrs. Brock died and then Fannie went to live with her father and step-mother.

William C. was married the second time to Miriam Hill Morgan. She had married and divorced his brother, Edgar Morgan. She was the daughter of Isaac Hill and they lived on her father's farm on Bruffey's Creek near Lobelia. W. C. and Miriam were married in April 1916 in Cumberland, Maryland. W. C. continued to work in the woods some after his second marriage. He also did some farming at their place. He raised bees and many different kinds of birds -- bantams, turkeys, guineas, and chickens. His son-in-law, Charles Hollandsworth, recalled how Will would put grain under a piece of glass and watch an old hen scratch away trying to get the grain. He had an old mule that was used to ride newly weds on when

Randolph Morgan - 16
Samuel Morgan - 10
W. C. Morgan - 3

they were serenaded. The mule died the same day that W. C. 's grandson, Melvin Dale Hollandsworth, was born on Nov. 16, 1925. W. C. nicknamed him "Jack", a name that he became known by.

William C. and Miriam Morgan carried on many pioneer habits. They raised broom corn and made brooms. Both were expert weavers on the loom. She did carding and spinning of wool. He enjoyed hunting and was 78 when he killed his last deer with a shotgun as his eyesight was not keen enough to use a rifle. They both played the accordion and he also played the fiddle.

After Miriam's death on March 26, 1952, he continued to live at the farm until he became too feeble to be alone. He would then stay a few months with each of his children. In early 1957 he was admitted to the Denmar Hospital where he died December 22, 1957. He was buried December 24 in the cemetery at Emmanuel Church on Bruffey's Creek.

The families of his children will now be presented.

303

MIRIAM EDITH MORGAN

Miriam Edith Morgan, the oldest child of W. C. and Fannie Hill Morgan, was born August 13, 1898. Following the death of her mother, Miriam stayed for a while with her uncle and aunt, L.D. and Laura Sharp at Slatyfork. While there she learned to play the organ.

She married Jonah Roy Sparks (born October 5, 1889, died June 19, 1972), son of Adam and Emma Griffith Sparks of Tazewell County, Virginia later of Lobelia, W. Va. on Hill's Creek. Roy Sparks was a veteran of World War I.

Miriam died July 4, 1916 following the birth of her only child, Miriam Edith, on July 3, 1916. Miriam was buried at the Emmanuel Cemetery on Bruffey's Creek.

The following is a part of a news item in the Pocahontas Times.

"On the 18th of April (1917) the angels came and carried away from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sparks near Lobelia, the soul of Miriam Edith Sparks, their little granddaughter, aged nine months. The child's mother, Mrs. Roy Sparks, having been called to her reward last July. The grandparents gladly took the care of the little babe. For a time they thought they would not be able to raise the child, but for some time it seemed to be doing well and was the pride of the home. But almost suddenly, its sickness being only two days, the Heavenly Father who doeth all things well, saw best to take the little child to a better country where death and suffering will be no more. We know the father, Roy Sparks, cannot help but feel a sense of loneliness, his companion and only child having been taken from him

Randolph Morgan - 18
Samuel Morgan - 12
W. C. Morgan - 5

304

in the last year, but we are sure the attractions on the other shore will be helpful to lead to that blissful place where partings come no more. Funeral services were conducted at Emmanuel Church by Nap S. Morrison (also preached the mother's funeral) and J. B. Grimes, after which the body was laid to rest in the cemetery nearby to await the coming of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

305

GEORGIA VIRGINIA MORGAN

Georgia Virginia Morgan, the second child of W. C. and Fannie Hill Morgan, was born September 2, 1900.

Georgia recalled when the Morgan family lived on Elk Mountain Holly Fork that her brother, Sam, punched the bees while they were playing. He was stung all over. The other children were stung too. A very old Indian and wife lived nearby the Sharp farm. The Indian took Georgia to stay all night at his house. She was afraid and faked illness the next morning so she could go home.

After her father broke up housekeeping, Georgia lived in the home of Nathaniel "Uncle Nat" Kennison near Hillsboro. He was a Confederate veteran. At his death he gave Georgia a cow, parlor organ, and other things.

Georgia was married to (*) James Winters Jordan born 8-16-1947 of Hillsboro on 4-20-1918 at Marlinton. He was the son of James J. and Fannie Jordan.

Georgia died in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital March 12, 1974 of a heart disorder. She was buried in the Oak Grove Cemetery near Hillsboro.

The six children of James Winters and Georgia are:

(1) Frances H. born June 2, 1920. She was trained and practiced as a nurse. On July 30, 1945 she was married to George William Trader, born June 25, 1916. They live in Oak Harbor, Ohio.

Children:

(A) George Winters "Butch" born June 5, 1947. Married

(*) James Winters "Butch" born 8-16-1889 d. dec. 3-8-75 World I Vet. - Oak Grove Cemetery at Hillsboro

306

Donnis W. _____ born March 5, 1947. Their twin children born October 23, 1966 are David William and Beverly.

(B) John William born October 5, 1953.

(2) James William born April 10, 1922. He first married and divorced Mattie Beverage of Marlinton. Their daughter is _____.

His second marriage was to Edna Beatrice _____. She was born June 4, 1922. They live in Gulfport, Florida. They were married March 22, 1954. Their child is James Stuart born February 14, 1956.

(3) Lucy Ellen born April 15, 1924. She was trained and practiced as a nurse. On June 5, 1947 she married William Levi Vandergrift who was born October 17, 1922. They live at Fairmont, W. Va.

(4) Mildred born March 24, 1926. She married Imon* Walton on May 15, 1946. He was born September 4, 1921. They live at Hillsboro.

Their children:

(A) Nancy born April 25, 1947

(B) Charles Winters "Pee Wee" born December 14, 1949

(C) Clarice born March 3, 1952

(5) Nancy Virginia born October 16, 1928. On November 11, 1947 she married George Warren Fowler who was born July 28, 1919. They live at Hillsboro.

Their children are:

(A) Linda Lou born May 12, 1950

(B) Georgia Diane born October 28, 1952. On Dec. 24, 1968 she married Gordon Wayne Madison of Marlinton.

(C) Nancy Carolyn born November 23, 1960

(D) David Wayne born May 7, 1963

(6) Harry Winters born March 20, 1931. Died at his home in Street, Maryland on August 5, 1961 of cancer. He married Agnes M. Brock, the daughter of Gilbert and Nancy Brock. Agnes was born August 18, 1928 and died January 31, 1968. Both are buried in the Oak Grove Cemetery near Hillsboro. Their child is Kathleen Ann who was born January 23, 1956. She lived with her Grandmother Brock at Street, Md. after the death of her parents.

308

Laura Rachel Morgan

Laura Rachel Morgan, the third child of W. C. and Fannie Hill Morgan, was born February 14, 1903. The Pocahontas County Court House record is incorrect.

On May 27, 1925 she was united in marriage with Andrew Warwick Taylor, the son of Henry L. and Early Tacy Taylor of Dunmore. He was born February 11, 1899. He was a woodsman and farmer near Dunmore. Their children:

(1) Marvin Lee born March 31, 1926. He was married to Zula Grey Taylor (born August 9, 1931) on December 21, 1949. He is a farmer and lives near Dunmore. Their children are:

(A) Rachel Elizabeth born June 3, 1958

(B) Naomi Virginia born January 4, 1961

(C) Marvin "Marty" Wetzel born November 24, 1966

(2) Eula Mae born December 23, 1929 was first married to Ralph Dempsey Ritz of Charleston on September 24, 1949. They were divorced and she married James Richard Curzon (born February 4, 1922) on October 3, 1970. She attended Capital City Commercial College in Charleston and has held several secretarial positions. They presently live in Atlanta, Georgia.

(3) Hubert Henry born December 27, 1931. On June 18, 1961 he was married to Ann Holmes Hargitt of Durham, N. C. They were later divorced. He was graduated from Glenville

309

State College and George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tennessee. He was a teacher for 15 years.

(4) William Orville born September 5, 1935. On June 12, 1954 he was married to Margaret Lillian Barnhouse (born 1934) of Painesville, Ohio. He died June 1, 1973. She died July 21, 1973. Both are buried in the Wesley Chapel Cemetery near Dunmore. Their children are:

(A) William Orville II born January 10, 1955. Married Charlene Hogan on July ~~24~~ 27, 1973. Their child is William Orville III born October 20, 1974. They live at Arbovale, W.Va.

(B) Mark Antony born January 23, 1956

(C) Barbara Jo born January 31, 1958. On December 30, 1974 she married Robert Wendell Wilfong (born August 5, 1956). They live at Marlinton.

(D) Christine Marie born December 18, 1959

(E) Carl David born March 9, 1963

(F) Roberta Lee born June 3, 1964

(5) Samuel Ludy born November 11, 1937. At Monterey, Va. on December 5, 1959 he was married to Carol Janetta Galford (born October 1, 1938). He was graduated from Glenville State College and taught in the Pocahontas County Schools. Their children:

(A) Teresa Sue born September 14, 1960

(B) June Allison born June 10, 1962

(C) Cheryl Lynn born August 1, ~~1970~~ 1969

(6) Andrew Warwick, Jr. born June 16, 1943. Lives with his parents near Dunmore. He has been a victim of cerebral palsy since birth.

(7) Juanita Jean born June 6, 1947. On April 21, 1967 was married to Walter Reed Smith (born November 22, 1943). They were later divorced. She lives in Seaford, Delaware. Their child is Tammy Michele who was born December 31, 1967.

311

Samuel Aaron Morgan

Samuel Aaron Morgan, the fourth child of W. C. and Fannie Morgan, was born at Lobelia on April 23, 1905. He was married to Luna Margaret Hill (born April 10, 1914), the daughter of George Forrest and Mary Hallie Morrison Hill of Hillsboro. Mary Hallie Morrison was born January 25, 1894.

Samuel died in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital on April 14, 1964, a victim of cancer. He was buried in the Emmanuel Cemetery on Bruffey's Creek. He was an employee of the State Road Commission and a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge at Lobelia.

Their seven children are:

(1) Samuel Albert born May 30. 1934. On January 17, 1966 at Streeter, W. Va. he was married to Judith Ann Harvey (born November ___, 1945, the daughter of Champ and Edna Harvey of Streeter. Their child is Andrew Albert born November 26, 1968. They live at Hillsboro.

(2) Alvadore Nevada born November 14, 1936. In Berlin, New Hampshire on June 13, 1959 he was married to Mary Violet Caovette (born November 3, 1937). They live at Hillsboro. Their children are:

(A) David Aaron born June 27, 1965

(B) Susan Dawn born December 4, 1968

(3) William Austin born December 13, 1938. On July 25, 1962 at Alexandria, Virginia he was married to Barbara Lee Workman,

3/2

the daughter of George and Dale Workman of Hillsboro. They live at Woodbridge, Virginia where he is manager of a service station. Their children are:

(A) William Aaron born January 30, 1968

(B) Kenneth Edward born August 30, 1969

(4) Arlie Hill born April 8, 1941. At Marlinton on June 9, 1972 he was married to Mary Magaline ~~Gauetson~~ Garnelson. They live at Arbovale, W. Va. Their child is Carol Ann born March 22, 1973. Son Sheron Kay born 5-13-1977

(5) Roger Page born at Green Bank on March 20, 1943. At Hillsboro on November 7, 1970 he married Wanda Lou Roberts, daughter of Durwood and Estie Roberts of Hillsboro. They live at Arbovale, W. Va. Their child Jody Lynn was born February 27, 1973. Son Scott, born 10-30-1977.

(6) Janet Virginia born April 22, 1945. She lives in Washington, D. C.

(7) Randall GRAY Gary born June 6, 1947. He married Dorothy Kay Arbogast, She was born 10-28-1949 daughter of Ralph and Eleanor Arbogast of Marlinton. They live at Marlinton. Their child is Crystal Gail born January 5, 1970. Son Randall Gary Jr. born 9-7-1975

Before his death, Samuel and Luna adopted their granddaughter, Maria Margaret born February 25, 1963.

313

Jemima Frances Morgan

Jemima Frances "Fannie" Morgan, the youngest child of W. C. and Fannie Hill Morgan, was born January 12, 1908 at Bruffey's Creek on the farm of Winnie Kennison. She was six weeks old when her mother died.

On June 10, 1945 she was married to Charles Marvin Hollandsworth (born September 22, 1899), the son of Nathaniel and Ellen C. Hollandsworth of Lobelia.

Jemima Frances Hollandsworth died April 12, 1950, a victim of cancer. She was buried in the Emmanuel Cemetery on Bruffey's Creek.

The seven children of Charles and Fannie Hollandsworth are:

(1) Melvin Dale "Jack" born November 16, 1925. He retired from the Air Force and lives at Marlinton. On January 16, 1947 he married Rebecca Sue Hannah (born January 16, 1930), the daughter of Ira and Hazel Weatherholt Hannah of Marlinton. The children of Jack and Sue Hollandsworth are:

(A) Melvin Dale, Jr. born August 26, 1948. On June 24, 1967 he married Rita Goody. Their child is Deserrie who was born February 3, 1968.

(B) Charles Micheal born June 12, 1954. In September 1974 he married Evelyn Pritt.

(C) Marzella Ann born September 11, 1956

(D) Kellea Sue born February 24, 1968

(2) Mary Ann born August 19, 1927. On January 8, 1945 she married Anthony Joseph Pantuliano who was born May 20, 1923.

They live in Wilmington, Delaware. Their children are:

(A) Angelo Charles born October 10, 1945. He was married to Sara Ann Larry (born November 6, 1944) on April 20, 1968. They live in Wilmington, Delaware. Their children:

Nancy Margarette born December 31, 1970

Anthony Larry born February 5, 1972

Angelo Charles, Jr. born July 17, 1974

(B) Frances born November 24, 1952. Was married April 13, 1972 to Ronald Lee Gray (born July 6, 1947). They live in Wilmington. Their children are:

Michele Lynn born August 3, 1972

Ronald Lee, Jr. born January 16, 1975

(C) Deborah Marie born October 28, 1955

(D) Sarah Ann born November 12, 1959

(C) David Anthony born October 8, 1965

(3) Madeline Lucille "Peg" born April 10, 1930. On September 28, 1946 she married Hubert Neal Rose (born July 27, 1919). They live at Hillsboro. Their children are:

(A) Sandra Faye born October 27, 1947. She married Andrew Curtis Pritt, son of Andrew Pritt, on January 5, 1968. They live at Airville, Maryland. Their child, Heather Denise, was born December 2, 1969.

(B) Donald Eugene born July 17, 1949. On February 1, 1969 he married Vicki Lynn Moore (born November 29, 1948), the daughter of John Moore, Jr. of Buckeye. Their child, Stefanie Dawn, was born December 6, 1967.

315

(4) William Nathaniel born March 7, 1932. On September 17, 1959 he married Mrs. Doris Ann Jones Lemon (born October 29, 1930), the daughter of Theodore Easter and Mary Glick Jones of Wilmington, Delaware. Their children are:

(A) Kathleen Ann born September 21, 1952. On May 25, 1972 she married Christopher Cowan (born February 2, 1949).

(B) William Charles born October 20, 1966.

(5) Samuel Barton born April 14, _____. On November 2, 1962 he married Betty Marie Dulaney, daughter of Luther and Lucille Dulaney of Marlinton. He is a career navy serviceman. They were married at Warm Springs, Virginia and make their home at Buena Vista, Virginia. Their children are;

(A) Betina born 1965

(B) Carmella born 1969

(C) Dawnita

(6) Joseph Kenneth born June 5, 1940. On September 26, 1964 he married Carol Letcher (born June 27, 1943), daughter of James and Margaret Hill Letcher of Wilmington, Delaware. Their children are;

(A) Joseph Kenneth II born March 20, 1965

(B) Bonnie Lynn born October 17, 1966

(C) Lori born December 29, 1970

(7) Laura Virginia born July 21, 1943. Married and divorced Daniel Fowler of Hillsboro. Child, Veronica Dale born July 22, 1961
Married and divorced Ted Ryser of St. Louis, Mo. Child, Donna born May 1964 and died March 1969
Married Leo Click. Child, Leo William Click, Jr. born October 22, 1971.

Randolph Morgan - 30
Samuel Morgan - 24
Sarah Morgan - 1

314.

Sarah Virginia Morgan

Sarah Virginia Morgan, the third child of the Rev. Samuel and Edith Ramsey Morgan, was born near Ronceverte on February 15, 1878. She was nicknamed "Ninnie."

She kept house for her brother, William, after his wife died in 1908 for awhile.

She was a school teacher for several years.

During the 1930's, she was committed to the Weston State Hospital where she died in ~~the mid 1940's~~. Dec 18, 1942

She is buried in the Emmanuel Cemetery on Bruffeys Creek.

317

Edgar Randolph Morgan

Edgar Randolph Morgan, the fourth child of the Rev. Samuel and Edith Ramsey Morgan, was born near Ronceverte on April 18, 1882.

He first married on June 27, 1906 and divorced Miriam Hill of Bruffey's Creek. She later married his brother, William.

His second marriage was to Lula Mae Cox - of Hookersville, who was born in 1891. They were married July 1, 1918?

Lula Mae was the widow of J. Wheeler Bobbitt. Issue of this marriage was Ivan Bobbitt of Richwood and Mrs. Irene Shaver of Camden-on-Gauley.

Lula Mae died July 1966 in a hospital in Pasadena, Texas. She was buried in the McQueen Cemetery at Hookersville, W. Va. She was a member of the Beulah Baptist Church at Hookersville.

Edgar R. Morgan died at his home at Hookersville on December 11, 1932. of pneumonia He was buried in the McQueen Cemetery at Hookersville.

Six children were born to the union of Edgar and Lula Mae Morgan. One child died as an infant.

The others are:

(1) B. 31 Mar. 1918 @ Lobelia Colvin Morgan Morgan, ~~Canvas~~, W. Va. single

(2) B. 29 June 1923 Madeline at Lobelia Mrs. Anna Zimmerer, 2208 Fenwood St., Pasadena, Texas Married Robert Z. Imm children: Sandra Kay, Jerry, Douglas

(3) B. 15 Aug. 1925 Marie at Lobelia She is a lawyer. Mrs. Violet Holman, 539 Douglas Way, Tipp City, Ohio Married Robert Holm children Sharon & Jo

(4) B. 3 June 1921 Nesbit at Lobelia Ross Morgan, Zanesville, Ohio

(5) B. 21 Feb Edward 1930 Eugene Morgan, 1308 Cooper Mill Road, Zanesville, Ohio
Married Marlene Tumblin No children

Ross named for Jennie Nesbit mother of Lobelia

Married Elnora Lee Sholes B 1946 of Camden-on-Gauley (his student) married in 1956

Children
① Phyllis Jean b 18 Jan. 1955 at Sutton
② Steven Dwayne b. 3 May 1958 at Richwood

Road 614-4

Randolph Morgan 31½
Samuel Morgan 25½
Edgar Morgan 2 — 31⅛

Edgar R. Morgan died at his home at Hookersville, in Nicholas County, Dec. 11, 1932. He was born near Ronceverte April 18, 1882, aged 50 years, 7 months and 24 days. He was the son of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel C. Morgan. He was married to Mrs. J. Wheeler Bobbitt, July 4, 1916. To this union six children were born, one of which preceded him in death in infancy. A sister, Lena, preceded him in death several years ago; his mother, Mrs. Edith Morgan Irvine, and a sister, Mrs. L. D. Sharp, died about two months since.

He leaves to mourn their loss, his wife, five children and one brother, Will Morgan, and one sister, Ninnie Morgan, and a host of friends and relatives.

About thirteen years ago he united with Emanuel M. E. church at Bruffeys Creek and lived a devoted christian life. Funeral services was conducted from the Beulah church at Hookersville, by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Brown, and interment was made in McQueen cemetery.

1960

Lula Morgan, 75, Taken By Death

HOOKERSVILLE (RNS) — Mrs. Lula Mae Morgan, 75, of Pasadena, Texas, died Saturday in a hospital there after a short illness.

A former resident of Hookersville, she was a member of the Beulah Baptist Church.

Survivors include four sons, Ivan Boblett of Richwood, Morgan Morgan of Canvas and Ross and Eugene Morgan, both of Zanesville, Ohio; three daughters, Mrs. Irene Shaver of Camden on Gauley, Mrs. Anna Zimmerer of Pasadena, Texas, and Mrs. Violet Holman of Tipp City, Ohio; 18 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.

The funeral will be held at 10 a.m. Wednesday in the Beulah Baptist Church with Rev. Joe Brown and Rev. C. R. Brooks in charge. Burial will be in the McQueen Cemetery at Hookersville.

The body will be taken from Waters Funeral Home in Summersville to the church one hour prior to the funeral.

(Edgar's wife)

mountain woman

lula mae morgan died the other day in texas. she was seventy-five and she died far from home. they brought her back to nicholas county and held services for her in the beulah baptist church and buried her among her people. my other paper, which records the comings and goings of nicholas and webster counties, emphasizes what people have known for some time, that weekly journalism is slipping, that it isn't the warm personal thing it used to be because of economics, and eight-hour-days, and time-and-a-half, and bowling, and so forth. but when i saw the merger space that was given to lula mae morgan i sighed that personal journalism could be so dead.

there was a story there in lula mae morgan's life, a story that tells something of mountain women and their strength we carried it in the other paper when it happened, because it did happen in our time. not much to it, maybe; then perhaps there is a lot. but one day lula mae morgan set out across the field to visit a neighbor on the hamlet of hookersville when she was attacked by, of all things, a large buck deer. he just charged out of a nearby wood and was upon the woman before she could do anything. he knocked her down on the ground and leaped upon her, cutting her with his pointed hooves. then backed up and came at her with his head down, bellowing and cutting her with every charge and thrust.

there was nothing the woman could do except protect her face with her hands, and try to crawl on her back away from the crazy beast. as she inched a bit from her attacker, she felt something under her hand. it felt strong and heavy and reassuring. she turned and grabbed hold of it - whatever it was - and rose up as the deer charged its last time, and she came down with it right on the head, between its awful horns, and dammed if she didn't scare the animal with that one blow. the deer backed about and then scooted off to the sanctity of the woods.

i have often wondered if the family might have kept that bone of a dead horse that god slipped under lula mae morgan when she was fighting that deer. that's what it was, the leg bone of a dead horse, and how it came there nobody knows. but there it was, and lula mae didn't have to be told why of what to do with it. it would be a fitting thing for the museum of the hills we have had many stalwart women like lula mae in our hills. and i just couldn't see them put her away without telling her story again.

. . . . . " west virginia hillbilly

319

Lena Florence Morgan

Lena Florence Morgan the fifth and youngest child of the Rev. Samuel and Edith Ramsey Morgan, was born December 17, 1896. She died April 27, 1927. She is buried at the Fairview Cemetery near Edray, W. Va. in an unmarked grave.

She first married Charles Wade Mitchell on 3-24-1917 who died January 1918 and is buried beside her.

Tombstone says 13

The two children of this marriage are:

(1) Ruby Pearl born March 10, 1915 and died March 15, 1930 of TB.

(2) Edith born March 10, 1917. On December 12, 1935 at Covington, Va. she was married to James M. Workman (born June 6, 1912) of Hillsboro, W. Va.

Their children:

(A) James Madison born November 22, 1938. Was married on September 1, 1959 to Judy Loury (born November 4, 1940). Their children are James Madison II (born July 9, 1960) and Elizabeth Ann (born February 14, 1965).

(B) Naomi Elizabeth born February 28, 1946. Graduated from Glenville State College and taught school in Berkley County, W. Va. On June 26, 1968 she was married to Denver Joseph Hollandsworth (born February 26, 1944) They live at Martinsburg, W. Va. Their two children are Hilda Lynn (born May 17, 1972) and Jill Marie (born September 17, 1974).

320

(C) Laurence Thomas born June 10, 1947. He was graduated from Glenville State College. He taught school in Maryland a few years and is now a teacher in the Pocahontas County High School. On February 13, 1965 he was married to Nora Lou McNeil (born May 8, 1949). They live at Hillsboro. Children: © Teresa Kay born August 4, 1965, ® Matthew Thomas born Nov 2, 197

Lena Morgan Mitchell's second marriage was to Forrest Ellis McKenney, son of J. V. and Lena Moore McKenney of Marlinton. Ellis was born May 25, 1900 and died in Wheeling on March 5, 1968. He was buried in the Indian Draft Cemetery near Marlinton. To this union were born two children.

(1) Clyde William born April 19, 1920. He was a career officer with the Government Forces. He is now stationed in Japan. He married and divorced Dorothy Door. Their children were Thomas and Lena Mae.

(2) Naomi Gladys born September 17, 1922. She married Patrick Anderson and they live in Warren, Ohio. Their three children are William, Patty, and Edward.

Following the death of his wife, Lena, Forrest Ellis McKenny arried Vicie Orr Wingler and they lived in Wheeling. She died January 1975 and is buried in the Indian Draft Cemetery near Marlinton.

Pocahontas County

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

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Report of one of the commissioners appointed by the Court at the July Term of court 1861, to re-district the County. J. M. Lightner, Commr.

DAVID BRIGHT.

Owing to numerous family affiliations in our county, some particulars in regard to the Bright connexion in Greenbrier are interesting to our readers.

David Bright came from Pennsylvania and was one of the pioneers of upper Greenbrier, and located on place now occupied by Andrew Brinkley and sons near Frankford. David's wife was a Miss Grant, also of Pennsylvania. Their sons were Michael, Jesse, David and George. There were two daughters, one of whom was named Mary.

Jesse Bright married Margaret Hamptenstall, and settled on the homestead and reared the family that has so many relations in Pocahontas County. His daughter Margaret was married to Joseph Callison, and went to Illinois. Mary Bright was married to Israel Callison, lived awhile in Pocahontas, then went to Illinois; and was still living at last accounts (in 1897.)

Rachel Bright became the wife of the late Joseph Levisay, near Frankford. Her son, G. W. Levisay, married Maggie Beard, youngest daughter of the late Josiah Beard of Locust, and located at Frankford, where he farms and merchandises. Josephine Levisay became Mrs Preston Clark of the Levels. Mary Levisay became Mrs F. I. Bell, and lives near Savannah Mills. Samuel Brown Levisay was one of the victims of the fearful boiler explosion that occurred in 1896 near Frankford. Jesse A., Letitia, Louella, and Elizabeth are the names of Mrs Levisay's other children.

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Jesse Bright, Junior, married Margaret Pinnell and resides in Lewisburg.

Margaret Bright, daughter of Jesse Bright, Senior, became the wife of the late John Levisay, who settled near Frankford, where he lately died. Her eldest daughter, Mary Margaret, is the wife of Rev D. S. Sydenstricker, D. D., the pastor of the Oak Grove Presbyterian Church. Sabina Levisay was married to John Rodgers, and moved to Gallipolis, Ohio. Jesse Levisay married Miss Addie Johnson and migrated to Illinois. Cornelia Levisay was married to W. Henry Wallace, and lives on Sinking Creek. John Brown Levisay married Minnie Johnson and resides on a portton of the old homestead. Lillian Levisay was married to Dr James A. Larue and now resides at Pulaski, Tenn. James W., Virginia, and Louisa Levisay live on the homestead.

Francis Bright was married to James Ludington and went to Illinois.

Samuel Bright married Miss Mary Pollock.

Julia Bright was married to Allan S. Levisay, and lived near Frankford. Mr and Mrs Levisay have for a few years lived near Marlinton with their daughter, Mrs Levi Gay. Their son John Granville Levisay married Emma Robinson and lives near Frankford.

David Bright married Elizabeth Price.

Sarah Bright married William Cassidy and settled in Fayette County.

George Bright married Harriet Bowen and moved to Missouri. His second wife was a Miss Steenberger of Missouri.

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Abram Bright married Margaret Bowen. Abram's second wife was a lady from Richmond, Va. His third wife was Miss Nickel, of Monroe, and fourth was Miss Swisher, now of Gallipolis, Ohio.

The ladies that were the first wives of George and Abram Bright just mentioned were sisters, and daughters of James Bowen, who lived at the mouth of Spring Creek. Mr Bowen was a person of great business ability and promoted a number of useful industrial enterprises. He built a grist mill, carding machine, saw mill, and oil mill on the property now held by Newton Mann.

This about exhausts all the information in the compiler's possession that illustrates the relationship these good people sustain to the citizenship of our county.

The writer feelingly cherishes the memory of Jesse Bright, Senior, about whose large and interesting family these biographic notes have been prepared. The last time he ever saw this venerable man was on a Sabbath morning in the spring of 1857, on the way to church. As I was passing from Mr John Levisay's to Frankford, near where the cemetery now is, I heard a singular noise, and on turning around saw that someone's horse had stumbled and thrown the rider. On going back it was found to be Mr Jesse Bright. In the meantime his daughter, Mrs Margaret Levisay, with her husband and two daughters, Mary and Jennie, had come up with him. Mr Bright was led to a fence corner where he remained a little while, apparently not much hurt, but thought it best to return home. It is said he never felt the same after the contusion he suf-

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fered from the falling of his faithful old grey horse that had carried him so safely and pleasantly for many years. From the noise made the animal fell heavily, and the wonder is the rider escaped instant death.

The compiler of this sketch is mainly indebted to Mr Washington Levisay for the information given here, taken from memory or gathered by him from the reminiscences of elderly friends.

SAMUEL PRICE.

What is relied upon as authentic tradition is to the effect that the progenitor of the Price relationship in Greenbrier. Botetourt, Craig, Monroe, and Pocahontas counties was one Samuel Price, who was among the earlier settlers of Augusta County in the vicinity of New Hope. He was it is believed a native of Wales but had lived in Maryland before coming to Virginia. So far as known his family consisted of three sons, Thomas, Jacob, and Samuel. All three were Revolutionary soldiers and Indian fighters.

Samuel Price, Junior, settled in Greenbrier County, near Savanna Mills, on preempted lands, a part of which is now in the possession of Washington Price, a descendant of the fourth remove. Samuel Price's first wife was Margaret Black, of Albemarle County, and her childred were Samuel (third), William, Jacob, James, Sally, who became Mrs Michael Bright; Mrs Thomas Beard and Mrs Jacob Walkup. The names of Mrs Beard and Mrs Walkup are not known to the compiler. The second marriage of Samuel Price, Jr.,

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around. Seeing no sign they went to the house, placed their guns just outside the door, and finding a bed within, lay down and fell asleep. Arthur dreamed of being bitten by a rattlesnake, sprang out of bed and awakened Moore. The dog was growling at Indians stealing toward the house. The men seized their guns and escaped, leaving the dog shut up in the house. The dog soon came to them, however. The Indians fired the building, cut a pair of moccasins from a dressed deer skin belonging to old "Ben," and amused themselves by striping the feathers from two live roosters to see their antics.

When they reported to Jacob Warwick about the affair, he told them that whenever he dreamed of wild turkeys he was sure of having trouble with Indians very soon.

DAVID GIBSON.

David Gibson, a pioneer of Pocahontas county, and progenitor of the Gibson connexion in our county, came from Augusta county, near Waynesboro, Virginia, about 1770. He located near Gibson's Knob, two miles south of Hillsboro, now in possession of Isaac McNeel. He reared a large family, but few of their names are known to the writer. One of his sons, John, moved to Indiana, where his descendants now live; a daughter, Mary, died in youth; Sally married Sampson Ochiltree and lived near Buckeye, where Henry Lightner now lives; Elizabeth married Joseph Buckley and

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lived on the neighboring farm, now owned by Levi Gay; Jennie married a Mr Blake.

David Gibson, another son, located on the Old Field Fork of Elk about 1823, and began life in the woods. The Hannah brothers had preceded him a year or two. David Gibson's wife, Mary, after whom Mary's Chapel is named (a neat house of worship on Elk,) was a daughter of the late William Sharp, near Edray. Her mother was Elizabeth Waddell, daughter of Alexander Waddell, a pioneer settler near Millpoint, the place now occupied by Joseph Smith and others.

The Gibson family on Elk consisted of five sons and three daughters. William, the oldest, lived on Elk. His wife was Polly Gay, daughter of the late Samuel M. Gay, near Marlinton; John married Margaret Townsend, near Driftwood; David, a well-known physician, married Elizabeth Stalnaker, daughter of Warwick Stalnaker, of Randolph; James Gibson married Jennie Friel, daughter of John Friel, who was killed in battle on Alleghany Mountain, December, 1861; Jacob Gibson married a Miss Wamsley of Randolph, and was killed during the war near Huttonsville in a skirmish with Jenkin's Cavalry; David Gibson's daughter, Elizabeth became the wife of James McClure, near Edray; Mary married Rankin Poage, at Edray; Nancy became the wife of Samuel M. Gay, on the Indian Draft.

Mr Gibson built up a comfortable home, in which he was assisted by his industrious sons and daughters. The habits of thrift learned from their parents have been successfully kept up, and prosperity attends them in their affairs, and all have comfortable homes and are

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prospering. His home was open to the stranger that might come along. His confidences were sometimes abused and imposition practiced upon him, but that made no difference with his treatment of others. For years his home was at the service of the preachers, and thus most of the preaching on Upper Elk was at his house. It was a great undertaking to locate in the unbroken forest and build up a home and rear the family these worthy people succeeded so well in accomplishing. All such should be remembered and their services gratefully appreciated, and the story of their lives told for the instruction and encouragement of the generations following. The righteous, the honest and industrious should be held in lasting remembrance.

VALENTINE CACKLEY.

During the last century but few names have been more familiarly known in our county, before and since the organization, than the Cackleys. The ancestors of this relationship were Valentine Cackley, Senior, and Mary Frye, his wife, from the lower Valley not far from Winchester, at Capon Springs. They located at Millpoint about 1778. These worthy people were of German descent. The original name was Keckly, and came to be spelled Cackley by the way it was pronounced. Their sons were Levi, William, Joseph, Valentine, Benjamin, and their daughters were Alice, Mary, Anne, and Rebecca—six sons and four daughters.

Alice, the eldest daughter, became the wife of the

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daughter of the late J. Harvey Curry, of Dunmore, and lives on Douthard's Creek, near Driscol. Their family numbers seven daughters and two sons: Clara, now Mrs Henry Overholt; Docia, now Mrs Warren; Effie, Mrs J. E. Campbell, of Covington; Lizzie, Mrs Mack Ervine; Bertha, Lucy, and Pearl- Gilbert Sharp is at home, a well known machinist. Albert Sharp resides at Marlinton, where he is a well known citizen, and has performed an active part in the construction of improvements.

Thus far we have been able to illustrate to some extent the history of John Sharp, the settler. As was intimated, the great motive that prompted his coming to the head of Knapps Creek was to get land. In this he was successful. His landed possessions reached from the Gibson farm, near Frost, up the West Branch to Armnius Bussard's, near Glade Hill. He had property in the Hills, on Thorny Creek, and on Buffalo Mountain beyond Greenbank, and the most of these lands yet in the possession of his descendants.

He was small in person, blue eyes, light hair, and of florid complexion. He was constantly employed. Mrs Sharp was quiet in all her ways, very diligent in her duties, and patiently met and endured the toils and inconveniences of living in the woods. These persons were pious, and some of the first religious meetings ever held in the vicinity of Frost were at their house.

DAVID HANNAH.

This paper is prepared to pay a tribute to the memo-

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ry of a pioneer citizen of our county, the late David Hannah, of the Old Field Branch of Elk. He was a son of David Hannah, Senior, who was the progenitor of the Hannah Family, one of the oldest in Pocahontas. David Hannah, Senior, was a native of Ireland. He married a Miss Gibson, who was reared in Augusta County, and settled at the mouth of Locust Creek soon after the Revolutionary war. He possessed some practical knowledge of medicine of the botanical school, and did a good deal of practice in frontier times. He was probably the first person that ever practiced physic in lower Pocahontas. Dr and Mrs Elizabeth Hannah were the parents of six daughters and four sons.

Ann became Mrs Joseph Oldham and Lucinda married William Oldham. Their homes were near the source of Locust Creek. Mary Hannah was married to John Mollohan, and lived in what is now Webster County. Elizabeth Hannah became Mrs William Bennett, and lived in Harrison County. Jennie Hannah was married to the late Samuel Whiting, on Droop Mountain, where the Whiting family now lives. Her son Ebenezer married Sallie McMillion and lived on the Whiting homestead. Nancy Hannah became the wife of James Cochran, and lived near the Greenbrier border.

William Hannah and John Hannah died in youth.

Joseph Hannah married Elizabeth Burnsides, on Greenbrier River, and settled on Elk, where his son, John Hannah, lately lived, over eighty years of age.

David Hannah, Junior, the subject of this article, married Margaret Burnsides, on the Greenbrier, east of

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Hillsboro, a daughter of John Burnsides and his wife, Mary Walker, of Augusta Couty. Her family and the family of General J. A. Walker, of Wytheville, Va., are closely related. He was one of the last commanders of the Stonewall Brigade. He settled on Elk, and reared a large family of worthy sons and daughters.

Isabella Hannah was married to the late John Varner, and settled at Split Rock, a few miles down Elk, and built up a good home with their industry and economy. Their children were Margaret, now Mrs Clinton Slanker; David Varner, a Confederate soldier killed in war; Mary Varner, afterwards Mrs Robert Wilson, and lived near Lexington, Va. John Varner and Samuel Varner, at Linwood; Susan Varner, now Mrs William Snyder, in Iowa; William Varner, at Old Field branch; Alice Varner became Mrs John Stewart, near Valley Head; Jennie Varner was married to Hamilton Snyder, and located in Taylor County, Iowa; Benjamin Varner married Ella Moore, of Knapps Creek, lived awhile at the Split Rock homestead, and finally moved to Ohio where he now resides.

Elizabeth Hannah was married to Marinus J. VanReenan, and settled in Iowa. Mr VanReenan was a native of Holland, His father's family was attached to a band of Holland emigrants, who were induced to colonize on Laurel Run in 1842, by the Rev John Schemerhorn, of New York. The highlands of Pocahontas were not congenial to persons from a populous Holland city in the Netherlands, and after grievous privations the colony disbanded. Some went west; others remained in Pocahontas, and are excellent people. The Stultings came in this band also. The names

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of Elizabeth VanReenan's children are David, Robert, and Mary.

John Burnsides Hannah married Margaret McClure, and located on part of the "Old Field" homestead, and has lately died. The following particulars are given in reference to their children: Mary is now Mrs John Beverage, near Clover Lick; Samuel David married Amanda Moore, and settled on the Hogsett place; Wallace died while young; William Boude, whose wife was Miss Birdie Dilley; John Ellis married Malinda Catherine Sharp, and settled on the homestead; Nancy was married to Fletcher Dilley, and lives near West Union; Ivie Viola; Edgar Russell, and Lena Mary died while young.

David Hannah, the third of the ancestral name, was first married to Rebecca Moore, daughter of the late Isaac Moore, of Edray. Second marriage to Margaret Jane McClure, daughter of Arthur McClure of Lower Pocahontas, and settled in Iowa; thence moved to Missouri. The names of his children were James, Joseph, Mary, Margaret, and Julia.

Robert Hannah married Jennie Burk and settled in Iowa. John is the name of the only one of his children known to the writer.

William Hannah, one of the twins born to Mr and Mrs David Hannah of Pioneer memory, married Catherine Rhinehart of Randolph County, and settled on Pine Flat, head of Swago. William's family were three sons and a daughter. James married Maggie Auldridge, a daughter of Thomas Auldridge, and lives near the head of Dry Creek. Eugenius married Jennie

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Kellison, and lives near Poage's Lane. Margaret is Mrs Kenny Kinnison, on Swago. Burleigh married Miss Lula Perry, on the Greenbrier.

Joseph Hannah, the other twin son of the pioneer, married Elizabeth Cool, daughter of John Cool, of Webster Countyt and lives in that county.

The writer remembers the personality of the venerable pioneer very vividly. In early youth I saw him frequently, and he was very interesting to me from the fact Mr Hanna had been off to the war of 1812. To me an old soldier seemed more than human. He had an interesting way of relating his adventures, and was fond of talking about the war. He was at his best when telling how he felt when aroused one morning before day to get ready for an attack, as the British were reported as coming. He arose and put on his accoutrements quickly as possible, and took his place in the ranks and moved off to fight. His hat kept falling off as he marched until it became so troublesome that he was determined to find out the reason why it would not stay on his head. It had never been so hard to keep on before because it was a good fit. When the troops halted he examined his head and found the hairs were all on end, stiff as bristles, and were pushing the hat off as fast as he could put it on. The hair kept stiff until the order was given to return to camp, when it all became limber enough, and the hat was no more trouble. He found out afterwards that the whole scheme was to try the new soldiers to find out how they would conduct themselves when ordered into battle. This was near Norfolk.

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The story, however, he seemed the most fond of telling was about his experience in the hospital tent. Before his term of service had expired he was prostrated by fever and given up as a critical case, and very strict orders were given not to let him have a drop of anything cool to drink. He noticed that there was whiskey and water on the table for the nurse's use, and he determined to have some at all hazards. The attendant came to him and found the young soldier so weak and stupid that he seemed to know nothing, and was unable to lift even his hand. So the hospital man thought there would be no risk to run were he to leave the bottle and pitcher on the table while he would step out and get some fresh air. Soon as his back was turned the sick soldier crawled to the table, mixed the liquor and water, and drank till he could drink no more and crawled back to his bunk, and when the nurse returned he was surprised to find his patient apparently asleep and the skin showing a tendency to moisture. Finally the sweat broke, and when the doctor came to look at him, and seemed much pleased with the change in the patients condition.

"You were mighty near gone, old fellow, and if we had not kept cold water away from you, where would you be now?"

The soldier kept his secret, and as he was beginning to get stronger the liquor was kept our of sight. He thought he would have mended much more rapidly if things had been left on the table as before.

The old soldier worked hard in building up his home

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and the privations he and his family had to endure would seem unbearable now. He was kind and hospitable to a fault, ready to share the last he had with the visitor that might desire shelter and food. He was much esteemed by all of his acquaintances.

Finally the end came. One of the prettiest places near his home was selected and they placed him to sleep under the green sod that his own hands had helped to clear away.

JOSEPH HANNAH.

Among the earliest settlers of the Elk region was Joseph Hannah, a son of David Hannah, who lived at the mouth of Locust Creek. He married Elizabeth Burnsides and early in the century settled on the "Old Field Fork of Elk."

His home was on Mill Run near where William Hannah, a grandson, now lives. This immediate vicinity seems to have been a place of more than ordinary importance in prehistoric times. One of the most frequented Indian trails seems to have been from Clove, Lick up the Creek to the Thomas Spring; thence over the mountain, crossing at the notch near Clark Rider's farm; thence down by James Gibson's to Elk. Here is the "Magic Circle," mentioned elsewhere in this book. Nearly ⅛ mile further down was the encampment where about two acres of land had been denuded of trees for camp fires, and this was the "old field" that gave this branch of Elk its name; and was the first piece of ground planted by Joseph Hannah.

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only one that killed a deer. On his return he would chaff his younger associates by telling all he met on the way that the young men had taken him along to kill their meat for them.

He retained remarkable bodily vigor to the age of four score and over; and his mental faculties were unimpaired to the last. Not many days before his final illness that closed his life, he felt it his duty to see the county surveyor on important business—as he believed it to be—and should be attended to without delay. He went from his home on Locust Creek to Mr Baxter's near Edray, about twenty miles distant, and returned —a cold, raw day it was, too. He overtaxed his endurance by the ride. He soon became sick, and peacefully passed from his long and useful life.

In his life was exemplified the highest type of the citizen—a pious, intelligent cultivator of the soil—the occupation for which the Creator saw fit in his wisdom to create the first man. It is the occupation now that feeds the world, and whatever hinders, depresses, or retards the farmers prosperity, threatens the worst evils that can befall our humanity.

DAVID JAMES.

David James, Senior, was one of the first settlers of the Droop neighborhood, in Lower Pocahontas. He was from Norfolk, Virginia. It is believed he came here soon after the Revolution, and located for awhile near the head of Trump Run, on property now owned by Richard Callison. He then lived some years at the

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Rocky Turn, now known as the Irvine Place, where he built a mill. One of the stones is yet to be seen just below the road near where the mill stood.

From the Irvine place he moved on lands now occupied by George Cochran. The house is still standing and furnishes a correct idea of the kind of houses the pioneers lived in. It was here he passed the latter years of his life, and passed away at the age of 104 years. The name and parentage of his wife are not remembered. His family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Nellie, Martha, Sally, David and John.

Nellie James was married to Thomas Cochran, second wife, and lived near Marvin.

Martha was married to John Salisbury, and lived on Trump Run, and finally went west. This John Salisbury was a son of William Salisbury, a native of England, who opened the Salisbury settlement on Trump Run. William Salisbury's wife Mary was a native of Scotland. He lived to the age of 104 years, and is to be remembered as one of the pioneers of lower Pocahontas.

Sally became Mrs John Cutlip, who opened up an improvement on Droop Mountain, now in possession of the Renicks. Her children were David, Abram, John, George, Martha, and Elizabeth. The latter married David Kinnison and went to the west.

David James, Junior, married Catherine Parks and settled on Droop Mountain. They were the parents of these children: Mordecai, Jennie, Samuel, Elizabeth, John, Rebecca, Martha, and Mary.

Mordecai married Martha Tharp and went west.

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The Tharps lived on the Joshua Kee place, near Marlinton.

Jennie became Mrs Jesse Cochran. Her marriage was attended by very romantic incidents, illustrating the fact that all may be well that ends well.

Samuel married Elizabeth Ewing, daughter of William Ewing, who lived on the Greenbrier, where Joseph Perkins now resides, and went west. William Ewing excelled as a maker of wooden mouldboards for plows, and had all he could do to meet the demand.

John married Nellie Cochran.

Rebecca became Mrs Emanual Barrett.

John James married Nellie, daughter of Thomas Cochran the pioneer, and settled on Droop, where Lincoln Cochran now lives, but finally went west. Their family consisted of three daughters and three sons: Jane, Eliza, Kate, David, William, and John.

Thus with the assistance of the venerable John Cochran, probably the oldest man living on the Pocahontas and Greenbrier border in 1897, and George Cochran, his relative and neighbor, the writer has been able to give something in illustrating the James family history. This paper will be concluded by recalling the fact that David James, Junior, lived to the age of 106 years, about the greatest age attained by any one of our Pocahontas citizens, concerning whom we have any authentic information. The cottage home still stands whence he departed for the unseen world, and his grave will be an object of interest in our local annals and should be carefully marked so as not to be forgotten.

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David Cochran, a son of Thomas Cochran, by his second marriage with Nellie James, deserves mention from the fact that he was a veteran of the war of 1812. He had for his mess mates in the army William Salisbury, Jr., John McNeil, (known as Little John), and John R. Flemmens. He was in the affair at Craney Island, near Norfolk. While it is not certain, yet it is believed he served a tour under General Harrison in the west, as he frequently spoke of him. It is probable that he was in the battle of Tippecanoe. John Cochran; in 1898, was the only surviving member of the old soldier's family. He was 92 years of age November 2d of that year.

David Cochran, the veteran, suffered grievously the last three or four years of his life. He was treated by Mrs Diddle of Monroe County, for three years. She undertook to cure the case for forty dollars. Several visits were made. She was at his bedside when he died of hemorhage, caused by the cancer, in October 1831.

John Cochran has a vivid recollection of the Regimental Muster at Huntersville, in May, 1834. On returning from muster rather late in the evening, persons were racing their horses in a furious charge against imaginary British on the Cummings Creek road, two miles from Huntersville. While not in the charge, Isaac Jordan's horse seemed to smell something of the make-believe battle, reared and plunged, throwing his rider and severely fracturing his thigh.

William Gibson, merchant and hotel keeper at Huntersville was sent for. After some delay, means were

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contrived to carry the injured and suffering man back to Huntersville, where they arrived after dark. Squire Gibson—though not a physician—took charge of the case, reduced the fracture and kept the patient at his house for three months. John Cochran was employed to nurse him, and staid by him all the while until he could be brought home.

John Cochran in his prime was a person of uncommon agility and muscular power. He was jovial in disposition and had a good word for everybody, and yet it was his misfortune to be in one of the fiercest personal combats that ever occurred in his neighborhood. With remarkable magnamity his opponent confessed himself in the fault, and ever after there was no more fighting for John Cochran. Trouble quit looking for him after that.

George Cochran lives in the old James house. He was a faithful Confederate soldier, and stands up for the Lost Cause with a fluent vim that is refreshing.

JOHN BURGESS.

Concurrently with the past century the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this family was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation, and settled near Albany, New York, where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

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deeply impressed upon many characters. Though the name has well nigh ceased to be heard among us, yet the writer is pleased to believe that the spirit of James Tallman, the early settler, is yet moving about among scores of our families.

DAVID L. RUCKMAN.

Fifty years ago one of the most active men in lower Pocahontas was David Little Ruckman, Constable of the Levels District. He was tall and wiry in person, quick and nervous in his movements, and usually rode in a rapid trot. He always meant business, and when he went to collect a debt the money or property had to be in evidence. Were an arrest to be made he nearly always found the person that was wanted. His home was in the cove near Marvin, and is now occupied by his grandson, Mathews Ruckman.

Full particulars of his ancestry are given in another chapter. David L. Ruckman was born on Back creek. He had three brothers who lived to be grown. Samuel Ruckman, whose son Colonel David V. Ruckman is widely known in our county. John Ruckman went to Ohio. James Ruckman settled in Illinois. He had also these sisters: Fannie, who married John Gum. She was the mother of Mrs Samuel Harper, on Knapps Creek, and Mrs Martha Ginger, whose son George W. Ginger now resides in Huntersville, the village blacksmith. Mr Ginger, her husband, was killed during the war. Mary Ann Ruckman went with her brother John to Ohio.

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David L. Ruckman came to Pocahontas in 1832 and located at the place already pointed out. He married Priscilla Wade, daughter of Otho Wade of Highland. She was a very superior person in all the relations of life. She died in 1860. Her husband died in 1841, thirteen years after their removal to Pocahontas from their home in lower Highland.

Charles Ruckman, their eldest son, was born in Highland County. He was devoted to books and became one of the best scholars of his time. He taught school and transacted business for his father. He married Maggie Griffin, daughter of Jonathan Griffin, on Stony Creek. In the latter years of his life he became a rheumatic invalid, but in spite of pain and suffering tried to be useful to the last. He moved to Ohio, and was survived by a son and daughter, Julia Ann and Leonidas.

The second son Samuel, died at the age of 15 years.

The third son was John Wade, lately living on the old homestead near Marvin. He was born in Highland, 1824, and was eight years old when the family moved to this county. He married Margaret Ann Moore. Their son Mathews married Margaret Hogsett, daughter of Josiah T. Hogsett, and lives at the homestead. Many years since Colonel Ruckman lost his hearing. Some time before his death one of his eyes was seriously affected. Before he was overtaken by these afflictions none seemed to have better prospects for wealth and advancement and social prominence.

James Watts Ruckman was another member of David L. Ruckman's family. He first married Caroline

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Bruffey, daughter of Patrick Bruffey, near Greenbank. By this marriage there was one son, William Wallace Ruckman, who now resides near Millpoint, whose wife was Miss Lizzie Patton. James W. Ruckman's second wife was Caroline Arbogast, near Greenbank. Her sons were Renick and Otho Ruckman. Otho lives near Buffalo Mountain, beyond Greenbank. Renick Ruckman is a prosperous citizen on the homestead. Her daughter, Nancy Priscilla Ruckman, is now Mrs Winfield Slaven, near Millpoint.

In the war between the States James W. Ruckman was a Confederate soldier, and belonged to Captain W. L. McNeel's company. While on a scout near Edray in 1864, he was captured and sent to Fort Deleware. Thence he was sent to Richmond for exchange, and died before leaving the city.

Otho Wade Ruckman first married a Miss McClung, of Nicholas County. Her daughter became the second wife of Levi Waugh, near Edray. His second wife was Mary Frances Twyman, near Edray.

Clarissa Ruckman, eldest daughter of David L. Ruckman, married Peter Overholt, and is now dead.

Mary Ruckman married Jacob Cackley, whom she survives, and she resides on Stamping Creek with her nephew Wallace.

Catherine Ruckman married Peter McNeel. She is dead, but is survived by her daughter, Mrs John S. Moore.

David Ruckman, Junior, the youngest of David L. Ruckman's sons, was a Confederate soldier. He first belonged to Captain Smith's command in Greenbrier

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County. For a good while his company was assigned to General Loring's body guard. Finally it was attached to a cavalry battallion and ordered to Tennessee. He was mortally wounded near Morristown, Tennesse, and died in a few days thereafter.

Thus closes the narrative for the present. Characters have passed under our notice that illustrate what may be achieved by persons who diligently make use of their opportunities. These persons were patriotic, industrious, and endowed with good minds, and have left their impress upon their community that makes for good morals, conservative citizenship, and intellectual improvement.

ISAIAH CURRY.

Not long after the war of 1812 Isaiah Curry, a native of Rockbridge County, located on Back Alleghany, at the place now owned by Zechariah Swink. Mrs Curry was Abigail Hall of Virginia. These worthy persons are the ancestors of the Curry relationship on Back Mountain. Late in life they moved to Lewis County. Their family consisted of four sons and four daughters: William, James, John, Robert, Sally, Elizabeth, Anna, and Margaret.

William Curry was a stone mason, and a very swift workman. His wife was Nancy Lytton, of Rockbridge, and after his marriage they settled in Lewis County,

James, when about grown, was killed by a falling tree while browsing cattle near home. Robert Curry

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DIANA SAUNDERS.

Soon after the war of 1812 there came to our county one of the most interesting and eccentric personalities that our older people remember anything about, Mrs Diana Saunders, late of Rocky Point on Dry Branch of Swago. She was the widowed mother of four children, Anna, Eleanor, Cyrus, and Isaac. Her cabin home was built near the head springs of Dry Branch, almost in speaking distance of the Rocky Point schoolhouse, and just below.

Cyrus Saunders lived in Madison County, Va., and was a merchant and a citizen of prominence.

Isaac Saunders, upon attaining his majority, went to Fayette County, married, and settled on the banks of New River not far from the Hawk's nest. His sister Anna made her home with him for a time, and then became Mrs Ewing of Fayette County.

Eleanor Saunders was married to Barnett Adkisson, from Madison County, and lived on Spruce Flat on the head of Swago, on the place now occupied by James Adkisson. In reference to her children we have in hand the following particulars, communicated by John Adkisson.

Catherine first became wife of William Tyler, from Madison County, and then Mrs Jacob Weiford, near Millpoint.

William Adkisson, whose wife was Martha Jones, from Madison County, lived on Spruce Flat.

Abel Adkisson, whose first wife was Susannah,

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daughter of the late Daniel Adkisson, and whose second wife was Frances Hughes, lived on the head of Swago, where his son Oliver Blake now lives.

Daniel Adkisson married Mary Holmes of Madison County, and settled on Spruce Flats.

Isaac Adkisson married Martha Young, and lived at the "Young Place" on Rich Mountain.

Frances Adkisson first became Mrs James W. Silvey and lived at the head of Swago. She was afterwards married to the late Joseph Rodgers, and lives near Millpoint.

Nancy married Benjamin Taylor of Nicholas County and settled on New River. He was a hatter by occupation.

Martha Jane Adkisson married James Arthur, of Webster County, and went to the western part of the State.

Lucinda Adkisson, the youngest of Eleanor's daughters, was married to Rev Joshua Buckley, and lived at Buckeye. Some reference to her family is made in other sketches.

But few persons have left their impress upon the writer's memory more vividly than Mrs Diana Saunders. As to her personality, she had been formed in "Nature's choicest mould" and in her youth must have been the peer of Edgar Allen Poe's "rare and radiant maiden." The writer recalls one or more of her granddaughters as among the most perfect models of feminine form and feature that he has observed anywhere.

From the way Granny Saunders used to spean of

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Jim Madison, Jim Monroe, and Tom Jefferson, and wonder how such finicky, limber-jointed, red headed, fiddling and dancing customers had ever been made Presidents of our United Statos, it is inferred that her blooming youth must have been passed in Orange and Albermarle atmosphere.

The writer was frequently told by his lamented mother that when he was an infant about six weeks old he had the whooping cough so severely that he was given up to die. As a last resort Granny Saunders was sent for in all haste, and when she arrived the baby was to all appearances cold and dead. The doctress ordered a tub of hot water, plouted the baby in, soaked him awhile and gave him a good rubbing. She then called for a razor and a goose quill, scarified the little body between the shoulders, inserted the quill and gave him a blowing up until the infant began to blow for himself. He came to and recovered, and has been blowing seventy years on his own hook, figuratively speaking. There have been times in his life when the writer has felt rather regretfully that Granny Saunders managed her case so well as to keep him from dying at that safe time. Now, however, he feels thankful to God for what she was able to do. He deems it a most wonderful privilege to have lived the life the Supreme Being has allotted to him. Though this life has been humble and obscure, full of mistakes and blunders, still, blessed be His Holy name, for life and its wonderful hopes for the hereafter, when the Lord comes.

It would be hard to exaggerate the useful services performed by Mrs Saunders for a half century

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or more, when there was no resident physician nearer than the Warm Springs or Lewisburg. For years and years her time was virtually spent in the homes of the suffering. Stormy nights, swollen, raging mountain streams and torrents were braved by this heroic woman to be with the sick in their distress.

While it is true the most of her services were rendered in scenes over which the thickest veil of privacy should be ever drawn, yet it may not be out of good form to say that she never lost her self possession. The patient might be to all appearances in extremis, with less than a step between her and death in the throes of of maternity, all present convulsed with grief and apprehension except Granny Saunders. She would dip her pipe in the ashes, ejaculate prayers along with the puffs of smoke, and sit down by the patient: "Hold on old girl, we can't spare you yet; pick your flint and try it again. I have been praying for you, and the good Lord Almighty never goes back on his word to old Granny Saunders."

In the course of an hour or so, Granny Saunders looks up the "old man." When she finds him she opens her arms as if to embrace him. He draws back exclaiming, "Oh Granny, don't do that!" "Well, you ugly beast, if you won't let me kiss you, come in and see what a pretty thing the good Lord has sent your old woman. How it could be so pretty no one could tell without seeing the mother!"

One of the most praiseworthy traits in the character of this grand woman was her abhorrence of "doggity ways," as she would tersely put it. She was greatly

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worried by the way a young man seemed to be treating a girl in whom she felt a motherly interest. Appearances seemed to indicate that the "young rascal of a puppy" had plucked the the rose, but left the thorn with her heartbroken young friend; or in other words had fooled her upon a promise of marriage.

One day, it seems, the young man met her in the road, and he said: "Granny Saunders, if you do not quit talking about me as I hear of you doing, I shall have to sue you for slander."

The old lady cleared her decks for action, rolled up her sleeves and shook her fist under his nose. "I am ready for you here, at the court house, or anywhere else, outside the bottomless pit. There is where pups like you are bound to go, so I will not promise to have anything to do with you there. I cannot blame a Beaver Dam evening wolf for coming over here and stealing a lamb, for it is built that way, and can't know any better, but when I see a customer like you, with good looks, good natural sense and belonging to a decent family, guilty of things the Old Boy would be above doing, I must tell you, I do say I must tell you the dirtiest, yellow, egg-sucking dog in all Pocahontas is an angel to what you are. If the devil knows you as I do, and thinks of you as I do, he will put you on one of his hottest gridirons all by yourself, as not fit company for any other lost soul."

Granny's words seem to have been "winged ones." The suit was never brought for slander, he mended his ways, looked through his Bible and found a verse in Paul's writings that convinced him that the easiest way

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out of the tangle would be to marry as he had promised.

If there could have been kept a faithful record of all her doings and sayings it would have made a book by itself, nothing like it in extant literature. She had an entertaining story of the time the troops were on the march to Yorktown, and about Washington stopping at the yard fence and calling for water. Her mother sent her out with bucket and gourd, fresh from the well, and watered tho thirsty general and staff attendants. "They took their water, and I tell you they all drank a few, and then the grandees rode away with high heads and stiff upper lips, looking at me as if they thought it was about all that I was fit for, to handle the water gourd for their pleasure."

She had many stories that thrilled the little folks. One was about a child being born in 1775 that only lived a few minutes. Before it died it said just as plainly as could be spoken by a grown person:

"A warm winter and a cold spring,
A bloody summer and a new king!"

One of her most popular lullabys had this refrain:

"Sleep all day and cry all night,
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill."

Persons yet living remember the reply she once made to the salutation, "Well, Granny, how are you to day?"

"Poorly enough, to tell you truth. O dear, I am just here and that is all. I have pains in my face, pains in my ears, pains in the top of my head, at the

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back of my neck, between my shoulders, in my arms, in my breast, in my body, in my knees, in my ankles, in both my big toes." Then pausing a moment as if trying to think of more places for pains, she would raise her eyes toward heaven and devoutly exclaim, "But praise the Lord, bless His Holy Name, I have a good appetite!"

Late in the fifties or early in the sixties, she went to make her home with Isaac and Anna, on New River, where she died fifteen or twenty years ago, aged about a hundred and three years as most of her acquaintances believe. Dear old friend, the Creator has not sent many like her to our part of the world as yet.

LANTY LOCKRIDGE.

One of the most widely known of Pocahontas families in former years was that of the ancestor of the Lockridge relationship, at Driscol, four miles east of Huntersville. It was a place of resort for visiting lawyers to and from Huntersville on public occasions. Pleasant mention is made of the kind treatment received and of the nice and bountiful table comforts enjoyed in the memoir of the late Howe Peyton, and in some published reminiscences of George Mayse, of the Warm Springs.

Lancelot (Lanty) Lockridge, the progenitor of the name in our county, came from the Lower Bull Pasture, in Highland county, about four miles up the river from Williamsville, Bath county. Mrs Lockridge was Elizabeth Benson, of the same vi-

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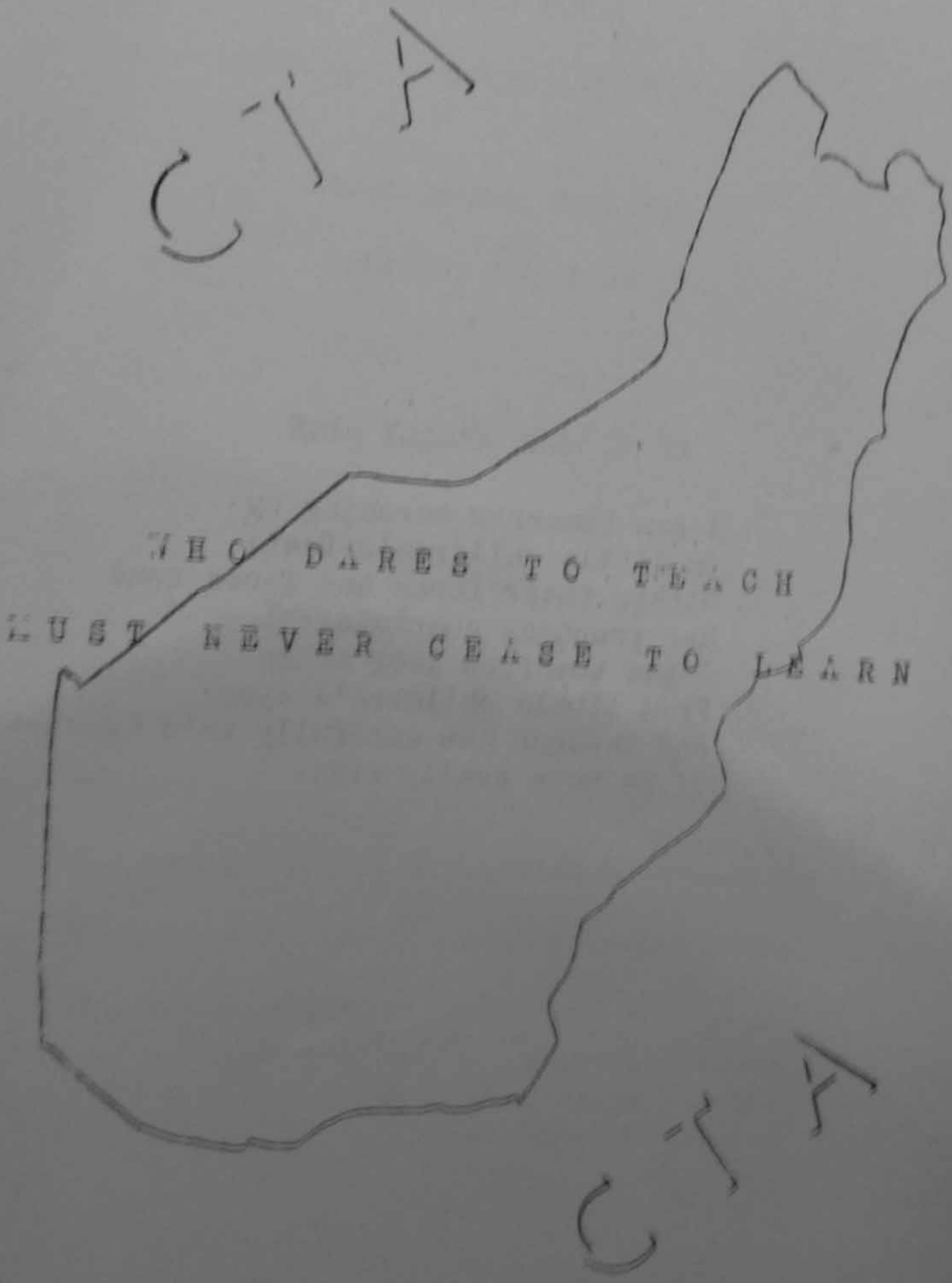
of the

deep were heave

Teacher - Edna Ellison

Students: Maude Bowers
Mary Barnes
Lonnie Armstead
Mildred Music
Pearl Cochran
Grace Barnes
(Owens) -> Ike Adkison
Hester McElwee (McCl
John Gay
Madge Bowers
John Hause


C I A
WHO DARES TO TEACH
MUST NEVER CEASE TO LEARN
C I A

PROGRAM

Invocation - Mr. J. K. Arbogast

Group Singing - Leader, Miss Edith May
Pianist, Mrs. Bonnie Hill

Introduction of Guests -

Report on CTA Leadership Conference -
Mrs. Margaret Cole
Miss Patsy Ruth Fields

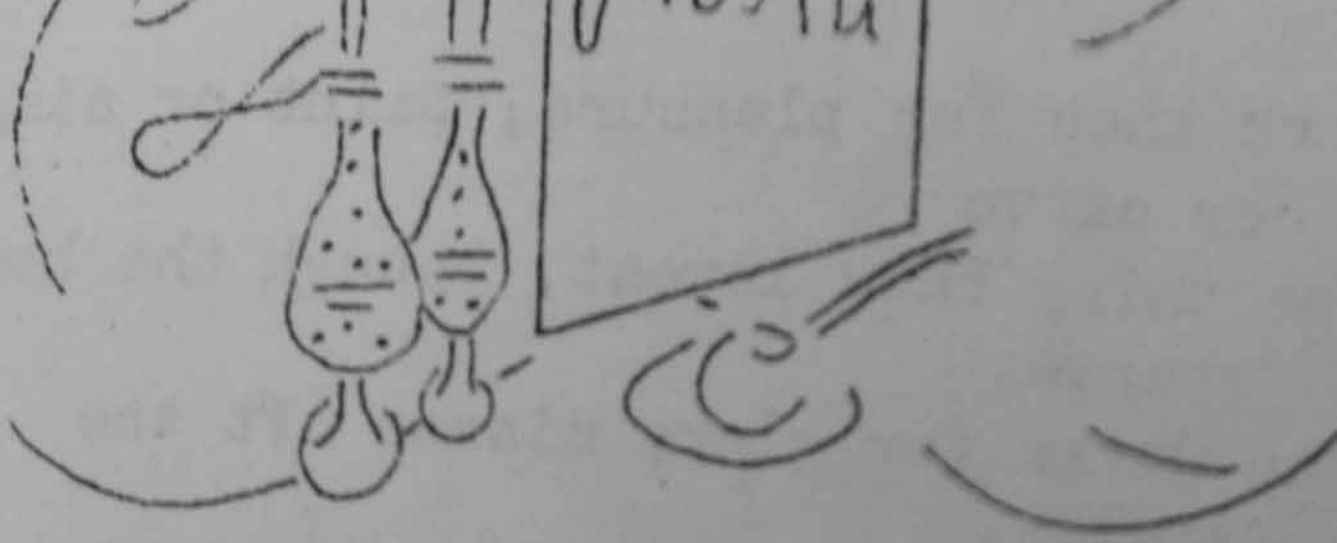
The Poor Scholar's Soliloquy -
Miss Madaline McNeill

Presentation of New Teachers -
Mrs. Bonnie Brooks

Presentation of Certificates and Pin
to Retired Teachers - Mr. M. H. Brooks
Mrs. Macel Harris

GUEST SPEAKER - Dr. Corma A. McCrary
Director of Professional Services NEA

Announcements -



"Eat, drink, and be merry,
For tomorrow ye diet."

BAKED HAM

MASHED POTATOES - GRAVY

GREEN BEANS - HARVARD BEETS

WALDORF SALAD

HOT ROLLS - BUTTER - JELLY

CAKE WITH SAUCE

COFFEE - TEA

* * * * * * * * * * *

IF WE WERE REALLY WISE

I saw tomorrow marching by
On little children's feet;
Within their forms and faces read
Her prophecy complete.
I saw tomorrow look at me
From little children's eyes;
And thought how carefully we'd teach--
If we were really wise.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

CLASSROOM TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

Annual Dinner Meeting

November 29, 1956

* * * * * * * * * * *

OFFICERS

1956-1957

President ..... Mrs. Maud Bumgardner

Vice-President ..... Mr. Glenn Tracy

Secretary ..... Miss Minnie Parg

Treasurer ..... Miss Louise Brown

Executive Committee:

Mrs. Zell Lewis
Mrs. Willa Whanger
Miss Margaret Wilson

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing
or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body
starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the
goal;
Who works for money coins his very
soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well
may be
That these things shall be added unto
thee.

- Kenyon Cox

* * * * * * * * * * * *

To be good is noble, but to tell others how to be good is nobler and no trouble. - Mark Twain

Behold the turtle. He makes progress only when he sticks his neck out. - James Bryant Conant

It takes less time to do a thing right than it does to explain why you did it wrong.
- H. W. Longfellow

The greatest glory of a freeborn people is to transmit that freedom to their children.
- William Harvard

There is in every man something greater than he had begun to dream of. Men are nobler than they think themselves. - Phillips Brooks

* * * * * * * * * * *

Pocahontas County CTA wishes to express their congratulations and commendations to the following retired teachers of Pocahontas County for their long and faithful service.

Miss Elsie J. Adkison	1909-1954
Mr. W. A. Bolen	1895-1943
Mr. W. M. Buckley	1915-1944
Mr. N. R. Fertig	1909-1946
Miss Enid Harper	1913-1954
Mr. A. W. Hill	1896-1941
Mr. W. A. Hively	1908-1949
Dr. George D. McNeill	1894-1940
Mr. Charles Spencer	---
Mrs. Clara P. Wade	1914-1956
Mr. K. B. Wilmoth	1908-1947
*Mrs. Rachel Wooddell	1909-1955

*Teaching 1956-1957

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM - 10¢

POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

WELCOMES YOU TO....

Pioneer Days

July 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1971

The Pocahontas County Historical Society was first organized in 1961, and incorporated in 1962 when it acquired its home and museum from the late Mrs. Frank Hunter. The house was built by the Hunters when he was the first cashier of the Bank of Marlinton.

The grounds around the museum consist of approximately two acres lying between US Route 219 (Seneca Trail) and the Greenbrier River. On the right of the entrance are the gravestones of 40 Confederate soldiers. To the left are the graves of several of the early members of the Price family.

The museum was dedicated in 1963 by the then governor of West Virginia, W.W. Barron, and Pearl Buck, world renowned author who was born in Hillsboro, Pocahontas County. The library room in the museum was named in Pearl Buck's honor.

The Pocahontas County Historical Society, Inc., is owned by public spirited citizens throughout the county, state, and nation. Membership in the Society may be obtained by paying the $1 membership dues.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Pioneer Days Souvenir Badge for $1.00 required for persons 6 years of age and older. Entitles holder to all events except Horse Show, Horse Pulling Contest and Miss Pocahontas Pageant. There is a charge for the surrey and antique car rides, but the wagon rides to and from the Museum are free. The wagons will stop at the Museum, in front of the Presbyterian Church on Main St. and at the High School. On Saturday the wagons will stop at the Rifle Contest.

OFFICE: 325-7158
RESIDENCE: 645-2025

George R. Hanna

715 SENECA TRAIL
General Merchandise and County Produce
Westinghouse Appliances : Groceries : Paint

Table of Contents

THURSDAY'S ACTIVITIES 4
MISS FREEDOM'S PAGEANT 5-6-7
FRIDAY'S ACTIVITIES 8
FRIDAY NIGHT PROGRAM 9
SATURDAY'S ACTIVITIES 10
BICENTENNIAL EVENT - BADGE 12
PIONEER CRAFT DEMONSTRATION 14
PARADE PROGRAM 15
HOSTS AND HOSTESSES 16
SUNDAY'S ACTIVITIES 17
HORSE SHOW PROGRAM 18-19
PEARL S. BUCK SCHOLARS 20
WEEKEND MENUS 22
SPECIAL INFORMATION 24
ADVERTISEMENTS 25

We hope you enjoy the 1974 Pioneer Days Weekend, and will plan to come back in '75.

BRILL'S FOOD SERVICENTER

Jetta Lou Bowyer

Susan Chappell

Deborah Crawford

Renae Crist

Connie Sue Dilley

Donna Dunbrack

Nina Marie Fowler

Linda Lou Landis

Cornell Moore

Jo Ann Sharp

Lois Jean Sharp

Diane Shiflett

Jane Small

Susie Smith

Donna Stemple

Bank; Senior of Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Mary Rebekah Lodge No. 109.

2586 2. MISS SUSAN CHAPPELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chappell, Hillsboro; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Lions Club.

3. MISS DEBORAH CRAWFORD, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Maynard Crawford, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Woman's Club.

4339 4. MISS RENAE CRIST, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crist, Arbovale; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin Lions Club.

5. MISS CONNIE SUE DILLEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Dilley, Dunmore; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Fire Department Ladies' Auxiliary.

6. MISS DONNA RAE DUNBRACK, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunbrack, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society, Inc.

7. MISS NINA FOWLER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Fowler, Hillsboro; Sponsored by Hillsboro Fire Department and Firemenettes.

8. MISS LINDA LANDIS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Damon Landis, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Swago Home Demonstration Club.

9. MISS CORNELL MOORE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Business and Professional Women's Club.

10. MISS LOIS SHARP, daughter of Mrs. Glenda Snead and Mr. Lowell Sharp, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Chamber of Commerce.

11. MISS JO ANN SHARP, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sharp, Huntersville; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton VFW Auxiliary.

12. MISS DIANE SHIFLETT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Shiflett, Marlinton; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Ruth Rebekah Lodge No. 68.

13. MISS JANE SMALL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Small, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Fire Department.

14. MISS SUSIE SMITH, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees.

15. MISS DONNA STEMPLE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stemple, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Rotary Club.

4156 16. MISS DIANA WASLO, daughter of Mr. Mike Waslo, Arbovale; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin VFW Post No. 3453.

4574 17. MISS SHIRLEY WILFONG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilfong; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Dunmore Home Demonstration Club.

18. MISS TERESA WOODDELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Wooddell, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Junior Home Demonstration Club.

19. MISS SHARON WOODS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Woods, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by VFW Post No. 4595.

Candidates for Miss Pocahontas

tta Lou Bowyer

Susan Chappell

Deborah Crawford

Renae Crist

nie Sue Dilley

Donna Dunbrack

Nina Marie Fowler

Linda Lou Lan

Connie Sue Dilley

Donna Dunbrack

Nina Marie Fowler

Linda Lou Landis

Cornell Moore

Jo Ann Sharp

Lois Jean Sharp

Diane Shiflett

Jane Small

Susie Smith

Donna Stemple

Diana Leigh Waslo

Shirley Wilfong

Teresa Wooddell

Sharon Woods

LOU BOWYER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Omar Bowyer, Gre
Bank; Senior of Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Mary Rebek
Lodge No. 109.

2586 2. MISS SUSAN CHAPPELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chappell, Hill
boro; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinto
Lions Club.

3. MISS DEBORAH CRAWFORD, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Maynard Crawfor
Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored b
Marlinton Woman's Club.

4339 4. MISS RENAE CRIST, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crist, Arbovale
Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin Lions Club

5. MISS CONNIE SUE DILLEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Dilley, Dun-
more; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Mar-
linton Fire Department Ladies' Auxiliary.

6. MISS DONNA RAE DUNBRACK, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunbrack,
Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Pocahon-
tas County Historical Society, Inc.

7. MISS NINA FOWLER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Fowler, Hillsboro;
Sponsored by Hillsboro Fire Department and Firemenettes.

8. MISS LINDA LANDIS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Damon Landis, Marlinton;
Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Swago Home
Demonstration Club.

9. MISS CORNELL MOORE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, Mar-
linton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton
Business and Professional Women's Club.

10. MISS LOIS SHARP, daughter of Mrs. Glenda Snead and Mr. Lowell Sharp,
Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by
Marlinton Chamber of Commerce.

11. MISS JO ANN SHARP, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sharp, Huntersville;
Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton VFW
Auxiliary.

12. MISS DIANE SHIFLETT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Shiflett, Marlin-
ton; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Ruth Rebekah
Lodge No. 68.

13. MISS JANE SMALL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Small, Marlinton;
Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton
Fire Department.

14. MISS SUSIE SMITH, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, Marlinton; Grad-
uate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Jay-
cees.

15. MISS DONNA STEMPLE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stemple, Marlinton;
Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Rotary
Club.

4156 16. MISS DIANA WASLO, daughter of Mr. Mike Waslo, Arbovale; Junior at
Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin VFW Post No. 3453.

4374 17. MISS SHIRLEY WILFONG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilfong; Senior
456 at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Dunmore Home Demonstra-
tion Club.

18. MISS TERESA WOODDELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Wooddell, Mar-
linton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Mar-
linton Junior Home Demonstration Club.

19. MISS SHARON WOODS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Woods, Marlinton;
Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by VFW Post
No. 4595.

EVERYONE WELCOME
PHONE 799-4204 RFD 1 MARLINTON, W. VA.

FRIDAY'S ACTIVITIES

10:00 A.M. -- Bake Sale at Richardson's Store.

10:30 A.M.-8:00 P.M. -- Craft Corner, 4-H Exhibits, Bake Sale, Flower Show, Quilt Show, Old Kitchen Display, the Jack Jeffers Photo Exhibit at Marlinton Gym.

11:00 A.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Food at Museum (see p. 17).

11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. -- Food at Fire House (see p. 23).

11:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey rides to and from the Museum. The surrey will travel through the Greenbrier River from the Presbyterian Church to the Museum with a charge of 50¢. Antique Car rides originating from Presbyterian Church, 50¢.

11:00 A.M.-10:00 P.M. -- Wagon rides to and from the Museum, available to those wearing the Pioneer Day Badge.

Noon-7 P.M. -- Percussion Rifle Shooting Contest across Knapps Creek from the Board of Education Office. Regulation rules will be strictly enforced. Rifles furnished or bring your own. Practice shooting at 25¢ a shot. There is an entry fee of $1.00 for the contest, with prizes being awarded on Saturday at 6:30 P.M. at place of contest.

1:30 P.M. -- Old Time Spelling Bee at the Museum. All ages. Cash awards.

2:00 P.M. -- Pocahontas County History Contest at Museum. Cash award.

2:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Tours of Huntersville, first County Seat. Inquire at Information Tent.

4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Spaghetti Dinner, Marlinton Methodist Church.

6:00-7:30 P.M. -- Horseshoe Pitching Contest at Museum. (Singles and Doubles)

7:30 P.M. -- Frog Hop and Turtle Races at the Marlinton Athletic Field for children ages 6-14. 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes will be awarded-one entry per child. All entries must be in by 7:00 p.m.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

YOUR REXALL FAMILY DRUG STORE
Royal Drug Store, Inc.
Prescriptions filled accurately

(Dottie Clutter O'Donnell is the daughter of Mrs. Eva Beard Ferhl and the late Eric Clutter and was raised in Hillsboro.)
Bring a folding chair if possible.

Friday Night Program

Program beginning at 8:30 P.M.-Pocahontas County Museum
(Bring a folding chair, if available)

COMMEMORATING
Pocahontas' Sesquicentennial

An evening to relax and to enjoy

The "Pioneer Choir" under the direction of Frances B. Eskridge as it sets the mood.

"Little Switzerland of America" folk dancing by two classes of music pupils, ages 6-11 years, of Mildred Y. Seagraves.

Bits of Historical Scenes

Narrator to carry you along in time and fact

Briefly portraying early events leading to establishment of first county seat of Pocahontas County in Huntersville, 1821.

Folk Art at its best in the main feature of the evening.

Dotty Clutter O'Donnell

as she returns to her native county to sing in the style of yesteryear-those songs handed down through generations-conveying joy, heartache, events transmitted mainly through folk singing. She will be joined by her husband, Dennis O'Donnell, in some of the response numbers.

Finale - a tribute to the county and to the state, with Audience Participation in the singing of "West Virginia Hills"

Program Coordinated by Ruth M. Morgan

1859 The Great 1971
Atlantic & Pacific
Tea Co., Inc.
Ann Page Fine Foods - Super
Right Meats - Jane Parker

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Bob Miller

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Telephone: 799-6523

212 9th Street
MARLINTON, W. VA.
PHONE 799-4082

SATURDAY'S ACTIVITIES

9:00 A.M.-9:00 P.M. -- Wagon rides to and from Pioneer Days Events.
9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey rides to and from Museum at a charge of 50¢; also Antique Car rides at a charge of 50¢.
9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Exhibits and Craft Corner at Marlinton Gym (see Friday's Activities for details).
9:00 A.M.-6:00 P.M. -- Percussion Rifle Shooting Contest (see Friday's Activities for details).
10:00 A.M. -- Bake Sale at Museum.
11:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. -- Food at Museum.
10:00 A.M.-Noon -- Craft Demonstrations at Museum.
10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Hamburgers and hot dogs at First National Bank parking lot.
11:00 A.M. -- Bar-B-Que Chicken Dinner, Presbyterian Church.
1:30 P.M. -- Parade.
3:00 P.M. -- Horse Pulling Contest at Athletic Field (See p. 21).
4:30 P.M. -- Ox Roast at School Cafeteria.
6:00 P.M.-7:30 P.M. -- Horseshoe Pitching Contest at Museum.
7:00 P.M.-9:00 P.M. -- Mountain Folk Music Contest (See p.21).
9:00 P.M.-11:30 P.M. -- Square Dance in front of Southern States Store, sponsored by Marlinton Lions Club. Music by The Quad-reelers.
9:00 P.M.-1:00 A.M. -- Social Dance at Marlinton Gym-$5.00 per couple, sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees. Music by The Nu-Notes. Popcorn, Sno Cones and Kiddie Rides will be on First National Bank lot throughout weekend.

Home Products Market

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Because 1971 is the Sesquicentennial Year for Pocahontas County, the Pioneer Days badge pays tribute to the first county courthouse which was located in Huntersville.

On June 5, 1822, a deed for land for the purpose of locating a county seat of justice was given to the justices of Pocahontas County and their successors in office, by John Bradshaw and wife. Upon this land a brick courthouse, a brick office for the county clerk and a brick jail were constructed. Huntersville was the center of the county government between 1821 and 1892.

The first county clerk was Josiah Beard who served ably in this position even prior to the building of the brick courthouse when the first courts convened in the house of John Bradshaw.

The safe keeping of the county records was not exactly a routine task. At the time of the breaking out of the War the Hon. William Curry was serving as both circuit and county clerk. When it became evident that the Federals would invade the county the court ordered Mr. Curry to remove the records to a place of safety. In compliance with this order he caused them to be taken to the private residence of Joel Hill, Esq., in the Little Levels. Here they remained until Jan. 11, 1862, when Mr. Curry became alarmed as to the safety of so valuable a charge thus placed in his custody. He therefore caused them to be removed to Covington, Virginia, where, for a short time, they lay in the clerk's office of Alleghany County. From here they were taken to the storehouse of Captain William Scott. In Sept. 1863 Gen. Averill's Federal command reached Covington, and Mr. Curry again removed the records--first to the residence of William Clark, then to a stack of buckwheat straw, in which they lay concealed for three weeks, and were then conveyed into the mountains and stored

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)

open 5 A.M. until 9 P.M.

FRENCH'S DINER

Serving Good Food

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(continued from page 12)

away at the house of a Baptist minister. Here they remained until after the surrender at Appomattox.

The storm of war had now passed away, and Mr. Curry, in June 1865, returned with the records and once more deposited them at the house of Joel Hill. Here they remained one month and were then taken to a vacant house belonging to the Rev. Mitchell Dunlap where they remained until Sept. 1865 when the first court convened after the close of the War (Nov. 1865) in the Methodist Church at Hillsboro. From that time they were kept in the "old academy building" until June 1870 when they were taken back to the county seat and deposited at the house of John Curry.

More than five years had passed since their first removal, and strange to say, not withstanding all the vicissitudes of war through which they passed, only one thing was lost and that was an old process book of no value.

Huntersville, the first county seat, gained its name from the fact that it became a center where hunters and trappers could trade pelts, venison and ginseng for salt, coffee, powder, lead, a few pieces of calico, etc.

The courthouse is situated on the left bank of Knapps Creek, six miles from its mouth. It is surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains and has the appearance of an Alpine village. Its elevation is 2000 feet above the Atlantic.

Curry's Super Market

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Crochet Beads -- Mrs. Nellie Dean
Churning -- Mrs. Lloyd Woods
Home-made Ice Cream -- Mrs. Elton Wade
Maple Syrup -- Mrs. Delbert G. Moore

Saturday Morning, July 10 - 10:00 to 12:00 A.M.

Ceramics -- Johnnie Hill
Splitting Shingles -- Mr. Barnhouse

VISIT WITH US DURING PIONEER DAYS

The Grill

SATURDAY'S SPECIAL

Ham Sandwich -- 50¢

Egg Salad, Ham Salad

or Chicken Salad -- 35¢

ICE CREAM MILK SHAKES

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PARADE PROGRAM

Registration: 10:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m. on the Depot Platform.

Parade forms at 12:30 p.m. Saturday at the Marlinton Stockyards and starts at 1:30 p.m.

1:15 p.m. Little Swiss Folk Dancers will perform on Main Street.

Parade Committee: Marlinton Jaycees
Co-Chairmen: Lyle Campbell, Kenneth Cohenour, Doug Dunbrack and Ernest Shaw
Master of Ceremonies: Walter Jett

Introduction of distinguished guests, followed by the parade.

Presentation of winning entries and awarding of prizes.
Presentation of winning entries in the Pioneer Days Art Contest, oldest couples contest, person traveling the longest distance (must register at information booth to qualify), and most authentically dressed store clerk.
Trophies and prizes will be awarded in five classes and will be based on the most original Pioneer Days outfit.

1. Horse and rider.
2. Horse or oxen and buggy, surrey, buckboard, wagon or any type of horse or oxen-drawn conveyance.
3. People walking.
4. Western class.
5. Floats.
6. Antique Car -- trophy only.

There will be a $40 cash award for First Place and $30 cash award for Second Place in each class. Trophy only for Third Place in each class. The exception to this is the Antique Car Class where only the First Place winner will be awarded a trophy.

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HOSTS AND HOSTESSES

The following hostesses and hosts will be available throughout the Pioneer Days Weekend to give you any information, direction or assistance you may need:

Lois Sharp, Bobbie Jo Sharp, Dianne Shiflett, Vonnie Myers, Terry Payne, Becky Cutlip, Marsella Hollandsworth, Vicki Richardson, Debbie Crawford, Debbie Faulkner, Terry Wooddell, Cornell Moore, Susan Viers, Jenny Mitchell, Susie Smith, Ann Mallow, Annette Eye, Joan Eye, Shirley Tibbs, Janice Kay Nelson, Linda Calhoun, Nancy Bowen, Dondi Stemple, Lynette Hiner, Kathy Gibson, Libby Graham, Matt Withers, Jim Smith, David Cain, Terry Richardson, Scott McNeill, Tommy McLaughlin, Mike Anderson, Brent Withers, Willie Sparks, John Mallow, Jim Dilley, Donnie McElwee, Tommy Mitchell.

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Hamburger Special

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SUNDAY'S ACTIVITIES

10:00 A.M.-Noon -- Church of your choice.

11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. -- Chicken 'n Dumplings at Marlinton Fire House, sponsored by Brushy Flats Home Demonstration Club.

1:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey and Wagon Rides; Displays at Museum. Wagons will run until after Hymn Sing.

1:00 P.M.-6:00 P.M. -- Horseshow at Marlinton Athletic Field, with many classes, trophies, ribbons and prize money.

2:00 P.M. -- Log Rolling Demonstration.

2:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Tours of Huntersville (First County Seat.)

4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Sandwiches and drinks at Museum.

7:30 P.M. -- County Hymn Sing at Museum under the direction of Mrs. Willard Eskridge. (Will be held at Marlinton United Methodist Church in case of rain.) Bring a folding chair if possible.

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Pioneer Days Horse Show

Show Co-Chairman and Secretary.....Judy Cutlip, Hillsboro

Show Co-Chairman and Secretary.....Ruth Taylor, Hillsboro

Show Advisor.....Charlene J. McNeel, Sinking Springs Farm

Announcers.....Jim Fleshman and Eugene Simmons

Ring Crew.....Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department

Concession Stand.....Hillsboro Firemenettes

The Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department and Firemenettes thank you, and hope to see you again next year.

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Pioneer Days Horse Show

Marlinton Football Field, Marlinton, West Virginia

1:30 P.M. Sunday, July 11, 1971

Sponsored by the Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department

No:	ENTRY FEE:	CLASS:	PRIZES:
1.	$2.00	Western Halter	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
2.	2.00	Cloverleaf Barrel Race	T. & 4 R. $4,$3,$2,$1
3.	2.00	Western Pleasure	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
4.	2.00	4-H Pleasure	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
5.	2.00	Ladies Western Pleasure	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
6.	2.00	Trail Class	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
7.	2.00	Children's Pleasure	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
8.	2.00	Western Horsemanship	T. & 4 R. $4,$3,$2,$1
9.	2.00	Trailer Race	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
10.	2.00	English Halter	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
11.	2.00	Plantation Pleasure	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
12.	2.00	Open English Pleasure	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
13.	2.00	Ladies English Pleasure	T. & 4 R. $4,$3,$2,$1
14.	2.00	English Horsemanship	T. & 4 R. $4,$3,$2,$1

WESTERN HIGH POINT HORSE OF SHOW . . . Trophy & Ribbon
ENGLISH HIGH POINT HORSE OF SHOW . . . Trophy & Ribbon

EXPLANATION OF CLASS NO. 9 TRAILER RACE:
The Class is limited to Ten (10) entries. Each entry consists of One truck or car as the case may be, One horse trailer, One horse, One driver and rider. Entries must park all vehicles on starting line. Judge will blow whistle, all entries must get out of their vehicles, unload their horse, saddle and bridle him, walk around ring one (1) time, unsaddle and unbridle horse, load horse in horse trailer, load tack in tack compartment, get in vehicle and turn on lights.

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Ivan Van Reenen, Owner

The Pearl S. Buck Second Seminar

GENERAL THEME: QUALITY OF LIVING
Topic 1971: "Creative Arts in Family Life"
Place: Hillsboro Public School and Pearl S. Buck Birthplace, Hillsboro, W. Va.
Dates: July 6, 7, 8, 1971 -- Sponsor: Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, Inc.

Pearl S. Buck was born at Hillsboro, West Virginia, of native West Virginia parents. She is the sole American woman to win the Nobel Prize for Literature, and one of the world's great citizens. Only within recent years has her native state attempted to honor her in a fitting manner. The West Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs bought her birthplace and surrounding land, and conveyed it to the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, Inc., a non-profit, non-stock corporation organized for the purpose of restoring the birthplace and developing the Pearl S. Buck Cultural Center of the Arts and Humanities. Plans include the building of a suitable structure to house Miss Buck's original manuscripts, her personal property and awards now being acquired by the Foundation. An annual Seminar is an activity of the Foundation.

The purpose and objective of the Annual Seminar, started in 1970, is to give the public an opportunity to hear a stimulating discussion by selected and varied panelists on American life. This year's topic is about family life. Eight panelists, including Pearl S. Buck, will discuss the following topics:

July 6, "Literature in Family Life",
July 7, "Changing Styles in Family Life",
July 8, "Creative Arts & Professional Design in Family Life".

Each Seminar session will be from 10 A.M. until noon. The last half hour of each session will be for audience participation. Admission is free. On Tuesday evening at 8 P.M. Miss Buck will speak to the public at Hillsboro Junior High School.

Each afternoon the public is invited to visit the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace, the property of the Pearl S. Buck Foundation, which is to be renovated, and the future plans of the Foundation will be explained.

The Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation has been financed by dues from its members and donations. No officer or director receives any pay. Public support is needed. Everyone is invited to become a member or make a donation.

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MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA

MOUNTAIN FOLK MUSIC CONTEST

7:00 P.M. - Saturday, at Marlinton Athletic Field. Judging will be divided into two groups: Group I will be Modern Style Music (blue grass, country, country western and autoharp). Group II is Mountain Music and will be broken into the following sections: Section I - dulcimers (3 & 48 string), French harps and zithers; Section II - banjo and guitar (only mountain style); Section III - singing without accompaniment; Section IV - fiddle. Cash awards of $150.00 will be awarded.

HORSE PULLING CONTEST

Saturday, immediately following the parade at Marlinton Athletic Field. Prizes will be awarded by elimination. Each entry will be awarded $10.00, with cash prizes as follows: 1st - $125.00; 2nd - $75.00; 3rd - $50.00; 4th - $35.00; 5th - $25.00; 6th - $15.00; 7th - $10.00.

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Fairlea, West Virginia

The Quadreelers will perform at the Saturday Night Square Dance

THE QUADREELERS -- (left to right) Bill Lovelace, June Lovelace, Jim Dolan and Ed Gardner. Absent, Bert Dodrill (fiddler).

Phone 799-4838

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214 Eighth Street
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SANDWICHES & DRINKS

WEEKEND MENUS

Friday, July 9

9:00 A.M. - Bake Sale--Sandwiches and drinks at Gym. Sponsored by 4-H Clubs of Pocahontas County.

10:00 A.M. - Bake Sale at C. J. Richardson Store. Sponsored by Methodist Church.

11:00 A.M.-7:00 P.M. - Ham and Biscuits, Sandwiches, Cake, Cookies, Drinks at Museum. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society.

11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. - Sandwiches (Ham, Ham Salad, Chicken Salad, Peanut Butter and Pimento Cheese), Cupcakes, Cake, Coffee, Tea and Lemonade at Fire House. Sponsored by Big Flats Home Demonstration Club.

4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Spaghetti Dinner at Marlinton Methodist Church. Sponsored by W.S.C.S.

Saturday, July 10

10:00 A.M. - Bake Sale at Museum. Sponsored by Lobelia Rebekah Lodge.

10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. - Hamburgers and Hot Dogs at First National Bank Parking Lot.

11:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. - Ham and Biscuits, Sandwiches, Cake, Cookies, Drinks at Museum. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society.

11:00 A.M. - Barbecued Chicken Dinner at Marlinton Presbyterian Church. Sponsored by Women of the Church.

4:30 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Ox Roast at Marlinton Elementary School Cafeteria. (Barbecued Beef on Bun, Baked Beans, Cole Slaw, Ice Cream, Coffee, Tea and Milk. Tickets: Adults-$2.50 at door, $2.00 in advance; Children-$1.50. Sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

HARPER'S MEN'S SHOP

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Frank West Virginia

(Continued from page 23)

Sunday, July 11

11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. - Chicken 'n Dumplings (Green Beans, Mashed Potatoes, Cole Slaw, Home-made Bread, Cake, Coffee, Tea and Lemonade) at Fire House. Sponsored by Big Flats Home Demonstration Club. Tickets: $2.00. Will also serve sandwiches.
4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Sandwiches and Drinks at Museum.

SPECIAL INFORMATION

1. An Information Booth will be in front of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church. Inquire there for any directions or information you may need. Also register there for the oldest person contest and the prize for the person traveling the longest distance. There will be a $5.00 prize for each contest.
2. Attend the Dinner on Thursday Evening preceding the "Miss Pocahontas Pageant" at the Pocahontas County High School Cafeteria. This event will officially open the 1971 Pioneer Days Weekend.
3. Plan to attend the Pearl S. Buck Seminars at Hillsboro July 6,7,8, and visit her birthplace there.
4. Come to the Museum on Friday Afternoon and Saturday Morning to see Crafts demonstrated. An authentic log cabin can also be visited on the Museum lawn.
5. The Pioneer Art Contest is exhibited at the Museum. Entries have been sent in from all the Pocahontas County Schools.
6. A Wildlife Exhibit will be at the First National Bank Parking Lot.
7. There will be tours of Huntersville on Friday and Sunday afternoons. Visit the first county seat of Pocahontas County!
8. Visit the Pioneer Days Craft Corner in the Gym during the weekend. Buy lovely hand crafted items.
9. There is limited seating facilities at the Museum, so bring a folding chair if possible, to the Friday and Sunday Night programs.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Historical Society would like to express our appreciation to our advertisers and boosters for making this program possible. Our thanks and appreciation go also to the many individuals, clubs and organizations who have worked hard to make Pioneer Days 1974 a success. We especially thank the following people who have devoted their time to this community project:

Chairman 1974 Pioneer Days: Douglas Dunbrack

Committee Chairmen:

Parade: Marlinton Jaycees, Lyle Campbell, Kenneth Cohencur
Grounds: H.L. Sheets, Bill McNeel
Badges: Miss Katherine McClure, Rotary Club
Publicity and Promotion: Mrs. Jane Sharp, Bill McNeel
Hosts and Hostesses: Mrs. Dale Curry
Square Dance: L.B. Bumgardner, Jr., Lions Club
Open Stage: Mrs. Willard Eskridge
Crafts: Mrs. W.D. Buckman
Miss Pocahontas Pageant: Mrs. Larry McNeel, Eugene Simmons, Blix McNeill
Horse Show: Mrs. Larry McNeel, Hillsboro Fire Department
Music Contest: Black Mountain Bluegrass Boys
Wagon Rides: Richard Barlow, Marlinton Fire Department
Surrey Rides: Layton Sharp
Food: Mrs. Fred Burns, Sr., Mrs. A.L. McNeel (at Museum)
Horse Pulling Contest: Fred Burns, Sr., Eugene Simmons
Horseshoe Pitching Contest: Walter Bett
Muzzle Loading Rifle Contest: Kyle Neighbors
Flower Show: Mrs. Bill Harper, Steve Meadows
Quilting Bee: Mrs. Ben Gladwell
Quilt Show: Mrs. Hallie Wamsteiks
Art Show: Miss Edith May, Mrs. Russell Barlow, Mrs. Ed Wilson
Friday Night Program: Mrs. Ben Morgan
Craft Corner: Mrs. Ned Mellison
Square Dancers: Wonnie Myers, Donti Hample, Mrs. Millie Seagraves
Forestry Demonstrations: David Beverage
Official Program: Mrs. Fred Burns, Jr., Doug Dunbrack, Mrs. Tom Dunbrack
Signs: Mrs. Jan McNeill, Miss Madeline McNeill
Frog and Turtle Races: Jo Hample, Beverly Kenney
Treasurer: Mrs. Fred Burns, Jr.

Telephone Utilities

OF WEST VIRGINIA, INC.

The H-P Stores

Serving the Happy People of 30 Communities

Clothes for the Whole Family

THE

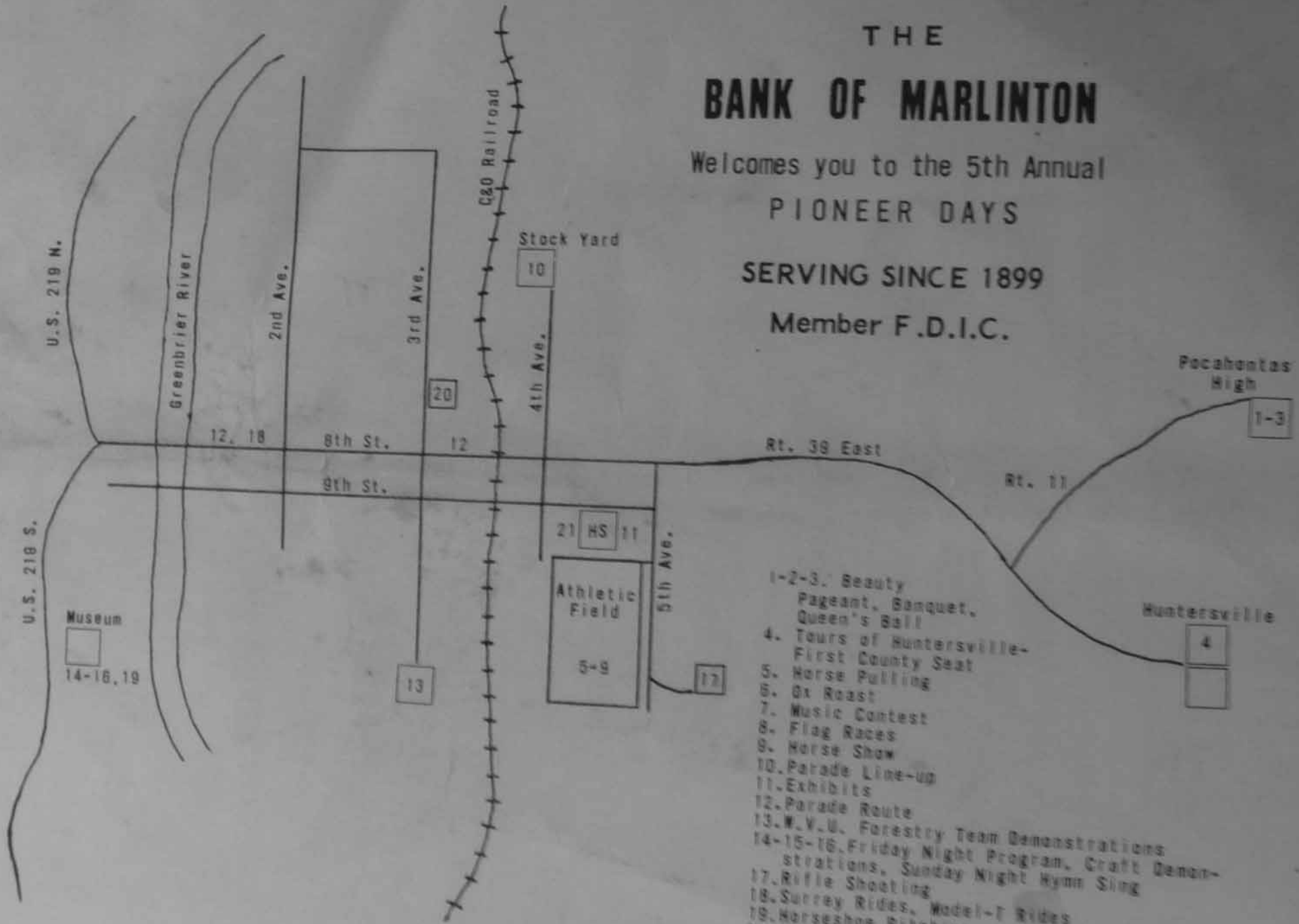
BANK OF MARLINTON

Welcomes you to the 5th Annual

PIONEER DAYS

SERVING SINCE 1899

Member F.D.I.C.



1-2-3. Beauty Pageant, Banquet, Queen's Ball
4. Tours of Huntersville-First County Seat
5. Horse Pulling
6. Ox Roast
7. Music Contest
8. Flag Races
9. Horse Show
10. Parade Line-up
11. Exhibits
12. Parade Route
13. W.V.U. Forestry Team Demonstrations
14-15-16. Friday Night Program, Craft Demonstrations, Sunday Night Hymn Sing
17. Rifle Shooting
18. Surrey Rides, Model-T Rides
19. Horseshoe Pitching
20. Square Dance
21. Social Dance

1821 POCAHONTAS COUNTY BICENTENNIAL 1971

FIRST COURTHOUSE, HUNTERSVILLE

DID YOU KNOW?

Huntersville became the County seat of Pocahontas County by an act of the Virginia Assembly in 1822.

JOHN BRADSHAW, a prominent citizen, named Huntersville as a compliment to the hunters who came there during the hunting seasons. It was the principal trading post for the county several larger stores being there.

In 1852 a fire destroyed most of the town and during the Civil War it was burned by Federal troops sent in from the garrison at Beverly to prevent it being a Confederate depot

services were held there for many years; then the academy was built in 1842 and was used by the Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians as a place of worship.

The Presbyterian Church was constructed in 1854 on land donated by GEORGE E. CRAIG, a prominent business man of Huntersville. It was used as a hospital by both the Federal and Confederate troops during the war.

The bell in the Church was bought around 1855 by the ladies having a fair, and selling cakes, pies, cookies, and bread. The bell cost around $75.00, and is still in use today.

The Masonic Lodge, the first one in the county, was granted a charter November 11 1875. The meetings were held on the second floor of the

byterian Church. It was dedicated June 18, 1896.

The first organization meeting for Pocahontas County was held in Huntersville at the home of JOHN BRADSHAW. The first Commissioners of the County were JOHN JORDIN, WILLIAM POAGE, JR., JAMES TALLMAN, ROBERT GAY, GEORGE POAGE, BENJAMIN TALLMAN and GEORGE BURNER. They were required to take an oath to support the Commonwealth and "against duelling".

JOSIAH BEARD was sworn in as the first Clerk of the County Court and served from 1822 to 1831.

JOHNSTON REYNOLDS was appointed the first Attorney for the Commonwealth.

ABRAHAM McNEEL was appointed the first Coroner.

The first

required to post bond was LUDIVICTUS ROBINS in July 1822 for $1,500.00.

The first sworn jury was in October 1824, consisting of WILLIAM AULDRIDGE and eleven others.

The first Levy was laid in June, 1822.

At the Court Meeting of May 1822, it was ordered that contracts be let to the lowest bidder for the construction of a brick Court House, a brick Clerk's office and a brick jail.

Possibly the first murder trail held in Pocahontas County was on December 17th, 1825, and was against "PEGGY, a female slave", for smothering her new-born illegitimate child. She was acquitted.

In 1822, Pocahontas County paid $4.00 bounty on wolf scalps.

In 1822 the Court House kept records of Deeds, Trust Deeds, Mar[illegible]

al records are now a part of th
Pocahontas County Court House
in Marlinton, West Virginia.

N O T E S

This Pamphlet prepared by the
POCAHONTAS COUNTY CLERK'S
OFFICE, Marlinton, West Va.

Opening Remarks . . . . . Blix McNeill
6th generation

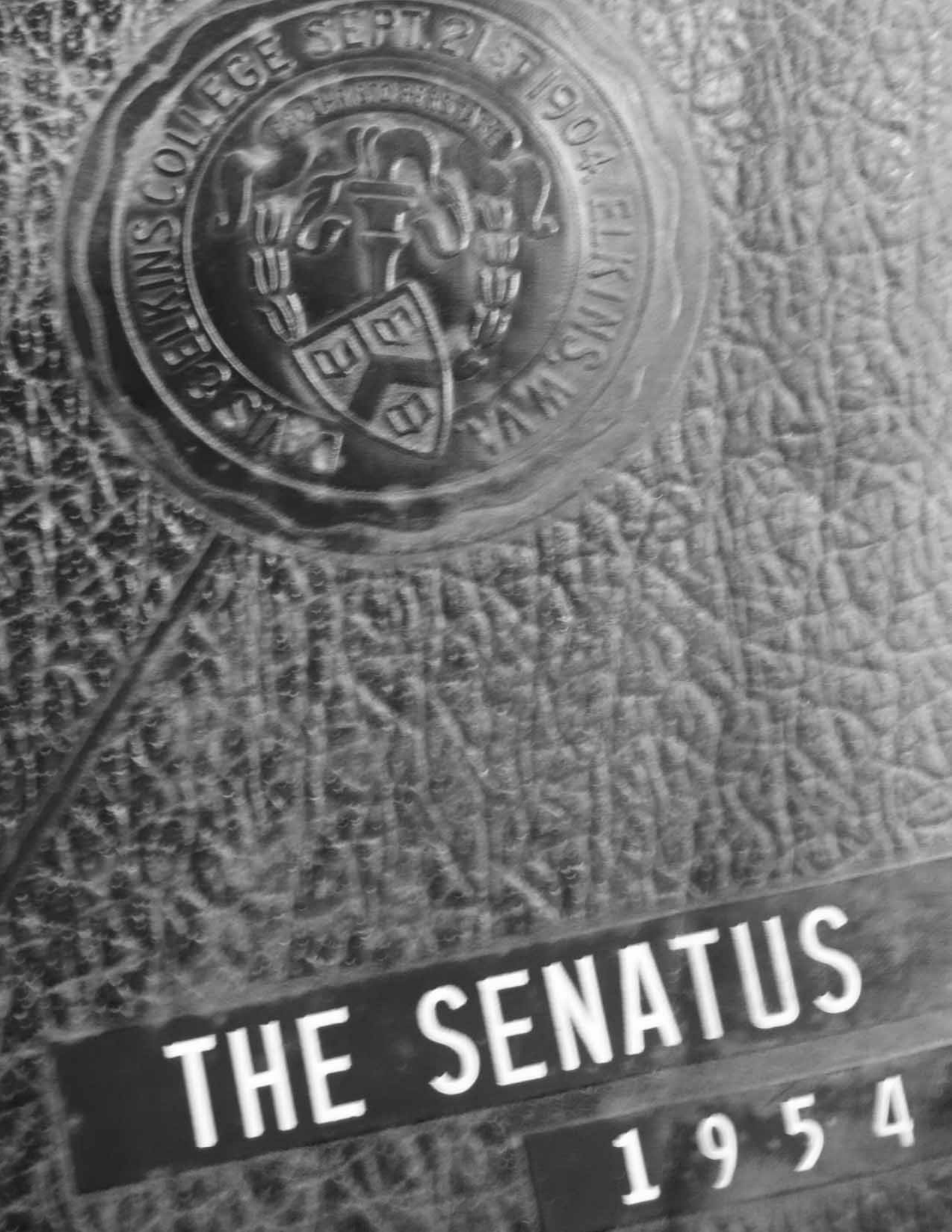
Scripture . . . . . Stacy McCallister
7th generation

(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer . . . . . Grady Moore
Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" . . . . . written by Louise McNeill
read by Annabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following Dedication Service at the White House, which stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.



THE SENATUS

1954

DR. MCNEILL

Professor George Douglas McNeill is a native of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and received his early education in the public schools of West Virginia. He holds an A.B. Degree from Concord State College, A.M. Degree from Miami University, and the LL.B. and LL.M. Degrees from the National University Law School of Washington. He also pursued graduate study at West Virginia University and the University of Cincinnati. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Davis and Elkins College in May of 1951.

Professor McNeill has practiced law in West Virginia courts and has served as Prosecuting Attorney for Pocahontas County. In his youth Dr. McNeill served as Yeoman in the U. S. Navy and was with the Round-the-World Fleet, 1907-09. He has taught in the public schools of West Virginia and has served as administrator both in high schools and the grade schools. For many years he has served Davis and Elkins College as a professor and Head of the Department of Social Sciences. He is the author of elementary school texts and is the author of a volume of shortstories, *The Last Forest*.

We shall all remember Professor McNeill as a distinguished teacher, author, and servant of Davis and Elkins College.

REFLECTIONS

80 in years but only 40 in Action! A big salute to you ladies of the 80's---Seek---Reach---Teach!

Now I've taken pen in hand to write you a line
Dedicated especially to you ladies so fine.

You found the time to teach and reach each of us that follow your steps. You took one end of the rope and I the other as you taught us there's always hope in the goal to reach as easy as skipping a rope you'd say! God has granted you strength and faith as we traveled the road together and through your grace you taught us to laugh and to smile with love never giving up or complaining just always going the extra mile explaining----It's really easy you'll see!

In early years you traveled the roads in your Model T Ford, laughing merrily and with glee all the way. To club meetings you would go with perfect attendance always to show. Now in later years you travel in a big sleek line and with style but the years has not changed because you are still all aglow with a sparkle in your eyes, grace in your steps and a glowing smile.

We've climbed the mountains together you and I and sometimes we'd stumble, but together we still climbed --higher and higher to our goals using the rocks as a stepping-stone. Onward and onward we'd go. No stopping us from work. We'd never shun but was always ready to advance with the rising sun.

Today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, as you taught us love, patience and fun right from the start. You give of yourself, your talents without any expectation of recognition. You've been super without a doubt to many a young member just starting out. You've taken our hand and graciously led us on into projects, lessons and crafts without a demand. It's a pleasure to work with ladies never tiring of lending a hand but in doing as well.

You've been especially super and nice. Because today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, loving you all the while and we sure are happy you're still alive!

Reflections to the world in what you have done and all have copied your style both old and young. You did it with grace and given so much fun. As your job you did, we applaud you as well done. Reflection is like a beautiful rose, laden with due when I think of you!

May God bless you is my prayer and we're looking forward to more years ahead in which to share all the nice things you've done but in doing it all you've been especially nice!

Let us, be encouraged Today, as we embark on a new beginning.

Food

Just eat it:

What happens when the main ingredient is . . . roadkill?

Sunday Gazette-Mail

By Robert J. Byers and Tara Radcliffe

MARLINTON — It was a simple venison sandwich, smothered in fresh mushrooms, gravy and served to the edge of the plate.

But it was Splattered Venison Goulash with Radkatsup Sauce that pulled me back.

After three years of asking the folks from the Roadkill Cook-Off in Pocahontas County finally talked us into judging their annual competition.

ROBERT J. BYERS photos/Sunday Gazette-Mail

TOP: Ham... in Scottie... member... Boys co... from St... prepar... ing at... Road... Marl... Off in

FA... ad... c... e... Kids, a stuffed two gath- ocahontas ...last weekend cook-off and autumn festival.

LEFT: Participants try their best to perpetu- ate the roadkill theme, even if most of the fare is killed with a rifle.

Wild Hog in the Holler Jambalaya

This was the winning recipe in this year's Roadkill Cook-Off in Marlinton. The recipe was developed by The Coal Hollow Brothers of Christiansburg, Va.

2 pounds skinless boneless

1 ½ cups long-grain rice
1 teaspoon dried thyme
1 tablespoon mild chili powder
1½ teaspoons salt, or to taste
¼ teaspoon black pepper
¼ teaspoon hot sauce

Monday, Oct. 29, a ... Marlinton jammed ... of 13 different "roadkill" recipes being prepared by teams from across West Virginia and three surrounding states.

Rounding out the three-person judging team was West Virginia Secretary of State Betty Ireland, who, it's clear to me now, has a cast-iron stomach.

Betty, Tara and I plowed through plates of groundhog, boar, beat, lamb (lamb? Roadkill? Hey, it could happen) and a whole lot of venison.

We judged the recipes on taste, presentation and originality. The teams also competed for a showmanship award, so costumes and props abounded.

The Fat Boys team from Stafford, Va., ran away with the showmanship honor. Dressed in their finest Scottish plaids, they outfitted a special tent for the judges complete with Scottish mu-

...from the swamps consist of premium vodka, fresh lime juice and green Chartreuse, a French liqueur flavored with 130 herbal extracts.

Maybe it was one of those herbs, maybe it was the fact that I didn't pace myself and ate too much of too many dishes earlier in the competition, but when I finished my bite of the aforementioned venison and gravy and ...mustard on ta booth No. 10, my stomach ...chuck at the Roadkill Cook-Off.

At booth No. 11, The Ridge Runner Gals from Dunmore went all-out on the gross-out, from the toilet paper napkins to the fake doggie doo on the table to the electric green "radiator" sauce on top of the venison goulash.

And to those gals (and guys), I say "thanks." Somehow, your concoction settled my stomach and helped me find room for another taste of venison chili.

Food

Just eat it:

DAILY SPECIALS

Monday - Closed (Gone Fishing)
Tuesday - Closed (Gone Hunting)
Wednesday - Duck a la Rock
Thursday - Spear of Deer
Friday - Surgeon of pigeon
Saturday - Yellow Lion Killed (Ground Hog Over)
Sunday - Closed (Wash Over)

FRONTLINE
Covington

PIONEER DAYS

presents

West Virginia's Poet Laureate
DR. LOUISE McNEILL PEASE

and

Mementos of The Rolling Years

• Nostalgic • *• Humorous •*
• Enlightening •

Authentic Apparel
Memorable Modes and Manners

A NARRATED PRESENTATION
written and directed by
RUTH M. MORGAN

Musical Accompaniment
KATHERINE SNYDER

Augmented by a Barbershop Quartet
and
"Youthful Merriment"

Apparel

Elizabeth Gay
Marguerite Gay

Evah Harper
Ann Pennypacker

Louise Barlow
Sheila Burns

Make-Up

Natalie Austin

Dana Miller

Nancy Galford

Staging

Robert Viers

Richard Barlow
Jean Hite

Joe Smith
Mary Jane Galford

Jane Price Sharp
Harvey Galford

Properties

Wanda Eye

Pamela Sharpes

Background Screen Design

Betty Barlow

IN APPRECIATION

—To the many people who have given enthusiastically of their time and talents;

—To the many persons for lending or wearing cherished and preserved possessions of yesteryear, thus making this presentation possible.

POETRY READING ..... Dr. Louise McNeill Pease

"My Home Among the Hills" ..... E. W. James, Jr.

Soloist ..... Rebecca Perry

Barbershop Quartet ..... Charles Fauber, Daniel Curry, Larry Yagodzinski, Harry Holsopple

Mementos of the Rolling Years

Narrator

Deloris Hunter

EARLY SETTLER ..... Ina Montgomery

"Apple Butter Makin' in the Fall"

Glenna Hayes, Eva Shrader, Marguerite Gay

"Youthful Merriment" ..... Dancers

Rick Barlow
Charma Roy
Lowell Underwood
Dreama Sharp
Gray Beverage
Kathy Underwood
Ken Underwood
Laura Howell
Mike Friel
Tony Sharp
Irene White

IRIDESCENT GREEN TAFFETA ..... Betty Rae Welford

BROWN TAFFETA/BLACK LACE ..... Carol McNeill

GREY WEDDING SUIT ..... Nancy Galford

BROWN WEDDING SUIT/SPOON BONNET ..... Frances Baldwin

BLUE WEDDING DRESS ..... Susan Viers

*WIDOW'S WEEDS ..... Sheila Burns

BROWN DRESS/BONNET/EGG BASKET ..... Nancy Martin

THE ELDERLY COUPLE ..... Johnnie and Madelene Hill

"When You and I Were Young, Maggie" ..... Barbershop Quarter

"Camptown Races

"Saturday Night Ritual"

Paula Newkirk, Brian Friel,
Johnny Rose, Charles Edward McElwee

"O' Susanna" ..... Barbershop Quartet

"Beautiful Dreamer," "And the Band Played On"

ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADY ..... Merry Young

PURPLE WITH BLACK LACE ..... Annette Kramer

GOLD/BLACK WITH PUFFED SLEEVES ..... Elizabeth Newkirk

GREEN WOOL/TAFFETA ..... Frances McPaters

"The Proper Young Ladies"

"The Suitor's Proposal"

Richard Barlow III

THE DAINTIES ..... Mary White Simmons

THE GIBSON GIRL ..... Lynette Anderson

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR ..... Raymond Gibson

Ann Pennypacker and daughter, Elizabeth

"The Proper Upbringing"

Denise McNeel, Jessica Fauber, Melissa Galford
Connie Sue Campbell, Stacy Sharpes, Joshua Hunter

"Afternoon Callers"

Geraldine Dilley, Almira Shrader, Barbara Campbell,
Todd Gay, Katie Gay, Brian Snyder

THE NIGHT PARADER ..... Charles Edward McElwee

"Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?" ..... Barbershop Quartet

"Play Me An Old Fashioned Waltz"

ANTICIPATING THE PICNIC ..... Candy Harper, Mary Silman, Rebecca Perry

THE AFTERNOON EVENT ..... Natalie Austin

SUGAR 'n SPICE ..... Dorothy Jessee

PINK STRIPED SILK ..... Barbara Jane Shaw

"Excitement of the Age"

Delmar Dilley, Frank Lindagood

LINEN DUSTERS

Nancy Daugherty, Helen Davis

THE BLACK TAFFETA ..... *Diana Cooper*

LADIES' SPORT ..... *Libby Rexrode*

THE SOPHISTICATED AGE ..... *Dreama Burns*

THE FLAPPERS ..... *Kitty Gwathmey and Pam Ladd*

THE BLACK LACE ..... *Isabel McElwee*

CHIFFON EVENING GOWN ..... *Vera Ann Curry*

"A CENTURY OF FASHION"
assisted by
Houston Simmons Ernest Shaw

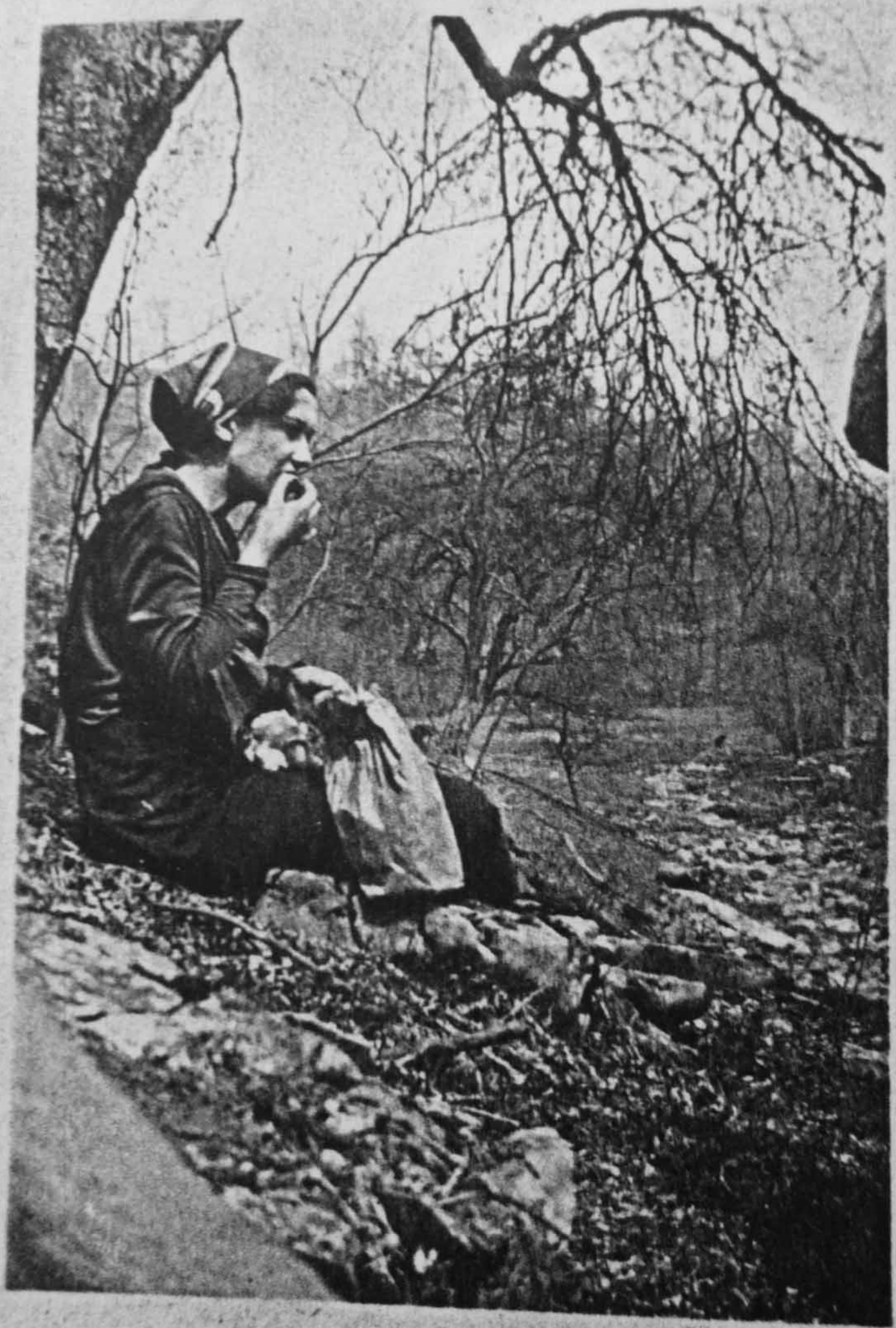
FINALE

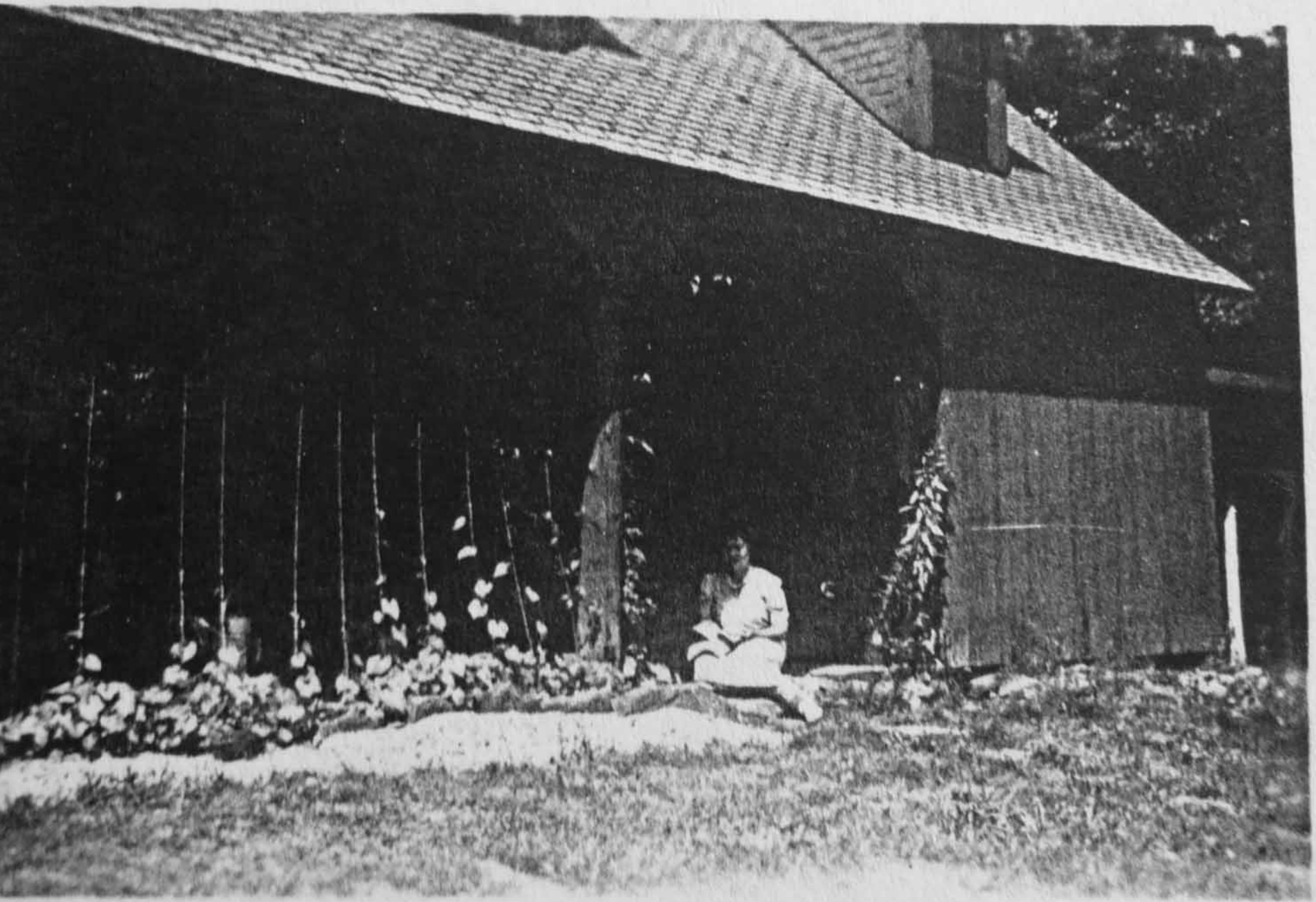
"The West Virginia Hills" ..... H. W. Engle

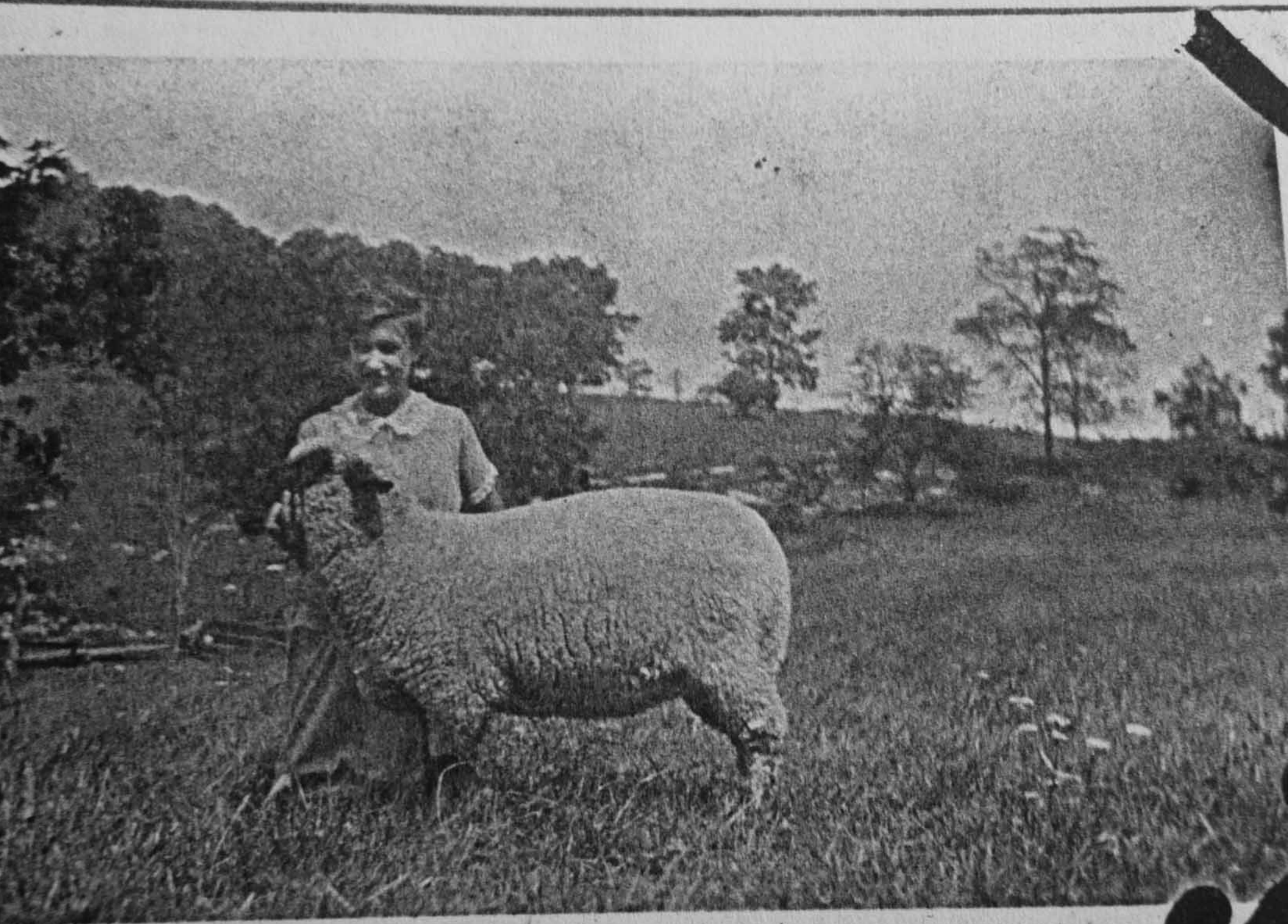
[*Audience Join In Singing*]

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory
Like our Prince Immanuel's land!
Is it any wonder then,
That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills!

CHORUS
O the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills;
If o'er sea or land I roam







Seneca Farm - Seneca Tribe Indians Bath Co.

Settled - Recorded 1764 - from Governor Robert Brooke

Thomas McNeill - 1768 - 1989 = 221 yrs.
Original 300 A - Served Am. Rev. - 2 enlistments
Given under Clark - Underground shelter

Jonathan -
Wm. the Teacher -
Capt. Jim - 1823 - 1911 - Captured Civil War - Drop Mt.
1800. Ft. Delaware by (Union - Yanks)
H. D. - 1877 - 1964 = Prof., Lawyer, Teacher, Traveler, Writer -
=> Louise - State Poet Laureate -
Jim - Billy - Jamie
8 Generations -

Deer Clan - Isle of Barra - Scotland - Cayuga Phil - by Frederick Co. - Va. - Quago - Castle Steel points (in good condition.

Indian Items -
Sea Chest - Tool box - Walnut Maple & wood Facings
Cabinet - beds - tables. (cherry Drop leaf)

24th Day Dec. 1774 -
Robert Brooke, Esquire Gov. Va. 1774 - = 215 yrs.

THOMAS McNEILL

MONUMENT DEDICATION

SERVICE

October 24, 1981

1:30 P.M.

Buckeye, West Virginia

1776 1976
THOMAS McNEILL
ca. 1747 - ca. 1800
HE BUILT HIS CABIN ON THIS SITE IN 1769 THE PIONEER
SETTLER OF SWAGO
HE FOUGHT IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND SERVED TWO
ENLISTMENTS UNDER GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

Let us now praise famous men,
and our fathers in their generations.
The Lord apportioned to them great glory,
his majesty from the beginning.
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
and were men renowned for their power,
giving counsel by their understanding,
and proclaiming prophecies;
leaders of the people in their deliberations,
wise in their words of instruction;
those who composed musical tunes,
and set forth verses in writing;
rich men furnished with resources,
living peaceably in their habitations--
all these were honored in their generations,
and were the glory of their times.
There are some of them who have left a name,
so that men declare their praise.
And there are some who have no memorial,
who have perished as though they had not lived.
But these were men of mercy,
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance to their children's children.
Their posterity will continue for ever.
And their glory will not be blotted out.
Their bodies were buried in peace.
And their name lives to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac,5-9ab,
10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks . . . . . Blix
6th gen

Scripture . . . . . Stacy McC
7th ge

(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer . . . . . Gra
Ancestral

Poem - "The Flame" . . . . . written by Louis
read by Annabell

Reception to be held immediately followi
Dedication Service at the White House, w
stands on the original Thomas McNeill la

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10-11, 13-15

bridge on Buckleys - Still there
about 1½ ft. over ground - well
used for Comm. that was there then.

Susie or Glenna Can add to or
Contradict my remarks, Since they
are older than I am.

School House on Dry Creek - Aunt Flora end
Edna taught there Some - Bill
Mc Neill possede Game land.

Electricity Came to Buckeye in June '39
Capt. Killingsworth - P. D. & W. W. Graham
Bill Rogers
big Sales enkers - 3.00 per no. per mile
as far as Bill Rogers - Joe took it
to Paul's Duncan present home at our
Expense.

1916-17-15+ Model Cars in this part
of Country - Indian trails used as roads
2 in our place.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 1st Airplane
he Saw Come over - field over towards
old house.

this Lane

Well Casing - in field below
bridge on Buckleys - Still
about 1½ ft. out of ground - W
used for Comm. that was there

Susie or Glenna Can add to or
Contradict my Reasons, Since
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School House on Dry Creek - Lower
Edna taught there Some - Bell
Mc Neill possible Game land.

m. Neil possible Game land.

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ffense.

+ Model
1 5 [illegible] Car with

of Country - Indian trails used as
2 in other places.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 1st Anglo
he saw come over - field over
ed house,

monument being erected - the
1769
Pioneer Settler of Swago - was
Thomas McNeill - Pres's H

Spring Cleaning

By Louise McNeill

s lost one of the great West Virginians when Laureate Louise McNeill was buried on June 993 — West Virginia Day, naturally enough. long life overlapped the entire history of DENSEAL, and we were proud to have had opportunity to bring some of her prose into

r favorite was "Spring Cleaning," a previously blished manuscript she drew from her files n life. Like most of her prose this story deals the Pocahontas County homeplace which eills have treasured since Revolutionary War

Mother Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Neva, never dressed this way for the annual housecleaning.

in those gentle years, 5-1920, our Pocahontas nty household was rela- ne. For despite the Great ite Granny's temper fits, te Mama's annual bouts g housecleaning, our life n still moved to the slow, ythm of the seasons, and ky roof of our cottage he meadow the sun fell d the snow gently, and summer rain.

er was a country school- en later a principal and a and good, even great, at . He was also a part-time t always a farmer with a s pocket and a dream in His name was George McNeill. Nearly every- he neighborhood called ," but not to his face.

ad once been a school- o, but now she was a er, cook, gardener, seam- iry maid, pig woman, aiser, blackberry pie d, moreover, my mother She hated it every day and every season, but particularly when the spring sunshine came in to show it up. So every May or early June she must hold her great spring housecleaning, a rigorous and ancient ritual which we must celebrate from before daybreak until after dead dark.

Not like later when someone would come in to wash the woodwork in my house, Windex my windows, and I'd lug the box of dusty Christmas decorations upstairs. No, my mother, when she spring housecleaned, spring housecleaned; and there was nothing casual in her touch.

On that morning, chosen by moon signs for its promise of "warm and sunny," Mama would be up long before daylight, shaking the kitchen range down, grinding her coffee, putting on the bacon and eggs. Then, breakfast over, we would hurry out to do the milking, strain the milk, slop the hogs, feed the chickens, and start carrying in, by way of three-gallon buckets, a barrel of water from the spring. Then a fire would be built at the wash place and two 20-gallon kettles of water put on to boil.

By then the sun would be up, the yard grass drying, and the fire gone out in the kitchen range. When the stove cooled sufficiently, with G. D. helping we would pick it up and, with great labor and puffing, carry it out into the yard. This done, it was time for G. D. to go off to his manwork, though sometimes, as a boon to Mama's intentions, he would hire a sturdy neighbor woman who would come across the field at sun-up, happy to work for 35 cents a day.

Thus supported and often with brother Ward, too, staying around to add his carrying power to the festivities, Mama would begin to transfer all our goods and chattels from house to yard. For this was the old custom, to carry every lock, stock, and bobble out of the house, set the wild collection down on the yard grass, scrub it or dust it and sun it; and then, in the late evening, the inside of the house by then scrubbed and squeaky clean, to carry everything back in.

r Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Neva,

COLLEEN ANDERSON

Perhaps the labor was not actually as heavy as it now seems to me, for we had only wooden furniture; and Grandpa's black walnut dining table was only eight feet long; the isinglass parlor stove easy enough for four people to carry; and, besides, the day itself gave forth its air of singular flurry and excitement, of new beginnings and hot soapsuds and cleansing sun.

The first thing Mama would do was to get the parlor stove out and stored for the summer in the smokehouse. Then she would take a hammer and screwdriver and start her attack on the windows — the small-paned, cordless variety — for they must be removed, their casing strips coming down with them; then all the windows lugged out carefully into the dooryard and leaned up against the plank fence to receive their ablutions of warm water and homemade soap.

Then all the furniture, odds and ends, rugs, books, and dishes must be carried or dragged out onto the yard grass and the clothes hung on the clothesline to sun. This great out-going would include, of course, all the old-fashioned beds, with their slats, springs, feather ticks and straw ticks — a mass of wood, metal and striped ticking that would be scattered in a confused tangle all across the front yard.

Then the cleaning would begin with buckets of hot water from the boiling kettle and buckets of clean cold water for the rinse. And, of course, into the hot water Mama would put handfuls of her soft homemade soap, that brown ropy substance that she and Granny — in its own season — had made from hog grease and ash lye. This soft soap, along with its peculiar clean stink, was the very center of cleaning day and the very cleaning process itself — the bedsteads to be washed with it and the windows and even the inside of the dresser drawers — so that now its strange brown smell comes back to me, but it is *not* the scent of cinnamon rose. Instead, it is a wild, brown, acid, slightly chemical smell, with a taint of rancid hog grease in it and with that sweet fragrance of childhood memory, soapsuds and joy and springtime sun. And a world away from "ring around the collar," Downy, Tide, and Cheer.

Mama would be pouring soapsuds on the glass of the windows and washing them off with an old rag. Then she would turn the windows over, wash the other side, slosh buckets of cold rinse water on them, and leave them drying in the sun.

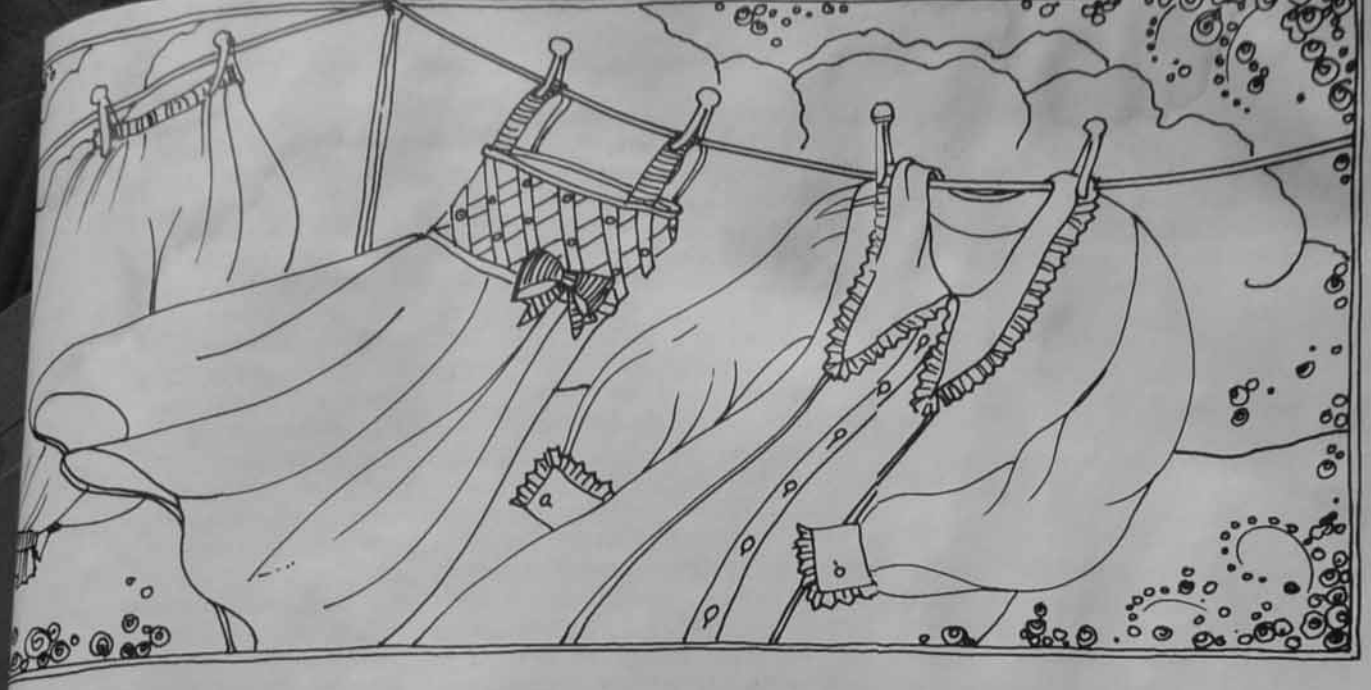
Usually during this initial stage of the festivities, Ward would be patiently cleaning out the kitchen stove and stovepipe with a wire and sticks and an old feather duster, the winter's collection of soot floating dangerously close to the clothesline; and the old dog barking his excitement; the clothes flapping merrily on the line.

The hired woman, left inside the house, would be scrubbing the wide-board floors, dusting the walls and ceilings with a rag-covered broom, and washing the painted woodwork with slathers of brown soap.

Elizabeth and I might be assigned to "red up" the dresser drawers, wash the reams of kitchen utensils, and wipe off G. D.'s multiplying tribe of books. As we cleaned the drawers, there was one drawer we must never open. It was the right-hand upper drawer of Grandpa's black walnut highboy — the drawer that was never opened except by the Head of the House. That was G. D., and G. D. was to town or far off in the field someplace.

We knew Grandpa as the Captain, from his Civil War service, so the drawer was never opened because it was "the Captain's drawer," though by 1920 — say 1920 was the year of this specific cleaning — the old Captain had been dead for many years. But his drawer was never opened; and not opened now, either, except by the oldest male member — because it is the Captain's drawer. So, back then, Elizabeth and I would neaten and refold the sheets and pillowcases in the lower part of the highboy and then start washing the endless dishes and endless pots and pans.

By now — getting on toward noon — Ward would be filling the straw ticks with the new straw from the straw rick, and Mama would sew them up with a darning needle and twine thread. Then the old straw was thrown into the hog pen and the sweeping and scrubbing would go on.



Granny, meanwhile, for she was always on her own individual edge of the activity, would be going over the bedsprings and all the bed cracks and crannies, going over them in that ancient routine of the mountains, with a turkey feather dipped in turpentine. For turpentine is death on bedbugs, and Granny was always certain that our beds had been colonized by the little, red, bloodsucking bugs. The bedbug argument was one of the many sources of friction between Granny and Mama, for Mama insisted that there were no bedbugs, while Granny insisted that there were whole settlements of them and would spend half a day with her oily feather, going in and out of all the cracks and crannies in her old pioneer routine. Next she would slosh the bedsteads with buckets of soapy water; and then get her a big stick and start beating and flailing at the rugs.

The rugs, with one exception, Mama's 9-by-12 from the floor of the parlor, were not rugs, actually, but home-woven cotton carpets, the ones that Lydie Allen, up on Dry Crick, wove on her great clacking loom. None of the women of our house could weave carpets now — the old skills passing slowly and silently — but Lydie Allen could still weave, and also Grandma Susan and Cousin Mahalie, though Lydie did most of the neighborhood carpets now.

So Mama, when new carpet was needed, would cut carpet rags in the winter, cutting their long strips from pieces of worn-out clothing, then sewing the strips together, and winding them into great basketball-sized balls. Then she would carry the great soft multicolored balls up the crick to Lydie, and, when the carpet was woven, would nail it down on the floor with carpet tacks, the old square-topped kind.

These carpet tacks, though only around the carpet edges, could wreak havoc on a child's bare feet, and turpentine would have to be poured down into the little puncture holes. Then, too, this carpet would become, during a long year's season, a great catch-all for dust and dirt. And though Mama all year, on her day of Saturday cleaning, would sprinkle salt and water on the carpet and sweep up the yellow, dirty salt, still the carpet was a dusty catch-all, and on spring cleaning day must be taken up from the floor, drug out into the yard, then beaten and turned over, and beaten again with all of Granny's fury; while the dust rose from it in yellow fogs; and the dog barked; and the chickens ran and cackled; and the wham-wham of Granny's beating stick echoed against the smokehouse wall.

At noontime we would hurriedly eat the cold lunch Mama had prepared for the occasion and then hurry back to the conflict. The window curtains must be washed and stretched, the wearing clothes carried back into the house to their pegs and to our one closet, so that the scatter rugs could be put on the clothesline and beaten with paddles and sticks.

By now the hired woman would have the inside of the house all clean and soap-smelling, and we could begin to carry in our gear. The heavy old carpet came first, and we would drag it heavily and pull it into place. Then Mama and Ward, crawling on their knees, would attempt to stretch it and tack it down, thus to cover up, for another dusty season, the old Captain's wide-board cherry floor.

It would be almost dusk when we sat down to supper, and the cows still to be milked, the eggs still to be gathered, but Mama would glance around the dining room with a look of weary satisfaction. For though the ceiling still leaked, and the old wallpaper still hung in bubbles, the room was full of soap and sweetness. Then one time, I remember Mama going into the Captain's room in the twilight and setting up in the very middle of the table a bunch of pink flowers in her pretty glass dish. And all the room smelled of sweet flowers and brown soap and sunlight; and I can smell it now, and the harsh old brown soap smell makes the tears sting in my eyes.

The empty scrubbed rooms of the house would seem, at this juncture, very big and silent, with all their people gone. I would walk through the echoing rooms, smelling the sun and soap, and then, staring into the corners, would sense the presence of the old Captain as he had worked,

pounding and sawing here in the old summers — just back from Yankee prison, so many years ago.

But Mama would call me from my wanderings. It was time to carry in the furniture, to reinstall the windows, and hang the clean curtains on their wooden rods. So our dragging and puffing would begin all over. Then Mama would take — as all women must take — a spell of rearranging the furniture, a fit which would double the burden and require the transfer of dressers, tables, and what-nots of various kind. But the Captain's black walnut highboy would always be put back into its exact old place against the wall; and the carved handle of its upper right-hand drawer would stare out at me, saying, "*Do Not Touch.* I am the Captain's Drawer."

After Mama's shifting and staring were over, we would carry the gear back into the kitchen — the stove still absent — and rearrange the cupboard shelves. Then the beds must be put together; their side pieces knocked into their places with a hammer; and the slats laid on, the springs, the straw tick, then the feather tick — in that order; and then the beds made up for the night. And the shining windows reinstalled with nails and hammer, and the sweet-smelling curtains hung.

Then, by late supper time, G. D. would come to help carry the range back into the kitchen and — after an immortal struggle — manage to get the stovepipe into its hole.

But all of Mama's housecleanings did not go as smooth and sunny as this one typical day. One time a sudden rainstorm swooped down on us from Bridger's Mountain, with Mama running to gather up G. D.'s books, yelling at us to "get in the feather ticks" and the rain inundating a great scattering of our household effects.

Then that other and historic day when G. D. arrived at late noon hour to announce calmly that State School Superintendent Maurice P. Shawkey was arriving for a fried chicken supper at half-past six. It was this day that G. D. helped us carry in the furniture, helped nail down the carpet, labored manfully to get the window strips back in place. And all of us kids running back and forth for loads of old coats, kitchen equipment, shirts and neckties, leather volumes of Charles Dickens, chamber pots, bed ticks, spice boxes — and G. D. pounding the kitchen stovepipe into its black, ill-fitting hole.

By four o'clock the house was furnished, though the spice boxes were under the bed and the empty straw ticks stuffed into the closet. The beds looked a little low, of course, and the curtains wrinkled; but the fire was flickering in the kitchen stove, and Mama was out in the big yard, ready to direct us as we ran the doomed chickens down. She selected three fairly young red roosters and set us on the trail. Around and around the big yard we pursued the first one, the rooster, his head up like a plumed Indian, running with his legs high and squawking wildly and doubling out and in. Round and round the yard and then round and round the chicken house; and the dog with his death howl, and Mama flapping her apron on the turns.

But finally he was cornered, then his two wild brothers with him; and all three carried, squawking and flailing, to the chopping block, where Mama dispatched them, in turn, with one practiced flash of the ax; then popped them into a scalding kettle; jerked their feathers off in big handfuls; and — lighting a copy of the *Toledo Blade* — singed them with the flaming headlines; and then rushed, her eyes cold and her apron bloody, into the kitchen to gut them, cut them, and pop them into the pot.

At 6:30, while G. D. and State Superintendent Shawkey sat in the parlor talking, Mama was setting down in front of G. D.'s plate at the dining table a great platter of golden-brown fried chicken; then adding her dishes of creamy mashed potatoes, gravy, canned green beans, spiced peaches, pickles, and hot biscuits, and warm blackberry pie. As she moved around the table in her clean starched apron, she seemed — except for the strange gleam in her gentle blue eyes — as quiet as a rose.

Then she went in and invited the two men to supper, apologizing for her biscuits as they sat down. When we were all pulled up to the table, and our starched napkins unfolded, G. D. cleared his throat and asked Superintendent Shawkey to say the grace.

"Thank you for the blessings of this day; bless this food to our use..." And Mama sitting there with her hands folded and her head bent devoutly in prayer. For, as she used to say, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and "Many hands make light work."

From Volume 19, number 1, Spring 1993

Louise McNeill's Last Book

In September 1994 the University of Pittsburgh Press published Louise McNeill's *Fermi Buffalo*, an extensive collection of the late poet laureate's favorite poems.

Fermi Buffalo was the project which provided excitement to McNeill's later years. The title reflects a fascination which McNeill — an historian whose son is a physicist — came to have with the contrast of the mythic past and the wonder of science, represented here by the buffalo roaming the grounds of the Fermi Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.

As always, her poems range from the profound to the playful, some as short as the three lines she called "Couple":

You have not changed —
for Time is kind;
Your face — to me —
is never lined;
As you grow wrinkled,
I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Charleston writer Topper Sherwood in preparing the manuscript for the book.

Fermi Buffalo, 91 pages, sells for $29.95 in hardback and $12.95 in paperback. The book may be purchased in bookstores or from the University of Pittsburgh Press, 127 North Bellefield Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15260.

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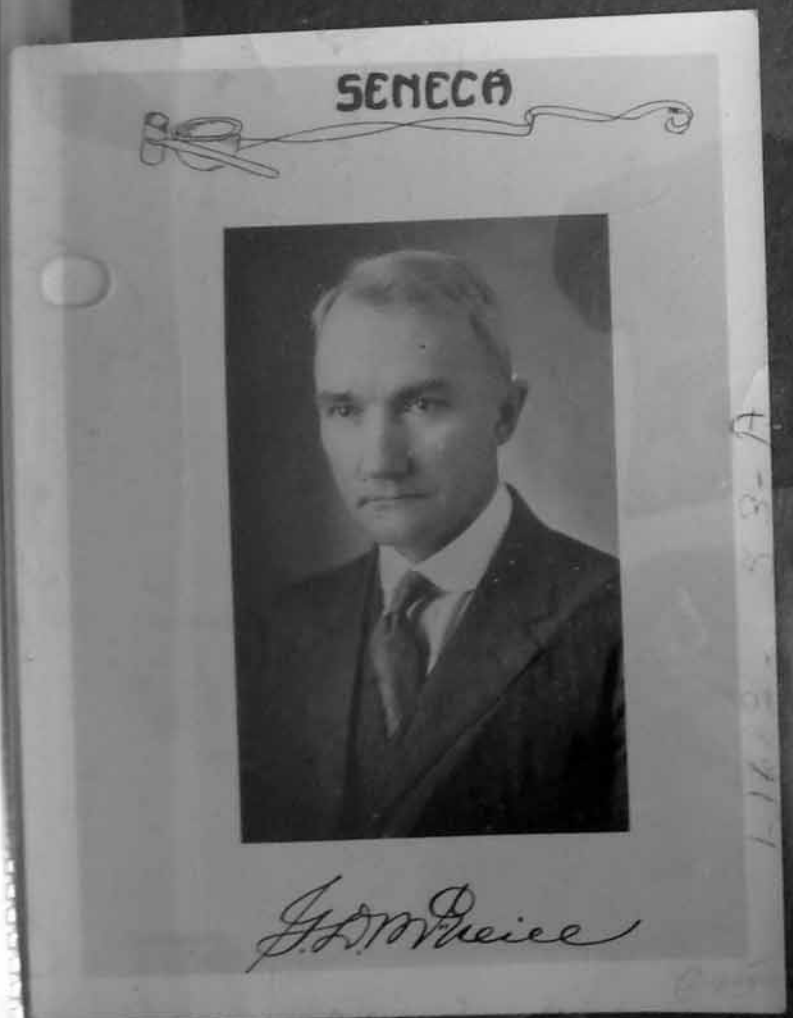
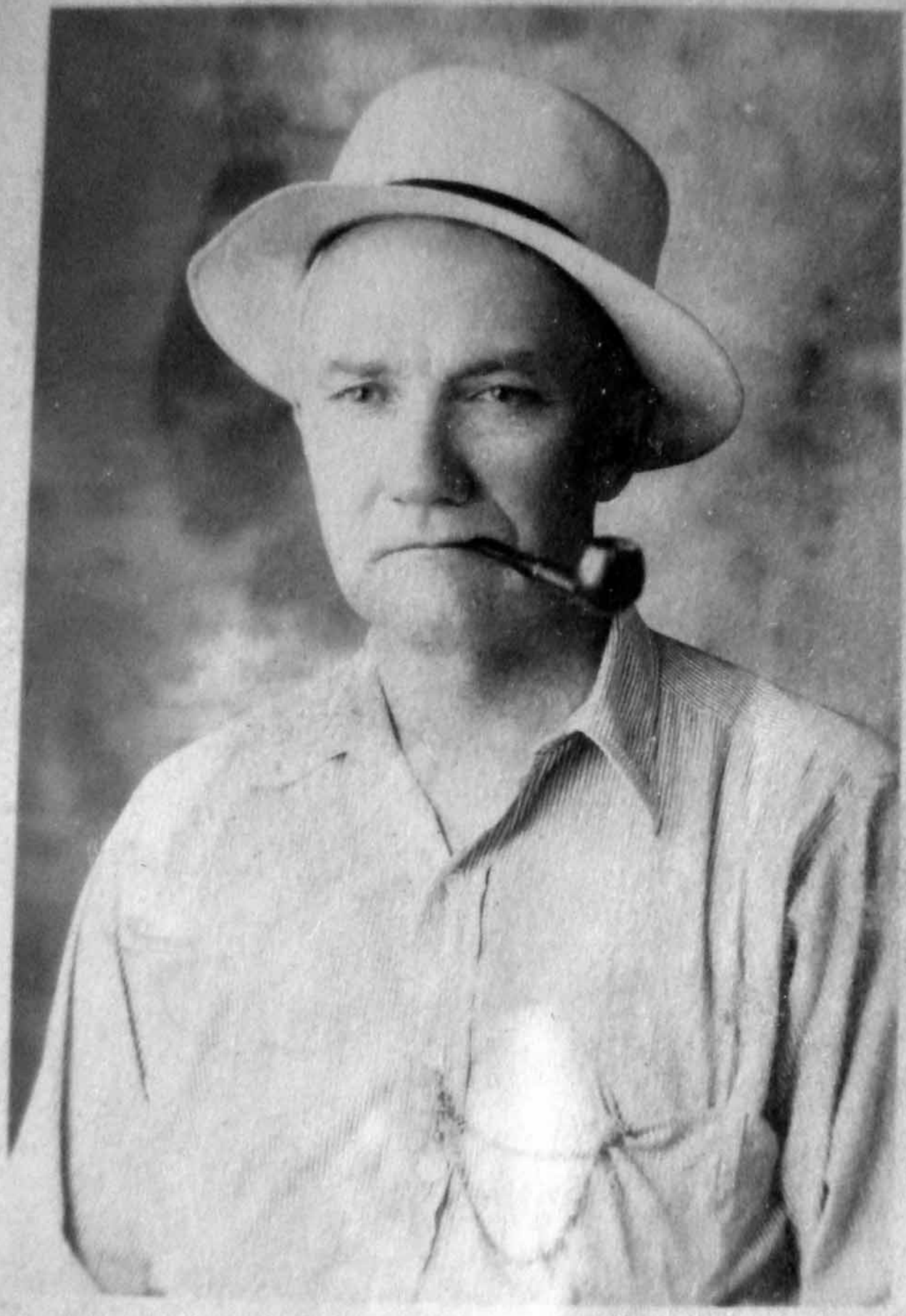
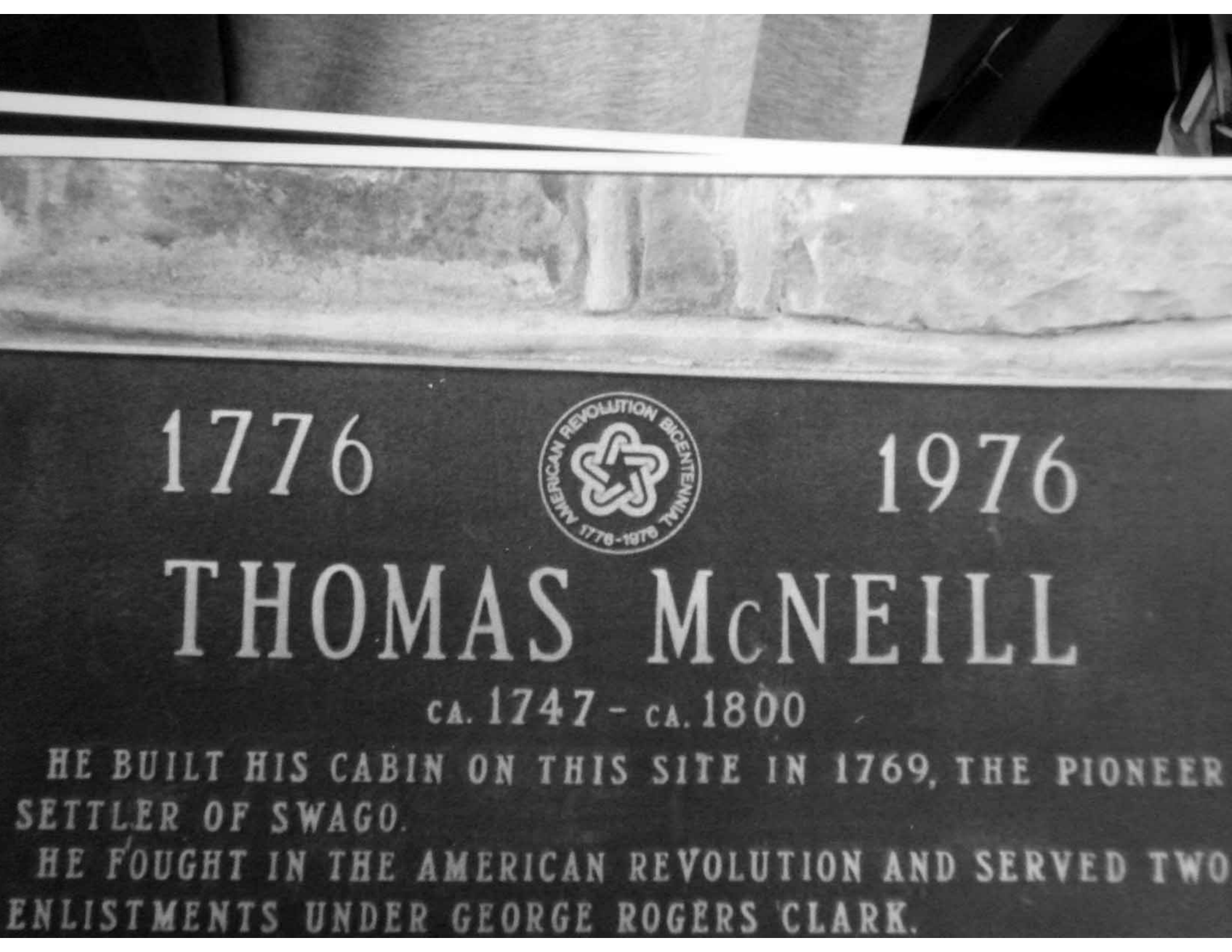
Dr. G. D. McNeill
1877 - 1964
Teacher at Buckeye
1894 - 4 mo. School Term
1895 -96; 1898 - 1900;
1911 -

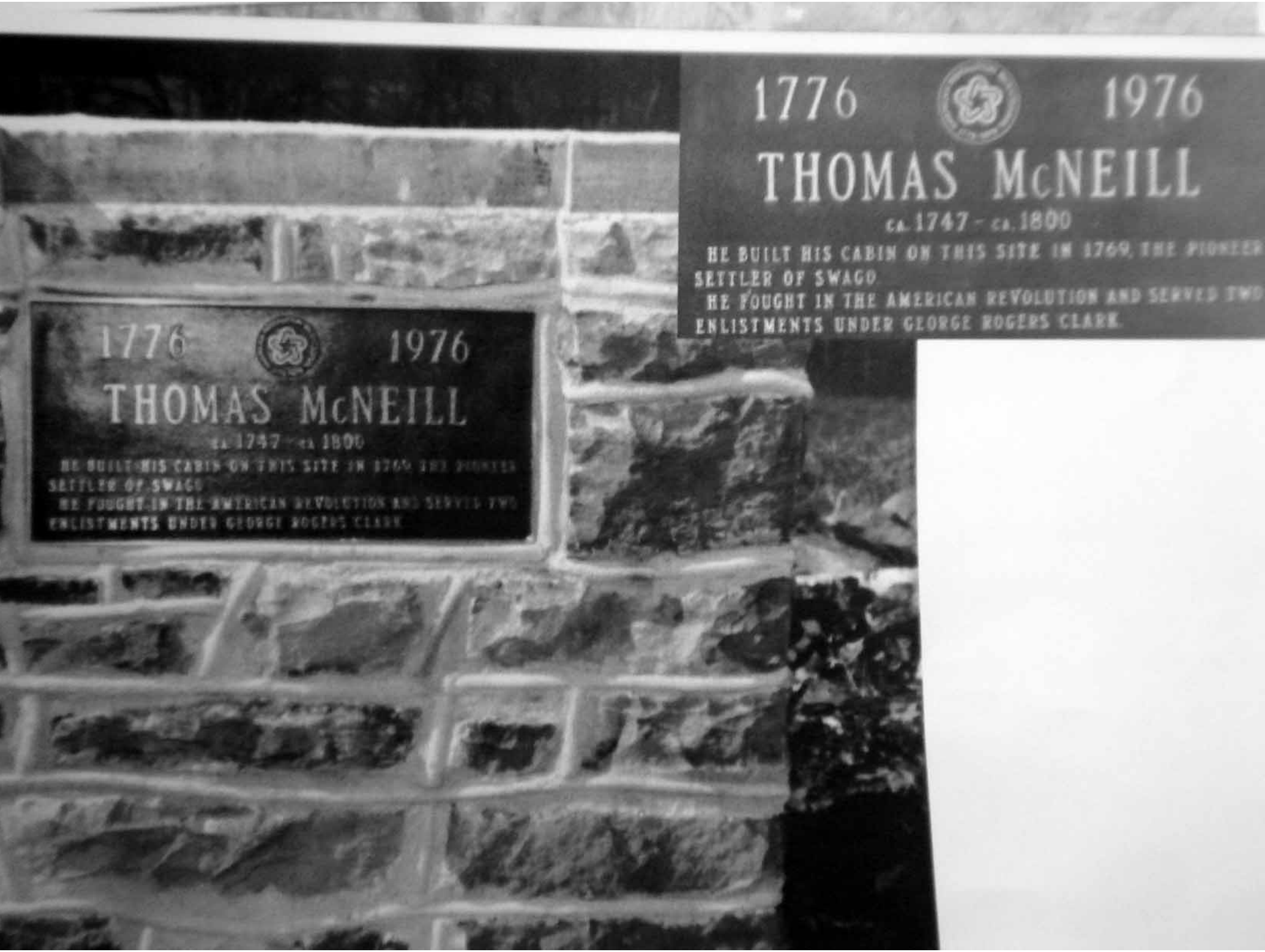




SENECA

J. D. Price


1776
AMERICAN REVOLUTION BICENTENNIAL
1776-1976
1976
THOMAS McNEILL
CA. 1747 - CA. 1800
HE BUILT HIS CABIN ON THIS SITE IN 1769, THE PIONEER SETTLER OF SWAGO.
HE FOUGHT IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND SERVED TWO ENLISTMENTS UNDER GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.


1776 1976
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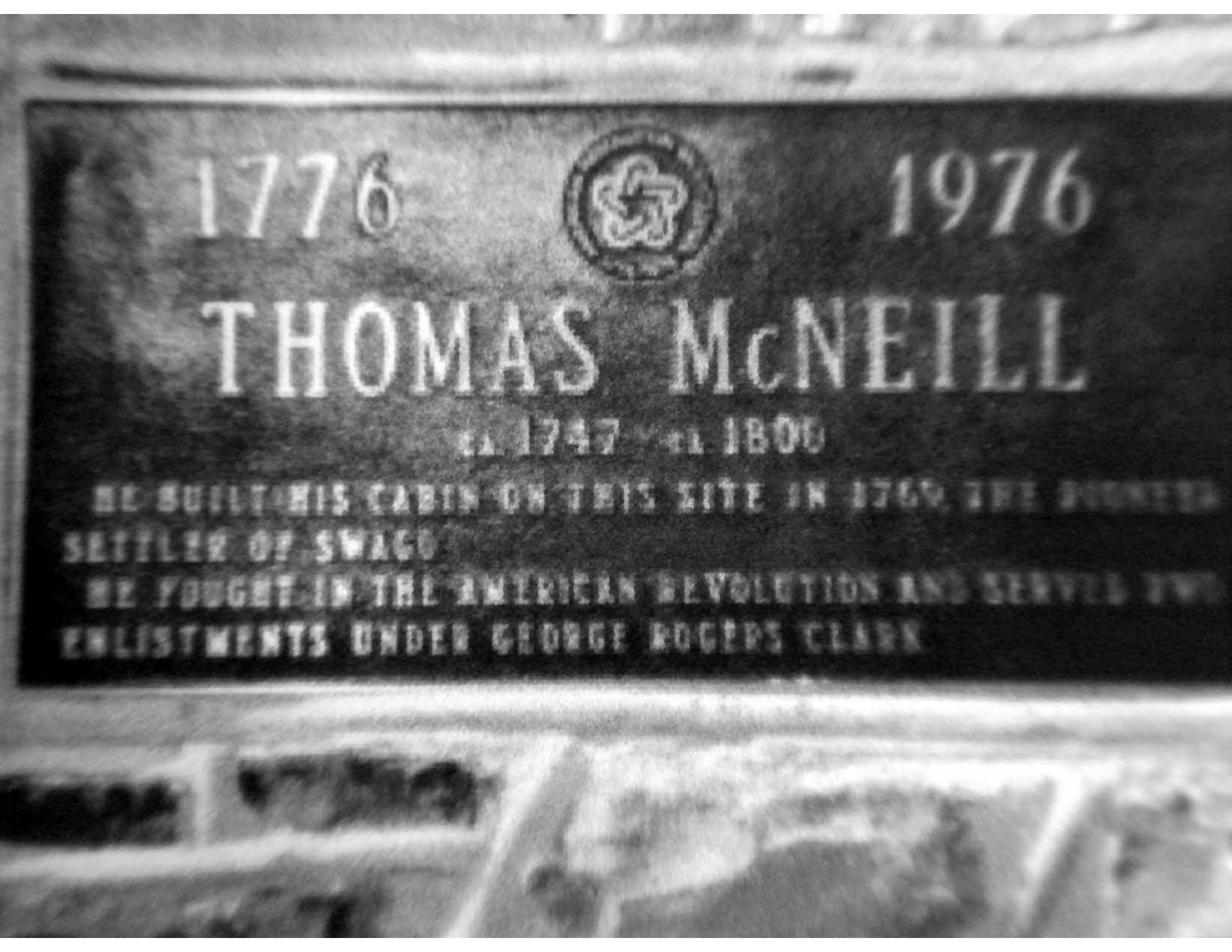
1776
1976
THOMAS McNEILL
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SETTLER OF SWAGO
HE FOUGHT IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND SERVED TWO
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1776
1976
THOMAS McNEILL
ca 1747 - ca 1800
HE BUILT HIS CABIN ON THIS SITE IN 1769 THE PIONEER
SETTLER OF WACO
HE FOUGHT IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND SERVED TWO
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AMERICAN REVOLUTION BICENTENNIAL 1776-1976
1976
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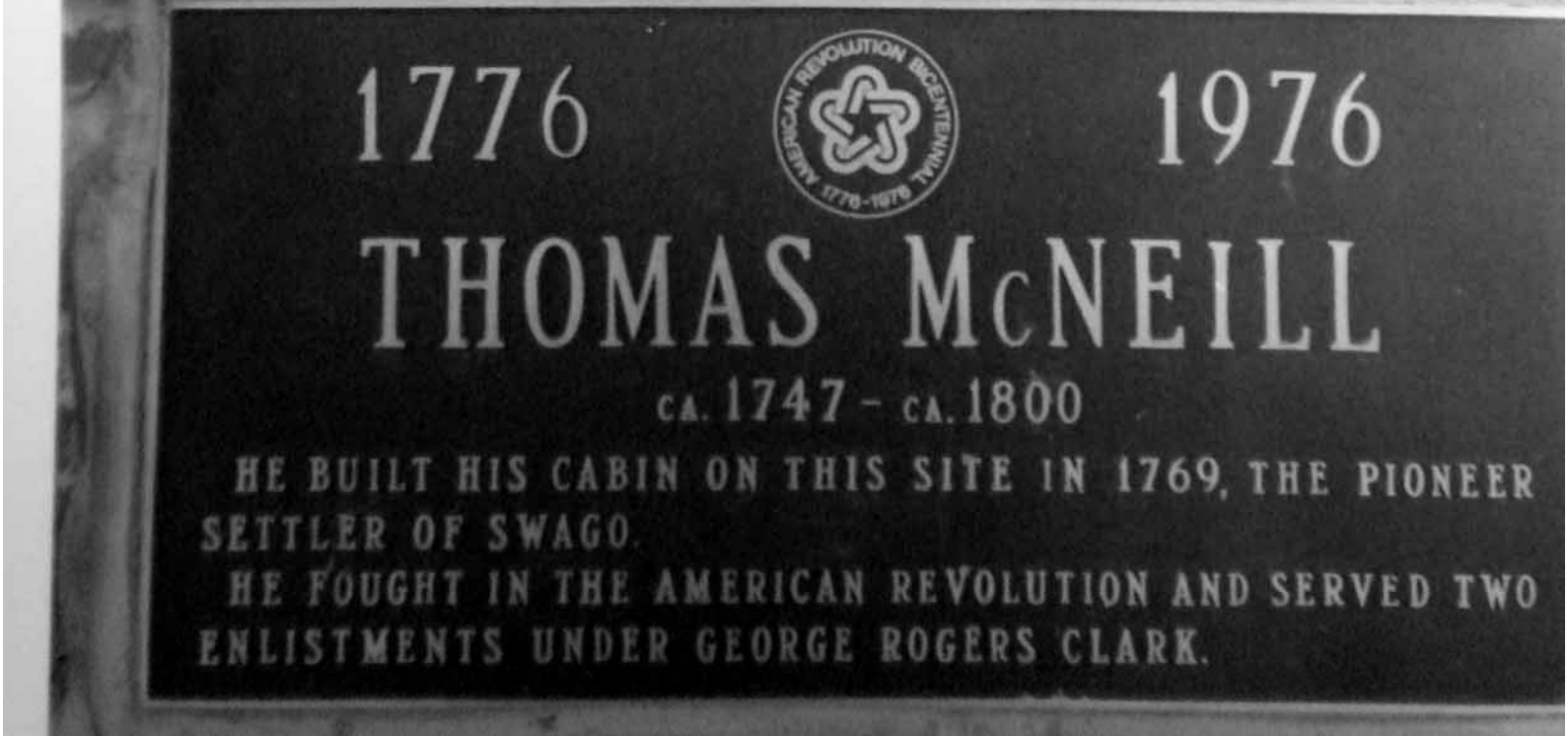
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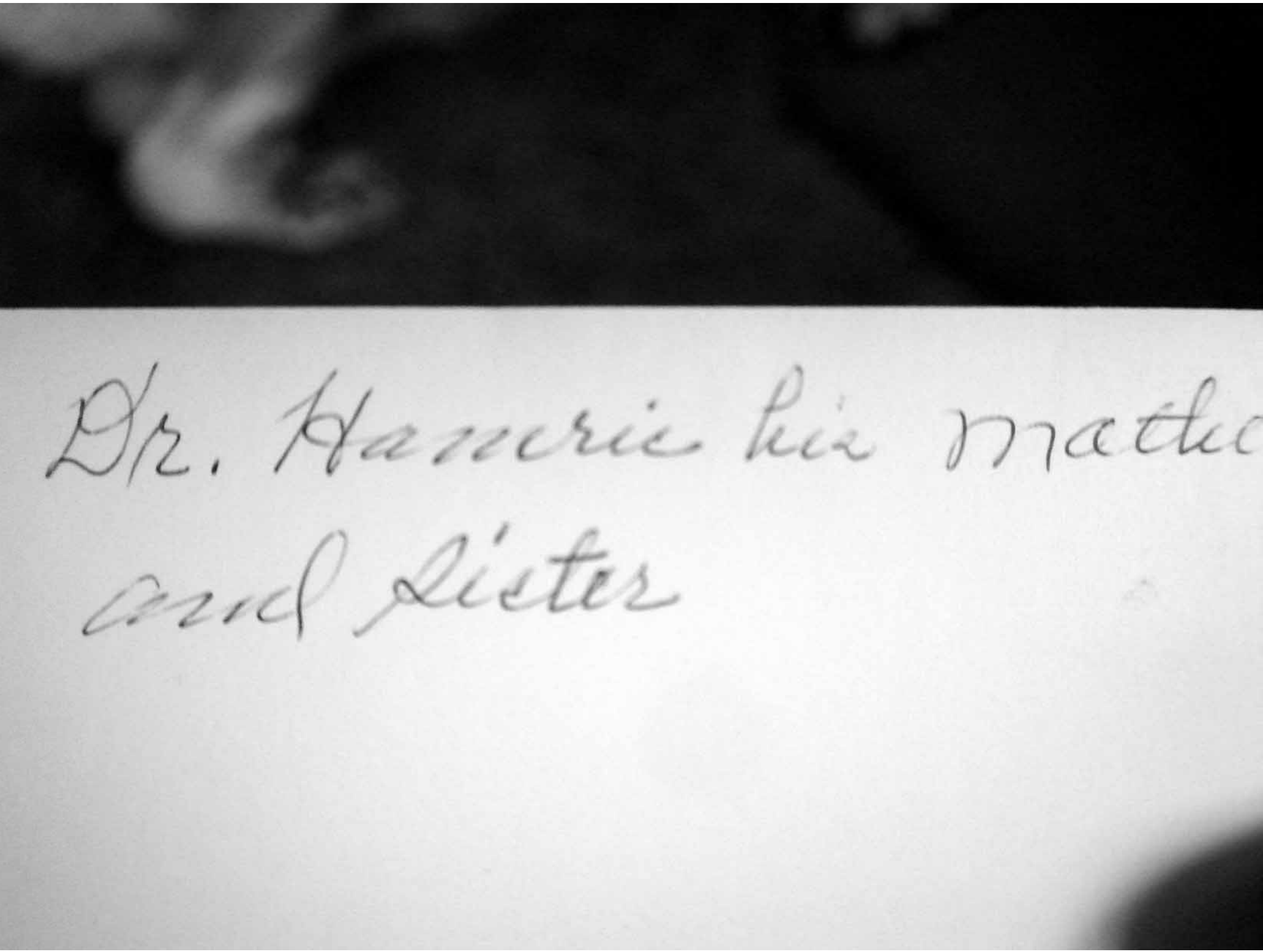
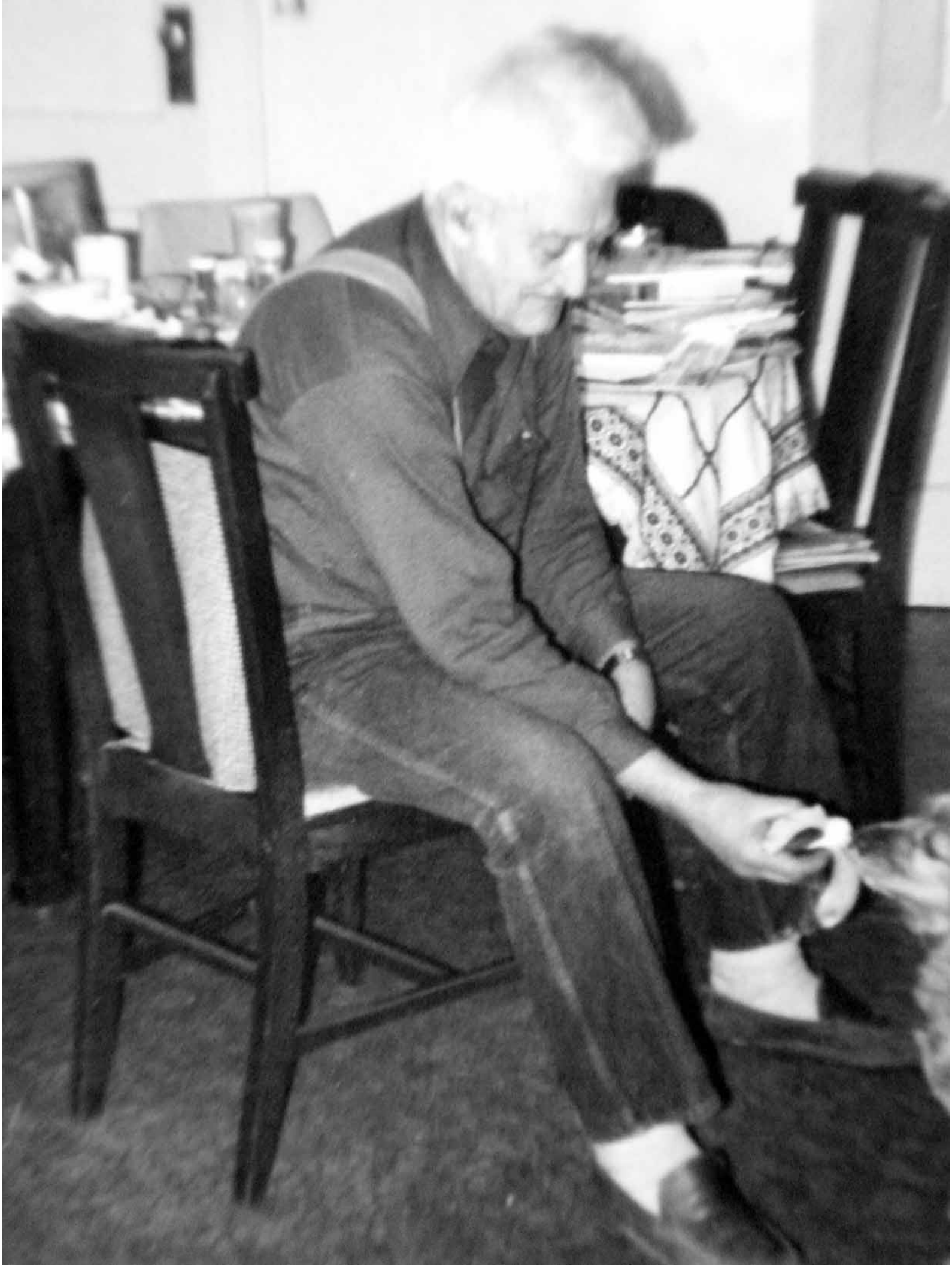
Honorary
Parade Marshal

The Department
17-6-67
Merle & Phyllis
visit the
museum

1776 1976
THOMAS McNEILL


Dr. Harriet his mother
and Sister



School House - Dry Creek

Teacher - Edna Kellison

Students: Maude Bowers
Mary Barnes
Lonnie Armstrong
Mildred Music
Pearl Cockran
Grace Barnes
(on end) -> Ike Adkison
Hester McElmee (McClintock)
John Gay
Madge Bowers
John Hause

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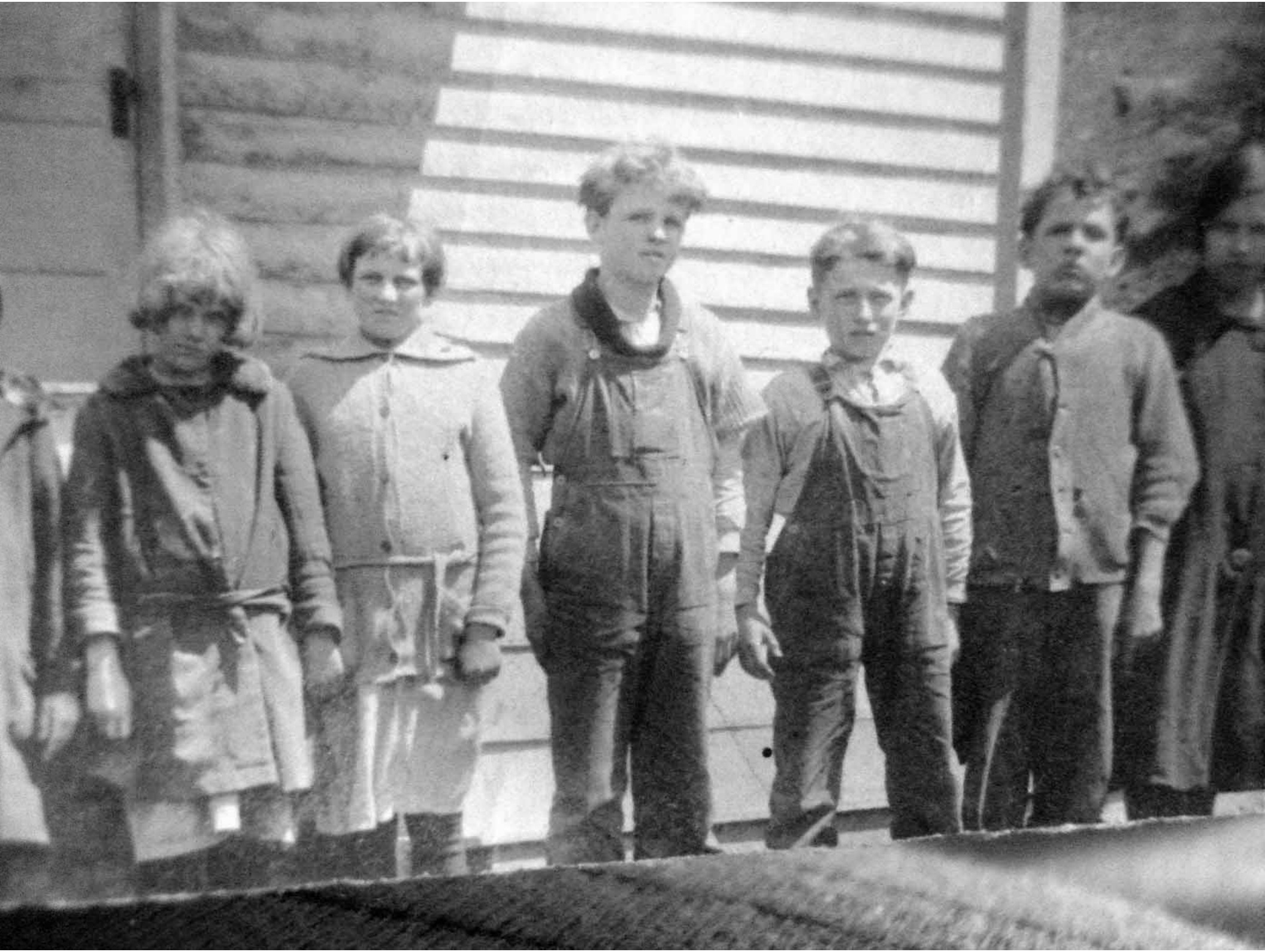
(own end) -> Hester McElmee (McClinton
John Gay
Madge Bowers
John Hause



any way. They know they are welcome.

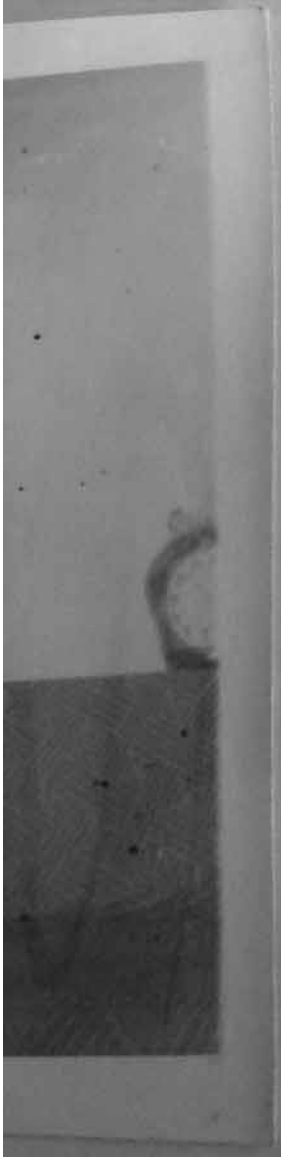
Here follows the piece printed about the wedding in this paper fifty years ago:

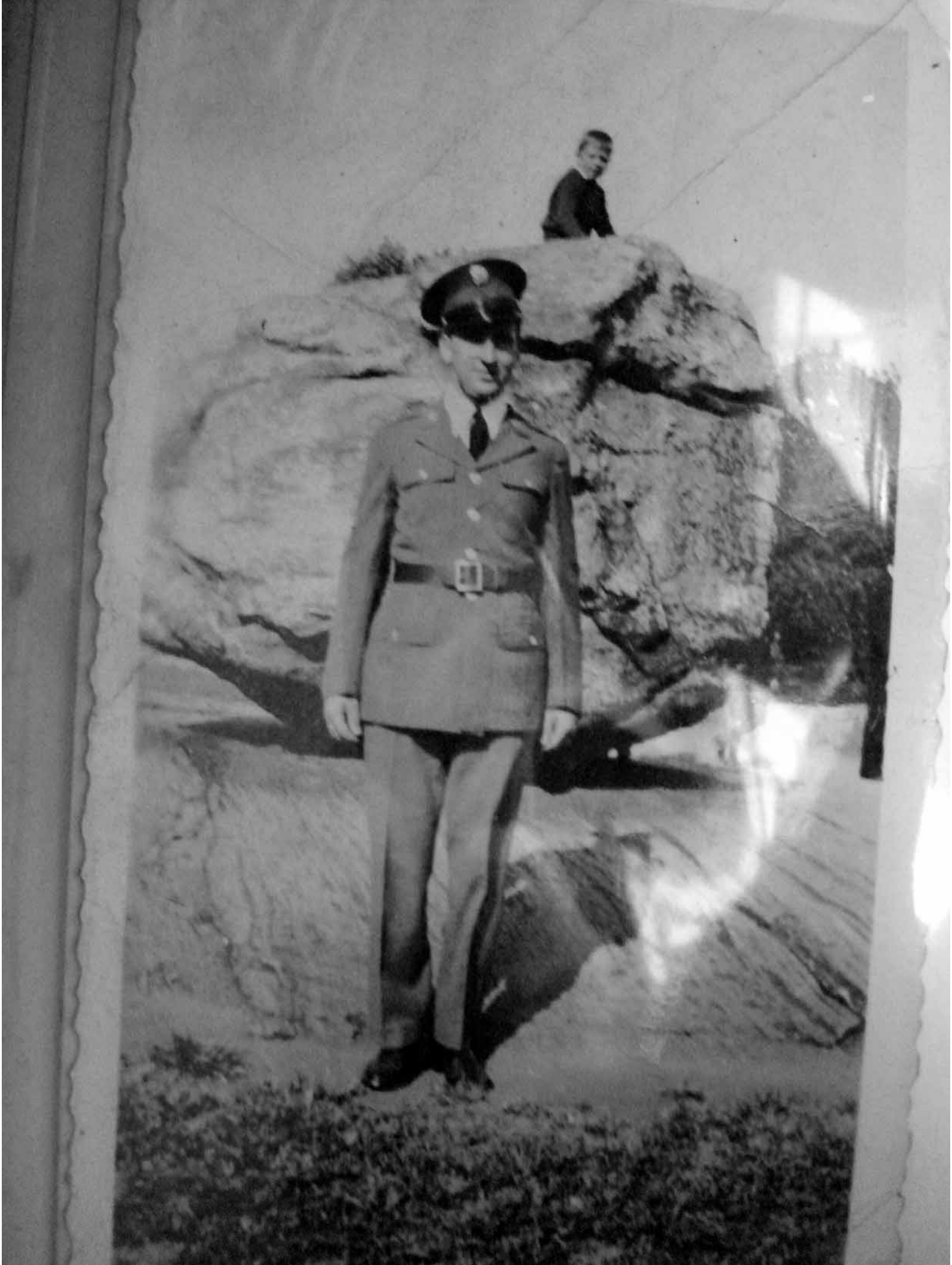
MARRIED

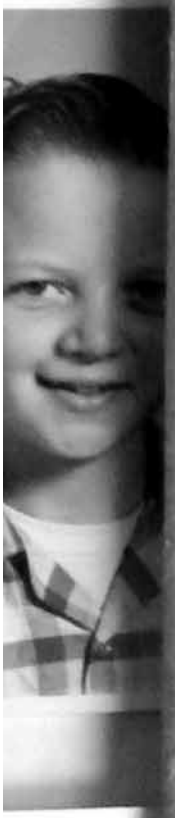
Pocahontas Times
Issue of Thursday. Feb. 5, 1903

An interesting society event transpired January 29th, 1903 on the Dry Branch of Swago at 3:00 P. M., when Geo. Douglas McNeill and Marietta Grace McNeill were united in holy matrimony, Wm. T. Price officiating upon the auspicious occasion. The bride is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McNeill, a popular teacher of public schools, and a highly estimated young person. The groom is the only son of Capt. James M. McNeill, of Buckeye vicinity, a teacher of public schools and a recent graduate in the study of law at Washington, D. C., where he served as clerk in the census department the last two or three years. The party was chaperoned by the bride's sister, Mrs. O. H. Kee, while Mr. Kee acted as the groom's best man.

A beautiful supper was spread and heartily enjoyed by forty or more persons. Miss Viola and Mittie Kee presided at the organ, and contributed much to the pleasure of the company with their performance.







Forty-Seventh

Annual

Commencement

Davis and Elkins College

Tuesday, May Twenty-Nine

Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-One

Forty-Seventh

Annual Commencement

10:20 A.M.	Processional	
Invocation		Rev. John H. Stanton
Valedictory		Roy B. Clarkson Summa Cum Laude
Solo	"Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark" Evangeline Collins Mauzy Mrs. G.H. Neale, Accompanist	Sir Henry R. Bishop
Address		Major General Charles I. Carpenter Chief of Air Force Chaplains Department of Defense Washington, D.C.
Solo	"God of the Open Air" Evangeline Collins Mauzy Mrs. G.H. Neale, Accompanist	Noble Cain
Conferring of Baccalaureate Degrees		
Conferring of Honorary Degrees		
Presentation of Awards		
General Announcements		
Benediction		Rev. Walter W. White
Recessional		
Marshals:		Lorna Jeanne Greves, '52 Maurice Glenn Scott, '52

The audience will remain standing for the
Recessional

1904 — 1951

Bachelor of Arts

Adams, Catherine Terrill (cum laude) ..... Fairmont
Adams, Jacqueline Sutton ..... Narrows, Va.
*Albee, James Allen ..... Pelham, N.Y.
*Baldwin, William DeMorris ..... Baldwin, N.Y.
Bennett, Dorothy Ruth ..... Clarksburg
*Blake, Wilbourn George ..... Welch
Burns, Russell Dowell ..... Elkins
Carr, Chata Ingram ..... Elkins
Chenoweth, Okey Everett, Jr. (cum laude) ..... Elkins
Clark, Melvin A. ..... St. George
*Close, Denver H. ..... Elkins
Cunningham, Betty Ann (cum laude) ..... Baldwin, N.Y.
DeBevoise, Dorothy Virginia ..... Newark, N.J.
DiGiacomo, Felix A. ..... Montrose
Ferguson, Elwood L. ..... Millville, N.J.
Geisinger, John Allen (magna cum laude) ..... Norton
Gutshall, Meade Leroy ..... Elkins
*Harman, Monna Fae ..... Portsmouth, Va.
Hayes, Richard Perkins ..... Elkins
**Hedrick, Frank A. ..... Belington
Hill, Theodore E. ..... Seoul, Korea
Kim, Chong Soung ..... Staunton, Va.
Knopp, Kenneth Clay ..... Frackville, Pa.
*Kotch, Ione ..... Bolair
Lee, Donna Jane ..... Wellsburg
Mewha, Rebecca E. ..... Elkins
**Midkiff, Barbara Bird ..... Piedmont
Mitchell, Barbara Elizabeth (cum laude) ..... Beverly
*Rice, Donald L. ..... Belington
**Right, Lee ..... Seoul, Korea
Ryu, Ki-Sook (cum laude) ..... Wheeling
Schuetz, Deloras Jacqueline ..... Crestwood, N.Y.
Schuhmann, Nelson Charles ..... Huntington
Sheets, Forrest D. (cum laude) ..... Gap Mills
Shiflet, Elizabeth Hopkins (cum laude) ..... Brooklyn, N.Y.
Thomas, Richard Lynn ..... Lafayette, Calif.
Tuttle, John L. ..... Petersburg
**Yount, William Davis ..... Elkins

Bachelor of Science

Andres, William Wolcott, Jr. ..... Elkins
Arrasmith, Edward Phillipps ..... Gassaway
*Bahayan, Iris Cora ..... New York, N.Y.
**Beard, Carl George, II ..... Mill Point
Brochinsky, Myron Russell ..... Ansonia, Conn.
Campbell, Paul Ray ..... Elkins
Carder, Kenneth Ellsworth ..... Ridgeley
Ceravolo, Joseph James ..... Aliquippa, Pa.
Clarkson, Roy B. (summa cum laude) ..... Cass
Cochran, Morgan Wilkins (magna cum laude) ..... Elkins
Corley, Hobert H. (magna cum laude) ..... Junior
Dailey, Robert Wood, IV ..... Romney
Darkey, Doris Jean ..... Dailey
**Gibson, Stanley G. ..... Marlinton
Hathaway, Robert Hall ..... Belington
Hill, Evelyn Jane (magna cum laude) ..... Elkins
Hill, Neil Wesley ..... Greenbank
Horn, Alfred Daniel ..... Ridgefield Park, N.J.
*Houseworth, William A. ..... Manhasset, N.Y.
*Kilduff, Timothy J. ..... Elkins
McCarley, Julian E. (magna cum laude) ..... Arlington, Va.
Madden, Joseph J., Jr. ..... Elkins
Mays, Richard Puckett (magna cum laude) ..... Beckley
Munns, George William, Jr., (cum laude) ..... Nutley, N.J.
Novitch, Edward Herbert ..... Hoboken, N.J.
Porter, Donald Kent ..... New Rochelle, N.Y.
Purvis, Matthew Robert, Jr. ..... Fanwood, N.J.
Reed, Miriam Woodworth (magna cum laude) ..... Burlington
Robinson, Bert Paul ..... Waldorf, Md.
Roltsch, Albert Lawrence ..... Bogota, N.J.
Sadowitz, Jerome (magna cum laude) ..... Brooklyn, N.Y.
Sheppard, Thomas Franklyn ..... Ansonia, Conn.
Siertl, Nancy Kiess (cum laude) ..... Elkins
Smith, Leonora R. ..... Flushing, N.Y.
Smith, Robert Reed ..... Upper Montclair, N.J.
*South, Walter M. ..... Moundsville
*Stover, Thomas McNair (cum laude) ..... Doe Hill, Va.
Updike, Russell Bosworth ..... Mill Creek
**Visnich, Peter ..... Export, Pa.
Visnich, Sam ..... Export, Pa.
Vris, Thomas ..... Jutland, N.J.
Wesner, John Christopher (summa cum laude) ..... Spangler, Pa.
Wimer, Don Morris ..... Cumberland, Md.
**Winkler, Mary Margaret (magna cum laude) ..... Charleston

Bachelor of Science in Physical Education

*Bennett, John Charles ..... Wheeling
**Byrd, Jack Ardell ..... Huntersville
*Childers, Earl Stephen ..... Elkins
Clark, James Brady ..... Elkins
Fitzwater, Clarence T. ..... Stony Bottom
**Fugate, James William ..... Milton
Gallord, Hubert Raymond ..... Marlinton
*Gilsleider, Edward Francis ..... Newark, N.J.
Gutshall, Neil A. ..... Norton
Hamilton, Harry William, Jr. ..... Fairlawn, N.J.
**Kerens, John W. ..... Kerens
Layman, Cecil Gordon, Jr. (cum laude) ..... Waynesboro, Va.
**McKelvey, Thomas Lester ..... West Englewood, N.J.
Madden, Robert C. ..... Elkins
Pascuzzi, Frank B. ..... Baden, Pa.
**Ritenhouse, Ernest John ..... Bergenfield, N.J.
Scarfo, Rosie Marie ..... Norton
Simmons, Eugene Neil ..... Elkins
**Stewart, Allen D. ..... Frank
Supak, Edward N. ..... St. George
Underwood, Nathaniel Benson ..... Ronceverte
Walden, Richard B. ..... Elkins
Walden, Thomas Edgar ..... Elkins

Bachelor of Science in Business Administration

Arbogast, Lurty Chew ..... Blue Grass, Va.
*Berke, Roger Joseph ..... Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
Brown, David Dann ..... Elkins
*Calain, Jack L. ..... Elkins
Catala, Joseph Morrell ..... Livingston, N.J.
Chase, Norman ..... New London, Conn.
Christian, Charles Clifford, Jr. ..... Kearny, N.J.
Condry, Elizabeth D. (cum laude) ..... Elkins
Cummings, James Hawthorne, Jr. (cum laude) Bloomfield, N.J.
Donaldson, Robert Carl ..... Belington
Drenkard, Allan Albert ..... Hackensack, N.J.
Earle, Richard Delbert ..... Elkins
**Forrest, Robert Arthur ..... West Englewood, N.J.
**Fredrick, Robert Clifford ..... Bloomfield, N.J.
Karcher, Frank W., Jr. ..... Floral Park, N.Y.
*Kother, Robert Ernest ..... Newark, N.J.
Leonard, Charles F. (cum laude) ..... New Rochelle, N.Y.
Lindsay, James Joseph, III. ..... Manhasset, N.Y.
Mahlman, Thomas Veitch, Jr. ..... Bronxville, N.Y.
Patchett, Roger LeRoy ..... West Englewood, N.J.
*Perry, Donald L. ..... Elkins
Phares, Stanley Virgil (cum laude) ..... Elkins
Phillips, Hayward Clinton ..... Englewood, N.J.
*Quirk, Clary Andrew ..... Baldwin, N.Y.
Reid, Robert L., Jr. ..... Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
*Reid, Warren R. ..... Elkins
Riggleman, Margaret Jeanne ..... Richmond Hills, N.Y.
**Ross, Robert John ..... Elkins
Simmons, Clarence Edwin ..... West Englewood, N.J.
Somerville, Thomas William ..... Englewood, N.J.
Tagliabue, Robert Warren ..... Elkins
Talbot, Sue Dowden ..... Valley Bend
Telemeco, William ..... Norton
Tucci, Josephine ..... Elkins
*Wamsley, Kenneth Neil ..... Circleville
Warner, Charles Jones ..... Columbus, Ohio
*Weese, Keith Conrad ..... Arlington, Va.
*Williams, Stanton Monroe ..... Heredia, Costa Rica
Figueroa, Xenia Villalon ..... Heredia, Costa Rica

Bachelor of Science in Engineering

Canfield, Floyd Bartlett ..... Montrose
Carpenter, Richard Gorden ..... Elkins
Feick, George, Jr. ..... Asbury Park, N.J.
Grotefend, Richard Frank ..... Tenafly, N.J.
**Johnson, Andrew Stanley ..... Clayton, N.Y.
Pishtey, Wallace ..... Yonkers, N.Y.
**Plemons, Charles Edward ..... Elkins
Reynolds, Adelbert James ..... Ashville, N.C.
Richards, Leslie William, Jr. ..... Northbrook, Ill.
Santurro, Sergio ..... Brooklyn, N.Y.
**Sheakley, Edward Alexander ..... Linesville, Pa.
Silcosky, Donald N. ..... Johnsonburg, Pa.
Sytch, John, Jr. (cum laude) ..... Rahway, N.J.
*Townsend, Lorn G. (magna cum laude) ..... Diana
Ward, Robert James ..... Ellamore

Bachelor of Arts in Elementary Education

**Ault, William Glenn ..... Red Creek
**Bennett, Emmel Alice ..... Circleville
Blankenship, Carolyn Cole (magna cum laude) ..... Pineville
Bonner, Louise Haggerty ..... Elkins
**Bullion, Lillie Mae ..... Huttonsville
**Cunningham, Wanda G. ..... Coalton
**Cutlip, Plummer F. ..... Buckeye
*Daniels, Elva Louise ..... Beverly
**Dove, Seylon ..... Riverton
**Graham, Fay Harr ..... Hendricks
Grotefend, Telete Richards ..... Tenafly, N.J.
**Harris, Macel Keener ..... Greenbank
**Hayes, Arta Lee ..... Hillsboro
**Hinkle, Coline F. ..... Parsons
**Hockenberry, I'Dell G. ..... Valley Bend
Hogshead, Sue Bell ..... Elkins
Isch, Rose F. ..... Elkins
**Kisamore, James Mason ..... Mouth of Seneca
**Mallow, Hope H. ..... Durbin
Mallow, Ruhie C. ..... Macksville
**Osborne, Helen Louise ..... Mill Creek
**Sharpless, Louise B. ..... Elkins
Shiflet, Eleanor Knott (cum laude) ..... Gap Mills

Honorary Degrees

Mrs. Esther S. Allen, Doctor of Laws
Mrs. Lolas Brewer, Doctor of Laws
Mr. G.D. McNeill, Doctor of Laws
Mr. James R. Moreland, Doctor of Laws
Rev. Claude King Davis, Doctor of Divinity
Rev. John Hubert Stanton, Doctor of Divinity
Rev. Walter W. White, Doctor of Divinity

The presence of a student's name upon this program does not necessarily indicate that he will graduate with his class. All college regulations must be complied with before the diploma can be granted.

* - completed work January 27, 1951
** - completed work September 2, 1950

A TRIBUTE
published in the pages of
THE POCAHONTAS TIMES
MARLINTON, W. VA.
JULY 6 1961

Memorial Obituary

Mrs. G. D. McNeill

Mrs. Marietta Grace McNeill, 82, of Buckeye, died at the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital on Saturday, July 1, 1961, after a long illness. Mrs. McNeill was born at Buckeye on January 22, 1879, the daughter of the late William C. and Susan Buckley McNeill. On January 29, 1903, she was united in marriage to George Douglas McNeill, who survives.

In her youth Mrs. McNeill was a teacher in the district schools, and throughout her life was a professing Christian and a member of the Buckeye Methodist Church.

Surviving are: her husband, G. D. McNeill of Buckeye; two sons, Ward K. McNeill of Columbus, Ohio, and James W. McNeill, of Buckeye; two daughters, Mrs. Carleton P. (Elizabeth) Dorsey and Mrs. Roger W. (Louise) Pease, both of Morgantown. Also surviving are her sister, Mrs. Edna M. Kellison, of Beard; her brother, R. S. McNeil, of Marlinton; four grandchildren: John D. McNeill, Fresno, California; Blix and Cheryl McNeill, at home; Douglas Pease, of Hanover, New Hampshire; and two great-grandchildren, Larch Ann and Rosemarie McNeill, of California.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock, July 3, at the Swago Methodist Church, with the Reverend Ezra Bennett in charge; interment followed at the family cemetery at Buckeye.

"Strength and dignity are her clothing . . . and the law of kindness is on her tongue . . . She looketh well to the ways of her household . . . Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her . . . Give her the fruit of her hands and let her works praise her in the gates."

After 5 days, return to

N. C. McNeel

MARLINTON, W. VA.

MARLINTON APR 8 1918 11 A.M. W. VA.

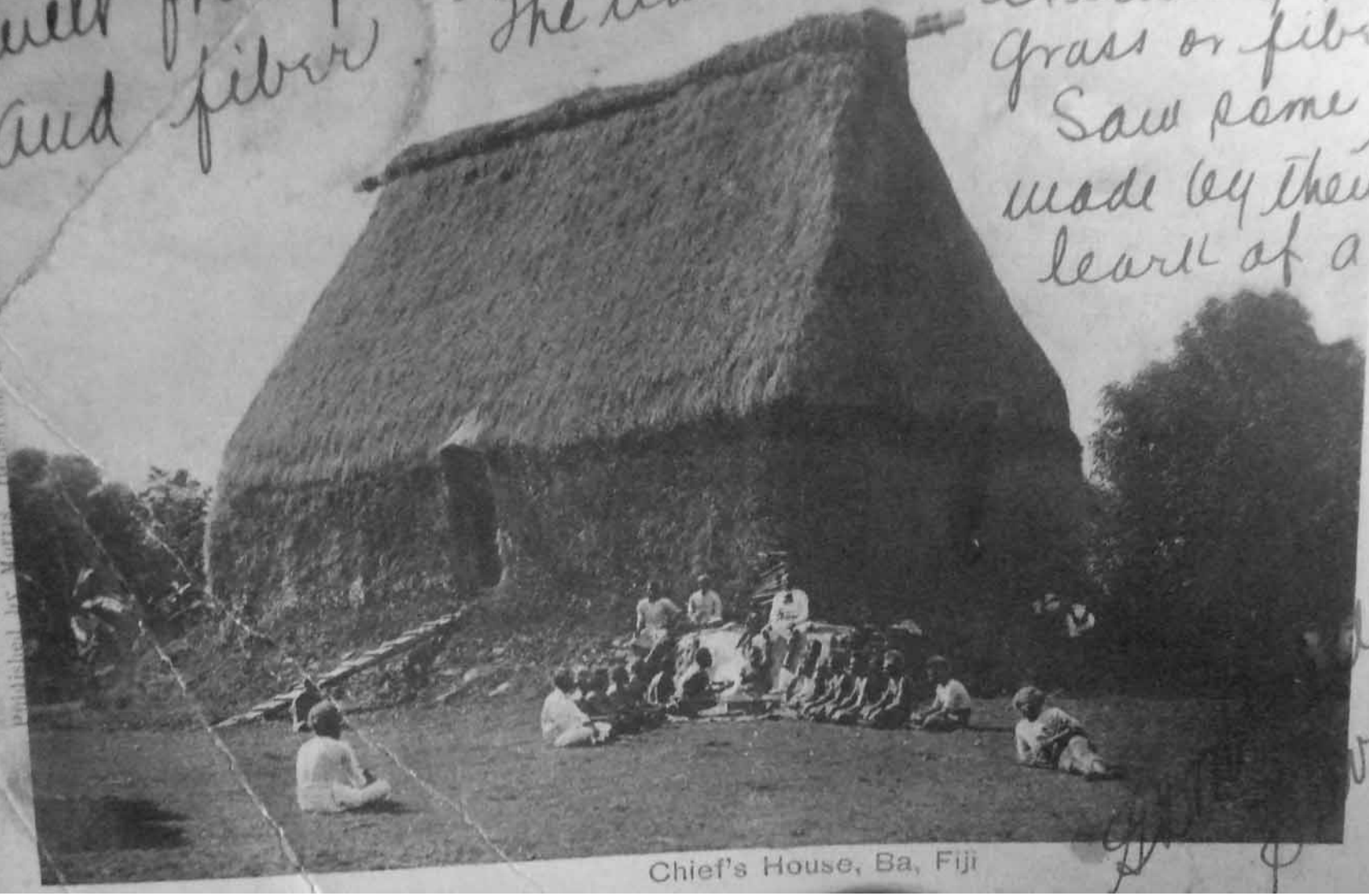
UNITED STATES TWO CENTS

Capt. James M. McNeill,

Quaker

Miss

Built from grass, fibers and fiber. The natives are very skillful in executing work from grass or fiber. Saw some tablecloth made by them from bark of a tree. . .



Chief's House, Ba, Fiji

Published by Morris Hedstrom & Co., Levuka, Fiji

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...va. Fiji

POST CARD

FIJI

½d

MP.

Correspondence

Address

James M. McNeil

Buckeye

USA

Kentucky

Waitoon waterfalls Ovalau-Fiji.

F 3895 Morris, Hedstrom & Co., Levuka.

POST CARD.

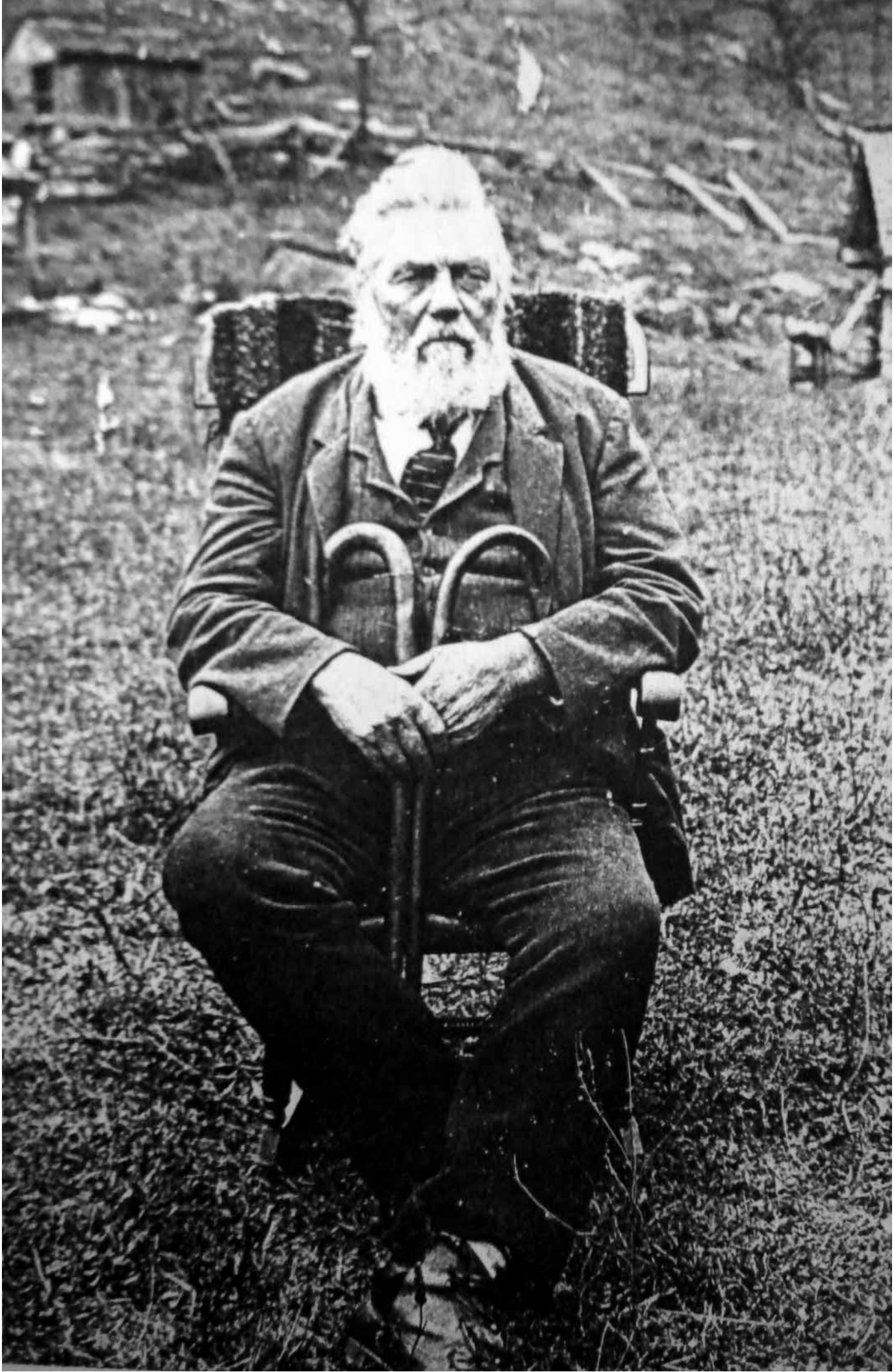
THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE.

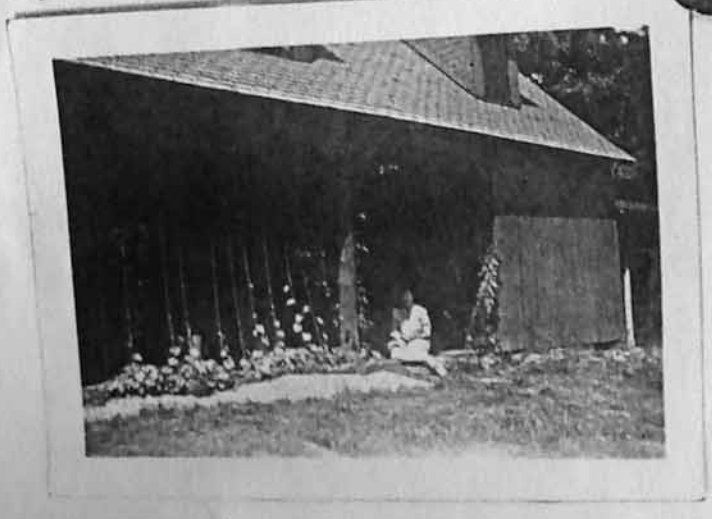
Miss Elizabeth McNeill

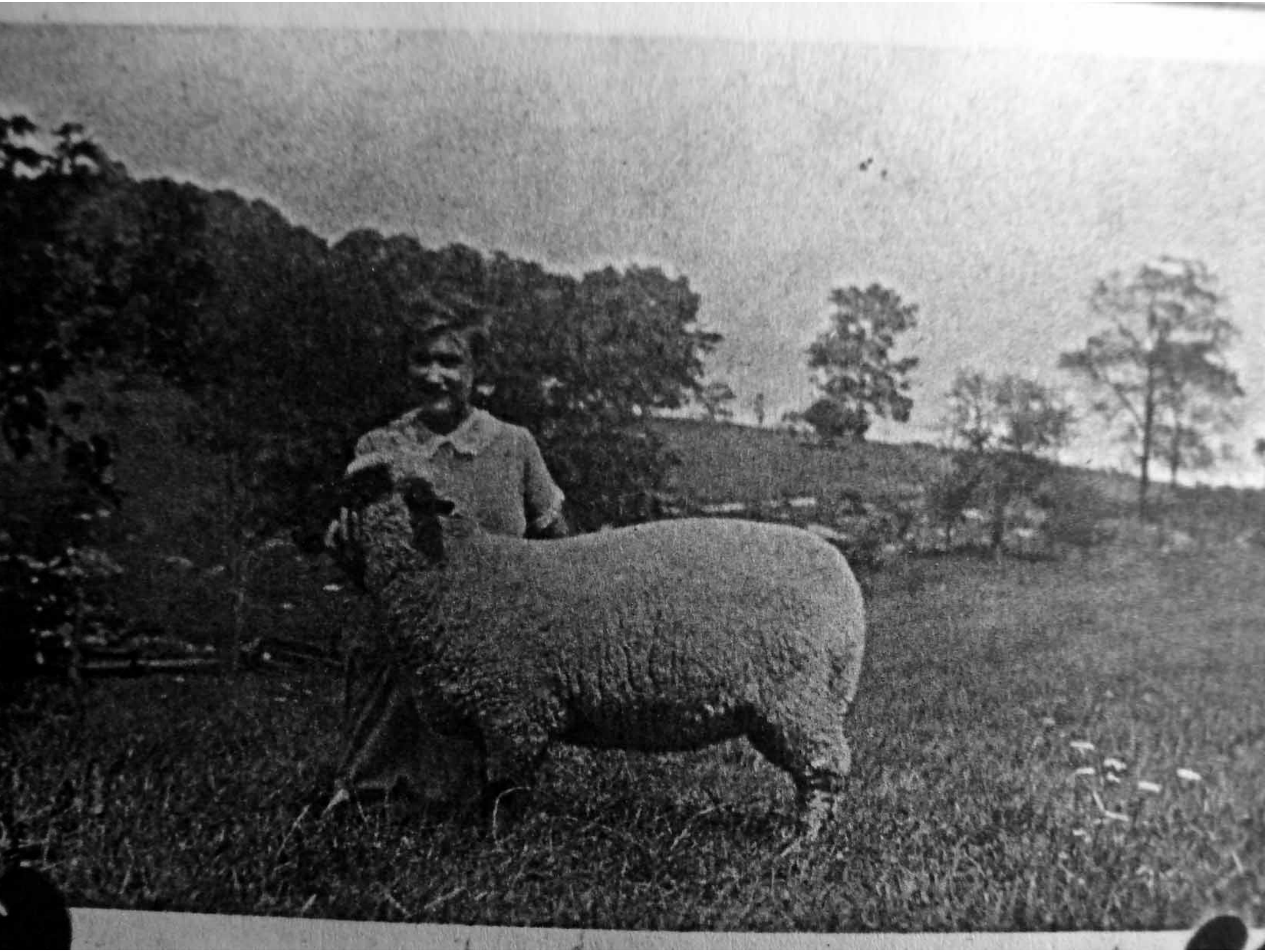
Buckeye.

West Virginia

USA







Washington McNeill
Was born March the 14th 1825
Died Feb the 17th 1864
He was taken from home
By the Confederate Authority
June the 12th 1864
Died Sick at Richmond Va
Camp Lee Hospitle
Feb the 17th 1864

Evaline Waugh was
Born October the 8th 1832
Died December 1920

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

Distinctive Service

This certifies that George D. McNeill has rendered 35 years of service to Public Education in West Virginia and in sincere appreciation and high praise of such service this award is presented.

W. W. Trent
State Superintendent of Free Schools

Paige Wooldridge
President, West Virginia Board of Education, 1955-56

DATE June 1956

Office of
Mack H. Brooks
County Superintendent
J. K. Arbogast
Assistant Superintendent

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Board of Education

Marlinton, West Virginia

Members
G. D. Stemple, President
Marlinton
A. E. McNeel, Hillsboro
Gordon Dilley, Huntersville
Hal Moore, Minnehaha Springs
Orville W. Sheets, Green Bank

November 30, 1956

Dr. George D. McNeill
Buckeye, West Virginia

Dear Dr. McNeill:

We were very sorry you were unable to be present at the Classroom Teachers' Association Dinner Meeting, November 29. We missed you, because you were recognized as one of the outstanding leaders of the boys and girls of this county during your teaching career.

I am enclosing a copy of the program and a Certificate for Distinctive Service from the State of West Virginia.

With kindest personal regards to you, I am

Sincerely yours,

Mack H. Brooks

Mack H. Brooks, Superintendent
Pocahontas County Schools

MHB:ph
Enclosure

THE OLD ENGLISH

A HUNDRED YEARS OF SOCCER

By Louise McNeill-Pease
Poet Laureate of West Virginia

Davis & Elkins College

Editor's Note: The following story, penned as a gift to Davis & Elkins College by West Virginia's Poet Laureate Louise MacNeill Pease, coincides with the College's 1992-93 academic theme, Year of the Book, and the dedication of the new Booth Library which opens this fall. This descriptive work reflects the competitive and joyous spirit of the Scotch/Irish pioneers in West Virginia, and provides real-life insight into the physical endeavors and rich traditions of soccer. The game of soccer has long been an intercollegiate sports emphasis at Davis & Elkins College, and continues the tradition of mutual support by both College and community.

The author's association with the College began in 1942 when her father, the late G. Douglas McNeill, a former lawyer and high school administrator, was appointed associate professor of social science. Because of her great affection for the College, Mrs. Pease has donated her literary works, both published and unpublished, to the growing archival collection in the Booth Library at Davis & Elkins College. This story has been printed as a "pull out" supplement so that it can be removed in its entirety and shared with others.

As soon as I got off the phone call from Annabelle, I knew something had hit me. I was dizzy as a top, and I could hear a name going over and over in my head: "MacQueen!" "Mr. MacQueen!" Annabelle is my sister-in-law and lives up in Pocahontas County (West Virginia), while I live, mostly, in my lift chair down here in Kanawha. I'm 80 1/2 years old and in a rest home, so I do a lot of calling and Annabelle calls me with the news—like with "MacQueen".

As I quieted down, I realized that Annabelle had been telling me about Jamie's Hillsboro soccer team beating Elkins twice, tying Beckley, etc., etc. There's this all-county soccer league for the kids, but Hillsboro is only a village with a few farms gathered round; and Beckley is a coal city, and I had become so flabbergasted on the phone about how Hillsboro could tie Beckley. Jamie is my great nephew and Annabelle's grandson; so naturally, she was trying to explain Mr. MacQueen . . . . "Mr. MacQueen!" That was it! This MacQueen was a Hillsboro farmer who had come over from Scotland and had taught soccer to Joe and Howard Walker when they were kids. Now Jamie was the kid and Joe his coach, with Howard helping out a little with "The Old English." So - then I knew I had made one of my far-off connections. Why, a man named McKenzie had come to the English Colony more than a hundred years ago; and the English lawyer, J.H.G. Wilson, a soccer expert, had taught the Pocahontas boys how to play. "G. D.", my father, was on that Wilson team and on and on the connections, till one fall, a team of Pocahontas boys had whipped D.C. for the national championship.

This soccer story had come to me, hit me like a head butt. But I don't know much more about soccer than I do about the Doppler Effect, whatever that is. So I got on the phone and called the Davis & Elkins College library and asked for a Xerox. I knew "G. D." had published something about soccer and the English Colony back in the 1950's. Next I wrote Jane Price Sharp at the Pocahontas Times office. I knew Jane could answer a question no one else could, and she could send me some stuff about the Frost team.

By now I knew what I was tracking: a hundred years of soccer the English had left us when they went away. Soccer, head butts, dribbles, "The Old English", as "G. D." said to me that night of his heart attack.

Before long, Jane and the Davis & Elkins library sent a sheaf of Xeroxes, and I began to take notes on the back of old envelopes. I like to keep organized. Especially when I'm working within a chronology; and this story had a good, straight chronology on the English Colony—when it began and when it ended: 1883-1915.

In 1883 two aristocratic Englishmen, Charles Bruce and R. B. Chomondlay, came to Walter Tuke's in Millboro, Virginia. Bruce was an Oxford professor, and he and Chomondlay were on a hunting trip and also on a land-looking expedition. At Tuke's or on their way farther west, they met Andrew McLaughlin, who, at the time, owned much of the rich, level land upon which the town of Marlinton stands today. McLaughlin encouraged the visitors, talked to them about their plans for sheep farming in America, and pointed them on their westward way.

They came to the headspring of Tygart River, and before them lay the romantic dream. Standing above were the mountains covered with virgin spruce and pine. Below the mountains were the cleared slopes of bluegrass pasture. They could hear the very headspring of Tygart River purling out of the earth.

The woods were full of game: bear, deer, panther, pheasant, turkey; and the water branches were alive with brook trout. The birthplace of the winding Elk River lay not far to the eastward; and there were local farms, neighbors—not too many the Englishmen trusted—to despoil their paradise.

They bought, "cheap as dirt," a large tract of land. Then, with their traveling cook, Loyd, and possibly help also from some native workers, cut timber and built two sturdy houses. Bruce called his "The Glen."

Before long, though records are not clear as to the arrangements, Mrs. Bruce arrived from England bringing with her the two Bruce children and two servant maids.

After this pioneer settlement, the influx of English settlers was rapid and enthusiastic

Geographically, the settlement was to extend, finally, from Linwood to Mingo. Houses such as "New Market" and "Fair Haven" and sheep farms scattered uphill and down dale. The sheep were usually Hampshire, Southdown, or Cheviot, and were shipped to market on a branch of the new C & O Railroad which was coming in to haul out the hardwood timber of the new, fast-running lumber boom.

The Englishmen were of that hardy sporting breed. A race track was built, a polo field, tennis courts, soccer fields. There was a zest for fly fishing; and also that famous marathon race between young Norman Price of Marlinton and the Englishman, F.S.L. Grews. Grews won the race from Mingo to the Marlinton bridge, covering some 25 miles in 2 hours, 59 minutes—crossing, on his way, three "formidable spurs of the Big Allegheny." But a few weeks later, Grews, out alone on a bear hunt, did not return by nightfall. Search was made. Grews was found lying on a flat rock, stone dead. He was buried in the Mingo graveyard; and, for him, I remember that, "There is some corner of a foreign field that is forever England."

As I think of the great Mountain Marathon, "G. D.'s" voice comes back to me from a corner of our home fireplace, though I can remember only the gist of what he said. The Greek boy fell dead in the market square. If you count the time, Grews made a real run. When they found him, no sign of a struggle. Probably over-developed heart. As "G. D." speaks, the fire flames spin and cinders fall down. Some of the English, Oxford graduates. Some, younger sons of the nobility. Brought their maids, cooks, nurses, governesses, even a horse trainer. Then there was that Wilson, J.H.G. Wilson, just out of Oxford, and set up his law practice in Marlinton. As "G. D." wrote in the article, "This Wilson was a soccer player deluxe." I remember his voice again, "A soccer player if I ever saw one. Coached us Marlinton boys. The thing spread. A soccer field in every holler and hamlet."

Because this "hollow and hamlet" growth of soccer paralleled the big years of our mountain timber boom, it is easy to imagine these great soccer games on a summer, Saturday afternoon. For Saturday was pronounced a holiday, and one can enlarge the length of the standard soccer field to 150 yards so as to make room for the 50 players on each side.

Here they were—say in one of Uncle Bob's or Uncle Jim Gibson's big stubble fields on Elk. The players, as they line up, are a "Motley Crew": farmers, loggers, and "nimble barefoot youths of twelve." The men are in their logger shirts and in cowhide boots or calk-heeled logger shoes. Some of the men wear long whiskers, and maybe there is a chew of "Brown Mule" tucked carefully back in the jaw.

The contest is fierce, sometimes bloody: calk-heeled boot on bare shin bone, a secret poke at a nose, and the whoops and hollers, "The Old English" head butt cracking against the ball, the mass of fans running up and down the sidelines, a few bottles of redeye whiskey passing up and down to thirst-quench the screaming crowd or even to bring a withering player back on his feet.

Lawyer Wilson's "Oxford" team from Marlinton was disgracefully beaten in the first game with the English, but there is a far sharper point, an historic point, to be made here. For a few of these native teams continued for more than 30 years and, then, sent their offshoots into the future, a future that extends through the generations even to the Hillsboro kids, even to "Mr. MacQueen."

This long and prosperous life was not, however, to bless the English Colony itself. The late 1880's and the early 1890's were the golden years. Altogether, those who came and "tarried for awhile" numbered about 50. A few of their names evoke, "This happy breed of men, this little world": Mr. and Mrs. Archie Bruce and maid; W. T. and J. D. Langwerthy; James McKenzie; P. C. Puckle; Hubert Eainshaw and mother; Mr. and Mrs. Latimer Tuke and daughter, Gladys.

The era 1885-1900 can be seen as the years of growth and a certain stability. But the Boer War in South Africa (1899) and World War I (1915) called some of the men to Old England's need. One of these Mingo volunteers died in the Boer War and two in World War I. There were also two meaningful departures farther into West Virginia. The Latimer Tuke family, in 1908, moved to another farm near White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County. Also, Rev. O. N. Miles began to move his family to the little country churches: to Linwood, to Cloverlick, finally to Marlinton. Today, 1991, no known living descendant of the Colony remains in America. Yet the English had left to the people of Randolph and Pocahontas treasures now beyond recall. Certainly, they had left a touch of their gentle manners, a half-tone of their gentle speech, a measure of their "sporting blood," and a kind of exotic legend to tell by the fire. Most of all they had left their soccer. The first two Englishmen came to Walker Tuke's in Millboro, 1883; Jamie's schoolboy soccer league was organized in the late 1970's; and in between were those bursts of life, those lifts of joy, those legends of war and sacrifice, those summer Saturdays, those living fields of the sun.

It has been recorded that after the departure of the

English, some of the Pocahontas soccer teams lived on for 30 years. Actually a few lived more than 30, and the team at Frost is a prime example. The Frost team was organized before 1900 and was still playing in 1937. Another enduring team was in the Brush Country where Willie Dilley and some of his brothers played.

I am 80 years old with a fair memory, and my brother Jim and I both remember at least one game on the field behind the old Marlinton High School. "G. D." played in this game and was 48-50 years old. Other more notable games were played at the "Old Fairground", up Greenbrier River. In one of these Fairground games, Frost played Luke, Maryland. Another big game was between Frost and Newport News, Virginia. The crowd was estimated at 3,500. The last organized Frost team played, in 1937, a championship game against D.C. So the Frost team, organized before 1900, did indeed, play more than 30 years. A picture of the Frost team, in official uniforms, is printed in the Pocahontas County History, 1981. It is a team essentially of Sharps and Dilleys. Names listed are: Bob Curry, Willie Dilley, Kyle Sharp, Earl Sharp, Ashley Dilley, Floyd Dilley, Roy Dilley, Delbert Reed, Johnny Sharp, Blair Sharp, Basil Sharp, Leo Dilley, and Ernest Sharp.

The years between 1937 and 1941 are not long. They seem to rush by. Suddenly, in December 1941, stands that iron crossway where many must meet and many must part. That crossway was Sunday morning, December 7. "Calling all ships!" "Calling all ships!"

Some Englishmen had left the Mingo Colony in 1915 to go into World War I. I mull it over: how the sons of some of these Mingo English might have played soccer with Basil Sharp on the fields of France.

"G. D.", in the fall of 1941, had retired from his high school job in Pocahontas and gone, when he was 63, to teach at Davis & Elkins College over in Randolph County. Basil Sharp had attended Davis & Elkins before World War II loomed on our horizons. At Davis & Elkins, Basil had played regular football, finished his college work, and in 1941, was coaching football in Pocahontas.

"G. D.", over at Davis & Elkins that fall of 1941, looked around to find a flat place. When he had been 23, he had been one of Lawyer J.H.G. Wilson's Marlinton boys. Now at 63 he became the first (if highly unofficial coach) of Davis & Elkins' soccer team. This first team was only a small start on a long way. But it was the start of the Davis & Elkins teams which had coaches, of the Davis & Elkins team that won the U.S. Championship, of the many teams that stood out and still stand in the nation as powers to reckon with. All the way from Oxford University — "old J.H.G.", as "G. D." would say it, had done "pretty well."

I wrote to Jane Price Sharp to find out if Basil had played soccer at Davis & Elkins. No. Basil had never played soccer at Davis & Elkins. There was no soccer team. Plain enough. But he had played it on the Fields of France. When back from the Front, Basil had played old J.H.G.'s Oxford soccer on the Fields of France. Then one time when Basil didn't come back from the Front, he became, along with a few of our other boys, a legend because he would never grow old.

"G. D." stayed at Davis & Elkins through the war and taught the raw military recruits the geography of the Pacific: Philippine Islands, Iwo Jima, Coral Sea. Then he stayed on to teach the "G.I." boys back from the war, teaching them economics and business law.

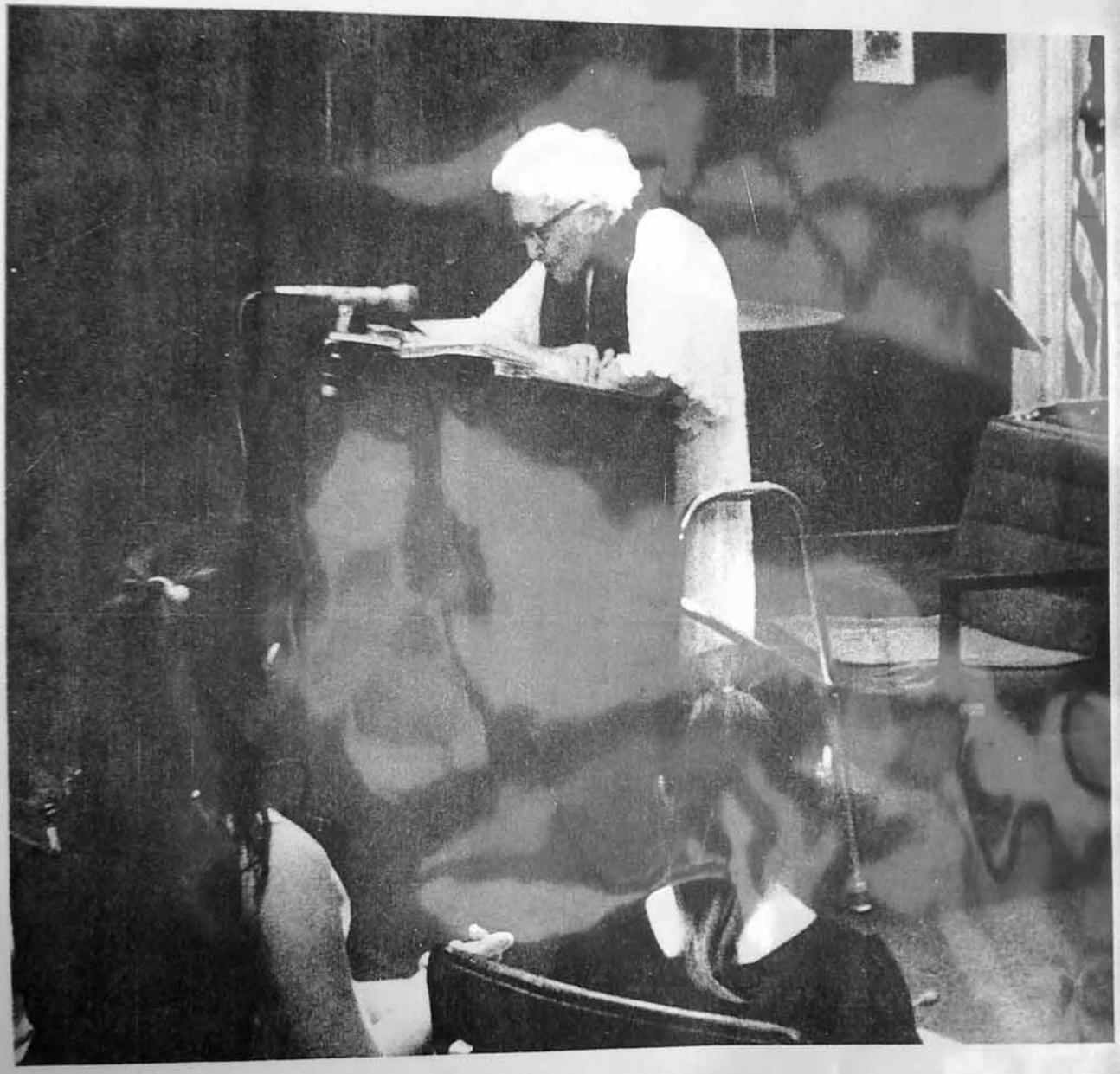
"And is the field still playing?" One night when "G. D." was 71-72, I had rushed halfway across the state to stand at his bedside in an Elkins hospital. A heart attack had hit him like a thunderbolt. As I stood there drawn-faced and exhausted, he looked up at me with those cool brown eyes. "This evening, up on the field, I was showing the boys. A little of The Old English. Don't tell your mother."

So now in 1991, Jamie's Hillsboro team has beaten Elkins, tied Beckley, beaten Bridgeport, etc. As I think about it all, my heart goes quiet. The English Colony at Mingo, Lawyer Wilson, "G. D.", Basil, young Jamie, Willie Dilley, Mr. MacQueen—all mixed up with the Frost boys and all the old boys, like Kilroy, who was here, and all the old soldier boys of England and France, mixed somehow, too, with the boys of "Desert Storm". Or if I think down deeper, mixed forever with those Saturday afternoons of joy in the stubble Fields of the Sun.

This picture was taken by Larry Webster
year? Blown up by some photographer.

Little White House

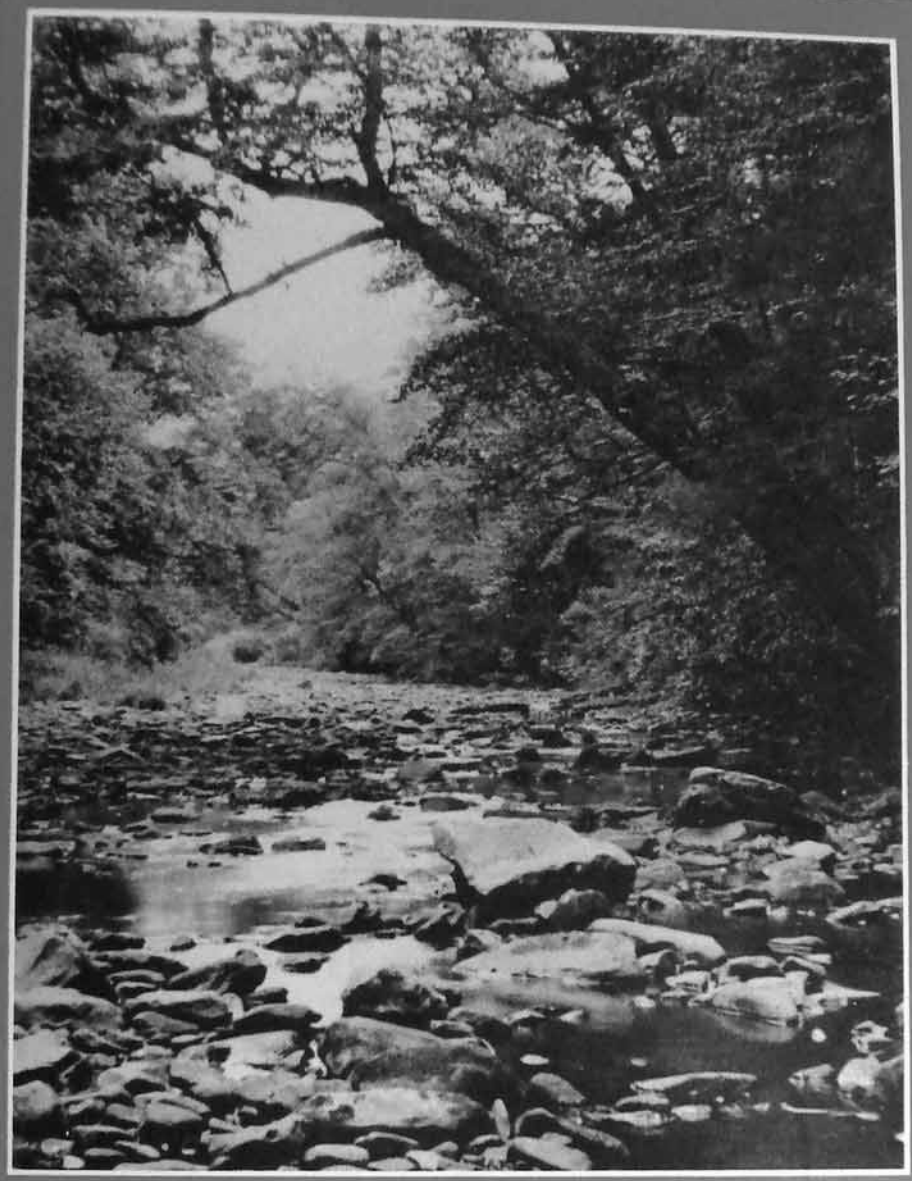
LOUISE MCNEILL READS IN ST. ALBANS



Louise McNeill, the Poet Laureate of West Virginia, gave a poetry reading at the St. Albans Branch Library during National Library Week. The reading was recorded by West Virginia Public Radio which is preparing a documentary on Dr. McNeill. The poet now resides in Malden, West Virginia, in Kanawha County.

Gordon Simmons of TransAllegheny Books in Charleston introduced Mrs. McNeill. Adding a touch of class to the evening were Willard Reynolds and Jim Snyder, both staff members at Kanawha County Public Library, who provided special music. Snyder put Dr. McNeill's poem "Monogahela" to music.

West Virginia Library Assoc Newsletter

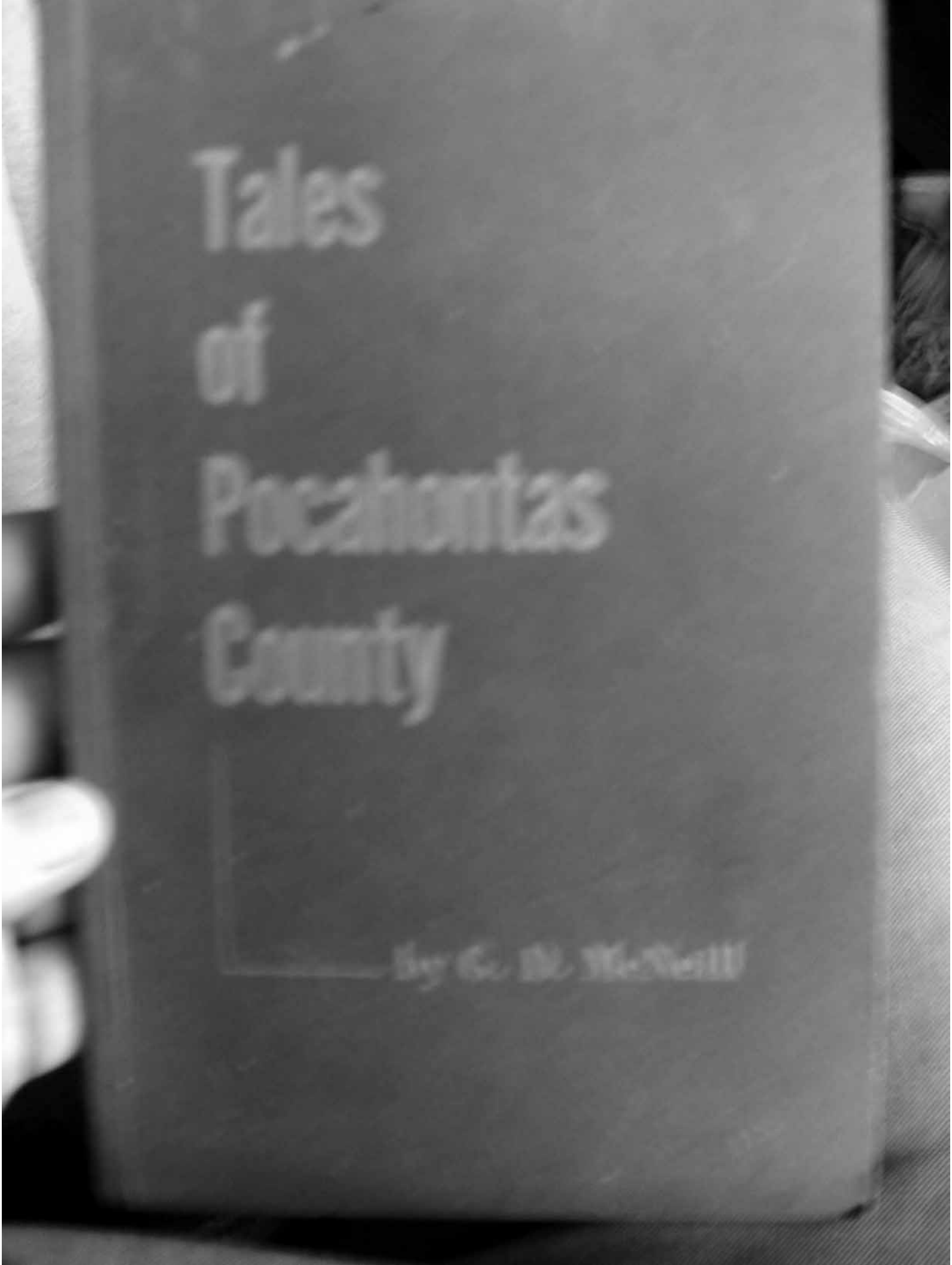


The Last Forest

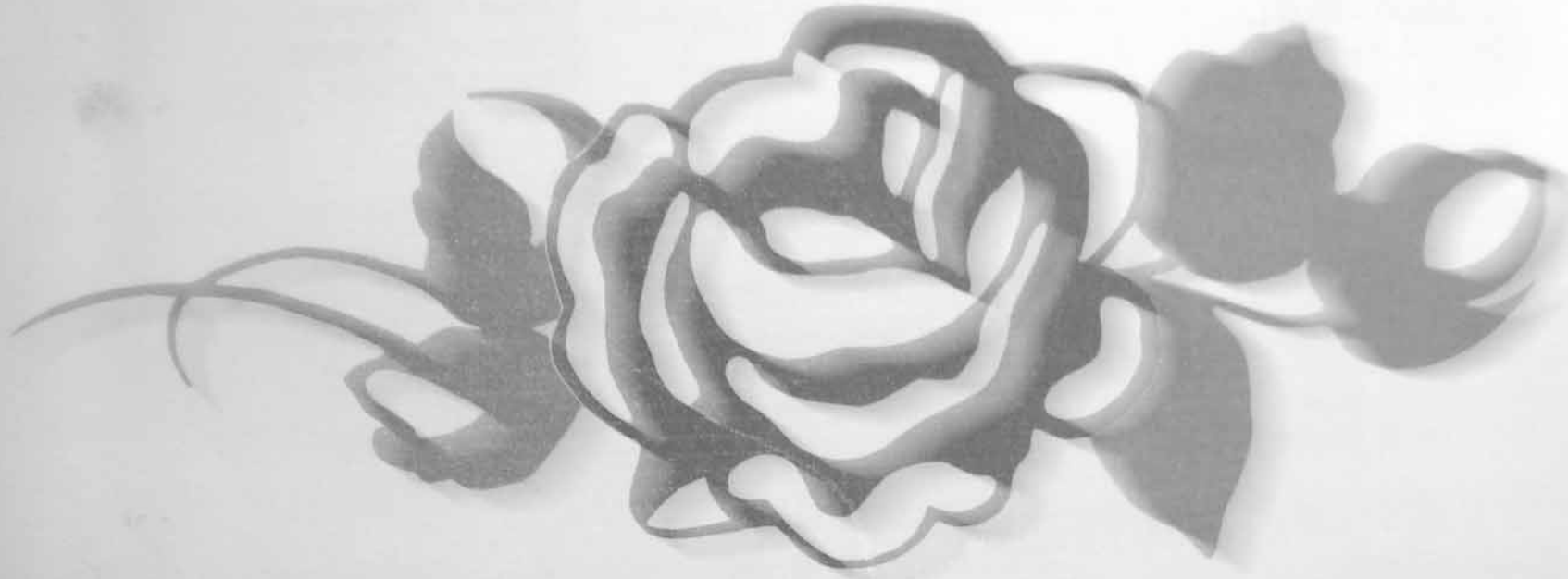
Tales of the Allegheny Woods

By G.D. (Douglas) McNeill

Preface by Louise McNeill


Tales
of
Pocahontas
County

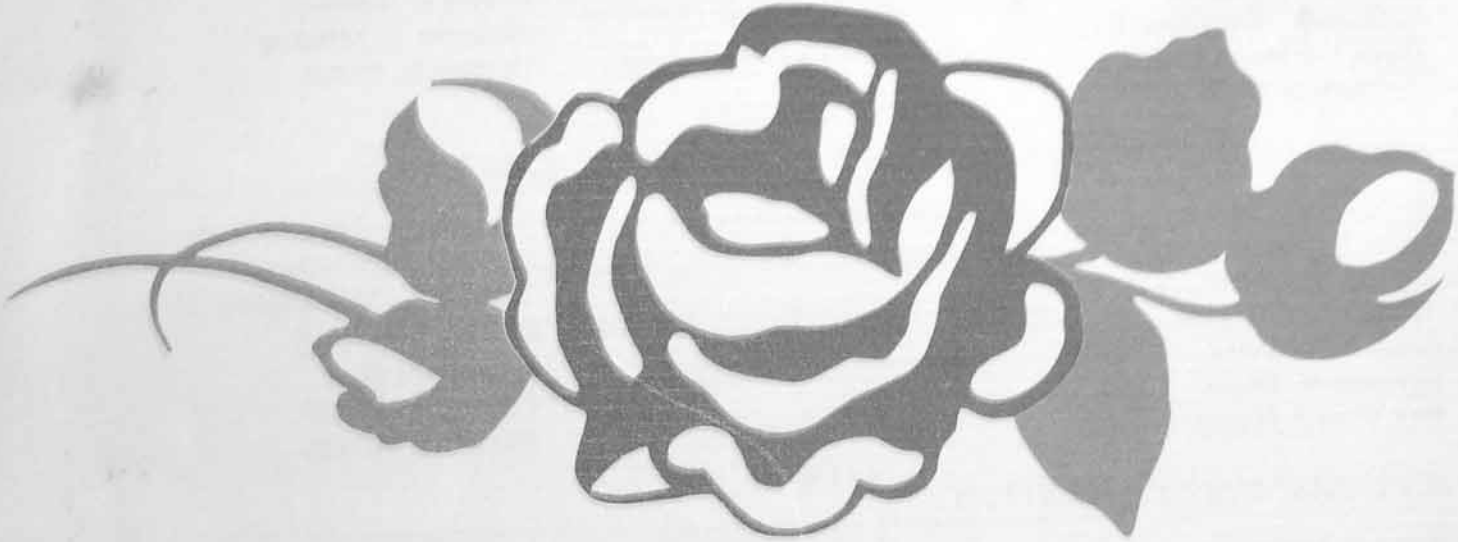
President's Brunch



WEST VIRGINIA
UNIVERSITY

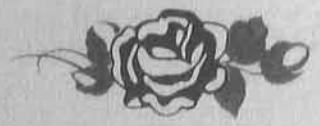
MAY 14, 1989
10:30 A.M.
PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

President's Brunch



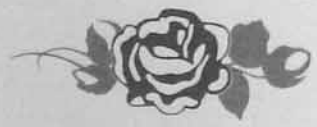
WEST VIRGINIA
UNIVERSITY

MAY 14, 1989
10:30 A.M.
PRESIDENT'S HOUSE



Menu

Fresh Old Fashioned Lemonade
Cheese Omelets
Pineapple Raisin Waldorf Salad
Roast Sliced Tenderloin
Sausage Links
French Cut Green Bean Almondine Casserole
Home Fries
Fresh Fruit in Watermelon Baskets
Date Nut and Blueberry Muffins
Whipped Cream Cheese
Strawberry Rapture
Iced Tea
Decaffeinated Coffee



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Stephen L. Douglas	*Executive Director*
John R. Hoblitzell	*President*

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950 Kanawha Boulevard, East
Charleston, WV 25301

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Edith Kelley	*Executive Assistant to the President*

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Louise McNeill	*Doctor of Humane Letters*

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Mildred E. Fizer
Edwin C. Jones
William H. Miernyk

SPECIAL GUESTS

Glenn G. Carter
Michael Edwards
Jerald W. Fisher
Janis-Rozena Peri
Reba Thurmond

OUTSTANDING GRADUATING STU

College of Agriculture and Forestry
H. Michael Eye
Moyers, WV
Parents: Harry and Violet Eye

College of Arts and Sciences
Urszula W. Tajchman
Morgantown, WV
Parents: Stan and Maria Tajchman

College of Business and Economics
Mark E. Hammersla
Martinsburg, WV
Parents: Harold and Rosemary Hammersl

College of Creative Arts
Kenyann G. Brown-Flippin
Cambridge Springs, PA
Husband: Kenneth L. Flippin
Parents: Doris Brown
George Brown

School of Dentistry
Charles A. Spadafore
Wheeling, WV
Parents: Anthony and Nancy Spadafore

College of Engineering
Jeff Bowman
Wheeling, WV
Parents: Carl and Judith Bowman

College of Human Resources and Educ
Angela Marsh
Summersville, WV
Parents: James and Marilyn Marsh

School of Journalism
Maureen Anne Dowdell
Uniontown, PA
Parents: Leroy and Lenora Dowdell

OUTSTANDING GRADUATING STUDENTS

College of Agriculture and Forestry
H. Michael Eye
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Jeff Bowman
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Parents: Carl and Judith Bowman

College of Human Resources and Education
Angela Marsh
Summersville, WV
Parents: James and Marilyn Marsh

School of Journalism
Maureen Anne Dowdell
Uniontown, PA
Parents: Leroy and Lenora Dowdell

College of Law
Bruce Stanley
Breeden, WV
Parents: Hayes and Causby Stanley

School of Medicine
Mary Ann Chido
Morgantown, WV
Husband: Vincent M. Chido
Parents: Robert and Marie Sivinski

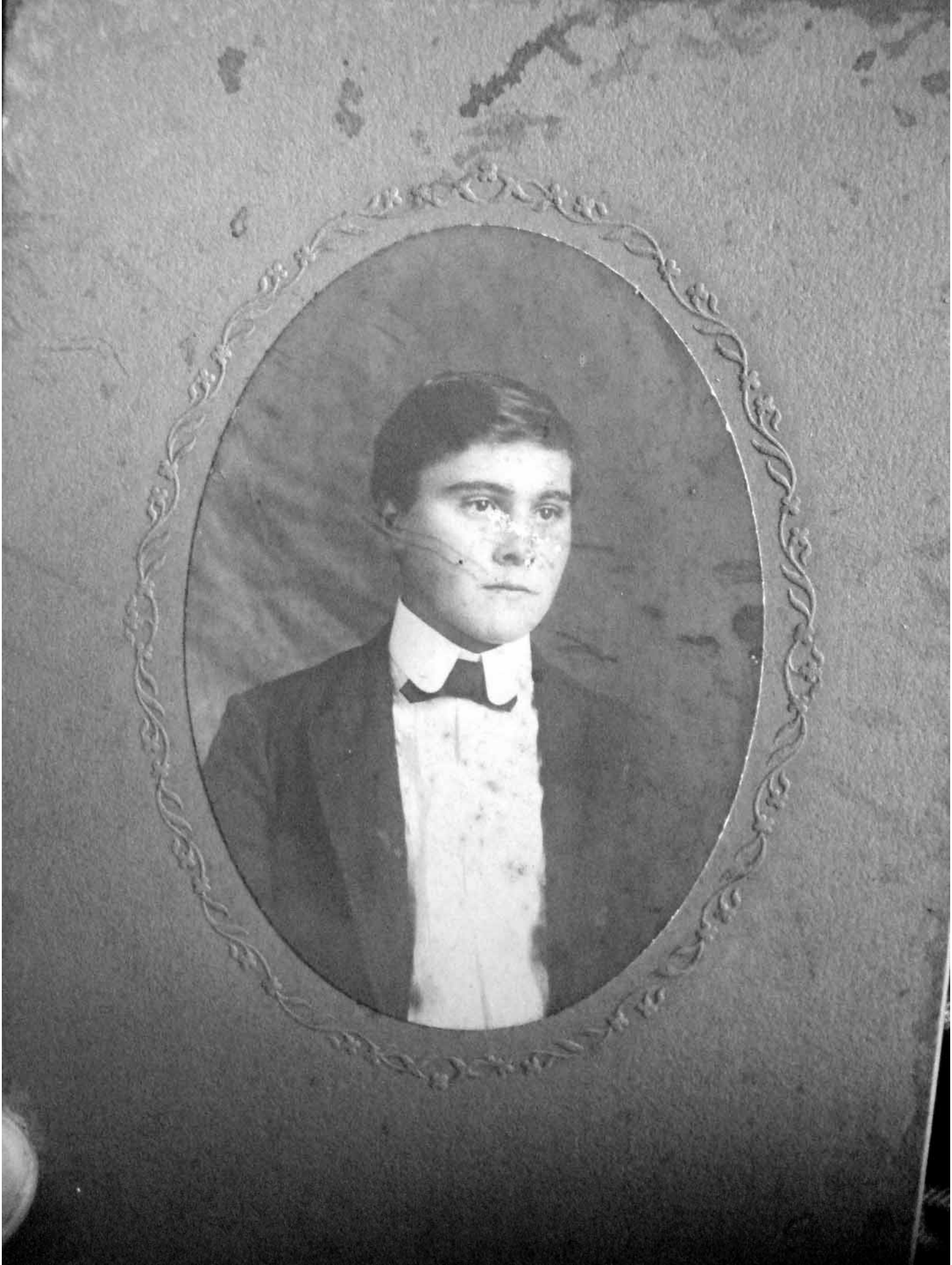
College of Mineral and Energy Resources
Lydell Sullenbarger
Clarksville, PA
Parents: Schuyler and Eileen Sullenbarger

School of Nursing
Catherine Foster-Zakahi
Franklin, MA
Husband: Walter Zakahi
Parents: Alan and Mary Foster

School of Pharmacy
Curtis Scott Lewis
Hurricane, WV
Parents: Sherwin and Doris Lewis

School of Physical Education
Cecilia Dematte
Wheeling, WV
Parents: John and Delores Dematte

School of Social Work
Betty Ann Schneider
Morgantown, WV

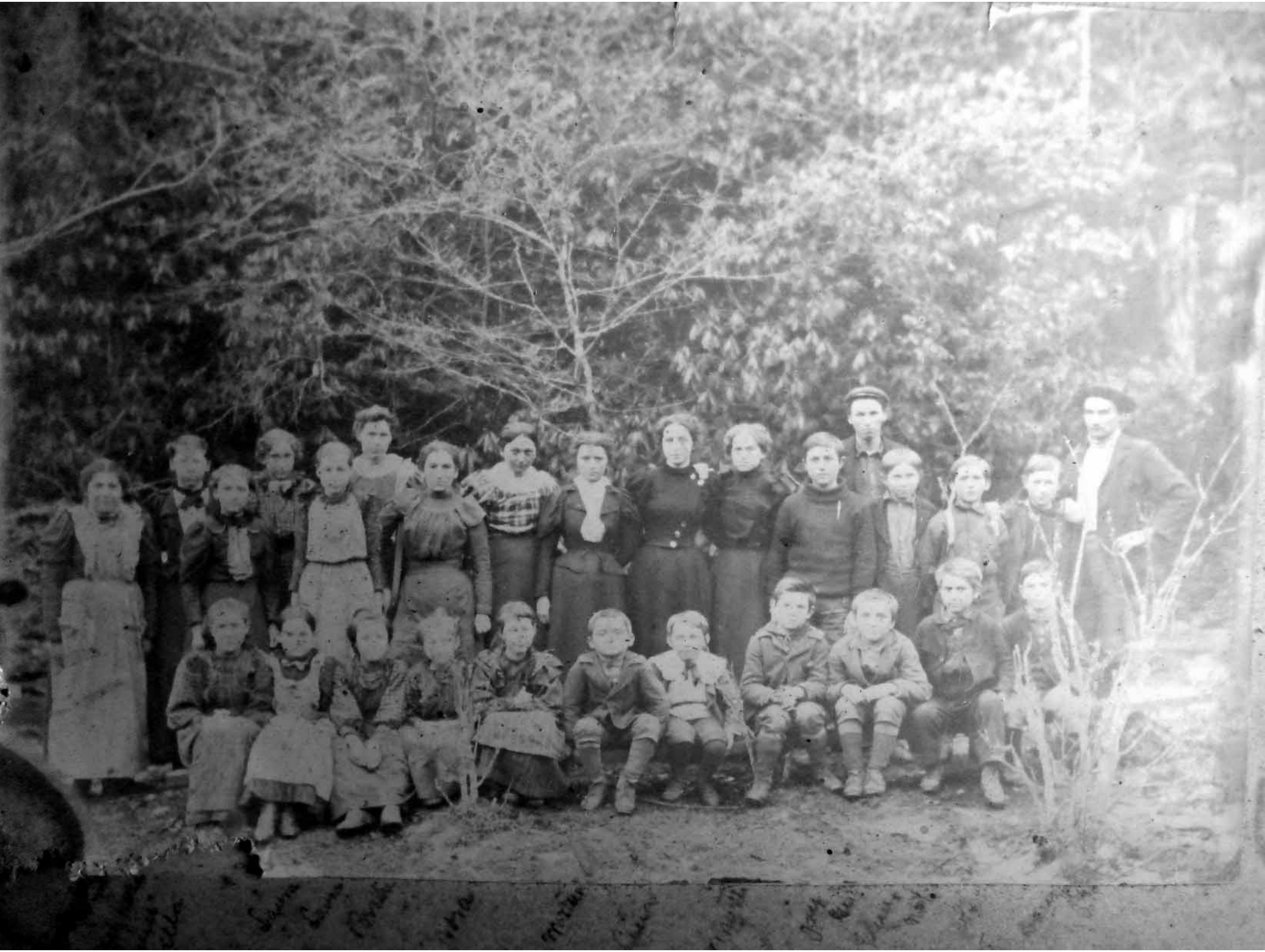


Burlie Lamb,
Sentenced to life
imprisonment for
murder of Sine Slyman
— Oct. 31/05 —

To.

G. D. McNeill.

W. R. Griffith



PUBLIC SCHOOL

EXTRA QUALITY

Pocket Note Book

Name G. D. McNeill

____ _____ _____ Grade

Short Story – E.A. Cross

Hawthorne – 1804 – 1864
Poe 1809 – 1849
were the first to reduce the Short Story to a definite formula.

England, Russia and Germany have not equaled America and France in the production of Short-Story.

Some books on the Short Story
A Study of the Short Story – Canby
Writing the Short Story – Esenwein
The Short Story – Brander Matthews.

The Carpenter must have definite conception of the building to be erected, else he spoil material in cutting. So must the writer have plans and specifications of his novel or short-story.

Poe's – Incidents – Setting = The

For "People" we may say "Characters" because all stories do not have people for actors.

Call of Wild

A Night Out - Pipes

Adventures of a Gnome - Johnson

but since all actors are made to represent people, this is the better word.

Incidents are the things done and make up the vehicles on which character of actors are revealed.

Setting = Time, Place, and Conditions Atmosphere and Tone. It fills the blank background and brings harmony just as the background in "The Harvesters."

Some writers contend that if either of the three materials - Character, Incident or Setting is to predominate, it should be named in the opening paragraph Thus Character by Conversation

Incident " Action

Some writers contend that if either of the three materials - Character, Incident or Setting is to predominate, it should be revealed in the opening paragraph Thus Character by Conversation

Incident " action

Setting " description.

It does not seem necessary that this rule be always adhered to.

Either of the three may be so far forced into foreground as to dwarf other two.

The Pendulum is all action practically

Lady or the Tiger " " "

Most tales of Arabian Nights "

The great story should have a theme then drive it home by use of the three materials.

The Short Story is an impression from life.

Theme is "meaning" - the human truth to be brought home. It is an "impression from life".

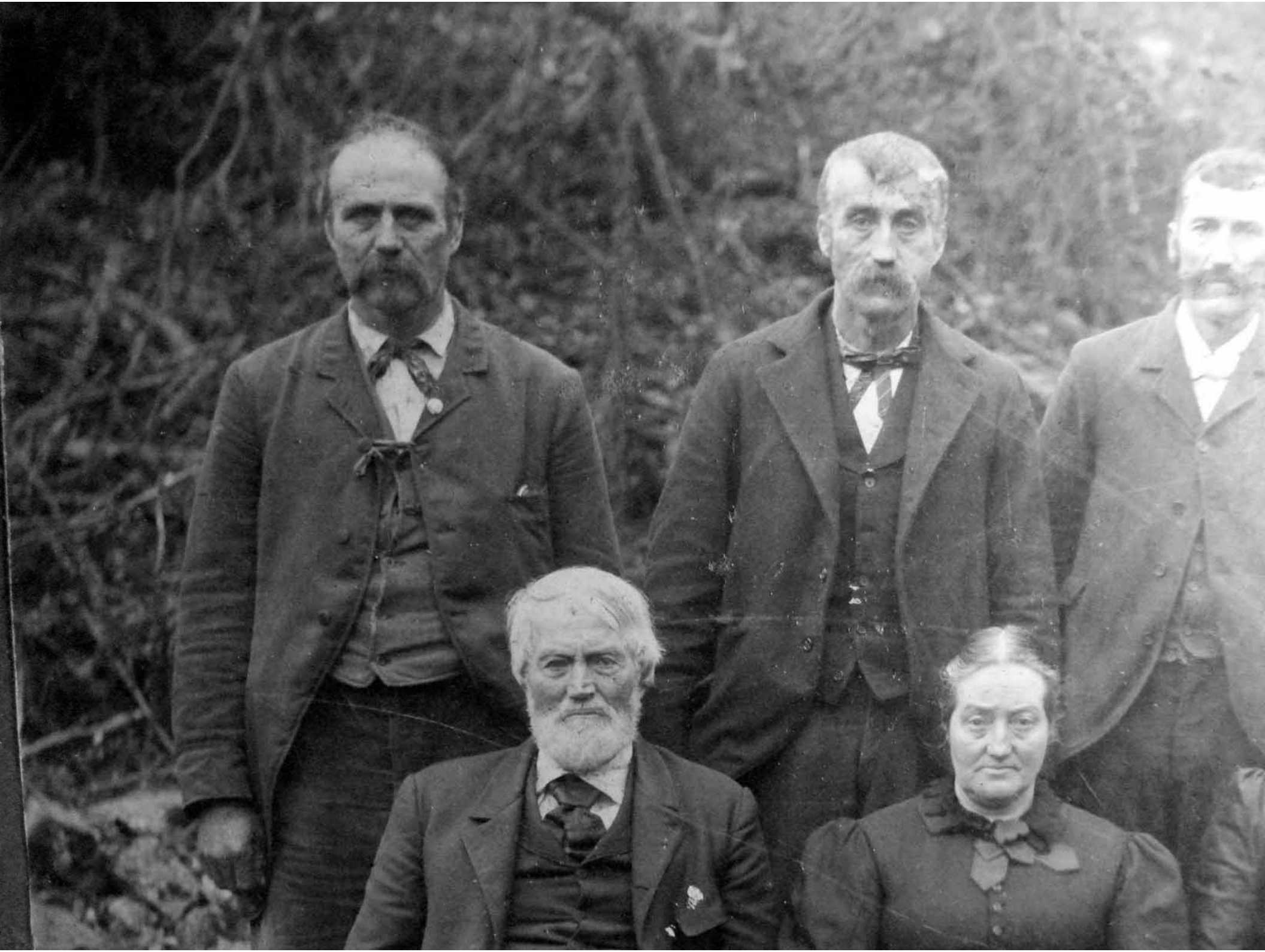
Having determined the theme, the writer employs means to develop it. Some of these means

phraseology, etc

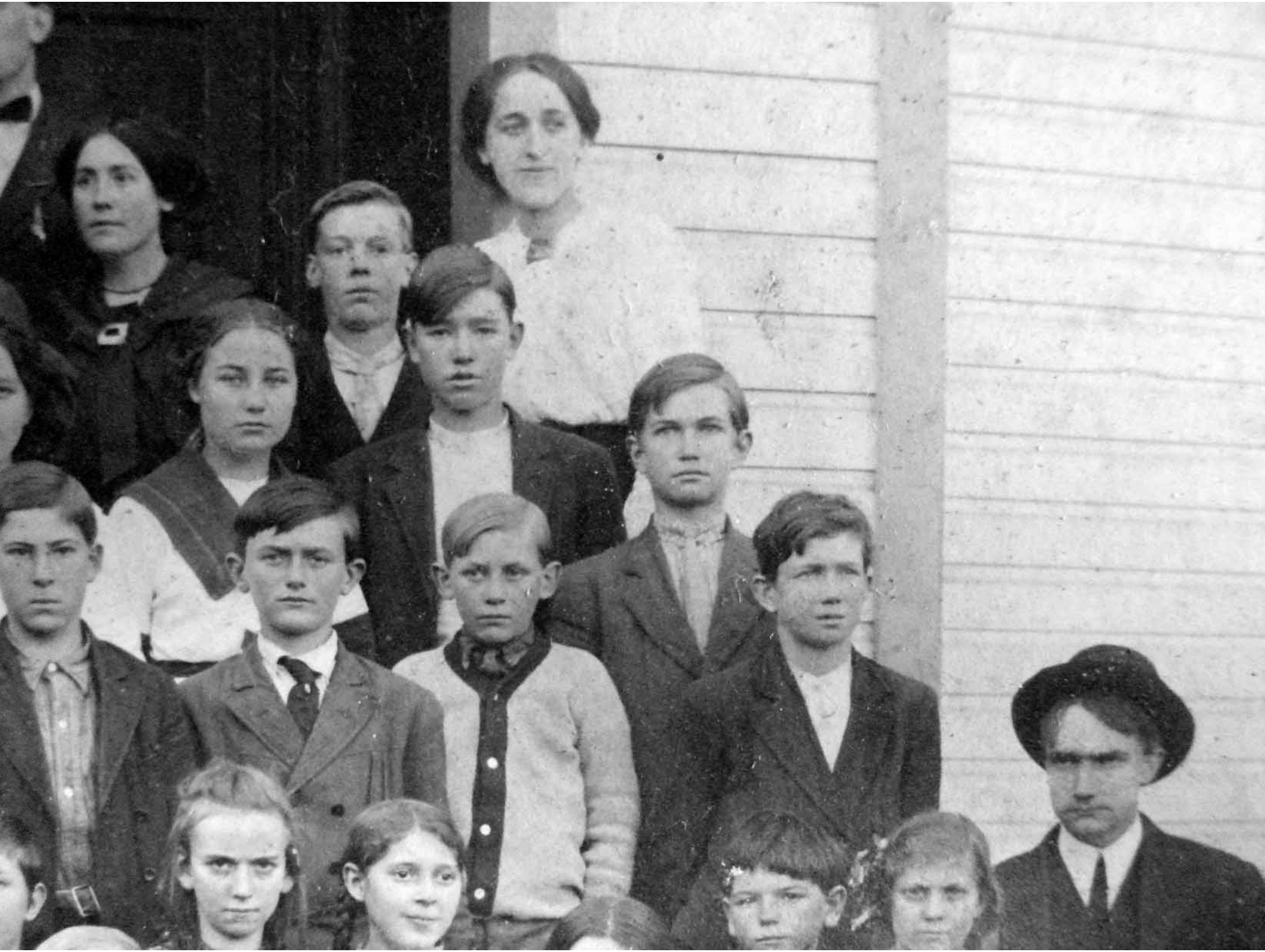
Appearance of Truth

Truth is no guarantee that it is Credible. Fiction is more reasonable than truth oftentimes. A fact may be taken then fictions applied to make it reasonable. Truth is not important - Appearance of truth - Verisimilitude is.

Classic vs Romance



... ...ik SCHOOL
BUCKEYE, W. VA.
BUCKEYE SCHOOL



BUCKEYE SCHOOL
BUCKEYE, W. VA.
BUCKEYE SCHOOL
BUCKEYE, W. VA.

A farming tradition in Pocahontas

McNeills ponder future: Keep or sell

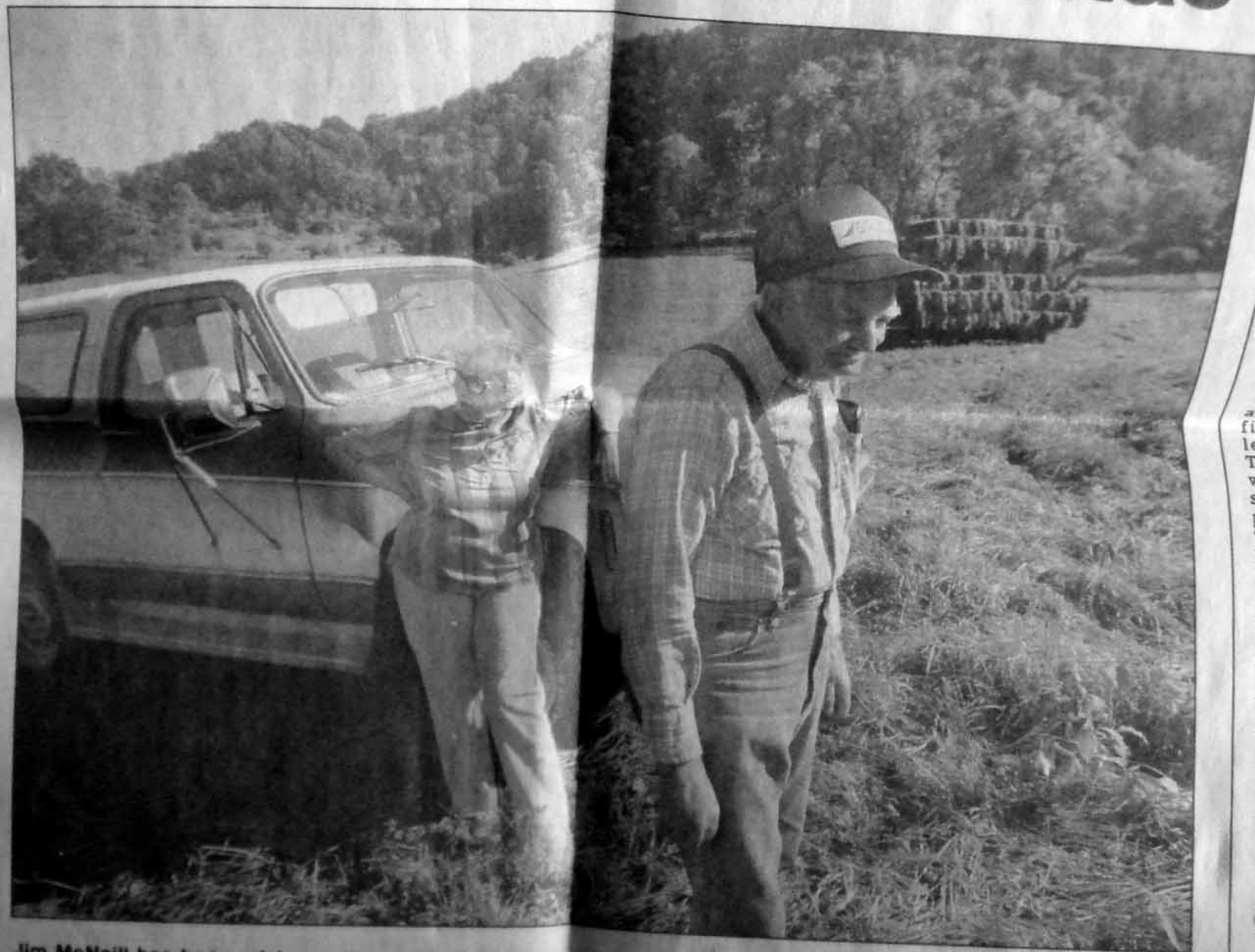
"I know, deep down, that our one old farm is only a ragged symbol, a signet mark for all the others, the old and far older hard-scrabble mountain farms of Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia, all the briery fields scattered across the mountains south. And how the earth holds us is still a dark question. It is not the sucking deepness that draws us, for the earth is mother, protector, the home; but the oppressor too. It requires, sometimes, the very lifeblood of its own, and imprisons the fly-away dreams and bends the backs of men and women. Yet to love a familiar patch of earth is to know something beyond death . . ." Louise McNeill, "The Milkweed Ladies"

By Kristen Svingen
SUNDAY GAZETTE MAIL

BUCKEYE — He's slightly hunched, short of breath, and makes the short trip between his pickup and the cemetery's chain-link fence slowly, haltingly.

Inside, beyond the reach of his herd of 60 cows, overgrown grass conceals the cracked and crooked tombstones on the older graves. As if human, those stones seem to have shrivelled with the decades, decades that stretch well into the last century.

Jim McNeill passes the first and freshest grave on this patch



Photos by F. BRIAN FERGUSON

Jim McNeill has been raising cattle on his Pocahontas County farm since 1937. McNeill's family has been working the same hilly acreage since the American Revolution. Ready to retire, McNeill and his wife Annabelle face the question of what to do with the historic property.

Drop watches expectantly. "Second cousin," he says finally.

A few steps away, flush against the fence, four more familiar graves lie in a row.

"Louise's," he says, gesturing with a weathered hand toward the tombstone of his famous big sister, the former state poet laureate who died last year. "That's my brother. My dad. And my mother."

McNeill wades through the grass toward the center of the cemetery, where some of the oldest tombstones sink in the Pocahontas County hilltop. From his flannel shirt pocket he fishes out the glasses — "spec-tickles" he calls them — but still he can't make out the names of the oldest ancestors. Time and the elements have erased them, making it uncertain which relation the earth is holding there.

He stands in the middle of this place, smokes his cigarette, savors the quiet, the company, and the familiar view of the farm below, where McNeill and the kin now buried here have toiled for more than 200 years.

It's been a hard year for haying on the 217-acre farm (McGetting on in years and suffering from rheumatism and heart problems, McNeill, 76, doubts he has much more farming in him. After tossing his cigarette into the grass and shutting the cemetery gate on the farm's past, he stops to ponder the future. The thoughts guide his gaze across U.S. 219, to former farmland that has since been subdivided into housing lots.

"Those people here are from New Jersey," McNeill says, with a nod to a brown wood frame ranch. "That big house over there's New Jersey."

McNeill, his wife Annabelle, and their only son Blix, a car salesman in nearby Marlinton, have had years to consider what will happen to the farm.

"I may build a good road and lot it off," McNeill says as he sits in the yellow swing on the front porch of his house, the third family home built on the property. "It wouldn't be hard to get offers."

Annabelle takes a hard line against selling. She invokes the wishes of her sister-in-law Louise to back herself up, suggesting the writer would roll over in her grave if that grave were ever to become part of someone else's back yard.

"Of course — Lord oh mercy — she just thought that the land just has to go on and on and on in the McNeill name. She'd never think of selling it."

"I'm not that extreme," her husband says.

"So it was with us, and is with us still, over two hundred years and nine generations of the farm keeping us, and we believing that we keep the farm. But that is not the way

See MCNEILL Page 2C

McNeill's grandson Jamie helps him bale hay. The family hopes the 16-year-old will one day follow in his grandfather's footsteps, but Jamie dreams of a better-paying job in construction.

A farming tradition in Pocahontas

McNeills ponder future: Keep or sell

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Jim McNeill passes the first and freshest grave on this patch of land, as wide and long as a house. He considers the mound of dirt that yet awaits a tombstone to consummate it.

"I guess that'd be my . . . " The old farmer pauses a few moments. His devoted mut Dew sleep watches expectantly. "Second cousin," he says finally.

A few steps away, flush against the fence, four more familiar graves lie in a row.

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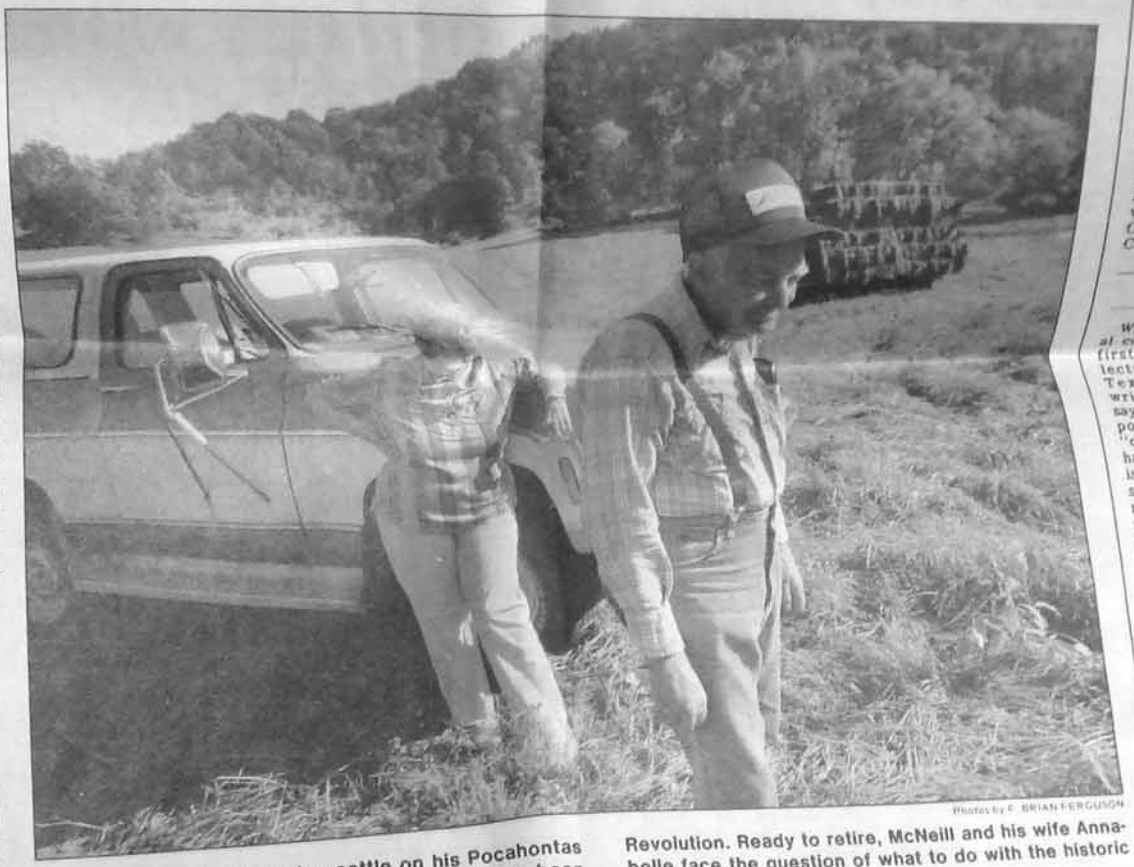

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Neill rents out 750 more). Rain delayed them for weeks, and even when the sun shone McNeill was hard pressed to find anyone to do the arduous work for the $4.25 an hour he was offering.

"I got a lot of hay and no help," McNeill says.

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[illegible]r's footsteps, but Jamie dreams of a [illegible]ving job in construction.

Ivins first Chilton lecturer

A free public event will be added to the cultural life of the Kanawha Valley Monday night — the first program of the W.E. Chilton III Leadership Lecture Series, which begins at 7:30 p.m. at the Cultural Center in the Capitol Complex.

■ Book review, 3B

Whimsical, iconoclastic, national columnist Molly Ivins is the first Chilton lecturer. The Texas-based writer — who says she covers politics and "other bizarre happenings" — is known for her sardonic commentaries on public sham and hypocrisy.

Ivins

Retired Gazette Editor Don Marsh is to introduce Ivins at Monday's program. She will be

See IVINS Page 2C■

Newsprint costs force price hike

The price of home-delivered subscriptions to The Charleston Gazette, the Charleston Daily Mail and The Sunday Gazette-Mail will increase Oct. 2.

For seven-day subscriptions that are delivered to the home, the increase will be 35 cents a week — from $2.25 to $2.60 a week. Six-day subscriptions, which [illegible] will increase by 25 cents to $2.30 a week.

Single copy and newsstand prices will remain unchanged.

Jack Findley, president and general manager of Charleston Newspapers, said the increase was necessary because of a dramatic increase in the price of newsprint. Later this year and throughout next year, the cost of newsprint is expected to go up more than $100 a ton. Charleston Newspapers uses more than 9,500 tons of newsprint a year.

Also, in an effort to improve delivery service, Findley said, Charleston Newspapers will be increasing the profit earned by its newspaper carriers.

Nevertheless, Findley said, "After this price increase, the Gazette and Daily Mail will continue to rank among the lowest-priced papers in West Virginia."

Charleston Newspapers is the [illegible] agency of the Ga[illegible] and manages

2006
Calendar of Events

Artwork: Larry McCallister, Mt. Zion, WV, winner of the Adult category, History is Alive Art Contest.

1-800-CALL WVA
www.wvstateparks.com

Grandma Vei
died in 1916

Dad went to work

age 10 - May 1st Carried water for yard crew JR Glen. Co - Roney (Saw Mill) at Watago got. 75¢ a day.

age 11 - Picked wood from Conveyer for Forest McClure for 50¢ a day.

age 12 - Sleed inside mill for 1.75 a day.
~~Picked~~ Picked Stupid date same year for Promotion only not pay - got scar on leg - where the cogs bit his leg.

age 13 - went to work on Carriage in April got, 2.00 per day (Logging)

age 18 Stayed until the mill ~~sold~~ were out & Dad (wm. Towne bought from Roney) - $2.00 per day wm. ~~Wilson~~ Henry.

age 18 - went to Clover Lick at young's Store left Store to go to Set block for S. Wise Glen. Co. - 3.50 per day.

age 19 - went to Raywood - Set blocks & Sawed for Warren Glen. Co. Bob - ~~Ray~~ Harry & Preston (boss) got $6.00 per day. (1971)

age 20 - went to Mt. Jane - & set blocks for J E. Moore Glen. Co. - 4.50 a day until Nov. 1917

age 20 Dec. 5th 1917 - Jan - 1918 went to Brownsville as Brakeman on Penna Railroad

27 saw mills on Grenbrier

22 1/2 5 Sat - Ex ka list as breakman. Pd - 75.00 per week - work day & night to get that. (Lollipop engine) — Worked there ~~1 yr~~. 6 mo.

age 21 — ~~Bake~~ Back to Spice Run to Saw Mill as block Setter & Eyka Sawyer - Rec. 4.50 per day. Wiseman Mill Sawman 1918 Flu Epidemic Did everything in band-mill except - Stationary engineer file saw. - Blanche born that yr.

age 22 -> Came to Campbellsburg 1st April 1919. Started in Store bunking with Uncle Burgess Stayed there until he spent all the money he had. Stayed there until I sold to Bill Van Reman. about a yr.

23 - Helped build road - (45/219) on rock Crusher Mail. to Camp.

24 - Tourist - dogged Burgess Saved & Dad Set worked for Lbr. Co's Sam Barlow mon Lobelia road. P.O. at Hills. mom & Aunt Vallie run Store in the yard where I was born.

age 25 - April 5th 1922 Went to work Clifton Forge Grocery Co. Stayed there for - 27 yrs.

52 New Bld - 4-1-50 - Moved - Poca. Bro. Co. Trade in 1947 - 49 started Summer of 1955 - 59 worked for Poca Bro. for - 1962 - 7 yrs.

~~59~~ 67 " " Cov. " Co. — 1962 3 yrs.

6265 " " Richwood " " — May 1st 1965 & been there 13 & still going

MARVIN DUNBRACK'S HISTORY

Peter Dunbrack, son of John Dunbrack and Jean Hawthorne of Meaghers' Grant, Nova Scotia, born October 1823 died 1887, married Charlotte Sophia Innes, daughter of Richard Innes, Lake Porter, Nova Scotia, November 16, 1852.

Alexander George Dunbrack was one of their family of ten children. He was born November 11, 1853, in Middle Musquodoboit, Halifax County, Nova Scotia, Canada. He died July 18, 1936, in Campbelltown and was buried in Mt. View Cemetery in Marlinton, West Virginia.

George Dunbrack left the Dunbrack farm in Canada in 1873 at the age of 20. He was a white pine woodsman and as a teamster worked for $1 per day plus board for the St. Laurence Lumber Company and also worked on the log river drives. The last drive he worked on was 1907 on Greenbrier River. His later years spent as a farmer. He married Harriet Ann Ryder May 7, 1889, and to this union were born six sons and five daughters. Their children are:

	Born	Died	Married
Loucrisia	February 11, 1882	August 29, 1963	George Campbell
Irvine	April 4, 1890		

Brooklyn McLaughlin Born April 21, 1980 Daughter of Gary and Jona McLaughlin

Marvin Dunbrack was born at Beaver Creek close to Huntersville on May 1, 1897 He has held various jobs throughout his life and started to work at the age of ten as a water boy for 50¢ a day for J. R. Droney Lumber Company at Watoga. He worked for the Ban Sawmill of Greenbrier Division at Cloverlick, Raywood, Mt. Grove, Virginia and Spice Run doing all jobs at sawmill with exception of sawfiler and lumber grader. Worked for Pennsylvania Railroad as brakesman in January 1918. Owned and operated store in Campbelltown, was Grocery Warehouse Supervisor for Clifton Forge Grocery Company from 1922 to 1950. Salesman and Manager of the Pocahontas Grocery Company from 1950-1965. His work extended into Randolph and and Greenbrier Counties. He was salesman for Covington Wholesale for two years

storeowners still living that he called on, and all salesmen that worked this territory as a competitor are now deceased. He also bought and sold ginseng for 58 years.

Marvin has been active as a member of the Campbelltown Methodist Church since May 1922, where he taught a youth class of boys with an enrollment of twenty-two--average age, eighteen. He was Sunday School Superintendent and teacher of the adult Bible class for 50 years, and although he retired at age 84, he is frequently called on to teach as a substitute teacher.

Marvin also worked as a laborer at the rock crusher using a sledge hammer to crush rock small enough to go through the crusher. He helped build the now existing Rt. 219 from Marlinton to Campbelltown.

Marvin recalls that ladies worked at the Empire Kindling Wood Company at Watoga to bundle kindling blocks about 2" long to be shipped by railroad car lots to different cities to be used as fuel. Marvin's sister, Clara, worked at this job and was paid 20¢ for 100 bundles, making $1 to $1.50 per day.

Wagner – at ~~Bear~~ Beaver Creek

Marvin Dunbrack – age 85 yrs. ~~old~~ was born May 1-1897. Son of ~~George~~ & Harriet Ryder Dunbrack. His father coming down from Canada in 1873 to make his home in the U.S.A. ~~Marvin H.~~ To this union was born six sons & 5 daughters & which ~~he~~ included a set of ~~triplets~~ twins & triplets – 3 girls – the first set of triplets born in Poca Co.,

Marvin married Flossie Via of Tornado (now deceased) & is the father of 5 daughters – Blanche Gunn, Helen Ray (Letter) Gladys Waugh, Annabelle McDade, & Geraldine Brackett. – 11 grandchildren & 11 great grandchildren.

Marvin has held various jobs throughout his life. Starting to work at the age of 10 as a water boy for J. L. Dorsey Lbr Co. at Watago. At at age of eleven was hired as a "dogger" with the same co. He has worked for ~~the~~ a band Sawmill or Lumber operation at Cloverlick, Rayaood, Mt. Gunn, Va., & Spice Run doing all jobs at the Sawmill with exception of Sawfiler & lumber grader. He also worked for Pennsylvania Railroad as brakeman ~~in 1918~~. ~~Left this employment at Beaverdale Pa & returned to saw mill operations~~ Returning to Poca Co.

In 1919 he left the saw mill operations & moved to Campbelltown & started a Grocery business as owner & manager. Continuing in the grocery business he became Grocery Warehouse Superviser for Clifton Forge Grocery Co. from 1922-50. ~~The~~ At this time the Clifton Forge Co sold to the Pocahontas Grocery Co & he was Salesman & manager from 1950-1965. ~~He~~ He

has driven the roads of Foca, for 5 yrs.
work extended into Randolph & Greenbrier Counties.
He also worked as Salesman for Covington Wholesale
for two years — & then for Richwood Wholesale
& retired from that firm with 15 years service
He worked the Marlinton trade for 58 years ~~as of~~
~~1979~~ & discontinued "working-on-the road" in June
1979, because of illness. In his last years of work
there was none of the original Storeowners still
living that he called on and all Salesmen that
worked his Territory as a competitor are now
deceased. He ~~also~~ bought & sold ginseng for 58 yrs.
during his time in groc. business
He also worked as a laborer at the ~~French~~ rock
on Elk Mt.
Crusher, using a sledge hammer to crush rock
small enough to go through crusher. & ~~He~~ helped
build the now existing Rt. 219 from Marlinton
to Campbelltown. His employment consisted of being a
brakeman for the Penna. Railroad at Bensinville, Pa.
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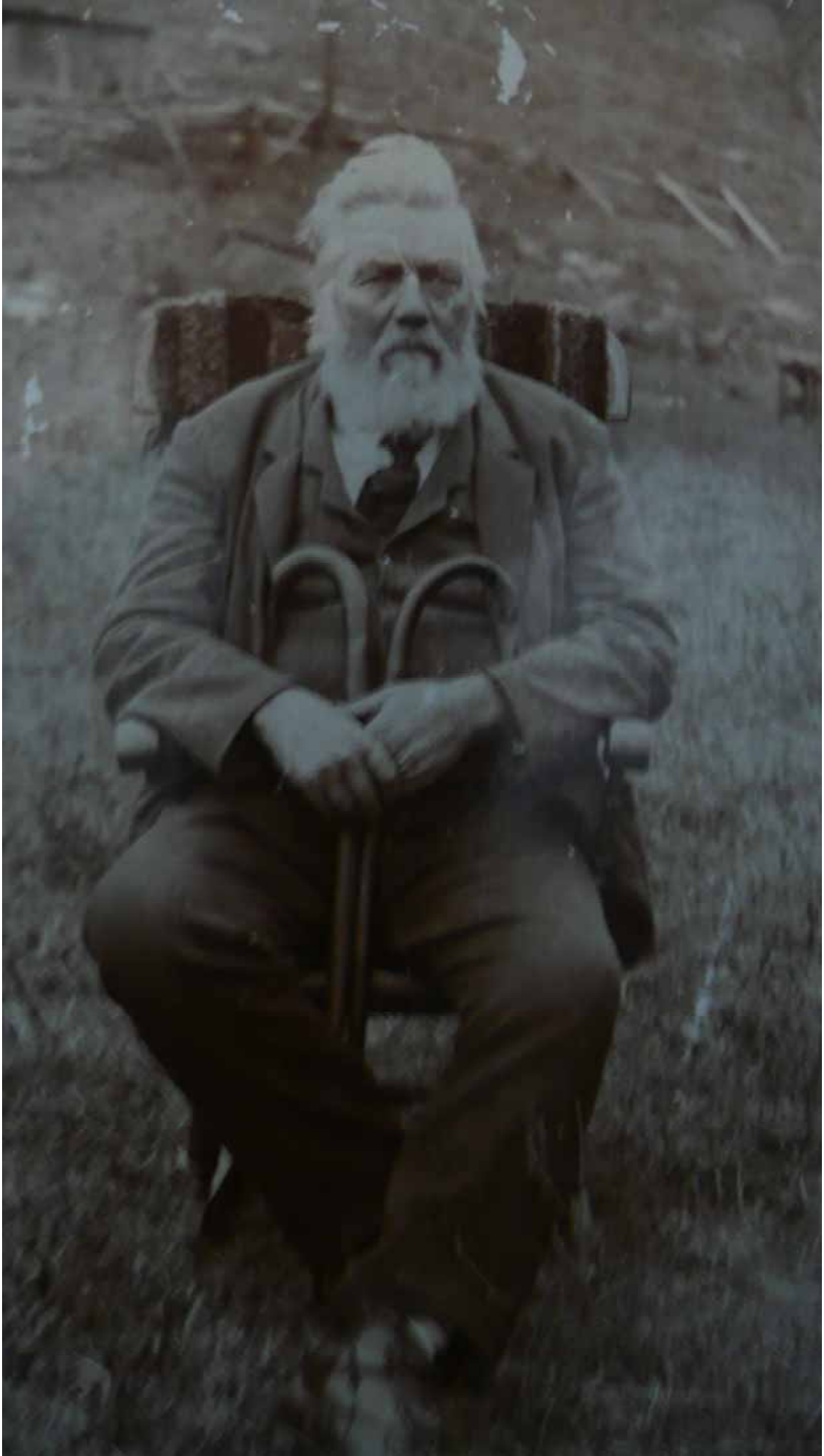
where he taught a youth class of boys with an enrollment
of ~~Twenty~~-two - average age of 18. He was Sunday
School ~~Supt.~~ Superintendent & Teacher of the Adult
Bible Class for 50 yrs., and although he retired at
combined total
age 84, he has been called on to teach as a substitute
teacher.

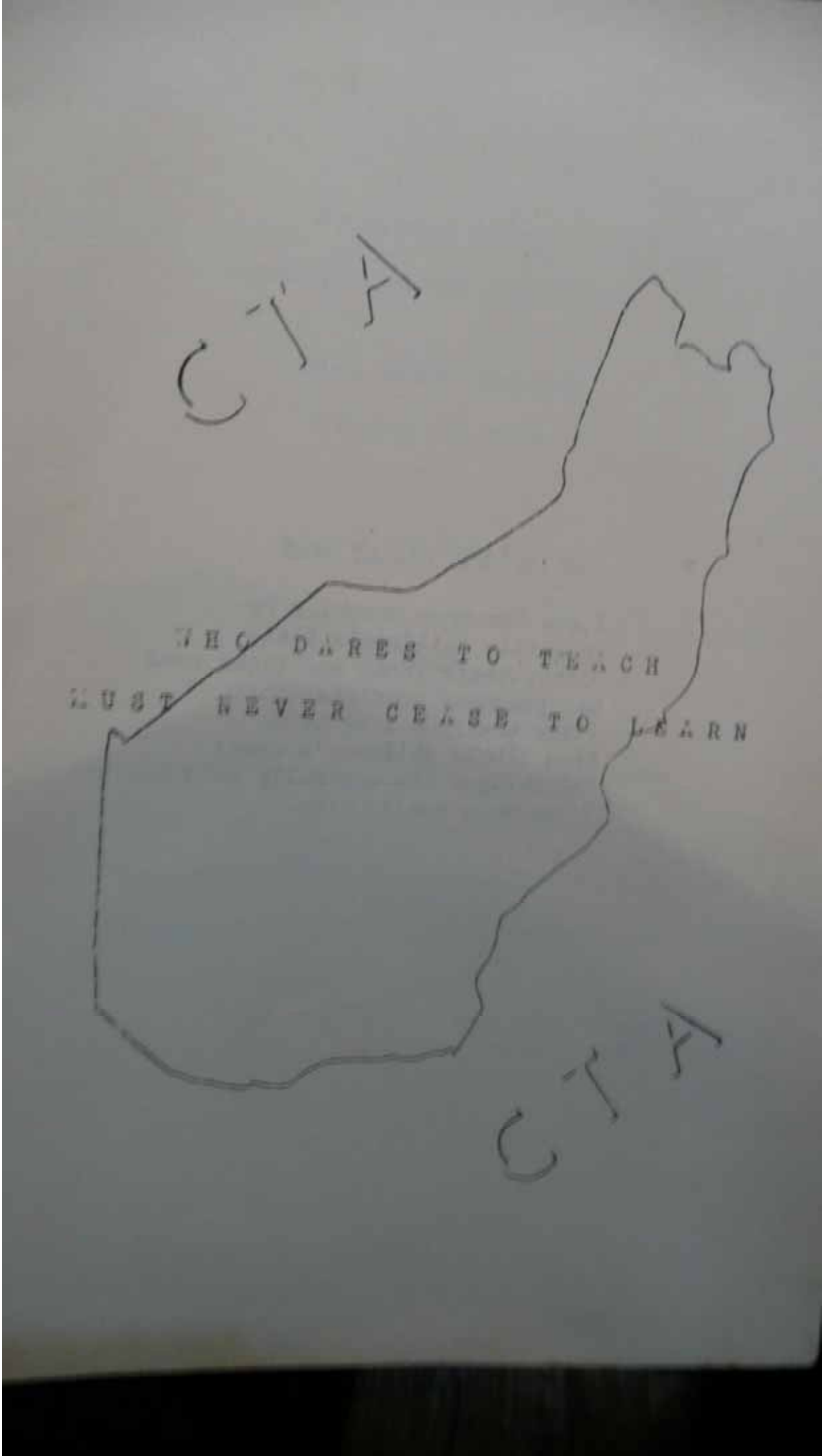
(See front page)

He now resides ~~in in the~~ at 207 - 2nd Ave.
in Marlinton.

World's Greatest Dog



School House - Dry Cre
Teacher - Edna Killison
Students: Maude Bowers
Mary Barnes
Lonnie Armstr
Mildred Music
Pearl Cochran
Grace Barnes
(on end) -> Ike Adkison
Hester McElmee (McCl
John Gay
Madge Bowers
John Hause


CTA
WHO DARES TO TEACH
MUST NEVER CEASE TO LEARN
CTA

PROGRAM

Invocation - Mr. J. K. Arbogast

Group Singing - Leader, Miss Edith May
Pianist, Mrs. Bonnie Hill

Introduction of Guests -

Report on CTA Leadership Conference -
Mrs. Margaret Cole
Miss Patsy Ruth Fields

The Poor Scholar's Soliloquy -
Miss Madaline McNeill

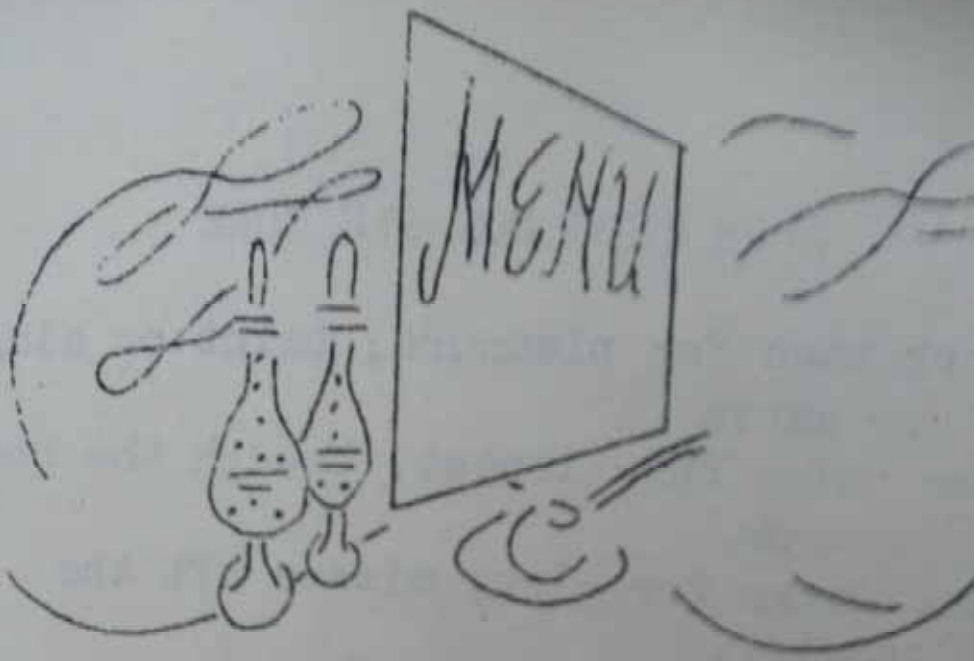
Presentation of New Teachers -
Mrs. Bonnie Brooks

Presentation of Certificates and Pin
to Retired Teachers - Mr. M. H. Brooks
Mrs. Macel Harris

GUEST SPEAKER - Dr. Corma A. Mowrey
Director of Professional Services NEA

Announcements -

* * * * * * * * *



"Eat, drink, and be merry,
For tomorrow ye diet."

BAKED HAM

MASHED POTATOES - GRAVY

GREEN BEANS - HARVARD BEETS

WALDORF SALAD

HOT ROLLS - BUTTER - JELLY

CAKE WITH SAUCE

COFFEE - TEA

* * * * * * * * * * *

(Dinner prepared and served by the ladies of the
Dublin Methodist Church)

IF WE WERE REALLY WISE

I saw tomorrow marching by
On little children's feet;
Within their forms and faces read
Her prophecy complete.
I saw tomorrow look at me
From little children's eyes;
And thought how carefully we'd teach--
If we were really wise.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

CLASSROOM TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

Annual Dinner Meeting

November 29, 1956

* * * * * * * * * * *

OFFICERS

1956-1957

President ..... Mrs. Maud Bumgardner

Vice-President ..... Mr. Glenn Tracy

Secretary ..... Miss Minnie Parg

Treasurer ..... Miss Louise Brown

Executive Committee:

Mrs. Zell Lewis
Mrs. Willa Thanger
Miss Margaret Wilson

WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing
or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body
starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the
goal;
Who works for money coins his very
soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well
may be
That these things shall be added unto
thee.

- Kenyon Cox

* * * * * * * * * * * *

To be good is noble, but to tell others how to be good is nobler and no trouble. - Mark Twain

Behold the turtle. He makes progress only when he sticks his neck out. - James Bryant Conant

It takes less time to do a thing right than it does to explain why you did it wrong.
- H. W. Longfellow

The greatest glory of a freeborn people is to transmit that freedom to their children.
- William Harvard

There is in every man something greater than he had begun to dream of. Men are nobler than they think themselves. - Phillips Brooks

* * * * * * * * * *

Pocahontas County CTA wishes to express their congratulations and commendations to the following retired teachers of Pocahontas County for their long and faithful service.

Miss Elsie J. Adkison	1909-1954
Mr. W. A. Bolen	1895-1943
Mr. W. M. Buckley	1915-1944
Mr. H. R. Fertig	1909-1946
Miss Enid Harper	1913-1954
Mr. A. W. Hill	1896-1941
Mr. W. A. Hively	1908-1949
Dr. George D. McNeill	1894-1940
Mr. Charles Spencer	---
Mrs. Clara P. Wade	1914-1956
Mr. K. B. Wilmoth	1908-1947
*Mrs. Rachel Wooddell	1909-1955

*Teaching 1956-1957

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM – 10¢

POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

WELCOMES YOU TO . . .

Pioneer Days

July 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1971

SPONSORED BY:
Pocahontas County Pioneer Days Committee
With Assistance of County Organizations, Clubs, and Businesses

The Museum

The Pocahontas County Historical Society was first organized in 1961, and incorporated in 1962 when it acquired its home and museum from the late Mrs. Frank Hunter. The house was built by the Hunters when he was the first cashier of the Bank of Marlinton.

The grounds around the museum consist of approximately two acres lying between US Route 219 (Seneca Trail) and the Greenbrier River. On the right of the entrance are the gravestones of 40 Confederate soldiers. To the left are the graves of several of the early members of the Price family.

The museum was dedicated in 1963 by the then governor of West Virginia, W.W. Barron, and Pearl Buck, world renowned author who was born in Hillsboro, Pocahontas County. The library room in the museum was named in Pearl Buck's honor.

The Pocahontas County Historical Society, Inc., is owned by public spirited citizens throughout the county, state, and nation. Membership in the Society may be obtained by paying the $1 membership dues.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Pioneer Days Souvenir Badge for $1.00 required for persons 6 years of age and older. Entitles holder to all events except Horse Show, Horse Pulling Contest and Miss Pocahontas Pageant. There is a charge for the surrey and antique car rides, but the wagon rides to and from the Museum are free. The wagons will stop at the Museum, in front of the Presbyterian Church on Main St. and at the High School. On Saturday the wagons will stop at the Rifle Contest.

George R. Hanna

Representative

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Peebles Store & Supply
115 SENECA TRAIL
General Merchandise and Quality Produce
Westinghouse Appliances · Groceries · Paint

Table of Contents

FRATERNAL ACTIVITIES 4
MENS FRATERNITIES PARENT 5-6-7
FRIARS ACTIVITIES 8
FRIARS NIGHT FRATERN 9
SORORITY ACTIVITIES 10
INTERFRATERNITY EVENT - GAMES 12
FRATERN FIRST REMINISCATION 13
FRATERN FRIENDS 15
HOUSE AND HOUSEMOMS 16
SORORITY ACTIVITIES 17
HOUSE SHOW PICTURE 18-19
FIRST & HOUR HOUSES 20
HOUSEMOM MOMS 23
SPECIAL INTERESTS 24
ADVERTISEMENTS 25

BILL'S ESSO SERVICENTER

Candidates for Miss Pocahontas

Jetta Lou Bowyer

Susan Chappell

Deborah Crawford

Renae Crist

Connie Sue Dilley

Donna Dunbrack

Nina Marie Fowler

Linda Lou Landis

Cornell Moore

Jo Ann Sharp

Lois Jean Sharp

Diane Shiflett

Jane Small

Susie Smith

Donna Stemple

Leigh Waslo

Shirley Wilfong

Teresa Wooddell

Sharon Woods

Miss Pocahontas Pageant

THE 1971 CONTESTANTS

4576 - 4649

1. MISS JETTA LOU BOWYER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Omar Bowyer, Green Bank; Senior of Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Mary Rebekah Lodge No. 109.
2. MISS SUSAN CHAPPELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chappell, Hillsboro; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Lions Club.
3. MISS DEBORAH CRAWFORD, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Maynard Crawford, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Woman's Club.
4. MISS RENAE CRIST, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crist, Arbovale; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin Lions Club.
5. MISS CONNIE SUE DILLEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Dilley, Dunmore; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Fire Department Ladies' Auxiliary.
6. MISS DONNA RAE DUNBRACK, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunbrack, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society, Inc.
7. MISS NINA FOWLER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Fowler, Hillsboro; Sponsored by Hillsboro Fire Department and Firemenettes.
8. MISS LINDA LANDIS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Damon Landis, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Swago Home Demonstration Club.
9. MISS CORNELL MOORE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Business and Professional Women's Club.
10. MISS LOIS SHARP, daughter of Mrs. Glenda Snead and Mr. Lowell Sharp, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Chamber of Commerce.
11. MISS JO ANN SHARP, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sharp, Huntersville; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton VFW Auxiliary.
12. MISS DIANE SHIFLETT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Shiflett, Marlinton; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Ruth Rebekah Lodge No. 68.
13. MISS JANE SMALL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Small, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Fire Department.
14. MISS SUSIE SMITH, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees.
15. MISS DONNA STEMPLE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stemple, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Rotary Club.
16. MISS DIANA WASLO, daughter of Mr. Mike Waslo, Arbovale; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin VFW Post No. 3453.
17. MISS SHIRLEY WILFONG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilfong; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Dunmore Home Demonstration Club.
18. MISS TERESA WOODDELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Wooddell, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Junior Home Demonstration Club.
19. MISS SHARON WOODS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Woods, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by VFW Post No. 4595.

Candidates for Miss Pocahontas

Jetta Lou Bowyer

Susan Chappell

Deborah Crawford

Renae Crist

Connie Sue Dilley

Donna Dunbrack

Nina Marie Fowler

Linda Lou Landis

Connie Sue Dilley

Donna Dunbrack

Nina Marie Fowler

Linda Lou Landis

Cornell Moore

Jo Ann Sharp

Lois Jean Sharp

Diane Shiflett

Jane Small

Susie Smith

Donna Steeple

Diana Leigh Waslo

Shirley Wilfong

Teresa Wooddell

Sharon Woods

7. MISS NINA ...
Sponsored by Hillsb...
8. MISS LINDA LAND...
Graduate of Pocahon...
Demonstration Club...
9. MISS CORNELL M...
lington; Senior at P...
Business and Profe...
10. MISS LOIS SHARP,...
Marlinton; Graduat...
Marlinton Chamber...
11. MISS JO ANN SHA...
Senior at Pocahon...
Auxiliary.
12. MISS DIANE SHIFL...
ton; Junior at Poc...
Lodge No. 68.
13. MISS JANE SMAL...
Graduate of Pocah...
Fire Department.
14. MISS SUSIE SMITH...
uate of Pocahontas...
cees.
15. MISS DONNA STE...
Senior at Pocahon...
Club.
16. MISS DIANA WAS...
Pocahontas County...
17. MISS SHIRLEY WI...
at Pocahontas Co...
tion Club.
18. MISS TERESA WO...
lington; Graduate o...
lington Junior Hom...
19. MISS SHARON W...
Graduate of Pocah...
No. 4595.

Miss Pocahontas Pageant

THE 1971 CONTESTANTS

456-4649

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Bank; Senior of Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Mary Rebek
Lodge No. 109.

2586 2. MISS SUSAN CHAPPELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chappell, Hill
boro; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinto
Lions Club.

3. MISS DEBORAH CRAWFORD, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Maynard Crawfor
Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored b
Marlinton Woman's Club.

4339 4. MISS RENAE CRIST, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crist, Arbovale
Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin Lions Club

5. MISS CONNIE SUE DILLEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Dilley, Dun-
more; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Mar-
linton Fire Department Ladies' Auxiliary.

6. MISS DONNA RAE DUNBRACK, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunbrack,
Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Pocahon-
tas County Historical Society, Inc.

7. MISS NINA FOWLER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Fowler, Hillsboro;
Sponsored by Hillsboro Fire Department and Firemenettes.

8. MISS LINDA LANDIS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Damon Landis, Marlinton;
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15. MISS DONNA STEMPLE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stemple, Marlinton;
Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Rotary
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4156 16. MISS DIANA WASLO, daughter of Mr. Mike Waslo, Arbovale; Junior at
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4574 17. MISS SHIRLEY WILFONG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilfong; Senior
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linton Junior Home Demonstration Club.

19. MISS SHARON WOODS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Woods, Marlinton;
Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by VFW Post
No. 4595.

OPEN 6 A. M. UNTIL 12 MIDNIGHT ABCC NO. 400

El Poca Restaurant & Motel

SERVING GOOD FOOD REASONABLE PRICES EVERYONE WELCOME

PHONE 799-4204 RFD 1 MARLINTON, W. VA.

FRIDAY'S ACTIVITIES

10:00 A.M. -- Bake Sale at Richardson's Store.

10:30 A.M.-8:00 P.M. -- Craft Corner, 4-H Exhibits, Bake Sale, Flower Show, Quilt Show, Old Kitchen Display, the Jack Jeffers Photo Exhibit at Marlinton Gym.

11:00 A.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Food at Museum (see p. 17).

11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. -- Food at Fire House (see p. 23).

11:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey rides to and from the Museum. The surrey will travel through the Greenbrier River from the Presbyterian Church to the Museum with a charge of 50¢. Antique Car rides originating from Presbyterian Church, 50¢.

11:00 A.M.-10:00 P.M. -- Wagon rides to and from the Museum, available to those wearing the Pioneer Day Badge.

Noon-7 P.M. -- Percussion Rifle Shooting Contest across Knapps Creek from the Board of Education Office. Regulation rules will be strictly enforced. Rifles furnished or bring your own. Practice shooting at 25¢ a shot. There is an entry fee of $1.00 for the contest, with prizes being awarded on Saturday at 6:30 P.M. at place of contest.

1:30 P.M. -- Old Time Spelling Bee at the Museum. All ages. Cash awards.

2:00 P.M. -- Pocahontas County History Contest at Museum. Cash award.

2:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Tours of Huntersville, first County Seat. Inquire at Information Tent.

4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Spaghetti Dinner, Marlinton Methodist Church.

6:00-7:30 P.M. -- Horseshoe Pitching Contest at Museum. (Singles and Doubles)

7:30 P.M. -- Frog Hop and Turtle Races at the Marlinton Athletic Field for children ages 6-14. 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes will be awarded-one entry per child. All entries must be in by 7:00 p.m.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

YOUR REXALL FAMILY DRUG STORE

Royal Drug Store, Inc.

Prescriptions filled accurately
with quality pharmaceuticals.

Marlinton, W. Va. Phone 799-4826

(Continued from page 8)

Four turtles and four frogs will be in each heat until three winners are picked. Sponsored by American Legion and V.F.W

8:30 P.M. -- Program at Museum featuring the Little Swiss Dancers, a scene of Pocahontas County History. Special guests Dottie Clutter O'Donnell and her husband, Dennis O'Donnell (Dottie Clutter O'Donnell is the daughter of Mrs. Eva Beard Ferhl and the late Eric Clutter and was raised in Hillsboro.) Bring a folding chair if possible.

Friday Night Program

Program beginning at 8:30 P.M.-Pocahontas County Museum
(Bring a folding chair, if available)

COMMEMORATING
Pocahontas' Sesquicentennial

An evening to relax and to enjoy

The "Pioneer Choir" under the direction of Frances B. Eskridge as it sets the mood.

"Little Switzerland of America" folk dancing by two classes of music pupils, ages 6-11 years, of Mildred Y. Seagraves.

Bits of Historical Scenes

Narrator to carry you along in time and fact

Briefly portraying early events leading to establishment of first county seat of Pocahontas County in Huntersville, 1821.

Folk Art at its best in the main feature of the evening.

Dotty Clutter O'Donnell

as she returns to her native county to sing in the style of yesteryear-those songs handed down through generations-conveying joy, heartache, events transmitted mainly through folk singing. She will be joined by her husband, Dennis O'Donnell, in some of the response numbers.

Finale - a tribute to the county and to the state, with Audience Participation in the singing of "West Virginia Hills"

Program Coordinated by Ruth M. Morgan

1859 The Great 1971
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., Inc.
Ann Page Fine Foods - Super Right Meats - Jane Parker Bakery Products - Quality Produce.
916 Third Ave., Marlinton

Compliments of
Bob Miller
Your A & P Representative
1936 - 1971

SOUTHERN STATES
MARLINTON COOPERATIVE, INC.
719 Third Avenue
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Telephone: 799-6523

WARE'S
GENERAL REPAIR
212 9th Street
MARLINTON, W. VA.
PHONE 799-4082

SATURDAY'S ACTIVITIES

9:00 A.M.-9:00 P.M. -- Wagon rides to and from Pioneer Days Events.
9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey rides to and from Museum at a charge of 50¢; also Antique Car rides at a charge of 50¢.
9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Exhibits and Craft Corner at Marlinton Gym (see Friday's Activities for details).
9:00 A.M.-6:00 P.M. -- Percussion Rifle Shooting Contest (see Friday's Activities for details).
10:00 A.M. -- Bake Sale at Museum.
11:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. -- Food at Museum.
10:00 A.M.-Noon -- Craft Demonstrations at Museum.
10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Hamburgers and hot dogs at First National Bank parking lot.
11:00 A.M. -- Bar-B-Que Chicken Dinner, Presbyterian Church.
1:30 P.M. -- Parade.
3:00 P.M. -- Horse Pulling Contest at Athletic Field (See p. 21).
4:30 P.M. -- Ox Roast at School Cafeteria.
6:00 P.M.-7:30 P.M. -- Horseshoe Pitching Contest at Museum.
7:00 P.M.-9:00 P.M. -- Mountain Folk Music Contest (See p.21).
9:00 P.M.-11:30 P.M. -- Square Dance in front of Southern States Store, sponsored by Marlinton Lions Club. Music by The Quadreelers.
9:00 P.M.-1:00 A.M. -- Social Dance at Marlinton Gym-$5.00 per couple, sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees. Music by The Nu-Notes. Popcorn, Sno Cones and Kiddie Rides will be on First National Bank lot throughout weekend.

Home Products Market
G. M. Faulknier
Fresh Meats
Country Hams
Frozen Foods - Groceries
MARLINTON, W. VA.

LIVESTOCK VANS
DUMP TRUCKS
WINCH TRUCKS

FLAT TRAILERS
LOWBOY TRAILERS
VANS

ICC MC111788
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MARLINTON
W. VA.

SHIP BY TRUCK

PHONE 304-799-6106

P. O. BOX 149

Compliments of

First National Bank

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MARLINTON, W. VA. PHONE 799-4640

1971 Pioneer Days Badge

by Katherine R. McClure

Because 1971 is the Sesquicentennial Year for Pocahontas County, the Pioneer Days badge pays tribute to the first county courthouse which was located in Huntersville.

On June 5, 1822, a deed for land for the purpose of locating a county seat of justice was given to the justices of Pocahontas County and their successors in office, by John Bradshaw and wife. Upon this land a brick courthouse, a brick office for the county clerk and a brick jail were constructed. Huntersville was the center of the county government between 1821 and 1892.

The first county clerk was Josiah Beard who served ably in this position even prior to the building of the brick courthouse when the first courts convened in the house of John Bradshaw.

The safe keeping of the county records was not exactly a routine task. At the time of the breaking out of the War the Hon. William Curry was serving as both circuit and county clerk. When it became evident that the Federals would invade the county the court ordered Mr. Curry to remove the records to a place of safety. In compliance with this order he caused them to be taken to the private residence of Joel Hill, Esq., in the Little Levels. Here they remained until Jan. 11, 1862, when Mr. Curry became alarmed as to the safety of so valuable a charge thus placed in his custody. He therefore caused them to be removed to Covington, Virginia, where, for a short time, they lay in the clerk's office of Alleghany County. From here they were taken to the storehouse of Captain William Scott. In Sept. 1863 Gen. Averill's Federal command reached Covington, and Mr. Curry again removed the records--first to the residence of William Clark, then to a stack of buckwheat straw, in which they lay concealed for three weeks, and were then conveyed into the mountains and stored

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

open 5 A.M. until 9 P.M.

FRENCH'S DINER

Serving Good Food

Complete Dinners, Sandwiches, Cold Cuts
Carry Out Service

[illegible] Phone 799-6599

A Complete Line of Chevrolet Cars & Trucks

Mitchell Chevrolet, Inc.

Route 39 - Fifth Avenue Marlinton, W. Va.

(continued from page 12)

away at the house of a Baptist minister. Here they remained until after the surrender at Appomattox.

The storm of war had now passed away, and Mr. Curry, in June 1865, returned with the records and once more deposited them at the house of Dr. Hill. Here they remained one month and were then taken to a vacant house belonging to the Rev. Mitchell Dunlap where they remained until Sept. 1865 when the first court convened after the close of the War (Nov. 1865) in the Methodist Church at Hillsboro. From that time they were kept in the "old academy building" until June 1866 when they were taken back to the county seat and deposited at the house of John Curry.

More than five years had passed since their first removal, and strange to say, not withstanding all the vicissitudes of war through which they passed, only one thing was lost and that was an old process book of no value.

Huntersville, the first county seat, gained its name from the fact that it became a center where hunters and trappers could trade pelts, venison and ginseng for salt, coffee, powder, lead, a few pieces of calico, etc.

The courthouse is situated on the left bank of Knapps Creek, six miles from its mouth. It is surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains and has the appearance of an Alpine village. Its elevation is 2400 feet above the Atlantic.

Curry's Super Market

FANCY GROCERIES & FRESH MEATS
Flour and Country Produce

Marlinton, W. Va. Phone 799-4475

Friday Evening, July 9 - 5:30 to 8:00 P.M.

Ceramics -- Johnnie Hill
Splitting Shingles -- Mr. Barnhouse
Carding Wool & Spinning -- Mrs. C.H. Kellison
Knitting -- Mrs. Grace Turner
Weaving Baskets -- Mrs. Ruth Cotterman
Crewel Embroidery -- Mrs. Norman Beale
Crochet Beads -- Mrs. Nellie Dean
Churning -- Mrs. Lloyd Woods
Home-made Ice Cream -- Mrs. Elton Wade
Maple Syrup -- Mrs. Delbert G. Moore

Saturday Morning, July 10 - 10:00 to 12:00 A.M.

Ceramics -- Johnnie Hill
Splitting Shingles -- Mr. Barnhouse

VISIT WITH US DURING PIONEER DAYS

The Grill

SATURDAY'S SPECIAL
Ham Sandwich -- 50¢
Egg Salad, Ham Salad
or Chicken Salad -- 35¢
Ice Cold Draft Beer -- 25¢
FAST CARRY-OUT SERVICE

Johnson's Dari-Land

ICE CREAM MILK SHAKES
SANDWICHES SOFT DRINKS

CHIC-INN

Sandwiches
and Full Course Dinners
One Mile South on Rt. 219
Mr. & Mrs. Earl Moore

PARADE PROGRAM

Registration: 10:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m. on the Depot Platform.

Parade forms at 12:30 p.m. Saturday at the Marlinton Stockyards and starts at 1:30 p.m.

1:15 p.m. Little Swiss Folk Dancers will perform on Main Street.

Parade Committee: Marlinton Jaycees
Co-Chairmen: Lyle Campbell, Kenneth Cohenour, Doug Dunbrack and Ernest Shaw
Master of Ceremonies: Walter Iett

Introduction of distinguished guests, followed by the parade.

Presentation of winning entries and awarding of prizes.
Presentation of winning entries in the Pioneer Days Art Contest, oldest couples contest, person traveling the longest distance (must register at information booth to qualify), and most authentically dressed store clerk.
Trophies and prizes will be awarded in five classes and will be based on the most original Pioneer Days outfit.

1. Horse and rider.
2. Horse or oxen and buggy, surrey, buckboard, wagon or any type of horse or oxen-drawn conveyance.
3. People walking.
4. Western class.
5. Floats.
6. Antique Car -- trophy only.

There will be a $40 cash award for First Place and $30 cash award for Second Place in each class. Trophy only for Third Place in each class. The exception to this is the Antique Car Class where only the First Place winner will be awarded a trophy.

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HOSTS AND HOSTESSES

The following hostesses and hosts will be available throughout the Pioneer Days Weekend to give you any information, direction or assistance you may need:

Lois Sharp, Bobbie Jo Sharp, Dianne Shiflett, Vonnie Myers, Terry Payne, Becky Cutlip, Marsella Hollandsworth, Vicki Richardson, Debbie Crawford, Debbie Faulkner, Terry Wooddell, Cornell Moore, Susan Viers, Jenny Mitchell, Susie Smith, Ann Mallow, Annette Eye, Joan Eye, Shirley Tibbs, Janice Kay Nelson, Linda Calhoun, Nancy Bowen, Dondi Stemple, Lynette Hiner, Kathy Gibson, Libby Graham, Matt Withers, Jim Smith, David Cain, Terry Richardson, Scott McNeill, Tommy McLaughlin, Mike Anderson, Brent Withers, Willie Sparks, John Mallow, Jim Dilley, Donnie McElwee, Tommy Mitchell.

PIONEER DAYS MENU

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Fish Special $1.00

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SUNDAY'S ACTIVITIES

10:00 A.M.-Noon -- Church of your choice.

11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. -- Chicken 'n Dumplings at Marlinton Fire House, sponsored by Brushy Flats Home Demonstration Club.

1:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey and Wagon Rides; Displays at Museum. Wagons will run until after Hymn Sing.

1:00 P.M.-6:00 P.M. -- Horseshow at Marlinton Athletic Field, with many classes, trophies, ribbons and prize money.

2:00 P.M. -- Log Rolling Demonstration.

2:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Tours of Huntersville (First County Seat.)

4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Sandwiches and drinks at Museum.

7:30 P.M. -- County Hymn Sing at Museum under the direction of Mrs. Willard Eskridge. (Will be held at Marlinton United Methodist Church in case of rain.) Bring a folding chair if possible.

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Pioneer Days Horse Show

Show Co-Chairman and Secretary.....Judy Cutlip, Hillsboro

Show Co-Chairman and Secretary.....Ruth Taylor, Hillsboro

Show Advisor.....Charlene J. McNeel, Sinking Springs Farm

Announcers.....Jim Fleshman and Eugene Simmons

Ring Crew.....Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department

Concession Stand.....Hillsboro Firemenettes

The Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department and Firemenettes thank you, and hope to see you again next year.

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Pioneer Days Horse Show

Marlinton Football Field, Marlinton, West Virginia

1:30 P.M. Sunday, July 11, 1971

Sponsored by the Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department

No:	ENTRY FEE:	CLASS:	PRIZES:
1.	$2.00	Western Halter	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
2.	2.00	Cloverleaf Barrel Race	T. & 4 R. $4,$3,$2,$1
3.	2.00	Western Pleasure	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
4.	2.00	4-H Pleasure	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
5.	2.00	Ladies Western Pleasure	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
6.	2.00	Trail Class	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
7.	2.00	Children's Pleasure	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
8.	2.00	Western Horsemanship	T. & 4 R. $4,$3,$2,$1
9.	2.00	Trailer Race	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
10.	2.00	English Halter	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
11.	2.00	Plantation Pleasure	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
12.	2.00	Open English Pleasure	4 Ribbons $8,$6,$4,$2
13.	2.00	Ladies English Pleasure	T. & 4 R. $4,$3,$2,$1
14.	2.00	English Horsemanship	T. & 4 R. $4,$3,$2,$1

WESTERN HIGH POINT HORSE OF SHOW . . . Trophy & Ribbon
ENGLISH HIGH POINT HORSE OF SHOW . . . Trophy & Ribbon

EXPLANATION OF CLASS NO. 9 TRAILER RACE:
The Class is limited to Ten (10) entries. Each entry consists of One truck or car as the case may be, One horse trailer, One horse, One driver and rider. Entries must park all vehicles on starting line. Judge will blow whistle, all entries must get out of their vehicles, unload their horse, saddle and bridle him, walk around ring one (1) time, unsaddle and unbridle horse, load horse in horse trailer, load tack in tack compartment, get in vehicle and turn on lights.

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The Pearl S. Buck Second Seminar

GENERAL THEME: QUALITY OF LIVING
Topic 1971: "Creative Arts in Family Life"
Place: Hillsboro Public School and Pearl S. Buck Birthplace, Hillsboro, W. Va.
Dates: July 6, 7, 8, 1971 -- Sponsor: Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, Inc.

Pearl S. Buck was born at Hillsboro, West Virginia, of native West Virginia parents. She is the sole American woman to win the Nobel Prize for Literature, and one of the world's great citizens. Only within recent years has her native state attempted to honor her in a fitting manner. The West Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs bought her birthplace and surrounding land, and conveyed it to the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, Inc., a non-profit, non-stock corporation organized for the purpose of restoring the birthplace and developing the Pearl S. Buck Cultural Center of the Arts and Humanities. Plans include the building of a suitable structure to house Miss Buck's original manuscripts, her personal property and awards now being acquired by the Foundation. An annual Seminar is an activity of the Foundation.

The purpose and objective of the Annual Seminar, started in 1970, is to give the public an opportunity to hear a stimulating discussion by selected and varied panelists on American life. This year's topic is about family life. Eight panelists, including Pearl S. Buck, will discuss the following topics:

July 6, "Literature in Family Life",
July 7, "Changing Styles in Family Life",
July 8, "Creative Arts & Professional Design in Family Life".

Each Seminar session will be from 10 A.M. until noon. The last half hour of each session will be for audience participation. Admission is free. On Tuesday evening at 8 P.M. Miss Buck will speak to the public at Hillsboro Junior High School.

Each afternoon the public is invited to visit the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace, the property of the Pearl S. Buck Foundation, which is to be renovated, and the future plans of the Foundation will be explained.

The Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation has been financed by dues from its members and donations. No officer or director receives any pay. Public support is needed. Everyone is invited to become a member or make a donation.

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MOUNTAIN FOLK MUSIC CONTEST

7:00 P.M. - Saturday, at Marlinton Athletic Field. Judging will be divided into two groups: Group I will be Modern Style Music (blue grass, country, country western and autoharp). Group II is Mountain Music and will be broken into the following sections: Section I - dulcimers (3 & 48 string), French harps and zithers; Section II - banjo and guitar (only mountain style); Section III - singing without accompaniment; Section IV - fiddle. Cash awards of $150.00 will be awarded.

HORSE PULLING CONTEST

Saturday, immediately following the parade at Marlinton Athletic Field. Prizes will be awarded by elimination. Each entry will be awarded $10.00, with cash prizes as follows: 1st - $125.00; 2nd - $75.00; 3rd - $50.00; 4th - $35.00; 5th - $25.00; 6th - $15.00; 7th - $10.00.

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The Quadreelers will perform
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THE QUADREELERS -- (left to right) Bill Lovelace, June Lovelace, Jim Dolan and Ed Gardner. Absent, Bert Dodrill (fiddler).

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SANDWICHES & DRINKS

WEEKEND MENUS

Friday, July 9

9:00 A.M. - Bake Sale--Sandwiches and drinks at Gym. Sponsored by 4-H Clubs of Pocahontas County.
10:00 A.M. - Bake Sale at C. J. Richardson Store. Sponsored by Methodist Church.
11:00 A.M.-7:00 P.M. - Ham and Biscuits, Sandwiches, Cake, Cookies, Drinks at Museum. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society.
11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. - Sandwiches (Ham, Ham Salad, Chicken Salad, Peanut Butter and Pimento Cheese), Cupcakes, Cake, Coffee, Tea and Lemonade at Fire House. Sponsored by Big Flats Home Demonstration Club.
4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Spaghetti Dinner at Marlinton Methodist Church. Sponsored by W.S.C.S.

Saturday, July 10

10:00 A.M. - Bake Sale at Museum. Sponsored by Lobelia Rebekah Lodge.
10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. - Hamburgers and Hot Dogs at First National Bank Parking Lot.
11:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. - Ham and Biscuits, Sandwiches, Cake, Cookies, Drinks at Museum. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society.
11:00 A.M. - Barbecued Chicken Dinner at Marlinton Presbyterian Church. Sponsored by Women of the Church.
4:30 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Ox Roast at Marlinton Elementary School Cafeteria. (Barbecued Beef on Bun, Baked Beans, Cole Slaw, Ice Cream, Coffee, Tea and Milk. Tickets: Adults-$2.50 at door, $2.00 in advance; Children-$1.50. Sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

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(Continued from page 23)

Sunday, July 11

11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. - Chicken 'n Dumplings (Green Beans, Mashed Potatoes, Cole Slaw, Home-made Bread, Cake, Coffee, Tea and Lemonade) at Fire House. Sponsored by Big Flats Home Demonstration Club. Tickets: $2.00. Will also serve sandwiches.
4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Sandwiches and Drinks at Museum.

SPECIAL INFORMATION

1. An Information Booth will be in front of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church. Inquire there for any directions or information you may need. Also register there for the oldest person contest and the prize for the person traveling the longest distance. There will be a $5.00 prize for each contest.
2. Attend the Dinner on Thursday Evening preceding the "Miss Pocahontas Pageant" at the Pocahontas County High School Cafeteria. This event will officially open the 1971 Pioneer Days Weekend.
3. Plan to attend the Pearl S. Buck Seminars at Hillsboro July 6,7,8, and visit her birthplace there.
4. Come to the Museum on Friday Afternoon and Saturday Morning to see Crafts demonstrated. An authentic log cabin can also be visited on the Museum lawn.
5. The Pioneer Art Contest is exhibited at the Museum. Entries have been sent in from all the Pocahontas County Schools.
6. A Wildlife Exhibit will be at the First National Bank Parking Lot.
7. There will be tours of Huntersville on Friday and Sunday afternoons. Visit the first county seat of Pocahontas County!
8. Visit the Pioneer Days Craft Corner in the Gym during the weekend. Buy lovely hand crafted items.
9. There is limited seating facilities at the Museum, so bring a folding chair if possible, to the Friday and Sunday Night programs.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Historical Society would like to express our appreciation to our advertisers and sponsors for making this program possible. Our thanks and appreciation go also to the many individuals, clubs and organizations who have worked hard to make Pioneer Days 1971 a success. We especially thank the following people who have devoted their time to this community project:

Chairman 1971 Pioneer Days: Douglas Dunbrack

Committee Chairmen

Parade: Marlinton Jaycees, Lyle Campbell, Kenneth Osbourn
Grounds: R.J. Sheets, Bill McNeel
Badges: Miss Katherine McClure, Rotary Club
Publicity and Promotion: Mrs. June Sharp, Bill McNeel
Meals and Restrooms: Mrs. Dale Curry
Square Dance: L.E. Sanderbeck, Jr., Lions Club
Hymn Sing: Mrs. Willard Eskridge
Crafts: Mrs. W.D. Yeakman
Misc. Donations Pageant: Mrs. Larry McNeel, Eugene Simmons, Blir McNeill
Horse Show: Mrs. Larry McNeel, Hillsboro Fire Department
Mule Contest: Black Mountain Bluegrass Boys
Wagon Rides: Richard Barlow, Marlinton Fire Department
Hurry Rides: Layton Sharp
Food: Mrs. Fred Burns, Sr., Mrs. A.E. McNeel (at Museum)
Horse Pulling Contest: Fred Burns, Sr., Eugene Simmons
Horseshoe Pitching Contest: Walter Bell
Muzzle Loading Rifle Contest: Kyle Neighbors
Flower Show: Mrs. Bill Harper, Steve Meadows
Spelling Bee: Mrs. Ben Gartzell
Quilt Show: Mrs. Hallie Wamsteker
Art Show: Miss Edith May, Mrs. Russell Barlow, Mrs. Ed Wilson
Dress Right Program: Mrs. Ben Morgan
Craft Corner: Mrs. Neal Sullivan
Mule Pull Dancers: Wanda Myers, David Semple, Mrs. Millie Seagraves
Forestry Demonstrations: Davis Beverage
Official Program: Mrs. Fred Burns, Jr., Doug Dunbrack, Mrs. Tom Dunbrack
Signs: Mrs. Jim McNeill, Miss Madeline McNeill
Pageant Turtle Races: Ed Semple, Beverly Kenney
Treasurer: Mrs. Fred Burns, Jr.

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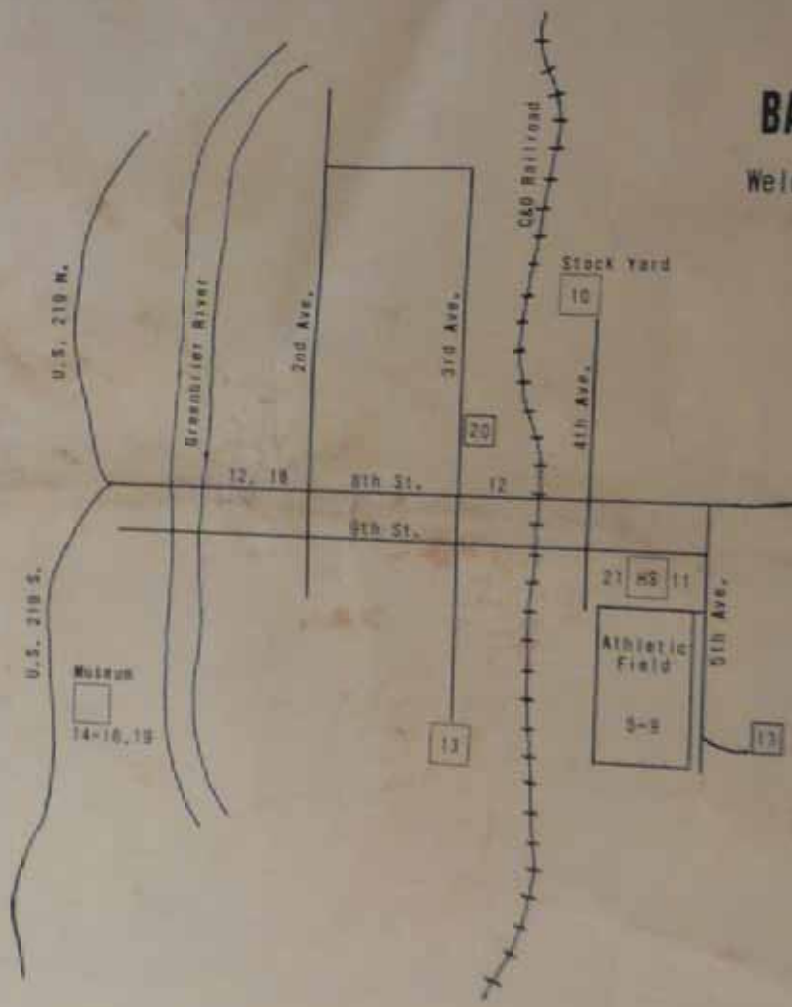


1-2-3. Beauty Pageant, Banquet, Queen's Ball
4. Tours of Huntersville-First County Seat
5. Horse Pulling
6. Ox Roast
7. Music Contest
8. Flag Races
9. Horse Show
10. Parade Line-up
11. Exhibits
12. Parade Route
13. W.V.U. Forestry Team Demonstrations
14-15-16. Friday Night Program, Craft Demonstrations, Sunday Night Hymn Sing
17. Rifle Shooting
18. Surrey Rides, Model-T Rides
19. Horseshoe Pitching
20. Square Dance
21. Social Dance

1821 POCAHONTAS COUNTY SESQUICENTENNIAL 1971

FIRST COURTHOUSE, HUNTERSVILLE

DID YOU KNOW?

Huntersville became the County seat of Pocahontas County by an act of the Virginia Assembly in 1822.

JOHN BRADSHAW, a prominent citizen, named Huntersville as a compliment to the hunters who came there during the hunting seasons. It was the principal trading post for the county several larger stores being there.

In 1852 a fire destroyed most of the town and during the Civil War it was burned by Federal troops sent in from the garrison at Beverly to prevent it being a Confederate depot for military supplies.

The stone jail, which was

built in 1821, is still standing.

The courthouse was located near the jail. Religious services were held there for many years; then the academy was built in 1842 and was used by the Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians as a place of worship.

The Presbyterian Church was constructed in 1854 on land donated by GEORGE E. CRAIG, a prominent business man of Huntersville. It was used as a hospital by both the Federal and Confederate troops during the war.

The bell in the Church was bought around 1855 by the ladies having a fair, and selling cakes, pies, cookies, and bread. The bell cost around $75.00, and is still in use today.

The Masonic Lodge, the first one in the county, was granted a charter November II 1875. The meetings were held on the second floor of the Courthouse. When the county

seat was moved to Marlinton, a Lodge Hall was constructed as a second story of the Presbyterian Church. It was dedicated June 18, 1896.

The first organization meeting for Pocahontas County was held in Huntersville at the home of JOHN BRADSHAW. The first Commissioners of the County were JOHN JORDIN, WILLIAM POAGE, JR., JAMES TALLMAN, ROBERT GAY, GEORGE POAGE, BENJAMIN TALLMAN and GEORGE BURNER. They were required to take an oath to support the Commonwealth and "against duelling".

JOSIAH BEARD was sworn in as the first Clerk of the County Court and served from 1822 to 1831.

JOHNSTON REYNOLDS was appointed the first Attorney for the Commonwealth.

ABRAHAM McNEEL was appointed the first Coroner.

The first Deed presented for recording in Pocahontas County was in May Court 1822, and was from THOMAS COCHRAN

to JAMES RANKIN.

The first Minister to be required to post bond was LUDIVICTUS ROBINS in July 1822 for $1,500.00.

The first sworn jury was in October 1824, consisting of WILLIAM AULDRIDGE and eleven others.

The first Levy was laid in June, 1822.

At the Court Meeting of May 1822, it was ordered that contracts be let to the lowest bidder for the construction of a brick Court House, a brick Clerk's office and a brick jail.

Possibly the first murder trail held in Pocahontas County was on December 17th, 1825, and was against "PEGGY, a female slave", for smothering her new-born illegitimate child. She was acquitted.

In 1822, Pocahontas County paid $4.00 bounty on wolf scalps.

In 1822 the Court House kept records of Deeds, Trust Deeds, Marriages of Whites and Marriages of Blacks, Deaths of

Whites and Blacks, and Surveys. Births were not recorded until 1853. All of the above origonal records are now a part of th Pocahontas County Court House in Marlinton, West Virginia.

N O T E S

This Pamphlet prepared by the POCAHONTAS COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE, Marlinton, West Va.

Pioneer Days—July 8, 9, 10, 11

Well Casing – in field below bridge on Buckleys – Still there about 1½ ft. out of ground – well used for Comm. that was there then.

Susie or Glenna Can add to or Contradict my remarks, Since they are older than I am.

School House on Dry Creek – Aunt Anna and Edna B. Edna taught there some – Bill McNeill possible game land.

Electricity Came to Buckeye in June 39 Capt. Killingsworth – P. D. & W. W. Graham Bill Rogers big Suites enticers – 3.00 per no. per mile as far as Bill Rogers – Joe took it to Paul's Dance an present Home at own Expense.

1916-17-18 1st Model Cars in this part of Country – Indian trails used as roads 2 in our place.

Norman Rase – 14 yrs – 1st Airplane he Saw Come over – field over towards old House.

Monument being erected – this June 1769 Pioneer Settler of Swago – was Thomas McNeill – Reis History

Well Casing – in field below bridge on Buckleys. Still there about 1½ ft. out of ground – well used for Comm. that was there then.

Susie or Glenna Can add to or
Contradict my versions, Since they
are older than I am.

School House on Dry Creek - Lower end
Edna taught there Some - Bell
Mc Neill possible Same land.

Mr. Neill possible game land.

Electricity Came to Buckeye in June '39
Capt. Killingsworth - J. D. & W. W. Graham
Bill Rogers
Big Sales enteers - 3.00 per No. per mile
as far as Bill Rogers - Joe took it
to Paul's Demean present home at our
Expense.

15± Model

of Country - Indian trails used as roads
2 in our places.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 1st Airplane
he saw come over - field over towards
old house.

this farm
1769

Monument being erected -
Pioneer Settler of Swazo - was
Thomas McNeill - Rice's History

993

Spring Cleaning

By Louise McNeill

lost one of the great West Virginians when Laureate Louise McNeill was buried on June 993 — West Virginia Day, naturally enough. ong life overlapped the entire history of DENSEAL, and we were proud to have had pportunity to bring some of her prose into

favorite was "Spring Cleaning," a previously blished manuscript she drew from her files n life. Like most of her prose this story deals the Pocahontas County homeplace which eills have treasured since Revolutionary War

Mother Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Neva, never dressed this way for the annual housecleaning.

in those gentle years, 5-1920, our Pocahontas nty household was rela- ne. For despite the Great ite Granny's temper fits, te Mama's annual bouts g housecleaning, our life n still moved to the slow, ythm of the seasons, and ky roof of our cottage e meadow the sun fell d the snow gently, and summer rain.

r was a country school- en later a principal and a and good, even great, at . He was also a part-time t always a farmer with a pocket and a dream in His name was George cNeill. Nearly every- e neighborhood called ," but not to his face.

d once been a school- o, but now she was a r, cook, gardener, seam- ry maid, pig woman, aiser, blackberry pie d, moreover, my mother She hated it every day and every season, but particularly when the spring sunshine came in to show it up. So every May or early June she must hold her great spring housecleaning, a rigorous and ancient ritual which we must celebrate from before daybreak until after dead dark.

Not like later when someone would come in to wash the woodwork in my house, Windex my windows, and I'd lug the box of dusty Christmas decorations upstairs. No, my mother, when she spring housecleaned, spring housecleaned; and there was nothing casual in her touch.

On that morning, chosen by moon signs for its promise of "warm and sunny," Mama would be up long before daylight, shaking the kitchen range down, grinding her coffee, putting on the bacon and eggs. Then, breakfast over, we would hurry out to do the milking, strain the milk, slop the hogs, feed the chickens, and start carrying in, by way of three-gallon buckets, a barrel of water from the spring. Then a fire would be built at the wash place and two 20-gallon kettles of water put on to boil.

By then the sun would be up, the yard grass drying, and the fire gone out in the kitchen range. When the stove cooled sufficiently, with G. D. helping we would pick it up and, with great labor and puffing, carry it out into the yard. This done, it was time for G. D. to go off to his manwork, though sometimes, as a boon to Mama's intentions, he would hire a sturdy neighbor woman who would come across the field at sun-up, happy to work for 35 cents a day.

Thus supported and often with brother Ward, too, staying around to add his carrying power to the festivities, Mama would begin to transfer all our goods and chattels from house to yard. For this was the old custom, to carry every lock, stock, and bobble out of the house, set the wild collection down on the yard grass, scrub it or dust it and sun it; and then, in the late evening, the inside of the house by then scrubbed and squeaky clean, to carry everything back in.

r Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Neva, dressed this way for the annual housecleaning.

larly and two 20-gallon kettles of water
in to put on to boil.
arly By then the sun would be up, the
ring yard grass drying, and the fire gone

COLLEEN ANDERSON

Perhaps the labor was not actually as heavy as it now seems to me, for we had only wooden furniture; and Grandpa's black walnut dining table was only eight feet long; the isinglass parlor stove easy enough for four people to carry; and, besides, the day itself gave forth its air of singular flurry and excitement, of new beginnings and hot soapsuds and cleansing sun.

The first thing Mama would do was to get the parlor stove out and stored for the summer in the smokehouse. Then she would take a hammer and screwdriver and start her attack on the windows — the small-paned, cordless variety — for they must be removed, their casing strips coming down with them; then all the windows lugged out carefully into the dooryard and leaned up against the plank fence to receive their ablutions of warm water and homemade soap.

Then all the furniture, odds and ends, rugs, books, and dishes must be carried or dragged out onto the yard grass and the clothes hung on the clothesline to sun. This great out-going would include, of course, all the old-fashioned beds, with their slats, springs, feather ticks and straw ticks — a mass of wood, metal and striped ticking that would be scattered in a confused tangle all across the front yard.

Then the cleaning would begin with buckets of hot water from the boiling kettle and buckets of clean cold water for the rinse. And, of course, into the hot water Mama would put handfuls of her soft homemade soap, that brown ropy substance that she and Granny — in its own season — had made from hog grease and ash lye. This soft soap, along with its peculiar clean stink, was the very center of cleaning day and the very cleaning process itself — the bedsteads to be washed with it and the windows and even the inside of the dresser drawers — so that now its strange brown smell comes back to me, but it is *not* the scent of cinnamon rose. Instead, it is a wild, brown, acid, slightly chemical smell, with a taint of rancid hog grease in it and with that sweet fragrance of childhood memory, soapsuds and joy and springtime sun. And a world away from "ring around the collar," Downy, Tide, and Cheer.

Mama would be pouring soapsuds on the glass of the windows and washing them off with an old rag. Then she would turn the windows over, wash the other side, slosh buckets of cold rinse water on them, and leave them drying in the sun.

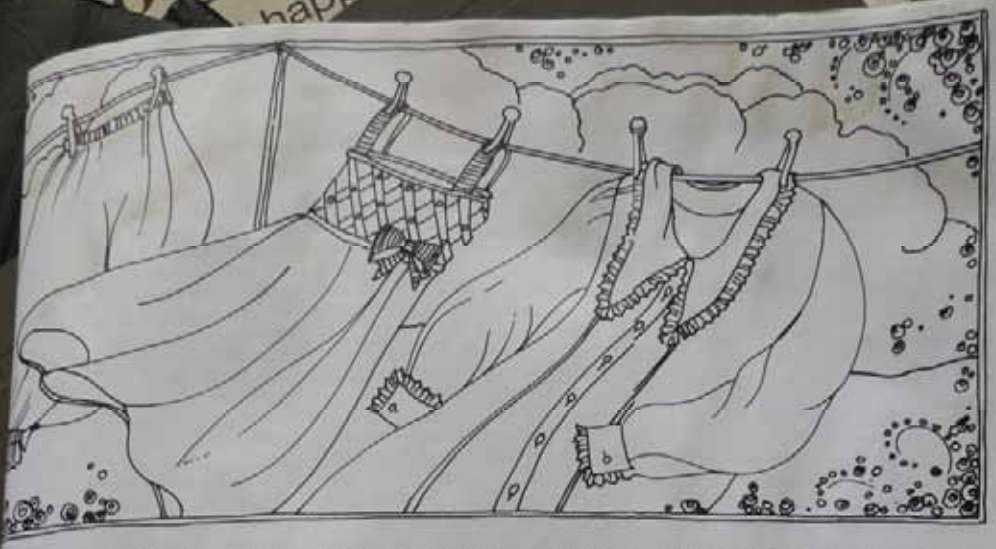
Usually during this initial stage of the festivities, Ward would be patiently cleaning out the kitchen stove and stovepipe with a wire and sticks and an old feather duster, the winter's collection of soot floating dangerously close to the clothesline; and the old dog barking his excitement; the clothes flapping merrily on the line.

The hired woman, left inside the house, would be scrubbing the wide-board floors, dusting the walls and ceilings with a rag-covered broom, and washing the painted woodwork with slathers of brown soap.

Elizabeth and I might be assigned to "red up" the dresser drawers, wash the reams of kitchen utensils, and wipe off G. D.'s multiplying tribe of books. As we cleaned the drawers, there was one drawer we must never open. It was the right-hand upper drawer of Grandpa's black walnut highboy — the drawer that was never opened except by the Head of the House. That was G. D., and G. D. was to town or far off in the field someplace.

We knew Grandpa as the Captain, from his Civil War service, so the drawer was never opened because it was "the Captain's drawer," though by 1920 — say 1920 was the year of this specific cleaning — the old Captain had been dead for many years. But his drawer was never opened; and not opened now, either, except by the oldest male member — because it is the Captain's drawer. So, back then, Elizabeth and I would neaten and refold the sheets and pillowcases in the lower part of the highboy and then start washing the endless dishes and endless pots and pans.

By now — getting on toward noon — Ward would be filling the ticks with the new straw from the straw rick, and Mama would sew them up with a darning needle and twine thread. Then the old straw was thrown into the hog pen and the scrubbing and scrubbing would go on



Granny, meanwhile, for she was always on her own individual edge of the activity, would be going over the bedsprings and all the bed cracks and crannies, going over them in that ancient routine of the mountains, with a turkey feather dipped in turpentine. For turpentine is death on bedbugs, and Granny was always certain that our beds had been colonized by the little, red, bloodsucking bugs. The bedbug argument was one of the many sources of friction between Granny and Mama, for Mama insisted that there were no bedbugs, while Granny insisted that there were whole settlements of them and would spend half a day with her oily feather, going in and out of all the cracks and crannies in her old pioneer routine. Next she would slosh the bedsteads with buckets of soapy water; and then get her a big stick and start beating and flailing at the rugs.

The rugs, with one exception, Mama's 9-by-12 from the floor of the parlor, were not rugs, actually, but home-woven cotton carpets, the ones that Lydie Allen, up on Dry Crick, wove on her great clacking loom. None of the women of our house could weave carpets now — the old skills passing slowly and silently — but Lydie Allen could still weave, and also Grandma Susan and Cousin Mahalie, though Lydie did most of the neighborhood carpets now.

So Mama, when new carpet was needed, would cut carpet rags in the winter, cutting their long strips from pieces of worn-out clothing, then sewing the strips together, and winding them into great basketball-sized balls. Then she would carry the great soft multicolored balls up the crick to Lydie, and, when the carpet was woven, would nail it down on the floor with carpet tacks, the old square-topped kind.

These carpet tacks, though only around the carpet edges, could wreak havoc on a child's bare feet, and turpentine would have to be poured down into the little puncture holes. Then, too, this carpet would become, during a long year's season, a great catch-all for dust and dirt. And though Mama all year, on her day of Saturday cleaning, would sprinkle salt and water on the carpet and sweep up the yellow, dirty salt, still the carpet was a dusty catch-all, and on spring cleaning day must be taken up from the floor, drug out into the yard, then beaten and turned over, and beaten again with all of Granny's fury; while the dust rose from it in yellow fogs; and the dog barked; and the chickens ran and cackled; and the wham-wham of Granny's beating stick echoed against the smokehouse wall.

At noontime we would hurriedly eat the cold lunch Mama had prepared for the occasion and then hurry back to the conflict. The window curtains must be washed and stretched, the wearing clothes carried back into the house to their pegs and to our one closet, so that the scatter rugs could be put on the clothesline and beaten with paddles and sticks.

By now the hired woman would have the inside of the house all clean and soap-smelling, and we could begin to carry in our gear. The heavy old carpet came first, and we would drag it heavily and pull it into place. Then Mama and Ward, crawling on their knees, would attempt to stretch it and tack it down, thus to cover up, for another dusty season, the old Captain's wide-board cherry floor.

It would be almost dusk when we sat down to supper, and the cows still to be milked, the eggs still to be gathered, but Mama would glance around the dining room with a look of weary satisfaction. For though the ceiling still leaked, and the old wallpaper still hung in bubbles, the room was full of soap and sweetness. Then one time, I remember Mama going into the Captain's room in the twilight and setting up in the very middle of the table a bunch of pink flowers in her pretty glass dish. And all the room smelled of sweet flowers and brown soap and sunlight; and I can smell it now, and the harsh old brown soap smell makes the tears sting in my eyes.

The empty scrubbed rooms of the house would seem, at this juncture, very big and silent, with all their people gone. I would walk through the echoing rooms, smelling the sun and soap, and then, staring into the corners, would sense the presence of the old Captain as he had worked.

pounding and sawing here in the old summers — just back from Yankee prison, so many years ago.

But Mama would call me from my wanderings. It was time to carry in the furniture, to reinstall the windows, and hang the clean curtains on their wooden rods. So our dragging and puffing would begin all over. Then Mama would take — as all women must take — a spell of rearranging the furniture, a fit which would double the burden and require the transfer of dressers, tables, and what-nots of various kind. But the Captain's black walnut highboy would always be put back into its exact old place against the wall, and the carved handle of its upper right-hand drawer would stare out at me, saying, "*Do Not Touch.* I am the Captain's Drawer."

After Mama's shifting and staring were over, we would carry the gear back into the kitchen — the stove still absent — and rearrange the cupboard shelves. Then the beds must be put together; their side pieces knocked into their places with a hammer; and the slats laid on, the springs, the straw tick, then the feather tick — in that order; and then the beds made up for the night. And the shining windows reinstalled with nails and hammer, and the sweet-smelling curtains hung.

Then, by late supper time, G. D. would come to help carry the range back into the kitchen and — after an immortal struggle — manage to get the stovepipe into its hole.

But all of Mama's housecleanings did not go as smooth and sunny as this one typical day. One time a sudden rainstorm swooped down on us from Bridger's Mountain, with Mama running to gather up G. D.'s books, yelling at us to "get in the feather ticks" and the rain inundating a great scattering of our household effects.

Then that other and historic day when G. D. arrived at late noon hour to announce calmly that State School Superintendent Maurice P. Shawkey was arriving for a fried chicken supper at half-past six. It was this day that G. D. helped us carry in the furniture, helped nail down the carpet, labored manfully to get the window strips back in place. And all of us kids running back and forth for loads of old coats, kitchen equipment, shirts and neckties, leather volumes of Charles Dickens, chamber pots, bed ticks, spice boxes — and G. D. pounding the kitchen stovepipe into its black, ill-fitting hole.

By four o'clock the house was furnished, though the spice boxes were under the bed and the empty straw ticks stuffed into the closet. The beds looked a little low, of course, and the curtains wrinkled; but the fire was flickering in the kitchen stove, and Mama was out in the big yard, ready to direct us as we ran the doomed chickens down. She selected three fairly young red roosters and set us on the trail. Around and around the big yard we pursued the first one, the rooster, his head up like a plumed Indian, running with his legs high and squawking wildly and doubling out and in. Round and round the yard and then round and round the chicken house; and the dog with his death howl, and Mama flapping her apron on the turns.

But finally he was cornered, then his two wild brothers with him; and all three carried, squawking and flailing, to the chopping block, where Mama dispatched them, in turn, with one practiced flash of the ax; then popped them into a scalding kettle; jerked their feathers off in big handfuls; and — lighting a copy of the *Toledo Blade* — singed them with the flaming headlines; and then rushed, her eyes cold and her apron bloody, into the kitchen to gut them, cut them, and pop them into the pot.

At 6:30, while G. D. and State Superintendent Shawkey sat in the parlor talking, Mama was setting down in front of G. D.'s plate at the dining table a great platter of golden-brown fried chicken then adding her dishes of creamy mashed potatoes, gravy, canned green beans, spiced peaches, pickles, and hot biscuits, and warm blackberry pie. As she moved around the table in her clean starched apron, she seemed — except for the strange gleam in her gentle blue eyes — as quiet as a rose.

Then she went in and invited the two men to supper, apologizing for her biscuits as they sat down. When we were all pulled up to the table, and our starched napkins unfolded, G. D. cleared his throat and asked Superintendent Shawkey to say the grace.

"Thank you for the blessings of this day; bless this food to our use..." And Mama sitting there with her hands folded and her head bent devoutly in prayer. For, as she used to say, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and "Many hands make light work."

From Volume 19, number 1, Spring 1993

Louise McNeill's Last Book

In September 1994 the University of Pittsburgh Press published Louise McNeill's *Fermi Buffalo*, an extensive collection of the late poet laureate's favorite poems.

Fermi Buffalo was the project which provided excitement to McNeill's later years. The title reflects a fascination which McNeill — an historian whose son is a physicist — came to have with the contrast of the mythic past and the wonder of science, represented here by the buffalo roaming the grounds of the Fermi Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.

As always, her poems range from the profound to the playful, some as short as the three lines she called "Couple":

> You have not changed —
> for Time is kind.
> Your face — to me —
> is never lined,
> As you grow wrinkled,
> I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Charleston writer Topper Sherwood in preparing the manuscript for the book.

Fermi Buffalo, 91 pages, sells for $29.95 in hardback and $12.95 in paperback. The book may be purchased in bookstores or from the University of Pittsburgh Press, 127 North Bellefield Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15260.

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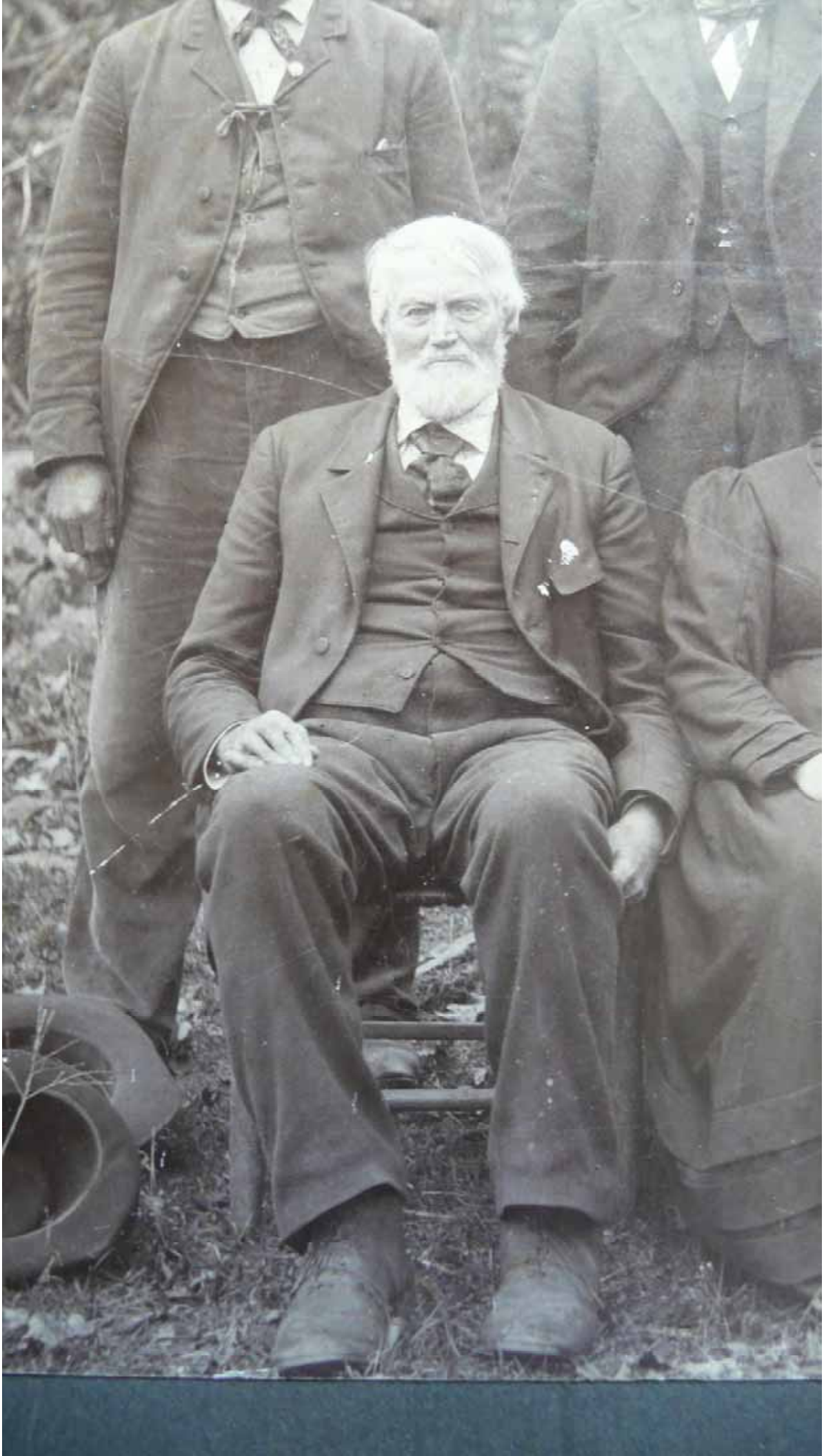


PIONEER DAYS

presents

West Virginia's Poet Laureate
DR. LOUISE McNEILL PEASE

and

Mementos of The Rolling Years

• Nostalgic • *• Humorous •*
• Enlightening •

Authentic Apparel
Memorable Modes and Manners

A NARRATED PRESENTATION
written and directed by
RUTH M. MORGAN

Musical Accompaniment
KATHERINE SNYDER

Augmented by a Barbershop Quartet
and
"Youthful Merriment"
Dance Coordinator—Genevieve Martin

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1979 — 8:45 P.M.
MARLINTON ATHLETIC FIELD

Research

Betty M. Holden
Dorothy M. Backs
Marian Jarvinen

Apparel

Elizabeth Gay
Marguerite Gay
Evah Harper
Ann Pennypacker
Louise Barlow
Sheila Burns

Make-Up

Natalie Austin
Dana Miller
Nancy Galford

Staging

Robert Viers
Richard Barlow
Jean Hite
Joe Smith
Mary Jane Galford
Jane Price Sharp
Harvey Galford

Properties

Wanda Eye
Pamela Sharpes

Background Screen Design

Betty Barlow

IN APPRECIATION

—To the many people who have given enthusiastically of their time and talents;

—To the many persons for lending or wearing cherished and preserved possessions of yesteryear, thus making this presentation possible.

Master of Ceremonies
William P. McNeel

PROLOGUE

POETRY READING ..... **Dr. Louise McNeill Pease**
"My Home Among the Hills" ..... **E. W. James, Jr.**
Soloist ..... **Rebecca Perry**
Barbershop Quartet ..... **Charles Fauber, Daniel Curry, Larry Yagodzinski, Harry Holsopple**

Mementos of the Rolling Years

Narrator
Deloris Hunter

EARLY SETTLER ..... **Ina Montgomery**
"Apple Butter Makin' in the Fall"
Glenna Hayes, Eva Shrader, Marguerite Gay
"Youthful Merriment" ..... **Dancers**

Rick Barlow		**Gray Beverage**
Charma Roy	**Lowell Underwood**	**Kathy Underwood**
	Dreama Sharp	
Ken Underwood	**Mike Friel**	**Tony Sharp**
Laura Howell		**Irene White**

IRIDESCENT GREEN TAFFETA ..... **Betty Rae Welford**
BROWN TAFFETA/BLACK LACE ..... **Carol McNeill**
GREY WEDDING SUIT ..... **Nancy Galford**
BROWN WEDDING SUIT/SPOON BONNET ..... **Frances Baldwin**
BLUE WEDDING DRESS ..... **Susan Viers**
***WIDOW'S WEEDS** ..... **Sheila Burns**
BROWN DRESS/BONNET/EGG BASKET ..... **Nancy Martin**
THE ELDERLY COUPLE ..... **Johnnie and Madelene Hill**
"When You and I Were Young, Maggie" ..... **Barbershop Quarter**
"Camptown Races
"Saturday Night Ritual"
Paula Newkirk, Brian Friel,
Johnny Rose, Charles Edward McElwee
"O' Susanna" ..... **Barbershop Quartet**
"Beautiful Dreamer," "And the Band Played On"
ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADY ..... **Merry Young**
PURPLE WITH BLACK LACE ..... **Annette Kramer**
GOLD/BLACK WITH PUFFED SLEEVES ..... **Elizabeth Newkirk**
GREEN WOOL/TAFFETA ..... **Frances McPaters**
"The Proper Young Ladies"
"The Suitor's Proposal"
Richard Barlow III
THE DAINTIES ..... **Mary White Simmons**
THE GIBSON GIRL ..... **Lynette Anderson**
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR ..... **Raymond Gibson**
THE WEDDING DRESS ..... **Sallie Daugherty**

**Copy of original from Pocahontas County family.*

SECOND DAY DRESS ..... Linda Landis

THE PERAMBULATOR ..... Ann Pennypacker and daughter, Elizabeth

"The Proper Upbringing"

Denise McNeel, Jessica Fauber, Melissa Galford

Connie Sue Campbell, Stacy Sharpes, Joshua Hunter

"Afternoon Callers"

Geraldine Dilley, Almira Shrader, Barbara Campbell,

Todd Gay, Katie Gay, Brian Snyder

THE NIGHT PARADER ..... Charles Edward McElwee

"Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?" ..... Barbershop Quartet

"Play Me An Old Fashioned Waltz"

ANTICIPATING THE PICNIC ..... Candy Harper, Mary Silman, Rebecca Perry

THE AFTERNOON EVENT ..... Natalie Austin

SUGAR 'n SPICE ..... Dorothy Jessee

PINK STRIPED SILK ..... Barbara Jane Shaw

"Excitement of the Age"

Delmar Dilley, Frank Lindagood

LINEN DUSTERS

Nancy Daugherty, Helen Davis

THE BLACK TAFFETA ..... *Diana Cooper*

LADIES' SPORT ..... *Libby Rexrode*

THE SOPHISTICATED AGE ..... *Dreama Burns*

THE FLAPPERS ..... *Kitty Gwathmey and Pam Ladd*

THE BLACK LACE ..... *Isabel McElwee*

CHIFFON EVENING GOWN ..... *Vera Ann Curry*

"A CENTURY OF FASHION"

assisted by

Houston Simmons Ernest Shaw

FINALE

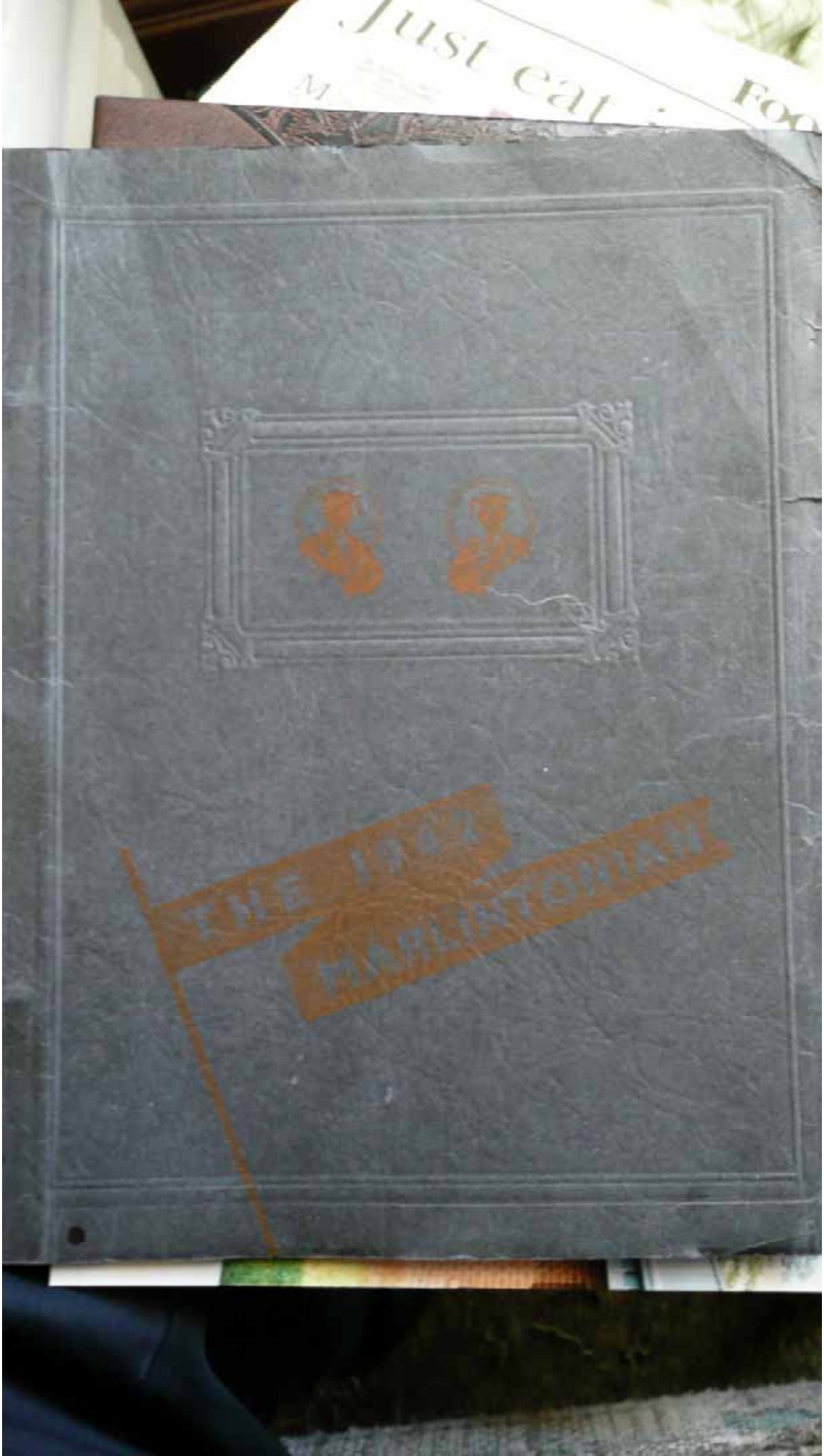
"The West Virginia Hills" ..... H. W. Engle

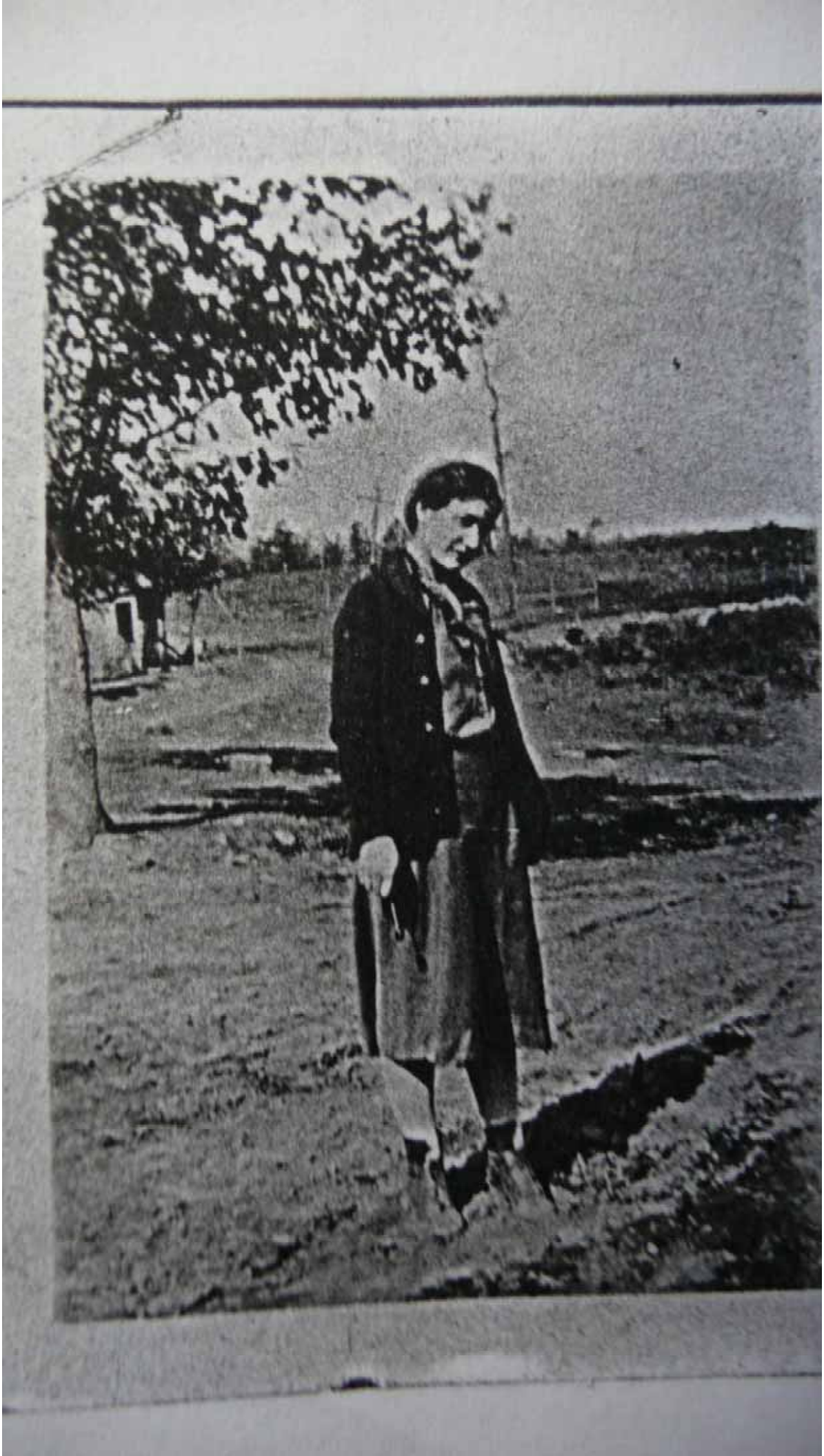
[*Audience Join In Singing*]

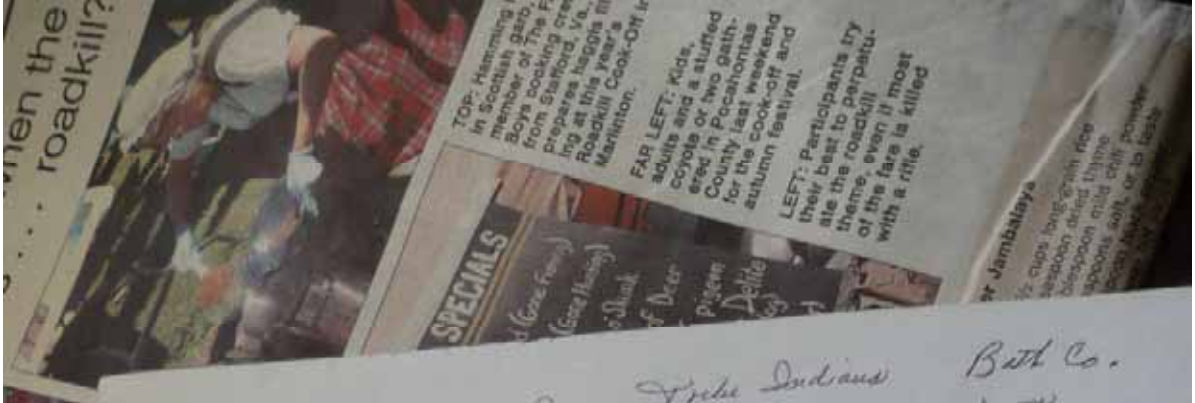
Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory
Like our Prince Immanuel's land!
Is it any wonder then,
That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills!

CHORUS

O the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills;
If o'er sea or land I roam
Still I'll think of happy home,
And the friends among the West Virginia hills.


THE 1967
HAMILTONIAN





Dewees Farm - Dewees Tribe Indians Bath Co.

Settled - Received 1774 - from Hyberna (Robert Brooke)

Thomas McNeill - 1768 - 1989 = 221 yrs.

Original 300 A - Saved Am. Rev. - 2 existing

Clark - Underground shelter

Jonathan -

Wm. the Tracker -

Capt. Jem - 1823-1911 - Captured Civil War - Drop Mt. by

1800. 74 Delaware (Union - Yankee)

U. D. - 1877-1964 = Prof., Lawyer, Tracker, Traveler, writer -

=> Louise - State Poet Laureate -

Jem - Billy - Jamie

8 Generations -

Scot Clan - Isle of Barra - Scotland - Campbell Phil - by Frederick Co. - Va. Dirago - Castle Still exists (in good condition.

Indian Beams -

Sea Chest - foot boy - Walnut Mantel & wood facings

Cabinet - beds - tables (cherry Drop leaf)

24th Day Dec. 1774 -

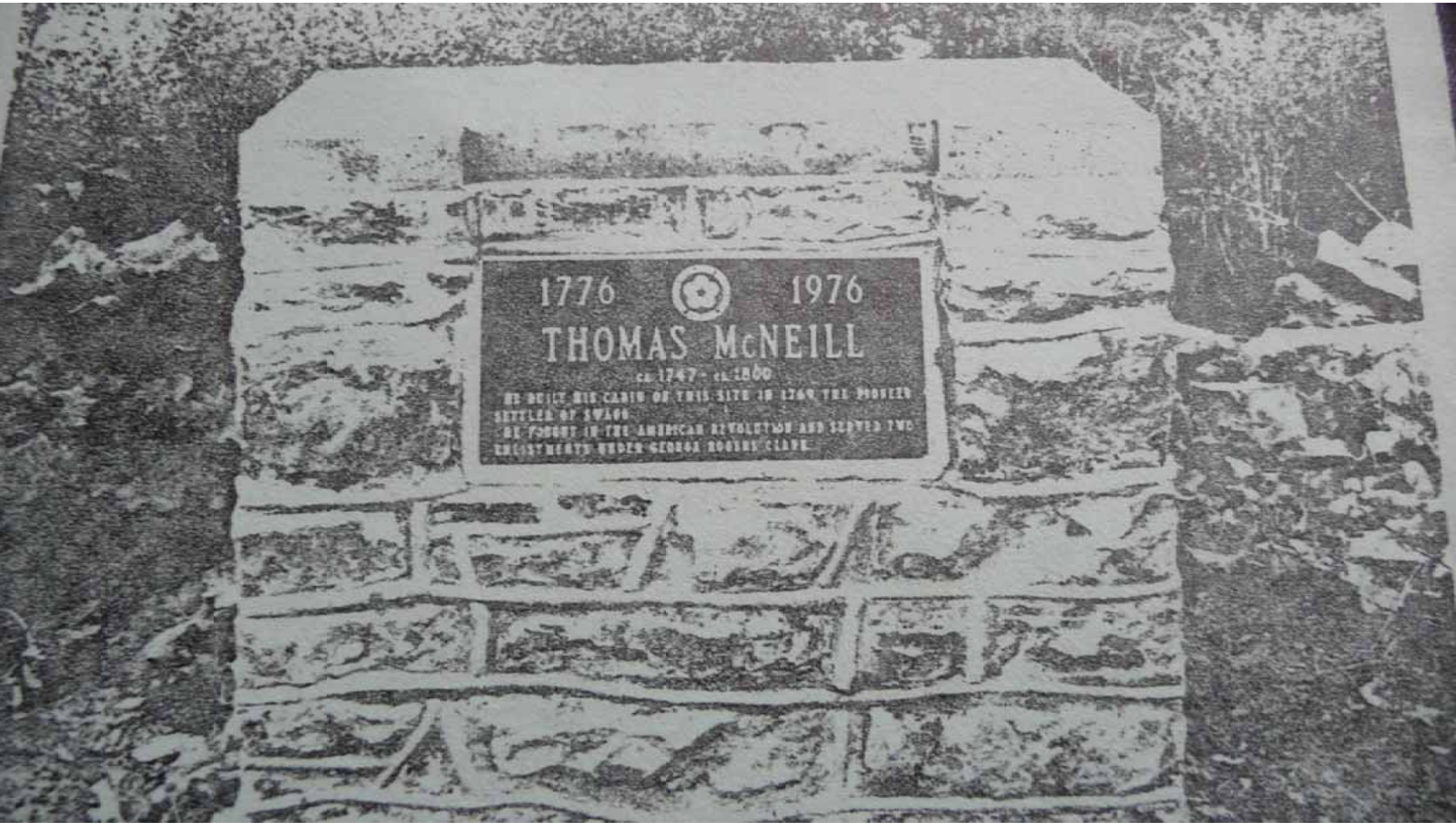
Robert Brooke, Esquire Gov. Va. 1774 - = 215 yrs.

THOMAS McNEILL
MONUMENT DEDICATION
SERVICE

October 24, 1981

1:30 P.M.

Buckeye, West Virginia


1776 1976
THOMAS McNEILL
ca. 1747 - ca. 1800

Let us now praise famous men,
and our fathers in their generations.
The Lord apportioned to them great glory,
his majesty from the beginning.
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
and were men renowned for their power,
giving counsel by their understanding,
and proclaiming prophecies;
leaders of the people in their deliberations,
wise in their words of instruction;
those who composed musical tunes,
and set forth verses in writing;
rich men furnished with resources,
living peaceably in their habitations--
all these were honored in their generations,
and were the glory of their times.
There are some of them who have left a name,
so that men declare their praise.
And there are some who have no memorial,
who have perished as though they had not lived.
But these were men of mercy,
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance to their children's children.
Their posterity will continue for ever.
And their glory will not be blotted out.
Their bodies were buried in peace.
And their name lives to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac,5-9ab,
10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks . . . . . Blix McNeill
6th generation

Scripture . . . . . Stacy McCallister
7th generation

(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer . . . . . Grady Moore
Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" . . . . . written by Louise McNeill
read by Annabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following
Dedication Service at the White House, which
stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.

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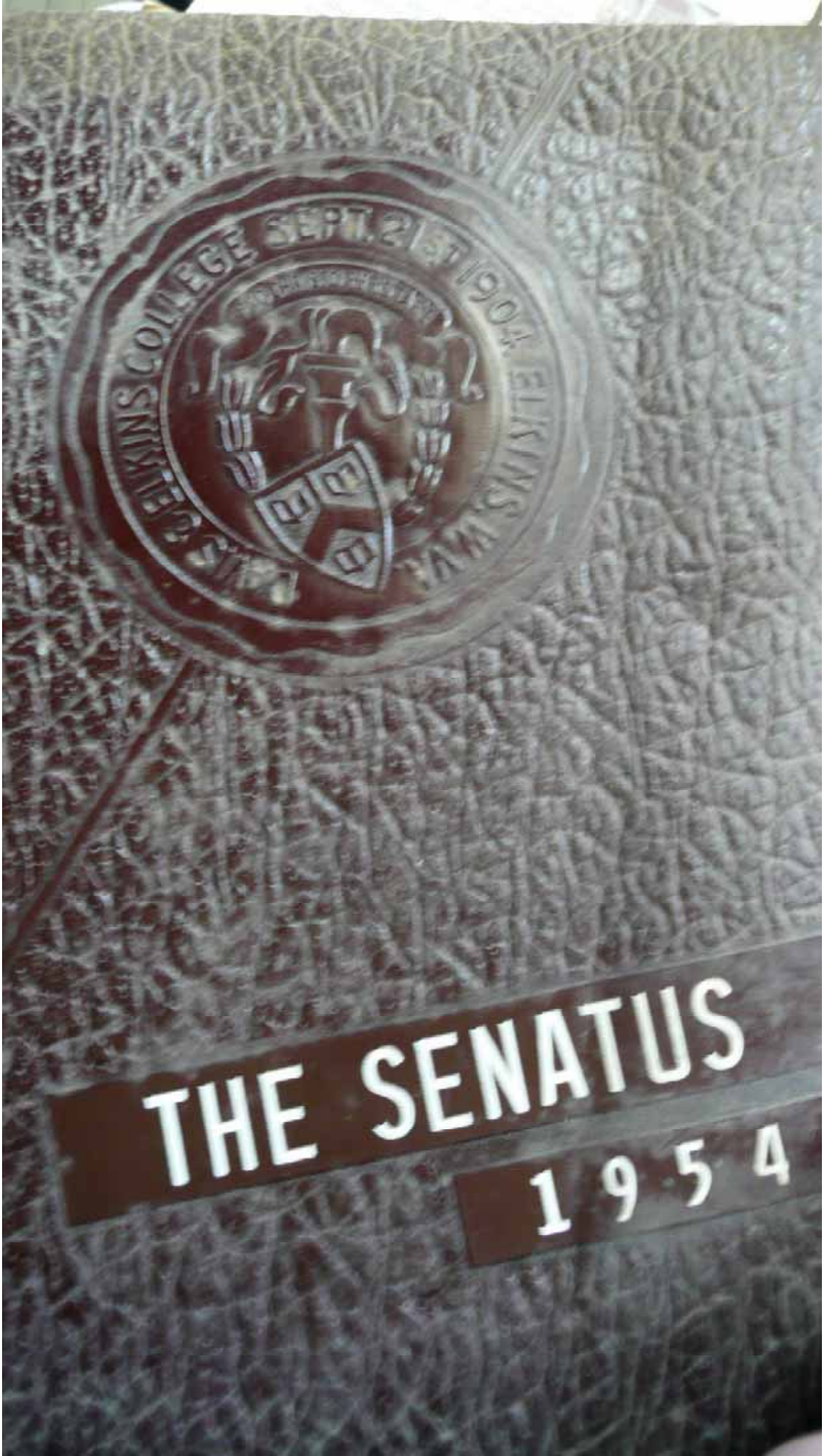
ELKINS COLLEGE SEPT. 21 1904 ELKINS W. VA.
THE SENATUS
1954

DR. MCNEILL

Professor George Douglas McNeill is a native of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and received his early education in the public schools of West Virginia. He holds an A.B. Degree from Concord State College, A.M. Degree from Miami University, and the LL.B. and LL.M. Degrees from the National University Law School of Washington. He also pursued graduate study at West Virginia University and the University of Cincinnati. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Davis and Elkins College in May of 1951.

Professor McNeill has practiced law in West Virginia courts and has served as Prosecuting Attorney for Pocahontas County. In his youth Dr. McNeill served as Yeoman in the U. S. Navy and was with the Round-the-World Fleet, 1907-09. He has taught in the public schools of West Virginia and has served as administrator both in high schools and the grade schools. For many years he has served Davis and Elkins College as a professor and Head of the Department of Social Sciences. He is the author of elementary school texts and is the author of a volume of shortstories, *The Last Forest*.

We shall all remember Professor McNeill as a distinguished teacher, author, and servant of Davis and Elkins College.

DR. MCNEILL

REFLECTIONS

80 in years but only 40 in Action! A big salute to you ladies of the 80's---Seek---Reach---Teach!

Now I've taken pen in hand to write you a line
Dedicated especially to you ladies so fine.

You found the time to teach and reach each of us that follow your steps. You took one end of the rope and I the other as you taught us there's always hope in the goal to reach as easy as skipping a rope you'd say! God has granted you strength and faith as we traveled the road together and through your grace you taught us to laugh and to smile with love never giving up or complaining just always going the extra mile explaining----It's really easy you'll see!

In early years you traveled the roads in your Model T Ford, laughing merrily and with glee all the way. To club meetings you would go with perfect attendance always to show. Now in later years you travel in a big sleek line and with style but the years has not changed because you are still all aglow with a sparkle in your eyes, grace in your steps and a glowing smile.

We've climbed the mountains together you and I and sometimes we'd stumble, but together we still climbed --higher and higher to our goals using the rocks as a stepping-stone. Onward and onward we'd go. No stopping us from work. We'd never shun but was always ready to advance with the rising sun.

Today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, as you taught us love, patience and fun right from the start. You give of yourself, your talents without any expectation of recognition. You've been super without a doubt to many a young member just starting out. You've taken our hand and graciously led us on into projects, lessons and crafts without a demand. It's a pleasure to work with ladies never tiring of lending a hand but in doing as well.

You've been especially super and nice. Because today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, loving you all the while and we sure are happy you're still alive!

Reflections to the world in what you have done and all have copied your style both old and young. You did it with grace and given so much fun. As your job you did, we applaud you as well done. Reflection is like a beautiful rose, laden with due when I think of you!

May God bless you is my prayer and we're looking forward to more years ahead in which to share all the nice things you've done but in doing it all you've been especially nice!

Let us, be encouraged Today, as we embark on a new beginning.

Food
Just eat it:
What happens when the main ingredient is . . . roadkill?
DAILY SPECIALS
Monday - Closed
Tuesday - Closed
Wednesday - Chicken
Thursday - Soup
Friday - Soup
Saturday - Yellow
Sunday - Closed

Food
Just eat it:
DAILY SPECIALS

FRONTLINE

The Remarkable Governor Spotswood

Hillbilly Jan 27 1962
article clipped by
Lant Rader Slaven

There was never anybody like the dashing young Alexander Spotswood and few have told his story as well as a young West Virginia professor by the name of John A. Caruso. He has told it in his new book "The Appalachian Frontier: America's First Surge Westward." This page whets your appetite for Caruso with a bit from his book. All students of West Virginia history will want a copy of this magnificent book by a living West Virginian.

Such a man as Spotswood was naturally curious about the country beyond the mountains, which Virginia claimed by right of her ancient charter. Moreover, he had learned, perhaps from the surveyor Colonel William Byrd, that the French had taken possession of the Great Lakes region, where they carried on a lucrative fur trade, and had established themselves at Kaskaskia and on the lower Mississippi.

Possessed of a robust and "restless spirit only slightly concealed under an air of dignity," Spotswood resolved to see things for himself. His military experience complemented his adventurous temperament. He had been wounded at Blenheim, had fought at Malplaquet, and had risen at the age of twenty-eight to the rank of quartermaster-general.

Gentlemen and Servants

In August 1716 Spotswood assembled at Germanna two companies of rangers and a small group of mounted "gentlemen" with their servants and Indian guides. The expedition was to assume the form of an exploratory picnic. The gentlemen had abundant provisions, which included several cases of Virginia wine—both white and red—Irish usquebaugh, brandy, stout, two kinds of rum, champagne, cherry punch and cider. The blast of a trumpet early on the morning of August 30 called them to their horses.

The governor, dressed in green velvet riding clothes, Russian leather boots and a hat bedecked with a brilliant plume, led his companions along the three more days, crossing small streams, killing rattlesnakes and suffering such discomfort as that of being stung by hornets, until they halted on one of the loftiest peaks of the mountains.

The occasion called for proper celebration. Spotswood delivered an eloquent address and drank to the health of the King and that of the royal family; then he led his companions down the western slope of the peak. The descent proved hazardous. The little streams they followed led to precipices which often frightened and stalled their horses. But their perseverence was eventually rewarded; they came on a smiling valley watered by a clear and beautiful river which Spotswood called the Euphrates—a name which later yielded to that of Shenandoah. Crossing the river, they buried in its bank a bottle which contained a paper claiming the region for their King, George I.

Wild Turkeys and Deer

The valley abounded with wild turkeys and deer and cucumbers and currants and grapes. On these they feasted and then, assembling and loading their guns, drank to the health of the King in champagne, and fired a volley; drank to the Princess in Burgundy, and fired a volley; drank to the royal family in claret, and fired a volley; drank to the governor, and fired a volley. In this convivial mood the gentlemen turned their horses homeward, leaving some of the rangers to continue west to the Warriors' Path where Iroquois often hunt-

Later Spotswood glowingly described "World's End," as he called the country he had visited. To encourage settlement in the western valley, he pictured it as an agricultural paradise abounding with health-restoring mineral springs. He also presented to each of the gentlemen who had accompanied him a miniature golden horseshoe on which was inscribed Sic Juvat Transcendere Montes. It is pleasurable to cross the mountains—and to have relived the expedition with the adventurous governor and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.

Before long Spotswood had acquired immense estates for himself and his friends. His appetite for property increased with every acre he secured. In 1720 he influenced the Virginia assembly to pass an act which divided the Piedmont of Virginia into two counties, Brunswick and Spotsylvania, where the landowners enjoyed religious toleration and exemption from taxes or quitrents for a period of ten years. Spotswood and his associates put this act into operation despite the refusal of the Crown to approve it unless land grants were limited to 1,000 acres.

THE PLATE AND THE MAN

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de

Hillbilly Jan 27 19
article clipped by
Lant Rader Slaven

The Remarkable Governor Spotswood

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The governor, dressed in green velvet riding clothes, Russian leather boots and a hat bedecked with a brilliant plume, led his companions along the banks of the Rapidan toward its source. Five days later they reached the Blue Ridge Mountains. Up they clambered for three more days, crossing small streams, killing rattlesnakes and suffering such discomfort as that of being stung by hornets, until they halted on one of the loftiest peaks of the mountains.

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Later Spotswood glowingly described "World's End," as he called the country he had visited. To encourage settlement in the western valley, he pictured it as an agricultural paradise abounding with health-restoring mineral springs. He also presented to each of the gentlemen who had accompanied him a miniature golden horseshoe on which was inscribed Sic Juvat Transcendere Montes. It is pleasurable to cross the mountains—and to have relived the expedition with the adventurous governor and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.

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THE PLATE AND THE MAN

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, the man who first explored West Virginia's Ohio

HOWSARE

WILLIAM LYLE HOWSARE
PVT US ARMY
WORLD WAR II
JUN 23 1925
NOV 21 2001

KATHRYN ELOISE HOWSARE
BELOVED MOTHER
AUG 3 1929
OCT 16 2005

HOWSARE

"You must excuse me for not not writing to you more frequent, though I have written to you once before since I got any letter from you. I would have written oftener, only it has been out of my power to do so, on account of our not stopping long enough for me to write—and we have had no conveyance for our letters half the time we have been here. Write soon and give me all the news, and think of the many pleasures that have been, and look forward that which is to come.

Yours with much love and due respect,

JACOB C. MCLAUGHLIN.

HUGH McLAUGHLIN.

The third group of the McLaughlin relationship in our county are the descendants of Squire Hugh McLaughlin, late of Marlinton. His early life was spent in part on Jacksons River, Bath County. His wife was Nancy Gwinn, daughter of John Gwinn, Senior, and grand-daughter of John Bradshaw.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin and Hugh McLaughlin, late of Huntersville, were cousins and were intimately associated when they were young men. They were married about the same time, jointly leased a piece of land on Jacksons River, built a cabin and went to housekeeping. There was but one room. This they divided between them and kept separate establishments. Squire McLaughlin would often tell how an axe, maul, and wedge made up his original business capital, and how his housekeeping effects were carried by his young wife on a horse the day they went to themselves in their

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cabin home on leased land.

Upon the expiration of the lease, early in the twenties, Squire McLaughlin settled in the woods on Thomas Creek, and opened up lands now held by his son George H. McLaughlin.

Mr and Mrs McLaughlin were the parents of three sons and two daughters: William Jacob, John Calvin, George Henry, Elizabeth, and Margaret.

Margaret, a promising young girl, died suddenly.

Elizabeth became Mrs George Rowan, and lived on Roaring Creek, Randolph County, and finally located near the Hot Springs, where her family now lives. Mr Rowan was one of the builders of the Marlinton bridge. He was a Confederate soldier in the war from start to finish. His young wife refugeed from Roaring Creek soon after the battle of Rich Mountain, and with her two little children, one tied behind her and the other in her arms, made the journey from Roaring Creek to the Warm Springs alone on horse back.

William Jacob McLaughlin first married Sarah Gum from Meadow Dale, Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. One daughter, Nancy Jane, who died in early youth. His second marriage was with Susan Bible, daughter of Jacob Bible near Greenbank. In this family were two sons and two daughters. Elizabeth became Mrs John M. Lightner, lately of Abilene, Texas. Alice married Dennis W. Dever and they live near Frost. Mitchel D. McLaughlin married Emma K. Greaver, of Bath, and lives near Savannah Mills, in Greenbrier County. They have five children. Jacob Andrew McLaughlin married Sally Gibson, and

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lives at Brimfield, Indiana.

John C. McLaughlin married Isabella, daughter of Adam Lightner, of Highland County, and settled near Huntersville. When a youth going to school at Hillsboro, he was thrown from a horse and received injuries that disabled him for manual labor. He acquired a good education, taught school, wrote in the clerk's office, and was an expert business man much respected by his fellow citizens.

G. H. McLaughlin married Ruhamah Wiley; first lived near Dunmore, but now lives at Marlinton. He was a Confederate soldier. Their children are John, Edward, William, Clarence, Fred, Fannie, Mary, and Edith.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin was married the second time to Mrs Elizabeth Gum (nee Lightner), of Highland. There were two sons by this marriage.

Harper McLaughlin first married Caroline Cackley, and lived at Marlinton. Second marriage was with Etta Yeager, of Travelers Repose.

Andrew M. McLaughlin married Mary Price, and now resides near Lewisburg. He is a prosperous grazier and farmer, and a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church. He was a Confederate soldier.

After residing a number of years near Dunmore, Squire McLaughlin located west of Huntersville where he prospered in business. Thence he removed to Marlins Bottom, where he died in 1870, aged 69 years. Squire McLaughlin was a prominent citizen—a member of the county court, a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church. He acquired an immense landed estate—one

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of the most valuable in the county. His influence was largely in favor of economical industry, good morals, and intelligent piety. His business sagacity was phenomenal, and he could see money where most others could not see anything worth looking for.

About fifty years ago the county court refused to license saloon keepers. The whole county was convulsed with the agitation that arose. At first Squire McLaughlin strenuously objected to this action of the court, as doing violence to personal liberty, and depriving the county of revenue. Whenever the matter was discussed this thrilling Scripture was often repeated: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—Hab. ii–16.

His conscience was touched, and he resolved to clear himself of the fearful liability implied by doing anything to license vice and the giving of drink to neighbors, and let the revenue take care of itself, which it could well do with a sober, prosperous citizenship to depend on.

He was also much impressed with what was reported to have passed between two saloonists. One was complaining to another how his business had fallen off. The other remarked that at one time he noticed his business was on the decline—the "old suckers" were all going to the bone yard so fast, and he saw if "new suchers" were not to be had he would have to quit the business. He told every young man that he met that he had laid in some of the nicest liquors that were ever

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brought in, and that if he would come around he would give him a treat. The saloonist observed that after three or four drinks the youngsters would begin to buy and his business was on the rise quite satisfactorily. Thus he had found that a few dimes in treating meant dollars to him in selling.

Squire McLaughlin's services as a member of the court for eighteen years were of much use, and along with John Gay, Paul McNeel, and Isaac Moore—being themselves large tax payers—public affairs were managed on a judicious scale, and money, as a general thing, was laid out where the prospect seemed for the greatest good to the greatest number.

While these persons, and others like minded, were on the bench, the attorneys from a distance were in the habit of saying that the Pocahontas court was so hide bound and disagreeable that it was no use to try to do anything with it, or to make anything out of it at the expense of the people. Moreover, they complained the court kept the county too dry by refusing saloon privileges. Reasons for such objections to the Pocahontas county court we most devoutly hope may never cease to exist.

JOSEPH VARNER.

The ancestor of the Varner relationship in our county was Joseph Varner. He came from Pendleton county very early in the century and settled on the Crooked Branch of Elk, on property now in possession of William A. McAllister. Mr Varner's parents, it is be-

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lieved, came from Germany to Pennsylvania, thence to Pendleton, among the earliest settlers of that county. The given names of these parents seemed to have been forgotten. The father lived to the age of 112 years and died in Pendleton. The widowed mother came to live with her son Joseph, on Elk, and died there, and her remains were buried near the home. Her reputed age was 114 years, the oldest person that ever lived in this region.

Joseph Varner's wife was Susan Herold, sister of Christopher Herold. They were the parents of four sons: John, Adam, Eli and Samuel. Their daughters were Elizabeth, Alice, Susan and Amanda. The Varner sisters seemed to have been ladies by nature, aud were remarkable for their beauty, spriteliness, attractive manners and tidy housekeeping.

Elizabeth became Mrs John Holden, and lived many years at Huntersville. During the war the family refugeed to Rockbridge and never returned. She died near Lexington and is buried there in the cemetary not far from the grave of Stonewall Jackson.

Alice Varner was married to Hiram Scott, for years a well known and highlyrespected merchant at Frankford. Mrs Captain Dolan, at Hinton, is her daughter.

Susan Varner became Mrs Thomas Call, for many years a tailor at Huntersville. Her family finally went to Missouri.

Amanda, when about fourteen years of age, was sitting on a rock just in front of her cabin home one Sabbath evening reading her testament. The buttonpole of the roof fell upon her, killing her instantly.

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The stone is still to be seen where this mournful event occurred. She is spoken of by the older people as such a beautiful girl, and so dutiful to her parents, and so capable and helpful in domestic affairs. She had been to Sunday school and prayer meeting in the morning.

In reference to Joseph Varner's sons we note the following particulars:

Adam married Caroline, daughter of William Gibson, Sr., so many years a merchant at Huntersville, and settled in Lewis county.

Samuel Varner was a merchant tailor, a business he learned of John Holden at Huntersville. He settled at Frankford.

Eli Varner was never married. He excelled as a mower. One season while mowing at his uncle's, Christopher Herold, on Douthard's Creek, a serious accident happened him. While grinding a scythe it was struck by the crank, and, turning in his hand, came near severing it at the wrist. The flow of blood was alarming, and it seemed that he would bleed to death in spite of all that was done to check the bleeding. Mrs Katie Herold, Peter Herold's wife, gets the credit of saving his life by checking the flow of blood with the use of certain words as a charm. It is believed the words are found in Ezekial xvi, 6. "And when I passed by thee and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live! Yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live!"

John Varner married Isabella Hannah, daughter of

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David Hannah, a soldier of the war of 1812, and an early settler on Elk. They began in the woods and built up a prosperous home at Split Rock. There were five sons, David, John, Samuel, William and Benjamin. The five daughters were Margaret, who became Mrs Clinton Slanker; Mary. who was Mrs Robert Wilson, near Lexington; Virginia Susan, now Mrs William Snyder, of Iowa; Alice, Mrs John Stewart, Valley head; Jennie became Mrs Hamilton Snyder, Taylor county, Iowa.

Samuel married Ann Showalter, of Rockbridge, and lives near Linnwood; William married Mary Gibson, of William Gibson, and lives at the Gibson homestead; Benjamin married Ella Moore, daughter of Washington Moore, and lives in Iowa; John married Mary Moore, daughter of Washington Moore and lives near the homestead.

David Varner, the eldest of John Varner's sons, is remembered and spoken of by all who knew him as a very amiable and interesting young man. He died in the battle of the Wilderness, in May, at the time the Confederate lines were broken and General Edward Jonnson's command mainly taken prisoners of war. David Varner was in his place at the front with his face to the foe. He received the fatal shot near his heart, moved a little distance and fell upon his face and was dead before a comrade could reach him. In one of his letters to his sister, Mrs Slanker, he wrote in such a way as impress the idea that he had premonitions of the sad fate which awaited him. It was his earnest wish that if should fall, to be brought home and

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buried. Search was made for the body, but it could not be identified. The field had been burned over about the time he had had fallen and destroyed all traces of identity.

The writer had the pleasure of meeting Mrs Elizabeth Holden at Lexington, some years after the War. Her emotions overpowered her when she endeavored to tell me what had taken place since we last met in her pleasant home in Huntersville in 1861. I was told by others that she was one of the most regular attendants upon public worship and did more than her part in the benevolent work of the congregation, considering her broken health and reverses. She plied her needle with such industry that she lived nicely and had something to spare. It greatly pleased the writer to hear it remarked, "You must have good people in Pocahontas if Mrs Holden and ——— are fair specimens." What can be more worthy of aspiration than than to be a credit to the people among whom we happen to be reared. To be a credit to our families, our religion and our county is the highest aim that can stimulate true and useful endeavor.

WILLIAM SHARP.

It appears from such information as the compiler has been able to obtain, that this person was the pioneer settler of the Huntersville vicinity, and was the first to open up a permanent residence. Traces of the building he erected are yet visible near the new road around

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member William A. Gum have a good word for him as a neighbor, friend, and substantial, prosperous citizen. The way he came to have a middle name is a little out of the usual order. When Dunkum & Co. had a store at Dunmore, William Gum was a liberal dealer. There was another William Gum from the vicinity of Greenbank, and the merchant to note the difference and not get their accounts mixed, called the one from Back Mountain "William Alleghany" on his books. In settling he had Mr Gum to sign his name William A. Gum. From that circumstance he always thus signed his name in business affairs and in correspondence, and so got his middle name Alleghany long after he became a grown person. In studying the origin of names, it is interesting to find that a large number of names have originated from where persons happened to live.

Forty-nine years ago, in August, the writer spent an hour or two at his newly made home in the woods, and ever since there has been a beautiful picture in his mind of a truly contented man with his home and surroundings, endowed with the power of making himself and all around him pleasant and cheerful.

JACOB GUM

The second group of the Gum relationship are the descendants of Jacob Gum, who came from what is now Crabbottom, in Highland County, soon after the war of 1812. Upon his marriage with Martha Houchin

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he settled near Greenbank, on land now owned by C. A. Lightner. A part of his wife's patrimony were two colored girls, Delph and Daphne, and in their time colored people were curiosities in this region. Upon moving he settled on the place now held by Joseph Beard.

Mr and Mrs Gum were the parents of seven sons and four daughters. The girls were Mary, Margaret, Nancy, and Nellie.

Mary married Randolph Powhatan Bouldin, a journeyman shoemaker.

Nancy married William Sutton, and lived on property lately occupied by Craig Ashford. Her children were Robert, George, Sherman, Eldridge, Anna, now Mrs Craig Ashford; Magnolia, and Mary.

Margaret Gum married Charles Mace and went to Missouri.

Nellie was a lifelong invalid.

William M. Gum married Sallie Tallman, and lived on Deer Creek. His children were George, Franklin, Samuel, Milton, Lee, Martha Jane, now Mrs W. J. Wooddell, of Addison; Caroline, who became Mrs Lafayette Burner; Ella, now Mrs Brown Trainer; Rebecca, now Mrs Lee Burner; Marietta, now Mrs Enos Tallman; and Nancy, who died at the age of four years.

McBride Jackson Gum married Eliza Thomas, of Harrisonburg, Va., and spent much of his married life on Clover Creek. His family consisted of four sons and two daughters: Brown, William, Filmore, Woods, Agnes, and Caroline. McBride J. Gum was a gallant Confederate soldier, and served most of his

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time in Captain J. W. Marshall's company.

Jacob Gum, Junior, married Virginia Burke, and migrated to Ohio.

Charles Gum married Jane Hartman and migrated to Ohio. He was a blacksmith by occupation.

Gatewood Gum went to Ohio when a young single man and settled there.

Robert N. Gum married Anna Riley and resides on the old Cooper farm, two miles east of Greenbank. His sons are William, John, and Joseph. The daughters are Elizabeth, who became Mrs Harry Burner and went to Wyoming; Mrs Anna Cooper, and Blanche.

Robert N. Gum was a brave Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Infantry. On account of his coolness and self possession under fire he was frequently selected for ambulance service on the field in caring for the wounded. To be efficient for such a service requires more than ordinary nerve, and he was found to be well qualified for it. In times of peace he has become well known as a miller, and is now managing the Hevener Mill, on the North Branch of Deer Creek.

John E. Gum married Harriet Hudson, and lives on a section of the Bible place, two miles from Greenbank. He was a Confederate soldier in the 18th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel W. L. Jackson, and acted well his part amid the sufferings and privations that soldiers had to endure on the outposts during the war.

From J. E. Gum the writer derived valuable aid for this sketch, as we sat on our horses one warm July morning, after a casual meeting in the public road.

The Pocahontas groups of the Gum relationship

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trace their ancestry to the Highland families of that name. These Highland families have for their progenitors pioneers who are believed to be from western Maryland, and among the earlier settlers of Pendleton, possibly antedating the Revolution.

HENRY HARPER.

Among the persons whose industry, economical habits, and wise management of diversified useful industries did much for the development of our county, the name of Henry Harpe, Senior, is richly deserving of respectful notice. He was a native of Pendleton County, a son of Nicholas Harper, a native of Germany, who lived on the South Branch. Henry Harper's wife was Elizabeth Lightner, daughter of William Lightner, Senior, on Back Creek. For a few years after his marriage he lived on the Branch. About 1812, Nicholas Harper bought two hundred acres from Abram Duffield and Colonel John Baxter, on Knapps Creek, and on this purchase Henry settled.

The young settlers from Pendleton County found a few acres of cleared land. The thickets of thorn and crab apple and wild plums were almost impenetrable. The sheep, pigs, and calves had to be penned by the house to protect them from wolves and bears. By patient and persistent effort land was cleared and a home reared.

At his suggestion, William Civey, of Anthonys Creek, sunk a tan yard. Then Mr Harper established

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But wipin' of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's mighty hot."

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Greenbrier Independent.

Memorials of Major Jacob Warwick and Mrs. Mary V. Warwick.

The writer was greatly encourged, and much gratified by the interest manifested in the sketches published in the INDEPENDENT. The letters received from various parties, advise him, by all means, to have such valuable material published in some permanent form. He is more than willing to do so, provided the generous decendants of these persons furnish the pecuniary assistance requisite. The writer feels a great deal more should have been written concerning Mr. Warwick's family, and he wishes to publish the following particulars as supplementary to the sketch already given the public. Should it please the friends of Major Warwick to have a memorial prepared, all that has appeared in the INDEPENDENT and perhaps more will be in the proposed publication.

MRS. JANE WARWICK GATEWOOD

MARGARET

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INDEPENDENT and perhaps more will be in the proposed publication.

MRS. JANE WARWICK GATEWOOD AND HER DESCENDANTS.

This daughter was married to William Gatewood, of Essex county, Va., a near relative of President Tyler. Their home was at Mountain Grove, Bath county, Va.

Their sons were Warwick, Samuel V., and a daughter, Mary Jane.

Warwick Gatewood married Miss Margaret Beale, of Botetourt county, a relative of President Madison.—Their daughter, Eliza, became Mrs. Judge James W. Warwick near the Warm Springs, and Catherine be- Mrs. Charles Bias, once proprietor of the Red Sweet Springs. Mr. Bias was rescued, when an infant, from a wrecked ship, and is supposed to be of Portuguese parentage. One of their sons, James W. Bias, was a very promising candidate for the ministry and died in North Carolina, where he was spending a seminary vacation in charge of a church. Miss Kate Bias their daughter is a very efficient missionary teacher in Brazil, South America.

Col. Samuel V. Gatewood married Miss Eugenia Massie near Alleghany Falls, Va. He resided on the old

and Treasurer.

S. H. STRATTON.

& SON.

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seminary vacation in charge of a church. Miss Kate Bias their daughter is a very efficient missionary teacher in Brazil, South America.

Col. Samuel V. Gatewood married Miss Eugenia Massie near Alleghany Falls, Va. He resided on the old Mountain Grove homestead, and built the fine brick mansion there.

Their daughter, Susan, became Mrs. William Taliaferro, of New Port, Rockbridge county, Va., and Mary Pleasants became Mrs. Samuel Goode, once proprietor of the Hot Springs, Virginia.

William Bias Gatewood, one of the sons, has recently died a prominent business man in Loudon county, Va.

Lieut. Charles Cameron Gatewood, another son, nowresides at the Big Spring, Pocahontas county, W. Va. He was an officer in the Confederate service, Company F. 11th Virginia Cavalry, and ranked among the bravest of his comrades. He married Mary, daughter of Judge J. W. Warwick. Lieut. Gatewood is a popular citizen much esteemed for his gentlemanly qualities.

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ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS RESPECTING MRS. MARY WARWICK MATHEWS AND HER FAMILY.

This daughter married Sampson Mathews, Esq., and for years resided at Dunmore, Pocahontas county, W. Va. Their children were Jacob Warwick, Andrew Gatewood, Sampson Lockhart and Mary Warwick.

Mr. Jacob W. Mathews lived on Sittington's creek near Dunmore. He married a daughter of Rev. John

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McCue, of Augusta county, who is known in history as a pioneer minister in Greenbrier and Monroe counties, W. Va.

There were two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. Elizabeth married Capt. Felix Hull, of McDowell, Highland county, Va. Capt. Hull raised a company of two hundred men. He died in the service.

Mary was married to Mr. Joseph McClung, a prosperous Greenbrier citizen and resided in the Richlands not far from Williamsburg. Mrs. Newman Feamter, in the Blue Sulphur district, is her daughter.

Andrew G. Mathews, Esq., married Mary Warwick See, one of Margaret See's daughters, and spent most of his married life in Pulaski county, Virginia. He was a well known citizen, and was a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church. Their daughter, Martha, was married to Uriah Hevener, Esq., near Green Bank, Pocahontas county. Mrs. James Renick near Falling Spring, Greenbrier county, is one of his

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Sampson Lockhart Mathews married Miss Nancy Edgar, of Greenbrier county, W. Va., a very estimable lady indeed.

The town of Ronceverte now occupies the Edgar Homestead. Special mention was made of him and his worthy descendants in a former sketch.

MARGARET WARWICK SEE AND HER FAMILY.

This daughter was married to Adam See, Esq., who lived near Huttonsville, Randolph county, W. Va. He was a successful lawyer, a very extensive owner of lands, and a devoted Ruling Elder in his church. Their sons were George, Jacob and Charles. Dolly, Eliza, Rachel, Han-

Huttonsville, Randolph county, W. Va. He was a successful lawyer, a very extensive owner of lands, and a devoted Ruling Elder in his church. Their sons were George, Jacob and Charles. Dolly, Eliza, Rachel, Hannah and Margaret were their daughters.

George See's daughter, Georgiana, became the wife Capt. Jacob W. Marshall who raised and commanded a very efficient cavalry company for the Confederate service.

Capt. Marshall was one of the original promoters of Marlinton, and is a member of the Pocahontas Development Company. Mrs. Samuel Holt, of Marlinton, and Mrs. E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, are their daughters.

Charles Cameron See was among the most popular and widely known citizens of Randolph county, an earnest friend of liberal learning and a zealous christian gentleman. His wife was a daughter of Dr. Bosworth, of Beverly.

Mr. Peter See, a prosperous and influential citizen of Augusta county, and a Ruling Elder in the old stone

Holt, of Hillsboro, are their daughters.

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Mr. Peter See, a prosperous and influential citizen of Augusta county, and a Ruling Elder in the old stone church, is a son of Charles C. See.— Mr. Peter See's wife, Mary, is a daughter of Mrs. Eliza Gamble, one of Margaret Warwick See's daughters, whose husband Dr. Thomas Gamble, was an eminent physician, a Ruling Elder in the Augusta church, and a very influential citizen of Augusta county.

Hannah See became Mrs. Henry Harper near Beverly, Margaret became the wife of Hon. Washington Long, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Randolph county in his day, and Dolly was married to the Hon. John Hutton, of Huttonsville, W. Va. This gen-

Harper near Beverly, Margaret became the wife of Hon. Washington Long, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Randolph county in his day, and Dolly was married to the Hon. John Hutton, of Huttonsville, W. Va. This gentleman was a member of the Randolph Court, and a member of the West Virginia Legislature, and did as much as any other man toward removing the disabilities of Southern sympathizers. Rachel Cameron See became the wife of the Hon. Paul McNeel, of Pocahontas county. He amassed an immense landed estate, was for years a leading member of the Court, sheriff of the county, and was a member the Virginia convention that passed the ordinance of secession.

Their eldest son, George, was a Conrederate soldier, and is a popular and prosperous citizen, residing near Hillsboro.

Capt. Andrew Gatewood McNeel raised a company for the Confederate service. He died a few years since

prosperous citizen, residing near Hillsboro.

Capt. Andrew Gatewood McNeel raised a company for the Confederate service. He died a few years since much lamented.

John Adam McNeel, was a soldier, studied law, and now resides on a fine estate in Rockbridge county.

Eliza their eldest daughter was married to Rev. Daniel Penick, an eminent Presbyterian minister in Rockbridge county. She was a very superior person, and her recent death is sincerely and widely mourned.—Mrs. Edgar Beard near Mill Point and Mrs. Captain Edgar near Hillsboro are their daughters.

MRS. NANCY WARWICK GATEWOOD—POAGE AND HER DESCENDANTS.

This member of Jacob Warwick's family was first married to Mr. Thomas Gatewood son of William

bridge county. She was a very superior person, and her recent death is sincerely and widely mourned.—Mrs. Edgar Beard near Mill Point and Mrs. Captain Edgar near Hillsboro are their daughters.

MRS. NANCY WARWICK GATEWOOD-POAGE AND HER DESCENDANTS.

This member of Jacob Warwick's family was first married to Mr. Thomas Gatewood son of William Gatewood, the husband of Jane Warwick, at Mountain Grove. Their home was at Marlin's Bottom, Pocahontas county. Mr. Andrew Gatewood was the only child of this first marriage. He married Miss Sally Moffett, sister of Henry M. Moffett, Esq. A son and a daughter survived

him—Hannah and Charles. The daughter, Hannah Gatewood, was married to John W. Warwick Esq. Her only surviving child is Sally Gatewood, who became Mrs. Dr. John Ligon, of Clover Lick, in Pocahontas.

Mrs. Gatewood was married the second time to Major William Poage. Four daughters and one son survived her. Mrs. Poage died one morning just at the dawning of the day.—Feeling death near she requested Jennie Johnson, who afterward became Mrs. Jennie Lamb, to sing her favorite hymn:

"Come, O Thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see.
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Mrs. Poage's eldest daughter, Rachel Cameron, was married to Josiah Beard, Esq., of Locust, Pocahontas county. At 18 years of age Mr. Beard was a Ruling Elder in his church, and he was the first Clerk of Pocahontas Court. During the late war, when over seventy years of age, he was taken prisoner by Federal troops. Something was said to hurt his feelings and he challenged the whole squad to single combat. Their family numbered eight sons and three daughters. Hon. Wm. T. Beard, the elderst, was very liberally educated and became an honored, influential citizen. He was elected to the West Virginia Legislature, but was not permitted to serve, as he could not conscientiously take the prescribed oath. His two sons, Ed-

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Joel Early Beard died in the war. His mother came to church one Saturday morning, of a sacramental occasion to the old brick church, and the first intimation of her soldiers son's death was the newly prepared grave, and the arrival of the body for burial. Her other sons—

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Mrs. Alvin Clarke, and Mrs. George McNeel, near Hillsboro, and Mrs. Maggie Livisay, near Falling Spring, Greenbrier county, are her daughters. The second daughter, Mary Vance Poage, who is said to have borne a striking resemblance to her good mother, Mary Warwick, was first married to Robert Beale, Esq., of Botetourt county, and resided on Elk, where he died leaving one child, Margaret Elizabeth, who became Mrs. Dr. Geo. B. Moffett, one of her sons. James Moffett is in the employ of the Standard Oil Company

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Major Dawson, a son-in-law, was a member of the Southern provisional Congress.

Col. Wm. Woods Poage, married Miss Julia Callison, of Locust, and settled at Marlin's Botton. His later years were passed near Clover Lick. He was an energetic and prosperous farmer, and stock dealer. He served many years as a member of the Court. Two of his sons—Henry Moffettand William Anthony—were slain in the war. Henry Moffett was a lieutenant of cavalry and was recklessly daring. He was killed near Jack Shop. William Anthony was no less brave and lost his life near Middletown, Virginia, while on a scout.

The surviving sons of Col. Poage Messrs. John Hobert and Quincy

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The surviving sons of Col. Poage Messrs. John Robert and Quincy Woods are highly esteemed citizens and prosperous farmers on the grand old homestead near Clover Lick.

John W. Warwick, Esq., near Edray, married the second time Miss Caroline Craig, youngest daughter of Mr. George E. Craig, merchant in Huntersville, a Ruling Elder in his church and a most estimable christian gentleman.

Miss Emma Warwick, a distinguished and successful teacher, Mrs. Earnest Moore, of Glade Hill, and Mrs. Dr. Lockridge, of Driscoll, are their daughters. Captain John Warwick, merchant at Hinton, and Mr. George Warwick, of Edray, are their sons.

Mrs. Mary V. Moffett's youngest daughter, Rachel, becams Mrs. Dr. McChesney, Lewisburg, Greenbrier

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MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Greenbrier Independent.

Memorials of Major Jacob Warwick and Mrs. Mary V. Warwick.

The writer was greatly encourged, and much gratified by the interest manifested in the sketches published in the INDEPENDENT. The letters received from various parties, advise him, by all means, to have such valuable material published in some permanent form. He is more than willing to do so, provided the generous decendants of these persons furnish the pecuniary assistance requisite. The writer feels a great deal more should have been written concerning Mr. Warwick's family, and he wishes to publish the following particulars as supplementary to the sketch already given the public. Should it please the friends of Major Warwick to have a memorial prepared, all that has appeared in the INDEPENDENT and perhaps more will be in the proposed publication.

MRS. JANE WARWICK GATEWOOD

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MRS. JANE WARWICK GATEWOOD AND HER DESCENDANTS.

This daughter was married to William Gatewood, of Essex county, Va., a near relative of President Tyler. Their home was at Mountain Grove, Bath county, Va.

Their sons were Warwick, Samuel V., and a daughter, Mary Jane.

Warwick Gatewood married Miss Margaret Beale, of Botetourt county, a relative of President Madison.—Their daughter, Eliza, became Mrs. Judge James W. Warwick near the Warm Springs, and Catherine be- Mrs. Charles Bias, once proprietor of the Red Sweet Springs. Mr. Bias was rescued, when an infant, from a wrecked ship, and is supposed to be of Portuguese parentage. One of their sons, James W. Bias, was a very promising candidate for the ministry and died in North Carolina, where he was spending a seminary vacation in charge of a church. Miss Kate Bias their daughter is a very efficient missionary teacher in Brazil, South America.

Col. Samuel V. Gatewood married Miss Eugenia Massie near Alleghany

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Their daughter, Susan, became Mrs. William Taliaferro, of New Port, Rockbridge county, Va., and Mary Pleasants became Mrs. Samuel Goode, once proprietor of the Hot Springs, Virginia.

William Bias Gatewood, one of the sons, has recently died a prominent business man in Loudon county, Va.

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known citizen, and was a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church. Their daughter, Martha, was married to Uriah Hevener, Esq., near Green Bank, Pocahontas county. Mrs. James Renick near Falling Spring, Greenbrier county, is one of his daughters. Charles Mathews, Esq., of Summers county, W. Va., is his son. Mrs. Samuel B. Hanna, near Green Bank, Pocahontas, is a granddaughter of Andrew G. Mathews.

Sampson Lockhart Mathews married Miss Nancy Edgar, of Greenbrier county, W. Va., a very estimable lady indeed.

The town of Ronceverte now occupies the Edgar Homestead. Special mention was made of him and his worthy descendants in a former sketch.

MARGARET WARWICK SEE AND HER FAMILY.

This daughter was married to Adam See, Esq., who lived near Huttonsville, Randolph county, W. Va. He was a successful lawyer, a very extensive owner of lands, and a devoted Ruling Elder in his church. Their sons were George, Jacob and

Huttonsville, Randolph county, W. Va. He was a successful lawyer, a very extensive owner of lands, and a devoted Ruling Elder in his church. Their sons were George, Jacob and Charles. Dolly, Eliza, Rachel, Hannah and Margaret were their daughters.

George See's daughter, Georgiana, became the wife Capt. Jacob W. Marshall who raised and commanded a very efficient cavalry company for the Confederate service.

Capt. Marshall was one of the original promoters of Marlinton, and is a member of the Pocahontas Development Company. Mrs. Samuel Holt, of Marlinton, and Mrs. E. I. Holt, of Hillsboro, are their daughters.

Charles Cameron See was among the most popular and widely known citizens of Randolph county, an earnest friend of liberal learning and a zealous christian gentleman. His wife was a daughter of Dr. Bosworth, of Beverly.

Mr. Peter See, a prosperous and influential citizen of Augusta county, and a Ruling Elder in the old stone

ters.

Charles Cameron See was among the most popular and widely known citizens of Randolph county, an earnest friend of liberal learning and a zealous christian gentleman. His wife was a daughter of Dr. Bosworth, of Beverly.

Mr. Peter See, a prosperous and influential citizen of Augusta county, and a Ruling Elder in the old stone church, is a son of Charles C. See.— Mr. Peter See's wife, Mary, is a daughter of Mrs. Eliza Gamble, one of Margaret Warwick See's daughters, whose husband Dr. Thomas Gamble, was an eminent physician, a Ruling Elder in the Augusta church, and a very influential citizen of Augusta county.

Hannah See became Mrs. Henry Harper near Beverly, Margaret became the wife of Hon. Washington Long, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Randolph county in his day, and Dolly was married to the Hon. John Hutton, of Huttonsville, W. Va. This gen-

Harper near Beverly, Margaret became the wife of Hon. Washington Long, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Randolph county in his day, and Dolly was married to the Hon. John Hutton, of Huttonsville, W. Va. This gentleman was a member of the Randolph Court, and a member of the West Virginia Legislature, and did as much as any other man toward removing the disabilities of Southern sympathizers. Rachel Cameron See became the wife of the Hon. Paul McNeel, of Pocahontas county. He amassed an immense landed estate, was for years a leading member of the Court, sheriff of the county, and was a member the Virginia convention that passed the ordinance of secession.

Their eldest son, George, was a Conrederate soldier, and is a popular and prosperous citizen, residing near Hillsboro.

Capt. Andrew Gatewood McNeel raised a company for the Confederate

prosperous citizen, residing near Hillsboro.

Capt. Andrew Gatewood McNeel raised a company for the Confederate service. He died a few years since much lamented.

John Adam McNeel, was a soldier, studied law, and now resides on a fine estate in Rockbridge county.

Eliza their eldest daughter was married to Rev. Daniel Penick, an eminent Presbyterian minister in Rockbridge county. She was a very superior person, and her recent death is sincerely and widely mourned.—Mrs. Edgar Beard near Mill Point and Mrs. Captain Edgar near Hillsboro are their daughters.

MRS. NANCY WARWICK GATEWOOD–POAGE AND HER DESCENDANTS.

This member of Jacob Warwick's family was first married to Mr. Thomas Gatewood, son of Wil-

perior person, and her recent death is sincerely and widely mourned.—Mrs. Edgar Beard near Mill Point and Mrs. Captain Edgar near Hillsboro are their daughters.

MRS. NANCY WARWICK GATEWOOD-POAGE AND HER DESCENDANTS.

This member of Jacob Warwick's family was first married to Mr. Thomas Gatewood son of William Gatewood, the husband of Jane Warwick, at Mountain Grove. Their home was at Marlin's Bottom, Pocahontas county. Mr. Andrew Gatewood was the only child of this first marriage. He married Miss Sally Moffett, sister of Henry M. Moffett, Esq. A son and a daughter survived

him—Hannah and Charles. The daughter, Hannah Gatewood, was married to John W. Warwick Esq. Her only surviving child is Sally Gatewood, who became Mrs. Dr. John Ligon, of Clover Lick, in Pocahontas.

Mrs. Gatewood was married the second time to Major William Poage. Four daughters and one son survived her. Mrs. Poage died one morning just at the dawning of the day.—Feeling death near she requested Jennie Johnson, who afterward became Mrs. Jennie Lamb, to sing her favorite hymn:

"Come, O Thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see.
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

Mrs. Poage's eldest daughter, Rachel Cameron, was married to

Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

Mrs. Poage's eldest daughter, Rachel Cameron, was married to Josiah Beard, Esq., of Locust, Pocahontas county. At 18 years of age Mr. Beard was a Ruling Elder in his church, and he was the first Clerk of Pocahontas Court. During the late war, when over seventy years of age, he was taken prisoner by Federal troops. Something was said to hurt his feelings and he challenged the whole squad to single combat. Their family numbered eight sons and three daughters. Hon. Wm. T. Beard, the elderst, was very liberally educated and became an honored, influential citizen. He was elected to the West Virginia Legislature, but was not permitted to serve, as he could not conscientiously take the prescribed oath. His two sons, Ed-

the West Virginia Legislature, but was not permitted to serve, as he could not conscientiously take the prescribed oath. His two sons, Edgar and Leigh, reside in the Little Levels. Edgar is a commissioner of the Court and served a term as presiding officer. Leigh is a prosperous young citizen.

Henry Moffett Beard was a Lieut. in the Confederate service, and was for years among the most prosperous Pocahontas farmers. He died recently, lamented by an interesting family and a wide circle of attached friends. Samuel J. Beard, a prosperous farmer, resides in Missouri.

Joel Early Beard died in the war. His mother came to church one Saturday morning, of a sacramental occasion to the old brick church, and the first intimation of her soldiers son's death was the newly prepared grave, and the arrival of the body for burial. Her other sons—

the first intimation of her soldiers son's death was the newly prepared grave, and the arrival of the body for burial. Her other sons—Charles, John, Wallace and Edwin—were Confederate soldiers, distinguished for their fidelity to duty, and are all highly intelligent, much esteemed and influential citizens, residing in the Little Levels of Pocahontas.

Mrs. Alvin Clarke, and Mrs. George McNeel, near Hillsboro, and Mrs. Maggie Livisay, near Falling Spring, Greenbrier county, are her daughters. The second daughter, Mary Vance Poage, who is said to have borne a striking resemblance to her good mother, Mary Warwick, was first married to Robert Beale, Esq., of Botetourt county, and resided on Elk, where he died leaving one child, Margaret Elizabeth, who became Mrs. Dr. Geo. B. Moffett, one of her sons. James Moffett is in the em-

first married to Robert Beale, Esq., of Botetourt county, and resided on Elk, where he died leaving one child, Margaret Elizabeth, who became Mrs. Dr. Geo. B. Moffett, one of her sons. James Moffett is in the employ of the Standard Oil Company in New York. It was at her son's home Mrs. Moffett died a few years since.

Mrs. Beale was married the second time to Henry M. Moffett, Esq., the second Clerk of Pocahontas, and who was a most excellent man in all respects. At one time he was one of the most influential men in the county. Their only son that survived them was the Hon. Geo. H. Moffett, a lawyer, ex-Speaker of the West Virginia Legislature, and at the present time a distinguished journalist in Portland, Oregon.

One of her daughters, Mary Eve-

Greenbrier Independent.

THURSDAY, MAY 5TH, 1898.

LOCAL MATTERS.

IT will be of interest to you to read our advertisement columns this week.

IT is well to remember that the present fish law in this State prohibits the catching of bass between April 14th

evening for Old Point Comfort on a bridal tour.

Death of John C. Warwick.

John C. Warwick, well known to the people of Pocahontas and Greenbrier, died of fever, at his place of business, at Macdonald, Fayette county, on Thursday, the 25th ult., aged about 30 years. He was a native of Pocahontas county, and a son of the late John W. Warwick, was in business at Ronceverte as clerk and bookkeeper for some years, and afterwards at Hinton, where he conducted a large retail clothing business. Later on he became bookkeeper and buyer of the Turkey Knob Coal & Coke Co., which position he held at his death. About five years ago he married Miss Maybell Feamster, of Lewisburg, who, with one son, George, survives him. His remains were brought to Lewisburg and buried with Masonic honors by the Lodges of Lewisburg and Ronceverte in our town cemetery last Friday. The news of his death excited the sincerest sympathies of our people for his young widow, who was born and reared in our town, and was beloved by all who knew her.

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Greenbrier Independent.

Published Every Thursday Evening.

T. H. DENNIS. G. T. ARGABRITE.

DENNIS & ARGABRITE,

Proprietors.

Subscription Rates:

$2.00 A YEAR,

BUT IF PAID STRICTLY IN ADVANCE,

$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Professional & Business Cards

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MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Greenbrier Independent.

Pioneer History.

MEMORIALS OF JACOB WARWICK AND MARY VANCE, HIS WIFE.

SECTION FIRST.

The compiler of these memorials, deeply impressed that something should be attempted to perpetuate the memory of these persons, has availed himself of such facilities as have been in reach. He is largely indebted to Messrs. John Warwick, Esq., Judge John W. Warwick and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, for the information from which these sketches are compiled.

These gentlemen are the grandsons of Jacob Warwick. Mrs. McLaughlin, a daughter of William Sharp, lived with Mrs. Warwick at intervals, as a friend and visitor in the family, and for whom Mrs. Warwick manifested special attachment.

wick manifested special attachment.

The father of Jacob Warwick came to Augusta county, from Williamsburg, Virginia, during colonial times, between 1740-50. He was a Lieutenant in the service of the British Crown, and was employed in surveying and locating land grants in Augusta county, which county included territory of which States have since been formed.

Lieutenant Warwick located and occupied the Dunmore property for his own use. He married a Miss Dunlap, near Middlebrook. Lieutenant Warwick was one of the English gentry whose families settled in Virginia in consequence of political reverses in England, and whose history is so graphically given in Thackeray's Virginians.

There were four children—Charles, Elizabeth, Jacob and John. After operating extensively in lands, and securing the Dunmore property in his own name, Lieut. Warwick concluded to visit England. In making arrangements for his absence, he sent Charles and Elizabeth to Williamsburg to be educated, while Jacob and John remained with their mother in Augusta county. Lieut. Warwick

Elizabeth, Jacob and John. After operating extensively in lands, and securing the Dunmore property in his own name, Lieut. Warwick concluded to visit England. In making arrangements for his absence, he sent Charles and Elizabeth to Williamsburg to be educated, while Jacob and John remained with their mother in Augusta county. Lieut. Warwick never returned, and being heard of no more, he was given up for dead. In the meanwhile Mrs. Warwick settled on the Dunmore property, had it secured by deed to Jacob, and afterwards married Robert Sitlington, but remained at Dunmore a number of years after her second marriage. Jacob Warwick seems to have remembered but little of his own father, and always cherished the highest filial regard for Mr. Sitlington. When Jacob attained his majority, Mr. Sitlington moved to his own property near old Millboro, the estate now occupied (1891) by Mrs. Dickinson, daughter of the late Andrew Sitlington, Esq. Upon her decease Mrs. Sitlington left a bequest

jority, Mr. Sitlington moved to his own property near old Millboro, the estate now occupied (1891) by Mrs. Dickinson, daughter of the late Andrew Sitlington, Esq. Upon her decease Mrs. Sitlington left a bequest of one thousand dollars to Windy Cove church, the annual interest of which was to be paid to the pastor of that congregation. For a long while it was managed by the Messrs. Sloan. In the hands of Stephen Porter it was finally lost through financial embarassments.

Upon reaching legal age, and coming into possession of his estate, Jacob Warwick was married, and settled at Dunmore. Just here let it be stated, that when it was decided that Lieut. Warwick was dead, the grandfather of David Bell, of Fishersville, Va., was appointed guardian of the children, Jacob and John.—William and James Bell were the sons of this guardian, and James Bell

was the father of Wm. A. Bell and David A. Bell, well remembered citizens of Augusta county.

Dunmore was Mr. Warwick's first home after his marriage. His wife was Miss Vance, daughter of Col. John Vance, of North Carolina. He died on Back Creek, at Mountain Grove, Bath county, Va. Colonel Vance's family moved to Ohio, except Samuel Vance, Mrs. Warwick and Mrs. Hamilton. The last named was the mother of Rachel Terrell, of the Warm Springs, and Esq. John Hamilton of Bath County. Governor Vance, of Ohio, and Senator Zeb. Vance, of North Carolina, are of the same family connection. The Vances, originally, were from Opecquon, near Winchester, Virginia.

In business trips to Richmond, to sell horses or cattle, Mr. Warwick formed the acquaintance of Daniel Warwick, a commission merchant, who attended to business for Mr. Warwick, and thus became mutually interested and were able to trace a common ancestry. This merchant

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formed the acquaintance of Daniel Warwick, a commission merchant, who attended to business for Mr. Warwick, and thus became mutually interested and were able to trace a common ancestry. This merchant is an ancestor of Senator John W. Daniel, the renowned eulogist of Lee and Davis. Mr. Warwick remained at Dunmore a number of years. His children were all born there. He was industriously and successfully occupied in accumulating lands, and managing immense herds of cattle and droves of horses. His possessions on Jackson's river were purchased from a certain Alexander Hall, of North Carolina.—Mr. Hall moved from the Byrd place to Judge Warwick's. One of his sons, being charged with horse theft, the penalty being death by hanging, refugeed to Bath. The elder Hall came to Dunmore to see

der Hall came to Dunmore to see Mr. Warwick, and proposed to sell this land to provide means to send his refugee son to Kentucky so as to elude arrest. Mr. Warwick had sent out one hundred head of cattle to be wintered in the same brakes. This herd was taken by Hall as part payment for the Jackson river lands.—The cattle rated at eight pounds a head, (about forty dollars.) The Clover Lick property was rented from the Lewises. The accounts from Kentucky were so flattering that Mr. Warwick decided to settle there. He actually set out for the purpose of locating and securing a place for a new home. The persons in advance of the party with which he was going were slain by Indians near Sewell Mountain. When Mr. Warwick and those with him came up

Sewell Mountain. When Mr. Warwick and those with him came up and saw their slain friends, all returned home. Mrs. Warwick thereupon became so unwilling to emigrate from her Pocahontas home, that her husband concluded to exchange his Kentucky possessions with one Alexander Dunlap for a portion of the Clover Lick lands. The Dunlap patent called for four hundred acres, the actual survey made six hundred.—There was a suit between Lewis and Dunlap about this possession. When matters as to these lands became satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Warwick moved to Clover Lick, and lived in a row of cabins. After a few years, he and Mrs. Warwick thought it might be better for their children to live on the Jackson river estate.—They moved to Bath, and remained there until the marriage of their

isfactorily arranged, Mr. Warwick moved to Clover Lick, and lived in a row of cabins. After a few years, he and Mrs. Warwick thought it might be better for their children to live on the Jackson river estate.— They moved to Bath, and remained there until the marriage of their son Andrew.

Upon their return to Clover Lick the log cabins were deemed unfit for occupancy, and arrangements were made to build a spacious mansion.— Mr. Patrick Bruffey was employed to prepare the material. He began work in Mr. Warwick's absence.— Mrs. Warwick instructed Mr. Bruffey to hew the timbers so as to have a hall or passage, as it was then termed. He did so. When Mr. Warwick returned and found what had been done, he was not pleased with his wife's plans, and had the logs changed accordingly. Mr. Bruffey hewed the logs and dressed

have a hall or passage, as it was then termed. He did so. When Mr. Warwick returned and found what had been done, he was not pleased with his wife's plans, and had the logs changed accordingly. Mr. Bruffey hewed the logs and dressed the plank, but did not build the chimneys. Mr. Wooddell, near Green Bank, furnished the plank for sixty pounds, (nearly three hundred dollars.) The nails were forged by hand at the Warm Springs. Several mounds have been discovered near Clover Lick. In searching for material for the foundation of the large new house, the builders gathered some nice stones from a rock pile.—They found human remains, and when Mr. Warwick heard of it, he emphatically ordered the stones to be replaced, and told them not to molest anything that looked like a burial place. There are no traces of

They found human remains, and when Mr. Warwick heard of it, he emphatically ordered the stones to be replaced, and told them not to molest anything that looked like a burial place. There are no traces of the Shawnee or Mingo Indians ever wintering in the limits of this county. It seems to have been regarded by them as a summer resort for fish and game, and to escape the diseases peculiar to malarial regions east and west. Greenbrier Ben often spoke of the opening of a grave just in front of the Chapel, and from the superior quality of the articles found with the remains, all were of the opinion it was the tomb of a chief. Mr. Warwick directed it to be carefully closed, and the relics were not molested.

One of the main objects in having the new house so spacious, was that

it might be used for preaching services, and there was preaching there more frequently than anywhere else in this region, during a number of years. This historic mansion was finally removed to give place to the handsome residence reared by Dr. Ligon, and which was burned in 1884.

The main route for emigration from Maryland, Pennsylvania and other points north and northeast passed by Clover Lick to Kentucky and Ohio. As many as forty and fifty would be entertained over night. This made Clover Lick one of the most public and widely known places in the whole country. The approach from the east, avoided hollows and ravines, keeping along high points

and crests of ridges so as to be more secure from ambuscades and Indian attacks. The original way out from Clover Lick, going east, after crossing the Greenbrier, near the mouth of Clover creek, avoided Laurel run, kept along the high point leading down to the river, and passed close by the McCutchen residence. Mrs. Warwick had the first road cut out, up the Laurel Run, in order to bring the lumber for the new house from Mr. Wooddell's in the Pine Woods, now Green Bank and vicinity. She gave the enterprise her personal attention. Quite a number of interesting incidents are given by tradition, illustrating the character of Mrs. Warwick. While renting Clover Lick, her husband and others were making hay. A shower of

tention. Quite a number of interesting incidents are given by tradition, illustrating the character of Mrs. Warwick. While renting Clover Lick, her husband and others were making hay. A shower of rain came up very suddenly and dampened their guns and horse pistols. Late in the afternoon the men fired them off, so as to load them with fresh charges. Some one hearing the report of firearms in quick succession, brought word to Mrs. Warwick, at Dunmore, that the Indians were fighting the men at the Lick. She at once mounted a large, black stallion, put a colored boy on behind, and went at full speed and swam the swollen river in her effort to see what had happened. This colored boy was old "Ben," who died at Clover Lick, and is remembered by many of the older citizens.

colored boy was old "Ben," who died at Clover Lick, and is remembered by many of the older citizens. Upon another occasion, when the Shawnees were returning from one of their raids to the east, forty or fifty of their warriors were sent by Clover Lick with the intention, it is believed, to pillage and burn. A scout from Millboro warned Mr. Warwick of their movements. With about twenty others he waited for them in ambush on the mountain crest, south of Clover Lick. The fire was very effective and every man killed or wounded his victim. The Indians in their surprise hastily retreated and were pursued as far as Elk Water in Randolph county.—Upon hearing of the result, Mrs. Warwick at once followed her husband and friends, and was attended

Upon hearing of the result, Mrs. Warwick at once followed her husband and friends, and was attended by servants, carrying provisions for them. She met them at the Big Spring on their return, and the weary, hungry party were greatly refreshed by her thoughtful preparations. She was eminently pious, and was a member of the Windy Cove Presbyterian Church. She never felt herself more honored than when ministers would visit her home and preach. The visiting minister would receive a nice horse, or something else as valuable, as a token of appreciation. She was conscientiously rigid in her domestic discipline.—Her brother once made this remark: "Mary, I used to think you were too strict with you family, and you have

Her brother once made this remark: "Mary, I used to think you were too strict with you family, and you have been blamed for it. I see now, you were right. You have not a child but would kneel in the dust before you, to obey you. I let my children have more liberties, and they do not care near so much for me."

The Rev. Aretas Loomis came from Beverly, for a time, every four weeks, and preached at the Warwick residence. She was highly emotional, and during the services often appeared very happy. As to her personal appearance, she was tall, slender and blue-eyed, hair slightly tinged with auburn, and when in health, lithe and agile in her carriage. So she was distinguished for symmetry of person, beauty of figure

tional, and during the services often appeared very happy. As to her personal appearance, she was tall, slender and blue-eyed, hair slightly tinged with auburn, and when in health, lithe and agile in her carriage. So she was distinguished for symmetry of person, beauty of figure and force of character, all of which she retained even to an advanced age. She was very benevolent, and her kind deeds were done upon the principle of not telling the left hand know what the right might be doing. Persons in her employ would always be over-paid. Polly Brown, whose lot it was to support her blind mother, received two bushels of corn every two weeks, and no one knew where the supply came from at the time. A person named Charley Collins, who was renowned as an

principle of not telling the left hand know what the right might be doing. Persons in her employ would always be over-paid. Polly Brown, whose lot it was to support her blind mother, received two bushels of corn every two weeks, and no one knew where the supply came from at the time. A person named Charley Collins, who was renowned as an ——— and whose name is given to one of the meadows of Clover Lick, did a great deal of clearing.—It was reported that he was but poorly paid, but before Mrs. Warwick was done with him, his family was doubly paid by the substantial gifts dispensed by her open hand.—Among her many other generous deeds, it is told how a rather worthless character, disabled by frozen feet, was received into her house,

clothed and fed until he could walk. His name was Bosier. Mrs. McLaughlin remembers seeing this person crawling up the steps, sitting by the door or reclining under the dining table while preaching services were held. This man afterwards died from the effects of a burning tree falling on him, against which he had made a fire, while on his way from the Big Spring to Mace's in Mingo Flats. George See, a grandson of Mrs. Warwick, heard his cries and came to him. In his efforts to rescue him, he exerted himself so laboriously that he was never well afterwards.

It should be remembered, too, that Mrs. Warwick in her old age, gathered the first Sabbath School ever taught in Pocahontas. In the summer her servants would lift her on

ered the first Sabbath School ever taught in Pocahontas. In the summer her servants would lift her on her horse, and she would then ride about four miles to a school-house, near where the Josiah Friel cabin stood, now in the possession of Giles Sharp. The exercises would begin at about nine o'clock. There was no prayer, no singing, but she would read the Bible, talk a great deal and give good advice. The scholars would read their Bibles with her.—The exercises would close at two in the afternoon. After this continuous session of five hours, Mrs. Warwick would be so exhausted as to require assistance to arise and mount her horse. It was her custon to go to Wm. Sharp's, dine and rest awhile, and then go home late in the day.—To use the language of her scholars now living, "Oh, she would give

would be so exhausted as to require assistance to arise and mount her horse. It was her custon to go to Wm. Sharp's, dine and rest awhile, and then go home late in the day.— To use the language of her scholars now living, "Oh, she would give such good advice. If all would do as she told them, how well it might have been. She was the best woman to raise girls I ever saw, if they would take her advice how to act, and how to do. She has talked to me for hours, and it was often thrown up to me that old Mrs. Warwick made me proud because I tried to do as she advised me." Among her scholars were Mrs. Mary Gibson, on Elk, Mrs. William Moore and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, who were daughters of her friend, Mrs. William Sharp.

made me proud because I tried to do as she advised me." Among her scholars were Mrs. Mary Gibson, on Elk, Mrs. William Moore and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, who were daughters of her friend, Mrs. William Sharp.

The school was mainly made up of Josiah Brown's family, John Sharp's, William Sharp's and Jeremiah Friel's.

The lamented Methodist preacher, Rev. James E. Moore, once belonged to her Sabbath School, and received from her his earliest religious instructions. By common consent it is agreed that he did more for his church than any two ministers who have ever preached in this region.

Not a great while before her death, during one of Mr. Loomis' ministerial visits, she received the com-

tions. By common consent it is agreed that he did more for his church than any two ministers who have ever preached in this region.

Not a great while before her death, during one of Mr. Loomis' ministerial visits, she received the communion. Upon receiving the elements, her emotions became so great that her husband and children, fearing results, carried her to her own room. For four weeks she was helpless from nervous prostration. All her children from Bath and Pocahontas were sent for. She died at the ripe age of eighty years, in 1823, at Clover Lick, and there she was buried.—There were no services of any kind in connection with her burial.

Several years since the writer was shown her grave, on the green hillside, facing the morning sun. The

age of eighty years, in 1823, at Clover Lick, and there she was buried.—There were no services of any kind in connection with her burial.

Several years since the writer was shown her grave, on the green hillside, facing the morning sun. The only thing, marking the spot at that time, was a peach tree, that had spontaneously grown at the head of her grave. Some day, not far removed, it is hoped, her many worthy descendants may honor her memory by something becoming the name of one so worthy of everlasting remembrance. Her blood flows in the veins of the Warwicks, Sees, Gatewoods, Camerons, Poages, Beards, Matthews, Moffats, McClungs, Ligons, McClintics and Prices, in the counties of Randolph, Bath, Rockbridge and Pocahontas. As one stands near the lonely grave where

counties of Randolph, Bath, Rockbridge and Pocahontas. As one stands near the lonely grave where Mary Warwick so sweetly rests, the pathetic silence seems broken by these words from Whittier's Triumph:

"O living friends who love me!
O dear ones above me!
Careless of other fame
I leave you my name."

(*To be continued.*)

So much of the enjoyment of life lies in easy, careless conversation that it would be absurd to wish that men should never give utterance to an idea without consideration.—Moralists must not ask too much of mankind or they will get nothing at all. In our moments of relaxation, after having acted a serious part for many hours, and spoken only in guarded and chosen terms, nothing can be more delightful than to give way to a gush of heedless prattle

all. In our moments of relaxation, after having acted a serious part for many hours, and spoken only in guarded and chosen terms, nothing can be more delightful than to give way to a gush of heedless prattle with the friends around us, flying from one idea to another, like the bee from flower to flower, lightly touching this, carelessy pressing that, here a little satire, there a little pathos, sometimes a witticism, and, over all, the light laugh that speaks the mind at ease with itself. Who would wish to see a precise, pedantic exactness introduced into converse such as this.

In order to secure a long life and green old age, bodily vigor should be sustained by regular, systematic exercise, avoiding all sudden strain and prolonged exertion. Especially is this true of running, lifting, climbing, etc. And labor, while desirable in moderation, should never be prolonged till it produces exhaustion.

The Greenbrier Independent.

Nothing shall be Published in it on which Shall Reflect the Cause of Truth and Morality, or which Concerns the Welfare of the Community in which we Live.

VOLUME XXVI. LEWISBURG, WEST VIRGINIA, THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 1, 1891. NUMBER 18.

Greenbrier Independent.

Job & Business Cards

J. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Real Estate Agents

Richard Thomas,

URNITURE,

B. Wallace,
AUCTIONEER,

Dr. A. Lowe,
JEWELER,

Wisburg Hotel,

HEINTZEFETTER,

POETRY.

A MODEL SCHOOLMA'AM.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Good morning, Mr. Editor, here was
a chap
Who left his card for you a piece
ago;
I saw you, for I went your papers
through
To see if I were in print.
And you were not, and now
I do not know
Whether to be pleased or blue.
And here's a few lines that he
guessed just would be to your
I thought they'd look good for the
paper, and as I paid [taste
And now in a basket of praises and
With printed supremely for you.
And as a small token of my
esteem for the
Enclosed I send you a model
schoolma'am, too.

You're doing the politest bills, as all
Just keep your eye peeled for a
And you'll have lots of work to do
And you're the man to do it.
And you know with our new
Times are more apt to appreciate
be had, and those who perhaps
But to the great time that is coming,
And men who have labored and
shall come from the watering
When those who have striven and
found in health, and sensible
Shall speak for the best of the
each one in his best glory dress,
At their mouth through the
of the press.
The editor and his assistants will
And for those the blest.

MISCELLANEOUS

For the Greenbrier Independent.

Pioneer History.

REMINISCENCE OF JUDGE WARWICK AND MARY CATES, OLD WIFE.

SECOND PAPER.

The compiler of these memorials deeply impressed that something should be attempted to perpetuate the memory of these persons, but avoided himself of such facilities as have been in reach. He is largely indebted to Hon. John Warwick, Esq.; Judge John W. Warwick and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, for the information from which these sketches are compiled.

These gentlemen are the grandsons of Jacob Warwick. Mrs. McLaughlin, a daughter of William Sharp, lived with Mrs. Warwick as intimate, as a friend and visitor in the family, and for whom Mr. Warwick manifested special attachment.

The father of Jacob Warwick came to Augusta county from Williamsburg, Virginia, during colonial times, between 1750-60. He was a Lieutenant in the service of the British Crown, and was employed in surveying and locating land grants in Augusta county, which county included territory of which States have since been formed.

Lieutenant Warwick located and occupied the Donnoho property for his own use. He married a Miss Dunlap, near Middlebrook. Lieutenant Warwick was one of the English gentry whose families settled in Virginia in consequence of political reverses in England, and whose history was graphically given in Thackeray's Virginians.

There were four children—Charles, Elizabeth, Jacob and John. After operating extensively in lands, and securing the Donnoho property in his own name, Lieut. Warwick concluded to visit England. In making arrangements for his absence, he sent Charles and Elizabeth to Williamsburg to be educated, while Jacob and John remained with their mother in Augusta county. Lieut. Warwick never returned, and being heard of no more, he was given up for dead. In the meanwhile Mrs. Warwick settled up the Donnoho property, and removed by flood to Jacob, and after wards married Robert Billingsley, but remained in Tennessee a number of years after her second marriage. Jacob Warwick seems to have remained for little of his early childhood with his mother, and always cherished the highest filial regard for Mr. Billingsley. When Jacob attained his majority, Mr. Billingsley seemed to have also gallantly paid old Williams, the estate was accepted (1802) by Mrs. Elizabeth, daughter of the late Abram Billingsley, Esq. Upon her decease Mrs. Billingsley left a bequest of one thousand dollars to Mary Cates (mentioned in connection with Jacob) to be paid to the guardian of that congregation. For a long while it was managed by the Rockbridge branch in the hands of Stephen Trotter, it was finally lost through financial embarrassments.

Upon coming legal age, and coming into possession of his estate, Jacob Warwick was unskilled, and attended to business. Just here he acted wisely, that when it was decided that Lieut. Warwick was dead, the guardianship of David Bell, of Pulaski county, Va., was appointed guardian of the children, Jacob and John. William and Elizabeth were the wife of Wm. A. Bell and David A. Bell, well remembered citizens of Augusta county.

Jacob was Mrs. Warwick's first born after the marriage. His wife was Miss Vance, daughter of Col. John Vance, of North Carolina. He died on Jack Creek, at Monmouth county, Bath county, Va. Colonel Vance's family removed to Ohio, on the Ohio river, near Marietta, where Colonel Vance, Mrs. Warwick and Mrs. Hamilton. The last named was the mother of Rachel Terrell, of the Warm Springs, and Hon. John Hamilton of Bath County. Governor Vance, of Ohio, and Governor Vance, of North Carolina, are of the same family connection. The Vances, originally, came from Opequon, near Winchester, Virginia.

In business trips to Richmond, to sell horses or cattle, Mr. Warwick formed the acquaintance of David Warwick, a commission merchant, who attended to business for Mr. Warwick, and that business gradually established and grew able to trust a responsible agency. This merchant is an ancestor of Senator John W. Daniel, the renowned outright of Lee and Davis. Mr. Warwick established at Danville a number of years. His children were all born there. He was industriously and successfully occupied in accumulating lands, and managing business affairs of cattle and horses. His possessions on Jackson's river were purchased from a certain Alexander Hall, of North Carolina.—Mr. Hall moved from the Rockfish to Judge Warwick's. One of his sons, being charged with horse theft, the penalty being death by hanging, refugeed to Ruth. The effort then came to Donnoho to see Mr. Warwick, and proposed to sell Gib land to provide means to send his refugee son to Kentucky so as to elude arrest. Mr. Warwick had at one one hundred head of cattle to be delivered in the same locality. This herd was taken by Hall as part payment for the Jackson river lands.—The cattle cated at eight pounds a head, (about forty dollars.) The Clover Lick property was resold from the Lewises. The emigrants from Kentucky were so faltering that Mr. Warwick decided to settle there. He actually set out for the purpose of locating and securing a place for a new home. The person in advance of the party with which he was going were slain by Indians near Sewell Mountain. When Mr. Warwick met them with his slaves and stock and their effects, they were returning home. Mrs. Warwick thereupon became unwilling to emigrate from her Pendleton home, that her husband concluded to exchange his Kentucky possessions with one Alexander Dunlap for a portion of the Clover Lick lands. The Dunlap pat ent called for four hundred acres, the actual survey made six hundred.—There was a suit between Lewis and Dunlap about this possession. When matters as to these lands became satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Warwick moved to Clover Lick, and lived in a row of cabins. After a few years, he and Mrs. Warwick thought it might be better for their children to live on the Jackson river estate.—They moved to Bath, and remained there until the marriage of their son Andrew.

Upon their return to Clover Lick the log cabins were deemed unfit for occupancy, and arrangements were made to build a spacious mansion.—Mr. Patrick Bradley was employed to prepare the material. He began work in Mr. Warwick's absence.—Mrs. Warwick instructed Mr. Bradley to have the timbers so as to have a hall or passage, as it was then termed. He did so. When Mr. Warwick returned and found what had been done, he was not pleased with his wife's plans, and had the logs changed accordingly. Mr. Bradley hewed the logs and dressed the plank, but did not build the chimneys. Mr. Woodhill, near Green Sink, furnished the plank for sixty pounds, (seventy three hundred dollars.) The nails were forged by hand at the Warm Springs. Several records have been discovered over Clover Lick. In searching for material for the foundation of the large new house, the builders gathered some nice stone from a rock pile.—They found human remains, and when Mr. Warwick heard of it, he emphatically ordered the stones to be replaced, and told them not to collect anything that looked like a burial place. There are no traces of the Shawnee or Mingo Indians ever occurring in the limits of Monroe county, to cause to have been regarded by them as a favorite resort for fish and game, and to escape the disease peculiar to malarial regions now and ever. Gunpowder has often spoken of the opening of a grave just in front of the house, and from the superior quality of the articles found with the remains, all save of the opinion it was the tomb of a chief. Mr. Warwick directed it to be carefully closed, and the coins were not molested.

One of the main objects in having the new house so spacious, was that it might be used for preaching services, and there was preaching there more frequently than anywhere else in this region, during a number of years. The Masonic meeting was chiefly assembled to give place to the handsome residence owned by Dr. Lipps, and which was burned by the rebels.

The main route for emigration from Maryland, Pennsylvania and other points north and northeast passed by Clover Lick to Kentucky and Ohio. So many or more and daily would be intercepted over night. The main Clover Lick was of the most cordial and widely known character to the whole country. The approach from the east, greatest fullness and ascent, keeping along high points and crests of ridges so as to be more secure from ambuscades and Indian attacks. The original way out from Clover Lick, going east, ran along the line of the Greenbrier river to the mouth of Clover creek, crossed Locust run, kept along the high point leading down to the river, and passed close by the McCutchen residence. Mrs. Warwick had the first road cut out up the Locust Run, in order to bring up the lumber for the new house from Mr. Woodhill's to the Flat Woods, now Green Bank and Huntersville. One of the most interesting incidents are given by tradition, illustrating the character of Mrs. Warwick. While nursing Clover Lick, her husband and others were making hay. A shower of rain came on very suddenly and dampened their guns and home powder. Late in the afternoon the men took them off, or in had them fired them off, or in had them charged with fresh charges. As the men were in the act of firearms in quick succession, brought word to Mrs. Warwick, at Donnoho, that the Indians were fighting the men at the Lick. She at once mounted a large, black stallion, put a colored boy on behind, and went at full speed and swam the swollen river in her effort to see what had happened. This colored boy was old "Ben," who died at Clover Lick, and is remembered by many of the older citizens. Upon another occasion, when the Shawnees were returning from one of their raids to the east, forty or fifty of their warriors were sent by Clover Lick with the intimation, it is said, of hostilities and harm, but a scout from Mingo warned Mrs. Warwick of their movements. With about twenty others he waited for them in ambush on the mountain road, south of Clover Lick. The fire was very effective and every man killed or wounded his victim. The Indians in their surprise hastily retreated and were pursued as far as Elk Water in Randolph county.—Upon hearing of the result, Mrs. Warwick at once followed her husband and friends, and was attended by servants, carrying provisions for them. She met them at the Big Spring on their return, and the weary, hungry party were greatly refreshed by her thoughtful preparations. She was eminently pious, and was a member of the Windy Cove Presbyterian Church. She never felt herself more honored than when ministers would visit her home and preach. The visiting minister would receive a nice horse, or something else as valuable, as a token of appreciation. She was conscientiously rigid in her domestic discipline.—Her brother once said to his servant: "Mary, I used to think you were too strict with you family, and you have been blessed for it. I see now, you were right. You have not a child but would kneel in the dust before you, to obey you. I let my children have some liberties, and they do not care near so much for me."

The Rev. Anson Lucas came from Beverly, for a time, every four weeks, and preached at the Warwick residence. She was highly entertained, and during the services often appeared very happy. As to her personal appearance, she was tall, slender and blue-eyed, hair slightly tinged with auburn, and when in health, like red apple in her cheeks. So she was distinguished for symmetry of person, beauty of figure and force of character, all of which the retained even to an advanced age. She was very benevolent, and her kind deeds were done upon the principle of not letting the left hand know what the right might be doing. Persons in her employ would always be over paid. Polly Brown, whom be it was to support her blind mother, received two barrels of corn every two weeks, and no one knew where the supply came from at the time. A person named Barley Collins, who was rumored as an ——— and whose name is given to one of the members of Clover Lick, did a great deal of cleaning. It was reported that he was for purely paid, but before Mrs. Warwick was done with him, he fairly was doubly paid by the subscriber gifts deposited by her open hand.—Among her many other generous deeds, it is told how a widow woman, bereaved, startled by frozen feet, was conveyed into her house, clothed and fed until he could walk. His name was Baker. Mrs. McLaughlin remembers seeing the person crawling up the steps, sitting by the door or walking under the shelter of the offices of a hopping, low sitting or kiln, against which he had made a fire, while on his way from the Big Spring to Mann's in Meigs Fork. George Sue, a grandson of Mrs. Warwick, lived with her and owes to him. In his efforts to secure him, he resorted almost or intentionally that he was never well afterwards.

It should be remembered, too, that Mrs. Warwick in her old age, gathered the four infants father ever taught in Pendleton. In the latter years she would call for her to her home, and she would then tell them about four miles to a schoolhouse, over where the James Trial resided, now in the possession of Giles Sharp. The exercises would begin at about nine o'clock. There was no prayer, no singing, but she would read the Bible, with a great deal and good advice. The children would read their lessons with her.—The exercises would close at ten to thirteen. After Thanksgiving some of the boys, Mrs. Warwick would have them write an essay. Quite a number of interesting incidents are given by tradition, illustrating the character of Mrs. Warwick. While nursing Clover Lick, her husband and others were making hay. A shower of rain came on very suddenly and dampened their guns and home powder. Late in the afternoon the men took them off, or in had them fired them off, or in had them charged with fresh charges. As the men were in the act of firearms in quick succession, brought word to Mrs. Warwick, at Donnoho, that the Indians were fighting the men at the Lick. She at once mounted a large, black stallion, put a colored boy on behind, and went at full speed and swam the swollen river in her effort to see what had happened. This colored boy was old "Ben," who died at Clover Lick, and is remembered by many of the older citizens. Upon another occasion, when the Shawnees were returning from one of their raids to the east, forty or fifty of their warriors were sent by Clover Lick with the intimation, it is said, of hostilities and harm, but a scout from Mingo warned Mrs. Warwick of their movements. With about twenty others he waited for them in ambush on the mountain road, south of Clover Lick. The fire was very effective and every man killed or wounded his victim. The Indians in their surprise hastily retreated and were pursued as far as Elk Water in Randolph county.—Upon hearing of the result, Mrs. Warwick at once followed her husband and friends, and was attended by servants, carrying provisions for them. She met them at the Big Spring on their return, and the weary, hungry party were greatly refreshed by her thoughtful preparations. She was eminently pious, and was a member of the Windy Cove Presbyterian Church. She never felt herself more honored than when ministers would visit her home and preach. The visiting minister would receive a nice horse, or something else as valuable, as a token of appreciation. She was conscientiously rigid in her domestic discipline.—Her brother once said to his servant: "Mary, I used to think you were too strict with you family, and you have been blessed for it. I see now, you were right. You have not a child but would kneel in the dust before you, to obey you. I let my children have some liberties, and they do not care near so much for me."

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Whiskey and Drinks at Cheapshore Shop.

Given in a good description of the town by an English author:

"The face is about large that that of the Southdown, and with the same mild, gentle, and pleasing expression, and slightly arched; nose larger than the Southdown; the color of the face is a reddened black, and the whole face is covered with hair, as looking in part, on the jaw; the forehead is well covered with wool, the legs are darker than the body, and the wool is not so white, but quite as fine as the Southdown. The Hampshire carcasses generally weigh, in pounds, as much, per quarter, as two years old sheep. The wool was mainly made up of Judah Brown's family, John Shorty's, William Sharp's and Jonathan Fitch's.

The Reverend Methodist preacher, Rev. Jessie E. Moore, once belonged to his Sabbath School, and received from him his earliest religious impressions. By eminent counsel it be agreed that he did more for his church than any two ministers who have ever preached in this region.

For a great while ladies her death, during one of Mr. Lovers' ministerial visits, she received the announcement. Upon receiving the announcement, her emotions became so great that her husband and children, fearing results, carried her to her own room. For four weeks she was helpless from nervous prostration. All her children from Bath and Pendleton were sent for. She died at the ripe age of eighty years, in 1826, at Clover Lick, and there she was buried.—There were no services of any kind in connection with her burial.

Several years since the writer was shown her grave, on the grass hillside, facing the morning sun. The only thing, marking the spot at that time, was a peach tree, that had spontaneously grown at the head of her grave. Some day, not far removed, it is hoped, her many worthy descendants may honor her memory by something becoming the name of one so worthy of everlasting remembrance. Her blood flows in the veins of the Warwicks, Sues, Gatewoods, Cameron, Fugate, Steeds, Matthews, Moffats, McClungs, Lipps, McClintics and Price, in the counties of Randolph, Bath, Rockbridge and Pocahontas. As one stands near the lonely grave where Mary Warwick so sweetly rests, the pathetic silence seems broken by those words from Whittier's Triumph:

"O loving friends who love me!
O dear ones where we!
I ponder of other faces
I have put my cares."

—(To be continued.)

So much of the enjoyment of life lost in way, careless conversation that it would be almost to wish that we had never been given utterance to the without consideration. Moralists point out not the worth of mankind or they will get nothing at all. In our moments of relaxation, after having acted a serious part for hours, and spoken with the gravest and chosen terms, nothing can be more delightful than to give way to a gush of heedless prattle with the friends around us, flying from one idea to another, like the bee from flower to flower, lightly touching this, tasting that, here a little, there a little. Such a letter, sometimes a whisper, and, very oft, the light laugh that speaks the mind at ease with itself. How would it be if a precise, pedantic academic hairsplitter were to sit in this.

By order to secure a long life and green old age, bodily vigor should be sustained by regular, systematic exercise, avoiding at sudden, violent and prolonged exertion. Especially at this time of evening, lifting, shoveling coal, and heavy, disagreeable to bodybuilding, should never be prolonged till it produces exhaustion.

Lose your time were several instances of persons being sent to England and bringing them back to Cheapshore, some of which were brought to this country.

As to the care and general management of sheepfolds, it is much the same as is bestowed on other breeds. When the rain is put to the fleece he should be to vigorous one

Whose which does not make that he should be the, but that he should have some healthy, but no more. Whose which does not make that he should be the, but that he should have some healthy, but no more. Whose which does not make that he should be the, but that he should have some healthy, but no more.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," said the parson, with more cordiality than usual, as he met the village blacksmith.

"Why, parson, we are glad to see you back again. I hope you had a good time."

"Yes, we had a very pleasant time, and I am glad to get back to my work again."

"Why, parson, you don't look as well as you did when you left home. You look as though you had been sick."

"Yes, I have been sick, but I am better now, and hope to be able to resume my duties next Sunday."

"Why, parson, you must be careful. You are getting old, and you must not work too hard."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith, for your kind solicitude, but I am afraid I have been working too hard."

"Why, parson, you must not work so much. You must take care of yourself

believed, to pillage and burn. A scout from Millboro warned Mr. Warwick of their movements. With about twenty others he waited for them in ambush on the mountain crest, south of Clover Lick. The fire was very effective and every man killed or wounded his victim. The Indians in their surprise hastily retreated and were pursued as far as Elk Water in Randolph county.—Upon hearing of the result, Mrs. Warwick at once followed her husband and friends, and was attended by servants, carrying provisions for them. She met them at the Big Spring on their return, and the

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wintering in the limits of this county. It seems to have been regarded by them as a summer resort for fish and game, and to escape the diseases peculiar to malarial regions east and west. Greenbrier Ben often spoke of the opening of a grave just in front of the Chapel, and from the superior quality of the articles found with the remains, all were of the opinion it was the tomb of a chief. Mr. Warwick directed it to be carefully closed, and the relics were not molested.

One of the main objects in having the new house so spacious, was that

it was managed by the Messrs. Sloan. In the hands of Stephen Porter it was finally lost through financial embarassments.

Upon reaching legal age, and coming into possession of his estate, Jacob Warwick was married, and settled at Dunmore. Just here let it be stated, that when it was decided that Lieut. Warwick was dead, the grandfather of David Bell, of Fishersville, Va., was appointed guardian of the children, Jacob and John.—William and James Bell were the sons of this guardian, and James Bell

son of Mrs. Warwick, heard his cries and came to him. In his efforts to rescue him, he exerted himself so laboriously that he was never well afterwards.

It should be remembered, too, that Mrs. Warwick in her old age, gathered the first Sabbath School ever taught in Pocahontas. In the summer her servants would lift her on her horse, and she would then ride about four miles to a school-house, near where the Josiah Friel cabin stood, now in the possession of Giles Sharp. The exercises would begin

made me proud because I tried to do as she advised me." Among her scholars were Mrs. Mary Gibson, on Elk, Mrs. William Moore and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, who were daughters of her friend, Mrs. William Sharp.

The school was mainly made up of Josiah Brown's family, John Sharp's, William Sharp's and Jeremiah Friel's.

The lamented Methodist preacher, Rev. James E. Moore, once belonged to her Sabbath School, and received from her his earliest religious instructions. By common consent it is agreed that he did more for his church than any two ministers who have ever preached in this region.

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Several years since the writer was shown her grave, on the green hillside, facing the morning sun. The only thing, marking the spot at that time, was a peach tree, that had spontaneously grown at the head of her grave. Some day, not far removed, it is hoped, her many worthy descendants may honor her memory by something becoming the name of

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That is mixed with fire;
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Step sedate and slow,
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Such as angels know!

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Greenbrier Independent.

Pioneer History.

MEMORIALS OF JACOB WARWICK AND MARY VANCE, HIS WIFE.

SECTION SECOND.

The purpose of these sketches is already manifest to the discerning reader—to rescue, if possible, from total oblivion the name and services of an obscure but eminently worthy person. Jacob Warwick was one of the pioneers who made permanent settlements in what is now Pocahontas and Bath counties Virginia and West Virginia.

It has been already stated that he commenced his business life at Dunmore; purchased Clover Lick, where he resided for a time; then moved to his immense prossessions on Jackson's river, and then returned to Clover Lick. In addition to these estates, he acquired some others equally valuable. He endowed his seven children with ample legacies, and bequeathed a com-

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son's river, and then returned to Clover Lick. In addition to these estates, he acquired some others equally valuable. He endowed his seven children with ample legacies, and Blue Lick bequeathed a competency to each of fifteen grandchildren.

Mr. Warwick was an alert and succesful Indian fighter, and had a series of conflicts, narrowly escaping with his life on several occasions; yet he was never sure of killing but one Indian. Parties now living (1891) remember seeing a tree on the lands of John Warwick, near Green Bank, where Jacob Warwick killed that Indian in single combat. It always grieved him that he had certainly sent one soul into eternity under such sad circumstances.

Owing to his accurate knowledge of the mountain regions far and near, his services were in frequent demand by land agents and governmental surveyors. He and some others went to Randolph as an escort for a land commission in the service of the colony. It was during the period when Kilbuck scouted the mountains with bands of Shawnees and Mingoes. Mr. Stuart, of Green-

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of the mountain regions far and near, his services were in frequent demand by land agents and governmental surveyors. He and some others went to Randolph as an escort for a land commission in the service of the colony. It was during the period when Kilbuck scouted the mountains with bands of Shawnees and Mingoes. Mr. Stuart, of Greenbrier, says: "Of all the Indians the Shawnees were the most bloody and terrible, holding all other men—Indians as well as whites—in contempt as warriors in comparison with themselves. This opinion made them more fierce and restless than any other savages, and they boasted that they had killed ten times as many white men as any other tribe. They were a well-formed, ingenious, active people; were assuming and imperious in the presence of others, not of their nation, and sometimes very cruel. It was chiefly the Shawnees that cut off the British under General Braddock, in 1755—only nineteen years before the battle of Point Pleasant—when the General himself and Sir Peter Hackett, the second in

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At the time Mr. Warwick went over to Randolph with the commissioner, the season had been inclement, but it was believed the Indians would not be abroad. Indeed, such was their sense of security the party did not think it worth while to arm themselves upon setting out on their business. While in the lower valley about Huttonsville, however, it was reported by one Thomas Lackey, a person of somewhat questionable veracity, that he had seen fresh Indian signs. As Mr. Warwick and

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and Sir Peter Hackett, the second in command, were both slain, and the mere remnant only of the whole army escaped. They, too, defeated Major Grant and the Scotch Highlanders, at Fort Pitt, in 1758, where the whole of the troops were killed or taken prisoners."

At the time Mr. Warwick went over to Randolph with the commissioner, the season had been inclement, but it was believed the Indians would not be abroad. Indeed, such was their sense of security the party did not think it worth while to arm themselves upon setting out on their business. While in the lower valley about Huttonsville, however, it was reported by one Thomas Lackey, a person of somewhat questionable veracity, that he had seen fresh Indian signs. As Mr. Warwick and his party were unarmed, six citizens and friends of the escort, armed themselves and proposed to go with them to the place where Lackey had seen the Indian trail. Upon coming near the place, Andrew Sitlington's

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horse showed fright, thereupon his rider saw Indians, but for a moment could not speak. This attracted Mr. Warwick's attention, and upon looking in the same direction he saw the Shawnees creeping along to reach a suitable place to cut them off. He gave the alarm—"Indians! Indians!" Finding themselves discovered, the warriors fired hastily, wounding one of the party and Mr. Warwick's horse. The horse sank to the ground as if dead, but as Mr. Warwick was in the act of throwing off his cloak for flight, the horse rose and darted off at the top of his speed, and carried his rider safely home to Dunmore before night. Those that were wounded all escaped—Jacob Warwick, Thomas Cartmill, James McClaine and Andrew Sitlington. Of those on foot, John Crouch, John Hulder and Thomas Lackey escaped. The following were killed: John McClaine, James Ralston and John Nelson. When these were attacked they were near the mouth of Windy run. One man was killed

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Warwick, Thomas Cartmill, James McClaine and Andrew Sitlington. Of those on foot, John Crouch, John Hulder and Thomas Lackey escaped. The following were killed: John McClaine, James Ralston and John Nelson. When these were attacked they were near the mouth of Windy run. One man was killed running across the bottom. Three of the men escaped by climbing the bank where they were; two others, in looking for an easier place to get up the bank, were overtaken and scalped. Not very far from this place is the Laurel thicket where the Ohio scouts killed Colonel Washington in 1861.

The horse was found to be wounded in the thigh. The ball was extracted, and the noble animal lived long and became very valuable for useful endurance. Most of the way home, the day he was wounded, that horse carried two persons, a distance of thirty miles.

Upon a subsequent occasion he

and the noble animal lived long and became very valuable for useful endurance. Most of the way home, the day he was wounded, that horse carried two persons, a distance of thirty miles.

Upon a subsequent occasion he went to Randolph county. It was night when he returned. His horse shied at something in the road, which Mr. Warwick at once recognized as the fresh husks of roasting ears.— The presence of Indians was at once suspected, and upon approaching the house cautiously, it was found that the row of cabins were burned and the premises ransacked. In their glee, the Indians had caught the chickens, picked all their feathers off and let them go. The place had been left in the care of a colored man named Sam and Greenbrier Ben, aged ten or twelve years. Sam made good his escape to the woods, but Ben hid in a hemp patch, so near

made good his escape to the woods, but Ben hid in a hemp patch, so near the cabin that when it was burned, he could scarcely keep still, his buck-skin breeches were made so hot.—From his retreat Ben saw the Indians pick the chickens, leaving their tails and topknots, and laughed at their grotesque appearance. He saw them run the wagon into the fire, after the cabin near the spring had become a smouldering heap of coals. This wagon was the first that ever crossed the Alleghanies. It was brought from Mountain Grove, up Little Back creek, about three miles above where the Huntersville road first crosses that stream going east, then across Knapp's Spur, along by Harper's mill, then straight across to Thorny creek, through the Lightner place, past Bethel Church, to the Saunders place, on Thorny creek, thence up the ridge to the top, and then along down to the Knapp

east, then across Knapp's Spur, along by Harper's mill, then straight across to Thorny creek, through the Lightner place, past Bethel Church, to the Saunders place, on Thorny creek, thence up the ridge to the top, and then along down to the Knapp place, on Greenbrier river, thence to Clover Lick.

The most memorable event of his life, however, was his being in the expedition to Point Pleasant, under General Andrew Lewis. The march from Lewisburg to Point Pleasant, one hundred and sixty miles, took nineteen days. It is most probable that he was in the company commanded by Captain Mathews. This conflict with the Indians was the most decisive that had yet occurred.

It was fought on Monday morning, October 10th, 1774.

It is a matter of regret that the recorded history of this battle does

It is a matter of regret that the recorded history of this battle does not accord full justice to the memory of a very deserving person. It is conceded by all, so far as there is any record, that up to the time when there occurred a lull in the battle the advantage was with the Indians.—The question arises, why should a warrior, so skillful as Cornstalk, call a halt in the full tide of success, and suddenly cease firing and pressing upon a receding foe, with victory just in his grasp?

Had it not been for this, no troops could have been safely detached for a flank movement. Flank movements are only good policy for those who are pressing the enemy, and not for the retreating party. When Cornstalk ceased to press, the victory was decided in favor of the Virginians and lost to him. Had the battle been lost to our people and

a flank movement. Flank movements are only good policy for those who are pressing the enemy, and not for the retreating party. When Cornstalk ceased to press, the victory was decided in favor of the Virginians and lost to him. Had the battle been lost to our people and the army sacrificed, unspeakable disasters would have befallen all settlements, west of the Blue Ridge mountains; the Revolution would have been deferred for all time, possibly, and the whole history of America far different from what has been.

How is that lull in the battle to be accounted for, which resulted in victory to the Virginians? Dr. Foote says, in his account, which is one of the most minute and extended of all in reach of the writer, "that towards

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evening, Lewis seeing no signs of retreat, or cessation of battle, dispatched Captains Shelby Mathews and Stuart, at their request, to attack the enemies in the rear. Going up the Kanawha, under cover of the banks of Crooked creek, they got to the rear of the Indians unobserved, and made a rapid attack. Alarmed by this unlooked for assault, and thinking the reinforcements of Col. Christian were approaching, before whose arrival they had striven hard to end the battle, the savages became dispirited, gave way, and by sunset had crossed the Ohio. Col. Christian entered the camp about midnight and found all in readiness for a renewod attack."—*Second series, page* 165.

Col. Kercheval, who claims to have derived his information from Mayse and Andrew Reed, of Bath county, states on their authority,

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Col. Kercheval, who claims to have derived his information from Mayse and Andrew Reed, of Bath county, states on their authority, "that about two o'clock in the afternoon, Col. Christian arrived on the field with about five hundred men, the battle was still raging. The reinforcements decided the issue almost immediately. The Indians fell back about two miles, but such was their persevering spirit, though fairly beaten, the contest was not closed until the setting of the sun, when they relinquished the field."

There are persons yet living in Bath (1890) and the writer conversed with one, (September 1873,) almost in speaking distance of the residence where Joseph Mayse lived and died, who *are certain* that Mr. Mayse gave

where Joseph Mayse lived and died, who *are certain* that Mr. Mayse gave the credit of that cessation in battle and falling back two miles on the part of the Indians, to Jacob Warwick and the persons with him.—According to Judge Warwick's statement, and the writer's impression is that Mr. Mayse's statement was emphatically confirmed by Maj. Charles Cameron, a Lieutenant in the battle, Mr. Mayse often repeated the fact that Jacob Warwick, an obscure private in the ranks, was detailed with a number of others, perhaps fifty or sixty in all to bring in a supply of meat, that rations might be supplied for a forced march to the Indian towns, as Gov. Dunmore had so treacherously given orders. These persons crossed the Kanawha about daybreak or a little before, and, while at their work in the hunting

daybreak or a little before, and, while at their work in the hunting grounds and slaughter pens, they heard the firing beyond the limits of the camp, and so far up the Ohio they supposed it to be a salute to Gov. Dunmore, who was expected at any time by the soldiers generally. But the firing continuing too long for this, it was surmised the troops were putting their arms in proper order for the contemplated march over the Ohio. Finally they suspected it was a battle. Mr. Warwick was one of the first to ascertain this to be so, and immediately rallied the butchers and hunters, in order to return to camp and join the battle.—This was noticed by the vigilant enemy, and Cornstalk was of the opinion that Colonel Christian was at hand. He ceased, in the reach of

enemy, and Cornstalk was of the opinion that Colonel Christian was at hand. He ceased, in the reach of victory, and took measures to withdraw from the field, unobserved by our exhausted troops. For nearly two hours they had been falling back, and when the flank movement was made to communicate with the hunters, supposed it to be Col. Christian's advance to join them. What fighting occurred afterwards, was with the rear guard of Cornstalk's retreating army of demoralized braves.

If all this be true, and considering the sources of information, the writer sees no reason to doubt its authenticity in the main, it illustrates how important results are sometimes made to depend, in the providence of God, upon fidelity to duty on the part of the most obscure, and it brings to the light the lead-

writer sees no reason to doubt its authenticity in the main, it illustrates how important results are sometimes made to depend, in the providence of God, upon fidelity to duty on the part of the most obscure, and it brings to the light the leadings of God's hand in human affairs.

This is not written in a complaining spirit, yet one feels like saying, if this be true, what a comment it furnishes on the justice meted out by the historic muse. The reputed hero of Point Pleasant appears in bronze, an honored member of the group wherein stand Jefferson, Henry and Marshall, while the humble man, whose hand turned the fortunes of that most eventful day, sleeps in his obscure grave on the west branch of Jackson's river, six miles from the Warm Springs. Were it the grave of Campbell's "Last Man," it could not be in a much less frequented place.

Marshall, while the humble man, whose hand turned the fortunes of that most eventful day, sleeps in his obscure grave on the west branch of Jackson's river, six miles from the Warm Springs. Were it the grave of Campbell's "Last Man," it could not be in a much less frequented place. Had it not been for the humble services of this man, at the opportune mement, there wou... have been no Revolution, and without that war, where would Washington and his illustrious compeers be in the annals of their country?

(*To be continued.*)

HE LEFT IT TO THE COURT.—A short time ago an old negro was up before Judge Guerry, of Dawson, charged with some trivial offense.

"Haven't you a lawyer, old man?"

...ublished Every Thursday Evening.

...H. DENNIS. G. T. ARGABRITE.
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Proprietors.

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She is sweeter
Than the rose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Greenbrier Independent.

Pioneer History.

MEMORIALS OF JACOB WARWICK AND MARY VANCE, HIS WIFE.

SECTION THIRD.

This memorial proper will be concluded by some reference to his interesting family. From what has been said of the parents, one must infer that something of especial interest could be written of the sons and daughters.

The children were all born during the period spent at Dunmore. Mrs. Rachel Cameron, the eldest, remembers when the settlers were in the fort, near her home. The fort was located near the site occupied by Col. Pritchard's mill. She was married to Charles Cameron, a descendant of

the period spent at Dunmore. Mrs. Rachel Cameron, the eldest, remembers when the settlers were in the fort, near her home. The fort was located near the site occupied by Col. Pritchard's mill. She was married to Charles Cameron, a descendant of the Camerons so noted in the history of the Scottish Covenanters. He was in the battle of Point Pleasant, and was there called upon to mourn the death of three brothers—slain in that conflict. In person Maj. Cameron was of medium height, tidy in his manners, wore short clothes, very dignified in his bearing, and was never seen to smile after the heart-breaking scenes he witnessed at Point Pleasant—Tuesday, Oct. 12th, 1774. He was a Major in the Revolution and served as clerk of Bath county many years. He reared the late C. L. Francisco, Esq., for so many years clerk of Bath, as his successor. Mrs. Rachel Cameron drew

lution and served as clerk of Bath county many years. He reared the late C. L. Francisco, Esq., for so many years clerk of Bath, as his successor. Mrs. Rachel Cameron drew a very liberal pension of nine hundred dollars for many years before her death in 1858.

Her daughter Jane married William Gatewood, a native of Essex county, and a near relative of President Tyler. Their daughter Mary married Sampson Mathews. For many years their home was at Dunmore. Mr. Mathews was often spoken of as a person who bore a striking resemblance to Napoleon, in form and feature. One of their sons, Sampson L. Mathews, was a very intelligent and prominent citizen of Pocahontas, filling different positions of official trust during his life. His only child Mary married William H. McClintic, Esq., and yet lives.—

intelligent and prominent citizen of Pocahontas, filling different positions of official trust during his life. His only child Mary married William H. McClintic, Esq., and yet lives.— Her five sons were educated at Roanoke College, Salem, Va. Hunter and Withrow are enterprising young citizens of Pocahontas, George is a lawyer at Charleston, W. Va.— Edward, a business man at Seattle, State of Washington, and Lockhart is Commonwealth's Attorney for Pocahontas county.

Margaret married Adam See, a lawyer in Randolph county, and is the progenitor of the numerous and highly respected families of that name. Nancy married Thomas Gatewood, of Essex county, Va., son of William Gatewood, who married Jane Warwick, whose home was at Mountain Grove, Bath county. Thomas Gatewood lived at Marlin's

Margaret married Adam See, a lawyer in Randolph county, and is the progenitor of the numerous and highly respected families of that name. Nancy married Thomas Gatewood, of Essex county, Va., son of William Gatewood, who married Jane Warwick, whose home was at Mountain Grove, Bath county. Thomas Gatewood lived at Marlin's Bottom, Pocahontas county. There was one son by this marriage—Andrew Gatewood. He was a person of uncommon sprightliness. He was a student at Washington College, and was regarded fully equal to his fellow student, Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, in study and oratorical talent in their academic rivalry. Her second husband was William Poage, jr., who was the grandfather

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of the writer, Wm. T. Price. Andrew Gatewood, upon relinquisting all interest in Marlin's Bottom, now Marlinton, received the Glade Hill estate. Andrew Warwick, the only son that lived to be grown, married a Miss Woods, of Nelson county, Va., and resided on Jackson's river.—John Warwick, Esq., near Edray, W. Va., and Judge James W. Warwick, of Bath county, Va., are his sons. There was another son, Charles Cameron, who died at 14 years of age, while attending school in Essex county. Elizabeth Anne married Col. Wm. Woods, near Charlottesville, Albemarle county, Va. There were no children born to them. Col. Woods was one of the most prominent men and highly respected citizens of his vicinity. He and his wife were particularly kind to their nephews and neices, and did very much for a number of them.

Jacob Warwick never seemed to be conscious of his wealth or super-

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Woods was one of the most prominent men and highly respected citizens of his vicinity. He and his wife were particularly kind to their nephews and neices, and did very much for a number of them.

Jacob Warwick never seemed to be conscious of his wealth or superior intelligence, and consequently never assumed any airs of superiority. When persons would call him Major it seemed to displease him, and he would say "Don't call me Major, I am nothing but Jake Warwick."—In a controversy about some land on Little Back creek, in Bath county, he challenged Col. John Baxter to fight a duel. This was about the only serious difficulty he ever had with any one. He was very much attached to Robert Gay and his family, who lived near the mouth of Stony creek. He never passed without calling for a chat. He seemed very partial to "little Johnny," and would insist on taking him home with him to the "Lick." One day "little

who lived near the mouth of Stony creek. He never passed without calling for a chat. He seemed very partial to "little Johnny," and would insist on taking him home with him to the "Lick." One day "little Johnny" told him that he was now ready to go home with him, but the old gentleman never asked him any more since he seemed so willing to go. John Warwick, Esq., when four years of age came home with his grandfather from Jackson's river.—Ben carried him on a large black mule in his arms. About noon the party stopped at Huntersville near the Lightner house, the house of John Bradshaw. He remembers seeing the hands at work upon the Court-house then in course of erection.

In person Jacob Warwick was tall, stoop-shouldered and exceedingly muscular. His grandson, the late

the Lightner house, the house of John Bradshaw. He remembers seeing the hands at work upon the Court-house then in course of erection.

In person Jacob Warwick was tall, stoop-shouldered and exceedingly muscular. His grandson, the late Jacob W. See, is said to have resembled him more than any one else in personal appearance. Mr. See married a daughter of the renowned Dr. George A. Baxter, and his son Chas. S. M. See is a well-known minister in Texas. Jacob W. See entered the Confederate service at an advanced age, and died in Lynchburg in one of the military hospitals. His son brought his remains to Tinkling Springs, where he was pastor of the church at the time, and had him buried.

Mrs. Warwick was a person of highly refined taste, and took all possible pains to make home attractive. In this she was encouraged by

of the military hospitals. His son brought his remains to Tinkling Springs, where he was pastor of the church at the time, and had him buried.

Mrs. Warwick was a person of highly refined taste, and took all possible pains to make home attractive. In this she was encouraged by her husband. When there was preaching or Sunday School at her house, all that were present were pressed to remain for dinner. Her table service was very elegant, and a Prince might well envy her her dinners. She had a well stored library of books in the nicest style of binding, and she made good use of them.

Having such a pleasant home it is not surprising Mr. Warwick should be so genial in his manners and enjoyed the society of kindred and friends, among whom he numbered many of the noblest spirits in Virginia. Jacob Warwick was very

a Prince might well envy her her dinners. She had a well stored library of books in the nicest style of binding, and she made good use of them.

Having such a pleasant home it is not surprising Mr. Warwick should be so genial in his manners and enjoyed the society of kindred and friends, among whom he numbered many of the noblest spirits in Virginia. Jacob Warwick was very jovial in disposition, and extremely fond of innocent merriment. He delighted greatly in the society of children, and his gentle words and kind deeds to young people are vividly and affectionately remembered by all who ever knew him.

After the decease of his wife, most of his time he passed in Bath county, at the home of Major Charles Cameron. He died at the breakfast table at Major Cameron's, where the Warm

children, and his gentle words and kind deeds to young people are vividly and affectionately remembered by all who ever knew him.

After the decease of his wife, most of his time he passed in Bath county, at the home of Major Charles Cameron. He died at the breakfast table at Major Cameron's, where the Warm Springs and Huntersville road crosses Jackson's river. When apoplexy came upon him, he was merrily twitting Miss Phebe Woods about her beau, John Beall. This occurred January 1826, when he was nearing his 83rd year. He was buried near Col. William Ervin's. When the writer visited his grave several years since, the spot seemed much neglected. A locust tree stood near it and marked the place. Since then it has been enclosed and the grave marked by a stone. In that lonely

writer visited his grave several years since, the spot seemed much neglected. A locust tree stood near it and marked the place. Since then it has been enclosed and the grave marked by a stone. In that lonely but beautiful valley retreat the busy man has found repose, and there

"Unheeded o'er his silent dust,
The storms of life may beat."

RISKY.—"It is very embarrassing," said the heiress to her friend. "Charley Cashgo has proposed to me and I don't know exactly how to refuse him."

"Why don't you tell him you will be a sister to him?"

"Because I just learned from one of his sisters that he is in the habit of borrowing money from her."

A FARMER who furnishes free apple-jack to his workmen will soon have his hands full.

The secret of Thy love unfold.
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

Mrs. Poage's eldest daughter, Rachel Cameron, was married to Josiah Beard, Esq., of Locust, Pocahontas county. At 18 years of age Mr. Beard was a Ruling Elder in his church, and he was the first Clerk of Pocahontas Court. During the late war, when over seventy years of age, he was taken prisoner by Federal troops. Something was said to hurt his feelings and he challenged the whole squad to single combat. Their family numbered eight sons and three daughters. Hon. Wm. T. Beard, the elderst, was very liberally educated and became an honored, influential citizen. He was elected to the West Virginia Legislature, but was not permitted to serve, as he could not conscientiously take the prescribed oath. His two sons, Edgar and Leigh, reside in the Little Levels. Edgar is a commissioner of the Court and served a term as pre-

prescribed oath. His two sons, Edgar and Leigh, reside in the Little Levels. Edgar is a commissioner of the Court and served a term as presiding officer. Leigh is a prosperous young citizen.

Henry Moffett Beard was a Lieut. in the Confederate service, and was for years among the most prosperous Pocahontas farmers. He died recently, lamented by an interesting family and a wide circle of attached friends. Samuel J. Beard, a prosperous farmer, resides in Missouri.

Joel Early Beard died in the war. His mother came to church one Saturday morning, of a sacramental occasion to the old brick church, and the first intimation of her soldiers son's death was the newly prepared grave, and the arrival of the body for burial. Her other sons—Charles, John, Wallace and Edwin—were Confederate soldiers, distinguished for their fidelity to duty, and are all highly intelligent, much

the first intimation of her soldier son's death was the newly prepared grave, and the arrival of the body for burial. Her other sons—Charles, John, Wallace and Edwin—were Confederate soldiers, distinguished for their fidelity to duty, and are all highly intelligent, much esteemed and influential citizens, residing in the Little Levels of Pocahontas.

Mrs. Alvin Clarke, and Mrs. George McNeel, near Hillsboro, and Mrs. Maggie Livisay, near Falling Spring, Greenbrier county, are her daughters. The second daughter, Mary Vance Poage, who is said to have borne a striking resemblance to her good mother, Mary Warwick, was first married to Robert Beale, Esq., of Botetourt county, and resided on Elk, where he died leaving one child, Margaret Elizabeth, who became Mrs. Dr. Geo. B. Moffett, one of her sons. James Moffett is in the employ of the Standard Oil Company in New York. It was at her son's home Mrs. Moffett died a few years

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Mrs. Beale was married the second time to Henry M. Moffett, Esq., the second Clerk of Pocahontas, and who was a most excellent man in all respects. At one time he was one of the most influential men in the county. Their only son that survived them was the Hon. Geo. H. Moffett, a lawyer, ex-Speaker of the West Virginia Legislature, and at the present time a distinguished journalist in Portland, Oregon.

One of her daughters, Mary Evelina, was married to Col. G. W. Thompson, a Confederate officer,

Virginia Legislature, and at the present time a distinguished journalist in Portland, Oregon.

One of her daughters, Mary Evelina, was married to Col. G. W. Thompson, a Confederate officer, who now resides in New York, employed in the management of the Standard Oil Company. Col. Thompson's sister is Mrs. Senator J. N. Camden.

Margaret Davies Poage married Mr. James A. Price and lived at Marlin's Bottom.

Of their eldest son, Wm. T. Price, the compiler of these sketches no special mention need be made.

James, Woods, Calvin and Andrew were in the Confederate service.

James was a prisoner at Camp Chase for a long time. Calvin was twice wounded. Woods was a Lieutenant of cavalry. Andrew died a prisoner at Point Lookout July 6th,

prisoner at Point Lookout July 6th, 1864. The only surviving sister is Mrs. Mary McLaughlin, whose husband Andrew M. McLaughlin, Esq., once owned the farm on which the proposed city of Marlinton is projected. They now reside near Lewisburg, West Virginia.

Elizabeth Woods Poage, married Col. Joel Mathews, of Selma, Alabama. A sad mortality attended her family, as few or none su e.

Col. Mathews was an ex ive planter and owned two o ree thousand slaves. He tend d a colored regiment of eleven tired able-bodied men to the Con ehicrate Congress, but the Governme was too punctilious to receive them as

soldiers but put them to work on fortifications.

Major Dawson, a son-in-law, was a member of the Southern provisional Congress.

Col. Wm. Woods Poage, married Miss Julia Callison, of Locust, and settled at Marlin's Botton. His later years were passed near Clover Lick. He was an energetic and prosperous farmer, and stock dealer. He served many years as a member of the Court. Two of his sons—Henry Moffettand William Anthony—were slain in the war. Henry Moffett was a lieutenant of cavalry and was recklessly daring. He was killed near Jack Shop. William Anthony was no less brave and lost his life near Middletown, Virginia, while on a scout.

The surviving sons of Col. Poage Messrs. John Robert and Quincy

near Middletown, Virginia, while on a scout.

The surviving sons of Col. Poage Messrs. John Robert and Quincy Woods are highly esteemed citizens and prosperous farmers on the grand old homestead near Clover Lick.

John W. Warwick, Esq., near Edray, married the second time Miss Caroline Craig, youngest daughter of Mr. George E. Craig, merchant in Huntersville, a Ruling Elder in his church and a most estimable christian gentleman.

Miss Emma Warwick, a distinguished and successful teacher, Mrs. Earnest Moore, of Glade Hill, and Mrs. Dr. Lockridge, of Driscoll, are their daughters. Captain John Warwick, merchant at Hinton, and Mr. George Warwick, of Edray, are their sons.

Mrs. Mary V. Moffett's youngest daughter, Rachel, becams Mrs. Dr.

Caroline Craig, youngest daughter of Mr. George E. Craig, merchant in Huntersville, a Ruling Elder in his church and a most estimable christian gentleman.

Miss Emma Warwick, a distinguished and successful teacher, Mrs. Earnest Moore, of Glade Hill, and Mrs. Dr. Lockridge, of Driscoll, are their daughters. Captain John Warwick, merchant at Hinton, and Mr. George Warwick, of Edray, are their sons.

Mrs. Mary V. Moffett's youngest daughter, Rachel, becams Mrs. Dr. McChesney, Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, West Virginia.

He Milked the Cows.

AN INCIDENT OF THE DAYS WHEN CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE HUSTLED FOR VOTES.

Of their eldest son, Wm. T. Price, the compiler of these sketches no special mention need be made.

James, Woods, Calvin and Andrew were in the Confederate service.

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Col. Mathews was an ex ive planter and owned two o ree thousand slaves. He tend d a colored regiment of eleven tired able-bodied men to the Con ehicate Congress, but the Governme was too punctilious to receive them as

him—Hannah and Charles. The daughter, Hannah Gatewood, was married to John W. Warwick Esq. Her only surviving child is Sally Gatewood, who became Mrs. Dr. John Ligon, of Clover Lick, in Pocahontas.

Mrs. Gatewood was married the second time to Major William Poage. Four daughters and one son survived her. Mrs. Poage died one morning just at the dawning of the day.—Feeling death near she requested Jennie Johnson, who afterward became Mrs. Jennie Lamb, to sing her favorite hymn:

"Come, O Thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see.
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

Mrs. Poage's eldest daughter, Rachel Cameron, was married to Josiah Beard, Esq., of Locust, Pocahontas county. At 18 years of

county. Their only son that survived them was the Hon. Geo. H. Moffett, a lawyer, ex-Speaker of the West Virginia Legislature, and at the present time a distinguished journalist in Portland, Oregon.

One of her daughters, Mary Evelina, was married to Col. G. W. Thompson, a Confederate officer, who now resides in New York, employed in the management of the Standard Oil Company. Col. Thompson's sister is Mrs. Senator J. N. Camden.

Margaret Davies Poage married Mr. James A. Price and lived at Marlin's Bottom.

Of their eldest son, Wm. T. Price, the compiler of these sketches no special mention need be made.

James, Woods, Calvin and Andrew

Her children were William, James, Robert, John, Cyrus, and Nancy. Nancy became Mrs Benjamin Tallman and lives in Illinois.

Margaret Warwick was married to John Hull, on Jacksons River. Her children were William Hull, who was one of the California forty-niners, and has not been heard of since; Robert, Andrew, Nora, Nancy Jane, who bechme the wife of Colonel Peter H. Kincaid, in Crabbottom; Margaret, who is now Mrs Christopher Wallace, of Williamsville; Irene Esther, the first wife of James Fleisher, of Meadow Dale.

This relationship has furnished our citizenship with good citizens, brave soldiers, industrious tillers of the soil, and good homekeepers, and deserves honorable mention in the short and simple annals of our own Pocahontas people.

JAMES CALLISON.

The Callisons of Locust have a claim for special recognition in our biographical sketches as one of the oldest families of southern Pocahontas. Members of that relationship have done a great deal in developing their section, and have shown what can be done with our soil in our climate by well applied energy and industry. The progenitor of this relationship, so far as it is traceable, was James Callison, Senior. This person and his wife Elizabeth were natives of Ireland, but, as the name indicates, were of English origin. No doubt the Callisons were among the families that King James the First encouraged to settle in the north

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of Ireland.

Late in the eighteenth century it appears that James Callison went from Greenbrier County to Granger County, Tennessee, and made a permanent settlement and reared his family. The sons of James Callison the imigrant and Elizabeth his wife were James, Anthony, Isaac, Jesse, Samuel, and Elisha. Their daughters were Rebecca, Abigail, Mary, Nancy, and Ruth. In reference to the whereabouts of most of these sons and daughters but little has come to our notice.

Isaac Callison settled in the Meadows of southwest Greenbrier, where some of his descendants now live.

Colonel Elisha Callison, another son of the emigrant and pioneer, married Margaret Bright, daughter of David Bright, of Greenbrier, and lived on the noted Callison homestead near Lewisburg.

About 1782, James Callison, another son of the pioneer emigrant, came from Tennessee to Locust, now lower Pocahontas, and settled on a tract of 164 acres, preempted some years previously by his father. Soon after locating on Trump Run, Mr Callison took a great fancy to Miss Susan Edmiston, the charming daughter of James Edmiston, Senior, who was then living on the farm now owned by George Callison, a grandson of the lovely woman just referred to. James Callison and Susan Edmiston his wife were the parents of five sons and two daughters, concerning whom we are able to give the following pa.ticulars:

William Callison married Hannah Ray, and settled in Nicholas County.

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Isaac Callison married Nancy Jordan, lived awhile in Nicholas County, and afterwards returned to Pocahontas.

James Callison married Rebecca Gillilan, daughter of John Gillilan, and settled in Missouri.

Josiah Callison married Nancy Hill. They spent their days at the old homestead, and were the happy parents of five sons and three daughters. We give the following particulars in reference to their family:

James Callison married Ellen Alkire, of Lewis County, and settled in Greenbrier, where he died in 1885. His widow and two children now live in the State of Kansas.

Thomas F. Callison has been married twice. His first wife was Minta Myles, of Greenbrier County, and his second marriage was with Jane Myles, a cousin, and he now lives near Locust.

William Callison, recently deceased, married Fannie Whiting, daughter of Ebenezer Whiting, on the summit of Droop Mountain, and lived on Locust creek a mile or so from its source. Locust Creek springs from the base of Droop Mountain a full sized creek, receiving but little volume from visible tributaries on its course to the Greenbrier.

George Callison's wife was Miss Mandie McNeel, and his residence is at Hillsboro, on the place occupied so long by the late Colonel John Hill.

Richard Callison married Fannie Beard, daughter of Charles W. Beard, near Hillsboro, and he lives on the old Trump Run homestead, near Locust.

All of these sons are among the more prosperous

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citizens of lower Pocahontas. They are devoted to farming and raising live stock, thus contributing very much to the substantial prusperity of our county.

Martha Callison, daughter of Josiah Callison, was married to James K. Bright.

Mary Callison was married to Lorenza Reger, and their residence is in Roane County.

Jemima Callison became Mrs Jesse Bright, near Frankford, in Greenbrier. She died in 1886.

The other branch of the Callison relationship in our county is represented by the descendants of Anthony Callison, a son of James Callison, the imigrant from Ireland. Anthony Callison was reared in Tennessee, and soon after coming to Virginia he lost his heart in Greenbrier County, and he and Abigail McClung were married and settled on lands adjoining the possessions of his brother James. These persons were the parents of six sons and four daughters.

Abram Callison married Frankie Blair, from North Carolina, a sister of the late Major William Blair near Hillsboro, and after living a few years in Pocahontas went to North Carolina.

Joseph Callison married Elizabeth Bright, of Greenbrier.

Isaac Callison married Huldah Hickman, in Bath County, and movod to Indiana.

Anthony Callison, Junior, was married to Martha Hill, and settled in Indiana.

Israel Callison married Mary Bright, sister of Joseph's wife, lived many years on the old homestead, and finally moved to Illinois.

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Elisha Callison located in the Meadows of west Greenbrier.

Margaret Callison, daughter of Anthony and Abigail Callison, became Mrs William Burnsides and went to Indiana to seek a home.

Elizabeth Callison married Jonathan Jordan, and they lived on Cooks Dry Run, the place lately occupied by Peter Clark, deceased. It was here she died. Her twin sons, John and Anthony, also died.

Abigail Callison became the wife of James Gay, and they settled in Indiana.

Julia Callison, the youngest daughter, married when she was just past fifteen the late Colonel Woods Poage. The writer will ever cherish the memory of Mrs Julia Poage as one of the kindest friends of his boyhood.

The writer has thus far been enabled to make a brief contribution to the history of the Callison relationship, which deserves an important place in the annals of our county. It makes him feel sad to think that the kind friend (Mrs Nancy Callison) who so patiently furnished him the information, without which this paper could not have been written, is not here to receive the thanks that are so justly due her. It looks now like it was a special providence that permitted us to meet at the time when we did, and is so regarded by the compiler. Her bright and pleasant way of recalling the reminiscences of friends and acquaintances was something like which one can not expect to witness very often now, as so few are left to rehearse the story of that past which was once a living present to them.

These people whose lives make up the past, whose

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history so few survive to repeat, sowed in tears, in privations, and hardships what we who now live are reaping in a joyful harvest. What they sowed in tears we the living may reap with grateful joy, if we have proper appreciation of what they did and suffered in their day and generation. Let us not forget that the frugality, industry, and careful attention to duties that enabled them to secure this goodly heritage, is all important for us to observe and imitate in order to keep it from slipping away and vanishing from our reach.

Like busy bees the pioneer people all over our countp tried to improve every shining hour, and turn to some good account every opportunity in sight, no matter how hard it may have seemed. It has been well said that those who look only for easy places, will finally round up in the hardest places and have no way to get out except by death.

WILLIAM EDMISTON.

William Edmiston, in whose memory this biographic paper has been prepared, was one of the early settlers of the lower Levels. He seems to have been born and reared in upper Greenbrier, near Falling Spring, and his ancestry came from Augusta County. His wife was Rebecca Walkup, from the Falling Spring vicinity, where there are families of the name now residing. She was a sister of the late John Walkup, of Falling Spring, a greatly respected citizen and exemplary Christian man. One of her sisters was the wife

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proved his final visit. His kind heart was so touched at seeing his aged brother so near death that before leaving he kneeled at the bed side and poured out his full heart in prayer and fraternal intercession for his aged dying brother. They then parted to meet no more alive. A more impressive scene is hard to imagine.

Mrs Moore's death was occasioned by a cancerous affection. Mr Moore survived her a few years.

These esteemed persons, so lovely and pleasant in their lives, lived to a great age. They have quietly gone from us, and are now—with so many others—at rest in the Duffield burying ground. This is a place that should be carefully and sacredly cared for as Gods Acre, planted with so much precious, immortal seed, that will some day appear springing up to the praise and glory of our Redeemer's blood.

JAMES COOPER.

During most of the 19th century the Cooper name has been familiar in our region. James Cooper, the progenitor of the Cooper relationship, was a native of Augusta County, and was reared in the Mossy Creek section of that great County. Having married Nancy Agnes Wooddell, he came over with the Wooddells, very early in the settlement of the upper section of our county, and opened up property now owned by Robert N. Gum, near Greenbank, then known as the Piney Woods. They were the parents of four sons and six da ughters.

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Elizabeth Cooper became Mrs Woods, and settled at Greenhill, Highland County.

Margaret became Mrs Enoch Hill and lived in Ritchie County. Her daughter Harriet became Mrs Fling, and lived at Flag, Ohio. Nannie became another Mrs Fling, and lived in Ritchie County.

Jane Cooper became Mrs Andrew Kerr and lived near Dunmore. Her daughter Nannie became Mrs Washington Hoover; Anne, now Mrs Raymer Davis, near Greenbank; Caroline, now Mrs Gatewood Sutton, at Durbin. Her son William Kerr in Pocahontas, and John Kerr lives in Lewis County.

Lucinda Cooper became Mrs John Alexander Gillespie, late of Greenbank. Her children were Taylor, Amos, and Wise, the three sons. Her daughters were Nancy, who became Mrs George Beverage; Rachel, now Mrs Henry Sheets, near Dunmore; Margaret now Mrs John L. Hudson, near Louise, Mary now Mrs George Sheets, and Martha.

Nancy and Melinda are the names of James Coopers other two daughters. Thomas Cooper died in youth.

John T. Cooper married in Marion County. He was a popular physician. He resided a number of years in Parkersburg and then at Claysville, where he died in 1878. His daughter Flora teaches school in Parkersburg. His son James a foreman in machine shops at Parkersburg and other points. Another son Arthur is a Presbyterian minister in Illinois, and there are three children deceased.

Dr Cooper read medicine with the late Dr Strather, of the Warm Springs. He was prominent in church

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circles, being a ruling elder in a Parkersburg Presbyterian congregation.

James Harvey Cooper married Julia Ann Whitman, of Greenbrier County. They were the parents of five sons and three daughters. The daughters were Agnes who died in 1861, Julia Ann, and Rebecca. In reference to the sons we have this remarkable but sad record. They were all Confederate soldiers. Robert died in the war. James lost an arm in battle. John and Charles were each severely wounded, and George was killed in 1864 in battle near Fishers Hill.

Joseph W. Cooper married Rachel Tallman Sutton, and lived near Greenbank. They were the parents of four sons and one daughter: Rachel, George Clark, James Amos, John William, and Charles Calvin. In 1863 in the course of three weeks the dipthiretic scourge removed the mother, her daughter and three sons by death.

J. W. Cooper's second marriage was with Harriet Wade of Bath County. She lived about one year.

His third marriage was with Mary Arbogast, near Glade Hill. Snowden, Walter, and Vivian were the children of this marriage.

The writer would hereby cheerfully acknowledge the thanks due George C. Cooper for assistance rendered by him on the wayside, July 1, 1901, when we casually met near Marvin Chapel and took notes under an apple tree, the thermometer 96 degrees. Without the data given by this grandson of the venerable pioneer this sketch could not have been prepared and the name of a most worthy pioneer would have been overlooked.

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James Cooper's name appears in the organization of the county as one of the constables appointed. He served the public as magistrate, assessor, and teacher of schools. He was regarded with high esteem for his honest and elevated character in social and business relations. He was a prominent member of the Liberty Church in the early history of that historic congregation, and his influence was ever for good morals, intelligence, and refinement of manners, himself being a fine specimen of what is termed "a gentleman of the old school," and was noted for his polite and gracious manners, correct and entertaining conversational powers.

ALEXANDER WADDELL.

One of the pioneers of our county from whom quite a number of our people trace their descent was Alexander Waddell. He was of Scotch-Irish descent and was among the earliest settlers in the neighborhood of Marvin Chapel. His wife was a Miss Rouss. He came from Augusta County before the Revolution, but in what year is not certainly known. He came out to examine the country, and looked over the Levels and the lands beyond Buckeye and around Sewall's Cave, and selected the place so long known as the Waddell Place, where the public road reaches the highest point on the mountain in passing from Buckeye to Millpoint. When he first explored the Levels all was mainly vacant or unclaimed, and he might have entered the greater part of it. He concluded it was too level and

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3061 Eastland Road,
Muskegon, Mich.
June 26, 1968

Mr. Harvey Galford, Chairman,
Pioneer Days,
Slaty Fork, W.Va. 26291

Dear Mr. Galford,

I read with great interest in The Pocahontas Times of Pioneer Days coming up there next month. Being a granddaughter of Pocahontas County, and being at this point engaged in writing a book about the county's earliest days, I have more than just a passing interest in the events about to transpire.

My great-great-great-great-grandfather, James Ewing, was one of the earliest settlers of Pocahontas County. As I understand it, he had lands there as early as 1750, for his name is mentioned in an old Lewis survey of 1751, and that was back in the days when Knapp's Creek was known as Ewing's Creek (so listed on early maps). His two sons, William Ewing and John Ewing (known in those parts as Swago Bill and Indian John) had lands on Swago and Stony Creeks respectively and it was there that they raised (between them) 23 children. William Ewing was with Capt. John Stuart at the Battle of Point Pleasant in 1774 and with Capt. Matthew Arbuckle at the fort in 1777 when Chief Cornstalk was killed.

By 1810, the area, which earlier had teemed with Ewings, was pretty much devoid of them, for in 1802 Indian John and most of his family had moved on to Gallia County, Ohio, and his brother, William, followed suit in 1810. Two sons of John remained in Pocahontas County however and I understand there are still descendants living on the very land on Stony Creek where John Ewing resided nearly 200 years ago. William sold his 745 acres on Swago Creek to Sampson Mathews in 1812, whose family,the McClintics,live there still.

My grandfather, A.E. Ewing of Grand Rapids, Mich., was very proud of his Pocahontas County roots, and being very much the historian, wrote many articles of an historical nature for the Pocahontas Times during his lifetime. He and the then editor, Calvin W. Price, became firm friends through their exchange of letters. It is this valuable information that I am using as the basis for my book on James Ewing and his descendants. Beyond that, however, I have gone into deep study on the county's early years ---a subject I've found to be fascinating.

That is why I am so interested in the Pioneer Days coming up. I regret so much that I will be unable to be there, but I shall be following it all closely in The Pocahontas Times. And I do want to take part by long distance. I am enclosing $1 for the Souvenir Badge, and I would be pleased to receive the souvenir program mentioned, if you will tell me the cost. I would like to hear more particulars

about the sale of old newspapers mentioned in the flyer accompanying my last issue of the Times ...and in fact particulars on anything of an historical nature coming up during Pioneer Days.

And at the same time I would be very much interested in hearing from descendants of other pioneers of early Pocahontas County, if you know of such. The Sharps, some Johnsons, McNeels (McNeil, McNeal, McNeill etc.) Buckleys and Moores are all relatives.

I wish you much success in your Pocahontas County Pioneer Days.

Sincerely

Nancy E. Schulze

Nancy Hanks (Ewing) Schulze

Ebenezer Whiting was born in England, September 4, 1817, and died at the Droop Mountain home May 31, 1869. It was a gloom giving day when attached friends, neighbors, and children placed him lovingly and tenderly in his secluded mountain grave.

JAMES RODGERS.

Among the worthy industrious persons whose arduous toils and severe privations helped to make our county what it is, deserving of respectful mention was the late James Rodgers, Senior. He was a native of Madison County, born February 13, 1789. His first marriage was with a Miss Jackson of Madison County. The issue of this marriage was seven children. The sons were Robert, whose wife was a daughter of John Smith, one of the pioneers of Stony Creek, Joseph, and Drury. The daughters were Sarah, Elizabeth, Mary, and Tabitha. Respecting these children we have virtually no particulars in hand.

James Rodgers came to Pocahontas in 1824 and settled in the woods on Lewis Ridge, at a spot overlooking the Buckeye Cove. Thus he and his family became identified with the county almost from its organization.

His second marriage was with Nellie Lewis, of the Little Levels, a grand daughter of Alexander Waddell, whose descendants are so numerously represented by prosperous and influential citizens in our county at this time. By the second marriage there were six children:

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Margaret, who became Henry Adkisson's first wife. Rebecca, who became Mrs Fillren. William Rodgers married Polly Fleming, daughter of the late James Fleming of Swago, and settled on part of the Fleming homestead near Buckeye, where his widow and two daughters now reside. He was a Union pensioner for service in the Union army. Chesley Rodgers married Mrs Sally Morrison and settled near Jacox. John Rodgers married a Miss Harter.

James L. Rodgers, Junior, was married twice. The first wife was Eliza Burgess. There were ten children in the first family: Justice N. C. Rodgers of Buckeye; the late Mrs Hannah Wade; G. W. Rodgers on Beaver Dam; Davis Rodgers, deceased; John H. Rodgers, also dead; Maggie became Mrs William Adkisson of Buckeye; Eliza became Mrs Olie Auldridge and lives at Hillsboro, Mary, and Alvin W. near Buckeye.

By the second marriage with Mrs Mary Kellison there was a son Lewis, who is now dead, and a daughter Laura.

Thus the writer has endeavored to present the available information concerning this worthy old citizen and his family, aided by his grandson, A. W. Rodgers.

In his time James Rodgers had the reputation of being one of the most industrious of working men. He tried to train his sons and daughters to habits of industry and strict economy. Soon as they became old enough for service they went from home and found ready employment as field hands and house keepers. This venerable man was a zealous and devoted adherent of the Methodist Protestant church. He was one

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of the first members in the Buckeye society, and probably one of the first in the county. His prayers and experience talks were in good language, interspersed with allusions to the parables and quotations of the promises. All this indicated that in early, impressible youth he must have been familiar with persons of more than ordinary culture, such as Madison County was distinguished for. In his speech he had the tone and style that characterized the old Virginia gentry, as the writer learned to know in subsequent years from actual acquaintance with east Virginians.

The writer cherishes the memory of this old citizen with feelings of much respect, as the two often toiled in the meadows and harvest fields side by side in his boyhood. He remembers being often impressed by the pathos and fervency of the old man's occasional prayers in the morning worship. This was something which was never omitted in the old Marlinton home.

The belief of the older people was that "prayer and provender hinder no man," and so time was always found for prayer, as well as for breakfast and supper.

Some of his expressions still linger in memory after more than fifty years. One was an allusion to the grapes of Eschol as typical of the richness of the promised land. His idea was that God would give his humble praying people here while on the pilgrimage a cluster now and then from the heavenly vine so as to refresh and encourage them to put forth their earnest, faithful efforts to go up and receive possession of the heavenly land. This allusion was utilized as suggestive of a sermon prepared and preached by the writer

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thirty years ago. May we meet and see for ourselves the blessed land in all its richness and glorious beauty, and especially the vine from which the clusters were gathered that cheered and encouraged him.

REUBEN BUSSARD.

Reuben Bussard, the progenitor of the Bussards, was the son of an emigrant from Germany, who settled at an early day near Lancaster, Penn. Upon his marriage with a Miss Sicafoose, in Pendleton County, he settled on lands now in possession of his descendants near Glade Hill, or rather between Glade Hill and Frost. These early settlers were the parents of five sons and four daughters, as we learned from Morgan Grimes, Esq., near Mount Zion. Susan, Fannie, Hester, and Martha were their daughters. The sons were Eli, Solomon, Henry, Reuben, and Sampson.

Fannie Bussard was married to Benjamin Bussard and lived in Greenbrier County.

Hester Bussard became Mrs Henry Grimes and lived in the Hills.

Martha Bussard was married to Charles Grimes, and lived in the Hills near Mount Zion.

Eli Bussard married Margaret Moore and settled on a part of the home place, now occupied by his son Armenius. In reference to their family the following particulars are given:

Arminius Bussard married Frances Kelley and settled near Glade Hill. He was a Union soldier, a mem-

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home was on the Potomac not far from Mount Vernon. For some years John Sutton, Senior, was manager for Jacob Warwick at the Dunmore farm, late in the last century. Finally he bought land and settled where his son, John Sutton, Junior, lived. Mrs Sutton was Rachel Gillispie, daughter of Jacob Gillispie, who owned nearly all the land in sight of Greenbank looking north and east. Mrs Jacob Gillispie was Rebecca Berry, a half sister of Mary Vance Warwick, the widow Berry having married Mr Vance, who lived at Mountain Grove. Jacob Gillispie's family consisted of nine daughters and six sons.

John Sutton, Senior, paid a visit to his old home on the Potomac where it is said to be twelve miles across. His friends seemed astonished when he told them he had seen the head spring and drank of its water on Laurel Fork, near what is known as the Wilfong Settlement.

JAMES TALLMAN.

Among the names identified with our county's history that of Tallman has figured prominently for more than a hundred years, and while there are scores of our citizens with Tallman blood in their veins, yet the name is borne by but few anymore; as so many have moved away to other counties and western States.

The Tallman relationship trace their ancestry to James Tallman, who was a native of Augusta County. His first marriage was with Nancy Crawford, of that county, and soon afterwards settled on property west

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of Greenbank, now held by Joseph Beard, the heirs of Adam Arbogast, and Dr Moomau. This must have been before the Revolution, as all the probabilities point to that conclusion. There were in the first family three sons and two daughters: Rachel, Rebecca, Benjamin, William, and Boone.

Rachel was married to Peter Hull, of Highland, who was a son of Adam Hull.

Rebecca was married to Reuben Slaven.

Benjamin Tallman married Elizabeth Warwick, and settled on property now owned by Captain Siple. The names of his children William, James, Robert, John, Cyrus, and Nancy, who became Mrs Benjamin Tallman (son of Boone) and lives in Illinois.

Benjamin Tallman was a colonel of the 127th regiment, a member of the court, represented the county in the Virginia House of Delegates, and was for many years a ruling elder in the Liberty Presbyterian church, and a justice of the peace.

William Tallman married Jane Bradshaw, and settled on a section of the Tallman homestead. It was their son James Tallman who was the successor of Henry Moffett in the clerkship of Pocahontas courts.

Boone Tallman, the third son of the early settler, went to the Levels often enough to win the affections of Mary Poage, daughter of George W. Poage. Their children were George, James, Benjamin, who met his death by drowning, and Rachel Ann, who became Mrs Enoch Burner.

In reference to the second marriage of James Tallman, Senior, we learn that his second wife was

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Jemima Gillispie. Their children were Jane, Nancy, Margaret, Sally, Samuel, and James.

Jane Tallman became Mrs William Arbogast and settled at Greenbank on the estate now owned by Dr Moomau. Their children were William, James, George, Alcinda, who married Isaac Moore, near Dunmore, Margaret, who became Mrs David Maupin, first marriage, and Mrs Thomas Maupin, second marriage, a much esteemed lady—lately deceased. It was her son Harvey Maupin whose tragic death occurred near Marlinton in 1898, while sliding logs. Nannie Arbogast the youngest, became Mrs Dr J. P. Moomau and lives near Greenbank on the homestead. E. S. Moomau, pharmacist at Lewisburg, Dr L. H. Moomau at Greenbank, James Moomau, Mary, now Mrs Dr C. L. Austin, Misses Flora, Lillian. Boone, Lucy, and Frederick are their children. Dr Moomau is a physician of more than forty years standing, and a prominent citizen of affairs. He has represented the county in the Legislature of West Virginia.

Nancy Tallman became Mrs Brannon and lived in Lewis County. Margaret Tallman became Mrs Goff, and also lived in Lewis County.

Sally Tallman was married to William Gum, and settled on Deer Creek.

The Tallman relationship has been long and conspicuously identified with the development and improvement of important communities. They were a people who aspired to be first in everything that promoted the improvement and elevation of their neighbors and themselves, and their influence has been

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deeply impressed upon many characters. Though the name has well nigh ceased to be heard among us, yet the writer is pleased to believe that the spirit of James Tallman, the early settler, is yet moving about among scores of our families.

DAVID L. RUCKMAN.

Fifty years ago one of the most active men in lower Pocahontas was David Little Ruckman, Constable of the Levels District. He was tall and wiry in person, quick and nervous in his movements, and usually rode in a rapid trot. He always meant business, and when he went to collect a debt the money or property had to be in evidence. Were an arrest to be made he nearly always found the person that was wanted. His home was in the cove near Marvin, and is now occupied by his grandson, Mathews Ruckman.

Full particulars of his ancestry are given in another chapter. David L. Ruckman was born on Back creek. He had three brothers who lived to be grown. Samuel Ruckman, whose son Colonel David V. Ruckman is widely known in our county. John Ruckman went to Ohio. James Ruckman settled in Illinois. He had also these sisters: Fannie, who married John Gum. She was the mother of Mrs Samuel Harper, on Knapps Creek, and Mrs Martha Ginger, whose son George W. Ginger now resides in Huntersville, the village blacksmith. Mr Ginger, her husband, was killed during the war. Mary Ann Ruckman went with her brother John to Ohio.

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JAMES WAUGH, JR.

It is proposed in this chapter to give some particulars illustrating the family history of James Waugh, Jr. He was the eldest son of James Waugh, the Scotch-Irish emigrant, who was among the first to open land and build a home in The Hills. In these memoirs he will be spoken of as James Waugh the second. Early in life he married Rebecca McGuire, from Pennsylvania, whose name indicates Scotch ancestry, and settled on the Greenbrier where James Waugh the 3rd recently lived. In reference to his family we learn that Rachel was married to Frederick Fleming, Elizabeth was married to John Ratliffe and lived on Clover Creek; Nancy became Mrs Abraham Griffin and lived many years on Buckley Mountain, a few miles east of Buckeye. Mrs Claiborne McNeil, near Buckeye, is her daughter.

Jacob Waugh married Mary Brown daughter of Josiah Brown, near Indian Draft, and spent most of his married life in Upshur county. They were the parents of fifteen children. Only five lived to be grown. Jacob Waugh was a local Methodist minister of prominence. He was a very fine pensman and became clerk of the Upshur County Court, and occupied that responsible position for many years, and will be remembered as one of the best citizens in the history of Upshur county affairs.

James Waugh, the third of that name, married Sally Cochran, daughter of John Cochran, eldest of Thomas

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Cochran, the progenitor of the Cochran relationship in Pocahontas county. He settled on the Greenbrier at the old homestead. His second wife was Hannah Lamb, from Highland County. In the sketch of Pocahontas County given in Hardesty's Encyclopedia the reader will find biographic details of James Waugh's personal history.

Morgan Waugh went to Kanawha County.

Allen Waugh went to Missouri and settled there.

Isabella Waugh became the wife of John Brock and settled in Kanawha County.

Marcus, the youngest son of James Waugh, married Susan Johnson, and settled on a farm adjoining the Waugh homestead higher up the river, a few miles east of Poages Lane.

Lorenza Waugh, a son of James the second, became a distinguished evangelist. From his autobiography, published in San Francisco, copies of which are in the possession of his friends in Pocahontas, we learn that he was born in 1808, at the home on the Greenbrier where his earlier years were spent. At the age of sixteen he was a teacher in Harrison County. He was a teacher in Mason County in 1831, entered the Methodist ministry in that year, and was junior preacher on the Guyandotte circuit. In 1833 he rode the Nicholas County circuit, and was transferred to the Ohio Conference in 1834. In 1835 he became a member of the Missouri Conference. On one of his Missouri circuits he met Miss Clarissa Jane Edsell, and they were married. It seems he first lost his heart in The Hills, but time makes up for such losses.

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In 1837 Lorerza Waugh was an Indian missionary to the Shawnee nation. In 1840 he rode the Platte River circuit, now in Nebraska, and in 1848 he entered the Illinois Conference. In 1851 with his family he crossed the plains and settled in the Petaluma Valley, in California, where he resided until his death, in 1900.

SAMUEL WAUGH.

This paper is devoted to the memory of Samuel Waugh, one of the early settlers of The Hills, seven or eight miles north east of Huntersville. He was a son of James Waugh, Senior. His wife's name was Mary. This pioneer husband and wife opened up their home about 1774, on the place now held by John Shrader, one of their descendants by the third remove. Samuel Waugh, upon his marriage with Ann McGuire, settled at the old Waugh homestead. Their family consisted of nine sons and five daughters. Concerning these children the following fragmentary particulars have been collected.

Elizabeth Waugh was married to Caleb Knapp, and first settled in Greenbrier County. They afterwards lived awhile on Knapps Creek; thence settled on the Greenbrier, known as the Knapp place, where McCoy Malcomb now resides. Her daughter, Ann Knapp, was married to Richard B. Weir, and lives near Verdant Valley. Nancy Knapp married Henry Shrader; lived several years in Huntersville, where Mr Shrader operated a tannery, and finally settled on the Waugh

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J. L. M. CURRY

A Biography

BY

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN

AND

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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1911

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To the Memory of

MARY THOMAS CURRY

A true and tender wife,

whose unfailing sympathy, devoted care,

and understanding mind,

kept young and stout the heart

of this brave

optimist and advocate.

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"Let us live in the Present and for the Future, leaving the dead Past to take care of itself,—drawing only profitable lessons from that and all history."

CURRY TO HIS SON.

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CONTENTS

PAGE

CHRONOLOGY xi

PREFACE xix

CHAPTER

I—"THE DARK CORNER" 1

II—ALABAMA: "HERE WE REST" 29

III—ATHENIAN DAYS 45

IV—HARVARD AND NEW ENGLAND INFLUENCES . . 61

V—LAW AND LEGISLATION 82

VI—THE BONE OF CONTENTION 100

VII—"BLEEDING KANSAS" 114

VIII—A FIRST AND LAST ALLEGIANCE 131

IX—THE DAWN OF WAR 141

X—A NEW NATION 153

XI—THE EBBING OF THE TIDE 168

XII—PEACE AND SERVICE 194

XIII—IN THE OLD DOMINION 211

XIV—POLITICS AND PRINCIPLES 234

XV—PEABODY AND HIS TRUST 249

XVI—THE LAND OF THE ALHAMBRA 288

XVII—THE PEABODY FUND AGAIN 320

XVIII—THE BIRTHDAY OF A KING 366

XIX—LAST DAYS AND END 372

XX—FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES 382

XXI—EDUCATIONAL THEORIES 411

XXII—CONCLUSION 430

BIBLIOGRAPHY 453

MEMBERSHIP IN SOCIETIES 455

LEGISLATURES ADDRESSED 456

INDEX 459

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CHRONOLOGY

1823: January 5: William Curry marries Susan Winn.
1825: June 5: Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry born.
1826:
1827: Mother dies.
1828:
1829: September 4: father marries Mrs. Mary Remsen; Jabez starts to school to Mr. Fleming.
1830: To school to Fleming; later, to Vaughn.
1831: Ditto.
1832: Ditto.
1833: At school in Lincolnton.
1834: At Waddell's famous school at Willington, S. C.
1835: At home school, Double Branches; Mr. Finn, teacher.
1836: Ditto.
1837: Ditto. Father visits Alabama and buys Kelly Springs, Talladega Co.
1838: Moves with parents to Alabama; at school again to Mr. Finn.
1839: August: Enters Franklin College, called later University of Georgia.
1840: At College.
1841: Ditto; in print first time.
1842: Junior orator: subject, "Andrew Jackson."
1843: August: Graduates from Franklin College; goes to Harvard; enters Dane Law School, September 13.
1844: Hears Birney, Prentiss, et al., in Faneuil Hall.
1845: Graduates from Dane Law School; enters law office of Samuel F. Rice, at Talladega.
1846: Joins Texas Rangers for Mexican War; admitted to the Bar.

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1847: March 4: Marries Ann Alexander Bowie; elected to Alabama Legislature in August.
1848: Making speeches in Presidential campaign for Cass.
1849: Represents the State as Solicitor in Tallapoosa County.
1850: Turns farmer.
1851: Address on death of Calhoun.
1852: Settles on his farm three miles east of Talladega, where he lived till 1865.
1853: Re-elected to Alabama Legislature.
1854: February 3: Bill for Geological Survey; farming and practicing law.
1855: Elected third time to State Legislature; defeats Know-Nothing candidate; is called the "Ajax Telamon of the Democracy."
1856: Elector on Democratic Presidential Ticket.
1857: December 7: Enters U. S. Congress as a State-Rights Democrat.
1858: February 23: Maiden Speech on Kansas Question; April 27, speech against Pension Bill.
1859: December 10: Speech on Progress of Anti-Slaveryism.
1860: Speech at Talladega on the "Perils and Duty of the South"; Mission to the Governor of Maryland.
1861: January 21: Resigns from Congress with other Alabama Representatives; in Confederate Congress at Montgomery.
1862: In Confederate Congress at Richmond; lectures on "Two Wants of the Confederacy."
1863: Speaker pro tem. in Confederate House; lectures on "Social and Political Quicksands;" defeated in August election; at Chickamauga with the "Home Guards"; an unsuccessful candidate for the Confederate Senate.
1864: Serves final term in Confederate Congress, and writes the Address to the People of the Confederate States; Commissioner under the Habeas

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Corpus Act; Special Aid to Gen. Joe Johnston; Special Aid to Gen. Joe Wheeler; Lt-Colonel, commanding 5th Alabama Regiment.

1865: March 16: Assigned command in North Alabama; April 8, wife dies; May 13, paroled; December 5, accepts presidency of Howard College.

1866: January 28: Ordained to the Gospel Ministry; preaching, teaching, and speaking on Education.

1867: June 25: Marries Mary Wortham Thomas; June 29, sails for Europe; July 10, LL.D. from Mercer; October, appointed Professor in Richmond College; Honorary Member of Phi Sigma Society of University of Mississippi.

1868: April 21: Resigns presidency of Howard College; April 29, leaves Marion for Richmond; May 6, severe injury to Mrs. Curry at Baltimore.

1869: February 6, 7: Lectures at Washington and Lee; August 27, introduced by Barnas Sears to George Peabody, at White Sulphur Springs.

1870: April 20: Address at Brooklyn: "Conditions and Prospects of Education in the South"; June 18, report leading to the Baptist Italian Mission; October 11, first lecture at Richmond College on Constitutional Law; November 2 to 4, has Dr. Sears for his guest; December, addresses Joint Committee of Legislature in behalf of Richmond College.

1871: February 18: Appointed a Visitor to the Medical College of Virginia; D.D. from Rochester University.

1872: Elected a Trustee of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; President of General Baptist Association.

1873: May 29: Address: "Triumphs and Struggles of Virginia Baptists"; October 9, address before the World's Evangelical Alliance, New York City.

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1874: Address before the Virginia Agricultural Society;

Elected President of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention; spoken of for United States Senator.

1875: January 3: Enters upon temporary pastorate of First Baptist Church, Richmond; March 19, stepmother dies; July 3, sails for Europe for a year's absence.

1876: In Europe first half of the year; presented to Humbert and Christina.

1877: March 2: Political disabilities removed; March 3, offered a place in his Cabinet by President-elect Hayes; March 7, awarded premium on tract: "A Baptist Church Radically Different from Pedo-Baptist Churches"; March 13, visits old home at Talladega; July 31, August 1, visits Dr. Sears at Staunton; October 30–November 1, aids in entertaining President and Cabinet at Richmond.

1878: January 29: Famous speech in Mozart Hall, Richmond, on "Laws and Morals"; many speeches throughout the State on the pending issue of the State Debt.

1879: Other speeches on the State Debt; Professor and Religious and Social leader.

1880: March 23: Offered place as Visitor to West Point; May 5, sails for Europe; September 24, resumes duties at Richmond College; November 2, votes for Gen. Hancock.

1881: January 7: Daughter, Susan Lamar Turpin, dies; February 3, elected Peabody Agent; February 7, resigns professorship at Richmond College; June 23, elected a Trustee of Richmond College; given medal as Professor of Philosophy; October 5, first annual report to Peabody Trustees.

1882: Addresses Legislatures of South Carolina, West Virginia, and Mississippi.

1883: May 8: Lectures on Gladstone at Waco, Texas; May 14, 700 public school pupils call on him at his

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hotel in Fort Worth; May and June, on a 9,000-mile trip to Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Yosemite Valley; December 18, calls on Matthew Arnold in Richmond and hears him lecture; December 19, visits two colored schools with Mr. Arnold.

1884: October 11: At the old home in Lincoln County, Georgia, where he was born.

1885: March 27: Offered head of Bureau of Education; September 23, accepted appointment as Minister to Spain; October 1, resigns presidency of Board of Trustees of Farmville Normal; October 9, calls on J. R. Lowell; November 5, sails for Spain; November 25, reaches Madrid.—Alfonso XII dies at 9 A.M. the same day.

1886: May 17: "Assists" at the birth of the new King.

1887: July 13: LL.D. from the University of Georgia; Armitage's History of the Baptists published, with Introduction by Curry.

1888: April: "The Acquisition of Florida," published in the American Magazine of History; August 6, resigns as Minister; August 20, resignation accepted "with regret"; September 23, lands at New York; October 3, after three years' suspension, re-elected Peabody Agent.

1889: "Constitutional Government in Spain"; "Establishment and Disestablishment."

1890: October 1, 2: Peabody Trustees hold annual Meeting in New York City; October 16, the Currys move to Washington City, and occupy their new home; October 30, chosen Slater Agent.

1891: October 7: Unanimously elected an Honorary Trustee on the Peabody Board; October 8, meeting of Educational Committee of the Slater Fund; publishes volume, "William Ewart Gladstone."

1892: October 17: Arranges for renewing Peabody Normal College Scholarships to Florida and Missis-

sippi. Made a Trustee of Columbian University, Washington. (He held the position till his death.)

1893: April 25: Resigns Farmville Trusteeship; May 19, entertains the Infanta Eulalia et al. at Washington.

1894: October 4: Re-elected General Agent of the Peabody Board; November 21, attends funeral of Robert C. Winthrop; publishes "The Southern States of the American Union."

1895: January 11: Meeting of Slater Trustees in Washington; January 19, sails for Europe; June 1, returns; October 19–28, on Jury of Awards at the Atlanta Exposition.

1896: October 6: Special Committee of Peabody Trustees met to consider the expediency of terminating the Trust in February, 1897—Adverse decision; October 7, Curry re-elected General Agent.

1897: October 10: Attends funeral of Mrs. Mary W. Thomas, mother of Mrs. Curry; December 30, elected second president of the Southern History Association, to succeed Hon. William L. Wilson.

1898: April 21: Address on 30th anniversary of Hampton Institute; July 4, address at the University of Chicago, on the Principles, Acts, and Utterances of John C. Calhoun; publishes "Sketch of George Peabody and a History of the Peabody Education Fund."

1899: June 22: Address before the Education Conference at Capon Springs, West Virginia; December 21, invited to be Editor-in-Chief of a series of 10 historical volumes, to be issued by B. F. Johnson & Company.

1900: June 12: Address at the University of Virginia; June 27, address at Capon Springs; October 9, address at Tulane University.

1901: Publishes a "Civil History of the Government of

the Confederate States, with Some Personal Reminiscences." On June 15, delivers the Centennial Commencement Address at the University of Georgia.

1902: January 27: Elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of William and Mary; April 7, entitled "Ambassador Extraordinary" to Spain; April 19, sails for Spain; May 13, reaches Madrid; May 15, presents his Address to Alfonso; May 16, is decorated by the Royal Order of Charles III; May 17, attends the Coronation; May 22, leaves Madrid; August 2, lands at New York; October 1, last meeting with the Peabody Board; re-elected General Agent, and $2,000 salary authorized for a Secretary; November 30 to December 2, last visit and address to the Peabody Normal College, at Nashville.

1903: February 12—Thursday: Dies at Fernihurst, Asheville, N. C.; February 15—Sunday: Buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

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PREFACE

The subject of this book left for the writer of his biography "an embarrassment of riches" in the voluminous mass of papers, journals and correspondence that constitute his unpublished literary estate; so that the difficulty of the present authors in dealing with this material has arisen rather in selection and co-ordination than from any other source.

Dr. Curry's mental attitude illustrated a singular and remarkable combination of the vision of the literary man, and the concrete activity of one who does things. Thus it came about that he not only achieved results, but he also found time to record his achievements. That he was accumulating material for the story of his well-spent life is not inconsistent with such a proper sense of modesty, as is rightly adorned by a just self-esteem. Just as it was clear to him at the time he began to keep these records that his life, if it should be spared to him, would be one of unusual opportunity and privilege, so in his later years he was of one mind with his venerable and distinguished associate in the Peabody Trust, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, that their work in the administration of that trust was a conspicuously great and enduring public service.

He kept seven note-books and scrap-books, apart from the diary which he kept through many years; and in addition to diary and note-books, he preserved four volumes of letters and newspaper clip-

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pings, together with many loose sheets and vagrant scraps of memoranda. His correspondence was extensive, and refutes the popular assertion that letter writing has been long a lost art.

Out of all this mass of documentary resource the writers of this biography have tried to select such material as would, with proper arrangement in the connecting narrative, furnish forth the environment, and illustrate the life and character of the man they sought to portray.

For invaluable assistance in this arduous and difficult task of selection, and in the co-ordination of the material so selected, their thanks are due and are here expressed to Dr. John Walter Wayland of the Woman's Normal School at Harrisonburg, Virginia. His service to the authors was one requiring patient energy and scholarly good sense, and he discharged that service with great accuracy and discretion.

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J. L. M. CURRY

A BIOGRAPHY

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CHAPTER I

"THE DARK CORNER"

THE vehement and freedom-loving personality of John Wilkes so greatly appealed to the patriotic Americans of the Revolutionary struggle that they gave the name of the eccentric Englishman, who had boldly espoused their cause, to three counties in the United States. One of these, Wilkes County, in the northeastern part of the State of Georgia, was subdivided in the year 1796, and one of its subdivisions received the more recently illustrious name of Lincoln, in memory of Benjamin Lincoln, a prominent general of the colonial forces in the war with the mother country.

Along the northeastern border of Lincoln County, and separating the county and state from the visible counties of Edgefield and Abbeville lying to the east of it, flows the Savannah River. Lincolnton, the county seat, lies near the centre of the county, whose southeastern extremity, wedged into the angle formed by the confluent Savannah and Little Rivers, came to be known in the early days of the country as "The Dark Corner."

There is nothing in frontier history more characteristic of the pioneer period than are many of the names, bestowed upon their homes by the incoming settlers. "The Dark Corner" was justified of its title. The Indian was there for a period, with the

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antagonism of the conquered towards the conqueror. In a wild and unsettled country, without laws, or schools, or libraries, each man was a law unto himself. This general spirit of lawlessness, or lack of law, with its attendant characteristic of reliance upon physical strength and personal powers, affected the social existence of the inhabitants of "The Dark Corner" down into the earlier years of the nineteenth century; and in the first two decades of that century Lincoln County may be said to have been lacking both in the sobriety and the peacefulness of its population; while, as is commonly the case, the reputation, once acquired, long survived the facts which created it.

"Georgia Scenes," Judge Longstreet's volume of inimitable humor, written to illustrate and make palpable the earlier years of the nineteenth century in that state, has for its first chapter "The Lincoln Rehearsal," a title suggested in all probability by the county which held "The Dark Corner," where characters abounded like Ransy Sniffle, "whom nothing on earth so much delighted as a fight;" and where far into a higher civilization the conventional question, "a thousand times asked," was, "which is the best man, Billy Stallions (Stallings) or Bob Durham?" and was daily sought to be answered by wager of fistic battle. But, as is generally the case with simple people, free from the restraints of legal or social compulsion, these citizens and denizens of "The Dark Corner" had the virtues that accompany their faults. They were frank and genial in their hospitality, and generous in their dealings with both friend and stranger. Their kinship to nature was close; and, if their passions were elemental,

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their characters took on a certain aspect of nobility in their truthfulness, their generosity, their courage, and their hardihood. The heroic drama of our national expansion was then just getting under way. The conquest of the land of a virgin continent, now ended, was then beginning. This region was the West—a spiritual and idealistic as well as a geographical term, for wherever new peoples, new forces and new ideals are modifying old conditions—that land is the West.

Here, in the very heart of "The Dark Corner"—"right in the center," he writes of it—ere the sunlight of a later civilization had lifted the shadows—was born on Sunday, June 5, 1825, Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry.

Jabez was a name that ought never to have been bestowed, save with a full sense of the responsibility incurred by the giver in its bestowal. It may have been that it was conferred with some subtle and indefinable prescience on the part of the giver that the bearer of it was to witness and to help toward the healings of the distress of his people; for Jabez is, by interpretation of the Hebrew, "sorrow, or trouble;" or else his parents, with some like unconscious anticipation, may have beheld the greatness of their son's future, and named him for him of old, who "was more honourable than his brethren; and his mother called him Jabez;" or, as is more probable, his parents received their chief inspirations and enthusiasms from religion and politics, and poured a rather wholesale broadside of both upon the helpless babe.

Of his entire name, which as originally bestowed was even more than he himself could bear, he writes

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in his "Diary," with a certain feeling that is not altogether destitute of impatience:—

> The Jabez is an honored Bible name, and was borne by Jabez Marshall, a popular Baptist preacher in Georgia; and by Jabez Curry, who died in Perry County, Alabama, in 1873—a favorite nephew of my father. Lafayette was the nation's guest when I was born, and my father, in token of gratitude to the friend of Washington, saddled me with the name; but I threw it aside and substituted Lamar. Monroe was President in 1825; so I had to take that burden also. I know no good from my long name, but not a little inconvenience.

The sympathy of the reader must go out to the writer of the above poignant paragraph; and a lesson to pious or patriotic or thoughtless parents may be found in the reflection that a far more befitting name, for the great educational figure of his time, would have been Lamar Curry.

The early boyhood of Jabez was made familiar with many "Georgia Scenes" surpassing in eccentricity and outlawry even those of which the story-teller has made literature. He was a witness, as he tells us in the desultory pages of a journal which he kept in later years, of many hand-to-hand fights and fierce personal encounters. The spirit of the Revolution continued, long after its close, to dominate the section where he was born, a hill country, into which through the generations had fled those who sought escape from bondage or crime, or who desired a larger freedom of thought and action than prevailed in the more civilized parts of the new Republic; and "Tory" was, even in Curry's boyhood, a term of opprobrium, quiet submission to which carried with it the stigma of cowardice. Out

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of "The Dark Corner," and from other parts of the county, the lad was wont to see gathered at stated intervals its citizen soldiery to the militia musters—a period while they lasted, of unrestrained festivity rather than of military restriction; and thither, too, on important occasions, when a representative in the legislature or in the Federal Congress, or a governor or other high state official was to be chosen, came the freeholders to cast their votes *viva voce* in the presence of the sheriff and the election officers, and to be thanked by the candidate who received them. No less in the infrequent sessions of the courts of that earlier period was illustrated the primitive and natural wildness of country and people. A striking story is told in the autobiography of a prominent man who flourished in an adjoining state, which serves to emphasize the state of society then prevalent throughout that section.

"Pushmatahaw, a Choctaw chief," says the relator, who when a very young man, and a new comer to the county in which the incident occurred, had just been made prosecuting attorney, " had killed one of his subjects. In doing this, he acted under his tribal authority, and was so far justifiable. But under our law, which had been extended over all the territory conveyed by the Indians to the general government, the execution became murder. Pushmatahaw exercised great control and influence over his tribe.

"He had in some way incurred the hatred of the land companies organized to purchase reservations. It was important to them that he should be got out of the way; and to this end they employed a number of able attorneys to aid me in the prosecution. To avoid censure, it was determined that there should be only one speaker.

"The grand jury of Kemper County reported a bill of

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indictment, and all the requisite preliminaries were performed by me preparatory to an early trial. I was notified that Mr. Samuel J. Gholson would aid me in the argument of the case before the jury.

"The defence had secured the services of some of the ablest lawyers in the state from Vicksburg and Jackson. A day for trial had been appointed, and witnesses summoned. I had, soon after my arrival in DeKalb, the county seat of Kemper, been introduced to a young Virginian, who had lately come there to practise law, and who made from the first a marked impression on me. This was Joseph G. Baldwin, afterwards so widely known both as a lawyer and a literary man. Two days before the trial he came to me, and requested to be allowed to take part in the argument, as it might lead to future success if he appeared in a case of so much interest. This I consented to do, and carried my point against great opposition from my colleagues. The testimony was soon ended. All the facts were against the defendant, and the *corpus delicti* was clearly shown. It was necessary to put the defence entirely upon tribal authority.

"The argument was opened for the State by Gholson in a characteristic speech. When Mr. Joe Baldwin arose, he was at first listened to with such slight curiosity and general indifference as might be expected for a very young man, entirely unknown to his audience. In a few moments this was changed to absorbing interest and attention. His speech was marked by the clearest and most convincing logic, rising at times into vivid oratory. It was evident that this modest young man, though yet to fortune and to fame unknown, was destined to take no obscure place in his day and generation.

"Other arguments were made, and the case was submitted to the jury. After short deliberation a verdict of guilty was rendered. The defendant was informed of the result, and that he would be hung. He was shocked at the mode of death, and made pathetic appeals against such an

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indignity, claiming his right to die like a warrior. The court had no power to interfere, and sentence was pronounced according to the prescribed forms of our law. When this was done, Pushmatahaw rose to his full height, and gave vent to a wild war-whoop, so full of rage and despair that it was terrible to hear. As there were many Indians present, there was for a time danger of attempted rescue.

"Application for pardon was made to the governor, and the chief had strong hope that it would be granted. A few days before that appointed for the execution, he was informed that the governor had refused the pardon, and that he must die what he considered the death of a dog. This communication was made to the unhappy chief in cold-blooded and inhuman malice, and the result came near proving fatal. Pushmatahaw broke a bottle which chanced to be in his cell, and with a piece of the glass severed an artery in his left arm. He would have died in a short time from loss of blood, if the sheriff had not made an accidental visit to the prisoner. A pardon was granted and sent to the sheriff by an express, in time to save the life of the Choctaw chief."

"It's a far cry to Lochaw," was the boast of the Scotch Campbell, whose broad lands extended over so large a space of the Highlands. It seems "a farther cry" in point of time from the year 1835, when Jabez Curry was a boy ten years old in "The Dark Corner," and Reuben Davis, later judge of the High Court of Appeals, colonel in the war with Mexico, member of Congress, and Confederate brigadier general, was prosecuting the Indian chief, Pushmatahaw, with the assistance of the beardless Joe Baldwin, later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, who was destined to leave a larger fame than is left by the most eminent lawyers, in his "Flush

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Times" and "Party Leaders,"—down to the first decade in the twentieth century, when Curry represented the government of the United States as its special ambassador at the coronation of the present King of Spain, in the administration of Theodore Roosevelt.

The Currys were of Scotch origin; and in Scotland the name seems to have had the earlier spelling of Currie. In one of the will-books of Lincoln County was recorded on March 2, 1827, the will of Thomas Curry. By this testamentary instrument the maker of it appointed two of his sons, James and William, his executors; and to William he devised the old home-place in "The Dark Corner," whereon was located the family graveyard. William Curry was the father of Jabez; and his mother was Susan Winn, whom William Curry married in Lincoln County on January 5, 1823. These Winns are said to have been of Welsh extraction; and in any event the names both of Currie and Winn indicate a purely British origin, and illustrate in conjunction with the names, still surviving there, of the people of that section, the theory of Prof. Nathaniel S. Shaler, in his "Nature and Man in America," that nowhere in the western world, down to the beginning of the War between the States in 1861, did the unadulterated strain of descent from the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland so prevail as in a radius of three or four hundred miles of the East Tennessee Mountains. Both of these names are still to be found, as of great antiquity, upon the pages of records that hold the pedigrees of the county families of the United Kingdom. Curry records in one of his note books the fact that a General Winn, after whom Winnsboro,

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in South Carolina, was named, was an officer of considerable local distinction in the Revolutionary Army; and that later he was for many years a representative in the United States Congress, where he was a colleague of Mr. Calhoun, and voted for the War of 1812. The Welsh Winns were connected with the French Lamars, and the Scotch Currys with the English Walkers; so that Curry might well say of himself: "I can hardly call myself an Anglo-Saxon, as in my veins flow English blood, Scotch, Welsh, and French." Yet, after all, he was, save for the touch of Gallic infusion, a typical product of the British races, which gave a character and distinctiveness to the earlier colonial settlers of the Atlantic seaboard, that was transmitted untainted to their descendants who later pressed forward into the Southern and Southwestern States. Curry, however, with the real democratic spirit, typical of the men of the Revolutionary period, and of the two generations which succeeded, laid no claim to an aristocratic origin, however much he might have found himself by research entitled to it. It was sufficient to him always to know that he was an American; and his Americanism was consistently of so broad and catholic a type as to include within its comprehension every section and every citizen of his country.

Before Jabez Curry saw the light of day in "The Dark Corner" of Lincoln County, another child had been born to his parents. This was Jackson C. Curry, who was a man of sterling honesty and worth, and who spent his maturer years at Newbern, in North Carolina, where he was a deacon in the Baptist Church. With the courage and the patriotism of

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the youth of his generation, when war reddened the horizon in 1861, Jackson Curry entered the Confederate Army, and died in the service at Demopolis, Alabama, in 1863, having achieved the rank of captain, and leaving to survive him two sons and three daughters.

One of Jabez Curry's earliest recollections, as he records it in his "Journal," was a faint and faded memory of his father's second marriage, which occurred September 4, 1829, when the boy was a little over four years old. His mother and an infant brother had died in 1827. With a wistfulness, that grows into pathos in its conclusion, he wrote of her, fifty years later, this paragraph:—

> Of course I do not remember ever to have seen her. Very many persons have told me that she was exceedingly beautiful. It has been a source of sincerest regret that I was not trained in my youngest years by a loving mother. Delicate and susceptible, my life might have been different; but God knows best. I have a thousand times wished for her likeness; but in her day there were no daguerreotypes or photographs; and few persons had portraits painted.

Though thus lamenting, with the retrospection which took him back to earliest infancy, this deprivation of maternal tenderness and solicitude,—a loss which the most callous heart must of necessity regret,—he has not failed to record the kindliness of his relations with his father's second wife, and his sense of indebtedness to her.

> "My stepmother was a real mother to me," he writes, "and loved me as she did her own children. I gladly and gratefully bear this testimony to her faithfulness, kindness and love."

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The second wife of William Curry was Mrs. Mary Remsen, a widow, who was born Murray, and whose father was a Revolutionary soldier. She was a woman of social prominence in her community; and her brother, the Honorable Thomas W. Murray, was a figure of more than local distinction, in whose honor one of the counties of the State was subsequently named. Of her first marriage had been born a son, David H. Remsen, who grew up in the household of William Curry as one of his own family, and was the playmate and associate, while he was treated as the brother, of Jackson and Jabez Curry. Of William Curry's second marriage were born Mark Shipp Curry, Thomas Curry, Walker Curry, and James A. Curry, of the latter of whom Dr. Curry writes in his diary under date of July 3, 1894, "My half-brother, James A. Curry, died in Anniston, Alabama." There seems to be no further record of the subsequent career of Mark Shipp Curry, the eldest of the half-brothers; but Thomas Curry was a soldier of the Confederacy, and became a captain in the Fifty-third Alabama regiment, and Walker Curry achieved eminence as a physician, and was a practitioner of his profession in New York City; while James A. Curry was a prominent man in the development of the mineral resources of Alabama. He was a pioneer in the iron business, and with Samuel Clabaugh in 1863 erected and operated a charcoal furnace in Talladega County. Prior to the breaking out of the War between the States, James A. Curry had been a merchant of large means in the town of Talladega; and he owned the lands on Salt Creek in that county on which his and Clabaugh's charcoal pig-iron furnace was erected, which was

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destroyed by the Federal troops a year or two later.

William Curry, the father, was of the generation which succeeded that of the pioneers in Wilkes and Lincoln Counties; and this second generation inherited the moral fibre of their pioneer progenitors. Though the feud and the foray had not in his time altogether passed away, and the original "character" still lent variety and the not infrequent spice of excitement to the community in which he lived, these men of the Lower South of that period were not always, or even frequently, the whiskey-drinking, swaggering rowdies of revolver and bowie-knife, that caricature and libel have portrayed them.

"It is true," writes a competent chronicler of them and of their times, "that many of them drank hard, swore freely, and were utterly reckless of consequences when their passions were aroused. But it is equally true that the great body of them were sober, industrious men, who met hardships and toil with patient courage, and whose hands were as ready to extend help as they were to resist violence and oppression. They took life jovially, and enjoyed such pleasures as they could come by. Although a God-fearing people,—for infidelity was unknown,—there was nothing straight-laced about their religion. They attended divine worship in a reverent spirit and endeavored to do their duty to God and man, so far as they saw it. Even the strictest of them made no scruple about a social glass, or a lively dance, or a game of cards, or even of an honest hand to hand fight under due provocation."

This naïve depiction of a social existence in which the writer personally figured, continues:—

Their creed was generally simple. A man ought to fear God and mind his business. He should be respectful and courteous to all women; he should love his friends and hate

his enemies. He should eat when he was hungry, drink when he was thirsty, dance when he was merry, vote for the candidate he liked best, and knock down any man who questioned his right to these privileges. He was almost always an ardent politician, and a strong partisan on whichever side he enlisted. But a man would have been held in reprobation who should attempt to serve his party by fraud and corruption. There was no ballot-box stuffing.

If creed and custom were alike primitive, they were nevertheless manly and not insufficient; and their crudity emphasized an integrity that was the backbone of their social life.

Here in Lincoln County, amid such surroundings, and touched by such influences as have been narrated, William Curry lived, and his son Jabez spent his earlier years. History makes mention on its lesser pages of many names of the time and vicinity,—for the most part stout English and Scotch and Welsh names, with a touch of the Gallic. Among the first settlers of the county whose names are thus preserved in the local annals were Thomas Murray, the father of William Curry's second wife, Robert Walton, John Lockhart, B. Lockhart, Thomas Mitchell, Sterne Simmons, J. Stovall, Captain John Lamar, Stephen Handspiker, M. Henley, Robert Fleming, James Wallace and Peter Lamar. The two most prominent men of the county in William Curry's time appear to have been his brother-in-law, Thomas W. Murray, and Judge John M. Dooley, who like Murray also had the honor of having a county of the State named for him.

Of the Lamars, whose patronymic Curry sub-

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stituted for that of La Fayette, which his father had patriotically bestowed upon him, and whose blood mingled with the other strains in his veins, the story of the South contains no little. The two most famous of the name and family, since their Huguenot ancestor first settled in the western world, was Mirabeau B. Lamar, orator, poet, soldier and statesman, compatriot of Sam Houston, Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas, the Commander-in-chief of its armies, its Vice-President, and for three years its President without opposition; and his no less distinguished nephew, Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, fitted out like his uncle and like his kinsman, Jabez Curry, with extraordinary names, after the apparent fashion of the times, who as Congressman, author of the Mississippi Ordinance of Secession, Lieutenant Colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi regiment, Minister to Russia from the Confederate States, Secretary of the Interior and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, touched nothing that he did not adorn.

The religious influences of the period in Lincoln County emanated from the ministers and members, for the most part, of two denominations,—the Methodists and Baptists,—whose missionaries have been from the earliest times in the rugged forefront of pioneer progress in America. The "hardshell" or primitive Baptist of that period was a mighty force in the development of young communities. Religion and æstheticism had not joined hands in that rough world. The preacher preached a simple, fearful creed, compounded strangely of tenderness and pitilessness, and lived an heroic unselfish life, and his doctrines and practices made such an impres-

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sion upon the family of William Curry that all the culture and cosmopolitanism of the widest travel and experience could not wean his distinguished son from the faith of his early years.

When about four years old, Jabez Curry was sent to an "old field school" in "The Dark Corner," where reading, writing and arithmetic were taught by one Joel Fleming, the master. The character and regimen of the homes of the vicinity were more or less primitive and simple. The furniture was plain and serviceable. The floors were generally bare of carpets or coverings. These primitive homes contained a population that has been generally described as having been "raised on pot-liquor, and fortified from early youth on jowl and greens, and buttermilk, and hog-meat smoked to the last turn, to say nothing of cornpone with reasonable gravy." The s c h o o l s, school-houses and schoolmasters matched the homes. The old field school-house, which the little boy attended, was built of logs, with the interstices daubed with clay. It was set in a woods, and was roofed with puncheons. There was but one door; and the shutter of the single unglazed window swung on creaking wooden hinges. The window itself was simply a hole in the wall, opposite the huge fireplace, made by cutting out a section of one of the logs. Alongside this narrow opening was a wide plank, fastened against the wall, which was used by the school-children as a writing desk. The first-formed letters of Jabez Curry, learned in the little log school-house in the Georgia woods, were made with a goose-quill pen, which was the exclusive instrument of writing,—the manufacture of which, no less than its use, was sedulously

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taught by all well-minded teachers in the old field-schools. An accompaniment of the quill-pen was the sand-box, whose contents took the place of the more modern blotting-paper; and often master and pupils manufactured also the ink that they wrote with,—a writing fluid which must have been well-made, for the public records that are its monument are still clear and legible in a new century.

The "old field schools" were co-educational; and boys and girls went to school together. In warm weather, the larger boys were permitted to study their lessons outside the school-house, beneath the trees. There were no long vacations; but when a holiday was desired for any special occasion, the master was not over strenuous in resisting the request of the children. Sometimes a mild compulsion was resorted to by the children, when their holiday petition was rejected, and the master would be "barred out." If the pedagogue resisted and made fight, the youngsters met force with force; and Curry has left among his papers a note in which he relates how, on one occasion, young though he was, he participated in one of these "lock-outs" against Mr. Fleming. The master seems to have been beloved by the children, but as, at the time of this episode, he proved recalcitrant when approached for a holiday, his affectionate pupils proceeded first to bar him out; and later, the larger boys bore the struggling pedagogue to the neighboring creek, and soused him into its shallow depths, while even the little Jabez waded into the stream, and with both small hands flung water on his preceptor, while the big boys held him down. It is recorded that the wise and simple master had taken advantage of the op-

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portunity, generously afforded him, prior to the "ducking," to leave his tobacco-pouch on dry land; and that in recognition of the kindliness of his adversaries in this respect, he took his enforced plunge with serene good humor. The holiday was gained; and the pedagogic function in due season resumed, with no apparent diminution or impairment of the usual discipline, and no intimation of diminished dignity.

It has been correctly said by an intelligent writer on the subject of elementary education at the South during this early period, that:—

> The old academies of the South were many of them excellent schools, and in some respects have not yet been surpassed. The "old field" school was often good; but the whole arrangement was without adequate supervision, was expensive and uncertain, and did not reach many of our people. The percentage of illiteracy was high, and was not decreasing.
>
> In the later 'forties the spirit of the great common school revival, which had been led by Horace Mann, began to influence the South; and in the early 'fifties the messages of the Southern governors contained many eloquent appeals for a state system of schools for all the children, and if war had not intervened, their appeals would have quickly taken form in a progressive system of public education.

Northern teachers were frequent in the Southern States, and especially young college graduates from New England, who migrated to the newly developing section of the country, with the idea of advancing their fortunes, sooner or later, in the professions of law and medicine, or by taking advantage of the many opportunities which the time and locality

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offered. So it happened that young Curry's next teacher was a Mr. Vaughan, from Maine, who seems not to have possessed the equable temper and forgiving spirit of Mr. Fleming. He was a rigorous and severe disciplinarian, but is supposed to have been an excellent instructor.

"In 1833, the stars fell." This date of the great meteoric shower, Curry, who was then in his eighth year, recalled vividly in later life; associating it with what is always an occasion of vast importance in the life of a lad,—his departure from home, to attend school at a distance. He was sent from his father's home, in "The Dark Corner," to Lincolnton, where his grandmother lived; and, boarding with her, was put to school with the Reverend Mr. McKerley, the minister of what was then perhaps the sole Presbyterian church, and with a scant congregation, in the county. Mr. McKerley, if his name counts for aught, was of Galloway Scotch stock; and, after the fashion of Presbyterian ministers of that day no less than of the present, was a scholar. Under him Jabez Curry began the study of Latin,—a language whose acquisition stood him in good subsequent stead in his later career as lawyer, politician, and preacher; and which he doubtless ascertained to be of incalculable value to him in his study of the southern languages of Europe during his distinguished career as diplomat and Ambassador.

At Mr. McKerley's school, his cousin, Lafayette Lamar, was his classmate and most intimate friend; and the cordial and affectionate association between the two young lads, formed at Lincolnton, was continued and cemented in their later association at college.

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During the year young Lamar's sister was married; and Curry records that the rows of iced cakes, set in the sun to dry, ere they should "furnish forth the marriage feast," were more wonderful to his sense of interest and curiosity than had been the falling stars. They were the first iced cakes of his boyish experience. He had attended once before the nuptials of a young woman cousin; but, for some virtue of the bride, or yet other undisclosed reason, there had been no iced cakes set out to harden in the sun; and so he tells that the only thing he remembered in connection with that interesting event was that he sat upon a fence, with some other boys, and while peeling a turnip, cut his hand, making a gash, the scar of which he carried through life.

On a Saturday, during his school days at Lincolnton, in company with young Lamar and a companion named Frayser, he went into the courthouse, and with the reckless daring of youth, drew a series of figures in charcoal on the whitewashed walls of the temple of justice. His uncle, Peter Lamar, happened to come in and catch the boys in their vandal act, and scolded them severely, threatening them with confinement in jail and other condign punishment. The threat was one that suggested humiliation and terror; for Jabez had, on previous occasion, been permitted to see the inside of the county jail at Lincolnton.

Many famous names and incidents center about that old courthouse in Lincolnton. The courthouse of the frontier world, particularly in southern life, was a combination of what the theatre was to the Greeks, the forum to the Romans, the Cathedral to the mediæval world, the piazza or the market place

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to the denizens of sunny lands, and the club to the dwellers in modern cities. It centered in itself and absorbed all secular interests. Excitements and thrills were to be experienced there. Ambitions were born there, ideals formed, and patriotism warmed and directed. Here the great and the near-great passed before the eyes of simple people seeking their confidence and loyalty. The church alone was strong enough to vie with the courthouse in human interest. It was the chief architectural glory of straggling villages, standing generally upon some eminence and dominating a hollow square of lesser structures devoted to trade. It is interesting and significant to note that a more practical and far-seeing generation is now substituting the schoolhouse for the courthouse as the center and pivot of community life. The transfer of interest from the one to the other in the public mind denotes a profound change in the popular conception of the meaning of politics. Politics is now coming to mean a practical program of growth and training, through which the fittest and best of all the young life about can be made ready for leadership. This attitude places the emphasis on the child who may be made great, rather than on the adult claimant of greatness, and marks a distinct advance in social understanding.

Conspicuous among the great figures of young Curry's Temple of Justice was the presiding judge of the circuit of the period of his charcoal sketch, William H. Crawford, later a man of national fame and a candidate for the presidency in 1824; Garnett Andrews, who had a local and state reputation as a lawyer and jurist; Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia,

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and in his day one of the most eminent and successful lawyers at the Georgia bar; Andrew Miller, for many years president of the State Senate, a lawyer and politician of distinction; and Robert Toombs, then a young man, and afterwards a figure of conspicuous distinction in the history of the nation.

The next year young Curry was sent to school in Willington, across the Savannah River, in Abbeville County, South Carolina, whither his brother Jackson and David Remsen had preceded him the year before. The school at Willington was famous in its day. Founded in the first decade of the 19th century by the Reverend Moses Waddell, it was among the most noted of the earlier ante-bellum academies; and Waddell himself was in the forefront of the schoolmasters of his generation. It has been said of the school at Willington that "it was in the country, far from town; the life was simple and discipline was strict; the hardest work was required of all students." Among Dr. Waddell's pupils at various times were his famous brother-in-law, John Caldwell Calhoun; George McDuffie, "the orator of Nullification;" Judge Longstreet, of "Georgia Scenes" fame; James Bowie, soldier and adventurer, who invented the deadly knife of the southwestern country that is called after him, and who died with Crockett and Travis and their fellows in the defense of the Alamo; James Lewis Petigru, defender of the Union in the days of South Carolina nullification, attorney general of the state and codifier of its laws; and of a number of others whose names are scarcely less distinguished and well-remembered.

At the time of Curry's attendance on the school at Willington, it was directed and taught by the sons

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of the elder Waddell, James P. and John N. Waddell. There were about a hundred boys, many of whom boarded at private houses in the tiny village, and with the neighboring farmers. Young Curry's host was a Dr. Harris, who gave his company biscuits every Sunday morning, and cornbread in its various shapes on other days and times. The pupils gathered at Willington from many directions in the surrounding districts of Georgia and South Carolina; and among other contemporaries there of the two young Currys were W. W. Boyce, who was later a member of Congress from South Carolina; Gen. Milledge L. Bonham, also a member of Congress, and later Governor of South Carolina; and others of more or less local or sectional distinction.

The Willington Academy, which had been first established by Dr. Waddell at Vienna, in Carolina, a short distance from its subsequent site, has been described by one who was familiar with it, as having become famous all over the South. Says this writer:

After Dr. Waddell was forced from age and disability, to give up teaching, the school was revived by his sons, James and John Waddell, but under the general supervision of the old schoolmaster. No doubt his sons followed their father's plan of teaching, and as I was, when a boy, long an inmate of Moses Waddell's family, and a pupil at the Willington Academy, it may not be unentertaining to give a short account of the old Willington schoolhouse, as we had it from tradition. The boys boarded at farmhouses in the neighborhood or lived in log huts in the woods near the Academy, furnishing their own supplies. At sunrise Dr. Waddell was wont to wind his horn, which was immediately answered by

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horns in all directions. At an early hour the pupils made their appearance at the log cabin schoolhouse. The Doctor, entering the cabin and depositing his hat, would reappear at the door with this school horn in his hand. He then would call out loud, "What boy feels most flatulent this morning?"

After the horn had been sounded by some lucky youth, the school-boys came in to listen to a short set form of prayer.

After prayers the pupils, each with a chair bearing his name sculped in the back of it, retired to the woods for study, the classes being divided into squads according to individual preference. In the spring and summer months these squads scattered through the oak and hickory woods in quest of shade; but in cold weather the first thing done by them was to kindle log-heap fires. Whosoever imagines that the boys did not study as well as they would have done under the immediate eye of the teacher is mistaken. I have been to many schools conducted according to various systems of education, but nowhere have I seen such assiduity in study, nowhere have I ever witnessed such emulation to excel. It was a classical school. The multiplicity of studies now advertised at fashionable academies was unknown in those early times. The debating club on Friday afternoons was an important institution, and regarded by the teacher as a very necessary part of his scholastic system, for to converse and speak in public were esteemed necessary accomplishments to Southern youths.

Of the famous schoolmaster, whose sons succeeded him in the school where the methods of their father's system were still continued in Curry's day at Willington, Mr. Calhoun long afterwards wrote as follows:—

In that character (as a teacher) he stands almost unrivaled. He may be justly considered as the father of

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classical education in the upper country of South Carolina and Georgia. His excellence in that character depended not so much on extensive or profound learning as a felicitous combination of qualities for the government of boys and communicating to them what he knew. He was particularly successful in exciting emulation amongst them, and in obtaining the good will of all except the worthless. The best evidence of his high qualities as a teacher is his success. Among his pupils are to be found a large portion of the eminent men in this state and Georgia. In this state it is sufficient to name McDuffie, Legaré, Petigru, and my colleague, Butler. To these many others of distinction might be added. His pupils in Georgia who have distinguished themselves are numerous. In the list are to be found the names of William H. Crawford, Longstreet, etc. It is in his character of a teacher, especially, that he will long be remembered as a benefactor of the country.

During the year of Curry's stay at Willington an event of great importance in the eyes of the pupils was the visit to the school of the famous Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, who were then making their first tour in America. He makes record among his memoranda of seeing the twins at Willington. They seemed, he says, to be about seventeen years old; and cheerful and very agile.

"Cherry Hill," the home of George McDuffie, was near the Willington Academy; and was a favorite resort of the boys on Saturdays. McDuffie's distinguished career in the United States House of Representatives ended during the year of Curry's pupilage at Willington; and in the same year he was elected Governor of South Carolina. In 1842 he was chosen to the Senate, and was in the forefront of the forensic and political debates and contests of the period in that body.

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It remains to be added, in connection with Curry's life at Willington, that both the sons of Moses Waddell, James Pleasants Waddell and John Newton Waddell, became eminent in their chosen profession as educators,—the former filling with success and distinction the chairs of Latin and Greek in the University of Georgia, where Curry records of him that he treated his old pupil with a fatherly care and kindness during the latter's career as a student; while John Newton Waddell became professor of Latin and Greek in the University of Mississippi, and later its Chancellor.

During the next succeeding year, and for the two years following, from 1835 to 1838, young Curry and his brothers were kept at home, and attended a school nearby at "Double Branches." The teacher, Daniel W. Finn, was an Irishman, and a graduate of Dublin University, where he had studied for the Roman Catholic priesthood. With such educational opportunities, Mr. Finn had made of himself a most excellent scholar; and he was highly proficient and accomplished, especially in the ancient languages. He was moreover a very popular and successful teacher; and it doubtless goes without saying that Curry, who was fond of books and usually an apt and industrious student, made satisfactory progress under the Irishman in the branches of Latin, Greek, Algebra and Geometry, in all of which the master instructed his pupil.

"Double Branches," in the southern part of Lincoln County, was the site of a Baptist Church; and it is eminently characteristic of what might be called the "cosmopolitan" liberality of thought and breadth of view of the population of the period, had

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they known aught of cities, that they not only sent their children to school to a Roman Catholic, but that they permitted a mulatto preacher to fill occasionally the pulpit of the "Double Branches" Baptist Church. This man's name was Adams; and Curry records of him that he preached to the satisfaction of all, both white and colored, and adds: "For a colored man to preach to white congregations was not an offence."

William Curry at this time was a farmer and country merchant. His store drew custom from a wide circle; and both musters and elections were held in its immediate vicinity. Politics ran high in those days, in Lincoln County as elsewhere; and carried inevitably in their train frequent excitement and ill-feeling. But the Lincoln County folks took their politics, as they did the other happenings of life, with a philosophic good humor which did not suffer the sun to go down on their political wrath; and the asperities of election day generally disappeared in the emulation of the quarter-races, which almost invariably succeeded the polling, the electors riding, in competition, quick heats on the nags that had brought them to the store for the purpose of voting.

In the country sports, common to boys and men, young Jabez Curry took his hearty share. The hunting of the opossum and the 'coon, an immemorial pastime and delight with many generations of Southern boys and their darkey friends and playmates, and embalmed in the melody and pathos of more than one plantation song, was a favorite pursuit with Jabez. "Very often," he says, "have I, with other boys and some of my father's negroes, hunted for half the night. It was a boyish ambition,

too, to be out all night. The skill of the negroes in finding their way in the woods by starlight used to excite my boyish admiration."

It was such association as this with the young people of the slave population that gave their white owners so strong a hold upon the natural affections of the negroes; and no one can fully realize and appreciate the reciprocal feelings of kindliness and regard that held the two races of that period so strongly together, who has never been 'possum or 'coon hunting on a Southern plantation at night, with a company of dusky negro playmates!

Hunting birds, too, in the brush heaps of the "new grounds," where the virgin forests had fallen before the axe, and the logs had been piled up to be removed or burnt, was also an exciting sport, with its accompaniment of flashing pine torches and whistling dogwood branches; but the helplessness of the victims, and their easy capture or destruction when blinded by the torchlight, and stricken down by the switches, gave it a cruel aspect to young Curry, who preferred other and less easy pursuits. A rabbit-hunt was a good thing, for bunny had a chance to get away; and fishing with hook and line in river and creek, or hauling the seine in the mill-ponds, offered many opportunities of enjoyment to the growing lad. "I well remember," he declared in after years, with the vivid recollection in which childhood often preserves its simplest memories—"I well remember the first fish—a little minnow—I ever caught; and Napoleon was not prouder of one of his great victories than I was of my piscatory success."

It is a characteristic of the negro race, familiar to

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those who have associated with them in more than one of the Southern States, that the farther south they live, and the nearer to the equator, the more amenable they appear to the impressions of superstition. Superstitious under the most favorable circumstances, the negro of the far south is voodooistic and "conjur-man" to an extreme degree; and James Whitcomb Riley's lines convey no inapt description of him amid his surroundings:—

Amid lush fens of rice,
I beheld the negro's eyes
Lit with that old superstition time itself cannot disguise;
And I saw the palm-tree nod
Like an oriental god,
And the cotton froth and bubble at the pod.

There were no palm trees nor rice in the part of Georgia where Jabez Curry grew up as a child; but the negro was there with his immemorial self-delusions and gross beliefs. Curry has left a grave record of the evil results which this strange quality of the African mind made upon his own in early childhood—an experience that was common to very many of the sensitive and imaginative white children of the South:—

"The negroes, a superstitious, gullible race," he writes, "used to tell me most marvellous tales about ghosts, witches, hobgoblins, and haunted places; and I had not a shadow of doubt as to the truth of their statement. The result on myself was so painful and mischievous, that I made it an inflexible rule in training my children to deal frankly with them, and under no circumstances to deceive them."

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CHAPTER II

ALABAMA: "HERE WE REST"

In the year 1837, Curry's father visited Alabama, and bought a tract of land in Talladega County, known as Kelly's Springs. It was the period of the "Flush Times of Mississippi and Alabama," whose history has been chronicled with the deft and illuminating pen of Judge Joseph G. Baldwin. In the public estimation, there were great fortunes to be made from the acquisition of lands. "Fiat money" of the irresponsible state banks, and the "shinplaster" currency of a wild economic period in the history of the lower South, abounded everywhere; and speculation was rife. William Curry paid thirty-nine dollars per acre for his Talladega farm; and in spite of the later fading of the "Flush Times" and the collapse of the "boom" in land values, he presumably never had cause to regret his purchase. In December of the same year, or in January of the next, he sent his negroes, in charge of an overseer, to Kelly's Springs, to prepare the ground and put out a crop. He sold the old home place in "The Dark Corner," and in May, 1838, set out with his family for his new home in Alabama. Though thus parting finally with the residence and family graveyard of his people in Lincoln County, which passed thenceforward into the hands of strangers, William Curry

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appears to have retained considerable landed estate in Georgia, for he owned not only a large body of land in Lincoln County, but a number of other tracts and lots in various parts of the state,—illustrating in its acquisition and retention one of the most marked characteristics, as philosophic historians remind us, of the genuine Anglo-Saxon, whether as an individual, or in the aggregate as a race.

The starting to Alabama was delayed by the extreme illness of young Curry's stepmother; and the journey was made by Mrs. Curry in a carriage.

In 1802 Georgia, in emulation of the generous and splendid act of Virginia in ceding to the United States the great Northwest Territory, had ceded to the general government the region which became in 1817 the territory of Alabama, and two years later was admitted into the Union as a state. The act by which this cession was made provided that the terms and conditions of the Ordinance of 1787 governing the Northwest Territory should apply, except the provision in the latter as to slavery. The act of Congress, authorizing the people of Alabama to form a state government, contained like provisions, and specified that the constitution of the new state should be in accordance with the Ordinance save as to the slavery provision. It also contained provision for certain land grants dedicated to education and internal improvements.

It has been said of the Convention which met at Huntsville, on July 5, 1819, and continued in session until August 2, that it was an able body of men, many of whom had gained political experience in the older states; and that "it is possible to trace in the document which they drew up the influence of

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Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina ideas; yet the document was not a slavish one. It was a good, practical constitution, and it lasted with several small amendments down to the War of Secession."

Alabama became one of the states of the American Union, December 14, 1819; so that its statehood was but a little more than five years of age at the date of Curry's birth in 1825. When he became its citizen in 1838, both state and boy were young; and thenceforward they grew up and developed together until War arose on the horizon, and a new government claimed and received the allegiance of both.

At the time of William Curry's migration with his family from Lincoln County, Georgia, to Talladega, Alabama, the new state was such a frontier country as the Georgia of a preceding generation had been. The historian, above quoted, says of it:—

> The conquest of nature absorbed the inhabitants of the new state so fully that they had little time for political questions; nor did these for some time press upon them for solution. The new state began its career in the "Era of Good Feeling," under President Monroe. The bitter Missouri contest was contemporaneous with its admission, and during the years of political quiet that followed, Alabama knew no politics. The population was nearly half slave; but the conditions were favorable to slavery, and there was little difference of opinion about it. Laws were passed to regulate the institution, to prevent cruelty on the one hand and wholesale emancipation on the other, to prescribe the status of free negroes, and to maintain order among the slaves and the free. The question then passed into the background, where it slumbered, with one or two brief interruptions, until it was called forth by the great discussions that immediately preceded the War.

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The distance which was traversed by the Curry family in going from "The Dark Corner" to their new home at Kelly's Springs was more than two hundred miles. The way stretched entirely across the State of Georgia and a third of the way across the State of Alabama. It was no slight or trivial journey, for the way was largely unbroken, and the means of locomotion primitive. The cavalcade was composed of the white family in vehicles or on horseback, the carriage in which Mrs. Curry was transported, various wagons and horses, the latter hitched to the vehicles, or ridden under saddle, and numerous negro household servants. A necessary part of its equipment was a sufficient supply of tents, for there was neither inn nor hostelry for the accommodation of man or beast. But the May weather was mild and balmy; and camping-out under a cloudless heaven, beneath the overhanging stars, afforded the lad a new joy, the memory of which lasted through his life. The wolves, attracted by the camp-fires which the servants built at night, approached the camp, and protested against the invasion of their territory with doleful howls; but the fears which they aroused in the minds of the youthful members of the party were accompanied by such a sense of excitement and interest as to make them not unwelcome. At a point where the little cavalcade crossed the Georgia line into what is now Cleburne County, Alabama, young Curry got his first sight of the mountains. Though they were neither lofty nor commanding, they presented to his view a novel and unexperienced landscape; and in traversing them he examined with keen interest the grasses, shrubs and ferns with which they were

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covered. A long familiarity in after years with the mountains of his native country, and with the Pyrenees, the Alps and the Apennines of the old world, never obliterated from his memory that early impression of the low mountains of the Georgian border.

"It was a sad exodus," he wrote, more than half a century later, in allusion to a visit some years before to the old place in Lincoln County, "leaving the old homestead, where grandparents and mother lay buried. Many years afterwards I revisited my birthplace, but what a change! When my father emigrated, he left a mansion, all needful outhouses, a grove of beautiful oaks, a fertilized vegetable garden, a yard glowing with roses and rare flowers, well-bearing orchards of selected fruits, a plantation well-fenced and intersected by roads, and everything that characterized a well-to-do Southern home. · Forty-six years had wrought a marvellous transformation. Nearly everything on the surface had disappeared, except the dwelling-house, and that was in a dilapidated condition. The cultivated fields had been neglected and permitted to grow up in broom sedge and sassafras and persimmon and pine. Desolation reigned supreme. I came away sick at heart, regretting that I had made the visit, for all the cherished pictures of childhood's life were dispelled, and there only remained the saddest impression of what neglect and poverty and bad tillage had wrought."

The new home in Talladega County was reached May 29, 1838, and the new life begun. The negroes, who had come on before the family, had been industriously at work, and had done their work well. The new lands had responded to the efforts of their cultivators; the corn, that had been planted in the early spring, was already waist-high; and nature's

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lavish gifts were everywhere in evidence. The woods were covered with verdant and luxuriant foliage; grapes hung from the branches of trailing vines, and wild flowers blossomed in wood and wold. The water in the streams, flowing amid limestone rocks, was clear as crystal; and the whole new country seemed to the impressionable boy the most beautiful he had ever imagined.

The newcomers found that the dwelling house was not completed. It was a two-story building of ample proportions, yet in its unfinished state it afforded only scanty shelter. But the season was mild, and the tents that had been pitched by the wayside were not without their uses at the goal. The kindly welcome which the negro slaves gave the newcomers made no little amends for many temporary discomforts. They were at work in the fields by the roadside as the cavalcade from Georgia approached; and throwing down their hoes, they rushed to meet their master's family with the joyous and noisy greeting of a careless race.

The nomenclature of places is often as interesting and as significant as that of peoples and individuals; and not infrequently establishes historical landmarks that ought not to be changed or removed. Contact with the Indians, of which the new state had up to very recent times been full, had impressed the incoming white settlers with the frequent appositeness and significance of the Indian names; and many of them were retained for the places and localities to which they had become attached. "Alabama" itself meant "Here we rest;" and was no inappropriate appellation for the new region in the eyes of the incomers. "Talladega" meant "Border Town;" and

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the white settlers retained it. It was a fertile spot, this Talladega Valley, constituting the eastern part of the great Coosa Valley; and a land that lent itself rather to the cultivation of the cereals than of cotton. It had been the country of the Muscogee Indians, later better known as Creeks. The Creek Indians in the War of 1812, as the Five Nations in the North during the Revolution, had espoused the cause of the invading British against the local white man. These Creeks had committed the atrocious massacre at Fort Mims; and it was not until General Andrew Jackson had vanquished them in the battle of the Horseshoe Bend, and finally by treaty restricted them to the Coosa Valley section, that they had been under control. When William Curry's family arrived at Kelly's Springs, in Talladega County, in 1838, the Indians had for the most part passed out of Alabama, Cherokees, Chickasaws and Choctaws going first; and the warlike Creeks only departing at last, after a last stand and struggle at Pea Ridge in the preceding year.

Though most of the Indians had long since departed from Alabama, and had crossed over into the country west of the Mississippi River, a few continued to stay in their old country, earning a precarious subsistence by hunting, fishing and begging. Several of them were at the new home at Kelly's Springs when the Currys arrived; and Curry records of them that they were for a long time thereafter to be seen at the place nearly every day. They were poor and harmless and friendless; and he became quite fond of them, and soon learned to speak their language so as to converse with them in it. But he writes regretfully that their general worthlessness soon dis-

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illusioned him of the romance with which Cooper in his "Leather Stocking Tales" had invested the figure of the red man.

Yet in spite of their later degradation, these Alabama Indians had not been without the marks of a social and economic existence that seemed to lift them above the status of simple barbarism. A recent writer on the iron and coal industries of this section of Alabama says:—

> There is a tradition to the effect that a tribe of Indians called the Ullabees, corrupted by the whites into Hillabees, occupied the mountainous district along Talladega Creek, extending into the present County of Clay, and that these Ullabees had iron arrow heads, and various rude implements made of iron when the first settlers penetrated the wilds, and traded with the Ullabee clan of the Muscogee Indians.

Much of the land in this Creek country belonged to the United States government, and was now put on the market. The Federal Land Office was at Mardisville, near the centre of Talladega County. The several government tracts had been surveyed and laid off into sections of six hundred and forty acres each, and these into subdivisions of forty acres each. This "forty acres" subdivision is supposed to have been the origin of the limitation upon the expectancy of the Southern negro ex-slave in the matter of land in the period immediately succeeding the collapse of the Southern Confederacy. The concomitant mule was a suggestion original to the reconstruction period.

Under the Federal statutes, this public land was subject to entry, with restrictions, on the payment

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of a fixed price, at the Mardisville Land Office. The government, however, would accept no money in payment but gold and silver. The paper money of the period was without provision for redemption, and was greatly depreciated. Much extortion was practised by the money changers in the conversion of "shinplasters" into specie, since speculation in lands had become long since in the southwest a species of mania. The strange passion for town-building under conditions known as "boom," which has characterized so many sections and localities of the North American continent at various periods in its history, had twenty years earlier seized upon the then Territory of Alabama.

"Now that the heart of the river basin from the Tennessee Valley to the Florida line was open to white settlement," writes the historian, "immigration came by leaps and bounds. The Whitney gin made cotton-raising the money-making industry, and planters took up much of the Black Belt. Town-making became the rage. Not only was Blakely founded across the delta as a rival to Mobile, and even St. Stephens had neighbors, but Wetumpka, Montgomery, Selma, and Tuscaloosa were laid out, besides others which were to live only on paper. The steamboat had come on the Mississippi. It was clear that in a short time it must solve the transportation question, and make of the river basin an agricultural commonwealth. The old times when the port which looked abroad was the only place of interest, had passed. Local centres were developed over the eastern half of Mississippi territory, and the commerce through Mobile vastly increased.

"The western half, with Mississippi River as its promoter, had increased even more rapidly, and in 1817 was erected into the State of Mississippi. The counties left outside became the territory of Alabama, whose legisla-

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ture met at St. Stephens as the first capitol; but, in two years the sentiment steadily grew that this new territory also was ripe for statehood."

The main public thoroughfare of the county of Talladega passed in front of the door of the Curry homestead at Kelly's Springs, which was situated six miles east of Talladega, and eleven miles northeast of Mardisville. "Every hour in the day and often through the night," writes Curry, "a stream of people would be passing to and from the land office. All traveled on horseback, as the country was new, very sparsely settled, and the roads were few and very bad. Every traveler had his saddlebags for carrying 'the specie' as it was called. Hundreds of these land-buyers stopped with my father. There were no inns or public houses; and unpleasant as it was to entertain them, it was a necessity. The immigration for a few years to this part of Alabama was very large. The settlers were mainly from Tennessee, Georgia and South Carolina, but not a few were from North Carolina and Virginia, with a 'sprinkling' from New England."

The early settlers of Alabama came from many directions. The valley of the Tennessee River, in Northern Alabama, was settled for the most part by Tennesseeans, and through Tennessee, by Virginians. The Georgians came down the Coosa Valley, and back of them the North and South Carolinians filled the central section; while the southern part of the state was populated by settlers from every direction. From the Northern States came several thousand New England business men.

One colony, consisting of French exiles, who had followed the fortunes of Napoleon until his downfall, founded

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on the Tombigbie River, a town which they called Demopolis, in what later became Marengo County.

This heterogeneous people had, as well might be expected, the characteristic virtues and vices of frontier settlers. They exercised a ready and generous hospitality, a neighborly kindness, and an unfailing and invincible self-reliance. They encouraged the propagation of religion; and Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians established their churches and flourished in greater or less degree from the beginning of the earlier settlements. The eccentric Lorenzo Dow, whose introduction of camp-meetings into England had resulted in primitive Methodism there, and who is said to have preached to more persons than any man of his time, had been the first minister on the Tombigbie River as far back as 1803. The Alabama settlers brought with them, too, the knowledge and practice of political and civil institutions; but withal, they had the recklessness of the frontiersman, and were quick to resort to weapons to avenge wrong or insult.

A recent historian has declared that

> the Virginians were the least practical of the settlers and the Georgians the most so, while the North Carolinians were a happy medium. The Georgians were noted for their stubborn persistence, and they usually succeeded in whatever they undertook. The Virginians liked a leisurely planter's life with abundant social pleasures. The Tennesseeans and Kentuckians were hardly distinguishable from the Virginians and Carolinians, to whom they were closely related. The northern professional and business men exercised an influence more than commensurate with their numbers, being, in a way, picked men. Neither the Georgians nor the Virginians were

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assertive office-seekers, but the Carolinians liked to hold office, and the politics of the state were moulded by the South Carolinians and Georgians. All were naturally inclined to favor a weak federal administration and a strong state government with much liberty of the individual. The theories of Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and Calhoun, not those of Washington and John Marshall, formed the political creed of the Alabamians.

At the time of William Curry's settlement in Talladega, cotton was the chief agricultural product. The town of Wetumpka, seventy miles to the south on the Coosa River, was the market town for the cotton crops of the section. Wagons drawn by oxen or mules or horses carried down the cotton over rough roads, and fetched back sugar, salt, coffee, iron, rope and bagging, or merchandise for the stores. Curry, as a boy, used to go with his father's wagons occasionally, and would sometimes be thus absent from home for eight or ten days at a time. There was so much hauling over them, that the few roads, poor always at their best, would periodically become almost impassable. Some wag is said to have posted up, in these early days, a bulletin by the side of one of the Alabama quagmire roads, to the following effect:—

> This road is not passable,—
> Not even jackassable.
> So when you travel,
> Take your own gravel.

The cost of transporting the cotton crop to market interfered very largely with the profits of planting. Sometimes boats were built, and, loaded with cotton, were floated down the rivers in the freshets, as loggers in a lumber country float their logs down stream.

William Curry continued to conduct in Alabama, as he had done in Georgia, a country store as an adjunct to the raising of crops on the plantation. In a country where the monetary circulating medium, poor and depreciated as it was, was insufficient in quantity, business was conducted largely upon ledger credits. The country storekeeper sold his neighbors and customers the supplies of various kinds which his wagons brought up from Wetumpka over the bottomless roads, and "charged" them in personal accounts upon his books. As an inevitable consequence many of these accounts were never paid; and William Curry's indulgence of his debtors, during a long period of conducting the business of a country merchant, resulted in the loss to him of many thousands of dollars.

As was frequently the case, the United States Post-office was located at the country store; and young Jabez assisted his father, who was postmaster at Kelly's Springs, in handling the mails, and in conducting the business of the office with the Department at Washington. The day of uniform postal rates and postage stamps had not yet arrived. Envelopes were little known. The writer of a letter was taught, when a pupil at the "old field school," the art of folding and sealing it so as to leave proper outside space for the address, with the same assiduity as that with which he was instructed in the art of making the quill pen with which the epistle was indited. The introduction of the now universally used envelope, with its accompanying mucilage, made adhesive by the moisture of the tongue, was greatly deprecated by the letter writers of this earlier period; and it is recorded of John Randolph

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of Roanoke that, upon the receipt of a letter in such a covering, he inveighed bitterly against his correspondent for "sending him his spittle." The period of the post-office in the country store at Kelly's Springs "was," writes Curry in later years, "before the days of penny postage, and letters were charged six and a quarter, twelve and a half, eighteen and three quarters, twenty-five, and thirty-seven and a half cents, according to weight or distance carried. Prepayment was not compulsory."

Preachers in Talladega in those days, records Curry, "were not too numerous." There were only three Presbyterian ministers in the county. These were Messrs. Cater, Chapman, and McAlpine, names unknown to fame, but all doubtless faithful servants and laborers in a vineyard where the harvest must have offered abundant opportunity of service and accomplishment.

"Baptists and Methodists," says Curry, "as they usually do, performed all the pioneer missionary work. I recall such Baptist ministers as Chilton, Henderson, Welch, Taliaferro, McCain, Archer, Pace, Collins, Wood. Camp-meetings were held every year."

Mr. Finn, the Irish teacher at "Double Branches," back in Georgia, had been invited by the elder Curry to adventure his fortunes in the new country; and the invitation had been eagerly accepted by the sprightly schoolmaster. Finn doubtless accompanied the family in their migration across country; for it appears that on the day following the arrival of the Currys at Kelly's Springs, the business of educating the younger members of the family was promptly taken up. Mr. Finn opened his school,

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and the children renewed their studies, their number being gradually augmented by the advent of the children of the nearest neighbors. Jabez continued his lessons in Latin, Greek, Algebra, and Geometry; and stood well in his classes.

"The school was mixed," he writes, "composed of boys and girls. All the schools I ever attended, except the one at Willington, South Carolina, were such; and I here desire to record my decided opinion and my emphatic testimony in favor of the co-education of the sexes."

This outspoken opinion of Curry's was written in the early part of the year 1876, after long consideration and mature conclusion, in a life of which the subject of education had even then filled no insignificant part; and he never wavered in his faith. His "Diary" for 1889 shows him still the champion of co-education in the discussion among the Trustees of the college in Virginia, of which he was one, in the fall and winter of that year. It was a cause whose advocacy was not always popular in southern communities; but it was characteristic of the man's courage, and of his fidelity to ideals once deliberately established, that he was always outspoken in its maintenance.

Although, as has been heretofore stated, the population of the young state was perhaps too raw, and at all events too busy to care very much about politics, there were offices to be filled and officials to be voted for; and in 1838 and 1839 young Curry heard for the first time the voice of the political candidate, literally, "upon the stump;" for the origin of the American phrase, synonymous with the more formal and dignified but no less expressive

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English term, "on the hustings," arose from the custom of the frontier politician and orator addressing his audience from the convenient altitude of the new-made stump, from which had just been felled the majestic body of some great forest tree.

"Harvey W. Ellis and George W. Crabb were candidates for Congress," Curry writes, in recalling the occasion. Crabb was elected as a Whig, "and I remember that in alluding to the subject of slavery, the candidates did so with bated breath." Mere human prescience could not well imagine an economic order surviving under different labor conditions, with the blacks free and unhindered to do as they would; but the burden of ownership of human beings somehow rested on the spirit of a society naturally very kindly and devoted to freedom. It is a very dull intelligence that does not perceive the *impasse* into which these men had been led by the commercialism and the compromises of other generations. No wonder the subject was mentioned with bated breath, for tragedy or ruin seemed to guard every gateway of solution; and they felt the tenseness of the situation in their nerves if they did not dare to utter it with their tongues.

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CHAPTER III

ATHENIAN DAYS

One of the earliest acts of the legislature of the new State of Alabama was to establish, on December 18, 1820, a State University. The act of establishment donated to the purposes of the University forty-six thousand acres of land, which had been appropriated to educational purposes in the Federal statute establishing the new government; and Tuscaloosa having been selected as the site of the University in 1827, work was commenced upon the buildings, and the institution was opened for the admission of students in 1831.

It might naturally be supposed that William Curry would have sent his sons for a college education to the University of his adopted State; but, though no college-bred man himself, his intellectual associations had in a certain sense been with the leading educational institution of the State of his old home. He had known many of its graduates; and his predilections were all in favor of Franklin College, at Athens, Georgia. Thus it was that in August, 1839, Jabez Curry, together with his brother Jackson and their stepbrother, David H. Remsen, entered Franklin College, an institution which had had its origins in 1785 in a State charter, appropriating certain lands, and authorizing a University, which was located at Athens in 1801 as "Franklin

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College"; and which grew later into the present University of Georgia.

Of the reasons why this particular institution was chosen for him, and of his matriculation there, Curry, writing in after years, suggests the following:—

It would have been much better for me to have gone to the University of Alabama; but the institution had had troubles, and my father cherished an attachment for his native state. David and Jackson entered the Sophomore class. I, because of my insufficient age, was put into the Freshman class, and very properly; although on my examination I was declared capable of entering a higher class. A great mistake had been made in my previous education. Instead of studying English branches, and learning Grammar, Arithmetic and Geography, I was at an early age put to learning Latin and Greek, to the neglect of more important and elementary studies.

The journey of the boys from Kelly's Springs to Athens was made in a carriage, and occupied five days. The route, which was followed thereafter in later trips from college, home, and back again, traversed the spot where has since grown up the great and prosperous city of Atlanta.

"When I first passed there," says Curry, "there was not a house, or the hope of a village. As the meeting-point of the Georgia and Western Atlantic Railways, the town had its origin in 1841, and was called Marthasville, after a daughter of Wilson Lumpkin, the Governor. . . . As I passed to and fro . . . the city sprang up as by magic. During the War, while a soldier, I was encamped where I had several times traveled when a college boy. I have been familiar, in peace and in war, with its rapid growth."

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His room at the University was No. 23 in the new college,—a fact as worthy of commemoration on the part of those who value and appreciate his great services in the cause of Southern education, as is the similar record by literature-lovers of the tiny college-dwelling-place of a great American poet, in the University of Virginia, that is lettered in bronze over the door: "*Parva domus magni poetae.*" Here, in No. 23, Curry lived and studied during three of his four formative years at Athens. Together with David Remsen, and his brother Jackson, he joined the Phi Kappa Debating Society. There was another college society for the cultivation of debate among the students; but the lads, with patriotic zeal, chose the Phi Kappa, because it had been and was the custom of most of the students from Alabama to belong to it. He records "a noble rivalry" between that society and the Demosthenean. "They met," he writes, "in their respective halls on Saturday mornings, and kept their proceedings entirely secret. The debates were conducted with much spirit. Through my college course I gave much attention to my debating society; and whatever success I have achieved as a speaker is very largely attributable to my training in this school." It is singular how the rise of new interests in a more complex day and especially the exaltation of athletic exercises have caused the forensic habit to languish and dwindle.

There can be little doubt that Curry's facility of expression as a speaker, and the power which he illustrated at an early date in his public career of holding the attention of his audiences, came from the admirable and diligent practice of the arts of the speaker in the debating society at Athens. He

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writes at a later date than that of the foregoing extract from his journal a reiterated expression of his belief in the great benefit which he derived from this part of his college education.

Every student was a member of one or the other of these organizations. The competition, the rivalry, was strong but gentlemanly. Each met every Saturday morning, and questions previously selected were debated with ardor and profit, sometimes into the night. I must bear emphatic testimony to the value of these exercises upon my subsequent career. The first Greek letter society was organized while I was a student; but I must question whether these select clubs have not had a harmful influence upon the more useful literary societies.

It is interesting to observe the curriculum and methods at that time prevailing at Franklin College.

"The curriculum," he writes, "was of the old-fashioned kind; Latin, Greek and Mathematics predominating, with very little science; and the teaching was chiefly of the text-book order. Prof. C. F. McCoy, one of the best teachers I ever knew, 'kicked out of the traces,' and strove with some success to make his department of Mathematics and Mechanical Philosophy to conform to what is now universally accepted as a necessity of liberal education. English was ignored. Such text-books as Day's Mathematics, Comstock's Geology, Say's Political Economy, Hedge's Logic, Upham's Mental Science, and Paley's Moral Philosophy were used. McCoy published for his class a Calculus of his own; and a published lecture on 'Matter' created a local sensation, being regarded for its exposition of 'potency' as a long stride towards materialism. Looking back from present surroundings and the great progress of college education and all teaching (circa 1901) I am constrained to say, with undiminished loyalty for my Alma Mater, that, McCoy excepted, the President and Profes-

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sors in teaching power were not up to modern standards. Nevertheless, the institution was of a solid character, the relation between Faculty and students was most pleasant, and the four years at college were among the most pleasant and profitable of a long life."

A striking feature of Curry's various written memoranda is his insistence on the value of instruction in English, whether in the elementary and secondary schools or in the college curriculum. To this theory of his he gave vigorous and successful practical form in his early teaching days in Richmond. "Dr. J. L. M. Curry, later Minister to Spain," writes Dr. John Bell Henneman of him in a paper on "English Studies in the South," published after Curry's death, "patron of letters, and lifelong devotee of educational interests, opened a course in English at Richmond College almost before the smoke of battle about the Confederate capitol had fairly cleared away." About the same time Prof. Thomas R. Price inaugurated a similar work at Randolph-Macon College; and Dr. Noah K. Davis had established a chair of English at Bethel, Kentucky, some months before that at Richmond. To all three of these pioneers in one of the greatest fields of college and university work, be accorded praise and credit.

This work of English development in the southern colleges, in the period immediately succeeding the War between the States, was a notable one; and the names of many other English teachers in the South are worthy of being placed alongside those of Curry, Price and Davis. But, after all is said, the distinction of having been the real pioneer in historical English work, not only in the southern colleges, but

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throughout America, belongs to the many-sided genius of Thomas Jefferson.

"He acquired," says Dr. Henneman, "as a law-student, an enthusiasm for the study of Anglo-Saxon, and continued its advocacy as a definite part of the college curriculum, from 1779, when he was a member of the board for William and Mary, until 1825, when the wishes of a lifetime were at last realized by the opening of his pet creation, the University of Virginia. Jefferson had actually written out, seven years before, what is now a curious synopsis of an Anglo-Saxon grammar with specimen extracts for his new institution; and this was the first formal incorporation of a course in historical English in an American University, however meagre and defective a course of one or two hours a week in itself was."

Other influences than those of the curriculum and of books were making their educative effect felt upon the young college student at Athens in these significant years. Lafayette Lamar, his cousin, a youth of early poetic promise, cut down by death before fruition when a soldier in the first year of the War between the States, entered college the same day with him; and during their college career they were classmates and warm friends.

"Among my fellow-students," he wrote, after the lapse of sixty years, "I recall James D. Pope, now Professor of Law in South Carolina College; William Williams, Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; T. R. R. Cobb, killed at Fredericksburg, the most talented young man I ever knew; Sam Hall, Judge of the Supreme Court; Ben Hill, distinguished as lawyer, statesman and orator; Judges Pottle and Bartlett; Felton, Representative in Congress; Joseph LeConte, Linton H. Stephens, and others well-known at the bar, in the pulpit and legisla-

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tive councils. . . . LeConte became the most distinguished of all my fellow collegians as an author and a scientist."

Of Benjamin Harvey Hill, orator and statesman, whose political career is comparatively recent, it is scarcely more than necessary to mention here the facts that he served in the Senate of the Confederate States, and after the War was a Congressman and Senator from Georgia; and that he was one of the most conspicuous of American orators and patriots.

Long after their boyish association at Athens, Curry wrote to his old college-mate, LeConte, then at the University of California, a letter to which the following is the reply. The postscript of this communication possesses a peculiar interest, in view of the tremendous and fateful experience of San Francisco and other California cities, some twenty years later.

University of California,
Berkeley, California, May 30, 1887.

Rev. J. L. M. Curry,

My dear Sir:—Your letter received this morning was a great surprise and pleasure to me. I, too, have followed your career and rejoice in your success. I remember with pleasure Jabe Curry, the most boyish and yet one of the brightest of my college-mates. I remember the very active part you always took in the debates of the Phi Kappa Society, and how I envied your readiness, so strangely contrasted with my own painful shyness. I have, of course, gotten over this in a great measure;—only enough remains to make me always careful to make thorough preparation for even class lectures,—much more, public lectures.

My life has indeed been a happy one in all its relations. I have enough to satisfy my simple wants. My activity is in a field which is in the highest degree pleasant, and which

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does not pall on the taste. My domestic life has been full of love to wife and children and grandchildren. I have had much to be thankful for, and I hope I am thankful.

If you have followed my writings, especially in the *Princeton Review*, you are doubtless aware of my position on the great questions of "Evolution and its relation to religious thought." I really feel very deeply on this subject. I herewith send you a little pamphlet on the subject. Perhaps most of it you have seen before, but not all. You must not draw any inference from the fact that it was published by Unitarians. I am still a Presbyterian, but I do a good deal of independent thinking of my own. I am aware that some will think that my views tend toward Pantheism; but I had no time to answer this implication. I have just written a small book on this subject. It will try to answer briefly three questions—1. What is Evolution? 2. What are the evidences of its truth? 3. What effect will it have on traditional views, and on religious thought generally? In this book I will answer the Pantheistic objection. I hope Appleton will bring it out in the autumn.

I shall be glad, very glad, to hear from you again, and to hear more about your personal concerns. For I would gladly revive my interest in one whom I admired even as a boy.

Very sincerely yours,

JOSEPH LECONTE.

P. S.—We have just received two or three first class seismographs. Wanted, an earthquake to record. They are rather scarce about here just now. If you have any to spare, send them on.

JOS. LECONTE.

Curry was in Spain when he received this letter; and LeConte did not live to see the great Californian earthquake, which equalled many of the most terrible

that have occurred in the history of the Spanish Peninsula. LeConte, who was born in Liberty County, Georgia, in 1823, died in the Yosemite Valley in 1901, nearly two years before the death of Curry. He was one of the greatest of American scientists; and while his foremost work was in the field of geology, he did much to popularize science by his contributions to the literature of many of its branches. He was a teacher and professor successively in Oglethorpe College; in his alma mater, Franklin College, where he and Curry had been classmates; in South Carolina College; and in the University of California, where he occupied the chair of geology, botany and natural history from its establishment in 1869, to the date of his death.

Linton Stephens, who became a prominent lawyer and judge in Georgia, was another of Curry's collegemates at Athens. He had been left an orphan at the age of three; and it was at the cost and expense of his brother, Alexander H. Stephens, that Linton pursued his studies at Athens. After graduating, he studied law at Harvard and in the University of Virginia, and achieved distinction as a judge of the Supreme Court of the State. He also served as a colonel in the Confederate army, and died at Sparta, Georgia, in 1872. His famous brother, Alexander H. Stephens, later the Vice-President of the Confederate States, and one of the ablest vindicators of that ill-starred government in his history entitled "The War between the States," used to come occasionally to Athens to see his younger brother and protégé, Linton; and it was on the occasion of one of these visits that Curry first met him and made his acquaintance. He had then been a practising law-

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yer only about four years; but was already on the high-tide of a great law practice. In 1834, he had been admitted to the bar of his native State of Georgia. It is said that in the first year of his practice he lived on six dollars a week, and made four hundred dollars from his cases that year. It was not long, however, before he owned the old family homestead at Crawfordsville, and had purchased the estate which afterwards became widely known in his possession as "Liberty Hall." Curry describes him at this period, as "a small, tallow-faced, effeminate-looking man, apparently near the grave." It was a physical appearance that characterized him to the end. The body was frail and weak, but the spirit that it encased was quenchless, while life lasted. This mighty and commanding spirit was illustrated in 1848 in a personal collision which he had at Greensboro with Judge Cone, growing out of a political discussion of the Clayton compromise measure of that year. Cone cut Stephens dangerously and desperately with a knife, saying: "Now, damn you, retract, or I'll cut your throat!" Covered with blood, and terribly wounded, Stephens answered: "Never! cut!" grasping as he spoke the keen blade of Cone's knife with a right hand that was thenceforward maimed for life. He lived to a green old age, serving his country with conspicuous ability, and unexcelled patriotism; and until the day of his death was Curry's sincere and faithful friend.

Other interesting acquaintances and friends that he made during the period of his life at Athens were the political orators who came thither in the Presidential campaign of 1840, between Martin Van

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Buren and William Henry Harrison, to speak at the Saturday evening meetings which were held in the town hall at Athens. Among these he makes mention of William L. Mitchell, Hopkins Halsey, Junius Hillyer, Howell Cobb, Henry R. Jackson, and Judge Charles Dougherty.

"I heard a speech," Curry writes, "impassioned and violent, from Mr. Jackson, and Judge Dougherty pounded him into mince-meat. Mr. Jackson was afterwards *chargé-d'affaires* at Vienna, a judge in Georgia, and a general in the Confederate army. My father being a democrat, I became one also, and began this year to read the newspapers."

Jackson's fame rests not solely upon his career as politician, judge and soldier. He was a poet of unusual distinction and literary charm, and has left behind him in "the written word that remains," a more enduring claim upon posterity than in any other of his accomplishments. One of his most beautiful lyrics, that has been not infrequently attributed by ill-informed newspaper writers to "Stonewall" Jackson, whose knowledge or appreciation of poetry was probably infinitesimal, is that entitled "My Wife and Child," written when he was commanding the "Irish Jasper Greens," in the only regiment that went to the War with Mexico from Georgia:—

The tattoo beats; the lights are gone;
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on;
The shadows thicken o'er the skies,
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

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About this time Curry first enjoyed the pleasure of seeing himself in print. He makes record of the fact that in December, 1841, doubtless inspired with his perusal of the journals so recently begun to be read by him, he contributed some slight anonymous communication to one of the papers, which was duly published.

"When it appeared in print," he records, with charming naïvete, "I was as proud as Byron was when he awoke and found himself famous. I read the article over and over many times, and could hardly restrain my boisterous exultation. I never had been as happy. What the thing was about I don't know; but all subsequent successes have never half so elated me."

There were other experiences of these college days which kept them from being monotonous, and left their vivid images upon the plastic mind of the young student. Politics and political events were beginning to assume definite shape in his thought; and recurring to the period after a lapse of thirty-five years, he writes about Whiggery and Democracy:

General Harrison died a month after his inauguration, and Vice-president Tyler succeeded him. Mr. Clay, the great and arbitrary leader of the Whig party, tried to carry out his policy of a National Bank, a Protective Tariff, Distribution of the Proceeds of the Public Lands, &c. Congress twice passed bills establishing a Bank, and President Tyler twice vetoed them. During study hours I went to the Post-office, and learned that Tyler had sent in a second veto. As I passed through the campus, I hurrahed for Tyler; and Dr. Hall, one of the Professors, saw and heard me, and fined me one dollar. I thought then he did it because he was a Whig, and was mortified at what Tyler had done; but I see now he was clearly right.

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Age brings with it conservatism and charity; and Curry's final conclusion as to the real reason of this fine does credit to his sense of kindliness. But the politics of the period were bitter, and the Whigs' wrath at what they were pleased to call the tergiversation of Tyler was very great. For a student to hurrah for any one during study hours upon the campus was very culpable. That he should hurrah for Tyler in the sight and hearing of a Whig professor was likewise very reprehensible. After the lapse of time, and upon consideration of the immutability of human nature throughout the years, who shall say what it was that really produced the atoning dollar from the pocket of the offending young collegian?

At this period of his life, too, began his acquaintance with the gentler sex. Let him narrate it:—

During the three years I had been in college, I had never visited a lady. I was the least boy in the College, hardly weighing one hundred pounds, and I was excessively modest and timid. I was "afraid" of female society. I had had no sisters, grew up unfortunately among boys, and lacked that ease and freedom and self-poise of manner and ability to converse on ordinary topics, which are such a necessary part of a boy's education. My own painful embarrassment, which has never left me, taught me a lesson; and now I urge young men, for many reasons, to visit the opposite sex. My cousin, Lafayette Lamar, and a classmate, Thomas W. White, later a prominent lawyer in Mississippi, begged me to accompany them in some of their visits. I resolved to go, and for days before the time arrived I thought about it, and it weighed on me like a nightmare. It seems ludicrous now to recall my feelings; but I have since gone into battle with far less tremor and agitation than I experienced in anticipation of a visit.

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The President of the College, Dr. Alonzo Church, had some beautiful and accomplished daughters, who were great favorites. I knew them very well by sight,—saw them nearly every day,—and determined to begin with them. The appointed night came. Urging my cousin not to stay to a late hour, and to help me in the event of my failing in conversation, I "crossed the Rubicon." The ladies, quite skilled in drawing out young men, with a kindness which I gratefully record now, so helped me that an hour passed very agreeably, and I have never been called upon to pass through just such an ordeal since.

The Rubicon once crossed, the ladies of the college town came to have the pleasure of his company not infrequently; and in consequence he was able to testify afterwards that "the last six months of my college life were by far the most pleasant of my whole four years."

In August, 1842, Jackson Curry graduated from the college. Usually at commencement there were two days for original speeches, one for juniors rising senior, and one for the honor graduates. Eight or ten of the juniors who had the best standing in their classes were elected by the Faculty as junior orators. On this occasion Jabez Curry was one of the chosen number, and delivered a highly eulogistic address on Andrew Jackson. When he returned to college after the next winter vacation, which lasted from November 1st to January 15th, he took lodgings outside the college, in town, so as to live more comfortably, and at the same time to have a more complete control of his time. From this period, until the close of his college career at Athens, his industry and application were very great. He studied with much persistence and purpose, and averaged from twelve to

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fourteen hours a day at his work. In consequence of a deficiency in mathematics, he was fearful of not being able to graduate, and it was to this branch of learning that he especially applied himself during these last college months. He was consumed with the almost morbid feeling that to fail of graduation after having filled the distinguished position of junior orator involved a deep and abiding disgrace. But, happily, the conclusion of the final examinations demonstrated him to be abreast of the requirements; and he received his diploma as a graduate in August, 1843. In the classics he had approved himself among the first. In political economy, mental philosophy, and other subjects which do not involve a serious knowledge of mathematics, he had experienced no difficulty. By intense application and judicious cultivation, he had acquired a tenacious memory, which enabled him upon occasion to recite as many as from ten to fifteen pages of a book verbatim. This capacity is not infrequently an accompaniment of the linguistic talent; but it was not in that direction alone that he prevailed, for he learned his mathematics as those do not learn it who rely solely on memory.

In the distribution of academic honors at the conclusion of his four years' term, the four leading distinctions fell, in order, to Linton Stephens, Thomas White, Jabez Curry and Lafayette Lamar. Their bestowal reversed the trite and long-standing aphorism that a boy's college-career may not be taken as a prognostic of what he will do later in life. All of these four young men, save one who died with the pathetic promise of youth unfulfilled, became distinguished men. The college lad who succeeds in

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later years may sometimes fail of his college honors; but the exception proves the rule that, in some one way or other, he has made and left his mark upon the student-body, or upon the college life.

Jabez was again elected orator. He chose for his theme, the thought which very often gets close to the consciousness of the boy who stands, at his graduation, face to face with life's opening career; and is illustrated in Byron's lines, which prefaced young Curry's final oration:

> No more, no more, oh, never more on me,
> The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew.

"I do not remember a word of the speech," he wrote in 1876. "In delivering it, I was applauded, while speaking and at the close. The former applause was exceptional."

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CHAPTER IV

HARVARD AND NEW ENGLAND INFLUENCES

With his graduation from college Curry faced the momentous question of what path he should next pursue. Upon his return home, the problem was discussed, during the month succeeding his departure from Athens, by his family and friends in Talladega, and was thoughtfully pondered and considered by himself.

"My father proposed to send me to Germany to continue my collegiate studies," he wrote many years later, "but, in my unwisdom, I yielded to the persuasions of relatives, and went in September, 1843, to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and entered the Dane Law School of Harvard College."

His father's proposition to send him to Germany indicated not only the broad view of life which the country planter and storekeeper entertained, and his unerring recognition of his son's unusual talents, but proves no less that planting and store-keeping had been profitable employments in William Curry's case; for in those days to educate a son in Europe was no insignificant tax upon the financial means of Southern Americans. The University of Virginia had been in successful operation for eighteen years, and thither Curry's fellow-graduate, Linton Stephens, went to pursue his studies; but many people

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regarded the discipline of the "honor system" at Charlottesville as too lax for young men; and the stream of Southern youths in the direction of Harvard and Yale and Princeton, that had antedated the opening of Jefferson's seminary of learning, continued to flow North, in spite of political rancor and the fiery gospel of anti-slavery, up to the very outbreak of the War between the States.

Young Curry begun his journey northward in September of the year of his graduation from Athens. It was a memorable, and in many respects, a liberalizing journey. He went by private conveyance from his father's house, over the familiar route to Athens; and thence proceeded by rail to Augusta. It was with no light heart that he undertook and pursued his way northward. "I had no experience as a traveller," he writes, "and in those days travelling was not as easy and common as now."

It was still a period of stage coaches, and corduroy roads, and primitive wayside inns, with now and then a typical specimen of the early "snakehead railroad." Curry has left an entertaining account of these means and methods of the locomotion of that day, in an article written by him in 1901, and published by the Southern History Association, under the title of "The South in Olden Times."

> In my boyish days, railways were few and short. In Alabama, in 1843, there were only two, one around Muscle Shoals, and the other between Montgomery and Franklin; and it was put down on string-pieces with flat iron bars, which torn up by wheels occasionally projected into the cars, impaling passengers on what were termed "snakeheads." In 1843, *en route* to Harvard, I travelled from Augusta to Charleston by rail, built nearly all the way on

trestle-work, and by steamer from Charleston to Wilmington. Much travel in those days was on horseback, or in hacks, or picturesque stage-coaches, which signalled their arrival in towns and villages, and notified the taverns of the number of their passengers by long tin horns, or by making more ambitious music on bugles. The stage-drivers knew every body on the road, carried packages and messages, and were sometimes the confidants of country lasses and bashful beaux. The bonifaces are often drawn in character-sketches; but the stage-driver of the olden time, a typical class, has escaped portraiture by pen and pencil. Romances of the road are unused material.

He stopped on his way North for a few hours in Augusta, Georgia, where he had once visited before he left Lincoln County.

"Being a mere lad," he records of this visit, "I remembered only two things,—a big candy store, and a steamboat that plied on the Savannah River between Augusta and Savannah. From Augusta I had to go to Charleston. The railroad was built entirely on trestle work, and not by excavation and embankment, as now. At Aiken, a little town which has since become noted as a resort for invalids, there was an inclined plane; and an engine, going down a parallel track, by means of very large ropes drew the train to the summit of the hill. The country west of Charleston was dreary enough. The swamps and cypress-trees and alligators were quite novel. At Charleston I took a steamboat for Wilmington, reaching there just at sunrise. I was not seasick. Before the lines of railroad were completed, all the travel from Alabama and Georgia to the North had to be done on this route between the cities by water. I travelled by rail from Wilmington to Weldon, and thence to Portsmouth in Virginia. The long white pines in North Carolina, and the tar, pitch and turpentine, made an impression on me. From Portsmouth I was

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carried up the Chesapeake Bay by steamer to Baltimore, thence by rail to New York, stopping at a hotel on Broadway, where, to my surprise, the guests were all furnished at dinner with ice-cream! The Astor House was, I think, not then built; and where the Fifth Avenue now is, was out of town. I went through Long Island Sound by steamer to some point in Rhode Island, where I took a railroad and was carried to Boston. From Boston I went to Cambridge in an omnibus that plied regularly between the towns, and was driven by one Moss, whom the Boston *Post* proposed, on account of his thirty years' faithful services, to honor with the title of D.D.—Doctor of Drivers. At Cambridge I found my cousin, William Curry, of Perry County, Alabama, a student of law."

A very short time after his arrival, he matriculated as a student in the famous Dane Law School, which has been in its career as distinguished for the eminence of its professors as for the greatness achieved by so many of its students. It had been founded in 1829, and named for its founder, according to whose stipulation Joseph Story was elected its first professor. The year before there had been only one law student in Harvard College. In 1829, under Story, the attendance in the Dane Law School was thirty; and thenceforward its numbers steadily increased. When Curry entered it in 1843, there were about one hundred and fifty law students. Story, then a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, still continued a professor in the school; and his illustrious associate was Simon Greenleaf, author of the "Law of Evidence." Curry makes mention of Story's genial humor and cordiality, which contributed scarcely less than his great abil-

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ity to his wonderful success as a teacher of law. Story, on one occasion, introduced his colleague to an audience with an inimitable wit: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Professor Greenleaf: The best evidence of his law is his Law of Evidence." It is related of him, too, that at some public function, he toasted Mr. Edward Everett as follows:—

Eloquence flows
Where Ever-ett goes;

to which the latter promptly replied:—

However high one may climb in the legal profession in this Commonwealth, he will always find one Story higher.

A writer in the *Green Bag*, a Boston publication of the lighter sort for lawyers, who was a contemporary of Curry's in the Law School at Harvard, writes of Story as a teacher of law:

I had not enjoyed a sight of him until, as a law student, I confronted him at his professional desk. I lost attention to that first lecture in contemplating the great jurist, and in musing upon my knowledge of what he had achieved. When he presided at the moot-courts which he had established for the *nisi prius* practice of the students, or for their views upon a stated controversy, generally patterned from some case in his circuit, Professor Story was the embodiment of geniality, and seemed as pleased with the proceedings as would be a child at blindman's buff. His constant tenet to students was "the nobility and attractiveness of the legal profession."

Of his two law-teachers in the Dane School, Curry has left this interesting minute:—

Judge Story was a genial, cheerful, cordial man, full of humor and anecdote, very fond of the boys, and told us in

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his lectures charming incidents about such lawyers as Webster and Mason and William Pinkney, and Sargeant and Binney. Simon Greenleaf, a native of Maine, was chosen professor on recommendation of Judge Story. Without the affluence of learning or ornate diction of Judge Story, he was a more painstaking and accurate lawyer, with keener analysis and more logical power. He was quite popular, but stricter than his colleague, to whom he was deeply attached.

The scene, the intellectual atmosphere, the associations of instructors and companions, were all alike inspiring to the eager and impressionable mind of the young Southerner. It was the beginning of that characteristic Americanism, which grew and developed in him thenceforward as long as he lived; and which made him, while clinging tenaciously to the political concepts of the Calhoun theory of the Constitution, even after the real destruction of that theory by the event of war, as loyal to the government that had come to be based on other and adverse principles, as he had ever been to that which sought to perpetuate the Calhoun interpretation and failed.

Josiah Quincy was then President of Harvard College. Story and Greenleaf were illuminating the minds of their pupils with the splendor of their intellects and the richness of their knowledge. Anson Burlingame, Rutherford B. Hayes, Thomas J. Semmes, and many other men of subsequent distinction were among his classmates; while the New England air was vibrant with the stirring politics, the intellectual thought, and the unconventional religious ideas which characterized the Massachusetts of the period. Curry devoted himself with great industry to his law studies, and did a very

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considerable amount of miscellaneous reading. The libraries teemed with all sorts of books, and to them the students of the college had general access. Macaulay stirred him as with a trumpet-note:—

"Macaulay's Miscellanies, as they were then called," he writes, "were published in cheap form; and I read and re-read them with increasing profit and admiration. Few books have more affected my style and thought."

But books and lectures and law-studies were insufficient, in that keen air, to fill the measure of the young man's developing and eager thought. He went to hear the professors in the academic schools. Longfellow had just finished "The Spanish Student," and was discharging the duties of his professorship. Lowell was editing the *Pioneer* magazine in Boston, with Poe, Hawthorne, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Whittier and William Wetmore Story among its contributors; Jared Sparks was teaching history in Harvard, and Curry sat at his feet as at the feet of Gamaliel; while Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison and "The Liberator" were making history throughout America. In the national capitol at Washington, John Quincy Adams was pouring into the hopper of legislation the ever disappearing, but none the less fatal, "abolition petitions." John C. Calhoun, with logical exactness and prophetic foresight, was philosophizing upon the construction of the Federal Constitution, and foretelling the doom to come. Macready and Forrest and Charlotte Cushman and the elder Booth were playing to cultivated and intellectual audiences in the theatres of Boston; and Theodore Parker and Dr. Kirk and Dr. Walker were preaching in the

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churches the word of God according to the gospel of Boston. It was a period and an atmosphere worthy of the beginnings of the mental and spiritual life of a young man of such talents and ambitions as Curry's. Hawthorne, whose artist's soul was displeased by the strident clamor and obtrusive sentimentalism of the time, said that every other man one met had in his vest pocket a scheme for the reformation of the universe. It was indeed a time when New England was swept by a passion of humanitarianism and social sympathy.

Curry attended the theatres when he could, and witnessed the great reproductions of classic plays by actors and actresses, whose fame remains uneclipsed by that of any of their successors. He listened in the churches on Sundays to fervid ecclesiastical rhetoric, and to the promulgation of new and transcendental religious doctrines, with the prescient eagerness of one who was himself in later years destined to shine as a pulpit orator. He attended occasional meetings of the then despised and abhorred abolitionists, with little thought of the part that he should be called upon by his larger Americanism to play in a later attempted emancipation of the negro race from the bondage of credulity and ignorance. His career as a student in the Law School at Harvard was filled to overflowing with the awakening experiences of the place and times.

"The abolitionists," he writes of them in that day, "were a noisy and fanatical faction, with more strength in Massachusetts than in any other part of the Union, but were despised there as half-crazy and fanatical.

"Wendell Phillips, Tappan, Bowen, Garrison, and some women were the leaders," he continues. "I attended at

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Concord an abolition meeting,—hired a buggy, and drove that distance to attend an anti-slavery meeting. It was held in a church, and very few were present. In 1844 the abolition sentiment took form and organization under the name of the 'Liberty Party,' and I heard James G. Birney, the candidate of the party for the Presidency, deliver an address to not more than two hundred people in Faneuil Hall. Verily, times have changed since I was a student!"

The year 1844 was one of violent and tremendous political excitement. The abolitionists meant to destroy slavery, though its destruction should mean the destruction of the Union. They were the first secessionists. "Mark!" wrote Garrison in the *Liberator*. "How stands Massachusetts at this hour in reference to the Union? Just where she ought to be—in an attitude of open hostility."

"Let the Union be accursed," said the *Liberator*. "Look at the awful compromises of the Constitution by which that instrument is saturated with the blood of the slave!"

"So much for entering into a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell!" published the *Liberator*, concerning the Federal Constitution, twelve years after Curry had departed from Harvard. "We confess that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country," said Mr. Wendell Phillips at a later date; and Mr. Garrison demanded, in 1855, "a Northern Confederacy, with no Union with slave-holders."

Of Calhoun, whose devotion to the Union under the Constitution Curry had already come clearly to comprehend, and whose philosophical and logical interpretation of that instrument he never ceased, through a long life of service to his country, to ap-

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prove, Von Holst, a hostile and antagonistic biographer has written:—

> The charge was wholly unfounded that he was endeavoring intentionally to incense the North and the South against each other, in order to promote the purpose of his party. He spoke the simple truth, when he asserted in his speech of March 9, 1836, that "however caluminated and slandered," he had "ever been devotedly attached to the Union and the institution of the country," and that he was "anxious to perpetuate them to the latest generation." He acted under the firm conviction of an imperious duty towards the South and towards the Union, and his assertion was but too well founded that these petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia were blows on the wedge, which would ultimately break the Union asunder.

So it remains, in vindication of the truth of history, that however really the War between the States, from 1861 to 1865, was waged by the North to preserve the Union, the men in the North who desired to abolish slavery at all hazards were the first internal foes of the Union; and the Southern men, who wished to preserve the Union, in accordance with their interpretation of the Federal Constitution, placing local self government above the idea of Union, were none the less patriotic and well-based in their belief that they possessed the constitutional right to secede.

The great political storm was everywhere gathering head. The annexation of Texas, over which shone like a star the heroic and splendid story of the Alamo; the great question of slavery,—an institution which the civilized world had come at last to condemn; the tariff question, which had agitated

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the Nation and the States since the States had made the Nation; the Oregon boundary line, a burning phase of the slavery question—these were the things that fevered the States, and that stirred Massachusetts, and that stirred, too. Harvard College and its intellectual youth.

> Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive.
> But to be young was heaven.

The Whigs nominated Clay and Frelinghuysen. The acclaim rang throughout the Union:—

> Hurrah, boys! The country's risin'!
> Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen!

But the country did not rise that way. "Polk, Dallas and Texas," was the antiphonal war-cry of the Democrats; and the Democrats won. But in the meantime, with persistent and unwavering and almost unnoted obstinacy, the abolitionists of the *Liberator* type, under the leadership of Birney, and Phillips and Garrison, were gathering strength and momentum.

"Prior to the Whig nominations," writes Curry of the times, "I heard Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, one of the most eloquent men in America, make a speech to a packed audience in Faneuil Hall. It was one of the most thrilling specimens of platform oratory I ever listened to; and he carried his audience at pleasure. In the same hall I heard Vice-President Richard M. Johnson, a weak but honest old man, whose claim to popular support seemed to be based on a red-jacket, and the fact (of doubtful historical authenticity), that he killed Tecumseh. Being fond of politics I used to attend many political meetings of all the parties. Among Democrats, I heard Senator Levi Woodbury, afterwards a Judge of the Supreme Court; Charles

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G. Greene, editor of the Boston *Post;* George Bancroft, the historian; Orestes A. Brownson, since quite famous as editor of Brownson's *Review*. . . . I heard Daniel Webster several times. In appearance he was the most marked man I ever saw. In speaking, whether in Faneuil Hall or on Boston Common, before immense and enthusiastic assemblages, he was unimpassioned and calm. It was more than suspected that he did not regard the nomination of Mr. Clay with favor. I heard also John M. Berrien of Georgia, Miller of New Jersey, and Morse of Maine. The leading managing democrat was B. F. Hallett. Benjamin F. Butler, so famous since as 'Beast Butler,' was an active democrat. Charles Sumner was then a literary lawyer, a favorite of Judge Story; but not actively connected with politics."

In 1894, in a letter to Mr. Winthrop, he gave a further account of his recollections of Mr. Webster:—

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1736 M Street,
1 Jan., 1894.

DEAR MR. WINTHROP:—Yesterday your welcome letter of the 28th came, and I procured *Scribner*, which is not on our not too long list of periodicals, in order to read your article on Webster. It is very interesting and instructive, and the reception you speak of is cumulative in enforcement of the suggestion so frequently pressed upon you, to call in a stenographer, and give autobiographical memoranda, in more connected form than is found in numerous publications, for the delight of your wide circle of friends in Europe and America. A little article on your student life in Mr. Webster's office would be a valuable contribution to a magazine.

The reply to Hayne, for vigorous English, for felicity of illustration, for impassioned eloquence, is unsurpassed in American oratory. Of course I am not expected to concur in the general and unchangeable popular verdict in refer-

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ence to constitutional interpretation, or logical conclusiveness.

In 1844 I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Webster twice, once in Faneuil Hall, when he addressed a meeting held to ratify Mr. Clay's nomination for the Presidency; and a second time, when he presided over an immense meeting, held on Boston Common. I was a mere boy, not unfamiliar with Prentiss, Hillard, Bowden, Yancey; but I could not help wondering at the great fame of Mr. W., as an orator. The closing sentences of the *Scribner* article, taken from your Central Park address, express my estimate of and admiration for the man; but, judging from the two occasions when I heard him, his was not the eloquence that moved assemblies. Slow of utterance, deliberate in manner, measuring his words, strong and almost faultless in diction, profound in his reasoning, his influence, it seemed to me, was from matter rather than manner, from weight of thought rather than capacity to arouse emotion. His presence was more majestic, more commanding, than that of any man I ever saw, and the epithet "godlike" was better adapted. It seemed to me, an inexperienced youth, when I stood near the platform on Boston Common, that any child of ten years of age would not have hesitated instantaneously to select him from the thirty thousand as incomparably the greatest intellect. Mr. Everett I never saw nor heard. Mr. Choate I heard frequently; John Quincy Adams once, and Bancroft, Brownson, Woodbury several times.

Among other orators of the period and vicinage to whom he listened in his student days at Harvard were Dr. Edward Amasa Park, then professor of sacred rhetoric in Andover Seminary, an "exponent of the doctrines that are embodied in the Andover Creed and called the New England system of theology"; George Stillman Hillard, lawyer, author and

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orator; Frederick Douglass and William Lloyd Garrison, the negro and the white abolitionist agitators; and Robert Rantoul, Jr., whose contemporary fame throughout the country as an orator of unusual and powerful eloquence, as an able and persistent antagonist of protection and centralization in the Federal government, and as an advocate of educational reforms, has in the lapse of time, save in his own section, long since become only a memory and a name.

It may be well imagined that Curry's time was full. Law studies, politics, pulpit orators, great actors, and new and inspiring associations in many directions gave him much to think of and to do. Yet with it all, he found the leisure which an industrious and busy man can always find for some other yet desirable work; and nearly every week he wrote for publication over the signature of "Ion," and sent to a paper in Tuscaloosa, letters on various subjects, but dealing largely with the subject of contemporary politics, and the actors in the great political drama, whose earlier scenes were then beginning to be first presented upon the stage of history.

Not the least among the broadening forces that were thus entering the young man's life, and shaping his character and career, was one which came finally to dominate his very being and to consecrate his highest energies. Horace Mann, and his work for education, enlisted at this time Curry's attention and interest, and thenceforward exercised upon him a strong and vital influence.

It is illustrative of Curry's breadth of view, and tolerance of adverse opinion on the part of others, that although he was even then modelling his politi-

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cal thought after that of Calhoun; and although Horace Mann was conspicuous among the anti-slavery agitators in politics, the young Harvard student did not permit the prejudice of partisanship to obscure his vision of Mann's great educational ideas.

"Under a full sense of my responsibility—to my country and my God," said Mann on the floor of Congress some years later, "I deliberately say, better disunion—better a civil or a servile war,—better anything that God in his providence shall send,—than an extension of the bounds of slavery."

War came; and Curry bore arms in defence of the principles upon which he conceived the Union to have been founded, involving among others the principle of local self-government on the part of the States with reference to African slavery. Near the close of a long life, and after a generation and more spent in the service of education in the South, he paid the tribute of his faith and admiration to the elder educator of the North:—

When I was in Cambridge there occurred the celebrated controversy, since historic, between Horace Mann and the thirty-one Boston teachers. Mann's glowing periods, earnest enthusiasm and democratic ideas fired my young mind and heart; and since that time I have been an enthusiastic and consistent advocate of universal education.

The value of a great man lies in his power to raise up imitators and disciples.

Henry Bernard in the East and Curry in the South almost share with Mann the honor of having led the movement for popular education and peda-

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gogic reform in this country in the nineteenth century.

"In 1847, after my return to Alabama, as a candidate for and a member of the Legislature, I spoke for free schools and voted for every proposition looking to the endowment of the State University. In 1853 and 1855 I was again a representative from Talladega County, and as a member of the Committee on Education sustained Judge Meek's bill, which became the first law on the statute book establishing public schools."

Meek's name, which is better remembered among lawyers as that of an eminent and cultivated jurist, and in the literary world as the author of "Red Eagle," an epic poem which embodies the romantic story of Weatherford, the Indian chief, is deserving of commemoration for his origination of the system of public education in Alabama in 1853, long before it had come in many other Southern States of the American Union.

Among Curry's fellows in the Dane Law School has already been mentioned Rutherford B. Hayes, who succeeded to the Presidency of the United States in 1877 under circumstances that threatened republican institutions in their consideration and solution. Of Mr. Hayes' relation and attitude towards the contest for the Presidency, and the famous Electoral Commission, he has himself made a record in his letter to Senator Sherman, dated Columbus, Ohio, 27 November, 1876:—

You feel, I am sure, as I do about this whole business. A fair election would have given us about forty electoral votes at the South,—at least that many. But we are not to allow our friends to defeat one outrage and fraud by an-

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other. There must be nothing crooked on our part. Let Mr. Tilden have the place by violence, intimidation, and fraud, rather than undertake to prevent it by means that will not bear the closest scrutiny.

Curry, in the year of the Hayes-Tilden election, wrote of Mr. Hayes:—

> Hayes, three or four years my senior, boarded in the same home with myself, and we were quite intimate. He was a "good fellow," studious and upright, but not specially promising. To human appearance then my prospect for the Presidency was equal to his.

The following rather naïve entry in his diary, reminiscent of the days at Harvard, is characteristic of the man of later years, who always recognized the value of personal appearance and demeanor; and who exemplified in his own person the attractiveness of dress, and the polish of the best social life:

> I did not visit any ladies while I was at the Law School; but for a time I attended a dancing-school, and became quite fond of the amusement.

The sacrifice of not visiting the ladies, which had finally given him such pleasure when at Athens, is easily attributable to the seriousness of his purpose at Harvard; and it may very well be imagined of him that even from attendance upon the dancing-school ambition was not altogether absent.

He had matriculated in the Dane Law School, September 13, 1843. In February, 1845, he received his degree of Bachelor of Laws; and set his face homeward in the same month. He stopped at various places on his journey back to Alabama; and has recorded, in connection with these pauses by the way, an occasional interesting incident.

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Dixon H. Lewis, who Curry says was "the heaviest man he ever saw," was then in Washington as a Senator from Alabama. He was a friend of William Curry's, and learning of young Curry's journey homeward, wrote him a letter inviting him to visit the national capitol. In response to this agreeable invitation, Curry spent a week in Washington on his way home, as the guest of Senator Lewis, and therefore under most agreeable and advantageous auspices.

"The annexation of Texas was under discussion in the Senate," he records of this visit, "and I heard a number of speeches. I remember to have heard Hannigan of Indiana, and Allen, the present (1876) Governor of Ohio. Mr. Lewis took me to see John C. Calhoun, who was then Secretary of State. A number of persons were in his room, among them 'Mike Walsh,' a 'subterranean' politician from New York, who would now be called a boss, a leader of the working men, who was afterwards elected to Congress. Mr. Calhoun was a brilliant talker, rapid, suggestive, profound. He was then in his sixty-second year. His burning eyes, prophetic face and lofty mien gave him the look of a chieftain around whom men would gladly rally. He received me very kindly, as he was very fond of the company of young men. He was giving a sketch of Mr. Van Buren, as an adroit politician, a manipulator of conventions, and unsound on the tariff question. This was my only interview with Mr. Calhoun, and I prize the recollection of it. In all my political career I was an adherent of the Calhoun school of politics. I was very familiar with his writings, and I now regard him as no whit inferior to Aristotle, Burke, Bismarck, Cavour, Gladstone, or any statesman or publicist that ever lived."

This is high praise of Calhoun coming from a man of Curry's breadth of view and large-mindedness, es-

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pecially in the light of events through which he subsequently passed that shattered most of Calhoun's political ideals. But it was a deliberate judgment and an interesting testimony to the commanding influence exerted by Calhoun in this epoch of American life.

Among other noted men whom Curry met during his week's sojourn with Mr. Lewis in Congress, were George McDuffie of South Carolina, William Henry Haywood of North Carolina, and Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, all three of whom were then Senators from their respective States. He witnessed the inauguration of James K. Polk, the democrat who had been elected in an exciting campaign over his Whig competitor, Henry Clay, and the induction into office of the vice-president, George M. Dallas. He disposes of Dallas with the remark, "He wore long silvery hair and was a graceful elocutionist." The new President, a native of North Carolina and a citizen of Tennessee, in his inaugural address arrested the young man's attention with his tribute to the Constitution and the Union.

> To perpetuate them, it is our sacred duty to preserve the Union. Who shall assign limits to the achievements of free minds and free hands under the protection of this glorious Union? No treason to mankind since the organization of society, would be equal in atrocity to that of him who would lift his hand to destroy it. He would overthrow the noblest structure of human wisdom which protects himself and his fellow men. He would stop the progress of free government and involve his country either in anarchy or in despotism.

This was sound doctrine to this twenty-year-old boy over whom Calhoun's compelling presence and

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great fame had cast their spell, and it found lodgment not alone in his mind, but went to his heart, and became a part of his life.

Travelling home from Washington with Senator W. T. Colquitt and two of his daughters as companions, the party went by rail to Covington, Georgia, and there took a stage. At Franklin, Alabama, Curry again took up his journey alone by rail to Montgomery, whence he travelled in a two-horse hack to Talladega. The young Alabamian reached home in an exalted state of mind, for he had travelled much and seen much of men and cities. He had touched hands with his political heroes at the national capitol, and had heard presidents speak and hobnobbed with Senators and felt the impulse of the time at the very center of things. His year and one-half at Harvard and in New England had been, indeed, a vivid and crucial year, and doubtless had developed habits of mind and points of view which unconsciously moulded much of his after life. It is not far-fetched to fancy that from this tutelage came no little of his subsequent aptitude for interpretation, instinct for cosmopolitanism, contempt for intellectual violence and respect for the other man, even if he rejected the other man's opinion as he had rejected most of the current New England dogmas. Curry's nature was fiery and assertive, until suffering tempered his spirit, but he managed, under the most adverse conditions, to escape the blight of provincialism and to hold a place as a citizen of the world. New England, itself, at this time, was boundlessly and aggressively provincial, but the experience of trying to understand other conditions and to do justice to other temperaments—something

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perhaps of the high-mindedness and detachment in the "quiet and still air" about the ancient seminary of learning, helped to free his mobile brain and ready sympathy from the shackles of crude thinking and rough obstinacy. It would have been helpful to the larger good if some of the young Sumners and Boutwells of the period in New England could have come South for a part of their education, and thus gained first-hand knowledge and perhaps intelligent sympathy with a people whose destinies they were to affect profoundly, but about whom they knew very little, and—most tragic of all ignorances—did not know that they did not know.

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CHAPTER V

LAW AND LEGISLATION

The years 1845 and 1846 were swift fateful years in the life of the virile young republic. It was just entering upon its first aggressive and foreign war. The empire of Texas was received without precedent directly into statehood without a preliminary and preparatory period in territorial status. Sinister motives were attributed in this annex to the friends of slavery; and the swift enactment of statutes, passing of resolutions in Congress, and movement of armies in the field, showed how tense the matter was and how bound up with the supreme question of public policy vexing the allied states. Annexation would unquestionably strengthen the slave power, but the spirit of expansion was abroad as it was in 1898 when the explosion of a powder magazine in a warship in Cuban waters set a nation irresistibly toward war. Men rejoiced in the ability of the United States to "lick all creation," and a certain youthful boasting and indulgence in superlatives ruled in common talk throughout the land.

For young Curry, down in Alabama, the years were fallow, preparatory years, during which the gifted, well born, well educated young man was getting ready for participation in great affairs. According to the custom of the day, he was reading law in the office of a local lawyer, Mr. Samuel W. Rice.

"At Talladega, I boarded," he writes, "with Mr. Rice; and William W. Knox and I used to go home only six miles nearly every Saturday night. While reading law, I wrote editorials for the 'Watchtower,' visited the ladies, attended a debating society and made many friends and acquaintances in the country." These were useful but innocuous occupations which could, by no chance, do him any harm, and which assure us that the much travelled collegian was not out of touch with other normal stay-at-home young men in that southwestern country. In 1846 he tendered his services to the government as a soldier in the war with Mexico, but his attempt at soldiering proved abortive.

With his eye on politics, he saw two questions, both settled affirmatively, as the principal issues of the state election; "biennial sessions of the legislature and the removal of the capitol from Tuscaloosa." Hon. Franklin W. Bowdon, afterwards a representative in Congress from the district, was a representative from Talladega County, and a leader in the legislature in carrying the two measures. The capitol was removed to Montgomery, the city and county furnishing the building free of cost.

Early in 1846 it became apparent that the adjustment of the boundary line between Texas and Mexico would lead to war. A fierce controversy arose between the Whig and Democratic parties as to the responsibility for the war. The act of Congress for raising troops said that war existed by act of Mexico. . . . The war was popular, and volunteers were numerous and enthusiastic. In May, 1846, a company of infantry was raised in Talladega County. Jacob D. Shelley was captain. I was appointed

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second sergeant. Several meetings were held, and I made a number of speeches, in one of which I warned the people against the folly of believing that Mexico could be conquered in a few months, as the Spaniards were proverbially obstinate and resolute.

We marched from Talladega to Wetumpka, where we embarked on a boat for Mobile. At various points receptions were given, and I had to make speeches. We went into camp at Mobile. After annoying delays, we were, with other companies, organized into a regiment, and mustered in for six months. Then the War Department refused to accept us for that period of service, and we were discharged.

The bulk of the company re-enlisted for twelve months. It being uncertain when the troops would be ordered to the scene of war, five of us, Andrew W. Bowie, James Montgomery, William P. Bowden, Dr. C. G. Cunningham and myself, in a most foolhardy spirit, resolved to go to the army on our own charges. A small schooner, the *Duane* (a former revenue cutter, discharged for unseaworthiness) was in the port of Mobile, loading with supplies. . . . We engaged passage and shipped for Point Isabel, against the advice and protest of friends. To us it seemed a dashing, gallant thing, and we enjoyed by anticipation, the frolic. The second day out I became sick, and so continued for twelve days. My weight then was not more than one hundred and twelve pounds. Two days we were becalmed, and under a hot vertical sun we fished and read and played cards, and indulged in day dreams. Then came a terrific storm, the worst I ever saw, and our frail barque seemed every moment as if it would sink. The captain was skillful. When we reached the bar at Point Isabel, the vessel leaked rapidly, and the pumps were used incessantly. By means of a pilotboat, to get into which we ran a narrow risk of being drowned, we were, with our luggage, transported to shore. We bade a ready adieu to the *Duane*, which two days afterwards sank in the harbor.

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The day after landing we made our way to a regiment of Texas Rangers, Jack Hays, colonel; Ben McCulloch, lieutenant-colonel; Chevallier, major; and attached ourselves to a company commanded by Captain Acklere. We were not formally mustered into service.

On the fourth of July there was a celebration. Ashbel Smith, who had been minister from Texas to France, made a speech; and so did I.

We remained in camp a week or more, when Dr. Cunningham became dangerously ill, and was ordered to be sent home. An attendant being required, as I was the least, the youngest, and very feeble, I was selected; and unwillingly I became the companion of the sick, hoping, however, to return to Mexico.

It was a command, whose officers and men alike saw gallant and conspicuous service in the Mexican War; being genuine soldiers and fighting folks. Especially picturesque was the figure of Ben McCulloch, the lieutenant-colonel, who had just missed joining Crockett by the merest accident, when the latter had set out on the journey that closed with his life at the ill-fated Alamo; who had handled a gun under Sam Houston in the battle of San Jacinto; and who had served in the Congress of the young republic of Texas; and had been shot in the arm in a duel with Reuben Davis of Mississippi. McCulloch rendered courageous service in the Mexican War, and after its close went with the 'Forty-Niners to California, where he illustrated for a while in his person as sheriff of Sacramento County the glowing verity of Bret Harte's later "Tales of the Argonauts." He came back to the East in 1853, and was killed in battle as a brigadier-general in the service of the Confederacy.

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When Curry reached Talladega Dr. Cunningham was much improved; but the psychological moment for a return to the Mexican War did not recur, and he resumed his reading of law in Mr. Rice's office.

"During the year," he says, "after a long and severe examination by Hon. George W. Stone, a circuit judge, I was admitted to the bar, with all the privileges and duties of a lawyer."

In 1847 he was busy with politics. During 1848 and 1849 he practiced his profession with assiduity and apparent success; for in the latter year he was solicitor of Tallapoosa County and had, among others, one or two murder cases. But the routine of law-practice did not appeal to him; and, indeed, it is more than probable that he had intended its practice from the beginning, as did so many of the young disciples of Coke in the South of the earlier half of the nineteenth century, as a mere means of entrance to the more alluring and larger field of politics. In 1850 he abandoned the practice of law, and settled upon a plantation on Salt Creek in Talladega County, that had been given him by his father.

"Although brought up on a farm," he says of himself at this time, "I knew little practically of agriculture; and while fond of the country, my tastes did not lie in the direction of making corn and cotton. My farming, being entrusted largely to negroes, was not profitable. I was economical and never went into debt. I preferred books to overseeing negroes."

This little bit of self-analysis displays quite clearly Curry's real tendencies and ambitions. The drudgery and hard dry exactions of that jealous mistress the law certainly did not appeal to him. Tilling the

soil was clearly obnoxious to his tastes. Even at that early date the real man stood revealed. The strongest impulses of his nature were oratorical and didactic. He not only felt the capacity and the genius to move his fellows by speech, but he had a vehement longing to get up and convince everybody in sight to his way of thinking. As Walter Bagehot observed of Gladstone, he had *a nature* towards his audience. He was sure that if they only knew what he knew they would feel as he felt and believe as he believed. If the cause were moral his enthusiasms increased tenfold, and to the oratorical and didactic impulses were added immediately the dramatic and contentious impulses. Politics attracted him in the mid-century period because the issues of the time were moral and deeply based on principles and enthusiasms and deep loyalties. The pulpit attracted him in the sad days of reconstruction when character and integrity and spiritual steadfastness seemed the only stable things in a tumbled-down world; and the platform attracted him later on when the sun broke through the clouds of the dreary time and he caught the hopeful vision of a land made over in the strength of a new generation trained to new duties and new occasions.

In the meantime, in July, 1847, he became a candidate for the office of representative in the Alabama Legislature. He was now well launched upon a political career, which was congenial to his tastes, and not antagonistic to his studies and his habits of mind, and in which he was destined to become distinguished. In the spring of this year he had served as secretary of the State Democratic Convention at Montgomery, which nominated Reuben Chapman

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for governor. His services had already come to be in great demand as a public speaker and the eyes of the democratic leaders of the State were fixed upon him. In regard to his skill and success as a speaker, he modestly writes of himself at this time:

> My small size and youthful appearance and the popularity of my father gave me advantages over my competitors. We had appointments at various places, and made public speeches. I had some fluency and success as a speaker.

The burning political question of the day was that of slavery in the Territories; and especially with regard to the Wilmot proviso, a measure that had been introduced into the United States House of Representatives by Mr. Wilmot of Pennsylvania, on behalf of many northern Democrats, applying to the territory proposed to be acquired from Mexico in the settlement of the war by negotiation, the provision of the Ordinance of 1787, which later came to be the language of the Thirteenth Amendment, that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted." The Whigs and the northern Democrats united in favor of the Wilmot proviso in the National House of Representatives, and it had passed the House in the preceding year, but went to the Senate too late to be acted upon.

The introduction and discussion of the Wilmot proviso aroused a crisis of passions upon the slavery question; and the spectre, which the prophetic imagination of Mr. Jefferson had long before conjured up, upon the passage of the Missouri Compro-

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mise Act, of a division of the country upon sectional lines,—a vision that "alarmed him like a firebell in the night,"—now presented itself, not as the unsubstantial pageant of a dream, but as a terrible reality.

Upon this imminent question Curry took no uncertain stand. A letter written by him in that year, on the threshold of his political career, attests from its age-yellowed pages the sincerity of his convictions, and the lofty courage of his purpose:—

Mr. James H. Joiner,

Dear Sir:—A report, prejudicial to my success, has been in circulation in the lower end of the county, that I am in favor of a property qualification for voters. It is false.

My position in reference to General Taylor is misunderstood. The perilous exigency of the times demands a president who will resist all interference by the general government with our domestic institutions. This discrimination, recognized and adopted in the Wilmot Proviso, is degrading to the South, and all freemen must feel that "death is preferable to acknowledged inferiority." To resist the effort which will be made to prohibit slavery in the territory to be acquired from Mexico (as just indemnity for the expenses of this war, the spoliations of our commerce, and injuries done to our citizens, which would have justified a declaration of war many years ago), it becomes our duty to take "firm, united and concerted action."

The South can never support any man for President who is not sound on this paramount and controlling question. Their support of any man would be idle, except as necessary to his success. Then some man must be selected who has popularity,—upon whom all parties at the South can unite. General Taylor, I think, is that man. The West is not quite thoroughly corrupted on the slavery

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question; and enough of them might go with us to secure his election.

General Taylor, I have no doubt, is a freetrade man. If he runs as a rabid, partisan Whig, determined to advance Whig measures, without testing the measures, the success of which under Mr. Polk's administration has made his name illustrious and immortal, I would hesitate long. The real issue should be decisively and determinately made up, before I could give him my humble support.

I am not wedded to General Taylor. President Polk, Calhoun, Stevenson, Butler, Walker, Lewis, could get my support as soon or more so, if there were a reasonable probability of success. The South should take her position. The question has to be met. It ought not to be shuffled off or evaded longer. To unite on any one man would be an evidence of our concert, our union, our strength. The emergency requires it. The Constitution requires it. Truth, justice, patriotism, and our interest require of us something more than empty bravado. Action, action, action is not more necessary in oratory than in times of danger.

Yours respectfully,

July 19th, 1847. J. L. M. Curry.

This was a remarkable letter to have been written by a youth of twenty-two, who had scarcely finished his law studies. With the understanding of the patriot, no less than with the keen discernment of the politician, he recognized the political dangers that confronted the country, and the possible solution of those dangers in the election of some safe, conservative man as President. The North and the South were facing each other with hostile and defiant fronts on the great issue, which according to the theory of the former involved the cause of humanity itself, and according to that of the latter carried

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with it a continuance, or a destruction, as the result might prove, of the civilization and social existence of the South. Over against the fiery denunciations of slavery by Garrison and Wendell Phillips and Owen Lovejoy and Frothingham, Calhoun set the logic of his conclusions in the expression:—

To destroy the existing relations would be to destroy this prosperity (of the Southern States), and to place the two races in a state of conflict which must end in the expulsion or extirpation of one or the other. No other can be substituted compatible with their peace or security. The difficulty is in the diversity of the races. So strongly drawn is the line between the two in consequence, and so strengthened by the force of habit and education that it is impossible for them to exist together in the community where their numbers are so nearly equal as in the slaveholding States, under any other relation than that which now exists. Social and political equality between them is impossible. No power on earth can overcome the difficulty. The causes lie too deep in the principles of our nature to be surmounted. But, without such equality, to change the present condition of the African race, were it possible, would be but to change the form of slavery.

This is a lucid, powerful statement and read in the light of the present, after fifty years of freedom and education and social experimentation, makes it very clear how honest and sincere were the men of the Calhoun type throughout the country, and how well grounded their fears. Men who felt in this way stood on higher ground than greed or inhumanity. Surely no mere oligarchy of wealth could feel and speak after this fashion.

Curry, with the recognition that soldiers are rarely

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politicians, and even more rarely partisans, saw in General Taylor, Whig though he acclaimed himself, a figure before which the stormy passions of the political period might subside; and in this patriotic contemplation of the situation many other older and wiser men of his day shared. Yet with all his eagerness to save the country from its impending peril, he fearlessly proclaimed his principles of devotion to the Federal Constitution, as construed by the school of democracy to which he professed allegiance.

On the first Monday in August, 1847, the legislative election was held; and among all the candidates for the Alabama House of Representatives in his county, Curry received the highest number of votes. The legislative sessions had been made biennial; and in the first biennial session which assembled in the new capitol of the State, at Montgomery, later destined to witness the birth, and for a brief time to be the home, of the ill-fated Confederacy, he took the oath of office as a legislator. The session was distinguished among other things of a different character by the election of a United States Senator. The body was overwhelmingly democratic; and the strict-construction candidate was Curry's friend and recent host, Senator Dixon M. Lewis, whom he had named in his letter to Joiner, as worthy of the Presidential nomination, along with General Taylor, the conquering hero of the Mexican War; President Polk, under whose administration that war had been successfully waged; the great triumvir, John C. Calhoun; Andrew Stevenson of Virginia; General William Orlando Butler of Kentucky, who for his gallantry at Monterey had received two swords of honor, and Leroy Pope Walker,

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speaker of the Alabama House of Representatives, and later Confederate Secretary of War.

Lewis belonged to the Calhoun school of democracy. He was a strict constructionist, and an ultra State rights democrat. William R. King, his democratic competitor, who had served the State as senator, and who had the year before returned from Paris, whither he had gone as minister to France in 1844, by appointment of President Tyler, was a follower of Van Buren; and went down in defeat before the Nullifier and Secessionist, Lewis.

Lewis was a man of great stature, and weighed considerably more than four hundred pounds. It is said that furniture had to be constructed for his especial use, and that he always engaged two seats in a stage coach or railway car. He was a man of fine ability and noble feelings; and the story is told of him that upon the occasion of the shipwreck of a steamer on which he was a passenger, he refused to enter the boat that was let down to take off the other passengers, until they were all safely landed, for fear of imperilling their safety; and was in imminent danger in the meantime until his final rescue.

"Upon reaching Montgomery," writes Curry of his new experience in the legislature, "I went to the 'Hall,' the leading hotel. The large reception-room was crowded. Mr. King was in one part, surrounded by his friends; Mr. Lewis in another, alike surrounded. My preference for Mr. Lewis being known, I was led to him, and he seated me upon his knee. I was apparently a boy, beardless and slender; Mr. Lewis was the largest man I ever saw. Mr. W. L. Yancey, afterwards so famous, was present, and an ardent supporter of Mr. Lewis, who at the election by the Legislature, was chosen on the eighteenth ballot."

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William Lowndes Yancey, whom Curry mentions in the foregoing paragraph, was at that time a member of Congress. It was in this year of 1846 that, as has been said of him, "his mission began." He had been an antagonist of Nullification in South Carolina, where he edited a newspaper that attacked Calhoun and Hayne. Later he moved to Alabama, and formulated that expression of political faith among Southern democrats, that came to be known as "the Alabama platform"; and which in 1860, in the Democratic Convention at Charleston, under the influence of his flaming eloquence, was made the Southern program, and caused the division of the democracy of the Union. Possessed of an unsurpassed and compelling gift of oratory, he was a man of great personal modesty and self-effacement; and he was as much beloved by his friends and political followers as he was feared and hated by his political antagonists. The fame of Yancey's wonderful eloquence, continuing long since the departure of his generation, is still cherished by the descendants of the men who heard it, both gentle and simple, in the Southern States; where

> They'll speak of him for years to come
> In cottage-chronicle and tale.
> When for aught else renown is dumb,
> His legend shall prevail.

Upon its organization, the Alabama House of Representatives elected Leroy Pope Walker its speaker. In appointing his committees, Mr. Walker gave Curry an immediate, though not undeserved prominence, by making him chairman of the extremely important committee on Privileges and

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Elections; and he also gave him a position on the Judiciary Committee.

The only bill of serious importance introduced by Curry during the session was one "to reform the evils of local legislation by transferring to county and to court jurisdiction many matters which had burdened the legislature." It was a bill in favor of Curry's favorite democratic doctrine of the right of local self-government,—a doctrine that Mr. Burke has accurately and strikingly described:—

> To be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the first principle,—the germ, as it were,—of public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love to our country, and to mankind.

To its author's satisfaction the bill became a law.

Bills to fund the University debt and for the increase of taxes were the subject of frequent and animated discussion in the legislature. Curry supported both; and he spoke in favor of free public schools, and voted for every proposition looking toward the endowment of the State University.

"I always voted for measures in favor of education," he records of this period of his earliest legislative experience.

During this session of the legislature, the body gave a reception to Generals John A. Quitman and James Shields, both of whom had distinguished themselves in the War with Mexico; and who, like other heroes of that recent struggle, were in high public favor, wherever they went.

During this session, too, Asa Whitney, the originator of the scheme of a transcontinental railroad,

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and through whose efforts appropriations were first secured in 1853 for the first surveys covering the northern, southern, and central routes, delivered an address before the legislature in advocacy of his scheme, and sought its endorsation by resolution. Curry, in recalling this speech in 1876, did not remember that Mr. Whitney's efforts in endeavoring to obtain resolutions in behalf of his Pacific railroad were successful.

Another legislative visitor of the period was Miss Dorothea Dix, whose name is famous in America for her efforts in behalf of State legislation for the establishment of insane hospitals and asylums throughout the country. In her beneficent work for the amelioration of the condition of prisoners, paupers and lunatics, she is said to have appeared before the respective legislatures of every state east of the Rocky Mountains, and to have been largely instrumental in procuring legislative action in a number of these states for the establishment of state hospitals for the insane. This was her mission in visiting Montgomery: but it does not appear that she was on this occasion successful.

In 1848 occurred the Presidential election and the birth at Buffalo, New York, on August 9th of a new political party, the Free Soilers, which adopted a platform containing the declaration that Congress had no more power to make a slave than to make a king. This platform further declared that there should be no more slave states and no more slave territories; and nominated Martin Van Buren for President and Charles Francis Adams for Vice-president. The Democracy earlier in the year had in their convention at Baltimore nomi-

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nated Lewis Cass of Michigan and William Orlando Butler of Kentucky for President and Vice-president, and had renewed the strict-construction platforms of 1840 and 1844;—but with a significance as ominous as that with which Mr. Jefferson had viewed the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. It had voted down by an overwhelming majority a resolution that Congress had no power to interfere with slavery, either in the territories or the states. The Whig Convention, following that of the Democracy, had wisely recognized the influence of war upon the popular mind; and had done what Curry in his letter to Joiner had intimated a desire to see the Democrats do. It had met at Philadelphia in June, and nominated General Zachary Taylor for President, and Millard Fillmore of New York for Vice-president, without a platform or other declaration of party principles. Taylor was a slave-holder; and many Democrats in the South, "preferred a slave-holding candidate without a platform to a non-slave-holding candidate, on a platform in which support of slavery had been voted down." Taylor and Fillmore were elected by a majority of both free and slave states. The Northern Democrats believed that the Southern democracy had betrayed the Cass ticket: and when Congress met in December, nearly all of the Free State Democrats voted in the House for a bill to organize the territories of California and New Mexico, with the Wilmot Proviso attached.

The belief entertained by the Northern democracy that the Southern Democrats had not been loyal to Cass was certainly not true in Curry's case. Though, with a wisdom beyond his years and experience, he had put General Taylor forward as his fore-

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most candidate, after his party had made its platform and its nominations he zealously supported both.

"I made a number of speeches in favor of General Cass," he writes in his record; "but the military fame of General Taylor gave him an early success."

Prior to his election to the legislature in August, 1847, an event had occurred in Curry's life of paramount importance above politics or any experience of office-holding or political campaigning. On the 4th of March, 1847, he married Ann Alexander Bowie, whose father, Judge Alexander Bowie, was born in Abbeville district, South Carolina, and died December 30, 1866, in Talladega. He was a graduate of the South Carolina College, a member of the legislature of that state, and at the Nullification Convention, a popular lawyer, and a very eloquent speaker. He moved to Talladega County, Alabama, in 1836; and was a trustee of the State University and chancellor of the Northern Division of the State. His son-in-law has left of him the memorial that "he was a fine conversationist, a graceful writer, and a scholarly, Christian gentleman." Mrs. Curry's mother was Susan Jack, a member of a prominent South Carolina family; and Mrs. Curry herself was born near Abbeville, prior to the father's removal to Talladega.

The issue of this marriage was four children, Susan Lamar, William Alexander, Manly Bowie, and Jackson Thomas. Of these, only two arrived at adult age. William Alexander Curry was born in 1854 and died in the following year; and Jackson Thomas Curry, who was born in 1860, also died in the year succeeding his birth. The oldest child,

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Susan Lamar Curry, who was born September 2, 1850, married November 13, 1873, Reverend John B. Turpin, and died January 7, 1881. The son who grew to manhood was Manly Bowie Curry, who was born April 23, 1857. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and was a captain in the United States Army in the Philippines, after the Spanish-American War. He was killed in an automobile accident at Atlanta, Georgia, December 18, 1907. At the time of his death he was a major in the United States Army, and Paymaster of the Department of the Gulf. He left a widow and three small children to survive him.

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CHAPTER VI

THE BONE OF CONTENTION

CURRY writes in his record, long after the stormy passions engendered by the politics of the slavery period had passed away:—

1850 was a year of much political excitement. Questions growing out of the acquisition of territory from Mexico deeply agitated the Southern mind. In Congress what was called the "Wilmot Proviso," prohibiting the introduction of African slavery into the territories lately acquired by expenditure of common blood and treasure, had divided political parties, and exasperated the North and the South. Since the close of the Mexican War, slavery as affecting the territories was the "bone of contention." A large party at the North demanded that the territories should be kept free from the "curse." The South felt that to exclude their peculiar property from common territory was a flagrant injustice, an insulting discrimination, and a violation of the Constitution. The two sections began to grow apart, and to feel alienation and animosity. Bills were numerous, during these years, in Congress, to adjust the dispute. Debates were able. Calhoun and Webster were then living; and they represented the two sides of the question.

David Wilmot, a democratic member of Congress from Pennsylvania, had introduced his famous "Proviso" in 1846. It consisted, as has been heretofore partially stated, of an amendment to the pending bill

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for appropriating two millions of dollars for the purchase of a part of Mexico, and the amendment provided that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except for crime should ever exist in said territory. The amendment passed the House of Representatives and failed of passage in the Senate; but it gave rise to the "Free-Soil" movement, and split the Northern and Southern democracy like a wedge. The Wilmot Proviso and the Missouri Compromise constitute the two crucial measures in the history of slavery legislation. Mr. Jefferson, in a sort of despair, called the Compromise "the Knell of the Union." To the Northern men of the 'forties the Proviso seemed the tocsin of the armed conflict necessary to preserve its life.

"The coincidence of a marked principle, moral and political, with a geographical line," said Jefferson, with pregnant prescience, of the Missouri Compromise, "once conceived, I feared would never more be obliterated from the mind; that it would be recurring on every occasion, and renewing irritations, until it would kindle such mutual and mortal hatred as to render separation preferable to eternal discord."

The object of the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820, as that of the Wilmot Proviso, was to delimit the extension of slavery: the former prohibiting slavery thenceforward north of the line of 36° 30′; and the latter, as stated, prohibiting it in the newly acquired Mexican territory. In 1846, the time of the Proviso, the great issue had come to be too exciting to admit of the picturesque and vituperative phraseology which men like John Randolph had bestowed upon the earlier measure.

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The forces of North and South were beginning to align themselves for the titanic struggle which was to follow in less than two decades.

"In 1849–50 certain laws were passed, called 'Compromise Measures,'" continues Curry. "The spirit and general tenor of this legislation, it was thought by many persons, especially in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, were very hostile to the rights and equality of the South in the Union. In this year, 1850, and in 1851, an attempt was made to organize a party favorable to secession. I favored it, but the movement was unwise, premature and unpopular."

The Compromise Measures of 1850 were a series of acts dealing, for the most part, with the slavery question and the rights of the Northern and Southern States under the Constitution. Henry A. Wise of Virginia spoke of these measures as "an awful pacification"; but the stringent Fugitive Slave Law, written into the Compromise Acts by James Murray Mason of Virginia, served to make them the instrument of delaying the "irrepressible conflict" for another decade. In the meantime, the "attempt to organize a party favorable to secession" took place in the calling of a convention of Southern States to meet in June, 1850, at Nashville, Tennessee.

"The great object of a Southern Convention," wrote Mr. Calhoun on July 9, 1849, to Mr. Collin S. Tarpley of Mississippi, "should be to put forth in a solemn manner the causes of our grievances in an address to the other states, and to admonish them, in a solemn manner, as to the consequences which must follow, if they should not be redressed, and to take measures preparatory to it, in case they should not be. The call should be addressed to all those who are desirous to save the Union

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and our institutions, and who, in the alternative, should it be forced on us, would prefer the latter."

The Southern Convention met at Nashville in June, 1850. Five Southern States were represented. A preamble and resolutions were adopted, which set forth with great vividness and effect the grounds of difference between the people of the South and those of the North in relation to the construction of the Federal Constitution and Slavery. In the preamble occurred these words: "We make no aggressive move. We stand upon the defensive. We invoke the spirit of the Constitution, and claim its guarantees. Our rights, our independence, the peace and existence of our families, depend upon the issue." Among the resolutions was one expressing "cordial attachment to the Constitutional Union of the States," but another declaring that Union to be one of "equal and independent sovereignties," possessing the right to resume the powers delegated to the Federal Government, whenever they deemed it "proper and necessary." There was also a resolution recommending to the Southern States that they meet in a Congress for the purpose of securing the restoration of their Constitutional rights, if possible, or else of providing for "their future safety and independence."

Pending the Compromise Measures in Congress, the Nashville Southern Convention adjourned to reconvene in the following November. Upon its reassembly in Nashville, its numbers were larger, and seven states were now found to be represented. But in the meantime the compromise bills had become laws: and the Southern Convention adjourned, after the adoption of a series of resolutions, that were as

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extraordinary in their detail of the principles animating the men who made them, as they were futile.

"In the public meetings in Talladega County," continues Curry in his narrative of the political events of the period, "I took an active part, and made several speeches.

"Mr. Calhoun died this year, and at a public meeting at the Court House to take proper notice of the great loss, I was on the Committee on Resolutions, and made an address."

During the years of 1851 and 1852 Curry lived quietly on his farm, making an occasional speech at a farmers' meeting, or a Fourth of July oration at a country barbecue. Of an address of the latter kind he takes occasion to record that it "was thoroughly prepared and memorized, without my writing a word." Jackson Curry about this time bought a plantation in Marengo County, and moved thither; whereupon Jabez bought his brother Jackson's farm, which lay only three miles distant from Talladega, and more convenient to his law-office than his own. Settling on this place, he resumed the active practice of the law in Talladega, living there until 1865, when he moved to Marion.

"During these years," he writes, "there was scarcely a night that there were not one or more persons at my house—preachers, relatives, and friends were always welcome."

Of this overflowing and unassuming hospitality, characteristic of the people and country, he makes further mention:—

In the absence of a sufficient supply of preachers, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians held "camp-

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meetings." An arbor was built, surrounded by tents rudely constructed of planks. The tent-holders furnished food and lodging, gratuitously and bounteously to all visitors. At the stand or arbor, preaching and other religious services were held during the day and at night. Immense congregations attended. The Baptists held a camp-meeting at Cold Water, a large clear stream of limestone water, on the boundary between Talladega and Calhoun Counties. My father had the largest tent on the ground, and entertained a large number of persons. I attended these meetings every year, and enjoyed them. Distinguished preachers were usually present. While liable to degenerate into physical excitement, the meetings on the whole were productive of good.

In 1852, Curry acted as agent for the Alabama and Tennessee River Railroad Company; and in this capacity traversed the counties of Talladega, Calhoun and Randolph, making speeches, and obtaining rights of way and subscriptions for the road, which was being built from Selma to Rome, via Monticello, Talladega and Jacksonville.

In 1853, he was again a candidate for the State legislature from Talladega County, and was again elected at the head of the poll. The speaker of the House, the Honorable William Garrett, appointed him to the chairmanship of the committee on Internal Improvements. He was also made a member of the committee on Education, and chairman of the House division of a joint committee to examine the accounts of the commissioner and trustee who had been previously designated to "wind up" the State bank and its branches.

A school law, heretofore referred to in an earlier chapter, introduced and championed by Judge Meek,

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that was designed to institute and organize a system of public schools for the State, was enacted. Of its distinguished author, Curry has left the following memorial, written in 1895:—

Alexander B. Meek, then of Mobile, a brilliant speaker, of large culture, rich, poetic fancy, progressiveness of aim and thought, had the patriotic purpose to develop the minds of Alabama youth. In due time, from his committee on Education, he submitted an able report, accompanied by an elaborate bill, providing for the establishment and maintenance of a system of public schools. After an interesting debate, the bill became a law, and William F. Perry of Talladega was elected Superintendent.

But by far the most interesting and exciting question before the legislature was that of "State aid." Of this Curry writes:—

My committee reported bills, granting endorsement of railroad bonds, on certain well-defined conditions; and the Governor, John A. Winston, vetoed them. In the controversy, I defended the bills and the principle of well-guarded assistance to internal improvements.

Winston's opposition to State aid for railroads and the reissue of State banknotes as a loan to railroad companies won for him the soubriquet of "the Veto Governor." Curry's influence in the legislature, or other undisclosed causes, served to pass the State aid bills over the Governor's vetoes; but the latter triumphed in the end. The attorney-general of the State stood by the executive in the struggle, and gave an opinion that the acts were unconstitutional; and the treasurer of the State was instructed to make no disbursements under them.

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Winston's attitude was vindicated by his re-election as governor in 1855, and the approbration of his course with reference to "State aid" by the legislature of that year.

For some years the question of a geological survey of Alabama had been agitated, and the relation of geology to agriculture had been discussed. The monumental work of William Barton Rogers, who had organized a survey of Virginia, and of his hardly less distinguished brother, Henry D. Rogers, who had made similar surveys of New Jersey and of Pennsylvania, had for the past two decades attracted attention to the historical geology of the great Appalachian chain; and farseeing men in Alabama beheld with the eyes of prophecy the future that State was destined to have when a full knowledge of her subterranean possessions should be unfolded and disclosed. In 1850, the committee on Education in the State Senate had submitted a bill for a geological survey; but no action was taken upon it. During the session of 1853–54, Curry offered a similar bill in the house, and it was referred to his committee on Internal Improvements. He reported it to the house from the committee, with a written argument in its behalf that was published separately. After considerable opposition the bill became a law. It authorized, among other things, the appointment by the Governor, of a State geologist at a salary of $2,500, whose duty it should be to make a thorough survey, "so as to determine accurately the quality and characteristics of the soil and adaptation to agricultural purposes; the mineral resources, their location, and the best means for their development; the water power and capacities, and generally everything re-

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lating to the geological and agricultural character of the State." It was the modest beginning of a tremendous movement, and contained in it the germ which fructified and bore abundant harvest later in the mines of Alabama, and the furnace fires of Birmingham and her sister cities of a later industrial epoch.

The year 1854 seems by the record to have been a quiet and uneventful one in Curry's personal history. In 1876 he wrote concerning it: "I can now recall nothing of special interest. My farm and profession occupied my time."

In May, 1855, William Curry, his father died; and in his death his son suffered a great loss. Mr. Curry was a man of no inconsiderable wealth, and large popularity. He was liberal and hospitable to a fault; and he was a conscientious and devoted Christian. At the time of his death he was a director of the Alabama and Tennessee River Railway Company; and, in filial affection, his son Jabez preserved among his papers to the day of his death, a copy of the resolutions of respect passed by William Curry's colleagues on the board of directors, May 24, 1855.

In proportion as the preceding year had seemed to him dull and uneventful, Curry found that of 1855 crowded to the brim with action and excitement. Writing of the time more than a generation later, he says:—

> The years 1854–1855 will be long remembered for the origin, unparalleled growth and complete overthrow of the American or Know-Nothing Party. It was a secret political organization, with degrees or orders of membership, and a ritual of initiation. Strong oaths were administered to persons admitted. The party suddenly

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became very popular. Lodges were organized, in nearly every neighborhood, village, town and city in the United States. So strong was the organization, it became presumptuous and intolerant of opposition. The leading object was to cultivate an intense Americanism, and exclude aliens from suffrage, and Roman Catholics from office. Nearly all the Whigs and many Democrats were beguiled into the party, which encountered its first and most serious opposition in Virginia, where Henry A. Wise, the democratic candidate for governor, made one of the most brilliant and effective campaigns ever made in the United States. In many other States the excitement was high; in none, more than in Alabama. In spite of many friendly warnings as to my self-inflicted political immolation, I was, from the beginning to the end, inflexibly opposed to the secret party and its principles. The death of my father and the settlement of his estate made it proper for me to decline candidacy for any office; but on July 3, 1855, I was by a county convention unanimously nominated for the legislative house of representatives. The convention was preceded by a large and tumultuous and sanguine assemblage of the opposition; and the leading speaker, in anticipation of my nomination, congratulated his party on the glory it would have in defeating "the Ajax Telamon of the Democracy." Having apparently no option, I accepted the nomination; and from that day until the election on the first Monday in August I traveled and spoke every day, except Sundays. The Know-Nothings never doubted of success; and I had to meet in debate Lewis E. Parsons, a knightly antagonist, one of the ablest lawyers in the State, a thorough gentleman, afterwards governor by presidential appointment, and Hon. Thomas B. Woodward, who had been a member of the Nullification Convention in South Carolina, and was the brother of Joseph A. Woodward, a leading member of Congress from South Carolina, and who participated with others

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in the canvass. The crowds were large, and the debates warm and excited. Several times I spoke in face of threats of personal violence. Having obtained one of the little "yellow books" (which I now possess) containing the oaths and ritual, I used them unsparingly. I rode on horseback to our various appointments, and never more enjoyed intellectual encounters. My whole ticket was elected, I leading the poll, receiving a majority of 2,550. I was on the day of the election thirty miles from the Court House, and rode that night on horseback, reaching the Square about 2 A.M., to be received by as glad and enthusiastic an assemblage as ever rejoiced over an election. Letters came from prominent men, in various parts of the State, warmly congratulating me, as Talladega from the ability of the Know-Nothing candidates was one of the chief battle fields in the State.

The Know-Nothing party was, as stated by Curry, a secret organization, the chief plank of whose platform was "America for Americans." It masqueraded behind mystic symbolism, and the paraphernalia of ritual ceremony. It had supreme lodges and subordinate lodges, and degrees, and grips and passwords. It had appeared first in 1852; when, as is often the case with embryo political organizations, it contented itself with interrogating the candidates of other parties. Its secret name at first was "The Sons of '76, or the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner." Later it became "The National Council of the United States of North America." Its derisive nickname by those who vainly interrogated its members as to its program and significance, only to receive the reply, "I don't know," was that of "Know-Nothings." It largely supplanted the Whig party in the South and Southwest. After an overwhelming and crushing defeat at the

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hands of the Virginia democracy, under the leadership of Wise in the gubernatorial campaign of 1855, its power began to wane, and its members deserted it, as rats leave a sinking ship. In spite of its loudly vaunted Americanism, it was distinctly un-American in its proscription for religious principle, and in its organization as a political party upon a basis of secrecy. Its members, abandoning both of these un-American dogmas, finally merged in the Constitutional Union party, which nominated and supported Bell and Everett in the portentous presidential election of 1860.

Curry's innate spirit of hostility to any political proscription chimed in with his established principles of democracy in this contest; and his triumphant campaign, which culminated in his enthusiastic reception in the late hours of election night by his excited and elated supporters, had been won with an energy and an eloquence that had been as effective as they were sincere.

The legislature met in the State House at Montgomery in December, 1855. The Speaker, Richard W. Walker, was not only a political but a personal friend of Curry's; and he again became chairman of the Committee on Internal Improvements, and also retained his place on the committee on Education, and on the joint committee to examine and audit the accounts of the Bank Commissioner. During this session he made speeches on subjects of internal improvement, on the proper disposition of the bills of the State bank, and on the American party. The last was in reply to the Honorable C. C. Langdon of Mobile; and created so unusual and distinct an impression for ability and eloquence upon its hearers,

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that its publication was requested by every democratic member of the house. Its author, however, with characteristic modesty, declined the proffered request; and the speech, like many other unusual and unreported specimens of human eloquence, passed into the limbo of forgetfulness.

The geological bill, which in the preceding session had become a law, continued an object of interest and improvement with him; and a report upon it and its operations, from his committee on Internal Improvements, written and presented by him, and of which a thousand copies were printed and circulated in the State, emphasized its importance, and added vitality and effect to its provisions.

He had been a delegate from his county to the State democratic conventions of 1847 and 1852; and he was again elected to that of 1856, whose function it was, among others, to choose delegates to the National Democratic Convention, which met in Cincinnati, June 2 of that year, and nominated Buchanan and Breckinridge on a strict-construction platform, which included a condemnation of Know-Nothingism, an approval of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and the substitution of what its adversaries called "Squatter Sovereignty" in place of the provisions of the Missouri Compromise.

All these doctrines were highly acceptable to Curry, who belonged to the school of Calhoun democracy, the members of which dominated the convention. He was made a presidential elector on the State democratic ticket of that year.

"I canvassed the district thoroughly," he writes of his own part in the campaign, "and spoke also in Selma and Marion. I received the highest vote of any of the elec-

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tors; and went to Montgomery to meet the Electoral College and cast the vote of the State for Mr. Buchanan."

His personal and political popularity, extending from his county, in which, in three successive legislative campaigns, he had led the poll as a candidate, was now illustrated in the State at large in the fact which he so modestly states, that he "received the highest vote of any of the electors." This popularity, when first evidenced, was attributed by him to his "small size, his youthful appearance, and the popularity of his father." As a matter of fact, it was undoubtedly due to his powers as a popular orator, and to his equipment as a well-informed politician of pleasing address, of profound convictions, of frank expression, and of great energy and enterprise. Of himself at this period he writes:—

Nominally practising law, I attended to my farm and read much of politics and miscellaneous literature. I desired to prepare myself to be a statesman, and my reading was largely in that line.

Besides his other work, already noticed, he wrote at this time a great deal for the newspapers. His close connection with the Talladega *Watchtower*, which had begun soon after his return from Harvard, continued; and in 1856, nearly all of the *Watchtower* editorials were from his pen. He says:—

"I wrote much for the above paper, and became a tolerable printer, and an expert proof-reader. Reading proof I consider a valuable part of my education."

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CHAPTER VII

"BLEEDING KANSAS"

In the fall of 1856 occurred the Presidential election, with the extension or restoration of slavery in the Territories, the burning question of the hour. Buchanan and Breckinridge, the democratic candidates, were elected over the opposing Know-Nothing and Republican tickets, whose nominees were respectively Millard Fillmore and Andrew Jackson Donelson on the former, and John C. Fremont and William L. Dayton on the latter. The democratic ticket received 174 electoral votes; that of the Republican party 114, and the Know-Nothing candidates 8. Buchanan and Breckinridge were inaugurated March 4, 1857; and the Supreme Court of the United States rendered its opinion in the Dred Scott case two days later. It is significant of the inflamed condition of the public mind on the question of slavery, that although this case had been decided in 1856, the great tribunal which had determined it thought it best to withhold its opinion until the excitement of the Presidential election should have subsided.

In May, 1857, a democratic convention for the Congressional district in Alabama, which included Talladega, met in that town, and nominated Curry for Congress, his competitor, Colonel Griffin, retiring after hearing two of Curry's speeches in the canvass.

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The democratic candidate made political addresses in every county in his district, although without opposition, in the effort as he states "to instruct the people on grave political issues and the character of the government."

After the election in November, Curry, with his family, consisting of his wife, two children, and a servant, went to Washington, and took rooms at the Ebbitt House, where his kinsman, L. Q. C. Lamar, then a member from Mississippi, and several colleagues from Alabama, were established. Alabama in this session was represented in the lower house by James A. Stallworth, Eli S. Slater, James F. Dowdell, Sydenham Moore, George S. Houston, Williamson R. W. Cobb, and J. L. M. Curry. The Senators were Clement C. Clay, Jr., and Benjamin Fitzpatrick.

Congress met on the 7th of December, with a substantial democratic majority in both houses, although in the preceding Presidential election there had been no popular majority for any one of the three tickets in the field; and Fremont would have been elected if Pennsylvania and Illinois had voted Republican. But the breach had not yet come in the democracy between the Douglas democrats, and those who upheld the doctrines of Calhoun under the leadership of Breckinridge and Yancey and Toombs and Davis,—a breach that divided the great political organization and lit the fires of civil war four years later in the ascendancy of the young Republican party. In the Senate there were 39 Democrats, 20 Republicans and 5 Know-Nothings. In the House the Democratic membership numbered 131, the Republican 92, and the Know-Nothings 14. James

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L. Orr of South Carolina was elected Speaker; and Curry was assigned to the unimportant committee on Revolutionary claims, whose membership nevertheless included three other important personages in Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Samuel S. Cox, of Ohio, later of New York. Lovejoy, the fanatic and fiery abolitionist, had been moved twenty years before by the murder of his brother, Elijah P. Lovejoy, at the hands of a mob in Alton, Illinois, to espouse the anti-slavery cause, which he advocated thenceforth with an energy, an eloquence, and a relentlessness that made him conspicuous among its restless and resistless protagonists. Dawes, like Curry, was serving his first term. He succeeded Charles Sumner as Senator from Massachusetts, and held conspicuous position in the affairs of the country for a period long subsequent to the close of the War between the States. Cox had been a newspaper editor, in which position he had achieved the soubriquet of "Sunset" from a glowing and iridescent quality of his editorials, combined with the initials of his name. He was a voluminous writer and an effective and humorous speaker.

Curry makes record of the fact that his Revolutionary Claims Committee had little work to do. Nevertheless, he sought and found other opportunities for work; and on the 10th of February, 1858, he made his first appearance on the floor in the presentation of a memorial of the General Assembly of Alabama in favor of the establishment of an armory in Shelby County, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and ordered to be printed. In the light of later events, it seems a significant and

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a most ominous act; but there is nothing to show that Curry, in presenting the wishes of his State in the premises, had any anticipation of the early subsequent need of armories in the South.

Two weeks later, on the 23rd of February, he made his first set speech in the House. It was in the course of the Kansas debate and upon the Kansas question.

It was such a speech as one would expect from a young Alabamian of that day, fervid, intense, defiant and thrilling with the conviction that abolition meant economic and social ruin to the people of his section. He was speaking from the heart when he shouted in this maiden speech:—

> With a like spirit, in total disregard of human suffering, John Quincy Adams, with all the fervor of hate and fanaticism, on the floor of the House, in 1844, gave utterance to the sentiment: "Let the abolition of slavery come; by whatever means—by blood or otherwise—let it come." If it did come, commerce would languish, factories would stop, banks would suspend, credit would expire, and universal woe would brood over this land. The fearful panic now upon us has impaired confidence, produced ruin and distress, bankrupted individuals and corporations, diminished trade, and inflicted losses from which twenty years will not recover us; and yet these consequences are trivial and insignificant compared with the sudden destruction of two thousand millions of property, the uprooting of social institutions, and the perishing of a nation. The sirocco's blast, the tornado's sweep, the earthquake's heavings, the ravages of the pestilence, faintly foreshadow the appalling desolation which would ensue upon such a catastrophe.

The story of what came to be known in the political parlance of the period as "Bleeding Kansas" is

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as full of bitterness and woe as a Greek tragedy. The very name reeks with the evil memories of border ruffianism, of intolerance, of the ferocity of human hate growing out of a quasi-moral political question, of Lecompton constitutions and Topeka conventions, while above all looms the fanatical and sinister figure of "Ossawatomie" Brown.

Kansas for a number of years had been the battle-ground between the extension and the restriction of slavery. As the territory had advanced towards a condition which entitled it to statehood, the contest had increased in violence. The opponents of either side were constantly up and doing. The abolitionists of New England poured into the Territory their hordes of subsidized colonists. The slave-holding Missourians sent bands of pro-slavery settlers with guns in their hands. With an eagerness that epitomized the rapidly crystallizing sentiment of the two diverging sections of the Republic, the two sides sought to possess themselves of the coming state.

Curry writes of the situation:—

> Douglas of Illinois and the Democrats, to get rid of what was called the "Wilmot Proviso," sought to flank the question by leaving it to the people to regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. Another question afterwards arose, whether the "inhabitants of a territory while in territorial pupilage could abolish slavery," or must that question be determined by the "people" assembled in convention to frame a constitution, their organic law.

Both parties in Kansas had framed constitutions, the anti-slavery men at Topeka, in October, 1855, and the pro-slavery men in October, 1857; and both

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parties were seeking the admission of Kansas as a state of the Union, each under its respective constitution. Curry favored its admission as a state "with or without slavery, as the constitution may require," but in no uncertain attitude as to which constitution he preferred.

"The rejection of Kansas, with the Lecompton Constitution," he said, "speaks the dissolution of, or sectionalizes the Democratic party, which is the strongest ligament that binds the Union together. It will be the unmistakable annunciation that no more slave States are to be admitted into this Union; that the South is to be degraded and reduced to inferiority; that there is to be no extension of her limits, no enlargement of her boundaries; that slavery shall be restricted with constantly narrowing confines; that for her, within this Union, there is to be no future but bleak, gloomy, hopeless despair."

He dwelt upon "the lamentable results" of abolition, as it was sought to be effected; and he expressed his profound "conviction of the importance of the question, and the magnitude of the interests involved." He declared that he but echoed the sentiment of his State, as authoritatively expressed by her General Assembly, and proclaimed his determination to follow her lead.

"I will not anticipate her course," he continued; "but recognizing to its fullest extent the right of secession, and owing to her my allegiance and fealty, when she calls I will respond; where she goes I will go; her people shall be my people, and her destiny my destiny."

Thus, in the simple eloquence of scriptural phraseology, he voiced the political creed of the

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democrats of the school of strict construction from Mr. Jefferson and Randolph of Roanoke and George Mason, down through Calhoun and Tyler to Breckinridge and Jefferson Davis, with a clearness and a courage characteristic alike of the man and of the times. The battle call of the abolitionists for three decades had been "secession," not on account of the Constitution, but of slavery. Wendell Phillips of Massachusetts had said at a meeting in Boston, in May, 1849, "We confess that we intend to trample under foot the constitution of this country." And later he declared:—

"There is merit in the Republican party. It is this: It is the first sectional party ever organized in this country. * * * It is not national; it is sectional. It is the North arrayed against the South. * * * The first crack in the iceberg is visible; you will yet hear it go with a crack through the centre."

William Lloyd Garrison had demanded in his paper, *The Liberator*, in September, 1855, "a Northern Confederacy, with no Union with slave-holders"; and in the same paper of June 20, 1856, had denounced the United States Constitution as "a covenant with death and a league with hell." Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in the May of the preceding year, had said: "He believed that this Union effectually prevented them from advancing in the least degree the work of the slave's redemption. . . . As to the word 'Union,' they all knew it was a political catchword."

Curry, to whom the compact theory of our government seemed irrefutable, was ready for secession because of a violated constitution, whose violation

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concluded its pact, and because he believed that that constitution itself, in reserving to the State the powers not expressly delegated to the Union, reserved to it the right, when it saw fit, to end its connection with the Union, in the exercise of its unquestionable sovereignty. That slavery itself was a thing to be gotten rid of, he doubtless held then, as many other southern Democrats held, who yet supported it as a social institution that had become so inextricably interwoven with the fabric of the body politic, as to be incapable of release save by the fatal operation called Cæsarian. Though in his later years his views of slavery became, in the light of time and experience greatly modified, and he found himself "glad that it is gone," and wondered "that I and others should have ever sanctioned and defended it," no subsequent event ever abated one jot or tittle of his faith in the strict construction of the Constitution, and in the doctrine of the rights of the States, with which the tremendously difficult question of slavery was so intimately and apparently inextricably involved. State sovereignty and the right of secession were boldly proclaimed and ably championed in this first speech of his in the halls of Congress. He came at last, as most others of his day and creed came, to accept the judgment of arms upon the question of secession; but his belief in the strict construction of the Constitution and the reserved rights of the States, as has been said, abode with him as part of his political creed, and he remained a Jeffersonian Democrat unto the last.

"In the light of subsequent experience, quite apart from constitutional questions," he wrote in his commonplace book forty years afterwards with a significant

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maintenance of the integrity of his political thinking, "I put here on record my gratitude that Kansas was not cursed with the institution of African slavery."

This sentiment was a reasonable expression of the feeling that had animated Mr. Jefferson when he sought to incorporate into the Declaration of Independence a protest against the continuance of the slave trade, and to write into the "Ordinance of 'Eighty-seven" the prohibition of slavery in the Northwest Territory; that had made John Marshall the first President of the Colonization Society of Virginia; that had caused George Mason, in the Virginia Convention of 1788, having under consideration the adoption of the Federal Constitution, to denounce that clause of it which permitted the importation of slaves for twenty years; and that induced General Robert E. Lee and a host of other Southerners to manumit their slaves. The right of secession, advocated by the thoughtful southern *ante-bellum* Democrat, was advocated for the sake of constitutional liberty; and not, as in the case, at least, of the more violent northern abolitionist, on account of slavery.

Curry's speech in the Kansas debate was listened to with marked interest and attention by his Congressional auditors, and it was widely circulated in printed form throughout the South. Greeley, in the *Tribune*, recognized its ability, and pronouncing it "a strong speech," said of its author: "He is certainly a powerful addition to the pro-slavery side of the House."

Curry's habits of life at this time were characteristic of the man, and go far toward explaining his success in Congress as well as in his subsequent

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career. He was a regular attendant at the E Street Baptist Church, whose pastor was Dr. Samson, President of Columbian College. An acquaintance thus began between the two men, which ripened through succeeding years into a valuable friendship. Through the influence of President Samson, Curry was invited to address the students of the College. The audience assembled in the Smithsonian building; and he had the gratification of seeing among his auditors the President of the United States, Mr. Buchanan; General Lewis Cass, who had been a nominee of the national democratic party for the Presidential office; and Professor Joseph Henry, whose work as a physicist has left him a greater fame than that of more than one President of the Union; and whose splendid biography is epitomized in that of a later great physicist no less famous, who said of Henry that "he never engaged in an investigation or an enterprise which was to put a dollar into his own pocket, but aimed only at the general good of the world."

Curry's devotion during this session of Congress to the duties of his office was diligent and conscientious. He was punctual in attendance, and alert and painstaking in his attention to the public matters which came before the House. In addition, he makes record that "business before the departments was plentiful; and correspondence was heavy; but by preventing accumulation of work, I was never behind, and rarely pressed. In those days members of Congress had no clerks."

During this session a bill was introduced granting pensions to the soldiers of the War of 1812. Curry, with the well-grounded principles of the strict con-

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struction Democrat of the day, opposed it with vigor and ability.

"No measure," he said later, "so satisfied me of the general want of moral courage on the part of Representatives. . . . Congress now yields readily to any pension claim, whether supported or not by valid proof. Then the House in Committee of the Whole, always defeated the measure; but when the Yeas and Nays were called, the vote was different. Elihu Washburn, John Sherman, and Winter Davis among the Republicans, had the courage of their convictions, and recorded themselves in the negative."

Convinced of the inexpediency and fundamental wrong of a system, which has since that time fastened itself with resistless and appalling power upon the Government, he opposed the Pension Bill in an elaborate speech on the floor of the House of Representatives. In this speech, which was made on April 27, 1858, he pointed out the extravagant provisions of the bill, and demonstrated the social, political and economic evils that may be expected to flow from the establishment and continuance of a system of pensions in a democratic government. The speech demonstrates the results of an extended investigation and study of the subject, both in an historical and political-economic direction; and Curry himself subsequently regarded it as one of the best he ever made. "Some whispers of discontent," he says, "were heard in my district; but my constituents had the good sense to approve."

As an incident of this period of his life, he mentions with interest the fact of hearing Adelina Patti sing. She was then but little more than a child, being scarcely seventeen; but she had already long been

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a familiar object of admiration and delight to the music-loving public of two hemispheres, that she had charmed with her beauty, grace and artistic skill. Curry, in making mention of the incident some twenty years later, says: "She was a young girl, but gave abundant prophecy of her present fame."

The session of Congress continued until June 1, 1858; and Curry and his family went home to spend the vacation, which lasted until the reassembling on December 6, 1858. Again the Pension Bill came to the front; and though apparently of almost insignificant consequence in comparison with the mighty subjects of which men's minds and hearts were full, afforded in itself a theme for the expression of that constitutional interpretation about which the larger questions of slavery and abolition revolved. He was promulgating sound doctrine from the democratic standpoint, and that, so just, that political adversaries like Henry Winter Davis could take occasion to commend his position, when he said in further debate on the bill:—

> It is said by gentlemen upon this floor that no argument as to the expense is an argument as to the merits of the bill. I take a different position. Sir, when you propose to tax the people of this country for the purpose of conferring a gratuity upon men who are not disabled, not needy, not objects of charity,—for this bill does not discriminate between the wealthy and the necessitous—then I contend that it is a legitimate line of argument to inquire into the expense under this bill, and to hold up to public view and observation the enormous amount which will be required to execute it.

His legislative efforts as a Congressman were all in the direction of seeking to administer the govern-

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ment economically, prudently, and with due regard to constitutional restriction. On January 13, 1859, he offered a resolution, which was agreed to, requiring the Secretary of the Navy to furnish detailed information concerning the Navy Chaplains appointed since 1813. The act seemed to be to ascertain whether any attempt was being made to subject non-Episcopal Chaplains to Episcopal forms; or whether in the religious practices of the American Navy there might be any suggestion of a violation of the spirit of constitutional freedom, which had found its great inception in the United States in Jefferson's immortal statute.

Toward the latter part of the month of January, 1859, he participated in the then pending Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, asserting an economical and democratic attitude against the sinecures and pretensions of ministers to unimportant foreign courts, and proposing to reduce expense and curtail patronage by reducing the number of foreign ministers.

"My opposition to some, not all, of these measures," he declared, "grows out of the fact of their unnecessary expense and their conceded uselessness."

It is believed that no vote of his can be found recorded that did not favor, as opportunity occurred, a reduction in the number of offices, and a cutting down of appropriations. On February 2, 1859, when the Legislation Appropriation Bill was under discussion, he came to the front with a proposition to reduce expenses by putting an end to the publication of the Congressional Debates. Undismayed by memories of the reports of the legislative discussions

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which had for so many years engaged the talents of Seaton and Gales, and to the abridgment of which Thomas H. Benton had not disdained to apply his great industry and ability, Curry attacked the bill by moving to strike out an item of $49,333.32 for printing the Congressional Globe, and for binding the same; and the further item of $18,046, "for reporting proceedings." He admitted that he had very little hope of the motion being adopted, but said he made it in entirely good faith. He regarded the publication of the debates of the House as useless and costly; they crowded the mails, and were never read.

"I believe there is no expenditure of this Government so useless and worthless," he declared, "as that for the publication of the Congressional Globe. . . . I do not propose to object to paying for what has already been done, but I propose to put a stop to future expenses of this kind."

On the next day he made another speech against the system of printing and distributing the speeches of the House. "The truth is," he asserted, "that with few exceptions, they are made that they may be printed and not that they may be read."

A few days later, Mr. Francis P. Blair of Missouri moved the purchase of one hundred copies of Benton's Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, for the use of the Congressional Library and the libraries of the two houses. Mr. Garnett of Virginia opposed the resolution, because he thought it "wrong in principle," and later he found and expressed other reasons of opposition. Others took part in the discussion; and Curry moved to amend Mr. Blair's

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resolution by adding, "one hundred copies of Appleton's edition of Calhoun's Works."

Mr. Phelps of Missouri rose to a point of order: "I submit," said he, "that the amendment of the gentleman from Alabama is out of order." The point of order was overruled; and Curry said:—

I have not examined Benton's abridgment of the debates sufficiently to test their fidelity and accuracy. I have, however, purchased a copy for my own library. But, sir, I have to say that if it is as full of prejudice, and I had almost said of malignity, as his "Thirty Years in the Senate," I think it ought to be burned by the common hangman. However that may be, if Congress intends by this special piece of favoritism to purchase Benton's Abridgment, I think they ought to purchase, at least by way of antidote, Calhoun's Works.

To this Mr. Clark of Missouri replied:—

I am opposed to the amendment of the gentleman from Alabama. It is with great regret, indeed, that I have heard the gentleman allow himself to pronounce upon this great work of the country as he has done. Sir, Colonel Benton's Abridgment of the Debates of Congress is a great national work. Most gentlemen present have examined it, and will bear me witness that it is marked with the strictest fidelity and accuracy. I admit that Mr. Benton had his partialities, but they were not stronger than those of the favorite of the gentleman from Alabama, Mr. Calhoun. They were rivals, and have had their day. Both were great men of the country; but their works are widely different.

Mr. Cochrane of New York thereupon injected into the merry war of books and words this query:—

I desire to ask the gentleman from Alabama whether

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Mr. Calhoun's Works are not already in the library of Congress?

Curry replied: "They are, and I hope gentlemen will read them and improve their politics"; to which Mr. McQueen of South Carolina added: "I will say to the gentleman that Mr. Benton's work is also there."

Curry's amendment was lost; and the incident, trivial in itself, is related merely for the sake of illustrating and emphasizing that dominant and significant characteristic, which lasted him through life, of losing no opportunity, however small, of seeking to impress his convictions concerning political or moral righteousness and truth upon the minds of those with whom he came in contact.

On February 24, 1859, he made an extended speech on expenditures and the tariff, advocating the democratic doctrine of "retrenchment and economy," and inveighing against "onerous taxes," and the injustice and unconstitutionality of a "protective" tariff. The closing sentence of this speech is worthy of quotation, as an epitome of the political doctrines of the State-rights democracy of the period:—

> Sir, there is virtue, power, victory, invincibility yet in Democratic principles; but to secure and merit success there must be a self-lustration and a speedy return to the rigid State-rights and free-trade principles of John Taylor, and Jefferson, of Polk and Pierce, of Calhoun and Woodbury. On such alone can the Government be safely administered, and on such alone depend our security and prosperity.

It was the voice of one, invoking in the wilderness, among others more distinguished, the now almost

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forgotten names and obsolete political philosophy of John Taylor of Caroline, the Virginian, and of Levi Woodbury, the great defender of the Independent Treasury System, and "the rock of New England democracy."

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CHAPTER VIII

A FIRST AND LAST ALLEGIANCE

"When Congress met in December, 1859," Curry makes record at a later period, "the two parties, Democratic and Republican, were nearly balanced, a handful of 'Americans' holding the control. John Sherman and Thomas S. Bocock were the Republican and Democratic candidates for Speaker, and neither could get the required majority. During the autumn John Brown had made his incendiary raid into Virginia, and had been arrested, tried and hung. The North generally sympathized with the fanatical felon. One Richard Rowan Helper of North Carolina had published a pamphlet on Slavery, unjust to the South, which Republican members had endorsed and circulated. Passions were much inflamed. Sectional issues were assuming shape, and sectionalizing parties. The elements were brewing for a gigantic and bloody contest. During the ballotings while the Clerk presided, many inflammatory speeches were made; and there were very nearly several times, personal collisions. On December 10th, I spoke on the Progress of Anti-slaveryism, trying to present a calm and philosophical view of the subject. My speech, temperate in language but firm and argumentative, was widely copied, and I received many letters asking for copies."

The times were out of joint, and temperance of thought and speech were ceasing to dominate men's minds. Slavery, which had agitated the country for more than two decades, as the subject of political discussion, and around which as an object revolved

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great questions of constitutional construction and interpretation, was now not only a burning but a flaming issue. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had written, and her publishers had printed and circulated in America more than half a million copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the most ingenious and powerful political pamphlet in its effect ever composed in the western hemisphere. Judge Taney and a majority of the Supreme Court had decided the Dred Scott case in favor of the pursuing master and against the recalcitrant slave in the free-state, and Benjamin R. Curtis, one of the ablest of the many able jurisprudents of New England, had delivered a dissenting opinion in the same great case, which had given pause to the purpose and daunted the intellectual courage of many of the most thoughtful pro-slavery advocates; Hinton R. Helper, a non-slave holding Southerner, had stirred the passions and inflamed the hearts of the North with a mighty exposition of the wrongs experienced by the poor white man of the South by reason of negro-slavery, in his "Impending Crisis," a complementary and more bitter indictment of slavery even than Mrs. Stowe's book; "Bleeding Kansas" had held the centre of the political stage in a passionate and ferocious struggle over two constitutions; and out of it John Brown had emerged in the darkness of abolition secrecy, with his murderous pikes of "freedom" in the hands of his fugitive slave-followers; and had been captured in his assault upon the United States Government Arsenal at Harper's Ferry by Federal troops, and hung for treason and inciting insurrection, by the authorities of the Commonwealth of Virginia. The quasi-moral question

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of slavery, injected into the political body of the times had served, as such questions in politics invariably serve, to stir the fiercest and most elemental passions of men. Against the abolition slogan, that because of slavery the Federal Constitution was "a league with death and a covenant with hell," the strict construction South continued to chant its bold appeal to the Constitution itself. "After all, it is not the Union—the Union alone upon which the reflecting man of this country bases his hopes and rests his affections. With him the Union is secondary in importance to the principles it was designed to perpetuate and establish," was the thought of the Cotton States democrat, as voiced a short time before by a representative from Curry's own State. The "irrepressible conflict" loomed portentous and dreadful in the almost immediate future.

In Curry's speech, above referred to, made on the floor of the House five days after its meeting on December 5th, 1859, he enlarged upon the desperate temper of the times, the tremendous growth of abolition sentiment, and the logical and inevitable results to flow from existing conditions:—

"If I may be allowed to make a personal allusion," he said, "in 1844 I myself stood in Faneuil Hall, and heard a speech of James G. Birney, the Liberty-party candidate for the Presidency, when there was hardly a baker's dozen present to share with him his liberty-loving sentiments; and some of those who were there were, like myself, attracted from curiosity to hear a speech upon such a subject from a candidate for such a position. It is thus that anti-slaveryism has swelled, enlarged, and grown, until at the last presidential election, a mere political adventurer, unknown to the multitude, without

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political antecedents, received one million four hundred thousand votes in Northern States. And yet you tell us, the distinguished gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Corwin) told us, that we need not have any apprehension or feel any special alarm."

Curry's characterization of John C. Frémont is scarcely consistent with his boast of the temperance to be found in the language of this speech. Frémont was already a distinguished man, even though an "adventurer" in the lofty sense of the word, when the young Republican party of the country had made him its standard-bearer in 1856; and had, independent of his "adventures," by that strange magic that often moves the minds of democracies, outside of political principles, won the hearts of many of the old Jacksonian Democrats by winning the hand of Jessie Benton, the daughter of the stout Missourian who had, independent and alone, in the earlier days of the century carried his "expunging resolutions" in the United States Senate, and wiped from the august record of that body the condemnation of his great chieftain, Andrew Jackson. Yet, after all is said, under the influence of those compelling days the one million four hundred thousand votes for Frémont in the Northern States in 1856 would have been given for a graven image, standing for what he stood for.

"Damn you, sir," said John Randolph of Roanoke, in response to the proffered thanks from the hustings of one of his neighbors for whom as a party candidate he had just voted, and to whom he had declined to speak for twenty years, "I am not voting for you, but for the Democratic party."

Curry's prognosis was correct, however intem-

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perate his description of Frémont; and it was all in vain to his prophetic soul that Corwin and his compeers proclaimed "Peace! peace!" when there was no peace. He saw with the clearness of vision, that was not given to all who thought as he thought, to see, that "the vitalizing, animating principle of the Republican party is opposition to slavery." But with this clarity of foresight, he perceived none the less the other side,—the grave alternative,—equally clearly; and portrayed that perception, and his allegiance to its consequences, with the high courage that he never failed, when needful, to exhibit.

"Every separate community," he continued, "must be able to protect itself. Power must be met by power. If the majority can control this government, interpreting the Constitution at its will, then this government is a despotism. Whether wise or unwise, whether merciful or cruel, it is a despotism still.

"Mr. Clerk, this power of self-protection, according to my judgment and my theory of politics, resides in each State. Each has the right of secession, the right of interposition, for the arrest of evils within its limits. . . .

"Mr. Clerk, if our . . . friends . . . (in Congress) . . . be not able to interpose for the security of the South, and for the preservation of the Constitution, I, for one, shall counsel immediate and effective resistance, and shall urge the people to fling themselves upon the reserved rights and the inalienable sovereignty of the State to which I owe my first and last allegiance." (Applause.)

The tension of the times was indicated in the fierce and protracted struggle over the Speakership of the House, which continued for eight weeks before

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a Speaker was finally chosen. The Republicans had a plurality over the Democrats, but the Know-Nothings held the balance of power. John Sherman of Ohio, the Republican candidate for Speaker, and Thomas S. Bocock of Virginia, the Democratic candidate, were appropriate and fit representatives of their respective parties on the great issue; and the debates, that at times grew from anger to ferocity, circled about the John Brown raid and Helper's abolitionist "Impending Crisis." Sherman came at one time within three votes of election; but both he and Bocock failed in the conclusion, and William Pennington, of New Jersey, a moderate Republican, was elected to the Speakership. Sherman became later one of the most distinguished leaders of his party; while Bocock was, in 1861, elected a member of the first Congress of the Confederate States, and upon its permanent organization became its Speaker.

A short time before his death in 1903, Curry, in allusion to what he calls "a pleasant correspondence and interview with Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, our Minister to England," growing out of his speech above referred to, and doubtless in extenuation of its note of certainty, says:—

> In after years, the decade having passed, I sent him (Mr. Pierrepont) a speech made before the Georgia legislature, in which I said that the man or woman, who assumed to understand and provide an adequate remedy for the negro problem was a fanatic *or* a fool. In reply he asked leave to amend by striking out "*or*" and inserting "*and.*"

"Southern members," wrote Curry, in 1876, concerning these stirring events, "were generally too violent and personally denunciatory. Some attained a cheap

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newspaper notoriety by attacks on Northern representatives; and, I doubt not, enhanced the cruelties of the war, as many of those representatives remembered the bitter words, and thirsted for revenge."

He concludes his account of the struggle over the Speakership, in which as a democratic teller, he kept the tally-sheet of the votes, with the statement that Governor Pennington, the successful candidate, was "a weak old man," and "had no qualifications for the position."

In the appointment of committees, Curry was put on that of Naval Affairs, the chairman of which was Mr. Schuyler Colfax of Indiana; "and was thus," he says, "thrown into pleasant relations with such officers as Buchanan, Dahlgren, Magruder, etc."

Curry's fame as a debater on the floor of the House became well established during this time; and when a resolution of censure against the President was introduced in that body, growing out of the sale of Fort Snelling, Mr. Buchanan sent for Curry and desired him to undertake his defense against the accusation contained in the resolution. This Curry made ready to do; and the notes for his speech prepared for the occasion, but never used, because the matter was not pressed, were found among his papers after his death.

On February 16, 1860, he submitted a resolution, that was unanimously agreed to, instructing the Committee on Accounts to inquire into the expediency of some additional legislation securing greater accountability and economy in the disbursement of the contingent fund. With a high sense of his representative responsibility, he remained a "watchdog of the Treasury" during his whole stay in Con-

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gress. He was ever eager in seeking the enforcement of an economic administration of the government, so long as he remained in it and of it, which he nevertheless showed himself ready to abandon, and if necessary to destroy, for the sake of a fundamental principle.

On March 14, following, he addressed the House on the Constitutional Rights of the States in the Territories, discussing Slavery, State Sovereignty, the powers of Congress in the Territories, "Squatter Sovereignty," and all the host of incidental matters that garnish the history of that tremendous epoch.

"African slavery," he said, "is now a great fact—a political, social, industrial, humanitarian fact. Its chief product is 'King,' and freights northern vessels, drives northern machinery, feeds northern laborers, and clothes the entire population. Northern no less than Southern capital and labor are dependent in great degree upon it; and these results were wholly unanticipated by the good men who are so industriously persuaded as clouds of witnesses against the institution."

He spoke of it, and thought of it, and maintained it, and fortified it as an "institution," with the logic and the eloquence of profound and patriotic conviction; deeming it as Mr. Calhoun described it: "What is called slavery is, in reality, a political institution, essential to the peace, safety and prosperity of those States of the Union in which it exists." Before he was ten years older Curry utterly abandoned this theory of slavery and came to regard it as an economic curse from which Southern society was happily relieved.

In his speech of March 14 he exhibited an unusual power of eloquence and ability; and at the end of

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his hour, his time was extended by unanimous consent, in order that he might go on. He continued for some while longer, with an address of ever growing vigor and force, which found its peroration in a stirring allusion to the refusal of the Republican party to admit Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton constitution.

This speech attracted especial attention to him as one of the ablest of the Southern representatives in Congress; and was so disturbing in its effects upon the Douglas, or "Anti-Lecompton" Democrats, of whom there were then the ill-boding number of thirteen in the House, that the Mobile *Register*, the leading Douglas newspaper in the South, edited by the Honorable John Forsythe, devoted eight or ten successive articles to an elaborate reply.

A slight incident in a man's career will often serve to illustrate his character more than many of his most ambitious acts. On June 4, 1860, Curry opposed the payment to the grandchildren of a certain Revolutionary officer of a sum of money that had been voted him by Congress, but not paid. He said: "I have examined a great many of these Revolutionary claims, and I have never found a just one yet." His idea seemed to be that of the Texas judge, who replied, to the plea of the young lawyer defending the criminal, to the effect that it was better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent person to suffer, with the sententious observation that the ninety-nine guilty ones had "already escaped." Curry thought that the righteous Revolutionary claims had long since been paid. Upon learning that the children of the officer were dead, he asserted: "Then his grandchildren, in this

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claim are speculating on the patriotism of their ancestor."

But in the same month, in kindly and striking contrast with this stern attitude of mind, we find him, in his last utterance of the session, saying:—

Mr. Speaker, the other day I objected to a bill reported by the gentleman from New Hampshire from the Committee of Claims, because the report stated no facts. On examination of the Senate report, I find that the facts are fully stated; and as I did injustice to a very worthy old man, as I think, I would like very much, if the House will indulge me, to repair the wrong I have done him.

The House adjourned June 18th, 1860, with "bleeding Kansas" still a territory, and Slave State and Free State confronting each the other, in fierce hostility. Curry, travelling homeward through Tennessee, reached Talladega on June 27th, the day before the withdrawing delegates from the Democratic Charleston Convention gathered in Baltimore, and nominated Breckinridge and Lane as the candidates of the states rights and slavery cotton states Democracy.

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CHAPTER IX

THE DAWN OF WAR

Madame De Rémusat has recorded the striking saying of the great French Emperor, that "political hatred is like a pair of spectacles,—one sees everybody, every opinion or every sentiment, only through the glass of one's passions." To such a pitch had political excitement risen in 1860, that Napoleon's cynicism had become an expression of commonplace truth.

Nearly two months before the adjournment of Congress, the Democratic National Convention had met in Charleston, South Carolina. The division of the country into the sections which Mr. Jefferson had anticipated from the passage of the Missouri Compromise, now found its reproduction in the council chamber of Democracy itself. The two factions in the party, re-affirming each the strict construction doctrines of many previous Democratic platforms, aligned themselves sectionally by North and South upon the questions of Douglas' "Popular Sovereignty," the Dred Scott case, and the right of Congress or of Territorial legislatures to prohibit slavery in the Territories. After a bitter and momentous struggle, in which the few Northern anti-Douglas delegates out-heroded Herod in their opposition to "Squatter Sovereignty," the Convention adopted the Douglas platform, and after a prolonged session and an adjournment to Baltimore, nominated

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"the Little Giant" of Illinois as the party's candidate for President, with Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia as his running mate; while with vociferous insistence Benjamin F. Butler and Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts continued to cast their votes for President for Jefferson Davis of Mississippi.

The Breckinridge wing of the party, ten days later, met also in Baltimore, and nominated Breckinridge and Lane. The Constitutional Union party, the remnant of the former American or "Know-Nothing" organization, still staggering under the deadly blow dealt it in Virginia, in 1855, by Henry A. Wise, had in the preceding month met, also in Baltimore, and with what seems in the retrospect almost such a sense of humor as was possessed by the jester who defined a political platform as "something to get on by," had nominated Bell and Everett, on the glittering and general proposition that the decrepit party stood for "The Constitution of the Country, the Union of the States, and the enforcement of the laws."

In Massachusetts "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was taking form in an abolitionist woman's brain; while in Louisiana a young schoolteacher was dreaming of the "Marsellaise" of the Confederacy. Within a year after the Whig-Know-Nothing-Constitutional Party sought to still elemental passions with phrases, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe had written the greatest political lyric of America:—

> Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
> the Lord:
> He is trampling out the vintage where his grapes
> of wrath are stored,

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He has loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword—
His truth is marching on;

and James Ryder Randall had put into words, and the Virginian Cary girls had put into music, the soul of war; and a new-born and short-lived nation was chanting in the South:—

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!

For the young and aggressive party of anti-slavery, and of loose construction, Mr. Lincoln had set the pace in a series of tremendous debates for the Senatorship in Illinois, two years before, in which he had nevertheless gone down in temporary defeat before the arguments and eloquence of Douglas. But the logic of Lincoln's reiterated assertion in that great debate, that the country could not continue "half-slave and half-free," was now mingling with the mighty passions that had sprung out of the John Brown episode. There was no evasion nor dissension in the vigorous enunciation of political principles, written into the Republican platform of 1860, when its convention assembled in May, at Chicago, and nominated as its candidates Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin. This document proclaimed in the confident notes of an unmistakable purpose, a loose construction of the Federal Constitution. It appealed to the Declaration of Independence itself in defence of the freedom and equality of all men; with a brave indifference to the memories of the Hartford Convention, and

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of the outspoken disloyalty of the earlier abolitionists, it charged the Democracy with advocating and threatening disunion; and it pronounced for the freedom of all men in the Territories, and adopted the Federalist doctrines of Protection and of Internal Improvements.

Out of the ruck and turmoil of it all emerged darkly the swart face and ominous figure of the negro slave. The platform of the Union party evaded the vision, and ignored its imminent presence. The Douglas democracy, with an illogical and unmaintainable platform, left the negro question like Mahomet's coffin, swung midway between heaven and earth, while it laid the responsibility which involved the decision of the negro's fate upon the people in the Territories, or upon the people of the States indifferently,—or anywhere, indeed, except where the Cotton States democrats reasonably placed it in their platform,—upon the Constitution and the Democratic party.

Opposed to these three divisions of the voters into political parties, stood with unwavering front and indomitable courage the young Republicans, upon a platform which declared its set and relentless purpose of prohibiting slavery in the Territories at all hazards, and at whatever stake; and whose rank and file were stirred to high passion by the flaming spirit of abolitionism.

When the election came in November, every Free State, save one, chose Republican electors; while most of the Southern States voted for Breckinridge. It was the logical and inevitable conclusion. There was no time or place for the midway business of Douglasism, or for the evasions of the "Know-Nothings."

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Curry, naturally, with his firmly fixed political principles and consistent antecedents, went with the Breckinridge democracy. He was not of Judge Douglas' political stripe; and he hardly admired him as a man.

"He was an able debater," Curry writes of him, "with strong native powers, but without wide culture. In his tastes and associations he was social and democratic; and, as a *bon vivant*, his intemperance led his associates astray."

In Alabama, "as in duty bound and from conviction" Curry entered actively into the Presidential canvass. He spoke not only in his own district, but in Greensboro, Marion, Selma, and other places. In November, following the date of the popular election, he addressed the people in the Methodist church at Talladega on "The Perils and Duty of the South." In this address, he advised and counselled the secession of the State, as the only logical and sufficient remedy under the Constitution for existing evils. The next day he set out for Washington, in order to be present at the opening of Congress.

"Little else was thought or talked about," he writes of this period, "than the threatened secession of the slave-holding states. The debates in Congress were excited and inflammatory,—menacing, not pacific; partisan, not statesmanlike. Few realized the criticalness of the situation, or seemed to forecast the consequences. Few at the North credited the intense earnestness of the South. When the telegram was received that South Carolina had seceded, it met with derisive laughter from the Republican side. Oxenstiern's advice to his son, to travel and see with how little wisdom the world was governed, had a painful verification."

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On December 13th, Curry objected to the introduction of a resolution by Morris of Illinois on "the Perpetuity of the Union." His objection was to the peril that stood in the imminent breach. Five days later, he objected to the introduction of a bill granting pensions to soldiers of the War of 1812. This objection harked back to first principles. He was ever seeking to uphold, both in great things and in small, the constitutions of his country, as he construed them.

But the perpetuity of the Union was about to be called into tremendous question: and other pensions than those of the War of 1812 lay in the near shadow of coming events. Standing at the parting of the ways, he could look back at his career in the National House of Representatives with a sense of having kept the faith. His period of service in Congress extended from December 7, 1857, to January 31, 1861. During that period the eager young Alabamian had stood in his high representative office for the continuance of slavery as an "institution" under the constitution, into which it had been written; for State Rights according to his strict interpretation of the instrument; for open territories, for economy in appropriations and expenditures, for a reduction of the number of sinecures; and for the barring of opportunities to what a later American political vernacular has given the sinister name of "graft." He had stood too for a strict interpretation of the Constitution at all points; and he had opposed protectionism, and advocated a tariff fairly adjusted to support a national government, honestly and economically administered.

"Sunset" Cox in his "Three Decades of Federal

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Legislation," seeking to depict his Congressional fellow-members, each with a few light lines, has dealt with him and Pugh, one of his colleagues from Alabama, together, in the succinct paragraph: "For subtle ratiocination of the Calhoun pattern, there was Pugh of Alabama, who had all the pith without the artistic polish of his colleague, Curry"; and a later commentator in the Macon, Georgia, *Telegraph*, has said of him:—

> At a period just preceding the War he was justly considered the leader of his party in the House of Representatives. The records of Congress glow with his brilliant and patriotic appeals in behalf of Southern rights and institutions.

On December 20, 1860, to the "derisive laughter" of the Republican members of the House, South Carolina, with grim memories of "Nullification" and of "the Bloody Proclamation," seceded from the Union under what she had always conceived to be her constitutional and unsurrendered right. On the 28th of that month, Curry went to Annapolis as the accredited representative of Alabama, to present his credentials to the Governor of that State, and to consult with him concerning the coöperation of the two States with respect to their future welfare.

The Governor of Maryland was absent from the capital at the time of Curry's visit; and the latter left a communication in writing, to which his excellency replied through the newspapers, without giving the public an opportunity to read Curry's letter with the reply. Nothing came of the little adventure; but the story of the episode is preserved in the correspondence and in Curry's report of his visit to the

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capital of Maryland, all of which are published in the "Debates" of the Alabama Secession Convention.

On January 1, 1861, Curry left Washington, *en route* for Montgomery, to be present at the sessions of the Alabama Convention; and at various places on the way he made speeches and received ovations at the hands of multitudes. On January 7th, the Convention assembled, and was opened with prayer by the Reverend Basil Manly. Curry was invited to a seat on the platform; and three days later he and his colleague, Mr. Pugh, in response to a resolution of the Convention, submitted to the body a communication stating the purposes of the new Republican government of Washington as anticipated by the writers. On the following day, January 11, 1861, the Convention adopted an ordinance of secession by a vote of 61 to 39.

"The intense earnestness of the people" over this grave and momentous action of their representatives, unappreciated, as Curry states, at the North, was illustrated in the capital city of Alabama and throughout the State, by the reception which was given to the withdrawal of the State from the Union. The excitement was intense, and vented itself in the roaring of cannon and the ringing of bells; while the Convention hall, whose doors were flung open upon the announcement of the event, was thronged with an enthusiastic and cheering multitude. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the streets were thronged with a concourse of men, women and children. A mass-meeting was held in front of Montgomery Hall, and Curry and John B. Gordon addressed the multitude. It was the first

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time that the later educator had met the later soldier, whose similar patriotism in subsequent years was to aid in reconciling and re-uniting the then divided people of a common country.

On January 13th, Curry went to Selma, Alabama, and on the next day to Talladega. On the 19th, the Convention, still in session, elected him a delegate—"deputy," he calls it—to the Convention of Seceding States, which was to meet at Montgomery, on February 4th following, for the purpose of organizing a provisional government. It was on the way to this Convention,—as he pauses in the swift narrative of events, made in his later years, to record,—that he made another notable acquaintance in the person of the distinguished lady, who has left the mark of her literary talent upon the story of Southern letters in her novels; and a yet more grateful memory in the hearts of many, whose lives survive the stormy scenes sought to be herein depicted, by her attention to the sick and wounded in the Confederate Camps of 1861–1865.

On February 3rd, *en route* to Montgomery, to attend the Congress, on the boat above Selma, I was introduced to Miss Augusta Evans, an ardent Confederate, the authoress of "Inez," "Beulah," "Macaria," etc., and then began a delightful friendship with a pure and noble and gifted woman.

Long years afterward this friend of the river trip to Montgomery, writing to him of his special mission to Spain, says:

Mobile, Jan. 1, 1902.

My dear Mr. Curry:

"*Forty-one years ago* I listened to the speech you delivered in the "Confederacy Congress" at Montgomery

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when presenting to Howell Cobb an inkstand of Talladega marble. How many, who heard you then, survive to-day to congratulate you on this latest laurel wreath earned by your successful service? Hoping that 1902 comes freighted with blessings for you and your wife, and soliciting your generous indulgence for this ugly scrawl, believe me—as of yore,

Your sincere, unreconstructed rebel friend,
AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON."

In the meantime, while Curry was in the South, the dramatic events which prefaced the crisis were taking place in Washington. As the ordinances of secession were passed one after another by the Southern States, the Senators and Representatives from the South were withdrawing from the two Houses of the National Congress.

"The onlookers," says a historian of the period, writing from the Northern viewpoint of these tragic circumstances, "thought of Webster and his prayer, that his dying eyes as they sought the sun, might not behold it shining upon a torn and rent land, and they cursed the hour in which they themselves were witnessing the dissolution of the Union."

It was not merely men that were leaving the familiar halls. "The States were going out!" The Senators in person, and the Representatives for the most part by written addresses, took their leave. One of the former, who became in time the central figure of this tremendous political tragedy, said on the 21st day of January, 1861, in a farewell address to the assembled Senate, the final word announcing the attitude of the seceding States:—

"A great man who now reposes with his fathers," said Senator Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, "and who has

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often been arraigned for a want of fealty to the Union, advocated the doctrine of Nullification because it preserved the Union. It was because of his deep-seated attachment to the Union,—his determination to find some remedy for existing ills, short of a severance of the ties which bound South Carolina to the other States,—that Mr. Calhoun advocated the doctrine of Nullification, which he proclaimed to be peaceful, to be within the limits of State power, not to disturb the Union, but only to be a means of bringing the agent before the tribunal of the States for their judgment.

"Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis that the States are sovereign. There was a time when none denied it. I hope the time may come again when a better comprehension of the theory of our Government, and the inalienable rights of the people of the States, will prevent any one from denying that each State is a sovereign, and thus may reclaim the grants which it has made to any agent whomsoever."

Second in the Senate, and among the first three or four of the delegations from the South, the men from Alabama answered the call of their sovereign States. On January 12th, 1861, L. Q. C. Lamar, and the other Mississippi representatives, bade adieu to the House in a formal note of fourteen lines; and on the day of Mr. Davis' farewell address to the Senate, Curry and his colleagues presented to Speaker Pennington their communication of withdrawal:—

WASHINGTON CITY,
January 21, 1861.

Sir:—Having received information that the State of Alabama, through a convention representing her sovereignty, has adopted and ratified an ordinance, by which

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she withdraws from the Union of the United States of America, and resumes the powers heretofore delegated to the Federal Government, it is proper that we should communicate the same to you, and through you to the House of Representatives, over which you preside, and announce our withdrawal from the further deliberations of that body.

The causes which, in the judgment of our State, rendered such action necessary, we need not relate. It is sufficient to say, that duty requires obedience to her sovereign will, and that we shall return to our homes, sustain her action, and share the fortunes of her people.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

GEORGE S. HOUSTON,
SYDENHAM MOORE,
DAVID CLOPTON,
JAMES L. PUGH,
J. L. M. CURRY,
JAMES A. STALLWORTH.

Hon. WILLIAM PENNINGTON,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Of the men who signed this paper, informed with a spirit of duty, dignified in its expression, and carrying between the lines an unconcealed pathos, it may be here written that their subsequent careers vindicated their pure patriotism and lofty purpose. Houston became a *post-bellum* Governor of his State. Sydenham Moore, an intimate friend of Curry's, fell at Seven Pines with a mortal wound, and died from its effects a short time afterwards in Richmond. Clopton and Stallworth were honored by the people of their State; and James L. Pugh lived to represent Alabama in the Senate of a restored and indissoluble Union.

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CHAPTER X

A NEW NATION

Of the popular vote in the Presidential election of November, 1860, the Republican ticket had received 1,866,352; the Constitutional Union ticket 589,581; and the two democratic tickets together, 2,220,920, of which 1,375,157 votes had been cast for the ticket headed by Douglas, and 845,763 for that headed by Breckinridge. A loose-construction party, to use the political phraseology of the time, for the first time in the history of the Union, had gained control of the government, though by a popular minority; and when Mr. Lincoln took the oath of office as President of the United States on March 4th, 1861, seven of the Southern States had already left the Union, and others were preparing to follow. Virginia had called a convention, which met in Richmond on the 13th day of February, 1861, a majority of whose members were Union men, and opposed to the secession of the Commonwealth. On April 14th, while the Convention was in session, Fort Sumter, after a bombardment of thirty hours by the military forces of the seceded States, surrendered; and the President of the United States on April 15th issued a call for 75,000 volunteers to coerce the States which had withdrawn from the Union. On April 17th, in consequence of the call for volunteers, Virginia

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enacted an ordinance of secession, and communicated its decision to the provisional government of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Alabama.

In the meantime, Curry, as a deputy of his State, had been present when the convention of the Seceding States met at Montgomery, February 4, 1861. The body assembled in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol. Howell Cobb of Georgia was elected president of the body. Others among the ablest and most distinguished members who participated in its deliberations were Alexander H. Stephens, Thomas Reade Rootes Cobb, Benjamin Hill, Robert Toombs, T. J. Withers, Robert W. Barnwell, Charles G. Meminger, R. H. Smith, Robert W. Walker, Lewis T. Wigfall, and John Hemphill.

Curry's colleagues, in addition to Messrs. Walker and Smith, already mentioned, were Colin J. McCrae, John Gill Shorter, William P. Chilton, Stephen F. Hale, David P. Lewis, and Thomas Fearn.

The immediate and most urgent business of the Convention was to prepare and adopt a provisional constitution, and to organize the government of the new nation. A constitution was framed and adopted, which in its provisions carefully and explicitly guarded by express language all those issues which had been the subjects of controversy and contention between the loose constructionists and the strict constructionists of the old Union.

Jefferson Davis of Mississippi and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia were respectively elected President and Vice-president of the Confederate States of America; and in the presence of a great multitude the President took the oath of office, standing on the steps of the portico of the historic building, looking

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from its eminence upon the city. The spot where Davis stood is still marked by a star, let into the pavement of the step, to point to the visitor of later generations the birthplace of one of the most tragic political Commonwealths in history.

"Mr. Davis reached Montgomery on the 17th of February," writes Curry in his memoranda, "and was inaugurated on the following day. He stood on the steps of the capitol looking west, as he read his Inaugural, and when the oath of office was administered, with great solemnity and reverence he bowed and kissed a large open Bible, which lay before him. The induction of the President of the Confederate States was most fitting. Then sounded the cannon. The first gun was fired by a grand-daughter of President Tyler. She was a pretty little girl about twelve years old."

Doubtless the heart of the Southern President in this supreme moment was as sad and anxious as was that of the newly elected head of a rent and disorganized Union beyond the Potomac; but upon it lay no burden of doubt as to the justice and righteousness of the cause.

"We have changed," said Mr. Davis, toward the close of his inaugural address, "the constituent parts, but not the system of our government. The Constitution formed by our fathers is that of these Confederate States, in their exposition of it; and, in the judicial construction it has received, we have a light which reveals its true meaning."

He concluded his address in a lofty strain:—

"It is joyous," he said, "in the midst of perilous times, to look around upon a people united in heart; where one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole, —where the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the

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balance against honor, and right and liberty and equality. Obstacles may retard,—they cannot long prevent,—the progress of a movement sanctioned by its justice, and sustained by a virtuous people. Reverently let us invoke the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles, which by this blessing they were able to vindicate, establish, and transmit to their posterity, and with a continuance of this favor ever gratefully acknowledged we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, and to prosperity."

Until Fort Sumter fell, there were many in the North, even of those who had been original abolitionists, who, while bitterly lamenting the occasion, were willing to see the Union dissolved. Horace Greeley's famous "Let our erring sisters go in peace," expressed the sentiments of a large number of the commercial and academic classes.

"By March," writes Curry, "a permanent Constitution was adopted, and submitted to the separate Confederate States for their ratification. The Congress adhered with almost literal fidelity to the Constitution of the United States, as not the provisions of that instrument, but the violations, were the *gravamen* of our complaints. The New York *Herald*, in April, published the full text of our Constitution, and advised the North to adopt it as a settlement of the difficulties.

"Very little difference of opinion was developed in the Congress. The most patriotic harmony prevailed, and some of the most *sagacious* members thought there would be no war. All deprecated such an event, and hoped, as no interference with the United States was proposed, that a peaceful adjustment might be secured. The troubles, growing out of the garrisoning of forts in Charleston harbor, brought on a collision, which occasioned the four years' bloody tragedy."

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After the election of Mr. Lincoln, Curry received a letter from Major James Longstreet, then at Albuquerque, New Mexico, authorizing him to tender Longstreet's services to Alabama in the event of her secession; and later his services were offered to the Confederacy through Curry, who carried the letter to Mr. Davis. They were accepted by the President, who at once appointed Longstreet a Colonel, from which office he rose to be one of the great Major Generals of the Confederacy. Raphael Semmes, of later "Alabama" fame, wrote to Curry about the situation; and after resigning his commission in the United States Navy, and his position on the Light House Board, telegraphed that he was in a condition to serve the South.

Army and navy officers of the United States military and naval organizations, all about the world, who were Southerners by birth or residence, and not a few who were neither, but believed that the cause of the South was a just cause, hastened to tender their swords and services to the Confederacy.

It is worthy of record here, even at the risk of wearisome iteration, that these men did not engage in this service for the sake of perpetuating slavery; but that they were animated by the same patriotic sentiment of loyalty to constitutional freedom and to the sovereignty of the individual States that impelled the political leaders of the mighty movement. Robert E. Lee owned no slaves at the time of the War. Fitzhugh Lee never owned a slave. J. E. B. Stuart, the great cavalry leader of the Confederacy, owned no slave at the time of the war. Joseph E. Johnston never owned a slave. And what is true of these men is true of many others, who hav-

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ing held commissions in the army of the United States, had no hesitation as to the direction in which lay their paramount allegiance.

In the month of May, 1861, the Confederate Congress adjourned, after having first resolved to reassemble in its next session at Richmond, Virginia. Curry states that this change was made as an imagined military necessity; but that in his opinion the measure was of very doubtful wisdom. Whatever its wisdom or unwisdom, it had the practical effect of making Virginia the battleground of the sanguinary struggle that followed, and of visiting upon the ancient Commonwealth a physical devastation that was suffered in the same measure by no other one of the Confederate States.

On July 20, 1861, the Confederate Congress met in Richmond; and on the same day Curry left Talladega for the new capital of the Confederacy, and arrived in Richmond the following morning. Upon his arrival, he learned of the near approach of collision between the troops of the two governments.

"Hearing that a battle was imminent at Manassas," he writes, "I took the train . . . to hasten to the scene of the conflict. The cars were so crowded that the whole day hardly sufficed to enable us to reach Manassas. The battle had been fought; the victory won; and the Federal soldiers, in complete rout, had fled to Washington. I rode over the battlefield and along the line of retreat, and to me the carnage seemed dreadful. It was my first sight of dead men killed in battle. One thing impressed me powerfully: the utter disorganization and want of discipline in our army. Victory had demoralized our troops as much as defeat had the enemy. To my inexperienced eye it seemed as if a well-appointed brigade

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could have captured our whole army. Everything was in confusion, and men and officers seemed to be straggling at will."

On the occasion of his visit to the battlefield of Manassas, he made his first acquaintance with Generals Joseph E. Johnston and P. G. T. Beauregard. No other opportunity or occasion occurred to him to come in contact with the military organizations of the Confederacy until the following September, when upon the adjournment of Congress he again visited the army, and went as far as Mason's and Munson's Hills, from which he could see the flag of the Union floating over the Capitol at Washington. He mingled with the men of several Alabama regiments, who paid him the compliment of more than one serenade; and he renewed his acquaintance with General Longstreet, with whom he dined by invitation at Fairfax Court House in a distinguished group of officers, including General Johnston.

On the day following his visit to Manassas, Curry returned to Richmond. The provisional Congress of the Confederacy had assembled in the capitol of the Commonwealth, a beautiful structure of classical proportions, designed by Mr. Jefferson upon the model of the Maison Carrée at Nismes, in France, and which had witnessed already the presence of many great men of Virginia and the nation, and had been the scene of many momentous and historical events. Among the new members of Congress was a venerable ex-President of the United States, John Tyler, during whose administration Texas had been admitted to the Union, and whose singular devotion to the Union over which he had once presided was only equalled by his patriotic loyalty, as a State-

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rights, strict-constructionist, to the sovereign Commonwealth of Virginia.

Among the matters of business claiming the attention of the Congress was the consideration of bills that were introduced providing for the admission into the Confederacy of the States of Missouri and Kentucky. The admission of these States was favored in speeches that were made by Tyler, Toombs, Wigfall, and other members of prominence, and the measures were enacted into law. But Curry, with a keen and philosophic discrimination which postponed utility to principle, opposed their passage with a logic which was as inexorable as it might have proved efficient under other and less exigent conditions. In his opposition, he vindicated the accuracy and exactness of Mr. Calhoun's political philosophy; and when some true history of the great South Carolina statesman's life and career shall come to be written, it may well contain the record that of all his disciples there was none who followed more exactly and comprehendingly in the path of his political footsteps than did J. L. M. Curry.

"I opposed them ineffectually," he writes, "and almost alone," he adds in another place, "on the ground that their admission would be in utter contravention of all the principles underlying our secession and the formation of the Confederacy;—that a majority of the people of Kentucky and Missouri were not in sympathy with us, and that the representatives would have no constituents. My predictions were too faithfully verified. The States were soon in the complete control of the Federal army: and those who sat as representatives of those States owed their pretence of an election to the votes cast by soldiers in our army from those States. With

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some honorable exceptions, the representatives were worse than useless."

It was during his sojourn in Richmond as a member of the Confederate Congress that he first met the young woman, who two years after the war became his second wife, and whose association with him, in that affectionate and intimate relation, exercised a noble influence upon his later more distinguished career.

"I soon went to board," he writes, "with A. H. Sands, esquire, between First and Foushee, on Grace Street, and remained with him during my service in Congress. From him and his family I received the kindest and most cordial attentions, for which I shall ever be truly grateful. Before going to Mr. Sands', I had boarded fourteen days at the Spotswood Hotel. During August, in company with Judge Chilton, my colleague, I called at Mr. James Thomas, Jr.'s, corner of Second and Grace. The family were so gentle, so hospitable, so cordial, that my heart was won; and during my service in Congress a week seldom passed that I did not take tea with the family. Separated from my own family, I as eagerly longed for the repetition of my visits to this welcome home, as school-girl ever looked forward to vacation and reunion with parents."

During the period of his attendance on Congress, Curry made a number of speeches at different churches in behalf of colportage among the soldiers of the army. He also delivered several lectures, one of which was on "The Wants of the Confederacy." This was delivered on the 13th of February, 1862; and even then was a spacious subject, embracing an almost illimitable field. Among those who pleased his natural sense of self-esteem by

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asking for its publication, he mentions the Hon. William C. Rives, the Reverend Moses D. Hoge, General Winder, Dr. Brown, and the Hon. John Randolph Tucker. But with a wise caution, for a public speaker of frequent occasion, he declined the flattering request.

On the 22nd day of February, 1862 (Washington's Birthday), the provisional government of the Confederate States, established in the preceding year at Montgomery, Alabama, had ceased to exist; and on that day Jefferson Davis of Mississippi and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, having been unanimously chosen President and Vice-president, respectively, by the votes of the convention of every Southern State, were duly inaugurated for a constitutional term of six years. The oath of office was administered to the President by the Hon. J. D. Halyburton, and to Alexander H. Stephens by the President of the Confederate States. On the next day President Davis sent to the Senate for confirmation a list of Cabinet appointments, as follows: Secretary of State, Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana; Secretary of War, George Wythe Randolph of Virginia; Secretary of the Navy, Stephen R. Mallory of Florida; Secretary of the Treasury, C. G. Memminger of South Carolina; Postmaster General, Mr. Henry of Kentucky; Attorney General, Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia.

The Congress adjourned on April 18th, 1862. Curry went home, for a short stay, returning to Richmond and his duties on the 17th of August.

There was little which was eventful in Curry's political service or in the political annals of this period. The drama of war held the stage and pub-

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lic interest centred in the operations of the forces in the field. The Seven Days' Battles about Richmond took place during the summer of 1862; and the stout hearted city held her own against mighty odds.

On the 6th of October Curry left Richmond for Talladega, and reached home on the 12th. During his attendance upon the sessions of Congress in Richmond, Mrs. Curry had remained in Alabama, taking an active part in various patriotic charities. She was at the head of a sewing circle, which was accustomed to meet at the old Curry homestead at Kelly's Springs, for the purpose of making clothes for the soldiers. Although Mrs. Curry was a frail and delicate woman, she was possessed of an indomitable energy and perseverance, and of great prudence and tact in the management of others. By her industry and liberality she had already accomplished a large amount of work of this kind, for which she had been accorded great praise throughout the country. In many instances the private soldier at the front left no bread-winner at home to care for the family; and the majority of the men in the Confederate armies were not slave-owners. So it happened that it was not uncommon for the soldiers' families to find themselves in destitution and want, even in the earlier days of the War, although contributions for their relief were frequent and liberal. Those who had gave willingly, however, to those who had not; and at one time Curry himself turned over to the Probate Court of Talladega County, without thought of compensation, for the aid of soldiers' families, one thousand bushels of corn. It was a large and generous gift; and yet

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so general were donations of this character from those who were able to make them, that this large contribution attracted no special attention; and, Curry adds in recording it, it may be "less gratitude."

Returning to Richmond, he writes of the Congress then in session:—

The legislation amounted to very little. Mr. Davis gave to Congress very little information beyond what was published in the newspapers. We were apparently expected to put into statutes what he deemed best for the interests of the Confederacy. Possibly, probably, it was best not to communicate military secrets to Congress, for very little occurred in either House that did not promptly find its way into the newspapers.

We had some excellent men in the House. Mr. William C. Rives was a ripe scholar, an experienced statesman, a high-toned gentleman. Garnett of Virginia was a man of abundant possibilities. He died, and I made one of the addresses on the occasion. Staples and Preston were eloquent men. Henry S. Foote of Tennessee was *sui generis*,—whether partially demented, or merely disaffected to the South, it was difficult to decide.

The impossibility of appreciating our currency was every day more clearly demonstrated, and the rapid depreciation made increased issue necessary; and the two counter-currents were running violently. A proposition to make our notes a legal tender had strong and zealous advocates. I opposed this in an elaborate speech, which was much praised, and which I think had the effect of killing the measure. I made two speeches on different aspects of the currency question.

Frequently I presided in the House, and when the Speaker, Mr. Bocock, was absent, I was elected Speaker *pro tem.* If I had been a member of the next Congress, I should probably have been chosen to preside, as very

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many of the members had very decidedly expressed their preference in that direction.

Contemporary and later testimony acclaims Curry's merits and abilities as a presiding officer. He was a student of parliamentary law, and possessed the qualities of alert perception, keen intelligence, disinterested honesty, and swift and firm decision. All these had been sharpened and intensified by his large experience in both religious and political bodies and assemblages; and if the probability which he suggests had ever become a reality, there can be no reason to doubt that he would have so discharged the duties of Speaker of the House of Representatives as to add another laurel to those that he had already won, or to those which he later wore.

Curry's *memorabilia* are strangely silent on details, impressions and personal touches concerning the Confederate Congress which we would be very grateful for in building up a picture of that unique governmental body. The Constitution of the Confederacy seemed to him an instrument of great wisdom, and an everlasting refutation of the charges which have been brought against the framers, as conspirators erecting a great slavery oligarchy. Its tenure of office provisions, its initiation, in a modified form, of the British custom of allowing the President representation on the floor of the two houses through his constitutional advisers, especially appealed to him. In speaking of the Confederate instrument he later declared:—

> Every possible infringement upon popular liberty, or upon State rights, every oppressive or sectional use of

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the taxing power, was carefully guarded against, and civil service reform was made easy and practicable. Stubborn and corrupting controversies about tariffs, post-office, improvement of rivers and harbors, subsidies, extra pay, were avoided. The taxing power was placed under salutary restrictions. Responsibility was more clearly fixed. Money in the treasury was protected against purchasable majorities and wicked combinations. Adequate powers for a frugal and just administration were granted to the General Government. The States maintained their autonomy, and were not reduced to petty corporations, or counties, or dependencies.

The study of the Confederate Constitution would be useful at present, as there never was a time when the need of restrictions and guarantees against irresponsible power was more urgent. The public mind has been schooled against any assertion of State rights or of constitutional limitations, and taught to look with aversion and ridicule upon any serious attempt to set up the ancient landmarks. The abeyance of State authority, reliance in actions and opinions upon Federal protection and aid, the vast accumulation of power and influence at Washington, the supposed necessary supremacy of the Central Government, have caused a wide departure from the theory and principles of the fathers.

He was constant in praise of the learning, the ability and the legislative wisdom of the individuals composing the Congress operating under this admirable constitution. And yet his records suggest a dullness in its proceedings, a certain futility in its debates, a certain lack of a proper forum for pure civic ability. The inference is very clear that though the Confederate Congress was nobly organized to carry on a settled and placid government, the knowledge that success in war could alone guar-

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antee its existence tended inevitably to give it second place in the public consideration, and to rob its proceedings of that lofty dignity that belongs of right to parliaments of established nations. The soul and spirit of a brave, struggling people hovered over the field of battle, and not over the chamber of debate and mere intellectual combat.

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CHAPTER XI

THE EBBING OF THE TIDE

On May 4, 1863, Curry reached home on his return from Richmond, and announced himself a candidate for re-election to the Confederate Congress. His district comprised the four counties of Calhoun, Randolph, Talladega and Shelby. For a while after his announcement he had no opposition. Then a candidate appeared in the person of Marcus Cruikshanks, whom Curry speaks of as "a very worthy man." Curry addressed to him a communication, suggesting that they canvass the district together,—a proposition which Mr. Cruikshanks declined. The latter's supporters adopted the dangerous and effective policy of a modern "still hunt." They engaged in no open arguments, and conducted their political program with a secrecy which proved to be invincible. "Silence is the true eloquence of power," said a great French statesman, "because it admits of no reply." Curry was unable to answer the insidious attacks of his political enemies, or to withstand the logic of events which were now proving potent arguments against the doctrines of secession and of State rights. At the election in August, 1863, Curry was defeated, his opponent carrying three out of the four counties of the district, and leaving him only a small majority in the county of Calhoun.

The arguments of word and of event, which had proved so overwhelming in their results, were not

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very far to seek when the smoke of the political battle cleared away.

The district, as constituted, had been originally opposed to secession. At the time of the election Vicksburg had fallen before the victorious forces of Grant; and the reverses to the Confederate arms in Pennsylvania and in Tennessee had alike served to dispirit a people who had not been sanguine of success from the beginning. A secret peace organization had sprung up in the district. Deserters from the army were multiplying in numbers, and sowing the seeds of discontent among those with whom they came in contact. The volunteers had long since gone to the front, many of them never to return; and a conscription, which had already begun, of dire necessity, to take the old men and the young alike, "robbing both the cradle and the grave," was now arousing a spirit of ill-concealed hostility. "General Hard Times" had assumed command in the Confederacy. The currency became every day of less value. A Confederate paper dollar, that had been worth a dollar and ten cents in the August of two years before, had now depreciated to such an extent that it took from twelve to thirteen such dollars in August, 1863, to equal in value a dollar of gold. Taxes were high, and the tax-gatherer of the government was establishing granaries, in which were stored the government's exacted fractions and tithes of the meagre crops raised by the old men, and women and children, and the negro slaves. A barrel of flour in March, 1863, cost in the Confederacy twenty-five Confederate dollars. In February of that year, the money value of a day's rations for one hundred soldiers,

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which in the first year of the war had been nine dollars, was at market prices one hundred and twenty-three. Salt, which had advanced in the first year of the struggle from ten to eighteen dollars a sack, was still going up in price with a steadiness which the salt "licks" and springs of Tennessee, the Indian Territory and Southwest Virginia, seemed powerless to counteract. A cordon of blockading Federal vessels shut out the markets of the world from the great staple, which so short a time before had been endowed with a royal appellation, and "King Cotton" was dethroned. The blockade-runners, from Nassau in the Bahamas to Wilmington in North Carolina, brought in, under the stress of darkness and ever imminent danger, scanty supplies of medicines and surgical necessaries; but there was little help from the outside world for the environed South.

Out of this pressure of poverty and distress were generated the demagogue and the malcontent, who availed themselves, with sinister purpose and successful accomplishment, of the depressing circumstances that existed to inflame the prejudices of the weak-hearted and the poverty-stricken against secession and secessionists.

Curry's whole political career, his open and consistent advocacy of political doctrines, which were now denounced as the causes and origin of the war, afforded a shining target for attack. He had been an arch-secessionist; and he was still in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the struggle. It was not alone upon the ignorant and the credulously disaffected that delusive promises of an early peace had their telling and depressing effect.

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His defeat for re-election brought him many expressions of sorrow and regret from all parts of the Confederacy; and the news was received with downcast hearts, and with universal sympathy throughout the South, among those whom he denominates "the true and faithful." It was no time for idleness or repining, and Curry immediately turned from statesmanship, in which he delighted, to war, which he abhorred.

On the 22nd of September, 1863, he went out with a company of "Home Guards," to aid in an impending battle; but the great fight at Chickamauga had occurred before they reached the army.

"I went over the battle-field," he writes, "before the Federal dead were buried, and then visited the army occupying Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and the Valley between. From Lookout Mountain one of the grandest views in the world is presented. The two armies,—the Federals were in Chattanooga,—lay at the beholder's feet."

On October 10, 1863, he reached home from the seat of war. In the early part of November he visited Perry county, and shortly thereafter spent a few days at Montgomery, where the legislature of the State was in session. Although he makes no mention of it in his *memorabilia*, his friends and admirers appear at this time to have planned his election to the Confederate States Senate, as is indicated by a letter found among his papers.

Talladega, Ala.,
Nov. 13, 1863.

Hon. Thomas B. Cooper,

My dear Sir:—In the first place excuse (you would have done that without the asking, if paper is as scarce in your office as in mine,) this blank-book paper. In the

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second place, you will excuse an old friend, for venturing to intercede with you for help, if he needs it, for one whom he ardently desires to be promoted by the Legislature. I mean the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, who is a candidate for the Confederate States Senate. I know not your predilections on that subject; nor do I know who are the most prominent competitors of Mr. Curry. I know this much, however, that I have nothing to say in disparagement of any of them. But I feel very anxious to have Mr. Curry in the Senate, because I know him well, and know him to be a pure man, as well as a man of brilliant talents and extraordinary working qualities. I know of no man in the State or Confederacy of more promising qualities for usefulness in Congress; and there is none of purer morals, or more unbending integrity. Besides, I think the time has come when West Alabama should be known to the country. Heretofore the idea has been, that no man, however talented,—however sound in political sentiment,—however pure in character,—could have his claims to represent the State in the National Senate considered, unless he could have the geographical recommendation of a residence in North Alabama or South Alabama. East and West Alabama have been ignored. But at the extra session you took from West Alabama her patriotic Jemison. If you will now secure for East Alabama her just but long-deferred claims to a name and a place in the State by electing our young and gifted Curry, I think the work of reform, in this respect, will be in the right direction and at the right time.

. . . . . .

I shall regard it as a personal favor, and what is more, a public good, if you will throw your influence in favor of Mr. Curry.

We are all well.

Your friend truly,

GEO. S. WALDON.

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But the efforts of Curry's advocates were unavailing. Whether his "geographical residence," so earnestly urged by his friend, Waldon, as a ground of his election, put him at a disadvantage; whether the same potent causes which had compassed his defeat for the House of Representatives at the hands of a popular constituency four months before, were again at work among the members of the legislature; whether his claims were not vigorously and aggressively pressed; or whether his failure was the result of a combination of these causes, is now beyond determination. A stronger probability than any of these is that the competition of some of the ablest and very foremost men of the State and of the South was too great to be overcome; for the man chosen by the Alabama legislature for Confederate States Senator at this juncture was Richard W. Walker, who was one of the most conspicuous statesmen and leaders of the young republic.

On November 30, 1863, Curry set out for Richmond to serve out the unexpired period of his final term in the House of Representatives. He was nearly a week in reaching the Capitol. Of his subsequent service in this session he has preserved the following record:—

> During the session I presided much, and made two speeches,—one in favor of negotiating, even with Benjamin F. Butler, for the exchange of prisoners; and the other on offering commercial privileges to some European nation to recognize us, and intervene with arms.
>
> In the early part of February (1864), a joint committee headed by Semmes of the Senate and Clapp of the House, was appointed to prepare an address to the people of the Confederate States. Senator Semmes was to

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draft so much of the address as related to Congressional legislation; but he failed to perform the task. To myself the remainder was assigned. The Committee approved my address. I read it to the House amid much applause; and so enthusiastic was the approbation, that every member of both Houses signed it. Several thousand copies were ordered to be published, for circulation among the people and in the army. When I joined the army a few months afterwards, the officers, knowing my authorship of the address, gave me most cordial and flattering receptions.

Before Congress adjourned, I purchased cavalry equipments, intending to join the 53rd Alabama Cavalry regiment, in which my brother Thomas was a captain. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart had previously written a letter to President Davis, asking my appointment as Judge of the military court for his corps. Gen. Longstreet also tendered me a position on his staff.

Congress adjourned, and Curry's term of service expired on February 18, 1864, with the clouds thickening about the doomed Confederacy. He went South to complete his arrangements for entering the army, moved by an eager spirit of aiding the cause to which he had devoted himself in whatever way his service might prove available. He reached Talladega on the 24th; and on the 15th of March, at the invitation of General Leonidas Polk, the Bishop-soldier of the Confederacy, he went to Demopolis, in the western part of the State, where at a grand review of the ragged army of the South, he had the pleasure of addressing several acres of soldiers.

Before the expiration of the sixty days' furlough which he had obtained upon the adjournment of Congress, he received an unsolicited appointment

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from President Davis to the position of Commissioner under the Habeas Corpus Act, to serve with General Joseph E. Johnston's army, but not under him.

"My duties were judicial," he states, "—to investigate charges of disloyalty and treason preferred against civilians; and hence, by some persons, I am called 'Judge.'

"I went to Dalton, Georgia, in April, 1864; and having little to do in connection with my office, I spent the most of my time in visiting the various camps, and familiarizing myself with military movements. Many brigades were addressed by me; and my services in this line were much sought after. Gen. Johnston had a grand review, to infuse fresh confidence into his men. The display of banners and muskets and mimic warfare was very magnificent.

"A gracious revival pervaded the army, while in camp. Meetings were held every night. Chaplains and other preachers held religious services. I heard Gen. M. P. Lowry, a Baptist minister, in command of a Mississippi brigade, and an officer much trusted by Gen. Johnston, quite often. Hundreds of soldiers would gather in the open air to hear the simple gospel; and the converts were very numerous.

"The Georgia Baptist Convention met this spring in Atlanta; and I attended and made an address on army colportage. Here I saw for the first time Governor Joseph E. Brown, who was a member of the Convention."

Curry was not yet an ordained minister; but his notes are full of references to religious matters. He has left an account of religion in the Southern army among the soldiers, in his "Civil History of the Confederate States"; and no one can read the frequent entries which he has made in his journals and *memorabilia* without a deep sense of his piety and of his lofty spiritual character. The religious spirit seems

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from the beginning to have dominated his life; and, over and above the figure of the politician, statesman, orator, and educator, shines about him with an ever increasing lustre the halo of an humble servant of Christ.

When in May, 1864, General Johnston began his retreat towards Atlanta, he requested Curry to serve on his staff as special aide. Inasmuch as the latter's regular official duties were suspended by the stress and exigency of military operations, he consented to accept this office; and thus became attached to General Johnston's staff, of which he remained a member until his detail elsewhere in the following July.

Curry's associations with General Johnston became close and intimate; and he came, from observation and study, to form a very high estimate of the character and ability of the great Confederate general, who as a tactician, disciplinarian, and a master of logistics by the impartial testimony of military criticism, was without a superior in the armies of the Confederacy.

"Gen. Johnston," he writes of the retreat before Sherman, "conducted this campaign with unsurpassed skill and strategy, thwarting the enemy's plans and designs, inflicting heavy losses upon him, losing not over five thousand of his own men, whose enthusiastic confidence he preserved to the end. In this retreat, such was the forethought of the commander, that while preserving and improving the *morale* of his men, the Commissary was managed with consummate energy and ability. . . .

"At Cartersville a battle-order was read, proper disposition of troops was made for attacking the enemy,—

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and with shouts and strong hopes our boys reversed their march. Hood, on the right, was to attack, and to be supported by Polk in the centre and Hardee on the left. By some fatal misinformation, Hood, instead of attacking, fell back to his lines of the morning, reporting that he was flanked. His blunder and error defeated the plan. Johnston was excited and mad at the frustration of a plan devised and prepared for some days before. Still he arranged his men for meeting the enemy on the next day. In the morning, his purpose was to attack Sherman's army in detail, knowing they were divided and separated by travelling on two roads. At night-fall Gen. Johnston, with several of us, rode along the line; and Gen. Johnston remarked on the rapidity and tact with which our boys had thrown up temporary breast-works. As we returned to headquarters, the General told us to get a good rest, as we should have plenty of work on to-morrow. An hour or so after retiring (Col. E. J. Harvie, an Inspector-general and myself tented together), we were summoned to Gen. Johnston's tent. At a council, Hood said that he could not hold his position; Polk was doubtful; Hardee wanted to fight. Gen. Johnston reluctantly, and ever since regretfully, yielded to two of his corps commanders, and gave orders to fall back across the river. I was sent to Gen. Wheeler's camp, some distance on the right, to summon him to Gen. Johnston, to receive instructions about protecting our rear with his cavalry."

Curry's estimate of Johnston has value as affording an intimate view of a man who did not wear his heart on his sleeve:

"Frequently I rode with General Johnston at night, and he would, when in a talking mood, tell me of Marlborough's and Wellington's and Napoleon's campaigns, which seemed as familiar to him as the alphabet. When

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he had travelled as far as he intended, he would dismount, wrap himself in a blanket, and be asleep in five minutes. He was singularly reticent in reference to his plans,—kept his own counsels, but had marvellous facility in finding out the movements and plans of the enemy. The cavalry was utilized and made to subserve its legitimate office of acting as eyes and ears for the infantry and artillery."

After the war was ended, and the events of that momentous struggle had become matters of history, General Johnston, in a conversation with Curry, said to him that he would not have asked anything better of Sherman than what he attempted with Hood. But Hood failed him in the ultimate issue; and the event, which Johnston planned and wished, was not to be. Johnston and Sherman, as great military tacticians, were antagonists worthy each of the other. They were pitted against each other in many indecisive contests, where some extraneous circumstance, beyond the control of either, frustrated their respective plans; and it seems that Death, the great conqueror, at the very end, preserved the impartial balance between them. "By an irony of fate," writes Curry in his later years, "Gen. Johnston, as pall-bearer at the funeral of Gen. Sherman, on a wet and cold day, contracted a cold which resulted in his death."

On the 9th of July, 1864, Johnston reached his fortifications at Atlanta in safety. During the progress of the ensuing siege, Curry went across the country on horseback to Talladega. On the 17th of July, during his absence, Johnston was relieved of the command of the army of the defense, and Hood was put in his place. Soon after Curry

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reached Atlanta, upon his return from Talladega, his office as Commissioner under the Habeas Corpus Act expired by limitation; and at the request of General Joseph Wheeler, he joined that officer as special aide, in an expedition to travel in the rear of Sherman's army, and to cut his communications. It was a congenial duty to the diminutive Confederate General, whose soul was bigger than his body, and who will be remembered in history, not only for his heroic devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, but no less for his loyalty to a reunited country, which made him one of the most picturesque figures in the Spanish-American *emeute* of 1898.

Curry writes of this episode with Wheeler:—

We first struck the road at Dalton, and captured the place after a brisk little engagement, taking about 100 prisoners. . . . Moving up the railroad, and tearing up rails, we encountered some colored troops, the first I had seen. We marched to Cleveland, hoping to cross the Tennessee River; but the late heavy rains had swelled it, so as to be not fordable. We passed through Athens, and some stores were "gutted." On this expedition we were forbidden to encumber horses with any surplus clothing; and we ate just what we "picked up," *en route*. For a portion of the time our principal food was green corn. Gen. Wheeler was compelled to make a wide detour to cross the swollen river, which he finally accomplished, with a little resistance east of Knoxville. While tearing up the railroad at McMillan's Depot, we had a little fight and dispersed the enemy. As the railroad between Chattanooga and Nashville was the line of communication to be cut, the General struck across the country.

He requested me to cross the Clinch River at Clinton, to the right of his line of march, and get what informa-

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tion I could. With a few men I hurried on, and came to a country mill, with a large "overshot" wheel, situated on a beautiful stream of water, and embowered in a dense forest. Two Federal soldiers were captured, and a middle-aged woman, bare-footed, in homespun frock, apparently the owner of the mill, came to the door and accosted me. The door was about ten feet from the ground, and a broad slab was the only means of entrance and exit. Being of Union sympathies, and furious because of the capture of the men, she poured upon my head, vehemently and volubly, a torrent of oaths, the most vulgar, blasphemous and horrid that I ever heard fall from human lips. Threatening me with vengeance from a brigade of soldiers, which she affirmed was nearby, she began to descend the pathway from the mill, without ceasing her vocabulary of opprobrious and disgusting epithets. Riding my horse across the slab, I informed her that she must remain where she was. This infuriated her afresh, and drew upon me another volley, not less offensive and wicked than she had given previously, of her abundant imprecations. Persisting in the avowal of her purpose, I ordered one of my men to tie her, and put her on one of the captured horses, and carry her to headquarters. Quieted and convinced by my calm purpose, she withdrew to the mill, and we pursued our journey. . . .

By the way, the rural population of East Tennessee was unrefined, ignorant, vicious and disloyal to the Confederacy.

Curry, continuing his account of his military experiences of this period, writes:—

We crossed the railroad south of Nashville; but our circuitous journeying and long delay had defeated the project of breaking up communications. Tearing up the road a little, we marched towards Franklin, where we

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had quite a severe engagement, and General Kelly, an accomplished young officer, was mortally wounded. I was in a few paces of him when he was shot. Under a flag of truce General Wheeler requested the kind attentions of Colonel Brownlow, in command of the opposing troops, to his friend and comrade, and it is a proper tribute to Colonel Brownlow to say that the Confederate officer, during his few remaining days, received the kindness that a chivalrous adversary delights to render.

At a little town south of Franklin, we had another engagement; and there I saw women on the streets, in the midst of the fray, cheering our men. The tyranny of Federal occupation drove them nearly to despair. Travelling south, the corps forded the Tennessee River, a dangerous enterprise, below Decatur, Alabama; and while General Wheeler halted to rest his command and await orders and information from Gen. Hood, who had been "flanked" out of Atlanta, and whipped, I made a "flying trip" to Talladega.

On the 6th of October, 1864, Curry started for North Alabama to discharge his duties as Judge Advocate with a military court, composed of General Leroy Pope Walker of Alabama, Colonel Dowd of Mississippi, Colonel House of Tennessee, and another officer.

"We reached Courtland, General Roddy's headquarters," he writes, "on the 17th. Reporting to General Roddy, who greatly desired my presence and assistance, on account of the disturbed state of affairs in North Alabama, I was appointed his aide *pro tempore*. There was much disloyalty in that portion of the State, and the facility of intercourse with the Federal army made cautious dealing very necessary."

On October 30 Generals Hood and Beauregard reached Courtland, *en route* for Nashville. On

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November 2 General Roddy and his staff arrived at Tuscumbia, where Hood was then encamped, and was slowly getting ready for his proposed invasion of Tennessee. General Beauregard had already departed. Curry continues:—

> The difference betwixt his (Hood's) and General Johnston's handling of troops was most manifest. General Hood seemed to be at a loss what to do; and his equipments and appointments, for which no blame attaches to him, were most inadequate.

General Roddy, with his brigade of cavalry, was ordered west, to make observations and to prevent any movement from Memphis. By means of a pontoon bridge, General Hood and his army crossed the Tennessee River to Florence; and on Sunday, November 21, started northwards for Tennessee. Meanwhile Roddy's brigade, to which Curry was attached, remained at Iuka and Corinth. About this time Colonel Josiah Patterson, commanding the Fifth Alabama regiment, was assigned to other duties; and Curry was transferred to the command of the regiment with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The circumstances of this promotion of one, who was scarcely more than a civilian in experience, were recalled in a letter written in 1897, by Colonel Patterson:—

MEMPHIS, TENN., Oct. 22, 1897.

DR. J. L. M. CURRY,

MY DEAR SIR: Soon after your retirement from the Congress of the Confederate States I met you at General Wheeler's headquarters, when you told me you had entered the army. About that time the Lt. Colonel of my Regiment, the 5th Alabama Cavalry, was appointed Colonel of the 10th Alabama Cavalry, thereby making a

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vacancy in my Regiment. The officers of my Regiment, without exception, waived right to promotion, and you were, by the unanimous request of the officers of the Regiment, promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel. Subsequently I, with the rank of Colonel, commanded the brigade to which the 5th Alabama Cavalry was attached; and you, with the rank of Lt. Colonel, commanded that Regiment to the close of the war.

Very truly yours,
JOSIAH PATTERSON.

Curry assumed the duties of his new office at Corinth on the 29th; and at dress-parade he made the regiment an address, which was received with the applause that was the usual accompaniment of his oratory and his personal popularity. That his rapid advancement as a soldier was not due to political or other influence than that commanded by his military worth, was later attested by high authority. In a speech on the floor of the House of Representatives of the United States, March 9, 1898, General Joseph Wheeler asserted that Curry had earned his rank by bravery in battle.

With the zeal and industry and adaptability which characterized him in every station in life, he set himself to work at once to become proficient in the art of war.

"I soon mastered Wheeler's Tactics," he writes, "and drilled the Regiment every day, Sundays excepted, when not engaged in active service. The Regiment was undisciplined and badly armed, and not homogeneous. While my relations with the Regiment were pleasant, and I had the entire confidence of officers and men, it was a sore trial to put and keep in 'fighting trim' men who were generally not well officered, and who were

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partially demoralized by serving in the immediate vicinity of their homes and families. It is simple justice, however, to say that I never saw more gallantry and courage than were frequently displayed by some of the officers and men.

"In this connection, I can do no better than stop and pay a just tribute to General Roddy. He has been much misrepresented, and since the war his conduct has not been free from censure. I never witnessed in him any other than a jealous and watchful purpose to serve his country to the best of his ability. He had a difficult command, requiring much tact and patience to manage, and a wide extent of territory to guard; and of his personal courage there can be no question."

On December 24 Curry and his command reached Rogersville in Northern Alabama, near the Tennessee line. Here he was ordered back by General Hood, who had only a few days before fought the disastrous battles of Franklin and Nashville. Curry accordingly fell back on the 25th, moving in a southwestward direction to Florence. It was a cold, wet day; and there was scarcely a mouthful of food for either men or horses. "I have no pleasant associations," he declares, "of that Christmas." Thousands of soldiers were retreating from Tennessee in confusion and disorder; and the roads were so cut up by wagons and artillery as to be almost impassable.

On December 29th, 1864, Curry's regiment marched to Pond Spring, east of Courtland; and on the next day, with about one hundred men, he fought a regiment of Federal cavalry, and was driven back to Courtland.

"Infantry and cavalry," he states, "were completely

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demoralized, regarding our defeat as accomplished and resistance as hopeless. With such men as I could organize I had several skirmishes with Yankees,—very nearly escaping capture, as the enemy charged within a few paces and fired in very uncomfortable proximity. I should have surrendered, but that I dreaded the imprisonment and the separation from my family."

From the first to the tenth of January, 1865, Curry and the enemy played at hide and seek in Northern Alabama, through Franklin, Lawrence and Morgan counties. One night he enjoyed the luxury of a bed in Newburg, at the house of Mr. McCaughey, the father of his adjutant. About the twelfth of the month Colonel Patterson rejoined the regiment, near Sim's Mill in Morgan County; and Curry's labors and anxieties as commanding officer were relieved.

On the 20th of the month Curry learned of the extreme illness of his wife, and started home, in company with two gentlemen of the name of Orr, who lived near Danville, Alabama. He reached home on the 23rd, where he remained till the 31st. On that date, with a sense of duty impelling him to return to the front, he left, and never saw his wife again. Reaching the camp at Sim's Mill on February 3, he was once more put in command of his regiment, a portion of which was employed in guarding a long stretch of the river.

On March 16, 1865, he was assigned command in North Alabama, having under him the Fifth Alabama Cavalry and Stewart's Battalion. At that time a cavalry corps, under the Federal General Wilson, was preparing for a raid through Alabama. By courier-line Curry reported nearly every day to

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General Wirt Adams, at Montevallo. On the 25th, in obedience to orders, he moved southwards. At Elyton, on the afternoon of the 28th, the Federals came into the town just as Curry's force had passed. A half hour later he would have been intercepted. On the 30th Colonel Patterson resumed command; and Curry, asking for and obtaining a detail, concealed himself near the road, in order to get information concerning the strength of the enemy. He counted nearly four thousand, and reported to General Forrest, who was advancing to meet the foe. Wilson's whole command numbered nearly ten thousand men. Curry, being cut off by the delay in counting, had to make a wide detour, and was unable to join the main body of the Confederates for two days. Overtaking General Forrest's command, and rejoining his own on April 1, he was ordered to protect the rear of the Confederate column.

"Deploying what men I had," he writes, "I skirmished with the enemy through Plantersville, slowly falling back to give the wagons time to get out of the way. While resisting the attack, a ball, with a heavy thump, struck and entered my haversack, perforating my coat, breaking a hair-brush, and making sixty holes in a New York *Tribune*, which I had been carrying for two weeks without an opportunity to open and read. This paper, now in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, undoubtedly saved my life. When Greeley was a candidate for the Presidency, I sent him by a friend a jocular message, that if elected he could not take the oath of office, as he had certainly given 'aid and comfort' to his country's enemy."

On Sunday, April 2, 1865, Curry was the last man to enter the breastworks at Selma, where he

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found General Forrest's troops posted, awaiting the Federal attack. In a few minutes the enemy appeared in front; and, after reconnoissance, attacked in force, quite to Curry's left, where Armstrong's brigade was stationed. The firing was very heavy for twenty or thirty minutes; then the Federals charged the breastworks, and driving the Confederates pell-mell, followed the fugitives into Selma, killing and capturing the larger part of them. The Confederate command, hemmed in by the Alabama and Cahawba Rivers, was in desperate straits, from which it might escape only with great difficulty.

Curry, who makes record of the episode as including "the most terrible night of his life," says:—

I held my position, not violently assailed, until the enemy had gotten betwixt me and the town. Seeing everything in confusion, and our army routed, my men became uncontrollable, and sought safety. With a squad adhering to me, I crossed the fortifications, as to go into Selma was capture or death. Avoiding the road, on which were Federal troops, I soon found myself in the woods, and in a swamp. May I be spared from such another night! The Federals fired the government buildings, the foundries and naval works and magazines, which amid the awful explosions ignited and consumed the business portion of the city. The din was fearful. The rattle of musketry, the music of brass bands, the explosion of shells, the shrieks of women, made a second Tophet. The burning town made an illumination which extended for several miles. Amid the hurrahing of victors, and the tramping of pursuers and pursued, I walked nearly the whole night. The next day, avoiding the scouts of the cavalry, I found my way to Mr. Mims', and spent the night.

The next day, with two men, I lay in the woods. At

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night, as the country was full of cavalry, we travelled; and just at day I paid a negro five dollars in Confederate money,—all of any kind I had,—to put us across Cahawba River in a canoe. A young horse, which Mr. Mims loaned me, swam by the boat. On the west bank of the river we were safe. My two companions soon left me, and I rode to Marion. On the street I met Judge Porter King, who invited me to his house, and fed myself and horse. I found in the town General Forrest, who had effected his escape from Selma; and I promptly reported to him for duty.

Curry spent a period of several days, extending from the 8th to the 14th of April, at Greensboro, Alabama, in collecting what remained of his scattered command. On the 14th he received orders to muster his forces in the vicinity of Montevallo or Elyton, and to guard the prairie country against any approach of the enemy from the direction of the Tennessee River. The orders were from Forrest, and were characteristic; for they contained the further instruction that Curry was to report to General Dick Taylor at Meridian, to General Adams at Montgomery, or to Forrest himself at Gainesville, or wherever he might establish his headquarters. Colonel Stewart was to report to Curry; and Curry, in addition to "guarding the prairie-country" with his scanty and disorganized troops, was to establish a courier-line from Greensboro to Talladega,—a distance of over a hundred miles.

Everything was in great confusion and turmoil; but in the midst of it, officers and soldiers alike were in happy ignorance that General Lee had already surrendered at Appomattox on the 9th of the month, to an overwhelming enemy, what was

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left of the Army of Northern Virginia,—a ragged and starved and footsore remnant of "that incomparable array of bright bayonets and tattered uniforms," whose fidelity and courage continued unfailing to the end.

On the morning of April 17, while trying to get his wagons and men across the flush and flooded Cahawba River at Centreville, Curry received by private messenger the intelligence that his wife had died on April 8, nine days before; and that her death had been hastened by a current and apparently authentic report that her husband had been killed at the battle of Selma. It was a tragic ending to a union that had been a very happy one.

"She was a pure, noble Christian woman, and a devoted wife," is the tribute which he pays to her memory. "For eighteen years our lives had run peacefully and happily together. No woman sympathized more heartily with the Confederacy, or labored more self-denyingly for the soldiers and their families. My wife was a member of the Presbyterian Church."

Stricken sorely in his affections, and with the cause, that he held close at heart, in apparently desperate emergency, and in reality already lost, he started homeward on a journey that enabled his official duty to coincide with his desire to be with his family.

"Turning over my little command to Colonel Stewart," he writes, "I proceeded to reconnoitre and locate the proposed line of couriers, and to look after my motherless children,—Susie Lamar and Manly Bowie. I reached Talladega and my home on the 18th, the day of Johnston's surrender to Sherman. As I neared my home, my slaves

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ran up the road to greet me, with sympathy at my loss and gladness at my return."

On April 21 a brigade of Federal cavalry passed through Talladega.

"Gathering a few soldiers," says Curry, "I counted them, and then watched their movements, to report. While in a lane, I captured a Federal soldier, and took his mule and arms. As I was protecting my prisoner from the thoughtless insults of the men who were with me, I was very near being shot. Unnoticed, another Federal soldier had approached within thirty yards of me. When I discovered him he was taking deliberate aim at me. Gathering my bridle and spurring my horse, I charged upon him, and fired my pistol. He fled and I was only too glad of an opportunity to escape, as several of his companions were in sight."

A Federal garrison, under General Crysler of New York, occupied Talladega on May 13th. To this command, Curry, having learned of Lee's surrender at Appomattox and of Johnston's in North Carolina, and realizing that the great struggle was at an end, reported and surrendered; and was paroled. By order of General Canby, he was arrested on the 30th of the same month; but was again discharged on his personal parole the same day.

"The arrest," he states, "grew out of a 'cock and bull story' in the New York *Tribune*, that I had favored the assassination of Lincoln and the cruel treatment of Federal prisoners. General Crysler treated me uniformly with consideration and kindness; but he was accused, and probably not wrongfully, of levying 'blackmail' on citizens, and taking cotton for his own use. His quartermaster took corn and forage and meat from me without

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the slightest compensation, and a Michigan regiment robbed me of three mules in open daylight. Of course the rascals charged 'Uncle Sam' for these purchases."

Talladega County was now under martial law; and the people were so crushed that even a corporal could commit almost any depredation upon persons or property with entire impunity. "The Freedman's Bureau was instituted," says Curry, "and some of the fanatical or corrupt agents sought to make masters support their former slaves, or divide with them their property. Generally, the negroes behaved well. Mine, with one exception, remained on the place as usual. I stayed at home quietly on my farm with my two children."

In September, 1865, a bill of information was filed against Curry in the Federal District Court at Montgomery, for the confiscation of his property, on the grounds that he had been engaged in armed rebellion against the United States; that he had subscribed largely to the Confederate Cotton Loan; that he had furnished money, provisions, clothing, and other materials for the use of persons engaged in the "rebellion," and that he had used and circulated the paper currency and bonds of the State of Alabama and of the Confederacy, said notes and bonds having been issued for the purpose of waging war against the United States Government.

"This information from the District Attorney," says Curry, "was never served on me by the Marshal, but was returned as executed; and I was thus at the mercy of as despicable and unprincipled a set of adventurers and robbers as ever, under official sanction, plundered a helpless people. I employed Judge William R. Chilton to look after my interests; and he compromised with the

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officials, 'hungry as dogs and merciless as wolves,' by the payment of $250, the receipt for which lying before me, is the evidence of the robbery."

In October, Curry went to Washington to obtain a pardon, travelling by way of Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville and Cincinnati. East Tennessee was not considered even at that time altogether safe for persons who had been in active sympathy with the Confederate cause; and hence Curry's wide detour to reach the capitol.

"On the 22nd," he writes, "I arrived at the capitol city, Congress being in session. On the 23rd, unattended by any person, I saw the Attorney General and President Johnson. The latter received me courteously and kindly. To my application for pardon, he made no immediate reply; but talked freely about the condition of the country and the state of feeling at the South.

"On my rising to leave, he expressed a wish for a further conversation, and told me to call next morning at the State Department, and the pardon would be ready for me. In Congress I had had a pleasant but not intimate acquaintance with the President, when he was a Senator from Tennessee. I was, of course, prompt in calling on the 24th at the State Department, then in the upper portion of the Treasury Building; and after making and signing the required oath, the pardon, with the signatures of the President and of 'W. Hunter, acting Secretary of State,' attested by the Great Seal, was handed to me."

As pertinent to his subsequent relations with the Federal Government, in whose service he later occupied a distinguished position, it may be stated here that it was not until February 27, 1877, that the United States Senate passed the bill under which

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Curry's political disabilities were removed. The signing of this bill on March 2 was one of the last official acts of President Grant.

On the same day that he received his pardon, he started South for Richmond; and travelling thence he reached his home in Talladega on the last day of the month.

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CHAPTER XII

PEACE AND SERVICE

Before the War between the States politics had absorbed the time and attention of most thoughtful men in Alabama and the lower South, but it was politics of a high kind. The war-smitten people of that region were now to grapple for their very social existence with another and inconceivably degraded form of politics. For six years, during the fateful period of Reconstruction, fuller of bitterness and suffering and degradation than the fewer years of battle and defeat, they experienced poverty and detraction and woe under the vicious rule of the carpet-bagger, the "scalawag" and the newly-enfranchised negro. Of the evil domination of the State by the creatures of the Freedman's Bureau, and of its looting by legislatures composed of negroes and their more offensive and reckless white allies, space in this narrative does not admit the telling. The awful mistake of the reconstruction theory, now universally admitted, and the eternal infamy of the reconstruction period are written in indelible letters upon the life of the South. Its influences must be inferred rather than discussed in these pages.

In November of 1865, Curry, with his heart set upon the cause of religion as the one eternal thing to which a man of soul could repair amid the overthrow of all old standards, attended the Baptist State Con-

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vention at Marion, Alabama, and was elected its presiding officer. During the session of the convention, the trustees of Howard College, then located at Marion, a small college set up by the Baptist people, elected him President of that institution. At this time, as may naturally be supposed, the finances of the school were at a low ebb and on an uncertain basis. But there were those who realized, as defeated peoples have done in many ages, that the resuscitation of their impoverished and prostrate country lay in the hope of educating the unvanquished boys and girls, with a new world awaiting their activities. Out of the abundance of their poverty these people subscribed with generous unselfishness to the guarantee of the President's salary, which was fixed at $5,000 in currency, or $3,500 in gold.

Curry accepted the Presidency of the college, and removed in December, 1865, to Marion, taking with him his son, Manly, then a boy eight or nine years of age, whose sister, Susie, a young girl of fifteen, had in the preceding October been entered as a pupil in the Judson Female Institute, in the same town.

Curry writes of his work in connection with the college:—

> Most of my time, after a little teaching in moral and mental science, and political economy, was given to travel through the States, and public addresses in behalf of the college and general education. . . . During the year I visited Selma, Montgomery, Tuskegee, Jacksonville, Talladega, Mobile, Gainesville, and Mississippi.

On the 28th of January, 1866, he was ordained to the gospel ministry; and, as a fitting accompaniment to the statement of so serious and important an

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event in his life, his own account of his religious history and experience may be here appropriately set down:—

"In early life," he writes, "my parents were not Christians, although moral, upright and regular attendants on religious worship. The only denominations in the lower part of Lincoln County were Methodists and Baptists. I remember to have heard George F. Pierce, the Bishop, when he was a young man. The first missionary sermon I ever heard was at Double Branch meeting-house, by Dr. C. Mallory. It was in the week, drew a large audience, and produced a profound impression. The Baptist preachers I remember were Adams, a colored man, who preached acceptably to white people, Taylor, Juriah Harris, and John L. West. The last was often at my father's. My father's house was always a welcome and hospitable home for all preachers.

"There were no Sunday Schools near me when I was young. In fact, I never was a member of a Sunday school until I was married. In early youth I had no distinctive religious impressions or convictions. My sensibilities and emotions were sometimes awakened, but were physical excitements and had no religious basis. All my life I was outwardly moral. I never uttered an oath, and never gambled, although I learned to play cards when I was eight or nine years old. When at college, I attended church, more because it was a college regulation and to see the girls than for any other purpose. I used to hear Dr. Hoyt, Drs. Curry (now—1877—of New York), Means, Smith, Longstreet, Chambliss, Albert Williams, Branham, &c. Of the Bible, I was stupidly ignorant. During college, I had, as most boys have at some period of their lives, skeptical notions; but I was afraid of them, and deliberately burned, without reading, Paine's 'Age of Reason,' which a class-mate gave to me.

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"When at the Law School, I heard Theodore Parker, Dr. Walker, Dr. Kirk, and Baron Stow; but had no convictions of sin, nor desire for salvation.

"After my return from the Mexican War, there was a protracted meeting at Kelly's Springs, and my father was baptized. His baptism made a deep impression on me. During the meeting I was admitted into the church, and was baptized by Elder Samuel Henderson. . . . I have never had any rapturous experiences, any overpowering views of my sinfulness of forgiveness; and to this day, with humiliation I record it, I have never had any special satisfaction in partaking of the Lord's Supper. I know the depravity of my heart, the need of regeneration, my utter inability to change my own heart and character. I believe the Bible, the atonement of Christ, its all sufficiency, and rely simply on Christ's work and grace for salvation. I find most contentment in working for my Master, although I am sure there is no meritoriousness, as procuring salvation, in any human righteousness. I have often wished and prayed for the experiences that some Christians have; but they have been denied me, or possibly, by unbelief I have denied them to myself.

"In 1847, I attended the Alabama Baptist State Convention at Greensboro, Alabama, and was on the Committee on Education. In 1848, and for several successive years, I was a delegate to Coosa River Association, and was the Clerk of the body, writing many of the reports, four of which bear my name. In 1856 I was elected Moderator and so continued when present. In 1856 the East Alabama Baptist Convention was organized, and I was elected President for two or three sessions. In 1865, and for a few sessions thereafter, I was elected President of the Alabama Baptist State Convention.

"During these various years, I taught in Sunday Schools, made missionary and other religious addresses, conducted prayer-meetings, and sometimes delivered

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what are called exhortations. I may have been called an active lay-member. Once, by my Church, I was chosen deacon and declined. During the war, when in command of my regiment, I sometimes, in the absence of the chaplain, or in default of one, addressed my men on practical religion.

"In the summer of 1865, at Refuge Church, in Talladega County, Rev. William McCain, the pastor, induced me to preach my first regular sermon. In August and September I aided J. J. D. Renfroe, my pastor, and Dr. Spalding, in a meeting in Talladega town. A spectacle, novel and interesting, was that of a Confederate soldier and a Federal soldier, who walked into the water, hand in hand. In September, I aided the same brethren and Brother O. Welch, the pastor, in a meeting at Talladega (now Alpine) church. In December, I assisted Dr. W. H. McIntosh in a meeting at Marion, Alabama. All these meetings were highly successful.

"I have been invited (I write this on 22 March, 1877) to pastorates in Selma, Montgomery, Mobile, Atlanta, Augusta, Wilmington, Raleigh, New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, San Francisco, Louisville, Norfolk, Richmond, Baltimore, New York, Boston and Brooklyn; but I have had no inclination or conviction that it was my duty to become exclusively a preacher. At times I love to preach, and I am profoundly convinced that sacerdotal ideas connected with the ministry, or preaching, have been productive of untold evil."

The intimacy, simplicity and candor of this statement not only reveal the pre-occupation of serious minded men of that age in religious matters, but constitute of themselves a sufficient warranty that Curry's discharge of the duties of his most high and sacred office was conscientious and earnest. Although he declined invitation after invitation of the

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most flattering character to accept a regular pastorate, he continued nevertheless to do a great deal of preaching. One hundred and nineteen sermons were delivered by him during the first year of his ministry, —an extraordinary intellectual feat, apart from the devotion which it illustrates; while, in addition, he made numerous addresses at prayer-meetings, Sunday Schools, associations, conventions and mass-meetings. He visited Richmond, Baltimore and Washington, and spoke on education and missions. He had beaten the sword of the soldier into the reaping-hook of a spiritual harvest, wherein he labored with an industry and persistence which vindicated his assertion that he "loved to preach." The influence of the preacher upon the life of the South is a story not yet adequately told. It may be doubted if the world has quite appreciated the singular religious quality of the Southern people and their leaders both in their military struggle and in the period of grim endurance after the conflict. Great revivals frequently swept the armies and preachers turned caissons into pulpits. From the ministry such officers as Pendleton, Lowry, Evans, Capers, Mell, Shoup, Dabney, Harrison, Willis, Peterkin, Polk, Smith, and Chapman entered the army and attained great distinction, and great preachers like Early, Quintard, Marvin, Pierce, Doggett, Palmer, the Hoges, Jeter, Burrows, the Rylands, Broadus, Minnegerode, Duncan, Father Ryan, shared with the military leaders the admiration and esteem of the soldiers in the ranks. The spectacle of Jackson and Gordon holding torches, in order that the Chaplain might read the Scriptures to the fierce veterans of the eastern armies,

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recalls Cromwell and his Ironsides in another age of deep feeling and high purpose. Near the beginning of the year 1866 Curry was invited to become a co-secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society,—one of the most distinguished and important offices of his church; in the following June he was asked to assume the pastorate of the Selma Baptist Church at a salary of $4,000; and at other times during the year he received calls from the Coliseum Baptist Church, in New Orleans, the Second Baptist Church in Richmond, and the Franklin Square Baptist Church in Baltimore. In November, at the Alabama Baptist State Convention, he was re-elected President of that body.

This is the record of a busy man, honorably, usefully and hopefully employed, and of a tough and vital nature, steeped in moral purpose, that could thus turn without complaint or cynicism from the excitements and ambitions of war and statesmanship to quieter and humbler, but essentially greater, projects of rebuilding and social service. No morbid despair of life, no idle regret for lost and now unavailing causes, no surrender to the adversities and calamities which had befallen him, almost before his prime, possessed the soul of Curry. Undaunted and undismayed, he buckled on the whole armor of faith, and in his works honored God and aided his fellow-man with a will that defeat could not check nor humiliation daunt. Nor were his energies and efforts confined to the assistance and amelioration of those who with himself had been cast down in the wreck of a great struggle. He turned himself in helpful sympathy to the ignorant and humble race, out of whose seeming triumph came to be

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wrought an Ilium of woes; and whose new-found friends had laid upon unprepared shoulders a double burden of freedom and of enfranchisement. With the tenderness and affection for the black man which the typical Southern slaveholder preserved to the end, and which the typical Southern slave rewarded with a fidelity and devotion that is unparalleled in the history of the world,—a tenderness which the alien will never comprehend, and a devotion which will never cease to astonish the outsider,—Curry was, from the moment of the fall of the Confederacy, occupied in mind and heart with the probable future of these people. On May 15th, 1866, he held a conference at Marion with Messrs. McIntosh and Raymond, the pastors of the local Baptist and Presbyterian Churches, with reference to the education of the freedmen of the town. They agreed upon a town-meeting, to be held on the 17th of the month; and on that day a preliminary gathering took place, whose object was to devise ways and means towards this desired end. Shortly afterwards, another meeting was held, at which Curry, supported by the two ministers already mentioned, and by ex-Governor Andrew B. Moore, prepared and introduced resolutions favoring the education of the colored people by the white people of the South. It was a wise and prescient act upon his part; and in dealing with the proposition he took an advanced position beyond that of most of his Southern contemporaries, many of whom were paralyzed with fear and wonder at the sudden injection of a great mass of ignorance "into the belly of the constitution." But Curry met the exigency of the situation with the judgment, the courage, the faith and the

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energy that had characterized his earlier career; and for it, in the end, he received his rich reward.

In this year of 1866, he began to keep regularly a record or diary; and the little leather-bound pocket-books contain many entries that bring the past days of a notable but disjointed and despairing period and a noble career vividly before the reader's eyes. Among many other details of this critical year after the war, when despair and hope alternately swayed the Southern balances, we find him writing cheerfully and without repining. Not a few of these entries are quite insignificant, alone and in themselves; but they go together to show the equal temper of his heart and mind, his quick interest in the life about him, his zest for work, and may thus serve to illustrate his character and conduct:—

Saturday, February 3 (Entry made at Meridian, Miss.) Carpet-sack taken from me by mistake, with clothes and all my sermons. Left for Mobile at 5 P. M.

Tuesday, February 6. Called on Miss Augusta Evans.

Saturday, February 10. Called with Miss Augusta Evans on Mrs. Chandron, who translated Joseph II,—a most accomplished and pleasant woman.

Monday, February 12. Spent Monday night at Mr. Evans',—the father of Miss Augusta J. Evans, author of Inez, Beulah, Macaria and St. Elmo.

Saturday, March 31. Took tea at General Lawler's with General Willis Bocock and Prof. A. J. Battle.

Tuesday, April 3. At 3.30 P. M. delivered a "little" lecture to the students of Howard.

Wednesday, April 11. (Entry made at Tuskegee, Ala.) Dined with Mr. McDonald. Met Mrs. Covington (*née* Miss Bussy), who knew my father and mother before marriage, and my grandfather and mother, and great-

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grandmother, who would never ride, but was a great pedestrian. My mother, when a girl, was cheerful and lively.

Monday, May 14. Informed of a contemplated duel, and mediation requested.

Wednesday, May 16. Officiated for the first time in marrying a couple, Marion M. Burch of Kentucky and Ella L. Curry. Spent the night at Jabez Curry's.

Monday, May 21. Left Marion at 6 A. M. Reached Selma at 9.20 A. M. Preached at night and baptized two young boys. This was my first administration of the ordinance.

Friday, June 1. Duel between M. P. Kennon and Capt. Frank Lumpkin. Two shots. No damage. Adjustment.

Friday, August 31. Invitation to Presidency of Richmond College.

Wednesday, September 12. Reached Montgomery at 9 A. M. Called with Judge Chilton, at 12 M., on Governor Patton, just returned from Chicago,—the "inauguration" of the Douglas monument. The Governor hopeful as to political affairs; Chief Justice Walker despondent.

Tuesday, October 9. Commenced teaching in College. Recitations in Moral and Intellectual Philosophy and Rhetoric.

Sunday, November 18. (Entry made in Richmond.) Preached at Second Baptist Church at 11 A. M.

Assisted in communion service at First Baptist Church at 4 P. M., and talked to converts.

Dr. Steel and Messrs. Farrer, Courtney and Ellyson, a committee of the Second Baptist Church, waited on me with a request to accept pastorate.

Preached at night in First Baptist Church to a large congregation. Drs. Stiles, Ryland and Burrows on the stand.

A busy day, surely!

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More than ten years later Curry wrote again, under date of that same full day, in one of the little brown leather-backed diaries:—

> On the 18th of November, happy day, I was accepted by Mary W. Thomas. I have had occasion, every day since, to thank God for this great goodness. I can recall the very spot where my proposal was acceded to.

On Tuesday, January 8, 1867, he made the following entry in his diary:—

> Weighed to-day 157 pounds;—more than I ever weighed before.

On 28th February, 1867, in his official capacity of President of Howard College, he entered into correspondence with Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, with reference to the Peabody donation, a gift of three millions of dollars by which Mr. George Peabody of Massachusetts established what became known as the Peabody Education Fund. This correspondence was the beginning of a later very close personal and official relationship between the two men, the details of which are to be found in subsequent chapters of this narrative.

In March of this year he was instructed by the trustees of his college, who armed him at the same time with a resolution of their confidence, to visit Virginia and Baltimore, for the purpose of securing some part, if possible, of the Peabody Fund for their own institution. Accordingly he set out for Richmond about the middle of the month, spending some days on the way, and remaining in Virginia only a short time. He appears to have been sick during a portion of this trip; and he did not reach

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Baltimore as he had contemplated. At the end of the first week in April he was again at Marion; and there is no record in his journals and notes of any fruitful results of the journey.

On June 17, 1867, he set out for another trip to Virginia, which had in view a different object than procuring aid for Howard College from the Peabody Fund. He travelled tranquilly, as one with a serene and untroubled mind, who having earned some days of leisure, proposed to enjoy them. He stopped at various places on his way northward. Among others, he was at Charlottesville on the 21st.

"I visited the University in the afternoon," he wrote in his diary; in which he always alludes to Jefferson's great educational institution at Charlottesville as "the University," apparently taking it for granted, as did most Southerners, and all Virginians, that there could be no difficulty in recognizing its identity. While in Charlottesville he visited the grave of Jefferson, in the graveyard on the mountain side; and Monticello, where the "sentinel over the rights of men" had spent his last years in his home upon the summit of the Little Mountain.

On the next day after his visit to Jefferson's house and burial-place, he reached Richmond.

The entries in the little brown-backed books had during the preceding months contained frequent mention of "M. W. T.", and of a correspondence in which the owner of those initials was a participant; and on the 18th of the preceding November,—"happy day!"—it showed the record of his engagement. So that the reader, who has followed these pages, may reasonably have surmised ere this, that

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Curry was visiting Richmond to be present at his own wedding.

On June 25, 1867, he and Miss Mary W. Thomas were married. She was the daughter of Mr. James Thomas, a prominent business man of Richmond, whom Curry, when a Confederate Congressman, had met, as he records, with her parents and numerous sisters, under a tree on the lawn of Mr. Thomas' residence, upon a certain summer's day, when she was "a sweet, beautiful girl of seventeen." The marriage ceremony was performed at 8.30 P.M., as he punctiliously relates, in the First Baptist Church, with Rev. William D. Thomas and Dr. J. L. Burrows officiating. A large and brilliant assemblage witnessed the solemn ceremony; and the bridegroom writes that besides the officiating ministers, there were present on the platform, as interested spectators, Doctors Jeter, Ryland, T. G. Jones and Shaver, and Reverend Messrs. Grimsby, Hume, and Morgan of England.

"From that day," says Curry in 1877, "our lives have flowed happily together, like two streams whose waters are indissolubly blended. Not a harsh word has ever passed the lips of either, nor an unkind thought been harbored for a moment in either heart. Now, after ten years of union, I can bless God for such a gift, and truly say that earth contains not a wiser, purer, nobler, better woman."

Surely no wife ever won a finer tribute than that!

An hour or two after their marriage Curry and his wife left Richmond for New York; and thence, on Saturday, June 29, they set sail for Europe. In the party were William D. Thomas, Dr. J. M. Williams of Baltimore, Professor Huntingdon, Rev. Thomas

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Hume, Jr., of Portsmouth, Dr. G. W. Samson and his family, and Messrs. Wheeler, Johnson and Farnham, all of whom appear to have been friends or acquaintances of Curry's, and whose presence he notes in his diary.

Their trip abroad, which was not so common an experience as it is to-day, covered a period of four months, and included England, Scotland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France.

On July 13, runs the diary, they were at Westminster Palace, Westminster Abbey, and the British Museum; on the next day, Sunday, they heard with interest a sermon from Spurgeon. In Italy, on the 24th, they visited Pompeii, and climbed Vesuvius; at Florence, on August 1, they traversed the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti palaces, and dwelt with unaccustomed eyes upon the glories of an ancient and unexcelled art; and there they visited the American sculptor, Hiram Powers, in his studio. On August 23, still following the now beaten track of the later tourist, they returned to Paris, where they remained until October 5, in attendance upon the Exposition and visiting the various places in its vicinity of historical or artistic interest. Here, in Paris, after a lapse of years, Curry makes record that he heard Patti sing again, with a charm that had lost nothing of its delight since he had heard her, ten years earlier, in Washington. Setting their faces homeward, by way of England, the Currys once more heard Spurgeon in his great London Tabernacle; and had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance.

The travellers reached New York October 28, whence they went straight to Richmond, where they tarried only a few days, and arrived at Marion early

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in November. The next month he attended the State Baptist Convention at Mobile, and was again and for the third time elected its President.

His "love of preaching" meanwhile continued a potent influence with him. Indeed, "love of preaching" but mildly expresses the deepest impulse of the man's nature, which was to teach and move his fellows. During 1867, in spite of his wanderings and various distractions, he preached forty sermons,—one of which was in Paris, and another in Edinburgh; and delivered forty-two addresses and lectures.

On July 10, while he was off the coast of Ireland, in his trip abroad, he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws by Mercer University, Georgia, of which he made record in his notes, with many exclamation points.

> Mercer University, Georgia, conferred on me, to-day, the Degree of Doctor of Laws!!!!

The later months of 1867 and the earlier ones of 1868 were busily occupied by Curry, who in addition to the duties of his collegiate office, was engaged in travelling here and there, and preaching and making addresses before religious and educational gatherings. At Talladega, on January 13, yielding to the earnest persuasion of his old friends and former constituents, he made a speech in opposition to the adoption of the Reconstruction State Constitution. The constitution was legally defeated by the terms of the Congressional enabling act, which required that a majority of the registered vote should be cast; but the Congress, with ruthless disregard of its own act, admitted Alabama into the Union under an unadopted reconstruction con-

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stitution; and with it, put in authority a State government, of whom the Lieutenant-Governor, Applegate of Ohio, the Secretary of State, Miller of Maine, the Auditor, Reynolds of Maine, and the Commissioner of Revenue, Keiffer of Ohio, were all officials of the Freedman's Bureau. In the county, in which the State capitol was located, the Reconstructionists nominated a ticket, which was a fair example of others in counties where the Freedman's Bureau most flourished. Their candidates for the legislature were a citizen of Ohio, an Austrian, and three negroes; and those for the county offices of Probate Judge, Clerk of the Circuit Court and Sheriff were all Northerners.

Curry wrote of his speech against the Black and Tan Constitution of Alabama, in 1877, that it was "the only political speech he had made since the War"; but he had made up his mind to get away from the ocean of political degradation and misrule that surrounded him, whose current of iniquity he was powerless to stem. On April 21, 1868, within three months after the election, Curry resigned the Presidency of Howard College. On the 27th, at the urgent request of several of his friends, he withdrew his resignation, provisionally; but, in fact, he never acted in an official capacity for the institution afterwards. An unusual sense of profound disheartenment seems to have come upon him in the contemplation of his surroundings. For once his buoyant spirit lacked resiliency. "The country was too bankrupt," he wrote, "and the political outlook too discouraging, to make a continuance of efforts for endowment desirable."

Long after his State had resumed her position of

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honor and dignity in the galaxy of Commonwealths under the rule of her own people, and when her coal and iron had made her a center of interest to the industrial world, Curry made final record in 1901 of his reasons for leaving Alabama:—

No man ever had truer or more devoted friends than honored me with their confidence in Alabama, and it was with deep reluctance that I turned my face away from the State of my boyhood and manhood, which still holds my paramount affection. It seemed unwise to keep my wife and children under radical misrule, and to remain where a generation or more would be needed to recover from the disastrous consequences of the War and hostile legislation.

It is manifest that a sharp conflict arose in his mind between his duty to his region, which he had served so faithfully and which had trusted him so completely, and his duty to his young wife who had joined her fortunes to his.

The claims of wife and children prevailed.

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CHAPTER XIII

IN THE OLD DOMINION

It will be recalled that in 1866 Curry had been offered the presidency of Richmond College,—an honor which was declined at the time of its tender. But, when upon his return from Europe in October, 1867, he was notified of his appointment to the chair of History and English Literature in the same institution, he appears to have regarded the proposition with a more favorable consideration. Yet it is scarcely probable that this invitation was in any large sense a determining factor in his removal from Alabama, where he had resided for thirty years. The social and political conditions of reconstruction, which Virginia had so far escaped, and family considerations were the compelling motives, as he has himself recorded, which finally induced his determination to leave his former home.

With his family, he reached Richmond, which thenceforward became his residence, on the 3rd of May, 1868; and leaving his son and daughter there at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Thomas, he went with Mrs. Curry to Baltimore, to attend the Southern Baptist Convention, which was to meet in that city on the 7th. According to previous arrangement he was to preach the introductory sermon before the Convention; but this plan was prevented by a singular accident. As they were

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approaching Baltimore, at a point six miles from the city, between it and the Relay House, Mrs. Curry, who was seated by her husband's side in the carriage, was struck on the head by a stone, weighing some four pounds, which was hurled at the occupants of the vehicle by some undiscovered ruffian; and her skull was fractured.

"At first," writes Curry, "I thought that she had been shot with a pistol; and did not learn the extent of the injury until, on arriving at the Eutaw House, Dr. R. N. Smith, the eminent surgeon, came out and informed me. She did not recover consciousness until the 9th. We had the sympathy and proffers of service from hosts of friends."

No clue to the perpetrator of this outrage, nor motive for its commission was ever discovered; but it had the effect of disarranging all of Curry's plans; and it was not until the 9th of the month, two days after the Convention had assembled, that he appeared before it, and made an address in behalf of the Greenville Theological Seminary. His recent experiences in Alabama had profoundly impressed him with the need of providing religious instruction for the newly-emancipated slaves; and we find him soon after his visit to Baltimore, and the accident to Mrs. Curry, addressing a mass-meeting of Baptists in Richmond, and urging upon his auditors the importance of the Southern people putting forth more vigorous efforts for giving the negroes a proper religious education. In the meantime he was still "preaching,"—filling, as opportunity offered or occasion demanded, the various pulpits of Drs. Fuller, Williams, and Hatcher. The astounding readiness with which, without technical preparation, he was

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able to "preach" to the delight of great critical audiences in the big cities proves again the contention that the man's overmastering impulse was didactic. He *had* to preach — from some sort of rostrum.

His summer of this year was more or less uneventful. In June he was in New York City, preaching in the Madison Avenue Church, and receiving and considering certain tentative propositions, looking to his acceptance of its pastorate, as the successor of Dr. H. G. Weston, who had been called to the Presidency of Crozer Theological Seminary. Later he attended sundry association meetings; and on the 13th of July, 1868, he signified at last his formal acceptance of a professorship in Richmond College.

For a number of successive summers after the close of the War between the States, the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs was the rendezvous of many men and women who had been conspicuous for their devotion and services to the Confederacy; and, in the simple surroundings of the place, the most refined and gracious and intelligent society of what was left of the old South, was accustomed to gather for a brief and unostentatious annual recreation. Thither Curry went in the latter part of August, and spent a week; and among his former associates, acquaintances and friends, found there Commodore Matthew F. Maury, General Robert E. Lee, General P. G. T. Beauregard, General John Echols, Governor Pickens of South Carolina, Governor Letcher of Virginia, Senator Allen T. Caperton, Mr. Alexander H. H. Stuart, and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens. With the tremendous tragedy of the War immediately behind them, it may be well imagined that these illustrious partici-

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pants in its tremendous endeavors and failures, found much to recall of the past, and no less to hope and plan for in the future. One wishes that such a vivid talker and keen observer as Curry had handed down to us some transcript of the talk of this unusual company. They had been actors in a great tragic enterprise and had failed, but they were not broken soldiers of fortune or disappointed adventurers. Indeed they came nearer to being martyrs than adventurers—martyrs to idealism and to love of home and locality; or else unworldly champions of an idea which seemed to them finer than life. Millions of silent, proud people still loved and trusted them. They were beginning life over again with erect heads, and most of them, as poorly paid public servants in the fields of education or industry.

The great dining hall of the famous hotel was filled one evening when a gentleman in gray clothes entered with a friend and was proceeding modestly to a seat. Suddenly some one silently rose as he passed, and, as if by magic, the whole company rose without noisy acclaim, for they had recognized the face and figure of Lee, and spontaneously their hearts had taught them to act as loyal subjects do when the king passes by. That pure and lofty face was known to them all. Some had seen it in the glare of battle. Women and children knew it as a symbol of the highest for which they had suffered. It was such a scene as could only happen to people who had known great sorrow but had kept unsullied a standard of human virtue, and thus touchingly did homage to goodness worn so simply and yet so fair to behold in the noble presence of their great leader.

During the month of September, 1868, with his

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daughter, Susie, and several friends, he made an extensive trip through the West, going as far as Fort Hayes, where they were stopped in their further journey by the depredations and incursions of hostile Indians. The return journey to Richmond was made in time to permit Curry to begin his new duties as a Professor of Richmond College on Thursday, October 1. Into this work he entered with his accustomed energy, and the enthusiasm without which men do not accomplish the great things of life; and here for ten years he labored with the assiduity, the intelligence and the well-directed effort, which justified a later verdict from the public of noble and fruitful accomplishment. Of this experience he wrote at a subsequent day:—

> I have since acted as Associate Professor of Law, and am now filling the Chair of Philosophy. My association with the College has been very pleasant. I am much attached to the students, and they apparently to me. My rule is to treat them as gentlemen, and to have them regard me not as a hard taskmaster, but as a sympathizing friend.

In the meantime the "calls" and invitations that came up to him from many places and directions to pastorships which he persistently declined, attest his continued popularity and esteem among the people of his denomination; while his professional duties did not prevent a frequent indulgence by him in the exercise of his oratorical gifts in the pulpit and upon secular occasions. He records that during this year he preached sixty sermons, delivered seventy public addresses, and wrote a chapter of "Recollections" for Mr. Samuel Boykin's biography of Governor Howell Cobb.

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During December, 1868, the final act of a notable drama, growing out of the War between the States, was witnessed by Curry. In May, 1866, an indictment had been found against Mr. Davis, the President of the Confederate States, then a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, by the grand jury of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Virginia, and Charles O'Conor had written a letter to the distinguished prisoner, proffering his professional services in his defence, which offer had been accepted. At the May term, 1867, after repeated and unavailing efforts on the part of Mr. Davis' counsel, consisting of Messrs. Charles O'Conor, the acknowledged leader of the bar in the United States, William B. Reed of Philadelphia and John Randolph Tucker of Virginia, George Shea of New York, Robert Ould and James Lyons of Virginia, to obtain a trial or bail for the prisoner, the case was called for hearing on a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Underwood. Attorney General Evarts, and District Attorney Chandler appeared for the government; and Mr. Davis was released upon a bail bond of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, with Horace Greeley of New York the first surety thereon.

On the 26th of March, 1868, a new indictment had been found against the former President of the Confederacy, charging him in a number of counts, and in the involved phraseology of the law, with various acts of treason, notable among which was that of "conspiring with Robert E. Lee, J. P. Benjamin, John C. Breckinridge, William Mahone, H. A. Wise, John Letcher, William Smith, Jubal A. Early, James Longstreet, William H. Payne, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, P. G. T. Beauregard, W. H. C. Whiting, Ed. Sparrow,

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Samuel Cooper, Joseph E. Johnston, J. B. Gordon, C. F. Jackson, F. O. Moore, and with other persons whose names are to the grand jury unknown," "to make war against the United States," and with doing various other things, all of which things were alleged to have been done "traitorously, unlawfully, maliciously and wickedly."

On the finding of this indictment, the trial was continued from time to time until the fourth Monday in November, when it was arranged that Chief Justice Chase should be present. This date was later changed to December 3, 1868; and on that day the Chief Justice sat with Judge Underwood to hear a motion to quash the indictment. On this occasion, Messrs. O'Conor, Ould, Read and Lyons of Mr. Davis' counsel appeared; and the government was represented by the newly appointed district attorney, Mr. Beach, and by Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, and Mr. H. H. Wells, the former military Governor of Virginia, when it was "District Number One." Mr. Ould opened for the defense on the motion to quash, and Messrs. Beach, Wells and Dana replied. Mr. O'Conor concluded the case for Mr. Davis on the 4th; and the Chief Justice and Judge Underwood disagreed, and the case was continued until May, 1869. On the 15th day of February, 1869, the following order was entered in the Federal Circuit Court at Richmond:—

MONDAY, February 15, 1869.

United States

vs. *Upon Indictment for Treason.*

Thomas P. Turner, William Smith, Wade Hampton, Benjamin Huger, Henry A. Wise, Samuel Cooper, G. W. C. Lee, W. H. F. Lee, Charles Mallory, William Mahone,

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O. F. Baxter, Robert E. Lee, James Longstreet, William E. Taylor, Fitzhugh Lee, George W. Alexander, Robert H. Booker, John DeBree, M. D. Corse, Eppa Hunton, Roger A. Pryor, D. B. Bridgford, Jubal A. Early, R. S. Ewell, William S. Winder, George Booker, Cornelius Bayles, William H. Payne, R. S. Andrews, C. J. Faulkner, and R. H. Dulaney, W. N. McVeigh, H. B. Taylor, James A. Seddon, W. B. Richards, Jr., J. C. Breckinridge and Jefferson Davis.

(Two cases.)

The District Attorney, by leave of the Court, saith that he will not prosecute further on behalf of the United States against the above named parties upon separate indictments for treason. It is, therefore, ordered by the Court that the prosecutions aforesaid be dismissed.

The motion to quash having failed in the disagreement of the Chief Justice and of Judge Underwood, the fact of the disagreement was certified to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the case was never called; and thus concluded the prosecution for treason, against Mr. Davis and his associates.

Curry makes record of the historic event and of the argument of this motion on the 4th of December, 1868:—

At the Circuit Court of the United States, Chase, Chief Justice, presiding, a motion to quash the indictment against Jefferson Davis was argued. I heard an able argument from Charles O'Conor, one of Mr. Davis' counsel. Hon. Wm. B. Reed of Philadelphia was associate counsel. I called to see him, and had a pleasant interview. He was a brother of Henry Reed, the author, and himself was a graceful and scholarly writer. Our acquaintance began by a letter he wrote to me, complimenting a speech in 1859 on the Speaker's election.

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This cold and almost colorless allusion to an event which deeply moved the hearts of the Southern people, written by one of the most ardent advocates of the right of Secession and of State sovereignty, the recognition or condemnation of which doctrines at the hands of the law lay in the determination of this case, serves to illustrate the cool temper of Curry's mind and how quickly he had begun to put into practice his precept to his son: "Let us live in the present and for the future, leaving the dead past to take care of itself." Though there is nowhere in his voluminous writings to be found any recantation of the settled and fixed convictions and principles of his political philosophy, when the arbitrament of the sword had once made final disposition of secession and of the Calhoun idea, he did not continue to dwell upon his ancient and unsurrendered faith; but turned his face steadily to those newer and more hopeful aspects, which the later dispensation promised. In this respect it may be noted here, that he followed the illustrious example, in act and precept, of his great commander, General Lee, whose *post-bellum* career was characterized by no repining or bitterness, and by such cheerful acceptance of conditions as his courage and faith might afford.

During the year 1869, Curry continued to keep busy with his collegiate duties, his lectures and his sermons, delivering among others two lectures in Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia, on "Language and Character," before cultured and appreciative audiences that included in their number the great president of the institution, General Robert E. Lee.

During this session the Trustees of Richmond

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College determined to abandon the governmental system of the college, which included a President, in favor of the more democratic scheme of making the professors of the various schools under the title of chairmen administrative heads of the college. In this change they pursued the plan of government that had been devised by Mr. Jefferson for the University of Virginia, where it had been followed with success since the foundation of that institution. Of the two great features of the higher education in collegiate and university administration and instruction, both of which Jefferson emphasized in his foundation of his University, that of the elective system of studies has since his time steadily grown and prevailed, in more or less modified form, until it has become a conspicuous and accustomed feature of university and college life in America; while the other, namely, of choosing a Chairman of the Faculty from the professors in rotation as the temporary head of the institution, has been tried in various southern institutions, as Curry records its trial in 1869 at Richmond College, only to be ultimately abandoned, as it was abandoned there, and has since been abandoned at the University of Virginia itself, as inadequate and insufficient under existing conditions. It is to be observed, however, that Curry makes no comment upon its effectiveness or lack of it, as it came under his observation at that time.

At this time the little brown books are full of notes of a more or less domestic and personal nature, which record the graduation of his daughter at the Richmond Female College in the schools of English, French and Moral Science; the inception of Mrs.

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Curry's work as a teacher of the infant class in the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church, of which she made a great success, raising this class in numbers from thirty, when she first took charge of it, to two hundred and twenty-five, when she gave it up ten years later, on account of ill-health; and of various other incidents and occurrences of temporary personal interest.

The invitations to pastorates still continued to be made and declined.

On his return from St. Louis, in obedience to such a call, he heard Beecher preach in the Brooklyn Tabernacle; and this year, too, the American Baptist Publication Society published his tract, "Protestantism: How far a Failure"—a discussion showing the development of his mind in the direction of technical theological investigation.

But perhaps the most notable event of the year 1869, in its bearing upon his later career, was his meeting with Mr. George Peabody. The Peabody Fund had, at that time, just been established; and Dr. Barnas Sears, an able and scholarly citizen of Massachusetts, had been made its Agent, and had come south, and taken up his residence at Staunton, in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

"In 1869," writes Curry of this episode, "at the White Sulphur Springs, I had the honor of being introduced by Dr. Sears to Mr. Peabody. This was the first and only time I ever saw him. The interview was pleasant, and I was agreeably impressed by his benevolent countenance, the dignity and ease with which he received visitors, and his earnest, patriotic desire that the impoverished South should be benefitted by his benefaction."

Curry has left in his "History of the Peabody

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Education Fund " a more extended account of both Mr. Peabody and Dr. Sears, the latter of whom he visited some years afterwards at his home in Staunton.

The year 1870 brought to him many occasions for wide and varied service in the causes of education and religion. He attended a National Baptist Convention in Brooklyn, in April of that year, which was held under the auspices of the Brooklyn Social Union,—in many respects a remarkable assemblage, which gave a great impulse to the educational movement of the time. Curry delivered an address before the Convention on the "Condition and Prospects of Education in the South," as affecting both races, with especial reference to the duties of Baptists in relation thereto.

In June, 1870, his almost abnormal activity took form in a Report to the Board of Foreign Missions of his Church, in which he recommended the establishment of a mission in Europe. "From this," he modestly writes in 1877, "came the present successful Italian Mission."

Recurring to his diaries, we note the genesis and beginning of the Richmond College Law School, in these simple entries:—

December 10, 1868.—Trustees of Richmond College determined to establish a Law School.

October 11, 1870.—Delivered my first lecture to Law Class on Constitutional Law.

And about 1877:—

In October, 1870, began the Law School of Richmond College, with Mr. William Green, Judge Halyburton and myself as Professors, I taking the chair of Constitutional and International Law.

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It was a remarkable faculty with which the young law school opened its doors. Curry, himself, was a man of unusual distinction, wide experience, and strong ability; Judge Halyburton had occupied conspicuous position in the public eye in ante-bellum years, and in the era of the Confederacy; and Mr. William Green was, by the testimony of his brethren of the bar, one of the most learned lawyers then living in America. But Halyburton and Green were both comparatively aged men, with "eyes grown old with gazing on the pilot-stars"; and neither continued long in their new chairs. So that the burden of the new law school fell upon Curry,—a burden which he bore with his characteristic energy and ability for several years.

On October 12, of this year (1870), General Robert E. Lee died at Lexington; and the next month an historic meeting of Confederate soldiers was held in Richmond to inaugurate a movement for building a monument to the great leader of the Southern armies. This meeting convened in the Second Presbyterian Church; and, amid much enthusiasm, speeches were made by ex-President Davis, Generals Gordon, Preston, and Henry A. Wise; and Colonels Marshall, Johnson, Withers, and others. The movement resulted in the noble equestrian monument of Lee that is now one of the chief ornaments of Monument Avenue in the former Confederate Capital.

At this time, Dr. Barnas Sears, the General Agent of the Peabody Fund, was present in Richmond; and on November 2 he was Curry's guest. The same day a meeting was held in the Capitol with the object of advancing the cause of the Common School System, provided by the new Constitution

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of the State, and already inaugurated by Virginians under the restored government of the Commonwealth. The deliberations of this conference were participated in by Governor Gilbert C. Walker, Dr. Sears, W. W. Walker of Westmoreland, and Curry, all of whom delivered addresses.

In December, 1870, the joint committee of the two houses of the Virginia Legislature, then in session, to which had been referred the question of the disposal of the Government Land Script, held public sessions in the Capitol; and various representatives of the colleges and higher educational institutions presented the claims of their respective institutions to the endowment. Curry in two able and earnest speeches before this Committee urged the claims of Richmond College; but, as the issue developed, without success.

In July, 1871, the Trustees of Richmond College combined the schools of English and Moral Science, and elected Curry to the chair. He accepted the appointment, resigning the professorship of Law in order to give his complete official time to this work, which was more congenial to his tastes than that of a law teacher. Again his diary is a dry record of the addresses that he delivered in 1871, and of the pastorates and professorships that he declined. He caps the climax of this distinguished, if uninteresting period, by the recital of his declination of three College presidencies within the twelve months, namely, of Georgetown College, Kentucky, of Mercer University, Georgia, and of the University of Alabama; and notes during the same year his refusal of a professorship in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Many more were to follow from all parts

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of the country, among them that of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, whose record of educational distinction might well have proved an allurement to his ambition.

The criterion for the choice of a professor in those days was not exact scholarship and published research, but personality, impressive human qualities and teaching ability. This shifting about from law to English and from philosophy to theology strikes our modern notions queerly, but poverty and the emphasis on teaching ability made it possible. Curry could teach anything attractively, and his energy kept his attainments always in advance of his pupils.

The year 1872 was, in his own words, "active and memorable"; but more from his personal point of view, than from that of the general reader; for its record embraces solely the details of energetic work done by him in behalf of his church and of the educational institution with which he was officially connected. Such civic, religious and educational honors continued to be showered upon him as are usually conferred upon few men; and if his notation of them is exact almost to monotonousness, it is none the less free from any expression which indicates that they brought with them elation or undue self-appreciation.

It was at a great meeting of the association of his church that a Memorial Campaign was organized that aroused much of his enthusiasm, and to whose work he contributed no little of his energies and efforts. It was determined to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the body; "and," he states, "appropriately to testify our gratitude, it was resolved

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unanimously by the Association to raise Three Hundred Thousand Dollars for the endowment of Richmond College. Resolutions were adopted looking to a grand meeting at Richmond the ensuing year. A Memorial Committee, of which I was a member, was appointed to carry out the project of the Memorial Fund; and Dr. J. L. Burrows was chosen as the Financial Secretary."

"Thus began," he continues, "our grand Memorial Campaign, when the Baptist Churches were visited, addressed and thoroughly aroused. Great excitement was produced. Many Baptist preachers and laymen became voluntary agents to help on the good work. We combined with the Semi-Centennial celebration a remembrance of what the Baptists of Virginia had done for the great work of Religious Liberty in the United States. This involved necessarily a recital of the legislation of the Colony and a discussion of the principle of an Establishment. Collaterally, Presbyterians and Methodists were brought into the discussion; but the Episcopalians were especially sore at the production of their unenviable record. Carefully I abstained from all attacks upon, or criticism of the Church, and confined myself to a discussion of the Establishment."

In 1873 the Baptist Memorial Campaign was actively and energetically conducted; and to it he gave effective and enthusiastic assistance. During the latter days of May and the earlier days of June of that year the Semi-centennial meeting, which the raising of the Memorial Fund was designed to commemorate, was held in Richmond. Delegates were present from many States of the Union in the North, the South and the West. Curry writes of it that it was the largest religious convention that ever assem-

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bled in Virginia; and certainly it was conspicuous among religious gatherings of a similar character for the enthusiasm of its participants. The Association met in the Second Baptist Church, and he was re-elected its President. The building itself was inadequate to hold the great numbers in attendance; and the largest audiences were accommodated under a huge tent which was erected upon the Richmond College grounds. A number of the Church's most distinguished leaders and divines were present, among whom were Dr. J. A. Broadus, conspicuous as a great pulpit orator of his generation, and for his unusual gift of eloquence; Dr. J. B. Jeter, a former President of the College, and noted as an able preacher and strong controversialist, and who was widely known as the editor of the *Religious Herald*, and as the author of a number of published works; Dr. Sears, the General Agent of the Peabody Fund, and one of the most eminent scholars; and Dr. S. S. Cutting, the first Secretary of the American Baptist Educational Commission, and himself a writer and theologian of national distinction. On the second day of the session Curry delivered to a large and deeply interested audience an address on the subject of "The Struggles and Triumphs of Virginia Baptists," a notable historical contribution to the story of the struggle for Religious Freedom in Virginia, which was published by the American Baptist Publication Society, and reached a wide circulation.

The Montgomery White Sulphur Springs at this period vied with the old Greenbrier White in the distinction and eminence of its guests and habitués; and in the late summer of 1873 Curry attended a meeting there of the members of the Southern His-

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torical Society, which was presided over by "Honest John" Letcher, the War Governor of the Commonwealth, and addressed by General Jubal A. Early. The object of the Society, which has down to the present time continued to maintain a successful and highly important existence, was "to collect and preserve materials for an authentic history" of the South; and among others who were present at this meeting, and interested with Curry and their other associates in the work of the Society, were Generals Beauregard, Wilcox, Fitzhugh Lee, Dabney H. Maury and Humes, and Commander Raphael Semmes, of the Confederate ship, the "Alabama." Curry records a later meeting of the Society in October of the same year, that was held in Richmond, the participants in which were scarcely less famous. Among them he mentions General Early, who presided clad in a suit of Confederate gray, such as he wore to the day of his death; Dr. Hoge, the eminent and eloquent Presbyterian divine, whose oration at the unveiling of the statue of "Stonewall" Jackson, presented by English gentlemen to the State of Virginia, suggested, in its lofty dignity, the eloquence of Bossuet; General Wade Hampton, later Governor of South Carolina, and Senator from that State, and Major Robert Stiles, whose subsequently published "Four Years with Marse Robert" ranks with the best stories of the great tragedy of the War between the States. It is pleasant and inspiriting to behold these men, unbroken in spirit, taking counsel together how they might preserve and increase the spiritual and intellectual integrity of a society whose outlook then seemed almost hopeless.

Nothing, however, appears to have served in any

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degree to deflect him from the two things with which his mind and heart during this period were overflowing. His first and foremost thought and effort alike were in behalf of the causes of religion and of education; and he continued, whenever his professional duties permitted, the self-imposed work of speaking and preaching in many places. Of all of these speeches and sermons he makes systematic record; and among the memoranda of this year occurs the following quaint entry of an experience in Southwest Virginia:—

Made a Sunday School talk and preached at a Lutheran Church in the country. Collection taken up for Professor of Theology at Roanoke College, sixty cents. Hard crowd.

Sometime in October of this year he attended the World's Evangelical Alliance in New York City, where he met with severe criticism on account of the frankness of his arguments against the alliance of Church and State in England. He attacked the establishment of the Church in that country with an earnestness and vigor that were more characteristic than discreet, in view of the presence in which he spoke; and he was called to order amid demonstrations of considerable feeling and excitement. He has left the following account of this episode among his notes:—

Delegates from Europe, Asia and America were present. I delivered an address, prepared by request of Dr. Schaff and others on the "Relations of Church and State." An officious extension of time by one Dr. Crookes, a Methodist minister, produced an intense excitement. The Assembly *en masse* cheered and hur-

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rahed and demanded that I should proceed; but I declined and retired, being followed by three-fourths of the audience. Besides its appearance in the proceedings of the Alliance, my address was widely published in Europe and America, and the Liberation Society of England issued it as a tract to help them in their work.

Curry's account of the incident does not seem, however, to be exact in the light of the reports of the current newspaper-press of the time. These show that he was called "to order" rather than "to time"; and that Dr. Crookes, who was presiding, interrupted him, not so much because his half-hour was up as because his speech was regarded as unpleasant by some of the English churchmen who were present.

Curry's status as a citizen of Virginia had by this time become so firmly established, and the impression which his ability and devotion had made upon the people of the State was so strong that in January, 1874, members of the Legislature then in session at Richmond approached him with the suggestion that he should become a candidate for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. At this time Dr. William H. Ruffner, who had drafted the bill establishing the public school system under the new Constitution of Virginia, and had been elected the first Superintendent, was discharging with great zeal and ability the duties of the office; and either in recognition of Ruffner's services in this position, or because he did not care to adventure the contest, or for some other reason that is not disclosed, Curry declined the invitation. At the same session of the Legislature, when that body was anxiously looking around for a fit and proper person to represent Virginia in the Federal Senate,—a search which finally

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resulted in the selection of Col. Robert E. Withers,—Curry's name, with those of a number of other native or adopted Virginians, was suggested for the position. That his just self-esteem was touched by the suggestion is evidenced by the note that he makes of it; but it is very questionable if he was ever seriously considered by any large number of the members.

"Visited the Legislature," he writes under date of January 10, 1874, in his diary, "in session for half an hour. Several members propose to use my name for United States Senate, as caucus of Conservative members have not been able to agree on a candidate."

In January, 1875, he began preaching at the First Baptist Church, according to an agreement which he had made in the preceding November to supply the pulpit for two months following the resignation of Dr. J. L. Burrows. This pastorate of two months was prolonged to six; and in the meantime he declined a call for a year. His work in this temporary pastorship was broadened by degrees in various directions, the most distinctive of which was a course of lectures to the church on the principles of the Baptists, which were dealt with, as he states, "not controversially, but for information."

Curry had now reached the meridian of life—fifty years of age. He had come up to Virginia from the lower South at forty-three, in obedience to an impulse always dominant in him, seeking an opportunity to array himself with the forces of progress and growth. Wealth and dignity of living had fallen to his lot, emancipating him from sordid anx-

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ieties. Love and admiration and sympathy, conditions absolutely necessary to the manifestation of his highest powers, stimulated and pricked him on to effort and helpfulness. His health was robust and his ambitions keen. He had a genius for popularity, a nature for public service. The abiding value of the idea of community effort, of collectivism in a democracy, came to him instinctively, as they did to Jefferson, despite the individualistic theories of government held by both. He was such a figure of humanitarian enthusiasm as New England had produced too luxuriantly, almost rankly, but which the South, since Jefferson's time, had produced rarely. He beheld society as an organism trying to grow under law. His passion was to aid in finding the law and in welcoming and leading the growth. He beheld Southern society, with unconquerable courage, seeking new standards and new ways of life, new economic conditions, amid a devastation unequalled in modern times. Proud, sensitive democracies must be pleaded with and shown how to do things needful to their growth, with infinite tact and patience. This was Curry's function. He was a pleader and a teacher and an ambassador to a proud, capable, stricken, but indomitable democracy. The bare record as set forth in this chapter seems scrappy and fragmentary. We see an intensely busy man teaching youth anything, from law to literature, preaching everywhere from the Pacific to the Atlantic, foremost in all great educational or religious organizations, writing for the press, rushing hither and thither and very happy and jubilant, not only over the tasks at hand but over the calls that everywhere came to him to come and help everybody.

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Looked at closely, however, these virile seven years of Curry's in the Old Dominion are not desultory years. They form a complete unit and constitute a perfect preparation for the supreme work which society needed to exact of him. The significance of moral character, the training of all the people, the spread of social sympathy—this trinity of public virtues was the creed this tireless public preacher was crying out to the South and to the Nation from the vantage ground of the great Commonwealth which had given the Nation birth, and had so suffered for duty's sake as to evoke the tenderness and regard of generous minds in all lands.

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CHAPTER XIV

POLITICS AND PRINCIPLES

The Presidential election, the result of which was finally determined by the extra-constitutional Electoral Commission, took place in 1876; and Curry, in common with the mass of the American people, experienced a deep interest in its conduct and results. His journal of the period makes usually but scant record of contemporaneous politics. The eager politician of the 'fifties, absorbed in religious and educational work, seemed to have forgotten the existence of the machinery of government, but this startling event, whose issue threatened at one time grave and portentous results, is frequently mentioned by him. He notes his exercise of the franchise on election day, as follows:—

Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1876.—Voted before breakfast for Tilden and Hendricks, and for amendments to the (State) Constitution.

The following day shows this entry:—

Wednesday, 8.—News from the election of yesterday assures the success of Tilden & Hendricks. Result rather unexpected. People gathered in the streets in front of the *Dispatch* office, reading and hearing telegrams from various States and shouting vociferously. We feel as if the days of Federal tyranny were numbered. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

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His patriotic exultation was short-lived. On Thursday, the 9th, he writes:—

Negroes very noisy and jubilant over Hayes' election, which is not a "fixed fact."

Other memoranda bearing upon the controverted result appear from time to time.

Nov. 20.—Still much uneasiness about the Presidential election. Universal distrust of President Grant and his party. Fraud or usurpation not considered beyond their purpose or capability. I am tired of this turmoil and distrust. I want a country I can love.

Dec. 2.—The country is much excited about the Presidential election. In South Carolina. Florida and Louisiana serious charges of fraud and intimidation on both sides. Gen. Grant has sent troops to each of the States. The votes of those States, if counted for Hayes, elect him. One electoral vote will elect Tilden. Business seriously affected by the possibility of an outbreak.

Dec. 6, 1876.—The Legislature of Virginia and the Electoral College meet in Richmond to-day. Heard that Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, the doubtful States, had been so manipulated as to secure their votes for Hayes and Wheeler.

The early part of 1877 found the issue still undetermined; and in order to reach a settlement the contending parties agreed upon the creation and organizing of the famous Electoral Commission, which, after listening to the arguments of counsel and gravely considering many momentous questions of law and fact, decided the contest at last according to the law of human nature. The Republicans upon the Commission were in a numerical majority of one; and the Electoral Commission, by a majority of one,

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declared the Republican nominees elected. Curry, keeping tally in his journal of the situation, writes, under date of February 10, 1877: "News this morning rather gloomy. Seems as if the Commission by a party vote will decide in favor of Hayes for President."

Later in the month he and his son, Manly, went to Washington; and the diary, under the date of February 24, contains the following:—

After going to the President's house, we went to the Capitol and spent most of the day in the House of Representatives, to the floor of which both of us were admitted.

We witnessed the assembling of the two Houses twice to count the electoral votes. Oregon, having passed the Commission, was after debate passed on. Pennsylvania was objected to.

Much dissatisfaction with the Commission. Democrats complain of having been deceived. Some bitterness on the part of Northwestern Democrats towards Eastern. Southern Democrats opposed to mere dilatory and factious opposition.

Not impressed by the ability of the House. Very few of the members with whom I served.

He again visited Washington on March 2.

Reached Washington at 1:30 and stopped at Willard's Hotel. Went in the afternoon and at night to the Capitol. The Congress having this morning, at 5 A. M., after a night's session, elected Hayes President, the business was of a routine character. I met in the Senate and House a number of old associates. The House did not impress me favorably. Many of the members of very ordinary ability. At night I remained until 10 o'clock. . . . The feeling of Democrats quite bitter, regarding themselves as having been cheated out of the Presidency.

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Curry's natural interest in the momentous question before Congress and the Commission would of itself have afforded sufficient reason for his visits to Washington at this time; but there was also a question of a more personal character that was doubtless an impelling motive for his presence in the national capital. His pardon for bearing arms against the Government in the War between the States had been granted in October, 1865, by President Johnson; but during the twelve years following he still rested under political disabilities. In 1872 a general amnesty bill had been passed by the Congress removing the political disabilities imposed by the new amendments to the Constitution; but from its provisions were excepted about seven hundred and fifty persons, who had held the highest positions under the United States government. He wanted, as he had written, "a government that he could love"; his ardent temperament and instinctive patriotism demanded the exercise of loyalty, and it was not unnatural, though painful, for him to entertain some lack of complete affection for the government under which he was still inhibited from the right to hold office. The bill to remove his disabilities was passed by the Senate on February 27, 1877; and on March 2 the formalities were completed by which he was restored to full citizenship. Upon the following day he received an extraordinary tribute to his high character, his reputation for great ability, and his conceded patriotism.

"I called at the Capitol," he wrote, many years later, " and had a pleasant interview with Senator Sherman, who had, unsought, interposed in favor of the removal of my political disabilities, and for whose integrity, patriotism, and ability I had great respect and admiration. When

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leaving, he asked me if I were not going to see the President. I replied that as a matter of respect and friendship I should be glad of the privilege, but I had no business with him, and besides must leave the city in a few hours. To this he answered, 'You ought to go. He likes you very much. I have often heard him speak well of you.' 'If I were to try to see him, I could not, as hundreds of people must be pressing for interviews.' 'I will arrange that. He is at my house. Take this card.' Writing something on the card, which contained his name and street address, he handed it to me, and I left. Arriving at the house, I sent in my card and Mr. Sherman's, and was requested to wait a few minutes until a deputation from Ohio retired. In a few minutes I had a cordial welcome. After the usual inquiries, he expressed earnestly his desire and purpose so to conduct his administration as to bring the estranged sections into harmony and fraternity. Then to my surprise and gratification he declared his willingness to put into his cabinet some Southern men, or a Southern man, who had voted for Mr. Tilden, provided the person would give his administration an impartial support. A place in the Cabinet was tendered to me, but declined with proper and sincere expressions of thankfulness for the confidence reposed. He then said he was willing to appoint Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and wished my opinion as to his acceptance on the conditions mentioned. As to his acceptance I had no knowledge, but the acceptance would imply necessarily loyalty to his Chief. Having so confided in me, I ventured to say that the appointment would defeat the patriotic purpose of pacification he so warmly expressed. Gen. Johnston was so identified with the Confederacy, his promotion to a high place would awaken bitterest opposition in the North, and its strength would be such as greatly to cripple, if not defeat, his policy. After asking me about Gov. Hubbard of Texas and Judge Key of Tennessee, afterwards made Postmaster General, he expressed a desire to make the Federal appointments in

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the South acceptable to that section. I felt it my duty to express strongly my conviction: 'The South will not object to have the offices filled by Northern men, if they are honest and true, and go South, not to fleece the people, but to identify themselves with the country and its interests.' 'It would be better,' he responded, 'not to float the office-holders, but to select them from the residents.' 'No, no,' I interposed, 'you cannot find in the South a sufficient number of capable and honest white Republicans to fill the offices at your disposal.' This was naturally received with some incredulity; but I reasserted what I felt to be demonstrable truth, and I knew that putting 'scalawags,' as they were called, in responsible places meant the defeat of his noble purpose, and the serious injury of the South.

"This conversation occurred a quarter of a century ago, and thanks to President Hayes and the better understanding between the sections, and the wiser action of the governments, my strong expressions would now require large modifications."

Curry's diary for this year contains a number of interesting, if desultory, entries. Among them are the following:—

March 7.—Took supper with Dr. Coleman. Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor, was the guest,—a native of Richmond, a Jew. He made for the Jews a statue of Religious Liberty, which was unveiled during the Centennial. In Mr. Ezekiel's studio in Rome we saw the huge block on the first or second day after the workmen began upon it.

Since its author penned the foregoing paragraph, the guest of Dr. Coleman's whom he was invited to meet has achieved a larger fame that extends over two continents, and is illustrated in America not only by his statue of Religious Liberty, but by many

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other noble works of art, that have sprung from his chisel in his workshop at the Eternal City in the old Baths of Diocletian. Ezekiel, now a chevalier by the grace of the King of Italy, was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute in the later years of the War between the States, and took part with the cadet battalion in their heroic charge at New Market in 1861,—an episode that he has commemorated in his bronze statue of "Virginia lamenting her Dead," on the grounds of the Institute at Lexington. His Jefferson, donated by the sculptor himself, adorns the north front of the Rotunda plaza at the University of Virginia.

Under the same date the diarist writes:—

The Secretary of the Baptist Publication Society notifies me to-day that for a tract of mine on The Distinctive Principles of the Baptists, the premium of Fifty Dollars offered for the best on that subject was awarded.

He was at his father's old home in Talladega County a few days later; and wrote of it in his journal:—

March 13.—Stopped at my father's place, where I spent my boyhood years. Much dilapidated. Looked at the graves in the garden. A bad custom to bury the dead on farms in the country, as they change owners so frequently. When my father removed to this place in May, 1838, it was very beautiful. The soil was fertile, the watercourses clear, game was abundant, and there were some unremoved Indians.

Of the town of Talladega, under the same date, he wrote:—

Returned to town. Spent some time in the Court House, where I practised law and made many political

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speeches. People are poor and depressed. Radical misrule has been impoverishing.

March 31.—Letter from Dr. Hoge, in behalf of the Board of Directors, offering me the Presidency of the Virginia Bible Society. Declined.

April 28.—Reached Washington at 2 A. M. St. James Hotel. Called on Mr. A. H. Stephens; found him abed and cheerful. Spoke highly of Mr. Hayes.

At Willard's Hotel had a long talk with Senators Gordon and Lamar, Gov. Colquitt of Georgia, and W. H. Trescott of South Carolina, on the political outlook.

Called on Mr. Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Lamar and I called on the President and had a pleasant interview. The President seems determined to unite North and South as one people. He is very sensible, good mannered and patriotic.

During the summer he visited Dr. Sears, in Staunton, on his return from the Warm Springs:—

July 31, 1877.—At 12:30 P. M. stage for Millboro. View from mountain magnificent. Supper at Millboro. Car for Staunton. Arrived at midnight. Found Dr. Sears' son waiting to conduct me to his father's house on the hill overlooking the town. Place much improved. The oaks encouraged; other trees and flowers along the gravelled walks. Quite a variety of fruit trees. House well arranged, economizing space, and neatly furnished.

August 1.—Coming from chamber to parlor Dr. Sears gave me a cordial greeting. Until 12 in the house and under the trees, we talked of Education at the South and the Peabody work. Dr. Sears said he was in Boston to lecture before the Social Science Association. Geo. B. Emerson invited him to a club of Bostonians. Mr. R. C. Winthrop, who was present, invited him to present in writing his views as to the proper expenditure of the Peabody Grant, as the Trustees were to hold their first meeting in a few days in New York. This he did in a letter of eight

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pages. When the Trustees met, his suggestions were adopted, and he was elected Secretary to carry them out. Thus arose his connection with the Peabody Fund.

While Horace Mann was Secretary of the Board of Education in Massachusetts, and during Dr. Sears' first two years in that office, their salary of $1,500 each was paid by a Mr. Dwight.

In the autumn of the year Richmond was visited by a distinguished party of guests, to whom was given a cordial and hospitable reception, in which Curry bore a prominent part. His account of this event appears in his diary.

October 30.—Accompanied a deputation of the City Council and a committee of the Agricultural Society, on special invitation to meet the President of the United States. At Quantico met him, his wife and his two sons, Secretary Sherman and wife, Secretary Evarts, Secretary Thompson, Attorney General Devens, General J. T. Morgan and others. *En route* great curiosity to see Mr. Hayes. At Fredericksburg, a reception. As we came within the limits of the City of Richmond great crowds, all the military, fire companies, etc., turned out to welcome the visitors. At a stand, near Monroe Park, the President and Cabinet spoke to many thousands. I was called for. The President introduced me as his old college mate; and I asked for three cheers, which were given and repeated. *En route* to the hotel the streets were lined with enthusiastic people and flags. The President received at the Exchange Hotel at night. General Morgan our guest.

October 31.—Called at 10 on the Presidential party. Soon started to the Fair. Governor Kemper on the grounds, welcomed the President to the State. All the members of the Cabinet, and General Morgan and Dr. Loring, member of Congress from Massachusetts, spoke. Mrs. Hayes was introduced to the multitude, who cheered vociferously.

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The Governor gave the President and party a reception and then a collation.

November 1.—At 10 A. M., the President and Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mrs. Sherman, Mr. Evarts, Secretary of State, R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Devens, Attorney General, Governor Kemper, Generals Joseph E. Johnston, W. H. F. Lee and Wickham, Judge Meredith, Hon. J. T. Morgan, Senator from Alabama, Mr. James Thomas and Miss Kate C. Thomas breakfasted with us. Room handsomely decorated with flowers.

Went to Fair Grounds. President and members of Cabinet spoke. The President reviewed the First Virginia Regiment, and some other companies.

Dined at Col. Hobson's with Generals Morgan, Maury and S. G. Jones and Colonel Archer Anderson.

In the latter part of December, 1877, Curry spent several days in New York City, where he met President Hayes again. He preached at Hanson Place, Brooklyn, and attended various gatherings of more or less importance. Under date of December 21, his first day in the metropolis, he makes the following entry in his journal:—

In the afternoon, at the Union Theological Seminary, I heard an informal lecture of Rev. Joseph Cook before the students and others on the Advantage of Philosophical Studies in a course of Theological training. Present, Doctors Adams, Hitchcock, Shedd, Schaff, Hall, Taylor, Ralph Wells, and others.

At night heard him again in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association on Ultimate America. The poet, William Cullen Bryant, presided.

During 1877 Curry's previous experience of receiving calls to many pulpits in various directions,

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and elections to professorships and presidencies of educational institutions, was repeated. He was offered the Presidency of the East Tennessee University, and, provisionally, that of Richmond College; and he declined calls from churches in St. Louis and Baltimore; and he received invitations to make addresses and deliver lectures almost without number. On February 23, 1877, he makes the following entry in his journal, illustrative of the many demands upon his time and energies:—

Invitations to lecture in Norfolk, Portsmouth and Petersburg.

People seem to think that I am a public servant, with nothing to do but respond to their calls.

With all his enthusiasms and aroused interests, which responded whenever possible to such demands, their number outweighed his strength and time; and it is scarcely a matter of wonder that occasionally his patience became strained. Many other solicitations to render all sorts of services, and do all kinds of things, were added to the burden of these invitations. On November 15th he writes in his diary an amusing list of what a day may bring forth in the life of such a man:—

As illustration of requests made of me to-day, I have been asked,

1. For photograph.
2. To read preliminary chapters of a novel, write notice, get a publisher.
3. Obtain employment as associate or corresponding editor.
4. Find grave of a dead soldier, and cost of removal to Alabama.
5. Give opinion on feet-washing, as a religious rite.

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6. Give opinion on rightfulness of firing tobacco on Sunday.

7. On suits by administrator against a brother-member of a church.

8. Secure appointment as superintendent of schools in a county.

9. Tell what is meant in 24 Matt. 30 by "Sign of the Son of Man in heaven."

10. Tell whether meteoric shower in 1833 had been predicted by scientists.

This in addition to regular college duties and faculty meetings.

In 1878 the question of the payment of the public debt of the Commonwealth, which had been contracted prior to the War between the States, and before the separation of the State of West Virginia, largely for the purpose of public improvements in what is now both States, came to the front as a matter for political disposition. A movement was inaugurated, under the leadership of General William Mahone, for a readjustment of the debt on a basis which should compel the contribution by West Virginia of its proportionate part. A wide difference of opinion sprung up in the older State as to its obligation and ability to pay the whole debt, and resulted in the disorganization of the dominant democratic party, and the birth of a new party known as "Readjuster." For several years the question was the subject of bitter political contest on the hustings and at the ballot-box, with the State and Federal Courts taking turns at attempting its legal decision. The Mahone party for a time were successful; and the democracy was dislodged from power. Colonel William E. Cameron, the Readjuster candidate for Governor, was elected to that office over Major John W.

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Daniel; and Mahone and Riddleberger were chosen by the Readjuster legislature, the United States Senators.

Curry stood with the Debt-payers. He believed that as Virginia had contracted the debt, and had got value for the bonds, which had been expended for beneficent public uses, both a legal and a moral obligation existed for their payment in full, in spite of the State's great poverty and of the further fact that the debt was owned almost altogether abroad. He therefore favored, as against the "forcible readjustment" advocated by Mahone's followers, such a settlement with the creditors as should be satisfactory to them and should preserve the Commonwealth's ancient and untarnished financial honor. In January, 1878, he received a request in writing, signed by many of the most eminent "debt-paying" democrats of Richmond, including Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Bishop Doggett, Drs. Jeter and Hoge, and Judge Meredith, to address the people on the momentous subject of the State debt. In response to the invitation, a week after its reception he spoke, with a discernment that penetrated at once the core of the issue, and with his characteristic political courage, upon the subject of "Laws and Morals" as bearing upon the question at stake. His address was delivered in Mozart Hall, a meeting-place in Richmond whose name became famous during the great political struggle by reason of its association with various gatherings of the two discordant and excited parties. A large audience greeted with tremendous applause his speech of an hour and a quarter, in which he advocated his side of the question with unusual power. He records with pardonable pride the fact that no

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address which he ever delivered received more approbation and commendation than did this one; and his spirit so warmed to the contest, that it was not long before he was in the thick of it, debating the subject with speakers on the other side, or delivering addresses in very many sections of the State. Success, pronounced though temporary, perched upon the banners of his adversaries; and it was only after a long period of political acrimony and bad feeling, and a bitter struggle through all the courts, that the matter was brought to a final conclusion as a political issue.

But politics, as has been said, in spite of his long experience in the political forum, had now come to be of secondary consideration with him. Without any recantation of his old beliefs, but with a steady adherence to those which the issue of war left to him intact and permissible,—and all the while with a patriotic acceptance of later conditions,—he had long since set his face to a hopeful sunrise, and was filled with a spirit of determination to do his best for the people among whom he dwelt. Under date of November 28, 1878, he writes in his diary:—

I attended Thanksgiving meeting at the Second Church, and spoke. The South has never observed these days, from a prejudice against their supposed New England origin. I mentioned as cause for thanks:

1. Good crops.
2. Arrest of yellow-fever scourge and the Northern aid.
3. Abolition of slavery.
4. Divorcement of government from religion.
5. Constitutional Republic.
6. Peace, and freedom from entangling alliances; and spoke of the future with an honest, intelligent and Christian people.

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Still holding, as so many of his Southern compatriots had held, to the constitutional interpretation of government,—the righteousness of State rights, and the unrighteousness of centralization in the Federal organization,—the one-time ardent secessionist recognized secession as a thing of the past, the earlier advocate of slavery rejoiced that it had passed away, and the prophet of the future conceived that the wise preoccupation of the South should be in education and industry rather than in politics.

Some days later he writes:—

> Met Drs. Cutting and Lathrop in conference in reference to holding Institutes for training and instruction of colored Ministers. Very cordial acquiescence.

No record appears among his journals and papers of the incidents and happenings of the year 1879; but in that year he was still busy with his teaching and preaching, while he wrought into the fabric of his political campaigning the morality of maintaining public obligations.

In 1880 the journals reappear; and an entry in March of that year contains the notation of an offer from President Hayes of an appointment on the Board of Visitors of the United States Military Academy at West Point; but the offer appears to have been declined, as was a similar one to the Board of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, emanating from the same source.

After another visit abroad, he returned to Virginia; and in the Presidential election of that autumn voted for General Winfield Scott Hancock, the democratic candidate for President.

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CHAPTER XV

PEABODY AND HIS TRUST

In 1866 George Peabody, a wealthy merchant of England, who was by birth a native of Massachusetts, of old New England stock, had visited the United States, and had made a gift of $2,100,000, which he increased to $3,500,000 in 1869, for the promotion of education in the South. The first General Agent chosen by the corporation of the Peabody Fund to administer its trust, as has been stated in previous pages, was Dr. Barnas Sears. Dr. Sears died in July, 1880; and in February, 1881, Curry was elected his successor in the General Agency.

"Thursday, February 3.—Telegram from Hon. R. C. Winthrop," he writes in his journal, "and letter of President Hayes, announcing my unanimous election as Agent of the Peabody Fund."

Mr. Winthrop and Curry had already been in correspondence with each other on this subject; and under date of November 3, 1880, a letter had come from the former at Brookline, Massachusetts, to the latter at Richmond:—

My dear Sir:—Your favor of Sept. 30th reached me just as I was leaving home to attend our Triennial Church Convention at New York. I only returned home at the

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end of last week; and I am unwilling to leave it longer unacknowledged.

I thank you for your kind personal expressions, and for your offer of a welcome to Richmond. I shall hardly leave home again until I go to the meeting of the Trustees at Washington on the 1st Wednesday of February. It would have been particularly pleasant, and perhaps I may say, profitable, for me to meet you before that meeting,—if we had come together casually. But any concerted interview might cause misunderstandings by others, if not by yourself. My own views are unchanged since I wrote you, and are not in the way of being changed. But I must keep myself open to conviction, until I have had a full and free consultation with my associate Trustees. Meantime I hope and trust that nothing of sectional feeling will get into our Board. We have escaped it so far. But yesterday's results prove that the air is saturated with prejudice,—on both sides, I fear. I have purposely avoided all active participation in political strife since Mr. Peabody charged me with presiding over this Southern Trust. I inclose the only expression of opinion which I ventured on during the campaign; and that was forced from me by an unauthorized use of my name. But it was prophetic of the result. Solid Souths and Solids Norths have been plainly arrayed against each other, and the issue has been very much what I anticipated. A good Providence presides over Nations as well as over individuals; and I will not question that all will be for the best in the end. But I yearn for an era of good feeling, and wish that all the old parties could be merged into a grand union of patriots.

Mr. Evarts has just sent for my files the letter of Dr. Cutting, which you sent him. I shall take it, with all the other testimonials, to Washington.

Believe me, Dear Sir,
Very truly, yours,
ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

Hon. J. L. M. CURRY.

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Mr. Winthrop, in his telegram announcing the new appointment, had requested Curry's presence in Washington, where the Board was in session; and accordingly on the day following that of its receipt, he went to the Capitol.

Friday 4.—To Riggs Hotel. At 11 met Peabody Board of Trustees, who received me cordially.
To the Senate and House of Representatives.
Dined with the Peabody Trustees at Secretary Evarts'.

Other details of his appointment are recorded in an additional entry:—

In acknowledgment of the high honor sought by many worthy applicants, I expressed my sincere thanks, and my determination to give my best power to carrying out the past policy, with which I was familiar. Gen. Henry R. Jackson, a Trustee from Georgia, informed me that Gen. Grant made the motion for my election, jocularly remarking that the nomination was fit to be made, notwithstanding the gentleman was not from Ohio.

Curry's acceptance of the position of General Agent of the Peabody Fund necessitated the surrender of his duties as Professor in Richmond College. He accordingly resigned at once; and at the close of the session in June was made a Trustee of the College, and this office he continued to hold for fifteen or twenty years, during a large part of which time he was President of the Board.

To the discharge of his duties as Agent of the Peabody Fund Curry brought the varied experience of a busy and already distinguished career, the enthusiasm which remained a peculiar characteristic of his mind throughout his life, and the ambition to put aside the losses of the past in the

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endeavor of achievement for the future. There were very many eminent scholars and educators who either made direct application to succeed Dr. Sears in the position, or whose names were presented by their friends and admirers; but both Mr. Winthrop, the President of the great Trust, and Dr. Sears, its accomplished General Agent, had long before the latter's death fixed upon Curry as Sears' successor. In their disinterested judgment his character and capacity and catholic spirit conspicuously marked him as the man for the place; and in their view the members of the Board concurred with a unanimity that was without hesitation.

His association with both Mr. Winthrop and Dr. Sears had already informed them of his fitness, and had prepared him to take up and develop the work on the lines of its successful foundation and former conduct. His qualifications were all accentuated by the facts of his Southern birth, association, and training; and were calculated to appeal to the confidence and to arouse the favorable expectations of both North and South.

Dr. Sears, with his eye long upon him as the man of all men to take up the dropped thread of his own ended work, had written to him in February, 1880:—

> We shall be more and more interested in the legislation of the several States. We come directly in contact with legislative bodies in arranging for normal schools. I would not be surprised if when you come to the front (as I confidently expect you will), you shall find yourself specially in this congenial atmosphere. I am sure a great work is before you. I do not regret being a pioneer. I only hope the pioneer work will be well done. I want no higher honor. I could have had no higher joy.

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It would have taken doubtless a less discerning mind than Curry's to interpret the suggestions of such communications as this; and he responded to them with a study of the Trustees' aims and plans. As early as 1873, he had attracted the attention of Dr. Sears, who wrote to Mr. Winthrop in that year that he knew a man "at that moment who was abundantly qualified and admirably adapted" for the duties of the General Agency, "if anything should happen" to him; and in a later letter in the same year he mentions Curry's name as that of the man of whom he had written. In a letter of September 7, 1877, he says:—

> Speaking of our successors, I would say, I have recently had Dr. Curry with me, and went over with him all my plans and doings. I am more and more satisfied that he is our man; he is so many-sided, so clear in his views, so judicious, and knows so well how to deal with all classes of men. His whole being is wrapped up in general education, and he is the best lecturer or speaker on the subject in all the South. He is in perfect accord with us on all points. If I can be the means of securing him for future General Agent, I think it will be the best thing I ever did for the Trustees.

And in April, 1879, he writes again to Mr. Winthrop:—

> I am trying to put things in good order for my successor. I keep Dr. C. informed of all I do. He understands well that I have no authority, though he knows my opinion of his fitness for the office.

Winthrop shared heartily in Sears' views of Curry; and when the time arrived for the election, it was only natural that he should have been chosen by

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the Board with the unanimity which his support by such authority demanded.

At the time of Curry's election, the Peabody benefaction had been in existence for fourteen years. The instrument creating it bears date of February 7, 1867; and by its provisions sixteen men of national reputation, representing in their most intimate local attachments the North, East, South and Middle West, were made Trustees of the Fund, with power to perpetuate their number, for its efficient and beneficent administration. The roster of its Trusteeship as constituted by Mr. Peabody contained the names of many who were illustrious, among all who were distinguished. They were Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, Hamilton Fish of New York, Bishop Charles P. McIlwaine of Ohio, General Ulysses S. Grant, Admiral D. C. Farragut, William C. Rives of Virginia, John H. Clifford of Massachusetts, William Aiken of South Carolina, William M. Evarts of New York, William A. Graham of North Carolina, Charles Macalester of Pennsylvania, George Wetmore of New York, Edward A. Bradford of Louisiana, George N. Eaton of Maryland, and George Peabody Russell of Massachusetts.

It was the purpose of Mr. Peabody that his gift should be employed to meet "the educational needs of those portions of our beloved and common country which have suffered from the destructive ravages, and the not less disastrous consequences, of civil war"; which was an euphemistic statement of great delicacy whose meaning pointed to the battle-ravaged and impoverished States of the late Southern Confederacy.

On March 14, 1867, Dr. Barnas Sears, the Presi-

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dent of Brown University at Providence, Rhode Island, upon the solicitation of Mr. Winthrop, the chairman of the Peabody Board, submitted to the Trustees a letter, in which he outlined his views as to the best methods of carrying out Mr. Peabody's purposes,—a letter which Sears had read to Curry, under the oaks at Staunton, as related in an earlier chapter. Five days after the submission of this letter by Dr. Sears to the Board, the Board approved its suggestions; and with a common impulse determined that the author of the plan which it proposed was the proper man to put it into effective operation. Dr. Sears was thereupon elected the first General Agent of the Fund. He had studied in Germany after graduating from Brown University, and had been successively a Professor in the Newton Theological Seminary, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, and President of Brown University; and he brought to the work, upon which he entered, and which he continued during his tenure of the office to conduct with great energy and extraordinary tact and diplomacy, a varied wealth of educational and professional experience. His noble and disinterested career as General Agent, in which he labored with unvarying patience and good temper, and with a most admirable willingness to modify and adapt opinions to developed circumstances, is deserving of unqualified praise in the history of education in America. He stimulated, with intelligence and increasing success, State aid to public education; he sought to develop a public sentiment in favor of general education; and he was efficient in aiding to put into the organic and statute laws of a number

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of the Southern States provision for the establishment of free public schools. It was due in no insignificant measure to the energies and labors of the first Agent of the Peabody Fund, that at the time of his death in 1880, all of the eleven States of the South which had constituted the Confederacy, and were the first and chief beneficiaries of Mr. Peabody's endowment, had established public-school systems at least on paper, and were moving onward to their larger development in response to the educational evolution of a new economic and social condition.

"In each of them," writes Dr. A. D. Mayo, in the Education Report for 1903, "model schools had been established by the encouragement of Dr. Sears; teachers' institutes had been subsidized; the Peabody Normal College had been founded, in connection with what remained of Dr. Lindsley's University of Nashville; and in all practical ways the aid of the Fund, with that of the United States Bureau of Education, had been extended to the authorities of the new State and municipal systems. The greatest step of all was the including of the more than 1,000,000 colored children and youth in the new arrangement in all the ex-Confederate States."

Yet, if the work of the former General Agent was important and far-reaching, that which lay before his successor was scarcely less so. Measuring literacy by percentages demonstrated its woeful lack in many of these Southern States. These percentages, taken among whites and negroes together, demonstrate that, as late as ten years after the death of Dr. Sears, the averages ran, counting persons ten years old and upwards, from 14.4 in the State in which there were fewest negroes to 45 in two of those in which the blacks were most numerous. The

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Southern section of the Union was impoverished in many directions almost to penury, by war, and by the reconstruction pillage which followed it; and perhaps nowhere was this more keenly felt than in those States whose percentage of illiteracy was highest. The growth of public sentiment in favor of universal education remained to be further developed and cultivated among a people, who had hitherto believed that the new educational system apparently operated to confer the largest direct benefit upon those who bore the least part of its heavy burden of expense.

Perhaps no one could have appreciated more keenly than did Curry, with his wide experience and profound knowledge of conditions, the magnitude of the task which he had undertaken, and the difficulties and uncertainties that stared him in the face at every onward step. In discussing what Sears had accomplished before him, Curry writes:—

> It would be a hasty judgment to conclude that the work was finished during the period of his agency, or that free schools had been established beyond the possibility of destruction. There were many considerations which would have made it foolish to relax vigorous efforts for keeping alive and strengthening the favoring educational sentiment, and making irrepealable what had been put upon the statute books. . . . Some excellent men had deep-seated convictions, arising from political, social, or religious reasons, adverse to gratuitous State education. The experiment of free schools was not, in all localities, so successful as to clear away doubts, and prejudices, and reverse those traditional habits of thought and action which the experience of all peoples has shown it to be difficult for the mind to free itself from. Time was also needed to pass from private to public schools, to quiet or overcome the

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selfish oppositions of those who engaged in private teaching, and to transfer education to the control of cities and States. Prejudice, interest of teachers, sparseness of population, impatience of taxation, financial depression, were serious hindrances. School-houses had to be built and furnished, teachers to be trained, schools to be graded, friction to be overcome, and an unfamiliar system to be accommodated to environments. The whole work of introducing a new system and improved methods of teaching was beset with many difficulties, one of the chiefest of which was insufficiency of means to pay competent teachers and continue the schools in session for longer periods. (History of the Peabody Fund, pp. 79, 80.)

While Curry, in his administration of the trust committed to his charge, did not hesitate to enter into its smaller details, as occasion demanded, or opportunity afforded, he nevertheless made it his habit to work largely through the already established agencies that had shown themselves of approved efficiency. He spent much of his time in conference with teachers, pastors, school superintendents, and college presidents; he addressed, with renewed interest and enthusiasm, the familiar educational and religious assemblies, with which his recent life had brought him into such frequent and continued contact; he visited schools and colleges, and met and mingled with their students and faculties; he made himself acquainted by private contact and in public speeches with State executive officials and legislative statute-makers; he drew near to the fountain-heads of social and political effectiveness; and directed their flow in streams of irrigating beneficence.

Even before his first annual report was presented to the Peabody Board, in October, 1881, he had al-

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ready addressed the legislatures of Texas, Tennessee and Georgia upon the subject of Education in its varied relations, including those in which it stood to the Peabody Trust. His address to the Tennessee legislature, on normal instruction and the Peabody Normal College at Nashville, was made on March 18, 1881; and on the preceding day he had made his first visit to the College in his new capacity of General Agent, to find the names of Peabody, Sears and Curry illuminating the walls of the chapel, and to meet with an appreciative and enthusiastic greeting on the part of those to whom he spoke.

Of the Normal School at Nashville, which, at this time of Curry's visit, had already been in existence for more than five years, Dr. Mayo has written an account in the "Education Report" for 1883.

"In due time the Peabody Fund, under the expert guidance of Dr. Sears, was brought to the parting of the ways encountered by every public school system everywhere. Even before the death of Dr. Sears, which occurred at Saratoga, New York, July 6, 1880, it was realized that the moderate income from $2,000,000, rarely exceeding $100,000, must be concentrated largely on the training of teachers. In 1875 arrangements were made with the corporation of the University of Nashville, Tenn., for the absorption of its academical features and the use of its buildings in an institution named the Peabody Normal College. With no help from the State, the school was opened on December 1, 1875, in one room, with thirteen female pupils, under the Presidency of Dr. Eben S. Stearns of Massachusetts. The trustees established scholarships for the benefit of all the ex-Confederate States and West Virginia worth $200 a year for two successive years, the number limited to the delegation in Congress of each State. The result was that during the twenty-one years,

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1876–1897, twelve States received $383,584.10 in Peabody scholarships. A crisis in the finances of the College raised the question of its removal to Georgia in 1880; but in the spring of 1881 the city of Nashville and the State of Tennessee came to the rescue." (p. 536.)

The annual appropriation for the College, made by the legislature of Tennessee in 1881, was $10,000; but it was coupled with such conditions that only one-half of that amount was actually realized. In 1883 the State, acceding to a proposition of the Peabody Trustees, made the $10,000 an annual appropriation, unqualified by other conditions or encumbrances; and in 1891 the amount was increased to $15,000 per annum. Dr. Stearns, the first President of the College, died in 1887, and was succeeded in the Presidency by Dr. William H. Payne, who had been Professor of the Art and Science of Teaching in the University of Michigan. Dr. Payne's election and acceptance of the office were brought about by the influences of Curry, who was at that time at home in America, on a leave of absence from his post as United States Minister to Madrid. Dr. Payne held the office until 1901, when he resigned; and in his place the Hon. James D. Porter, a former governor of Tennessee, and a staunch and well-known friend of the College, was elected.

It may be remarked in passing that while the policy of establishing and encouraging normal schools had the favor of the Peabody Board from the beginning, this policy was carefully and conservatively exercised, until the several States had all been committed thoroughly to the more elementary principle of organizing public free schools, and establishing them upon a permanent basis and progressive system.

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On Wednesday, October 5, 1881, the Peabody Board of Trustees assembled in annual meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City. It was their twentieth assembling; and there were present Mr. Winthrop, the chairman, and Messrs. Fish, Aiken, Evarts, Wetmore, Stuart, Barnes, Whipple, Jackson, Hayes, Manning and Lyman. Curry submitted to the Board his first annual report, which in the printed records of the Proceedings of the Peabody Education Fund occupies thirty-one octavo pages.

Appropriately and generously, the General Agent began his report with a tribute to his predecessor, and a review of the work that he had accomplished.

"To succeed one so competent," he writes, "was an embarrassment and a stimulus, exciting fears and giving encouragement. To walk in his footsteps was an impossibility; to profit by his almost unerring wisdom and sagacity has been my daily experience. No one can study the work of Dr. Sears, as I have had occasion to do, without being filled with wonder and admiration at his adaptedness to the difficult and delicate duties he had to discharge. . . . The best eulogy of Dr. Sears is that he met all the requirements."

The Proceedings of the Peabody Education Fund have been published in a series of volumes; and Curry has left behind him a "History of the Peabody Fund," in which his association with the Trust is dealt with at length. It would therefore be a work of supererogation to dwell at length in these pages upon what has been more fully and better presented elsewhere. But in order to keep before the mind of the reader Curry's figure and life and mental attitude towards what had come to engage his best energies and most eager efforts, some passages from this first

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report of his may be appropriately quoted here. After further comment upon the character of Dr. Sears and upon the value of his services, Curry proceeds to point out the need of a constant and continued vigilance on the part of the Board, that no step gained might be lost, and that other and pressing demands might be properly met. With a yet unassured confidence in the ultimate establishment of a fixed public opinion in behalf of general education, and with a large experience in dealing with legislative bodies, he felt it uncertain to rely alone upon the statute-books for the systems of public instruction, and unsafe to relax any vigilance or omit any use of energetic effort. "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum;*" "*Vigilantibus, non dormientibus,*" seemed to be the charts by which he sought to direct his sails over a yet tempestuous and uncertain sea.

"Free schools," he declares, "have a ceaseless enemy in the illiteracy of the masses. Ignorance does not feel its needs. Enlightenment must come from without. The uneducated do not appreciate the import and value of education. When to fearful illiteracy there are superadded changed social conditions, remodelling of laws and constitutions, and general pecuniary prostration at the South, there will be apparent and imperative need for money that State and local taxes and ecclesiastical and private benefactions cannot supply."

These statements were truisms, so potent in themselves, and so well known to the Trustees, as to seem to require no reiteration. And yet it was as absolutely a necessity for Curry himself, and for the members of the Board, to carry them constantly in their view, as it is for the mariner to watch the veering of his compass' needle in sailing his charted ways.

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"Since my appointment," he continues, "I have visited all the States included in our work, except Florida and West Virginia, and by special request have made addresses before the legislatures of Texas, Tennessee and Georgia. These visits have given me an insight into the workings of school systems, and a personal acquaintance with school and other public officers, which must be of much value. As your comprehensive plans are carried on under State auspices, mere office work will not enable me to accomplish them. Besides the need of awakening and keeping alive the public mind on the general subject of free education, there must be conferences with law-makers and school officers, and the stimulation of such legislative action as will consummate and perfect the widely beneficent ends you have had so steadily in view.

"Although, for convenience, the late avowal of the Trustees as to their future purpose has been termed a 'new departure,' yet from the first consultations two grand objects were determined upon. 'The urgent and pressing physical needs of an almost impoverished people' precluding them 'from making, by unaided efforts, such advances in education as were desirable, the Trustees decided the establishment of public schools and the training of public school teachers to be the wisest disposition of the Fund. Free school education and Normal Schools were the objective points, and these, looking to permanent results, have had the support of the Trustees throughout the entire history of the Trust. Instead of distributing the income of the Fund promiscuously, aid has been concentrated on a few central schools of a high order, to serve as examples and incentives, rather than on a larger number of inferior or less influential schools. During the present year help has been given to a few schools, and has been promised to a few others, in communities where insufficient State revenues have been generously supplemented by local taxation.

"The instruction of the Board to apply the greater por-

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tion of the income of the Fund hereafter to the education of teachers for the public schools has met with general and decided approval.

". . . Special aid has been given to Teachers' Institutes, defined by some one as 'locomotive Normal Schools.' . . . Normal Schools, as having continuous life and influence, and coming more literally within the purview of the instruction of the Trustees, have had much thought and labor. Permanent arrangements are needed to train the multitudes of teachers which our school systems demand. The short-lived Institutes are not attended by all, or by the most incompetent, and cannot give thorough professional discipline and training. Not a few summer months, but toilsome years, are indispensable to teacher-training.

"The Normal College at Nashville has been regarded by the Trustees with peculiar favor, the purpose being to build up an institution of very high order, and a fit monument of the benefaction of Mr. Peabody. For years the College was sustained largely by their donations, efforts to secure direct State aid and co-operation being fruitless. The Trustees of the University of Nashville gave what aid they could with their limited means, but there was an increasing disappointment at the want of co-operation on the part of the State. You were, therefore, constrained to consider seriously the withdrawal of your donation, and the giving of help to a State which would show by adequate pecuniary aid a higher appreciation of a Normal College. It is needless to recapitulate the protracted and embarrassing negotiations which oppressed the mind and impaired the health of the late General Agent. Suffice it to say that such assurance and guaranties of permanent assistance were obtained as to convince Dr. Sears that the entire or chief burden of sustaining the College would not hereafter fall on the Peabody Fund. The question of withdrawing aid from the College was therefore cheerfully abandoned."

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The report then states the agreement which had been reached during the year, by which aid, amounting to several thousand dollars annually, was guaranteed by the State of Tennessee to the Nashville Normal College; and indicates the strong probability, which later became a reality, that more liberal appropriations would soon follow. This statement is succeeded by a more particular and detailed account of the work that was then in progress, in connection with the Fund, in each of the States of West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas; and the report closes with a table, showing what portions of the total expenditure of $50,375.00, made during the year, had been applied respectively to Teachers' Institutes, permanent schools, Nashville scholarships, and educational journals in the several States.

This first report of the new General Agent made, as was to have been expected, a very favorable impression upon the Trustees of the Fund; and is set out here, in its somewhat dry details, both as showing the conditions surrounding Curry's undertaking, and as illustrating his comprehensive and immediate grasp of the situation. After hearing it read, there could remain no doubt in the minds of the members of the Board, if such a doubt had even for a moment existed, that they had found the right man for the place.

His diary for the year, 1881, under date of October 5, contains the simple entry:—

> Trustees met. All present except Waite, Chief Justice, and Mr. Russell.
>
> Read my first Report. Much complimented.

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During the succeeding official year Curry continued his work upon the lines and according to the methods theretofore pursued, and with a steady and glowing enthusiasm and an ever unabated industry. He attended the local Institutes, visited schools and colleges, made speeches at educational meetings, and availed himself of whatever opportunities offered themselves to his alert and eager intelligence of advancing his cause. He paid especial attention, too, to arousing the interest of public men and State officials in his work, and before the anniversary of his first annual report came around again, he had made addresses in behalf of State aid to education before the legislatures of West Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi and Texas.

The progress of his work, and the misconceptions of many as to its significance, may be read in an extract from his second Report, made to the Trustees October 4, 1882:—

Although the administration of the Peabody Fund has been in operation since 1867, and twenty full reports have been published and widely distributed, it affords matter for surprise that inaccurate notions are entertained as to the intention of Mr. Peabody, the amount of the Fund, and the oft-declared policy of the Trustees. Application for aid for the most diverse objects—educational, religious, charitable, personal—are constantly made. It seems almost impossible to eradicate two misapprehensions; first, that the Fund was intended as a charity for the poor; and secondly, that all schools, complying with the prescribed conditions precedent, are entitled to promote assistance. One of the most urgent pleas for help is that the community is poor. Much as this appeal may excite personal sympathy, the Fund is not eleemosynary, but has a distinct and well-defined object. As the income of the Fund is

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limited, only a few schools can be aided; and the Trustees, in accordance with the wish of Mr. Peabody, by judicious selections of schools and localities, and by appropriations limited as to amount and time, have sedulously striven to aid in the establishment of a permanent system of "free schools for the whole people." The prime purpose of aiding nascent school-systems of the Southern States, so as to enable them to attain to permanency and efficiency, has been kept steadily in view. Thus to stimulate communities and States has required wisdom, patience, firmness, acquaintance with men and educational systems, large correspondence and much travel.

Another error, not so prevalent, is that the Fund is for the exclusive benefit of the white race. By carefully chosen language, both races were included in the benefaction; and the late and the present General Agent have esteemed it a patriotic and Christian privilege to carry out the wishes of the Founder of the Trust and of the Trustees, that no discrimination betwixt races should be made beyond what a wise administration required. In every State aid is given to the colored race and the General Agent has frequently besought and obtained from State Superintendents special efforts in behalf of colored schools and colored teachers.

This statement of Curry's in regard to the attitude of the Southern States towards the education of the negroes carries with it a significance, which it doubtless gave him pleasure to indicate. All of these States, by the time at which he wrote, had recovered themselves from the political and social chaos into which they had been plunged by the War and by Reconstruction; and though none of them had emerged from the poverty that had been thrust upon them by these two equally tragic episodes, they were already affording an example, unparalleled,

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perhaps in the history of the world, of unselfish purpose to lift up and elevate by education a servile and untaught race, that had been so short a time before but "hewers of wood and drawers of water" among them.

"One cannot but contemplate with intense joy," he continues, "the potent agencies which are at work to place beyond contingency or peril the free-school systems. If it were not invidious, it would be pleasant to specify certain Southern newspapers, which, although chiefly political, have given column after column to accounts of Normal School and Institute exercises, and to convincing arguments in favor of free schools. Unusual as such mention may be, it would be unjust not to refer to the valuable labors of Rev. A. D. Mayo, one of the editors of the 'New England Journal of Education,' whose addresses in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina have been stimulating and instructive, and whose ministry of education has been productive of much good."

Curry then gives an account of the "Slater Fund," about the organization and work of which President Hayes, one of its incorporators, had already been seeking his advice.

"On 2 March, 1882," he continues in his second report, "John F. Slater of Norwich, Connecticut, gave one million of dollars in trust to several gentlemen, who have been created by the State of New York a body politic and corporate by the name of 'The Trustees of the Slater Fund.' Two of the members of this Board, Ex-President Hayes and Chief Justice Waite, are among the corporators. The general object of the trust is to apply, for a term of years, the income to 'the uplifting of the lately emancipated people of the Southern States and their posterity, by conferring on them the blessings of a Christian education,' so as 'to make them good men and good citizens.' While the

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prosecution of the general object is left to the discretion and largest liberty of the Trustees, Mr. Slater indicated as desirable objects 'the training of teachers from among the people requiring to be taught' and 'the encouragement of such institutions as are most effectually useful in promoting this training of teachers.'"

That the Trustees of the Slater Fund were already largely relying on Curry's judgment and experience in perfecting their organization and mapping out their work is indicated by the letters which Mr. Hayes had written him.

"I thank you," wrote the ex-President, from Fremont, Ohio, under date of April 20, 1882, "for the speech and your letter. The consolidation of educational funds has a great deal to recommend it. We have suffered vastly in Ohio by scattering among thirty or forty colleges funds which would have amply endowed three or four. But it is idle to criticise. We must make all we can out of existing facts.

"I shall want to confer with you about the line of action that is wise for the Slater Trustees to take, and would like to know of your probable movements for the next two months. If a charter is granted, as we expect, by the State of New York, our headquarters will be in the City of N. Y., and I shall go there perhaps two or three times yearly.

"I shall take occasion to correct the misapprehension as to the work of the Peabody Fund among the colored people."

And again Mr. Hayes writes to Curry on the same subject:—

FREMONT, O.,
5 July, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR:—I send you herewith the act incorporating the Trustees of the Slater Fund, and Mr. Slater's letter defining the Trust.

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At the first meeting held in New York in May, the trustees appointed a Finance Committee, an Executive Committee, consisting of the President of the Board, the Secretary, President Gilman, Gov. Colquitt, Dr. Boyce and Hon. Wm. E. Dodge; and a Committee on Rules. President Gilman is permanent Secretary. Mr. Jessup is Treasurer.

The funds were invested by the Finance Committee at about six percent interest. The rate of interest of the securities taken is six percent, but a small premium was paid.

Inasmuch as the income, only, can be expended for the purposes of the Trust, no expenditure will be made until after next December, when the first income will be available. In the meantime a General Agent will be appointed, and a policy and plans matured. The subject of a General Agent and plans are before the Executive Committee for consideration and report. The next meeting of the Board will be in October, in New York, at the time the Peabody Trustees hold their meeting.

Throughout the proceedings thus far the Peabody Trust has been the model in the mind of Mr. Slater, and of the Trustees of his appointment.

No person has been fixed upon for General Agent. I am inclined to think that a Southern man should be selected. Dr. Haygood and Mr. Orr of Georgia have been suggested. Neither is a candidate, and I do not know that either would accept. Dr. Steiner of Md. is in the same position. Can you aid us with a confidential suggestion? Indeed, after reading the trust deed, may I not hope for suggestions from you on the whole matter? One of the points which I deem important is such an administration of the trust as will strengthen the cause of Education in the South, especially for the Colored. It seems to me that one of the best things now doing by you with the Peabody Fund is the aid afforded to those who are creating a sound public sentiment on the subject of Education in the South.

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I would like to preserve the particular copy of the Slater trust paper which I send you,—but keep it as long as you wish.

Sincerely,

R. B. Hayes.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry,
Richmond.

Another of the "potent agencies" for education of the South, which rejoiced Curry's heart, and of which he also makes mention in his report of October, 1882, to the Peabody Trustees, is the endowment of the "Tulane Administrators," which resulted in the establishment of The Tulane University at New Orleans.

"Another illustration," he writes, "of honorable munificence, more local in its benefits, is the gift of Paul Tulane, of New Jersey. To certain persons, incorporated under the name of 'The Administrators of the Tulane Education Fund,' Mr. Tulane, in June, 1882, executed a trust-deed, conveying certain real-estate, in the city of New Orleans, State of Louisiana, 'for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral, and industrial education among the white young persons in the city of New Orleans, and for the advancement of letters, the arts and sciences therein. . . .'

"Such benefactions, for such unselfish purposes," comments Curry, "are honorable to our race and country, and their influence will survive with increasing strength and usefulness. Mr. Slater says: 'I am encouraged to the execution, in this charitable foundation, of a long-cherished purpose by the eminent wisdom and success that has marked the conduct of the Peabody Education Fund in a field of operation not remote from that contemplated by this Trust.' The letter of Mr. Tulane furnishes internal evidence, corroborated by the statement of the counsel

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who drew the papers, that the gift of Mr. Peabody and the administration of the Fund afforded much assistance in shaping the terms of the trust.

"Stimulating and valuable as are these gifts, the Southern States cannot rely on individual beneficence. Education is a civil as well as a parental duty. It is of the essence of true manhood. By no other means can man make the best of himself and fulfil his obligations. It is his inalienable birthright. What is true of all men is especially true of an American citizen. General intelligence is necessary to popular liberty, to the safety and perpetuity of our representative institutions."

In May, 1882, Curry, as their General Agent, presented on behalf of the Peabody Trustees to the United States Congress a petition, calling the attention of that body to a former memorial of the Board, which had been presented two years earlier; and renewing the solicitation contained in the memorial, that the Federal Government's aid be given in co-operation with the public school systems in the Southern States.

In October, the Trustees of the Fund held their regular annual meeting in New York, to which Curry reported satisfactory progress in the work under his charge. He had visited nearly all the Southern States, and by request had addressed the legislatures of North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee and Arkansas, in each of which States the movement in behalf of general education had aroused the interest of its public men. He reported further at this time:—

All the State Superintendents have been cheerful in their co-operation with the General Agent, and zealous in their respective States for the Public Schools. It would

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be ungrateful and unjust not to make mention of the aid often given by him to the Bureau of Education at Washington. General Eaton, beyond a technical discharge of office work, delights also to advance the general cause by his abundant information, wide experience, personal counsel, and eloquent voice.

The year has been marked by the usual assemblages of educators. The discussions are taking a wide scope, and embracing problems connected with education which show the increasing importance of the subject. . . . There is a growing recognition of the alliance betwixt industrial and mental training. . . . In some of the States a new phase of the free school question is presenting itself. Kentucky has recently stricken from her statutes an unwise discrimination betwixt the races in the disbursement of school funds; but in the flush of our rejoicings over such a triumph of patriotism and generous self-sacrifice, we find a disposition elsewhere to adopt what Kentucky, after trial, has cast aside. It is not proper in this Report to mention, much less to discuss, the causes which have created this hurtful sentiment in favor of throwing upon each race the burden of educating the children of that race. Were we to concede all that is claimed as justifying the discrimination, it might be conclusively replied that the confinement of the school revenues pro rata to the race paying the taxes is a measure that originates in narrow prejudice, or is punitive for certain alleged political offenses, and is, therefore, an unstable and unworthy ground for the legislation of Christian statesmen.

Public education at public cost has its best defence in the obligation to preserve national life.

This attitude of Curry's in favor of meting out equal and exact justice in the distribution of State funds in aid of education to both whites and blacks was one which he had assumed long before his connection with the Peabody Fund, and had publicly

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announced as early as 1866, in his speech at Marion, in which he had advised the people of the South to pay of their poverty for the education of the dense mass of negro ignorance in their midst, upon which the readjustment of a revolutionized society had conferred the privileges of an unintelligent citizenship. The preservation of the national life seemed to him impossible without the education of the citizenship which goes to make up that life; and in this view there was no divergence by him from the democratic attitude on the subject of education, which was held by his political exemplar, and the founder of the school of governmental thought to which he had always maintained allegiance. Mr. Jefferson had not only been an advocate of State aid to higher education, but he had insisted that the State University, in the properly constructed educational system, should be the capstone of the common schools, supported by local taxation. For him the common school was an essential part of the free government of the individual citizen, whose functions should be:—

(1) To give to every citizen the information he needs for the transaction of his own business;

(2) To enable him to calculate for himself, and to express and preserve his ideas, his contracts and accounts in writing;

(3) To improve, by reading, his morals and faculties;

(4) To understand his duties to his neighbors and country, and to discharge with competence the functions confided to him by either;

(5) To know his rights; to exercise with order and justice those he retains; to choose with discretion the fiduciary of those he delegates; and to notice their conduct with diligence, with candor and judgment.

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(6) And, in general, to observe with intelligence and faithfulness all the social relations under which he shall be placed.

The "readjustment" by one or more of the Gulf States of some of the bonds included in Mr. Peabody's donation was engaging the attention of the Trustees at this time. In 1886 the Peabody scholarships were withdrawn from those States; but in 1892 they were restored. At the meeting of the Board in October, 1883, a memorial was presented, signed by Bishop Thomas U. Dudley, Dr. W. H. Whitsett, Dr. John A. Broadus, Rabbi A. Moses, Vice-Chancellor John G. Simrall, Dr. Basil Manly, and eighteen others, prominent citizens of Kentucky, praying that their State might also be included among those receiving the benefits of the Peabody Fund. The memorial was referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. Waite, Fish and Jackson of the Trustees, who in their report embodied the following resolution:—

That this Board will cordially unite with the people of Kentucky in any effort that may be made to create an interest in favor of education by means of public schools, and the General Agent is requested, if an opportunity should be afforded him, to address the Legislature on the subject, and to do what else he can to direct attention to the importance of making ample provision for the permanent establishment and maintenance of such a system of schools in the State.

This report was accepted by the Board; and on the 25th of January following, Curry, by special invitation, appeared before the Legislature of Kentucky and delivered an address along the lines of the

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Peabody Board's resolution. The Legislature soon afterwards passed a bill providing for great improvements in the public school system; but the aid to the State on the part of the Peabody Board appears to have been little more than that of a tender of moral encouragement; for it seems that no disbursements of money were ever made from the Fund to education in Kentucky.

Some of the entries in Curry's diary about this time are not without a personal interest. In December, 1883, Matthew Arnold visited Richmond, and was hospitably received by many of its prominent citizens. Curry writes in his diary under date of the 18th of that month:—

> Called on Mr. Matthew Arnold. Heard him lecture at night on "Literature and Science."

And on the day following:—

> With Mr. Arnold visited two colored schools.

Early in 1884 he writes:—

> January 30.—Called on George Bancroft at Washington. Had a very pleasant interview.

But the journal is unfortunately silent as to the impressions which were made on him, at this time, either by the English author of "Literature and Dogma," or by the great American, whose monument is his "History of the United States."

In April, 1884, he was elected President of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal College for Women, at Farmville, Virginia, which had been recently established by the Virginia Legislature, and to the Principalship of which Dr. William H. Ruffner, whom Curry ranked as an educator with Mann,

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Sears and Wickersham, was chosen at the same meeting. Curry maintained a deep interest in this institution, and continued President of its Board until October 1, 1885, when he resigned the presidency, though still remaining a Trustee until April 25, 1893.

At the ensuing October meeting of the Peabody Board, he made his usual report, which contained an interesting paragraph concerning those educational institutions in Virginia, which derived aid from the Fund:—

> Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, under the administration of its accomplished president (General S. C. Armstrong) is almost an anomaly in educational work. Its success has been extraordinary. . . .
>
> The Normal and Collegiate Institute at Petersburg,—the instructors of which are colored,—is well sustained by the State, and closed a year of good work. The Legislature authorized a State Normal School for Girls, which has been located at Farmville. Litigation embarrassed and delayed the action of the Trustees. The difficulties being removed, the school will soon be opened under the headship of Hon. W. H. Ruffner.
>
> A Convention of County Superintendents and four Teachers' Institutes have been valuable agencies in stimulating and directing educational energies. One thousand and twenty-eight teachers attended the Institutes,—nearly double the number enrolled any single year before.

Curry's busy life in this period may be appreciated by a glimpse at the varied activities in which he was engaged,—activities which demanded the constant exercise of physical no less than of mental energies. First and foremost, he was the General Agent of the Peabody Fund, and in the discharge of that office,

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he had made out of every legislative chamber in the South, a new and very vital sort of pulpit from which to preach the gospel of training for all people, high and low, black and white. He delivered addresses during the year 1884 before the legislatures of Virginia, Mississippi, Kentucky, Louisiana, and South Carolina; and he spoke before a joint committee of the Virginia Legislature in favor of a State Normal School, and to a House Committee of the United States Congress on the subject of Federal aid to State education. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of Richmond College and of that of the Farmville Woman's College, and was President of both of these boards, giving to the discharge of the duties incident to the positions he occupied on them a full measure of his time, energies and talents. His services were constantly in demand, and scarcely less constantly given to attending and addressing educational and religious conventions and assemblies; and he filled in the spare moments of a life, busy to overflowing, with commencement speeches at schools, colleges and Universities. The man's vitality of mind and body seems almost super-normal in the light of his unremitting work. He served on the Board of Directors of the Richmond Woollen Mills; he taught a Sunday-school class with the undimmed and undiminished enthusiasm of his earlier religious work; he took part in pastors' conferences; he married couples; he preached funeral sermons; he participated in the work of committees on foreign missions, and for aiding the advancement of religion and education among the negroes of the Southern States. In fine, he was preacher, teacher, man of affairs, politician, lecturer, educator and philan-

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thropist at once; and in all the relations of these varied pursuits, he left a vivid impress of his personality upon whatever he touched. Of the demands made upon his physical energies some idea may be formed from the statement that, in his widely distributed work during the year 1884, he travelled altogether a distance of more than seventeen thousand miles.

A few days after the meeting of the Peabody Trustees in October, 1884, he went to Georgia, where on the 8th of the month he attended the Centennial meeting of the Georgia Baptist Association at the town of Washington in that State. During his visit to Washington he was a guest at the hospitable home of General Robert Toombs, who had been a conspicuous figure in the ante-bellum discussions of slavery, state rights and strict construction; and after serving as Secretary of State for the Confederacy, and as a general in the army of Northern Virginia, had sought England as a place of refuge succeeding Appomattox. He had come back to his native land after a brief period of exile; but even at the time of Curry's visit he was still "irreconcilable" in his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal government.

In Curry's diary of the time of this visit to Georgia, we find the brief exhibition of a reminiscent and tender mood:—

Saturday, October 11.—Left for Lincoln County in a buggy. Night at Jesse Cartledge's, where I was born.

Sunday, October 12.—Talked to Sunday school, and preached at Double Branches, where I heard my first sermon.

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In early January of the following year he was in Washington, D. C., working for the passage of the Blair bill by the Federal Congress. In the latter days of March he was again in Washington:—

March 27.—To Washington and back.

Saw Secretaries Lamar and Garland, Assistant Secretary Porter, and Gen. Eaton and Atkins. Lamar asked if I would accept place of head of Bureau of Education, and I replied in the negative.

Early in May he was the recipient of a letter from President Hayes inviting him to confer with the Slater Board.

In response to this invitation he went to New York; and his diary under date of May 20, 1885, contains the following:—

Attended by invitation the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Slater Fund, to confer as to the policy of the Board.

Talked an hour or more, giving my opinion, and answering questions.

Dined at the University Club. Present, M. K. Jesup, host; President Hayes; Chief Justice M. R. Waite; D. C. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins; J. A. Stewart; W. E. Dodge; Dr. A. G. Haygood; Hon. G. J. Orr of Georgia.

"In the autumn of 1885," he writes, "I was in Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, attending associations and making speeches in behalf of Education, Missions, &c. During my absence Mrs. Curry received a letter from Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, addressed to me, offering in behalf of President Cleveland the position of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain. For some days neither letter nor telegram could reach me. Finally at Rogersville, Tennessee, the unexpected news reached me, and I took the first train for Asheville to join Mrs.

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Curry and discuss the question of acceptance. After two visits to Washington, I saw Mr. Bayard and the President and accepted the position; but concluded to have no publication thereof until after the meeting of the Peabody Trustees, which was to occur soon in October."

On October 1, 1885, Curry resigned his position as President of the Board of Trustees of the Woman's Normal College at Farmville, retaining, however, his office of Trustee until April 25, 1893. Six days later he submitted his annual report to the Peabody Board, at their regular meeting in New York City. After reading the report, he presented to the Board the following communication:—

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 7, 1885.

To the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund:

Having consented to accept from the Government an important diplomatic trust, I must ask you not to renew my appointment as General Agent, unless it be for a very brief period, so as to prevent any confusion from a too sudden severance of the connection which I hold with the Fund.

In closing a relation, which to me has been uninterruptedly pleasant, you will pardon me for expressing my most grateful appreciation of the confidence and of the personal regard with which you have honored me. From the honored Chairman and every Trustee, I have had only kindness and generous support. The performance of my duties, not easy as I interpreted them, has been a labor of love. Mr. Peabody was the most liberal benefactor the South ever had, and his benefaction came at a time when she was in the depth of poverty and anguish. Education being necessary to material advancement, and in every mental and moral relation, his munificence took most wisely the direction of aiding in the education of the youth of both races. The initial effort of the Trustees was to stim-

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ulate the establishment of public school systems, and afterwards to insure their permanency and constant improvement. As a factor in the production of these accomplished results, no single agency has been so potent and beneficial as the Peabody Education Fund. The next and correlated step was to labor for the improvement of the teaching in the public schools. This has been effected in a marked degree by sustaining Teachers' Institutes and Normal Schools. The States are gradually incorporating into their school systems, and sustaining by annual grants, these most effective instrumentalities for the improvement of those systems. The Normal College at Nashville has emerged from the difficulties which five years ago imperilled its life, and now, with the cordial co-operation of Tennessee, is vindicating its right to a place among the best institutions of its kind in the United States.

Instead of confining myself to office work,—to the humble but useful avocation of almoner for the distribution of the income of the Fund,—I have sought to do something towards the creation of a healthier educational sentiment, and to identify the Trust with the most advanced educational progress. Every door of access to the people,—to schools, colleges, legislatures,—has been thrown wide open to your representative, and if good has not been done, the fault is his. Everywhere I have advocated the uplifting of the lately emancipated and enfranchised negro, and upon no part of my work do I look back with greater personal satisfaction.

In the spirit of the Trust, and in known harmony with the opinions of Mr. Peabody, I have labored assiduously to renew and cultivate a feeling of broad and catholic patriotism, to cement in closest fraternity all sections and peoples of the Union, to bury discords and strifes, and to lift up to a higher plane than that of sectional animosity or of angry prejudices. To-day, thank God, the South is as loyal to the Union, and as ready to pour out blood and

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treasure for the national honor and national safety as Ohio or Massachusetts.

What has been achieved in the States which are the beneficiaries of the Trust, since you organized as a Board in Washington City, on the 8th of February, 1867, is incredible. There have been revolutions in labor, economic industries, customs, traditions, feelings, convictions, laws and institutions, any one of which considered singly would mark a social era, a civil epoch. No people ever accomplished so much for education, in so brief a period, under such crushing embarrassments, as the South has done. If the General Government, heeding the earnest words and the unanswerable arguments of this Board, will come to the relief of States struggling with heroic energy to meet the responsibilities of their new life, problems of gigantic import will be aided in their solution, and the faith and the hope of the patriot and the Christian will be strengthened in reference to the success and the perpetuity of the Republic.

The policy of your Board is so well established, and the method of administration has been so simplified, that my withdrawal will put you to no inconvenience.

Thanking you for your numerous kindnesses, and wishing great success to the work of the Fund, I am,

Yours most respectfully,

J. L. M. Curry.

On motion of Mr. Evarts, this communication of Curry's, which sets forth in perspicuous summary the purposes and achievements of the Peabody Trustees on the one hand, and the methods, aims and aspirations that had animated himself on the other, was referred to the Executive Committee of the Board for consideration. Mr. Winthrop, for the Executive Committee, on the next day submitted

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the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the Board:—

Resolved, That the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund have received with sincere regret the announcement of Dr. Curry, that, having accepted the appointment of United States Minister to Madrid, he must decline a re-election as the General Agent of this Trust; that the Trustees desire to enter on their records the deep sense which they entertain of the fidelity and devotion with which he has discharged his duties for more than four years past, and of the great success which has attended his labors;— and that the grateful regards of the Trustees will follow him into his new sphere of public service, with their best wishes for his health and happiness.

Resolved, That the appointment of a General Agent be postponed for consideration until the next meeting of the Board, with authority to the Executive Committee, in the meantime, to make such temporary arrangements for the conduct of the General Agency as they may find necessary.

Curry was requested to continue to act as General Agent until his departure for Spain; and Dr. S. A. Green, the Secretary of the Board, was requested and authorized to serve temporarily as General Agent in Curry's absence.

It is interesting to note that at this meeting President Cleveland and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan were elected to membership on the Board of Trustees. Mr. Morgan was chosen Treasurer and held that office uninterruptedly thereafter. For four years Curry had been engaged in the most fruitful work offered to any man in Southern life. The paralysis of war had at last passed away and hope everywhere reigned. He had a country which he "could love" and which he was about to represent in a foreign

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land. This service, distinguished and agreeable as it was, must be considered as a mere interlude in the man's essential career. The Peabody Trustees perceived this and kept his work waiting for him. The great preacher had found his ultimate pulpit in the schoolhouses and legislative chambers of eleven States awakening to a new national life. His general theme was an efficient citizenship in a reunited republic. He perceived the real menace of the ignorant negro. He saw the necessity of industrial preparation. He felt the need on the white man's part of the philosophic view and the sense of obligation. He had faith in the justice and good sense of the people, and he knew their sturdy power. His appeal was to the heart and his method the method of the orator. Looked at in the clear light of another generation, the group of men who preceded and were now gathered about Curry, as he began his notable work, was worthy of such a period in our educational history. Samuel Chapman Armstrong, a young man of original genius and consecration, schooled under Mark Hopkins, was beginning, on the shores of Hampton Roads, a revolutionary movement for negro education destined to pour into that misguided work a stream of common sense and high purpose which has served to steady and direct it until this day. He saw that the first necessity was a military government of these negro youth, practically and morally let loose into infinite space. Then must follow a training, all the way up, in work, the boys or girls being expected to furnish to a considerable extent the means for their schooling and support. The schooling must be co-educational, that the educated colored boy could

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have for his wife an educated colored girl. The religious education should be Christian in the broad sense that it left the worship of creed and ecclesiastical polity out of account. As soon as possible the school at Hampton was set free from dependence on any association and organized under a board of directors. He also understood that any system of schooling of the colored people, to be effective and permanent, while it might depend largely on the North for pecuniary support, must commend itself to the common school public of the Southern State in which it was set up. Thus he persuaded the Legislature of Virginia to appropriate $10,000 annually of its national industrial school fund, with the superintendent of public instruction and other gentlemen of the State as advisory trustees. He left the classical upper story out of his system of instruction, organizing the school as far as possible according to the methods of the best primary and secondary graded schools of the day. The normal training of the superior students was at once established, under competent management, in connection with the practice department, the Butler common school, afterwards named the Whittier.

William H. Ruffner, a young Presbyterian clergyman and scientist, as first State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Virginia, was planting the American Common School upon a philosophic basis, from which it could never be dislodged in the statutes and affections of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Men like John Eaton, Edward S. Joynes, William Preston Johnston, Calvin H. Wiley, Atticus G. Haygood, were striking hands with Armstrong, Sears and others of their kind in Northern life and develop-

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ing a cause and a quality of leadership to which the best of the younger generation could repair. The home of the late President of the Southern Confederacy had been reconstructed into a public schoolhouse, and as a background of infinite dignity and inspiration to the whole idea had stood the example of Lee quietly at work, reorganizing the old Washington College into the institution which should also bear his honored name.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE LAND OF THE ALHAMBRA

Curry's invitation to represent the United States Government at Madrid came in a flattering way, and all the circumstances of his designation to one of the foremost offices in the foreign service were well calculated to arouse the recipient's interest and to kindle his enthusiasm.

Mr. Bayard, the Secretary of State, wrote to him as follows:—

Department of State,
Washington, Sept. 7, 1885.

Personal and Confidential.

My dear Sir:—I wish to enlist you in the public service, and believe that an opportunity for high usefulness is open to you, in which it may be in your power to render important service to our country.

The mission to Spain is now vacant, and I consider that point in our foreign relations as second in importance to none.

Nothing could exhibit to you my personal trust and confidence in your character and capacity more than this expression of my wish to see you the representative of the United States at Madrid. If you wish to consult with me before accepting the trust, let me hear from you,—and see you here.

I can give you a room in my house (1413 Massachusetts Avenue), where we can have free conference.

Sincerely yours,
T. F. Bayard.

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Upon learning of the tender of the Spanish Mission, Curry's mind turned at once to his friend, Mr. Winthrop. From the little town in East Tennessee, where the news reached him, he wrote at once to the venerable President of the Peabody Board.

ROGERSVILLE, TENN.,
Confidential. 14 Sept., '85.

DEAR MR. WINTHROP:—

For nearly a week I have been near "Cumberland Gap," remote from railways and telegraph. Arriving here a few minutes ago, I find a letter and a mailed telegram from Mrs. Curry, startling me with the announcement that President Cleveland tenders me the Mission to Spain. The tender was suggested, of course, by no solicitation of mine. It is a surprise. In my confusion, I turn to you as my most valued and trusted friend. What shall I do? I rather suspect Mrs. Curry would not be unwilling to spend a year or two abroad. My Peabody work out of the way, I should not be unwilling to go to Italy or Austria; but I love the Peabody work; I am under obligation to the Trustees; and I value, as the most prized and pleasant of all earth's gifts, wife and children excepted, your friendship and my labor with you. Pardon me for the utterance, but I love you as I have never loved any man outside my father's family; and I can consent to do nothing to which you object. Help me in the dilemma. I know nothing beyond what I have written, save that I am summoned to Washington. I shall reach Asheville to-morrow, and may leave for Washington on the 16th.

Ever yours sincerely,
J. L. M. CURRY.

HON. ROBT. C. WINTHROP,
BROOKLINE, MASS.

The effect of this letter of Curry's upon Mr. Winthrop may be best shown by the latter's reply,

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evidently written upon the day of its receipt, and illustrated with a scriptural text of which the communication itself is an exposition.

For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me (*Job 3:25*).

BROOKLINE, MASS'TTS.,
16 Sept., 1885.

MY DEAR DR. CURRY:—

Your "confidential" letter of the 14th inst., from Rogersville, Tenn., has just reached me, and has filled me with consternation. I had written to you at Asheville yesterday, after examining the proofs of your Report, and my soul was at ease. I looked forward to our approaching meeting at New York with confidence, and felt that our Peabody work was secure for a long future. I felt, too, that take it all in all, it was the greatest work of our time and land, and that the names of good Dr. Sears and yourself would go down to posterity embalmed by the memory of the highest services to the South and the whole country.

The idea of losing you from our labors came strongly upon me, when the new Administration first came in. And if our friend Bayard had at once offered you a first-class mission, I should at least have acquiesced in its being deservedly assigned. The text which I have written at the top of this letter was then often in my mind. But as one after another of the foreign appointments was filled by men inferior to yourself, and as your own assurances of unfailing devotion to our work were renewed to me by letter and by lip, I had abandoned all apprehensions, and had looked forward to being lovingly associated with you in the cause of Southern Education for the little remnant of my own life.

I do not wonder that Bayard has been tempted to pluck you from our hand. But for him to propose to plump you and dear Mrs. Curry down into the midst of a raging cholera at Madrid, is certainly of doubtful kindness.

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Were there a great exigency there, you would not shrink from such a service at any risk, I well know. But is there anything to be done at Madrid, which can be compared in importance to the work you are now doing so admirably and so effectively at home? Will any honor ever attach to your name, by a service at Madrid, in any degree comparable to that which you have won and are winning in your present sphere?

But all this is aside from the real issue, to which I hasten to turn. It is in no spirit of flattery or compliment that I say, that you are the very pivot of George Peabody's great Southern benefaction. All its success turns upon you. To take you from your post at this moment, would be like taking the pilot of the "Puritan" away, when she was just on the starting line. The American cup would go to the "Genesta." Seriously, I am afraid your withdrawal from our work, so suddenly and at such short notice, would not only embarrass and perplex us terribly, but would awaken feelings in our Board which would afflict me.

Were such a separation six months off,—so that there would be time for deliberation,—sad as the prospect would be to me, it would be less appalling. When good Dr. Sears died, I was able, with the aid of his daughter, to carry our work along for many months. But I am older and feebler now, and should not know where to turn. Our Board, too, is in a crippled condition,—three vacancies to be filled next month, and several of those who are left suffering from old age and infirmities.

I write frankly, as you would have me, and from the fullness of my heart. But I should do injustice to the vital importance of your services as our General Agent, if I did not say that your withdrawal would be an irreparable loss. Should that loss really befall us, and your place be supplied by some pressing Northern candidate, the South would be disquieted. But your place could not be filled in the estimation of either South or North.

I fully appreciate your wife's natural disposition to

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spend a few years abroad as an Ambassadress. I am afraid I shall be out of her good graces, which would be a great grief to me, by writing as I have. But better things than Madrid may turn up for both of you one of these days. She would not like to have it said hereafter that the cause of Southern Education had been brought to a stand, and the Peabody Fund plunged into confusion, by her husband's acceptance of a Mission abroad.

Forgive my strong expressions. I write off-hand, and take no copy of my letter. Let me thank you, however, as I do sincerely, for your warm and affectionate personal expressions, which I heartily reciprocate. One of my main obligations to George Peabody is that his Trust brought me into such intimate relations with Dr. Sears and yourself. And let me not conclude without assuring you, that however you may decide this question, my own regard and affection for you and Mrs. Curry cannot be changed.

Ever sincerely,

Your friend,

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, LL.D.

On the 23rd of September, Curry wrote to Mr. Winthrop:—

After a most painful conflict between dual duties, the decision has been made and the Government has been notified that the mission will be accepted. If I had been required to go abroad at once, a sense of obligation to the Peabody Fund would have precluded any consideration of the tender made, however honorable. Time is allowed for the selection of a successor, and to enable me by correspondence, or personal interviews, to acquaint him with our principles and methods of administration, and the *personnel* with whom the Fund must co-operate.

And Mr. Winthrop, while Curry was penning the letter containing this announcement, had already

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overcome his first feelings of disappointment, and under the same date was writing to him thus:—

While I cannot abate a jot or tittle of what I have heretofore said about your importance to our Trust, I feel less anxious than I did at first about our ability to carry along the Peabody work after a fashion, without serious injury to the cause, or any great strain upon myself.

After the adjournment of the Peabody Board in New York on October 6, 1883, Curry proceeded at once to Boston, to call on Mr. Lowell, who had been appointed to Madrid by President Hayes, in 1877, and transferred thence to the court of St. James in 1880.

I visited Hon. James Russell Lowell in Boston," he writes, "and lunched with him. He was courteous and kind . . . and gave me valuable suggestions, the result of his own diplomatic experience in Madrid. One remark he made surprised me. He said he had much difficulty in convincing government and the best people that an American Minister could be a gentleman.

A few years later in response to a request for his portrait Mr. Lowell writes in this strain to his successor:

Deerfoot Farm, Southborough,
11th Jan., 1887.

Dear Sir:

Immediately after receiving your very kind letter of the 24th Nov., I gave directions that an engraved portrait of me should be sent to you through the Department of State. I hope that it will already have reached you. It is thought to be a pretty fair likeness.

I am very glad you liked my address at the Harvard Centenary. It was a very pleasant affair and everything

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went off smothly and successfully. The audience, especially that part of it on the platform, was a very remarkable one, the preponderance of gray and even white heads being remarkable. It was observed that nearly all those who had an active share in the ceremonies were much older than those who performed similar functions at the last celebration in 1836. The chief marshal of the day had been one of the marshals fifty years before, the poet was a graduate of fifty-seven years' standing, the orator of forty-eight, the President of the day of forty-eight, and so on. Is this a sign that we begin later than we used? At any rate it is encouraging for us veterans.

Matters are going on very quietly here. The Administration of President Cleveland is establishing itself in the confidence of the people and I think you may look forward to eight years' service at your post. I hope you find it agreeable. I was entirely contented there. I liked the Spaniards and continue to like them. I am sorry that I cannot ask to be remembered to Mrs. Curry, but I beg that you give my best respects to her.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. Lowell.

Later in the month Curry went again to Washington.

"On 13th October," he continues, "I took the oath of office and received my commission, and then spent some days in the Department, reviewing correspondence, and familiarizing myself with duties and pending questions. I dined with Mr. Bayard and the Spanish Minister, Señor Valera and Mr. Foster, our late Minister to Spain, who was very kind and useful to me. Governor Porter and Mr. Adee, Assistant Secretaries of State, were guests also. Numerous congratulatory telegrams and letters were received, and the citizens of Richmond offered me a banquet."

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Among these telegrams and letters was one so out of the usual character of such messages, that it will bear insertion here.

The Rock Islander,
First Established in 1854.
J. B. DANFORTH, Editor.
ROCK ISLAND, ILLS., Oct. 8, 1885.

DEAR SIR:—

To-day, when I saw in telegrams your appointment as Minister to Spain, I remembered a letter you wrote me in January, 1860; and I took it from a file of valuables, and re-read it. I was then trying to persuade you and C. C. Clay and Gov. McRea, and I don't know how many more, not to talk about secession, for it would beat us in the fall of that year. I always admired your spirited letter. I have used it several times in speeches, to show that the South was in earnest, and that secession and war were inevitable. I never published it, and don't propose to now, for it would make Rome howl.

I am very glad to hear of you again. I was afraid you had passed from earth. I congratulate you on the appointment, for I know you will creditably represent the whole country. May you live long and prosper.

Very truly yours,
J. B. DANFORTH.

HON. J. L. M. CURRY,
RICHMOND, VA.

On November 5, 1885, after a series of social entertainments given in his honor by gentlemen of distinction and prominence in Washington and in Richmond, Curry set sail from New York, accompanied by Mrs. Curry, on the steamer "Germanic." They stopped successively in London and Paris, long enough to be entertained by the American Ministers, Messrs. Phelps and McLane; and in the

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latter city, Mrs. Curry tarried for a month; while her husband went on to Spain, and reached Madrid on the morning of the 25th of November.

The coming of the new American Minister to the scene of his latest labors was contemporaneous with the departure from earth of the Spanish King. On the morning of Curry's arrival, he was met at the railroad station by Mr. Strobel, the American Secretary of Legation, and escorted to his hotel. At 9 o'clock of the same day, his Majesty King Alfonso the Third departed this life; and with the note of this melancholy incident, Curry records in his diary the coincidence of the death that day of Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-president of the United States.

On December 1st the new Minister had an unofficial interview with Sigismund Moret, the Spanish Minister of State, at his office in the palace. It appears that the death of the King invalidated Curry's credentials as Minister; and accordingly he was compelled to wait until others could be sent from Washington, before he might be formally presented to the Queen Regent. On the 3rd day of the month, however, he received a cablegram from his government at home, constituting him a special envoy to represent the United States at the King's funeral.

Although in his usual personal attire Curry always exhibited a marked neatness, and a due regard for the mandates of fashion in the cut and texture of his garments, he was in no sense an exquisite, or inclined to any sort of personal display. Yet some sense of incongruity seems to have taken possession of him, as it has been known to possess other Ameri-

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can representatives in European Courts upon State occasions, in being compelled to appear at any hour of the day in clothes, which ordinarily are worn in good society the world over only in the evening. In a letter written to Mr. Winthrop on December 6, he remarks, at some length, upon his embarrassment at the "conspicuous peculiarity" of having to appear in "a dress-coat" at the King's approaching funeral, when all other diplomats of similar rank with his own would be arrayed in appropriate and imposing costumes, with their insignia and decorations.

Mr. Winthrop's reply is amusing:—

I am afraid I could not have helped you much in regard to your Court costume. I was presented to Queen Victoria in 1847, in full diplomatic uniform, while Bancroft was Minister and Polk President. In 1860 I went to Court again with Mr. Dallas, in black evening dress, but with breeches or shorts, and with a civil sword and chapeau. In 1867 I went again in my old diplomatic uniform, with Mr. Adams, who insisted on wearing a uniform like that of his father and grandfather. I suppose you have some instructions on the subject. It is rather a pity that the Ministers of the United States should be compelled to dress like the waiters.

Curry has recorded at some length the details of his first reception by the Queen Regent, which took place on the 11th of December; and of the King's funeral on the day following:—

"On that day" (December 11) "at 3.30 P. M., Mr. Strobel and I repaired to the palace, and I was presented by Señor Moret, in order to convey to the Queen the sentiments of the President in reference to the death of the King, and as preparatory to taking part in the funeral ceremonies.

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"This was my first interview with Royalty, except a presentation at the Quirinal in 1876, when we had the honor at a State ball of being presented to Humbert and Christina, who afterwards became King and Queen of Italy.

"The Queen, in deep mourning, was dignified and courteous and graceful, and was evidently affected by the expressions of the little address which I made to her in behalf of my country.

"On the succeeding day occurred at the Church of St. Sebastian, with great pomp and display, the funeral of the deceased King. The house was packed. Seats were assigned to, and reserved for the diplomatic corps and the dignitaries. All the governments of Europe had authorized Special Ambassadors, who, with the Cabinet and some others, had seats of honor in the choir. Being a Special Envoy, equivalent to an Ambassador, I was honored with a seat behind the 'elect few'; and being just behind the Papal Nuncio, Cardinal Rampolla, I watched him, and was thus able to go through the various 'risings and sittings,' which were frequent, and without such experienced guidance, would have been embarrassing. The Diplomatic Corps, sat below the choir, as did various other officials and especially invited guests. All were in their gorgeous uniforms and decorations except the representatives of the United States; and we, restrained by the absurd instructions of our Government, wore the dress-suit of a head-waiter in a hotel. The Archbishop of Valladolid, Exc'mo Sr. D. Benito Sanz y Fores, preached the funeral oration; and the magnificent tenor singer, Guyarez, sang at length, and with a profound impression.

"On the same day, as diplomatic etiquette required, I had an audience, arrangements as to time having previously been made, of Infanta Isabel, sister of Alfonso, and of Isabella, the Queen Mother, who had been dethroned in 1868."

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The question of a proper court costume appears to have been for a long time before Curry's mission a more or less burning one with American Ministers abroad. When Mr. Buchanan went as Minister to St. James, Secretary of State Marcy had just issued an order that American Ministers abroad should appear at public functions in the plain and simple costume of an American citizen. The effect of this order on some of the European Courts is said to have been remarkable. The British press appears to have discussed it; and the story is told that, just before the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Buchanan received from the master of ceremonies a printed paper to the effect that no one would be admitted to the diplomatic gallery or to the body of either house who did not wear a court costume. The American Minister thereupon stayed away, although the London *Times* reported him as attending and feeling uncomfortable and conspicuous in his plain clothes. When it became necessary for him to appear at Court, however, he followed his government's instructions, adding to his "evening clothes" a plain black-hilted sword; and it is related of him that Mr. Buchanan said afterwards that he never was prouder of his country than he was as he stood there, the most simply dressed person in the room, amid the uniforms and decorations of all the Courts of Europe.

On the 22nd of December, Curry presented his credential letter to Her Majesty, and was received as the Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the United States. On the occasion of its presentation he delivered to the Queen a formal address, which had been prepared in advance and submitted, according to custom, to the Spanish Minister

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of State for approval; and to which the Queen made a gracious and pleasant though brief reply. Later he made calls, as the Court etiquette required, upon Sagasta, President of the Council of Ministers, and upon Moret, the Minister of State; and on the day following, he visited in succession the remaining members of the Cabinet, and his colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps, according to the custom which requires the latest comer to make the first calls.

All the ceremonial requirements of an ancient and punctilious Court were rigidly observed by the new American Minister. On New Year's Day, 1886, in company with the whole Diplomatic Corps, he paid a visit of condolence to the Queen Regent, and the Infanta Isabella; and a few days after, with Mrs. Curry, he called in a less formal way upon the same royal personages.

With a ready intelligence that foreign diplomacy carries with it in eminent degree the requirements of social obligation, Curry and his wife began soon thereafter a series of afternoon receptions, which were continued with increasing popularity during the period of their sojourn at the Spanish Court. Frequent dinners were given, in return for like civilities, and to promote international good feeling; and to these functions were invited the Diplomatic Corps, members of the government, officers of the army and navy, members of the nobility, English and American visitors, and the elite of the old Spanish families of Madrid. The good taste and charm of these entertainments soon attracted public attention; and the newspapers of the Capitol were lavish in the praise which they bestowed upon their distinction.

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"The American Legation," commented *El Resumen*, in an article which was characteristic of many others that appeared in the Spanish press of the period, "is undoubtedly one of the most hospitable in Madrid. Mr. Curry and his beautiful and distinguished wife sustain worthily in the Spanish Capital the standard of the rich and powerful American Republic. In addition to their Monday receptions, they have inaugurated a series of sumptuous banquets on Thursdays. . . .

"Mr. Curry employs his diplomatic leisure in writing a work on the Constitutions which have been used in Spain since the establishment of the Parliamentary regime."

It was a season of no small personal pleasure and enjoyment to the Currys; and of it, Curry wrote a short time before his death:—

Even now, twelve and fourteen years after, a war with bitterness and humiliating results intervening, we catch echoes of pleasant remembrances of those enjoyable events.

Of this social side of his career Curry writes to Mr. Winthrop in Boston, after a year's experience, as follows:—

MADRID, 28 Dec., 1886.

DEAR MR. WINTHROP:—

. . . In a former letter, I think I mentioned our formal or State dinners, which bring us into pleasant social intercourse with leading men and women. I do not share in his political opinions, but no statesman here has impressed me as much as Canovas. He has firmness, courage, intelligence, political experience, breadth of view and much wit. He talks at a dinner-table exceedingly well, but both he and Castelar monopolize the "talk." Canovas, speaking of Castelar's well-known and inoffensive vanity, and peacockish display, said of him, that he never saw a marriage without wishing to be the bride, nor a funeral without wishing to be the corpse.

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In addition to dinners, Mrs. Curry has receptions every Monday from 5 to 7; and these re-unions are so popular that her salons are crowded with the best and most notable people of Madrid. This winter's experience is in most pleasant contrast with the last; and has increased—decreased, rather, the discomforts of Madrid life, and much enhanced my ability and opportunities for usefulness. I beg you to believe me that my desire to benefit our country, and to show that an ex-Confederate can be entrusted with the honor and welfare of the Country, are the highest motives of action. . . .

Yours faithfully,
J. L. M. Curry.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop,
Boston, Mass.

During the first year of Curry's service at Madrid, an event of unusual interest occurred in the posthumous birth of the heir to the throne of the King, whose death had taken place on the day of the Minister's arrival.

"On 28 April," he writes, "I received an invitation, sent to the diplomatic corps, based on the approaching confinement of the Queen Regent, with a request to be present at 'la ceremonia de la presentacion del Rey y Infanta.'

"On the first of May I received an official notification, more formal and urgent, from the Introducer of Ambassadors, and from the 'Mayordomia de S.M. . . .' inviting me to 'assista a Palacio al acto de la presentacion del Rey y Infanta que S.M. diere a luz.' Four days afterwards Mary and I met the Queen Regent and the Infanta Eulalia driving in a low, two-seated carriage. On Monday, the 17th of May, about sunrise, a messenger from the Palace came in post haste to summon my immediate attendance. Omitting all signs of mourning, with which all officials were bedecked since the death of the King, I went to the Palace

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and found some of the diplomatic corps (others came later) and government officials, in full uniform, with cocked hats, swords, gold bands, and all the decorations to which they were entitled. The Cabinet, officially arrayed, and a number of distinguished officers and civilians were there, or arrived afterwards.

"We waited half or three-quarters of an hour, when the Cabinet was called. Soon the President, Señor Sagasta, returned, and standing at the door, proclaimed in Spanish, 'Long live the King!' This announced the birth and sex of him, who, so far as I know, was the first human being ever born a King.

"Passing at once through a suite of rooms, we were halted next to the chamber of the Queen. Arranging ourselves in a semicircle, and waiting for what might occur, a lady, one of the Queen's waiting-women, came out, holding in her hands a beautiful silver basket, or waiter. In this, enveloped in soft cotton, was the new-born babe, His Royal Highness, Prince of Asturias, King of Spain. The babe was passed around, *in puris naturalibus*, for our inspection; but I did not see the divinity which hedges in a King. He soon proved his common humanity by crying, and was withdrawn to be clothed. This ceremony, once so common, to prevent imposition of false heirs, is peculiar to Spain; and I am one of the few now living who 'assisted' at such a function. The birth was soon made known by firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and noisy, tumultuous demonstrations on the streets. . . .

"On the 22nd the baptism of the babe was performed in the royal chapel in the Palace, and was a splendid ceremonial. Invitations were sent us; and they prescribed the dress for both men and women. The rigor of the rule about mourning had been relaxed since the advent of the royal monarch, and the eagerness of the ladies, even the sisters of the late King, to throw aside the sombre black, showed that mourning for a conventional time was irksome and tended to degenerate into mere formalities.

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"Just before one o'clock, we drove to the Palace. The square and surrounding streets were thronged with eager and curious people. We entered by the grand staircase, one of the most magnificent in Europe, which was lined by officers and soldiers richly dressed. A spacious corridor surrounds and overlooks the interior court or plaza. This was decorated with abundant and beautiful tapestry, while the floor was richly carpeted. To reach the chapel it was necessary to make the circuit of full half of the corridor. The whole distance was lined with people, four or five rows in depth; but the Civil Guard kept an open avenue, wide enough for the gorgeously dressed favored few, who had access to the chapel.

"While marching through the avenue, the Introducer of Ambassadors met us, and offering his arm to Mrs. Curry, conducted her to the tribune which had been erected and upholstered in the chapel for the diplomatic corps. It was with much personal and national pride that an American saw the female representative of his country encountering with such calmness the battery of a thousand eyes; for, as her train swept gracefully behind, she was the cynosure of universal admiration, and elicited a thousand compliments. She wore a white satin dress, a point lace overdress looped with feathers, a white satin train lined with green velvet, and trimmed with sable, a point-lace mantilla, white feathers, a diamond aigrette, emeralds in hair and a diamond brooch in front.

"The royal chapel, not very large, was fitted up with splendor; and places were so assigned as to prevent uncomfortable pressure. Men and women, titled and untitled, were arrayed in silks and satins, in silver and gold and gems and jewels. The clergy were much *en evidence*, and all departments of the Government had their chosen representatives. The magnificence was unparalleled. The royal babe, gorgeously dressed, preceded by civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, was brought in by Infanta Isabel, aided or attended by the Papal Nuncio, Cardinal Ram-

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polla, and the first lady of the Court. The little fellow screamed lustily, showing his protest against such fuss and folly. The 'baptism,' I suppose, was after the usual ceremony of the Church of Rome, emphasized and prolonged for the occasion, and the exceptional 'subject.' The Pope, through the Nuncio, stood sponsor, or godfather; and the whole function consumed an hour and a half.

". . . The King was christened Alfonso Leon Fernando Santiago Maria Isidro Pascual y Anton."

Curry's principal diplomatic efforts at the Spanish Court were in the direction of negotiating a commercial treaty which should free the commerce between America and Spain from some of its traditional restrictions. Of these efforts and their results he wrote to Mr. Winthrop, in July, 1886:—

The same assumption that you are more than interested in us as representatives of the United States will justify me in saying that I have had extraordinary, certainly unusual, success in my diplomatic negotiations. Two serious questions I fell heir to. One of them has perplexed and irritated both countries for more than fifty years. Spain has very naturally sought to control the trade of her Antillean dependencies. Our nearness to the islands, and the market we gave to their products, made us successful competitors. Hence grew up a war of tariffs. An agreement of Feb., 1884, intended by Mr. Foster to remove discriminations, failed of its object; as the two governments put a contrary interpretation upon certain words of the instrument. Mr. Frelinghuysen and Mr. Bayard gave very emphatic instructions. I have succeeded in getting a Royal Order removing the differential flag duty, and conforming to the American construction.

As far back as 1876 Mr. Cushing entered an earnest protest against some consular fees on tonnage collected in American ports. The different Secretaries of State have

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issued minatory instructions, and all my predecessors have wasted much breath, time and paper in a vain effort to get a correction of the abuse. Fortunately, by incessant exertions, demanding all the tact, patience and ability I was master of, I have succeeded in getting a suppression of what was so obnoxious to my Government.

These Spaniards are strange people. When you enter a house for the first time, everything is placed at your disposition, but the polite compliment means nothing. The like offer of everything is carried into diplomacy, and is equally meaningless. Patience represents an act or quality of looking for justice, or an expected good, without murmuring or fretfulness; and that virtue is likely to have her perfect work in dealing with high officials, between whose premises and performances there is an impassable gulf, or the width of weary months and years.

In a later memorandum Curry writes of his labors in behalf of a commercial treaty which should be unambiguous in its terms and just to his government:—

For years by my predecessors and myself, the matter was pressed; but nothing more favorable and decisive could I accomplish than some slight modifications of consular usages and a larger *modus vivendi*, which remained in force until our late unfortunate war.

But there were other matters of importance besides the commercial treaty which demanded his attention and engaged his efforts; and his account of some of them serves to show that his representation of the United States as their Minister did not mean that his time and attention were devoted only to the social side of his mission.

"Another matter I inherited," he writes, "which gave annoyance and trouble. For many years the Legation was

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burdened with Cuban claims; and the claimants, personally, through attorneys, and through instructions from the State Department, were urgent and insistent in demanding payment for enormous alleged injuries and losses.

"Instead of making a drag-net of claims of varied worth and proof, my accomplished Secretary, E. H. Strobel, and myself, after thorough consideration, decided to select one, apparently the best sustained, and make a test of it, with the hope that an agreement to pay one would settle the principle and establish a precedent for paying others. After scores of interviews, annoying delays, wearing patience threadbare, I succeeded in getting an agreement to pay the claim of Mora for $1,500,000. This agreement bound the Government, committed the members of the Cabinet, —but aroused active opposition in the Cortes, threatened the existence of the Government, and drew down on Moret vile slanders. I wish just here parenthetically to affirm my perfect faith in Moret's integrity and absolute freedom from word or act affecting in remotest degree the purity of his official life, or his fidelity to the interests and honor of Spain. The claim was delayed in payment for some years; and Spain, in her impecunious condition, finally yielded to heavy pressure brought to bear on her by the United States Government. Various pretences have been put forth, arrogating credit for the success of the Mora claim; but the decisive and binding agreement to pay was made with me as the United States representative."

Curry's personal charm and attractiveness, and his varied official duties and social opportunities at Madrid, made for him many friends and acquaintances there. Among them were different members of the royal family, and a number of the prominent politicians and statesmen of the time and country. The roll of their names is notable and significant,

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and includes Sigismund Moret, Sagasta, Castelar, Canovas and Salmeron; and on it also are inscribed those of the Archduchess of Austria, the Duke of Montpensier, the Comte de Paris, and many others of noble birth and distinguished rank.

"Sigismund Moret," writes Curry, in 1901, "was the Minister of State, with whom I had all my official intercourse. Physically and intellectually he is a superb man. With enlightened views, varied experience, unusual ability, unquestioned patriotism, unfailing suavity and courtesy of manner, it was a pleasure to deal with him; and our relations were most cordial. In politics, he is a Liberal, such as one would class with Asquith, Morley and Bannerman in England. . . . During the Spanish-American War he was Secretary for the Colonies, and would have favored large concessions to Cuba. In May, 1888, he said Cuba should be Americanized. If in the course of years it desired independence, such was the course of life. To give up Cuba then would be the overthrow of the monarchy; and in these utterances his chief, Sagasta, agreed. I am sure that to have allowed Cuba to hold the relation to Spain, that Canada does to England, would not have been objectionable. The insular American possessions, being the last of Spain's continental dominion, were regarded with special pride, and the sensitiveness of the people could not brook such a loss."

Of Moret, Curry writes further, elsewhere:—

My cordial and pleasant official relations with, and warm personal friendship for Señor Moret, and his desire to accommodate the diplomatic corps, and to finish the work in his department, did not cure him of the incurable Spanish habit of not doing to-day what can be deferred until to-morrow. As in the East the first and last word a traveller hears is *backsheesh*, so in Spain the first and last word is *manaña*. My diary shows numerous interviews

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with the Secretary; as many unkept appointments; and when conferences were held, final issues were not reached, generally because of this national habit. The experience of my colleagues was the same as mine.

The traditional and distinguishing Spanish characteristic of putting off till to-morrow everything possible which might be done to-day is dwelt upon by Curry in many of his letters from Madrid, and in his other Spanish *memorabilia;* and it is worthy of remark that he should have accomplished so much in a diplomatic way in the teeth of such unfavorable conditions. But he was a diplomat by nature and cultivation, though with no lack of frankness and candor in all his diplomatic life. His long habitude of dealing with men had cultivated in him the patience and perseverance and sweet serenity of temper which were parts of his original nature; and, through this happy union of natural and acquired qualities, he was enabled, as a foreign minister, to merit the high praise bestowed upon him by his chief, Secretary Bayard, who, before his experience at Madrid was a year old, wrote to him in a private letter:—

It is not invidious to say you have accomplished more in your single year than your predecessors in twenty years.

During his stay at Madrid, Curry kept up a regular correspondence with his son, Manly, who then resided at St. Paul; and his letters, thus written, without reserve, possess much of the charm that spontaneity must give to all letter-writing.

"I make it a rule," he said in one of these epistles, "to send you at least one letter a week. Sometimes, as I usually write a little every day, I do more."

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Many of these weekly letters were lost or destroyed; but those that remain contain much that is of interest. In one of them the writer gives a vivid and pleasing picture of the Spanish Congress, and of some of its leading figures.

The last two afternoons I have attended the sessions of Congress, which is a National Debating Society. For some weeks the body has been engaged in verifying their credentials, and discussing the speech from the Throne, which is a sort of Ministerial or Governmental platform. The room,—or the seats, rather,—are semi-circular. A part of the front row is occupied by the Ministers, who are provided with desks. Under every seat is a drawer, and a little writing-shelf can be raised. I have seen no one reading a newspaper, or a book, except for reference. I counted over fifty bald heads. Very meagre notes are used. I have seen no manuscripts. As with us and the House of Commons, and unlike the Assembly in France, every member speaks from his seat. Spaniards are garrulous and voluble, and their speeches are generally long; but there is no scrambling over the "floor" as with us. In Washington a hundred voices will scream out "Mr. Speaker!" Here, one very quietly is recognized; and there is evidently a pre-arrangement as to who shall speak, and a preference given to Ministers.

The Chair seems to have much power. He uses a larger bell as a gavel, and a smaller bell to summon some one to do his bidding. There are no pages; and generally the body is very orderly. One day I heard Lopez Dominguez, the leader of the "Dynastic Left," and a reply by the Minister of Grace and Justice. Yesterday I heard Salmeron, the leader of the small band of Republicans, and a reply by my friend, Moret. Salmeron is an able man,—speaks well and deliberately, with self-control. He assailed Monarchy, and his speech commanded attention and excited contentions. When he finished, some of his band hugged

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and kissed him. Moret speaks distinctly, gracefully, rapidly, eloquently. He elicited much applause from his Liberal supporters, and even from Conservatives. . . .

Yesterday P. M. Mary accompanied me to Congress, and we heard Castelar, the distinguished Republican, of whom I wrote some time ago. Enthusiasts (see March *Century*, 1886) write of him as the Orator of Humanity,—as the peculiar, unparalleled product of Spanish environment. I was disappointed. He is full of poetry, imagination, fervor. He has read widely, and his language is full, chaste, appropriate. He is the most impassioned speaker I ever heard,—rants excessively, gesticulates vehemently and ludicrously. The pantomime—and it was not much more to me in my unfamiliarity with the language, and my bad position for hearing—was not effective. His voice was not distinct nor musical, probably the result of hoarseness, and the use of too much fluid. (*Do* not misunderstand me: he is very temperate; does not smoke nor even drink wine, and that in Spain is something unique.) I was not moved. I have heard men in a foreign tongue, who, by voice or acting, stirred me. Castelar did not. He is not to be compared to Yancey. Who is? . . .

Curry's judgment of Castelar was not that of his contemporaries; nor is it likely to be that of posterity. Of all the Europeans of his day, no orator has left a more pronounced reputation for unusual and gifted eloquence than the Spaniard, Emilio Castelar. "Athens," say his countrymen, "had its Demosthenes, Rome its Cicero; and we have our Castelar"; and if the majestic company in which they place him may seem to the casual reader an exaggeration of his powers, he undoubtedly wielded the stirring oratory that of right belongs always to the history of the minority, as the most

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thrilling poetry belongs to the story of the conquered.

Mr. Adee, whom Curry has mentioned as the Assistant Secretary of State of the United States at the time of his appointment to Madrid, and who was *chargé d'affaires* at Madrid fifteen years before Curry was made Minister, has written of Castelar:—

> I saw him make his famous speech on the bill for Cuban emancipation. Madrid was agog for weeks beforehand. It was announced that Castelar was to make the grandest effort of his life. Tickets for the galleries were eagerly sought. Every deputy was in his seat, every nook was filled. The initial proceedings interested no one. A Spaniard said to me: "All Madrid has come to a Castelar matinee."
>
> "Of the character of his oratory," continues Mr. Adee, "it is not easy to speak. His discourses do not bear close analysis. Canovas, Alonza Martinez, Sagasta, Martos, and many others are his masters in debate. In fact Castelar is not a good debater. Set speeches are his peculiar province. I have heard it said that they are written and committed to memory. Taken unawares by a shrewd logician, whom florid generalities will not silence, he does not show to advantage."

Yet after all, real oratory is not of the logician. The fervid passion of O'Connell, the stirring speech of Thomas Francis Meagher, the sonorous and splendid diction of John Mitchel, all illustrate how far apart are the cold, calm, clear cut logic of the scientist, the reasoner, the casuist, and the emotional eloquence of that indescribable oratory which stirs and thrills the hearts and souls of those who hear it.

Curry himself appears to have modified his opinion of Castelar; for two years later he wrote:—

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He and Moret were the best speakers in the Cortes. One speech of Castelar's which I had the pleasure of hearing was a wonderful triumph of oratory. For fifteen minutes after he closed, the hurrahs and *vivas* were kept up tumultuously; and Sagasta, the Prime Minister, crossed the Chamber and embraced him.

Of other Spanish statesmen of the day Curry wrote interestingly to his son:—

We also heard for an hour Canovas, the head of the late ministry. He is probably the ablest man in Spain; is not an orator, but spoke well. The Republican leader, Salmeron, having characterized him as a "modern Torquemeda," the reply was sarcastic and severe. Canovas is the most interesting dinner-companion I have met in Spain.

Of Canovas, Curry at a later date wrote to his son:—

"Canovas, the leader of the Conservatives, lately sent me a good photograph, with his autograph. A good saying is attributed to him in reference to Castelar's well-known vanity, and peacockish display."

And he repeats the story which he had written to Mr. Winthrop about "the bridegroom" and "the corpse."

During the hot season, when "Castilian Days" at their best were almost unendurable, Curry and his wife fled to the mountains, or to the seashore, as the impulse moved them. From Biarritz, beloved of American tourists, he wrote his son, Manly, a letter in September, 1886, which is full of interest, as illustrating the attitude of his mind toward the morality of the day. His view of art may seem uncosmopolitan, but it may at least be conceded to have been sincere; and if Matthew Arnold's stigmatism of Henry Ward Beecher as "a heated bar-

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barian," was in any sense just, it may be said of Curry, a typical American of his time, that if in the estimate of cultured Europeans he was "barbarian"—of the "hoi barbaroi" in the real Greek sense—he was at least not a "heated" one.

"You know," he writes to his son, Manly, after attending a grand opera at Biarritz, "I am no judge of music; and so I omit any expression of opinion; but the scenery was elaborate and beautiful, the tableaus like fairy works; and the dancing sylph-like and graceful. I am, however, such an 'old fogy,' as not to approve so much nudity and such studied exposure of person. After much observation and reflection, while relaxing my rigid notions in some particulars, I am forced to conclude that the nudity in pictures and statues, the suggestive half-concealments and half-exposures, in art, in dances, in much fashionable dressing, have a very deleterious influence on personal purity and national morals. The reply is quick, I know, 'To the pure all things are pure,' and '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*' as the motto of the Knights of the Garter phrases it; but man is a poor, frail fallible creature, with strong appetites and passions, with dominant tendencies to evil; and the history of Spain, France, Italy, Austria, Greece and old Rome, shows a depravation of morals, and an amount of conjugal infidelity and personal impurity that, so far, England and the United States are comparatively free from. When I see the American youth of both sexes, who were trained in pure religious homes, standing for hours before the inimitable productions of Titian's pencil, or ancient sculptors, or seeing the exhibitions on the stage, I shudder, because I know that an impure thought cherished, wicked passion conceived, is a heritage of misery, and a source of corruption. My objections will be hooted at; but sneers and ridicule are not arguments, and do not reverse the unchangeable records of history."

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Another letter to his son suggests memories of an illustrious Virginia scholar and historian, whose learning has preserved the names of many of the earlier Virginians,—the Honorable Hugh Blair Grigsby.

"I have just finished my letter to dear Mr. Winthrop," he writes to Manly Curry on July 4th, 1886.

"He and Mr. Grigsby had a habit of writing to each other every Fourth; and when Grigsby died, I fell heir to the privilege. Virginia and Massachusetts should lock hands every Fourth. My foreign residence and representative character intensify my patriotism. A contrast betwixt people and institutions in the United States makes me more and more in love with America and our representative free governments."

The roster of Curry's correspondents, as illustrated in his letter-books of the period, constitutes a shining bede-roll, the simple mention of whose names must cause regret that the limits of this volume do not admit the publication of their letters. Among them, after Mr. Winthrop's, are those of Secretary Bayard, General Armstrong of the Hampton School, Señor Moret, Dr. John A. Broadus, President Cleveland, General Joseph E. Johnston, Assistant Secretary Adee, Hon. John W. Foster, Alexander Brown the Virginia historian, James Russell Lowell, E. J. Phelps, Francis Wharton, Señor Sagasta, Señor Castelar, Dr. Josiah Strong, Señor Salmerón, Gen. Sickles, William Wirt Henry, William A. Courtenay, Sir Philip H. W. Currie, Richmond Pearson, and others scarcely less well known.

Of Mr. Winthrop his admiration was ever increasing, and not infrequently expressed. In August, 1886, he wrote to his son, Manly, "Mr. Winthrop has sent me another volume of his speeches. His

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intellectual and beneficent activity shames me. He might plead the infirmities of age, and point proudly to the work achieved; but he practically says reprovingly to the less laborious and useful young, 'I must be about my Father's business';" and in the following November he writes to Winthrop himself, with the unreserved frankness of affection:—

> We felt sure your thoughtful kindness would not forget your far-away friends, and we were not disappointed; for in good time came the printed address of yourself and the Report of Dr. Green, and then one of your unapproachable letters. The letters of Byron, Gray, Walpole, Lady Mary Montagu, have worldwide celebrity; but a judicious collection of yours would take the highest rank in the Literature of Letters.

The industry and intellectual activity which Curry praised in Winthrop were never wanting in his own case. His energetic diplomacy at Madrid still left him the time, which the busiest man always finds, for yet other business; and during his occupation of the Spanish mission he made a study of the Spanish constitutions, the result of which he compressed into a volume of three hundred pages under the title, "Constitutional Government in Spain." This book was published in 1889 by the Harpers. From the Spanish records, too, he prepared and contributed to the *Magazine of American History* a paper on "The Acquisition of Florida"; and he wrote an introduction for Dr. Armitage's "History of the Baptists." It was with the pride and pleasure that spring from old associations that he saw at this time his public and literary distinction recognized and acknowledged by the University of Georgia, the home of his first intellectual triumphs. On the

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13th of July, 1887, the Chancellor of the University wrote to him as follows:—

I have the honor and the pleasure to inform you that the Trustees of the University of Georgia have this day conferred upon you the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Your Alma Mater hopes that her gifted and distinguished son will accept this deserved honor at her hands.

The Currys had spent the summer of 1886 in Southern France; and the next summer had returned to the United States for a visit. The summer of 1888 saw their career in Spain drawing to a close. The earlier months of the season were passed in travelling in Austria, Italy and Switzerland; and in August, Curry sent to Washington the resignation of his commission of Minister to Spain. It was "accepted with regret"; and in September he sailed from Havre for America, leaving Mrs. Curry in Paris for a stay of a month or two longer. On the 26th of September, 1888, he called on Mr. Bayard, the Secretary of State, and upon the day following on President Cleveland.

Two days later he "closed up his accounts," as he phrases it, at the State Department.

The verdict of the administration which he had served was rendered in the following letters from the Secretary of State and from the President:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, October 27, 1888.

J. L. M. CURRY, ESQ.,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

SIR:—When I received your dispatch of August 6th last, tendering your resignation of the office of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United

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States to Spain, to take effect on September 5th last, you informed me that you were then upon the eve of departing from Madrid for Switzerland, under your leave of absence, and requested a short reply by telegraph, addressed to you at Geneva; and signified your willingness to receive a more formal reply after you should have returned to the United States.

In consonance with your wishes, I telegraphed you the President's reluctant acceptance of your resignation, and the regret I felt in communicating it.

It is not alone that I feel a personal loss in your withdrawal from a service in the Department of which I am the head, but the country at large is a loser by your retirement.

The confidence felt in your ability and patriotism, which caused your selection for an important diplomatic position, has been fully justified by your performance of its duties.

The impairment of your health by the unfavorable climate of Madrid, to which alone I must attribute your resignation, I trust will be speedily restored in your native land; and with sincere thanks for your honorable and efficient service to the country, I am sincerely and most truly yours,

T. F. Bayard.

Executive Mansion,
Washington, Nov. 2, 1888.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry.

My dear Sir:—

I shall not feel satisfied until I say to you more fully than I have already done, that it is with the utmost regret that I permit you to sever your relation to our Diplomatic Service. Your representation of the Government at the Court of Spain has been so satisfactory in all respects, that I should be constrained to ask you to reconsider your determination to vacate your official post, if it was based

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upon anything less personal and important than your health.

I hope that the resumption of your former duties at home will be attended by great satisfaction to yourself and great progress in the cause of education, which you have had for so many years sincerely at heart.

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE PEABODY FUND AGAIN

President Cleveland's felicitation of Curry upon his educational work was a fair expression of the thought of many friends of education in America, and especially in the States of the South. As long as a year before his final resignation of the mission to Spain Curry had expressed to Mr. Winthrop his desire to take up the General Agency of the Peabody Fund again; and the venerable president of the Peabody Board had hailed the prospect with delight.

Madrid, 28 April, 1887.

Dear Mr. Winthrop:

. . . And now for a suggestion; which I have not discussed with Mrs. Curry, between whom and myself there are never any reserves in matters relating to personal duties and interests.

My mission here has been a success; but for a year or two I see little to be done beyond routine work and a "masterly inactivity" in watching the progress of events, so as to allow the Republic to suffer no detriment. While my health is perfectly restored, it has been accomplished by flying from Madrid in winter and early spring months. The climate here is treacherous and dangerous; and I have been seriously debating in my mind, whether the remaining years of my life should not be given to my country, within the limits and on the soil of that country. It therefore has occurred to me to mention to you, and

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only to you, whether, if in the coming Peabody year an Agent is to be appointed, I might not say, that as at present advised, I would not be unwilling to consider, with favorable prepossessions, a proposition to resume my former connection with the Fund.

I mention this that you may think of it, and that we may talk it over, knowing that you will honor me with your usual frankness and wisdom, having reference to myself personally and the interests of the work.

Mrs. Curry, as I wrote to you on the 4th inst., will sail from Liverpool on the "Adriatic" the 25th of May, in company with Dr. Field, and I have written to engage my passage on the "Etruria" for the 6th of August.

Yours sincerely,

J. L. M. Curry.

The Hon. Robt. C. Winthrop,
Boston, Mass.

To this letter Mr. Winthrop had replied:—

Brookline, Mass.
24 May, 1887.

Dear Mr. Curry:

. . . He (Dr. Green) concurs with me heartily in the desire to reinstate you in the General Agency, and then to leave you to find a Chancellor for the Nashville Normal,—holding the place yourself until you have found the right man. Of course the Trustees must ratify such a proceeding, but there cannot be a doubt of their entire readiness and eagerness to do so; and I hope we may consider the matter settled. I had begun to be very uneasy about the future of our Board. Many things had concurred to make me anxious. I will not go into details. I can now see the way clear. With the arrangement once more in your hands, I should be ready to sing a *Nunc Dimittis*, and to depart in peace . . . Every-

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body, South and North, has confidence in you for this great Education Trust. You will have heard from Gov. Porter on the subject. Dr. Lindsley and Mr. Jones have written to me and to him, earnestly calling for you. The newspapers have begun to discuss it. I will not say more to-day, but I hope and trust that you will come over in August with a full willingness and purpose to resume the General Agency, and to carry the Trust through to its limited end. I wish you were embarking to-morrow with Mrs. Curry, so that there would be more time for arrangement before our Annual Meeting. . . .

Yours sincerely,

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

H. E.

J. L. M. CURRY.

Curry returned in August; and they "talked it over" in all of its details. During this visit home the dissensions and troubles, which had temporarily arisen between the Tennessee State Board of Education and the Peabody Board over the Normal College at Nashville, were adjusted; and Dr. Payne, through Curry's instrumentality, was made the President of the College. So that Curry's return to his post at Madrid was with the assurance that when his diplomatic labors should end, he could take up again, where he had left it off, the work in which his heart was more warmly enlisted than it had ever been in any other.

In the following May, he wrote to Mr. Winthrop from Madrid:—

We are making our arrangements for returning in August. I feel a strong desire to get back to the work I love so much, and to have a nearer association with you. If I can, as General Agent, act on the lines you approve

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for cultivating a larger and intenser patriotism, and for keeping up a constant pressure in the direction of instructed public opinion, I shall be happy. To write a history of the Trust is also a cherished desire; but I wish to execute it thoroughly and conscientiously, so as to give satisfaction to the Trustees, do justice to Mr. Peabody, and stimulate a healthier public sentiment.

In less than three weeks after his return home from Spain, he was again at work as General Agent of the Peabody Fund.

The meeting, which welcomed Curry back to his old work, was held, according to custom, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York; Mr. Winthrop inducted him into his old work in these gracious words:—

"*Gentlemen of the Peabody Board of Trustees:*

"It is a matter of special satisfaction and gratification to me this morning that I am privileged to welcome the reappearance among us of our friend, Dr. Curry, and to announce to you that after three years of valuable service as the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Madrid, he has resigned that office, and has returned home to resume his labors in the great cause of education, as the General Agent of the Peabody Trust.

"The business of our Board, as you know, since Dr. Curry withdrew from our service in October, 1885, has been conducted by our faithful and untiring Secretary, Dr. Green, as General Agent, *pro tempore;* and to him our most grateful acknowledgments are due for his devoted and efficient labors,—voluntarily assumed and performed as labors of love, and thus saving no inconsiderable amount of our restricted income for appropriation to the Southern Schools. Dr. Green has, however, come to the conclusion with me that for the entire success of our work there is now a positive need of committing our General Agency anew to an accomplished Southern man of large

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personal experience in educational matters in the Southern States, and of special gifts for communicating the results of that experience to his fellow-workers in the same field,—such a man as Dr. Curry abundantly proved himself to be during the four years of his previous service. With the full understanding, therefore, of what was hoped and expected, authority was given to me at our last meeting to appoint a General Agent, under the advice of the Executive Committee, whenever I should think it best to do so. Under that authority, Dr. Curry has been appointed, and has accepted the appointment. With him once more at the helm, I feel assured that we shall hold on our track successfully to the end. . . ." (*Peabody Proceedings*, Vol. IV, pp. 3, 4.)

The note of satisfaction in the President's brief address, at getting their General Agent again "in the traces," was echoed in the public and private expressions that accompanied his restoration. Notably among these was a letter from the Rev. John A. Broadus.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 11, 1888.

DEAR BROTHER CURRY:

I am glad to think of you as at home in our own country again, and again wielding all the educational influence you must have as manager of the Peabody Fund. I think our Southern countrymen have gone just far enough in respect of popular education to be in pressing and urgent need of going further. There is no man living who can exert so wide and wholesome an influence among them as you can do, in the position you hold, and with all your eloquence, wisdom and personal prestige. Pardon me. I should not know how to use words of compliment to you. I am only speaking of facts.

I notice the suggestion, that you may make Washington your home, and think of that idea also with pleasure; al-

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though, as a Virginian, I should sympathize with the Richmond folks in losing your residence. Washington would give certain advantages for making your educational work. It would bring you into free association with the administration and the legislators, who might in numerous ways profit by your wisdom and experience as a statesman. And you could do no little good there as a Baptist. I preached four Sundays at the Calvary Church the past summer, and got the conception that Washington Baptists have decided possibilities of development. . . .

Your Friend and Brother,

JOHN A. BROADUS.

HON. J. L. M. CURRY.

Of his second period of service under the Peabody Board, and indeed of his general relations to that Trust, and to that of the Slater Fund, Curry has left among his papers some notes that are of interest and value, and that have hitherto remained unpublished.

Scrupulously, in the discharge of my duties, as General Manager of the Peabody and the Slater Funds, I have not permitted any political or sectional or denominational considerations to enter into, or influence, in the slightest degree, my action. With State Superintendents, whether Republican or Democratic, my relations have been cordial. Official intercourse has ripened into personal friendship; and Mason and Dixon's line, as I wrote to an applicant for appointment as conductor of an institute, did not now run through political geography, and with my consent should never run through Grammar and Arithmetic. . . . When Dr. Stearns, the first President (of the Peabody Normal College) died, Mr. Winthrop put it upon me to find and to recommend to the Trustees a proper successor. The choice fell on Dr. William H. Payne of Michigan, and the Trustees sanctioned by an election the recommen-

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dation. . . . As indicative of the Catholic policy of the Trustees, and of my spirit and aim, I may say that when submitting the proposition to Dr. Payne to become the President, I enjoined him not to let me know what were his political or denominational preferences.

One college, to which State scholarships were assigned, was not considered adequate to the needs; and State Normal Schools were soon organized after my earnest advocacy and promise of aid from the Fund. For the further advancement of the qualification of teachers, summer schools were encouraged and aided. A few public schools in the several States were aided under conditions of free tuition, a local tax and nine months' session. From the organization of the Trust, a rule now generally known as the Peabody rule, and frequently adopted, has been rigorously applied, of helping those who help themselves. This largely increases the gifts to schools and secures local vigilance and increased interest in education. In my ministry of education, travelling from Potomac to Rio Grande, inspecting schools and colleges, stimulating hope and courage and progress, I have made hundreds of educational speeches, and addressed, some times several times, every Southern legislature. These addresses have been widely circulated, and they and my Annual Reports, now contained in four volumes, are, in connection with the invaluable volumes of the Bureau of Education, probably the most complete history of education in the Southern States. . . .

As frequent inquiries are made of me as to the mode of selecting schools for Peabody aid, the amount given, and the transmission of the money, it may be as well to say that *all* power in the management of the Fund is reposed in the hands of the Trustees, who meet annually to receive and pass upon the report of the Treasurer and General Agent, and to transact such other business as to them may seem necessary. Very large discretion is given to the General Agent in deciding upon the disbursement of the annual

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income which, in the autumn, he is notified will be available, at different periods in the coming year, for school purposes. Taking that amount as the basis of action, the General Agent makes a schedule of appropriations covering the entire amount. From time to time, according to what may be available in different months, a requisition, specifying schools, is submitted to the Executive and the Finance Committees. When they approve, as in no instance they have failed to do, the requisition is sent to the Treasurer, . . . and he promptly notifies me that the amount asked for has been placed in the bank to my credit. Checks are drawn on the bank for sums approved in favor of the President of the Normal College, or of the State Superintendents of Education. This confinement to Superintendents is because the Peabody Fund is given only in aid of institutions entirely, or in part controlled by the States. For these checks duplicate receipts are returned, one of which is retained, and the other accompanies my annual account as a voucher for auditing.

Curry carried his resolution to avoid political partisanry so far, that in the Presidential campaign of 1888, in which Mr. Cleveland was again nominated for the presidency of the Republic, although often urged to go upon the hustings, he refrained save in the single instance of making a campaign speech a day or two before the election to his friends and neighbors in Richmond. Yet there is no doubt that the politics of the period interested him tremendously. He had written to the President in December, 1887, with reference to the Annual Message to Congress:—

"You have drawn the attention of the country from 'the bloody shirt,' from sectional passion and hate, to practical measures, to fundamental principles;" and in the same letter he spoke of the

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message in terms which evinced the unabated fires of his earlier democracy. After stating that until the day previous to the date of his letter, when the New York papers had brought the full text of the message, of which he had only seen an abstract in the London *Times*, he continues:—

> The completed paper confirms the opinion derived from the summary. It is clear, courageous, statesmanlike. Judged from this point of view, I would not change a word. It has the ring of the good old democratic days of the Republic. It reminds me of the utterances of Polk, Wright and Woodbury. I should like to make a hundred speeches in the Presidential campaign with that message as a platform.

The message discussed the great question of Federal Taxation from the standpoint of a tariff for revenue; and it became in reality, the platform of Mr. Cleveland's party in the ensuing presidential election, when that issue became "paramount." Immediately upon Curry's landing in New York, he had been solicited by the democratic campaign managers to enter the canvass; and it may well be imagined that the old spirit of the political debater stirred him deeply. But he had made up his mind to return to what Mr. Winthrop habitually spoke of as "The Great Cause"—the work of the Peabody Fund; and his wise conception of the duty which he owed that work forbade his entrance upon the field of partisan political debate. He stuck to the text which he had laid down for his guidance as Peabody Agent, with a persistence which did not gainsay any political conviction, while it vindicated the sanity of his judgment.

The ill-health, which had apparently been first

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engendered in Spain, returned to Curry at various times in 1889 and 1890, and interfered seriously with his work; so that from this time on to the end of his busy career, he was a sufferer. It was probably one of these acute attacks which elicited from Mr. Winthrop in January, 1890, the sentiment:—

> I wish we had an insurance on your life,—not one from any earthly office, but from the Great Disposer,—so that I might be assured that you would have the final executorship of the Trust. What may happen to me is of little moment.

Although Curry, as above stated, made it his habit to eschew the activities of party politics, after associating himself with the Peabody Trust, he nevertheless did not hesitate to grapple boldly with any question of education, without regard to its creation of partisan feeling. This is strikingly illustrated in his relation to what is generally known in the political history of the period as "The Blair Bill."

During the session of Congress which met December 3, 1883, the Republican Senate passed the Blair Education Bill, the purpose of which was to give from the Federal Treasury certain sums of money for the promotion of education in various States, the distribution to be made according to the percentages of illiteracy in the populations. It was defeated in the Democratic House of Representatives, of which Mr. Carlisle was then the Speaker. In 1888 it again passed the Senate by a diminished majority, and was again defeated in the House. But Democrats and Republicans were alike divided on the measure; and Curry, though never recanting his adherence to the Calhoun theories of constitutional construction,

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espoused the cause of the Blair Bill with enthusiasm. In the fall of 1889 he published widely in the newspapers appeals for National Aid to Education. These were preliminary to a pamphlet which he later addressed to Congress. Mr. Winthrop approved of the preparation of this pamphlet, although it does not appear that he knew of its exact language. In it Curry referred to his connection with the Peabody Fund. The effect of the pamphlet on the Peabody Board was to cause one of its most distinguished members to threaten resignation. As soon as Curry caught the wind, he was also ready to resign as General Agent; and Mr. Winthrop seems to have been in great distress. The "prominent member" objected, in a personal letter to the President of the Board, to the pamphlet, which was addressed as "An Appeal to Southern Representatives in Congress and to the Friends of Free Schools in the South," on the grounds, first, of the "sectional" reference; second, because Curry referred to himself in the circular as General Agent of the Peabody Fund. Winthrop prevented the threatened resignation by showing this recalcitrant member that the Board had years before, on the initiative of the Hon. Alex. H. H. Stuart of Virginia, put themselves on record as favoring "National Aid," and that Curry's action had been that of an individual rather than in his representative capacity. The trouble was healed; and Mr. Winthrop wrote of its conclusion to Curry: "*Deus dat his quoque finem!*"

But Winthrop himself had been as eager for the passage of the Blair Bill as had been Curry; and its defeat once more, in March, 1890, elicited from him the following letter:—

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Boston, Mass.,
21 March, 1890.

Dear Dr. Curry:

This morning's papers have just announced to me the defeat of the Blair Bill. It is no surprise to me. I have long felt that the measure was doomed. I do not envy those who have killed it. Sherman's vote has astonished —I may better say, astounded—me. Evarts made an excellent speech but did not convince even his colleague Hiscock. Hawley seems to have struck the fatal blow. I am sorry it should have been wielded by a New England man. But after all, the death of the measure will always lie at the door of Carlisle and Randall, who for successive sessions have smothered the Bill in the House. It ought to have passed by a unanimous vote in both branches several years ago. Its passage now, by the casting vote of the Vice-president, or by any meagre majority, would have been anything but satisfactory.

I have always thought and said that the South could have the National Aid, if their Senators and Representatives would demand and sustain it. Daniel and Barbour, and others from the South, have done excellent work for it. . . .

Robt. C. Winthrop.

Curry had written to Winthrop a month earlier, in explanation of his pamphlet, that he had addressed it to the "Southern Representatives" and to the "Friends of Free Schools in the South," because he felt that he could make an appeal to them "as a Southern man, alike concerned with them in the proper adjustment of the most terrible problem that Civilization and Free Institutions ever encountered."

But, after all is said, the element of Education was not the only one that entered into the national legis-

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lative dealings with the Blair Bill; and it was not solely the work of the two democratic Speakers of the House which killed it, as Mr. Winthrop thought. The old, irrepressible doctrine of the rights of the States, which must last as long as the written Constitution of our government retains significance, counted for more in the contest over the Blair Bill than the casual observer may have thought; and though disciples of Calhoun, like Curry, supported it, there can be little doubt that its final defeat may be conservatively attributed to the constitutional objection of its opponents. It may be said that the Blair Bill was submitted to the judgment of Congress from high, just motives; and, whatever the political view of it, there can be but little doubt that its defeat retarded educational development in the South seriously for two generations.

Later in the year 1890 the opportunity was offered Curry, and accepted by him, of enlarging his educational work in the South, with an especial view to "the adjustment of the most terrible problem that Civilization and Free Institutions ever encountered," as he had phrased it to Winthrop, and the consideration of which had caused the latter to say to the former in a letter dated Sept. 6, 1890: "Oh, that the Ethiopian could change his skin! If there were any mode of bleaching the negro, our land would be at peace." Under date of October 31, 1890, Curry writes in his diary:—

> At Rennert Hotel in Baltimore met President Hayes by appointment, who wished to urge my acceptance of an appointment as Chairman of Committee of Education of Slater Fund, to manage that as I have the Peabody.
>
> Held the matter under consideration.

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November 5, left (Richmond) for New York.

Had an interview with Mr. Winthrop in reference to my acceptance of the administration of the Slater Fund. Much gratified at offer. Approves my taking it if the labor be not too great.

November 25, . . . Agreed to accept the position.

Shortly before his death, Curry wrote the following account of his election as Manager of the Slater Fund, and of the nature and uses of the Fund itself:—

On the 30th October, 1890, President Hayes, who was President of the Slater Board, wrote to Mr. Winthrop, the Chairman of the Peabody Trustees:—

"The General Agent of the John F. Slater Education Fund has been chosen Bishop of the Methodist Church, South. This deprives the Board of the services of Bishop Haygood. With entire unanimity the Slater Board now prefer that Dr. Curry, the Agent of the Peabody Board, should take up the work laid down by Bishop Haygood. He is elected a member of the Slater Board, and is made Chairman of its Educational Committee, and will have an assistant. Both the Chief Justice and myself approved of the plan, and I am very solicitous that it will meet your approval. Dr. Curry will write you in regard to it. Indeed, he will abide by your judgment in the matter."

The Peabody Board assenting, I accepted the position of Chairman of the Educational Committee, with the general powers and duties exercised by Bishop Haygood. The sphere of operation of the two Funds, and the general objects being partially the same,—the Peabody Fund being for the benefit of both races, and the Slater for the colored people,—it seemed, as has proved to be true, that the administration being in the same hands, the one somewhat supplementing the other, there would be no conflict, but increased efficiency.

The Slater Board in entrusting the general management

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of the educational problems to a new Agency, declared that it favored the policy of concentration upon a comparatively small number of institutions, especially deserving encouragement, paying attention to geographical position, to business methods, to service rendered in training of teachers, and to efforts made in the promotion of industrial training. Much has been said and done in connection with industrial training in schools; and not a few unwarrantable claims have been made as to earliest suggestion and introduction. The Slater Trustees do not make any such pretensions as to originating what has long had advocacy and adoption; but it can with truth be said that since the organization of the Fund aid has uniformly been conditioned upon industrial instruction. In the Reports annually made to the Trustees, and in the occasional papers which the Fund had published, there have been in the presentation of the Negro problem, strongest insistence, for national, social, moral, individual reasons, upon industrial and manual training, and upon better preparation of teachers for their great work. The author of this sketch would not presumptuously claim any undue merit, but he confidently appeals to the published and emphatic testimonials, borne to the value of his work and counsels by the principals of Tuskegee, Spelman, Hampton, Claflin, Tongaloo, and other colored schools.

It may be pardonable vanity to record the fact that in Marion, Ala., in 1866, aided by Gov. Moore and Drs. McIntosh and Raymond, the pastors of the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches, a meeting was called which passed resolutions, prepared and introduced by myself, favoring the education of the colored people by the white people of the South.

Dr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Institute, the most far-seeing man of his race in his generation in America, has paid eloquent tribute to this view of Curry's, with regard to what should

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constitute the right education of the colored people of the South, in a monograph entitled "Education of the Negro," in President Nicholas Murray Butler's "Education in the United States". In a brief letter of this period, Washington summarizes his philosophy of the training of his race in a striking sentence:—

TUSKEGEE, ALA., Oct. 24, 1898.

DR. J. L. M. CURRY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your check for the first quarter's Slater Fund money has been received and we are most grateful.

I am very glad that you like my Chicago address. It was one of the very few times that I have ever referred to race prejudice, because I realize that it is a thing that must be *lived* down, not *talked* down. I referred to it as much for the benefit of the white man as for the black man. The President seemed greatly pleased with what I said.

Yours sincerely,
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

President Angell adds his approbation of Curry's views on Negro education in the following letter:—

ANN ARBOR, Dec. 26, 1895.

MY DEAR DR. CURRY:

I have read your Report and your Slater Paper on Negro Education with great interest, as I read all your writings on these subjects. I have not been in the far South since the War, and cannot well judge of the difficult features of the problem. But I know they are difficult, and I am glad to have the results of your study and observation. I have often raised in my own mind some questions as to the true functions of the schools, which our religious bodies are, with the highest motives, supporting in the

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South. It will be a great relief to us, if the South can herself take them off our hands, and provide the needed education. If not, then a wise co-ordination of them with the public school system should be sought. I take it, there must be some provision for training colored teachers and preachers. I often quote, and I shall never forget, a striking remark which you made at my house: "It must be eternally right to Christianize and to educate the Negro."

Yours very truly,

JAMES B. ANGELL.

That the Negro needed and needs to be both Christianized and educated was never doubted by Curry from the dark days of his first citizenship, when, out of the Egyptian blackness of bondage and comparative heathenism, he was suddenly invested with all the rights and duties of American citizenship. That he could be both Christianized and educated, and that upon his Christianization and his right education rested the hope of his race, and the safety and prosperity of the white race with whom he dwelt, were likewise maintained by Curry, with a zeal and enthusiasm that remained unabated to the end, and were worthy of the praise that such lofty and unselfish zeal and enthusiasm should always command.

In "the Publications of the Southern History Association" for March, 1901, more than five years after the date of Dr. Angell's letter, is given an account of a meeting at Montgomery, Alabama, in May, 1900,—a "conference on the race problems of the South," which was attended by and enlisted the most earnest consideration and thought of some of the best intellects of the country, North and South; among others who participated in its deliberation

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being W. Bourke Cockran, Herbert Welsh, Hilary A. Herbert, Clifton R. Breckinridge, Paul B. Barringer, H. B. Frizell, J. D. Dreher, A. M. Waddell, and J. L. M. Curry. The account states that "the overruling note sounding through all their words was pessimistic. Economically, morally, religiously, even physically, this sad key was struck time and again. There was one variation of relief to the solemn strain, the hope placed on the uplifting power of education. Especially was this emphasized by Dr. Curry."

With all of his ceaseless work, held to its highest pitch by the enthusiastic will—the *vis a tergo*—of an unbending and dauntless courage, he found from year to year, as the busy man always finds, new time for other and newer work.

In a letter to Winthrop he writes:—

> This week I attended the Commencement of the Normal School at Farmville. As I drew the bill for the organization of the School and the Peabody Fund has been helpful in its assistance, I have consented to continue as Trustee, while firmly declining the Presidency of the Board.

On October 7, 1891, Curry was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Peabody Board, to continue in that position so long as he should remain General Agent of the Fund. On the next day he attended a meeting, held in New York City, of the Educational Committee of the Slater Fund, of which Committee he was the chairman. Meetings of the Slater Board, or of the Educational Committee, were held generally twice in each year; and the fall meeting was usually arranged in convenient connection, as to time and place, with the annual meeting of the Peabody Board. The dominating figure among the Slater Trustees was that of Ex-President Hayes,

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between whom and Curry, as has heretofore appeared in these pages, had existed a personal friendship since their college days together at Harvard, in the early '40's, which was cemented by their later official associations with the Peabody and Slater Trusts. In November of 1891 Mr. Hayes, upon the invitation of Curry, accompanied him on a visit to the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Tennessee; and upon this tour much appeared of a character to interest and please the ex-President.

Curry relates, among others, the following incident of their journey:—

While visiting schools aided from the Slater and Peabody Funds, and studying educational and social problems, the people availed themselves cheerfully of a coveted opportunity of greeting an ex-President, and showing him a grateful appreciation of generous action for their relief from military authority and discriminating disabilities. Riding together near Orangeburg, S. C., and seeing a negro cabin in a cotton patch, he asked whether there would be any impropriety in his entering it, as he had never been inside of such a home. Stopping the carriage, I conducted him to the low, dark, illy-furnished, one-room cabin, in which was a woman, with a very young babe lying in a cradle. He examined the surroundings, asked in kind manner many questions, and as he was leaving gave her a silver dollar. Unobserved by the President, I told the woman who her visitor was, and how highly she had been honored. She broke out into exclamations of wonder and praise, clapping her hands in delight, and then informed the President, arrested by her jubilant cries, that she would give the baby his name.

It was not very long after this that Curry was called upon to assist in paying the last sad tribute of

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mortality to his friend. Mr. Hayes died early in January, 1893, and Curry was an honorary pall-bearer at his funeral. As an example of their affectionate relations this kindly letter from Mr. Hayes has interest:—

Spiegel Grove, Ohio, April 20, 1891.

My dear Dr. Curry:

I have read with admiration and pleasure, to the last syllable, your study of Gladstone. It is so wonderfully good that I must be excused for this fervid note. Your little book is most attractive and statesmanlike. Gladstone's matchless career is excellently told. I am, perhaps, less impressed by him than you are. I turned to Macaulay's "Gladstone on Church and State." M. speaks of G.'s language as having "a certain obscure dignity and sanctity." This gives my notion of his style and quality. But only think of M.'s article written in April 1839—52 years ago—in which G. is spoken of as the "rising hope," "the cautious leader," etc., etc., and G. still "on deck" after this lapse of time! Thanks for the book and sincere congratulations on its excellence.

Faithfully,

Rutherford B. Hayes.

Dr. Curry.

In his journal for the month he records the death of three illustrious acquaintances—that of Rutherford B. Hayes on the 17th; of L. Q. C. Lamar on the 23rd, and of James G. Blaine on the 24th. In a letter to his son, written from Madrid in December, 1886, he compared Mr. Blaine with Mr. Cleveland, thus:—

I am anxious to see the Message of the President. The spoils-hunting Democrats abuse him, but he is a man of deep convictions and of sound principles. He is worth a thousand men like Blaine.

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A visit with his wife to Europe in 1892 broke the monotony of his educational and literary labors,—for during his most exacting work as representative of the two great educational trusts which he administered, he found time to do a large amount of literary work of one kind or another; and he enjoyed the rest and recreation of a six months' journey through France, Germany, Turkey, Austria, Italy and Switzerland.

Under date of May 19, 1893, he writes in his journal the following interesting item, illustrating the friendship which may exist between democracy and royalty:—

> Infanta Eulalia, Infante Antoine and suite arrived in Washington at 8:10 P. M. We met them at the station, and Infanta gave Mary a double kiss.

This visit of members of the royal Spanish household was incident to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago; and during the latter part of June, at Chicago, the Currys and the royal party were much together.

Among the distinguished guests, who upon occasion attended the annual banquets of the Peabody Board in New York, were the Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., and his wife, who were present at the banquet of October, 1893.

Curry writes of the Englishman:—

> Chamberlain spoke contemptuously of Trevelyan; omitted no opportunity of making a fling at Gladstone; said Pitt was the greatest of English statesmen. The conversation turning on the Presidential exercise of the veto power, I remarked, by way of contrast, that its exercise now in England would come near creating a

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revolution, as no sovereign since Queen Anne had interposed the prerogative. To this he promptly and stoutly objected, and said it had been used several times "in this century" to defeat legislation. I knew I was right, but preferred not to controvert the point beyond saying that May's Constitutional History of England was my authority.

This was the last meeting of the Peabody Board at which Mr. Winthrop was present. At the meeting of October, 1894, his address was read, but feeble health prevented his personal attendance. His death occurred but little more than a month later. On November 21 Curry attended his funeral at Trinity Church, Boston.

As above stated, Curry, in the spare moments of his active and busy life, engaged industriously in literary pursuits.

"My diplomatic career leaves this pleasant remembrance," he writes in 1891, "I did aid some historical investigations. Mr. Alexander Brown, Mr. John Mason Brown, Mr. Henry C. Lea, and Mr. J. G. Shea have been privately profuse, two of them publicly grateful, in their expressions of indebtedness for aid I had the happiness to render them in their researches. The Government archives will make no mention of this, but I think I did the country some service in this incidental way."

And at an earlier date he had written:—

Apropos of the 4th of July, I have been able to find in the archives at Seville copies of letters written by Governor Patrick Henry to the Governor of Louisiana, during the Revolutionary War. Our friend, Wm. Wirt Henry, in his diligent search for material for the biography he nearly has ready for the press, of his grandfather, put me

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on the track, and I was happy in being able to unearth them. During my residence in Madrid, through the partiality and cheerful co-operation of Spanish officials, I have been successful in furnishing valuable assistance to Shea of New Jersey, the Browns of Kentucky and Virginia, Lea of Philadelphia, Bowen of New York, in their historical researches.

He had, himself, written during his stay at Madrid, "Constitutional Government in Spain," which was published in 1889, and a "Life of William Ewart Gladstone," that came from the press in 1891. In 1894 he had another work ready for publication, on "The Southern States of the American Union," considered in their relation to the constitution of the United States. Following this volume, at intervals of three or four years, two others were given by him to the public. In 1898 appeared from the Cambridge University Press a "Sketch of George Peabody, and a History of the Peabody Education Fund through Thirty Years;" and in 1901 he published his last and perhaps his most valuable work—a "Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States, with some Personal Reminiscences."

Space does not admit of a discussion in these pages of Curry's books. It is sufficient to say of them that they illustrate the writer's industry and ability; and are works of serious purpose and solid merit, though lacking in the charm and attractiveness of his spoken discourse.

Of his volume on "The Southern States of the American Union," William L. Wilson, a fine and scholarly figure in recent American politics, wrote him a letter which has value and interest in the light of the course of events in the past fifteen years.

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OFFICE OF POSTMASTER GENERAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 28, 1895.

MY DEAR DOCTOR CURRY:

I have waited until I could look over the pages of the printed book, you so kindly permitted to read in *MS.* before sending you my acknowledgment of the copy you left for me at my office. To-day I have enjoyed for the first time an opportunity of re-reading some of its chapters, and I repeat, with unqualified emphasis, my first judgment:—That such a book ought to be written, and that you have written the needed volume. It seems to me to lack nothing in compactness, clearness, and unflinching truth of statement and historic authentication.

To reconstruct ideas and opinions adverse to the South, in so far as they are founded on ignorance and prejudice, is becoming more and more the task of Sisyphus. Your book ought, at least, to restore the proper historic perspective to the present generation of Southerners who are without "prejudice," and to compel a re-examination of the record from the fair-minded and honest student of history in all sections. And it delights me to hear that it is having a large circulation. It cannot but influence the final judgment of the future. I cannot see how it could have been written by any one who had not lived in, and borne his part in, the great struggles of the last forty years; and coming from you, who have done so much, since the warlike part of those struggles ended, to restore fraternity of spirit as well as of political association, it ought to arrest the attention and reform the judgment of every teacher of history in college or university. You, and I, in my humble way, have felt that our highest duty to our own section lay in devotion to the best interests of the whole country, and in the steady advocacy of national issues great enough to wipe out sectionalism. I rejoiced in the great tariff struggle, not only because we were fighting for a true national policy, but because I saw how effectually the rise of that question had obliterated

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geographical lines. To-day I have been more than usually despondent, as I see how the folly of our Southern people in taking up a false and destructive issue, and assaulting the very foundations of public and private credit, are throwing away the solid fruits of the great victory, solidifying the North as it never was solid in the burning days of reconstruction, and condemning the South to a position of inferiority, and of lessening influence in the Union, she has never before reached. I am amazed at the blindness of leaders and followers, and deeply feel its reflex influence on all the past record of that section; and how much harder it makes the task you have so conscientiously performed.

But I must not use my leisure hour to inflict too long a letter on you. Let me thank you again for writing this volume, and tender my gratitude for the copy you have given me.

Most sincerely yours,
Wm. L. Wilson.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry.

Again and for the sixth time Curry sailed for Europe in January of 1895, and arrived at Rome on the first day of the following month, whither Mrs. Curry had preceded him. Here he visited his old friend, Cardinal Rampolla; and later spent some time in the island of Corfu, and in various points of Greece. A letter to his grandchildren displays the tender nature and eager, observing spirit which kept him young to the end:—

On Steamer "Vesta," Adriatic Sea.
19 Apr. 95.

My dear Children:

I send this congratulating Mary L. and Manly on their birthdays and wishing them health, happiness and prosperity.

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My last letter was posted at Corinth. By rail we travelled from there to Mycenæ, the home of Agamemnon, the leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war. Here Dr. Schlieman found the rich golden treasures in the royal tombs, of which I wrote you, as being preserved in the National Museum at Athens. By carriage we drove through the Argolese plain, fertile and dry, delightful in the twilight, to Nauplia.

Naples. 21st.—*En route* to N. we visited the Heræon, the ancient national sanctuary of Argolis, corresponding to the Acropolis in Athens. We had to leave our carriage half an hour away and climb the rough ascent, but one of the young men met us and gave us a cordial welcome, and also a cup of refreshing tea. The excavations of late years have been made by, or under the supervision of various archæological societies, Greek, German and American. These ruins are made by the American School. Work was suspended because of Easter, but we saw Hoppin, Tilton, Rogers and others. These and others are distinguished graduates of our universities, who receive fellowships because of their excellent scholarships.

Epidaurus, on the east of the Peloponnesus, has a most magnificent and well-preserved ruin of a temple, which is very large and was constructed against a semi-circular mountain. The acoustics were very remarkable. From the uppermost seat, 190 feet distant from and 75 feet above the orchestra, a low tone of voice could be heard. Here also was a temple for the *cult* of Æsculapius, the god of healing. One is puzzled to know how these immense and costly structures could have been built in a country not densely populated and not rich. We wandered over the remains of these old buildings, put up 2500 years ago and were compensated for an all-day carriage ride.

Nauplia is built on a kind of promontory, projecting into the sea, was the first capitol of the modern Greek kingdom, is the seat of an arch-episcopate, and has some commerce. We were there during Good Friday and

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Easter evening, and going on the night before Easter, or rather at the midnight of Easter, was a grand religious ceremony. The church was packed with people, each one of whom, old or young, male and female, held in hand a long unlighted candle. When the clock struck twelve, the archbishop in his clerical vestments, a tall handsome man, came through a narrow door, behind the main altar, holding a silver candelabra with six branches, each having a lighted candle. On his appearance, many, mainly boys, rushed forward to light their candles. The archbishop drew back and reproved the irreverent eagerness, and then less violently, candles were lit from his. As he opened the door, I should have said that he proclaimed, "The Lord is risen indeed." The whole assembly proceeded to the plaza in front of the church, where a rude but decorated platform was erected. On it were seated or standing military and civil officers and the archbishop. When the last read the Evangel, a procession was formed, which marched through the streets, singing, firing crackers, shooting off rockets and giving vent to their joy, which however interesting to them, kept us from sleeping.

Looking out, early Easter morning, on the square in front of the hotel, we saw the soldiers roasting their paschal lambs or sheep, cleaned and disemboweled, the carcass had thrust through it, from head to tail, a long pole or spit, which by two men, was slowly revolved, near embers or ashes until the meat was thoroughly roasted and looked very appetizing. Some kind of sauce, the ingredients of which were salt, pepper and lemon juice (not vinegar) was, from time to time, put upon the turning body. Easter, besides being a religious festival, is a national holiday, and little work is done in shop or field, until the following Thursday. Every family, even the poorest, has a lamb roasted, and this consumption of mutton helps to account for the great number of sheep which are to be found in Greece. We saw thousands,

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which in a few days, will be driven to the mountains for pasturage. On the streets and in the villages we saw the lambs roasting, and officers and soldiers take meals together, for Easter equalizes all ranks.

I had long had a desire to see a baptism performed after the Greek ritual and on Easter night I had the curiosity gratified. The ceremony took about 20 minutes for its performance, and was participated in by priests, responsive choristers, mother, godfather, and witnessed by about thirty persons. Places of honor were assigned to us and after the baptism, parents, priests, and others shook hands with us. A tin basin, near the middle of the church, was more than half filled with water and oil was added, while the priest read the ritual. He made a cross with his hand three times in the water; subsequently breathed upon it three times, each time making a cross in the water. The child having been undressed was held by the godfather, and the priest anointed head, hands and feet with oil, and then besmeared the body. Soon afterwards, he immersed the little fellow, about six months old, three times in the water, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. When the clothes were put on, a charge was given to the godfather, who repeated it to the mother. I was asked to name the child, but as neither Jabez nor Lamar could be readily Grecized, I suggested William, the name of my friend, Mr. Kingsland, who was rich and believed in baptism of babies. It is the custom for the one who gives the name to give a suit of clothes, and my friend readily "shelled out" twenty dollars in gold. When we were in the train the next morning, father, mother, baby, brothers, grandparents came to take leave of us, evidently pleased that "Gulielmus" had such a good start in life.

We had a long day's travel to reach Patras, our road, as when we visited Athens, skirting the Gulf of Corinth. It is a pity that the Canal between the Gulf and the Eastern waters is too narrow a shelter for large vessels,

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as the route would be most charming for visitors to the classic land.

During our stay in the Peloponnesus we had the services of an industrious and polite dragoman, who was a good commissary and quartermaster, and an unscrupulous extortioner.

The night we reached Patras, about twelve o'clock, a fire broke out near the hotel and all the town gathered to witness the sight. We packed trunk and bags and made ready for a precipitate exodus, but were saved that experience.

To-morrow Dr. Taylor and I will start to Sicily.

With best love from both of us to all, we are,

Yours lovingly,

J. L. M. Curry.

Manly Curry Turpin,
Mary Lamar Turpin,
Americus, Georgia.

May found him and his wife in Florence, where he gave sittings to a sculptor for a marble bust, which was completed in the following November. In March he met Goldwin Smith and left a little thumb-nail sketch of him which is worth quoting:—

In 1861, Arnold wrote of him, "personally, a most able, in some respects even interesting man." At a dinner at which he was present in Washington City, 26 March, 1896, he seemed to me to be a soured, discontented man. Of Chamberlain, "able without morals;" Gladstone, "writes on theology and science about which he is ignorant;" Palmerston, "a Russophobist;" Napoleon, "wanted European recognition, and brought on the Crimean War," which all regretted afterwards. He (Smith) saw no reason why Russia should not have an outlet to Mediterranean. "The Jews are getting behind the press, in Europe and America."

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During the years 1896 and 1897 Curry appears to have been especially interested in those concerted movements in America in favor of the World's Peace, which were then claiming, and have since continued to claim wide attention. At Washington in April, 1896, a National Arbitration Conference for the promotion of international arbitration, at which more than forty states of the Union were represented, was in session for two days. Curry was appointed by this assembly one of a committee of five, with George F. Edmunds, James B. Angell, Henry Hitchcock, and Gardiner G. Hubbard, to prepare and present to the President of the United States a memorial in behalf of the accompanying resolution of the Conference; and this memorial was personally presented to Mr. Cleveland by a sub-committee composed of Messrs. Curry and Hubbard on May 14th. Curry's interest in international arbitration is again evidenced in January, 1897, by the following entry in this journal:—

January 18.—At 5 P. M. at Hon. John W. Foster's attended a conference to promote the ratification of the Anglo-American Treaty.

In this connection at subsequent dates appeared in the journal these entries, significant of his continued attitude towards the great question of the World's Peace:—

February 27, 1897.—Called and took leave of President Cleveland. Evidently moved. Had little to encourage him, amid so much partisanship and treachery except assurance of confidence of friends and the consciousness of duty done. It seemed as if some Senators were trying

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to precipitate a war with Spain. Had gloomy forebodings as to party and country.

March 28, 1898.—To the House, and heard President McKinley's Message transmitting Report of Court of Inquiry on "Maine" disaster.

Galleries packed.

March 29.—Dinner to Senator Gorman by Governor Carroll. Mr. Thompson, Senators Allison, Gray, and Hale, Speaker Reed, Justice White, Mr. Barrett, Admiral ....., General ....., and myself. All opposed to war. Speaker and Senators despondent; thought insane war feeling would plunge us into untold trouble.

On October 6, 1896, a special committee of the Peabody Board of Trustees met in New York City, to consider the expediency of terminating the Trust in the following February. After due deliberation, they decided to report an adverse judgment; and at the meeting of the Board the next day, the decision of the committee was unanimously confirmed. Curry submitted his annual Report; and was re-elected General Agent.

Perhaps no year of his career was a busier one in the work done by him with State legislatures than was that of 1897.

He appeared before the legislative bodies of the States of North Carolina, Arkansas, Texas, Florida and Georgia, and made addresses on behalf of education.

Uninterrupted and incessant work was the mainspring of his life. His interest in life never failed him and he could not deny himself to popular demand. When not urging upon State legislative assemblies the importance and necessities of educating the people, his energies were spent in other

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directions no less significant. In 1898 he addressed, among other bodies and gatherings of influence, the Constitutional Convention of the State of Louisiana; and he spoke later in the year at the opening of the Domestic Science Building at Hampton, upon the thirtieth anniversary of the foundation of the Hampton School. On the fourth of July, at Chicago, he delivered an address to the assembled faculties, students and patrons of the University of Chicago on the "Principles, Acts, and Utterances of John C. Calhoun, Promotive of the True Union of the States."

With all his unabated loyalty to the people of his section of the Union, and to the memories of the tremendous conflict in which they had once engaged in behalf of their view of constitutional liberty, it may be said of Curry with absolute truthfulness, that the most impressive thing about him in his post-bellum period was his intense and shining Americanism. He must figure always in the thought of those, who know his life and have followed his career, rather as an American than as an Alabamian or a Virginian or a Southerner. He had believed in his youth, with a passionate belief, in the theoretical ethics of secession. He did not change that belief in his old age, and after varied experiences. Calhoun was second only to Aristotle in his regard; albeit the flag of the Union stirred his highest eloquence, and the great, unrended nation, with its dreams, its needs, its perils, its ideals had come to appeal to him as did nothing else on earth.

At the moment, on the 4th of July, in that summer of 1898, when he was making this address, just mentioned, before the University of Chicago, in the waters about Santiago the American warships were

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thundering out the knell of Spanish rule within the Western Hemisphere. As he was defending, with all the power and passion of his mind and heart, the constitutional orthodoxy of the great South Carolinian's theory of the Federal Government, at intervals a messenger boy would arrive upon the scene with a telegram; and the proceedings were interrupted, while the announcement was read of the destruction of another and yet another Spanish ship, amid the patriotic applause of the audience. Then the speaker would turn to the Star-Spangled Banner, draping the platform, and make it the basis of an appeal for unity and nationality; and after the applause had died away, would revert again to Calhoun and his great philosophy of government, without a lost note in his eloquence.

To have passed a morning with John Caldwell Calhoun, Santiago and the American flag vividly entwined before the face of an American audience, was something more than interesting or dramatic in the man who accomplished it. In it an essential characteristic of his being stood revealed. His real genius and passion were for adaptability to environment without the surrender of principle,—for sympathy with his time,—for service on the side of its better forces,—for the future, despite the past. Two letters referring to this address from antipodal sources illustrate vividly his power of appeal and the strength of his contention:—

54 Wall Street, New York,
January 20th, 1898.

My dear Dr. Curry:

Thank you very much for yours of the 17th. I can hardly tell you how much I value your favorable opinion, even while I think it too eulogistic.

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To say the truth I was not in very good trim while writing it and feared that it was a mere collection of common-places. I came to think a little better of it before I delivered it, and after hearing what you and others have said, I am quite puffed up.

You have a very interesting subject to deal with at Chicago. I have long been of the belief that the animating motive of all the later of Mr. Calhoun's efforts was his love of the Union and his deep concern lest it should fail,—not that he would sacrifice the South to it,—I do not expect men to give up kindred and firesides—but the fear which harassed him without cessation was that the feeling between North and South would be brought to such a point and so influence action, that a rupture would follow.

You may not find so concurring an audience as I did.

With very high esteem and regard,

Truly yours,

JAMES C. CARTER.

J. L. M. CURRY, LL.D.

157 STATE STREET, MONTPELIER, VT.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:

I have no words adequately to express my admiration of your wonderfully condensed and powerful statement of the respective rights of the States and the delegated powers of the General Government.

I can hardly keep silence when I hear our young people, the future conservators of our liberties, prating about "the arbitrament of war settling the question of the right of secession" and I am very glad you explained that war neither settled or impaired any fundamental right, though it might prove the power to nullify it for a time.

Your explanation of the primary cause of Mr. Calhoun's nullification theory is the one which those who knew him best always recognized—his overweening love for the

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Union and passionate desire to preserve it, which caused him to overlook the dangers of the remedy he advocated.

Your whole address forcibly reminds me of the appeals to which I have listened with breathless attention from dear Mr. Calhoun in the last years of his life when his mind dominated his fragile body so entirely that it rose almost into the realms of omniscient foresight and poured out the cumulative wisdom of his noble statesmanship in such terse argument that the loss of a word or part of a sentence seemed a misfortune.

Old and feeble as I am I should have been glad to go to Chicago to hear one more "old man eloquent," one more large minded statesman with "hands unstained with plunder" plead for the restoration of our inalienable liberty—and resting his efforts not on the adventitious aid and appeals of that eloquence of which I know you to be a past master, but on the clear concise recital of great truths based upon incontrovertible authority.

I never could understand the basic stability of Russia's despotism until I discovered in reading a history of the country that every little hamlet has its community independence with which the general despotism dare not interfere.

I have for some time wanted to ask a favor of you. My husband's tombstone can only receive 100 words of epitaph, and it is now ready for that so that it can be set in place before his statue, when it is finished, can be erected and unveiled in October next. Will you send me one for it. I have asked the same favor from several friends in different parts of the South so that I may get one of which all who loved him will approve and will then try to choose the one most suitable for it. May I have one from you? An epitaph is to me the verdict of his contemporaries and I attach great importance to it for posterity.

I am living here getting such comfort as I can from the magnificent scenery and the quiet of this little New

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England town and shall not leave here until the end of September when I shall return to New York. I went South last Spring and dismantled my house as the risk of leaving valuable things there was great, and without my darling I could not live in that isolated place alone. Now I "find my warmest welcome in an inn" and for the little time left to me on earth it is easier than housekeeping—and I feel like a lotus eater—and am willing to float without resistance to circumstance.

With much love to Mrs. Curry and thanks for your address,

Yours affectionately,

V. Jefferson Davis.

July 31st, 1898.

On November 12, 1898, Curry and his wife, in company with several intimate friends, sailed for Naples. They spent a month or more at Baiae and other places in the vicinity, in an atmosphere of old world memories and Horatian measures; and in the last days of December crossed the Mediterranean, and sojourned for a month or more of the New Year in Egypt. There they were presented to the Khedive; and amid the ancient glories of the Pyramids and the impressive ruins of Karnak and of Thebes, Curry's thoughts turned first of all to, and remained longest with the Egyptian schools. The heroic stories of Omdurman and Khartum—of the wild charge of the white-robed dervishes and the fate of "Chinese Gordon"—all came in for their full share of eager attention; but his most earnest contemplation of Egypt was of its missions and of the agencies of education developing in the ancient land.

Leaving the Nile Valley on St. Valentine's Day, they reached Naples again on the 17th of February;

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and after spending a few days in Rome, Monte Carlo and Paris, Curry and his wife arrived at New York in the latter part of March.

Under date of April 6, 1899, he writes in his diary:—

> Called on President McKinley, who received me cordially. I told him Lord Cromer's opinion that the government of Cuba and Porto Rico would be found more difficult than that of the Philippines; and he said he concurred, especially as to Cuba.

In June, 1899, Curry was elected the second President of the recently established Educational Conference that met at Capon Springs, West Virginia. Bishop Dudley of Kentucky had preceded him in the presidency of the Capon Springs Conference, and Dudley had been succeeded in that office by Mr. Robert C. Ogden of New York.

The fourth Conference, which would have met according to custom at Capon Springs, was diverted by the death of the proprietor of the hotel at that place to Winston-Salem, N. C. Here, under the inspiring influence and untiring energy of the new President, Mr. Robert C. Ogden, were set in motion the forces that finally resulted in the organization of the Southern Education Board in New York City on November 3, 1901. Dr. Curry was present at the organization of this new and vital force in American educational life, was made its supervising director, and seemed to perceive with great insight and enthusiasm the meaning of the organization which was being formed to carry forward and vitalize the plans for which he had long dreamed and worked. His associates were Robert C. Ogden, the President of the

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Board, George Foster Peabody, Charles D. McIver, Charles W. Dabney, Edwin A. Alderman, Wallace Buttrick, Hollis B. Frizzell, W. H. Baldwin, Albert Shaw, Walter H. Page, and Edgar Gardner Murphy. The occasion was characterized by Curry's splendid optimism; and his genial humor and forceful eloquence distinguished the banquet, which was attended by a notable company to greet the new force for good.

This Board was a natural and inevitable offspring of the activities of the Peabody Foundation. The great need in Southern life was the formation of a powerful public opinion for popular education. Curry, fast feeling the touch of the years, could not alone accomplish this task, though his strength were as the strength of ten. Public opinion in such great social movements must be continually strengthened and enlightened. This Board took up that task and may be said to have accomplished an amazing total of good in its short life. So untechnical and inspirational have been its influences, that it is difficult to describe them in any brief space. It had no funds to distribute to educational institutions. It sought to ally itself with State and local agencies. Its purpose has been steadily not to obtrude, but to efface itself in the interests of the people. Its fundamental principle was profound faith in the self-reliance and creative power of the people of the South. Its supreme desire was simply to help a great people struggling with the most difficult group of problems ever presented for solution to a democratic society. Its fundamental aims were to increase the habit of self-help among a people overburdened, but proud, and rightly determined to mould their institutions after their

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own way and with their own means. Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy in a clear statement before the National Education Association in 1906 thus succinctly defines the functions of the Board as then outlined:—

The chief function of the Board has been the winning of rural communities to a larger policy of local taxation for school purposes. In States where the unit of taxation has been the county, assistance has been given to the "county campaign," the representatives of the Board helping in the organization of public meetings, defraying the actual expenses of effective speakers, creating and circulating the literature of the subject, and co-operating with the local educational leaders in an effort to secure an affirmative popular vote on the question of a larger local tax for the benefit of the schools.

Where the unit of taxation is the school district, the same methods are employed; the Board working here, as always, solely through the authorized and accepted agencies of the locality concerned. These local campaigns have powerfully affected the general school legislation of the State. State funds—heretofore the chief resource of the Southern school system—have rapidly increased, in a number of States, from 50 to 100 per cent. during the past five years. Local organizations of women for the improvement of rural schoolhouses have been established; or, in cases where such activities have already existed, they have been strengthened and equipped for still larger work. The movements for the formation of school libraries, for the development of high schools, for agricultural education and manual training have all received recognition and reinforcement. The Board does not assume that the educational awakening of the South has been due to its initiative, for that great movement was born in the South, had become irresistible before the formation of the Board, and has been carried

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forward by Southern leaders, but its vital part in this arousal of popular enthusiasm for the common schools is generally recognized. Its activities have been conspicuous and at many points decisive.

In the year 1910, still under the Presidency of Robert C. Ogden, and assisted by the fine technical skill and statesmanlike grasp of Wyckliffe Rose, the successor to Curry as General Agent of the Peabody Fund, this Board is busily at work in cordial co-operation with the State authorities of every Southern State, upon the greatest and most pressing of our present educational tasks, the unification of the State's educational forces. In October, 1902, Curry attended his last meeting of this Board whose aims and policies he so cordially approved. His appearance at that time greatly moved his associates. His handsome face was drawn with pain and his graceful figure wasted by suffering, and in his eyes those who loved him saw, with unspeakable pain, the look that betokens the sight of another world. But he attended to his duties, met his friends with the high courtesy that sat so well upon him, and bore himself like a proud man who does not fear death nor anything but failure to bear his share of the work to be done. His inability to attend the Athens Conference in the Spring had elicited this characteristically modest letter from the president of the Conference:—

New York, June 6, 1902.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry,
Care Morgan, Harges & Co.,
Paris, France.

My dear Dr. Curry:

I am in your debt for two recent favors, the last under date of May 25th, at hand this morning. You were

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respectfully and gratefully remembered throughout the entire Athens Conference, and, although your absence was deeply felt, your spiritual presence was constantly in evidence. Both for our sake and yours I regret that you could not take part in and observe the development of the ideas in which we are so deeply interested and the broadening sympathy with which they are received. We, of course, all understand the delicacy of our work, and therefore it is a great satisfaction that the Conference proceeded from start to finish with a manly expression of opinion and yet without any interruption to the spirit of the harmony.

My own relation to the whole affair is much like that of a conductor to a street car, my duty being to ring the bell for the starting and stopping and so much intent upon the progress of the vehicle that I cannot take in very clearly what the passengers are talking about. Therefore I lose a great deal of the instruction and inspiration that I would prefer to receive.

The more comprehensive our knowledge of the needs, and appreciation of the delicacy of the question with which we are involved, the more stupendous does the task appear to me to be. Considered in the mass—hopeless; taken up in detail—full of encouraging signs. Just when and how it is all to work out I do not see clearly, but have the faith that, because right is right, it will eventually result in conditions that will make for peace and prosperity of our common country.

All of your friends and the people everywhere have been delighted over the success of your mission to Spain, and we hope that you are now to have such a period of rest as will bring both you and Mrs. Curry back with renewed strength.

Your grand-daughter was most welcome to all the guests on our Southern excursion. At Athens we had three other young women from the South, who accompanied us all the way round to New York. To the entire

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company this group of four Southern girls seemed the crowning grace of our excursion.

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT C. OGDEN.

The development of the common schools seemed to Curry the great fundamental proposition in social progress; and his estimate of its significance is illustrated by a paragraph contained in the last annual Report that he ever made to the Peabody Board.

It should be a cardinal maxim that the true purpose of the school is to fit the child for the duties of the man, to train the whole man in right-mindedness, in personal worth, in character shaped by truth and duty, in the knowledge and achievements necessary for the life of the citizen. That was a striking remark of Governor Russell: "There is an everlasting difference between making a living and making a life."

Two more interesting items, belonging to the year 1899, may be chosen for chronicle here, out of a great number that might be noted if space permitted. On November 2nd and 3rd was held at Washington a meeting of the National University Committee; and Curry and his wife entertained the Committee at dinner. For a number of years their home had been in Washington in order to facilitate the work he had in hand. A Washington newspaper gave the following account of this function:—

Hon. J. L. M. Curry, a member of the National University Committee, gave a dinner last night to his colleagues. The guests were President Eliot of Harvard; President Harper of Chicago University; President Alderman of the University of North Carolina; President Wilson of Washington and Lee; President Draper of

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Illinois University; Justices Brewer and Brown of the Supreme Court; Assistant Secretary Hill of the State Department; Mr. Langley of the Smithsonian; Mr. Kapon of the Bering Sea Commission; Superintendents Maxwell and Soldan, of the city schools of New York and St. Louis; Professor Murray Butler of Columbia University; Mr. Dougherty, late President of the National Education Association; Mr. Canfield, Librarian of Columbia University; Dr. Harris of the Bureau of Education; Mr. Putnam of the Library of Congress; and Mr. Proctor of the Civil Service Commission.

In December the following entry occurs in his journal:—

B. F. Johnson, book publisher, of Richmond, Va., proposes a series of ten historical volumes, to be prepared by competent authors, and invites me to be editor-in-chief.

Men had not yet lost confidence in the veteran educator and scholar's power for usefulness, though he had already passed beyond the mark of the Psalmist's three-score years and ten.

During a considerable part of this year, he suffered, as his diary shows, frequent and painful attacks of kidney trouble. On the 18th of June he notes that he began "electrical treatment." These physical disabilities, however,—premonitory as they were,—were not sufficient to daunt his restless spirit, or to give pause to his energy in public service. Responsibilities did not cease to increase upon him; yet the natural fires of his genius continued to burn with unabated flame. Besides attending to his accustomed duties as General Agent of the Peabody and Slater Funds, in visiting and addressing schools, legislatures and educational meetings, he made many

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occasional addresses of a more general character. In May, 1900, he attended a "Race Conference" at Montgomery, Alabama, where, as has been heretofore mentioned, his voice almost alone was one of hope for the future of the negro through education; on June 12 he delivered an address at the University of Virginia, taking for his theme the noble subject of "Law and Liberty," the Scotch-Irishman's motto, since the day of McNeill and "the Red Hand of Ulster;" and discussing the subject with a wealth of argument and of illustration that emphasized the duty and the opportunity of the South, to be accomplished through the work of its educated young men. In October he visited Tulane University, and delivered an address.

Under the date of November 26, 1900, occurs the following entry in the journal:—

> Mary and I went to Baltimore; she to see the dressmaker, I to see Dr. Gilman, whose proposed resignation of the Presidency of Johns Hopkins University, to take effect at the end of the session, has been widely published and commented on. He suggested that he would like, in conjunction with my work and Southern visits, to give much of the remainder of his life, after thirty-five years in college and university work, to the study of Education in the South.

This entry is but little more than an echo of the many similar ones that appear from time to time in Curry's diaries, showing how often and how sympathetically the two men had before this time discussed a subject which so interested each of them.

In April, 1901, he attended the Fourth Conference for Education in the South, held at Winston-Salem,

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North Carolina; and in June of this year he made the commencement address before the Literary Societies of the University of Georgia upon the occasion of its centennial celebration.

Fourteen years earlier, he had received from this institution the degree of Doctor of Laws; and sixty years before this centennial date, he had been a student within its walls, and a member of one of the Societies that he now addressed.

The Peabody Trust whose work he was soon to lay down actively will always have a peculiar and tender significance to the people of the South. Conceived in sympathy, administered with tact and diplomacy, and yet with farsightedness and justice, it came at just the nick of time, and did a fundamental service. It was a small endowment, as we now measure such things, though at the time it attracted the attention of the civilized world and helped to win for its giver a resting place in Westminster Abbey. Its income was never much in excess of $150,000, yet it sought to establish an enduring system of common schools in the Southern States for both races. This daring program practically succeeded, because its policy of stimulation to self help touched a self-reliant and resilient population. Sears was a man of genius and diplomacy in school organization. Curry was a man of inspiration before the masses. By the time Curry assumed control, three-fifths of all income went to teacher training and two-fifths to special cases of public school development. Four great enduring achievements may be claimed as the result of Curry's administration:—

1. The establishment of State Normal Schools for each race in twelve Southern States.

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2. The establishment of a system of public graded schools everywhere in the cities and small towns.

3. The establishment, in the minds of legislators, of the rural, common school as an everlasting responsibility.

4. The production of a body of literature by Curry in his forty reports and ten published addresses which appealed to a people undertaking such a task as assuming responsibility for the education of all the people, as no body of literature had done since Jefferson's stirring appeals and classic definitions.

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE BIRTHDAY OF A KING

In the first month of 1902, Mrs. Curry was the recipient of the following note, written from Paris, in a strong feminine hand, on both sides of a four by five card, which bore the Spanish insignia of royalty:—

January 28th, 1902.

My Dear Mrs. Curry:

I am so happy to hear that Mr. Curry is appointed Special Envoy to Madrid upon the coming of age of our King, next May. I shall be there, and I am looking forward, with great joy, to meet you again. I imagine you will first stop in Paris, and in that case, most probably, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you also here; as I do not think I shall leave for Madrid before May.

With kind regards to all yours, believe me as ever,

Your very affectionate friend,

Eulalia.

It was a kindly note, that a Spanish princess should have written to an American lady, at a time when the memories of the sea fight at Santiago were still very fresh in the minds of American men, and very bitter in those of Spaniards; and it indicates the personal hold—the fine attachment—which the Currys had made upon the hearts and minds of the best of those with whom they had been thrown during their sojourn at Madrid.

On January 27, 1902, Curry wrote in his journal

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the following note, in which he places, before the record of his appointment as emissary to the Spanish Court, a memorial of his election into the oldest Greek-letter society of America, founded in the first year of the Revolution by a coterie of noble young spirits at the ancient capital of Williamsburg, Virginia,—a society, whose motto: "Philosophy, the guide of life," had been so singularly illustrated in his own career:—

Notice of election to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society of William and Mary.

Had a pleasant interview with President Roosevelt in reference to my Mission to Spain,—in reference to title.

1st. He thought it was or should be Ambassador.

2nd. There would be a Secretary.

3rd. As to compensation, referred to Secretary Hay.

4th. As to address on presentation, asked me to reduce to form, and submit to him.

On February 17 the commission and letter of credence as Special Envoy to Spain were received from the Secretary of State. On March 31 Curry called on the President, and submitted the proposed presentation address, which was cordially approved. A week later the following letter reached him from Secretary Hay:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, April 7, 1902.

DEAR DOCTOR CURRY:

Spain having indicated a wish that you should come as an Ambassador Extraordinary on Special Mission, the President has issued a new commission and a new letter of credence to you in that quality. These are sent to you to-day with a new instruction to accord therewith, all

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bearing the date of the old papers, which are cancelled and should be returned to the Department.

Very truly yours,
JOHN HAY.

Enclosures as above.
DOCTOR J. L. M. CURRY,
etc., etc., etc.,
Washington.

On Monday, April 14th, Curry went to Baltimore for a consultation concerning his health with Dr. William Osler of Johns Hopkins.

On April 18 Curry, with his wife and niece, Mrs. Connally Coxe, and a trained nurse, sailed on the "Staatdam." "It was his 19th crossing." They were joined in Paris by Mr. R. Simpkins of Boston, who had been appointed Secretary for this special mission.

Ten days later Curry and his party landed at Boulogne, whence they proceeded to Paris. Here they called by appointment on Mrs. Curry's friend, the Infanta Eulalia, and Queen Isabel, who received them with many marks of courtesy and cordiality. Upon their arrival at Madrid, they were met at the station by the Duke of Almodovar, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Sickles and many other Spanish dignitaries. The Marquis of Villalobar, an old and intimate friend, had with that extreme thoughtfulness that characterized the actions of the Spanish Government at that time been appointed Special Aide to the American Ambassador. Nothing could have exceeded the lavish hospitality which was extended to the Currys, not only as America's representatives on such a great occasion, but as old and well remembered friends, who had never been for-

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gotten by those who had known them, during their stay many years before. A beautiful villa was put at their disposal with many servants, guards and sentinels and all the details of luxurious living, from a carriage of the Royal Stables, with its men in full Royal livery, to the writing paper, and menu cards—all of which bore the Royal coat-of-arms.

On the 15th of April Curry writes in his diary:—

At 10 Secretary Simpkins and I, with Villalobar, went to the Palace and had an audience of Queen and King, and the Prince of Asturias.

His address on this occasion, which has been preserved among his papers, is not without interest as illustrating what an American citizen, clothed with the dignity of Ambassador Extraordinary, should say to a long-descended ruler, by the grace of God, arriving at his majority.

Curry said:—

I am charged as special Ambassador Extraordinary to bear you the greetings of the President and of the Government of the United States, as you stand with joyous expectation on the threshold of hope and progress, and to felicitate you on a long life, blessed by the example and spirit and teachings of a noble and world-honored mother, and to assure you of most cordial sympathy and co-operation in all efforts for development of resources, for adherence to the basal principles of law and order, and for the settlement of all differences on the basis of the equality of nations and stability of just governments. Science has made all the world akin, and no god, Terminus, stands at artificial barriers to arrest the flow of good-will or mutual helpfulness.

The object of this mission is to confirm anew the former utterances of my country's honored representative, and to reassure, in most emphatic manner, the earnest desire of

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the President and of the people, to cement in indissoluble bonds the friendship of the new nations. There can be no political antagonism, no well-founded or enduring antipathy, between two peoples alike anxious of, and equally purposing, the closest relations of amity. This mission is the strongest assurance,—may it be the guarantee,—of peace and friendship, of social and commercial intercourse, in the pursuit of a common end, a nobler civilization, choosing the good, rejecting the evil.

The well-being of one nation is a factor in the well-being of all; and I voice the universal sentiment of my country when I say Spain and the United States should be interlinked in chains of mutual interest, good will and happiness. America can never forget, must always honor, Spain's early and commanding history, her unquestioned superiority in the arts of policy and of war, her pre-eminence in art and literature, her chivalrous courage, tenacity of conviction, irrepressible vitality; and all nations will give her glad welcome as she springs forward to her ancient prestige, in rivalry for good government, for universal education, for accomplishing by best method, best skill, best abilities, best standards of action and belief, what will promote international harmony, domestic prosperity, and larger freedom. Peace is not a period of preparation for war, a whetting of swords for another conflict. It has a deeper, a diviner meaning,—the emulation of a brotherhood, which by infrangible bonds of a common interest and by international arbitration will make wars impossible.

As I was one of the first to hear the glad proclamation, *Viva el Rey!* from the lips of the present distinguished Premier, I come, for country and for self, after the lapse of sixteen years, to invoke blessings upon your Majesty and the Kingdom, and to wish for you abounding prosperity and happiness.

Curry remarks of the King, in his diary, as a comment upon the occasion:—

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He is a well-grown boy, and impressed me rather favorably; and does not seem as fragile as I expected.

On the following day Curry was a guest at the royal banquet at the Palace, and occupied a place of honor near the King. On the same day he was the recipient, at the hands of the government, of the decoration of the Royal Order of Charles III.

On Saturday, May 17, he writes in his journal:—

Lovely day. At 2 to Congress to witness the taking of the oath by the King in presence of the Royal family, Cortes, Diplomatic Corps, foreign representatives. Much enthusiasm. Young King behaved well.

Went to church, where to a crowded house, the *Te Deum* was sung. King, Queen, Royal family, government, etc., present.

At night Mary and I dined with Sir H. M. Durand of the British Embassy. Then rode through the packed and brilliantly illuminated streets.

For nearly a week longer the Currys remained at Madrid, participating in the various functions and festivities that adorned and characterized a gala occasion. On May 22 they left the Spanish Capital, followed by many expressions of friendship and popularity; and after a stay of two months in France and Switzerland returned home.

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CHAPTER XIX

LAST DAYS AND END

During this sojourn in Europe, Curry's health grew more impaired; and the attacks of his malady at times caused him much suffering. There seemed to be little, if any, improvement after his return home, in spite of the skilled treatment he had received, both in Europe and America, at the hands of eminent specialists. A man with less energy of will, or with a feebler aspiration for continued usefulness, might have been contented to relax his work under the burdens of pain and increasing age, and to await in quietude the inevitable end. But with unabated purpose he continued to keep his place in the front rank of those who sought to elevate and dignify the nation in which he had shown himself a leader. The educator once more took up his allotted task with an unfaltering spirit, and with an ever unsparing effort, that was accompanied and lightened by frequent expressions of appreciation which came to him from those who knew and recognized his distinguished service.

Before his departure for Madrid in April, he had participated in epoch making plans for the cause of education in the South and the nation; and these plans are indicated in an entry of his journal on February 27, 1902:—

Left for New York. Guest of W. H. Baldwin, Jr. We went to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, to dinner.

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Present, Baldwin, Curry, Gates, Gilman, Ogden, Shaw, Page, Buttrick, and Edward M. Shepard as counsel. In the order named we signed our names to a paper defining the purpose of an Education Association, for which an incorporation was to be asked from Congress. An organization was effected, and Mr. Rockefeller, for his father, agreed to place $1,000,000 in the hands of the Association, to be used at the rate of $100,000 a year for education in the South.

Meeting harmonius, and every vote unanimous. We sat until after midnight.

On April 2 the following note was made in the journal:—

Left at 7:45 for New York. Trustees of General Education Board met at Mr. Jesup's at 4 P. M.

Very interesting meeting. Mr. J. D. Rockefeller placed $1,000,000 at our disposal to be used in ten years according to a "policy" we had adopted. Some appropriations were made; others offered on conditions.

Thus simply does Curry record the beginnings of the General Education Board, now everywhere known as perhaps the most powerful educational foundation in the world. Since that day fifty-one million dollars have been given to this Board by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, with a wisdom and sagacity seldom equalled by the great givers of our times. The income from this huge foundation has enabled the Board to enlarge its field of operation, until now it embraces the continent. It has chosen for its special province the work of strengthening higher education in the Republic; throughout the South, in addition, it seeks to promote public high schools through the State universities and the State departments of education, and to subserve elementary education by the im-

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provement of agricultural conditions and increasing the efficiency of rural life.

The fundamental idea of the Board is the stimulation to self-help of States, cities, and communities; and in pursuance of this idea it has directly and indirectly, under the thoughtful guidance of Frederick T. Gates and Wallace Buttrick, increased the permanent endowment of American colleges over twenty millions of dollars in the past five years; and its service to American education has just begun. In the language of Dr. C. A. Smith.

"The idea which moves this Board is not that of creating anything new, but of contributing to the efficiency of what already exists. Its desire is not to bolster up the weak, but to make the strong still stronger; not to choke off individual initiative, but to spur it on; not to make new institutions, but to encourage and assist those which have shown themselves useful to the people."

It was a great gratification to Curry, with the shadows of death falling across his path, to see the work of his life thus about to be carried forward by great agencies unimagined, when he emerged from the darkness and gloom of the lower South, smitten by the madness of reconstruction, to undertake his educational ministry. In 1905, upon a foundation of $100,000, given by Mr. Rockefeller and in accordance with an expressed wish of his, the Curry Memorial School of Education was established at the University of Virginia, and recently the General Education Board, in honor of one of its greatest pioneer members, has added $50,000 to the endowment of the School.

In July, 1902, shortly before Curry's return from abroad, a meeting of the Southern Education Board

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and of the General Education Board was held in New York City, at which was indicated a general movement in the direction of harmonizing the different large educational funds then in existence, without imposing intentional restrictions upon their independent use and efficiency.

The following items from the journal are introductory of what was done in this direction at a later period:—

September 29.—Arrived in New York at 1:30 P. M. Manly met us at station, but left at once for boat and Atlanta.

Gov. Porter travelled with us from Asheville to New York.

Mr. Simpkins made us a visit.

Dr. Fraser, at my request, travelled from Washington to Baltimore, as I wished a conference with him on education in Virginia.

September 30.—Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Mrs. Morehead, Mr. Simpkins and Dr. Booker T. Washington came to see us.

My health improves.

Dr. Buttrick showed me a highly complimentary letter from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who stands behind our General Education Board, expressing surprise and gratification at the success and hopefulness of the work. . . .

Wednesday, October 1.—Busy day from 9 to 5. Peabody Board met at noon. Important conferences preceding. Re-elected General Agent, *nem. con.* A Secretary, salary of $2,000, authorized on motion, with commendatory remarks, of J. P. Morgan.

On my recommendation, two committees were appointed; one, on needs of Normal College; the other, on co-operation with "General Education Board."

I did not attend the usual banquet. . . .

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Thursday, October 2.—Meeting, in my room, of Committee on College; Gilman, Hoar, Porter, Hoke Smith. Gov. Porter, in saying goodbye tearfully, said his injunction was to take good care of myself for next five weeks. The College never so much needed me. Its success depended on it; and his work would be a failure without me.

Left at 4 P. M.

Curry's high estimate of Governor Porter, and of his relation to the Peabody Normal College and the cause of education, is worthy of being recorded here:—

Governor Porter, who gave wise counsel and intelligent and influential support to Dr. Sears in his incipient proposition to ally the Peabody Board with the State in the establishment of the College, should be memorialized by monument and the gratitude of teachers as the man who rendered most efficient and invaluable aid.

Following the entry of October 2 in the journal is this brief and significant one:—

October 3.—Asheville in afternoon.

Relapse, and very sick.

This attack seems to have been ominous; and was indicative of his now rapidly waning vitality. He made no record in his journal, as he usually did, of this meeting of the Peabody Board; but contented himself with preserving in his scrap-book a newspaper clipping, which gave an account of it.

The Trustees of the Peabody Fund met yesterday in the Fifth Avenue Hotel at noon, and elected officers for the ensuing year, and received the reports of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, General Agent, and of J. Pierpont Morgan, Treasurer. Bishop William Croswell Doane of Albany was elected a member of the Board to succeed the late Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, and Morris K. Jesup to succeed

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the late ex-Senator William M. Evarts. It was voted that at the call of the Chairman, Chief Justice Fuller, and the executive committees, a special meeting might be held in Washington in January to consider taking steps to bring the work of the Peabody Fund, the Slater Fund and the General Education Fund into greater harmony. No merging of management is contemplated, but it is desired to avoid duplication of work. Acting upon a motion made by Senator Hoar last year, an advisory board was elected for the Peaboby Normal College at Nashville. W. A. Berry, W. H. McAllister, John M. Gannt and Willis Bonner, all of Tennessee, were elected. Dr. Curry in his report reviewed the work of the last twenty years of the Fund. It was voted that he be empowered to choose an assistant. The income of the Fund, amounting to $80,000, was distributed among the scholarships and institutes in various States on last year's basis. Governor James D. Porter, the President of the Normal College; Dr. Curry, the General Agent; Dr. S. A. Green, the Secretary; and J. P. Morgan, the Treasurer, together with the standing committees, were re-elected. Those present were Samuel A. Green, J. L. M. Curry, James D. Porter, J. Pierpont Morgan, Chief Justice Fuller, Henderson M. Somerville, Daniel C. Gilman, George Peabody Wetmore, George F. Boar, and Hoke Smith. There was a dinner in the evening for the members and their guests.

By November, Curry's general health appears to have improved; and early in December he visited Nashville, and with Dean Russell, of the New York Teachers College, addressed the Peabody Normal College, leaving that afternoon for Asheville.

The Nashville *American* of December 6th gave the following account of this visit:—

No event has recently occurred in connection with the Peabody College which has been of more interest to the

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College, its faculty, and the student body, than the recent visit of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, General Agent of the Peabody Board; Dr. James E. Russell, Dean of the Teachers' College of New York, and Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Secretary of the General Education Board of New York. At a meeting of the faculty of the Peabody College, held Thursday, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Be it resolved, that the faculty of the Peabody College for Teachers express its special thankfulness for the recent visit of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, and that we assure him of a gratitude we cannot put in words for the interest and help he has given this institution. Our sympathy goes out to him in this time of suffering, along with a pleading to the Father that he may be restored to his wonted vigor. His service to his generation has been mighty; may he be spared to crown a life, already rich toward God, with even greater achievements for the people he has loved with all his soul. His coming to us is the coming of a father; his welcome will ever be the welcome of a father.

"Be it resolved, that the faculty of the Peabody College for Teachers thank Dr. James E. Russell and Dr. Wallace Buttrick for their recent visit, and assure them of the service this visit yielded to the students, to the faculty, and to the institution as a whole. We extend to them our wishes for the prosperity of the great enterprise they are directing, with the hope that their duties will permit them to come to us frequently. For them our College household cherishes a warm welcome."

The kindly and gentle spirit of these resolves suggest the intimation that their adopters perceived the waves of life to be ebbing with the man, whose career had so closely touched that of the institution they represented. The resolutions are words of farewell.

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Following the Peabody Board's meeting in October, and the visit to Nashville early in December, the brief entries in the journal, with the more frequent blanks and hiatuses, tell a pathetic story of protracted relapses, of severe surgical operations and of great sufferings. But the invincible courage remained still victorious, and the fading eyes continued to look forward with unabated hope. A sense of this stalwart and unyielding spirit is inevitably kindled by the perusal of the pages of the diary of 1902, with their brief jottings of a series of business appointments, running into the New Year.

In the meantime, letters of sympathy and encouragement and admiration were coming to him from many of the most distinguished of his friends and contemporaries, at home and abroad, not only in the educational world, but also in the world of politics and letters. Of themselves, they mark the conspicuous and approved position that Curry had achieved; and if space permitted their publication here, they would serve to adorn the pages which seek to chronicle his career.

One writes, "It is a matter of much rejoicing to us to see the fruition of the earnest seed-sowing that you have done these many years in the South;" another, "I hope that no temporary discouragement as to the condition of your health will induce you to think of leaving the great work of managing the Peabody and Slater funds, which have been for so many years the great sheet anchor of education in the South;" another, "It is the pride and solace of those who cherish your name and fame that they will be associated with great movements for the

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blessing of so many;" and so the record might be almost indefinitely multiplied.

After a critical illness of two weeks, the end came at 11:20 o'clock, Thursday night, February 12, 1903, at the house of his brother-in-law, Colonel John A. Connally, near Asheville, North Carolina. Mrs. Curry, whose ill health had shortly before taken her to Philadelphia for medical treatment, returned to Asheville when her husband grew worse; and she was by his bedside when he died.

His wish that his mortal body might repose at Richmond, and be borne to its last resting-place from the halls of Richmond College, was faithfully regarded; and there gathered many of the foremost men of the nation to bear testimony to his worth.

"On the heights of Hollywood, overlooking the running river, his grave was made," writes a sympathetic friend. "Not far away is the grave of Dr. Jeter, for many years his friend and contemporary. Hard by is the grave of H. H. Harris, whom he loved with surpassing tenderness. In the same neighborhood sleeps the dust of William D. Thomas, his brother-in-law. These, with scores of their friends and brethren in Christ, await His coming."

The names in this paragraph are of those who were very near to him in affection and in the creed that he professed. Others yet, whose names and fames are linked with the larger country, sleep about him in the Valhalla of the South.

The shock and strain of the great separation brought his devoted wife to his side within three short months, during which her thoughts had dwelt constantly upon the perpetuation of his work and his

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fame. Upon the memorial stone marking their common resting place is graven this triumphant promise:—

They that wonder shall
Reign, and they that
Reign shall rest.

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CHAPTER XX

FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES

Curry's life, passing the period named by the Psalmist, covered a time of amazing development, during which his own country advanced to the front rank among nations and the world about him was made over, before his eyes, in political machinery, economic method, scientific power and social purpose. Born in the administration of John Quincy Adams, and while Thomas Jefferson still lived and was launching the last darling project of his heart—the University of Virginia—he held his latest commission in the public service from Theodore Roosevelt. His career was contemporaneous with those of many of the most distinguished men and women in the history of his country; and his associations with a large number of these men and women were more than casual. His visits abroad, and his services as a diplomat, afforded him the opportunity of knowing many of the first personages of his generation in the political, literary and social life of the old world; and his journals abound with references to these friends and acquaintances.

Frequent mention has been made in the preceding pages of his admiration for Calhoun. No man exercised a more potent influence upon his younger life, in directing his adoption of the political theories and principles of the Federal Government, than did the

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great South Carolinian; and no man ever, throughout his career, more nearly measured up to his conception of the ideal statesman. Curry's meeting with Calhoun,—the one entering, the other nearing the close of his public career,—on the occasion of the former's return home from Harvard in 1845, has already been detailed in a former chapter. Throughout his political experiences in Alabama, and during his service in Congress, the younger man remained an avowed follower of the elder; and into his later years of a broader and more chastened experience, he kept the master's faith, and ranked Calhoun with the most intellectual of the world's political philosophers.

Frequent reminiscences of the War between the States, and of the Southern leaders, have appeared in earlier pages of this book. The following extracts contain allusions to four of the most unique figures in the armies of the South,—General Cockrell, less well-known than the other three; General Pat Cleburne, whose fame the poet, Ticknor, has blazoned in one of the most stirring of Southern war lyrics; General Leonidas Polk, who fashioned his bishop's crozier into a sword-blade in defense of his country; and the partisan leader, Colonel John S. Mosby, whose "Confederacy" was, for a long period of the war, maintained in the enemy's country with an unsurpassed and famous gallantry.

"Near New Hope," writes Curry, "occurred one of the most brilliant sorties of the campaign. Some of the Union forces made a desperate and bold effort to break through our right. They were met by as gallant a defence as soldiers ever made. The Confederates under Cleburne, Cockrell and others, displayed heroic courage; and when

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the attacking party withdrew, the ground was so covered with dead and disabled that one could have traversed it by walking on bodies. I never saw on battle field such havoc and destruction of human life. Cockrell, now Senator from Missouri, brave as Julius Caesar, tender-hearted as a woman, never appears to greater advantage than when, in the midst of peril, he leads those who worship him to combat and victory. Cleburne, of Irish parentage, was a born captain, and like Jackson and Forrest and Semmes and Gordon, was conspicuous for generalship which seems to have come from instinct, or to have been heaven-endowed. In my old Congressional district, a county, cut off from Randolph and Calhoun, through which the Southern Railway passes, keeps alive the name and fame of Cleburne."

"In March (1864) I went to Demopolis, at the request of Gen. Leonidas Polk, a bishop of the Episcopal Church, who had resigned his clerical position in order to serve the Confederacy in the field. A grand review of 20,000 troops took place, and I had the honor of addressing acres of soldiers. . . .

"It was near Marietta that our army was thrown into deep grief by the untimely death of Gen. Polk, who exposing himself too long while making an observation, was struck by a shell and killed suddenly. His piety, devotion to his church, fervent patriotism and soldierly qualities endeared him to army and people, and gave our cause the prestige of his striking personality."

"December 4, 1866.—Left Washington City in company with Dr. Plummer. Met Col. Mosby, the famous partisan leader, on the cars. Pointed out many places of historic interest. A modest, unassuming, intelligent gentleman."

Among Curry's papers is the following about "Stonewall" Jackson:—

Gen. T. J. Jackson is more universally loved in the Confederacy than any other officer except Lee. His marvel-

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lous achievements were the result of extraordinary military genius. Col. Henderson, in his "Life of Jackson," the best book written on the War, writing not as a partisan but as an unprejudiced military critic,—a Jomini or Napier,—ascribes to him the highest qualities as a captain. For years prior to the War he had been a professor in the Virginia Military Institute; but he had little aptness to teach; and his piety and courage did not shield him from adverse criticism as a teacher. On 20 May, 1875, I made a call on Gov. Kemper; and in the course of the evening he said that in 1857, when a member of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute, one of the professors appeared before that body with two hundred cadets, and in a formal manner demanded the removal of Col. Jackson from his professorship for "intellectual incompetency." The demand was fortunately not acceded to, and the professor continued in the discharge of his collegiate duties until the war occurred, when he promptly offered his services as a soldier.

Mention has heretofore been made of Horace Greeley's complimentary allusion in *The Tribune* to Curry's first speech in Congress. Under date of Sunday, August 6, 1871, occurs the following note in the diary:—

Preached at 11:30 A. M. at Madison Avenue Baptist Church (New York). Administered the Lord's Supper in morning. Horace Greeley was present in the morning, and soundly slept.

Curry's acquaintances among famous Englishmen were numerous. His meetings with Matthew Arnold, Joseph Chamberlain, Goldwin Smith, and others have been already mentioned. In a newspaper clipping preserved by him, and contributed by him to the *Religious Herald*, he writes of Arnold:—

Matthew Arnold was also once in Richmond for a few

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days. As he brought a letter of introduction to me from the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, it was my privilege to show him some attention and enjoy his companionship. In a carriage we visited objects of historic, civil and social interest, and talked over many subjects, for he was inquisitive rather than communicative. As he had been school inspector in England, and was the son of a great schoolmaster, our schools much interested him. He did not impress me as a sound observer, for he generalized hastily as to people and institutions from narrow data. Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, whose life is interesting and instructive, said: "I despair of knowing anything for certain of the real life of any people without living long amongst them." How much we have suffered at the South from the hasty conclusions of Pullman-car observers! Mr. Arnold lectured at night in Mozart Hall. He read closely, and excited some adverse comments, for many of us had read the lecture, which had previously appeared in an English magazine, and in "Littell." The offence to our provincialism was somewhat softened when we learned that a few nights before a Boston audience had been served with the same "cold soup."

Other desultory notes of his chance associations with, or reminiscences of Dean Stanley, Beresford Hope, Charles Stewart Parnell, Bright, Gladstone, Mr. Bryce, and Spurgeon, are found in his journals and note books.

In 1875 I heard Dean Stanley, in Westminster, preach a funeral discourse on Bishop Thirlwall, and witnessed the burial.

On 5 October, 1875, I dined at Col. Archer Anderson's with the Dean. Low in stature, wore knee-pants, low-quartered shoes with silver buckles, "shad-bellied" coat; had the usual English mutton-chop whiskers; had on the medal of the Deanery of Westminster, a circular gold

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piece, with three crowns, shamrock and thistle.—Quiet, unostentatious, pleasant; did not smoke. Pleased with references to his books, and by allusions to him in "Tom Brown at Rugby."—Said Dr. Arnold ruled more by "awe" than by law. In after life, became rather intimate; but could never quite overcome his fear. Rather shocked once, when Bunsen, in earnest conversation, slapped Arnold on the knees. Contrasted Grant and Dom Pedro of Brazil, rather unfavorably as to Grant, showing he did not know the great general. He called Bishop Ellicott "Charles," and Trevelyan "George;" said Macaulay attended worship, and was an ordinarily "religious" man.

The Dean had an unusually large acquaintance and friendship outside of the clergy, and was especially a favorite with Americans. In his ecclesiastical opinions, he was rather a combination of Broad Church and Liberal, and hence drew upon himself the "reptilian criticism" of some Ritualistic newspapers. His "Christian Institutions" frankly conceded that primitive baptism was by immersion; and when the statue of John Bunyan, the "immortal Baptist tinker," and author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was unveiled, by a natural fitness of things he made a delightful address. A churchly paper, in commenting on the event, with vitriolic malice said that when the statue of the Devil was finished, the fittest person to unveil it would be the Dean of Westminster.

His handwriting was undecipherable; and answers to invitations to dinner were sometimes returned, that the hostess might ascertain whether there was an acceptance or declination.

In April, 1876, returning home after nearly a year's absence in Europe, Asia and Africa, I tarried for a season in London, and in the Lake District in England. Having a letter of introduction from the Governor of Virginia, which had been previously presented, I accepted an invitation to breakfast from Beresford Hope, then representing Cambridge University in the British Parliament. At the

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table were Lady Hope, somewhat of an invalid, and who, as the sister of Lord Salisbury, had a title in which her husband did not share; several daughters, one of whom was to be married the following week; and a son, a student at Cambridge, who was in a state of great excitement because of a boat-race to occur that day on the Thames between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge.

Mr. Hope, a stout, near-sighted, old English gentleman, received me courteously and cordially. The breakfast was such as is usual in English families. What was singular, no servant appeared at the table, although several liveried men were quite obsequious in opening doors, taking hats, wrappings, etc. Host and daughters served the coffee, but the substantial food was on a side-table, and each person was expected to get whatever was needed or desired.

Through Mr. Hope's kindness, I secured a seat in the House of Commons, where for several hours I witnessed the proceedings and heard the debates. . . . Mr. Hope was a politician, having entered Parliament in 1841, and an author, having written a number of pamphlets and books. Possessing great wealth, he published the well-known *Saturday Review*, a periodical of much smartness, which gave a substantial aid to young and needy writers, some of whom became distinguished. Among these were Salisbury; Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the great Liberal leader; Morley, the chosen biographer of Gladstone; and Stephen, a well-known English judge and writer of law-books.

Among Mr. Hope's contributions to literature were pamphlets and books on the American War. He was an ardent friend of the South in that struggle, and was chiefly instrumental in having erected the bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson, which is in the Capitol Square of Richmond.

The following entry in the journal was made at Richmond, under date of February 6, 1880:—

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Went to Mozart Hall and heard Hon. Charles Parnell, M. P., and Mr. Dillon, two Irish agitators, discuss the famine in Ireland, and as the cause thereof, the land-tenure. Facts interesting, badly presented.

Of an evening spent with John Bright, he records this impression:—

In the House of Commons I once heard a short speech from John Bright, the Quaker Commoner. He had a clear, musical voice, commanded most respectful attention, and his manner of speech was earnest and forcible, and wholly free from that halting, stammering utterance, which so many English speakers and talkers affect. In 1886 during the Queen's Jubliee, I was in England, and was invited to dinner by our Minister, the Hon. E. J. Phelps. About twenty persons were present, some of great distinction, whose names and faces I should have been glad to know; but because of the stupid prevalent custom of non-introduction, I was presented to only one guest, and he was Mr. Bright, who sat between Murat Halstead and myself. He was very reticent; seemed absent-minded or absorbed in his own thoughts, and inclined me to suspect that his defection from Mr. Gladstone and alliance with the Conservatives on the Home Rule question was due, as the Liberals charged, to a loss of that vivacious, springy intellect which had previously made him such a strong debater. During the evening, inquiring whether I was an American, he said: "Your country is a very remarkable one;" and added the inquiry, "To what do you attribute its greatness?" My reply was: "That is a very difficult question. To answer it properly would require a volume; but I would mention a few causes which lie on the surface." I suggested, absence of neighbors; immense areas of fertile land; energy of free institutions; freedom of trade among the States; Home Rule, or local self-government; and absolute religious liberty. When Home Rule was instanced, he shrugged his shoulders; but evinced pleasure when I speci-

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fied the inter-State free-trade, and soul liberty. On the last he made an emphatic comment of approval, and gave us credit for our superiority, in that respect, over all other nations.

It has been noted on an earlier page, that in 1890, Curry had met in Richmond, the distinguished English statesman and author, whose great work, "The American Commonwealth," is a classic exhibition of knowledge of a foreign country's institutions, achieved by an alien. Late in life, Curry wrote of Mr. Bryce as follows:—

"Apropos of the veto-power, I once related to Mr. Bryce the conversation" (heretofore detailed) "with Mr. Chamberlain; and he inquired whether such an arbitrary, one-man power did not, because of its inconsistency with our form of government, make the Executive who used it unpopular. On the contrary, I told him, it had had no such effect. Generally, except in Mr. Cleveland's vetoes of Pension Bills, the Congress and the people approved. To an inquiry as to the principal arguments in favor of the retention of such a power, I referred to the effort made by Mr. Clay and the Whig party in 1842 to modify or restrain the exercise, and its decisive defeat, brought about largely by Mr. Calhoun's unanswerable argument. 'Did you ever read that speech?' I asked. He had never heard of it. I begged him to read it, saying that when he finished, he would write after it, Q. E. D."

"In a delightful interview with Mr. Gladstone in London, in 1887, in company with Dr. Aubery, the author of the excellent 'History of the English People,' I ventured to suggest a visit to America, the enthusiastic welcome he would receive, and the general gratification of his 'Kin Beyond the Sea,' had given our people. He replied that he was too old and too busy to cross the ocean; but he had a young friend, Mr. Bryce, who had three times

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crossed the ocean for the study of the people and the institutions of our great country, and his book would be worthy of the subject. 'The American Commonwealth' has more than fulfilled that prediction; and, because later and written by an Englishman, is superior to De Tocqueville."

One wishes for a more vivid picture of Gladstone from Curry, his presence, manner, speech. He greatly admired the great Englishman and wrote a sketch of him, but the critical impulse was not strong in Curry. His forte was not analysis and delineation and subtle portrayal, but exhortation and persuasion.

It has been stated in a former chapter that, in the July of 1867, Curry, then on his first European tour, heard Spurgeon preach in London; and that in the following October he heard him again and made his acquaintance. Of the first occasion when he listened to him, he made a note ten days later.

At 6 P. M.,—night, as it is called, although the sun was two hours high, I went to the tabernacle to hear Spurgeon. In the morning I had been informed that he was "out of town." In the evening I determined to ascertain for myself, and was unfortunately too late for the introductory services. Just as I entered the spacious tabernacle,—a large room with three circular galleries, which were densely packed, every available foot being occupied by sitter or stander,—I heard a clear, distinct voice reading a hymn. . . . The whole congregation, at least five thousand, joined in singing, using the familiar tune of "Ortonville." Then came a fervent prayer. Afterwards followed the sermon, about thirty-five minutes in length. There is no pulpit in the building. The preacher stood in the first gallery; and, after reading his text, leaned against the railing. His text was Luke VII, 41, 42. Without pre-

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liminary remark, except a brief ejaculatory prayer for the Spirit's help, he stated the division. . . . There was nothing very striking or original in the discourse; and yet he commanded the undivided attention of the whole multitude. If the sermon I heard be a fair specimen of thought and delivery (and I think it was not), I have heard fifty preachers in the United States, who, as mere pulpit orators, are superior to him. Dr. Fuller is unapproachably ahead of him. Was I, then, disappointed? And in what consists his power?

So many accounts had been received from those who had heard him, that I was not much disappointed. The secret of his power is not a unit. It is manifold. He has a voice, wonderful not so much for its strength as for its clearness and distinctness. Directly opposite to him, and in a remote part of the building, I caught every syllable. His utterance is neither slow nor rapid. A reporter, I should judge, could easily take down his words. He is a man of earnestness, enthusiasm, prayer, faith. His preaching is practical, pointed, personal and scriptural. He loves Jesus. He talks about Jesus. He knows no other name as the foundation of a sinner's hope, than Jesus. . . . With a vein of humor in his composition, he often excites a smile;—never boisterous or irreverent laughter. The philosophy of his success is, an earnest and believing proclamation of the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ.

In the following October, after hearing Spurgeon again, and making his acquaintance, Curry wrote in a letter to the *Religious Herald*, under the caption of "A Sunday in London," a further account of the English preacher.

. . . The house was crowded. . . . Spurgeon preached. It was his first sermon for four weeks, as he had been sick. I never saw a more attentive congregation. I

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have seen people more wrought upon by human speech, but every eye was fixed and every mind comprehended. The sermon was a direct, earnest, practical enforcement of Scriptural truth.

Spurgeon is now a recognized fact—an acknowledged influence—a felt power. He has been sneered at, written at, ridiculed, misrepresented, slandered; but still there is no wane in his popularity or success, nor any change of tactics, nor any cessation of aggressive effort. . . . Strictly and rhetorically speaking, Spurgeon is not an orator. A score of men could be mentioned who are his superiors as a mere speaker. His strength is not in his oratorical abilities. Of course he is not deficient in these respects. His person is not commanding. His voice is not particularly mellifluous. His gesticulation is ordinary, and he is not, in my judgment, pre-eminent for logic or eloquence. How then has Charles Haddon Spurgeon, at the age of 33, become in the estimation of so many, the prince of living preachers?

His voice is clear and his articulation almost perfect. His language is strong, vigorous Saxon; his style easy and flowing, and at the same time terse and condensed. His method is natural, perspicuous, orderly; and the most uncultivated can remember his divisions. He has a marvellous fecundity and appositeness of illustration, and his figures and images, like the caryatides in architecture, give both strength and ornament to his discourse. . . . He has entire command of his resources, his voice and emotions; and his speaking never descends to mere declamation. But his power lies back of all these auxiliaries. He is a man of earnestness, sincerity, piety, prayer, faith, and full of the Holy Spirit. He is a consecrated man. His heart is in the ministry. His soul is afire with the love of God, and zeal for perishing sinners. He preaches, more than any one I ever heard, right at each individual hearer, and he preaches Jesus Christ and Him alone as the Saviour of sinners.

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In April of 1876 he wrote in his journal about Spurgeon:—

I now purpose an account of a Sunday in London, with some thoughts suggested by the worship and the preachers.

Of course, Spurgeon was my first choice. I have an invariable rule to hear J. A. B. (John A. Broadus) once on a Sabbath if I am where he preaches; and a similar rule might be adopted, with like results, if one is where Spurgeon preaches.

Curry's reminiscences of the great English religious exhorter may be concluded with an extract from one of his contributions in March, 1892, to the *Religious Herald:*—

The numerous announcements of publications relating to Spurgeon and his extraordinary career, and the eager haste with which compilers and publishers are seeking to get before the public, are the proof of the anxiety with which everything authentic pertaining to the great preacher is read. Some one, in giving an account of a memorial meeting, ascribed to me an intimacy with him, which I had not the honor to possess. It was my privilege to hear him preach a number of times from 1867 onwards; to get an occasional letter from him; and to enjoy a brief companionship at his home and under his roof. It so happens that a letter, written to one of my children in 1875, lies before me, and in it an account is given of a Sunday in London, when I heard Liddon, Parker and Spurgeon.

This paragraph is followed by an account, substantially similar to that given above, of his estimate of Spurgeon's methods and abilities; and of a visit to the preacher's home. It is clear that the great

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preacher interested him and stirred his critical faculties more than the statesmen and lawgivers.

Turning now to others with whom Curry was more intimately acquainted, we find in his *memorabilia*, further reminiscences than those already given, of Joseph LeConte, Benjamin Hill, Linton and Alexander H. Stephens, William L. Yancey, Sergeant S. Prentiss, Howell Cobb, Robert Toombs and Judah P. Benjamin.

First, of LeConte, who in his "Autobiography" tells of the college career of himself and his brother, Lewis, but seems to make no mention by name of any other of his classmates or college mates:—

As LeConte became the most distinguished of all my fellow collegians, as an author and a scientist, it may be of interest to state that he and his brother, natives of Liberty County (Georgia) which gave more students to the College than any other County except Clarke, were classmates and room-mates. Both were noted for their unblemished purity of morals, courtesy of demeanor, studious habits and general popularity. Lewis had much native talent in drawing and sculpture. "Joe," as he was called, played on the flute exquisitely; and while his class-standing was fair, he gave no special promise of the distinction in science he subsequently attained,—no prophecy of the exalted place he won and merited in the scientific and literary world. These adjectives do not convey a proper idea of his many-sidedness; for geology, biology, optics, philosophy, theology and education enjoyed his attention. His orthodox views on Evolution and the Bible gave comfort to many pious people who feared that modern science was undermining their faith. He demonstrated the consistency of science and religion, and retained unwaveringly his connection with the Presbyterian Church and his profession of personal faith in Christ.

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Of Benjamin H. Hill, the great Georgian, Curry says:—

Ben Hill was a fellow-student of the class of 1844, and he was brilliant and popular, and gave promise of that remarkable ability which made him a conspicuous debater in the council-halls of the country, and his early death an irreparable calamity to his beloved South.

As has been heretofore recorded, he first met Alexander H. Stephens during his college days at Athens.

"It has been my good fortune," he wrote in an article in the Atlanta *Constitution* in 1899, "to have seen and heard many distinguished Georgians, and with not a few I have enjoyed relations of intimacy or friendship. A long catalogue comes to my memory, embracing Bartow, Law, Lawton, the Jacksons, the Crawfords, the Cobbs, Nesbit, Murray, Jenkins, the Stephenses, Dougherty, Hillyer, Well, Tucker, Pierce, Haygood, Iverson, the Colquitts, Hall, Hill, Barnett, Grady, Berrien, Johnson, Brown and others. . . .

When a small boy in my native country of Lincoln, I was present at a session of the Superior Court over which William H. Crawford presided, and at which were present such attorneys as Joseph Henry Lumpkin, Francis Cone, Robert Toombs and Andrew J. Miller. . . . At subsequent courts Alexander H. Stephens attended. The physical man was in marked contrast to the intellectual; for there was scarcely flesh enough on his bones to cover his brilliant genius. Tall, cadaverous, apparently bloodless, weighing about a hundred pounds, he was capable at the bar, on the stump, in legislative halls, of as much work as the most athletic and robust. In the years 1839-1843, I saw him several times in Athens. . . . Going one day into Linton's room in the "old college" building, I was introduced to "Brother Aleck," who was lying on the bed,

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and most unprepossessing, except as his eyes shone with unusual lustre. . . . From that day until his death, while he was in Federal and Confederate Congresses, Vice-president of the Confederacy and Governor of Georgia, I saw him often, and because of association and friendship with Linton, he treated me with much consideration and kindness.

He was a ready and able debater, quick at repartee, careful in preparation of his speeches, clear and logical in the presentation of his arguments, and at times impassioned and eloquent. His articulation was distinct; and frequently his voice assumed an upward and downward intonation, a semi-musical swell and fall, acquired probably from much speaking in the open air. In the House of Representatives at Washington, where few were listened to, he always commanded undivided attention; and once, during his speech on the admission of Oregon as a State into the Union, the applause, begun on the floor, was taken up by the galleries and continued, until it amounted to an ovation.

. . . . The mind of Mr. Stephens was fruitful of suggestions; his opinions, matured by experience and profound study, were conservative; his heart was hopeful. . . . . Social in his nature, loving human companionship, fond of talking, he was a coveted guest at many homes.

He adds of Stephens, in his journal:—

On 20th April, 1874, Mr. Stephens was in Richmond, and was very feeble,—little more than a walking skeleton. His intellect was undimmed; his eye sparkled like a big diamond; and his conversation was interesting and instructive. Once when I called, I found Governors Wise and Kemper with him; and he gave a graphic account of the visit of the Confederate Commissioners to Gen. Grant; of the General's honesty, patriotism and ability, he expressed himself in warm and eulogistic terms.

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S. S. Prentiss, William L. Yancey and Wendell Phillips profoundly captivated and impressed him. Of Prentiss he wrote in 1877:—

Prior to the Whig nomination (in 1844), I heard S. S. Prentiss of Mississippi, one of the most eloquent men in America, make a speech to a packed audience in Faneuil Hall. It was one of the most thrilling specimens of platform oratory I ever listened to, and he carried his audience at pleasure.

Writing in 1890, in the *Religious Herald,* some "Reminiscences of the Early Days of the Anti-Slavery Movement," he says of Wendell Phillips, the great abolitionist agitator:—

To have heard Phillips forty-five years ago was a partial education for a young student. He, S. S. Prentiss, and W. L. Yancey, were the great orators of this country.

His admiration of the stirring eloquence and extraordinary oratorical gifts of Prentiss and of Yancey never waned; and in his latter years he confirmed his earlier judgment of them in this statement:—

I have been very often asked who was the greatest orator I ever heard. . . . Speaking is so various, that it can not be classified. Some is compact, some diffusive; some sober, some humorous; some logical, some rhetorical; some argumentative, some didactic; some dry, some very entertaining. Oratory and eloquence are by no means identical. My definition of oratory would be, "Let us go and fight Philip." This requires a great occasion, a crisis, the suspension of human interests on a single hour, on an overshadowing, imperative issue. Demosthenes, Mirabeau and Henry were orators. It has been my privilege to hear Canovas, Sagasta, Moret and Castelar in Spain; Gambetta in France; Balfour, Fawcett, D'Israeli, Bright

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and Gladstone in England; Choate, Webster, Phillips, Douglas, Benjamin, Bowden, Corwin, Seward, McDuffie and others in the United States, They differed widely. Each had his excellencies; but as orators taking captive unwilling audiences, holding in possession emotions, convictions, will, person and property,—driving to conclusions which surrendered everything to the speaker,—those who in my judgment were the greatest were S. S. Prentiss and William L. Yancey,—one a native of Maine, the other of South Carolina.

Curry never failed to express his admiration of Yancey; and he records his having, when an elector on the Buchanan ticket, dined with the great orator at the meeting of the electoral college at Montgomery. Another note of his about Yancey is that the latter said to him, by way of advice, when he was a law-student: "Young man, if you wish to succeed at the bar, learn to think on your legs,"—a more valuable, if more difficult lesson to learn than that of the famous orator and wit, Tom Corwin, of Ohio, who advised a young disciple of Blackstone, inquiring the road to success: "Be solemn, young man! Be solemn as an ass!"

Among the distinguished Georgians who were Curry's friends, he often spoke and wrote of Robert Toombs and Howell Cobb. Associating Toombs and Alexander H. Stephens, he said:—

> Perhaps no two public men occupying distinguished positions in our country ever sustained a longer and closer intimacy than Stephens and Robert Toombs. Born in adjoining counties, educated at the same college, practising law in the same courts, they were as Damon and Pythias. . . . . Physically they were antipodes; Stephens, delicate, with yellow complexion, frail body, his survival

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amid severe labors, physical weaknesses, a sword-thrust and the fall of a gate upon him, seemed a miracle; Toombs, robust, vigorous, boisterous, aggressive, a Boanerges, was the impersonation of health.

I saw Toombs for the first time in attendance upon the Superior Court of Lincoln County. . . . He was then about twenty-five years of age, and was a model of manly beauty. From that time until his death I saw him frequently, and never received anything at his hands except generous hospitality, marked courtesy and flattering regard. . . . By a sort of logical and political fitness of things, he became the first Secretary of State of the Confederacy. President Davis and he were not built on the same pattern, and friction was inevitable. Restive as a subordinate of the President, and impatient for service in another field, he entered the army, where for reasons not desirable to be stated, he did not add to his reputation nor achieve any military renown. With gifts rarely surpassed, he reached the art of seizing the genius and tendency of a critical epoch. His ability was perhaps more destructive than constructive. During the French Revolution some men were called "architects of ruin." I recall a dramatic incident in a secret session of the Provisional Congress, held in the Hall of the House of Deputies in the Capitol at Richmond, when the success of the Confederacy was under consideration, and foreign succor, financial schemes, and other expedients were under discussion. After a warm debate, General Toombs took the floor, and in less than an hour delivered one of the most powerful speeches I ever listened to, on our available means of safety. Every deputy sat with concentrated and rapt attention, amazed at the extraordinary ability of the man, and surprised and delighted at the seemingly wise and adequate scheme which was presented for our triumph. When he closed, there was silence, almost painful, for a considerable time in the body, when Mr. Robert H. Smith of Mobile arose and said: "Mr. President, if the gentleman from Georgia does not

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bring in bills to carry out what he has suggested, he is a worse traitor than Benedict Arnold." The idea of Mr. Smith was that no one comprehended the situation as did General Toombs, and on no other person did the obligation rest as heavily for devising and framing the adequate legislation.

In 1859–1860, while a representative in the United States Congress, Curry dined frequently at the home of General Cobb, in Washington, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, and whose wife, a Lamar, was a relative of Curry's. The latter knew Cobb at the University of Georgia, having first met him there when he came to deliver political speeches before the local club.

"Howell Cobb," he says, "was a remarkable man,—not so scholarly as his younger brother, T. R. R., nor so studious or diligent as Stephens or Toombs, but with quicker intellect and readier faculty of adaptation, because of resources on unexpected occasions, and of what some writers call the genius of common sense. Inclined to corpulency, good-humored, amiable, cordial in manner and disposition, with a genial nature giving sway over equals, practical rather than theoretical, he was a devoted husband, and affectionate father, a generous friend, and emphatically a people's man."

Not the least in Curry's opinion, of this group of Southern statesmen, was Judah P. Benjamin. In a series of "Recollections of Great Southerners," published in the Atlanta *Constitution* a few years before his death, and from which the foregoing extracts about Toombs and Howell Cobb are taken, Curry says of Benjamin:—

His parents were English Jews, who on their way to America landed in one of the West Indies, where Judah

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was born. His early boyhood was spent in North Carolina; but removing to New Orleans he was called to the bar in 1832, and won high respect as a lawyer and advocate. In 1857 I made his acquaintance, when he was a Senator with Slidell, of *Trent* memory, as his colleague. He was a low, stout, genial, smiling man, of decided Jewish cast, with bright, black eyes, and all the grace and suavity of a polished Frenchman, looking as if he never had a trouble. To me he was one of the most attractive and fascinating men I ever met in public life. While Senator, he not infrequently appeared before the Supreme Court; and when he was to argue a case, there was as much anxiety to hear him as there is now to hear Joseph Choate or James C. Carter. In the Senate, where were such men as Douglas, Green, Sumner, Pugh, he had no superior as a debater. One of his best known speeches, which during its delivery filled the galleries, and nearly emptied the House of Representatives, was in reply to Seward, and in vindication of Judge Taney and the Dred Scott decision. The exposure of the sophistry and misrepresentation of the New York Senator was something terrible; and yet after the numerous and cordial congratulations were over, the New Yorker, who had listened with stolid composure to the merciless castigation and exposure, approached Benjamin and shook hands with him. Years afterwards I asked Benjamin what Seward had the cheek to say, so calmly, after the argument; and was told that after some pleasant compliment about the ability of the speech, Seward took mild exception to some statement as to his position. Another great speech, a powerful defence of State-rights, heard with admiration by Sir G. C. Lewis of England, was made in the Senate on the 31st of December, 1860. Benjamin was collected and self-possessed in debate, had a voice as musical as the chimes of silver bells, a memory like Macaulay's, used no notes, and while earnest in manner and delivery, seemed as fresh at the close of a discourse as when he uttered the first sentence. His versatility and his

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capacity for work were immense, and he turned from one subject or duty to another with such facility and cleverness that he seemed to have no special aptitudes or preferences.

Benjamin's interesting career is known to the English-speaking world. A citizen, successively, of three governments, he was renowned under all. "The little Jew has stated his opponent out of court," whispered one of the Justices of the Supreme Court to another, on the occasion of Benjamin's opening statement in his first case before that august tribunal; and if, as Curry says, "he seemed to have no special aptitude," it can hardly be doubted that one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of his intellectual gifts,—illustrated alike in his speeches and his writings,—was this unique power of exact and lucid statement.

Among the noted or famous preachers of America, Curry himself a preacher and not the least known, had naturally a wide and intimate circle of friends. In addition to those already mentioned in these pages, it may not be invidious to name here Basil Manly, Philip Schaff, J. P. Boyce, J. B. Jeter, John A. Broadus, Moses D. Hoge, J. L. Burrows, W. S. Plumer and Richard Fuller. At the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, February 18, 1861, he was present, and heard Manly's prayer. His address before the World's Evangelical Alliance at New York, in 1873, was made at the request of Schaff, among others. Of Plumer and Jeter he has left the record of some pleasing reminiscences:—

On 10 November, 1868, travelling on a train between Selma and Talladega, Dr. W. S. Plumer was my companion. In course of conversation, he pronounced Andrew

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Fuller's "Gospel its Own Witness" to be the best defence of Christianity in the English language. He further said that the celebrated astronomical argument of Dr. Chalmers was more forcibly stated by Dr. Gill.

In his "Recollections of a Long Life," Dr. Jeter says the formation of an African church in Richmond, which he had in contemplation in 1842, did not receive the countenance of some Protestant pastors in the city. To a suggestion for a meeting of the clergy, to get their advice, Dr. Plumer, then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, said: "Don't do it. The clergy may decide against your plan: but it is right; go forward in the work; and if you have trouble, I will stand by you." When an effort was being made to secure an indictment against those who had the meetings of the church in charge, the Doctor visited Dr. Jeter, and said: "I wish you to understand that in any difficulties you may have concerning the African church I am to go halves with you." It should be remembered that this noble and courageous offer was made sixty years ago.

Of Richard Fuller, he wrote in the *Religious Herald:*—

Richard Fuller would have been called an ugly man. He was gigantic in stature, with shaggy hair, coarse features, but was imperial, imposing, graceful in movement, with varying moods, the irresistible rush of a tornado, the soft sighing of a gentle zephyr—once seen in his majestic power, never forgotten. He was a rare man, a combination of contradictory qualities, and in pagan days would have been worshipped as a Hercules, or the god of eloquence. Grace subdued him, mastered him, consecrated his powers, made him a little child, submissive, affectionate, obedient at his Master's feet. Sometimes, when aroused and indignant, he thundered with the majesty and wrath of Zeus his anathemas against falsehood and hypocrisy, against cowardice and crime; and at another time he had a child on his shoulders, romping through the house or

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in the yard with the frolicsomeness of a kitten. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, was an inimitable *raconteur*, and often charmed or convulsed an audience or circle of friends by his flashes of wit, recital of amusing incidents, or ludicrous presentations of personal characteristics.

Graduating from Harvard, he entered upon the practice of the law in Beaufort, S. C., and sprang at once to the front, with most alluring prospects of wealth, position, and fame. Dr. Daniel Baker, a Presbyterian evangelist, held a series of meetings, and Elliott (afterwards Bishop in Georgia), Fuller and others were "converted." Fuller soon entered the ministry and began his illustrious career as, perhaps, the foremost man in the American pulpit,—certainly ranking alongside of Beecher, Brooks and Broadus. He had two controversies, one with that learned prelate, Bishop England, on the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, and the other with Dr. Wayland, of Brown University, on African slavery as it existed in the Southern States. The latter discussion, marked by great ability on both sides, was characterized as well by the lowliest spirit, and not a word was written by either which was in the slightest degree offensive or needful of apology or explanation. These men remained closest friends until death for a time separated them, and Dr. Wayland, famed for philosophy and learning, once remarked that he would cheerfully surrender whatever learning and philosophy he had acquired to be able to preach as Richard Fuller did.

"In estimating preachers," says Curry, in a newspaper article, "we must apply a different standard. Every preacher, nearly, occupies a pulpit, lifted above the people, and separated by 'a great gulf.' Humor, so effective, is eliminated, tabooed, and only such bold men as Beecher and Spurgeon broke down the barrier. Responses and inquiries from hearers, so suggestive, awakening, are not allowed. Generally the preacher is handicapped by a manuscript.

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"Whom have I heard? Their names are legion. Bersyer, Pressensé, Père Hyacinthe, in France; Cuming, Parker, Maclaren, Hall, Stanley, Farrar, Liddon, Spurgeon, in England; Stow, Park, Parker, Lorimer, Hall, Greer, MacArthur, Dixon, Brooks, Beecher, Hoyt, Jones, Burrows, Duncan, Poindexter, Hawthorne, Hoge, Palmer, Galloway, Pierce, Behrends, Stafford—well, my paper would scarcely hold the names of all. For a single sermon, Dr. T. G. Jones preached the most powerful one I ever heard, and George Pierce the most eloquent one. For cyclopean energy, compulsive appeal, absorbedness in Christ, dramatic force (on the stage he would have equalled Macready or Booth or Irving), Richard Fuller had no superior; for tender persuasiveness, Manly, Sr., had few equals; for massive intellect and exaltation of the man in man, Brooks was Saul among the Prophets. To select one and place him on the loftiest pedestal is impossible. For continuity and greatness of success, for number and wide circulation of sermons, for marvellous capacity in reaching every one in his audience, and making him feel that the sermon was especially intended for him . . . Spurgeon can have no rival.

"In some respects, in many respects, John A. Broadus was without a superior. Some preachers may, in occasional efforts, have excelled him; yet as a stated supply, to sit a whole year under one man's ministry, he would have unhesitatingly been chosen. At conventions, when others preached at the same hour, I always heard him, and never regretted it. I do not remember ever to have seen him with a manuscript, and yet he prepared carefully and minutely, not trusting to a full mind on the excitement of the occasion. He was never boisterous, never declamatory, never tore a passion into tatters. His articulation was distinct, his voice was clear, pervasive, pathetic, and he possessed such simplicity, charm, sincerity, magnetism, power, that he controlled the entire audience. An inexplicable quality he possessed beyond any one I ever heard,

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—in the same sermon he secured and held the attention of, and entertained and instructed alike, the old and the young, the cultured and the ignorant. In Dr. Jones's admirable book on 'Religion in the Army,' he tells us of the delight and the success with which Broadus preached in camps. Lee and Jackson and Gordon and Hill and Ewell and Early, officers and privates by the thousands, in sunshine, in rain, in cold, in darkness, sat or stood and listened, entranced, subdued, by the pleadings of the holy man of God."

Among the distinguished men of the Federal Congress and Cabinet, of earlier and later times, with whom Curry was on more or less intimate or friendly terms, he makes mention of Henry Winter Davis, John Sherman, Elihu Washburne, Thomas S. Bocock, William M. Evarts and Thomas F. Bayard. Of the Presidents he counted among his friends Messrs. Buchanan, Grant, Hayes, Cleveland and Roosevelt. This reminiscence of Mr. Buchanan at the White House is a striking illustration of the increased cost of living, now ruling in our social standards:—

While dining, no one was present except the President, Miss Harriet Lane and myself. He said that, being without a family, he in his public career determined to be satisfied if his estate reached one hundred thousand dollars. It amounted to that sum before he became President; and so he concluded to spend liberally his salary, which then was twenty-five thousand dollars per annum. "You know," said he, "that I entertain as much as any of my predecessors, and yet I have not exhausted what is allotted to me."

His associations with many of the generals of the Confederacy during the progress of the War between

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the States, and in the years following its close, have been heretofore mentioned or detailed in these pages. Among these, there was none whom he more admired than General Joseph E. Johnston.

"Gen. Johnston," he writes in his diary, under date of August 28, 1877, "told me that he and Gen. Lee were classmates at West Point, and quite intimate; his father having been an adjutant to Gen. Lee's father in the Revolution, the friendship was hereditary,

. . . "Generals Jubal Early and Joe Hooker were at the Military Academy at the same time. In the debating society an altercation occurred between them, and Early walked across the room and kicked Hooker. Hooker did not resent, and Southern students 'cut' him as a coward. In the Florida War Hooker was so coolly brave as to win admiration and friendship. In the Mexican War he won the appellation of 'Fighting Joe'; and in our Civil War he retained the distinction."

On September 8 of the same year, while at the White Sulphur Springs, Curry wrote in his diary:—

In a conversation with General J. E. Johnston, he said that just after his surrender to General Sherman, when they were alone, General Sherman showed him a telegram announcing the assassination of Lincoln, remarking that he had withheld it from his officers, lest they might, contrary to his own opinion, hold Confederates responsible for the crime, and be exasperated against them. He was debating in his mind how to communicate the intelligence, and prevent the inference. In Sherman's book, it appears that the information was given in general order that night, the complicity of Confederates asserted.

Sherman's account of his (J.'s) behavior at the surrender is purely fictitious.

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On March 24, 1891, Curry was an honorary pall-bearer at General Johnston's funeral. Under that date the Washington *Post* published an interview with him about Johnston, of which the following is an extract:—

He was a very reticent man, and talked but little about the affairs of his army on any occasion. He was the most enthusiastic and scientific soldier I ever knew. Often at night, when we were riding along on that memorable retreat, he would talk to me for hours about the famous campaigns of Wellington or Marlborough, for whom he seemed to have an especial admiration; and, of course, of the great campaigns of Napoleon. He was as familiar with all those great military campaigns as I with my a b c's. He was a thorough and indefatigable student of military affairs. He was a close reader of Napier's works, and of the dispatches of Napoleon and Wellington, devouring them as a student would a work on mathematics before an examination. Military works and problems were meat and drink to him. Though, while I was attached to his staff, we were constantly falling back before Gen. Sherman's army, Gen. Johnston was never surprised. He seemed always to know what the enemy was going to do before it was done. He made his cavalry, as he said cavalry should be, the eyes and ears of an army. In consequence his officers were able to report to him constantly the enemy's movements. I once saw the General in a towering rage, and only once. . . . Gen. Sherman always had the highest regard for Johnston's military ability. He could never hazard anything with Johnston. Johnston was firm, abrupt in his manner of speaking, and thoroughly self-reliant; yet he was kind-hearted, a true friend, and very sympathetic.

Col. Harvie, of Johnston's staff, says the General was the first military man this country has produced. Lee was the greatest man, Johnston was the greatest soldier.

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Between the covers of the little diaries, and scattered through the numerous notes and newspaper clippings which Curry preserved, may be found many other stories, incidents and reminiscences concerning acquaintances and friends of his, whose names are destined to illustrate the pages of contemporary history.

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CHAPTER XXI

EDUCATIONAL THEORIES

If Curry may not be reckoned a great educational theorist in the broadest and most original sense, his writings and speeches on education quite clearly show that in the course of his experience he had worked out and developed a coherent and consistent scheme, which proved, in its application to the peculiar conditions of the time, to be of excellent practical value. This scheme, clearly formulated about certain fundamental propositions, is illustrated not only in the essays on educational theory that are contained in the pages of his Reports to the Peabody Board, but appears perhaps most luminous in the various speeches and addresses made by him to legislative bodies, upon whom he was seeking to impress his theories to the end of obtaining their practical application. Yet no one of these addresses contains the whole of his educational ideal, which is obtainable only by segregating and co-ordinating the cardinal principles upon which the entire scheme rests.

A primary proposition of his general theory is that education and ethics are inseparable, and that the development of the ethics which should accompany education ought not to stop short of Christianity itself. He was a protagonist for school and church as nearly one as they might be made; and it was his

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custom, in theory and practice, to walk from the doorway of one into the doorway of the other.

"What of the night?" he said at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1883. "I can only answer: Do what lies nearest in the light of duty and conscience and the Scriptures, and leave results to God. If any safe solution there is, it must be in the school-house and church house, in education and in the gospel of Jesus Christ, bearing in mind the object of education is not so much the imparting of knowledge as the developing of powers and the building up of inward strength of character. Education is no Catholicon, any more than freedom is; it does not cure social and political ills. It must be supplemented by and allied to the uplifting, renovating, regenerating power of the Christian religion."

In his contemplation of the significance of education, the development of the most highly cultivated intellect, untouched and undirected by such a code of ethical conduct as is indicated in the Sermon on the Mount, might for him never be "a panacea for human ills." "Head, hand and heart should be in partnership," he declared, with insistent emphasis.

A second fundamental of Curry's educational scheme was that public education is a perpetual public duty. If, as he said at Louisville, education "does not cure social and political ills," yet without it the social statics that Herbert Spencer defines as being "the conditions essential to human happiness" may not continue to exist; and in his ultimate judgment the duty which man owes the State in the matter of education falls far short of what the State owes man. "It is the right of the unborn to be granted an intelligent and refined parentage."

It is the prime business and duty of each generation to educate the next. No legislation in the United States is

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more important than that which pertains to the universal education of our citizens. . . . The basis of free institutions is the intelligence and integrity of the citizen. . . . In a popular government an educated people is the best constitution. . . . Universal education, even approximately, is impossible except through governmental direction and public revenues. . . . Primarily it is the duty of local communities and of States, by local and general taxation, to furnish education for all youth. The education of the children of a State is properly a burden on property and is the cheapest defence of the property and the lives of citizens.

"The duty of parents and churches must not be ignored and underestimated," he told the Georgia legislature in December, 1888; "but the whole history of the human race shows their insufficiency. . . . Without State system and support, general education is impossible. Parental and individual and church efforts have never approximated the needs of the young. The common claim of the exclusive right of parents to train their children is based on a false assumption of sole ownership. Children belong to community and State as well as to father and mother. Society is intensely interested in the well-being, the proper instruction of youth."

He preached this doctrine of the State's duty to childhood in every Commonwealth that the Peabody Fund included in its scope, and with such effect as to fasten the modern public education theory upon the minds of legislators as a commonplace of thought. It was his supreme message and he drove it home with unwearied energy and infinite variety.

The patriotism, intelligence and virtue of the individual citizen is the foundation upon which rests free representative government. The education and proper training of the voters who must choose the public officers to carry on

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the State's affairs is therefore a sacred duty, which cannot be neglected without injury to the State and to society. Ignorance is no remedy for anything.

This was the message that he bore to the lawmakers of South Carolina in 1890; and in the same year he insisted to the legislature of Louisiana that "Universal education is an imperative duty."

While thus proclaiming the duty of government to provide instruction for the whole body of its citizenship, he did not fail to maintain that this provision should be under the sole control of the State or of some local or municipal authority. He never lost sight for a moment, in his most ardent advocacy of universal education, of that profound basis of political and economic philosophy, upon which the whole superstructure of his thought and conduct was reared. He carried the apparently complex, and yet ever simple, doctrine of constitutional "strict interpretation" not only into his life as a statesman, but as undividedly into his life as an educator.

"In our system of co-equal and correlated States, a national system of education is undesirable, as is a national University," he declared in 1883; "and the subordination of State school systems to Federal direction and control is contrary to the genius of our institutions. The separate States are not to be absorbed, nor sunk into provincial dependencies. We seek the harmonious blending of the centrifugal and centripetal, liberty and union, local self-government and a Federal government, all preserved in strength and orderly unity.

"National aid to State schools will secure the benefits of a national education."

It was upon this philosophic survey of the educational forces, blending into the harmony that springs

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from the inviolate "genius of our institutions," that he established his support, with constant pen and ready tongue, of the Blair Bill.

He desired the Federal aid for a cause which he saw sorely needed pecuniary help; but he did not anticipate, as other State Rights leaders of the period anticipated and feared, that the grant of Federal aid would prove the prelude to the compulsion of Federal control.

With all his eagerness to obtain the enlarged facilities which he expected from the Blair Bill, he valued beyond any Federal aid to education in the South the financial assistance which State after State, under his influence and that of his coadjutors, learned at last to give out of its own strength and of its poverty, and with a generosity hardly equalled in the history of public education throughout the world. Writing to Mr. Winthrop, under date of September 27, 1894, about the Peabody Normal College at Nashville, he says:—

> Useful as is the College, marvelous as has been its success under its very able President, it is not a substitute for our State Normals, and can never do the work of those indispensable local institutions.

The vision of a complete State school system was clear to his mind.

The material value of education was another factor in Curry's general plan, which he properly considered might be appropriately emphasized to a people just emerging from the poverty wrought by war and reconstruction. That education was an asset of estimable value in the life of the individual, the State and the Republic did not, however, obscure

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his recognition of the fact that the utilitarian advantage to be derived from it was only one of many advantages.

"Industrial success, productive industry, accumulation of capital, remunerative wages, national independence, national well-being, cannot be separated from general education," he said in his Louisville address, above mentioned; and, in 1885, in a speech before the legislature of Alabama, he re-asserted the proposition in another form:—

> Education is the fundamental basis of general and permanent prosperity. Poverty is the inevitable result of ignorance. Capital follows the school-house.

In an address delivered in 1888 to the legislature of Georgia, he made application of the economic principle as one equally conducive to the development of good citizenship, and of patriotism itself.

> The lowest considerations of self-interest demand the competent support of universal education. Free government is the outcome of diffused intelligence and broad patriotism. An ignorant rabble is food for riots and the tool of demagogues.

This proposition, which he dwelt upon wherever and whenever he spoke to the law-making bodies that controlled the purse-strings of the public revenues, was nowhere put by him more forcibly or with finer effect than in a speech to the legislature of Alabama, on December 2, 1896.

"Looked at economically," he said on that occasion, "it is not difficult to demonstrate the money value of education to individuals and society; and in the very lowest utilitarian view which you can take, education is convertible into lands and houses and taxable property. Intelligence

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is a great money-maker, and it does not make it either by extortion or fraud or corruption. It is a money-maker, because it creates products cheaper and better than ignorance ever did or ever can. Brute force spends itself always unproductively. The highest principles of political economy and of social well-being demand the universal education of children and the prevention of non-producers among men. . . . The true mint of wealth is not at Philadelphia nor San Francisco, but is in the schoolhouse."

As a subsidiary part of his larger plan, his general scheme included the value of manual training to the developing child; and, in elucidating this branch of his theory, he drew a significant and notable distinction between this "manual training" and the peculiar "industrial training" which has come to be used with distinguished effect and marked advantage in the education at Hampton and Tuskegee of Indians and negroes.

"Industrial training," said Curry in a speech before the Virginia legislature in the winter of 1891–1892, "is to give special training in the mechanic arts, to teach shoe-making, carpentering, blacksmithing, as a trade. Manual training, as the term is limited, is to give a general training, a dexterity, to the hands, so that they may readily acquire skill in any of the mechanic arts. This is an effectual educational process, bringing hand, eye and brain to work together, developing harmoniously all the powers of a human being."

"The most interesting and profitable changes that have been made in the ends of modern education," he told the legislature of Georgia, a year or more later, "is the incorporation of manual training in the curriculum, so as to bring education into contact with the pursuits of every day."

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As may be inferred from the perusal of earlier pages of this book, the normal school stands out boldly in Curry's panorama of public education. If any one man may be so singled out and honored, Curry, by his intense devotion to the idea of scientific teacher-training, his personal interest in the newly born State normal schools, and his faith in their future, deserves the title of the "father of the Normal Schools in the South." It is difficult to imagine the growth of such powerful foundations as the normal colleges at Farmville, Greensboro, Rock Hill, Natchitoches, without his fostering care and quickening influence. And his conception of the College at Nashville as a great central station of teaching efficiency and power was an act of pure educational inspiration ranking with the visions that have given immortality to the great educational reformers.

The imperative and ever unsatisfied need of trained teachers is indicated in the organization and conduct of all successful public school systems; and the need of the product illustrates the necessity of what shall create that product. Public schools, without normal schools and colleges to supply them with trained teachers, would be as antiquated in the modern view of education, as ocean liners without steam.

"Teaching is a science, with methods and principles and laws," he said at Blacksburg, Virginia, in 1882. "To direct intellectual action, we must understand intellectual action,—the true nature and functions and capabilities and order of development of the mind we are seeking to educate or instruct. Teaching is based on psychology. Pedagogy is psychology applied to teaching. . . . As a

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necessary part of our public school system, we need normal schools for training teachers,—not annexes, attachments, but separate and distinct schools.

"As essential to a public school system, and to the claim of the State to educate, are normal schools to fit teachers for their work."

Other sayings of his, on public occasions, and especially in the uncertain field of legislation, where his most important work was often done, illustrate his views of training teachers, and of the need of good teachers in the schools. He said in a circular, addressed to State Superintendents of Education throughout the territory lying within the jurisdiction of his duties as Peabody Agent:—

While practical results are aimed at, it would be unfortunate should the instruction degenerate into a series of drills. Intelligence is the basis of all skill; and appreciation of the psychological reasons for the preference given to any particular method is regarded as essential to good teachers.

So significant did he deem the education of the teacher who was to educate the child, that he was insistent upon having rigid investigation into the qualifications of the teacher, before he should be allowed to come into didactic contact with the mind of the child.

"License to teach," he said to the Virginia legislature in February, 1892, "should be given only to those who have passed satisfactory examinations in the branches to be taught, in the principles, and in the best methods of teaching;" and he added with a profound insight that epitomized in its expression the whole philosophy of school-education: "The teacher is the school."

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It was a saying worthy of Arnold of Rugby, or of any of the great pedagogues, who have illustrated in their own lives and careers, as instructors of youth, its essential verity.

Perhaps of all the marks which,—as the hatchet-cuts in trees, through a theretofore untraversed forest, point the course of the pioneer,—blazon the pathway of this adventurer through a region where, to many, his propaganda was scarcely less startling than had been the results of war itself, none seemed more daring, or to this day remains so stoutly doubted by many, as his long cherished theory of the co-education of the sexes. The proposition, when first broached in its less aggressive form of an equal opportunity of education to women, failed to commend itself to the favorable consideration of a society which hardly believed that women needed such education as is fit for men,—the education that enables its possessor to fight the battles of life. And while this doctrine of Curry's, which grew with him finally into a dogma that admitted of no contravention, came at length to find acceptance with legislators, if not with the whole social organism, the co-education theory is yet weighed in the balances of uncertainty and question by the influences that dominate the field of his endeavor.

"Girls ought to have equal advantages with boys for higher education," he shouted to his audience at Blacksburg, in 1882, with a brusqueness and a directness that knew no beating around the bush; and nine years later he preached the same gospel to the legislature of North Carolina.

"Faint murmurs of dissent," he said in Raleigh, in 1891, "are occasionally whispered against the equal education,

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but the voice of public justice is beginning to demand that those who are to be wives and mothers shall not be treated with persevering and shameful injustice."

The philosophy of Plato, propounding the majestic question, "Is there anything better in a State than that both women and men be rendered the very best?" and answering it with assured affirmation: "There is not," points no way, of itself, how this one best thing is to be accomplished. But to Curry's earnest thought and single mind the road was straight and narrow, and its sign-post was "Co-education."

"What has been done for higher education of young women in the United States has not accorded with the boasted respect and deference rendered to the sex, nor with what has been so liberally done for young men," he said with a fine scorn, in an address before the Winthrop Training School on May 12, 1889. "Very few institutions for taking young women through advanced courses of study have been endowed and supported by States; but," he adds, and there is a visible note of triumph in the words, "Co-education is fortunately finding increased adoption in colleges and universities."

As Curry's phrase, in his letter to his son, previously quoted in these pages, and prefixed to the volume itself as a sort of text, that men should "live in the present and for the future, leaving the dead past to take care of itself," expressed his most intimate spiritual attitude toward life, so he expressed his most intimate social and political attitude toward education, as an agent for human betterment in the saying:—

The public free schools are the colleges of the people; they are the nurseries of freedom; their establishment and

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efficiency are the paramount duty of a republic. The education of children is the most legitimate object of taxation.

His mind dwelt on education in its social and political aspects. He was an educational statesman rather than a scientific expert in pedagogy. His great aim was to fasten the principle of popular education upon the minds of the people, and to interweave it into the structure of the State, leaving to later generations the working out of the principle itself in larger scientific detail. He belongs rather with the Martin Luthers, the Miltons, the Jeffersons, the Matthew Arnolds, and the Horace Manns of the world's educational battle, than with the Sturms, the Pestalozzis, the Rousseaus, the Fröbels, the Herbarts of the unending struggle. His papers and speeches do not compare with Horace Mann's in scientific thoroughness and pedagogic value. They did not need to have these qualities. He stood on Mann's shoulders and faced another sort of social situation; but not Mann himself equalled the intensity, the hard common sense, the unflagging passion with which he lodged his truths in the minds of men. He was not a curriculum maker, but a social propagandist. Yet it is interesting to see how even the details of the great process attracted him; and how his mind played with the psychological side of the problem; and no less interesting to observe how acutely his thought took hold upon the technique of educational processes, and reached out after the truth about the needs of communities in primary, industrial and agricultural instruction. The whole wide field opened itself to him; and he had firm hold of the unity of education, and perceived all of the elements of educational work in one comprehensive

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aggregate, conducing to strengthen and advance the life of man.

From the substance of his unnumbered utterances on behalf of what Mr. Winthrop called "The Great Cause," might be constructed and developed, what Curry himself was always too busy to construct and develop, had he cared to do so, a concrete total system of educational plan and scheme, at once as synthetic and as reasonable, though never so original, as Herbert Spencer's elaborate system of philosophy. But such a scheme, so wrought out, would show little that was essentially new. It is in the patience and persistence and power of adaptation with which he applied old theories and practices to new problems, under adventitious circumstances, that his ability as a constructive educator may be said to have lain. Over and over and over again he repeated his propositions, kindled with his hopes and aspirations, and warmed with his eloquence; until the dull ear of his audience awoke to listening, and he entered at last into its brain and heart. The State's duty toward public education; its moral and ethical significance, not only for culture but for the progress demanded by modern life; the material value of education; the relative attitudes of State and Nation, under our political organization, toward public instruction; manual training; industrial training; normal schools and trained teachers; equal opportunity of education for the sexes; co-education in colleges and higher institutions of learning—the absolute necessity for the wise training of a backward race of different ethnic type, set down in our society, in order to protect that society from deterioration and inefficiency,—these were his constant and never-forgotten themes.

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He felt kindly toward the negro, but his largest thought was for the integrity of our whole life. It was these theories upon which he addressed hearkening legislatures, and with which he appealed to society. Curry first appeared as a friend of negro education in the summer of 1865, when he presided over a mass-meeting in Marion which made provision for negro schools. There was practically no objection by the whites, even in the lower South, to negro education, until unwise training on the part of unworthy teachers, and a foolish idea of the use to which education was to be put by the negroes themselves, began to alarm the whites. There were true missionaries among the Northern teachers, but there were also rascals who took advantage of the negro, fleeced him of his dollars and led him to think that education meant immediate advancement to Congress or some high public office. Soon the Freedman's Bureau took a hand in the matter, and the great business of education so long directed as an individualistic enterprise by the Southern States became an affair of government, and seemed in the eyes of the blacks and whites to be a sort of "continuation of hostilities against the vanquished." The average New England teacher approached the task, however sincerely, as if the negro was simply a backward white man, an untaught "Mayflower descendant." The aptitudes, capabilities and social needs of the negro were disregarded. The Southern white teacher quickly came to avoid the work as a form of treason, because he thought the prime purpose of the whole educational scheme was to reverse all social and political conditions. True teachers of the negro race, like General Armstrong, and the great

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influences that have proceeded from Hampton Institute, like Booker Washington and a small group of thoughtful negro leaders of the past two decades, have found their hardest task in trying to undo what was done in those confused days, partly in passion and sullen pride of power, partly in ignorance, partly in haste by superficial zealots, sometimes, but rarely, let us hope, in ugly hate. Whatever the causes at work, the sad fact remains that the most difficult and delicate social and political problem of modern days was frightfully bungled, and a wedge of iron driven between the whites and blacks, making difficult for generations any sort of sympathetic co-operation in a work of racial adjustment, calling for the clearest and justest human wisdom. The highest claim of J. L. M. Curry to the rank of true statesmanship is that he never lost his head in this tangled matter, nor hardened his heart. There is but one thing to do with a human being in this world and that is to give him wise training for his day and his need. He anchored himself to this principle. He did not lose heart nor grow violent. While he did not hesitate to characterize the reconstruction educational methods "as a scheme to subject the Southern people to negro domination and to secure the States permanently for partisan ends," he saw the sane thing to do, and he pleaded for it from that summer day in the little Alabama town three months after Lee's soldiers had returned to their ploughing until his death in 1903, when common sense had begun to rule negro education, when great schools like Hampton and Tuskegee had arisen as experiment stations to propagate his ideas as well as those of their founders, and when the Southern people, with an unexcelled

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political patience, steadiness of purpose and power of will, had removed the negro from the shambles of party strife, had set him in the path he should have been placed in thirty years before, and, in a sense, had settled a question, or a phase of it, at least, more baffling than any presented for solution to the men of our race in our time.

"I shall not stultify myself by any fresh argument in favor of negro education," he declared to a legislative audience—a generation after his first speech for the negroes at Marion—"but I must be pardoned for emphasizing the fact that there is greater need for the education of the other race. The white people are to be the leaders, to take the initiative, to have the directive control in all matters pertaining to civilization and the highest interests of our beloved land. History demonstrates that the Caucasian will rule. He ought to rule. He made our Constitution; he achieved our independence; he is identified with all the true progress, all high civilization, and if true to his mission, while developing his own capabilities, he will lead out all other races as far and as fast as their good and their possibilities will justify. This white supremacy does not mean hostility to the negro, but friendship for him. On the intelligent and more refined class of the white people the negroes have been compelled to rely heretofore for the educational advantages which they possess, and on them in the future they must depend to prevent a widening of the breach between the races and to bring about their higher advancement. It is hopeless to think of the small number of educated negroes protecting themselves against wrongs unless there be men and women cultured, courageous, broad minded to correct, elevate, and lead public opinion. Some wild enthusiasts of the negro race, some purblind fanatics of the white race, may expect or desire subordination or inferiority of the white people, but that is the crazy dream of a kind of racial cosmopolitanism

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or fusion which portends loss of national unity and is the forerunner of decay.

"Much has been said—too much cannot be said—of the negro problem. It does not 'down' at any man's bidding. It is a living, ever-present, all-pervasive, apparently irremovable fact. Its solution baffles statesmanship and philanthropy. Education — moral, intellectual, industrial, civic—should be persistently, generously furnished, but, if universal, is slow in its results and while immensely beneficial does not settle irreconcilable racial antagonisms, and it leaves two heterogeneous, unassimilable peoples as coequal citizens with growing cleavage in the same territory. Preachers, sociologists, humanitarians, with their altruistic speculations, may from a safe distance poohpooh the problem, but there it is, and there it will remain.

"Recent tragic occurrences at the South are not the gravamen of the problem. They are horrifying, but are incidents. The unmentionable atrocities, filling the timid with direful apprehensions, are committed by a few brutes, who, slaves to appetites, have had their moral perceptions, if discernible at all, blunted by undeveloped intellects, low companionship, descent from depraved mothers, fiery intoxicants, and certainly are far below the average and have not the sympathy and approval of their race. It needs no argument that the more debased, the less self-reliant, the more unskilled, the more thriftless, and unemployed the race or any portion of it is, the more dangerous it will be, the less desirable as inhabitant, as laborer, as citizen, as voter. Plato said a man not sufficiently or properly trained is the most savage animal on earth. Nothing can be more illogical, more indefensible, more unjust, more cruel, more harmful to both races than to hold the negroes responsible for the outrages of a few of their race. Besides, these crimes hardly enter into the problem, which is not one of criminology or vengeance, but exceeding in magnitude and gravity any now existing in a civ-

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ilized country, and demanding the patience, wisdom, statesmanship, justice, charity of the best of the land."

The capstone to his whole scheme was his insistence upon the harmonious co-operation of all sorts and grades of schools; and its foundation was his final belief in the paramount importance of the public elementary schools.

"I am a friend of the University, my alma mater," he said to the law-makers of Georgia,—"of colleges, of the theological schools, of high schools; and I would do everything that was reasonable and right for their promotion. But if forced to the alternative of choosing between them and free schools for the masses, the colleges of the people, without the slightest doubt or hesitation I should give my voice and vote for the latter."

In this statement Curry, like Jefferson, in his famous decision for a newspaper without a government, was startling his audiences into seeing his point. He was too clear visioned not to have sight of the unity of the whole educational process, and to know that the great problem for his successors was to effect the unification of the educational forces of the State.

And so, after all is said, Curry's philosophy of education would seem to hark back at most points to that of Mr. Jefferson, whose views as to the instruction of the citizen by the State have been presented upon an earlier page. But the methods of their propaganda were necessarily different; and the earlier statesman's ideals wear the stamp of a larger originality.

Jefferson, the avatar of republican education in the South, living in an aristocratic age and in the

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environment of a society that had its political, its economic and its social basis in the dominance by the few of the many, in his efforts to educate the masses perceived with characteristic intelligence that he must necessarily elevate the citizen from the eminence of the State University. Curry, on the other hand, emerging from the wreck of that earlier society, into an atmosphere where democracy was becoming conscious of itself to the point of triumph, saw, in his turn, that the education of his day and generation must begin with the common school, and touching the people everywhere, lead them from the lower to the higher altitude.

Thus, each of these educational statesmen, conforming himself to the subtle and mysterious influence which moulds and guides the centuries, wrought out his problem after his fashion, with such success as only those encounter who work in consonance with the spirit of the age in which they live.

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CHAPTER XXII

CONCLUSION

Out of the richness and abundance of the materials which he left behind him, it has been sought in this biography to have its subject set forth himself and his career as much as possible in his own language and fashion, and in those of his friends, with such comment only as the narrative has seemed to require, and such interpellation and relation of facts as was necessary to preserve and illustrate the thread of the discourse, and fix the continuity of the story. In this wealth of quotation from diaries and records and letters are very clearly to be discovered by the reader, the character, the capacity, the ambitions, the moral fibre of the man himself, no less than the translated history of his life, his noble career and his lofty achievements. There is little need of any lengthy summing up of a case, whose incidents in consecutive significance have been detailed from the witness-stand during its progress, with such simplicity and exactness as, at once, to establish them in the mind, and to enforce conviction of their truth.

And so, because Curry has thus largely told his own story in this volume, it is not deemed necessary to seek to draw from it, when told, a moral that is obvious, or to endeavor further to adorn a tale that is of itself full of the interest which must inevitably accompany any genuine "human-document."

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His life covered a period of time in American history of such vital and violent change, of such spiritual trial and emotional strain as either to confuse hopelessly or to wreck the career of many strong men, but Curry held to a true and steady course.

In this difficult period he served his country and society as statesman, soldier, teacher, preacher, orator, diplomat and educator; and by his example illustrated perfectly the precept of the Apostle, "forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching to those things which are before."

Yet his forgetfulness was never of elementary principles, or of the significance of a tragic past. Regarding the philosophy of life as lying in the right adaptation of self to circumstances, and believing that

> "To do
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom,"

he bent all his energies to rehabilitating the waste-places of his country, and to building up a new society on the ruins of that which had been overthrown. He became an American in the broadest and most catholic sense of the term, without ever failing to remember that he was a Southerner and "an ex-Confederate"; and his loyalty to the flag of a reunited country was not tempered nor restrained by his equal loyalty to the old creeds and the old landmarks, established in the faith of the fathers.

In his diary for 1868,—the third year after the close of the War between the States, he wrote this translation from the First Book of Thucydides:—

War, least of all things, proceeds on definite principles,

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but adopts most of its contrivances from itself to suit the occasion; in the course of which, he that deals with it with good temper, is more secure; while he that engages in it with passion, makes the great failure.

He was a soldier; but he was a statesman more. In a letter written to his son from France in 1886, he said:—

A Frenchwoman asked Mary to-day, what became of our Great Army, after the War between the States. She very happily replied, in expressive phrase: "They went home." How our great Republic can exist with a handful of soldiers—about 25,000 men—is incomprehensible to Europeans. Lord Salisbury's remedy for Ireland is "a good dose of drastic coercion." His gospel is brute force, his missionaries are the police and the hangman. Gladstone's policy of justice and right as the best peace-makers, is rejected. France, Germany and Russia have each their million of men under arms. Italy, Austria and Spain must have their able-bodied men all enrolled in their armies. War, force, coercion, are the evangel.

It is a significant fact that while Curry, after the War between the States, became conspicuous among Southern public men for his Americanism, it was never at the expense of the individual. He abhorred paternalism, and strove for provision for general and public education to prepare each child of the nation for independent thinking and intelligent individual citizenship. He was not blinded by the glory of national prestige to the need of national morals; and while he invoked the Federal aid to general education because he thought the peculiar circumstances demanded such aid, his most efficient educational work was done through the instrumentalities of States, cities, and communities.

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Of his character and career as churchman and Christian, these pages are already full. He realized keenly the need of fixed religious habits in the great democracy of which he was a citizen; and he declared that "habitual attendance on public worship meets a requirement of our moral nature." One of his regrets, during his stay at Madrid, was that the various distractions of official life, as well as the uncertain provisions for protestant worship, interfered too much with his public devotions. He was an apostle of religious liberty, and he was unreservedly opposed to any union of Church and State. He did not believe in "too much machinery" in religious propaganda; and held with a simple faith to the efficacy of God's Word. On Sunday, June 3, 1877, he wrote in his journal: "Read Colenso on Romans. Rationalism in the interpretation of the Scriptures is nearly as dangerous as skepticism."

As an educator, he was conspicuously an agitator. Emerging from an antique and discarded educational status, he entered upon the career of a proselyting Peter the Hermit, preaching a veritable crusade with all the fiery vehemence and undaunted courage of the zealot. It is absolutely beyond contradiction that in this crusade he stood at first almost alone among his people; and if the days of a later generation bear witness to a wondrous change for the better, the greater therefore should be his honor and his glory.

Towards the end of his life, he wrote:—

In 1853 and 1855 I was again a representative from Talladega County (in the Alabama Legislature); and as a member of the Committee on Education sustained Judge Meek's bill, which became the first law on the statute-book establishing public schools. In the Coosa River Associa-

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tion, as a delegate to and officer of that body of Baptist Churches, I wrote reports and made speeches for education; and I may say, without vanity, that it was through my influence and persistent efforts that the Baptist Male High School in Talladega was established, organized and conducted until the War between the States closed it, as it did many other like institutions in the South.

By a singular nemesis, the large brick building passed into the hands and control of the American Missionary Association, who established that excellent institution, the Talladega College, for the training of negroes. I have seldom been more affected by environments than when, some years ago, I stood in this building and addressed faculty and students, and a mixed assembly of white and colored, some of the latter being my former slaves.

It was an episode worthy of recordation, and as significant in its token of great and irremediable change, as was that indicated in the famous figure of Macaulay's essay, in which he depicts the New Zealander of a coming era contemplating from an arch of London Bridge the ruins of St. Paul's.

To Curry's successful career as a diplomat the statesmen of his generation have borne disinterested witness. Winthrop, with that generous tact and friendliness which always seized the opportunity to say the possible kindly word, or do the possible kindly thing, wrote to him in November, 1886:—

So many things have happened of late that I hardly remember when I heard from you last. But I have heard of you from more than one source. At our Harvard Jubilee I sat between Bayard and Endicott at the table,—next but one to President Cleveland. Mr. Bayard spoke emphatically of the success of your diplomacy, and of your having just settled a delicate question. After that great day was over, and we had taken one day to rest, Mrs. Win-

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throp and I ran on to New York, and spent a few days at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Who should be there but Wm. Wirt Henry. We talked much about you and Mrs. Curry.

Of Curry's work as an author there is no room to speak here, beyond a record of the fact that his fecundity of literary production was marvellous in the light of his other work. In the Report of the American Historical Association for 1897, Professor Thomas M. Owen gives a bibliography of the State of Alabama; and in it is a partial list of Curry's published works,—books, pamphlets, speeches, essays, and the like. Among over eight hundred and fifty authors, he stands first in the number of his productions, having to his credit eighty-two. These are classified as follows: Books, about four; pamphlets, reports, etc., about thirty-five; speeches and addresses, about twenty-seven; articles in magazines and newspapers, about sixteen. It may be added that the total number of his magazine and newspaper articles would mount up into the hundreds.

His oratory, in an age and a country of orators, was unusual and compelling. It has been described as "at once calm, intellectual, persuasive and magnetic." He had the physical presence, the distinction of manner, the quality of voice that win the attention of masses of men. In the Federal Congress he commanded and kept the attention of the House; before the legislatures of States, in his educational campaigns, he spoke with the accomplishment of results; as a pulpit-speaker and preacher he was sought by dozens of city churches; and upon the hustings he ranked with the strongest political debaters of his day.

In the social relations, Dr. Curry was a figure of

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unusual charm and graciousness. His person was erect, ample and well proportioned. His shock of black hair, whitening with the years, brushed back from a broad, low forehead, his ivory skin and clear hazel-gray eyes full of frankness and sympathy, prepossessed the eye of those who saw him upon the platform or in the drawing-room. He had the social instincts of an aristocrat, and exemplified in the best fashion the grand air of an age now gone, which greatly exalted manners and bred a quality of behavior that seems archaic and overwrought in our directer era, but which was, in reality, very beautiful and distinguished, and by its passing has somehow robbed life of something that made for the lessening of vulgarity. His demeanor, like that of so many of his contemporaries, was a wonderful mingling of dignity and condescension, of gaiety and reserve, of intense self-consciousness without a suggestion of selfishness. Life and living were for him serious, beautiful, reverential things. He esteemed himself highly and he lived rigidly up to the standard he demanded of himself. The age of chivalry had not gone for him in his attitude towards women, for he had been singularly blessed in his relations with womanhood; nor the age of romance in his feeling for childhood and youth. He loved good talk and pleasant people, a good table and the good things the flesh of man craves, including a good story. With a varied human experience enriched by wide travel there were few themes upon which he could not discourse interestingly. He could listen charmingly enough, but bore with ill-concealed impatience any lack of attention to his own speech, and distinctly did not belong to the class of talkers who make of the noble

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art of conversation a series of sallies and silences. Macaulay and Dr. Johnson were more after his heart than the polished epigrams of the great French talkers. He loved the approval of his fellows and was almost naïve in his desire for applause and in the exhilaration and increase of power the applause gave him. Though bold and courageous in his opinions, he was unhappy if he was out of sympathy with his environments, and the master craving of his heart was for adaptability to his time. He could be a little overpowering at times in his suggestion of self-confidence and easy strength, and in a certain distaste for opposition, but never to the point of offense; and behind his high bearing, and sometimes imperious ways, lurked quick tears of sympathy and swift impulses of gentleness and helpfulness to every living thing. His attitude towards the negro race was particularly fine. He was their true friend. His was perhaps the first voice to declare that there was no place for a helot in our system and that the negro must be trained properly for life in this nation. He was among the first to urge common sense in the form of industrial education as against sentimentality in the education of the negro. He denounced vehemently the proposition to divide taxes for educational purposes, on the basis of race. Personally he moved among them in his ministrations as one fancies Lee might have done, treating them in their new status exactly as he would have treated them in their old, unconscious of them socially, free of fear of them in his nerves, wanting to help them for their own sake, thinking of them kindly, but thinking more profoundly of American life as affected by their presence.

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There was no doubt in his mind of the necessity for the continued rule of intelligence and the direction of public affairs by the wisdom of the white race, but he also felt deeply that the strong must use justice always or cease to be the strong. He believed in the theory of social separateness as necessary to the integrity of the white race, and equally necessary to the development of any true racial pride or racial consciousness in the negro race.

The writer of this paragraph saw Curry for the first time, in 1883. It was his fortune as a young man in his first speech in public, to introduce the famous speaker to an audience in a thriving little Southern town. The speech, a passionate plea for education, made a lasting impression as did the man himself, in manner, presence, dress, demeanor. Men of such power did not ordinarily spend themselves in such a cause—and the cause itself suddenly loomed up in its right proportions. It was a great coincidence that such a cause found at just the right time such a man to incarnate its dignity and draw disciples to its service.

It was interesting to observe how much he enjoyed the exercise of his oratorical power, and if his audience responded there was imparted to him a mounting enthusiasm that so expressed itself in tone and gesture and manner as to move strongly any body of men. It was old-fashioned oratory to be sure, differing widely from the manner of severe clear statement into which our speaking habit is drifting with good results on the whole, but it was interesting to note how people woke up under it and felt its power and went away moved to action by reason of it. There was a singular difference between his

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written speeches and those delivered extemporaneously. In the former appear a certain stateliness, restraint and great sobriety of diction and figure. In the latter he gave himself full rein, acted the part and uttered himself in flowing and picturesque rhetoric. Like Gladstone, what he received from the audience as vapor, he returned to them as rain.

To the man himself, the very soul and heart of him, no higher tribute can be paid than that which is contained in a letter written to him in 1892, by his wife's mother, in which she said:—

> Twenty-five years to-day since you entered my family as my son,—and such a son,—one of whom I've always felt proud and thankful. Twenty-five years of love and kindness to me, during which time I've never had occasion to think or speak an unkind word or thought of you. May the Good Lord, who has followed you both with his richest blessings, continue to bless you with a long life of usefulness and continued love and prosperity, is the sincere prayer of the mother who loves you.

It was a prayer that was answered in abundance; and if man may be the judge of divine dispensation, rightly answered. For, beyond intellect, and industry, and perseverance, and adaptability, and courage, and faith, of which he possessed an unwonted share in all, stands and persists the great composite of these things, and of yet others of which it is made,—the indefinable force called character.

It was this vital force of character, that enabled him, as he did, to turn his face to the sunrise of a new day after the great sunsetting of the War, yet with an ever unfaltering loyalty to the watches of that ended night.

"Crushed, subjugated, impoverished we were by the

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War," he wrote to his son, twenty-one years after Appomattox,—"insulted, tyrannized over, outraged by Reconstruction Acts; but of what avail is it to keep alive passion, and cherish hatred? Of the abstract right of a State, in 1860, to secede, under our then form of government, I have not the shadow of a doubt. But no conquered people ever wrote the accepted history of the conquest. To go about shaking our fists and grinding our teeth at the conquerors, dragging as a heavy weight the dead corpse of the Confederacy, is stupid and daily suicidal. Let us live in the present and for the future, leaving the dead Past to take care of itself, drawing only profitable lessons from that and all history."

With this feeling of hopefulness and purpose, yet without recantation of any principle, he gave himself to the great work of his life,—the cause of Education in the South; and in his story of building up the waste-places, he set always the Peabody Fund in the forefront. Of it he once wrote, with poignant feeling and unequivocal assertion, that it had "been a most potent agency in creating and preserving a bond of peace and unity and fraternity between the North and the South. It initiated an era of good feeling; for the gift, as said by Mr. Winthrop, 'was the earliest manifestation of a spirit of reconciliation toward those from whom we had been so unhappily alienated, and against whom we of the North had been so recently arrayed in arms.' No instrumentality has been so effective in the South in promoting concord, in restoring fellowship, in cultivating a broad and generous patriotism, and apart from its direct connection with schools, it has been an unspeakable blessing in cementing the bonds of a lately dissevered Union."

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Of the man and his work the Trustees of the Peabody Fund have left a just, if glowing estimate in the memorial minute adopted at their meeting, held in the City of New York, October 8, 1903. There were present at that meeting Chief Justice Fuller, the Chairman, and Messrs. Samuel A. Green, James B. Porter, J. Pierpont Morgan, William A. Courtenay, Henderson M. Somerville, Charles E. Fenner, Daniel C. Gilman, George F. Hoar, Hoke Smith, William C. Doane and Morris K. Jesup.

The Chairman announced the recent death of Dr. Curry, the General Agent of the Board; and upon request Dr. Gilman presented a memorial paper which, on motion of Judge Fenner, was made by the Trustees an expression of their sense of the services rendered by him, and of their loss and that of the country in his death. This paper, adopted by a rising vote of the distinguished body, was as follows:—

The Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund gratefully record their appreciation of the services of Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL.D., as General Agent of the Fund.

On the death of Dr. Barnas Sears, the wise originator of the methods adopted by this Board under Mr. Winthrop's guidance, Doctor Curry, in 1881, was unanimously appointed his successor. He had already acquired distinction as a soldier, a legislator, a minister of the Gospel, and a college-president, and his acquaintance with the leaders of public opinion and with the educational conditions of the Southern States, enabled him to enter upon the administrative responsibilities to which he was called with every assurance of success. These expectations were completely sustained. A few years later, at the suggestion of President Hayes, who was a member of the two boards,

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Doctor Curry was made the executive officer of the Slater Fund as well as of the Peabody, and in this double capacity he travelled widely and constantly in the South, visited colleges, normal schools, industrial schools, and common schools, attended educational conventions, and addressed not infrequently, and at their request, both houses of the legislature in many, if not all of the Southern States. He was also called upon in the Northern States to discuss those phases of education with which he was familiar.

Few of his contemporaries can be compared with Doctor Curry as an orator, so that it is doubtless due to him, in a large degree, that the present awakening of the South to the importance of public provision for education should be attributed. He was keenly alive to the responsibilities of his position, unwearied by the long journeys which they involved, conscious of radical differences of opinion among those whom he met, and undismayed by perplexities. His enthusiasm for education, his consideration for others, and his sincere desire to promote the welfare of all the people, enabled him to exert a profound and serviceable influence, which will never be forgotten.

Twice during his connection with this Board he was appointed by different administrations to represent the United States at the Spanish Court. With these exceptions his services were uninterrupted until a few months before his death, when his physical powers gave way. The Board provided for his relief from such duties as he was willing to throw off, yet his vigor had departed never to return. He was unable to attend the special meeting of the Board in January last, and he died near Asheville, N. C., February 12, 1903, in his seventy-eighth year. He was buried in Richmond, and at the funeral his colleagues in this Board were represented by the treasurer, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Mrs. Curry, who was then a great invalid, died a few weeks later.

It is not easy to sum up in a few sentences the characteristics of this remarkable man. His versatility is shown by

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EFFIGY OF CURRY IN STATUARY HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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the various positions to which he was called—the bar, the ministry, the legislature, the army, the Congress of the Confederate States, the Congress of the United States, the professorship of law, the administration of two educational trusts, the mission to Spain. It was twenty years after the outbreak of the Civil War when he entered upon his task as a promoter of peace and union by the agency of education; and during the twenty-two years that still remained to him of life, his other distinctions, if they did not vanish, were quite subordinate to that which came from his connection with this Fund. As an adviser to the Trustees, as the official visitor to the schools which were aided by the Board, as the authorized exponent and advocate of general education, as the eloquent and forcible speaker upon the public platform, he won the admiration and respect of his associates and colleagues. Other leaders will undoubtedly come forward, but the managers of this Trust will never fail to associate the names of Sears and Curry with those of Peabody and Winthrop. To these four men perpetual gratitude is due.

To justly appreciate the character of Curry, it should be remembered that he had not reached his prime when our great national drama, fate determined and fate driven, had passed from argument into war, and he, himself, caught in the grip of that same fate, with all his gentleness and tenderness, became of those whose "faith and truth on war's red touchstone rang true metal." In the strength of middle life and in the serene wisdom of old age, this fortunate man found himself living in another world, and with sufficient strength of heart, which is courage, to live in it and of it and for it, with a spirit unspoiled by hate or bitter memories, with a heart unfretted by regrets and with a purpose unshaken by any doubt. A great soul is needed to

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pass from one era to another in such fashion as this. The strand of every revolutionary epoch is lined with wrecks of pure and lovable men who had not the faith and courage to will to live and serve another time. Dr. Curry possessed this quality of courage in high degree. Indeed, for the first time he had sight of the possibility of an undivided country, rid of sectionalism and provincialism and hindering custom and tradition, conscious of its destiny, assured of its nationality, striving to fit itself for the work of a great nation in civilization. He had sight, too, of his own section, idealized, to him, by fortitude and woe, adjusting itself in dignity and suffering and power to the spirit of the modern world. What is there for a strong man to do?—we may fancy himself asking himself in the silence of his soul. There could be no bickerings for such men as him, no using of his great powers to find place for himself by nursing the feeling of hatred and revenge in the breasts of proud and passionate races. There could be no crude, racial scorn, no theatrical pettiness, no vain, fatuous blindness, or puerile obstinacy. "Not painlessly had God remoulded and cast anew the nation." The pain had indeed smitten his soul, but his eyes were clear enough to see God's great hand in the movements of society and to realize the glory of new-birth out of pain, and his desire was quickly aflame to be about the work that re-creates and sets in order. Like all sincere, unselfish men to whom life means helpfulness, he saw his task lying before him—like a sunlit road stretching straight before the traveler's feet. He was to walk in that path for all his remaining days. The quality of his mind, the sum of his gifts

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and graces, the ideals of contemporary civilization suggested political preferment, but no consideration of self or fortune could swerve him from his course. There dwelt in him a leonine quality of combat and struggle, a delight of contest, a rising of all his powers to opposition that had only one master in his soul, and that master was the Christian instinct for service. He was once heard to declare to a great audience that it was the proudest duty of the South to accomplish the education of every child in its borders—high or low, bond or free, black or white. The only response to his appeal was silence. He shouted, "I will make you applaud that sentiment." With strident voice and shaking of the head, after the manner of the oratory of the olden time, he pleaded for human freedom. He pictured to his audience the ruin that may be wrought by hate, and the beauty of justice and sympathy until he awakened in them the god of justice and gentleness that lies sleeping in the human heart, and the applause rolled up to him in a storm.

Over at Lexington, by the quiet flowing river, and the simple hills, Robert E. Lee saw the same vision, because there dwelt in him, too, the same simplicity, sincerity and unselfishness. The philosophic student of our national story will one day appraise and relate how much it meant to that story that the vision of Lee was not disturbed nor distorted by dreams or fancies that in all ages have beset the brain of the hero of the people. This quiet man at Lexington had led mighty armies to victory, and had looked defeat and ruin in the face with epic fortitude. He had stood the supreme figure amid the fierce joys and shoutings of a mighty day. His name rang

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around the world foremost in the fellowship of the heroes of the English race; but the vision that appeared to Lee, the conqueror and warrior, was the same that appeared to Curry, the scholar and student and orator. It was a vision of many millions of childhood standing impoverished and untaught amid new duties, new occasions, new needs, new worlds of endeavor, appealing with outstretched hands to the grown-up strength of their generation, to know why they should not have a country to love, an age to serve, a work to do, and a training for that work. Alien to this new generation were the subtleties of divided sovereignty, or the responsibility for the presence of the African in our life, and strange to their eyes and ears the fading fires and retreating noises of battle and of war. The vision was life—unconquered, tumultuous, beautiful, wholesome, regenerative young life—asking a chance of its elders to live worthily in its world and time. The elders had had their day, and had had acquaintance with achievement and sadness and defeat, but here stood undefeated youth, coming on as comes on a fresh wave of the sea, with sunlight in its crest, to take the place of its fellow just dashed against the shore. "Life is greater than any theory! We ask the right to live!" said this vision.

Lee and Curry saw this vision, and thousands of like souls followed their leading and found their tasks and were happy with their work lying before them and their hearts asking no other blessedness. Let all Americans be grateful to the God of nations that He had us enough in His care to choose for us such leaders as these, "whose strength was as the strength of ten, because their hearts were pure." Lee gave

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his great example and a few years of noble service to the nation, and passed, like Arthur, "while the new sun arose upon a new day." A happier fortune befell Curry. There was left to him over two decades of time in which to strive for the realization of his dreams and the fulfillment of his plans.

Our democracy, with its amazing record of achievement in the subduing of the continent, has nothing finer to show than the example of these two men in a time of great passion and headiness, save perhaps the example of another American. Away off in Massachusetts—that great commonwealth from which the nation has learned so much of order and moral persistence—a private citizen—George Peabody—was bethinking himself of his country, bleeding from the red stripes of the Civil War, and wondering what he could do to heal its wounds. It is just to hail him as the pioneer of that splendid army of "volunteer statesmen" of whom our democracy can boast, who do not hesitate to undertake any work for their country's good. It did not matter to him that the States of the South had stood to him for four years as the enemy's country. What he saw was youth, which the nation needed for its health, springing up untrained and sorely burdened—the sons of brave men, men who knew how to die for an idea, and who did not know how to compromise. What he did was to rise clearly above all small passions and to pour his great fortune into those stricken states for the benefit alike of the former master and of him who had been a slave. Lee, Peabody, Curry! We will do well never to tire of mentioning their names! An industrial democracy, threatened constantly with vulgarity and coarse strength, will have

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increasing need of the example of their noble calmness and patient idealism.

The task that confronted Curry, in its larger lines, was to democratize the point of view of an aristocratic society, to renationalize its impulses and aspirations, to preach the gospel of national unity to both sections, to stimulate the habit of community effort for public ends, to enrich the concept of civic virtue, to exemplify the ideal of social service to young men, and to set the public school, in its proper correlation to all other educational agencies, in the front of the public mind, as a chief concern of constructive statesmanship. His task, in its more technical aspects, was to reveal the public school as it should be, actually at work in a democratic society, with all of its necessities—trained and cultured teachers, varied curricula appealing to hand and eye and mind, industrial training, beautiful surroundings, nourished by public pride and strengthened by public confidence. The first ten years of his work were years of battle for the development of public opinion; and it was to be a great struggle, for many heresies were afield. He was told by those who sat in high places that public schools were godless, and that the State had no right to tax one man to educate another man's child; that it was dangerous to educate the masses, and that the educated negro or poor white meant a spoiled laborer, and many other musty things dear to the heart of the conscientious doctrinaire. His reply to all this was: "Ignorance is no remedy for anything. If the state has a right to live at all, it has a right to educate. Education is a great national investment."

And so, that solemn, majestic thing, called public

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opinion, got born, and a few men as earnest as death became somehow what we call a movement, and the movement, led by this splendid figure, wherein was blended the grace and charm of the old time with the vigor and freedom of the new, became, as has been said, a new crusade, and young scholars had their imaginations touched by it and their creative instincts awakened by it, and the preachers saw their way clear to push it along, and the politicians, ever sensitive to the lightest wind of popular desire, felt its stirrings in the air. Above it all, and energizing it all, stood this strong, gifted, earnest man, to whom was granted the ultimate felicity of beholding that supremest good of life, a creative work well done and bearing fruit.

In every one of the Southern States to-day there is a public system of schools growing yearly more complete upon which the South as a whole is expending something over forty per cent of all its public revenues. To bring this to pass, a war-stricken region has expended vast sums of money and organized education on a comprehensive and logical basis. When Curry undertook his mission in 1881 the total school revenue of the South amounted to six millions of dollars. In the year 1910 the expenditure will approximate thirty-eight millions. Normal and industrial schools for both races, sustained by general and local taxation, exist in every state. Thirty great institutions of higher learning have been revived and established. The proportion of Southern boys studying technological subjects has increased tenfold since 1873. Practically all cities and towns of three thousand population maintain a school system from which boys and girls may pass into

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college. Agriculture as a science, intensive and skilful tilling of the soil, and the elevation of rural life have become the program of practical statesmanship. And greater than all these details, a generous and triumphant public sentiment has been aroused that will make these performances seem feeble in another decade.

The chief work then of this noble life, if such a life can be thus summed up, was to develop an irresistible public opinion in a democracy for the accomplishment of permanent public ends. Through such work as his, in one generation of grim purpose and intellectual audacity, the South has lost its economic distinctness and has become a part of American life and American destiny. Men may forget the oratory, the diplomacy, the intellectual vigor, the gracious, compelling charm of Curry the man, but they will not forget the zeal, the self-surrender of Curry the social reformer and civic patriot; and when the final roll shall be called of the great sons of the South, and of the nation, who served society well when service was most needed, it may well be believed that no answer will ring out clearer and higher and sweeter in that larger air than the "*Adsum*" of J. L. M. Curry. It speaks well for the farsightedness and wisdom of the State of Alabama, for whose land and people he retained a tender loyalty, and whose citizenship he adorned, that that great commonwealth has placed in one of the niches reserved for it in the national capitol a marble statue of this son of hers containing this brief summary of his life and career,—"Educator, orator, diplomat, patriot." The fine discrimination of the act of Alabama in thus nobly perpetuating the memory of Curry lies not

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so much in the recognition of his varied general public services as in the enduring emphasis placed upon the fact that a man may be a statesman or a hero, as well by service to childhood and ideals of human training, as by subtlety in argument or bold courage in war. The fame of Curry is secure, for it is the persistent fame of the teacher and the reformer.

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SOCIETIES OF WHICH DR. CURRY WAS A MEMBER

1. Phi Sigma Society of University of Mississippi.
2. Virginia Historical Society; Member of Executive Committee.
3. Alabama Historical Society.
4. Southern Historical Association; President.
5. Southern History Association; President.
6. American History Association.
7. Virginia Baptist Historical Society.
8. Massachusetts Historical Society: Corresponding Member.
9. Southern Club of Harvard University.
10. American Society for Extension of University Training: Member of Council of Twenty.
11. Evangelical Alliance of the United States.
12. American Colonization Society.
13. Phi Beta Kappa Society of William and Mary Col-College.
14. Northwest Literary and Historical Society.
15. Curry Literary Society of Winthrop Normal and Industrial College, S. C.
16. Royal Order of Charles III: Spanish Decoration: conferred May 16, 1902.

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LEGISLATURES ADDRESSED

1881: March 8: Texas.
March 18: Tennessee.
August 5: Georgia.
1882: January 27: South Carolina.
. . . . . : West Virginia.
February 1: Mississippi.

Between Oct. 5, 1881, and Oct. 4, 1882, the Legislatures of Georgia and Texas were also addressed. — See *Proceedings* of the Peabody Fund, page 63 of Vol. III.

1883: January 19: North Carolina.
January 26: Arkansas.
February 9: Tennessee.
February 20: Florida.

Between October 4, 1882, and October 3, 1883, the Legislature of Alabama was also addressed.—See Peabody Fund *Proceedings*, Vol. III, page 123.

1884: January 10: Virginia.
January 21: Mississippi.
January 25: Kentucky.
February 4: U. S. House Committee, on Federal Aid.
February 11: Joint Committee of Virginia Legislature, in favor of a Normal School.
May 20: Louisiana.
December 3: South Carolina.
1885: January 12: North Carolina.
January 16: Arkansas.
February 3: Florida.
February 6: Alabama.
February 10: Tennessee.
1888: December 13: Georgia.
1889: January 18: South Carolina.
January 24: Arkansas.
February 1: Alabama.
1890: May 20: Louisiana.
December 9: South Carolina.

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1891: January 21: North Carolina.
1892: February 4: Virginia.
1893: February 7: Tennessee.
February 8: Arkansas.
February 10: Texas.
October 31: Georgia.
1894: January 17: Mississippi.
February 10: Virginia House Finance Committee, by request, favoring Normals.
May 16: Louisiana.
December 13: South Carolina.
1896: February 26: Mississippi.
December 2: Alabama.
1897: January 25: North Carolina.
March 5: Arkansas.
March 8: Texas.
April 29: Florida.
November 29: Georgia.
1898: January 17: Mississippi.
March 4: Alabama House and Senate Committees on Public Lands, favoring appropriations for Normals.
March 7: Ditto.
1899: November 24: Georgia House of Representatives.
1900: February 7: South Carolina.
November 22: Alabama.
November 23: Georgia.

It is not certain that the above is a full list: for the records of several years are more or less incomplete.

In the majority of cases, these addresses were made at the invitation of the legislatures, and were recognized by a vote of thanks. Several times printed copies were ordered; once or twice a copy was requested for transcription upon the minute book of the assembly.

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INDEX

Abolitionists, 68, 69, 71, 118.
Adams, Charles Francis, 96.
Adams, Gen. Wirt, 186.
Adee, 312.
Alabama,
  Constitution of, 30, 31.
  Statehood of, 31.
  Slavery in, 31.
  Meaning of, 34.
  Immigration to, 37, 38.
  Land speculation in, 37.
  Early settlers of, 38.
  Religion in, 39.
  Political creed of, 40.
  Political candidates in, 43, 44.
  Political situation in, 44.
  Establishment of University of, 45.
  Establishment of public schools in, 76.
  Capitol of, 92.
  House of Representatives of, 92.
  Platform of, 94.
  Representatives of, 115.
  Senators of, 115.
  Secession of, 148, 151.
Alamo, 70, 85.
Alderman, Edwin A., 357.
Andrews, Garnett, 20.
Arbitration, international, 349.
Armstrong, Gen. S. C., 277, 285.
Arnold, Matthew, 276, 385, 386.

Baldwin, Joseph G., 6, 7.
Baldwin, W. H., 357.
Bancroft, Geo., 276.
Barnwell, Robert W., 154.
Battle at Selma, 187.
"Battle Hymn of the Republic," 142.
Bayard, Thomas F., 407.
Beauregard, Gen., 181, 182, 213.
Bell, 111.
Benjamin, Judah P., 395, 401, 402, 403.
Benton, Jessie, 134.
Benton, Thomas H., 79.
Bernard, Henry, 75.
Bocock, Thomas S., 136, 164, 407.
Bonham, Milledge L., 22.
Bowden, William P., 84.
Bowdon, Franklin W., 83.
Bowie, Andrew W., 84.
Bowie, Ann Alexander, 98.
Bowie, James, 21.
Bowie, Judge Alexander, 98.
Boyce, J. P., 403.
Boyce, W. W., 22.
Black Belt, 37.
Blaine, James G., death of, 339.
Blair, Francis P., 127.
Blair Bill, 329, 330, 331, 332.
Blakely, 37.
Breckinridge, 112, 114, 140.
Bright, John, 386, 389.
Broadus, Dr. J. A., 227, 403, 406, 407.
Brooks, 406.
Brown, John, 118, 131, 132.
Brownlow, Col., 181.
Bryce, 386, 390, 391.
Buchanan, 112, 114, 407.
Bureau of Education, 273.
Burlingame, Anson, 66.
Burrows, Dr. J. L., 226, 231, 403.
Butler, Wm. Orlando, 92, 97.
Buttrick, Wallace, 357, 374, 375.

Calhoun, John C., 9, 21, 40, 69, 70, 78, 79, 91, 92, 104, 151, 351–354.
Cameron, Col. Wm. E., 245.
Camp Meetings, 105.
Canovas, 301, 313.
Caperton, Senator, 213.
Capon Springs Conference, 356.
Cartersville, 176.
Cary sisters, 143.
Cass, Lewis, 97.
Castelar, 301, 311, 312, 313.
Chamberlain, Hon. Joseph, 340.
Cherry Hill, 24.

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Chilton, William P., 154, 161, 191.
Clabaugh, Samuel, 11.
Clay, Clement C., Jr., 115.
Cleburne, General Pat, 383, 384.
Cleveland, President, 284, 327, 328, 407.
Clopton, David, 152.
Cobb, Howell, 154, 395, 399, 401.
Cobb, Thomas Reade Rootes, 154.
Cobb, Williamson R. W., 115.
Cockrell, General, 383, 384.
Co-education, Curry's opinion of, 43.
Coleman, Dr., 239.
Colfax, Schuyler, 137.
Colquitt, Senator W. T., 80.
Common school system, 223, 224, 282.
Common Schools, 361.
Compromise Measures, 102.
Confederacy, 92,
  Congress of, 156, 158, 159, 160.
  Admits Missouri and Kentucky, 160.
  Legislation of Congress of, 164.
  Character of members of Congress of, 166.
  Depreciation of currency of, 164, 169.
  Constitution of, 165, 166.
Constitution, Federal, 92.
Constructionists, 92, 93.
Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, 126.
Convention,
  Huntsville, 29, 30.
  National Democratic, 112.
  Of seceding states, 154.
Coosa River, 40.
Coosa Valley, 35, 38.
Cotton-gin, 37.
Cox, Samuel S., "Sunset," 116.
Crabb, Geo. W., 44.
Crawford, William H., 20.
Crockett, 85.
Crookes, Dr., 229, 230.
Cruikshanks, Marcus, 168.
Crysler, Gen., 190.
Cuba, 356.
Cuban claims, 307.
Cunningham, Dr. C. G., 84.
Curry, Jabez Lamar Monroe,
  Birth of, 3.
  Naming of, 3, 4.
Curry, Jabez Lamar Monroe,
  Boyhood of, 4.
  Parents of, 8.
  Americanism of, 9, 66, 351, 431, 432.
  Earliest recollections of, 10.
  Death of mother of, 10.
  Step-mother of, 10, 11.
  Early Education of, 15–16.
  School-boy pranks of, 16.
  First departure from home of, 18.
  Later education of, 18, 21.
  College life of, 45, 47, 48.
  Early teaching days of, 49.
  Classmates of, 50, 51.
  Friends and acquaintances of, 54, 55.
  Sees himself in print, 56.
  Political experiences of, 56, 57.
  Acquaintance with ladies, 57, 58.
  Further education of, 58–60.
  Enters Harvard Law School, 64.
  Classmates at Harvard of, 66.
  Intellectual atmosphere during young manhood of, 67, 68.
  Letters of, 72, 73.
  Political leaders in youth of, 71, 72, 73.
  Recollections of Webster of, 72, 73.
  Writes letters for publication, 74.
  Enlists, 75.
  Leader in movement for popular education, 75, 76.
  Personal appearance of, 77.
  Receives degree of Bachelor of Laws, 77.
  Visits Washington and the Senate, 78.
  Witnesses inauguration of Polk and Dallas, 79.
  Harvard's effect on, 80.
  Reads law, 82, 88.
  Attempts to serve in Mexican War, 84, 85.
  Admitted to bar, 86.
  Abandons practise and tries farming, 86.
  Enters politics, 87, 88, 89.
  Remarkable letter by, 89, 90.
  Elected to legislature, 92.
  Chairman of important committee, 94.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Curry, Jabez Lamar Monroe,
Introduces bill, 95.
Marriage of, 98.
Children of, 98.
Buys brother's farm, 104.
Resumes law practise, 104.
Moves to Marion, 104.
Hospitality of, 104, 105.
As railroad agent, 105.
Re-elected to legislature, 105.
Chairman of committees, 105.
Obtains passage of bill for geological survey, 107.
Death of father, 108.
Opposes Know-Nothings, 109, 110.
Re-elected to House of Representatives, 110.
Eloquence of, 111.
Delegate to State Democratic convention, 112.
Popularity of, 113.
Writes for papers, 113.
Elected to Congress, 115.
Moves to Washington, 115.
Favors armory in Shelby county, 116.
Speaks on Kansas question, 117.
As secessionist, 119, 120, 121.
Opposes pensions for soldiers of 1812, 123, 124, 125.
Hears Patti sing, 124.
Opposes publication of Congressional debates, 127.
Temper of the times, 131, 132, 133.
On the Committee of Naval affairs, 137.
Asked to defend President Buchanan, 137.
As "Watchdog of the Treasury," 137, 138.
Enters presidential canvass, 145.
Advocates secession, 145.
Withdraws from House, 152.
Offers Longstreet's services, 157.
Visits Manassas battlefield, 159.
Meets Gen. Johnston and Gen. Beauregard, 159.
Opposes admission of Missouri and Kentucky into Confederacy, 160.
Candidate for re-election, 168.
Defeated, 168.

Curry, Jabez Lamar Monroe,
Turns to war, 171.
Visits Chickamauga battle-field, 171.
Final term in House, 173, 174.
Appointed Commissioner, 175.
Religious spirit of, 175.
Serves on Gen. Johnston's staff, 176.
Joins Gen. Wheeler, 179.
Military experience of, 179, 180, 181.
Aide to Gen. Roddy, 181.
Promoted to rank of Lt. Colonel, 182.
Ordered back from Rogersville, 184.
Life saved by *New York Tribune*, 186.
Bill filed against, 191.
Receives pardon, 192.
Elected college president, 195.
Death of wife of, 189.
Captures Federal soldier, 190.
Surrenders, 190.
Arrested, 190.
Paroled, 190.
Moves to Marion, 195.
Ordained to ministry, 195.
Religious history of, 196, 197, 198.
As a preacher, 199, 200, 201, 208, 212, 213, 215.
Favors education of negroes, 201.
Diary entries, 202, 203, 204.
Second marriage, 206.
Sails to Europe, 206.
Opposes Reconstruction Constitution, 208.
Resigns college presidency, 209.
Accepts professorship in Richmond College, 213.
Declines pastorships, 215.
Meets Geo. Peabody, 221.
Declines three college presidencies, 224.
Declines professorships, 224, 225.
Attacks Church of England, 229, 230.
Restored to full citizenship, 237.
Offered Cabinet position, 238.
Visits old home, 240, 241.
Declines political appointments, 248.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Curry, Jabez Lamar Monroe,
Elected agent of Peabody Fund, 249.
Resigns from Richmond College, 251.
Work for schools, 254–278.
Reports on Peabody Fund, 261, 262.
Minister to Spain, 260, 280.
Resigns as agent of Peabody Fund, 281.
Visits Lowell, 293.
Arrives in Madrid, 295.
Attends King's funeral, 298.
Received by Queen as Minister, 299.
Social life of, 300, 301, 302.
Attends baby King's baptism, 304, 305.
Negotiates commercial treaty, 305, 306.
Bayard's praise of, 309.
Attends sessions of Spanish Congress, 310.
Correspondents of, 315.
Resigns as Minister to Spain, 317.
Works for Blair Bill, 320.
As Peabody Fund agent, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328.
Ill health of, 328, 329.
Elected manager of Slater Fund, 333.
Elected Honorary Member of Peabody Board, 337.
Friendship of Hayes for, 338, 339.
Literary work of, 341, 342, 343, 344.
Sails for Europe, 344.
Visits Greece, 345–346.
Meets Goldwin Smith, 348.
Member of Arbitration Committee, 349.
Re-elected agent for Peabody Fund, 350.
Visits Naples, 353.
Visits Egypt, 355.
Visits Rome and Monte Carlo, 356.
Calls on President McKinley, 356.
Elected President educational conference, 356.
Curry, Jabez Lamar Monroe,
As Director of Southern Education Board, 356.
Failing health of, 359.
Entertains National University Committee, 361.
Continued work for education, 362, 363, 364.
Achievements as Peabody agent, 364, 365.
Elected to Phi Beta Kappa Society, 367.
Confers with President Roosevelt, 367.
Appointed Special Envoy to Spain, 367.
Consults Dr. Osler, 368.
Calls on Eulalia and Queen Isabel, 368.
Spain's reception of, 368, 369.
Receives decoration of Royal Order, 371.
Re-elected General Agent, 375.
Estimate of Porter, 376.
Addresses Peabody Normal College, 377.
Physical suffering of, 379.
Death of, 380.
Burial, 380.
Admiration of Calhoun, 382, 383.
Hears Matthew Arnold, 386.
Dines with Dean Stanley, 386, 387.
Breakfasts with Beresford Hope, 387, 388.
Visits House of Commons, 388.
Hears Parnell and Dillon, 389.
Hears John Bright, 389.
Dines with Phelps, 389.
Interview with Gladstone, 390.
Hears Spurgeon, 391, 392, 393, 394.
Hears Prentiss, 398.
As representative in U. S. Congress, 401.
Present at Davis' inauguration, 403.
Pall-bearer at Johnston's funeral, 409.
Educational theories of, 411–429.
Religious faith, 433.
As an educator, 433.
As a diplomatist, 434.
As an author, 435.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Curry, Jabez Lamar Monroe,
As an orator, 435, 438, 439.
Social relations of, 436, 437.
Memorial paper on death of, 441, 442, 443.
Character of, 443–448.
Statue of, 450.
Curry, Mrs. J. L. M., characteristics of, 163.
Curry, Mrs. J. L. M. (2nd),
As Sunday school teacher, 221.
Social life of, 302, 304.
Visits Europe, 340.
Receives letter from Spanish princess, 366.
Visits Eulalia and Queen Isabel, 368.
Death of, 380.
Curry, Jackson,
Matriculation of, 45.
Joins Phi Kappa Society, 47.
Graduation of, 58.
Curry, Jackson C., 9, 10.
Curry, Jackson Thomas, 98.
Curry, James A., 11.
Curry, Manly Bowie, 99, 195, 309.
Curry, Mark Shipp, 11.
Curry, Susan Lamar, 99.
Curry, Susie, 195.
Curry, Thomas, 11.
Curry, Walker, 11.
Curry, William, 8, 11, 12, 13, 26,
Sells "Dark Corner" home and buys in Alabama, 29, 30.
Migration of, 32, 33.
New home of, 33, 34, 38.
Business of, 40, 41.
Curry Memorial School, 374.
Currys, origin of, 8.
Curtis, Benjamin R., 132.
Cutting, Dr. S. S., 227.

Dabney, Charles W., 357.
Dallas, 71, 79.
Dane Law School of Harvard, 61, 64.
Daniel, Major John W., 245.
Dark Corner, The, 1, 2, 3; inhabitants of, 2, 3,
Homes, 15.
Schools, schoolhouses and schoolmasters, 15, 16, 17, 18.
Davis, Henry Winter, 407.
Davis, Jefferson,
Elected president of confederacy, 154.
Takes oath of office, 155.
Inaugural address, 155, 156.
Inauguration of, 162.
Cabinet appointments of, 162.
Trial of, 216–218.
Davis, Dr. Noah K., 49.
Davis, Reuben, 7, 85.
Dawes, Henry L., 116.
Dawn of War, 141, 142.
Dayton, Wm. L., 114.
"Debt-payers," 246.
Democracy, 56, 57.
Demopolis, 39.
Dix, Dorothea, 96.
Doane, Bishop Wm. Croswell, 376.
Donelson, Andrew Jackson, 114.
Dooley, Judge John M., 13.
Double Branches, 25.
Douglass, Frederick, 74, 118.
Dow, Lorenzo, 39.
Dowdell, James F., 115.
Dred Scott case, 114, 132.
Duane, 84.
Dudley, Bishop, 356.
Duke of Almodovar, 368.

Early, Gen. Jubal A., 228, 408.
Easter in Greece, 345, 346, 347.
Eaton, Gen., 273.
Echols, Gen., 213.
Electoral Commission, 234, 235, 236, 237.
Ellis, Harvey W., 44.
English, development of, 49, 50.
Evans, Augusta, 149.
Evarts, William M., 407.
Evarts, Wm. H., 377.
Everett, 111.
Ezekiel, Moses, 239, 240.

Faneuil Hall, 69.
Fearn, Thomas, 154.
"Fiat money," 29.
Fillmore, Millard, 97, 114.
Finn, Daniel W., 25, 42.
Fitzpatrick, Benjamin, 115.
Fleming, Joel, 15.
Fleming, Robert, 13.
"Flush Times of Mississippi and Alabama," 29.
Foote, Henry S., 164.

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Forrest, Gen., 186, 187, 188.
Fort Mims, 35.
Fort Sumter fired on, 153.
Franklin College, 45,
  Curriculum of, 48, 49.
Fraser, Dr., 375.
Frayser, mischief of, 19.
Free Schools, 257, 258, 260, 233, 268, 273, 275, 286.
Free Soilers, 96.
  Platform of, 96.
Freedman's Bureau, 191, 193, 424.
Fremont, John C., 134.
Frizzell, Hollis B., 357.
Frothingham, 91, 120.
Fugitive Slave Law, 102.
Fuller, Chief Justice, 377.
Fuller, Dr., 212.
Fuller, Richard, 403, 404, 405, 406.

Garnett, 164.
Garrison, William Lloyd, 68, 69, 74, 91, 120.
Gates, Frederick T., 374.
General Education Board, 373, 374, 375.
General Education Fund, 377.
Georgia, 38.
"Georgia Scenes" by Judge Longstreet, 2, 21.
Gholson, Samuel J., 6.
Gilman, Dr., 363, 376.
Gladstone, 386, 390, 391.
Gordon, John B., 148.
Government and state of society in Curry's youth, 5–7.
Grant, 407.
Greece, Easter in, 345, 346, 347.
Green, Dr. S. A., 284, 323.
Green, Wm., 223.
Greeley, Horace, 122, 385.
Green Bag, 65.
Greenbrier White, 227.
Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, 213.
Greenleaf, Simon, 64, 65, 66.
Griffin, Col., 114.

Hale, Stephen F., 154.
Halyburton, Judge, 223.
Hamlin, Hannibal, 143.
Hampton Institute, 277, 285, 286, 425.
Handspiker, Stephen, 13.
Harcourt, Sir William Vernon, 388.
Harris, Dr., 22.
Harris, H. H., 380.
Hatcher, Dr., 212.
Hayes, Rutherford B., 66, 407,
  Attitude toward presidential campaign of 1877, 76, 77.
  Visits negro cabin, 338.
  Death of, 339.
Haygood, Bishop, 333.
Haywood, Wm. Henry, 79.
Helper, Hinton R., 132.
Hemphill, John, 154.
Hendricks, Thomas A., 296.
Henley, M., 13.
Henry, Patrick, 40.
Heroes of Mexican War, 95.
Hill, Benjamin Harvey, 51, 154, 395, 396.
Hillard, George Stillman, 73.
Hoar, 376, 377.
Hoge, Moses D., 403.
Hollywood, 380.
Hood, Gen., 177, 178, 181, 182.
Hooker, Joe, 408.
Hope, Beresford, 386, 387, 388.
Hope, Lady, 388.
Horseshoe Bend, 35.
Houston, Geo. S., 115, 152.
Houston, Sam, 14, 85.
Howard College, 195.
Howe, Julia Ward, 142.

"Impending Crisis," 132, 136.
Indian depredations, 215.
Indians, 34, 35, 36.
Isabel Point, 84.

Jack, Susan, 98.
Jackson, Gen. Andrew, 35.
Jackson, Henry R., 55.
Jackson, "Stonewall," 384, 385.
Jefferson, Thomas, 40, 50, 274.
Jesup, Morris K., 376.
Jeter, Dr. J. B., 227, 380, 403, 404.
Johnston, Gen., 176–178, 408, 409.
Jones, Dr. T. G., 406.
Judson Female Institute, 195.

Kansas-Nebraska Bill, 112.
Kansas Question, 119.
Kelly, Gen., 181.
Kelly's Springs, 29, 32,
  Indians of, 35, 36.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Kentucky passes bill improving school system, 276.
Khedive, 355.
King, Wm. R., 93.
King of Spain, birth of, 302, 303; baptism of, 303, 304, 305.
Know-Nothing Party, 108,
Platform of, 110.
Waning of, 111.
Knox, William W., 83.

Lamar, Captain John, 13.
Lamar, Lafayette, 18,
Marriage of sister of, 19.
Vandalism, 19.
Death of, 50.
Academic honors of, 59.
Lamar, Lucius Quintus Curtius, 14, 115.
Lamar, Mirabeau B., 14.
Lamar, Peter, 13, 19.
Land, Government, Speculation in, 36, 37.
Lane, 140.
Langdon, Hon. C. C., 111.
Le Conte, Joseph,
Letter of, 51, 52.
Birth of, 53.
Death of, 53.
Career of, 53, 395.
Lee, Gen. Robert E., 188, 213, 214, 223, 409, 445.
Letcher, Gov., 213, 228.
Lewis, David P., 154.
Lewis, Dixon H., 78.
Lewis, Dixon M., 92, 93,
Chosen for U. S. Senate, 93.
"Liberator," 69, 120.
Lincoln, Abraham, 143, 153.
Lincoln, Benjamin, 1.
Lincoln County, 1, 2,
Moral fibre of, 12, 13.
Religious influences, 14.
Religious liberality, 26.
Politics of, 26.
Lincolnton, 1, 18, 19, 20.
Linton, 395, 397.
Little River, 1.
Lockhart, B., 13.
Lockhart, John, 13.
London, A Sunday in, 392, 393, 394.
Longstreet, Judge, 2, 21.
Longstreet, Major James, 157.
Lovejoy, Owen, 91, 116.
Lumpkin, Judge Joseph H., 20.

Mahone, Gen. Wm., 245, 246.
Mann, Horace, 17, 74, 75.
Manly, Basil, 403.
Manly, Sr., 406.
Mardisville, Ala., 36.
Marengo County, 39.
Marion, 195, 201.
Marquis of Villalobar, 368, 369.
Marshall, 40.
"Maryland, my Maryland," 143.
Mason, James Murray, 102.
Maury, Commodore, 213.
Mayo, Rev. A. D., 268.
McCrae, Colin J., 154.
McCulloch, Ben, 85.
McDuffie, Geo., 21, 24, 79.
McIntosh, 201.
McIver, Charles D., 351.
McKerley, Rev., 18.
McKinley, President, 356.
Meek, Alexander B., 106.
Meek, Judge, 76.
Meminger, Charles G., 154.
Memorial Campaign, 225, 226, 227.
Mercer University, 208.
Meteoric Shower, 18.
Mexican War, Heroes of, 95.
Miller, Andrew, 21.
Mims, Fort, 35.
Minister of Foreign Affairs, 368.
Mississippi River, 35, 37.
Mississippi State, 37.
Missouri Compromise, 101.
Mitchell, Thomas, 13.
Mobile, 37.
Montgomery (city), 37, 83, 92.
Montgomery, James, 84.
Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, 227.
Moore, Andrew B., 201.
Moore, Sydenham, 115, 152.
Morehead, Mrs., 375.
Moret, 307, 308, 309, 311, 313.
Morgan, J. Pierpont, 284, 375, 376.
Morley, 388.
Mosby, Colonel John S., 383, 384.
Murphy, Edgar Gardner, 357, 358.
Murray, Hon. Thomas W., 11, 13.

Nashville Normal School, 259, 260, 264, 265, 282.

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National University Committee, 361.
Negro,
Education of, 267, 268, 270, 274, 282, 285, 286, 334, 335, 336, 337, 363, 423–427, 437, 445.
Evils of superstitions of, 28.
New England, 38.
New Hope battle, 383, 384.
Normal Schools, 263, 264.
North Carolina, 38.
Nullification, 94, 151.

O'Conor, Chas., 216.
Ogden, Robert C., 356, 359, 360, 361.
Orators, 72, 73.
Orr, James L., 116.
Osler, Wm., 368.

Page, Walter H., 357.
Park, Edward Amasa, 73.
Parnell, Charles Stewart, 386.
Parsons, Lewis E., 109.
Patterson, Col. Josiah, 182, 185.
Patti, Adelina, 124, 125.
Payne, Dr. Wm. H., 260, 322, 325, 326.
Peabody, George, 204, 221, 222, 248, 281, 357, 447.
Peabody Board of Trustees, 261, 275, 276, 277, 281, 283, 284, 285–291, 326, 327, 350, 376.
Peabody Fund, 204, 221, 248, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 261, 266, 267, 270, 272, 275, 277, 282, 283, 284, 320–328, 357, 362, 364, 377, 440.
Peabody Normal College, 376, 377, 378.
Peabody Trustees Memorial, 441, 442, 443.
Pennington, Wm., 136, 137.
Pension Bill, 123, 124, 125.
Perry, Wm. F., 106.
Petigru, James Lewis, 21.
Philippines, 356.
Phillips, Wendell, 68, 69, 71, 91, 120, 398.
Pickens, Gov., 213.
Pierce, George, 406.
Plumer, W. S., 403, 404.
Political conditions, 90, 91.
Political storm gathering, 70, 71.
Political tension, 133, 134, 135, 136.
Polk, President James K., 71, 79, 92.
Polk, General Leonidas, 383, 384.
Porter, Governor, 375, 376.
Porter, Hon. James D., 260.
Porto Rico, 356.
Prentiss, Sergeant S., 395, 398, 399.
Presidential election of 1876, 234, 235.
Preston, 164.
Price, Prof. Thomas R., 49.
Pugh, James L., 152.
Pushmatahaw, story of, 5–7.

Quincy, Josiah, 66.
Quitman, Gen. John A., 95.

"Race Conference," 363.
Railroad, transcontinental, 95.
Rampolla, Cardinal, 298.
Randall, James Ryder, 143.
Rantoul, Robert, Jr., 74.
Raymond, 201.
Readjuster Party, 245.
Reconstruction, 193.
Reconstruction State Constitution, 208.
Remsen, David H., 11, 45, 47.
Remsen, Mrs. Mary, 11.
Republican platform of 1860, 143, 144.
Rice, Samuel W., 82.
Richmond, 158.
Richmond College, 380.
Richmond College Law School, 223.
Riddleberger, 246.
Rives, William C., 164.
Rockefeller, John D., 373, 374, 375.
Roddy, Gen., 181, 182, 184.
Roger, Henry D., 107.
Rogers, Wm. Barton, 107.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 8, 407.
Rose, Wyckliffe, 359.
Ruffner, Dr. Wm. H., 230, 277, 286.

Salisbury, 388.
Samson, Dr., 123.
San Jacinto, 85.
Sands, A. H., 161.
Savannah River, 1.
Schaff, Philip, 403.
School law, 105, 106.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Sears, Dr. Barnas, 221, 222, 223, 227, 241, 242, 249, 254, 255, 256, 261, 364, 376.
Secession, 69, 70, 119, 120, 121, 122, 150, 151.
Seismographs, 52.
Selma, 37, 187.
Semmes, Raphael, 157.
Semmes, Thomas J., 66.
Seven Days' Battles, 163.
Shaler, Nathaniel S., Theory of, 8.
Shaw, Albert, 357.
Sherman, Gen. John, 136, 177, 178, 407, 408, 409.
Shields, James, 95.
"Shin-plaster," 29, 37.
Shorter, John Gill, 154.
Siamese Twins, 24.
Sickles, 368.
Simmons, Sterne, 13.
Simpkins, R., 368, 369, 375.
Slater, Eli S., 115.
"Slater Fund," 268, 269, 270, 271, 325, 332, 333, 334, 362, 377.
Slater, John F., 268, 269, 271.
Slater Trustees, 337.
Slavery, 44, 68, 69, 70, 88, 91, 100, 114, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 131, 132, 133, 138, 144.
Smith, Dr. C. A., 374.
Smith, Goldwin, 348.
Smith, Hoke, 376.
Smith, R. H., 154.
South Carolina, 38, 147.
Southern Convention, 103.
Southern depression, 169, 170.
Southern Education, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449.
Southern Education Board, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 374.
Southern Education Conference, 363.
Southern Historical Society, 227, 228.
Southern loyalty, 157, 158.
Spanish Congress, 310, 311, 312, 313.
Spanish War, 352.
Spurgeon, 386, 391, 392, 393, 394, 406.
"Squatter Sovereignty," 112.
Stallworth, James A., 115, 152.
Stanley, Dean, 386, 387.
Staples, 164.
"State Aid," 106.
Stearns, Dr., 260, 325.
Stephen, 388.
Stephens, Alexander H., 53, 154, 162, 213, 395, 396, 397.
Stephens, Linton, 53, 59, 61.
St. Stephens, 37.
Stevenson, Andrew, 92.
Story, Joseph, 64, 65, 66.
Stovall, J., 13.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 132.
Strobel, E. H., 307.
Stuart, Alexander H. H., 213.
Stump-speaking, 43, 44.
Sumter, Fort, Firing on of, 153.
Survey, geological, 107.

Tait, Archbishop, 386.
Talladega County, 29, 33,
  Meaning of name of, 34.
  As a thoroughfare, 38.
  Agricultural products of, 40.
  Roads of, 40.
  Mail facilities of, 41.
  Preachers of, 42.
  Schools of, 42, 43.
Taylor, Gen., 88, 90, 92, 97.
Teachers' Institutes, 264.
Tennessee, 38.
Tennessee River, 38.
Texas, annexation of, 70,
  Statehood of, 82.
Thomas, James, Jr., 161, 206.
Thomas, Mary W., 206, 212.
Thomas, William D., 380
Ticknor, 383.
Tombigbie River, 39.
Toombs, Robert, 21, 154, 279, 395, 399, 400.
"Tulane Administrators," 271.
Tulane, Paul, 271.
Tulane University, 271.
Turpin, Rev. John B., 99.
Tuscaloosa, 37.
Tyler, Pres., 56, 57, 159.

University of Alabama, 45.
University of Georgia, 45.
Uncle Tom's Cabin, 132.

Van Buren, Martin, 96.
Vaughn, Mr., 18.
Vetoes, 106.
Virginia, 38, 154.

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Waddell, Rev. Moses, 21, 22, 23, 24.
Waddell, James P., 22, 25.
Waddell, John N., 22, 25.
Waldon, Geo. S., 172.
Walker, Leroy Pope, 92,
Elected Speaker of House, 94.
Walker, Robert W., 154.
Walker, Richard W., 111, 172, 173.
Wallace, James, 13.
Walsh, Mike, 78.
Walton, Robert, 13.
Washburne, Elihu, 407.
Washington, Booker T., 335, 375, 425.
Weston, Dr. H. G., 213.
Wetumpka, 37, 40.
Whiggery, 56, 57.
Whigs, nominees of, 71.
Whipple, Bishop, 376.
White, Thomas, Academic honors of, 59.
Whitney, Asa, 95, 96.
Wheeler, Gen. Joseph, 179, 181.
Wigfall, Lewis T., 154.
Wilkes, John, 1.
Wilkes County, 1, 12.
Williams, Dr., 212.
Willington School, 21–25.
Wilmot, David, 100.
Wilmot Proviso, 88, 89, 100, 101, 118.
Wilson, Gen., 185, 186.
Winn, General, 8, 9.
Winn, Susan, 8.
Winnsboro, S. C., 8, 9.
Winston, Governor, 106, 107.
Winthrop, Robert C., 204, 249, 292, 329, 330, 331, 341.
Wise, Henry A., 102, 109.
Withers, Col. Robert E., 231.
Withers, T. J., 154.
Woodward, Hon. Thomas B., 109.
Woodward, Joseph A., 109.
World's Evangelical Alliance, 229.

Yancey, W. L., 93, 94, 395, 398.

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There was another worthy brother, Peter Clark, whose wife was Martha Blair. He died several years since on a farm south of Hillsboro.

The history of Sheldon Clark illustrates the Pocahontas possibilities in reach of those who are moral in habits, diligent in business, honest and strictly upright in their business relations. The advancement of such may be slow, but it will be sure and enduring, and the results bring comfort and influence to those who inherit them, a rich heritage to children's children.

Phebe Ann Lightner was married to John Cleek, on Knapps Creek, on the place now occupied by the homes of their sons, Peter L. and the late William H. Cleek, and their daughter, Mrs B. F. Fleshman.

The annals just recorded of these persons may be brief and simple, but yet how very suggestive as one reflects upon them. From these biographical notes material may be gathered illustrating pioneer sufferings and privations, thrilling romance, tragic incidents in peace and war.

JOHN BARLOW.

Among the worthy pioneers of our county, the venerable John Barlow, ancestor of the Barlow connexion, is very deserving of remembrance. He was the only son of Alexander Barlow, of Bath County, who was a French emigrant, and had married an English emigrant, whose name was Barbara. He was living in Bath when the Revolutionary war came on. Entering the service of the colonies he fell in battle, according

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to authentic tradition.

This soldier's widow married Henry Casebolt and lived at the Auldridge Place on the mountain overlooking Buckeye.

Our pioneer friend was born November 26, 1781, and when he reached manhood, he found employment very readily for he was honest and industrious. There will always be a place for such as long as there remains work to be done. Alexander Waddell, who lived on the Moore place near Marvin, had him employed. Young Barlow and one of the daughters became attached, and were married in 1806. The engagement occurred while Martha Waddell and Yong Barlow were getting in a supply of firewood. She drove the sled while he chopped and loaded. It is not often that wood is chopped and hauled under such pleasingly romantic circumstances. At the time of their marriage the groom was 25 and the bride 16.

John and Martha Barlow began home keeping at the "Briar Patch," on Buckley Mountain, now known as the Pyles property. A point that commands a very extensive view. Afterwards Mr Barlow bought a piece of land from Thomas Brock, on Redlick mountain. Here he built up a home, reared his family, and spent the greater part of his married life. This property is now owned by his son, Henry Barlow.

They were the parents of ten sons and five daughters: William, Alexander, James, John, Nathan, Josiah, Henry, Amos, George, and Andrew. The daughters were Elizabeth, who became the wife of the late William Baxter, Esq.; Miriam, who married Sam-

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uel Auldridge; Mary Ann married James Auldridge; Ellen, who died at the age of four years; and a daughter unnamed, dying in infancy a few weeks old.

The eldest son, William, moved west and settled in Schuyler County, Missouri. Of this large family but three are now surviving. Henry Barlow, near Edray, on the old homeplace. He has been a merchant and grazier, and has been very successful in business. The second survivor, and one of the youngest of the family, is Amos Barlow, of Huntersville. He is a merchant and farmer, and prospered greatly in business affairs. He is President of the County Court, and widely known.

It is worthy of mention that when our worthy pioneer bought the Brock land he paid for it in venison at fifty cents a saddle or pair. Mr Barlow estimated the number of deer killed by him at fifteen hundred. On the most lucky day of all his hunting career he killed six deer and wounded the seventh. He never kept count of the bears, panthers, wildcats, turkeys, and foxes shot by him. The elk and buffalo were virtually exterminated before his hunting days.

He was an expert marksman, and passionately fond of shooting, but the rules of his church—the Methodist Episcopal, of which he was one of the original members on Stony Creek—forbade shooting for prizes. A shooting match was arranged for in the neighborhood, and he attended as a spectator. The main prize was a quarter of beef. Near the close of the match a neighbor proposed to Mr Barlow to shoot in his place as his substitute. After much solicitation he consented, took

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careful aim, and pierced the centre, thus gaining the savory prize of fat beef. A scrupulous fellow member felt in honor bound to report to the Presiding Elder, and have the offending brother duly disciplined for the credit of religion. The Elder had him cited to appear before the quarterly conference for trial. Brother Barlow meekly obeyed, and put in his appearance. When his turn came on the docket, the Elder said:

"Well, Brother Barlow, you are charged with shooting for a prize. What did you do?"

"I merely shot once," replied Mr Barlow, "to accommodate a friend, not for the purpose of getting a prize for myself."

"Did you win the prize."

"I did."

"Did you get the beef?"

"Only so much as my friend sent me for a mess."

"Was it good beef?"

"Yes, very nice."

"Well," says the Elder, after some apparently serious reflection, and solemn groanings ot the spirit, "I see nothing wrong in what Brother Barlow has done, so I will just drop this case and proceed to the next matter of business."

During his last days, while kept at home and out of the woods by the infirmities of age, our venerable friend was asked if he would like to live his life over again. He replied; "I have no wish to live my life over again, but there is one thing I would like to do, and that is to have one more good bear hunt on Red

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Lick Mountain."

This aged and interesting man passed away January 23, 1866, verging 85 years of age. His devoted wife died October 7, 1872, aged 82.

Conscientiously honest themselves, they believed everybody else to be honest. They were Israelites in deed, in whom there was no guile. On them and their children rest the blessing promised to the meek and the pure in heart; provided, they cherish purity and meekness as their venerated pioneer ancestors did.

FELIX GRIMES.

This paper is devoted to the memory of two persons whose numerous descendants have formed an influential element of our citizenship for the past 75 years.

Felix Grimes, the pioneer, and his wife, Catherine, were natives of Ireland. The ship on which they sailed came near being lost during a storm in mid-ocean. At one time the masts were touching the waves, and water pouring in over the ship's side. The passengers and some of the sailors were in frantic terror,—some were praying, some cursing and swearing, and some wildly screaming with fright. The captain and some of the crew were self-possessed enough to urge the passengers to the opposite side of the vessel, and it righted at once, and the voyage was made in safety thereafter. It took three months to make the crossing. The landing was at New Castle, most probably, and some time was spent in Pennsylvania. Following the tide of emigration, these persons finally located a home on the

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POCAHONTAS COUNTY

No. S--6738
(Carded)

Virginia----12,977

------BRADSHOW, John.
of Birth------Age 74 years, 1835. 3
------2 years, Indian Spy.
pt. Henderson, Hicklin.
l. Mathew's Va. Line.
s----Col. S. Estill, Mathews.
aigns-----Yorktown.
ne of Enlistment----Boutetourt, now Monroe Co., Va. (Augusta Co.)
ent------May 1, 1776-1777-1778-1779-1781.
the Revolution-----Augusta Co., Va.
tion for Pension and Residence at that time---May 7, 1833,
, June 7, 1832).
---Dec., 1834.
rades of the Soldier who may have made Affidavit in Support
nd his Widow's Claim, their Place of Residence, Age or
v. John L. Blain, Wm. McCord, John Slaven.

---

ed, June 21, 1833. No. 12, 977, Va. Service, Indian
80.00 per annum.
1776.

of Rockbridge Co., was wounded in battle of Portmouth

Buried Huntersville Cem.
Pocahontas Co.

Pocahontas COUNTY

We, John S. Blaine, a Clergyman, residing in the County of Pocahontas, and Benjamin Tallman, residing in the same County, hereby certify, that we are well acquainted with John Bradshaw, who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration; that we believe him to be 72 years of age; that he is reputed, and believed where he resides, to have been a soldier of the Revolution, and that we concur in that opinion.

Sworn, and subscribed, the day and year aforesaid.

JOHN S. BLAINE
BENJAMIN TALLMAN.

And the said Court do hereby declare their opinion after the investigation of the matter, and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the War Department, that the above named applicant was a Revolutionary soldier, and served as he states. And the Court further certifies that it appears to them that John S. Blaine, who has signed the preceeding certificate, is a Clergyman, resident in the county of Pocahontas, and, that Benjamin Tallman, who has also signed the same, is a resident in the same County, and is a credible person, and that their statement is entitled to credit.

JOHN BRADSHAW
"INDIAN SPY"
DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By
Richard Lee Bradshaw

1992

5 Tiburon Court
Manhattan Beach, California
90266

In May 1929, the Federal Government erected a monument in the cemetery of the small West Virginia town of Huntersville. The monument was to the memory of a local hero, John Bradshaw. It's gone now.

Even in 1929 no resident of Huntersville was then so long-lived as to have had personal recollections of John Bradshaw, for Bradshaw had died in November or December of 1837. There were, at the time, sufficient sites around the town to keep his memory alive and the townspeople could point out where the wild cherry tree had grown directly over his grave. That, too, is gone now.

John Bradshaw had come to the site where Huntersville now stands in the early 1800's and there he erected his solitary cabin home. Soon afterwards the people of Bath county constructed a wagon road from Warm Springs, over the mountains, to Bradshaw's cabin. An enterprising man named John Harness began hauling goods from Staunton, Virginia, into the mountains of West Virginia for the purpose of trading with the trappers and settlers, and it was at Bradshaw's house that he made his headquarters. Out of his stock in trade, which was largely salt, coffee, gunpowder, lead, and calico, he traded with the hunters who brought their pelts, venison, and ginseng. From this trading post the place became known as Huntersville.

In the month of March, 1821, the General Assembly of Virginia passed a measure to form a new county out of portions of Bath, Pendelton, and Randolph counties. The first county court for this new county called Pocohontas was convened at Bradshaw's cabin on March 5, 1822. Sixty-six year old Bradshaw watched as the court chose officers for the county and then accepted his own appointment as one of the Justices of the Peace. In the month of May following the first Grand Jury that ever sat for the county was empaneled at Bradshaw's cabin. Among the twenty-two sworn jurors were men from all over the area; McNeel, Moore, Grimes, Lewis, Bridger, Lockridge, Dougherty, and Bradshaw's son-in-law, Samuel Hogset. These men had journeyed from their isolated settlements scattered throughout the hills and valleys. In all there were probably no more than 200 residents of the county. These were mountain men with mountain ways.

The cosmopolitan lawyer of Augusta county, John Howe Peyton, ventured up to Huntersville in 1823. Upon arrival back to the relative comfort of Warm Springs, Peyton wrote his wife about his fatigueing journey:

John H. Peyton to Mrs Peyton

Warm Springs, Sept 1st, 1823

My Beloved Ann;

On the day we parted the Judge (Archibald Stuart) and myself arrived without adventure at General Blackburn's.

On the next day at Colonel Cameron's and on Tuesday at two o'clock arrived at Huntersville, the seat of the Justice of Pocohuntas (sic) county - a place as much out of the world as Crim Tartary. Owing to the bad conditions of the roads we were much fatigued and bore many marks of travel-stain. The so-called town of Huntersville consists of two illy-constructed time-worn (though it is not time that has worn them) weather-beaten cabins built of logs and covered with clapboards. My negro cabins on Jackson's river are palaces in comparison with them.

One of these wretched hovels is the residence of John Bradshaw, the other is the Loom-house for these people are self-sustaining. They spin and weave. The big wheel and little wheel are birring in every hut and throw off the woolen and linen yarn to be worked up for family purposes. The home-spun cloth, too, is stronger and more durable than that brought by our merchants from Northern manufacturers.

In Bradshaw's dwelling there is a large fireplace, which occupies one entire side, the gable end. The chimney is enormous and so short that the room is filled with light which enters this way. It is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape through the chimney, whilst most of the smoke is driven back into the chamber. In the chimney-corner I prepared my legal papers before a roaring fire, surrounded by rough mountaineers, who were drinking whiskey and as night adavanced, growing riotous. In the back part of the room two beds were curtained off with horse-blankets - one for the Judge, the other for myself. To the left of the fireplace stood old Bradshaw's couch. In the loft, to which they ascended, by means of a ladder, his daughter and the hired woman slept, and at times of a crowd, a wayfarer. The other guests were sent to sleep in the Loom-house, in which was suspended in the loom, a half-woven piece of cloth. Three beds were disposed about the room, which completed the appointments - one was allotted to Sampson Matthews, a second to John Baxter, the third to George Mays, and John Brown. The loom was used as a hat-rack at night and for sitting on, in the absence of chairs, in the day. As there was not a chair or stool beyond those used

by the weaving women, my clients roosted on the loom while detailing their troubles and receiving advice.

Bradshaw's table is well supplied. There is a profusion, if not prodigality in the rich, lavish bounty of a goodly tavern. We had no venison, as this is a shy season with the deer, but excellent mutton with plenty of apple sauce, peach pie, and roasting ears. As a mark of deference and respect to the Court, I presume, we had a table cloth - they are not often seen on Western tables and when they are, are not innocent of color - and clean sheets on our beds. This matter of sheets is no small affair in out of the way places, as not unfrequently happens that wanderers communicate disease through the bedclothing. Old Bradshaw's family is scrupulously clean, which is somewhat remarkable in a region where cleanliness is for the most part on the outside. A false modesty seems to prevent those salutary ablutions which are so necessary to health, and I did not commend myself to the good graces of the hired woman by insisting on my foot-bath every morning.

We remained five days at Huntersville closely engaged in the business of the Court, which I found profitable. Pocohontas is a fine grazing county, and the support of the people is mainly derived from their flocks of cattle, horses and sheep, which they drive over the mountains to market. There is little money among them except after these excursions, but they have little nedd of it - every want is supplied by the happy country they possess, and of which they are as fond as the Swiss of their mountains. It is a pretty country, a country of diversified and beautiful scenery in which there is a wealth of verdure and variety which keeps the attention alive and the outward eye delighted.

On Saturday the Judge and I visited Sandy Lockridge, where we were very hospitably entertained. His house is in every way a respectable dwelling, with plenty of room and very good furniture. On Saturday we returned to Col. Cameron's and this evening arrived here in sound health and excellent spirits, notwithstanding our rough experiences. I was much disappointed not to find a letter awaiting me from my dear wife. Ben Crawford has, however, relieved my anxiety, by telling me that he saw you on Saturday sitting at the front window of your dining-room writing, and thought he heard the prattle of Susan in the room. I imagine you were writing to me and hope to-morrow's mail will fetch the coveted letter.

Your father's will has been recorded in Alleghany county and your brother William has qualified as sole executor - the sale is to take place day after tomorrow, but nothing will be sold but the livestock. I have seen none of our relations or connections since I have left home - have learned these facts from others.

Accept the best wishes of your husband for yourself and our dear little girl, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

John H. Peyton.

If John Howe Peyton had little respect for his backwoods clients, it is more than likely his clients took full-measure of their lawyer. These circuit- riding lawyers were often regarded as meddlers, quarrel-mongers, and worse by their clients, but the profession was the quickest and surest way to social prominence and political office on the frontier. Here a powerful constitution, common sense, and a journalist's nose for gathering and delivering the latest news were more important than a knowledge of the fine points of the law. It may have been Peyton who brought the news of Congress' appropriation for pensions to be paid to Revolutionary War Veterans.

John Bradshaw offered application for his Revolutionary War Pension on the 2nd of February 1833. He was, then, seventy-four years old and recalling his experiences of some 50 years earlier. His statements are concise and direct narrations of his service dates, commanders, and assigned duties. Still, reading his deposition one gets the feeling his memory was sharp and clear but that he felt no need to brag, or even tell all his war experiences in detail. In fact, a short study of the contemporary times on the western frontier of Virginia tells more about Bradshaw's experiences than his application; together they tell an interesting tale of adventure.

In 1776 Bradshaw was an eighteen year old private in Captain John Henderson's company of Militia at the lower end of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Henderson was settled on Draper's Medadows road between the North Fork of the Roanoke and Tom's Creek. Nearby lived Andrew Lewis, the hero of Point Pleasant, fought in October of 1774. Further west, up through the narrow defiles of the New River, Captain Wallace Estill had established his settlement on the Indian Creek in what is now Munroe county, West Virginia. Estill and his formitable fighting force of eight sons formed the western barrier to English-inspired Indian attacks during the American Revolution. One of Estill's daughters married into the Henderson family.

No less a fighting force was "General" Andrew Lewis and his three brothers; Thomas, Sammuel, and William. Charles, another brother, had been killed at Point Pleasant. John Howe Peyton's second wife Ann, to whom he addressed the letter previously quoted, was the grandaughter of William Lewis "the Civilizer of the Border".

Young John Bradshaw was ushered into this world of experienced frontiersmen on the first of May, 1776, when he took the Oath of Fidelity and the Oath of Performance to undertake the duties of an "Indian Spy". Four successive spring and summer seasons, 1776 through 1779, Bradshaw and one companion patrolled the woodlands between New River, Laurel Creek, and Stony Creek. Leaving Cook's Fort on Indian Creek they would be out four days each week and then return when their replacements would then go out. They took stands at the gaps and low places on the mountains between William Lafferty's plantation on the New River and the headwaters of Laurel Creek where they met spies from Burnside's Fort. They traversed the entire county; the headwaters of Big and Little Stony Creek, the Indian Draft (a branch of Indian Creek), and the headwaters of Wolf Creek. Each man carried his own provisions, traveled light and fleet-footed, and slept cold being forbidden by his Oath to light a fire.

Unless he was somehow different from his contemporaries Bradshaw would have been clothed in a hunting shirt, a loose wraparound frock of coarse linen that hung below his thighs, lashed to his body by a belt which was always tied at the back. Suspended from his belt were his scalping knife, powder horn, bullet pouch, and tomahawk. Most men chose to protect their legs with a pair of breeches and laced leather leggings but Bradshaw might have copied other young scouts who wore only a breechcloth and high leather stockings under their hunting shirt which left their upper thighs and most of their buttocks bare. The hunting shirt was a knapsack as well as a garment and into it the scout could stuff a large chunk of cornbread, salt, cold meat, and a bundle of gun-cleaning tow. Moccasins were the footwear of the day and were customarily stuffed with deer hair or dried leaves for insulation. The last, and most indispensable, piece of his outfit was his long-barrelled, flintlock, Pennsylvania rifle (only later called a Kentucky rifle).

Bradshaw's scouting companions were Francis Ellis, who was considerably

older than Bradshaw, and Sammuel Estill who was just three years older. Estill stayed for just one season with Bradshaw in western Virginia and the following year he helped Daniel Boone defend Boonesboro in Kentucky.

The establishment of Kentucky forts relieved the threats of Indian attacks into the Shenandoah Valley, and the capture of the British western commander,in 1779, assured the American westward expansion.

John Bradshaw moved northward in the Shenandoah and settled in Parnassus, near Staunton where he met and married Nancy McKamie.

Virginia alone of the southern colonies had escaped the heavy ravages of war until 1780 when the traitorous Benedict Arnold, now a British brigadier general, headed a large detachment that disembarked at Westover on the James River. Washington had long warned Jefferson that Virginia must defend itself but Jefferson was unable to mount proper forces. Arnold entered Richmond unopposed then went further upstream and destroyed a gunpowder factory and iron foundry at Westham. Virginia militiamen under Von Steuben turned Arnold back to Portsmouth where he decided to take up winter quarters. Jefferson was determined to capture the "greatest of all traitors".

Bradshaw was drafted from Augusta county in January 1781. His company commander was Capt. Thomas Hicklin, his lieutenant was Joseph Gwinn, and his Ensign was Thomas Wright. Hicklin's company was attached to the regiment of Col. Sampson Matthews - father of Sampson Matthews who lodged in Bradshaw's loom-house during John Howe Peyton's visit ?

Matthew's force marched across the Blue Ridge Mountains, through the Rockfish gap, and down the James River to Richmond. From Richmond they moved down the James to Sandy Point where they crossed the river and, finally, they encamped in the Dismal Swamp outside Portsmouth where they wintered for the remainder of the season. Bradshaw spent time scouting the picket lines guarding Portsmouth and was engaged in one skirmish during which a Captain Cunningham from Rockbridge was wounded in the groin. Bradshaw said Cunningham fell just a few paces in front. Bradshaw was a Sargeant.

Benedict Arnold escaped the noose and most of the Virginia militiamen were sent home for the summer harvest. Bradshaw was discharged 9 April, 1781.

The danger to Virginia was not passed. Lord Cornwallis was obsessed with the importance of Virginia to the overall British strategy. Cornwallis had reached Virginia shortly after the middle of May and began a wild-goose chase after LaFayette. Arnold attempted to turn Lafayette's left flank and get behind him but Lafayette recognized that his forces were too small to resist and he withdrew to the north. Sir Henry Clinton, writing from New York, insisted that Cornwallis take and hold a post on the Chesapeake and send 3,000 of his troops to defend New York. Cornwallis picked Yorktown.

Virginia's defenses were split in half, LaFayette holding ground in the interior, and the forces of General Greene struggling up through the Shenandoah from North Carolina. The British light cavalry, under Lt. Col. Banastre Tarleton, made a lightning attack centered on Charlottesville in an attempt to capture Thomas Jefferson and other members of the Assembly who were sheltering there. Most of the Assemblymen escaped over the Blue Ridge mountains to Staunton. Jefferson escaped from Monticello and went elsewhere.

Bradshaw was once again drafted, "in the latter part of summer or early autumn". The company commander was still Capt. Hicklin, but the Regiment was now commanded by Col. Samuel Vance.

The call to arms was issued late Saturday night. Bradshaw's young wife cooked, washed, cried, and prayed all day Sunday and had him ready for war early Monday morning, and by nightfall he was in Staunton on his march. Down, again, through the Rockfish Gap the Regiment skirted north-east to Bowling Green, passing the Page Wase House to "Little York" where the seige of Yorktown was about to commence. Bradshaw would say, later, that here he fought in blood "shoe-mouth deep".

General Washington arrived at Yorktown on September 15. The American heavy cannon, ordnance stores, and ammunition was just beginning to arrive and it would be a month before they were ready to fire back at the British guns that were already raking the American trenches. In the meantime some of the militiamen amused themselves by taunting the British;

"A militiaman this day, possessed of more bravery and (sic) prudence, stood constantly on the parapet and d----d his soul if he would dodge for the buggers. He escaped longer than could have been expected, and, growing foolhardy, brandished his spade at every ball that was fired, till, unfortunately, a ball came and put an end to his capers ..." -Diary of James Duncan. entry for October, 3, 1781.

October 9th ninety-two American cannon, mortars, and howitzers opened their first bombardment. It was said the first shell entered an elegant house formerly occupied by the Secretary of State under the British government, struck and killed a number of British officers as they sat at dinner. Eight days later Cornwallis realized that all hope of retreat was lost and he opened negotiations for surrender. In two days all points of surrender were agreed and at about noon the combined force of American and French were drawn up in two lines stretching more than a mile in length from Yorktown to the field where the British soldiers were to stack their arms. At two o'clock the British marched out, headed by General O'Hara who substituted for Cornwallis. Cornwallis plead that he was indisposed.

After returning to Yorktown, the British were guarded by Bradshaw's company and others and then marched north across Virginia to Winchester at the head of the Shenandoah Valley. The war was over for Bradshaw and he was discharged the day after reaching Winchester.

Bradshaw and his wife moved to a new place, ten or eleven miles below McDowell, on the Bullpasture river in Augusta county. He drew a prize of ten thousand dollars in a lottery and this tremendous windfall made him one of the wealthiest local men of the time. This may have made it possible for him to obtain property at the site of present day Huntersville while continuing to retain the property on the Bullpasture river. He also bought Peter Lightner's grist mill on Knapp's creek, and sometime before his death, he donated and deeded the site for the public buildings in Pocahontas county. Despite John Peyton Howe's description of his lowly dwelling house, Bradshaw was described as having the manners of an "elegant gentleman of the old school". In appearance his personality was "striking, large, and portly and scrupulously neat in his dress". He used a crutch that was profusely ornamented with silver mountings.

John Bradshaw and his wife Nancy McKamie Bradshaw had four sons and four daughters; James, John, Thomas, William, Nancy, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jane. James Bradshaw settled on the old homestead in Augusta county and was succeeded there by his sons John and Franklin; Mrs Eveline Byrd, near Falling Spring, Greenbrier county was a daughter. Two grandsons of James Bradshaw were James Bradshaw of McDowell, and Capt R.H. Bradshaw who was killed at the Battle of Port Republic during the Civil War.

WHO WAS JOHN BRADSHAW ?

Some say John Bradshaw came to America about 1760 along with his brother, James. It was said that James went to Kentucky while John settled in Augusta county, on the Bullpasture River, ten miles below McDowell[1]. Others say John Bradshaw was the son of William Bradshaw of Henrico, Goochland, and Cumberland counties in Virginia[2]. It is a disagreement difficult to settle.

The majority of the early Shenandoah Valley settlers were not "Tidewater" Virginians. Instead, they were Scotch and English from the Ulster plantation of Ireland, Huguenots from France, Lutherans from Germany, and Quakers from Pennsylvania. Most Virginians had considered the Blue Ridge Mountains a western boundary and the early settlers entered the valley from the north, following the river south from its junction with the Potomac. The first two great waves of immigration from Ulster to the colonies of Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania began to crowd the frontier southwest of Philadelphia by 1730. In 1738 the Royal Governor of Virginia, supported by Tidewater planters, actively sought to persuade newcomers to leave the crowded frontier and settle in the Shenandoah. Governor Gooch accepted a demand, drawn by the Philadelphia Presbyterian Synod, for religious tolerance as a prereguisite for settlement. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th great immigration waves spilled out of Pennsylvania and peopled the Shenandoah, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Kentucky.

In 1738 an act was passed for the formation of Augusta and Frederick counties but they were not organized until 1745. New magistrates for Augusta county included John Lewis, Thomas Lewis, and George Robinson. "Captain" George Robinson was leader of one of the 12 companies of militia raised in Augusta in 1742, and among his company was a man named William Bradshaw (spelt "Bradshay"). In 1749 William Bradshaw obtained 200 acres on Back Creek, on Reed's Road above Davidson's Survey. Five years later he settled land on a branch of Craig's Creek, northwest of today's Roanoke. Presumably this has some connection with a tributary called "Bradshaw's Creek" that flows down the valley between Pearis Mountain and Fort Lewis. Whether William Bradshaw came across the Blue Ridge Mountains from Goochland county, or down the valley of the Shenandoah from Delaware or Pennsylvania, is not now known[3].

Braddock's defeat at Pittsburgh in 1755 threw the western frontier open to Indian attacks and no degree of safety was restored for 20 years. During that period western pioneers became a law unto themselves, largely ignored by the easterners of the Tidewater.

It was reported, in February 1757, that William Bradshaw and his son were taken prisoner by Indians at Craig's Creek. Later in the same year Bradshaw's neighbor, John Mathews, died and in his will he instructed his sons, George and Sampson Mathews, to convey to Bradshaw a tract of land that he had sold. Presumably the conveyance could not take place because Bradshaw was a captive. Ten years later (1767);

"Sampson and George Mathews, executors of John Mathews, to William McBride. John in his lifetime sold to William Bradshaw 306 acres in the forks of the James River and by his will directed his executors to make deed for the same, and Bradshaw relinquishes his purchase in favor of William McBride."

William Bradshaw's name does not appear in the records after this date but the name of William McBride appears as one of the early Kentucky settlers; he was killed by Indians at the Battle of Blue Licks, 1782(1).

A person named Thomas Bradshaw, described as a "weaver", witnessed a deed in the northern end of the Valley in 1755. Thomas was dead eleven years later and in his will the names of his children are given; James, Jane, and Thomas Jr. Testators to his will were Richard Mathews, William Mathews, and Mary Mathews.

Hugh Hicklin and Elizabeth (his wife ?) conveyed 100 acres of land on a "draft" of Newfoundland Creek, called the Bullpasture, to James Bradshaw in 1766; Wallace Estill was one of the witnesses.

James Bradshaw and Agnes Bradshaw (presumably husband and wife) witnessed the will of Thomas Hicklin, Sr., 20 November 1771, and "James Bradshaw of Fayette county, Kentucky" along with Thomas Bradshaw and Margaret of Augusta county Virginia conveyed property after 1780.

So far there is no established connection found to tie John Bradshaw of Huntersville with any of these earlier Bradshaw's, although he did have connections to the Matthews', the Estill's, and the Hicklin's.

A person named John Bradshaw was settled in Tazewell county, at the head of the Clinch River, about 1771/72. If this was John Bradshaw of Huntersville he would have been but thirteen years old.

NOTES;

Page 9;

(1). Wm. T. Price - Historical Sketches of Pocohantas Co.

(2). Walter Lee Bradshaw - The Bradshaws of Henrico and Goochland Counties, etc.

(3). F. B. Kegley - Virginia Frontier

Page 10;

(1). George M. Chinn - The History of Harrodsburg and the Great Settlement Area of Kentucky.

John Howe Peyton's letter quoted from "Memoir of John Howe Peyton", by Ann M. Peyton.

5 Tiburon Court
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(310)545-7693

10 January 1993

Mr. Bill McNeil
810 2nd Avenue
Marlinton, West Virginia 24954

Dear Mr. McNeil;

Some months ago we spoke on the telephone, regarding the grave of JOHN BRADSHAW in Huntersville, West Virginia. You were very kind to spend time in answering my questions, and I thank you for that !

I've been able to put together a small monograph on John Bradshaw and I enclose a copy for you. Use it as you wish, and if it will help in any way to resolve the encroachment that you described - good.

John Bradshaw's daughter married someone named Byrd in Greenbrier and was later called "Mrs Eveline Byrd". Could it be possible that she is an ancestor of the well-known Byrd family of Virginia ? I'll do more inquiry on that.

I hope your Christmas holiday went well and that your New Year will be happy and prosperous.

Sincerely,

Richard L. Bradshaw
Member Society of Genealogists, London

encl.

Marlinton, West V

CHURCH BURNED

The fine big Presbyterian Church at Cass burned down Tuesday after noon. The building is about a total loss. Much of the furniture was saved. It is thought the fire originated from the electric wires to the organ. The loss is estimated at $20,000, partially covered by insurance.

A CORRECTION

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlin on, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1928

The Huntersville road. I found some good examples of ripple marks turned into hard red stone on the road side. The slabs of rock would do well enough for a wash board. The theory is that the sand was smooth along the beach and that in a sheltered cove the sand or mudflat was swept by wavelets so that the

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At that time there was no one living here that we can definitely determine. So to bring the conversation down to the times known as A. D., I want to make some mention of a citizen who so far as I can figure out has the right to be known as the father and founder of Huntersville, and that is John Bradshaw.

The name of Bradshaw has faded out of Pocahontas county, but a large number of citizens of the name of McLaughlin, Cackley, Gwin, Hogsett and Tallman are direct descendants of the old pioneer. It is safe to say that enough descendants of this Soldier of the Revolution could be named who would far outnumber the members of the societies known as

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the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters or the American Revolution in West Virginia, as large and prosperous as those societies have become. John Bradshaw had four sons who removed to foreign countries, two to Missouri, one to Virginia, and one to Lewis county. He had four daughters who married here and left a host of descendants. At the time that the Revolution broke out John Bradshaw was eighteen years old. At that time he was scouting around on the western waters somewhere about Wolf Creek, in Monroe county.

Early in that war the Indian armies appeared on our western frontier. and the backwoodsmen were organized into a branch of colonial service known as rangers, but officially designated as Indian spies. It was their duty to watch the country along the Seneca trail from Monroe county to Preston county. Along this line a large number of stockade forts were built in the bloody seven ties. The best men were detailed for this service. They took the usual oath of the soldier and in addition to that oath they swore not to build a fire at night no matter how cold or rainy it might be. Bradshaw said that he usually made a three or four

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At the end of 1779, Bradshaw went to the east side of the Alleghenies and married Nancy McKamie, and settled on the Bull Pasture river about ten miles below McDowell in the part of the country covered by Fort George, one of the forts of the line of forts built by Dinwiddie in the French and Indian war. Brad shaw seems to have had about a year at home. From November 1, 1779, to January 1, 1781. That was about the time that Col. Tarleton, and his dragons, chased the Virginia

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Bradshaw joined the company of Captain Thomas Hicklin, in Col. Sampson Mathews regiment, and served an enlistment of three months from the highlands to the sea. He was in a battle at Portsmouth, with John Slaven, and a lot of other mountain men, and being discharged he came home for the summer. But along in August he was called to the colors again and again marched down from the mountains to the sea, and by the time that he got to Yorktown the colonial troops had

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Bradshaw joined the company of Captain Thomas Hicklin, in Col. Sampson Mathews regiment, and served an enlistment of three months from the highlands to the sea. He was in a battle at Portsmouth, with John Slaven, and a lot of other mountain men, and being discharged he came home for the summer. But along in August he was called to the colors again and again marched down from the mountains to the sea, and by the time that he got to Yorktown the colonial troops had penned up Lord Cornwallis and a big British army on a narrow penninsular, and there is where John Bradshaw waded in human blood shoe mouth deep. Cornwallis surrended to the American army there, and John Bradshaw stood in line with the other ragged colonial soldiers one morning in October. The Americans formed a double line and the Cornwallis army marched out of Yorktown between the lines and reached a place where they were required to lay down their arms. Some of the British soldiers threw their muskets down with force enough to injure the gun. Then the British marched back between the lines into Yorktown.

The next day the British prisoners were marched off to Winchester un-

double line and the Cornwallis army marched out of Yorktown between the lines and reached a place where they were required to lay down their arms. Some of the British soldiers threw their muskets down with force enough to injure the gun. Then the British marched back between the lines into Yorktown.

The next day the British prisoners were marched off to Winchester under guard and Bradshaw was one of the guards, and when these prisoners were duly delivered at Winchester in the Valley, Bradshaw was discharged and came back to his home.

Soon after the Revolution, John Bradshaw moved west of the Alleghany and founded Huntersville. He got for his mountain home the plantations now owned by Sherman P. Curry, the Amos Barlow heirs, and J. H. Buzzard, several square miles of territory, and this included all of the site of the town of Huntersville. The Bradshaw home was placed on a bluff looking down on the beautiful waters of Knapps creek, at or near the place where Isaac Barlow lives. Bradshaw was monarch of all he surveyed.

About this time, John Bradshaw had a stroke of luck which made him one of the richest men of the moun-

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About this time, John Bradshaw had a stroke of luck which made him one of the richest men of the mountains. A ticket that he held in a State lottery drew him a prize of ten thousand dollars and that was an immense fortune in those days.

He was a prominent figure in Bath county and in this county after its formation. My father remembers seeing him. My father was seven years old when John Bradshaw died

T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

seventy-nine years old. In his old age, he was a large portly man, with elegant manners, and fine dress, and walked with a crutch richly inlaid with silver.

When Pocahontas county was organized in the spring of 1822, the commissioners met at John Bradshaw's house, and they took from him a deed for about an acre of ground on the bluff across the lane from his house, for the county buildings. This site was accepted and a brick courthouse built on it that lasted until the county seat was moved six miles west on the Huntersville road to the new city of Marlinton.

John Bradshaw had another immense tract of land in the Dilley's Mill community.

One of the first orders of the new county court was to grant license to keep a house of private entertainment at his residence for the year ending in May, 1823. For this he

lasted until the county [illegible] moved six miles west on the Hunters ville road to the new city of Marlinton.

John Bradshaw had another immense tract of land in the Dilley's Mill community.

One of the first orders of the new county court was to grant license to keep a house of private entertainment at his residence for the year ending in May, 1823. For this he paid a license of $4.50. But the next year he was licensed to keep an ordinary at the same place for a license fee of $18.00. In the meantime, Bradshaw sat as one of the county court, being a justice of the county. The main difference between a house of entertainment and an ordinary was that that the ordinary could sell spirits and wine by the small measure. The court fixed the tariff For a half pint of whiskey the charge was 12 1 2 cents or one bit. There were plenty of half cent pieces in those days. Meals were 25 cents and lodging 12 cents. A gallon of grain was 12 1 2 cents and hay for twenty four hours for one horse was 12 1 2 cents. What price soda water?

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John Bradshaw sleeps in the old Huntersville cemetery. His grave is not marked by a lettered monument but it can be located and it should receive one of the monuments provided for by Congress for Revolutionary soldiers. My father says that his grave is marked by a wild cherry tree growing directly over his last resting place.

The old cemetery is on the brow of the bluff just west of the state highway where it climbs the elevation to turn around the postoffice going east. John Bradshaw departed this life January 6, 1837. A tall unlettered native slab of rock is at the head of the grave, and a smaller one at the

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You know there is a great deal of talk about the extreme age of forest trees that is mostly all guesswork. Here is a tree that we know to be less than a hundred years old that shows signs of old age and which has reached its full size.

Practically all of the land about Huntersville is Bradshaw land and the old veteran is there in the center of it in possession.

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Practically all of the land about Huntersville is Bradshaw land and the old veteran is there in the center of it in possession.

Close by him is the tomb of George E. Craig, a prominent citizen of this county, was born in 1801 and died in 1846. He was a merchant at the county seat. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church. One of his sons was the Rev. Dr. J. N. Craig, prominent in the Southern Presbyterian church. He was about my father's age and as boys they left the same day in company to enter Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, in the year 1850, where both graduated. So far as I know these were the first college graduates from Pocahontas county, and both became

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A great many persons trace their line to John Bradshaw through the marriage of six of his granddaughters children of William Bradshaw. Nancy married Isaac Hartman of Green Bank, Mary Jane married Alexander Moore, of Stony Creek, Senilda married Washington Nottingham, of Glade Hill, Huldah, married John A. McLaughlin, of Huntersville, Martha married Beverly Waugh, of the Lit-

tle Levels, and Matilda married Nicholas Linger of Lewis county.

There would be no trouble to form a very numerous society of the descendants of this Revolutionary soldier. And a reunion of his descendants on some summer day at the noted Curry arch just above and in sight of his grave would be notable gathering. It would make a grand monument for a tablet to be placed on this great arch with the name of John Bradshaw and the dates of his service in the war for independence.

The traveller on the Huntersville road can locate the tomb of John Bradshaw from the road as he crosses the bridge leading into Huntersville at George Ginger's residence. It is a large wild cherry tree on the brow of the terrace back of A. B. McComb's store. I went there the other day with James A. Reed and as he looked around at the beautiful valley surrounded by the numerous mountains, he said: "All Bradshaw land!"

I then came on my way home and stopped at the mouth of the nameless little run on J. H. Buzzard's place

Bradshaw from the road as he crosses the bridge leading into Huntersville at George Ginger's residence. It is a large wild cherry tree on the brow of the terrace back of A. B. McComb's store. I went there the other day with James A. Reed and as he looked around at the beautiful valley surrounded by the numerous mountains, he said: "All Bradshaw land!"

I then came on my way home and stopped at the mouth of the nameless little run on J. H. Buzzard's place where there are millions of small stones, the talus washed down from the hills above, and I stopped to take my daily breath of fresh air, and keep on with my continuing hunt for a perfect trilobite, which will probably be the millionth stone I turn over.

As I scanned the gravel strewn stream beds, a young fellow came walking the road, and I hailed him and told him that I would be driving into town in a few minutes and he came and looked for specimens. He showed so much interest and intelligence in the work, that I asked him if he had had any experience in the business. He said he had worked on an expedition from the University of South America, for years,

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Order of Publication

State of West Virginia

viously grown alfalfa or some other egume."

SCHOOL REPORTS

Bruffeys Creek school, fifth month. Upper grades, perfect: Irene Bruffey, Mildred Wimer, Neil Kinnison, Niel Tharp. Faithful; Edith Mitchell, Mary and Eula Smith, Dick and Neal Anderson, Dale and Wirt Kinnison, Foster Sizemore. Lower grades: Hazel and Marvin Brock, Billy Williams, Alfred Hull, Lebeatrice Kinnison, Patrick McNulty.

County Agent, J Haynes Miller visited our school February 1st, and gave us a very interesting talk on 4-H Club work. The boys and girls enjoyed hearing him. The club now has twentyone members.

Raywood school, fifth month, advanced grades, Cathleen Vaughan, teacher. Perfect: Holland Sprouse, John Friel, Charles Malcom, Domenick Circosta, Ernest White, Lewis Lyle, Mary F. Malcom. Marie Dickson, Della Gum, Valeria Frazee. Intermediate grades, Jean Pritchard, teacher. Perfect: Carl Conley,

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J. Haynes Miller visited our school last Monday and gave an interesting talk. "The Wills" A. H. Clarke

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J. Haynes Miller visited our school last Monday and gave an interesting talk. "The Wills" 4-H Club have started their work and are getting along nicely. Our school has entered 100 percent in Reading Circle work this year. A good sum of money has been raised to buy reading circle and supplementary books.

Miss Hedrick, one of our teachers, visited her home last week end.

Miss Pritchard, another teacher, is sick. Glen Friel has been teaching for her.

McNeer Kerr has returned home from the Charlottrsville Hospital, where he underwent a very serious operation.

Mrs. Nannie Sutton has returned from a Huntington hospital where she had been for medical treatment.

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VEST VIRGINIA, MAY 30, 1929

GRADUATES

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NATURE NOTES

This week the specimens in the geology exhibit in the window of the Royal Drug Stores on Main Street are pieces of what the books call crinoid a word derived from the Greek word Krinon, a lily. Those fossils are in most of the exposures in to have the

JOHN BRADSHAW

The Address of Prof. G. D. McNeill at the Grave of John Bradshaw at Huntersville, May 19, 1929.

We are come today to set a marker at a tomb, and by the act of assembling here in a reverent sort of way, do whatever of honor we may do to the memory of John Bradshaw, soldier of the Revolution. We do not honor John Bradshaw because of the name he bore, but because of his achievements. Since we deem his deeds meritorious, it seems fitting that upon this occasion we refresh our minds somewhat in matters pertaining to his history.

John Bradshaw was born in 1759, February 2nd. His birthplace is unknown. Tradition has it that he was born in England. If this is true he was brought to America in his infancy, for it is rather well established that the Bradshaws were established in the Colony of Virginia in 1760. The original Bradshaw plantation was some fifteen miles from what is now McDowell, Virginia. It was then in Augusta county, but the location is now within the borders of Highland and very near the Pendleton county line.

Young Bradshaw appears to have spent his boyhood on this plantation. At the outbreak of the Revolution in April, 1775, he was sixteen years of age. With the landing of the

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Young Bradshaw appears to have spent his boyhood on this plantation. At the outbreak of the Revolution in April, 1775, he was sixteen years of age. With the landing of the British invaders upon the Atlantic coast the able bodied, fighting men were hurried to the seaboard. This movement left the western border of Virginia exposed to the attack of the savage tribes dwelling beyond the Ohio. The killing of Cornstalk at Point Pleasant in 1777 aggravated the situation and the Virginia frontier found itself scourged by tomahawk and flame. To afford protection against these savage attacks, companies of border scouts were organized. The savages did not frequent this Allegheny region in winter, so these border rangers were required to serve from April until November of each year. John Bradshaw enter-

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manded by Captain Henderson, Captain John McCoy, and Captain Ellis. Much of the time while he was engaged in this scout duty he was stationed at Cook's Fort which was located on Indian Creek, Monroe county. From Bradshaw's deposition we learn that the scouts went out from the fort by twos and remained away four days. Under the scout oath required they were obligated to light no fires, by day or by night, no matter what the weather. On one occasion he pursued a band of marauding Indians out of Pendleton and across the upper waters of the Greenbrier. Again he was with a company sent against the Indians in the neighborhood of Buckhannon and Clarksburg. He was stationed at Warm Springs for a time.

It appears that Bradshaw did no military service in 1780. The explanation of this may be that he had just married Nancy McNamie and young Bradshaw devoted the year 1780 to the erection of a new log house on the South Branch plantation.

But in the very first days of January, 1781, Bradshaw entered the reg-

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In order that we may better understand the portent of this enlistment, I shall, at the risk of being tedious, review hurriedly one or two phases of the Revolution.

With the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga in the autumn of 1777, the British abandoned hope of conquering the northern colonies, and it was determined to shift the war to the south where many of the inhabitants were loyal to the British Crown. In accordance with this plan a British fleet and army captured Savannah, Georgia, in 1778. In the course of the military operations of 1778-79-80 Georgia and South Carolina were almost completely subdued. In the autumn of 1780 the British determined to inaugurate an extensive campaign early in 1781. By this plan, Lord Cornwallis, then commanding the British forces in the South was to move northward through North Carolina and Virginia. He expected to drive the American army ahead of him so that when he had subjugated

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You will understand now the significance of the statements contained in the Bradshaw depositions. Bear in mind will you that Arnold was raiding in the vicinity of Richmond in January, 1781.

This Bradshaw's statement made under oath:

Deposition of May 7th: 1833:

Entered in the month of January, 1781 as a soldier of the Rev. from the Co. of Augusta, now Pendleton, and marched in a company commanded by Capt. Thomas Hicklin and was

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I read again from the Bradshaw deposition:

That he again entered the service in the later part of the summer of the same year, 178[illegible], that he again marched through Rock Fish Gap, thence to a place called Bowling Green, thence by Page's Warehouse, and thence to Little York where Lord Cornwallis and his army were

mand of the combined armies was to dismiss Arnold and notify the British high command that he would serve no nation that forced him to associate with traitors. Cornwallis immediately began a series of raids. On one occasion Tarleton with his dragoons moved in this direction as far as Charlottesville and even threatened Staunton and the South Branch region. Again the Virginians rallied in defense of their firesides, and for a second time John Bradshaw responded to the call. Under pressure of his rapidly gathering enemies, Cornwallis moved down to the sea where a British fleet might aid him, and entrenched himself.

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That he again entered the service in the later part of the summer of the same year, 1781, that he again marched through Rock Fish Gap, thence to a place called Bowling Green, thence by Page's Warehouse, and thence to Little York where Lord Cornwallis and his army were

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It is reasonable to concede that while serving as an Indian scout he passed this way and was pleased with the country. He acquired an immense property in this section. From available information it appears that he owned practically all of the land from Dilleys Mill and Minnehaha Springs to the Forks of Beaver Creek. This included all the lands about Huntersville and down Knapps Creek to the Joe Buzzard farm.

Of his sons none but William has descendants living in the county. William Bradshaw married Jane Hickman and resided at the Charley Moore farm on Browns Creek. From him descended some branches of the Waugh, Moore, McLaughlin and Nottingham families. Nancy, daughter of John Bradshaw, married Levi Cackley of Millpoint, and the Cackleys of Stamping Creek, are descendants. Margaret Bradshaw married John Gwin of Virginia. This marriage connects the Gwin and certain McLaughlin families with the Bradshaws. Elizabeth Bradshaw married Samuel Hogsett and the Hogsetts of Pocahontas county are Bradshaw descendants.

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After coming to Huntersville John Bradshaw took an active part in the public affairs of the county for thirty years and was one of our most influential and respected citizens. He cied sometime between November 20, 1834 and January 7, 1835—probably in December, 1834*. He died at his home which stood on the site of Isaac Barlow's residence here in Huntersville.

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And while we stand here today above his ashes, we should remind ourselves that the greatest honor we may do him; the greatest honor we

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Annette [illegible]
Elizabeth Josephine Poague
Mary Louise Allman
Neil Delbert Alderman

Henry Wright, a prisoner in the jail who was sent here from Cass for possession of moonshine liquor, was taken seriously ill with some intestinal disease and also seems to be affected mentally. He is being treated at the hospital. His home is said to be at Leonard in Greenbrier county, but nothing definite has been learned about his residence or family, if any.

He will probably be committed to the State hospital, if his condition warrants his removal. Any one knowing this man, or any information as to his relatives, kindly communicate with the Sheriff's Office, Marlinton, Pocahontas county, W. Va. He seems to have been chronically sick for a long time, and bears the scars of several abdominal wounds or operations.

Machinery and equipment by the car loads are being unloaded at Marlinton for the

for a long time, and bears the scars of several abdominal wounds or operations.

Machinery and equipment by the car loads are being unloaded at Marlinton for the road camps at Edray and Jim Gibsons. Work is progressing, building camps and preparing quarries. The third camp on 22 mile contract for foundation base on the Seneca Trail will be at the Dunlap place near Linwood.

Dallas McKeever had the misfortune to break a leg last Saturday. While working on his farm head of Swago, he stepped

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GEORGE BROWN COCHRAN

After a short illness, George Brown Cochran was called from this life to the life beyond on December 8, 1927. Mr. Cochran was born in Pocahontas County on September 26 1842, thus being 85 years, two months and 15 days of age at the time of his death. He married Miss Martha E Hollandsworth, January 25, 1882. She died February 8, 1883. One child was born to this union—Mrs. James F. Rock, of Renick, with whom Mr. Cochran made his home. He leaves to mourn their loss his daughter, Mrs Rock, eight grandchildren, three great grandchildren, a host of relatives, and his many friends.

Mr. Cochran made a profession of faith and united with the Methodist Protestant church in which he served very faithfully, being an official member until his death.

Mr. Cochran served in the Civil War as a Confederate soldier, taking part in several battles. He was not only a soldier of the war; he was a soldier of the cross. His body was lait to rest in the Droop Cemetery, December 10, 1927. XXX.

In the graveyard sweetly sleeping,
Where the flowers gently wave
Lies the one we love so dearly
In his lonely silent grave.

He shall never be forgotten,
Nor shall his memory fade;
Sweetest thoughts will always linger
Around the grave where he is laid.

No one knows how much we miss him
No one knows the tears we shed;
But in Heaven we hope to meet him,
Where no farewell tears are shed.

J. K. R.

Sadly missed by Daughter, Grand-

I have attended all club meetings, keep project circulars up to date, read and study all club literature; took pains in working to make a success on the sewing project. I talk club life in our community, and try to get all boys and girls who do not belong to join, and try to get the parents interested in club work. The name of our club is Mount Tabor I-Can Club; motto, We can because we think we can: color, Gold and blue; flower, Merrygold; yell, Tin Can, Who Can, We Can. We have a jolly and go lucky club; everyone enjoys the work and takes an interest. We have eight bright members—Margaret McLaughlin, Nadine, Edna and Walker Lee Beverage, Carl, Lynn and Gladys McCarty, Floy Shrader. We are planning on having a Valentine party, and also must mention this is the month to begin our booklets. Nadine Beverage, Pres

I have been a member of the 4-H Club four months and like club work very much. I took sewing for my project as I think this will be of use to my mother and myself. My hardest problem in making my towel was to embroider my initial which I did did very well after many trials.

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My plans for writing and illustrat

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My plans for writing and illustrating my booklet are I think the club is a lot of help to me in my work at home and at school. I want the back of my booklet to be different from all my other booklets or any I have ever seen. I am going to have my booklet completed by the time school is out, my mind will not be bothered. I am going to make it the best booklet that I have made. I think my club and school can help each other by having hot lunches. We are having a Valentine party and celebrating Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. We have club meetings and are giving each pupil some part in the work to get them interested, and they will want be a 4-H Club boys and girls. Our club has discuss the matter of a community library and decided that club members want to get the people interested in establishing a community library. We could have socials and some may have good books that they would add to the library. Our school has a good library and we give the people of the community the privilege to have a book out for a certain length of time. This is one way that our school and club can serve the community.

Olivia Lucille Hannah, Elk Busy Bee Club, Edray, W. Va.

railroads but hard on the coal fields and the factories.

Most of the geology belongs to the period referred to generally at B. C. At that time there was no one living here that we can definitely determine. So to bring the conversation down to the times known as A. D., I want to make some mention of a citizen who so far as I can figure out has the right to be known as the father and founder of Huntersville, and that is John Bradshaw.

The name of Bradshaw has faded out of Pocahontas county, but a large number of citizens of the name of McLaughlin, Cackley, Gwin, Hogsett and Tallman are direct descendants of the old pioneer. It is safe to say that enough descendants of this Soldier of the Revolution could be named who would far outnumber the members of the societies known as

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the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters or the American Revolution in West Virginia, as large and prosperous as those societies have become. John Bradshaw had four sons who removed to foreign countries, two to Missouri, one to Virginia, and one to Lewis county. He had four daughters who married here and left a host of descendants. At the time that the Revolution broke out John Bradshaw was eighteen years old. At that time he was scouting around on the western waters somewhere about Wolf Creek, in Monroe county.

Early in that war the Indian armies appeared on our western frontier. and the backwoodsmen were organized into a branch of colonial service known as rangers, but officially designated as Indian spies. It was their duty to watch the country along the Seneca trail from Monroe county to Preston county. Along this line a large number of stockade forts were built in the bloody seven ties. The best men were detailed for this service. They took the usual oath of the soldier and in addition to that oath they swore not to build a

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At the end of 1779, Bradshaw went to the east side of the Alleghenies

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At the end of 1779, Bradshaw went to the east side of the Alleghenies and married Nancy McKamie, and settled on the Bull Pasture river about ten miles below McDowell in the part of the country covered by Fort George, one of the forts of the line of forts built by Dinwiddie in the French and Indian war. Bradshaw seems to have had about a year at home. From November 1, 1779, to January 1, 1781. That was about the time that Col. Tarleton, and his dragons, chased the Virginia assembly into the mountains until the statesmen met in Staunton, and an alarm in the night, caused the legislature to scatter in great haste at that place;

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Bradshaw joined the company of Captain Thomas Hicklin, in Col. Sampson Mathews regiment, and served an enlistment of three months from the highlands to the sea. He was in a battle at Portsmouth, with John Slaven, and a lot of other mountain men, and being discharged he came home for the summer. But along in August he was called to the colors again and again marched down from the mountains to the sea, and by the time that he got to Yorktown the colonial troops had penned up Lord Cornwallis and a big British army on a narrow penninsular, and

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The next day the British prisoners were marched off to Winchester under guard and Bradshaw was one of the guards, and when these prisoners were duly delivered at Winchester in the Valley, Bradshaw was discharged and came back to his home.

Soon after the Revolution, John Bradshaw moved west of the Alleghenies and founded Huntersville. He got for his mountain home the plantations now owned by Sherman P. Curry, the Amos Barlow heirs, and J. H. Buzzard, several square miles of territory, and this included all of the site of the town of Huntersville. The Bradshaw home was placed on a bluff looking down on the beautiful waters of Knapps creek, at or near the place

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About this time, John Bradshaw had a stroke of luck which made him one of the richest men of the mountains. A ticket that he held in a State lottery drew him a prize of ten thousand dollars and that was an immense fortune in those days.

He was a prominent figure in Bath county and in this county after its formation. My father remembers seeing him. My father was seven years old when John Bradshaw died

seventy-nine years old. In his old age, he was a large portly man, with elegant manners, and fine dress, and walked with a crutch richly inlaid with silver.

When Pocahontas county was organized in the spring of 1822, the commissioners met at John Bradshaw's house, and they took from him a deed for about an acre of ground on the bluff across the lane from his house, for the county buildings. This site was accepted and a brick courthouse built on it that lasted until the county seat was moved six miles west on the Hunters ville road to the new city of Marlinton.

John Bradshaw had another immense tract of land in the Dilley's Mill community.

One of the first orders of the new county court was to grant license to keep a house of private entertainment at his residence for the year ending in May, 1823. For this he paid a license of $4 50. But the

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John Bradshaw had another immense tract of land in the Dilley's Mill community.

One of the first orders of the new county court was to grant license to keep a house of private entertainment at his residence for the year ending in May, 1823. For this he paid a license of $4.50. But the next year he was licensed to keep an ordinary at the same place for a license fee of $18.00. In the meantime, Bradshaw sat as one of the county court, being a justice of the county. The main difference between a house of entertainment and an ordinary was that that the ordinary could sell spirits and wine by the small measure. The court fixed the tariff For a half pint of whiskey the charge was 12 1 2 cents or one bit. There were plenty of half cent pieces in those days. Meals were 25 cents and lodging 12 cents. A gallon of grain was 12 1 2 cents and hay for

county court, county. The main difference between a house of entertainment and an ordinary was that that the ordinary could sell spirits and wine by the small measure. The court fixed the tariff For a half pint of whiskey the charge was 12 1 2 cents or one bit. There were plenty of half cent pieces in those days. Meals were 25 cents and lodging 12 cents. A gallon of grain was 12 1 2 cents and hay for twenty four hours for one horse was 12 1 2 cents. What price soda water?

John Bradshaw sleeps in the old Huntersville cemetery. His grave is not marked by a lettered monument but it can be located and it should receive one of the monuments provided for by Congress for Revolutionary soldiers. My father says that his grave is marked by a wild cherry tree growing directly over his last resting place.

The old cemetery is on the brow of the bluff just west of the state highway where it climbs the elevation to turn around the postoffice going east

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The old cemetery is on the brow of the bluff just west of the state high way where it climbs the elevation to turn around the postoffice going east. John Bradshaw departed this life January 6, 1837. A tall unlettered native slab of rock is at the head of the grave, and a smaller one at the foot, both standing. Between the two stones, exactly over the center of the grave there is a large wild cherry tree, perhaps thirty inches in diameter. This tree is showing signs of great age, and is ready to fall. There is some talk of cutting it down on account of its condition.

You know there is a great deal of talk about the extreme age of forest trees that is mostly all guesswork. Here is a tree that we know to be less than a hundred years old that shows signs of old age and which has reached its full size.

Practically all of the land about Huntersville is Bradshaw land and

You know there is a great deal of talk about the extreme age of forest trees that is mostly all guesswork. Here is a tree that we know to be less than a hundred years old that shows signs of old age and which has reached its full size.

Practically all of the land about Huntersville is Bradshaw land and the old veteran is there in the center of it in possession,

Close by him is the tomb of George E. Craig, a prominent citizen of this county, was born in 1801 and died in 1846. He was a merchant at the county seat. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church. One of his sons was the Rev. Dr. J. N. Craig, prominent in the Southern Presbyterian church. He wes about my father's age and as boys they left the same day in company to enter Washington College at Lexington, Virginia. in the year 1850. where both graduated. So far as I know these were the first college graduates from Pocahontas county, and both became

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A great many persons trace their line to John Bradshaw through the marriage of six of his granddsughters children of William Bradshaw. Nancy married Isaac Hartman of Green Bank, Mary Jane married Alexander Moore, of Stony Creek, Senilds married Washington Nottingham, of Glade Hill, Huldah, married John A. McLaughlin, of Huntersville, Martha married Beverly Waugh, of the Lit-

tle Levels, and Matilda married Nicholas Linger of Lewis county.

There would be no trouble to form a very numerous society of the descendants of this Revolutionary soldier. And a reunion of his descendants on some summer day at the noted Curry arch just above and in sight of his grave would be notable gathering. It would make a grand monument for a tablet to be placed on this great arch with the name of John Bradshaw and the dates of his service in the war for independence.

The traveller on the Huntersville road can locate the tomb of John Bradshaw from the road as he crosses the bridge leading into Huntersville at George Ginger's residence. It is a large wild cherry tree on the brow of the terrace back of A. B. McComb's store. I went there the other day with James A. Reed and as he looked around at the beautiful valley sur-

The traveller on the Huntersville road can locate the tomb of John Bradshaw from the road as he crosses the bridge leading into Huntersville at George Ginger's residence. It is a large wild cherry tree on the brow of the terrace back of A. B. McComb's store. I went there the other day with James A. Reed and as he looked around at the beautiful valley surrounded by the numerous mountains, he said: "All Bradshaw land!"

I then came on my way home and stopped at the mouth of the nameless little run on J. H. Buzzard's place where there are millions of small stones, the talus washed down from the hills above, and I stopped to take my daily breath of fresh air, and keep on with my continuing hunt for a perfect trilobite, which will probably be the millioneth stone I turn over.

As I scanned the gravel strewn stream beds, a young fellow came walking the road, and I hailed him and told him that I would be driving

will probably be the millionth stone I turn over.

As I scanned the gravel strewn stream beds, a young fellow came walking the road, and I hailed him and told him that I would be driving into town in a few minutes and he came and looked for specimens. He showed so much interest and intelligence in the work, that I asked him if he had had any experience in the business. He said he had worked on an expedition from the University of Chicago, in South America, for years, making collections of natural history objects. And in addition to that he had enlisted and served in the Argonne in the world war. He was a collector himself, his attention being given to numismatics, stamps, and World War relics. He was unmarried. He was looking for a position on a farm He was farm raised The gentleman of three continents left me to make application for a job as a farm hand.

John Brown—They Had A Concern

By Jeannette Mather Lord

I

They Had a Concern

On the rolling Iowa prairies between the Cedar and Iowa Rivers, Quaker Ridge was settled during the 1850's by Friends from New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. In time the little town of Springdale, situated on the state highway, now known as the Herbert Hoover Highway, emerged as the center of this Quaker community extending through Cedar, Muscatine, and Linn Counties.

In the concern of these Quakers over slavery, Springdale became one of the chief stations on the Underground Railroad in Iowa. This was not a railroad, nor was it underground. It was a route on which lived people whose homes were stations or refuges for escaped slaves and who as engineers and conductors helped the fugitives on their way to the next station toward freedom. It was a source of satisfaction to these Quakers that of the many fleeing slaves reaching Springdale, every one reached Canada and freedom, so carefully was the trip from Springdale mapped out.

I never tired of hearing the older people tell of their part in those stirring years. Aunt Senie, a tiny person, who radiated repose and serenity, had packed more lunches for escaped slaves, it was said, than any other woman in Iowa.

Friend Laurie Tatum, keeper of Traveller's Rest in Springdale and later guardian of the orphaned Herbert Hoover, as a conductor of the Underground Railroad, carried by covered wagon many fugitives across country about twenty-five miles to Mechanicsville. So did Shannon Todd. It was Laurie Tatum, I think, whose wagon was mired in the shifting sands of the Cedar River at Gray's Ford. The combined efforts of himself and his team failed to get the wagon free. The added strength of a stranger also failed to budge the wagon.

"It can't be done," was the stranger's opinion. "The wagon will have to be unloaded."

him: a glass of jelly, an apple, a warm muffler, or a gay kerchief. No memory of my childhood is more vivid than that of this kindly old man trying to make this group of primary children understand the suffering of the mind of the slave even when there was no suffering of body. Dinah, looking up in his master's face, would punctuate the tale with whines, for his master was in distress and to Dinah that was beyond canine endurance.

Uncle Tom's first memory was of hiding in the bushes and seeing the foreman flog his father who was tied to a post. Taking refuge with his mother, he begged to know why white people were masters and the blacks were slaves. She hushed his cries and with tragic earnestness tried to drive all hate and thought of revenge out of her son's heart. They were slaves; acceptance of their lot was a necessity; hatred, rebellion, thoughts of revenge only brought more trouble and suffering, not only to themselves but to their loved ones.

"Mammy," he said, "when I get to be a man I'll not be a slave. I'm bound to run away and be a free man."

Sadly his mother answered, "My child, if you have such thoughts as those never let anyone know it."

This was in Culpepper County, Missouri. After being forty years a slave, Uncle Tom escaped. It was in the fall of the year. He slept in the daytime and traveled at night, following the North Star. Twice he ventured to approach a farmhouse to beg for food. The first time the woman set the dogs on him, and it was difficult to shake them off his trail. The second time the housewife invited him into the kitchen, set a chair for him and went ostensibly for food but in reality to call the men. Uncle Tom, sensing danger, ran out just as the husband with a gun, accompanied by his son, came around the corner of the house. The man shot several times before Uncle Tom reached the shelter of a cornfield in which he eluded them. After that he kept away from people.

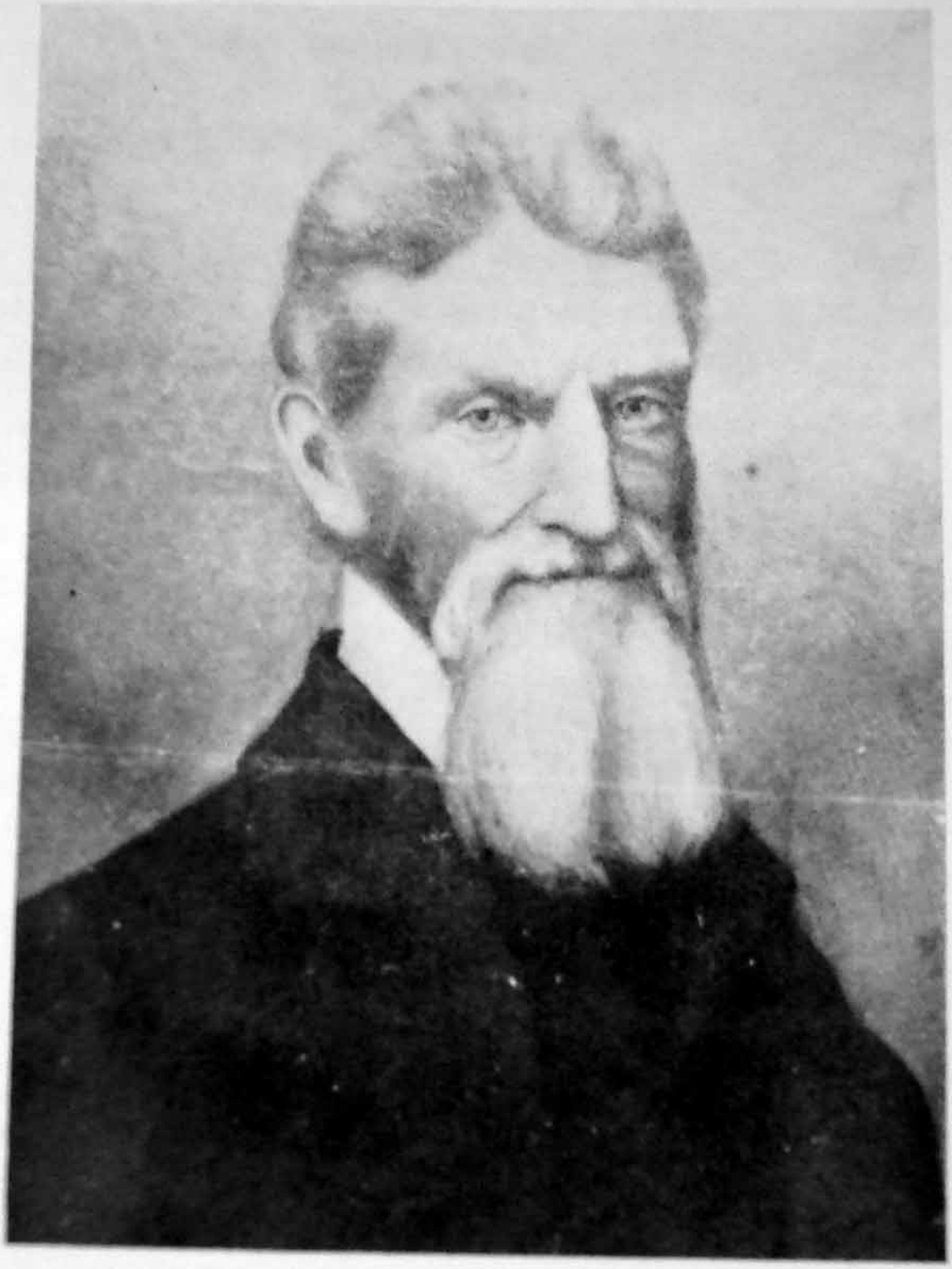
How he found Springdale, I have often wondered. Only when he reached the community where the women wore gray gowns and bonnets and the men broad-brimmed hats did he dare show himself. Rumor, traveling by grapevine in Missouri, had said there would he find safety and be helped on his way.

He arrived late in the year, having had nothing to eat but the raw field corn since leaving his master in Missouri three months before. He had suffered much from the cold. His feet were frozen and in such condition that his boots had to be cut off. Some time was spent in recuperating. He worked as he could to pay for his board and when fit to travel went on his way to Canada and freedom.

It was after the war that Uncle Tom returned to Springdale to live, buying the house just east of the schoolhouse. Of his family I know nothing except that at intervals a daughter would come to live with him. She so vigorously cleaned house and as vigorously used her tongue that before long Uncle Tom would decide that he was happier by himself and the daughter would leave until next summoned. Except for these visits, Uncle Tom lived alone with his cow, sometimes a calf, his chickens, ducks and Dinah. The house was used in common by all. I cannot say that I ever saw the cow in the house, but I have seen the calf in the kitchen drinking from a dish placed on a chair. In the summer the door stood open and the fowls and animals crossed the threshold at will.

On Sabbath, or First Day, Uncle Tom went to Quaker Meeting. Dinah is the only dog I have seen attend divine worship, but inseparable from his master, he would follow him into the pew and never cause any disturbance beyond the excitement among the children as he and Uncle Tom entered. Being prompt was not one of Uncle Tom's virtues. Just as the minister (for by this time the Friends in Springdale had grown progressive enough to have a minister) reached sixthly, or perhaps lastly, when we children had given up hoping for an end and were sure the clock had stopped, Uncle Tom and Dinah would make their way to the empty pew nearest the door. From our family pew we lost no detail of this entrance. Uncle Tom was always a person of romance. We delighted in his kindly face and picturesque figure in his silver gray suit, bright bandanna, soft broad-brimmed gray hat, showing beneath it a fringe of white hair. He never took off his hat in meeting except during a prayer, not even in the long silence following the sermon.

At the time of the early Friends in England, to remove a hat in the presence of others was an act of servility or, at least, a recognition of inferiority. Believing that all men are equal in



John Brown

the sight of God, the early Friend wore his hat in the presence of all people, even the king and other high officials. He wore it in court and in meeting, but he removed it when he prayed. It was definitely Quakerly for Uncle Tom to wear his hat during the service and symbolic of his recognized equality with his neighbors. Here no one wished Uncle Tom to pay "hat honor."

When my mother had typhoid fever, every morning before breakfast Uncle Tom, having walked a mile and a half to our home, known as Evergreens, would appear at the kitchen door to inquire how the "missus" was. Mother gave orders to the cook to invite him into the kitchen for breakfast, but he refused even a cup of coffee.

On our way to town, we frequently found Uncle Tom out on the "horseblock" watching for us. Would we stop on our return for a basket of fruit, always ripe before ours?

One day he questioned Mother on how to raise ducks. This was a surprising inquiry from one so successful. Sensing his seriousness, Mother told him in great detail her understanding of the problem. He asked many questions. Finally fully satisfied that Mother knew how to care for ducks, he asked permission to present us children with a duck and her newly hatched brood. The ducks thrived and because of their unusually brilliant coloring were our delight.

The years accumulated for Uncle Tom. The time came when he could no longer care for himself. Even now he could not live with his daughter. He sold his tiny place and, with the proceeds and his savings, went to the county farm as a paying guest. He was happy there, living to a ripe old age, full of quiet dignity, a respected and self-supporting member of the community. Once a year he would receive an invitation to visit Uncle William for a week-end to attend again our meeting where he would see all his friends.

In the Springdale Cemetery is his grave with the inscription on the tombstone:

Thomas W. Jenkins
Called as a slave
Richard Lewis
Died Dec. 9, 1902
Aged 83 years old

II

We Have No Use for Thy Guns

In October of 1856, John Brown came to Iowa City, Iowa, the home of the Kansas National Committee for Iowa, to see William Penn Clarke, Dr. Jesse Bowen, Colonel Samuel C. Trowbridge, Iowa City's first sheriff, and other abolitionists, who from now on, could always be depended upon to supply funds needed for forwarding passengers on the Underground Railroad. This ran across Iowa with stations at Tabor, Lewis, Des Moines, Grinnel, Iowa City, West Liberty, Springdale, Tipton, Dewitt, and Clinton. Salem in Southeastern Iowa was also an important station.

On this occasion he visited for the first time the Friends' community, east of Iowa City. The story ran that weary and travel-worn, John Brown stopped his mule in West Branch at Travel's Rest, an inn kept by James Townsend, saying to his host, "Have you ever heard of John Brown of Kansas?" Townsend, knowing Brown through Iowa City abolitionists, took a piece of chalk from his vest pocket and marked a large X on Brown's hat, another on his back and a third on the flank of his mule to indicate that Brown was to be a guest on the house. Then he said, "Friend, put thy animal in that stable and walk into the house. Thee is surely welcome."[1]

In the early winter of 1857-'58 again Brown was in Springdale. With him were ten of his supporters and also some slaves whom they were helping to freedom. Unsuccessfully an auction was held in an attempt to sell off the wagons and teams, used for transporting rifles and pikes from Tabor, Iowa. They had walked from Tabor in twenty-five days, avoiding settlements on the way. My father has described Brown's patriarchal appearance as he stood in the midst of his company that day—slightly under six feet in height with stooping shoulders, gray hair and long flowing beard of snowy whiteness, in all appearances an old man, but one commanding attention, confidence and respect. He never laughed.

The auction was a failure. Cash was scarce because of the panic of 1857. William Maxson, a spiritualist, not a Quaker

[1]Many of the older Friends in the community used the Quaker "thou" in my childhood. Others used the "thee" of the Quaker vernacular which later came into general use as the subject as well as the object of a verb. Both are used as they were used in the stories.

but long a member of a train crew of the Underground Railroad, living in the rather isolated North Liberty community, about three miles northeast of Springdale, agreed to give board for the winter to Brown and his men in exchange for his teams and wagons as might seem just and fair—one and a half dollars a week for each man, not including laundry and extra candles.

The Maxson house was an attractive one, built in 1839 on the edge of the timber, on the site of the first white man's cabin built on this side of the Cedar River. Constructed of stone, it was overlaid with plaster and was quite palatial for these days. The house, 24 x 38 feet with an annex 16 x 20, had five good-sized rooms on the ground floor. Its walls were a foot thick, its laths of split native oak. The floors were also of oak and the woodwork was of black walnut. I remember the design of the molding and the carved corners of the window frames, for my sense of fitness was hurt when I saw trophy hunters tear off lovely pieces, leaving great gaping holes.

Around the fireplace in the parlor, called "the great room," were held the councils and here plans were laid. Opening off this room was a smaller room used by Brown as a bedroom and office. The big living-room and long dining-room-kitchen were also given over to Brown's men. A steep narrow stairs led to a garret where there was just enough head room for a man to stand erect under the ridge pole. This served as sleeping quarters for the ten men.

Maria Todd, later the wife of Elza Maxson, told me that she lived with William and Delilah Maxson while Brown and his men were there. She and the Maxson family shared the cellar with the fleeing slaves that winter. It was a large cellar, underneath the whole house, designed and used as a station on the Underground Railroad. The open stairway came down from the dining-room-kitchen, dividing the part under the main house into two large rooms, each of which had its huge fireplace. Back of these rooms extended a dark area never fully explored by me. The cooking was done over the fireplaces.

Today the house is still spoken of as beautiful. "The big east door with its dignified casement, the nice proportion of the house, its unusual finish of gravel, not unlike modern stucco, give occasion to wonder at the pioneer settlers who builded it."

The above was written after the old house had fallen into ruins and was to be pulled down. Three architects were sent to make blue-prints of the old building. These were to be deposited in the national files in Washington, D. C.

In my childhood, the right-hand fireplace in the cellar had fallen in, leaving a big jagged hole in the foundation. When showing visitors this cellar we children anticipated the moment when, stepping off the stairs, Mother would say, "This cellar was considered one of the safest of all the stations of the Underground Railroad." Not infrequently would come the expected question from the guest who had taken a hurried look about, "Did the railroad come in there?" pointing to the hole where was once a fireplace.

We never missed a visit to the cellar and we were always at Mother's elbow as she pointed out the strength of this refuge. Many a time officers of the law, slave masters and bloodhounds were confident that the fugitive slaves had been tracked to that cellar. Never were they refused the admittance demanded; never was force used to keep them from securing their quarry. But courageous as these men undoubtedly were the desire of regaining possession of the most valuable of slaves diminished as they stood in the dining-room at the open door, staring down an open staircase with the light streaming down from above. Below on either side stretched the impenetrable darkness of the cellar. A fugitive slave was a desperate man, protected by the darkness, while his would-be captor faced the necessity of descending that stairway in full light, an easy target. Although the slave's master sometimes lingered in the community for a week or two, fortunately for the record of the community, no attempt was ever made to enter that cellar.

The names of the men who made up John Brown's party became household names in the homes of the Quakers. They were always listed as follows: Brown's son, Owen Brown; Richard Realf, an Englishman; John Henri Kagi, correspondent for the *New York Post;* Aaron D. Stephens, known as Colonel Whipple; John Edwin Cook, later a brother-in-law of the governor of Indiana; Luke F. Parsons, 22 years old and already a fighter seasoned in the Kansas Border War; William H. Leeman, only eighteen; Charles Plummer Tidd; Charles Moffat and a fugitive

slave, Richard Richardson, from Lexington, Missouri, who had joined them in southern Iowa.

These men became part of the community. They brought many new interests. My father attended the mock legislature held twice a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, in the big west room of the Maxson house and later, because of the crowds, in the brick schoolhouse, which subsequently became the home of Moses Varney. This legislature followed parliamentary law and proceeded with motions and debates. From Father's account, I judge that all questions of interest of the day were discussed: politics, slavery and warfare, political and civil rights of the negro, college education and civil rights of women, banking laws, prohibitory liquor laws, mechanics, theology, spiritualism, and natural philosophy. The Maxsons and Stephens were spiritualists. Brown kept his men supplied with good reading, especially with biographies of great men, beginning with *Plutarch's Lives.* Consequently they had a wide range of interests, wider than that of Brown himself. He was a crusader with one dominating idea. He talked only of religion and the evils of slavery, and he was indeed a convincing debater. Realf, Kagi, Cook, and Coppoc were brilliant in oratory.

Rising at five in the morning the boarders at Mr. Maxson's spent the forenoons in military studies and drilling with wooden swords or pikes and in maneuvering in the open space in front of the house, led by Stephens who had had previous United States Army experience. As a child I have trod the paths worn by these men in their drilling, still distinct forty years afterwards in an otherwise green lawn. I was awed by the fact that these men had willingly given their lives, not in self-defense but deliberately in order to help others gain freedom.

The evenings were given over to reading, writing letters, studying shorthand, taught by Kagi, and debating.

The decision to winter here in Springdale was an excellent one in John Brown's judgment, for this community was well known for its concern against slavery and against war. It was several miles off the railroad and far from Harper's Ferry and

Coming into the community with escaping slaves who needed help, John Brown and the Quakers met as co-workers in a common cause to which they were completely and devotedly dedicated. Without reserve they applied themselves to hiding the fugitives and finding means of passing on these "packages" to safety and to Canada. There would be time for the Quakers to consider John Brown later.

In a matter of days after the establishment of Brown's men at Maxsons, suspicions were aroused as word spread of maneuvers and military drill on the lawn in front of the Maxson house. The Quakers knew of the Kansas Border War and the Potawotomie massacre. Their disapproval was shown by the Quaker who said to Brown, "Thou art welcome to tarry among us but we have no use for thy guns." The Quakers stood ready to work with Brown in aiding fugitive slaves, but no sanction would they give to any plan of violence.

When the Quakers came to know John Brown they found him as trustworthy, honest, and God-fearing as had their friends on the Kansas National Committee for Iowa. They responded as did Thoreau and Sanborn in Concord, Gerrit Smith in New York, T. W. Higginson, George L. Stearns, Theodore Parker of New England and other abolitionists. Brown was a man who inspired confidence. Such was my father's first impression of him.

Historians have said that "from 1850 on, he (Brown) talked constantly and openly of carrying the war into Africa," but in Springdale he was discreetly silent. Elza Maxson, who went East in 1859, when summoned by Brown, emphasized to me Brown's determination to avoid war or do any harm to any one except those opposing him when he was working to free the slaves. Brown stated that he would have nothing "to do with any war, unless it was a war of liberty."

Well liked, Brown's men were welcome guests for an evening in the homes of the community. Aaron Stephens, Brown's drillmaster, was a frequent visitor at the home of Moses Varney. His daughter, Anna Varney Phelps, would tell of sitting on Stephens' knee while, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he would sing in his beautiful tenor, "Will they miss me at home, Mother? Will they miss me?"

Narcissa Macy Smith stated that Brown's character was irreproachable. He was an ardent prohibitionist; neither did he use tobacco, nor strong and profane language. "As a man thinketh, so is he," she quoted from Proverbs.

Henry D. Thoreau in *A Plea for Captain John Brown* writes that he himself had heard him (Brown) state that "In his camp, he permitted no profanity; no man of loose morals was suffered to remain there, unless, indeed, as a prisoner of war. 'I would rather have small-pox, yellow fever, and cholera all together than a man without principles!' "

Father, a consistent non-resistant, expressed his faith in and high regard for Brown as a man, telling of the path worn by his feet as he, when at the Maxson home, went without fail morning and evening to pray, to communicate with God and to meditate alone. The Quaker receives strength by withdrawing as in silence and solitude one comes close to God. So did John Brown. He had the love which casts out fear.

Only when visitors questioned did we of my generation hear of Brown, the avenger, smiting the enemies of slavery in Kansas. The emphasis was on the common concern to forward the freedom of the slaves and their confidence in Brown as a man of integrity, kindliness, sincerity, and spirituality.

Some would question: "Did not the Quakers "wink" at the military drill and Brown's plans, giving aid on the side?" To this Mother's answer was an emphatic "No." The "Meeting" were united in their testimony for peace, she would say, in their efforts to free the slaves and in their disapproval of the use of force by Brown. They spoke their minds frankly and forcefully at every opportunity without avail.

Yet, Mother would continue, when John Brown stated that he felt he was called by the Almighty God to deliver the nation from Slavery, and that his mission was "divinely appointed", the Friends could not doubt him. With their belief in "The Inner Light" and "that of God in everyman" the Quakers expect one's conduct to be in agreement with the inner revelation. The individual must assume full responsibility for his spiritual decisions. Hence they responded to John Brown with an unwillingness to judge him or to set themselves up against him. As Brown walked among them, they shared the burden on his

soul, the great weight of the shackles of the thousands of men in bondage.

It is one of the striking inconsistencies of human nature that the Quakers, strongly non-resistant themselves, loved this man whose dedication to the cause of freedom and whose hatred of slavery had led him mistakenly, in their opinion, down the path of violence. Although they could not agree with his methods and thought his judgment faulty, such was his character, commanding their confidence, esteem and affection, that he and his men wintered unmolested in their midst, making preparations, the goal unknown to the Quakers, for his memorable raid on Harper's Ferry.

John Painter, later the founder of Pasadena, California, the only Quaker known to have had knowledge of Brown's plan at this time, labored in vain to dissuade him. However, Father would remind us that the Quakers were not alone in this trust in Brown, for Parker, Higginson, Stearns, and Gerrit Smith sent him funds not knowing that they were to be used to attack the arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

* * * * *

For only short intervals was Brown himself at Maxson's during the winter. It is said that, before leaving his followers, in January, 1858, to raise money in the East, he disclosed to some of them his plans in more detail and for the first time Harper's Ferry was mentioned. In the community only Maxson and Painter knew what was afoot.

By April Brown returned with funds and gave orders for the expedition to start. By now Moses Varney may have known something of the plans. Each of his men wrote his name on the plaster wall of the "great room" of the Maxson house. In my childhood, the pencil marks had grown so faint that no full name could be traced out by my searching finger.

When Brown talked to Thomas James for the last time, James said, "Thee must be careful or thee will get a rope around thy neck."

To this Brown answered, "Yes, I expect it."

John Painter said, "Friend, I can't give thee money to buy powder and lead but here's $20. toward thy expenses."

The men went from house to house to say "Farewell". In the crowd which gathered to see them off, there were few dry eyes.

* * * * *

Nearly a year had passed before John Brown came again to Springdale. All were surprised when, 1859, Feb. 25, he appeared with some of his men and eleven or twelve slaves from Missouri. He had taken them safely through part of Kansas and across Iowa while the agents of the Fugitive Slave Law endeavored to capture Brown and the caravan. The government was offering $250. for his capture and the state of Kansas was offering $3,000.

Quickly the Friends found secure hiding places for the slaves. On March 10, the negroes traveled by box-car from West Liberty to Chicago. To pay their expenses a public sale had been held to auction off the mules and wagons, all of which had probably been commandeered.

It is told that when a mule was offered for sale, Brown stepped forward saying, "Gentlemen, the mule is all right but there is a slight defect in title."

Another story tells of John Painter saying, "Friend Brown, I understand that thee wishes to sell thy mules and I wish to buy one."

"Yes, they are for sale. How much do you think they are worth?"

"I think," said Painter, "they ought to bring one hundred twenty five dollars apiece."

"The mules are all right," replied Brown, "only for one thing and that is they have the habit of occasionally kicking. I think they should bring only one hundred dollars."

"Very well," agreed Painter, "I will pay one hundred dollars for this mule and I donate twenty-five dollars to the expenses of the expedition."

After the sale Brown did not linger but hurried on to Chicago and Canada.

This was not a quiet interval in that usually serene Quaker community. It would have been a severe test to that non-

resistant Society if a rumored attempt to arrest John Brown and capture the caravan had materialized. Great was the relief when the fugitives were on their way safely.

As the summer of 1859 advanced, here and there a boy in the community went on a trip to Ohio ostensibly to visit relatives.

Elza Maxson had planned to be with Brown at the critical time but, due to the uncertainty of dates, news of the attack reached him as he was on his way to the East. He was too late to have any part in it. Even in his old age, in talking with me, he showed the same firm belief in and high regard for John Brown. The attack had been a mistake. Fate had stepped in and prevented him from personally having a part in that chapter of history. Gladly would he have given his life for the cause. It was with resignation that he accepted his escape from the gallows at Harper's Ferry. Fate had willed it so. A Friend would have said that God had willed it so.

The two Coppoc boys, Edwin and Barclay, received summons to meet Brown at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, at the earliest possible moment.

* * * * *

After their departure, the days drowsed through the summer in Springdale. The quietness of autumn was broken by the startling and terrible news of Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry —news which brought grief, sleeplessness and deep soul searching in the long night watches.

All the world knows of the raid on Harper's Ferry. If Brown had been killed during the attack, he would have been forgotten by now, I have heard Mother say. But his greatness came upon him in his prison days in Charlestown, Virginia, later to be included in West Virginia, when, during the war, that state was formed. Brown acknowledged his mistakes. He fought the plea of insanity put forward by well-meaning friends. When Samuel C. Pomeroy, long identified with the anti-slavery movement, later a senator from Kansas, told him that friends wished to plan an escape, Brown refused the help saying, "I am worth infinitely more to the cause to die than to live."

"God's Angry Man" he has been called by those who regarded him as a man filled with the wrath of God, willing to smite the enemies of the Lord with the sword and to break in pieces the oppressor and destroy the wicked as would a Hebrew prophet in the Old Testament. However, he is remembered as one who, on his last night on earth, asked that his religious attendants at his execution should be "poor little bareheaded, barelegged, ragged slave children and their old gray-haired slave mother." Instead guards and soldiers met him on the porch that Dec. 2, 1859.

As he saw the streets filled with armed soldiers, he commented, "I had no idea that Governor Wise considered my execution so important."

Riding to the gallows, seated on his own coffin, he said, "This is a very beautiful country. I never had the pleasure of seeing it before."

There was no flinching as he stood on the scaffold. A second later his body hung between heaven and earth and his soul was marching on.

As the Quakers in Springdale learned the sequence of events and realized the full significance of the fact that Brown and his men had drilled and prepared and planned for the attack on Harper's Ferry in their midst, they made haste to restate their testimony for peace. Three weeks after the raid, at the Monthly Meeting "a large and representative committee" was appointed to investigate the report that there "appears to be an impression abroad that the Friends in this neighborhood have improperly encouraged a war spirit." Joel Bean, Henry Rowntree, Israel Negus, Laurie Tatum, James Schooley, and Samuel Macy were among those who served on this committee. They reported to the Monthly Meeting, December 7, 1859:

> We have endeavored to consider the subject confided to us in all its bearings and are united in the conclusion, that any publication (in the way of defense) on the part of the Mo Mee (Monthly Meeting) is unnecessary . . . . we believe our principals [sic] of peace were never dearer to most of our members than now.

However this did not close the chapter for the Springdale Community, for Edwin Coppoc faced execution for treason and Barclay was a fugitive in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

III

Wayward Tendencies

In mid-summer, July 25, 1859, in the large, square, frame, farmhouse on the eastern outskirts of the small town of Springdale in Cedar County, Iowa, Barclay Coppoc told his mother that he and his brother, Edwin, were starting for Ohio.

"Ohio?" questioned his mother. "I believe that thou art going with Old Brown. When thou gettest a halter round thy neck wilt thou think of me?"

"We cannot die in a better cause," replied Barclay.

It was his Quaker mother, Ann Coppoc Raley, a woman of rare intelligence, a strong abolitionist, who had taught her sons their hatred of slavery. Many a slave had been harbored in their home.

However both boys had developed "wayward tendencies", disturbing to their mother and the "meeting". Edwin took up dancing. The Monthly Meeting dealt with him in the "spirit of restoring love." As Edwin did not condemn his actions he was disowned by the meeting. There is also an entry in the minutes of the Monthly Meeting that Barclay Coppoc had used strong language and struck a man in anger. Barclay gave the "meeting" satisfaction and the complaint was "passed by". Now both brothers had a concern. Following the prompting of the "Inner Light" they threw themselves into the struggle against slavery with John Brown whom they went to meet in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. They were the only Friends who were summoned and Edwin had been "put out of the meeting".

In October of 1859 John Brown gathered his men at the Kennedy Farm in Maryland five miles above Harper's Ferry preparing for his raid on the arsenal in order to obtain arms. "There were six or seven men in Brown's party who . . . were ignorant of the plan of operation until Sunday morning, October 16. Among this number were Edwin and Barclay Coppoc," stated John E. Cook in his confessions made in prison.

About eight o'clock that evening Brown called his men together, saying, "Men, get on your arms. We will proceed to the Ferry."

Early the next morning they heard firing in the valley which increased sometime after noon. Late in the day, arming themselves well with rifles, they started down toward the Ferry. Soon they met Charles Plummer Tidd and later John E. Cook through whom they learned that Brown's Band was completely surrounded and nothing could be done to help them. As lingering in the neighborhood would surely cost them their lives, the only course left them was flight into the mountains. Traveling by night only, hunted by men and dogs, they made their way through an alerted countryside, often having only the hard mature corn from the fields for food.

Edwin Coppoc, the only white man unwounded in the attack, was taken prisoner with John Brown. A newspaper reporter, astonished at his youth and honest face, exclaimed, "What are you doing in this place?"

Governor Wise, also impressed by the boy, said, "You look like too honest a man to be found in this band of robbers."

"But Governor, we look upon you as the robbers," answered Coppoc.

Nine days later he was brought before the court chained to John Brown. The day after Brown's sentence, his trial ended with the verdict that he was to be hanged on December 16.

Asked if he had anything to say to the court, he stated that the charges of treason against the State of Virginia were not true for he had never made war upon it. He had never conspired to overthrow the government of the state. The purpose of the band was to run off slaves to a free state and liberate them. This is against your laws but he had never committed murder. When attacked in the engine house, there was no way out but to fight a little. If anyone was killed there it was a fair fight. He had killed no one. He had broken Virginia's laws, but the punishment for his offence should be very different from the verdict given.

During his imprisonment he wrote to his mother that all had turned out differently from expectations. He had seen his folly too late. He would try to meet death as every man should, though it would have been a great comfort to die at home. He regretted that he had had no other choice than to fight. A Quaker at heart, he was sorry that he had ever raised a gun.

Hundreds came to see him in prison and many exhibited sympathy. He was spoken of as an exemplary prisoner. As he had killed no one, Governor Wise made a fruitless recommendation for a commutation of sentence to life imprisonment.

An escape was attempted by Coppoc and Cook who had been captured when he left the party in the mountains to buy food. With knives they cut a hole in the wall which their bed covered. By notching their knives, they made a saw, with which they hacked through their chains. The night before their execution they dropped 15 feet to the courtyard and mounted the wall. As the guard on the wall, whom they hoped to find friendly, threatened to bayonet them, they had no other choice than to walk back to deliver themselves to the astonished jailer.

Twelve hours of life remained. Thomas Winn, the postmaster at Springdale, was with Edwin until the last but he could not watch the execution. Contrary to plan, Coppoc's body was not taken back to Iowa but was buried in the Friend's Burying Ground at Winona, Columbiana County, in Ohio, taken up and buried again, twelve feet down with tons of rock above it for protection, in the Hope Burying Ground in his birthplace, Salem, Ohio.

The day of the execution was a day of sorrow for all Springdale. Mary Ann Montgomery was sent to spend part of the terrible day with the grieving mother. Ann Coppoc Raley greeted her with, "I'm glad thou art come. Edwin was hanged at one o'clock today."

After a time she went back to Ohio to visit the grave of her son. While there she wrote her sister, who had lost a son as he attempted to aid fugitive slaves from Missouri: "On thinking the matter over, I see that there might be a sorrow even greater than ours. Yes, if our sons had gone into some horse-theft, murder, or robbery, and had been shot or slain in the enterprise, it would have been countless times worse, but going against our will, still the motive for it has to be looked at. They went to liberate their fellowmen, not for their own advantage."

Elza Maxson has shown me an ambrotype of himself which he had given to Edwin Coppoc. Twenty years after his death, Elza found this ambrotype in the deserted Coppoc house. Tak-

ing it from its case he found a message which must have been written in prison: "Dear Elza, farewell," signed Edwin Coppoc. A likeness of Edwin stood on a little stand in our library at Evergreens beside a likeness of George Fox, the Quaker saint and founder. Edwin was almost a relative for my aunt by marriage was his younger half sister.

For many weeks Barclay Coppoc was a fugitive with bloodhounds and officers of the law at his heels. Not until the day after Edwin's execution did he, gaunt and thin as a skeleton, arrive at his Springdale home.

Several young men in the neighborhood united to form a twenty-four hour a day guard for Barclay. In addition Elza Maxson lived with him and became his shadow. It was his duty, he said, to greet all visitors that came to the house and, if necessary, give Barclay opportunity for hiding. A carriage would drive up to the gate or a stranger would come on horseback. Elza would go out to meet the guest. As the whole country was aflame with excitement over the Harper's Ferry raid, many came hunting the man who had escaped. Some were self-appointed searchers. Since they had no papers, they could, with firmness, wisdom and tact, be induced to depart. Others had been properly appointed by the government of Virginia but did not have extradition papers. These also could be tactfully disposed of, particularly as more than one officer of the law went through the form of demanding Coppoc and the right to search, but was at heart glad to report back to their Virginia superiors that the task, distasteful to them and having no legal authority, had been executed without success. Barclay now went heavily armed. In this crisis the overseers of the Friends Preparative Meeting called on him as action on their part seemed necessary. On January 10, of 1860, the report was made to the Monthly Meeting that "Barclay Coppoc had neglected attendance of our religious meetings and is in the practice of carrying arms." As he refused to heed the "spirit of restoring love" he was separated from the meeting.

One day in January, 1860, there came to Governor Kirkwood's office in Des Moines, by now the capital of Iowa, a Mr. Camp from Virginia, who demanded extradition papers for Barclay Coppoc. When General Ed Wright, then representing

Cedar County in the Legislature, on this day entered the Governor's office with Representative Galbraith, the Governor attempted to drop the discussion in their presence. However they heard the pompous, gruff, self-important Virginian retort, "I don't give a _____. You have refused to honor the requisition." Wright and Galbraith withdrew immediately. Within two hours a swift horseman was on his 165 mile ride to Springdale carrying a warning to Coppoc that Iowa was no longer a safe refuge.

The requisition papers were found by Governor Kirkwood to be faulty in four details. Until these could be rectified no extradition papers could be issued. While waiting for corrected papers from Virginia, Mr. Camp prudently lingered in Muscatine, a Mississippi River town to the east. During this time Coppoc could not be persuaded to flee.

However when the proper papers were known to have been honored by Governor Kirkwood, John Painter drove Barclay Coppoc, disguised with a false beard, accompanied by Thaddeus Maxson, brother of Elza, through a furious snowstorm twenty-five miles to Mechanicsville to catch a train for Chicago. There they made their way through a raging blizzard to the home of a negro who collected funds from other negroes in the city for Coppoc's flight. When Mr. Camp arrived in Springdale with the proper papers and the sheriff, their quarry had flown.

From now on Coppoc returned home for only hasty visits. He was forever on the move, never knowing security again. At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in the Union Army and served as First Lieutenant in the 3rd Kansas Infantry. With the authorization of his superior officer, he returned to Springdale where he secured eleven recruits. The train carrying these young men to Kansas was wrecked by the burning of the supports of the bridge, 80 feet high, over the Platte River. Barclay Coppoc was among the dead.

There were those who rejoiced over his death. There were those who announced that it was only because Coppoc was a passenger that the train had been wrecked. When the news reached Springdale, the questions were at once asked: How

did anyone in the South know that Coppoc was on that train? Was there an informer in their midst?

Mr. Maxson had a new neighbor, a stranger in the community. A Southerner? Perhaps. No one knew. Mr. Crew, another neighbor, coming home from the village met the newcomer. I have heard his daughter tell that he reined in his horse with the greeting, "Neighbor, I know nothing about you before you moved into our neighborhood. I do not wish to imply anything. I have no opinion whatsoever. But there has been a gathering of men in town discussing the fate of Barclay Coppoc. They suspect that some one in our midst gave information leading to the wrecking of that train. Suspicion has settled on you. They are coming out this way in a body. If you are innocent, all is well. If not, there is trouble ahead." Without a word the newcomer turned his horse about and rode away—out of the community, never even sending a message to his family.

contrived to carry the injured and suffering man back to Huntersville, where they arrived after dark. Squire Gibson—though not a physician—took charge of the case, reduced the fracture and kept the patient at his house for three months. John Cochran was employed to nurse him, and staid by him all the while until he could be brought home.

John Cochran in his prime was a person of uncommon agility and muscular power. He was jovial in disposition and had a good word for everybody, and yet it was his misfortune to be in one of the fiercest personal combats that ever occurred in his neighborhood. With remarkable magnamity his opponent confessed himself in the fault, and ever after there was no more fighting for John Cochran. Trouble quit looking for him after that.

George Cochran lives in the old James house. He was a faithful Confederate soldier, and stands up for the Lost Cause with a fluent vim that is refreshing.

JOHN BURGESS.

Concurrently with the past century the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this family was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation, and settled near Albany, New York, where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

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Elizabeth Burgess became Mrs William Young.

Two of the daughters, names not remembered, married two brothers by the name of Kelley, and lived in New York State.

James Burgess became a preacher in the pale of the Congregational Church, and settled in Kentucky, among the pioneer ministers of that region.

John Burgess, Junior, married a Miss Kelley, of New York, and soon after the Revolution removed to Harrisonburg, Virginia. In his family were three sons and eight daughters, concerning whom we have the following details, furnished by David Burgess.

Mary Burgess married her cousin, James Young, and settled in Augusta County. Their son William Young was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died in service at Norfolk, Virginia.

Nancy was married to William Mayse, and settled at Millpoint, now Pocahontas county. He was among the first baksmiths to strike sparks from the anvil in that vicinity. William Mayse, a grandson, was a captain in the Civil War, and afterwards a government clerk in Washington, D. C.

Jane became Mrs Thomas Armstrong and lived near Churchville, Virginia.

Hampton Burgess went to Ohio in early manhood, married a Miss Smith and settled in that State.

Nathan Burgess married Martha Kinnison, of Charles Kinnison, the pioneer, and settled on lands now in sossession of the Payne family. He was a skillful gunsmith. Late in the 18th century and early in 19th, many of the older hunters were supplied by him

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with rifles. Some of his rifles were used by riflemen in military service. One of the best specimens of his workmanship was made for the late William McNeil, of Buckeye. When last heard of it was the property of the late James Moore. It was reputed to be one of the most accurate in aim and far reaching of mountain rifles ever in the county. It would be well if it could be gotten and deposited in the Museum of the West Virginia Historical Society at Charleston.

John Burgess was born near Albany in 1778. He was a mere youth when his father came to Harrisonburg. From Rockingham he came to the Levels about 1798. His first marriage was with Susan Casebolt and lived near Millpoint. The children of the first marriage were John, James, Archibald, Paul, Hannah and Mary. Hannah became Mrs David McNair and lived in Augusta. The first Mrs Burgess died about 1813. Soon after her death John Burgess moved to the mountain farm, west of the head of Swago.

His second marriage was with Hannah McNair, daughter of Daniel McNair, in the vicinity of Churchville. The McNairs were pioneers along with the Boones, Millers, Moffetts, and McDowells, notable familes in the Valley of Virginia during the pioneer era. The McNairs were from Pennsylvania. The children of the second marriage were David, Martha and Elizabeth.

John Burgess was a carpenter by occupation. He did the carpenter work on the dwelling occupied for many years by the late George W. Poage, the ruins of which are still to be seen near Preston Clarks beautiful resi-

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dence. The Jordan Barn, near Hillsboro, was of his many jobs, and still stands in a good state of preservation. For a long series of years he made most of the coffins needed in Lower Pocahontas. He was drafted into military service during the war of 1812, but owing to the critical stage of his wife's health, he was permitted to put in a substitute, and remain with his family. He thus escaped the suffering privation which caused the death of many of our mountain people during the notable defense of Norfolk vicinity that was planned to shield Richmond from British invasion and depredation.

John Burgess, Junior, son of John Burgess, the immigrant, the immediate ancestor of the Pocahontas family, whose history is illustrated in part by this sketch, claimed to have been a Revolutionary soldier and served in the artillery, and was one of the first to enlist and the last to be disbanded of the New York Continental Troops. While we have in hand no positive information to this effect, yet there is much reason for believing that John Burgess was at the surrender of General Burgoyne.

As the reader will readily remember, very memorable events occurred not very far from where John Burgess, the immigrant, lived and reared his family. It is more than probable that his loom wove the blanket which his son used in the service, and some of the neighbor soldiers were clothed in material prepared by his industrious hands.

Thus closes one more brief chapter in the suggestive history of our Pocahontas People. Let it be our aim

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not only to emulate, but to surpass what our ancestry accomplished, and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

JOSEPH MOORE.

Joseph Moore, late of Anthonys Creek, was one of the most widely known citizens of our county in his day. His parents were William Moore and Margaret, his wife. It is believed they came from Rockbridge County about 1780. No known relationship is claimed with other branches of the Moores. They opened up a home on the knoll just south of Preston Harper's, on Knapps Creek, where a rivulet crosses the road. Their house was just below the present road at that point. It was here they lived and died. They were buried on the east side of the creek, on the terrace south of the tenant house now standing there. Persons now living have seen their graves.

These pioneers were the parents of two sons and two daughters: Joseph, John, Mary (Polly), and a daughter whose name seems to be lost to memory.

John Moore went to Kentucky.

Mary was the wife of Colonel John Baxter, who was the first Colonel of the 127th Regiment, and was very prominent in the organization of the county.

Joseph Moore was a soldier in the war of 1812. During his service he met and married Hannah Cady, in East Virginia. She was a native of Connecticut, and was a school teacher, and is spoken of by the older

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deserving of lasting and grateful remembrance for the part they and their descendants have performed in rescuing from a rugged and remote forest wilderness and laboriously developing one of the more really prosperous sections of our great county.

JOHN COLLINS.

For nearly a hundred years the name Collins has been a familiar one among our people. The progenitor was John Collins, a native of Ireland. He found his way from Pennsylvania to Pendleton county, where he met and married Barbara Full. He first settled on the Dunwoody place, near Meadow Dale, in Highland. About the year 1800 he moved to what is now Pocahontas county, and settled on the Greenbrier on lands now held by William H. Collins, and built up a home. There had been some improvements begun by former settlers, but so little that to all intents and purposes he settled in the woods. Mr and Mrs Collins were the parents of four sons and four daughters: John, James, Lewis and Charles; Barbara, Susannah, Mary and Elizabeth.

Barbara went west; it is believed to Ohio; Susannah became Mrs George Nottingham and lived in Athens county, Ohio; Elizabeth became Mrs William Queen, and went toMarion county, Ohio.

In reference to the sons of John Collins, we learn that John was a dealer in horses, and upon going to Richmond with a drove he was never heard of afterwards. The probability seems to be that he was killed

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and robbed in the Blue Ridge.

James went to Lawrence county, Ohio, married Henrietta daughter of Judge Davidson, settled seven miles below Ironton, and reared a large family. He was a prosperous prominent citizen.

Lewis was facetiously called the "monarch of all he surveyed," being regarded by common consent the strongest, most athletic and largest man in the county. He excelled as a ditcher, fence builder and mower. He belted many large tracts of land, and cleared many fields. He was noted for his good temper and jovial disposition. He never was known to provoke any one and, stange to say, he had more pugilistic knockouts than any one person of his times. He finally went to Nicholas county where he met and married Sally Boles and then settled in Upshur county. His children were James, Charles, Elizabeth Margaret, and Mary. James married Mary Leonard, went to California and engaged in the lumber business; Elizabeth became Mrs Sampson Jordan; Charles never married, and Margaret remained unmarried and kept house for her brother at the old homestead.

Charles Collins, of John the ancestral emigrant, married Mary McCarty, on Brown's Mountain, and settled on Back Mountain where Jacob Shinneberry lives. They were the parents of six sons and three daughters, concerning whom the following particulars are given: Martha became Mrs John Conaway and lived in Upshur county; Susannah lived at home with her brothers William and Benjamin: Nancy married William Cassell, and lived on Back Mountain; John

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married Martha Moore, of Pennsylvania John, in the Hills, and settled in Upshur county. His second marriage was with Widow Nancy McFarland, at Lumberport, Braxton county. Benjamin married Margaret Shinneberry and settled on Back Mountain near McLaughlin Chapel. Their children were Peter, Charles and Emma, who became John Shinneberry's first wife. Andrew married Martha Boggs, of Braxton, lived awhile in Pocahontas, and then moved to Upshur. Their children were Mary, who became Mrs Lawrence Fitzgerald; and Alice who became Mrs John Reed.

William Hutcheson Collins first married Sallie Varner, and located at the Greenbrier homestead. In reference to the first family these items are given:

Benjamin Collins is a minister in the German Baptist Church. He married Nancy Jane Cassell and lives on the Greenbrier homestead.

James Solomon is at home.

John Riley married Birdie Hoover, and lives in Upshur.

William Hunter married Vernie Hoover, and lives on Leatherbark Creek.

Andrew Morgan married Luella May Gragg, and settled near Travelers Repose.

Samuel and Susan died in youth.

Mary Elizabeth became Mrs Amos Nottingham, and lives at Beech Flats, on the Greenbrier.

Amanda Catherine first married William Hoover, on Back Mountain. Her second marriage was with Lytle Green Jackson, and lives at Wetumpka, Ala.

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Her last marriage was the result of an advertisement and exchange of photographs.

The second wife of William Collins was Caroline Gragg, daughter of Zebulon Gragg. The children of this marriage are Effie Alice, Joanna Susan, Lewis, and Adam.

W. H. Collins was a Confederate soldier from 1862 to 1865. He first belonged to Company G, 31st Virginia Infantry, and after the seven days fight around Richmond was released from service under the rule of not enlisting over 35 years of age. When this was revoked he joined Captain William L. McNeel's cavalry.

Sally Joice, daughter of Charles Collins, never married, and was a confirmed invalid.

Charles Collins married Barbara Varner, of Highland County, and lived on Top of Alleghany. He was a Confederate soldier.

Samuel Collins first married Margaret Hayes and lived in Upshur County. One son, John William, became charmed with a show, left home and lived a life of adventure. His second marriage was with Celia Weimer, of Lewis County. They had two children, Samuel and Amanda. Amanda became the wife of Rev Queen, a minister in the M. P. Church, and lives in Pennsylvania. Samuel Collins was a Union soldier in the 10th West Virginia Infantry.

With the assistance of the venerable William H. Collins, the writer has been able to illustrate in part the domestic history of a family that has done a great deal in subduing our primitive forests, and prepared the way for many families to live in comfort now.

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Thus close for the present the notes on the Harper family. Something as to the improvements made under Henry Harper's supervision may be interesting.

The tannery shop was built by William Civey, son of George Civey, who built the grist mill. Robert Irvine and John Irvine built the saw mill, and the same parties put up the tilt hammer and shop. The residence near the road was built by John Irvine, and Chesley K. Moore erected the dwelling beyond the creek.

The mill stones first used in the Harper mill were made by Adam Sharatt, near Friel's, on the Greenbrier River. This person lived at the Sharatt place, three or four miles up the Greenbrier from Marlinton, where he had a mill. The first burrs were bought at John Bradshaw's sale, near Huntersville. These having been used for years, Mr Harper replaced them by burrs brought from Rockingham County, Virginia. The Bradshaw burrs are now in Highland County, taken there years ago by Mr Shultz. The Harper mill succeeded the Poage mill, owned by Peter Lightner. The rocks used by that mill are now on Cummings Creek, near Huntersville, taken there by the late Price McComb, and therefore must be among the oldest in the county—of their dimensions.

JOHN H. CONRAD.

This ancestor of the Conrad relationseip settled on the North Fork, just after the Revolution, on land

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now occupied by Oscar L. Orndorf. It was preempted land, and in the virgin forest. It is believed that he and his wife Elizabeth, whose family name not remembered, were from Maryland. They were the parents of three sons, Solomon, John, and David; and three daughters, Mary, Nancy, and Sally. Nancy and Sally died in youth. Mary became Mrs Charles Martin, lived a short while near the Conrad homestead, and then moved to the western part of this State.

John Conrad went to Ohio, married and settled there.

David Conrad died young.

Solomon Conrad married Mary Hogsett Brown from near Parnassus, Augusta County. John Brown, her father, claimed all the land by preemption from Parnassus to the head of Deer Creek, and it was from him Harmon Conrad obtained his homestead. Mr Brown moved to Montgomery County, and it was there Solomon Conrad was married, and settled soon after on the Conrad Homestead. They were the parents of three children, John, Margaret, and Mary Ann.

John married Huldah Sutton and settled on the east section of the Deer Creek homestead. Their children were Charles, Emory, Marietta, and Alice.

Charles married Huldah Kerr, daughter of Jacob Kerr, and settled on Deer Creek. Emory married Eliza Wooddell, and lived near Liberty Church. Marietta became Mrs Wilson Pugh, and lived on the homestead. Alice became Mrs Milton Gum, and settled on the Deer Creek homestead.

Margaret, daughter of Solomon Conrad, became Ad-

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dison Nottingham's first wife. Her surviving child, Amos, lives in Dakotah.

Mary Ann Conrad became Mrs William Orndorf, and lived on the homestead. William Orndorf was from Tennessee. He was a soldier in the Mexican War, going with a company from Memphis, led by Captain William L. Lacey. One of Lacey's lieutenants was the person who afterwards in the Civil War, in the battle on Alleghany Mountain, was a captain of Artillery, and was killed in that action. Mary Ann's children were Oscar, Margaret, Mollie, Esta, and Laura. Margaret became Mrs Samuel McAlpin, and settled at Cowen, Webster County. Mollie Orndorf became Mrs Schuyler Fitzgerald, and lives near Greenbank. Esta Orndorf married J. C. Crowley, and lives near Greenbank. Laura became Mrs Loring Kerr, and lives on the Alleghany. Oscar Conrad married Nebraska Gum, and lives on the Deer Creek homestead. Their children are Lela, Mamie, and Cassie.

Mrs Solomon Conrad was a lady of great piety and genteel deportment, and a model housekeeper. Solomon Conrad was one of the sterling citizens of the pioneer times. His experience in the war of 1812 was one of toil, danger, and lifelong sorrow.

Drafted as a soldier, he was marched to Norfolk,—over three hundred miles,—served his time faithfully, was honorably discharged, and walked back to his mountain home, infected with the deadly army fever, from which so few ever recovered of the mountaineers. He was just able to get home, and was at once prostrated. The joys of the soldier's return were in a lit-

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tle while changed to sadness. The entire family were seized with the fever, and David, Nancy, and Sally were borne to their graves very soon, one after the other. Long as Solomon Conrad lived the memories of that sad home coming seemed to over shadow his spirit, and imparted a tone of subdued sadness to his demeanor. In mature life he made a profession of his trust in Christ and lived devoutly, honestly, and consistently.

There is much reason for believing that Browns Mountain and Browns Creek derive their names from Solomon Conrad's father-in-law, John Brown, late of Montgomery County, elsewhere referred to.

MICHAEL DAUGHERTY.

Among the early permanent settlers of Knapps Creek, and a person of some prominence in county affairs was Michael Daugherty. He was a native of Ireland and came from Donegal, and settled here about 1770. The property he owned is now in possession of Peter L. Cleek, William L. Harper, and the Ruckman sisters Margaret and Nancy. Mrs Daugherty was Margaret McClintic, whose parents lived near Staunton, Virginia. They were the parents of seven children, four daughters and three sons.

Their daughter Martha became Mrs John Frame and lived in Nicholas County.

Isabella Daugherty was married to William Nicholas and lived on Douthards Creek. The late Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft, was one of her sons.

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imagined she saw a man standing within a few steps from her.

Mainly with her own hands she prepared a place under the porch for the last resting place of her beloved dead, and then soon after refugeed to Augusta County, where she remained a year or two. She finally returned to her home in Greenbrier, and was afterwards married to Ballard Smith, the ancestor of the distinguished family of that name, so prominent in the annals of the Greenbrier citizenship.

JOHN H. RUCKMAN.

Among the citizens of our county in later years from the forties to the sixties, that took a lively interest in everything that promised to promote the interests of education, morality, and the prosperity of the county generally, John Hartman Ruckman deserves more than a brief notice.

He traced his ancestry to one Samuel Ruckman, a native of England, and born in 1643. The Ruckmans had lived awhile in north east Wales, bordering England, and thence came to Long Island, New York, in 1682. Thomas Ruckman, son of Samuel Ruckman, the Welsh emigrant, was born on Long Island in 1682, and his son James Ruckman, another link in the ancestral chain, was born in New Jersey in 1716. James Ruckman's son, David Ruckman, was born in New Jersey in 1747. David Ruckman is the progenitor of the Ruckman relationship in Highland and Pocahontas Counties. He came to what is now south east High-

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land County, Virginia, and settled in lower Back Creek Valley, about 1784. The place is now occupied by William Price Campbell, whose wife is a daughter of David Ruckman, a grandson of the pioneer.

The settler married a New Jersey wife, who seems to have been a person of high aspirations, and longed for something far better than she could get in New Jersey. Marvelous accounts seemed to have been reported about the beauty, wealth, and happiness of Southern homes. That in Virginia people lived in houses with earthen floors, discarding the use of wood. She seemed to have gathered from this that the floors were of mosaic work, such as princes have about their houses in the old country. Upon reaching the place of destination, and finding what earthen floors meant on the Virginia frontier, her disappointment was so intense that she wished to return at once; but circumstances were such that this was impossible, and so the situation was accepted, went to work, and a home was reared out of the Virginia forest. Her name was Susannah Little.

David and Susannah Ruckman were the parents of four sons and four daughters: Elizabeth, Sophia, Mary, and Hannah; Samuel, John, James, and David Little. One of these worthy people, David L., died on the homestead reared by their own industrious, mutually helpful efforts, July 11, 1822, and is buried on a gentle eminence that overlooks the scene of the toils and cares from which they now so silently rest. She survived and came to Pocahontas with her son David, and died about 1845, far advanced in age.

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John H. Ruckman, in whose memory this biographic paper is specially prepared, was the eldest son of Samuel Ruckman, Esq., of Highland County. Samuel Ruckman just named was the eldest son of the pioneer, and was born in New Jersey, November 17, 1783. His first wife was Nancy Hartman, from beyond Greenbank. They were married July 18, 1809, and settled on Back Creek. There were one son, John H., and two daughters, Mary and Nancy, in the first family. Samuel Ruckman's second wife was Margaret Slaven, from Pocahontas County, and her children were James, Elizabeth, Asa, and David Vanmeter.

Mary Ruckman married Isaac Gum. She is survived by two sons, Isaac and Aaron Gum.

Nancy Ruckman was married to William Wade, went west, and is survived by several children.

James Ruckman died in youth.

Elizabeth Ruckman was married to John P. Ervine. She is survived by three children, James, Mary, and Anna.

Asa Ruckman married Cornelia Brown, and went west.

David V. Ruckman married Anna Herring, daughter of the late Bethuel Herring, of Augusta County. Their children were Kate, now Mrs Wise Herold; Lucy now Mrs Edward Wade, Anna Laurie, now Mrs William Price Campbell; Margerie is the wife of Rev Cocke, of Missouri; Sarah is at home; David Glendye Ruckman lives in Augusta; Samuel Ruckman, a youth of more than ordinary promise, died when a student.

Colonel D. V. Ruckman's second wife was Miss

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Lizzie Eagle, daughter of the late Samuel Eagle.

John H. Ruckman was born in Highland County, (then Bath), November 11, 1810. He married Mary Bruffey, November 7, 1833. She was a daughter of Patrick Bruffey. He first settled on the old homestead on Back Creek, and then moved to Pocahontas, about 1845, to the Bradshaw place near Millpoint. He finally located on the Greenbrier, opposite the Stamping Creek junction, where he built a fine residence and spent several years. Mr and Mrs Ruckman were the parents of eight children: Caroline, Sydney, Charles, Samuel, James A., William Patrick, David Newton, and Polly Ann. It is a sad reflection that not one of these sprightly sons and daughters is now alive.

Caroline became Mrs William J. Cackley, near Millpoint, and died soon thereafter. Charles Ruckman was a Confederate soldier, became a prisoner of war, and was for some time a prisoner at Fort Delaware, and on his return homeward died at Baltimore from the effects. Samuel Ruckman, a younger Confederate soldier, died at Greenbank, occasioned by fatigue and exposure. James Atlee Ruckman died in battle at Port Republic. William Patrick, David Newton, and Polly Ann died in childhood.

Sydney Ruckman, the eldest of the sons, was a Confederate soldier, and survived the war. He married Almira Campbell, daughter of the late William Campbell, who at the time occupied the home opened up by David Ruckman the pioneer. It was the writer's pleasure to officiate upon the occasion, and was made the recipient of one of the most liberal fees ever known

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to be given for such a service in that vicinity. After all the perils of war, he came near losing his life in a time of peace in a rencontre that is alleged to have been the principal reason of the famous Atchison lynching at Monterey. It is reported that all this was done in direct opposition to Sidney's wishes, and that he was always sorry it ever happened, as he felt himself fully able to look out for himself. He finally went to Oklahoma, and on his way to meet and bring home his wife, visiting in Kansas, he died under sudden and sad circumstances, September, 1896, at the hands of suspected parties, who were pursued and dealt with in a very summary manner. He is survived by his wife and two sons, Charles and William.

John H. Ruckman's second wife was Mary Wooddell, near Greenbank. In 1863 he sold out his possessions in Pocahontas and moved to Georgia, where he died a few years since. Mrs Ruckman married again, and is now Mrs Wilson.

The writer cherishes the memory of this man with feelings of special interest. He owes something in the way of mental stimulus to his influence.

"William, do you know that if you were to try you might become something of a man in time? My advice is, set your aim high, and see what it may all come to you yet."

"Well, Mr Ruckman, you talk differently from what I generally hear about myself. A person who knows me much better than you do told me that I was about the biggest fool in all this country, and sometimes I feel as if it might be so."

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Some little time after this interview, I was at his house for dinner, and when we took our places he invited me to invoke the blessing, and so at his table my first effort of the kind was ever made.

For some years we were confidential friends, but finally our paths drifted far apart and we saw and knew but little of each other face to face, but in memory he was often present to my mind, and he is now, as I pencil these memorial paragraphs, seemingly near enough to grasp his hand and greet him the time of day. He was a scrupulous member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an ardent advocate of temperance, and intensely devoted to the welfare of his country.

EDWARD ERVINE.

Among the citizens of prominence in the organization of the county was Edward Ervine, late of the Greenbank District. His residence was at the head of Trimble's Run. This homestead is now occupied by his son Preston, and David Gragg, a son in law.

Mr Ervine was born April 2, 1790, near Miller's Iron works, Augusta County, and lived there until manhood. He married Mary Curry, who was born June 20, 1794. Upon leaving Augusta County soon after his marriage, he settled on Back Creek, near the Brick House at the mouth of the Long Draft. They were the parents of ten children, seven sons and three daughters. The daughters were Mary Ann, now Mrs

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98

I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
A - showin' of her laig, - - huh.

B

Newton Redwine. Mr. Redwine says: "John Henry had no regular song to sing as he worked, but it seems that the following was his favorite just before his death." The Beattyville Enterprise, Beattyville, Ky., Feb. 1, 1929.

I have hammered
Four long years
With this old hammer

I have hammered
On the W & A
I have hammered
On the old M & C
I have worked
On the C & S

The hammer am a ringin'
And the steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
Put the hole on down

This old hammer
Killed John Scott
It will never kill me

Hammer am a ringin'
Steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
I'll put the hole
On down - hut - hut - hut

Hut - hut - hut
I'll put the hole on down
I'll put the hole on down

This old hammer
Has killed John Scott
It will never kill me
Hut - hut - hut

I'll put the hole on down, boys
I'll put the hole on down

C

Minnie Darby, Evington, Va.

This old hammer
Killed John Henry;
It won't kill me, boys,
It won't kill me.

I'm going back
To east Colorado;
I'm not coming back, boys,
I'm not coming back.

If that fast man
Asks for me, boys,
Tell him I'm gone,
Tell him I'm gone,

This old hammer
Killed John Henry;
It won't kill me, boys,
It won't kill me.

This old hammer
Ring a-like silver,
Shine a-like gold, boys,
Shine a-like gold.

I'm going home
To see my mama;
I'm not coming back, boys,
I'm not coming back.

If you see
My blue-eyed baby,
Tell her I'm gone, boys,
Tell her I'm gone.

This old hammer
Killed John Henry;
It won't kill me, boys,
It won't kill me.

D

Martin Barrow, of the Public Works Department of Jamaica, West Indies. Mr. Barrow sent this version of the song in Jamaica, July 26, 1932.

Ten pound hammer kill John Henry,
Ten pound hammer kill John Henry,
Ten pound hammer kill John Henry,
Somebody dying every day.

99

100

Oh me pardner, oh me pardner,
Oh me pardner, oh me pardner,
Oh me pardner, oh me pardner,
Somebody dying every day.

I am sorry for me pardner,
I am sorry for me pardner,
I am sorry for me pardner,
Somebody dying every day.

I come wid Merican to put this tunnel through,
I come wid Merican to put this tunnel through,
I come wid Merican to put this tunnel through,
Somebody dying every day.

Number nine tunnel kill me pardner,
Number nine tunnel kill me pardner,
Number nine tunnel kill me pardner,
Somebody dying every day.

Number nine tunnel no will kill me,
Number nine tunnel no will kill me,
Number nine tunnel no will kill me,
Somebody dying every day.

Dis ole hammer it sound like diamon,
Dis ole hammer it sound like diamon,
Dis ole hammer it sound like diamon,
Somebody dying every day.

Ten pound hammer will never kill me,
Ten pound hammer will never kill me,
Ten pound hammer will never kill me,
Somebody dying every day.

Wake up, shake up, climb up Jacob ladder,
Wake up, shake up, climb up Jacob ladder,
Wake up, shake up, climb up Jacob ladder,
Somebody dying every day.

Rocks and mountain hang about me,
Rocks and mountain hang about me,
Rocks and mountain hang about me,
Somebody dying every day.

If I live to see December,
If I live to see December,
If I live to see December,
Somebody dying every day.

Take this hammer to the walker,
Take this hammer to the walker,
Take this hammer to the walker,
Somebody dying every day.

Tell him I am going buddy,
Tell him I am going buddy,
Tell him I am going buddy,
Somebody dying every day.

Going buddy to my country,
Going buddy to my country,
Going buddy to my country,
Somebody dying every day.

E

Aubrey F. Goff, Glenville, W. Va. Mr. Goff obtained the song in 1923, from the singing of Harley V. Townsend of Dusk, Gilmer County, W. Va. It is titled "The Yew Pine Mountains", and shows John Hardy as the victim of the hammer.

This old hammer rings like silver;
This old hammer rings like silver,
This old hammer rings like silver;
It shines like gold, babe, it shines like gold.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

This old hammer killed my buddy,
This old hammer killed my buddy;
This old hammer killed my buddy;
But it'll not kill me, babe, it'll not kill me.
Why! 'cause I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
Why! 'cause I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
Why! 'cause I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

This old hammer killed John Hardy,
This old hammer killed John Hardy;
This old hammer killed John Hardy;
But it'll not kill me, babe, it'll not kill me.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

The people 'round here they don't like me,
The people 'round here they don't like me,
The people 'round here they don't like me;
But I don't care, babe, I don't care.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

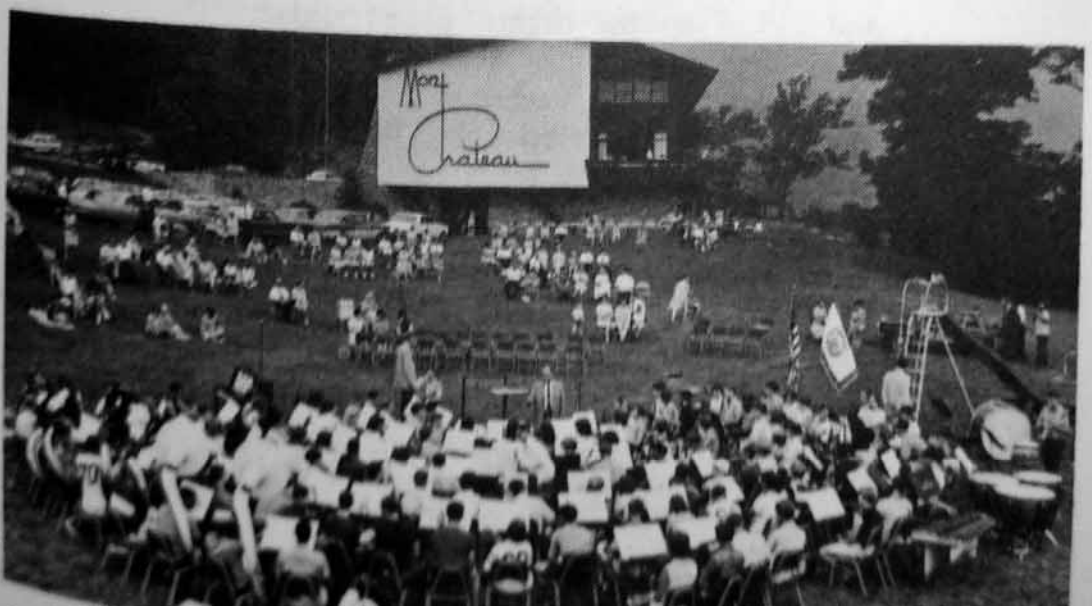
102

Forty - four days make forty - four dollars,
Forty - four days make forty - four dollars,
Forty - four days make forty - four dollars;
All in gold, babe, all in gold.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

I can hear my true love calling,
I can hear my true love calling,
I can hear my true love calling;
'Come back home, babe, come back home'.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

I can see my true love coming,
I can see my true love coming,
I can see my true love coming;
Dressed in red, babe, dressed in red.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

When I meet her I will greet her,
When I meet her I will greet her,
When I meet her I will greet her;
And she'll greet me, babe, and she'll greet me.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.



VII

Burl McPeak, Fords Branch, Ky.

John Henry was a very small boy,
Sitting on his papa's knee;
He cried all out with a glad little shout,
'Big Bend tunnel on the C. and O. road
Going to be the death of me.'

John Henry left the white house,
Went out to the heading to drive.
The heading caught on fire with that light little blaze,
It was nothing but John Henry driving steel.

John Henry drove steel in the right-hand corner,
The steam drill in the left.
'Before I let the steam drill beat me down
I'll ham' my fool self to death,
I'll ham' my fool self to death.'

John Henry told his shaker,
'Shaker, you had better pray,
For if I miss this piece of steel
Tomorrow will be your burying day.'

John Henry had a pretty little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann.
John Henry lay sick and on his bed,
Polly Ann drove steel like a man.

The women all knew John Henry,
They knew he was so neat and so fine;
The Big Bend tunnel on the C and O road
Is the place where John Henry went blind,
Is the place where John Henry went blind,

John Henry was buried,
He was buried with each hammer in his hand.
It was written on his tomb just as solid as a doom,
'Here lies our steel-driving man.'

John Henry drove steel,
He drove from the top of his head.
Nine-pound hammer going up in each hand
Was what caused John Henry to fall dead,
Was what caused John Henry to fall dead.

VIII

Tishie Fitzwater, Hosterman, W. Va.

When John Henry was a little boy,
Sitting on his papa's knee,
He picked up a hammer and said to his papa,
'This is going to be the death of me.'

110

John Henry was six foot tall,
And two foot and a half across the breast.
He would pound all day with a nine pound hammer
And never get tired and want to rest.

The scraper and the sprayers was all getting scared,
Thought the mountain was falling in,
When John Henry cried out with a loud shout,
'It is nothing but my hammer in the wind.'

John Henry had a little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann.
John Henry got sick and had to go to bed,
Polly drove steel like a man.

John Henry's mama come running
As hard as she could run:
'In the Big Ben tunnel on the C & O Road
Is going to be the death of my son.'

John Henry's wife,
He keeps her dressed up in blue.
She come running down stairs with her hair all curled,
And cried, 'O John Henry, I been true to you.'

IX

O. W. Evans, Editor of the New Castle Record, New Castle, Va. Mr. Evans wrote in 1928 that he heard the ballad forty years ago, and remembered some of it. "As I remember the negro banjo-pickers' melody of John Henry, they ended each verse with, 'And he died with his hammer in his hand.'"

The Cap'n he got oneasy (uneasy),
Thought Ben Tunnel was a-cavin' in,
But John Henry cried out with a loud, loud voice,
'It's nothin' but my hammer in the wind, God knows,
Nothin' but my hammer in the wind.'

Some said he come from Columbus,
Others said he come from Cain,
But he give in his name as an East Virginia man,
And he died with his hammer in his hand, God knows,
And he died with his hammer in his hand.

John Henry he had a woman,
She come all dressed in blue
. . . . . .
Sayin', 'Haven't I been true to you, God Knows,
Haven't I been true to you?'

naked in the intense heat." [12]) In such tangible darkness, heat, noise, and smoke, the "loose rock" overhead would seem to promise immediate relief; and nothing "haunts the mine worker more than a fall of the strata which he calls the roof." [13])

Drinker explains that "no man but a tunnel engineer can appreciate the difficulties and dangers of tunnel construction - - it is not a question of calculating certain strains and allowing certain factors of safety, but a very vying with the unknown powers of darkness, all the more to be feared because one can never know what a day's advance may bring forth." [14]) Of these uncertainties, tunnel-sickness, blasting, and the roof seem to offer the greatest dangers to life, and Big Bend had a full share of all three.

In the St. Gothard Tunnel, "men died in large numbers of a peculiar disease, called tunnel trichinosis ... Three or four months' labor in the tunnel brought on the disease." [15]) It is not certain that this disease affected any of the Virginia Negroes on the Chesapeake and Ohio, but the fact that horses on the job at St. Gothard died at the rate of ten a month suggests the great probability of deaths at Big Bend from some kind of sickness. The statement that "foul air gives much trouble and there is a great deal of sickness among the employes" of Big Bend [16]) is significant, and very much so when John Hedrick, one of the tunnel officials, admits that one died there from foul air. Twenty-three suits, alleging damages amounting to almost five hundred thousand dollars "for death, injury, or sickness" of workmen on a tunnel under construction in the county adjoining that in which Big Bend lies, are awaiting trial at the present time. "Silicosis from dust particles" seems to be the basis for the complaints. Six are already dead. [17]) What are the probabilities for Big Bend?

Foul air was one of the greatest tunnel problems of the period, and nothing very effective was done about it. The practice of pumping fresh air to the drillers was, it seems, first emphasized at Arlberg Tunnel, which was begun in 1880. Stone dust, to which "miners' consumption" was largely attributable, was checked even later by the introduction of hollow drills with a small stream of water running through them. In Mt. Cenis "one was almost smothered so great was the heat"; in St. Gothard the men went "about naked in the intense heat"; and in Big Bend the steel-drivers worked with their "shirts off". Blasting and the crude ways of lighting tunnels at the time added to their foulness.

An idea of the amount of explosives for blasting and of candles for lighting used in Big Bend Tunnel may be had from an examination of their use in the Hoosac Tunnel. The records show that "during

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[12]) New York Times, March 16, 1930.
[13]) G. G. Carson. Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner, p. 151.
[14]) Tunnelling, p. 486.
[15]) Tunnelling (3rd ed., 1893), p. 367.
[16]) Wheeling Daily Register, May 21, 1872.
[17]) Morgantown Post, Sept. 6, 1932.

66

five years' time, about 444,735 lbs. of nitroglycerine and about 100,000 lbs. of mica powder [mica impregnated with nitroglycerin] were used" in Hoosac,[18]) making about 500,000 pounds of pure nitroglycerin used in the tunnel in five years. The assumption that half of this amount of nitroglycerin was used at Big Bend during the two years and a half it was under construction gives 250,000 pounds for that work, approximately equal to 500,000 pounds of dualin or 3,250,000 pounds of gunpowder in explosive force, a daily amount of 333 pounds of nitroglycerin or 4,333 pounds of gunpowder for 750 days. The record for 2,720 pounds of candles used in one heading of the Hoosac Tunnel during a period of seven months, from April 1 to November 1 of 1865,[19]) gives a basis for the amounts used in the eight headings of Big Bend during two years and a half, a total of more than 87,000 pounds, a daily consumption of more than 115 pounds.

That nitroglycerin, dualin, and gunpowder were all three used in Big Bend is quite certain. They were used together on the road for blasting in other tunnels. Drinker gives "powder, trinitroglycerine, and dualin employed" at Lewis Tunnel and "nitro-glycerine and powder employed for blasting" at Stretcher's Neck.[20]) There seems to be no basis for the relative quantities of these explosives used in Big Bend Tunnel. That candles were the main source of light in Big Bend is very improbable. Like hand drills, "lard oil and blackstrap" are too well connected with the tunnel to be only incidental to its construction. Any concession, however, in quantity or quality of materials for lighting added to the darkness or to the general foulness of the place, and possibly to both.

In Big Bend Tunnel the vitiated air, from unusual heat, blasting, burning blackstrap, and from other sources, became a serious problem for the engineers of that work and delayed the drilling there "considerably",[21]) a situation to say the least very harmful to the laborers and may have resulted in heavy casualties.

Blasting was the second great danger to life in Big Bend Tunnel. The employment of explosives, even where the greatest care is exercised in handling them, rarely fails to take its toll. The press records of the second half of the 19th century for users of blasting agents are not unlike those of the first quarter of the 20th for aviators. Gunpowder, mica powder, dualin, dynamite--all have their records.

The most dangerous explosive used in tunnels during the period was nitroglycerin, so dangerous in its liquid state that the Nitroglycerin Act was passed in 1869, by which "act the use of nitroglycerine per se was absolutely prohibited, but power was reserved to the Secretary of State specially to license any substance having nitro-glycerine, in any form, as one of its component parts."[22]) As

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[18]) Tunnelling, p. 244.
[19]) Ibid., p. 237.
[20]) Ibid., p. 965.
[21]) Greenbrier Independent, June 1, 1872.
[22]) The Library Magazine, I (1883), 410.

late as 1871 the editors of the Scientific American were hammering against the general and indiscriminate use of nitroglycerin in the United States, and added that its "black record will keep increasing so long as nitro-glycerin is used as a blasting agent."[23]) Alfred Bernhard Nobel, Swedish manufacturer of explosives and philanthropist, invented dynamite in his factory at Glasgow, Scotland, in the late sixties, by way of escape from the unavoidable contingencies upon the indiscriminate use of the liquid material, particularly from the results of its poisonous character through actual contact with the substance and from the danger of its "liability to percolate through fissures in the rock, and to give rise to subsequent accidents when the escaped liquid was struck by a pick, perhaps at a considerable distance from the original hole."[24]) To avoid these objections to the use of nitroglycerin, the substance was supplied in a frozen form for the miners at Hoosac Tunnel, by G. M. Mowbray, an experienced chemist, who manufactured the explosive at the tunnel.[25]) That such precautions were taken against the dangers of nitroglycerin in the hands of Negroes "much crowded together" in Big Bend Tunnel and elsewhere on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad seems to lack support from the records of that work.

Falls of rock present a third great danger to laborers in building tunnels. Falls in the tunnels on the Cincinnati and Southern were very heavy, from seven tunnels on the line amounting to 8,763 cubic yards.[26]) Board Tree Tunnel on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia is notable in that respect. "The treacherous character of the roof of this tunnel led to many accidents from falls ... cost many lives, and maimed many of the men. These casualties seemed confined more particularly to the miners and laborers."[27]) In this connection one of the reasons given for the expensiveness of the work on the tunnels of that road in West Virginia was the "difficulty of maintaining a supply of suitable skilled labor in the face of the perpetual risk of life and limb."

That Big Bend was equally dangerous, if not more so, can be readily shown. The tunnel was constructed through "hard red shale crumbling on exposure".[28]) A local newspaper states: "On last Saturday morning there was a great slide in the West Portal of the Great Bend Tunnel. The slide is estimated at 8,000 cubic yards."[29]) The treacherousness of its roof is noted in another report soon after trains began to pass through Big Bend. "The cars run slowly through the tunnel, as rock is constantly falling from the unfinished portion, and a few days ago the timbers fell in with such force as to destroy

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[23]) Scientific American, XXIV (Jan. 14, 1871), 36.
[24]) The Library Magazine, I, 410 ff.
[25]) Ibid., I, 412. Journal of the Franklin Institute, XCI, 148.
[26]) Tunnelling, p. 966.
[27]) Ibid., p. 958.
[28]) Ibid., p. 965.
[29]) Greenbrier Independent, June 1, 1872.

68

the rails."[30]) The failure of the timber arch to hold up the roof of the tunnel was the reason for replacing it with a brick arch, beginning in the eighties.[31])

In addition to tunnel-sickness, blasting, and falls of rock, many other dangers faced the steel-driver at Big Bend. A local newspaper on one occasion mentions that "two negro men were found dead in the woods near that place ... Greenbrier seems to be full of dead negroes. They are doubtless men who having been paid off by the C. and O. R. R. are murdered by their companions, on their way home, to secure their money."[32]) The steel-driver might have been killed in pursuit of his white woman in the neighborhood, by getting stabbed in a fight, or possibly in a "drunken brawl" at the tunnel.

Although liquor was supposed to be prohibited by contract around the tunnels on the Chesapeake and Ohio,[33]) its free use at Big Bend added to the unfavorable circumstances there for safety. Gilpin says that he dipped the liquor for the steel-drivers when they opened the tunnel from east end to shaft one, and Jenkins says that Captain Johnson gave a barrel of liquor when they knocked through the heading from shafts two to three. On the occasion Gilpin mentions "several parties were severely stabbed",[34]) and one might infer that the "parties" were intoxicated from something. The occasion Jenkins mentions gains favor from "Number two" of "Big Bend Times". Jeff Washington says that "every bunch of grass in the neighborhood had a bottle in it".[35]) When the "headings between shaft one and two were driven together ... all parties repaired to head quarters where a barrel of old Burbon whiskey, was rolled out and a general jollification ensued ... Though a few knives and pistols, boney fists and strong sinewy arms were flourished we have no casualties to report."[36])

Liquor among these ignorant Negroes "much crowded together" in Big Bend enhanced the dangers to life there, and rendered them much more likely victims of the unexpected explosions in the tunnel and the threatening rock above their heads. Americans, white and black, handle themselves with abandon in such an environment, and yet "no casualties to report" characterizes the press accounts of the laborers at Big Bend from first to last. I have failed to find a record of a single death inside the tunnel.

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[30]) Railroad Gazette, Nov. 2, 1872.

[31]) J. P. Nelson, in The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, p. 27, says of Big Bend: "The rock formation is very hard, but disintegrates under the weather, so much so that at the time of the construction of the brick arch, large cavities, sometimes fifty feet deep, were found above the timber arch." Judge Miller, who lived a long life in the larger Big Bend neighborhood, calls the tunnel a "death-trap". J. H. Miller. History of Summers County, p. 487.

[32]) John Henry, p. 30.

[33]) Tunnelling, "Appendix", I, X.

[34]) P. 53.

[35]) P. 73.

[36]) [illegible]

The press of Virginia and West Virginia, which apparently remained silent on casualties in the tunnels of the New River region, was able to give startling numbers of deaths from the construction of tunnels farther away. A local newspaper, published on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia, carried the casualty list for the Hoosac: "a hundred and thirty-six men have been killed by casualties in the course of construction of the tunnel." [37]) Another newspaper of the state has the following to say of deaths at Mt. Cenis Tunnel: "It has been told that more than 1,000 workmen have lost their lives up to 1870; but the guides and directors declare that not more than fifty or sixty had been killed outright, though a number of others had been seriously wounded ... It is not improbable ... that ... at least 1,000 men have lost their lives." [38]) The Scientific American gives a similar list of deaths for Mt. Cenis: "Many lives have necessarily been lost during this great work, but far less than one would suppose; probably from 600 to 800 in all, so far as we have heard from time to time." [39]) After making an examination of "government statistics", a more recent writer says, "We kill in our coal mines more than three times as many per thousand employed as are killed in France or Belgium, and nearly three times as many as are killed in Great Britain ... in spite of the fact that the coal mines of the United States may be more easily worked and with less danger than those of any other coal-producing country in the world." [40])

That dangers to life in any European tunnel or coal mine per square inch were greater than those in Big Bend would be hard to show. That a heavy casualty list belongs to the construction of the tunnel seems most certain. It follows that John Henry had about an equal break at Big Bend, and might have died there from disease, from falls in the heading, or from one of a dozen other dangers, with the strong probability that the account of his end from any of these causes would have been confused with that of his drilling-contest in common report. If he was actually killed in the tunnel, and if his death seemed to threaten the morale of his gang, and eventually that of others, almost a certain consequence of the event, the management in all probability encouraged such a consummation by way of diverting the attention of the community from the tragic possibilities of the place. Henry's death in this way would more likely have occurred about the time the tunnel was completed. The dangers from foul air and blasting increased porportionately as the work progressed farther and farther from the shafts, and from the ends of the tunnel. The dangers from falls in the heading became greater and greater as the "hard red shale crumbling on exposure" had time for disintegration. Death of the steel-driver at this time from any of the tunnel dangers

[37]) Kanawha Chronicle, Dec. 17, 1873.
[38]) Wheeling Intelligencer, Dec. 30, 1870.
[39]) XXIV, 55.
[40]) Letters from a Workingman (1908), by An American Mechanic, p. 153 ff.

would satisfy the belief of Miller and Gilpin, two of the important witnesses for his presence at the tunnel, and would not be in conflict with the actual knowledge of either of the other three witnesses, Jenkins and the Hedrick brothers. His end in the tunnel would satisfy the local fear of his ghost, and the confusion of the event with that of the drilling-contest in common report would satisfy popular belief in his death as a result of the contest.

The recent report, before the Interstate Commerce Commission,[41]) of the original cost of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, with its antecedents and subsidiaries, failed to take into account the waste of man power in building the road, and may be regarded as an official expression on the question of deaths at Big Bend. John Hedrick, who had some responsibility in building the tunnel, is quite certain that nobody was killed there, and insists that John Henry "went away somewhere". While the construction of Big Bend Tunnel without a casualty list can be explained only as a miraculous performance, the possibility that Henry left the tunnel at some time subsequent to his drilling-contest may be considered.

Following his trail from that locality, however, seems hardly possible, and actually finding him at best not unlike drawing a "perfect hand" in bridge, an enormous uncertainty for the individual player. The problem would be sufficiently challenging if there were only one John Henry, and he a man of highly domestic habits. Instead, the country is full of men named John Henry, actual and alleged, and they have travelled everywhere, as the second chapter of this study indicates.[42]) Many of the laborers on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia were Virginia Negroes, and possibly the steel-driver came from that state.

F. R. Pyle, contractor of Huntington, West Virginia, reports his aunt, widow of Contractor McIntyre who had a hand in building the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, as "confident that there was such a negro at the tunnel, but that his name was John Henry Hardy." He adds: "A man by the name of Banks whose father was a foreman at the tunnel says that the negro was born at Winchester, Virginia, on the Henry plantation, passed to a man by the name of Hardy who married in the Henry family, and that he was an illegitimate child, and sometimes gave his name as Williamson--not Williams." J. A. Williams, Negro of Lynchburg, Virginia, "knew all the construction gangs in the South a quarter of a century ago, and back", and has this to say about Henry:

> The steel-driver's name was John Henry Mundy, of Louisa County, Virginia. He has several relatives about there now. His pal was Lewis Thursty, and he had a brother named Bob Thursty, from near Knoxville, Tennessee, or from Alabama.
>
> Henry was large frame man, and light red color. He died in Kentucky, on Big Sandy Railroad, or L and N.

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[41]) Valuation Dockets 457 and 477.
[42]) Cf. John Henry, p. 12 ff.

I expected some trouble with Henry's irregular family connections at Winchester, but the "several relatives" in Louisa County should know something about him. Their complete silence, however, is not unlike that of his several relatives in Henry County of the same state where he is supposed to be John Henry Martin. Henry's relation to Hardy, Mundy, and Martin may develop into something eventually, but at present it seems rather dubious. He is sufficiently difficult without such relationships.

An example of what one may expect to find on the trail of John Henry can be shown from investigations in Norfolk, Virginia. Three Negroes with the hero's name were mentioned as being there at some time during the construction of Big Bend Tunnel. The Federal Census report of 1870 for that city gives the name of a Negro boy John Henry, fifteen years old. The local newspaper mentions a John Henry on two different occasions. On the former, "John Henry, negro seaman on the brig S. P. Brown, charged with mutiny, was turned over to his captain."[43]) On the latter, "John Henry, negro, was arrested late Tuesday evening upon complaint of another negro named Frank Allen, who charged him with stealing a boat belonging to him. Henry denied the theft, and alleged that he borrowed the boat from another man. During the night he attempted to break out of the watch house. He tore off one of the planks in the bunk, and with it endeavored to force the iron bars across the window, but without success."[44]) The city directory of Norfolk and Portsmouth for 1900 contains the name of one Negro John Henry, and for 1920 two Negroes named John Henry. Living in Norfolk-Portsmouth in 1927 were two Negroes by the name of John Henry, one from North Carolina and one from South Carolina, and a third by the name of Jack Henry, from King William County, Virginia. They were all three heads of families, and claimed no kinship with each other.

Mention of nine by the name of John Henry indicates the possibility of a much larger number in that locality during the period. In the summer of 1927, I got on the trail there of an old Negro named John Henry, famed for his prowess in breaking "old iron" for the "junk houses" on Water Street. I soon found that this John Henry was confused with two other old Negroes by the same name in that immediate section. One of them had distinguished himself as a watermelon-catcher in unloading boats at the docks just below Water Street. The other was a rival in breaking old iron on Water Street, for T. M. Cashin, N. Block and Company, and the Eagle Iron Works, and for M. T. Cashin at the foot of Roanoke Dock, near Water Street. The two old iron-breakers were known by the people they worked for, and those they worked with, by various names, such as "Old Henry", "Big Henry", "Black Henry", and "John Henry", and occasionally by other names to distinguish one from the other.

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[43]) The Norfolk Virginian, Nov. 3, 1870.
[44]) Ibid., June 29, 1871.

Charlie Shaw, who appeared to be an important man in M. T. Cashin's junk yard, made a typical report of the two men:

There were two old men around here who used to break up old iron. Both of them were real black men. I call one of them Daddy, and it hasn't been so long since he worked for us. His name was Robinson, but I don't know the rest of it. I think he lived over in Berkley. I called him Daddy and the other fellow John Henry, but he was bigger than John Henry. He'd weigh 270 pounds and John Henry about 200.

John Henry has been dead 12 or 15 years. He was just naturally a better man than anybody I know of. He could do more work, and do it easier.

We used to give him a job breaking up old iron, and he'd go out and look it over and sit there and think about it, and then go home sometimes and not do a lick of work that day. Next morning early he'd go at it, and have it done and be sitting down looking at it as pleased before you'd think he'd hardly begun. He'd look and plan, and he didn't lose any licks.

I have seen him break iron 12 inches thick. He'd knock big wheels and anchors all to pieces. He could break more iron in two hours than anybody else in a day. He worked by the job or by the ton, and I never knowed him to do any other sort of work.

He'd always sing about the steel-driver John Henry when he was breaking iron. He was called Old Henry, Big Henry, or Black Henry, as well as John Henry, and he said he'd been everywhere.

I don't know anything about him when he wasn't around here. He'd come around about once a month to see if he could get a job.

Daddy has left town and gone out in the country to live, and I don't know where he is. John Henry was 45 or 50 when he died. I don't know where he died, but somewhere in town here. He died from drinking too much liquor.

Mr. Shaw displayed the hammers or sledges these iron-breakers used when they were working for M. T. Cashin. Daddy's was a twenty-pound sledge, with a four-foot handle; and Henry's a thirty-pound sledge, with a three-foot handle. T. M. Cashin displayed a seventy-pound sledge, with a three-foot handle, which he claims John Henry used to break old iron for him; but T. M. Cashin, like several others on Water Street, did not distinguish between the two old Negroes in his references to John Henry.

While the Negro Mr. Shaw characterizes as John Henry is not altogether unlike the steel-driver of Big Bend fame, his age and his singing of the "steel-driver John Henry" seem to bar his identification as the original John Henry. When Mr. Shaw made his report, in 1927, he was quite certain that the iron-breaker was not more than fifty years of age at the time of his death.

The trail of the steel-driver leads to another example at first of greater promise, but ultimately of greater disappointment. In February, 1929, J. S. Barker[46]) "investigated pretty thoroughly among

[46]) St. Albans, W. Va.

the older employees of the Chesapeake and Ohio" who were then living in St. Albans, West Virginia, "to ascertain the reality of a John Henry". Mr. Barker writes:

There is a Jeff Washington here now who is quite a personage in connection with early employees of the C. and O. Ry. Jeff left his home near Charlottesville at the age of 18 years and, together with John Henry who was a few years his senior, employed themselves to a C. and O. contractor, a Mr. Johnson, who was clearing away the timber from the proposed right-of-way at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

This was about 1868, and Jeff continued without break or blemish in the employ of the C. and O. for 50 years. He is now on the retired list of the C. and O. at a comfortable salary ...

Jeff said that John Henry lived at the little town of Keswick just east of Charlottesville and has a sister who now lives in Charlottesville. He also says that there was a John Hardy who worked with them in the Big Bend tunnel. John Hardy died while they worked at the Big Bend, and John Henry died while they worked at the Lewis Tunnel.

In my conversation with Capt. Mallory, who also worked for the C. & O. then and until he reached his retiring age, said that while he could not positively identify John Henry as having worked at this particular place and time, he recalled having heard his men, who worked under him, sing that song, 'You killed John Henry, but you won't kill me.'

The Captain also recalled that it was here at these places where the Burley Diamond Drill was first used and with steam power.

The story as related to me by Frank Crosby was that this man John Henry and his helper had become expert with the hammer and drill, and they challenged the steam driller for a contest hole, in which John Henry and his helper won out, but John Henry lost his life. John Henry was six feet tall, yellow, and powerful physically.

Some time ago the Charleston Daily Mail, in one of its Sunday issues, in an article on the early history of W. Va. denied that there really was a John Henry who had worked for the C & O at the Big Bend tunnel.

Jeff Washington and Frank Cosby, both of whom worked for the C & O in the Big Bend at the time of its construction, say that there was a John Henry.

About two months after getting this report, I visited Jeff Washington at his home, a very old man whose mind seemed to "come and go". Occasionally he was seemingly reticent about Big Bend affairs, but for the most part talked rather freely, and at times rather inconsistently. He remembered the tunnel as a good place to save money because there was nothing in the neighborhood to spend it for, but later stated that the younger men, including himself, wasted all the money they got there, and added that "every bunch of grass in the neighborhood had a bottle in it."

He repeated the story of his going with John Henry from Keswick, near Charlottesville, Virginia, to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio in West Virginia. He said that he and Henry first worked "bushing" on the road near White Sulphur Springs, then in Lewis Tunnel near

there, and eventually went farther west to work on Big Bend, that Henry kept a piece of ribbon tied on the handle of his hammer, and that nobody could get it off. He described Henry as not real black, of average height, and weight about 160 pounds. He said that he did not see a steam drill on the road, and that he knew nothing of Henry's drilling-contest. He was certain that he knew nothing of the death of the steel-driver at Big Bend, and that he has not seen Henry or heard anything from him since they were together in the tunnel. He remembered hearing at Big Bend about the time it was completed that Henry had been killed there and his body thrown into the big fill. He seemed very anxious to be reported as not believing the story of Henry's burial. Yet he explained that a "great many were killed in the tunnel and buried anywhere around there."

Jeff Washington made no reference to John Hardy in giving this account of John Henry. Then I inquired of his acquaintance with Hardy at Big Bend. He answered that he had never seen Hardy on the road or elsewhere, but that he had heard of him. Later, however, he used the name Hardy two or three times for that of Henry in speaking of the steel-driver, seemingly a clear case of confusing the two names after Hardy had been mentioned. He recalled having heard of the article which Mr. Barker read in the Charleston Daily Mail, and which on the authority of hearsay had substituted the name John Hardy for that of John Henry as the famous steel-driver at Big Bend Tunnel. In all probability the name Hardy was brought into the conversation Mr. Barker had with Jeff Washington soon after the article appeared, resulting in the incorrect report the former made from the latter of Henry's and Hardy's death.

While John Henry seems not to have a sister living in Charlottesville, Jeff Washington's account of Henry's connections there offers something definite for further inquiries. There are three Negro families by the name of Henry in the section, with five members named John Henry: one family with three now living who are descendants of Adam Henry, a slave of Garrett White, of North Garden, ten miles from Charlottesville; another family with two, father and son, who were slaves of Professor John Staige Davis, of the University of Virginia. The first three were not old enough to help build the Chesapeake and Ohio across West Virginia. The other two were fifty-five and thirty-one respectively when the road was begun in 1870.

Charles James,[46]) of Keswick, who talked volumes about slavery and Civil War times, says:

> Noah Reasby and John Henry were friends in tunnels and other work. Noah Reasby drove steel last in the Catskill Mountains to bring water into New York City.
>
> I had a niece and uncle who lived at Whitehall, New York State, and my niece owned a place right where the water tunnel was made, and she was paid and water put in her house. Uncle lived in Whitehall, and was a blacksmith.

[46]) Testimony obtained in Aug., 1929.

Uncle was named John Henry after his father who was John Henry. His mother was named Judy Henry. She had one son named Charles James, and he was my father, and then she married John Henry and had a son John Henry. Uncle John Henry was bound to Professor Davis in the University of Virginia, and his mother was too.

Uncle worked on the C and O Railroad, and I did too, when they were building it, a long time before he went to Whitehall. He was at Big Bend Tunnel, but he won't the great steel-driver there. That John Henry got killed. I didn't see him when I was there, but Dick Morris and Noah Reasby did. They said that John Henry was a great steel-driver at Big Bend, and talked about him as long as they lived. They both died about ten years ago here near Keswick.

Although Mr. James was certain that his Uncle John Henry was not the great steel-driver at Big Bend, the statement that he worked on the Chesapeake and Ohio in West Virginia made an investigation at Whitehall necessary, and a letter to Mr. H. E. Sullivan, of the Historical Society of Whitehall, brought the following answer:

This day I interviewed the daughters of John L. Henry and found as follows:

The head of the family never came to Whitehall, but his wife Judy visited here about 1870 for six weeks. Judy was married twice. By first husband she had a son Charles James and three daughters. By the second she had John Lewis Henry and William, who lived at Charlottesville, Va...

John L. Henry, son of John and Judy, was born in east room of U. Va. Aug. 15, 1839 and. d. at Whitehall June 24, 1911. He learned the blacksmith trade and is said to have worked in a Confederate arsenal. Later he became the body servant of Lieut. Wm. Boyd of this town who brought him to Whitehall on his return in 1865. He worked at his trade here from 1867 until his death and was considered the best in town. I knew him well. He always shod our horses and did any other work in his line which we had. He was, with his family, a member of the Methodist Church and was a good man in every way and was highly respected.

May 18, 1867 he married Emma Baltimore, daughter of George and Jenett Jackson Baltimore, and they had the following children:

Marietta B.	b. May 17, 1868	
Julia	b. Nov. 26, 1870	d. June 10, 1880
Georgiana	b. Aug. 18, 1874	d. January 7, 1894
Isabella V.	b. Nov. 24, 1878	
Robert Lewis	b. Sept 17, 1880	d. March 30, 1882

Marietta (Matey) and Isabella (Belle) live in the family homestead, purchased 1867 ... Both are cripples ...

There is no large water system so far north ...

Mr. James says that his uncle was at Big Bend before going to New York, but Mr. Sullivan takes him out of the South five years before the tunnel was begun. Developments from trying to clear up this confusion by writing letters resulted in a trip to Whitehall in the spring of 1930 and a second to Keswick in the summer following.

It seemed important to determine whether this John Henry was actually in the South during the construction of the tunnel.

In Whitehall I failed to find anything of a documentary sort to show that he returned to Virginia after leaving in 1865. The family letters had been destroyed, and no newspaper files for the period seem to exist. His two daughters, Matey and Belle, were certain that he did not return after his trip north with Boyd, and their neighbors, those around sixty or seventy years of age, agreed, with varying degrees of sureness, that he could not have been at Big Bend Tunnel. However, Joseph Chapelle and George Brown, older residents of Whitehall, claimed that they knew him well, and thought it quite probable that he returned to the South to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, at least during winter - - - about half of the year at Whitehall in the seventies,[47]) - - - in his greater effort to pay for the home he had recently bought. Mr. Chapelle worked around 1870 for the National Transportation Line, on the canal through Whitehall. He said that Henry shod mules for the same company at the time, and that activities were suspended there during winter. He said that Henry's shop was often closed in winter around 1870, but failed to remember how long it stayed closed. He was not certain that it was always open in the summer, and knew that the company's mules were shod at other shops as well as at Henry's.

Nobody in Whitehall seemed to know a great deal about Henry, not even his two daughters. They knew that he had received hard treatment from being bound out as a slave, but they knew nothing of the circumstances. They knew that he had some trouble with his back, and that their mother "rubbed it". A large number of men there, who as boys had "brushed flies" for Henry while he was shoeing horses, remembered that he had trouble with his back. Some of them thought that marks on his shoulders and back were callouses from wearing a yoke to pull a plow or to carry water when he was bound out, and others were quite sure that the marks were only prominent muscles. They had seen Henry working in the shop with his shirt open and his sleeves up, and all agreed that he was a very strong man. That he had lifted a mule on his shoulder on one occasion was a matter of common report. Mr. Sullivan thought, perhaps, while Henry was very reticent about his early life, and all of his particularly intimate affairs, that he talked somewhat freely with two old "rounders" with whom he associated a great deal before becoming a member of the church. But these two men are gone from Whitehall.

Such closeness on the part of Henry to old "rounders" would seem to upset Mr. Sullivan's earlier statement that he was a "good man in every way", but this report was based on the later years of Henry's life. Nobody in Whitehall, of course, reported Henry as a bad man at any period of his career. He was known to play cards

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[47]) Mr. Brown says that he worked only six months a year at that time, and lived through the winter on his savings from the summer.

and drink occasionally, but never seen gambling or drunk; and on occasion to forget his domestic obligations, but not in any way that would characterize him as lacking real manliness. His associates were largely white people, and they held him in high esteem from the time of his arrival in Whitehall. He was "never ugly or boisterous", and after joining the church he always spoke of the devil as "Mr. Satan". He had "good manners", although he never learned to write, and his letters were always written by some member of his family.

Henry was in the habit of singing as he worked in the shop such songs as "Old Black Joe" and "Shoo Fly". He often chanted "tunes" to his hammer and anvil, and was greatly attached to them.

His younger daughter remembered that he spoke of working on the railroad at some time, but knew nothing definite about the matter, but they both insisted that he did not work on any road in the South after going to Whitehall in 1865. The older was less than two years of age when Big Bend Tunnel was begun, and the younger was born six years after its completion. The former can not be considered an authority on the activities of her father while she was only two or three years old, and hardly better than the latter who can report only hearsay for the early seventies. Their lack of definite knowledge, even from hearsay reports in the family, of their father during the seventies and eighties, as well as his earlier life, no doubt because of his reticence about such matters, makes possible his consideration as the original John Henry. Several definite connections seem to exist between the two.

Of his four daughters, the second was named Julia, born about eight months after W. R. Johnson got the contract for the construction of Big Bend Tunnel, and the third was named Georgiana, born about two years after the tunnel was built. In about half of the texts of the ballad, "Julia Ann" appears as the steel-driver's wife, woman, or baby. The "white house", from which the steel-driver is taken to the tunnel to drive and to which after the contest he is taken injured or dead, may be a variation of Whitehall, the home of John L. Henry at the time. Moreover, his singing "Shoo Fly" and other tunes as he worked in his shop, his attachment to his hammer and anvil, his "good manners", association with white people, superior strength, lack of ability to write, - - all are in keeping with the direct and popular reports for the original John Henry, who sang "Shoo Fly" at Big Bend, associated with white people, and got the Gilpin family to write letters for him to his family in North Carolina, possibly a confusion with New York. He required "good manners" for his contacts at the tunnel, as Mr. Gilpin represents him, and something of the sort, echoed in the Henry tradition, almost certainly contributed to the belief in the great steel-driver as a good man, not infrequently too good for anything of consequence. Doubtlessly such apparent connections would be sufficient for the identification of Chaucer's Wife of Bath.

When Big Bend was begun in 1870, John L. Henry was thirty-one years old, weight around 170 pounds, height about five feet eight

inches, and almost black. At his home I was able to get a photograph, made about 1870, of him in his "Sunday clothes", and presented a copy of it to Mr. Gilpin and the Hedrick brothers for their judgement of him as the steel-driver. After careful examination they agreed that it was not altogether unlike the Negro they knew at the tunnel, but only his face and hands were exposed in the photograph, and they remembered him most distinctly as a man of energy, a man of action, with full chest and muscled arms and shoulders. Besides, he was not quite tall enough for Mr. Gilpin and George Hedrick, and slightly too stout for John Hedrick. The writer then sought the opinion of Jeff Washington, who gave it with little more than a glance at the photograph. The feet seemed to amuse him, and yet they are very good Negro feet, as good or better than Jeff's own. Nevertheless, he was certain that they were not the feet of the John Henry he knew on the Chesapeake and Ohio.

The identification, therefore, of John L. Henry as the steel-driver would no longer seem possible, although his trail promised a great deal. The wise thing, perhaps, for the investigator was to accept from the first the report of Charles James, that his uncle was not the man; but the existence of the criminal element in the Henry tradition led to the suspicion that the whole story had not been told. The failure of Mr. James to remember a proper amount of detail about the career of his uncle, along with his history in full of the Civil War, added weight in that direction. But this trail, like that followed earlier at Norfolk, leads only to disappointment; and the testimony of Charles James for the steel-driver may be placed among the popular reports of the second chapter of this study, and, after a necessary explanation, that of Jeff Washington may be placed among the direct testimony of the third chapter.

Not a little chagrined at the failure of Jeff Washington to consider the photograph in a more serious manner, I took pains to remind him that John L. Henry seemed to be the only member of the Henry families around Keswick, or in the larger Charlottesville district, who could qualify as the steel-driver, and that he did not have a sister there or elsewhere. Jeff continued his good-natured attitude, and readily shifted ground in two important particulars. Instead of repeating his earlier report of first coming in contact with John Henry at Keswick, a depot on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad about ten miles east of Charlottesville, he stated that he first knew the steel-driver at Ivy, a depot on the same road about ten miles west of Charlottesville. He explained that Henry's sister lived, not in Charlottesville, but "back on the ridge of the mountains above Hinton," West Virginia. While the first shift may have no positive value, the second is highly significant, in that Jeff placed the sister in the immediate section where the steel-driver's white woman lived, according to Miller, Scott, and Gilpin. At the time the tunnel was built this section was not a Negro community, and in all probability not a Negro there. Henry's sister and Henry's white woman, then, are one and the same, and Jeff told more than he meant to. His amusement,

therefore, at my failure to find Henry's sister in Charlottesville seems obvious.

The trails of John Henry have brought unsatisfactory results, and the question of what became of him is still not answered. His leaving the Big Bend neighborhood was certainly not to the tune of a brass band, and it is very doubtful that he left at all. He had about an equal chance to go or stay. The fear of his ghost in the tunnel and the wide popular belief in his death there, where escape at best was only a gambling possibility, may be regarded as lending some value to the ballad record of the event. Fortunately, a full account of the career of John Henry is not necessary for an answer to the question of his existence and the reality of his drilling-contest.

John Raybern Zierold

THE JOHN HENRY HAMMER SONG

A

Mrs. Sidney Wilson, Minnehaha Springs, W. Va. Mrs. Wilson obtained this version from her brother, a man well acquainted with construction camps in the South.

This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
Killed him dead, - - huh.

Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Rings like mine, - - huh.

Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
For I'm goin' home, - - huh.

I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
Make 'em mind, - - huh.

'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
Won't raised right, - - huh.

JOHN HENRY ON THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY

A factual basis for the Henry tradition on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia required the employment of hand labor and machinery together, if not continuously at least on occasion, in its construction from 1870 to 1873. If rock-drilling on the road was done altogether by hand drills or altogether by steam drills, no chance for a conflict between the two kinds of work obtained, and the tradition can have no real basis there. That the opportunity, however, for such a conflict did actually exist has more than legendary support.

In the second half of the 19th century hand labor was employed widely in tunnelling, and in some cases the hand drill was used exclusively.[1]) Steam drills came into fairly general use in the third quarter of the century, particularly in heavy tunnelling, both in Europe and America. On the Mt. Cenis Tunnel they were put "to work in full during 1861", and remained to the completion of the tunnel ten years later.[2]) Their next successful use was in the Hoosac Tunnel, where the Burleigh drills were introduced in 1866.[3]) In 1870 they were introduced into the Nesquehoning Tunnel, with marked success.[4]) From 1872 to 1875 the Ingersoll drills were employed with the Burleigh compressors successfully in building the Musconetcong Tunnel.[5])

About this date hand drills and steam drills were brought together on several lines. Notable among these was the Cincinnati Southern, with twenty-six important tunnels. In some of them hand drills were used in the heading, and in others on the bench, supplemented by steam drills.[6]) In actual practice, of course, the two types of drilling were employed together wherever the steam drill was tried out in tunnelling during its period of development, a half-century or more.

Their use together on the Chesapeake and Ohio, at some time between 1870 and 1873, is shown by the testimony of L. W. Hill, a soldier of the Confederacy, who is better known as "Dad" among railroad people around Hinton, West Virginia, where he was living when he made his report in September, 1925:

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[1]) Port Henry Tunnel on the New York and Canada, 1874—76, and Lick Log Tunnel on the Western North Carolina Railway, 1870, were built by hand labor. Tunnelling, pp. 976, 982. In Mount Wood and Top Mill tunnels, built in 1889, "all drilling was done by hand". Journal of the Western Society of Engineers, II (1897), 49.

[2]) Tunnelling, p. 130.

[3]) Ibid., p. 165 ff.

[4]) Ibid., pp. 165, 974.

[5]) Henry S. Drinker, resident engineer of the Musconetcong Tunnel. The Railroad Gazette, VII (June 5, 1875), 228 ff.

[6]) Tunnelling, p. 966 ff.

44

I was conductor 35 years on a freight train on the C and O Railroad between Hinton and Clifton Forge. I am now retired and on the pension list of the C and O.

I got one of my eyes hurt by a piece of rock flying in it when I was helping to build Lewis Tunnel, which is not far from Big Bend Tunnel, just above here on the C and O Railroad. I have been troubled with my eyes ever since, but I lost the sight of my best eye first, and now I can hardly see.

A steam drill was used for a while in building Lewis Tunnel, and I ran the stationary engine that furnished steam for it. The drill could be used on a bench only, and was not a success there, and it gave way to the hand drills. Later I ran the stationary engine for lifting rocks in the shaft and pumping water.

In one way or another many people were killed in building Lewis Tunnel: many were killed from careless blasting. There was a graveyard built there along with the tunnel, and one in Big Bend Tunnel too.

Bob Jones was the best steel-driver in Lewis Tunnel, but not much better than some of the others in there with him. They usually sang a song they had composed on their work, or the foremen, or some 'loose' women around the camps. They called one of them Liza Dooley, and made a song on her.

This report of the hand drill as the important tool at Lewis Tunnel puts the type of drilling there in line with that employed generally on the road. A newspaper of the state gives "from Big Sandy to White Sulphur, a distance of at least 200 miles, the clink of the drill-hammer ... heard from early in the morn to eve."[7]) The published official records of the road make no exception to the general use of hand labor in that work.[8])

Mr. Hill's connection with machine-drilling on the road is highly significant. With the steam drill established in tunnelling by 1870, and the general airing of its marvels in engineering journals and local newspapers,[9]) those responsible for the extension of the Chesapeake and Ohio across West Virginia could not escape giving it a trial. The belief of Shanley, the contractor of Hoosac Tunnel, that the expense of hand labor there would have been "fully three times the cost of machine-drilling",[10]) and Hoosac Tunnel was well on toward completion by 1870, could not be ignored by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway whose bonds were being sold on Wall Street.[11]) Their report indicates full use of all up-to-date methods:

Beyond the great want of trained mechanical labor at that time in the Southern States, the tunnel experience upon the work of the several lines consolidated into the Chesapeake and Ohio cannot be said to have departed

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7) Wheeling Intelligencer, Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 3, 1871.
8) Tunnelling.
9) Wheeling Intelligencer, Dec. 30, 1870. Lynchburg Daily Virginian, Sept. 22, 1871.
10) Tunnelling, p. 244.
11) The Weekly Register, Point Pleasant, W. Va., March 3, 1870.

materially from the routine of construction of other first-class mountain roads of the same period. [12])

Everything favored the introduction of steam drills on the road between 1870 and 1873. Through the development of the compressor system at Mt. Cenis Tunnel, their successful use in tunnelling had been noted in Europe for nine years. They had been used with marked success for four years in the Hoosac Tunnel of Massachusetts, and had just been introduced with great promise into the Nesquehoning Tunnel. They were therefore a necessary part of the equipment for building first-class mountain roads of that period.

That steam drills were actually used at Lewis Tunnel, as reported by Mr. Hill, is shown by newspaper accounts during 1871. In January of that year, the Richmond Dispatch noted that "at the Lewis tunnel, or Jerry's run, the contractors have put the steam drills in operation". [13]) In November following, Charles Nordhoff, formerly editor of the New York Post, who at the time was making a trip along the Chesapeake and Ohio across West Virginia and writing a series of letters on the progress of work on the road, referred to Lewis Tunnel "in which several of Burleigh's drills are at work". [14]) These records cover a period of practically nine months.

Both types of tunnelling, then, were employed together on the road between 1870 and 1873, thus satisfying the major requirement of a factual basis for the Henry tradition in its construction. That innovations of this sort among hand labor would be followed by drilling-contests between the old and the new was the thing to expect. That such a contest, the basic episode of "John Henry", actually took place as celebrated in popular report has every reasonable influence from these circumstances in its favor, and should not require much further evidence for its authenticity.

If the steam drills put to work at Lewis Tunnel in January, 1871, were the Burleigh drills mentioned in November of that year, and were operated continuously for almost nine months, Mr. Hill would seem to be in error; but he has the support of the chief engineer of that work, that they failed: "Subsequent to War, Burleigh rock-drill tried in the tunnel, but unsuccessfully." [15]) This statement not only establishes Mr. Hill, who had a part in testing the machine, but throws damaging light on the assumption that the steam drills mentioned in the Richmond Dispatch as having been put to work at the tunnel in January were the Burleigh drills referred to by Nordhoff in November following, and favors the inference that several steam drills were experimented with at Lewis Tunnel, those

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[12]) Tunnelling, p. 484.

[13]) Jan. 21, 1871. The Richmond Dispatch is in conflict with the Chesapeake and Ohio "records that steam drills were first introduced in construction on Lewis Tunnel the latter part of April, 1871." John Henry, p. 49. Dr. Johnson states in his next paragraph that the C and O files of reports from their engineers and contractors of this period have been destroyed by fire.

[14]) New York Weekly Tribune, Nov. 8, 1871.

[15]) Tunnelling, p. 965.

mentioned in January and November, and possibly in April, and very probably others before and after these dates.[16])

It follows that the steam drill in all probability was tried out elsewhere on the road at the time, and Big Bend, the largest tunnel on the line, had certain advantages to offer. The rock of Big Bend was different from that of Lewis Tunnel,[17]) and different results might have been expected from the machine, with the promise of a larger number of sales upon its adoption there.

So-called documentary proof for the steam drill at Big Bend Tunnel seems not to exist. The only possible reference of the sort known appears in an account of the work there about the time the tunnel was completed: "Unavoidable contingencies, such as foul air, breaking of machinery, &c., have delayed this part of the work considerably."[18]) That breaking of machinery" can have such value is very doubtful. It would mean too great reliance on the steam drill to accord with known facts. In the absence of anything better for an understanding of the circumstances at Big Bend, testimonial data must be allowed.

Neal Miller,[19]) son of Andrew Jackson Miller, a native of the community, lives about a mile up Hungart's Creek, which joins/Greenbrier River at the east end of Big Bend Tunnel. He was a member of a large family. Three of his brothers "followed" the railroad. Two are on the Norfolk and Western, one an engineer and the other a painter. The third was an engineer on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and a few years ago "his train almost smothered him to death in Big Bend Tunnel," with the result that he died about four months later. In his neighborhood Neal Miller is regarded as having a good memory and being honest.

Mr. Miller says that he worked in Big Bend "off and on", carrying water and steel for the workmen, and knew John Henry there.

I saw John Henry drive steel in Big Bend Tunnel. He was a great singer, and always singing some old song when he was driving steel. He was a black, rawboned man, 30 years old, 6 feet high, and weighed near 200 pounds. He and Phil Henderson, another big Negro, but not so high, were pals, and said that they were from North Carolina.

Phil Henderson turned the steel for John Henry when he drove in the contest with the steam drill at the east end of the tunnel. John Henry beat the steam drill because it got hung in the seam of the rock and lost time.

Dave Withrow, who lived with his wife at our home, was the foreman in charge of the work on the outside of the tunnel where John Henry

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[16]) Such was the experience at Hoosac Tunnel. The Brooks, Gates, and Burleigh machines were introduced there in June, 1866, and replaced by the Burleigh drill in November following. Tunnelling, p. 159 ff. About 40 of these machines were discarded at Hoosac. Did the manufacturers try to sell them in the South?

[17]) Tunnelling, p. 965.

[18]) The Greenbrier Independent, June 1, 1872.

[19]) C. S. ("Neal") Miller, Talcott, W. Va.

beat the steam drill, and Mike Breen was the foreman on the inside of the tunnel there.

The steam drill was brought to Big Bend Tunnel as an experiment, and failed because it stayed broke all the time, or hung up in the rock, and it could be used only on bench drill anyway. It was brought to the east end of the tunnel when work first commenced there, and was never carried in the tunnel. It was thrown aside, and the engine was taken from it and carried to shaft number one, where it took the place of a team of horses that pulled the bucket up in the shaft with a windlass.

John Henry used to go up Hungart's Creek to see a white woman, --or almost white. Sometimes this woman would go down to the tunnel to get John Henry, and they went back together. She was called John Henry's woman 'round the camps.

John Henry didn't die from getting too hot in the contest with the steam drill, like you say. He drove in the heading a long time after that. But he was later killed in the tunnel, but I didn't see him killed. He couldn't go away from the tunnel without letting his friends know about it, and his woman stayed 'round long after he disappeared.

He was killed all right, and I know the time. The boys 'round the tunnel told me that he was killed from a blast of rock in the heading, and he was put in a box with another Negro and buried at night under the big fill at the east end of the tunnel. A mule that had gotkilled in the tunnel was put under the big fill about the same time.

The bosses at the tunnel were afraid the death of John Henry would cause trouble among the Negroes, and they often got rid of dead Negroes in some way like that. All the Negroes left the tunnel once and wouldn't go in it for several days. Some of them won't go in it now because they've got the notion they can still hear John Henry driving steel in there. He's a regular ghost 'round this place.

His marks in the side of the rock where he drove with the steam drill stayed there awhile at the east end of the tunnel, but when the railroad bed was widened for double-tracking they destroyed them.[20])

The Hedrick brothers, George, seventeen, and John, twenty-three, were living with their father within a few hundred yards of Big Bend when work began on the tunnel in 1870, and remained there while it was under construction. George still lives there, but for the last few years John has lived with his daughter's family in Hinton, eight miles west of the tunnel.[21])

George Hedrick says that he did no work in the tunnel, but that he was continually around where the men were at work, and knew "what was going on":

My brother John helped to survey the tunnel and had charge of the woodwork in building it. I often saw John Henry drive steel out there. I saw the steam drill too, when they brought it to east end of the tunnel,

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[20]) Mr. Miller made his report in Sept., 1925.

[21]) The testimony of George Hedrick, Talcott, W. Va., was obtained in Sept., 1925, and that of John Hedrick, Aug., 1927. The latter was visiting his son in Kentucky when I made my first trip to the tunnel in 1925.

but I didn't see John Henry when he drove in the contest with it. I heard about it right after. My brother saw it.

My memory is Phil Henderson and John Henry drove together against the steam drill. That was the usual way of driving steel in the tunnel.

I saw John Henry drive steel. He was black and 6 feet high, 35 years old, and weighed 200 or a little more. He could sing as well as he could drive steel, and was always singing when he was in the tunnel -- 'Can't you drive her, - - huh?'

The Hedrick brothers are sober men of good practical sense and judgement. George is about six feet tall, stands erect, and weighs around two hundred pounds, and must have been a superior man forty years ago. John is not quite so tall, but has a larger frame and muscle. He was twenty-three when the tunnel was begun, and was unquestionably well fitted for a responsible job among the gangs there. He speaks with the authority of a tunnel boss:

I was manager of the wood-work in putting through Big Bend Tunnel, and built the shanties for the Negroes there in the camp. The first work at Big Bend Tunnel was making the survey, and I helped with that. Then men came to put down the shafts, and took rock from them 50 feet down to send away for contractors to examine when they were making contracts for the work on the tunnel. Menifee put down the first shaft. When he came I went with him to help him find the place. I worked there till the tunnel was all completed.

I knew John Henry. He was a yaller-complected, stout, healthy fellow from down in Virginia. He was about 30 years old, and weighed 160 or 170 pounds. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall, not over that.

He drove steel with a steam drill at the east end, on the inside of the tunnel not far from the end. He was working under Foreman Steele, and he beat the steam drill too. The steam drill got hung up, but John Henry was beating him all the time. I didn't see the contest, because it was on the inside of the tunnel, and not very many could get in there. I was taking up timber, and heard him singing and driving, and he was beating him too.

John Henry stayed 'round the tunnel a year or two, then went away somewhere. I don't remember when he left. He had a big black fellow with him that drove steel, but he couldn't drive like John Henry.

John Henry was there 12 months after the contest. I know. He was there when the hole was opened between shaft 1 and 2. Henry Fox put the first hole through, and then climbed through it. He was a foreman, and got the watch that Johnson offered for the first man to get through. He was from shaft 2, and people on the other side pulled him through and tore off all his clothes.

I don't believe a single man got killed at Big Bend Tunnel at work. A boy fell in the shaft, and one died from foul air. A man waskilled in Little Bend Tunnel,[22]) but none in Big Bend.

These three witnesses are giving direct testimony, not popular or hearsay reports. They are not ballad-singers and general reposi-

[22]) A tunnel on the line a short distance west of Big Bend Tunnel.

tories of oral traditions, but represent the stable citizenry of a conservative community. In a court or forum of that locality, they would have the support of good character and general reliability in matters of dispute coming under their observation.

The explanation Mr. Miller makes of the steam drill at Big Bend and the subsequent use of the engine from it recalls Mr. Hill's experiences with the machine at Lewis Tunnel. His account of John Henry's death and burial is of a hearsay character, and has only the value of a report at the time. He is not alone in making this report, however, and his account of the tragic tone of the place will seem more real eventually. Mr. Miller is no apologist, and no hero-worshipper, for John Henry or anybody else, as his testimony indicates. He has the characteristic mountaineer attitude toward the Negro, and regards the famous steel-driver as rather vicious, "just another Negro", superior of course and able to claim his woman when he was present, but remembers that he was not always present. His reference to Henry's woman as "almost white" was but a cautionary after-thought to temper the blow "white woman" for the moment, and has no other value in his report. Later he talked more fully about the woman, whom he knew for several years. She lived in a little house about two miles up Hungart's Creek, and often made long trips visiting construction camps, usually of miners, along the railroad. Confirmation of this account may be had from G. L. Scott, previously mentioned, who remembers her house, her name and fame, and the man who "stood her" at Big Bend Tunnel. [23])

In his statement that John Henry sang "Can't you drive her, --huh?" George Hedrick makes a good claim for his acquaintance with the steel-drivers at the tunnel, and for the correctness of his memory. A few months after Big Bend was completed, the line

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[23]) O. F. Morton says of Negro slaves in Monroe County, which included the Big Bend community at the time the tunnel was begun: "The servants in the 'bighouse' looked down on the field hands, but both house and field servants looked down on the poor class of whites." A History of Monroe County, p. 185 ff.

In 1878, Page Edwards, a Negro living at Big Bend Tunnel, became jealous of his wife, a "bright mulatto woman of handsome appearance," and killed her. In 1907, Elbert Medlin, born in the larger Big Bend community about the time the tunnel was under construction, killed his wife because she seemed to prefer the other man. Medlin's father was a light mulatto, and his mother a "white woman of low and degraded instincts." They claimed that they were married in Ohio. J. H. Miller, History of Summers County, pp. 788, 807.

Anne Royall, a native of Monroe County, gives an example of a family of white girls over in Virginia having children by Negro men, and adds from her "poor ignorant driver" of the coach, "There were several instances of their having children by black men." Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States (1826), by a Traveller, p. 30 ff.

For the race problem in Virginia, see J. H. Russell, "The Free Negro in Virginia, 1619—1865," Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, XXXI.

50

"Can't you drive her home, my boy?" was published as having been sung by the miners in building the tunnel.[24])

John Hedrick makes even a better claim for his memory of the tunnel. He is correct in saying that "Menifee put down the first shaft," and in Menifee's purpose in doing it.[25]) Building shanties for the workmen, surveying, and sinking shafts for rock to be used in contracting for its construction characterize the first work at the tunnel, facts that will not be questioned. Fox[26]) and Steele[27]) were foremen at the tunnel, and the former was in charge when the opening was made from shaft one to shaft two, as Mr. Hedrick states.

Testimony of this sort is not altogether hearsay stuff, and can hardly be denied value in showing the employment together of the two kinds of labor at Big Bend. These men are certain that they saw the two types of drills at the tunnel, and that a contest took place between them. Their evidence is of about equal value.

In their statements for Henry's presence, they are supported by two other witnesses, George Jenkins and D. R. Gilpin, who claim that they worked in the tunnel. These two men were not there when the tunnel was begun, but came later and saw less.

Mr. Jenkins[28]) says that he is a native of Buckingham County, Virginia, that he went with his father, a blacksmith, to Big Bend soon after the tunnel was started, that he worked at first as "tool-boy", and that later his father got him a job in the shop to "sharpen steel and other tools":

John Henry was there when I went to Big Bend, and I remember he was under Jack Pasco from Ireland. He was very black, and he'd weigh about 160. Always singing when he worked. He was a sort of song-leader. He was 30 or 35 years old.

I don't know what he did when he wasn't at work in the tunnel. I don't know when he left the tunnel or where he went. No; I don't know anything about him driving steel against a steam drill. The tunnel was all hand work.

Jim Brightwell ran the hoisting engine at shaft 2, and my brother fired for him. Captain Johnson gave a barrel of liquor when they knocked through the heading from shaft 2 to 3. Mose Selby stabbed John Hunt that day, but didn't kill him. I saw Hunt in Roanoke a few years ago.

I saw one man killed in the tunnel. He was taking up bottom when a rock fell from overhead and killed him dead. I don't remember what they did with him, sent him home to his people I suppose.

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[24]) The Mountain Herald, Hinton, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1874.
[25]) The Greenbrier Independent, Jan. 22, 1870.
[26]) The Railroad Gazette, Nov. 2, 1872.
[27]) John Henry, p. 30. Dr. Johnson quotes from Border Watchman. I have not been able to find the files of this newspaper, but other newspapers of the time often quoted from it.
[28]) Testimony of George Jenkins, 75 years old, of Montgomery, W. Va., was obtained in Aug., 1927.

When the mules came out of the tunnel some of them were blind as a bat. One went blind and stayed blind. Most of them got all right after a day or so. They put a cover over their heads for a while.

They burnt lard oil and blackstrap in the tunnel for lights.

After Big Bend was in I flagged on the work train between White Sulphur and Hinton about a year. Then I went with my father to work on a tunnel at King's Mountain, Ky. No; I knew John Henry only at Big Bend. I don't know what became of him.

Mr. Gilpin [29]) is on the pension list of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. He came to Big Bend, he says, from Knoxville, Tenn., with his father, a well-digger who had been successful in several states of the South before the Civil War in sinking wells through rock under water. His father was brought to the tunnel by Johnson, contractor, whose efforts to put down shaft one had been checked by water rising in it, and remained as a sort of boss or director of drilling and blasting in the heading. [30]) Mr. Gilpin says that he worked along with his father, carrying water and steel for the workmen.

He remembers John Henry, and describes him as black, about six feet tall, and weight "as much as 200 pounds, but not fat", with "thick lips and the prettiest set of white teeth I ever looked at". He adds that Henry, like the others, usually kept his shirt off when he drove in the tunnel:

I know that he was from North Carolina, for he used to get Pearce, my brother-in-law and a foreman in the tunnel, to write letters for him to his people there. Pearce liked John Henry because he was sensible and used good manners, and keen and full of good jokes, and he could sing and pick a banjo better than anybody else I ever saw.

My mother used to help out when anybody got hurt in the tunnel. She'd come with clean cloths and medicine. She ran a bearding house there at the tunnel, and baked bread for John Henry. He cooked the rest of his food at the camp, but he couldn't bake bread and Pearce asked my mother to do it for him. I'd often carry it to him at his camp, and he'd give me a little extra for carrying it.

I've seen John Henry playing cards, but I never saw him gambling, and he didn't swear like the other Negroes did when he was at work.

My half-brother, Jim Wimmer, drove steel in the tunnel, and he drove with John Henry when he could get the chance, because John Henry was a good worker at driving steel, and he was sensible and safe, a man of good judgment, with a good eye. There was not so much danger in driving with him in the heading like there was with some of the other drivers. John Henry was a reliable man in danger or in a risky job.

When the first light hole was opened from shaft number one to the east end of the tunnel, I dipped the liquor for the steel-drivers. Every crew tried to put their boss through the hole first, and they fought and

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[29]) Testimony of D. R. Gilpin, Hinton, W. Va., was obtained in Sept., 1925.

[30]) John Gilpin is remembered in the Big Bend community as a "good Negro-driver".

yelled like mad men. John Henry was a mighty powerful man that day, I tell you. When they pushed my father through the hole, they pushed me through after him, and almost tore off one of my legs in doing it. Then Superintendent Johnson gave me a suit of clothes because I got hurt.

I don't know a thing about John Henry driving steel in a contest with the steam drill, and don't think I ever saw one at the tunnel. Hand drills were used in the tunnel. They were using an engine at shaft number one to raise the bucket up when we moved to the tunnel, but they didn't have any steam engine or steam drill in the tunnel.

The last time I saw John Henry, who was called Big John Henry, was when some rocks from a blast fell on him and another Negro. They were covered with blankets and carried out of the tunnel. I don't think John Henry was killed in that accident because I didn't hear of him being buried, and the bosses were always careful in looking after the injured and dead. They were afraid the Negroes would leave the tunnel.

I don't know what happened to John Henry after that accident, though. He may have left for a while and then come back again, but I can't say. I always thought John Henry died in the tunnel, but I didn't know anything about his death. I don't remember seeing John Henry after the day the rocks fell on him. I might have found out what happened to him if I had tried then, but we were not allowed to go round the camps asking questions about such things. Any man who walked around and talked about the hard life in the tunnel was allowed to stay there about two days, and that's all.

Mr. Gilpin remembers that Henry was the "singingest man I ever saw", but remembers only a few stanzas of his song:

Tell the captain, - huh, I am gone, - huh,
Tell the captain, - huh, I am gone, - huh,
Tell the captain, - huh, I am gone, - huh,
Big John Henry, - huh,
Big John Henry, - huh,
Big John Henry, - huh,

Seven others were built in the same style on these lines: "The captain can't get me", "Shoo fly up, shoo fly down", "Shoo fly all 'round the town", "This old hammer a-singing", "This old steel a-ringing", "This old sweat a-rolling", and "I am getting dry". Mr. Gilpin says that John Henry always sang "I am getting dry" when he wanted water to drink, and that as water boy he was supposed to carry it. Henry used the "huh", or grunt, to mark the strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Gilpin says that he got his "education" at Big Bend Tunnel. He talks as enthusiastically on Big Bend times as Confederate soldiers often do about the Civil War. Unlike Mr. Miller, he is a hero-worshipper, and John Henry and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway are his heroes. He once looked at a picture of Jack Johnson, the Negro prize fighter, with full chest and muscled arms, and saw only his John Henry of Big Bend days, just as the Confederate veteran saw only his comrades of 1860 in the marching brigades of 1917. He has kept several little reminders of his connection with the road,

and takes pride in wearing its service pins. Big Bend is at the heart of his world, and he knows the place well. 53

He knew the two doctors who lived at Big Bend at different times while the tunnel was under construction, their families, and not a little of them afterwards. He remembered accurately a surprisingly large number of the foremen and other officials at the tunnel. He knew the engineer who drove the first train through the tunnel, and said his name was South Mack, who is not infrequently remembered in the locality as Seth Mack. He explained how Mack lost his thumbs, by inserting them into a break somewhere in his little engine, after turning it over and getting caught under it, to check the escaping steam to keep from being "scalded to death" before he could be rescued.

The reason Mr. Gilpin offers for Johnson's bringing his father to Big Bend is plausible enough. Water rising in the tunnel was one of the difficulties the engineers had in building it.[31]). He may not have dipped liquor for the men when they opened up the tunnel from shaft one to the east end, but very probably somebody did. The water boy was the proper functionary when liquor became a substitute for water, and it was used freely on such occasions there.[32]) The Border Watchman leads one to believe that Mr. Gilpin could have reported a casuality list on this occasion: "We learn that the hands on the East approach to Big Bend Tunnel and those driving the 'heading' east from Shaft 1, having knocked out the rock between them, tried to knock out each other. Several parties were severely stabbed."[33]).

The song "Shoo Fly" was widely sung on the minstrel stage of the early seventies. A Virginia newspaper observed: "Many persons who are not in the habit of frequenting negro minstrel shows have expressed a desire to know what are the words of a song to which reference is so often made in the newspapers, and the chorus of which salutes the ear in every public place. It is a nonsensical medley without rhyme or reason ... immensely popular with the masses."[34]) The Governor of West Virginia was reported as singing a part of the song when he "Broke Ground on the C. & O. R. R." in that state.[35]) Moreover, "miners hoarsely singing" and "sweat a-rolling" belong to the education of Mr. Gilpin at Big Bend. Such echoes, although some of them may not be factual, suggest that he is not entirely a man of fiction.

On my first trip to Hinton, in 1925, I mentioned "John Henry" to Mr. Gilpin, without pointing out specifically any of its details, but he seemed not to know the ballad. He remembered, with difficulty,

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[31]) The Greenbrier Independent, Jan. 28, 1871, gives an account of the use of sumps and pumps to keep the water out of the tunnel.
[32]) John Henry, p. 30.
[33]) The Greenbrier Independent, Feb. 19, 1872.
[34]) The Staunton Spectator and General Advertiser, Feb. 1, 1870.
[35]) Wheeling Intelligencer, April 18, 1870.

54

only a few stanzas of the steel-driver's song. On a second visit about two years later, I again introduced the ballad, and characterized it rather fully. Mr. Gilpin commented thus: "John Henry was always singing. He would sing about his woman, giving her his hammer, wrapping it in gold, gold at the White House, and giving it to his woman, sitting on his mammy's knee, watermelon smiling on the vine, tell the captain I am gone, and like that." But he did not reproduce a single stanza of the ballad, and seemed not to be able to.

The question of Henry's woman had been raised, but no mention made of the White House, although allusion to it is found in several texts of the ballad. And "gold at the White House" is unique in the tradition. He explained: "The White House is where the President lives. John Henry and the other Negroes there in the tunnel used to sing about it, and about going there. They used to sing about Fred Douglas up there too."

He knew Henry's woman, and several others equally important in building the tunnel, and contributed rather full accounts of Lu - - -, Liza Ann - - -, Kate - - , and one called "Liza Dooley", but thought this not her real name. Some of them claimed to be half Indian. One had long, straight, black hair, and another red hair. One was a fortune-teller and banjo-picker, a woman of unusual vivacity, a sort of pagan beauty, who played at dances and on other occasions of jolification, not infrequently for slightly mixed crowds. He remembered the following stanzas from her singing:

I'm going down to town,
I'm going down to town,
I'm going down to Lynchburg town,
To carry my baccer down.

Baccer selling high,
Selling at a dollar a pound,
And nobody wants to buy.

I pawn my watch,
And I pawn my chain.
Oh go 'long Liza, poor gal,
Poor little Liza Jane.

Up old Liza, poor gal,
Up old Liza Jane.
Up old Liza, poor gal,
Up old Liza Jane.

She lost her lover
And found him again.
Up old Liza, poor gal,
Up old Liza Jane.

She lost her lover
In the bottom of the sea.
Up old Liza, poor gal,
Up old Liza Jane.

WHAT BECAME OF JOHN HENRY?

If the famous steel-driver was a real man, a flesh and blood man, and actually took part in a drilling-contest at Big Bend, as the testimony shows, one would like to know what became of him. The witnesses do not know. Miller and Gilpin seem to think that he died at the tunnel. John Hedrick is quite certain that he did not, and says that he "went away somewhere".

A strong belief in Henry's death at Big Bend is shown by the popular reports presented in the second chapter of this study. The ballad mentions his death there. Among the Negroes of the community nothing seems more real than his ghost. The ghost's driving steel in the tunnel is highly significant of the manner, as well as the fact, of his death, and modern ghosts are supposed to have such values.[1] Bridge and tunnel ghosts may not always be, if ever, full adoptions, or made from the whole cloth. And building Big Bend Tunnel made possible the only plausible occasion for starting such a belief, factual or fictitious. The character of the tradition seems to favor his actual death there, from a drilling-contest, or in some other way.

The witnesses for Henry are certain of their acquaintance with him at the tunnel, and the conclusion that he died immediately after, and as a result of, the drilling-contest, that reported by Miller and the Hedricks, would seem to dispose of their testimony as lacking authority. This does not necessarily follow.

Among them only Gilpin claims the sort of acquaintance with the steel-driver that would make a confusion between him and another Negro at Big Bend hardly possible, and Gilpin was late in getting to the tunnel, probably almost a year after it was begun. If the drilling-contest occurred early in the work there, as shown by the testimony, and Henry died immediately as a result of it, the steel-driver who took his place among the tunnel Negroes might have resembled him very closely, and was almost certainly called John

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[1]) A case in point was reported for a tunnel in the state about six months before Big Bend was begun. Hempfield Tunnel, near Wheeling, was "full" of ghosts of murdered men. They were reported as having been seen in the act of being murdered, as the men killed there were. "At the mouth of the tunnel is a sequestered spot known as Berry's Hole. Its name is significant, as its record shows it to be the watery grave of many poor fellows. In the memory of many of our readers the history of Schaffer, the blood-thirsty and brutal murderer, who expiated his crimes on the scaffold at Parkersburg, is still fresh. The slaughter of one of his victims took place in the tunnel is well known and is supposed to have immediate reference to the appearance of the ghost last week ... Other deeds of this kind [in this tunnel] are too well known to bear repetition." Wheeling Intelligencer, July 19, 1869.

Henry. He would have been the only John Henry there known to Gilpin and Jenkins, and eventually best known to Miller and the Hedricks, and they might easily have accepted him as the hero of the contest because they had had no particular reason to observe the original John Henry at all closely. Tragedies at the tunnel were not matters for open discussion, and this might explain the failure of Gilpin and Jenkins to hear anything said about the contest. This might also explain Gilpin's failure to remember any stanza of the John Henry song mentioning the fact of his death, or to remember a single stanza of the ballad.

The theory that John Henry died in a second drilling-contest at Big Bend seems less probable, and could hardly have happened without the knowledge of the witnesses for the steel-driver at the tunnel. The introduction, however, of a second machine before the tunnel was completed would have meant a second drilling-contest if Henry won the first without any serious injury to himself, provided he was there at the time.

The drilling-contest established at Big Bend by the testimonial data probably occurred in the summer or fall of 1870. The first work was done on the tunnel in January of that year, beginning the last few days of the month, and J. M. Logan states that he worked four months there before the shafts were in and then returned to Ivanhoe, and that he heard of the contest between Henry and the steam drill when he went back to Ivanhoe. His departure from the tunnel, therefore, was in the summer or early fall, and he heard of the contest soon after. The fact that it occurred at the east end of Big Bend, according to the testimony, shows that it took place early in the work on the tunnel, and that was the first section of the tunnel completed. Between the summer or fall of 1870 and the completion of the tunnel in June, 1872, was a period of practically two years in which a second drilling-contest could have taken place.

The steam drill was at Lewis Tunnel in January and November, and possibly in April, of 1871, and also very probably in 1870 about the time it was being tried at Big Bend. The probability is that the drill characterized as a failure at Lewis Tunnel, but mentioned as being in use there on three occasions covering a period of almost nine months, was not the same drill but two or more drills of different makes, or the same drill operated each time with a different compressor, by way of experiment. Such tests, as well, may have been carried out at Big Bend. The two tunnels were constructed by different men under different contracts, and their character differed in the obstacles offered for the machine. Big Bend was drilled through "hard red shale", and Lewis Tunnel through "hard sandstone with some little slate".[2]). The failure, therefore, of the drill at Lewis Tunnel would not have meant its failure at Big Bend; and the second drilling-contest there, with the death of the steel-driver as a result, was at least possible and may have occurred.

[2]) Tunnelling, p. 965.

In an effort to account for the discrepancy between the testimony and the popular report of Henry's death as a result of the drilling-contest, the theory that the steel-driver met his death in some other way at the tunnel and that the report of the event became confused with that of the contest through oral transmission seems more probable. It leads to an inquiry as to the actual conditions under which the tunnel was built.

The testimony is highly suggestive but inadequate for a full understanding of the tragic circumstances at Big Bend, as becomes increasingly evident as one examines the construction of heavy tunnels in Europe and America during the second half of the 19th century. The startling number of casualties from building Mt. Cenis and the Hoosac tunnels [3]) indicates the incorrectness of such a statement as that of John Hedrick that none was killed in Big Bend. Miller's report that bodies of Negroes killed in the tunnel, along with that of a mule, were buried in the big fill at the east portal is much less improbable. Many of the foremen and other officials on the road had been in the Confederate Army. It was not always convenient there to bury the dead properly, or to advertise the casualty list as a means of keeping up the morale of the forces. That it was necessary to protect the morale of the Negroes at Big Bend and that those in charge were not always equal to the task can hardly be doubted. A brief account of the circumstances there will show that the place was not in the least inviting. Miller's statement that all the Negroes refused to go into the tunnel for several days on one occasion seems to be common knowledge in the neighborhood. It was the only detail the widow of Jeff Davis, previously mentioned, could remember at all distinctly about the construction of the tunnel when I visited her in September, 1925. [4])

Nordhoff states that the laborers on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway were mostly Negroes, ignorant, and "much crowded together" in the tunnels. [5]) The number of such laborers in Big Bend during the two years and a half of its construction was probably about 1,000. The number for Musconetcong Tunnel was 1,000, [6]) and that for Hoosac, 900. [7]) Big Bend is about one-third longer than the former, and one-third of the length of the latter. But the labor of Hoosac Tunnel was "chiefly of the kind termed 'skilled labor', the underground workers being, for the most part, regularly bred miners (a large porportion of them being of the very best Cornish miners)." [8]) Big Bend was built with ignorant, superstitious Negroes "much crowded together" in the tunnel.

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[3]) P. 69.
[4]) A similar act on the part of laborers at Midland Tunnel was noted in the Wheeling Intelligencer, March 8, 1871.
[5]) New York Weekly Tribune, Oct. 18 and Nov. 1, 1871.
[6]) The Railroad Gazette, VII (June, 1875), 241.
[7]) Journal of the Franklin Institute, XCI (1871), 148.
[8]) Ibid., XCI, 148.

64

The following lines, under the title "Big Bend Times",[9]) published with apologies by a local newspaper about six months after the road was completed across the state, was written presumably by an employee at the tunnel, and is the only published account from the inside of Big Bend known to exist:

Big Bend times now pass before me,
Tunnel scenes of long ago;
With the loose rock hanging o'er me,
More dangerous far than human foe.
Days that knew no time of leisure,
Days from working never free;
When the hopeful dreamed of pleasure,
When the tunnel through should be.

Fancy hears the hammers ringing - -
Sounds that now my dream annoy - -
And the miners hoarsely singing
'Can't you drive her home, my boy?'
Hears the bosses loudly swearing
At some idler whom they see,
Who plainly is not caring
When the tunnel through should be.

What though looser roofs beset me,
Though down deeper shafts I go;
Yet I never will forget thee,
Number two, of long ago.
And when railroad life is ended,
Oh! what pleasure we could see,
If we owned the means expended,
That the tunnel through should be.

That Big Bend was not altogether a pastoral scene has support from the inside of Mt. Cenis. In that tunnel "one was almost smothered so great was the heat; the smoke from the blasts became so thick that the light of the lamps was visible no farther than a few steps." The writer describes blasting there: "Suddenly an infernal noise burst upon us from the end of the gallery. One would have said that ten thousand hammers were falling simultaneously on their anvils. A sharp whistling sound made itself heard above this clamor, piercing you to the very marrow."[10]) Clouds of "yellow smoke come pouring through the tunnel in such density and volume as to be positively painful."[11]) The inferno of St. Gothard was hardly more inviting: "As the work progressed the temperature rose and the air became more vitiated, until visitors were rarely permitted to enter because of the sheer danger of being in such an atmosphere, and the horses on the job died at the rate of ten a month. The scene in the scantily lighted tunnel grew to resemble an inferno, men going about

[9]) The Mountain Herald, Hinton, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1874.
[10]) Every Saturday, Oct. 14, 1871.
[11]) Wheeling Intelligencer, Dec. 30, 1870.

24

He was a negro from Tennessee. The last time he heard of him he was a steel driver somewhere in Kentucky."

Another contributor, Mr. Wallace,[10]) testifies to the sort of experience that qualifies him to speak with authority on the Henry vogue:

I am a steam shovel operator or 'runner', and have heard steel drivers sing John Henry all my life, and there are probably lots of verses I never heard as it used to be that every new steel driving 'nigger' had a new verse to John Henry.

I never personally knew John Henry, but I have talked to lots of old timers who did. I have been told by some old Rail Road construction men that John Henry and John Hardy were the same man and by some others that they were not, but I believe that John Hardy was his real name. He actually worked on the C & O Ry. for Langhorn & Langhorn and was able to drive 9 feet of steel faster than the steam drill could in Big Bend Tunnel. Then later he was hanged in Welch, W. Va., for murdering a man. After shifting out the 'chaff' think I can assure you the above is correct.

I have heard the two songs sung mostly in the same section of the country that is, West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, seldom elsewhere except by men from one of the above states. I have worked all over the South, South West, and West, and have heard the John Henry song almost ever since I could remember, and it was an old song the first I ever remember of it . . .

This shift of the drilling-contest to Big Bend Tunnel satisfies the ballad account of the event, but the belief in Henry and Hardy as the same man starts something else. The report, however, is purely a popular one, and it seems that the Langhorn construction company had their first contract on the road near Big Bend Tunnel in 1894,[11]) about a quarter of a century too late for the origin of the tradition in the construction of the tunnel. Earl Smith,[12]) who contributes a version of "John Hardy", indicates that Mr. Wallace is not alone in identifying Henry as Hardy: "I think you will find John Hardy and Henry the same man, under different names."

Objections to this identification of John Henry are too numerous to be included in this work. A good example of them is that of Miss Hayes,[13]) of Kentucky: "I am telling you all I know about John Henry. He was a negro from the state of Virginia. He was not related to John Hardy. He could lift a four ton car lift so much that his feet would go in the ground up to his inkles. He was killed in the C. & O. tunnel." Miss Hayes has probably confused the steel-driver of Virginia with one of the lifters of Kentucky or Tennessee.

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[10]) C. J. Wallace, Charleston, W. Va.

[11]) G. L. Scott, Talcott, W. Va., states that he furnished the Langhorns timber for a construction job on the road near the east end of Big Bend in 1894.

[12]) Of Gates, W. Va.

[13]) Isabell Hayes, Langley, Ky.

An example equally typical is that of C. H. Board [14]) of Virginia: "John Henry was a black man. He was not related to John Hardy. Him and Milton Brooks was little related. He was from the state of South Carolina. He died driving steel."

The confusion of John Hardy with John Henry is one of the problems in the Henry tradition. How well he measures up to the popular character of John Henry can be easily shown.

Lee Holley, of Tazewell, Virginia, who claimed to be 67 years old when he made his report in 1925, offers a strong objection to such an identification, an objection with a kick:

> I've lived 'round here all my life. I've been acquainted with the camps in this section forty or fifty years. I remember seeing John Hardy pretty often, and know all about him.
>
> He was black and tall, and would weigh about 200 pounds, and was 27 or 8 when he was hung at Welch over in McDowell County. He was with a gang of gamblers 'round the camps. Harry Christian, Lewis Rhodes, Copper Boots, and Ben Red, and Jim Mason, and others besides were all about as bad as he was. They were all loafers and gamblers, and robbed the camps at night often after pay-day. Harry Christian was hung for killing Bill Crowe, and most of the gang got killed sooner or later.
>
> My Cousin Bob Holley drove steel with John Henry in Big Bend Tunnel. John Henry was the famous steel-driver there in building that tunnel. I heard Bob talk about him several times, but Bob's dead now. He's been dead ten years. I know John Hardy didn't drive steel in Big Bend Tunnel; he couldn't because he wasn't old enough when it was built, and he didn't work anyway. He got his living gambling and robbing 'round the camps.

That this account of Hardy is in the main correct is shown by newspaper records from that section on the occasion of his execution, January 19, 1894, for the "cold blooded" murder of Thomas Drews, also colored, at Shawnee Camp, near Eckman, McDowell County, West Virginia, early in 1893. His conviction followed on October 12th of that year. The hanging took place in sight of the jail in Welch, and his body was buried near the spot. [15]) Who Hardy was, or where he was from, is not known.

The real and popular personality of Hardy, as it appears in his documentary, testimonial, and ballad record, is that of an outlaw and robber, the Negro desperado around the construction camps of southern West Virginia near the close of the 19th century, and has very little in common with that of Henry, the heroic workman. Their confusion in oral tradition is hardly a phenomenal matter; the surprising thing

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[14]) Montea, Va.

[15]) Wheeling Daily Register, Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 13, 1893; Jan. 20, 1894. The later reference explains why Hardy killed Drews, in a disagreement over a crap game: "Both were enamored of the same woman, and the latter proving the more favored lover, incurred Hardy's envy, who seized the pretext of falling out in the game to work vengeance on Drews."

is that for a while ballad scholars found occasion to add to this confusion. [16])

Mr. Redwine described his John Henry as "not a real black man, but more of a chocolate color", and introduced a white man, a superior steel-driver from Tennessee, who, he thinks, was named Duffin, and who, with the aid of bad and stale air, forced his champion to the wall. This event, real or fictitious, may have some bearing on the popular belief in John Henry as a white man from Kentucky or Tennessee.

Two reports from North Carolina are definite on the question of Henry's color. Mr. Kelley [17]) writes: "I have heard old men talk about John Henry that knew him. He was born in Tennessee and was a white man. His steel driving buddy was Ben Turner. [18]). But where he worked I don't know." Mr. Webster [19]) adds: "The contest between John Henry and the steam drill took place in the Big Ben Tunnel on the C. & O. Railway ... He bet a thousand dollars that he could out do the drill, and did so, but died shortly afterwards. He was a white man." Mr. Webster fails to say where Henry got the thousand dollars.

Hazel Underwood, [20]) of West Virginia, reports the Henry tradition in her family:

My father has often told me about John Henry. He says he was a man of about 35 years old, strong built, had muscles was supposed to be like iron. He drilled holes in the big rock cliffs with his strong arms and his two hammers one in each hand day after day.

There is no mistake about his being a white man. Papa says his last drive was made in the big ben tunnel on New River. Father says he has heard when he was a boy all about him and learned the song when he worked in the log camps, but had forgotten it till he heard part of it on a Record we have, it is just a part of it. Mamma and Pa says they can't believe this is all.

This account has a popular ring, and somewhat less authority than that of Mr. Gregory, [21]) another West Virginian, who reports the "old original song of John Henry", and who claims that John Henry was a white man.

Mr. Roberts, [22]) of the same state, along with his account of Henry as a white man, represents him as doing something besides work:

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[16]) See "John Hardy", Philological Quarterly, IX, 260 ff.

[17]) J. H. Kelley, Harrisburg, N. C.

[18]) Is it at all probable that Joe Turner had something to do with the belief in Henry as a white man and his connections in Tennessee? See Odum and Johnson. The Negro and His Songs, p. 206 ff. W. C. Handy. Blues: An Anthology, p. 40 ff. (I fail to find that an "ideal is hinted at" in Odum and Johnson's text of "Joe Turner", or Handy's idea that in this text "Joe is supposed to have been a convict himself").

[19]) H. Webster, State Hospital, Morganton, N. C.

[20]) Huntersville, W. Va.

[21]) V. F. Gregory, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

[22]) George W. Roberts, Sweetland, W. Va.

27

John Henry was a white man, an American born English by birth. His weight--240 lbs at the age of 22. The muscle of his arm was 22 inches around. Many times have I seen his woman but never John Henry personal, but have worked in the mines for years with the old Welshman that sharpened tools for him by the name of Billy McKenzie.

John Henry was a native of Virginia and did actually kill himself driving steel at the Big Ben tunnel on the C. & O. R. R. in the year of 1873. He was in the penitentiary for killing a man and the contractors got him out to drive steel. He was no relative of John Hardy at all.

I am near 70 years old, and I was a miner for a great many years in the Kanawha Valley at Paint Creek after the C. & O. was built, and that is the place I used to see John Henry's wife a little ugly freckle face woman. She would come around the mines where the work was going on.

Mr. McKenzie's widow[23]) says she does not remember that her husband ever spoke of Henry or his wife in her presence. The "freckle face woman", however, will appear several times in a later chapter. She has value here only as a possible influence in the belief in John Henry as a white man and a criminal.

The same belief is reported from Virginia and Kentucky. Harvy Hicks[24]) writes:

John Henry was a white man they say. He was a prisoner when he was driving steel in the Big Ben tunnel at that time, and he said he could beat the steam drill down. They told him if he did why they would set him free. It is said that he beat the steam drill about two minutes and a half and fell dead. He drove with a hammer in each hand, nine pound sledge ...

This is a popular report, and shows for Virginia more than an individual belief in Henry as a white man with a past. That from Kentucky is somewhat different. Mr. Barnett,[25]) who claims a career "working on railroads and 'round the coal-mines", says that he has always heard that either Henry or Hardy was a white man and a "ruff'an" from Kentucky.

Mr. Thompson,[26]) a merchant, with contacts of another sort, has heard of Henry and Hardy in Tennessee:

Having been born and raised in the state of Tennessee and, therefore, in sufficiently close contact with the negro element there, it happens that I have heard these songs practically all of my life, until I left that section six years ago ...

I have been informed that John Henry was a true character all right, a nigger whose vocation was driving steel during the construction of a tunnel on one of the southern railways. I heard the John Henry song long before I did John Hardy. It has always been my understanding that John Hardy was a western character, probably a train robber.

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[23]) An elderly woman who divides her time among her children of Hinton and Montgomery, W. Va.
[24]) Evington, Va.
[25]) W. P. Barnett, of Magoffin County Ky.
[26]) B. E. Thompson, Sutton, W. Va.

He undoubtedly understands the "western character" to be a white man.

Two other contributors, both of West Virginia, characterize Hardy as a white man. Mr. Peters [27]) "can not say" about Henry, but explains that Hardy was a "white man lived in Logan County this state. He killed a man by the name of Vance [28]) over on the Big Sandy River in a log camp." Dr. Cox obtained from a certain Mr. Walker a "current report" in southern West Virginia "concerning a John Hardy who was a tough, a soloon frequenter, an outlaw, and a sort of thug. He [Mr. Walker] t h i n k s this John Hardy was a white man, and is s u r e that he was hanged later on for killing a man in McDowell County or across the line in Virginia." [29])

In a few of their songs, Henry and Hardy seem to have rather close white companions. A blue-eyed woman is the apparent cause of the outlaw's troubles in two versions of "John Hardy", one from North Carolina and one from Kentucky, [30]) and the steel-driver takes leave of his blue-eyed "baby" in a Virginia text of the John Henry song. [31]) Although questions may be raised about this motif as showing a belief in the two ballad figures as white men, it falls in line with the testimonial data, and this angle to the Henry tradition cannot be ignored.

The race of Hardy has been determined by his identification as the Negro desperado hanged in 1894 in southern West Virginia, but his confusion in oral tradition with John Henry and a notorious white outlaw of that section must have an important bearing on the belief in Henry as a white man, and possibly as a criminal also. Hardy might well be the contact man. Mr. Walker reported a white John Hardy, a "sort of thug", hanged for murder in McDowell County or across the line in Virginia, and Mr. Barnett has always heard that either Henry or Hardy was a "ruff'an" from Kentucky. The identification of this man is important.

In 1925 Ben Hardin was featured in a newspaper of that locality. Mr. Morton, a small boy at the time of Hardin's execution, writes:

> Ben Harden--many of our older citizens will remember this distinguished criminal who was hanged at Tazewell Courthouse on June 28, 1867, for the murder of Sanderlin Burns, who also was a Kentuckian and horse drover. Harden proposed to Burns to swap saddles, in a back alley, and asked Burns how he would trade. Burns replied to him and said 'I will swap just as though you had none' ... Harden left the scene and went to some one and got a double-barrelled shotgun ... and shot Burns. Harden was indicted at the May term of the circuit court, 1867, and was

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[27]) J. M. Peters, Huntington, W. Va.

[28]) This may be a confusion with Abner Vance, a Baptist preacher, who killed Lewis Horton in that region. See F o l k - S o n g s o f t h e South, p. 267.

[29]) J o u r n a l, XXXII, 510.

[30]) Appendix, p. 137. Campbell and Sharp. E n g l i s h F o l k S o n g s from the Southern A p p a l a c h i a n s, p. 257.

[31]) Appendix, p. 99.

tried ... The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. After sentencing Harden to be hanged the Judge asked him if he had anything to say, and he responded, 'If this had been done years ago it would have been better for me and many others.' [32])

Two of these older citizens have made pertinent statements about the outlaw. John McCall, who "saw it all and remembers it as if it were yesterday", says his name was John Benjamin Harden. Samuel Spurgeon, who was also at the hanging, states that he "went by the name of Ben Hardin usually", and was "sometimes called John Hardin, too, and even John Hardy or Ben Hardy, but his real name was John Benjamin Harding." He remembers that Ben Hardin was a bad man, "with long black hair and a wicked look". Mr. McCall remembers that the murderer rode to "his hanging in a wagon seated on his coffin". They agree that the rope broke, and that he had to be hanged the second time. Their account of his spectacular taking-off suggests that one might expect him to gain high place in the popular repertories of that locality.

This testimony has the support of the Clinch Valley News and other newspapers of the time: [33]) One correspondent became rather dramatic in his "Execution of a Hardened Wretch". [34]) If anything further was necessary to put Ben Hardin on the honor roll of his profession, it followed in his ten-thousand-word "Autobiography", with a caption notable for its omissions:

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin Harden, executed at Tazewell C[ourt] H[ouse] on the 28th of June, 1867, for the murder of Dennison T. Burns, the 16th day of April, 1867. Startling Confessions! Boys, take warning! Fate of the spoiled child, the disobedient boy, the roguish lad, the stealthy house-robber, the dashing highwayman, the daring horse-thief, the twofaced friend, the unprincipled intriguer, the successful swindler, the heartless seducer of female innocence, and the cold-blooded assassin of seven defenceless and unsuspecting victims. [35])

Nothing is known of Ben Hardin, except the events connected with his execution. [36]) He claimed to be from Kentucky, and was hanged for killing a man, not in McDowell County, but across the line in Virginia. That he is the white man in the Henry tradition seems almost certain, although others, such as the white steel-driver from Tennessee and the "freckle face woman", cannot be entirely ignored, certainly not in their respective localities. Yet, in the nature of things, even an approximate measure of such influences cannot be made.

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[32]) Bluefield Daily Dispatch, Bluefield, W. Va., Aug. 30, 1925.
[33]) Lynchburg Daily Virginian, Lynchburg, Va., April 27, 1867.
[34]) Ibid., July 4, 1867.
[35]) Clinch Valley News, Tazewell, Va. Copy of extra edition in 1867, and subsequent to the execution of Ben Hardin, now in my possession. Its files begin around 1900.
[36]) For the court records of Hardin's trial, see John Newton Harmon. Annals of Tazewell County, II. Fuller account of the outlaw may be found in my article: "Ben Hardin", Philological Quarterly, X, 27 ff.

30

The age of the Henry tradition, as noted in testimonial and documentary accounts, should prepare the way toward its place of origin. But, unfortunately, several of the reports are too indefinite on that score.

The following is an example:

I was reared in South Carolina, and there I often heard the colored men, while driving with heavy hammers, sing this much of the song in question, which seemed to be the chorus:

'This is the hammer that killed John Henry, but can't kill me;
This is the hammer that killed John Henry, but can't kill me.'

I heard one man relate to another that John Henry was a negro convict (possibly of the state of South Carolina) who at that time was hired out to a quarry company, that John was such a powerful man a bet was made on him and a race was staged with the steam drill. The drill beat him ten inches in a day, and that night John Henry died.[37])

Another of the sort comes from Mrs. Susan Bennett:[38])

Wish to say that there was a man of that day in making the big ben tunnell that whipped the steam drill down. I live in about 25 miles of the tunnell and it is as true as the song Pearl Bryant or Jessie James or George Alley and you may write to the Bureau of Information and get the History of John Henry and his captains name. We have 3 records of Johnie so I will close and listen at him drive that steel on down.

In this case, however, I was able to visit the contributor at her home a few months after receiving her report by letter, and found that she had known about John Henry from the time Big Bend Tunnel was built, between 1870 and 1872.

Elizabeth Frost Reed, of West Virginia University, reports the following lines heard sung, in 1909, by Lewis Lytle, a Negro on her father's farm at Flat Creek, Tennessee:

When the women of the West hear of John Henry's death,
They will cry their fool selves to death.

In 1900 or 1901, Mr. Bonham heard of John Henry from a grade foreman by the name of Surface, as truthful a man as he ever met, when they were double-tracking the Norfolk and Western Railroad. "According to Surface, John Henry died after he had won the famous contest wielding two 18-pound hammers, one in each hand."[39])

Several others first heard of the steel-driver about this date. Mrs. McKnight,[40]) of Kentucky, writes: "My husband was very much interested in 'John Henry' ... I don't know where he got the John Henry

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[37]) J. T. Baker, clergyman, in The Bradford News Journal, East Bradford, Va., Jan. 10, 1929.

[38]) Landisburg, W. Va.

[39]) The Bradford News Journal, East Bradford, Va., Jan 10, 1929.

[40]) J. L. McKnight, Conway, Ky., sent a text of "John Henry" a few days before he was killed in a railroad accident, and Mrs. McKnight answered the second letter to her husband.

song, or how long he had known it. He knew this song when I first met him, more than 30 years ago." Burl McPeak,[41]) another Kentuckian, says, "My father learnt it from a colored man on the C and O road about 1904." Mr. Murphy,[42]) of Virginia, fails to know "anything definite about John Henry, but about the year 1900 I first began to hear the song long before talking machine Records was known in this section." Mr. Barnett,[43]) of West Virginia, says, "It has been 31 years since I learned the song of John Henry." Mr. Boone,[44]) whose "life, up to 1925, was spent in the West Virginia hills over in the Greenbrier Valley", sends from Pennsylvania a text each of the Henry and Hardy ballads, and states: "I do not remember just the exact date I first heard the songs, but it was the colored men working on the construction of the Greenbrier Division of the C. and O. Ry. I first heard sing the songs. It seems to me it was about 1899 or 1900." Two versions of "John Hardy" in which lines of "John Henry" appear go back to this period.[45]) These reports indicate a wide circulation of the Henry tradition by 1900, and point to an earlier date of origin.

The same situation obtains for the tradition in the last quarter of the 19th century:

Joe Wilson, Norfolk, Va. In 1890 people around town here were singing the song about John Henry, a hammering man, hammering in the mountains four long years. I was working in an oyster house here for Fenerstein and Company, and I am 66 years old and still working for them people.

Tishie Fitzwater, Hosterman, W. Va. I have heard of him for 40 years. A old colored man told me that John Henry was a colored man, and he was a cousin to him. I have never heard any one say that John Henry was any relation to John Hardy, and I am sixty years old.

R. H. Pope, Clinton, N. C. Well I know of the song 41 years. I went to Georgia 1888, and that song was being sung by all the young men. I am now 60 years of age. In those days I knew all the words of that song but can't remember all of them now, but it was that he would die with the hammer in his hand before he would be beat driving steel ... He was a negro and a real man so I was told.

O. W. Evans, Editor of The New Castle Record, New Castle, Va. The writer is a man in the 50's, but as a boy and young man I can distinctly remember the song, the tune, and some of the verses, which as I remember were quite a number ... The negroes of forty years ago regarded him [John Henry] as a hero of their race.

W. C. Handy, New York City. As a composer of Negro music I seized on a melody that I used to hear when I was a little boy, at

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[41]) Fords Branch, Ky.
[42]) R. D. Murphy, N. P., Council, Va.
[43]) W. S. Barnett, Holstead, W. Va.
[44]) D. O. Boone, Knox, Pa.
[45]) Folk-Songs of the South, p. 178. The West Virginia Review (Aug. 1931), p. 368.

Muscle Shoals Canal in Alabama. I printed this under the title JOHN HENRY as I had heard it.[46])

Andy Anderson, Huntington, W. Va. About 45 years ago I was in Morgan County, Kentucky. There was a bunch of darkeys came from Miss. to assist in driving a tunnel at the head of Big Caney Creek for the O & K. R R Company. There is where I first heard this song, as they would sing it to keep time with their hammers.

Jesse Sparks, Ethel, W. Va. My father is 87, and he says it has been a song ever since he can remember. He says he has heard his grandpa sing it ... I am 37 years old myself, and I have been knowing it ever since I have been big enough to sing.

This testimony shows the Henry tradition widely diffused as early as the eighties, the latest date possible for its origin. The introduction of the steam drill into railroad construction in this country soon after the Civil War marks the date before which it could hardly have started. It must, then, belong to the period between these two dates.

Several of the reports connect the tradition with Big Bend Tunnel on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. George Johnston[47]) adds a fuller account:

John Henry was the best driver on the C. & O. He was the only man that could drive steel with two hammers, one in each hand. People came from miles to see him use the two 20 lb. hammers he had to drive with.

It seems that two different contracting companies were meeting in what is called Big Bend Tunnel. One had a steam drill while the other used man power to drill with. When they met everyone claimed that the steam drill was the greatest of all inventions, but John Henry made the remark he could sink more steel than the steam drill could. The contest was arranged and the money put up. John Henry was to get $100.00 to beat the steam drill.

John Henry had his foreman to buy him 2 new 20 lb. hammers for the race. They were to drill 35 minutes. When the contest was over John Henry had drilled two holes 7 feet deep, which made him a total of 14 feet. The steam drill drilled one hole 9 feet which of course gave the prize to John.

When the race was over John Henry retired to his home and told his wife that he had a queer feeling in his head. She prepared his supper and immediately after eating he went to bed. The next morning when his wife awoke and told him it was time to get up she received no answer, and she immediately discovered that he had passed to the other world some time in the night. His body was examined by two Drs. from Baltimore and it was found his death was caused from a bursted blood vessel in his head.

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[46]) Excerpt from a personal letter. Mr. Handy was born Nov. 16, 1873.
Blues: An Anthology, p. 18.
[47]) Lindside, W.

The information I have given you came to me through my grandfather. He was present at Big Bend Tunnel when the contest was staged, at that time he was time keeper for the crew that John Henry was working with. I have often heard him say that his watch started and stopped the race. There was present all of the R. R. officials of the C. & O. The crowd that remained through the race at the mouth of the tunnel was estimated at 2500 a large crowd for pioneer days.

John Henry was born in Tenn. and at the time of his death he was 34 years old. He was a man weighing from 200 to 225 lbs. He was a full blooded negro, his father having come from Africa. He often said his strength was brought from Africa. He was not any relation of John Hardy as far as I know ...

Considerable verisimilitude hardly characterizes all these details. The presence of all the officials of the road, with a crowd of 2500, at the drilling-contest had better be accepted as fictional embroidery. But the purpose of this study is not to emphasize the tissue of falsehood in popular reports. Big Bend Tunnel was built by a single contractor, as will be shown later, but the "two different contracting companies" may well represent two crews of workmen. The steel-driver may have had "2 new 20 lb. hammers" and used only one at a time. Two doctors from Baltimore may have examined Henry's body, but that they came to the tunnel for that purpose seems impossible of belief. His John Henry suggests the frontier strong man, who does impossible things.

Pete Sanders, an old Negro, who claims to be from Franklin County, Virginia, has lived for many years in Fayetteville, West Virginia, where with tales old and new he often entertains youngsters about town. Long years ago he learned an Indian war whoop, and occasionally, early in the morning or late in the evening, gives it from a nearby mountaintop. He says of Henry's connection with Big Bend:

I didn't drive no steel in Big Bend Tunnel. Uncle Jeff and Eleck did though, and saw John Henry drive against the steam drill, and died in five minutes after he beat it down. They said John Henry told the shaker how to shake the steel to keep it from getting fastened in the rock so he couldn't turn it. He told him to give it two quick shakes and a twist to make the rock dust fly out of the hole.

I heard the song of John Henry driving steel against the steam drill when they were still working on the C and O. It was all amongst us when I was a boy. When we boys there in Franklin County worked on the extension of the railroad up in Pocahontas County, we carried the song with us there and carried it back home when we went. It was the leading railroad song, but they've tore it all to pieces and sp'iled it. I heard it the other day on the machine, but it ain't noways like it used to be.

They said Big Bend Tunnel was a terrible-like place, and many men got killed there. Mules too. And they throwed the dead men and mules and all together there in that fill between the mountains. Uncle Jeff and me come in West Virginia together when I first come, and he showed me the big fill and said they tried to put Henry there first, but didn't do it

and put him somewhere else. The dumper at the fill was the man that knowed all about it. Uncle Jeff said one day a long slab of rock that hung down from the roof fell and killed seven men. He said he seen 'em killed, and they put 'em in the fills. The people in the tunnel didn't know where they went.

Mr. Sanders, obviously, would not be the first to object to the popular account of building the Chesapeake and Ohio:

Kill a mule, buy another,
Kill a nigger, hire another.

The "extension of the railroad up in Pocahontas County", West Virginia, where he and others carried "John Henry" as the leading railroad song, is the "Greenbrier Division of the C. and O. Ry.", where Mr. Boone first heard Negroes singing it around 1900.

Erskine Phillips, editor and publisher of The Fayette Democrat, at Fayetteville, West Virginia, is well acquainted with the southern part of the state from several years' experience as a surveyor. He says:

I had a very interesting conversation with an old negro here sometime ago. He, Ben Turner, and his brother, Sam, are natives of Old Virginia, and migrated to West Virginia, along with hundreds of other 'niggers', to work on the C. and O. Railway. They both worked in the Big Bend Tunnel. John Henry was a powerful man, large all over, but possessed of the 'most powerful arms and shoulders I ever saw. Why! man', he said, 'his arms was as big as a stovepipe. Never seen such arms on a man in my life.'

'Could he drive steel the way the song says he could?' I asked. 'Law -- I reckon he could. Make that steel ring just like a bell. But look here. John Hardy (he spoke of him both as Henry and Hardy) had a steel turner almost as big and strong as he was. Just the same as two men driving. That man could turn the steel and hit almost as hard as John Henry could. John Henry wouldn't let no one else turn steel for him.'

The John Henry song was not the one that was generally sung by the steel-drivers. If some one were hurt or killed in the tunnel, the foreman would yell, 'All right, boys, let's hear "John Henry"'. The song had the effect of sobering the workmen, taking their minds off the accident and restoring order.

Not a single detail of this report even slightly suggests that Ben Turner ever saw either John Henry or Big Bend Tunnel. The foreman would hardly call for the ballad record of Henry's death in the tunnel as a means of "sobering the workmen" when some one else got killed there, certainly not in a tunnel without an official casualty list. Moreover, the Negroes of the community are still afraid of Henry's ghost at the tunnel, et cetera. Mr. Phillips gives this as a characteristic confusion of Henry and Hardy, but explains that they are often regarded as two different men.

Miss Elsie Scott,[44]) of that section, reports her father without mentioning Hardy: "Dad worked with John Henry four years at Big

[44]) Beards Fork, W. Va.

Bend Tunnel. He was a Negro and left a son. Dad says he was the hero of the world. Dad knows a lot about old timers." The tunnel was built in two and a half years.

Sam Williams[49]) was not at Big Bend, but says that he heard of John Henry while the tunnel was under contruction:

I was working at Hawk's Nest, that tunnel there on the C and O, when John Henry drove steel with the steam drill at Big Bend further down below there. People coming down the line told us about it. They said John Henry and Bill Dooland drove steel together. That's what they said. I never did see old John, but they said he was a big powerful man.

I am 84. I turned steel for the steel-drivers. When I worked at Hawk's Nest, I worked for Major Randolph.

Mike Smith,[50]) seventy-three years of age when he made his report in 1925, had a somewhat wider range of experiences on the road, and thinks there was such a man:

I worked in putting the C and O from White Sulphur Springs to the big cut below Kanawha Falls. I worked a while with the surveyors, but later drove steel in tunnels. I didn't see John Henry. I think there was such a man, and he drove steel. I heard about him when they were working on the Big Bend Tunnel. They talked about him driving steel there, and getting killed.

B. O. Jones,[51]) a farmer of Albemarle County, Virginia, says that he worked the public roads in his neighborhood with "statute labor" during the seventies and eighties, and that at various times had in his gang Negroes who had worked on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Among them he mentions Tom Hill, Tom Carey, and Ned Johnson, and says that these Negroes were continually singing "John Henry". He remembers that Tom Hill often talked of knowing Henry at Big Bend, where he claimed the steel-driver died from sickness about the time the tunnel was completed. Mr. Jones says that he worked no statute labor after 1889.

Mr. Logan,[52]) a native of Wythe County, Virginia, says that he went to Big Bend Tunnel to work when he was "between 16 and 17 years old":

I drove steel for Blevins four months at the east end of Big Bend Tunnel before they got the shafts in. Blevins was a foreman there, and he went from Smyth County right by Wythe.

I remember seeing Mike Breen and Jeff Davis. I didn't see John Henry. I didn't hear anything said about a great steel-driver.

When I went back to Ivanhoe, people would come in there from the tunnel and talk about John Henry driving steel with a steam drill. They had a song on it, and it was a whole lot longer than the John Henry song they sing now.

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[49]) Bluefield, W. Va.
[50]) Hinton, W. Va.
[51]) Ivy, Va.
[52]) J. M. Logan, Pownell, W. Va.

36

I heard the song often before Big Bend Tunnel was finished. Mike Breen and Jeff Davis were very conspicuous among the workmen at Big Bend Tunnel. A full account of its construction should mention them on the first page. They taught the Negroes there how to do four days' work in one day.

W. M. Coleman, [53]) who was retired by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in 1926 and put on the pension list, says that he was born in Bedford County, Virginia, and soon after the "C and O was completed started to work a track force on a section of the James River", and has worked at different places all along the line in Virginia and West Virginia:

Dick Deans, and Aaron Bailey, and Anthony Jones worked on my first crew, and off and on for a long time afterwards. They were big strapping Negroes from Campbell County, Va. They were always singing when they worked, and 'John Henry' was their best song, they liked it the best.

They worked in Big Bend Tunnel, and all of them said they'd seen John Henry drive. Dick Deans said he saw John Henry drive against the steam drill, but I don't recall anything he said about his death. They said John Henry was the most powerful man they'd ever seen, rawbony, and as black as he could be.

These Negroes are all three dead. Dick Deans was working for me at the time when he got killed on the railroad track.

A large number of these reports connect the Henry tradition with the Chesapeake and Ohio, and all but two of them place the steel-driver in the construction of Big Bend Tunnel, built between 1870 and 1872. Some of these witnesses have been employed at one time or another on the road, but all of them testify to hearing elsewhere of John Henry, not at the tunnel. The four following reports were made by men who have long service records with the railroad, two of them being employees of the company now and one on the pension list, and who testify to hearing the tradition in the immediate Big Bend community.

Cal Evans, [54]) who cooked for railroad people around the tunnel off and on for forty or fifty years, and who had an opportunity, therefore, to learn its early history, states that he heard the reports of Henry's connections there when he first moved into the neighborhood, and has heard them ever since.

E. S. Scott [55]) states that he works for the "C and O people, and started with them in 1879". He says:

I helped to clear out a wreck in Big Bend Tunnel in 1881. I heard the people there at the work then sing John Henry that beat the steam drill down, and I've heard it ever since then on the road, but I don't sing it and never did.

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[53]) Mt. Carbon, W. Va.
[54]) Talcott, W. Va. See p. 13 ff.
[55]) Montgomery, W. Va.

I remember how they talked about John Henry being such a great steel-driver, and I won't more'n about twenty years old then.

Big Bend was first arched with timber, and John Hedrick states, in the next chapter, that he had charge of that work. Falls in the tunnel caused several wrecks the first few years after its construction, and resulted in the timber being replaced by a brick arch, beginning in the early eighties. Cal Evans, already mentioned, cooked for the workmen on this job. Tom Wood [56]) says that he has lived at Big Bend fifty years, worked thirteen years helping to arch the tunnel with brick, and is now on the pension list of the road. He adds, "When we were arching the tunnel along in the eighties, holes in the heading were pointed to as those John Henry drilled. People here in the neighborhood still talk about hearing John Henry driving steel in the tunnel. Any noise in the tunnel, like dropping water, is liable even now to scare some of them."

J. E. Huston is a telegraph operator for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and is stationed at Big Bend where he has worked for the company since 1893. He was living there when the brick arch was begun, and remembers that the workmen often spoke of the holes in the heading as being drilled by John Henry:

When I was a boy, we boys here in the neighborhood used to play steel-driving. We used sticks for hammers and sang as we played, 'This old hammer killed John Henry', and so on.

The John Henry story has been in our family ever since we moved to Big Bend Tunnel in 1881. My father worked for the C and O Railroad, and they moved him to Talcott in 1881. After we moved here I heard him talk with the people around the tunnel time and again about the contest John Henry had with the steam drill.

My mother had two old Negro house servants, a man and his wife, who quite often spoke of the steel-driver. They were certain that he was buried in the big fill at the east end of the tunnel.

Obviously the old Negroes are the best chroniclers of the Henry tradition. Like the exempla of the faithful, their tales are first-hand and have the force of reality. That of William Lawson [57]) is characterized by marvels that hardly need excite distrust. He reports his age as eighty-five and the place of his birth as Laudin County, Virginia, where his mother, 106 years old, still lives. During the Civil War he was on both sides, first with the Confederacy and then with the Union, but regards himself first of all as a farmer:

I was living on A. S. Massey's place up Falling Spring Valley when I went to Big Bend Tunnel in the spring. My brother Armstead was already there. I went to him there and stayed 'til time to cut corn in the fall. It was the year they put the hole through.

Armstead was along with John Christian and John Turner in the heading, and I drove steel under Armstead. He showed me where to drive. We were driving from the east end.

[56]) Talcott, W. Va.
[57]) Charleston, W. Va.

38

When we met a dispute arose between the two sides about who was the first man to drive a light hole through. My brother said he did, and they fussed about it all that evening. Next morning when we started working again they started the dispute again. My brother and Will Christian (Will was from the other side) shot each other dead. Armstead said, 'Your gun ain't no bigger than mine', and they both fired about the same time. Will Christian hit my brother right plumb in the heart, and my brother hit him a little on the side further toward the middle of his breast. Both of them were dead in five minutes after the guns cracked.

I was the first to get to Armstead, and turned him over. He fell on his face. Then C. R. Mason come. They buried him on the mountainside in a government graveyard.

When the hole was put through there was a great deal of whiskey in the tunnel, and that's what started all the fuss. They fussed over who put the crowbar through first, but it was the drill.

The hole had been put through three or four months when John Henry was killed. He was the best steel-driver I ever saw. He was short and brown-skinned, and had a wife that was a bright colored woman. He was 35 or 36, and weighed 150 pounds.

When I went there they had a steam drill in the tunnel at the east end. They piped the steam in. They had a little coffee-pot engine on the outside. They didn't use it in the heading, but on the bench and on the sides.

John Henry drove steel with the steam drill one day, and beat it down, but got too hot and died. He fell out right at the mouth of the tunnel They put a bucket of cold water on him.

His wife come to the tunnel that day, and they said she carried his body away, I don't know. I never saw anybody buried at the tunnel except my brother. They said they shipped some of them away, but I didn't see anybody shipped away. I don't know where they buried Will Christian. They didn't bury him with Armstead.

The time John Henry killed his self was his own fault, 'cause he bet the man with the steam drill he could beat him down. John Henry never let no man beat him down, but the steam drill won't no good nohow.

John Henry was always singing or mumbling something when he was whipping steel. He would sing over and over the same thing sometimes. He'd sing

'My old hammer ringing in the mountains,
Nothing but my hammer falling down.'

A colored boy 'round there added on and made up the John Henry song after he got killed, and all the muckers sung it.

C. R. Mason was the boss man at the tunnel. He was a good-hearted old man, but he was a tough man. He'd spit on you all the time he was talking to you. His son was named Clay Mason.

The historical residuum of this first-hand report is certainly not very considerable. C. R. Mason built Lewis Tunnel [58]) not Big Bend. The two are on the same road, fifty or sixty miles apart, and were

[58]) Tunnelling, p. 962 ff.

JOHN HENRY ON THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY

A factual basis for the Henry tradition on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia required the employment of hand labor and machinery together, if not continuously at least on occasion, in its construction from 1870 to 1873. If rock-drilling on the road was done altogether by hand drills or altogether by steam drills, no chance for a conflict between the two kinds of work obtained, and the tradition can have no real basis there. That the opportunity, however, for such a conflict did actually exist has more than legendary support.

In the second half of the 19th century hand labor was employed widely in tunnelling, and in some cases the hand drill was used exclusively.[1]) Steam drills came into fairly general use in the third quarter of the century, particularly in heavy tunnelling, both in Europe and America. On the Mt. Cenis Tunnel they were put "to work in full during 1861", and remained to the completion of the tunnel ten years later.[2]) Their next successful use was in the Hoosac Tunnel, where the Burleigh drills were introduced in 1866.[3]) In 1870 they were introduced into the Nesquehoning Tunnel, with marked success.[4]) From 1872 to 1875 the Ingersoll drills were employed with the Burleigh compressors successfully in building the Musconetcong Tunnel.[5])

About this date hand drills and steam drills were brought together on several lines. Notable among these was the Cincinnati Southern, with twenty-six important tunnels. In some of them hand drills were used in the heading, and in others on the bench, supplemented by steam drills.[6]) In actual practice, of course, the two types of drilling were employed together wherever the steam drill was tried out in tunnelling during its period of development, a half-century or more.

Their use together on the Chesapeake and Ohio, at some time between 1870 and 1873, is shown by the testimony of L. W. Hill, a soldier of the Confederacy, who is better known as "Dad" among railroad people around Hinton, West Virginia, where he was living when he made his report in September, 1925:

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[1]) Port Henry Tunnel on the New York and Canada, 1874–76, and Lick Log Tunnel on the Western North Carolina Railway, 1870, were built by hand labor. Tunnelling, pp. 976, 982. In Mount Wood and Top Mill tunnels, built in 1889, "all drilling was done by hand". Journal of the Western Society of Engineers, II (1897), 49.

[2]) Tunnelling, p. 130.

[3]) Ibid., p. 165 ff.

[4]) Ibid., pp. 165, 974.

[5]) Henry S. Drinker, resident engineer of the Musconetcong Tunnel. The Railroad Gazette, VII (June 5, 1875), 228 ff.

here. He says that there "are undoubtedly some vulgar versions of John Henry in circulation, but none has ever fallen into my net. I can truthfully say that the following stanzas contain the only 'low-down' I have ever heard on John Henry." [39]) The following are his first two:

John Henry had a little woman,
Name was Ida Red.
John Henry had a little woman,
She sleeps in my own bed.

Old John Henry was a railroad man,
Washed his face in the frying pan,
Combed his head with the wagon wheel,
Died with the toothache in his heel.

He probably regards these stanzas as late adaptations, not basically a part of the Henry tradition, and as well his third example which is much longer. He might have added at least three others of equal value from his own texts:

John Henry told his woman,
'I've always did as I please.'
She said, 'If you go with that other bitch,
I will not let you see no ease.' [40])

John Henry had a little woman,
Just as pretty as she could be;
They's just one objection I's got to her:
She want every man she see. [41])

'Where did you get your pretty little dress?
The hat you wear so fine?'
'Got my dress from a railroad man,
Hat from a man in the mine.' [42])

Possibly the miner and the railroad man were local merchants of a very neighborly sort, and one, if not both, of them a Santa Claus; but the hat and dress would seem to indicate at least that she was not entirely disappointed.

He adds, in this connection, his confession of faith in sex symbolism in "John Henry":

Realizing that John Henry contains excellent symbolism from the Freudian point of view, I have kept a watch for such versions, but I have never heard one. However, Prof. English Bagby, of the Department of Psychology of the University of North Carolina, tells me that he has talked to at least one Negro who definitely interpreted John Henry in terms of sexual symbolism [43]).

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[39]) John Henry, p. 140 ff.
[40]) Ibid., p. 127.
[41]) Ibid., p. 124.
[42]) Ibid., p. 126.
[43]) Ibid., p. 140.

Perhaps he watched too closely to be able to evaluate objectively all that fell into his net. One of his texts contains these lines:

> John Henry had a little wife
> Who were steel corn fed [44]).

Possibly "steel corn" means only hard corn, and he has "never heard one". The contributor, of course, is the only authority for the text, but he, like the editor, can answer only for himself, not for the other thousand singers of the same version. If the "drill", "a little piece of steel", "driving steel", and "bucking steel" have Freudian values in possible connections, as his psychologist would seem to recognize, he allows none of them such a bearing in his work.

While Dr. Johnson insists on speaking "truthfully", one may ask, in view of his handling thus such materials, how fully he realized that "John Henry contains excellent symbolism from the Freudian point of view". His answer, though it hardly seems necessary, is vigorously expressed in his review of Roark Bradford's John Henry, a more recent treatment of the Henry tradition:

> And now Roark Bradford has written a book about John Henry - - - but not the John Henry of the legend. His is a jazz version, so to speak ... The old John Henry was a tragic, almost a sacred, figure. He symbolized man versus the machine. This new John Henry is a tragic personality also, but in so far as he symbolizes anything it is man versus woman [45]).

Dr. Johnson had explained earlier that the word jazz deserves to head the list in Negro song for the "act of cohabitation". [46]) One thing at a time and that done well must be the rule for his John Henry, the good man hero who did nothin' but work. A "parlor" hero of the good old days when a leg was a limb and cold hands meant a warm heart. Parson Weems denied his Washington and Marion less. That it was not necessary for John Henry, widely celebrated for half a century by the "lower" tenth of back alleys and construction camps, to borrow his sex from the upper crust requires no proof.

In handling dialect, Dr. Johnson seems equally authoritative. A sufficient illustration of his success in the field is his treatment of a "big wheel turnin'" as a "corruption of Big Bend Tunnel", with the explanation that a "common dialect pronunciation of 'tunnel' is 'turnel'". [47]) While a "big wheel turnin'" might mark a stanza or version of the ballad as corrupt, I prefer to regard it as a substitution for "Big Bend Tunnel", without the necessity of finding a dialectal value in "turnel" for "tunnel". Nevertheless, he is able to characterize the dialect of Roark Bradford's John Henry as a "sort that never was on land or sea". [48]) And he is probably right at that.

[44]) Ibid., p. 119.
[45]) The Nation, Oct. 7, 1931.
[46]) The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology, April, 1927.
[47]) John Henry, p. 86 (n).
[48]) The Nation, Oct. 7, 1931.

In the field of popular literature, as well, the innocence of Dr. Johnson is too evident from statements such as the following: "When John Hardy came on the scene, only a few snatches of John Henry remained in general circulation in West Virginia."[49]) He gives no data to show that he had made a thorough investigation of "John Henry" in that state for the last decade of the 19th century, or the occasion when "John Hardy" came on the scene. Moreover, on the basis of material in his hands at the time he might have said, without serious objection, that "John Henry" had travelled far enough to escape complete confusion with "John Hardy" when the latter ballad began its circulation in oral tradition, and that would have been sufficient for the point he apparently wanted to make, an "explanation of the mixed versions of John Hardy which Cox has found".

His statement that the "author of John Hardy ... must have been familiar with the structure of John Henry, for he cast his product in exactly the same mold",[50]) is made without giving any evidence that "John Hardy" had the author. The observed fact of their structural similarity hardly settles the matter of individual or multiple authorship for one or both of the ballads. If "John Henry" developed by stages, "required more time in the making",[51]) as he supposes, why does he find it necessary to assume the author for "John Hardy"? Does he contribute anything by such an addition, without reference, to the earlier statement, "Les deux chansons se trouvent être d'une structure analogue"?[52]) This statement allows the possibility that the two ballads derive their structural pattern from a common source, that "John Hardy" had its origin in West Virginia although when it "came on the scene, only a few snatches of John Henry remained in general circulation" in that state, or that the author of "John Henry" was familiar with the structure of "John Hardy" for he cast his product in exactly the same mold.

The separation of the two ballads is, perhaps, the best thing Dr. Johnson does in his discussion, and that is not altogether satisfactory. His materials and methods are hardly sufficient for his conclusions.

With two tunes of "John Hardy" from white people and several of "John Henry" from Negroes, he proceeds thus: "John Hardy is simple, deliberate, and puts one in mind of the conventional English ballad sung by the white mountain people. John Henry is faster, is syncopated, and is much more typically Negroid than John Hardy."[53]) Doubtlessly the tunes and rhythms of his examples are somewhat different, but they are drawn too largely from phonograph records, college student, and other soloists, with improvements by the editor as the following pages will show, to have much value, and

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[49]) John Henry, p. 64.
[50]) Ibid., p. 64.
[51]) Ibid., p. 69 ff.
[52]) Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis, p. 104.
[53]) John Henry, pp. 66—67.

such treatment of the two ballads does not take properly into account the frequency of Negroes singing "John Hardy" and white people "John Henry", both with notable racial variations and often a mixture of the two ballads in their performances.

He publishes a tune of "John Henry" from Robert Mason, who can pick his twelve-string box "in more ways than a farmer can whip a mule",[54]) and another from Leon R. Harris, a rambler who has worked in "railroad grading camps from the Great Lakes to Florida and from the Atlantic to the Missouri River", who has wherever he worked "always found someone who could and would sing of John Henry", and who says, "The song is sung to many an air or tune, and hardly any two singers sing it alike."[55]) Such reports are significant, and show more than the possibility of weakness in conclusions based on a few unrepresentative tunes.

Dr. Johnson, moreover, agrees that "the very essence of the work song is its fluidity, its adaptability to various kinds and speeds of work", and that a "work song tune cannot be recorded with absolute accuracy".[56]) In his earlier discussion, he notes the inconsistency of the singer:

> When the recorder thinks that he has finally succeeded in getting a phrase down correctly and asks the singer to repeat it . . . he often finds that the response is quite different from any previous rendition. Requests for further repetition may bring out still other variations or a return to the previous version. Again, after the notation has been made from the singing of the first stanza of a song, the collector may be chagrined to find that none of the other stanzas is sung to exactly the same tune[57]).

He adds in the next paragraph even greater difficulties for the collector in recording "group singing in its native haunts":

> He cannot hope to catch by ear alone all of the parts - - and there are undoubtedly six or eight of many of these songs - - that go into the making of those rare harmonies which only a group of Negro workers can produce . . . He must be contented with securing the leading part of the song and harmonizing it later as best he can.

These explanations seem to place accurate tunes of the two ballads beyond the reach of Dr. Johnson.

Whatever he may think about the original authorship of "John Henry" and "John Hardy", he will hardly deny that they have been through the seasoning process of group-singing, often with an exchange of units from one to the other and confusions with other songs of similar rhythmic technique, with shifts in the "six or eight" parts for different occasions, resulting in first one part and then another holding the lead. A member of such a group, or any other soloist, can take only one of these parts at a time, as in the case of his collector, and must harmonize "it later as best he can", with

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54) Ibid., p. 125.
55) Ibid., p. 90 ff. Cf. p. 17 ff.
56) Ibid., p. 69 ff.
57) Negro Workaday Songs, p. 242 ff.

the possibility of echoing the group or various groups in the several stanzas of the song. That all such soloists, or later groups, take the same leading part for their renditions is extremely doubtful. That the original "John Henry" and "John Hardy" could come through this process without modification is equally doubtful. It follows, therefore, that if one succeeds in bringing together enough examples to show tune and rhythmic differences in their survivals, they will not be sufficient for the original character of the two ballads and cannot establish their separation.

Furthermore, their original separation on the basis of current tune variations ignores too much ballad tradition. If the author of "John Hardy", as Dr. Johnson insists, was familiar with the structure of "John Henry" and cast his product in exactly the same mold, in all probability he copied his "John Henry" tune also, or rather that of his pattern. Possibly the author was one of a large group of ballad-singers who recognize only one tune for their entire repertory. Possibly the author, or some singer, transmitted the ballad as a "ballet" without tune notation, and all extant versions derive from this source. These are possibilities.

Weaknesses along such lines in the material on which Dr. Johnson bases his separation of "John Henry" from "John Hardy" place his thesis in an unfavorable light, and no great improvement of his case can be made from an examination of his tunes themselves. That they do not represent the full character of the two ballads requires no further explanation. His methods, though, of obtaining them have an importance, and they are well illustrated in his example from Odell Walker, his Chapel Hill authority for "John Henry".

He presents two examples of Mr. Walker's singing the first stanza of a single version of "John Henry",[58]) with tone and rhythmic variations, and fails to say which of the performances is the correct one. Possibly he asked for the second singing of the stanza and failed to observe that his soloist had changed drinks. Possibly he had only one rendition, and as editor harmonized "it later as best he can." Nevertheless, he gives both examples as Negroid, and uses them to show a difference between the two ballads.

In fact, he must have succeeded in getting at least three performances by Mr. Walker, as lines 3 and 4 of the three printings of the first stanza of his version show:[59])

'Fore he'd let the steam drill beat him down,
Die wid his hammer in his han'.

An' befo' he'd let the steam-drill beat him down,
Die with the hammer in his han'.

And before he'd let the steam drill beat him down
He'd die with his hammer in his hand.

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[58]) Ibid., p. 248; John Henry, p. 100.
[59]) Negro Workaday Songs, pp. 248, 225; John Henry, p. 100.

Possibly these specimens, with their several tunes, are faster, more syncopated, and "much more typically Negroid" than his "John Hardy" examples from white people. Apparently he published Mr. Walker's version in two other places, with further notable variations.[60]) Such practices must of necessity affect the evidence drawn from his texts for any purpose.

My request, in a recent note on John Henry,[61]) for corrections by Dr. Johnson of a series of misrepresentations in the testimonial data he published from the Big Bend Tunnel neighborhood has had no answer, and by way of throwing some light on his methods of handling such material a few of them may be pointed out more fully. One can easily understand that the slightest variation, conscious or otherwise, in these field reports would have significant results under his system of classifying them as "positive, negative, or indifferent" testimony.[62])

That of Cal Evans he presents as follows:

> When the tunnel was under construction he was a youngster, not quite old enough to take part in the work. He thinks there might have been a steel driver there named John Henry, but he never saw him and could remember nothing about him except what he heard later. He stated that while the story might be true he was inclined to believe that it was not[63]).

Dr. Johnson would have no great difficulty in classifying this report for John Henry at Big Bend Tunnel as "negative, or indifferent", but if it is to have any bearing on the connection of the steel-driver with Big Bend, and on the larger question of his reality, something more definite might be expected from Mr. Evans. One would like to know why he failed to see John Henry, what he heard later, when and where he heard it. After investigating the Henry tradition there, one would certainly ask what story Evans doubts the truth of. Does he doubt the truth of the story of John Henry driving steel in the tunnel, the story of his drilling-contest there, the story of his death as a result of the contest, or the story of his body being thrown into the big fill at the east end of the tunnel? Or does he doubt the truth of the story that Henry's ghost is still driving steel in the tunnel?

Like many of the older Negroes of the community, Cal Evans, according to his own statement and that of his wife, followed the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad into that part of the state. He was a native of Albemarle County, Virginia, worked first on the road near White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, later near Huntington, in the western part of the state, and around 1875 began cooking at the roundhouse in Hinton, eight miles from Big Bend. In 1876 he married a woman of Orange County, Virginia. They made their home

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[60]) The Southern Workman, LVI, 159; Ebony and Topaz (ed. C. S. Johnson), p. 48. Cf. John Henry, p. 153.
[61]) American Speech, VI (Dec., 1930), 144 ff.
[62]) John Henry, p. 34.
[63]) Ibid., p. 37.

in Hinton, where Mr. Evans continued cooking at the roundhouse until arching the tunnel with brick was begun in the early eighties.[64]) Then he moved to Big Bend to cook for the workmen, and remained there. He had no opportunity, therefore, to see John Henry drive steel in building the tunnel between 1870 and 1872.

His contact with the tunnel for half a century made it possible for him to learn the stories of John Henry there, and his practice of telling them is a matter of general knowledge in the community. Although he objects to the reports of Henry's ghost driving steel in the tunnel, and of Henry's death as a result of the drilling-contest, what he really believes can be understood only through an acquaintance with the man. He is one of the Negroes at Big Bend generally known to be afraid of John Henry at night, -- not that he admits it of course, -- but this fact must not be overlooked in reporting his distrust of the ghost story, and of any other part of the tradition, such as Henry's spectacular death from the contest, which seems to him to contribute directly to it. He says that he saw, when the railroad was being double-tracked in the eighties, a human skeleton unearthed in the road bed over the big fill at the east end of the tunnel, where the dead from building the tunnel were reported to be buried at night;[65]) but he objects to the skeleton as that of John Henry. He accepts, however, as factual the reports of Henry working in the tunnel and his contest with the steam drill.

Verification of this explanation of Mr. Evans can be made at Big Bend with no great difficulty. W. M. White,[66]) a student in West Virginia University, who since he was a small boy has had a camp on Evans' place, about a hundred yards below the east portal of the tunnel, where he employs Evans to cook for him during several weeks every summer, and where he has listened for hours in the evenings to Evans' tales of John Henry, says that Mr. Evans will not go alone at night to the tunnel, and that in going at night to Talcott, a small village just above Big Bend, he paddles his boat up Greenbrier River in order to avoid contact with Henry's ghost.

Mr. Evans is much less courageous than Mr. Anderson, the Negro keeper or care-taker of the tunnel, who has what people in the neighborhood call a "pension job". On my first trip to Big Bend, in the fall of 1925, I saw Mr. Anderson pushing a wheelbarrow filled with rubbish out of the west end of the tunnel, and called to him from the embankment fifty feet above and asked if he had seen John Henry while he was on the inside. He answered, with a good Negro laugh, that he had no faith in the stories of John Henry, and advised seeing John Hedrick, the man he regarded as knowing the facts in the Henry tradition.

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[64]) J. H. Miller says that Big Bend Tunnel caved in during March, 1883, with the result that the "railroad company was forced to arch the tunnel with brick". History of Summers County, West Virginia, 1908.

[65]) See pp. 37, 47.

[66]) Raleigh, W. Va.

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Mr. Anderson explained how, in spite of the local fear of Henry's ghost, he had taken charge when he came there more than thirty years before. He had had his most exciting experience on walking through the tunnel soon after his arrival. About half the distance through he had heard John Henry driving steel, and had experienced some difficulty in waiting for a closer acquaintance with the steel-driver; yet he had been able to discover that what he heard was water dropping above the roof of the tunnel.[67])

It soon became clear, however, that his stories of John Henry were confined to the death of the steel-driver as a result of the drilling-contest and the subsequent escapades of his ghost around the tunnel. Mr. Anderson believes that a man by the name of John Henry worked in the tunnel, and seems to think everybody else should. Like Mr. Evans, though, he was not at the tunnel while it was under construction and knows only what he has heard about the steel-driver.

As respects the Henry tradition, Evans and Anderson are both "positive" and "negative", but perhaps would cause the classifier no great trouble. They accept certain parts of the tradition as factual, and regard certain other parts as "stories". The investigator, therefore, who has a use for their beliefs about Henry must be on his guard to avoid misrepresenting them, as seems to be the case in Dr. Johnson's report of Evans' testimony.

The same explanation can hardly be made in the case of John Hedrick.[68]) Dr. Johnson says that Mr. Hedrick "did not work on the tunnel". The reaction of Mr. Hedrick to this statement is about what one might expect from a Confederate soldier after telling him that he was not in the Civil War. Mr. Hedrick insists that he began with the first gangs at Big Bend and stayed on the job until the tunnel was finished. He quotes Mr. Hedrick as saying, "I did not see the contest myself, but I heard the men talking about it right after it took place." He fails to say where Mr. Hedrick was at the time of the contest, or where he heard the men talking about it. And it is important to know the meaning of right after it took place". Following this expression in the testimony, Mr. Hedrick speaks in terms of years, not in terms of days or hours. Mr. Hedrick, however, claims that while the drilling-contest was taking place inside the tunnel he was "taking up timber" to be used for arching, and heard Henry "singing and driving" in the contest. Dr. Johnson is also misleading in his further statement, "Mr. Hedrick could not say whether John Henry died after the contest, although his impression was that he did not." Mr. Hedrick is quite definite on the point, and does say with emphasis that Henry did not die immediately after the drilling-contest. This is the point on which Mr. Anderson, mentioned above, refers to Mr. Hedrick as authority in disposing of the factual basis for Henry's ghost in the tunnel. If Dr. Johnson had actually interviewed Mr. Hedrick, as he seems to expect the reader to believe,

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[67]) See p. 37.
[68]) John Henry, p. 40.

possibly he would have made a different report. Mr. Hedrick and his daughter's family with whom he lives in Hinton, West Virginia, claim that the interview was not held.

Dr. Johnson, of course, will have his own explanation for these discrepancies in the testimony he published from Big Bend. But he will hardly find it necessary to explain why, after quoting Neal Miller as using the word "contest" for Henry's drilling-contest, he states on the following page that Mr. Miller "never spoke of the episode as a contest, but as a test",[69]) or to explain the variations in his two printings of Mr. Miller's report, the third and last of the series I shall examine in this study.

The first printing of this piece of testimony is easily accessible.[70]) The second is as follows:

This man, known as Neal Miller, told me in plain words how he had come to the tunnel with his father at 17, how he carried water and drills for the steel drivers, how he saw John Henry every day, and, finally, all about the contest between John Henry and the steam drill.

'When the agent for the steam drill company brought the drill here,' said Mr. Miller, 'John Henry wanted to drive against it. He took a lot of pride in his work and he hated to see a machine take the work of men like him.

'Well, they decided to hold a test to get an idea of how practical the steam drill was. The test went on all day and part of the next day.

'John Henry won. He wouldn't rest enough, and he overdid. He took sick and died soon after that.'

Mr. Miller described the steam drill in detail. I made a sketch of it and later when I looked up pictures of the early steam drills, I found his description correct. I asked people about Mr. Miller's reputation, and they all said, 'If Neal Miller said anything happened, it happened.'[71])

The first three quoted sentences of the second printing have no near parallels in that of the first. The fourth quoted sentence of the second is a statement of fact, and differs materially from the quoted statement of this fact in the first printing:

1st: "The test lasted over a part of two days."

2nd: "The test went on all day and part of the next day."

These are important differences in the facts stated and in the form of statement. The fifth and sixth quoted sentences of the second printing are statements of fact, and statements of these facts are quoted in the first printing; but the two printings show no similarity of form. The seventh and last sentence quoted from Mr. Miller in the second printing is also a statement of fact, but differs from the corresponding quotation of the first printing:

1st: "As well as I remember ... he took sick and died from fever soon after that."

2nd: "He took sick and died soon after that."

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69) John Henry, p. 42.

70) Ibid., p. 40 ff.

71) Welch Daily News, (Feb. 22, 1930), Welch, W. Va.

The qualified statement of Henry's death "from fever" in the first becomes an unqualified statement in the second, and the cause of death is omitted.

These are notable discrepancies in two printings of the same report by the same editor. Does he mean to offer the first or the second printing as the correct testimony of Mr. Miller? Perhaps he has a third version not less correct than the other two. Until he designates the authentic one, however, nothing can be done by way of testing its keeping with the facts as Mr. Miller claims to know them.

The materials Dr. Johnson uses seem less important in his hands than his shifting point of view. In 1929 he prefers to believe in the reality of John Henry, but is "not irrevocably wedded to this position".[72]) In 1930, without additions to his bibliography of 1929, he is convinced of Henry's reality,[73]) and for his stronger position relies heavily on Mr. Miller's testimony, the only one of the series in question reproduced in this connection. In its second printing he prepares for his sweeping conclusion by the addition of new information such as John Henry "took a lot of pride in his work", "hated to see a machine take the work of men like him", and "wanted to drive against it", and by a general toning up of the report by omitting expressions such as "as well as I remember". Moreover, he changes the quoted statement, "If Neal Miller says it happened, then it must have happened",[74]) to a stronger one, "If Neal Miller said anything happened, it happened".

If Dr. Johnson toned up data for a stronger position when he became convinced in 1930 that Henry was real, in all probability he toned down the same data when he was "not irrevocably wedded to this position" in 1929, possibly because he was not fully divorced from his earlier spouse, his mythical John Henry of 1926.[75]) His misrepresentations of Evans and Hedrick weaken their testimony for Henry's reality: those only slightly affecting their evidence affect it negatively, and some of them are more than slight. He almost succeeds in taking Mr. Hedrick out of the picture, and yet the value of Mr. Hedrick's correct report is about equal to that of Mr. Miller, the man he sets off as his important witness, his "One man against the mountain of negative evidence!"[76]) a mountain of his own creation through manipulations under his system of classifying field reports as "positive, negative, or indifferent". After aiding all along the line toward such a consummation, he admits that one can make the evidence "lean either way".[77]) What was his purpose in such a method?

If one assumes that Dr. Johnson, in 1929, is masquerading in John Henry, capitalizing the wide distrust of testimonial data

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[72]) John Henry, p. 54.
[73]) Welch Daily News, Welch, W. Va., Feb. 22, 1930.
[74]) John Henry, p. 53.
[75]) Negro Workaday Songs, p. 221.
[76]) John Henry, p. 53.
[77]) Ibid., p. 51.

and deliberately damning the steel-driver's reality with faint praise, he might find not a little influence of the mythical character of 1926. He would know, of course, that Dr. Johnson, before making his trip in June, 1927, had examined the report of another investigator at the tunnel, a challenge to his myth, and might find that he meant to play his trump card by publishing a report in conflict. An attempt to follow him, through an imposing line of manipulations, would lead ultimately to his testimony from Neal Miller, his "One man against a mountain of negative evidence!" Possibly he understood at least the theoretical value of a single affirmative witness on a point of disputed fact. Why, then, while joining the Talcott chorus in praises of Mr. Miller's reliability, did he destroy his testimony? Did he believe that one man could affect his relationship to his mythical spouse? When he became convinced of Henry's reality in 1930, without additions to his bibliography of 1929, did he abandon her altogether? Should one regard such implications as less obvious?

The hypothesis, at any rate, that Dr. Johnson deliberately set out to destroy the evidence for John Henry as real would possibly have to take into account his changes in "John Henry" texts, and they can have no positive bearing on the matter, other than of course in so far as they evidence his wider practices in establishing a thesis. And, unfortunately, his earlier "objective studies" show the same cultural practices as regards first-hand materials. On one page in the first part of the book in which he created his mythical John Henry, he offers the following lines brought more nearly up to date:

> Goin' 'way to leave you, ain't comin' back no mo',
> You treated me so dirty, ain't comin' back no mo'.
>
> Where was you las' Sattaday night,
> When I lay sick in bed? [78])

He adds as source "songs gathered two decades ago" and published in another volume:

> For I goin' 'way to leave you, ain't comin' back no mo';
> You treated me so dirty, ain't comin' back no mo'.
>
> Where were you las' Saturday night,
> When I lay sick in my bed? [79])

These improved specimens, faster, syncopated, and "much more typically Negroid", suggest what one might find in his work if he had continued to be equally specific as to his sources. It would be interesting to know just what his collection was before his first publication.

More recently, however, he says, in a review of Roark Bradford's John Henry: "one rather hates to see one's favorite American ballad and legend sprout more new variants between the covers of

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[78]) Negro Workaday Songs, p. 20.
[79]) The Negro and His Songs, pp. 184, 185.

one novel than it would in fifty years of normal folk growth."[80]) What conclusion, then, does Dr. Johnson expect from a review of his own work? At least the name John Henry in version A of Dr. Cox's "John Hardy" should not have caused him the trouble of an inquiry.[81])

The methods of Dr. Johnson seem clear enough, and one need not urge an ulterior purpose on his part. That set forth in his preface to John Henry will take care of his work: "I conceive my mission to be to bring together and co-ordinate as much actual folk material as possible." That his apparatus, as set up for such a purpose, is not sufficient for handling historical evidence is too obvious, and one need not ask how much of his collection he regards as "actual folk material". One need not emphasize his failure to distinguish between folk materials and direct or first-hand testimonial data. His desire, perhaps, to avoid dullness should be taken into account. He states in his preface that he is "not one of those who believe that folklore studies must be dull in order to be scientific". Yet he can hardly maintain that his methods are scientific.

He renewed his investigations in 1927, with the question: "Is this John Henry tradition true? I do not consider this question of any great importance."[82]) In 1929 he concluded that the "question of whether the John Henry legend rests on a factual basis is after all not of much significance".[83]) This position is about what one might expect after examining his methods, and ample characterization of his efforts in dealing with evidence for the existence of John Henry. Why he steps aside to exploit such evidence when he knows that it is already in the hands of another investigator is less certain. Whatever his full purpose may be, his manipulations have not destroyed the evidence of Henry's connection with Big Bend Tunnel, and the larger matter of Henry's reality.

At all events, in discussing the John Henry tradition Dr. Johnson is identified with two points of view, the mythical of Georgia and the Carolinas and the factual of Big Bend Tunnel in West Virginia. The former he shares with Dr. Odum, and while ostensibly in the act of abandoning it welcomes Carl Sandburg to their camp.[84]) The latter, and the material for it, he seems to regard as his own property, and with marvellous liberality by way of invitations to other researchers, and analyses for their guidance, has handled it with great humility, and to the satisfaction of everybody.[85]) When all is said and done, however, I must insist that he "doth but mistake the truth totally."

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[80]) The Nation, Oct. 7, 1931.
[81]) John Henry, p. 66 (n). He quotes on the preceding page three stanzas of Dr. Cox's A, with five improvements.
[82]) Ebony and Topaz (ed. C. S. Johnson), p. 50.
[83]) John Henry, p. 54.
[84]) Ibid., p. 6 ff.
[85]) G. H. Gerould, The Ballad of Tradition. Cf. Louise Pound, Journal, XLIII, 126 ff. L. C. Wimberly, Folk-Say, A Regional Miscellany, 1930, p. 413 ff.

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My purpose is to throw more light on the John Henry tradition. It has already had sufficient attention as a sacred thing. I shall take into account its greater variety and wider diffusion, and present a larger body of material showing its connections with Big Bend Tunnel. Dr. Johnson has taken care of its purely negative aspects in that locality, and I can confine myself mainly to the other side without undue regard for people who never saw or heard of the steel-driver. He will appear in this work as a human being, superior of course but not without the common frailties of mankind.

THE JOHN HENRY TRADITION

The John Henry tradition is widely diffused and belongs to the folk, to the lower tenth, to bums or gods as the reader may like. He may prefer variety, or intensity. The tradition is something of an index to both, smacks of the luxuriously elemental, a prodigious reality, an articulation of what millions of toilers struggle to express, on and off, in and out, by day and by night. It is not a tale, a ballad, a song: it is all of these and more, a living thing, and as such cannot be fully presented. "John Henry", now available in nearly a hundred variants,[1]) is the best expression of the tradition.

Mr. Brown,[2]) who contributes a text of the ballad, writes from Shanghai, China, that he has heard it in many places:

I've heard the song in a thousand different places, nigger extra gangs, hoboes of all kinds, coal miners and furnace men, river and wharf rats, beach combers and sailors, harvest hands and timber men. Some of them drunk and some sober. It is scattered over all the states and some places on the outside. I have heard any number of verses cribbed bodily from some other song or improvised to suit the occasion ...

The opinion among hoboes, section men and others who sing the song is that John Henry was a negro, 'a coal black man' a partly forgotten verse says, 'a big fellow' an old hobo once said. He claimed to have known him but was crying drunk on 'Dago Red', so I'm discounting everything he said. I have met very few who claim to have known him.

There was a giant yellow negro with only one arm who helped to put the Tennessee Central through the mountains between Nashville and Rockwood, Tennessee. His name was John Henry and his thumb was said to be as large as an ordinary man's wrist. He could pick up a length of the steel they were laying, straighten up, turn himself completely around, still holding the rail, and lower it back into place.[3]) I am not claiming this fellow as the original John Henry. He wasn't anything above the ordinary with a hammer.

This report shows more than a wide diffusion of the Henry tradition; it shows something of its character, and raises the question, Who was John Henry? with a possible answer in a "coal black man", a "big fellow", or a "giant yellow negro".

The account, however, of the "giant yellow negro" alone offers something definite for a test on this score, but he was a lifter, not

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[1]) See Appendix and Bibliography.
[2]) N. A. Brown, of the U. S. S. Pittsburgh.
[3]) Not an impossible task for a superman, provided the rail was a "60 or 70" not a "100 or 105", but this man would have difficulty in balancing.

a steel-driver. The large number of strong men, in one way or another connected with the Henry tradition, hardly justifies even considering this fellow as the original John Henry. He is more like the "strong man John Henry, colored", of Tallega, Kentucky, as characterized by common report. "This John Henry it was said carried three large hewn railroad ties at a time in loading freight cars. He also carried a barrel of coal oil, boxes of dry salt bacon and barrels of salt."[4]) The record fails to say how many arms this strong man had.

Newton Redwine reports another John Henry of that region, a smaller man in some respects:

John Henry the steel driving champion was a native of Alabama and from near Bessemer or Blackton. This is no doubt the man in question as he died when I was just a boy and I have heard my uncle tell of his exploits a number of times. The steel driver was between the ages of 45 and 50 years and weighed about 155 pounds. He was not a real black man, but more of a chocolate color. He was straight and well muscled.

For several years John Henry worked around the iron mining region of Alabama. Later he became a steel driver and worked on the Western & Atlantic, now the N. C. & St. L., also on the Memphis & Charleston, now the Southern from Memphis to Sallsbury, N. C. His fame as a steel driver grew each year and he was in great demand on every construction job and drove steel on practically every road under construction during his day. The Queen & Crescent was his last job.

He was well known to all the old contractors and when he had finished a job he would walk thru the mountains to another, if he had the time. He finally landed at the Kings Mountain tunnel on the route between Danville, Ky., and Oakdale, Tenn., where he worked until his death. He drove steel for four years for the Cincinnati Southern . . .

John Henry drove steel with a ten pound sheep-nose hammer with a regular size switch handle four feet long. This handle was made slim from where the hammer fitted on to a few inches back where it reduced to one half inch in thickness, the width being five eights in this slim part. It was kept greased with tallow to keep it limber and flexible, so as not to jar the hands and arms.

He would stand from five and one half feet to six feet from his steel and strike with full length of his hammer. The handle was so limber that when it was held out straight the hammer would hang nearly half way down. He drove steel from his left shoulder and would make a stroke of more than nineteen and one half feet spending his power with all his might making the hammer travel with the speed of lightning. He would throw his hammer over his shoulder and nearly the full length of the handle would be down his back with the hammer against his legs just below his knees. He would drive ten long hours with a never turning stroke. . . . John Henry could stand on two powder cans and drive a drill straight up equally as fast as he could drive it straight down - - with the

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[4]) The Beattyville Enterprise (a weekly), Beattyville, Ky., Jan. 4, 1929.

same long sweep and rapidity of the hammer. He could stand on a powder can with feet together, toes even and drive all day never missing a stroke. He was the steel driving champion of the country and his record has never been equalled.

There was a white man brought from some point near South Pittsburgh, Tennessee, to work in the Kings Mountain tunnel who was a good steel driver. I think his name was Duffin. They drove steel in the tunnel-heading together. They were so far under the mountain that the air was bad and stale. John Henry thought the Tennessee man would drive his hole down first and became fatigued and fell. His last words were 'Give me a cool drink of water before I die'. This was before the completion of the tunnel. He was buried not far from the South end of the tunnel. My Uncle Solomon Archilus Knox worked with him for two and one half years. This is what I have personally heard from my uncle and other old men who worked there. The best I remember it was about 1880 when John Henry died..[5])

At this point the account turns to the history of steam drills, with the statement, "At that time there were no steam drills ... not an air or steam drill dependable and servicable for nearly thirty years after John Henry's death" about 1880. Mr. Redwine should have examined Drinker's work on steam drills and tunnelling,[6]) published in 1878, for an account of the steam drill as a mechanical triumph long before that date, with its subsequent use in building tunnels in Kentucky. The line "Give me a cool drink of water before I die" is found in several versions of "John Henry", which is the chronicle of the drilling-contest between John Henry and the steam drill, and which is connected with a different tunnel as this study will show.

Although the greater part of this report, showing probably an adaptation or localization from the Henry tradition, with the heroic workman either real or imaginary as in the case of others already mentioned, seems nearer fiction than fact,[7]) Mr. Redwine has the support of a wide belief in a John Henry of that region. Mr. Washington,[8]) writing from Florida, says: "John Henry was a colored man, and I was told by my grandfather that he was born in an old log house out a little ways from Mobile, Alabama, and that is the state where he did most of his steel driving, also Tennessee." Mr. Miller,[9]) of West Virginia, adds: "My grandfather knew John Henry personally.

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[5]) Ibid., Feb. 1, 1929.

[6]) Henry S. Drinker. Tunnelling, Explosive Compounds, and Rock Drills. This work is referred to below as Tunnelling.

[7]) While Mr. Redwine's account of the steel-driver seems a little too much of the good thing, it is what might be called legitimate fiction, if not something better, and much nearer correct as a picture than the Paul Kroesen drawing of his hammer and manner of using it "made from descriptions of the weird contest given to Johnson by an eyewitness." No steel-driver ever handled his hammer in the style of this drawing. Welch Daily News, Welch, W. Va., Feb. 22, 1930. For another marvel of art, see the "Kewpie" artist's John Henry in the Cosmopolitan, Jan., 1931.

[8]) J. W. Washington, Fort Myers, Fla.

[9]) Earl Miller, Hamlin, W. Va.

THE BEREA QUARTERLY (Berea, Ky.), 14 (October, 1910): 26 (N. 3). – Two stanzas only: –

"John Hardy had a wife, a child,
A wife and child had he;
But he cared no more for his wife and child
Than he did for the fish in the sea.

He'd play cards with a white man,
He'd play cards with him fair,
He'd play the hat right off his head,
He'd play him for his hair."

FRANK C. BROWN, Ballad-Literature in North Carolina (reprinted from Proceedings and Addresses of the Fifteenth Annual Session of the Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, Dec. 1-2, 1914), p. 12. Listed as found in North Carolina.

JOHN HARDY.

(Version a.)

(Communicated by Dr. H. S. Green, Charleston, W. Va. He obtained it from Ex-Gov. W.A.McCorkle, who says he has known it about twenty years.)

1. John Hardy was a bad, bad man,
He came from a bad, bad land;
He killed two men in a Shawnee camp,
Cause he's too damn nervy for to run, God damn!
Too damn nervy for to run.

2. John Hardy went to the rock quarrie,
He went there for to drive, Lord, Lord!
The rock was so hard and the steel so soft,
That he laid down his hammer and he cried, "O my God!"
He laid down his hammer and he cried.

3. John Hardy was standing on my right-hand side,
The steel hammers on my left, Lord, Lord!
"Before I'd let the steamer beat me down,
I'd die with my hammer in my hand, by God!
I'd die with my hammer in my hand."

4. John Hardy was standing at the dice-room door,
So drunk he could not see, Lordy, Lord!
'Long come his woman, five dollars in her hand,
Said "You count John Hardy in the game, God damn!
You count John Hardy in the game."

5. John Hardy went to playing in the game of cards,
The pot was broken, says, he stayed, Lordy, Lord!
He drawed the nine of diamonds to a diamond bob,
And he says, "I'll let the whole damn bill play, by God!"
He says, "I'll let the whole bill play."

6. John Hardy went staggering by the jail-house,
As drunk as he could be, Lordy, Lord!

Up stepped a leaceman, catched him by the arm,
Says, "John Hardy, come and go with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, come and go with me."

7. Friends and relatives all standing round,
Crying, "John Hardy, what have you done, poor boy?"
"I've murdered two men in the Shawnee camp,
Was too damn nervy for to run, God damn!
Now I'm standing on my hanging-ground."

(Version b.)

(Communicated by Mr. E. C. Smith, Weston, Lewis County, who obtained it from Miss Maude Rucks, Heaters, Braxton County.)

1. John Hardy was but three days old,
Sitting on his mamma's knee,
When he looked straught up at her and said,
"The Big Bend Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is bound to be the death of me,
The Big Bend Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is bound to be the death of me."

2. John Hardy was standing in a dice-room door,
Not taking any interest in the game,
When a yellow girl threw ten dollars on the board,
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy!
Deal John Hardy in the game."

3. John Hardy drew his pistol from his pocket,
And threw it down on the tray,
Saying, "The man that uses my yellow girl's money,
I'm going to blow him away, away,
I'm going to blow him away."

4. John Hardy drew to a four card straight,
And the Chinaman drew to a pair;
John failed to catch, and the Chinaman won,
And he left him sitting back dead in his chair,
And he left him lying dead in his chair.

5. John started to catch the east-bound train,
So dark he could not see;
A police walked up and took him by the arm,
Saying, "John Hardy, come and go with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, come and go with me."

6. John Hardy's mamma came to him,
Saying, "John, what have you done?"
"I've murdered a man in a Chinese camp,
And now I'm sentenced to be hung, O Lord!
And now I'm sentenced to be hung."

7. John Hardy's sweetheart came to him,
She came to go his bail;
They put her on a west-bound train,
And shoved John Hardy back in jail, poor boy!
And shoved John Hardy back in jail.

8. "I've been to the East and I've been to the West,
I've travelled this wide world round;
I've been to the river and I've been baptized,
And now I'm on my hanging-ground, O Lord!
And now I'm on my hanging-ground.

9. "I don't care a damn for the C. & O. Road,
And I don't care a damn what I say;
I don't care a snap for the police."
But they let John Hardy get away, poor boy!
They let John Hardy get away.

(Version c.)

(Communicated by Mr. Lee C. Wooddell, Durbin, Pocahontas County, who obtained it from Mr. Ernie Wright, Hosterman, Pocahontas County.)

1. John Hardy he was two years old,
Sitting on his mother's knee:
"The Big Ben Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is going to be the death of me, poor boy,
Is going to be the death of me, poor boy."

2. John Hardy went into a Wild West show,
Playing at a fifty-cent game:
"Whoever wins my fifty cents,
I'm going to blow out his brains, poor boy!
I'm going to blow out his brains, poor boy."

3. John Hardy laid down a twenty-dollar bill,
And he didn't ask for change:
"All I want is a forty-four gun
To blow out another nigger's brains, poor boy!
To blow out another nigger's brains, poor boy!"

4. John Hardy went to New Port,
Expecting to be free.
The detective patted him on the back:
"John Hardy, go along with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, go along with me, poor boy!"

5. "I've been to the East, I've been to the West,
And I've been all over the world;
I've been to the river to be baptized,
But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!
But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!"

6. John Hardy had a pretty little wife,
He kept her dressed in blue.
When she heard that John was dead,
"John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!
John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!"

(Version d.)

(Communicated by Mr. John B. Adkins, Branchland, Lincoln County, who obtained it from David Dick, an old banjo-player.)

1. John Hardy he was a desperate man,
   He roved from town to town,
   Saying, "The man that wins my money this time,
   I'm going to blow his life away,
   And lay him in his lonesome grave."

2. John Hardy was standing in the dice-room door,
   He was not concerned in the game;
   Rozella threw down one silver dollar,
   Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy!"
   Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game."

3. John Hardy threw down one half-dollar,
   Saying, "One half of this I'll play,
   And the man that wins my money this time,
   I'm going to blow his life away,
   And lay him in his lonesome grave."

4. John Hardy was making for the station that night,
   It was so dark he could hardly see;
   A policeman took him by the arm,
   Saying, "John, won't you come and go with me, poor boy?
   John, won't you come and go with me?"

5. Every station they passed through,
   They heard the people say,
   "Yonder goes John Hardy making his escape,
   John Hardy is getting away, poor boy!
   John Hardy is getting away."

6. They brought John Hardy out before the judge,
   And bond they offered him:
   No bond was allowed a murderen man,
   So they put John Hardy back in jail, poor boy!
   They put John Hardy back in jail.

7. John Hardy's wife went mourning along,
   Went mourning along in blue,
   Saying, "O John, what have you done!
   I've always been true to you, poor boy!
   I've always been true to you."

(Version e.)

(Communicated by Mr. E. C. Smith, Weston, Lewis County. It was written out from memory by Walter Mick, Ireland, W. Va., who learned it from hearing it sung by people of his community.)

1. John Hardy was a little farmer boy,
   Sitting on his father's knee;
   Says he, "I fear the C. & O. Road
   Will be the ruination of me, poor boy!
   Will be the ruination of me."

2. John Hardy got to be a desperate man,
   Carried a pistol and a razor every day;
   Shot a nigger through the heel in a Chinese camp,
   And you ought of seen that nigger get away, poor boy!
   And you ought of seen that nigger get away.

3. John Hardy's mother ran up to him,
Saying, "Son, what have you done?"
"I murdered a man in a Chinese camp,
And now I'm sentenced to be hung, poor boy!
And now I'm sentenced to be hung."

4. John Hardy's father went to the judge,
Saying, "What do you think will be done?"
The judge he answer with a quick reply,
"I'm afraid John Hardy will be hung, poor boy!
I'm afraid John Hardy will be hung."

5. John Hardy was standing in a dice-room door,
He didn't have a nickel to his name;
Along came a yaller gal, threw a dollar on the board,
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy!"
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game."

6. John Hardy was standing in a railroad-station,
As drunk as he could be:
A policeman came up and took him by the arm,
"John Hardy, come along with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, come along with me."

7. "Oh, who will shoe your pretty little feet,
And who will glove your hands,
And who will kiss your sweet rosy lips,
When I'm in a foreign land, poor boy!
When I'm in a foreign land?"

8. "My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mother will glove my hands;
John Hardy will kiss my sweet rosy lips,
When he comes from a foreign land, poor boy!
When he comes from a foreign land."

9. John Hardy married a loving wife,
And children he had three:
He called to him his oldest son,
Saying, "Son, make a man like me, poor boy!"
Saying, "Son, make a man like me."

10. John Hardy married a loving wife,
And children he had three:
He cared no more for his wife and child
Than the rocks in the bottom of the sea, poor boy!
Than the rocks in the bottom of the sea."

NOTE. – The following statement was made to me in person in the summer of 1918 by Mr. James Knox Smith, a Negro lawyer of Keystone, McDowell County, who was present at the trial and also at the execution of John Hardy: –

"Hardy worked for the Shawnee Coal Company, and one pay-day night he killed a man in a crap game over a dispute of twenty-five cents. Before the game began, he laid his pistol on the table, saying to it, 'Now I want you to lay here; and the first

nigger that steals money from me, I mean to kill him.' About midnight he began to lose, and claimed that one of the Negroes had taken twenty-five cents of his money. The man denied the charge, but gave him the amount; whereupon he said, 'Don't you know that I won't lie to my gun?' Thereupon he seized his pistol and shot the man dead.

"After the crime he hid around the Negro shanties and in the mountains a few days, until John Effler (the sheriff) and John Campbell (a deputy) caught him. Some of the Negroes told them where Hardy was, and, slipping into the shanty where he was asleep, they first took his shotgun and pistol, then they waked him up and put the cuffs on him. Effler handcuffed Hardy to himself, and took the train at Eckman for Welch. Just as the train was passing through a tunnel, and Effler was taking his prisoner from one car to another, Hardy jumped, and took Effler with him. He tried to get hold of Effler's pistol; and the sheriff struck him over the head with it, and almost killed him. Then he unhandcuffed himself from Hardy, tied him securely with ropes, took him to Welch, and put him in jail.

"While in jail after his conviction, he could look out and see the men building his scaffold; and he walked up and down his cell, telling the rest of the prisoners that he would never be hung on that scaffold. Judge H. H. Christian, who had defended Hardy, heard of this, visited him in jail, advised him not to kill himself or compel the officers to kill him, but to prepare to die. Hardy began to sing and pray, and finally sent for the Reverend Lex Evans, a white Baptist preacher, told him he had made his peace with God, and asked to be

It's a dobro.

baptized. Evans said he would as soon baptize him as he would a white man. Then they let him put on a new suit of clothes, the guards led him down to the Tug River, and Evans baptized him. On the scaffold he begged the sheriff's pardon for the way he had treated him, said that he intended to fight to the death and not be hung, but that after he got religion he did not feel like fighting. He confessed that he had done wrong, killed a man under the influence of whiskey, and advised all young men to avoid gambling and drink. A great throng witnessed the hanging.

"Hardy was black as a crow, over six feet tall, weighed about two hundred pounds, raw-boned, and had unusually long arms. He came originally from down eastern Virginia, and had no family. He had formerly been a steel-driver, and was about forty years old, or more." – John Harrington Cox

END.

sentenced to hang. It is said that Hardy from his cell could see men building the scaffold on which he would be hanged and that the condemned man swore he would never suffer that kind of death. Judge H. H. Christian, who had defended Hardy, visited him in jail, and advised him not to kill himself or compel the officers to kill him, but to prepare for his death. Hardy thereafter became a Christian and was baptized in Tug River by Reverend Lex Evans, a white Baptist preacher. On the scaffold Hardy begged the Sheriff's pardon for the attempt to escape and confessed that he had done wrong, advising young men to avoid gambling and drinking. He was hanged on January 19, 1893, before a large crowd.

The ballad of John Hardy has several variants, and sometimes there is confusion between it and the ballad of John Henry (see). The tunes are somewhat similar and since both Hardy and Henry were steel drivers who had worked on the Big Bend Tunnel, it is easy to see how this confusion developed. Most versions give the name of the coal camp in which the murder took place as "Shawnee," which corresponds with what is known about the historical John Hardy. However, sometimes the murdered man is said to have been a Chinese and often there is reference to a dispute over a woman, which, if part of the actual story, cannot be proved or denied.

Further information about John Hardy is carried in the *Journal of American Folklore*, Vol. XXXII, p. 505, and in a doctoral dissertation by John Harrington Cox in the Harvard University Library.

The following order for the execution of John Hardy is on file at the court house in Welch:

"This day came again the State by her attorney and the Prisoner who stands convicted of murder in the first degree was again brought to the bar of the Court in custody of the Sheriff of this County; and thereupon the Prisoner being asked by the Court if anything he had or could say why the Court should not proceed to pass sentence of the law upon him in accordance with the verdict of the jury impanelled in this cause, and the Prisoner saying nothing why such sentence should not be passed upon him by the Court; It is therefore considered by the Court that the Prisoner John Hardy, is guilty as found by the verdict of the jury herein and that the said John Hardy be hanged by the neck until he is dead, and that the Sheriff of the County, on Friday the 19th day of January 1894, take the said John Hardy from the jail of the County to some suitable place to be selected by him in this County and there hang the said John Hardy by the neck until he is dead, and the prisoner is remanded to jail."

JOHN HARDY. Sheet music, arranged by Elie Siegmeister.

JOHNNY, BRING THE JUG 'ROUND THE HILL. Single record, Kessinger Brothers.

JOHNSON, Jeraldine, known as "Jerry" was born in Valley

Continued on pg. 483.

JOHN HENRY: A FOLK-LORE STUDY
The Entire Study by Louis W. Chappell
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Next page to page 482

JOHN HENRY
A FOLK-LORE STUDY

BY
LOUIS W. CHAPPELL

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PREFACE

As a folk-lore figure, especially in the American black belt and border regions, John Henry is having a somewhat varied development, but rightfully belongs to the rock-tunnel gangs, the hand-drillers of the frontier. He is the great steel-driver, and as natural man flings himself, in a moment of triumph, against the machine of the industrial period after the Civil War. Like Paul Bunyan, he does impossible feats, but, unlike him, he often does them unassumingly. Thus he exists in oral tradition, and has not run, like Robin Hood, the full gamut of popular evolution, to the reductio ad absurdum of satiric parody, but with a greater metamorphosis has achieved diverse personalities and occupations, some of them superhuman, perhaps, but hardly as yet divine.

The amount and nature of the factual material that lies behind this widespread tradition has engaged the attention of several scholars, with a somewhat unconvincing variety of results. For the most part, they have added to its confusion in one way or another. John Henry was at first confused with John Hardy, another popular character in the folk-lore of the South; later he was set apart as purely mythical. These positions were taken without due regard for the tradition itself, and both have been revised or abandoned altogether. Presumably as a real man of flesh and blood, he has had some attention; but, more often than not, under the disguise of an objective treatment, a cloud of romantic idealism has obscured his more human qualities. Whether as man or myth, scholars, strangely enough, have treated him the same; and a new consideration of the whole matter, on the basis of a larger collection of data, seems necessary.

Although some ten years ago when this study began John Henry had been investigated at various points in the South, I was the first to discover the immediate region of his activity, as indicated by the tradition; and since then, with more than intermittent attention, I have followed his trail from the Great Lakes to the West Indies, and have repeatedly visited what seemed to be the most significant localities. Although some of the minor results of these investigations have appeared in the learned periodicals, the larger aspects of the subject seem to require the space of a monograph.

The contributors to this study are many, scattered far and wide. It is a pleasure to remember them, but they are too numerous to mention here. Thanks for helpful suggestions are also due to Dr. John W. Draper and Dr. Walter Wadepuhl, my colleagues in West Virginia University.

Morgantown,
July, 1932.

L. W. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Chappell's *John Henry* is reproduced here photographically from the original. In order to facilitate use of footnotes and index, the original pagination has been retained.

INTRODUCTION

Interest in the John Henry tradition dates back to 1909, the year Louise Rand Bascom published, from western North Carolina, two lines of "John Henry":[1])

> Johnie Henry was a hard workin' man,
> He died with his hammer in his hand[2]).

Along with this fragment, Miss Bascom contributed a version of "John Hardy",[3]) the ballad of a Negro murderer and outlaw hanged in southern West Virginia near the turn of the century. In October, 1910, two stanzas of "John Hardy" from Kentucky appeared in Berea Quarterly, and the following year Shearin and Combs mentioned as current in that state both "John Henry" and "John Hardy".[4]) In 1913, Perrow published versions of the John Henry song from Indiana, Tennessee, and Mississippi, and a version of "John Henry" from Kentucky.[5]) The same year Professor Kittredge added a text of "John Hardy",[6]) communicated by Dr. John H. Cox, who obtained it in West Virginia. The following year "John Hardy" was again reported from North Carolina,[7]) and the John Henry song from South Carolina.[8]) In 1915, "John Henry, or The Steam Drill" was reported from Kentucky,[9]) and another version published as "sung along the Chesapeake and Ohio Road in Kentucky and West Virginia".[10]) From 1909 to 1915, then, the John Henry tradition had ten reports and the John Hardy tradition but five, with John Henry far more widely celebrated than his popular rival.

In 1916, W. A. McCorkle, ex-Governor of West Virginia, contributed a seven-stanza version of "John Hardy", with stanzas 2 and 3 belonging to "John Henry", and gave out a popular report of John Hardy, the "steel-driver ... famous in the beginning of the building of the C. & O. Railroad" across West Virginia about 1872, who subsequently made his final exit in a killing down in the southwest

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[1]) Used in this study for the John Henry ballad as separate from the the John Henry song. For examples of both types, see Appendix.
[2]) Journal, XXII, 249.
[3]) Ibid., XXII, 247. For examples, see Appendix.
[4]) H. G. Shearin and Josiah H. Combs. A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs, p. 19.
[5]) E. C. Perrow. Journal, XXVI, 163 ff.
[6]) G. L. Kittredge. Journal, XXVI, 180—182.
[7]) F. C. Brown. Proceedings and Addresses of the 15th Annual Session of the Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, p. 12.
[8]) H. C. Davis. Journal, XXVII, 249.
[9]) Berea Quarterly, Oct., 1915, p. 20.
[10]) John A. Lomax. Journal, XXVIII, 14.

part of the state. McCorkle characterized John Hardy as a "man of kind heart, very strong, pleasant in his address, yet a gambler, a roué, a drunkard, and a fierce fighter", a sort of composite character.[11]) This account combines the tradition of the steel-driver John Henry and that of the outlaw and murderer John Hardy.

Following the lead of McCorkle's ballad text and hearsay report, Dr. Cox, in 1919, accepted John Henry as John Hardy, whom he identified as the Negro murderer hanged at Welch, West Virginia, in 1894, and treated the Henry ballad and song as belonging to Hardy. Among the things that appealed to Dr. Cox as significant in this body of material were "the two groups of facts in Hardy's life centring respectively about the dates 1872 and 1894, which furnish the nuclei for three types of ballad as to content: (a) John Hardy, the steel-driver; (b) John Hardy, the steel-driver and the murdered; (c) John Hardy, the murderer".[12]) By 1925 he had succeeded in bringing together nine versions of his "John Hardy", and in that year repeated his treatment of John Henry and John Hardy as the same man.[13]) In 1927 he answered objections to his thesis with a call for further investigation of the subject,[14]) and the following year renewed his request.[15])

I have already considered that request in part by an examination of the Henry-Hardy problem from the Hardy angle, the approach Dr. Cox himself made.[16]) I found that Dr. Cox had not taken fully into account the documentary records of John Hardy, that in his testimonial data he had given preference to hearsay reports, and that he had not shown proper regard for the wide diffusion of the John Henry tradition. My investigations, resulting in a fuller presentation of background material largely corrective of Dr. Cox's publications on the subject, led to the conclusion that John Hardy is properly connected with the group of facts associated with the Negro murderer around 1894, the basis for "John Hardy", but brought to light nothing to justify treating him as the heroic steel-driver connected with the group of facts around 1872, the basis for "John Henry". With these limitations to the "composite" John Hardy, this study need consider the work of Dr. Cox, his methods as well as his conclusions, only in so far as it concerns the treatment of "John Henry" as a version of "John Hardy".

Among the nine versions of Dr. Cox's "John Hardy",[17]) stanzas 2 and 3 of A, 1 of B, 1 of C, 1 of E, and all of H belong to "John Henry". The name John Hardy, however, appears in stanzas 4 and 10 of H and raises all sorts of questions; but, since the two ballads are mixed in four of the other texts, and since the names Henry

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[11]) Journal, XXXII, 505 ff.
[12]) John H. Cox. Journal, XXXII, 505—520.
[13]) Folk-Songs of the South, p. 175 ff.
[14]) American Speech, II, 227.
[15]) American Literature, I, 107.
[16]) Philological Quarterly, IX, 260 ff.
[17]) Folk-Songs of the South, pp. 178—188.

and Hardy appear together in A, one is disposed to accept them together in H. This text, though, comes from Knott County, Kentucky, and the two ballads seem not to be greatly confused in that state. It appears, moreover, that Dr. Combs contributed the ballad to Folk-Songs of the South, and then published it himself the same year as "John Henry, The Steel-Driving Man", without the name John Hardy occurring in it.[18]) Such a significant difference on the part of two noted ballad scholars in handling common material would seem to call for an examination of the texts they published relative to this study.

Their two printings of H have additional values in that direction. Dr. Cox uses the name "John Henry" for Dr. Combs' "Johnny" in line 1 of stanza 2, "&" for Dr. Combs' "and" in line 3 of stanza 2, and omits Dr. Combs' "that" in line 4 of stanza 9. Furthermore, the failure of Dr. Cox to continue his use of "etc." beyond stanza 6 resulted in the loss of "my babe" in line 4 and the necessary repetition for line 5 of each of the stanzas from 7 to 12 as given by Dr. Combs, whose mark for line 5 in stanza 2, and apparently for line 5 in all subsequent stanzas of the text, leads to a variation from his own pattern of stanza 1. Differences of punctuation and arrangement need not be taken into account.

This version, it seems, passed through the hands only of these two editors, beginning with Dr. Combs as collector. An examination of "The Yew Pine Mountains", a version of the John Henry song, contributed by Mr. Woofter[19]) and published separately by these two editors,[20]) has point in this connection.

Dr. Combs does not state when he obtained his copy of this song from Mr. Woofter, but he published it in 1925. Two years later Dr. Cox published it, without reference to its earlier appearance, and stated in a footnote that it was "communicated by Mr. Carey Woofter ... October 17, 1924". Their printings show notable differences:

Refrain, line 4:

Combs: For that's my home, babe, for that's my home.
Cox: For that's my home, babe, that's my home.

Stanza 2, line 4:

Combs: But it'll not kill me, babe, it'll not kill me.
Cox: But it won't kill me, babe, it won't kill me.

Stanza 3, line 4:

Combs: But it'll not kill me, babe, but it'll not kill me.
Cox: But it won't kill me, babe, it won't kill me.

Stanza 5, line 1:

Combs: Forty-four days makes forty-four dollars.
Cox: Forty-four days make forty-four dollars.

[18]) Josiah H. Combs. Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis, p. 191 ff.
[19]) Carey Woofter, Glenville State Normal, Glenville, W. Va.
[20]) Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis, p. 193 ff. American Speech, II, 226–7.

4

Stanza 6, line 4:

Combs: O come back home, babe, O come back home.

Cox: Oh, come back home, babe, come back home.

These differences are significant, and seem to belong to different versions of "The Yew Pine Mountains", but Mr. Woofter seems to be an individual source.

What is the explanation of these discrepancies in common material in the hands of these two editors? Are those in the "John Henry" text to be accounted for on the ground that Dr. Combs furnished Dr. Cox a copy different from that he used in his own work? Are those in "The Yew Pine Mountains" text to be accounted for on the ground that Mr. Woofter varied his copies of the same version of the song? Possibly the editors were using different versions of the ballad and song and their variations can be explained in that way. Their editorial notes throw no light on the matter, and the answer must come from Dr. Combs and Mr. Woofter.

The fact that the former has not published his texts the second time and that the latter's ballad collection is still in manuscript form does not permit an examination of their practices in handling such material, but fortunately Dr. Cox can be tested on that score. His bibliography of 1925 [21]) shows that of his nine "John Hardy" texts he published five, A to E inclusive, in 1919, and that before this date one of them, version E, had had two printings, one by Dr. Cox himself in 1915 and the other by Professor Kittredge in 1913. Four of these texts show important variations in their several printings, and E develops a new stanza. [22])

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[21]) Folk-Songs of the South, p. 177.

[22]) Version A contains seven stanzas, and shows seven differences in its two published forms. The word "quarry" in line 1 of stanza 2 in the printing of 1925 is "quarrie" in that of 1919, "stays" in line 2 of stanza 5 of 1925 is "stayed" in that of 1919, "an" in line 4 of stanza 6 of 1925 is "and" in that of 1919, and "a" in line 3 of stanza 7 of 1925 is "the" in that of 1919. Line 1 of stanza 7 of the printing of 1925 is "Friends and relatives standing around" and that of 1919 is "Friends and relatives all standing round". The second "was" in line 3 of stanza 2 and "damn" of line 5 of stanza 5 of 1925 are not in the text as printed in 1919.

Versions B, C, and D show fewer variations in their two printings. In B the word "mama" in the printing of 1925 is "mamma" in that of 1919. In the two printings of C no important differences appear. In D the pronoun "he" in line 1 of stanza 1 in the printing of 1919 is not in that of 1925, and "that" in line 1 of stanza 5 of 1925 is not in that of 1919.

Version E was contributed by Walter Mick, Ireland, W. Va. Dr. E. C. Smith, Department of Government, New York University, collected the text several years ago and while he was a student in West Virginia University communicated it to Dr. Cox, who passed it on to Professor Kittredge for publication in the Journal. Its two earlier printings, that of Professor Kittredge in 1913 and that of Dr. Cox in 1915, are much alike, and the two later, that of 1919 and that of 1925, both by Dr. Cox, are much alike, differing materially in only two words. The word "answer" in line 3 of stanza 4 in the printing of 1919 is "answered" in that of 1925, and "Oh" in line 1 of stanza 7 of 1919 is "O" in that of 1925, with "answer" and "O" found in the two earlier printings. "I am" in lines 4 and 5 of stanza 3 in the two earlier printings is contracted into "I'm" in those of the later

What is the explanation of these discrepancies in the work of a single editor? Does their character indicate a return to the practices of 18th century ballad scholars, a modified form of development by accretion? Or can they be explained on other ground? I am not disposed to find that Dr. Cox has had his hand in matters beyond his province. Very probably some of them are typographical errors, and others may have resulted from confusions in handling a large number of manuscripts, possibly during years when he was overtaxed with other work. His confusion, in this connection, of "C. E. Smith"[23]) for E. C. Smith, "E. C. Sparrow"[24]) for E. C. Perrow, and "Negro Work-A-Day Songs"[25]) for Negro Workaday Songs possibly shows too great reliance on memory. Such variations, however, in his two or more printings of these texts seem to render unnecessary the inquiry Dr. Guy B. Johnson states that he made of Dr. Cox concerning the appearance of the name John Henry in stanza 3 of version A.[26])

It follows, then, that the appearance of the name John Hardy in stanzas 4 and 10 of H may evidence an extension of these methods in editing the text; but one will be inclined, although reluctantly, to depart from mere "happenstance" as an explanation in this case because his variation from Dr. Combs' "John Henry, The Steel-Driving Man" provides a basis for classifying the version as belonging to "John Hardy", a turn in line with his treatment of the two ballads as one, and the two men as John Hardy. Whether Dr. Cox, however, is actually responsible for the name John Hardy in the text must be determined finally by the copy Dr. Combs, the collector, furnished him. John Hardy has a way of getting mixed up with John Henry,[27]) and possibly the methods of Dr. Cox as shown in his texts from A to E did not affect his H. Nevertheless, this version, with or without the name of the outlaw, belongs to "John Henry".[28])

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two, "did not" in line 2 of stanza 5 of the earlier two is contracted into "didn't" in the later two, and "yaller girl" in line 3 of stanza 5 in the earlier two is "yaller gal" in the later two. The most significant difference, however, between the two earlier and the two later printings is the addition of a 5-line stanza, stanza 6 of the printing of 1925 and 1919, but not found in those of 1915 and 1913.

[23]) West Virginia School Journal and Educator XLIV (1915), 216. Cf. Journal, XXVI, 180. XXXII, 518; Folk-Songs of the South, p. 182.

[24]) Journal, XXXII, 513. Cf. Journal, XXVI, 163; Folk-Songs of the South, p. 177.

[25]) American Speech, II, 227.

[26]) John Henry, p. 66 (n).

[27]) Newman I. White. American Negro Folk-Songs, p. 189. Dr. White says: "Miss Scarborough (1926, p. 218) accepts Cox's opinion without discussion, but the songs she quotes mention John Hardy only." They mention John Henry only, and his bibliography gives the date of her book as 1925.

[28]) Fortunately no general destruction of "John Henry" texts has resulted from these discrepancies. The most notable case that has come to my attention appeared in Fayette Tribune, Fayetteville, W. Va., April 22, 1925.

6

In 1925, the year Dorothy Scarborough accepted without discussion Dr. Cox's treatment of the Henry and Hardy traditions as one, Dr. Combs objected, and explained for "John Henry" and "John Hardy": "Elles ne sont pas davantage deux variantes de la même chanson ... Le récit dans John Henry est entièrement différent."[29]) Two years later Dr. Gordon called attention to the distinction between the two ballad heroes, and added that their songs are often "somewhat confused by the singer". He characterized Hardy as a "desperado, Henry a good-natured, almost lovable steel-drivin' man".[30]) The following year Dr. White agreed to the separation of the Henry and Hardy traditions.[31]) These investigators of popular balladry in the South added little or nothing to what was already known about "John Henry", and made no great effort to. They did little more than object to such use of Henry material as that Dr. Cox had made in taking it over for his composite John Hardy.

Dr. Odum and his colleague, Dr. Johnson, published in 1926 eleven texts of "John Henry" and four of the Henry song, and were "inclined to believe that John Henry was of separate origin and has become mixed with the John Hardy story in West Virginia." They went even farther in suggesting probabilities. Having failed in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia to turn up any biographical material for Henry as a real person, they concluded that he was "most probably a mythical character."[32])

Their fabulous John Henry apparently did not satisfy Dr. Johnson very long. The following year, after seeing the report of my investigations at Big Bend Tunnel on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway in West Virginia,[33]) he renewed his inquiries, culminating in a change of heart about where to look for the hero and a shift in point of view. "All in all," he writes, on the strength of this new information, "John Henry and Big Bend Tunnel are so intimately connected that ... there, if anywhere ... we must look for the origin of the John Henry tradition;"[34]) and prefers "to believe that (1) there was a Negro steel driver named John Henry at Big Bend Tunnel, that (2) he competed with a steam drill in a contest of the practicability of the device, and that (3) he probably died soon after the contest."[35])

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[29]) Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis, p. 104.
[30]) R. W. Gordon. New York Times, June 5, 1927.
[31]) American Negro Folk-Songs, p. 189 ff.
[32]) Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. Negro Workaday Songs, p. 221 ff.
[33]) In September, 1925, I investigated John Henry at Big Bend Tunnel, and in February, 1927, a 19-page report of my work there fell into the hands of Dr. Johnson. I had written the report to preserve my priority claims until I could complete a larger plan of investigation on the subject, and was trying to get it published at the University of North Carolina. The following is Dr. Johnson's only acknowledgement: "I wonder to what extent collectors have made John Henry famous at Big Bend! I know of at least two others who were trailing John Henry there before I made my visit." John Henry, p. 34 (n). It would be interesting to know the other culprit.
[34]) John Henry, p. 26.
[35]) Ibid., p. 54.

In taking this new point of view, however, Dr. Johnson, in 1929, says that he began in February, 1926, "to pursue the idea that the Big Bend Tunnel was the place of origin of the John Henry tradition." [36]) What he means by the expression "to pursue the idea" is not altogether clear, but his treatment of John Henry as a myth from investigations elsewhere as already shown, and his statement at the time, several months after February, 1926, are clear enough:

> Prof. J. H. Cox traces John Henry to a real person, John Hardy, a Negro who had a reputation in West Virginia as a steel driver and who was hanged for murder in 1894. We are inclined to believe that John Henry was of separate origin and has become mixed with the John Hardy story in West Virginia [37]).

If he began several months before publishing this statement "to pursue the idea" that the John Henry tradition originated at Big Bend Tunnel, why did he offer no objection to Dr. Cox's treatment of Hardy as the famous steel-driver there? He knew that Dr. Cox in taking over the Henry tradition for Hardy had taken over Big Bend Tunnel, and that he had treated Hardy as the famous steel-driver in building it. The answer of Dr. Johnson is that he was "inclined to believe that John Henry was of separate origin and has become mixed with the John Hardy story in West Virginia". In this connection, moreover, he fails to take West Virginia into account in his schedule for another investigator:

> We have found a few Negroes who were not clear in their minds about Booker T. Washington, but we have found none in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia who had not heard something some time about John Henry. In other places, however, in Mississippi and Maryland, for instance, we understand he is not so well known. To trace the story of the ballad to its origin is a difficult task and one awaiting the folk-lorist [38]).

He leaves Big Bend to Hardy and the question of origin of the Henry tradition to the folk-lorist, several months after February, 1926, and these concessions characterize his efforts "to pursue the idea" that the tradition originated in West Virginia until he saw my report from the tunnel.

His marvellous freedom in handling this material would seem to call for an explanation of some sort. But his disregard of my rights is largely personal and need not require the attention of readers who are not interested in trifles, such as an investigator's priority claims may be, where I seem to follow him without reference in this study. The book he published, though, raises some questions that must be of general interest.

His "low-down" on John Henry doubtlessly should have first place, but a full appraisal of his part in the book cannot be made

[36]) Ibid., p. 31.
[37]) Negro Workaday Songs, p. 222 (n).
[38]) Ibid., p. 222.

THE JOHN HENRY HAMMER SONG

A

Mrs. Sidney Wilson, Minnehaha Springs, W. Va. Mrs. Wilson obtained this version from her brother, a man well acquainted with construction camps in the South.

This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
Killed him dead, - - huh.

Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Rings like mine, - - huh.

Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
For I'm goin' home, - - huh.

I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
Make 'em mind, - - huh.

'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
Won't raised right, - - huh.

98

I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
A - showin' of her laig, - - huh.

B

Newton Redwine. Mr. Redwine says: "John Henry had no regular song to sing as he worked, but it seems that the following was his favorite just before his death." The Beattyville Enterprise, Beattyville, Ky., Feb. 1, 1929.

I have hammered
Four long years
With this old hammer

I have hammered
On the W & A
I have hammered
On the old M & C
I have worked
On the C & S

The hammer am a ringin'
And the steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
Put the hole on down

This old hammer
Killed John Scott
It will never kill me

Hammer am a ringin'
Steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
I'll put the hole
On down - hut - hut - hut

Hut - hut - hut
I'll put the hole on down
I'll put the hole on down

This old hammer
Has killed John Scott
It will never kill me
Hut - hut - hut

I'll put the hole on down, boys
I'll put the hole on down

John Hardy Vs. Joh

HARDY, John. The popular song "John Hardy" without doubt had its origin and development in West Virginia. The hero of this modern ballad was a Negro, whose prowess and fame are sung far and wide among his own race, and to a less extent among white folk. No written or printed statements concerning him are known to exist except an order in the courthouse at Welch, McDowell County, W. Va., for his execution. However, the statements hereinafter given are believed to be thoroughly reliable.

In a letter dated Charleston, W. Va., Feb. 16, 1916, addressed to Dr. H. S. Green of that city, and written by the Hon. W. A. McCorkle, governor of West Virginia from 1893 to 1897, occurs the following: –

"He [John Hardy] was a steel-driver, and was famous in the beginning of the building of the C. & O. Railroad. He was also a steel-driver in the beginning

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his luck in g
all through
'greatest eve
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"The kil
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arise in the
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address, yet
drunkard, an

"The son
construction-
driving steel
prowess of J
I enclose you

to Dr. H. S. Green of that city, and written by the Hon. W. A. McCorkle, governor of West Virginia from 1893 to 1897, occurs the following: –

"He [John Hardy] was a steel-driver, and was famous in the beginning of the building of the C. & O. Railroad. He was also a steel-driver in the beginning of the extension of the N. & W. Railroad. It was about 1872 that he was in this section. This was before the day of steam-drills; and the drill-work was done by two powerful men, who were special steel-drillers. They struck the steel from each side; and as they struck the steel, they sang a song which they improvised as they worked. John Hardy was the most famous steel-driller ever in southern West Virginia. He was a magnificent specimen of the genus *Homo,* was reported to be six feet two, and weighed two hundred and twenty five or thirty pounds, was straight as an arrow, and was one of the most handsome men in the country, and, as one informant told me, was as 'black as a kittle in hell.'

"Whenever there was any spectacular performance along the lines of drilling, John Hardy was put on the job; and it is said that he could drill more steel than any two men of his day. He was a great gambler, and was

John Hardy Vs. John Henry

HARDY, John. The popular ng "John Hardy" without ubt had its origin and velopment in West Virginia. The ro of this modern ballad was a gro, whose prowess and fame sung far and wide among his n race, and to a less extent ong white folk. No written or nted statements concerning are known to exist except an er in the courthouse at Welch, Dowell County, W. Va., for his ecution. However, the ements hereinafter given are eved to be thoroughly reliable. In a letter dated Charleston, Va., Feb. 16, 1916, addressed Dr. H. S. Green of that city, written by the Hon. W. A. Corkle, governor of West inia from 1893 to 1897, rs the following: –

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Whenever there was any acular performance along the lines illing, John Hardy was put on the and it is said that [illegible]

notorious all through the country for his luck in gambling. To the dusky sex all through the country, he was the 'greatest ever,' and he was admired and beloved by all the Negro women from the southern West Virginia line to the C. & O. In addition to this, he could drink more whiskey, sit up all night and drive steel all day, to a greater extent than any man ever known in the country.

"The killing in which he made his final exit was a 'mixtery' between women, cards, and liquor; and it was understood that it was more of a fight than a murder. I have been unable to find out where he was hung, but have an idea that it was down in the southwest part, near Virginia; but I am not positive about this. In other words, his story is a story of one of the composite characters that so often arise in the land, – a man of kind heart, very strong, pleasant in his address, yet a gambler, a roue, a drunkard, and a fierce fighter.

"The song is quite famous in the construction-camps; and when they are driving steel in a large camp, the prowess of John Hardy is always sung. I enclose you some verses which are in addition to the ones you sent me. Of course, you understand that all this about John Hardy is merely among the Negroes. I cannot say that the John Hardy that you mention was hung is the same John Hardy of the song; but it may be so, for he was supposed to be in that vicinity when he last exploited himself. He was never an employee of the C. & O. He was an employee of the Virginia contractors, C. R. Mason & Co., and the Langhorn Company."

Mr. Ernest I. Kyle, a former student of West Virginia University, whose home is at Welch, and whom I asked to look up the records of the trial and also to report such other data as he could secure, in a letter dated

another Negro over a crap game at Shawnee Camp. This place is now known as Eckman, W. Va. (the name of the P.O.). The Shawnee Coal Company was and is located there. Hardy was tried and convicted in the July term of the McDowell County Criminal Court, and was hanged near the courthouse on Jan. 19, 1894. While in jail, he composed a song entitled 'John Hardy,' and sung it on the scaffold before the execution. He was baptized the day before the execution. The last information I got from W. T. Tabor, who was deputy clerk of the Criminal Court at the time of the trial, and is now engaged in civil engineering. There is no record of the trial of John Hardy in the courthouse. Mr. Tabor informs me that there is no record of the trial in existence. The only thing I could find at the courthouse was the order for John Hardy's execution."

The order is as follows: —

State of W. Va.

vs.

John Hardy.

Felony.

This day came again the State by her attorney and the Prisoner who

H. J. Grossn
High School
forwarded to

"John Har
years of age;
Virginia; w
coal-fields; ha
killed another
over 75 cents
Guggins helpe
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Charles V.
reporter at W

the trial ... could find at the courthouse was the order for John Hardy's execution."

The order is as follows: —
State of W. Va.
vs.
John Hardy.
Felony.

This day came again the State by her attorney and the Prisoner who stands convicted of murder in the first degree was again brought to the bar of the Court in custody of the Sheriff of this County; and thereupon the Prisoner being asked by the Court if anything he had or could say why the Court should not proceed to pass the sentence of the law upon him in accordance with the verdict of the jury impanelled in this cause, and the Prisoner saying nothing why such sentence should not be passed upon him by the Court; It is therefore considered by the Court that the Prisoner John Hardy, is guilty as found by the verdict of the jury herein and that the said John Hardy be hanged by the neck until he is dead, and that the Sheriff of the County, on Friday the 19th day of January 1894, take the said John Hardy from the jail of the County to some suitable place to be selected by him in this County and there hang the said John Hardy by the neck until he is dead, and the prisoner is remanded to jail.

The following statement was given by Mr. W. T. Tabor to Mr.

Officers had to ja
thirty men bef
safely be conclu
in Woodmont a
Welch."

The state
Johnson, cons
arrest Hardy, a
Charles V.
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1917. It follow

"I was at K
that Hardy kille
couldn't tell yo
now. They wer
Shawnee cam
crap-shooting, an
behind a rock wit
is supposed that i
man that he
Winchester to ge
killed they sent
and Tom Campbe
search the camps
searching the cam
they go, down th
on the railroad an
the old bridge b
they turned up th
'We will follow th
says, 'No, we can't
woods; they have
good a gun as we ha
back and decided
Me and some on

H. J. Grossman, principal of the High School at Welch, and by him forwarded to me.

"John Hardy: Negro, about forty years of age; black in color; from Virginia; worked as miner in coal-fields; had no family as known; killed another Negro in a crap game over 75 cents; another Negro named Guggins helped him escape and tried to wrest gun from sheriff to shoot, but both men were captured and returned to Welch. Guggins was given a life term for attempt to kill sheriff.

"Hardy hung in '94 in present courthouse yard, though not such at the time. At time of execution some white man in the crowd started a panic by yelling, 'O Lordy! O Lordy!' Officers had to jail some twenty-five or thirty men before execution could safely be concluded. Hardy lies buried in Woodmont addition to town of Welch."

The statement of R. L. Johnson, constable, who helped

in Woodmont addition to town of Welch."

The statement of R. L. Johnson, constable, who helped arrest Hardy, as compiled by Mr. Charles V. Price, shorthand reporter at Welch, W. Va., from a conversation between Johnson and Judge Herndon, was sent to me in the early part of the year 1917. It follows: –

"I was at Keystone the morning that Hardy killed this fellow, but I couldn't tell you the fellow's name now. They were shooting craps at Shawnee camp, and he was crap-shooting, and Webb Gudgin was behind a rock with a Winchester, and it is supposed that if Hardy didn't get the man that he was there with a Winchester to get him. After he was killed they sent to Keystone, and me and Tom Campbell went down there to search the camps; and while we were searching the camps they said, 'Yonder they go, down the road!' and we got on the railroad and followed them to the old bridge below Shawnee, and they turned up the hollow, and I says, 'We will follow them up there.' Tom says, 'No, we can't follow them in the woods; they have got a Winchester, as good a gun as we have got.' So we went back and decided to watch the trains. Me and some one, I think it was

Harvey Dillon, was watching Northfork station. They got on the train at Grover, and they got them; and when they went to handcuff Hardy, Gudgin was walking through the coaches. and every one went out to get Gudgin, and he made to jerk John off the train; but John held to him till they got the train stopped, and they sent a colored fellow back there to help him, and they put him on the train and brought him back to Keystone. George Dillon and I took charge of him. John wasn't able to stay up. We took charge of them and guarded them that night, and they come and threatened to lynch him, and we said they couldn't come up there, and Webb said if we would unhandcuff him and give him his gun nobody would come up there. We had him over Belcher's store.

"I believe I come down the next morning and put them in jail. I never knew anything more about the case until the trial. I was down here during the trial. After he was found guilty he wanted to be baptized. We took him down there to the river, and I was along with him when they baptized him. I forget what preacher baptized him. He had on a new suit of clothes, hat and everything, but he didn't like the looks of his shoes at all. I took them back and swapped them; and when he put them on and viewed himself he had on the best suit he ever had, the way I looked at it. He was about six feet two, I think, or maybe he might have been six foot three."

JUDGE HERNDON. Give his color, before you start on Gudgin.

MR. JOHNSON. He was black.

JUDGE HERNDON. About what age?

MR. JOHNSON. Well, I couldn't hardly tell you. I would figure him about thirty.

JUDGE HERNDON. Now give a description of Gudgin.

MR. JOHNSON. Well, Gudgin, I believe, was a little taller than I am, I believe about six feet, heavily built. He wasn't so fleshy, but he was heavy built, yellow.

JUDGE HERNDON. Were you deputy sheriff at the time?

MR. JOHNSON. I was constable.

JUDGE HERNDON. Campbell was deputy sheriff?

MR. JOHNSON. Yes.

Effler was the sheriff of McDowell County at that time?

MR. JOHNSON. Yes, sir.

JUDGE HERNDON. In the town of Welch now do you know about the spot where the scaffold was built?

MR. JOHNSON. Why, I could get out here and look it up, but it was right out here somewhere.

MR. DAVID COLLINS. It was right back of the old temporary jail.

JUDGE HERNDON. You say you don't remember the name of the man John Hardy killed?

MR. JOHNSON. No, I don't remember him.

JUDGE HERNDON. But do you remember what they killed him for?

MR. JOHNSON. They were shooting craps. It is my understanding they had had the crap game before, and this fellow had skinned Hardy, and he went back started the crap game to get to kill him. That was the statement at the time.

JUDGE HERNDON. In other words, this colored man that Hardy killed had skinned Hardy in the game before that game?

MR. JOHNSON. Yes, sir, and Hardy goes down and starts a crap game, and Webb was behind this rock with his Winchester so if Hardy failed he would get him. That was the statement, what they claimed when they came after us, when we went down there.

JUDGE HERNDON. Where was he from?

MR. JOHNSON. I don't know. I might have heard, but I never paid any attention. We were out nearly all night that night. I recollect it well. I think it was about the first year John Effler was elected sheriff. My recollection is that the time Hardy killed the other colored man was along some time during the first of the year, in 1893, and that he was tried along about April or May, 1893, and hanged soon after his conviction, about sixty days.

Mr. A. C. Payne, English, W. Va., in a letter dated Oct. 16, 1917, writes me as follows: –

"Just received your letter requesting information of a Negro

miner about 6 feet high and about 25 years old, as well as I could guess at him. He killed a Negro boy about 19 years old. And he was a very black Negro. That is about all I know about him."

The above-quoted statements seem to establish two groups of facts: –

1. *(a)* That about the year 1872 there was a certain John Hardy employed as a steel-driller in railroad-construction in the southern part of West Virginia. This man was a very black Negro, six feet tall, or more, of splendid physique, a drinker, a gambler, a roue, and a fierce fighter.

(b) That later this Negro killed a man in an altercation of some sort in which gambling played a part.

(c) That the murder and execution took place in the southern part of the State, near the Virginia line.

2. *(a)* That in the year 1893 a certain John Hardy was employed as a coal-miner in the extreme southern part of West Virginia. This man was a very black Negro, six feet two or three inches tall, and a gambler.

(b) That this John Hardy killed a man over a crap game for the sum of seventy-five cents.

(c) That the murder and execution took place in the southern part of the State, near the Virginia line.

The identity of these two men is not established, but the inference that they are the same is extremely probable. That two men of the same name and race, so nearly alike in physique, habits, and characteristics, should meet the same fate, for the same crime, in the same locality, is hardly believable.

The consideration of the age of the Hardy of 1893 is important in determining whether he and the Hardy of 1872 are identical. The prowess of the steel-driller of 1872 indicates a man of mature age, let us say twenty-four or twenty-five. In 1893 he would then have been forty-five or forty-six. Three of the men connected with the trial of Hardy have given estimates of his age as follows: Tabor, assistant clerk of the Criminal Court, forty; Johnson, constable, thirty; Payne, juryman, twenty-five. The value of these estimates depends upon two things, – first, accuracy of memory in recalling, after a lapse of twenty-four years, such details of feature as would enable one to judge of age; and, second, the ability of the witness to make such a judgment. Mr. Johnson says, "I couldn't hardly tell you about what age. I would figure him about thirty." The statement itself indicates much uncertainity about the matter. Mr. Payne says, "About twenty-five years old, as well as I could guess at him." Evidently at the trial Hardy's age was not brought out, or at least not emphasized enough to be remembered, and a guess by memory after twenty-four years may not be worth much. Mr. Tabor says, "About forty years of age." Mr. Tabor was deputy clerk of the court that tried Hardy, and is now engaged in civil engineering. His statements indicate a better-trained and more accurate type of mind than the others, and have a directness that is assuring. In any case, the judgment of the age of a Negro of the splendid physical type of Hardy is a difficult matter, hard to come at within ten years, and more likely to be underestimated than overestimated. In my judgment, the testimony may well point to an age considerable in excess of forty.

Mr. H. S. Walker, a man of mature years, a student in West Virginia University from Fayette

County, through which the C. & O. runs, reports the following as a current belief where he lives: –

John Hardy, a Negro, worked for Langhorn, a railroad -contractor from Richmond, Va., at the time of the building of the C. & O. Road. Langhorn had a contract for work on the east side of the Big Bend Tunnel, which is in the adjoining county of Summers, to the east of Fayette County; and some other contractor had the work on the west side of the tunnel. This was the time when the steam-driller was first used. Langhorn did not have one, but the contractor on the other side of the tunnel did; and Langhorn made a wager with him that Hardy could, by hand, drill a hole in less time than the steam-drill could. In the contest that followed, Hardy won, but dropped dead on the spot. He tells me, also, that there is a current report in this part of the State concerning a John Hardy who was a tough, a saloon frequenter, an outlaw, and a sort of a thug. He thinks this John Hardy was a white man, and he is sure that he was hanged later on for killing a man in McDowell County or across the line in Virginia.

Probability indicates that these two stories are about the same man. For a white man contemporary with the steel-driller to possess the same name and attributes as he, to operate in the early part of his career in the same region, to drift later to the same locality, to commit the same crime, and to pay the same penalty, is not believable.

There remains the belief that John Hardy died from the effects of the drilling-contest. In answer to inquiries concerning this, Ex-Gov. McCorkle writes, "You are mistaken when you say John Hardy died from the drilling-contest." In support of the belief, however, there is a ballad called "The Steel Driver," not as yet found in West Virginia, but reported by Shearin in his *Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs*, p. 19, as follows: –

"THE STEEL DRIVER, ii, 1a3b4c3b, II: John Henry, proud of his skill with sledge and hand-drill, competes with a modern steam-drill in Tunnel No. Nine, on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. Defeated, he dies, asking to be buried with his tools at his breast."

The change of name to John Henry, and the victory into a defeat, is not significant, and is easily accounted for by oral transmission. The same process of reasoning as applied heretofore identifies John Henry with John Hardy, who could not have died at the end of a drilling-contest. Most likely the ballad celebrating the prowess of John Hardy gradually, in its earlier making, enhanced that prowess, and, by the natural tendency to a tragic ending, finally sang of his defeat and death.

Whether the drilling-contest be fact or fiction, is not important. However, it could hardly have happened. A note addressed to the Ingersoll-Rand Company, to whom I was referred as authority on drills, brings the following statemtent in a letter dated New York City, Dec. 19, 1917: –

"Your letter of Dec. 4, addressed to the Company at Easton, Pa., has been referred to us, and in reply we would advise you that, although we have no definite records, it is rather improbable that steam rock-drills were used in the building of the C. & O. Railroad. As you will see from the text of the attached advertisement, machine-drills were first used about 1866; but their use was very limited, and not at all general."

The portion of the advertisement above referred to,

that is significant for this discussion, is as follows: –

"The first time rock-drills were used in big work was at the Hoosac Tunnel, year 1866. Here the Burleigh drill failed because of great repair costs. Next came the Musconetong Tunnel, Lehigh Valley R. R., driven from end to end with the Ingersoll drill, which had been brought to a practical stage in rock-work on Fourth Avenue, New York, for the horse-car tunnel. This covers the period up to 1875, when the Rand Little Giant made a step in advance."

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad was completed westward from Sulphur Springs to Huntington – that is, entirely across the State of West Virginia – in 1873.

Two versions of the ballad, with a total of five variants, have come to hand. Version *a* gives us something with the very atmosphere of the construction-camp, its rough gang of illiterate Negroes, its profanity, and its glorification of a gambler, a drunkard, and a murderer. With the exception of stanzas 2 and 3, the ballad deals with the episode of the hanging, in some way not clearly stated, and connected with gambling. The name of the place, Shawnee Camp, is exactly correct; but the number of men killed is increased to two, and the murderer is caught because he refused to run. Not only does the bulk of the ballad deal with this incident in the career of John Hardy, but the prominent places, the beginning and the end, are given to it. The older incident of the steel-drilling contest is, however, clearly remembered and vigorously expressed, though evidently on the way to forgetfulness. This version stands half way, as it were, between the "Steel Driller" listed by Shearin and version *b*.

In version *b* the steel-driller has dropped out of memory entirely. Shawnee Camp has become a Chinese camp, – an easy change, – and consequently the man killed is a Chinaman. The yellow girl with her money is still in the game, and a man is killed in a gambling-brawl. The reference to the Big Bend Tunnel is probably a cross-reference from another West Virginia ballad (namely, "The Wreck on the C. & O. Road") very popular in the southern part of the State, and contemporary in growth with that part of "John Hardy" since 1894. The last two stanzas, given to John Hardy himself, furnish an interesting reference to a fact in his history (namely, his baptism before hanging), and may be a remnant of the song he composed and sang just before his death. The introduction of the conventional ballad element of having the hero's mother and sweetheart come to see him is to be noted in stanzas 6 and 7.

Versions *c*, *d*, and *e* are variants of version *b*. In *c* the Negro gambling-dive is exalted to a "Wild West show" (stanza 2), and the conventionalizing process is carried further in stanza 6 by giving him a "pretty little wife," whom he kept "dressed in blue," and who had always been true to him. In *d* the yellow girl becomes a less shadowy personage, upon whom is bestowed the high-sounding, romantic name, Rozella (stanza 2). The refusal of the Court to grant bond to a "murderen" man in stanza 6 is a good bit of realism, with which, no doubt, the Negro singers of this ballad were fairly familiar. The reference to his baptism fails to appear. In *e* the conventionalizing process goes on apace: the father is introduced, the hero is blessed with three children, and two stanzas (7 and 8) from *The Lass of Roch Royal* (Child, No. 76) are inserted.

As a result of this study, the following things appeal to me as significant: –

1. The origin in our day of such a ballad among an illiterate and comparatively primitive people.

2. The testimony of spontaneous composition of stanzas by men engaged in the hard work of steel-drilling.

3. The two groups of facts in Hardy's life centring respectively about the dates 1872 and 1894, which furnish the nuclei for three types of ballad as to content: *(a)* John Hardy, the steel-driver; *(b)* John Hardy, the steel-driver and the murdered; *(c)* John Hardy, the murderer.

4. The unreliability of statements in the ballad; and the difficulty, even at this early date, of determining the facts on which the song is based.

5. The passing of the song into the possession of white folk, and the rapid introduction on conventional elements of balladry. All the copies of the ballad in my possession were communicated by white people.

"John Hardy" is recorded elsewhere as follows: –

SHEARIN AND COMBS, A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Song, p. 19. "John Hardy," iii, 4a3b4c3b, 6. – An account of Hardy's shooting a man in a poker-game; of his arrest, trial, conviction, conversion, and baptism; and of his execution and burial on the Tug River.

– *Ibid.*, "The Steel Driver," ii, 4a3b4c3b, II. – John Henry, proud of his skill with sledge and hand-drill, competes with a modern steam-drill in Tunnel No. Nine, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Defeated, he dies, asking to be buried with his tools at his breast.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, 22:247. – A North Carolina version of four stanzas contributed by Miss Louise Rand Bascom, in which John Hardy shot a man in New Orlean Town, as he is made to say, "for the sake of her I love." The fact of his baptism is mentioned.

Ibid., 22:249-250. – Louise Rand Bascom reports from North Carolina "Johnie Henry," which she says begins, –

"Johnie Henry was a hard workin' man,
He died with his hammer in his hand."

Ibid., 26:163-165. – Five variants of "John Henry" reported by E. C. Sparrow. The first four are brief, and the only significant lines are, –

"This ole hammer killed John Henry,
Drivin' Steel, Baby, drivin' steel."

The fifth is a ballad of eight stanzas, obtained from Kentucky mountain whites. In it John Henry is a steel-driver, who competes with a steam-driller in a big tunnel, apparently on the C. & O. line. He leaves a faithful wife to mourn his death.

Ibid., 26:180-182. – Variant *e* of this study, communicated by the present writer; also printed in West Virginia School Journal and Educator, 44:216-217 (September, 1915).

Ibid., 27:249. – Reported by title, "That's the Hammer killed John Henry," from South Carolina, by Henry C. Davis.

Ibid., 28:14. – Communicated by John A. Lomax as being sung along the Chesapeake and Ohio Road in Kentucky and West Virginia. John Henry, the best steel-driver on the C. & O. Road, competes with a steam-driller in Tunnel No. Nine, beats it by an inch and a half, and lays down his hammer and dies.

CAMPBELL AND SHARP, English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians, pp. 257-258: "John Hardy." – A ballad in nine stanzas. Nothing is said of steel-driving, and the hero kills his partner for fifty cents in the "Shunny Camps" (Shawnee Camp). Hardy is evidently thought of as a white man, for the murder is done "for the sake of my blue-eyed girl." The fact of his baptism is mentioned, and two stanzas from "The Lass of Roch Royal" are inserted, the same stanzas as in variant *e* of the present study.

And I don't care a damn what I say;
I don't care a snap for the police."
But they let John Hardy get away, poor boy!
They let John Hardy get away.

(Version c.)

(Communicated by Mr. Lee C. Wooddell, Durbin, Pocahontas County, who obtained it from Mr. Ernie Wright, Hosterman, Pocahontas County.)

1. John Hardy he was two years old,
Sitting on his mother's knee:
"The Big Ben Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is going to be the death of me, poor boy,
Is going to be the death of me, poor boy."

2. John Hardy went into a Wild West show,
Playing at a fifty-cent game:
"Whoever wins my fifty cents,
I'm going to blow out his brains, poor boy!
I'm going to blow out his brains, poor boy."

3. John Hardy laid down a twenty-dollar bill,
And he didn't ask for change:
"All I want is a forty-four gun
To blow out another nigger's brains, poor boy!
To blow out another nigger's brains, poor boy!"

4. John Hardy went to New Port,
Expecting to be free.
The detective patted him on the back:
"John Hardy, go along with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, go along with me, poor boy!"

5. "I've been to the East, I've been to the West,
And I've been all over the world;
I've been to the river to be baptized,
But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!
But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!"

6. John Hardy had a pretty little wife,
He kept her dressed in blue.
When she heard that John was dead,
"John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!
John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!"

(Version d.)

(Communicated by Mr. John B. Adkins, Branchland, Lincoln County, who obtained it from David Dick, an old banjo-player.)

(Version c.)

(Communicated by Mr. Lee C. Wooddell, Durbin, Pocahontas County, who obtained it from Mr. Ernie Wright, Hosterman, Pocahontas County.)

1. John Hardy he was two years old,
   Sitting on his mother's knee:
"The Big Ben Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
   Is going to be the death of me, poor boy,
   Is going to be the death of me, poor boy."

2. John Hardy went into a Wild West show,
   Playing at a fifty-cent game:
"Whoever wins my fifty cents,
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   And he didn't ask for change:
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The detective patted him on the back:
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5. "I've been to the East, I've been to the West,
   And I've been all over the world;
I've been to the river to be baptized,
   But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!
   But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!"

6. John Hardy had a pretty little wife,
   He kept her dressed in blue.
When she heard that John was dead,
   "John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!
   John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!"

THE JOHN HENRY HAMMER SONG

A

Mrs. Sidney Wilson, Minnehaha Springs, W. Va. Mrs. Wilson obtained this version from her brother, a man well acquainted with construction camps in the South.

This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
Killed him dead, - - huh.

Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Rings like mine, - - huh.

Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
For I'm goin' home, - - huh.

I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
Make 'em mind, - - huh.

'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
Won't raised right, - - huh.

98

I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
A - showin' of her laig, - - huh.

B

Newton Redwine. Mr. Redwine says: "John Henry had no regular song to sing as he worked, but it seems that the following was his favorite just before his death." The Beattyville Enterprise, Beattyville, Ky., Feb. 1, 1929.

I have hammered
Four long years
With this old hammer

I have hammered
On the W & A
I have hammered
On the old M & C
I have worked
On the C & S

The hammer am a ringin'
And the steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
Put the hole on down

This old hammer
Killed John Scott
It will never kill me

Hammer am a ringin'
Steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
I'll put the hole
On down - hut - hut - hut

Hut - hut - hut
I'll put the hole on down
I'll put the hole on down

This old hammer
Has killed John Scott
It will never kill me
Hut - hut - hut

I'll put the hole on down, boys
I'll put the hole on down

HARDY, John. The popular song "John Hardy" without doubt had its origin and development in West Virginia. The hero of this modern ballad was a Negro, whose prowess and fame are sung far and wide among his own race, and to a less extent among white folk. No written or printed statements concerning him are known to exist except an order in the courthouse at Welch, McDowell County, W. Va., for his execution. However, the statements hereinafter given are believed to be thoroughly reliable.

In a letter dated Charleston, W. Va., Feb. 16, 1916, addressed to Dr. H. S. Green of that city, and written by the Hon. W. A. McCorkle, governor of West Virginia from 1893 to 1897, occurs the following: —

"He [John Hardy] was a steel-driver, and was famous in the beginning of the building of the C. & O. Railroad. He was also a steel-driver in the beginning of the extension of the N. & W. Railroad. It was about 1872 that he was in this section. This was before the day of steam-drills; and the drill-work was done by two powerful men, who were special steel-drillers. They struck the steel from each side; and as they struck the steel, they sang a song which they improvised as they worked. John Hardy was the most famous steel-driller ever in southern West Virginia. He was a magnificent specimen of the genus *Homo,* was reported to be six feet two, and weighed two hundred and twenty five or thirty pounds, was straight as an arrow, and was one of the most handsome men in the country, and, as one informant told me, was as 'black as a kittle in hell.'

"Whenever there was any spectacular performance along the lines of drilling, John Hardy was put on the job; and it is said that he could drill more steel than any two men of his day. He was a great gambler, and was

John Hardy Vs. John Henry

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notorious all through the country for his luck in gambling. To the dusky sex all through the country, he was the 'greatest ever,' and he was admired and beloved by all the Negro women from the southern West Virginia line to the C. & O. In addition to this, he could drink more whiskey, sit up all night and drive steel all day, to a greater extent than any man ever known in the country.

"The killing in which he made his final exit was a 'mixtery' between women, cards, and liquor; and it was understood that it was more of a fight than a murder. I have been unable to find out where he was hung, but have an idea that it was down in the southwest part, near Virginia; but I am not positive about this. In other words, his story is a story of one of the composite characters that so often arise in the land, – a man of kind heart, very strong, pleasant in his address, yet a gambler, a roue, a drunkard, and a fierce fighter.

"The song is quite famous in the construction-camps; and when they are driving steel in a large camp, the prowess of John Hardy is always sung. I enclose you some verses which are in addition to the ones you sent me. Of course, you understand that all this about John Hardy is merely among the Negroes. I cannot say that the John Hardy that you mention was hung is the same John Hardy of the song; but it may be so, for he was supposed to be in that vicinity when he last exploited himself. He was never an employee of the C. & O. He was an employee of the Virginia contractors, C. R. Mason & Co., and the Langhorn Company."

Mr. Ernest I. Kyle, a former student of West Virginia University, whose home is at Welch, and whom I asked to look up the records of the trial and also to report such other data as he could secure, in a letter dated Sept. 14, 1917, writes as

another Negro over a crap game at Shawnee Camp. This place is now known as Eckman, W. Va. (the name of the P.O.). The Shawnee Coal Company was and is located there. Hardy was tried and convicted in the July term of the McDowell County Criminal Court, and was hanged near the courthouse on Jan. 19, 1894. While in jail, he composed a song entitled 'John Hardy,' and sung it on the scaffold before the execution. He was baptized the day before the execution. The last information I got from W. T. Tabor, who was deputy clerk of the Criminal Court at the time of the trial, and is now engaged in civil engineering. There is no record of the trial of John Hardy in the courthouse. Mr. Tabor informs me that there is no record of the trial in existence. The only thing I could find at the courthouse was the order for John Hardy's execution."

The order is as follows: —

State of W. Va.

vs.

John Hardy.

Felony.

This day came again the State by her attorney and the Prisoner who stands convicted

H. J. Grossn
High School
forwarded to

"John Har
years of age;
Virginia; w
coal-fields; ha
killed another
over 75 cents
Guggins helpe
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Welch."

The sta
Johnson, co
arrest Hardy,
Charles V.
reporter at W

the trial in existence. The only thing I could find at the courthouse was the order for John Hardy's execution."

The order is as follows: –
State of W. Va.
vs.
John Hardy.
Felony.

This day came again the State by her attorney and the Prisoner who stands convicted of murder in the first degree was again brought to the bar of the Court in custody of the Sheriff of this County; and thereupon the Prisoner being asked by the Court if anything he had or could say why the Court should not proceed to pass the sentence of the law upon him in accordance with the verdict of the jury impanelled in this cause, and the Prisoner saying nothing why such sentence should not be passed upon him by the Court; It is therefore considered by the Court that the Prisoner John Hardy, is guilty as found by the verdict of the jury herein and that the said John Hardy be hanged by the neck until he is dead, and that the Sheriff of the County, on Friday the 19th day of January 1894, take the said John Hardy from the jail of the County to some suitable place to be selected by him in this County and there hang the said John Hardy by the neck until he is dead, and the prisoner is remanded to jail.

The following statement was given by Mr. W. T. Tabor to Mr.

"John Hardy: Negro, about forty years of age; black in color; from Virginia; worked as miner in coal-fields; had no family as known; killed another Negro in a crap game over 75 cents; another Negro named Guggins helped him escape and tried to wrest gun from sheriff to shoot, but both men were captured and returned to Welch. Guggins was given a life term for attempt to kill sheriff.

"Hardy hung in '94 in present courthouse yard, though not such at the time. At time of execution some white man in the crowd started a panic by yelling, 'O Lordy! O Lordy!' Officers had to jail some twenty-five or thirty men before execution could safely be concluded. Hardy lies buried in Woodmont addition to town of Welch."

The statement of R. L. Johnson, constable, who helped arrest Hardy, as compiled by Mr. Charles V. Price, shorthand reporter at Welch, W. Va., from a conversation between Johnson and Judge Herndon, was sent to me in the early part of the year 1917. It follows: –

"I was at Keystone the morning that Hardy killed this fellow, but I couldn't tell you the fellow's name now. They were shooting craps at Shawnee camp, and he was crap-shooting, and Webb Gudgin was behind a rock with a Winchester, and it is supposed that if Hardy didn't get the man that he was there with a Winchester to get him. After he was killed they sent to Keystone, and me and Tom Campbell went down there to search the camps; and while we were searching the camps they said, 'Yonder they go, down the road!' and we got on the railroad and followed them to the old bridge below Shawnee, and they turned up the hollow, and I says, 'We will follow them up there.' Tom says, 'No, we can't follow them in the woods; they have got a Winchester, as good a gun as we have got.' So we went back and decided to watch the trains. Me and some one, I think it was

Harvey Dillon, was watching Northfork station. They got on the train at Grover, and they got them; and when they went to handcuff Hardy, Gudgin was walking through the coaches. and every one went out to get Gudgin, and he made to jerk John off the train; but John held to him till they got the train stopped, and they sent a colored fellow back there to help him, and they put him on the train and brought him back to Keystone. George Dillon and I took charge of him. John wasn't able to stay up. We took charge of them and guarded them that night, and they come and threatened to lynch him, and we said they couldn't come up there, and Webb said if we would unhandcuff him and give him his gun nobody would come up there. We had him over Belcher's store.

"I believe I come down the next morning and put them in jail. I never knew anything more about the case until the trial. I was down here during the trial. After he was found guilty he wanted to be baptized. We took him down there to the river, and I was along with him when they baptized him. I forget what preacher baptized him. He had on a new suit of clothes, hat and everything, but he didn't like the looks of his shoes at all. I took them back and swapped them; and when he put them on and viewed himself he had on the best suit he ever had, the way I looked at it. He was about six feet two, I think, or maybe he might have been six foot three."

JUDGE HERNDON. Give his color, before you start on Gudgin.

MR. JOHNSON. He was black.

JUDGE HERNDON. About what age?

MR. JOHNSON. Well, I couldn't hardly tell you. I would figure him about thirty.

JUDGE HERNDON. Now give a description of Gudgin.

MR. JOHNSON. Well, Gudgin, I believe, was a little taller than I am, I believe about six feet, heavily built. He wasn't so fleshy, but he was heavy built, yellow.

JUDGE HERNDON. Were you deputy sheriff at the time?

MR. JOHNSON. I was constable.

JUDGE HERNDON. Campbell was deputy sheriff?

MR. JOHNSON. Yes.

JUDGE HERNDON. And Effler was the sheriff of McDowell County at that time?

MR. JOHNSON. Yes, sir.

JUDGE HERNDON. In the town of Welch now do you know about the spot where the scaffold was built?

MR. JOHNSON. Why, I could get out here and look it up, but it was right out here somewhere.

MR. DAVID COLLINS. It was right back of the old temporary jail.

JUDGE HERNDON. You say you don't remember the name of the man John Hardy killed?

MR. JOHNSON. No, I don't remember him.

JUDGE HERNDON. But do you remember what they killed him for?

MR. JOHNSON. They were shooting craps. It is my understanding they had had the crap game before, and this fellow had skinned Hardy, and he went back started the crap game to get to kill him. That was the statement at the time.

JUDGE HERNDON. In other words, this colored man that Hardy killed had skinned Hardy in the game before that game?

MR. JOHNSON. Yes, sir, and Hardy goes down and starts a crap game, and Webb was behind this rock with his Winchester so if Hardy failed he would get him. That was the statement, what they claimed when they came after us, when we went down there.

JUDGE HERNDON. Where was he from?

MR. JOHNSON. I don't know. I might have heard, but I never paid any attention. We were out nearly all night that night. I recollect it well. I think it was about the first year John Effler was elected sheriff. My recollection is that the time Hardy killed the other colored man was along some time during the first of the year, in 1893, and that he was tried along about April or May, 1893, and hanged soon after his conviction, about sixty days.

Mr. A. C. Payne, English, W. Va., in a letter dated Oct. 16, 1917, writes me as follows: —

"Just received your letter requesting information of a Negro named John Hardy. I was one of the

miner about 6 feet high and about 25 years old, as well as I could guess at him. He killed a Negro boy about 19 years old. And he was a very black Negro. That is about all I know about him."

The above-quoted statements seem to establish two groups of facts: –

1. *(a)* That about the year 1872 there was a certain John Hardy employed as a steel-driller in railroad-construction in the southern part of West Virginia. This man was a very black Negro, six feet tall, or more, of splendid physique, a drinker, a gambler, a roue, and a fierce fighter.

(b) That later this Negro killed a man in an altercation of some sort in which gambling played a part.

(c) That the murder and execution took place in the southern part of the State, near the Virginia line.

2. *(a)* That in the year 1893 a certain John Hardy was employed as a coal-miner in the extreme southern part of West Virginia. This man was a very black Negro, six feet two or three inches tall, and a gambler.

(b) That this John Hardy killed a man over a crap game for the sum of seventy-five cents.

(c) That the murder and execution took place in the southern part of the State, near the Virginia line.

The identity of these two men is not established, but the inference that they are the same is extremely probable. That two men of the same name and race, so nearly alike in physique, habits, and characteristics, should meet the same fate, for the same crime, in the same locality, is hardly believable.

The consideration of the age of the Hardy of 1893 is important in determining whether he and the Hardy of 1872 are identical. The prowess of the steel-driller of 1872 indicates a man of mature age, let us say twenty-four or twenty-five. In 1893 he would then have been forty-five or forty-six. Three of the men connected with the trial of Hardy have given estimates of his age as follows: Tabor, assistant clerk of the Criminal Court, forty; Johnson, constable, thirty; Payne, juryman, twenty-five. The value of these estimates depends upon two things, – first, accuracy of memory in recalling, after a lapse of twenty-four years, such details of feature as would enable one to judge of age; and, second, the ability of the witness to make such a judgment. Mr. Johnson says, "I couldn't hardly tell you about what age. I would figure him about thirty." The statement itself indicates much uncertainity about the matter. Mr. Payne says, "About twenty-five years old, as well as I could guess at him." Evidently at the trial Hardy's age was not brought out, or at least not emphasized enough to be remembered, and a guess by memory after twenty-four years may not be worth much. Mr. Tabor says, "About forty years of age." Mr. Tabor was deputy clerk of the court that tried Hardy, and is now engaged in civil engineering. His statements indicate a better-trained and more accurate type of mind than the others, and have a directness that is assuring. In any case, the judgment of the age of a Negro of the splendid physical type of Hardy is a difficult matter, hard to come at within ten years, and more likely to be underestimated than overestimated. In my judgment, the testimony may well point to an age considerable in excess of forty.

Mr. H. S. Walker, a man of mature years, a student in West Virginia University from Fayette

County, through which the C. & O. runs, reports the following as a current belief where he lives: –

John Hardy, a Negro, worked for Langhorn, a railroad -contractor from Richmond, Va., at the time of the building of the C. & O. Road. Langhorn had a contract for work on the east side of the Big Bend Tunnel, which is in the adjoining county of Summers, to the east of Fayette County; and some other contractor had the work on the west side of the tunnel. This was the time when the steam-driller was first used. Langhorn did not have one, but the contractor on the other side of the tunnel did; and Langhorn made a wager with him that Hardy could, by hand, drill a hole in less time than the steam-drill could. In the contest that followed, Hardy won, but dropped dead on the spot. He tells me, also, that there is a current report in this part of the State concerning a John Hardy who was a tough, a saloon frequenter, an outlaw, and a sort of a thug. He thinks this John Hardy was a white man, and he is sure that he was hanged later on for killing a man in McDowell County or across the line in Virginia.

Probability indicates that these two stories are about the same man. For a white man contemporary with the steel-driller to possess the same name and attributes as he, to operate in the early part of his career in the same region, to drift later to the same locality, to commit the same crime, and to pay the same penalty, is not believable.

There remains the belief that John Hardy died from the effects of the drilling-contest. In answer to inquiries concerning this, Ex-Gov. McCorkle writes, "You are mistaken when you say John Hardy died from the drilling-contest." In support of the belief, however, there is a ballad called "The Steel Driver," not as yet found in West Virginia, but reported by Shearin in his *Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs*, p. 19, as follows: –

"THE STEEL DRIVER, ii, 1a3b4c3b, II: John Henry, proud of his skill with sledge and hand-drill, competes with a modern steam-drill in Tunnel No. Nine, on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. Defeated, he dies, asking to be buried with his tools at his breast."

The change of name to John Henry, and the victory into a defeat, is not significant, and is easily accounted for by oral transmission. The same process of reasoning as applied heretofore identifies John Henry with John Hardy, who could not have died at the end of a drilling-contest. Most likely the ballad celebrating the prowess of John Hardy gradually, in its earlier making, enhanced that prowess, and, by the natural tendency to a tragic ending, finally sang of his defeat and death.

Whether the drilling-contest be fact or fiction, is not important. However, it could hardly have happened. A note addressed to the Ingersoll-Rand Company, to whom I was referred as authority on drills, brings the following statemtent in a letter dated New York City, Dec. 19, 1917: –

"Your letter of Dec. 4, addressed to the Company at Easton, Pa., has been referred to us, and in reply we would advise you that, although we have no definite records, it is rather improbable that steam rock-drills were used in the building of the C. & O. Railroad. As you will see from the text of the attached advertisement, machine-drills were first used about 1866; but their use was very limited, and not at all general."

The portion of the advertisement above referred to,

that is significant for this discussion, is as follows: –

"The first time rock-drills were used in big work was at the Hoosac Tunnel, year 1866. Here the Burleigh drill failed because of great repair costs. Next came the Musconetong Tunnel, Lehigh Valley R. R., driven from end to end with the Ingersoll drill, which had been brought to a practical stage in rock-work on Fourth Avenue, New York, for the horse-car tunnel. This covers the period up to 1875, when the Rand Little Giant made a step in advance."

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad was completed westward from Sulphur Springs to Huntington – that is, entirely across the State of West Virginia – in 1873.

Two versions of the ballad, with a total of five variants, have come to hand. Version *a* gives us something with the very atmosphere of the construction-camp, its rough gang of illiterate Negroes, its profanity, and its glorification of a gambler, a drunkard, and a murderer. With the exception of stanzas 2 and 3, the ballad deals with the episode of the hanging, in some way not clearly stated, and connected with gambling. The name of the place, Shawnee Camp, is exactly correct; but the number of men killed is increased to two, and the murderer is caught because he refused to run. Not only does the bulk of the ballad deal with this incident in the career of John Hardy, but the prominent places, the beginning and the end, are given to it. The older incident of the steel-drilling contest is, however, clearly remembered and vigorously expressed, though evidently on the way to forgetfulness. This version stands half way, as it were, between the "Steel Driller" listed by Shearin and version *b*.

In version *b* the steel-driller has dropped out of memory entirely. Shawnee Camp has become a Chinese camp, – an easy change, – and consequently the man killed is a Chinaman. The yellow girl with her money is still in the game, and a man is killed in a gambling-brawl. The reference to the Big Bend Tunnel is probably a cross-reference from another West Virginia ballad (namely, "The Wreck on the C. & O. Road") very popular in the southern part of the State, and contemporary in growth with that part of "John Hardy" since 1894. The last two stanzas, given to John Hardy himself, furnish an interesting reference to a fact in his history (namely, his baptism before hanging), and may be a remnant of the song he composed and sang just before his death. The introduction of the conventional ballad element of having the hero's mother and sweetheart come to see him is to be noted in stanzas 6 and 7.

Versions *c*, *d*, and *e* are variants of version *b*. In *c* the Negro gambling-dive is exalted to a "Wild West show" (stanza 2), and the conventionalizing process is carried further in stanza 6 by giving him a "pretty little wife," whom he kept "dressed in blue," and who had always been true to him. In *d* the yellow girl becomes a less shadowy personage, upon whom is bestowed the high-sounding, romantic name, Rozella (stanza 2). The refusal of the Court to grant bond to a "murderen" man in stanza 6 is a good bit of realism, with which, no doubt, the Negro singers of this ballad were fairly familiar. The reference to his baptism fails to appear. In *e* the conventionalizing process goes on apace: the father is introduced, the hero is blessed with three children, and two stanzas (7 and 8) from *The Lass of Roch Royal* (Child, No. 76) are inserted.

As a result of this study, the following things appeal to me as significant: –

1. The origin in our day of such a ballad among an illiterate and comparatively primitive people.

2. The testimony of spontaneous composition of stanzas by men engaged in the hard work of steel-drilling.

3. The two groups of facts in Hardy's life centring respectively about the dates 1872 and 1894, which furnish the nuclei for three types of ballad as to content: *(a)* John Hardy, the steel-driver; *(b)* John Hardy, the steel-driver and the murdered; *(c)* John Hardy, the murderer.

4. The unreliability of statements in the ballad; and the difficulty, even at this early date, of determining the facts on which the song is based.

5. The passing of the song into the possession of white folk, and the rapid introduction on conventional elements of balladry. All the copies of the ballad in my possession were communicated by white people.

"John Hardy" is recorded elsewhere as follows: –

SHEARIN AND COMBS, A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Song, p. 19. "John Hardy," iii, 4a3b4c3b, 6. – An account of Hardy's shooting a man in a poker-game; of his arrest, trial, conviction, conversion, and baptism; and of his execution and burial on the Tug River.

– *Ibid.*, "The Steel Driver," ii, 4a3b4c3b, II. – John Henry, proud of his skill with sledge and hand-drill, competes with a modern steam-drill in Tunnel No. Nine, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Defeated, he dies, asking to be buried with his tools at his breast.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, 22:247. – A North Carolina version of four stanzas contributed by Miss Louise Rand Bascom, in which John Hardy shot a man in New Orlean Town, as he is made to say, "for the sake of her I love." The fact of his baptism is mentioned.

Ibid., 22:249-250. – Louise Rand Bascom reports from North Carolina "Johnie Henry," which she says begins, –

"Johnie Henry was a hard workin' man,
He died with his hammer in his hand."

Ibid., 26:163-165. – Five variants of "John Henry" reported by E. C. Sparrow. The first four are brief, and the only significant lines are, –

"This ole hammer killed John Henry,
Drivin' Steel, Baby, drivin' steel."

The fifth is a ballad of eight stanzas, obtained from Kentucky mountain whites. In it John Henry is a steel-driver, who competes with a steam-driller in a big tunnel, apparently on the C. & O. line. He leaves a faithful wife to mourn his death.

Ibid., 26:180-182. – Variant *e* of this study, communicated by the present writer; also printed in West Virginia School Journal and Educator, 44:216-217 (September, 1915).

Ibid., 27:249. – Reported by title, "That's the Hammer killed John Henry," from South Carolina, by Henry C. Davis.

Ibid., 28:14. – Communicated by John A. Lomax as being sung along the Chesapeake and Ohio Road in Kentucky and West Virginia. John Henry, the best steel-driver on the C. & O. Road, competes with a steam-driller in Tunnel No. Nine, beats it by an inch and a half, and lays down his hammer and dies.

CAMPBELL AND SHARP, English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians, pp. 257-258: "John Hardy." – A ballad in nine stanzas. Nothing is said of steel-driving, and the hero kills his partner for fifty cents in the "Shunny Camps" (Shawnee Camp). Hardy is evidently thought of as a white man, for the murder is done "for the sake of my blue-eyed girl." The fact of his baptism is mentioned, and two stanzas from "The Lass of Roch Royal" are inserted, the same stanzas as in variant *e* of the present study.

THE BEREA QUARTERLY (Berea, Ky.), 14 (October, 1910): 26 (N. 3). – Two stanzas only: –

"John Hardy had a wife, a child,
A wife and child had he;
But he cared no more for his wife and child
Than he did for the fish in the sea.

He'd play cards with a white man,
He'd play cards with him fair,
He'd play the hat right off his head,
He'd play him for his hair."

FRANK C. BROWN, Ballad-Literature in North Carolina (reprinted from Proceedings and Addresses of the Fifteenth Annual Session of the Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, Dec. 1-2, 1914), p. 12. Listed as found in North Carolina.

JOHN HARDY.

(Version a.)

(Communicated by Dr. H. S. Green, Charleston, W. Va. He obtained it from Ex-Gov. W.A.McCorkle, who says he has known it about twenty years.)

1. John Hardy was a bad, bad man,
He came from a bad, bad land;
He killed two men in a Shawnee camp,
Cause he's too damn nervy for to run, God damn!
Too damn nervy for to run.

2. John Hardy went to the rock quarrie,
He went there for to drive, Lord, Lord!
The rock was so hard and the steel so soft,
That he laid down his hammer and he cried, "O my God!"
He laid down his hammer and he cried.

3. John Hardy was standing on my right-hand side,
The steel hammers on my left, Lord, Lord!
"Before I'd let the steamer beat me down,
I'd die with my hammer in my hand, by God!
I'd die with my hammer in my hand."

4. John Hardy was standing at the dice-room door,
So drunk he could not see, Lordy, Lord!
'Long come his woman, five dollars in her hand,
Said "You count John Hardy in the game, God damn!
You count John Hardy in the game."

5. John Hardy went to playing in the game of cards,
The pot was broken, says, he stayed, Lordy, Lord!
He drawed the nine of diamonds to a diamond bob,
And he says, "I'll let the whole damn bill play, by God!"
He says, "I'll let the whole bill play."

6. John Hardy went staggering by the jail-house,
As drunk as he could be, Lordy, Lord!

Up stepped a leaceman, catched him by the arm,
Says, "John Hardy, come and go with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, come and go with me."

7. Friends and relatives all standing round,
Crying, "John Hardy, what have you done, poor boy?"
"I've murdered two men in the Shawnee camp,
Was too damn nervy for to run, God damn!
Now I'm standing on my hanging-ground."

(Version b.)

(Communicated by Mr. E. C. Smith, Weston, Lewis County, who obtained it from Miss Maude Rucks, Heaters, Braxton County.)

1. John Hardy was but three days old,
Sitting on his mamma's knee,
When he looked straught up at her and said,
"The Big Bend Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is bound to be the death of me,
The Big Bend Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is bound to be the death of me."

2. John Hardy was standing in a dice-room door,
Not taking any interest in the game,
When a yellow girl threw ten dollars on the board,
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy!
Deal John Hardy in the game."

3. John Hardy drew his pistol from his pocket,
And threw it down on the tray,
Saying, "The man that uses my yellow girl's money,
I'm going to blow him away, away,
I'm going to blow him away."

4. John Hardy drew to a four card straight,
And the Chinaman drew to a pair;
John failed to catch, and the Chinaman won,
And he left him sitting back dead in his chair,
And he left him lying dead in his chair.

5. John started to catch the east-bound train,
So dark he could not see;
A police walked up and took him by the arm,
Saying, "John Hardy, come and go with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, come and go with me."

6. John Hardy's mamma came to him,
Saying, "John, what have you done?"
"I've murdered a man in a Chinese camp,
And now I'm sentenced to be hung, O Lord!
And now I'm sentenced to be hung."

7. John Hardy's sweetheart came to him,
She came to go his bail;
They put her on a west-bound train,
And shoved John Hardy back in jail, poor boy!
And shoved John Hardy back in jail.

8. "I've been to the East and I've been to the West,
I've travelled this wide world round;
I've been to the river and I've been baptized,
And now I'm on my hanging-ground, O Lord!
And now I'm on my hanging-ground.

9. "I don't care a damn for the C. & O. Road,
And I don't care a damn what I say;
I don't care a snap for the police."
But they let John Hardy get away, poor boy!
They let John Hardy get away.

(Version c.)

(Communicated by Mr. Lee C. Wooddell, Durbin, Pocahontas County, who obtained it from Mr. Ernie Wright, Hosterman, Pocahontas County.)

1. John Hardy he was two years old,
Sitting on his mother's knee:
"The Big Ben Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is going to be the death of me, poor boy,
Is going to be the death of me, poor boy."

2. John Hardy went into a Wild West show,
Playing at a fifty-cent game:
"Whoever wins my fifty cents,
I'm going to blow out his brains, poor boy!
I'm going to blow out his brains, poor boy."

3. John Hardy laid down a twenty-dollar bill,
And he didn't ask for change:
"All I want is a forty-four gun
To blow out another nigger's brains, poor boy!
To blow out another nigger's brains, poor boy!"

4. John Hardy went to New Port,
Expecting to be free.
The detective patted him on the back:
"John Hardy, go along with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, go along with me, poor boy!"

5. "I've been to the East, I've been to the West,
And I've been all over the world;
I've been to the river to be baptized,
But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!
But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!"

6. John Hardy had a pretty little wife,
He kept her dressed in blue.
When she heard that John was dead,
"John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!
John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!"

(Version d.)

(Communicated by Mr. John B. Adkins, Branchland, Lincoln County, who obtained it from David Dick, an old banjo-player.)

1. John Hardy he was a desperate man,
   He roved from town to town,
   Saying, "The man that wins my money this time,
   I'm going to blow his life away,
   And lay him in his lonesome grave."

2. John Hardy was standing in the dice-room door,
   He was not concerned in the game;
   Rozella threw down one silver dollar,
   Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy!"
   Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game."

3. John Hardy threw down one half-dollar,
   Saying, "One half of this I'll play,
   And the man that wins my money this time,
   I'm going to blow his life away,
   And lay him in his lonesome grave."

4. John Hardy was making for the station that night,
   It was so dark he could hardly see;
   A policeman took him by the arm,
   Saying, "John, won't you come and go with me, poor boy?
   John, won't you come and go with me?"

5. Every station they passed through,
   They heard the people say,
   "Yonder goes John Hardy making his escape,
   John Hardy is getting away, poor boy!
   John Hardy is getting away."

6. They brought John Hardy out before the judge,
   And bond they offered him:
   No bond was allowed a murderen man,
   So they put John Hardy back in jail, poor boy!
   They put John Hardy back in jail.

7. John Hardy's wife went mourning along,
   Went mourning along in blue,
   Saying, "O John, what have you done!
   I've always been true to you, poor boy!
   I've always been true to you."

(Version e.)

(Communicated by Mr. E. C. Smith, Weston, Lewis County. It was written out from memory by Walter Mick, Ireland, W. Va., who learned it from hearing it sung by people of his community.)

1. John Hardy was a little farmer boy,
   Sitting on his father's knee;
   Says he, "I fear the C. & O. Road
   Will be the ruination of me, poor boy!
   Will be the ruination of me."

2. John Hardy got to be a desperate man,
   Carried a pistol and a razor every day;
   Shot a nigger through the heel in a Chinese camp,
   And you ought of seen that nigger get away, poor boy!
   And you ought of seen that nigger get away.

3. John Hardy's mother ran up to him,
Saying, "Son, what have you done?"
"I murdered a man in a Chinese camp,
And now I'm sentenced to be hung, poor boy!
And now I'm sentenced to be hung."

4. John Hardy's father went to the judge,
Saying, "What do you think will be done?"
The judge he answer with a quick reply,
"I'm afraid John Hardy will be hung, poor boy!
I'm afraid John Hardy will be hung."

5. John Hardy was standing in a dice-room door,
He didn't have a nickel to his name;
Along came a yaller gal, threw a dollar on the board,
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy!"
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game."

6. John Hardy was standing in a railroad-station,
As drunk as he could be:
A policeman came up and took him by the arm,
"John Hardy, come along with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, come along with me."

7. "Oh, who will shoe your pretty little feet,
And who will glove your hands,
And who will kiss your sweet rosy lips,
When I'm in a foreign land, poor boy!
When I'm in a foreign land?"

8. "My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mother will glove my hands;
John Hardy will kiss my sweet rosy lips,
When he comes from a foreign land, poor boy!
When he comes from a foreign land."

9. John Hardy married a loving wife,
And children he had three:
He called to him his oldest son,
Saying, "Son, make a man like me, poor boy!"
Saying, "Son, make a man like me."

10. John Hardy married a loving wife,
And children he had three:
He cared no more for his wife and child
Than the rocks in the bottom of the sea, poor boy!
Than the rocks in the bottom of the sea."

NOTE. – The following statement was made to me in person in the summer of 1918 by Mr. James Knox Smith, a Negro lawyer of Keystone, McDowell County, who was present at the trial and also at the execution of John Hardy: –

"Hardy worked for the Shawnee Coal Company, and one pay-day night he killed a man in a crap game over a dispute of twenty-five cents. Before the game began, he laid his pistol on the table, saying to it, 'Now I want you to lay here; and the first

nigger that steals money from me, I mean to kill him.' About midnight he began to lose, and claimed that one of the Negroes had taken twenty-five cents of his money. The man denied the charge, but gave him the amount; whereupon he said, 'Don't you know that I won't lie to my gun?' Thereupon he seized his pistol and shot the man dead.

"After the crime he hid around the Negro shanties and in the mountains a few days, until John Effler (the sheriff) and John Campbell (a deputy) caught him. Some of the Negroes told them where Hardy was, and, slipping into the shanty where he was asleep, they first took his shotgun and pistol, then they waked him up and put the cuffs on him. Effler handcuffed Hardy to himself, and took the train at Eckman for Welch. Just as the train was passing through a tunnel, and Effler was taking his prisoner from one car to another, Hardy jumped, and took Effler with him. He tried to get hold of Effler's pistol; and the sheriff struck him over the head with it, and almost killed him. Then he unhandcuffed himself from Hardy, tied him securely with ropes, took him to Welch, and put him in jail.

"While in jail after his conviction, he could look out and see the men building his scaffold; and he walked up and down his cell, telling the rest of the prisoners that he would never be hung on that scaffold. Judge H. H. Christian, who had defended Hardy, heard of this, visited him in jail, advised him not to kill himself or compel the officers to kill him, but to prepare to die. Hardy began to sing and pray, and finally sent for the Reverend Lex Evans, a white Baptist preacher, told him he had made his peace with God, and asked to be

It's a dobro.

baptized. Evans said he would as soon baptize him as he would a white man. Then they let him put on a new suit of clothes, the guards led him down to the Tug River, and Evans baptized him. On the scaffold he begged the sheriff's pardon for the way he had treated him, said that he intended to fight to the death and not be hung, but that after he got religion he did not feel like fighting. He confessed that he had done wrong, killed a man under the influence of whiskey, and advised all young men to avoid gambling and drink. A great throng witnessed the hanging.

"Hardy was black as a crow, over six feet tall, weighed about two hundred pounds, raw-boned, and had unusually long arms. He came originally from down eastern Virginia, and had no family. He had formerly been a steel-driver, and was about forty years old, or more." – John Harrington Cox

END.

sentenced to hang. It is said that Hardy from his cell could see men building the scaffold on which he would be hanged and that the condemned man swore he would never suffer that kind of death. Judge H. H. Christian, who had defended Hardy, visited him in jail, and advised him not to kill himself or compel the officers to kill him, but to prepare for his death. Hardy thereafter became a Christian and was baptized in Tug River by Reverend Lex Evans, a white Baptist preacher. On the scaffold Hardy begged the Sheriff's pardon for the attempt to escape and confessed that he had done wrong, advising young men to avoid gambling and drinking. He was hanged on January 19, 1893, before a large crowd.

The ballad of John Hardy has several variants, and sometimes there is confusion between it and the ballad of John Henry (see). The tunes are somewhat similar and since both Hardy and Henry were steel drivers who had worked on the Big Bend Tunnel, it is easy to see how this confusion developed. Most versions give the name of the coal camp in which the murder took place as "Shawnee," which corresponds with what is known about the historical John Hardy. However, sometimes the murdered man is said to have been a Chinese and often there is reference to a dispute over a woman, which, if part of the actual story, cannot be proved or denied.

Further information about John Hardy is carried in the *Journal of American Folklore*, Vol. XXXII, p. 505, and in a doctoral dissertation by John Harrington Cox in the Harvard University Library.

The following order for the execution of John Hardy is on file at the court house in Welch:

"This day came again the State by her attorney and the Prisoner who stands convicted of murder in the first degree was again brought to the bar of the Court in custody of the Sheriff of this County; and thereupon the Prisoner being asked by the Court if anything he had or could say why the Court should not proceed to pass sentence of the law upon him in accordance with the verdict of the jury impanelled in this cause, and the Prisoner saying nothing why such sentence should not be passed upon him by the Court; It is therefore considered by the Court that the Prisoner John Hardy, is guilty as found by the verdict of the jury herein and that the said John Hardy be hanged by the neck until he is dead, and that the Sheriff of the County, on Friday the 19th day of January 1894, take the said John Hardy from the jail of the County to some suitable place to be selected by him in this County and there hang the said John Hardy by the neck until he is dead, and the prisoner is remanded to jail."

JOHN HARDY. Sheet music, arranged by Elie Siegmeister.

JOHNNY, BRING THE JUG 'ROUND THE HILL. Single record, Kessinger Brothers.

JOHNSON, Jeraldine, known as "Jerry" was born in Valley

Continued on pg. 483.

JOHN HENRY: A FOLK-LORE STUDY
The Entire Study by Louis W. Chappell
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Next page to page 482

JOHN HENRY

A FOLK-LORE STUDY

BY
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PREFACE

As a folk-lore figure, especially in the American black belt and border regions, John Henry is having a somewhat varied development, but rightfully belongs to the rock-tunnel gangs, the hand-drillers of the frontier. He is the great steel-driver, and as natural man flings himself, in a moment of triumph, against the machine of the industrial period after the Civil War. Like Paul Bunyan, he does impossible feats, but, unlike him, he often does them unassumingly. Thus he exists in oral tradition, and has not run, like Robin Hood, the full gamut of popular evolution, to the reductio ad absurdum of satiric parody, but with a greater metamorphosis has achieved diverse personalities and occupations, some of them superhuman, perhaps, but hardly as yet divine.

The amount and nature of the factual material that lies behind this widespread tradition has engaged the attention of several scholars, with a somewhat unconvincing variety of results. For the most part, they have added to its confusion in one way or another. John Henry was at first confused with John Hardy, another popular character in the folk-lore of the South; later he was set apart as purely mythical. These positions were taken without due regard for the tradition itself, and both have been revised or abandoned altogether. Presumably as a real man of flesh and blood, he has had some attention; but, more often than not, under the disguise of an objective treatment, a cloud of romantic idealism has obscured his more human qualities. Whether as man or myth, scholars, strangely enough, have treated him the same; and a new consideration of the whole matter, on the basis of a larger collection of data, seems necessary.

Although some ten years ago when this study began John Henry had been investigated at various points in the South, I was the first to discover the immediate region of his activity, as indicated by the tradition; and since then, with more than intermittent attention, I have followed his trail from the Great Lakes to the West Indies, and have repeatedly visited what seemed to be the most significant localities. Although some of the minor results of these investigations have appeared in the learned periodicals, the larger aspects of the subject seem to require the space of a monograph.

The contributors to this study are many, scattered far and wide. It is a pleasure to remember them, but they are too numerous to mention here. Thanks for helpful suggestions are also due to Dr. John W. Draper and Dr. Walter Wadepuhl, my colleagues in West Virginia University.

Morgantown,
July, 1932.

L. W. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Chappell's *John Henry* is reproduced here photographically from the original. In order to facilitate use of footnotes and index, the original pagination has been retained.

INTRODUCTION

Interest in the John Henry tradition dates back to 1909, the year Louise Rand Bascom published, from western North Carolina, two lines of "John Henry":[1])

> Johnie Henry was a hard workin' man,
> He died with his hammer in his hand[2]).

Along with this fragment, Miss Bascom contributed a version of "John Hardy",[3]) the ballad of a Negro murderer and outlaw hanged in southern West Virginia near the turn of the century. In October, 1910, two stanzas of "John Hardy" from Kentucky appeared in Berea Quarterly, and the following year Shearin and Combs mentioned as current in that state both "John Henry" and "John Hardy".[4]) In 1913, Perrow published versions of the John Henry song from Indiana, Tennessee, and Mississippi, and a version of "John Henry" from Kentucky.[5]) The same year Professor Kittredge added a text of "John Hardy",[6]) communicated by Dr. John H. Cox, who obtained it in West Virginia. The following year "John Hardy" was again reported from North Carolina,[7]) and the John Henry song from South Carolina.[8]) In 1915, "John Henry, or The Steam Drill" was reported from Kentucky,[9]) and another version published as "sung along the Chesapeake and Ohio Road in Kentucky and West Virginia".[10]) From 1909 to 1915, then, the John Henry tradition had ten reports and the John Hardy tradition but five, with John Henry far more widely celebrated than his popular rival.

In 1916, W. A. McCorkle, ex-Governor of West Virginia, contributed a seven-stanza version of "John Hardy", with stanzas 2 and 3 belonging to "John Henry", and gave out a popular report of John Hardy, the "steel-driver ... famous in the beginning of the building of the C. & O. Railroad" across West Virginia about 1872, who subsequently made his final exit in a killing down in the southwest

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[1]) Used in this study for the John Henry ballad as separate from the the John Henry song. For examples of both types, see Appendix.
[2]) Journal, XXII, 249.
[3]) Ibid., XXII, 247. For examples, see Appendix.
[4]) H. G. Shearin and Josiah H. Combs. A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs, p. 19.
[5]) E. C. Perrow. Journal, XXVI, 163 ff.
[6]) G. L. Kittredge. Journal, XXVI, 180—182.
[7]) F. C. Brown. Proceedings and Addresses of the 15th Annual Session of the Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, p. 12.
[8]) H. C. Davis. Journal, XXVII, 249.
[9]) Berea Quarterly, Oct., 1915, p. 20.
[10]) John A. Lomax. Journal, XXVIII, 14.

2

part of the state. McCorkle characterized John Hardy as a "man of kind heart, very strong, pleasant in his address, yet a gambler, a roué, a drunkard, and a fierce fighter", a sort of composite character.[11]) This account combines the tradition of the steel-driver John Henry and that of the outlaw and murderer John Hardy.

Following the lead of McCorkle's ballad text and hearsay report, Dr. Cox, in 1919, accepted John Henry as John Hardy, whom he identified as the Negro murderer hanged at Welch, West Virginia, in 1894, and treated the Henry ballad and song as belonging to Hardy. Among the things that appealed to Dr. Cox as significant in this body of material were "the two groups of facts in Hardy's life centring respectively about the dates 1872 and 1894, which furnish the nuclei for three types of ballad as to content: (a) John Hardy, the steel-driver; (b) John Hardy, the steel-driver and the murdered; (c) John Hardy, the murderer".[12]) By 1925 he had succeeded in bringing together nine versions of his "John Hardy", and in that year repeated his treatment of John Henry and John Hardy as the same man.[13]) In 1927 he answered objections to his thesis with a call for further investigation of the subject,[14]) and the following year renewed his request.[15])

I have already considered that request in part by an examination of the Henry-Hardy problem from the Hardy angle, the approach Dr. Cox himself made.[16]) I found that Dr. Cox had not taken fully into account the documentary records of John Hardy, that in his testimonial data he had given preference to hearsay reports, and that he had not shown proper regard for the wide diffusion of the John Henry tradition. My investigations, resulting in a fuller presentation of background material largely corrective of Dr. Cox's publications on the subject, led to the conclusion that John Hardy is properly connected with the group of facts associated with the Negro murderer around 1894, the basis for "John Hardy", but brought to light nothing to justify treating him as the heroic steel-driver connected with the group of facts around 1872, the basis for "John Henry". With these limitations to the "composite" John Hardy, this study need consider the work of Dr. Cox, his methods as well as his conclusions, only in so far as it concerns the treatment of "John Henry" as a version of "John Hardy".

Among the nine versions of Dr. Cox's "John Hardy",[17]) stanzas 2 and 3 of A, 1 of B, 1 of C, 1 of E, and all of H belong to "John Henry". The name John Hardy, however, appears in stanzas 4 and 10 of H and raises all sorts of questions; but, since the two ballads are mixed in four of the other texts, and since the names Henry

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[11]) Journal, XXXII, 505 ff.
[12]) John H. Cox. Journal, XXXII, 505—520.
[13]) Folk-Songs of the South, p. 175 ff.
[14]) American Speech, II, 227.
[15]) American Literature, I, 107.
[16]) Philological Quarterly, IX, 260 ff.
[17]) Folk-Songs of the South, pp. 178—188.

and Hardy appear together in A, one is disposed to accept them together in H. This text, though, comes from Knott County, Kentucky, and the two ballads seem not to be greatly confused in that state. It appears, moreover, that Dr. Combs contributed the ballad to Folk-Songs of the South, and then published it himself the same year as "John Henry, The Steel-Driving Man", without the name John Hardy occurring in it.[18]) Such a significant difference on the part of two noted ballad scholars in handling common material would seem to call for an examination of the texts they published relative to this study.

Their two printings of H have additional values in that direction. Dr. Cox uses the name "John Henry" for Dr. Combs' "Johnny" in line 1 of stanza 2, "&" for Dr. Combs' "and" in line 3 of stanza 2, and omits Dr. Combs' "that" in line 4 of stanza 9. Furthermore, the failure of Dr. Cox to continue his use of "etc." beyond stanza 6 resulted in the loss of "my babe" in line 4 and the necessary repetition for line 5 of each of the stanzas from 7 to 12 as given by Dr. Combs, whose mark for line 5 in stanza 2, and apparently for line 5 in all subsequent stanzas of the text, leads to a variation from his own pattern of stanza 1. Differences of punctuation and arrangement need not be taken into account.

This version, it seems, passed through the hands only of these two editors, beginning with Dr. Combs as collector. An examination of "The Yew Pine Mountains", a version of the John Henry song, contributed by Mr. Woofter[19]) and published separately by these two editors,[20]) has point in this connection.

Dr. Combs does not state when he obtained his copy of this song from Mr. Woofter, but he published it in 1925. Two years later Dr. Cox published it, without reference to its earlier appearance, and stated in a footnote that it was "communicated by Mr. Carey Woofter ... October 17, 1924". Their printings show notable differences:

Refrain, line 4:

Combs: For that's my home, babe, for that's my home.
Cox: For that's my home, babe, that's my home.

Stanza 2, line 4:

Combs: But it'll not kill me, babe, it'll not kill me.
Cox: But it won't kill me, babe, it won't kill me.

Stanza 3, line 4:

Combs: But it'll not kill me, babe, but it'll not kill me.
Cox: But it won't kill me, babe, it won't kill me.

Stanza 5, line 1:

Combs: Forty-four days makes forty-four dollars.
Cox: Forty-four days make forty-four dollars.

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[18]) Josiah H. Combs. Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis, p. 191 ff.
[19]) Carey Woofter, Glenville State Normal, Glenville, W. Va.
[20]) Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis, p. 193 ff. American Speech, II, 226—7.

4

Stanza 6, line 4:

Combs: O come back home, babe, O come back home.

Cox: Oh, come back home, babe, come back home.

These differences are significant, and seem to belong to different versions of "The Yew Pine Mountains", but Mr. Woofter seems to be an individual source.

What is the explanation of these discrepancies in common material in the hands of these two editors? Are those in the "John Henry" text to be accounted for on the ground that Dr. Combs furnished Dr. Cox a copy different from that he used in his own work? Are those in "The Yew Pine Mountains" text to be accounted for on the ground that Mr. Woofter varied his copies of the same version of the song? Possibly the editors were using different versions of the ballad and song and their variations can be explained in that way. Their editorial notes throw no light on the matter, and the answer must come from Dr. Combs and Mr. Woofter.

The fact that the former has not published his texts the second time and that the latter's ballad collection is still in manuscript form does not permit an examination of their practices in handling such material, but fortunately Dr. Cox can be tested on that score. His bibliography of 1925 [21]) shows that of his nine "John Hardy" texts he published five, A to E inclusive, in 1919, and that before this date one of them, version E, had had two printings, one by Dr. Cox himself in 1915 and the other by Professor Kittredge in 1913. Four of these texts show important variations in their several printings, and E develops a new stanza. [22])

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[21]) Folk-Songs of the South, p. 177.

[22]) Version A contains seven stanzas, and shows seven differences in its two published forms. The word "quarry" in line 1 of stanza 2 in the printing of 1925 is "quarrie" in that of 1919, "stays" in line 2 of stanza 5 of 1925 is "stayed" in that of 1919, "an" in line 4 of stanza 6 of 1925 is "and" in that of 1919, and "a" in line 3 of stanza 7 of 1925 is "the" in that of 1919. Line 1 of stanza 7 of the printing of 1925 is "Friends and relatives standing around" and that of 1919 is "Friends and relatives all standing round". The second "was" in line 3 of stanza 2 and "damn" of line 5 of stanza 5 of 1925 are not in the text as printed in 1919.

Versions B, C, and D show fewer variations in their two printings. In B the word "mama" in the printing of 1925 is "mamma" in that of 1919. In the two printings of C no important differences appear. In D the pronoun "he" in line 1 of stanza 1 in the printing of 1919 is not in that of 1925, and "that" in line 1 of stanza 5 of 1925 is not in that of 1919.

Version E was contributed by Walter Mick, Ireland, W. Va. Dr. E. C. Smith, Department of Government, New York University, collected the text several years ago and while he was a student in West Virginia University communicated it to Dr. Cox, who passed it on to Professor Kittredge for publication in the Journal. Its two earlier printings, that of Professor Kittredge in 1913 and that of Dr. Cox in 1915, are much alike, and the two later, that of 1919 and that of 1925, both by Dr. Cox, are much alike, differing materially in only two words. The word "answer" in line 3 of stanza 4 in the printing of 1919 is "answered" in that of 1925, and "Oh" in line 1 of stanza 7 of 1919 is "O" in that of 1925, with "answer" and "O" found in the two earlier printings. "I am" in lines 4 and 5 of stanza 3 in the two earlier printings is contracted into "I'm" in those of the later

What is the explanation of these discrepancies in the work of a single editor? Does their character indicate a return to the practices of 18th century ballad scholars, a modified form of development by accretion? Or can they be explained on other ground? I am not disposed to find that Dr. Cox has had his hand in matters beyond his province. Very probably some of them are typographical errors, and others may have resulted from confusions in handling a large number of manuscripts, possibly during years when he was overtaxed with other work. His confusion, in this connection, of "C. E. Smith"[23]) for E. C. Smith, "E. C. Sparrow"[24]) for E. C. Perrow, and "Negro Work-A-Day Songs"[25]) for Negro Workaday Songs possibly shows too great reliance on memory. Such variations, however, in his two or more printings of these texts seem to render unnecessary the inquiry Dr. Guy B. Johnson states that he made of Dr. Cox concerning the appearance of the name John Henry in stanza 3 of version A.[26])

It follows, then, that the appearance of the name John Hardy in stanzas 4 and 10 of H may evidence an extension of these methods in editing the text; but one will be inclined, although reluctantly, to depart from mere "happenstance" as an explanation in this case because his variation from Dr. Combs' "John Henry, The Steel-Driving Man" provides a basis for classifying the version as belonging to "John Hardy", a turn in line with his treatment of the two ballads as one, and the two men as John Hardy. Whether Dr. Cox, however, is actually responsible for the name John Hardy in the text must be determined finally by the copy Dr. Combs, the collector, furnished him. John Hardy has a way of getting mixed up with John Henry,[27]) and possibly the methods of Dr. Cox as shown in his texts from A to E did not affect his H. Nevertheless, this version, with or without the name of the outlaw, belongs to "John Henry".[28])

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two, "did not" in line 2 of stanza 5 of the earlier two is contracted into "didn't" in the later two, and "yaller girl" in line 3 of stanza 5 in the earlier two is "yaller gal" in the later two. The most significant difference, however, between the two earlier and the two later printings is the addition of a 5-line stanza, stanza 6 of the printing of 1925 and 1919, but not found in those of 1915 and 1913.

[23]) West Virginia School Journal and Educator XLIV (1915), 216. Cf. Journal, XXVI, 180. XXXII, 518; Folk-Songs of the South, p. 182.

[24]) Journal, XXXII, 513. Cf. Journal, XXVI, 163; Folk-Songs of the South, p. 177.

[25]) American Speech, II, 227.

[26]) John Henry, p. 66 (n).

[27]) Newman I. White. American Negro Folk-Songs, p. 189. Dr. White says: "Miss Scarborough (1926, p. 218) accepts Cox's opinion without discussion, but the songs she quotes mention John Hardy only." They mention John Henry only, and his bibliography gives the date of her book as 1925.

[28]) Fortunately no general destruction of "John Henry" texts has resulted from these discrepancies. The most notable case that has come to my attention appeared in Fayette Tribune, Fayetteville, W. Va., April 22, 1925.

6

In 1925, the year Dorothy Scarborough accepted without discussion Dr. Cox's treatment of the Henry and Hardy traditions as one, Dr. Combs objected, and explained for "John Henry" and "John Hardy": "Elles ne sont pas davantage deux variantes de la même chanson ... Le récit dans John Henry est entièrement différent."[29]) Two years later Dr. Gordon called attention to the distinction between the two ballad heroes, and added that their songs are often "somewhat confused by the singer". He characterized Hardy as a "desperado, Henry a good-natured, almost lovable steel-drivin' man".[30]) The following year Dr. White agreed to the separation of the Henry and Hardy traditions.[31]) These investigators of popular balladry in the South added little or nothing to what was already known about "John Henry", and made no great effort to. They did little more than object to such use of Henry material as that Dr. Cox had made in taking it over for his composite John Hardy.

Dr. Odum and his colleague, Dr. Johnson, published in 1926 eleven texts of "John Henry" and four of the Henry song, and were "inclined to believe that John Henry was of separate origin and has become mixed with the John Hardy story in West Virginia." They went even farther in suggesting probabilities. Having failed in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia to turn up any biographical material for Henry as a real person, they concluded that he was "most probably a mythical character."[32])

Their fabulous John Henry apparently did not satisfy Dr. Johnson very long. The following year, after seeing the report of my investigations at Big Bend Tunnel on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway in West Virginia,[33]) he renewed his inquiries, culminating in a change of heart about where to look for the hero and a shift in point of view. "All in all," he writes, on the strength of this new information, "John Henry and Big Bend Tunnel are so intimately connected that ... there, if anywhere ... we must look for the origin of the John Henry tradition;"[34]) and prefers "to believe that (1) there was a Negro steel driver named John Henry at Big Bend Tunnel, that (2) he competed with a steam drill in a contest of the practicability of the device, and that (3) he probably died soon after the contest."[35])

[29]) Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis, p. 104.
[30]) R. W. Gordon. New York Times, June 5, 1927.
[31]) American Negro Folk-Songs, p. 189 ff.
[32]) Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. Negro Workaday Songs, p. 221 ff.
[33]) In September, 1925, I investigated John Henry at Big Bend Tunnel, and in February, 1927, a 19-page report of my work there fell into the hands of Dr. Johnson. I had written the report to preserve my priority claims until I could complete a larger plan of investigation on the subject, and was trying to get it published at the University of North Carolina. The following is Dr. Johnson's only acknowledgement: "I wonder to what extent collectors have made John Henry famous at Big Bend! I know of at least two others who were trailing John Henry there before I made my visit." John Henry, p. 34 (n). It would be interesting to know the other culprit.
[34]) John Henry, p. 26.
[35]) Ibid., p. 54.

In taking this new point of view, however, Dr. Johnson, in 1929, says that he began in February, 1926, "to pursue the idea that the Big Bend Tunnel was the place of origin of the John Henry tradition." [36]) What he means by the expression "to pursue the idea" is not altogether clear, but his treatment of John Henry as a myth from investigations elsewhere as already shown, and his statement at the time, several months after February, 1926, are clear enough:

> Prof. J. H. Cox traces John Henry to a real person, John Hardy, a Negro who had a reputation in West Virginia as a steel driver and who was hanged for murder in 1894. We are inclined to believe that John Henry was of separate origin and has become mixed with the John Hardy story in West Virginia [37]).

If he began several months before publishing this statement "to pursue the idea" that the John Henry tradition originated at Big Bend Tunnel, why did he offer no objection to Dr. Cox's treatment of Hardy as the famous steel-driver there? He knew that Dr. Cox in taking over the Henry tradition for Hardy had taken over Big Bend Tunnel, and that he had treated Hardy as the famous steel-driver in building it. The answer of Dr. Johnson is that he was "inclined to believe that John Henry was of separate origin and has become mixed with the John Hardy story in West Virginia". In this connection, moreover, he fails to take West Virginia into account in his schedule for another investigator:

> We have found a few Negroes who were not clear in their minds about Booker T. Washington, but we have found none in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia who had not heard something some time about John Henry. In other places, however, in Mississippi and Maryland, for instance, we understand he is not so well known. To trace the story of the ballad to its origin is a difficult task and one awaiting the folk-lorist [38]).

He leaves Big Bend to Hardy and the question of origin of the Henry tradition to the folk-lorist, several months after February, 1926, and these concessions characterize his efforts "to pursue the idea" that the tradition originated in West Virginia until he saw my report from the tunnel.

His marvellous freedom in handling this material would seem to call for an explanation of some sort. But his disregard of my rights is largely personal and need not require the attention of readers who are not interested in trifles, such as an investigator's priority claims may be, where I seem to follow him without reference in this study. The book he published, though, raises some questions that must be of general interest.

His "low-down" on John Henry doubtlessly should have first place, but a full appraisal of his part in the book cannot be made

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[36]) Ibid., p. 31.
[37]) Negro Workaday Songs, p. 222 (n).
[38]) Ibid., p. 222.

here. He says that there "are undoubtedly some vulgar versions of John Henry in circulation, but none has ever fallen into my net. I can truthfully say that the following stanzas contain the only 'low-down' I have ever heard on John Henry." [39]) The following are his first two:

John Henry had a little woman,
Name was Ida Red.
John Henry had a little woman,
She sleeps in my own bed.

Old John Henry was a railroad man,
Washed his face in the frying pan,
Combed his head with the wagon wheel,
Died with the toothache in his heel.

He probably regards these stanzas as late adaptations, not basically a part of the Henry tradition, and as well his third example which is much longer. He might have added at least three others of equal value from his own texts:

John Henry told his woman,
'I've always did as I please.'
She said, 'If you go with that other bitch,
I will not let you see no ease.' [40])

John Henry had a little woman,
Just as pretty as she could be;
They's just one objection I's got to her:
She want every man she see. [41])

'Where did you get your pretty little dress?
The hat you wear so fine?'
'Got my dress from a railroad man,
Hat from a man in the mine.' [42])

Possibly the miner and the railroad man were local merchants of a very neighborly sort, and one, if not both, of them a Santa Claus; but the hat and dress would seem to indicate at least that she was not entirely disappointed.

He adds, in this connection, his confession of faith in sex symbolism in "John Henry":

Realizing that John Henry contains excellent symbolism from the Freudian point of view, I have kept a watch for such versions, but I have never heard one. However, Prof. English Bagby, of the Department of Psychology of the University of North Carolina, tells me that he has talked to at least one Negro who definitely interpreted John Henry in terms of sexual symbolism [43]).

[39]) John Henry, p. 140 ff.
[40]) Ibid., p. 127.
[41]) Ibid., p. 124.
[42]) Ibid., p. 126.
[43]) Ibid., p. 140.

Perhaps he watched too closely to be able to evaluate objectively all that fell into his net. One of his texts contains these lines:

> John Henry had a little wife
> Who were steel corn fed [44]).

Possibly "steel corn" means only hard corn, and he has "never heard one". The contributor, of course, is the only authority for the text, but he, like the editor, can answer only for himself, not for the other thousand singers of the same version. If the "drill", "a little piece of steel", "driving steel", and "bucking steel" have Freudian values in possible connections, as his psychologist would seem to recognize, he allows none of them such a bearing in his work.

While Dr. Johnson insists on speaking "truthfully", one may ask, in view of his handling thus such materials, how fully he realized that "John Henry contains excellent symbolism from the Freudian point of view". His answer, though it hardly seems necessary, is vigorously expressed in his review of Roark Bradford's John Henry, a more recent treatment of the Henry tradition:

> And now Roark Bradford has written a book about John Henry - - - but not the John Henry of the legend. His is a jazz version, so to speak ... The old John Henry was a tragic, almost a sacred, figure. He symbolized man versus the machine. This new John Henry is a tragic personality also, but in so far as he symbolizes anything it is man versus woman [45]).

Dr. Johnson had explained earlier that the word jazz deserves to head the list in Negro song for the "act of cohabitation". [46]) One thing at a time and that done well must be the rule for his John Henry, the good man hero who did nothin' but work. A "parlor" hero of the good old days when a leg was a limb and cold hands meant a warm heart. Parson Weems denied his Washington and Marion less. That it was not necessary for John Henry, widely celebrated for half a century by the "lower" tenth of back alleys and construction camps, to borrow his sex from the upper crust requires no proof.

In handling dialect, Dr. Johnson seems equally authoritative. A sufficient illustration of his success in the field is his treatment of a "big wheel turnin'" as a "corruption of Big Bend Tunnel", with the explanation that a "common dialect pronunciation of 'tunnel' is 'turnel'". [47]) While a "big wheel turnin'" might mark a stanza or version of the ballad as corrupt, I prefer to regard it as a substitution for "Big Bend Tunnel", without the necessity of finding a dialectal value in "turnel" for "tunnel". Nevertheless, he is able to characterize the dialect of Roark Bradford's John Henry as a "sort that never was on land or sea". [48]) And he is probably right at that.

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[44]) Ibid., p. 119.
[45]) The Nation, Oct. 7, 1931.
[46]) The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology, April, 1922.
[47]) John Henry, p. 86 (n).
[48]) The Nation, Oct. 7, 1931.

In the field of popular literature, as well, the innocence of Dr. Johnson is too evident from statements such as the following: "When John Hardy came on the scene, only a few snatches of John Henry remained in general circulation in West Virginia."[49]) He gives no data to show that he had made a thorough investigation of "John Henry" in that state for the last decade of the 19th century, or the occasion when "John Hardy" came on the scene. Moreover, on the basis of material in his hands at the time he might have said, without serious objection, that "John Henry" had travelled far enough to escape complete confusion with "John Hardy" when the latter ballad began its circulation in oral tradition, and that would have been sufficient for the point he apparently wanted to make, an "explanation of the mixed versions of John Hardy which Cox has found".

His statement that the "author of John Hardy ... must have been familiar with the structure of John Henry, for he cast his product in exactly the same mold",[50]) is made without giving any evidence that "John Hardy" had the author. The observed fact of their structural similarity hardly settles the matter of individual or multiple authorship for one or both of the ballads. If "John Henry" developed by stages, "required more time in the making",[51]) as he supposes, why does he find it necessary to assume the author for "John Hardy"? Does he contribute anything by such an addition, without reference, to the earlier statement, "Les deux chansons se trouvent être d'une structure analogue"?[52]) This statement allows the possibility that the two ballads derive their structural pattern from a common source, that "John Hardy" had its origin in West Virginia although when it "came on the scene, only a few snatches of John Henry remained in general circulation" in that state, or that the author of "John Henry" was familiar with the structure of "John Hardy" for he cast his product in exactly the same mold.

The separation of the two ballads is, perhaps, the best thing Dr. Johnson does in his discussion, and that is not altogether satisfactory. His materials and methods are hardly sufficient for his conclusions.

With two tunes of "John Hardy" from white people and several of "John Henry" from Negroes, he proceeds thus: "John Hardy is simple, deliberate, and puts one in mind of the conventional English ballad sung by the white mountain people. John Henry is faster, is syncopated, and is much more typically Negroid than John Hardy."[53]) Doubtlessly the tunes and rhythms of his examples are somewhat different, but they are drawn too largely from phonograph records, college student, and other soloists, with improvements by the editor as the following pages will show, to have much value, and

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[49]) John Henry, p. 64.
[50]) Ibid., p. 64.
[51]) Ibid., p. 69 ff.
[52]) Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis, p. 104.
[53]) John Henry, pp. 66—67.

such treatment of the two ballads does not take properly into account the frequency of Negroes singing "John Hardy" and white people "John Henry", both with notable racial variations and often a mixture of the two ballads in their performances.

He publishes a tune of "John Henry" from Robert Mason, who can pick his twelve-string box "in more ways than a farmer can whip a mule",[54]) and another from Leon R. Harris, a rambler who has worked in "railroad grading camps from the Great Lakes to Florida and from the Atlantic to the Missouri River", who has wherever he worked "always found someone who could and would sing of John Henry", and who says, "The song is sung to many an air or tune, and hardly any two singers sing it alike."[55]) Such reports are significant, and show more than the possibility of weakness in conclusions based on a few unrepresentative tunes.

Dr. Johnson, moreover, agrees that "the very essence of the work song is its fluidity, its adaptability to various kinds and speeds of work", and that a "work song tune cannot be recorded with absolute accuracy".[56]) In his earlier discussion, he notes the inconsistency of the singer:

> When the recorder thinks that he has finally succeeded in getting a phrase down correctly and asks the singer to repeat it ... he often finds that the response is quite different from any previous rendition. Requests for further repetition may bring out still other variations or a return to the previous version. Again, after the notation has been made from the singing of the first stanza of a song, the collector may be chagrined to find that none of the other stanzas is sung to exactly the same tune[57]).

He adds in the next paragraph even greater difficulties for the collector in recording "group singing in its native haunts":

> He cannot hope to catch by ear alone all of the parts - - and there are undoubtedly six or eight of many of these songs - - that go into the making of those rare harmonies which only a group of Negro workers can produce ... He must be contented with securing the leading part of the song and harmonizing it later as best he can.

These explanations seem to place accurate tunes of the two ballads beyond the reach of Dr. Johnson.

Whatever he may think about the original authorship of "John Henry" and "John Hardy", he will hardly deny that they have been through the seasoning process of group-singing, often with an exchange of units from one to the other and confusions with other songs of similar rhythmic technique, with shifts in the "six or eight" parts for different occasions, resulting in first one part and then another holding the lead. A member of such a group, or any other soloist, can take only one of these parts at a time, as in the case of his collector, and must harmonize "it later as best he can", with

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[54]) Ibid., p. 125.
[55]) Ibid., p. 90 ff. Cf. p. 17 ff.
[56]) Ibid., p. 69 ff.
[57]) Negro Workaday Songs, p. 242 ff.

the possibility of echoing the group or various groups in the several stanzas of the song. That all such soloists, or later groups, take the same leading part for their renditions is extremely doubtful. That the original "John Henry" and "John Hardy" could come through this process without modification is equally doubtful. It follows, therefore, that if one succeeds in bringing together enough examples to show tune and rhythmic differences in their survivals, they will not be sufficient for the original character of the two ballads and cannot establish their separation.

Furthermore, their original separation on the basis of current tune variations ignores too much ballad tradition. If the author of "John Hardy", as Dr. Johnson insists, was familiar with the structure of "John Henry" and cast his product in exactly the same mold, in all probability he copied his "John Henry" tune also, or rather that of his pattern. Possibly the author was one of a large group of ballad-singers who recognize only one tune for their entire repertory. Possibly the author, or some singer, transmitted the ballad as a "ballet" without tune notation, and all extant versions derive from this source. These are possibilities.

Weaknesses along such lines in the material on which Dr. Johnson bases his separation of "John Henry" from "John Hardy" place his thesis in an unfavorable light, and no great improvement of his case can be made from an examination of his tunes themselves. That they do not represent the full character of the two ballads requires no further explanation. His methods, though, of obtaining them have an importance, and they are well illustrated in his example from Odell Walker, his Chapel Hill authority for "John Henry".

He presents two examples of Mr. Walker's singing the first stanza of a single version of "John Henry",[58]) with tone and rhythmic variations, and fails to say which of the performances is the correct one. Possibly he asked for the second singing of the stanza and failed to observe that his soloist had changed drinks. Possibly he had only one rendition, and as editor harmonized "it later as best he can." Nevertheless, he gives both examples as Negroid, and uses them to show a difference between the two ballads.

In fact, he must have succeeded in getting at least three performances by Mr. Walker, as lines 3 and 4 of the three printings of the first stanza of his version show:[59])

'Fore he'd let the steam drill beat him down,
Die wid his hammer in his han'.

An' befo' he'd let the steam-drill beat him down,
Die with the hammer in his han'.

And before he'd let the steam drill beat him down
He'd die with his hammer in his hand.

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[58]) Ibid., p. 248; John Henry, p. 100.
[59]) Negro Workaday Songs, pp. 248, 225; John Henry, p. 100.

Possibly these specimens, with their several tunes, are faster, more syncopated, and "much more typically Negroid" than his "John Hardy" examples from white people. Apparently he published Mr. Walker's version in two other places, with further notable variations.[60]) Such practices must of necessity affect the evidence drawn from his texts for any purpose.

My request, in a recent note on John Henry,[61]) for corrections by Dr. Johnson of a series of misrepresentations in the testimonial data he published from the Big Bend Tunnel neighborhood has had no answer, and by way of throwing some light on his methods of handling such material a few of them may be pointed out more fully. One can easily understand that the slightest variation, conscious or otherwise, in these field reports would have significant results under his system of classifying them as "positive, negative, or indifferent" testimony.[62])

That of Cal Evans he presents as follows:

> When the tunnel was under construction he was a youngster, not quite old enough to take part in the work. He thinks there might have been a steel driver there named John Henry, but he never saw him and could remember nothing about him except what he heard later. He stated that while the story might be true he was inclined to believe that it was not[63]).

Dr. Johnson would have no great difficulty in classifying this report for John Henry at Big Bend Tunnel as "negative, or indifferent", but if it is to have any bearing on the connection of the steel-driver with Big Bend, and on the larger question of his reality, something more definite might be expected from Mr. Evans. One would like to know why he failed to see John Henry, what he heard later, when and where he heard it. After investigating the Henry tradition there, one would certainly ask what story Evans doubts the truth of. Does he doubt the truth of the story of John Henry driving steel in the tunnel, the story of his drilling-contest there, the story of his death as a result of the contest, or the story of his body being thrown into the big fill at the east end of the tunnel? Or does he doubt the truth of the story that Henry's ghost is still driving steel in the tunnel?

Like many of the older Negroes of the community, Cal Evans, according to his own statement and that of his wife, followed the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad into that part of the state. He was a native of Albemarle County, Virginia, worked first on the road near White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, later near Huntington, in the western part of the state, and around 1875 began cooking at the roundhouse in Hinton, eight miles from Big Bend. In 1876 he married a woman of Orange County, Virginia. They made their home

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[60]) The Southern Workman, LVI, 159; Ebony and Topaz (ed. C. S. Johnson), p. 48. Cf. John Henry, p. 153.
[61]) American Speech, VI (Dec., 1930), 144 ff.
[62]) John Henry, p. 34.
[63]) Ibid., p. 37.

in Hinton, where Mr. Evans continued cooking at the roundhouse until arching the tunnel with brick was begun in the early eighties.[64]) Then he moved to Big Bend to cook for the workmen, and remained there. He had no opportunity, therefore, to see John Henry drive steel in building the tunnel between 1870 and 1872.

His contact with the tunnel for half a century made it possible for him to learn the stories of John Henry there, and his practice of telling them is a matter of general knowledge in the community. Although he objects to the reports of Henry's ghost driving steel in the tunnel, and of Henry's death as a result of the drilling-contest, what he really believes can be understood only through an acquaintance with the man. He is one of the Negroes at Big Bend generally known to be afraid of John Henry at night, -- not that he admits it of course, -- but this fact must not be overlooked in reporting his distrust of the ghost story, and of any other part of the tradition, such as Henry's spectacular death from the contest, which seems to him to contribute directly to it. He says that he saw, when the railroad was being double-tracked in the eighties, a human skeleton unearthed in the road bed over the big fill at the east end of the tunnel, where the dead from building the tunnel were reported to be buried at night;[65]) but he objects to the skeleton as that of John Henry. He accepts, however, as factual the reports of Henry working in the tunnel and his contest with the steam drill.

Verification of this explanation of Mr. Evans can be made at Big Bend with no great difficulty. W. M. White,[66]) a student in West Virginia University, who since he was a small boy has had a camp on Evans' place, about a hundred yards below the east portal of the tunnel, where he employs Evans to cook for him during several weeks every summer, and where he has listened for hours in the evenings to Evans' tales of John Henry, says that Mr. Evans will not go alone at night to the tunnel, and that in going at night to Talcott, a small village just above Big Bend, he paddles his boat up Greenbrier River in order to avoid contact with Henry's ghost.

Mr. Evans is much less courageous than Mr. Anderson, the Negro keeper or care-taker of the tunnel, who has what people in the neighborhood call a "pension job". On my first trip to Big Bend, in the fall of 1925, I saw Mr. Anderson pushing a wheelbarrow filled with rubbish out of the west end of the tunnel, and called to him from the embankment fifty feet above and asked if he had seen John Henry while he was on the inside. He answered, with a good Negro laugh, that he had no faith in the stories of John Henry, and advised seeing John Hedrick, the man he regarded as knowing the facts in the Henry tradition.

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[64]) J. H. Miller says that Big Bend Tunnel caved in during March, 1883, with the result that the "railroad company was forced to arch the tunnel with brick". History of Summers County, West Virginia, 1908.

[65]) See pp. 37, 47.

[66]) Raleigh, W. Va.

Mr. Anderson explained how, in spite of the local fear of Henry's ghost, he had taken charge when he came there more than thirty years before. He had had his most exciting experience on walking through the tunnel soon after his arrival. About half the distance through he had heard John Henry driving steel, and had experienced some difficulty in waiting for a closer acquaintance with the steel-driver; yet he had been able to discover that what he heard was water dropping above the roof of the tunnel.[67])

It soon became clear, however, that his stories of John Henry were confined to the death of the steel-driver as a result of the drilling-contest and the subsequent escapades of his ghost around the tunnel. Mr. Anderson believes that a man by the name of John Henry worked in the tunnel, and seems to think everybody else should. Like Mr. Evans, though, he was not at the tunnel while it was under construction and knows only what he has heard about the steel-driver.

As respects the Henry tradition, Evans and Anderson are both "positive" and "negative", but perhaps would cause the classifier no great trouble. They accept certain parts of the tradition as factual, and regard certain other parts as "stories". The investigator, therefore, who has a use for their beliefs about Henry must be on his guard to avoid misrepresenting them, as seems to be the case in Dr. Johnson's report of Evans' testimony.

The same explanation can hardly be made in the case of John Hedrick.[68]) Dr. Johnson says that Mr. Hedrick "did not work on the tunnel". The reaction of Mr. Hedrick to this statement is about what one might expect from a Confederate soldier after telling him that he was not in the Civil War. Mr. Hedrick insists that he began with the first gangs at Big Bend and stayed on the job until the tunnel was finished. He quotes Mr. Hedrick as saying, "I did not see the contest myself, but I heard the men talking about it right after it took place." He fails to say where Mr. Hedrick was at the time of the contest, or where he heard the men talking about it. And it is important to know the meaning of right after it took place". Following this expression in the testimony, Mr. Hedrick speaks in terms of years, not in terms of days or hours. Mr. Hedrick, however, claims that while the drilling-contest was taking place inside the tunnel he was "taking up timber" to be used for arching, and heard Henry "singing and driving" in the contest. Dr. Johnson is also misleading in his further statement, "Mr. Hedrick could not say whether John Henry died after the contest, although his impression was that he did not." Mr. Hedrick is quite definite on the point, and does say with emphasis that Henry did not die immediately after the drilling-contest. This is the point on which Mr. Anderson, mentioned above, refers to Mr. Hedrick as authority in disposing of the factual basis for Henry's ghost in the tunnel. If Dr. Johnson had actually interviewed Mr. Hedrick, as he seems to expect the reader to believe,

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[67]) See p. 37.
[68]) John Henry, p. 40.

possibly he would have made a different report. Mr. Hedrick and his daughter's family with whom he lives in Hinton, West Virginia, claim that the interview was not held.

Dr. Johnson, of course, will have his own explanation for these discrepancies in the testimony he published from Big Bend. But he will hardly find it necessary to explain why, after quoting Neal Miller as using the word "contest" for Henry's drilling-contest, he states on the following page that Mr. Miller "never spoke of the episode as a contest, but as a test",[69]) or to explain the variations in his two printings of Mr. Miller's report, the third and last of the series I shall examine in this study.

The first printing of this piece of testimony is easily accessible.[70]) The second is as follows:

This man, known as Neal Miller, told me in plain words how he had come to the tunnel with his father at 17, how he carried water and drills for the steel drivers, how he saw John Henry every day, and, finally, all about the contest between John Henry and the steam drill.

'When the agent for the steam drill company brought the drill here,' said Mr. Miller, 'John Henry wanted to drive against it. He took a lot of pride in his work and he hated to see a machine take the work of men like him.

'Well, they decided to hold a test to get an idea of how practical the steam drill was. The test went on all day and part of the next day.

'John Henry won. He wouldn't rest enough, and he overdid. He took sick and died soon after that.'

Mr. Miller described the steam drill in detail. I made a sketch of it and later when I looked up pictures of the early steam drills, I found his description correct. I asked people about Mr. Miller's reputation, and they all said, 'If Neal Miller said anything happened, it happened.'[71])

The first three quoted sentences of the second printing have no near parallels in that of the first. The fourth quoted sentence of the second is a statement of fact, and differs materially from the quoted statement of this fact in the first printing:

1st: "The test lasted over a part of two days."
2nd: "The test went on all day and part of the next day."

These are important differences in the facts stated and in the form of statement. The fifth and sixth quoted sentences of the second printing are statements of fact, and statements of these facts are quoted in the first printing; but the two printings show no similarity of form. The seventh and last sentence quoted from Mr. Miller in the second printing is also a statement of fact, but differs from the corresponding quotation of the first printing:

1st: "As well as I remember ... he took sick and died from fever soon after that."
2nd: "He took sick and died soon after that."

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69) John Henry, p. 42.
70) Ibid., p. 40 ff.
71) Welch Daily News, (Feb. 22, 1930), Welch, W. Va.

The qualified statement of Henry's death "from fever" in the first becomes an unqualified statement in the second, and the cause of death is omitted.

These are notable discrepancies in two printings of the same report by the same editor. Does he mean to offer the first or the second printing as the correct testimony of Mr. Miller? Perhaps he has a third version not less correct than the other two. Until he designates the authentic one, however, nothing can be done by way of testing its keeping with the facts as Mr. Miller claims to know them.

The materials Dr. Johnson uses seem less important in his hands than his shifting point of view. In 1929 he prefers to believe in the reality of John Henry, but is "not irrevocably wedded to this position".[72]) In 1930, without additions to his bibliography of 1929, he is convinced of Henry's reality,[73]) and for his stronger position relies heavily on Mr. Miller's testimony, the only one of the series in question reproduced in this connection. In its second printing he prepares for his sweeping conclusion by the addition of new information such as John Henry "took a lot of pride in his work", "hated to see a machine take the work of men like him", and "wanted to drive against it", and by a general toning up of the report by omitting expressions such as "as well as I remember". Moreover, he changes the quoted statement, "If Neal Miller says it happened, then it must have happened",[74]) to a stronger one, "If Neal Miller said anything happened, it happened".

If Dr. Johnson toned up data for a stronger position when he became convinced in 1930 that Henry was real, in all probability he toned down the same data when he was "not irrevocably wedded to this position" in 1929, possibly because he was not fully divorced from his earlier spouse, his mythical John Henry of 1926.[75]) His misrepresentations of Evans and Hedrick weaken their testimony for Henry's reality: those only slightly affecting their evidence affect it negatively, and some of them are more than slight. He almost succeeds in taking Mr. Hedrick out of the picture, and yet the value of Mr. Hedrick's correct report is about equal to that of Mr. Miller, the man he sets off as his important witness, his "One man against the mountain of negative evidence!"[76]) a mountain of his own creation through manipulations under his system of classifying field reports as "positive, negative, or indifferent". After aiding all along the line toward such a consummation, he admits that one can make the evidence "lean either way".[77]) What was his purpose in such a method?

If one assumes that Dr. Johnson, in 1929, is masquerading in John Henry, capitalizing the wide distrust of testimonial data

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[72]) John Henry, p. 54.
[73]) Welch Daily News, Welch, W. Va., Feb. 22, 1930.
[74]) John Henry, p. 53.
[75]) Negro Workaday Songs, p. 221.
[76]) John Henry, p. 53.
[77]) Ibid., p. 51.

and deliberately damning the steel-driver's reality with faint praise, he might find not a little influence of the mythical character of 1926. He would know, of course, that Dr. Johnson, before making his trip in June, 1927, had examined the report of another investigator at the tunnel, a challenge to his myth, and might find that he meant to play his trump card by publishing a report in conflict. An attempt to follow him, through an imposing line of manipulations, would lead ultimately to his testimony from Neal Miller, his "One man against a mountain of negative evidence!" Possibly he understood at least the theoretical value of a single affirmative witness on a point of disputed fact. Why, then, while joining the Talcott chorus in praises of Mr. Miller's reliability, did he destroy his testimony? Did he believe that one man could affect his relationship to his mythical spouse? When he became convinced of Henry's reality in 1930, without additions to his bibliography of 1929, did he abandon her altogether? Should one regard such implications as less obvious?

The hypothesis, at any rate, that Dr. Johnson deliberately set out to destroy the evidence for John Henry as real would possibly have to take into account his changes in "John Henry" texts, and they can have no positive bearing on the matter, other than of course in so far as they evidence his wider practices in establishing a thesis. And, unfortunately, his earlier "objective studies" show the same cultural practices as regards first-hand materials. On one page in the first part of the book in which he created his mythical John Henry, he offers the following lines brought more nearly up to date:

> Goin' 'way to leave you, ain't comin' back no mo',
> You treated me so dirty, ain't comin' back no mo'.
>
> Where was you las' Sattaday night,
> When I lay sick in bed? [78])

He adds as source "songs gathered two decades ago" and published in another volume:

> For I goin' 'way to leave you, ain't comin' back no mo';
> You treated me so dirty, ain't comin' back no mo'.
>
> Where were you las' Saturday night,
> When I lay sick in my bed? [79])

These improved specimens, faster, syncopated, and "much more typically Negroid", suggest what one might find in his work if he had continued to be equally specific as to his sources. It would be interesting to know just what his collection was before his first publication.

More recently, however, he says, in a review of Roark Bradford's John Henry: "one rather hates to see one's favorite American ballad and legend sprout more new variants between the covers of

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[78]) Negro Workaday Songs, p. 20.
[79]) The Negro and His Songs, pp. 184, 185.

one novel than it would in fifty years of normal folk growth."[80]) What conclusion, then, does Dr. Johnson expect from a review of his own work? At least the name John Henry in version A of Dr. Cox's "John Hardy" should not have caused him the trouble of an inquiry.[81])

The methods of Dr. Johnson seem clear enough, and one need not urge an ulterior purpose on his part. That set forth in his preface to John Henry will take care of his work: "I conceive my mission to be to bring together and co-ordinate as much actual folk material as possible." That his apparatus, as set up for such a purpose, is not sufficient for handling historical evidence is too obvious, and one need not ask how much of his collection he regards as "actual folk material". One need not emphasize his failure to distinguish between folk materials and direct or first-hand testimonial data. His desire, perhaps, to avoid dullness should be taken into account. He states in his preface that he is "not one of those who believe that folklore studies must be dull in order to be scientific". Yet he can hardly maintain that his methods are scientific.

He renewed his investigations in 1927, with the question: "Is this John Henry tradition true? I do not consider this question of any great importance."[82]) In 1929 he concluded that the "question of whether the John Henry legend rests on a factual basis is after all not of much significance".[83]) This position is about what one might expect after examining his methods, and ample characterization of his efforts in dealing with evidence for the existence of John Henry. Why he steps aside to exploit such evidence when he knows that it is already in the hands of another investigator is less certain. Whatever his full purpose may be, his manipulations have not destroyed the evidence of Henry's connection with Big Bend Tunnel, and the larger matter of Henry's reality.

At all events, in discussing the John Henry tradition Dr. Johnson is identified with two points of view, the mythical of Georgia and the Carolinas and the factual of Big Bend Tunnel in West Virginia. The former he shares with Dr. Odum, and while ostensibly in the act of abandoning it welcomes Carl Sandburg to their camp.[84]) The latter, and the material for it, he seems to regard as his own property, and with marvellous liberality by way of invitations to other researchers, and analyses for their guidance, has handled it with great humility, and to the satisfaction of everybody.[85]) When all is said and done, however, I must insist that he "doth but mistake the truth totally."

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[80]) The Nation, Oct. 7, 1931.
[81]) John Henry, p. 66 (n). He quotes on the preceding page three stanzas of Dr. Cox's A, with five improvements.
[82]) Ebony and Topaz (ed. C. S. Johnson), p. 50.
[83]) John Henry, p. 54.
[84]) Ibid., p. 6 ff.
[85]) G. H. Gerould. The Ballad of Tradition. Cf. Louise Pound. Journal, XLIII, 126 ff. L. C. Wimberly. Folk-Say, A Regional Miscellany, 1930, p. 413 ff.

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My purpose is to throw more light on the John Henry tradition. It has already had sufficient attention as a sacred thing. I shall take into account its greater variety and wider diffusion, and present a larger body of material showing its connections with Big Bend Tunnel. Dr. Johnson has taken care of its purely negative aspects in that locality, and I can confine myself mainly to the other side without undue regard for people who never saw or heard of the steel-driver. He will appear in this work as a human being, superior of course but not without the common frailties of mankind.

THE JOHN HENRY TRADITION

The John Henry tradition is widely diffused and belongs to the folk, to the lower tenth, to bums or gods as the reader may like. He may prefer variety, or intensity. The tradition is something of an index to both, smacks of the luxuriously elemental, a prodigious reality, an articulation of what millions of toilers struggle to express, on and off, in and out, by day and by night. It is not a tale, a ballad, a song: it is all of these and more, a living thing, and as such cannot be fully presented. "John Henry", now available in nearly a hundred variants,[1]) is the best expression of the tradition.

Mr. Brown,[2]) who contributes a text of the ballad, writes from Shanghai, China, that he has heard it in many places:

I've heard the song in a thousand different places, nigger extra gangs, hoboes of all kinds, coal miners and furnace men, river and wharf rats, beach combers and sailors, harvest hands and timber men. Some of them drunk and some sober. It is scattered over all the states and some places on the outside. I have heard any number of verses cribbed bodily from some other song or improvised to suit the occasion . . .

The opinion among hoboes, section men and others who sing the song is that John Henry was a negro, 'a coal black man' a partly forgotten verse says, 'a big fellow' an old hobo once said. He claimed to have known him but was crying drunk on 'Dago Red', so I'm discounting everything he said. I have met very few who claim to have known him.

There was a giant yellow negro with only one arm who helped to put the Tennessee Central through the mountains between Nashville and Rockwood, Tennessee. His name was John Henry and his thumb was said to be as large as an ordinary man's wrist. He could pick up a length of the steel they were laying, straighten up, turn himself completely around, still holding the rail, and lower it back into place.[3]) I am not claiming this fellow as the original John Henry. He wasn't anything above the ordinary with a hammer.

This report shows more than a wide diffusion of the Henry tradition; it shows something of its character, and raises the question, Who was John Henry? with a possible answer in a "coal black man", a "big fellow", or a "giant yellow negro".

The account, however, of the "giant yellow negro" alone offers something definite for a test on this score, but he was a lifter, not

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[1]) See Appendix and Bibliography.
[2]) N. A. Brown, of the U. S. S. Pittsburgh.
[3]) Not an impossible task for a superman, provided the rail was a "60 or 70" not a "100 or 105", but this man would have difficulty in balancing.

a steel-driver. The large number of strong men, in one way or another connected with the Henry tradition, hardly justifies even considering this fellow as the original John Henry. He is more like the "strong man John Henry, colored", of Tallega, Kentucky, as characterized by common report. "This John Henry it was said carried three large hewn railroad ties at a time in loading freight cars. He also carried a barrel of coal oil, boxes of dry salt bacon and barrels of salt."[1]) The record fails to say how many arms this strong man had.

Newton Redwine reports another John Henry of that region, a smaller man in some respects:

John Henry the steel driving champion was a native of Alabama and from near Bessemer or Blackton. This is no doubt the man in question as he died when I was just a boy and I have heard my uncle tell of his exploits a number of times. The steel driver was between the ages of 45 and 50 years and weighed about 155 pounds. He was not a real black man, but more of a chocolate color. He was straight and well muscled.

For several years John Henry worked around the iron mining region of Alabama. Later he became a steel driver and worked on the Western & Atlantic, now the N. C. & St. L., also on the Memphis & Charleston, now the Southern from Memphis to Sallsbury, N. C. His fame as a steel driver grew each year and he was in great demand on every construction job and drove steel on practically every road under construction during his day. The Queen & Crescent was his last job.

He was well known to all the old contractors and when he had finished a job he would walk thru the mountains to another, if he had the time. He finally landed at the Kings Mountain tunnel on the route between Danville, Ky., and Oakdale, Tenn., where he worked until his death. He drove steel for four years for the Cincinnati Southern ...

John Henry drove steel with a ten pound sheep-nose hammer with a regular size switch handle four feet long. This handle was made slim from where the hammer fitted on to a few inches back where it reduced to one half inch in thickness, the width being five eights in this slim part. It was kept greased with tallow to keep it limber and flexible, so as not to jar the hands and arms.

He would stand from five and one half feet to six feet from his steel and strike with full length of his hammer. The handle was so limber that when it was held out straight the hammer would hang nearly half way down. He drove steel from his left shoulder and would make a stroke of more than nineteen and one half feet spending his power with all his might making the hammer travel with the speed of lightning. He would throw his hammer over his shoulder and nearly the full length of the handle would be down his back with the hammer against his legs just below his knees. He would drive ten long hours with a never turning stroke. ... John Henry could stand on two powder cans and drive a drill straight up equally as fast as he could drive it straight down -- with the

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[1]) The Beattyville Enterprise (a weekly), Beattyville, Ky., Jan. 4, 1929.

same long sweep and rapidity of the hammer. He could stand on a powder can with feet together, toes even and drive all day never missing a stroke. He was the steel driving champion of the country and his record has never been equalled. 23

There was a white man brought from some point near South Pittsburgh, Tennessee, to work in the Kings Mountain tunnel who was a good steel driver. I think his name was Duffin. They drove steel in the tunnel heading together. They were so far under the mountain that the air was bad and stale. John Henry thought the Tennessee man would drive his hole down first and became fatigued and fell. His last words were 'Give me a cool drink of water before I die'. This was before the completion of the tunnel. He was buried not far from the South end of the tunnel. My Uncle Solomon Archilus Knox worked with him for two and one half years. This is what I have personally heard from my uncle and other old men who worked there. The best I remember it was about 1880 when John Henry died . . [5])

At this point the account turns to the history of steam drills, with the statement, "At that time there were no steam drills ... not an air or steam drill dependable and servicable for nearly thirty years after John Henry's death" about 1880. Mr. Redwine should have examined Drinker's work on steam drills and tunnelling, [6]) published in 1878, for an account of the steam drill as a mechanical triumph long before that date, with its subsequent use in building tunnels in Kentucky. The line "Give me a cool drink of water before I die" is found in several versions of "John Henry", which is the chronicle of the drilling-contest between John Henry and the steam drill, and which is connected with a different tunnel as this study will show.

Although the greater part of this report, showing probably an adaptation or localization from the Henry tradition, with the heroic workman either real or imaginary as in the case of others already mentioned, seems nearer fiction than fact, [7]) Mr. Redwine has the support of a wide belief in a John Henry of that region. Mr. Washington, [8]) writing from Florida, says: "John Henry was a colored man, and I was told by my grandfather that he was born in an old log house out a little ways from Mobile, Alabama, and that is the state where he did most of his steel driving, also Tennessee." Mr. Miller, [9]) of West Virginia, adds: "My grandfather knew John Henry personally.

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[5]) Ibid., Feb. 1, 1929.

[6]) Henry S. Drinker. Tunnelling, Explosive Compounds, and Rock Drills. This work is referred to below as Tunnelling.

[7]) While Mr. Redwine's account of the steel-driver seems a little too much of the good thing, it is what might be called legitimate fiction, if not something better, and much nearer correct as a picture than the Paul Kroesen drawing of his hammer and manner of using it "made from descriptions of the weird contest given to Johnson by an eyewitness." No steel-driver ever handled his hammer in the style of this drawing. Welch Daily News, Welch, W. Va., Feb. 22, 1930. For another marvel of art, see the "Kewpie" artist's John Henry in the Cosmopolitan, Jan., 1931.

[8]) J. W. Washington, Fort Myers, Fla.

[9]) Earl Miller, Hamlin, W. Va.

24

He was a negro from Tennessee. The last time he heard of him he was a steel driver somewhere in Kentucky."

Another contributor, Mr. Wallace,[10]) testifies to the sort of experience that qualifies him to speak with authority on the Henry vogue:

I am a steam shovel operator or 'runner', and have heard steel drivers sing John Henry all my life, and there are probably lots of verses I never heard as it used to be that every new steel driving 'nigger' had a new verse to John Henry.

I never personally knew John Henry, but I have talked to lots of old timers who did. I have been told by some old Rail Road construction men that John Henry and John Hardy were the same man and by some others that they were not, but I believe that John Hardy was his real name. He actually worked on the C & O Ry. for Langhorn & Langhorn and was able to drive 9 feet of steel faster than the steam drill could in Big Bend Tunnel. Then later he was hanged in Welch, W. Va., for murdering a man. After shifting out the 'chaff' think I can assure you the above is correct.

I have heard the two songs sung mostly in the same section of the country that is, West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, seldom elsewhere except by men from one of the above states. I have worked all over the South, South West, and West, and have heard the John Henry song almost ever since I could remember, and it was an old song the first I ever remember of it . . .

This shift of the drilling-contest to Big Bend Tunnel satisfies the ballad account of the event, but the belief in Henry and Hardy as the same man starts something else. The report, however, is purely a popular one, and it seems that the Langhorn construction company had their first contract on the road near Big Bend Tunnel in 1894,[11]) about a quarter of a century too late for the origin of the tradition in the construction of the tunnel. Earl Smith,[12]) who contributes a version of "John Hardy", indicates that Mr. Wallace is not alone in identifying Henry as Hardy: "I think you will find John Hardy and Henry the same man, under different names."

Objections to this identification of John Henry are too numerous to be included in this work. A good example of them is that of Miss Hayes,[13]) of Kentucky: "I am telling you all I know about John Henry. He was a negro from the state of Virginia. He was not related to John Hardy. He could lift a four ton car lift so much that his feet would go in the ground up to his inkles. He was killed in the C. & O. tunnel." Miss Hayes has probably confused the steel-driver of Virginia with one of the lifters of Kentucky or Tennessee.

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[10]) C. J. Wallace, Charleston, W. Va.

[11]) G. L. Scott, Talcott, W. Va., states that he furnished the Langhorns timber for a construction job on the road near the east end of Big Bend in 1894.

[12]) Of Gates, W. Va.

[13]) Isabell Hayes, Langley, Ky.

An example equally typical is that of C. H. Board [14]) of Virginia: "John Henry was a black man. He was not related to John Hardy. Him and Milton Brooks was little related. He was from the state of South Carolina. He died driving steel."

The confusion of John Hardy with John Henry is one of the problems in the Henry tradition. How well he measures up to the popular character of John Henry can be easily shown.

Lee Holley, of Tazewell, Virginia, who claimed to be 67 years old when he made his report in 1925, offers a strong objection to such an identification, an objection with a kick:

> I've lived 'round here all my life. I've been acquainted with the camps in this section forty or fifty years. I remember seeing John Hardy pretty often, and know all about him.
>
> He was black and tall, and would weigh about 200 pounds, and was 27 or 8 when he was hung at Welch over in McDowell County. He was with a gang of gamblers 'round the camps. Harry Christian, Lewis Rhodes, Copper Boots, and Ben Red, and Jim Mason, and others besides were all about as bad as he was. They were all loafers and gamblers, and robbed the camps at night often after pay-day. Harry Christian was hung for killing Bill Crowe, and most of the gang got killed sooner or later.
>
> My Cousin Bob Holley drove steel with John Henry in Big Bend Tunnel. John Henry was the famous steel-driver there in building that tunnel. I heard Bob talk about him several times, but Bob's dead now. He's been dead ten years. I know John Hardy didn't drive steel in Big Bend Tunnel; he couldn't because he wasn't old enough when it was built, and he didn't work anyway. He got his living gambling and robbing 'round the camps.

That this account of Hardy is in the main correct is shown by newspaper records from that section on the occasion of his execution, January 19, 1894, for the "cold blooded" murder of Thomas Drews, also colored, at Shawnee Camp, near Eckman, McDowell County, West Virginia, early in 1893. His conviction followed on October 12th of that year. The hanging took place in sight of the jail in Welch, and his body was buried near the spot. [15]) Who Hardy was, or where he was from, is not known.

The real and popular personality of Hardy, as it appears in his documentary, testimonial, and ballad record, is that of an outlaw and robber, the Negro desperado around the construction camps of southern West Virginia near the close of the 19th century, and has very little in common with that of Henry, the heroic workman. Their confusion in oral tradition is hardly a phenomenal matter; the surprising thing

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[14]) Montea, Va.

[15]) Wheeling Daily Register, Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 13, 1893; Jan. 20, 1894. The later reference explains why Hardy killed Drews, in a disagreement over a crap game: "Both were enamored of the same woman, and the latter proving the more favored lover, incurred Hardy's envy, who seized the pretext of falling out in the game to work vengeance on Drews."

is that for a while ballad scholars found occasion to add to this confusion.[16])

Mr. Redwine described his John Henry as "not a real black man, but more of a chocolate color", and introduced a white man, a superior steel-driver from Tennessee, who, he thinks, was named Duffin, and who, with the aid of bad and stale air, forced his champion to the wall. This event, real or fictitious, may have some bearing on the popular belief in John Henry as a white man from Kentucky or Tennessee.

Two reports from North Carolina are definite on the question of Henry's color. Mr. Kelley[17]) writes: "I have heard old men talk about John Henry that knew him. He was born in Tennessee and was a white man. His steel driving buddy was Ben Turner.[18]). But where he worked I don't know." Mr. Webster[19]) adds: "The contest between John Henry and the steam drill took place in the Big Ben Tunnel on the C. & O. Railway ... He bet a thousand dollars that he could out do the drill, and did so, but died shortly afterwards. He was a white man." Mr. Webster fails to say where Henry got the thousand dollars.

Hazel Underwood,[20]) of West Virginia, reports the Henry tradition in her family:

> My father has often told me about John Henry. He says he was a man of about 35 years old, strong built, had muscles was supposed to be like iron. He drilled holes in the big rock cliffs with his strong arms and his two hammers one in each hand day after day.
>
> There is no mistake about his being a white man. Papa says his last drive was made in the big ben tunnel on New River. Father says he has heard when he was a boy all about him and learned the song when he worked in the log camps, but had forgotten it till he heard part of it on a Record we have, it is just a part of it. Mamma and Pa says they can't believe this is all.

This account has a popular ring, and somewhat less authority than that of Mr. Gregory,[21]) another West Virginian, who reports the "old original song of John Henry", and who claims that John Henry was a white man.

Mr. Roberts,[22]) of the same state, along with his account of Henry as a white man, represents him as doing something besides work:

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[16]) See "John Hardy", Philological Quarterly, IX, 260 ff.

[17]) J. H. Kelley, Harrisburg, N. C.

[18]) Is it at all probable that Joe Turner had something to do with the belief in Henry as a white man and his connections in Tennessee? See Odum and Johnson. The Negro and His Songs, p. 206 ff. W. C. Handy. Blues: An Anthology, p. 40 ff. (I fail to find that an "ideal is hinted at" in Odum and Johnson's text of "Joe Turner", or Handy's idea that in this text "Joe is supposed to have been a convict himself").

[19]) H. Webster, State Hospital, Morganton, N. C.

[20]) Huntersville, W. Va.

[21]) V. E. Gregory, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

[22]) George W. Roberts, Sweetland, W. Va.

John Henry was a white man, an American born English by birth. His weight - - 240 lbs at the age of 22. The muscle of his arm was 22 inches around. Many times have I seen his woman but never John Henry personal, but have worked in the mines for years with the old Welshman that sharpened tools for him by the name of Billy McKenzie.

John Henry was a native of Virginia and did actually kill himself driving steel at the Big Ben tunnel on the C. & O. R. R. in the year of 1873. He was in the penitentiary for killing a man and the contractors got him out to drive steel. He was no relative of John Hardy at all.

I am near 70 years old, and I was a miner for a great many years in the Kanawha Valley at Paint Creek after the C. & O. was built, and that is the place I used to see John Henry's wife a little ugly freckle face woman. She would come around the mines where the work was going on.

Mr. McKenzie's widow [23]) says she does not remember that her husband ever spoke of Henry or his wife in her presence. The "freckle face woman", however, will appear several times in a later chapter. She has value here only as a possible influence in the belief in John Henry as a white man and a criminal.

The same belief is reported from Virginia and Kentucky. Harvy Hicks [24]) writes:

John Henry was a white man they say. He was a prisoner when he was driving steel in the Big Ben tunnel at that time, and he said he could beat the steam drill down. They told him if he did why they would set him free. It is said that he beat the steam drill about two minutes and a half and fell dead. He drove with a hammer in each hand, nine pound sledge . . .

This is a popular report, and shows for Virginia more than an individual belief in Henry as a white man with a past. That from Kentucky is somewhat different. Mr. Barnett, [25]) who claims a career "working on railroads and 'round the coal-mines", says that he has always heard that either Henry or Hardy was a white man and a "ruff'an" from Kentucky.

Mr. Thompson, [26]) a merchant, with contacts of another sort, has heard of Henry and Hardy in Tennessee:

Having been born and raised in the state of Tennessee and, therefore, in sufficiently close contact with the negro element there, it happens that I have heard these songs practically all of my life, until I left that section six years ago . . .

I have been informed that John Henry was a true character all right, a nigger whose vocation was driving steel during the construction of a tunnel on one of the southern railways. I heard the John Henry song long before I did John Hardy. It has always been my understanding that John Hardy was a western character, probably a train robber.

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[23]) An elderly woman who divides her time among her children of Hinton and Montgomery, W. Va.
[24]) Evington, Va.
[25]) W. P. Barnett, of Magoffin County Ky.
[26]) B. E. Thompson, Sutton, W. Va.

He undoubtedly understands the "western character" to be a white man.

Two other contributors, both of West Virginia, characterize Hardy as a white man. Mr. Peters [27]) "can not say" about Henry, but explains that Hardy was a "white man lived in Logan County this state. He killed a man by the name of Vance [28]) over on the Big Sandy River in a log camp." Dr. Cox obtained from a certain Mr. Walker a "current report" in southern West Virginia "concerning a John Hardy who was a tough, a soloon frequenter, an outlaw, and a sort of thug. He [Mr. Walker] t h i n k s this John Hardy was a white man, and is s u r e that he was hanged later on for killing a man in McDowell County or across the line in Virginia." [29])

In a few of their songs, Henry and Hardy seem to have rather close white companions. A blue-eyed woman is the apparent cause of the outlaw's troubles in two versions of "John Hardy", one from North Carolina and one from Kentucky, [30]) and the steel-driver takes leave of his blue-eyed "baby" in a Virginia text of the John Henry song. [31]) Although questions may be raised about this motif as showing a belief in the two ballad figures as white men, it falls in line with the testimonial data, and this angle to the Henry tradition cannot be ignored.

The race of Hardy has been determined by his identification as the Negro desperado hanged in 1894 in southern West Virginia, but his confusion in oral tradition with John Henry and a notorious white outlaw of that section must have an important bearing on the belief in Henry as a white man, and possibly as a criminal also. Hardy might well be the contact man. Mr. Walker reported a white John Hardy, a "sort of thug", hanged for murder in McDowell County or across the line in Virginia, and Mr. Barnett has always heard that either Henry or Hardy was a "ruff'an" from Kentucky. The identification of this man is important.

In 1925 Ben Hardin was featured in a newspaper of that locality. Mr. Morton, a small boy at the time of Hardin's execution, writes:

> Ben Harden -- many of our older citizens will remember this distinguished criminal who was hanged at Tazewell Courthouse on June 28, 1867, for the murder of Sanderlin Burns, who also was a Kentuckian and horse drover. Harden proposed to Burns to swap saddles, in a back alley, and asked Burns how he would trade. Burns replied to him and said 'I will swap just as though you had none' ... Harden left the scene and went to some one and got a double-barrelled shotgun ... and shot Burns. Harden was indicted at the May term of the circuit court, 1867, and was

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[27]) J. M. Peters, Huntington, W. Va.

[28]) This may be a confusion with Abner Vance, a Baptist preacher, who killed Lewis Horton in that region. See F o l k - S o n g s o f t h e S o u t h , p. 207.

[29]) J o u r n a l , XXXII, 510.

[30]) Appendix, p. 137. Campbell and Sharp. E n g l i s h F o l k S o n g s f r o m t h e S o u t h e r n A p p a l a c h i a n s , p. 257.

[31]) Appendix, p. 99.

tried ... The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. After sentencing Harden to be hanged the Judge asked him if he had anything to say, and he responded, 'If this had been done years ago it would have been better for me and many others.' [32])

Two of these older citizens have made pertinent statements about the outlaw. John McCall, who "saw it all and remembers it as if it were yesterday", says his name was John Benjamin Harden. Samuel Spurgeon, who was also at the hanging, states that he "went by the name of Ben Hardin usually", and was "sometimes called John Hardin, too, and even John Hardy or Ben Hardy, but his real name was John Benjamin Harding." He remembers that Ben Hardin was a bad man, "with long black hair and a wicked look". Mr. McCall remembers that the murderer rode to "his hanging in a wagon seated on his coffin". They agree that the rope broke, and that he had to be hanged the second time. Their account of his spectacular taking-off suggests that one might expect him to gain high place in the popular repertories of that locality.

This testimony has the support of the Clinch Valley News and other newspapers of the time: [33]) One correspondent became rather dramatic in his "Execution of a Hardened Wretch". [34]) If anything further was necessary to put Ben Hardin on the honor roll of his profession, it followed in his ten-thousand-word "Autobiography", with a caption notable for its omissions:

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin Harden, executed at Tazewell C[ourt] H[ouse] on the 28th of June, 1867, for the murder of Dennison T. Burns, the 16th day of April, 1867. Startling Confessions! Boys, take warning! Fate of the spoiled child, the disobedient boy, the roguish lad, the stealthy house-robber, the dashing highwayman, the daring horse-thief, the twofaced friend, the unprincipled intriguer, the successful swindler, the heartless seducer of female innocence, and the cold-blooded assassin of seven defenceless and unsuspecting victims. [35])

Nothing is known of Ben Hardin, except the events connected with his execution. [36]) He claimed to be from Kentucky, and was hanged for killing a man, not in McDowell County, but across the line in Virginia. That he is the white man in the Henry tradition seems almost certain, although others, such as the white steel-driver from Tennessee and the "freckle face woman", cannot be entirely ignored, certainly not in their respective localities. Yet, in the nature of things, even an approximate measure of such influences cannot be made.

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[32]) Bluefield Daily Dispatch, Bluefield, W. Va., Aug. 30, 1925.
[33]) Lynchburg Daily Virginian, Lynchburg, Va., April 27, 1867.
[34]) Ibid., July 4, 1867.
[35]) Clinch Valley News, Tazewell, Va. Copy of extra edition in 1867, and subsequent to the execution of Ben Hardin, now in my possession. Its files begin around 1900.
[36]) For the court records of Hardin's trial, see John Newton Harmon. Annals of Tazewel, County, II. Fuller account of the outlaw may be found in my article: "Ben Hardin", Philological Quarterly, X, 27 ff.

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The age of the Henry tradition, as noted in testimonial and documentary accounts, should prepare the way toward its place of origin. But, unfortunately, several of the reports are too indefinite on that score.

The following is an example:

I was reared in South Carolina, and there I often heard the colored men, while driving with heavy hammers, sing this much of the song in question, which seemed to be the chorus:

'This is the hammer that killed John Henry, but can't kill me;
This is the hammer that killed John Henry, but can't kill me.'

I heard one man relate to another that John Henry was a negro convict (possibly of the state of South Carolina) who at that time was hired out to a quarry company, that John was such a powerful man a bet was made on him and a race was staged with the steam drill. The drill beat him ten inches in a day, and that night John Henry died.[37])

Another of the sort comes from Mrs. Susan Bennett:[38])

Wish to say that there was a man of that day in making the big ben tunnell that whipped the steam drill down. I live in about 25 miles of the tunnell and it is as true as the song Pearl Bryant or Jessie James or George Alley and you may write to the Bureau of Information and get the History of John Henry and his captains name. We have 3 records of Johnie so I will close and listen at him drive that steel on down.

In this case, however, I was able to visit the contributor at her home a few months after receiving her report by letter, and found that she had known about John Henry from the time Big Bend Tunnel was built, between 1870 and 1872.

Elizabeth Frost Reed, of West Virginia University, reports the following lines heard sung, in 1909, by Lewis Lytle, a Negro on her father's farm at Flat Creek, Tennessee:

When the women of the West hear of John Henry's death,
They will cry their fool selves to death.

In 1900 or 1901, Mr. Bonham heard of John Henry from a grade foreman by the name of Surface, as truthful a man as he ever met, when they were double-tracking the Norfolk and Western Railroad. "According to Surface, John Henry died after he had won the famous contest wielding two 18-pound hammers, one in each hand."[39])

Several others first heard of the steel-driver about this date. Mrs. McKnight,[40]) of Kentucky, writes: "My husband was very much interested in 'John Henry' ... I don't know where he got the John Henry

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[37]) J. T. Baker, clergyman, in The Bradford News Journal, East Bradford, Va., Jan. 10, 1929.

[38]) Landisburg, W. Va.

[39]) The Bradford News Journal, East Bradford, Va., Jan 10, 1929.

[40]) J. L. McKnight, Conway, Ky., sent a text of "John Henry" a few days before he was killed in a railroad accident, and Mrs. McKnight answered the second letter to her husband.

song, or how long he had known it. He knew this song when I first met him, more than 30 years ago." Burl McPeak,[41]) another Kentuckian, says, "My father learnt it from a colored man on the C and O road about 1904." Mr. Murphy,[42]) of Virginia, fails to know "anything definite about John Henry, but about the year 1900 I first began to hear the song long before talking machine Records was known in this section." Mr. Barnett,[43]) of West Virginia, says, "It has been 31 years since I learned the song of John Henry." Mr. Boone,[44]) whose "life, up to 1925, was spent in the West Virginia hills over in the Greenbrier Valley", sends from Pennsylvania a text each of the Henry and Hardy ballads, and states: "I do not remember just the exact date I first heard the songs, but it was the colored men working on the construction of the Greenbrier Division of the C. and O. Ry. I first heard sing the songs. It seems to me it was about 1899 or 1900." Two versions of "John Hardy" in which lines of "John Henry" appear go back to this period.[45]) These reports indicate a wide circulation of the Henry tradition by 1900, and point to an earlier date of origin.

The same situation obtains for the tradition in the last quarter of the 19th century:

Joe Wilson, Norfolk, Va. In 1890 people around town here were singing the song about John Henry, a hammering man, hammering in the mountains four long years. I was working in an oyster house here for Fenerstein and Company, and I am 66 years old and still working for them people.

Tishie Fitzwater, Hosterman, W. Va. I have heard of him for 40 years. A old colored man told me that John Henry was a colored man, and he was a cousin to him. I have never heard any one say that John Henry was any relation to John Hardy, and I am sixty years old.

R. H. Pope, Clinton, N. C. Well I know of the song 41 years. I went to Georgia 1888, and that song was being sung by all the young men. I am now 60 years of age. In those days I knew all the words of that song but can't remember all of them now, but it was that he would die with the hammer in his hand before he would be beat driving steel ... He was a negro and a real man so I was told.

O. W. Evans, Editor of The New Castle Record, New Castle, Va. The writer is a man in the 50's, but as a boy and young man I can distinctly remember the song, the tune, and some of the verses, which as I remember were quite a number ... The negroes of forty years ago regarded him [John Henry] as a hero of their race.

W. C. Handy, New York City. As a composer of Negro music I seized on a melody that I used to hear when I was a little boy, at

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41) Fords Branch, Ky.
42) R. D. Murphy, N. P., Council, Va.
43) W. S. Barnett, Holstead, W. Va.
44) D. O. Boone, Knox, Pa.
45) Folk-Songs of the South, p. 178. The West Virginia Review (Aug. 1931), p. 368.

Muscle Shoals Canal in Alabama. I printed this under the title JOHN HENRY as I had heard it.[46])

Andy Anderson, Huntington, W. Va. About 45 years ago I was in Morgan County, Kentucky. There was a bunch of darkeys came from Miss. to assist in driving a tunnel at the head of Big Caney Creek for the O & K. R R Company. There is where I first heard this song, as they would sing it to keep time with their hammers.

Jesse Sparks, Ethel, W. Va. My father is 87, and he says it has been a song ever since he can remember. He says he has heard his grandpa sing it ... I am 37 years old myself, and I have been knowing it ever since I have been big enough to sing.

This testimony shows the Henry tradition widely diffused as early as the eighties, the latest date possible for its origin. The introduction of the steam drill into railroad construction in this country soon after the Civil War marks the date before which it could hardly have started. It must, then, belong to the period between these two dates.

Several of the reports connect the tradition with Big Bend Tunnel on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. George Johnston[47]) adds a fuller account:

John Henry was the best driver on the C. & O. He was the only man that could drive steel with two hammers, one in each hand. People came from miles to see him use the two 20 lb. hammers he had to drive with.

It seems that two different contracting companies were meeting in what is called Big Bend Tunnel. One had a steam drill while the other used man power to drill with. When they met everyone claimed that the steam drill was the greatest of all inventions, but John Henry made the remark he could sink more steel than the steam drill could. The contest was arranged and the money put up. John Henry was to get $100.00 to beat the steam drill.

John Henry had his foreman to buy him 2 new 20 lb. hammers for the race. They were to drill 35 minutes. When the contest was over John Henry had drilled two holes 7 feet deep, which made him a total of 14 feet. The steam drill drilled one hole 9 feet which of course gave the prize to John.

When the race was over John Henry retired to his home and told his wife that he had a queer feeling in his head. She prepared his supper and immediately after eating he went to bed. The next morning when his wife awoke and told him it was time to get up she received no answer, and she immediately discovered that he had passed to the other world some time in the night. His body was examined by two Drs. from Baltimore and it was found his death was caused from a bursted blood vessel in his head.

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[46]) Excerpt from a personal letter. Mr. Handy was born Nov. 16, 1873. Blues: An Anthology, p. 18.

[47]) Lindside, W. Va.

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The information I have given you came to me through my grandfather. He was present at Big Bend Tunnel when the contest was staged, at that time he was time keeper for the crew that John Henry was working with. I have often heard him say that his watch started and stopped the race. There was present all of the R. R. officials of the C. & O. The crowd that remained through the race at the mouth of the tunnel was estimated at 2500 a large crowd for pioneer days.

John Henry was born in Tenn. and at the time of his death he was 34 years old. He was a man weighing from 200 to 225 1bs. He was a full blooded negro, his father having come from Africa. He often said his strength was brought from Africa. He was not any relation of John Hardy as far as I know ...

Considerable verisimilitude hardly characterizes all these details. The presence of all the officials of the road, with a crowd of 2500, at the drilling-contest had better be accepted as fictional embroidery. But the purpose of this study is not to emphasize the tissue of falsehood in popular reports. Big Bend Tunnel was built by a single contractor, as will be shown later, but the "two different contracting companies" may well represent two crews of workmen. The steel-driver may have had "2 new 20 1b. hammers" and used only one at a time. Two doctors from Baltimore may have examined Henry's body, but that they came to the tunnel for that purpose seems impossible of belief. His John Henry suggests the frontier strong man, who does impossible things.

Pete Sanders, an old Negro, who claims to be from Franklin County, Virginia, has lived for many years in Fayetteville, West Virginia, where with tales old and new he often entertains youngsters about town. Long years ago he learned an Indian war whoop, and occasionally, early in the morning or late in the evening, gives it from a nearby mountaintop. He says of Henry's connection with Big Bend:

I didn't drive no steel in Big Bend Tunnel. Uncle Jeff and Eleck did though, and saw John Henry drive against the steam drill, and died in five minutes after he beat it down. They said John Henry told the shaker how to shake the steel to keep it from getting fastened in the rock so he couldn't turn it. He told him to give it two quick shakes and a twist to make the rock dust fly out of the hole.

I heard the song of John Henry driving steel against the steam drill when they were still working on the C and O. It was all amongst us when I was a boy. When we boys there in Franklin County worked on the extension of the railroad up in Pocahontas County, we carried the song with us there and carried it back home when we went. It was the leading railroad song, but they've tore it all to pieces and sp'iled it. I heard it the other day on the machine, but it ain't noways like it used to be.

They said Big Bend Tunnel was a terrible-like place, and many men got killed there. Mules too. And they throwed the dead men and mules and all together there in that fill between the mountains. Uncle Jeff and me come in West Virginia together when I first come, and he showed me the big fill and said they tried to put Henry there first, but didn't do it

and put him somewhere else. The dumper at the fill was the man that knowed all about it. Uncle Jeff said one day a long slab of rock that hung down from the roof fell and killed seven men. He said he seen 'em killed, and they put 'em in the fills. The people in the tunnel didn't know where they went.

Mr. Sanders, obviously, would not be the first to object to the popular account of building the Chesapeake and Ohio:

Kill a mule, buy another,
Kill a nigger, hire another.

The "extension of the railroad up in Pocahontas County", West Virginia, where he and others carried "John Henry" as the leading railroad song, is the "Greenbrier Division of the C. and O. Ry.", where Mr. Boone first heard Negroes singing it around 1900.

Erskine Phillips, editor and publisher of The Fayette Democrat, at Fayetteville, West Virginia, is well acquainted with the southern part of the state from several years' experience as a surveyor. He says:

I had a very interesting conversation with an old negro here sometime ago. He, Ben Turner, and his brother, Sam, are natives of Old Virginia, and migrated to West Virginia, along with hundreds of other 'niggers', to work on the C. and O. Railway. They both worked in the Big Bend Tunnel. John Henry was a powerful man, large all over, but possessed of the 'most powerful arms and shoulders I ever saw. Why! man', he said, 'his arms was as big as a stovepipe. Never seen such arms on a man in my life.'

'Could he drive steel the way the song says he could?' I asked. 'Law -- I reckon he could. Make that steel ring just like a bell. But look here. John Hardy (he spoke of him both as Henry and Hardy) had a steel turner almost as big and strong as he was. Just the same as two men driving. That man could turn the steel and hit almost as hard as John Henry could. John Henry wouldn't let no one else turn steel for him.'

The John Henry song was not the one that was generally sung by the steel-drivers. If some one were hurt or killed in the tunnel, the foreman would yell, 'All right, boys, let's hear "John Henry"'. The song had the effect of sobering the workmen, taking their minds off the accident and restoring order.

Not a single detail of this report even slightly suggests that Ben Turner ever saw either John Henry or Big Bend Tunnel. The foreman would hardly call for the ballad record of Henry's death in the tunnel as a means of "sobering the workmen" when some one else got killed there, certainly not in a tunnel without an official casualty list. Moreover, the Negroes of the community are still afraid of Henry's ghost at the tunnel, et cetera. Mr. Phillips gives this as a characteristic confusion of Henry and Hardy, but explains that they are often regarded as two different men.

Miss Elsie Scott, [*]) of that section, reports her father without mentioning Hardy: "Dad worked with John Henry four years at Big

[*]) Beards Fork, W. Va.

Bend Tunnel. He was a Negro and left a son. Dad says he was the hero of the world. Dad knows a lot about old timers." The tunnel was built in two and a half years.

Sam Williams[49]) was not at Big Bend, but says that he heard of John Henry while the tunnel was under contruction:

I was working at Hawk's Nest, that tunnel there on the C and O, when John Henry drove steel with the steam drill at Big Bend further down below there. People coming down the line told us about it. They said John Henry and Bill Dooland drove steel together. That's what they said. I never did see old John, but they said he was a big powerful man.

I am 84. I turned steel for the steel-drivers. When I worked at Hawk's Nest, I worked for Major Randolph.

Mike Smith,[50]) seventy-three years of age when he made his report in 1925, had a somewhat wider range of experiences on the road, and thinks there was such a man:

I worked in putting the C and O from White Sulphur Springs to the big cut below Kanawha Falls. I worked a while with the surveyors, but later drove steel in tunnels. I didn't see John Henry. I think there was such a man, and he drove steel. I heard about him when they were working on the Big Bend Tunnel. They talked about him driving steel there, and getting killed.

B. O. Jones,[51]) a farmer of Albemarle County, Virginia, says that he worked the public roads in his neighborhood with "statute labor" during the seventies and eighties, and that at various times had in his gang Negroes who had worked on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Among them he mentions Tom Hill, Tom Carey, and Ned Johnson, and says that these Negroes were continually singing "John Henry". He remembers that Tom Hill often talked of knowing Henry at Big Bend, where he claimed the steel-driver died from sickness about the time the tunnel was completed. Mr. Jones says that he worked no statute labor after 1889.

Mr. Logan,[52]) a native of Wythe County, Virginia, says that he went to Big Bend Tunnel to work when he was "between 16 and 17 years old":

I drove steel for Blevins four months at the east end of Big Bend Tunnel before they got the shafts in. Blevins was a foreman there, and he went from Smyth County right by Wythe.

I remember seeing Mike Breen and Jeff Davis. I didn't see John Henry. I didn't hear anything said about a great steel-driver.

When I went back to Ivanhoe, people would come in there from the tunnel and talk about John Henry driving steel with a steam drill. They had a song on it, and it was a whole lot longer than the John Henry song they sing now.

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[49]) Bluefield, W. Va.
[50]) Hinton, W. Va.
[51]) Ivy, Va.
[52]) J. M. Logan, Pownell, W. Va.

36

I heard the song often before Big Bend Tunnel was finished. Mike Breen and Jeff Davis were very conspicuous among the workmen at Big Bend Tunnel. A full account of its construction should mention them on the first page. They taught the Negroes there how to do four days' work in one day.

W. M. Coleman,[53]) who was retired by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in 1926 and put on the pension list, says that he was born in Bedford County, Virginia, and soon after the "C and O was completed started to work a track force on a section of the James River", and has worked at different places all along the line in Virginia and West Virginia:

Dick Deans, and Aaron Bailey, and Anthony Jones worked on my first crew, and off and on for a long time afterwards. They were big strapping Negroes from Campbell County, Va. They were always singing when they worked, and 'John Henry' was their best song, they liked it the best.

They worked in Big Bend Tunnel, and all of them said they'd seen John Henry drive. Dick Deans said he saw John Henry drive against the steam drill, but I don't recall anything he said about his death. They said John Henry was the most powerful man they'd ever seen, rawbony, and as black as he could be.

These Negroes are all three dead. Dick Deans was working for me at the time when he got killed on the railroad track.

A large number of these reports connect the Henry tradition with the Chesapeake and Ohio, and all but two of them place the steel-driver in the construction of Big Bend Tunnel, built between 1870 and 1872. Some of these witnesses have been employed at one time or another on the road, but all of them testify to hearing elsewhere of John Henry, not at the tunnel. The four following reports were made by men who have long service records with the railroad, two of them being employees of the company now and one on the pension list, and who testify to hearing the tradition in the immediate Big Bend community.

Cal Evans,[54]) who cooked for railroad people around the tunnel off and on for forty or fifty years, and who had an opportunity, therefore, to learn its early history, states that he heard the reports of Henry's connections there when he first moved into the neighborhood, and has heard them ever since.

E. S. Scott[55]) states that he works for the "C and O people, and started with them in 1879". He says:

I helped to clear out a wreck in Big Bend Tunnel in 1881. I heard the people there at the work then sing John Henry that beat the steam drill down, and I've heard it ever since then on the road, but I don't sing it and never did.

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[53]) Mt. Carbon, W. Va.
[54]) Talcott, W. Va. See p. 13 ff.
[55]) Montgomery, W. Va.

I remember how they talked about John Henry being such a great steel-driver, and I won't more'n about twenty years old then.

Big Bend was first arched with timber, and John Hedrick states, in the next chapter, that he had charge of that work. Falls in the tunnel caused several wrecks the first few years after its construction, and resulted in the timber being replaced by a brick arch, beginning in the early eighties. Cal Evans, already mentioned, cooked for the workmen on this job. Tom Wood [56]) says that he has lived at Big Bend fifty years, worked thirteen years helping to arch the tunnel with brick, and is now on the pension list of the road. He adds, "When we were arching the tunnel along in the eighties, holes in the heading were pointed to as those John Henry drilled. People here in the neighborhood still talk about hearing John Henry driving steel in the tunnel. Any noise in the tunnel, like dropping water, is liable even now to scare some of them."

J. E. Huston is a telegraph operator for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and is stationed at Big Bend where he has worked for the company since 1893. He was living there when the brick arch was begun, and remembers that the workmen often spoke of the holes in the heading as being drilled by John Henry:

When I was a boy, we boys here in the neighborhood used to play steel-driving. We used sticks for hammers and sang as we played, 'This old hammer killed John Henry', and so on.

The John Henry story has been in our family ever since we moved to Big Bend Tunnel in 1881. My father worked for the C and O Railroad, and they moved him to Talcott in 1881. After we moved here I heard him talk with the people around the tunnel time and again about the contest John Henry had with the steam drill.

My mother had two old Negro house servants, a man and his wife, who quite often spoke of the steel-driver. They were certain that he was buried in the big fill at the east end of the tunnel.

Obviously the old Negroes are the best chroniclers of the Henry tradition. Like the exempla of the faithful, their tales are first-hand and have the force of reality. That of William Lawson [57]) is characterized by marvels that hardly need excite distrust. He reports his age as eighty-five and the place of his birth as Laudin County, Virginia, where his mother, 106 years old, still lives. During the Civil War he was on both sides, first with the Confederacy and then with the Union, but regards himself first of all as a farmer:

I was living on A. S. Massey's place up Falling Spring Valley when I went to Big Bend Tunnel in the spring. My brother Armstead was already there. I went to him there and stayed 'til time to cut corn in the fall. It was the year they put the hole through.

Armstead was along with John Christian and John Turner in the heading, and I drove steel under Armstead. He showed me where to drive. We were driving from the east end.

[56]) Talcott, W. Va.
[57]) Charleston, W. Va.

38

When we met a dispute arose between the two sides about who was the first man to drive a light hole through. My brother said he did, and they fussed about it all that evening. Next morning when we started working again they started the dispute again. My brother and Will Christian (Will was from the other side) shot each other dead. Armstead said, 'Your gun ain't no bigger than mine', and they both fired about the same time. Will Christian hit my brother right plumb in the heart, and my brother hit him a little on the side further toward the middle of his breast. Both of them were dead in five minutes after the guns cracked.

I was the first to get to Armstead, and turned him over. He fell on his face. Then C. R. Mason come. They buried him on the mountainside in a government graveyard.

When the hole was put through there was a great deal of whiskey in the tunnel, and that's what started all the fuss. They fussed over who put the crowbar through first, but it was the drill.

The hole had been put through three or four months when John Henry was killed. He was the best steel-driver I ever saw. He was short and brown-skinned, and had a wife that was a bright colored woman. He was 35 or 36, and weighed 150 pounds.

When I went there they had a steam drill in the tunnel at the east end. They piped the steam in. They had a little coffee-pot engine on the outside. They didn't use it in the heading, but on the bench and on the sides.

John Henry drove steel with the steam drill one day, and beat it down, but got too hot and died. He fell out right at the mouth of the tunnel They put a bucket of cold water on him.

His wife come to the tunnel that day, and they said she carried his body away, I don't know. I never saw anybody buried at the tunnel except my brother. They said they shipped some of them away, but I didn't see anybody shipped away. I don't know where they buried Will Christian. They didn't bury him with Armstead.

The time John Henry killed his self was his own fault, 'cause he bet the man with the steam drill he could beat him down. John Henry never let no man beat him down, but the steam drill won't no good nohow.

John Henry was always singing or mumbling something when he was whipping steel. He would sing over and over the same thing sometimes. He'd sing

'My old hammer ringing in the mountains,
Nothing but my hammer falling down.'

A colored boy 'round there added on and made up the John Henry song after he got killed, and all the muckers sung it.

C. R. Mason was the boss man at the tunnel. He was a good-hearted old man, but he was a tough man. He'd spit on you all the time he was talking to you. His son was named Clay Mason.

The historical residuum of this first-hand report is certainly not very considerable. C. R. Mason built Lewis Tunnel [58]) not Big Bend. The two are on the same road, fifty or sixty miles apart, and were

[58]) Tunnelling, p. 962 ff.

JOHN HENRY ON THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY

A factual basis for the Henry tradition on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia required the employment of hand labor and machinery together, if not continuously at least on occasion, in its construction from 1870 to 1873. If rock-drilling on the road was done altogether by hand drills or altogether by steam drills, no chance for a conflict between the two kinds of work obtained, and the tradition can have no real basis there. That the opportunity, however, for such a conflict did actually exist has more than legendary support.

In the second half of the 19th century hand labor was employed widely in tunnelling, and in some cases the hand drill was used exclusively.[1]) Steam drills came into fairly general use in the third quarter of the century, particularly in heavy tunnelling, both in Europe and America. On the Mt. Cenis Tunnel they were put "to work in full during 1861", and remained to the completion of the tunnel ten years later.[2]) Their next successful use was in the Hoosac Tunnel, where the Burleigh drills were introduced in 1866.[3]) In 1870 they were introduced into the Nesquehoning Tunnel, with marked success.[4]) From 1872 to 1875 the Ingersoll drills were employed with the Burleigh compressors successfully in building the Musconetcong Tunnel.[5])

About this date hand drills and steam drills were brought together on several lines. Notable among these was the Cincinnati Southern, with twenty-six important tunnels. In some of them hand drills were used in the heading, and in others on the bench, supplemented by steam drills.[6]) In actual practice, of course, the two types of drilling were employed together wherever the steam drill was tried out in tunnelling during its period of development, a half-century or more.

Their use together on the Chesapeake and Ohio, at some time between 1870 and 1873, is shown by the testimony of L. W. Hill, a soldier of the Confederacy, who is better known as "Dad" among railroad people around Hinton, West Virginia, where he was living when he made his report in September, 1925:

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[1]) Port Henry Tunnel on the New York and Canada, 1874—76, and Lick Log Tunnel on the Western North Carolina Railway, 1870, were built by hand labor. Tunnelling, pp. 976, 982. In Mount Wood and Top Mill tunnels, built in 1889, "all drilling was done by hand". Journal of the Western Society of Engineers, II (1897), 49.

[2]) Tunnelling, p. 130.

[3]) Ibid., p. 165 ff.

[4]) Ibid., pp. 165, 974.

[5]) Henry S. Drinker, resident engineer of the Musconetcong Tunnel. The Railroad Gazette, VII (June 5, 1875), 228 ff.

[6]) Tunnelling, p. 966 ff.

44

I was conductor 35 years on a freight train on the C and O Railroad between Hinton and Clifton Forge. I am now retired and on the pension list of the C and O.

I got one of my eyes hurt by a piece of rock flying in it when I was helping to build Lewis Tunnel, which is not far from Big Bend Tunnel, just above here on the C and O Railroad. I have been troubled with my eyes ever since, but I lost the sight of my best eye first, and now I can hardly see.

A steam drill was used for a while in building Lewis Tunnel, and I ran the stationary engine that furnished steam for it. The drill could be used on a bench only, and was not a success there, and it gave way to the hand drills. Later I ran the stationary engine for lifting rocks in the shaft and pumping water.

In one way or another many people were killed in building Lewis Tunnel: many were killed from careless blasting. There was a graveyard built there along with the tunnel, and one in Big Bend Tunnel too.

Bob Jones was the best steel-driver in Lewis Tunnel, but not much better than some of the others in there with him. They usually sang a song they had composed on their work, or the foremen, or some 'loose' women around the camps. They called one of them Liza Dooley, and made a song on her.

This report of the hand drill as the important tool at Lewis Tunnel puts the type of drilling there in line with that employed generally on the road. A newspaper of the state gives "from Big Sandy to White Sulphur, a distance of at least 200 miles, the clink of the drill-hammer ... heard from early in the morn to eve." [7]) The published official records of the road make no exception to the general use of hand labor in that work. [8])

Mr. Hill's connection with machine-drilling on the road is highly significant. With the steam drill established in tunnelling by 1870, and the general airing of its marvels in engineering journals and local newspapers, [9]) those responsible for the extension of the Chesapeake and Ohio across West Virginia could not escape giving it a trial. The belief of Shanley, the contractor of Hoosac Tunnel, that the expense of hand labor there would have been "fully three times the cost of machine-drilling", [10]) and Hoosac Tunnel was well on toward completion by 1870, could not be ignored by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway whose bonds were being sold on Wall Street. [11]) Their report indicates full use of all up-to-date methods:

Beyond the great want of trained mechanical labor at that time in the Southern States, the tunnel experience upon the work of the several lines consolidated into the Chesapeake and Ohio cannot be said to have departed

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[7]) Wheeling Intelligencer, Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 3, 1871.
[8]) Tunnelling.
[9]) Wheeling Intelligencer, Dec. 30, 1870. Lynchburg Daily Virginian, Sept. 22, 1871.
[10]) Tunnelling, p. 244.
[11]) The Weekly Register, Point Pleasant, W. Va., March 3, 1870.

materially from the routine of construction of other first-class mountain roads of the same period. [12])

Everything favored the introduction of steam drills on the road between 1870 and 1873. Through the development of the compressor system at Mt. Cenis Tunnel, their successful use in tunnelling had been noted in Europe for nine years. They had been used with marked success for four years in the Hoosac Tunnel of Massachusetts, and had just been introduced with great promise into the Nesquehoning Tunnel. They were therefore a necessary part of the equipment for building first-class mountain roads of that period.

That steam drills were actually used at Lewis Tunnel, as reported by Mr. Hill, is shown by newspaper accounts during 1871. In January of that year, the Richmond Dispatch noted that "at the Lewis tunnel, or Jerry's run, the contractors have put the steam drills in operation". [13]) In November following, Charles Nordhoff, formerly editor of the New York Post, who at the time was making a trip along the Chesapeake and Ohio across West Virginia and writing a series of letters on the progress of work on the road, referred to Lewis Tunnel "in which several of Burleigh's drills are at work". [14]) These records cover a period of practically nine months.

Both types of tunnelling, then, were employed together on the road between 1870 and 1873, thus satisfying the major requirement of a factual basis for the Henry tradition in its construction. That innovations of this sort among hand labor would be followed by drilling-contests between the old and the new was the thing to expect. That such a contest, the basic episode of "John Henry", actually took place as celebrated in popular report has every reasonable influence from these circumstances in its favor, and should not require much further evidence for its authenticity.

If the steam drills put to work at Lewis Tunnel in January, 1871, were the Burleigh drills mentioned in November of that year, and were operated continuously for almost nine months, Mr. Hill would seem to be in error; but he has the support of the chief engineer of that work, that they failed: "Subsequent to War, Burleigh rock-drill tried in the tunnel, but unsuccessfully." [15]) This statement not only establishes Mr. Hill, who had a part in testing the machine, but throws damaging light on the assumption that the steam drills mentioned in the Richmond Dispatch as having been put to work at the tunnel in January were the Burleigh drills referred to by Nordhoff in November following, and favors the inference that several steam drills were experimented with at Lewis Tunnel, those

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[12]) Tunnelling, p. 484.

[13]) Jan. 21, 1871. The Richmond Dispatch is in conflict with the Chesapeake and Ohio "records that steam drills were first introduced in construction on Lewis Tunnel the latter part of April, 1871." John Henry, p. 49. Dr. Johnson states in his next paragraph that the C and O files of reports from their engineers and contractors of this period have been destroyed by fire.

[14]) New York Weekly Tribune, Nov. 8, 1871.

[15]) Tunnelling, p. 965.

mentioned in January and November, and possibly in April, and very probably others before and after these dates.[16])

It follows that the steam drill in all probability was tried out elsewhere on the road at the time, and Big Bend, the largest tunnel on the line, had certain advantages to offer. The rock of Big Bend was different from that of Lewis Tunnel,[17]) and different results might have been expected from the machine, with the promise of a larger number of sales upon its adoption there.

So-called documentary proof for the steam drill at Big Bend Tunnel seems not to exist. The only possible reference of the sort known appears in an account of the work there about the time the tunnel was completed: "Unavoidable contingencies, such as foul air, breaking of machinery, &c., have delayed this part of the work considerably."[18]) That breaking of machinery" can have such value is very doubtful. It would mean too great reliance on the steam drill to accord with known facts. In the absence of anything better for an understanding of the circumstances at Big Bend, testimonial data must be allowed.

Neal Miller,[19]) son of Andrew Jackson Miller, a native of the community, lives about a mile up Hungart's Creek, which joins/Greenbrier River at the east end of Big Bend Tunnel. He was a member of a large family. Three of his brothers "followed" the railroad. Two are on the Norfolk and Western, one an engineer and the other a painter. The third was an engineer on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and a few years ago "his train almost smothered him to death in Big Bend Tunnel," with the result that he died about four months later. In his neighborhood Neal Miller is regarded as having a good memory and being honest.

Mr. Miller says that he worked in Big Bend "off and on", carrying water and steel for the workmen, and knew John Henry there.

> I saw John Henry drive steel in Big Bend Tunnel. He was a great singer, and always singing some old song when he was driving steel. He was a black, rawboned man, 30 years old, 6 feet high, and weighed near 200 pounds. He and Phil Henderson, another big Negro, but not so high, were pals, and said that they were from North Carolina.
>
> Phil Henderson turned the steel for John Henry when he drove in the contest with the steam drill at the east end of the tunnel. John Henry beat the steam drill because it got hung in the seam of the rock and lost time.
>
> Dave Withrow, who lived with his wife at our home, was the foreman in charge of the work on the outside of the tunnel where John Henry

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[16]) Such was the experience at Hoosac Tunnel. The Brooks, Gates, and Burleigh machines were introduced there in June, 1866, and replaced by the Burleigh drill in November following. Tunnelling, p. 159 ff. About 40 of these machines were discarded at Hoosac. Did the manufacturers try to sell them in the South?

[17]) Tunnelling, p. 965.

[18]) The Greenbrier Independent, June 1, 1872.

[19]) C. S. ("Neal") Miller, Talcott, W. Va.

47

beat the steam drill, and Mike Breen was the foreman on the inside of the tunnel there.

The steam drill was brought to Big Bend Tunnel as an experiment, and failed because it stayed broke all the time, or hung up in the rock, and it could be used only on bench drill anyway. It was brought to the east end of the tunnel when work first commenced there, and was never carried in the tunnel. It was thrown aside, and the engine was taken from it and carried to shaft number one, where it took the place of a team of horses that pulled the bucket up in the shaft with a windlass.

John Henry used to go up Hungart's Creek to see a white woman, --or almost white. Sometimes this woman would go down to the tunnel to get John Henry, and they went back together. She was called John Henry's woman 'round the camps.

John Henry didn't die from getting too hot in the contest with the steam drill, like you say. He drove in the heading a long time after that. But he was later killed in the tunnel, but I didn't see him killed. He couldn't go away from the tunnel without letting his friends know about it, and his woman stayed 'round long after he disappeared.

He was killed all right, and I know the time. The boys 'round the tunnel told me that he was killed from a blast of rock in the heading, and he was put in a box with another Negro and buried at night under the big fill at the east end of the tunnel. A mule that had gotkilled in the tunnel was put under the big fill about the same time.

The bosses at the tunnel were afraid the death of John Henry would cause trouble among the Negroes, and they often got rid of dead Negroes in some way like that. All the Negroes left the tunnel once and wouldn't go in it for several days. Some of them won't go in it now because they've got the notion they can still hear John Henry driving steel in there. He's a regular ghost 'round this place.

His marks in the side of the rock where he drove with the steam drill stayed there awhile at the east end of the tunnel, but when the railroad bed was widened for double-tracking they destroyed them.[20])

The Hedrick brothers, George, seventeen, and John, twenty-three, were living with their father within a few hundred yards of Big Bend when work began on the tunnel in 1870, and remained there while it was under construction. George still lives there, but for the last few years John has lived with his daughter's family in Hinton, eight miles west of the tunnel.[21])

George Hedrick says that he did no work in the tunnel, but that he was continually around where the men were at work, and knew "what was going on":

My brother John helped to survey the tunnel and had charge of the woodwork in building it. I often saw John Henry drive steel out there. I saw the steam drill too, when they brought it to east end of the tunnel,

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[20]) Mr. Miller made his report in Sept., 1925.

[21]) The testimony of George Hedrick, Talcott, W. Va., was obtained in Sept., 1925, and that of John Hedrick, Aug., 1927. The latter was visiting his son in Kentucky when I made my first trip to the tunnel in 1925.

but I didn't see John Henry when he drove in the contest with it. I heard about it right after. My brother saw it.

My memory is Phil Henderson and John Henry drove together against the steam drill. That was the usual way of driving steel in the tunnel.

I saw John Henry drive steel. He was black and 6 feet high, 35 years old, and weighed 200 or a little more. He could sing as well as he could drive steel, and was always singing when he was in the tunnel -- 'Can't you drive her, -- huh?'

The Hedrick brothers are sober men of good practical sense and judgement. George is about six feet tall, stands erect, and weighs around two hundred pounds, and must have been a superior man forty years ago. John is not quite so tall, but has a larger frame and muscle. He was twenty-three when the tunnel was begun, and was unquestionably well fitted for a responsible job among the gangs there. He speaks with the authority of a tunnel boss:

I was manager of the wood-work in putting through Big Bend Tunnel, and built the shanties for the Negroes there in the camp. The first work at Big Bend Tunnel was making the survey, and I helped with that. Then men came to put down the shafts, and took rock from them 50 feet down to send away for contractors to examine when they were making contracts for the work on the tunnel. Menifee put down the first shaft. When he came I went with him to help him find the place. I worked there till the tunnel was all completed.

I knew John Henry. He was a yaller-complected, stout, healthy fellow from down in Virginia. He was about 30 years old, and weighed 160 or 170 pounds. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall, not over that.

He drove steel with a steam drill at the east end, on the inside of the tunnel not far from the end. He was working under Foreman Steele, and he beat the steam drill too. The steam drill got hung up, but John Henry was beating him all the time. I didn't see the contest, because it was on the inside of the tunnel, and not very many could get in there. I was taking up timber, and heard him singing and driving, and he was beating him too.

John Henry stayed 'round the tunnel a year or two, then went away somewhere. I don't remember when he left. He had a big black fellow with him that drove steel, but he couldn't drive like John Henry.

John Henry was there 12 months after the contest. I know. He was there when the hole was opened between shaft 1 and 2. Henry Fox put the first hole through, and then climbed through it. He was a foreman, and got the watch that Johnson offered for the first man to get through. He was from shaft 2, and people on the other side pulled him through and tore off all his clothes.

I don't believe a single man got killed at Big Bend Tunnel at work. A boy fell in the shaft, and one died from foul air. A man waskilled in Little Bend Tunnel,[88]) but none in Big Bend.

These three witnesses are giving direct testimony, not popular or hearsay reports. They are not ballad-singers and general reposi-

[88]) A tunnel on the line a short distance west of Big Bend Tunnel.

tories of oral traditions, but represent the stable citizenry of a conservative community. In a court or forum of that locality, they would have the support of good character and general reliability in matters of dispute coming under their observation.

The explanation Mr. Miller makes of the steam drill at Big Bend and the subsequent use of the engine from it recalls Mr. Hill's experiences with the machine at Lewis Tunnel. His account of John Henry's death and burial is of a hearsay character, and has only the value of a report at the time. He is not alone in making this report, however, and his account of the tragic tone of the place will seem more real eventually. Mr. Miller is no apologist, and no hero-worshipper, for John Henry or anybody else, as his testimony indicates. He has the characteristic mountaineer attitude toward the Negro, and regards the famous steel-driver as rather vicious, "just another Negro", superior of course and able to claim his woman when he was present, but remembers that he was not always present. His reference to Henry's woman as "almost white" was but a cautionary after-thought to temper the blow "white woman" for the moment, and has no other value in his report. Later he talked more fully about the woman, whom he knew for several years. She lived in a little house about two miles up Hungart's Creek, and often made long trips visiting construction camps, usually of miners, along the railroad. Confirmation of this account may be had from G. L. Scott, previously mentioned, who remembers her house, her name and fame, and the man who "stood her" at Big Bend Tunnel.[23])

In his statement that John Henry sang "Can't you drive her, --huh?" George Hedrick makes a good claim for his acquaintance with the steel-drivers at the tunnel, and for the correctness of his memory. A few months after Big Bend was completed, the line

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[23]) O. F. Morton says of Negro slaves in Monroe County, which included the Big Bend community at the time the tunnel was begun: "The servants in the 'bighouse' looked down on the field hands, but both house and field servants looked down on the poor class of whites." A History of Monroe County, p. 185 ff.

In 1878, Page Edwards, a Negro living at Big Bend Tunnel, became jealous of his wife, a "bright mulatto woman of handsome appearance," and killed her. In 1907, Elbert Medlin, born in the larger Big Bend community about the time the tunnel was under construction, killed his wife because she seemed to prefer the other man. Medlin's father was a light mulatto, and his mother a "white woman of low and degraded instincts." They claimed that they were married in Ohio. J. H. Miller, History of Summers County, pp. 788, 807.

Anne Royall, a native of Monroe County, gives an example of a family of white girls over in Virginia having children by Negro men, and adds from her "poor ignorant driver" of the coach, "There were several instances of their having children by black men." Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States (1826), by a Traveller, p. 30 ff.

For the race problem in Virginia, see J. H. Russell, "The Free Negro in Virginia, 1619—1865," Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, XXXI.

50

"Can't you drive her home, my boy?" was published as having been sung by the miners in building the tunnel.[24])

John Hedrick makes even a better claim for his memory of the tunnel. He is correct in saying that "Menifee put down the first shaft," and in Menifee's purpose in doing it.[25]) Building shanties for the workmen, surveying, and sinking shafts for rock to be used in contracting for its construction characterize the first work at the tunnel, facts that will not be questioned. Fox[26]) and Steele[27]) were foremen at the tunnel, and the former was in charge when the opening was made from shaft one to shaft two, as Mr. Hedrick states.

Testimony of this sort is not altogether hearsay stuff, and can hardly be denied value in showing the employment together of the two kinds of labor at Big Bend. These men are certain that they saw the two types of drills at the tunnel, and that a contest took place between them. Their evidence is of about equal value.

In their statements for Henry's presence, they are supported by two other witnesses, George Jenkins and D. R. Gilpin, who claim that they worked in the tunnel. These two men were not there when the tunnel was begun, but came later and saw less.

Mr. Jenkins[28]) says that he is a native of Buckingham County, Virginia, that he went with his father, a blacksmith, to Big Bend soon after the tunnel was started, that he worked at first as "tool-boy", and that later his father got him a job in the shop to "sharpen steel and other tools":

John Henry was there when I went to Big Bend, and I remember he was under Jack Pasco from Ireland. He was very black, and he'd weigh about 160. Always singing when he worked. He was a sort of song-leader. He was 30 or 35 years old.

I don't know what he did when he wasn't at work in the tunnel. I don't know when he left the tunnel or where he went. No; I don't know anything about him driving steel against a steam drill. The tunnel was all hand work.

Jim Brightwell ran the hoisting engine at shaft 2, and my brother fired for him. Captain Johnson gave a barrel of liquor when they knocked through the heading from shaft 2 to 3. Mose Selby stabbed John Hunt that day, but didn't kill him. I saw Hunt in Roanoke a few years ago.

I saw one man killed in the tunnel. He was taking up bottom when a rock fell from overhead and killed him dead. I don't remember what they did with him, sent him home to his people I suppose.

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[24]) The Mountain Herald, Hinton, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1874.
[25]) The Greenbrier Independent, Jan. 22, 1870.
[26]) The Railroad Gazette, Nov. 2, 1872.
[27]) John Henry, p. 30. Dr. Johnson quotes from Border Watchman. I have not been able to find the files of this newspaper, but other newspapers of the time often quoted from it.
[28]) Testimony of George Jenkins, 75 years old, of Montgomery, W. Va., was obtained in Aug., 1927.

When the mules came out of the tunnel some of them were blind as a bat. One went blind and stayed blind. Most of them got all right after a day or so. They put a cover over their heads for a while.

They burnt lard oil and blackstrap in the tunnel for lights.

After Big Bend was in I flagged on the work train between White Sulphur and Hinton about a year. Then I went with my father to work on a tunnel at King's Mountain, Ky. No; I knew John Henry only at Big Bend. I don't know what became of him.

Mr. Gilpin [29]) is on the pension list of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. He came to Big Bend, he says, from Knoxville, Tenn., with his father, a well-digger who had been successful in several states of the South before the Civil War in sinking wells through rock under water. His father was brought to the tunnel by Johnson, contractor, whose efforts to put down shaft one had been checked by water rising in it, and remained as a sort of boss or director of drilling and blasting in the heading. [30]) Mr. Gilpin says that he worked along with his father, carrying water and steel for the workmen.

He remembers John Henry, and describes him as black, about six feet tall, and weight "as much as 200 pounds, but not fat", with "thick lips and the prettiest set of white teeth I ever looked at". He adds that Henry, like the others, usually kept his shirt off when he drove in the tunnel:

I know that he was from North Carolina, for he used to get Pearce, my brother-in-law and a foreman in the tunnel, to write letters for him to his people there. Pearce liked John Henry because he was sensible and used good manners, and keen and full of good jokes, and he could sing and pick a banjo better than anybody else I ever saw.

My mother used to help out when anybody got hurt in the tunnel. She'd come with clean cloths and medicine. She ran a bearding house there at the tunnel, and baked bread for John Henry. He cooked the rest of his food at the camp, but he couldn't bake bread and Pearce asked my mother to do it for him. I'd often carry it to him at his camp, and he'd give me a little extra for carrying it.

I've seen John Henry playing cards, but I never saw him gambling, and he didn't swear like the other Negroes did when he was at work.

My half-brother, Jim Wimmer, drove steel in the tunnel, and he drove with John Henry when he could get the chance, because John Henry was a good worker at driving steel, and he was sensible and safe, a man of good judgment, with a good eye. There was not so much danger in driving with him in the heading like there was with some of the other drivers. John Henry was a reliable man in danger or in a risky job.

When the first light hole was opened from shaft number one to the east end of the tunnel, I dipped the liquor for the steel-drivers. Every crew tried to put their boss through the hole first, and they fought and

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[29]) Testimony of D. R. Gilpin, Hinton, W. Va., was obtained in Sept., 1925.

[30]) John Gilpin is remembered in the Big Bend community as a "good Negro-driver".

yelled like mad men. John Henry was a mighty powerful man that day, I tell you. When they pushed my father through the hole, they pushed me through after him, and almost tore off one of my legs in doing it. Then Superintendent Johnson gave me a suit of clothes because I got hurt.

I don't know a thing about John Henry driving steel in a contest with the steam drill, and don't think I ever saw one at the tunnel. Hand drills were used in the tunnel. They were using an engine at shaft number one to raise the bucket up when we moved to the tunnel, but they didn't have any steam engine or steam drill in the tunnel.

The last time I saw John Henry, who was called Big John Henry, was when some rocks from a blast fell on him and another Negro. They were covered with blankets and carried out of the tunnel. I don't think John Henry was killed in that accident because I didn't hear of him being buried, and the bosses were always careful in looking after the injured and dead. They were afraid the Negroes would leave the tunnel.

I don't know what happened to John Henry after that accident, though. He may have left for a while and then come back again, but I can't say. I always thought John Henry died in the tunnel, but I didn't know anything about his death. I don't remember seeing John Henry after the day the rocks fell on him. I might have found out what happened to him if I had tried then, but we were not allowed to go round the camps asking questions about such things. Any man who walked around and talked about the hard life in the tunnel was allowed to stay there about two days, and that's all.

Mr. Gilpin remembers that Henry was the "singingest man I ever saw", but remembers only a few stanzas of his song:

Tell the captain, - huh, I am gone, - huh,
Tell the captain, - huh, I am gone, - huh,
Tell the captain, - huh, I am gone, - huh,
Big John Henry, - huh,
Big John Henry, - huh,
Big John Henry, - huh,

Seven others were built in the same style on these lines: "The captain can't get me", "Shoo fly up, shoo fly down", "Shoo fly all 'round the town", "This old hammer a-singing", "This old steel a-ringing", "This old sweat a-rolling", and "I am getting dry". Mr. Gilpin says that John Henry always sang "I am getting dry" when he wanted water to drink, and that as water boy he was supposed to carry it. Henry used the "huh", or grunt, to mark the strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Gilpin says that he got his "education" at Big Bend Tunnel. He talks as enthusiastically on Big Bend times as Confederate soldiers often do about the Civil War. Unlike Mr. Miller, he is a hero-worshipper, and John Henry and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway are his heroes. He once looked at a picture of Jack Johnson, the Negro prize fighter, with full chest and muscled arms, and saw only his John Henry of Big Bend days, just as the Confederate veteran saw only his comrades of 1860 in the marching brigades of 1917. He has kept several little reminders of his connection with the road,

and takes pride in wearing its service pins. Big Bend is at the heart of his world, and he knows the place well.

He knew the two doctors who lived at Big Bend at different times while the tunnel was under construction, their families, and not a little of them afterwards. He remembered accurately a surprisingly large number of the foremen and other officials at the tunnel. He knew the engineer who drove the first train through the tunnel, and said his name was South Mack, who is not infrequently remembered in the locality as Seth Mack. He explained how Mack lost his thumbs, by inserting them into a break somewhere in his little engine, after turning it over and getting caught under it, to check the escaping steam to keep from being "scalded to death" before he could be rescued.

The reason Mr. Gilpin offers for Johnson's bringing his father to Big Bend is plausible enough. Water rising in the tunnel was one of the difficulties the engineers had in building it.[31]). He may not have dipped liquor for the men when they opened up the tunnel from shaft one to the east end, but very probably somebody did. The water boy was the proper functionary when liquor became a substitute for water, and it was used freely on such occasions there.[32]) The Border Watchman leads one to believe that Mr. Gilpin could have reported a casuality list on this occasion: "We learn that the hands on the East approach to Big Bend Tunnel and those driving the 'heading' east from Shaft 1, having knocked out the rock between them, tried to knock out each other. Several parties were severely stabbed."[33]).

The song "Shoo Fly" was widely sung on the minstrel stage of the early seventies. A Virginia newspaper observed: "Many persons who are not in the habit of frequenting negro minstrel shows have expressed a desire to know what are the words of a song to which reference is so often made in the newspapers, and the chorus of which salutes the ear in every public place. It is a nonsensical medley without rhyme or reason ... immensely popular with the masses."[34]) The Governor of West Virginia was reported as singing a part of the song when he "Broke Ground on the C. & O. R. R." in that state.[35]) Moreover, "miners hoarsely singing" and "sweat a-rolling" belong to the education of Mr. Gilpin at Big Bend. Such echoes, although some of them may not be factual, suggest that he is not entirely a man of fiction.

On my first trip to Hinton, in 1925, I mentioned "John Henry" to Mr. Gilpin, without pointing out specifically any of its details, but he seemed not to know the ballad. He remembered, with difficulty,

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[31]) The Greenbrier Independent, Jan. 28, 1871, gives an account of the use of sumps and pumps to keep the water out of the tunnel.
[32]) John Henry, p. 30.
[33]) The Greenbrier Independent, Feb. 19, 1872.
[34]) The Staunton Spectator and General Advertiser, Feb. 1, 1870.
[35]) Wheeling Intelligencer, April 18, 1870.

54

only a few stanzas of the steel-driver's song. On a second visit about two years later, I again introduced the ballad, and characterized it rather fully. Mr. Gilpin commented thus: "John Henry was always singing. He would sing about his woman, giving her his hammer, wrapping it in gold, gold at the White House, and giving it to his woman, sitting on his mammy's knee, watermelon smiling on the vine, tell the captain I am gone, and like that." But he did not reproduce a single stanza of the ballad, and seemed not to be able to.

The question of Henry's woman had been raised, but no mention made of the White House, although allusion to it is found in several texts of the ballad. And "gold at the White House" is unique in the tradition. He explained: "The White House is where the President lives. John Henry and the other Negroes there in the tunnel used to sing about it, and about going there. They used to sing about Fred Douglas up there too."

He knew Henry's woman, and several others equally important in building the tunnel, and contributed rather full accounts of Lu---, Liza Ann---, Kate--, and one called "Liza Dooley", but thought this not her real name. Some of them claimed to be half Indian. One had long, straight, black hair, and another red hair. One was a fortune-teller and banjo-picker, a woman of unusual vivacity, a sort of pagan beauty, who played at dances and on other occasions of jolification, not infrequently for slightly mixed crowds. He remembered the following stanzas from her singing:

I'm going down to town,
I'm going down to town,
I'm going down to Lynchburg town,
To carry my baccer down.

Baccer selling high,
Selling at a dollar a pound,
And nobody wants to buy.

I pawn my watch,
And I pawn my chain.
Oh go 'long Liza, poor gal,
Poor little Liza Jane.

Up old Liza, poor gal,
Up old Liza Jane.
Up old Liza, poor gal,
Up old Liza Jane.

She lost her lover
And found him again.
Up old Liza, poor gal,
Up old Liza Jane.

She lost her lover
In the bottom of the sea.
Up old Liza, poor gal,
Up old Liza Jane.

WHAT BECAME OF JOHN HENRY?

If the famous steel-driver was a real man, a flesh and blood man, and actually took part in a drilling-contest at Big Bend, as the testimony shows, one would like to know what became of him. The witnesses do not know. Miller and Gilpin seem to think that he died at the tunnel. John Hedrick is quite certain that he did not, and says that he "went away somewhere".

A strong belief in Henry's death at Big Bend is shown by the popular reports presented in the second chapter of this study. The ballad mentions his death there. Among the Negroes of the community nothing seems more real than his ghost. The ghost's driving steel in the tunnel is highly significant of the manner, as well as the fact, of his death, and modern ghosts are supposed to have such values.[1] Bridge and tunnel ghosts may not always be, if ever, full adoptions, or made from the whole cloth. And building Big Bend Tunnel made possible the only plausible occasion for starting such a belief, factual or fictitious. The character of the tradition seems to favor his actual death there, from a drilling-contest, or in some other way.

The witnesses for Henry are certain of their acquaintance with him at the tunnel, and the conclusion that he died immediately after, and as a result of, the drilling-contest, that reported by Miller and the Hedricks, would seem to dispose of their testimony as lacking authority. This does not necessarily follow.

Among them only Gilpin claims the sort of acquaintance with the steel-driver that would make a confusion between him and another Negro at Big Bend hardly possible, and Gilpin was late in getting to the tunnel, probably almost a year after it was begun. If the drilling-contest occurred early in the work there, as shown by the testimony, and Henry died immediately as a result of it, the steel-driver who took his place among the tunnel Negroes might have resembled him very closely, and was almost certainly called John

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[1]) A case in point was reported for a tunnel in the state about six months before Big Bend was begun. Hempfield Tunnel, near Wheeling, was "full" of ghosts of murdered men. They were reported as having been seen in the act of being murdered, as the men killed there were. "At the mouth of the tunnel is a sequestered spot known as Berry's Hole. Its name is significant, as its record shows it to be the watery grave of many poor fellows. In the memory of many of our readers the history of Schaffer, the blood-thirsty and brutal murderer, who expiated his crimes on the scaffold at Parkersburg, is still fresh. The slaughter of one of his victims took place in the tunnel is well known and is supposed to have immediate reference to the appearance of the ghost last week ... Other deeds of this kind [in this tunnel] are too well known to bear repetition." Wheeling Intelligencer, July 19, 1869.

Henry. He would have been the only John Henry there known to Gilpin and Jenkins, and eventually best known to Miller and the Hedricks, and they might easily have accepted him as the hero of the contest because they had had no particular reason to observe the original John Henry at all closely. Tragedies at the tunnel were not matters for open discussion, and this might explain the failure of Gilpin and Jenkins to hear anything said about the contest. This might also explain Gilpin's failure to remember any stanza of the John Henry song mentioning the fact of his death, or to remember a single stanza of the ballad.

The theory that John Henry died in a second drilling-contest at Big Bend seems less probable, and could hardly have happened without the knowledge of the witnesses for the steel-driver at the tunnel. The introduction, however, of a second machine before the tunnel was completed would have meant a second drilling-contest if Henry won the first without any serious injury to himself, provided he was there at the time.

The drilling-contest established at Big Bend by the testimonial data probably occurred in the summer or fall of 1870. The first work was done on the tunnel in January of that year, beginning the last few days of the month, and J. M. Logan states that he worked four months there before the shafts were in and then returned to Ivanhoe, and that he heard of the contest between Henry and the steam drill when he went back to Ivanhoe. His departure from the tunnel, therefore, was in the summer or early fall, and he heard of the contest soon after. The fact that it occurred at the east end of Big Bend, according to the testimony, shows that it took place early in the work on the tunnel, and that was the first section of the tunnel completed. Between the summer or fall of 1870 and the completion of the tunnel in June, 1872, was a period of practically two years in which a second drilling-contest could have taken place.

The steam drill was at Lewis Tunnel in January and November, and possibly in April, of 1871, and also very probably in 1870 about the time it was being tried at Big Bend. The probability is that the drill characterized as a failure at Lewis Tunnel, but mentioned as being in use there on three occasions covering a period of almost nine months, was not the same drill but two or more drills of different makes, or the same drill operated each time with a different compressor, by way of experiment. Such tests, as well, may have been carried out at Big Bend. The two tunnels were constructed by different men under different contracts, and their character differed in the obstacles offered for the machine. Big Bend was drilled through "hard red shale", and Lewis Tunnel through "hard sandstone with some little slate".[2]). The failure, therefore, of the drill at Lewis Tunnel would not have meant its failure at Big Bend; and the second drilling-contest there, with the death of the steel-driver as a result, was at least possible and may have occurred.

[2]) Tunnelling, p. 965.

In an effort to account for the discrepancy between the testimony and the popular report of Henry's death as a result of the drilling-contest, the theory that the steel-driver met his death in some other way at the tunnel and that the report of the event became confused with that of the contest through oral transmission seems more probable. It leads to an inquiry as to the actual conditions under which the tunnel was built.

The testimony is highly suggestive but inadequate for a full understanding of the tragic circumstances at Big Bend, as becomes increasingly evident as one examines the construction of heavy tunnels in Europe and America during the second half of the 19th century. The startling number of casualties from building Mt. Cenis and the Hoosac tunnels [3]) indicates the incorrectness of such a statement as that of John Hedrick that none was killed in Big Bend. Miller's report that bodies of Negroes killed in the tunnel, along with that of a mule, were buried in the big fill at the east portal is much less improbable. Many of the foremen and other officials on the road had been in the Confederate Army. It was not always convenient there to bury the dead properly, or to advertise the casualty list as a means of keeping up the morale of the forces. That it was necessary to protect the morale of the Negroes at Big Bend and that those in charge were not always equal to the task can hardly be doubted. A brief account of the circumstances there will show that the place was not in the least inviting. Miller's statement that all the Negroes refused to go into the tunnel for several days on one occasion seems to be common knowledge in the neighborhood. It was the only detail the widow of Jeff Davis, previously mentioned, could remember at all distinctly about the construction of the tunnel when I visited her in September, 1925. [4])

Nordhoff states that the laborers on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway were mostly Negroes, ignorant, and "much crowded together" in the tunnels. [5]) The number of such laborers in Big Bend during the two years and a half of its construction was probably about 1,000. The number for Musconetcong Tunnel was 1,000, [6]) and that for Hoosac, 900. [7]) Big Bend is about one-third longer than the former, and one-third of the length of the latter. But the labor of Hoosac Tunnel was "chiefly of the kind termed 'skilled labor', the underground workers being, for the most part, regularly bred miners (a large porportion of them being of the very best Cornish miners)." [8]) Big Bend was built with ignorant, superstitious Negroes "much crowded together" in the tunnel.

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[3]) P. 69.
[4]) A similar act on the part of laborers at Midland Tunnel was noted in the Wheeling Intelligencer, March 8, 1871.
[5]) New York Weekly Tribune, Oct. 18 and Nov. 1, 1871.
[6]) The Railroad Gazette, VII (June, 1875), 241.
[7]) Journal of the Franklin Institute, XCI (1871), 148.
[8]) Ibid., XCI, 148.

64

The following lines, under the title "Big Bend Times",[9]) published with apologies by a local newspaper about six months after the road was completed across the state, was written presumably by an employee at the tunnel, and is the only published account from the inside of Big Bend known to exist:

Big Bend times now pass before me,
Tunnel scenes of long ago;
With the loose rock hanging o'er me,
More dangerous far than human foe.
Days that knew no time of leisure,
Days from working never free;
When the hopeful dreamed of pleasure,
When the tunnel through should be.

Fancy hears the hammers ringing - -
Sounds that now my dream annoy - -
And the miners hoarsely singing
'Can't you drive her home, my boy?'
Hears the bosses loudly swearing
At some idler whom they see,
Who plainly is not caring
When the tunnel through should be.

What though looser roofs beset me,
Though down deeper shafts I go;
Yet I never will forget thee,
Number two, of long ago.
And when railroad life is ended,
Oh! what pleasure we could see,
If we owned the means expended,
That the tunnel through should be.

That Big Bend was not altogether a pastoral scene has support from the inside of Mt. Cenis. In that tunnel "one was almost smothered so great was the heat; the smoke from the blasts became so thick that the light of the lamps was visible no farther than a few steps." The writer describes blasting there: "Suddenly an infernal noise burst upon us from the end of the gallery. One would have said that ten thousand hammers were falling simultaneously on their anvils. A sharp whistling sound made itself heard above this clamor, piercing you to the very marrow."[10]) Clouds of "yellow smoke come pouring through the tunnel in such density and volume as to be positively painful."[11]) The inferno of St. Gothard was hardly more inviting: "As the work progressed the temperature rose and the air became more vitiated, until visitors were rarely permitted to enter because of the sheer danger of being in such an atmosphere, and the horses on the job died at the rate of ten a month. The scene in the scantily lighted tunnel grew to resemble an inferno, men going about

[9]) The Mountain Herald, Hinton, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1874.
[10]) Every Saturday, Oct. 14, 1871.
[11]) Wheeling Intelligencer, Dec. 30, 1870.

naked in the intense heat." [12]) In such tangible darkness, heat, noise, and smoke, the "loose rock" overhead would seem to promise immediate relief; and nothing "haunts the mine worker more than a fall of the strata which he calls the roof." [13])

Drinker explains that "no man but a tunnel engineer can appreciate the difficulties and dangers of tunnel construction - - it is not a question of calculating certain strains and allowing certain factors of safety, but a very vying with the unknown powers of darkness, all the more to be feared because one can never know what a day's advance may bring forth." [14]) Of these uncertainties, tunnel-sickness, blasting, and the roof seem to offer the greatest dangers to life, and Big Bend had a full share of all three.

In the St. Gothard Tunnel, "men died in large numbers of a peculiar disease, called tunnel trichinosis ... Three or four months' labor in the tunnel brought on the disease." [15]) It is not certain that this disease affected any of the Virginia Negroes on the Chesapeake and Ohio, but the fact that horses on the job at St. Gothard died at the rate of ten a month suggests the great probability of deaths at Big Bend from some kind of sickness. The statement that "foul air gives much trouble and there is a great deal of sickness among the employes" of Big Bend [16]) is significant, and very much so when John Hedrick, one of the tunnel officials, admits that one died there from foul air. Twenty-three suits, alleging damages amounting to almost five hundred thousand dollars "for death, injury, or sickness" of workmen on a tunnel under construction in the county adjoining that in which Big Bend lies, are awaiting trial at the present time. "Silicosis from dust particles" seems to be the basis for the complaints. Six are already dead. [17]) What are the probabilities for Big Bend?

Foul air was one of the greatest tunnel problems of the period, and nothing very effective was done about it. The practice of pumping fresh air to the drillers was, it seems, first emphasized at Arlberg Tunnel, which was begun in 1880. Stone dust, to which "miners' consumption" was largely attributable, was checked even later by the introduction of hollow drills with a small stream of water running through them. In Mt. Cenis "one was almost smothered so great was the heat"; in St. Gothard the men went "about naked in the intense heat"; and in Big Bend the steel-drivers worked with their "shirts off". Blasting and the crude ways of lighting tunnels at the time added to their foulness.

An idea of the amount of explosives for blasting and of candles for lighting used in Big Bend Tunnel may be had from an examination of their use in the Hoosac Tunnel. The records show that "during

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[12]) New York Times, March 16, 1930.
[13]) G. G. Carson. Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner, p. 151.
[14]) Tunnelling, p. 486.
[15]) Tunnelling (3rd ed., 1893), p. 367.
[16]) Wheeling Daily Register, May 21, 1872.
[17]) Morgantown Post, Sept. 6, 1932.

five years' time, about 444,735 lbs. of nitroglycerine and about 100,000 lbs. of mica powder [mica impregnated with nitroglycerin] were used" in Hoosac,[18]) making about 500,000 pounds of pure nitroglycerin used in the tunnel in five years. The assumption that half of this amount of nitroglycerin was used at Big Bend during the two years and a half it was under construction gives 250,000 pounds for that work, approximately equal to 500,000 pounds of dualin or 3,250,000 pounds of gunpowder in explosive force, a daily amount of 333 pounds of nitroglycerin or 4,333 pounds of gunpowder for 750 days. The record for 2,720 pounds of candles used in one heading of the Hoosac Tunnel during a period of seven months, from April 1 to November 1 of 1865,[19]) gives a basis for the amounts used in the eight headings of Big Bend during two years and a half, a total of more than 87,000 pounds, a daily consumption of more than 115 pounds.

That nitroglycerin, dualin, and gunpowder were all three used in Big Bend is quite certain. They were used together on the road for blasting in other tunnels. Drinker gives "powder, trinitroglycerine, and dualin employed" at Lewis Tunnel and "nitro-glycerine and powder employed for blasting" at Stretcher's Neck.[20]) There seems to be no basis for the relative quantities of these explosives used in Big Bend Tunnel. That candles were the main source of light in Big Bend is very improbable. Like hand drills, "lard oil and blackstrap" are too well connected with the tunnel to be only incidental to its construction. Any concession, however, in quantity or quality of materials for lighting added to the darkness or to the general foulness of the place, and possibly to both.

In Big Bend Tunnel the vitiated air, from unusual heat, blasting, burning blackstrap, and from other sources, became a serious problem for the engineers of that work and delayed the drilling there "considerably",[21]) a situation to say the least very harmful to the laborers and may have resulted in heavy casualties.

Blasting was the second great danger to life in Big Bend Tunnel. The employment of explosives, even where the greatest care is exercised in handling them, rarely fails to take its toll. The press records of the second half of the 19th century for users of blasting agents are not unlike those of the first quarter of the 20th for aviators. Gunpowder, mica powder, dualin, dynamite - - all have their records.

The most dangerous explosive used in tunnels during the period was nitroglycerin, so dangerous in its liquid state that the Nitroglycerin Act was passed in 1869, by which "act the use of nitroglycerine per se was absolutely prohibited, but power was reserved to the Secretary of State specially to license any substance having nitro-glycerine, in any form, as one of its component parts."[22]) As

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[18]) Tunnelling, p. 244.
[19]) Ibid., p. 237.
[20]) Ibid., p. 965.
[21]) Greenbrier Independent, June 1, 1872.
[22]) The Library Magazine, I (1883), 410.

late as 1871 the editors of the Scientific American were hammering against the general and indiscriminate use of nitroglycerin in the United States, and added that its "black record will keep increasing so long as nitro-glycerin is used as a blasting agent."[23]) Alfred Bernhard Nobel, Swedish manufacturer of explosives and philanthropist, invented dynamite in his factory at Glasgow, Scotland, in the late sixties, by way of escape from the unavoidable contingencies upon the indiscriminate use of the liquid material, particularly from the results of its poisonous character through actual contact with the substance and from the danger of its "liability to percolate through fissures in the rock, and to give rise to subsequent accidents when the escaped liquid was struck by a pick, perhaps at a considerable distance from the original hole."[24]) To avoid these objections to the use of nitroglycerin, the substance was supplied in a frozen form for the miners at Hoosac Tunnel, by G. M. Mowbray, an experienced chemist, who manufactured the explosive at the tunnel.[25]) That such precautions were taken against the dangers of nitroglycerin in the hands of Negroes "much crowded together" in Big Bend Tunnel and elsewhere on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad seems to lack support from the records of that work.

Falls of rock present a third great danger to laborers in building tunnels. Falls in the tunnels on the Cincinnati and Southern were very heavy, from seven tunnels on the line amounting to 8,763 cubic yards.[26]) Board Tree Tunnel on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia is notable in that respect. "The treacherous character of the roof of this tunnel led to many accidents from falls ... cost many lives, and maimed many of the men. These casualties seemed confined more particularly to the miners and laborers."[27]) In this connection one of the reasons given for the expensiveness of the work on the tunnels of that road in West Virginia was the "difficulty of maintaining a supply of suitable skilled labor in the face of the perpetual risk of life and limb."

That Big Bend was equally dangerous, if not more so, can be readily shown. The tunnel was constructed through "hard red shale crumbling on exposure".[28]) A local newspaper states: "On last Saturday morning there was a great slide in the West Portal of the Great Bend Tunnel. The slide is estimated at 8,000 cubic yards."[29]) The treacherousness of its roof is noted in another report soon after trains began to pass through Big Bend. "The cars run slowly through the tunnel, as rock is constantly falling from the unfinished portion, and a few days ago the timbers fell in with such force as to destroy

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[23]) Scientific American, XXIV (Jan. 14, 1871), 36.
[24]) The Library Magazine, I, 410 ff.
[25]) Ibid., I, 412. Journal of the Franklin Institute, XCI, 148.
[26]) Tunnelling, p. 966.
[27]) Ibid., p. 958.
[28]) Ibid., p. 965.
[29]) Greenbrier Independent, June 1, 1872.

68

the rails."[30]) The failure of the timber arch to hold up the roof of the tunnel was the reason for replacing it with a brick arch, beginning in the eighties.[31])

In addition to tunnel-sickness, blasting, and falls of rock, many other dangers faced the steel-driver at Big Bend. A local newspaper on one occasion mentions that "two negro men were found dead in the woods near that place ... Greenbrier seems to be full of dead negroes. They are doubtless men who having been paid off by the C. and O. R. R. are murdered by their companions, on their way home, to secure their money."[32]) The steel-driver might have been killed in pursuit of his white woman in the neighborhood, by getting stabbed in a fight, or possibly in a "drunken brawl" at the tunnel.

Although liquor was supposed to be prohibited by contract around the tunnels on the Chesapeake and Ohio,[33]) its free use at Big Bend added to the unfavorable circumstances there for safety. Gilpin says that he dipped the liquor for the steel-drivers when they opened the tunnel from east end to shaft one, and Jenkins says that Captain Johnson gave a barrel of liquor when they knocked through the heading from shafts two to three. On the occasion Gilpin mentions "several parties were severely stabbed",[34]) and one might infer that the "parties" were intoxicated from something. The occasion Jenkins mentions gains favor from "Number two" of "Big Bend Times". Jeff Washington says that "every bunch of grass in the neighborhood had a bottle in it".[35]) When the "headings between shaft one and two were driven together ... all parties repaired to head quarters where a barrel of old Burbon whiskey, was rolled out and a general jollification ensued ... Though a few knives and pistols, boney fists and strong sinewy arms were flourished we have no casualties to report."[36])

Liquor among these ignorant Negroes "much crowded together" in Big Bend enhanced the dangers to life there, and rendered them much more likely victims of the unexpected explosions in the tunnel and the threatening rock above their heads. Americans, white and black, handle themselves with abandon in such an environment, and yet "no casualties to report" characterizes the press accounts of the laborers at Big Bend from first to last. I have failed to find a record of a single death inside the tunnel.

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[30]) Railroad Gazette, Nov. 2, 1872.

[31]) J. P. Nelson, in The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, p. 27, says of Big Bend: "The rock formation is very hard, but disintegrates under the weather, so much so that at the time of the construction of the brick arch, large cavities, sometimes fifty feet deep, were found above the timber arch." Judge Miller, who lived a long life in the larger Big Bend neighborhood, calls the tunnel a "death-trap". J. H. Miller. History of Summers County, p. 487.

[32]) John Henry, p. 30.

[33]) Tunnelling, "Appendix", I, X.

[34]) P. 53.

[35]) P. 73.

[36]) John Henry, p. 30.

The press of Virginia and West Virginia, which apparently remained silent on casualties in the tunnels of the New River region, was able to give startling numbers of deaths from the construction of tunnels farther away. A local newspaper, published on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia, carried the casualty list for the Hoosac: "a hundred and thirty-six men have been killed by casualties in the course of construction of the tunnel." [37]) Another newspaper of the state has the following to say of deaths at Mt. Cenis Tunnel: "It has been told that more than 1,000 workmen have lost their lives up to 1870; but the guides and directors declare that not more than fifty or sixty had been killed outright, though a number of others had been seriously wounded ... It is not improbable ... that ... at least 1,000 men have lost their lives." [38]) The Scientific American gives a similar list of deaths for Mt. Cenis: "Many lives have necessarily been lost during this great work, but far less than one would suppose; probably from 600 to 800 in all, so far as we have heard from time to time." [39]) After making an examination of "government statistics", a more recent writer says, "We kill in our coal mines more than three times as many per thousand employed as are killed in France or Belgium, and nearly three times as many as are killed in Great Britain ... in spite of the fact that the coal mines of the United States may be more easily worked and with less danger than those of any other coal-producing country in the world." [40])

That dangers to life in any European tunnel or coal mine per square inch were greater than those in Big Bend would be hard to show. That a heavy casualty list belongs to the construction of the tunnel seems most certain. It follows that John Henry had about an equal break at Big Bend, and might have died there from disease, from falls in the heading, or from one of a dozen other dangers, with the strong probability that the account of his end from any of these causes would have been confused with that of his drilling-contest in common report. If he was actually killed in the tunnel, and if his death seemed to threaten the morale of his gang, and eventually that of others, almost a certain consequence of the event, the management in all probability encouraged such a consummation by way of diverting the attention of the community from the tragic possibilities of the place. Henry's death in this way would more likely have occurred about the time the tunnel was completed. The dangers from foul air and blasting increased porportionately as the work progressed farther and farther from the shafts, and from the ends of the tunnel. The dangers from falls in the heading became greater and greater as the "hard red shale crumbling on exposure" had time for disintegration. Death of the steel-driver at this time from any of the tunnel dangers

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[37]) Kanawha Chronicle, Dec. 17, 1873.
[38]) Wheeling Intelligencer, Dec. 30, 1870.
[39]) XXIV, 55.
[40]) Letters from a Workingman (1908), by An American Mechanic, p. 153 ff.

70

would satisfy the belief of Miller and Gilpin, two of the important witnesses for his presence at the tunnel, and would not be in conflict with the actual knowledge of either of the other three witnesses, Jenkins and the Hedrick brothers. His end in the tunnel would satisfy the local fear of his ghost, and the confusion of the event with that of the drilling-contest in common report would satisfy popular belief in his death as a result of the contest.

The recent report, before the Interstate Commerce Commission,[41]) of the original cost of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, with its antecedents and subsidiaries, failed to take into account the waste of man power in building the road, and may be regarded as an official expression on the question of deaths at Big Bend. John Hedrick, who had some responsibility in building the tunnel, is quite certain that nobody was killed there, and insists that John Henry "went away somewhere". While the construction of Big Bend Tunnel without a casualty list can be explained only as a miraculous performance, the possibility that Henry left the tunnel at some time subsequent to his drilling-contest may be considered.

Following his trail from that locality, however, seems hardly possible, and actually finding him at best not unlike drawing a "perfect hand" in bridge, an enormous uncertainty for the individual player. The problem would be sufficiently challenging if there were only one John Henry, and he a man of highly domestic habits. Instead, the country is full of men named John Henry, actual and alleged, and they have travelled everywhere, as the second chapter of this study indicates.[42]) Many of the laborers on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia were Virginia Negroes, and possibly the steel-driver came from that state.

F. R. Pyle, contractor of Huntington, West Virginia, reports his aunt, widow of Contractor McIntyre who had a hand in building the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, as "confident that there was such a negro at the tunnel, but that his name was John Henry Hardy." He adds: "A man by the name of Banks whose father was a foreman at the tunnel says that the negro was born at Winchester, Virginia, on the Henry plantation, passed to a man by the name of Hardy who married in the Henry family, and that he was an illegitimate child, and sometimes gave his name as Williamson--not Williams." J. A. Williams, Negro of Lynchburg, Virginia, "knew all the construction gangs in the South a quarter of a century ago, and back", and has this to say about Henry:

> The steel-driver's name was John Henry Mundy, of Louisa County, Virginia. He has several relatives about there now. His pal was Lewis Thursty, and he had a brother named Bob Thursty, from near Knoxville, Tennessee, or from Alabama.
>
> Henry was large frame man, and light red color. He died in Kentucky, on Big Sandy Railroad, or L and N.

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[41]) Valuation Dockets 457 and 477.
[42]) Cf. John Henry, p. 12 ff.

I expected some trouble with Henry's irregular family connections at Winchester, but the "several relatives" in Louisa County should know something about him. Their complete silence, however, is not unlike that of his several relatives in Henry County of the same state where he is supposed to be John Henry Martin. Henry's relation to Hardy, Mundy, and Martin may develop into something eventually, but at present it seems rather dubious. He is sufficiently difficult without such relationships.

An example of what one may expect to find on the trail of John Henry can be shown from investigations in Norfolk, Virginia. Three Negroes with the hero's name were mentioned as being there at some time during the construction of Big Bend Tunnel. The Federal Census report of 1870 for that city gives the name of a Negro boy John Henry, fifteen years old. The local newspaper mentions a John Henry on two different occasions. On the former, "John Henry, negro seaman on the brig S. P. Brown, charged with mutiny, was turned over to his captain."[43]) On the latter, "John Henry, negro, was arrested late Tuesday evening upon complaint of another negro named Frank Allen, who charged him with stealing a boat belonging to him. Henry denied the theft, and alleged that he borrowed the boat from another man. During the night he attempted to break out of the watch house. He tore off one of the planks in the bunk, and with it endeavored to force the iron bars across the window, but without success."[44]) The city directory of Norfolk and Portsmouth for 1900 contains the name of one Negro John Henry, and for 1920 two Negroes named John Henry. Living in Norfolk-Portsmouth in 1927 were two Negroes by the name of John Henry, one from North Carolina and one from South Carolina, and a third by the name of Jack Henry, from King William County, Virginia. They were all three heads of families, and claimed no kinship with each other.

Mention of nine by the name of John Henry indicates the possibility of a much larger number in that locality during the period. In the summer of 1927, I got on the trail there of an old Negro named John Henry, famed for his prowess in breaking "old iron" for the "junk houses" on Water Street. I soon found that this John Henry was confused with two other old Negroes by the same name in that immediate section. One of them had distinguished himself as a watermelon-catcher in unloading boats at the docks just below Water Street. The other was a rival in breaking old iron on Water Street, for T. M. Cashin, N. Block and Company, and the Eagle Iron Works, and for M. T. Cashin at the foot of Roanoke Dock, near Water Street. The two old iron-breakers were known by the people they worked for, and those they worked with, by various names, such as "Old Henry", "Big Henry", "Black Henry", and "John Henry", and occasionally by other names to distinguish one from the other.

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[43]) The Norfolk Virginian, Nov. 3, 1870.
[44]) Ibid., June 29, 1871.

72

Charlie Shaw, who appeared to be an important man in M. T. Cashin's junk yard, made a typical report of the two men:

There were two old men around here who used to break up old iron. Both of them were real black men. I call one of them Daddy, and it hasn't been so long since he worked for us. His name was Robinson, but I don't know the rest of it. I think he lived over in Berkley. I called him Daddy and the other fellow John Henry, but he was bigger than John Henry. He'd weigh 270 pounds and John Henry about 200.

John Henry has been dead 12 or 15 years. He was just naturally a better man than anybody I know of. He could do more work, and do it easier.

We used to give him a job breaking up old iron, and he'd go out and look it over and sit there and think about it, and then go home sometimes and not do a lick of work that day. Next morning early he'd go at it, and have it done and be sitting down looking at it as pleased before you'd think he'd hardly begun. He'd look and plan, and he didn't lose any licks.

I have seen him break iron 12 inches thick. He'd knock big wheels and anchors all to pieces. He could break more iron in two hours than anybody else in a day. He worked by the job or by the ton, and I never knowed him to do any other sort of work.

He'd always sing about the steel-driver John Henry when he was breaking iron. He was called Old Henry, Big Henry, or Black Henry, as well as John Henry, and he said he'd been everywhere.

I don't know anything about him when he wasn't around here. He'd come around about once a month to see if he could get a job.

Daddy has left town and gone out in the country to live, and I don't know where he is. John Henry was 45 or 50 when he died. I don't know where he died, but somewhere in town here. He died from drinking too much liquor.

Mr. Shaw displayed the hammers or sledges these iron-breakers used when they were working for M. T. Cashin. Daddy's was a twenty-pound sledge, with a four-foot handle; and Henry's a thirty-pound sledge, with a three-foot handle. T. M. Cashin displayed a seventy-pound sledge, with a three-foot handle, which he claims John Henry used to break old iron for him; but T. M. Cashin, like several others on Water Street, did not distinguish between the two old Negroes in his references to John Henry.

While the Negro Mr. Shaw characterizes as John Henry is not altogether unlike the steel-driver of Big Bend fame, his age and his singing of the "steel-driver John Henry" seem to bar his identification as the original John Henry. When Mr. Shaw made his report, in 1927, he was quite certain that the iron-breaker was not more than fifty years of age at the time of his death.

The trail of the steel-driver leads to another example at first of greater promise, but ultimately of greater disappointment. In February, 1929, J. S. Barker[45]) "investigated pretty thoroughly among

[45]) St. Albans, W. Va.

the older employees of the Chesapeake and Ohio" who were then living in St. Albans, West Virginia, "to ascertain the reality of a John Henry". Mr. Barker writes:

There is a Jeff Washington here now who is quite a personage in connection with early employees of the C. and O. Ry. Jeff left his home near Charlottesville at the age of 18 years and, together with John Henry who was a few years his senior, employed themselves to a C. and O. contractor, a Mr. Johnson, who was clearing away the timber from the proposed right-of-way at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

This was about 1868, and Jeff continued without break or blemish in the employ of the C. and O. for 50 years. He is now on the retired list of the C. and O. at a comfortable salary ...

Jeff said that John Henry lived at the little town of Keswick just east of Charlottesville and has a sister who now lives in Charlottesville. He also says that there was a John Hardy who worked with them in the Big Bend tunnel. John Hardy died while they worked at the Big Bend, and John Henry died while they worked at the Lewis Tunnel.

In my conversation with Capt. Mallory, who also worked for the C. & O. then and until he reached his retiring age, said that while he could not positively identify John Henry as having worked at this particular place and time, he recalled having heard his men, who worked under him, sing that song, 'You killed John Henry, but you won't kill me.'

The Captain also recalled that it was here at these places where the Burley Diamond Drill was first used and with steam power.

The story as related to me by Frank Crosby was that this man John Henry and his helper had become expert with the hammer and drill, and they challenged the steam driller for a contest hole, in which John Henry and his helper won out, but John Henry lost his life. John Henry was six feet tall, yellow, and powerful physically.

Some time ago the Charleston Daily Mail, in one of its Sunday issues, in an article on the early history of W. Va. denied that there really was a John Henry who had worked for the C & O at the Big Bend tunnel.

Jeff Washington and Frank Cosby, both of whom worked for the C & O in the Big Bend at the time of its construction, say that there was a John Henry.

About two months after getting this report, I visited Jeff Washington at his home, a very old man whose mind seemed to "come and go". Occasionally he was seemingly reticent about Big Bend affairs, but for the most part talked rather freely, and at times rather inconsistently. He remembered the tunnel as a good place to save money because there was nothing in the neighborhood to spend it for, but later stated that the younger men, including himself, wasted all the money they got there, and added that "every bunch of grass in the neighborhood had a bottle in it."

He repeated the story of his going with John Henry from Keswick, near Charlottesville, Virginia, to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio in West Virginia. He said that he and Henry first worked "bushing" on the road near White Sulphur Springs, then in Lewis Tunnel near

there, and eventually went farther west to work on Big Bend, that Henry kept a piece of ribbon tied on the handle of his hammer, and that nobody could get it off. He described Henry as not real black, of average height, and weight about 160 pounds. He said that he did not see a steam drill on the road, and that he knew nothing of Henry's drilling-contest. He was certain that he knew nothing of the death of the steel-driver at Big Bend, and that he has not seen Henry or heard anything from him since they were together in the tunnel. He remembered hearing at Big Bend about the time it was completed that Henry had been killed there and his body thrown into the big fill. He seemed very anxious to be reported as not believing the story of Henry's burial. Yet he explained that a "great many were killed in the tunnel and buried anywhere around there."

Jeff Washington made no reference to John Hardy in giving this account of John Henry. Then I inquired of his acquaintance with Hardy at Big Bend. He answered that he had never seen Hardy on the road or elsewhere, but that he had heard of him. Later, however, he used the name Hardy two or three times for that of Henry in speaking of the steel-driver, seemingly a clear case of confusing the two names after Hardy had been mentioned. He recalled having heard of the article which Mr. Barker read in the Charleston Daily Mail, and which on the authority of hearsay had substituted the name John Hardy for that of John Henry as the famous steel-driver at Big Bend Tunnel. In all probability the name Hardy was brought into the conversation Mr. Barker had with Jeff Washington soon after the article appeared, resulting in the incorrect report the former made from the latter of Henry's and Hardy's death.

While John Henry seems not to have a sister living in Charlottesville, Jeff Washington's account of Henry's connections there offers something definite for further inquiries. There are three Negro families by the name of Henry in the section, with five members named John Henry: one family with three now living who are descendants of Adam Henry, a slave of Garrett White, of North Garden, ten miles from Charlottesville; another family with two, father and son, who were slaves of Professor John Staige Davis, of the University of Virginia. The first three were not old enough to help build the Chesapeake and Ohio across West Virginia. The other two were fifty-five and thirty-one respectively when the road was begun in 1870.

Charles James,[46]) of Keswick, who talked volumes about slavery and Civil War times, says:

> Noah Reasby and John Henry were friends in tunnels and other work. Noah Reasby drove steel last in the Catskill Mountains to bring water into New York City.
>
> I had a niece and uncle who lived at Whitehall, New York State, and my niece owned a place right where the water tunnel was made, and she was paid and water put in her house. Uncle lived in Whitehall, and was a blacksmith.

[46]) Testimony obtained in Aug., 1929.

Uncle was named John Henry after his father who was John Henry. His mother was named Judy Henry. She had one son named Charles James, and he was my father, and then she married John Henry and had a son John Henry. Uncle John Henry was bound to Professor Davis in the University of Virginia, and his mother was too.

Uncle worked on the C and O Railroad, and I did too, when they were building it, a long time before he went to Whitehall. He was at Big Bend Tunnel, but he won't the great steel-driver there. That John Henry got killed. I didn't see him when I was there, but Dick Morris and Noah Reasby did. They said that John Henry was a great steel-driver at Big Bend, and talked about him as long as they lived. They both died about ten years ago here near Keswick.

Although Mr. James was certain that his Uncle John Henry was not the great steel-driver at Big Bend, the statement that he worked on the Chesapeake and Ohio in West Virginia made an investigation at Whitehall necessary, and a letter to Mr. H. E. Sullivan, of the Historical Society of Whitehall, brought the following answer:

This day I interviewed the daughters of John L. Henry and found as follows:

The head of the family never came to Whitehall, but his wife Judy visited here about 1870 for six weeks. Judy was married twice. By first husband she had a son Charles James and three daughters. By the second she had John Lewis Henry and William, who lived at Charlottesville, Va...

John L. Henry, son of John and Judy, was born in east room of U. Va. Aug. 15, 1839 and. d. at Whitehall June 24, 1911. He learned the blacksmith trade and is said to have worked in a Confederate arsenal. Later he became the body servant of Lieut. Wm. Boyd of this town who brought him to Whitehall on his return in 1865. He worked at his trade here from 1867 until his death and was considered the best in town. I knew him well. He always shod our horses and did any other work in his line which we had. He was, with his family, a member of the Methodist Church and was a good man in every way and was highly respected.

May 18, 1867 he married Emma Baltimore, daughter of George and Jenett Jackson Baltimore, and they had the following children:

Marietta B.	b. May 17, 1868	
Julia	b. Nov. 26, 1870	d. June 10, 1880
Georgiana	b. Aug. 18, 1874	d. January 7, 1894
Isabella V.	b. Nov. 24, 1878	
Robert Lewis	b. Sept 17, 1880	d. March 30, 1882

Marietta (Matey) and Isabella (Belle) live in the family homestead, purchased 1867 ... Both are cripples ...

There is no large water system so far north ...

Mr. James says that his uncle was at Big Bend before going to New York, but Mr. Sullivan takes him out of the South five years before the tunnel was begun. Developments from trying to clear up this confusion by writing letters resulted in a trip to Whitehall in the spring of 1930 and a second to Keswick in the summer following.

It seemed important to determine whether this John Henry was actually in the South during the construction of the tunnel.

In Whitehall I failed to find anything of a documentary sort to show that he returned to Virginia after leaving in 1865. The family letters had been destroyed, and no newspaper files for the period seem to exist. His two daughters, Matey and Belle, were certain that he did not return after his trip north with Boyd, and their neighbors, those around sixty or seventy years of age, agreed, with varying degrees of sureness, that he could not have been at Big Bend Tunnel. However, Joseph Chapelle and George Brown, older residents of Whitehall, claimed that they knew him well, and thought it quite probable that he returned to the South to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, at least during winter - - - about half of the year at Whitehall in the seventies,[47]) - - - in his greater effort to pay for the home he had recently bought. Mr. Chapelle worked around 1870 for the National Transportation Line, on the canal through Whitehall. He said that Henry shod mules for the same company at the time, and that activities were suspended there during winter. He said that Henry's shop was often closed in winter around 1870, but failed to remember how long it stayed closed. He was not certain that it was always open in the summer, and knew that the company's mules were shod at other shops as well as at Henry's.

Nobody in Whitehall seemed to know a great deal about Henry, not even his two daughters. They knew that he had received hard treatment from being bound out as a slave, but they knew nothing of the circumstances. They knew that he had some trouble with his back, and that their mother "rubbed it". A large number of men there, who as boys had "brushed flies" for Henry while he was shoeing horses, remembered that he had trouble with his back. Some of them thought that marks on his shoulders and back were callouses from wearing a yoke to pull a plow or to carry water when he was bound out, and others were quite sure that the marks were only prominent muscles. They had seen Henry working in the shop with his shirt open and his sleeves up, and all agreed that he was a very strong man. That he had lifted a mule on his shoulder on one occasion was a matter of common report. Mr. Sullivan thought, perhaps, while Henry was very reticent about his early life, and all of his particularly intimate affairs, that he talked somewhat freely with two old "rounders" with whom he associated a great deal before becoming a member of the church. But these two men are gone from Whitehall.

Such closeness on the part of Henry to old "rounders" would seem to upset Mr. Sullivan's earlier statement that he was a "good man in every way", but this report was based on the later years of Henry's life. Nobody in Whitehall, of course, reported Henry as a bad man at any period of his career. He was known to play cards

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[47]) Mr. Brown says that he worked only six months a year at that time, and lived through the winter on his savings from the summer.

and drink occasionally, but never seen gambling or drunk; and on occasion to forget his domestic obligations, but not in any way that would characterize him as lacking real manliness. His associates were largely white people, and they held him in high esteem from the time of his arrival in Whitehall. He was "never ugly or boisterous", and after joining the church he always spoke of the devil as "Mr. Satan". He had "good manners", although he never learned to write, and his letters were always written by some member of his family.

Henry was in the habit of singing as he worked in the shop such songs as "Old Black Joe" and "Shoo Fly". He often chanted "tunes" to his hammer and anvil, and was greatly attached to them.

His younger daughter remembered that he spoke of working on the railroad at some time, but knew nothing definite about the matter, but they both insisted that he did not work on any road in the South after going to Whitehall in 1865. The older was less than two years of age when Big Bend Tunnel was begun, and the younger was born six years after its completion. The former can not be considered an authority on the activities of her father while she was only two or three years old, and hardly better than the latter who can report only hearsay for the early seventies. Their lack of definite knowledge, even from hearsay reports in the family, of their father during the seventies and eighties, as well as his earlier life, no doubt because of his reticence about such matters, makes possible his consideration as the original John Henry. Several definite connections seem to exist between the two.

Of his four daughters, the second was named Julia, born about eight months after W. R. Johnson got the contract for the construction of Big Bend Tunnel, and the third was named Georgiana, born about two years after the tunnel was built. In about half of the texts of the ballad, "Julia Ann" appears as the steel-driver's wife, woman, or baby. The "white house", from which the steel-driver is taken to the tunnel to drive and to which after the contest he is taken injured or dead, may be a variation of Whitehall, the home of John L. Henry at the time. Moreover, his singing "Shoo Fly" and other tunes as he worked in his shop, his attachment to his hammer and anvil, his "good manners", association with white people, superior strength, lack of ability to write, - - all are in keeping with the direct and popular reports for the original John Henry, who sang "Shoo Fly" at Big Bend, associated with white people, and got the Gilpin family to write letters for him to his family in North Carolina, possibly a confusion with New York. He required "good manners" for his contacts at the tunnel, as Mr. Gilpin represents him, and something of the sort, echoed in the Henry tradition, almost certainly contributed to the belief in the great steel-driver as a good man, not infrequently too good for anything of consequence. Doubtlessly such apparent connections would be sufficient for the identification of Chaucer's Wife of Bath.

When Big Bend was begun in 1870, John L. Henry was thirty-one years old, weight around 170 pounds, height about five feet eight

inches, and almost black. At his home I was able to get a photograph, made about 1870, of him in his "Sunday clothes", and presented a copy of it to Mr. Gilpin and the Hedrick brothers for their judgement of him as the steel-driver. After careful examination they agreed that it was not altogether unlike the Negro they knew at the tunnel, but only his face and hands were exposed in the photograph, and they remembered him most distinctly as a man of energy, a man of action, with full chest and muscled arms and shoulders. Besides, he was not quite tall enough for Mr. Gilpin and George Hedrick, and slightly too stout for John Hedrick. The writer then sought the opinion of Jeff Washington, who gave it with little more than a glance at the photograph. The feet seemed to amuse him, and yet they are very good Negro feet, as good or better than Jeff's own. Nevertheless, he was certain that they were not the feet of the John Henry he knew on the Chesapeake and Ohio.

The identification, therefore, of John L. Henry as the steel-driver would no longer seem possible, although his trail promised a great deal. The wise thing, perhaps, for the investigator was to accept from the first the report of Charles James, that his uncle was not the man; but the existence of the criminal element in the Henry tradition led to the suspicion that the whole story had not been told. The failure of Mr. James to remember a proper amount of detail about the career of his uncle, along with his history in full of the Civil War, added weight in that direction. But this trail, like that followed earlier at Norfolk, leads only to disappointment; and the testimony of Charles James for the steel-driver may be placed among the popular reports of the second chapter of this study, and, after a necessary explanation, that of Jeff Washington may be placed among the direct testimony of the third chapter.

Not a little chagrined at the failure of Jeff Washington to consider the photograph in a more serious manner, I took pains to remind him that John L. Henry seemed to be the only member of the Henry families around Keswick, or in the larger Charlottesville district, who could qualify as the steel-driver, and that he did not have a sister there or elsewhere. Jeff continued his good-natured attitude, and readily shifted ground in two important particulars. Instead of repeating his earlier report of first coming in contact with John Henry at Keswick, a depot on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad about ten miles east of Charlottesville, he stated that he first knew the steel-driver at Ivy, a depot on the same road about ten miles west of Charlottesville. He explained that Henry's sister lived, not in Charlottesville, but "back on the ridge of the mountains above Hinton," West Virginia. While the first shift may have no positive value, the second is highly significant, in that Jeff placed the sister in the immediate section where the steel-driver's white woman lived, according to Miller, Scott, and Gilpin. At the time the tunnel was built this section was not a Negro community, and in all probability not a Negro there. Henry's sister and Henry's white woman, then, are one and the same, and Jeff told more than he meant to. His amusement,

therefore, at my failure to find Henry's sister in Charlottesville seems obvious.

The trails of John Henry have brought unsatisfactory results, and the question of what became of him is still not answered. His leaving the Big Bend neighborhood was certainly not to the tune of a brass band, and it is very doubtful that he left at all. He had about an equal chance to go or stay. The fear of his ghost in the tunnel and the wide popular belief in his death there, where escape at best was only a gambling possibility, may be regarded as lending some value to the ballad record of the event. Fortunately, a full account of the career of John Henry is not necessary for an answer to the question of his existence and the reality of his drilling-contest.

John Raybern Zierold

THE JOHN HENRY HAMMER SONG

A

Mrs. Sidney Wilson, Minnehaha Springs, W. Va. Mrs. Wilson obtained this version from her brother, a man well acquainted with construction camps in the South.

This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
This old hammer, - - huh,
Killed John Henry, - - huh;
Killed him dead, - - huh.

Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Ain't no hammer, - - huh,
In these mountains, - - huh;
Rings like mine, - - huh.

Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
Take this hammer, - - huh,
And give it to the walker, - - huh;
For I'm goin' home, - - huh.

I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To whip - a those children, - - huh;
Make 'em mind, - - huh.

'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
'Cause the penitentiary, - - huh,
Is full o' people, - - huh;
Won't raised right, - - huh.

98

I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
I told Hattie, - - huh,
To make her dress a little longer, - - huh;
A - showin' of her laig, - - huh.

B

Newton Redwine. Mr. Redwine says: "John Henry had no regular song to sing as he worked, but it seems that the following was his favorite just before his death." The Beattyville Enterprise, Beattyville, Ky., Feb. 1, 1929.

I have hammered
Four long years
With this old hammer

I have hammered
On the W & A
I have hammered
On the old M & C
I have worked
On the C & S

The hammer am a ringin'
And the steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
Put the hole on down

This old hammer
Killed John Scott
It will never kill me

Hammer am a ringin'
Steel am a singin'
I'll put the hole
On down boys
I'll put the hole
On down - hut - hut - hut

Hut - hut - hut
I'll put the hole on down
I'll put the hole on down

This old hammer
Has killed John Scott
It will never kill me
Hut - hut - hut

I'll put the hole on down, boys
I'll put the hole on down

C

Minnie Darby, Evington, Va.

This old hammer
Killed John Henry;
It won't kill me, boys,
It won't kill me.

I'm going back
To east Colorado;
I'm not coming back, boys,
I'm not coming back.

If that fast man
Asks for me, boys,
Tell him I'm gone,
Tell him I'm gone,

This old hammer
Killed John Henry;
It won't kill me, boys,
It won't kill me.

This old hammer
Ring a-like silver,
Shine a-like gold, boys,
Shine a-like gold.

I'm going home
To see my mama;
I'm not coming back, boys,
I'm not coming back.

If you see
My blue-eyed baby,
Tell her I'm gone, boys,
Tell her I'm gone.

This old hammer
Killed John Henry;
It won't kill me, boys,
It won't kill me.

D

Martin Barrow, of the Public Works Department of Jamaica, West Indies. Mr. Barrow sent this version of the song in Jamaica, July 26, 1932.

Ten pound hammer kill John Henry,
Ten pound hammer kill John Henry,
Ten pound hammer kill John Henry,
Somebody dying every day.

100

Oh me pardner, oh me pardner,
Oh me pardner, oh me pardner,
Oh me pardner, oh me pardner,
Somebody dying every day.

I am sorry for me pardner,
I am sorry for me pardner,
I am sorry for me pardner,
Somebody dying every day.

I come wid Merican to put this tunnel through,
I come wid Merican to put this tunnel through,
I come wid Merican to put this tunnel through,
Somebody dying every day.

Number nine tunnel kill me pardner,
Number nine tunnel kill me pardner,
Number nine tunnel kill me pardner,
Somebody dying every day.

Number nine tunnel no will kill me,
Number nine tunnel no will kill me,
Number nine tunnel no will kill me,
Somebody dying every day.

Dis ole hammer it sound like diamon,
Dis ole hammer it sound like diamon,
Dis ole hammer it sound like diamon,
Somebody dying every day.

Ten pound hammer will never kill me,
Ten pound hammer will never kill me,
Ten pound hammer will never kill me,
Somebody dying every day.

Wake up, shake up, climb up Jacob ladder,
Wake up, shake up, climb up Jacob ladder,
Wake up, shake up, climb up Jacob ladder,
Somebody dying every day.

Rocks and mountain hang about me,
Rocks and mountain hang about me,
Rocks and mountain hang about me,
Somebody dying every day.

If I live to see December,
If I live to see December,
If I live to see December,
Somebody dying every day.

Take this hammer to the walker,
Take this hammer to the walker,
Take this hammer to the walker,
Somebody dying every day.

Tell him I am going buddy,
Tell him I am going buddy,
Tell him I am going buddy,
Somebody dying every day.

Going buddy to my country,
Going buddy to my country,
Going buddy to my country,
Somebody dying every day.

E

Aubrey F. Goff, Glenville, W. Va. Mr. Goff obtained the song in 1923, from the singing of Harley V. Townsend of Dusk, Gilmer County, W. Va. It is titled "The Yew Pine Mountains", and shows John Hardy as the victim of the hammer.

This old hammer rings like silver;
This old hammer rings like silver,
This old hammer rings like silver;
It shines like gold, babe, it shines like gold.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

This old hammer killed my buddy,
This old hammer killed my buddy;
This old hammer killed my buddy;
But it'll not kill me, babe, it'll not kill me.
Why! 'cause I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
Why! 'cause I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
Why! 'cause I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

This old hammer killed John Hardy,
This old hammer killed John Hardy;
This old hammer killed John Hardy;
But it'll not kill me, babe, it'll not kill me.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

The people 'round here they don't like me,
The people 'round here they don't like me,
The people 'round here they don't like me;
But I don't care, babe, I don't care.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

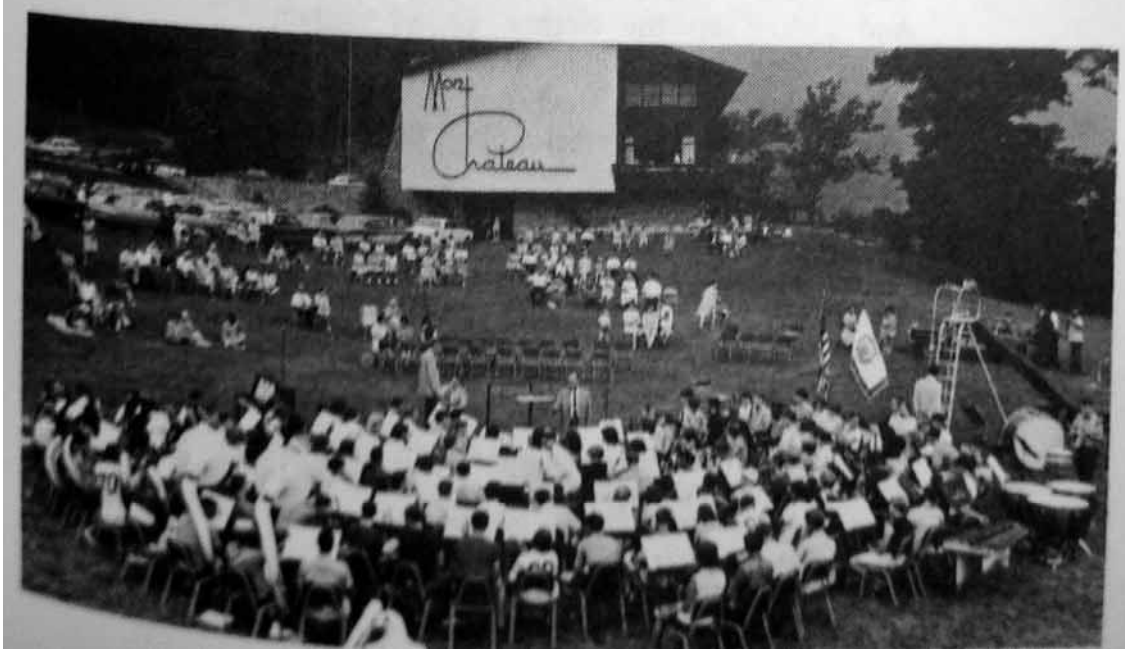
102

Forty - four days make forty - four dollars,
Forty - four days make forty - four dollars,
Forty - four days make forty - four dollars;
All in gold, babe, all in gold.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

I can hear my true love calling,
I can hear my true love calling,
I can hear my true love calling;
'Come back home, babe, come back home'.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

I can see my true love coming,
I can see my true love coming,
I can see my true love coming;
Dressed in red, babe, dressed in red.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.

When I meet her I will greet her,
When I meet her I will greet her,
When I meet her I will greet her;
And she'll greet me, babe, and she'll greet me.
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains,
I'm going back to the Yew Pine Mountains;
That's my home, babe, that's my home.



VII

Burl McPeak, Fords Branch, Ky.

John Henry was a very small boy,
Sitting on his papa's knee;
He cried all out with a glad little shout,
'Big Bend tunnel on the C. and O. road
Going to be the death of me.'

John Henry left the white house,
Went out to the heading to drive.
The heading caught on fire with that light little blaze,
It was nothing but John Henry driving steel.

John Henry drove steel in the right-hand corner,
The steam drill in the left.
'Before I let the steam drill beat me down
I'll ham' my fool self to death,
I'll ham' my fool self to death.'

John Henry told his shaker,
'Shaker, you had better pray,
For if I miss this piece of steel
Tomorrow will be your burying day.'

John Henry had a pretty little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann.
John Henry lay sick and on his bed,
Polly Ann drove steel like a man.

The women all knew John Henry,
They knew he was so neat and so fine;
The Big Bend tunnel on the C and O road
Is the place where John Henry went blind,
Is the place where John Henry went blind,

John Henry was buried,
He was buried with each hammer in his hand.
It was written on his tomb just as solid as a doom,
'Here lies our steel-driving man.'

John Henry drove steel,
He drove from the top of his head.
Nine-pound hammer going up in each hand
Was what caused John Henry to fall dead,
Was what caused John Henry to fall dead.

VIII

Tishie Fitzwater, Hosterman, W. Va.

When John Henry was a little boy,
Sitting on his papa's knee,
He picked up a hammer and said to his papa,
'This is going to be the death of me.'

110

John Henry was six foot tall,
And two foot and a half across the breast.
He would pound all day with a nine pound hammer
And never get tired and want to rest.

The scraper and the sprayers was all getting scared,
Thought the mountain was falling in,
When John Henry cried out with a loud shout,
'It is nothing but my hammer in the wind.'

John Henry had a little woman,
Her name was Polly Ann.
John Henry got sick and had to go to bed,
Polly drove steel like a man.

John Henry's mama come running
As hard as she could run:
'In the Big Ben tunnel on the C & O Road
Is going to be the death of my son.'

John Henry's wife,
He keeps her dressed up in blue.
She come running down stairs with her hair all curled,
And cried, 'O John Henry, I been true to you.'

IX

O. W. Evans, Editor of the New Castle Record, New Castle, Va. Mr. Evans wrote in 1928 that he heard the ballad forty years ago, and remembered some of it. "As I remember the negro banjo-pickers' melody of John Henry, they ended each verse with, 'And he died with his hammer in his hand.'"

The Cap'n he got oneasy (uneasy),
Thought Ben Tunnel was a-cavin' in,
But John Henry cried out with a loud, loud voice,
'It's nothin' but my hammer in the wind, God knows,
Nothin' but my hammer in the wind.'

Some said he come from Columbus,
Others said he come from Cain,
But he give in his name as an East Virginia man,
And he died with his hammer in his hand, God knows,
And he died with his hammer in his hand.

John Henry he had a woman,
She come all dressed in blue
. . . . . .
Sayin', 'Haven't I been true to you, God Knows,
Haven't I been true to you?'

vistas.

JOHN JORDAN.

John Jordan, the ancestor of the relationship of that name in Lower Pocahontas, was a very worthy native of Ireland. By occupation he was a tailor, and when he once met a fellow member of the craft after a prolonged separation his friend was very demonstrative in the pleasure the meeting afforded him. In his joyful exhilaration, as a special manifestation of his delight, he struck his friend Jordan on the back of his hand with a side blow of his own. This friendly lick was so powerful as to inflict a bruise so serious in its effects as to necessitate amputation of the arm just below the elbow. Nevertheless he learned to use a hoe or an axe to a good purpose in after life.

Mr Jordan came to this region as a traveling merchant, dealing in Irish linens and other portable merchandise. He was a "hard money" man in his financial preferences, and converted all paper money he received into silver and gold. Miss Miriam McNeel, daughter of John McNeel, the Levels pioneer, found out in some way that the young merchant had about a half bushel of coin, and it seemed to occur to her mind that if a person disabled as he was could make that much money, he could certainly take good care of her. To the surprise of her friends that a nice sensible girl as she was should fancy a cripple, she did not discourage the attentions of the hustling young Irishman, and they were happily married.

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At that period of our local history a young man's recommendation was his ability to clear land, split rails, and grub, but to marry a cripple in store clothes was not to be thought of.

After their marriage Mr Jordan continued to prosper in making a living, and purchased some servants to wait on the girl that had made such a surprising venture as to marry him. He settled on the Millstone Run, between Hillsboro and Locust, opening up a property now in possession of Isaac McNeel, whose wife Miriam Nannie Beard is a grand-daughter of the pioneer merchant. There were five sons and three daughters: John, Jonathan, Isaac, Abram, Franklin, Jane, Nancy, and Martha.

John Jordan, Junior, married Martha Burnsides on the Greenbrier in view of the homestead, and settled near Hillsboro, where they spent the remainder of their lives. Their children were Christopher, Jonathan, Mary, Miriam, Nancy, and Jemima. Christopher married Elizabeth Wallace, daughter of Benjamin Wallace of Bath County, but long a resident of Pocahontas. Jonathan married Lucinda, daughter of James Sharp, on Beaver Creek. He was a Confederate soldier, and died at home while on a furlough from the army. Mary became Mrs Jacob McNeel, and lived on the McNeel homestead. John Henry and Samuel her sons. Miriam married Aaron Hill and settled on Hills Creek. Nancy became Mrs George Hill and died a few years since at Falling Spring, Greenbrier County. Jemima was married to Captain Samuel Gilmore, and lives in Highland County.

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Jonathan Jordan, son of the pioneer, first married Elizabeth Callison, daughter of Anthony Callison at Locust. Her twin sons John and Anthony died young. Jonathan's second wife was Rebecca Edmiston. They settled on Dry Run, the place now in possession of Sherman Clark. The children of the second marriage were Elizabeth, Rebecca, Miriam, William and James.

Isaac Jordan, another son of the pioneer, married Mary Callison, daughter of James Callison on Trump Run, and settled just west of Hillsboro at the spring now owned by J. K. Bright. He afterwards moved to Davis County, Missouri. Isaac Jordan's second marriage was with the widow of Captain William Renick, Lafayette County, Missouri. He became a prominent citizen in his adopted State, was commissioner of the revenue and justice of the peace. His daughter Elizabeth became Mrs Samuel Beard, son of Josiah Beard of Locust, and they resided in Missouri near Odessa. Mr Beard died recently.

Abram Jordan married Jane Edmiston, daughter of the late Andrew Edmiston, near Locust. She was a sister of the distinguished judge Mathew Edmiston of Weston. Abram lived a few years on the old Jordan homestead, and afterwards migrated to Saline County, Missouri. Nancy and Lydia were his daughters. Nancy became Mrs Faulkner, and Lydia was married to William Renick, from Greenbrier County. Mr Renick was an extensive dealer in live stock, and was partner in trade with Levi Gay during his sojourn in Missouri.

Franklin Jordan married Martha Edmiston, and

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went to Missouri. After her decease he married Mrs Ballenger, from Ashland, Ky.

Jane Jordan, eldest daughter of the pioneer, was married to the late Major William Blair, and lived near Hillsboro. Her sons were Morgan, Claiborne, Doctor Franklin, Colbert, and John, who died during the war. Morgan Blair married Ann Gay, daughter of George Gay, and settled in Iowa. Claiborne Blair married Lavinia Bruffey and went west.

Mrs Jane Blair's daughters were Frankie Blair, who was married to the late Isaac Clutter, and lived on Briar Knob, head of Hills Creek. Miriam Blair was married to William Hill, and settled in Iowa. Elizabeth Blair became Mrs John G. Beard, and lives on the Blair homestead near Hillsboro. Martha Blair was first married to Peter Clark, and after his decease she became Mrs Abram Beard, and lived in Renick's Valley, where she died not long since.

Nancy Jordan, the second of pioneer Jordan's daughters, was first married to Isaac Callison and went west. Her son, James B. Callison, lives at Jamesport, Mo. Her daughter Miriam was married to William Walkup, from Greenbrier County, and lived in Missouri, where she died. Mrs Walkup's son is a Presbyterian minister. Mrs Nancy Callison's second marriage was with the late George Edmiston near Locust, lived awhile on the old Andrew Edmiston homestead, and finally went to Missouri.

Martha, the youngest of the Jordan sisters, was married to the late Joseph Beard of Hillsboro. For several years they lived on Spring Creek in Greenbrier,

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and then resided in Hillsboro. Her son John Jordan Beard married Minerva Edmiston. Their daughter Mollie became Mrs C. F. Moore. Harry Beard, one of their sons, is a physician in Lewisburg, and J. Fred Beard lives at Huntersville.

Lieutenant J. J. Beard was a gallant Confederate officer. He was severely wounded and greatly disabled by wounds received in battle in the lower valley. He served for two terms as clerk of both the circuit and county courts of Pocahontas. His death occurred in 1898.

Margaret Jane Beard, her eldest daughter, was married to Captain William L. McNeel. Mrs George Callison, Mrs J. Thrasher, Misses Mary, Pauline, and Maggie McNeel are her daughters. Joseph McNeel and the late Henry McNeel are her sons.

Miriam Nancy, Mrs Martha Beard's youngest daughter, was married to Isaac McNeel, at Millpoint, where they now dwell. Their son Thomas Summers is Prosecuting Attorney for Pocahontas County, and Harvey Winters McNeel is a physician at Hillsboro. Lanty McNeel is at home, and Mary Gold their only daughter.

Mrs Martha Beard died quite recently, over eighty years of age. Some time before her death she was disabled by a fall that prevented her from walking for the remainder of her life.

Thus far we have been able to record something in memory of a very worthy and rather remarkable person. If the reader has derived any pleasure from this sketch his thanks are largely due James McCollam and

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the late Mrs Nancy Callison, upon whose retentive memories the writer has drawn for most of the particulars here given.

John Jordan, the pioneer, was one of the original ruling elders of the Oak Grove Presbyterian church. His house was open to Methodist and Presbyterian ministers without any apparent discrimination, and for years was one of the main preaching places for Methodist ministers. He donated the site for the Methodist church near his residence. This church was destroyed by fire about sixty years ago. In its time this was the most comfortable building of the kind in Pocahontas in possession of that sect. In his death Mr Jordan was greatly mourned, for many felt they had been bereaved of a true and useful friend. He was buried near the ruins of the Millstone Run Church, and his grave seems to have been nicely cared for. A neatly-carved stone (the handiwork of the late John Bruffey) marks the place where a good man rests in hope. His life's duty is done, and with tears of genuine affection he was tenderly laid under the trees, planted by the unseen hand of the God he served.

JOHN BRADSHAW.

In his day and generation one of the most conspicuous citizens of our county was John Bradshaw, Esq., of Huntersville. His residence was on ths site now occupied by the "Lightner House" belonging to Amos Barlow. John Bradshaw was a native of England. Bradshaw is a historic name in England—as readers of

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telling about them.

In June, 1865, after surrender at Appomattox, Mr Curry, assisted by John B. Kinnison, with a three horse team, carried the records back to Joel Hill's and in a month later placed them in a nearby house belonging to the Rev Mitchell D. Dunlap, where they remained until September, 1865. The first court after the war was held at Hillsboro, November, 1865, in the Methodist church; and from that time the records were kept in the old Academy building until June, 1866, when they were returned to Huntersville and placed in the residence of John Garvey, near the court house, and then after a few months were replaced in the office. Something more than five years intervened between the first removal and the final return of the records, and notwithstanding the risks encountered and the vicissitudes of war times, nothing was lost but an old process book of no intrinsic importance. This loss is believed to have occurred while the office was in use as Confederate barracks.

So far as known there is no other like instance of fidelity to official duty that surpasses the preservation of the Pocahontas County records. There were ten removals in all, from first to last, and when returned six months were spent in assorting and replacing the papers.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN.

For the past seventy-five or eighty years the McLaughlin name has been a familiar one among our peo-

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ple. For this reason the relationship so long identified with our county history deserves special mention there for. This relationship will be considered in groups as it is so numerous and widely distributed and derived from a varied though related ancestry.

John McLaughlin, the ancestor of several Pocahontas families of that name, was a native of Ireland, and settled on Jackson's River, seven or eight miles below Monterey, and was one of the pioneer settlers of that vicinity previous to the Revolution. The lands he settled were lately in possession of his son, John McLaughlin, Jr.

His family consisted of six sons and five daughters. In reference to these persons the following particulars have been mainly learned from Mrs Morgan Grimes, one of the descendants by the third or fourth remove.

Margaret became Mrs William Carpenter and lived on Deer Creek, near Greenbank; Nancy was married to John Carpenter and lived on Thomas Creek, near Dunmore, where Peter Carpenter now lives; Jane became Mrs Alexander Benson and settled in Illinois; Mary was married to John Beverage and lived on Straight Creek, near Monterey; Susan became Mrs Holcomb, and went to West Virginia; Abigail was married to Thomas Galford and lived near Dunmore on lands lately owned by J. H. Curry.

Major Daniel McLaughlin, upon his marriage with Mary Carpenter, settled on Deer Creek, opening lands now held by the Oliver Brothers. In reference to his family the following particulars are in hand:

His son, the late David McLaughlin, married Jane

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Wanless, daughter of William Wanless, on Back Alleghany, and settled on lands lately occupied by his sons Joseph and James; Abigail became Mrs A. Jackson Moore on Back Alleghany; Mary Elizabeth was married to George Sutton and lived near Greenbank; John M. McLaughlin married Mary Jane Moore, daughter of W. D. Moore on Elk. John was a Confederate soldier, taken prisoner and died at Camp Chase, Ohio; Margaret Jane was married to Morgan Grimes, and lives near Mt. Zion in the Hills.

Major Daniel McLaughlin was much respected. He was a very hard working man and almost wore himself out clearing lands. He was a major of militia and was a fine looking officer on the parades that came off annually.

Hugh McLaughlin, of John, the Irish immigrant, married Sally Grimes, daughter of Arthur, of Felix, the pioneer. He lived near Huntersville on lands now owned by Dr Patterson and others. J. A. McLaughlin, Mrs Mary Hogsett and Lieut. James Hickman McLaughlin, a Confederate officer who perished in the war, were his children. He was a popular and prominent citizen.

Samuel McLaughlin, another son of John, married a Miss Wright and lived on Jackson's River. There were two children. Mary Jane was married to Martin Sharp and lives on Little Back Creek, near Mt. Grove. H. P. McLaughlin married Alcinda Bird, daughter of the late George Bird, Valley Centre, Va. He lives on Brown Creek, near Huntersville. He was a Confederate soldier, 25th Virginia, Infantry.

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Robert McLaughlin, another son of John the pioneer died in early manhood. He is reported to have been a young man of much promise.

James McLaughlin settled in Illinois soon after his marriage. His wife's name is not remembered. He was enthused by the gold excitement of 1849, and crossed the plains to California in search of wealth. He was in a measure successful. It may be said too, to his credit, he was not so very hard to satisfy, and so he returned to his family and settled in Missouri.

John McLaughlin, Junior, married Sally Hamilton, and spent his days at the homestead on Jacksons River. His children were Ewing, Ada, Sally, and Letcher.

John McLaughlin was widely known for his jovial ways and amusing expressions, and was also somewhat eccentric in his ideas. When about to be overcome by the infirmities of an advanced age, he pointed out a spot overlooking his dwelling that is well nigh inaccessible, and gave positive orders to have his body buried there. He seemed to abhor the idea of being trampled upon, and appeared to feel that his head would be secure from such indignity if he could have his grave in a spot almost impossible to reach, and so steep that erect posture would be impracticable. It was his boast that when he was alive he generally came out "on top," and so he seemed to wish to be on top when not alive.

His friends saw to it that his wishes should be complied with to the very letter. A more unique burial scene was never witnessed in that region. The pall-bearers on their knees and holding to the bushes and

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rocks with one hand and the coffin handles with the other, and the procession following on all fours, compose a scene the like of which may never be witnessed while the world stands Here an illustration of the ruling passion strong in death.

The second group of McLaughlin relationship trace their ancestry to two brothers and two sisters of that name who settled in Pocahontas early in the century. How near the relationship is, the writer has not the requisite information. William and John McLaughlin and their sisters Jennie and Nancy are the persons remembered as the ancestry of the second group.

William McLaughlin married Nancy Wylie, head of Jacksons River, and settled on Thomas Creek, near Dunmore,—his lands now held by his sons Hugh and Robert. Mrs McLaughlin died a few years since at a very advanced age, of a cancerous affection. She is remembered as a faithful and devoted nurse of her sick neighbors, and her services were held in high appreciation in times when there was no physician convenient. She and her neighbor Elizabeth McCutchan were sisters of charity in the best sense of the word. Sheep saffron was their main dependance in cases of measles. They were fully posted in the virtues of herb remedies.

In reference to William McLaughlin's family, we have the following details: His daughter Jane was married to John Hiner, second wife, and lives on Jacksons River.

Rachel became Mrs Jacob Beverage, and lives on

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the Old Field Fork of Elk.

Elizabeth married James Townsend, and lived on Back Alleghany, near Driftwood.

Hugh McLaughlin married Nancy Ratliff, and lives on a section of the Thomas Creek homestead. Their children are Mrs Mary Alice Brooks, Mrs Lena Deputy, William Andrew Gatewood, Jacob Renick Cassell, Brown Letcher, Minnie Belle (lately deceased), Annie, Charles, and Lola.

Robert McLaughlin was married twice, and lives on a section of the homestead. His first marriage was with Minta Rusmisell. Her children were Nebraska, Melissa, Lovie, Christopher, Catherine, Bertha, Lawrence, Cameron and Russell. The second marriage was with Lydia Rusmisell. Her children are Elmer, Joseph and Annie. These ladies were cousins and were from near Moscow, Augusta County, Va.

Nancy McLaughlin, one of the ancestral sisters, became the wife of Jacob Cassell, senior, and lived on the Greenbrier at the Cassell Ford, four miles west of Greenbank.

Jennie McLaughlin, the other ancestral sister, was married to John Galford and lived near Glade Hill on property now owned by Frank Patterson.

John McLaughlin, one of the ancestral brothers, married Clarissa Gregory and settled on the place recently owned by the late Allan Galford, mouth of Deer Creek. Their children were John, James, Elizabeth and Nancy. Elizabeth was married to Harvey Ratcliffe and went to Roane county. Nancy became Mrs Henry Higgins and lived near Clover Lick; John

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married Sydney Carpenter and settled on the homestead; James married a Miss Nottingham and migrated to the West.

Hugh McLaughlin was wounded during the war, and suffers yet from the effects. Jacob McLaughlin died in the war. He is remembered as one of the noblest young men that was sacrificed in the cruel war. His bravery and good moral character reflected great honor upon his country and kindred.

An interesting letter has been placed in our hands, from which we are permitted to extract such parts as may be desired. It was written at Camp Bunker Hill, Frederick County, Virginia, on the 1st of August, 1864, by Jacob C. McLaughlin to his cousin, Nannie McLaughlin, a sister of H. P. McLaughlin, and is the last he was ever known to write to her. He fell at the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.

The extracts illustrate what our young soldiers endured when true to their sense of duty to the cause. He speaks of his mind preoccupied with memories and thoughts of the passing summer's dreadful campaign: "It is lamentable to look upon, for when we started out this spring we had fifty men, now we have only fifteen. The rest have been killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. I tell you it looks discouraging to fight under such circumstances; through throug the mercies of God I have been one of the few that have been spared, which I feel very thankful for and the kind mercies bestowed on me."

"We have had a very hard time since we came to

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the Valley. We had a fight at Lynchburg, at Liberty, and at Salem; and from there we did not follow old Hunter any farther. We then came to Lexington and Staunton and down the valley to Smithfield, and there we fought them again, and at Harpers Ferry; and from there we crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and fought them at Middletown, and the next day at Frederick City. And from there we went on to within sight of Washington City, and there we fought them two days. And when we retreated from there we had to fight them on our rear all the time until we crossed the Shenandoah River, and there we stopped and gave them a good whipping; and then came up to Winchester, and they whipped our division and then we went on up the valley to Strasburg and assembled all our forces together and marched back on them at Kernstown, three miles above Winchester, and gave them a whipping that has cooled them down a good deal. They had a large force—some 20,000—and we ran them back across the river into Maryland. Since that they have been more quiet, and we returned from the Potomac up to Bunker Hill, and there is no sign of them crossing the river after us, as yet. I am in hopes they may rest awhile, for the troops are very much exhausted from their fatiguing marches, for we have been marching and fighting since the 4th day of May, and I think that is long enough to give us some rest.

"I am sorry to inform you that both of your brothers are taken prisoners, and the whole 25th Regiment, excepting about fourteen, has been taken. Though we must expect to bear with many troubles in a war like this, you all ought to be thankful that they are prisoners, instead of being killed, as there have so many poor soldiers fallen this summer. I think a prisoner now is much better off than we poor men that have to march and fight so much. At least I know they are in less danger.

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"You must excuse me for not not writing to you more frequent, though I have written to you once before since I got any letter from you. I would have written oftener, only it has been out of my power to do so, on account of our not stopping long enough for me to write—and we have had no conveyance for our letters half the time we have been here. Write soon and give me all the news, and think of the many pleasures that have been, and look forward that which is to come.

Yours with much love and due respect,

JACOB C. MCLAUGHLIN.

HUGH McLAUGHLIN.

The third group of the McLaughlin relationship in our county are the descendants of Squire Hugh McLaughlin, late of Marlinton. His early life was spent in part on Jacksons River, Bath County. His wife was Nancy Gwinn, daughter of John Gwinn, Senior, and grand-daughter of John Bradshaw.

Squire Hugh McLaughlin and Hugh McLaughlin, late of Huntersville, were cousins and were intimately associated when they were young men. They were married about the same time, jointly leased a piece of land on Jacksons River, built a cabin and went to housekeeping. There was but one room. This they divided between them and kept separate establishments. Squire McLaughlin would often tell how an axe, maul, and wedge made up his original business capital, and how his housekeeping effects were carried by his young wife on a horse the day they went to themselves in their

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GENEALOGY OF JOHN McNEEL - 1745 - 1825

THROUGH HIS SON ISAAC McNEEL - 1775-1832

PREPARED BY THOMAS SUMMERS McNEEL - 1872-1950

PRESENTED TO THE POCAHONTAS HISTORICAL MUSEUM

BY

NANCY McNEEL CURRENCE

" THE McNEELS "

First Generation

JOHN [1] McNEEL, the Pioneer, as he is called, was the first settler in what is known as the Little Levels of Pocahontas County. He was born about 1745. Tradition has it that he came from the Valley of Virginia to this County. He made his home and lived until his death near the site of the present residence of Mathew John McNeel near Hillsboro. He married (1766) Martha Davis, a Welsh woman. He died in 1825 and was buried in the McNeel Graveyard, on the summit of the hill overlooking his ancestral home. His grave is marked by a sandstone carved from the native hills and engraved by John Bruffey, a neighbor. The inscription on the stone is "John McNeel Died in 1825 Aged 80 Years." Tradition has it that this cemetery was started by his wife, Martha Davis, in 1774, while her husband was away during the battle of Point Pleasant, when a child died and she prepared the body and buried it with her own hands, with possibly the help of a negro slave. John and Martha (Davis) McNeel had:

Abram, b. 1767-1826
Nancy, m. Richard Hill
Miriam, m. John Jordan
Martha, m. Griffith Evans
* Isaac (1775-1832) m. Rachel McKeever (1776-1818)

Second Generation

ISAAC [2] McNEEL (John [1] McNeel), m. Rachel McKeever; lived on part of the pioneer farm, where Alex McNeel now lives. They had:

* Paul, m. Rachel See
* Richard, m. Lydia Edmiston
* John, m. Harriett Lockridge
* Hannah, m. Benjamin Wallace
Nancy, m. William C. Price, of Randolph County, West Virginia
* Martha, m. David McCue
* Rachel, m. Jacob Crouch
Isaac, was once Sheriff of Pocahontas County, but moved to the State of Missouri, and we know nothing of his descendants.

Isaac, son of John the Pioneer, married (2) Ann Seebert. The children of Isaac and Ann (Seebert) McNeel were:

* Jacob, m. Mary Jordan
Samuel Ellis, d. during the Civil War, unm., a Confederate soldier.
* Elizabeth, m. Jacob Sharp
* Miriam, m. Joseph McClung
* Magdalen, m. Dr. Robert Williams
* Catherine, m. Charles Wade

Third Generation

PAUL [3] McNEEL (Isaac [2], John [1]) b. 1803 - d. 1872, m. Rachel See (1809-1887) They had:

* George See, m. Sabina Beard
* Andrew Gatewood, m. Kate Dunn
* Eliza Lavinia, b. 1837, m. Rev. Daniel Allen Penick
* John Adam, m. Emma McCown
* Lydia Ann, m. Capt. Alfred Malory Edgar
* Lucy Ella m. Charles Edgar Beard

RICHARD[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lydia Edmiston. They had:
Mathew, d. young
* Mary Gillilan, m. William T. Beard

JOHN[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Harriett Lockridge. They had:
* Isaac, m. Miriam Nancy Beard
* Evaline, m. Andrew D. Amiss
* Rachel Ann, m. Dr. Mathew Wallace
* Elizabeth, m. Abram Crouch
Mathew John, m. Maggie Belle Christian
Mathhias, d. in infancy
Lanty, d. in infancy

HANNAH[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Benjamin Wallace. They had:
* Mathew, m. Rachel McNeel
* Rachel, m. William S. Hefner
* Elizabeth, m. Christopher Jordan

MARTHA[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]), m. David McCue, August 23, 1827; moved to Davies County, Missouri, in 1844. There were 18 children born to this marriage, 12 boys (6 of whom served in the Confederate Army) and 6 girls - 15 of whom reached their majority. They were:

Paul M., b. Nov. 16, 1828; wounded in battle of Vicksburg; d. from effects of wounds, Dec. 22, 1863.
Isaac M., b. April 6, 1830
Franklin, bo. April 30, 1831; d. Feb. 24, 1864
Margaret E., b. May 27, 1832; d. when 11 years old
Rachel A., b. June 29, 1833; m. Alphonso L. Martin, lived in Kansas
David, b. Jan. 29, 1835; d. Jan. 28, 1861
James W., b. June 10, 1836; lives at Lock Springs, Mo.
John, b. Aug. 27, 1837; lived in Shelby County, Mo.
William P., b. Nov. 17, 1838; d. Aug. 4, 1862
Charles, b. March 2, 1840; d. several years ago.
Hannah J., b. July 15, 1841; lived in Jackson County, Mo.
George W., b. Oct. 8, 1842; lived near Gilman City, Mo.
Richard M., b. Feb. 19, 1844; lived in Gallatin, Mo.
Abram J., b. March 22, 1846; d. in infancy
Virginia M., b. March 22, 1846; died in infancy
Mathew W., b. Dec. 8, 1847; lived in Shelby County, Mo.
Mary E., b. May 9, 1849; dead for several years.
Martha A., b. Aug. 11, 1851; dead for several years.

RACHEL[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]), b. 1816; m. Jacob Crouch of Randolph County. They had:
Milton, b. 1838; was Confederate soldier, Co. F, 31st Virginia Regiment; wounded in battle and d. unm. in Richmond, Va., in 1862.
McNeel, b. 1839; d. 1859
* Andrew, b. 1840; m. Kate Hutton; d. 1921
* Isaac Newton, b. 1843; m. Virenna Davis Hutton; d. 1924
* Virginia, b. 1844; m. Jacob Ward; d. 1920
* Nannie, b. 1846; m. J. H. Moffett Beard; d. 1926
Martha, b. 1848

JACOB[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1821; m. Mary Jordan, b. 1826, d. 1906. They had:
* John Henry, b. 1849; m. Melcina Rodgers; d. 1923
* Granville, b. 1852; m. Julia Ware
Louella, b. 1855; m. George Clendenen; d. 1933
Isaac Newton, b. 1858; d. unm.
Jason, b. 1861; d. unm.
* Samuel Ellis, b. 1865; m. Mary Virginia Beard, b. 1871
Lydia Ann, b. 1869; m. James R. Sydenstricker
* George A., b. 1870; m. Rachel Cameron Beard

ELIZABETH[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Jacob Sharp. They had:
* William M., m. Julia Moore
* Paul, m. Evaline Moore
* Isaac, m. Georgia Moore
* Giles, m. Catherine Cochran
* Mary Ann, m. Samuel B. Moore
* Catherine, m. Quincy W. Poage
* Elizabeth, m. John R. Poage
* Frances, m. A. N. Barlow

MIRIAM[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Joseph McClung. They had:
* Beauregard, m. Lydia Allen
* Letitia, m. JamesWare

MAGDALEN[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Dr. Robert Williams. They had:
* Sandy, m. _____
* Bettie, m. Simon Fairburn
* Ruby, m. R. Lee Gum
* Roger, m. Rachel Gilmer
* Charles, m. Ida Matheny
* Mary, m. J. Calvin Price
* Luther, m. Lena Hepler
* Ellis, m. Anna Poage

CATHERINE[3] McNEEL (Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Charles Wade. They had:
Matilda, d. unm.
Newton, d. unm.
Paul, d. unm.
Electa, d. unm.
* Anna M., m. Samuel G. Dever

Fourth Generation

GEORGE SEE[4] McNEEL (Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Sabina Beard. They had:
* Mary Eliza, m. Mitchell A. Dunlap
Rachel Cameron
Georgianna
Paul, d. in childhood
Adam See, d. in boyhood
Edwin

ANDREW GATEWOOD[4] McNEEL (Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Kate Dunn. They had:
* John Donald, m. Nettie Turner
Paul, killed by a horse at the age of 16 (1884) at Odessa, Mo.
Maria See, b. 1871; d. 1904; buried at Tempe, Arizona
* George Henry, m. Bertha Reinhardt
* Russell Andrew, m. Lottie Offutt
Julia Coleman, b. 1878; m. Harland Stacey; d. 1925; buried at Los Angeles
* Linda Ann, m. John Bishop

ELIZA LAVINIA[4] McNEEL (Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1837; m. Rev. Daniel Allen Penick, D.D., a distinguished Presbyterian minister, 1857; d. 1891. They had:
* Mary Ella, m. Rev. William Ramsey Laird
* Paul McNeel, m. Frances Monroe
Agnes Tinsley
Daniel Allen, b. 1872; m. Ella Jordan; d. 1931
Annie Lydia
George Dixon, b. 1876
* Eliza McNeel, m. Dr. Norman Gholson

JOHN ADAM[4] McNEEL (Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Emma McCown. They had:
Mary
Paul
* Daniel, m. Emma Lackey
* Agnes, m. W. H. Cackley
Rachel, m. Walter Robinson
John
George

LYDIA ANN[4] McNEEL (Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Capt. Alfred M. Edgar. They had:

* Delia Howe, m. Frank R. Hill
* Elizabeth See, m. Dr. H. W. McNeel
* Allan Penick, m. Caroline Rachel Crouch
* George Pearis, m. Laura Callison
* Rachel Ann, m. J. Moffett McNeel

LUCY ELLA[4] McNEEL (Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Charles Edgar Beard. Their children are given under Charles Edgar[5] Beard (Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1].)

MARY GILLILAN[4] McNEEL (Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. William T. Beard. They had:

* Charles Edgar, m. Lucy McNeel
* Mathew Lee, m. Emma Clark

ISAAC[4] McNEEL (John,[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Miriam Nancy Beard. They had:
Paul, d. in infancy
* Thomas Summers, m. Mary Frances McNulty
* Harvey Winters, m. Elizabeth See Edgar
Lockridge, d. in infancy
* John Lanty, m. Nora Wilson
* Mary Gold, m. William A. Browning

EVALINE[4] McNEEL (John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Andrew D. Amiss. They had:
* Effie, m. Peter L. Cleek

RACHEL ANN[4] McNEEL (John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Dr. Mathew Wallace. They had:
Charles Mott, d. unm.
Mary Isetta, d. unm.
John Penick, d. unm.
Hannah McNeel, d. unm. (Anna)
* Frederick, m. Lillian Moffett

ELIZABETH[4] McNEEL (John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Abram Crouch. They had:
* Ada, m. William Hamilton
* Lee, m. Amanda Wallace
Lina, m. Thomas Wallace; d. without issue
Elizabeth
May, m. _____Kennison
Jackson, d. unm.
Grace, m. _____Fleer

DR. MATHEW[4] WALLACE (Hannah[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Rachel McNeel. Their children are given under Rachel Ann[4] McNeel (John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]).

RACHEL[4] WALLACE (Hannah[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. William S. Hefner. They had:
Hannah
Matt, d. infancy
Lyda, d. childhood
* Benjamin Luther
Rachel Evelyn d.
* Mathew W.
* William Claude
* Edna
John H.
* Samuel
Rachel McNeel

ELIZABETH[4] WALLACE (Hannah[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Christopher Jordan. They had:

* George, lived in Texas, m. Mollie Bochener
1. Willis Wallace
2. Pearl
3. Grace, m. Rice Spencer

ANDREW[4] CROUCH (Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1840; m. Kate Hutton; was Confederate soldier, Company C, 20th Virginia Regiment; d. 1921. They had:

Effie, m. William Conrad
Blanche
* Rachel, m. Dr. John Bosworth
Jacob

ISAAC NEWTON[4] CROUCH (Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1843; m. Virenna Davis Hutton; d. 1924. They had:

* Caroline Rachel, m. Allan Penick Edgar
Paul McNeel, m. Maud Beally Hall

VIRGINIA[4] CROUCH (Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1844; m. Jacob Ward; lived and died (1920) in Vilas, Colorado. They had:

Milton, b. 1867; d. 1916
Robert, b. 1869
* Warren, b. 1871; m. Bessie Boardman
Walter, b. 1873; d. 1890
* Harry K., b. 1877; m. Pearl Ludena Smith
Andrew, b. 1878; d. 1880
* Felix, b. 1880; m. Augusta Lepel

NANNIE[4] CROUCH (Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1846; m. J. H. Moffett Beard, b. 1837, d. 1889; d. 1926. They had:

*Richard McNeel, b. 1868; m. Bessie Dysard; d. 1932
* Jacob W., b. 1869; m. Blanche Harper; d. 1914
* Mary Virginia, b. 1871; m. Samuel E. McNeel
* Josiah Paul, b. 1873; m. Grace Kinnison
* George Cameron, b. 1875; m. Georgia Callison; d. 1950
Samuel, b. 1880; d. 1880
Harry Isaac, b. 1877; d. 1905
Pearl, b. 1883; m. French Nickell
* Virenna Grace, b. 1887; m. W. M. Irvine

JOHN HENRY[4] McNEEL (Jacob[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1849; m. Melcina Rodgers; d. 1923. They had:

* Achilles, m. Mary Rucker
* Mary, m. William Handley

GRANVILLE[4] McNEEL (Jacob[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1852; m. Julia Ware. They had:

Lloyd, died in infancy
Wallace, m. Mary Barber
Glidden, m. Elizabeth Hibben
Paul
Worth
Clare
1. Julia Ann, 2. Raymond W.
George
Madeline

SAMUEL ELLIS[4] McNEEL (Jacob[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1865; m. Mary Virginia Beard; b. 1871. Their children are given under Mary[5] Beard (Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]).

GEORGE A.[4] McNEEL (Jacob[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1870; m. Rachel Cameron Beard. They had:

Blair
Polly
Martha Davis
George
Margaret
Alexander

WILLIAM M.[4] SHARP (Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Julia Moore. They had:

* Lura, m. Dr. James W. Price

PAUL[4] SHARP (Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Evaline Moore. They had:

* Ellis, m. Lucy Gay
* Edgar, m. Mary Gay

ISAAC[4] SHARP (Elizabeth[3], Issac[2], John[1]) m. Georgia Moore. They had:

* Eva, m. James R. Kincaid
Elizabeth
May, m. George H. Moore
* Ruth, m. Harry Phares
Allen
* Georgia, m. Clarence Moore

Isaac Sharp m. (2) Maggie Bratton. They had:

* John I., m. Elizabeth Gay

GILES[4] SHARP (Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Catherine Cochran. They had:

* Jacob, m. Mrs. Esco Johnson
Porter, m. Pearl Hannah
* Frances, m. John L. Dumire
Ward
Glenna, m. Percy Moses

MARY ANN[4] SHARP (Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Samuel B. Moore. They had:

* Flora, m. A. H. Gay
* Effie, m. Asa C. Barlow
* Lena, m. Adam O. Baxter
Elizabeth, m. Frank Baxter
* S. Reid, m. Ruby Mann

CATHERINE[4] SHARP (Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Quincy W. Poage. They had:

* Lula H., m. John Gay
* Georgia, m. Charles Shinaberry
Jacob

ELIZABETH[4] SHARP (Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. John R. Poage. They had:

* Anna, m. Ellis Williams
Florence, m. J. O. Mann
* Lucy, m. Adam Lightner
Etta, d. young
* Woodsie, m. Harry Knight
* Rosa, m. Edgar H. Williams
* Emma, m. O. W. Barnett
Nora, d. young

FRANCES[4] SHARP (Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. A. N. Barlow. They had:

Pearl, m. Charles Bratton.
* Ruby, m. Allen Roscoe Cochran

BEAUREGARD[4] McCLUNG (Miriam[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lydia Allen. They had:

* Myrtle, m. C. R. Cook
Hoxie, m. Hattie Showalter
* Edna Lee, m. Wallace Humphreys
* Lillie, m. Forrest McClure
Ercie

LETITIA[4] McCLUNG (Miriam[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. James Ware. They had:

Bertha, m. Charles Runion
* Lora, m. Charles Friel
Anne, m. _____
Isaac
Robert
Minnie, m. Early Pritt: d. _____
Blanche

SANDY[4] WILLIAMS (Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. _____. They had:

BETTIE[4] WILLIAMS (Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Simon Fairburn. They had:
Charles
Ruth
Eva
Flora

RUBY[4] WILLIAMS (Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. R. Lee Gum. They had
* Juanita, m. William Mackie
Arthur, d. in France
Russell, d.
* Arnett, m. Lillian Trimble
Knox, m.
Mamie, m. George Swadley
* Grace, m. Lock Herold
Lucille

ROGER[4] WILLIAMS (Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Rachel Gilmer. They had:
* John L., m. Frona Flynn
* Nora, m. John Briscoe
* Sallie, m. Jesse Noel
* Ruth, m. Jesse Noel
* Samuel, m. Vesta B. Liggett
* Adella, m. Dennis C. Waybright
Ernest
Frank
Elizabeth

CHARLES[4] WILLIAMS (Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Ida Matheny. They had:
Forrest
Edith
Harry
Talmadge
Lucy
Carl

Charles Williams. m. (2) Delia Cleek. They had:
Herbert
Hubert
Ernest
Margaret
Otho
Glenn
Elizaberth
Virginia

MARY[4] WILLIAMS (Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. J. Calvin Price. They had:
Ligon
* Dr. Emmett, m. Mary _____
* Mary Margaret, m. Samuel Barlow
Rosemary) c. of Emmett
Ann)

LUTHER[4] WILLIAMS (Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lena Hepler; d._____.
They had:
Eva

ELLIS[4] WILLIAMS (Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Anna Poage. Their children are given under Anna[5] Poage (Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]).

ANNA M.[4] WADE (Catherine[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Samuel G. Dever. They had:
* Charles P., m. Annarene Wade
Paul, d. unm.
* Kate, m. Sherman Gibson

Fifth Generation

MARY ELIZA[5] McNEEL (George See[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Mitchell A. Dunlap. They had:
- Archibald, b. 1886; d. 1926
- Mary Lyle, b. 1888; d. 1921
- Georgianna, m. Ernest C. Arnold; lives in Oklahoma City
- Pattee Warwick, b. 1893; m. Jerry W. Hayden
- Charles Adam, b. 1893 or '94; merchant in China
- Solon T., b. 1897; m. Irene Hardy, an Osage Indian girl
- Robert L., b. 1900; d. 1902
- Paul, m. Faye Gardiner
- Knox (M.D.) b. 1903; m. Pauline Shelton; 1st Lt. Medical Corps, U.S. Army, Ft. Sill, Okla.

JOHN DONALD[5] McNEEL (Andrew Gatewood[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1868; m. Nettie Turner; d. 1926; in 1889 came west from West Virginia to Odessa, Mo., where he lived for ten years, or until his mother's death there in 1898, at which time they went on to Washington settling in the Farmington, Wash. vicinity; later he went to Vancouver, Washington, where he died and is buried. They had:
- Virginia May, b. 1907; lives in Arlington, California
- Donald Lee, b. 1911; m. Louise Generia 1932; is a railroad locomotive engineer at Arlington, California
- Grace Marie, b. 1917; lives in Arlington, California

GEORGE HENRY[5] McNEEL (Andrew Gatewood[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1874; m. Bertha Reinhardt of Colfax, Washington, 1902, b. 1882, d. 1933; farms at Kennewick, Washington. They had:
- Blanche Vera, b. 1903; d. 1904; buried at Kennewick, Washington
- Loretta, b. 1913; d. 1913; buried at Kennewick, Washington
- Wanda Beatrice, b. 1906; d. 1907; buried at Kennewick, Washington

RUSSELL ANDREW[5] McNEEL (Andrew Gatewood[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1877; m. Lottie Offutt; is a farmer and truckman at Lyle, Washington. They had:
- Walter, of Lyle, Washington
- Katherine, d. 1912; buried at Spokane, Washington
- James, d. 1929; buried at Lyle, Washington

LINDA ANN[5] McNEEL (Andrew Gatewood[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1880; m. John Bishop, 1912; lives at Kennewick, Washington. They had:
- * Ruth Eleanor, b. 1913; m. Carl Wilmot, 19___.
- James McNeel, b. 1915; d. 1916
- John, Jr., b. 1919
- George Keith, b. 1921

MARY ELLA[5] PENICK (Eliza[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Rev. William Ramsey Laird, D.D., an eminent Presbyterian minister of Montgomery, West Virginia. They had:
- Daniel Allen
- * James Moore, m. Agnes McClung Kerr
- * Paul McNeel, m. _____
- William Ramsey, Jr., M. D., m. Frances _____
- Elizabeth

PAUL McNEEL[5] PENICK (Eliza[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Frances Monroe: They had:
- * Emily Edmondson, m. Frederick M. P. Pearce
- * Daniel Allen IV, b. 1904; m. Mary Craveston, 1931
- Mary Monroe
- Frances Marshall

ELIZA McNEEL[5] PENICK (Eliza[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Dr. Norman Gholson. They had:
- Daniel Penick
- Mary Caruthers
- Samuel
- Lydia Anne, d. in infancy

DANIEL[5] McNEEL (John Adam[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Emma Lackey. They had:
Daniel Walter
Marguerite Jane

AGNES[5] McNEEL (John Adam[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. W. H. Cackley. They had:
* Emma Virginia, m. Robert Lawrence Hartley
William

DELIA HOWE[5] EDGAR (Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Frank R. Hill. They had:
Glenna Elizabeth, m. S. B. Wallace
Margaret Lydia
* Frances, m. Harding Bankhead
Rebecca Watts
Martha Washington m. Eric Clutter
Frank Raymond, m. Dottie Lou McLaughlin div
Richard Edgar, died at age of 16

ELIZABETH SEE[5] EDGAR (Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Dr. H. W. McNeel. Their children are given under Harvey Winters[5] McNeel (Isaac[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]).

ALLAN PENICK[5] EDGAR (Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1884; m. Caroline Rachel Crouch, b. 1887. They had:
* Alfred Newton, m. Joan Freeman div 2. Louise Robinson
Ann Davis, b. July 4, 1914; d. Dec. 3, 1935
Virginia, d. in infancy
* Carolyn, m. Rev. E. N. Clower

GEORGE PEARIS[5] EDGAR (Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Laura Callison. They had:
* Thomas Callison, m. Betsy Jordan
* Nancy Pearis, m. John Kite, M.D.
* Martha m. John Townshend
* Margaret, m. Leon Stenson

RACHEL ANN[5] EDGAR (Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. J. Moffett McNeel. They had:
* Mary Lydia, b. 1917, m. Louis Hileary div m 2. Jake Hileary
2.
* Samuel Edgar, b. 1920, m. Earlene Dever div
Nancy Penick, b. 1923; m. Earl Edwards
* J. Moffett, Jr., b. 1928; m. Elma Cutlip

CHARLES EDGAR[5] BEARD (Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lucy Ella McNeel. They had:
* Thomas Lee, m. Nettie Callison 2. Mary Kincaid
* Carl George, m. Irene Callison
* Mattie, m. Zed S. Smith II

MATHEW LEE[5] BEARD (Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Emma Clark. They had:
* Mary Edgar, m. Rev. Jacob C. Johnson
Sherman, d. a student at Hampden Sidney College
* Joel, P., m. Mamie Cackley
* Henry W., m. Lucy McLaughlin
* Eva, m. Eric S. Clutter
Earl, d. a tragic death by drowning
Emma Leeta, m. Arden G. Killingsworth
* Mathew Lee, Jr., m. Elizabeth Clark 1. Betty Leith

THOMAS SUMMERS[5] McNEEL (Isaac[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1872; d. 1950; m. Mary Frances McNulty, b. 1876, d. 1927. They had:

* Nancy, m. Richard Forrest Currence, July 5, 1935

HARVEY WINTERS[5] McNEEL (Isaac[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1872, d. 1949; m. Elizabeth See Edgar, b. 1880. They had:
* Isaac, Jr., m. Florence Randolph Price
* Alfred Edgar, m. Louise BarlowBeard
Dorothy See, m. William Backs
Harriett Ann
John Paul, m. Vera Nichless

JOHN LANTY[5] McNEEL (Isaac[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1878; m. Nora Wilson, b. 1878. They had:
John Osborne, m. Rose Williams div
Joseph Wilson, m. Linda McFerrin
* Richard Isaac, m. Mabel White

MARY GOLD[5] McNEEL (Isaac[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1880; m. William A. Browning. They had:
Josephine Miriam, m. Harry Jones
Lina Virginia, m. Edwin MacFarland
†William McNeel, m. Jane Owen

EFFIE[5] AMISS (Evaline[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Peter L. Cleek. They had:
* John Andrew, m. Grace Harper
Belle, m. John McDaniel
* Anna, m. William C. Cleek
Lillian
Ward
Mary

FREDERICK[5] WALLACE (Rachel Ann[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lillian Moffett. They had:
Elizabeth, d. young

ADA[5] CROUCH (Elizabeth[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. William Hamilton. They had:
Guy, m. Nora Ward
Ethel
Mabel

LEE[5] CROUCH (Elizabeth[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Amanda Wallace. They had:
Mary, m. Clarence Rothlesberger
Wallace
Maud, m. Russel ALGER Morris
Evelyn

RACHEL[5] CROUCH (Andrew[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Dr. John W. Bosworth. They had:
Mary
Hallie
Woodbridge

CAROLINE RACHEL[5] CROUCH (Isaac Newton[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Allan P. Edgar. Their children are given under Allan Penick[5] Edgar (Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]).

WARREN[5] WARD (Virginia[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1871; m. Bessie Boardman. They had:
Doris L., b. 1909; m. Glen C. Levegue
Horace B., b. 1913
Robert G., b. 1916
Sarah Elaine, b. 1923

HARRY K.[5] WARD (Virginia[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1877; m. Pearl Ludena Smith. They had:
* Thelma Virginia, m. George Musgrove
Chrystal Josephine, b. 1905; d. 1925
* Melba Alice, m. Carl Eldon Metsker
Harold Kendall
Dolphia Mae
Justine Pearl

FELIX[5] WARD (Virginia[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1880; m. Augusta Lepel. They had:
- Marie L., m. _____
- Walter E.
- Lloyd G.
- Donna Jean

RICHARD McNEEL[5] BEARD (Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1868; m. Bessie Dysard; d. 1932. They had:
- Kyle, b. 1900
- Mayo, b. 1901

JACOB W.[5] BEARD (Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1869; m. Blanche Harper; d. 1914. They had:
- * Henry Harper, m. Elizabeth Clark Beard

MARY VIRGINIA[5] BEARD (Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1871; m. Samuel Ellis McNeel, b. 1865. They had:
- * J. Moffett, b. 1892; m. Rachel Ann Edgar
- Lida, b. 1894; m. George B. Bartholomew
- Nannie Beard, b. 1897; d. 1898
- Willie, b. 1900; d. 1900
- Harry, b. 1908; d. 1909

JOSIAH PAUL[5] BEARD (Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1873; m. Grace Kinnison. They had:
- * Lynn, m. Beulah Weiford
- Lucille, m. John Price
- Nancy, m. Guy Cooper
- Ethel
- * Pearl, m. Cecil McMillion
- Annette
- Paul, Jr.

GEORGE CAMERON[5] BEARD (Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1875; d. 1950; m. Georgia Callison. They had:
- Harry Franklin, m. Louise Barlow; d. without issue, 1933

VIRENNA GRACE[5] BEARD (Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1887; m. W. M. Irvine. They had:
- * Rachel, b. 1908; m. Dr. F. S. Taylor
- Virginia, b. 1910; m. BERNARD DUNKLE

ACHILLES[5] McNEEL (John Henry[4], Jacob[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Mary Rucker. They had:

MARY[5] McNEEL (John Henry[4], Jacob[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. William Handley. They had:
- * Dr. Harry, m. Gertrude Krastel; lives in New York City
- * Charles Overton, m. Nelle Hall
- * Birdie, m. Ralph M. Musser
- Gertrude
- William, m. Alice Palmer
- Mary
  - Annie
  - Pat

LURA[5] SHARP (William M.,[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Dr. James W. Price. They had:
- Leo
- Julia

ELLIS[5] SHARP (Paul[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lucy Gay. d. 1953. They had:
Beatrice, m. Clinton W. Ratliff
Betty Clay
* Lily, m. Clarence Kellison
Gay, m. Helen McFerrin

EDGAR[5] SHARP (Paul[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Mary Gay. They had:
* Goldie, m. J. C. Harris
* Cora, m. Frank Beverage
Samuel, m. Icie Leona Butterbaugh
* Icie, m. Albert Hannah

EVA[5] SHARP (Isaac[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. James R. Kincaid. They had:
Mary Catherine
Jack
Betty May

RUTH[5] SHARP (Isaac[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Harry Phares. They had:
Ruth Elizabeth

GEORGIA[5] SHARP (Isaac[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Clarence Moore. They had:
Richard M., m. Laura Lou Fanner

JOHN I.[5] SHARP (Isaac[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Elizabeth Gay. They had:
Betty Jane
John

JACOB[5] SHARP (Giles[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Mrs. Esco Johnson. They had:
Jewel

FRANCES[5] SHARP (Giles[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. John L. Dumire. They had:
Carl
Delton
Fervin, m. James Hannah
Lewis
Boyd
Vance
Catherine
Marvin
Bettie Frances
Robert

FLORA[5] Moore (Mary Ann[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. A. R. Gay. They had:
Oleta, d.
Mary Ruth
* Virginia, m. Walter Mason
* Elizabeth, m. John I. Sharp
* Robert Samuel, m. Mabel Duncan
Helen, m. Paul Gates

EFFIE[5] MOORE (Mary Ann[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Asa C. Barlow. They had:
* Grace, m. Harry B. Hill
* Samuel, m. Mary Margaret Price
Guy
Robert, d.
Ivan, m. Mary Frances Faulkner

LENA[5] MOORE (Mary Ann[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Adam O. Baxter. They had:
Kathleen, m. Gordon L. Minnich
Janet Moore, m. Bernard Lyle W. Woodward

S. REID[5] MOORE (Mary Ann[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Ruby Mann. They had:

Mary Jo
Samuel, m. Beulah Dahmer
Thomas, m. Lucille Simmons

LULA H.[5] POAGE (Catherine[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. John Gay. They had:

* Lewis, m. Marguerite Moore
Polly, m. Dompsey Dilley
John D., m. Ellen Gay
Lula H. Poage Gay m. (2) Earl Kee. They had:
Betsy, m. _____

GEORGIA[5] POAGE (Catherine[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Charles Shinaberry. They had:

* Juanita, m. Paul Dilley
* Dell, m. Anna Landis
Quincy
Glenn
Opal
Woodrow
Merle, d. young
Earl, d. 1951

ANNA[5] POAGE (Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Ellis Williams. They had:

Arlie, d. unm.
Ward
Price
* Elizabeth, m. Paul Armentrout
Neel, m. Lola Stuart
Woodsie
Bettie, m. Leonard C. Frazier
June

LUCY[5] POAGE (Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Adam Lightner. They had:

Tate Poage
John
Ralph

WOODSIE[5] POAGE (Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Harry Knight. They had:

Julia Poage
Harry Moffett

ROSA[5] POAGE (Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Edgar H. Williams. They had:

* Edgar Moffett, m. Frances Miller
Thelma, m. Carl Weber
* Grace Virginia, m. Warren Sharpenberg

EMMA[5] POAGE (Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. O. W. Barnett. They had:

Robert Warren
* Betsy, m. Dr. Shreve

RUBY[5] BARLOW (Frances[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Allen Roscoe Cochran. They had:

Nancy Frances

MYRTLE[5] McCLUNG (Beauregard[4], Miriam[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. C. R. Cook. They had:

Della May

EDNA LEE[5] McCLUNG (Beauregard[4], Miriam[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Wallace Humphreys. They had:
Genivieve

LILLIE[5] McCLUNG (Beauregard[4], Miriam[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Forrest McClure. They had:
Ralph
Elizabeth
Catherine
Elmer
Pauline

LORA[5] WARE (Letitia[4], Miriam[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Charles Friel. They had:

Demma, m. _____ Ford; lives in New Jersey
* Arthur, m. Hulda Sharp

JUANITA[5] GUM (Ruby[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. William Mackie. They had:
Anita

ARNETT[5] GUM (Ruby[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lillian Trimble. They had:

William

GRACE[5] GUM (Ruby[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lock Herold. They had:
Carson
Mildred Lee, d. unm.
Woodrow
Evelyn
Dorothy

JOHN L.[5] WILLIAMS (Roger[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Frona Flynn. They had:
Robert, d. _____
Hunter, m.

NORA[5] WILLIAMS (Roger[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. John Briscoe. They had:
* Lillian, m. Bunk Wagner
Abbie

SALLIE[5] WILLIAMS (Roger[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Jesse Noel. They had:
* Marie B., m. Sterl W. Sharp
Samuel R., d.
Rachel E.
Jessie Lee

RUTH[5] WILLIAMS (Roger[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Jesse Noel. They had:
Franklin Jackson

SAMUEL[5] WILLIAMS (Roger[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Vesta B. Liggett. They had:
Mabelana

ADELLA[5] WILLIAMS (Roger[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Dennis C. Waybright. They had:

Dennis C., Jr.

MARY MARGARET[5] PRICE (Mary[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Samuel Barlow, Their children are given under Samuel[6] Barlow (Effie[5], Mary Ann[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]).

CHARLES F.[5] DEVER (Anna M.[4], Catherine[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Annarene Wade. They had:

* Annie, m. Clyde G. Bussard
Alice
* Stanley, m. Evelyn Crummett
Roy, m. Maxine Thomas
Guilford, m. Genevieve Chestnut
* Thelma, m. Russell Byrd

KATE[5] DEVER (Anna M.[4], Catherine[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Sherman Gibson. They had:

Raymond, m. Marian Woods
* Richard, m. (1) Dolly Grey Kinnison; (2) Hattie J. Sheets
Veva, m. S. A. Gilmer
* Samuel, m. Wilma Matheny
Glenna
Edna Lee, m. John Gay

Sixth Generation

RUTH ELEANOR[6] BISHOP (Linda Ann[5], Andrew Gatewood[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1913; m. Carl Wilmot, garageman at Seattle, Washington, 19___. They had:

Barbara Ruth, b. 1932
Delores Jean, b. 1933

JAMES MOORE[6] LAIRD (Mary Ella[5], Eliza[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Agnes McClung Kerr. They had:

Kerr
Mary Penick
Bettie

PAUL McNEEL[6] LAIRD (Mary Ella[5], Eliza[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. _____. They had:

Paul McNeel
Mary Elizabeth
William Ramsey III
Rose Ross

EMILY EDMONDSON[6] PENICK (Paul McNeel[5], Eliza[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Frederick M. P. Pearce. They had:

Frederick M. P. Jr.

DANIEL ALLEN[6] PENICK IV (Paul McNeel[5], Eliza[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) b. 1904; m. Mary Craveston, 1931. They had:

Daniel Allen V, b. 1932

EMMA VIRGINIA[6] CACKLEY (Agnes[5], John Adam[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Robert Hartley. They had:

FRANCES[6] HILL (Delia Howe[5], Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Harding Bankhead. They had:

Delia Edgar
Frances Howard m. William Swift
Jean m. Edmond Alexander Jordan

ALFRED NEWTON[6] EDGAR (Allan[5], Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Joan Freeman. They had:

Malory
Alfred Newton Edgar m. (2) Louise. They had:
Ann Davis

CAROLYN PENICK[6] EDGAR (Allan[5], Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Rev. E. N. Clower. They had:

Caroline
Allan Newton
Christopher
Rebecca, d. in infancy

THOMAS CALLISON[6] EDGAR (George[5], Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Betsy Jordan. They had: 1. Thomas Callison
2. Marcia Irene

NANCY PEARIS[6] EDGAR (George[5], Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Dr. John Kite. They had:

JOHN RANDOLPH
NANCY LEE

MARGARET[6] EDGAR $George[5], Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Leon Stinson. They had:

LAURA ROSE
ARTHUR LEON
Cynthia Leon
Jeffrey

MARY LYDIA[6] McNEEL (Rachel[5], Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Louis Hileary. They had:

Ann m Cloonan
John

SAMUEL EDGAR[6] McNEEL (Rachel[5], Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Earlene Dever. They had:

Patricia

THOMAS LEE[6] BEARD (Charles Edgar[5], Mary Guillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Nettie Callison. They had:

Virginia, m. Albert Covington
* Lucy Edgar, m. Cecil Ferguson
* Maud, m. Lee Ruckman
Thomas Lee Beard m. (2) Mary Kincaid. They had:
* Carl George, m. MADELINE Godwin

CARL GEORGE[6] BEARD (Charles Edgar[5], Mary Guillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Irene Callison. They had:

Martha
Charles Edgar, Jr., d. in infancy
Janet

MATTIE[6] BEARD (Charles Edgar[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Zed S. Smith II. They had:

Mattie McNeel
Zed S. III, m. (1) _____ (2) Dona Rae

MARY EDGAR[6] BEARD (Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Jacob C. Johnson, a Presbyterian minister. They had:

* Jacob, m.
Emma
Anna Margaret
Frederick, d._____

JOEL P.[6] BEARD (Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Mamie Cackley, They had:

* Mary Frances, m. JOHN Stulting
* Virginia Lee, m. Hubert Callison

HENRY W.[6] BEARD (Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lucy McLaughlin; d. 1951. They had:

* Sherman, m. Mary Alice Young
* Robert, m. Lois Mae Knight

EVA[6] BEARD (Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Eric S. Clutter. They had:

* Dotty Lys., m. (1)_____ (2) Charles Callison Dennis O'Donnell
Peggy, m. Donald Payne (Div.) (2) James Ellis Reynolds
* Linda m. Thomas Walker

MATHEW LEE, JR.[6] BEARD (Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Elizabeth Clark. They had:

Betty Leith m-

NANCY[6] McNEEL (Summers[5], Isaac[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Richard F. Currence. They had:

Mary Jarvis m. George A. Daugherty
Nancy Ward m. John Randolph Kopf
Louise Jarvis m. David James Christensen
Sara Alice Summers m. RICHARD GARDNER EMERY

ISAAC[6] McNEEL (Winters[5], Isaac[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Florence Price. They had:

William Price m. Denise Kendricks
John Randolph m. Penny YANNACONE

ALFRED[6] McNEEL (Winters[5], Isaac[4], John[3], Isaac[2], john[1]) m. Louise Barlow Beard. They had:

George Cameron
Ann Malory
Elizabeth

RICHARD ISAAC[6] McNEEL (John Lanty[5], Isaac[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Mabel White. They had:

Martha White m. 1. Eugene Dale HENLEY 2. CHESTER ROBERT MURDOCK
Lanty m. CHARLENE JAMISON
Nora Lou m. Lawrence Workman

JOHN ANDREW[6] CLEEK (Effie[5], Evaline[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Grace Harper. They had:

* Hazel, m. Herbert Criser
* Jewell, m. Claude G. Malcomb

ANNA[6] CLEEK (Effie[5], Evaline[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. William C. Cleek. They had:

* Audrey, m.
* Ward, m. Rachel Curry

THELMA VIRGINIA[6] WARD (Harry K.[5], Virginia[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. George Musgrove. They had:

Pauline Georgianna
John Edward

MELBA ALICE[6] WARD (Harry K.[5], Virginia[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Carl Eldon Metsker. They had:

Howard Eldon
Barbara Mae

HENRY HARPER[6] BEARD (Jacob[5], Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Elizabeth Clark Beard. They had:

Jacob m -

J. MOFFETT[6] McNEEL (Mary Virginia[5], Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Rachel Ann Edgar. Their children are given under Rachel Ann[5] Edgar (Lydia[4], Paul[3], Isaac[2], John[1]).

LYNN[6] BEARD (Josiah Paul[5], Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Beulah Weiford. They had:

Ralph
Ray
Ross
Guy

PEARL[6] BEARD (Josiah Paul[5], Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Cecil McMillion. They had:

Daniel

RACHEL[6] IRVINE (Virenna Grace[5], Nannie[4], Rachel[3], Issac[2], John[1]) m. Dr. F. S. Taylor Taylor. They had:

VIRGINIA AGNES[6] (Virenna Grace[5], Nannie[4] Rachel[3] Isaac[2] John[1]) m. Barnard J. Dunne

DR. HARRY[6] HANDLEY (Mary[5], John Henry[4], Jacob[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Gertrude Krastel - lives in New York City. They had:

John Rogers
Harry Mustand

CHARLES OVERTON[6] HANDLEY (Mary[5], John Henry[4], Jacob[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Nelle Hall. They had:

Charles Overton, Jr.
Robert Hall
John McNeel

BIRDIE[6] HANDLEY (Mary[5], John Henry[4], Jacob[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Ralph M. Musser. They had:

George Allen
Charles
* William Handley, m. Alice Palmer (They had: William David)
Ralph Marshall, Jr.
Glen Davis
Mary McNeel
Harvey
Jean
Betty Rodgers

LILY[6] SHARP (Ellis[5], Paul[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Clarence Kellison. They had:

Norma June, m.
* Lucy Clare, m. Melvin Moore
Robert
Jack Burton

GOLDIE[6] SHARP (Edgar[5], Paul[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. J. C. Harris. They had:

* Paul
* Cora Lee

CORA[6] SHARP (Edgar[5], Paul[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Frank Beverage. They had:

Edgar
Marie
Madge
Alvin
Floyd
Charles

ICIE[6] SHARP (Edgar[5], Paul[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Albert Hannah. They had:

Mary Ruth

VIRGINIA[6] GAY (Flora[5], Mary Ann[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Walter Mason. They had:
Ann Gay

ELIZABETH[6] GAY (Flora[5], Mary Ann[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. John I. Sharp. Their children are given under the name of John I.[5] Sharp (Isaac[4], Elizabeth3, Isaac[2], John[1]).

ROBERT SAMUEL[6] GAY (Flora[5], Mary Ann[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Mabel Duncan. They had:
Nancy Ann

GRACE[6] BARLOW (Effie[5], Mary Anna[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Harry B. Hill. They had:

Harry B., Jr.
Asa C.

SAMUEL[6] BARLOW (Effie[5], Mary Ann[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Mary Margaret Price. They had:

Joan
Samuel
Calvin
Margaret

LEWIS[6] GAY (Lula H.[5], Catherine[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Marguerite Moore. They had:

Robert
Jack

JUANITA[6] SHINABERRY (Georgia[5], Catherine[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Paul Dilley, a son of Willie Dilley. They had:

Keith
Kirk

DELL[6] SHINABERRY (Georgia[5], Catherine[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Anna Landis. They had:

Thurman

ELIZABETH[6] WILLIAMS (Anna[5], Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Paul Armentrout. They had:

Arlie Lee

EDGAR MOFFETT[6] WILLIAMS (Rosa[5], Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Frances Miller. They had:

Roger Williams
John Richard

GRACE VIRGINIA[6] WILLIAMS (Rosa[5], Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Warren Sharpenberg. They had:

Margaret Ann
Thomas Edgar
Jane Lee

BETSY[6] BARNETT (Emma[5], Elizabeth[4], Elizabeth[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Dr. Shreve. They had:

ARTHUR[6] FRIEL (Lora[5], Letitia[4], Miriam[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Hulda Sharp. They had:

* Eugene Arthur
Elmer Charles
Everett Wayne
Eleanor Grace
Evilene Hilda

LILLIAN[6] BRISCOE (Nora[5], Roger[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Bunk Wagner. They had:

Audra Joyce

MARIE B.[6] NOEL (Sallie[5], Roger[4], Magdalen[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Sterl W. Sharp. They had:

Lawrence Wayne

ANNIE[6] DEVER (Charles F.[5], Anna M.[4], Catherine[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Clyde G. Bussard. They had:

Frances I.
Katherine Sue
* Mary Jeannette, m. Albert S. Moore, Jr.
Clyde Given

STANLEY[6] DEVER (Charles F.[5], Anna M.[4], Catherine[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Evelyn Crummett. They had:

Garland Stewart
Mary Carolyn

THELMA[6] DEVER (Charles F.[5], Anna M.[4], Catherine[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Russell Byrd. They had:

Mary Ardena

RICHARD[6] GIBSON (Kate[5], Anna M.[4], Catherine[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. (1) Dolly Gray Kennison. They had:

Richard
Shirley Kay

Richard Gibson married (2) Hattie J. Sheets They had

SAMUEL[6] GIBSON (Kate[5], Anna M.[4], Catherine[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Wilma Matheny. They had:

Sherman
Steve

Seventh Generation

LUCY EDGAR[7] BEARD (Thomas Lee[6], Charles Edgar[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Cecil Ferguson. They had:

James Thomas m
Alfred m

MAUD[7] BEARD (Thomas Lee[6], Charles Edgar[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lee Ruckman. They had:

* Jane Callison m Virgil Curry

CARL GEORGE[7] BEARD (Thomas Lee[6], Charles Edgar[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Pheeline Godwin. They had:

JACOB[7] JOHNSON (Mary Edgar[6], Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Jean Snow Upshur. They had:

Jean Upshur
Jacob Lee

MARY FRANCES[7] BEARD (Joel P.[6], Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. John Cornelius Stulting. They had:

Virginia Ann
Richard Lee

VIRGINIA LEE[7] BEARD (Joel P.[6], Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Hubert Callison. They had:

Joel Samuel
Caroline Jean
Betty Jane

SHERMAN[7] BEARD (Henry W.[6], Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Mary Alice Young. They had:

Kathryn Ann
Ellen Lynn
William Sherman

ROBERT[7] BEARD (Henry W.[6], Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Lois Mae Knight. They had:

Nancy Lee
Suzanne
Matthew Lee

DOTTY LYS.[7] CLUTTER (Eva[6], Mathew Lee[5], Mary Gillilan[4], Richard[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Charles Callison. They had:

Marquet Carol
Cynthia Lynn

HAZEL[7] CLEEK (John Andrew[6], Effie[5], Evaline[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Herbert Criser, of Hot Springs, Virginia. They had:

Edward

JEWELL[7] CLEEK (John Andrew[6], Effie[5], Evaline[4], John[3], Isaac[2], John[1]) m. Claude G. Malcomb. They had:

* Joy, m. Melvin Anderson

Eugene[7] Friel (Arthur[6], Lora[5] Letitia[4] Miriam[3] Isaac[2] John[1]) m Phyllis Carol Sacket

They had

Eddie ~~Malcom~~ Michael -

the county.

When about twenty-five years of age he came under the influence of Charles See, who taught in the family of Colonel Paul McNeel, and there was kindled in our young friend's mind an irresistible desire for a college education. He learned the rudiments of Latin and algebra from Mr See, went a session or two at Academy and then away to Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania, and was graduated among the best in his class. In the meantime he had professed piety, entered the ministry, and became a noted pulpit orator, and one of the most distinguished teachers of the high schools under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church, South. He died a few years since at Winchester; leaving a reputation long to be remembered by his denomination. Recently one of his surviving children, an accomplished daughter visited Marlinton.

The writer tenderly cherishes the memory of this remarkable Pocahontas man, for he often manifested special friendship for me, and we have had many good talks together. We last met in Winchester, in October, 1874. He introduced me to Norval Wilson, father of Bishop Wilson.

JOHN McNEEL.

John McNeel, the ancestor of the McNeel relationship in our county, appears to have been the first to occupy the Little Levels by permanent settlement. He was a native of Frederick County, Virginia, but passed much of his early life in or near Cumberland, Mary-

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land. He seems to have been fond of athletics, and in a pugilistic contest his antagonist was so badly knocked out as to be regarded fatally injured. To avoid arrest and trial for murder, he refugeed. He followed the trend of the Alleghanies. A long while was spent in their gloomy solitudes, and his sufferings of mind and body can not be even imagined by any of us. Finally, going deeper and deeper into the wilderness, he came at last in view of the Levels, about 1765.

As he overlooked this section from some neighboring eminence, he saw much to remind him of his native region. An extensive, wooded plain, bordered by mountain ranges of unsurpassed beauty, and very fertile. He decided, as every thing looked so much like the old home scenery, to settle here; and chose a site for his cabin near the present home occupied by Hon. M. J. McNeel. Traces of this cabin have been seen by many persons yet living, between the gate on the public road and his residence. If the spot could be identified, it would be well to mark it with a piece of the marble recently found in such fabulous quantities close by.

Here the solitary man brooded over his supposed guilt, prayed with his broken heart for pardon, and hunted for his food, subsisting almost entirely upon venison and trout. One day while hunting he met Charles and Edward Kinnison, from his old home, who had come out here prospecting for a situation. He learned from them that the person he boxed with was not dead, not even seriously hurt. This was indeed good news, and then and there he felt free from all

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bloody stain, and he could return without fear of molestation.

John McNeel insisted upon his friends to share his cabin with him. He assisted them in making a selection for a home adjoining his tract. The three then set out on their return to the lower Valley of Virginia.

While on this visit home John McNeel married Martha Davis, who was born in Wales in 1740, and soon after their marriage they came out to the Levels. A few acres were soon cleared off, and plenty to subsist upon was raised.

Mr McNeel seemed deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude to God for his providential care, after all his wanderings and fears to permit the lines to fall to him in such a pleasant, wealthy place, that he built a house for worship, the White Pole Church.

In a few years the Dunmore war opened up. The three friends,—McNeel and two Kinnisons,—went into camp at Lewisburg, and joined the expedition to Point Pleasant, October 10, 1784. They survived that eventful and important contest, came back, but not to remain very long. They went across the eastern mountains and enlisted in some company that went from Frederick County, served during the Revolution, and then took up the peaceful tenor of their lives where they had left off. There is a pathetic tradition that while Mr McNeel was absent to Point Pleasant a child was born and died before his return. The mother with her own hands prepared the coffin and the grave, and buried it. They reared five children, two sons and three daughters.

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Miriam married John Jordan, and lived near Locust on what is now known as the Jordan Place, owned by Isaac McNeel. They reared three daughters and five sons. Particular mention of these in the John Jordan paper.

Nancy McNeel, second daughter of the pioneer, married Richard Hill.

Martha, the pioneer's third daughter, married Griffin Evans, moved west and settled on the Miami River.

Our venerable pioneer reared two sons, Abram and Isaac.

Abram first married a Miss Lamb. Her brother, William Lamb, was greatly esteemed by Abram McNeel, and he named his son for him. William Lamb was an expert Artisan. The late Captain McNeel had a clock made by this person that was one of the most elegant specimens of its kind to be found anywhere. There was one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to William Hanna, of Greenbrier County.

Abram McNeel's second wife was Miss Bridger, relative of the slain Bridger Brothers. By this marriage there were three sons, Washington, who died in youth; John; and Abram, who went west. The daughters of this second marriage were Margaret, who married the late William Beard of Renick's Valley, and she has been dead but a short while.

Martha married Bayliss Butcher, and went west. One of her sons practiced medicine in our county a few years since, Dr F. Butcher.

Miriam, another daughter, married Christopher Beard, and her son Dr Beard is a prominent physician

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in Lewisburg.

Nancy McNeel married James Rankin, and lived on the Greenbrier at the mouth of Locust.

Mary was a lifelong invalid, and never married.

Abram McNeel's third wife was Magdalen Kelly, of Monroe County. At the time of their marriage she was the widow Haynes. Rev James Haynes is a grandson of her first husband. The children of this third marriage were Henry Washington and William Lamb.

Henry Washington has lived mostly in the west, and has led a busy life for many years, and is there now.

Captain William Lamb McNeel, lately deceased, lived on the old homestead. He held many positions of trust, and met the expectations of his most admiring friends, in the camp, the legislature, and in business affairs.

Isaac McNeel, the other son of the pioneer, settled upon lands now held by the family of the late Jacob McNeel, M. J. McNeel, W. T. Beard, and C. E. Beard. His first wife was Rachel McKeever. By this marriage there were four sons, Paul, John, Richard, and Isaac. The daughters were Hannah, Martha, Nancy, and Rachel.

Hannah married Benjamin Wallace, of Bath County Virginia. Dr Matt Wallace, an eminent physician at Mill Point, lately deceased, was her son. Her daughter, Rachel, became Mrs William Hefner, a prominent citizen of Braxton County. Her other daughter Elizabeth married Christopher Jordan.

Martha McNeel married David McCue, of Nicholas

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County.

Nancy, the third daughter, married William C. Price late of Huttonsville, Randolph County.

Rachel McNeel married Jacob Crouch, of Randolph County.

In reference to the sons of the first marriage it will be remembered that Colonel Paul McNeel was one of the most widely known citizens of his day.

John McNeel's sons are Isaac McNeel and Hon. M. J. McNeel, of the Levels.

Richard McNeel's daughter, Mary, is the wife of W. T. Beard, whose sons, Edgar and Lee, are well known.

Isaac McNeel served as Sheriff a number of years, and went west.

By his second marriage, Isaac McNeel, son of John, the pioneer, to Ann Seybert, daughter of Jacob Seybert, mouth of Stamping Creek, there were two sons, Jacob and Samuel Ellis. The latter died a soldier in the war.

The daughters of the second marriage were Catherine, who became the wife of Charles Wade, of Green Hill, Virginia; Elizabeth married Jacob Sharp, near Edray; Miriam married Joseph McClung, of Nicholas County; Magdalen married Dr Robert Williams, of Bath, Virginia.

This brings the chronicles of the venerable pioneer's family down within the memory and observation of the living. His life was of no ordinary interest. His righteous memory should be in everlasting remembrance. He was the first to "wail with judicious care" amid these mountains the hymns sung by his ancestry

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amid the moors of Scotlond, the men of the moss hags.

But very little, if any of the lands he preempted has passed out of the possession of the relationship, now in the third and fourth generation, a very remarkable circumstance in the history of American families.

John A. McNeel, a great grandson, furnishes the following data:

"The knowledge I have of my great-grandfather is purely traditional, but with one link of tradition, and that one my father, the late Paul McNeel, of Pocahontas County. John McNeel, Senior, was born in the year 1745, and was 80 years old when he died, his death occurring in 1825. Paul McNeel was born within sight of his grandfather's house, in the year 1803. He was consequently 22 years of age at his grandfather's death. There was an intimacy between these two people, as I have often learned from my father, that was only ended by the death of the older McNeel.

"Paul McNeel was taken at an early age to live with his grandparents. I have heard him relate an incident to fix his very earliest recollections of his grandparents which was this: His grandmother had given him a piece of wheat bread and butter, (quite a luxury then), and set the little boy down to eat it. When left alone a large tomcat came up to divide the boy's meal. A fight followed, and the boy threw the cat in the fire, where there happened to be a bed of coals. The coals stuck to the cat's fur, the cat ran and screamed, until the boy was scared out of his wits. He too ran home as fast as he could. This occurred when Paul McNeel

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was six years old, in the old house in the rear of M. J. McNeel's residence.

"As I say, Paul McNeel at a tender age became an inmate of his grandparent's home, and to a great degree received his early training from them. The death of his mother, Mrs Rachel McNeel, occurred in 1818, when he was only 15 years old, rendered his dependence on his grandparents the more necessary. There is a field belonging to the estate of the late Jacob McNeel that my father has frequently in passing pointed out to me, which he and his grandfather planted in corn (they doing the dropping) in 1825; and in connection he told how active of body and sound of mind his grandfather was at eighty, and soon after this the old gentleman was seized with pneumonia and died.

"I have related these two incidents—the beginning and ending of the acquaintance of these two people—to show you how thoroughly I have been taught, both by "legend and lay," to know and revere the character of the venerable pioneer. The exact spots where the "White Pole Church" and the "First Camp" were built have been pointed out to me; and, as you suggest both should be marked by a slab of the marble that is found in such abundance close by.

"Martha Davis, the wife of this gentleman, was a Welch girl, a Calvinistic Methodist, born in the year 1742, being therefore several years older than her husband. She survived him five years, being 88 years old at the time of her death. You speak of the death of her child during the absence of her husband to Point Pleasant. Of this I have frequently heard, and that

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she with her own hands prepared the body of her child and performed the first burial rites ever performed at the McNeel graveyard.

There was another matter this lady was the first to do, and for which her name deserves to be kept in dear remembrance, and by this latter act to the living generation she has set an example of the highest christian character: and that was to bring with her to her new mountain home as a part of her dowry, a Bible printed in the Welsh dialect. A noble exemplar! This is the first Bible that there is any record of having ever been brought to the waters of the Greenbrier.

"The date fixed by you as the time when John McNeel, Senior, arrived in the Levels, 1765, is correct. He was then in his 20th year, and now when we reflect that this was the year succeeding when the Indians had made the most fearful massacre of the white people in the Valley of Virginia, and the the Ohio River Valley was an unbroken wilderness, we wonder at the adventurous spirit of this remarkable man.

"Of the traditional history that I have heard of him the thing that impressed me most of all was his wonderful sincerity of character and strength of purpose in his daily life. This feature of his character had a powerful influence on his grandson, Paul McNeel, and contributed in no small degree to his success in after life. And in conclusion I will say that during the 27 years it was my pleasure to know my father, I never heard him mention the name of John McNeel, Senior, but with the words of praise upon his lips. And the deep hold that Methodism has held in the Levels of

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Pocahontas for the last hundred years can be explained when I say that the man and woman who built the "White Pole Church" laid the foundation of the Methodist Church; and let us trust that the influence of this humble christian man and woman will descend from generation to generation, and like the mantle of Elijah prove a blessing on whomsoever it may fall."

JOHN SLAVEN.

One of the notable families in our local annals was the Slaven relationship, whose ancestor was John Slaven, who came from Tyrone, Ireland, about the middle of the previous century. He first settled in Rockingham County, and then came to what is now Highland County, Virginia, and located permanently at Meadow Dale, on property now held by Stuart Slaven and James Flesher. His wife was a Miss Stuart. Traces of the old home are still to be seen near James Flesher's residence, who is a descendant by the fifth remove.

In reference to John Slaven's sons, we learn that Henry and Reuben went to Ohio and settled in the famous Scioto Valley. Daniel Slaven located his home on Clinch River, Tennessee. Isaiah Slaven married Martha Stuart and went to Montgomery County, Ky. in 1792, about the time that State came into the union, and settled at Mount Sterling. William Slaven settled in Smith County, Tennessee.

Stuart Slaven remained on the homestead. His wife was a Miss Johnston, a daughter of Jesse Johnston.

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The golden rule comes in, and an enlightened conscience decides the matter. The spirit did right when the letter of the law would have been a shield for robbery. It makes us feel proud of our pioneer people to catch glimpses of what manner of men they were.

It is a sad day for any generation or family relationship to have it said of them that, like potatoes, the "best parts of them are in the ground."

The record of this transaction is carefully preserved, and may be consulted time and again in the future as a testimony of what it is to be fair and square.

JOHN MOORE.

"Pennsylvania" John Moore is represented by a worthy posterity, and deserves special mention as one of the Pocahontas Pioneers. He was among the immigrants from Pennsylvania, and as there were several John Moores, the soubriquet "Pennsylvania" was and is attached to his name. Upon his marriage with Margaret Moore, daughter of Moses Moore, scout, hunter, and pioneer, John Moore settled and opened up the place now occupied by David Moore, near Mount Zion Church, in the Hills. Their family consisted of three sons and eight daughters.

Martha Moore became Mrs John Collins, and lived in Upshur County, West Virginia.

Jennie lived to be grown and died of cancerous affection.

Nancy Moore was married to Peter Bussard, and they had their home near Glade Hill.

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Hannah Moore married Martin Dilley, and lived where Mrs Martha Dilley now resides.

Pœbe Moore became Mrs Samuel McCarty, and lived where Peter McCarty now lives.

Elizabeth Moore was married to Daniel McCarty, a soldier of the War of 1812, and lived where Sheldon Moore now dwells.

Margaret Moore married Eli Bussard, and lived where their son, Armenius Bussard, now lives.

Rebecca Moore was married to John Sharp, from near Frost, and lived on the place now occupied by Joseph Moore, near the Bussard neighborhood.

William Moore, son of the Pennsylvania immigrant, married Margaret Callahan, of Bath County, Va., and opened up the homestead now owned by William Jeff Moore. In reference to William Moore's family the following particulars are in hand:

James C. Moore married Hester Nottingham, from Glade Hill. Their children are Adam C., William, and Mrs W. H. Gabbert, near Huntersville. Adam and William Moore live on the old homestead with their mother. James C. Moore, their father, was a Confederate soldier. He died of wounds received during the memorable seven days fight around Richmond, and was buried near Greenwood Tunnel, Va.

William Jefferson Moore married Loretta Grimes, and lives on the paternal homestead near Mount Zion. They are the parents of these sons and daughters: Mattie Elizabeth, George Ellsworth, Charles King Caroline Frances, Fannie Amoret, Myrtle Florence, Ira H., and Hattie.

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Mary Jane Moore, sister of James and Jefferson Moore, was married to Ralph Dilley and lived on another section of the paternal homestead.

This worthy man, William Moore, came to end his industrious, useful life under very sad circumstances. A fire had broken out from a clearing near his home, and with no one with him he endeavored to check its progress. In doing so he seems to have been overcome with fatigue and was suffocated by the smoke and flames. He was therefore found dead in the track of the fire, on the 4th of April, 1866.

John Moore, son of John Moore the Pennsylvania emigrant, married Mary Hannah, one of Joseph Hannah's daughters, on Elk, and settled on a portion of the pioneer homestead now occupied by David Moore. One of his sons, Joseph, married Susan Bussard, and lives near Frost. Another son, David, married Matilda Moore, and lives on the homestead where his father had lived before him. Alfred, another son of John Moore, Junior, lives with his brother, Joseph Moore.

James W. Moore, a son of John Moore, Junior, married Margaret Nottingham, and lives on a section of the Moore homestead.

William Moore, the only son of the James Moore just mentioned, was a Confederate soldier. He was captured near Richmond in 1862, and was never heard from afterwards. He sleeps in some unknown grave, far from his kindred and the friends that remember him so tenderly.

John Moore, the ancestor of this branch of the Moore relationship, was one of the families that came

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first to Pennsylvania and thence to Virginia, early in the seventies of the eighteenth century. Except by marriage, there is no well authenticated relationship known to exist between his family and the other families of the Moore name—so numerous in our county—and who have performed such an important service in opening up prosperous homes, in the face of such serious obstacles, so bravely and perseveringly met and overcome by them.

We younger people, who were permitted to begin where the pioneers left off, can scarcely realize what it cost in laborious privation, in personal discomfort and inconvenience, in wear and tear of mind and body, to make possible what seems to come to us as naturally as the air we breathe. In a modified sense, the same qualities that were requisite in clearing lands, and rearing homes, and making improvements, in the first place, are needed to retain what has been done, and add thereto. Eternal vigilence is said to be the price of liberty that cost the blood and lives of the brave. So, in a higher sense, enternal industry and economy is the price of a living from the lands reclaimed at such a cost by those who worked and suffered while they lived for our good and their own.

GEORGE KEE.

The late George Kee was one of the early settlers of our county, and deserves a place in the history of the the Pocahontas people. He was a native of Tyrone, Ireland. He and his brother William left Ireland

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there was no indian that could ever make him run. While the two were busy with their digging, Galford and Warwick slipped up to the fence and fired simultaneously, hitting the ground close to Higgins and scattering the dust all over him. He and Ingram ran with all speed to the stockade and reported that Indians had fired on them. The panic was soon relieved however, when hilarious laughter instead of war whoops were heard in the direction of the potato patch.

JOHN R. FLEMMENS.

One of the most unique and picturesque characters that figure in our local history was John R. Flemmens, of Laurel Creek. Early in the century residents of the head of Stony Creek saw smoke rising from Red Lick Mountain. At first it was thought to be a hunter's camp. Upon noticing the smoke continuing for some days, curiosity was awakened, and parties went up into the Red Lick wilderness to see what it meant. To their surprise they found a family in camp, arranging for a permanent settlement.

There were five persons, John R. Flemmens and Elizabeth Flemmens, his wife; James and Frederick were the sons, and one daughter, Elizabeth. There were nice horses and several cows ranging about. The family had been there for several weeks, yet no one ever found out when or whence they had come. Had these persons arrived in a balloon from the clouds at midnight, their coming could not have been better

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concealed than it seemed to have been from the neighbors.

The Flemmens opened what is now the "Rosser Place." But few persons were ever known to labor more industriously than the mother and her three children. Mr Flemmens bought lands from Isaac Gregory amounting to four thousand acres. It was a part of the William Lewis Lovely survey. The papers dated 1777, and this region was then in the metes and bounds of Harrison County. Such a deal in lands sounds fabulous now, or did until the recent operations of Colonel McGraw and others have rather eclipsed the Flemmens' deals on that line. John R. Flemmens at times seemed pressingly anxious to sell large tracts at ten cents an acre. Lands now held by Colonel McGraw, the Whites, Shearers, and others.

On his possessions John Flemmens made an opening, built a house, and preparations were made for an immense barn. The barn was never finished. Some of the hewn timber for the barn was more than two feet across the face and smooth as silk. How such work could be so smoothly done was the wonder of all who may have examined it.

The Flemmens family became noted for sugar making. They would work several hundred trees in the season. On the southern exposures an early camp would be worked, then move to another less exposed, and then move into the north and close the season there. The mother and children would carry the sap for miles in pails supported by straps from their shoulders, and much of the sap was carried up hill. In

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making arrangements for evaporating the sap, an immense tree would be felled and the kettles supported against it, and then the fires kindled. It was no uncommon thing to see fifteen or twenty large kettles boiling at the same time.

The output would amount to hundreds of pounds. The sugar was generally stirred until it pulverized, and much of it was nearly as fair as brown or coffee sugar.

A good deal of the sugar was taken to Lewisburg and exchanged for more kettles. Mr Flemmens could pack three large iron kettles on one horse. In these excursions to the sugar market, and very frequently at other times, John Flemmens had three horses, driving the foremost, riding the middle one, and leading the third—all arranged randem fashion. In this manner he could traverse the bridle paths,—at an early day the common means of communication between places.

The entire family became members of the church.

James Flemmens was fond of hunting, but he met with so little success that his father warned him that if he came home any more without venison, he should not be allowed to waste any more time as he had been doing.

"Worrich pays better than no luck, Jim, in huntin', and so you know what will be up if you don't git nothin' this time."

This was spoken in stentorian tones with a commanding voice, and it seems to have rung in Jimmy's ears to a practical purpose.

That day he had the luck to bring home a venison.

The same day the late venerable John Barlow killed

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a deer, but he did not bring it home—left it hanging in the woods, hunter fashion—and it mysteriously disappeared. Suspicious gossip ran high, which the Flemmens meekly endured until they began to think that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and a church trial was demanded to vindicate Jimmy's character from the slanderous insinuations in connexion with the disappearance of the dear.

The preliminaries for trial being duly arranged by the Presiding Elder at Hamlin Chapel, the slandered hunter put in his pleas, with flowing tears and tremulous voice, when the Elder asked the question:

"Brother James Flemmens, did you or did you not take Brother Barlow's deer?"

"I hope not. God knows I hope God does not know I took the deer, as I am slandered with."

Mr Barlow exclaimed; "God does n't know any such thing."

The strife of tongues now promised to become sharp, but the imperious Presiding Elder made it short and decisive by a wave of the hand and a significant look toward the door. Somehow, as the Flemmens thought unjustly, the Elder construed James' plea as a virtual confession that he had spirited away the missing game. He solemnly deposed him from church membership, and thus cleared all others of slanderous intentions.

Soon as the decision was announced, John Flemmens arose an asked for a dismissal: "Give me my name, and give me old Betsy's, too!" Young Betsy tearfully asked for her name also. They all soon found a church home elsewhere.

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In the course of events Frederick was the first to die and that too far away from his mountain home under sadly peculiar circumstances. John R. Flemmens called at John Barlow's to pass the night. Mr Barlow had heard of Frederick's death, but did not wish any one to say any thing about it before morning. But one of the boys came in before his father could repress him and said: "Mr Flemmens, do you know that Fred is dead?"

"Is it possible, Mr Barlow, have you heard that my boy is dead?"

"Yes," replied Mr Barlow, "I am sorry to say it is even so."

In an instant the bereaved father seemed to be frenzied by his grief. He caught up his three horses and started for home in the night. As he slowly ascended the mountain path his agonized cries could be heard for miles: "O Freddy, my dear son; your poor old father will never see you again. O Freddy, my son, my son!"

While on a visit to Ohio, Mr Flemmens died there.

Mrs Flemmens and her daughter Elizabeth spent their last years in the vicinity of Buckeye. They spun and wove ond industriously earned a living as long as their willing hands coald retain their cunning, and had the respectful esteem of all their neighbors.

AARON MOORE.

Aaron Moore, one of the older sons of Moses Moore the pioneer, hunter, and scout, after his marriage with

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The Commonwealth of Virginia.

EWING PH. WHEELING.

To [illegible] Greeting:

Know You, That from special trust and confidence reposed in your fidelity, courage and good conduct, our GOVERNOR, in pursuance of the authority vested in him by the Constitution and Laws of the Commonwealth, doth commission you Adjutant, or mustering officer of the [illegible] Regiment of the [illegible] Brigade and [illegible] Division of the Virginia Militia, to discharge the duties imposed by the 38th section of the act entitled "An Act for the better organization of the Militia of the Commonwealth," passed March 30th, 1860.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereunto signed my name as Governor, and caused the Seal of the ~~Commonwealth~~ to be affixed, this [illegible] day of [illegible] 185[illegible]

[illegible] Governor.

[illegible]

Commission of John Sharp as an officer in the militia of the new state of West Virginia. Dated September 30, 1863, and signed by Arthur I. Boreman, first governor of West Virginia.
Note that a Virginia form has been used.

sleep by his side, purring like a kitten, though much louder.

One night the young man was awakened by something strange about his throat. When became conscious he found his pet was licking at his throat, slightly pinching at times with its teeth, then lick awhile and pinch a little harder- Thts frightened the young man so thoroughly that he sprang to his feet, dragged it out of doors and dispatched it at once.

JOHN SHARP.

Among the persons settling in what is now Pocahontas County early in the century, John Sharp, Senior, a native of Ireland, is richly deserving of more than passing notice. He is the ancestor of the families of that name that constitute such a marked proportion of the Frost community, and have been identified with that vicinity for the past 91 years. Previous to the Revolution he came in with the tide of Scotch-Irish imigration that spread over Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and thence moved south, and finally located in Rockingham County, Virginia. His wife was Margaret Blaine, whose parents resided in the vicinity of Rawley Springs. She was a relative of Rev. John S. Blaine, one of the pioneer Presbyterian pastors in our countyr

After a residence of several years in Rockingham County, Mr Sharp came to Pocahontas to secure land for the use of his large and industrious family, and he succeeded well, and saw them well fixed in life all

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around him. He reached Frost in 1802, and settled on the place now occupied by Abram Sharp. There were six sons and as many daughters. The daughters were Margaret, Anna, Isabella, Elizabeth, Rosa, and Polly. Margaret became Mrs Henry Dilley and lived on Thorny Creek. Anna was married to Daniel McCollam, who finally moved to Ohio. Isabella became Mrs Alexander Rider, who lived so long on the top of the Alleghany, seven miles east of Huntersville. Elizabeth was the wife of Rev James Wanless, a widely known minister, and lived on upper Thorny Creek, where John F. Wanless now resides.

Rosa Sharp was married to the Rev William J. Ryder, on Back Creek. Her family mostly went west—to Illinois. Rev Stewart Ryder, of Bath, is her son. He was for several years an itinerant minister in the Baltimore Conference. Aaron Ryder, who liver near Frost, is another son.

Mary Sharp became the wife of William Hartman, and settled in Upshur County. Her children were Joel Susan, Elizabeth, and Mory. Joel Hartman married Jonathan Yeager's daughter Rachel. Mary Hartman became Mrs Jeter; Susan Hartman became a Mrs Harper, all of Upshur County.

In reference to the six sons that were of this family, and the brothers of the six sisters whose history is so briefly traced, we learn the following particulars from Mrs Elizabeth Sharp, the aged relict of the late John Sharp, a grandson of the pioneer John Sharp. This venerable lady has a remarkable history. Left alone during the war, she supported her young

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and numerous family, paid off mortgages on the land, and came through the great trouble out of debt.

The pioneer's sons were John, Robert, Daniel, William, James, and Joseph.

John Sharp married Rebecca Moore, daughter of Pennsylvania John Moore, and settled on land now occupied by Joseph Moore, who is a grandson of John Sharp, Senior.

Robert Sharp died in early youth.

Daniel Sharp married Margaret Palmer, of Augusta County, and settled on Buffalo Mountain, beyond Greenbank. Daniel finally went to Lewis County, and settled on Leading Creek.

James Sharp married Margaret Wanless, and settled on the head of Thorny Creek. There were five sons and two daughters in his family. William, Andrew, Robert, James, and Lindsay were the sons; and Jane, who became Mrs Nicholas Swadely, and Nancy, who married James Moore, now of Nicholas County, were the daughters. Nicholas Swadely moved to Ritchie County. Lindsay Sharp lives on the old homestead. Andrew Sharp lives on Back Creek, and was 97 years of age July 3, 1897. He was able at that time to do considerable work with his axe and brush-hook.

William Sharp married Margaret Nesbitt, of Rockbridge County, and settled near Frost. There were a son and three daughters. Mary Paulina married Stephen Wanless, and lived on Back Creek. Her husband was killed by a vicious horse. Eliza Jane, became Mrs David Hannah, of Fayette County. John Sharp, the one son of this family, married Elizabeth

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Slaven Wade, of Highland County, and settled on the place near Frost where his widow now lives. There were five sons and four daughters.

The sons were Charles Osborne Wade, William Alexander Gilmer, John Benjamin Franklin, Aaron Uriah Bradford. Little Bradford died at the age of seven years, his mother's darling, and though many years have passed she weeps at the mention of his name. Matilda Ursula died at sixteen months. Margaret Ann died aged sixteen years. Martha Ellen and Marietta Emmeretta Virginia are yet living.

Gilmer Sharp married Nancy Elizabeth Arbogast, and settled a mile from Frost on the west branch of Knapps Creek, in the pine woods, and opened up a nice home. His family consists of seven sons and two daughters: Upton Porter, William Bradford, Clifton Chalmers, Ernest Gilmer, George Mervin, Charles Letcher, Minnie Ursula, and Nancy Elizabeth Daisy. Minnie is now Mrs Ellis Bussard, near Glade Hill.

J. B. F. Sharp, great-grandson of the pioneer, married Mary Alice Gibson, of Bath, rnd now lives near Frost. Henderson Wickline, Carrie, Bessie, Ellen, and Ruth are their children.

C. O. W. Sharp, another son of the same family, married Amanda Grimes, and settled near Frost. There were slx sons and three daughters: Hannibal Hamlin, Charles Hanson, David Franklin, George Winters, Summers Hedrick, Austin John, Trudie Montgomery, Isa Amanda, Esta Medora.

Martha Ellen Sharp, one of the surviving sisters, became the wife of Abram Sharp, near Frost. He was a

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Union soldier. Their family consists of six sons and four daughters: Joseph Averill married Sarah Vint and lives on Browns mountain. John Washington married Mary Ann Simmons, of Highland, and lives near Frost. Their sons are Anderson Butler, Stewart Holmes, Aaron Abraham, and Lincoln, who died at the age of four years. The daughters are Julia Quebec, who is Mrs William Shrader and lives near Frost; and Cuba Truxillo, who died December, 1895; greatly lamented; Elizabeth Rachel, and Mary Hannah Susan.

The other surviving member of Mrs Bettie Sharp's family is Marietta Emmeretta Virginia, who married Thomas R. Kellison, and lives near Mountain Grove. Her family of three sons and six daughters are named as follows: John Benjamin Franklin Lightbourne, Charles Hackie, Thomas Bonar, Elizabeth Lugertie Moomau, Anna Amanda Jane, Ella, Marietta Constance, Hattie, and Lucy.

The last of the sons of John the pioneer is Joseph Sharp, who married Elizabeth Lightner and settled on the homestead, now held by Abram Sharp. The late Peter Sharp, near Frost, was a son of Joseph Sharp. He was a Confederate soldier. His wife was Mary Ann Herron, daughter of Leonard Herron. Three of his sons are Methodist preachers. Oscar is a local preacher; William and Jasper are in the itineracy; Samuel died recently, and Ashby is Constable of Frost District: Alice is Mrs Alexander Kiricofe, and lives in Augusta County. Azelia married Rev C. M. Anderson.

Another son, Henry Sharp, married Caroline Curry,

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daughter of the late J. Harvey Curry, of Dunmore, and lives on Douthard's Creek, near Driscol. Their family numbers seven daughters and two sons: Clara, now Mrs Henry Overholt; Docia, now Mrs Warren; Effie, Mrs J. E. Campbell, of Covington; Lizzie, Mrs Mack Ervine; Bertha, Lucy, and Pearl- Gilbert Sharp is at home, a well known machinist. Albert Sharp resides at Marlinton, where he is a well known citizen, and has performed an active part in the construction of improvements.

Thus far we have been able to illustrate to some extent the history of John Sharp, the settler. As was intimated, the great motive that prompted his coming to the head of Knapps Creek was to get land. In this he was successful. His landed possessions reached from the Gibson farm, near Frost, up the West Branch to Armnius Bussard's, near Glade Hill. He had property in the Hills, on Thorny Creek, and on Buffalo Mountain beyond Greenbank, and the most of these lands yet in the possession of his descendants.

He was small in person, blue eyes, light hair, and of florid complexion. He was constantly employed. Mrs Sharp was quiet in all her ways, very diligent in her duties, and patiently met and endured the toils and inconveniences of living in the woods. These persons were pious, and some of the first religious meetings ever held in the vicinity of Frost were at their house.

DAVID HANNAH.

This paper is prepared to pay a tribute to the memo-

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Pocahontas for the last hundred years can be explained when I say that the man and woman who built the "White Pole Church" laid the foundation of the Methodist Church; and let us trust that the influence of this humble christian man and woman will descend from generation to generation, and like the mantle of Elijah prove a blessing on whomsoever it may fall."

JOHN SLAVEN.

One of the notable families in our local annals was the Slaven relationship, whose ancestor was John Slaven, who came from Tyrone, Ireland, about the middle of the previous century. He first settled in Rockingham County, and then came to what is now Highland County, Virginia, and located permanently at Meadow Dale, on property now held by Stuart Slaven and James Flesher. His wife was a Miss Stuart. Traces of the old home are still to be seen near James Flesher's residence, who is a descendant by the fifth remove.

In reference to John Slaven's sons, we learn that Henry and Reuben went to Ohio and settled in the famous Scioto Valley. Daniel Slaven located his home on Clinch River, Tennessee. Isaiah Slaven married Martha Stuart and went to Montgomery County, Ky. in 1792, about the time that State came into the union, and settled at Mount Sterling. William Slaven settled in Smith County, Tennessee.

Stuart Slaven remained on the homestead. His wife was a Miss Johnston, a daughter of Jesse Johnston.

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He was one of the most prominent and influential citizens of his time. Stuart Slaven's children were Reuben, for so many years one of the leading citizens of his county, and perhaps celebrated more marriages than any magistrate that ever held that office in his section; Jesse, William, Stuart; Nellie, who became Mrs Adam Lightner; Mrs Thomas Campbell; Sallie, who was Mrs Alexander Gilmore; Rachel, who became Mrs Givens, and went west; and Mrs Matilda Wade.

Margaret Slaven was married to the late Benjamin B. Campbell. Her daughters are Mrs S. P. Patterson and Miss Mattie Campbell, of Huntersville; Stuart Campbell, of Belington; Brown Campbell, late of Monterey, and Luther Campbell, at Dunmore, are her sons.

John Slaven, son of John from Tyrone, was twice married. The first wife was a Miss Wade. There was one son, John Slaven, who never married. The second marriage was with Elizabeth Warwick, a sister of Andrew and William Warwick, on Deer Creek. Not long after this marriage he settled on the head of Greenbrier, and he is the ancestor of the Pocahontas branch of the Slaven relationship. By the second marriage there were five daughters and two sons.

He was a person of remarkable muscular powers, and was a Revolutionary veteran, a noted hunter and successful trapper. He had thrilling descriptions to give of the many bloody engagements he passed thro, the hazardous risks he ran, and the bitter privations he endured in the service of his country. He lived to an advanced age, and was so weakened by the infirmities of age as to make use of crutches in moving around in

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his closing days. In reference to his children the following particulars are available:

Sallie Slaven became Mrs Dinwiddie, and lived for a time at the head of Jacksons River; thence went to Hardin County, Ohio.

Priscilla Slaven was married to Joseph Wooddell, of Green Bank, and lived in Pike County, Ohio.

Anna Slaven married Patrick Bruffey, and lived near Green Bank, on property occupied by John Hevener. Patrick Bruffey was a very useful and prominent citizen; a skilled workman in stone, iron, and wood; and filled most of the official positions in the gift of the county.

Mary Slaven became Mrs John Wooddell, near Green Bank. The late Mrs M. P. Slaven, Hon W. J. Wooddell, and J. S. Wooddell, Esq., were her children.

Margaret Slaven became Mrs Samuel Ruckman.

William Slaven, son of John Slaven the pioneer, was born July 6, 1798, and was married in 1819 to Margaret Wooddell, daughter of Joseph Wooddell, at Green Bank. She was born June 27, 1800.

They were the parents of six sons and two daughters. Their names were Charles, who died seeking gold in California; William Patrick, James Cooper, Henry, Nathan—a Confederate soldier killed at Fort Donelson; and Elizabeth, who became Mrs Osborne of Gilmer County.

William Slaven's second marriage was with Nancy Cline, of Lewis County, and there were five daughters and four sons by this marriage. Mary, Sarah, Caro-

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line, Martha, Lucy Frank, Lanty, Roland, and Perry. William Slaven's descendants mainly live in Jackson, Wirt, Lewis, and Gilmer counties, and are reported to be prosperous and good people of that section of West Virginia.

While living in Pocahontas County, William Slaven was a person of marked prominence—a member of the Virginia Legislature, magistrate, and Assessor. More than sixty years ago he concluded to move to Lewis County. Assisted by John Wooddell, his household effects were carried over Cheat mountain to Lawyer See's near Huttonsville on pack horses, there being only a bridle path at the time. He lived awhile on Leading Creek, Lewis County; thence went to Wirt County, near Burning Springs; and finally to Jackson County, a few miles from Ravenswood. In his new places of residence, after leaving Pocahontas, he was honored with places of trust, served the public as magistrate and deputy sheriff, which at that time meant the full, active duties of sheriff. He leaves the reputation of being always an efficient, trustworthy business man.

Jacob Gillespie Slaven, son of the pioneer of that much named region, Head of Greenbrier, Upper Tract, Travelers Repose, married Eleanor Lockridge, daughter of Lanty Lockridge, Senior, on Knapps Creek. These persons passed the most of their married lives on the head of the Greenbrier, in a widely known and attractive home. In their time there was an immense travel along that road, Staunton and Parkersburg Pike. The most of communication between the western and eastern parts of Virginia was by this route. Governor

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Joe Johnson and Stonewall Jackson have stopped over here to enjoy trout and venison. Everything seemed prosperous and pleasant with Jacob Slaven until the terrible ravages of war laid his home in ashes, and exiled the happy inmates. The family consisted of eight daughters and four sons. We lay before our readers the following particulars concerning these sons and daughters.

Harriet, who was greatly admired for her personal attractions, became Mrs Patrick Gallaher and went to Missouri.

Elizabeth was married to Colonel William T. Gammon, a citizen of marked prominence. She now lives at Odessa, Missouri.

John Randolph Slaven, late of Huntersville, married Margaret P. Wooddell, lately deceased.

Lanty Lockridge Slaven married Isabella Burner, and settled on Back Alleghany, where his widowed wife with her sons, Jacob, Charles, and Gratz, resides.

Mary P. Slaven was married to Jesse B. Slaven, at Meadow Dale, where she died and is buried.

Warwick Slaven married Mary Riley and lives near Green Bank.

Martha Slaven became Mrs J. T. Hoggsett, and lived near Mill Point at the time of her death a few years since.

Adalaide Eleanor Slaven was first married (by the writer) to Washington Arbogast. He died in 1864, of wounds received in the battle of Spottsylvania Courthouse. Her second marriage was with William L. Brown, Esq and lives at Green Bank.

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Margaret Eveline Slaven, now Mrs J. H. Patterson, lives at Marlinton. Mr Patterson is the Clerk of the Pocahontas Circuit Court. He was a Confederate soldier from start to finish, and shared the perils of those who were first in battle and last in retreat.

Sarah Slaven was first married to Peter H. Slaven, and lived at Monterey, Virginia. Their son Emmet lives in Nebraska. Her second marriage was with Arista Hartman, now living in Kansas.

Winfield T. Slaven married Nannie P. Ruckman, and lives near Marvin.

In reference to the daughters, it is interesting to note that Eleanor and Margaret were twins. Mildred and Alice were also twin sisters.

John Slaven and wife, the ancestral pioneers, that had their home on the beautiful banks of the upper Greenbrier, had a married life of fifty-two years, ten months, and twenty-one days. It would be well could their graves be identified, where unheeded o'er their silent dust the storms of the eventful present and the recent past have raged in such ominous fury. The story of their lives helps us very much towards a proper understanding of what it cost to make it possible for the comforts that gladden our lives.

CHARLES AND JACOB KINNISON.

Among the earlier pioneers of the Little Levels were Jacob and Charles Kinnison. They were among the persons who had heard the wonderful intelligence brought in by a half demented neighbor, that he had

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ized world of that period. Some writers go so far as to say that Maryland was the birth place of religious toleration. The matter is an interesting one to inquire into.

JOHN SMITH.

This paper is designed to perpetuate the memory of two very deserving persons, who were among the first to open up a home on Stony Creen near its source, now known as the West Union neighborhood. John Smith was a native of Ireland. He came to this region a hundred and thirty years ago, from Pennsylvania, and upon becoming acquainted with the family of Levi Moore, the pioneer at Frost, he made love to Sally Moore, one of the daughters. Upon their marriage the two young people took a fancy to the large spring that gushes so copiously and beautifully from the rocky cliffs at the source of Stony Creek, and settled close by it and built up their home. The place is now occupied by the family of the late Captain William Cochran. Some particulars in regard to their sons and daughters have been already given in other biographic papers, that need not be repeated here in full. In addition, therefore, to what has been written the following fragmentary items of their history are recorded.

John Smith, Junior, married Fannie Cochran, daughter of the late John Cochran, near Marvin, and settled on the place now in possession of John Young, a great-grandson of John Smith, Senior, near Edray.

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He afterwards moved to Raine County, and lived at the three forks of Reedy. He was a Union sympathizer, and was arrested by the Confederate military as such; but when it was ascertained that he was not a dangerous person, he was paroled on his honor, but died on his return home.

Andrew Smith's wife was Nancy Cackley, daughter of Levi Cackley, on Stamping Creek. After settling and living for a time at the old Stony Creek homestead, he moved to the State of Missouri.

Elizabeth Smith became Mrs. Jacob Drennan. After living some years in Braxton County, they moved to Nicholas County, and located on Peter's Creek, fourteen miles west of Summersville, where members of their family yet reside.

Ann Smith was married to Captain William Young, and lived many years on the place near Hamlin Chapel now in possession of George C. Moore. She was a person of great industry, fine mental endowments, and a model homekeeper, and intelligently, sincerely pious. The writer remembers her and members of her family as cherished friends. Late in life she went west and died but a few years since at a very advanced age in the State of Iowa. The first wife of Captain James M. McNeill was one of her daughters. The late Colonel Samuel Young was her eldest son. Adam Young was another son. The only survivors of her family now in Pocahontas are her grandsons, John Young and Adam Young and their children.

Rebecca Smith was married to John Auldridge, and lived on Laurel Creek, a few miles from the old home-

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stead, farther west. These worthy people reared an interesting and exemplary family, of whom special mention is made in the Auldridge memoirs.

Mrs Rebecca Auldridge died in 1899, over ninety years of age. Her last years were spent with her daughter, Mrs Nancy Newcomer, in the town of Ronceverte, and was hale and hearty up to the time of her death from extreme old age. Her late home was but a step or two from the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway on one side, and the other is at the edge of the Saint Lawrence boom, whence the logs are floated to the mills by the million. How different the surroundings of her youth and early life from those of her old age. A more marked contrast can scarcely be imagined. There is scarcely an hour, day or night, free from the thundering of the trains, fast or slow, and Mrs Auldridge seemed to regard them no more than she once regarded the rustle of the falling leaves around the old Laurel Run homestead, sixty miles away from the iron road.

Hannah Smith became the wife of Richard Auldridge, a brother of John Auldridge just mentioned. After living some years at the Smith homestead, they went to Braxton County. and were happily situated on Wolf Creek at the opening of the late sad war between the States. Mr Auldridge sympathized with the Southern Confederacy, and was killed. Both sons were in the Southern army. John Auldridge fell at the battle of Gettysburg. Allen Auldridge survived the war, witn an honorable record as a brave and faithful soldier. He sought a home in the State of Kansas,

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taking his mother annd sister with him. Mrs. Auldridge sleeps in her Kansas grave, while at last accounts her son and daughter are keeping house and doing well, as good dutiful children deserve.

Sally Smith was married to Robert Rodgers, and for some years lived in Buckeye Cove, near Swago. Afterwards they settled in Nicholas County, West Virginia, where Mrs Rodgers still lives, far advanced in years.

Martha Smith became Mrs Samuel Young. They lived for a few years on a section of the old homestead and finally moved to Logan County, Ohio, where their descendants mostly have their present homes, and enjoy the fruits of honest labor and judicious management.

Thus we have been able to lay before our readers some information in regard to these worthy persons and their two sons and six daughters. In their day their home was a place where the young people had good times, as good times went in the pioneer era. At log rollings, quiltings, wool picking, and flax pullings the youngsters met, fell in love, and did much of their courting. Sundays it would be preaching or all day prayer meetings, when it was not deemed right and proper to think and talk about anything but Heaven and heavenly things. The grandest social events would be the weddings, that occurred just as fast as the young folks thought themselves old enough to get married and go to themselves.

Mrs Smith survived her husband a good many years, —and did her part well,—saw her children settled in life. When the time came, folded her busy hands

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in rest and quietly went to sleep. It is a comforting reflection that here and there on the hillsides of our beautiful land are planted immortal sleepers—like the bodies of these worthy people—that will some day appear in all that is radiant and lovely. It is touching to reflect how widely apart are the graves of their children. Kansas, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, and West Virginia have graves where members of this family are waiting for the coming of the Redeemer they learned to know and love in the old paternal home on Stony Creek.

WILLIAM YOUNG.

This sketch is designed to perpetuate the memory of an early citizen of our county, whose influence was on the side of morality and education.

Samuel Young, ancestor of the Youngs af Pocahontas, was a native of London. He came to America about 1756, leaving his parents, John and Amy Young, in England, and settled in Madison County, Virginia. He afterwards lived some years on Knapps Creek, Pocahontas County. He entered lands, and then sold much of it to settlers for ginseng, deer skins, and furs. This produce he took away to Winchester or Fredericksburg, and exchanged for merchandise, which he bartered or peddled, and thus acquired considerable wealth. When he became quite old, he visited his son Charles, in Kentucky, and never returned.

John Young, one of his sons, was born in Madison

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He had a large pair of saddle bags about full of books, political pamphlets, and clippings from the newspapers, to which he would frequently refer to illustrate and enforce the points he made. Taken altogether, the effort was statesmanlike, and much above the political harangue so much in vogue at the time. He was a Jacksonian Democrat.

He died after much intense suffering March 4, 1881, aged about 80 years. Mrs Hudson survived her husband until December 31, 1889, when she too passed away, aged about 83 years.

Late in life Mr Hudson became a member of the Liberty Church. He witnessed a very satisfactory, intelligent profession of his faith in the atoning blood of Christ. The older people tell us that one of the most solemn scenes they ever saw at the old Libelty church was when Elijah Hudson arose in the presence of the congregation, and with a contrite spirit assumed his Christian vows before taking his place at the communion table, to take the cup of salvation and call upon his Lord and Redeemer.

JOHN SUTTON, SR.

July 27, 1894, was the last time the writer met the late John Sutton, Junior, whose painful death by a cancerous affction was mourned by a large circle of attached friends. Much of the morning was occupied in family reminiscence. His father, John Sutton the senior, was a native of Westmoreland County, and hence was neighbor of the Washington family. His

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home was on the Potomac not far from Mount Vernon. For some years John Sutton, Senior, was manager for Jacob Warwick at the Dunmore farm, late in the last century. Finally he bought land and settled where his son, John Sutton, Junior, lived. Mrs Sutton was Rachel Gillispie, daughter of Jacob Gillispie, who owned nearly all the land in sight of Greenbank looking north and east. Mrs Jacob Gillispie was Rebecca Berry, a half sister of Mary Vance Warwick, the widow Berry having married Mr Vance, who lived at Mountain Grove. Jacob Gillispie's family consisted of nine daughters and six sons.

John Sutton, Senior, paid a visit to his old home on the Potomac where it is said to be twelve miles across. His friends seemed astonished when he told them he had seen the head spring and drank of its water on Laurel Fork, near what is known as the Wilfong Settlement.

JAMES TALLMAN.

Among the names identified with our county's history that of Tallman has figured prominently for more than a hundred years, and while there are scores of our citizens with Tallman blood in their veins, yet the name is borne by but few anymore; as so many have moved away to other counties and western States.

The Tallman relationship trace their ancestry to James Tallman, who was a native of Augusta County. His first marriage was with Nancy Crawford, of that county, and soon afterwards settled on property west

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Greenbrier Independent.

THURSDAY, MAY 5TH, 1898.

LOCAL MATTERS.

IT will be of interest to you to read our advertisement columns this week.

IT is well to remember that the present fish law in this State prohibits the catching of bass between April 14th

ciated. The happy couple left that evening for Old Point Comfort on a bridal tour.

Death of John C. Warwick.

John C. Warwick, well known to the people of Pocahontas and Greenbrier, died of fever, at his place of business, at Macdonald, Fayette county, on Thursday, the 25th ult., aged about 30 years. He was a native of Pocahontas county, and a son of the late John W. Warwick, was in business at Ronceverte as clerk and bookkeeper for some years, and afterwards at Hinton, where he conducted a large retail clothing business. Later on he became bookkeeper and buyer of the Turkey Knob Coal & Coke Co., which position he held at his death. About five years ago he married Miss Maybell Feamster, of Lewisburg, who, with one son, George, survives him. His remains were brought to Lewisburg and buried with Masonic honors by the Lodges of Lewisburg and Ronceverte in our town cemetery last Friday. The news of his death excited the sincerest sympathies of our people for his young widow, who was born and reared in our town, and was beloved by all who knew her.

Descendants of John Waugh <1799

Descendants of James Waugh

1 James Waugh d: Bef. 1799 in Hills, Bath Co, VA
+Mary Unknown b: Bet. 1750 - 1760 d: Aft. 1830
2 Samuel Waugh b: 10 Jan 1774 d: ? Jul 1831 in Hills, Bath Co VA d: 19 Aug 1847 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: John McGuire Mother: Elizabeth Cottle
+Ann McGuire b: 20 Oct 1779 in PA m: 19 Jan 1802 in Bath Co VA d: Bef. 1840
3 Elizabeth Waugh b: 1 Jan 1802 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Bef. 1840
+Caleb Knapp, Jr b: 21 May 1798 m: 1818 in Greenbrier Co VA Father: Caleb Knapp Mother: Betsy Clendenin
4 Mary Ann "Polly" Knapp b: 14 Dec 1819 d: 14 Jan 1903
+Richard B Weir/Ware m: 27 Sep 1863 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Nancy Knapp b: 22 Jul 1821 in VA (WV)
+Henry S Shrader b: Abt. 1818 in Pendleton Co VA m: 2 Mar 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Abt. 1895 Father: John Shrader Mother: Unknown
5 Mary E Shrader b: 11 Sep 1841
+William Fertig
5 Benjamin Franklin Shrader b: 11 Oct 1843 d: 1862
5 Robert Clayton Shrader b: 17 Aug 1845 in VA (WV) m: 18 Mar 1870 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 23 Mar 1916 Father: James S Lewis Mother: Rebecca Sharp
+Mariah Emily Lewis b: 1 Aug 1851 in VA (WV) d: 2 Sep 1933
6 William "Willie" Shrader b: 3 May 1873
6 Enola Shrader b: Abt. 1873
6 Minnie R Shrader b: Abt. 1875
6 Ira Bliss Shrader b: 27 Apr 1877 in Hills, Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 Jan 1945
6 [152] George Henry Shrader b: 9 Mar 1880 d: 25 Jan 1945
+[151] Leanna Frances McCarty b: 16 Nov 1878 d: 4 Apr 1916 Father: Peter John McCarty Mother: Elizabeth Arminta Hill
*2nd Wife of [152] George Henry Shrader:
+Edna Anderson
*3rd Wife of [152] George Henry Shrader:
+Lula Wymer
6 Robert L Shrader b: 9 Jul 1888 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Peter Shrader b: 1850
5 Edie Shrader b: Abt. 1850
5 John Henry Shrader b: Mar 1851
+Priscosa "Osa" Stulting b: 1856 d: 1932 Father: Nicholas Stulting Mother: Mary Boss
6 Alva Shrader d: 3 Jan 1960 in Hamilton OH
+Quade Fertig
6 Mary E Shrader b: 29 Mar 1884 in Hills, Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Jan 1964 in Deerfield VA
+William Grimes
6 Chalmer Shrader b: 22 Sep 1882 d: Oct 1970
6 Lillian Boss Shrader b: 28 Sep 1886 d: 6 Jan 1929
+Ellis Hamilton Dilley b: 12 Sep 1876 in Pocahontas Co WV m: 6 Dec 1905 d: 24 Aug 1929 in Warm Springs AR Father: William Hanson Dilley Mother: Caroline Hulda Stalnaker
7 Wilma Dilley
7 Madeline Dilley
7 Ruth Dilley
7 Helene Dilley
7 Norman Hanson Dilley
6 Unknown Shrader b: 10 Sep 1891 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Clyde E Shrader b: 4 Jul 1897 d: Sep 1972
+Flossie Ellen Eddy Father: S Otis Eddy Mother: Charlotte Roupe
5 Jacob A Shrader b: Abt. 1856
+Isabella C "Belle" Kincaid b: Abt. 1858 Father: David G Kincaid Mother: Mary Agnes Buzzard
6 Amos M Shrader b: Abt. 1875
6 Lemuel S Shrader b: 8 Aug 1877 in Hills, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Male Shrader b: Nov 1879
6 Icie Vesta Shrader b: 13 Oct 1884 in Thorny Creek, Pocahontas Co WV
+Austin John Sharp
7 John Dale Sharp b: 9 May 1920 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV d: 27 Jun 1998 in Richmond VA (hospital)
+Mary Unknown d: Bef. 1998
7 Styrl Sharp, Sr
7 Kyle Sharp
7 Julia Lee Sharp d: Bef. 1998
7 Lurabelle Sharp d: Bef. 1998
5 Albert Shrader b: 2 Oct 1857 in Back Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
5 Unknown Shrader b: 27 Feb 1860 in Little Back Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
5 Luther Shrader
+Unknown Kincaid Father: David G Kincaid Mother: Mary Agnes Buzzard
5 Unknown Shrader b: 23 Apr 1866
5 Ellen Susan "Ellie" Shrader b: Abt. 1866
+Oscar Sharp
5 Enoch C Shrader b: Abt. 1851
5 William A Shrader
+Rosalia Unknown
6 Willie Q Shrader b: 25 Aug 1888 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Charles Shrader
5 Margaret Ann Shrader
4 Elizabeth Jane Knapp b: 7 Jan 1824 d: Bet. 4 Sep 1876 - Mar 1877 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Peter Shrader b: 1820 in Pendleton Co VA m: 25 Jun 1840 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Bet. 1863 - 1867 Father: Jacob Shrader Mother: Mary Simmons
5 William Shrader b: Abt. 1841
5 Ezra Samuel Shrader b: Abt. 1843 d: Jul 1863 in Gettysburg PA
5 [87] Mary Caroline Shrader b: 4 Jul 1849 in Pendleton Co VA d: 19 May 1920 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV, buried at Warwick Shinaberry Farm, Dunmore
+Willis C Buzzard
*2nd Husband of [87] Mary Caroline Shrader
+[94] William Cronin Buzzard b: 6 Jun 1858 in Stillington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA m: 7 Oct 1874 in Highland Co WV d: 28 Nov 1940 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV Father: Sampson Sickafoose Buzzard Mother: Eleanor Morrison "Ellen" Knapp
6 [86] Anderson McKendry Buzzard b: 21 Jul 1875 d: 3 Oct 1893 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [87] William N Buzzard b: 1877 d: Aug 1964
+[88] Lillie Unknown
6 [89] Ezra W Buzzard b: 3 Dec 1878 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Aug 1893 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [90] Laura Ethel Buzzard b: 18 Aug 1880 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Dec 1953 in Healing Springs, Bath Co VA
+[91] Harvey Shelton Carpenter b: 20 Mar 1880 in Highland Co WV m: 22 Jul 1908 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Apr 1965 in Hot Springs, Bath Co VA
7 [92] Lawrence Ellis Carpenter b: 3 Jan 1913 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Oct 1989 in Low Moor, Allegheny Co VA
+[93] Bertie Susan Jones b: 5 Aug 1918 in Mountain Grove, Bath Co VA d: 1 Jan 1986 in Low Moor, Allegheny Co VA
8 [94] Judith Ann Carpenter
+[95] Ray Preston Mays
6 [96] Harlow A Buzzard b: 3 Mar 1884 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Apr 1959 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
+[97] Myrtle Frances Fitzgerald b: 7 Aug 1886 d: Dec 1978 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [98] Lucretia Ellen Buzzard b: 26 Apr 1886 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 May 1964 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV
+[99] Graham "Gray" Kramer Woods
5 Washington Shrader b: Abt. 1830 in Pendleton Co VA
5 Martha J Shrader b: Abt. 1831 in Pendleton Co VA
5 Robert Shrader b: 14 Dec 1833 in Pendleton Co VA d: 1933 in Pendleton Co WV
+Mary Ann Simmons b: Abt. 1849 in Pendleton Co VA m: 8 Jun 1874 in Pendleton Co WV
5 Margaret Elizabeth Shrader b: 13 May 1836 d: 4 Mar 1858 in Highland Co WV
+Andrew Jesse Lantz b: Apr 1830 in Bluegrass, Highland Co VA m: 18 Nov 1855 in Bluegrass, Highland Co WV d: 1901 in Highland Co WV Father: Daniel Lantz Mother: Elizabeth Cleek
6 Emma Lillian Lantz
+Isaac Rexroad

7 Geneva Mae Beverage
+Glen Allen Hefner
8 Allen Ray Hefner b: 23 Oct 1938 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Sarah Catherine "Kate" Shrader b: Abt. 1863 in Pendleton Co VA d: in Pocahontas Co WV
+Jacob Hull Kramer b: Abt. 1861 in Bluegrass, Highland Co VA m: in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1933
4 Eleanor Morrison "Ellen" Knapp b: 24 Jun 1825 in Clover Lick, Richlands, Greenbrier Co VA d: 1 Mar 1926 in Knapp's Creek, Pocahontas Co WV, buried on Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore
+Sampson Sickafoose Buzzard b: 3 Apr 1819 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA m: 12 May 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 28 May 1883 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA, buried on Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore Father: Reuben Buzzard, Sr Mother: Mary Susanna Zickafoose
5 Mildred Miranda Buzzard b: 23 Feb 1843 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 20 Apr 1936 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
+Abraham Shinaberry b: 14 Jun 1835 in Highland Co VA m: 26 Dec 1865 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jul 1908 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road Father: Peter Shinaberry Mother: Christina Peck
6 Andrew Jackson Shinaberry b: 11 Dec 1866 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Oct 1953 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Bessie Poage
*2nd Wife of Andrew Jackson Shinaberry:
+Sarah Isabell Townsend b: 17 Jul 1862 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 28 Feb 1889 in Mill Gap, Bath Co VA d: 23 Oct 1943 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: John Townsend Mother: Mary Ryder
7 Elsie Florence Shinaberry b: 12 Apr 1890 in Highland Co WV d: 7 Feb 1954 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Grove Frank Irvine b: 1894 in Warwick m: 19 May 1913 d: 1934 Father: Benjamin Walker Irvine Mother: Elizabeth Loretta Liggett
8 Evelyn Jewell Irvine b: 9 Jul 1914
+Lonnie Alderman b: 4 Jun 1906 m: 24 Sep 1935 d: 24 Mar 1996
9 Barbara Alderman
+Robert Clendennen
10 Sharon Clendennen
10 Lee Clendennen
10 Patricia Ann Clendennen
10 Robert Clifford Clendennen
*2nd Husband of Barbara Alderman:
+James Kuarr
10 Lori Glenn Kuarr
9 Lois Alderman
+Keith Carlson
10 Karen Sue Carlson
8 Paul Adam Irvine b: 18 Mar 1915
8 Andrew Gale Irvine, Sr b: 18 Mar 1918 d: 26 Jun 1968 in VA
+Elva Guthrie
9 Andrew Gale Irvine, Jr
9 Kenneth Gale Irvine
9 Robert Dale Irvine
9 Deloris Jean Irvine
+Vancil Baker
10 Vincent Hainwright Baker b: 20 Jun 1968
9 Donna Ruth Irvine
8 Walker Dale Irvine b: 18 Mar 1918 d: 27 Mar 1961
+Ethel Bettis
9 Darlene Irvine
+Thomas Eddinger
8 Clarence Glen Irvine b: 4 Sep 1920
7 Clarence A Shinaberry b: 18 Oct 1892 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 8 Jun 1963 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Georgia Glover
*2nd Wife of Clarence A Shinaberry:
+Lillie Wheeler b: 5 Oct 1907 d: 6 Feb 1995 in Cass, Pocahontas Co WV
7 Bedford Lee Shinaberry b: 19 Apr 1895 d: 5 Aug 1962 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Clover Lick
+Drucilla Grimes b: 20 May 1900 d: Mar 1998
8 Arlie Shinaberry
+Josephine Shinaberry m: 17 Nov 1961
8 Arnold Shinaberry
+Mary Mollie Vandevander Father: Thomas E Vandevander Mother: Iva Mae Hedrick
8 Elsie Grace Shinaberry
+Verlin Adam Ervin b: 20 Oct 1911 m: 2 Nov 1945 d: 10 Aug 1992 in Tellico Plains, Monroe Co TN
8 Carlon Davis Shinaberry
+Edith Ann Barnett m: 6 Sep 1958
*2nd Wife of Carlon Davis Shinaberry:
+Karen Sue Wilfong m: 13 Jul 1962
8 Edna Mae Shinaberry
+Angus P Ervin m: 13 Jan 1948 in Boyer
8 Sterl Franklin Shinaberry
+Billie Mae Bourne m: 29 Jan 1961 in Bartley WV
8 Gay Howard Shinaberry
+Ruth Elizabeth Salisberry m: 29 Nov 1947
*2nd Wife of Gay Howard Shinaberry:
+Eunice Irene Sheldon m: 7 Sep 1950
8 Alvie Gene Shinaberry
+Josephine Corso b: 28 Oct 1929 m: 11 Aug 1948 d: Nov 1994 in Ferndale, Oakland Co MI
8 Eva Shinaberry
+Unknown Burris
*2nd Husband of Eva Shinaberry:
+Billie Lee Thomas m: 21 Jan 1953
8 Edith Gray Shinaberry b: 17 Jun 1933 d: 10 Apr 1995 in Richwood, Nicholas Co WV
+Lewis Reed Dilley b: 18 May 1927 m: 2 Jul 1950 d: Mar 1970
7 Ruth Shinaberry b: Abt. 1896
7 John Howard Shinaberry b: Abt. 1903 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Aug 1951 in Charlottesville VA
+Geneva High Puffenbarger m: 25 Sep 1948 in Hightown VA
7 Anna Grace Shinaberry b: 13 Jun 1905 in Mill Gap, Bath Co VA d: 2 Mar 1979 in Meadow Bluff VA
+Jacob Franklin Deputy m: 14 Feb 1922
*2nd Husband of Anna Grace Shinaberry:
+W H Reid
7 Wilbur Taylor Shinaberry b: 24 Sep 1907 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Dec 1975 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Grace Elizabeth Unknown
*2nd Wife of Wilbur Taylor Shinaberry
+Iva Pearl Homes m: 21 Mar 1949 in Cumberland MD
6 Susan E C Shinaberry b: 19 May 1869 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Oct 1920 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+George Holcomb b: 19 Mar 1861 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 14 Nov 1888 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Jun 1917 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
6 Mary Elizabeth Shinaberry b: 13 Nov 1871 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 1 May 1937
+J Dickinson
*2nd Husband of Mary Elizabeth Shinaberry:
+Joel Watkins
6 Rose Florence Shinaberry b: 1 Mar 1874 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Mar 1954 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Peter Benjamin Davis Riley b: 2 Sep 1870 in Rockbridge Co VA m: in Bath Co VA d: 1927 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Old Riley Homeplace, Bath Co VA Father: Harrison Adcock Riley Mother: Mary Elizabeth Thomas
7 Charles Lee "Charlie" Riley b: Sep 1893
7 John H Riley b: Apr 1897
7 Marvin Middleton "Mack" Riley b: Nov 1899
7 [2] Fannie Gertrude Riley b: 8 Mar 1901 in Bath Co VA d: 28 Jan 1960 in Miami, Dade Co FL, buried in Miami Memorial Park

Elsie m1 Hefner m2 Long at Dirk Point

+[1] Harry Isaac Shinaberry b: 9 Sep 1893 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV m: 28 Jul 1920 in Bath Co VA d: 6 Dec 1952 in Oak Stand, Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV, buried on Raymond Shinaberry Farm Father: Henry Anderson Shinaberry Mother: Silvanna Gertrude Kelley
- $ [3] Marie Lane Shinaberry b: 23 Sep 1923 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 19 Jan 1935 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
- $ [4] Helen Lucille Shinaberry b: 23 Jul 1925 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Aug 1986 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
- $ [5] Howard Guy Shinaberry b: 20 May 1927 in Minnehaha Spring, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Dec 1993 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
- $ [6] Marvin Wilmoth Shinaberry b: 29 Apr 1932 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 17 Feb 1935 in Charlottesville VA, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm, Pocahontas Co WV
- $ [7] Dale Keith Shinaberry b: 4 Dec 1938 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 27 Dec 1989 in Homestead FL
- $ [8] Female Shinaberry
- $ [9] Female Shinaberry
- $ [10] Male Shinaberry
- $ [11] Male Shinaberry

? Bernie J Riley b: Abt. 1902
? Howard Blaine Riley b: 29 Jan 1908 in Bath Co VA d: Jun 1973 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
? Maggie Riley

*2nd Husband of Rosa Florence Shinaberry:
+George Ryder

6 Abraham Shinaberry, Jr b: 1875 d: Bef. 1880
6 Anna L Shinaberry b: 1876 d: 1958
+Claude Cooper
6 Charles Lee Shinaberry b: 8 Oct 1877 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Aug 1951 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Poage Cemetery
+Georgia Catherine Poage b: 8 Apr 1883 in Pocahontas Co WV m: 25 Feb 1903 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Feb 1955 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Poage Cemetery
Father: Quincy Woods Poage Mother: Catherine Sharp
? Quincy Abraham Poage Shinaberry b: 9 Aug 1907 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Oct 1939 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Poage Cemetery
? Earl Price Shinaberry b: 19 Feb 1919 d: Feb 1983 in Baltimore MD 21230
? Sterl/Merl Poage Shinaberry b: 19 Feb 1919 in Pocahontas Co WV d: in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Poage Cemetery
? Juanita Shinaberry
+Paul Dilley
? Woodrow Shinaberry
? Dell Shinaberry b: 6 Oct 1905 in WV d: Aug 1985 in WV 24979
+Anna J Landis
$ Thurman Eugene Shinaberry b: 8 Feb 1932
$ Monda Lee Shinaberry
+Eugene Patrick Galford m: 9 Sep 1955 in Indian Draft WV
$ Raymond Gray Shinaberry
+Barbara Jane Reed m: 9 Sep 1962

*2nd Wife of Dell Shinaberry:
+Virginia Ruth Fowler b: 23 Feb 1919 d: May 1983 in Catonsville, Baltimore Co MD
$ Dorothy Dellmonta Shinaberry
$ Charles Luther Shinaberry b: 21 May 1946 d: 21 May 1946
$ Shirley Ann Shinaberry

6 Davis F Shinaberry b: Dec 1879
6 Ira Scott Shinaberry b: 29 Oct 1882 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Jul 1947
+Ella M Reed b: Abt. 1881 m: 16 Nov 1904
6 Marion Elmer Shinaberry b: 9 Jan 1886 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Jul 1962 in Green Bank, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Arbovale Cemetery, Arbovale
+Odella F Ryder b: 25 Jun 1887 d: Apr 1980 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV

*2nd Wife of Marion Elmer Shinaberry:
+Willie Dove Kelley b: 4 Feb 1893 m: 4 Mar 1910 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 13 Apr 1948 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Preston Clete Kelley Mother: Mary Lucy Ann Rodgers
? Elmer Rice Shinaberry b: 1 Feb 1912 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 19 Sep 1976 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Arbovale Cemetery, Arbovale
6 Lucy Christmas Shinaberry b: 25 Dec 1890 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 23 Dec 1974 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Howard Peter Lowe b: 26 Sep 1884 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 1 Feb 1909 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 12 Jun 1951 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
? Ralph Grady Lowe b: 27 Oct 1912 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 19 Jun 1983 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Virginia Ervine b: 30 Jun 1915 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 5 Sep 1964 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
? Howard Whitt Lowe b: 13 Jul 1917 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 28 Dec 1990 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
? Unknown Lowe
6 [13] Davis Fulton Shinaberry b: 20 Dec 1879 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 15 Sep 1965 in Staunton VA, buried in Rocky Springs Cemetery, Deerfield VA
+[12] Florence Lillian Shinaberry b: 17 Dec 1896 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV m: 9 Oct 1912 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 2 Feb 1923 in Charlottesville VA, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm, Pocahontas Co WV Father: Henry Anderson Shinaberry Mother: Silvanna Gertrude Kelley
? [14] Alvin Davis Shinaberry b: 17 Mar 1914 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 16 Apr 1983 in Deerfield, Augusta Co VA
+[15] Jeanne Yvonne Conrad b: 28 Feb 1922 in Arbovale, Pocahontas Co WV m: 16 Aug 1939 in Arborvale WV d: 17 Dec 1980 in Staunton VA, buried in Deerfield Cemetery, Deerfield VA
$ [16] Maryann Shinaberry b: 25 Aug 1940 in Deerfield VA
+[17] Joseph Clinton Taliaferro m: 18 Aug 1961
9 [18] Thomas Alan Taliaferro b: 13 Mar 1965 in Leesburg VA
+[19] Angela Kay Degranda m: 27 Jun 1992 in Reston VA
10 Zachary Joseph Taliaferro b: 28 Jan 1995
10 Harry Benjamin Taliaferro b: 5 May 1997
9 [20] Joseph Matthew Taliaferro b: 23 Mar 1970
$ [21] Rebecca Jeanne Shinaberry b: 13 Oct 1943 in Deerfield VA
+[22] Robert Lee Campbell m: 1 Feb 1964 in Churchville VA
9 [23] Robert Lee Campbell, Jr b: 11 Sep 1966
+[24] Karen Frazier m: 10 Oct 1992 in Baltimore MD
9 [25] Bradley Scott Campbell b: 8 Nov 1969
$ [26] Alvin Davis Shinaberry, Jr b: 22 Feb 1948
+[27] Rebecca Ann Kiser m: 14 Apr 1967 in Deerfield VA
9 [28] Dana Shinaberry b: 7 Nov 1967
+[29] Richard Dale Ramsey
9 [30] Ashley Shinaberry b: 18 May 1974
$ [31] Nancy Yvonne Shinaberry b: 6 Jun 1951
+[32] Michael Lowery m: in Arlington VA
9 [33] Lindsey Jeanne Lowery b: 9 Aug 1986
$ [34] Curtis Craig Shinaberry b: 23 Jun 1959 in Staunton VA
+[35] Ellen Coleman Bryant m: 6 Jun 1987 in Harrisonburg VA
9 [36] Elizabeth Barrett Shinaberry b: 13 May 1991
9 [37] Madison Montgomery Shinaberry b: 28 Feb 1995
? [38] Harlan Lee Shinaberry b: 7 Feb 1916 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Feb 1977 in Deerfield, Augusta Co VA
+[39] Irene Armstrong m: 13 Dec 1936
$ [40] Patricia Lee Shinaberry b: 28 Mar 1938
+[41] Vaughn Allen Ashby m: 3 May 1958
9 [42] Julie Lynn Ashby b: 25 May 1960 in Staunton VA
+[47] Michael Leroy Shiflet m: 10 May 1980
10 Jeremy Michael Shiflet b: 29 Feb 1984
10 Ashlee Nicole Shiflet b: 14 Feb 1987
9 [44] Todd Alan Ashby b: 16 May 1963
+[45] Elizabeth Ann Lantz m: 3 Apr 1988
10 Chassidy Dawn Ashby b: 27 May 1988
10 Travis Austin Ashby b: 10 May 1991
9 [46] Dana Shannon Ashby b: 7 Aug 1969
+[47] Kristy Leigh Bartley m: 21 Sep 1991
10 Shannon Leigh Ashby b: 7 Jun 1992
$ [48] Judith Shinaberry b: 3 Jan 1941 in Deerfield VA
+[49] Ray Strickler m: 1959 in Churchville VA

9 [50] Jeffrey Strickler b: 7 May 1960 in Staunton VA
+[51] Diane Mauger
10 Andrea Lynn Strickler b: 2 Sep 1981
10 Michael Jeffrey Strickler b: 10 Apr 1983
9 [52] Amy Strickler b: 17 Mar 1972 in Staunton VA
+[53] Travis Smith m: 12 Dec 1992
10 Preston Lee Smith b: 12 Jun 1993
8 [54] Emily Sue Shinaberry b: 21 Oct 1944
+[55] Paul Zimmerman m: 14 Sep 1963 in Deerfield VA
9 [56] Mark Zimmerman b: 23 Dec 1966 in Staunton VA
+[57] Melody Michael m: 17 Sep 1994
9 [58] Michelle Lee Zimmerman b: 29 Apr 1971
+[59] Anthony Dwayne Bosserman m: 19 May 1990 in Churchville VA
10 Hannah Lee Bosserman b: 1 Sep 1994
8 [60] Daniel Franklin Shinaberry b: 22 May 1951
+[61] Donna Buzzard
9 [62] Damian Shinaberry
8 [63] Harlan Lee Shinaberry b: 21 Oct 1959
+[64] Suzie Carter
*2nd Wife of [63] Harlan Lee Shinaberry:
+[65] Spring Puffenbarger
7 [66] Elsie Gatewood Shinaberry b: 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV
+[67] Charles R McCormick
8 [68] Charles Davis McCormick
+[69] Carolyn Woodsell
9 [70] Gail McCormick b: in Williamsville VA
+[71] Kevin Armstrong
10 Kylie Jo Armstrong b: 2 Feb 1993 in Spartanburg SC
10 Abigail Armstrong
9 [72] Tammy McCormick
+[73] Jay Gallimore
10 Hunter Paul Gallimore b: 31 Aug 1992
7 [74] Florence Lillian Shinaberry b: 23 Mar 1920 in Deerfield VA
+[75] James Lloyd Benson
8 [76] Joyce Elaine Benson b: 25 Sep 1941 in Staunton VA
+[77] James Dennis Campbell m: in Staunton VA
9 [78] Desiese Elaine Campbell b: 13 Feb 1960
+[79] Bobby Weaver m: in Staunton VA
*2nd Husband of [78] Desiese Elaine Campbell:
+[80] Steven J Altman m: 20 May 1993 in Charlottesville VA
9 [81] James Dennis "Rusty" Campbell, Jr b: 28 Apr 1961
+[82] Crystal Scott m: 23 Sep 1993 in Richmond VA
*2nd Husband of [74] Florence Lillian Shinaberry:
+[83] Frank Lancaster Sniptead b: 15 Sep 1920 d: Jul 1982

5 Margaret Jerusha Buzzard b: 24 Jul 1845 in Stilington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 25 Dec 1937 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Warwick Shinaberry Cemetery, Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore
+Isaac Peter Shinaberry b: 16 Aug 1845 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 14 Sep 1865 in Stilington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Mar 1902 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Warwick Shinaberry Cemetery, Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore Father: Peter Shinaberry Mother: Christina Peck
6 Embry Peter Shinaberry b: 5 Jun 1866 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 5 Jan 1958 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery
6 William Thomas Shinaberry b: Abt. 1868 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Apr 1946 in Stoney Bottom, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Warwick Cemetery near Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore
+Cora Corena Buzzard
7 Eva Margaret Shinaberry b: 9 Aug 1889 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 28 Sep 1963 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Marlinton
+Herman J Menefee b: Abt. 1890 m: 25 Sep 1909
7 Albert Harry Shinaberry b: 29 Aug 1891 in Driftwood, Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Nov 1990 in Cass, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Arbovale Cemetery, Arbovale
+Pearl Hedrick
8 Maydell Shinaberry
8 John N Shinaberry
*2nd Wife of Albert Harry Shinaberry:
+Mamie Rachel Cassell m: 7 Jun 1916
7 Mamie Alma Shinaberry b: 6 Jul 1893 d: Nov 1978 in WV
+William Ellis Higgins b: 12 Jun 1903 d: 10 Aug 1997 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
*2nd Husband of Mamie Alma Shinaberry:
+Vaughn W Geiger b: 2 Apr 1894 m: 24 Dec 1919 d: Apr 1959 in WV
7 Truda Lillian Shinaberry b: 10 Feb 1897 in Stoney Bottom, Pocahontas Co WV
+James Harvey Nottingham b: 17 Sep 1898 m: 18 Sep 1918 d: Jan 1980 in Arbovale, Pocahontas Co WV
8 Nelle Elizabeth Nottingham b: 12 Jun 1919
+Arnold Steward
8 Lois Dare Nottingham b: 11 Jun 1922
+Earnest L Sheets
8 James Monroe Nottingham b: 19 Sep 1930
+Patsy Ellen Unknown
8 Patricia Anne Nottingham b: 13 Oct 1936
+Nyal Orr b: 8 Jan 1934 d: May 1984
7 Genevie H Shinaberry b: 3 Nov 1899 in Stony Bottom, Pocahontas Co WV d: 7 Feb 1971
+Lewis Otho Shields b: Abt. 1890 m: 4 Jun 1920
8 James Shields
8 Hamilton Shields
8 Dwight Shields
8 Leola Shields
8 Eleanor Shields
8 Ella Mae Shields b: in Stony Bottom, Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Feb 2000 in Grand Lake CO, buried in Grand View Cemetery, Fort Collins
+Allen Simonds m: 15 Dec 1956 in Washington DC
7 Edgar Arnold Shinaberry b: 16 Dec 1902 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 8 Apr 1988 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
+Mary Virginia Burns m: 24 Dec 1924
7 Hunter Williams Shinaberry b: 13 Jul 1905 d: 2 Jun 1960
+Claire Dilley m: 20 Aug 1925
6 Warwick Shinaberry b: Abt. 1872
6 Henry Anderson Shinaberry b: 8 Jul 1873 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 Oct 1945 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
+Silvanna Gertrude Kelley b: 1875 in Pocahontas Co WV m: 25 Oct 1892 d: 2 Nov 1950 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Preston Clete Kelley Mother: Mary Lucy Ann Rodgers
7 [1] Harry Isaac Shinaberry b: 9 Sep 1893 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 6 Dec 1952 in Oak Stand, Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV, buried on Raymond Shinaberry Farm
+Icie Pearl Malcomb b: 26 Sep 1899 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jan 1980 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton Father: Thomas C Malcomb Mother: Olevia Ella Moore
8 Floyd D Shinaberry b: 12 May 1916 d: 30 Aug 1928 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
8 Lloyd Vernon Shinaberry b: 26 Feb 1919 in VA d: 15 Sep 1977 in Brunson SC, buried in Hampton Cemetery, Hampton SC
8 Female Shinaberry
*2nd Wife of [1] Harry Isaac Shinaberry:
+[2] Fannie Gertrude Riley b: 8 Mar 1901 in Bath Co VA m: 28 Jul 1920 in Bath Co VA d: 28 Jan 1960 in Miami, Dade Co FL, buried in Miami Memorial Park Father: Peter Benjamin Davis Riley Mother: Rosa Florence Shinaberry
8 [3] Marie Lane Shinaberry b: 23 Sep 1923 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 19 Jan 1935 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
8 [4] Helen Lucille Shinaberry b: 23 Jul 1925 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Aug 1986 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
8 [5] Howard Gay Shinaberry b: 20 May 1927 in Minnehaha Spring, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Dec 1993 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton

8 [6] Marvin Wilmoth Shinaberry b: 29 Apr 1932 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 17 Feb 1935 in Charlottesville VA, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm, Pocahontas Co WV
8 [7] Dale Keith Shinaberry b: 4 Dec 1938 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 27 Dec 1989 in Homestead FL
8 [8] Female Shinaberry
8 [9] Female Shinaberry
8 [10] Male Shinaberry
8 [11] Male Shinaberry
7 Everett Shinaberry b: Abt. 1895 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Nov 1951 in Minnehaha Spring, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
+Dora Florence Shaffer b: 18 Mar 1885 in Pocahontas Co WV d: May 1980 in Pocahontas Co WV
7 [12] Florence Lillian Shinaberry b: 17 Dec 1896 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 2 Feb 1923 in Charlottesville VA, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm, Pocahontas Co WV
+[13] Davis Fulton Shinaberry b: 20 Dec 1879 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV m: 9 Oct 1912 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 15 Sep 1965 in Staunton VA, buried in Rocky Springs Cemetery, Deerfield VA Father: Abraham Shinaberry Mother: Mildred Miranda Buzzard
8 [14] Alvin Davis Shinaberry b: 17 Mar 1914 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 16 Apr 1983 in Deerfield, Augusta Co VA
+[15] Jeanne Yvonne Conrad b: 28 Feb 1922 in Arbovale, Pocahontas Co WV m: 16 Aug 1939 in Arborvale WV d: 17 Dec 1980 in Staunton VA, buried in Deerfield Cemetery, Deerfield VA
9 [16] Maryann Shinaberry b: 25 Aug 1940 in Deerfield VA
+[17] Joseph Clinton Taliaferro m: 18 Aug 1961
10 [18] Thomas Alan Taliaferro b: 13 Mar 1965 in Leesburg VA
+[19] Angela Kay Degrands m: 27 Jun 1992 in Reston VA
10 [20] Joseph Matthew Taliaferro b: 23 Mar 1970
9 [21] Rebecca Jeanne Shinaberry b: 13 Oct 1943 in Deerfield VA
+[22] Robert Lee Campbell m: 1 Feb 1964 in Churchville VA
10 [23] Robert Lee Campbell, Jr b: 11 Sep 1966
+[24] Karen Frazier m: 10 Oct 1992 in Baltimore MD
10 [25] Bradley Scott Campbell b: 8 Nov 1969
9 [26] Alvin Davis Shinaberry, Jr b: 22 Feb 1948
+[27] Rebecca Ann Kiser m: 14 Apr 1967 in Deerfield VA
10 [28] Dana Shinaberry b: 7 Nov 1967
+[29] Richard Dale Ramsey
10 [30] Ashley Shinaberry b: 18 May 1974
9 [31] Nancy Yvonne Shinaberry b: 6 Jun 1951
+[32] Michael Lowery m: in Arlington VA
10 [33] Lindsey Jeanne Lowery b: 9 Aug 1986
9 [34] Curtis Craig Shinaberry b: 23 Jun 1959 in Staunton VA
+[35] Ellen Coleman Bryant m: 6 Jun 1987 in Harrisonburg VA
10 [36] Elizabeth Barrett Shinaberry b: 13 May 1991
10 [37] Madison Montgomery Shinaberry b: 28 Feb 1995
8 [38] Harlan Lee Shinaberry b: 7 Feb 1916 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Feb 1977 in Deerfield, Augusta Co VA
+[39] Irene Armstrong m: 12 Dec 1936
9 [40] Patricia Lee Shinaberry b: 28 Mar 1938
+[41] Vaughn Allen Ashby m: 3 May 1958
10 [42] Julie Lynn Ashby b: 25 May 1960 in Staunton VA
+[43] Michael Leroy Shiflet m: 10 May 1980
10 [44] Todd Alan Ashby b: 16 May 1963
+[45] Elizabeth Ann Lantz m: 2 Apr 1988
10 [46] Dean Shannon Ashby b: 7 Aug 1969
+[47] Kristy Leigh Bartley m: 21 Sep 1991
9 [48] Judith Shinaberry b: 5 Jan 1941 in Deerfield VA
+[49] Ray Strickler m: 1959 in Churchville VA
10 [50] Jeffrey Strickler b: 7 May 1960 in Staunton VA
+[51] Diane Mengert
10 [52] Amy Strickler b: 17 Mar 1972 in Staunton VA
+[53] Travis Smith m: 12 Dec 1992
9 [54] Emily Sue Shinaberry b: 21 Oct 1944
+[55] Paul Zimmerman m: 14 Sep 1963 in Deerfield VA
10 [56] Mark Zimmerman b: 23 Dec 1966 in Staunton VA
+[57] Melody Michael m: 17 Sep 1994
10 [58] Michelle Lee Zimmerman b: 29 Apr 1971
+[59] Anthony Dwayne Bosserman m: 19 May 1990 in Churchville VA
9 [60] Daniel Franklin Shinaberry b: 22 May 1951
+[61] Donna Buzzard
10 [62] Damian Shinaberry
9 [63] Harlan Lee Shinaberry b: 21 Oct 1959
+[64] Suzie Carter
*2nd Wife of [63] Harlan Lee Shinaberry:
+[65] Spring Pufferbarger
8 [66] Elsie Gatewood Shinaberry b: 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV
+[67] Charles R McCormick
9 [68] Charles Davis McCormick
+[69] Carolyn Wooddell
10 [70] Gail McCormick b: in Williamsville VA
+[71] Kevin Armstrong
10 [72] Tammy McCormick
+[73] Jay Gallimore
8 [74] Florence Lillian Shinaberry b: 23 Mar 1920 in Deerield VA
+[75] James Lloyd Benson
9 [76] Joyce Elaine Benson b: 25 Sep 1941 in Staunton VA
+[77] James Dennis Campbell m: in Staunton VA
10 [78] Deniese Elaine Campbell b: 13 Feb 1960
+[79] Bobby Weaver m: in Staunton VA
*2nd Husband of [78] Deniese Elaine Campbell
+[80] Steven J Altman m: 20 May 1993 in Charlottesville VA
10 [81] James Dennis "Rusty" Campbell, Jr b: 28 Apr 1961
+[82] Crystal Scott m: 23 Sep 1993 in Richmond VA
*2nd Husband of [74] Florence Lillian Shinaberry
+[83] Frank Lancaster Snipstad b: 15 Sep 1920 d: Jul 1982
7 Forrest ElmerShinaberry b: 16 Aug 1898 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 29 Jun 1962 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
7 Pega Anna Shinaberry b: 12 Feb 1902 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 18 Jul 1928 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
+Laona Grace Bruner/Burner b: 25 Jul 1904 in WV m: 10 Jun 1924 d: Jul 1983 in WV
8 Henry A Shinaberry b: 14 Apr 1925 in Minnehaha Springs WV d: 18 May 1999 in Elkins WV (hospital), buried in Bethel Church Cemetery, Durbin
+Melvina Sheets
9 Henrietta Shinaberry
+Unknown Reigel
9 Myra Jean Shinaberry
+Unknown Taylor
9 Howard Shinaberry
9 Daryl Shinaberry
8 Melvin Shinaberry b: 5 Nov 1928 in Durbin, Pocahontas Co WV d: 1 Sep 1993 in WV
8 Grace Shinaberry
8 Edward Meeks Shinaberry
7 Fred Logan Shinaberry b: 10 Mar 1907 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 2 Jan 1968 in Pocahontas Co VWV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
7 Female Shinaberry
6 Clara Magdalene Shinaberry b: 29 Sep 1875 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 28 Nov 1958 in Pocahontas Co WV
6 Riley Warwick Shinaberry b: 3 Feb 1877 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 5 Apr 1935 in Pocahontas Co WV

+Mamie Sheets
6 [101] Harmon Isaac Shinaberry b: 17 Mar 1879 in Pocahontas Co WV d: in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
+[100] Bessie Buzzard b: 1887 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Robert Asbury Buzzard Mother: Arlene Irene Wanless
6 Etta Ruth Shinaberry b: 17 May 1881 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 May 1970 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Grimes Cemetery near Frost
+Anderson Grimes
7 Zula Clara Grimes b: 1900
+Albert Beason Bray
5 Sarah Drucilla Buzzard b: 16 Mar 1848 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 4 Dec 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried at New Hope Church, Rockingham Co VA
+Zane Bland Grimes b: 11 Jun 1844 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 17 Oct 1867 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 Jan 1911 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried at New Hope Church, Rockingham Co VA Father: Henry Grimes Mother: Hester"Hetty" Buzzard
6 Garfield S Grimes b: Abt. 1868
+Ella Edna Moore b: 1881 d: 1975
6 Matilda/Martha Bellaora Grimes b: 28 Jul 1868 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 1911
+Jas Gragg
6 Henry Hayes Grimes b: 14 Feb 1877 d: 1957
+Ada Virginia Turner
7 [148] Henrietta Pocahontas "Pokey" Grimes b: 18 Oct 1910 d: 25 Oct 1976
+[147] Noble Glenn Waugh b: 12 Sep 1909 in near Renick, Pocahontas Co WV m: 1 Oct 1930 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Apr 1982 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV Father: George Beverly Waugh Mother: Mary Ellen Merritt
8 [149] Harriet Faye Waugh b: 24 Jul 1946
+[150] Unknown Gross
6 Permelia Ellen "Millie" Grimes b: 6 May 1870 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 1941
+Henry W Gragg
*2nd Husband of Permelia Ellen "Millie" Grimes:
+John W Jackson
6 Hugh Grimes b: Abt. 1872
6 Ulysses S Grant Grimes b: 1873 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1954
+Ida Bell Carpenter
6 Unick N Grimes b: 16 Sep 1874 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 25 Jul 1878 in Pocahontas Co VA
6 Una Ann Grimes b: 10 Oct 1875 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 1878
6 Hayes H Grimes b: 14 Feb 1877 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Effie Sarah Grimes b: Oct 1879 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1939
+Patrick Howdyshell
*2nd Husband of Effie Sarah Grimes:
+William Sidney Lough
6 William Grimes b: 1884
5 Leonidas Embry Buzzard b: 30 Aug 1850 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co VA d: 20 Jul 1938 in Knoxville, Marion Co IA
+Eliza Ellen Morford b: 2 Jan 1855 in Henry Co IA m: 8 Sep 1870 in IA d: 6 Jun 1922
6 Minnie Gertrude Buzzard b: 17 Jul 1871 in Lucas Co IA d: 10 Mar 1945 in Knoxville, Marion Co IA
+Tillison Mckendry Newton Dilley b: 29 Sep 1867 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co VA m: 8 Dec 1888 in Elkins, Garrett Co MD Father: Martin Clark Dilley Mother: Margaret Jane Arbogast
7 Pearl Dilley b: 3 Oct 1890 in Russell, Lucas Co IA
+George Stockner
7 Ruby Dilley b: 13 Oct 1899 in Russell, Lucas Co IA
+Arnold Nisson
7 Opal Dilley b: Abt. 1910 in Chicago, Cook Co IL d: Abt. 1910
7 Male Dilley
6 Vivie Eunice Buzzard b: 28 Apr 1873
6 John William Buzzard b: 12 Oct 1876
6 Marion Charles Wesley Buzzard b: 12 Jan 1880
6 Ethel Christine Buzzard b: 19 Apr 1882
6 Frank Eugene Buzzard b: 4 Mar 1891
6 Lester Ellsworth Buzzard b: 24 Apr 1893 d: 3 Feb 1967 in Dobbs Ferry, Westchester Co NY
6 Lelia Elderberry Cathryn Buzzard b: 22 Jul 1897
5 Laura Ursila "Rella" Buzzard b: 19 May 1853 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 28 May 1923
+David Newton Buzzard b: 1 Feb 1850 m: 31 Dec 1872 d: 19 May 1940 Father: Arthur Wesley Buzzard Mother: Sarah Matheny
6 Savannah B Buzzard b: 1875 d: 1915
+Charles B Gibbs m: 1892
6 Leslie W Buzzard b: 1876 d: 1913
+Armintа J Kincaid m: 1894
5 Cornelius Dolliver Buzzard b: 10 Oct 1855 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 1 Jan 1934 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Emma Sarah Wanless b: 9 Jan 1854 in Pocahontas Co WV m: 20 Mar 1873 d: 1 Mar 1936 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Stephen H Wanless Mother: Mary Frances Arbogast
6 Olly F Buzzard b: Abt. 1876
6 Ira E Buzzard b: Abt. 1879
5 [84] William Cronin Buzzard b: 6 Jun 1858 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 28 Nov 1940 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
+[85] Mary Caroline Shrader b: 4 Jul 1849 in Pendleton Co VA m: 7 Oct 1874 in Highland Co WV d: 19 May 1920 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV, buried at Warwick Shinaberry Farm, Dunmore Father: Peter Shrader Mother: Elizabeth Jane Knapp
6 [86] Anderson McKendry Buzzard b: 21 Jul 1875 d: 3 Oct 1893 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [87] William N Buzzard b: 1877 d: Aug 1964
+[88] Lillie Unknown
6 [89] Ezra W Buzzard b: 3 Dec 1878 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Aug 1893 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [90] Laura Ethel Buzzard b: 18 Aug 1880 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Dec 1953 in Healing Springs, Bath Co VA
+[91] Harvey Shelton Carpenter b: 20 Mar 1880 in Highland Co WV m: 22 Jul 1908 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Apr 1965 in Hot Springs, Bath Co VA
7 [92] Lawrence Ellis Carpenter b: 3 Jan 1913 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 Oct 1989 in Low Moor, Allegheny Co VA
+[93] Bertie Susan Jones b: 5 Aug 1918 in Mountain Grove, Bath Co VA d: 1 Jan 1986 in Low Moor, Allegheny Co VA
8 [94] Judith Ann Carpenter
+[95] Ray Preston Mays
6 [96] Marion A Buzzard b: 2 Mar 1884 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Apr 1959 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
+[97] Myrtle Frances Fitzgerald b: 7 Aug 1896 d: Dec 1978 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [98] Lucretia Ellen Buzzard b: 26 Apr 1886 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 May 1964 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV
+[99] Graham "Grey" Kramer Woods
5 Lutcher Buzzard b: 9 Apr 1861 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: Jul 1958
+Sarah C Gartrell b: in MD
6 Myrtle Buzzard b: Apr 1880
+Unknown Cameron
5 Robert Asbury Buzzard b: 29 Aug 1865 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jul 1937 in buried in Mountain Grove Cemetery, Bath Co VA
+Arlene Irene Wanless b: 1 Feb 1865 m: 23 Mar 1884 d: 7 Mar 1930
6 Arch Buzzard
6 Harry Buzzard
6 [100] Bessie Buzzard b: 1887 in Pocahontas Co WV
+[101] Harmon Isaac Shinaberry b: 17 Mar 1879 in Pocahontas Co WV d: in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton Father: Isaac Peter Shinaberry Mother: Margaret Jacinda Buzzard
*2nd Wife of Robert Asbury Buzzard
+Margaret Elizabeth "Maggie" Kelley b: 30 Jul 1872 m: 19 Jul 1891 d: 23 Dec 1939 in buried in Mountain Grove Cemetery, Bath Co VA Father: Cyrus Kelley Mother: Sarah Irvine
6 Harmon Buzzard
6 Lawrence Anderson Buzzard b: 4 Jul 1893 in Little Back Creek, Bath Co VA d: 13 Jun 1961 in Richmond VA, buried in Mountain Grove Cemetery, Bath Co VA
+Hallie Marie Clark b: 2 Sep 1900 in Mercer Co KY m: 1918 in Harrodsburg, Mercer Co KY
7 John Mark Buzzard
+John Paul Hunt
8 Caroline Kay Buzzard
8 Timothy Mark Buzzard
8 Thomas Clark Buzzard
7 Donna Buzzard
7 Barbara Jean Buzzard
7 Marcia Faye Buzzard
6 Robert Buzzard

6 William Buzzard
6 Odessa Buzzard
+Unknown Taylor
5 Eleanor Irene Buzzard b: 13 Aug 1869 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 21 Nov 1933
+Joseph Lee Sharp b: 4 Sep 1863 m: 29 Jan 1885 d: 21 Feb 1930 Father: John Sharp Mother: Susannah Shinaberry
6 Maud Sharp
+Joe Collins
6 Lucy Sharp b: 1 Apr 1886 d: Dec 1955
+Justin Colburn
7 Dollie Colburn
+Unknown Rail
7 Nellie Colburn
+Unknown Fiebelsorn
7 John Colburn
7 Luther Colburn
7 Harry Colburn d: 1969
7 Lena Colburn
+Unknown Nelson
7 Dorothy Colburn
+Unknown Elderkin
7 Garrett Colburn
7 Ernest Colburn
7 Ray Colburn
7 Ella Colburn
+Unknown Sasso
7 Ivetta Colburn
5 Jonetta S A Buzzard b: 12 Nov 1869 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 28 May 1887
+Charles Peter Collins m: 22 Apr 1886
4 Margaret Rebecca B Knapp b: 26 Apr 1830 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Nov 1904
+William McCoy Macomb m: 6 Jun 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA
5 John Macomb
5 Thomas Macomb
5 Female Macomb
+W B Johnson
4 Robert Waugh Knapp b: 9 Dec 1831 in Greenbrier Co VA d: 27 Jan 1906 in Moore, Tucker Co WV
+Mary Blake Wooddell b: 25 Jun 1831 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 25 Oct 1849 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 Dec 1906 in Tucker Co WV Father: Joseph Wooddell Mother: Delilah Arbogast
5 Delilah Margaret Knapp b: 26 Jul 1850 d: 17 Feb 1933 in Tucker Co WV
+Samuel Roby Krisner
5 George Benjamin Knapp b: 2 Dec 1851
+Rebecca Criss
5 Lydia Ann Knapp b: 28 Dec 1853 d: 18 Jan 1854
5 Ira Ellis Knapp b: 28 Dec 1854 d: 30 Apr 1873
5 Frederick Asbury Knapp b: 16 Jan 1857 d: 16 Nov 1859
5 John Marshall Knapp b: 24 Feb 1859
5 Bryson Columbus Knapp b: 10 Dec 1860 d: 7 Nov 1862
5 Elmira Frances Knapp b: 15 Jan 1863 d: 1947
+Jesse "Jess" Hurshman b: 1847 d: 1928
*2nd Husband of Elmira Frances Knapp:
+James Summers b: 1850 m: 14 Oct 1877 d: 1887
5 Ida Emma Corena Knapp b: 13 Oct 1867
+Unknown Helmick
5 Samantha Ellen Knapp b: 24 Dec 1869 d: 13 Aug 1875
5 Olive Christine Knapp b: 22 Nov 1871
5 Marietta Virginia Knapp b: 25 Jun 1874
+Augustus Croston b: 12 Feb 1872 in Oakland MD m: 18 May 1900
*2nd Husband of Marietta Virginia Knapp:
+Samuel Sturms m: 18 Oct 1900
5 Lorenzo Dow Knapp b: 11 Nov 1879
+Sarah Harper
4 Andrew James Knapp b: 7 Sep 1834 in Greenbrier Co VA d: in MO
3 Rebecca Waugh b: 29 Nov 1802 in Bath Co VA d: 18 Jan 1888 in Jackson Co VA
+Andrew Moore b: 20 Jun 1804 in Frost, Bath Co VA m: 13 Aug 1829 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 4 Oct 1879 in Given, Jackson Co WV Father: Levi Moore, Jr Mother: Nancy Sharp
4 Nancy Ann Moore b: 30 May 1830 d: 24 Jun 1905 in Jackson Co WV, buried at Foster Chapel
+Robert Moore Duffield b: 7 Sep 1828 m: 21 Nov 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 19 Nov 1908 in Jackson Co WV, buried at Foster Chapel Father: Andrew Duffield Mother: Jane Moore
5 Newton Bargilla Duffield b: 12 Jul 1852 d: 1922 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Old Sinaiville Cemetery, Staats Mills
+Rosetta Staats b: 12 Nov 1856 m: 26 Mar 1874 in Jackson Co WV d: 4 Nov 1897 in Staats Mill, Jackson Co WV, buried in Old Sinaiville Cemetery, Staats Mills Father: Anderson Staats Mother: Mary Casto
6 Charles Duffield
6 John E Duffield b: 1877
6 Cordelia Jane "Corda" Duffield b: 10 Aug 1881 d: 9 Sep 1964
+Samuel Robert Thomas b: 9 Jan 1874 m: 26 Aug 1900 in Jackson Co WV
7 Goldie Ellen Thomas b: 5 May 1901 d: 23 Aug 1988
+William Rhodes
7 Hazel Stella Thomas b: 7 Apr 1903
+Lanty Russell Southall
7 Bessie Wilma Thomas b: 14 Sep 1908
+Ova Roscoe Good b: 14 Apr 1908 m: 30 Apr 1927 d: 17 Sep 1970
8 David Wayne Good b: 24 Dec 1929
8 Betty Jo Good
8 Rex Leon Good b: 1930
8 Leona Mae Good b: 1932
+Unknown Fisher
8 Loretta Fae Good b: 1934
+Unknown Shuster
8 Phyllis Imogene Good b: 1937
+Unknown Burdette
8 Thomas Rondall Good b: 1941
8 Lorena Kay Good b: 1944
8 Judith Ann Good b: 24 Feb 1947
+Unknown Cleary
8 Jerry Allen Good b: 24 Feb 1947
7 Blonda George Thomas b: 22 Nov 1910 d: 7 Jun 1983
+Virginia Anderson
7 Ethel Geneve Thomas b: 27 Nov 1913 d: 5 Apr 1976
+Woodrow W Hammonds
7 William Ervil Thomas b: 18 Jul 1917
+Chrystal Price
7 Olive Virginia Thomas b: 17 May 1919
+Harold Robinson
7 Ruby Thomas
+Marion Monroe Parsons
6 Clarence C Duffield b: 9 Apr 1884
6 William Holly Duffield b: 6 Nov 1888 d: 6 Feb 1946
+Mamie Estar Massey m: 9 Jul 1909
7 William Irwin Duffield b: 3 May 1910 d: 30 Jun 1989
+Vera Boggess

8 Gary Otis Duffield
+Caroline Estep
9 Kelly Duffield
10 Chloe Duffield
9 Gary Otis Duffield, Jr
10 Lance Duffield
9 Todd Duffield
*2nd Wife of Gary Otis Duffield:
+Lois Blood
8 Terry Lee Duffield
+Patricia Kirk
9 Tracey Lynn Duffield
+Unknown Cavazos
10 William Cavazos
8 William George Duffield
+Carolyn Stevens
9 Michael Duffield
7 Thomas Duffield
+Pauline Hastings
8 Holly Duffield
8 Harold Duffield
8 Thomas Wayne Duffield
6 Otis Duffield b: 22 Jul 1890
6 Brady Duffield b: 1893
+Lena Griffith
7 Harold Duffield
8 Mary Edna Duffield
6 Emery Duffield b: 13 Aug 1896
7 William Duffield
7 Vada Duffield
+Unknown Shanklin
*2nd Wife of Newton Bargilla Duffield:
+Alice Fisher
6 Ortha Duffield
+Unknown Simms
6 Dorothy Duffield
+Unknown Bibbee
5 James Elliott Duffield b: 18 Mar 1854
6 Infant Duffield d: Sep 1913 in Jackson Co WV, buried at Foster Chapel
5 Elizabeth J Duffield b: 26 Jan 1856 d: 30 Oct 1921 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Foster Chapel, Parchment
+James H Kay b: 2 Mar 1853 m: 14 Sep 1877 in Jackson Co WV d: 13 Sep 1935 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Foster Chapel, Parchment Father: Jacob D Kay Mother: Hannah Sayre
6 William J Kay b: 9 Sep 1878 d: 23 Oct 1946
+Nancy "Nannie" Flowers b: Abt. 1885 m: 28 Oct 1906 in Jackson Co WV
6 Charles Kay b: 20 Jan 1880 d: 1955
+Mary Mabel Parsons
6 Della H Kay b: 6 Apr 1883 d: 16 Oct 1889 in Jackson Co WV
6 Earl B Kay b: 2 Feb 1887 in Jackson Co WV d: 17 Jan 1967 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Bertha M Blankenship b: Abt. 1888 in Jackson Co WV m: 21 Dec 1912 in Jackson Co WV
6 Emory Kay b: 16 Oct 1889 in Jackson Co WV d: 7 Aug 1975 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
+Carrie Brotherton b: 26 May 1896 in Jackson Co WV m: 24 Nov 1914 in Jackson Co WV d: 19 Oct 1994 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV Father: Lee W Brotherton Mother: Alice Foglesong
6 Clarence R Kay b: 13 May 1893 d: 3 Apr 1962
+Mary Maria Brotherton b: 16 Jan 1897 m: 27 Dec 1921 d: 21 Jan 1977
7 Florence H Kay b: 6 Oct 1922
+Lloyd H Lucas, Jr b: 1922 d: 1974
7 James E Kay b: 28 Dec 1923 d: 29 Sep 1995 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
+Lorena Taylor
8 James E Kay, Jr b: 17 Oct 1943
+Mary Frances Knapp b: 30 Sep 1943 m: 1 Jun 1975
8 John E Kay b: 28 Jul 1945
+Linda Johnston b: 20 Jul 1944 m: 8 Mar 1968
9 Jason E Kay b: 10 Jul 1971
9 Justin E Kay b: 1 Sep 1974
9 Johanna E Kay b: 22 Nov 1979
7 William Franklin Kay b: 16 Aug 1925
6 Clara Kay b: 13 May 1893 d: 12 Jan 1913 in Wellsville OH, buried in Foster Chapel Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
5 Levi Duffield b: 26 Jan 1856
5 William Duffield b: 5 Apr 1858
5 Margaret Alice "Maggie" Duffield b: 1861 in Jackson Co VA
+William E Snyder b: Abt. 1856 m: 12 Jul 1880 in Jackson Co WV
5 Emory Duffield b: 24 Aug 1866 in Jackson Co VA d: 11 Dec 1922
+Emma Caroline Cadle b: 29 Nov 1866 in Rockcastle Co VA m: 12 Mar 1892 in Jackson Co WV d: 10 Sep 1948 Father: William A Cadle Mother: Elzena Ann Zearley
6 Inez LaGrande Duffield b: 9 Feb 1893 d: 2 Jun 1984 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
6 Bertie Gladys Duffield b: 27 Jan 1895 in Jackson Co WV d: 9 May 1897 in Jackson Co WV, buried at Foster Chapel
6 Florence Helena Duffield b: 11 Feb 1897 d: 22 Mar 1928
6 Flora Moore Duffield b: 29 Jul 1899 d: 26 Nov 1980 in Sanibel, Lee Co FL
6 Ruth Ann Duffield b: 6 Jan 1904 d: 19 Oct 1966 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+A L Wiley
7 William Jack Wiley
+Janet O'Dell
7 Margaret Ann Wiley
+Thomas McCoy
7 David Alan Wiley
+Nancy Hand
6 Esther Caroline Duffield b: 20 Jan 1906
+C Homer Workman b: 18 Jan 1906 d: 17 Jan 1983 in Sanibel, Lee Co FL
7 John Hunter Workman
+Marilyn Bennett
5 Marion Duffield b: 23 Jun 1869 in Jackson Co WV d: 11 Jul 1869 in Jackson Co WV
5 Ida Mary Duffield b: 16 Jun 1872 in Carthage, Jackson Co WV
+David E Shackleton b: Abt. 1872 in Carthage, Jackson Co WV m: 2 Aug 1896 in Jackson Co WV
4 Lavina/Lavinia Moore b: 23 Dec 1834 in Jackson Co VA d: 9 May 1891 in Putnam Co WV, buried in Walker's Chapel, Jackson Co WV
+Benson Rayburn b: 30 Jul 1835 in Mason Co VA m: 24 May 1855 in Jackson Co WV d: Feb 1876 in Warners Fork of Mudlick, Mason Co WV, buried in Walkers Chapel, Jackson Co WV
Father: Henry Rayburn Mother: Elizabeth "Betsy" Bennett
5 Margaret Rayburn b: 1856
+Unknown Board
5 Louisa Eliza Rayburn b: Oct 1857 in Mason Co VA d: 14 Aug 1940 in Bidwell, Gallia Co OH, buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Evergreen
+Archibald Skidmore b: 1857 m: 10 Nov 1880 in Parchment, Jackson Co WV d: 6 Mar 1937 in buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Gallia Co OH
6 Ora Grace Skidmore b: 10 Nov 1881 d: 6 Aug 1963 in Evergreen OH, buried in Evergreen Cemetery
+Benjamin Rumsey b: 1884 m: Dec 1903 d: 1938 Father: H J Rumsey
6 Martha E Skidmore b: 4 Jun 1883 in Jackson Co WV
+Elmer A Parsons b: Abt. 1879 in Jackson Co WV m: 19 Mar 1903 in Jackson Co WV Father: William O Parsons Mother: Minerva Jane Sayre
6 Cordie Skidmore b: 1887 d: 1923 in Evergreen OH, buried in Evergreen Cemetery
+William O Walker
6 Gladys Skidmore b: 1900 d: 1952 in buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Evergreen nr Porter OH

6 Nicole Dawn Craddock b: 24 Oct 1980

5 Sarah Frances "Fanny" Rayburn b: 9 Jan 1859 in Jackson Co VA d: 6 Aug 1963 in East Liverpool, Columbiana Co OH
+Louis A Vaughn m: 4 May 1880 in Ripley, Putnam Co WV d: in Nitro, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Mt Olive Cemetery, Rockcastle, Jackson Co WV
6 Clarence A Vaughn b: 27 Sep 1889 d: 6 Apr 1952 in Nitro, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Mt Olive Cemetery, Rock Castle, Jackson Co WV
+Lona H Unknown b: 1891 d: 1929 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Mt Olive Cemetery, Rock Castle
7 Gladis F Vaughn b: 22 Sep 1918 d: 24 Apr 1920 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Mt Olive Cemetery, Rock Castle
5 Rebecca Rayburn b: 1861 d: 1881
5 John Lowell Rayburn b: 1862 in Mason Co VA d: 1943 in Portage, Wood Co OH, buried Lunsford Cemetery
+Julia M Staten b: 1868 d: 1950
5 Andrew S Rayburn b: 27 Nov 1864 in Putnam Co WV d: Jan 1944 in Canton, Stark Co OH, buried in Chester, Hancock Co WV
+Hannah Sayre Father: William Sayre Mother: Charity Mullineaux
5 Rosie Roela Rayburn b: 1868 in Mason Co WV d: 1921 in buried at Upland, Mason Co WV
+Jacob Tilman Smith b: 1865 in Lawrence Co OH m: 1890 in Mason Co WV d: 1933 in Newell, Mason Co WV
5 Alice M Rayburn b: 1873 d: 1972
+Charles M Smith b: 1874 in Lawrence Co OH
4 Samuel W Moore b: Abt. 1836 in VA
+Alice Casto b: Abt. 1839 m: 20 Feb 1870 in Jackson Co WV d: 29 Jan 1915 in Maramec, Pawnee Co OK Father: Elmore H Casto Mother: Phoebe Cunningham
5 Cora E Moore b: 5 Nov 1970 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 24 Apr 1890 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Shamblin Cemetery, Kenna
+Martin Luther Shamblin b: Abt. 1871 in Jackson Co WV m: 3 Apr 1890 in Jackson Co WV
5 Arthalia Olivia Moore b: Abt. 1872 in Jackson Co WV
+Thomas Tilden Parsons b: Abt. 1872 in Jackson Co WV m: 14 May 1893 in Jackson Co WV
6 [103] Clayton Parsons b: 1 Aug 1895 d: 15 Jan 1967 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+Bonnie Mae Unknown b: 1900 d: 1951 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
*2nd Wife of [103] Clayton Parsons:
+Ruby M Rhodes b: 25 Apr 1929
*3rd Wife of [103] Clayton Parsons:
+[102] Freda Alice Parsons b: 15 Dec 1902 m: 1 Jun 1921 in Jackson Co WV d: 19 Jul 1933 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given Father: Okey Parsons Mother: Emma M Moore
7 [104] Arden Parsons b: 15 Feb 1922 d: 3 Feb 1926 in Jackson Co WV
7 [105] Tilden Okey Parsons b: 2 May 1925
+[106] Naomi F Wigginton b: 18 Feb 1927 m: 9 Jun 1945
8 [107] Linda Carrol Parsons b: 26 Dec 1946
+[108] James Ernest Diomand b: 3 Aug 1943 m: 1 Jul 1966
9 [109] Kimberly Kay Diomand b: 28 Jun 1963
+[110] Anthony Elliott
10 [111] Courtney Michelle Elliott b: 2 Jul 1990
*2nd Husband of [109] Kimberly Kay Diomand:
+[112] David Turnbow m: 22 Oct 1988
9 [113] Brian Scott Diomand b: 13 Mar 1972
8 [114] Barbara Janice Parsons b: 30 Jun 1948
+[115] Moses Hampton Teel m: 14 Jan 1967
9 [116] John Hampton Teel b: 8 Jun 1969
+[117] Monita Disney m: 12 Jan 1991
10 [118] Chandler Hampton Teel b: 29 Oct 1991
9 [119] Jennifer Nichole Teel b: 8 Dec 1982
7 [120] Lowen A Parsons b: 8 Jul 1928 d: 3 Feb 1929
7 [121] Howard F Parsons b: 20 May 1930
+[122] Mildred Sayre b: 10 Feb 1935 m: 1 Apr 1955
8 [123] Howard F Parsons, Jr b: 12 Apr 1955
+[124] Paulette Rollins b: 28 Jul 1958 m: 2 May 1982
8 [125] Donna Jean Parsons b: 25 Jul 1959
+[126] Dennis Ray Cottrill b: 23 Jan 1958 m: 3 Sep 1982
9 [127] Kristen Nichole Cottrill b: 28 Dec 1989
7 [128] Billie Jeanette Parsons b: 2 May 1931
+[129] Basil Hiotakis b: 29 Dec 1929 m: 10 Apr 1954
8 [130] Helene Hiotakis b: 2 Oct 1958
+[131] James Ellis Simicsak b: 5 Nov 1955 m: 16 Oct 1988
9 [132] Ashley Simicsak b: 4 Jan 1992
8 [133] Thomas Basil Hiotakis b: 7 May 1962
+[134] Karris Butenaky b: 6 May 1971
9 [135] Alexis Leigh Hiotakis b: 25 Aug 1991
*2nd Wife of [133] Thomas Basil Hiotakis:
+[136] Lynee Hoffman b: 20 Jan 1962 m: 30 Jun 1985
5 Mary E "Mollie" Moore b: Abt. 1873
+Robert G Walker b: Abt. 1868 in Athens Co OH m: 24 Dec 1890 in Jackson Co WV
5 George William Moore b: Abt. 1875
5 John A Moore b: Abt. 1875
5 Elizabeth B Moore b: Abt. 1878
5 Perry E Moore b: Jan 1880
4 Alice Rachael Moore b: 10 Aug 1838 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 May 1918 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Charles C "Charley" Parsons b: 10 Apr 1840 in Jackson Co VA m: 4 Jan 1863 in Jackson Co WV d: 20 Apr 1911 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given Father: Henry Parsons Mother: Lavinia "Vina" Turner
5 Flora Parsons b: 15 Nov 1863
5 Laura Parsons b: Jan 1865 d: 17 May 1866
5 Clara Parsons b: 4 Feb 1866 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Obediah B Harrison b: 11 Oct 1867 in Jackson Co WV m: 4 Oct 1888 in Jackson Co WV d: 23 Apr 1941 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Fairplain Cemetery Father: Bushrod Harrison Mother: Louisa Ransom
6 [140] Hattie A Harrison b: 20 Jul 1889 in Jackson Co WV d: Jun 1981 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH
+[140] William O'Connor Waugh b: 7 Jan 1884 in Jackson Co WV m: 26 Jun 1911 in Jackson Co WV d: 1 Aug 1917 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle, Jackson Co WV Father: Samuel Gilbert Arthur Waugh Mother: Elizabeth Ann Brotherton
5 Levi Parsons b: 4 Dec 1867 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 27 Jul 1944
+Bertha Price b: Jan 1874 in Given, Jackson Co WV m: 20 Apr 1892 in Jackson Co WV d: 1951
6 Earl Parsons b: 8 Apr 1893 d: Oct 1977
6 Fred Parsons b: 1895 d: 7 Nov 1964
6 Cora Parsons b: 1896
6 Homer H Parsons b: 1899 in Jackson Co WV d: 1971
+Essie Board b: Apr 1897 m: 21 Apr 1918 in Jackson Co WV
6 Sammy Parsons b: 17 Jul d: 1960
6 Una Parsons b: Jul 1903
6 Virginia Parsons b: Feb 1908
6 Unknown Parsons b: 7 Dec 1910 d: 3 Feb 1911
6 Phyllis Parsons b: 30 Apr 1914
6 Dollie Parsons
6 Una Parsons b: 4 Mar 1920 d: 3 Apr 1980 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH
6 Robert Parsons b: 3 Feb 1922 d: 17 Nov 1978
5 Minnie F "Sis" Parsons b: 24 Nov 1869 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 12 Aug 1937 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Robert Rhodes b: 22 Jan 1865 in Greenbrier Co WV m: 15 Sep 1892 in Jackson Co WV d: 12 Apr 1944 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Hattie Dolan Rhodes b: 1 Nov 1893 in Jackson Co V.A. d: 1 Aug 1977 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+? Clinton Brotherton b: 10 Nov 1891 in Jackson Co V.A. m: 3 Sep 1914 in Jackson Co WV d: Nov 1966 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery Father: Lee W Brotherton Mother: Alice Fightmaster
7 Pauline Brotherton b: 20 Apr 1924
7 Unknown Brotherton b: 19 Sep 1928
+Paul Tyree
8 Unknown Brotherton b:
7 Tommy Wayne Brotherton b: 29 Jun 1930
+Pauline Rhodes
7 Robert Brotherton

9 Nicole Dawn Craddock b: 24 Oct 1980
9 Jillian Leigh Craddock b: 12 Nov 1985
7 Ruth Bennett

+Bety Hunter
8 Barbara Brotherton
8 Keith Brotherton
6 Georgia Rhodes b: 5 Jul 1896 d: 9 Nov 1960 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Lorna Dawn Rhodes b: 9 Jun 1899 d: 15 Sep 1972 in Buffalo, Putnam Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
+Aaron Dewey Parsons d: 23 Oct 1934 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
5 Rebecca Helen Parsons b: 10 Jul 1871 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 20 Aug 1941 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+William Thomas Hickman b: 17 Aug 1869 in Given, Jackson Co WV m: 18 Nov 1891 in Jackson Co WV d: 28 Mar 1915 Father: Zachariah Hickman, Jr Mother: Sophia McCune
6 Minnie B Hickman b: 9 Feb 1893 in Jackson Co VA
+Unknown Hunter
*2nd Husband of Minnie B Hickman:
+Boyd E Lee b: 22 Aug 1892 in Jackson Co VA m: 7 Feb 1913 in Jackson Co WV d: 12 Nov 1918 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Grassick Baptist Church Cemetery, Pleasant Valley Father: Robert G Lee Mother: Sarah C Simmons
7 Everett Ray Lee b: 15 Nov 1913
+Loral Johnson b: 25 Oct 1913
8 Patricia Lynn Lee b: 3 Aug 1947
7 Orville Lee b: 24 Apr 1915 d: 7 Jun 1965
+Kattie Hunt b: 11 Aug 1914
8 Robert Roy Lee b: 11 Oct d: 15 Sep 1970
8 William Joseph Lee b: 29 Dec 1949
7 Herold Lee b: 26 Jun 1918 d: 26 Aug 1961
+Mabel Lambert
8 Herold Guy Lee b: 6 May d: 9 Sep 1985
8 Terry Roy Lee b: 23 Sep d: 1981
8 Robert Boyd Lee b: 7 Nov 1954
6 Bessie L Hickman b: 18 Feb 1895 in Jackson Co VA d: 4 Feb 1990
+Ferd French b: in Jackson Co VA m: 23 Jan 1916 in Jackson Co WV
7 Arlie French b: 6 Apr 1922 d: 6 Oct 1959
7 Arthur French b: 27 May 1950 d: 5 Dec 1980
+Bertha Litton
6 Charles Edgar Hickman b: 3 May 1898 in Jackson Co VA d: 29 Aug 1977
+Alma D Barnett b: 1901 in Jackson Co VA m: 14 Dec 1920 in Jackson Co WV d: 1930 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given Father: Job William Barnett Mother: Ida Isabell Skidmore
6 Herbert Cleo Hickman b: 25 Jun 1903 in Jackson Co VA d: 29 Nov 1963
+Esta Balch b: Abt. 1904 in Jackson Co VA m: 25 Sep 1924 in Jackson Co WV
6 Gladys Hickman b: 13 Nov 1904 in Jackson Co VA d: Aug 1979 in The Plains, Athens Co OH
+Okey Hanning b: Abt. 1896 in Jackson Co VA m: 11 Dec 1917 in Jackson Co WV Father: Samuel Hanning Mother: Frances Howell
6 D Roy Hickman b: 15 Jul 1906 d: 4 Apr 1946
+Velma Coffman
6 Leola Dale Hickman b: 16 May 1909 in Jackson Co VA d: 28 Aug 1974 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV
+Agee A Bush b: 17 Jan 1905 in Jackson Co VA m: 2 May 1928 in Jackson Co WV d: Dec 1969 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV
6 William Howard Hickman b: 23 Sep 1911 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 30 Jul 1949 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+Mildred Alberta Boswell b: 10 Jul 1922 in Given, Jackson Co WV
7 Gerald Wayne Hickman b: 25 May 1947 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Susan Maxwell
*2nd Wife of Gerald Wayne Hickman:
+Cheryl Mae Morris m: 20 Jan 1967
8 Shelley Mae Hickman b: 27 Nov 1967
+John Wayne Coker
9 Lindsay Mae Coker b: 20 Feb 1989
9 John Wayne Coker, Jr b: 10 Jun 1990
*3rd Wife of Gerald Wayne Hickman:
+Laurie Jeanne Griffin b: 3 May 1959 in Jackson MI m: 27 Oct 1979
8 Griffin Bryce Hickman b: 16 Jun 1984 in Jackson MI
8 Caitlin Noelle Hickman b: 10 Jan 1988 in Ann Arbor MI
8 Kelsey Rebecca Hickman b: 25 Mar 1990 in Ann Arbor MI
6 Clair Hickman b: 21 Jan 1914 d: 20 Jan 1978 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
+Beulah Skeens
5 Lila/Ella M Parsons b: 1 Apr 1872
+Lewis V Wolfe Father: N S Wolfe Mother: Victoria Smith
5 Gratton Parsons b: 9 Feb 1873 d: 14 Jun 1941 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+Clara Mae Barnett b: 1884 d: 1955 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Webster"Web" Parsons b: 1911
+Mildred Casto
7 Lowell Parsons
7 Bernard Parsons
6 Lucy Alice Parsons b: 1915 d: 1956 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Clyde Vernon Boswell b: 26 Nov 1913 d: 22 Dec 1987 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
5 Okey Parsons b: 25 Dec 1875 in Jackson Co WV d: 26 Jun 1945 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Emma M Moore b: 18 Mar 1880 in Jackson Co WV m: 8 Oct 1897 in Jackson Co WV d: 13 Jul 1919 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Delford Parsons b: 6 Sep 1898 d: 11 Aug 1901 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Londus A Parsons b: 2 Feb 1900 d: 17 Oct 1982 in Nitro, Kanawha Co WV
+Ivy G Lathey b: 4 Sep 1904 m: 17 Nov 1923
7 Evelyn Parsons b: 6 Sep 1924
+Lee Warner b: 12 Sep 1922 m: 29 Oct 1942
8 Charles Lee Warner b: 20 Jul 1943
+Jennifer Deanne Naylor b: 8 Aug 1947 m: 11 Nov 1966
9 Samuel Bartlett Warner b: 23 Jun 1975
9 Curtis Lee Warner b: 15 Aug 1977
8 James Arnold Warner b: 25 Oct 1952
+Mary E Powell m: 1 Aug 1972
9 Kimberly Michelle Warner b: 16 Dec 1973
9 Jamie Ann Warner b: 9 Oct 1976
9 Matthew Chad Warner b: 17 Nov 1985
8 Jan Lynn Warner b: 8 Mar 1969
7 Harold Lee Parsons b: 27 Aug 1925 d: Mar 1978 in Scott Depot, Putnam Co WV
+Hadine Flannigan b: 23 Jul 1927
8 Norma Lee Parsons b: 22 Sep 1948
+Jerry Lowell Pauley b: 29 Jul 1947 m: 6 Sep 1968
9 Eric Wayne Pauley b: 29 Apr 1970
9 Stacey Jo Pauley b: 6 Jan 1972
+Timothy Trimble m: 22 Dec 1990
10 Timothy Lowell Trimble b: 29 Jul 1991
9 Rhonda Pauley b: 23 Sep 1973
8 Marlene Ruth Parsons b: 23 Jan 1950
+Roger Kaiser
9 Melissa Kaiser b: 3 Jun 1969
9 Amy Kaiser b: 11 Sep 1971
8 Harold Lee Parsons, Jr b: 24 Oct 1952
+Kathy Sumpter
9 Harold Lee Parsons III b: 13 Dec 1973
9 Trent Parsons b: 28 Dec 1978
7 Thelma Mae Parsons b: 28 Oct 1932
+Donald Vance Smith b: 29 Jul 1932 m: 22 Apr 1955
8 Deborah Sue Smith b: 31 Jul 1956
+Terrence Lee Craddock b: 14 Oct 1956 m: 17 Mar 1978 in TN

9 Nicole Dawn Craddock b: 24 Oct 1980
9 Jillian Leigh Craddock b: 12 Nov 1982
7 Ruth Parsons b: 11 Jul 1937
+Jack Bishop b: 4 Aug 1934 m: 10 Feb 1956
8 T J Bishop b: 31 Jul 1957
+Gayla Boyles
9 Cassie Bishop b: 6 Apr 1982
9 Samantha Bishop b: 16 Nov 1985
8 Gerald Bishop b: 25 Mar 1960
+Laura Marsh-Cobb b: 11 May 1969 in UK m: 15 Feb 1988 in UK
9 Jessica Bishop b: Jun 1989
8 Anthony Bishop b: 21 Jun 1965
+Lisa Hancock b: 25 Jan 1969 m: 16 Jun 1990
6 [102] Freda Alice Parsons b: 15 Dec 1902 d: 19 Jul 1933 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+[103] Clayton Parsons b: 1 Aug 1895 m: 1 Jun 1921 in Jackson Co WV d: 15 Jan 1967 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery Father: Thomas Tilden Parsons Mother: Arthelia Olivia Moore
7 [104] Arden Parsons b: 15 Feb 1922 d: 3 Feb 1926 in Jackson Co WV
7 [105] Tilden Okey Parsons b: 2 May 1925
+[106] Naomi F Wigginton b: 18 Feb 1927 m: 9 Jun 1945
8 [107] Linda Carrol Parsons b: 26 Dec 1946
+[108] James Ernest Diomand b: 3 Aug 1943 m: 1 Jul 1966
9 [109] Kimberly Kay Diomand b: 28 Jun 1963
+[110] Anthony Elliott
10 [111] Courtney Michelle Elliott b: 2 Jul 1990
*2nd Husband of [109] Kimberly Kay Diomand:
+[112] David Turnbow m: 22 Oct 1988
9 [113] Brian Scott Diomand b: 13 Mar 1972
8 [114] Barbara Janice Parsons b: 30 Jun 1948
+[115] Moses Hampton Teel m: 14 Jan 1967
9 [116] John Hampton Teel b: 8 Jun 1969
+[117] Monita Disney m: 12 Jan 1991
10 [118] Chandler Hampton Teel b: 29 Oct 1991
9 [119] Jennifer Nichole Teel b: 8 Dec 1982
7 [120] Lowen A Parsons b: 8 Jul 1928 d: 3 Feb 1929
7 [121] Howard F Parsons b: 20 May 1930
+[122] Mildred Sayre b: 10 Feb 1935 m: 1 Apr 1955
8 [123] Howard F Parsons, Jr b: 12 Apr 1955
+[124] Paulette Rollins b: 28 Jul 1958 m: 2 May 1982
8 [125] Donna Jean Parsons b: 25 Jul 1959
+[126] Dennis Ray Cottrill b: 23 Jan 1958 m: 3 Sep 1982
9 [127] Kristen Nichole Cottrill b: 28 Dec 1989
7 [128] Billie Jeanette Parsons b: 2 May 1931
+[129] Basil Hiotakis b: 29 Dec 1929 m: 10 Apr 1954
8 [130] Helene Hiotakis b: 2 Oct 1958
+[131] James Ellis Simicsak b: 5 Nov 1955 m: 16 Oct 1988
9 [132] Ashley Simicsak b: 4 Jan 1992
8 [133] Thomas Basil Hiotakis b: 7 May 1962
+[134] Karris Butensky b: 6 May 1971
9 [135] Alexis Leigh Hiotakis b: 25 Aug 1991
*2nd Wife of [133] Thomas Basil Hiotakis:
+[136] Lynee Hoffman b: 20 Jan 1962 m: 30 Jun 1985
6 Jessie Parsons b: 10 Jan 1904 d: 25 Jan 1905 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Georgia Parsons b: 10 Jan 1904 d: 15 Jun 1988 in Akron, Summit Co OH
+Bryre Hanning
7 Earl Hanning b: 13 Jun 1925 d: Jan 1969 in Akron, Summit Co OH
*2nd Husband of Georgia Parsons:
+Ralph Heilman m: 1946 d: 1967
6 Alva D Parsons b: 23 Feb 1906 d: 28 Jul 1971 in Melbourne Beach, Brevard Co FL
+Opal Canterbury b: 1916 in McGlothin KY m: 27 Mar 1937 in Jackson Co WV d: in Buried in Jackson Memory Gardens, Jackson Co WV
6 Grace Parsons b: 15 Apr 1907 d: 7 Mar 1984 in FL
+John H Lowers
6 Edith Parsons b: 22 Mar 1909 d: 19 May 1971 in Jacksonville, Duval Co FL, buried in Arlington Memorial Park
+Marvin Miller
6 Erma Parsons b: 22 Mar 1909 in Jackson Co WV d: 24 Dec 1997 in Ripley, Jackson Co WV
+Arven Jividen b: 11 Jun 1908 in Putnam Co WV m: 24 May 1928 in Jackson Co WV d: 4 Oct 1981 in Nitro, Kanawha Co WV
7 Margaret Norene Jividen b: 18 Apr 1930 d: 24 Apr 1971
+Charles Jividen m: 5 May 1947 d: 24 Apr 1971
8 Dade Kay Jividen b: 4 Oct 1948
+Arleen Josephine Long m: 10 Sep 1976
9 Jeffrey Charles Jividen b: 15 Jan 1978
8 Barbara Lynn Jividen b: 28 Jan 1950
+William Alan Stover m: 6 Feb 1971
9 Samantha Ann Stover b: 3 Dec 1972
9 Selena Stover b: 9 Sep 1973 d: 9 Sep 1973
8 Pamela Susan Jividen b: 15 Aug 1957
7 Catherine Lee Jividen b: 29 Jan 1932 d: 5 Dec 1933
7 Betty Jane Jividen b: 17 Nov 1933
+Raymond Wesley Sayre m: 15 Dec 1951
8 Ramona Gail Sayre b: 11 Jul 1952
+Richard Perry Cooke m: 30 Mar 1972
9 Alice Elizabeth Cooke b: 17 Apr 1976
9 Amy Gail Cooke b: 7 Apr 1979
9 Kathryn Dale Cooke b: 2 Aug 1986
8 Janice Renee Sayre b: 25 Feb 1956
+Jeffrey Howard Hall m: 12 Jan 1979
9 Lindsey Brook Hall b: 16 Aug 1980
9 Britt Daniele Hall b: 8 Nov 1983
7 Wanda Joan Jividen b: 19 Sep 1936
+Thomas Franklin King m: 31 Mar 1956
8 Robin Leigh King b: 9 Oct 1956
+Terry Glenn Draper m: 13 Mar 1976
9 Krista Lynn Draper b: 5 Dec 1980
*2nd Husband of Robin Leigh King
+Gary Jenkins m: 3 Aug 1983
8 Terry Leigh King b: 7 Aug 1958
9 Jonathan Thomas Rose King b: 20 Apr 1983
8 Tammy Sue King b: 3 Dec 1959
+Bobby Gene Mitchell m: 11 Apr 1982
9 Sarah Elizabeth Mitchell b: 23 Aug 1982
9 Joshua Michael Mitchell b: 16 Sep 1983
8 Traci Lane King b: 2 Dec 1963
+Scott Gledhill m: 28 Jun 1986
8 Regina Lynnanne King b: 23 Sep 1967
7 Janet Sue Jividen b: 25 Apr 1938
+Harold Douglas Long m: 7 May 1960 d: 18 Jan 1976
8 Douglas Arlie Long b: 23 Oct 1961

*2nd Wife of Okey Parsons:
+Unknown

+Laurel Ann Schnitzer m: 6 May 1989
9 Dustin Douglas Long b: 6 Jan 1992
§ David Arthur Long b: 14 Mar 1973
+Gretchen Bailey
§ Lori Beth Long b: 8 May 1973
7 Arlin Jarrel Jividen b: 1 Dec 1939
+Phyllis Katherine Morton m: 29 Aug 1964
§ Debra Ann Jividen b: 17 Nov 1965
§ William Arlin Jividen b: 3 Feb 1967
+Melanie Susan Manuel m: 21 Apr 1990
§ Carrie Dale Jividen b: 29 Jun 1968
§ Kristin Barbara Jividen b: 14 Dec 1970
7 Lincoln Arthur Jividen b: 12 Feb 1942
+Joann Marie Frazee m: 22 Dec 1962
§ Edward Lee Jividen b: 17 Oct 1964
§ Deanna Marie Jividen b: 16 Aug 1966
§ Jennifer Leigh Jividen b: 29 Jun 1971
7 Merlin Jividen b: 1 Jan 1944 d: 14 Jan 1944
7 Sharon Kay Jividen b: 2 Mar 1947
+Unknown Neal
§ Heather Tarot Neal b: 13 Aug 1973
6 Chester O Parsons b: 17 Nov 1910
+Lucille Ellis b: 19 Feb 1918 m: 31 Mar 1937
7 Charles E Parsons b: 20 Apr 1938
+Gaynell Robertson b: 17 Feb 1937 m: 30 Jun 1956 d: 2 Aug 1983
§ Charles Ivan Parsons b: 5 May 1957
+Essie Miller b: 23 Oct 1963 m: 15 Oct 1979
9 Miranda Dawn Parsons b: 7 May 1982
9 Mitchell Charles Parsons b: 25 Sep 1983
§ Kimbra Joreen Parsons b: 12 Jun 1959
+Earl J Clinton b: 17 Feb 1958 m: 29 Sep 1978
9 Bethany Clinton b: 19 Nov 1990
§ Chester Robinson Parsons b: 10 Jul 1964
§ Tamara Leslie Parsons b: 21 Dec 1968
§ Tonya Lee Parsons b: 21 Dec 1968
+William L Barker b: 4 Jun 1965 m: 9 Sep 1988
9 Ross McKinse Barker b: 10 May 1989
7 Martha Jo Parsons b: 12 Dec 1938
+James E Birthisel b: 17 Mar 1936 m: 2 Aug 1957
§ Cheryl Lynn Birthisel b: 9 Feb 1959
+Randel Painter b: 9 Feb 1959 m: 23 Jun 1978
9 Matthew Keith Painter b: 3 May 1980
9 Daniel Wayne Painter b: 17 Jun 1982
9 Jeremy Bryon Painter b: 22 Feb 1985
§ James E Birthisel, Jr b: 20 Oct 1961
+Angela King b: 17 Oct 1963 m: 26 Nov 1982
9 Andrew Joel Birthisel b: 26 Mar 1987
9 Chase Birthisel b: 5 May 1989
§ Timothy Allen Birthisel b: 24 Jan 1963
+Michelle Rose b: 14 Sep 1963 m: 11 Dec 1980
9 Timothy Allen Birthisel, Jr b: 30 Jun 1981
9 Rachel Leann Birthisel b: 20 May 1985
7 Glenn Allen Parsons b: 4 May 1945
+Deloris Griffity b: 14 Apr 1948 m: 25 Feb 1967
§ Michael Glenn Parsons b: 23 May 1968
§ Donna Jean Parsons b: 10 Jun 1971
+Ronnie Anderson m: 21 Jul 1990
7 Marilyn Joyce Parsons b: 24 Aug 1948
+Dempsey C Skeens b: 20 Mar 1945 m: 14 Oct 1964
§ Tina Gail Skeens b: 6 Feb 1967
§ Scott Dempsey Skeens b: 15 May 1968
§ Kelli Jo Skeens b: 19 Sep 1978
§ Kris Everett Skeens b: 10 Mar 1985
6 Hazel Parsons b: 4 Jul 1912
+A T Carney m: 28 Oct 1931
6 Unnamed Parsons b: 1914
6 Unnamed Parsons b: 1914
6 Charles Joseph Parsons b: 1 May 1915 d: Oct 1955 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Docia Roberta Casto b: 23 Mar 1929 d: 4 Sep 1974 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
7 Debra Parsons b: 15 May 1953
+Gary Abernathy
7 Charlene Parsons b: 5 May 1955
6 Olive Parsons b: 13 Dec 1918 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Leroy Cunningham b: 2 Sep 1918 in Gay m: in Jackson Co WV d: 11 Jan 1982 in Murray, Calloway Co KY Father: Jennings Cunningham Mother: Sadie Unknown
7 Barbara Cunningham b: 23 Aug 1940
+Dick Allen b: 15 Oct 1936 m: 1959
§ Deanna Lynn Allen b: 21 Dec 1962
§ Richard Douglas Allen b: 10 Oct 1965
§ Angela Dawn Allen b: 21 Jul 1969
*2nd Husband of Barbara Cunningham:
+Roger Hersberger m: 1969
§ Beth Ann Hersberger b: 24 Feb 1970
§ Laura Jennifer Hersberger b: 22 Feb 1972
*3rd Husband of Barbara Cunningham:
+Charles Brown m: Sep 1981
7 Leroy Douglas Cunningham b: 14 Aug 1942
+Billie Jo Lucas b: 22 Dec 1942 m: Apr 1967
§ Michelle Cunningham b: 11 Apr 1964
§ Douglas Allen Cunningham b: 30 Dec 1968
§ Donald Scott Cunningham b: 17 Dec 1969
§ David Benjamin Cunningham b: 19 Aug 1972
*2nd Husband of Olive Parsons:
+Unknown Ely
6 George Winfred Parsons b: 13 Dec 1918
+Belle Skeens b: 12 Apr 1924 m: 29 Feb 1940
7 Gary W Parsons b: 26 Feb 1941
+Anna Faye Ramsey b: 24 Aug 1946 m: 23 Jul 1965
§ Brandi Lynn Winifreda Parsons b: 15 Mar 1972
7 Larry E Parsons b: 18 Sep 1942
+Rita Gail Dillon b: 10 Feb 1947 m: 4 Jun 1965
§ Larry E Parsons, Jr b: 18 Oct 1977
7 Olivia W Parsons b: 20 Nov 1946
+Michael W Clark b: 1 Mar 1945 m: 24 Jul 1965
§ Michael W Clark, Jr b: 8 Mar 1966
§ Carolyn Yvette Clark b: 27 Jan 1968
+Larry Wayne Welling b: 12 Jun 1965 m: 3 Jun 1989

*2nd Wife of Okey Parsons
+Unknown Casto Father: Nicholas Casto
5 Nancy Anna Parsons b: 1877 in Jackson Co WV d: 1935 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+George McClelland Landfried b: 1869 in Jackson Co WV m: 7 Sep 1896 in Jackson Co WV d: 1918 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Oscar H "Jack/Cal" Landfried b: 24 Oct 1897 d: 21 Dec 1972 in Akron, Summit Co OH, buried in Oakwood Cemetery
+Mabel Grady b: 17 Mar 1898 d: Aug 1976 in East Liverpool, Columbiana Co OH
7 Catherine Landfried
+Clyde Ball
8 Deborah Ball
+Unknown Riggs
8 James Ball
8 Randy Ball
8 Clyde Ball
*2nd Husband of Catherine Landfried:
+David Barclay
6 Jessie Landfried b: 26 Sep 1899 d: 26 Nov 1901 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Tessie Landfried b: 16 Dec 1901 d: 22 Apr 1995 in Ripley, Jackson Co WV
+Robert Knotts b: Jun 1898 d: 10 Jan 1960
6 Hazel Landfried b: 21 Nov 1903 d: 13 Sep 1941 in Columbus OH
+Guy Lewis b: Abt. 1905 d: 6 Dec 1941 in Columbus OH
*2nd Husband of Hazel Landfried:
+Guy Holcomb
7 Infant Holcomb b: Aug 1925
6 [139] Henry Clay Landfried b: 4 Jan 1906 d: 23 Oct 1977
+[138] Marie Buckalew b: 23 Jun 1911 m: 13 Aug 1930 in Jackson Co WV d: 28 Mar 1998 in Point Pleasant, Mason Co WV Father: James Madison "Matt" Buckalew, Jr
Mother: Felicia Dorotha Waugh
7 [140] Henry "Hank" Landfried b: 23 Jul 1931 d: 5 Aug 1981 in Lancaster, Fairfield Co OH
+[141] Kathryn Shaw
8 [142] Marleen Landfried
8 [143] Bryon Landfried
8 [144] Michael Landfried
6 Daniel Philip Landfried b: 11 Nov 1907 in Jackson Co WV d: 17 Jul 1963 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Marie Matlock b: Abt. 1911 in Jackson Co WV m: 18 Mar 1928 in Jackson Co WV
7 Daniel Landfried
+Jean Hopkins
8 Daniel Landfried
8 Lou Ann Landfried
8 Nancy Landfried
8 James Landfried
8 Elizabeth Landfried
6 Betty Lou Landfried
+David Winter
7 Kenneth Winter
7 Jeffery Winter
6 George McClelland Landfried, Jr b: 9 Oct 1909 d: 4 Jul 1989 in Ripley, Jackson Co WV
+Garnet Harmon b: 12 Sep 1920 m: 22 Sep 1935 in Jackson Co WV
7 Richard Landfried b: 20 Jul 1936
+Linda Perry b: 28 Sep 1936
8 Elizabeth Landfried b: 14 Aug 1961
8 Joseph Adam Landfried b: 5 Jun 1967
8 Adam Landfried
7 Phillip Landfriend b: 14 Feb 1942
+Anna Beavers b: 13 Feb 1947
8 Phillip Landfriend, Jr b: 22 May 1965
8 Carol Landfried b: 29 May 1967
6 Russell Ersil Landfried b: 29 Aug 1911 d: 20 May 1987
+Ersil Marie Bailey b: 17 Feb 1911 m: 28 May 1938 d: 31 Dec 1987 in Kenna, Jackson Co WV
7 Charles Robert Landfried b: 3 Dec 1941
+Cody Maxine Faber b: 27 Oct 1941
8 Charles Robert Landfried, Jr b: 2 Jul 1965
8 Matthew Peter Landfried b: 8 Sep 1967
+Patricia Lyn Bodkin b: 10 Jan 1969 m: 18 Jul 1989
8 Christopher David Landfried b: 7 Oct 1970
6 Guy Burton Landfried b: 9 Aug 1913 d: 3 May 1993 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Sada Faith Koontz b: 13 Mar 1917 m: 1 Jun 1937 in Jackson Co WV
7 Jo Ann Landfried b: 28 Jun 1938
+Paul R Raines b: 4 Feb 1939 m: 14 Apr 1960
8 Paul Nolan Raines b: 31 Aug 1963
8 Andrew Bryan Raines b: 12 Sep 1966
+Karen Garcia b: 9 Jul 1964
7 Mary Sue Landfried b: 22 Jan 1940
+Robert Allen Casto b: 3 May m: 10 Jun 1964
8 Thomas Allen Casto b: 23 Mar 1975
7 Guy Edward Landfried b: 28 Dec 1941
6 Clyde Lee Landfried b: 12 Oct 1916 d: 22 Jun 1958 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Grasslick Baptist Church, Pleasant Valley Road
+Maxine Nelson
7 James Nelson Landfried
7 Carolyn Sue Landfried
7 Brenda Kay Landfried
7 Linda Rae Landfried
5 Florence Parsons b: Oct 1879 in Jackson Co WV
+Edward Parsons b: 1873 in Jackson Co WV m: 13 Sep 1896 in Jackson Co WV
4 Levi Moore b: 22 Jan 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 25 Oct 1930 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
+Margaret Wolfe b: 3 Oct 1845 m: 17 Nov 1864 in Jackson Co WV d: 21 Dec 1922 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle Father: Abraham Wolf Mother: Emily Boswell
5 Charles S Moore b: Abt. 1866 in Jackson Co WV
+Hannah Belle Fisher b: Abt. 1868 in Jackson Co VA m: 15 Sep 1887 in Jackson Co WV
6 Infant d: in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
5 Dora Jane Moore b: 6 Feb 1868 in Jackson Co WV d: 27 Oct 1892 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
+Albert S Corbin b: 9 Aug 1861 in Kenna, Jackson Co VA m: 16 Aug 1891 in Jackson Co WV d: 30 May 1941 in Tennessee City TN
5 Lenia B " Ollie" Moore b: Abt. 1870 in Jackson Co VA d: 1956
+Oscar Barnett b: Abt. 1869 in Mason Co WV m: 12 Oct 1890 in Jackson Co WV d: 1945
5 Ella D Moore b: Abt. 1873 in Jackson Co VA
+John B Huckles b: 1869 in Tazewell Co VA m: 8 Feb 1891 in Jackson Co WV d: 1932 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
5 Horace M Moore b: 2 Feb 1873 d: 3 Mar 1883 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
5 Mary Virginia Moore b: 3 Dec 1877
5 John Thurman Moore b: 6 Apr 1880 d: Jun 1967 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
5 Betty J Moore b: 5 Dec 1883 in WV d: 18 Oct 1944 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
+Rena Pearl Parrish b: in Frozen Camp, Jackson Co WV d: 19 Jul 1947 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Akron OH
5 Della Boyd Moore b: Apr 1886
5 Pearly M Moore b: 4 Dec 1886 d: 2 Sep 1887 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
4 John Moore b: Abt. 1846 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Margaret J Wise b: Abt. 1849 in Wetzel Co VA m: 1 Jun 1868 in Jackson Co WV Father: Isaac Wise Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
5 Elizabeth L Moore b: Abt. 1872 in Jackson Co WV
+Charlie/Calhoun b: 12 Jan 1890 m: 12 Jan 1890 in Jackson Co WV
5 Margaret M Moore b: Abt. 1874 in OH

5 John E Moore b: Abt. 1876 in Jackson Co WV
5 George A Moore b: Abt. 1878 in Jackson Co WV
5 Israel J Moore b: 1880 in Jackson Co WV

3 John Waugh b: 19 Jun 1805 d: 28 Mar 1888 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+Martha "Patsy" Moore b: 22 Feb 1811 m: 17 Nov 1831 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 Mar 1888 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft Father: Levi Moore, Jr Mother: Nancy Sharp
4 Evaline Waugh b: 8 Oct 1832 in Edray, Pocahontas Co VA
+Washington McNeill b: Abt. 1825 in Buckeye, Pocahontas Co VA m: 23 Jan 1851 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 19 Feb 1864 in Richmond VA Father: John McNeill Mother: Rebecca McNeill
5 Rachel A McNeill b: Abt. 1851
5 Clarissa A McNeill b: Abt. 1852
+William A Duncan b: Abt. 1848 m: 12 Dec 1872 in Pocahontas Co VA
5 Joseph Buckley McNeill b: 20 Apr 1854 in Buckeye/Swago Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 23 Aug 1932 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Martha Elizabeth V C Sharp b: Feb 1854 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 9 Mar 1874 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 May 1917 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
*2nd Wife of Joseph Buckley McNeill:
+Ora May East b: Abt. 1891 in Greenbrier Co WV m: 7 Sep 1921 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Rebecca M McNeill b: Abt. 1856
5 Martha E McNeill b: 16 Jan 1858 in Bucks Run, Pocahontas Co Va
5 Male McNeill b: 11 Jul 1859 in Head of Swago Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
5 John W McNeill b: 12 Jun 1860 in Swago Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
6 Ocie McNeil b: in Pocahontas Co WV
+Jacob Hevener b: 29 Dec 1878 in Highland Co WV m: 1900 Father: William Hevener Mother: Virginia Jordan
7 Harold McNeil Hevener
7 Jacob Hevener
5 Nancy W McNeill b: Abt. 1862 in VA
5 Leana W McNeill b: Abt. 1864 in WV
4 Samuel Waugh b: 26 Jul 1834 d: 1862 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
4 Clarissa Waugh b: 17 Jul 1836 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Levi Beverage b: 30 Sep 1837 in Highland Co VA m: 22 Sep 1859 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Jacob Beverage Mother: Susan Unknown
4 Levi Waugh b: 30 Mar 1838 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co WV d: 2 Jul 1913 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+Amanda Frances Poage b: 8 Mar 1850 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co WV m: 24 Dec 1867 in Edray, Pocahontas Co VA d: 26 Jul 1882 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Gay Cemetery, Edray Father: James Rankin Poage, Sr Mother: Elizabeth L Harper
5 Elizabeth Serene "Lizzie" Waugh b: 16 Nov 1870 d: Jun 1948
5 Harlow Waugh b: 23 Oct 1873 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co WV d: 18 Jan 1948 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
+Gertrude Virginia Gwin b: 30 Aug 1886 m: 18 Jan 1905 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 18 Jun 1955 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton Father: David Alexander Gwin Mother: Alice Rowan Robertson
6 Hyldred Lucyle "Hud" Waugh b: 17 Sep 1906 d: May 1996 in Valley Head, Randolph Co WV 26294
+Robert Bruce Crickard b: 21 Dec 1889 m: 27 Dec 1926 in Waugh home, Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 Feb 1977 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery Father: John Randolph Crickard Mother: Alverda Bell
6 Harry Harlow Waugh b: 28 Oct 1908 d: 23 Jul 1910 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried at Edray
6 Alice Rowan Waugh b: 27 Mar 1911 d: Aug 1988 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Meade Lanier Waugh b: 19 Jun 1913 d: 6 Aug 1978 in Fort Wayne IN, buried in Covington Memorial Gardens
+Margaret Mina Seabold m: 27 Dec 1934
7 Caroline Rowan Waugh b: 15 Jan 1936 in Richwood, Nicholas Co WV now in Amelia Island FL
+Ned Granger Glass m: Feb 1956 in South Bend IN d: 28 Mar 1973 in Montgomery AL, buried in Fort Wayne IN
*2nd Husband of Caroline Rowan Waugh:
+Alexander Knox Wyatt m: 21 Sep 1974
7 Robert Harlow Waugh b: 19 Mar 1943 in Fort Wayne IN
+Katherine Sidney Adair b: 15 Aug 1944 m: 8 Dec 1969 Father: Douglass G Adair, Jr Mother: Virginia Hamilton
8 Rowan Douglass Waugh b: 31 May 1971
6 Frances Poage Waugh b: 31 Jan 1918 d: 11 Feb 1936 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Fatima Susan "Tima" Waugh b: 1874 d: 1963
+Elijah Burwell Vaughan b: Abt. 1870 m: 1896 d: 1903
6 James Herbert Vaughan b: 1897 d: 1952
+Cathleen May b: 1 Oct 1902 d: Sep 1981 in Harrisonburg, Rockingham Co VA 22801
7 James Vaughan
7 George Vaughan
7 Jack Vaughan m Harrison b. m Patricia Carter
6 George Beard Vaughan b: 1899
+Grace Hunt
7 Virginia Marie Vaughan
6 Glen Levi Vaughan b: 16 Feb 1901 d: Nov 1977 in Annapolis, Anne Arundel Co MD
+Geneva Paget
6 Edwin Burwell Vaughan b: 1906
*2nd Husband of Fatima Susan "Tima" Waugh:
+[137] Clyde Ernest Denison b: 1884 d: 1947
5 Anna Hamilton "Annie" Waugh b: 18 Jun 1876 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co WV d: 22 Nov 1922 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Gay Cemetery, Edray
+George Preston Baxter m: 1895
6 Floyd Baxter
7 Ernest Baxter
5 Lula Amanda Waugh b: 1878 d: 1956
+Alexander Dennis Williams m: 23 Jan 1902
6 Vera Lee Williams b: 30 Jan 1903 d: Sep 1974 in Flint, Genesee Co MI
+Unknown Smith
6 John Alexander Williams b: 1906
6 Elizabeth Williams b: 1906
5 George Henry Waugh b: 1880 d: 1958
*2nd Wife of Levi Waugh:
+Ella J Ruckman b: 1865 m: Jan 1884 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Jul 1888 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV Father: Otho Wade Ruckman Mother: Martha Ann McClung
5 Martha Virginia "Mattie" Waugh b: 26 Nov 1885 d: 1960
+William P "Bill" Clower b: 4 Sep 1881 d: Oct 1968 in Rainelle, Greenbrier Co WV
6 Nellie Elizabeth Clower
+H L Gray
6 Helen Clower d: Bef. 1981
+Prince Crotty b: 4 Jun 1911 d: Sep 1970 in Rainelle, Greenbrier Co WV
6 Elsie Clower
+Thomas Price
6 William Clower b: 20 May 1915 d: 20 Jan 1994 in Hines, Greenbrier Co WV
+Varie Unknown
6 Charles "Bud" Clower d: Bef. 1981
5 Sallie Carrington Waugh b: 12 Oct 1886 d: 5 May 1911 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+[137] Clyde Ernest Denison b: 1884 d: 1947
6 Anna Bell Denison b: 5 Aug 1908 in WV d: 19 Jun 1996 in Contra Costa Co CA
+Daniel H Fisher m: 16 Feb 1933
7 Elizabeth Fisher
+Clifford Lee Sojourner, Jr
8 Clifford Lee Sojourner III b: 5 Nov 1963 in Alameda Co CA
8 Anna C Sojourner b: 7 Dec 1967 in Alameda Co CA
5 Grover Kirkpatrick Waugh b: 22 Jun 1888 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV d: 5 Oct 1953 in Akron OH
+Hattie Unknown
4 Beverly M Waugh b: 19 Feb 1840 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 27 Feb 1870 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+Eleanora Gaither b: Abt. 1844 in Augusta Co VA m: 28 Jun 1862 in Upshur Co VA Father: Washington Gaither Mother: Margaret Unknown
5 Margaret Ella F Waugh b: Abt. 1864
*2nd Wife of Beverly M Waugh:
+Harriet F Cunningham b: Abt. 1843 in Lewis Co VA m: 27 May 1869 in Upshur Co WV Father: Zedock Cunningham Mother: Christiana Unknown
5 John Waugh b: 11 Dec 1869
5 William "Willie" Waugh b: 24 Apr 1872 d: 9 Apr 1873 in Upshur Co WV

5 Charlie Waugh b: May 1874
5 Orestus Waugh b: Abt. 1877
5 Arizona Waugh b: 22 Feb 1883 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV
4 Miriam Waugh b: 10 Mar 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Richard T Mayse b: Abt. 1845 in Alleghany Co m: 4 Sep 1870 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Thomas Mayse Mother: Elizabeth E Unknown
5 George H W Mayse b: Abt. 1872
5 John O Mayse b: Abt. 1873
5 Charles L Mayse b: Abt. 1874
5 Richard A Mayse b: Abt. 1876
5 Lelah J Mayse b: Abt. 1878
4 Ann Waugh b: 7 Apr 1844 d: 1 Mar 1937 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV
+Lanty Gatewood Potts b: 5 Aug 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 1876 d: 18 Feb 1925 Father: Matthias C Potts Mother: Rachel Warwick McCabe
4 Silas Waugh b: 22 Jul 1846 d: 1862 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
4 Nancy Waugh b: 14 Apr 1848 d: 1862 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
4 George Waugh b: 9 Mar 1851 d: 1862 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
4 John Waugh b: 29 Apr 1853
+Amanda Alice Unknown b: 31 May 1857 d: 8 Feb 1908 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
5 Stella G Waugh b: 23 Nov 1879 d: 13 Oct 1917 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+C H McCoy
6 Clyde A McCoy b: 23 May 1916 d: 10 Feb 1919 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
5 E D Waugh b: 3 Feb 1882 d: 8 Feb 1935 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
5 Grace Waugh b: 23 Nov 1891 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
3 Samuel Waugh, Jr b: 3 Oct 1806 d: 28 Oct 1851
+Mary Canterbury b: Abt. 1819 Father: Elisha Canterbury
4 Defoe Waugh b: Abt. 1837
4 Olinthus Waugh b: Abt. 1841
4 Sereno Waugh b: Abt. 1843
4 Cecil Waugh b: Abt. 1845
4 Nercissa Waugh b: Abt. 1848
3 Robert Waugh b: 23 Dec 1807 d: 15 Dec 1847
3 Margaret Waugh b: 26 Apr 1809
+Samuel G Martin m: 7 Oct 1852 in Pocahontas Co VA
3 William Waugh b: 23 Jul 1810 in VA d: 1894 in MO
+Martha "Patsy" Brown b: 14 Feb 1808 in VA m: 14 Jan 1836 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1871 in Cunningham, Chariton Co MO Father: Josiah Brown Mother: Jane "Jennie" Waddell
4 Jane Waugh b: 4 Jan 1837 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 9 Jul 1857 in Barbour Co VA
+John R Ward b: Abt. 1836 in Lewis Co WV m: 2 Jul 1856 in Upshur Co VA Father: Kinsey Ward Mother: Phebe Unknown
4 Miriam Davis Waugh b: 1839 in Pocahontas Co VA
+James Beverly Foster b: 1833 in Albemarle Co VA m: 13 Sep 1855 in Upshur Co VA Father: William W Foster Mother: Elizabeth
4 Robert Waugh b: Abt. 1840 in VA d: 25 Oct 1882 in Cunningham, Chariton Co MO
+Mary Unknown b: Abt. 1845 in OH
5 Emma J Waugh b: Abt. 1865 in IL
5 Susan Waugh b: Abt. 1867 in IL
5 Charles Waugh b: Abt. 1869 in MO
4 Mary J Waugh b: 1842
4 Enos Waugh b: 1845
+Therese Sarah "Sallie" Facto b: 1854 in St Charles MO m: 17 Mar 1880 in Cunningham, Chariton Co MO d: 28 May 1932 in buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Colorado Springs, El Dorado Co CO Father: Francois Xavier Filteau Mother: Marguerite Tibaut
4 Elmyra Waugh b: Mar 1848 in VA
+Henry Smith b: Mar 1849 in OH m: Abt. 1878 Father: Unknown Smith Mother: Unknown
5 Frank R Smith b: Dec 1883 in MO
4 Otias Waugh b: May 1850 in VA d: 26 Mar 1922 in buried in Lakeside Cemetery, Sumner, Chariton Co MO
5 Jennie Waugh b: Mar 1886
5 Bertha Waugh b: Oct 1892
5 Blanche Waugh b: Oct 1892
4 William Clark Waugh b: 19 Oct 1854 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV
+Isabelle "Belle" Facto b: 19 Aug 1859 in St Charles MO m: Abt. 1878 d: 3 Feb 1945 in Kansas City MO? Father: Francois Xavier Filteau Mother: Marguerite Tibaut
5 Wilson Waugh b: Jan 1881
5 Myrtle Waugh b: Oct 1882
+Theodore Floyd Batye b: 16 Oct 1908 in Linn Co MO m: 9 Feb 1933 in Linnaeus MO d: 20 Mar 1995 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO, buried in Lakeside Cemetery Father: Lawrence Edgar Batye Mother: Stella Elizabeth McCollum
6 Edith Batye
+Clifford Huffman
6 Pauline Batye
+Wayne Woody
6 Stella Batye
+Clark Milligan
6 Joyce Batye
+Unknown Carr
6 Robert Batye d: Bef. Mar 1995
6 William Batye d: Bef. Mar 1995
5 Jessie Waugh b: 24 Dec 1884 d: Mar 1977 in Fernandina Beach, Nassau Co FL
+Unknown Reed
5 Anna Charles Waugh b: 16 Apr 1888 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 3 May 1975
+Elige Davis Riggins b: 9 Apr 1880 m: 10 Aug 1904 d: Jan 1964 in IA Father: Thomas Jefferson Riggins
6 Rollie Leo Riggins b: 1 Feb 1906 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: Sep 1981 in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE, buried in Fairbury Cemetery
+June K Brickell b: 21 Jun 1908 d: 29 Nov 1990 in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE, buried in Fairbury Cemetery
7 Alan Riggins b: in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE 68352
+Pat Unknown
8 Male Riggins
8 Male Riggins
7 Gayle Riggins b: in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE 68352
6 Dorothia Belle Riggins b: 31 Mar 1908 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 30 Sep 1922 in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE 68352
6 Anna Marie Riggins b: 19 Feb 1910 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO
+Bob Robbins
7 Anna Sue Robbins
7 Rich Robbins
7 Teri Robbins
6 E Donald Riggins b: 20 Mar 1913 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 3 Jan 1993 in Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie Co IA 51501
+Bonnie Stranahan b: 26 Aug 1913 m: 21 Jan 1933 in Eureka Springs AR d: Feb 1976 in Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie Co IA 51501
7 Jeanne Riggins b: 27 Dec 1933
+Scott H Potter m: 3 Mar 1956
8 Jessica Potter b: 6 Feb 1959
8 Linsey Potter b: 26 Jun 1961
6 Russell Edward "Dude" Riggins b: 20 Jun 1916 in Triplett, Chariton Co MO d: 20 Aug 1994 in Moberly, Randolph Co MO, buried in St. Mary's Cemetery
+Betty Ball m: 23 Jan 1938 in Omaha NE
7 Russell "Dimpie" Riggins, Jr
+Sally Unknown
7 Nancy Riggins
6 Margaret Ione Riggins b: 14 Sep 1923 in Malvern, Mills Co IA
+Jack Burgess b: 24 Mar 1925 d: Jul 1984 in Silver City, Mills Co IA
7 Ron Burgess
+Gloria Unknown
8 Valerie Burgess
8 Megan Burgess
5 Diana "Dinny" Waugh b: Oct 1891
+Unknown Harris

5 Lewis Waugh b: Dec 1893
5 Rosie Waugh b: Sep 1896
5 Unknown Waugh d: Bef. Jun 1900
4 Zane Waugh b: Abt. 1854
3 Alexander Sinclair Waugh b: 30 Nov 1813
+Frances "Fannie" Cochran b: Abt. 1816
4 Robert Waugh b: Abt. 1846
4 James Waugh b: Abt. 1847
+Mary E Schoonover m: 21 Aug 1972 in Clay Co WV
4 Andrew Waugh b: 1847 d: 1936 in Grandview WA
+Theresa A Surratt m: 21 Aug 1873 in Clay Co WV
5 Ivan Orah Waugh b: 1874 d: 1956
+Charles Sherman Mitchell
6 Fern Mitchell b: 1903 in Ness City KS d: 1996
+Jeremiah B George
7 Carolyn Elsie George b: 1930
+Jack Trenough
5 Jose Waugh
4 Marion Waugh b: Abt. 1851
4 Margaret Waugh b: Abt. 1853
+Paul S Schoonover m: 14 Mar 1872 in Clay Co WV
4 Lidia Waugh b: Abt. 1855
3 Andrew Waugh b: 31 Jan 1812 in VA d: 11 Jun 1858 in Ripley, Jackson Co VA
+Julia A Johnson b: Bet. 1815 - 1820 m: 7 Jan 1836 in Jackson Co VA d: 1862
4 Beverly Randolph Waugh b: Abt. 1837 d: 1863
4 Sarah A Waugh b: Abt. 1838 in Jackson Co VA
+James A Greer b: 1834 in Jackson Co VA m: 9 Nov 1858 in Jackson Co VA Father: William Greer Mother: Martha Elizabeth Monroe
5 Charles A Greer b: 1859 in Jackson Co VA
5 Margaret L "Maggie" Greer b: Abt. 1863 in Jackson Co WV
+Lawrence A Botkin m: 15 Sep 1885 in Jackson Co WV
4 John Milton Waugh b: Abt. 1839 in Jackson Co VA d: Bef. 1914
4 Newton Waugh b: Abt. 1841 in Jackson Co VA d: Bef. 1914
4 Diana Waugh b: 4 May 1845 in Ripley, Jackson Co VA d: 8 Mar 1914 in Evans, Jackson Co WV, buried in Staats Cemetery
+George W Staats b: 1 Jan 1842 in Evans, Jackson Co WV m: 6 Nov 1864 in Jackson Co WV d: 14 Apr 1923 in Parkersburg WV, buried in Staats Cemetery, Evans, Jackson Co WV
Father: Elijah Staats Mother: Anna Evans
5 Elmer E Staats b: 1865 d: 1900
5 Charles O Staats
5 Clay H Staats
6 Clarence "Clessie" Staats b: Abt. 1891 in WV d: May 1914 in Akron, Summit Co OH
5 Harlan H Staats b: 20 Oct 1875 d: 29 Sep 1944 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Staats Cemetery, Evans
5 Edgar R Staats
5 Anna F Staats b: Abt. 1869
+Henry C Ferguson b: Abt. 1874 m: 17 Nov 1904 in Jackson Co WV Father: James Ferguson Mother: Eliza Virginia Price
5 Cora F Staats b: Abt. 1873 in Jackson Co WV
+Perry D Fisher b: Abt. 1862 in Jackson Co VA m: 17 Nov 1904 in Jackson Co WV Father: Perry A Fisher Mother: Camilla Ann Smith
5 Georgia Lee Staats b: Abt. 1884 in Jackson Co WV
+John Bachus b: Abt. 1873 m: 22 Aug 1901 in Jackson Co WV Father: Geoerge W Bachus Mother: Mary M Unknown
*2nd Husband of Georgia Lee Staats:
+Warren H Hodges b: Abt. 1879 in Calhoun Co WV m: 27 Sep 1911 in Jackson Co WV
5 Lorena M Staats b: 1890 d: 1948
4 Marietta "Etta" Waugh b: 21 Aug 1849 in Jackson Co VA d: 5 Jun 1914 in Evans, Jackson Co WV, buried in Staats Cemetery
4 Lycurgus Waugh b: Abt. 1852 d: Bef. 1914
3 Arthur Waugh b: 16 Mar 1815 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 26 May 1862 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Pleasant Hill Cemetery, Parchment
+Henrietta Boswell b: 5 Feb 1821 in Jackson Co WV m: 8 Mar 1839 in Jackson Co WV d: 25 May 1863 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Pleasant Hill Cemetery, Parchment Father: Gilbert Boswell
Mother: Elizabeth Mason
4 Elizabeth J "Betty" Waugh b: 27 Oct 1841 in Jackson Co WV d: 11 May 1879 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Pleasant Hill Church Cemetery, Parchment
+Archibald Stone "Arch" Skidmore, Jr b: 1840 m: 19 Jul 1860 in Jackson Co WV d: 1908 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given Father: Archibald Stone Skidmore Mother: Sarah Anderson
5 Ida Isabell Skidmore b: Abt. 1866 d: Bef. Feb 1942
+Unknown
6 Clara Unknown
+Unknown Parsons
*2nd Husband of Ida Isabell Skidmore:
+Job William Barnett b: 17 Sep 1856 in Rockcastle, Jackson Co WV m: 7 Nov 1888 in Jackson Co WV d: 7 Feb 1942 in Given, Jackson Co WV Father: Al Barnett Mother: Mariah Kessel
6 Corda Barnett d: Jul 1914 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Danstown, Jackson Co WV
+Everett Sayre
7 Unknown Sayre
6 Eda Barnett
+C F Brotherton
6 Della Barnett b: 22 May 1896 d: Oct 1972 in Given, Jackson Co WV
6 Archibald "Arch" Barnett
6 Alma D Barnett b: Abt. 1901 d: Bef. Feb 1942
+Edgar Hickman b: Abt. 1897 m: 14 Dec 1920 in Jackson Co WV
6 James Floyd Barnett d: Bef. Feb 1942
6 Lola Barnett
+Unknown Weekley
6 Lucy Ellen Barnett d: Bef. Feb 1942
5 John B "Johnny" Skidmore b: 1868 d: 1944 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Eda Jones b: 6 Apr 1875 d: Aug 1968 in Given, Jackson Co WV
*2nd Wife of John B "Johnny" Skidmore:
+Louisa M Jones m: 3 Jan 1895 in Jackson Co WV d: Bet. 1910 - 1920
6 Henry Warren Skidmore b: 16 Jun 1895
6 Emma Skidmore
+Harry Kelly
6 Virgil Skidmore b: 14 Jan 1901 d: Jul 1975 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
6 Hattie Skidmore b: 29 Sep 1903 d: Sep 1983 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
+Golden Hager b: 21 Feb 1902 d: 28 Feb 1993 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
6 Elbert Skidmore
6 Mamie Skidmore
6 Georgia Skidmore
+Charles Stone
6 Dorcas Skidmore
6 Otis Skidmore
4 Frances Elizabeth Waugh b: 1844 in Jackson Co VA d: 12 Jun 1911
+George Muggins Casto b: Abt. 1840 in Jackson Co VA m: 17 Aug 1862 in Jackson Co WV d: 24 May 1900
5 Ina Casto
5 Diana Casto b: Abt. 1865 in Fishers Point, Jackson Co WV
+William W Burdett b: 1867 in Sissonville, Kanawha Co WV m: 15 Jan 1890 in Jackson Co WV
5 Missouri Jane Casto b: 21 Aug 1866 d: 17 Jul 1929
+John Nelson Monday b: 4 Apr 1863 m: 21 Aug 1888 d: 22 May 1939
6 Carl Camden Monday b: 15 Nov 1887 d: Sep 1978 in Lake Worth, Palm Beach Co FL
+Theresa Bird Kesler b: 24 Mar 1895 d: Aug 1987 in Lake Worth, Palm Beach Co FL
7 Vernon Kesler Monday
+Virgie R Casto
*2nd Wife of Vernon Kesler Monday

+Lucille Davis Sands b: 1 Dec 1916 d: 10 Sep 1966 in Orlando, Orange Co FL
7 Kenneth Edward Monday d: 21 Sep 1944 in France
+Loretta Hawkins
7 James Nelson Monday
+Ruth Dunham
*2nd Wife of James Nelson Monday:
+Norma Jeanne Humphry
7 Phyllis Jane Monday b: 3 Mar 1918 d: Dec 1985 in Dayton, Montgomery Co OH
+Stanley Strough
*2nd Husband of Phyllis Jane Monday:
+Francis Gibbs
*3rd Husband of Phyllis Jane Monday:
+Bobby Joe Coomer
6 Henry Oren Monday
+Vada Martin
7 Nyle Edward Monday
7 Magdalene Monday
7 Earl C Monday b: 28 Nov 1917 d: 31 Jul 1982 in Bakersfield, Kern Co CA
7 Ira Monday b: 24 Nov 1922 d: 9 Aug 1988 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Leroy Monday
7 Leoda Monday
6 Martha Ella Monday
+Ben Thomas
*2nd Husband of Martha Ella Monday:
+Everett Fry Cunningham
7 Ruth Camden Cunningham
7 Helen Leoda Cunningham
7 Edward Lee "Edo" Cunningham
6 Roy Earl Monday
5 Samuel/Lockey Casto b: Abt. 1871
5 William Allen Casto b: Abt. 1873
5 Lloyd L Casto b: Abt. 1878
+Ola Unknown
6 Carl Camden Casto
6 Harold Lloyd Casto
6 Basil Casto d: 30 Jan 1940
4 John William B Waugh b: 27 Dec 1847 in Mason Co VA d: 1904 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Fairview Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
+Martha Maryln Foglesong b: 7 Jul 1851 in Putnam Co VA m: 13 Jan 1870 in Jackson Co WV d: 1916 Father: William H Foglesong Mother: Mary Ellen Casto
5 Mary Etta Waugh b: 24 Jan 1871 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 25 Sep 1938
+Ernest Dekalb Casto b: 19 Aug 1868 in Parchment, Jackson Co WV m: 28 Mar 1889 in Jackson Co VA d: 6 Apr 1941 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Dunbar, Jackson Co WV Father: George Riley Casto Mother: Margaret Ann Hogsett
6 Howard Arthur Casto b: 9 Jan 1890 in Jackson Co WV d: 7 Jul 1949 in Fairplain, Jackson Co WV, buried in Webster Cemetery
+Eva May Lewis b: 20 Jul 1891 m: 12 Apr 1916 in Jackson Co WV d: Sep 1976 in Ripley, Jackson Co WV Father: Charles W Lewis Mother: Ellen Eliza Pringle
7 Arthur O Casto
7 Eugene L Casto
6 Manona Casto b: 12 Apr 1892 d: 20 Sep 1987 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV
+Londus T Bowles m: 31 Aug 1910 in Jackson Co WV
6 Elben Glenmor "Glen" Casto b: 3 Dec 1894 in Jackson Co WV d: Aug 1971 in PA
+Della Burke French b: 14 Apr 1892 in Jackson Co WV m: 15 Aug 1914 in Jackson Co WV d: 6 Sep 1957 in Jackson Co WV
*2nd Wife of Elben Glenmor "Glen" Casto:
+Violet Martin m: 4 Dec 1949 in Jackson Co WV
6 William Luther Casto b: 10 Jan 1897 in Jackson Co WV d: 24 Dec 1955 in Jackson Co WV
+Hattie O'Dell Ensminger b: 29 Aug 1895 in Jackson Co WV m: Jun 1917 in Jackson Co WV
6 Carrie Lona Casto b: 21 Dec 1898 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: Mar 1979 in Point Pleasant, Mason Co WV
+James Arthur Ferrell b: 13 Jul 1893 in Walton, Roane Co WV m: 19 Dec 1925 in Jackson Co WV d: 21 Jan 1974 in Point Pleasant, Mason Co WV Father: Silas Grant Ferrell Mother: Mary Malinda Harper
7 James Allen Ferrell b: 15 Jun 1930 d: 9 Mar 1996 in Martinsburg, Berkeley Co WV
+Vera Louise Waugh Father: Shirley Waugh Mother: Ina VanSickle
8 Samuel Bruce Ferrell
+Susan McDermitt
9 Samuel Arthur Ferrell
*2nd Wife of Samuel Bruce Ferrell:
+Kathy Johnson
9 Rebecca Lynn Ferrell
*3rd Wife of Samuel Bruce Ferrell:
+Helen Marie Dunn
9 Ryan Christoper Ferrell
6 Charles Everett Casto b: 13 Apr 1901 in Jackson Co WV d: 3 Apr 1988 in Canton, Stark Co OH
6 Adah Marilan Casto b: 28 Aug 1903 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: Sep 1995 in Canton, Stark Co OH
+Wilmer O Raines b: 22 Aug 1900 d: Jul 1981 in Canton, Stark Co OH
6 Lucy Ella Casto b: 18 Nov 1905 d: 26 Mar 1991
+E O Sigmon
6 Etta Leona Casto
+Donald Williamson
6 Lura Agatha Casto b: 30 Apr 1908 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 10 Apr 1999 in Pinch, Kanawha Co WV
+Forrest Given b: 4 Oct 1908 d: Nov 1979 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
7 Howard Given b: Abt. 1932 d: 22 Dec 1998 in Elkview, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Elk Hills Memorial Park
7 Gladys Given
7 Roy Ray Given
7 Ruby Given
+Unknown Brown
6 Erva Alice Casto
+Dale Norris
6 Ernest Lowhan Casto b: 25 Jun 1916
5 Samuel Waugh b: Abt. 1875 in Putnam Co WV d: 1881
5 Dora Belle Waugh b: Abt. 1877 in Putnam Co WV d: 1901
+Warren Bias b: Abt. 1873 m: 25 Jan 1899 in Mason Co WV
5 Charles S Waugh b: 4 Aug 1880 in Jackson Co WV d: 22 Dec 1914 in Charleston WV, buried in Staats Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
+Lula Mullins m: 6 Jun 1907
5 Camden Franklin Waugh b: 23 Sep 1883 in Jackson Co WV d: 25 Dec 1956
+Julie Belle Sovine m: 8 Oct 1906
5 William Arthur "Willie" Waugh b: 12 Aug 1888 in Jackson Co WV d: 24 Mar 1955 in Spencer, Roane Co WV, buried in Sattis Cemetery, Charleston WV
+Sarah Etna Harris b: 21 Nov 1891 in Kanawha Co WV m: 22 Feb 1912 in Kanawha Co WV d: 30 Aug 1965 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Sattis Cemetery Father: Daniel Harris Mother: Lavinia Hull
6 Juanita Maryln Waugh b: 17 Feb 1913 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Unknown
*2nd Husband of Juanita Maryln Waugh:
+Kenna Austin Ingram b: 18 Oct 1912 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 8 Jun 1935 d: Sep 1986 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV Father: Amos Delbert Ingram Mother: Charity Parsons
7 Janet Carol Ingram b: 23 Oct 1936 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Keith Dale Atkinson b: 3 Oct 1936 in Guthrie, Kanawha Co WV m: 11 Mar 1955 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Joyce Carol Atkinson b: 4 May 1960
+Richard Max Keough m: 28 Mar 1981 Father: Charles Keough Mother: Nellie Vesta Ames
7 James Austin Ingram b: 2 May 1938 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Sandra Gae Summerfield b: 1 Jun 1939 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 23 Nov 1957 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV Father: Wilbur Guy Summerfield Mother: Velma Fern Stalnaker

8 Tamala Jane Ingram b: 21 Nov 1960 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Tod Austin Ingram b: 19 Dec 1961
7 Gary Wayne Ingram b: 20 Feb 1952 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 20 Sep 1974 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV Father: John Julian McDaniel Mother: Rosalie Ann Duncan
+Deborah Sue McDaniel b: 14 May 1952 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Amy Susan Ingram b: 27 Jul 1980
8 Chad Austin Ingram b: 27 Jul 1983
6 Thomas Harold Waugh b: 18 Jan 1915
+Virginia Ruth Richardson b: 25 Mar 1920 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 28 Mar 1936 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV d: Jan 1985 in Putnam Co VA Father: Grady Url McCormick Mother: Gladys Irene Richardson
7 Phyllis Jean Waugh b: 9 Mar 1937 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Hoy Denzil Edgell b: 1 Jun 1935 in Parkersburg, Wood Co WV m: 26 May 1956 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Hoy Denzil Edgell, Jr b: 15 Mar 1957
+Darlene Bowyers m: Jun 1975
9 Joshua "Josh" Edgell
8 Debra Lynn Edgell b: 10 Apr 1958
+Harold Kirk m: Dec 1977
9 James Thomas Kirk b: Aug 1979 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
9 Bobby Alan Kirk b: 14 Feb 1983 in Kermit TX
8 Gary Alan Edgell b: 24 Apr 1959 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Cherie Irene Edgell b: 18 Mar 1963
+Donald Boyce
9 Stacy Nichole Boyce b: 23 Apr 1979 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
9 Donna Jean Boyce b: 8 May 1983 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Jeffery Ural Edgell b: 4 Apr 1964 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Edna Marie Waugh b: 18 Dec 1938 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 19 Dec 1958 Father: Owens F Clendenin Mother: Dessie Elizabeth Withrow
+Richard Grant Clendenin b: 7 Aug 1935 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Richard Lee Clendenin b: 9 Aug 1959 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Kim Unknown
9 Courtney Clendenin
8 Timothy Alan Clendenin b: 30 Jun 1960 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Molly Unknown
9 Aleesha Clendenin
8 Daniel Wayne Clendenin b: 28 Aug 1965 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Sandra Ranee Clendenin b: 5 Jul 1968 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Patricia Ann Waugh b: 9 Dec 1940 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Thomas L Vaughn
8 Thomas L Vaughn, Jr b: 29 May 1962 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Theresa Unknown
9 Thomas James Vaughn b: 29 May 1981 in Cape Coral, Fort Myers, Lee Co FL
8 Barry K Vaughn b: 24 Feb 1964 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Mary Unknown
9 Christopher Vaughn
*2nd Husband of Patricia Ann Waugh:
+Louis P Roos m: 17 Jul 1976
7 Thomas Harold Waugh b: 29 May 1942
+Sharon Sue Rhodes b: 5 Dec 1943 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 16 Oct 1961 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV Father: Delmer Clayton Rhodes Mother: Nettie Ingram
8 Rebecca Ann "Becky" Waugh b: 19 Apr 1965
+Mark Steven Richard b: 2 Jan 1964 in Pittsburgh PA m: 30 Dec 1989 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV
9 Joel Mark Richard b: 5 May 1990
9 Hayley Katherine Richard b: 11 Jun 1993
9 Samantha Nicole Richard b: 4 Oct 1995
8 Christina Lea Waugh b: 5 Apr 1969 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Angel David Mercado b: 6 Nov 1969 m: 8 Jun 1991 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV Father: Candido Mercado-Santos Mother: Cynthia Unknown
9 Ciara Renee Mercado b: 11 Jan 1993
9 Tyler Clayton Mercado b: 17 Jun 1994
9 Kyle Thomas Mercado b: 10 Jun 1996
9 Ryan David Mercado b: 6 Oct 1999
7 William Frank Waugh b: 12 Jul 1944 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Rose Lee Lovejoy b: 27 Jul 1944 Father: Ancel Ward Lovejoy Mother: Lela Angela Boggess
8 Katrina Dawn Waugh b: 19 Oct 1963 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Dana Franklin Waugh b: 26 Jan 1967 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Melissa Unknown
8 Kevin Lee Waugh b: 29 Aug 1979 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Lee Hutson Waugh b: 12 Dec 1956 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Ruth Unknown
8 Kyra Waugh
8 Colin Waugh
6 Rhomoletta Elsie Waugh b: 25 Jul 1916 d: 27 Feb 1920
6 William Arthur Waugh, Jr b: 14 Mar 1919 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Lois Hanger Pierce b: 25 Dec 1919 in Washington DC m: 19 Nov 1939 in Ashland KY Father: Isaac C Pierce Mother: Russell May
7 Lois Lee Waugh b: 7 Apr 1940 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV d: 22 Jul 1969
+James Elvin Ryan b: 4 Jan 1941 m: Jun 1961 in Pearisbury VA Father: Curtis Ryan Mother: Ione Williams
8 James Phillip Ryan b: 8 Jan 1965 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 David Arthur Waugh b: 31 May 1944 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Michale Lynn Larrabee b: 11 Mar 1943 m: 21 Aug 1964 Father: Conrad Larrabee Mother: Mildred Canterbury
8 William Arthur Waugh III b: 30 Aug 1966 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 John David Waugh b: 6 Dec 1970 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
6 Beatrice Janet Waugh b: 15 Mar 1921 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+William Van Camp b: 3 Jan 1916 in Blakley WV m: 19 Jan 1939 in KY Father: James Jinkins Van Camp Mother: Cecelia Ann Morris
7 Cecelia Ann Van Camp b: 26 Jul 1940 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+William Edward Stratton, Jr b: 14 Jan 1939 in Rainelle, Greenbrier Co WV m: 21 Aug 1959 Father: William Edward Stratton Mother: Hallie Belle Gwinn
8 Kelly Ann Stratton b: 3 Jul 1961 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Steven Edward Stratton b: 26 Mar 1964 in Beckley, Raleigh Co WV
8 Jeffrey Scott Stratton b: 26 Mar 1964 in Beckley, Raleigh Co WV
8 Kristina Lynn Stratton b: 13 Oct 1970
7 William Earnest Van Camp b: 26 Nov 1942 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Linda L Lemon b: 15 Mar 1947 m: 1 Jul 1966 in Cross Lanes, Kanawha Co WV Father: R L Lemon Mother: Beatrice Viola Withrow
8 Melissa Van Camp b: 25 Apr 1970 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 William E Van Camp b: 31 May 1974 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Kenneth Eugene Van Camp b: 3 Apr 1945 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Donna Lou Lemon b: 22 Oct 1946 in Kanawha Co WV m: 29 Nov 1968 Father: Vernon O'Dell Lemon Mother: Opal Anis Lucas
8 Janel Rae Van Camp b: 1 Nov 1971 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Chastity Nicol Van Camp b: 4 Jun 1974 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Donald Keith Van Camp b: 5 May 1953 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Shirley Jane Wills b: 5 Oct 1956 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV m: 3 Apr 1976 Father: Edwin Kenna Wills Mother: Alice Jo Covey
8 Sarah Van Camp
6 George Franklin Waugh b: 28 Feb 1923 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Billie Jane Brannon b: 9 Jul 1930 in Glenville WV m: 19 Mar 1949 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV Father: Hamilton Carr Brannon Mother: Effie Mae Reed
7 Rodney Franklin Waugh b: 22 Mar 1955
+Judy Schiltz m: 15 Aug 1982 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Penny Lynn Waugh b: 7 Dec 1961 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Allen Unknown
8 Joey Waugh
5 Maude Waugh b: Abt. 1893 d: 4 Jul 1924

+John Jarvis
3 Emma Waugh b: Abt. 1895 d: 1972
+Raleigh Maddox Father: George G Maddox Mother: Mary Casto
4 Mary Emily "Emma" Waugh b: 1850 d: 1919 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Fairview Cemetery, Parchment
+William G "Bill" Hickel b: 1847 in Braxton Co VA m: 2 Aug 1866 in Jackson Co WV Father: George W Hickle Mother: Nancy M Oldham
3 George Arthur Hickel b: 1866
+Nora B Parsons m: 26 Jul 1888 in Jackson Co WV
3 George W Hickel b: 7 May 1867
+Unknown Casto Father: Benjamin Casto
3 Bertha M Hickel b: 1869
+James L Winter m: 5 Jan 1888 in Jackson Co WV
3 Charles Hickel b: 19 Sep 1871
3 Odessa "Dee" Hickel b: 1873
3 Henrietta Hickel b: 19 Sep 1875 in Jackson Co WV
+James J Atkinson b: in Putnam Co WV m: 3 Oct 1901 in Jackson Co WV
3 Cordia E Hickel b: 26 Nov 1884
4 Samuel Gilbert Arthur Waugh b: 8 Apr 1853 in Jackson Co VA d: 28 Oct 1932 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle
+Elizabeth Ann Brotherton b: 1 Jul 1859 in Giles Co VA m: 30 Sep 1875 in Jackson Co WV d: 11 Aug 1948 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle Father: John W Brotherton Mother: Maria S Unknown
3 Alona "Dora" Waugh b: 1876 d: 1882 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle
3 Felicia Dorothi Waugh b: 26 Jan 1878 d: 31 Aug 1963
+James Madison "Matt" Buckalew, Jr b: 1871 in Jackson Co WV m: 7 Dec 1907 in Jackson Co WV d: 16 Sep 1916 Father: James Madison Buckalew, Sr Mother: Louisa Bonnett
4 Della Raul "Daisy" Buckalew
4 Dixie Elizabeth Buckalew b: Abt. 1910
+Lester Duff b: 1 Jan 1905 m: 20 Jun 1936 in Jackson Co WV d: Oct 1975 in Mason, Mason Co WV
4 Ira Edgar Buckalew
4 [138] Marie Buckalew b: 23 Jun 1911 d: 28 Mar 1998 in Point Pleasant, Mason Co WV
+[139] Henry Clay Landfried b: 4 Jan 1906 m: 13 Aug 1930 in Jackson Co WV d: 23 Oct 1977 Father: George McClelland Landfried Mother: Nancy Anna Parsons
5 [140] Henry "Hank" Landfried b: 23 Jul 1931 d: 5 Aug 1981 in Lancaster, Fairfield Co OH
+[141] Kathryn Shaw
6 [142] Marleen Landfried
6 [143] Bryon Landfried
6 [144] Michael Landfried
4 Madison Ray Buckalew b: 5 Mar 1917 d: Aug 1987 in FL
3 Edith "Edie" Waugh b: 1880 d: 1882 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle
3 Amy Waugh b: Abt. 1882
+Jesse M Bass b: Abt. 1888 m: 31 Oct 1909 in Jackson Co WV Father: William H Bass Mother: Mary J Unknown
4 Mary Bass b: Abt. 1910 d: 12 Jan 1914 in Jackson Co WV
4 May Bass
4 Clair Bass
4 Axel Bass
3 [145] William O'Connor Waugh b: 7 Jan 1884 in Jackson Co WV d: 1 Aug 1917 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle, Jackson Co WV
+[146] Hattie A Harrison b: 20 Jul 1889 in Jackson Co WV m: 26 Jun 1911 in Jackson Co WV d: Jun 1981 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH Father: Obediah B Harrison Mother: Clara Parsons
3 Webster Wadsworth Waugh b: 26 Feb 1886 in Kenna, Jackson Co WV d: Aug 1964 in OH
+Ida/Iva/Ina Myrtle Maddox b: Abt. 1890 m: 9 May 1915 in Given, Jackson Co WV Father: Charles Green Maddox Mother: Delilah Belle Hill
3 Clovis Edgar Waugh b: 1888 d: 1905 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle
3 Minnie Waugh b: Abt. 1890 in Jackson Co WV
+Lloyd Crane b: Abt. 1885 in Jackson Co WV m: 31 Oct 1909 in Jackson Co WV
3 Lillie Mae Waugh b: 1892 in Jackson Co WV d: 1970
+Holly Howard Parsons b: 29 Nov 1883 in Parkersburg, Wood Co WV m: 15 Jun 1913 in Jackson Co WV d: Nov 1968 in Parkersburg, Wood Co WV Father: William Quincey Parsons Mother: Minerva Jane Sayre
3 Clarmont Howard Waugh b: Abt. 1894 in Jackson Co WV
3 Harry Waugh b: Abt. 1895 in Jackson Co WV
+Fannie Evans b: Abt. 1897 m: 11 Oct 1919 in Jackson Co WV Father: James Edward Evans Mother: Sarah Litton
3 Beulah Waugh b: Abt. 1898 in Jackson Co WV
3 Bernice Waugh b: 1901 d: in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle

*2nd Wife of Arthur Waugh
+Martha Harrison b: Abt. 1833
4 Virginia B Waugh b: Abt. 1855
+John J Jividen b: Abt. 1849 in Union District, Mason Co VA m: 28 Oct 1880 in Mason Co WV Father: John J Jividen Mother: Elsie Hill
4 Sarah Ann Waugh b: Abt. 1857
+James T Warner m: 11 Sep 1873 in Mason Co WV
4 Andrew Waugh b: Abt. 1858
4 Harry A Waugh
+Marietta Sanders m: 21 Feb 1895 in Mason Co WV
3 Mary Ann Waugh b: 27 Jan 1817 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 5 Sep 1887 in Cedar Twp, Lucas Co IA
+Reuben Buzzard, Sr b: Abt. 1817 in Stillington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV m: 21 Nov 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 17 Feb 1885 in Lucas Co IA Father: Reuben Buzzard, Sr Mother: Mary Susanna Edmiston
4 Mary Frances Buzzard b: Abt. 1842
+John Jennie Sims b: Abt. 1835 in Pendleton Co VA m: 18 Mar 1863 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Silas Sims Mother: Catherine Seybert
5 Rebecca J Sims b: Abt. 1864
5 Lucinda W Sims b: 8 Oct 1865
5 W C Sims b: 18 May 1868
5 Nebraska Sims b: 2 Apr 1872
5 Ralph H Sims b: 30 Dec 1873
5 William J Sims b: Abt. 1874
4 Samuel T Buzzard b: Oct 1843 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Sarah Ann Morrison b: Jul 1849 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 22 Sep 1870 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Thomas Morrison Mother: Sarah A Unknown
5 Reuben Buzzard b: Aug 1871
+Genevieve E Wells b: Oct 1867 in IA m: 1 Oct 1892 in Lucas, Lucas Co IA Father: Sidney Wells Mother: Sarah Unknown
6 Herman Wells
6 Hugh Wells
6 Ethel E Wells b: Aug 1893
6 Clarence E Wells b: Jul 1895
6 Carl D. Wells b: Aug 1897
6 Paul Herbert Wells b: 10 Feb 1900 in Lucas, Lucas Co IA d: 28 Mar 1963
+Genevieve Rose Smith b: 11 Jul 1902 in Ogden, Weber Co UT m: 11 Oct 1924 in Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie Co IA d: 10 Dec 1978 in Lee's Summit, Jackson Co MO
Father: Charles Henry Smith Mother: Mary Caroline Vaughn
7 Carolyn Rae Wells b: 8 Aug 1925 in Arcadia, Carroll Co IA
+Robert Duane Graff b: 1 Dec 1923 Father: Harold Lesley Graff Mother: Debra Doretta Dyke
8 Rebecca Lynne Graff b: 11 Oct 1956 in Wichita Falls, Wichita Co TX
+Gary Jason McCluskey m: 13 Aug 1977
9 Kristin Marie McCluskey b: 3 Dec 1981
9 Ryan Jason McCluskey b: 3 Dec 1983 in Mountrail Mill
9 Sean Michael McCluskey b: 13 Jun 1985 in Eagle Grove, Wright Co IA
8 Victoria Robert Graff b: 8 May 1961 in Robinsville, Emmet Co IA
8 Julie Ann Graff b: 30 Jul 1964 in Robinsville, Emmet Co IA
Mark Wedding m: Jul 1986
9 Alexander Ryan Wedding b: 2 Feb 1987 in Storm Lake, Buena Vista Co IA
+Jan Professor of Carolyn Rae Wells
7 Jan Freeman b: 26 Aug 1926 in Portland
Walter Lorenzo Wells b: 30 Sep 1900 in Des Moines, Polk Co IA
+Ida Theresa Hodgins b: 22 May 1902 in Rathbourne, Rathbourne Co IMD m: 8 Mar 1928 in Otis, Woodbury Co IA Father: James Thomas "Tommy" Phillips Mother: Theresa Ellen Rohan
8 Michael Lawrence Hodgins b: 30 Dec 1929 in Dublin, Dunsaverie, Rynalyn Islands, Japan

+Kelly Christ m: 7 Jan 1995 in Kansas City, Jackson Co MO
8 Christopher Kevin Hudgins b: 18 Mar 1962 in Altus, Jackson Co OK
+Deana Sue Rupe b: 18 Jan 1972 m: 13 Sep 1993 in Miami OK
7 Richard Paul Wells b: 18 Jan 1938 in Pocatello ID d: 27 Jan 1987 in Alexandria, Arlington Co VA, buried in Arlington
+Janice Dean Johnson b: 20 Oct 1937 in Huntington Park, Los Angeles Co CA Father: Charles William Johnson, Jr Mother: Margaret Ann Ridgeway
8 Kimberlee Dean Wells b: 3 Jan 1966 in Fort Ord, Monterey Co CA
8 Theresa Ann Wells b: 20 Aug 1968 in Fort Ord, Monterey Co CA
*2nd Wife of Richard Paul Wells:
+Rubilynn Drake m: Aft. 1984
7 Mary Margaret Wells b: 17 Oct 1942 in Algona, Kossuth Co IA
+John Frederick Spear b: 13 Jan 1943 in Lewiston ME m: 26 Feb 1965 in Bainbridge NAS, Bainbridge MD
8 Michelle Jennica Spear b: 19 Mar 1967 in Portsmouth VA
8 Suzanne Catherine Spear b: 1 Dec 1970 in Agana, Guam
5 Ira Buzzard b: Abt. 1873
5 Orena I Buzzard b: Abt. 1875
5 Oleta "Ollie" F Buzzard b: 15 May 1876
+Unknown Shull
5 Ovoca Buzzard b: Abt. 1879
+Manuel S Foster b: in Rapatee, Lucas Co IA Father: Manuel Foster Mother: Sarah Shockley
6 Glenn Foster
6 Sarah Cleo Foster
6 Blanche Foster
6 Carl Foster
6 Wilma Foster
5 Chloe L Buzzard b: Jul 1882
5 Nora M Buzzard b: Apr 1885
5 Fannie M Buzzard b: Dec 1887
5 Samuel H Buzzard b: Sep 1892
5 Carl Buzzard
6 Nelson Buzzard
+Eloise Unknown
5 Richard B Buzzard
4 Nancy Anne Buzzard b: 1847
4 Arthelia Anne Buzzard b: 8 Jul 1847 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co VA d: 18 Jan 1920 in Elkhart KS, buried in Elkhart Cemetery
+David G Roll b: 24 Jan 1844 in Hampson (Hanson?), Harrison Co IN m: 9 Feb 1870 in Albia, Monroe Co IA d: 6 Dec 1906 Father: Warren Larue Roll Mother: Malissa B Askens
5 Samuel Michael Roll b: 7 Dec 1870 in Nodaway, Andrew Co MO d: 21 Jun 1930 in Florence, Marion Co KS, buried in Elkhart Cemetery, Elkhart, Morton Co KS
5 Anna Melissa "Annie" Roll b: 24 Jan 1872 in Albia, Monroe Co IA d: 27 Jan 1944 in Glasco, Cloud Co KS
+Frank Lincoln Steele b: 18 Apr 1871 m: 8 Mar 1892 d: 19 Jul 1961 in Glasco, Cloud Co KS
6 Hazel Pearl Steele b: 25 Jan 1893 in Glasco, Cloud Co KS
+Loyal Everley m: 29 Jul 1914 in Cloud Co KS
6 Estie Viola Steele
6 Estelle Violet Steele
6 Julius Ernest Steele b: 4 Nov 1898 d: Nov 1978 in Hutchinson, Reno Co KS
6 Thelma Urania Steele
6 Doris Prudence Steele
6 Davis Shepherd Steele
6 Benjamin Franklin Steele
5 Lily Roll b: 5 Mar 1874 d: 17 Mar 1881
5 George Taylor Roll b: 11 Mar 1876 d: 26 Jan 1943
+Mina Dell Moore b: 19 Oct 1882 in Meredith Twp, Cloud Co KS m: 15 Jan 1912 in Clay Center, Clay Co KS d: 10 Feb 1942 in Concordia, Cloud Co KS
6 Max Roll b: 25 Sep 1921 d: 25 Sep 1921
5 Mary Edith Roll b: 14 Nov 1878 in Concordia, Cloud Co KS d: 19 Feb 1932 in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Co OK, buried in Elkhart Cemetery, Elkhart Morton Co KS
+Burt Gentry Acheson b: 4 Jun 1877 in Madison Co IA m: 11 Apr 1900 d: 1937 in KS Father: Nathaniel Acheson Mother: Nancy Gentry
6 Lota Elsie Acheson b: 16 Apr 1901 in KS d: 17 Jan 1994 in Alameda Co CA
+Unknown Sloan
6 Walter Raymon Acheson
6 Alma Juanita Acheson b: 15 Sep 1907 in Elkhart, Morton Co KS d: 25 Jan 1972 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
+Norman Dennis Seiler b: 4 Apr 1908 in Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co OH m: in Dodge City, Ford Co KS d: 30 Apr 1967 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
7 Roy Dennis "Denny" Seiler b: 14 Jan 1932 in Hugoton, Stevens Co KS d: 8 Sep 1999 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV, buried in Woodlawn Cemetery
+Dorothy Lee Durham b: 9 Apr in MO
8 Michael Stanley Embler Seiler b: 4 Apr 1952
+Jackie Unknown m: in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Sherry Lynn Seiler b: 2 Jul 1956 in Santa Ana, Orange Co CA
+Brian St Peters m: in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Teresa Lee Seiler b: 23 Jul 1959 in Santa Ana, Orange Co CA
+Allen Heinle
8 Suzanne Denise "Susie" Seiler b: Aug 1963 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
+Tony Marino m: in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
7 Winston Lee Seiler b: 4 Jun 1934 d: 14 Jun 1993 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
7 Carl Frederick Seiler b: 3 Mar 1937 d: May 1996 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
7 Norman Neal Seiler b: 28 Apr 1939
+Juanita Lottie Younce b: in Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co OH
7 Karen Juanita Seiler b: 15 Jan 1941 in Great Bend, Barton Co KS
+Kenneth Dale Scott b: 10 May 1930 in Hugo, Choctaw Co OK m: 4 Mar 1967 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Duane Andrew Scott b: 28 Apr 1969
8 Reesa Ann Scott b: 4 Apr 1971
7 Linda Jean Seiler b: 30 Nov 1950 in Hutchinson, Reno Co KS
+Douglas George Pierson b: 24 Jun 1951 in Albion, Calhoun Co MI m: 11 Nov 1972 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV Father: George Pierson Mother: Dorothy Woodward
8 Sean Travis Pierson b: 29 May 1976 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Andrew Norman Pierson b: 6 May 1980 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
6 Orpheus Nathaniel Acheson b: 22 Oct 1913 d: 7 Jul 1942 in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Co OK, buried in Memorial Park Cemetery
5 Julia Elima Roll b: 29 Sep 1881 d: 26 Oct 1967 in El Monte, Los Angeles Co CA
+Charles Spooner b: 30 May 1882 in IL m: 20 Jan 1906 d: 25 Feb 1965 in CA
6 Elsie Spooner
6 Jack C Spooner b: 18 Mar 1918 in Riverside Co CA d: 23 Feb 1990 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA
5 Benjamin Franklin "Rolsey" Roll b: 14 Oct 1884 d: 24 Jan 1961
+Agnes Abby Wilkins b: 16 Aug 1895 m: 3 May 1911 d: 18 Apr 1978 in Elkhart, Morton Co KS
6 Harvey Dale Roll
+Geraldine Wares
*2nd Wife of Harvey Dale Roll:
+Betty Roland
6 Lorene Lillian Roll
6 Neal Taylor Roll
6 Winey Arthelia Roll
6 Audrey Faye Roll
6 Myrtle Nadine Roll
6 Erlene Agnes Roll
5 John L Roll b: 6 Jun 1885
5 Maud Malvina "Vivey" Roll b: 13 Feb 1887 in KS d: 1 Jul 1959 in Los Angeles Co CA, buried in Elkhart Cemetery, Elkhart, Morton Co KS
+Joseph McKenna b: 2 Mar 1879 in Rock Co KS m: 9 Feb 1910 in Hill City, Graham Co KS d: 22 Oct 1919
6 Alva Dow "Mac" McKenna b: 30 Dec 1910 d: 11 Apr 1990
6 Wanda McKenna
6 Arthelia McKenna b: 9 May 1917 d: 23 May 1991 in Langley, Island Co WA
+Unknown Howard
7 Sandra Howard

5 Charles Wilbur Roll b: 26 Dec 1889 in Concordia, Cloud Co KS d: 21 May 1951 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Della May Norton b: 1888 m: 21 May 1912 d: 1952
6 Thelma May Turner Roll
6 Lenna Roll b: 15 Oct 1915 d: Aug 1987 in Elkhart, Morton Co KS
6 Leonard D Roll b: 22 Mar 1917 in KS d: 19 Dec 1996 in Los Angeles Co CA
6 Crystal Roll
6 Elvera Roll
6 Eunice Roll
6 Lee Roll
6 Norraine Roll
4 Adolphus Dow Buzzard b: 16 Mar 1854 in Hills, Pocahontas Co VA d: 30 Apr 1931 in North Bend OR
+Louisa Susannah Bingaman b: Apr 1862 in Cole, Monroe Co IA m: Abt. 1880 Father: Christian Bingaman Mother: Amanda Ann Collins
5 Walter Lawrence Buzzard b: 29 Sep 1886 in Ole, Lucas Co IA d: 1970 in North Bend OR
+Alpha Jane Carpenter m: 28 Nov 1912 in Enterprise OR
4 Rachel J Buzzard b: 16 Dec 1855 in Thorny Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
3 Rachel Jane Waugh b: 14 Jun 1818 d: 23 Aug 1837
3 Ann Waugh b: 1819 d: 1847
3 Jacob Waugh b: 4 Feb 1820 d: 27 May 1893 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+Sarah Ann Gay b: 10 Aug 1831 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 21 Dec 1848 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 14 Dec 1861 in Barbour Co VA, buried in Fairview Cemetery near Arden Father: Samuel M Gay
Mother: Alice "Alsey" Cackley
4 Embry A J Waugh b: Abt. Mar 1850
+Sarah Jane Miller m: 2 May 1877 in Barbour Co WV
5 Bertha Waugh b: Abt. 1879
5 Waldo B Waugh d: 15 Feb 1953 in Lutz FL, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Blanche Freeman
5 Jacob Waugh
5 Nathan Waugh b: 10 Dec 1883 d: Jul 1966 in Moatsville, Barbour Co WV
+Mottie Unknown b: 18 Sep 1899 d: Sep 1978 in Moatsville, Barbour Co WV
5 Everett Otto Waugh b: 19 Jan 1893 d: Dec 1975 in Grafton, Taylor Co WV
+Pearl Gladys Myers b: 10 Oct 1898 in Moatsville, Barbour Co WV m: 19 Oct 1919 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV d: Nov 1977 in Grafton, Taylor Co WV Father: George W Myers Mother: Idella Permelia Summers
6 Doris Dell Waugh b: 17 Mar 1925 in Grafton, Taylor Co WV
+Swain Leonard Wallard m: 19 Oct 1944 in San Luis Obispo CA
7 Linda Gail Wallard b: 20 Nov 1948 in Philippi, Barbour Co WV
5 Oscar Waugh b: 25 Jul 1894 d: 15 May 1966 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
4 Hannah M Waugh b: Abt. 1852 in VA
+Armistead Combes b: 5 Jun 1846 in Mathias, Hardy Co VA m: 11 May 1872 in Barbour Co WV d: 12 Jul 1921 in buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft, Pocahontas Co WV Father: Charles Combes Mother: Priscilla Claypole
5 Cora Combes b: Abt. 1873
5 Florence Combes b: Abt. 1875
5 Jacob T Combes b: Abt. 1879
4 Samuel D Waugh b: 1 Dec 1854
+Sallie H Gay m: 18 Feb 1883 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Alsey Ann Waugh b: Abt. 1857
4 Isham Waugh
*2nd Wife of Jacob Waugh:
+Margaret A Carrington b: 15 Dec 1839 in Fauqier Co VA m: 18 Feb 1864 in Barbour Co WV d: 4 Oct 1906 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft Father: W G Carrington Mother: Arah A Unknown
4 Robert I Waugh b: Abt. 1866
4 Elizabeth O Waugh b: Abt. 1869
3 Beverly Hugh Waugh b: 16 Apr 1822 d: 1889
+Martha Ann Bradshaw b: Abt. 1825 m: 21 Aug 1845 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: William Bradshaw
4 Alice M "Allie" Waugh b: 1849 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 20 Jul 1887 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV
+Kenny O Wade b: Abt. 1849 in VA m: 3 Mar 1868 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Stewart Wade Mother: Susan Unknown
5 William H Wade b: Abt. 1869
5 Male Infant Wade b: 25 Feb 1871 in Pocahontas CO WV d: 25 Mar 1871 in Pocahontas CO WV
5 Male Infant Wade b: Abt. May 1887 in Pocahontas CO WV d: 18 Aug 1887 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV
4 John Ezra Waugh b: 19 Aug 1852 d: 26 Jun 1924 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mt View Cemetery
+Mary Josephine Hill b: 4 Aug 1855 in Hillsboro m: 15 Dec 1874 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Oct 1932 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mt View Cemetery Father: George Hill Mother: Nancy Jordan
5 Lucy E Waugh b: Abt. 1875
+Unknown Graves
5 Lee H Waugh b: 15 Jan 1877 in Little Levels, Pocahontas Co WV
5 George Beverly Waugh b: 29 Sep 1878 in Little Levels, Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Apr 1968 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Mary Ellen Merritt b: 26 Feb 1884 m: 25 Dec 1901 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 17 Dec 1972 Father: William Addison Merritt Mother: Hester Virginia Hipes
6 Ethel Virginia Waugh
+Alva A Johnson m: 22 Jun 1921
7 Mary Margaret Johnson b: 24 Jan 1922
7 Page Ward Johnson b: 2 Aug 1923
7 Edward O'Neil Johnson b: 25 Jun 1925
7 George Franklin Johnson b: 17 Jun 1927 in WV d: 25 Feb 1993 in Riverside Co CA
7 Elizabeth Ann Johnson b: 15 Aug 1931
7 Alva Author Johnson b: 15 Nov 1934
7 Jean Carrol Johnson b: 2 Dec 1944
6 William Lloyd Waugh d: Bef. Aug 1993
+Fannie P Gibson b: 29 Jan 1906 m: 7 Aug 1928 d: 29 Dec 1994 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
7 Hubert Lee Waugh b: 21 May 1929
7 William Lloyd, Jr b: 16 Aug 1931
6 Grace Pearl Waugh
+Eldridge B McCormack/McCormick m: 3 Jun 1929 d: 17 Dec 1958
6 [147] Noble Glenn Waugh b: 12 Sep 1909 in near Renick, Pocahontas Co WV d: Apr 1982 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+[148] Henrietta Pocahontas "Pokey" Grimes b: 18 Oct 1910 m: 1 Oct 1930 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 Oct 1976 Father: Henry Hayes Grimes Mother: Ada Virginia Turner
7 [149] Harlan Faye Waugh b: 24 Jul 1946
+[150] Unknown Given
6 James Russell Waugh b: 26 May 1912 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 24 Apr 1971
+Ernestine Adaline Dill b: 11 Jun 1913 m: 24 Dec 1934 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Ernest Orville Dill Mother: Rosa Bell Sassabaugh
7 Rose Ellen Waugh b: 19 Mar 1952 in Bartow, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Mary Madaline Waugh d: Bef. Aug 1993
+Eugene Wisner m: 8 Feb 1946
7 Pamela Sue Wisner b: 8 Aug 1949
6 Minnie Elizabeth Waugh b: 7 Jan 1918 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Aug 1993 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Robert Glenn Shrader b: 29 Dec 1911 in WV d: 15 Dec 1962
7 Patricia Ann Shrader b: 5 Sep 1938 d: 8 Sep 1938
7 Sharon Roberta Shrader b: 17 Aug 1949
+Unknown Hudson
5 William M "Willie" Waugh b: Dec 1878
5 Lillie Waugh d: 1923
+Unknown Bush
5 Lewis Waugh
+Unknown Taylor
5 A E Waugh
5 Samuel Lloyd Waugh b: 2 Mar 1887 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV
+Sallie Alice Tallman m: 1911
6 Mildred Waugh
+Ivan Gainer b: 10 Oct 1910 d: 3 Dec 1981 Father: Wheeler Gainer Mother: Nora Arvilla Kelly

5 John Waugh
5 Clyde C Waugh
4 Margaret J Waugh b: 7 Jul 1859
mes Waugh, Jr b: 1 Apr 1782 d: 19 Mar 1831 in Bath Co VA d: 26 Jul 1867 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: John McGuire Mother: Elizabeth Cottle
Rebecca McGuire b: 4 Sep 1785 in PA m: 16 Oct 1804 in Bath Co VA d: 21 Sep 1900 in Williams, Colusa Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA
3 Lorenzo Dow "Ranzy" Waugh b: 18 Aug 1808 in Bath Co VA d: 21 Sep 1900 in Williams, Colusa Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA
+Clarissa Jane Edsall b: 20 Feb 1826 in near Mansfield, Richland Co OH m: 1841 in Cedar Co MO d: 6 Aug 1887 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA Father: John Edsall
4 John J Waugh b: Bet. 1842 - 1843 in Jefferson City, Cole Co MO d: Aft. Aug 1887
5 James Albert Waugh b: 20 Sep 1870 in San Luis Obispo Co CA d: 11 Nov 1870 in San Luis Obispo Co CA
4 William B T Waugh b: 23 Jul 1844 in near Hermon, Montgomery Co MO d: 19 May 1894 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA
+Candace Ann Jenner b: 22 Jul 1848 in Lake Co WI m: 25 Dec 1867 in San Francisco CA (divorced 1889) Father: Elijah Kirkham Jenner Mother: Ann Jane Milby
5 Franklin Carpenter "Frank" Waugh d: Bef. Mar 1946
+Anna "Annie" Stahman b: 15 Apr 1877 m: 10 Apr 1892 in San Francisco CA d: 1 Jan 1948 in San Francisco Co CA Father: Albert Stahmann Mother: Sophie Wrobioff
6 Louise Gladys Waugh b: 16 Dec 1893 in CA d: 6 Apr 1947 in Oakland, Alameda Co CA
+Paul Henry Leroux b: 27 Nov 1886 in CA d: 11 Dec 1972 in Contra Costa Co CA
7 Jack R Leroux b: 13 Oct 1923 in Lao Angeles Co CA d: 17 Sep 1993 in San Francisco Co CA
7 Louise Jeanne Leroux b: 24 Oct 1925 in Sonoma Co CA
5 Nellie C Waugh b: 26 May 1869 in San Luis Obispo, San Luis Obispo Co CA d: 23 Mar 1946 in Penngrove, Sonoma Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma
+Bernard J Sylva m: 30 Aug 1891 in San Francisco CA d: Bef. 1935
6 Bernard Sylva
+Audrey Luckhardt b: 5 Jul 1904 in Canada d: 31 Mar 1990 in San Mateo Co CA Father: Unknown Luckhardt Mother: Unknown Squires
7 Audrey Sylva b: 13 May 1925 in San Francisco Co CA
+Donald McMillan b: 8 Jun 1925
8 Michael Dwaine McMillan b: 5 Apr 1945 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Dennis McMillan b: 5 Apr 1951 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Russell James McMillan b: 21 Apr 1953 in Santa Clara Co CA
6 Hazel Irene Sylva b: 5 Jun 1893 in CA d: 7 Apr 1973 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery
+Wesley Alfred Gillette b: 20 May 1884 in NY d: 14 Oct 1944 in San Francisco Co CA, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery
7 Wesley Glen Gillette b: 21 Jul 1913 in San Francisco Co CA d: 18 Aug 1986 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA, buried at Cypress Hill Memorial Park
+Annette Wolff
8 Darlene Gillette b: 20 Apr 1942 in San Francisco Co CA
+Unknown Klimowski
9 Stacy L Klimowski b: 16 Jun 1962 in Sonoma Co CA
9 Mark S Klimowski b: 28 Jul 1965 in Sonoma Co CA
9 Valerie J Klimowski b: 3 Jul 1969 in Marin Co CA
8 Hazel Rosalie Gillette b: 29 Dec 1944 in San Francisco Co CA
+Unknown Elza
7 Kenneth Sherwood Gillette b: 5 Jul 1918 in San Francisco Co CA d: 8 Aug 1953 in San Francisco Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA
+Norma Taylor
8 Kenneth Sherwood Gillette, Jr b: 2 Dec 1942 in San Francisco Co CA
+Marilyn G Garloff b: Abt. 1943 m: 3 Nov 1962 in Sonoma Co CA
9 Stephen K Gillette b: 10 May 1964 in Calaveras Co CA
9 Kenneth G Gillette b: 3 Oct 1965 in San Joaquin Co CA
8 Sue Ellen Gillette b: 13 Jan 1946 in Santa Clara Co CA
+Edgar O Pittsenbarg b: Abt. 1939 m: 6 Apr 1968 in Yolo Co CA
8 Candace Ann Gillette b: 15 Dec 1951 in Napa Co CA
+James E Thompson b: Abt. 1952 m: 16 Jun 1973 in Yolo Co CA
*2nd Husband of Candace Ann Gillette:
+John Nicholas Galiotto b: 2 Jan 1944 in Santa Clara Co CA m: 26 Nov 1983 in Yolo Co CA Mother: Unknown Matera
7 William Edgar "Billie" Gillette b: 16 Nov 1925 in San Francisco Co CA
+Elsie B Buerfeind b: 2 Mar 1930 m: 25 Jun 1950 in Marin Co CA Father: Unknown Buerfeind Mother: Unknown Alpers
8 Robert William Gillette b: 26 Jul 1951 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Jacqueline Gillette b: 20 Dec 1953 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Renee Gillette b: 13 Mar 1957 in San Francisco Co CA
*2nd Husband of Hazel Irene Sylva:
+Bowman Blanchard b: 11 May 1879 in MO m: Bef. Mar 1946 in (divorced before Dec 1951) d: 3 Mar 1963 in San Jose, Santa Clara Co CA Father: George Bowman Blanchard Mother: Emeline Payne
*3rd Husband of Hazel Irene Sylva:
+Juan M Aguirre b: 27 Feb 1895 in CA m: 11 Dec 1951 in Sonoma Co CA d: 13 Jan 1961 in Napa Co CA Father: Martin Aguirre Mother: Adeline Lebeau
5 Edwin Bernard Waugh b: 20 May 1874 in Cloverdale, Sonoma Co CA d: 5 Oct 1956 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, San Mateo?
+Elizabeth Theresa "Lilly" Kiernan b: 13 Dec 1874 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA m: Feb 1895 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA d: 17 Dec 1952 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery Father: Unknown Kiernan Mother: Unknown Hazlett
6 Florence Gertrude Waugh b: 16 Dec 1895 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA d: 9 Jun 1946 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA
+James John Campbell b: 21 Apr 1893 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA m: 28 Nov 1918 d: 10 Mar 1962 in Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co CA, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery Father: Francis Campbell Mother: Margaret McCormick
7 George J Campbell b: 6 Mar 1920 in San Francisco Co CA
7 Evelyn T Campbell b: 3 Oct 1921 in San Francisco Co CA
+Unknown Gray
6 William B Waugh b: 23 Jan 1899 in San Francisco Co CA
+Eva Mary Kayser b: 23 Sep 1901 in CA d: 3 Sep 1952 in San Francisco Co CA
7 Eleanor Vivian Waugh b: 30 Apr 1925 in San Francisco Co CA
+Richard D Wells b: Abt. 1923 m: 22 Oct 1952 in Stanislaus Co CA
8 Teron A Wells b: 20 Jul 1969 in Alameda Co CA
7 William C Waugh b: 8 Dec 1929 in San Francisco Co CA
+Nelly Rocha b: Abt. 1931 m: 28 May 1955 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Philip E Waugh b: 29 Sep 1961 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA
*2nd Wife of William B Waugh:
+Elizabeth Sanguinetti
6 Lawrence J Waugh b: 14 Dec 1898 in CA d: 7 Sep 1948 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA
6 George Francis Waugh b: 3 Oct 1903 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA d: 12 Jul 1964 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA, buried in St. Mary's Cemetery
+Ruth Clare Roderick b: 20 Aug 1908 in Amarillo, Potter Co TX m: 4 Aug 1929 d: 9 Jun 1991 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA Father: Unknown Roderick Mother: Unknown McShan
7 David George Waugh b: 10 Sep 1930 in San Luis Obispo Co CA
7 Thomas Roderick Waugh b: 14 Jul 1934 in San Luis Obispo Co CA d: Bef. Jul 1964
7 Richard Charles Waugh b: 2 Jul 1936 in San Luis Obispo Co CA
+Susan L "Sue" Hackett b: Abt. 1946 m: 14 Jun 1970 in Sacramento Co CA
8 Kenneth E Waugh b: 6 Oct 1971 in Sacramento Co CA
5 Lorenzo Waugh b: Abt. Jul 1875 d: 20 Sep 1876 in Sonoma Co CA
5 Clarissa Jane Waugh b: 22 May 1879 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA d: 16 Mar 1965 in Santa Clara Co CA (hospital), buried in Los Gatos Memorial Park
+Axel William Stridde b: 2 Aug 1866 in Sweden m: 7 Mar 1900 in Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co CA d: 12 Jun 1944 in Sonoma Co CA, buried at IOOF Cemetery Father: Carl Wilhelm Stridde Mother: Maria Charlotta Gustavsson
6 Candace Stridde b: 6 Jan 1902 in Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co CA d: Jul 1986 in Woodland, Cowlitz Co WA
+Unknown Baldwin
4 Henry Clay Waugh b: 20 Jul 1848 in MO d: 23 Apr 1912 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
+Amanda Elizabeth Cox b: 14 Nov 1854 m: 3 Oct 1875 in Mendocino Co CA d: 7 Jun 1912 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah Father: John Cox, Jr Mother: Mary Ann Neil
5 Frederick Hinell Waugh b: 2 Nov 1876 d: 6 Nov 1931 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
+Annie Elizabeth Palmer b: 22 Oct 1878 in Healdsburg, Sonoma Co CA d: 11 Jan 1952 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah Father: Unknown Palmer Mother: Mary Cook
6 Georgia May Waugh b: 6 Jul 1898 d: 16 Jul 1898 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
6 Ethel Estella Waugh b: 3 Oct 1904 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA d: 14 Feb 1994 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery
+Wallace Alvin "Pete" Gorman b: 31 Mar 1896 in CA m: 1922 d: 7 Jul 1978 in Talmage, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery Father: Unknown Gorman
7 Betty Anne Gorman b: 7 Sep 1923 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA d: 26 May 1983 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery
+Gerald Glenn "Jerry" Taylor b: 22 Mar 1924 in Berkeley, Alameda Co CA d: 13 Oct 1997 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery

8 Bruce Richard Taylor b: 10 Jun 1951 in Mendocino Co CA d: 20 Aug 1995 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
9 Samantha Taylor b: Bef. May 1983
9 Izra Blake Taylor b: Aft. May 1983
8 Patrick Glenn Taylor b: 20 Sep 1954 in Mendocino Co CA
7 Wallace Alvin "Wally" German, Jr b: 18 Feb 1927 in Mendocino Co CA
+Laura J Bartolomei b: Abt. 1929 m: 30 Oct 1949 in Mendocino Co CA
8 Gregory Michael German b: 12 Dec 1954
8 Roger W German b: 3 Aug 1957
7 John Richard "Jack" German b: 15 Jul 1929 in Mendocino Co CA
+Donna L Murray b: Abt. 1933 m: 15 Jun 1952 in San Francisco Co CA
6 Frederick Clay Waugh b: 9 Aug 1912 in Mendocino Co CA d: 1931 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
6 Frances Kathleen Waugh b: 15 Sep 1914 in Mendocino Co CA
+George Lloyd Kneeland b: 16 Jul 1913 in CA m: 1936 in Mendocino Co CA d: 15 Jul 1977 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Evergreen Memorial Gardens
7 Betty Kay Kneeland b: 31 May 1938 in Mendocino Co CA
+Unknown Nelson
8 James D "Jim" Nelson b: 14 Dec 1958 in Mendocino Co CA
8 Linda K Nelson b: 25 Oct 1961 in Mendocino Co CA
5 Mary Jane "Mae" Waugh b: 29 Dec 1877 in CA d: 5 May 1974 in San Leandro, Alameda Co CA, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland
+Unknown Allen
5 Henry James Waugh b: 17 May 1880 in CA d: 6 Sep 1961 in Kern Co CA
5 Carrie Estella Waugh b: 21 Feb 1884 in CA d: 17 Dec 1960 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
+Benson Joseph "Ben" Edwards b: 9 Jul 1883 in CA d: 3 Sep 1948 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
5 Lawrence Aten Waugh b: 15 Sep 1893 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA d: 3 May 1962 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
+Clara Unknown
5 X Waugh (perhaps Henry James Waugh)
+Stella Cordelia Kunzler b: 5 Jul 1885 in Point Arena, Mendocino Co CA d: 10 Sep 1966 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah Father: Unknown Kunzler
Mother: Martha Hutton
6 Harold E Waugh b: 2 Oct 1913 in Mendocino Co CA d: Bef. 1941
6 Robert F Waugh b: 23 Sep 1915 in Mendocino Co CA d: 1 Mar 1977 in Mendocino Co CA
6 Amy Jean Waugh b: 14 Apr 1918 in Mendocino Co CA d: Bef. 1941
+Unknown Dever
7 Laurence Anthony Dever b: 12 Mar 1941 in Marin Co CA
+Jenifer Ann Thompson b: 25 Feb 1946 in Alameda Co CA m: 5 Aug 1967 in Alameda Co CA Mother: Unknown Weir
8 Heather A Dever b: 12 Dec 1974 in Humboldt Co CA
7 Stella Veronica Dever b: 14 Oct 1945 in San Francisco Co CA
+Unknown Thompson
8 Aaron M Thompson b: 30 May 1972 in Monterey Co CA
8 Nicolle Erin Thompson b: 24 Oct 1988 in Los Angeles Co CA
4 Elizabeth D Waugh b: 20 Nov 1852 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA d: 26 Mar 1940 in Butte Co CA
+George A Allen d: Bet. 1909 - 1912
5 Horace L Allen b: 29 May 1873 in CA d: 26 May 1965 in San Francisco Co CA
5 Walter Holmes Allen b: 11 Jan 1881 in CA d: 22 Jun 1959 in Santa Clara Co CA (resident Imperial Co CA)
5 Mary Belle Allen b: 29 May 1890 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA d: 26 Apr 1983 in Biggs, Butte Co CA
+Hiram Dumont Millard b: 1 May 1888 d: 29 May 1958 in Butte Co CA Mother: Unknown Best
6 Hiram Dumont Millard, Jr b: 26 May 1913 in Sacramento Co CA
6 Harold Delwin Millard b: 1 Jul 1915 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA d: 4 Apr 1994 in Biggs, Butte Co CA, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, Alameda Co
+Gina Crawford
7 Harold Delwin Millard, Jr b: 1 Jun 1939 in Butte Co CA
+Arlene Joan Defelippo b: 13 Jul 1941 in San Francisco Co CA m: 26 Jul 1966 in San Francisco CA Father: Unknown Defelippo Mother: Unknown Pachello
4 Franklin Carpenter Waugh b: Abt. 1854 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA d: 20 Jan 1865 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA
3 Rachel Waugh b: Abt. 1809
+Frederick Fleming m: 18 Oct 1827 in Pocahontas Co VA
3 Elizabeth Waugh b: 1805 in VA d: Aft. 1870 in VA
+John Ratliff b: 1805 in Sunrise, Back Creek, Bath Co VA m: 13 Jul 1830 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Abt. 1851 in Highland Co VA Father: Martin Ratliff Mother: Mary Susannah Unknown
4 Eliza Jane Ratliff b: Abt. 1832 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA
+William D Kelly b: Abt. 1830 m: 10 Jul 1851 in Highland Co VA Mother: Ann Unknown
5 John Kelly b: Abt. 1851
5 Eliza R A Kelly b: Aug 1853
5 William A Kelly b: Apr 1855
5 Anna Kelly b: Feb 1857
5 Charles Emony Kelly b: Abt. 1858
+Eva Robintson
5 George E Kelly b: May 1859
5 James Kelly b: Apr 1861
4 William Allen Ratliff b: Abt. 1833 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA d: 11 Sep 1891 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Magdelina McAllister b: Abt. 1833 m: 3 Aug 1853 in Highland Co VA Father: John McAllister Mother: Catherine Unknown
5 Mary B Ratliff b: Jul 1854 in Highland Co VA
5 Charles Ratliff b: Aug 1860 in Highland Co VA
5 Unknown Ratliff b: Dec 1868
*2nd Wife of William Allen Ratliff:
+Sarah Jacobs b: Jun 1835 in VA m: Jun 1863 in Highland Co VA d: Aft. 1900
5 Newton Ratliff b: May 1867 in Highland Co VA
4 Elizabeth "Bettie" Ratliff b: Abt. 1834 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Lawrence Drinnin m: 18 Feb 1851 in Highland Co VA Father: John Drinnon Mother: Elizabeth Drinnon
5 Alcinda Drinnin b: 1852
+Seth Vansolcak b: 1843
5 Mary A Drinnin b: 1853
5 John Drinnin b: 17 Apr 1855
5 Alice Drinnin b: 1857
4 Isabella Ratliff b: Abt. 1837 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA d: Bef. 1860 in Highland Co VA
4 Sarah Susan Ratliff b: Abt. 1837 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA
+St Clair Turner m: 17 Sep 1857 in Highland Co VA
*2nd Husband of Sarah Susan Ratliff:
+James T Kelly m: 29 Jan 1863 in Highland Co VA
5 Uriah Kelly
+Sarah Ann Dean
4 Silas George Ratliff b: Bet. 1838 - 1842 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA d: 4 Apr 1927 in Shelby Co MO, buried in Bacon Cemetery
+Elizabeth McAllister b: 4 May 1839 in Rockbridge Co VA (or Bath Co VA) m: 31 Oct 1860 in Highland Co VA d: 16 Mar 1919 in Shelby Co MO Father: John McAllister Mother: Catherine Unknown
5 Jonas A Ratliff b: 1 Aug 1861
5 George Robert Ratliff b: 1864
5 Martha Ann Ratliff b: 29 Jan 1866
5 Mary A Ratliff b: 14 Jul 1868
5 William Marshall Ratliff b: 8 Oct 1870
5 Stephen Ratliff b: Mar 1873
5 Neallie Catherine Ratliff b: 4 Jul 1875
5 David Ernest Ratliff b: 8 Oct 1880
4 Giustia Ratliff b: Abt. 1845 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA
+Andrew Jackson Kelly b: Abt. 1835 m: 30 Mar 1865 in Highland Co VA Mother: Ann Kelly
5 Louisa Kelly b: 1866
5 Jeremiah B Kelly b: Mar 1874
5 Elizabeth Kelly b: Dec 1875
5 Gracie B Kelly b: Aug 1881
5 G Ann Kelly b: Dec 1887
4 Jacob Given Ratliff b: Oct 1847 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA d: 26 May 1931 in Monongalia Co WV, buried in Meadowdale Cemetery
+Harriet Kelly b: Abt. 1846 in Highland Co VA m: 28 May 1867 in Highland Co VA Mother: Ann Kelly

5 John S Ratliff b: 1869
5 Henry V Ratliff b: 1870
5 Laura Ratliff
5 Crawford Ratliff
5 Hetty Ratliff
*2nd Wife of Jacob Given Ratliff
+Susannah McCoy m: 21 Jul 1883 in Wirt Co WV Father: Matthew McCoy Mother: Susannah Taylor
5 Rebecca Ratliff b: May 1883
5 William Ratliff b: 2 Oct 1886
5 Edward Ratliff b: May 1890
5 Amos Ratliff b: May 1894
5 Oscar Crawford Ratliff b: 25 Mar 1897
5 Cecil Darrell Ratliff b: 2 Mar 1901
4 Archibald "Arch" Ratliff b: Abt. 1851 in Highland Co VA
+Elizabeth Griffin b: Abt. 1856 in Highland Co VA m: 16 Mar 1876 in Highland Co VA Father: John Griffin Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
5 William Ratliff b: Jan 1880
5 Susannah Ratliff b: Dec 1883
3 Nancy Waugh b: 1810 in VA
+Abraham Griffin b: 1810 in Bath Co VA m: 28 Oct 1828 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1880 in WV Father: Jonathan Griffin Mother: Rachel Sharp
4 Jonathan J Griffin b: Abt. 1829 in VA
+Lucinda Unknown
5 Morgan B Griffin b: Abt. 1851
5 William A Griffin b: Abt. 1859
5 George S Griffin b: Abt. 1867
5 Wishtaneesa Griffin b: Abt. 1869
4 Melinda Griffin b: Abt. 1831
4 Deana R Griffin b: Abt. 1836
+John Miller
4 Matthias Griffin b: Abt. 1842
4 Sarah Griffin b: Abt. 1844
+Unknown Harris
4 Margaret Griffin b: Abt. 1847
3 Jacob Waugh b: 8 Mar 1812 in Bath Co VA d: 13 Jul 1884 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+Mary Elizabeth Brown b: 13 Apr 1812 in Edray, Bath Co VA m: 14 Mar 1833 in Edray, Bath Co VA d: 29 Jan 1871 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery Father: Josiah Brown Mother: Jane "Jennie" Waddell
4 Brown Morgan Waugh b: 13 Sep 1833 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 29 Jul 1911 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Rice Cemetery, between Canaan and Eden
+Emily Rebecca Harris b: 3 Mar 1833 in near Richmond, Hanover Co VA m: 8 Jun 1854 in Upshur Co VA d: 23 Mar 1916 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Rice Cemetery, between Canaan and Eden Father: David Harris Mother: Elizabeth Grubb
5 [154] Jacob David Hamilton "Jake" Waugh b: 1 Jun 1855 in Upshur Co VA d: 10 Dec 1934 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden
+[153] Mary Elizabeth Helmick b: Jan 1858 in Barbour Co VA m: 9 Aug 1880 in Upshur Co WV d: 17 Sep 1925 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden Father: Silas D Helmick Mother: Lovena/Lavinia M Grimes
6 [155] Morgan Silas Waugh b: 13 Sep 1881 in Upshur Co WV d: Jul 1963
+[156] Rosa Ellen Rice b: Apr 1893 m: 15 Sep 1912 in Upshur Co WV d: 1960 Father: John William Rice Mother: Lourena Alice Haymond
7 [157] Violet Pearl Waugh b: 4 Oct 1916 d: Feb 1979 in Aliquippa, Beaver Co PA
+[158] Murray Duffie Haymond b: 15 Dec 1913 m: 22 Dec 1939 in Louisa Co KY d: 27 Jan 1997 in Aliquippa, Beaver Co PA
8 [159] Murray Clive Haymond b: 1 Nov 1949
+[160] Debra Ann Higgs b: 17 Oct 1952 m: 5 Jun 1973 in Kansas City MO
9 [161] Jeffrey David Haymond b: 3 May 1973
8 [162] Bonnie Rose Haymond b: 11 May 1952
+[163] Robert Martin Schmidt b: 30 Nov 1948 m: 26 May 1973
9 [164] Tommi Denea Schmidt b: 27 Sep 1975
9 [165] Robert Michael Schmidt b: 4 Feb 1977
8 [166] Dwain Nelson Haymond b: 28 Aug 1953
+[167] Donna Lee Higgs b: 16 Oct 1957 m: 18 Oct 1975 in Aliquippa PA
8 [168] Beverly Sue Haymond b: 14 Apr 1956
+[169] Daniel James Foxall b: 4 Dec 1951 m: 20 Jun 1974
9 [170] Heidi Lynn Foxall b: 26 Dec 1975
8 [171] Rodney Haymond
6 [172] Effie May Waugh b: 3 Jul 1883 in Upshur Co WV d: 30 Aug 1968 in Phillip, Barbour Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Gaines
+[173] Henry Columbus Powers b: 1 May 1870 in Lewis Co WV m: 15 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: 14 Apr 1954 in Eden, Upshur Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Gaines Father: Benoni Columbus Powers Mother: Polly Malinda Watson
7 [174] Ocie May Powers b: 25 Jun 1908 in Upshur Co WV
+[175] Elmer Gould b: 5 Aug 1902 in Randolph Co WV m: 4 Mar 1934 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 22 Apr 1987 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co VA
8 [176] Junior Gould b: 1935
+[177] Penny Strader
8 [178] Franklin Henry Gould b: 1938
+[179] Barbara Ann Snyder
8 [180] John Leroy Gould b: 1942
+[181] Lesa Rose Foster m: 31 Dec 1966 in Hampton, Upshur Co WV
9 [182] Michael O'Niel Gould b: 1967
9 [183] John Leroy Gould, Jr b: 1971
+[184] Jennifer Taylor
8 [185] Jimmy Allen Gould b: 1946
+[186] Karen Wilson
8 [187] Danny Rex Gould b: 1948
+[188] Karen Sue Hess
8 [189] Gary Joe Gould b: 1949 d: 6 Jun 1985
+[190] Carol Chidester
7 [191] Macil Alden Powers b: 24 Nov 1910 d: Jun 1953 in Upshur Co WV
+[192] Hazel Rice b: 14 May 1914 d: Sep 1992 in Rock Cave, Upshur Co WV
8 [193] Thurman Powers
7 [194] Delbert Clinton Powers b: 14 Mar 1913 d: Feb 1980 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
+[195] Tressie Kincaid b: 12 Sep 1917 d: 10 Jan 1994 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
7 [196] Della Ivo Powers b: 14 Jan 1916 d: 24 May 1988 in Galloway, Barbour Co WV
+[197] Ralph Gould b: 20 Apr 1905 d: 20 Jul 1974 in Galloway, Barbour Co WV
7 [198] Xenia Madeline Powers b: 17 Nov 1918
+[199] Olie Gregory b: 25 Sep 1912 d: 8 Sep 1991
7 [200] Charles Henry Powers b: 5 Nov 1920
+[201] Edna Quinn
*2nd Wife of [200] Charles Henry Powers
+[202] Alma Mott
7 [203] Donald Eugene Powers b: 2 Mar 1932 d: 23 May 1993
+[204] Mildred Quinn
6 [205] Foster Homer Waugh b: 4 Oct 1884 in Upshur Co WV d: Dec 1973 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+[206] Edith June Sines b: Abt. 1890 in Upshur Co VA m: 1 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV Father: Emmanuel Sines Mother: Laura E Withers
7 [207] Norman Waugh
7 [208] Elmo Waugh
7 [209] Celia Waugh
7 [210] Lola Waugh
7 [211] Gwendoline Waugh
7 [212] Eugene Waugh
7 [213] Herbert Waugh
7 [214] Donald Foster Waugh b: Abt. 1917 in Upshur Co WV
+[215] Iva Pearl Morrison b: 30 Mar 1920 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co VA m: 7 May 1938 in Upshur Co WV Father: Willis Wade Morrison Mother: Martha Alice Taylor
8 [216] Linda Jane Waugh b: 8 Jul 1941 in Sewickley, Allegheny Co PA

+[217] Larry Gilbert Vaught b: 1941 m: 2 Sep 1968 Father: Conrad Vaught Mother: May Morn
9 [218] Samuel Allen Vaught b: 16 Jun 1968 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [219] Joseph Edward Vaught b: 13 Feb 1970 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[220] Michelle Strader m: 12 Jul 1997 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [221] Janna Renea Vaught b: 17 Apr 1972 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[222] Brian Paige Rich b: 1971 m: 2 Sep 1994 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: Lloyd Rich Mother: Dorothy Mizell
10 [223] Jaric Shane Rich b: 20 Jul 1995 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
8 [224] Jerry Richard Waugh b: 23 Dec 1943 in Sewickley, Allegheny Co PA
+[225] Linda Rose Owen b: 1948 m: 9 Nov 1969 in Kershaftoe OH Father: Robert Owens Mother: Virginia McMillin
9 [226] Karmen Mashell Waugh b: 28 Oct 1969 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[227] Nathan Davis
10 [228] Nathaniel Lee Davis
*2nd Husband of [226] Karmen Mashell Waugh:
+[229] Patrick Andrews m: 6 Sep 1997 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [230] Kimberly Jo Waugh b: 30 Oct 1974
+[231] Stacy Stickley m: 3 Jul 1994 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [232] Kristy Elaine Waugh b: 4 Apr 1984
*2nd Wife of [205] Foster Homer Waugh:
+[233] Helena Mary Feolio b: 10 Apr 1923 in Lewis Co WV m: 10 Mar 1947 in Upshur Co WV d: Feb 1985 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Angelo Charles Feolio Mother: Mary Ritz
6 [234] Sylvester E Waugh b: 23 Dec 1886 in Upshur Co WV d: 21 Feb 1968 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+[235] Rosa E "Rosie" Lake b: 6 Aug 1895 in Webster Co WV m: 1 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1979 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Heavner Cemetery Father: Richard Lake
6 [236] Alva S Waugh b: 12 May 1889 in Upshur Co WV d: 22 Jan 1923 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Baxa Cemetery near Eden
+[237] Laura Pansey Miller b: 1899 in Upshur Co WV m: 15 Nov 1916 in Upshur Co WV d: 1997 in Harrison Co WV Father: J D Miller Mother: Victoria Unknown
7 [238] Ersal Waugh
6 [239] Dorsey E Waugh b: Apr 1892 d: 15 May 1894
6 [240] Asa Thomas Waugh b: 30 Mar 1896 d: 27 Nov 1970 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
+[241] Nellie Opal Morrison b: 2 Apr 1901 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Dec 1982 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery, Upshur Co WV Father: Willis Wade Morrison Mother: Martha Alice Taylor
6 [242] Porter P Waugh b: Jan 1898 in Upshur Co WV d: Aft. 1934
+[243] Irene Jackson b: 24 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV m: 27 Jul 1926 in Upshur Co WV d: 20 Jun 1997 in St Mary's, Pleasants Co WV Father: Irvin Jackson
6 [244] Densal Waugh b: 1900
*2nd Wife of [154] Jacob David Hamilton "Jake" Waugh:
+Bertha Gould b: 23 Nov 1858 in Upshur Co VA m: 3 Feb 1918 in Upshur Co WV d: 3 Dec 1918 in Upshur Co WV Father: Marshall Gould Mother: Celestia Perry
*3rd Wife of [154] Jacob David Hamilton "Jake" Waugh:
+Rebecca Ann Burdett b: Abt. 1866 in Roane Co WV m: 2 Feb 1921 Father: Lovel Burdett Mother: E Unknown
5 John Hensley Grubb Waugh b: 24 Sep 1856 in Upshur Co VA d: 1 May 1937
+Nancy Jane Fitzgerald b: Jul 1865 in Upshur Co VA m: 29 Aug 1887 in Upshur Co WV d: 1939
6 Audrey Mae Waugh b: 18 Jun 1888 d: 1959 in Upshur Co WV
+Albert Kautz b: 24 Oct 1882 d: Jun 1971 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
6 Edward Douglas Waugh b: 14 Apr 1890 d: 22 Oct 1917 in Upshur Co WV, buried Sago Cemetery, Sago
6 Della Blanche Waugh b: 12 Nov 1891 d: May 1964 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Charles Spurgeon Tenney b: 13 Apr 1892 in Tenmile, Upshur Co WV m: 4 Sep 1922 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1951 in Upshur Co WV Father: Samuel McCann Tenney Mother: Sarah Jane Van Camp
6 Luella Waugh b: 30 May 1893 d: 1 Mar 1974 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Taylor Johns b: 17 Jan 1885 d: Nov 1968 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
6 Lloyd Lee Waugh b: 9 Sep 1895 d: 15 Jul 1969 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery
+Leda Murl Kiddy b: 8 Dec 1896 in Upshur Co WV m: 31 Jul 1923 in Upshur Co WV d: 1936 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery Father: J Kiddy Mother: Mary Jane Sharp
7 James N Waugh b: 1924 d: 1944 in English Channel, buried in Brookwood National Cemetery, UK
7 Carolyn Kiddy Waugh b: 1939
+Joseph Gregori
8 Brian Lloyd Gregori
8 Stephen Joseph Gregori
8 Jeanlucie Waugh Gregori
7 Jean Waugh
*2nd Wife of Lloyd Lee Waugh:
+Lucy Frame b: 10 Jul 1911 d: 13 Jan 1999 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
6 Cephus C Waugh b: 30 Nov 1896 d: Apr 1897
6 Dewey Carl Waugh b: 11 May 1898 d: Oct 1976 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
+Georgia E Crites b: 1899 in Upshur Co WV m: 3 Sep 1919 in Upshur Co WV d: in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery Father: J E Crites Mother: L E Unknown
7 Carl Waugh
7 Lawrence R Waugh b: 22 May 1921 d: 26 Aug 1921 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
6 Male Waugh b: Jun 1900 d: 11 Aug 1900 in Upshur Co WV
6 Amos Waugh b: 3 Jun 1901 in Upshur Co WV d: 30 May 1984 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
+Lillian Hornbeck b: Abt. 1911 in Upshur Co WV m: 31 Aug 1939 in Carlettsburgh KY d: in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery Father: Andrew Hornbeck Mother: Eva Bennett
7 Nancy Lou Waugh b: 1941 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Ronald C Davidson
8 Clint Waugh Davidson
8 Shea Ronald Davidson
7 Gary Andrew Waugh b: 11 Jan 1945 in Upshur Co WV
+Joyce Gerrard
8 Jeffrey Alan Waugh b: 23 Feb 1966
8 Gregory Amos Waugh b: 14 Aug 1968
+Ellen Carlson
9 Gregory Amos Waugh, Jr b: 11 Feb 1988
7 Percilla Sue Waugh b: 18 Mar 1949 in Upshur Co WV
+Gary Lynn Bailey
8 Aaron Harold Bailey
8 Travis Matthew Bailey
6 Masie Jane Waugh b: 6 May 1903
5 William Warren Watson Waugh b: 19 May 1858 in Upshur Co VA d: 1928 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV, buried in Oak Grove Cemetery
+Isabel Rachel "Belle" Pritt b: Sep 1862 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV m: 17 Sep 1882 in Upshur Co WV d: 1936 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV, buried Oak Grove Cemetery Father: James Pritt Mother: Rachel B McKisic
6 Mary Viola Waugh b: 3 Aug 1883 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV d: 1956 in Kanawha Head, Upshur CO WV, buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery
+John Harlan b: 1879 in Upshur Co WV m: 1 Oct 1904 in Upshur Co WV Father: William Harlan Mother: Mary Unknown
7 Murle Harlan
7 Lance Harlan
7 Glen Harlan
7 Harold Harlan
7 Arlene Harlan b: 1911 in Newlon, Upshur Co WV d: 1935
7 Edith Harlan
6 Mattie Hope Waugh b: 21 Nov 1884 in Upshur Co VA d: 21 Jan 1961 in Upshur Co VA
+John Jackson Freeman b: 18 Apr 1866 m: 29 May 1903 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Nov 1926 in Newlon, Upshur Co WV
7 Earl Jackson Freeman b: 9 Apr 1904
+Gordie Charity Cutright b: 1 May 1907 d: 3 Mar 1996 in French Creek, Upshur Co WV
8 Kathern Mabel Freeman b: 20 May 1924
8 Mary Kay Freeman b: 2 Dec 1925
8 Earl Jackson Freeman, Jr b: 24 Dec 1927 d: 7 Jul 1935
8 Mildred Marie Freeman b: 10 Oct 1929 d: 11 Mar 1965
8 Delma Genevieve Freeman b: 2 Sep 1931
8 Joseph Richard Freeman b: 12 Nov 1933
8 Mattie May Freeman b: 15 Nov 1935

8 Juanita Bell Freeman b: 25 Jun 1937
+Morgan Peter Koerner b: 20 Oct 1932 in Randolph Co WV
9 Dorothy Laverne Koerner b: 23 Feb 1957
9 Timothy Morgan Koerner b: 4 Jun 1959
9 Clavin Bruce Koerner b: 23 Jun 1960
8 George Allen "Pete" Freeman b: 15 Apr 1939
8 Christine Freeman b: 6 Sep 1948
7 Nellie Bell Freeman b: 10 Apr 1905 d: 1 Dec 1980
7 Della Louisette Freeman b: 2 Jun 1906
7 William Russel Freeman b: 1 Aug 1907 in Upshur Co WV
+Unknown
*2nd Wife of William Russel Freeman:
+May Mary Roth b: 26 Sep 1913 in Nicholas Co WV m: 26 Jan 1944 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1987 in Selbyville, Upshur Co WV Father: John D Roth Mother: Mary M Unknown
7 Virginia May Freeman b: 23 May 1909 in Upshur Co WV d: 6 Jun 1953
+Stillman Wade Miller b: Abt. 1908 in Upshur Co WV m: 24 Aug 1929 in Upshur Co WV
7 Mabel Irene Freeman b: 30 Jun 1912 in Upshur Co WV d: 1 Dec 1978
+Arthur William Shriver b: Abt. 1909 in Monongalia Co WV m: 23 Sep 1929 in Upshur Co WV Father: W E Shriver Mother: Hattie Unknown
7 John Thomas Freeman b: 16 Jun 1914 in Upshur Co WV d: 23 Nov 1934 in Upshur Co WV, buried Pleasant Dale Cemetery
7 Charles Edgar Freeman b: 9 Apr 1916 in Randolph Co WV
+Sylvia Dove Foster b: Abt. 1917 in Barbour Co WV m: 7 Nov 1937 in Upshur Co WV Father: Buck Foster Mother: Sara Phillips
7 Mary Alice Freeman b: 11 Aug 1918 in Upshur Co WV d: 11 Aug 1918 in Upshur Co WV
7 Genevieve June Freeman b: 17 Jun 1926
6 Edna Malvern Waugh b: 9 Jun 1887 in Upshur Co WV d: 13 Nov 1953 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+John R Woody b: 13 Aug 1891 in Upshur Co WV m: 9 Jun 1918 in Upshur Co WV d: in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery Father: John W Woody Mother: Liona/Laura Hyre
7 John Woody
7 Claudia Woody
7 Earl Woody
7 Helen Woody
7 Ruth Woody
6 Vera Maude Waugh b: 14 Mar 1889 in Upshur Co WV d: 1967 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV
+Ira Marvin Powers b: 25 Oct 1887 m: 11 Dec 1925 d: 20 Sep 1970 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV Father: Tarleton Lee Powers
7 Marvin Waugh Powers b: 27 Feb 1927 d: 27 Feb 1927
7 Josephine Lee Powers b: 27 Jun 1928 d: 5 Jan 1994 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Edgar Lee Burns
7 Robert William Powers b: 9 Jul 1929 d: 9 Jul 1929
7 Helena Belle Powers b: 1 Dec 1930 d: 1 Dec 1930
7 Vera Hope Powers b: 5 Jan 1932 d: 28 Jun 1968
7 Charles Claude "Gandhi" Powers b: 6 Sep 1933
6 Bessie William Waugh b: 24 Nov 1891 d: 3 Nov 1925 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Oak Grove Cemetery, Kanawha Head
6 Jessie Lee Waugh b: 19 Jan 1894 in Upshur Co WV d: 25 Apr 1976 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+William "Willie" French Armstrong m: 18 Apr 1924 in Upshur Co WV
6 Kenneth Hazel Waugh b: 9 Sep 1896 d: 6 Sep 1971 in Gaines, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery, Buckhannon
+Nona Merritt Haymond b: 8 Aug 1903 in Gaines, Upshur Co WV m: 11 Nov 1923 in Gaines, Upshur Co WV d: 27 Oct 1959 in Arlington WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery, Buckhannon Father: Alpheus Forest Haymond Mother: Sarah Hannah Lee
7 Wanita Hope Waugh b: 24 May 1925 in Holly Grove WV
+William Matthew Hamilton b: 21 May 1925 in Adrian, Upshur Co WV m: 20 Apr 1947 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: William N Hamilton Mother: Addie Matthews
8 Lester Clark Hamilton b: 27 Aug 1955 in Lorain, Lorain Co OH
8 Lynne Rae Hamilton b: 27 Jun 1959 in Lorain OH
+George Edward Murphy m: 2 Jan 1959
9 Benjamin Grant Murphy b: 1 Mar 1988 in Warrenton, Fauquier Co VA
9 Megan Kathryn Murphy b: 4 Dec 1990 in Warrenton, Fauquier Co VA
9 Emily Sarah Murphy b: 1 Dec 1993 in Warrenton, Fauquier Co VA
9 Alexander David Murphy b: 11 Aug 1998
7 Forest Warren "Buddy" Waugh b: 10 May 1930 d: Feb 1937
7 Darrell Eugene Waugh b: 22 Apr 1938 in Gaines, Upshur Co WV
+Betty Louetta Goodwin b: 24 Sep 1941 in Elamore, WV m: 11 Nov 1959 in Adrian, Upshur Co WV Father: Charles Lawrence Goodwin Mother: Martha Friel Shreve
8 Darrell Eugene Waugh, Jr b: 1 Sep 1960 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Karen Denise Lowther m: 6 Jun 1981 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
9 Robert Michael Waugh b: 8 Apr 1987 in Fairborn, Greene Co OH
9 Kathryn Michelle "Katy" Waugh b: 9 Nov 1989 in Dayton, Greene Co OH
8 Robert Warren Waugh b: 15 Mar 1962 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Lisa Ann Shearer b: 2 Jul 1962 m: 15 Mar 1962 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 Jaclyn Ann Waugh b: 17 May 1981 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
9 Lindsey Nicole Waugh b: 11 Oct 1985
8 Cynthia Louise Waugh b: 26 Feb 1963 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Patrick Louis Muto b: 13 Sep 1967 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV m: 30 Nov 1985 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
9 Wesley Louis Muto b: 1 Aug 1995 in Richmond, Henrico Co VA
*2nd Wife of Kenneth Hazel Waugh:
+Bertha Hamner Harley b: 3 Aug 1904 m: 11 Nov 1961 in Salem Ridge, Upshur Co WV d: Apr 1981 in French Creek, Upshur Co WV
6 Claude Irvin Waugh b: 27 Mar 1899 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV d: 3 Sep 1958 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in family cemetery, Goshen
+Ruby Luetta Sines b: 19 Jan 1923 in Goshen, Upshur Co WV m: 1954 in Summersville WV Father: James Quinter Sines Mother: Fannie Idona Gregory
7 Janet Sue Waugh b: Aug 1955 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Timothy Wayne Branham b: 1954 in Summersville WV m: 1982 in Chapel Hill NC Father: Frank Andrew Branham Mother: Beulah Lee Rider
8 Rachel Taylor Branham b: 1985 in Siler City NC
8 Seneca Branham
5 James E J B Waugh b: 22 Feb 1860 in Upshur Co VA d: 15 Aug 1900 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Canaan Cemetery, Canaan
+Florence Bird Fitzgerald b: Jun 1862 in Upshur Co VA m: 9 Aug 1880 in Upshur Co WV d: 1909 Father: Wyatt Fitzgerald Mother: Mary J Unknown
6 Ira Waugh b: Aug 1881
+Ellie Wilson b: 1866 m: 1 Jun 1899 in Upshur Co WV d: 1956
7 Ruth Wilson b: Apr 1900
6 Bertie Maude Waugh b: Nov 1883 in Upshur Co VA
+Charles C "Charley" Ancell b: 13 Sep 1888 in Braxton Co WV m: 18 Mar 1918 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1968 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: John F Ancell Mother: Id V Unknown
6 Mary Rebecca Waugh b: Sep 1885 in Upshur Co WV
+George Washington Lewis b: 4 Jul 1858 in Upshur Co VA m: 25 Mar 1905 in Upshur Co WV Father: Henry H Lewis Mother: Martha Ann Unknown
6 Charles B "Charley" Waugh b: 9 Nov 1887 d: 1 Apr 1921 in Upshur Co WV
6 William J Waugh b: 12 Jul 1890 d: Jan 1972 in Upshur Co WV
6 Sadie Edith Waugh b: Aug 1891 in Upshur Co WV
+Roy Flint b: Abt. 1891 in Upshur Co WV m: 30 Apr 1924 in Buckhannon Court House, Upshur Co WV Father: Parker Flint Mother: Martha Unknown
6 Harold G Waugh
6 Addie Lee Waugh b: Sep 1894 in Upshur Co VA
+Alpheus Ray McKinnie b: 10 Feb 1891 m: 31 Aug 1915 in Upshur Co WV Father: John Lewis McKinnie Mother: Clara Belle Haymond
7 James Kyle McKinnie b: 22 Jun 1917
7 Eleanor Fern McKinnie b: 30 Dec 1920
+Boyle Mauzia
8 Shirley Sue Mauzia b: 13 Nov 1937
*2nd Husband of Eleanor Fern McKinnie:
+Woodrow Billington
7 Margaret Rose McKinnie b: 7 Jan 1923
+Unknown Hammond
7 Donald Jack McKinnie b: 20 May 1925 d: 1 Jan 1970
6 Lelah F Waugh b: Aug 1898

5 Mary E Waugh b: 28 Jun 1861
5 Martha A G Waugh b: Abt. 1860 in Upshur Co WV m: 19 Jan 1879 in Upshur Co WV Father: Nicholas B Lee Mother: Charlotte Unknown
+Charles E Lee b: Abt. 1855 in Upshur Co WV d: 24 Aug 1938 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Boggs Cemetery near Eden
5 Enoch Henry Grant Waugh b: 22 Apr 1865 in Upshur Co WV m: 24 Oct 1886 in Upshur Co WV d: 1947 Father: James Henry Morrison Mother: Lucy Ann Russell
+Almira Cora "Allie or Molly" Morrison b: Feb 1871 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Sep 1951 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Heaston Cemetery
6 Henry Brown Waugh b: 27 Jun 1888 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Sep 1951 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Heaston Cemetery
+Mary Strader b: 1885 d: 1945
*2nd Wife of Henry Brown Waugh:
+Elizabeth A Bennett b: Abt. 1910 in Upshur Co WV m: 13 Sep 1947 in Upshur Co WV Father: Thomas Bennett Mother: Ida Riffle
6 Lloyd G Waugh b: Mar 1890
*2nd Wife of Enoch Henry Grant Waugh:
+Rosa Belle Loudin b: 5 Apr 1874 d: 16 Jul 1894 in Canaan, Upshur Co WV Father: James W Loudin Mother: Martha S Childers
*3rd Wife of Enoch Henry Grant Waugh:
+Bertha Demasters b: 8 Oct 1878 m: 28 Jan 1897 in Upshur Co WV d: 1964 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Boggs Cemetery near Eden Father: J F Demasters Mother: M E Unknown
6 Ulysses Grant Waugh b: 6 Apr 1898 d: 4 Dec 1977 in Upshur Co WV
+Ruby M Murphy b: 1 May 1906 d: 1 Apr 1994 in Upshur Co WV
6 Ezra James Waugh b: 16 May 1900 in Upshur Co WV d: 15 Jun 1973 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV
+Lucetta Caroline Gregory b: Abt. 1904 in Upshur Co WV m: 29 Jun 1926 in Upshur Co WV Father: David Gregory Mother: Anna Unknown
7 Dancie Irene Waugh b: 16 Jan 1927
+William Doyle Moneypenny b: 27 Jul 1926 in Lewis Co WV m: 30 Jan 1946 in Lewis Co WV
8 Rose Mary Moneypenny b: 2 Mar 1948
8 Carolyn Sue Moneypenny b: 4 Dec 1953
7 Ezra James Waugh, Jr b: 9 Jan 1928
+Mary Thomas Grogg Father: Orval G Grogg
7 Hartzel Ray Waugh b: 21 Nov 1930
+Catherine Marie Wiant b: 27 Dec 1934 in Lewis Co WV m: 17 Apr 1954 Father: Albert Roy Wiant Mother: Hila Ethel Rogers
8 Charlotte Kaye Waugh b: 16 Apr 1955
+Leonard Gayle Hurst m: 19 Apr 1973
8 Randall Ray Waugh b: 2 Jul 1959
+Patti Sue Baldwin m: 1 May 1981
*2nd Wife of Randall Ray Waugh:
+Venetia Andrews m: 17 Sep 1990
7 Denzil Doyle Waugh b: 15 Aug 1934
+Florida Dean
7 Leland Loyal Waugh b: 15 Aug 1934
+Freda Ann Burkhammer
7 Russell Gail Waugh b: 6 Apr 1936 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 28 Apr 1998 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+Wanda Mae Steel m: 30 Aug 1958
8 Robert Waugh
8 Stanley Waugh
6 Dorothy Ellen Waugh b: Abt. 1902 in Upshur Co WV
+Charles "Charlie" Chipps b: Abt. 1889 in Webster Co WV m: 23 Dec 1921 in Upshur Co WV Father: Mike Chipps
6 Iva Mae Waugh b: 15 Aug 1908 in Upshur Co WV d: 17 Apr 1979
+Thomas Jay Sargeant b: 30 Jun 1902 in Upshur Co WV m: 5 Feb 1930 in Upshur Co WV d: 25 Dec 1980 Father: Walter Langdon Sargeant Mother: Amanda Leverne "Mandy" Lee
6 Icie Gay Waugh b: 1 Apr 1910 in Upshur Co WV d: 6 Apr 1979
+Henry Clay Haymond b: 26 Jul 1904 in Upshur Co WV m: 10 Nov 1928 in Upshur Co WV d: Aug 1985 in Sparta, White Co TN Father: John Morgan Haymond Mother: Effie Jane Claypool
7 Arnold Haymond
7 Ronald Haymond
7 Geraldine Haymond
+Unknown Morris
7 Eloise Haymond
7 Armolene Haymond
6 Lydia Faye Waugh
5 Susan Rebecca Waugh b: 13 Sep 1867 in Upshur Co WV d: 1904 in Buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden, Upshur Co WV
+Ephraim Arbogast Mullenix b: Feb 1849 in Highland Co VA m: 8 Aug 1885 in Upshur Co WV d: 1929 in Buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co WV Father: George Mullenix Mother: Sarah Unknown
6 Annette "Annettie" Mullenix b: 15 Aug 1888 in Upshur Co WV d: 25 Mar 1979
+Robert Theron Alkire b: 22 May 1886 in Upshur Co WV m: 7 Jul 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: 1949
7 Estaline Alkire b: 13 Nov 1908 d: Jun 1981 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Webb Hintz
7 Rose Ethel "Rosie" Alkire b: 22 Jun 1910 in Nicholas Co WV d: 11 Jun 1991
+Readie Charles M McDaniels b: Abt. 1908 in Upshur Co WV m: 14 Jul 1931 in Upshur Co WV Father: C T McDaniels Mother: I N Unknown
7 Ruby L Alkire b: 1 Aug 1912 in Upshur Co WV d: 2 Apr 1992
+Blonda Gay "Blondie" Woodard b: Abt. 1907 in Jackson Co WV m: 3 Apr 1930 in Upshur Co WV Father: Arite Woodard Mother: Odolet Unknown
*2nd Husband of Ruby L Alkire:
+Charles Harper b: 10 Dec 1898 d: Jan 1972 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
7 Woodrow Vane Alkire b: 14 Aug 1914 in Upshur Co WV d: 17 Mar 1997 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park
+Kathleen Virginia Post b: 1923 m: 2 Oct 1946 in Upshur Co WV
7 Cecil M Alkire b: 1918 d: 1941
6 David Earl Mullenix b: 25 Mar 1890 in Randolph Co WV d: 1941 in Adolph WV
+Lora Jane Loudin b: 8 Apr 1898 in Czar, Randolph Co WV m: 11 Oct 1914 in Adolph, Randolph Co WV d: 8 Dec 1978 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV Father: Nicholas L Loudin Mother: Amanda Hicks
7 Creola Lorena Mullenix b: 13 Aug 1915 in Randolph Co WV d: 19 May 1972
+Richard Lewis b: Abt. 1911 in Upshur Co WV m: 22 Sep 1934 Father: Perry C Lewis Mother: Rose Unknown
7 Eva Pearl Mullenix b: 6 Nov 1918 in Randolph Co WV
+Alden Dexter Roth b: in Nicholas Co WV m: 31 Dec 1935 in Upshur Co WV Father: John Roth Mother: Mary Unknown
7 Georgia Frankie Mullenix b: 23 Nov 1920
+Clinton Taylor
7 Raymond Earl Mullenix b: 30 Apr 1923
+Marjory Roy
7 Robert Morris Mullenix b: 4 Aug 1929 d: 18 Aug 1974 in Dallas, Dallas Co TX
7 Anna Jane Mullenix b: 13 Jan 1938
+Benson Fine
6 Clyde Porter Mullenix b: 24 Sep 1892 in Upshur Co WV d: 1958
+Unknown
*2nd Wife of Clyde Porter Mullenix:
+Essie Mae Bunner b: Abt. 1895 in Randolph Co WV m: 22 Feb 1936 in Upshur Co WV Father: Joseph E Bunner Mother: Iva Unknown
6 William L Mullenix b: 21 May 1895 d: 4 Oct 1969 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV, buried in Pleasant Vale Cemetery, Selbyville
+Retta B Lake b: 1900 m: 15 Apr 1926 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1960 in Newton WV, buried in Pleasant Vale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co
7 Infant Mullenix
7 Goldie May Mullenix b: 23 Jan 1927 in Upshur Co WV d: 21 Sep 1966
+Richard Vance Duke b: Abt. 1918 in Upshur Co WV m: 29 Dec 1941 in Upshur Co WV Father: Robert Duke Mother: Josephine Unknown
7 Pat Thurman Mullenix b: 28 Dec 1928 in Upshur Co WV d: 16 Jun 1973
+Sarah Anna Foster b: 8 May 1940 in Randolph Co WV m: 3 Jan 1970 in Upshur Co WV d: 1 Aug 1972 Father: Joe Foster Mother: Mary McClure
7 Infant Mullenix b: 19 Sep 1931
7 Mary Frances Mullenix b: 15 Sep 1933 d: 1934
7 Morris Ray Mullenix b: 24 Dec 1935
7 Willa Jean Mullenix b: 19 Jun 1940 in Upshur Co WV
+Unknown
*2nd Husband of Willa Jean Mullenix:
+James Ray Howard b: Abt. 1937 in Upshur Co WV m: 6 Jul 1957 in Upshur Co WV Father: Ercel M Howard Mother: May E Humphrey
7 William Everett Mullenix b: 27 Jan 1943
+May Unknown
*2nd Wife of William Everett Mullenix:

+Betty Unknown
6 Cecil R Mullenix b: 2 Jul 1897 d: Abt. 1965 in Buried in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington VA
+Ann Unknown d: in Buried in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington VA
7 Ray Mullenix b: Abt. 1925 d: Bef. 1980
6 Laura/Lula P Mullenix b: 17 Feb 1899 in Upshur Co WV d: 5 Feb 1971 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park
+Waitman T Chidester b: 21 Feb 1887 in Upshur Co WV m: 28 Dec 1913 in Upshur Co WV d: 28 Jan 1931 in Eden, Upshur Co WV, buried in Baza Cemetery
7 Arnold Lee Chidester b: 3 May 1916 d: 6 Jul 1916
7 Raymond Vane Chidester b: 1917 d: 1921
7 Delvena Pearl Chidester b: 12 Mar 1920 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 23 Nov 1993 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park, Buckhannon
+Victor Arthur Baptista b: 9 Jun 1907 in Wooden Valley CA m: 9 Jun 1946 d: 29 Sep 1997 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park, Buckhannon
7 Jessie I Chidester b: 20 Jun 1921 in Eden, Upshur Co WV
+Charles E Thorpe b: 19 Feb 1912 in Gould, Upshur Co WV m: 22 Dec 1969 in Denver, Arapahoe Co CO
7 Elmer N Chidester b: 1922 d: 1923
7 Donald William Chidester b: 11 Apr 1925 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 29 Mar 1995 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park, Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Martha Frances Moritz b: 15 May 1934 m: 15 Jul 1955 in Chillicothe, Ross Co OH
7 L Madeline Chidester b: 20 Oct 1926 in Eden, Upshur Co WV
+John J Kulina b: 11 Dec 1912 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV d: 28 Apr 1997 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, Clarksburg WV
6 Trudy Hope Mullenix b: 16 Jul 1900 d: 26 May 1997 in Beverly, Randolph Co WV
+Raymond McClellan
7 John McClellan
7 Lee McClellan
7 Norma McClellan
7 Dorothy McClellan b: May 1926
7 Faye McClellan b: 22 Sep 1929
7 James Ira McClellan b: 5 Aug 1933
7 Infant McClellan
5 Lorenzo Dow Waugh b: Feb 1869 d: 1903
+Emma Black
6 Ralph Wyandotte "Lucky" Waugh b: 22 Sep 1887 d: 7 Apr 1973 in Rock Cave, Upshur Co WV
+Mary Demasters m: 18 Oct 1914 in Upshur Co WV
*2nd Wife of Lorenzo Dow Waugh:
+Tyrissa H "Ressie" Loudin b: Aug 1876 m: Abt. 1893 d: Aft. 1910 Father: James W Loudin Mother: Martha S Childers
6 Arthur B Waugh b: 10 Aug 1894 in WV d: 10 Mar 1947 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA, buried East Lawn Cemetery
+Jennette Harriet Rockwell b: 18 Mar 1894 in OR d: 11 Jan 1984 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
7 Arthur B Waugh, Jr b: 14 Nov 1922
7 George Herbert Waugh b: 26 Jan 1928
+Phyllis Cole d: Bef. 2000
8 George Herbert Waugh, Jr b: 15 Sep 1948 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
+Janet Unknown m: in Woodland CA
9 Unknown Waugh
8 Pamela Darlene Waugh b: 10 Jan 1951 in Placer Co CA
+Felix Hernandez
9 Lisa M Hernandez b: 12 May 1971 in Yolo Co CA
9 Jason E Hernandez b: 11 Sep 1972 in Yolo Co CA d: 16 Jul 1982 in Sacramento Co CA
9 Jennette A Hernandez b: 21 Aug 1976 in Yolo Co CA
8 Steven Bruce Waugh b: 5 Jan 1954 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA d: 24 Dec 1988 in Sacramento Co CA
8 Michael Howard Waugh b: 10 Jun 1955 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
8 Patricia G Waugh b: 6 Aug 1956 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA d: Aug 1956 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
8 Lorrie J Waugh b: 25 Sep 1957 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
6 Norval D Waugh b: 16 Jan 1896 in Upshur Co WV
+Gladys Unknown
7 Patty Jean Waugh
7 Phoebe Ann Waugh
6 Martha Rebecca Waugh b: 26 Aug 1898 d: 1 May 1969
+Charles McClellan Davis b: 5 May 1889 in Brown WV d: Jan 1970 in Sonora, Tuolumne Co CA Father: John Davis Mother: Unknown Brown
7 Julia Rebecca Davis
+Gene Patterson Acworth Father: William Acworth Mother: Dolly Patterson
8 Phillip Acworth
8 Jennifer Lynn Acworth
9 Alexis R Acworth
*2nd Husband of Julia Rebecca Davis:
+Robert Singer Dye b: 31 Jan 1930 in Trenton NJ d: 26 Nov 1995 in Fort Lauderdale, Broward Co FL Father: Robert Dye Mother: Anne Unknown
7 Michael "Mike" Davis
7 Margie Davis
7 Sharlie Davis
5 Margaret J Waugh b: 4 Oct 1870 d: 15 Feb 1872 in Upshur Co WV
5 William Waugh b: Oct 1871 d: Feb 1873 in Upshur Co WV
5 Francis Marion Waugh b: 30 Oct 1873 in Upshur Co WV d: 2 Oct 1949 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Rice Cemetery, Banks District
+Lucetta Golden b: Abt. 1876 in Upshur Co WV m: 3 May 1900 in Upshur Co WV Father: Dennis N Golden Mother: Emily Unknown
*2nd Wife of Francis Marion Waugh:
+Laura Robey b: 1870 in Upshur Co WV m: 23 Nov 1908 in Upshur Co WV d: 5 Mar 1924 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Haymond Cemetery Father: Unknown Robey Mother: Sarah A Unknown
5 Jerusha Leah Waugh b: 1875
+Charles Lee
*2nd Husband of Jerusha Leah Waugh:
+Lorenzo D Pugh
4 Leah Jerusha Waugh b: 1837 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 15 Mar 1871 in Pocahontas Co VA
+John Fultz b: 1833 in Rockingham Co VA m: 3 Jul 1860 in Upshur Co VA d: 5 Jul 1861 in Upshur Co VA Father: Adam Fultz Mother: Elizabeth Bolton
5 Mary Emma Fultz b: 30 Nov 1861 in Upshur Co VA d: 24 Oct 1925 in Upshur Co WV
+William Anderson Foster b: 1 Mar 1858 in Upshur Co VA m: 1 Sep 1881 in Upshur Co WV Father: John A Foster Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
6 Ethel Foster b: Jun 1882
6 William R Foster b: Jun 1886
6 Bertha Florence Foster b: 11 Dec 1888 in Upshur Co WV d: May 1978 in Myrtle Beach SC
+Zelotes R Knotts b: 1 Aug 1885 in Taylor Co WV m: 6 Aug 1911 in Upshur Co WV d: 15 Dec 1969 in Myrtle Beach SC
6 Ray G Foster b: Mar 1894 in Upshur Co WV
+Lillian Hannon b: Abt. 1897 in Taylor Co WV m: 7 Mar 1917 in Upshur Co WV Father: G A Hannon Mother: Anna Unknown
6 Alva M Foster b: Mar 1897
*2nd Husband of Leah Jerusha Waugh:
+Pleasant A Smith b: 26 Mar 1830 in Pendleton Co VA m: 26 Mar 1863 d: 15 Feb 1887 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: James Smith Mother: Margaret Unknown
5 Adda Smith b: Abt. 1864
5 Minie Smith b: Abt. 1866
5 Prudy S Smith b: 17 Nov 1867 in Upshur Co WV d: 2 May 1896 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, South Buckhannon
+Melrose E Rohrbaugh b: 14 Jun 1865 in Upshur Co WV m: 31 Oct 1888 in Upshur Co WV d: 24 Jun 1904 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, South Buckhannon Father: Simon J Rohrbaugh Mother: Julian Unknown
6 Ralph A Rohrbaugh b: 10 Oct 1890 in Upshur Co WV
5 Vinnie Smith b: Abt. 1870
4 Enoch Lorenzo Waugh b: 19 May 1843 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 13 Oct 1932 in Vandalia, Lewis Co WV, buried in Vandalia Cemetery
+Mary Sophia Teets b: Jun 1846 in Barbour Co VA m: 11 Sep 1866 in Upshur Co WV d: 1 Sep 1904 in Arlington, Upshur Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Banks District Father: Anthony Teets Mother: Emma Dix
5 Mary Emma Corinne Waugh b: 5 Jul 1867 in Upshur Co WV d: 1 Sep 1961 in Jane Lew, Lewis Co WV
+Philip Madison Allman b: 13 Jul 1856 in Upshur Co WV m: 24 Apr 1884 in Upshur Co WV Father: Samuel Bonnett Allman Mother: Nancy Elizabeth McElvoy
6 Virgil Allman b: 18 Aug 1895 d: Jun 1976 in FL
6 Olive Allman
6 Female Allman

6 Ruby Allman
6 Mary Minerva Allman b: 15 Feb 1902 in WV d: 12 Jul 1992 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Unknown Fletcher
6 Flora Allman
6 Emma Allman
6 Cecil P Allman b: 20 Jan 1906 in WV d: 8 Jun 1975 in San Diego Co CA
5 Female Waugh b: 14 Oct 1868 in Upshur Co WV d: 19 Oct 1868 in Upshur Co WV
5 Zella M Waugh b: 18 Sep 1875 in Upshur Co WV
+Howard B Davidson b: Abt. 1883 in Upshur Co WV m: 1 Mar 1902 in Upshur Co WV Father: Elisha D Davidson Mother: Sarah Friend
5 Myrtle Waugh b: Abt. 1876 d: Bef. 1900
5 Theresa L Waugh b: 13 Jul 1879 d: 31 Dec 1889
5 Libby "Ibbie" S Waugh b: Jun 1881 d: 1933 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Laural Fork
+Stanley B Riggleman b: Sep 1877 m: 4 Apr 1899 in Upshur Co WV Father: John W Riggleman Mother: Malvina Ray
6 Orval T Riggleman b: Jul 1899
6 Orton R Riggleman b: 18 Jul 1899 d: Dec 1978 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
5 Minnie Lorinda Waugh b: Nov 1884 in Upshur Co WV d: 1906
+Henry R Davidson b: Abt. 1884 in Upshur Co WV m: 25 Dec 1903 in Upshur Co WV Father: Elisha D Davidson Mother: Sarah Friend
5 Elda L Waugh b: 17 Nov 1888 in Upshur Co WV
+Unknown Jeffries
*2nd Wife of Enoch Lorenzo Waugh:
+Sarah M Friel m: 20 Aug 1905
5 Martha Elizabeth Waugh b: Oct 1906 d: Bef. 1932
4 John William Worthington Waugh b: 6 Jul 1850 in Upshur Co VA d: 11 Apr 1931 in La Plata, Macon Co, MO
+Mary Catherine "Mollie" Smith b: 13 Sep 1849 in IA m: 7 Sep 1871 in Cunningham, Chariton Co MO d: 13 Jan 1931 in La Plata, Macon Co, MO Father: Murphy Smith Mother: Charity Simmons
5 Male Waugh b: 1 Mar 1874 d: 1 Mar 1874
5 Maud Vanduyn Waugh b: 30 Jul 1876 in Davis Co IA d: 3 Jul 1966 in Little Rock AR
+Joseph Arthur Klepper b: 28 Jun 1869 in Lathrop MO m: 30 Jul 1896 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 12 Sep 1902 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO, buried in Lathrop MO Father: T G Klepper Mother: Unknown
6 Ruth Maud Klepper b: 16 Jul 1899 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 9 Dec 1982 in Little Rock AR
+Newton D Settle b: 24 Jan 1898 d: Jul 1986 in Cape Girardeau, Cape Girardeau Co MO
*2nd Husband of Maud Vanduyn Waugh:
+William Washington Henderson b: 26 Sep 1861 in Rothville, Chariton Co MO m: 6 Apr 1913 in La Plata, Macon Co MO d: 3 Mar 1951 in Kirksville MO, buried La Plata, Mcon Co MO
5 Flora E Waugh b: 16 Aug 1878 in Davis Co IA d: 22 Sep 1939 in St Louis MO, buried in Mt Auburn Cemetery, Somerville MA
+Addison Colwell Ballard b: 1856 in St Paul, Decatur Co IN m: 1 Nov 1900 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 22 Aug 1911 in Taylor TX Father: Lewis Ballard Mother: Lucinda Colwell
6 Lewis Addison Ballard b: 16 Apr 1903 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 6 Sep 1968 in MA, buried East Dennis, Barnstable Co
+Margaret Gwendolyn Jones b: 13 May 1904 in Venedocia, Van Wert Co OH m: 24 Aug 1929 d: 26 Sep 1982 in MA, buried East Dennis, Barnstable Co Father: John Brough Jones Mother: Annie Owens Evans
7 John Addison Ballard b: 6 Nov 1930 in Oak Park, Cook Co IL
7 James Lewis Ballard b: 7 Feb 1933 in Gorsse Pointe, Wayne Co MI
7 Sarah Ballard b: 10 Sep 1938 in Evanston, Cook Co IL
*2nd Husband of Flora E Waugh:
+Harry Stewart Daniels b: 1866 m: 18 Jan 1918 in Jerseyville, Jersey Co IL d: 26 Nov 1922 in Jerseyville, Jersey Co IL Father: James Stewart Daniels
5 Murphy M Waugh b: 12 Sep 1880 in Laclede, Linn Co MO d: 21 Oct 1907 in Chillicothe, Livingston Co MO, buried Breckenridge, Caldwell Co MO
+Verna M Bryan b: 14 Jan 1883 in Chillicothe, Livingston Co MO m: 14 Mar 1906 in Chillicothe, Livingston Co OH d: May 1977 in Jacksonville, Duval Co FL Father: Adrial K Bryan Mother: Mary Terrill
6 Roger Murphy Waugh b: 27 May 1907 in Chillicothe, Livingston Co MO d: Jun 1966 in Orlando, Orange Co FL
+Clella Conley m: 28 Jul 1928 in Gary, Lake Co IN
*2nd Wife of Roger Murphy Waugh:
+Unknown Stewart
7 Roger Murphy Waugh, Jr b: 18 May 1937 in Los Angeles Co CA
4 Homer Marion Waugh b: 19 May 1854 in Upshur Co VA d: 28 May 1941 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery
+Malissa Jane Morrison b: 14 Aug 1858 in Barbour Co VA m: 10 May 1877 in Upshur WV d: 1931 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery Father: James Henry Morrison Mother: Lucy Ann Russell
5 Homer Roy Waugh b: 4 Jan 1879 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV d: 1945 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery
+Eliza P Newlon b: 1885 in Sutton VA m: 17 Oct 1905 in Washington DC d: in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery Father: William P Newlon Mother: Malissa Unknown
6 Mary Newlon Waugh b: 3 Oct 1906 d: 8 Jul 1991
+Unknown Woodell
7 John Woodell b: 15 Oct 1934
+Phyllis Garrettson
6 Winston Pitt Waugh b: 22 Feb 1908 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV d: 6 May 1908
6 Louise Waugh b: 24 Aug 1910 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV d: 15 Dec 1919 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavener Cemetery
6 John Hamilton Waugh b: 9 Apr 1914 d: 3 Jun 1981 in Jacksonville, Duval Co FL
6 Helen Katherine Waugh b: 26 Aug 1918
5 Ida "Ide" M Waugh b: 7 Aug 1881 in Upshur Co WV d: Jul 1962 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery
5 Jay Waugh b: 25 Aug 1883 in Upshur Co WV d: 1943 in FL
+Juanita Unknown
6 Roy Waugh
6 Virginia Lee Waugh
6 Robert Waugh
*2nd Wife of Jacob Waugh
+Margaretta Romine m: 21 Sep 1871 in Harrison Co WV Father: Levi Romine Mother: Jemima Unknown
3 James "Jim" Waugh III b: 14 Dec 1814
+Sarah "Sally" Cochran b: 10 Aug 1818 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV m: 7 Dec 1838 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 13 Oct 1868 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: John Cochran Mother: Elizabeth "Betsy" James
*2nd Wife of James "Jim" Waugh III
+Hannah Lamb b: 1848 m: Abt. 1878
4 Rudolph Waugh b: 1879
3 Rebecca Waugh
3 Nancy Waugh
3 Morgan Waugh b: Abt. 1824
+Mary E McGuire b: 7 Apr 1816 m: 11 Mar 1840 in Jackson Co WV Father: Samuel McGuire Mother: Eleanor Brown
4 Catherine "Cate" Waugh b: 1850 d: Aft. Apr 1934
+Henry Wolf b: Abt. 1848 m: 20 Mar 1872 in Mason Co WV Father: Lewis Wolf Mother: Christina Harpold
5 Allen Wolf b: Abt. 1874
5 Early Wolf b: Abt. 1876
5 Ollie Wolf b: Abt. 1877
4 Martha Waugh b: 4 Jan 1856 d: 8 Apr 1934 in Buffalo, Putnam Co WV, buried in Wolf Valley Cemetery, Leon, Union Dist, Mason Co
+Andrew Lewis Pickens b: 17 Aug 1853 in Mason Co VA m: 23 Dec 1873 in Mason Co WV d: 1916 in Mason Co WV, buried in Wolf Valley Cemetery, Leon, Union Dist Father: Spencer Pickens Mother: Margaret Ann Knapp
5 Philip Pickens
5 Mary Margaret Pickens b: Abt. 1875
+Charles Reeves
*2nd Husband of Mary Margaret Pickens
+Unknown Parker
5 Nancy Ann Pickens b: Abt. 1877
+Unknown Harrison
5 Andrew Green Pickens b: 9 Dec 1879 d: 27 Jun 1953
+Rebecca Ida Wease b: Abt. 1878 m: 1898 in Waterloo WV
6 Lessie Pickens
6 Theodore Pickens b: 18 Nov 1907
6 Laura Elva Pickens
6 Charleston Lawson Pickens

6 Minnie Ernestine Pickens
*2nd Wife of Andrew Owen Pickens:
+Pearl Ramsey
*3rd Wife of Andrew Owen Pickens:
+Minnie Bailes
*4th Wife of Andrew Owen Pickens:
+Ethel Harless
*5th Wife of Andrew Owen Pickens:
+Alice Kimberling
5 Jennie Pickens b: 28 Jan 1888 d: Mar 1984 in Buffalo, Putnam Co WV
+Unknown Stephens
5 Anna Pickens b: 6 Feb 1893
+Unknown Smith
5 Dora Pickens
+Unknown Casto
5 Herman Pickens
5 Leonard Pickens b: 22 Jul 1908 d: Jun 1972 in Sheffield Lake, Lorain Co OH

3 Allen Jones Waugh b: Abt. 1825 in VA
+Sarah Ann Vandenburgh b: Abt. 1829 in MO m: 29 May 1845 in Cape Girardeau MO
4 Don James Waugh b: 24 May 1848 in MO d: 4 Jul 1901 in Jasper Co MO, buried in Webb City Cemetery
+Matilda Johnson m: Abt. 1879 in Jasper Co MO
5 Etta May Waugh b: 26 Mar 1885
5 Minnie Waugh b: 3 Sep 1887
5 Ada Waugh b: Abt. 1890
5 Flora Waugh b: 26 Jan 1893
5 Ira Waugh b: Abt. 1896
5 Perry Waugh b: Abt. 1899
4 Franklin C Waugh b: Abt. 1852
4 John J Waugh b: Abt. 1854
4 Frances Waugh b: Abt. 1857

3 Isabella "Ibby" Waugh b: 1826
+John Brock b: 26 Feb 1818 in Bath Co VA m: 27 Oct 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Abt. 1888 Father: William Brock Mother: Rachel Unknown
4 Rebecca Sarah Brock b: 12 Dec 1843 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1915
+Travis Parsons b: Abt. 1841 in Jackson Co VA m: 20 Feb 1861 in Jackson Co VA Father: Henry Parsons Mother: Lavinia "Vinie" Turner
5 James Monroe Parsons b: 1861 in Jackson Co WV
5 Caroline Parsons b: Abt. 1864 in Jackson CoWV
5 Isabella Parsons b: Abt. 1866 in Jackson Co WV
5 Martha J Parsons b: Abt. 1868 in Jackson Co WV
5 Female Parsons b: 1870 in Jackson Co WV
4 William Young Brock b: 16 Aug 1845 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 8 Feb 1846 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Robert Moffit Brock b: 8 Jan 1847 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 14 Jul 1860 in Jackson Co VA
4 Elizabeth Susan Brock b: 12 Jun 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 4 Nov 1855 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Margaret Dorthea "Maggie" Brock b: 19 Feb 1854 in Clover Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 1 Apr 1941 in Louisa Co IA, buried in Columbus City Cemetery
+George W Brock b: 1858 m: 2 Aug 1885 in Columbus Junction, Louisa Co IA d: 1937 in Louisa Co IA, buried in Columbus City Cemetery
5 William H Brock b: 1887 d: 1953 in Louisa Co IA, buried in Columbus City Cemetery
4 Hannah Rachel Brock b: 19 May 1856 in Allegheny Mt, Pocahontas Co VA d: 12 Apr 1945 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA
+Eli Thomas m: 4 Feb 1886 in Harlan Co NE Father: John Thomas Mother: Rebeccca Packer
5 Bessie Thomas b: 1888 in Harlan Co NE d: 1891
5 Ida Thomas b: 1890 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS d: 1893
5 Joseph Elmer Thomas b: 12 Feb 1898 in Topeka KS d: 25 Jul 1989 in Fresno, Fresno Co CA, buried in Inglewood Park Cemetery, Inglewood
+Elsie Jane Merrill m: 10 Feb 1921 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA
6 Theodore Nathan Thomas b: 5 Dec 1921 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA d: 15 Jul 1989 in Marana, Pima Co AZ
+Helen Irene Williams
*2nd Wife of Theodore Nathan Thomas:
+Blanche Minera St Pierre b: 30 Mar 1922 m: 4 Sep 1947 in Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA d: 8 Oct 1993 in Marana, Pima Co AZ
6 Robert Lee Thomas b: 26 Jul 1924 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Phyllis Lorraine Michaelson
6 Willard Vincent Thomas b: 4 Sep 1928 in Santa Monica, Los Angeles Co CA d: 22 Nov 1990 in AL
+Mary Elizabeth Barlow
*2nd Wife of Willard Vincent Thomas:
+Dortha Christine Bishop b: 22 Mar 1928 m: 27 Aug 1966 in Marietta GA d: May 1992 in Centre, Cherokee Co AL
6 Maxine Ramona Thomas b: 20 Feb 1930 in Los Angeles Co CA
+David Arthur Clark
6 Stanley Burton Thomas b: 12 Sep 1935 in Santa Monica, Los Angeles Co CA d: 10 Feb 1936 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA
*2nd Wife of Joseph Elmer Thomas:
+Alice Unknown
4 Lydia Caroline Brock b: 25 Apr 1858 in Meadowbred Mt, Pocahontas Co VA d: 3 Mar 1943 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA
+Peter Anderson b: in Denmark
5 George William Anderson b: 16 Oct 1896 in CO d: 2 Apr 1980 in Oceanside, San Diego Co CA, ashes scattered at sea
+Mildred Mary Masters b: 4 Oct 1910 in IL d: 31 May 1990 in San Diego Co CA Father: Unknown Masters Mother: Unknown Bowers
5 Jesse Earl Anderson b: 20 May 1889 in CO d: 4 Apr 1952 in Los Angeles Co CA
4 Mary Virginia Brock b: 25 Apr 1858 in Meadowbred Mt, Pocahontas Co VA d: 25 Jul 1858 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Levi Joseph Brock b: 9 May 1860 in Jackson Co VA d: 1 Jul 1912
+Pearlie Amarett Thomas b: Bet. 1861 - 1865 in IN m: 23 Jul 1884 in Orleans, Harlan Co NE
5 Ethel Ivo Brock b: 1 Jun 1885
+Clyde Milton Trueblood b: 21 Oct 1886 d: Mar 1964 in WA
6 Harold Clyde Trueblood b: 5 Oct 1920 d: Sep 1986 in Silverdale, Kitsap Co WA
+Martia Margetts
5 Arlen Lewis Brock b: 13 Mar 1889 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS d: Nov 1963 in OR
+Maxine Unknown
6 Arlene Marjorie Brock
*2nd Wife of Arlen Lewis Brock:
+Lillian "Lillie" Walker b: 1892 in AL m: 8 Oct 1910 Father: William Henry Walker Mother: Sarah Arminda Hyde
5 Carroll Levi Brock b: 30 Jun 1895 d: 6 Aug 1958
+Myrtle Jessie Smith m: 14 Jul 1916
6 Elbert Brock
6 Lena Brock
6 Marvin Brock
5 Hollie Pearl Brock
+William Henry Rhodes
5 Lena Harriet Brock b: 28 Sep 1902 d: 18 Nov 1918
4 George Gilbert Brock b: 9 May 1864 in Jackson Co WV d: 6 Jun 1933 in Beloit, Mitchell Co KS
+Adella Angeline Alaine Clark b: 11 Apr 1868 in KS m: 19 Nov 1884 in Stockton, Rooks Co KS d: 12 Mar 1952 in San Joaquin Co CA
5 William Ewart Brock b: 9 Sep 1887 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS d: 30 Jul 1960 in Olathe, Johnson Co KS, buried at Oak Lawn Cemetery
+Pearl Leona Berger m: 18 Aug 1909 d: Aft. Jul 1960
6 Vera Brock
+Unknown Hardie
6 Mae Brock
+Unknown Garvin
6 Lorne E Brock
6 Herbert W Brock
5 Edith May Brock b: 28 Dec 1889 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS d: 2 Mar 1890 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS
5 Earl Ezra Brock b: 20 Apr 1891 in Denver, Arapahoe Co CO d: 24 Feb 1970 in San Gabriel (hospital), Los Angeles Co CA, buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Hollywood Hills
+Blanche Henderson m: 8 Apr 1913
*2nd Wife of Earl Ezra Brock:
+Florence E Ward

7 Mike Rhodes b: 8 Oct 1957
5 Minty Florence Waugh b: 1 Jan 1907 in Thorny Creek WV
+Lemuel Ruben Vance m: 19 Mar 1940 in Monterey VA Father: [illegible]
6 Juanita Vance b: [illegible]

6 Francis Brock
5 Ada Rose Brock b: 4 Nov 1895 in Beloit, Mitchell Co KS d: 17 Feb 1979 in Riverside, Riverside Co CA
+Walter H Maynard b: in KS m: 23 Feb 1916
6 Mearl Maxell Maynard b: 29 Dec 1920 in KS d: 16 Aug 1992 in San Diego, San Diego Co CA, buried at Greenwood Memorial Park
+Margaret L Tracy
7 Arlene Rose Maynard b: 7 Nov 1943 in San Diego Co CA
7 Tracy Merle Maynard b: 8 Mar 1952 in San Diego Co CA
5 Lyle Walter Brock b: 31 Mar 1904 in Beloit, Mitchell Co KS d: 16 Dec 1987 in Everett, Snohomish Co WA
+Doris Bistline m: 29 Aug 1928 in Concordia, Cloud Co KS
5 Lawrence Elmer Brock b: 29 Jun 1906 in Beloit, Mitchell Co KS d: 29 Mar 1981 in Canoga Park, Los Angeles Co CA, buried in Desert Lawn Memorial Park, Calimesa
+Ruth Shane b: in KS
5 Ora Vernon Brock b: 18 Aug 1909 in KS d: 15 Jul 1955 in Lodi, San Joaquin Co CA
+Mildred Anderson
5 John Benjamin Brock
+Ethel Maxine Watkins
5 Dorothy Evelyn Thompson b: 21 Oct 1915 in KS d: 13 Jan 1981 in Thousand Oaks, Ventura Co CA
+Francis Marion Brokaw b: 13 Dec 1912 in OK d: 1 Nov 1982 in Tulare Co CA Father: Unknwon Brokaw Mother: Unknown Laughlin
6 Cheryl Ann Brokaw b: 11 Oct 1942
6 Janet Brokaw b: 24 May 1944
5 Francis Brock
3 Marcus Greene Waugh b: Abt. 1827 d: Abt. 1889 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery
+Susan H Johnson b: Abt. 1828 m: 13 Sep 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1916
4 Julia Waugh b: 10 Nov 1852 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 30 Nov 1855 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Mary Jane Waugh b: Abt. 1853 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Hugh Hanson Sharp b: 21 Aug 1848 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co VA m: 9 Apr 1870 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 19 Jun 1912 Father: John Sharp Mother: Sarah Johnson
5 Amanda S Sharp b: 7 Sep 1872 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV m Geo S Moore
5 Hanson J M Sharp b: 24 Jul 1873 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Apr 1941 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV m Mary Ann Irvine
5 Bettie A Sharp b: Abt. Sep 1875 in Pocahontas CO WV d: Jul 1876
5 Amos J E Sharp b: 7 May 1878 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV m Iva Waugh
5 Frances Elizabeth Sharp b: 14 Nov 1881 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV m Luther Smith
5 Nola F Sharp b: 16 Mar 1889 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV m Newman Perry
5 Silas ⓦ m Sarah Meadows
4 William A Waugh b: 21 Feb 1855 d: 3 Mar 1887 in Greenbrier River, Pocahontas Co WV
+M Unknown
4 James Buckhannon "Buck" Waugh b: 18 Dec 1856 in Greenbrier River, Pocahontas Co WV
+Euranie E Dilley b: Abt. 1850 m: 12 Jan 1874 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 27 Nov 1889 in Greenbrier River, Pocahontas Co VWV Father: Josiah Dilley Mother: Mary Ann Friel
5 Mary S F Waugh b: Abt. 1874
5 Lucretia Waugh b: Abt. 1876 d: 24 Apr 1904 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Kanawha Head
5 Infant Waugh b: Nov 1879
4 Lemuel Moffett Waugh b: 11 Feb 1860 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 Feb 1954 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Rebecca Jordan Friel b: 20 Jan 1861 m: 23 May 1882 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jan 1888
5 Lonnie Waugh b: 11 Mar 1883 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Aug 1962 in Potts Creek, Covington Co VA, buried in Indian Draft Cemetery, Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Icie M Friel m: 26 Dec 1906 in Pocahontas Co WV
6 Leion Waugh
*2nd Wife of Lonnie Waugh:
+Matilda Rucker m: Bef. 1915 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Aft. Aug 1962
6 Ocie Mae Waugh b: 4 Jul 1915 d: 7 Jun 1967 in Harrisonburg VA
+Kermit Lantz
6 Bessie Ione Waugh b: 9 Dec 1916 d: 4 Apr 1983 in Keezletown, Rockingham Co VA
+Unknown Sites
6 Milburn Moffett Waugh b: 27 Sep 1918 d: 21 Jan 1994 in Covington City VA, buried in Alleghany Memorial Park
+Carolyn Sharp
7 Doug Waugh
7 John Waugh
6 Raymond Arlington Waugh b: 19 Dec 1920 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 2 Aug 1992 in Roanoke Memorial Hospital, Roanoke VA, buried at Beaver Creek, Pocahontas Co WV
+Zelma G Moore
7 Regina Waugh
6 Basil Waugh b: 1922 d: 1938
6 Norman Waugh b: 1925 d: 1927
6 Calvin McKinley Waugh b: 13 Jun 1927 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Mar 1998 in Granite City, Madison Co IL
+Virginia Unknown
*2nd Wife of Calvin McKinley Waugh:
+Norma Snyder m: 1953
7 Daniel Joseph Waugh b: 2 Jan 1955
+Deborah Lynn Cross m: Sep 1971
8 Christopher Michael Waugh b: 24 Feb 1972
+Elizabeth Ann Jenkins m: 24 Sep 1997
*2nd Wife of Daniel Joseph Waugh:
+Debra Jean Consiglio m: 10 Nov 1979
8 Danielle Jean Waugh b: 15 Dec 1984
7 David Lee Waugh b: 14 Apr 1957
+Joann Watten
7 Carolyn Maria Waugh b: 3 Jan 1962 d: 6 Jan 1962
6 Zoe Madeleine Waugh b: 3 May 1929 d: 27 Oct 1997 in Mineral Wells, Wood Co WV
+Morris[illegible]Merriman
6 Anne Virginia "Annie" Waugh b: 24 Sep 1931
+Robert Jenkins
6 Ella Pearl Waugh b: 30 Oct 1933
+Unknown Kincaid
*2nd Husband of Ella Pearl Waugh:
+Unknown Wanless
6 Stella Marie Waugh b: 30 Oct 1933
+Unknown Burns
6 Fern Price Waugh b: 16 Jan 1935
3 Eva Jane Waugh b: 1 Oct 1884 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 Apr 1970 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Byron Sheppard Dilley b: 17 Oct 1872 m: 22 Mar 1903 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jul 1957 Father: William Dilley Mother: Anne Drepard
4 Della Flossie Dilley b: 17 Jan 1904 in Warwick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 23 Mar 1997 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH
+Everett Cecil Kemper b: 22 Oct 1897 in WV m: 7 Dec 1921 in Covington, Alleghany Co VA d: May 1967 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH
5 Orville Everett Kemper b: 18 Sep 1922 d: Jan 1991
5 Kenneth Warren Kemper b: 4 Mar 1924 d: 27 May 1998
5 Sallie Gleta Kemper b: 7 Sep 1925
+Norman Pickenpaugh
5 Della Ruth Kemper b: Jul 1927
+Robert Lee
5 Floyd Leonard Kemper b: 1929 d: Bef. Mar 1997
5 Naomi Rosella Kemper b: 18 Aug 1931 d: Aug 1973
+Unknown Rilgore
5 Camille Viola Kemper b: Mar 1934
+William Hutchison
5 Irene Dora Kemper b: Abt. Dec 1935
+Fred Sweeney
5 Eva Jewell Kemper b: 6 Nov 1937 d: May 1993 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH
+Unknown Vanmeter
5 Keith Karl Kemper b: 9 Dec 1938 d: 19 Mar 2000 in (probably Mansfield, Richland Co OH)
+Mary Unknown d: Aft. Mar 1997
5 Velma Lynn Kemper b: Abt. 1942
+Tom Edward Hoellich

7 Mike Rhodes b: 8 Oct 1957
5 Minty Florence Waugh b: 1 Jan 1907 in Thorny Creek WV
+Lemuel Ruben Vance m: 19 Mar 1940 in Monterey VA Father: [illegible]
6 Juanita Vance b: [illegible]

6 Ada Rebecca Dilley b: 1 Aug 1906 in Warwick, Pocahontas Co WV d: Aft. Mar 1997
+Paul Aaron Schumaker b: 4 Jun 1911 m: 31 Aug 1931 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Feb 1984 in Wickliffe, Lake Co OH 44092 Father: William Schumaker Mother: Emma Thornhill
7 Creola Violet Schumaker b: 30 Jan 1933
7 Phyllis Regine Schumaker b: 25 Dec 1936
7 Carroll Aaron Schumaker b: 31 Aug 1940
7 Vonda Louis Schumaker b: 16 Nov 1942
6 William Lemuel "Willie" Dilley b: 6 May 1908 d: Jul 1980 in WV
6 Floyd Eldon Dilley b: 28 Feb 1910 in Warwick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Jan 1966 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH, buried in Bellville Cemetery, Bellville OH
+Pauline Jordan m: 22 Jan 1938 in Pocahontas Co WV
7 Yvonne Sue Dilley b: 20 Jun 1938 d: 1939
*2nd Wife of Floyd Eldon Dilley:
+Elnora C Long b: 4 Jun 1911 m: Abt. 1947 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH d: 2 Aug 1997 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH
7 Nora Dilley
7 Sharon Dilley b: Abt. 1950
7 Becky Dilley
7 Julie Dilley
6 Ashley Clark Dilley b: 2 May 1912 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 7 Sep 1975 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH 44905
+Maude Mae Doyle b: 19 Sep 1913 m: Abt. 1940 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Nov 1997 in Fredericktown, Knox Co OH
7 Marilyn Joyce Dilley b: 1 Jul 1942
7 Ashley Clark Dilley II b: 29 May 1949
6 Carl Tipton Dilley b: 1 Mar 1914 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 21 Nov 1975 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH, buried in Bellville Cemetery, Bellville OH
+Shirley Skerritt m: Abt. 1945 in England
*2nd Wife of Carl Tipton Dilley:
+Kay Hardman m: Abt. 1954 in Mansfield OH
7 Julie Dilley
7 Todd Dilley
7 Rebecca Dilley
7 Carl Michael Dilley b: 29 Mar 1955
7 Paul Edward Dilley
6 Leo Albert Dilley b: 1 Apr 1916 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Aft. Aug 1997
+Joan Esme Nenneley m: 18 Mar 1944 in Huntingdon, England
7 Lavinia Anne Dilley b: Abt. 1944
7 Sharon Joan Dilley b: 7 May 1956
7 Kecia Esme Dilley b: 6 Sep 1965
6 Roy Byron Dilley b: 4 Apr 1918 d: 6 Jul 1989 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Arnold Lando Dilley b: 6 Apr 1924 d: Jan 1992
6 Viola Violet Dilley b: 1 Aug 1926 in Indian Draft, Pocahontas Co WV
+Unknown Gibbons
*2nd Husband of Viola Violet Dilley:
+Arnold Eugene McKenney m: Apr 1947
7 Linda Lee McKenney b: 21 Jul 1947
*3rd Husband of Viola Violet Dilley:
+Dana William Long m: 24 Dec 1952 in Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co OH
7 Rosalie Viola Long b: 2 Jun 1953
+Theodore John Talliere m: Abt. 1973 in Cuyahoga Co OH
*2nd Husband of Rosalie Viola Long:
+Michael Francis Murray m: Abt. 1978 in Cuyahoga Co OH
*3rd Husband of Rosalie Viola Long:
+James Wade Driver m: Aug 1983 in Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co OH
5 Warden Elmer Waugh b: 7 Aug 1886 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Apr 1962 in Charlottesville VA (hospital)
+Nellie V Dixon m: 23 Oct 1910 in Pocahontas Co WV
6 Elmer Waugh
6 Harry Waugh
6 Warden Elmer Waugh, Jr b: 7 Aug 1925
+Unknown
7 Steven Waugh b: Abt. 1950
6 Opal Waugh
6 Nora Waugh
6 Freda Waugh
6 Alamedia Waugh
*2nd Wife of Lemuel Moffett Waugh:
+Ella Irene Buzzard m: 16 Jul 1889 in Pocahontas Co WV
7 Maude Waugh
*3rd Wife of Lemuel Moffett Waugh:
+Margaret Rosetta "Maggie" Hinkle b: 28 Feb 1874 m: 8 Apr 1896 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Dec 1953 Father: John K Hinkle Mother: Alice King
7 William McKinley Waugh b: 4 Mar 1897 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 Jun 1961 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery
+Ada Maude Redden b: 5 Sep 1898 d: Jul 1982 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Howard Orrel Waugh b: 15 Sep 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 8 Oct 1999 in Buckeye, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
+Gladys Mildred Dunbrack m: 3 May 1938 in Pocahontas Co WV
7 Norval Earl Waugh b: 5 Sep 1938
8 Brenda Waugh
7 Marvena Ann Waugh b: 14 Apr 1940
+Unknown Meeks
6 Aileen Waugh b: in Pocahontas Co WV
+Unknown Dodrill
7 Carolyn Dodrill
+Unknown Fisher
7 Stephen McKinley Dodrill
7 Bobby Lee Dodrill
7 Resick Hanson Waugh b: 9 Aug 1898 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Dec 1950 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Unknown
*2nd Wife of Resick Hanson Waugh
+Avie Marie Clark m: 25 Dec 1922 in Pocahontas Co WV
6 Lewis (Lemuel) Arch Waugh b: 18 Sep 1923 in Stillwell WV d: 23 Jun 1995 in Brockton MA
+Edie Winonna Catchell m: 5 Nov 1941 in ME
7 Lewis Archibald Waugh b: 30 May 1942
7 Dwight Douglas Waugh b: 12 Sep 1943
7 Juanita Hazel Waugh b: 27 Sep 1951
7 Norma Elene Waugh b: 20 Dec 1952
7 Gaynol Gary Waugh b: 13 May 1958
7 Russell Resick Waugh b: 25 Feb 1963
7 Lashon Marie Waugh b: 4 Jul 1963
5 Lula Alice Waugh b: 9 Feb 1901 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 9 Jul 1981 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Roy Sowers m: Abt. 1920 in Pocahontas Co WV
8 William C Sowers b: 1921
8 Ruby Sowers
5 Mary Waugh b: 8 Jan 1903 d: 20 Jan 1903
5 Francis Waugh b: 8 Jan 1903 d: 9 Jan 1903
5 Christina/Christine Catherine Waugh b: 17 Jan 1904 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 9 Jul 1981 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH
+Daniel Phillips
6 Betty Phillips b: 20 Jan 1924
+Walter Rhodes
7 Margaret Rhodes b: 30 Jul 1940
7 Tommy Rhodes b: 10 Apr 1949
7 Janet Rhodes b: 8 May 1952

7 Mike Rhodes b: 8 Oct 1957
5 Minty Florence Waugh b: 1 Jan 1907 in Thorny Creek WV
+Lemuel Ruben Vance m: 19 Mar 1940 in Monterey VA Father: Isaac Vance Mother: Ella Arbogast
6 Juanita Vance b: 21 Aug 1929 in Selma, Allegheny Co VA
+Peter Degenova m: 3 Aug 1949 in Washington DC
7 Peter Anthony Degenova b: 3 Sep 1950
7 Vance William Degenova b: 25 May 1952 in Bollings Air Force Base, Washington DC
7 Sybil Irene Degenova b: 12 Mar 1955
7 Julie Beth Degenova b: 9 Oct 1963 in Andrews Air Force Base, Camp Springs MD
5 Thelma Charleen Waugh b: 29 Jun 1909 ~~d: Oct 1927~~
+Dennis Washington Sharp b: 14 Aug 1907 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 May 1978 in Fairborn, Greeene Co OH, buried in Byron Cemetery
6 Jimmy Sharp b: 18 Feb 1932
6 Peggy J Sharp b: 21 Jun 1937
+Edwin Brister
7 Eddie Brister b: 1957
7 Anita Brister b: 1958
7 Kenny Brister b: 1960
7 Brad Brister b: 1963
7 Marty Brister b: 1964
5 Benjamin Franklin Waugh b: 17 Jul 1912 in Pocahontas Co WV ~~d: Aug 1997~~
+Beatrice "Bea" Dunbrack Father: Burgess Dunbrack Mother: Della Deshong
6 Eldridge Waugh
6 Lewis Waugh
Grenetta +Grenata Vanhaan
7 Robin Waugh
+John Mutschler
7 Infant Waugh b: 1960 d: 1960
Lewis Robert Waugh 11 Dec 63 - m. Cheryl div.
*2nd Wife of Benjamin Franklin Waugh:
+Ethel Unknown Murphy ~~d: 1999~~ 6/96
5 Mary Jane Waugh b: 17 Feb 1915 ~~d: 1999~~
Wilson ~~William~~ "Bill" Deffenbaugh
5 Lawrence Elzeworth "Elzie" Waugh b: 17 Aug 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Jul 1994 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH
+Virginia Martin
6 Thomas Waugh
6 Marvin Waugh
*2nd Wife of Lawrence Elzeworth "Elzie" Waugh:
+Jane Unknown
*3rd Wife of Lawrence Elzeworth "Elzie" Waugh:
+Evelyn Unknown
4 John A Waugh b: 27 Sep 1863 in Upshur Co VA d: 30 Oct 1912
+Virginia Gibson m: 17 Sep 1885 in Pocahontas Co WV
5 Mamie Florence Waugh b: 29 Apr 1895 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV d: 24 Mar 1906
4 Henry H Waugh b: 23 Oct 1866 in Big Run, Pocahontas Co WV d: 19 Feb 1958 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Savannah Georgia Beverage b: 8 Aug 1872 d: 18 Feb 1972 Father: Jacob M Beverage Mother: Rachel Ann McGlaughlin
5 Ocy Pearl Waugh b: 26 Aug 1893 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 9 Nov 1977 in Pocahontas Co WV
5 Mabel Waugh
5 Mathias Waugh
5 Nettie Waugh
5 Roy Waugh b: 14 Sep 1909 d: Jul 1974 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
5 Unies Waugh
5 Bert H Waugh b: 5 Feb 1916 d: Jul 1993 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Miley Wade Waugh
+Verah Virginia Gragg m: 5 Mar 1930 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Rhoda E Waugh b: 28 Nov 1868
+Rudolph Waugh
4 Jacob E Waugh b: Abt. 1872
+Indiana A Beverage m: 20 Sep 1892 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Martha S Waugh b: Abt. 1874
+Unknown Lightner
2 Jane Waugh
+Timothy McCarty b: in Ireland m: 13 Oct 1800 in Bath Co VA
3 Mary "Polly" McCarty b: 1802 in Bath Co VA
+Levi Moore, Jr b: in PA m: 9 Sep 1819 in Bath Co VA d: Abt. 1828 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Levi Moore, Sr Mother: Susannah Crist
4 Mary Jane Moore b: 1823
5 Matilda Moore
4 Rachel Moore b: 18 Mar 1824 d: 11 Sep 1906 in Burr Oak, Winneshiek Co IA
+James Sharp b: 28 Sep 1817 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 24 Feb 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 24 Jan 1905 in Burr Oak, Winneshiek Co IA, buried in Burr Oak Cemetery
5 George Sharp b: 1843
+Susannah Peacock m: 1875 in Winneshiek Co IA
6 Stewart Sharp
5 Stuart Sharp b: Abt. 1845
5 Martha Sharp b: Abt. 1846
5 Rachel Sharp b: Abt. 1848
5 Milton Sharp b: Abt. 1849
5 Jane Sharp b: Abt. 1850
5 Robert Sharp b: Abt. 1851
5 Prudence "Prudie" Sharp b: 4 Feb 1853
5 Luvena Sharp b: 1858
5 Eddie Sharp b: 2 Mar 1864
4 George Moore
4 Susanna Crist Moore b: 1829 in Frost, Bath Co VA
+Steven W Haines b: 1828 in Bath Co VA d: 30 Dec 1876 in Burr Oak, Winneshiek Co IA
3 Eli McCarty b: 1804 d: 1842
+Margaret Moore Father: Levi Moore, Jr Mother: Nancy Sharp
4 Margaret McCarty
+John Simmons
4 Paul McCarty
4 Jane McCarty
+John Simmons
5 Robert Simmons
5 Amanda Simmons
5 Margaret Simmons
5 Calvin Simmons
5 Milton Simmons
5 Warwick Simmons
5 Nancy Simmons
3 Reuben McCarty b: 1806
3 Samuel Waugh McCarty b: 23 Sep 1808 in VA d: Bef. 1860
+Phoebe Ann Moore b: Bet. 1810 - 1818 m: 28 Mar 1833 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: John Moore Mother: Margaret Moore
4 George McCarty b: Abt. 1834 d: Bet. 1861 - 1865 in Winchester VA
4 James McCarty b: Abt. 1836
+Mary Hankins m: in 1861
*2nd Wife of James McCarty:
+Matilda Gwinn m: in 1870
4 Timothy McCarty b: Abt. 1838
4 Elizabeth Jane McCarty b: Abt. 1840 in VA d: Abt. 1890 in Pocahontas Co WV

4 Margaret McCarty b: Abt. 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA
+James Curry b: Abt. 1835 in Taylor Co VA m: 5 Nov 1863 in nr Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV
4 Daniel McCarty b: Abt. 1842
4 Samuel McCarty b: Abt. 1843
4 Hannah McCarty b: Abt. 1844
4 William McCarty b: Abt. 1846 in VA d: 1861 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Nancy McCarty b: Abt. 1848
4 Peter John McCarty b: 1850
+Elizabeth Arminta Hill b: Abt. 1855 in VA Father: Aaron Hill
5 James William McCarty b: Abt. 1875
5 [151] Leanna Frances McCarty b: 16 Nov 1878 d: 4 Apr 1916
+[152] George Henry Shrader b: 9 Mar 1880 d: 25 Jan 1945 Father: Robert Clayton Shrader Mother: Mariah Emily Lewis
5 Amos Hedrick McCarty b: Abt. Nov 1879
5 Albert Granville McCarty
5 Carrie Virginia McCarty
5 Mary "Molly" Price McCarty
+Charles Collins
6 William Hutcheson Collins
+Sarah Varner
7 John Riley Collins
+Virendra "Birdie" Hoover
8 George William Collins
+Merriweather Garland Nummy
9 Nolen Collins
+Carrie Belle Hall
10 Joyce Collins
+Unknown Lien

3 Jacob "Jake" McCarty b: 1812
+Hannah Brock
4 George McCarty
4 Fanny McCarty
*2nd Wife of Jacob "Jake" McCarty:
+Annie Boggs b: in Greenbrier Co VA m: 1 Sep 1842 in Greenbrier Co VA
4 Samuel McCarty
+Elizabeth Unknown
5 Columbus McCarty
+Margaret Hull
6 Kyle McCarty
+Ruby Unknown
7 Steven McCarty
+Pat Unknown
8 Kathryn "Kate" McCarty
+Unknown Cleaver
5 Susan "Susie" McCarty
5 James H McCarty
5 Thomas McCarty
4 Elizabeth McCarty
4 Mahala McCarty
4 Melissa McCarty
4 Julia McCarty
4 Franklin McCarty
3 Nancy McCarty b: 1814
+Robert McClary
3 Jane McCarty b: 1816 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Harvey Casebolt m: 4 Mar 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA
3 Martha McCarty b: 1818
3 Sarah "Sally" McCarty b: 1820 d: 1875 in Mills Co IA
+Ezekiel Boggs, Jr b: 1800 in Greenbrier Co VA m: 21 Mar 1839 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Dec 1850 Father: Ezekiel Boggs, Sr Mother: Margaret J Boggs
4 Barbara Margaret Boggs b: Abt. 1840
+Barstow Dillon
4 Joseph Boggs b: 21 Jul 1845
+Amanda Alice Sayers m: 21 Jan 1877 Father: Unknown Sayers
4 Eli Mansfield Boggs b: 10 Oct 1846
+Lula Zeta Sayers Father: Unknown Sayers
3 Isaac McCarty b: 1822
3 Unknown McCarty b: 1824
3 Unknown McCarty b: 1826
3 Unknown McCarty b: 1828

2 Peggy Waugh
+Arthur Grimes b: 1774 m: 1 May 1806 in Bath Co VA d: 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Felix Grimes Mother: Catherine Unknown
3 Arthur Grimes Jr b: Abt. 1808 d: 20 Mar 1895 in Harrison Co WV
+Rebecca Elizabeth Cumpston m: 27 Feb 1830 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Unknown Cumpston Mother: Julia A Unknown
4 Newton Grimes
4 Lovena/Lavinia M Grimes b: Abt. 1835 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Silas D Helmick b: 1831 m: 10 Aug 1854 Father: Peter Helmick Mother: Mary Davis
5 James A Helmick b: 1856
+Mary C Suttles b: 1863 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 16 Jan 1879 in Upshur Co WV
5 William A Helmick b: 17 Feb 1857 in Upshur Co VA d: 29 Apr 1873 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Canaan Cemetery, Canaan
5 [153] Mary Elizabeth Helmick b: Jan 1858 in Barbour Co VA d: 17 Sep 1925 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden
+[154] Jacob David Hamilton "Jake" Waugh b: 1 Jun 1855 in Upshur Co VA m: 9 Aug 1880 in Upshur Co WV d: 10 Dec 1934 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden
Father: Brown Morgan Waugh Mother: Emily Rebecca Harris
6 [155] Morgan Silas Waugh b: 13 Sep 1881 in Upshur Co WV d: Jul 1963
+[156] Rosa Ellen Rice b: Apr 1893 m: 15 Sep 1912 in Upshur Co WV d: 1960 Father: John William Rice Mother: Lourena Alice Haymond
7 [157] Violet Pearl Waugh b: 4 Oct 1916 d: Feb 1979 in Aliquippa, Beaver Co PA
+[158] Murray Duffie Haymond b: 15 Dec 1913 m: 22 Dec 1939 in Louisa Co KY d: 27 Jan 1997 in Aliquippa, Beaver Co PA
8 [159] Murray Clive Haymond b: 1 Nov 1949
+[160] Debra Ann Higgs b: 17 Oct 1952 m: 5 Jun 1973 in Kansas City MO
9 [161] Jeffrey David Haymond b: 3 May 1973
8 [162] Bonnie Rose Haymond b: 11 May 1952
+[163] Robert Martin Schmidt b: 30 Nov 1948 m: 26 May 1973
9 [164] Tommi Denea Schmidt b: 27 Sep 1975
9 [165] Robert Michael Schmidt b: 4 Feb 1977
8 [166] Dwain Helson Haymond b: 28 Aug 1953
+[167] Donna Lee Higgs b: 16 Oct 1957 m: 18 Oct 1975 in Aliquippa PA
8 [168] Beverly Sue Haymond b: 14 Apr 1956
+[169] Daniel James Foxall b: 4 Dec 1951 m: 20 Jun 1974
9 [170] Heidi Lynn Foxall b: 26 Dec 1975
8 [171] Rodney Haymond
6 [172] Effie May Waugh b: 3 Jul 1883 in Upshur Co WV d: 30 Aug 1968 in Philip, Barbour Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Gaines
+[173] Henry Columbus Powers b: 1 May 1870 in Lewis Co WV m: 15 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: 14 Apr 1954 in Eden, Upshur Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Gaines Father: Benoni Columbus Powers Mother: Polly Melinda Watson
7 [174] Gene May Powers b: 23 Jun 1908 in Upshur Co WV
+[175] Elmer Gould b: 5 Aug 1902 in Randolph Co WV m: 4 Mar 1934 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 22 Apr 1987 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co VA
8 [176] Junior Gould b: 1935
+[177] Penny Strader
8 [178] Franklin Henry Gould b: 1938

~ 2 young Grimes p. 16

4 Rebecca Waugh b: 20 Aug 1836
4 Mary J Waugh b: 1 Dec 1836
+Basil Sells b: 1 Jun 1833 m: 31 Mar 1857 in Vinton Co OH d: 26 Dec 1899 in Chauncey

+[179] Barbara Ann Snyder
8 [180] John Leroy Gould b: 1942
+[181] Lena Rose Foster m: 31 Dec 1966 in Hampton, Upshur Co WV
9 [182] Michael O'Niel Gould b: 1967
9 [183] John Leroy Gould, Jr b: 1971
+[184] Jennifer Taylor
8 [185] Jimmy Allen Gould b: 1946
+[186] Karen Wilson
8 [187] Danny Rex Gould b: 1948
+[188] Karen Sue Hess
8 [189] Gary Joe Gould b: 1949 d: 6 Jun 1985
+[190] Carol Chidester
7 [191] Macil Alden Powers b: 24 Nov 1910 d: Jun 1953 in Upshur Co WV
+[192] Hazel Rice b: 14 May 1914 d: Sep 1992 in Rock Cave, Upshur Co WV
8 [193] Thurman Powers
7 [194] Delbert Clinton Powers b: 14 Mar 1913 d: Feb 1980 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
+[195] Tressie Kincaid b: 12 Sep 1917 d: 10 Jan 1994 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
7 [196] Della Iva Powers b: 14 Jan 1916 d: 24 May 1988 in Galloway, Barbour Co WV
+[197] Ralph Gould b: 20 Apr 1905 d: 20 Jul 1974 in Galloway, Barbour Co WV
7 [198] Xenna Madeline Powers b: 17 Nov 1918
+[199] Olie Gregory b: 25 Sep 1912 d: 8 Sep 1991
7 [200] Charles Henry Powers b: 5 Nov 1920
+[201] Edna Quinn
*2nd Wife of [200] Charles Henry Powers:
+[202] Alma Mort
7 [203] Donald Eugene Powers b: 2 Mar 1922 d: 25 May 1993
+[204] Mildred Quinn
6 [205] Foster Homer Waugh b: 4 Oct 1884 in Upshur Co WV d: Dec 1973 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+[206] Edith June Sines b: Abt. 1890 in Upshur Co VA m: 1 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV Father: Emmanuel Sines Mother: Laura E Withers
7 [207] Norman Waugh
7 [208] Elsie Waugh
7 [209] Celia Waugh
7 [210] Lola Waugh
7 [211] Geraldine Waugh
7 [212] Eugene Waugh
7 [213] Herbert Waugh
7 [214] Denzil Foster Waugh b: Abt. 1917 in Upshur Co WV
+[215] Iva Pearl Morrison b: 30 Mar 1920 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co VA m: 7 May 1938 in Upshur Co WV Father: Willis Wade Morrison Mother: Martha Alice Taylor
8 [216] Linda Jane Waugh b: 8 Jul 1941 in Sewickley, Allegheny Co PA
+[217] Larry Gilbert Vaught b: 1941 m: 2 Sep 1968 Father: Conrad Vaught Mother: May Morn
9 [218] Samuel Allen Vaught b: 16 Jun 1968 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [219] Joseph Edward Vaught b: 13 Feb 1970 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[220] Michelle Strader m: 12 Jul 1997 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [221] Janna Renea Vaught b: 17 Apr 1972 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: Lloyd Rich Mother: Dorothy Mizell
+[222] Brian Paige Rich b: 1971 m: 2 Sep 1994 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
10 [223] Jaric Shane Rich b: 20 Jul 1995 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
8 [224] Jerry Richard Waugh b: 23 Dec 1943 in Sewickley, Allegheny Co PA
+[225] Linda Rose Owen b: 1948 m: 9 Nov 1969 in Kershafton OH Father: Robert Owens Mother: Virginia McMillin
9 [226] Karmen Mashell Waugh b: 28 Oct 1969 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[227] Nathan Davis
10 [228] Nathaniel Lee Davis
*2nd Husband of [226] Karmen Mashell Waugh:
+[229] Patrick Andrews m: 6 Sep 1997 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [230] Kimberly Jo Waugh b: 30 Oct 1974
+[231] Stacy Stickley m: 3 Jul 1994 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [232] Kristy Elaine Waugh b: 4 Apr 1984
*2nd Wife of [205] Foster Homer Waugh:
+[233] Helena Mary Feolio b: 10 Apr 1923 in Lewis Co WV m: 10 Mar 1947 in Upshur Co WV d: Feb 1985 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Angelo Charles Feolio Mother: Mary Ritz
6 [234] Sylvester E Waugh b: 23 Dec 1886 in Upshur Co WV d: 21 Feb 1968 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+[235] Rosa E "Rosie" Lake b: 6 Aug 1895 in Webster Co WV m: 1 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1979 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Heavner Cemetery Father: Richard Lake
6 [236] Alva S Waugh b: 12 May 1889 in Upshur Co WV d: 22 Jan 1923 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Baxa Cemetery near Eden
+[237] Laura Pansey Miller b: 1899 in Upshur Co WV m: 15 Nov 1916 in Upshur Co WV d: 1997 in Harrison Co WV Father: J D Miller Mother: Victoria Unknown
7 [238] Ersal Waugh
6 [239] Dorsey E Waugh b: Apr 1892 d: 15 May 1894
6 [240] Asa Thomas Waugh b: 30 Mar 1896 d: 27 Nov 1970 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
+[241] Nellie Opal Morrison b: 2 Apr 1901 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Dec 1982 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery, Upshur Co WV Father: Willis Wade Morrison Mother: Martha Alice Taylor
6 [242] Porter P Waugh b: Jan 1898 in Upshur Co WV d: Aft. 1934
+[243] Irene Jackson b: 24 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV m: 27 Jul 1926 in Upshur Co WV d: 20 Jun 1997 in St Mary's, Pleasants Co WV Father: Irvin Jackson
6 [244] Denzil Waugh b: 1900
*2nd Husband of [153] Mary Elizabeth Helmick:
+Peter A Cox
5 Peter M Helmick b: 17 Jun 1862 in Barbour Co VA d: 1927 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Lorentz Cemetery, Lorentz WV
+Barbara Ann Daft b: 3 Oct 1865 in Randolph Co WV m: 18 Sep 1881 in Upshur Co WV d: 21 Dec 1946 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Lorentz Cemetery, Lorentz WV
Father: John William Daff Mother: Elizabeth Ramsey
6 Flora Helmick
6 Harmon Helmick b: 24 May 1901 d: Dec 1985 in Newark, Licking Co OH
+Irene Marks m: 29 Jan 1923 in Upshur Co WV Father: O L Marks
6 Abraham Helmick
6 George Helmick
6 Samson C Helmick b: in Upshur Co WV
+Lina Sennett Father: William Sennett Mother: Catherine McGee
5 Jacob P Helmick b: 1864 in Barbour Co WV d: 1946 in buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co WV
+Elma Armonda Geyer b: Abt. 1868 in Upshur Co WV m: 1 Jul 1884 in Randolph Co WV d: 1948 in buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co WV
6 Omar Helmick
6 William Helmick b: 2 Oct 1893 d: Feb 1967 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV
6 Ona Helmick
5 Silas L Helmick b: 1867 in Randolph Co WV
+Eldora/Effie Snyder b: 10 May 1878 in Webster Co WV m: 10 Oct 1895 in Addison, Webster Co WV d: 1 Jan 1936 in buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co WV
*2nd Wife of Silas L Helmick
+Mary Unknown
*3rd Wife of Silas L Helmick
+Alice Bond Helmick
5 John Wesley Helmick b: 1866
+Mary S Unknown b: 1873
6 Martha A Helmick
6 Mattie M Helmick
5 Thomas C Helmick b: 19 Mar 1869 in Banks Dist, Upshur Co WV
+Sarah T Unknown
6 Leonard T Helmick b: 5 Nov 1897 in Upshur Co WV d: Mar 1977 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
5 Bruce Morgan Helmick b: 1871 d: 1948 in buried in Alfred Anderson Cemetery, Wheeler, Webster Co WV
+Alice E Anderson b: 11 Feb 1876 d: 2 Jan 1896 in buried in Alfred Anderson Cemetery, Wheeler, Webster Co WV
6 Sidney Helmick

4 Mary J Waugh b: 1 Dec 1836
+Basil Sells b: 1 Jun 1833 m: 31 Mar 1857 in Vinton Co OH d: 24 Jun 1892 in Indianola, Warren Co IA, buried in [illegible]
5 Fannie Louisa Sells b: 11 May 1870 d: 24 Jun 1892 in Indianola, Warren Co IA
4 James Waugh b: 13 Feb 1839

*2nd Wife of Brown Morgan Helmick:
+Mary Susan Hinkle b: 1872 Father: Abe Perry Hinkle Mother: Mary Magdaline Anderson
6 Madgie Helmick b: 19 Jun 1900 d: 8 Oct 1902 in buried in Alfred Anderson Cemetery, Wheeler, Webster Co WV
6 Orvin Clay Helmick b: 3 Apr 1903 in Webster Co WV d: 1948 in buried in Pickens Cemetery, Randolph Co WV
+Lillie Goff
7 Lorma Helmick b: 1925
+Charles Stone
7 Gleima Helmick b: 1929
+Louise Wuchner
8 Michael Haymond Helmick b: 25 May 1956 in Germany
+Linda Rose Cogar b: 18 Mar 1961 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: Ancil Cogar Mother: Sylvania Cogar
9 Michael Ancil Helmick b: 5 Sep 1980 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
7 Dennis G Helmick b: 1940
+Hazel Woody
6 Virgie Helmick
+Elmer Harris
7 Reva Harris
7 Stanley Harris
7 Lowell Harris
6 Everett Helmick b: 5 Oct 1905 d: Sep 1977 in Fairmont, Marion Co WV
+Stella Goff
7 Euna Helmick
7 Doris Helmick
6 Clye Ezra Helmick b: 10 Dec 1909 d: 3 Oct 1939 in buried in Alfred Anderson Cemetery, Wheeler, Webster Co WV
+Mabel Collins
7 Guindeline Helmick
6 Arnold Lowell Helmick b: 22 Dec 1912 in Wheeler, Webster Co WV d: Sep 1980 in Hacker Valley, Webster Co WV
+Reva Lillie Boggs b: 8 Jan 1915 in Wheeler, Webster Co WV m: 25 Jul 1937 in Wheeler, Webster Co WV d: 14 Sep 1990 in Hacker Valley, Webster Co WV Father: Charles Boggs Mother: Iowa Cogar
7 Mava Lucille Helmick b: 21 Aug 1938
+Raymond Mallett b: 18 Jun 1932 m: 19 Aug 1959
8 Dennis Ray Mallett b: 15 May 1960
8 Deanna Lucille Mallett b: 22 Mar 1962
7 Vera Lillian Helmick
+Michael Chadwick Jordan b: 8 Jul 1947
8 Maria Rochelle Jordan b: 5 May 1975
5 Henry Carter Helmick b: 11 Apr 1873 in WV d: 9 Mar 1952 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Susie Halderman b: 6 May 1885 in WV m: in Randolph Co WV d: 30 May 1991 in Marysville, Yuba Co CA Mother: Unknown Wenger
6 June Christine Helmick b: 20 Nov 1901 in WV d: 2 Aug 1990 in Yuba City (hospital), Sutter Co CA, buried in Peoria Cemetery, Loma Rica, Yuba Co CA
+Unknown Powell d: Bef. 1990
6 Clifford William Helmick b: 26 Oct 1904 in WV d: 4 Mar 1991 in Yuba Co CA
+Pauline Elizabeth Kava b: 9 Feb 1905 in PA d: 5 Dec 1995 in Marysville, Yuba Co CA
6 Pearl Helmick
+Unknown Lucas
6 Loretta/Reatha Helmick
+Unknown Reeves
6 Bertha Virginia Helmick b: 3 Jun 1911 d: 13 Oct 1984 in Red Bluff, Tehama Co CA, buried in Peoria Memorial Cemetery, Loma Rica
+LeRoy Musick
6 Esther Helmick
+Unknown Poe
5 Robert L Helmick b: 1876
4 Rebecca Jane Grimes b: Abt. 1836 - m → Upshur (Price)
4 Laurinda J Grimes b: 22 Feb 1842 d: 7 Nov 1907
+Martin James Helmick b: 1833 d: 1909 Father: Peter Helmick Mother: Mary Davis
5 John B Helmick
5 Harmon Helmick
5 Emory Helmick
5 Rachel Helmick
5 Arthur Birdell "Bird" Helmick
+Levisa Jordan
6 Dewey Stillman Helmick
+Mary Evans
7 B J Van Helmick
5 William P Helmick
5 Sarah Helmick
5 Mary E Helmick
4 Samuel N? Grimes b: Abt. 1846
4 Emily E Grimes b: 1850
4 Angeline Grimes
3 Jane Grimes d: in Highland Co WV
+Leonidas Bowyers m: 23 Aug 1833 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Cicero Bowyers
4 James Leonard Bowyers
3 Samuel Grimes → Jacob F + Mrs
+Margaret Dysard m: 1 Jul 1834 in Pocahontas Co VA
3 John Grimes b: Abt. 1819 d: 1864 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
3 Rebecca Grimes b: 1820
+Thomas Drinnan m: 30 Nov 1837 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: John Drinnon Mother: Elizabeth Drinnon
4 Franklin Drinnan
4 Female Drinnan
4 Female Drinnan
4 Female Drinnan
3 David G Grimes b: Abt. 1822 in VA
+Mary Grimes b: Abt. 1822 m: 26 Feb 1846 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: James Grimes (Son of Felix)
4 Madora? Grimes b: Abt. 1848
4 A Sarah Grimes b: Abt. 1849
4 Hanson Grimes
+Mary Nottingham Father: Harvey Nottingham
5 Minnie Grimes
+Earl Arbogast
4 Margaret Grimes
+W H Sims
5 Hanson Grimes
5 Frank Grimes
*2nd Husband of Margaret Grimes
+Erasmus Williams
4 Amanda Grimes
+Charles G W Sharp
5 Hannah M Sharp b: 1870 d: 13 Sep 1871 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Leah Grimes
+George Preston Hannah Father: David Hannah Mother: Hester Sicafoose
→ Hanson in CAN. ; Frank in LA ; Leah m Geo P Hannah → Upshur
3 Sally m Hugh McLaughlin s/o John Green ? 1791 Hist P 422. 317,232
2 Jacob Waugh
+Elizabeth Johnson b: Abt. 1792 in VA m: 19 May 1812 in Bath Co VA Father: John Johnson Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
3 James Waugh b: 18 Feb 1812 in Bath Co VA d: 29 May 1893 in Richland Twp, Vinton Co OH, buried in Shiloh Cemetery
+Fidelia Briggs b: 17 May 1808 in Orange, Franklin Co MA m: 6 Jun 1834 in Hocking Co OH d: 8 Feb 1850 in probably Vinton Co OH Father: Simeon Briggs Mother: Elizabeth Sadler
4 Elizabeth Waugh b: 20 Mar 1835 d: 23 May 1835

4 Rebecca Waugh b: 20 Mar 1835
4 Mary J Waugh b: 1 Dec 1836
+Basil Sells b: 1 Jun 1833 m: 31 Mar 1857 in Vinton Co OH d: 26 Dec 1899 in Churchville, Warren Co IA, buried in IOOF Cemetery, Indianola
5 Fannie Louisa Sells b: 11 May 1870 d: 24 Jan 1892 in Indianola, Warren Co IA, buried in IOOF Cemetery
4 James Waugh b: 13 Feb 1839
4 Jacob Waugh b: 14 Nov 1839 in Middletown, Vinton Co OH d: 15 Nov 1927 in Latham, Pike Co OH
+Elmira/Almira McNeil b: 5 Oct 1842 in Columbiana Co OH m: 18 Aug 1860 in Middletown, Jackson Co OH d: 14 Feb 1924 in Pike Co OH
5 Charles William Waugh b: 31 Mar 1868 in Pike Co OH d: 10 Jul 1954
+Ida Amanda Farren b: 3 Dec 1874 in Latham, Pike Co OH m: 3 Sep 1892 d: 18 Oct 1936
6 Alma Marie Waugh b: 21 Oct 1893
6 Arthur Lee Waugh b: 29 Apr 1898 d: 27 Dec 1965 in IN
6 Fred Edgar Waugh b: 5 May 1902 d: 26 Dec 1961
6 Orville Luray Waugh b: 25 Jan 1909 d: 8 Mar 1963
5 Henry Edgar Waugh b: Abt. 1882 in OH
+Alice Unknown b: Abt. 1889 in OH
6 Mary E Waugh b: Abt. 1906
6 John W Waugh b: Abt. 1907
6 Goldie M Waugh b: Abt. 1908
6 Charley R Waugh b: Abt. 1909
5 Zoe A Waugh b: Abt. 1887
4 Francis Bartlett Waugh b: 4 Apr 1842 in McArthur, Vinton Co OH d: 13 Oct 1921 in Wellston, Jackson Co OH
+Sarah E Caves b: in OH m: 4 Jul 1865 in Vinton Co OH d: 8 Jan 1914 in Jackson Co OH
5 William R Waugh b: Abt. 1880 in OH
4 Sarah Waugh b: 21 Aug 1844 d: 1925 in IA
*2nd Wife of James Waugh
+Permelia Collins b: 26 Feb 1813 in VA m: 29 Sep 1850 in VInton Co OH d: 11 Feb 1896 in South Richland Twp, Vinton Co OH, buried in Shilloh Cemetery
4 Eliza Ann Waugh b: 9 Jul 1851 d: 20 Mar 1891
+James H Gregory b: Abt. 1852 in Vinton Co OH m: 7 Aug 1883 Father: James Gregory Mother: Matilda Race
4 Andrew Wolf Waugh b: 31 Dec 1852 in OH d: 22 Aug 1904
+Margaret "Maggie" Ziegler b: Sep 1840 in OH m: 30 Dec 1877 in Vinton Co OH
5 Oscar O Waugh b: Nov 1878 in OH
4 Elizabeth Waugh b: 7 Mar 1855 in OH d: 1934 in Logan Co OH
+Robert Walter Nelson m: 18 Jan 1877 in Vinton Co OH Father: William Nelson Mother: Hannah Hammond
5 Edward Leander Nelson
+Zella Clagett m: Abt. 1915
6 Edward Lee Nelson
+Dorothy Fouts
4 Fidelia Waugh b: 7 Mar 1855
4 William Wesley Waugh b: 18 Feb 1857 in OH d: in Logan Co OH
+Emma F Beagle b: Abt. 1859 in OH m: 26 Apr 1879 in Hocking Co OH
4 Lydia Waugh b: 23 Oct 1858 d: 23 Oct 1858
3 Abraham McNeil Waugh b: Abt. 1816 in Bath Co VA
+Sarah Walker m: 1 Mar 1838 in Hocking Co OH
3 Sarah Waugh b: Abt. 1817 in Bath Co VA
+William Benn m: 8 Dec 1836 in Hocking Co OH
4 Drusilla Benn
+Unknown Carr
3 Elizabeth D Waugh b: 26 Jun 1820 in Bath Co VA d: in Fredonia, Louisa Co IA
+William G Wilson m: 10 Jul 1837 in Athens Co OH d: in Fredonia, Louisa Co IA
4 Jonathan Wilson b: Abt. 1844
4 Melissa Wilson b: 7 Nov 1846 in Porter Co IN
4 Elizabeth Wilson b: 28 Nov 1848
4 William H Wilson b: Abt. 1850
4 Emily Jane Wilson b: 25 Sep 1853
4 Elum Wilson b: 17 Apr 1856
4 Alice Wilson b: 11 Aug 1858 in Porter Co IN
+W H Wolcott
5 Unknown Wolcott
+Edie French
4 Andrew Wilson b: Abt. 1860
+Sarah E Kelly m: 25 May 1884 in Mason Co WV
3 John Waugh b: Abt. 1823
Alexander St Clair "Sinclair" Waugh b: Abt. 1788 in Bath Co VA d: 31 Mar 1867 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Rockford Methodist Church near Jane Lew, Harrison Co.
+Sarah "Sally" Dee b: 1787 m: 3 Feb 1817 in Harrison Co WV d: 4 Nov 1839 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Old Frame Church Cemetery, Lost Creek
3 Eleanor Waugh b: Abt. 1817 in VA d: 1883 in Lewis Co WV
+Lemuel Daniel Hurst b: Abt. 1819 in Harrison Co VA m: 9 Jan 1844 in Harrison Co VA d: 15 Jun 1882 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery nr Vadis Father: Daniel Hurst Mother: Eleanor "Ellen" Davisson
4 John Worthington Hurst b: 14 May 1841 in Harrison Co VA d: 18 Jun 1907 in Long Run, Doddridge Co WV, buried in SDB cemetery, Salem, Harrison Co WV
+Sarah E Skinner b: 1835 m: 18 May 1862 in Harrison Co VA d: 1920
4 Dexter Waugh "Dex" Hurst b: Oct 1845 in Harrison Co VA
+Elizabeth Collins Ralston b: Abt. 1845 in VA m: 24 Jan 1872 in Doddridge Co WV
5 Albert Hurst b: Abt. 1866
5 Ellsworth Hurst b: Abt. 1874
5 Birdie Hurst b: Abt. 1876
5 Mattie Hurst b: 1879
4 Darius Lee "Guinea/Gib/General" Hurst b: Nov 1846 in Harrison Co VA d: 1 Feb 1928 in Gilmer Co WV, buried in Snyder or Mount Lebanon Cemetery
+Mary "Verna" Dennison b: 1846 in VA m: 30 May 1867 in Gilmer Co WV d: 1928
5 Dora E Hurst b: Abt. 1870
5 John E Hurst b: Abt. 1871
5 Patrick Hurst b: Abt. 1872
5 Fanny B Hurst b: Abt. 1875
5 Evaline C Hurst b: Abt. 1877
4 Martha A Hurst b: May 1847 in Augusta/Gilmer Co VA d: 2 Jan 1920 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery
+Ewing Sandy m: 13 Jan 1870 in Gilmer Co WV
4 Sarah L "Sally" Hurst b: Oct 1849 in VA
+Allen Burton b: Abt. 1850 in VA m: 19 May 1871 in Lewis Co WV
5 Dexter S Burton b: Abt. 1873 in WV
5 Clinton Burton b: Abt. 1876 in WV
4 Daniel Smith "Dorsey" Hurst b: 3 Feb 1851 in Duck Creek, Harrison Co VA d: in Vadis, Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery
+Rachel Waugh Hastie m: 13 Apr 1885 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
4 Christian Alexander Hurst b: 23 Apr 1853 in Finks Creek, Lewis Co VA d: 31 Mar 1948 in Wood Co WV, buried in Mt Olivet Cemetery, Parkersburg
+Hannah Victoria Rose b: 1860 m: 24 Jun 1880 in Doddridge Co WV d: 1932
4 Henry Rosenbush Hurst b: Jun 1856 in Lewis Co VA d: 5 Mar 1922 in Little Cove, Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
+Sophia Collins b: 1857 m: 5 Apr 1877 in Harrison Co WV d: 1882
5 Rosetta Hurst b: Abt. 1878
*2nd Wife of Henry Rosenbush Hurst
+Frances "Fanny" Skinner b: 1868 in Lewis Co WV m: 12 Apr 1883 in Cove Creek, Doddridge Co WV d: 1967
4 Mary F Hurst b: Abt. 1861 in Lewis Co VA d: in Lancaster, Fairfield Co OH
+William E Van Horn b: Abt. 1857 in VA m: 22 Nov 1877 in Lewis Co WV
5 Louis L Van Horn b: Abt. 1879
5 Gertie C Van Horn b: Jan 1881
3 William Jefferson "Jeff" Waugh b: Abt. 1818 d: 20 Apr 1884 in Lewis Co VA
+Sarah Davisson b: 1824 in Duck Creek, Harrison Co VA m: 16 Aug 1841 in Harrison Co VA Father: Jonathan Davisson Mother: Lorena Holland
4 Amanda Minerva Waugh b: 13 Mar 1843 in Lewis Co VA d: 13 Jan 1926 in Ewing, Holt Co, NE, buried in Ewing Cemetery

+John Keller Snider/Snyder b: 16 Nov 1834 in Pendleton Co VA m: 28 Jan 1858 in Lewis Co VA d: 14 Aug 1914 in Ewing, Holt Co NE, buried in Ewing Cemetery Father: Jacob Snider
Mother: Elizabeth Keller
5 Sarah Elizabeth Snyder b: 18 Dec 1862 in near Vadis, Lewis Co VA d: 22 May 1946 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+George Franklin Wiseman b: 9 Sep 1859 in Vadis, Lewis Co VA m: 18 Jun 1881 in Troy, Gilmer Co WV d: 3 Aug 1946 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
6 Roy B Wiseman b: 21 Dec 1882 in WV d: 16 Jul 1936 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
6 Doyle Dean Wiseman b: 30 Apr 1884 in Troy, Gilmer Co WV d: 5 Sep 1947 in Orchard, Antelope Co NE
6 Ernest C Wiseman b: 23 Nov 1886 d: 16 May 1966 in Twin Falls, Twin Falls Co ID
6 Minnie D Wiseman b: 2 Jan 1887 in KS d: Jan 1961 in Upton, Weston Co WY
+Charles Haggerman
6 Mary Anna Wiseman b: 22 Sep 1890 in KS
+Unknown Davis
6 Charles F/H Wiseman b: 18 Jul 1892 in KS d: 26 Apr 1918 in US Army service
6 Otto Austin Wiseman b: 23 Jul 1894 in KS d: Feb 1976 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Marietta Cornelia van Conett b: 29 Mar 1899 in Page, Holt Co NE m: in O'Neil, Holt Col NE d: 22 Nov 1982 in Page, Holt Co NE, buried in Lambert Cemetery Father:
Elmer van Conett Mother: Rose Ann O'Haver
7 Charley Austin Wiseman b: 29 Jul 1921 in Upton, Weston Co WY d: 2 Sep 1975 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE, buried at Prospect Hill Cemetery
+Rose Ann Freedman b: 26 Sep 1921 m: 6 Dec 1962 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 30 Jun 1996 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
7 Leo Reed Wiseman b: 27 Jan 1923 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Ruth Gloria Boyer b: 25 Oct 1926 m: 16 Dec 1944 in Schuyler, Colfax Co NE d: 20 Aug 1960 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
8 Leo Thomas Wiseman b: 13 Apr 1945 in Omaha, Douglas Co NE
8 Wayne Austin Wiseman b: 23 Sep 1947 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
7 Virginia Rose Wiseman b: 28 Apr 1925 in Orchard, Antelope Co NE d: 26 Mar 1989 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE, buried at Hillcrest Cemetery
+Allen Kopejtka m: in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Richard Eugene Kopejtka b: 15 Dec 1944 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 28 May 1996 in Sidney, Fremont Co IA
+Gertrude Sitka m: in Marysville, Snohomish Co WA
9 Raymond Eugene Kopejtka b: 8 Apr 1965 in Burlington, Skagit Co WA
9 Deborah Ann Kopejtka b: 8 Apr 1965 in Burlington, Skagit Co WA
+Herbert Marks m: in Bow, Skagit Co WA
*2nd Husband of Deborah Ann Kopejtka:
+Paul Brown m: in Bow, Skagit Co WA
9 Steven James Kopejtka b: 13 Oct 1967 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
9 Scott James Kopejtka b: 13 Oct 1967 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
*2nd Wife of Richard Eugene Kopejtka:
+Peggy Bolich m: in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
*3rd Wife of Richard Eugene Kopejtka:
+Marilyn Waterman m: in Mt Veron , Skagit Co WA
9 Jesse John Kopejtka b: 14 Jun 1982 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
8 Ralph Gerald Kopejtka b: 12 Sep 1946 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
+Judy Jockens m: 12 Sep 1977 in Tilden, Antelope Co NE
8 Robert John Kopejtka b: 26 Jun 1947 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 3 Dec 1971 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE, buried at Hillcrest Cemetery
+Connie Ray Hasley m: in Norfolk NE
8 James Elmer Kopejtka b: 26 Jun 1951 in O'Neil, Holt Co NE d: 8 Mar 1979 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE, buried at Hillcrest Cemetery
+Sharon K Kasley m: in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
9 Robert James Kopejtka b: 17 Apr 1974
*2nd Husband of Virginia Rose Wiseman:
+Ralph Kopejtka b: 21 Sep 1920 m: 23 Jan 1946 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 5 Apr 1991
7 Elmer Franklin Wiseman b: 12 Jan 1930 in Deloit NE
+Mavis Lucille Spry m: in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
8 Martin Elmer Wiseman b: 26 Dec 1952 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
+Ruth Joan Spangler m: 16 Jun 1973 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
9 Clayton Scott Wiseman b: 3 Oct 1973 in Neligh, Antelope Co NE
9 Kristopher Martin Wiseman b: 4 Apr 1977 in Atkinson, Holt Co NE
*2nd Wife of Martin Elmer Wiseman:
+Jackie Lee Juracek m: 22 May 1981 in Hastings, Adams Co NE
9 Mardi Wiseman
9 Jeri Wiseman
8 Michael Alan Wiseman b: 24 Nov 1954 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
+Kimberley Kay Telgrin m: 25 Aug 1974 in Oakdale, Antelope Co NE
9 Sharon Michelle Wiseman b: 8 Aug 1973 in Tilden, Antelope Co NE
9 Joshua Alan Wiseman b: 20 Jul 1977 in Mt Pleasant, Henry Co IA
8 Mark Douglas Wiseman b: 17 Sep 1956 in O'Neil, Holt Co NE
+Debra Ann Ketteler m: 3 Jul 1976 in Petersburg, Boone Co NE
9 Jason Michael Wiseman b: 16 Sep 1977 in Palmview, Pierce Co NE
9 Amy Jo Wiseman b: 14 Jul 1981 in O'Neil, Holt Co NE
8 Merlin Reed Wiseman b: 29 Sep 1958
7 Anna Mae Wiseman b: 6 Mar 1936
6 Otto Oscar Wiseman b: 23 Jul 1894 in KS d: 5 Jun 1989 in Turlock, Stanislaus Co CA
+Cora Willey b: 25 Feb 1899 in CA d: 21 May 1993 in Stanislaus Co CA Father: Unknown Willey Mother: Unknown McGinn
7 Joan Wiseman
+Unknown Rico
6 Earl Wiseman b: 9 Oct 1897 in KS d: Mar 1976 in Wilmington, New Hanover Co NC, buried in Cedar Hills Memorial Gardens, Daytona Beach FL
6 Jessie Erma Wiseman b: 6 May 1899 in KS d: 15 Jun 1979 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA
+Unknown Lefler
6 George Wiseman b: 12 Apr 1901 in KS
6 Alfa J Wiseman b: 23 Feb 1904 in KS d: 18 Sep 1905
5 Charles Thomas "Charlie" Snyder b: 20 Oct 1865 d: 4 Nov 1929 in Salina, Saline Co KS
+Minnie Ahatt b: 28 May 1875 m: 4 Jun 1894 d: 14 Apr 1952 in Salina, Saline Co KS
6 Dorothy Elvira Snyder b: Apr 1895 d: Aft. 1976
+Joseph Monese b: Nov 1897 m: 5 Feb 1917 d: Aft. 1976
6 Russell Clyde Snyder b: 25 Sep 1898 d: Apr 1981 in Salina, Saline Co KS
+Mabel Isaac d: Abt. 1972
7 Evelyn Mae Snyder
6 Lorraine Dale Snyder b: 2 Apr 1900 d: Feb 1989
+George Mace
*2nd Husband of Lorraine Dale Snyder
+Henry Jensen
6 Mildred Fern Snyder b: Dec 1903 d: 13 Oct 1936
+Paul Morrison
7 Female Morrison
5 Ellen Jane Snyder b: 13 Feb 1868 in Gilmer Co WV d: Abt. 1959 in Wichita, Sedgwick Co KS, buried in Wichita
+Edward Wright d: in Wichita, Sedgwick Co KS, buried in Wichita
6 Ula Wright
6 Fern Wright
6 Forrest Wright
6 Russell Wright
6 Cecelia Wright
6 Opal Wright
6 Hal Wright
5 Arthur Snyder b: 18 Sep 1871 in near Troy, Gilmer Co WV d: 14 Dec 1960 in O'Neil, Holt Co NE, buried in Ewing
+George Booth b: 21 Mar 1870 in Boone Co IL d: 1 Sep 1950 in Ewing, Holt Co NE Father: Alonzo Leper Booth Mother: Theresa Emeline Ward
6 Raleigh Thurlow Snyder b: 13 Dec 1897 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 11 May 1980 in Littleton, Arapahoe Co CO, buried in Tusa, Tulsa Co OK
+Lillian Dale Rose b: 26 Oct 1897 in Liberty, Montgomery Co KS m: 25 Jul 1913 in Independence, Montgomery Co KS d: in buried in Tusa, Tulsa Co OK Father: Volney
Steven Rose Mother: Olive Adaline Schultz
7 Eleanor Frances Snyder b: 21 May 1924 in Cherryvale, Montgomery Co KS
+George McFarland m: 13 Jun 1946 in (divorced)
8 Andrew Foster McFarland b: 30 Jun 1954 in Canton, St Lawrence Co NY

8 Laura Ann McFarland
+B Ray Bishop m: 11 Jul 1976
9 Airika Rose Bishop b: 20 Sep 1977
+2nd Husband of Eleanor Frances Snyder:
+Charles Lee Herndon m: 13 Jun 1964 in Tulsa, Tulsa Co OK
7 Susan Snyder b: 25 Feb 1933 in Tulsa, Tulsa Co OK
+Edward Paul Caleca m: Sep 1962
8 Paul Lawrence Caleca b: 20 Aug 1963 in Brooklyn NY
8 Michael Thomas Caleca b: 27 Dec 1966 in Denver, Arapahoe Co CO
6 Denzel Lee Snyder b: 18 Aug 1899 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: Sep 1969 in Ogallala, Keith Co NE
6 Frances Marie Snyder b: 7 May 1902 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 2 Dec 1995 in Chambers, Holt Co NE Father: Harry James Porter Mother: Bertha Van Dresen
+Frank Porter b: 3 Jul 1898 in Martha NE m: 3 Feb 1921 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 8 Jan 1975 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
7 Wanda Marie Porter b: 27 Dec 1921 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Vernon Smith m: 28 Jun 1940
7 Lois Evelyn Porter b: 12 Aug 1924 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Wayne Rowse m: 16 Jun 1942
8 Arlene Rowse b: 18 Apr
8 Linda Rowse b: 23 Aug 1944
8 David Rowse b: 5 Jul 1952
8 Brian Rowse b: 17 Aug 1960
8 Brenda Rowse b: 22 Feb 1964
7 Marian Jean Porter b: 20 Jan 1928 in Chambers, Holt Co NE d: 3 Feb 1928
7 Duane Marvin Porter b: 4 Jun 1929 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Eleanor Prettyman m: 21 Dec 1958
8 Valerie Porter b: 18 Oct 1962
8 Frank Porter b: 5 May 1963
8 David Porter b: 16 Jun 1968
7 Georgie Jeannene Porter b: Jul 1930 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Normand Reninger
8 Wanda Reninger b: 1 Apr 1954
8 Kitty Ann Reninger b: 31 Jul 1956
8 Jerry Reninger b: 28 Sep 1952
8 Sandra Lee Reninger b: 5 May 1958
8 Steve William Reninger b: 5 Mar 1962
8 Janet Elizabeth Reninger b: 22 May 1963
7 Ruth Ann Porter b: 18 Jan 1935 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Clifford Clemens m: 2 Jun 1955
8 Michael Lee Clemens b: 17 Nov 1965
8 Sherry Clemens b: 12 Jun 1957
8 Todd Clemens b: 23 Aug 1961
8 Jiner/Timmie Clemens b: 18 Oct
8 Tamara Clemens b: 26 May
7 Deanne Jean Porter b: 5 May 1941 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Dale Bellin m: 25 Oct 1959
8 Layne Bellin b: 15 Feb 1963
8 Susette Bellin b: 27 Jun 1969
8 Alan Dale Bellin b: 24 Aug 1975
7 Elinore Frances Porter b: 6 Jul 1944 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+David Zimmer m: 29 Jun 1963
8 Frances Zimmer b: 16 Aug 1970
8 Tanya Zimmer b: 6 Aug 1972
6 Vesta Vivian Snyder b: 22 Feb 1905 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 6 Aug 1986 in Austin, Travis Co TX
+John Maurice "Jack" Adams b: 28 Jan 1902 in Chambers, Holt Co NE m: 17 Jun 1925 in Chambers, Holt Co NE d: 20 Aug 1981 in Austin, Travis Co TX Father: Edward Adams Mother: Sarah McMillin
7 Norma Adams b: 19 Mar 1926 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+H C Rose m: in San Diego, San Diego Co CA
8 Robin Luan Rose b: 21 Feb 1959 in Tyler, Smith Co TX
8 Rhonda Jean Rose b: 2 Jul 1964 in Tyler, Smith Co TX
7 Madelon Adams b: 1 Aug 1932 in Chambers, Holt Co NE d: 1936 in near Lincoln, Lancaster Co NE
7 Judy Johnette Adams b: 4 Aug 1942 in Austin, Travis Co TX
+Jerry Grant m: in Austin, Travis Co TX
8 Kimberly Ann "Kim" Grant b: 26 Dec 1961 in Travis Co TX
8 Steven Robert "Steve" Grant b: 14 Apr 1964 in Travis Co TX
6 Verna Virginia Snyder b: 22 Feb 1905 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 17 Apr 1988 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Omer McClenahan b: 1 Jul 1899 in Chambers, Holt Co NE m: in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: May 1984 in Chambers, Holt Co NE Father: John McClenahan Mother: Edith Evelyn Dyke
7 Jerald Omer McClenahan b: 10 Dec 1928 in Flint, MI
+Marian Rachel Tangman b: 31 Mar 1932 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
8 Jerald James McClenahan b: 18 Apr in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
8 Daniel Dean McClenahan b: 23 May in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
8 Rachel Ruth McClenahan b: 22 Jun in Omaha, Douglas Co NE
8 Jeffery John McClenahan b: in Three Hills, Alberta, Canada
8 Mark Max McClenahan b: 27 Oct 1962 in Three Hills, Alberta, Canada
8 Nathan Noel McClenahan b: 4 Mar 1969 in Omaha, Douglas Co NE
7 John Darwin "Jack" McClenahan b: 30 Dec 1931 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
+Marvis Jean Carsten b: 15 Feb 1942 in Plainview, Pierce Co NE
8 Marcia Marie McClenahan b: 29 Dec 1962 in Plainview, Pierce Co NE
8 Michelle Marie McClenahan b: 10 Sep in Plainview, Pierce Co NE
8 Melanie Marie McClenahan b: 17 Jan in Plainview, Pierce Co NE
6 Marcus Aurelius Snyder b: 22 Apr 1907 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Ruby Angus b: 15 Mar 1912 in Ewing, Holt Co NE m: 8 Mar 1938 Father: Frank Angus Mother: Elizabeth Myers
7 Barbara Snyder b: 17 Mar 1939 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Dorance Hobbs m: 13 May 1956
8 Marcus Hobbs b: 5 Dec 1956
9 Nicholas Hobbs b: 12 Nov 1976
9 Samuel Hobbs b: 1 Oct 1979
8 Pamela Hobbs b: 11 Feb 1958
8 Anita Hobbs b: 25 Dec 1959
8 Natalie Hobbs b: 13 Nov 1960
8 Shelly Hobbs b: 7 Sep 1962
7 Arthur Snyder b: 8 Dec 1941 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Vickie Ellis m: 13 Sep 1970
8 Samuel Snyder b: 9 Jan 1970 in St Paul, Howard Co NE
8 Ruby Snyder b: 9 Jul 1971 in St Paul, Howard Co NE
8 Kathy Snyder b: 7 Mar 1977 in St Paul, Howard Co NE
8 Kristin Snyder b: 7 Mar 1977 in St Paul, Howard Co NE
6 Freda Ethlyn Snyder b: 13 Oct 1908 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
6 Feima Evelyn Snyder b: 13 Oct 1908 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: Feb 1997 in Santa Clara Co CA
+William Adam Alderson b: 19 Jan 1894 in Chambers, Holt Co NE m: 20 Jan 1927 in Winner, Tripp Co SD d: 20 May 1979 in San Jose, Santa Clara Co CA, buried in Chambers NE Father: John Marr Alderson Mother: Josephine Eunice Eckley
7 John Arthur Alderson b: 29 Apr 1928 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Marion Schaperkotter m: 9 Sep 1946 in San Diego, San Diego Co CA
8 Gail Marie Alderson b: 25 Apr 1948 in Alameda Co CA
+Walter Harry Silberhorn b: 22 May 1946 in San Diego, San Diego Co CA m: 15 Mar 1969 Father: Unknown Silberhorn Mother: Unknown Baxter
8 Deborah Ann Alderson b: 3 Jul 1950 in San Diego Co CA

8 Denise Lynn Alderson b: 19 Nov 1951 in San Diego Co CA
7 Billie Joann Alderson b: 20 May 1930 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Eugene/Harold Leon Callaway m: 1 Dec 1950
8 Jill Yvonne Callaway b: 22 Oct 1954
8 Lori J Callaway b: 27 Jan 1956
8 John D Callaway b: 23 Feb 1960
7 Patrick Ralph Alderson b: 21 May 1933 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Marguerite Shaperkotter m: 8 Sep 1957
8 Marcus Patrick Alderson b: 24 Sep 1958
+Susan Lynne Wurtz m: in San Diego, San Diego Co CA Father: Harry Steven Wurtz
9 Connor Michael Alderson b: Nov 1980
6 Jerald William Snyder b: 19 May 1914 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Julia Mae Eppenbach b: 10 Jun 1919 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 7 Nov 1969 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE Father: Omer Eppenbach Mother: Eula Mae Leise
7 Evelyn Jane Snyder b: 4 Jan 1947 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Richard A Kinkead m: 30 Oct 1966
7 Jeraldine Marie Snyder b: 28 Feb 1951
+Tony Ruiz m: 17 Mar 1979
7 Rita Kay Snyder b: 4 Feb 1953
7 Kenneth Vincent Snyder b: 10 Feb 1954
7 Beverly Joann Snyder b: 3 Jul 1957
6 Lois Bernice Snyder b: 22 Jul 1916 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 10 Feb 1997 in Ord, Valley Co NE
+Wilbur Osborn b: 23 Mar 1915 in Battle Creek, Madison Co NE m: 3 Feb 1937 in Neligh, Antelope Co NE d: 15 Jun 1999 in Ord, Valley Co NE
7 Bonita Faye Osborn b: 8 Jan 1938 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Bruce Grimes m: 1954
8 Patricia Charlene Grimes b: 29 Jan 1956
*2nd Husband of Bonita Faye Osborn:
+Frank Piskorski m: 27 Apr 1967
8 James Piskorski b: 20 Sep 1968
7 Marie Frances Osborn b: 16 May 1941 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Delmar Bartling m: 19 Oct 1962
8 Alexander Kielt Bartling b: 4 May 1963
8 Jayson Thomas Bartling b: 23 Jul 1967
8 Jenifer Marie Bartline b: 15 Nov 1969
8 Joanna Debra Bartling b: 8 Sep 1974
7 Gloria Jean Osborn b: 24 Aug 1942 in Wichita, Sedgwick Co KS
+Rudolph Wabs m: 17 Jul 1960
8 Cindy Sue Wabs b: 3 May 1962
8 Gregory Dean Wabs b: 16 May 1963
8 William Scott Wabs b: 30 May 1969
8 Kimberly Jo Wabs b: 1 Jun 1973
8 Erin Lee Wabs b: 18 Jan 1978
7 Mary Lois Osborn b: 9 Sep 1943 in Wichita, Sedgwick Co KS
+Dennis Adamek
8 Patrick Adamek b: 8 Nov 1963
*2nd Husband of Mary Lois Osborn:
+Larry Masin m: 6 Jul 1968
8 Bradley Masin b: 22 Sep 1970
7 Julianne Osborn b: 28 Feb 1948 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Duane Sich m: 26 Jan 1968
8 Raymond Sich b: 15 Aug 1968
8 Andrew Sich b: 15 Sep 1971
7 Thomas Joseph Osborn b: 2 May 1952 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Linda Korkoleski m: 28 Nov 1970
8 Michael Douglas Osborn b: 11 Jan 1971
8 Michele Kristine Osborn b: 25 Aug 1973
8 Mandy Sue Osborn b: 18 May 1977
8 Marcy Lynn Osborn b: 10 Feb 1980
7 Susan Carol Osborn b: 5 Jan 1954 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Scott Runch m: 4 Jun 1977
8 Jared Scott Runch b: 19 Jun 1979
7 Georgie Ann Osborn b: 14 Jun 1956 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Mark Percival m: 9 Jun 1979
5 Enos Jacob Snyder b: 8 Jan 1873 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV d: in Glasgow, Valley Co MT
+Lunette Swaine b: 20 Jan 1885 m: 25 Jan 1901 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 1979 in MT
6 Arden Marshall Snyder b: 30 Sep 1902 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: Mar 1985 in Billings, Yellowstone Co WY
+Mary Theresa Barnhart b: in Canada
*2nd Wife of Arden Marshall Snyder:
+Marion Ethel Brown
6 Nadine Naomi Snyder b: 26 Jul 1904 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: Feb 1983 in Polson, Lake Co MT
+William Loy Rader b: 21 Aug 1905 d: Mar 1978 in Polson, Lake Co MT
5 John William Snyder b: 23 May 1881 in near Troy, Gilmer Co WV d: in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Mary Burner b: in Clearwater, Antelope Co NE
6 Helen Snyder b: 14 Feb 1909 d: Dec 1983 in Clearwater, Antelope Co NE
+Rubley "Sport" Sisson b: 15 Jun 1906 d: May 1966 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
*2nd Husband of Helen Snyder:
+George Mummert b: 22 Sep 1899 d: May 1972 in Clearwater, Antelope Co NE
5 Roscoe Conklin Snyder b: 27 Nov 1885 in Fink Creek, Gilmer Co WV d: Jan 1972 in Kent, King Co WA
+Zella Deerson b: 6 Dec 1897 m: 20 Jan 1915 d: 1979 in MT
6 Wesley Snyder
4 Arthur Waugh b: Abt. 1846
4 William Waugh b: Abt. 1849
4 Savannah Waugh b: Abt. 1851
4 Alexander Austin Waugh b: 22 Jul 1852 in Lewis Co VA d: 17 Jan 1952 in Covert, Osborne Co KS, buried in Covert Cemetery
+Nancy Jane Seeley b: 30 Oct 1868 in Waterloo, Black Hawk Co IA m: 19 Apr 1883 d: 15 Apr 1923 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS, buried in Covert Cemetery, Cover KS Father: Francis M Seeley Mother: Mary Ann Gaston
5 William Francis "Frank" Waugh b: 28 Sep 1884 in Covert, Osborne Co KS d: 10 Nov 1967 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS, buried in Bethany Center Cemetery
+Georgia Mae Brundige b: 22 Aug 1903 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS d: 30 May 1935 in Osborne Co KS, buried in Bethany Center Cemetery Father: George W Brundige Mother: Sarah Fisher
5 Orville J Waugh b: 31 Jul 1888 in Covert, Osborne Co KS d: 4 Apr 1918 in Camp Greene, Charlotte NC, buried in Covert Cemetery, Covert, Osborne Co KS
5 Charles A Waugh b: 1890 d: 1 Dec 1969
+Mae C Pratt b: 16 Apr 1897 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS d: 28 Aug 1991 in Waseca, Waseca Co MN, buried in Sakarah Cemetery, Waterville, Le Sueur Co MN Father: Edward Pratt Mother: Eppie Wyman
6 Walter Waugh
6 Ursula Waugh
+Unknown Sutton
5 Cora M Waugh b: 9 Sep 1892 in KS d: 19 Jun 1976 in Huntington Park, Los Angeles Co CA
+Unknown Sisson
6 Phoebe Frances Sisson b: 21 May 1918 in Ventura Co CA d: 1 Dec 1947 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Unknown Paul
6 Mate Sisson b: 2 May 1920 in Ventura Co CA
6 John L C Sisson b: 18 Aug 1924 in Ventura Co CA d: 13 Apr 1992 in San Diego, San Diego Co CA
5 Jessie Helen Waugh b: 4 Feb 1894 in Covert, Osborne Co KS d: 6 Feb 1983 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA, buried in Sunnyside Memorial Park
+Fred G Allison b: 28 Dec 1889 d: 10 Apr 1967 in Los Angeles Co CA Father: Unknown Allison Mother: Unknown Pittard
5 Ida Grace Waugh b: 29 May 1895 in KS d: 27 Aug 1980 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA
+Walter Sidney Van Buskirk b: 25 Apr 1882 in KS d: 2 Jul 1959 in Los Angeles Co CA Father: Unknown Van Buskirk Mother: Unknown Cole
5 Vernon Benson Waugh b: 12 May 1897 in Covert, Osborne Co KS d: 2 Jul 1978 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS, buried in Covert Cemetery, Cover KS

+Edna Louise Eversole b: 6 Nov 1904 in Stafford, Stafford Co KS m: 18 May 1925 in St John, Stafford Co KS d: 3 Nov 1992 in Odessa, Ottawa Co KS Father: Peter Amos Eversole Mother: Allie Mae Hughes

5 Elsie May Waugh b: 30 Mar 1902 in KS d: 17 Apr 1999 in CA
+Lloyd Gray b: 21 Dec 1901 in KS d: 14 May 1987 in Norco, Riverside Co CA Father: Unknown Gray Mother: Unknown Harvey

6 Lowell A Gray b: 20 Dec 1922 in KS d: 29 Jun 1981 in Orange Co CA

5 Alice Leora Waugh b: 26 Oct 1904 in KS d: 21 Mar 1992 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA
+James T Brundige b: 21 Mar 1901 in KS d: 22 Oct 1970 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA

5 Maude Waugh
+Charles W Pratt b: 31 Oct 1895 in KS d: 25 Dec 1953 in San Bernardino Co CA

5 Infant Waugh

5 Infant Waugh

5 Infant Waugh

2 Wife of William Jefferson "Jeff" Waugh:
+Elizabeth Ann Lovell b: Abt. 1828 m: 26 Oct 1852 in Lewis Co VA d: 27 Jun 1892

4 Sophia L Waugh b: 24 Jul 1853 d: Apr 1914 in Seattle, King Co WA, buried in Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Unknown Hill

4 John Franklin Waugh b: 1858
+Alice Hays m: 29 Aug 1885 in Gilmer Co WV Father: John E Hays Mother: Frances Lewis

5 Lewis Hays Waugh b: 5 May 1887 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV d: 20 May 1967 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV, buried in Woodlee Cemetery
+Lulu Bernice Ruhr b: 21 Oct 1888 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV m: 26 Feb 1921 d: 23 May 1962 Father: Joseph Sharon Ruhr Mother: Lydia Ann Hannah

6 Lewis Hays Waugh, Jr b: 9 Apr 1922 in Grafton WV
+Marguerite Wright b: 21 May 1911 d: 22 Jun 1976

*2nd Wife of Lewis Hays Waugh, Jr:
+Pong Ah m: 26 Jun 1977

6 Alice Ann Waugh b: 20 Dec 1926 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
+James Harter Kallmerten b: 18 Aug 1926 in Mansfield OH m: 1949 d: 21 Aug 1997 in Charlotte, Mecklenburg Co NC Father: Arno Ernst Kallmerten Mother: LaDessa Mae Harter

7 James Lewis Kallmerten b: 10 Nov 1953 in Huntington WV
+Carol Jane Borg b: 19 May 1959 m: 20 Aug 1988 Father: Ernst Borg Mother: Margaret "Peg" Unknown

8 Jane LaDessa Kallmerten b: 3 Feb 1990 in Syracuse NY

7 Daniel Harter Kallmerten b: 3 Jan 1956 in Huntington WV
+Pamela Sue Hagensen b: 24 Mar 1963 m: 10 Jun 1981 Father: Donald Hagensen Mother: Helen Horan Warble

8 Amy Elaine Kallmerten b: 28 Sep 1983 in Pittsfield MA

8 Samuel Harter Kallmerten b: 11 Jan 1989 in Franklin NH

8 Julia Ann Kallmerten b: 7 Nov 1991 in Franklin NH

7 Timothy Brent Kallmerten b: 20 Mar 1957 in Huntington WV
+Traci Hunt Hyndman m: 18 Nov 1994

8 Kaley Hyndman b: 24 Aug 1988 in Denver CO

8 Tyler Michelle Kallmerten b: 2 Jun 1996

7 John Waugh Kallmerten b: 11 Apr 1963 in Cincinnati OH
+Janet Abrams b: 18 Sep 1966 m: 1 Aug 1992

8 Jesse Daniel Abrams/Kallmerten b: 17 Aug 1995 in Framingham MA

8 Grace James Kallmerten b: 17 Jul 1999 in Framingham MA

4 Oleva V Waugh b: 6 Jun 1860 in Lewis Co WV d: 3 Jun 1943
+Jay Stout b: 10 Nov 1860 in Lewis Co WV m: 20 Mar 1884 in Lewis Co WV d: 2 Mar 1946 in Lewis Co WV Father: Emery Porter Stout Mother: Cornelia E Unknown

5 Ursula Stout b: 10 Jul 1885 in Lewis Co WV d: 10 Oct 1977 in Grafton, Taylor Co WV, buried in Walnut Fork Cemetery, Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Alvin Lewis Smith b: 1875 d: 1947 in buried in Walnut Fork Cemetery, Vadis, Lewis Co WV

6 Ralph Smith

6 Alva Smith

6 Magda Smith

6 Mary Smith

6 Metta Smith

6 Gertrude Smith

6 Lewis Smith

6 Lucy Smith

5 Porter Guy Stout b: 19 Jul 1887 in Lewis Co WV d: 11 Jul 1974 in Clearwater FL
+Jennie Elizabeth Duncan b: 28 Feb 1894 in Keslers Cross Lane, Nicholas Co WV m: 6 Jan 1917 d: 7 Sep 1971 in Clearwater FL

6 Jeanne Stout b: 20 Oct 1921

6 Frank W Stout b: 1918 d: 1962 in Safety Harbor FL

5 Bessie Stout b: 1892

4 Martha Araminta Bird Waugh b: Mar 1868 in Lewis Co WV
+Albert Ralston b: Jan 1866 in Harrison Co WV m: 27 Mar 1890 in Lewis Co WV Father: Joseph Ralston Mother: Elizabeth Unknown

5 Homer Ralston b: 31 Jan 1891 d: Jan 1978 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV

5 David Ralston b: 21 Nov 1892 d: May 1983 in Tucson, Pima Co AZ
+Lovie Halterman b: 16 Dec 1899 d: Aug 1972 in Tucson, Pima Co AZ

6 Eleanor Ralston
+Unknown Devine

5 Ernest Ralston b: Oct 1896

5 Olen Ralston b: Jun 1898

5 Everett Ralston

5 Leutitia Ralston

3 James Waugh b: Abt. 1823 d: 9 Aug 1881 in Lewis Co WV

3 Jane Waugh b: Abt. 1823

3 Dinah Waugh b: Abt. 1828

3 Margaret Ann Waugh b: Abt. 1830 d: 7 Jul 1903 in buried at Rockford Methodist Church, Harrison Co WV
+James West b: Abt. 1831 m: 23 Aug 1855 in Lewis Co VA d: Bef. 1880 Father: Christian West Mother: Mary Reid

4 Christian Columbus West b: Abt. 1857
+Charlotte Harris b: Abt. 1859 m: 1 Mar 1880 in Lewis Co VA

4 Charlotte West b: Abt. 1859

3 Frances Jane "Fanny" Waugh b: 8 Nov 1832 d: 8 Sep 1915 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery
+Luther Haymond West b: 21 Aug 1832 in Lewis Co VA m: 17 May 1859 in Lewis Co VA d: 4 Oct 1896 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery Father: John West Mother: Sarah "Sallie" Hurst

4 Sarah Electra West b: 1 Mar 1860 in Gilmer Co VA
+Henry Harrison Bonnett m: 2 Sep 1877 in Gilmer or Lewis Co WV

4 Margaret Elizabeth West b: 26 Jun 1861 in Braxton Co WV
+Charles Lewis Gibson b: 5 Nov 1864 in Lewis Co WV m: 1 Feb 1882 in Lewis Co WV d: 10 Jul 1921 in Denver CO Father: Granville Gibson Mother: Sarah Jane Marsh

4 Evaline Cornelia West b: 2 Jun 1864 d: 14 Apr 1942 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Daniel Webster King b: 3 Feb 1845 in Lewis Co VA m: 8 May 1890 in Lewis Co WV d: 17 Jan 1926 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Walnut Fork Cemetery Father: William King Mother: Sarah Crumrine

4 Albert Alexander West b: 30 May 1867 d: 1946 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
+Mitty Doyle Skidmore b: 6 Feb 1873 in Upshur Co WV m: 9 Nov 1890 in Lewis Co WV d: 20 Nov 1915 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis Father: James Allen Skidmore Mother: Hester Ann Morrison

5 Walter Ray West b: 7 Oct 1891 in Lewis Co WV d: 18 Apr 1916 in Lewis Co WV

5 Harvey Clay West b: 25 Jul 1893 d: 8 Feb 1980 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV
+Myrtle Wiseman

6 Jessie Mildred West
+Glenn Waldeck

6 Mary Lucille West
+Unknown Watson

6 Chester Austin West
*2nd Wife of Harvey Clay West:
+Ouita Hartley

6 Pauline F West
+Unknown Sinbeck

6 Dale S West

6 Rex C West

5 Sarah Frances West b: 5 Jan 1896 d: 4 Jan 1990
+Nathan Goff Sprouse b: 18 Dec 1888 m: 30 Apr 1915 in Oakland MI d: 17 Sep 1987 in Wadsworth, Medina Co OH
6 Cecile Myrtle Sprouse b: 12 Aug 1916 d: Oct 1988 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+Argil Mooneypenny
*2nd Husband of Cecile Myrtle Sprouse:
+Kenneth Groah b: 24 Feb 1914 d: Jun 1986
6 Faye Sprouse
+Unknown Cutright
6 Oran Sprouse
6 Robert Sprouse
+Zelma Carder
6 Virginia "Biddie" Sprouse
+Unknown Burke
6 Monna Sprouse
+Martin Dennison
6 Ray Sprouse
5 Beatrice E West b: 13 Sep 1898 d: 23 Jul 1980 in Elyria, Lorain Co OH
+Fred Hurst
6 Minnie Hurst
6 Margaret Hurst
+Unknown Smith
6 Dorothy Hurst
+Unknown Smith
6 Lester Hurst
6 Maudie Hurst
+Unknown Doddrill
6 Leonard Hurst
6 Lace Hurst
6 Stanley Hurst
5 Opal G West b: 1901
+Oath Burkhammer
6 Kathleen Burkhammer
+Unknown Pumphrey
6 Kenneth Burkhammer
6 Burl Burkhammer
6 Mitty Burkhammer
6 Charles Burkhammer
5 Alice Pearl West b: 9 Feb 1904 d: 4 Jan 1988
+Dewey Lawrence Moody b: 20 Aug 1902 d: 21 Dec 1997 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
6 Eugene Moody
6 Irene I Moody
+Charles L Mooneypenny
6 Edsel H Moody b: 10 Dec 1928 d: 8 Sep 1972
6 Verna E Moody
+Unknown Everett
6 Kendell L Moody
6 Austin D Moody
6 Alice Roberta Moody
+Unknown King
5 Inez M West b: 26 Apr 1908 d: 31 Jul 1983 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
+Oral C Ash d: 1982
6 Retha Ash b: 6 Jan 1927 d: 10 Jul 1998 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
+Unkown Groah
6 Ramona Ash
+Unknown Means
*2nd Husband of Ramona Ash:
+Unknown King
6 Claudette Ash
+Unknown Wyant
6 Cecil Belvis Ash
6 Clovis Ash
5 Hester Ann "Toddy" West b: 29 Mar 1911
+W Ash
6 James Ash
*2nd Husband of Hester Ann "Toddy" West:
+Frank Bosley
6 Trudy Bosley
6 Frank Bosley, Jr
*3rd Husband of Hester Ann "Toddy" West:
+Wayne Heater
5 Austin Allen West b: 29 Aug 1913 d: 8 Nov 1913 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
4 Waitman Thomas West b: 4 Apr 1869 in Gilmer WV
+Luverna "Vernie" White b: Jun 1875 m: 30 Aug 1894 in Harrison Co WV
5 Luverna West b: Jun 1895
5 Fleetwood West b: Mar 1897
5 Hazel A West b: Jun 1899
4 Lyda Clayton West b: Apr 1872 d: 1945
+Armenia G "Nettie" Bennett b: Jan 1869 m: 1894
5 Bessie O West b: May 1895
5 Luther H West b: 10 Sep 1896 d: Jun 1978 in Akron, Summit Co OH
5 Goldie West b: Jun 1898
5 Guy M West b: Dec 1899
5 John West
+Unknown Sleeth
4 John McWhorter West b: 5 Apr 1876
+Ella Sleeth
3 Samuel Waugh b: Abt. 1836
3 Francis Marion Waugh b: Abt. 1837 in VA
+Virginia Patterson b: Abt. 1842 in VA m: 15 Aug 1874 in Lewis Co WV Father: Unknown Patterson Mother: Matilda Unknown
4 Robert Lee Waugh b: 9 Sep 1873 in Lewis Co WV d: 11 Feb 1957 in Blackburn, Gilmer Co WV
+Margaret Mariah Bonnett m: 24 Mar 1897 d: in Blackburn, Gilmer Co WV, buried at Blackburn Church Father: John Bonnett Mother: Sarah Conley
5 John Waugh b: 31 Jan 1898 in Lewis Co WV d: 29 Nov 1964 in Blackburn, Gilmer Co WV
+Lulu Barker m: 21 May 1921 in Gilmer Co WV
6 Beulah Marie Waugh b: 17 Aug 1922 in Gilmer Co WV
+Robert L Bush m: 1 Jul 1943 Father: Walter Bush Mother: Nora Hardman
7 Michael Walter Bush b: 17 Mar 1950
7 Stephen Robert Bush b: 11 Feb 1951
+Martha Rosbeny m: 13 Oct 1976
8 Bradley David Bush b: 27 Apr 1982
8 Christine Katherine Bush b: 30 Dec 1983
6 Ray Marvin "Tom" Waugh b: 4 Jan 1924 in Gilmer Co WV
+Clarice Gina Swanson m: 27 Nov 1943 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Wallace Irvin Mother: Ethel Bush
7 Joseph Marvin Waugh b: 3 Oct 1964 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
7 Edward Scott Waugh b: 22 Oct 1966 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+Amy Elizabeth Sailor m: 12 Apr 1986
6 Margaret Ellen Waugh b: 18 Jan 1928 in Gilmer Co WV

[illegible] Upshur Co WV Father: Henry Wiseminller Mother: Susannah Westfall

+Hillis P "Mac" McClain m: 3 Feb 1957
7 Toni Diane McClain b: 24 Feb 1957
+Richard W "Dick" Darr m: 17 May 1990
6 Betty Jean Waugh b: 3 Apr 1930 in Gilmer Co WV d: 25 May 1957 in Weston, Lewis Co WV, buried in Macpelian Cemetery
+James Elwood Romel m: 3 Sep 1950 in Lewis Co VA Father: Jacob Romel Mother: Frances Dreyer
7 Joyce Evelyn Romel b: 6 Dec 1952 d: 21 Jun 1972
7 John Edward Romel b: 26 Oct 1955
+Patricia Caroline Maxfield m: 14 Feb 1986
7 Catherine Marie Romel b: 25 May 1957 d: 25 May 1957
6 Floy Maxine Waugh b: 21 Jun 1932
6 Thelma Ruth Waugh b: 15 Feb 1937
5 Ulie Waugh b: 10 May 1903
5 Claude Waugh b: 22 Dec 1908 in Gilmer Co WV d: 2 Jan 1999 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+Elizabeth Elvira Wilt m: 31 Aug 1936 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Claude Wilt Mother: Laura Brewer
6 Paul Edward Waugh b: 16 Jul 1938
+Juanita Britton m: 21 Nov 1958 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Theodore Britton Mother: Lela Cogar
7 Jeffrey Edward Waugh b: 2 Apr 1961 in Amherst, Lorain Co OH
+Marie Ann McQuate m: 31 Aug 1986 in Lorain Co OH Father: David McQuaite Mother: Carlyne Johnson
8 Jared Michael Waugh b: 7 Mar 1989
8 Justin Reed Waugh b: 15 Apr 1992
7 Tammy Lynn Waugh b: 3 Aug 1963 in Amherst, Lorain Co OH
+Douglas Simonton m: 5 Nov 1988 in Lorain Co OH
8 Tyler Douglas Simonton b: 28 Feb 1993
6 Phillip Lee Waugh b: 29 Aug 1949
4 Joseph Jackson Waugh b: 17 Nov 1875
4 Charles W Waugh b: Mar 1877
4 Rosetta Waugh b: Apr 1880
4 Walter N Waugh b: 7 Mar 1884 d: Oct 1962
*2nd Wife of Alexander St Clair "Sinclair" Waugh:
+Elizabeth Bean m: 26 May 1840 in Lewis Co WV
3 Lorenzo Dow Waugh b: Mar 1841 in Harrison Co WV d: 21 Jan 1929 in Doddridge Co WV
+Mary Ann Cheuvront b: 18 Jul 1833 in Union Town PA m: 15 Mar 1880 in Good Hope, Harrison Co WV d: 4 Jul 1929 Father: Caleb Cheuvront Mother: Rebecca Covert
3 Thomas Benton Waugh b: Sep 1843 d: 28 Sep 1913 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery
+Elzara Melissa Lovell b: 1 Feb 1846 m: 30 Nov 1865 in Lewis Co WV d: 12 Feb 1923 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV Father: Amos Lovell Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
4 Floretta J Waugh b: 24 Aug 1867 d: 10 Oct 1954 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
+Samuel B Wiseman m: 4 Oct 1887 in Lewis Co WV Father: George T Wiseman Mother: Hannah Unknown
5 Dolly Wiseman
5 Cora Wiseman
5 Noah N Wiseman b: 26 Jan 1892 d: Jan 1976 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
5 Alva Martin Wiseman b: 17 Jun 1896
+Bertha Lynch b: 16 Dec m: 26 Nov 1935 Father: James Lynch
5 Sanford F Wiseman b: 20 Sep 1898 d: Apr 1979 in Salem, Harrison Co WV
5 Zean Wiseman
4 Florence Gay Waugh b: 8 Apr 1870
+Joe D Wiseman m: 14 Oct 1895 in Lewis Co WV
5 John "Johnny" Wiseman b: Aug 1896
5 Garnet B Wiseman b: 14 Mar 1898 d: May 1978 in Parkersburg, Wood Co WV
+Unknown Richards
5 Ruby D Wiseman b: 1899
+Unknown Harris
6 John Harris
6 Justine Harris
+Unknown Lester
5 Elda Wiseman
5 Greta Wiseman
+Unknown Rhodes
4 Enos Lee Waugh b: 18 Aug 1873 d: 8 Sep 1879 in Lewis Co VA, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
4 James Lyda Clark Waugh b: 16 Jan 1878 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Dora Angeline Hinzman b: 22 Jan 1871 m: 17 Mar 1907 d: 1938 Father: William Marcellus Hinzman Mother: Almirah Boram
5 Oma Waugh b: 2 Mar 1912 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV d: 29 Jul 1997 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV
+Ray Heater
6 Larry Heater
+Kathy Watson
7 April Heater
5 Clayton Lida Waugh b: 5 Sep 1910 d: 6 Jun 1982 in Newnan, Coweta Co GA
+Wanda Mae "Wanna" Hickman b: 22 Nov 1910 m: 10 Sep 1928 d: Sep 1984 in Dayton, Montgomery Co OH Father: Charles Hickman Mother: Ivy Jane Unknown
6 Clayton Junior Waugh b: 27 Jan 1930
+Janis Faye Davis m: 16 Dec 1953 in Montgomery AL
7 Clayton Ronald Waugh b: 29 Sep 1954 in Sumter SC
+Cynthia Lynn Morris b: 29 Sep 1955 in Valdosta GA m: 7 Jun 1975 in Valdosta GA
8 Sarah Marie Waugh b: 25 Jul 1976 in Lexington KY
8 Rebecca Eileen Waugh b: 30 Jun 1978 in Riverdale GA
7 Miriam Candace Waugh b: 5 Mar 1956 in Chandler AZ
6 Claris Mae Waugh b: 27 Jan 1930 d: 30 Jan 1930 in Lewis Co VA, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
6 Darrell Gene Waugh b: 20 Jan 1934 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Gloria Patsy Walton m: 15 Jun 1951 in Cumberland MD
7 Cynthia Leigh Waugh b: 17 Mar 1952 in Front Royal VA
+Terry Lee Horneman m: 10 Nov 1973
8 Robert Eugene Horneman b: 15 Oct 1978 in Charlotte NC
8 Patrick Louis Horneman b: 18 Nov 1979 in Charlotte NC
7 Darrell Gene Waugh, Jr b: 26 Apr 1953 in Front Royal VA
+Catherine Chapin b: in Hawthorne NJ m: 5 Sep 1982 in Artesia CA
8 Kellen Chapin Waugh b: 23 Feb 1984 in Artesia CA
8 Travis Walton Waugh b: 9 Jan 1987 in Midlothian VA
7 Sandra Ann Waugh b: 12 Jul 1956 in Front Royal VA
+Donald Wayne Jarvis m: 28 Oct 1978 in Akron OH
8 Donald Joseph Jarvis b: 7 Apr 1986 in Akron OH
8 Dara Jean Jarvis b: 30 Nov 1988 in Akron OH
4 Emma W Waugh b: 7 May 1881 d: 5 Nov 1966 in Lewis Co VA, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
4 Emory G Waugh b: 22 May 1885 d: 18 Oct 1968 in Lewis Co VA, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
3 Beverly M Waugh b: Abt. 1845 in Harrison Co VA d: 18 Jun 1911
+Malinda Wiseman b: Mar 1846 in Lewis Co VA m: 20 Sep 1869 in Upshur Co WV Father: Henry Wiseman Mother: Susannah Westfall
4 Henry W Waugh b: 1876
3 Creed Z Waugh b: Abt. 1845
*2nd Wife of Alexander St Clair "Sinclair" Waugh
+Sarah Curtis m: 26 Mar 1850 in Lewis Co VA

310

& Ord. The Said Court do hereby declare their opinion, after the investigation of the Matter, and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the War department that the above named applicant was a Revolutionary Soldier, and a Spy and Served as he States. And the Court further certifies, that it appears to them that John Bradshaw and Thomas Sims, who have signed the preceding certificate, are residents in the County of Pocahontas and are credible persons, and that their statement is entitled to credit, neither of whom is a clergyman, there being no resident Clergyman are nearer the applicant - than 30 miles -

A

State of Virginia. Pocahontas County Court:
on this 7th day of August 1832, personally appeared in open Court, Ralph Wanless a resident of Pocahontas County in the State of Virginia age 75 years, who being first duly sworn according to Law, doth on his oath, make the following declaration, in order to obtain the benefit of the act of Congress passed June 7th 1832

That he entered the Service under Capt. McCoy that he does not remember the year in which he Served - he was discharged at Richmond, Virginia That he was drafted for three months and Served about one half of the time - That he was born in England, That he does not know precisely his age but thinks he is about 75 years old. That he has no record of his age - That he was living on the Calf pasture River - in the County of Augusta State of Virginia. When drafted - That there was no regular officer with the troops where he served not having reached the Main Army when he was discharged. That he does not recollect of there being any other officer in the company he served - than Capt. McCoy - That he received no written discharge - That he is known to his present neighbours and to Jacob Lightner George Gay, & Martin Dilley who can testify to his character for veracity and their belief of his service as a soldier of the Revolution -

Sworn to and subscribed the day and year aforesaid
Ralph his X mark Wanless

We George Gay. and Henry Dilly. residing in the County of Pocahontas. hereby certify that we are well acquainted with Ralph Wanley who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration. that we believe him to be 75 years old that he is reputed and believed, in the neighborhood where he resides, to have been a Soldier of the revolution and Indian Spy as he states, and that we concur in that opinion

6 Feb

8 Feb

4 Jan

Subscribed, and sworn to the day and year aforesaid

George Gay

Henry Dilly

And the Court do hereby declare their opinion, after the investigation of the matter. and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the war department, that the above named applicant was a revolutionary Soldier and Indian Spy and served as he states. And the Court further certify, that it appears to them that George Gay and Henry Dilly who have sign'd the preceding certificate are reputable persons and that their statements is entitled to credit — neither of them is a clergyman. they being known in a convenient distance to the applicant.

—

Ordered that this Court adjourn until 10 oclock tomorrow morning Thomas Hill

—

At a court continued and held for the County of Pocahontas by the justices thereof on the 8th day of August 1832 — Present John Gilliland. Nathan Gilliland, Joseph Moore, Isaac Moore. Thomas Hill & Benjamin Tallman Gentlemen

Oldham Jr Pl

vs In Debt

James Tallman

This day came the parties by their attorneys and the defendant pleaded Nil debet whereupon issue was joined. Whereupon the plaintiff replied generally the defendant also demurred generally to the pltffs declaration in which the plaintiff joined the Defendant also filed a special plea [illegible]

Pocahontas County, Virginia
(Now West Virginia)
Marriage Bonds 1822-1852 and Minister's Returns 1822-1871

Compiles and Published
by
James E. Wooddell and Rita H. Wooddell
1988

6 Feb 1826 Bond: James Wanless & Elizabeth Sharp. Surety, James Wanless & William Sharp. John Sharp, Sr. consents for daughter. Teste, John Sharp & William Sharp.

8 Feb 1826 Return: James Wanless & Elizabeth Sharp by Harvey Sawyers.

4 Jan 1827 Bond: Ralph Wanless & Anne Poage. Surety, Ralph Wanless & George Poage.

__Jan 1827 Return: Ralph Wanless & Anne Poage by John Hawes.

1 Jul 1828 Bond: John Wanless & Elizabeth Bridger. Surety, John Wanless & James Briders.

3 Jul 1828 Return: John Wanless & Elizabeth Bridgers by Benjamin Tallman.

22 Jun 1830 Bond: Stephen Wanless & Mary P. C. Sharp. Surety, Stephen Wanless & William Sharp.

24 Jun 1830 Return: Stephen Wanless & Mary P. C. Sharp by Benjamin Tallman.

5 Nov 1832 Bond: Henry Nottingham & Martha Wanless. Surety, Henry Tallman & William Wanless.

8 Nov 1832 Return: Henry Nottingham & Martha Wanless by John L. Blain.

8 Feb 1836 Bond: ~~Seven~~ L even Wanless & Nancy Dilly. Surety, ~~Seven~~ L even Wanless & Henry Dilley

12 Mar 1839 Bond: William Cassell & Matilda Wanless. Surety, William Cassell & William Wanless.

30 May 1840 Bond: Andrew Wanless & Margaret Potts. Surety, Andrew Wanless & John (x) Potts.

4 Jun 1840 Return: Andrew Wanless & Margaret Potts by James Wanless.

27 May 1843 Bond: John W. Logan, of Randolph Co., & Rachel Wanless. Surety, John W. Logan & Andrew Wanless. William Wanless consents for daughter. Teste, Andrew Wanless & Nelson Wanless.

4 Jun 1843 Register: John Logan & RAchel Wanless by Benjamin Tallman.

EP" LOCATE NAME BY REFERENCE TO KEYTABLE IN FRONT OF THIS SECTION.

Sold by Commercial Printing Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.

DATE OF DEED	GRANTORS SURNAMES	Given Names A B C D E F G H	Given Names I J K L M N O	Given Names P Q R S T U V W X Y Z	GRANTEES		KIND OF INSTRUMENT OTHER THAN DEEDS	RECORDED BOOK	RECORDED PAGE	BRIEF DESCRIPTION
1835	Wanless			Ralph	John Wanless	etal		1	400	200 A- Knapps & Browns Cr
1837	Wanless		Lucretia	Ralph	Eli Buzzard			2	542	20 A- Knapps Creek
1838	Wanless	Elizabeth	Nancy John	Seven	Ralph Wanless			3	100	200 A- Between Knapps & Browns Creek
1838	Wanless	Elizabeth	John		Ralph Wanless			3	102	115 A- Browns Mt
1840	Wanless		Nancy Leven		Ralph Wanless			3	207	86 A- Browns Mt- Knapps Creek
1840	Wanless		Nancy Leven		Adam H Varner			3	224	.5 A- 4.5 P- Huntersville
1840	Wanless		Nancy Leven		John A Holden			3	306	13 P- Huntersville
1845	Wanless	Ann		Ralph	William Harper			4	195	50 A- 50 A- 1/6 Int 160 A- 150 A-Knapps
1850	Wanless			Sarah Ralph	William Harper			5	262	50 A- 50 A- 1/6 Int 160 A- 1/3 Int 150 A- Knapps Creek
1851	Wanless	Andrew	Margaret		William Wanless			5	404	68 A- Allegheny Mt
1852	Wanless		Nancy Levin		Ruben Buzzard			5	454	21.25 A-
1856	Wanless		Nancy	William	John W Logan			7	233	122 A-
1856	Wanless		Nancy	William	John W Logan			7	235	94 A- Greenbrier River
1856	Wanless		Nancy Leven		William Sharp			7	264	60 A- 47 A- 500 A- 80 A- Thorny Creek
1857	Wanless			William	James Wanless		Title Bond	7	232	90 A- 28 A- Greenbrier River
1857	Wanless		Nancy	William	Nelson Wanless			7	234	334 A- Greenbrier Mt
1857	Wanless		Nancy	William	Andrew Wanless			7	236	125.5 A- Greenbrier Mt
1867	Wanless	Andrew	Margaret		William M Wanless	etal		8	381	371 A- Allegheny Mt
1867	Wanless	Andrew	Margaret		William M Wanless	etal		8	391	39 A- Greenbrier River
1867	Wanless	Andrew	Margaret		William M Wanless	etal		8	393	125.5 A- Greenbrier River
1867	Wanless	George F	Mary C Mary F Margaret E	Stephen H Sally Stephen H	Ralph [illegible] Wanless		Part Deed	8	439	105 A-

From Harry Hankins' [illegible]

I have worked at Fas Chek; as a road salesman for S.B. Wallace Wholesale; the Western Auto Store, and I do electrical work.

I am a member of the Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department, Little Levels Ambulance Patrol and the United Methodist Church.

My interest is outdoor sports; hiking, fishing, hunting, and skiing.

My sister, Janice Carol, was in her last year at Nursing School when I was born so there is twenty years difference in our age. Not only was she a big sister to me but my best friend. I consider it a privilege to submit her family in the history of Pocahontas County.

She was the only daughter of my parents, born December 24, 1937. She graduated from Hillsboro High School, belonged to F.H.A., played clarinet in the band and was active in the Methodist church. She was a graduate of Lewis-Gale School of Nursing, Roanoke, Virginia, in 1958. As a registered nurse she stayed at Lewis-Gale and worked in surgery for five years, went to Richmond, where she was employed by the Chairman of Surgery at the Medical College of Virginia, and worked twelve years in kidney transplant surgery under Dr. David C. Hume.

In 1969 she was married to Jerry Lynn Hall of Richmond, formerly of Buckhannon, West Virginia, son of Hayward E. and Nell Crislip Hall.

For several years he has been employed as an accountant for Firestone Tire & Rubber Company in Hopewell, Virginia.

Their only child is David Lynn, born in Richmond, October 5, 1972.

Janice died November 29, 1976. She is buried in Sunset Memorial Park, Chester, Virginia.

David lives in Chester with his father and step-mother, Caroline Payne Hall. He belongs to the Cub Scouts and the junior choir at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, where Caroline is organist.

David looks forward to coming to Hillsboro for summer vacation, and did his first skiing this year, 1980, at Snowshoe. *By John F. Walker*

L-R: Linda, Tom, Jr., Tom, Sr., Kathy.

WILLIAM THOMAS WALKER

I am Thomas Walker, oldest son of Archie and Kathleen Faulknier Walker, and the grandson of the late William Thomas and Sophia Barlow Walker. I have very fond memories of my grandparents in Hillsboro. Since our homes were on adjoining lots I [illegible]

1925 the family came to Hillsboro and purchased the property known as the W.K. Goode Store.

They were members of the Oak Grove Presbyterian Church and he belonged to the Hillsboro Masonic Lodge. They were parents of five children; Zora Viers, Lenora Boggs, Edna Moore, Verna Viers, and Archie F. Walker. He and my father, Archie, operated their general store, known as the Hillsboro Store Company. He died July 22, 1951; grandmother on September 30, 1957. Both are buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton.

Now, I want to tell about my household. I was born in Marlinton (hospital), August 9, 1934. I graduated from Hillsboro High School, Potomac State, and in 1956, from WVU. Soon after school I was drafted into the armed service and served two years in the Army Signal Corp. I am married to Linda Lee Clutter, born February 3, 1937, daughter of the late Eric and Eva Beard Clutter of Hillsboro. We have two children; Thomas Wayne, Jr., and Kathryn Lee, and we reside in South Hills, Charleston, WV. For sixteen years I was employed in the IBM department at Libby-Owens Ford Glass Company. In 1971 I went with CUNA Mutual Insurance Group of Madison, Wisc. as their sales representative in Southern West Virginia with whom I am still associated. Linda is employed with Old Colony Real Estate. As a hobby I collect old coins.

Tom, Jr., our oldest child, was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado where I was stationed in the Army Signal Corp and his mother worked as a X-Ray Technician at the Colorado Springs Medical Center. Tom graduated from George Washington High School in Charleston and is now a senior at Fairmont State College. His hobby is photography.

"Kathy" was born in Charleston, WV, May 4, 1961. She is also a graduate of George Washington High School where she was on the girl's basketball and track teams, and won many trophies. She is a sophomore at Fairmont State College and plays on the basketball team there.

Every chance we get, our family loves to come home to beautiful Pocahontas to be with our families and friends. We enjoy skiing, hunting and fishing there.

See: Archie Walker in Faulknier History. *Thomas Wayne Walker*

Earl Wanless, Sr., age 24

Olive Cassell Banard, Fort Smith, Ark.; Arthena Griffin, Bolar, Va.; Genevieve Shinaberry, Fairmont; Nora Turner and Orpha Clark, Franklin; Velma Turner, Arbovale; and I live at Minnehaha Springs. My parents never lived long at any location due to my father working in the logging industry. We moved from Boyer to Minnehaha Springs in 1928 where my father was employed at Mountain Timber Corporation. It was here I met and later married Earl M. Wanless on April 27, 1931 at the home of Rev. Howard Underwood on Beaver Creek.

Earl worked at several different jobs before being employed by the U.S. Forest Service on March 16, 1943 until his retirement in 1965.

We own a small farm near Minnehaha Springs and built our present home there in 1960. The white pine trees from this small farm furnished the lumber to build our home. Today the pine trees furnish lumber to build picnic tables that Earl makes and sells through the summer months.

Earl and I have 2 sons: Earl Wanless Jr. works for Air Survey Corp. and lives at Front Royal, Va.; Harley Monte lives at Barboursville, Va. and works for Central Telephone Co. 1 son died 8-11-1933. Our 3 daughters are: Arlene Anderson Green, Lynchburg, Va.; Janice Bryant, Clifton Forge, Va.; and Wilma Grace Rimel, Huntsburg, Ohio. 14 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren.

Earl had 2 brothers, Norman F. and Otis S. Lester. His mother Ina Josephine Wanless Lester (09-28-1888 to 03-19-1957) was the daughter of Ralph William and Laura H. Gum Wanless. Ina and her sisters, Mary Dilly and Allie Ryder and 2 brothers, George and Authur Wanless, were born at what was once known as the Wanless farm near Mt. Tabor school house in the hills, 5 miles north of Huntersville.

Laura H. Gum Wanless was raised in Bath County by a family named Sively. We know nothing of her parents or relatives as this was during the Civil War.

The little sawmill town of Raywood that was named for the descendants of Samual H. Ray has disappeared but a small part of the Wanless community still stands. The Wanless church and cemetery, also the Wanless depot, can still be seen on Back Mountain above Cass to remind us of 2 young brothers, Ralph and Stephen Wanless, who came from England to settle in the hills of Virginia that later became Pocahontas County, West Virginia. *Virgie H. Wanless*

MAJOR JACOB WARWICK

Jacob Warwick's history was recorded in W.T. Price's *Historical Sketch of Pocahontas County*, Jim Comstock's *West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia* and the hand written records of Emma Warwick, Jacob's great granddaughter, being the daughter of John Woods [illegible]

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WILLIAM THOMAS WALKER

I am Thomas Walker, oldest son of Archie and Kathleen Faulknier Walker, and the grandson of the late William Thomas and Sophia Barlow Walker. I have very fond memories of my grandparents in Hillsboro. Since our homes were on adjoining lots I spent much of my childhood at their house. I am happy to include them in this Pocahontas history.

Grandad was born August 20, 1868, son of Milton and Rebecca Myers Walker, in Dockery, Wilkes County, North Carolina. My grandmother, was the daughter of Marion Thomas and Laura Elizabeth Coffey Barlow, born in Ash County, North Carolina, August 3, 1868. About the turn of the century they came to Greenbrier County where he followed railroading. He later became engaged in the merchandise business. In 1925 the family came to Hillsboro and purchased the property known as the W.K. Goode Store.

They were members of the Oak Grove Presbyterian Church and he belonged to the Hillsboro Masonic Lodge. They were parents of five children: Zora Viers, Lenora Boggs, Edna Moore, Verna Viers, and Archie F. Walker. He and my father, Archie, operated their general store, known as the Hillsboro Store Company. He died July 22, 1951; grandmother on September 30, 1957. Both are buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton.

Now, I want to tell about my household. I was born in Marlinton (hospital), August 9, 1934. I graduated from Hillsboro High School, Potomac State, and in 1956, from WVU. Soon after school I was drafted into the armed service and served two years in the Army Signal Corp. I am married to Linda Lee Clutter, born February 3, 1937, daughter of the late Eric and Eva Beard Clutter of Hillsboro. We have two children; Thomas Wayne, Jr., and Kathryn Lee, and we reside in South Hills, Charleston, WV. For sixteen years I was employed in the IBM department at Libby-Owens Ford Glass Company. In 1971 I went with CUNA Mutual Insurance Group of Madison, Wisc. as their sales representative in Southern West Virginia with whom I am still associated. Linda is employed with Old Colony Real Estate. As a hobby I collect old coins.

Tom, Jr., our oldest child, was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado where I was stationed in the Army Signal Corp and his mother worked as a X-Ray Technician at the Colorado Springs Medical Center. Tom graduated from George Washington High School in Charleston and is now a senior at Fairmont State College. His hobby is photography.

"Kathy" was born in Charleston, WV, May 4, 1961. She is also a graduate of George Washington High School where she was on the girl's basketball and track teams, and won many trophies. She is a sophomore at Fairmont State College and plays on the basketball team there.

Every chance we get, our family loves to come home to beautiful Pocahontas to be with our families and friends. We enjoy skiing, hunting and fishing there.

See: Archie Walker in Faulknier History.
Thomas Wayne Walker

Earl Wanless, Sr., age 24

EARL M. WANLESS FAMILY

Earl and I have always lived in Pocahontas County. I was born at Raywood. My parents were Howard G. and Maude Slayton Ray. They were the parents of 13 children, 5 sons: Delbert W. (06-29-1901 to 03-03-1979); Albert B. (05-22-1903 to 02-01-1937); Ted L. (05-03-1906 to 12-16-1973); Donald L. (11-20-1926 to 06-16-1968); and Frank E. Ray of Auto, W.VA. 8 daughters: Mamie Selmon Bright, Akron, Ohio; Olive Cassell Banard, Fort Smith, Ark.; Arthena Griffin, Bolar, Va.; Genevieve Shinaberry, Fairmont; Nora Turner and Orpha Clark, Franklin; Velma Turner, Arbovale; and I live at Minnehaha Springs. My parents never lived long at any location due to my father working in the logging industry. We moved from Boyer to Minnehaha Springs in 1928 where my father was employed at Mountain Timber Corporation. It was here I met and later married Earl M. Wanless on April 27, 1931 at the home of Rev. Howard Underwood on Beaver Creek.

Earl worked at several different jobs before being employed by the U.S. Forest Service on March 16, 1943 until his retirement in 1965.

We own a small farm near Minnehaha Springs and built our present home there in 1960. The white pine trees from this small farm furnished the lumber to build our home. Today the pine trees furnish lumber to build picnic tables that Earl makes and sells through the summer months.

Earl and I have 2 sons: Earl Wanless Jr. works for Air Survey Corp. and lives at Front Royal, Va.; Harley Monte lives at Barboursville, Va. and works for Central Telephone Co. 1 son died 8-11-1933. Our 3 daughters are: Arlene Anderson Green, Lynchburg, Va.; Janice Bryant, Clifton Forge, Va.; and Wilma Grace Rimel, Huntsburg, Ohio. 14 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren.

Earl had 2 brothers, Norman F. and Otis S. Lester. His mother Ina Josephine Wanless Lester (09-28-1888 to 03-19-1957) was the daughter of Ralph William and Laura H. Gum Wanless. Ina and her sisters, Mary Dilly and Allie Ryder and 2 brothers, George and Authur Wanless, were born at what was once known as the Wanless farm near Mt. Tabor school house in the hills, 5 miles north of Huntersville.

Laura H. Gum Wanless was raised in Bath County by a family named Sively. We know nothing of her parents or relatives as this was during the Civil War.

The little sawmill town of Raywood that was named for the descendants of Samual H. Ray has disappeared but a small part of the Wanless community still stands. The Wanless church and cemetery, also the Wanless depot, can still be seen on Back Mountain above Cass to remind us of 2 young brothers, Ralph and Stephen Wanless, who came from England to settle in the hills of Virginia that later became Pocahontas County, West Virginia. *Virgie H. Wanless*

MAJOR JACOB WARWICK

Jacob Warwick's history was recorded in W.T. Price's *Historical Sketch of Pocahontas County*, Jim Comstock's *West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia* and the hand written records of Emma Warwick, Jacob's great granddaughter, being the daughter of John Woods Warwick and Caroline Elizabeth Craig.

Major Jacob Warwick (b. 1743, d. 1826) was the son of Lt. John Warwick and Elizabeth Dunlap of Middlebrook, Va. Although here for safety, Lt. John Warwick was employed in service of the King in locating and surveying land grants. He owned property in Bath County and Mathewsville, Va. (now Dunmore).

Four children, Charles, Elizabeth, John and Jacob were born in Williamsburg as Lt. John resided there in 1740-50. Lt. Warwick chose to return to England. The reason for this and his whereabouts thereafter were unknown. Charles and Elizabeth were placed in schools in Wil-

is for the church. Josiah Beard
imber that had been sawed at
John's Run to Dunmore to Noel's
g.

Yeager, one of the trustees, drew
ons for the church and submitted
s Elliott for a bid. James Elliott
t. 6, 1883: "I will do the carpenter
k for the within described building
of two hundred and eighty seven
.00) or a Box house the same size
This bid is just for the carpenter and
s I did not have time to see what the
ld cost on the ground."

fications called for a building 24' x
to ceiling, to be built on River Hill,
epose, W. Va. Materials to be used
out carefully. There were to be six
12 lights each 10" x 16", one double
center of end. It was to be sealed
good clean lumber; floor to be black
o be placed on each side with aisle in
2 seats on each side of pulpit; a small
pit on a platform 14' high, with neat
in front.

liott's bid was accepted by the build-
tee. It required a year to build during
he boarded at C.C. Burner's. The
s dedicated in 1886. Harry Burner
e year very well as it was the year he
d. He and his father, Charles Camer-
e fence of 6 inch boards and also the
block and stile. Horse, horse and
d spring wagons were the mode of
tion in those days. Residents from the
ater became Dunlevie and Winterburn
ath around the base of Burner moun-
cularly when the Greenbrier was high
ere no bridges, only fords and footlogs.
rry Burner returned from 16 years in
n 1906, there were only two cars in the
ed by Charlie Grogg and Craig Ash-

1920's the Sunday School rooms were
the back of the church. In the 1960's the
was added and the old pine altar and
e replaced with modern oak ones.

Durbin came alive with the coming of
oads, in 1906 a church was built there
rtow Methodist Church, previously
's Repose, became a part of that charge.
Durbin later became a station church,
was made a part of the Arbovale charge.
of the ministers recalled who served the
church are: Van Devender, Nevitte,
Spindler, Van Devender, Crawford,
Rose, Shires, Buckhannon, Helmintol-
ynolds, Gochenour, Naylor, Wriston,
De Haven, Tenney Winkler, Richard-
plinger, Fairburn, Helms, Miller, Edgell
mmers.

to the lack of active members, services at
Methodist Church were discontinued in
ld the church building sold to the Catholic
e of Wheeling, WV September 6, 1977.
Powell

TRINITY BAPTIST CHAPEL

ne years ago Trinity Baptist Chapel
as a reality when First Baptist Church of
ca agreed to take the responsibility of
ther Church." Actually, the original group
ople had been meeting for some time. They
ed the use of a store building at Mill Point,
and, in the past two years, they have gotten used pews, installed a furnace, and remodeled the interior of the building. However, from the beginning the need for larger facilities was seen.

During the first few months of 1980 a search for property was begun, and early in the spring two adjoining tracts of land were found which seemed to be a good building site. The Chapel had $3,000 in its building fund, to which they added $2,700, and the Mother Church added $ 800. This was enough to pay for the first tract. A Site Fund loan provided the funds to purchase the second tract. The Chapel now has about 6.5 acres of ground.

Trinity Baptist Church, of Drexel, North Carolina, has taken a special interest in the Chapel because Saford and Sue Hammons, Chapel members, are former members of their Church. The Church gave Trinity Baptist Chapel a check for $15,000 to use on a building. Central Baptist Church of Whitnel, North Carolina, has made a $200 per month commitment and the Chapel is using this to help with the financial support of their pastor, Ron Branch.

With a new pastor, 6.5 acres of ground, $15,000 toward a new building, and a lot of energy and enthusiasm, Trinity Baptist Chapel is on the move.

WANLESS UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

This church is located on Back Mountain Road North of Cass. Land deed for the church was granted in October 1908 by C.C. Wanless and wife Hannah. Trustees at the time were H.L. Kesler, C.C. Wanless, A.W. Tallman, J.H. Tallman, William Cassell and A.W. Sheets. The church was then known as Mount Union. Later it was changed to Wanless Methodist and is currently known as Wanless United Methodist.

Mr. Harry Wanless, Mr. W. Brice Cassell and Mrs. Lelia Swink remember the building of the church in 1907 by John and Robert Nole with help from the local residents. They recall that the lumber for the church and pews was sawed at a small mill located on a stream on the property now owned by Mrs. William Tyler. The lumber was dried in a kiln on the land behind the church site. Mr. Wanless remembers helping put the shingles on the roof. Mrs. Grace Cassell remembers going to the dedication services in 1908.

The original Bible was obtained from Sears Roebuck and was stolen many years ago. Maude Wanless, sister to Harry, collected donations from Cheat Mountain woodsmen and local residents to buy the church bell and organ.

Families living within a five mile radius attended and maintained this church for many years. Descendents of these families still continue to attend and maintain this church.

Before the church was built, worship services were held in a one room school building located on the Henry Kesler property now owned by Gearold Cassell. *Submitted by Alma Cassell Mick*

WESLEY CHAPEL METHODIST CHURCH NEAR DUNMORE, W. VA.

The earliest date found for the Wesley Chapel Methodist Church or the Glade Hill Church, as it was then called, was 1867.

Minutes of the first quarterly conference were lost in a fire.

Church services were first held in the Glade Hill school house which was located on land now owned by the Wilfongs. Names of some of the early members were: Curry, Patterson, Galford, Kerr, Akers, Gum, Maupin, Nottingham, Arbogast, Hudson, Sheets, Cooper, Carpenter, and Taylor.

On April 19, 1894 a deed was made by Henry and Early Taylor deeding a tract of land for the erection of a church.

Warwick Hudson, Asbury Sheets, J.F. Patterson, W.W. Galford and Henry Taylor were appointed in 1894 to the building committee.

The church was named "Wesley Chapel" by J.F. Patterson and was dedicated in 1897.

The building was not large enough, because the congregation averaged around a hundred. During the period of 1919-1923 Mr. Samuel Elliott removed the back end and built an additional ten feet to the church.

In 1961 the Church was transferred to the Minnehaha Springs Charge and then in 1974 it was transferred back to the present Pocahontas Charge.

A vestibule, bell tower, toilets and tool shed were built later.

In 1966 an oil furnace was installed.

In 1971 lightning struck the church. The fire was put out before too much damage was done.

In 1976 the inside of the church was re-done by insulating, lowering the ceiling, paneling walls, etc.

Later a drain ditch was installed in front of the church and cemetery to prevent water from running across the road. Mr. Ivan VanReenan donated a steel gate to be used at the entrance to the cemetery. Hymn books were purchased as Memorials and book racks installed on the benches. *Mrs. Neil Horner*

WESLEY CHAPEL UNITED METHODIST CHURCH HILLSBORO

The Wesley Chapel United Methodist Church at Hillsboro represents the oldest continuing congregation West of the Allegheny Mountains. The original building was erected by the first settler in Little Levels, John McNeel, sometime between 1765 and 1776, located on the summit of the Knoll which is now the McNeel Cemetery, and was known as the "White Pole Meeting House." The members of that congregation were John McNeel, Martha McNeel, James Lewis and wife, Alexander Wadell and wife, Charles Kennison, Jacob Kennison, Mrs. James Brinnell, John Switzer and wife, Richard Hill, Nancy Hill, and Abraham McNeel and wife. It is said that Bishop Asbury held services there as early as

The Thorny Branch School was a new frame building located in the hollow downstream from the Lawrence Kelly house. The building replaced the Glade Hill School.

The teachers were in order:

Susie McCarty from Little Levels in 1903. She boarded at Pete Oliver's and took Inez Oliver (aged 4 yrs.) to school with her for her first grade. Susie McCarty married Ulysses Nottingham in Nov. 1, 1904 and died at Bear Creek, Montana in 1906 giving birth to her only child, Robert, who died in 1922 of pneumonia.

Annie Fleshman

Cleffie Fitzgerald

Clownie Hull for 2 terms. Rella Taylor Sheets remembered that he could be heard giving lessons all the way up the hill in the road.

Cora Hedrick

The school was replaced by the Gum Spring School and Wesley Chapel School as there were about 48 students during the last term. The building was moved up on top of the hill by Sam Elliott who lived in it for some years. It was located on the Jack Taylor farm where the old well is still seen. George and Mandy Taylor had lived in a house nearby before they built the big house in the bottom. Nola and Jack Taylor lived in the old school after their marriage in 1930. Jack Taylor moved the building across the bottom to use as a granary.

Belle Taylor Wooddell remembered the old Dr. Moomau visiting the school, also a Mr. Grimes. They were district school board presidents. Will Taylor, father of Belle, took a great interest in the school. When there were programs being presented he was always urged to recite a poem. Belle attended the school from its beginning to the end. She has a picture of the school and scholars.

TRUMP RUN SCHOOL

Located on Trump Run about ½ mile above the Greenbrier River. Established in the 1920's. Closed in 1936.

WANLESS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

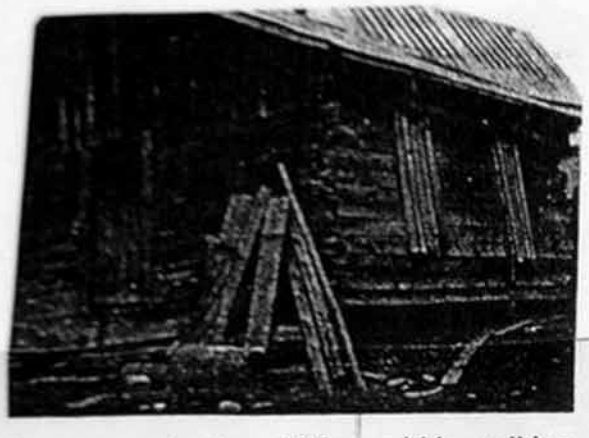
The Wanless Elementary School was located on Back Mountain, five miles from Cass in what was then known as the Wanless Community. It was situated near the highway, on a bank just above the Henry Kesler home. It was a typical one-room school with a pot-belly stove, a water cooler, an old fashioned blackboard and desks and chairs, which accomodated two pupils. This school was later moved just across the road from the Wanless Cemetery on the Wanless Siding Road, as it was known at that time, and it became known as the "Back Allegheny School."

Many memories exist in the minds of those who attended this school. Boys and girls were mischievous in that day, just as they are today. One day a Spelling Bee was in session, which was a frequent pastime as well as a learning experience. A student who had been spelled down, went to the blackboard and with the teacher's back to him, wrote the words on the board as the teacher pronounced them. One of the students informed the teacher of what was going on. She disqualified the speller and all sat down. The usual punishment was handed out which was writing a sentence, dictated by the teacher, 100 times. The speller honestly did not see the word that was written on the board, but the teacher insisted that to be fair, she would have to end the "Match" for that time. Busy work or rainy day

Located in the lumber town of the same name. In use by 1908. After the mill shut down the land was sold to the Watoga Land Association which attempted to develop a community for black people. Thus the school was changed to one for black students. It was closed in 1942.

THE WESLEY CHAPEL SCHOOL

The Wesley Chapel School was built by Will and Ed Taylor in 1910 on land loaned by James and Nelia Taylor. The school was located about 300 yards down the road from the church. The school board furnished the desks for the school. The inside was plastered above the beaded wainscoting. The school had three windows on each side. The pot bellied coal stove with heat directing jacket around it was located in the right corner as the room was entered. A cloak room was passed through to get into the schoolroom. The smaller desks were on the left as the room was entered. The rows of desks were larger moving to the right. The teacher's desk and recitation bench were in the front of the room. In 1937 there was a 4 gallon stone water cooler with a cracked lid on it that was kept on a shelf in the left hand corner as the room was entered. There were forest designs on the outside of the cooler including a large buck deer. The cooler was broken and replaced with a barrel shaped white one that had blue bands around it which was brought to the school in 1939 and had a compartmentized wall cabinet made where each student kept a drinking cup. A common dipper had been used before except some students kept cups in their desks. Neil Sheets was the student assigned to put chlorine in the water cooler in 1937-38 to



Carpenter and other children within walking distance. If any of the pupils were tardy and did not have an eligible excuse they were not allowed to go out and play during recess. Mustoe McLaughlin liked to spend time with the lady teacher so when she asked him why he was tardy he told her he had to salt the geese. One of the pupils caught a skunk and slipped it into the drawer of the teacher's table before the teacher arrived at the school house. The table is in Lee McLaughlin's home. Since it was erected on Robert McLaughlin's farm, he moved it over near his home, where Lee McLaughlin now lives. The Robert McLaughlin home burned in the spring of 1910 and the family lived in the school building until their new home was built that fall. The older boys slept in the hay in the barn because there wasn't enough room for all to stay in the school house. The old school house is now being used for a granary by Lee McLaughlin, a grandson of Robert McLaughlin. *Georgia McLaughlin Taylor*

THORNY BRANCH SCHOOL

THORNY CREEK SCHOOL

Located at the intersection of Rt. 28 and the road to Pocahontas County High School. Building was constructed in 1901. School closed in 1941.

THORNWOOD SCHOOL

See Dunlevie School.

TOP ALLEGHENY SCHOOL

About the time the old Log Church stood along the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike, shortly after the Civil War, a schoolhouse was built at the intersection of the Green Bank Road and the Pike. Here the older settlers of the Mountain attended school. About 1900, or near the time the new church was built, a new school house was erected joining the North East corner of the church lot facing the Battle Grounds. It was later moved on down the Pike about a mile in the big bend of the road between the church and Lee Wilmoth home as all the children lived in that area. Charles and Sam Spencer and K.B. Wilmoth taught there until they retired. Later Estes Crist, Flora Phillips and Opal Gillispie were teachers. Closed in 1945.

TRAINER SCHOOL

Located on Rt. 92 ½ mile north of the Greenbrier county line. In use by 1912 but was closed by 1920.

activities included among other things, cutting household article pictures from catalogues and pasting them on cardboard boxes to make houses. Arguments over just who some of the pictures belonged to (since things would get mixed up with two sitting together) were frequent but somehow were settled. These things are laughable now but they were mountains to the ones involved at that time. A one-room school had advantages as well as disadvantages. Maybe more advantages than can ever be measured. This perhaps can be disputed, but be that as it may, Back Allegheny School produced some wonderful citizens.

Some of the teachers who taught in one of these schools were: Lillian Fowler, Mary Hill, Alice Friel, Eula Hill, Monna Colaw, Jeanne Hevener, Bonnie Nicholas, and Lynn Kerr.

Listed are some of the people who attended the Wanless (Back Allegheny School): Earl, Myrl, Margie, Blanche and Alice Cassell; Peggy and Tommy Wanless; Harold, Allene, Paul, Audrey and Gene Kesler; Ralph Cassell Galford; Thelma, Layke, Mary Frances and Norma Swink; Gayle, Jerry, Neil, Nora, Grey and Charlotte Cassell; Howard, Guy, Burke, Mary Anne and Charles Cassell; Crystal, Dollie, Tom, Ruby and Lyle Houchin; Garnet, Earl, Carl and Ward Beverage; Ruth, Carrie, Hazel and Bernice Sutton; Rella and Roy Cassell; Wayne Cassell; Berlin, Flossie, Anna Lee, George, Clarence and Gladiola Sheets; Neva Simmons; Jewel, Ollie, Betty Alfred and Eddie Sutton.

Wanless School was closed in 1938.

WATOGA SCHOOL

From Harry Wanless' Family Bible
William is Harry's great grandfather
Leven & Thomas' brother

William Wanless	Born	Aug. 21, 1789
Nancy Wanless	"	May 9, 1795
Ralph Wanless Sr	"	March 28, 1756
" "	Died	July 26, 1842 — Death Certificate?

NAMES OF CHILDREN (WILLIAM) — Birth - Death Records ↓

Eliza Wanless	Born	Oct. 24, 1812
Martha Wanless	Born	Feb. 16, 1815
Andrew Wanless	Born	June 4, 1816
✓ Metilda Wanless	Born	Jan. 22, 1818
Nelson Wanless	Born	May 3, 1819
	Died	~~Jan. 25, 1821~~ APRIL 24, 1864
✓ Ralph Wanless	Born	Sept. 9, 1822
Rachel Wanless	Born	April 24, 1824
Jane Wanless	Born	Jan. 15, 1826
✓ Allen Wanless	Born	Mar. 28, 1828
✓ Mary Wanless	Born	Feb. 2, 1830
Nancy Ann Wanless	Born	Jan. 2, 1832
✓ Melinda Wanless	Born	Oct. 26, 1833 d. 1870 - DROWNED
✓ Margaret Wanless	Born	Dec. 23, 1836
James Wanless	Born	Sept. 17, 1838
" "	Died	Jan. 20, 1916

NAMES AND DATES OF THE BIRTHS OF MY BROTHERS (WILLIAM)

Ralph Wanless	Born	March 18, 1799
James Wanless	Born	March 28, 1801
Stephen Wanless	Born	March 24, 1805
John Wanless	Born	May 17, 1807
Thomas Wanless	Born	March 19, 1810
Leven Wanless	Born	March 21, 1813

Ralph Wanless	Died	Nov. 6, 1832 (William's son)
A Allen Wanless	Died	Dec. 18, 1843
Metilda Castle	Died	Jan. 4, 1844
Mary Wanless	Died	Jan. 14, 1844
Margaret Wanless	Died	Feb. 6, 1844

We believe this information came from William Wanless' Bible. His daughter Rachel married John Logan. Her daughter Rebecca married a Gafford. This information was sent to Harry Wanless by M. J. Gafford of Logan, West Va. in 1938.

7-23-97

Dear Mrs. Sharp,

Could you please assist with the following information on the Wanless family. I've enclosed material I Hope is Helpful.

1) A copy of the handwritten Revolutionary War Statement of Ralph Wanless (copy ① enclosed) or at least the rest of the statement of his witnesses. Any information on the result of application?

2) Death Record of Ralph Wanless July 26, 1842? Pocahontas co.

3) Birth Records for: (SHEETS Enclosed) ② ③

Ralph Wanless born Sept 9, 1822 (Pocahontas co)

Ralph Wanless born March 18, 1799 (" ")

Leven Wanless born March 21, 1813 (Pocahontas Co.)

Nancy Dilley born Oct 6, 1818 (Dillys Mill V.A) * see Photo copy

Alonzo Byron Wanless Feb 13, 1844 (Pocahontas co) * see group photo

~~5) Marriage Certificate Alonzo Byron Wanless~~

4) Land purchase or Sale Records of County land charts note bottom of family sheet ② mentions land holdings + Sales

5) Historical Photo's of Wanless Depot, Wanless church + cemetary on Back Mt. Any Historical info? see Earl Wanless Bio ④

6) Any info on Wanless Farm near Mt Taban School house 5mi south of Huntersville

7) Marriage Certificates Ralph Wanless - Anna Ponge Jan 24, 1827 see enclosed ↘ Leven Wanless - Nancy Dilly Feb 18, 1836 Bond - Feb 8, 1836

any information Historical Photo's of Places, land Documents, Birth, marriage, Death Certificates etc greatly appreciated if there is a fee please let me know. Copies of anig handwritten material Great!

Could you give me the address of Warm Springs. V.A. Historical Society? Any other people or places that may have information on Wanless family?

Thank You for your time and assistance

Sincerely!

Marlin L. Wanless
7300 Cedarpost Rd A-22
Liverpool, N.Y. 13088

P.S. Would there be any schoolhouse records on the Wanless children? Mt Talon Schoolhouse?

Thanks!

USBAND Levan Wanless	(sp. of Levan seems more correct than Leven)	OTHER INFO
ORN March 21, 1813	WHERE?	In histo account of early settlers Winneshiek Co, Iowa is recorded Levan Wanless.
ARRIED 2-11-1836	WHERE	
IED 9-28-1901	WHERE Cresco, Iowa	The above comes from the Bluffton Township record
URIED Cresco, Iowa		
ATHER	MOTHER	
THER MARRIAGES		
IFE Nancy Dilly (C.G.s record		MARRIAGE certificate for Leven + Nancy?
ORN 10-6-1818	WHERE	
IED 1-4-1895	WHERE Cresco Iowa	
URIED	WHERE Cresco Iowa	Birth Cert for Alonzo Below
ATHER Henry	MOTHER	
THER MARRIAGES		

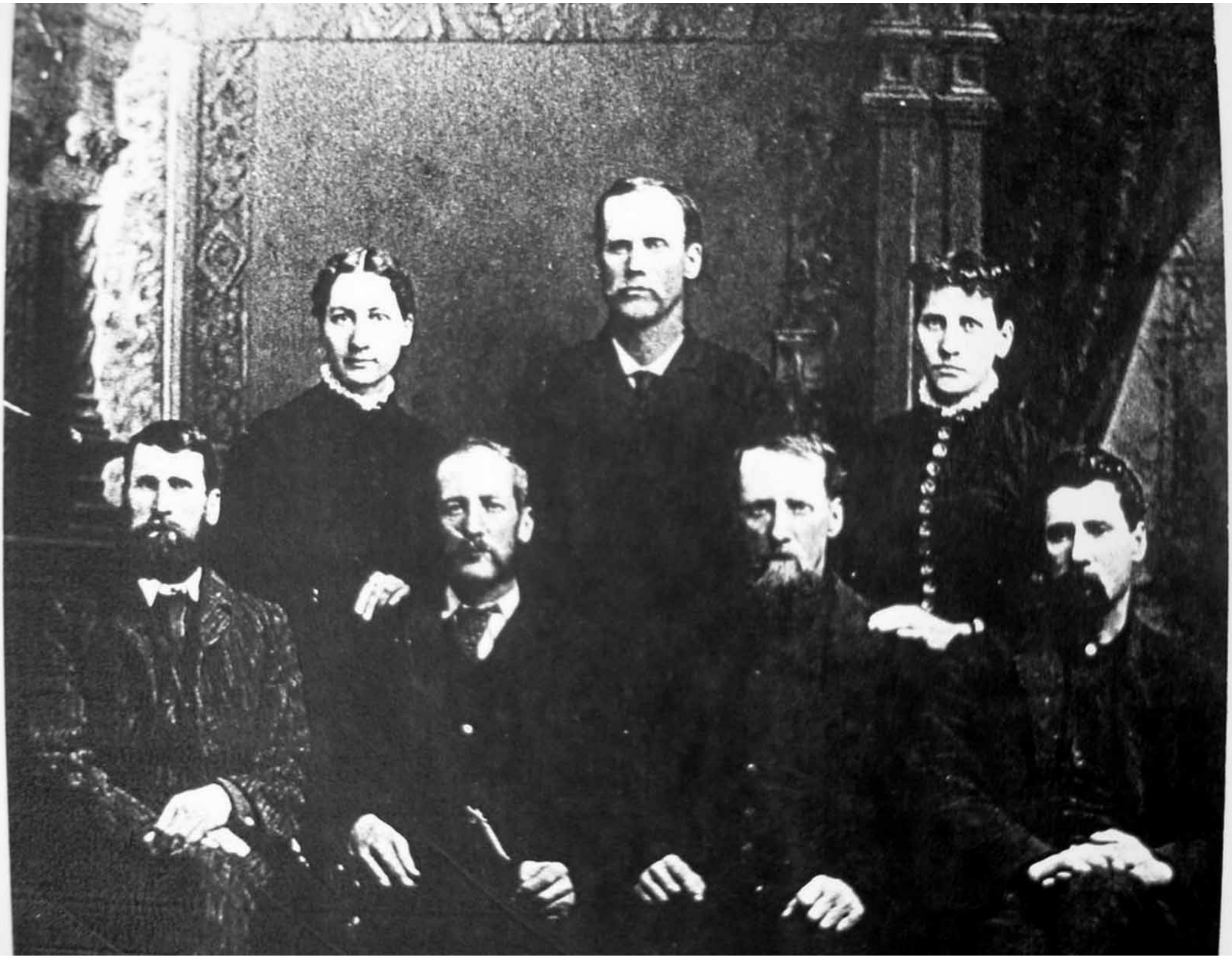
CHILDREN	SEX	NAME	BORN	WHERE	DIED	MARRIED
1	M	Eldridge	7-9-1837		1916	
2	F	Margaret Saliva	4-26-1839		Infancy	
3	M	Francis Asbury	6-19-1841		1-10-1928	
4	M	Alonzo Byron	2-13-1844		1-14-1920	
5	M	Perry Alison	8-29-1846		11-11-1925	
6	M	Albion Emile	10-13-1848		1-27-1931	
7	F	Darinda Laoquincy	2-2-1851		7-3-1913	
8	F	Elizabeth Jane	6-15-1853		12 & 1910	
9	M	Oliver Gustavus	10-13-1855	Pocohantas Co W. Virg.	6-26-1948	
10						
11				LAND RECORDS Charts		
12				↓		

Levan and Nancy with the total living family left Pochontas Co W. Virg 1855 go to Winneshiek Co Iowa. Here they purchased property from M. Mobley 2-26-1857 When they left W.Virg. they had quite a bit of property which Levan sold for so years until all was gone. His handwriting in old Bible was especially good and feeling quite sure it was his he must have been well educated for the times. A with the amount of transactions he made over the years in real estate he must have been a very good businessman. The legal records can be found in court hous in Harlinton W. Virg. and Decorah & Cresco Iowa.

My father Ralph G. tells of his Grand mother, Nancy Wanless how she was so nic visit with - so many of her ways seemed to be of the Mt. folk where they came from.

WANLESS

~~Group~~ most of Children of Leven & Nancy Wanless



NANCY Dilly
WANLESS
1818-1895

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834)

of

Augusta County, Virginia

Bath County, Virginia

Pocahontas County, West Virginia

by

Homer C. Cooper

145 Pendleton Drive

Athens, Georgia 30601

July 1959

Revised March 1970

July 1959
Revised March 1970

To: Our Wooddell Relatives

From: Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601

Re: Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) and wife Elizabeth of Augusta County, Virginia, and Pocahontas County, West Virginia

This paper will be concerned with Joseph Wooddell and his wife, Elizabeth, two of our ancestors of the seventh generation. My principal source of information concerning them consists of the Wooddell family papers, now in the possession of Mr. & Mrs. Forrest Wooddell of Green Bank, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. I had the pleasure of cordial visits with the Wooddell family in September, 1958, and am grateful to them for granting permission to copy the family documents quoted hereinafter. I am also deeply indebted to Mr. Rockford N. Hamed, a native of Green Bank but now a resident of Alexandria, Virginia, and his parents for very generous hospitality, including driving me from Washington to Green Bank, introducing me to the Wooddells, sharing their home and extensive knowledge of Pocahontas County, and making the visit to Green Bank enjoyable in every possible way. Any merit this section has is due to the generosity of the Hameds and the Wooddells.

In addition to the Wooddell family papers, several other sources have been consulted: a file in the National Archives concerning Joseph's Revolutionary War Services, Joseph's will in the Pocahontas County courthouse, U. S. census records, and scattered references in Chalkley and Price. In quoting from these sources I will spell the family name as rendered by the county or census official or family member who prepared the document under consideration at the moment, so the reader will find Woodle, Woodell, Waddle, and other variations scattered throughout the following pages. Joseph himself used the form "Wooddell" consistently for his signature and this spelling is used on the headstone over his father's grave.

Joseph Wooddell was born about 1752, but I cannot establish the exact date or place of his birth. He gave his age as 80 in his sworn declaration of 1832 when qualifying for a Revolutionary War pension. He probably was born in Augusta County, Virginia and at least spent most of his early years there. Thomas Wooddell, Jr. (1759-1839), a younger brother of Joseph, testified that he (Thomas) was born in Augusta County in August, 1759, in his own declaration for a pension, so I am certain that if Joseph was not born in Augusta County, he at least was living there by the time he was seven years of age. If I can judge by land transactions abstracted in Chalkley and other evidence, the Wooddells must have lived in the North River District of Augusta County.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) was the son of Thomas Wooddell (1709-1784) and wife Alice, whose maiden name we do not know. According to an 1886 newspaper article written by a grandson, Thomas Wooddell was born in Scotland; lived a few years in England; then migrated to Pennsylvania (which county?), where he married; and then settled near the village of Mount Solon in Augusta County, Virginia. His grave is in the Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church cemetery and designated by a headstone with the following inscription carved in crude but easily read letters: "Thomas Wooddell, died 1785, age 75." However, we know from his will (Book 6, Page 429) that he died between September 6, 1784 (when the will was written) and October 19, 1784 (date of probate). Alice, his widow, went to live with their son Joseph; her will, written in 1810 and probated in 1818, is recorded in the Bath County, Virginia, courthouse.

Thomas Wooddell (1709-1784) and Alice were the parents of eight children, all of whom were living when Alice's will was written in 1810. We do not know the order of their births: (1) Martha Wooddell, married Charles W. Hansel and settled in either Pendleton County, West Virginia, or Highland County, Virginia. (2) Jane Wooddell, married May 3, 1792, to Edward Irvin (or Ervin), son of Edward Irvin (or Ervin). (4) Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834), the subject of this sketch. (5) Thomas Woodell (1759-1839), served in the Revolutionary War and signed his name Woodell on his pension application in 1832, married Margaret Irvin (or Ervin), daughter of Edward Irvin (or Ervin), settled in that part of Greenbrier County which later became Mason County, West Virginia. (3) James Wooddell, ~~about whom we do not have additional information~~. see change (6) Sarah Wooddell, married a Wallace, but we do not know his given name, where they settled, nor the names of their children. (7) Elizabeth Wooddell, who was single when her mother wrote her will in 1810. (8) John Wooddell (1767-1852), married January 31, 1791, to Elizabeth Irvin (1773-1834), daughter of Edward Irvin, settled on his father's farm in Augusta County. Additional information concerning these eight children of Thomas & Alice would be most welcomed.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) enlisted in the militia and saw service in the Revolutionary War. The National Archives in Washington D. C., has a file containing documents submitted many years later in support of his successful application for a pension under the act of June 7, 1832. One of the documents in this file is a series of sworn statements on his behalf, the first of which was made before the court of Pocahontas County in 1832 to describe his service:

State of Virginia, Pocahontas County---At a Court held for Pocahontas County at the Court house thereof on the 4th day of September 1832 before the justices of the peace of the said County---Present---Benjamin Tallman, William Cackley, Robert H. Beale and Jacob Lightner gentlemen Justices.

State of Virginia, Pocahontas County---On this 3rd day of September 1832 personally appeared before the subscribers one of the commonwealth Justices of the peace in and for the County aforesaid. Joseph Wooddell a resident of the County and State aforesaid aged eighty years, who being first duly sworn according to Law doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the provision made by the act of Congress passed June 7th 1832:

That he entered the service of the United Stated in the year 1774 under Captain George Moffett and was stationed at Clover Lick to defend the Frontier settlements against the Indians for the Term of six weeks, being then a resident of & drafted from the Militia of August County Virginia.

That he again was drafted from the Militia as aforesaid & from the County aforesaid in the year (month of September) 1777 under the command of Captain George Moffett, Colonel J. Dickinson Commandant, & taken to Point Pleasant on the Ohio River against the Indians and Stationed there a short time, Period not precisely recollected But not to exceed Three months from the time of entering service untill discharged.

That he again was drafted from the Militia aforesaid and from the County as aforesaid in the year 1778, Commanded by Captain Cooper, Colonel Nevil's Regiment, General Woodford's Brigade, and he was marched from his place of residence as aforesaid through the Stated of Pensylvania, New York & New Jersey against the English army and Continued in the Service as a private soldier for Term of one year & discharged in the state of New Jersey at Middle Brook in t' month of February 1779.

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That he again was drafted from the Militia as aforesaid and from the County aforesaid in the year 1781 under the Command of Captain John Givens, Colonel William Bowyer, General Campbell, and General Lafayette Commanding, & marched from his place of residence to Richmond Va. against the English army who were then laying in that place & from there following the aforesaid English army to Williamsburg being in the Battles at Hot water & James Town and Continued in the service for the term of three months being the first Lieutenant in the Company aforesaid and then was discharged and that he has no knowledge of any Person now living who could testify to his services as aforesaid stated..

He hereby relinquishes every Claim to a pension or annuity except the present and declares that his name is not on the pension of any state.

Joseph Wooddell

Sworn to and subscribed the day and year aforesaid and I do more over certify that the said Joseph Wooddell cannot from age and bodily infirmities attend the Court before the subscriber.

William Slaven

We John S. Blain, a clergyman, residing in the County of Pocahontas, and Benjamin Tallman residing in the same County, hereby certify that we are well acquainted with Joseph Wooddell who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration; that we believe him to be eighty years of age, that he is reputed and believed in the neighbourhood where he resides to have been a soldier of the revolution, and that we concur in that opinion.

Sworn and subscribed the day & year aforesaid.

John S. Blain

Benny Tallman

And the said Court do hereby declare their opinion after the investigation of the matter and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the War Department, that the above named applicant was a revolutionary soldier and served as he states. And the Court further certify that it appears to them that John S. Blain who has signed the preceeding certificate is a clergyman resident in the County aforesaid, and that Benjamin Tallman, who also signed the same is a resident in the said County and is a credible person, & that their statement is entitled to credit.

I Henry M. Moffett Clerk of the Court of Pocahontas County do hereby certify that the foregoing contains the original proceedings of the said Court in the matter of the application of Joseph Wooddell for a pension.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of the County office this 4th day of September 1832.

seal H. M. Moffett

Joseph's pension was not granted immediately & a supporting statement by his younger brother John was added to the same application, being sworn before the Augusta County court.:

Augusta County to wit—I John Wooddell of the County of Augusta & State of Virginia after having first been sworn, Sayeth that I recollects of my brother Joseph Wooddell, now of the county of Pocahontas, having performed three

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tours of service during the revolutionary war; & the indian war together.

His first tour of duty was against the Indians the particulars of time & place not distinctly recollected.

His second tour of service was for twelve months somewhere to the north; the place not recollected, nor can I recollect the officers that command on that occasion.

His third & last tour of service was below Richmond, the particular place not recollected. I think that the term of service was for three months. He was a Lieutenant in John Dickeys company. The superior officers not recollected and further this deponent sayeth not.

John Wooddell

Augusta County to wit—This day the above signed John Wooddell (sic) came before me a justice of the peace for the said county of Augusta and made oath to the above statement (sic), according to law. Witness my hand this eighth day of June 1833.

James A. McCue

I do farther certify that John Wooddell the subscribing witness to the above statement, lives in my immediate neighbourhood; that I have long been acqainted with him; that he is a credible person & that his statement may be relied on. Witness my hand & seal this 16th day of November 1833.

James A. McCue

Virginia to wit—I Jefferson Kinney, Clerk of the County Court of Augusta, do hereby certify that James A. McCue Esq. whose signatures appear to the within certificates, is a Justice of the peace in and for the county aforesaid—duly commissioned and qualified according to law.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereto affixed my seal of office and subscribed my name this 6th day of December 1833 & in the 58th year of the Commonwealth.

Jefferson Kinney

The amended application was resubmitted to the Commissioner of Pensions, accomanied by the following letter in Joseph's own handwriting:

Travellers Repose Post Office
Pocahontas County, June 28th, 1833

Sir

In compliance with your instructions under date April 2nd returning my Declaration for amendment—the Department require me to give a more detailed account of the service of 78. I state to you, as in the declaration, that I now know of no person living who served with me any Tour set fourth as it Respects the service of 78. I have stated as fully as I now Recollect. I was in no Engagement during the years service and at the end of the year was dismissed by a General discharge By Genl. Washington Commander of the Army.

I herewith Enclose my Commission showing that I acted as first Lieutenant in the services of 81, under Competent authority, also enclosed you will have

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the affidavit of a younger Brother who Recollects of my Different Enlistments
& absence from my Residence.

I am now Laden with years & Infirmities & Consequently unable to attend the Court of my County to have a new Declaration drawn up & will Humbly Rest my case as the Papers now appear before the department.

I Remain your most Obedient & Humble Servt.

Joseph Wooddell

Unfortunately, the commission mentioned in Joseph's letter has been lost. His ional Archives file containes a note to that effect:

S. F. 11883. Joseph Wooddell. Commission of Joseph Waddle as Lt. of a co. of Augusta Co. Va. militia, dated Aug. 15, 1780 and signed by Thomas Jefferson Govenor has been removed from this case for safe keeping and may be found in the safe in the room of the Chief of the Old War & Navy Div. June 6, 1905.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826) was Governor of Virginia (1779-1781) before he bame the third President of the United States (1801-1809). On the above note there s an added statement to the effect that Joseph's commission had been "sent to the eattle Exposition, April 8, 1909". While visiting the National Archives, I inquired egarding the present whereabouts of the commission and was told that it was one of number of documents sent to the Seattle Exposition for display which had not been eturned to the National Archives. Chalkley (1, 216) cites Augusta County Order ook 17, page 265b, August 15, 1780, which records the fact that Joseph Waddle qualified as a lieutenant in John Dickey's company, and other Chalkley abstracts refer o Augusta County records which provide further evidence concerning the service of Joseph and his brother, Thomas Jr.

Joseph's application for a pension was finally approved and Certificate No. 23359 was issued January 17, 1834, at the Virginia Agency and mailed to him at Green Bank in Pocahontas County. On the back of Joseph's letter of December 24, 1833, a clerk in the pension office determined his annual pension of $90 from the following calculation:

Amount:
15 mos. period--- 50
3 mos. Lieut.---40
90

Certificate 23359 indicates that he had been paid $270 by March 4, 1834, which was the only payment before his death later that year.

The above account exhausts my present knowledge of Joseph's war service, but undoubtedly a great deal more could be obtained from additional sources. Extensive records of the Augusta County units of the militia could probably be found in the courthouse at Staunton, the National Archives in Washington, and the office of the Adjutant General of Virginia. McAllister, the files of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other sources have abstracted the statements of pension applicants, so anyone desiring to pursue the subject further could examine the National Archives files of Virginia applicants who served in the same units with Joseph. For example, Joseph's younger brother, Thomas, also served in Captain Dickey's company and his application provides details not mentioned by Joseph. Further information could also be obtained by consulting various sources about the careers of Joseph's commanders, particularly General Lafayette.

At the end of the war, Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) was married to Elizabeth, who died in 1820, but I do not know the date or place of the marriage. My

...e is that the ceremony took place at Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church. I do not ...r when nor where Elizabeth was born nor what her maiden name was. One relative ...ote in 1958 that she was Elizabeth Warwick, daughter of William Warwick and Nancy ...raig. Another possibility is that she was Elizabeth McKemy, daughter of John McKemy (died 1789) and sister of Jean McKemy; John mentions a daughter Elizabeth in his will and leaves three pounds to a grandson named John Waddle. But, I do not have conclusive documentary evidence for either a Warwick or McKemy maiden name. Elizabeth apparently received very little formal education, since the Wooddell papers include a deed made jointly by Joseph and Elizabeth in which she made her mark rather than signing her name, and the fact that she could not write may account in part for the lack of family papers which tell of her ancestry.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) and Elizabeth (died -1820) were the parents of eight children:

601 Thomas Wooddell
Born August 11, 1783, Augusta County.
Died July 1, 1860, Pocahontas County.
Married Mary (Polly) Blake, daughter of Thomas Blake & Jane Warwick.

602 Nancy Agnes Wooddell
Born December 13, 1785, Augusta County.
Died November 29, 1861, Pocahontas County.
Married June 17, 1805, Bath County Va. to James Cooper (born January 16, 1780, Rockbridge County, Va.—died November 8, 1845, Pocahontas County), son of James Cooper (died -1781) & Jean McKemy. Jean was a daughter of John McKemy (died 1789) of Augusta County

603 John Wooddell
Born August 26, 1787, Augusta County.
Died June 10, 1865, Pocahontas County.
Married March 23, 1820, to Mary (Polly) Slaven (died January 9, 1843), daughter of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

604 Joseph Wooddell, Jr.
Born October 3, 1789, Augusta County.
Died August 20, 1829, Beaver Township, Pike County, Ohio.
Married Priscilla Slaven, daughter of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

605 Jane Wooddell
Born October 31, 1791, Augusta County, Va. Died December 18, 1870, Pike County, Ohio. Married to William Galford (born about 1785, Pocahontas County, W. Va.; died March 28, 1824, Pike County, Ohio).

606 Elizabeth Wooddell
Born October 5, 1794, Augusta County.
Died after 1860.
Unmarried, but left a son, William B. Wooddell (1825-1905).

607 James Wooddell
Born August 20, 1797, Augusta County.
Died June 21, 1885, Pocahontas County.
Married June 22, 1826, to Jane Warwick (born December 6, 1799—died March 10, 1884), daughter of Andrew Warwick (died -1821) & Elizabeth Craig (died -1832).

608 Margaret Jane (Peggy) Wooddell
Born June 27, 1800, probably Augusta County.

Died November 3, 1837 (or 1836), Gilmer County, West Virginia.
Married 1819 to William Slaven (born July 6, 1798), son of
John Slaven (born 1760) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

I am quite certain that Joseph and Elizabeth first settled in Augusta County and at least seven (if not all) of the above children were born there. Chalkley notes that in 1777 Joseph and his brother James acquired land from their parents, which was probably in the North River District of the county. Joseph and another brother (Thomas) also obtained land together, according to a document in the family papers. This document, which I assume was a copy of a deed, was dated September 18, 1798, and transferred 286 acres of land from Thomas Wooddell of Augusta County to James and Robert Curry of Augusta County, the price being 250 pounds. The land was located on "some of the watters of Thornybranch . . . part of which was conveyed to the Sd. Thomas Woodall by Thomas Woodle Deceased and part a grant to sd. Thomas Woodle & Joseph Woodle". (Thorny Branch is a tributary of North River near the small village of Sangerville in the North River District of the county.)

I believe that Joseph & Elizabeth left Augusta County for what is now Green Bank, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, some time between 1800 and 1802. In 1800 the Augusta County Clerk, Charles Kinney, exempted Joseph Waddle "from the payment of Taxes, etc., on your slave", according to a receipt in the family papers. The year 1802 seems the most probably for the move, since there is a church letter in the family papers which was probably used to transfer membership from the Mossy Creek congregation to the Green Bank church during that year:

> This is to certify that Joseph Waddal and his wife Elizabeth have lived in this congregation a number of years, free of Scandal, and are in full communion in the Church and that sd. J. Waddal has been a ruling Elder in the Church, by order of Session Mossey Creek April 25th 1802. Benjamin Irvin V D

At the time Joseph settled at Green Bank, the area was part of Bath County, Virginia, & thus some significant records, such as the 1805 marriage bond between James Cooper & Nancy Wooddell, are to be found in the courthouse at Warm Springs, Virginia. Green Bank became part of Pocahontas County when that Virginia county was formed in 1821, then in 1863 became part of the new state of West Virginia.

Joseph settled near the North Fork of Deer Creek (once known as Cartmell Creek) & built his log house at approximately 38° 24' 48" north latitude and 79° 49' 58" longitude, near the present home of his great-great-grandson, Mr. Forrest Wooddell (1894-1967). Some years ago the old log house was torn down, but Forrest Wooddell was born there and remembers it was heated by a fire place & chimney rather than by stove & was very cold in winter. Mr. Wooddell also remembers that square portholes were cut in the walls to afford protection against Indians, but these had been plugged up by the time he was born. The house had a large porch & a separate back shed for cooking which had a stove & chimney. Still standing, however, is Joseph's smokehouse, constructed from logs & boards cut in his sawmill. Some of the squared logs are 10 inches on the front face & one of the white pine boards in the door is 17 inches in width. Though Joseph's home & mode of life may not seem comfortable to his descendants today, we know from the extensive records he kept, which fortunately have been saved by each succeeding generation, that he was relatively well-to-do by the standards of Pocahontas County in the first third of the century. These records tell us something of his land holdings, his business operations, & his daily life.

As time went on, Joseph increased his acreage. Some of the land he eventually owned was granted first to Thomas Cartmell, later to Abraham Ingram, before being granted to Joseph and James McKemy. In the Wooddell papers the earliest land grant is labeled on the outside: "JAMES McKEMY AND JOSEPH WOODDELL, 150 ACRES, BATH COUNTY, RECORDED AND X, BOOK 50, PAGE 100." On the inside, part of the document

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printed and the rest handwritten; the printed part is capitalized in the follow-
g:

I James Monroe, ESQUIRE, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING: KNOW YE, THAT by virtue of a land office treasury warrant, number seventeen hundred and eighty five issued the 15th day of February 1796 THERE IS GRANTED BY THE SAID COMMONWEALTH, UNTO James McKemy and Joseph Wooddell assignee of Abraham Ingram who was entitled to one third in his own right and as assignee of John Blankenship & John Perdue for the residue. A CERTAIN TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, CONTAINING one hundred and fifty acres, by survey bearing date the eleventh day of May eighteen hundred, lying and being in the county of Bath on the water of Cartmell creek a branch of Greenbrier river and bounded as followeth to wit: beginning at two chesnuts S88W 32 poles to two chesnut oaks on a ridge S11E 80 poles to two chesnut and black oak N15E 16 poles to a spanish oak and hickory corner to said Ingram and with his line N23E 118 poles to a sugar tree and red oak on a line of said Ingrams new survey and with the same S60E 10 poles to three Ironwood saplins S74E 50 poles to two chesnuts S40E 150 poles, thence leaving said line S55W 140 poles to the beginning; WITH ITS APPURTENANCES: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD THE SAID TRACT OF PARCEL OF LAND WITH ITS APPURTENANCES, THE SAID James McKemy and Joseph Wooddell and THEIR HEIRS FOREVER.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, THE SAID James Monroe ESQUIRE, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMON* WEALTH OF VIRGINIA, HATH HEREUNTO SET HIS HAND, AND CAUSED THE LESSER SEAL OF THE SAID COMMONWEALTH TO BE AFFIXED AT RICHMOND, ON THE third DAY OF June IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND two AND OF THE COMMON* WEALTH THE twentysixth.

seal James Monroe

Later deeds in the Wooddell papers indicate that Joseph bought James McKemy's share in 1813, acquired considerable additional land, & then gave parcels to each of his several sons before his death in 1834.

In addition to farming his land, Joseph used the waters of Deer Creek to provide power for a saw mill, a feed mill, a blacksmith shop, and a still. The mill races for these operations can be traced today. To keep the records for these enterprises, Joseph made an account book by folding a sheaf of paper, then sewing with heavy thread down the crease in the center. In this crude book are entries from 1813 to 1832, each with the date, the name of the customer, the goods or services provided, and the price in either dollars or pounds. Some typical entries are given because they provide information concerning the lives of the early settlers of Pocahontas County:

The following is an account of Plank Sawed for Daniel kerr in June 1814 by me Joseph Wooddell:

To 5 quarter plank	598 feet
To Inch Plank	1022
To 3/4 Plank for covering	386
To Plank for wagon body	251
To inch Plank for petition	559

. . . . . .

James Cooper, Dr for Sawing in 1815 & 1816:

	L	s	d
	1	3	0
To 5/4 planks 765 feet	1	6	0
To Inch do 1053--	0	10	3
To 3/4 do 490--			
To 15 Joice		3	0
To Scaffold & Slab Plank		3	0
To Scantling for bedsteads			

. . . . . .

James Cooper--June 23, 1825

	L	s	d
	0	1	6
To ½ Bus Corn	0	6	0
To 2 Bus. Corn	0	3	0
To 1 Sickle	0	6	0
Cr. by Casn	0	6	0
To 2 Bus. Rye			

. . . . . .

June 30th 1826. David Clayton. Dn to Boarding and horse feed and stableage for his brother Richard $5. Cr. by 2 mares to his horse at $2.50 each--$5.

. . . . . .

Many other accounts are listed in Joseph's book and in the Wooddell family papers. In 1827 he drew up specifications for building a church and probably cut the required lumber. He kept cattle and entered records of their pasturing, mentions beef, hides and furs. He made five to ten pound loans of salt to neighbors, of which this entry is typical: "October 6, 1823. Lent to Elizabeth Warrick 11 lbs. Salt with the apron". He made wagon parts, bedstead parts, and frequently mentioned "cherry plank". He billed Charles Martin in March, 1825, for: "To 3½ gallons Whisky, 0-10-6". In April, 1829, he let John Sutton have "one plough Sheer Weight 12 lbs. for which he was to give me the same Weight of new Iron--he paid". He also charged one neighbor for "3½ days work in haytime, 0-10-6". Some other activities for which he presented bills were:

Halling wood to the lime kiln one day	0	9	0
Halling lime 2 days	1	4	0
Halling stone 2 days	1	16	0
13 days making brick	0	19	6
1 day attendance in mortar	0	3	0
18½ days attendance making the Brick Kiln	0	2	3
Halling a load of shingles	0	9	0

Joseph Wooddell aparently made trips of some distance for supplies, as several shopping lists are entered. The following was "for James Cooper," his son-in-law: 3 lb. Coffee, 1 Coffee pot, 1 Pepper Box, 3 Tea Cups & Sassers, 1 wearing hankerchief, 5 yrds yellow Flannen 1 yrd and half quarter wide, ½ lb Pepper. Other items on other lists included: 2 lb chocolet, 3 yrds muslin, 6 lbs Cotten, 1 Sheet Pins, 1 Small thimble, 1 Bandany hankerchief, 1 Shoehammer, 1 Sett fine Niting needles, 1 Spelling book, Some writering paper.

These records present hints as to what life was like in the early days of Pocahontas County and also show that Joseph Wooddell was active in the commerce of the region. Judging by the number of wills, deeds, and other documents he prepared for other people, copies of which are in the family papers, he must have been one of

few men in the County of his generation who could write well. We know that some his contemporaries could not write their own names (and made their marks on legal documents) and that many others could write only their own signatures. Joseph prepared two wills for himself, the first in 1822 and the second in 1832, and these documents give further evidence as to his activities and station in life. The 1822 will, in his own handwriting, reads as follows:

In the name of God Amen the Twelfth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight hundred and Twenty Two I Joseph Wooddell Senr. of the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia being now in health of Body and of perfect mind and Memory thanks be given unto god for the Same but now I am taking a Journey to the State of Ohio and Considering that I am therefore in a perticular manner Exposed to death as well as of the natural mortality of my Body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die I do make and ordain this my last will and Testament in the manner and form following that is all my real and personal Estate I do will and bequeath as hereafter directed Viz first my funeral and just debts to be paid and all my Lands in this County Containing three hundred and fourteen Acres more or less Lying and being in the County aforesaid adjoining the Lands of Jacob Warrick junr. Jacob Gillespie John Hogshead and others I will and bequeath to Two of my Sons that is John and James Wooddell to them and their heirs forever John Wooddell to have the Lower End ajoining Jacob Warricks Land to Begin on the out Side Line on the South Side of my Land opposite to what we Call the old Still house place and a Line from there across to the Creek that Come down through my meadow to Come past the old Still house place thence down the Creek till near the Lower End of my pasture then across the Lower End of the pasture and upon other Branch of the Creek to the South East Corner of my potato patch that is now then down the way that we Staked it towards the upper Corner of Johns new field about forty rods down from the Said Corner of the potato patch then Square across the Bottom to Jacob Gillespies Line and James Wooddell to have the upper End adjoining Jacob Gillespies and John Hogsheads Lands with the Buildings and improvements that is on it Excepting John Wooddell to have the priviledge of doing his own grinding and Sawing with the mills upon Conditions that he gives Some help towards keeping them in order my Lands in the State of Ohio pike County Beaver Township Containing one hundred and Sixty acres it being one quarter Section I will and bequeath to my son Joseph Wooddell and his heirs forever upon Condition that he makes his Brother James Wooddell a rite to his part of the one hundred and Thirty Eight acres which I gave to him and his Brother John Lying in this County also I will and bequeath to my Son Joseph the following property Viz the Brown mare and Colts that has been call.d his and one Cow and Colt the Smiths anvil and Vice ax matock and hoe and a Set of plough Irons one bed and a Light wagon to move with himself to assist in providing the wagon his Brother James to assist him in providing money to move with and as Soon as would be convenient Some money to help him in improving his Land the time not to Exceed four years my Son James to have the following property the Sorral filly that has been Call.d his and roan Colt that came of Betseys mare and Cattle Sheep and hogs Sufficient for the Support of the family while Together my wagon ploughs Crosscut Saw broad ax and Tools necessary for farming I wish to be kept on the place my house and kitchen furniture To be kept for the benefit of the family my son James to have my desk & Clock to my Daughter Elisabeth I will and bequeath as follows the Sorral mare that has been Call.d hers and the young Sorral mare that Came of her mare my walnut Chest Bed and Bedding all the coverings that She provided for her Self and if She Lives to alter her Station of Living I allow her to have five or Six head of Cattle five or Six head of Sheep dresser furniture and Some pots all her own Cloaths and necessary articles Else not mentioned I wish her to have a peaceable Living in my house while in the Station that She is as She has been Very good to me Since her mothers death my Cloath I wish to be divided Equally amongst my four sons my wife that was I allow her Cloaths to be divided Equally between my Three daughters that is here as Jane

has got her part of them my Negro woman Liz to be kept here while James and Elisabeth remains Single and when they both Change their Station her to be appraised and then will and bequeath her to my four daughters one of them to keep her and pay the other three Each one a fourth of her Value and Charles to be kept on the place and treated as he has been my four work horses to be kept on the place while the family is Together or Except there might be need to Sell one to pay Debts Joseph to have one of them to help him in moving if he needs one my Books I allow Each one of my Children to get a part of them I do not wish any of my property to be Sold Except it is Stock to pay debts of my Contracting and at the marriage of my Son and daughter James and Elisabeth whatever is Left after my debts are paid and what I Left to my Three Children that is yet here that is Joseph James and Elisabeth Wooddell I allow to be Equally Divided amongst all my Children to them and their heirs forever, and I do hereby nominate Constitute and appoint Three of my Sons John Joseph and James Wooddell or any Two of them that Stays in this County Executors of this my Last will and Testament Revoking Disanuling and Disallowing all other and former will and wills by me made whether by word or writing allowing approving Ratifying and Confirming this only as my Last will and Testament in witness whereof I have hereunto Set my hand and Seal the day and year first above written Signed Sealed published pronounced and Delivered by the Said Joseph Wooddell sen.r as his Last will and Testament in the presence of

witnessed, before signed,

Test Joseph Wooddell sen.r seal

Benjamin Tallman
William Warwick

Joseph Wooddell's second & final will was prepared in 1832, eighteen months before his death, is in the handwriting of James Cooper (1780-1845), his son-in-law, and is available in the Pocahontas County courthouse (will book 1, page 438):

In the Name of God Amen I Joseph Wooddell Senr. of the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia being Weak in body But of sound mind and Memory, and Considering the Mortality of the human Body and knowing that it is appointed for all men Once to Die do make this my Last Will & Testament Revoking all Others.— First I recommend my Soul to God who gave it my Body to be Decently Buried in a Christian like manner, and after my Burial Expenses are paid and all my other Just Debts are punctually paid I Will & Bequeath the Ballance of my property Both real & personal in form following:—To my son James Wooddell I will and bequeath all my land in the County of Pocahontas lying on the Waters of Deer Creek Containing One hundred & thirty nine Acres to him and his heirs forever together with all the Improvements thereon—also my Roan horse & Waggon & Gears and all my farming utensials Consisting of ploughs, Gears, Harrow, & hoes, also my Cross Cut Saw & one large Kettle—also my Clock & Desk—& my Share of the Smith Tools—To my Daughter Betsy Wooddell or her heirs I will & bequeath my young Roan mare, three Cows, Six head of Sheep, two beds, Bedsteads & Bed Cloaths, also my Walnut Chest and One trunk—One ten Gallon Kettle, one three gallon pot, also her Choice of my Ovens, & all my Dresser furniture. And further I reserve the sole use of my Back Shed for my Daughter Betsy While she may live single and also my son James is to furnish feed for two head of horses, three cows & six head of Sheep for said Betsy While she may live single——My Negro Woman Liz I allow to be appraised & one of my four Daughters to take her at the appraisment and pay each one of my Other three Daughters One fourth of her appraisment as for my negro man Charles I allow my son James to maintain him his lifetime my Wearing Apparrel I allow to be

Equally Divided among my four Sons or their heirs—My Books I allow to be Equally Divided amongst my Eight Children or their heirs.——I allow my son James to have my Stock of Hogs, and in Consideration of the former bequeath my son James is to furnish my daughter Betsy & her son William a reasonable Supply of flour or Meal & Meat during the time She May Live single or untill William be put to a trade.—My son James & my Daughter Betsy to have my loom & all the tacklings. ——To my Grand Daughter Betsy McKemy Cooper I Will & Bequeath One good young Cow.——The Ballance of my property that I may Die in possession of I allow to be sold at public sale the proceeds of Which together with what money may be on hand I allow to be Equally Divided amongst my Eight Children or their Heirs.—— And in Case the money is drawn for my services during the Revolution war I allow the heirs of my son Joseph & the heirs of my Daughter Jane to have thirty Dollars that is to say the Heirs of Joseph to have fifteen Dollars & the heirs of Jane to have fifteen Dollars to be Equally Divided Between them.——Lastly I Constitute and appoint my son James & James Cooper executors of this my Last Will and Testament. In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand & Seal this third day of December One thousand Eight Hundred & Thirty two & 57 year of the Commonwealth.

Joseph Wooddell Senr. seal

Witnesses present: Jacob Cum, Samuel Given, Patrick Bruffey, Jacob Warwick.

Several of the objects mentioned in Joseph's two wills are now in the possession of Clyde Wardel Wooddell (1918-), great-great-great-grandson of Joseph & son of Forrest. On my visit to Green Bank, I was shown Joseph's desk, clock, plane, auger, & other tools & household items. One of the most interesting items was the lock & key, still in good working order, from the front door of Joseph's log house. Most of these items were probably fashioned by Joseph himself & manifest a high caliber of workmanship. I hope that these items & Joseph's papers will remain in the family for a long time or be given to a museum with a good historical collection concerning West Virginia.

Charles & Liz, the two slaves mentioned in the will, were buried on the Wooddell farm. Mr. Forrest Wooddell, Mr. Hamed, & I are fairly certain we found their graves marked by field stones on a hill top. Charles lived to an advanced age—perhaps over 100—and in his last years spent most of his time fishing in a spot in Deer Creek which is still called the "Charley Hole". The two slaves were offered their freedom several times, but refused it. After the death of Joseph, the other heirs turned their interests in the slaves over to James Wooddell, who remained on the home place, as is shown in the following document in the family papers:

Know all men by these presents that I James Cooper & Nancy his wife Jane Galford Betsey Wooddell & William Slaven & Peggy his wife for and in Consideration of the Sum of one Dollar to them in hand paid By James Wooddell at & Before the sealing and delivery of these presents (the Receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge) have Bargained and sold & By these presents do grant Bargain & sell to the said James Wooddell a Certain female Negro Slave named Liss aged Forty years to have & to hold the Said Negro Slave to the only proper use of the said James Wooddell his Heirs Executors Administrators and Assigns forever, & the said James Cooper & Nancy his wife Jane Galford Betsy Wooddell & William Slaven & Peggy his wife for themselves & their heirs Executors & Administrators the said Negro Slave to the said James Wooddell against the Claim or Claims of all and Every person whatsoever will warrant and for Ever defend in witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands & affixed our seals this day of 1833.

James Cooper seal
Nancy Cooper seal

Jane Galford seal
Betsy Wooddell seal

According to the James & Jane Wooddell family Bible, Elizabeth died on April 6, 1820, & her husband Joseph died on July 26, 1834. The date of Joseph's death is confirmed by a letter giving the same date in his file at the National Archives. The place of Joseph & Elizabeth's burial is not known. Forrest Wooddell was able to locate the graves of the slaves because his father, many years ago, had pointed out the spot, but he does not remember ever being shown where his great-great-grandparents were buried.

Notes

My present address (March 1970) is: Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601. Any new address can be obtained from: Alumni Association, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, or Alumni Records, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. I welcome new Wooddell information or inquiries at any time!

Mr. Forrest Wooddell of Green Bank, West Virginia, whose consultation and Wooddell papers contributed greatly to the preparation of this paper, died September 4, 1967. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Neva Belle Taylor Wooddell, and their four children: Clyde Wardel Wooddell (born 1918), Forrest Harold Wooddell (born 1928), James Edward Wooddell (born 1931), and Mary Margaret Wooddell (born 1939).

The National Archives, Washington, D. C. 20408, has Revolutionary War service files for: (1) Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834), whose file is S.F.11883. (2) His brother, Thomas Woodell (1759-1839), who spelled the surname differently, file 11697. The National Archives also has the documents by which Joseph Wooddell took possession of his land grant, for Revolutionary War services, in Pike County, Ohio, in 1822, then transferred the land to his son, Joseph Wooddell (1789-1829).

Further information concerning the Revolutionary War services of Joseph Wooddell (spelled Waddell, Waddle, Woodle, etc., in some of the records) and his commanders, named on Pages 2-4 of this paper, can be found in: (1) Joseph T. McAllister, VIRGINIA MILITIA IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, McAllister Publishing Company, Hot Springs, Virginia, 1913. Library of Congress call number: E263.V8M13. See pages 10, 18-19, 182-183, & 185. (2) John H. Gwathmey, HISTORICAL REGISTER OF VIRGINIANS IN THE REVOLUTION, Dietz Press, Richmond, Virginia, 1938. Library of Congress call number: E263.V8G9. See pages 83, 126, 223, 310, 556, 797, 844, 865, & 871.

References

Several sources, enumerated below, furnish additional information--not always accurately!--concerning Thomas Wooddell (1709-1784) & Alice, Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) & Elizabeth (died 1820), and their descendants and collateral relatives.

Although these volumes are available in many major libraries across the nation, I have added the Library of Congress call number, as I did to the McAllister and Gwathmey volumes cited above, to all but the first reference so that the reader who cannot find a given volume in a nearby library can order photocopies for a reasonable fee. To order photocopies, give the complete reference, including volume (where necessary), pages, and call number, from: Photoduplication Section, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. 20540.

01. THE VALLEY VIRGINIAN, January 21, 1886, Volume 20, Number 43, published by S. M. Yost & Son at Staunton, Virginia. This issue of the newspaper contains an article, "The Wooddell Family in Augusta," written by John Marshall Wooddell (1836-1917), grandson of John Wooddell (1767-1852) and great-grandson of Thomas Wooddell (1709-1784).

02. Lyman Chalkley, CHRONICLES OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SETTLEMENT IN VIRGINIA, Three volumes, Commonwealth Printing Company, Rosslyn, Virginia, 1912-1913. Library of Congress: F232.A9A9. Abstracts from the original court records of Augusta County. See the index at the end of <u>each</u> volume for Wooddell, Waddell, Waddle, Woodle, etc. In many libraries, these volumes are cataloged under Augusta County rather than Chalkley.

03. William T. Price, HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, Price Brothers, Marlinton, West Virginia, 1901. Library of Congress: F247.P7P9. Partial index at the back of the book. I found Wooddell references on pages 96, 124, 125, 131, 146, 147, 148, 163, 238, 239, 377, 391, 398, 410, 423, 427, 429, 433, 444, & 476. Perhaps you will find additional ones.

04. Thomas C. Miller & Hu Maxwell, WEST VIRGINIA AND ITS PEOPLE, Three volumes, Lewis Historical Publishing Company, New York, 1913. Library of Congress: F241.M65. Volume 3, pages 876-877, sketch of Joseph A. Wooddell (born 1867), and pages 983-984, sketch of John Thomas Cooper (1814-1878).

05. James M. Callahan, HISTORY OF WEST VIRGINIA, Three volumes, American Historical Society, Chicago, 1923. Library of Congress: F241.C15. Volume 2, page 598, sketch of James Walker Wooddell (1873-1953). Volume 3, page 6, sketch of Victor Fry Cooper (1873-1928), and page 86, sketches of Bantz Slaven Wooddell (1871-1934) & William Lawrence Wooddell (1876-1944).

06. Minnie K. Lowther, HISTORY OF RITCHIE COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, Wheeling News Litho. Company, Wheeling, West Virginia, 1911. Library of Congress: F247.R6L8. Pages 278-280, sketch of James Harvey Cooper (1810-1881). Pages 530-531, sketch of Joseph A. Wooddell (born 1867).

07. Morris P. Shawkey, WEST VIRGINIA IN HISTORY, LIFE, LITERATURE, AND INDUSTRY, Five volumes, Lewis Publishing Company, Chicago, 1928. Library of Congress: F241.S534. Volume 3, pages 26-27, sketch of James Walker Wooddell (1873-1953).

08. Philip M. Conley, THE WEST VIRGINIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, West Virginia Publishing Company, Charleston, 1929. Library of Congress: F241.C75. Page 181, sketches of Marvin Cooper (1883-1955) & William C. Cooper (born 1884). Page 1025, sketch of Joseph A. Wooddell (born 1867).

09. HISTORY OF LOWER SCIOTO VALLEY, OHIO, Inter-State Publishing Company, Chicago, 1884. Library of Congress: F497.S3H6. Pages 821 & 823, sketch of William Galford (1785-1824) & wife Jane Wooddell (1791-1870).

10. Sheridan Ploughe, HISTORY OF RENO COUNTY, KANSAS, Two volumes, B. F. Bowen & Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1917. Library of Congress: F687.R3P7. Volume 2, pages 652-653, sketch of Charles Newton Wooddell (1861-1936).

11. Homer C. Cooper, "James Cooper (1780-1845) and Nancy Agnes Wooddell (1785-1861) of Virginia and West Virginia," Nine pages, August 1959, revised April 1968. Library of Congress: CT275.C775143C6.

12. Homer C. Cooper, "Cooper, McKemy, Ferrell/Farrell, Wooddell, Gothard, Wilson, and Patton Families," Seven pages, January 1, 1969. Library of Congress: CS71.C777 1969.

13. Homer C. Cooper, "Whitman and Rodgers Families of New York and West Virginia," Six pages, February 24, 1968. Library of Congress: CS71.W614 1968.

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Change on page 2:

(3) James Wooddell (1751-1814), married June 28, 1786, to Ann Stephenson (born 1766), daughter of Adam Stephenson (1735-1789), and settled in Pickaway County, Ohio.

Note the change in the order of the children on page 2.

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Minor revisions as of April 1968

To: My Wooddell Relatives

From: Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601

Re: Our ancestors, Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) and wife Elizabeth of Augusta County, Virginia, and Pocahontas County, West Virginia

As many of you know, I am preparing a brief paper concerning the history of our Cooper, Wooddell, Whitman, & McKemy ancestors, & plan to distribute copies among you when it is completed. I hope you will read this rough draft carefully & let me know if you have suggestions or additional material to add.

This paper will be concerned with Joseph Wooddell and his wife, Elizabeth, two of our ancestors of the seventh generation. My principal source of information concerning them consists of the Wooddell family papers, now in the possession of Mr. & Mrs. Forrest Wooddell of Green Bank, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. I had the pleasure of cordial visits with the Wooddell family in September, 1958, and am grateful to them for granting permission to copy the family documents quoted hereinafter. I am also deeply indebted to Mr. Rockford N. Hamed, a native of Green Bank but now a resident of Alexandria, Virginia, and his parents for very generous hospitality, including driving me from Washington to Green Bank, introducing me to the Wooddells, sharing their home and extensive knowledge of Pocahontas County, and making the visit to Green Bank enjoyable in every possible way. Any merit this section has is due to the generosity of the Hameds and the Wooddells.

In addition to the Wooddell family papers, several other sources have been consulted: a file in the National Archives concerning Joseph's Revolutionary War Services, Joseph's will in the Pocahontas County courthouse, U. S. census records, and scattered references in Chalkley and Price. In quoting from these sources I will spell the family name as rendered by the county or census official or family member who prepared the document under consideration at the moment, so the reader will find Woodle, Woodell, Waddle, and other variations scattered throughout the following pages. Joseph himself used the form "Wooddell" consistently for his signature and this spelling is used on the headstone over his father's grave.

I also received information by correspondence from members of the family too numerous to acknowledge by name. I hope they will consider this essay part payment for their kindness.

Joseph Wooddell was born about 1752, but I cannot establish the exact date or place of his birth. He gave his age as 80 in his sworn declaration of 1832 when qualifying for a Revolutionary War pension. He probably was born in Augusta County, Virginia and at least spent most of his early years there. Thomas Wooddell, Jr. (1759-1839), a younger brother of Joseph, testified that he (Thomas) was born in Augusta County in August, 1759, in his own declaration for a pension, so I am certain that if Joseph was not born in Augusta County, he at least was living there by the time he was seven years of age. If I can judge by land transactions abstracted in Chalkley and other evidence, the Wooddells must have lived in the North River District of Augusta County.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) was the son of Thomas Wooddell, Senior, and Alese (or Elise) _____ Wooddell. Considerable information concerning Thomas, Sr., can be obtained by consulting references to him under various spellings of the family name in the indexes to the Chalkley volumes, and I suspect that a great deal more could be learned by examining the original documents referred to in the Augusta

County courthouse and the church records of the Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church (founded 1768), the Tinkling Spring Meeting House, and the Bethel Meeting House. According to the abstracts in Chalkley, Thomas, Sr., and Eliss had the following children: James, Joseph (1752-1834), Thomas (born Augusta County, August, 1759; died Mason County, February 20, 1839), John (living Augusta County as late as 1833), Elisabeth, Martha, Jane, a fourth daughter, and possibly another son. In 1958, Mr. Rockford N. Hamed and I paid a brief visit to the cemetery of the Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church at Mossy Creek in the North River District section of Augusta County and found a headstone with the following inscription carved in crude but easily read letters: "Thomas Wooddell, died 1785, age 75". Over the years the monument had sunk so far into the ground that we could not determine whether similar information was given for his wife. According to Chalkley (I, 171), which cites Augusta County Will Book 6, page 429, the will of Thomas Waddle (Waddell), Sr., was written on September 6, 1784, and proved October 19, 1784, so it appears that the father of Joseph died in 1784. With regard to the discrepancy in the dates of death, I am inclined to believe that the engraver at Mossy Creek made a mistake of one year on the stone rather than that there were two elderly persons named Thomas Wooddell who died a year apart. Raising the sunken monument to determine whether the wife's name is given on the bottom half would provide one possible resolution to this issue.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) enlisted in the militia and saw service in the Revolutionary War. The National Archives in Washington D. C., has a file containing documents submitted many years later in support of his successful application for a pension under the act of June 7, 1832. One of the documents in this file is a series of sworn statements on his behalf, the first of which was made before the court of Pocahontas County in 1832 to describe his service:

State of Virginia, Pocahontas County--At a Court held for Pocahontas County at the Court house thereof on the 4th day of September 1832 before the justices of the peace of the said County--Present--Benjamin Tallman, William Cackley, Robert H. Beale and Jacob Lightner gentlemen Justices.

State of Virginia, Pocahontas County--On this 3rd day of September 1832 personally appeared before the subscribers one of the commonwealth Justices of the peace in and for the County aforesaid. Joseph Wooddell a resident of the County and State aforesaid aged eighty years, who being first duly sworn according to Law doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the provision made by the act of Congress passed June 7th 1832:

That he entered the service of the United Stated in the year 1774 under Captain George Moffett and was stationed at Clover Lick to defend the Frontier settlements against the Indians for the Term of six weeks, being then a resident of & drafted from the Militia of August County Virginia.

That he again was drafted from the Militia as aforesaid & from the County aforesaid in the year (month of September) 1777 under the command of Captain George Moffett, Colonel J. Dickinson Commandant, & taken to Point Pleasant on the Ohio River against the Indians and Stationed there a short time, Period not precisely recollected But not to exceed Three months from the time of entering service untill discharged.

That he again was drafted from the Militia aforesaid and from the County as aforesaid in the year 1778, Commanded by Captain Cooper, Colonel Nevil's Regiment, General Woodford's Brigade, and he was marched from his place of Residence as aforesaid through the States of Pensylvania, New York & New Jersey against the English army and Continued in the Service as a private soldier for Term of one year & discharged in the state of New Jersey at Middle Brook in the month of February 1779.

That he again was drafted from the Militia as aforesaid and from the County aforesaid in the year 1781 under the Command of Captain John Givens, Colonel William Bowyer, General Campbell, and General Lafayette Commanding, & marched from his place of residence to Richmond Va. against the English army who were then laying in that place & from there following the aforesaid English army to Williamsburg being in the Battles at Hot water & James Town and Continued in the service for the term of three months being the first Lieutenant in the Company aforesaid and then was discharged and that he has no knowledge of any Person now living who could testify to his services as aforesaid stated.

He hereby relinquishes every Claim to a pension or annuity except the present and declares that his name is not on the pension of any state.

Joseph Wooddell

Sworn to and subscribed the day and year aforesaid and I do more over certify that the said Joseph Wooddell cannot from age and bodily infirmities attend the Court before the subscriber.

William Slaven

We John S. Blain, a clergyman, residing in the County of Pocahontas, and Benjamin Tallman residing in the same County, hereby certify that we are well acquainted with Joseph Wooddell who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration; that we believe him to be eighty years of age, that he is reputed and believed in the neighbourhood where he resides to have been a soldier of the revolution, and that we concur in that opinion.

Sworn and subscribed the day & year aforesaid.

John S. Blain

Benny Tallman

And the said Court do hereby declare their opinion after the investigation of the matter and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the War Department, that the above named applicant was a revolutionary soldier and served as he states. And the Court further certify that it appears to them that John S. Blain who has signed the preceeding certificate is a clergyman resident in the County aforesaid, and that Benjamin Tallman, who also signed the same is a resident in the said County and is a credible person, & that their statement is entitled to credit.

I Henry M. Moffett Clerk of the Court of Pocahontas County do hereby certify that the foregoing contains the original proceedings of the said Court in the matter of the application of Joseph Wooddell for a pension.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of the County office this 4th day of September 1832.

seal H. M. Moffett

Joseph's pension was not granted immediately & a supporting statement by his younger brother John was added to the same application, being sworn before the Augusta County court.:

Augusta County to wit—I John Wooddell of the County of Augusta & State of Virginia after having first been sworn, Sayeth that I recollects of my brother Joseph Wooddell, now of the county of Pocahontas, having performed three

tours of service during the revolutionary war, & the indian war together.

His first tour of duty was against the Indians the particulars of time & place not distinctly recollected.

His second tour of service was for twelve months somewhere to the north; the place not recollected, nor can I recollect the officers that command on that occasion.

His third & last tour of service was below Richmond, the particular place not recollected. I think that the term of service was for three months. He was a Lieutenant in John Dickeys company. The superior officers not recollected and further this deponent sayeth not.

John Wooddell

Augusta County to wit—This day the above signed John Wooddell (sic) came before me a justice of the peace for the said county of Augusta and made oath to the above statement (sic), according to law. Witness my hand this eighth day of June 1833.

James A. McCue

I do farther certify that John Wooddell the subscribing witness to the above statement, lives in my immediate neighbourhood; that I have long been acqainted with him; that he is a credible person & that his statement may be relied on. Witness my hand & seal this 16th day of November 1833.

James A. McCue

Virginia to wit—I Jefferson Kinney, Clerk of the County Court of Augusta, do hereby certify that James A. McCue Esq. whose signatures appear to the within certificates, is a Justice of the peace in and for the county aforesaid—duly commissioned and qualified according to law.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereto affixed my seal of office and subscribed my name this 6th day of December 1833 & in the 58th year of the Commonwealth.

Jefferson Kinney

The amended application was resubmitted to the Commissioner of Pensions, accompanied by the following letter in Joseph's own handwriting:

Travellers Repose Post Office
Pocahontas County, June 28th, 1833

Sir

In compliance with your instructions under date April 2nd returning my Declaration for amendment—the Department require me to give a more detailed account of the service of 78. I state to you, as in the declaration, that I now know of no person living who served with me any Tour set fourth as it Respects the service of 78. I have stated as fully as I now Recollect. I was in no Engagement during the years service and at the end of the year was dismissed by a General discharge By Genl. Washington Commander of the Army.

I herewith Enclose my Commission showing that I acted as first Lieutenant in the services of 81, under Competent authority, also enclosed you will have

the affidavit of a younger Brother who Recollects of my Different Enlistments & absence from my Residence.

I am now Laden with years & Infirmities & Consequently unable to attend the Court of my County to have a new Declaration drawn up & will Humbly Rest my case as the Papers now appear before the department.

I Remain your most Obedient & Humble Servt.

Joseph Wooddell

Unfortunately, the commission mentioned in Joseph's letter has been lost. His National Archives file containes a note to that effect:

S. F. 11883. Joseph Wooddell. Commission of Joseph Waddle as Lt. of a co. of Augusta Co. Va. militia, dated Aug. 15, 1780 and signed by Thomas Jefferson Govenor has been removed from this case for safe keeping and may be found in the safe in the room of the Chief of the Old War & Navy Div. June 6, 1905.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826) was Governor of Virginia (1779-1781) before he became the third President of the United States (1801-1809). On the above note there is an added statement to the effect that Joseph's commission had been "sent to the Seattle Exposition, April 8, 1909". While visiting the National Archives, I inquired regarding the present whereabouts of the commission and was told that it was one of a number of documents sent to the Seattle Exposition for display which had not been returned to the National Archives. Chalkley (1, 216) cites Augusta County Order Book 17, page 265b, August 15, 1780, which records the fact that Joseph Waddle qualified as a lieutenant in John Dickey's company, and other Chalkley abstracts refer to Augusta County records which provide further evidence concerning the service of Joseph and his brother, Thomas Jr.

Joseph's application for a pension was finally approved and Certificate No. 23359 was issued January 17, 1834, at the Virginia Agency and mailed to him at Green Bank in Pocahontas County. On the back of Joseph's letter of December 24, 1833, a clerk in the pension office determined his annual pension of $90 from the following calculation:

Amount:
15 mos. period--- 50
3 mos. Lieut.---40
90

Certificate 23359 indicates that he had been paid $270 by March 4, 1834, which was the only payment before his death later that year.

The above account exhausts my present knowledge of Joseph's war service, but undoubtedly a great deal more could be obtained from additional sources. Extensive records of the Augusta County units of the militia could probably be found in the courthouse at Staunton, the National Archives in Washington, and the office of the Adjutant General of Virginia. McAllister, the files of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other sources have abstracted the statements of pension applicants, so anyone desiring to pursue the subject further could examine the National Archives files of Virginia applicants who served in the same units with Joseph. For example, Joseph's younger brother, Thomas, also served in Captain Dickey's company and his application provides details not mentioned by Joseph. Further information could also be obtained by consulting various sources about the careers of Joseph's commanders, particularly General Lafayette.

At the end of the war, Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) was married to Elizabeth _____(-1820), but I do not know the date or place of the marriage. My

guess is that the ceremony took place at Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church. I do not know when nor where Elizabeth was born nor what her maiden name was. One relative wrote in 1958 that she was Elizabeth Warwick, daughter of William Warwick and Nancy Craig. Another possibility is that she was Elizabeth McKemy, daughter of John McKemy (-1789) and sister of Jean McKemy; John mentions a daughter Elizabeth in his will and leaves three pounds to a grandson named John Waddle. But, I do not have conclusive documentary evidence for either a Warwick or McKemy maiden name. Elizabeth apparently received very little formal education, since the Wooddell papers include a deed made jointly by Joseph and Elizabeth in which she made her mark rather than signing her name, and the fact that she could not write may account in part for the lack of family papers which tell of her ancestry.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) and Elizabeth (-1820) were the parents of eight children:

601 Thomas Wooddell
Born August 11, 1783, Augusta County.
Died July 1, 1860, Pocahontas County.
Married Mary (Polly) Blake ?, daughter of Thomas Blake & Jane Warwick, acc. to Cleek, 238.

602 Nancy Agnes Wooddell
Born December 13, 1785, Augusta County.
Died November 29, 1861, Pocahontas County.
Married June 17, 1805, Bath County Va. to James Cooper (born January 16, 1780, Rockbridge County, Va.--died November 8, 1845, Pocahontas County), son of James Cooper (-1781) & Jean McKemy.

603 John Wooddell
Born August 26, 1787, Augusta County.
Died June 10, 1865, Pocahontas County.
Married March 23, 1820, to Mary (Polly) Slaven (died January 9, 1843), daughter of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

604 Joseph Wooddell, Jr.
Born October 3, 1789, Augusta County.
Died August 20, 1829, Beaver Township, Pike County, Ohio.
Married Priscilla Slaven, daughter of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

605 Jane Wooddell
Born October 31, 1791, Augusta County.
Died sometime after 1835.
Married John Galford.

606 Elizabeth Wooddell
Born October 5, 1794, Augusta County.
Died after 1860.
Unmarried, but left a son, William B. Wooddell.

607 James Wooddell
Born August 20, 1797, Augusta County.
Died June 21, 1885, Pocahontas County.
Married June 22, 1826, to Jane Warwick (born December 6, 1799--died March 10, 1884), daughter of Andrew Warwick (-1821) & Elizabeth Craig (-1832).

608 Margaret Jane (Peggy) Wooddell
Born June 27, 1800, probably Augusta County.

Died November 3, 1837 — died 1832? Su Morton
Married 1819 to William Slaven (born July 6, 1798), son of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick

I am quite certain that Joseph and Elizabeth first settled in Augusta County and at least seven (if not all) of the above children were born there. Chalkley notes that in 1777 Joseph and his brother James acquired land from their parents, which was probably in the North River District of the county. Joseph and another brother (Thomas) also obtained land together, according to a document in the family papers. This document, which I assume was a copy of a deed, was dated September 18, 1798, and transferred 286 acres of land from Thomas Wooddell of Augusta County to James and Robert Curry of Augusta County, the price being 250 pounds. The land was located on "some of the watters of Thornybranch . . . part of which was conveyed to the Sd. Thomas Woodall by Thomas Woodle Deceased and part a grant to sd. Thomas Woodle & Joseph Woodle". (Thorny Branch is a tributary of North River near the small village of Sangerville in the North River District of the county.)

I believe that Joseph & Elizabeth left Augusta County for what is now Green Bank, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, some time between 1800 and 1802. In 1800 the Augusta County Clerk, Charles Kinney, exempted Joseph Waddle "from the payment of Taxes, etc., on your slave", according to a receipt in the family papers. The year 1802 seems the most probably for the move, since there is a church letter in the family papers which was probably used to transfer membership from the Mossy Creek congregation to the Green Bank church during that year:

> This is to certify that Joseph Waddal and his wife Elizabeth have lived in this congregation a number of years, free of Scandal, and are in full communion in the Church and that sd. J. Waddal has been a ruling Elder in the Church, by order of Session Mossey Creek April 25th 1802. Benjamin Irvin V D

At the time Joseph settled at Green Bank, the area was part of Bath County, Virginia, & thus some significant records, such as the 1805 marriage bond between James Cooper & Nancy Wooddell, are to be found in the courthouse at Warm Springs, Virginia. Green Bank became part of Pocahontas County when that Virginia county was formed in 1821, then in 1863 became part of the new state of West Virginia.

Joseph settled near the North Fork of Deer Creek (once known as Cartmell Creek) & built his log house at approximately 38° 24' 48" north latitude and 79° 49' 58" longitude, near the present home of his great-great-grandson, Mr. Forrest Wooddell (1894-). Some years ago the old log house was torn down, but Forrest Wooddell was born there and remembers it was heated by a fire place & chimney rather than by stove & was very cold in winter. Mr. Wooddell also remembers that square portholes were cut in the walls to afford protection against Indians, but these had been plugged up by the time he was born. The house had a large porch & a separate back shed for cooking which had a stove & chimney. Still standing, however, is Joseph's smokehouse, constructed from logs & boards cut in his sawmill. Some of the squared logs are 10 inches on the front face & one of the white pine boards in the door is 17 inches in width. Though Joseph's home & mode of life may not seem comfortable to his descendants today, we know from the extensive records he kept, which fortunately have been saved by each succeeding generation, that he was relatively well-to-do by the standards of Pocahontas County in the first third of the century. These records tell us something of his land holdings, his business operations, & his daily life.

As time went on, Joseph increased his acreage. Some of the land he eventually owned was granted first to Thomas Cartmell, later to Abraham Ingram, before being granted to Joseph and James McKemy. In the Wooddell papers the earliest land grant is labeled on the outside: "JAMES McKENY AND JOSEPH WOODDELL, 150 ACRES, BATH COUNTY, RECORDED AND X, BOOK 50, PAGE 100." On the inside, part of the document

is printed and the rest handwritten; the printed part is capitalized in the following:

I James Monroe, ESQUIRE, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING: KNOW YE, THAT by virtue of a land office treasury warrant, number seventeen hundred and eighty five issued the 15th day of February 1796 THERE IS GRANTED BY THE SAID COMMONWEALTH, UNTO James McKemy and Joseph Wooddell assignee of Abraham Ingram who was entitled to one third in his own right and as assignee of John Blankenship & John Perdue for the residue. A CERTAIN TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, CONTAINING one hundred and fifty acres, by survey bearing date the eleventh day of May eighteen hundred, lying and being in the county of Bath on the water of Cartmell creek a branch of Greenbrier river and bounded as followeth to wit: beginning at two chesnuts S88W 32 poles to two chesnut oaks on a ridge S11E 80 poles to two chesnut and black oak N15E 16 poles to a spanish oak and hickory corner to said Ingram and with his line N23E 118 poles to a sugar tree and red oak on a line of said Ingrams new survey and with the same S60E 10 poles to three Ironwood saplins S74E 50 poles to two chesnuts S40E 150 poles, thence leaving said line S55W 140 poles to the beginning; WITH ITS APPURTENANCES: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD THE SAID TRACT OF PARCEL OF LAND WITH ITS APPURTENANCES, THE SAID James McKemy and Joseph Wooddell and THEIR HEIRS FOREVER.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, THE SAID James Monroe ESQUIRE, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMON* WEALTH OF VIRGINIA, HATH HEREUNTO SET HIS HAND, AND CAUSED THE LESSER SEAL OF THE SAID COMMONWEALTH TO BE AFFIXED AT RICHMOND, ON THE third DAY OF June IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND two AND OF THE COMMON* WEALTH THE twentysixth.

seal James Monroe

Later deeds in the Wooddell papers indicate that Joseph bought James McKemy's share in 1813, acquired considerable additional land, & then gave parcels to each of his several sons before his death in 1834.

In addition to farming his land, Joseph used the waters of Deer Creek to provide power for a saw mill, a feed mill, a blacksmith shop, and a still. The mill races for these operations can be traced today. To keep the records for these enterprises, Joseph made an account book by folding a sheaf of paper, then sewing with heavy thread down the crease in the center. In this crude book are entries from 1813 to 1832, each with the date, the name of the customer, the goods or services provided, and the price in either dollars or pounds. Some typical entries are given because they provide information concerning the lives of the early settlers of Pocahontas County:

The following is an account of Plank Sawed for Daniel kerr in June 1814 by me Joseph Wooddell:

To 5 quarter plank	598 feet
To Inch Plank	1022
To 3/4 Plank for covering	386
To Plank for wagon body	251
To inch Plank for petition	559

. . . . . .

James Cooper, Dr for Sawing in 1815 & 1816:

	L	s	d
To 5/4 planks 765 feet	1	3	0
To Inch do 1053—	1	6	0
To 3/4 do 490—	0	10	3
To 15 Joice		3	0
To Scaffold & Slab Plank		3	0
To Scantling for bedsteads			

. . . . . .

James Cooper--June 23, 1825	L	s	d
To ½ Bu. Corn	0	1	6
To 2 Bus. Corn	0	6	0
To 1 Sickle	0	3	0
Cr. by Cash	0	6	0
To 2 Bus. Rye	0	6	0

. . . . . .

June 30th 1826. David Clayton. Dn to Boarding and horse feed and stableage for his brother Richard $5. Cr. by 2 mares to his horse at $2.50 each--$5.

. . . . . .

Many other accounts are listed in Joseph's book and in the Wooddell family papers. In 1827 he drew up specifications for building a church and probably cut the required lumber. He kept cattle and entered records of their pasturing, mentions beef, hides and furs. He made five to ten pound loans of salt to neighbors, of which this entry is typical: "October 6, 1823. Lent to Elizabeth Warrick 11 lbs. Salt with the apron". He made wagon parts, bedstead parts, and frequently mentioned "cherry plank". He billed Charles Martin in March, 1825, for: "To 3½ gallons Whisky, 0-10-6". In April, 1829, he let John Sutton have "one plough Sheer Weight 12 lbs. for which he was to give me the same Weight of new Iron--he paid". He also charged one neighbor for "3½ days work in haytime, 0-10-6". Some other activities for which he presented bills were:

Halling wood to the lime kiln one day	0	9	0
Halling lime 2 days	1	4	0
Halling stone 2 days	1	16	0
13 days making brick	0	19	6
1 day attendance in mortar	0	3	0
18½ days attendance making the Brick Kiln	0	2	3
Halling a load of shingles	0	9	0

Joseph Wooddell aparently made trips of some distance for supplies, as several shopping lists are entered. The following was "for James Cooper," his son-in-law: 3 lb. Coffee, 1 Coffee pot, 1 Pepper Box, 3 Tea Cups & Sassers, 1 wearing hankerchief, 5 yrds yellow Flannen 1 yrd and half quarter wide, ½ lb Pepper. Other items on other lists included: 2 lb chocolet, 3 yrds muslin, 6 lbs Cotten, 1 Sheet Pins, 1 Small thimble, 1 Bandany hankerchief, 1 Shoehammer, 1 Sett fine Niting needles, 1 Spelling book, Some writering paper.

These records present hints as to what life was like in the early days of Pocohontas County and also show that Joseph Wooddell was active in the commerce of the region. Judging by the number of wills, deeds, and other documents he prepared for other people, copies of which are in the family papers, he must have been one of

	L	s	d
To 5/4 planks 765 feet	1	3	0
To Inch do 1053—	1	6	0
To 3/4 do 490—	0	10	3
To 15 Joice			
To Scaffold & Slab Plank		3	0
To Scantling for bedsteads		3	0

. . . . . .

James Cooper--June 23, 1825	L	s	d
To ½ Bus Corn	0	1	6
To 2 Bus. Corn	0	6	0
To 1 Sickle	0	3	0
Cr. by Cash	0	6	0
To 2 Bus. Rye	0	6	0

. . . . . .

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These records present hints as to what life was like in the early days of Pocahontas County and also show that Joseph Wooddell was active in the commerce of the region. Judging by the number of wills, deeds, and other documents he prepared for other people, copies of which are in the family papers, he must have been one of

the few men in the County of his generation who could write well. We know that some of his contemporaries could not write their own names (and made their marks on legal documents) and that many others could write only their own signatures. Joseph prepared two wills for himself, the first in 1822 and the second in 1832, and these documents give further evidence as to his activities and station in life. The 1822 will, in his own handwriting, reads as follows:

In the name of God Amen the Twelfth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight hundred and Twenty Two I Joseph Wooddell Senr. of the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia being now in health of Body and of perfect mind and Memory thanks be given unto god for the Same but now I am taking a Journey to the State of Ohio and Considering that I am therefore in a perticular manner Exposed to death as well as of the natural mortality of my Body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die I do make and ordain this my last will and Testament in the manner and form following that is all my real and personal Estate I do will and bequeath as hereafter directed Viz first my funeral and just debts to be paid and all my Lands in this County Containing three hundred and fourteen Acres more or less Lying and being in the County aforesaid adjoining the Lands of Jacob Warrick junr. Jacob Gillespie John Hogshead and others I will and bequeath to Two of my Sons that is John and James Wooddell to them and their heirs forever John Wooddell to have the Lower End ajoining Jacob Warricks Land to Begin on the out Side Line on the South Side of my Land opposite to what we Call the old Still house place and a Line from there across to the Creek that Come down through my meadow to Come past the old Still house place thence down the Creek till near the Lower End of my pasture then across the Lower End of the pasture and upon other Branch of the Creek to the South East Corner of my potato patch that is now then down the way that we Staked it towards the upper Corner of Johns new field about forty rods down from the Said Corner of the potato patch then Square across the Bottom to Jacob Gillespies Line and James Wooddell to have the upper End adjoining Jacob Gillespies and John Hogsheads Lands with the Buildings and improvements that is on it Excepting John Wooddell to have the priviledge of doing his own grinding and Sawing with the mills upon Conditions that he gives Some help towards keeping them in order my Lands in the State of Ohio pike County Beaver Township Containing one hundred and Sixty acres it being one quarter Section I will and bequeath to my son Joseph Wooddell and his heirs forever upon Condition that he makes his Brother James Wooddell a rite to his part of the one hundred and Thirty Eight acres which I gave to him and his Brother John Lying in this County also I will and bequeath to my Son Joseph the following property Viz the Brown mare and Colts that has been call.d his and one Cow and Colt the Smiths anvil and Vice ax matock and hoe and a Set of plough Irons one bed and a Light wagon to move with himself to assist in providing the wagon his Brother James to assist him in providing money to move with and as Soon as would be convenient Some money to help him in improving his Land the time not to Exceed four years my Son James to have the following property the Sorral filly that has been Call.d his and roan Colt that came of Betseys mare and Cattle Sheep and hogs Sufficient for the Support of the family while Together my wagon ploughs Crosscut Saw broad ax and Tools necessary for farming I wish to be kept on the place my house and kitchen furniture To be kept for the benefit of the family my son James to have my desk & Clock to my Daughter Elisabeth I will and bequeath as follows the Sorral mare that has been Call.d hers and the young Sorral mare that Came of her mare my walnut Chest Bed and Bedding all the coverings that She provided for her Self and if She Lives to alter her Station of Living I allow her to have five or Six head of Cattle five or Six head of Sheep dresser furniture and Some pots all her own Cloaths and necessary articles Else not mentioned I wish her to have a peaceable Living in my house while in the Station that She is as She has been Very good to me Since her mothers death my Cloath I wish to be divided Equally amongst my four sons my wife that was I allow her Cloaths to be divided Equally between my Three daughters that is here as Jane

Jane Galford seal
Betsy Wooddell seal

According to the James & Jane Wooddell family Bible, Elizabeth died on April 6, 1820, & her husband Joseph died on July 26, 1834. The date of Joseph's death is confirmed by a letter giving the same date in his file at the National Archives. The place of Joseph & Elizabeth's burial is not known. Forrest Wooddell was able to locate the graves of the slaves because his father, many years ago, had pointed out the spot, but he does not remember ever being shown where his great-great-grandparents were buried.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) file at the National Archives in Washington, D. C., is S. F. 11883. His brother, Thomas Waddell (1759-1839), spelled his name differently; his file is 11697.

Books Cited:

Chalkley, Lyman. CHRONICLES OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SETTLEMENT IN VIRGINIA. 3 volumes. Rosalyn, Virginia: Commonwealth Printing Co., 1912-1913. Abstracts from the original court records of Augusta County, 1745-1800.

Price, William T. HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA. Marlinton, West Virginia: Price Brothers, 1901.

My present address (1968) is: Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601. Any change in my address can be obtained from: Alumni Office, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, or Alumni Records, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. I would welcome hearing from you at any time.

ST. MARY'S
1711-JOHN ADAM ROUSH-178
EMIGRANT FROM DARMSTADT, GERMANY,
EARLY SETTLER OF THE SHENANDOAH VAL
1713-HIS WIFE, SUSANNAH-17
PARENTS OF NINE SONS WHO SERVED TH
COUNTRY IN THE CAUSE OF INDEPENDE
1741-PHILIP ROUSH-1820 — 1742-HENRY ROUSH
1743-JOHN ROUSH-1815 — 1746-JACOB ROUSH
1749-DANIEL ROUSH-1832
1753-ELEANOR ROUSH (WADDELL) 18
MARY MAGDALENE ROUSH (ZIRKL
1758-ELIZABETH ROUSH (NEASE) 1
1761-GEORGE ROUSH-1845 — 1763-JONAS ROUSH
THEIR DESCENDANTS LIVING AND DE
NUMBER ABOUT 40,000 AMERICAN CITIZE
RECORDS OF THE FAMILY AVAILABLE I
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ERECTED IN 1936, THE BICENTENNIAL OF
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AMERICA, INC.

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145 Pendleton Drive
Athens, Georgia 30601
September 13, 1976

The Editor
The Pocahontas Times
Marlinton, W.Va.

Dear Editor:

I am a subscriber to the Times, which I enjoy very much, and notice that you have been publishing from time to time in this Bicentennial year sketches of early citizens and events in Pocahontas County.

Therefore I attach a copy of my March 1970 revision of a paper concerning Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834), an early settler in the Green Bank area, for your consideration.

Please feel free to publish as much or as little as you wish, or none at all. I recognize that an editor must decide what to exclude as well as what to include, so no hard feelings if you decide that the Joseph Wooddell paper is not what you want. But I do want you to have a chance to make a decision.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,

HC Cooper

Homer C. Cooper

I have a similar, but shorter, paper concerning James Cooper (1780-1845) of Green Bank, if that would be of interest.

Joseph Wooddell was my great-great-great-grandfather.

fired at the enemy that attracted their attention when they sent a fusillade of bullets wounding him through the hip. He fell mortally hurt. Joe Hull, William Payne, Preston Wooddell, and myself met for the last time on the morning of the day that he lost his life.

(Signed) MATTHEW JOHN MCNEEL"

Preston acquired two 100 acre tracts of land in the 1850's, located on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run), both of which were sold by the Administrator of his estate to Claiborne Ashford. Preston's heirs were assigned Lot # 1 (73 acres) in the partition of the 610 acre tract deeded to the heirs of Preston's father by Jacob Bible. On 1 May 1888, this lot was sold by the heirs to B. F. E. Wooddell.

Preston and Harriet were the parents of six children, all of whom were born on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run).

*131121 Delilah Elizabeth Wooddell, born 6 Jan 1854.

*131122 Madora Frances Wooddell, born 6 Nov 1855, died 11 Apr 1932.

131123 Joseph Reece Wooddell, twin, born 8 Apr 1858, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), died 17 Jan 1863, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV). Buried in the family plot on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run), Pocahontas Co., WV. The hand chiseled inscription on his native stone grave marker has the death date as indicated above. Some family records list the death date as "17 Jan 1865".

*131124 Albert Smith Wooddell, twin, born 8 Apr 1858.

131125 Oscar Brison Wooddell, born 1 Apr 1860, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), died 7 Nov 1863, Pocahontas Co., WV. Buried in the family plot on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run), Pocahontas Co., WV. The listed birth date is from the Pocahontas County Birth Register and the death date from his hand chiseled native stone grave marker. Some family records indicate: Birth, 11 Apr 1860; death, 11 Nov 1862.

*131126 George Preston Davis Wooddell, born 12 May 1862, died 20 Nov 1951.

131121 Delilah Elizabeth Wooddell (Preston, Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born 6 Jan 1854, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV). Married (1) 6 Jul 1872, Upshur Co., WV, George S. Riffle, widower, born 1815, Randolph Co., VA(WV), son of George and Susanna .. - Riffle. Delilah E. lived with her grandmother, Delilah Wooddell Pugh until the latter died in 1870. On 11 Nov 1870, she was placed under the guardianship of William J. Wooddell, but migrated to Upshur Co., WV soon afterwards to live with her Aunt Mary Blake Wooddell Knapp. Delilah and George were the parents of two known children. Delilah married (2) 23 Dec 1885, Upshur Co., WV, Perry H. Johnston, widower, age 56, born in Lewis Co., VA(WV), son of Richard and Elizabeth Johnston.

*1311211 Penelope A. Riffle, born Circa 1874.

*1311212 Mary B. Riffle, born Circa 1879.

1311211 Penelope A. Riffle (Delilah, Preston, Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born Circa 1874, Upshur Co., WV. Married 2 Aug 1892, Upshur Co., WV, Rudolph Burkley, age 29, born Germany, son of Adolph and Josaphine Burkley.

1311212 Mary B. Riffle (Delilah, Preston, Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born Circa 1879, Upshur Co., WV. Married 10 Jun 1895, Upshur Co., WV, Fred Heiser, age 23, born Germany, son of John and Mary Heiser.

131122 Madora Frances Wooddell (Preston, Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born 6 Nov 1855, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), died 11 Apr 1932, Pocahontas Co., WV. Buried Dunmore Cemetery, Dunmore, Pocahontas Co., WV. Married (1) 11 Jun 1872, Pocahontas Co., WV, Charles Lowe, physician, born 1844, in Ireland, died by gunshot 1 Jan 1874, Pocahontas Co., WV, son of Edward and Julia Lowe. Charles was shot by his brother-in-law, Albert S. Wooddell, a minor. Madora was enumerated in the

13112 Preston William Hank Wooddell (Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born 15 Aug 1832, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), died 8 Nov 1864, Martinsburg, VA(WV). Burial site unknown. Married 16 Sep 1852, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), Harriet Rhodes Adkison, born 1828, died 16 Dec 1862 (Family source)/23 Jan 1863 (Grave marker), daughter of Abel Adkison. Harriet was buried in a small family plot on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run), Pocahontas Co., WV. This small cemetery was desecrated by timber logging operations and only four native stone grave markers are intact. A letter from Preston to his mother and step-father, dated 17 Jan 1863, makes two separate inquiries about the health of his children but does not mention his wife, which points to the possibility/probability that Harriet did indeed die on 16 Dec 1862 and the children were in the care of their paternal grandmother on 17 Jan 1863. The hand chiseled inscription on her native stone marker lists the date of death 23 Jan 1863.

Preston, a house-joiner and farmer, enlisted in Co. F, 19th Virginia Cavalry, CSA, at Hillsboro, Pocahontas county, on 1 Apr 1863 according to official records; however, the letter referenced above, dated 17 Jan 1863, indicated he was already a member of the Confederate forces at Hillsboro. His military record in the Virginia State Archives lists the following:

P. W. H. Wooddell, 4th Corporal, Co. F, 19th VA Cav. Enlisted 1 Apr 1863, Hillsboro, VA(WV) by Col. W. L. Jackson. Term, 3 years.
Muster, dated 29 Feb 1864 - Last paid by Capt. Rocke on 1 Dec 1863.
Muster, dated 31 Oct 1864 - Wounded and captured 22 Sep 1864.
Admitted to Sheridan D. Hospital, Winchester, VA from field on 24 Sep 1864.
Diagnosis: Very serious thigh wound.
Transferred to General Hospital, Martinsburg, VA(WV), 12 Oct 1864. Admitted, 19 Oct 1864.
Wound: Compound common fracture of thigh, upper third.
Operation: Amputation of upper third, thigh, circular operation.
Result: Died 8 Nov 1864; exhaustion. Age 25.
Surgeon: W. S. Love, Provisional Army, Confederate States.

A letter from a comrade-in-arms, Matthew John McNeel, written 6 Jan 1937 to Preston's youngest child, George Preston Davis Wooddell, follows. Some of Mr. McNeel's recollections were not exactly correct. It is understandable that his comrades thought Preston had died on the battlefield.

"My Dear George and Elizabeth,
Uncle John rode over on horse back one day last week. We got our heads together and wrote up the enclosed paper in behalf of your father's memory . . .
Preston Wooddell, Sr. was a Civil War soldier and belonged to the 19th VA Cavalry. The officers of this Regiment were General Jubal Early and Col. W. T. Thompson who commanded the Regiment. Capt. William L. McNeel, 1st Lt. George W. Siple, 2nd Lt. Woods Price and 3rd Lt. John J. Beard. Preston Wooddell was killed at Fisher's Hill, VA on Sept. the 19th, 1864. So far as is known he died on the battlefield and was buried there. He was an honest man, a fine citizen, and a brave and fearless soldier. His comrades, Bill Sheets, the Hartman boys, the Hull boys, etc. were a gallant band of men and belonged to the "Wild Cat" men. The Battle of Winchester, VA lasted all day. As the soldiers fell back towards Fisher's Hill, they were given mattocks and shovels to throw up breastworks. We worked all night to be ready for the enemy the next morning - and but for some desultory shelling - back and forth - on the morning of the 19th, the real battle did not begin until late in the day and continued until sundown. We were ordered to go "double quick" to the help of our men on the left as the enemy had captured our breastworks. Reinforcements of fresh troops were rushed in so rapidly by the enemy that we had no time for order or adjustment. Our men were weary to the point of exhaustion. They were not commanded to fire - but Preston thought they had been and when he

Whitman and Rodgers Families
of
New York
and
Greenbrier County, West Virginia

by

Homer C. Cooper
145 Pendleton Drive
Athens, Georgia 30601

February 24, 1968

GEORGE WHITMAN (possibly Robert Whitman)
Died before 1793, probably in Orange County, New York.

PHEBE (maiden name not known) WHITMAN
After her first husband's death, Phebe brought her family to what is now Whitman's Draft, Greenbrier County, West Virginia, about 1793. I believe that Phebe was married for the second time in 1803, Greenbrier County, to Robert Buckhannon. Her maiden name may have been Holly.

Children of George & Phebe:

1. Julia Whitman*
Married 1797, Greenbrier County, to Christopher Foglesong (1762-1846).

2. Ann Whitman*
Married 1797, Greenbrier County, to Thomas Masters.
Where did Thomas & Ann settle?

3. GEORGE WHITMAN
Born during 1775-1784 in New York (probably Orange County). Died about 1826 in Greenbrier County. I think--but cannot prove--that he was the George Whitman who married an Elizabeth Rodgers in 1804 in Greenbrier County.

4. William Whitman
Born 1779, Goshen Township, Orange County, New York, according to William T. Price, HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY, Price Brothers, Marlinton, 1901, page 378. Died 1852, Greenbrier County, W. Va. Married 1807, Greenbrier County, to Elizabeth Erwin.

5. Andrew Whitman*
Married 1808, Greenbrier County, to Elizabeth Prince.
Where did Andrew & Elizabeth settle?

6. Holly Whitman
Died in Jackson County, Ohio, about 1825. Married 1811, Greenbrier County, to Sally Ervin.

7. Phebe Whitman
Born about 1791 in New York (probably Orange County). Died May, 1866, Greenbrier County, W. Va. Married 1815, Greenbrier County, to James White. Phebe's death record, which gives New York as her birthplace, is Greenbrier County death register 1-A, page 60, line 32.

*Proof is lacking that Julia, Ann, and Andrew were members of this family. They are included because their names recur in many branches of the family.

Evidence that our New York ancestor was George Whitman rather than Robert Whitman: (1) Phebe Whitman White (1791-1866) death record states that she was born in New York, daughter of George & Phebe Whitman. (2) The 1790 Orange County, New York, census lists a George Whitman but not a Robert

Whitman. (3) The fact that George is a much more common name than Robert in the Whitman family.

However, there is one piece of evidence which suggests that Robert is our ancestor. In 1911, Mr. William Henry Hull (1844-) wrote a letter to Miss Katie Whitman (now Mrs. L. H. Hines) in which he stated: " . . . my great-grandfather Robert Whitman (my recollection is that his name was Robert) sold out his possessions in New York State . . ." I believe that the evidence for George is stronger than for Robert, but welcome additional information on this point.

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GEORGE WHITMAN
Born during 1775-1784 in New York (probably Orange County). Died about 1826 in Greenbrier County, West Virginia. Settled at Whitmans Draft near Alvon in Greenbrier County.

ELIZABETH RODGERS
Died about 1826 in Greenbrier County. Probable wife of our George Whitman; in any event, a George Whitman & Elizabeth Rodgers were married in 1804 in Greenbrier County, Josiah Osborne officiating.

Greenbrier County deed book 20, page 298, December 30, 1853, proves that George Whitman was the father of Julia & Rebecca (below), but does not prove that he was the same George Whitman who married Elizabeth Rodgers in 1804.

Children of George (and Elizabeth?): (all born in Greenbrier County)

1. Andrew M. Whitman*
   Born about 1802. Died 1865, Nicholas County, W. Va. Probable name of wife: Eliza Ann (maiden name not known).

2. William Whitman
   Born 1806. Died 1858, Nicholas County. Perhaps was the William Whitman who married Isabella Hoover in 1828 in Greenbrier County. We know that he married Margaret Donaldson in 1833 in Greenbrier County, but not whether this was a first or second marriage.

3. George Whitman
   Born 1807. Died 1864, Whitmans Draft, Greenbrier County. Married 1847, Greenbrier County, to Mary Perkins.

4. Robert Whitman
   Born 1809. Died 1876, Nicholas County. Married 1839, Greenbrier County, to Elizabeth Fleshman (1818-1898).

5. Rebecca Whitman
   Born 1810+. Died 1895, Ritchie County, W. Va. Married (when? where?) to George W. Middleton (1801-1876).

6. Jesse Whitman*
Born about 1811. Probably the Jesse H. Whitman who married Elizabeth Buzzard in 1844 in Greenbrier County. Does anyone know where Jesse & Elizabeth settled?

7. John Whitman*
Born about 1814. Does anyone know whom John married and where they settled? May have been the father of William Wallace Whitman (1846-1916), whose death record in Nebraska gave his father's name as John Whitman and who addressed Rebecca Whitman Middleton as "Dear Aunt" in a letter written in 1891 from Stanberry, Missouri.

8. James Whitman
Born 1815. Died 1885, Logan County, W. Va. Married about 1834 (where?) to Mary Ann Richards (1816-1886).

9. JULIA ANN WHITMAN
Born 1817. Died 1903, Gilmer County, W. Va. Married in 1836 in Pocahontas County, W. Va., to James Harvey Cooper (1810-1881), son of James Cooper (1780-1845) & Nancy Agnes Wooddell Cooper (1785-1861). Harvey & Julia were the great-grandparents of Homer C. Cooper of Athens, Georgia.

NOTE--Julia should not be confused with her first cousin, Julia Ann Whitman (1830-1903), daughter of William Whitman (1779-1852) and wife of William Smith Hull (died 1898), to whom she was married in 1846.

10. Holly J. Whitman
Born about 1821. Died 1894, Nicholas County. Married 1854, Pocahontas County, to Mary Elizabeth Ewing (1836-1910).

*Proof is lacking that Andrew M., Jesse, and John were members of this family. Andrew M. Whitman is included because his death record in Nicholas County gives his parents as George & Elizabeth Whitman; however, the age at death in the same death record would place his birth earlier than the marriage of George & Elizabeth in 1804; so Andrew's parentage is unresolved.

Jesse and John are included with this family because ABSTRACTS OF COUNTY COURT RECORD BOOKS--GREENBRIER COUNTY--1828-1865, a typescript volume examined at the State Department of Archives & History, Charleston, W. Va., gives the following two abstracts:

> May Court 1828: "Administration of the estate of George Whitman is granted to William Whitman." Typescript (not original) page 200.
>
> May Court 1828: "Jesse Whitman an orphan about 17 years of age and John Whitman an orphan about 14 years of age, made choice of William Whitman their Guardian for the purpose of binding them to suitable Trades which said proceedings are sanctioned by the Court and ordered according without bond." Typescript page 204.

Further evidence that Jesse and John were probably the children of George

Whitman (died about 1826) comes from the will of Robert Buckhanan (sic) of Greenbrier County, which was written in 1835 and probated in 1836 in Pocahontas County (Will Book 1, page 475). Robert devises: "I give to Jesse Whitman the boy I raised one feather bed & Bedding & should said Jesse Whitman marry before my decease I allow him one cow & if not married I dont allow him the cow." (Jesse probably did not get the cow. As noted earlier, a Jesse H. Whitman married Elizabeth Buzzard in 1844.) Robert goes on to give the balance of his estate to Thomas Kerr, who served as bond for Julia Ann Whitman when she married James Harvey Cooper in 1836. I assume that this Robert Buckhannon is the same man who was the second husband of Phebe Whitman, probable grandmother of Jesse.

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QUESTIONS

Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601, would be grateful for more information concerning any of the above Whitmans from Orange County, New York, and Greenbrier County, West Virginia. If I ever move from Athens, my current address can be obtained from the Alumni Office, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, or Alumni Records, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

1. Phebe Whitman was the mother of George Whitman (born during 1775-1784; died about 1826). WHAT WAS THE GIVEN NAME OF WHITMAN, FIRST HUSBAND OF PHEBE AND FATHER OF GEORGE? DO WE HAVE A COMPLETE LIST OF ALL OF PHEBE'S OTHER CHILDREN?

2. WAS HOLLY THE MAIDEN NAME OF PHEBE WHITMAN? At least eight of Phebe's descendants have had the given name Holly. In addition, Israel Holly sold land in Greenbrier County to Phebe in 1802 (Deed Book 2, pages 548-549) and Moses Shepard and wife Mary Holly sold land to George Whitman in 1805 (Deed Book 3, page 312). The Whitman and Holly names were intertwined.

3. WHEN (during 1775-1784) AND WHERE (somewhere in New York) WAS GEORGE WHITMAN BORN? WHEN DID HE DIE (about 1826, according to family tradition. He was alive when the 1820 Greenbrier County census was enumerated and his executor was named in May Court 1828)? We would like to have more exact dates for him.

4. WAS OUR GEORGE WHITMAN THE ONE WHO MARRIED ELIZABETH RODGERS IN 1804? WHO WERE ELIZABETH'S PARENTS?

5. CAN WE PROVE THAT ANDREW M., JESSE, AND JOHN WERE THE CHILDREN OF GEORGE WHITMAN (died about 1826)? See the evidence presented earlier, which is far from conclusive.

6. In 1853, several of the children of George Whitman (died about 1826) deeded

for $1 their interest in their father's land on Whitmans Draft to their brother, George Whitman (1807-1864); see Deed Book 28, page 347. The children and spouses who signed were: James H. & Julia Ann Cooper and George & Rebecca Middleton, who signed in Ritchie County; Robert & Elizabeth Whitman, William & Margaret Whitman, and Holly J. Whitman, who signed in Nicholas County. In addition, provision was made in the original (now in the hands of Mr. William Huston White, Alvon, W. Va.) for James Whitman of Logan County to sign; James did not sign and therefore he is not listed in the copy at the courthouse.

However, John & Mary Foglesong, James & Phebe Carr, and James & Phebe White, all of Greenbrier County, also signed the 1853 deed. WHY? WERE THEY ONCE THE GUARDIANS OR REPRESENTATIVES OF EARLIER GUARDIANS OF THE ORPHANS OF GEORGE WHITMAN (died about 1826)? WHY WERE THEIR SIGNATURES NECESSARY WHEN ALL OF THESE ORPHANS WERE OVER 21 LONG BEFORE 1853? I shall discuss what we know about the Carr, Foglesong, and White families involved.

KERR and CARR. We know that a Thomas Kerr signed Julia Ann Whitman (1817-1903)'s marriage bond in 1836 just before her marriage to James Harvey Cooper (1810-1881) in Pocahontas County; and that Thomas was the executor and principal beneficiary of the will of Robert Buckhannon. (Recall also that Robert "raised" Jesse Whitman.) CAN WE FIND EVIDENCE IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY OR GREENBRIER COUNTY THAT THOMAS KERR WAS THE GUARDIAN OF JULIA ANN WHITMAN?

We also know that some of the KERR family spelled the name CARR. WERE JAMES & PHEBE CARR SIGNING IN 1853 AS THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THOMAS KERR? This idea, for which I am grateful to Mr. George B. Arbuckle, is consistent with other evidence: (1) Thomas Kerr (born about 1801) & wife Elizabeth Foglesong (born about 1801) and family are found in Household 450 of the 1850 Pocahontas County census. According to Price's history, page 377, Thomas & Elizabeth "settled where James Kerr now (1901) resides, near the road to the top of Alleghany." (2) James Kerr & Phebe Foglesong were married in 1826 in Greenbrier County. In Household 144, White Sulphur Springs Township, of the 1870 Greenbrier County census are James Kerr (born about 1800) & wife Phebe (born about 1807) living in the household of Samuel & Elizabeth Gardner. In the next household is Thomas Kerr (born about 1827), probable son of James & Phebe. (3) In passing I should mention that the cemetery of the Augusta Stone Presbyterian Church, Fort Defiance, Virginia, contains the grave of a James Kerr (1800-1877), but I do not know whether he was "our" James Kerr/Carr of Greenbrier County.

The above evidence shows that the Kerr or Carr guardianship hypothesis is feasible, but does not prove that Thomas Kerr adopted Julia Ann Whitman after the death of her parents.

FOGLESONG. The John & Mary Foglesong who signed the Whitman deed in 1853 appear to have been John Foglesong (born about 1817) and wife Mary Dyche, who were married in 1840 in Greenbrier County, and were living with their children in subsequent Greenbrier censuses. I wish I knew why they were parties to the 1853 deed.

WHITE. James & Phebe White, the other two signers of the 1853 deed, were James White (born about 1787) and wife Phebe Whitman (1791-1866), who were married in 1815 in Greenbrier County. They lived on Whites Draft, the stream above Whitmans Draft. Since Phebe was the sister of George Whitman (died about 1826), James & Phebe would have been logical guardians for orphans of George. Their oldest child was George White (born 1816), perhaps named for George Whitman.

Any new evidence on any of the above six questions or any other Whitman information would be much appreciated.

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Early Whitman deeds in the Greenbrier County courthouse at Lewisburg include:

Book	Page	Year
2	548	1802
2	549	1802
3	312	1805
23	278	1860
1	347	1793
2	551	1802
20	298	1853
20	299	1853
28	347	1853

- -

Mr. William Huston White, Alvon, West Virginia, is a great-grandson of George Whitman (1807-1864) and great-great-grandson of George Whitman (died about 1826). He now owns the Whitman homestead at Whitmans Draft and many valuable old Whitman documents. We are all indebted to him and his wife Merle for their kind assistance and generosity.

Too many others to list here have also been helpful. However, I would particularly like to thank: The late Mrs. Edna L. Campbell, Summersville, W. Va.; Mr. Andrew Lewis Riffe, Alderson, W. Va.; Mr. Charles Shetler of West Virginia University; Mr. & Mrs. Vern O. Whitman of Charleston, W. Va.; Mr. James Clark Middleton, Petroleum, W. Va.; Mr. Newman L. Whitman, Summersville, W. Va.; Mr. Okey L. Bailes, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mr. George B. Arbuckle, Bethesda, Md.; and Mrs. Hall F. Wilson, Coxs Mills, W. Va. In mentioning these, I am undoubtedly unfair to the many others who also helped.

Homer C. Cooper
145 Pendleton Drive
Athens, Georgia 30601

February 24, 1968

WOODZELL FAMILY RECORD

Stephen Woodzell	Born August 8th, 1793
Dinah Wright	Born November 14th, 1802

Stephen Woodzell and Dinah Wright were married April 8th, 1820,
Arrived in the United States from England June 20th, 1827.

To the above union the following children were born.

Stephen Woodzell	Born March 11th, 1821, died July 6th, 1825
Dinah Woodzell	Born May 29th, 1823, died May 16th, 1826
Sarah Woodzell	Born June 24th, 182?, died March 29th, 1826
Ann Woodzell	Born September 17th, 1828
John Woodzell	Born November 30th, 1830, Lost May 30th, 1864
William Woodzell	Born March 2nd, 1833
Elizabeth Woodzell	Born February 25th, 1835
James Woodzell	Born February 19th, 1837
Benjiman Woodzell	Born March 5th, 1839
George Woodzell	Born September 10th, 1842
Daniel Woodzell	Born July 1st, 1846

William F. Strong	Born December 10th, 1803
Julia Risk Stong	Born May 11th, 1811
Diana F. Strong	Born February 18th, 1836
Christia A. Strong	Born November 29th, 1837
Jane K. Strong	Born May 9th, 1839
A son who died with out name	Born May 29th, 1841
Esther A. Strong	Born May 22nd, 1842
Mary A. Strong	Born June 22nd, 1844
Roxey A. Strong	Born May 26th, 1846

James Woodzell and Esther A. Strong were married May 15th, 1860.
To the above union the following children were born.

William George Woodzell	Born April 5th, 1861
Sophia Ann Woodzell	Born August 18th, 1863
Stephen Risk Woodzell	Born July 23rd, 1865
John J. Woodzell	Born February 13th, 1868
Cherry Woodzell	Born May 16th, 1870
Homer A. Woodzell	Born March 20th, 1873
Lenard W. Woodzell	Born September 3rd, 1876
Edward A. Woodzell	Born July 24th, 1878
Charles Woodzell	Born May 5th, 1883
Grover M. Woodzell	Born August 29th, 1888

Esther A. Woodzell died July 28th, 1891

James Woodzell and Denize Morris were married April 13th, 1892.

Clara Bell Henry — Born June 29th, 1863, died November 21st, 1906

William George Woodzell and Clara Bell Henry were married July 3rd, 1890

To the above union the following children were born.

Howard Henry Woodzell	Born July 14th, 1891
Guy William Woodzell	Born July 29th , 1894

John Stephen Bennett (Grandson of James Woodzell) Born May 11, 1886

Sophia Ann Woodzell married Marcellus B. Bennett

Children:

Henry Herman
John Stephen
Edward
Elsie
Howard W.

DESCENDENTS OF ANDREW AND MARGARET SUSAN CUTLIP PERRY.

Andrew Perry b.Oct.3, 1851. d.Dec.11, 1929.Clawson Cemetary Married
Margaret Susan Cutlip b.Nov.7, 1855. d.Feb.10, 1886. Ruckman Cem.

Children-

John
Albert Francis
Elzina
Melvina

John Perry b.Oct.10, 1875.d.Feb.20, 1951. Clawson Cem. Married
Minnie Elizabeth Friel b.Sept.30, 1865. d.Nov.16, 1964. Clawson Cem.

Children-

Flora Lawrence b.Oct.4, 1897. d.May 8, 1986. Staunton, Va.
Dennis William b.Aug.21, 1899. d.Feb09, 1976. Ruckman Cem.

Albert Francis Perry b.Oct.31, 1880. d.Sept.30, 1954. McCutcheon Cem. Married
Margaret McCutcheon b.Sept.24, 1883. d.Aug.28, 1946. McCutcheon Cem.

Children-

Norval b.July20, 1903. d.Apr.2, 1977. McCutcheon Cem.
Orie Everette b.Feb.26, 1905. d.Feb.20, 1986. Rising Sun, Md.
Thurman Lake b.June11, 1907. d.Oct.27, 1923. McCutcheoon Cem.
Lena Rachel b.July24, 1910. d.Aug.10, 1918. McCutcheon Cem.
Nellie Frances b. Nov.28, 1913
William Simpson b.Apr.18, 1916
Baby Boy b.Sept.23, 1918. d.Sept.27, 1918. McCutcheon Cem.
Anna Pearl b. Nov.13, 1919.
Baby Girl b. and d. April 17, 1923. McCutcheon Cem.
Edna Mae b.July 3, 1924
Mary Elizabeth b.Aug.12, 1929

Elzina Perry b.Dec.21, 1878. d.Feb.16, 1963. Clawson Cem. Three marriages.
(1) H. Lester Divorced 1902.
(2) George Sylvester Payne b.( ) d.Dec.5, 1918. Cottle Hill Cem.
(3) John S. Woods b.( ) d.Feb.8, 1932. Family Cem. Cottle, W. Va.

Four children by Payne-

Clarence Lafayette b.( ) d.Aug.31, 1910.
Nancy Agnes b.Dec.8, 1905. d.Jan.8, 1986.
Florina Belle b.Apr.19, 1908. d.( ) Clawson Cem.
Vergie Lea b.May 5, 1913. d.( ) Clawson Cem.

Melvina Perry b.Apr.3,1883. d.Jul 19,1968. Buckhannon Cem. Married Jan.8,1908.
Daniel T. Tharp b.Oct.11, 1985. d.Dec.13, 1951. Buckhannon, W.Va. Children-

Paul b.( ) d.( ) Cemetary? Beulah
Layton L. b.Nov.10, 1911. d.( )
Lela Bernice b.June 7, 1914.

To best of my knowledge there were 20 grandchildren, 10 of whom are living and 39 great grandchildren, 38 living.

Descendants of John Waugh <1799

Descendants of James Waugh

1 James Waugh d: Bef. 1799 in Hills, Bath Co, VA
+Mary Unknown b: Bet. 1750 - 1760 d: Aft. 1830
2 Samuel Waugh b: 10 Jan 1774 d: ? Jul 1831 in Hills, Bath Co VA d: 19 Aug 1847 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: John McGuire Mother: Elizabeth Cottle
+Ann McGuire b: 20 Oct 1779 in PA m: 19 Jan 1802 in Bath Co VA d: Bef. 1840
3 Elizabeth Waugh b: 1 Jan 1802 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Bef. 1840
+Caleb Knapp, Jr b: 21 May 1798 m: 1818 in Greenbrier Co VA Father: Caleb Knapp Mother: Betsy Clendenin
4 Mary Ann "Polly" Knapp b: 14 Dec 1819 d: 14 Jan 1903
+Richard B Weir/Ware m: 27 Sep 1863 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Nancy Knapp b: 22 Jul 1821 in VA (WV)
+Henry S Shrader b: Abt. 1818 in Pendleton Co VA m: 2 Mar 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Abt. 1895 Father: John Shrader Mother: Unknown
5 Mary E Shrader b: 11 Sep 1841
+William Fertig
5 Benjamin Franklin Shrader b: 11 Oct 1843 d: 1862
5 Robert Clayton Shrader b: 17 Aug 1845 in VA (WV) m: 18 Mar 1870 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 23 Mar 1916 Father: James S Lewis Mother: Rebecca Sharp
+Mariah Emily Lewis b: 1 Aug 1851 in VA (WV) d: 2 Sep 1933
6 William "Willie" Shrader b: 3 May 1873
6 Enola Shrader b: Abt. 1873
6 Minnie R Shrader b: Abt. 1875
6 Ira Bliss Shrader b: 27 Apr 1877 in Hills, Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 Jan 1945
6 [152] George Henry Shrader b: 9 Mar 1880 d: 25 Jan 1945
+[151] Leanna Frances McCarty b: 16 Nov 1878 d: 4 Apr 1916 Father: Peter John McCarty Mother: Elizabeth Arminta Hill
*2nd Wife of [152] George Henry Shrader:
+Edna Anderson
*3rd Wife of [152] George Henry Shrader:
+Lula Wymer
6 Robert L Shrader b: 9 Jul 1888 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Peter Shrader b: 1850
5 Edie Shrader b: Abt. 1850
5 John Henry Shrader b: Mar 1851
+Priscosa "Osa" Stulting b: 1856 d: 1932 Father: Nicholas Stulting Mother: Mary Boss
6 Alva Shrader d: 3 Jan 1960 in Hamilton OH
+Quade Fertig
6 Mary E Shrader b: 29 Mar 1884 in Hills, Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Jan 1964 in Deerfield VA
+William Grimes
6 Chalmer Shrader b: 22 Sep 1882 d: Oct 1970
6 Lillian Boss Shrader b: 28 Sep 1886 d: 6 Jan 1929
+Ellis Hamilton Dilley b: 12 Sep 1876 in Pocahontas Co WV m: 6 Dec 1905 d: 24 Aug 1929 in Warm Springs AR Father: William Hanson Dilley Mother: Caroline Hulda Stalnaker
7 Wilma Dilley
7 Madeline Dilley
7 Ruth Dilley
7 Helene Dilley
7 Norman Hanson Dilley
6 Unknown Shrader b: 10 Sep 1891 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Clyde E Shrader b: 4 Jul 1897 d: Sep 1972
+Flossie Ellen Eddy Father: S Otis Eddy Mother: Charlotte Roupe
5 Jacob A Shrader b: Abt. 1856
+Isabella C "Belle" Kincaid b: Abt. 1858 Father: David G Kincaid Mother: Mary Agnes Buzzard
6 Amos M Shrader b: Abt. 1875
6 Lemuel S Shrader b: 8 Aug 1877 in Hills, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Male Shrader b: Nov 1879
6 Icie Vesta Shrader b: 13 Oct 1884 in Thorny Creek, Pocahontas Co WV
+Austin John Sharp
7 John Dale Sharp b: 9 May 1920 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV d: 27 Jun 1998 in Richmond VA (hospital)
+Mary Unknown d: Bef. 1998
7 Styrl Sharp, Sr
7 Kyle Sharp
7 Julia Lee Sharp d: Bef. 1998
7 Lurabelle Sharp d: Bef. 1998
5 Albert Shrader b: 2 Oct 1857 in Back Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
5 Unknown Shrader b: 27 Feb 1860 in Little Back Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
5 Luther Shrader
+Unknown Kincaid Father: David G Kincaid Mother: Mary Agnes Buzzard
5 Unknown Shrader b: 23 Apr 1866
5 Ellen Susan "Ellie" Shrader b: Abt. 1866
+Oscar Sharp
5 Enoch C Shrader b: Abt. 1851
5 William A Shrader
+Rosalia Unknown
6 Willie Q Shrader b: 25 Aug 1888 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Charles Shrader
5 Margaret Ann Shrader
4 Elizabeth Jane Knapp b: 7 Jan 1824 d: Bet. 4 Sep 1876 - Mar 1877 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Peter Shrader b: 1820 in Pendleton Co VA m: 25 Jun 1840 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Bet. 1863 - 1867 Father: Jacob Shrader Mother: Mary Simmons
5 William Shrader b: Abt. 1841
5 Ezra Samuel Shrader b: Abt. 1843 d: Jul 1863 in Gettysburg PA
5 [87] Mary Caroline Shrader b: 4 Jul 1849 in Pendleton Co VA d: 19 May 1920 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV, buried at Warwick Shinaberry Farm, Dunmore
+Willis C Buzzard
*2nd Husband of [87] Mary Caroline Shrader
+[94] William Cronin Buzzard b: 6 Jun 1858 in Stillington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA m: 7 Oct 1874 in Highland Co WV d: 28 Nov 1940 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV Father: Sampson Sickafoose Buzzard Mother: Eleanor Morrison "Ellen" Knapp
6 [86] Anderson McKendry Buzzard b: 21 Jul 1875 d: 3 Oct 1893 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [87] William N Buzzard b: 1877 d: Aug 1964
+[88] Lillie Unknown
6 [89] Ezra W Buzzard b: 3 Dec 1878 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Aug 1893 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [90] Laura Ethel Buzzard b: 18 Aug 1880 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Dec 1953 in Healing Springs, Bath Co VA
+[91] Harvey Shelton Carpenter b: 20 Mar 1880 in Highland Co WV m: 22 Jul 1908 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Apr 1965 in Hot Springs, Bath Co VA
7 [92] Lawrence Ellis Carpenter b: 3 Jan 1913 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Oct 1989 in Low Moor, Allegheny Co VA
+[93] Bertie Susan Jones b: 5 Aug 1918 in Mountain Grove, Bath Co VA d: 1 Jan 1986 in Low Moor, Allegheny Co VA
8 [94] Judith Ann Carpenter
+[95] Ray Preston Mays
6 [96] Harlow A Buzzard b: 3 Mar 1884 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Apr 1959 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
+[97] Myrtle Frances Fitzgerald b: 7 Aug 1886 d: Dec 1978 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [98] Lucretia Ellen Buzzard b: 26 Apr 1886 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 May 1964 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV
+[99] Graham "Gray" Kramer Woods
5 Washington Shrader b: Abt. 1830 in Pendleton Co VA
5 Martha J Shrader b: Abt. 1831 in Pendleton Co VA
5 Robert Shrader b: 14 Dec 1833 in Pendleton Co VA d: 1933 in Pendleton Co WV
+Mary Ann Simmons b: Abt. 1849 in Pendleton Co VA m: 8 Jun 1874 in Pendleton Co WV
5 Margaret Elizabeth Shrader b: 13 May 1836 d: 4 Mar 1858 in Highland Co WV
+Andrew Jesse Lantz b: Apr 1830 in Bluegrass, Highland Co VA m: 18 Nov 1855 in Bluegrass, Highland Co WV d: 1901 in Highland Co WV Father: Daniel Lantz Mother: Elizabeth Cleek
6 Emma Lillian Lantz
+Isaac Rexroad

7 Geneva Mae Beverage
+Glen Allen Hefner
8 Allen Ray Hefner b: 23 Oct 1938 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Sarah Catherine "Kate" Shrader b: Abt. 1863 in Pendleton Co VA d: in Pocahontas Co WV
+Jacob Hull Kramer b: Abt. 1861 in Bluegrass, Highland Co VA m: in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1933
4 Eleanor Morrison "Ellen" Knapp b: 24 Jun 1825 in Clover Lick, Richlands, Greenbrier Co VA d: 1 Mar 1926 in Knapp's Creek, Pocahontas Co WV, buried on Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore
+Sampson Sickafoose Buzzard b: 3 Apr 1819 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA m: 12 May 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 28 May 1883 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA, buried on Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore Father: Reuben Buzzard, Sr Mother: Mary Susanna Zickafoose
5 Mildred Miranda Buzzard b: 23 Feb 1843 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 20 Apr 1936 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
+Abraham Shinaberry b: 14 Jun 1835 in Highland Co VA m: 26 Dec 1865 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jul 1908 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road Father: Peter Shinaberry Mother: Christina Peck
6 Andrew Jackson Shinaberry b: 11 Dec 1866 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Oct 1953 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Bessie Poage
*2nd Wife of Andrew Jackson Shinaberry:
+Sarah Isabell Townsend b: 17 Jul 1862 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 28 Feb 1889 in Mill Gap, Bath Co VA d: 23 Oct 1943 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: John Townsend Mother: Mary Ryder
7 Elsie Florence Shinaberry b: 12 Apr 1890 in Highland Co WV d: 7 Feb 1954 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Grove Frank Irvine b: 1894 in Warwick m: 19 May 1913 d: 1934 Father: Benjamin Walker Irvine Mother: Elizabeth Loretta Liggett
8 Evelyn Jewell Irvine b: 9 Jul 1914
+Lonnie Alderman b: 4 Jun 1906 m: 24 Sep 1935 d: 24 Mar 1996
9 Barbara Alderman
+Robert Clendennen
10 Sharon Clendennen
10 Lee Clendennen
10 Patricia Ann Clendennen
10 Robert Clifford Clendennen
*2nd Husband of Barbara Alderman:
+James Kuarr
10 Lori Glenn Kuarr
9 Lois Alderman
+Keith Carlson
10 Karen Sue Carlson
8 Paul Adam Irvine b: 18 Mar 1915
8 Andrew Gale Irvine, Sr b: 18 Mar 1918 d: 26 Jun 1968 in VA
+Elva Guthrie
9 Andrew Gale Irvine, Jr
9 Kenneth Gale Irvine
9 Robert Dale Irvine
9 Deloris Jean Irvine
+Vancil Baker
10 Vincent Hainwright Baker b: 20 Jun 1968
9 Donna Ruth Irvine
8 Walker Dale Irvine b: 18 Mar 1918 d: 27 Mar 1961
+Ethel Bettis
9 Darlene Irvine
+Thomas Eddinger
8 Clarence Glen Irvine b: 4 Sep 1920
7 Clarence A Shinaberry b: 18 Oct 1892 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 8 Jun 1963 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Georgia Glover
*2nd Wife of Clarence A Shinaberry:
+Lillie Wheeler b: 5 Oct 1907 d: 6 Feb 1995 in Cass, Pocahontas Co WV
7 Bedford Lee Shinaberry b: 19 Apr 1895 d: 5 Aug 1962 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Clover Lick
+Drucilla Grimes b: 20 May 1900 d: Mar 1998
8 Arlie Shinaberry
+Josephine Shinaberry m: 17 Nov 1961
8 Arnold Shinaberry
+Mary Mollie Vandevander Father: Thomas E Vandevander Mother: Iva Mae Hedrick
8 Elsie Grace Shinaberry
+Verlin Adam Ervin b: 20 Oct 1911 m: 2 Nov 1945 d: 10 Aug 1992 in Tellico Plains, Monroe Co TN
8 Carlon Davis Shinaberry
+Edith Ann Barnett m: 6 Sep 1958
*2nd Wife of Carlon Davis Shinaberry:
+Karen Sue Wilfong m: 13 Jul 1962
8 Edna Mae Shinaberry
+Angus P Ervin m: 13 Jan 1948 in Boyer
8 Sterl Franklin Shinaberry
+Billie Mae Bourne m: 29 Jan 1961 in Bartley WV
8 Gay Howard Shinaberry
+Ruth Elizabeth Salisberry m: 29 Nov 1947
*2nd Wife of Gay Howard Shinaberry:
+Eunice Irene Sheldon m: 7 Sep 1950
8 Alvie Gene Shinaberry
+Josephine Corso b: 28 Oct 1929 m: 11 Aug 1948 d: Nov 1994 in Ferndale, Oakland Co MI
8 Eva Shinaberry
+Unknown Burris
*2nd Husband of Eva Shinaberry:
+Billie Lee Thomas m: 21 Jan 1953
8 Edith Gray Shinaberry b: 17 Jun 1933 d: 10 Apr 1995 in Richwood, Nicholas Co WV
+Lewis Reed Dilley b: 18 May 1927 m: 2 Jul 1950 d: Mar 1970
7 Ruth Shinaberry b: Abt. 1896
7 John Howard Shinaberry b: Abt. 1903 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Aug 1951 in Charlottesville VA
+Geneva High Puffenbarger m: 25 Sep 1948 in Hightown VA
7 Anna Grace Shinaberry b: 13 Jun 1905 in Mill Gap, Bath Co VA d: 2 Mar 1979 in Meadow Bluff VA
+Jacob Franklin Deputy m: 14 Feb 1922
*2nd Husband of Anna Grace Shinaberry:
+W H Reid
7 Wilbur Taylor Shinaberry b: 24 Sep 1907 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Dec 1975 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Grace Elizabeth Unknown
*2nd Wife of Wilbur Taylor Shinaberry
+Iva Pearl Homes m: 21 Mar 1949 in Cumberland MD
6 Susan E C Shinaberry b: 19 May 1869 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Oct 1920 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+George Holcomb b: 19 Mar 1861 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 14 Nov 1888 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Jun 1917 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
6 Mary Elizabeth Shinaberry b: 13 Nov 1871 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 1 May 1937
+J Dickinson
*2nd Husband of Mary Elizabeth Shinaberry:
+Joel Watkins
6 Rose Florence Shinaberry b: 1 Mar 1874 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Mar 1954 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Peter Benjamin Davis Riley b: 2 Sep 1870 in Rockbridge Co VA m: in Bath Co VA d: 1927 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Old Riley Homeplace, Bath Co VA Father: Harrison Adcock Riley Mother: Mary Elizabeth Thomas
7 Charles Lee "Charlie" Riley b: Sep 1893
7 John H Riley b: Apr 1897
7 Marvin Middleton "Mack" Riley b: Nov 1899
7 [2] Fannie Gertrude Riley b: 8 Mar 1901 in Bath Co VA d: 28 Jan 1960 in Miami, Dade Co FL, buried in Miami Memorial Park

Elsie m1 Hefner m2 Long at Dirk Point

+[1] Harry Isaac Shinaberry b: 9 Sep 1893 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV m: 28 Jul 1920 in Bath Co VA d: 6 Dec 1952 in Oak Stand, Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV, buried on Raymond Shinaberry Farm Father: Henry Anderson Shinaberry Mother: Silvanna Gertrude Kelley
- $ [3] Marie Lane Shinaberry b: 23 Sep 1923 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 19 Jan 1935 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
- $ [4] Helen Lucille Shinaberry b: 23 Jul 1925 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Aug 1986 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
- $ [5] Howard Guy Shinaberry b: 20 May 1927 in Minnehaha Spring, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Dec 1993 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
- $ [6] Marvin Wilmoth Shinaberry b: 29 Apr 1932 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 17 Feb 1935 in Charlottesville VA, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm, Pocahontas Co WV
- $ [7] Dale Keith Shinaberry b: 4 Dec 1938 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 27 Dec 1989 in Homestead FL
- $ [8] Female Shinaberry
- $ [9] Female Shinaberry
- $ [10] Male Shinaberry
- $ [11] Male Shinaberry

? Bernie J Riley b: Abt. 1902
? Howard Blaine Riley b: 29 Jan 1908 in Bath Co VA d: Jun 1973 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
? Maggie Riley

*2nd Husband of Rosa Florence Shinaberry:
+George Ryder

6 Abraham Shinaberry, Jr b: 1875 d: Bef. 1880
6 Anna L Shinaberry b: 1876 d: 1958
+Claude Cooper
6 Charles Lee Shinaberry b: 8 Oct 1877 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Aug 1951 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Poage Cemetery
+Georgia Catherine Poage b: 8 Apr 1883 in Pocahontas Co WV m: 25 Feb 1903 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Feb 1955 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Poage Cemetery
Father: Quincy Woods Poage Mother: Catherine Sharp
? Quincy Abraham Poage Shinaberry b: 9 Aug 1907 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Oct 1939 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Poage Cemetery
? Earl Price Shinaberry b: 19 Feb 1919 d: Feb 1983 in Baltimore MD 21230
? Sterl/Merl Poage Shinaberry b: 19 Feb 1919 in Pocahontas Co WV d: in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Poage Cemetery
? Juanita Shinaberry
+Paul Dilley
? Woodrow Shinaberry
? Dell Shinaberry b: 6 Oct 1905 in WV d: Aug 1985 in WV 24979
+Anna J Landis
$ Thurman Eugene Shinaberry b: 8 Feb 1932
$ Monda Lee Shinaberry
+Eugene Patrick Galford m: 9 Sep 1955 in Indian Draft WV
$ Raymond Gray Shinaberry
+Barbara Jane Reed m: 9 Sep 1962

*2nd Wife of Dell Shinaberry:
+Virginia Ruth Fowler b: 23 Feb 1919 d: May 1983 in Catonsville, Baltimore Co MD
$ Dorothy Dellmonta Shinaberry
$ Charles Luther Shinaberry b: 21 May 1946 d: 21 May 1946
$ Shirley Ann Shinaberry

6 Davis F Shinaberry b: Dec 1879
6 Ira Scott Shinaberry b: 29 Oct 1882 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Jul 1947
+Ella M Reed b: Abt. 1881 m: 16 Nov 1904
6 Marion Elmer Shinaberry b: 9 Jan 1886 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Jul 1962 in Green Bank, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Arbovale Cemetery, Arbovale
+Odella F Ryder b: 25 Jun 1887 d: Apr 1980 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV

*2nd Wife of Marion Elmer Shinaberry:
+Willie Dove Kelley b: 4 Feb 1893 m: 4 Mar 1910 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 13 Apr 1948 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Preston Clete Kelley Mother: Mary Lucy Ann Rodgers
? Elmer Rice Shinaberry b: 1 Feb 1912 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 19 Sep 1976 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Arbovale Cemetery, Arbovale
6 Lucy Christmas Shinaberry b: 25 Dec 1890 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 23 Dec 1974 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Howard Peter Lowe b: 26 Sep 1884 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 1 Feb 1909 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 12 Jun 1951 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
? Ralph Grady Lowe b: 27 Oct 1912 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 19 Jun 1983 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
+Virginia Ervine b: 30 Jun 1915 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 5 Sep 1964 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
? Howard Whitt Lowe b: 13 Jul 1917 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 28 Dec 1990 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery, Beverage Road
? Unknown Lowe
6 [13] Davis Fulton Shinaberry b: 20 Dec 1879 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 15 Sep 1965 in Staunton VA, buried in Rocky Springs Cemetery, Deerfield VA
+[12] Florence Lillian Shinaberry b: 17 Dec 1896 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV m: 9 Oct 1912 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 2 Feb 1923 in Charlottesville VA, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm, Pocahontas Co WV Father: Henry Anderson Shinaberry Mother: Silvanna Gertrude Kelley
? [14] Alvin Davis Shinaberry b: 17 Mar 1914 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 16 Apr 1983 in Deerfield, Augusta Co VA
+[15] Jeanne Yvonne Conrad b: 28 Feb 1922 in Arbovale, Pocahontas Co WV m: 16 Aug 1939 in Arborvale WV d: 17 Dec 1980 in Staunton VA, buried in Deerfield Cemetery, Deerfield VA
$ [16] Maryann Shinaberry b: 25 Aug 1940 in Deerfield VA
+[17] Joseph Clinton Taliaferro m: 18 Aug 1961
9 [18] Thomas Alan Taliaferro b: 13 Mar 1965 in Leesburg VA
+[19] Angela Kay Degranda m: 27 Jun 1992 in Reston VA
10 Zachary Joseph Taliaferro b: 28 Jan 1995
10 Harry Benjamin Taliaferro b: 5 May 1997
9 [20] Joseph Matthew Taliaferro b: 23 Mar 1970
$ [21] Rebecca Jeanne Shinaberry b: 13 Oct 1943 in Deerfield VA
+[22] Robert Lee Campbell m: 1 Feb 1964 in Churchville VA
9 [23] Robert Lee Campbell, Jr b: 11 Sep 1966
+[24] Karen Frazier m: 10 Oct 1992 in Baltimore MD
9 [25] Bradley Scott Campbell b: 8 Nov 1969
$ [26] Alvin Davis Shinaberry, Jr b: 22 Feb 1948
+[27] Rebecca Ann Kiser m: 14 Apr 1967 in Deerfield VA
9 [28] Dana Shinaberry b: 7 Nov 1967
+[29] Richard Dale Ramsey
9 [30] Ashley Shinaberry b: 18 May 1974
$ [31] Nancy Yvonne Shinaberry b: 6 Jun 1951
+[32] Michael Lowery m: in Arlington VA
9 [33] Lindsey Jeanne Lowery b: 9 Aug 1986
$ [34] Curtis Craig Shinaberry b: 23 Jun 1959 in Staunton VA
+[35] Ellen Coleman Bryant m: 6 Jun 1987 in Harrisonburg VA
9 [36] Elizabeth Barrett Shinaberry b: 13 May 1991
9 [37] Madison Montgomery Shinaberry b: 28 Feb 1995
? [38] Harlan Lee Shinaberry b: 7 Feb 1916 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Feb 1977 in Deerfield, Augusta Co VA
+[39] Irene Armstrong m: 13 Dec 1936
$ [40] Patricia Lee Shinaberry b: 28 Mar 1938
+[41] Vaughn Allen Ashby m: 3 May 1958
9 [42] Julie Lynn Ashby b: 25 May 1960 in Staunton VA
+[47] Michael Leroy Shiflet m: 10 May 1980
10 Jeremy Michael Shiflet b: 29 Feb 1984
10 Ashlee Nicole Shiflet b: 14 Feb 1987
9 [44] Todd Alan Ashby b: 16 May 1963
+[45] Elizabeth Ann Lantz m: 3 Apr 1988
10 Chassidy Dawn Ashby b: 27 May 1988
10 Travis Austin Ashby b: 10 May 1991
9 [46] Dana Shannon Ashby b: 7 Aug 1969
+[47] Kristy Leigh Bartley m: 21 Sep 1991
10 Shannon Leigh Ashby b: 7 Jun 1992
$ [48] Judith Shinaberry b: 3 Jan 1941 in Deerfield VA
+[49] Ray Strickler m: 1959 in Churchville VA

9 [50] Jeffrey Strickler b: 7 May 1960 in Staunton VA
+[51] Diane Mauger
10 Andrea Lynn Strickler b: 2 Sep 1981
10 Michael Jeffrey Strickler b: 10 Apr 1983
9 [52] Amy Strickler b: 17 Mar 1972 in Staunton VA
+[53] Travis Smith m: 12 Dec 1992
10 Preston Lee Smith b: 12 Jun 1993
8 [54] Emily Sue Shinaberry b: 21 Oct 1944
+[55] Paul Zimmerman m: 14 Sep 1963 in Deerfield VA
9 [56] Mark Zimmerman b: 23 Dec 1966 in Staunton VA
+[57] Melody Michael m: 17 Sep 1994
9 [58] Michelle Lee Zimmerman b: 29 Apr 1971
+[59] Anthony Dwayne Bosserman m: 19 May 1990 in Churchville VA
10 Hannah Lee Bosserman b: 1 Sep 1994
8 [60] Daniel Franklin Shinaberry b: 22 May 1951
+[61] Donna Buzzard
9 [62] Damian Shinaberry
8 [63] Harlan Lee Shinaberry b: 21 Oct 1959
+[64] Suzie Carter
*2nd Wife of [63] Harlan Lee Shinaberry:
+[65] Spring Puffenbarger
7 [66] Elsie Gatewood Shinaberry b: 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV
+[67] Charles R McCormick
8 [68] Charles Davis McCormick
+[69] Carolyn Woodsell
9 [70] Gail McCormick b: in Williamsville VA
+[71] Kevin Armstrong
10 Kylie Jo Armstrong b: 2 Feb 1993 in Spartanburg SC
10 Abigail Armstrong
9 [72] Tammy McCormick
+[73] Jay Gallimore
10 Hunter Paul Gallimore b: 31 Aug 1992
7 [74] Florence Lillian Shinaberry b: 23 Mar 1920 in Deerfield VA
+[75] James Lloyd Benson
8 [76] Joyce Elaine Benson b: 25 Sep 1941 in Staunton VA
+[77] James Dennis Campbell m: in Staunton VA
9 [78] Desiese Elaine Campbell b: 13 Feb 1960
+[79] Bobby Weaver m: in Staunton VA
*2nd Husband of [78] Desiese Elaine Campbell:
+[80] Steven J Altman m: 20 May 1993 in Charlottesville VA
9 [81] James Dennis "Rusty" Campbell, Jr b: 28 Apr 1961
+[82] Crystal Scott m: 23 Sep 1993 in Richmond VA
*2nd Husband of [74] Florence Lillian Shinaberry:
+[83] Frank Lancaster Sniptead b: 15 Sep 1920 d: Jul 1982

5 Margaret Jerusha Buzzard b: 24 Jul 1845 in Stilington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 25 Dec 1937 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Warwick Shinaberry Cemetery, Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore
+Isaac Peter Shinaberry b: 16 Aug 1845 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 14 Sep 1865 in Stilington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Mar 1902 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Warwick Shinaberry Cemetery, Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore Father: Peter Shinaberry Mother: Christina Peck
6 Embry Peter Shinaberry b: 5 Jun 1866 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 5 Jan 1958 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried in Shinaberry Cemetery
6 William Thomas Shinaberry b: Abt. 1868 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Apr 1946 in Stoney Bottom, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Warwick Cemetery near Delbert Moore's farm near Dunmore
+Cora Corena Buzzard
7 Eva Margaret Shinaberry b: 9 Aug 1889 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 28 Sep 1963 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Marlinton
+Herman J Menefee b: Abt. 1890 m: 25 Sep 1909
7 Albert Harry Shinaberry b: 29 Aug 1891 in Driftwood, Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Nov 1990 in Cass, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Arbovale Cemetery, Arbovale
+Pearl Hedrick
8 Maydell Shinaberry
8 John N Shinaberry
*2nd Wife of Albert Harry Shinaberry:
+Mamie Rachel Cassell m: 7 Jun 1916
7 Mamie Alma Shinaberry b: 6 Jul 1893 d: Nov 1978 in WV
+William Ellis Higgins b: 12 Jun 1903 d: 10 Aug 1997 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
*2nd Husband of Mamie Alma Shinaberry:
+Vaughn W Geiger b: 2 Apr 1894 m: 24 Dec 1919 d: Apr 1959 in WV
7 Truda Lillian Shinaberry b: 10 Feb 1897 in Stoney Bottom, Pocahontas Co WV
+James Harvey Nottingham b: 17 Sep 1898 m: 18 Sep 1918 d: Jan 1980 in Arbovale, Pocahontas Co WV
8 Nelle Elizabeth Nottingham b: 12 Jun 1919
+Arnold Steward
8 Lois Dare Nottingham b: 11 Jun 1922
+Earnest L Sheets
8 James Monroe Nottingham b: 19 Sep 1930
+Patsy Ellen Unknown
8 Patricia Anne Nottingham b: 13 Oct 1936
+Nyal Orr b: 8 Jan 1934 d: May 1984
7 Genevie H Shinaberry b: 3 Nov 1899 in Stony Bottom, Pocahontas Co WV d: 7 Feb 1971
+Lewis Otho Shields b: Abt. 1890 m: 4 Jun 1920
8 James Shields
8 Hamilton Shields
8 Dwight Shields
8 Leola Shields
8 Eleanor Shields
8 Ella Mae Shields b: in Stony Bottom, Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Feb 2000 in Grand Lake CO, buried in Grand View Cemetery, Fort Collins
+Allen Simonds m: 15 Dec 1956 in Washington DC
7 Edgar Arnold Shinaberry b: 16 Dec 1902 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 8 Apr 1988 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
+Mary Virginia Burns m: 24 Dec 1924
7 Hunter Williams Shinaberry b: 13 Jul 1905 d: 2 Jun 1960
+Claire Dilley m: 20 Aug 1925
6 Warwick Shinaberry b: Abt. 1872
6 Henry Anderson Shinaberry b: 8 Jul 1873 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 Oct 1945 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
+Silvanna Gertrude Kelley b: 1875 in Pocahontas Co WV m: 25 Oct 1892 d: 2 Nov 1950 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Preston Clete Kelley Mother: Mary Lucy Ann Rodgers
7 [1] Harry Isaac Shinaberry b: 9 Sep 1893 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 6 Dec 1952 in Oak Stand, Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV, buried on Raymond Shinaberry Farm
+Icie Pearl Malcomb b: 26 Sep 1899 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jan 1980 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton Father: Thomas C Malcomb Mother: Olevia Ella Moore
8 Floyd D Shinaberry b: 12 May 1916 d: 30 Aug 1928 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
8 Lloyd Vernon Shinaberry b: 26 Feb 1919 in VA d: 15 Sep 1977 in Brunson SC, buried in Hampton Cemetery, Hampton SC
8 Female Shinaberry
*2nd Wife of [1] Harry Isaac Shinaberry:
+[2] Fannie Gertrude Riley b: 8 Mar 1901 in Bath Co VA m: 28 Jul 1920 in Bath Co VA d: 28 Jan 1960 in Miami, Dade Co FL, buried in Miami Memorial Park Father: Peter Benjamin Davis Riley Mother: Rosa Florence Shinaberry
8 [3] Marie Lane Shinaberry b: 23 Sep 1923 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 19 Jan 1935 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
8 [4] Helen Lucille Shinaberry b: 23 Jul 1925 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Aug 1986 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
8 [5] Howard Gay Shinaberry b: 20 May 1927 in Minnehaha Spring, Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Dec 1993 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton

8 [6] Marvin Wilmoth Shinaberry b: 29 Apr 1932 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 17 Feb 1935 in Charlottesville VA, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm, Pocahontas Co WV
8 [7] Dale Keith Shinaberry b: 4 Dec 1938 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 27 Dec 1989 in Homestead FL
8 [8] Female Shinaberry
8 [9] Female Shinaberry
8 [10] Male Shinaberry
8 [11] Male Shinaberry
7 Everett Shinaberry b: Abt. 1895 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Nov 1951 in Minnehaha Spring, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
+Dora Florence Shaffer b: 18 Mar 1885 in Pocahontas Co WV d: May 1980 in Pocahontas Co WV
7 [12] Florence Lillian Shinaberry b: 17 Dec 1896 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 2 Feb 1923 in Charlottesville VA, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm, Pocahontas Co WV
+[13] Davis Fulton Shinaberry b: 20 Dec 1879 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV m: 9 Oct 1912 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 15 Sep 1965 in Staunton VA, buried in Rocky Springs Cemetery, Deerfield VA Father: Abraham Shinaberry Mother: Mildred Miranda Buzzard
8 [14] Alvin Davis Shinaberry b: 17 Mar 1914 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 16 Apr 1983 in Deerfield, Augusta Co VA
+[15] Jeanne Yvonne Conrad b: 28 Feb 1922 in Arbovale, Pocahontas Co WV m: 16 Aug 1939 in Arborvale WV d: 17 Dec 1980 in Staunton VA, buried in Deerfield Cemetery, Deerfield VA
9 [16] Maryann Shinaberry b: 25 Aug 1940 in Deerfield VA
+[17] Joseph Clinton Taliaferro m: 18 Aug 1961
10 [18] Thomas Alan Taliaferro b: 13 Mar 1965 in Leesburg VA
+[19] Angela Kay Degrands m: 27 Jun 1992 in Reston VA
10 [20] Joseph Matthew Taliaferro b: 23 Mar 1970
9 [21] Rebecca Jeanne Shinaberry b: 13 Oct 1943 in Deerfield VA
+[22] Robert Lee Campbell m: 1 Feb 1964 in Churchville VA
10 [23] Robert Lee Campbell, Jr b: 11 Sep 1966
+[24] Karen Frazier m: 10 Oct 1992 in Baltimore MD
10 [25] Bradley Scott Campbell b: 8 Nov 1969
9 [26] Alvin Davis Shinaberry, Jr b: 22 Feb 1948
+[27] Rebecca Ann Kiser m: 14 Apr 1967 in Deerfield VA
10 [28] Dana Shinaberry b: 7 Nov 1967
+[29] Richard Dale Ramsey
10 [30] Ashley Shinaberry b: 18 May 1974
9 [31] Nancy Yvonne Shinaberry b: 6 Jun 1951
+[32] Michael Lowery m: in Arlington VA
10 [33] Lindsey Jeanne Lowery b: 9 Aug 1986
9 [34] Curtis Craig Shinaberry b: 23 Jun 1959 in Staunton VA
+[35] Ellen Coleman Bryant m: 6 Jun 1987 in Harrisonburg VA
10 [36] Elizabeth Barrett Shinaberry b: 13 May 1991
10 [37] Madison Montgomery Shinaberry b: 28 Feb 1995
8 [38] Harlan Lee Shinaberry b: 7 Feb 1916 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Feb 1977 in Deerfield, Augusta Co VA
+[39] Irene Armstrong m: 12 Dec 1936
9 [40] Patricia Lee Shinaberry b: 28 Mar 1938
+[41] Vaughn Allen Ashby m: 3 May 1958
10 [42] Julie Lynn Ashby b: 25 May 1960 in Staunton VA
+[43] Michael Leroy Shiflet m: 10 May 1980
10 [44] Todd Alan Ashby b: 16 May 1963
+[45] Elizabeth Ann Lantz m: 2 Apr 1988
10 [46] Dean Shannon Ashby b: 7 Aug 1969
+[47] Kristy Leigh Bartley m: 21 Sep 1991
9 [48] Judith Shinaberry b: 5 Jan 1941 in Deerfield VA
+[49] Ray Strickler m: 1959 in Churchville VA
10 [50] Jeffrey Strickler b: 7 May 1960 in Staunton VA
+[51] Diane Mengert
10 [52] Amy Strickler b: 17 Mar 1972 in Staunton VA
+[53] Travis Smith m: 12 Dec 1992
9 [54] Emily Sue Shinaberry b: 21 Oct 1944
+[55] Paul Zimmerman m: 14 Sep 1963 in Deerfield VA
10 [56] Mark Zimmerman b: 23 Dec 1966 in Staunton VA
+[57] Melody Michael m: 17 Sep 1994
10 [58] Michelle Lee Zimmerman b: 29 Apr 1971
+[59] Anthony Dwayne Bosserman m: 19 May 1990 in Churchville VA
9 [60] Daniel Franklin Shinaberry b: 22 May 1951
+[61] Donna Buzzard
10 [62] Damian Shinaberry
9 [63] Harlan Lee Shinaberry b: 21 Oct 1959
+[64] Suzie Carter
*2nd Wife of [63] Harlan Lee Shinaberry:
+[65] Spring Pufferbarger
8 [66] Elsie Gatewood Shinaberry b: 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV
+[67] Charles R McCormick
9 [68] Charles Davis McCormick
+[69] Carolyn Wooddell
10 [70] Gail McCormick b: in Williamsville VA
+[71] Kevin Armstrong
10 [72] Tammy McCormick
+[73] Jay Gallimore
8 [74] Florence Lillian Shinaberry b: 23 Mar 1920 in Deerield VA
+[75] James Lloyd Benson
9 [76] Joyce Elaine Benson b: 25 Sep 1941 in Staunton VA
+[77] James Dennis Campbell m: in Staunton VA
10 [78] Deniese Elaine Campbell b: 13 Feb 1960
+[79] Bobby Weaver m: in Staunton VA
*2nd Husband of [78] Deniese Elaine Campbell
+[80] Steven J Altman m: 20 May 1993 in Charlottesville VA
10 [81] James Dennis "Rusty" Campbell, Jr b: 28 Apr 1961
+[82] Crystal Scott m: 23 Sep 1993 in Richmond VA
*2nd Husband of [74] Florence Lillian Shinaberry
+[83] Frank Lancaster Snipstad b: 15 Sep 1920 d: Jul 1982
7 Forrest ElmerShinaberry b: 16 Aug 1898 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 29 Jun 1962 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
7 Pega Anna Shinaberry b: 12 Feb 1902 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 18 Jul 1928 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
+Laona Grace Bruner/Burner b: 25 Jul 1904 in WV m: 10 Jun 1924 d: Jul 1983 in WV
8 Henry A Shinaberry b: 14 Apr 1925 in Minnehaha Springs WV d: 18 May 1999 in Elkins WV (hospital), buried in Bethel Church Cemetery, Durbin
+Melvina Sheets
9 Henrietta Shinaberry
+Unknown Reigel
9 Myra Jean Shinaberry
+Unknown Taylor
9 Howard Shinaberry
9 Daryl Shinaberry
8 Melvin Shinaberry b: 5 Nov 1928 in Durbin, Pocahontas Co WV d: 1 Sep 1993 in WV
8 Grace Shinaberry
8 Edward Meeks Shinaberry
7 Fred Logan Shinaberry b: 10 Mar 1907 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 2 Jan 1968 in Pocahontas Co VWV, buried in Raymond Shinaberry Farm
7 Female Shinaberry
6 Clara Magdalene Shinaberry b: 29 Sep 1875 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 28 Nov 1958 in Pocahontas Co WV
6 Riley Warwick Shinaberry b: 3 Feb 1877 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 5 Apr 1935 in Pocahontas Co WV

+Mamie Sheets
6 [101] Harmon Isaac Shinaberry b: 17 Mar 1879 in Pocahontas Co WV d: in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
+[100] Bessie Buzzard b: 1887 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Robert Asbury Buzzard Mother: Arlene Irene Wanless
6 Etta Ruth Shinaberry b: 17 May 1881 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 May 1970 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Grimes Cemetery near Frost
+Anderson Grimes
7 Zula Clara Grimes b: 1900
+Albert Beason Bray
5 Sarah Drucilla Buzzard b: 16 Mar 1848 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 4 Dec 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried at New Hope Church, Rockingham Co VA
+Zane Bland Grimes b: 11 Jun 1844 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 17 Oct 1867 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 Jan 1911 in Pocahontas Co VA, buried at New Hope Church, Rockingham Co VA Father: Henry Grimes Mother: Hester"Hetty" Buzzard
6 Garfield S Grimes b: Abt. 1868
+Ella Edna Moore b: 1881 d: 1975
6 Matilda/Martha Bellaora Grimes b: 28 Jul 1868 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 1911
+Jas Gragg
6 Henry Hayes Grimes b: 14 Feb 1877 d: 1957
+Ada Virginia Turner
7 [148] Henrietta Pocahontas "Pokey" Grimes b: 18 Oct 1910 d: 25 Oct 1976
+[147] Noble Glenn Waugh b: 12 Sep 1909 in near Renick, Pocahontas Co WV m: 1 Oct 1930 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Apr 1982 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV Father: George Beverly Waugh Mother: Mary Ellen Merritt
8 [149] Harriet Faye Waugh b: 24 Jul 1946
+[150] Unknown Gross
6 Permelia Ellen "Millie" Grimes b: 6 May 1870 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV d: 1941
+Henry W Gragg
*2nd Husband of Permelia Ellen "Millie" Grimes:
+John W Jackson
6 Hugh Grimes b: Abt. 1872
6 Ulysses S Grant Grimes b: 1873 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1954
+Ida Bell Carpenter
6 Unick N Grimes b: 16 Sep 1874 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 25 Jul 1878 in Pocahontas Co VA
6 Una Ann Grimes b: 10 Oct 1875 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 1878
6 Hayes H Grimes b: 14 Feb 1877 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Effie Sarah Grimes b: Oct 1879 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1939
+Patrick Howdyshell
*2nd Husband of Effie Sarah Grimes:
+William Sidney Lough
6 William Grimes b: 1884
5 Leonidas Embry Buzzard b: 30 Aug 1850 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co VA d: 20 Jul 1938 in Knoxville, Marion Co IA
+Eliza Ellen Morford b: 2 Jan 1855 in Henry Co IA m: 8 Sep 1870 in IA d: 6 Jun 1922
6 Minnie Gertrude Buzzard b: 17 Jul 1871 in Lucas Co IA d: 10 Mar 1945 in Knoxville, Marion Co IA
+Tillison Mckendry Newton Dilley b: 29 Sep 1867 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co VA m: 8 Dec 1888 in Elkins, Garrett Co MD Father: Martin Clark Dilley Mother: Margaret Jane Arbogast
7 Pearl Dilley b: 3 Oct 1890 in Russell, Lucas Co IA
+George Stockner
7 Ruby Dilley b: 13 Oct 1899 in Russell, Lucas Co IA
+Arnold Nisson
7 Opal Dilley b: Abt. 1910 in Chicago, Cook Co IL d: Abt. 1910
7 Male Dilley
6 Vivie Eunice Buzzard b: 28 Apr 1873
6 John William Buzzard b: 12 Oct 1876
6 Marion Charles Wesley Buzzard b: 12 Jan 1880
6 Ethel Christine Buzzard b: 19 Apr 1882
6 Frank Eugene Buzzard b: 4 Mar 1891
6 Lester Ellsworth Buzzard b: 24 Apr 1893 d: 3 Feb 1967 in Dobbs Ferry, Westchester Co NY
6 Lelia Elderberry Cathryn Buzzard b: 22 Jul 1897
5 Laura Ursila "Rella" Buzzard b: 19 May 1853 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 28 May 1923
+David Newton Buzzard b: 1 Feb 1850 m: 31 Dec 1872 d: 19 May 1940 Father: Arthur Wesley Buzzard Mother: Sarah Matheny
6 Savannah B Buzzard b: 1875 d: 1915
+Charles B Gibbs m: 1892
6 Leslie W Buzzard b: 1876 d: 1913
+Armintа J Kincaid m: 1894
5 Cornelius Dolliver Buzzard b: 10 Oct 1855 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 1 Jan 1934 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Emma Sarah Wanless b: 9 Jan 1854 in Pocahontas Co WV m: 20 Mar 1873 d: 1 Mar 1936 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Stephen H Wanless Mother: Mary Frances Arbogast
6 Olly F Buzzard b: Abt. 1876
6 Ira E Buzzard b: Abt. 1879
5 [84] William Cronin Buzzard b: 6 Jun 1858 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 28 Nov 1940 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
+[85] Mary Caroline Shrader b: 4 Jul 1849 in Pendleton Co VA m: 7 Oct 1874 in Highland Co WV d: 19 May 1920 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV, buried at Warwick Shinaberry Farm, Dunmore Father: Peter Shrader Mother: Elizabeth Jane Knapp
6 [86] Anderson McKendry Buzzard b: 21 Jul 1875 d: 3 Oct 1893 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [87] William N Buzzard b: 1877 d: Aug 1964
+[88] Lillie Unknown
6 [89] Ezra W Buzzard b: 3 Dec 1878 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Aug 1893 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [90] Laura Ethel Buzzard b: 18 Aug 1880 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Dec 1953 in Healing Springs, Bath Co VA
+[91] Harvey Shelton Carpenter b: 20 Mar 1880 in Highland Co WV m: 22 Jul 1908 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Apr 1965 in Hot Springs, Bath Co VA
7 [92] Lawrence Ellis Carpenter b: 3 Jan 1913 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 Oct 1989 in Low Moor, Allegheny Co VA
+[93] Bertie Susan Jones b: 5 Aug 1918 in Mountain Grove, Bath Co VA d: 1 Jan 1986 in Low Moor, Allegheny Co VA
8 [94] Judith Ann Carpenter
+[95] Ray Preston Mays
6 [96] Marion A Buzzard b: 2 Mar 1884 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 Apr 1959 in Frost, Pocahontas Co WV
+[97] Myrtle Frances Fitzgerald b: 7 Aug 1896 d: Dec 1978 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV
6 [98] Lucretia Ellen Buzzard b: 26 Apr 1886 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 May 1964 in Dunmore, Pocahontas Co WV
+[99] Graham "Grey" Kramer Woods
5 Lutcher Buzzard b: 9 Apr 1861 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: Jul 1958
+Sarah C Gartrell b: in MD
6 Myrtle Buzzard b: Apr 1880
+Unknown Cameron
5 Robert Asbury Buzzard b: 29 Aug 1865 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jul 1937 in buried in Mountain Grove Cemetery, Bath Co VA
+Arlene Irene Wanless b: 1 Feb 1865 m: 23 Mar 1884 d: 7 Mar 1930
6 Arch Buzzard
6 Harry Buzzard
6 [100] Bessie Buzzard b: 1887 in Pocahontas Co WV
+[101] Harmon Isaac Shinaberry b: 17 Mar 1879 in Pocahontas Co WV d: in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton Father: Isaac Peter Shinaberry Mother: Margaret Jacinda Buzzard
*2nd Wife of Robert Asbury Buzzard
+Margaret Elizabeth "Maggie" Kelley b: 30 Jul 1872 m: 19 Jul 1891 d: 23 Dec 1939 in buried in Mountain Grove Cemetery, Bath Co VA Father: Cyrus Kelley Mother: Sarah Irvine
6 Harmon Buzzard
6 Lawrence Anderson Buzzard b: 4 Jul 1893 in Little Back Creek, Bath Co VA d: 13 Jun 1961 in Richmond VA, buried in Mountain Grove Cemetery, Bath Co VA
+Hallie Marie Clark b: 2 Sep 1900 in Mercer Co KY m: 1918 in Harrodsburg, Mercer Co KY
7 John Mark Buzzard
+John Paul Hunt
8 Caroline Kay Buzzard
8 Timothy Mark Buzzard
8 Thomas Clark Buzzard
7 Donna Buzzard
7 Barbara Jean Buzzard
7 Marcia Faye Buzzard
6 Robert Buzzard

6 William Buzzard
6 Odessa Buzzard
+Unknown Taylor
5 Eleanor Irene Buzzard b: 13 Aug 1869 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 21 Nov 1933
+Joseph Lee Sharp b: 4 Sep 1863 m: 29 Jan 1885 d: 21 Feb 1930 Father: John Sharp Mother: Susannah Shinaberry
6 Maud Sharp
+Joe Collins
6 Lucy Sharp b: 1 Apr 1886 d: Dec 1955
+Justin Colburn
7 Dollie Colburn
+Unknown Rail
7 Nellie Colburn
+Unknown Fiebelsorn
7 John Colburn
7 Luther Colburn
7 Harry Colburn d: 1969
7 Lena Colburn
+Unknown Nelson
7 Dorothy Colburn
+Unknown Elderkin
7 Garrett Colburn
7 Ernest Colburn
7 Ray Colburn
7 Ella Colburn
+Unknown Sasso
7 Ivetta Colburn
5 Jonetta S A Buzzard b: 12 Nov 1869 in Sitlington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV d: 28 May 1887
+Charles Peter Collins m: 22 Apr 1886
4 Margaret Rebecca B Knapp b: 26 Apr 1830 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Nov 1904
+William McCoy Macomb m: 6 Jun 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA
5 John Macomb
5 Thomas Macomb
5 Female Macomb
+W B Johnson
4 Robert Waugh Knapp b: 9 Dec 1831 in Greenbrier Co VA d: 27 Jan 1906 in Moore, Tucker Co WV
+Mary Blake Wooddell b: 25 Jun 1831 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 25 Oct 1849 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 Dec 1906 in Tucker Co WV Father: Joseph Wooddell Mother: Delilah Arbogast
5 Delilah Margaret Knapp b: 26 Jul 1850 d: 17 Feb 1933 in Tucker Co WV
+Samuel Roby Krisner
5 George Benjamin Knapp b: 2 Dec 1851
+Rebecca Criss
5 Lydia Ann Knapp b: 28 Dec 1853 d: 18 Jan 1854
5 Ira Ellis Knapp b: 28 Dec 1854 d: 30 Apr 1873
5 Frederick Asbury Knapp b: 16 Jan 1857 d: 16 Nov 1859
5 John Marshall Knapp b: 24 Feb 1859
5 Bryson Columbus Knapp b: 10 Dec 1860 d: 7 Nov 1862
5 Elmira Frances Knapp b: 15 Jan 1863 d: 1947
+Jesse "Jess" Hurshman b: 1847 d: 1928
*2nd Husband of Elmira Frances Knapp:
+James Summers b: 1850 m: 14 Oct 1877 d: 1887
5 Ida Emma Corena Knapp b: 13 Oct 1867
+Unknown Helmick
5 Samantha Ellen Knapp b: 24 Dec 1869 d: 13 Aug 1875
5 Olive Christine Knapp b: 22 Nov 1871
5 Marietta Virginia Knapp b: 25 Jun 1874
+Augustus Croston b: 12 Feb 1872 in Oakland MD m: 18 May 1900
*2nd Husband of Marietta Virginia Knapp:
+Samuel Sturms m: 18 Oct 1900
5 Lorenzo Dow Knapp b: 11 Nov 1879
+Sarah Harper
4 Andrew James Knapp b: 7 Sep 1834 in Greenbrier Co VA d: in MO
3 Rebecca Waugh b: 29 Nov 1802 in Bath Co VA d: 18 Jan 1888 in Jackson Co VA
+Andrew Moore b: 20 Jun 1804 in Frost, Bath Co VA m: 13 Aug 1829 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 4 Oct 1879 in Given, Jackson Co WV Father: Levi Moore, Jr Mother: Nancy Sharp
4 Nancy Ann Moore b: 30 May 1830 d: 24 Jun 1905 in Jackson Co WV, buried at Foster Chapel
+Robert Moore Duffield b: 7 Sep 1828 m: 21 Nov 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 19 Nov 1908 in Jackson Co WV, buried at Foster Chapel Father: Andrew Duffield Mother: Jane Moore
5 Newton Bargilla Duffield b: 12 Jul 1852 d: 1922 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Old Sinaiville Cemetery, Staats Mills
+Rosetta Staats b: 12 Nov 1856 m: 26 Mar 1874 in Jackson Co WV d: 4 Nov 1897 in Staats Mill, Jackson Co WV, buried in Old Sinaiville Cemetery, Staats Mills Father: Anderson Staats Mother: Mary Casto
6 Charles Duffield
6 John E Duffield b: 1877
6 Cordelia Jane "Corda" Duffield b: 10 Aug 1881 d: 9 Sep 1964
+Samuel Robert Thomas b: 9 Jan 1874 m: 26 Aug 1900 in Jackson Co WV
7 Goldie Ellen Thomas b: 5 May 1901 d: 23 Aug 1988
+William Rhodes
7 Hazel Stella Thomas b: 7 Apr 1903
+Lanty Russell Southall
7 Bessie Wilma Thomas b: 14 Sep 1908
+Ova Roscoe Good b: 14 Apr 1908 m: 30 Apr 1927 d: 17 Sep 1970
8 David Wayne Good b: 24 Dec 1929
8 Betty Jo Good
8 Rex Leon Good b: 1930
8 Leona Mae Good b: 1932
+Unknown Fisher
8 Loretta Fae Good b: 1934
+Unknown Shuster
8 Phyllis Imogene Good b: 1937
+Unknown Burdette
8 Thomas Rondall Good b: 1941
8 Lorena Kay Good b: 1944
8 Judith Ann Good b: 24 Feb 1947
+Unknown Cleary
8 Jerry Allen Good b: 24 Feb 1947
7 Blonda George Thomas b: 22 Nov 1910 d: 7 Jun 1983
+Virginia Anderson
7 Ethel Geneve Thomas b: 27 Nov 1913 d: 5 Apr 1976
+Woodrow W Hammonds
7 William Ervil Thomas b: 18 Jul 1917
+Chrystal Price
7 Olive Virginia Thomas b: 17 May 1919
+Harold Robinson
7 Ruby Thomas
+Marion Monroe Parsons
6 Clarence C Duffield b: 9 Apr 1884
6 William Holly Duffield b: 6 Nov 1888 d: 6 Feb 1946
+Mamie Estar Massey m: 9 Jul 1909
7 William Irwin Duffield b: 3 May 1910 d: 30 Jun 1989
+Vera Boggess

8 Gary Otis Duffield
+Caroline Estep
9 Kelly Duffield
10 Chloe Duffield
9 Gary Otis Duffield, Jr
10 Lance Duffield
9 Todd Duffield
*2nd Wife of Gary Otis Duffield:
+Lois Blood
8 Terry Lee Duffield
+Patricia Kirk
9 Tracey Lynn Duffield
+Unknown Cavazos
10 William Cavazos
8 William George Duffield
+Carolyn Stevens
9 Michael Duffield
7 Thomas Duffield
+Pauline Hastings
8 Holly Duffield
8 Harold Duffield
8 Thomas Wayne Duffield
6 Otis Duffield b: 22 Jul 1890
6 Brady Duffield b: 1893
+Lena Griffith
7 Harold Duffield
8 Mary Edna Duffield
6 Emery Duffield b: 13 Aug 1896
7 William Duffield
7 Vada Duffield
+Unknown Shanklin
*2nd Wife of Newton Bargilla Duffield:
+Alice Fisher
6 Ortha Duffield
+Unknown Simms
6 Dorothy Duffield
+Unknown Bibbee
5 James Elliott Duffield b: 18 Mar 1854
6 Infant Duffield d: Sep 1913 in Jackson Co WV, buried at Foster Chapel
5 Elizabeth J Duffield b: 26 Jan 1856 d: 30 Oct 1921 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Foster Chapel, Parchment
+James H Kay b: 2 Mar 1853 m: 14 Sep 1877 in Jackson Co WV d: 13 Sep 1935 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Foster Chapel, Parchment Father: Jacob D Kay Mother: Hannah Sayre
6 William J Kay b: 9 Sep 1878 d: 23 Oct 1946
+Nancy "Nannie" Flowers b: Abt. 1885 m: 28 Oct 1906 in Jackson Co WV
6 Charles Kay b: 20 Jan 1880 d: 1955
+Mary Mabel Parsons
6 Della H Kay b: 6 Apr 1883 d: 16 Oct 1889 in Jackson Co WV
6 Earl B Kay b: 2 Feb 1887 in Jackson Co WV d: 17 Jan 1967 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Bertha M Blankenship b: Abt. 1888 in Jackson Co WV m: 21 Dec 1912 in Jackson Co WV
6 Emory Kay b: 16 Oct 1889 in Jackson Co WV d: 7 Aug 1975 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
+Carrie Brotherton b: 26 May 1896 in Jackson Co WV m: 24 Nov 1914 in Jackson Co WV d: 19 Oct 1994 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV Father: Lee W Brotherton Mother: Alice Foglesong
6 Clarence R Kay b: 13 May 1893 d: 3 Apr 1962
+Mary Maria Brotherton b: 16 Jan 1897 m: 27 Dec 1921 d: 21 Jan 1977
7 Florence H Kay b: 6 Oct 1922
+Lloyd H Lucas, Jr b: 1922 d: 1974
7 James E Kay b: 28 Dec 1923 d: 29 Sep 1995 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
+Lorena Taylor
8 James E Kay, Jr b: 17 Oct 1943
+Mary Frances Knapp b: 30 Sep 1943 m: 1 Jun 1975
8 John E Kay b: 28 Jul 1945
+Linda Johnston b: 20 Jul 1944 m: 8 Mar 1968
9 Jason E Kay b: 10 Jul 1971
9 Justin E Kay b: 1 Sep 1974
9 Johanna E Kay b: 22 Nov 1979
7 William Franklin Kay b: 16 Aug 1925
6 Clara Kay b: 13 May 1893 d: 12 Jan 1913 in Wellsville OH, buried in Foster Chapel Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
5 Levi Duffield b: 26 Jan 1856
5 William Duffield b: 5 Apr 1858
5 Margaret Alice "Maggie" Duffield b: 1861 in Jackson Co VA
+William E Snyder b: Abt. 1856 m: 12 Jul 1880 in Jackson Co WV
5 Emory Duffield b: 24 Aug 1866 in Jackson Co VA d: 11 Dec 1922
+Emma Caroline Cadle b: 29 Nov 1866 in Rockcastle Co VA m: 12 Mar 1892 in Jackson Co WV d: 10 Sep 1948 Father: William A Cadle Mother: Elzena Ann Zearley
6 Inez LaGrande Duffield b: 9 Feb 1893 d: 2 Jun 1984 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
6 Bertie Gladys Duffield b: 27 Jan 1895 in Jackson Co WV d: 9 May 1897 in Jackson Co WV, buried at Foster Chapel
6 Florence Helena Duffield b: 11 Feb 1897 d: 22 Mar 1928
6 Flora Moore Duffield b: 29 Jul 1899 d: 26 Nov 1980 in Sanibel, Lee Co FL
6 Ruth Ann Duffield b: 6 Jan 1904 d: 19 Oct 1966 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+A L Wiley
7 William Jack Wiley
+Janet O'Dell
7 Margaret Ann Wiley
+Thomas McCoy
7 David Alan Wiley
+Nancy Hand
6 Esther Caroline Duffield b: 20 Jan 1906
+C Homer Workman b: 18 Jan 1906 d: 17 Jan 1983 in Sanibel, Lee Co FL
7 John Hunter Workman
+Marilyn Bennett
5 Marion Duffield b: 23 Jun 1869 in Jackson Co WV d: 11 Jul 1869 in Jackson Co WV
5 Ida Mary Duffield b: 16 Jun 1872 in Carthage, Jackson Co WV
+David E Shackleton b: Abt. 1872 in Carthage, Jackson Co WV m: 2 Aug 1896 in Jackson Co WV
4 Lavina/Lavinia Moore b: 23 Dec 1834 in Jackson Co VA d: 9 May 1891 in Putnam Co WV, buried in Walker's Chapel, Jackson Co WV
+Benson Rayburn b: 30 Jul 1835 in Mason Co VA m: 24 May 1855 in Jackson Co WV d: Feb 1876 in Warners Fork of Mudlick, Mason Co WV, buried in Walkers Chapel, Jackson Co WV
Father: Henry Rayburn Mother: Elizabeth "Betsy" Bennett
5 Margaret Rayburn b: 1856
+Unknown Board
5 Louisa Eliza Rayburn b: Oct 1857 in Mason Co VA d: 14 Aug 1940 in Bidwell, Gallia Co OH, buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Evergreen
+Archibald Skidmore b: 1857 m: 10 Nov 1880 in Parchment, Jackson Co WV d: 6 Mar 1937 in buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Gallia Co OH
6 Ora Grace Skidmore b: 10 Nov 1881 d: 6 Aug 1963 in Evergreen OH, buried in Evergreen Cemetery
+Benjamin Rumsey b: 1884 m: Dec 1903 d: 1938 Father: H J Rumsey
6 Martha E Skidmore b: 4 Jun 1883 in Jackson Co WV
+Elmer A Parsons b: Abt. 1879 in Jackson Co WV m: 19 Mar 1903 in Jackson Co WV Father: William O Parsons Mother: Minerva Jane Sayre
6 Cordie Skidmore b: 1887 d: 1923 in Evergreen OH, buried in Evergreen Cemetery
+William O Walker
6 Gladys Skidmore b: 1900 d: 1952 in buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Evergreen nr Porter OH

6 Nicole Dawn Craddock b: 24 Oct 1980

5 Sarah Frances "Fanny" Rayburn b: 9 Jan 1859 in Jackson Co VA d: 6 Aug 1963 in East Liverpool, Columbiana Co OH
+Louis A Vaughn m: 4 May 1880 in Ripley, Putnam Co WV d: in Nitro, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Mt Olive Cemetery, Rockcastle, Jackson Co WV
6 Clarence A Vaughn b: 27 Sep 1889 d: 6 Apr 1952 in Nitro, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Mt Olive Cemetery, Rock Castle, Jackson Co WV
+Lona H Unknown b: 1891 d: 1929 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Mt Olive Cemetery, Rock Castle
7 Gladis F Vaughn b: 22 Sep 1918 d: 24 Apr 1920 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Mt Olive Cemetery, Rock Castle
5 Rebecca Rayburn b: 1861 d: 1881
5 John Lowell Rayburn b: 1862 in Mason Co VA d: 1943 in Portage, Wood Co OH, buried Lunsford Cemetery
+Julia M Staten b: 1868 d: 1950
5 Andrew S Rayburn b: 27 Nov 1864 in Putnam Co WV d: Jan 1944 in Canton, Stark Co OH, buried in Chester, Hancock Co WV
+Hannah Sayre Father: William Sayre Mother: Charity Mullineaux
5 Rosie Roela Rayburn b: 1868 in Mason Co WV d: 1921 in buried at Upland, Mason Co WV
+Jacob Tilman Smith b: 1865 in Lawrence Co OH m: 1890 in Mason Co WV d: 1933 in Newell, Mason Co WV
5 Alice M Rayburn b: 1873 d: 1972
+Charles M Smith b: 1874 in Lawrence Co OH
4 Samuel W Moore b: Abt. 1836 in VA
+Alice Casto b: Abt. 1839 m: 20 Feb 1870 in Jackson Co WV d: 29 Jan 1915 in Maramec, Pawnee Co OK Father: Elmore H Casto Mother: Phoebe Cunningham
5 Cora E Moore b: 5 Nov 1970 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 24 Apr 1890 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Shamblin Cemetery, Kenna
+Martin Luther Shamblin b: Abt. 1871 in Jackson Co WV m: 3 Apr 1890 in Jackson Co WV
5 Arthalia Olivia Moore b: Abt. 1872 in Jackson Co WV
+Thomas Tilden Parsons b: Abt. 1872 in Jackson Co WV m: 14 May 1893 in Jackson Co WV
6 [103] Clayton Parsons b: 1 Aug 1895 d: 15 Jan 1967 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+Bonnie Mae Unknown b: 1900 d: 1951 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
*2nd Wife of [103] Clayton Parsons:
+Ruby M Rhodes b: 25 Apr 1929
*3rd Wife of [103] Clayton Parsons:
+[102] Freda Alice Parsons b: 15 Dec 1902 m: 1 Jun 1921 in Jackson Co WV d: 19 Jul 1933 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given Father: Okey Parsons Mother: Emma M Moore
7 [104] Arden Parsons b: 15 Feb 1922 d: 3 Feb 1926 in Jackson Co WV
7 [105] Tilden Okey Parsons b: 2 May 1925
+[106] Naomi F Wigginton b: 18 Feb 1927 m: 9 Jun 1945
8 [107] Linda Carrol Parsons b: 26 Dec 1946
+[108] James Ernest Diomand b: 3 Aug 1943 m: 1 Jul 1966
9 [109] Kimberly Kay Diomand b: 28 Jun 1963
+[110] Anthony Elliott
10 [111] Courtney Michelle Elliott b: 2 Jul 1990
*2nd Husband of [109] Kimberly Kay Diomand:
+[112] David Turnbow m: 22 Oct 1988
9 [113] Brian Scott Diomand b: 13 Mar 1972
8 [114] Barbara Janice Parsons b: 30 Jun 1948
+[115] Moses Hampton Teel m: 14 Jan 1967
9 [116] John Hampton Teel b: 8 Jun 1969
+[117] Monita Disney m: 12 Jan 1991
10 [118] Chandler Hampton Teel b: 29 Oct 1991
9 [119] Jennifer Nichole Teel b: 8 Dec 1982
7 [120] Lowen A Parsons b: 8 Jul 1928 d: 3 Feb 1929
7 [121] Howard F Parsons b: 20 May 1930
+[122] Mildred Sayre b: 10 Feb 1935 m: 1 Apr 1955
8 [123] Howard F Parsons, Jr b: 12 Apr 1955
+[124] Paulette Rollins b: 28 Jul 1958 m: 2 May 1982
8 [125] Donna Jean Parsons b: 25 Jul 1959
+[126] Dennis Ray Cottrill b: 23 Jan 1958 m: 3 Sep 1982
9 [127] Kristen Nichole Cottrill b: 28 Dec 1989
7 [128] Billie Jeanette Parsons b: 2 May 1931
+[129] Basil Hiotakis b: 29 Dec 1929 m: 10 Apr 1954
8 [130] Helene Hiotakis b: 2 Oct 1958
+[131] James Ellis Simicsak b: 5 Nov 1955 m: 16 Oct 1988
9 [132] Ashley Simicsak b: 4 Jan 1992
8 [133] Thomas Basil Hiotakis b: 7 May 1962
+[134] Karris Butenaky b: 6 May 1971
9 [135] Alexis Leigh Hiotakis b: 25 Aug 1991
*2nd Wife of [133] Thomas Basil Hiotakis:
+[136] Lynee Hoffman b: 20 Jan 1962 m: 30 Jun 1985
5 Mary E "Mollie" Moore b: Abt. 1873
+Robert G Walker b: Abt. 1868 in Athens Co OH m: 24 Dec 1890 in Jackson Co WV
5 George William Moore b: Abt. 1875
5 John A Moore b: Abt. 1875
5 Elizabeth B Moore b: Abt. 1878
5 Perry E Moore b: Jan 1880
4 Alice Rachael Moore b: 10 Aug 1838 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 May 1918 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Charles C "Charley" Parsons b: 10 Apr 1840 in Jackson Co VA m: 4 Jan 1863 in Jackson Co WV d: 20 Apr 1911 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given Father: Henry Parsons Mother: Lavinia "Vina" Turner
5 Flora Parsons b: 15 Nov 1863
5 Laura Parsons b: Jan 1865 d: 17 May 1866
5 Clara Parsons b: 4 Feb 1866 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Obediah B Harrison b: 11 Oct 1867 in Jackson Co WV m: 4 Oct 1888 in Jackson Co WV d: 23 Apr 1941 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Fairplain Cemetery Father: Bushrod Harrison Mother: Louisa Ransom
6 [140] Hattie A Harrison b: 20 Jul 1889 in Jackson Co WV d: Jun 1981 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH
+[140] William O'Connor Waugh b: 7 Jan 1884 in Jackson Co WV m: 26 Jun 1911 in Jackson Co WV d: 1 Aug 1917 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle, Jackson Co WV Father: Samuel Gilbert Arthur Waugh Mother: Elizabeth Ann Brotherton
5 Levi Parsons b: 4 Dec 1867 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 27 Jul 1944
+Bertha Price b: Jan 1874 in Given, Jackson Co WV m: 20 Apr 1892 in Jackson Co WV d: 1951
6 Earl Parsons b: 8 Apr 1893 d: Oct 1977
6 Fred Parsons b: 1895 d: 7 Nov 1964
6 Cora Parsons b: 1896
6 Homer H Parsons b: 1899 in Jackson Co WV d: 1971
+Essie Board b: Apr 1897 m: 21 Apr 1918 in Jackson Co WV
6 Sammy Parsons b: 17 Jul d: 1960
6 Una Parsons b: Jul 1903
6 Virginia Parsons b: Feb 1908
6 Unknown Parsons b: 7 Dec 1910 d: 3 Feb 1911
6 Phyllis Parsons b: 30 Apr 1914
6 Dollie Parsons
6 Una Parsons b: 4 Mar 1920 d: 3 Apr 1980 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH
6 Robert Parsons b: 3 Feb 1922 d: 17 Nov 1978
5 Minnie F "Sis" Parsons b: 24 Nov 1869 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 12 Aug 1937 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Robert Rhodes b: 22 Jan 1865 in Greenbrier Co WV m: 15 Sep 1892 in Jackson Co WV d: 12 Apr 1944 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Hattie Dolan Rhodes b: 1 Nov 1893 in Jackson Co V.A. d: 1 Aug 1977 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+? Clinton Brotherton b: 10 Nov 1891 in Jackson Co V.A. m: 3 Sep 1914 in Jackson Co WV d: Nov 1966 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery Father: Lee W Brotherton Mother: Alice Fightmaster
7 Pauline Brotherton b: 20 Apr 1924
7 Unknown Brotherton b: 19 Sep 1928
+Paul Tyree
8 Unknown Brotherton b:
7 Tommy Wayne Brotherton b: 29 Jun 1930
+Pauline Rhodes
7 Robert Brotherton

9 Nicole Dawn Craddock b: 24 Oct 1980
9 Jillian Leigh Craddock b: 12 Nov 1985
7 Ruth Bennett

+Bety Hunter
8 Barbara Brotherton
8 Keith Brotherton
6 Georgia Rhodes b: 5 Jul 1896 d: 9 Nov 1960 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Lorna Dawn Rhodes b: 9 Jun 1899 d: 15 Sep 1972 in Buffalo, Putnam Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
+Aaron Dewey Parsons d: 23 Oct 1934 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
5 Rebecca Helen Parsons b: 10 Jul 1871 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 20 Aug 1941 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+William Thomas Hickman b: 17 Aug 1869 in Given, Jackson Co WV m: 18 Nov 1891 in Jackson Co WV d: 28 Mar 1915 Father: Zachariah Hickman, Jr Mother: Sophia McCune
6 Minnie B Hickman b: 9 Feb 1893 in Jackson Co VA
+Unknown Hunter
*2nd Husband of Minnie B Hickman:
+Boyd E Lee b: 22 Aug 1892 in Jackson Co VA m: 7 Feb 1913 in Jackson Co WV d: 12 Nov 1918 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Grassick Baptist Church Cemetery, Pleasant Valley Father: Robert G Lee Mother: Sarah C Simmons
7 Everett Ray Lee b: 15 Nov 1913
+Loral Johnson b: 25 Oct 1913
8 Patricia Lynn Lee b: 3 Aug 1947
7 Orville Lee b: 24 Apr 1915 d: 7 Jun 1965
+Kattie Hunt b: 11 Aug 1914
8 Robert Roy Lee b: 11 Oct d: 15 Sep 1970
8 William Joseph Lee b: 29 Dec 1949
7 Herold Lee b: 26 Jun 1918 d: 26 Aug 1961
+Mabel Lambert
8 Herold Guy Lee b: 6 May d: 9 Sep 1985
8 Terry Roy Lee b: 23 Sep d: 1981
8 Robert Boyd Lee b: 7 Nov 1954
6 Bessie L Hickman b: 18 Feb 1895 in Jackson Co VA d: 4 Feb 1990
+Ferd French b: in Jackson Co VA m: 23 Jan 1916 in Jackson Co WV
7 Arlie French b: 6 Apr 1922 d: 6 Oct 1959
7 Arthur French b: 27 May 1950 d: 5 Dec 1980
+Bertha Litton
6 Charles Edgar Hickman b: 3 May 1898 in Jackson Co VA d: 29 Aug 1977
+Alma D Barnett b: 1901 in Jackson Co VA m: 14 Dec 1920 in Jackson Co WV d: 1930 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given Father: Job William Barnett Mother: Ida Isabell Skidmore
6 Herbert Cleo Hickman b: 25 Jun 1903 in Jackson Co VA d: 29 Nov 1963
+Esta Balch b: Abt. 1904 in Jackson Co VA m: 25 Sep 1924 in Jackson Co WV
6 Gladys Hickman b: 13 Nov 1904 in Jackson Co VA d: Aug 1979 in The Plains, Athens Co OH
+Okey Hanning b: Abt. 1896 in Jackson Co VA m: 11 Dec 1917 in Jackson Co WV Father: Samuel Hanning Mother: Frances Howell
6 D Roy Hickman b: 15 Jul 1906 d: 4 Apr 1946
+Velma Coffman
6 Leola Dale Hickman b: 16 May 1909 in Jackson Co VA d: 28 Aug 1974 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV
+Agee A Bush b: 17 Jan 1905 in Jackson Co VA m: 2 May 1928 in Jackson Co WV d: Dec 1969 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV
6 William Howard Hickman b: 23 Sep 1911 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 30 Jul 1949 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+Mildred Alberta Boswell b: 10 Jul 1922 in Given, Jackson Co WV
7 Gerald Wayne Hickman b: 25 May 1947 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Susan Maxwell
*2nd Wife of Gerald Wayne Hickman:
+Cheryl Mae Morris m: 20 Jan 1967
8 Shelley Mae Hickman b: 27 Nov 1967
+John Wayne Coker
9 Lindsay Mae Coker b: 20 Feb 1989
9 John Wayne Coker, Jr b: 10 Jun 1990
*3rd Wife of Gerald Wayne Hickman:
+Laurie Jeanne Griffin b: 3 May 1959 in Jackson MI m: 27 Oct 1979
8 Griffin Bryce Hickman b: 16 Jun 1984 in Jackson MI
8 Caitlin Noelle Hickman b: 10 Jan 1988 in Ann Arbor MI
8 Kelsey Rebecca Hickman b: 25 Mar 1990 in Ann Arbor MI
6 Clair Hickman b: 21 Jan 1914 d: 20 Jan 1978 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
+Beulah Skeens
5 Lila/Ella M Parsons b: 1 Apr 1872
+Lewis V Wolfe Father: N S Wolfe Mother: Victoria Smith
5 Gratton Parsons b: 9 Feb 1873 d: 14 Jun 1941 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+Clara Mae Barnett b: 1884 d: 1955 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Webster"Web" Parsons b: 1911
+Mildred Casto
7 Lowell Parsons
7 Bernard Parsons
6 Lucy Alice Parsons b: 1915 d: 1956 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Clyde Vernon Boswell b: 26 Nov 1913 d: 22 Dec 1987 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
5 Okey Parsons b: 25 Dec 1875 in Jackson Co WV d: 26 Jun 1945 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Emma M Moore b: 18 Mar 1880 in Jackson Co WV m: 8 Oct 1897 in Jackson Co WV d: 13 Jul 1919 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Delford Parsons b: 6 Sep 1898 d: 11 Aug 1901 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Londus A Parsons b: 2 Feb 1900 d: 17 Oct 1982 in Nitro, Kanawha Co WV
+Ivy G Lathey b: 4 Sep 1904 m: 17 Nov 1923
7 Evelyn Parsons b: 6 Sep 1924
+Lee Warner b: 12 Sep 1922 m: 29 Oct 1942
8 Charles Lee Warner b: 20 Jul 1943
+Jennifer Deanne Naylor b: 8 Aug 1947 m: 11 Nov 1966
9 Samuel Bartlett Warner b: 23 Jun 1975
9 Curtis Lee Warner b: 15 Aug 1977
8 James Arnold Warner b: 25 Oct 1952
+Mary E Powell m: 1 Aug 1972
9 Kimberly Michelle Warner b: 16 Dec 1973
9 Jamie Ann Warner b: 9 Oct 1976
9 Matthew Chad Warner b: 17 Nov 1985
8 Jan Lynn Warner b: 8 Mar 1969
7 Harold Lee Parsons b: 27 Aug 1925 d: Mar 1978 in Scott Depot, Putnam Co WV
+Hadine Flannigan b: 23 Jul 1927
8 Norma Lee Parsons b: 22 Sep 1948
+Jerry Lowell Pauley b: 29 Jul 1947 m: 6 Sep 1968
9 Eric Wayne Pauley b: 29 Apr 1970
9 Stacey Jo Pauley b: 6 Jan 1972
+Timothy Trimble m: 22 Dec 1990
10 Timothy Lowell Trimble b: 29 Jul 1991
9 Rhonda Pauley b: 23 Sep 1973
8 Marlene Ruth Parsons b: 23 Jan 1950
+Roger Kaiser
9 Melissa Kaiser b: 3 Jun 1969
9 Amy Kaiser b: 11 Sep 1971
8 Harold Lee Parsons, Jr b: 24 Oct 1952
+Kathy Sumpter
9 Harold Lee Parsons III b: 13 Dec 1973
9 Trent Parsons b: 28 Dec 1978
7 Thelma Mae Parsons b: 28 Oct 1932
+Donald Vance Smith b: 29 Jul 1932 m: 22 Apr 1955
8 Deborah Sue Smith b: 31 Jul 1956
+Terrence Lee Craddock b: 14 Oct 1956 m: 17 Mar 1978 in TN

9 Nicole Dawn Craddock b: 24 Oct 1980
9 Jillian Leigh Craddock b: 12 Nov 1982
7 Ruth Parsons b: 11 Jul 1937
+Jack Bishop b: 4 Aug 1934 m: 10 Feb 1956
8 T J Bishop b: 31 Jul 1957
+Gayla Boyles
9 Cassie Bishop b: 6 Apr 1982
9 Samantha Bishop b: 16 Nov 1985
8 Gerald Bishop b: 25 Mar 1960
+Laura Marsh-Cobb b: 11 May 1969 in UK m: 15 Feb 1988 in UK
9 Jessica Bishop b: Jun 1989
8 Anthony Bishop b: 21 Jun 1965
+Lisa Hancock b: 25 Jan 1969 m: 16 Jun 1990
6 [102] Freda Alice Parsons b: 15 Dec 1902 d: 19 Jul 1933 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+[103] Clayton Parsons b: 1 Aug 1895 m: 1 Jun 1921 in Jackson Co WV d: 15 Jan 1967 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery Father: Thomas Tilden Parsons Mother: Arthelia Olivia Moore
7 [104] Arden Parsons b: 15 Feb 1922 d: 3 Feb 1926 in Jackson Co WV
7 [105] Tilden Okey Parsons b: 2 May 1925
+[106] Naomi F Wigginton b: 18 Feb 1927 m: 9 Jun 1945
8 [107] Linda Carrol Parsons b: 26 Dec 1946
+[108] James Ernest Diomand b: 3 Aug 1943 m: 1 Jul 1966
9 [109] Kimberly Kay Diomand b: 28 Jun 1963
+[110] Anthony Elliott
10 [111] Courtney Michelle Elliott b: 2 Jul 1990
*2nd Husband of [109] Kimberly Kay Diomand:
+[112] David Turnbow m: 22 Oct 1988
9 [113] Brian Scott Diomand b: 13 Mar 1972
8 [114] Barbara Janice Parsons b: 30 Jun 1948
+[115] Moses Hampton Teel m: 14 Jan 1967
9 [116] John Hampton Teel b: 8 Jun 1969
+[117] Monita Disney m: 12 Jan 1991
10 [118] Chandler Hampton Teel b: 29 Oct 1991
9 [119] Jennifer Nichole Teel b: 8 Dec 1982
7 [120] Lowen A Parsons b: 8 Jul 1928 d: 3 Feb 1929
7 [121] Howard F Parsons b: 20 May 1930
+[122] Mildred Sayre b: 10 Feb 1935 m: 1 Apr 1955
8 [123] Howard F Parsons, Jr b: 12 Apr 1955
+[124] Paulette Rollins b: 28 Jul 1958 m: 2 May 1982
8 [125] Donna Jean Parsons b: 25 Jul 1959
+[126] Dennis Ray Cottrill b: 23 Jan 1958 m: 3 Sep 1982
9 [127] Kristen Nichole Cottrill b: 28 Dec 1989
7 [128] Billie Jeanette Parsons b: 2 May 1931
+[129] Basil Hiotakis b: 29 Dec 1929 m: 10 Apr 1954
8 [130] Helene Hiotakis b: 2 Oct 1958
+[131] James Ellis Simicsak b: 5 Nov 1955 m: 16 Oct 1988
9 [132] Ashley Simicsak b: 4 Jan 1992
8 [133] Thomas Basil Hiotakis b: 7 May 1962
+[134] Karris Butensky b: 6 May 1971
9 [135] Alexis Leigh Hiotakis b: 25 Aug 1991
*2nd Wife of [133] Thomas Basil Hiotakis:
+[136] Lynee Hoffman b: 20 Jan 1962 m: 30 Jun 1985
6 Jessie Parsons b: 10 Jan 1904 d: 25 Jan 1905 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Georgia Parsons b: 10 Jan 1904 d: 15 Jun 1988 in Akron, Summit Co OH
+Bryre Hanning
7 Earl Hanning b: 13 Jun 1925 d: Jan 1969 in Akron, Summit Co OH
*2nd Husband of Georgia Parsons:
+Ralph Heilman m: 1946 d: 1967
6 Alva D Parsons b: 23 Feb 1906 d: 28 Jul 1971 in Melbourne Beach, Brevard Co FL
+Opal Canterbury b: 1916 in McGlothin KY m: 27 Mar 1937 in Jackson Co WV d: in Buried in Jackson Memory Gardens, Jackson Co WV
6 Grace Parsons b: 15 Apr 1907 d: 7 Mar 1984 in FL
+John H Lowers
6 Edith Parsons b: 22 Mar 1909 d: 19 May 1971 in Jacksonville, Duval Co FL, buried in Arlington Memorial Park
+Marvin Miller
6 Erma Parsons b: 22 Mar 1909 in Jackson Co WV d: 24 Dec 1997 in Ripley, Jackson Co WV
+Arven Jividen b: 11 Jun 1908 in Putnam Co WV m: 24 May 1928 in Jackson Co WV d: 4 Oct 1981 in Nitro, Kanawha Co WV
7 Margaret Norene Jividen b: 18 Apr 1930 d: 24 Apr 1971
+Charles Jividen m: 5 May 1947 d: 24 Apr 1971
8 Dade Kay Jividen b: 4 Oct 1948
+Arleen Josephine Long m: 10 Sep 1976
9 Jeffrey Charles Jividen b: 15 Jan 1978
8 Barbara Lynn Jividen b: 28 Jan 1950
+William Alan Stover m: 6 Feb 1971
9 Samantha Ann Stover b: 3 Dec 1972
9 Selena Stover b: 9 Sep 1973 d: 9 Sep 1973
8 Pamela Susan Jividen b: 15 Aug 1957
7 Catherine Lee Jividen b: 29 Jan 1932 d: 5 Dec 1933
7 Betty Jane Jividen b: 17 Nov 1933
+Raymond Wesley Sayre m: 15 Dec 1951
8 Ramona Gail Sayre b: 11 Jul 1952
+Richard Perry Cooke m: 30 Mar 1972
9 Alice Elizabeth Cooke b: 17 Apr 1976
9 Amy Gail Cooke b: 7 Apr 1979
9 Kathryn Dale Cooke b: 2 Aug 1986
8 Janice Renee Sayre b: 25 Feb 1956
+Jeffrey Howard Hall m: 12 Jan 1979
9 Lindsey Brook Hall b: 16 Aug 1980
9 Britt Daniele Hall b: 8 Nov 1983
7 Wanda Joan Jividen b: 19 Sep 1936
+Thomas Franklin King m: 31 Mar 1956
8 Robin Leigh King b: 9 Oct 1956
+Terry Glenn Draper m: 13 Mar 1976
9 Krista Lynn Draper b: 5 Dec 1980
*2nd Husband of Robin Leigh King
+Gary Jenkins m: 3 Aug 1983
8 Terry Leigh King b: 7 Aug 1958
9 Jonathan Thomas Rose King b: 20 Apr 1983
8 Tammy Sue King b: 3 Dec 1959
+Bobby Gene Mitchell m: 11 Apr 1982
9 Sarah Elizabeth Mitchell b: 23 Aug 1982
9 Joshua Michael Mitchell b: 16 Sep 1983
8 Traci Lane King b: 2 Dec 1963
+Scott Gledhill m: 28 Jun 1986
8 Regina Lynnanne King b: 23 Sep 1967
7 Janet Sue Jividen b: 25 Apr 1938
+Harold Douglas Long m: 7 May 1960 d: 18 Jan 1976
8 Douglas Arlie Long b: 23 Oct 1961

*2nd Wife of Okey Parsons:
+Unknown

+Laurel Ann Schnitzer m: 6 May 1989
9 Dustin Douglas Long b: 6 Jan 1992
§ David Arthur Long b: 14 Mar 1973
+Gretchen Bailey
§ Lori Beth Long b: 8 May 1973
7 Arlin Jarrel Jividen b: 1 Dec 1939
+Phyllis Katherine Morton m: 29 Aug 1964
§ Debra Ann Jividen b: 17 Nov 1965
§ William Arlin Jividen b: 3 Feb 1967
+Melanie Susan Manuel m: 21 Apr 1990
§ Carrie Dale Jividen b: 29 Jun 1968
§ Kristin Barbara Jividen b: 14 Dec 1970
7 Lincoln Arthur Jividen b: 12 Feb 1942
+Joann Marie Frazee m: 22 Dec 1962
§ Edward Lee Jividen b: 17 Oct 1964
§ Deanna Marie Jividen b: 16 Aug 1966
§ Jennifer Leigh Jividen b: 29 Jun 1971
7 Merlin Jividen b: 1 Jan 1944 d: 14 Jan 1944
7 Sharon Kay Jividen b: 2 Mar 1947
+Unknown Neal
§ Heather Tarot Neal b: 13 Aug 1973
6 Chester O Parsons b: 17 Nov 1910
+Lucille Ellis b: 19 Feb 1918 m: 31 Mar 1937
7 Charles E Parsons b: 20 Apr 1938
+Gaynell Robertson b: 17 Feb 1937 m: 30 Jun 1956 d: 2 Aug 1983
§ Charles Ivan Parsons b: 5 May 1957
+Essie Miller b: 23 Oct 1963 m: 15 Oct 1979
9 Miranda Dawn Parsons b: 7 May 1982
9 Mitchell Charles Parsons b: 25 Sep 1983
§ Kimbra Joreen Parsons b: 12 Jun 1959
+Earl J Clinton b: 17 Feb 1958 m: 29 Sep 1978
9 Bethany Clinton b: 19 Nov 1990
§ Chester Robinson Parsons b: 10 Jul 1964
§ Tamara Leslie Parsons b: 21 Dec 1968
§ Tonya Lee Parsons b: 21 Dec 1968
+William L Barker b: 4 Jun 1965 m: 9 Sep 1988
9 Ross McKinse Barker b: 10 May 1989
7 Martha Jo Parsons b: 12 Dec 1938
+James E Birthisel b: 17 Mar 1936 m: 2 Aug 1957
§ Cheryl Lynn Birthisel b: 9 Feb 1959
+Randel Painter b: 9 Feb 1959 m: 23 Jun 1978
9 Matthew Keith Painter b: 3 May 1980
9 Daniel Wayne Painter b: 17 Jun 1982
9 Jeremy Bryon Painter b: 22 Feb 1985
§ James E Birthisel, Jr b: 20 Oct 1961
+Angela King b: 17 Oct 1963 m: 26 Nov 1982
9 Andrew Joel Birthisel b: 26 Mar 1987
9 Chase Birthisel b: 5 May 1989
§ Timothy Allen Birthisel b: 24 Jan 1963
+Michelle Rose b: 14 Sep 1963 m: 11 Dec 1980
9 Timothy Allen Birthisel, Jr b: 30 Jun 1981
9 Rachel Leann Birthisel b: 20 May 1985
7 Glenn Allen Parsons b: 4 May 1945
+Deloris Griffity b: 14 Apr 1948 m: 25 Feb 1967
§ Michael Glenn Parsons b: 23 May 1968
§ Donna Jean Parsons b: 10 Jun 1971
+Ronnie Anderson m: 21 Jul 1990
7 Marilyn Joyce Parsons b: 24 Aug 1948
+Dempsey C Skeens b: 20 Mar 1945 m: 14 Oct 1964
§ Tina Gail Skeens b: 6 Feb 1967
§ Scott Dempsey Skeens b: 15 May 1968
§ Kelli Jo Skeens b: 19 Sep 1978
§ Kris Everett Skeens b: 10 Mar 1985
6 Hazel Parsons b: 4 Jul 1912
+A T Carney m: 28 Oct 1931
6 Unnamed Parsons b: 1914
6 Unnamed Parsons b: 1914
6 Charles Joseph Parsons b: 1 May 1915 d: Oct 1955 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Docia Roberta Casto b: 23 Mar 1929 d: 4 Sep 1974 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
7 Debra Parsons b: 15 May 1953
+Gary Abernathy
7 Charlene Parsons b: 5 May 1955
6 Olive Parsons b: 13 Dec 1918 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Leroy Cunningham b: 2 Sep 1918 in Gay m: in Jackson Co WV d: 11 Jan 1982 in Murray, Calloway Co KY Father: Jennings Cunningham Mother: Sadie Unknown
7 Barbara Cunningham b: 23 Aug 1940
+Dick Allen b: 15 Oct 1936 m: 1959
§ Deanna Lynn Allen b: 21 Dec 1962
§ Richard Douglas Allen b: 10 Oct 1965
§ Angela Dawn Allen b: 21 Jul 1969
*2nd Husband of Barbara Cunningham:
+Roger Hersberger m: 1969
§ Beth Ann Hersberger b: 24 Feb 1970
§ Laura Jennifer Hersberger b: 22 Feb 1972
*3rd Husband of Barbara Cunningham:
+Charles Brown m: Sep 1981
7 Leroy Douglas Cunningham b: 14 Aug 1942
+Billie Jo Lucas b: 22 Dec 1942 m: Apr 1967
§ Michelle Cunningham b: 11 Apr 1964
§ Douglas Allen Cunningham b: 30 Dec 1968
§ Donald Scott Cunningham b: 17 Dec 1969
§ David Benjamin Cunningham b: 19 Aug 1972
*2nd Husband of Olive Parsons:
+Unknown Ely
6 George Winfred Parsons b: 13 Dec 1918
+Belle Skeens b: 12 Apr 1924 m: 29 Feb 1940
7 Gary W Parsons b: 26 Feb 1941
+Anna Faye Ramsey b: 24 Aug 1946 m: 23 Jul 1965
§ Brandi Lynn Winifreda Parsons b: 15 Mar 1972
7 Larry E Parsons b: 18 Sep 1942
+Rita Gail Dillon b: 10 Feb 1947 m: 4 Jun 1965
§ Larry E Parsons, Jr b: 18 Oct 1977
7 Olivia W Parsons b: 20 Nov 1946
+Michael W Clark b: 1 Mar 1945 m: 24 Jul 1965
§ Michael W Clark, Jr b: 8 Mar 1966
§ Carolyn Yvette Clark b: 27 Jan 1968
+Larry Wayne Welling b: 12 Jun 1965 m: 3 Jun 1989

*2nd Wife of Okey Parsons
+Unknown Casto Father: Nicholas Casto
5 Nancy Anna Parsons b: 1877 in Jackson Co WV d: 1935 in Given, Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery
+George McClelland Landfried b: 1869 in Jackson Co WV m: 7 Sep 1896 in Jackson Co WV d: 1918 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Oscar H "Jack/Cal" Landfried b: 24 Oct 1897 d: 21 Dec 1972 in Akron, Summit Co OH, buried in Oakwood Cemetery
+Mabel Grady b: 17 Mar 1898 d: Aug 1976 in East Liverpool, Columbiana Co OH
7 Catherine Landfried
+Clyde Ball
8 Deborah Ball
+Unknown Riggs
8 James Ball
8 Randy Ball
8 Clyde Ball
*2nd Husband of Catherine Landfried:
+David Barclay
6 Jessie Landfried b: 26 Sep 1899 d: 26 Nov 1901 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
6 Tessie Landfried b: 16 Dec 1901 d: 22 Apr 1995 in Ripley, Jackson Co WV
+Robert Knotts b: Jun 1898 d: 10 Jan 1960
6 Hazel Landfried b: 21 Nov 1903 d: 13 Sep 1941 in Columbus OH
+Guy Lewis b: Abt. 1905 d: 6 Dec 1941 in Columbus OH
*2nd Husband of Hazel Landfried:
+Guy Holcomb
7 Infant Holcomb b: Aug 1925
6 [139] Henry Clay Landfried b: 4 Jan 1906 d: 23 Oct 1977
+[138] Marie Buckalew b: 23 Jun 1911 m: 13 Aug 1930 in Jackson Co WV d: 28 Mar 1998 in Point Pleasant, Mason Co WV Father: James Madison "Matt" Buckalew, Jr
Mother: Felicia Dorotha Waugh
7 [140] Henry "Hank" Landfried b: 23 Jul 1931 d: 5 Aug 1981 in Lancaster, Fairfield Co OH
+[141] Kathryn Shaw
8 [142] Marleen Landfried
8 [143] Bryon Landfried
8 [144] Michael Landfried
6 Daniel Philip Landfried b: 11 Nov 1907 in Jackson Co WV d: 17 Jul 1963 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Marie Matlock b: Abt. 1911 in Jackson Co WV m: 18 Mar 1928 in Jackson Co WV
7 Daniel Landfried
+Jean Hopkins
8 Daniel Landfried
8 Lou Ann Landfried
8 Nancy Landfried
8 James Landfried
8 Elizabeth Landfried
6 Betty Lou Landfried
+David Winter
7 Kenneth Winter
7 Jeffery Winter
6 George McClelland Landfried, Jr b: 9 Oct 1909 d: 4 Jul 1989 in Ripley, Jackson Co WV
+Garnet Harmon b: 12 Sep 1920 m: 22 Sep 1935 in Jackson Co WV
7 Richard Landfried b: 20 Jul 1936
+Linda Perry b: 28 Sep 1936
8 Elizabeth Landfried b: 14 Aug 1961
8 Joseph Adam Landfried b: 5 Jun 1967
8 Adam Landfried
7 Phillip Landfriend b: 14 Feb 1942
+Anna Beavers b: 13 Feb 1947
8 Phillip Landfriend, Jr b: 22 May 1965
8 Carol Landfried b: 29 May 1967
6 Russell Ersil Landfried b: 29 Aug 1911 d: 20 May 1987
+Ersil Marie Bailey b: 17 Feb 1911 m: 28 May 1938 d: 31 Dec 1987 in Kenna, Jackson Co WV
7 Charles Robert Landfried b: 3 Dec 1941
+Cody Maxine Faber b: 27 Oct 1941
8 Charles Robert Landfried, Jr b: 2 Jul 1965
8 Matthew Peter Landfried b: 8 Sep 1967
+Patricia Lyn Bodkin b: 10 Jan 1969 m: 18 Jul 1989
8 Christopher David Landfried b: 7 Oct 1970
6 Guy Burton Landfried b: 9 Aug 1913 d: 3 May 1993 in Given, Jackson Co WV
+Sada Faith Koontz b: 13 Mar 1917 m: 1 Jun 1937 in Jackson Co WV
7 Jo Ann Landfried b: 28 Jun 1938
+Paul R Raines b: 4 Feb 1939 m: 14 Apr 1960
8 Paul Nolan Raines b: 31 Aug 1963
8 Andrew Bryan Raines b: 12 Sep 1966
+Karen Garcia b: 9 Jul 1964
7 Mary Sue Landfried b: 22 Jan 1940
+Robert Allen Casto b: 3 May m: 10 Jun 1964
8 Thomas Allen Casto b: 23 Mar 1975
7 Guy Edward Landfried b: 28 Dec 1941
6 Clyde Lee Landfried b: 12 Oct 1916 d: 22 Jun 1958 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Grasslick Baptist Church, Pleasant Valley Road
+Maxine Nelson
7 James Nelson Landfried
7 Carolyn Sue Landfried
7 Brenda Kay Landfried
7 Linda Rae Landfried
5 Florence Parsons b: Oct 1879 in Jackson Co WV
+Edward Parsons b: 1873 in Jackson Co WV m: 13 Sep 1896 in Jackson Co WV
4 Levi Moore b: 22 Jan 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 25 Oct 1930 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
+Margaret Wolfe b: 3 Oct 1845 m: 17 Nov 1864 in Jackson Co WV d: 21 Dec 1922 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle Father: Abraham Wolf Mother: Emily Boswell
5 Charles S Moore b: Abt. 1866 in Jackson Co WV
+Hannah Belle Fisher b: Abt. 1868 in Jackson Co VA m: 15 Sep 1887 in Jackson Co WV
6 Infant d: in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
5 Dora Jane Moore b: 6 Feb 1868 in Jackson Co WV d: 27 Oct 1892 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
+Albert S Corbin b: 9 Aug 1861 in Kenna, Jackson Co VA m: 16 Aug 1891 in Jackson Co WV d: 30 May 1941 in Tennessee City TN
5 Lenia B " Ollie" Moore b: Abt. 1870 in Jackson Co VA d: 1956
+Oscar Barnett b: Abt. 1869 in Mason Co WV m: 12 Oct 1890 in Jackson Co WV d: 1945
5 Ella D Moore b: Abt. 1873 in Jackson Co VA
+John B Huckles b: 1869 in Tazewell Co VA m: 8 Feb 1891 in Jackson Co WV d: 1932 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
5 Horace M Moore b: 2 Feb 1873 d: 3 Mar 1883 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
5 Mary Virginia Moore b: 3 Dec 1877
5 John Thurman Moore b: 6 Apr 1880 d: Jun 1967 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
5 Betty J Moore b: 5 Dec 1883 in WV d: 18 Oct 1944 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
+Rena Pearl Parrish b: in Frozen Camp, Jackson Co WV d: 19 Jul 1947 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Akron OH
5 Della Boyd Moore b: Apr 1886
5 Pearly M Moore b: 4 Dec 1886 d: 2 Sep 1887 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Levi Moore Cemetery, Rockcastle
4 John Moore b: Abt. 1846 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Margaret J Wise b: Abt. 1849 in Wetzel Co VA m: 1 Jun 1868 in Jackson Co WV Father: Isaac Wise Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
5 Elizabeth L Moore b: Abt. 1872 in Jackson Co WV
+Charlie/Calhoun b: 12 Jan 1890 m: 12 Jan 1890 in Jackson Co WV
5 Margaret M Moore b: Abt. 1874 in OH

5 John E Moore b: Abt. 1876 in Jackson Co WV
5 George A Moore b: Abt. 1878 in Jackson Co WV
5 Israel J Moore b: 1880 in Jackson Co WV

3 John Waugh b: 19 Jun 1805 d: 28 Mar 1888 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+Martha "Patsy" Moore b: 22 Feb 1811 m: 17 Nov 1831 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 Mar 1888 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft Father: Levi Moore, Jr Mother: Nancy Sharp
4 Evaline Waugh b: 8 Oct 1832 in Edray, Pocahontas Co VA
+Washington McNeill b: Abt. 1825 in Buckeye, Pocahontas Co VA m: 23 Jan 1851 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 19 Feb 1864 in Richmond VA Father: John McNeill Mother: Rebecca McNeill
5 Rachel A McNeill b: Abt. 1851
5 Clarissa A McNeill b: Abt. 1852
+William A Duncan b: Abt. 1848 m: 12 Dec 1872 in Pocahontas Co VA
5 Joseph Buckley McNeill b: 20 Apr 1854 in Buckeye/Swago Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 23 Aug 1932 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Martha Elizabeth V C Sharp b: Feb 1854 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 9 Mar 1874 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 11 May 1917 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
*2nd Wife of Joseph Buckley McNeill:
+Ora May East b: Abt. 1891 in Greenbrier Co WV m: 7 Sep 1921 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Rebecca M McNeill b: Abt. 1856
5 Martha E McNeill b: 16 Jan 1858 in Bucks Run, Pocahontas Co Va
5 Male McNeill b: 11 Jul 1859 in Head of Swago Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
5 John W McNeill b: 12 Jun 1860 in Swago Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
6 Ocie McNeil b: in Pocahontas Co WV
+Jacob Hevener b: 29 Dec 1878 in Highland Co WV m: 1900 Father: William Hevener Mother: Virginia Jordan
7 Harold McNeil Hevener
7 Jacob Hevener
5 Nancy W McNeill b: Abt. 1862 in VA
5 Leana W McNeill b: Abt. 1864 in WV
4 Samuel Waugh b: 26 Jul 1834 d: 1862 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
4 Clarissa Waugh b: 17 Jul 1836 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Levi Beverage b: 30 Sep 1837 in Highland Co VA m: 22 Sep 1859 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Jacob Beverage Mother: Susan Unknown
4 Levi Waugh b: 30 Mar 1838 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co WV d: 2 Jul 1913 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+Amanda Frances Poage b: 8 Mar 1850 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co WV m: 24 Dec 1867 in Edray, Pocahontas Co VA d: 26 Jul 1882 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Gay Cemetery, Edray Father: James Rankin Poage, Sr Mother: Elizabeth L Harper
5 Elizabeth Serene "Lizzie" Waugh b: 16 Nov 1870 d: Jun 1948
5 Harlow Waugh b: 23 Oct 1873 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co WV d: 18 Jan 1948 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
+Gertrude Virginia Gwin b: 30 Aug 1886 m: 18 Jan 1905 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 18 Jun 1955 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton Father: David Alexander Gwin Mother: Alice Rowan Robertson
6 Hyldred Lucyle "Hud" Waugh b: 17 Sep 1906 d: May 1996 in Valley Head, Randolph Co WV 26294
+Robert Bruce Crickard b: 21 Dec 1889 m: 27 Dec 1926 in Waugh home, Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 Feb 1977 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery Father: John Randolph Crickard Mother: Alverda Bell
6 Harry Harlow Waugh b: 28 Oct 1908 d: 23 Jul 1910 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried at Edray
6 Alice Rowan Waugh b: 27 Mar 1911 d: Aug 1988 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Meade Lanier Waugh b: 19 Jun 1913 d: 6 Aug 1978 in Fort Wayne IN, buried in Covington Memorial Gardens
+Margaret Mina Seabold m: 27 Dec 1934
7 Caroline Rowan Waugh b: 15 Jan 1936 in Richwood, Nicholas Co WV now in Amelia Island FL
+Ned Granger Glass m: Feb 1956 in South Bend IN d: 28 Mar 1973 in Montgomery AL, buried in Fort Wayne IN
*2nd Husband of Caroline Rowan Waugh:
+Alexander Knox Wyatt m: 21 Sep 1974
7 Robert Harlow Waugh b: 19 Mar 1943 in Fort Wayne IN
+Katherine Sidney Adair b: 15 Aug 1944 m: 8 Dec 1969 Father: Douglass G Adair, Jr Mother: Virginia Hamilton
8 Rowan Douglass Waugh b: 31 May 1971
6 Frances Poage Waugh b: 31 Jan 1918 d: 11 Feb 1936 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Fatima Susan "Tima" Waugh b: 1874 d: 1963
+Elijah Burwell Vaughan b: Abt. 1870 m: 1896 d: 1903
6 James Herbert Vaughan b: 1897 d: 1952
+Cathleen May b: 1 Oct 1902 d: Sep 1981 in Harrisonburg, Rockingham Co VA 22801
7 James Vaughan
7 George Vaughan
7 Jack Vaughan m Harrison b. m Patricia Carter
6 George Beard Vaughan b: 1899
+Grace Hunt
7 Virginia Marie Vaughan
6 Glen Levi Vaughan b: 16 Feb 1901 d: Nov 1977 in Annapolis, Anne Arundel Co MD
+Geneva Paget
6 Edwin Burwell Vaughan b: 1906
*2nd Husband of Fatima Susan "Tima" Waugh:
+[137] Clyde Ernest Denison b: 1884 d: 1947
5 Anna Hamilton "Annie" Waugh b: 18 Jun 1876 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co WV d: 22 Nov 1922 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Gay Cemetery, Edray
+George Preston Baxter m: 1895
6 Floyd Baxter
7 Ernest Baxter
5 Lula Amanda Waugh b: 1878 d: 1956
+Alexander Dennis Williams m: 23 Jan 1902
6 Vera Lee Williams b: 30 Jan 1903 d: Sep 1974 in Flint, Genesee Co MI
+Unknown Smith
6 John Alexander Williams b: 1906
6 Elizabeth Williams b: 1906
5 George Henry Waugh b: 1880 d: 1958
*2nd Wife of Levi Waugh:
+Ella J Ruckman b: 1865 m: Jan 1884 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Jul 1888 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV Father: Otho Wade Ruckman Mother: Martha Ann McClung
5 Martha Virginia "Mattie" Waugh b: 26 Nov 1885 d: 1960
+William P "Bill" Clower b: 4 Sep 1881 d: Oct 1968 in Rainelle, Greenbrier Co WV
6 Nellie Elizabeth Clower
+H L Gray
6 Helen Clower d: Bef. 1981
+Prince Crotty b: 4 Jun 1911 d: Sep 1970 in Rainelle, Greenbrier Co WV
6 Elsie Clower
+Thomas Price
6 William Clower b: 20 May 1915 d: 20 Jan 1994 in Hines, Greenbrier Co WV
+Varie Unknown
6 Charles "Bud" Clower d: Bef. 1981
5 Sallie Carrington Waugh b: 12 Oct 1886 d: 5 May 1911 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+[137] Clyde Ernest Denison b: 1884 d: 1947
6 Anna Bell Denison b: 5 Aug 1908 in WV d: 19 Jun 1996 in Contra Costa Co CA
+Daniel H Fisher m: 16 Feb 1933
7 Elizabeth Fisher
+Clifford Lee Sojourner, Jr
8 Clifford Lee Sojourner III b: 5 Nov 1963 in Alameda Co CA
8 Anna C Sojourner b: 7 Dec 1967 in Alameda Co CA
5 Grover Kirkpatrick Waugh b: 22 Jun 1888 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV d: 5 Oct 1953 in Akron OH
+Hattie Unknown
4 Beverly M Waugh b: 19 Feb 1840 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 27 Feb 1870 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+Eleanora Gaither b: Abt. 1844 in Augusta Co VA m: 28 Jun 1862 in Upshur Co VA Father: Washington Gaither Mother: Margaret Unknown
5 Margaret Ella F Waugh b: Abt. 1864
*2nd Wife of Beverly M Waugh:
+Harriet F Cunningham b: Abt. 1843 in Lewis Co VA m: 27 May 1869 in Upshur Co WV Father: Zedock Cunningham Mother: Christiana Unknown
5 John Waugh b: 11 Dec 1869
5 William "Willie" Waugh b: 24 Apr 1872 d: 9 Apr 1873 in Upshur Co WV

5 Charlie Waugh b: May 1874
5 Orestus Waugh b: Abt. 1877
5 Arizona Waugh b: 22 Feb 1883 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV
4 Miriam Waugh b: 10 Mar 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Richard T Mayse b: Abt. 1845 in Alleghany Co m: 4 Sep 1870 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Thomas Mayse Mother: Elizabeth E Unknown
5 George H W Mayse b: Abt. 1872
5 John O Mayse b: Abt. 1873
5 Charles L Mayse b: Abt. 1874
5 Richard A Mayse b: Abt. 1876
5 Lelah J Mayse b: Abt. 1878
4 Ann Waugh b: 7 Apr 1844 d: 1 Mar 1937 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV
+Lanty Gatewood Potts b: 5 Aug 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 1876 d: 18 Feb 1925 Father: Matthias C Potts Mother: Rachel Warwick McCabe
4 Silas Waugh b: 22 Jul 1846 d: 1862 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
4 Nancy Waugh b: 14 Apr 1848 d: 1862 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
4 George Waugh b: 9 Mar 1851 d: 1862 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
4 John Waugh b: 29 Apr 1853
+Amanda Alice Unknown b: 31 May 1857 d: 8 Feb 1908 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
5 Stella G Waugh b: 23 Nov 1879 d: 13 Oct 1917 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+C H McCoy
6 Clyde A McCoy b: 23 May 1916 d: 10 Feb 1919 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
5 E D Waugh b: 3 Feb 1882 d: 8 Feb 1935 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
5 Grace Waugh b: 23 Nov 1891 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
3 Samuel Waugh, Jr b: 3 Oct 1806 d: 28 Oct 1851
+Mary Canterbury b: Abt. 1819 Father: Elisha Canterbury
4 Defoe Waugh b: Abt. 1837
4 Olinthus Waugh b: Abt. 1841
4 Sereno Waugh b: Abt. 1843
4 Cecil Waugh b: Abt. 1845
4 Nercissa Waugh b: Abt. 1848
3 Robert Waugh b: 23 Dec 1807 d: 15 Dec 1847
3 Margaret Waugh b: 26 Apr 1809
+Samuel G Martin m: 7 Oct 1852 in Pocahontas Co VA
3 William Waugh b: 23 Jul 1810 in VA d: 1894 in MO
+Martha "Patsy" Brown b: 14 Feb 1808 in VA m: 14 Jan 1836 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1871 in Cunningham, Chariton Co MO Father: Josiah Brown Mother: Jane "Jennie" Waddell
4 Jane Waugh b: 4 Jan 1837 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 9 Jul 1857 in Barbour Co VA
+John R Ward b: Abt. 1836 in Lewis Co WV m: 2 Jul 1856 in Upshur Co VA Father: Kinsey Ward Mother: Phebe Unknown
4 Miriam Davis Waugh b: 1839 in Pocahontas Co VA
+James Beverly Foster b: 1833 in Albemarle Co VA m: 13 Sep 1855 in Upshur Co VA Father: William W Foster Mother: Elizabeth
4 Robert Waugh b: Abt. 1840 in VA d: 25 Oct 1882 in Cunningham, Chariton Co MO
+Mary Unknown b: Abt. 1845 in OH
5 Emma J Waugh b: Abt. 1865 in IL
5 Susan Waugh b: Abt. 1867 in IL
5 Charles Waugh b: Abt. 1869 in MO
4 Mary J Waugh b: 1842
4 Enos Waugh b: 1845
+Therese Sarah "Sallie" Facto b: 1854 in St Charles MO m: 17 Mar 1880 in Cunningham, Chariton Co MO d: 28 May 1932 in buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Colorado Springs, El Dorado Co CO Father: Francois Xavier Filteau Mother: Marguerite Tibaut
4 Elmyra Waugh b: Mar 1848 in VA
+Henry Smith b: Mar 1849 in OH m: Abt. 1878 Father: Unknown Smith Mother: Unknown
5 Frank R Smith b: Dec 1883 in MO
4 Otias Waugh b: May 1850 in VA d: 26 Mar 1922 in buried in Lakeside Cemetery, Sumner, Chariton Co MO
5 Jennie Waugh b: Mar 1886
5 Bertha Waugh b: Oct 1892
5 Blanche Waugh b: Oct 1892
4 William Clark Waugh b: 19 Oct 1854 in Edray, Pocahontas Co WV
+Isabelle "Belle" Facto b: 19 Aug 1859 in St Charles MO m: Abt. 1878 d: 3 Feb 1945 in Kansas City MO? Father: Francois Xavier Filteau Mother: Marguerite Tibaut
5 Wilson Waugh b: Jan 1881
5 Myrtle Waugh b: Oct 1882
+Theodore Floyd Batye b: 16 Oct 1908 in Linn Co MO m: 9 Feb 1933 in Linnaeus MO d: 20 Mar 1995 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO, buried in Lakeside Cemetery Father: Lawrence Edgar Batye Mother: Stella Elizabeth McCollum
6 Edith Batye
+Clifford Huffman
6 Pauline Batye
+Wayne Woody
6 Stella Batye
+Clark Milligan
6 Joyce Batye
+Unknown Carr
6 Robert Batye d: Bef. Mar 1995
6 William Batye d: Bef. Mar 1995
5 Jessie Waugh b: 24 Dec 1884 d: Mar 1977 in Fernandina Beach, Nassau Co FL
+Unknown Reed
5 Anna Charles Waugh b: 16 Apr 1888 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 3 May 1975
+Elige Davis Riggins b: 9 Apr 1880 m: 10 Aug 1904 d: Jan 1964 in IA Father: Thomas Jefferson Riggins
6 Rollie Leo Riggins b: 1 Feb 1906 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: Sep 1981 in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE, buried in Fairbury Cemetery
+June K Brickell b: 21 Jun 1908 d: 29 Nov 1990 in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE, buried in Fairbury Cemetery
7 Alan Riggins b: in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE 68352
+Pat Unknown
8 Male Riggins
8 Male Riggins
7 Gayle Riggins b: in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE 68352
6 Dorothia Belle Riggins b: 31 Mar 1908 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 30 Sep 1922 in Fairbury, Jefferson Co NE 68352
6 Anna Marie Riggins b: 19 Feb 1910 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO
+Bob Robbins
7 Anna Sue Robbins
7 Rich Robbins
7 Teri Robbins
6 E Donald Riggins b: 20 Mar 1913 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 3 Jan 1993 in Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie Co IA 51501
+Bonnie Stranahan b: 26 Aug 1913 m: 21 Jan 1933 in Eureka Springs AR d: Feb 1976 in Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie Co IA 51501
7 Jeanne Riggins b: 27 Dec 1933
+Scott H Potter m: 3 Mar 1956
8 Jessica Potter b: 6 Feb 1959
8 Linsey Potter b: 26 Jun 1961
6 Russell Edward "Dude" Riggins b: 20 Jun 1916 in Triplett, Chariton Co MO d: 20 Aug 1994 in Moberly, Randolph Co MO, buried in St. Mary's Cemetery
+Betty Ball m: 23 Jan 1938 in Omaha NE
7 Russell "Dimpie" Riggins, Jr
+Sally Unknown
7 Nancy Riggins
6 Margaret Ione Riggins b: 14 Sep 1923 in Malvern, Mills Co IA
+Jack Burgess b: 24 Mar 1925 d: Jul 1984 in Silver City, Mills Co IA
7 Ron Burgess
+Gloria Unknown
8 Valerie Burgess
8 Megan Burgess
5 Diana "Dinny" Waugh b: Oct 1891
+Unknown Harris

5 Lewis Waugh b: Dec 1893
5 Rosie Waugh b: Sep 1896
5 Unknown Waugh d: Bef. Jun 1900
4 Zane Waugh b: Abt. 1854
3 Alexander Sinclair Waugh b: 30 Nov 1813
+Frances "Fannie" Cochran b: Abt. 1816
4 Robert Waugh b: Abt. 1846
4 James Waugh b: Abt. 1847
+Mary E Schoonover m: 21 Aug 1972 in Clay Co WV
4 Andrew Waugh b: 1847 d: 1936 in Grandview WA
+Theresa A Surratt m: 21 Aug 1873 in Clay Co WV
5 Ivan Orah Waugh b: 1874 d: 1956
+Charles Sherman Mitchell
6 Fern Mitchell b: 1903 in Ness City KS d: 1996
+Jeremiah B George
7 Carolyn Elsie George b: 1930
+Jack Trenough
5 Jose Waugh
4 Marion Waugh b: Abt. 1851
4 Margaret Waugh b: Abt. 1853
+Paul S Schoonover m: 14 Mar 1872 in Clay Co WV
4 Lidia Waugh b: Abt. 1855
3 Andrew Waugh b: 31 Jan 1812 in VA d: 11 Jun 1858 in Ripley, Jackson Co VA
+Julia A Johnson b: Bet. 1815 - 1820 m: 7 Jan 1836 in Jackson Co VA d: 1862
4 Beverly Randolph Waugh b: Abt. 1837 d: 1863
4 Sarah A Waugh b: Abt. 1838 in Jackson Co VA
+James A Greer b: 1834 in Jackson Co VA m: 9 Nov 1858 in Jackson Co VA Father: William Greer Mother: Martha Elizabeth Monroe
5 Charles A Greer b: 1859 in Jackson Co VA
5 Margaret L "Maggie" Greer b: Abt. 1863 in Jackson Co WV
+Lawrence A Botkin m: 15 Sep 1885 in Jackson Co WV
4 John Milton Waugh b: Abt. 1839 in Jackson Co VA d: Bef. 1914
4 Newton Waugh b: Abt. 1841 in Jackson Co VA d: Bef. 1914
4 Diana Waugh b: 4 May 1845 in Ripley, Jackson Co VA d: 8 Mar 1914 in Evans, Jackson Co WV, buried in Staats Cemetery
+George W Staats b: 1 Jan 1842 in Evans, Jackson Co WV m: 6 Nov 1864 in Jackson Co WV d: 14 Apr 1923 in Parkersburg WV, buried in Staats Cemetery, Evans, Jackson Co WV
Father: Elijah Staats Mother: Anna Evans
5 Elmer E Staats b: 1865 d: 1900
5 Charles O Staats
5 Clay H Staats
6 Clarence "Clessie" Staats b: Abt. 1891 in WV d: May 1914 in Akron, Summit Co OH
5 Harlan H Staats b: 20 Oct 1875 d: 29 Sep 1944 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Staats Cemetery, Evans
5 Edgar R Staats
5 Anna F Staats b: Abt. 1869
+Henry C Ferguson b: Abt. 1874 m: 17 Nov 1904 in Jackson Co WV Father: James Ferguson Mother: Eliza Virginia Price
5 Cora F Staats b: Abt. 1873 in Jackson Co WV
+Perry D Fisher b: Abt. 1862 in Jackson Co VA m: 17 Nov 1904 in Jackson Co WV Father: Perry A Fisher Mother: Camilla Ann Smith
5 Georgia Lee Staats b: Abt. 1884 in Jackson Co WV
+John Bachus b: Abt. 1873 m: 22 Aug 1901 in Jackson Co WV Father: Geoerge W Bachus Mother: Mary M Unknown
*2nd Husband of Georgia Lee Staats:
+Warren H Hodges b: Abt. 1879 in Calhoun Co WV m: 27 Sep 1911 in Jackson Co WV
5 Lorena M Staats b: 1890 d: 1948
4 Marietta "Etta" Waugh b: 21 Aug 1849 in Jackson Co VA d: 5 Jun 1914 in Evans, Jackson Co WV, buried in Staats Cemetery
4 Lycurgus Waugh b: Abt. 1852 d: Bef. 1914
3 Arthur Waugh b: 16 Mar 1815 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 26 May 1862 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Pleasant Hill Cemetery, Parchment
+Henrietta Boswell b: 5 Feb 1821 in Jackson Co WV m: 8 Mar 1839 in Jackson Co WV d: 25 May 1863 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Pleasant Hill Cemetery, Parchment Father: Gilbert Boswell
Mother: Elizabeth Mason
4 Elizabeth J "Betty" Waugh b: 27 Oct 1841 in Jackson Co WV d: 11 May 1879 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Pleasant Hill Church Cemetery, Parchment
+Archibald Stone "Arch" Skidmore, Jr b: 1840 m: 19 Jul 1860 in Jackson Co WV d: 1908 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given Father: Archibald Stone Skidmore Mother: Sarah Anderson
5 Ida Isabell Skidmore b: Abt. 1866 d: Bef. Feb 1942
+Unknown
6 Clara Unknown
+Unknown Parsons
*2nd Husband of Ida Isabell Skidmore:
+Job William Barnett b: 17 Sep 1856 in Rockcastle, Jackson Co WV m: 7 Nov 1888 in Jackson Co WV d: 7 Feb 1942 in Given, Jackson Co WV Father: Al Barnett Mother: Mariah Kessel
6 Corda Barnett d: Jul 1914 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Danstown, Jackson Co WV
+Everett Sayre
7 Unknown Sayre
6 Eda Barnett
+C F Brotherton
6 Della Barnett b: 22 May 1896 d: Oct 1972 in Given, Jackson Co WV
6 Archibald "Arch" Barnett
6 Alma D Barnett b: Abt. 1901 d: Bef. Feb 1942
+Edgar Hickman b: Abt. 1897 m: 14 Dec 1920 in Jackson Co WV
6 James Floyd Barnett d: Bef. Feb 1942
6 Lola Barnett
+Unknown Weekley
6 Lucy Ellen Barnett d: Bef. Feb 1942
5 John B "Johnny" Skidmore b: 1868 d: 1944 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Given Cemetery, Given
+Eda Jones b: 6 Apr 1875 d: Aug 1968 in Given, Jackson Co WV
*2nd Wife of John B "Johnny" Skidmore:
+Louisa M Jones m: 3 Jan 1895 in Jackson Co WV d: Bet. 1910 - 1920
6 Henry Warren Skidmore b: 16 Jun 1895
6 Emma Skidmore
+Harry Kelly
6 Virgil Skidmore b: 14 Jan 1901 d: Jul 1975 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
6 Hattie Skidmore b: 29 Sep 1903 d: Sep 1983 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
+Golden Hager b: 21 Feb 1902 d: 28 Feb 1993 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
6 Elbert Skidmore
6 Mamie Skidmore
6 Georgia Skidmore
+Charles Stone
6 Dorcas Skidmore
6 Otis Skidmore
4 Frances Elizabeth Waugh b: 1844 in Jackson Co VA d: 12 Jun 1911
+George Muggins Casto b: Abt. 1840 in Jackson Co VA m: 17 Aug 1862 in Jackson Co WV d: 24 May 1900
5 Ina Casto
5 Diana Casto b: Abt. 1865 in Fishers Point, Jackson Co WV
+William W Burdett b: 1867 in Sissonville, Kanawha Co WV m: 15 Jan 1890 in Jackson Co WV
5 Missouri Jane Casto b: 21 Aug 1866 d: 17 Jul 1929
+John Nelson Monday b: 4 Apr 1863 m: 21 Aug 1888 d: 22 May 1939
6 Carl Camden Monday b: 15 Nov 1887 d: Sep 1978 in Lake Worth, Palm Beach Co FL
+Theresa Bird Kesler b: 24 Mar 1895 d: Aug 1987 in Lake Worth, Palm Beach Co FL
7 Vernon Kesler Monday
+Virgie R Casto
*2nd Wife of Vernon Kesler Monday

+Lucille Davis Sands b: 1 Dec 1916 d: 10 Sep 1966 in Orlando, Orange Co FL
7 Kenneth Edward Monday d: 21 Sep 1944 in France
+Loretta Hawkins
7 James Nelson Monday
+Ruth Dunham
*2nd Wife of James Nelson Monday:
+Norma Jeanne Humphry
7 Phyllis Jane Monday b: 3 Mar 1918 d: Dec 1985 in Dayton, Montgomery Co OH
+Stanley Strough
*2nd Husband of Phyllis Jane Monday:
+Francis Gibbs
*3rd Husband of Phyllis Jane Monday:
+Bobby Joe Coomer
6 Henry Oren Monday
+Vada Martin
7 Nyle Edward Monday
7 Magdalene Monday
7 Earl C Monday b: 28 Nov 1917 d: 31 Jul 1982 in Bakersfield, Kern Co CA
7 Ira Monday b: 24 Nov 1922 d: 9 Aug 1988 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Leroy Monday
7 Leoda Monday
6 Martha Ella Monday
+Ben Thomas
*2nd Husband of Martha Ella Monday:
+Everett Fry Cunningham
7 Ruth Camden Cunningham
7 Helen Leoda Cunningham
7 Edward Lee "Edo" Cunningham
6 Roy Earl Monday
5 Samuel/Lockey Casto b: Abt. 1871
5 William Allen Casto b: Abt. 1873
5 Lloyd L Casto b: Abt. 1878
+Ola Unknown
6 Carl Camden Casto
6 Harold Lloyd Casto
6 Basil Casto d: 30 Jan 1940
4 John William B Waugh b: 27 Dec 1847 in Mason Co VA d: 1904 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Fairview Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
+Martha Maryln Foglesong b: 7 Jul 1851 in Putnam Co VA m: 13 Jan 1870 in Jackson Co WV d: 1916 Father: William H Foglesong Mother: Mary Ellen Casto
5 Mary Etta Waugh b: 24 Jan 1871 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 25 Sep 1938
+Ernest Dekalb Casto b: 19 Aug 1868 in Parchment, Jackson Co WV m: 28 Mar 1889 in Jackson Co VA d: 6 Apr 1941 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Dunbar, Jackson Co WV Father: George Riley Casto Mother: Margaret Ann Hogsett
6 Howard Arthur Casto b: 9 Jan 1890 in Jackson Co WV d: 7 Jul 1949 in Fairplain, Jackson Co WV, buried in Webster Cemetery
+Eva May Lewis b: 20 Jul 1891 m: 12 Apr 1916 in Jackson Co WV d: Sep 1976 in Ripley, Jackson Co WV Father: Charles W Lewis Mother: Ellen Eliza Pringle
7 Arthur O Casto
7 Eugene L Casto
6 Manona Casto b: 12 Apr 1892 d: 20 Sep 1987 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV
+Londus T Bowles m: 31 Aug 1910 in Jackson Co WV
6 Elben Glenmor "Glen" Casto b: 3 Dec 1894 in Jackson Co WV d: Aug 1971 in PA
+Della Burke French b: 14 Apr 1892 in Jackson Co WV m: 15 Aug 1914 in Jackson Co WV d: 6 Sep 1957 in Jackson Co WV
*2nd Wife of Elben Glenmor "Glen" Casto:
+Violet Martin m: 4 Dec 1949 in Jackson Co WV
6 William Luther Casto b: 10 Jan 1897 in Jackson Co WV d: 24 Dec 1955 in Jackson Co WV
+Hattie O'Dell Ensminger b: 29 Aug 1895 in Jackson Co WV m: Jun 1917 in Jackson Co WV
6 Carrie Lona Casto b: 21 Dec 1898 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: Mar 1979 in Point Pleasant, Mason Co WV
+James Arthur Ferrell b: 13 Jul 1893 in Walton, Roane Co WV m: 19 Dec 1925 in Jackson Co WV d: 21 Jan 1974 in Point Pleasant, Mason Co WV Father: Silas Grant Ferrell Mother: Mary Malinda Harper
7 James Allen Ferrell b: 15 Jun 1930 d: 9 Mar 1996 in Martinsburg, Berkeley Co WV
+Vera Louise Waugh Father: Shirley Waugh Mother: Ina VanSickle
8 Samuel Bruce Ferrell
+Susan McDermitt
9 Samuel Arthur Ferrell
*2nd Wife of Samuel Bruce Ferrell:
+Kathy Johnson
9 Rebecca Lynn Ferrell
*3rd Wife of Samuel Bruce Ferrell:
+Helen Marie Dunn
9 Ryan Christoper Ferrell
6 Charles Everett Casto b: 13 Apr 1901 in Jackson Co WV d: 3 Apr 1988 in Canton, Stark Co OH
6 Adah Marilan Casto b: 28 Aug 1903 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: Sep 1995 in Canton, Stark Co OH
+Wilmer O Raines b: 22 Aug 1900 d: Jul 1981 in Canton, Stark Co OH
6 Lucy Ella Casto b: 18 Nov 1905 d: 26 Mar 1991
+E O Sigmon
6 Etta Leona Casto
+Donald Williamson
6 Lura Agatha Casto b: 30 Apr 1908 in Given, Jackson Co WV d: 10 Apr 1999 in Pinch, Kanawha Co WV
+Forrest Given b: 4 Oct 1908 d: Nov 1979 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV
7 Howard Given b: Abt. 1932 d: 22 Dec 1998 in Elkview, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Elk Hills Memorial Park
7 Gladys Given
7 Roy Ray Given
7 Ruby Given
+Unknown Brown
6 Erva Alice Casto
+Dale Norris
6 Ernest Lowhan Casto b: 25 Jun 1916
5 Samuel Waugh b: Abt. 1875 in Putnam Co WV d: 1881
5 Dora Belle Waugh b: Abt. 1877 in Putnam Co WV d: 1901
+Warren Bias b: Abt. 1873 m: 25 Jan 1899 in Mason Co WV
5 Charles S Waugh b: 4 Aug 1880 in Jackson Co WV d: 22 Dec 1914 in Charleston WV, buried in Staats Cemetery, Jackson Co WV
+Lula Mullins m: 6 Jun 1907
5 Camden Franklin Waugh b: 23 Sep 1883 in Jackson Co WV d: 25 Dec 1956
+Julie Belle Sovine m: 8 Oct 1906
5 William Arthur "Willie" Waugh b: 12 Aug 1888 in Jackson Co WV d: 24 Mar 1955 in Spencer, Roane Co WV, buried in Sattis Cemetery, Charleston WV
+Sarah Etna Harris b: 21 Nov 1891 in Kanawha Co WV m: 22 Feb 1912 in Kanawha Co WV d: 30 Aug 1965 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV, buried in Sattis Cemetery Father: Daniel Harris Mother: Lavinia Hull
6 Juanita Maryln Waugh b: 17 Feb 1913 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Unknown
*2nd Husband of Juanita Maryln Waugh:
+Kenna Austin Ingram b: 18 Oct 1912 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 8 Jun 1935 d: Sep 1986 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV Father: Amos Delbert Ingram Mother: Charity Parsons
7 Janet Carol Ingram b: 23 Oct 1936 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Keith Dale Atkinson b: 3 Oct 1936 in Guthrie, Kanawha Co WV m: 11 Mar 1955 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Joyce Carol Atkinson b: 4 May 1960
+Richard Max Keough m: 28 Mar 1981 Father: Charles Keough Mother: Nellie Vesta Ames
7 James Austin Ingram b: 2 May 1938 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Sandra Gae Summerfield b: 1 Jun 1939 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 23 Nov 1957 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV Father: Wilbur Guy Summerfield Mother: Velma Fern Stalnaker

8 Tamala Jane Ingram b: 21 Nov 1960 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Tod Austin Ingram b: 19 Dec 1961
7 Gary Wayne Ingram b: 20 Feb 1952 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 20 Sep 1974 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV Father: John Julian McDaniel Mother: Rosalie Ann Duncan
+Deborah Sue McDaniel b: 14 May 1952 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Amy Susan Ingram b: 27 Jul 1980
8 Chad Austin Ingram b: 27 Jul 1983
6 Thomas Harold Waugh b: 18 Jan 1915
+Virginia Ruth Richardson b: 25 Mar 1920 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 28 Mar 1936 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV d: Jan 1985 in Putnam Co VA Father: Grady Url McCormick Mother: Gladys Irene Richardson
7 Phyllis Jean Waugh b: 9 Mar 1937 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Hoy Denzil Edgell b: 1 Jun 1935 in Parkersburg, Wood Co WV m: 26 May 1956 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Hoy Denzil Edgell, Jr b: 15 Mar 1957
+Darlene Bowyers m: Jun 1975
9 Joshua "Josh" Edgell
8 Debra Lynn Edgell b: 10 Apr 1958
+Harold Kirk m: Dec 1977
9 James Thomas Kirk b: Aug 1979 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
9 Bobby Alan Kirk b: 14 Feb 1983 in Kermit TX
8 Gary Alan Edgell b: 24 Apr 1959 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Cherie Irene Edgell b: 18 Mar 1963
+Donald Boyce
9 Stacy Nichole Boyce b: 23 Apr 1979 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
9 Donna Jean Boyce b: 8 May 1983 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Jeffery Ural Edgell b: 4 Apr 1964 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Edna Marie Waugh b: 18 Dec 1938 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 19 Dec 1958 Father: Owens F Clendenin Mother: Dessie Elizabeth Withrow
+Richard Grant Clendenin b: 7 Aug 1935 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Richard Lee Clendenin b: 9 Aug 1959 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Kim Unknown
9 Courtney Clendenin
8 Timothy Alan Clendenin b: 30 Jun 1960 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Molly Unknown
9 Aleesha Clendenin
8 Daniel Wayne Clendenin b: 28 Aug 1965 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Sandra Ranee Clendenin b: 5 Jul 1968 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Patricia Ann Waugh b: 9 Dec 1940 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Thomas L Vaughn
8 Thomas L Vaughn, Jr b: 29 May 1962 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Theresa Unknown
9 Thomas James Vaughn b: 29 May 1981 in Cape Coral, Fort Myers, Lee Co FL
8 Barry K Vaughn b: 24 Feb 1964 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Mary Unknown
9 Christopher Vaughn
*2nd Husband of Patricia Ann Waugh:
+Louis P Roos m: 17 Jul 1976
7 Thomas Harold Waugh b: 29 May 1942
+Sharon Sue Rhodes b: 5 Dec 1943 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV m: 16 Oct 1961 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV Father: Delmer Clayton Rhodes Mother: Nettie Ingram
8 Rebecca Ann "Becky" Waugh b: 19 Apr 1965
+Mark Steven Richard b: 2 Jan 1964 in Pittsburgh PA m: 30 Dec 1989 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV
9 Joel Mark Richard b: 5 May 1990
9 Hayley Katherine Richard b: 11 Jun 1993
9 Samantha Nicole Richard b: 4 Oct 1995
8 Christina Lea Waugh b: 5 Apr 1969 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Angel David Mercado b: 6 Nov 1969 m: 8 Jun 1991 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV Father: Candido Mercado-Santos Mother: Cynthia Unknown
9 Ciara Renee Mercado b: 11 Jan 1993
9 Tyler Clayton Mercado b: 17 Jun 1994
9 Kyle Thomas Mercado b: 10 Jun 1996
9 Ryan David Mercado b: 6 Oct 1999
7 William Frank Waugh b: 12 Jul 1944 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Rose Lee Lovejoy b: 27 Jul 1944 Father: Ancel Ward Lovejoy Mother: Lela Angela Boggess
8 Katrina Dawn Waugh b: 19 Oct 1963 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Dana Franklin Waugh b: 26 Jan 1967 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Melissa Unknown
8 Kevin Lee Waugh b: 29 Aug 1979 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Lee Hutson Waugh b: 12 Dec 1956 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Ruth Unknown
8 Kyra Waugh
8 Colin Waugh
6 Rhomoletta Elsie Waugh b: 25 Jul 1916 d: 27 Feb 1920
6 William Arthur Waugh, Jr b: 14 Mar 1919 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Lois Hanger Pierce b: 25 Dec 1919 in Washington DC m: 19 Nov 1939 in Ashland KY Father: Isaac C Pierce Mother: Russell May
7 Lois Lee Waugh b: 7 Apr 1940 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV d: 22 Jul 1969
+James Elvin Ryan b: 4 Jan 1941 m: Jun 1961 in Pearisbury VA Father: Curtis Ryan Mother: Ione Williams
8 James Phillip Ryan b: 8 Jan 1965 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 David Arthur Waugh b: 31 May 1944 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Michale Lynn Larrabee b: 11 Mar 1943 m: 21 Aug 1964 Father: Conrad Larrabee Mother: Mildred Canterbury
8 William Arthur Waugh III b: 30 Aug 1966 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 John David Waugh b: 6 Dec 1970 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
6 Beatrice Janet Waugh b: 15 Mar 1921 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+William Van Camp b: 3 Jan 1916 in Blakley WV m: 19 Jan 1939 in KY Father: James Jinkins Van Camp Mother: Cecelia Ann Morris
7 Cecelia Ann Van Camp b: 26 Jul 1940 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+William Edward Stratton, Jr b: 14 Jan 1939 in Rainelle, Greenbrier Co WV m: 21 Aug 1959 Father: William Edward Stratton Mother: Hallie Belle Gwinn
8 Kelly Ann Stratton b: 3 Jul 1961 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Steven Edward Stratton b: 26 Mar 1964 in Beckley, Raleigh Co WV
8 Jeffrey Scott Stratton b: 26 Mar 1964 in Beckley, Raleigh Co WV
8 Kristina Lynn Stratton b: 13 Oct 1970
7 William Earnest Van Camp b: 26 Nov 1942 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Linda L Lemon b: 15 Mar 1947 m: 1 Jul 1966 in Cross Lanes, Kanawha Co WV Father: R L Lemon Mother: Beatrice Viola Withrow
8 Melissa Van Camp b: 25 Apr 1970 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 William E Van Camp b: 31 May 1974 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Kenneth Eugene Van Camp b: 3 Apr 1945 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Donna Lou Lemon b: 22 Oct 1946 in Kanawha Co WV m: 29 Nov 1968 Father: Vernon O'Dell Lemon Mother: Opal Anis Lucas
8 Janel Rae Van Camp b: 1 Nov 1971 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
8 Chastity Nicol Van Camp b: 4 Jun 1974 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Donald Keith Van Camp b: 5 May 1953 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Shirley Jane Wills b: 5 Oct 1956 in St Albans, Kanawha Co WV m: 3 Apr 1976 Father: Edwin Kenna Wills Mother: Alice Jo Covey
8 Sarah Van Camp
6 George Franklin Waugh b: 28 Feb 1923 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Billie Jane Brannon b: 9 Jul 1930 in Glenville WV m: 19 Mar 1949 in Dunbar, Kanawha Co WV Father: Hamilton Carr Brannon Mother: Effie Mae Reed
7 Rodney Franklin Waugh b: 22 Mar 1955
+Judy Schiltz m: 15 Aug 1982 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
7 Penny Lynn Waugh b: 7 Dec 1961 in South Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Allen Unknown
8 Joey Waugh
5 Maude Waugh b: Abt. 1893 d: 4 Jul 1924

+John Jarvis
3 Emma Waugh b: Abt. 1895 d: 1972
+Raleigh Maddox Father: George G Maddox Mother: Mary Casto
4 Mary Emily "Emma" Waugh b: 1850 d: 1919 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Fairview Cemetery, Parchment
+William G "Bill" Hickel b: 1847 in Braxton Co VA m: 2 Aug 1866 in Jackson Co WV Father: George W Hickle Mother: Nancy M Oldham
3 George Arthur Hickel b: 1866
+Nora B Parsons m: 26 Jul 1888 in Jackson Co WV
3 George W Hickel b: 7 May 1867
+Unknown Casto Father: Benjamin Casto
3 Bertha M Hickel b: 1869
+James L Winter m: 5 Jan 1888 in Jackson Co WV
3 Charles Hickel b: 19 Sep 1871
3 Odessa "Dee" Hickel b: 1873
3 Henrietta Hickel b: 19 Sep 1875 in Jackson Co WV
+James J Atkinson b: in Putnam Co WV m: 3 Oct 1901 in Jackson Co WV
3 Cordia E Hickel b: 26 Nov 1884
4 Samuel Gilbert Arthur Waugh b: 8 Apr 1853 in Jackson Co VA d: 28 Oct 1932 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle
+Elizabeth Ann Brotherton b: 1 Jul 1859 in Giles Co VA m: 30 Sep 1875 in Jackson Co WV d: 11 Aug 1948 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle Father: John W Brotherton Mother: Maria S Unknown
3 Alona "Dora" Waugh b: 1876 d: 1882 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle
3 Felicia Dorothi Waugh b: 26 Jan 1878 d: 31 Aug 1963
+James Madison "Matt" Buckalew, Jr b: 1871 in Jackson Co WV m: 7 Dec 1907 in Jackson Co WV d: 16 Sep 1916 Father: James Madison Buckalew, Sr Mother: Louisa Bonnett
4 Della Raul "Daisy" Buckalew
4 Dixie Elizabeth Buckalew b: Abt. 1910
+Lester Duff b: 1 Jan 1905 m: 20 Jun 1936 in Jackson Co WV d: Oct 1975 in Mason, Mason Co WV
4 Ira Edgar Buckalew
4 [138] Marie Buckalew b: 23 Jun 1911 d: 28 Mar 1998 in Point Pleasant, Mason Co WV
+[139] Henry Clay Landfried b: 4 Jan 1906 m: 13 Aug 1930 in Jackson Co WV d: 23 Oct 1977 Father: George McClelland Landfried Mother: Nancy Anna Parsons
5 [140] Henry "Hank" Landfried b: 23 Jul 1931 d: 5 Aug 1981 in Lancaster, Fairfield Co OH
+[141] Kathryn Shaw
6 [142] Marleen Landfried
6 [143] Bryon Landfried
6 [144] Michael Landfried
4 Madison Ray Buckalew b: 5 Mar 1917 d: Aug 1987 in FL
3 Edith "Edie" Waugh b: 1880 d: 1882 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle
3 Amy Waugh b: Abt. 1882
+Jesse M Bass b: Abt. 1888 m: 31 Oct 1909 in Jackson Co WV Father: William H Bass Mother: Mary J Unknown
4 Mary Bass b: Abt. 1910 d: 12 Jan 1914 in Jackson Co WV
4 May Bass
4 Clair Bass
4 Axel Bass
3 [145] William O'Connor Waugh b: 7 Jan 1884 in Jackson Co WV d: 1 Aug 1917 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle, Jackson Co WV
+[146] Hattie A Harrison b: 20 Jul 1889 in Jackson Co WV m: 26 Jun 1911 in Jackson Co WV d: Jun 1981 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH Father: Obediah B Harrison Mother: Clara Parsons
3 Webster Wadsworth Waugh b: 26 Feb 1886 in Kenna, Jackson Co WV d: Aug 1964 in OH
+Ida/Iva/Ina Myrtle Maddox b: Abt. 1890 m: 9 May 1915 in Given, Jackson Co WV Father: Charles Green Maddox Mother: Delilah Belle Hill
3 Clovis Edgar Waugh b: 1888 d: 1905 in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle
3 Minnie Waugh b: Abt. 1890 in Jackson Co WV
+Lloyd Crane b: Abt. 1885 in Jackson Co WV m: 31 Oct 1909 in Jackson Co WV
3 Lillie Mae Waugh b: 1892 in Jackson Co WV d: 1970
+Holly Howard Parsons b: 29 Nov 1883 in Parkersburg, Wood Co WV m: 15 Jun 1913 in Jackson Co WV d: Nov 1968 in Parkersburg, Wood Co WV Father: William Quincey Parsons Mother: Minerva Jane Sayre
3 Clarmont Howard Waugh b: Abt. 1894 in Jackson Co WV
3 Harry Waugh b: Abt. 1895 in Jackson Co WV
+Fannie Evans b: Abt. 1897 m: 11 Oct 1919 in Jackson Co WV Father: James Edward Evans Mother: Sarah Litton
3 Beulah Waugh b: Abt. 1898 in Jackson Co WV
3 Bernice Waugh b: 1901 d: in Jackson Co WV, buried in Brotherton Cemetery, Rockcastle

*2nd Wife of Arthur Waugh
+Martha Harrison b: Abt. 1833
4 Virginia B Waugh b: Abt. 1855
+John J Jividen b: Abt. 1849 in Union District, Mason Co VA m: 28 Oct 1880 in Mason Co WV Father: John J Jividen Mother: Elsie Hill
4 Sarah Ann Waugh b: Abt. 1857
+James T Warner m: 11 Sep 1873 in Mason Co WV
4 Andrew Waugh b: Abt. 1858
4 Harry A Waugh
+Marietta Sanders m: 21 Feb 1895 in Mason Co WV
3 Mary Ann Waugh b: 27 Jan 1817 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 5 Sep 1887 in Cedar Twp, Lucas Co IA
+Reuben Buzzard, Sr b: Abt. 1817 in Stillington Creek, Pocahontas Co WV m: 21 Nov 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 17 Feb 1885 in Lucas Co IA Father: Reuben Buzzard, Sr Mother: Mary Susanna Edmiston
4 Mary Frances Buzzard b: Abt. 1842
+John Jennie Sims b: Abt. 1835 in Pendleton Co VA m: 18 Mar 1863 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Silas Sims Mother: Catherine Seybert
5 Rebecca J Sims b: Abt. 1864
5 Lucinda W Sims b: 8 Oct 1865
5 W C Sims b: 18 May 1868
5 Nebraska Sims b: 2 Apr 1872
5 Ralph H Sims b: 30 Dec 1873
5 William J Sims b: Abt. 1874
4 Samuel T Buzzard b: Oct 1843 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Sarah Ann Morrison b: Jul 1849 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 22 Sep 1870 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Thomas Morrison Mother: Sarah A Unknown
5 Reuben Buzzard b: Aug 1871
+Genevieve E Wells b: Oct 1867 in IA m: 1 Oct 1892 in Lucas, Lucas Co IA Father: Sidney Wells Mother: Sarah Unknown
6 Herman Wells
6 Hugh Wells
6 Ethel E Wells b: Aug 1893
6 Clarence E Wells b: Jul 1895
6 Carl D. Wells b: Aug 1897
6 Paul Herbert Wells b: 10 Feb 1900 in Lucas, Lucas Co IA d: 28 Mar 1963
+Genevieve Rose Smith b: 11 Jul 1902 in Ogden, Weber Co UT m: 11 Oct 1924 in Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie Co IA d: 10 Dec 1978 in Lee's Summit, Jackson Co MO
Father: Charles Henry Smith Mother: Mary Caroline Vaughn
7 Carolyn Rae Wells b: 8 Aug 1925 in Arcadia, Carroll Co IA
+Robert Duane Graff b: 1 Dec 1923 Father: Harold Lesley Graff Mother: Debra Doretta Dyke
8 Rebecca Lynne Graff b: 11 Oct 1956 in Wichita Falls, Wichita Co TX
+Gary Jason McCluskey m: 13 Aug 1977
9 Kristin Marie McCluskey b: 3 Dec 1981
9 Ryan Jason McCluskey b: 3 Dec 1983 in Mountrail Mill
9 Sean Michael McCluskey b: 13 Jun 1985 in Eagle Grove, Wright Co IA
8 Victoria Robert Graff b: 8 May 1961 in Robinsville, Emmet Co IA
8 Julie Ann Graff b: 30 Jul 1964 in Robinsville, Emmet Co IA
Mark Wedding m: Jul 1986
9 Alexander Ryan Wedding b: 2 Feb 1987 in Storm Lake, Buena Vista Co IA
+Jan Professor of Carolyn Rae Wells
7 Jan Freeman b: 26 Aug 1926 in Portland
Walter Lorenzo Wells b: 30 Sep 1900 in Des Moines, Polk Co IA
+Ida Theresa Hodgins b: 22 May 1902 in Rathbourne, Rathbourne Co IMD m: 8 Mar 1928 in Otis, Woodbury Co IA Father: James Thomas "Tommy" Phillips Mother: Theresa Ellen Rohan
8 Michael Lawrence Hodgins b: 30 Dec 1929 in Dublin, Dunsaverie, Rynalyn Islands, Japan

+Kelly Christ m: 7 Jan 1995 in Kansas City, Jackson Co MO
8 Christopher Kevin Hudgins b: 18 Mar 1962 in Altus, Jackson Co OK
+Deana Sue Rupe b: 18 Jan 1972 m: 13 Sep 1993 in Miami OK
7 Richard Paul Wells b: 18 Jan 1938 in Pocatello ID d: 27 Jan 1987 in Alexandria, Arlington Co VA, buried in Arlington
+Janice Dean Johnson b: 20 Oct 1937 in Huntington Park, Los Angeles Co CA Father: Charles William Johnson, Jr Mother: Margaret Ann Ridgeway
8 Kimberlee Dean Wells b: 3 Jan 1966 in Fort Ord, Monterey Co CA
8 Theresa Ann Wells b: 20 Aug 1968 in Fort Ord, Monterey Co CA
*2nd Wife of Richard Paul Wells:
+Rubilynn Drake m: Aft. 1984
7 Mary Margaret Wells b: 17 Oct 1942 in Algona, Kossuth Co IA
+John Frederick Spear b: 13 Jan 1943 in Lewiston ME m: 26 Feb 1965 in Bainbridge NAS, Bainbridge MD
8 Michelle Jennica Spear b: 19 Mar 1967 in Portsmouth VA
8 Suzanne Catherine Spear b: 1 Dec 1970 in Agana, Guam
5 Ira Buzzard b: Abt. 1873
5 Orena I Buzzard b: Abt. 1875
5 Oleta "Ollie" F Buzzard b: 15 May 1876
+Unknown Shull
5 Ovoca Buzzard b: Abt. 1879
+Manuel S Foster b: in Rapatee, Lucas Co IA Father: Manuel Foster Mother: Sarah Shockley
6 Glenn Foster
6 Sarah Cleo Foster
6 Blanche Foster
6 Carl Foster
6 Wilma Foster
5 Chloe L Buzzard b: Jul 1882
5 Nora M Buzzard b: Apr 1885
5 Fannie M Buzzard b: Dec 1887
5 Samuel H Buzzard b: Sep 1892
5 Carl Buzzard
6 Nelson Buzzard
+Eloise Unknown
5 Richard B Buzzard
4 Nancy Anne Buzzard b: 1847
4 Arthelia Anne Buzzard b: 8 Jul 1847 in Dilley's Mill, Pocahontas Co VA d: 18 Jan 1920 in Elkhart KS, buried in Elkhart Cemetery
+David G Roll b: 24 Jan 1844 in Hampson (Hanson?), Harrison Co IN m: 9 Feb 1870 in Albia, Monroe Co IA d: 6 Dec 1906 Father: Warren Larue Roll Mother: Malissa B Askens
5 Samuel Michael Roll b: 7 Dec 1870 in Nodaway, Andrew Co MO d: 21 Jun 1930 in Florence, Marion Co KS, buried in Elkhart Cemetery, Elkhart, Morton Co KS
5 Anna Melissa "Annie" Roll b: 24 Jan 1872 in Albia, Monroe Co IA d: 27 Jan 1944 in Glasco, Cloud Co KS
+Frank Lincoln Steele b: 18 Apr 1871 m: 8 Mar 1892 d: 19 Jul 1961 in Glasco, Cloud Co KS
6 Hazel Pearl Steele b: 25 Jan 1893 in Glasco, Cloud Co KS
+Loyal Everley m: 29 Jul 1914 in Cloud Co KS
6 Estie Viola Steele
6 Estelle Violet Steele
6 Julius Ernest Steele b: 4 Nov 1898 d: Nov 1978 in Hutchinson, Reno Co KS
6 Thelma Urania Steele
6 Doris Prudence Steele
6 Davis Shepherd Steele
6 Benjamin Franklin Steele
5 Lily Roll b: 5 Mar 1874 d: 17 Mar 1881
5 George Taylor Roll b: 11 Mar 1876 d: 26 Jan 1943
+Mina Dell Moore b: 19 Oct 1882 in Meredith Twp, Cloud Co KS m: 15 Jan 1912 in Clay Center, Clay Co KS d: 10 Feb 1942 in Concordia, Cloud Co KS
6 Max Roll b: 25 Sep 1921 d: 25 Sep 1921
5 Mary Edith Roll b: 14 Nov 1878 in Concordia, Cloud Co KS d: 19 Feb 1932 in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Co OK, buried in Elkhart Cemetery, Elkhart Morton Co KS
+Burt Gentry Acheson b: 4 Jun 1877 in Madison Co IA m: 11 Apr 1900 d: 1937 in KS Father: Nathaniel Acheson Mother: Nancy Gentry
6 Lota Elsie Acheson b: 16 Apr 1901 in KS d: 17 Jan 1994 in Alameda Co CA
+Unknown Sloan
6 Walter Raymon Acheson
6 Alma Juanita Acheson b: 15 Sep 1907 in Elkhart, Morton Co KS d: 25 Jan 1972 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
+Norman Dennis Seiler b: 4 Apr 1908 in Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co OH m: in Dodge City, Ford Co KS d: 30 Apr 1967 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
7 Roy Dennis "Denny" Seiler b: 14 Jan 1932 in Hugoton, Stevens Co KS d: 8 Sep 1999 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV, buried in Woodlawn Cemetery
+Dorothy Lee Durham b: 9 Apr in MO
8 Michael Stanley Embler Seiler b: 4 Apr 1952
+Jackie Unknown m: in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Sherry Lynn Seiler b: 2 Jul 1956 in Santa Ana, Orange Co CA
+Brian St Peters m: in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Teresa Lee Seiler b: 23 Jul 1959 in Santa Ana, Orange Co CA
+Allen Heinle
8 Suzanne Denise "Susie" Seiler b: Aug 1963 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
+Tony Marino m: in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
7 Winston Lee Seiler b: 4 Jun 1934 d: 14 Jun 1993 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
7 Carl Frederick Seiler b: 3 Mar 1937 d: May 1996 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
7 Norman Neal Seiler b: 28 Apr 1939
+Juanita Lottie Younce b: in Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co OH
7 Karen Juanita Seiler b: 15 Jan 1941 in Great Bend, Barton Co KS
+Kenneth Dale Scott b: 10 May 1930 in Hugo, Choctaw Co OK m: 4 Mar 1967 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Duane Andrew Scott b: 28 Apr 1969
8 Reesa Ann Scott b: 4 Apr 1971
7 Linda Jean Seiler b: 30 Nov 1950 in Hutchinson, Reno Co KS
+Douglas George Pierson b: 24 Jun 1951 in Albion, Calhoun Co MI m: 11 Nov 1972 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV Father: George Pierson Mother: Dorothy Woodward
8 Sean Travis Pierson b: 29 May 1976 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Andrew Norman Pierson b: 6 May 1980 in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
6 Orpheus Nathaniel Acheson b: 22 Oct 1913 d: 7 Jul 1942 in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Co OK, buried in Memorial Park Cemetery
5 Julia Elima Roll b: 29 Sep 1881 d: 26 Oct 1967 in El Monte, Los Angeles Co CA
+Charles Spooner b: 30 May 1882 in IL m: 20 Jan 1906 d: 25 Feb 1965 in CA
6 Elsie Spooner
6 Jack C Spooner b: 18 Mar 1918 in Riverside Co CA d: 23 Feb 1990 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA
5 Benjamin Franklin "Rolsey" Roll b: 14 Oct 1884 d: 24 Jan 1961
+Agnes Abby Wilkins b: 16 Aug 1895 m: 3 May 1911 d: 18 Apr 1978 in Elkhart, Morton Co KS
6 Harvey Dale Roll
+Geraldine Wares
*2nd Wife of Harvey Dale Roll:
+Betty Roland
6 Lorene Lillian Roll
6 Neal Taylor Roll
6 Winey Arthelia Roll
6 Audrey Faye Roll
6 Myrtle Nadine Roll
6 Erlene Agnes Roll
5 John L Roll b: 6 Jun 1885
5 Maud Malvina "Vivey" Roll b: 13 Feb 1887 in KS d: 1 Jul 1959 in Los Angeles Co CA, buried in Elkhart Cemetery, Elkhart, Morton Co KS
+Joseph McKenna b: 2 Mar 1879 in Rock Co KS m: 9 Feb 1910 in Hill City, Graham Co KS d: 22 Oct 1919
6 Alva Dow "Mac" McKenna b: 30 Dec 1910 d: 11 Apr 1990
6 Wanda McKenna
6 Arthelia McKenna b: 9 May 1917 d: 23 May 1991 in Langley, Island Co WA
+Unknown Howard
7 Sandra Howard

5 Charles Wilbur Roll b: 26 Dec 1889 in Concordia, Cloud Co KS d: 21 May 1951 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Della May Norton b: 1888 m: 21 May 1912 d: 1952
6 Thelma May Turner Roll
6 Lenna Roll b: 15 Oct 1915 d: Aug 1987 in Elkhart, Morton Co KS
6 Leonard D Roll b: 22 Mar 1917 in KS d: 19 Dec 1996 in Los Angeles Co CA
6 Crystal Roll
6 Elvera Roll
6 Eunice Roll
6 Lee Roll
6 Norraine Roll
4 Adolphus Dow Buzzard b: 16 Mar 1854 in Hills, Pocahontas Co VA d: 30 Apr 1931 in North Bend OR
+Louisa Susannah Bingaman b: Apr 1862 in Cole, Monroe Co IA m: Abt. 1880 Father: Christian Bingaman Mother: Amanda Ann Collins
5 Walter Lawrence Buzzard b: 29 Sep 1886 in Ole, Lucas Co IA d: 1970 in North Bend OR
+Alpha Jane Carpenter m: 28 Nov 1912 in Enterprise OR
4 Rachel J Buzzard b: 16 Dec 1855 in Thorny Creek, Pocahontas Co VA
3 Rachel Jane Waugh b: 14 Jun 1818 d: 23 Aug 1837
3 Ann Waugh b: 1819 d: 1847
3 Jacob Waugh b: 4 Feb 1820 d: 27 May 1893 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft
+Sarah Ann Gay b: 10 Aug 1831 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 21 Dec 1848 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 14 Dec 1861 in Barbour Co VA, buried in Fairview Cemetery near Arden Father: Samuel M Gay
Mother: Alice "Alsey" Cackley
4 Embry A J Waugh b: Abt. Mar 1850
+Sarah Jane Miller m: 2 May 1877 in Barbour Co WV
5 Bertha Waugh b: Abt. 1879
5 Waldo B Waugh d: 15 Feb 1953 in Lutz FL, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Blanche Freeman
5 Jacob Waugh
5 Nathan Waugh b: 10 Dec 1883 d: Jul 1966 in Moatsville, Barbour Co WV
+Mottie Unknown b: 18 Sep 1899 d: Sep 1978 in Moatsville, Barbour Co WV
5 Everett Otto Waugh b: 19 Jan 1893 d: Dec 1975 in Grafton, Taylor Co WV
+Pearl Gladys Myers b: 10 Oct 1898 in Moatsville, Barbour Co WV m: 19 Oct 1919 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV d: Nov 1977 in Grafton, Taylor Co WV Father: George W Myers Mother: Idella Permelia Summers
6 Doris Dell Waugh b: 17 Mar 1925 in Grafton, Taylor Co WV
+Swain Leonard Wallard m: 19 Oct 1944 in San Luis Obispo CA
7 Linda Gail Wallard b: 20 Nov 1948 in Philippi, Barbour Co WV
5 Oscar Waugh b: 25 Jul 1894 d: 15 May 1966 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
4 Hannah M Waugh b: Abt. 1852 in VA
+Armistead Combes b: 5 Jun 1846 in Mathias, Hardy Co VA m: 11 May 1872 in Barbour Co WV d: 12 Jul 1921 in buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft, Pocahontas Co WV Father: Charles Combes Mother: Priscilla Claypole
5 Cora Combes b: Abt. 1873
5 Florence Combes b: Abt. 1875
5 Jacob T Combes b: Abt. 1879
4 Samuel D Waugh b: 1 Dec 1854
+Sallie H Gay m: 18 Feb 1883 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Alsey Ann Waugh b: Abt. 1857
4 Isham Waugh
*2nd Wife of Jacob Waugh:
+Margaret A Carrington b: 15 Dec 1839 in Fauqier Co VA m: 18 Feb 1864 in Barbour Co WV d: 4 Oct 1906 in Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Pleasant Cemetery, Indian Draft Father: W G Carrington Mother: Arah A Unknown
4 Robert I Waugh b: Abt. 1866
4 Elizabeth O Waugh b: Abt. 1869
3 Beverly Hugh Waugh b: 16 Apr 1822 d: 1889
+Martha Ann Bradshaw b: Abt. 1825 m: 21 Aug 1845 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: William Bradshaw
4 Alice M "Allie" Waugh b: 1849 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 20 Jul 1887 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV
+Kenny O Wade b: Abt. 1849 in VA m: 3 Mar 1868 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Stewart Wade Mother: Susan Unknown
5 William H Wade b: Abt. 1869
5 Male Infant Wade b: 25 Feb 1871 in Pocahontas CO WV d: 25 Mar 1871 in Pocahontas CO WV
5 Male Infant Wade b: Abt. May 1887 in Pocahontas CO WV d: 18 Aug 1887 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV
4 John Ezra Waugh b: 19 Aug 1852 d: 26 Jun 1924 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mt View Cemetery
+Mary Josephine Hill b: 4 Aug 1855 in Hillsboro m: 15 Dec 1874 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Oct 1932 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mt View Cemetery Father: George Hill Mother: Nancy Jordan
5 Lucy E Waugh b: Abt. 1875
+Unknown Graves
5 Lee H Waugh b: 15 Jan 1877 in Little Levels, Pocahontas Co WV
5 George Beverly Waugh b: 29 Sep 1878 in Little Levels, Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Apr 1968 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Mary Ellen Merritt b: 26 Feb 1884 m: 25 Dec 1901 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 17 Dec 1972 Father: William Addison Merritt Mother: Hester Virginia Hipes
6 Ethel Virginia Waugh
+Alva A Johnson m: 22 Jun 1921
7 Mary Margaret Johnson b: 24 Jan 1922
7 Page Ward Johnson b: 2 Aug 1923
7 Edward O'Neil Johnson b: 25 Jun 1925
7 George Franklin Johnson b: 17 Jun 1927 in WV d: 25 Feb 1993 in Riverside Co CA
7 Elizabeth Ann Johnson b: 15 Aug 1931
7 Alva Author Johnson b: 15 Nov 1934
7 Jean Carrol Johnson b: 2 Dec 1944
6 William Lloyd Waugh d: Bef. Aug 1993
+Fannie P Gibson b: 29 Jan 1906 m: 7 Aug 1928 d: 29 Dec 1994 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
7 Hubert Lee Waugh b: 21 May 1929
7 William Lloyd, Jr b: 16 Aug 1931
6 Grace Pearl Waugh
+Eldridge B McCormack/McCormick m: 3 Jun 1929 d: 17 Dec 1958
6 [147] Noble Glenn Waugh b: 12 Sep 1909 in near Renick, Pocahontas Co WV d: Apr 1982 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+[148] Henrietta Pocahontas "Pokey" Grimes b: 18 Oct 1910 m: 1 Oct 1930 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 25 Oct 1976 Father: Henry Hayes Grimes Mother: Ada Virginia Turner
7 [149] Harlan Faye Waugh b: 24 Jul 1946
+[150] Unknown Given
6 James Russell Waugh b: 26 May 1912 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 24 Apr 1971
+Ernestine Adaline Dill b: 11 Jun 1913 m: 24 Dec 1934 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: Ernest Orville Dill Mother: Rosa Bell Sassabaugh
7 Rose Ellen Waugh b: 19 Mar 1952 in Bartow, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Mary Madaline Waugh d: Bef. Aug 1993
+Eugene Wisner m: 8 Feb 1946
7 Pamela Sue Wisner b: 8 Aug 1949
6 Minnie Elizabeth Waugh b: 7 Jan 1918 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Aug 1993 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Robert Glenn Shrader b: 29 Dec 1911 in WV d: 15 Dec 1962
7 Patricia Ann Shrader b: 5 Sep 1938 d: 8 Sep 1938
7 Sharon Roberta Shrader b: 17 Aug 1949
+Unknown Hudson
5 William M "Willie" Waugh b: Dec 1878
5 Lillie Waugh d: 1923
+Unknown Bush
5 Lewis Waugh
+Unknown Taylor
5 A E Waugh
5 Samuel Lloyd Waugh b: 2 Mar 1887 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV
+Sallie Alice Tallman m: 1911
6 Mildred Waugh
+Ivan Gainer b: 10 Oct 1910 d: 3 Dec 1981 Father: Wheeler Gainer Mother: Nora Arvilla Kelly

5 John Waugh
5 Clyde C Waugh
4 Margaret J Waugh b: 7 Jul 1859
mes Waugh, Jr b: 1 Apr 1782 d: 19 Mar 1831 in Bath Co VA d: 26 Jul 1867 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: John McGuire Mother: Elizabeth Cottle
Rebecca McGuire b: 4 Sep 1785 in PA m: 16 Oct 1804 in Bath Co VA d: 21 Sep 1900 in Williams, Colusa Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA
3 Lorenzo Dow "Ranzy" Waugh b: 18 Aug 1808 in Bath Co VA d: 21 Sep 1900 in Williams, Colusa Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA
+Clarissa Jane Edsall b: 20 Feb 1826 in near Mansfield, Richland Co OH m: 1841 in Cedar Co MO d: 6 Aug 1887 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA Father: John Edsall
4 John J Waugh b: Bet. 1842 - 1843 in Jefferson City, Cole Co MO d: Aft. Aug 1887
5 James Albert Waugh b: 20 Sep 1870 in San Luis Obispo Co CA d: 11 Nov 1870 in San Luis Obispo Co CA
4 William B T Waugh b: 23 Jul 1844 in near Hermon, Montgomery Co MO d: 19 May 1894 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA
+Candace Ann Jenner b: 22 Jul 1848 in Lake Co WI m: 25 Dec 1867 in San Francisco CA (divorced 1889) Father: Elijah Kirkham Jenner Mother: Ann Jane Milby
5 Franklin Carpenter "Frank" Waugh d: Bef. Mar 1946
+Anna "Annie" Stahman b: 15 Apr 1877 m: 10 Apr 1892 in San Francisco CA d: 1 Jan 1948 in San Francisco Co CA Father: Albert Stahmann Mother: Sophie Wrobioff
6 Louise Gladys Waugh b: 16 Dec 1893 in CA d: 6 Apr 1947 in Oakland, Alameda Co CA
+Paul Henry Leroux b: 27 Nov 1886 in CA d: 11 Dec 1972 in Contra Costa Co CA
7 Jack R Leroux b: 13 Oct 1923 in Lao Angeles Co CA d: 17 Sep 1993 in San Francisco Co CA
7 Louise Jeanne Leroux b: 24 Oct 1925 in Sonoma Co CA
5 Nellie C Waugh b: 26 May 1869 in San Luis Obispo, San Luis Obispo Co CA d: 23 Mar 1946 in Penngrove, Sonoma Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma
+Bernard J Sylva m: 30 Aug 1891 in San Francisco CA d: Bef. 1935
6 Bernard Sylva
+Audrey Luckhardt b: 5 Jul 1904 in Canada d: 31 Mar 1990 in San Mateo Co CA Father: Unknown Luckhardt Mother: Unknown Squires
7 Audrey Sylva b: 13 May 1925 in San Francisco Co CA
+Donald McMillan b: 8 Jun 1925
8 Michael Dwaine McMillan b: 5 Apr 1945 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Dennis McMillan b: 5 Apr 1951 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Russell James McMillan b: 21 Apr 1953 in Santa Clara Co CA
6 Hazel Irene Sylva b: 5 Jun 1893 in CA d: 7 Apr 1973 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery
+Wesley Alfred Gillette b: 20 May 1884 in NY d: 14 Oct 1944 in San Francisco Co CA, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery
7 Wesley Glen Gillette b: 21 Jul 1913 in San Francisco Co CA d: 18 Aug 1986 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA, buried at Cypress Hill Memorial Park
+Annette Wolff
8 Darlene Gillette b: 20 Apr 1942 in San Francisco Co CA
+Unknown Klimowski
9 Stacy L Klimowski b: 16 Jun 1962 in Sonoma Co CA
9 Mark S Klimowski b: 28 Jul 1965 in Sonoma Co CA
9 Valerie J Klimowski b: 3 Jul 1969 in Marin Co CA
8 Hazel Rosalie Gillette b: 29 Dec 1944 in San Francisco Co CA
+Unknown Elza
7 Kenneth Sherwood Gillette b: 5 Jul 1918 in San Francisco Co CA d: 8 Aug 1953 in San Francisco Co CA, buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA
+Norma Taylor
8 Kenneth Sherwood Gillette, Jr b: 2 Dec 1942 in San Francisco Co CA
+Marilyn G Garloff b: Abt. 1943 m: 3 Nov 1962 in Sonoma Co CA
9 Stephen K Gillette b: 10 May 1964 in Calaveras Co CA
9 Kenneth G Gillette b: 3 Oct 1965 in San Joaquin Co CA
8 Sue Ellen Gillette b: 13 Jan 1946 in Santa Clara Co CA
+Edgar O Pittsenbarg b: Abt. 1939 m: 6 Apr 1968 in Yolo Co CA
8 Candace Ann Gillette b: 15 Dec 1951 in Napa Co CA
+James E Thompson b: Abt. 1952 m: 16 Jun 1973 in Yolo Co CA
*2nd Husband of Candace Ann Gillette:
+John Nicholas Galiotto b: 2 Jan 1944 in Santa Clara Co CA m: 26 Nov 1983 in Yolo Co CA Mother: Unknown Matera
7 William Edgar "Billie" Gillette b: 16 Nov 1925 in San Francisco Co CA
+Elsie B Buerfeind b: 2 Mar 1930 m: 25 Jun 1950 in Marin Co CA Father: Unknown Buerfeind Mother: Unknown Alpers
8 Robert William Gillette b: 26 Jul 1951 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Jacqueline Gillette b: 20 Dec 1953 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Renee Gillette b: 13 Mar 1957 in San Francisco Co CA
*2nd Husband of Hazel Irene Sylva:
+Bowman Blanchard b: 11 May 1879 in MO m: Bef. Mar 1946 in (divorced before Dec 1951) d: 3 Mar 1963 in San Jose, Santa Clara Co CA Father: George Bowman Blanchard Mother: Emeline Payne
*3rd Husband of Hazel Irene Sylva:
+Juan M Aguirre b: 27 Feb 1895 in CA m: 11 Dec 1951 in Sonoma Co CA d: 13 Jan 1961 in Napa Co CA Father: Martin Aguirre Mother: Adeline Lebeau
5 Edwin Bernard Waugh b: 20 May 1874 in Cloverdale, Sonoma Co CA d: 5 Oct 1956 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, San Mateo?
+Elizabeth Theresa "Lilly" Kiernan b: 13 Dec 1874 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA m: Feb 1895 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA d: 17 Dec 1952 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery Father: Unknown Kiernan Mother: Unknown Hazlett
6 Florence Gertrude Waugh b: 16 Dec 1895 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA d: 9 Jun 1946 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA
+James John Campbell b: 21 Apr 1893 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA m: 28 Nov 1918 d: 10 Mar 1962 in Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co CA, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery Father: Francis Campbell Mother: Margaret McCormick
7 George J Campbell b: 6 Mar 1920 in San Francisco Co CA
7 Evelyn T Campbell b: 3 Oct 1921 in San Francisco Co CA
+Unknown Gray
6 William B Waugh b: 23 Jan 1899 in San Francisco Co CA
+Eva Mary Kayser b: 23 Sep 1901 in CA d: 3 Sep 1952 in San Francisco Co CA
7 Eleanor Vivian Waugh b: 30 Apr 1925 in San Francisco Co CA
+Richard D Wells b: Abt. 1923 m: 22 Oct 1952 in Stanislaus Co CA
8 Teron A Wells b: 20 Jul 1969 in Alameda Co CA
7 William C Waugh b: 8 Dec 1929 in San Francisco Co CA
+Nelly Rocha b: Abt. 1931 m: 28 May 1955 in San Francisco Co CA
8 Philip E Waugh b: 29 Sep 1961 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA
*2nd Wife of William B Waugh:
+Elizabeth Sanguinetti
6 Lawrence J Waugh b: 14 Dec 1898 in CA d: 7 Sep 1948 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA
6 George Francis Waugh b: 3 Oct 1903 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA d: 12 Jul 1964 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA, buried in St. Mary's Cemetery
+Ruth Clare Roderick b: 20 Aug 1908 in Amarillo, Potter Co TX m: 4 Aug 1929 d: 9 Jun 1991 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA Father: Unknown Roderick Mother: Unknown McShan
7 David George Waugh b: 10 Sep 1930 in San Luis Obispo Co CA
7 Thomas Roderick Waugh b: 14 Jul 1934 in San Luis Obispo Co CA d: Bef. Jul 1964
7 Richard Charles Waugh b: 2 Jul 1936 in San Luis Obispo Co CA
+Susan L "Sue" Hackett b: Abt. 1946 m: 14 Jun 1970 in Sacramento Co CA
8 Kenneth E Waugh b: 6 Oct 1971 in Sacramento Co CA
5 Lorenzo Waugh b: Abt. Jul 1875 d: 20 Sep 1876 in Sonoma Co CA
5 Clarissa Jane Waugh b: 22 May 1879 in San Francisco, San Francisco Co CA d: 16 Mar 1965 in Santa Clara Co CA (hospital), buried in Los Gatos Memorial Park
+Axel William Stridde b: 2 Aug 1866 in Sweden m: 7 Mar 1900 in Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co CA d: 12 Jun 1944 in Sonoma Co CA, buried at IOOF Cemetery Father: Carl Wilhelm Stridde Mother: Maria Charlotta Gustavsson
6 Candace Stridde b: 6 Jan 1902 in Santa Rosa, Sonoma Co CA d: Jul 1986 in Woodland, Cowlitz Co WA
+Unknown Baldwin
4 Henry Clay Waugh b: 20 Jul 1848 in MO d: 23 Apr 1912 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
+Amanda Elizabeth Cox b: 14 Nov 1854 m: 3 Oct 1875 in Mendocino Co CA d: 7 Jun 1912 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah Father: John Cox, Jr Mother: Mary Ann Neil
5 Frederick Hinell Waugh b: 2 Nov 1876 d: 6 Nov 1931 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
+Annie Elizabeth Palmer b: 22 Oct 1878 in Healdsburg, Sonoma Co CA d: 11 Jan 1952 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah Father: Unknown Palmer Mother: Mary Cook
6 Georgia May Waugh b: 6 Jul 1898 d: 16 Jul 1898 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
6 Ethel Estella Waugh b: 3 Oct 1904 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA d: 14 Feb 1994 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery
+Wallace Alvin "Pete" Gorman b: 31 Mar 1896 in CA m: 1922 d: 7 Jul 1978 in Talmage, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery Father: Unknown Gorman
7 Betty Anne Gorman b: 7 Sep 1923 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA d: 26 May 1983 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery
+Gerald Glenn "Jerry" Taylor b: 22 Mar 1924 in Berkeley, Alameda Co CA d: 13 Oct 1997 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery

8 Bruce Richard Taylor b: 10 Jun 1951 in Mendocino Co CA d: 20 Aug 1995 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
9 Samantha Taylor b: Bef. May 1983
9 Izra Blake Taylor b: Aft. May 1983
8 Patrick Glenn Taylor b: 20 Sep 1954 in Mendocino Co CA
7 Wallace Alvin "Wally" German, Jr b: 18 Feb 1927 in Mendocino Co CA
+Laura J Bartolomei b: Abt. 1929 m: 30 Oct 1949 in Mendocino Co CA
8 Gregory Michael German b: 12 Dec 1954
8 Roger W German b: 3 Aug 1957
7 John Richard "Jack" German b: 15 Jul 1929 in Mendocino Co CA
+Donna L Murray b: Abt. 1933 m: 15 Jun 1952 in San Francisco Co CA
6 Frederick Clay Waugh b: 9 Aug 1912 in Mendocino Co CA d: 1931 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
6 Frances Kathleen Waugh b: 15 Sep 1914 in Mendocino Co CA
+George Lloyd Kneeland b: 16 Jul 1913 in CA m: 1936 in Mendocino Co CA d: 15 Jul 1977 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA, buried in Evergreen Memorial Gardens
7 Betty Kay Kneeland b: 31 May 1938 in Mendocino Co CA
+Unknown Nelson
8 James D "Jim" Nelson b: 14 Dec 1958 in Mendocino Co CA
8 Linda K Nelson b: 25 Oct 1961 in Mendocino Co CA
5 Mary Jane "Mae" Waugh b: 29 Dec 1877 in CA d: 5 May 1974 in San Leandro, Alameda Co CA, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland
+Unknown Allen
5 Henry James Waugh b: 17 May 1880 in CA d: 6 Sep 1961 in Kern Co CA
5 Carrie Estella Waugh b: 21 Feb 1884 in CA d: 17 Dec 1960 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
+Benson Joseph "Ben" Edwards b: 9 Jul 1883 in CA d: 3 Sep 1948 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
5 Lawrence Aten Waugh b: 15 Sep 1893 in Ukiah, Mendocino Co CA d: 3 May 1962 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah
+Clara Unknown
5 X Waugh (perhaps Henry James Waugh)
+Stella Cordelia Kunzler b: 5 Jul 1885 in Point Arena, Mendocino Co CA d: 10 Sep 1966 in Mendocino Co CA, buried in Russian River Cemetery, Ukiah Father: Unknown Kunzler
Mother: Martha Hutton
6 Harold E Waugh b: 2 Oct 1913 in Mendocino Co CA d: Bef. 1941
6 Robert F Waugh b: 23 Sep 1915 in Mendocino Co CA d: 1 Mar 1977 in Mendocino Co CA
6 Amy Jean Waugh b: 14 Apr 1918 in Mendocino Co CA d: Bef. 1941
+Unknown Dever
7 Laurence Anthony Dever b: 12 Mar 1941 in Marin Co CA
+Jenifer Ann Thompson b: 25 Feb 1946 in Alameda Co CA m: 5 Aug 1967 in Alameda Co CA Mother: Unknown Weir
8 Heather A Dever b: 12 Dec 1974 in Humboldt Co CA
7 Stella Veronica Dever b: 14 Oct 1945 in San Francisco Co CA
+Unknown Thompson
8 Aaron M Thompson b: 30 May 1972 in Monterey Co CA
8 Nicolle Erin Thompson b: 24 Oct 1988 in Los Angeles Co CA
4 Elizabeth D Waugh b: 20 Nov 1852 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA d: 26 Mar 1940 in Butte Co CA
+George A Allen d: Bet. 1909 - 1912
5 Horace L Allen b: 29 May 1873 in CA d: 26 May 1965 in San Francisco Co CA
5 Walter Holmes Allen b: 11 Jan 1881 in CA d: 22 Jun 1959 in Santa Clara Co CA (resident Imperial Co CA)
5 Mary Belle Allen b: 29 May 1890 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA d: 26 Apr 1983 in Biggs, Butte Co CA
+Hiram Dumont Millard b: 1 May 1888 d: 29 May 1958 in Butte Co CA Mother: Unknown Best
6 Hiram Dumont Millard, Jr b: 26 May 1913 in Sacramento Co CA
6 Harold Delwin Millard b: 1 Jul 1915 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA d: 4 Apr 1994 in Biggs, Butte Co CA, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, Alameda Co
+Gina Crawford
7 Harold Delwin Millard, Jr b: 1 Jun 1939 in Butte Co CA
+Arlene Joan Defelippo b: 13 Jul 1941 in San Francisco Co CA m: 26 Jul 1966 in San Francisco CA Father: Unknown Defelippo Mother: Unknown Pachello
4 Franklin Carpenter Waugh b: Abt. 1854 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA d: 20 Jan 1865 in Petaluma, Sonoma Co CA
3 Rachel Waugh b: Abt. 1809
+Frederick Fleming m: 18 Oct 1827 in Pocahontas Co VA
3 Elizabeth Waugh b: 1805 in VA d: Aft. 1870 in VA
+John Ratliff b: 1805 in Sunrise, Back Creek, Bath Co VA m: 13 Jul 1830 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Abt. 1851 in Highland Co VA Father: Martin Ratliff Mother: Mary Susannah Unknown
4 Eliza Jane Ratliff b: Abt. 1832 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA
+William D Kelly b: Abt. 1830 m: 10 Jul 1851 in Highland Co VA Mother: Ann Unknown
5 John Kelly b: Abt. 1851
5 Eliza R A Kelly b: Aug 1853
5 William A Kelly b: Apr 1855
5 Anna Kelly b: Feb 1857
5 Charles Emony Kelly b: Abt. 1858
+Eva Robintson
5 George E Kelly b: May 1859
5 James Kelly b: Apr 1861
4 William Allen Ratliff b: Abt. 1833 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA d: 11 Sep 1891 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Magdelina McAllister b: Abt. 1833 m: 3 Aug 1853 in Highland Co VA Father: John McAllister Mother: Catherine Unknown
5 Mary B Ratliff b: Jul 1854 in Highland Co VA
5 Charles Ratliff b: Aug 1860 in Highland Co VA
5 Unknown Ratliff b: Dec 1868
*2nd Wife of William Allen Ratliff:
+Sarah Jacobs b: Jun 1835 in VA m: Jun 1863 in Highland Co VA d: Aft. 1900
5 Newton Ratliff b: May 1867 in Highland Co VA
4 Elizabeth "Bettie" Ratliff b: Abt. 1834 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Lawrence Drinnin m: 18 Feb 1851 in Highland Co VA Father: John Drinnon Mother: Elizabeth Drinnon
5 Alcinda Drinnin b: 1852
+Seth Vansolcak b: 1843
5 Mary A Drinnin b: 1853
5 John Drinnin b: 17 Apr 1855
5 Alice Drinnin b: 1857
4 Isabella Ratliff b: Abt. 1837 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA d: Bef. 1860 in Highland Co VA
4 Sarah Susan Ratliff b: Abt. 1837 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA
+St Clair Turner m: 17 Sep 1857 in Highland Co VA
*2nd Husband of Sarah Susan Ratliff:
+James T Kelly m: 29 Jan 1863 in Highland Co VA
5 Uriah Kelly
+Sarah Ann Dean
4 Silas George Ratliff b: Bet. 1838 - 1842 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA d: 4 Apr 1927 in Shelby Co MO, buried in Bacon Cemetery
+Elizabeth McAllister b: 4 May 1839 in Rockbridge Co VA (or Bath Co VA) m: 31 Oct 1860 in Highland Co VA d: 16 Mar 1919 in Shelby Co MO Father: John McAllister Mother: Catherine Unknown
5 Jonas A Ratliff b: 1 Aug 1861
5 George Robert Ratliff b: 1864
5 Martha Ann Ratliff b: 29 Jan 1866
5 Mary A Ratliff b: 14 Jul 1868
5 William Marshall Ratliff b: 8 Oct 1870
5 Stephen Ratliff b: Mar 1873
5 Neallie Catherine Ratliff b: 4 Jul 1875
5 David Ernest Ratliff b: 8 Oct 1880
4 Giustia Ratliff b: Abt. 1845 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA
+Andrew Jackson Kelly b: Abt. 1835 m: 30 Mar 1865 in Highland Co VA Mother: Ann Kelly
5 Louisa Kelly b: 1866
5 Jeremiah B Kelly b: Mar 1874
5 Elizabeth Kelly b: Dec 1875
5 Gracie B Kelly b: Aug 1881
5 G Ann Kelly b: Dec 1887
4 Jacob Given Ratliff b: Oct 1847 in Clover Lick, Pocahontas Co VA d: 26 May 1931 in Monongalia Co WV, buried in Meadowdale Cemetery
+Harriet Kelly b: Abt. 1846 in Highland Co VA m: 28 May 1867 in Highland Co VA Mother: Ann Kelly

5 John S Ratliff b: 1869
5 Henry V Ratliff b: 1870
5 Laura Ratliff
5 Crawford Ratliff
5 Hetty Ratliff
*2nd Wife of Jacob Given Ratliff
+Susannah McCoy m: 21 Jul 1883 in Wirt Co WV Father: Matthew McCoy Mother: Susannah Taylor
5 Rebecca Ratliff b: May 1883
5 William Ratliff b: 2 Oct 1886
5 Edward Ratliff b: May 1890
5 Amos Ratliff b: May 1894
5 Oscar Crawford Ratliff b: 25 Mar 1897
5 Cecil Darrell Ratliff b: 2 Mar 1901
4 Archibald "Arch" Ratliff b: Abt. 1851 in Highland Co VA
+Elizabeth Griffin b: Abt. 1856 in Highland Co VA m: 16 Mar 1876 in Highland Co VA Father: John Griffin Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
5 William Ratliff b: Jan 1880
5 Susannah Ratliff b: Dec 1883
3 Nancy Waugh b: 1810 in VA
+Abraham Griffin b: 1810 in Bath Co VA m: 28 Oct 1828 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1880 in WV Father: Jonathan Griffin Mother: Rachel Sharp
4 Jonathan J Griffin b: Abt. 1829 in VA
+Lucinda Unknown
5 Morgan B Griffin b: Abt. 1851
5 William A Griffin b: Abt. 1859
5 George S Griffin b: Abt. 1867
5 Wishtaneesa Griffin b: Abt. 1869
4 Melinda Griffin b: Abt. 1831
4 Deana R Griffin b: Abt. 1836
+John Miller
4 Matthias Griffin b: Abt. 1842
4 Sarah Griffin b: Abt. 1844
+Unknown Harris
4 Margaret Griffin b: Abt. 1847
3 Jacob Waugh b: 8 Mar 1812 in Bath Co VA d: 13 Jul 1884 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+Mary Elizabeth Brown b: 13 Apr 1812 in Edray, Bath Co VA m: 14 Mar 1833 in Edray, Bath Co VA d: 29 Jan 1871 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery Father: Josiah Brown Mother: Jane "Jennie" Waddell
4 Brown Morgan Waugh b: 13 Sep 1833 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 29 Jul 1911 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Rice Cemetery, between Canaan and Eden
+Emily Rebecca Harris b: 3 Mar 1833 in near Richmond, Hanover Co VA m: 8 Jun 1854 in Upshur Co VA d: 23 Mar 1916 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Rice Cemetery, between Canaan and Eden Father: David Harris Mother: Elizabeth Grubb
5 [154] Jacob David Hamilton "Jake" Waugh b: 1 Jun 1855 in Upshur Co VA d: 10 Dec 1934 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden
+[153] Mary Elizabeth Helmick b: Jan 1858 in Barbour Co VA m: 9 Aug 1880 in Upshur Co WV d: 17 Sep 1925 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden Father: Silas D Helmick Mother: Lovena/Lavinia M Grimes
6 [155] Morgan Silas Waugh b: 13 Sep 1881 in Upshur Co WV d: Jul 1963
+[156] Rosa Ellen Rice b: Apr 1893 m: 15 Sep 1912 in Upshur Co WV d: 1960 Father: John William Rice Mother: Lourena Alice Haymond
7 [157] Violet Pearl Waugh b: 4 Oct 1916 d: Feb 1979 in Aliquippa, Beaver Co PA
+[158] Murray Duffie Haymond b: 15 Dec 1913 m: 22 Dec 1939 in Louisa Co KY d: 27 Jan 1997 in Aliquippa, Beaver Co PA
8 [159] Murray Clive Haymond b: 1 Nov 1949
+[160] Debra Ann Higgs b: 17 Oct 1952 m: 5 Jun 1973 in Kansas City MO
9 [161] Jeffrey David Haymond b: 3 May 1973
8 [162] Bonnie Rose Haymond b: 11 May 1952
+[163] Robert Martin Schmidt b: 30 Nov 1948 m: 26 May 1973
9 [164] Tommi Denea Schmidt b: 27 Sep 1975
9 [165] Robert Michael Schmidt b: 4 Feb 1977
8 [166] Dwain Nelson Haymond b: 28 Aug 1953
+[167] Donna Lee Higgs b: 16 Oct 1957 m: 18 Oct 1975 in Aliquippa PA
8 [168] Beverly Sue Haymond b: 14 Apr 1956
+[169] Daniel James Foxall b: 4 Dec 1951 m: 20 Jun 1974
9 [170] Heidi Lynn Foxall b: 26 Dec 1975
8 [171] Rodney Haymond
6 [172] Effie May Waugh b: 3 Jul 1883 in Upshur Co WV d: 30 Aug 1968 in Phillip, Barbour Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Gaines
+[173] Henry Columbus Powers b: 1 May 1870 in Lewis Co WV m: 15 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: 14 Apr 1954 in Eden, Upshur Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Gaines Father: Benoni Columbus Powers Mother: Polly Malinda Watson
7 [174] Ocie May Powers b: 25 Jun 1908 in Upshur Co WV
+[175] Elmer Gould b: 5 Aug 1902 in Randolph Co WV m: 4 Mar 1934 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 22 Apr 1987 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co VA
8 [176] Junior Gould b: 1935
+[177] Penny Strader
8 [178] Franklin Henry Gould b: 1938
+[179] Barbara Ann Snyder
8 [180] John Leroy Gould b: 1942
+[181] Lesa Rose Foster m: 31 Dec 1966 in Hampton, Upshur Co WV
9 [182] Michael O'Niel Gould b: 1967
9 [183] John Leroy Gould, Jr b: 1971
+[184] Jennifer Taylor
8 [185] Jimmy Allen Gould b: 1946
+[186] Karen Wilson
8 [187] Danny Rex Gould b: 1948
+[188] Karen Sue Hess
8 [189] Gary Joe Gould b: 1949 d: 6 Jun 1985
+[190] Carol Chidester
7 [191] Macil Alden Powers b: 24 Nov 1910 d: Jun 1953 in Upshur Co WV
+[192] Hazel Rice b: 14 May 1914 d: Sep 1992 in Rock Cave, Upshur Co WV
8 [193] Thurman Powers
7 [194] Delbert Clinton Powers b: 14 Mar 1913 d: Feb 1980 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
+[195] Tressie Kincaid b: 12 Sep 1917 d: 10 Jan 1994 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
7 [196] Della Ivo Powers b: 14 Jan 1916 d: 24 May 1988 in Galloway, Barbour Co WV
+[197] Ralph Gould b: 20 Apr 1905 d: 20 Jul 1974 in Galloway, Barbour Co WV
7 [198] Xenia Madeline Powers b: 17 Nov 1918
+[199] Olie Gregory b: 25 Sep 1912 d: 8 Sep 1991
7 [200] Charles Henry Powers b: 5 Nov 1920
+[201] Edna Quinn
*2nd Wife of [200] Charles Henry Powers
+[202] Alma Mott
7 [203] Donald Eugene Powers b: 2 Mar 1932 d: 23 May 1993
+[204] Mildred Quinn
6 [205] Foster Homer Waugh b: 4 Oct 1884 in Upshur Co WV d: Dec 1973 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+[206] Edith June Sines b: Abt. 1890 in Upshur Co VA m: 1 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV Father: Emmanuel Sines Mother: Laura E Withers
7 [207] Norman Waugh
7 [208] Elmo Waugh
7 [209] Celia Waugh
7 [210] Lola Waugh
7 [211] Gwendoline Waugh
7 [212] Eugene Waugh
7 [213] Herbert Waugh
7 [214] Donald Foster Waugh b: Abt. 1917 in Upshur Co WV
+[215] Iva Pearl Morrison b: 30 Mar 1920 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co VA m: 7 May 1938 in Upshur Co WV Father: Willis Wade Morrison Mother: Martha Alice Taylor
8 [216] Linda Jane Waugh b: 8 Jul 1941 in Sewickley, Allegheny Co PA

+[217] Larry Gilbert Vaught b: 1941 m: 2 Sep 1968 Father: Conrad Vaught Mother: May Morn
9 [218] Samuel Allen Vaught b: 16 Jun 1968 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [219] Joseph Edward Vaught b: 13 Feb 1970 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[220] Michelle Strader m: 12 Jul 1997 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [221] Janna Renea Vaught b: 17 Apr 1972 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[222] Brian Paige Rich b: 1971 m: 2 Sep 1994 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: Lloyd Rich Mother: Dorothy Mizell
10 [223] Jaric Shane Rich b: 20 Jul 1995 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
8 [224] Jerry Richard Waugh b: 23 Dec 1943 in Sewickley, Allegheny Co PA
+[225] Linda Rose Owen b: 1948 m: 9 Nov 1969 in Kershaftoe OH Father: Robert Owens Mother: Virginia McMillin
9 [226] Karmen Mashell Waugh b: 28 Oct 1969 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[227] Nathan Davis
10 [228] Nathaniel Lee Davis
*2nd Husband of [226] Karmen Mashell Waugh:
+[229] Patrick Andrews m: 6 Sep 1997 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [230] Kimberly Jo Waugh b: 30 Oct 1974
+[231] Stacy Stickley m: 3 Jul 1994 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [232] Kristy Elaine Waugh b: 4 Apr 1984
*2nd Wife of [205] Foster Homer Waugh:
+[233] Helena Mary Feolio b: 10 Apr 1923 in Lewis Co WV m: 10 Mar 1947 in Upshur Co WV d: Feb 1985 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Angelo Charles Feolio Mother: Mary Ritz
6 [234] Sylvester E Waugh b: 23 Dec 1886 in Upshur Co WV d: 21 Feb 1968 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+[235] Rosa E "Rosie" Lake b: 6 Aug 1895 in Webster Co WV m: 1 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1979 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Heavner Cemetery Father: Richard Lake
6 [236] Alva S Waugh b: 12 May 1889 in Upshur Co WV d: 22 Jan 1923 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Baxa Cemetery near Eden
+[237] Laura Pansey Miller b: 1899 in Upshur Co WV m: 15 Nov 1916 in Upshur Co WV d: 1997 in Harrison Co WV Father: J D Miller Mother: Victoria Unknown
7 [238] Ersal Waugh
6 [239] Dorsey E Waugh b: Apr 1892 d: 15 May 1894
6 [240] Asa Thomas Waugh b: 30 Mar 1896 d: 27 Nov 1970 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
+[241] Nellie Opal Morrison b: 2 Apr 1901 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Dec 1982 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery, Upshur Co WV Father: Willis Wade Morrison Mother: Martha Alice Taylor
6 [242] Porter P Waugh b: Jan 1898 in Upshur Co WV d: Aft. 1934
+[243] Irene Jackson b: 24 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV m: 27 Jul 1926 in Upshur Co WV d: 20 Jun 1997 in St Mary's, Pleasants Co WV Father: Irvin Jackson
6 [244] Densal Waugh b: 1900
*2nd Wife of [154] Jacob David Hamilton "Jake" Waugh:
+Bertha Gould b: 23 Nov 1858 in Upshur Co VA m: 3 Feb 1918 in Upshur Co WV d: 3 Dec 1918 in Upshur Co WV Father: Marshall Gould Mother: Celestia Perry
*3rd Wife of [154] Jacob David Hamilton "Jake" Waugh:
+Rebecca Ann Burdett b: Abt. 1866 in Roane Co WV m: 2 Feb 1921 Father: Lovel Burdett Mother: E Unknown
5 John Hensley Grubb Waugh b: 24 Sep 1856 in Upshur Co VA d: 1 May 1937
+Nancy Jane Fitzgerald b: Jul 1865 in Upshur Co VA m: 29 Aug 1887 in Upshur Co WV d: 1939
6 Audrey Mae Waugh b: 18 Jun 1888 d: 1959 in Upshur Co WV
+Albert Kautz b: 24 Oct 1882 d: Jun 1971 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
6 Edward Douglas Waugh b: 14 Apr 1890 d: 22 Oct 1917 in Upshur Co WV, buried Sago Cemetery, Sago
6 Della Blanche Waugh b: 12 Nov 1891 d: May 1964 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Charles Spurgeon Tenney b: 13 Apr 1892 in Tenmile, Upshur Co WV m: 4 Sep 1922 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1951 in Upshur Co WV Father: Samuel McCann Tenney Mother: Sarah Jane Van Camp
6 Luella Waugh b: 30 May 1893 d: 1 Mar 1974 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Taylor Johns b: 17 Jan 1885 d: Nov 1968 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
6 Lloyd Lee Waugh b: 9 Sep 1895 d: 15 Jul 1969 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery
+Leda Murl Kiddy b: 8 Dec 1896 in Upshur Co WV m: 31 Jul 1923 in Upshur Co WV d: 1936 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery Father: J Kiddy Mother: Mary Jane Sharp
7 James N Waugh b: 1924 d: 1944 in English Channel, buried in Brookwood National Cemetery, UK
7 Carolyn Kiddy Waugh b: 1939
+Joseph Gregori
8 Brian Lloyd Gregori
8 Stephen Joseph Gregori
8 Jeanlucie Waugh Gregori
7 Jean Waugh
*2nd Wife of Lloyd Lee Waugh:
+Lucy Frame b: 10 Jul 1911 d: 13 Jan 1999 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
6 Cephus C Waugh b: 30 Nov 1896 d: Apr 1897
6 Dewey Carl Waugh b: 11 May 1898 d: Oct 1976 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
+Georgia E Crites b: 1899 in Upshur Co WV m: 3 Sep 1919 in Upshur Co WV d: in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery Father: J E Crites Mother: L E Unknown
7 Carl Waugh
7 Lawrence R Waugh b: 22 May 1921 d: 26 Aug 1921 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
6 Male Waugh b: Jun 1900 d: 11 Aug 1900 in Upshur Co WV
6 Amos Waugh b: 3 Jun 1901 in Upshur Co WV d: 30 May 1984 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
+Lillian Hornbeck b: Abt. 1911 in Upshur Co WV m: 31 Aug 1939 in Carlettsburgh KY d: in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery Father: Andrew Hornbeck Mother: Eva Bennett
7 Nancy Lou Waugh b: 1941 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Ronald C Davidson
8 Clint Waugh Davidson
8 Shea Ronald Davidson
7 Gary Andrew Waugh b: 11 Jan 1945 in Upshur Co WV
+Joyce Gerrard
8 Jeffrey Alan Waugh b: 23 Feb 1966
8 Gregory Amos Waugh b: 14 Aug 1968
+Ellen Carlson
9 Gregory Amos Waugh, Jr b: 11 Feb 1988
7 Percilla Sue Waugh b: 18 Mar 1949 in Upshur Co WV
+Gary Lynn Bailey
8 Aaron Harold Bailey
8 Travis Matthew Bailey
6 Masie Jane Waugh b: 6 May 1903
5 William Warren Watson Waugh b: 19 May 1858 in Upshur Co VA d: 1928 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV, buried in Oak Grove Cemetery
+Isabel Rachel "Belle" Pritt b: Sep 1862 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV m: 17 Sep 1882 in Upshur Co WV d: 1936 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV, buried Oak Grove Cemetery Father: James Pritt Mother: Rachel B McKisic
6 Mary Viola Waugh b: 3 Aug 1883 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV d: 1956 in Kanawha Head, Upshur CO WV, buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery
+John Harlan b: 1879 in Upshur Co WV m: 1 Oct 1904 in Upshur Co WV Father: William Harlan Mother: Mary Unknown
7 Murle Harlan
7 Lance Harlan
7 Glen Harlan
7 Harold Harlan
7 Arlene Harlan b: 1911 in Newlon, Upshur Co WV d: 1935
7 Edith Harlan
6 Mattie Hope Waugh b: 21 Nov 1884 in Upshur Co VA d: 21 Jan 1961 in Upshur Co VA
+John Jackson Freeman b: 18 Apr 1866 m: 29 May 1903 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Nov 1926 in Newlon, Upshur Co WV
7 Earl Jackson Freeman b: 9 Apr 1904
+Gordie Charity Cutright b: 1 May 1907 d: 3 Mar 1996 in French Creek, Upshur Co WV
8 Kathern Mabel Freeman b: 20 May 1924
8 Mary Kay Freeman b: 2 Dec 1925
8 Earl Jackson Freeman, Jr b: 24 Dec 1927 d: 7 Jul 1935
8 Mildred Marie Freeman b: 10 Oct 1929 d: 11 Mar 1965
8 Delma Genevieve Freeman b: 2 Sep 1931
8 Joseph Richard Freeman b: 12 Nov 1933
8 Mattie May Freeman b: 15 Nov 1935

8 Juanita Bell Freeman b: 25 Jun 1937
+Morgan Peter Koerner b: 20 Oct 1932 in Randolph Co WV
9 Dorothy Laverne Koerner b: 23 Feb 1957
9 Timothy Morgan Koerner b: 4 Jun 1959
9 Clavin Bruce Koerner b: 23 Jun 1960
8 George Allen "Pete" Freeman b: 15 Apr 1939
8 Christine Freeman b: 6 Sep 1948
7 Nellie Bell Freeman b: 10 Apr 1905 d: 1 Dec 1980
7 Della Louisette Freeman b: 2 Jun 1906
7 William Russel Freeman b: 1 Aug 1907 in Upshur Co WV
+Unknown
*2nd Wife of William Russel Freeman:
+May Mary Roth b: 26 Sep 1913 in Nicholas Co WV m: 26 Jan 1944 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1987 in Selbyville, Upshur Co WV Father: John D Roth Mother: Mary M Unknown
7 Virginia May Freeman b: 23 May 1909 in Upshur Co WV d: 6 Jun 1953
+Stillman Wade Miller b: Abt. 1908 in Upshur Co WV m: 24 Aug 1929 in Upshur Co WV
7 Mabel Irene Freeman b: 30 Jun 1912 in Upshur Co WV d: 1 Dec 1978
+Arthur William Shriver b: Abt. 1909 in Monongalia Co WV m: 23 Sep 1929 in Upshur Co WV Father: W E Shriver Mother: Hattie Unknown
7 John Thomas Freeman b: 16 Jun 1914 in Upshur Co WV d: 23 Nov 1934 in Upshur Co WV, buried Pleasant Dale Cemetery
7 Charles Edgar Freeman b: 9 Apr 1916 in Randolph Co WV
+Sylvia Dove Foster b: Abt. 1917 in Barbour Co WV m: 7 Nov 1937 in Upshur Co WV Father: Buck Foster Mother: Sara Phillips
7 Mary Alice Freeman b: 11 Aug 1918 in Upshur Co WV d: 11 Aug 1918 in Upshur Co WV
7 Genevieve June Freeman b: 17 Jun 1926
6 Edna Malvern Waugh b: 9 Jun 1887 in Upshur Co WV d: 13 Nov 1953 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+John R Woody b: 13 Aug 1891 in Upshur Co WV m: 9 Jun 1918 in Upshur Co WV d: in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery Father: John W Woody Mother: Liona/Laura Hyre
7 John Woody
7 Claudia Woody
7 Earl Woody
7 Helen Woody
7 Ruth Woody
6 Vera Maude Waugh b: 14 Mar 1889 in Upshur Co WV d: 1967 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV
+Ira Marvin Powers b: 25 Oct 1887 m: 11 Dec 1925 d: 20 Sep 1970 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV Father: Tarleton Lee Powers
7 Marvin Waugh Powers b: 27 Feb 1927 d: 27 Feb 1927
7 Josephine Lee Powers b: 27 Jun 1928 d: 5 Jan 1994 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
+Edgar Lee Burns
7 Robert William Powers b: 9 Jul 1929 d: 9 Jul 1929
7 Helena Belle Powers b: 1 Dec 1930 d: 1 Dec 1930
7 Vera Hope Powers b: 5 Jan 1932 d: 28 Jun 1968
7 Charles Claude "Gandhi" Powers b: 6 Sep 1933
6 Bessie William Waugh b: 24 Nov 1891 d: 3 Nov 1925 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Oak Grove Cemetery, Kanawha Head
6 Jessie Lee Waugh b: 19 Jan 1894 in Upshur Co WV d: 25 Apr 1976 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+William "Willie" French Armstrong m: 18 Apr 1924 in Upshur Co WV
6 Kenneth Hazel Waugh b: 9 Sep 1896 d: 6 Sep 1971 in Gaines, Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery, Buckhannon
+Nona Merritt Haymond b: 8 Aug 1903 in Gaines, Upshur Co WV m: 11 Nov 1923 in Gaines, Upshur Co WV d: 27 Oct 1959 in Arlington WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery, Buckhannon Father: Alpheus Forest Haymond Mother: Sarah Hannah Lee
7 Wanita Hope Waugh b: 24 May 1925 in Holly Grove WV
+William Matthew Hamilton b: 21 May 1925 in Adrian, Upshur Co WV m: 20 Apr 1947 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: William N Hamilton Mother: Addie Matthews
8 Lester Clark Hamilton b: 27 Aug 1955 in Lorain, Lorain Co OH
8 Lynne Rae Hamilton b: 27 Jun 1959 in Lorain OH
+George Edward Murphy m: 2 Jan 1959
9 Benjamin Grant Murphy b: 1 Mar 1988 in Warrenton, Fauquier Co VA
9 Megan Kathryn Murphy b: 4 Dec 1990 in Warrenton, Fauquier Co VA
9 Emily Sarah Murphy b: 1 Dec 1993 in Warrenton, Fauquier Co VA
9 Alexander David Murphy b: 11 Aug 1998
7 Forest Warren "Buddy" Waugh b: 10 May 1930 d: Feb 1937
7 Darrell Eugene Waugh b: 22 Apr 1938 in Gaines, Upshur Co WV
+Betty Louetta Goodwin b: 24 Sep 1941 in Elamore, WV m: 11 Nov 1959 in Adrian, Upshur Co WV Father: Charles Lawrence Goodwin Mother: Martha Friel Shreve
8 Darrell Eugene Waugh, Jr b: 1 Sep 1960 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Karen Denise Lowther m: 6 Jun 1981 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
9 Robert Michael Waugh b: 8 Apr 1987 in Fairborn, Greene Co OH
9 Kathryn Michelle "Katy" Waugh b: 9 Nov 1989 in Dayton, Greene Co OH
8 Robert Warren Waugh b: 15 Mar 1962 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Lisa Ann Shearer b: 2 Jul 1962 m: 15 Mar 1962 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 Jaclyn Ann Waugh b: 17 May 1981 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
9 Lindsey Nicole Waugh b: 11 Oct 1985
8 Cynthia Louise Waugh b: 26 Feb 1963 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Patrick Louis Muto b: 13 Sep 1967 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV m: 30 Nov 1985 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
9 Wesley Louis Muto b: 1 Aug 1995 in Richmond, Henrico Co VA
*2nd Wife of Kenneth Hazel Waugh:
+Bertha Hamner Harley b: 3 Aug 1904 m: 11 Nov 1961 in Salem Ridge, Upshur Co WV d: Apr 1981 in French Creek, Upshur Co WV
6 Claude Irvin Waugh b: 27 Mar 1899 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV d: 3 Sep 1958 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in family cemetery, Goshen
+Ruby Luetta Sines b: 19 Jan 1923 in Goshen, Upshur Co WV m: 1954 in Summersville WV Father: James Quinter Sines Mother: Fannie Idona Gregory
7 Janet Sue Waugh b: Aug 1955 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Timothy Wayne Branham b: 1954 in Summersville WV m: 1982 in Chapel Hill NC Father: Frank Andrew Branham Mother: Beulah Lee Rider
8 Rachel Taylor Branham b: 1985 in Siler City NC
8 Seneca Branham
5 James E J B Waugh b: 22 Feb 1860 in Upshur Co VA d: 15 Aug 1900 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Canaan Cemetery, Canaan
+Florence Bird Fitzgerald b: Jun 1862 in Upshur Co VA m: 9 Aug 1880 in Upshur Co WV d: 1909 Father: Wyatt Fitzgerald Mother: Mary J Unknown
6 Ira Waugh b: Aug 1881
+Ellie Wilson b: 1866 m: 1 Jun 1899 in Upshur Co WV d: 1956
7 Ruth Wilson b: Apr 1900
6 Bertie Maude Waugh b: Nov 1883 in Upshur Co VA
+Charles C "Charley" Ancell b: 13 Sep 1888 in Braxton Co WV m: 18 Mar 1918 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1968 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: John F Ancell Mother: Id V Unknown
6 Mary Rebecca Waugh b: Sep 1885 in Upshur Co WV
+George Washington Lewis b: 4 Jul 1858 in Upshur Co VA m: 25 Mar 1905 in Upshur Co WV Father: Henry H Lewis Mother: Martha Ann Unknown
6 Charles B "Charley" Waugh b: 9 Nov 1887 d: 1 Apr 1921 in Upshur Co WV
6 William J Waugh b: 12 Jul 1890 d: Jan 1972 in Upshur Co WV
6 Sadie Edith Waugh b: Aug 1891 in Upshur Co WV
+Roy Flint b: Abt. 1891 in Upshur Co WV m: 30 Apr 1924 in Buckhannon Court House, Upshur Co WV Father: Parker Flint Mother: Martha Unknown
6 Harold G Waugh
6 Addie Lee Waugh b: Sep 1894 in Upshur Co VA
+Alpheus Ray McKinnie b: 10 Feb 1891 m: 31 Aug 1915 in Upshur Co WV Father: John Lewis McKinnie Mother: Clara Belle Haymond
7 James Kyle McKinnie b: 22 Jun 1917
7 Eleanor Fern McKinnie b: 30 Dec 1920
+Boyle Mauzia
8 Shirley Sue Mauzia b: 13 Nov 1937
*2nd Husband of Eleanor Fern McKinnie:
+Woodrow Billington
7 Margaret Rose McKinnie b: 7 Jan 1923
+Unknown Hammond
7 Donald Jack McKinnie b: 20 May 1925 d: 1 Jan 1970
6 Lelah F Waugh b: Aug 1898

5 Mary E Waugh b: 28 Jun 1861
5 Martha A G Waugh b: Abt. 1860 in Upshur Co WV m: 19 Jan 1879 in Upshur Co WV Father: Nicholas B Lee Mother: Charlotte Unknown
+Charles E Lee b: Abt. 1855 in Upshur Co WV d: 24 Aug 1938 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Boggs Cemetery near Eden
5 Enoch Henry Grant Waugh b: 22 Apr 1865 in Upshur Co WV m: 24 Oct 1886 in Upshur Co WV d: 1947 Father: James Henry Morrison Mother: Lucy Ann Russell
+Almira Cora "Allie or Molly" Morrison b: Feb 1871 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Sep 1951 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Heaston Cemetery
6 Henry Brown Waugh b: 27 Jun 1888 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Sep 1951 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Heaston Cemetery
+Mary Strader b: 1885 d: 1945
*2nd Wife of Henry Brown Waugh:
+Elizabeth A Bennett b: Abt. 1910 in Upshur Co WV m: 13 Sep 1947 in Upshur Co WV Father: Thomas Bennett Mother: Ida Riffle
6 Lloyd G Waugh b: Mar 1890
*2nd Wife of Enoch Henry Grant Waugh:
+Rosa Belle Loudin b: 5 Apr 1874 d: 16 Jul 1894 in Canaan, Upshur Co WV Father: James W Loudin Mother: Martha S Childers
*3rd Wife of Enoch Henry Grant Waugh:
+Bertha Demasters b: 8 Oct 1878 m: 28 Jan 1897 in Upshur Co WV d: 1964 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Boggs Cemetery near Eden Father: J F Demasters Mother: M E Unknown
6 Ulysses Grant Waugh b: 6 Apr 1898 d: 4 Dec 1977 in Upshur Co WV
+Ruby M Murphy b: 1 May 1906 d: 1 Apr 1994 in Upshur Co WV
6 Ezra James Waugh b: 16 May 1900 in Upshur Co WV d: 15 Jun 1973 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV
+Lucetta Caroline Gregory b: Abt. 1904 in Upshur Co WV m: 29 Jun 1926 in Upshur Co WV Father: David Gregory Mother: Anna Unknown
7 Dancie Irene Waugh b: 16 Jan 1927
+William Doyle Moneypenny b: 27 Jul 1926 in Lewis Co WV m: 30 Jan 1946 in Lewis Co WV
8 Rose Mary Moneypenny b: 2 Mar 1948
8 Carolyn Sue Moneypenny b: 4 Dec 1953
7 Ezra James Waugh, Jr b: 9 Jan 1928
+Mary Thomas Grogg Father: Orval G Grogg
7 Hartzel Ray Waugh b: 21 Nov 1930
+Catherine Marie Wiant b: 27 Dec 1934 in Lewis Co WV m: 17 Apr 1954 Father: Albert Roy Wiant Mother: Hila Ethel Rogers
8 Charlotte Kaye Waugh b: 16 Apr 1955
+Leonard Gayle Hurst m: 19 Apr 1973
8 Randall Ray Waugh b: 2 Jul 1959
+Patti Sue Baldwin m: 1 May 1981
*2nd Wife of Randall Ray Waugh:
+Venetia Andrews m: 17 Sep 1990
7 Denzil Doyle Waugh b: 15 Aug 1934
+Florida Dean
7 Leland Loyal Waugh b: 15 Aug 1934
+Freda Ann Burkhammer
7 Russell Gail Waugh b: 6 Apr 1936 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 28 Apr 1998 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+Wanda Mae Steel m: 30 Aug 1958
8 Robert Waugh
8 Stanley Waugh
6 Dorothy Ellen Waugh b: Abt. 1902 in Upshur Co WV
+Charles "Charlie" Chipps b: Abt. 1889 in Webster Co WV m: 23 Dec 1921 in Upshur Co WV Father: Mike Chipps
6 Iva Mae Waugh b: 15 Aug 1908 in Upshur Co WV d: 17 Apr 1979
+Thomas Jay Sargeant b: 30 Jun 1902 in Upshur Co WV m: 5 Feb 1930 in Upshur Co WV d: 25 Dec 1980 Father: Walter Langdon Sargeant Mother: Amanda Leverne "Mandy" Lee
6 Icie Gay Waugh b: 1 Apr 1910 in Upshur Co WV d: 6 Apr 1979
+Henry Clay Haymond b: 26 Jul 1904 in Upshur Co WV m: 10 Nov 1928 in Upshur Co WV d: Aug 1985 in Sparta, White Co TN Father: John Morgan Haymond Mother: Effie Jane Claypool
7 Arnold Haymond
7 Ronald Haymond
7 Geraldine Haymond
+Unknown Morris
7 Eloise Haymond
7 Armolene Haymond
6 Lydia Faye Waugh
5 Susan Rebecca Waugh b: 13 Sep 1867 in Upshur Co WV d: 1904 in Buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden, Upshur Co WV
+Ephraim Arbogast Mullenix b: Feb 1849 in Highland Co VA m: 8 Aug 1885 in Upshur Co WV d: 1929 in Buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co WV Father: George Mullenix Mother: Sarah Unknown
6 Annette "Annettie" Mullenix b: 15 Aug 1888 in Upshur Co WV d: 25 Mar 1979
+Robert Theron Alkire b: 22 May 1886 in Upshur Co WV m: 7 Jul 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: 1949
7 Estaline Alkire b: 13 Nov 1908 d: Jun 1981 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Webb Hintz
7 Rose Ethel "Rosie" Alkire b: 22 Jun 1910 in Nicholas Co WV d: 11 Jun 1991
+Readie Charles M McDaniels b: Abt. 1908 in Upshur Co WV m: 14 Jul 1931 in Upshur Co WV Father: C T McDaniels Mother: I N Unknown
7 Ruby L Alkire b: 1 Aug 1912 in Upshur Co WV d: 2 Apr 1992
+Blonda Gay "Blondie" Woodard b: Abt. 1907 in Jackson Co WV m: 3 Apr 1930 in Upshur Co WV Father: Arite Woodard Mother: Odolet Unknown
*2nd Husband of Ruby L Alkire:
+Charles Harper b: 10 Dec 1898 d: Jan 1972 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
7 Woodrow Vane Alkire b: 14 Aug 1914 in Upshur Co WV d: 17 Mar 1997 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park
+Kathleen Virginia Post b: 1923 m: 2 Oct 1946 in Upshur Co WV
7 Cecil M Alkire b: 1918 d: 1941
6 David Earl Mullenix b: 25 Mar 1890 in Randolph Co WV d: 1941 in Adolph WV
+Lora Jane Loudin b: 8 Apr 1898 in Czar, Randolph Co WV m: 11 Oct 1914 in Adolph, Randolph Co WV d: 8 Dec 1978 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV Father: Nicholas L Loudin Mother: Amanda Hicks
7 Creola Lorena Mullenix b: 13 Aug 1915 in Randolph Co WV d: 19 May 1972
+Richard Lewis b: Abt. 1911 in Upshur Co WV m: 22 Sep 1934 Father: Perry C Lewis Mother: Rose Unknown
7 Eva Pearl Mullenix b: 6 Nov 1918 in Randolph Co WV
+Alden Dexter Roth b: in Nicholas Co WV m: 31 Dec 1935 in Upshur Co WV Father: John Roth Mother: Mary Unknown
7 Georgia Frankie Mullenix b: 23 Nov 1920
+Clinton Taylor
7 Raymond Earl Mullenix b: 30 Apr 1923
+Marjory Roy
7 Robert Morris Mullenix b: 4 Aug 1929 d: 18 Aug 1974 in Dallas, Dallas Co TX
7 Anna Jane Mullenix b: 13 Jan 1938
+Benson Fine
6 Clyde Porter Mullenix b: 24 Sep 1892 in Upshur Co WV d: 1958
+Unknown
*2nd Wife of Clyde Porter Mullenix:
+Essie Mae Bunner b: Abt. 1895 in Randolph Co WV m: 22 Feb 1936 in Upshur Co WV Father: Joseph E Bunner Mother: Iva Unknown
6 William L Mullenix b: 21 May 1895 d: 4 Oct 1969 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV, buried in Pleasant Vale Cemetery, Selbyville
+Retta B Lake b: 1900 m: 15 Apr 1926 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1960 in Newton WV, buried in Pleasant Vale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co
7 Infant Mullenix
7 Goldie May Mullenix b: 23 Jan 1927 in Upshur Co WV d: 21 Sep 1966
+Richard Vance Duke b: Abt. 1918 in Upshur Co WV m: 29 Dec 1941 in Upshur Co WV Father: Robert Duke Mother: Josephine Unknown
7 Pat Thurman Mullenix b: 28 Dec 1928 in Upshur Co WV d: 16 Jun 1973
+Sarah Anna Foster b: 8 May 1940 in Randolph Co WV m: 3 Jan 1970 in Upshur Co WV d: 1 Aug 1972 Father: Joe Foster Mother: Mary McClure
7 Infant Mullenix b: 19 Sep 1931
7 Mary Frances Mullenix b: 15 Sep 1933 d: 1934
7 Morris Ray Mullenix b: 24 Dec 1935
7 Willa Jean Mullenix b: 19 Jun 1940 in Upshur Co WV
+Unknown
*2nd Husband of Willa Jean Mullenix:
+James Ray Howard b: Abt. 1937 in Upshur Co WV m: 6 Jul 1957 in Upshur Co WV Father: Ercel M Howard Mother: May E Humphrey
7 William Everett Mullenix b: 27 Jan 1943
+May Unknown
*2nd Wife of William Everett Mullenix:

+Betty Unknown
6 Cecil R Mullenix b: 2 Jul 1897 d: Abt. 1965 in Buried in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington VA
+Ann Unknown d: in Buried in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington VA
7 Ray Mullenix b: Abt. 1925 d: Bef. 1980
6 Laura/Lula P Mullenix b: 17 Feb 1899 in Upshur Co WV d: 5 Feb 1971 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park
+Waitman T Chidester b: 21 Feb 1887 in Upshur Co WV m: 28 Dec 1913 in Upshur Co WV d: 28 Jan 1931 in Eden, Upshur Co WV, buried in Baza Cemetery
7 Arnold Lee Chidester b: 3 May 1916 d: 6 Jul 1916
7 Raymond Vane Chidester b: 1917 d: 1921
7 Delvena Pearl Chidester b: 12 Mar 1920 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 23 Nov 1993 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park, Buckhannon
+Victor Arthur Baptista b: 9 Jun 1907 in Wooden Valley CA m: 9 Jun 1946 d: 29 Sep 1997 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park, Buckhannon
7 Jessie I Chidester b: 20 Jun 1921 in Eden, Upshur Co WV
+Charles E Thorpe b: 19 Feb 1912 in Gould, Upshur Co WV m: 22 Dec 1969 in Denver, Arapahoe Co CO
7 Elmer N Chidester b: 1922 d: 1923
7 Donald William Chidester b: 11 Apr 1925 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 29 Mar 1995 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Memorial Park, Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+Martha Frances Moritz b: 15 May 1934 m: 15 Jul 1955 in Chillicothe, Ross Co OH
7 L Madeline Chidester b: 20 Oct 1926 in Eden, Upshur Co WV
+John J Kulina b: 11 Dec 1912 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV d: 28 Apr 1997 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co WV, buried in Holy Cross Cemetery, Clarksburg WV
6 Trudy Hope Mullenix b: 16 Jul 1900 d: 26 May 1997 in Beverly, Randolph Co WV
+Raymond McClellan
7 John McClellan
7 Lee McClellan
7 Norma McClellan
7 Dorothy McClellan b: May 1926
7 Faye McClellan b: 22 Sep 1929
7 James Ira McClellan b: 5 Aug 1933
7 Infant McClellan
5 Lorenzo Dow Waugh b: Feb 1869 d: 1903
+Emma Black
6 Ralph Wyandotte "Lucky" Waugh b: 22 Sep 1887 d: 7 Apr 1973 in Rock Cave, Upshur Co WV
+Mary Demasters m: 18 Oct 1914 in Upshur Co WV
*2nd Wife of Lorenzo Dow Waugh:
+Tyrissa H "Ressie" Loudin b: Aug 1876 m: Abt. 1893 d: Aft. 1910 Father: James W Loudin Mother: Martha S Childers
6 Arthur B Waugh b: 10 Aug 1894 in WV d: 10 Mar 1947 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA, buried East Lawn Cemetery
+Jennette Harriet Rockwell b: 18 Mar 1894 in OR d: 11 Jan 1984 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
7 Arthur B Waugh, Jr b: 14 Nov 1922
7 George Herbert Waugh b: 26 Jan 1928
+Phyllis Cole d: Bef. 2000
8 George Herbert Waugh, Jr b: 15 Sep 1948 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
+Janet Unknown m: in Woodland CA
9 Unknown Waugh
8 Pamela Darlene Waugh b: 10 Jan 1951 in Placer Co CA
+Felix Hernandez
9 Lisa M Hernandez b: 12 May 1971 in Yolo Co CA
9 Jason E Hernandez b: 11 Sep 1972 in Yolo Co CA d: 16 Jul 1982 in Sacramento Co CA
9 Jennette A Hernandez b: 21 Aug 1976 in Yolo Co CA
8 Steven Bruce Waugh b: 5 Jan 1954 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA d: 24 Dec 1988 in Sacramento Co CA
8 Michael Howard Waugh b: 10 Jun 1955 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
8 Patricia G Waugh b: 6 Aug 1956 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA d: Aug 1956 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
8 Lorrie J Waugh b: 25 Sep 1957 in Sacramento, Sacramento Co CA
6 Norval D Waugh b: 16 Jan 1896 in Upshur Co WV
+Gladys Unknown
7 Patty Jean Waugh
7 Phoebe Ann Waugh
6 Martha Rebecca Waugh b: 26 Aug 1898 d: 1 May 1969
+Charles McClellan Davis b: 5 May 1889 in Brown WV d: Jan 1970 in Sonora, Tuolumne Co CA Father: John Davis Mother: Unknown Brown
7 Julia Rebecca Davis
+Gene Patterson Acworth Father: William Acworth Mother: Dolly Patterson
8 Phillip Acworth
8 Jennifer Lynn Acworth
9 Alexis R Acworth
*2nd Husband of Julia Rebecca Davis:
+Robert Singer Dye b: 31 Jan 1930 in Trenton NJ d: 26 Nov 1995 in Fort Lauderdale, Broward Co FL Father: Robert Dye Mother: Anne Unknown
7 Michael "Mike" Davis
7 Margie Davis
7 Sharlie Davis
5 Margaret J Waugh b: 4 Oct 1870 d: 15 Feb 1872 in Upshur Co WV
5 William Waugh b: Oct 1871 d: Feb 1873 in Upshur Co WV
5 Francis Marion Waugh b: 30 Oct 1873 in Upshur Co WV d: 2 Oct 1949 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Rice Cemetery, Banks District
+Lucetta Golden b: Abt. 1876 in Upshur Co WV m: 3 May 1900 in Upshur Co WV Father: Dennis N Golden Mother: Emily Unknown
*2nd Wife of Francis Marion Waugh:
+Laura Robey b: 1870 in Upshur Co WV m: 23 Nov 1908 in Upshur Co WV d: 5 Mar 1924 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Haymond Cemetery Father: Unknown Robey Mother: Sarah A Unknown
5 Jerusha Leah Waugh b: 1875
+Charles Lee
*2nd Husband of Jerusha Leah Waugh:
+Lorenzo D Pugh
4 Leah Jerusha Waugh b: 1837 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 15 Mar 1871 in Pocahontas Co VA
+John Fultz b: 1833 in Rockingham Co VA m: 3 Jul 1860 in Upshur Co VA d: 5 Jul 1861 in Upshur Co VA Father: Adam Fultz Mother: Elizabeth Bolton
5 Mary Emma Fultz b: 30 Nov 1861 in Upshur Co VA d: 24 Oct 1925 in Upshur Co WV
+William Anderson Foster b: 1 Mar 1858 in Upshur Co VA m: 1 Sep 1881 in Upshur Co WV Father: John A Foster Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
6 Ethel Foster b: Jun 1882
6 William R Foster b: Jun 1886
6 Bertha Florence Foster b: 11 Dec 1888 in Upshur Co WV d: May 1978 in Myrtle Beach SC
+Zelotes R Knotts b: 1 Aug 1885 in Taylor Co WV m: 6 Aug 1911 in Upshur Co WV d: 15 Dec 1969 in Myrtle Beach SC
6 Ray G Foster b: Mar 1894 in Upshur Co WV
+Lillian Hannon b: Abt. 1897 in Taylor Co WV m: 7 Mar 1917 in Upshur Co WV Father: G A Hannon Mother: Anna Unknown
6 Alva M Foster b: Mar 1897
*2nd Husband of Leah Jerusha Waugh:
+Pleasant A Smith b: 26 Mar 1830 in Pendleton Co VA m: 26 Mar 1863 d: 15 Feb 1887 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: James Smith Mother: Margaret Unknown
5 Adda Smith b: Abt. 1864
5 Minie Smith b: Abt. 1866
5 Prudy S Smith b: 17 Nov 1867 in Upshur Co WV d: 2 May 1896 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, South Buckhannon
+Melrose E Rohrbaugh b: 14 Jun 1865 in Upshur Co WV m: 31 Oct 1888 in Upshur Co WV d: 24 Jun 1904 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, South Buckhannon Father: Simon J Rohrbaugh Mother: Julian Unknown
6 Ralph A Rohrbaugh b: 10 Oct 1890 in Upshur Co WV
5 Vinnie Smith b: Abt. 1870
4 Enoch Lorenzo Waugh b: 19 May 1843 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 13 Oct 1932 in Vandalia, Lewis Co WV, buried in Vandalia Cemetery
+Mary Sophia Teets b: Jun 1846 in Barbour Co VA m: 11 Sep 1866 in Upshur Co WV d: 1 Sep 1904 in Arlington, Upshur Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Banks District Father: Anthony Teets Mother: Emma Dix
5 Mary Emma Corinne Waugh b: 5 Jul 1867 in Upshur Co WV d: 1 Sep 1961 in Jane Lew, Lewis Co WV
+Philip Madison Allman b: 13 Jul 1856 in Upshur Co WV m: 24 Apr 1884 in Upshur Co WV Father: Samuel Bonnett Allman Mother: Nancy Elizabeth McElvoy
6 Virgil Allman b: 18 Aug 1895 d: Jun 1976 in FL
6 Olive Allman
6 Female Allman

6 Ruby Allman
6 Mary Minerva Allman b: 15 Feb 1902 in WV d: 12 Jul 1992 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Unknown Fletcher
6 Flora Allman
6 Emma Allman
6 Cecil P Allman b: 20 Jan 1906 in WV d: 8 Jun 1975 in San Diego Co CA
5 Female Waugh b: 14 Oct 1868 in Upshur Co WV d: 19 Oct 1868 in Upshur Co WV
5 Zella M Waugh b: 18 Sep 1875 in Upshur Co WV
+Howard B Davidson b: Abt. 1883 in Upshur Co WV m: 1 Mar 1902 in Upshur Co WV Father: Elisha D Davidson Mother: Sarah Friend
5 Myrtle Waugh b: Abt. 1876 d: Bef. 1900
5 Theresa L Waugh b: 13 Jul 1879 d: 31 Dec 1889
5 Libby "Ibbie" S Waugh b: Jun 1881 d: 1933 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Laural Fork
+Stanley B Riggleman b: Sep 1877 m: 4 Apr 1899 in Upshur Co WV Father: John W Riggleman Mother: Malvina Ray
6 Orval T Riggleman b: Jul 1899
6 Orton R Riggleman b: 18 Jul 1899 d: Dec 1978 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
5 Minnie Lorinda Waugh b: Nov 1884 in Upshur Co WV d: 1906
+Henry R Davidson b: Abt. 1884 in Upshur Co WV m: 25 Dec 1903 in Upshur Co WV Father: Elisha D Davidson Mother: Sarah Friend
5 Elda L Waugh b: 17 Nov 1888 in Upshur Co WV
+Unknown Jeffries
*2nd Wife of Enoch Lorenzo Waugh:
+Sarah M Friel m: 20 Aug 1905
5 Martha Elizabeth Waugh b: Oct 1906 d: Bef. 1932
4 John William Worthington Waugh b: 6 Jul 1850 in Upshur Co VA d: 11 Apr 1931 in La Plata, Macon Co, MO
+Mary Catherine "Mollie" Smith b: 13 Sep 1849 in IA m: 7 Sep 1871 in Cunningham, Chariton Co MO d: 13 Jan 1931 in La Plata, Macon Co, MO Father: Murphy Smith Mother: Charity Simmons
5 Male Waugh b: 1 Mar 1874 d: 1 Mar 1874
5 Maud Vanduyn Waugh b: 30 Jul 1876 in Davis Co IA d: 3 Jul 1966 in Little Rock AR
+Joseph Arthur Klepper b: 28 Jun 1869 in Lathrop MO m: 30 Jul 1896 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 12 Sep 1902 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO, buried in Lathrop MO Father: T G Klepper Mother: Unknown
6 Ruth Maud Klepper b: 16 Jul 1899 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 9 Dec 1982 in Little Rock AR
+Newton D Settle b: 24 Jan 1898 d: Jul 1986 in Cape Girardeau, Cape Girardeau Co MO
*2nd Husband of Maud Vanduyn Waugh:
+William Washington Henderson b: 26 Sep 1861 in Rothville, Chariton Co MO m: 6 Apr 1913 in La Plata, Macon Co MO d: 3 Mar 1951 in Kirksville MO, buried La Plata, Mcon Co MO
5 Flora E Waugh b: 16 Aug 1878 in Davis Co IA d: 22 Sep 1939 in St Louis MO, buried in Mt Auburn Cemetery, Somerville MA
+Addison Colwell Ballard b: 1856 in St Paul, Decatur Co IN m: 1 Nov 1900 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 22 Aug 1911 in Taylor TX Father: Lewis Ballard Mother: Lucinda Colwell
6 Lewis Addison Ballard b: 16 Apr 1903 in Sumner, Chariton Co MO d: 6 Sep 1968 in MA, buried East Dennis, Barnstable Co
+Margaret Gwendolyn Jones b: 13 May 1904 in Venedocia, Van Wert Co OH m: 24 Aug 1929 d: 26 Sep 1982 in MA, buried East Dennis, Barnstable Co Father: John Brough Jones Mother: Annie Owens Evans
7 John Addison Ballard b: 6 Nov 1930 in Oak Park, Cook Co IL
7 James Lewis Ballard b: 7 Feb 1933 in Gorsse Pointe, Wayne Co MI
7 Sarah Ballard b: 10 Sep 1938 in Evanston, Cook Co IL
*2nd Husband of Flora E Waugh:
+Harry Stewart Daniels b: 1866 m: 18 Jan 1918 in Jerseyville, Jersey Co IL d: 26 Nov 1922 in Jerseyville, Jersey Co IL Father: James Stewart Daniels
5 Murphy M Waugh b: 12 Sep 1880 in Laclede, Linn Co MO d: 21 Oct 1907 in Chillicothe, Livingston Co MO, buried Breckenridge, Caldwell Co MO
+Verna M Bryan b: 14 Jan 1883 in Chillicothe, Livingston Co MO m: 14 Mar 1906 in Chillicothe, Livingston Co OH d: May 1977 in Jacksonville, Duval Co FL Father: Adrial K Bryan Mother: Mary Terrill
6 Roger Murphy Waugh b: 27 May 1907 in Chillicothe, Livingston Co MO d: Jun 1966 in Orlando, Orange Co FL
+Clella Conley m: 28 Jul 1928 in Gary, Lake Co IN
*2nd Wife of Roger Murphy Waugh:
+Unknown Stewart
7 Roger Murphy Waugh, Jr b: 18 May 1937 in Los Angeles Co CA
4 Homer Marion Waugh b: 19 May 1854 in Upshur Co VA d: 28 May 1941 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery
+Malissa Jane Morrison b: 14 Aug 1858 in Barbour Co VA m: 10 May 1877 in Upshur WV d: 1931 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery Father: James Henry Morrison Mother: Lucy Ann Russell
5 Homer Roy Waugh b: 4 Jan 1879 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co WV d: 1945 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery
+Eliza P Newlon b: 1885 in Sutton VA m: 17 Oct 1905 in Washington DC d: in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery Father: William P Newlon Mother: Malissa Unknown
6 Mary Newlon Waugh b: 3 Oct 1906 d: 8 Jul 1991
+Unknown Woodell
7 John Woodell b: 15 Oct 1934
+Phyllis Garrettson
6 Winston Pitt Waugh b: 22 Feb 1908 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV d: 6 May 1908
6 Louise Waugh b: 24 Aug 1910 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV d: 15 Dec 1919 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavener Cemetery
6 John Hamilton Waugh b: 9 Apr 1914 d: 3 Jun 1981 in Jacksonville, Duval Co FL
6 Helen Katherine Waugh b: 26 Aug 1918
5 Ida "Ide" M Waugh b: 7 Aug 1881 in Upshur Co WV d: Jul 1962 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Old Heavner Cemetery
5 Jay Waugh b: 25 Aug 1883 in Upshur Co WV d: 1943 in FL
+Juanita Unknown
6 Roy Waugh
6 Virginia Lee Waugh
6 Robert Waugh
*2nd Wife of Jacob Waugh
+Margaretta Romine m: 21 Sep 1871 in Harrison Co WV Father: Levi Romine Mother: Jemima Unknown
3 James "Jim" Waugh III b: 14 Dec 1814
+Sarah "Sally" Cochran b: 10 Aug 1818 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV m: 7 Dec 1838 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 13 Oct 1868 in Pocahontas Co WV Father: John Cochran Mother: Elizabeth "Betsy" James
*2nd Wife of James "Jim" Waugh III
+Hannah Lamb b: 1848 m: Abt. 1878
4 Rudolph Waugh b: 1879
3 Rebecca Waugh
3 Nancy Waugh
3 Morgan Waugh b: Abt. 1824
+Mary E McGuire b: 7 Apr 1816 m: 11 Mar 1840 in Jackson Co WV Father: Samuel McGuire Mother: Eleanor Brown
4 Catherine "Cate" Waugh b: 1850 d: Aft. Apr 1934
+Henry Wolf b: Abt. 1848 m: 20 Mar 1872 in Mason Co WV Father: Lewis Wolf Mother: Christina Harpold
5 Allen Wolf b: Abt. 1874
5 Early Wolf b: Abt. 1876
5 Ollie Wolf b: Abt. 1877
4 Martha Waugh b: 4 Jan 1856 d: 8 Apr 1934 in Buffalo, Putnam Co WV, buried in Wolf Valley Cemetery, Leon, Union Dist, Mason Co
+Andrew Lewis Pickens b: 17 Aug 1853 in Mason Co VA m: 23 Dec 1873 in Mason Co WV d: 1916 in Mason Co WV, buried in Wolf Valley Cemetery, Leon, Union Dist Father: Spencer Pickens Mother: Margaret Ann Knapp
5 Philip Pickens
5 Mary Margaret Pickens b: Abt. 1875
+Charles Reeves
*2nd Husband of Mary Margaret Pickens
+Unknown Parker
5 Nancy Ann Pickens b: Abt. 1877
+Unknown Harrison
5 Andrew Green Pickens b: 9 Dec 1879 d: 27 Jun 1953
+Rebecca Ida Wease b: Abt. 1878 m: 1898 in Waterloo WV
6 Lessie Pickens
6 Theodore Pickens b: 18 Nov 1907
6 Laura Elva Pickens
6 Charleston Lawson Pickens

6 Minnie Ernestine Pickens
*2nd Wife of Andrew Owen Pickens:
+Pearl Ramsey
*3rd Wife of Andrew Owen Pickens:
+Minnie Bailes
*4th Wife of Andrew Owen Pickens:
+Ethel Harless
*5th Wife of Andrew Owen Pickens:
+Alice Kimberling
5 Jennie Pickens b: 28 Jan 1888 d: Mar 1984 in Buffalo, Putnam Co WV
+Unknown Stephens
5 Anna Pickens b: 6 Feb 1893
+Unknown Smith
5 Dora Pickens
+Unknown Casto
5 Herman Pickens
5 Leonard Pickens b: 22 Jul 1908 d: Jun 1972 in Sheffield Lake, Lorain Co OH

3 Allen Jones Waugh b: Abt. 1825 in VA
+Sarah Ann Vandenburgh b: Abt. 1829 in MO m: 29 May 1845 in Cape Girardeau MO
4 Don James Waugh b: 24 May 1848 in MO d: 4 Jul 1901 in Jasper Co MO, buried in Webb City Cemetery
+Matilda Johnson m: Abt. 1879 in Jasper Co MO
5 Etta May Waugh b: 26 Mar 1885
5 Minnie Waugh b: 3 Sep 1887
5 Ada Waugh b: Abt. 1890
5 Flora Waugh b: 26 Jan 1893
5 Ira Waugh b: Abt. 1896
5 Perry Waugh b: Abt. 1899
4 Franklin C Waugh b: Abt. 1852
4 John J Waugh b: Abt. 1854
4 Frances Waugh b: Abt. 1857

3 Isabella "Ibby" Waugh b: 1826
+John Brock b: 26 Feb 1818 in Bath Co VA m: 27 Oct 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Abt. 1888 Father: William Brock Mother: Rachel Unknown
4 Rebecca Sarah Brock b: 12 Dec 1843 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1915
+Travis Parsons b: Abt. 1841 in Jackson Co VA m: 20 Feb 1861 in Jackson Co VA Father: Henry Parsons Mother: Lavinia "Vinie" Turner
5 James Monroe Parsons b: 1861 in Jackson Co WV
5 Caroline Parsons b: Abt. 1864 in Jackson CoWV
5 Isabella Parsons b: Abt. 1866 in Jackson Co WV
5 Martha J Parsons b: Abt. 1868 in Jackson Co WV
5 Female Parsons b: 1870 in Jackson Co WV
4 William Young Brock b: 16 Aug 1845 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 8 Feb 1846 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Robert Moffit Brock b: 8 Jan 1847 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 14 Jul 1860 in Jackson Co VA
4 Elizabeth Susan Brock b: 12 Jun 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 4 Nov 1855 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Margaret Dorthea "Maggie" Brock b: 19 Feb 1854 in Clover Creek, Pocahontas Co VA d: 1 Apr 1941 in Louisa Co IA, buried in Columbus City Cemetery
+George W Brock b: 1858 m: 2 Aug 1885 in Columbus Junction, Louisa Co IA d: 1937 in Louisa Co IA, buried in Columbus City Cemetery
5 William H Brock b: 1887 d: 1953 in Louisa Co IA, buried in Columbus City Cemetery
4 Hannah Rachel Brock b: 19 May 1856 in Allegheny Mt, Pocahontas Co VA d: 12 Apr 1945 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA
+Eli Thomas m: 4 Feb 1886 in Harlan Co NE Father: John Thomas Mother: Rebeccca Packer
5 Bessie Thomas b: 1888 in Harlan Co NE d: 1891
5 Ida Thomas b: 1890 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS d: 1893
5 Joseph Elmer Thomas b: 12 Feb 1898 in Topeka KS d: 25 Jul 1989 in Fresno, Fresno Co CA, buried in Inglewood Park Cemetery, Inglewood
+Elsie Jane Merrill m: 10 Feb 1921 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA
6 Theodore Nathan Thomas b: 5 Dec 1921 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA d: 15 Jul 1989 in Marana, Pima Co AZ
+Helen Irene Williams
*2nd Wife of Theodore Nathan Thomas:
+Blanche Minera St Pierre b: 30 Mar 1922 m: 4 Sep 1947 in Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA d: 8 Oct 1993 in Marana, Pima Co AZ
6 Robert Lee Thomas b: 26 Jul 1924 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Phyllis Lorraine Michaelson
6 Willard Vincent Thomas b: 4 Sep 1928 in Santa Monica, Los Angeles Co CA d: 22 Nov 1990 in AL
+Mary Elizabeth Barlow
*2nd Wife of Willard Vincent Thomas:
+Dortha Christine Bishop b: 22 Mar 1928 m: 27 Aug 1966 in Marietta GA d: May 1992 in Centre, Cherokee Co AL
6 Maxine Ramona Thomas b: 20 Feb 1930 in Los Angeles Co CA
+David Arthur Clark
6 Stanley Burton Thomas b: 12 Sep 1935 in Santa Monica, Los Angeles Co CA d: 10 Feb 1936 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA
*2nd Wife of Joseph Elmer Thomas:
+Alice Unknown
4 Lydia Caroline Brock b: 25 Apr 1858 in Meadowbred Mt, Pocahontas Co VA d: 3 Mar 1943 in West Los Angeles, Los Angeles Co CA
+Peter Anderson b: in Denmark
5 George William Anderson b: 16 Oct 1896 in CO d: 2 Apr 1980 in Oceanside, San Diego Co CA, ashes scattered at sea
+Mildred Mary Masters b: 4 Oct 1910 in IL d: 31 May 1990 in San Diego Co CA Father: Unknown Masters Mother: Unknown Bowers
5 Jesse Earl Anderson b: 20 May 1889 in CO d: 4 Apr 1952 in Los Angeles Co CA
4 Mary Virginia Brock b: 25 Apr 1858 in Meadowbred Mt, Pocahontas Co VA d: 25 Jul 1858 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Levi Joseph Brock b: 9 May 1860 in Jackson Co VA d: 1 Jul 1912
+Pearlie Amarett Thomas b: Bet. 1861 - 1865 in IN m: 23 Jul 1884 in Orleans, Harlan Co NE
5 Ethel Ivo Brock b: 1 Jun 1885
+Clyde Milton Trueblood b: 21 Oct 1886 d: Mar 1964 in WA
6 Harold Clyde Trueblood b: 5 Oct 1920 d: Sep 1986 in Silverdale, Kitsap Co WA
+Martia Margetts
5 Arlen Lewis Brock b: 13 Mar 1889 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS d: Nov 1963 in OR
+Maxine Unknown
6 Arlene Marjorie Brock
*2nd Wife of Arlen Lewis Brock:
+Lillian "Lillie" Walker b: 1892 in AL m: 8 Oct 1910 Father: William Henry Walker Mother: Sarah Arminda Hyde
5 Carroll Levi Brock b: 30 Jun 1895 d: 6 Aug 1958
+Myrtle Jessie Smith m: 14 Jul 1916
6 Elbert Brock
6 Lena Brock
6 Marvin Brock
5 Hollie Pearl Brock
+William Henry Rhodes
5 Lena Harriet Brock b: 28 Sep 1902 d: 18 Nov 1918
4 George Gilbert Brock b: 9 May 1864 in Jackson Co WV d: 6 Jun 1933 in Beloit, Mitchell Co KS
+Adella Angeline Alaine Clark b: 11 Apr 1868 in KS m: 19 Nov 1884 in Stockton, Rooks Co KS d: 12 Mar 1952 in San Joaquin Co CA
5 William Ewart Brock b: 9 Sep 1887 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS d: 30 Jul 1960 in Olathe, Johnson Co KS, buried at Oak Lawn Cemetery
+Pearl Leona Berger m: 18 Aug 1909 d: Aft. Jul 1960
6 Vera Brock
+Unknown Hardie
6 Mae Brock
+Unknown Garvin
6 Lorne E Brock
6 Herbert W Brock
5 Edith May Brock b: 28 Dec 1889 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS d: 2 Mar 1890 in Bird City, Cheyenne Co KS
5 Earl Ezra Brock b: 20 Apr 1891 in Denver, Arapahoe Co CO d: 24 Feb 1970 in San Gabriel (hospital), Los Angeles Co CA, buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Hollywood Hills
+Blanche Henderson m: 8 Apr 1913
*2nd Wife of Earl Ezra Brock:
+Florence E Ward

7 Mike Rhodes b: 8 Oct 1957
5 Minty Florence Waugh b: 1 Jan 1907 in Thorny Creek WV
+Lemuel Ruben Vance m: 19 Mar 1940 in Monterey VA Father: [illegible]
6 Juanita Vance b: [illegible]

6 Francis Brock
5 Ada Rose Brock b: 4 Nov 1895 in Beloit, Mitchell Co KS d: 17 Feb 1979 in Riverside, Riverside Co CA
+Walter H Maynard b: in KS m: 23 Feb 1916
6 Mearl Maxell Maynard b: 29 Dec 1920 in KS d: 16 Aug 1992 in San Diego, San Diego Co CA, buried at Greenwood Memorial Park
+Margaret L Tracy
7 Arlene Rose Maynard b: 7 Nov 1943 in San Diego Co CA
7 Tracy Merle Maynard b: 8 Mar 1952 in San Diego Co CA
5 Lyle Walter Brock b: 31 Mar 1904 in Beloit, Mitchell Co KS d: 16 Dec 1987 in Everett, Snohomish Co WA
+Doris Bistline m: 29 Aug 1928 in Concordia, Cloud Co KS
5 Lawrence Elmer Brock b: 29 Jun 1906 in Beloit, Mitchell Co KS d: 29 Mar 1981 in Canoga Park, Los Angeles Co CA, buried in Desert Lawn Memorial Park, Calimesa
+Ruth Shane b: in KS
5 Ora Vernon Brock b: 18 Aug 1909 in KS d: 15 Jul 1955 in Lodi, San Joaquin Co CA
+Mildred Anderson
5 John Benjamin Brock
+Ethel Maxine Watkins
5 Dorothy Evelyn Thompson b: 21 Oct 1915 in KS d: 13 Jan 1981 in Thousand Oaks, Ventura Co CA
+Francis Marion Brokaw b: 13 Dec 1912 in OK d: 1 Nov 1982 in Tulare Co CA Father: Unknwon Brokaw Mother: Unknown Laughlin
6 Cheryl Ann Brokaw b: 11 Oct 1942
6 Janet Brokaw b: 24 May 1944
5 Francis Brock
3 Marcus Greene Waugh b: Abt. 1827 d: Abt. 1889 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery
+Susan H Johnson b: Abt. 1828 m: 13 Sep 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 1916
4 Julia Waugh b: 10 Nov 1852 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 30 Nov 1855 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Mary Jane Waugh b: Abt. 1853 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Hugh Hanson Sharp b: 21 Aug 1848 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co VA m: 9 Apr 1870 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 19 Jun 1912 Father: John Sharp Mother: Sarah Johnson
5 Amanda S Sharp b: 7 Sep 1872 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV m Geo S Moore
5 Hanson J M Sharp b: 24 Jul 1873 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV d: 12 Apr 1941 in Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV m Mary Ann Irvine
5 Bettie A Sharp b: Abt. Sep 1875 in Pocahontas CO WV d: Jul 1876
5 Amos J E Sharp b: 7 May 1878 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV m Iva Waugh
5 Frances Elizabeth Sharp b: 14 Nov 1881 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV m Luther Smith
5 Nola F Sharp b: 16 Mar 1889 in Fairview, Pocahontas Co WV m Newman Perry
5 Silas ⓦ m Sarah Meadows
4 William A Waugh b: 21 Feb 1855 d: 3 Mar 1887 in Greenbrier River, Pocahontas Co WV
+M Unknown
4 James Buckhannon "Buck" Waugh b: 18 Dec 1856 in Greenbrier River, Pocahontas Co WV
+Euranie E Dilley b: Abt. 1850 m: 12 Jan 1874 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 27 Nov 1889 in Greenbrier River, Pocahontas Co VWV Father: Josiah Dilley Mother: Mary Ann Friel
5 Mary S F Waugh b: Abt. 1874
5 Lucretia Waugh b: Abt. 1876 d: 24 Apr 1904 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Kanawha Head
5 Infant Waugh b: Nov 1879
4 Lemuel Moffett Waugh b: 11 Feb 1860 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 16 Feb 1954 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Rebecca Jordan Friel b: 20 Jan 1861 m: 23 May 1882 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jan 1888
5 Lonnie Waugh b: 11 Mar 1883 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Aug 1962 in Potts Creek, Covington Co VA, buried in Indian Draft Cemetery, Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Icie M Friel m: 26 Dec 1906 in Pocahontas Co WV
6 Leion Waugh
*2nd Wife of Lonnie Waugh:
+Matilda Rucker m: Bef. 1915 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Aft. Aug 1962
6 Ocie Mae Waugh b: 4 Jul 1915 d: 7 Jun 1967 in Harrisonburg VA
+Kermit Lantz
6 Bessie Ione Waugh b: 9 Dec 1916 d: 4 Apr 1983 in Keezletown, Rockingham Co VA
+Unknown Sites
6 Milburn Moffett Waugh b: 27 Sep 1918 d: 21 Jan 1994 in Covington City VA, buried in Alleghany Memorial Park
+Carolyn Sharp
7 Doug Waugh
7 John Waugh
6 Raymond Arlington Waugh b: 19 Dec 1920 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 2 Aug 1992 in Roanoke Memorial Hospital, Roanoke VA, buried at Beaver Creek, Pocahontas Co WV
+Zelma G Moore
7 Regina Waugh
6 Basil Waugh b: 1922 d: 1938
6 Norman Waugh b: 1925 d: 1927
6 Calvin McKinley Waugh b: 13 Jun 1927 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Mar 1998 in Granite City, Madison Co IL
+Virginia Unknown
*2nd Wife of Calvin McKinley Waugh:
+Norma Snyder m: 1953
7 Daniel Joseph Waugh b: 2 Jan 1955
+Deborah Lynn Cross m: Sep 1971
8 Christopher Michael Waugh b: 24 Feb 1972
+Elizabeth Ann Jenkins m: 24 Sep 1997
*2nd Wife of Daniel Joseph Waugh:
+Debra Jean Consiglio m: 10 Nov 1979
8 Danielle Jean Waugh b: 15 Dec 1984
7 David Lee Waugh b: 14 Apr 1957
+Joann Watten
7 Carolyn Maria Waugh b: 3 Jan 1962 d: 6 Jan 1962
6 Zoe Madeleine Waugh b: 3 May 1929 d: 27 Oct 1997 in Mineral Wells, Wood Co WV
+Morris[illegible]Merriman
6 Anne Virginia "Annie" Waugh b: 24 Sep 1931
+Robert Jenkins
6 Ella Pearl Waugh b: 30 Oct 1933
+Unknown Kincaid
*2nd Husband of Ella Pearl Waugh:
+Unknown Wanless
6 Stella Marie Waugh b: 30 Oct 1933
+Unknown Burns
6 Fern Price Waugh b: 16 Jan 1935
3 Eva Jane Waugh b: 1 Oct 1884 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 Apr 1970 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Byron Sheppard Dilley b: 17 Oct 1872 m: 22 Mar 1903 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 Jul 1957 Father: William Dilley Mother: Anne Drepard
4 Della Flossie Dilley b: 17 Jan 1904 in Warwick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 23 Mar 1997 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH
+Everett Cecil Kemper b: 22 Oct 1897 in WV m: 7 Dec 1921 in Covington, Alleghany Co VA d: May 1967 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH
5 Orville Everett Kemper b: 18 Sep 1922 d: Jan 1991
5 Kenneth Warren Kemper b: 4 Mar 1924 d: 27 May 1998
5 Sallie Gleta Kemper b: 7 Sep 1925
+Norman Pickenpaugh
5 Della Ruth Kemper b: Jul 1927
+Robert Lee
5 Floyd Leonard Kemper b: 1929 d: Bef. Mar 1997
5 Naomi Rosella Kemper b: 18 Aug 1931 d: Aug 1973
+Unknown Rilgore
5 Camille Viola Kemper b: Mar 1934
+William Hutchison
5 Irene Dora Kemper b: Abt. Dec 1935
+Fred Sweeney
5 Eva Jewell Kemper b: 6 Nov 1937 d: May 1993 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH
+Unknown Vanmeter
5 Keith Karl Kemper b: 9 Dec 1938 d: 19 Mar 2000 in (probably Mansfield, Richland Co OH)
+Mary Unknown d: Aft. Mar 1997
5 Velma Lynn Kemper b: Abt. 1942
+Tom Edward Hoellich

7 Mike Rhodes b: 8 Oct 1957
5 Minty Florence Waugh b: 1 Jan 1907 in Thorny Creek WV
+Lemuel Ruben Vance m: 19 Mar 1940 in Monterey VA Father: [illegible]
6 Juanita Vance b: [illegible]

6 Ada Rebecca Dilley b: 1 Aug 1906 in Warwick, Pocahontas Co WV d: Aft. Mar 1997
+Paul Aaron Schumaker b: 4 Jun 1911 m: 31 Aug 1931 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Feb 1984 in Wickliffe, Lake Co OH 44092 Father: William Schumaker Mother: Emma Thornhill
7 Creola Violet Schumaker b: 30 Jan 1933
7 Phyllis Regine Schumaker b: 25 Dec 1936
7 Carroll Aaron Schumaker b: 31 Aug 1940
7 Vonda Louis Schumaker b: 16 Nov 1942
6 William Lemuel "Willie" Dilley b: 6 May 1908 d: Jul 1980 in WV
6 Floyd Eldon Dilley b: 28 Feb 1910 in Warwick, Pocahontas Co WV d: 30 Jan 1966 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH, buried in Bellville Cemetery, Bellville OH
+Pauline Jordan m: 22 Jan 1938 in Pocahontas Co WV
7 Yvonne Sue Dilley b: 20 Jun 1938 d: 1939
*2nd Wife of Floyd Eldon Dilley:
+Elnora C Long b: 4 Jun 1911 m: Abt. 1947 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH d: 2 Aug 1997 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH
7 Nora Dilley
7 Sharon Dilley b: Abt. 1950
7 Becky Dilley
7 Julie Dilley
6 Ashley Clark Dilley b: 2 May 1912 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 7 Sep 1975 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH 44905
+Maude Mae Doyle b: 19 Sep 1913 m: Abt. 1940 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Nov 1997 in Fredericktown, Knox Co OH
7 Marilyn Joyce Dilley b: 1 Jul 1942
7 Ashley Clark Dilley II b: 29 May 1949
6 Carl Tipton Dilley b: 1 Mar 1914 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 21 Nov 1975 in Mansfield, Richland Co OH, buried in Bellville Cemetery, Bellville OH
+Shirley Skerritt m: Abt. 1945 in England
*2nd Wife of Carl Tipton Dilley:
+Kay Hardman m: Abt. 1954 in Mansfield OH
7 Julie Dilley
7 Todd Dilley
7 Rebecca Dilley
7 Carl Michael Dilley b: 29 Mar 1955
7 Paul Edward Dilley
6 Leo Albert Dilley b: 1 Apr 1916 in Pocahontas Co WV d: Aft. Aug 1997
+Joan Esme Nenneley m: 18 Mar 1944 in Huntingdon, England
7 Lavinia Anne Dilley b: Abt. 1944
7 Sharon Joan Dilley b: 7 May 1956
7 Kecia Esme Dilley b: 6 Sep 1965
6 Roy Byron Dilley b: 4 Apr 1918 d: 6 Jul 1989 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Arnold Lando Dilley b: 6 Apr 1924 d: Jan 1992
6 Viola Violet Dilley b: 1 Aug 1926 in Indian Draft, Pocahontas Co WV
+Unknown Gibbons
*2nd Husband of Viola Violet Dilley:
+Arnold Eugene McKenney m: Apr 1947
7 Linda Lee McKenney b: 21 Jul 1947
*3rd Husband of Viola Violet Dilley:
+Dana William Long m: 24 Dec 1952 in Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co OH
7 Rosalie Viola Long b: 2 Jun 1953
+Theodore John Talliere m: Abt. 1973 in Cuyahoga Co OH
*2nd Husband of Rosalie Viola Long:
+Michael Francis Murray m: Abt. 1978 in Cuyahoga Co OH
*3rd Husband of Rosalie Viola Long:
+James Wade Driver m: Aug 1983 in Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co OH
5 Warden Elmer Waugh b: 7 Aug 1886 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 10 Apr 1962 in Charlottesville VA (hospital)
+Nellie V Dixon m: 23 Oct 1910 in Pocahontas Co WV
6 Elmer Waugh
6 Harry Waugh
6 Warden Elmer Waugh, Jr b: 7 Aug 1925
+Unknown
7 Steven Waugh b: Abt. 1950
6 Opal Waugh
6 Nora Waugh
6 Freda Waugh
6 Alamedia Waugh
*2nd Wife of Lemuel Moffett Waugh:
+Ella Irene Buzzard m: 16 Jul 1889 in Pocahontas Co WV
7 Maude Waugh
*3rd Wife of Lemuel Moffett Waugh:
+Margaret Rosetta "Maggie" Hinkle b: 28 Feb 1874 m: 8 Apr 1896 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 13 Dec 1953 Father: John K Hinkle Mother: Alice King
7 William McKinley Waugh b: 4 Mar 1897 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 26 Jun 1961 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery
+Ada Maude Redden b: 5 Sep 1898 d: Jul 1982 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
6 Howard Orrel Waugh b: 15 Sep 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 8 Oct 1999 in Buckeye, Pocahontas Co WV, buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton
+Gladys Mildred Dunbrack m: 3 May 1938 in Pocahontas Co WV
7 Norval Earl Waugh b: 5 Sep 1938
8 Brenda Waugh
7 Marvena Ann Waugh b: 14 Apr 1940
+Unknown Meeks
6 Aileen Waugh b: in Pocahontas Co WV
+Unknown Dodrill
7 Carolyn Dodrill
+Unknown Fisher
7 Stephen McKinley Dodrill
7 Bobby Lee Dodrill
7 Resick Hanson Waugh b: 9 Aug 1898 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 14 Dec 1950 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Unknown
*2nd Wife of Resick Hanson Waugh
+Avie Marie Clark m: 25 Dec 1922 in Pocahontas Co WV
6 Lewis (Lemuel) Arch Waugh b: 18 Sep 1923 in Stillwell WV d: 23 Jun 1995 in Brockton MA
+Edie Winonna Catchell m: 5 Nov 1941 in ME
7 Lewis Archibald Waugh b: 30 May 1942
7 Dwight Douglas Waugh b: 12 Sep 1943
7 Juanita Hazel Waugh b: 27 Sep 1951
7 Norma Elene Waugh b: 20 Dec 1952
7 Gaynol Gary Waugh b: 13 May 1958
7 Russell Resick Waugh b: 25 Feb 1963
7 Lashon Marie Waugh b: 4 Jul 1963
5 Lula Alice Waugh b: 9 Feb 1901 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 9 Jul 1981 in Pocahontas Co WV
+Roy Sowers m: Abt. 1920 in Pocahontas Co WV
8 William C Sowers b: 1921
8 Ruby Sowers
5 Mary Waugh b: 8 Jan 1903 d: 20 Jan 1903
5 Francis Waugh b: 8 Jan 1903 d: 9 Jan 1903
5 Christina/Christine Catherine Waugh b: 17 Jan 1904 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 9 Jul 1981 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH
+Daniel Phillips
6 Betty Phillips b: 20 Jan 1924
+Walter Rhodes
7 Margaret Rhodes b: 30 Jul 1940
7 Tommy Rhodes b: 10 Apr 1949
7 Janet Rhodes b: 8 May 1952

7 Mike Rhodes b: 8 Oct 1957
5 Minty Florence Waugh b: 1 Jan 1907 in Thorny Creek WV
+Lemuel Ruben Vance m: 19 Mar 1940 in Monterey VA Father: Isaac Vance Mother: Ella Arbogast
6 Juanita Vance b: 21 Aug 1929 in Selma, Allegheny Co VA
+Peter Degenova m: 3 Aug 1949 in Washington DC
7 Peter Anthony Degenova b: 3 Sep 1950
7 Vance William Degenova b: 25 May 1952 in Bollings Air Force Base, Washington DC
7 Sybil Irene Degenova b: 12 Mar 1955
7 Julie Beth Degenova b: 9 Oct 1963 in Andrews Air Force Base, Camp Springs MD
5 Thelma Charleen Waugh b: 29 Jun 1909 ~~d: Oct 1927~~
+Dennis Washington Sharp b: 14 Aug 1907 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV d: 4 May 1978 in Fairborn, Greeene Co OH, buried in Byron Cemetery
6 Jimmy Sharp b: 18 Feb 1932
6 Peggy J Sharp b: 21 Jun 1937
+Edwin Brister
7 Eddie Brister b: 1957
7 Anita Brister b: 1958
7 Kenny Brister b: 1960
7 Brad Brister b: 1963
7 Marty Brister b: 1964
5 Benjamin Franklin Waugh b: 17 Jul 1912 in Pocahontas Co WV ~~d: Aug 1997~~
+Beatrice "Bea" Dunbrack Father: Burgess Dunbrack Mother: Della Deshong
6 Eldridge Waugh
6 Lewis Waugh
Grenetta +Grenata Vanhaan
7 Robin Waugh
+John Mutschler
7 Infant Waugh b: 1960 d: 1960
Lewis Robert Waugh 11 Dec 63 - m. Cheryl div.
*2nd Wife of Benjamin Franklin Waugh:
+Ethel Unknown Murphy ~~d: 1999~~ 6/96
5 Mary Jane Waugh b: 17 Feb 1915 ~~d: 1999~~
Wilson ~~William~~ "Bill" Deffenbaugh
5 Lawrence Elzeworth "Elzie" Waugh b: 17 Aug 1918 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 20 Jul 1994 in Columbus, Franklin Co OH
+Virginia Martin
6 Thomas Waugh
6 Marvin Waugh
*2nd Wife of Lawrence Elzeworth "Elzie" Waugh:
+Jane Unknown
*3rd Wife of Lawrence Elzeworth "Elzie" Waugh:
+Evelyn Unknown
4 John A Waugh b: 27 Sep 1863 in Upshur Co VA d: 30 Oct 1912
+Virginia Gibson m: 17 Sep 1885 in Pocahontas Co WV
5 Mamie Florence Waugh b: 29 Apr 1895 in Hillsboro, Pocahontas Co WV d: 24 Mar 1906
4 Henry H Waugh b: 23 Oct 1866 in Big Run, Pocahontas Co WV d: 19 Feb 1958 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
+Savannah Georgia Beverage b: 8 Aug 1872 d: 18 Feb 1972 Father: Jacob M Beverage Mother: Rachel Ann McGlaughlin
5 Ocy Pearl Waugh b: 26 Aug 1893 in Pocahontas Co WV d: 9 Nov 1977 in Pocahontas Co WV
5 Mabel Waugh
5 Mathias Waugh
5 Nettie Waugh
5 Roy Waugh b: 14 Sep 1909 d: Jul 1974 in Charleston, Kanawha Co WV
5 Unies Waugh
5 Bert H Waugh b: 5 Feb 1916 d: Jul 1993 in Marlinton, Pocahontas Co WV
5 Miley Wade Waugh
+Verah Virginia Gragg m: 5 Mar 1930 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Rhoda E Waugh b: 28 Nov 1868
+Rudolph Waugh
4 Jacob E Waugh b: Abt. 1872
+Indiana A Beverage m: 20 Sep 1892 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Martha S Waugh b: Abt. 1874
+Unknown Lightner
2 Jane Waugh
+Timothy McCarty b: in Ireland m: 13 Oct 1800 in Bath Co VA
3 Mary "Polly" McCarty b: 1802 in Bath Co VA
+Levi Moore, Jr b: in PA m: 9 Sep 1819 in Bath Co VA d: Abt. 1828 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Levi Moore, Sr Mother: Susannah Crist
4 Mary Jane Moore b: 1823
5 Matilda Moore
4 Rachel Moore b: 18 Mar 1824 d: 11 Sep 1906 in Burr Oak, Winneshiek Co IA
+James Sharp b: 28 Sep 1817 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 24 Feb 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA d: 24 Jan 1905 in Burr Oak, Winneshiek Co IA, buried in Burr Oak Cemetery
5 George Sharp b: 1843
+Susannah Peacock m: 1875 in Winneshiek Co IA
6 Stewart Sharp
5 Stuart Sharp b: Abt. 1845
5 Martha Sharp b: Abt. 1846
5 Rachel Sharp b: Abt. 1848
5 Milton Sharp b: Abt. 1849
5 Jane Sharp b: Abt. 1850
5 Robert Sharp b: Abt. 1851
5 Prudence "Prudie" Sharp b: 4 Feb 1853
5 Luvena Sharp b: 1858
5 Eddie Sharp b: 2 Mar 1864
4 George Moore
4 Susanna Crist Moore b: 1829 in Frost, Bath Co VA
+Steven W Haines b: 1828 in Bath Co VA d: 30 Dec 1876 in Burr Oak, Winneshiek Co IA
3 Eli McCarty b: 1804 d: 1842
+Margaret Moore Father: Levi Moore, Jr Mother: Nancy Sharp
4 Margaret McCarty
+John Simmons
4 Paul McCarty
4 Jane McCarty
+John Simmons
5 Robert Simmons
5 Amanda Simmons
5 Margaret Simmons
5 Calvin Simmons
5 Milton Simmons
5 Warwick Simmons
5 Nancy Simmons
3 Reuben McCarty b: 1806
3 Samuel Waugh McCarty b: 23 Sep 1808 in VA d: Bef. 1860
+Phoebe Ann Moore b: Bet. 1810 - 1818 m: 28 Mar 1833 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: John Moore Mother: Margaret Moore
4 George McCarty b: Abt. 1834 d: Bet. 1861 - 1865 in Winchester VA
4 James McCarty b: Abt. 1836
+Mary Hankins m: in 1861
*2nd Wife of James McCarty:
+Matilda Gwinn m: in 1870
4 Timothy McCarty b: Abt. 1838
4 Elizabeth Jane McCarty b: Abt. 1840 in VA d: Abt. 1890 in Pocahontas Co WV

4 Margaret McCarty b: Abt. 1841 in Pocahontas Co VA
+James Curry b: Abt. 1835 in Taylor Co VA m: 5 Nov 1863 in nr Huntersville, Pocahontas Co WV
4 Daniel McCarty b: Abt. 1842
4 Samuel McCarty b: Abt. 1843
4 Hannah McCarty b: Abt. 1844
4 William McCarty b: Abt. 1846 in VA d: 1861 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Nancy McCarty b: Abt. 1848
4 Peter John McCarty b: 1850
+Elizabeth Arminta Hill b: Abt. 1855 in VA Father: Aaron Hill
5 James William McCarty b: Abt. 1875
5 [151] Leanna Frances McCarty b: 16 Nov 1878 d: 4 Apr 1916
+[152] George Henry Shrader b: 9 Mar 1880 d: 25 Jan 1945 Father: Robert Clayton Shrader Mother: Mariah Emily Lewis
5 Amos Hedrick McCarty b: Abt. Nov 1879
5 Albert Granville McCarty
5 Carrie Virginia McCarty
5 Mary "Molly" Price McCarty
+Charles Collins
6 William Hutcheson Collins
+Sarah Varner
7 John Riley Collins
+Virendra "Birdie" Hoover
8 George William Collins
+Merriweather Garland Nummy
9 Nolen Collins
+Carrie Belle Hall
10 Joyce Collins
+Unknown Lien

3 Jacob "Jake" McCarty b: 1812
+Hannah Brock
4 George McCarty
4 Fanny McCarty
*2nd Wife of Jacob "Jake" McCarty:
+Annie Boggs b: in Greenbrier Co VA m: 1 Sep 1842 in Greenbrier Co VA
4 Samuel McCarty
+Elizabeth Unknown
5 Columbus McCarty
+Margaret Hull
6 Kyle McCarty
+Ruby Unknown
7 Steven McCarty
+Pat Unknown
8 Kathryn "Kate" McCarty
+Unknown Cleaver
5 Susan "Susie" McCarty
5 James H McCarty
5 Thomas McCarty
4 Elizabeth McCarty
4 Mahala McCarty
4 Melissa McCarty
4 Julia McCarty
4 Franklin McCarty
3 Nancy McCarty b: 1814
+Robert McClary
3 Jane McCarty b: 1816 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Harvey Casebolt m: 4 Mar 1842 in Pocahontas Co VA
3 Martha McCarty b: 1818
3 Sarah "Sally" McCarty b: 1820 d: 1875 in Mills Co IA
+Ezekiel Boggs, Jr b: 1800 in Greenbrier Co VA m: 21 Mar 1839 in Pocahontas Co VA d: Dec 1850 Father: Ezekiel Boggs, Sr Mother: Margaret J Boggs
4 Barbara Margaret Boggs b: Abt. 1840
+Barstow Dillon
4 Joseph Boggs b: 21 Jul 1845
+Amanda Alice Sayers m: 21 Jan 1877 Father: Unknown Sayers
4 Eli Mansfield Boggs b: 10 Oct 1846
+Lula Zeta Sayers Father: Unknown Sayers
3 Isaac McCarty b: 1822
3 Unknown McCarty b: 1824
3 Unknown McCarty b: 1826
3 Unknown McCarty b: 1828

2 Peggy Waugh
+Arthur Grimes b: 1774 m: 1 May 1806 in Bath Co VA d: 1850 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Felix Grimes Mother: Catherine Unknown
3 Arthur Grimes Jr b: Abt. 1808 d: 20 Mar 1895 in Harrison Co WV
+Rebecca Elizabeth Cumpston m: 27 Feb 1830 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: Unknown Cumpston Mother: Julia A Unknown
4 Newton Grimes
4 Lovena/Lavinia M Grimes b: Abt. 1835 in Pocahontas Co VA
+Silas D Helmick b: 1831 m: 10 Aug 1854 Father: Peter Helmick Mother: Mary Davis
5 James A Helmick b: 1856
+Mary C Suttles b: 1863 in Pocahontas Co VA m: 16 Jan 1879 in Upshur Co WV
5 William A Helmick b: 17 Feb 1857 in Upshur Co VA d: 29 Apr 1873 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Canaan Cemetery, Canaan
5 [153] Mary Elizabeth Helmick b: Jan 1858 in Barbour Co VA d: 17 Sep 1925 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden
+[154] Jacob David Hamilton "Jake" Waugh b: 1 Jun 1855 in Upshur Co VA m: 9 Aug 1880 in Upshur Co WV d: 10 Dec 1934 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Baxa Cemetery, Eden
Father: Brown Morgan Waugh Mother: Emily Rebecca Harris
6 [155] Morgan Silas Waugh b: 13 Sep 1881 in Upshur Co WV d: Jul 1963
+[156] Rosa Ellen Rice b: Apr 1893 m: 15 Sep 1912 in Upshur Co WV d: 1960 Father: John William Rice Mother: Lourena Alice Haymond
7 [157] Violet Pearl Waugh b: 4 Oct 1916 d: Feb 1979 in Aliquippa, Beaver Co PA
+[158] Murray Duffie Haymond b: 15 Dec 1913 m: 22 Dec 1939 in Louisa Co KY d: 27 Jan 1997 in Aliquippa, Beaver Co PA
8 [159] Murray Clive Haymond b: 1 Nov 1949
+[160] Debra Ann Higgs b: 17 Oct 1952 m: 5 Jun 1973 in Kansas City MO
9 [161] Jeffrey David Haymond b: 3 May 1973
8 [162] Bonnie Rose Haymond b: 11 May 1952
+[163] Robert Martin Schmidt b: 30 Nov 1948 m: 26 May 1973
9 [164] Tommi Denea Schmidt b: 27 Sep 1975
9 [165] Robert Michael Schmidt b: 4 Feb 1977
8 [166] Dwain Helson Haymond b: 28 Aug 1953
+[167] Donna Lee Higgs b: 16 Oct 1957 m: 18 Oct 1975 in Aliquippa PA
8 [168] Beverly Sue Haymond b: 14 Apr 1956
+[169] Daniel James Foxall b: 4 Dec 1951 m: 20 Jun 1974
9 [170] Heidi Lynn Foxall b: 26 Dec 1975
8 [171] Rodney Haymond
6 [172] Effie May Waugh b: 3 Jul 1883 in Upshur Co WV d: 30 Aug 1968 in Philip, Barbour Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Gaines
+[173] Henry Columbus Powers b: 1 May 1870 in Lewis Co WV m: 15 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: 14 Apr 1954 in Eden, Upshur Co WV, buried in Salem Cemetery, Gaines Father: Benoni Columbus Powers Mother: Polly Melinda Watson
7 [174] Gene May Powers b: 23 Jun 1908 in Upshur Co WV
+[175] Elmer Gould b: 5 Aug 1902 in Randolph Co WV m: 4 Mar 1934 in Eden, Upshur Co WV d: 22 Apr 1987 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co VA
8 [176] Junior Gould b: 1935
+[177] Penny Strader
8 [178] Franklin Henry Gould b: 1938

~ 2 young Grimes p. 16

4 Rebecca Waugh b: 20 Aug 1836
4 Mary J Waugh b: 1 Dec 1836
+Basil Sells b: 1 Jun 1833 m: 31 Mar 1857 in Vinton Co OH d: 26 Dec 1899 in Chauncey

+[179] Barbara Ann Snyder
8 [180] John Leroy Gould b: 1942
+[181] Lena Rose Foster m: 31 Dec 1966 in Hampton, Upshur Co WV
9 [182] Michael O'Niel Gould b: 1967
9 [183] John Leroy Gould, Jr b: 1971
+[184] Jennifer Taylor
8 [185] Jimmy Allen Gould b: 1946
+[186] Karen Wilson
8 [187] Danny Rex Gould b: 1948
+[188] Karen Sue Hess
8 [189] Gary Joe Gould b: 1949 d: 6 Jun 1985
+[190] Carol Chidester
7 [191] Macil Alden Powers b: 24 Nov 1910 d: Jun 1953 in Upshur Co WV
+[192] Hazel Rice b: 14 May 1914 d: Sep 1992 in Rock Cave, Upshur Co WV
8 [193] Thurman Powers
7 [194] Delbert Clinton Powers b: 14 Mar 1913 d: Feb 1980 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
+[195] Tressie Kincaid b: 12 Sep 1917 d: 10 Jan 1994 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
7 [196] Della Iva Powers b: 14 Jan 1916 d: 24 May 1988 in Galloway, Barbour Co WV
+[197] Ralph Gould b: 20 Apr 1905 d: 20 Jul 1974 in Galloway, Barbour Co WV
7 [198] Xenna Madeline Powers b: 17 Nov 1918
+[199] Olie Gregory b: 25 Sep 1912 d: 8 Sep 1991
7 [200] Charles Henry Powers b: 5 Nov 1920
+[201] Edna Quinn
*2nd Wife of [200] Charles Henry Powers:
+[202] Alma Mort
7 [203] Donald Eugene Powers b: 2 Mar 1922 d: 25 May 1993
+[204] Mildred Quinn
6 [205] Foster Homer Waugh b: 4 Oct 1884 in Upshur Co WV d: Dec 1973 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+[206] Edith June Sines b: Abt. 1890 in Upshur Co VA m: 1 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV Father: Emmanuel Sines Mother: Laura E Withers
7 [207] Norman Waugh
7 [208] Elsie Waugh
7 [209] Celia Waugh
7 [210] Lola Waugh
7 [211] Geraldine Waugh
7 [212] Eugene Waugh
7 [213] Herbert Waugh
7 [214] Denzil Foster Waugh b: Abt. 1917 in Upshur Co WV
+[215] Iva Pearl Morrison b: 30 Mar 1920 in Kanawha Head, Upshur Co VA m: 7 May 1938 in Upshur Co WV Father: Willis Wade Morrison Mother: Martha Alice Taylor
8 [216] Linda Jane Waugh b: 8 Jul 1941 in Sewickley, Allegheny Co PA
+[217] Larry Gilbert Vaught b: 1941 m: 2 Sep 1968 Father: Conrad Vaught Mother: May Morn
9 [218] Samuel Allen Vaught b: 16 Jun 1968 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [219] Joseph Edward Vaught b: 13 Feb 1970 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[220] Michelle Strader m: 12 Jul 1997 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [221] Janna Renea Vaught b: 17 Apr 1972 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: Lloyd Rich Mother: Dorothy Mizell
+[222] Brian Paige Rich b: 1971 m: 2 Sep 1994 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
10 [223] Jaric Shane Rich b: 20 Jul 1995 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
8 [224] Jerry Richard Waugh b: 23 Dec 1943 in Sewickley, Allegheny Co PA
+[225] Linda Rose Owen b: 1948 m: 9 Nov 1969 in Kershafton OH Father: Robert Owens Mother: Virginia McMillin
9 [226] Karmen Mashell Waugh b: 28 Oct 1969 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
+[227] Nathan Davis
10 [228] Nathaniel Lee Davis
*2nd Husband of [226] Karmen Mashell Waugh:
+[229] Patrick Andrews m: 6 Sep 1997 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [230] Kimberly Jo Waugh b: 30 Oct 1974
+[231] Stacy Stickley m: 3 Jul 1994 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
9 [232] Kristy Elaine Waugh b: 4 Apr 1984
*2nd Wife of [205] Foster Homer Waugh:
+[233] Helena Mary Feolio b: 10 Apr 1923 in Lewis Co WV m: 10 Mar 1947 in Upshur Co WV d: Feb 1985 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Angelo Charles Feolio Mother: Mary Ritz
6 [234] Sylvester E Waugh b: 23 Dec 1886 in Upshur Co WV d: 21 Feb 1968 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Heavner Cemetery
+[235] Rosa E "Rosie" Lake b: 6 Aug 1895 in Webster Co WV m: 1 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV d: Jan 1979 in Upshur Co VA, buried in Heavner Cemetery Father: Richard Lake
6 [236] Alva S Waugh b: 12 May 1889 in Upshur Co WV d: 22 Jan 1923 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Baxa Cemetery near Eden
+[237] Laura Pansey Miller b: 1899 in Upshur Co WV m: 15 Nov 1916 in Upshur Co WV d: 1997 in Harrison Co WV Father: J D Miller Mother: Victoria Unknown
7 [238] Ersal Waugh
6 [239] Dorsey E Waugh b: Apr 1892 d: 15 May 1894
6 [240] Asa Thomas Waugh b: 30 Mar 1896 d: 27 Nov 1970 in Upshur Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery
+[241] Nellie Opal Morrison b: 2 Apr 1901 in Upshur Co WV d: 8 Dec 1982 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV, buried in Buckhannon Cemetery, Upshur Co WV Father: Willis Wade Morrison Mother: Martha Alice Taylor
6 [242] Porter P Waugh b: Jan 1898 in Upshur Co WV d: Aft. 1934
+[243] Irene Jackson b: 24 Sep 1907 in Upshur Co WV m: 27 Jul 1926 in Upshur Co WV d: 20 Jun 1997 in St Mary's, Pleasants Co WV Father: Irvin Jackson
6 [244] Denzil Waugh b: 1900
*2nd Husband of [153] Mary Elizabeth Helmick:
+Peter A Cox
5 Peter M Helmick b: 17 Jun 1862 in Barbour Co VA d: 1927 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Lorentz Cemetery, Lorentz WV
+Barbara Ann Daft b: 3 Oct 1865 in Randolph Co WV m: 18 Sep 1881 in Upshur Co WV d: 21 Dec 1946 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV, buried in Lorentz Cemetery, Lorentz WV
Father: John William Daff Mother: Elizabeth Ramsey
6 Flora Helmick
6 Harmon Helmick b: 24 May 1901 d: Dec 1985 in Newark, Licking Co OH
+Irene Marks m: 29 Jan 1923 in Upshur Co WV Father: O L Marks
6 Abraham Helmick
6 George Helmick
6 Samson C Helmick b: in Upshur Co WV
+Lina Sennett Father: William Sennett Mother: Catherine McGee
5 Jacob P Helmick b: 1864 in Barbour Co WV d: 1946 in buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co WV
+Elma Armonda Geyer b: Abt. 1868 in Upshur Co WV m: 1 Jul 1884 in Randolph Co WV d: 1948 in buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co WV
6 Omar Helmick
6 William Helmick b: 2 Oct 1893 d: Feb 1967 in Elkins, Randolph Co WV
6 Ona Helmick
5 Silas L Helmick b: 1867 in Randolph Co WV
+Eldora/Effie Snyder b: 10 May 1878 in Webster Co WV m: 10 Oct 1895 in Addison, Webster Co WV d: 1 Jan 1936 in buried in Pleasant Dale Cemetery, Selbyville, Upshur Co WV
*2nd Wife of Silas L Helmick
+Mary Unknown
*3rd Wife of Silas L Helmick
+Alice Bond Helmick
5 John Wesley Helmick b: 1866
+Mary S Unknown b: 1873
6 Martha A Helmick
6 Mattie M Helmick
5 Thomas C Helmick b: 19 Mar 1869 in Banks Dist, Upshur Co WV
+Sarah T Unknown
6 Leonard T Helmick b: 5 Nov 1897 in Upshur Co WV d: Mar 1977 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
5 Bruce Morgan Helmick b: 1871 d: 1948 in buried in Alfred Anderson Cemetery, Wheeler, Webster Co WV
+Alice E Anderson b: 11 Feb 1876 d: 2 Jan 1896 in buried in Alfred Anderson Cemetery, Wheeler, Webster Co WV
6 Sidney Helmick

4 Mary J Waugh b: 1 Dec 1836
+Basil Sells b: 1 Jun 1833 m: 31 Mar 1857 in Vinton Co OH d: 24 Jun 1892 in Indianola, Warren Co IA, buried in [illegible]
5 Fannie Louisa Sells b: 11 May 1870 d: 24 Jun 1892 in Indianola, Warren Co IA
4 James Waugh b: 13 Feb 1839

*2nd Wife of Brown Morgan Helmick:
+Mary Susan Hinkle b: 1872 Father: Abe Perry Hinkle Mother: Mary Magdaline Anderson
6 Madgie Helmick b: 19 Jun 1900 d: 8 Oct 1902 in buried in Alfred Anderson Cemetery, Wheeler, Webster Co WV
6 Orvin Clay Helmick b: 3 Apr 1903 in Webster Co WV d: 1948 in buried in Pickens Cemetery, Randolph Co WV
+Lillie Goff
7 Lorma Helmick b: 1925
+Charles Stone
7 Gleima Helmick b: 1929
+Louise Wuchner
8 Michael Haymond Helmick b: 25 May 1956 in Germany
+Linda Rose Cogar b: 18 Mar 1961 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV Father: Ancil Cogar Mother: Sylvania Cogar
9 Michael Ancil Helmick b: 5 Sep 1980 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
7 Dennis G Helmick b: 1940
+Hazel Woody
6 Virgie Helmick
+Elmer Harris
7 Reva Harris
7 Stanley Harris
7 Lowell Harris
6 Everett Helmick b: 5 Oct 1905 d: Sep 1977 in Fairmont, Marion Co WV
+Stella Goff
7 Euna Helmick
7 Doris Helmick
6 Clye Ezra Helmick b: 10 Dec 1909 d: 3 Oct 1939 in buried in Alfred Anderson Cemetery, Wheeler, Webster Co WV
+Mabel Collins
7 Guindeline Helmick
6 Arnold Lowell Helmick b: 22 Dec 1912 in Wheeler, Webster Co WV d: Sep 1980 in Hacker Valley, Webster Co WV
+Reva Lillie Boggs b: 8 Jan 1915 in Wheeler, Webster Co WV m: 25 Jul 1937 in Wheeler, Webster Co WV d: 14 Sep 1990 in Hacker Valley, Webster Co WV Father: Charles Boggs Mother: Iowa Cogar
7 Mava Lucille Helmick b: 21 Aug 1938
+Raymond Mallett b: 18 Jun 1932 m: 19 Aug 1959
8 Dennis Ray Mallett b: 15 May 1960
8 Deanna Lucille Mallett b: 22 Mar 1962
7 Vera Lillian Helmick
+Michael Chadwick Jordan b: 8 Jul 1947
8 Maria Rochelle Jordan b: 5 May 1975
5 Henry Carter Helmick b: 11 Apr 1873 in WV d: 9 Mar 1952 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Susie Halderman b: 6 May 1885 in WV m: in Randolph Co WV d: 30 May 1991 in Marysville, Yuba Co CA Mother: Unknown Wenger
6 June Christine Helmick b: 20 Nov 1901 in WV d: 2 Aug 1990 in Yuba City (hospital), Sutter Co CA, buried in Peoria Cemetery, Loma Rica, Yuba Co CA
+Unknown Powell d: Bef. 1990
6 Clifford William Helmick b: 26 Oct 1904 in WV d: 4 Mar 1991 in Yuba Co CA
+Pauline Elizabeth Kava b: 9 Feb 1905 in PA d: 5 Dec 1995 in Marysville, Yuba Co CA
6 Pearl Helmick
+Unknown Lucas
6 Loretta/Reatha Helmick
+Unknown Reeves
6 Bertha Virginia Helmick b: 3 Jun 1911 d: 13 Oct 1984 in Red Bluff, Tehama Co CA, buried in Peoria Memorial Cemetery, Loma Rica
+LeRoy Musick
6 Esther Helmick
+Unknown Poe
5 Robert L Helmick b: 1876
4 Rebecca Jane Grimes b: Abt. 1836 - m → Upshur (Price)
4 Laurinda J Grimes b: 22 Feb 1842 d: 7 Nov 1907
+Martin James Helmick b: 1833 d: 1909 Father: Peter Helmick Mother: Mary Davis
5 John B Helmick
5 Harmon Helmick
5 Emory Helmick
5 Rachel Helmick
5 Arthur Birdell "Bird" Helmick
+Levisa Jordan
6 Dewey Stillman Helmick
+Mary Evans
7 B J Van Helmick
5 William P Helmick
5 Sarah Helmick
5 Mary E Helmick
4 Samuel N? Grimes b: Abt. 1846
4 Emily E Grimes b: 1850
4 Angeline Grimes
3 Jane Grimes d: in Highland Co WV
+Leonidas Bowyers m: 23 Aug 1833 in Pocahontas Co VA
4 Cicero Bowyers
4 James Leonard Bowyers
3 Samuel Grimes → Jacob F + Mrs
+Margaret Dysard m: 1 Jul 1834 in Pocahontas Co VA
3 John Grimes b: Abt. 1819 d: 1864 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co WV
3 Rebecca Grimes b: 1820
+Thomas Drinnan m: 30 Nov 1837 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: John Drinnon Mother: Elizabeth Drinnon
4 Franklin Drinnan
4 Female Drinnan
4 Female Drinnan
4 Female Drinnan
3 David G Grimes b: Abt. 1822 in VA
+Mary Grimes b: Abt. 1822 m: 26 Feb 1846 in Pocahontas Co VA Father: James Grimes (Son of Felix)
4 Madora? Grimes b: Abt. 1848
4 A Sarah Grimes b: Abt. 1849
4 Hanson Grimes
+Mary Nottingham Father: Harvey Nottingham
5 Minnie Grimes
+Earl Arbogast
4 Margaret Grimes
+W H Sims
5 Hanson Grimes
5 Frank Grimes
*2nd Husband of Margaret Grimes
+Erasmus Williams
4 Amanda Grimes
+Charles G W Sharp
5 Hannah M Sharp b: 1870 d: 13 Sep 1871 in Pocahontas Co WV
4 Leah Grimes
+George Preston Hannah Father: David Hannah Mother: Hester Sicafoose
→ Hanson in CAN. ; Frank in LA ; Leah m Geo P Hannah → Upshur
3 Sally m Hugh McLaughlin s/o John Green ? 1791 Hist P 422. 317,232
2 Jacob Waugh
+Elizabeth Johnson b: Abt. 1792 in VA m: 19 May 1812 in Bath Co VA Father: John Johnson Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
3 James Waugh b: 18 Feb 1812 in Bath Co VA d: 29 May 1893 in Richland Twp, Vinton Co OH, buried in Shiloh Cemetery
+Fidelia Briggs b: 17 May 1808 in Orange, Franklin Co MA m: 6 Jun 1834 in Hocking Co OH d: 8 Feb 1850 in probably Vinton Co OH Father: Simeon Briggs Mother: Elizabeth Sadler
4 Elizabeth Waugh b: 20 Mar 1835 d: 23 May 1835

4 Rebecca Waugh b: 20 Mar 1835
4 Mary J Waugh b: 1 Dec 1836
+Basil Sells b: 1 Jun 1833 m: 31 Mar 1857 in Vinton Co OH d: 26 Dec 1899 in Churchville, Warren Co IA, buried in IOOF Cemetery, Indianola
5 Fannie Louisa Sells b: 11 May 1870 d: 24 Jan 1892 in Indianola, Warren Co IA, buried in IOOF Cemetery
4 James Waugh b: 13 Feb 1839
4 Jacob Waugh b: 14 Nov 1839 in Middletown, Vinton Co OH d: 15 Nov 1927 in Latham, Pike Co OH
+Elmira/Almira McNeil b: 5 Oct 1842 in Columbiana Co OH m: 18 Aug 1860 in Middletown, Jackson Co OH d: 14 Feb 1924 in Pike Co OH
5 Charles William Waugh b: 31 Mar 1868 in Pike Co OH d: 10 Jul 1954
+Ida Amanda Farren b: 3 Dec 1874 in Latham, Pike Co OH m: 3 Sep 1892 d: 18 Oct 1936
6 Alma Marie Waugh b: 21 Oct 1893
6 Arthur Lee Waugh b: 29 Apr 1898 d: 27 Dec 1965 in IN
6 Fred Edgar Waugh b: 5 May 1902 d: 26 Dec 1961
6 Orville Luray Waugh b: 25 Jan 1909 d: 8 Mar 1963
5 Henry Edgar Waugh b: Abt. 1882 in OH
+Alice Unknown b: Abt. 1889 in OH
6 Mary E Waugh b: Abt. 1906
6 John W Waugh b: Abt. 1907
6 Goldie M Waugh b: Abt. 1908
6 Charley R Waugh b: Abt. 1909
5 Zoe A Waugh b: Abt. 1887
4 Francis Bartlett Waugh b: 4 Apr 1842 in McArthur, Vinton Co OH d: 13 Oct 1921 in Wellston, Jackson Co OH
+Sarah E Caves b: in OH m: 4 Jul 1865 in Vinton Co OH d: 8 Jan 1914 in Jackson Co OH
5 William R Waugh b: Abt. 1880 in OH
4 Sarah Waugh b: 21 Aug 1844 d: 1925 in IA
*2nd Wife of James Waugh
+Permelia Collins b: 26 Feb 1813 in VA m: 29 Sep 1850 in VInton Co OH d: 11 Feb 1896 in South Richland Twp, Vinton Co OH, buried in Shilloh Cemetery
4 Eliza Ann Waugh b: 9 Jul 1851 d: 20 Mar 1891
+James H Gregory b: Abt. 1852 in Vinton Co OH m: 7 Aug 1883 Father: James Gregory Mother: Matilda Race
4 Andrew Wolf Waugh b: 31 Dec 1852 in OH d: 22 Aug 1904
+Margaret "Maggie" Ziegler b: Sep 1840 in OH m: 30 Dec 1877 in Vinton Co OH
5 Oscar O Waugh b: Nov 1878 in OH
4 Elizabeth Waugh b: 7 Mar 1855 in OH d: 1934 in Logan Co OH
+Robert Walter Nelson m: 18 Jan 1877 in Vinton Co OH Father: William Nelson Mother: Hannah Hammond
5 Edward Leander Nelson
+Zella Clagett m: Abt. 1915
6 Edward Lee Nelson
+Dorothy Fouts
4 Fidelia Waugh b: 7 Mar 1855
4 William Wesley Waugh b: 18 Feb 1857 in OH d: in Logan Co OH
+Emma F Beagle b: Abt. 1859 in OH m: 26 Apr 1879 in Hocking Co OH
4 Lydia Waugh b: 23 Oct 1858 d: 23 Oct 1858
3 Abraham McNeil Waugh b: Abt. 1816 in Bath Co VA
+Sarah Walker m: 1 Mar 1838 in Hocking Co OH
3 Sarah Waugh b: Abt. 1817 in Bath Co VA
+William Benn m: 8 Dec 1836 in Hocking Co OH
4 Drusilla Benn
+Unknown Carr
3 Elizabeth D Waugh b: 26 Jun 1820 in Bath Co VA d: in Fredonia, Louisa Co IA
+William G Wilson m: 10 Jul 1837 in Athens Co OH d: in Fredonia, Louisa Co IA
4 Jonathan Wilson b: Abt. 1844
4 Melissa Wilson b: 7 Nov 1846 in Porter Co IN
4 Elizabeth Wilson b: 28 Nov 1848
4 William H Wilson b: Abt. 1850
4 Emily Jane Wilson b: 25 Sep 1853
4 Elum Wilson b: 17 Apr 1856
4 Alice Wilson b: 11 Aug 1858 in Porter Co IN
+W H Wolcott
5 Unknown Wolcott
+Edie French
4 Andrew Wilson b: Abt. 1860
+Sarah E Kelly m: 25 May 1884 in Mason Co WV
3 John Waugh b: Abt. 1823
Alexander St Clair "Sinclair" Waugh b: Abt. 1788 in Bath Co VA d: 31 Mar 1867 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Rockford Methodist Church near Jane Lew, Harrison Co.
+Sarah "Sally" Dee b: 1787 m: 3 Feb 1817 in Harrison Co WV d: 4 Nov 1839 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Old Frame Church Cemetery, Lost Creek
3 Eleanor Waugh b: Abt. 1817 in VA d: 1883 in Lewis Co WV
+Lemuel Daniel Hurst b: Abt. 1819 in Harrison Co VA m: 9 Jan 1844 in Harrison Co VA d: 15 Jun 1882 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery nr Vadis Father: Daniel Hurst Mother: Eleanor "Ellen" Davisson
4 John Worthington Hurst b: 14 May 1841 in Harrison Co VA d: 18 Jun 1907 in Long Run, Doddridge Co WV, buried in SDB cemetery, Salem, Harrison Co WV
+Sarah E Skinner b: 1835 m: 18 May 1862 in Harrison Co VA d: 1920
4 Dexter Waugh "Dex" Hurst b: Oct 1845 in Harrison Co VA
+Elizabeth Collins Ralston b: Abt. 1845 in VA m: 24 Jan 1872 in Doddridge Co WV
5 Albert Hurst b: Abt. 1866
5 Ellsworth Hurst b: Abt. 1874
5 Birdie Hurst b: Abt. 1876
5 Mattie Hurst b: 1879
4 Darius Lee "Guinea/Gib/General" Hurst b: Nov 1846 in Harrison Co VA d: 1 Feb 1928 in Gilmer Co WV, buried in Snyder or Mount Lebanon Cemetery
+Mary "Verna" Dennison b: 1846 in VA m: 30 May 1867 in Gilmer Co WV d: 1928
5 Dora E Hurst b: Abt. 1870
5 John E Hurst b: Abt. 1871
5 Patrick Hurst b: Abt. 1872
5 Fanny B Hurst b: Abt. 1875
5 Evaline C Hurst b: Abt. 1877
4 Martha A Hurst b: May 1847 in Augusta/Gilmer Co VA d: 2 Jan 1920 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery
+Ewing Sandy m: 13 Jan 1870 in Gilmer Co WV
4 Sarah L "Sally" Hurst b: Oct 1849 in VA
+Allen Burton b: Abt. 1850 in VA m: 19 May 1871 in Lewis Co WV
5 Dexter S Burton b: Abt. 1873 in WV
5 Clinton Burton b: Abt. 1876 in WV
4 Daniel Smith "Dorsey" Hurst b: 3 Feb 1851 in Duck Creek, Harrison Co VA d: in Vadis, Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery
+Rachel Waugh Hastie m: 13 Apr 1885 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
4 Christian Alexander Hurst b: 23 Apr 1853 in Finks Creek, Lewis Co VA d: 31 Mar 1948 in Wood Co WV, buried in Mt Olivet Cemetery, Parkersburg
+Hannah Victoria Rose b: 1860 m: 24 Jun 1880 in Doddridge Co WV d: 1932
4 Henry Rosenbush Hurst b: Jun 1856 in Lewis Co VA d: 5 Mar 1922 in Little Cove, Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
+Sophia Collins b: 1857 m: 5 Apr 1877 in Harrison Co WV d: 1882
5 Rosetta Hurst b: Abt. 1878
*2nd Wife of Henry Rosenbush Hurst
+Frances "Fanny" Skinner b: 1868 in Lewis Co WV m: 12 Apr 1883 in Cove Creek, Doddridge Co WV d: 1967
4 Mary F Hurst b: Abt. 1861 in Lewis Co VA d: in Lancaster, Fairfield Co OH
+William E Van Horn b: Abt. 1857 in VA m: 22 Nov 1877 in Lewis Co WV
5 Louis L Van Horn b: Abt. 1879
5 Gertie C Van Horn b: Jan 1881
3 William Jefferson "Jeff" Waugh b: Abt. 1818 d: 20 Apr 1884 in Lewis Co VA
+Sarah Davisson b: 1824 in Duck Creek, Harrison Co VA m: 16 Aug 1841 in Harrison Co VA Father: Jonathan Davisson Mother: Lorena Holland
4 Amanda Minerva Waugh b: 13 Mar 1843 in Lewis Co VA d: 13 Jan 1926 in Ewing, Holt Co, NE, buried in Ewing Cemetery

+John Keller Snider/Snyder b: 16 Nov 1834 in Pendleton Co VA m: 28 Jan 1858 in Lewis Co VA d: 14 Aug 1914 in Ewing, Holt Co NE, buried in Ewing Cemetery Father: Jacob Snider
Mother: Elizabeth Keller
5 Sarah Elizabeth Snyder b: 18 Dec 1862 in near Vadis, Lewis Co VA d: 22 May 1946 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+George Franklin Wiseman b: 9 Sep 1859 in Vadis, Lewis Co VA m: 18 Jun 1881 in Troy, Gilmer Co WV d: 3 Aug 1946 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
6 Roy B Wiseman b: 21 Dec 1882 in WV d: 16 Jul 1936 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
6 Doyle Dean Wiseman b: 30 Apr 1884 in Troy, Gilmer Co WV d: 5 Sep 1947 in Orchard, Antelope Co NE
6 Ernest C Wiseman b: 23 Nov 1886 d: 16 May 1966 in Twin Falls, Twin Falls Co ID
6 Minnie D Wiseman b: 2 Jan 1887 in KS d: Jan 1961 in Upton, Weston Co WY
+Charles Haggerman
6 Mary Anna Wiseman b: 22 Sep 1890 in KS
+Unknown Davis
6 Charles F/H Wiseman b: 18 Jul 1892 in KS d: 26 Apr 1918 in US Army service
6 Otto Austin Wiseman b: 23 Jul 1894 in KS d: Feb 1976 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Marietta Cornelia van Conett b: 29 Mar 1899 in Page, Holt Co NE m: in O'Neil, Holt Col NE d: 22 Nov 1982 in Page, Holt Co NE, buried in Lambert Cemetery Father:
Elmer van Conett Mother: Rose Ann O'Haver
7 Charley Austin Wiseman b: 29 Jul 1921 in Upton, Weston Co WY d: 2 Sep 1975 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE, buried at Prospect Hill Cemetery
+Rose Ann Freedman b: 26 Sep 1921 m: 6 Dec 1962 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 30 Jun 1996 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
7 Leo Reed Wiseman b: 27 Jan 1923 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Ruth Gloria Boyer b: 25 Oct 1926 m: 16 Dec 1944 in Schuyler, Colfax Co NE d: 20 Aug 1960 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
8 Leo Thomas Wiseman b: 13 Apr 1945 in Omaha, Douglas Co NE
8 Wayne Austin Wiseman b: 23 Sep 1947 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
7 Virginia Rose Wiseman b: 28 Apr 1925 in Orchard, Antelope Co NE d: 26 Mar 1989 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE, buried at Hillcrest Cemetery
+Allen Kopejtka m: in Las Vegas, Clark Co NV
8 Richard Eugene Kopejtka b: 15 Dec 1944 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 28 May 1996 in Sidney, Fremont Co IA
+Gertrude Sitka m: in Marysville, Snohomish Co WA
9 Raymond Eugene Kopejtka b: 8 Apr 1965 in Burlington, Skagit Co WA
9 Deborah Ann Kopejtka b: 8 Apr 1965 in Burlington, Skagit Co WA
+Herbert Marks m: in Bow, Skagit Co WA
*2nd Husband of Deborah Ann Kopejtka:
+Paul Brown m: in Bow, Skagit Co WA
9 Steven James Kopejtka b: 13 Oct 1967 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
9 Scott James Kopejtka b: 13 Oct 1967 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
*2nd Wife of Richard Eugene Kopejtka:
+Peggy Bolich m: in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
*3rd Wife of Richard Eugene Kopejtka:
+Marilyn Waterman m: in Mt Veron , Skagit Co WA
9 Jesse John Kopejtka b: 14 Jun 1982 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
8 Ralph Gerald Kopejtka b: 12 Sep 1946 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
+Judy Jockens m: 12 Sep 1977 in Tilden, Antelope Co NE
8 Robert John Kopejtka b: 26 Jun 1947 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 3 Dec 1971 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE, buried at Hillcrest Cemetery
+Connie Ray Hasley m: in Norfolk NE
8 James Elmer Kopejtka b: 26 Jun 1951 in O'Neil, Holt Co NE d: 8 Mar 1979 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE, buried at Hillcrest Cemetery
+Sharon K Kasley m: in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
9 Robert James Kopejtka b: 17 Apr 1974
*2nd Husband of Virginia Rose Wiseman:
+Ralph Kopejtka b: 21 Sep 1920 m: 23 Jan 1946 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 5 Apr 1991
7 Elmer Franklin Wiseman b: 12 Jan 1930 in Deloit NE
+Mavis Lucille Spry m: in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
8 Martin Elmer Wiseman b: 26 Dec 1952 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
+Ruth Joan Spangler m: 16 Jun 1973 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
9 Clayton Scott Wiseman b: 3 Oct 1973 in Neligh, Antelope Co NE
9 Kristopher Martin Wiseman b: 4 Apr 1977 in Atkinson, Holt Co NE
*2nd Wife of Martin Elmer Wiseman:
+Jackie Lee Juracek m: 22 May 1981 in Hastings, Adams Co NE
9 Mardi Wiseman
9 Jeri Wiseman
8 Michael Alan Wiseman b: 24 Nov 1954 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
+Kimberley Kay Telgrin m: 25 Aug 1974 in Oakdale, Antelope Co NE
9 Sharon Michelle Wiseman b: 8 Aug 1973 in Tilden, Antelope Co NE
9 Joshua Alan Wiseman b: 20 Jul 1977 in Mt Pleasant, Henry Co IA
8 Mark Douglas Wiseman b: 17 Sep 1956 in O'Neil, Holt Co NE
+Debra Ann Ketteler m: 3 Jul 1976 in Petersburg, Boone Co NE
9 Jason Michael Wiseman b: 16 Sep 1977 in Palmview, Pierce Co NE
9 Amy Jo Wiseman b: 14 Jul 1981 in O'Neil, Holt Co NE
8 Merlin Reed Wiseman b: 29 Sep 1958
7 Anna Mae Wiseman b: 6 Mar 1936
6 Otto Oscar Wiseman b: 23 Jul 1894 in KS d: 5 Jun 1989 in Turlock, Stanislaus Co CA
+Cora Willey b: 25 Feb 1899 in CA d: 21 May 1993 in Stanislaus Co CA Father: Unknown Willey Mother: Unknown McGinn
7 Joan Wiseman
+Unknown Rico
6 Earl Wiseman b: 9 Oct 1897 in KS d: Mar 1976 in Wilmington, New Hanover Co NC, buried in Cedar Hills Memorial Gardens, Daytona Beach FL
6 Jessie Erma Wiseman b: 6 May 1899 in KS d: 15 Jun 1979 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA
+Unknown Lefler
6 George Wiseman b: 12 Apr 1901 in KS
6 Alfa J Wiseman b: 23 Feb 1904 in KS d: 18 Sep 1905
5 Charles Thomas "Charlie" Snyder b: 20 Oct 1865 d: 4 Nov 1929 in Salina, Saline Co KS
+Minnie Ahatt b: 28 May 1875 m: 4 Jun 1894 d: 14 Apr 1952 in Salina, Saline Co KS
6 Dorothy Elvira Snyder b: Apr 1895 d: Aft. 1976
+Joseph Monese b: Nov 1897 m: 5 Feb 1917 d: Aft. 1976
6 Russell Clyde Snyder b: 25 Sep 1898 d: Apr 1981 in Salina, Saline Co KS
+Mabel Isaac d: Abt. 1972
7 Evelyn Mae Snyder
6 Lorraine Dale Snyder b: 2 Apr 1900 d: Feb 1989
+George Mace
*2nd Husband of Lorraine Dale Snyder
+Henry Jensen
6 Mildred Fern Snyder b: Dec 1903 d: 13 Oct 1936
+Paul Morrison
7 Female Morrison
5 Ellen Jane Snyder b: 13 Feb 1868 in Gilmer Co WV d: Abt. 1959 in Wichita, Sedgwick Co KS, buried in Wichita
+Edward Wright d: in Wichita, Sedgwick Co KS, buried in Wichita
6 Ula Wright
6 Fern Wright
6 Forrest Wright
6 Russell Wright
6 Cecelia Wright
6 Opal Wright
6 Hal Wright
5 Arthur Snyder b: 18 Sep 1871 in near Troy, Gilmer Co WV d: 14 Dec 1960 in O'Neil, Holt Co NE, buried in Ewing
+George Booth b: 21 Mar 1870 in Boone Co IL d: 1 Sep 1950 in Ewing, Holt Co NE Father: Alonzo Leper Booth Mother: Theresa Emeline Ward
6 Raleigh Thurlow Snyder b: 13 Dec 1897 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 11 May 1980 in Littleton, Arapahoe Co CO, buried in Tusa, Tulsa Co OK
+Lillian Dale Rose b: 26 Oct 1897 in Liberty, Montgomery Co KS m: 25 Jul 1913 in Independence, Montgomery Co KS d: in buried in Tusa, Tulsa Co OK Father: Volney
Steven Rose Mother: Olive Adaline Schultz
7 Eleanor Frances Snyder b: 21 May 1924 in Cherryvale, Montgomery Co KS
+George McFarland m: 13 Jun 1946 in (divorced)
8 Andrew Foster McFarland b: 30 Jun 1954 in Canton, St Lawrence Co NY

8 Laura Ann McFarland
+B Ray Bishop m: 11 Jul 1976
9 Airika Rose Bishop b: 20 Sep 1977
+2nd Husband of Eleanor Frances Snyder:
+Charles Lee Herndon m: 13 Jun 1964 in Tulsa, Tulsa Co OK
7 Susan Snyder b: 25 Feb 1933 in Tulsa, Tulsa Co OK
+Edward Paul Caleca m: Sep 1962
8 Paul Lawrence Caleca b: 20 Aug 1963 in Brooklyn NY
8 Michael Thomas Caleca b: 27 Dec 1966 in Denver, Arapahoe Co CO
6 Denzel Lee Snyder b: 18 Aug 1899 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: Sep 1969 in Ogallala, Keith Co NE
6 Frances Marie Snyder b: 7 May 1902 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 2 Dec 1995 in Chambers, Holt Co NE Father: Harry James Porter Mother: Bertha Van Dresen
+Frank Porter b: 3 Jul 1898 in Martha NE m: 3 Feb 1921 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 8 Jan 1975 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
7 Wanda Marie Porter b: 27 Dec 1921 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Vernon Smith m: 28 Jun 1940
7 Lois Evelyn Porter b: 12 Aug 1924 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Wayne Rowse m: 16 Jun 1942
8 Arlene Rowse b: 18 Apr
8 Linda Rowse b: 23 Aug 1944
8 David Rowse b: 5 Jul 1952
8 Brian Rowse b: 17 Aug 1960
8 Brenda Rowse b: 22 Feb 1964
7 Marian Jean Porter b: 20 Jan 1928 in Chambers, Holt Co NE d: 3 Feb 1928
7 Duane Marvin Porter b: 4 Jun 1929 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Eleanor Prettyman m: 21 Dec 1958
8 Valerie Porter b: 18 Oct 1962
8 Frank Porter b: 5 May 1963
8 David Porter b: 16 Jun 1968
7 Georgie Jeannene Porter b: Jul 1930 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Normand Reninger
8 Wanda Reninger b: 1 Apr 1954
8 Kitty Ann Reninger b: 31 Jul 1956
8 Jerry Reninger b: 28 Sep 1952
8 Sandra Lee Reninger b: 5 May 1958
8 Steve William Reninger b: 5 Mar 1962
8 Janet Elizabeth Reninger b: 22 May 1963
7 Ruth Ann Porter b: 18 Jan 1935 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Clifford Clemens m: 2 Jun 1955
8 Michael Lee Clemens b: 17 Nov 1965
8 Sherry Clemens b: 12 Jun 1957
8 Todd Clemens b: 23 Aug 1961
8 Jiner/Timmie Clemens b: 18 Oct
8 Tamara Clemens b: 26 May
7 Deanne Jean Porter b: 5 May 1941 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Dale Bellin m: 25 Oct 1959
8 Layne Bellin b: 15 Feb 1963
8 Susette Bellin b: 27 Jun 1969
8 Alan Dale Bellin b: 24 Aug 1975
7 Elinore Frances Porter b: 6 Jul 1944 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+David Zimmer m: 29 Jun 1963
8 Frances Zimmer b: 16 Aug 1970
8 Tanya Zimmer b: 6 Aug 1972
6 Vesta Vivian Snyder b: 22 Feb 1905 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 6 Aug 1986 in Austin, Travis Co TX
+John Maurice "Jack" Adams b: 28 Jan 1902 in Chambers, Holt Co NE m: 17 Jun 1925 in Chambers, Holt Co NE d: 20 Aug 1981 in Austin, Travis Co TX Father: Edward Adams Mother: Sarah McMillin
7 Norma Adams b: 19 Mar 1926 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+H C Rose m: in San Diego, San Diego Co CA
8 Robin Luan Rose b: 21 Feb 1959 in Tyler, Smith Co TX
8 Rhonda Jean Rose b: 2 Jul 1964 in Tyler, Smith Co TX
7 Madelon Adams b: 1 Aug 1932 in Chambers, Holt Co NE d: 1936 in near Lincoln, Lancaster Co NE
7 Judy Johnette Adams b: 4 Aug 1942 in Austin, Travis Co TX
+Jerry Grant m: in Austin, Travis Co TX
8 Kimberly Ann "Kim" Grant b: 26 Dec 1961 in Travis Co TX
8 Steven Robert "Steve" Grant b: 14 Apr 1964 in Travis Co TX
6 Verna Virginia Snyder b: 22 Feb 1905 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 17 Apr 1988 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Omer McClenahan b: 1 Jul 1899 in Chambers, Holt Co NE m: in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: May 1984 in Chambers, Holt Co NE Father: John McClenahan Mother: Edith Evelyn Dyke
7 Jerald Omer McClenahan b: 10 Dec 1928 in Flint, MI
+Marian Rachel Tangman b: 31 Mar 1932 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
8 Jerald James McClenahan b: 18 Apr in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
8 Daniel Dean McClenahan b: 23 May in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
8 Rachel Ruth McClenahan b: 22 Jun in Omaha, Douglas Co NE
8 Jeffery John McClenahan b: in Three Hills, Alberta, Canada
8 Mark Max McClenahan b: 27 Oct 1962 in Three Hills, Alberta, Canada
8 Nathan Noel McClenahan b: 4 Mar 1969 in Omaha, Douglas Co NE
7 John Darwin "Jack" McClenahan b: 30 Dec 1931 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE
+Marvis Jean Carsten b: 15 Feb 1942 in Plainview, Pierce Co NE
8 Marcia Marie McClenahan b: 29 Dec 1962 in Plainview, Pierce Co NE
8 Michelle Marie McClenahan b: 10 Sep in Plainview, Pierce Co NE
8 Melanie Marie McClenahan b: 17 Jan in Plainview, Pierce Co NE
6 Marcus Aurelius Snyder b: 22 Apr 1907 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Ruby Angus b: 15 Mar 1912 in Ewing, Holt Co NE m: 8 Mar 1938 Father: Frank Angus Mother: Elizabeth Myers
7 Barbara Snyder b: 17 Mar 1939 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Dorance Hobbs m: 13 May 1956
8 Marcus Hobbs b: 5 Dec 1956
9 Nicholas Hobbs b: 12 Nov 1976
9 Samuel Hobbs b: 1 Oct 1979
8 Pamela Hobbs b: 11 Feb 1958
8 Anita Hobbs b: 25 Dec 1959
8 Natalie Hobbs b: 13 Nov 1960
8 Shelly Hobbs b: 7 Sep 1962
7 Arthur Snyder b: 8 Dec 1941 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Vickie Ellis m: 13 Sep 1970
8 Samuel Snyder b: 9 Jan 1970 in St Paul, Howard Co NE
8 Ruby Snyder b: 9 Jul 1971 in St Paul, Howard Co NE
8 Kathy Snyder b: 7 Mar 1977 in St Paul, Howard Co NE
8 Kristin Snyder b: 7 Mar 1977 in St Paul, Howard Co NE
6 Freda Ethlyn Snyder b: 13 Oct 1908 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
6 Feima Evelyn Snyder b: 13 Oct 1908 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: Feb 1997 in Santa Clara Co CA
+William Adam Alderson b: 19 Jan 1894 in Chambers, Holt Co NE m: 20 Jan 1927 in Winner, Tripp Co SD d: 20 May 1979 in San Jose, Santa Clara Co CA, buried in Chambers NE Father: John Marr Alderson Mother: Josephine Eunice Eckley
7 John Arthur Alderson b: 29 Apr 1928 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Marion Schaperkotter m: 9 Sep 1946 in San Diego, San Diego Co CA
8 Gail Marie Alderson b: 25 Apr 1948 in Alameda Co CA
+Walter Harry Silberhorn b: 22 May 1946 in San Diego, San Diego Co CA m: 15 Mar 1969 Father: Unknown Silberhorn Mother: Unknown Baxter
8 Deborah Ann Alderson b: 3 Jul 1950 in San Diego Co CA

8 Denise Lynn Alderson b: 19 Nov 1951 in San Diego Co CA
7 Billie Joann Alderson b: 20 May 1930 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Eugene/Harold Leon Callaway m: 1 Dec 1950
8 Jill Yvonne Callaway b: 22 Oct 1954
8 Lori J Callaway b: 27 Jan 1956
8 John D Callaway b: 23 Feb 1960
7 Patrick Ralph Alderson b: 21 May 1933 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Marguerite Shaperkotter m: 8 Sep 1957
8 Marcus Patrick Alderson b: 24 Sep 1958
+Susan Lynne Wurtz m: in San Diego, San Diego Co CA Father: Harry Steven Wurtz
9 Connor Michael Alderson b: Nov 1980
6 Jerald William Snyder b: 19 May 1914 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Julia Mae Eppenbach b: 10 Jun 1919 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 7 Nov 1969 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE Father: Omer Eppenbach Mother: Eula Mae Leise
7 Evelyn Jane Snyder b: 4 Jan 1947 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Richard A Kinkead m: 30 Oct 1966
7 Jeraldine Marie Snyder b: 28 Feb 1951
+Tony Ruiz m: 17 Mar 1979
7 Rita Kay Snyder b: 4 Feb 1953
7 Kenneth Vincent Snyder b: 10 Feb 1954
7 Beverly Joann Snyder b: 3 Jul 1957
6 Lois Bernice Snyder b: 22 Jul 1916 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: 10 Feb 1997 in Ord, Valley Co NE
+Wilbur Osborn b: 23 Mar 1915 in Battle Creek, Madison Co NE m: 3 Feb 1937 in Neligh, Antelope Co NE d: 15 Jun 1999 in Ord, Valley Co NE
7 Bonita Faye Osborn b: 8 Jan 1938 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Bruce Grimes m: 1954
8 Patricia Charlene Grimes b: 29 Jan 1956
*2nd Husband of Bonita Faye Osborn:
+Frank Piskorski m: 27 Apr 1967
8 James Piskorski b: 20 Sep 1968
7 Marie Frances Osborn b: 16 May 1941 in Chambers, Holt Co NE
+Delmar Bartling m: 19 Oct 1962
8 Alexander Kielt Bartling b: 4 May 1963
8 Jayson Thomas Bartling b: 23 Jul 1967
8 Jenifer Marie Bartline b: 15 Nov 1969
8 Joanna Debra Bartling b: 8 Sep 1974
7 Gloria Jean Osborn b: 24 Aug 1942 in Wichita, Sedgwick Co KS
+Rudolph Wabs m: 17 Jul 1960
8 Cindy Sue Wabs b: 3 May 1962
8 Gregory Dean Wabs b: 16 May 1963
8 William Scott Wabs b: 30 May 1969
8 Kimberly Jo Wabs b: 1 Jun 1973
8 Erin Lee Wabs b: 18 Jan 1978
7 Mary Lois Osborn b: 9 Sep 1943 in Wichita, Sedgwick Co KS
+Dennis Adamek
8 Patrick Adamek b: 8 Nov 1963
*2nd Husband of Mary Lois Osborn:
+Larry Masin m: 6 Jul 1968
8 Bradley Masin b: 22 Sep 1970
7 Julianne Osborn b: 28 Feb 1948 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Duane Sich m: 26 Jan 1968
8 Raymond Sich b: 15 Aug 1968
8 Andrew Sich b: 15 Sep 1971
7 Thomas Joseph Osborn b: 2 May 1952 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Linda Korkoleski m: 28 Nov 1970
8 Michael Douglas Osborn b: 11 Jan 1971
8 Michele Kristine Osborn b: 25 Aug 1973
8 Mandy Sue Osborn b: 18 May 1977
8 Marcy Lynn Osborn b: 10 Feb 1980
7 Susan Carol Osborn b: 5 Jan 1954 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Scott Runch m: 4 Jun 1977
8 Jared Scott Runch b: 19 Jun 1979
7 Georgie Ann Osborn b: 14 Jun 1956 in Norfolk, Madison Co NE
+Mark Percival m: 9 Jun 1979
5 Enos Jacob Snyder b: 8 Jan 1873 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV d: in Glasgow, Valley Co MT
+Lunette Swaine b: 20 Jan 1885 m: 25 Jan 1901 in O'Neill, Holt Co NE d: 1979 in MT
6 Arden Marshall Snyder b: 30 Sep 1902 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: Mar 1985 in Billings, Yellowstone Co WY
+Mary Theresa Barnhart b: in Canada
*2nd Wife of Arden Marshall Snyder:
+Marion Ethel Brown
6 Nadine Naomi Snyder b: 26 Jul 1904 in Ewing, Holt Co NE d: Feb 1983 in Polson, Lake Co MT
+William Loy Rader b: 21 Aug 1905 d: Mar 1978 in Polson, Lake Co MT
5 John William Snyder b: 23 May 1881 in near Troy, Gilmer Co WV d: in Ewing, Holt Co NE
+Mary Burner b: in Clearwater, Antelope Co NE
6 Helen Snyder b: 14 Feb 1909 d: Dec 1983 in Clearwater, Antelope Co NE
+Rubley "Sport" Sisson b: 15 Jun 1906 d: May 1966 in Ewing, Holt Co NE
*2nd Husband of Helen Snyder:
+George Mummert b: 22 Sep 1899 d: May 1972 in Clearwater, Antelope Co NE
5 Roscoe Conklin Snyder b: 27 Nov 1885 in Fink Creek, Gilmer Co WV d: Jan 1972 in Kent, King Co WA
+Zella Deerson b: 6 Dec 1897 m: 20 Jan 1915 d: 1979 in MT
6 Wesley Snyder
4 Arthur Waugh b: Abt. 1846
4 William Waugh b: Abt. 1849
4 Savannah Waugh b: Abt. 1851
4 Alexander Austin Waugh b: 22 Jul 1852 in Lewis Co VA d: 17 Jan 1952 in Covert, Osborne Co KS, buried in Covert Cemetery
+Nancy Jane Seeley b: 30 Oct 1868 in Waterloo, Black Hawk Co IA m: 19 Apr 1883 d: 15 Apr 1923 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS, buried in Covert Cemetery, Cover KS Father: Francis M Seeley Mother: Mary Ann Gaston
5 William Francis "Frank" Waugh b: 28 Sep 1884 in Covert, Osborne Co KS d: 10 Nov 1967 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS, buried in Bethany Center Cemetery
+Georgia Mae Brundige b: 22 Aug 1903 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS d: 30 May 1935 in Osborne Co KS, buried in Bethany Center Cemetery Father: George W Brundige Mother: Sarah Fisher
5 Orville J Waugh b: 31 Jul 1888 in Covert, Osborne Co KS d: 4 Apr 1918 in Camp Greene, Charlotte NC, buried in Covert Cemetery, Covert, Osborne Co KS
5 Charles A Waugh b: 1890 d: 1 Dec 1969
+Mae C Pratt b: 16 Apr 1897 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS d: 28 Aug 1991 in Waseca, Waseca Co MN, buried in Sakarah Cemetery, Waterville, Le Sueur Co MN Father: Edward Pratt Mother: Eppie Wyman
6 Walter Waugh
6 Ursula Waugh
+Unknown Sutton
5 Cora M Waugh b: 9 Sep 1892 in KS d: 19 Jun 1976 in Huntington Park, Los Angeles Co CA
+Unknown Sisson
6 Phoebe Frances Sisson b: 21 May 1918 in Ventura Co CA d: 1 Dec 1947 in Los Angeles Co CA
+Unknown Paul
6 Mate Sisson b: 2 May 1920 in Ventura Co CA
6 John L C Sisson b: 18 Aug 1924 in Ventura Co CA d: 13 Apr 1992 in San Diego, San Diego Co CA
5 Jessie Helen Waugh b: 4 Feb 1894 in Covert, Osborne Co KS d: 6 Feb 1983 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA, buried in Sunnyside Memorial Park
+Fred G Allison b: 28 Dec 1889 d: 10 Apr 1967 in Los Angeles Co CA Father: Unknown Allison Mother: Unknown Pittard
5 Ida Grace Waugh b: 29 May 1895 in KS d: 27 Aug 1980 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA
+Walter Sidney Van Buskirk b: 25 Apr 1882 in KS d: 2 Jul 1959 in Los Angeles Co CA Father: Unknown Van Buskirk Mother: Unknown Cole
5 Vernon Benson Waugh b: 12 May 1897 in Covert, Osborne Co KS d: 2 Jul 1978 in Osborne, Osborne Co KS, buried in Covert Cemetery, Cover KS

+Edna Louise Eversole b: 6 Nov 1904 in Stafford, Stafford Co KS m: 18 May 1925 in St John, Stafford Co KS d: 3 Nov 1992 in Odessa, Ottawa Co KS Father: Peter Amos Eversole Mother: Allie Mae Hughes

5 Elsie May Waugh b: 30 Mar 1902 in KS d: 17 Apr 1999 in CA
+Lloyd Gray b: 21 Dec 1901 in KS d: 14 May 1987 in Norco, Riverside Co CA Father: Unknown Gray Mother: Unknown Harvey

6 Lowell A Gray b: 20 Dec 1922 in KS d: 29 Jun 1981 in Orange Co CA

5 Alice Leora Waugh b: 26 Oct 1904 in KS d: 21 Mar 1992 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA
+James T Brundige b: 21 Mar 1901 in KS d: 22 Oct 1970 in Long Beach, Los Angeles Co CA

5 Maude Waugh
+Charles W Pratt b: 31 Oct 1895 in KS d: 25 Dec 1953 in San Bernardino Co CA

5 Infant Waugh

5 Infant Waugh

5 Infant Waugh

2 Wife of William Jefferson "Jeff" Waugh:
+Elizabeth Ann Lovell b: Abt. 1828 m: 26 Oct 1852 in Lewis Co VA d: 27 Jun 1892

4 Sophia L Waugh b: 24 Jul 1853 d: Apr 1914 in Seattle, King Co WA, buried in Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Unknown Hill

4 John Franklin Waugh b: 1858
+Alice Hays m: 29 Aug 1885 in Gilmer Co WV Father: John E Hays Mother: Frances Lewis

5 Lewis Hays Waugh b: 5 May 1887 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV d: 20 May 1967 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV, buried in Woodlee Cemetery
+Lulu Bernice Ruhr b: 21 Oct 1888 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV m: 26 Feb 1921 d: 23 May 1962 Father: Joseph Sharon Ruhr Mother: Lydia Ann Hannah

6 Lewis Hays Waugh, Jr b: 9 Apr 1922 in Grafton WV
+Marguerite Wright b: 21 May 1911 d: 22 Jun 1976

*2nd Wife of Lewis Hays Waugh, Jr:
+Pong Ah m: 26 Jun 1977

6 Alice Ann Waugh b: 20 Dec 1926 in Clarksburg, Harrison Co WV
+James Harter Kallmerten b: 18 Aug 1926 in Mansfield OH m: 1949 d: 21 Aug 1997 in Charlotte, Mecklenburg Co NC Father: Arno Ernst Kallmerten Mother: LaDessa Mae Harter

7 James Lewis Kallmerten b: 10 Nov 1953 in Huntington WV
+Carol Jane Borg b: 19 May 1959 m: 20 Aug 1988 Father: Ernst Borg Mother: Margaret "Peg" Unknown

8 Jane LaDessa Kallmerten b: 3 Feb 1990 in Syracuse NY

7 Daniel Harter Kallmerten b: 3 Jan 1956 in Huntington WV
+Pamela Sue Hagensen b: 24 Mar 1963 m: 10 Jun 1981 Father: Donald Hagensen Mother: Helen Horan Warble

8 Amy Elaine Kallmerten b: 28 Sep 1983 in Pittsfield MA

8 Samuel Harter Kallmerten b: 11 Jan 1989 in Franklin NH

8 Julia Ann Kallmerten b: 7 Nov 1991 in Franklin NH

7 Timothy Brent Kallmerten b: 20 Mar 1957 in Huntington WV
+Traci Hunt Hyndman m: 18 Nov 1994

8 Kaley Hyndman b: 24 Aug 1988 in Denver CO

8 Tyler Michelle Kallmerten b: 2 Jun 1996

7 John Waugh Kallmerten b: 11 Apr 1963 in Cincinnati OH
+Janet Abrams b: 18 Sep 1966 m: 1 Aug 1992

8 Jesse Daniel Abrams/Kallmerten b: 17 Aug 1995 in Framingham MA

8 Grace James Kallmerten b: 17 Jul 1999 in Framingham MA

4 Oleva V Waugh b: 6 Jun 1860 in Lewis Co WV d: 3 Jun 1943
+Jay Stout b: 10 Nov 1860 in Lewis Co WV m: 20 Mar 1884 in Lewis Co WV d: 2 Mar 1946 in Lewis Co WV Father: Emery Porter Stout Mother: Cornelia E Unknown

5 Ursula Stout b: 10 Jul 1885 in Lewis Co WV d: 10 Oct 1977 in Grafton, Taylor Co WV, buried in Walnut Fork Cemetery, Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Alvin Lewis Smith b: 1875 d: 1947 in buried in Walnut Fork Cemetery, Vadis, Lewis Co WV

6 Ralph Smith

6 Alva Smith

6 Magda Smith

6 Mary Smith

6 Metta Smith

6 Gertrude Smith

6 Lewis Smith

6 Lucy Smith

5 Porter Guy Stout b: 19 Jul 1887 in Lewis Co WV d: 11 Jul 1974 in Clearwater FL
+Jennie Elizabeth Duncan b: 28 Feb 1894 in Keslers Cross Lane, Nicholas Co WV m: 6 Jan 1917 d: 7 Sep 1971 in Clearwater FL

6 Jeanne Stout b: 20 Oct 1921

6 Frank W Stout b: 1918 d: 1962 in Safety Harbor FL

5 Bessie Stout b: 1892

4 Martha Araminta Bird Waugh b: Mar 1868 in Lewis Co WV
+Albert Ralston b: Jan 1866 in Harrison Co WV m: 27 Mar 1890 in Lewis Co WV Father: Joseph Ralston Mother: Elizabeth Unknown

5 Homer Ralston b: 31 Jan 1891 d: Jan 1978 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV

5 David Ralston b: 21 Nov 1892 d: May 1983 in Tucson, Pima Co AZ
+Lovie Halterman b: 16 Dec 1899 d: Aug 1972 in Tucson, Pima Co AZ

6 Eleanor Ralston
+Unknown Devine

5 Ernest Ralston b: Oct 1896

5 Olen Ralston b: Jun 1898

5 Everett Ralston

5 Leutitia Ralston

3 James Waugh b: Abt. 1823 d: 9 Aug 1881 in Lewis Co WV

3 Jane Waugh b: Abt. 1823

3 Dinah Waugh b: Abt. 1828

3 Margaret Ann Waugh b: Abt. 1830 d: 7 Jul 1903 in buried at Rockford Methodist Church, Harrison Co WV
+James West b: Abt. 1831 m: 23 Aug 1855 in Lewis Co VA d: Bef. 1880 Father: Christian West Mother: Mary Reid

4 Christian Columbus West b: Abt. 1857
+Charlotte Harris b: Abt. 1859 m: 1 Mar 1880 in Lewis Co VA

4 Charlotte West b: Abt. 1859

3 Frances Jane "Fanny" Waugh b: 8 Nov 1832 d: 8 Sep 1915 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery
+Luther Haymond West b: 21 Aug 1832 in Lewis Co VA m: 17 May 1859 in Lewis Co VA d: 4 Oct 1896 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery Father: John West Mother: Sarah "Sallie" Hurst

4 Sarah Electra West b: 1 Mar 1860 in Gilmer Co VA
+Henry Harrison Bonnett m: 2 Sep 1877 in Gilmer or Lewis Co WV

4 Margaret Elizabeth West b: 26 Jun 1861 in Braxton Co WV
+Charles Lewis Gibson b: 5 Nov 1864 in Lewis Co WV m: 1 Feb 1882 in Lewis Co WV d: 10 Jul 1921 in Denver CO Father: Granville Gibson Mother: Sarah Jane Marsh

4 Evaline Cornelia West b: 2 Jun 1864 d: 14 Apr 1942 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Daniel Webster King b: 3 Feb 1845 in Lewis Co VA m: 8 May 1890 in Lewis Co WV d: 17 Jan 1926 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Walnut Fork Cemetery Father: William King Mother: Sarah Crumrine

4 Albert Alexander West b: 30 May 1867 d: 1946 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
+Mitty Doyle Skidmore b: 6 Feb 1873 in Upshur Co WV m: 9 Nov 1890 in Lewis Co WV d: 20 Nov 1915 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis Father: James Allen Skidmore Mother: Hester Ann Morrison

5 Walter Ray West b: 7 Oct 1891 in Lewis Co WV d: 18 Apr 1916 in Lewis Co WV

5 Harvey Clay West b: 25 Jul 1893 d: 8 Feb 1980 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV
+Myrtle Wiseman

6 Jessie Mildred West
+Glenn Waldeck

6 Mary Lucille West
+Unknown Watson

6 Chester Austin West
*2nd Wife of Harvey Clay West:
+Ouita Hartley

6 Pauline F West
+Unknown Sinbeck

6 Dale S West

6 Rex C West

5 Sarah Frances West b: 5 Jan 1896 d: 4 Jan 1990
+Nathan Goff Sprouse b: 18 Dec 1888 m: 30 Apr 1915 in Oakland MI d: 17 Sep 1987 in Wadsworth, Medina Co OH
6 Cecile Myrtle Sprouse b: 12 Aug 1916 d: Oct 1988 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+Argil Mooneypenny
*2nd Husband of Cecile Myrtle Sprouse:
+Kenneth Groah b: 24 Feb 1914 d: Jun 1986
6 Faye Sprouse
+Unknown Cutright
6 Oran Sprouse
6 Robert Sprouse
+Zelma Carder
6 Virginia "Biddie" Sprouse
+Unknown Burke
6 Monna Sprouse
+Martin Dennison
6 Ray Sprouse
5 Beatrice E West b: 13 Sep 1898 d: 23 Jul 1980 in Elyria, Lorain Co OH
+Fred Hurst
6 Minnie Hurst
6 Margaret Hurst
+Unknown Smith
6 Dorothy Hurst
+Unknown Smith
6 Lester Hurst
6 Maudie Hurst
+Unknown Doddrill
6 Leonard Hurst
6 Lace Hurst
6 Stanley Hurst
5 Opal G West b: 1901
+Oath Burkhammer
6 Kathleen Burkhammer
+Unknown Pumphrey
6 Kenneth Burkhammer
6 Burl Burkhammer
6 Mitty Burkhammer
6 Charles Burkhammer
5 Alice Pearl West b: 9 Feb 1904 d: 4 Jan 1988
+Dewey Lawrence Moody b: 20 Aug 1902 d: 21 Dec 1997 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
6 Eugene Moody
6 Irene I Moody
+Charles L Mooneypenny
6 Edsel H Moody b: 10 Dec 1928 d: 8 Sep 1972
6 Verna E Moody
+Unknown Everett
6 Kendell L Moody
6 Austin D Moody
6 Alice Roberta Moody
+Unknown King
5 Inez M West b: 26 Apr 1908 d: 31 Jul 1983 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
+Oral C Ash d: 1982
6 Retha Ash b: 6 Jan 1927 d: 10 Jul 1998 in Camden, Lewis Co WV
+Unkown Groah
6 Ramona Ash
+Unknown Means
*2nd Husband of Ramona Ash:
+Unknown King
6 Claudette Ash
+Unknown Wyant
6 Cecil Belvis Ash
6 Clovis Ash
5 Hester Ann "Toddy" West b: 29 Mar 1911
+W Ash
6 James Ash
*2nd Husband of Hester Ann "Toddy" West:
+Frank Bosley
6 Trudy Bosley
6 Frank Bosley, Jr
*3rd Husband of Hester Ann "Toddy" West:
+Wayne Heater
5 Austin Allen West b: 29 Aug 1913 d: 8 Nov 1913 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
4 Waitman Thomas West b: 4 Apr 1869 in Gilmer WV
+Luverna "Vernie" White b: Jun 1875 m: 30 Aug 1894 in Harrison Co WV
5 Luverna West b: Jun 1895
5 Fleetwood West b: Mar 1897
5 Hazel A West b: Jun 1899
4 Lyda Clayton West b: Apr 1872 d: 1945
+Armenia G "Nettie" Bennett b: Jan 1869 m: 1894
5 Bessie O West b: May 1895
5 Luther H West b: 10 Sep 1896 d: Jun 1978 in Akron, Summit Co OH
5 Goldie West b: Jun 1898
5 Guy M West b: Dec 1899
5 John West
+Unknown Sleeth
4 John McWhorter West b: 5 Apr 1876
+Ella Sleeth
3 Samuel Waugh b: Abt. 1836
3 Francis Marion Waugh b: Abt. 1837 in VA
+Virginia Patterson b: Abt. 1842 in VA m: 15 Aug 1874 in Lewis Co WV Father: Unknown Patterson Mother: Matilda Unknown
4 Robert Lee Waugh b: 9 Sep 1873 in Lewis Co WV d: 11 Feb 1957 in Blackburn, Gilmer Co WV
+Margaret Mariah Bonnett m: 24 Mar 1897 d: in Blackburn, Gilmer Co WV, buried at Blackburn Church Father: John Bonnett Mother: Sarah Conley
5 John Waugh b: 31 Jan 1898 in Lewis Co WV d: 29 Nov 1964 in Blackburn, Gilmer Co WV
+Lulu Barker m: 21 May 1921 in Gilmer Co WV
6 Beulah Marie Waugh b: 17 Aug 1922 in Gilmer Co WV
+Robert L Bush m: 1 Jul 1943 Father: Walter Bush Mother: Nora Hardman
7 Michael Walter Bush b: 17 Mar 1950
7 Stephen Robert Bush b: 11 Feb 1951
+Martha Rosbeny m: 13 Oct 1976
8 Bradley David Bush b: 27 Apr 1982
8 Christine Katherine Bush b: 30 Dec 1983
6 Ray Marvin "Tom" Waugh b: 4 Jan 1924 in Gilmer Co WV
+Clarice Gina Swanson m: 27 Nov 1943 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Wallace Irvin Mother: Ethel Bush
7 Joseph Marvin Waugh b: 3 Oct 1964 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
7 Edward Scott Waugh b: 22 Oct 1966 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+Amy Elizabeth Sailor m: 12 Apr 1986
6 Margaret Ellen Waugh b: 18 Jan 1928 in Gilmer Co WV

[illegible] Upshur Co WV Father: Henry Wiseminller Mother: Susannah Westfall

+Hillis P "Mac" McClain m: 3 Feb 1957
7 Toni Diane McClain b: 24 Feb 1957
+Richard W "Dick" Darr m: 17 May 1990
6 Betty Jean Waugh b: 3 Apr 1930 in Gilmer Co WV d: 25 May 1957 in Weston, Lewis Co WV, buried in Macpelian Cemetery
+James Elwood Romel m: 3 Sep 1950 in Lewis Co VA Father: Jacob Romel Mother: Frances Dreyer
7 Joyce Evelyn Romel b: 6 Dec 1952 d: 21 Jun 1972
7 John Edward Romel b: 26 Oct 1955
+Patricia Caroline Maxfield m: 14 Feb 1986
7 Catherine Marie Romel b: 25 May 1957 d: 25 May 1957
6 Floy Maxine Waugh b: 21 Jun 1932
6 Thelma Ruth Waugh b: 15 Feb 1937
5 Ulie Waugh b: 10 May 1903
5 Claude Waugh b: 22 Dec 1908 in Gilmer Co WV d: 2 Jan 1999 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
+Elizabeth Elvira Wilt m: 31 Aug 1936 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Claude Wilt Mother: Laura Brewer
6 Paul Edward Waugh b: 16 Jul 1938
+Juanita Britton m: 21 Nov 1958 in Weston, Lewis Co WV Father: Theodore Britton Mother: Lela Cogar
7 Jeffrey Edward Waugh b: 2 Apr 1961 in Amherst, Lorain Co OH
+Marie Ann McQuate m: 31 Aug 1986 in Lorain Co OH Father: David McQuaite Mother: Carlyne Johnson
8 Jared Michael Waugh b: 7 Mar 1989
8 Justin Reed Waugh b: 15 Apr 1992
7 Tammy Lynn Waugh b: 3 Aug 1963 in Amherst, Lorain Co OH
+Douglas Simonton m: 5 Nov 1988 in Lorain Co OH
8 Tyler Douglas Simonton b: 28 Feb 1993
6 Phillip Lee Waugh b: 29 Aug 1949
4 Joseph Jackson Waugh b: 17 Nov 1875
4 Charles W Waugh b: Mar 1877
4 Rosetta Waugh b: Apr 1880
4 Walter N Waugh b: 7 Mar 1884 d: Oct 1962
*2nd Wife of Alexander St Clair "Sinclair" Waugh:
+Elizabeth Bean m: 26 May 1840 in Lewis Co WV
3 Lorenzo Dow Waugh b: Mar 1841 in Harrison Co WV d: 21 Jan 1929 in Doddridge Co WV
+Mary Ann Cheuvront b: 18 Jul 1833 in Union Town PA m: 15 Mar 1880 in Good Hope, Harrison Co WV d: 4 Jul 1929 Father: Caleb Cheuvront Mother: Rebecca Covert
3 Thomas Benton Waugh b: Sep 1843 d: 28 Sep 1913 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery
+Elzara Melissa Lovell b: 1 Feb 1846 m: 30 Nov 1865 in Lewis Co WV d: 12 Feb 1923 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV Father: Amos Lovell Mother: Elizabeth Unknown
4 Floretta J Waugh b: 24 Aug 1867 d: 10 Oct 1954 in Lewis Co WV, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
+Samuel B Wiseman m: 4 Oct 1887 in Lewis Co WV Father: George T Wiseman Mother: Hannah Unknown
5 Dolly Wiseman
5 Cora Wiseman
5 Noah N Wiseman b: 26 Jan 1892 d: Jan 1976 in Weston, Lewis Co WV
5 Alva Martin Wiseman b: 17 Jun 1896
+Bertha Lynch b: 16 Dec m: 26 Nov 1935 Father: James Lynch
5 Sanford F Wiseman b: 20 Sep 1898 d: Apr 1979 in Salem, Harrison Co WV
5 Zean Wiseman
4 Florence Gay Waugh b: 8 Apr 1870
+Joe D Wiseman m: 14 Oct 1895 in Lewis Co WV
5 John "Johnny" Wiseman b: Aug 1896
5 Garnet B Wiseman b: 14 Mar 1898 d: May 1978 in Parkersburg, Wood Co WV
+Unknown Richards
5 Ruby D Wiseman b: 1899
+Unknown Harris
6 John Harris
6 Justine Harris
+Unknown Lester
5 Elda Wiseman
5 Greta Wiseman
+Unknown Rhodes
4 Enos Lee Waugh b: 18 Aug 1873 d: 8 Sep 1879 in Lewis Co VA, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
4 James Lyda Clark Waugh b: 16 Jan 1878 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Dora Angeline Hinzman b: 22 Jan 1871 m: 17 Mar 1907 d: 1938 Father: William Marcellus Hinzman Mother: Almirah Boram
5 Oma Waugh b: 2 Mar 1912 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV d: 29 Jul 1997 in Alum Bridge, Lewis Co WV
+Ray Heater
6 Larry Heater
+Kathy Watson
7 April Heater
5 Clayton Lida Waugh b: 5 Sep 1910 d: 6 Jun 1982 in Newnan, Coweta Co GA
+Wanda Mae "Wanna" Hickman b: 22 Nov 1910 m: 10 Sep 1928 d: Sep 1984 in Dayton, Montgomery Co OH Father: Charles Hickman Mother: Ivy Jane Unknown
6 Clayton Junior Waugh b: 27 Jan 1930
+Janis Faye Davis m: 16 Dec 1953 in Montgomery AL
7 Clayton Ronald Waugh b: 29 Sep 1954 in Sumter SC
+Cynthia Lynn Morris b: 29 Sep 1955 in Valdosta GA m: 7 Jun 1975 in Valdosta GA
8 Sarah Marie Waugh b: 25 Jul 1976 in Lexington KY
8 Rebecca Eileen Waugh b: 30 Jun 1978 in Riverdale GA
7 Miriam Candace Waugh b: 5 Mar 1956 in Chandler AZ
6 Claris Mae Waugh b: 27 Jan 1930 d: 30 Jan 1930 in Lewis Co VA, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
6 Darrell Gene Waugh b: 20 Jan 1934 in Vadis, Lewis Co WV
+Gloria Patsy Walton m: 15 Jun 1951 in Cumberland MD
7 Cynthia Leigh Waugh b: 17 Mar 1952 in Front Royal VA
+Terry Lee Horneman m: 10 Nov 1973
8 Robert Eugene Horneman b: 15 Oct 1978 in Charlotte NC
8 Patrick Louis Horneman b: 18 Nov 1979 in Charlotte NC
7 Darrell Gene Waugh, Jr b: 26 Apr 1953 in Front Royal VA
+Catherine Chapin b: in Hawthorne NJ m: 5 Sep 1982 in Artesia CA
8 Kellen Chapin Waugh b: 23 Feb 1984 in Artesia CA
8 Travis Walton Waugh b: 9 Jan 1987 in Midlothian VA
7 Sandra Ann Waugh b: 12 Jul 1956 in Front Royal VA
+Donald Wayne Jarvis m: 28 Oct 1978 in Akron OH
8 Donald Joseph Jarvis b: 7 Apr 1986 in Akron OH
8 Dara Jean Jarvis b: 30 Nov 1988 in Akron OH
4 Emma W Waugh b: 7 May 1881 d: 5 Nov 1966 in Lewis Co VA, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
4 Emory G Waugh b: 22 May 1885 d: 18 Oct 1968 in Lewis Co VA, buried in Carder Cemetery, Vadis
3 Beverly M Waugh b: Abt. 1845 in Harrison Co VA d: 18 Jun 1911
+Malinda Wiseman b: Mar 1846 in Lewis Co VA m: 20 Sep 1869 in Upshur Co WV Father: Henry Wiseman Mother: Susannah Westfall
4 Henry W Waugh b: 1876
3 Creed Z Waugh b: Abt. 1845
*2nd Wife of Alexander St Clair "Sinclair" Waugh
+Sarah Curtis m: 26 Mar 1850 in Lewis Co VA

310

& Ord. The Said Court do hereby declare their opinion, after the investigation of the Matter, and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the War department that the above named applicant was a Revolutionary Soldier, and a Spy and Served as he States. And the Court further certifies, that it appears to them that John Bradshaw and Thomas Sims, who have signed the preceding certificate, are residents in the County of Pocahontas and are credible persons, and that their statement is entitled to credit, neither of whom is a clergyman, there being no resident Clergyman are nearer the applicant - than 30 miles -

A

State of Virginia. Pocahontas County Court:
on this 7th day of August 1832, personally appeared in open Court, Ralph Wanless a resident of Pocahontas County in the State of Virginia age 75 years, who being first duly sworn according to Law, doth on his oath, make the following declaration, in order to obtain the benefit of the act of Congress passed June 7th 1832

That he entered the Service under Capt. McCoy that he does not remember the year in which he Served - he was discharged at Richmond, Virginia That he was drafted for three months and Served about one half of the time - That he was born in England, That he does not know precisely his age but thinks he is about 75 years old. That he has no record of his age - That he was living on the Calf pasture River - in the County of Augusta State of Virginia. When drafted - That there was no regular officer with the troops where he served not having reached the Main Army when he was discharged. That he does not recollect of there being any other officer in the company he served - than Capt. McCoy - That he received no written discharge - That he is known to his present neighbours and to Jacob Lightner George Gay, & Martin Dilley who can testify to his character for veracity and their belief of his service as a soldier of the Revolution -

Sworn to and subscribed the day and year aforesaid
Ralph his X mark Wanless

We George Gay. and Henry Dilly. residing in the County of Pocahontas. hereby certify that we are well acquainted with Ralph Wanley who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration. that we believe him to be 75 years old that he is reputed and believed, in the neighborhood where he resides, to have been a Soldier of the revolution and Indian Spy as he states, and that we concur in that opinion

6 Feb

8 Feb

4 Jan

Subscribed, and sworn to the day and year aforesaid

George Gay

Henry Dilly

And the Court do hereby declare their opinion, after the investigation of the matter. and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the war department, that the above named applicant was a revolutionary Soldier and Indian Spy and served as he states. And the Court further certify, that it appears to them that George Gay and Henry Dilly who have sign'd the preceding certificate are reputable persons and that their statements is entitled to credit — neither of them is a clergyman. they being known in a convenient distance to the applicant.

—

Ordered that this Court adjourn until 10 oclock tomorrow morning Thomas Hill

—

At a court continued and held for the County of Pocahontas by the justices thereof on the 8th day of August 1832 — Present John Gilliland. Nathan Gilliland, Joseph Moore, Isaac Moore. Thomas Hill & Benjamin Tallman Gentlemen

Oldham Jr Pl

vs In Debt

James Tallman

This day came the parties by their attorneys and the defendant pleaded Nil debet whereupon issue was joined. Whereupon the plaintiff replied generally the defendant also demurred generally to the pltffs declaration in which the plaintiff joined the Defendant also filed a special plea [illegible]

Pocahontas County, Virginia
(Now West Virginia)
Marriage Bonds 1822-1852 and Minister's Returns 1822-1871

Compiles and Published
by
James E. Wooddell and Rita H. Wooddell
1988

6 Feb 1826 Bond: James Wanless & Elizabeth Sharp. Surety, James Wanless & William Sharp. John Sharp, Sr. consents for daughter. Teste, John Sharp & William Sharp.

8 Feb 1826 Return: James Wanless & Elizabeth Sharp by Harvey Sawyers.

4 Jan 1827 Bond: Ralph Wanless & Anne Poage. Surety, Ralph Wanless & George Poage.

__Jan 1827 Return: Ralph Wanless & Anne Poage by John Hawes.

1 Jul 1828 Bond: John Wanless & Elizabeth Bridger. Surety, John Wanless & James Briders.

3 Jul 1828 Return: John Wanless & Elizabeth Bridgers by Benjamin Tallman.

22 Jun 1830 Bond: Stephen Wanless & Mary P. C. Sharp. Surety, Stephen Wanless & William Sharp.

24 Jun 1830 Return: Stephen Wanless & Mary P. C. Sharp by Benjamin Tallman.

5 Nov 1832 Bond: Henry Nottingham & Martha Wanless. Surety, Henry Tallman & William Wanless.

8 Nov 1832 Return: Henry Nottingham & Martha Wanless by John L. Blain.

8 Feb 1836 Bond: ~~Seven~~ L even Wanless & Nancy Dilly. Surety, ~~Seven~~ L even Wanless & Henry Dilley

12 Mar 1839 Bond: William Cassell & Matilda Wanless. Surety, William Cassell & William Wanless.

30 May 1840 Bond: Andrew Wanless & Margaret Potts. Surety, Andrew Wanless & John (x) Potts.

4 Jun 1840 Return: Andrew Wanless & Margaret Potts by James Wanless.

27 May 1843 Bond: John W. Logan, of Randolph Co., & Rachel Wanless. Surety, John W. Logan & Andrew Wanless. William Wanless consents for daughter. Teste, Andrew Wanless & Nelson Wanless.

4 Jun 1843 Register: John Logan & RAchel Wanless by Benjamin Tallman.

EP" LOCATE NAME BY REFERENCE TO KEYTABLE IN FRONT OF THIS SECTION.

Sold by Commercial Printing Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.

DATE OF DEED	GRANTORS SURNAMES	Given Names A B C D E F G H	Given Names I J K L M N O	Given Names P Q R S T U V W X Y Z	GRANTEES		KIND OF INSTRUMENT OTHER THAN DEEDS	RECORDED BOOK	RECORDED PAGE	BRIEF DESCRIPTION
1835	Wanless			Ralph	John Wanless	etal		1	400	200 A- Knapps & Browns Cr
1837	Wanless		Lucretia	Ralph	Eli Buzzard			2	542	20 A- Knapps Creek
1838	Wanless	Elizabeth	Nancy John	Seven	Ralph Wanless			3	100	200 A- Between Knapps & Browns Creek
1838	Wanless	Elizabeth	John		Ralph Wanless			3	102	115 A- Browns Mt
1840	Wanless		Nancy Leven		Ralph Wanless			3	207	86 A- Browns Mt- Knapps Creek
1840	Wanless		Nancy Leven		Adam H Varner			3	224	.5 A- 4.5 P- Huntersville
1840	Wanless		Nancy Leven		John A Holden			3	306	13 P- Huntersville
1845	Wanless	Ann		Ralph	William Harper			4	195	50 A- 50 A- 1/6 Int 160 A- 150 A-Knapps
1850	Wanless			Sarah Ralph	William Harper			5	262	50 A- 50 A- 1/6 Int 160 A- 1/3 Int 150 A- Knapps Creek
1851	Wanless	Andrew	Margaret		William Wanless			5	404	68 A- Allegheny Mt
1852	Wanless		Nancy Levin		Ruben Buzzard			5	454	21.25 A-
1856	Wanless		Nancy	William	John W Logan			7	233	122 A-
1856	Wanless		Nancy	William	John W Logan			7	235	94 A- Greenbrier River
1856	Wanless		Nancy Leven		William Sharp			7	264	60 A- 47 A- 500 A- 80 A- Thorny Creek
1857	Wanless			William	James Wanless		Title Bond	7	232	90 A- 28 A- Greenbrier River
1857	Wanless		Nancy	William	Nelson Wanless			7	234	334 A- Greenbrier Mt
1857	Wanless		Nancy	William	Andrew Wanless			7	236	125.5 A- Greenbrier Mt
1867	Wanless	Andrew	Margaret		William M Wanless	etal		8	381	371 A- Allegheny Mt
1867	Wanless	Andrew	Margaret		William M Wanless	etal		8	391	39 A- Greenbrier River
1867	Wanless	Andrew	Margaret		William M Wanless	etal		8	393	125.5 A- Greenbrier River
1867	Wanless	George F	Mary C Mary F Margaret E	Stephen H Sally Stephen H	Ralph [illegible] Wanless		Part Deed	8	439	105 A-

From Harry Hankins' [illegible]

I have worked at Fas Chek; as a road salesman for S.B. Wallace Wholesale; the Western Auto Store, and I do electrical work.

I am a member of the Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department, Little Levels Ambulance Patrol and the United Methodist Church.

My interest is outdoor sports; hiking, fishing, hunting, and skiing.

My sister, Janice Carol, was in her last year at Nursing School when I was born so there is twenty years difference in our age. Not only was she a big sister to me but my best friend. I consider it a privilege to submit her family in the history of Pocahontas County.

She was the only daughter of my parents, born December 24, 1937. She graduated from Hillsboro High School, belonged to F.H.A., played clarinet in the band and was active in the Methodist church. She was a graduate of Lewis-Gale School of Nursing, Roanoke, Virginia, in 1958. As a registered nurse she stayed at Lewis-Gale and worked in surgery for five years, went to Richmond, where she was employed by the Chairman of Surgery at the Medical College of Virginia, and worked twelve years in kidney transplant surgery under Dr. David C. Hume.

In 1969 she was married to Jerry Lynn Hall of Richmond, formerly of Buckhannon, West Virginia, son of Hayward E. and Nell Crislip Hall.

For several years he has been employed as an accountant for Firestone Tire & Rubber Company in Hopewell, Virginia.

Their only child is David Lynn, born in Richmond, October 5, 1972.

Janice died November 29, 1976. She is buried in Sunset Memorial Park, Chester, Virginia.

David lives in Chester with his father and step-mother, Caroline Payne Hall. He belongs to the Cub Scouts and the junior choir at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, where Caroline is organist.

David looks forward to coming to Hillsboro for summer vacation, and did his first skiing this year, 1980, at Snowshoe. *By John F. Walker*

L-R: Linda, Tom, Jr., Tom, Sr., Kathy.

WILLIAM THOMAS WALKER

I am Thomas Walker, oldest son of Archie and Kathleen Faulknier Walker, and the grandson of the late William Thomas and Sophia Barlow Walker. I have very fond memories of my grandparents in Hillsboro. Since our homes were on adjoining lots I [illegible]

1925 the family came to Hillsboro and purchased the property known as the W.K. Goode Store.

They were members of the Oak Grove Presbyterian Church and he belonged to the Hillsboro Masonic Lodge. They were parents of five children; Zora Viers, Lenora Boggs, Edna Moore, Verna Viers, and Archie F. Walker. He and my father, Archie, operated their general store, known as the Hillsboro Store Company. He died July 22, 1951; grandmother on September 30, 1957. Both are buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton.

Now, I want to tell about my household. I was born in Marlinton (hospital), August 9, 1934. I graduated from Hillsboro High School, Potomac State, and in 1956, from WVU. Soon after school I was drafted into the armed service and served two years in the Army Signal Corp. I am married to Linda Lee Clutter, born February 3, 1937, daughter of the late Eric and Eva Beard Clutter of Hillsboro. We have two children; Thomas Wayne, Jr., and Kathryn Lee, and we reside in South Hills, Charleston, WV. For sixteen years I was employed in the IBM department at Libby-Owens Ford Glass Company. In 1971 I went with CUNA Mutual Insurance Group of Madison, Wisc. as their sales representative in Southern West Virginia with whom I am still associated. Linda is employed with Old Colony Real Estate. As a hobby I collect old coins.

Tom, Jr., our oldest child, was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado where I was stationed in the Army Signal Corp and his mother worked as a X-Ray Technician at the Colorado Springs Medical Center. Tom graduated from George Washington High School in Charleston and is now a senior at Fairmont State College. His hobby is photography.

"Kathy" was born in Charleston, WV, May 4, 1961. She is also a graduate of George Washington High School where she was on the girl's basketball and track teams, and won many trophies. She is a sophomore at Fairmont State College and plays on the basketball team there.

Every chance we get, our family loves to come home to beautiful Pocahontas to be with our families and friends. We enjoy skiing, hunting and fishing there.

See: Archie Walker in Faulknier History. *Thomas Wayne Walker*

Earl Wanless, Sr., age 24

Olive Cassell Banard, Fort Smith, Ark.; Arthena Griffin, Bolar, Va.; Genevieve Shinaberry, Fairmont; Nora Turner and Orpha Clark, Franklin; Velma Turner, Arbovale; and I live at Minnehaha Springs. My parents never lived long at any location due to my father working in the logging industry. We moved from Boyer to Minnehaha Springs in 1928 where my father was employed at Mountain Timber Corporation. It was here I met and later married Earl M. Wanless on April 27, 1931 at the home of Rev. Howard Underwood on Beaver Creek.

Earl worked at several different jobs before being employed by the U.S. Forest Service on March 16, 1943 until his retirement in 1965.

We own a small farm near Minnehaha Springs and built our present home there in 1960. The white pine trees from this small farm furnished the lumber to build our home. Today the pine trees furnish lumber to build picnic tables that Earl makes and sells through the summer months.

Earl and I have 2 sons: Earl Wanless Jr. works for Air Survey Corp. and lives at Front Royal, Va.; Harley Monte lives at Barboursville, Va. and works for Central Telephone Co. 1 son died 8-11-1933. Our 3 daughters are: Arlene Anderson Green, Lynchburg, Va.; Janice Bryant, Clifton Forge, Va.; and Wilma Grace Rimel, Huntsburg, Ohio. 14 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren.

Earl had 2 brothers, Norman F. and Otis S. Lester. His mother Ina Josephine Wanless Lester (09-28-1888 to 03-19-1957) was the daughter of Ralph William and Laura H. Gum Wanless. Ina and her sisters, Mary Dilly and Allie Ryder and 2 brothers, George and Authur Wanless, were born at what was once known as the Wanless farm near Mt. Tabor school house in the hills, 5 miles north of Huntersville.

Laura H. Gum Wanless was raised in Bath County by a family named Sively. We know nothing of her parents or relatives as this was during the Civil War.

The little sawmill town of Raywood that was named for the descendants of Samual H. Ray has disappeared but a small part of the Wanless community still stands. The Wanless church and cemetery, also the Wanless depot, can still be seen on Back Mountain above Cass to remind us of 2 young brothers, Ralph and Stephen Wanless, who came from England to settle in the hills of Virginia that later became Pocahontas County, West Virginia. *Virgie H. Wanless*

MAJOR JACOB WARWICK

Jacob Warwick's history was recorded in W.T. Price's *Historical Sketch of Pocahontas County*, Jim Comstock's *West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia* and the hand written records of Emma Warwick, Jacob's great granddaughter, being the daughter of John Woods [illegible]

I have worked at Fas Chek; as a road salesman for S.B. Wallace Wholesale; the Western Auto Store, and I do electrical work.

I am a member of the Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department, Little Levels Ambulance Patrol and the United Methodist Church.

My interest is outdoor sports; hiking, fishing, hunting, and skiing.

My sister, Janice Carol, was in her last year at Nursing School when I was born so there is twenty years difference in our age. Not only was she a big sister to me but my best friend. I consider it a privilege to submit her family in the history of Pocahontas County.

She was the only daughter of my parents, born December 24, 1937. She graduated from Hillsboro High School, belonged to F.H.A., played clarinet in the band and was active in the Methodist church. She was a graduate of Lewis-Gale School of Nursing, Roanoke, Virginia, in 1958. As a registered nurse she stayed at Lewis-Gale and worked in surgery for five years, went to Richmond, where she was employed by the Chairman of Surgery at the Medical College of Virginia, and worked twelve years in kidney transplant surgery under Dr. David C. Hume.

In 1969 she was married to Jerry Lynn Hall of Richmond, formerly of Buckhannon, West Virginia, son of Hayward E. and Nell Crislip Hall.

For several years he has been employed as an accountant for Firestone Tire & Rubber Company in Hopewell, Virginia.

Their only child is David Lynn, born in Richmond, October 5, 1972.

Janice died November 29, 1976. She is buried in Sunset Memorial Park, Chester, Virginia.

David lives in Chester with his father and step-mother, Caroline Payne Hall. He belongs to the Cub Scouts and the junior choir at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, where Caroline is organist.

David looks forward to coming to Hillsboro for summer vacation, and did his first skiing this year, 1980, at Snowshoe. *By John F. Walker*

L-R: Linda, Tom, Jr., Tom, Sr., Kathy.

WILLIAM THOMAS WALKER

I am Thomas Walker, oldest son of Archie and Kathleen Faulknier Walker, and the grandson of the late William Thomas and Sophia Barlow Walker. I have very fond memories of my grandparents in Hillsboro. Since our homes were on adjoining lots I spent much of my childhood at their house. I am happy to include them in this Pocahontas history.

Grandad was born August 20, 1868, son of Milton and Rebecca Myers Walker, in Dockery, Wilkes County, North Carolina. My grandmother, was the daughter of Marion Thomas and Laura Elizabeth Coffey Barlow, born in Ash County, North Carolina, August 3, 1868. About the turn of the century they came to Greenbrier County where he followed railroading. He later became engaged in the merchandise business. In 1925 the family came to Hillsboro and purchased the property known as the W.K. Goode Store.

They were members of the Oak Grove Presbyterian Church and he belonged to the Hillsboro Masonic Lodge. They were parents of five children: Zora Viers, Lenora Boggs, Edna Moore, Verna Viers, and Archie F. Walker. He and my father, Archie, operated their general store, known as the Hillsboro Store Company. He died July 22, 1951; grandmother on September 30, 1957. Both are buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Marlinton.

Now, I want to tell about my household. I was born in Marlinton (hospital), August 9, 1934. I graduated from Hillsboro High School, Potomac State, and in 1956, from WVU. Soon after school I was drafted into the armed service and served two years in the Army Signal Corp. I am married to Linda Lee Clutter, born February 3, 1937, daughter of the late Eric and Eva Beard Clutter of Hillsboro. We have two children; Thomas Wayne, Jr., and Kathryn Lee, and we reside in South Hills, Charleston, WV. For sixteen years I was employed in the IBM department at Libby-Owens Ford Glass Company. In 1971 I went with CUNA Mutual Insurance Group of Madison, Wisc. as their sales representative in Southern West Virginia with whom I am still associated. Linda is employed with Old Colony Real Estate. As a hobby I collect old coins.

Tom, Jr., our oldest child, was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado where I was stationed in the Army Signal Corp and his mother worked as a X-Ray Technician at the Colorado Springs Medical Center. Tom graduated from George Washington High School in Charleston and is now a senior at Fairmont State College. His hobby is photography.

"Kathy" was born in Charleston, WV, May 4, 1961. She is also a graduate of George Washington High School where she was on the girl's basketball and track teams, and won many trophies. She is a sophomore at Fairmont State College and plays on the basketball team there.

Every chance we get, our family loves to come home to beautiful Pocahontas to be with our families and friends. We enjoy skiing, hunting and fishing there.

See: Archie Walker in Faulknier History.
Thomas Wayne Walker

Earl Wanless, Sr., age 24

EARL M. WANLESS FAMILY

Earl and I have always lived in Pocahontas County. I was born at Raywood. My parents were Howard G. and Maude Slayton Ray. They were the parents of 13 children, 5 sons: Delbert W. (06-29-1901 to 03-03-1979); Albert B. (05-22-1903 to 02-01-1937); Ted L. (05-03-1906 to 12-16-1973); Donald L. (11-20-1926 to 06-16-1968); and Frank E. Ray of Auto, W.VA. 8 daughters: Mamie Selmon Bright, Akron, Ohio; Olive Cassell Banard, Fort Smith, Ark.; Arthena Griffin, Bolar, Va.; Genevieve Shinaberry, Fairmont; Nora Turner and Orpha Clark, Franklin; Velma Turner, Arbovale; and I live at Minnehaha Springs. My parents never lived long at any location due to my father working in the logging industry. We moved from Boyer to Minnehaha Springs in 1928 where my father was employed at Mountain Timber Corporation. It was here I met and later married Earl M. Wanless on April 27, 1931 at the home of Rev. Howard Underwood on Beaver Creek.

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Jacob Warwick's history was recorded in W.T. Price's *Historical Sketch of Pocahontas County*, Jim Comstock's *West Virginia Heritage Encyclopedia* and the hand written records of Emma Warwick, Jacob's great granddaughter, being the daughter of John Woods Warwick and Caroline Elizabeth Craig.

Major Jacob Warwick (b. 1743, d. 1826) was the son of Lt. John Warwick and Elizabeth Dunlap of Middlebrook, Va. Although here for safety, Lt. John Warwick was employed in service of the King in locating and surveying land grants. He owned property in Bath County and Mathewsville, Va. (now Dunmore).

Four children, Charles, Elizabeth, John and Jacob were born in Williamsburg as Lt. John resided there in 1740-50. Lt. Warwick chose to return to England. The reason for this and his whereabouts thereafter were unknown. Charles and Elizabeth were placed in schools in Wil-

is for the church. Josiah Beard
imber that had been sawed at
John's Run to Dunmore to Noel's
g.

Yeager, one of the trustees, drew
ons for the church and submitted
s Elliott for a bid. James Elliott
t. 6, 1883: "I will do the carpenter
k for the within described building
of two hundred and eighty seven
.00) or a Box house the same size
This bid is just for the carpenter and
s I did not have time to see what the
ld cost on the ground."

fications called for a building 24' x
to ceiling, to be built on River Hill,
epose, W. Va. Materials to be used
out carefully. There were to be six
12 lights each 10" x 16", one double
center of end. It was to be sealed
good clean lumber; floor to be black
o be placed on each side with aisle in
2 seats on each side of pulpit; a small
pit on a platform 14' high, with neat
in front.

liott's bid was accepted by the build-
tee. It required a year to build during
he boarded at C.C. Burner's. The
s dedicated in 1886. Harry Burner
e year very well as it was the year he
d. He and his father, Charles Camer-
e fence of 6 inch boards and also the
block and stile. Horse, horse and
d spring wagons were the mode of
tion in those days. Residents from the
ater became Dunlevie and Winterburn
ath around the base of Burner moun-
cularly when the Greenbrier was high
ere no bridges, only fords and footlogs.
rry Burner returned from 16 years in
n 1906, there were only two cars in the
ed by Charlie Grogg and Craig Ash-

1920's the Sunday School rooms were
the back of the church. In the 1960's the
was added and the old pine altar and
e replaced with modern oak ones.

Durbin came alive with the coming of
oads, in 1906 a church was built there
rtow Methodist Church, previously
's Repose, became a part of that charge.
Durbin later became a station church,
was made a part of the Arbovale charge.
of the ministers recalled who served the
church are: Van Devender, Nevitte,
Spindler, Van Devender, Crawford,
Rose, Shires, Buckhannon, Helmintol-
ynolds, Gochenour, Naylor, Wriston,
De Haven, Tenney Winkler, Richard-
plinger, Fairburn, Helms, Miller, Edgell
mmers.

to the lack of active members, services at
Methodist Church were discontinued in
ld the church building sold to the Catholic
e of Wheeling, WV September 6, 1977.
Powell

TRINITY BAPTIST CHAPEL

ne years ago Trinity Baptist Chapel
as a reality when First Baptist Church of
ca agreed to take the responsibility of
ther Church." Actually, the original group
ople had been meeting for some time. They
ed the use of a store building at Mill Point,
and, in the past two years, they have gotten used pews, installed a furnace, and remodeled the interior of the building. However, from the beginning the need for larger facilities was seen.

During the first few months of 1980 a search for property was begun, and early in the spring two adjoining tracts of land were found which seemed to be a good building site. The Chapel had $3,000 in its building fund, to which they added $2,700, and the Mother Church added $ 800. This was enough to pay for the first tract. A Site Fund loan provided the funds to purchase the second tract. The Chapel now has about 6.5 acres of ground.

Trinity Baptist Church, of Drexel, North Carolina, has taken a special interest in the Chapel because Saford and Sue Hammons, Chapel members, are former members of their Church. The Church gave Trinity Baptist Chapel a check for $15,000 to use on a building. Central Baptist Church of Whitnel, North Carolina, has made a $200 per month commitment and the Chapel is using this to help with the financial support of their pastor, Ron Branch.

With a new pastor, 6.5 acres of ground, $15,000 toward a new building, and a lot of energy and enthusiasm, Trinity Baptist Chapel is on the move.

WANLESS UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

This church is located on Back Mountain Road North of Cass. Land deed for the church was granted in October 1908 by C.C. Wanless and wife Hannah. Trustees at the time were H.L. Kesler, C.C. Wanless, A.W. Tallman, J.H. Tallman, William Cassell and A.W. Sheets. The church was then known as Mount Union. Later it was changed to Wanless Methodist and is currently known as Wanless United Methodist.

Mr. Harry Wanless, Mr. W. Brice Cassell and Mrs. Lelia Swink remember the building of the church in 1907 by John and Robert Nole with help from the local residents. They recall that the lumber for the church and pews was sawed at a small mill located on a stream on the property now owned by Mrs. William Tyler. The lumber was dried in a kiln on the land behind the church site. Mr. Wanless remembers helping put the shingles on the roof. Mrs. Grace Cassell remembers going to the dedication services in 1908.

The original Bible was obtained from Sears Roebuck and was stolen many years ago. Maude Wanless, sister to Harry, collected donations from Cheat Mountain woodsmen and local residents to buy the church bell and organ.

Families living within a five mile radius attended and maintained this church for many years. Descendents of these families still continue to attend and maintain this church.

Before the church was built, worship services were held in a one room school building located on the Henry Kesler property now owned by Gearold Cassell. *Submitted by Alma Cassell Mick*

WESLEY CHAPEL METHODIST CHURCH NEAR DUNMORE, W. VA.

The earliest date found for the Wesley Chapel Methodist Church or the Glade Hill Church, as it was then called, was 1867.

Minutes of the first quarterly conference were lost in a fire.

Church services were first held in the Glade Hill school house which was located on land now owned by the Wilfongs. Names of some of the early members were: Curry, Patterson, Galford, Kerr, Akers, Gum, Maupin, Nottingham, Arbogast, Hudson, Sheets, Cooper, Carpenter, and Taylor.

On April 19, 1894 a deed was made by Henry and Early Taylor deeding a tract of land for the erection of a church.

Warwick Hudson, Asbury Sheets, J.F. Patterson, W.W. Galford and Henry Taylor were appointed in 1894 to the building committee.

The church was named "Wesley Chapel" by J.F. Patterson and was dedicated in 1897.

The building was not large enough, because the congregation averaged around a hundred. During the period of 1919-1923 Mr. Samuel Elliott removed the back end and built an additional ten feet to the church.

In 1961 the Church was transferred to the Minnehaha Springs Charge and then in 1974 it was transferred back to the present Pocahontas Charge.

A vestibule, bell tower, toilets and tool shed were built later.

In 1966 an oil furnace was installed.

In 1971 lightning struck the church. The fire was put out before too much damage was done.

In 1976 the inside of the church was re-done by insulating, lowering the ceiling, paneling walls, etc.

Later a drain ditch was installed in front of the church and cemetery to prevent water from running across the road. Mr. Ivan VanReenan donated a steel gate to be used at the entrance to the cemetery. Hymn books were purchased as Memorials and book racks installed on the benches. *Mrs. Neil Horner*

WESLEY CHAPEL UNITED METHODIST CHURCH HILLSBORO

The Wesley Chapel United Methodist Church at Hillsboro represents the oldest continuing congregation West of the Allegheny Mountains. The original building was erected by the first settler in Little Levels, John McNeel, sometime between 1765 and 1776, located on the summit of the Knoll which is now the McNeel Cemetery, and was known as the "White Pole Meeting House." The members of that congregation were John McNeel, Martha McNeel, James Lewis and wife, Alexander Wadell and wife, Charles Kennison, Jacob Kennison, Mrs. James Brinnell, John Switzer and wife, Richard Hill, Nancy Hill, and Abraham McNeel and wife. It is said that Bishop Asbury held services there as early as

The Thorny Branch School was a new frame building located in the hollow downstream from the Lawrence Kelly house. The building replaced the Glade Hill School.

The teachers were in order:

Susie McCarty from Little Levels in 1903. She boarded at Pete Oliver's and took Inez Oliver (aged 4 yrs.) to school with her for her first grade. Susie McCarty married Ulysses Nottingham in Nov. 1, 1904 and died at Bear Creek, Montana in 1906 giving birth to her only child, Robert, who died in 1922 of pneumonia.

Annie Fleshman

Cleffie Fitzgerald

Clownie Hull for 2 terms. Rella Taylor Sheets remembered that he could be heard giving lessons all the way up the hill in the road.

Cora Hedrick

The school was replaced by the Gum Spring School and Wesley Chapel School as there were about 48 students during the last term. The building was moved up on top of the hill by Sam Elliott who lived in it for some years. It was located on the Jack Taylor farm where the old well is still seen. George and Mandy Taylor had lived in a house nearby before they built the big house in the bottom. Nola and Jack Taylor lived in the old school after their marriage in 1930. Jack Taylor moved the building across the bottom to use as a granary.

Belle Taylor Wooddell remembered the old Dr. Moomau visiting the school, also a Mr. Grimes. They were district school board presidents. Will Taylor, father of Belle, took a great interest in the school. When there were programs being presented he was always urged to recite a poem. Belle attended the school from its beginning to the end. She has a picture of the school and scholars.

TRUMP RUN SCHOOL

Located on Trump Run about ½ mile above the Greenbrier River. Established in the 1920's. Closed in 1936.

WANLESS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

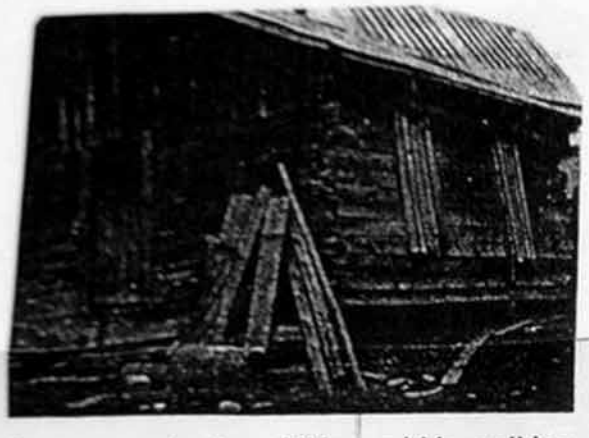
The Wanless Elementary School was located on Back Mountain, five miles from Cass in what was then known as the Wanless Community. It was situated near the highway, on a bank just above the Henry Kesler home. It was a typical one-room school with a pot-belly stove, a water cooler, an old fashioned blackboard and desks and chairs, which accomodated two pupils. This school was later moved just across the road from the Wanless Cemetery on the Wanless Siding Road, as it was known at that time, and it became known as the "Back Allegheny School."

Many memories exist in the minds of those who attended this school. Boys and girls were mischievous in that day, just as they are today. One day a Spelling Bee was in session, which was a frequent pastime as well as a learning experience. A student who had been spelled down, went to the blackboard and with the teacher's back to him, wrote the words on the board as the teacher pronounced them. One of the students informed the teacher of what was going on. She disqualified the speller and all sat down. The usual punishment was handed out which was writing a sentence, dictated by the teacher, 100 times. The speller honestly did not see the word that was written on the board, but the teacher insisted that to be fair, she would have to end the "Match" for that time. Busy work or rainy day

Located in the lumber town of the same name. In use by 1908. After the mill shut down the land was sold to the Watoga Land Association which attempted to develop a community for black people. Thus the school was changed to one for black students. It was closed in 1942.

THE WESLEY CHAPEL SCHOOL

The Wesley Chapel School was built by Will and Ed Taylor in 1910 on land loaned by James and Nelia Taylor. The school was located about 300 yards down the road from the church. The school board furnished the desks for the school. The inside was plastered above the beaded wainscoting. The school had three windows on each side. The pot bellied coal stove with heat directing jacket around it was located in the right corner as the room was entered. A cloak room was passed through to get into the schoolroom. The smaller desks were on the left as the room was entered. The rows of desks were larger moving to the right. The teacher's desk and recitation bench were in the front of the room. In 1937 there was a 4 gallon stone water cooler with a cracked lid on it that was kept on a shelf in the left hand corner as the room was entered. There were forest designs on the outside of the cooler including a large buck deer. The cooler was broken and replaced with a barrel shaped white one that had blue bands around it which was brought to the school in 1939 and had a compartmentized wall cabinet made where each student kept a drinking cup. A common dipper had been used before except some students kept cups in their desks. Neil Sheets was the student assigned to put chlorine in the water cooler in 1937-38 to



Carpenter and other children within walking distance. If any of the pupils were tardy and did not have an eligible excuse they were not allowed to go out and play during recess. Mustoe McLaughlin liked to spend time with the lady teacher so when she asked him why he was tardy he told her he had to salt the geese. One of the pupils caught a skunk and slipped it into the drawer of the teacher's table before the teacher arrived at the school house. The table is in Lee McLaughlin's home. Since it was erected on Robert McLaughlin's farm, he moved it over near his home, where Lee McLaughlin now lives. The Robert McLaughlin home burned in the spring of 1910 and the family lived in the school building until their new home was built that fall. The older boys slept in the hay in the barn because there wasn't enough room for all to stay in the school house. The old school house is now being used for a granary by Lee McLaughlin, a grandson of Robert McLaughlin. *Georgia McLaughlin Taylor*

THORNY BRANCH SCHOOL

THORNY CREEK SCHOOL

Located at the intersection of Rt. 28 and the road to Pocahontas County High School. Building was constructed in 1901. School closed in 1941.

THORNWOOD SCHOOL

See Dunlevie School.

TOP ALLEGHENY SCHOOL

About the time the old Log Church stood along the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike, shortly after the Civil War, a schoolhouse was built at the intersection of the Green Bank Road and the Pike. Here the older settlers of the Mountain attended school. About 1900, or near the time the new church was built, a new school house was erected joining the North East corner of the church lot facing the Battle Grounds. It was later moved on down the Pike about a mile in the big bend of the road between the church and Lee Wilmoth home as all the children lived in that area. Charles and Sam Spencer and K.B. Wilmoth taught there until they retired. Later Estes Crist, Flora Phillips and Opal Gillispie were teachers. Closed in 1945.

TRAINER SCHOOL

Located on Rt. 92 ½ mile north of the Greenbrier county line. In use by 1912 but was closed by 1920.

activities included among other things, cutting household article pictures from catalogues and pasting them on cardboard boxes to make houses. Arguments over just who some of the pictures belonged to (since things would get mixed up with two sitting together) were frequent but somehow were settled. These things are laughable now but they were mountains to the ones involved at that time. A one-room school had advantages as well as disadvantages. Maybe more advantages than can ever be measured. This perhaps can be disputed, but be that as it may, Back Allegheny School produced some wonderful citizens.

Some of the teachers who taught in one of these schools were: Lillian Fowler, Mary Hill, Alice Friel, Eula Hill, Monna Colaw, Jeanne Hevener, Bonnie Nicholas, and Lynn Kerr.

Listed are some of the people who attended the Wanless (Back Allegheny School): Earl, Myrl, Margie, Blanche and Alice Cassell; Peggy and Tommy Wanless; Harold, Allene, Paul, Audrey and Gene Kesler; Ralph Cassell Galford; Thelma, Layke, Mary Frances and Norma Swink; Gayle, Jerry, Neil, Nora, Grey and Charlotte Cassell; Howard, Guy, Burke, Mary Anne and Charles Cassell; Crystal, Dollie, Tom, Ruby and Lyle Houchin; Garnet, Earl, Carl and Ward Beverage; Ruth, Carrie, Hazel and Bernice Sutton; Rella and Roy Cassell; Wayne Cassell; Berlin, Flossie, Anna Lee, George, Clarence and Gladiola Sheets; Neva Simmons; Jewel, Ollie, Betty Alfred and Eddie Sutton.

Wanless School was closed in 1938.

WATOGA SCHOOL

From Harry Wanless' Family Bible
William is Harry's great grandfather
Leven & Thomas' brother

William Wanless	Born	Aug. 21, 1789
Nancy Wanless	"	May 9, 1795
Ralph Wanless Sr	"	March 28, 1756
" "	Died	July 26, 1842 — Death Certificate?

NAMES OF CHILDREN (WILLIAM) — Birth - Death Records ↓

Eliza Wanless	Born	Oct. 24, 1812
Martha Wanless	Born	Feb. 16, 1815
Andrew Wanless	Born	June 4, 1816
✓ Metilda Wanless	Born	Jan. 22, 1818
Nelson Wanless	Born	May 3, 1819
	Died	~~Jan. 25, 1821~~ APRIL 24, 1864
✓ Ralph Wanless	Born	Sept. 9, 1822
Rachel Wanless	Born	April 24, 1824
Jane Wanless	Born	Jan. 15, 1826
✓ Allen Wanless	Born	Mar. 28, 1828
✓ Mary Wanless	Born	Feb. 2, 1830
Nancy Ann Wanless	Born	Jan. 2, 1832
✓ Melinda Wanless	Born	Oct. 26, 1833 d. 1870 - DROWNED
✓ Margaret Wanless	Born	Dec. 23, 1836
James Wanless	Born	Sept. 17, 1838
" "	Died	Jan. 20, 1916

NAMES AND DATES OF THE BIRTHS OF MY BROTHERS (WILLIAM)

Ralph Wanless	Born	March 18, 1799
James Wanless	Born	March 28, 1801
Stephen Wanless	Born	March 24, 1805
John Wanless	Born	May 17, 1807
Thomas Wanless	Born	March 19, 1810
Leven Wanless	Born	March 21, 1813

Ralph Wanless	Died	Nov. 6, 1832 (William's son)
A Allen Wanless	Died	Dec. 18, 1843
Metilda Castle	Died	Jan. 4, 1844
Mary Wanless	Died	Jan. 14, 1844
Margaret Wanless	Died	Feb. 6, 1844

We believe this information came from William Wanless' Bible. His daughter Rachel married John Logan. Her daughter Rebecca married a Gafford. This information was sent to Harry Wanless by M. J. Gafford of Logan, West Va. in 1938.

7-23-97

Dear Mrs. Sharp,

Could you please assist with the following information on the Wanless family. I've enclosed material I Hope is Helpful.

1) A copy of the handwritten Revolutionary War Statement of Ralph Wanless (copy ① enclosed) or at least the rest of the statement of his witnesses. Any information on the result of application?

2) Death Record of Ralph Wanless July 26, 1842? Pocahontas co.

3) Birth Records for: (SHEETS Enclosed) ② ③

Ralph Wanless born Sept 9, 1822 (Pocahontas co)

Ralph Wanless born March 18, 1799 (" ")

Leven Wanless born March 21, 1813 (Pocahontas Co.)

Nancy Dilley born Oct 6, 1818 (Dillys Mill V.A) * see Photo copy

Alonzo Byron Wanless Feb 13, 1844 (Pocahontas co) * see group photo

~~5) Marriage Certificate Alonzo Byron Wanless~~

4) Land purchase or Sale Records of County land charts note bottom of family sheet ② mentions land holdings + Sales

5) Historical Photo's of Wanless Depot, Wanless church + cemetary on Back Mt. Any Historical info? see Earl Wanless Bio ④

6) Any info on Wanless Farm near Mt Taban School house 5mi south of Huntersville

7) Marriage Certificates Ralph Wanless - Anna Ponge Jan 24, 1827 see enclosed ↘ Leven Wanless - Nancy Dilly Feb 18, 1836 Bond - Feb 8, 1836

any information Historical Photo's of Places, land Documents, Birth, marriage, Death Certificates etc greatly appreciated if there is a fee please let me know. Copies of anig handwritten material Great!

Could you give me the address of Warm Springs. V.A. Historical Society? Any other people or places that may have information on Wanless family?

Thank You for your time and assistance

Sincerely!

Marlin L. Wanless
7300 Cedarpost Rd A-22
Liverpool, N.Y. 13088

P.S. Would there be any schoolhouse records on the Wanless children? Mt Talon Schoolhouse?

Thanks!

USBAND Levan Wanless	(sp. of Levan seems more correct than Leven)	OTHER INFO
ORN March 21, 1813	WHERE?	In histo account of early settlers Winneshiek Co, Iowa is recorded Levan Wanless.
ARRIED 2-11-1836	WHERE	
IED 9-28-1901	WHERE Cresco, Iowa	The above comes from the Bluffton Township record
URIED Cresco, Iowa		
ATHER	MOTHER	
THER MARRIAGES		
IFE Nancy Dilly (C.G.s record		MARRIAGE certificate for Leven + Nancy?
ORN 10-6-1818	WHERE	
IED 1-4-1895	WHERE Cresco Iowa	
URIED	WHERE Cresco Iowa	Birth Cert for Alonzo Below
ATHER Henry	MOTHER	
THER MARRIAGES		

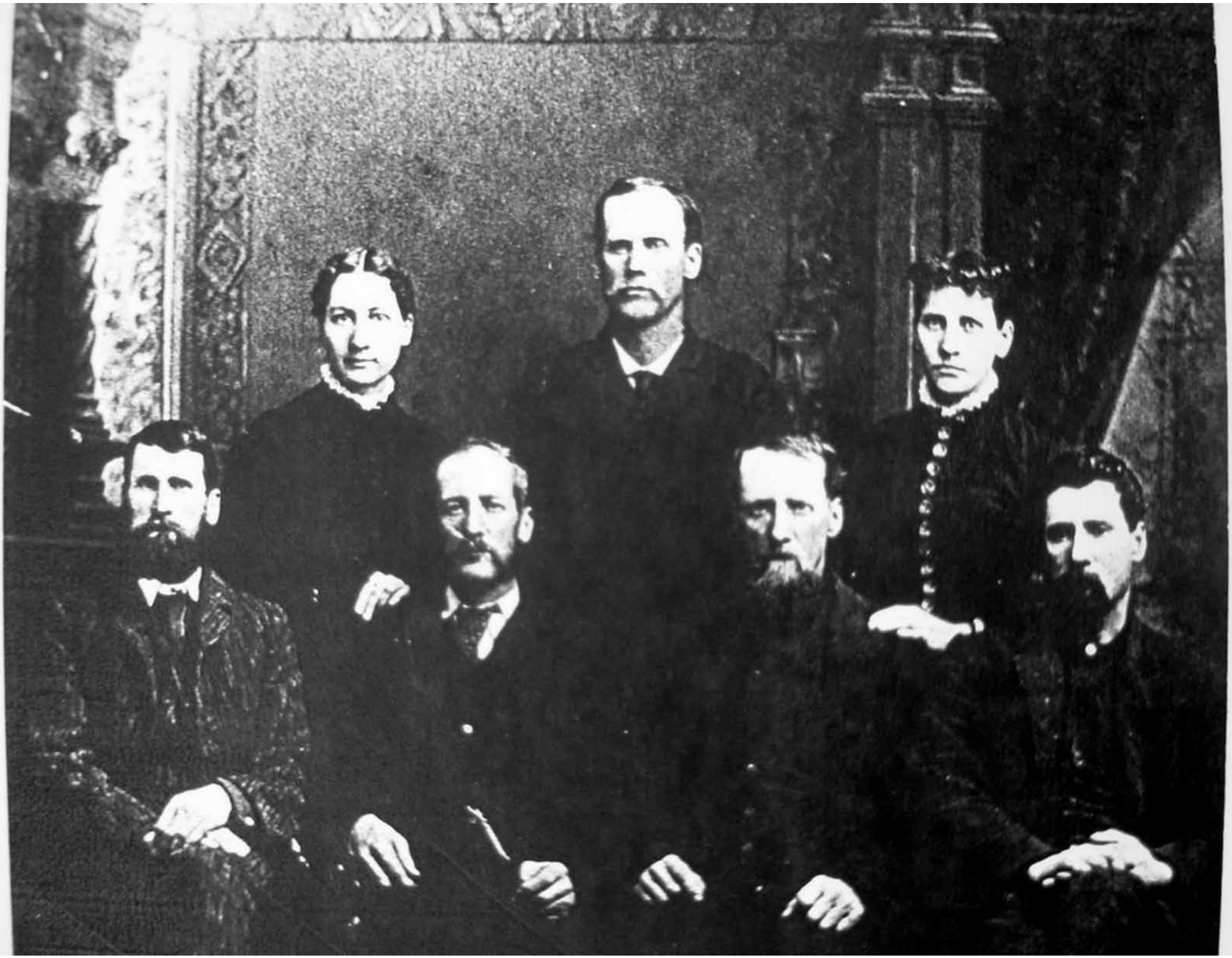
CHILDREN	SEX	NAME	BORN	WHERE	DIED	MARRIED
1	M	Eldridge	7-9-1837		1916	
2	F	Margaret Saliva	4-26-1839		Infancy	
3	M	Francis Asbury	6-19-1841		1-10-1928	
4	M	Alonzo Byron	2-13-1844		1-14-1920	
5	M	Perry Alison	8-29-1846		11-11-1925	
6	M	Albion Emile	10-13-1848		1-27-1931	
7	F	Darinda Laoquincy	2-2-1851		7-3-1913	
8	F	Elizabeth Jane	6-15-1853		12 & 1910	
9	M	Oliver Gustavus	10-13-1855	Pocohantas Co W. Virg.	6-26-1948	
10						
11				LAND RECORDS Charts		
12				↓		

Levan and Nancy with the total living family left Pochontas Co W. Virg 1855 go to Winneshiek Co Iowa. Here they purchased property from M. Mobley 2-26-1857 When they left W.Virg. they had quite a bit of property which Levan sold for so years until all was gone. His handwriting in old Bible was especially good and feeling quite sure it was his he must have been well educated for the times. A with the amount of transactions he made over the years in real estate he must have been a very good businessman. The legal records can be found in court hous in Harlinton W. Virg. and Decorah & Cresco Iowa.

My father Ralph G. tells of his Grand mother, Nancy Wanless how she was so nic visit with - so many of her ways seemed to be of the Mt. folk where they came from.

WANLESS

~~Group~~ most of Children of Leven & Nancy Wanless



NANCY Dilly
WANLESS
1818-1895

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834)

of

Augusta County, Virginia

Bath County, Virginia

Pocahontas County, West Virginia

by

Homer C. Cooper

145 Pendleton Drive

Athens, Georgia 30601

July 1959

Revised March 1970

July 1959
Revised March 1970

To: Our Wooddell Relatives

From: Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601

Re: Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) and wife Elizabeth of Augusta County, Virginia, and Pocahontas County, West Virginia

This paper will be concerned with Joseph Wooddell and his wife, Elizabeth, two of our ancestors of the seventh generation. My principal source of information concerning them consists of the Wooddell family papers, now in the possession of Mr. & Mrs. Forrest Wooddell of Green Bank, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. I had the pleasure of cordial visits with the Wooddell family in September, 1958, and am grateful to them for granting permission to copy the family documents quoted hereinafter. I am also deeply indebted to Mr. Rockford N. Hamed, a native of Green Bank but now a resident of Alexandria, Virginia, and his parents for very generous hospitality, including driving me from Washington to Green Bank, introducing me to the Wooddells, sharing their home and extensive knowledge of Pocahontas County, and making the visit to Green Bank enjoyable in every possible way. Any merit this section has is due to the generosity of the Hameds and the Wooddells.

In addition to the Wooddell family papers, several other sources have been consulted: a file in the National Archives concerning Joseph's Revolutionary War Services, Joseph's will in the Pocahontas County courthouse, U. S. census records, and scattered references in Chalkley and Price. In quoting from these sources I will spell the family name as rendered by the county or census official or family member who prepared the document under consideration at the moment, so the reader will find Woodle, Woodell, Waddle, and other variations scattered throughout the following pages. Joseph himself used the form "Wooddell" consistently for his signature and this spelling is used on the headstone over his father's grave.

Joseph Wooddell was born about 1752, but I cannot establish the exact date or place of his birth. He gave his age as 80 in his sworn declaration of 1832 when qualifying for a Revolutionary War pension. He probably was born in Augusta County, Virginia and at least spent most of his early years there. Thomas Wooddell, Jr. (1759-1839), a younger brother of Joseph, testified that he (Thomas) was born in Augusta County in August, 1759, in his own declaration for a pension, so I am certain that if Joseph was not born in Augusta County, he at least was living there by the time he was seven years of age. If I can judge by land transactions abstracted in Chalkley and other evidence, the Wooddells must have lived in the North River District of Augusta County.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) was the son of Thomas Wooddell (1709-1784) and wife Alice, whose maiden name we do not know. According to an 1886 newspaper article written by a grandson, Thomas Wooddell was born in Scotland; lived a few years in England; then migrated to Pennsylvania (which county?), where he married; and then settled near the village of Mount Solon in Augusta County, Virginia. His grave is in the Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church cemetery and designated by a headstone with the following inscription carved in crude but easily read letters: "Thomas Wooddell, died 1785, age 75." However, we know from his will (Book 6, Page 429) that he died between September 6, 1784 (when the will was written) and October 19, 1784 (date of probate). Alice, his widow, went to live with their son Joseph; her will, written in 1810 and probated in 1818, is recorded in the Bath County, Virginia, courthouse.

Thomas Wooddell (1709-1784) and Alice were the parents of eight children, all of whom were living when Alice's will was written in 1810. We do not know the order of their births: (1) Martha Wooddell, married Charles W. Hansel and settled in either Pendleton County, West Virginia, or Highland County, Virginia. (2) Jane Wooddell, married May 3, 1792, to Edward Irvin (or Ervin), son of Edward Irvin (or Ervin). (4) Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834), the subject of this sketch. (5) Thomas Woodell (1759-1839), served in the Revolutionary War and signed his name Woodell on his pension application in 1832, married Margaret Irvin (or Ervin), daughter of Edward Irvin (or Ervin), settled in that part of Greenbrier County which later became Mason County, West Virginia. (3) James Wooddell, ~~about whom we do not have additional information~~. see change (6) Sarah Wooddell, married a Wallace, but we do not know his given name, where they settled, nor the names of their children. (7) Elizabeth Wooddell, who was single when her mother wrote her will in 1810. (8) John Wooddell (1767-1852), married January 31, 1791, to Elizabeth Irvin (1773-1834), daughter of Edward Irvin, settled on his father's farm in Augusta County. Additional information concerning these eight children of Thomas & Alice would be most welcomed.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) enlisted in the militia and saw service in the Revolutionary War. The National Archives in Washington D. C., has a file containing documents submitted many years later in support of his successful application for a pension under the act of June 7, 1832. One of the documents in this file is a series of sworn statements on his behalf, the first of which was made before the court of Pocahontas County in 1832 to describe his service:

State of Virginia, Pocahontas County---At a Court held for Pocahontas County at the Court house thereof on the 4th day of September 1832 before the justices of the peace of the said County---Present---Benjamin Tallman, William Cackley, Robert H. Beale and Jacob Lightner gentlemen Justices.

State of Virginia, Pocahontas County---On this 3rd day of September 1832 personally appeared before the subscribers one of the commonwealth Justices of the peace in and for the County aforesaid. Joseph Wooddell a resident of the County and State aforesaid aged eighty years, who being first duly sworn according to Law doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the provision made by the act of Congress passed June 7th 1832:

That he entered the service of the United Stated in the year 1774 under Captain George Moffett and was stationed at Clover Lick to defend the Frontier settlements against the Indians for the Term of six weeks, being then a resident of & drafted from the Militia of August County Virginia.

That he again was drafted from the Militia as aforesaid & from the County aforesaid in the year (month of September) 1777 under the command of Captain George Moffett, Colonel J. Dickinson Commandant, & taken to Point Pleasant on the Ohio River against the Indians and Stationed there a short time, Period not precisely recollected But not to exceed Three months from the time of entering service untill discharged.

That he again was drafted from the Militia aforesaid and from the County as aforesaid in the year 1778, Commanded by Captain Cooper, Colonel Nevil's Regiment, General Woodford's Brigade, and he was marched from his place of residence as aforesaid through the Stated of Pensylvania, New York & New Jersey against the English army and Continued in the Service as a private soldier for Term of one year & discharged in the state of New Jersey at Middle Brook in t' month of February 1779.

dell

That he again was drafted from the Militia as aforesaid and from the County aforesaid in the year 1781 under the Command of Captain John Givens, Colonel William Bowyer, General Campbell, and General Lafayette Commanding, & marched from his place of residence to Richmond Va. against the English army who were then laying in that place & from there following the aforesaid English army to Williamsburg being in the Battles at Hot water & James Town and Continued in the service for the term of three months being the first Lieutenant in the Company aforesaid and then was discharged and that he has no knowledge of any Person now living who could testify to his services as aforesaid stated..

He hereby relinquishes every Claim to a pension or annuity except the present and declares that his name is not on the pension of any state.

Joseph Wooddell

Sworn to and subscribed the day and year aforesaid and I do more over certify that the said Joseph Wooddell cannot from age and bodily infirmities attend the Court before the subscriber.

William Slaven

We John S. Blain, a clergyman, residing in the County of Pocahontas, and Benjamin Tallman residing in the same County, hereby certify that we are well acquainted with Joseph Wooddell who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration; that we believe him to be eighty years of age, that he is reputed and believed in the neighbourhood where he resides to have been a soldier of the revolution, and that we concur in that opinion.

Sworn and subscribed the day & year aforesaid.

John S. Blain

Benny Tallman

And the said Court do hereby declare their opinion after the investigation of the matter and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the War Department, that the above named applicant was a revolutionary soldier and served as he states. And the Court further certify that it appears to them that John S. Blain who has signed the preceeding certificate is a clergyman resident in the County aforesaid, and that Benjamin Tallman, who also signed the same is a resident in the said County and is a credible person, & that their statement is entitled to credit.

I Henry M. Moffett Clerk of the Court of Pocahontas County do hereby certify that the foregoing contains the original proceedings of the said Court in the matter of the application of Joseph Wooddell for a pension.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of the County office this 4th day of September 1832.

seal H. M. Moffett

Joseph's pension was not granted immediately & a supporting statement by his younger brother John was added to the same application, being sworn before the Augusta County court.:

Augusta County to wit—I John Wooddell of the County of Augusta & State of Virginia after having first been sworn, Sayeth that I recollects of my brother Joseph Wooddell, now of the county of Pocahontas, having performed three

ell
tours of service during the revolutionary war; & the indian war together.

His first tour of duty was against the Indians the particulars of time & place not distinctly recollected.

His second tour of service was for twelve months somewhere to the north; the place not recollected, nor can I recollect the officers that command on that occasion.

His third & last tour of service was below Richmond, the particular place not recollected. I think that the term of service was for three months. He was a Lieutenant in John Dickeys company. The superior officers not recollected and further this deponent sayeth not.

John Wooddell

Augusta County to wit—This day the above signed John Wooddell (sic) came before me a justice of the peace for the said county of Augusta and made oath to the above statement (sic), according to law. Witness my hand this eighth day of June 1833.

James A. McCue

I do farther certify that John Wooddell the subscribing witness to the above statement, lives in my immediate neighbourhood; that I have long been acqainted with him; that he is a credible person & that his statement may be relied on. Witness my hand & seal this 16th day of November 1833.

James A. McCue

Virginia to wit—I Jefferson Kinney, Clerk of the County Court of Augusta, do hereby certify that James A. McCue Esq. whose signatures appear to the within certificates, is a Justice of the peace in and for the county aforesaid—duly commissioned and qualified according to law.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereto affixed my seal of office and subscribed my name this 6th day of December 1833 & in the 58th year of the Commonwealth.

Jefferson Kinney

The amended application was resubmitted to the Commissioner of Pensions, accomanied by the following letter in Joseph's own handwriting:

Travellers Repose Post Office
Pocahontas County, June 28th, 1833

Sir

In compliance with your instructions under date April 2nd returning my Declaration for amendment—the Department require me to give a more detailed account of the service of 78. I state to you, as in the declaration, that I now know of no person living who served with me any Tour set fourth as it Respects the service of 78. I have stated as fully as I now Recollect. I was in no Engagement during the years service and at the end of the year was dismissed by a General discharge By Genl. Washington Commander of the Army.

I herewith Enclose my Commission showing that I acted as first Lieutenant in the services of 81, under Competent authority, also enclosed you will have

ll
the affidavit of a younger Brother who Recollects of my Different Enlistments
& absence from my Residence.

I am now Laden with years & Infirmities & Consequently unable to attend the Court of my County to have a new Declaration drawn up & will Humbly Rest my case as the Papers now appear before the department.

I Remain your most Obedient & Humble Servt.

Joseph Wooddell

Unfortunately, the commission mentioned in Joseph's letter has been lost. His ional Archives file containes a note to that effect:

S. F. 11883. Joseph Wooddell. Commission of Joseph Waddle as Lt. of a co. of Augusta Co. Va. militia, dated Aug. 15, 1780 and signed by Thomas Jefferson Govenor has been removed from this case for safe keeping and may be found in the safe in the room of the Chief of the Old War & Navy Div. June 6, 1905.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826) was Governor of Virginia (1779-1781) before he bame the third President of the United States (1801-1809). On the above note there s an added statement to the effect that Joseph's commission had been "sent to the eattle Exposition, April 8, 1909". While visiting the National Archives, I inquired egarding the present whereabouts of the commission and was told that it was one of number of documents sent to the Seattle Exposition for display which had not been eturned to the National Archives. Chalkley (1, 216) cites Augusta County Order ook 17, page 265b, August 15, 1780, which records the fact that Joseph Waddle qualified as a lieutenant in John Dickey's company, and other Chalkley abstracts refer o Augusta County records which provide further evidence concerning the service of Joseph and his brother, Thomas Jr.

Joseph's application for a pension was finally approved and Certificate No. 23359 was issued January 17, 1834, at the Virginia Agency and mailed to him at Green Bank in Pocahontas County. On the back of Joseph's letter of December 24, 1833, a clerk in the pension office determined his annual pension of $90 from the following calculation:

Amount:
15 mos. period--- 50
3 mos. Lieut.---40
90

Certificate 23359 indicates that he had been paid $270 by March 4, 1834, which was the only payment before his death later that year.

The above account exhausts my present knowledge of Joseph's war service, but undoubtedly a great deal more could be obtained from additional sources. Extensive records of the Augusta County units of the militia could probably be found in the courthouse at Staunton, the National Archives in Washington, and the office of the Adjutant General of Virginia. McAllister, the files of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other sources have abstracted the statements of pension applicants, so anyone desiring to pursue the subject further could examine the National Archives files of Virginia applicants who served in the same units with Joseph. For example, Joseph's younger brother, Thomas, also served in Captain Dickey's company and his application provides details not mentioned by Joseph. Further information could also be obtained by consulting various sources about the careers of Joseph's commanders, particularly General Lafayette.

At the end of the war, Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) was married to Elizabeth, who died in 1820, but I do not know the date or place of the marriage. My

...e is that the ceremony took place at Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church. I do not ...r when nor where Elizabeth was born nor what her maiden name was. One relative ...ote in 1958 that she was Elizabeth Warwick, daughter of William Warwick and Nancy ...raig. Another possibility is that she was Elizabeth McKemy, daughter of John McKemy (died 1789) and sister of Jean McKemy; John mentions a daughter Elizabeth in his will and leaves three pounds to a grandson named John Waddle. But, I do not have conclusive documentary evidence for either a Warwick or McKemy maiden name. Elizabeth apparently received very little formal education, since the Wooddell papers include a deed made jointly by Joseph and Elizabeth in which she made her mark rather than signing her name, and the fact that she could not write may account in part for the lack of family papers which tell of her ancestry.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) and Elizabeth (died -1820) were the parents of eight children:

601 Thomas Wooddell
Born August 11, 1783, Augusta County.
Died July 1, 1860, Pocahontas County.
Married Mary (Polly) Blake, daughter of Thomas Blake & Jane Warwick.

602 Nancy Agnes Wooddell
Born December 13, 1785, Augusta County.
Died November 29, 1861, Pocahontas County.
Married June 17, 1805, Bath County Va. to James Cooper (born January 16, 1780, Rockbridge County, Va.—died November 8, 1845, Pocahontas County), son of James Cooper (died -1781) & Jean McKemy. Jean was a daughter of John McKemy (died 1789) of Augusta County

603 John Wooddell
Born August 26, 1787, Augusta County.
Died June 10, 1865, Pocahontas County.
Married March 23, 1820, to Mary (Polly) Slaven (died January 9, 1843), daughter of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

604 Joseph Wooddell, Jr.
Born October 3, 1789, Augusta County.
Died August 20, 1829, Beaver Township, Pike County, Ohio.
Married Priscilla Slaven, daughter of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

605 Jane Wooddell
Born October 31, 1791, Augusta County, Va. Died December 18, 1870, Pike County, Ohio. Married to William Galford (born about 1785, Pocahontas County, W. Va.; died March 28, 1824, Pike County, Ohio).

606 Elizabeth Wooddell
Born October 5, 1794, Augusta County.
Died after 1860.
Unmarried, but left a son, William B. Wooddell (1825-1905).

607 James Wooddell
Born August 20, 1797, Augusta County.
Died June 21, 1885, Pocahontas County.
Married June 22, 1826, to Jane Warwick (born December 6, 1799—died March 10, 1884), daughter of Andrew Warwick (died -1821) & Elizabeth Craig (died -1832).

608 Margaret Jane (Peggy) Wooddell
Born June 27, 1800, probably Augusta County.

Died November 3, 1837 (or 1836), Gilmer County, West Virginia.
Married 1819 to William Slaven (born July 6, 1798), son of
John Slaven (born 1760) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

I am quite certain that Joseph and Elizabeth first settled in Augusta County and at least seven (if not all) of the above children were born there. Chalkley notes that in 1777 Joseph and his brother James acquired land from their parents, which was probably in the North River District of the county. Joseph and another brother (Thomas) also obtained land together, according to a document in the family papers. This document, which I assume was a copy of a deed, was dated September 18, 1798, and transferred 286 acres of land from Thomas Wooddell of Augusta County to James and Robert Curry of Augusta County, the price being 250 pounds. The land was located on "some of the watters of Thornybranch . . . part of which was conveyed to the Sd. Thomas Woodall by Thomas Woodle Deceased and part a grant to sd. Thomas Woodle & Joseph Woodle". (Thorny Branch is a tributary of North River near the small village of Sangerville in the North River District of the county.)

I believe that Joseph & Elizabeth left Augusta County for what is now Green Bank, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, some time between 1800 and 1802. In 1800 the Augusta County Clerk, Charles Kinney, exempted Joseph Waddle "from the payment of Taxes, etc., on your slave", according to a receipt in the family papers. The year 1802 seems the most probably for the move, since there is a church letter in the family papers which was probably used to transfer membership from the Mossy Creek congregation to the Green Bank church during that year:

> This is to certify that Joseph Waddal and his wife Elizabeth have lived in this congregation a number of years, free of Scandal, and are in full communion in the Church and that sd. J. Waddal has been a ruling Elder in the Church, by order of Session Mossey Creek April 25th 1802. Benjamin Irvin V D

At the time Joseph settled at Green Bank, the area was part of Bath County, Virginia, & thus some significant records, such as the 1805 marriage bond between James Cooper & Nancy Wooddell, are to be found in the courthouse at Warm Springs, Virginia. Green Bank became part of Pocahontas County when that Virginia county was formed in 1821, then in 1863 became part of the new state of West Virginia.

Joseph settled near the North Fork of Deer Creek (once known as Cartmell Creek) & built his log house at approximately 38° 24' 48" north latitude and 79° 49' 58" longitude, near the present home of his great-great-grandson, Mr. Forrest Wooddell (1894-1967). Some years ago the old log house was torn down, but Forrest Wooddell was born there and remembers it was heated by a fire place & chimney rather than by stove & was very cold in winter. Mr. Wooddell also remembers that square portholes were cut in the walls to afford protection against Indians, but these had been plugged up by the time he was born. The house had a large porch & a separate back shed for cooking which had a stove & chimney. Still standing, however, is Joseph's smokehouse, constructed from logs & boards cut in his sawmill. Some of the squared logs are 10 inches on the front face & one of the white pine boards in the door is 17 inches in width. Though Joseph's home & mode of life may not seem comfortable to his descendants today, we know from the extensive records he kept, which fortunately have been saved by each succeeding generation, that he was relatively well-to-do by the standards of Pocahontas County in the first third of the century. These records tell us something of his land holdings, his business operations, & his daily life.

As time went on, Joseph increased his acreage. Some of the land he eventually owned was granted first to Thomas Cartmell, later to Abraham Ingram, before being granted to Joseph and James McKemy. In the Wooddell papers the earliest land grant is labeled on the outside: "JAMES McKEMY AND JOSEPH WOODDELL, 150 ACRES, BATH COUNTY, RECORDED AND X, BOOK 50, PAGE 100." On the inside, part of the document

dell

printed and the rest handwritten; the printed part is capitalized in the follow-
g:

I James Monroe, ESQUIRE, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING: KNOW YE, THAT by virtue of a land office treasury warrant, number seventeen hundred and eighty five issued the 15th day of February 1796 THERE IS GRANTED BY THE SAID COMMONWEALTH, UNTO James McKemy and Joseph Wooddell assignee of Abraham Ingram who was entitled to one third in his own right and as assignee of John Blankenship & John Perdue for the residue. A CERTAIN TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, CONTAINING one hundred and fifty acres, by survey bearing date the eleventh day of May eighteen hundred, lying and being in the county of Bath on the water of Cartmell creek a branch of Greenbrier river and bounded as followeth to wit: beginning at two chesnuts S88W 32 poles to two chesnut oaks on a ridge S11E 80 poles to two chesnut and black oak N15E 16 poles to a spanish oak and hickory corner to said Ingram and with his line N23E 118 poles to a sugar tree and red oak on a line of said Ingrams new survey and with the same S60E 10 poles to three Ironwood saplins S74E 50 poles to two chesnuts S40E 150 poles, thence leaving said line S55W 140 poles to the beginning; WITH ITS APPURTENANCES: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD THE SAID TRACT OF PARCEL OF LAND WITH ITS APPURTENANCES, THE SAID James McKemy and Joseph Wooddell and THEIR HEIRS FOREVER.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, THE SAID James Monroe ESQUIRE, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMON* WEALTH OF VIRGINIA, HATH HEREUNTO SET HIS HAND, AND CAUSED THE LESSER SEAL OF THE SAID COMMONWEALTH TO BE AFFIXED AT RICHMOND, ON THE third DAY OF June IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND two AND OF THE COMMON* WEALTH THE twentysixth.

seal James Monroe

Later deeds in the Wooddell papers indicate that Joseph bought James McKemy's share in 1813, acquired considerable additional land, & then gave parcels to each of his several sons before his death in 1834.

In addition to farming his land, Joseph used the waters of Deer Creek to provide power for a saw mill, a feed mill, a blacksmith shop, and a still. The mill races for these operations can be traced today. To keep the records for these enterprises, Joseph made an account book by folding a sheaf of paper, then sewing with heavy thread down the crease in the center. In this crude book are entries from 1813 to 1832, each with the date, the name of the customer, the goods or services provided, and the price in either dollars or pounds. Some typical entries are given because they provide information concerning the lives of the early settlers of Pocahontas County:

The following is an account of Plank Sawed for Daniel kerr in June 1814 by me Joseph Wooddell:

To 5 quarter plank	598 feet
To Inch Plank	1022
To 3/4 Plank for covering	386
To Plank for wagon body	251
To inch Plank for petition	559

. . . . . .

James Cooper, Dr for Sawing in 1815 & 1816:

	L	s	d
	1	3	0
To 5/4 planks 765 feet	1	6	0
To Inch do 1053--	0	10	3
To 3/4 do 490--			
To 15 Joice		3	0
To Scaffold & Slab Plank		3	0
To Scantling for bedsteads			

. . . . . .

James Cooper--June 23, 1825

	L	s	d
	0	1	6
To ½ Bus Corn	0	6	0
To 2 Bus. Corn	0	3	0
To 1 Sickle	0	6	0
Cr. by Casn	0	6	0
To 2 Bus. Rye			

. . . . . .

June 30th 1826. David Clayton. Dn to Boarding and horse feed and stableage for his brother Richard $5. Cr. by 2 mares to his horse at $2.50 each--$5.

. . . . . .

Many other accounts are listed in Joseph's book and in the Wooddell family papers. In 1827 he drew up specifications for building a church and probably cut the required lumber. He kept cattle and entered records of their pasturing, mentions beef, hides and furs. He made five to ten pound loans of salt to neighbors, of which this entry is typical: "October 6, 1823. Lent to Elizabeth Warrick 11 lbs. Salt with the apron". He made wagon parts, bedstead parts, and frequently mentioned "cherry plank". He billed Charles Martin in March, 1825, for: "To 3½ gallons Whisky, 0-10-6". In April, 1829, he let John Sutton have "one plough Sheer Weight 12 lbs. for which he was to give me the same Weight of new Iron--he paid". He also charged one neighbor for "3½ days work in haytime, 0-10-6". Some other activities for which he presented bills were:

Halling wood to the lime kiln one day	0	9	0
Halling lime 2 days	1	4	0
Halling stone 2 days	1	16	0
13 days making brick	0	19	6
1 day attendance in mortar	0	3	0
18½ days attendance making the Brick Kiln	0	2	3
Halling a load of shingles	0	9	0

Joseph Wooddell aparently made trips of some distance for supplies, as several shopping lists are entered. The following was "for James Cooper," his son-in-law: 3 lb. Coffee, 1 Coffee pot, 1 Pepper Box, 3 Tea Cups & Sassers, 1 wearing hankerchief, 5 yrds yellow Flannen 1 yrd and half quarter wide, ½ lb Pepper. Other items on other lists included: 2 lb chocolet, 3 yrds muslin, 6 lbs Cotten, 1 Sheet Pins, 1 Small thimble, 1 Bandany hankerchief, 1 Shoehammer, 1 Sett fine Niting needles, 1 Spelling book, Some writering paper.

These records present hints as to what life was like in the early days of Pocahontas County and also show that Joseph Wooddell was active in the commerce of the region. Judging by the number of wills, deeds, and other documents he prepared for other people, copies of which are in the family papers, he must have been one of

few men in the County of his generation who could write well. We know that some his contemporaries could not write their own names (and made their marks on legal documents) and that many others could write only their own signatures. Joseph prepared two wills for himself, the first in 1822 and the second in 1832, and these documents give further evidence as to his activities and station in life. The 1822 will, in his own handwriting, reads as follows:

In the name of God Amen the Twelfth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight hundred and Twenty Two I Joseph Wooddell Senr. of the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia being now in health of Body and of perfect mind and Memory thanks be given unto god for the Same but now I am taking a Journey to the State of Ohio and Considering that I am therefore in a perticular manner Exposed to death as well as of the natural mortality of my Body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die I do make and ordain this my last will and Testament in the manner and form following that is all my real and personal Estate I do will and bequeath as hereafter directed Viz first my funeral and just debts to be paid and all my Lands in this County Containing three hundred and fourteen Acres more or less Lying and being in the County aforesaid adjoining the Lands of Jacob Warrick junr. Jacob Gillespie John Hogshead and others I will and bequeath to Two of my Sons that is John and James Wooddell to them and their heirs forever John Wooddell to have the Lower End ajoining Jacob Warricks Land to Begin on the out Side Line on the South Side of my Land opposite to what we Call the old Still house place and a Line from there across to the Creek that Come down through my meadow to Come past the old Still house place thence down the Creek till near the Lower End of my pasture then across the Lower End of the pasture and upon other Branch of the Creek to the South East Corner of my potato patch that is now then down the way that we Staked it towards the upper Corner of Johns new field about forty rods down from the Said Corner of the potato patch then Square across the Bottom to Jacob Gillespies Line and James Wooddell to have the upper End adjoining Jacob Gillespies and John Hogsheads Lands with the Buildings and improvements that is on it Excepting John Wooddell to have the priviledge of doing his own grinding and Sawing with the mills upon Conditions that he gives Some help towards keeping them in order my Lands in the State of Ohio pike County Beaver Township Containing one hundred and Sixty acres it being one quarter Section I will and bequeath to my son Joseph Wooddell and his heirs forever upon Condition that he makes his Brother James Wooddell a rite to his part of the one hundred and Thirty Eight acres which I gave to him and his Brother John Lying in this County also I will and bequeath to my Son Joseph the following property Viz the Brown mare and Colts that has been call.d his and one Cow and Colt the Smiths anvil and Vice ax matock and hoe and a Set of plough Irons one bed and a Light wagon to move with himself to assist in providing the wagon his Brother James to assist him in providing money to move with and as Soon as would be convenient Some money to help him in improving his Land the time not to Exceed four years my Son James to have the following property the Sorral filly that has been Call.d his and roan Colt that came of Betseys mare and Cattle Sheep and hogs Sufficient for the Support of the family while Together my wagon ploughs Crosscut Saw broad ax and Tools necessary for farming I wish to be kept on the place my house and kitchen furniture To be kept for the benefit of the family my son James to have my desk & Clock to my Daughter Elisabeth I will and bequeath as follows the Sorral mare that has been Call.d hers and the young Sorral mare that Came of her mare my walnut Chest Bed and Bedding all the coverings that She provided for her Self and if She Lives to alter her Station of Living I allow her to have five or Six head of Cattle five or Six head of Sheep dresser furniture and Some pots all her own Cloaths and necessary articles Else not mentioned I wish her to have a peaceable Living in my house while in the Station that She is as She has been Very good to me Since her mothers death my Cloath I wish to be divided Equally amongst my four sons my wife that was I allow her Cloaths to be divided Equally between my Three daughters that is here as Jane

has got her part of them my Negro woman Liz to be kept here while James and Elisabeth remains Single and when they both Change their Station her to be appraised and then will and bequeath her to my four daughters one of them to keep her and pay the other three Each one a fourth of her Value and Charles to be kept on the place and treated as he has been my four work horses to be kept on the place while the family is Together or Except there might be need to Sell one to pay Debts Joseph to have one of them to help him in moving if he needs one my Books I allow Each one of my Children to get a part of them I do not wish any of my property to be Sold Except it is Stock to pay debts of my Contracting and at the marriage of my Son and daughter James and Elisabeth whatever is Left after my debts are paid and what I Left to my Three Children that is yet here that is Joseph James and Elisabeth Wooddell I allow to be Equally Divided amongst all my Children to them and their heirs forever, and I do hereby nominate Constitute and appoint Three of my Sons John Joseph and James Wooddell or any Two of them that Stays in this County Executors of this my Last will and Testament Revoking Disanuling and Disallowing all other and former will and wills by me made whether by word or writing allowing approving Ratifying and Confirming this only as my Last will and Testament in witness whereof I have hereunto Set my hand and Seal the day and year first above written Signed Sealed published pronounced and Delivered by the Said Joseph Wooddell sen.r as his Last will and Testament in the presence of

witnessed, before signed,

Test Joseph Wooddell sen.r seal

Benjamin Tallman
William Warwick

Joseph Wooddell's second & final will was prepared in 1832, eighteen months before his death, is in the handwriting of James Cooper (1780-1845), his son-in-law, and is available in the Pocahontas County courthouse (will book 1, page 438):

In the Name of God Amen I Joseph Wooddell Senr. of the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia being Weak in body But of sound mind and Memory, and Considering the Mortality of the human Body and knowing that it is appointed for all men Once to Die do make this my Last Will & Testament Revoking all Others.— First I recommend my Soul to God who gave it my Body to be Decently Buried in a Christian like manner, and after my Burial Expenses are paid and all my other Just Debts are punctually paid I Will & Bequeath the Ballance of my property Both real & personal in form following:—To my son James Wooddell I will and bequeath all my land in the County of Pocahontas lying on the Waters of Deer Creek Containing One hundred & thirty nine Acres to him and his heirs forever together with all the Improvements thereon—also my Roan horse & Waggon & Gears and all my farming utensials Consisting of ploughs, Gears, Harrow, & hoes, also my Cross Cut Saw & one large Kettle—also my Clock & Desk—& my Share of the Smith Tools—To my Daughter Betsy Wooddell or her heirs I will & bequeath my young Roan mare, three Cows, Six head of Sheep, two beds, Bedsteads & Bed Cloaths, also my Walnut Chest and One trunk—One ten Gallon Kettle, one three gallon pot, also her Choice of my Ovens, & all my Dresser furniture. And further I reserve the sole use of my Back Shed for my Daughter Betsy While she may live single and also my son James is to furnish feed for two head of horses, three cows & six head of Sheep for said Betsy While she may live single——My Negro Woman Liz I allow to be appraised & one of my four Daughters to take her at the appraisment and pay each one of my Other three Daughters One fourth of her appraisment as for my negro man Charles I allow my son James to maintain him his lifetime my Wearing Apparrel I allow to be

Equally Divided among my four Sons or their heirs—My Books I allow to be Equally Divided amongst my Eight Children or their heirs.——I allow my son James to have my Stock of Hogs, and in Consideration of the former bequeath my son James is to furnish my daughter Betsy & her son William a reasonable Supply of flour or Meal & Meat during the time She May Live single or untill William be put to a trade.—My son James & my Daughter Betsy to have my loom & all the tacklings. ——To my Grand Daughter Betsy McKemy Cooper I Will & Bequeath One good young Cow.——The Ballance of my property that I may Die in possession of I allow to be sold at public sale the proceeds of Which together with what money may be on hand I allow to be Equally Divided amongst my Eight Children or their Heirs.—— And in Case the money is drawn for my services during the Revolution war I allow the heirs of my son Joseph & the heirs of my Daughter Jane to have thirty Dollars that is to say the Heirs of Joseph to have fifteen Dollars & the heirs of Jane to have fifteen Dollars to be Equally Divided Between them.——Lastly I Constitute and appoint my son James & James Cooper executors of this my Last Will and Testament. In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand & Seal this third day of December One thousand Eight Hundred & Thirty two & 57 year of the Commonwealth.

Joseph Wooddell Senr. seal

Witnesses present: Jacob Cum, Samuel Given, Patrick Bruffey, Jacob Warwick.

Several of the objects mentioned in Joseph's two wills are now in the possession of Clyde Wardel Wooddell (1918-), great-great-great-grandson of Joseph & son of Forrest. On my visit to Green Bank, I was shown Joseph's desk, clock, plane, auger, & other tools & household items. One of the most interesting items was the lock & key, still in good working order, from the front door of Joseph's log house. Most of these items were probably fashioned by Joseph himself & manifest a high caliber of workmanship. I hope that these items & Joseph's papers will remain in the family for a long time or be given to a museum with a good historical collection concerning West Virginia.

Charles & Liz, the two slaves mentioned in the will, were buried on the Wooddell farm. Mr. Forrest Wooddell, Mr. Hamed, & I are fairly certain we found their graves marked by field stones on a hill top. Charles lived to an advanced age—perhaps over 100—and in his last years spent most of his time fishing in a spot in Deer Creek which is still called the "Charley Hole". The two slaves were offered their freedom several times, but refused it. After the death of Joseph, the other heirs turned their interests in the slaves over to James Wooddell, who remained on the home place, as is shown in the following document in the family papers:

Know all men by these presents that I James Cooper & Nancy his wife Jane Galford Betsey Wooddell & William Slaven & Peggy his wife for and in Consideration of the Sum of one Dollar to them in hand paid By James Wooddell at & Before the sealing and delivery of these presents (the Receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge) have Bargained and sold & By these presents do grant Bargain & sell to the said James Wooddell a Certain female Negro Slave named Liss aged Forty years to have & to hold the Said Negro Slave to the only proper use of the said James Wooddell his Heirs Executors Administrators and Assigns forever, & the said James Cooper & Nancy his wife Jane Galford Betsy Wooddell & William Slaven & Peggy his wife for themselves & their heirs Executors & Administrators the said Negro Slave to the said James Wooddell against the Claim or Claims of all and Every person whatsoever will warrant and for Ever defend in witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands & affixed our seals this day of 1833.

James Cooper seal
Nancy Cooper seal

Jane Galford seal
Betsy Wooddell seal

According to the James & Jane Wooddell family Bible, Elizabeth died on April 6, 1820, & her husband Joseph died on July 26, 1834. The date of Joseph's death is confirmed by a letter giving the same date in his file at the National Archives. The place of Joseph & Elizabeth's burial is not known. Forrest Wooddell was able to locate the graves of the slaves because his father, many years ago, had pointed out the spot, but he does not remember ever being shown where his great-great-grandparents were buried.

Notes

My present address (March 1970) is: Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601. Any new address can be obtained from: Alumni Association, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, or Alumni Records, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. I welcome new Wooddell information or inquiries at any time!

Mr. Forrest Wooddell of Green Bank, West Virginia, whose consultation and Wooddell papers contributed greatly to the preparation of this paper, died September 4, 1967. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Neva Belle Taylor Wooddell, and their four children: Clyde Wardel Wooddell (born 1918), Forrest Harold Wooddell (born 1928), James Edward Wooddell (born 1931), and Mary Margaret Wooddell (born 1939).

The National Archives, Washington, D. C. 20408, has Revolutionary War service files for: (1) Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834), whose file is S.F.11883. (2) His brother, Thomas Woodell (1759-1839), who spelled the surname differently, file 11697. The National Archives also has the documents by which Joseph Wooddell took possession of his land grant, for Revolutionary War services, in Pike County, Ohio, in 1822, then transferred the land to his son, Joseph Wooddell (1789-1829).

Further information concerning the Revolutionary War services of Joseph Wooddell (spelled Waddell, Waddle, Woodle, etc., in some of the records) and his commanders, named on Pages 2-4 of this paper, can be found in: (1) Joseph T. McAllister, VIRGINIA MILITIA IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, McAllister Publishing Company, Hot Springs, Virginia, 1913. Library of Congress call number: E263.V8M13. See pages 10, 18-19, 182-183, & 185. (2) John H. Gwathmey, HISTORICAL REGISTER OF VIRGINIANS IN THE REVOLUTION, Dietz Press, Richmond, Virginia, 1938. Library of Congress call number: E263.V8G9. See pages 83, 126, 223, 310, 556, 797, 844, 865, & 871.

References

Several sources, enumerated below, furnish additional information--not always accurately!--concerning Thomas Wooddell (1709-1784) & Alice, Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) & Elizabeth (died 1820), and their descendants and collateral relatives.

Although these volumes are available in many major libraries across the nation, I have added the Library of Congress call number, as I did to the McAllister and Gwathmey volumes cited above, to all but the first reference so that the reader who cannot find a given volume in a nearby library can order photocopies for a reasonable fee. To order photocopies, give the complete reference, including volume (where necessary), pages, and call number, from: Photoduplication Section, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. 20540.

01. THE VALLEY VIRGINIAN, January 21, 1886, Volume 20, Number 43, published by S. M. Yost & Son at Staunton, Virginia. This issue of the newspaper contains an article, "The Wooddell Family in Augusta," written by John Marshall Wooddell (1836-1917), grandson of John Wooddell (1767-1852) and great-grandson of Thomas Wooddell (1709-1784).

02. Lyman Chalkley, CHRONICLES OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SETTLEMENT IN VIRGINIA, Three volumes, Commonwealth Printing Company, Rosslyn, Virginia, 1912-1913. Library of Congress: F232.A9A9. Abstracts from the original court records of Augusta County. See the index at the end of <u>each</u> volume for Wooddell, Waddell, Waddle, Woodle, etc. In many libraries, these volumes are cataloged under Augusta County rather than Chalkley.

03. William T. Price, HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, Price Brothers, Marlinton, West Virginia, 1901. Library of Congress: F247.P7P9. Partial index at the back of the book. I found Wooddell references on pages 96, 124, 125, 131, 146, 147, 148, 163, 238, 239, 377, 391, 398, 410, 423, 427, 429, 433, 444, & 476. Perhaps you will find additional ones.

04. Thomas C. Miller & Hu Maxwell, WEST VIRGINIA AND ITS PEOPLE, Three volumes, Lewis Historical Publishing Company, New York, 1913. Library of Congress: F241.M65. Volume 3, pages 876-877, sketch of Joseph A. Wooddell (born 1867), and pages 983-984, sketch of John Thomas Cooper (1814-1878).

05. James M. Callahan, HISTORY OF WEST VIRGINIA, Three volumes, American Historical Society, Chicago, 1923. Library of Congress: F241.C15. Volume 2, page 598, sketch of James Walker Wooddell (1873-1953). Volume 3, page 6, sketch of Victor Fry Cooper (1873-1928), and page 86, sketches of Bantz Slaven Wooddell (1871-1934) & William Lawrence Wooddell (1876-1944).

06. Minnie K. Lowther, HISTORY OF RITCHIE COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, Wheeling News Litho. Company, Wheeling, West Virginia, 1911. Library of Congress: F247.R6L8. Pages 278-280, sketch of James Harvey Cooper (1810-1881). Pages 530-531, sketch of Joseph A. Wooddell (born 1867).

07. Morris P. Shawkey, WEST VIRGINIA IN HISTORY, LIFE, LITERATURE, AND INDUSTRY, Five volumes, Lewis Publishing Company, Chicago, 1928. Library of Congress: F241.S534. Volume 3, pages 26-27, sketch of James Walker Wooddell (1873-1953).

08. Philip M. Conley, THE WEST VIRGINIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, West Virginia Publishing Company, Charleston, 1929. Library of Congress: F241.C75. Page 181, sketches of Marvin Cooper (1883-1955) & William C. Cooper (born 1884). Page 1025, sketch of Joseph A. Wooddell (born 1867).

09. HISTORY OF LOWER SCIOTO VALLEY, OHIO, Inter-State Publishing Company, Chicago, 1884. Library of Congress: F497.S3H6. Pages 821 & 823, sketch of William Galford (1785-1824) & wife Jane Wooddell (1791-1870).

10. Sheridan Ploughe, HISTORY OF RENO COUNTY, KANSAS, Two volumes, B. F. Bowen & Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1917. Library of Congress: F687.R3P7. Volume 2, pages 652-653, sketch of Charles Newton Wooddell (1861-1936).

11. Homer C. Cooper, "James Cooper (1780-1845) and Nancy Agnes Wooddell (1785-1861) of Virginia and West Virginia," Nine pages, August 1959, revised April 1968. Library of Congress: CT275.C775143C6.

12. Homer C. Cooper, "Cooper, McKemy, Ferrell/Farrell, Wooddell, Gothard, Wilson, and Patton Families," Seven pages, January 1, 1969. Library of Congress: CS71.C777 1969.

13. Homer C. Cooper, "Whitman and Rodgers Families of New York and West Virginia," Six pages, February 24, 1968. Library of Congress: CS71.W614 1968.

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Change on page 2:

(3) James Wooddell (1751-1814), married June 28, 1786, to Ann Stephenson (born 1766), daughter of Adam Stephenson (1735-1789), and settled in Pickaway County, Ohio.

Note the change in the order of the children on page 2.

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Minor revisions as of April 1968

To: My Wooddell Relatives

From: Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601

Re: Our ancestors, Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) and wife Elizabeth of Augusta County, Virginia, and Pocahontas County, West Virginia

As many of you know, I am preparing a brief paper concerning the history of our Cooper, Wooddell, Whitman, & McKemy ancestors, & plan to distribute copies among you when it is completed. I hope you will read this rough draft carefully & let me know if you have suggestions or additional material to add.

This paper will be concerned with Joseph Wooddell and his wife, Elizabeth, two of our ancestors of the seventh generation. My principal source of information concerning them consists of the Wooddell family papers, now in the possession of Mr. & Mrs. Forrest Wooddell of Green Bank, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. I had the pleasure of cordial visits with the Wooddell family in September, 1958, and am grateful to them for granting permission to copy the family documents quoted hereinafter. I am also deeply indebted to Mr. Rockford N. Hamed, a native of Green Bank but now a resident of Alexandria, Virginia, and his parents for very generous hospitality, including driving me from Washington to Green Bank, introducing me to the Wooddells, sharing their home and extensive knowledge of Pocahontas County, and making the visit to Green Bank enjoyable in every possible way. Any merit this section has is due to the generosity of the Hameds and the Wooddells.

In addition to the Wooddell family papers, several other sources have been consulted: a file in the National Archives concerning Joseph's Revolutionary War Services, Joseph's will in the Pocahontas County courthouse, U. S. census records, and scattered references in Chalkley and Price. In quoting from these sources I will spell the family name as rendered by the county or census official or family member who prepared the document under consideration at the moment, so the reader will find Woodle, Woodell, Waddle, and other variations scattered throughout the following pages. Joseph himself used the form "Wooddell" consistently for his signature and this spelling is used on the headstone over his father's grave.

I also received information by correspondence from members of the family too numerous to acknowledge by name. I hope they will consider this essay part payment for their kindness.

Joseph Wooddell was born about 1752, but I cannot establish the exact date or place of his birth. He gave his age as 80 in his sworn declaration of 1832 when qualifying for a Revolutionary War pension. He probably was born in Augusta County, Virginia and at least spent most of his early years there. Thomas Wooddell, Jr. (1759-1839), a younger brother of Joseph, testified that he (Thomas) was born in Augusta County in August, 1759, in his own declaration for a pension, so I am certain that if Joseph was not born in Augusta County, he at least was living there by the time he was seven years of age. If I can judge by land transactions abstracted in Chalkley and other evidence, the Wooddells must have lived in the North River District of Augusta County.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) was the son of Thomas Wooddell, Senior, and Alese (or Elise) _____ Wooddell. Considerable information concerning Thomas, Sr., can be obtained by consulting references to him under various spellings of the family name in the indexes to the Chalkley volumes, and I suspect that a great deal more could be learned by examining the original documents referred to in the Augusta

County courthouse and the church records of the Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church (founded 1768), the Tinkling Spring Meeting House, and the Bethel Meeting House. According to the abstracts in Chalkley, Thomas, Sr., and Eliss had the following children: James, Joseph (1752-1834), Thomas (born Augusta County, August, 1759; died Mason County, February 20, 1839), John (living Augusta County as late as 1833), Elisabeth, Martha, Jane, a fourth daughter, and possibly another son. In 1958, Mr. Rockford N. Hamed and I paid a brief visit to the cemetery of the Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church at Mossy Creek in the North River District section of Augusta County and found a headstone with the following inscription carved in crude but easily read letters: "Thomas Wooddell, died 1785, age 75". Over the years the monument had sunk so far into the ground that we could not determine whether similar information was given for his wife. According to Chalkley (I, 171), which cites Augusta County Will Book 6, page 429, the will of Thomas Waddle (Waddell), Sr., was written on September 6, 1784, and proved October 19, 1784, so it appears that the father of Joseph died in 1784. With regard to the discrepancy in the dates of death, I am inclined to believe that the engraver at Mossy Creek made a mistake of one year on the stone rather than that there were two elderly persons named Thomas Wooddell who died a year apart. Raising the sunken monument to determine whether the wife's name is given on the bottom half would provide one possible resolution to this issue.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) enlisted in the militia and saw service in the Revolutionary War. The National Archives in Washington D. C., has a file containing documents submitted many years later in support of his successful application for a pension under the act of June 7, 1832. One of the documents in this file is a series of sworn statements on his behalf, the first of which was made before the court of Pocahontas County in 1832 to describe his service:

State of Virginia, Pocahontas County--At a Court held for Pocahontas County at the Court house thereof on the 4th day of September 1832 before the justices of the peace of the said County--Present--Benjamin Tallman, William Cackley, Robert H. Beale and Jacob Lightner gentlemen Justices.

State of Virginia, Pocahontas County--On this 3rd day of September 1832 personally appeared before the subscribers one of the commonwealth Justices of the peace in and for the County aforesaid. Joseph Wooddell a resident of the County and State aforesaid aged eighty years, who being first duly sworn according to Law doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the provision made by the act of Congress passed June 7th 1832:

That he entered the service of the United Stated in the year 1774 under Captain George Moffett and was stationed at Clover Lick to defend the Frontier settlements against the Indians for the Term of six weeks, being then a resident of & drafted from the Militia of August County Virginia.

That he again was drafted from the Militia as aforesaid & from the County aforesaid in the year (month of September) 1777 under the command of Captain George Moffett, Colonel J. Dickinson Commandant, & taken to Point Pleasant on the Ohio River against the Indians and Stationed there a short time, Period not precisely recollected But not to exceed Three months from the time of entering service untill discharged.

That he again was drafted from the Militia aforesaid and from the County as aforesaid in the year 1778, Commanded by Captain Cooper, Colonel Nevil's Regiment, General Woodford's Brigade, and he was marched from his place of Residence as aforesaid through the States of Pensylvania, New York & New Jersey against the English army and Continued in the Service as a private soldier for Term of one year & discharged in the state of New Jersey at Middle Brook in the month of February 1779.

That he again was drafted from the Militia as aforesaid and from the County aforesaid in the year 1781 under the Command of Captain John Givens, Colonel William Bowyer, General Campbell, and General Lafayette Commanding, & marched from his place of residence to Richmond Va. against the English army who were then laying in that place & from there following the aforesaid English army to Williamsburg being in the Battles at Hot water & James Town and Continued in the service for the term of three months being the first Lieutenant in the Company aforesaid and then was discharged and that he has no knowledge of any Person now living who could testify to his services as aforesaid stated.

He hereby relinquishes every Claim to a pension or annuity except the present and declares that his name is not on the pension of any state.

Joseph Wooddell

Sworn to and subscribed the day and year aforesaid and I do more over certify that the said Joseph Wooddell cannot from age and bodily infirmities attend the Court before the subscriber.

William Slaven

We John S. Blain, a clergyman, residing in the County of Pocahontas, and Benjamin Tallman residing in the same County, hereby certify that we are well acquainted with Joseph Wooddell who has subscribed and sworn to the above declaration; that we believe him to be eighty years of age, that he is reputed and believed in the neighbourhood where he resides to have been a soldier of the revolution, and that we concur in that opinion.

Sworn and subscribed the day & year aforesaid.

John S. Blain

Benny Tallman

And the said Court do hereby declare their opinion after the investigation of the matter and after putting the interrogatories prescribed by the War Department, that the above named applicant was a revolutionary soldier and served as he states. And the Court further certify that it appears to them that John S. Blain who has signed the preceeding certificate is a clergyman resident in the County aforesaid, and that Benjamin Tallman, who also signed the same is a resident in the said County and is a credible person, & that their statement is entitled to credit.

I Henry M. Moffett Clerk of the Court of Pocahontas County do hereby certify that the foregoing contains the original proceedings of the said Court in the matter of the application of Joseph Wooddell for a pension.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of the County office this 4th day of September 1832.

seal H. M. Moffett

Joseph's pension was not granted immediately & a supporting statement by his younger brother John was added to the same application, being sworn before the Augusta County court.:

Augusta County to wit—I John Wooddell of the County of Augusta & State of Virginia after having first been sworn, Sayeth that I recollects of my brother Joseph Wooddell, now of the county of Pocahontas, having performed three

tours of service during the revolutionary war, & the indian war together.

His first tour of duty was against the Indians the particulars of time & place not distinctly recollected.

His second tour of service was for twelve months somewhere to the north; the place not recollected, nor can I recollect the officers that command on that occasion.

His third & last tour of service was below Richmond, the particular place not recollected. I think that the term of service was for three months. He was a Lieutenant in John Dickeys company. The superior officers not recollected and further this deponent sayeth not.

John Wooddell

Augusta County to wit—This day the above signed John Wooddell (sic) came before me a justice of the peace for the said county of Augusta and made oath to the above statement (sic), according to law. Witness my hand this eighth day of June 1833.

James A. McCue

I do farther certify that John Wooddell the subscribing witness to the above statement, lives in my immediate neighbourhood; that I have long been acqainted with him; that he is a credible person & that his statement may be relied on. Witness my hand & seal this 16th day of November 1833.

James A. McCue

Virginia to wit—I Jefferson Kinney, Clerk of the County Court of Augusta, do hereby certify that James A. McCue Esq. whose signatures appear to the within certificates, is a Justice of the peace in and for the county aforesaid—duly commissioned and qualified according to law.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereto affixed my seal of office and subscribed my name this 6th day of December 1833 & in the 58th year of the Commonwealth.

Jefferson Kinney

The amended application was resubmitted to the Commissioner of Pensions, accompanied by the following letter in Joseph's own handwriting:

Travellers Repose Post Office
Pocahontas County, June 28th, 1833

Sir

In compliance with your instructions under date April 2nd returning my Declaration for amendment—the Department require me to give a more detailed account of the service of 78. I state to you, as in the declaration, that I now know of no person living who served with me any Tour set fourth as it Respects the service of 78. I have stated as fully as I now Recollect. I was in no Engagement during the years service and at the end of the year was dismissed by a General discharge By Genl. Washington Commander of the Army.

I herewith Enclose my Commission showing that I acted as first Lieutenant in the services of 81, under Competent authority, also enclosed you will have

the affidavit of a younger Brother who Recollects of my Different Enlistments & absence from my Residence.

I am now Laden with years & Infirmities & Consequently unable to attend the Court of my County to have a new Declaration drawn up & will Humbly Rest my case as the Papers now appear before the department.

I Remain your most Obedient & Humble Servt.

Joseph Wooddell

Unfortunately, the commission mentioned in Joseph's letter has been lost. His National Archives file containes a note to that effect:

S. F. 11883. Joseph Wooddell. Commission of Joseph Waddle as Lt. of a co. of Augusta Co. Va. militia, dated Aug. 15, 1780 and signed by Thomas Jefferson Govenor has been removed from this case for safe keeping and may be found in the safe in the room of the Chief of the Old War & Navy Div. June 6, 1905.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826) was Governor of Virginia (1779-1781) before he became the third President of the United States (1801-1809). On the above note there is an added statement to the effect that Joseph's commission had been "sent to the Seattle Exposition, April 8, 1909". While visiting the National Archives, I inquired regarding the present whereabouts of the commission and was told that it was one of a number of documents sent to the Seattle Exposition for display which had not been returned to the National Archives. Chalkley (1, 216) cites Augusta County Order Book 17, page 265b, August 15, 1780, which records the fact that Joseph Waddle qualified as a lieutenant in John Dickey's company, and other Chalkley abstracts refer to Augusta County records which provide further evidence concerning the service of Joseph and his brother, Thomas Jr.

Joseph's application for a pension was finally approved and Certificate No. 23359 was issued January 17, 1834, at the Virginia Agency and mailed to him at Green Bank in Pocahontas County. On the back of Joseph's letter of December 24, 1833, a clerk in the pension office determined his annual pension of $90 from the following calculation:

Amount:
15 mos. period--- 50
3 mos. Lieut.---40
90

Certificate 23359 indicates that he had been paid $270 by March 4, 1834, which was the only payment before his death later that year.

The above account exhausts my present knowledge of Joseph's war service, but undoubtedly a great deal more could be obtained from additional sources. Extensive records of the Augusta County units of the militia could probably be found in the courthouse at Staunton, the National Archives in Washington, and the office of the Adjutant General of Virginia. McAllister, the files of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and other sources have abstracted the statements of pension applicants, so anyone desiring to pursue the subject further could examine the National Archives files of Virginia applicants who served in the same units with Joseph. For example, Joseph's younger brother, Thomas, also served in Captain Dickey's company and his application provides details not mentioned by Joseph. Further information could also be obtained by consulting various sources about the careers of Joseph's commanders, particularly General Lafayette.

At the end of the war, Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) was married to Elizabeth _____(-1820), but I do not know the date or place of the marriage. My

guess is that the ceremony took place at Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church. I do not know when nor where Elizabeth was born nor what her maiden name was. One relative wrote in 1958 that she was Elizabeth Warwick, daughter of William Warwick and Nancy Craig. Another possibility is that she was Elizabeth McKemy, daughter of John McKemy (-1789) and sister of Jean McKemy; John mentions a daughter Elizabeth in his will and leaves three pounds to a grandson named John Waddle. But, I do not have conclusive documentary evidence for either a Warwick or McKemy maiden name. Elizabeth apparently received very little formal education, since the Wooddell papers include a deed made jointly by Joseph and Elizabeth in which she made her mark rather than signing her name, and the fact that she could not write may account in part for the lack of family papers which tell of her ancestry.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) and Elizabeth (-1820) were the parents of eight children:

601 Thomas Wooddell
Born August 11, 1783, Augusta County.
Died July 1, 1860, Pocahontas County.
Married Mary (Polly) Blake ?, daughter of Thomas Blake & Jane Warwick, acc. to Cleek, 238.

602 Nancy Agnes Wooddell
Born December 13, 1785, Augusta County.
Died November 29, 1861, Pocahontas County.
Married June 17, 1805, Bath County Va. to James Cooper (born January 16, 1780, Rockbridge County, Va.--died November 8, 1845, Pocahontas County), son of James Cooper (-1781) & Jean McKemy.

603 John Wooddell
Born August 26, 1787, Augusta County.
Died June 10, 1865, Pocahontas County.
Married March 23, 1820, to Mary (Polly) Slaven (died January 9, 1843), daughter of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

604 Joseph Wooddell, Jr.
Born October 3, 1789, Augusta County.
Died August 20, 1829, Beaver Township, Pike County, Ohio.
Married Priscilla Slaven, daughter of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick.

605 Jane Wooddell
Born October 31, 1791, Augusta County.
Died sometime after 1835.
Married John Galford.

606 Elizabeth Wooddell
Born October 5, 1794, Augusta County.
Died after 1860.
Unmarried, but left a son, William B. Wooddell.

607 James Wooddell
Born August 20, 1797, Augusta County.
Died June 21, 1885, Pocahontas County.
Married June 22, 1826, to Jane Warwick (born December 6, 1799--died March 10, 1884), daughter of Andrew Warwick (-1821) & Elizabeth Craig (-1832).

608 Margaret Jane (Peggy) Wooddell
Born June 27, 1800, probably Augusta County.

Died November 3, 1837 — died 1832? Su Morton
Married 1819 to William Slaven (born July 6, 1798), son of John Slaven (1760-) & 2nd wife Elizabeth Warwick

I am quite certain that Joseph and Elizabeth first settled in Augusta County and at least seven (if not all) of the above children were born there. Chalkley notes that in 1777 Joseph and his brother James acquired land from their parents, which was probably in the North River District of the county. Joseph and another brother (Thomas) also obtained land together, according to a document in the family papers. This document, which I assume was a copy of a deed, was dated September 18, 1798, and transferred 286 acres of land from Thomas Wooddell of Augusta County to James and Robert Curry of Augusta County, the price being 250 pounds. The land was located on "some of the watters of Thornybranch . . . part of which was conveyed to the Sd. Thomas Woodall by Thomas Woodle Deceased and part a grant to sd. Thomas Woodle & Joseph Woodle". (Thorny Branch is a tributary of North River near the small village of Sangerville in the North River District of the county.)

I believe that Joseph & Elizabeth left Augusta County for what is now Green Bank, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, some time between 1800 and 1802. In 1800 the Augusta County Clerk, Charles Kinney, exempted Joseph Waddle "from the payment of Taxes, etc., on your slave", according to a receipt in the family papers. The year 1802 seems the most probably for the move, since there is a church letter in the family papers which was probably used to transfer membership from the Mossy Creek congregation to the Green Bank church during that year:

> This is to certify that Joseph Waddal and his wife Elizabeth have lived in this congregation a number of years, free of Scandal, and are in full communion in the Church and that sd. J. Waddal has been a ruling Elder in the Church, by order of Session Mossey Creek April 25th 1802. Benjamin Irvin V D

At the time Joseph settled at Green Bank, the area was part of Bath County, Virginia, & thus some significant records, such as the 1805 marriage bond between James Cooper & Nancy Wooddell, are to be found in the courthouse at Warm Springs, Virginia. Green Bank became part of Pocahontas County when that Virginia county was formed in 1821, then in 1863 became part of the new state of West Virginia.

Joseph settled near the North Fork of Deer Creek (once known as Cartmell Creek) & built his log house at approximately 38° 24' 48" north latitude and 79° 49' 58" longitude, near the present home of his great-great-grandson, Mr. Forrest Wooddell (1894-). Some years ago the old log house was torn down, but Forrest Wooddell was born there and remembers it was heated by a fire place & chimney rather than by stove & was very cold in winter. Mr. Wooddell also remembers that square portholes were cut in the walls to afford protection against Indians, but these had been plugged up by the time he was born. The house had a large porch & a separate back shed for cooking which had a stove & chimney. Still standing, however, is Joseph's smokehouse, constructed from logs & boards cut in his sawmill. Some of the squared logs are 10 inches on the front face & one of the white pine boards in the door is 17 inches in width. Though Joseph's home & mode of life may not seem comfortable to his descendants today, we know from the extensive records he kept, which fortunately have been saved by each succeeding generation, that he was relatively well-to-do by the standards of Pocahontas County in the first third of the century. These records tell us something of his land holdings, his business operations, & his daily life.

As time went on, Joseph increased his acreage. Some of the land he eventually owned was granted first to Thomas Cartmell, later to Abraham Ingram, before being granted to Joseph and James McKemy. In the Wooddell papers the earliest land grant is labeled on the outside: "JAMES McKENY AND JOSEPH WOODDELL, 150 ACRES, BATH COUNTY, RECORDED AND X, BOOK 50, PAGE 100." On the inside, part of the document

is printed and the rest handwritten; the printed part is capitalized in the following:

I James Monroe, ESQUIRE, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING: KNOW YE, THAT by virtue of a land office treasury warrant, number seventeen hundred and eighty five issued the 15th day of February 1796 THERE IS GRANTED BY THE SAID COMMONWEALTH, UNTO James McKemy and Joseph Wooddell assignee of Abraham Ingram who was entitled to one third in his own right and as assignee of John Blankenship & John Perdue for the residue. A CERTAIN TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND, CONTAINING one hundred and fifty acres, by survey bearing date the eleventh day of May eighteen hundred, lying and being in the county of Bath on the water of Cartmell creek a branch of Greenbrier river and bounded as followeth to wit: beginning at two chesnuts S88W 32 poles to two chesnut oaks on a ridge S11E 80 poles to two chesnut and black oak N15E 16 poles to a spanish oak and hickory corner to said Ingram and with his line N23E 118 poles to a sugar tree and red oak on a line of said Ingrams new survey and with the same S60E 10 poles to three Ironwood saplins S74E 50 poles to two chesnuts S40E 150 poles, thence leaving said line S55W 140 poles to the beginning; WITH ITS APPURTENANCES: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD THE SAID TRACT OF PARCEL OF LAND WITH ITS APPURTENANCES, THE SAID James McKemy and Joseph Wooddell and THEIR HEIRS FOREVER.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, THE SAID James Monroe ESQUIRE, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMON* WEALTH OF VIRGINIA, HATH HEREUNTO SET HIS HAND, AND CAUSED THE LESSER SEAL OF THE SAID COMMONWEALTH TO BE AFFIXED AT RICHMOND, ON THE third DAY OF June IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND two AND OF THE COMMON* WEALTH THE twentysixth.

seal James Monroe

Later deeds in the Wooddell papers indicate that Joseph bought James McKemy's share in 1813, acquired considerable additional land, & then gave parcels to each of his several sons before his death in 1834.

In addition to farming his land, Joseph used the waters of Deer Creek to provide power for a saw mill, a feed mill, a blacksmith shop, and a still. The mill races for these operations can be traced today. To keep the records for these enterprises, Joseph made an account book by folding a sheaf of paper, then sewing with heavy thread down the crease in the center. In this crude book are entries from 1813 to 1832, each with the date, the name of the customer, the goods or services provided, and the price in either dollars or pounds. Some typical entries are given because they provide information concerning the lives of the early settlers of Pocahontas County:

The following is an account of Plank Sawed for Daniel kerr in June 1814 by me Joseph Wooddell:

To 5 quarter plank	598 feet
To Inch Plank	1022
To 3/4 Plank for covering	386
To Plank for wagon body	251
To inch Plank for petition	559

. . . . . .

James Cooper, Dr for Sawing in 1815 & 1816:

	L	s	d
To 5/4 planks 765 feet	1	3	0
To Inch do 1053—	1	6	0
To 3/4 do 490—	0	10	3
To 15 Joice		3	0
To Scaffold & Slab Plank		3	0
To Scantling for bedsteads			

. . . . . .

James Cooper--June 23, 1825	L	s	d
To ½ Bu. Corn	0	1	6
To 2 Bus. Corn	0	6	0
To 1 Sickle	0	3	0
Cr. by Cash	0	6	0
To 2 Bus. Rye	0	6	0

. . . . . .

June 30th 1826. David Clayton. Dn to Boarding and horse feed and stableage for his brother Richard $5. Cr. by 2 mares to his horse at $2.50 each--$5.

. . . . . .

Many other accounts are listed in Joseph's book and in the Wooddell family papers. In 1827 he drew up specifications for building a church and probably cut the required lumber. He kept cattle and entered records of their pasturing, mentions beef, hides and furs. He made five to ten pound loans of salt to neighbors, of which this entry is typical: "October 6, 1823. Lent to Elizabeth Warrick 11 lbs. Salt with the apron". He made wagon parts, bedstead parts, and frequently mentioned "cherry plank". He billed Charles Martin in March, 1825, for: "To 3½ gallons Whisky, 0-10-6". In April, 1829, he let John Sutton have "one plough Sheer Weight 12 lbs. for which he was to give me the same Weight of new Iron--he paid". He also charged one neighbor for "3½ days work in haytime, 0-10-6". Some other activities for which he presented bills were:

Halling wood to the lime kiln one day	0	9	0
Halling lime 2 days	1	4	0
Halling stone 2 days	1	16	0
13 days making brick	0	19	6
1 day attendance in mortar	0	3	0
18½ days attendance making the Brick Kiln	0	2	3
Halling a load of shingles	0	9	0

Joseph Wooddell aparently made trips of some distance for supplies, as several shopping lists are entered. The following was "for James Cooper," his son-in-law: 3 lb. Coffee, 1 Coffee pot, 1 Pepper Box, 3 Tea Cups & Sassers, 1 wearing hankerchief, 5 yrds yellow Flannen 1 yrd and half quarter wide, ½ lb Pepper. Other items on other lists included: 2 lb chocolet, 3 yrds muslin, 6 lbs Cotten, 1 Sheet Pins, 1 Small thimble, 1 Bandany hankerchief, 1 Shoehammer, 1 Sett fine Niting needles, 1 Spelling book, Some writering paper.

These records present hints as to what life was like in the early days of Pocohontas County and also show that Joseph Wooddell was active in the commerce of the region. Judging by the number of wills, deeds, and other documents he prepared for other people, copies of which are in the family papers, he must have been one of

	L	s	d
To 5/4 planks 765 feet	1	3	0
To Inch do 1053—	1	6	0
To 3/4 do 490—	0	10	3
To 15 Joice			
To Scaffold & Slab Plank		3	0
To Scantling for bedsteads		3	0

. . . . . .

James Cooper--June 23, 1825	L	s	d
To ½ Bus Corn	0	1	6
To 2 Bus. Corn	0	6	0
To 1 Sickle	0	3	0
Cr. by Cash	0	6	0
To 2 Bus. Rye	0	6	0

. . . . . .

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These records present hints as to what life was like in the early days of Pocahontas County and also show that Joseph Wooddell was active in the commerce of the region. Judging by the number of wills, deeds, and other documents he prepared for other people, copies of which are in the family papers, he must have been one of

the few men in the County of his generation who could write well. We know that some of his contemporaries could not write their own names (and made their marks on legal documents) and that many others could write only their own signatures. Joseph prepared two wills for himself, the first in 1822 and the second in 1832, and these documents give further evidence as to his activities and station in life. The 1822 will, in his own handwriting, reads as follows:

In the name of God Amen the Twelfth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight hundred and Twenty Two I Joseph Wooddell Senr. of the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia being now in health of Body and of perfect mind and Memory thanks be given unto god for the Same but now I am taking a Journey to the State of Ohio and Considering that I am therefore in a perticular manner Exposed to death as well as of the natural mortality of my Body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die I do make and ordain this my last will and Testament in the manner and form following that is all my real and personal Estate I do will and bequeath as hereafter directed Viz first my funeral and just debts to be paid and all my Lands in this County Containing three hundred and fourteen Acres more or less Lying and being in the County aforesaid adjoining the Lands of Jacob Warrick junr. Jacob Gillespie John Hogshead and others I will and bequeath to Two of my Sons that is John and James Wooddell to them and their heirs forever John Wooddell to have the Lower End ajoining Jacob Warricks Land to Begin on the out Side Line on the South Side of my Land opposite to what we Call the old Still house place and a Line from there across to the Creek that Come down through my meadow to Come past the old Still house place thence down the Creek till near the Lower End of my pasture then across the Lower End of the pasture and upon other Branch of the Creek to the South East Corner of my potato patch that is now then down the way that we Staked it towards the upper Corner of Johns new field about forty rods down from the Said Corner of the potato patch then Square across the Bottom to Jacob Gillespies Line and James Wooddell to have the upper End adjoining Jacob Gillespies and John Hogsheads Lands with the Buildings and improvements that is on it Excepting John Wooddell to have the priviledge of doing his own grinding and Sawing with the mills upon Conditions that he gives Some help towards keeping them in order my Lands in the State of Ohio pike County Beaver Township Containing one hundred and Sixty acres it being one quarter Section I will and bequeath to my son Joseph Wooddell and his heirs forever upon Condition that he makes his Brother James Wooddell a rite to his part of the one hundred and Thirty Eight acres which I gave to him and his Brother John Lying in this County also I will and bequeath to my Son Joseph the following property Viz the Brown mare and Colts that has been call.d his and one Cow and Colt the Smiths anvil and Vice ax matock and hoe and a Set of plough Irons one bed and a Light wagon to move with himself to assist in providing the wagon his Brother James to assist him in providing money to move with and as Soon as would be convenient Some money to help him in improving his Land the time not to Exceed four years my Son James to have the following property the Sorral filly that has been Call.d his and roan Colt that came of Betseys mare and Cattle Sheep and hogs Sufficient for the Support of the family while Together my wagon ploughs Crosscut Saw broad ax and Tools necessary for farming I wish to be kept on the place my house and kitchen furniture To be kept for the benefit of the family my son James to have my desk & Clock to my Daughter Elisabeth I will and bequeath as follows the Sorral mare that has been Call.d hers and the young Sorral mare that Came of her mare my walnut Chest Bed and Bedding all the coverings that She provided for her Self and if She Lives to alter her Station of Living I allow her to have five or Six head of Cattle five or Six head of Sheep dresser furniture and Some pots all her own Cloaths and necessary articles Else not mentioned I wish her to have a peaceable Living in my house while in the Station that She is as She has been Very good to me Since her mothers death my Cloath I wish to be divided Equally amongst my four sons my wife that was I allow her Cloaths to be divided Equally between my Three daughters that is here as Jane

Jane Galford seal
Betsy Wooddell seal

According to the James & Jane Wooddell family Bible, Elizabeth died on April 6, 1820, & her husband Joseph died on July 26, 1834. The date of Joseph's death is confirmed by a letter giving the same date in his file at the National Archives. The place of Joseph & Elizabeth's burial is not known. Forrest Wooddell was able to locate the graves of the slaves because his father, many years ago, had pointed out the spot, but he does not remember ever being shown where his great-great-grandparents were buried.

Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834) file at the National Archives in Washington, D. C., is S. F. 11883. His brother, Thomas Waddell (1759-1839), spelled his name differently; his file is 11697.

Books Cited:

Chalkley, Lyman. CHRONICLES OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SETTLEMENT IN VIRGINIA. 3 volumes. Rosalyn, Virginia: Commonwealth Printing Co., 1912-1913. Abstracts from the original court records of Augusta County, 1745-1800.

Price, William T. HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA. Marlinton, West Virginia: Price Brothers, 1901.

My present address (1968) is: Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601. Any change in my address can be obtained from: Alumni Office, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, or Alumni Records, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. I would welcome hearing from you at any time.

ST. MARY'S
1711-JOHN ADAM ROUSH-178
EMIGRANT FROM DARMSTADT, GERMANY,
EARLY SETTLER OF THE SHENANDOAH VAL
1713-HIS WIFE, SUSANNAH-17
PARENTS OF NINE SONS WHO SERVED TH
COUNTRY IN THE CAUSE OF INDEPENDE
1741-PHILIP ROUSH-1820 — 1742-HENRY ROUSH
1743-JOHN ROUSH-1815 — 1746-JACOB ROUSH
1749-DANIEL ROUSH-1832
1753-ELEANOR ROUSH (WADDELL) 18
MARY MAGDALENE ROUSH (ZIRKL
1758-ELIZABETH ROUSH (NEASE) 1
1761-GEORGE ROUSH-1845 — 1763-JONAS ROUSH
THEIR DESCENDANTS LIVING AND DE
NUMBER ABOUT 40,000 AMERICAN CITIZE
RECORDS OF THE FAMILY AVAILABLE I
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ERECTED IN 1936, THE BICENTENNIAL OF
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AMERICA, INC.

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145 Pendleton Drive
Athens, Georgia 30601
September 13, 1976

The Editor
The Pocahontas Times
Marlinton, W.Va.

Dear Editor:

I am a subscriber to the Times, which I enjoy very much, and notice that you have been publishing from time to time in this Bicentennial year sketches of early citizens and events in Pocahontas County.

Therefore I attach a copy of my March 1970 revision of a paper concerning Joseph Wooddell (1752-1834), an early settler in the Green Bank area, for your consideration.

Please feel free to publish as much or as little as you wish, or none at all. I recognize that an editor must decide what to exclude as well as what to include, so no hard feelings if you decide that the Joseph Wooddell paper is not what you want. But I do want you to have a chance to make a decision.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,

HC Cooper

Homer C. Cooper

I have a similar, but shorter, paper concerning James Cooper (1780-1845) of Green Bank, if that would be of interest.

Joseph Wooddell was my great-great-great-grandfather.

fired at the enemy that attracted their attention when they sent a fusillade of bullets wounding him through the hip. He fell mortally hurt. Joe Hull, William Payne, Preston Wooddell, and myself met for the last time on the morning of the day that he lost his life.

(Signed) MATTHEW JOHN MCNEEL"

Preston acquired two 100 acre tracts of land in the 1850's, located on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run), both of which were sold by the Administrator of his estate to Claiborne Ashford. Preston's heirs were assigned Lot # 1 (73 acres) in the partition of the 610 acre tract deeded to the heirs of Preston's father by Jacob Bible. On 1 May 1888, this lot was sold by the heirs to B. F. E. Wooddell.

Preston and Harriet were the parents of six children, all of whom were born on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run).

*131121 Delilah Elizabeth Wooddell, born 6 Jan 1854.

*131122 Madora Frances Wooddell, born 6 Nov 1855, died 11 Apr 1932.

131123 Joseph Reece Wooddell, twin, born 8 Apr 1858, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), died 17 Jan 1863, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV). Buried in the family plot on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run), Pocahontas Co., WV. The hand chiseled inscription on his native stone grave marker has the death date as indicated above. Some family records list the death date as "17 Jan 1865".

*131124 Albert Smith Wooddell, twin, born 8 Apr 1858.

131125 Oscar Brison Wooddell, born 1 Apr 1860, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), died 7 Nov 1863, Pocahontas Co., WV. Buried in the family plot on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run), Pocahontas Co., WV. The listed birth date is from the Pocahontas County Birth Register and the death date from his hand chiseled native stone grave marker. Some family records indicate: Birth, 11 Apr 1860; death, 11 Nov 1862.

*131126 George Preston Davis Wooddell, born 12 May 1862, died 20 Nov 1951.

131121 Delilah Elizabeth Wooddell (Preston, Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born 6 Jan 1854, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV). Married (1) 6 Jul 1872, Upshur Co., WV, George S. Riffle, widower, born 1815, Randolph Co., VA(WV), son of George and Susanna .. - Riffle. Delilah E. lived with her grandmother, Delilah Wooddell Pugh until the latter died in 1870. On 11 Nov 1870, she was placed under the guardianship of William J. Wooddell, but migrated to Upshur Co., WV soon afterwards to live with her Aunt Mary Blake Wooddell Knapp. Delilah and George were the parents of two known children. Delilah married (2) 23 Dec 1885, Upshur Co., WV, Perry H. Johnston, widower, age 56, born in Lewis Co., VA(WV), son of Richard and Elizabeth Johnston.

*1311211 Penelope A. Riffle, born Circa 1874.

*1311212 Mary B. Riffle, born Circa 1879.

1311211 Penelope A. Riffle (Delilah, Preston, Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born Circa 1874, Upshur Co., WV. Married 2 Aug 1892, Upshur Co., WV, Rudolph Burkley, age 29, born Germany, son of Adolph and Josaphine Burkley.

1311212 Mary B. Riffle (Delilah, Preston, Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born Circa 1879, Upshur Co., WV. Married 10 Jun 1895, Upshur Co., WV, Fred Heiser, age 23, born Germany, son of John and Mary Heiser.

131122 Madora Frances Wooddell (Preston, Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born 6 Nov 1855, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), died 11 Apr 1932, Pocahontas Co., WV. Buried Dunmore Cemetery, Dunmore, Pocahontas Co., WV. Married (1) 11 Jun 1872, Pocahontas Co., WV, Charles Lowe, physician, born 1844, in Ireland, died by gunshot 1 Jan 1874, Pocahontas Co., WV, son of Edward and Julia Lowe. Charles was shot by his brother-in-law, Albert S. Wooddell, a minor. Madora was enumerated in the

13112 Preston William Hank Wooddell (Joseph, Thomas, Joseph, Thomas), born 15 Aug 1832, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), died 8 Nov 1864, Martinsburg, VA(WV). Burial site unknown. Married 16 Sep 1852, Pocahontas Co., VA(WV), Harriet Rhodes Adkison, born 1828, died 16 Dec 1862 (Family source)/23 Jan 1863 (Grave marker), daughter of Abel Adkison. Harriet was buried in a small family plot on the South Fork of Deer Creek (Rosin Run), Pocahontas Co., WV. This small cemetery was desecrated by timber logging operations and only four native stone grave markers are intact. A letter from Preston to his mother and step-father, dated 17 Jan 1863, makes two separate inquiries about the health of his children but does not mention his wife, which points to the possibility/probability that Harriet did indeed die on 16 Dec 1862 and the children were in the care of their paternal grandmother on 17 Jan 1863. The hand chiseled inscription on her native stone marker lists the date of death 23 Jan 1863.

Preston, a house-joiner and farmer, enlisted in Co. F, 19th Virginia Cavalry, CSA, at Hillsboro, Pocahontas county, on 1 Apr 1863 according to official records; however, the letter referenced above, dated 17 Jan 1863, indicated he was already a member of the Confederate forces at Hillsboro. His military record in the Virginia State Archives lists the following:

P. W. H. Wooddell, 4th Corporal, Co. F, 19th VA Cav. Enlisted 1 Apr 1863, Hillsboro, VA(WV) by Col. W. L. Jackson. Term, 3 years.
Muster, dated 29 Feb 1864 - Last paid by Capt. Rocke on 1 Dec 1863.
Muster, dated 31 Oct 1864 - Wounded and captured 22 Sep 1864.
Admitted to Sheridan D. Hospital, Winchester, VA from field on 24 Sep 1864.
Diagnosis: Very serious thigh wound.
Transferred to General Hospital, Martinsburg, VA(WV), 12 Oct 1864. Admitted, 19 Oct 1864.
Wound: Compound common fracture of thigh, upper third.
Operation: Amputation of upper third, thigh, circular operation.
Result: Died 8 Nov 1864; exhaustion. Age 25.
Surgeon: W. S. Love, Provisional Army, Confederate States.

A letter from a comrade-in-arms, Matthew John McNeel, written 6 Jan 1937 to Preston's youngest child, George Preston Davis Wooddell, follows. Some of Mr. McNeel's recollections were not exactly correct. It is understandable that his comrades thought Preston had died on the battlefield.

"My Dear George and Elizabeth,
Uncle John rode over on horse back one day last week. We got our heads together and wrote up the enclosed paper in behalf of your father's memory . . .
Preston Wooddell, Sr. was a Civil War soldier and belonged to the 19th VA Cavalry. The officers of this Regiment were General Jubal Early and Col. W. T. Thompson who commanded the Regiment. Capt. William L. McNeel, 1st Lt. George W. Siple, 2nd Lt. Woods Price and 3rd Lt. John J. Beard. Preston Wooddell was killed at Fisher's Hill, VA on Sept. the 19th, 1864. So far as is known he died on the battlefield and was buried there. He was an honest man, a fine citizen, and a brave and fearless soldier. His comrades, Bill Sheets, the Hartman boys, the Hull boys, etc. were a gallant band of men and belonged to the "Wild Cat" men. The Battle of Winchester, VA lasted all day. As the soldiers fell back towards Fisher's Hill, they were given mattocks and shovels to throw up breastworks. We worked all night to be ready for the enemy the next morning - and but for some desultory shelling - back and forth - on the morning of the 19th, the real battle did not begin until late in the day and continued until sundown. We were ordered to go "double quick" to the help of our men on the left as the enemy had captured our breastworks. Reinforcements of fresh troops were rushed in so rapidly by the enemy that we had no time for order or adjustment. Our men were weary to the point of exhaustion. They were not commanded to fire - but Preston thought they had been and when he

Whitman and Rodgers Families
of
New York
and
Greenbrier County, West Virginia

by

Homer C. Cooper
145 Pendleton Drive
Athens, Georgia 30601

February 24, 1968

GEORGE WHITMAN (possibly Robert Whitman)
Died before 1793, probably in Orange County, New York.

PHEBE (maiden name not known) WHITMAN
After her first husband's death, Phebe brought her family to what is now Whitman's Draft, Greenbrier County, West Virginia, about 1793. I believe that Phebe was married for the second time in 1803, Greenbrier County, to Robert Buckhannon. Her maiden name may have been Holly.

Children of George & Phebe:

1. Julia Whitman*
Married 1797, Greenbrier County, to Christopher Foglesong (1762-1846).

2. Ann Whitman*
Married 1797, Greenbrier County, to Thomas Masters.
Where did Thomas & Ann settle?

3. GEORGE WHITMAN
Born during 1775-1784 in New York (probably Orange County). Died about 1826 in Greenbrier County. I think--but cannot prove--that he was the George Whitman who married an Elizabeth Rodgers in 1804 in Greenbrier County.

4. William Whitman
Born 1779, Goshen Township, Orange County, New York, according to William T. Price, HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY, Price Brothers, Marlinton, 1901, page 378. Died 1852, Greenbrier County, W. Va. Married 1807, Greenbrier County, to Elizabeth Erwin.

5. Andrew Whitman*
Married 1808, Greenbrier County, to Elizabeth Prince.
Where did Andrew & Elizabeth settle?

6. Holly Whitman
Died in Jackson County, Ohio, about 1825. Married 1811, Greenbrier County, to Sally Ervin.

7. Phebe Whitman
Born about 1791 in New York (probably Orange County). Died May, 1866, Greenbrier County, W. Va. Married 1815, Greenbrier County, to James White. Phebe's death record, which gives New York as her birthplace, is Greenbrier County death register 1-A, page 60, line 32.

*Proof is lacking that Julia, Ann, and Andrew were members of this family. They are included because their names recur in many branches of the family.

Evidence that our New York ancestor was George Whitman rather than Robert Whitman: (1) Phebe Whitman White (1791-1866) death record states that she was born in New York, daughter of George & Phebe Whitman. (2) The 1790 Orange County, New York, census lists a George Whitman but not a Robert

Whitman. (3) The fact that George is a much more common name than Robert in the Whitman family.

However, there is one piece of evidence which suggests that Robert is our ancestor. In 1911, Mr. William Henry Hull (1844-) wrote a letter to Miss Katie Whitman (now Mrs. L. H. Hines) in which he stated: " . . . my great-grandfather Robert Whitman (my recollection is that his name was Robert) sold out his possessions in New York State . . ." I believe that the evidence for George is stronger than for Robert, but welcome additional information on this point.

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GEORGE WHITMAN
Born during 1775-1784 in New York (probably Orange County). Died about 1826 in Greenbrier County, West Virginia. Settled at Whitmans Draft near Alvon in Greenbrier County.

ELIZABETH RODGERS
Died about 1826 in Greenbrier County. Probable wife of our George Whitman; in any event, a George Whitman & Elizabeth Rodgers were married in 1804 in Greenbrier County, Josiah Osborne officiating.

Greenbrier County deed book 20, page 298, December 30, 1853, proves that George Whitman was the father of Julia & Rebecca (below), but does not prove that he was the same George Whitman who married Elizabeth Rodgers in 1804.

Children of George (and Elizabeth?): (all born in Greenbrier County)

1. Andrew M. Whitman*
   Born about 1802. Died 1865, Nicholas County, W. Va. Probable name of wife: Eliza Ann (maiden name not known).

2. William Whitman
   Born 1806. Died 1858, Nicholas County. Perhaps was the William Whitman who married Isabella Hoover in 1828 in Greenbrier County. We know that he married Margaret Donaldson in 1833 in Greenbrier County, but not whether this was a first or second marriage.

3. George Whitman
   Born 1807. Died 1864, Whitmans Draft, Greenbrier County. Married 1847, Greenbrier County, to Mary Perkins.

4. Robert Whitman
   Born 1809. Died 1876, Nicholas County. Married 1839, Greenbrier County, to Elizabeth Fleshman (1818-1898).

5. Rebecca Whitman
   Born 1810+. Died 1895, Ritchie County, W. Va. Married (when? where?) to George W. Middleton (1801-1876).

6. Jesse Whitman*
Born about 1811. Probably the Jesse H. Whitman who married Elizabeth Buzzard in 1844 in Greenbrier County. Does anyone know where Jesse & Elizabeth settled?

7. John Whitman*
Born about 1814. Does anyone know whom John married and where they settled? May have been the father of William Wallace Whitman (1846-1916), whose death record in Nebraska gave his father's name as John Whitman and who addressed Rebecca Whitman Middleton as "Dear Aunt" in a letter written in 1891 from Stanberry, Missouri.

8. James Whitman
Born 1815. Died 1885, Logan County, W. Va. Married about 1834 (where?) to Mary Ann Richards (1816-1886).

9. JULIA ANN WHITMAN
Born 1817. Died 1903, Gilmer County, W. Va. Married in 1836 in Pocahontas County, W. Va., to James Harvey Cooper (1810-1881), son of James Cooper (1780-1845) & Nancy Agnes Wooddell Cooper (1785-1861). Harvey & Julia were the great-grandparents of Homer C. Cooper of Athens, Georgia.

NOTE--Julia should not be confused with her first cousin, Julia Ann Whitman (1830-1903), daughter of William Whitman (1779-1852) and wife of William Smith Hull (died 1898), to whom she was married in 1846.

10. Holly J. Whitman
Born about 1821. Died 1894, Nicholas County. Married 1854, Pocahontas County, to Mary Elizabeth Ewing (1836-1910).

*Proof is lacking that Andrew M., Jesse, and John were members of this family. Andrew M. Whitman is included because his death record in Nicholas County gives his parents as George & Elizabeth Whitman; however, the age at death in the same death record would place his birth earlier than the marriage of George & Elizabeth in 1804; so Andrew's parentage is unresolved.

Jesse and John are included with this family because ABSTRACTS OF COUNTY COURT RECORD BOOKS--GREENBRIER COUNTY--1828-1865, a typescript volume examined at the State Department of Archives & History, Charleston, W. Va., gives the following two abstracts:

> May Court 1828: "Administration of the estate of George Whitman is granted to William Whitman." Typescript (not original) page 200.
>
> May Court 1828: "Jesse Whitman an orphan about 17 years of age and John Whitman an orphan about 14 years of age, made choice of William Whitman their Guardian for the purpose of binding them to suitable Trades which said proceedings are sanctioned by the Court and ordered according without bond." Typescript page 204.

Further evidence that Jesse and John were probably the children of George

Whitman (died about 1826) comes from the will of Robert Buckhanan (sic) of Greenbrier County, which was written in 1835 and probated in 1836 in Pocahontas County (Will Book 1, page 475). Robert devises: "I give to Jesse Whitman the boy I raised one feather bed & Bedding & should said Jesse Whitman marry before my decease I allow him one cow & if not married I dont allow him the cow." (Jesse probably did not get the cow. As noted earlier, a Jesse H. Whitman married Elizabeth Buzzard in 1844.) Robert goes on to give the balance of his estate to Thomas Kerr, who served as bond for Julia Ann Whitman when she married James Harvey Cooper in 1836. I assume that this Robert Buckhannon is the same man who was the second husband of Phebe Whitman, probable grandmother of Jesse.

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QUESTIONS

Dr. Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, Georgia 30601, would be grateful for more information concerning any of the above Whitmans from Orange County, New York, and Greenbrier County, West Virginia. If I ever move from Athens, my current address can be obtained from the Alumni Office, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, or Alumni Records, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

1. Phebe Whitman was the mother of George Whitman (born during 1775-1784; died about 1826). WHAT WAS THE GIVEN NAME OF WHITMAN, FIRST HUSBAND OF PHEBE AND FATHER OF GEORGE? DO WE HAVE A COMPLETE LIST OF ALL OF PHEBE'S OTHER CHILDREN?

2. WAS HOLLY THE MAIDEN NAME OF PHEBE WHITMAN? At least eight of Phebe's descendants have had the given name Holly. In addition, Israel Holly sold land in Greenbrier County to Phebe in 1802 (Deed Book 2, pages 548-549) and Moses Shepard and wife Mary Holly sold land to George Whitman in 1805 (Deed Book 3, page 312). The Whitman and Holly names were intertwined.

3. WHEN (during 1775-1784) AND WHERE (somewhere in New York) WAS GEORGE WHITMAN BORN? WHEN DID HE DIE (about 1826, according to family tradition. He was alive when the 1820 Greenbrier County census was enumerated and his executor was named in May Court 1828)? We would like to have more exact dates for him.

4. WAS OUR GEORGE WHITMAN THE ONE WHO MARRIED ELIZABETH RODGERS IN 1804? WHO WERE ELIZABETH'S PARENTS?

5. CAN WE PROVE THAT ANDREW M., JESSE, AND JOHN WERE THE CHILDREN OF GEORGE WHITMAN (died about 1826)? See the evidence presented earlier, which is far from conclusive.

6. In 1853, several of the children of George Whitman (died about 1826) deeded

for $1 their interest in their father's land on Whitmans Draft to their brother, George Whitman (1807-1864); see Deed Book 28, page 347. The children and spouses who signed were: James H. & Julia Ann Cooper and George & Rebecca Middleton, who signed in Ritchie County; Robert & Elizabeth Whitman, William & Margaret Whitman, and Holly J. Whitman, who signed in Nicholas County. In addition, provision was made in the original (now in the hands of Mr. William Huston White, Alvon, W. Va.) for James Whitman of Logan County to sign; James did not sign and therefore he is not listed in the copy at the courthouse.

However, John & Mary Foglesong, James & Phebe Carr, and James & Phebe White, all of Greenbrier County, also signed the 1853 deed. WHY? WERE THEY ONCE THE GUARDIANS OR REPRESENTATIVES OF EARLIER GUARDIANS OF THE ORPHANS OF GEORGE WHITMAN (died about 1826)? WHY WERE THEIR SIGNATURES NECESSARY WHEN ALL OF THESE ORPHANS WERE OVER 21 LONG BEFORE 1853? I shall discuss what we know about the Carr, Foglesong, and White families involved.

KERR and CARR. We know that a Thomas Kerr signed Julia Ann Whitman (1817-1903)'s marriage bond in 1836 just before her marriage to James Harvey Cooper (1810-1881) in Pocahontas County; and that Thomas was the executor and principal beneficiary of the will of Robert Buckhannon. (Recall also that Robert "raised" Jesse Whitman.) CAN WE FIND EVIDENCE IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY OR GREENBRIER COUNTY THAT THOMAS KERR WAS THE GUARDIAN OF JULIA ANN WHITMAN?

We also know that some of the KERR family spelled the name CARR. WERE JAMES & PHEBE CARR SIGNING IN 1853 AS THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THOMAS KERR? This idea, for which I am grateful to Mr. George B. Arbuckle, is consistent with other evidence: (1) Thomas Kerr (born about 1801) & wife Elizabeth Foglesong (born about 1801) and family are found in Household 450 of the 1850 Pocahontas County census. According to Price's history, page 377, Thomas & Elizabeth "settled where James Kerr now (1901) resides, near the road to the top of Alleghany." (2) James Kerr & Phebe Foglesong were married in 1826 in Greenbrier County. In Household 144, White Sulphur Springs Township, of the 1870 Greenbrier County census are James Kerr (born about 1800) & wife Phebe (born about 1807) living in the household of Samuel & Elizabeth Gardner. In the next household is Thomas Kerr (born about 1827), probable son of James & Phebe. (3) In passing I should mention that the cemetery of the Augusta Stone Presbyterian Church, Fort Defiance, Virginia, contains the grave of a James Kerr (1800-1877), but I do not know whether he was "our" James Kerr/Carr of Greenbrier County.

The above evidence shows that the Kerr or Carr guardianship hypothesis is feasible, but does not prove that Thomas Kerr adopted Julia Ann Whitman after the death of her parents.

FOGLESONG. The John & Mary Foglesong who signed the Whitman deed in 1853 appear to have been John Foglesong (born about 1817) and wife Mary Dyche, who were married in 1840 in Greenbrier County, and were living with their children in subsequent Greenbrier censuses. I wish I knew why they were parties to the 1853 deed.

WHITE. James & Phebe White, the other two signers of the 1853 deed, were James White (born about 1787) and wife Phebe Whitman (1791-1866), who were married in 1815 in Greenbrier County. They lived on Whites Draft, the stream above Whitmans Draft. Since Phebe was the sister of George Whitman (died about 1826), James & Phebe would have been logical guardians for orphans of George. Their oldest child was George White (born 1816), perhaps named for George Whitman.

Any new evidence on any of the above six questions or any other Whitman information would be much appreciated.

- -

Early Whitman deeds in the Greenbrier County courthouse at Lewisburg include:

Book	Page	Year
2	548	1802
2	549	1802
3	312	1805
23	278	1860
1	347	1793
2	551	1802
20	298	1853
20	299	1853
28	347	1853

- -

Mr. William Huston White, Alvon, West Virginia, is a great-grandson of George Whitman (1807-1864) and great-great-grandson of George Whitman (died about 1826). He now owns the Whitman homestead at Whitmans Draft and many valuable old Whitman documents. We are all indebted to him and his wife Merle for their kind assistance and generosity.

Too many others to list here have also been helpful. However, I would particularly like to thank: The late Mrs. Edna L. Campbell, Summersville, W. Va.; Mr. Andrew Lewis Riffe, Alderson, W. Va.; Mr. Charles Shetler of West Virginia University; Mr. & Mrs. Vern O. Whitman of Charleston, W. Va.; Mr. James Clark Middleton, Petroleum, W. Va.; Mr. Newman L. Whitman, Summersville, W. Va.; Mr. Okey L. Bailes, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mr. George B. Arbuckle, Bethesda, Md.; and Mrs. Hall F. Wilson, Coxs Mills, W. Va. In mentioning these, I am undoubtedly unfair to the many others who also helped.

Homer C. Cooper
145 Pendleton Drive
Athens, Georgia 30601

February 24, 1968

WOODZELL FAMILY RECORD

Stephen Woodzell	Born August 8th, 1793
Dinah Wright	Born November 14th, 1802

Stephen Woodzell and Dinah Wright were married April 8th, 1820,
Arrived in the United States from England June 20th, 1827.

To the above union the following children were born.

Stephen Woodzell	Born March 11th, 1821, died July 6th, 1825
Dinah Woodzell	Born May 29th, 1823, died May 16th, 1826
Sarah Woodzell	Born June 24th, 182?, died March 29th, 1826
Ann Woodzell	Born September 17th, 1828
John Woodzell	Born November 30th, 1830, Lost May 30th, 1864
William Woodzell	Born March 2nd, 1833
Elizabeth Woodzell	Born February 25th, 1835
James Woodzell	Born February 19th, 1837
Benjiman Woodzell	Born March 5th, 1839
George Woodzell	Born September 10th, 1842
Daniel Woodzell	Born July 1st, 1846

William F. Strong	Born December 10th, 1803
Julia Risk Stong	Born May 11th, 1811
Diana F. Strong	Born February 18th, 1836
Christia A. Strong	Born November 29th, 1837
Jane K. Strong	Born May 9th, 1839
A son who died with out name	Born May 29th, 1841
Esther A. Strong	Born May 22nd, 1842
Mary A. Strong	Born June 22nd, 1844
Roxey A. Strong	Born May 26th, 1846

James Woodzell and Esther A. Strong were married May 15th, 1860.
To the above union the following children were born.

William George Woodzell	Born April 5th, 1861
Sophia Ann Woodzell	Born August 18th, 1863
Stephen Risk Woodzell	Born July 23rd, 1865
John J. Woodzell	Born February 13th, 1868
Cherry Woodzell	Born May 16th, 1870
Homer A. Woodzell	Born March 20th, 1873
Lenard W. Woodzell	Born September 3rd, 1876
Edward A. Woodzell	Born July 24th, 1878
Charles Woodzell	Born May 5th, 1883
Grover M. Woodzell	Born August 29th, 1888

Esther A. Woodzell died July 28th, 1891

James Woodzell and Denize Morris were married April 13th, 1892.

Clara Bell Henry — Born June 29th, 1863, died November 21st, 1906

William George Woodzell and Clara Bell Henry were married July 3rd, 1890

To the above union the following children were born.

Howard Henry Woodzell	Born July 14th, 1891
Guy William Woodzell	Born July 29th , 1894

John Stephen Bennett (Grandson of James Woodzell) Born May 11, 1886

Sophia Ann Woodzell married Marcellus B. Bennett

Children:

Henry Herman
John Stephen
Edward
Elsie
Howard W.

DESCENDENTS OF ANDREW AND MARGARET SUSAN CUTLIP PERRY.

Andrew Perry b.Oct.3, 1851. d.Dec.11, 1929.Clawson Cemetary Married
Margaret Susan Cutlip b.Nov.7, 1855. d.Feb.10, 1886. Ruckman Cem.

Children-

John
Albert Francis
Elzina
Melvina

John Perry b.Oct.10, 1875.d.Feb.20, 1951. Clawson Cem. Married
Minnie Elizabeth Friel b.Sept.30, 1865. d.Nov.16, 1964. Clawson Cem.

Children-

Flora Lawrence b.Oct.4, 1897. d.May 8, 1986. Staunton, Va.
Dennis William b.Aug.21, 1899. d.Feb09, 1976. Ruckman Cem.

Albert Francis Perry b.Oct.31, 1880. d.Sept.30, 1954. McCutcheon Cem. Married
Margaret McCutcheon b.Sept.24, 1883. d.Aug.28, 1946. McCutcheon Cem.

Children-

Norval b.July20, 1903. d.Apr.2, 1977. McCutcheon Cem.
Orie Everette b.Feb.26, 1905. d.Feb.20, 1986. Rising Sun, Md.
Thurman Lake b.June11, 1907. d.Oct.27, 1923. McCutcheoon Cem.
Lena Rachel b.July24, 1910. d.Aug.10, 1918. McCutcheon Cem.
Nellie Frances b. Nov.28, 1913
William Simpson b.Apr.18, 1916
Baby Boy b.Sept.23, 1918. d.Sept.27, 1918. McCutcheon Cem.
Anna Pearl b. Nov.13, 1919.
Baby Girl b. and d. April 17, 1923. McCutcheon Cem.
Edna Mae b.July 3, 1924
Mary Elizabeth b.Aug.12, 1929

Elzina Perry b.Dec.21, 1878. d.Feb.16, 1963. Clawson Cem. Three marriages.
(1) H. Lester Divorced 1902.
(2) George Sylvester Payne b.( ) d.Dec.5, 1918. Cottle Hill Cem.
(3) John S. Woods b.( ) d.Feb.8, 1932. Family Cem. Cottle, W. Va.

Four children by Payne-

Clarence Lafayette b.( ) d.Aug.31, 1910.
Nancy Agnes b.Dec.8, 1905. d.Jan.8, 1986.
Florina Belle b.Apr.19, 1908. d.( ) Clawson Cem.
Vergie Lea b.May 5, 1913. d.( ) Clawson Cem.

Melvina Perry b.Apr.3,1883. d.Jul 19,1968. Buckhannon Cem. Married Jan.8,1908.
Daniel T. Tharp b.Oct.11, 1985. d.Dec.13, 1951. Buckhannon, W.Va. Children-

Paul b.( ) d.( ) Cemetary? Beulah
Layton L. b.Nov.10, 1911. d.( )
Lela Bernice b.June 7, 1914.

To best of my knowledge there were 20 grandchildren, 10 of whom are living and 39 great grandchildren, 38 living.

JOHN WEBB.

John Webb, the subject of this biographic article is a character about whom it may be said, as was said about Melchizedek, he was without father or mother—so far as any biographical purpose can be served. His Irish brogue and his habit of saying not foolish things and never doing anything very wisely, tended to corroborate what he always averred—that he was of Irish nativity. He had the papers showing that he was an honorably discharged soldier of the Revolution, and as a pensioner received ninety-six dollars a year. How he ever came to Pocahontas is simply conjectural, but from the fact he chose his place of rest near Mount Zion, he must have had some acquaintance with parties that may have been in the army when he was.

This Revolutionary veteran, though he exposed his life for independence, never owned any land and never married. Yet he wanted a home of his own, a place where he could lay his head and feel at home, which was very commendable in him. He received permission of William Moore, son of Pennsylvania John Moore, to use without rent as much land as he might want for a cabin, garden, and "truck patch." He built himself a cozy cabin, and opened up two or three acres, where he produced corn, vegetables, and poultry. On this he subsisted, with the assistance of his pension and such wages as he could earn in harvesting and haying for the farmers on Knapps Creek. This spot was on the place recently owned by Ralph Dilley,

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and now in the possession of William Moore.

One of John Webb's favorite places to work in haymaking and harvest was at Isaac Moore's. At this period making hay was a long, tedious industry. One morning quite early as the hands gathered in the meadow when Webb, to use his own expression, came up missing, it was surmised that he had worn off his "wire edge" on the hot sun the day before, and was about to give it up for the time being, and so the hands went to work, Between nine and ten o'clock they heard his jovial brogue in the direction of the apple cellar, and upon looking in that course Webb's head was seen, "red as a beet," peering over the comb of the cellar roof. He inquired in the most impassioned manner whether any one would like to have a "dhrink ave cither." It seems Webb knew where to look for the lost "wire edge," and had indulged his thirst until he was so much exhilerated as to climb the roof with nimble feet and willing hands, and from his lofty perch invite others to share with his jovial comforts that he had been finding for the past hours in "dhrinks ave cither."

This Revolutionary veteran had one of his arms very curiously tattooed between the wrist and elbow with the initials of his name and emblematic characters like anchors and arrows, whose significance was not known. This was done while he was in the army, and several other soldiers were tattooed at the same time. The chemicals used disabled them so much that a regimental order was issued prohibiting the practice. Tattooing seems to have been a fad among soldiers and

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sailors. If anything should happen, their personality might be identified and assistance obtained from some guild or fraternity. At least, this was the supposition. He never disclosed to any one what the characters symbolized. The initials of course could speak for themselves. It is commonly believed now that he served with the troops from Augusta County under General Mathews.

In the later years of his life John Webb was very piously inclined and was demonstrative of his religious emotions, and was long remembered as the life of many "good meetings" at old Mount Zion, Frost, and elsewhere. He would frequently have "the jerks," which was such a feature in the revival services so common at the time. As long as he lived he would always have a spasmodic jerk as he repeated the "amen," even when asking a blessing on his meals.

This phenomenon, that characterized the religious services of most of the denominations a hundred years ago in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia; has been attentively considered by mental experts as one of the curiosities of the emotional faculty of the human race. What surprises them in their investigations is to find some of the most pronounced examples of its influence among the Mohammedan Dervishes in the East, and in the West it seems to have been the most striking feature in the Indian Ghost Dances but a few years since. The Dervishes furiously deny the existence of the Holy Ghost as a fiction of Christianity; and American Indians have never so much as heard that there is a Holy Ghost. Max Nordau, a Jewish scientist thinks

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he has found the explanation to be a disease of the nervous system that is so highly infectious as to sweep the whole round of humanity at recurring periods.

John Webb remained in his bachelor home until he became disabled by the infirmities of advanced age. Then it was the late Martin Dilley, of revered memory took charge of the old veteran; He built a very comfortable cabin for his use in the yard near his own dwelling, and cared for him until the old soldier "fought his last battle" on the borders of the unseen world. This building is standing yet. His grave is in the Dilley Grave yard, on the line between the Andrew Dilley and John Dilley lands.

WILLIAM BAXTER.

Among the worthy citizens of our county deserving of special mention was William Baxter, near Edray, W. Va. He was born on Little Back Creek, in 1808. He was the eldest son of Colonel John Baxter, whose name appears prominently in the early history of Pocahontas County. His mother was Mrs Mary Moore Baxter, a sister of Joseph Moore of Anthonys Creek. She was a very industrious and careful housekeeper, and diligently trained her children in habits of industry and economy.

At an early age his parents moved to Pocahontas County, and resided a good many years at the Sulphur Spring. Being the eldest son, he worked hard in assisting to support the family, consisting of four sons and three daughters. His sisters were Mrs Jane

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person of great physical endurance, a noted hunter, and an industrious, laborious farmer. One of the incidents coming to us by tradition, illustrating what manner of man he was, is related in the Arbogast sketches. A panther had been driven by dogs up a very lofty, densely branched hemlock, at night. A torch of pine was prepared, and the fearless, agile man ascended the tree, torch in hand, until he could locate the game. Upon doing this he laid the torch on two limbs and descended until he could reach the flintlock rifle, carefully primed and charged. He then returned to his torch and by its light shot the panther.

JOHN YEAGER, JUNIOR.

The relationship bearing the Yeager name is at present mainly represented in our county by the descendants of John Yeager, of the third remove from the pioneer John Yeager. Hence this paper will be mainly devoted to the home history of his descendants.

John Yeager's wife was Margaret Arbogast, granddaughter of Adam Arbogast, the pioneer of the east branch of the Greenbrier. Soon after his marriage he settled on the homestead, now known as Camp Alleghany. The sons were William Asbury, Henry Arbogast, Brown McLauren, Paul McNeel, and Jacob Reese. The daughters Eliza Ann, Fannie Elizabeth, Sarah Jane, who died aged 13 years; Eveline Medora, Leah Alice, and Emma Mildred.

Eliza Ann became Mrs A. M. V. Arbogast and lives on the east branch of the Greenbrier, near the north-

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ern limits of the county. Her home is widely known.

Fannie Elizabeth is now Mrs James D. Kerr, and lives at the Kerr homestead on Salisburys Creek.

Eveline Medora was married to Josiah O. Beard, and now lives near Greenbank. Her children are Irbie, Leslie, Arthur, Brown, Monroe, Blanche, Bertie, Bertha, Ruby, Nellie Bly, and Margie. Monroe and Blanche are twins, also Bertie and Bertha. Mr and Mrs Beard had their home on the upper Greenbrier. Blanche died of membranous croup, in her father's absence, and the house being isolated by deep water, the mother could get no assistance from the neighbors on that sad day. In a field near the present home Arthur was caught in a shower. He first sheltered under a wagon, but as it leaked so much he ran to a neighboring tree and was instantly killed by lightning. His brother Irby was near and saw it all.

Leah Alice and her brother Jacob Reese died of diptheria. They were among tne first victims of this drehd malady in our whole county, so far as there is any record.

Emma Mildred first married Michael O. Beard, and settled in Texas. He died at Fort Worth, Texas. Mrs Beard's second marriage was with W. P. Ledbetter, of Georgia. She then settled in the Indian Territory, at Ardmore, where she died a few years since. Her children, Clyde Yeager Beard and Veva Ledbetter, are in the motherly care of her sister Mrs Eliza A. Arbogast.

Emma Mildred Yeager had a passion for learning, and was very popular in society and greatly esteemed for her attractive character. She had about completed

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the course of study at Winchester for a literary degree with marked distinction. Had it not been for circumstances over which the brilliant young student had no control, she would have been the first lady from our county to be thus honored.

William Asbury Yeager was a Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Regiment, and was killed at Hatcher's Run, Feb. 6, 1865. He was in the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, and when the engagement was over seventeen bullet holes were found in his clothing, but he did not get a scratch. The impression preuails among those who remember him that he was in all the engagements with the 31st, unless it was at Gettysburg, at which time he was in a Staunton hospital. He had but one furlough during the war.

Henry A. Yeager married Luverta Beard, of Greenbrier County, and settled at Camp Alleghany. His children were Eula Joe, recently deceased, who was the wife of Dr J. M. Cunningham, of Marlinton; Maud Leps, named for Rev J. C. Leps, the chaplain of the 31st Virginia Regiment, now Mrs R. C. McCandlish, cashier of the Pocahontas Bank; Sallie Glenn, now Mrs S. B. Scott, of Marlinton; Walter H. lives in Cheyenne, and is a clerk in the emyloy of the Union Pacific Railway. His wife was Mabel Tupper. William Edgar Yeager died while holding the position of paymaster's clerk at Washington. At the same time he pursued a course of medical studies, and had about finished with credit half of the four years prescribed course when his health failed. He died Nov. 26, 1896. Paris Dameron Yeager spent some years

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at Cheyenne, Wyoming, in the service of the Pacific Express Company and the Continental Oil Company.

Hon H. A. Yeager was a Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Regiment, and was in all the engagements except when disabled by wounds. He has represented his county in the legislature, and was special agent of the National Land Office during the first Cleveland administration, and was stationed at Cheyenne, Wyoming. He was among the first to boom Marlinton.

Brown McLaurin Yeager married Harriet Elizabeth Arbogast, and they live at Marlinton. Their children are J. Walker Yeager and Lewis A. Yeager, lawyers; Dr John M. Yeager, Sterling, Bruce, and Paul McGraw, and the daughters are Daisy, now Mrs W. B. Sharp; Texie, Brownie, and Goldie. Mr Yeager is local manager for the Pocahontas Development Company. He has surveyed many thousand acres of land in Pocahontas and has served as commissioner of school lands.

Paul McNeel Yeager married Huldah Arbogast and lives on the pioneer homestead opened up by Adam Arbogast. His children are Pearl, Lucy, Mamie, Jewell, Frederick, and Clinton. He has a great reputation as a hunter. His portrait in hunting garb and a sketch of his exploits have appeared in one of the hunting journals.

John Yeager, the third, was a person of more than ordinary endowments. By a patient course of studies, mainly self directed, pursued at times when he could get an hour's leisure from manual labor, he became

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qualified for the duties of a surveyor. He was deputy surveyor for a number of years, associated with Sampson L. Mathews, who was the first surveyor of Pocahontas County. He was in subsequent years associated with Colonel Paul McNeel and George Edmiston in searching for vacant lands, and under their direction made entries comprising acres that even now have a fabulous sound in our ears—as to their extent and numbers.

When Colonel Rust, of the 3d Arkansas Regiment, became acquainted with Mr Yeager he was so favorably impressed by his intelligence and experience as to select him for the perilous duty of reconoitering the Federal fortifications on the summit of Cheat Mountain. The Colonel left his encampment in the most secret way possible, and with John Yeager as pilot and solitary companion, approached the Federal encampment unobserved and succeeded in passing into and throughout the garrison, made careful observations of the character and position of the defence, and withdrew without arousing suspicion as to the purpose of their presence in the camp. With the knowledge thus obtained, Colonel Rust planned the assault he soon after attempted to make, but owing to high water and other obstacles, time was lost, and the Federal officers were thus enabled to learn what was going on, and they made preparations accordiugly. When this became apparent to Colonel Rust he withdrew without making the assault, as had been so skillfully planned at the extreme personal risk of himself and his trusted guide, John Yeager.

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A few months after this perilous adventure John Yeager died, December, 1861, aged 48 years. When the battle of Alleghany was fought in that same month the balls seemed to fall like hail upon the roof, but none of the inmates were touched.

ABRAM DUFFIELD.

The first cottage prayer meeting the writer remembers was at the home of Abram Duffield. Early one Sabbath in May, the writer's parents with their four children came to the Duffield home to attend the meeting that had been announced. No one had yet arrived when we reached the place. Upon entering the porch voices were heard within as if persons were engaged in reading or prayer. Standing by the door and listening we found that it was the venerable Abram Duffield reading to his invalid wife the account given by Saint Mathew of our Redeemer's temptation in the wilderness. He was reading at the moment where it is written: "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee and in their hands shall they bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then she remarked: "Oh, that is so good; how encouraging it is for poor me." Finally the venerable man resumed and then prayed after reading. "Then the Devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him. Then again the same one observed: "Oh, how good to hear that our Lord gained the victory. How safe it makes one feel to have him for our Saviour who is so loved by the angels." There seemed to be

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characters of Nathaniel Kinnison and Davies Poage were considered, the impression prevailed there were different ways in which people could be warm hearted, genuine Christains, and so there was mutual respect and lovely Christian fellowship.

For many years Mr Edmiston was a pillar in the M. E. Church, and the secret of his influence was his lovely Christain deportment. Nathaniel Kinnison was also a pillar in the M. E. Church, but his piety was that developed in the calm retreat, the silent shade, that seemed to him by God's bounty made for those who worship God—so suitable for personal prayer and praise to the unseen though ever present one.

When far advanced in life Mr Edmiston vacated his old pleasant home amid the gently rolling lands and pleasant groves for a home on Hills Creek, and his last days were spent amid the inviting scenes that surround the place where Daniel Peck now lives.

The writer feels grateful that he ever knew this good old man, even to a slight extent, and may the time never come when the presence of persons of like Christian fervor, generous, liberal, fraternal impulses cease to exist, for should such a dire calamity befall the county then envy, strife, confusion, and many evil works will be tolerated—all in the name too and for the sake of religion.

JOHN YEAGER, SENIOR.

For well nigh a hundred years the Yeager name has been a familiar one. The Reager relationship derive

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their name from John Yeager, an imigrant from Pennsylvania, reared near Lancaster City. From the most authentic information available for these notes, he first located in Crabbottom. Upon his marriage with Anise Hull, a granddaughter of Peter Hull, one of the original settlers of the Crabbottom section, they settled at Travelers Repose, where Peter D. Yeager now resides.

In reference to John Yeager's family the following particulars have been obligingly furnished by the Hon H. A. Yeager, one of his well known descendants.

John Yeager, Junior, went to the far west, and settled finally in Illinois; and his descendants are scattered widely over the great Northwest.

Jacob Yeager married Sarah Hidy, of Crabbottom, and thereupon he settled on what is known as Camp Alleghany. In his time he ranked among the most extensive land owners in that whole region. His claims comprised many thousand acres, embracing the 'Dutch Settlement' and other tracts contiguous. His sons were John, Joel, Jacob Brook, and the daughters were Jane, Elizabeth, Anna, Caroline, Margaret, Catherine, Christine, and Serena. In reference to his daughters the following particulars are in hand.

Jane became Mrs Joel Vest, and lived in Iowa.

Elizabeth was married to Colonel John Bonnett, and lived in Lewis County. Her sons Jefferson and Asbury Bonnett are prominent citizens. Sarah Ann Bonnet became Mrs Wasley Crookman and lives at Cowen. Serena Catherine Bonnett became Mrs Eber Post, and lives near Hackers Creek, in Lewis County. Caroline became Mrs Rhinehart.

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Margaret married John Arbogast and lived near Glade Hill.

Caroline was William J. Wooddell's first wife, and lived at Greenbank.

Anna first married Warwick Arbogast and settled near the homestead at Camp Alleghany. He and two children died of camp fever in 1861. Her second marriage was with John Luzadder, and lives near Tollgate, Ritchie County, and is the mother of a large family.

Catherine was married to Robert Willis, and lived in Indiana. There were three daughters: Virginia married a Mr Britt, who was a mining expert at Frisco Colorado. Josephine married Dr Simms. Laura became Mrs Carroll.

Christine became Mrs Jonathan Siron, and lived near McDowell, in Highland. Her children were Joel, lately deceased: Milton, in Upshur County; Margaret, now Mrs Malcomb, in Highland; and Christine, who became Mrs William Wooddell and lives on the Siron homestead.

Serena was first married to John Claiborne, of Lexington, Virginia. Her children were James, who died in Arizona, and John, who lives at St. Joseph, Mo. John Claiborne was a Confederate soldier and died in service. Serena Yeager's second marriage was with William Wilfong, of Gilmer County, and is the mother of three sons by this marriage.

Joel Yeager married Rebecca Pray, of Highland County, and settled in Indiana. There are three sons, Newton, Luther, and Clinton. One is a lawyer, another a doctor, and the third a prosperous farmer.

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Jacob Brook Yeager married Margaret McDaniel, at McDowell, in 1856, and settled in Indiana at South Whitney, where he still lives. Two sons and a daughter. His son Charles recently visted Pocahontas.

John Yeager, the third, settled at the homestead.

Andrew Yeager, another son of John Yeager the pioneer, married Elizabeth Dilley, and settled on the homestead. Two sons, Peter and Martin, and one daughter, Ella, who died at the age of 15 years of diptheria, one of the first cases to appear in our whole county. In 1861 Andrew Yeager refugeed to Highland, where he and his son Martin died of camp fever. His property was burned in the absence of the family. The battle of Camp Bartow was fought here in 1861.

Peter Dilley, the only surviving child of Andrew Yeager, married Margaret Bible, daughter of Jacob Bible, and rebuilt the pioneer homestead. The following particulars about his family are in hand: Charles Andrew married Allie Arbogast, and lives at Marlinton; William Jacob married Grace Hull; Etta became Mrs Harper McLaughlin of Bath Connty; Alcena is now Mrs Charles Pritchard, of Dunmore; Alice was married to Henry Flenner, and lives near the homestead; Gertrude is at home with her parents.

Peter D. Yeager now resides at Travelers Repose, the pioneer homestead, which he in a large measure restored from the terrible devastation of war. He was a Confederate soldier, became a prisoner and spent a long time at Camp Chase. He was not released until July, 1865.

John Yeager, the pioneer, seems to have been a

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person of great physical endurance, a noted hunter, and an industrious, laborious farmer. One of the incidents coming to us by tradition, illustrating what manner of man he was, is related in the Arbogast sketches. A panther had been driven by dogs up a very lofty, densely branched hemlock, at night. A torch of pine was prepared, and the fearless, agile man ascended the tree, torch in hand, until he could locate the game. Upon doing this he laid the torch on two limbs and descended until he could reach the flintlock rifle, carefully primed and charged. He then returned to his torch and by its light shot the panther.

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CONTENTS—MARYLAND.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I. Maryland in its Origin, Progress and Eventual Relations to the Confederate Movement	3
CHAPTER II. Maryland's First Patriotic Movement in 1861	15
CHAPTER III. Maryland's Overthrow	29
CHAPTER IV. Marylanders Enlist and Organize to Defend Virginia and the Confederacy	42
CHAPTER V. Marylanders in the Campaigns of 1861	50
CHAPTER VI. Marylanders in 1862 under Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and Stonewall Jackson	63
CHAPTER VII. Marylanders in 1862 under Gen. Robert E. Lee	83
CHAPTER VIII. Maryland under Federal Military Power	92
CHAPTER IX. Maryland Artillery—Second Maryland Regiment Infantry—First Maryland Cavalry	101
CHAPTER X. The Maryland Line	114
ROSTER OF MARYLAND LINE	134
APPENDIX A	145
BIOGRAPHICAL	153

ILLUSTRATIONS—MARYLAND.

	FACING PAGE
ARCHER, JAMES J.	168
BRENT, JOSEPH L.	168
ELZEY, ARNOLD	168
FIRST MARYLAND AT COLD HARBOR	85
FIRST MARYLAND REGIMENT, CHARGE OF, JUNE 6, 1862	80
JOHNSON, BRADLEY T.	1
JOHNSON, BRADLEY T.	168
LITTLE, HENRY	168
LOVELL, MANSFIELD	168
MACKALL, W. W.	168
MARYLAND (Map)	Between pages 152 and 153
STEUART, GEORGE H.	168
TRIMBLE, ISAAC R.	168
WINDER, CHARLES S.	168
WINDER, JOHN H	168

287690

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS—WEST VIRGINIA.

PAGE.

CHAPTER I. The Partition of Virginia—The Dilemma of the Old Dominion in 1861—Preparations for War—Organization of Troops in Western Virginia—The Unionist Convention—Organization of the State of West Virginia..... 3

CHAPTER II. McClellan's Invasion—The Affair at Philippi—Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill—Death of Garnett—Operations about Romney—Federal Occupation of the Kanawha Valley—Fight at Scary Creek—Loring at Cheat Mountain.. 14

CHAPTER III. Operations under Gen. R. E. Lee—Floyd and Wise in the Kanawha Valley—Battle of Carnifix Ferry—Lee's Cheat Mountain Campaign—Sewell Mountain—Camp Bartow—Camp Alleghany—Floyd's Cotton Hill Campaign..... 34

CHAPTER IV. Operations in the Northeast—Kelley's Campaign against Romney—Stonewall Jackson in Command in the Shenandoah Valley—His Campaign to Bath and Romney..... 48

CHAPTER V. Battle of McDowell—The Princeton Campaign—Loring's Advance Down the Kanawha Valley—Battle of Fayetteville—Occupation of Charleston—Jenkins Enters Ohio—Echols in Command—Imboden's Operations..... 56

CHAPTER VI. Operations of 1863—Jones' and Imboden's Raid against the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad—Jenkins' Raid to Point Pleasant—Expeditions to Beverly and Wytheville—Battles of White Sulphur Springs and Droop Mountain—Averell's Raid to Salem..... 72

CHAPTER VII. Operations of 1864-65—Expeditions of Fitzhugh Lee and Rosser—Exploits of Gilmor and McNeill—Organization of the Army of Western Virginia—Battle of Cloyd's Mountain—New Market—Lynchburg—Retreat of Hunter through West Virginia—Witcher's Raids—Other Brilliant Exploits..... 90

CHAPTER VIII. Miscellaneous Data—Notes on the Contributions of Various Counties to the Confederate Service—Records of the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Regiments..... 105

APPENDIX—McNeill and His Rangers..... 116

BIOGRAPHICAL..... 129

ILLUSTRATIONS—WEST VIRGINIA.

FACING PAGE

DROOP MOUNTAIN, BATTLE (Map)..... 84

GAULEY BRIDGE, VICINITY OF (Map)..... 64

WEST VIRGINIA AND VIRGINIA, PARTS OF (Map)..... 96

WEST VIRGINIA, PART OF (Map).....Pages 20, 56 and 76

WHITE, ROBERT..... 1

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, BATTLE (Map)..... 84

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MARYLAND

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CHAPTER I.

MARYLAND IN ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND EVENTUAL RELATIONS TO THE CONFEDERATE MOVEMENT.

WHEN the New World was disclosed to the Old, the belief of all civilized people was that the heathen had no rights which Christians ought to respect —that he and his country belonged of right to the strongest taker; and it became a curious article of a more curious faith that murder and robbery were efficient means for propagating the faith of Christ and magnifying the glory of God.

The Pope made short work of the whole matter, for he divided the new world east and west by a degree of longitude and made a present of one-half to the Spaniard and the other half to the Portuguese—"Ad majoram gloriam Dei"—to the greater glory of God. This process of simple division was not satisfactory to the fair-haired, blue-eyed race that dominated the island in the North Sea.

Love of enterprise, commercial daring, politics, religious conditions—all contributed to stimulate exploration and investigation. One Englishman spent his life searching for El Dorado—the land where gold abounded; a Spaniard spent his hunting the "Fons Vitæ"—the fountain of perpetual youth, the waters of which renew forever the waning forces of vitality. But while the Spaniard ransacked two continents for silver and gold, found them and ruined his posterity, the French, actuated by no nobler ideals, made settlements in North America, the main inspiration of which was the desire to possess the great fisheries on the north-eastern coast. The English, in the main, had higher aims, and wider, larger aspirations. Political conditions at home exasperated religious

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differences, and the only hope of liberty seemed to be to transplant the old institutions of Britain—liberty of person, security of property, freedom of thought—to the wilderness, and there secure them forever by the ancient safeguards devised by the experience, the wisdom and the courage of their ancestors—habeas corpus, trial by jury, representative self government. So, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, many gentlemen in England emigrated with their property and their servants to the forests of New England, then including the north continent from the lakes to the gulf. With them they carried the opinions of their time and generation. The possession of the heathen was lawful and laudable sport for Christian men, and they straightway put them to the sword, seized their lands, their wives and their children, and divided them and all prisoners taken in war as slaves of the conquerors. This was the universal rule among all the English except in Pennsylvania and in Maryland. In the first the influence of Penn, in the last that of the Jesuits, saved them from such crimes against humanity. But the necessities of the new society, the constant struggle with nature, the forest, the flood, the fire, all made involuntary and controlled labor exceedingly valuable, convenient, comfortable and necessary. And when to the captive Indians were added cargoes of savage, cannibal Africans, no man could deny that it was a Christian duty to civilize them and teach them to work. Therefore, involuntary servitude existed in all the English colonies from the very first, and it was not until the American revolution stirred up generalizings and theories about the rights of man, that the idea got abroad that slavery was wrong. In the New England States it had long ceased to be necessary, for population had increased and roads been constructed, so that society was able to protect itself. It was troublesome, annoying, unprofitable. Slaves of different races—Indian, white and negro—confused the social order, and it was best to get rid of them. But it was not as

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a moral question, but as an economical one, that it was dealt with.

So when the Constitution of the United States and the Union by, through and under it were framed, formed and organized, it was silent on the subject of slavery by name, but provided for its protection by requiring that persons held to service, escaping from one State to another, should be delivered and returned to their masters on demand. Without this provision no constitution could have been adopted and no union formed

But the cotton-gin was invented, by which the cultivation of cotton became extremely profitable and slaves became valuable property. There was a great movement of capital and population to the cotton country, and the new States rapidly grew up and demanded admission into the Union. By the gradual abolition of slavery north of the Chesapeake the free States had been approaching control of the Senate of the United States, until the cotton-gin reversed the order, and it seemed as if the slave States would secure permanent control of the Union.

Then began an agitation in the North, superficially moral and religious, but really and substantially political; professedly to do away with the great crime of slavery, in fact to check and destroy the aggrandizement of the Southern power. The first clear issue between the forces was on the application of Missouri to be admitted as a State of the Union. Missouri was a slave State and her admission would destroy the equilibrium between the two systems in the Senate of the United States. So Missouri was kept out until a free State could be hitched to her and thus the balance of power preserved. This was in 1821. In divers ways the struggle between the powers exhibited itself. Congress for years had levied duties on imports, whereby Northern manufacturers were encouraged and protected. Northern manufacturers were enriched and the rest of the country taxed for their benefit. In 1831 a tariff law was passed which was resisted by

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South Carolina, and the issue of arms was only averted by the retreat of the Federal government, by concession and by compromise.

The king of England at the beginning of the seventeenth century claimed the proprietorship of the North American continent, which claim was disputed by the Spaniard in the South and the French in the North. New England was hemmed and bounded by New Spain, New France, and the ambition and the courage and enterprise of England were roused to the conquest of the new world. The spirit that had shattered the Grand Armada and won for commerce the freedom of the seas, was directed to new countries and new States to be founded in North America, where the institutions, the habits, the sentiment and the society of their ancestors were to be transplanted, cultivated and developed, as they had been a thousand years before from the forests of Germany to the shores of Britain. The leading nobility and gentry, sailors, soldiers, and merchants of England were aroused to this great enterprise. They formed the Virginia company and received a grant from the king of that part of North America unoccupied by French or Spaniards. The enterprise of settlement, transportation and support of colonies proved too much for the company, and its grant was taken away with its charter, and the crown resumed its rights. Then grants were made to individual proprietors. Noblemen and gentlemen about the court secured these great favors, which they hoped would be the foundation of fortune to their posterity, just as the grants of the Norman conqueror had founded great houses and families which had controlled England for six centuries. Among them was Sir George Calvert, a Yorkshire knight of moderate fortune, but of an old family, whose ancestors had filled important offices in the Low Countries under the kings of Spain, and high positions at the court of France. He, in association with Sir Francis Arundel of Wardvin (whose daughter, Lady Anne Arundel, his son Cœcilius married,

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applied for grants of land in the new country. Both died before the grant was prepared, and Cœcilius Calvert then procured to be framed a charter or grant, which was the wisest and most liberal in its terms of any issued up to that time to an English subject. The charter granted to him and his heirs forever the territory on the north of the Potomac, and extending from the Atlantic ocean to the first springs of the Potomac, and along the 40th degree of north latitude from the Delaware river to the meridian of the first fountain of the Potomac river. Together with this great grant of land and water, about 13,000 square miles, the proprietary was vested with all the powers of the Bishop of Durham, who from the earliest times had exercised absolute dominion over the palatinate of Durham and such power of martial law as was necessary in tempestuous times to preserve society and protect the border. The charter provided for self-government by the freemen; it secured them all the rights of Englishmen, and laid the solid foundation of a happy, friendly, contented society. The proprietary, in his capacity of palatine, regulated social laws and behavior. The motto of the Calverts is "Fatti Maschii, Parole Foemine"—Deeds are manly, words are womanly, or as it has always been rendered, "Courage and Chivalry." The standard of the proprietary was borne in battle by a grand standard-bearer, who was an officer of great dignity and authority. One was killed at the battle of the Severn, between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, in 1654, and his widow received a grant of land and was treated with great distinction by the proprietary.

But the controlling force of the colony was the spirit of Baltimore, who in his instructions to his governors insisted that there should be no broils about religion or politics. Every man should be secured in the right to his opinion. Free thought was guaranteed to every Marylander, and free speech as well, except so far as free speech infringed on the rights of his neighbors, when it was strictly suppressed. Therefore, in the very foundation of Maryland

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was deeply laid the idea of toleration of different opinions among neighbors, of consideration for their feelings, and, as a logical consequence, of readiness at all times to help them, to protect them, and to assist them in all the struggles of life. There never was a more homogeneous, sentimental society than that planted on the Chesapeake. "One for all and all for one" was the animating spirit for generations.

While the northern settlements were torn and blood-drenched and fire-blasted by intolerance, when the flames of burning witches lighted New England, and the air echoed with the lash of whipped Baptists, no man was ever molested for his opinions in Maryland—while Marylanders controlled the palatinate. Several times during that stormy epoch, which cost a king his crown in England and the people their liberties, there had been struggles between the Cavalier and Roundhead parties in Maryland, in which the latter were successful as their friends and relatives in England had been. But in all that tension of feeling there was never but one issue of arms in which blood was spilled. Therefore Maryland grew and prospered without those bitter memories which in New England and in Virginia separated class from class and divided neighbor from neighbor. And whenever their neighbors on the south side of the Potomac were harassed by the savages on their borders, the Marylanders were prompt and generous in spending life, blood, and treasure in their defense. There never was an Indian war in Maryland. The policy of the palatine, so broad and generous and just, prevented quarrels with the natives, and they were always friendly with the Marylanders. There were bloody invasions from south of the great river, from the west and from the north, but no rising ever occurred of Maryland Indians. Generosity with justice was the fundamental rule of dealing with them, and this rule of right acts upon all who practice it, as well as upon those on whom it is practiced. Respect for the weak, regard for

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the truth, a willingness and a desire to help those who need help, become controlling principles of life, and selfishness is eradicated as much as it is possible for human nature to be changed.

Thus developed the Maryland character. Love of country and of friends, regard for truth and justice, toleration of differences of opinion, for five generations had been the directing influence of their lives. So when in 1774 news came that the people of Boston had been shot down in their streets by men in red coats, the people rose as one man. From Mills' Creek, whence Braddock had marched twenty years before to disaster and death, to St. Mary's, where free thought had been proclaimed first in all the world, the men of Maryland mustered in companies and battalions, and in two weeks the province was organized for defense. It raised money and provisions which it sent to Boston, and, inasmuch as the port of Boston was closed to trade, formed an association pledging the people of Maryland, men, women and children, never to use any imported goods until justice was done to Boston, just as ten years before it had refused to recognize the Stamp Act. When the farmers of New England met and drove the British regulars at Breed's Hill, the prompt response of Maryland was a battalion of riflemen which marched from Frederick to Boston, 550 miles, to reinforce their brethren. Maryland had no interest in this fight. She enjoyed a just and liberal government. Her people made their own laws, levied their own taxes and expended them for their own benefit, and there was no friction between them and the government. Their governor, Sir Robert Eden, was one of the most popular gentlemen in the province. But when the word went out that Boston needed assistance, every country committee, every court, every provincial assembly proclaimed with one voice, "The cause of Boston is the cause of all," and from that hour to the signature of the definite treaty of peace, Maryland never faltered in her support of the cause of her

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friends and neighbors. She lavished her last man and her last dollar to sustain that cause. No British soldier ever trod the soil of Maryland except during the short march from the head of Elk to Brandywine. She was never invaded, she was never molested; but she was true to her friends. There were no Tories in Maryland. A loyalist regiment was formed on the eastern shore, but its elements were so inefficient and incongruous that it was at once removed to Nova Scotia, where it perished from the memory of man and left hardly a trace behind.

Such were the men who moulded, formed and developed the society which was to face the crisis and do the duty of the times of 1859-65. It is our duty to tell how they did it.

In all discussions Maryland was on the side of the Union. She had given Colonel Washington, of Virginia, to the continental army as its commander-in chief, by and through her deputy in Congress in 1775, Thomas Johnson. She had made the first move for the Union in 1785. She had supported Washington all through the war and in the subsequent struggles and differences about the articles of Confederation, the Constitution and the Union. When, therefore, a party arose in the North which inculcated hatred toward the South, Maryland abhorred the apostles of malice and ill-will and sympathized more closely with the minority and weaker party. "Fatti Maschii, Parole Foemine" was the controlling sentiment of the men whose ancestors had stood with Stirling at Long Island until they were destroyed and the American army saved; whose charge at Eutaw had saved Greene's army; whose dash at Cowpens had driven the British line; whose bayonets at Guilford had broken the solid front of the Grenadier Guards—these men all believed in standing by their friends, reckless of risk, regardless of consequences. "With my friend—right or wrong—with my friend" is the complement of the State motto, "Courage and Chivalry."

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So, as it became clearer in 1858-59-60 that the aggressions and attacks of the North on Southern society were not to be confined to discussion and vituperation, but were to be directed by physical force, Maryland, though utterly and entirely opposed to secession, or disunion, as a remedy or relief, still began to prepare herself for an uncertain future. Her legislature in 1860 appropriated seventy thousand dollars to arm the militia of the State and entrusted the distribution of them to Thomas Holliday Hicks, governor, and his adjutant-general.

In 1859, the Democratic party, then struggling to rescue the State from the Know Nothings, whose governor Hicks was, selected Bradley T. Johnson as chairman of the State committee and the direction of the struggle was entrusted to his hands. In 1860 he was a delegate from Maryland to the Democratic national convention at Charleston and represented Maryland in the committee on resolutions. In that committee Maryland always voted with the Southern States. When that convention held its adjourned meeting in Baltimore, the majority of the Maryland delegation, with the chairman of its State committee, withdrew with the Southern States and united in nominating Breckinridge and Lane, and Maryland voted for Breckinridge and Lane when Virginia was divided and other Southern States failed to support the movement. After November, 1860, it became clear to the younger men that war was imminent. In high excitement and peril young men see more clearly than old men. They have more energy, more clearness of vision, more promptness, more decision. They were all ardent sympathizers with the South. The old men—the ex-governors, ex-United States senators, ex-judges—all brought the weight of their characters to bear against connecting Maryland with the secession movement. And there was a profound disapprobation all through the State, with all classes, against any attempt to dismember the Union. But two per cent of her people were in favor of disunion. Some few of

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the young men, ardent, impetuous, devoted to ideas, believed that disunion was the only possible relief from the constant insults and aggressions of the North, its oppression and its selfish power. They were convinced that with the political power in the hands of a section and a party, the cardinal dogma of whose faith was, "He shall take who hath the power, and he shall keep who can!" all the power of government would be directed toward the aggrandizement, the pecuniary aggrandizement, of those who wielded it, and that the minority in numbers and in wealth would become the serfs of the strongest, just as had been the case in all history. They thought that wealth would flow from the many to the few; that capital would accumulate in sections and in classes, as it had done in the dead hands of religious corporations in England before Henry VIII, and then dispersed and distributed by his revolutionary measures, and just as the feudal system all over Western Europe had built up in the middle ages concentrated power of the barons, who owned all the land, reduced the people to vassalage and produced the French Revolution and its horrors of blood and fire. They believed that Northern society, directed by the same principles, without conscience, without sense of right or justice, would evolve the same conditions with the same consequences, and that the only salvation for Southern society was absolute and entire separation under a different government; that slavery furnished the only solution of self-government based on universal suffrage, and the only organization of labor and capital which had survived, or could survive the change of social conditions in ages of development and progress. They were disunionists *per se;* but they were few and scattered and exerted no influence on the public opinion. Their enthusiasm, their earnest conviction, did impress themselves on the mass, and when the time came the fire of their ardor kindled the State from mountain to ocean.

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So the time went on. State after State of the South seceded from the Union. State after State of the North organized, armed and drilled her militia. In February, 1861, the Southern party of Maryland, led by the young men, called a conference convention to meet in Baltimore to confer together and decide what the honor and the interests of Maryland required her to do in the crisis. Honor first—interest last! That conference met and was such a demonstration of physical strength, of resolute purpose and of intelligent design, that it alarmed the conservative sentiment. But in February no action could be taken. Virginia had not moved, and it was uncertain how or when she would move, for the South or against it.

The governor of Maryland, Thomas Holliday Hicks, professed to be an ardent Southern man. The young men did not believe him, put no confidence in him. The old men, Union to the core, old Whigs, conservative by education and by nature, did trust him and insisted that Maryland should do nothing without the action of her constituted authorities, her governor and her legislature. The party of action urged a call of the general assembly. The governor protested that he was then in correspondence with the governors of the border States and that they would devise and execute means to save the Union and to preserve the peace. The conference adjourned until the middle of March, by which time Lincoln would be inaugurated and the Federal government pass from the hands of the State rights Democracy to the successors of the Federal party that Jefferson and the Democracy had expelled in John Adams' time.

In Lincoln's inaugural he avowed the determination of the party in power "to retake, reoccupy and repossess the forts, arsenals, dock-yards and other property of the United States which had been seized in the Southern States by State authority." This meant *war!* But still the conservatives of Maryland could not understand it. They clung to their idea that talk, palaver, negotiation

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would weather the storm, and that the tornado could be stilled by resolving and asserting that the wind was not blowing. As soon as the conference convention reassembled on the 12th of March in Baltimore, the party of action asserted itself. Judge Chambers, ex-United States senator and ex-judge of the court of appeals, was made president, and a committee on resolutions appointed. The majority of the committee reported a set of resolutions of generalities—devotion to the Union, and opposition to disorder and disturbance of the public peace. The minority, through the chairman of the State committee, who was a member of the conference and of the committee, reported that any "attempt by the Federal government to retake, reoccupy or repossess the forts, arsenals and dock-yards now controlled by the Southern States, would be an act of war by the Federal government on the States, would operate *ipso facto* as a dissolution of the Union, and would remit to each State its original sovereign right to provide for its own safety and welfare, in any manner it decided to pursue." These resolutions would have been passed, but they met such violent opposition from the old men (Judge Chambers declared he would leave the chair and the convention if they were passed) that their author left the conference in disgust and returned home, where he promptly organized a military company for home defense and to resist invasion by foreign troops moving from the North to attack the South. The conference sent commissioners to Richmond to learn from the convention there in session what was the prospect of Virginia's taking position. They could learn nothing, for Virginia herself did not know.

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CHAPTER II.

MARYLAND'S FIRST PATRIOTIC MOVEMENT IN 1861.

ON April 12, 1861, South Carolina fired on Fort Sumter, and on April 15th President Lincoln issued his proclamation, calling on the States for 75,000 militia "to maintain the Union and to redress wrongs already too long endured." He did not specify the wrongs nor the period of endurance. With the proclamation went out from the secretary of war a requisition on the governors of each of the States for the State's quota of the 75,000 troops. Virginia promptly responded by passing her ordinance of secession on the 17th, not, however, to take effect until it had been ratified by a vote of the people, to be cast on the 24th of May; and the governor of Virginia, John Letcher, moved Virginia troops to Harper's Ferry and "retook, reoccupied and repossessed" that property of Virginia which she had ceded to the Union for the common welfare and mutual benefit of all the States, East and West, North and South. Now that it was being diverted to the injury of part and the exclusive use of one section, Virginia resumed the control of her ancient territory. Had she had the power, she would have had the right "to resume possession, control and sovereignty" of all the six States she had ceded to the Union, northwest of the Ohio river. But, alas, her own children, born of her blood and bred of her loins, were foremost in striking at the heart and life of their mother. The Northwest was the most ardent in "suppressing the rebellion," the forerunner of which had been independence from the British nation and the right of self-government for the English in America, and had breathed into their nostrils the breath of Statehood.

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With the defiance of old Virginia, went that of North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, who spurned the demand of the government back of it for men and arms to make war on brethren, kinsmen and fellow citizens. Kentucky tried the impracticable rôle of neutrality, but she was soon overrun by Federal troops. Governor Hicks assured the people that no troops should be sent from Maryland, unless it was to defend the national capital. The mayor of Baltimore, George William Brown, also issued his proclamation, expressing his satisfaction that no troops would be sent from Maryland to the soil of any other State. "If the counsels of the governor," he said, "shall be heeded, we may rest secure in the confidence that the storm of civil war which now threatens the country will at least pass over our beloved State and leave it unharmed, but if they shall be disregarded a fearful and fratricidal strife may at once burst out in our midst." So the governor and the mayor. The first knew well that in the strife of the elements, which was about to burst, in which the foundations of the mountains would be broken up and the winds of the tempest would sweep the land, the cry of "Peace! Peace!" was but the whining of babes—for Governor Hicks was no fool. He was a shrewd, sharp, positive man. He knew what he wanted and he took efficient means to procure it. He wanted to save Maryland to the Northern States. He believed the Union was gone. In the Southern Confederacy, Maryland must, in his opinion, play a subordinate part and he, himself, fall back into the political obscurity from which he had been recently raised. With the North, Maryland in possession of the national capital, protected by the Northern navy through her bay and great rivers, would be a conspicuous power, and he, as her governor, would fill a distinguished rôle. He knew that Maryland was as ardently Southern as Virginia. The Marylanders are the more excitable race. They are ardent, sympathetic and enthusiastic.

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And they were afire at the threat of invasion of Virginia. Had the governor hinted at his ulterior hopes and designs—at his purpose to keep Maryland quiet until she could be occupied by Northern troops and delivered, tied and manacled, to the Union authorities—had he given open ground for suspicion of treachery, the State would have risen, he would have been expelled, his government eradicated, and a revolutionary government of action instituted.

Mayor Brown was a high-minded, just and honorable gentleman. But he was a lawyer and an old man. He was devoted to his State and to his city, and no purer patriot ever lived than George William Brown. But he believed in *law*; he could conceive of nothing higher than law. Force to him meant riot, and in a great city riot always means arson, robbery, murder and license. The mayor believed that with the police and the fire departments he could control revolution and subdue the fires of insurrection. He faithfully did his duty as he saw it. He and his police commissioners tried to keep the peace, and in three months all were landed in Federal prisons, where they were incarcerated for fourteen months, beyond the reach of habeas corpus, without charge or indictment. Maryland thus suffered "the crucifixion of the soul," for her heart was with the Confederacy and her body bound and manacled to the Union.

On April 18th a battery of United States artillery under Major Pemberton, accompanied by six companies of unarmed Pennsylvania militia, arrived by the Northern Central railroad from Harrisburg at Baltimore and marched via Howard street to the Baltimore & Ohio railroad station at Camden street, whence they were promptly dispatched to Washington. They were escorted through the city by a howling mob, who displayed secession flags (the Palmetto flag of South Carolina being conspicuous), and who emphasized their feelings by cheers for "Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy." They were un-

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armed and as weak looking as a drove of cattle as the regulars escorted them through the streets. But the telegraph flamed out the news of the secession of Virginia, and at night the story of the capture of Harper's Ferry by the Virginia troops, with whom were Marylanders led by Bradley Johnson. The town was afire the night of the 18th. From all quarters came tidings of troops from the North and West, concentrating on Baltimore. The efficient militia of Massachusetts, under Maj.-Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, a man of ability, vigor and executive capacity, were on the march to protect the capital and to save the nation.

The New York Seventh, the ideal soldiers of peace parades, but in reality a gallant and game set, was filling its ranks, its cartridge boxes and its haversacks, and standing at attention, waiting word of command and tap of drum. Pennsylvania was rallying to the call of her great governor. The Democracy of the West, roused by Douglas, was rising as one man to defend the flag, and one serried, unbroken line of steel stretched from the northeast corner of Maine to the Mississippi river, ready to march forward to invade, to crush and to conquer the South. There could be no misunderstanding as to the meaning of all this. It meant *war*—nothing but *war*. War by one section on another. War urged on by hatred, by malice, by greed, by desire for conquest, to overthrow institutions existing before the republic, to destroy a social order which had given the world soldiers, statesmen and philosophers, the peers of any who had ever lived. The common people of Maryland understood it. The plain people think with their hearts, and *hearts* on questions of right and wrong are more unerring than heads. They were all for the South, and they were all for arming and fighting—fighting there on the spot—the first man or men who should presume to attempt to cross Maryland to get at Virginia. But the upper class is always conservative. The ex-governors, the ex-senators, the ex-

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judges everywhere are always afraid. The "have beens" ever recur to the peaceful times when they directed affairs, and always will be abhorrent of noise, of tumult, of violence, of force and of change. They cannot be leaders in revolution. Maryland at this crisis of her history was cursed by just such "conservatism." It was caused by her geographical position. She could only follow. She can never lead in such a crisis. She lacked young leaders. Kentucky was in a worse situation, for her leaders led her into the quagmire of neutrality. Missouri was better off, for Jackson and Price on the one side and Frank Blair on the other were positive men, and promptly ranged the people of the State in arms, for their respective sides. Maryland had sons who were educated soldiers. Robert Milligan McLane came of soldier blood. His grandfather, Allan McLane, had been the comrade of Light Horse Harry in the campaign of Valley Forge and had led the Delaware Legion, as Lee had the Virginians. McLane graduated at West Point, served with distinction in the Florida campaign, but after that left the army and entered politics in Maryland. He had served in the State legislature, as representative in Congress from Maryland, and occupied a conspicuous place in the confidence of the State rights Southern people of Maryland. George W. Hughes had served with distinction for many years in the army of the United States and had won the grade of colonel in Mexico. He was now living in affluence and retirement on his plantation in Anne Arundel county. The party of action, the young men, looked to these old soldiers for advice and leadership. But they were too old soldiers to plunge into a fight without troops, arms, ammunition or a commissary department. Bradley Johnson and other young men were ready, but they had neither the experience nor the knowledge to qualify them for immediate leadership.

So on the night of April 18, 1861, Maryland was standing alert, braced up, ready to charge at the word. Vir-

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ginia had seceded, the North was marching. Maryland was the outpost to receive the first attack. At that hour there was no division of opinion. The State rights clubs had been flying the secession flag, the stars and bars of the Confederacy, and the palmetto of South Carolina. The Union clubs had over their halls the stars and stripes; but during the afternoon of April 18th the Union flags were hauled down and the State flag of Maryland everywhere substituted. And the black and gold was everywhere saluted with cheers, with shouts, with tears. The telegraph gave hourly notice of the approach of the enemy. General Butler had left Boston; he had passed New York; he had gone through Philadelphia; he was on the Susquehanna. What next? Maryland held her breath. Through New England their route had been an ovation. Down Broadway in New York the people went wild, as they did through New Jersey and Philadelphia. There were eleven companies of Massachusetts troops attached to the Sixth Massachusetts under command of Colonel Jones. At Philadelphia an unarmed and ununiformed mob of Pennsylvanians, called a regiment, under Colonel Small, was added to Colonel Jones' command. They came in a train of thirty-five cars and arrived at the President street station at 11 a. m. Thence it was the custom of the railroad company to haul each car across the city, over a track laid in the street, to Camden station of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, a distance of a little over a mile. Nine cars with seven companies got through to Camden station. But that was as much as human nature could bear. The mob of infuriated men increased every minute and the excitement grew. The stones out of the street flew up and staved in the car windows. The drivers unhitched their teams, hitched to the rear of their cars and made all haste back to President Street station, where had been left the unarmed Pennsylvanians and the rest of the Massachusetts regiment. These men were marched out of the station,

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formed in front of it,and then moved in a column of fours toward Camden station. In the meantime the railroad track had been torn up, the bridge on the south dismantled and obstructed, and the march of the troops was necessarily laborious and very slow. The streets were packed with a dense mass of infuriated and excited men, encouraged by the apparent retreat of the troops and the success of the opposition to them. The foremost files had to force their way through this pack of humanity. George William Brown, mayor of the town, with a gallantry and chivalry beyond imagination, for he was a Southern man and certified his fidelity by fourteen months' imprisonment in Union dungeons, placed himself by the side of the captain of the leading company and forced their way through the crowd. No man in Baltimore was more loved, respected and admired than Brown, and his escort of the "invader" was submitted to while he was present. But as soon as he had passed stones began to hail on the column. The officers became rattled. Instead of halting and confronting their enemy, they accelerated the step until the march became a half run. Then a pistol went off; then a musket; then two muskets, three muskets cracked, and citizens fell and died in their tracks. Then reason fled. The mob tore the muskets out of the hands of the soldiers and shot them down. One man jerked the sword out of the hand of an officer and ran him through with it. Frank Ward, a young lawyer, snatched the flag out of the hands of the color bearer and tore it from the lance, and while making off with it was shot through both thighs. He survived though, to serve gallantly as adjutant of the First Maryland regiment, and is alive to-day. Marshal Kane had gone to the Camden station to protect the troops there, when news came of this mêlée on Pratt street. He swung fifty policemen down the street in a double-quick, formed them across the street in the rear of the soldiers and ordered their pursuers to "halt." They halted, and then with the mayor of Balti-

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more in front, the chief of police in rear, the baited, harried, breathless preservers of the Union reached Camden station, where they were loaded on trains and dispatched, panic-stricken, to Washington.

Outside the city limits, however, after the danger had passed, some heroic soul signalized his devotion to the flag by shooting in cold blood Robert W. Davis, a reputable and well-known citizen and merchant, whose crime was alleged to have been a cheer for Jeff Davis and the South. That evening, April 19th, Marshal Kane telegraphed to Bradley T. Johnson at Frederick: "Streets red with Maryland blood. Send expresses over the mountains of Maryland and Virginia for the riflemen to come, without delay. Fresh hordes will be down on us to-morrow. We will fight them and whip them or die."

Johnson, since the failure of the conference convention of March to act, had been engaged in organizing companies of minute men to resist invasion, by bushwhacking or any other practicable method. He had corresponded with the captains of many volunteer companies in the State, and all were moving toward concert of action. The receipt of Kane's telegram was the match to the magazine. By seven o'clock on the 20th the Frederick company was assembled, took possession of the moving train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to Baltimore, and by eleven o'clock marched down Baltimore street to Monument Square. Monument Square was the forum of Baltimore, where the citizens always assembled in times of peril to consult and determine that the commonweal should receive no harm. They were the first reinforcements to Baltimore. Next came two troops of cavalry from Baltimore county, and next the Patapsco Dragoons from Anne Arundel rode straight to the city hall and presented themselves to Mayor Brown to assist in the defense of the city. The afternoon papers of the 19th spread all over the State during the next day, and the State rose. Early on the morning of the 20th the city council ap-

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propriated $500,000 for the defense of the city, to be used at the discretion of the mayor. The banks furnished the money in two hours. Capt. Wilson Carey Nicholas, with the Garrison Forest Rangers—afterward Company G., First Maryland regiment, seized the United States arsenal at Pikesville, where there was a deposit of antiquated arms and a considerable supply of gunpowder. All the city companies of militia were under arms in their armories. Col. Benjamin Huger, of South Carolina, who had been in command at Pikesville for some years, but who had just resigned from the army of the United States, was made colonel of the Fifty-third regiment, Maryland militia, composed of the Independent Grays and the six companies of the Maryland Guard. The command was admirably instructed, drilled and officered, and a majority of its officers and men afterward served in the army of the Confederate States. The mayor issued a notice calling on all citizens who had arms to deposit them with the commissioner of police, to be used in the defense of the city, and upon all who were willing to enroll themselves for military service. Under this call over fifteen thousand volunteers were enrolled and partly organized on Saturday, the 20th, and Col. Isaac R. Trimble was assigned to command them. The railroad stations and State tobacco warehouses were used for drill rooms. On Saturday night the bridges on the railroads leaving north from Baltimore were burnt or disabled by a detachment of police and of the Maryland Guard, acting under the orders of Governor Hicks. The governor was in Baltimore during the attack on the troops and was carried off his feet and out of his head by the furor of the hour. He gave the order to burn the bridges. He afterward strenuously denied giving it, but he gave it.

On Sunday morning, April 21st, the Howard County Dragoons, Capt. George R. Earltree, came in, and by the boat two companies from Easton, and news came that the companies from Harford, Cecil, Carroll and Prince

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George's were on the march. Three batteries of light artillery were out on the streets, and the city was braced up in tense excitement.

Just after the people had gone to church on that day, about half-past ten, two men rode down Charles Street, in a sweeping gallop, from beyond the boundary to Lexington and down Lexington to the city hall. They shouted as they flashed by, "The Yankees are coming, the Yankees are coming!" Twenty-four hundred of Pennsylvania troops, only half of them armed, had got as far as Cockeysville, twenty miles from Baltimore, where they had been stopped by the burnt bridges, and had gone into camp. These couriers of disaster brought the news of this fresh invasion and it flashed through the city like an electric shock. The churches dismissed their congregations, their bells rang, and in the twinkling of an eye the streets were packed with people—men and women in the hysterics of excitement pressing guns, pistols, fowling pieces, swords, daggers, bowie knives, every variety of weapon, upon the men and beseeching them to drive back the hated invader. In an hour Monument Square was packed, crammed with such a mass of quivering humanity as has rarely been seen in human history.

Early that morning the mayor had gone to Washington on a special train to see the President and General Scott at the invitation of the former to the governor and mayor to visit him for conference as to the best way to preserve the peace. They arrived at an understanding that no more troops were to be marched through Baltimore. They were to be brought from Harrisburg down to the Relay House on the Northern Central railroad, seven miles north-west of the city, and thence by rail to Washington. General Scott proposed this plan to the President, *if the people of Maryland would permit it and would not molest the troops.* But if they were attacked, the general of the army said, he would bring troops from Perryville by

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boat to Annapolis and thence by rail to Washington. The President and General Scott both seemed to take it for granted that the Potomac would be blockaded. Mayor Brown returned from Washington with the assurance that the detachment at Cockeysville would be ordered back, and that no troops should attempt to pass through Baltimore. The wires were all cut north of the city and all communication by rail or telegraph between the capital and the Northern States was absolutely closed for several days. The Eighth Massachusetts, with Brig.-Gen. B. F. Butler, arrived at Perryville on the 20th, took the steamboat Maryland, and arrived at Annapolis on the 21st. On the 22d, the governor called an extra session of the general assembly to meet at Annapolis on the 26th. On the 24th the governor, "in consequence of the extraordinary state of affairs," changed the place of meeting to Frederick. On its meeting there the Hon. James Murray Mason appeared before it, as a commissioner from the State of Virginia authorized to conclude a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between the two States. The legislature had been elected in 1859 and was charged with no mandate for revolutionary times. Ten members from Baltimore were elected at a special election held in that city on the 24th, in the place of the delegation returned as elected in 1859, but unseated on account of fraud and violence at the election. The new members were the leading men of the town—merchants, lawyers, representatives of the great business of commerce and trade of a great city. They were John C. Brune, Ross Winans, Henry M. Warfield, J. Hanson Thomas, T. Parkin Scott, H. Mason Morfit, S. Teakle Wallis, Charles H. Pitts, William G. Harrison, and Lawrence Langston. It was evident in twenty-four hours that "conservatism" would rule the councils of the general assembly, as it had done those of the governor, and that all the influence of that body would be exerted against any action by the

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State looking toward taking part in the revolution, which it was clear, was upon the whole country.

Captain Johnson had brought back his company from Baltimore, armed with Hall's carbines, an antiquated and rejected breechloader, and had got his men into some sort of shape. He remained in Frederick at the request of the State rights members of the legislature to guard and protect them from the Unionists of the town, who were loquacious and loud in their threats against "the Secesh." And the legislature was prompt to range itself on the side of peace and Union. It met on the 26th of April. On the 27th it issued an address disclaiming all idea, intention or authority to pass any ordinance of secession. It appointed Otho Scott, Robert M. McLane and William J. Ross commissioners to confer with the President of the United States and see what arrangements could be made to preserve the peace of the State. On May 6th these commissioners reported that they had had an interview with the President, and that he had assured them that the State of Maryland, so long as she did not array herself against the Federal government, would not be molested or interfered with, *except so far as it was necessary for the preservation of the Union.* But neither governor, general assembly nor commissioners to the President had the faintest conception of the real state of things in Maryland. She was devoted to the Union. She was hostile to secession. She abhorred the men who precipitated the Gulf States into revolution. She had no sympathy with slavery, for she had emancipated more than half her slaves and had established a negro State of Maryland in Africa, where she was training her emancipated servants to take control of their own destiny as free men, and this colony she supported by annual appropriations out of her public taxes. There was no involuntary servitude in Maryland, for as soon as a servant became discontented he or she just walked over the line into Pennsylvania, where they were safely harbored and concealed.

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Therefore there was no sympathy in Maryland for the proceedings convulsing the Southern States. But the proclamation of the President, calling for 75,000 men "to redress wrongs already too long endured," changed the whole situation in the twinkling of an eye. It was no longer union or disunion, secession or State rights. It was a question of invasion and self-defense. The President had declared war on her sister State. Was Maryland to support that war, or was she to stand by with hands folded and see her friends and kindred beyond the Potomac put to the sword and the torch? War on a State was against the common right. The cause of each was the cause of all; and precisely as Maryland had responded in 1775 to the cry of Massachusetts for assistance, so now did the people of Maryland, over governor, over general assembly, over peace commissioners, respond to the call of Virginia. The peace commissioners reported on May 6th. On the 8th Captain Johnson, having secured from Mason an engagement that all troops that would go from Maryland should be promptly received into the army of the Confederate States, and from Colonel Jackson, in command at Harper's Ferry, permission to rendezvous on the Virginia side, opposite Point of Rocks, marched out of Frederick to that place, crossed the Potomac and reported to Capt. Turner Ashby, then posted there with his troops of horse. Ashby was to feed the Marylanders until further orders. This pioneer company showed the way, and in a few days detachments of companies began to straggle in—the débris of Trimble's fifteen thousand enrolled volunteers in Baltimore. Some marched with a semblance of order from Baltimore to the Point of Rocks. Some straggled in by twos and threes. Some came in squads on the railroad. But the State was aflame and a steady stream of gallant youth poured into the rendezvous at Point of Rocks and Harper's Ferry. By May 21st there were the skeletons of eight companies collected at Point of Rocks:

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Co. A. Capt. Bradley T. Johnson.
Co. B. Capt. C. C. Edelin, at Harper's Ferry.
Co. C. Capt. Frank S. Price.
Co. D. Capt. James R. Herbert.
Co. E. Capt. Harry McCoy.
Co. F. Capt. Thomas G. Holbrook.
Co. G. Capt. Wilson Carey Nicholas.
Co. H. Capt. Harry Welmore.

They were mustered into the service of the Confederate States on May 21st and 22d by Lieut.-Col. George Deas, inspector-general on the staff of Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, who in the meantime had superseded Colonel Jackson in command at Harper's Ferry. Captain Johnson, as senior captain, refused to recognize the Virginia authorities. Relying on the promise of Mr. Mason, he insisted that the Marylanders should be received into the army of the Confederate States, and not into the army of Virginia. On May 21, 1861, Virginia was not one of the Confederate States. He believed that Maryland ought to be represented in the army by men bearing arms and her flag. It was impossible for her to be represented in the political department of the government; therefore it was of vital importance that the flag of Maryland should always be upheld in the armies of the Confederate States. In these eight companies there were about five hundred men. They effected a temporary organization among themselves under their senior captain, and sent up through the regular channels to President Davis their application to have their battalion organized into the army of the Confederate States, with Charles S. Winder, late captain Ninth infantry, U. S. A., as colonel, and Bradley T. Johnson as lieutenant-colonel.

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CHAPTER III.

MARYLAND'S OVERTHROW.

WHILE the city of Baltimore was in a frenzy of excitement, on Sunday, the 21st of May, at the approach of the Pennsylvanians from Cockeyville, Brig.-Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, with a Massachusetts regiment, landed at Annapolis, whither he had proceeded by a steamer from Perryville on the Susquehanna. The next day, the 22nd, he was reinforced by the New York Eighth and pushed up the Annapolis & Elkridge railroad to its junction with the Washington branch of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. On May 5th he took possession of the Relay House, nine miles from Baltimore, where the main branch of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad leading to Harper's Ferry and the West unites with the Washington branch, which leads to Washington, thirty miles distant. His troops were the Eighth New York, the Sixth Massachusetts and Major Cook's battery of Boston light artillery. He promptly fortified the position with earthworks and artillery. All trains going west and south were searched, and scouts scoured the surrounding country. On the 8th of May communication between Washington and the North was further strengthened by a new route by water from Perryville to Locust Point, and thence by rail to Washington. On the night of May 13th General Butler, with the major part of his command, entered Baltimore, seized Federal Hill, which commands the city, fortified it with fifty heavy guns, and Baltimore was in his control. He acted with intelligence and promptness, and to him the Union side was greatly indebted for restoring communications between the capital city and the United States. The United States having control of the bay and the

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great rivers emptying into it—the Patapsco, the Patuxent and the Potomac, all parts of the State were dominated by Federal guns. The Northern frontier was open, with the Baltimore & Ohio railroad from Wheeling and the West, the Northern Central railroad from Harrisburg and the central North, and the Baltimore, Wilmington & Philadelphia railroad from New York and New England, and the North, West and East in arms to pour down over these great avenues of travel to subjugate Maryland and to protect the capital. It was too late for Maryland to act with the Confederacy. There never had been an hour when she could have struck a blow for independence. It was impossible to move before Virginia. Virginia did not move until May 24th, when Maryland was bound hand and foot to the Union by the overwhelming force of the army of occupation.

The general assembly of the State acted with the dignity and courage of a Roman senate. On the 10th of May, the State in the grip of the Federal army, the committee on Federal relations of the house of delegates, Severn Teakle Wallis, Esq., chairman, made a report that for exact statement, for force and for logic was excelled by no paper of that epoch. They said:

"Whereas, in the judgment of the General Assembly of Maryland, the war now waged by the government of the United States upon the people of the Confederate States is unconstitutional in its origin, purposes and conduct; repugnant to civilization and sound policy; subversive of the free principles upon which the Federal Union was founded, and certain to result in the hopeless and bloody overthrow of our existing institutions; and,

"Whereas, the people of Maryland, while recognizing the obligations of their State, as a member of the Union, to submit in good faith to the exercise of all the legal and constitutional powers of the general government, and to join as one man in fighting its authorized battles, do reverence, nevertheless, the great American principle of self-government, and sympathize deeply with their Southern brethren in their noble and manly determination to uphold and defend the same; and,

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"Whereas, not merely on their own account, and to turn from their own soil the calamities of civil war, but for the blessed sake of humanity and to arrest the wanton shedding of fraternal blood in a miserable contest which can bring nothing with it but sorrow, shame and desolation, the people of Maryland are enlisted with their whole hearts on the side of reconciliation and peace;

"Now, therefore, it is hereby resolved by the General Assembly of Maryland, that the State of Maryland owes it to her own self-respect and her respect for the Constitution, not less than her deepest and most honorable sympathies, to register this, her solemn protest, against the war which the Federal government has declared against the Confederate States of the South and our sister and neighbor, Virginia, and to announce her resolute determination to have no part or lot, directly or indirectly, in its prosecution.

"Resolved, That the State of Maryland earnestly and anxiously desires the restoration of peace between the belligerent sections of the country; and the President, authorities and people of the Confederate States having over and over, officially and unofficially, declared that they seek only peace and self-defense, and to be let alone, and that they are willing to throw down the sword the instant the sword now drawn against them shall be sheathed—

"The senators and delegates of Maryland do beseech and implore the President of the United States to accept the olive branch which is thus held out to him, and in the name of God and humanity to cease this unholy and most wretched and unprofitable strife, at least until the assembling of the Congress at Washington shall have given time for the prevalence of cool and better counsels.

" Resolved, That the State of Maryland desires the peaceful and immediate recognition of the independence of the Confederate States, and hereby gives her cordial consent thereto, as a member of the Union, entertaining the profound conviction that the willing return of the Southern people to their former Federal relations is a thing beyond hope, and that the attempt to coerce them will only add slaughter and hate to impossibility.

" Resolved, That the present military occupation of Maryland being for purpose which in the opinion of the legislature are in flagrant violation of the Constitution,

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the General Assembly of the State in the name of her people does hereby protest against the same and against the arbitrary restrictions and illegalities with which it is attended, calling upon all good citizens at the same time, in the most earnest and authoritative manner, to abstain from all violent and unlawful interference of every sort with the troops in transit through our territory, or quartered among us, and patiently and peacefully leave to time and reason the ultimate and certain re-establishment and vindication of the right.

"Resolved: That under existing circumstances it is inexpedient to call a Sovereign Convention of the State at this time, or to take any measures for the immediate organization or arming of the militia."

These resolutions passed the Senate, ayes 11, nays 3; House, ayes 43, nays 12. General Butler replied to this defiance by seizing Baltimore the very night these resolutions passed. He *acted*, they *resolved!* An equally significant incident had occurred in Baltimore just the week before. Judge William F. Giles, judge of the district court of the United States for the district of Maryland, issued the writ of habeas corpus on May 4th to Major Morris, commanding at Fort McHenry, commanding him to produce before the court without delay the body of John George Mullen, an enlisted soldier, one of the garrison of the fort who sought his discharge on the ground of minority. Under the law of the United States it was unlawful to enlist a minor under eighteen years of age in the military or naval service without the consent of his parent or guardian. Mullen alleged in his petition that he was under the lawful age and had been enlisted illegally. Major Morris neither produced the man nor made any response to the mandate of the writ; but on May 7th he addressed a letter to Judge Giles, in which he peremptorily refused to obey the writ. In this first trial of strength between law and arms, law became silent, as usual. On May 25th John Merryman, one of the first citizens of Baltimore county, was arrested at his home by a squad of soldiers and locked up in Fort

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McHenry. The next day Roger Brooke Taney, chief justice of the Supreme court of the United States, assigned to the fourth circuit, of which Maryland formed a part, issued the writ of habeas corpus to General Cadwallader, commanding at Fort McHenry, requiring him to produce the body of Merryman before the circuit court of the United States for the district of Maryland, at Baltimore, on Monday, May 27th. The chief justice issued the writ on Sunday! On Monday Colonel Lee, aide-de-camp to General Cadwallader, appeared in the court and said that General Cadwallader's other engagements prevented his appearing in person, but had sent him to express the general's regrets and read the chief justice a letter, which the aide proceeded to do. The general said that Merryman had been arrested for open and avowed hostility to the United States, and that he had been *authorized by the President of the United States to suspend the writ of habeas corpus* in such cases, which he had done. The chief justice ordered an attachment to issue against General Cadwallader and sent the marshal of the court to arrest the general and bring him before the Court. Upon the marshal's proceeding to Fort McHenry with a few deputy marshals he sent in his card and official designation through the sentry at the gate to the commanding officer. After a reasonable time the messenger came back with the message that there was no answer to the marshal's card and that he would not be permitted to enter the fort. The marshal made return of these facts to the court, and the chief justice directed the clerk to make an entry on the record of the court that the writ of habeas corpus having been disobeyed by General Cadwallader, an attachment for contempt had issued against him, which he had resisted, having a superior force at his command to any which the court or its marshal could control, and he subsequently filed his opinion in the case, in which he demonstrated beyond a cavil that the President of the United States has and can have no authority at

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any time, under any circumstances, to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and directed the entire record to be certified to the President of the United States for his information and action.

On the 14th of May the legislature adjourned, and Ross Winans, a member of the house of delegates from Baltimore City—the head of the firm of Ross Winans & Co., the greatest manufacturers of locomotive engines and railroad cars in the world—was arrested by General Butler at the Relay House on his way home. Ross Winans was not only a man of great wealth, one of the millionaires of the day, but he was a man whose moral character, whose genius, whose breadth of mind and greatness of heart, whose culture and whose courage would have made him distinguished in any country in the world. His arrest was intended to terrorize the State. It had the effect of rousing it like the long roll. The legislature, at its adjourned session of June 22d, declared that "The unconstitutional and arbitrary proceedings of the Federal executive have not been confined to the violation of the personal rights and liberties of the citizens of Maryland, but have been extended into every department of oppressive illegality, so that the property of no man is safe, the sanctity of no dwelling is respected, and the sacredness of private correspondence no longer exists; and,—

"Whereas, the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland, recognizing the obligations of the State, as far as in her lies, to protect and defend her people against usurped and arbitrary power, however difficult the fulfillment of that high obligation may be rendered by disastrous circumstances, feel it due to her dignity and independence that history should not record the overthrow of public freedom, for an instant, within her borders, without recording likewise the indignant expression of her resentment and remonstrance;

"Now, therefore, be it resolved, That the senate and house of delegates of Maryland, in the name and on behalf of the good people of the State, do accordingly

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register this their earnest and unqualified protest against the oppressive and tyrannical assertion and exercise of military jurisdiction within the limits of Maryland, over the persons and property of her citizens, by the government of the United States, and do solemnly declare the same to be subversive of the most sacred guarantees of the Constitution and in flagrant violation of the fundamental and most cherished principles of American free government."

The legislature of Maryland was composed of brave, high-minded and patriotic men, but it was dominated by the spirit of conservatism, which cannot understand how anything can be right which is unlawful, nor any process expedient or necessary which is illegal. The conservatives never could, never did understand that they were in the midst of a revolution. They stood by constitutional rights. They held on to the claim of constitutional guarantees—to habeas corpus—to trial by jury—to free speech—to law—until they and their constitutional guarantees were landed in Fort Lafayette or the military prisons in New York and Boston. They stood by their faith then and never ceased to protest that they could not be imprisoned without warrant, nor held without bail. They were right in doctrine, but they were imprisoned and held.

The minority party in the State, the party of action in the legislature, never hoped for the secession of the State after the delay of Virginia. After the 24th of May Maryland was a Federal garrison. But they did hope for action—a league offensive and defensive with Virginia, with all that that implied. They introduced into the legislature a bill to provide for a committee of safety to be elected by the legislature, to which should be committed the duty of defending the State and her people and to exercise all the powers of government. The bill appropriated $5,000,000 to be applied by the committee of safety for the defense of the State. The banks in Baltimore had raised $500,000 for the defense of the city

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in three hours, and the banks of the State would have supplied $5,000,000 for the defense of the State in a week. The plan of the projectors of the committee of safety was to arm the militia. They expected to equip forty thousand men as promptly as the Northern States had armed and equipped their volunteers, and they knew that Maryland volunteers would take arms as quickly as those of Massachusetts and Ohio. They did not propose to carry the State out of the Union, but they intended to arm their young men and command the peace in the State. When that failed, as fail they knew it would, the State would be represented by forty thousand armed and equipped volunteers who would carry her flag in the front line and would make her one of the Confederate States in fact, if not in name.

These were the intentions of Captain Johnson and men of his age in the legislature and in the State, and they were constant and ardent in pressing them in the general assembly. The Conservatives, however, preferred the processes of the law, and could not understand how force could decide questions of right. It would be better to bring trespass *quare clausum* against Butler at the Relay for digging trenches and piling up earthworks, to sue out injunctions against illegal arrests and a mandamus to make Cadwallader respect Taney's writ of habeas corpus!

The committee on Federal relations agreed on their report May 7th that it was inexpedient to take any steps toward the organization and arming of the militia, though it was not made until the 10th. But on the 8th Johnson and his company marched to Virginia. At the Point of Rocks he arranged with Capt. James Ashby to ride into Frederick, seize the governor and carry him off to Virginia and thus break up the State government and throw it into the hands of the legislature, who would be obliged to take charge during the interregnum. A notice to this effect was sent to the leaders in the

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legislature and they promptly dispatched T. Parkin Scott, member from Baltimore City, to Johnson, then on the Maryland Heights with the Maryland battalion, demanding that he cease his enterprises and let them alone. He obeyed them and they went to prison; while he went into the field.

The battalion at Harper's Ferry was helpless. Company A was the only company that pretended to be armed, and it carried Hall's carbines, which had been procured in Baltimore by its captain. This arm was the original breechloader manufactured at Harper's Ferry for the United States army, and was so inefficient that it was promptly condemned and discarded. Hence it was sold cheap to innocent militiamen. But the others didn't have even these worthless carbines. They had rushed off from home, fired by the enthusiasm of those days in Baltimore, had stolen rides on the cars or had walked to Point of Rocks and to Harper's Ferry where they were fed. Provisions were plenty, but they had no clothes, blankets, tents, cooking utensils—nothing that soldiers need and must have to be of any service. They had no government to appeal to for arms. In fact, they were outlaws from their own State government. They were too proud to go back home; stay and fight they would and must. All around them were warm-hearted comrades who shared their blankets with them at night and their rations by day. Unless something could be done to keep them together, unless they could be armed, equipped and legally organized, they must inevitably dissolve, be absorbed in surrounding commands, and thus Maryland lose her main hope and best chance to be represented by her own sons, bearing her flag in the army of the Confederate States.

At this crisis Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson came forward and offered to go to North Carolina and apply there for arms and equipment. She was the daughter of the Hon. Romulus M. Saunders, for a generation a lead-

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ing and distinguished member of Congress from North Carolina, and by appointment of Polk, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Spain, with a special mandate to purchase Cuba and pay one hundred millions for it. His young daughters were with him and were introduced to court and presented to the queen. There they became intimate with Eugenie de Montijo, countess de Teba, who afterward became empress of the French. Mrs. Johnson was then in the prime of her youth, handsome, graceful, accomplished. She had left her comfortable home in Frederick with her little boy, a lad five years old, to follow her husband. She now volunteered to serve him. She was the only hope of Maryland. Captain Johnson applied to Colonel Jackson for advice in this emergency. Jackson ordered that Mrs. Johnson be furnished with escort and transportation and that she start at once. On May 24, 1861, she left the camp of Companies A and B at the Point of Rocks, escorted by Capt. Wilson Carey Nicholas, Company G, and Second-Lieut. G. M. E. Shearen, Company A, to go to Raleigh via Richmond. At Leesburg they found that Alexandria had that day been occupied by the Federals and thus communication southward cut. Returning, she and her staff went up to Harper's Ferry and thence by Winchester and Strasburg and Manassas Junction to Richmond and Raleigh, where she arrived on the night of the 27th. The next morning, accompanied by her father and her escort, she applied to Gov. Thomas H. Ellis and the council of state for arms for her husband and his men. There were on that council some plain countrymen, in their home spun, but they bore hearts of gold. It was a picturesque incident. Here this elegant, graceful, refined young lady, whose family was known to every man of them, and to some of whom she was personally known—there the circle of grave, plain old men taking in every word she uttered, watching every movement. Her father, Judge Saun-

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ders, one of the most illustrious citizens of the State, as simple, direct, frank a gentleman as ever lived, had put his daughter forward to tell her plain story in the fewest and simplest words possible. She said: "Governor and gentlemen, I left my husband and his comrades in Virginia. They have left their homes in Maryland to fight for the South, but they have no arms, and I have come to my native State to beg my own people to help us. Give arms to my husband and his comrades, so that he can help you!"

"Madam," said one of the council, old, venerable and gray-haired, slapping his thigh with a resounding blow, —"Madam, you shall have everything that this State can give." And the order was made then and there, on the spot, at the instant, that she should be supplied with five hundred Mississippi rifles and ten thousand cartridges, with necessary equipments. This at the time when, in the language of the day, every cartridge was worth a dollar.

But her visit and her errand lighted the greatest enthusiasm among her fellow countrymen. The constitutional convention of North Carolina was then in session. It was the most illustrious body of Carolinians that ever assembled. The members of it called a meeting at night in the capitol, under the leadership of Hon. Weldon H. Edwards, president of the convention, Chief Justice Thomas Ruffin of the supreme court of the State, her father, Judge Saunders, and others. The meeting was held in the hall of the house of commons, was presided over by ex-Gov. Thomas S. Reid and was attended with great enthusiasm. The cause of the Marylanders was espoused with ardor, the meeting making a liberal contribution of money on the spot. Hon. Kenneth Raynor, ex-member of Congress, addressing the meeting, said:

"If great events produce great men—so in the scene before us we have proof that great events produce great

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women. It was one that partook more of the romance than of the realities of life. One of our own daughters, raised in the lap of luxury, blessed with the enjoyment of all the elements of elegance and ease, had quit her peaceful home, followed her husband to the camp, and leaving him in that camp, has come to the home of her childhood to seek aid for him and his comrades, not because he is her husband, but because he is fighting the battles of his country, against a tyrant."

He paid a high tribute to the patriotism and love of liberty which eminently characterized the people of Maryland. "They were fighting our battles," he said, "with halters round their necks."

On the 29th Mrs. Johnson left Raleigh with her escort and her arms, and her route was a continued ovation. At every town, at every station, the people had gathered to see the woman who was arming her husband's regiment, and they overwhelmed her with enthusiasm and hearty sympathy. At Petersburg a substantial sum of money was handed to her, and stopping at Richmond she procured from John Letcher, governor of Virginia, a supply of camp-kettles, hatchets, axes, etc., and with the money in her hands, ordered forty-one wall tents made at once. On the 31st of May she left Richmond with her arms, ammunition and supplies. At Manassas Beauregard gave her an order to take any train she might find necessary for transportation and to hold all trains subject to her orders. She rode in the freight car on her boxes of rifles. Companies A and B had during her absence been moved up to Harper's Ferry to unite with the rest of the command, and on June 3, 1861, after an absence of ten days from camp, she returned and delivered to her husband the results of her energy, devotion and enthusiasm. The following receipt from the chief of ordnance of Stonewall Jackson's command has probably no parallel in the history of war:

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"Received, Ordnance Department, Harper's Ferry, Va., June 3, 1861, of Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, Five Hundred Mississippi rifles (cal. 54) Ten Thousand cartridges and Thirty-five Hundred caps.

G. N. COCHRANE, Master of Ordnance."

Such an incident of courage, of heroism, of devotion and of enthusiasm thrilled that army through every rank and fiber. Colonel Jackson, then in command at Harper's Ferry, afterwards the world-famous "Stonewall," called on her, with his staff, and thanked her. The officers of the battalion in meeting:

"Resolved—That the thanks of the Maryland Line be tendered to Mrs. Captain Bradley T. Johnson for her earnest, patriotic and successful efforts in arming and equipping the Maryland Line.

"Resolved—That we, the officers, pledge ourselves and for our men that the arms she has obtained shall at the close of the war be returned to the State of North Carolina, without stain or dishonor.

"Resolved—That these resolutions be signed by the officers of the meeting and presented to Mrs. Johnson.

JAMES R. HERBERT, President.
I. G. W. HARRIOTT, Secretary."

She forthwith returned to Richmond for clothes and the tents. She secured cloth for uniforms, by permission of Governor Letcher, by purchasing it from the mills where it was manufactured for the State of Virginia, and she paid for making it up into uniforms. Shoes, blankets and underclothes were supplied by Col. Larkin Smith, quartermaster-general; and the tents had been ordered on her way back from North Carolina. On June 29th she started back for camp with forty-one tents, and uniforms, underclothes and shoes for five hundred men. She had paid out ten thousand dollars, the contribution of enthusiastic North Carolinians and Virginians.

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CHAPTER IV.

MARYLANDERS ENLIST, AND ORGANIZE TO DEFEND VIRGINIA AND THE CONFEDERACY.

WHILE these events were occurring at Harper's Ferry, considerable numbers of Marylanders were rendezvousing at Richmond. The enrolled men commanded by Colonel Trimble, called out by the board of police commissioners, were drilled in a more or less efficient way in Baltimore, until the meeting of the legislature at Frederick, when they were disbanded. Johnson's company, at the same time, having left Frederick and gone to the Point of Rocks, furnished the nucleus around which gathered the men thus dismissed by the police authorities. They formed the eight companies mustered into the service of the Confederate States by Lieutenant-Colonel George Deas. But the volunteer companies, the Baltimore City Guard, the Maryland Guard, the Independent Grays, were as well instructed, as well officered as any American volunteers ever are, and some of them had historical reputations to maintain, for their companies had fought at North Point. They, therefore, regarded themselves as superior to the undrilled crowd that Captain Johnson was "licking into shape at Harper's Ferry," as they put it, and proceeded to Richmond, where they at once put themselves in accord with the Virginia authorities. Marylanders were to be embodied into three regiments, armed and mustered into the service of Virginia, who was to adopt them. In carrying out this plan Governor Letcher issued commissions to Francis Q. Thomas, ex-captain United States army, as colonel of the First; to Bradley T. Johnson as lieutenant-colonel of the Second, and to Alden

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Weston, major of the Third. It was in the plan to consolidate these three into one if they failed to fill up into full regiments. Captain Johnson promptly declined the commission sent him by Governor Letcher, refusing to enter the military service of Virginia on the distinct ground that Maryland must be represented by Maryland regiments, and for Marylanders to accept service under Virginia would be to sacrifice the rights of the State to the services of her own sons. It was their duty, he believed, to give their own State the benefit of their service and of such reputation as they might be fortunate enough to win. Following this line of duty, he had caused the eight Harper's Ferry companies to be mustered into the army of the Confederate States, and he urged by every means in his power the consolidation of all Marylanders into the Maryland Line. This proved to be utterly impracticable. They were all volunteers; away from home there was no State sentiment, no home opinion to direct or control their conduct, and they selected their associates and comrades from contiguity, from friendship and from relationship. Men of Maryland descent were scattered all over the Confederacy, and thousands of young men who got through the lines sought out their relations and kinsmen in nearly every regiment of the army. The Maryland Line was the ideal of Lieut.-Col. George H. Steuart and of Maj. Bradley T. Johnson, and for two years they labored to collect the Marylanders. All influences from home were directed to the same end. The flag, made in Baltimore and brought over by Hetty Carey, was inscribed "First Regiment Maryland Line." But not until 1863 was any considerable force embodied under that name.

In the early summer of 1861 the way to Virginia was open and thousands of ardent youth left home and friends to fight for the South. In a few months, however, Maryland was hermetically sealed. Her bays were patrolled by gun boats, her rivers were picketed, and a

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barrier of bayonets sought to keep back the current of sympathy that day and night flowed to the South. All over the State, the women, irrepressible as ever in times of excitement, flaunted the Confederate red and white in the faces of the army of occupation. The babies wore red and white socks, the girls red and white ribbons—with red and white bouquets at their girdles and on their hearts, the young lads red and white cravats. The larger boys were sent South by their mothers, sisters and sweethearts. Regular lines of communication were established, with stations and pass words and signs for the "underground," as it was called. They made their way by steamer down to the Patuxent—on to the eastern shore. They bought, "borrowed" or "captured" small boats, sail or with oars, and they put out in the darkness over the waters to find the way to Dixie. The gun boats searched bay and inlet with their strong lights and their small boats. Sometimes they caught the emigrés and more frequently they did not. When they did the Old Capitol and Point Lookout military prisons were the swift doom of the unfortunates, where they languished for months, half clad and nearly starved. This blockade running went on over the Potomac from the Chesapeake to the District of Columbia, right under the surveillance of the Federal authorities. When the watch became too vigilant and the pickets too close along the rivers, the Marylanders made their way up through the western part of the State, where the sentiment was generally Union, and forded the river from Hancock up to the mountains. Working through the mountains of West Virginia, through the perils of the bushwhackers and Union men, ten thousand times worse than from Union pickets, they made their way, ragged, barefoot, starving, down to some camp in the valley of Virginia, where they were welcomed with warm hearts and open hands. During all that time the condition of the Southern people of Maryland was like that of the Cavaliers during the Puritan domination in

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England. They were tied to home by a thousand imperative duties, but their hearts were "over the water with Charlie." Every Southern family had a son over there. Every Southern woman, young or old, had her heart there with lover or brother or son. There were few husbands, for the enlisted Marylanders were generally youths unmarried. The field officers, Elzey, Steuart and Johnson, were the only married officers of the First Maryland regiment.

Social life in Baltimore was almost obliterated. Spies, male and female, of all social ranks, permeated everything. You could not tell whether the servant behind your chair at dinner, or the lady by your side, whom you had taken to the table, were not in the employ of the Federal provost-marshal. But force never compels ideas, and hearts are beyond the power of bayonets. During all that period, when nurses were arrested because the babies in their arms wore red and white socks, when young ladies were marched to the guard-house because they crossed the street rather than pass under the Union flag suspended over it as sign and proof of domination — during all that red time communication with Richmond was incessant and reliable. Word would be passed by a nod on the street, by a motion of the hand, and time and place given in a breath. And in one of the parlors of one of the greatest houses of the town, blazing with every luxury that wealth and culture could buy, one or two score beautiful women would meet, doors and windows sealed, to see the messenger and to hear the news "from Dixie." Every story of a Maryland boy who had died in battle for the right, every exploit of a Marylander that had thrilled the army, every achievement of the First Regiment of the Line, was recited and repeated and gone over, until human nature could stand no more, and "In Dixie's land I'll take my stand, and live and die for Dixie" would burst from the throng and make indistinct vibrations on the outer air. At

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one of these mystic meetings of the faithful at the Winns house, on Monument street, the messenger produced James R. Randall's grand war song—"My Maryland." It was read aloud and reread until sobs and inarticulate moans choked utterance. Hetty Carey was then in the prime of her first youth, with a perfect figure, exquisite complexion, the hair that Titian loved to paint, a brilliant intellect, grace personified, and a disposition the most charming—she was the most beautiful woman of the day and perhaps the most beautiful that Maryland has ever produced. Her sister, Jenny Carey, was next to her in everything, but Hetty Carey had no peer. While this little coterie of beautiful women were throbbing over Randall's heroic lines, Hetty Carey said: "That must be sung. Jenny, get an air for it!" and Jenny at the piano struck the chorus of the college song, "Gaudeamus igitur," and the great war anthem, "Maryland, My Maryland," was born into the world. It went through the city like fire in the dry grass. The boys beat it on their toy drums, the children shrilled it at their play, and for a week all the power of the provost-marshal and the garrison and the detectives could not still the refrain—

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!"

for it was in the hearts of the people and it was true!

The rendezvous of the drilled volunteers produced three crack companies under Capt. E. R. Dorsey, Baltimore City Guards; Capt. Wm. H. Murray, Maryland Guards, and Capt. J. Lyle Clarke, Independent Grays. And soon after was organized another company under Capt. Michael Stone Robertson, of Charles county, whose company came from the counties of St. Mary's, Calvert and Charles. These Richmond companies were mustered into the service of Virginia, May 17th and 18th and June 17th. Captain Clarke elected to take his company

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into the Twenty-first Virginia regiment. It served its year with great eclat and was the crack company of that part of the army. The other three were united to the battalion at Harper's Ferry. Virginia troops had by that time been taken *en masse* into the army of the Confederacy. That battalion was reorganized into six companies, so as to equalize them above the minimum required by the law of the Confederacy, and thus the First Maryland regiment was formed, with Capt. Arnold Elzey, late United States artillery, as colonel; Capt. George H. Steuart, late United States cavalry, as lieutenant-colonel, and Bradley T. Johnson as major. It consisted of 500 men armed with Mrs. Johnson's rifles, calibre 54, and 220 men (the three Richmond companies) with Springfield muskets and bayonets. The drill and style of the Richmond companies set the standard for the rest, and during their whole service there never was anything but the most devoted comradeship and the most generous feeling. The only rivalry was "Who shall get there first!"

Soon afterward Capt. R. Snowden Andrews mustered into Confederate service his battery, which during the next four years won undying fame on a hundred fields as the First Maryland artillery. Next came the Baltimore light artillery, known later as the Second Maryland, Capt. John B. Brockenbrough. The Latrobe artillery, Third Maryland, Capt. Henry B. Latrobe; and the Chesapeake, Fourth Maryland, Capt. William Brown, were organized and mustered into the service early in 1862 and served with distinction, the Third Maryland in the army of the Southwest with Johnston and Kirby Smith, and the Fourth Maryland in the army of Northern Virginia. Capt. George R. Gaither brought to Virginia a part of the Howard Dragoons, a troop of which he had been captain in Howard county, with horses, arms and accoutrements, and mustered them into the First Virginia cavalry, Col. J. E. B. Stuart, as

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Company K of that élite corps. A troop of cavalry composed of Marylanders was mustered into the Sixth Virginia under Capt. J. Sturgis Davis. Subsequently five troops of Marylanders were collected under Davis and were known as the Davis Battalion, of which he was commissioned major. Capt. Elijah V. White, of Montgomery county, organized a dashing troop of Marylanders as escort and headquarters guard for General Ewell, which was afterwards enlarged into the Thirty-fifth Virginia battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Col. "Lije" White. It was a Maryland command. Harry Gilmor in the valley of Virginia in 1863-64 collected a number of Marylanders into troops and formed a battalion known as the Second Maryland, or Gilmor's battalion, of which he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel. He and they operated in the valley of Virginia and rivaled Mosby by their daring exploits behind the enemy's lines and against his supply trains; and in the lower valley, operating against and breaking the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, occupied and kept employed a large body of the enemy's infantry and cavalry from Harper's Ferry to the Ohio river. In December, 1860, South Carolina had sent a recruiting officer to Baltimore, and he enlisted there and sent to Charleston five hundred men who were placed in the Lucas battalion of artillery and Rhett's First South Carolina artillery. They served with fidelity, gallantry and distinction in the defense of Fort Sumter, for a large part of the garrison of that fortress during its bombardment were Marylanders.

During the autumn of 1862 seven troops of Marylanders were collected under Lieut.-Col. Ridgely Brown, from Montgomery county, as the First Maryland cavalry. When the First regiment was mustered out of service August 12, 1862, on account of its depleted ranks, which had been worn threadbare by Jackson's Valley campaign and the Seven Days battles, the men who were mustered out were largely collected by Captains Her-

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bert, Murray and Goldsborough, who formed three new companies, which with others formed the Second Maryland infantry battalion, of which Herbert became lieutenant-colonel commanding, and Goldsborough major. The Second Maryland was officered by trained and experienced soldiers. Almost every one of its captains had seen more than one year's service in the army of northern Virginia, and its field officers had been among the brightest captains in the "Old First," as the First regiment was always designated in the hearts and words of its old members. The Second Maryland infantry and the First Maryland cavalry were in the valley of Virginia about Harrisonburg in the winter of 1862 and 1863. Co. F of the cavalry was recruited by three rich young Baltimoreans—Augustus F. Schwartz, captain; C. Irving Ditty, first lieutenant, and Fielder C. Slinghoff, second lieutenant. They furnished uniforms, horses, accoutrements and arms for their company at an immense expense, for everything except horses had to be smuggled through the blockade from Baltimore.

In January, 1862, Elzey and the field officers of the First having been promoted at First Manassas, July 21, 1861, Colonel Steuart, while on leave at Richmond, procured an order to be issued by the adjutant-general of the Confederate States, that all Marylanders on application to the adjutant-general would be transferred to the Maryland Line, then consisting of the First regiment, in the army of the Potomac under Joe Johnston at Manassas. This measure resulted in no practical, good result. The Marylanders were generally quick, bright, valuable young fellows, and commanding officers were not willing to part with them. Many were taken on the staff, commissioned and non-commissioned, at division, brigade and regimental headquarters, and when one did apply in writing for a transfer, his paper was pigeon-holed and lost on its way up to the adjutant-general. The order added very few men to the Maryland Line.

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CHAPTER V.

MARYLANDERS IN THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1861.

WHEN Virginia became one of the Confederate States by the vote of her people, May 24, 1861, the Confederate government, Mr. Jefferson Davis being President, removed to Richmond from Montgomery, Ala., and assumed the charge of military operations all over the Confederacy. The fixed idea of President Davis was that the first necessity was to save the Confederate States from invasion; for invasion, he argued, would demoralize the negro population and make inefficient the labor of the South behind the armies, which must rely on slave labor for food and clothes. Therefore the Confederate government undertook to cover the entire front, from the Chesapeake bay to the western frontier. In carrying out this strategy, armies were collected in Virginia at Norfolk; at Aquia Creek on the Potomac; at Manassas Junction, thirty miles from Alexandria; at Harper's Ferry, the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac and the mouth or entrance of the valley of Virginia; and at Grafton, west of the mountains on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. At Harper's Ferry the Potomac and Shenandoah break through the Blue Ridge and form a gorge of surpassing grandeur and picturesqueness. Mr. Jefferson once said in his notes of Virginia that the view from Loudoun heights on the Virginia side was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. The Virginians never got over it. Harper's Ferry was Thermopylæ and Mont Blanc combined. It was an impregnable fortress of nature. John Brown agreed with them—about the only thing he did agree with them about—and seized Harper's Ferry as the base of his

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proposed negro insurrection in 1859. So the very first step taken in Virginia, after secession was agreed to, was the seizure of Harper's Ferry. Governor Letcher ordered the volunteers of the valley there within five hours after the convention passed the ordinance of secession on April 17th, and about dusk on the 18th, the Second Virginia regiment, Colonel Allen, with several detached companies and with James Ashby's and Welby Carter's troops of cavalry from Fauquier and Loudoun, took possession of the place, with its workshops and machinery. The Union officer that was posted there as the regular guard with a detachment of half a hundred infantry, retired after having set fire to the armory, where a large number of muskets were stored, and to the storehouses and machine shops. The Virginians got in in time to save most of the buildings and the machinery, and a large lot of gunstocks was afterwards shipped to Fayetteville, N. C., for the Confederate armory at that place.

Col. Thomas J. Jackson, a professor of the Virginia military institute, was assigned to command the post, which the Virginia authorities considered the one of greatest importance, responsibility and danger; for it was to protect the valley of Virginia from the Potomac to the North Carolina and Tennessee line. Virginia troops were poured into the place. Captain Johnson, as we have seen, procured from Colonel Jackson permission to rendezvous the Marylanders there and at the Point of Rocks, and by June 1st had collected about five hundred men. As soon as Virginia had joined the Confederacy, President Davis, equally impressed with the value and importance of this Thermopylæ, assigned to command it Gen. Joseph Eggleston Johnston, the second in rank of the generals of the Confederate army. Johnston ranked next to Lee, but was his equal in experience in war. He was a Virginian by birth and blood, and knew all about the Virginia fetish about Harper's Ferry.

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While the President was pouring troops from Arkansas, from Mississippi, from Alabama, from South Carolina, into Harper's Ferry, Johnston knew that it was a trap, a deadfall, for the soldier who attempted to hold it. It was commanded on the east by the Maryland heights beyond the Potomac, and on the south by heights on the other side of the Shenandoah.

The Confederate States government was then offering every inducement for Maryland to join it. It exempted Maryland from its declaration of war against the United States, and it was tender of her territory and her feelings. When, therefore, Johnston saw the absolute necessity of holding Maryland heights, he saved the invasion of Maryland by sending Marylanders to occupy the position. He ordered Captain Johnson with his eight companies, and Col. Blanton Duncan with his First Kentucky regiment, to take the Maryland heights, fortify and hold them. They did so while Johnston strained every nerve to strip Harper's Ferry of everything that could be made of use to the Confederacy. By June 15th he had cleared out the place, brought the Marylanders and the Kentuckians from the mountains and evacuated Harper's Ferry. A large Federal army had been collected at Chambersburg, Pa., thirty miles to the north of Johnston, under command of Major-General Patterson. For several days Patterson had given signs of restlessness unmistakable to an old soldier of Johnston's caliber, and the very day Johnston moved out of Harper's Ferry, Patterson marched south from Chambersburg. The former moved to Charlestown, Va., the latter to Hagerstown, Md. On June 17th, Patterson crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and Johnston went into line of battle at Bunker Hill, a place halfway between Martinsburg and Winchester. The Confederates were delighted at the prospects of another battle of Bunker Hill on the 17th of June. But a large portion of Patterson's army were sixty-day men, and when their

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time expired they marched home, General Patterson and the remnant of his troops following in such temper as they might to the Maryland side. Patterson having re-crossed the Potomac, Johnston fell back to Winchester, where he proceeded to organize his incongruous troops into brigades and divisions. One brigade, the Fourth, was formed of the First Maryland, the Tenth and the Thirteenth Virginia and the Third Tennessee, and Col. Arnold Elzey of the First Maryland was assigned to command it. The Fourth and Third brigades constituted a division under the command of Brig.-Gen. E. Kirby Smith. The field officers of the First Maryland were commissioned to date from June 17, 1861. The first duty the regiment was set to perform under its new field officers was on the day after the arrival at Winchester. On June 19th, Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart was directed to return to Harper's Ferry by railroad train and complete the destruction of the shops and Federal property left on the evacuation of the 15th. This duty Colonel Steuart executed with great intelligence. Instead of burning up a great magazine of seasoned and shaped gunstocks, which he found abandoned, he loaded the whole outfit on a train of cars and hauled them back with his command to Winchester. The service was so valuable and so exceedingly sensible that the commanding general rewarded it with a special order of approbation. Steuart and the Marylanders enjoyed the unique distinction of being probably the only command that was ever decorated by a special order for *disobedience of orders*. General Johnston had sent them on this detail with distinct and positive orders to burn everything burnable. They brought off a train-load of most valuable plunder, and the commanding general honored them thus:

"Headquarters, Winchester, June 22, 1861.
Special Order.

The commanding general thanks Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart and the Maryland regiment for the faithful and

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exact manner in which they carried out his orders of the 19th instant at Harper's Ferry.

He is glad to learn that owing to their discipline, no private property was injured, and no unoffending citizen disturbed. The soldierly qualities of the Maryland regiment will not be forgotten in the day of action.

By order of Gen. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON."

The Confederate strategy in the early part of 1861 was to hold armies, or army corps, within supporting distance of each other along the exposed frontier of Virginia. If one army was attacked the corps to the right and left of it was to move promptly to its assistance. Patterson, after retiring beyond the Potomac, was heavily reinforced and recrossed the river, threatening Johnston at Winchester. Johnston, on the other hand, covered his front so thoroughly with cavalry patrols and pickets as to interpose an impenetrable veil between Patterson and himself.

On July 18, 1861, General McDowell moved out of Alexandria on Beauregard at Fairfax Court House. Beauregard retired behind Bull Run. McDowell on the 19th made a heavy reconnoissance in force and found Beauregard's position. The latter called on Johnston for help. He left Winchester in the morning of the 18th and marched to Piedmont, on the Manassas Gap railroad, whence his troops were hurried by rail to Manassas Junction. In the meantime McDowell had thrown his right around Beauregard's left, turned his position, and at daylight of the 21st attacked him, driving everything before him as he marched down the right bank of Bull Run. By midday the Confederates were in retreat, their line broken and their position forced. About noon, the Fourth brigade, Colonel Elzey, arrived at the junction of the Manassas Gap and Orange & Alexandria railroads. The command was at once disembarked. McDowell's heavy guns were pounding away toward the east, the first hostile fire the men had ever heard. They were formed: First Maryland on the right, Third Ten-

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nessee, Tenth Virginia, Thirteenth Virginia. By the time they were ready to move, Kirby Smith rode up in a strain of tense excitement. He assumed charge of the brigade. The other part of his division was not up—"The watchword is Sumter, the signal is this," throwing his right hand to his forehead, palm outwards. "Go where the fire is hottest; forward march!"

The excitement of the first fight, the growing fire, the spreading volleys, braced up the men. At the order "double-quick" they struck out in a trot, down by the junction, past the cluster of huts and houses, thence straight as the crow flies toward "where the fire was hottest." After a run of a few miles the column was halted to breathe and load. Then on again. Wounded men coming back cried, "Go back. We are all cut to pieces. Go back. You'll all get killed!" But the Fourth brigade kept steadily on. As it passed a clump of pines on the right, a sharp volley from a squad of the Brooklyn Zouaves knocked General Smith over the neck of his horse and Elzey resumed command. By that time the day had advanced to three or four o'clock. The field was dotted with retreating men, hurrying ambulances, flying wagons. Just to the right was a squad of cavalry. A shell burst over them and the cavalry scattered. Running over two lines lying in ranks on the ground, still Elzey pressed on to the left. Entering a wood, beyond which was heavy musketry firing, he formed line of battle. Smith at Manassas had detached A. P. Hill with the Thirteenth Virginia to hold one of the fords of Bull Run. With three regiments remaining Elzey pressed straight to the front. Getting nearly through the wood, he halted inside the edge of it. In front were a branch and a worm fence; beyond it an open field gently rising for four hundred yards into a considerable elevation. On the ridge stood a line of battle. Uniforms were no designation, as the line showed no colors. Cried Elzey to his aide-de-camp, Charles Couter, of Prince George's,

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Maryland: "Couter, give me a glass—give me a glass, quick." Just at that instant the breeze blew out the flag on the hill. It was the stars and stripes. "Fire!" cried Elzey, and the whole line delivered its volley. "Charge!" he shouted. The Marylanders had six companies of Mississippi rifles and three companies of bayonets. But over the fence the whole line went with a yell—up the hill—through the Yankee line, or rather where it had been. It had gone, dissolved into mist. Elzey pressed right on. He was behind McDowell's right and he never stopped to draw breath. The whole Union line crumpled up, and First Manassas was won. As the Maryland colonel rode proudly down on the right of his line, Beauregard dashed up, filled with enthusiasm—"Hail! Elzey, Blucher of the day!" and in a moment President Davis came up with General Johnston. "*General Elzey*, I congratulate you," said the man who made generals. Elzey was promoted brigadier-general, Steuart colonel, Johnson lieutenant-colonel, and E. R. Dorsey, captain Company C, major—all to date from July 21st, the day of the great victory.

The First Maryland was pushed on in pursuit of the rout over the Stone bridge and along the turnpike until dark, and then hastily recalled to Blackburn's ford to meet an apprehended attack. Next, moving at daylight, it went out with the First Virginia cavalry under Col. J. E. B. Stuart to Fairfax Court House, when, for the first time, the extent of the disaster to the Union army was understood and appreciated. During the night of the 21st no one had any idea of the ruin and rout that overwhelmed the enemy. On the march of the 22nd, J. E. B. Stuart, an Indian fighter, could not believe his eyes, nor the reports his scouts brought him. The roads, the woods, the fields were filled with inconceivable débris—overturned carriages, ambulances, artillery limbers, lunch baskets, champagne, even gold pieces were found, and Stuart suspected it was a ruse to lure him into an

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ambush. As the morning wore on, however, the thing became too plain to doubt, and Fairfax Court House settled it. The court house and yard were packed full of new tents, new overcoats, new uniforms. The infantry went into camp, and cavalry scouts pursued their way down to the suburbs of Alexandria, and by night Stuart reported to Johnston and Beauregard that there was no organized force south of the Potomac.

This is no place to discuss the reasons why the Confederates did not take Washington on the 23rd of July, 1861. Two days' march would have brought them to the Long Bridge, J. E. B. Stuart could have occupied it by noon of the 22nd, and the army could have marched comfortably over it. It is easy to see all this now. It was not so apparent on the 22nd of July. The Fourth brigade, Colonel Elzey, reached the Court House the afternoon of the 22nd, where the First Maryland had preceded them, and the command went into camp at Fairfax Station, a few miles distant.

The whole army passed the rest of the summer in drills, in marches, in sudden alarms, in being instructed in the duties of a soldier—first and most important of which is to know how to make bread. Bad cooking that summer killed more than Yankee bullets. But the Marylanders were full of spirit. They sang, they yelled, they shouted, they romped like a pack of schoolboys, and they were pets in the army. If a quick march was to be made, the Marylanders were sent on it. If a surprise was planned by J. E. B. Stuart and the cavalry, the Maryland regiment was ordered to support him, and to this day the survivors remember an eighteen-mile march through the rain and mud to catch a regiment of Yankee cavalry at Pohick Church, which had strayed that far into the woods and which Stuart proposed "to lose" with the help of the First Maryland. They mustered seven hundred and twenty rifles and muskets. Their uniform was a French kepi (a little gray cap), a natty gray round-

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about, collar and sleeves bound with black braid, and a similar stripe down the gray trousers. They were all boys The age of the First Maryland rank and file would not have averaged nineteen, nor their height over five feet eight, nor their weight above one hundred and thirty-five pounds. They were generally beardless boys, with the spirits, the enthusiasm, the devotion of boys. A large per cent were gentlemen by birth and culture. All were gentlemen at heart and principle. Exiles from home, volunteers to help a friend, staking life for love, they must of necessity have been impressed with an ardent sentimentality and a devotion beyond the ordinary standard of humanity. Around the camp-fires, on the lonely picket, on the march, what recollections of home did they not carry with them, the lengthening chain that time nor distance ever breaks. During the summer they became well drilled. They believed they were the best drilled corps in the army—in either army—in any army for that matter, for the Marylander never loses anything by diffidence or self-depreciation. He always thinks as well of himself as any one ever thinks of him. Beauregard said they marched like Frenchmen. This set them up; but more knowledge would have restrained their self-conceit, for no Frenchmen have ever marched or moved as brightly as they did. Beauregard's compliment was to his own people, not to ours.

Joseph E. Johnston's wife was a Maryland woman, and he, tough old soldier as he was, had a tender spot in his heart for Marylanders, and whenever they passed him at review or on the march, he always had a pleasant word to say about them. It is due to the truth of history to say that during the summer and fall of 1861 the first Maryland regiment became as conceited a set of young blades as ever faced a battery or charged a line of battle.

Variety is a virtue in a soldier. Beauregard wanted a line of Yankee posts along the Potomac overlooking Alexandria seized. It required dash, quickness, unfailing

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nerve. J. E. B. Stuart and some troops of cavalry and the First Maryland were sent to do it. Of course they did it, and for a month or two they watched the dome of the Capitol and the marchings up and down of McClellan, in front of Alexandria. Peaches were ripe. They liked peaches. The Yanks held a fine peach orchard in front, so they drove them out, and ate their peaches. The Yanks had some fine beef cattle. The Marylanders drove in their pickets, went inside their lines and got their cattle out and ate them. There was also an assortment of sows and little pigs over there. They went over and got them and had roast pig. In August and September roasting ears are very fine, but require selection to get the tender kind. Just beyond Mason's hill, between the lines, was a cornfield of probably an hundred acres. The Federals held one side, the Marylanders the other, and every morning when the foragers started out to find chickens, ducks, tomatoes, for their messes, the whole command would turn out, deploy themselves as skirmishers, sweep the cornfield, drive in the gentlemen in blue, and pick their roasting ears at their ease. The picket at Munson's and Mason's hills was a picnic, and when their tour of duty—three days—was out, they would petition to be allowed to take the place of their relief and serve double time. Such a curious request was always granted. But the service was good for them. It taught them alertness, promptness, obedience and coolness, for their little skirmishes were not always bloodless and always were spliced with danger. On a dash on Munson's hill—a mile from their post at Mason's—they struck a more obstinate antagonist than usual, who killed Fountain, of Company I, and wounded Hugh Mitchell, first lieutenant of the same company, like Achilles in the heel, and lamed him for life. But the Marylanders, like Colonel Washington at Fort Necessity, thought "there is something charming in the sound of a bullet," and they delighted in that daily music.

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After the seizure of Maryland by the Union troops, the process of manacling her went on with celerity and efficiently. A Union regiment, the First Maryland, was recruited with John R. Kenly as colonel. Colonel Kenly had been major of the Maryland-District of Columbia battalion in the Mexican war, and had served with honor to himself, his command and to his State. At Monterey, where Colonel Watson commanding was killed, Major Kenly brought out the shattered remnants of the battalion with great coolness and courage, and no man of his rank came out of that war with more reputation than Major Kenly. He had experience, he had gallantry, he had ability, and he was devoted to the Union. But with this devotion he was above narrow bigotry, which refuses to recognize sincerity, honesty, or unselfishness in his opponent. With a heart absolutely devoid of self-seeking, ignorant of dishonor, or dishonesty, Colonel Kenly furnished as pure a character and as high a type of patriotism as served on either side in that war. He believed it his duty to stand by the Union. He did so like a soldier, like a man of honor, like a patriot, but no act of his ever stained his career, and he left no spot on his escutcheon. He was truly "without fear and without stain." But in pressing the policy initiated by Ben Butler toward Maryland, the Federal authorities promptly carried out the latter's ideas. The "State" of Maryland, where religious liberty and free thought were born in this world, was converted by a general order from headquarters at Washington into "the Department of Annapolis" and Gen. N. P. Banks was assigned to command it vice Cadwallader, relieved, with headquarters at Baltimore. Banks assumed command on June 10th. On the 27th he arrested George P. Kane, marshal of police, and confined him in Fort McHenry.

The police commissioners "protested" against this violation of law, and Banks arrested them and sent them to join Kane. They sent a memorial to Congress and Congress laid it on the table. They applied to the Presi-

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dent, and Banks put them on a steamer July 28th and sent them to Fort Lafayette in the harbor of New York. On August 6th Judge Garrison, of a State court in Brooklyn, issued his habeas corpus to Colonel Burke, then commandant of the fort, to produce them in court. Colonel Burke defied the writ, under the orders of Lieutenant-General Scott. Attachment for contempt was then issued against him, and he snapped his fingers at that and booted the marshal out of his presence. Judge Garrison dismissed the proceedings, "submitting to inevitable necessity." So habeas corpus was suspended in the loyal State of New York as well as in the "Department of Annapolis." General Banks appointed Col. John R. Kenly marshal of police, who promptly assumed command of the force in the city of Baltimore, the Union thus assuming control of a city police. The Congress subsequently appropriated money to pay their wages.

On August 7th the legislature passed more eloquent resolutions, protesting against the unconstitutional and illegal acts of President Lincoln, but they are not worth the room it would take to record them. The time for "protests" was past, if it ever had existed, and as the scolding of the Maryland legislature became annoying to the authorities, they determined to suppress the one and thus silence the other. On September 12, 1861, Major-General Dix, commanding in Baltimore, ordered the arrest of the members of the legislature from Baltimore City and the mayor and other obnoxious persons who annoyed him with talk, to-wit: George William Brown, Coleman Yellott, Senator Stephen P. Dennis, Charles H. Pitts, Andrew A. Lynch, Lawrence Langston, H. M. Morfit, Ross Winans, J. Hanson Thomas, W. G. Harrison, John C. Brune, Robert M. Denison, Leonard D. Quinlan, Thomas W. Renshaw, Henry May, member of Congress from the Fourth congressional district, Frank Key Howard, editor of the "Baltimore Exchange," and Thomas W. Hall, editor of the "South." The arrests were made with great secrecy, and it was

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intended to send them to the Dry Tortugas, but there being no steamer fit for the voyage in Hampton Roads, they were dispatched to Fort Warren in Boston harbor. Liberty of the press as well as free speech had gone after the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus.

On the 11th of September Simon Cameron, secretary of war, had issued an order to General Banks that the passage of an ordinance of secession by the legislature, which was to assemble at Frederick on September 17th, must be prevented, even if the arrest of the legislature was necessary to accomplish this end. Maj.-Gen. George B. McClellan, then commanding the army of the Potomac, issued his order to General Banks to have everything prepared to arrest the whole party when they assembled. General Banks sent his aide, R. Morris Copeland, to attend to this business, and he accomplished it very successfully, "greatly assisted by several citizens of the place," says the chronicler. Both houses were called to order on the 17th, at 1 p. m., but no quorum appearing, they adjourned until the next day. The climate of Frederick was disagreeable to many of the protesters at that particular season. But Major Copeland was equal to the emergency. He closely picketed the town and held everybody in who was in, and took everybody in who wanted to go out. On the 18th he arrested Milton Y. Kidd, the chief clerk of the house, and his assistant, Thomas H. Moore; William Kilgour, secretary of the senate, and his assistant, L. P. Carmark, and John M. Brewer, reading clerk of the senate, and William E. Salmon, Elbridge G. Kilbourne, Thomas J. Claggett, Philip F. Raisin, Andrew Kessler, Josiah H. Gordon, James W. Maxwell, R. C. McCubbin, George W. Landing, Dr. Bernard Mills, William R. Miller, Clark J. Durant, John I. Heckart and J. Lawrence Jones, members of the house; E. Riley, printer of the house and editor of the "Annapolis Republican," and a number of citizens of Frederick pointed out by the "citizens of the place who were greatly assisting."

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CHAPTER VI.

MARYLANDERS IN 1862 UNDER GENERALS JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON AND STONEWALL JACKSON.

IN November, 1861, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then in command of the Confederate army of the Potomac, withdrew from the posts of Mason's and Munson's Hills, established by Beauregard, having information that McClellan was about to sweep them in. Beauregard had established a capital secret service, and his spies in Washington, in the departments and in McClellan's headquarters, kept his headquarters perfectly advised of the intentions of General McClellan. They had reported in time McDowell's projected movement on Bull Run, which resulted in the first battle of Manassas. In November Johnston withdrew from the line of Fairfax Court House to Centreville, in front of Bull Run, and in a month fell back to Bull Run, where he put his troops in camp for the winter. He made his men cover themselves in log huts, which were comfortable, but too warm and ill-ventilated for troops in the field.

During all this period the Marylanders furnished a singular exception to the rest of the army. The soldiers in the Southern regiments were suffering from mumps, measles and whooping cough, which became epidemic with them; the Thirteenth North Carolina, for instance, which came up after the battle of Manassas thirteen hundred rank and file for duty, became so reduced by these diseases that it could not parade enough men for camp guard, and was sent to the mountains to recruit its sick. But the First Maryland had none of these diseases. It lost a few men, not ten in all, by typhoid fever, but it was exempt from the numerous complaints that afflicted

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the troops from further south. Its camp was established on Bull Run just above Union Mills, and it served during the winter with the other regiments of the Fourth brigade, the Tenth and Thirteenth Virginia and the Third Tennessee, picketing the front from Wolf Run Shoals by Burke's Station up toward Fairfax Court House. It was hard service. The men were taken out of warm huts and sent on tours of three days' duty in the open fields or in the woods without shelter Their huts had been occupied during their absence and they never saw them again. Sleeping on the wet ground in sleet, snow and hail of necessity produced pneumonia and rheumatism. Nevertheless they never lost their gay spirit. Their march to picket and their return were always marked by shouts and yells and songs.

The song of "Maryland" was too solemn for these spirited boys. Its movement was too slow. It was more like a dirge. It had been introduced to them in the most picturesque way. During the summer at Fairfax Station, Hetty, Jenny and Constance Carey, who had run the blockade from Baltimore, came up to visit the regiment. It was full of their brothers, their cousins and their beaux, and these beautiful young women in camp produced an effect on the mercurial Marylanders that can only be imagined, not described. The boys and the officers were on their heads. The young ladies were quartered in the field officers' tents, where they held court for several days. One night the glee club of the regiment was serenading them, when the fly of Colonel Steuart's tent was thrown open and all three appeared, Jenny Carey in the center and her sister Hetty on one side and cousin Constance on the other. Their pure voices rang through the summer night with the words and air of "My Maryland," and no such audience ever inspired songsters before or since. The boys were carried away. Silence, then cheers, then silence, then suppressed and not unmanly sobs attested the power of the

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sentiment of love for home. But "Maryland" touched too deeply the feeling of the heart to do for camp or march. "Gay and Happy" was the air that thrilled souls, and it rang like the drum-beat of the assembly or the bugle sound to the charge. So the march of the Marylanders was announced by the ringing song of "Gay and Happy."

Johnston understood perfectly that as soon as the spring sun dried up the roads and the fields of Virginia, McClellan must move on him. The latter had two hundred thousand men, Johnston forty thousand, so for more than a month he was clearing out his camp and sending impedimenta to the rear. Early in March, 1862, he received notice from his spies in Washington that McClellan was about to strike. On the 8th he began his retrograde to the line of the Rappahannock, still keeping his pickets out on their usual posts, to present the appearance of being in the same position and to prevent intelligence leaking through to the Union commander. Early on the morning of the 9th the first battalion of the First Maryland, four companies, under Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson moved out to Burke's Station to relieve the Thirteenth Virginia, whose term of picket had expired. They reached Burke's before noon and Johnson reported to Walker of the Thirteenth that he was ready to relieve him. The two officers rode along the line, posting the reliefs and sending the Virginians back to their camp, when all at once on the opposite line of hills appeared a line of skirmishers, and simultaneously a squadron of cavalry rattled down the road. Company F, First Lieut. William D. Hough in command, had been posted on a hill, just below the road, in front of a wood and a fence. As soon as Hough saw the cavalry coming, he very properly made for the fence, for he had no bayonets. But the horsemen, a squadron of the Eighth Illinois, were on him before he got there. He turned and made a gallant fight. Second Lieut. Joseph H. Stewart jerked a rifle

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from one of his men, shot the leader of the charge, a captain or lieutenant, knocked the horse's front legs from under him with his clubbed rifle and was cut down by the sabre. Nine men, including Stewart, were captured. Company H, under the gallant captain, Wm. H. Murray, came running up as soon as they heard the firing. The remnant of Company F got behind the fence and gave the charging party a volley, and Murray from the nearest hill gave them another, and they went back faster than they came. But the advancing line of skirmishers were sweeping the front as far as the eye could reach on each side, and it was clear that an advance in force was present. Colonel Johnson, therefore, drew in his command. Walker had formed and waited for him a mile to the rear. They joined forces and marched comfortably back to Union Mills, where they arrived after dark. The bridge was on fire, the army had gone and Colonel Nicholls, of the Louisiana regiment, since Governor Nicholls, was holding the place for them until they got through. Crossing Bull Run they marched on the rear guard of the army and the next day reached the Rappahannock. Maj.-Gen. Richard S. Ewell, who was in command of the division, was posted there by Johnston to hold the enemy back while Johnston got his trains out of the way. He held the position for several weeks, until during the last of April he moved to Gordonsville, thence to Somerset and thence by Swift Run Gap and across the Blue Ridge to Conrad's store in the valley of Virginia.

After First Manassas George B. McClellan was put in command of all the Union armies when Winfield Scott resigned, superannuated. General McClellan had come out of the Mexican war with a first-rate reputation, and in 1861 made a brilliant campaign in West Virginia, the American Switzerland, against Wise, Floyd and Robert E. Lee. He was, therefore, with reason regarded as the first soldier on his side. During the winter of 1861-62 he prepared a plan of a grand campaign, of which Rich-

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mond was to be the objective, and which was to be carried but by the army of the Potomac under his personal direction, in conjunction with an army in West Virginia under General Milroy, and another in the valley of Virginia under General Banks. While McClellan transported his great army of the Potomac by water to York river, whence he could move on the flank of Richmond, Milroy was to march down west of the Alleghanies, and Banks was to move directly up the valley,—the latter two uniting at Staunton to march on Lynchburg, where they would cut the communication between Richmond and the southwestern States of the Confederacy. Maj.-Gen. Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall) was in the valley with 8,000 men to observe and check this concentration. Ewell was on the Rappahannock with 7,000 to watch McClellan's move by that route, while Johnston had taken the main part of his army to the peninsula between the York and James rivers, to confront McClellan, whose move in that direction had become fully developed.

Jackson required more men. Banks in front had more than four times his number, and his force could not cover the ground. The story at the time was that he applied to Richmond for "more men and fewer orders." Ewell was ordered to report to him and reached Conrad's Store on the first days of May. To his astonishment and perplexity he found the embers of Jackson's camp fires and no orders. Jackson had vanished in a night, without a word, without a trace. So Ewell impatiently waited a week for directions and at length came the telegram from "Stonewall"—"McDowell, May 9th:—God has given us a victory at McDowell to-day." That was all, but it was sufficient.

Without stopping to take breath, Jackson sped back to Staunton, moved swiftly on Banks, who had got to Strasburg, and ordered Ewell to meet him at New Market. Thence they recrossed the Massanutten range and raced swiftly down the Luray valley. This march was like the

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tiger's approach, stealthy, silent until within striking distance, then one leap on his prey. The army of the Valley marched ten to twelve miles a day, then twenty, then thirty, and it was on Banks before he knew Jackson had left McDowell.

Colonel Steuart had been promoted brigadier-general on March 28th; Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson colonel, and Major Dorsey, lieutenant-colonel. General Steuart was ordered to organize the Maryland Line, consisting of the First Maryland and the Baltimore Light artillery as a nucleus, but was temporarily assigned to command a brigade of cavalry, being an old cavalry soldier. Colonel Johnson was thus left in command of the Maryland Line. They marched to the quarters of General Elzey, between whom and themselves there had always existed the tenderest affection, though Elzey had never been in command of the regiment, having been assigned to a brigade as soon as he joined. But they loved him. His brusque, prompt manner, his gallant bearing, his generous heart, made him dear to them. In battle Elzey's look was like the blast of a bugle; in camp he was careful of his men, though he scolded them from start to finish and they always deserved it. The parting, therefore, was more than usually touching.

In the First Maryland, matters at this time were in a very unsatisfactory condition. The Richmond companies had been mustered into the army of Virginia for twelve months, that being the term of enlistment in that service. The Harper's Ferry companies had been mustered by Lieutenant-Colonel Deas into the army of the Confederate States for the war. But during the year they had got it into their hearts that they, too, ought to have been mustered for only twelve months, and that if their muster rolls showed differently, they had been deceived. There was not the slightest doubt that they were mistaken, but this idea naturally breeded great discontent. Companies A and B had been mustered at the Point of Rocks for

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twelve months, as their muster rolls showed. On May 18th Company C's time expired and they were mustered out by Colonel Johnson, who expostulated with them to no effect. They wanted their rights, they wanted to go into the cavalry, they were tired of trudging. So off they went. They had no idea of going home, or abandoning the fight. The rest, except Companies A and B, being absent on detached service, were nearly in a state of mutiny as they neared the enemy. At length, on May 22d, when twelve months from the muster at Harper's Ferry expired, the large majority of them stacked their arms and refused to do duty. This was mutiny, and the colonel promptly had the arms packed in the wagons and the men put under a guard with loaded guns. He sent for Color-Sergeant Doyle, as good a soldier as ever bore musket, and showed him how impossible it was to have any discussion in the presence of the enemy, and directed him to find out how many men were willing to go on and defer the decision of their claims and complaints until after the campaign. Doyle reported that about half the command were willing to stand by the colors in any event. The army was then within an easy march of Front Royal, where Banks had stationed a force to protect his flank. The next morning, the 23d, the march was begun, the First Maryland in the worst possible condition—one-half under arrest for mutiny, the rest disgusted with the service, and the colonel disgusted with them. A halt was made for rest about five miles from Front Royal, and during it an aide brought this order: "Colonel Johnson will move the First Maryland to the front and attack the enemy at Front Royal. The army will halt until you pass. JACKSON." The colonel turned on his regiment: "You have heard this personal order from General Jackson and you are in a pretty condition to obey it. You are the sole hope of Maryland. You carry with you her honor and her pride. Shame on you—shame on you. I shall re-

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turn this order to General Jackson with the endorsement, 'The First Maryland refuses to face the enemy,' for I will not trust the honor of the glorious old State to discontented, dissatisfied men. I won't lead men who have no heart. Every man who is discontented must fall out of ranks—step to the rear and march with the guard. If I can get ten good men, I'll take the Maryland colors with them and will stand for home and honor; but never again call yourselves Marylanders! No Marylander ever threw down his arms and deserted his colors in the presence of the enemy—and those arms and those colors given you by a woman! Go!" This appeal settled it. The men in ranks cheered and yelled, "Forward, we'll show you!" The men under guard pleaded with tears to be allowed to return to duty, ran back miles to the wagons, got their guns and rejoined their regiment by the time it attacked at Front Royal. The Marylanders marched forward, rejuvenated, reinvigorated, restored! The army halted. As they went by they could hear time and again, "There they go. Look at the 'game cocks.'" The Louisiana brigade, Gen. Dick Taylor, came to a front and presented arms. The Marylanders trod on air, for no men are so susceptible to praise or enjoy flattery more.

Clear of the column, they debouched from the wooded road into the open, where there was a long stretch of fields between them and the village of Front Royal. A squad of cavalry charged down the road. Captain Nicholas and Company G were deployed as skirmishers on each side of it. A mile distant, by the side of a fence was a blanket stretched from two fence rails as a shelter. A man got up, looked at the strange sight coming out of the woods, sheltered his eyes from the sun, then made a grab for his musket, but before he could fire, the cavalry was on him, and that picket was gobbled up. There were three men on post, but they did not have time to give the alarm. A cavalry man, with cocked carbine,

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trotted them to the rear. General Ewell, General Steuart and Colonel Johnson were riding at the head of the column. "What regiment do you belong to?" was the colonel's eager inquiry. "First Maryland," was the response of the Dutchman. "There's the First Maryland," cried the Confederate, pointing behind. Great Heavens! was such good fortune ever given to a soldier? The Federal First Maryland had been recruited under the gallant Kenly, but it was largely composed of foreigners, and the Marylanders had always refused to recognize it as representing their State. They were the only simon-pure, genuine Marylanders, and if ever they got a chance they would show them! Here was the chance. As the news flew back through the ranks, shoulders were straightened, chests thrown out, and every man thanked God he was a Marylander and was there!

As they approached the town, a hot musketry fire broke out from the doors and windows of a large building to the left, probably four or five hundred yards distant. "Colonel, can you take that building?" said General Ewell. "Yes, sir, in five minutes." "Men, you see that house? You are to take it. Forward, double quick charge!" And the Marylanders went at it like a charge of canister. "Excuse me, Colonel," said Adjutant Frank Ward, touching his cap as he dashed by on his pony. Capt. Billy Murray and Lieut. George Thomas broke from their proper places and ran in front, and the building was taken in half the time promised. Gathering the command together it was rushed into the town with Wheat's battalion on the left, then through the town, where the enemy was discovered on the crest of some hills with a battery in position at his center, and a force of cavalry, probably a squadron, on his right. Wheat with the Louisianians took the left, the Marylanders the front and center and moved across the open to attack. A shell exploded in the ground under the color guard,

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and the colors fell; but Lieut. Dick Gilmor had them before they touched the ground. The Louisianians worked their way from cover to cover, until they nearly enveloped Kenly's right. But the Marylanders could make no further progress. They were in the open with no cover. Lines of stone fences running parallel to Kenly's front gave secure protection to his skirmishers, so that when, after hours' work, one line was dislodged and forced back on its reserves, another was promptly formed and reinforced by Kenly, who handled his command with gallant skill and coolness. He had 800 infantry, a battery, and probably eighty cavalry. The First Maryland paraded that day 375 rifles and Wheat had 200, and Kenly could see every man of his antagonists.

Jackson, adhering to his persistent strategy of mystery, kept his army concealed in the woods several miles off, and left the Louisianians and Marylanders to fight their fight out, without assistance. Company F, Capt. J. Louis Smith, was sent by his colonel into a skirt of woods on the right to work his way up to Kenly's left, which he succeeded in doing during the afternoon, and began firing down Kenly's line. At length Kenly began to move. His cavalry came down the hill and deployed in the field and came forward in a trot to charge the Marylanders and cover Kenly's withdrawal. The fire of his battery also became very active, but the Baltimore light artillery quieted that in a few minutes. Kenly had discovered from his elevated position two regiments of Virginia cavalry moving round his left to get in his rear, though unknown to the Louisianians and Marylanders. As soon as Kenly's move was understood, the whole line was moved forward. The skirmishers under Lieutenant-Colonel Dorsey advanced into a charge as soon as they got within reach. This expedited Kenly's retreat, so that he was unable to burn the bridge over the Shenandoah. He set it on fire, but the Louisianians and Marylanders put it out before any harm was done,

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and the Sixth Virginia cavalry pressed over it in single file in hot pursuit. Jackson, Ewell and Steuart joined the leading squadron as soon as the enemy was well started and the cavalry on them. Jackson and Ewell then returned to their proper places with the infantry and Steuart pushed on all night, picking up nearly every man of Kenly's command. It was a fight between First Maryland and First Maryland, creating great amusement in the army, for among the prisoners were many brothers, cousins, uncles, and some fathers of the Confederates. Such a scene was never witnessed before in war as the meeting between the two regiments after the Union Marylanders were brought in as prisoners by the cavalry. It was amusing and even jovial, for one side was glad to see somebody from home, and the other that it had fallen into the hands of relatives and kindred, although technically they were enemies. Kenly fought his men with indomitable gallantry, intelligence and good sense. He made all out of it that was possible, and he might have held his position had it not been for the flanking movement of the cavalry. He was wounded by saber cut and pistol ball. His adjutant, Tarr, was also badly wounded.

The next morning Colonel Johnson and staff called on Colonel Kenly and staff and tendered any courtesies that it was proper for the one to receive or the other to offer. But Kenly was sore in body and spirit and refused any favors of any kind at the hands of his conqueror. The ill humor of the gallant soldier was condoned on account of his misfortune, and no one thought the worse of him for his bitterness. Kenly performed an inestimable service to Banks. He held Jackson back for twelve hours, and thus gave Banks opportunity to fall back from Strasburg to Winchester.

On the 24th Ewell moved up within reach of Winchester, Jackson marching by Strasburg and the valley pike. By daylight they were in line of battle, Jackson's right

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almost touching Ewell's left, both together forming a semi-circle round the town. Before day the line moved forward, First Maryland on Ewell's left with orders to watch out for Jackson in the pike, and get in touch of him as soon as possible. Skirmishers were out; but nothing could be seen, for a dense fog enveloped everything. Feeling their way slowly and carefully forward, at last the skirmishers were withdrawn and Colonel Johnson made a dash forward at a stone wall, which could be dimly discerned ahead. To their surprise they went over it without a shot and were halted in an apple orchard, some distance inside the wall. It appeared that they had penetrated Banks' center, between his right and left wing, and were behind his line. It was uncertain whether they were prisoners in a big army, or had achieved a grand tactical movement and exploit. The colonel sent back Adjutant Ward to report the situation to General Ewell with the suggestion that as soon as Ewell attacked in front, the First Maryland would charge down behind the Union lines and sweep them away from the front attack. The fog was thick and dark. Ward was gone, and the Marylanders waited for the fire from the front. The Union bugles sounded "cease firing!" The fog rolled up like the curtain at the theater and the Federal line was disclosed, wheeling by companies into column and marching to the left. On the extreme Union right, Dick Taylor's Louisiana brigade swept up the hill, like a steel-tipped wave—over the earth-works, over the guns, over the line of battle, and the fields were filled with Banks' fugitives. The Maryland colonel brought his men to attention, wheeled into column and said, "Men, this regiment is to be first at the Taylor House!" They cheered and started with quickened pace to the center of Winchester. They went down the main street just as the sun of that May morning was gilding the steeples and housetops. Doors and windows flew open. Women in dishabille, in nightdress, filled

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the windows and the streets, crying and screaming in ecstasy, and the Marylanders *were* the first at the Taylor House. They had policed the town, seized the warehouses and magazines of supplies and put guards over them before others got up, so that when Ewell's commissary came up, an immense quantity of everything useful to an army was turned over to him intact, except of course some things retained by the Marylanders, who were entitled to salvage and took it! Lieut.-Col. Edwin R. Dorsey was wounded as he charged singly and alone a squad of Union soldiers in a side street. He was the only man of the command hit during the day.

The Marylanders went into camp four miles north of the town on the valley pike, and next day, the 26th, marched into Martinsburg. There they were engaged for two or three days collecting stores left by Banks, and then rejoined the main army near Charlestown. While there General Steuart with the First Maryland and two batteries drove the enemy from Bolivar Heights, which he occupied, but evacuated after a few hours and went into camp at Halltown. The next morning at daylight the army took the retrograde. Gen. Charles S. Winder, the Marylander, had been sent to the other side of the Shenandoah to take Loudoun Heights and demonstrate from there on Harper's Ferry, which he did. Everything was done to make the enemy understand that the Confederates proposed crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and moving down in the rear to take Washington. When Winder recrossed to join the army, then in retreat, he found the First Maryland alone just moving out of camp, having received no order of march. It had no brigade. Winder at once directed Colonel Johnson to report to him and gave him the position of honor, the rear guard, and thus they moved up the valley—the Stonewall brigade the rear guard of the army, the First Maryland the rear guard of the Stonewall brigade.

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Jackson's movement had accomplished Lee's object in ordering it. It deranged and temporarily broke up McClellan's campaign on Richmond. It was plain that no grand strategy could be carried out with such an erratic, eccentric, unaccountable, uncontrollable character as Stonewall interfering, intercepting, and meddling all the time.

While Jackson was at Charlestown, Harry Gilmor, the most daring of scouts, operating in Hardy county west of the Alleghanies, reported to him that Fremont with a large army was moving rapidly south, with the evident intention of cutting him off at Strasburg. Scouts from east of the Blue Ridge kept him fully advised of the movements of Shields, who was hurrying by forced marches to Front Royal. Front Royal is about twelve miles from Strasburg. Through this gap between Fremont and Shields, Jackson was to make his escape. He had five thousand prisoners and three thousand captured wagons, making a column ten miles long. He pushed his spoils ahead, and when he reached Strasburg Fremont was three miles to his right and Shields twelve miles to his left at Front Royal. In fact, Shields' cavalry was on the road parallel to the pike and only three miles distant. Jackson hurried Charles Winder and the Stonewall brigade up to meet Fremont. Winder sent orders to Colonel Johnson that if charged by cavalry he must take to the fences on the sides of the pike. The Maryland rear guard covered that critical movement and were the last to cross the burning bridges. Clear of his flanking enemies, with all of them behind him, Jackson stretched himself up the valley in a seventy-mile race, Fremont closing in behind, and Shields pushing up the Luray, or Page valley on the east, parallel to Jackson's line of march. If the two Federal armies could out-march Jackson and throw themselves across the Confederate retreat, Jackson must be ground up between Fremont with forty thousand men and Shields with eight thousand. Fre-

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mont was a dashing and imprudent soldier and Shields a headlong Irishman. Fremont's cavalry was commanded by Sir Percy Wyndham, an Englishman, a soldier of fortune, who had served under Garibaldi with Maj. Robideau Wheat of Wheat's battalion.

Fremont mounted a considerable force of infantry in wagons, and with them supporting his cavalry pushed and harassed Jackson day and night. The Union cavalry became very bold. They rode over the Confederate guns and over Confederate cavalry when it pleased them. Ashby and Steuart were in command of the cavalry, and they determined to give Sir Percy a lesson. On the 5th of June, Jackson turned from the main turnpike, south to Stanton, toward Port Republic, east of the Shenandoah and west of the Blue Ridge, where he could head off both Fremont and Shields, and if necessary, dodge through a gap in the mountains and hold the gap against their combined force. During the next day, the 6th, Sir Percy pressed on the Confederate cavalry rear, but Ashby, as crafty as an Indian, drew him into an ambuscade, and captured him and his leading squadron, dispersing the rest. This taught the Union general some caution, and he began to perceive that Jackson's retreat was not a flight, but was strategy.

Late in the afternoon Ashby in person reported to General Ewell that the wagon brigade had pushed far ahead of the infantry, and if the general would give him a few regiments, he would capture the whole gang of this four-wheeled cavalry. Ewell gave him the First Maryland, the Forty-fourth and Fifty-eighth Virginia. The First Maryland was, as usual, in the rear, and, therefore, when the command was faced about, was entitled to the right of the line. "Always next the enemy," they claimed—"in front going toward him, behind going from him." When, therefore, by countermarching they were thrown in the rear, they lost their post of honor. Colonel Johnson that morning had dressed himself in a new uniform, little worn, glittering with gold lace and the three stars of

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his rank and had ridden ahead to talk to General Jackson about the condition of his command and apply for some detached service, where he could rest and receive recruits from the Marylanders then flocking to Virginia. He was reduced to seven companies and two hundred and seventy-five rifles. The time of two companies had expired and that of a third, Company C, would expire on June 17th. Jackson heard all this and assented to it cordially, and then said, "Colonel, I can't let you go on detached service at this time. Go and select a good camp, drill your men three times a day, and you'll draw recruits as soon as they know where to find you." All this was incontrovertible, but Jackson's drill did not tend to replenish depleted ranks. He drilled that regiment in three battles in the next three days and in ten in the next thirty! Colonel Johnson, however, galloped back to his command as fast as he could, and on his arrival found it moving rearward, First Maryland farthest from the enemy, in the rear.

It was about sundown, and as they moved across an open field, he broke from his place in column and pushed on to get parallel to the Fifty-eighth Virginia, the leading regiment, the Forty-fourth Virginia next. Ewell and Ashby were riding at the head of the Fifty-eighth, Ashby's dark face afire with enthusiasm. His hair and head were as black as a crow and his beard grew close up to his black eyes, until he looked like a Bedouin chief. He was pointing out the positions and topography, swinging his arm right and left. "Look at Ashby enjoying himself," said the Maryland colonel to Adjutant Ward riding by his side. They pushed across the open field and entered the wood. The evening sun was shooting its horizontal arrows through the June foliage. The wood was open, with little undergrowth and the timber well grown and large. Ewell sent over to the First Maryland for skirmishers. Company G, Captain Nicholas, and Company D, Captain Herbert, were sent to him. They were

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deployed in front of the two columns, Virginians on the right, Marylanders on the left, and the whole pressed on into the darkening wood. Soon the dropping fire of the skirmishers on the right showed that they had found the enemy, and Ashby moved the Virginians in line straight to the firing. Ewell remained with the Marylanders and threw them into line and marched them straight forward, Ewell and Johnson riding on the right. All at once the skirmish fire deepened, a volley roared out, and in a second the Virginians on the right were thrown into confusion. The dusk, the surprise, the sudden death to so many shocked them into momentary panic. They were as brave men as were in that army and proved their valor on every battlefield of the army of Northern Virginia but the shock had unnerved them for a moment. Colonel Johnson, springing in front of his regiment, ordered, "Halt! Steady battalion! Stand fast, First Maryland!" and swinging his saber in a circle round his head, "Rally, Virginians! Rally! Form behind that wall!" pointing to the staunch ranks of the First Maryland. This recalled every one to his duty, and when Ewell gave the order to charge, the men moved forward as if in review. They reached the edge of the wood and found on the farther side of a field a six-gun battery and a regiment, apparently of cavalry.

At this time the fire on the right, where Ashby was, had become hot—and growing every second. Ewell dashed up—"Charge, colonel!" he cried. "Attention battalion," was the order, "by the right flank, march." The regiment moved by the flank towards the fire. As soon as it arrived at the top of the hill, the head of the column was turned to the right, and when the colors came in "by the left flank, charge!" was the order. The right battalion swung into line and charged in a run. The left battalion jumped into place and went along. There is no such movement or order in any tactics, but it was sufficient. The enemy, thirty yards off, was lying be-

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hind a worm fence and, as the Marylanders came into line, a volley from the fence swept down Colonel Johnson, Captain Robertson, Lieutenant Snowden, Sergeant Doyle, and twenty of the men in ranks. The colonel's new uniform procured him especial attention. Three bullets, tearing off the pommel of his saddle and cutting down his horse, dismounted him, but he was on his feet in a moment and with his regiment at the fence. Their opponents, the Pennsylvania Bucktails, broke, and as they ran across the open field, the Marylanders pelted them with great comfort and satisfaction. Few escaped, the Bucktails were nearly annihilated, and Colonel Kane captured. The Maryland colors went down time and again but never touched the ground. All the color guard were killed or wounded.

From this place Jackson moved to Cross Keys, on the Shenandoah, where, with Shields and the river in his rear, he offered battle to Fremont against odds of three to one. Fremont attacked early on the 8th, and as the Marylanders were moving up to their place in line, Ewell said to Colonel Johnson, "Colonel, you must carry a bucktail in your colors as your trophy, for you won it on Friday." Many of the men were wearing bucktails in their caps, which had attracted Ewell's attention. Company D was passing at the moment, and Colonel Johnson called out to William H. Ryan, a tall, long-legged boy, who had one, "Here, Ryan, give me that bucktail." Ryan brought it. "Now you tie it to the head of the colors yourself and your trophy shall be the trophy of the regiment." That is the way the bucktail got to be the cognizance of the First Maryland regiment.

The Marylanders held Ewell's right from sunrise until four o'clock, when their rifles having become so hot and so foul they could no longer be loaded or fired, they were withdrawn to a branch in rear to clean their guns.

The Baltimore light artillery held the center of the line, which was commanded by Elzey. The right was

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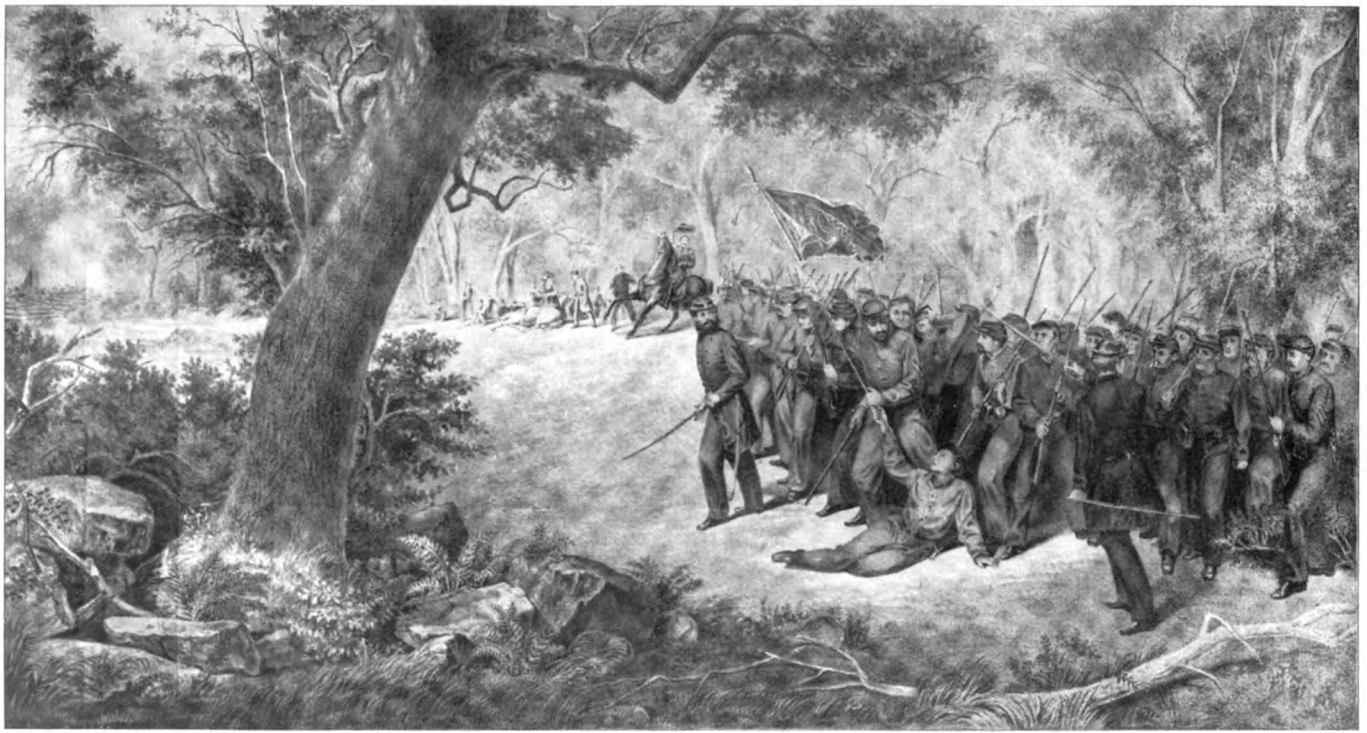

Charge of the First Maryland Regiment, near Harrisonburg, June 6, 1862, at the time of the death of General Ashby, defeating the Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment.

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commanded by Trimble and the left by Steuart, and Elzey selected the line on which the battle was to be fought. The Marylanders, therefore, always claimed Cross Keys as a Maryland battle and a Maryland triumph.

But while Fremont's guns were thundering at Cross Keys, Shields was plunging up the other side of the river to strike Jackson's rear and drive him back on Fremont. He got there twelve hours too late. Jackson's troops slept in line on the night of the 8th, but next morning before the sun was up they were over the river in Shields' front, and made right at his throat. The Marylanders, after their hand-to-hand fight on the evening of the 6th, had not had half rations during the next day, for they had to bury their dead at Cross Keys church. On the 8th they had not a mouthful, for their wagons had been sent off. On crossing the river by sunrise of the 9th Colonel Johnson gained Ewell's permission to stop and get something to eat. The fire of the Louisianians at Port Republic, two miles off, abbreviated their breakfast and they pushed on to the fight. They got there only in time to act as reserve to their old comrades, the Stonewall brigade, but enjoyed none of the joys of the charge, as the Louisianians had done, and none of the glory which the gallant soldiers of Dick Taylor and their general had gathered in such abundance.

Ewell decorated the First Maryland by a general order and honored them in his report, as follows:

"Headquarters, Third Division.

General Order No. 30.

In commemoration of the gallant conduct of the First Maryland regiment, on the 6th of June, when, led by Col. Bradley T. Johnson, they drove back with loss the Pennsylvania Bucktail rifles in the engagement near Harrisonburg, Rockingham Co., Va., authority is given to have one of the captured Bucktails, the insignia of the Federal regiment, appended to the color staff of the First Maryland regiment.

By order of Major-General Ewell:

JAMES BARBOUR, A. A. G."

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From General Ewell's report of the Valley campaign:

"The history of the First Maryland regiment, gallantly commanded by Col. Bradley T. Johnson during the campaign of the Valley, would be the history of every action from Front Royal to Cross Keys. On the 6th, near Harrisonburg, the Fifty-eighth Virginia regiment was engaged with the Pennsylvania Bucktails, the fighting being close and bloody. Colonel Johnson came up with his regiment in the hottest period, and by a dashing charge in flank, drove the enemy off with heavy loss, capturing Lieutenant-Colonel Kane commanding. In commemoration of this gallant conduct, I ordered one of the captured Bucktails to be appended as a trophy to their flag. This action is worthy of acknowledgment from a higher source, more particularly as they avenged the death of the gallant General Ashby, who fell at the same time. Four color bearers were shot down in succession, but each time the colors were caught before reaching the ground and were finally borne by Corporal Daniel Shanks to the close of the action.

"On the 8th inst. at Cross Keys they were opposed to three of the enemy's regiments in succession."

General Jackson in his report says:—

"Apprehending that the Federals would make a more serious attack, Ashby called for an infantry support. The brigade of Gen. Geo. H. Steuart was accordingly ordered forward. In a short time the Fifty-eighth Virginia became engaged with a Pennsylvania regiment called the Bucktails, when Colonel Johnson of the First Maryland regiment, coming up in the hottest period of fire, charged gallantly into its flank and drove the enemy with heavy loss from the field, capturing Lieutenant-Colonel Kane commanding. In this skirmish, our infantry loss was seventeen killed, fifty wounded and three missing. In this affair Gen. Turner Ashby was killed."

It is a curious commentary on official reports and historical records that both these reports from the highest authorities state that the Marylanders charged in flank, while in fact they charged full in front of the enemy, and received his fire from the front of his line of battle.

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CHAPTER VII.

MARYLANDERS IN 1862 UNDER GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

AFTER Cross Keys and Port Republic, when Fremont and Shields were sent whirling down the valley, Jackson made a feint of pursuit, and pushed his cavalry some marches after them. He ordered the First Maryland to Staunton to recruit, where, during the next ten days, Company I was mustered out on June 17th, its time having expired. These men left the regiment with the respect of the whole command and the love of their colonel. Their captain, Michael Stone Robertson, belonged to an historic family in Charles county and was a descendant of Col. John H. Stone, colonel of the First regiment of the Maryland Line of the Revolution. His words as he fell were, "Go on, boys, don't mind me," and he died at his next breath. Lieut. Nicholas Snowden, of Company D, who died at the same time, had been captain of a cavalry company in Prince George's in 1860-61, and had joined Captain Herbert, his cousin, at Harper's Ferry, early in May, 1861. He was as honest, gallant and high-minded a gentleman as ever lived. The blood that Maryland poured out on that evening of June 6th was as precious and as glorious as any she has ever given in all her history, at Long Island, at Monterey, or in the army of Northern Virginia.

At Staunton the regiment was reinforced with a new company under Capt. John H. Barry, which was designated Company G. About June 24th Jackson made a sudden disappearance from the front of Fremont, and reappeared on Lee's left on the Chickahominy. He picked up the First Maryland at Staunton, and moved by

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train. On the 25th he reached Ashland on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad, fifteen miles north of Richmond, and at daylight of the 26th moved east toward Lee's left. By three o'clock he got in touch with the enemy's pickets at Pole Green church in Hanover county, and the First Maryland was ordered forward (they held the right of Jackson's column) to drive them in. This was done, and they forced them back to Beaver Dam creek, on the farther side of which they made a stand, and the Marylanders could not move them. General Jackson, riding up, asked Johnson, "Colonel, what have you stopped for?" "I can't get those fellows there out of the woods!" "Give them some shell!" and the colonel ordered up the Baltimore light artillery, which soon quieted the fire on the other side. It was then dark and the command lay down in line of battle. At daylight they moved forward toward Old Cold Harbor, and by noon were ordered to support artillery. They remained in this position until nearly sundown. The battle had been raging for hours on the right. The roll of musketry surged on like the surf of the ocean—until it breaks and then recedes. The battle on the right made no progress.

All the infantry had been sent in until the Maryland regiment was left alone with the batteries. General Jackson, riding by, said, "Colonel, take your command in." "What shall I do with the batteries?" "The cavalry must take care of them." "General, when I park them, which way shall I move?" "That way!" said Jackson, swinging his right arm to the right. Colonel Johnson immediately obeyed the order and moved forward by the right flank, until bursting shell and whizzing balls and wounded, limping men showed that they were approaching the point at issue. Just at the edge of a ditch they were halted, fronted and dressed carefully. The ground was impassable and the horses of the field officers and staff were sent back. The colonel

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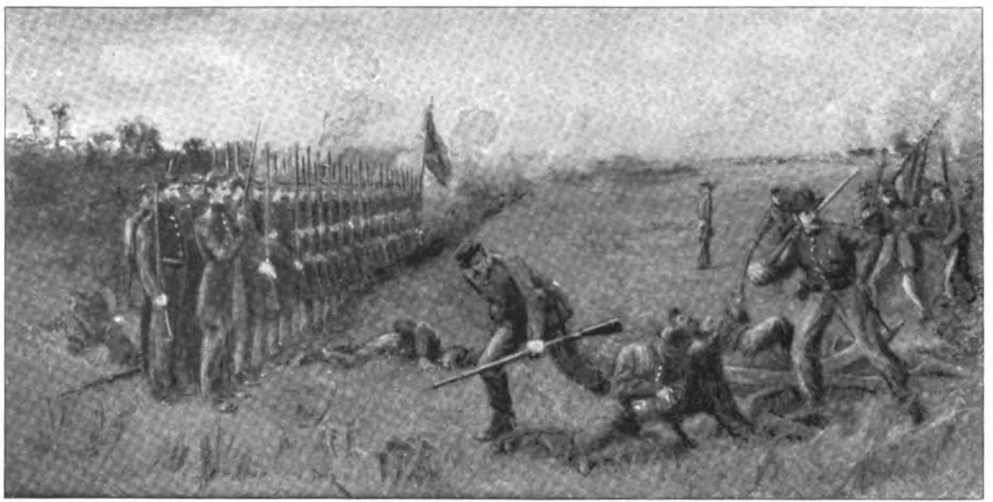

First Maryland Regiment at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, on dress parade and going through the manual of arms, under fire of the Federal batteries.

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said, "Men, we alone represent Maryland here. We are few in number, and for that reason our duty to our State is greater. We must do her honor." The command moved as quickly as a deep morass and heavy undergrowth would permit, and, emerging on open ground, reformed and lay down until every man got over. They were just then near the crest of a hill, on the side of a wide field, with no obstruction in front for nearly half a mile. The farther side was covered with a thick curtain of smoke, rolling backward and forward, in which only incessant, lurid flashes could be seen. Occasionally a small group would emerge, bearing a wounded man, or a frightened soldier would run back. Some distance to the left a large battery was sweeping the plateau. From the front came an incessant rain of bullets. Directly to the left the most tremendous roar of small arms announced a desperate struggle. "Up, men!" was the order. "Shoulder arms, right-shoulder-shift arms. Forward march!" The regiment moved forward as it never moved on drill, as steady and straight as a line. On it went, over that dreadful plain, strewed with dead and dying, every officer in place; the hospital detail, with the surgeons, Drs. Johnson and Latimer, thirty paces in rear. Shot and shell tore through the ranks. Not a man fell out. The wounded men were picked up by the hospital detail and attended to on the spot by our gallant medical officers, who in every action were as close to us as the line of field officers. Wishing to change direction, the order was given, "Battalion right wheel!" and it swung round like an arm. Coming to a small rise which would shelter the men, they were halted, brought to a "shoulder," then an "order," then "lie down." Colonel Johnson went forward to reconnoiter, and returning quickly commanded, "Up, men, and forward!"

Just then Capt. McHenry Howard of General Winder's staff rode up and said, "General Winder thinks you are not strong enough to take those batteries. He directs

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that you wait until he can bring up the Stonewall brigade to your support!" In a minute the Stonewall brigade was found on the right, and General Winder directed Colonel Johnson to take direction of the line and charge. As they rose the crest, the batteries became visible near the McGee house, the orchard and sunken road between us and the McGee house being filled with Yankees, who were covered by the road and a breastwork of knapsacks. Just then a disorderly crowd, composed of parts of some regiments broken in this desperate charge, recoiled past the Stonewall brigade and Marylanders. "Steady, men! Steady!" were the words with which the line was held firm. Then while the canister screamed above them, they were reformed and put through the manual of arms by Colonel Johnson as deliberately as if on dress parade. His object was to distract the attention of the men from the terrible fire and death around them, and make them look alone toward their commanding officer.

The charge was now made with the old-time cheer. Over everything they went, pell-mell into the road, over the fence, through the orchard, by the house. But the batteries were gone. They found two guns in the road that night. No further stand was made by the enemy, and the battle of Cold Harbor was won. It is proper to put on record a contemporaneous account of the manual of arms, written that night by Orderly-Sergeant Robert Cushing, of the First Maryland regiment. He was killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

"Friday, June 27th (1862), battle of Cold Harbor. Our regiment on reserve marched and countermarched all day; about half-past five moved forward, got under enemy's fire before six. Shells flew thick and fast—got where the minie-balls occasionally would reach. Colonel Johnson got blood up, said, 'Men, I have offered to lead forward the line that never yet broke—never can be broken. Forward, quick march, guide center!' The old regiment marched proudly forward. 'Halt, order arms!' and the lines were dressed, and guns ordered like

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on dress parade. Other regiments were brought forward, and formed on us at last. 'Forward march,' and on the line of battle moved until with a yell, we charged, and took the field, sleeping on it. Our regiment has reason to be proud of its action and of its colonel."

The next morning Ewell moved rapidly to Dispatch Station on the York River railroad in McClellan's rear, the First Maryland on the right. It was sent forward to drive off the picket at the Station, and McClellan was cut off from his base on York river at West Point. For a day or two Ewell's division remained at Dispatch Station until on McClellan's retiring toward James river it rejoined the army and pressed on in pursuit. It was not engaged until Malvern Hill, where the First Maryland lay all the afternoon under the fire of McClellan's seventy guns on his right and his gun boats on his left. After dark, the Maryland regiment joined General Winder, who had the fragment of the Stonewall brigade, which had been badly cut up. Winder ordered Colonel Johnson forward to cover and hold as much of the field as possible until daylight while he supported him. This was done satisfactorily, and the next morning Lee followed McClellan to Westover, where he left him, satisfied that any forward movement by the beaten Federal commander was improbable.

After Westover the Marylanders were sent to Charlottesville to recruit, where they remained a month, and were then ordered to Gordonsville to guard the depot of supplies and the railroad junction there. They were in camp while Jackson moved swiftly by and on August 9th sprang on Pope at Cedar Mountain in Culpeper.

On August 16th a special order from the adjutant-general of the Confederate States to the colonel of the First Maryland was received by him, ordering him to muster the regiment out of service without delay. The regiment could not parade more than two hundred and fifty rifles for duty, but its officers were as efficient, gallant,

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well-instructed a set of young soldiers as were in either army. They were in this summary manner dismissed from the service, without charges, without notice and without a hearing. This extraordinary proceeding was heard of with regret by the army and with acute anger by the regiment itself. Colonel Johnson mustered them out on the 17th, the men presented their flag and their bucktail to Mrs. Johnson and then dispersed, grieved and offended. Generals Jackson and Ewell sent Colonel Johnson letters of regard and sympathy and also recommendations to the President of the Confederate States, that he be made brigadier-general. Colonel Johnson declined to go to Richmond, or become an applicant for a place he had won by hard service, and Jackson assigned him to command the Second brigade, Jackson's division, Second corps—Jackson's own.

A new regiment was soon brought together, of which James R. Herbert became lieutenant-colonel, and William W. Goldsborough, major. But the disbanding of the gallant First regiment, although another was so soon formed, was attended by some unfortunate results.

It will be noted that when the army crossed the Potomac in September, 1862, after the second battle of Manassas, it carried with it no Maryland regiment bearing the Maryland flag, and thus there was no nucleus on which recruits could rally. The First Maryland artillery, under the gallant Dement, and the Baltimore light artillery, with Griffin, were there, but detached batteries operating in different commands gave no points of rendezvous for raw recruits seeking an association in an army. General Lee and the Confederacy were much disappointed at the failure of Maryland to rise, but this disappointment was without adequate reason. Lee crossed the Potomac on September 5th and the next day, the 6th, camped around Frederick. The population of that section of Maryland was strongly Union, fully one-half of it being adherents of that side. On September 10th Lee moved

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from Frederick to Hagerstown and the next week was taken up in operations which culminated in the battle of Sharpsburg on September 17th. McClellan moved from Washington on the 6th, his columns covering the whole country between Lee's army and southern Maryland, where the chief strength of the Confederates lay. So Lee was only stationary four days, and at no time was the country open for Confederate sympathizers to join him. He issued this proclamation:

"Headquarters Army N. Va.
Near Fredericktown, September 8, 1862.

To the People of Maryland:

It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves.

The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a commonwealth, allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political and commercial ties. They have seen with profound indignation their sister State deprived of every right, and reduced to the position of a conquered province. Under the pretense of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge and contrary to all forms of law. The faithful and manly protest against this outrage made by the venerable and illustrious Marylander, to whom in better days no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with scorn and contempt. The government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers: your legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members: freedom of the press and of speech has been suppressed: words have been declared offenses by an arbitrary decree of the Federal executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by a military commission for what they may dare to speak.

Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off the foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen and restore independence and sovereignty to your State.

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In obedience to this wish, our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms, in regaining the rights, of which you have been despoiled.

This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission so far as you are concerned: no restraint on your free will is intended: no intimidation will be allowed. Within the limits of this army at least, Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you and will protect all, of every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny, freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be, and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will.

R. E. LEE, General Commanding."

Colonel Johnson, whose Second brigade was camped at the barracks on the suburbs of the town, and who had policed the town with Capt. Lewis N. Randolph, of the Irish battalion, as provost marshal, sent out the following appeal:

"To the People of Maryland:

After sixteen months of oppression more galling than the Austrian tyranny, the victorious army of the South brings freedom to your doors. Its standards now wave from the Potomac to Mason and Dixon's line. The men of Maryland, who during the last long months have been crushed under the heel of this terrible despotism, now have the opportunity for working out their own redemption, for which they have so long waited and suffered and hoped. The government of the Confederate States is pledged by the unanimous vote of its Congress, by the distinct declaration of its President, the soldier and statesman Davis, never to cease this war until Maryland has the opportunity to decide for herself, her own fate, untrammeled and free from Federal bayonets. The people of the South, with unanimity unparalleled, have given their hearts to our native State, and hundreds of thousands of her sons have sworn with arms in their hands that you shall be free.

You must now do your part. We have the arms here for you. I am authorized immediately to muster in for

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the war, companies and regiments, the companies of one hundred men each, and the regiments of ten companies. Come, all who wish to strike for their liberties and homes! Let each man provide himself with a stout pair of shoes, a good blanket and a tin cup. Jackson's men have no baggage.

Officers are in Frederick to receive recruits, and all companies formed will be armed as soon as mustered in. Rise at once. Remember the cells of Fort McHenry! Remember the dungeons of Fort Lafayette and Fort Warren! the insults to your wives and daughters! the arrest! the midnight searches of your houses! Remember these wrongs! and rise at once in arms, and strike for liberty and right.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, Colonel C. S. A."

Frederick, September 8, 1862.

A few companies reported to Colonel Johnson under this call. Just at the time, Gen. J. R. Jones, who had been wounded in battle before Richmond, came up and reported for duty and resumed command of the Second brigade, and Johnson had no location in the army. He rode with Jackson's staff, but it was impossible to care for green volunteers in the rapid evolutions of the army of Northern Virginia from September 10 to 18, 1862. The new recruits merely followed along after the army and dispersed after the battle of Sharpsburg. It is probable that if a strong regiment of Marylanders under the Maryland flag had marched with Lee at that time it might have been made the rallying point of a new division.

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CHAPTER VIII.

MARYLAND UNDER FEDERAL MILITARY POWER.

GOVERNOR HICKS did not respond to the first call of the President of the United States for troops until he had delivered the State over to the Federal authorities, securely tied, handcuffed and gagged, and when habeas corpus was defied, freedom of speech made a crime, liberty of the press suppressed, trial by jury abolished, Butler holding down Baltimore under the prisons of Federal Hill and throttling the State government at Annapolis. Governor Hicks, who, at the meeting in Monument Square in the afternoon of April 10th, prayed his God to wither his right arm if ever he raised it against a sister Southern State, against Virginia and the South, had not complied with President Lincoln's first call for troops, but Butler's guns and the Federal control of the city recovered him from the panic into which he had been precipitated by the paving stones of Pratt St., and on the 14th of May, the day of Ross Winans' arrest, he issued a proclamation calling for four regiments of volunteers to serve for three months, "within the limits of Maryland, or for the defense of the capital of the United States, and not to serve beyond the limits aforesaid." In consequence of the delay, the short term of service and the ridiculous terms proposed for enlistment, the government refused to accept the home guards, guaranteed "never to leave the State except in case of invasion."

On the 2d of May President Lincoln had called for forty-two thousand and thirty-four regulars to serve for three years, and a large number of men who had volunteered under the first call enlisted under the second.

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James Cooper, Esq., who was a native of Carroll county, Maryland, but had lived all his life in Pennsylvania and had served that State in the Senate of the United States with honor to himself and distinction to his State, was commissioned brigadier-general by the Federal authority, and assigned to the duty of raising and organizing the militia of the State of Maryland for Federal service. The governor and State authority were thus superseded by the Federal government, as the legislature was shortly afterward dispersed, imprisoned and disbanded, the judges ignored and the courts trampled under foot. The Constitution of the United States as well as that of Maryland was thus suspended and another instance given, as has been done since history began, that "inter arma silent leges"—in time of war paper guarantees and written agreements have no force. It was freely asserted by the great legal authorities, by learned lawyers and great judges, supporting the Union side, that "constitutions are not made for war times!"

Patterson's army, after retiring from Virginia, on the expiration of the time of its ninety-day men, was camped at Williamsport, where during the summer it was reinforced by new recruits. Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks was assigned to command this army and picketed the Potomac from Georgetown to Harper's Ferry. Maj.-Gen. Joseph Hooker with a division was posted in southern Maryland, and picketed the Potomac from Washington to its mouth. Forty thousand men were thus occupied in guarding Maryland along the line of the Potomac alone.

Another division was posted in Baltimore with garrisons at every county town in the State. The November election of 1861 was considered of great consequence to the Union side in that State. Governor Hicks, in his zeal not to raise his arm against a sister Southern State, applied to General Banks to work into the Maryland election so that "a killing majority shall be rolled up against secessionism. General McClellan issued an order

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to General Banks, calling his attention to the alleged "apprehension among Union citizens in many parts of Maryland, of an attempt at interference with their rights of suffrage by disunion citizens." The wolves clearly perceived the intention of the lambs below them to muddy the stream. He directed Banks to garrison the polls, and see "that no disunionists are allowed to intimidate them, or in any way interfere with their rights." Also to arrest all persons who have recently returned from Virginia and who show themselves at the polls. General Dix, governing in Baltimore, directed the United States marshal and the provost marshal to arrest all disloyal persons and to hold them securely. Col. John W. Geary, of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, reported from Point of Rocks, Maryland, November 8, 1861, to Capt. R. Morris Copeland, assistant adjutant-general on Banks' staff:

"Previous to the election a number of enemies to the Union in this State *preliminated* schemes for disturbing the peace of the various precincts. I had several of the most prominent actors in this, among whom was a candidate for senator, arrested before election and held until to-day. I had *detailments* from various companies of my regiment, with proper officers, stationed in Sandy Hook, Petersville, Jefferson, Urbana, New Market, Buckeyetown, Frederick City and other places where the polls were held. Owing to the presence of the troops everything progressed quietly and I am happy to report a Union victory in every place in my jurisdiction."

These arbitrary arrests caused Lord Lyons, the English minister at Washington, to remonstrate with Mr. Lincoln. On November 4th he wrote Earl Russell that he had told Mr. Seward that "while the English people did not enter far into abstract questions of national dignity, they felt very strongly on the subject of the treatment of their fellow citizens abroad: nothing inspired them with so strong or lasting a resentment as injuries or indignities inflicted by foreign governments on her maj-

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esty's subjects." Mr. Seward replied that "the recent arrests had all been made in view of the Maryland elections, that those elections would be over in a week's time, and that he hoped then to be able to set at liberty all the British subjects now under military arrest." In another dispatch of September 16, 1861, Lord Lyons says: "A war has been made at Baltimore upon particular articles of dress, particular colors, portraits of Southern leaders and other supposed symptoms of supposed disaffection. The violent measures which have been resorted to have gone far to establish the fact that Maryland is retained in the Union only by military force. They have undoubtedly increased the dislike of the people to their Northern ruler."

Augustus W. Bradford was the candidate of the Union party, Benjamin C. Howard, of the Democratic party. The Union soldiers voted everywhere "freely without hindrance, and fully without denial, and speedily without delay," as much and as often as they chose. Bradford was declared elected by a majority of over 30,000. He could just as well have had a recorded majority of 300,000.

The marshal of police, George P. Kane, the police commissioners, and the mayor of Baltimore had been arrested in July and imprisoned at Fort Lafayette. Thus, at the beginning of the year 1862, the Federal army of occupation was commanded by Major-General Dix in Baltimore; Hooker in Charles county, and along the Potomac, south of Washington, Generals McClellan, Keyes and Casey; in and around Washington, General Stone at Poolesville, and Banks at Darnestown, up to Williamsport, General Kelly at Cumberland, where he was relieved early in January by General Lander. It had elected Augustus W. Bradford governor, and a subservient legislature in November, 1861. The judiciary was deposed and dragged from the bench. Judge Robert B. Carmichael, illustrious for a long life of private virtue and public service, was seized on the bench in

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his court house at Easton in Talbot county, knocked senseless with a revolver on the very seat of justice, incarcerated in the negro jail in Baltimore, and thence sent to Fort Lafayette and there held. Hon. James L. Bartol, of the court of appeals, was imprisoned in Fort McHenry. As General Lee said in his proclamation to the people of Maryland: "Words have been declared offenses, by an arbitrary decree of the Federal executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by a military commission for what they may dare to speak." Lord Lyons, therefore, well said, "that the violent measures which have been resorted to have gone far to establish the fact that Maryland is retained in the Union only by military force."

The legislature was convened by Hicks on December 3, 1861, and promptly passed resolutions of thanks to Col. John R. Kenly, of the First Maryland regiment, "for his early, prompt and distinguished services in the cause of his country."

But the lot of the Maryland Unionists was not a happy one. They had harnessed themselves to the car of the radical revolution, and they began to see, when too late, whither they were being driven. In March, 1862, the legislature passed a resolution that "The general assembly of Maryland have seen with concern, certain indications at the seat of the general government, of an interference with the institution of slavery—in the slave-holding States—and cannot hesitate to express their sentiments, and those of the people they represent, in regard to a policy so unwise and mischievous. This war is prosecuted by the nation with one object, that, namely, of a restoration of the Union, just as it was before the rebellion broke out. The rebellious States are to be brought back to their places in the Union without change or diminution of their constitutional rights, etc., etc."

They further resolved frequently and copiously against the secessionists and in favor of the Union. Neverthe-

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less and notwithstanding this outcry, in April, 1862, Congress passed a law for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The legislature of Maryland passed a "treason law," which denounced the penalty of death against any one convicted of levying war against this State, or who shall adhere to the enemies thereof, whether foreign or domestic, giving them aid or comfort within this State or elsewhere. Punishments were also denounced for breaking railroads or canals; for belonging to any secret club intended to encourage the secession of the State from the Union; for displaying secession flags, encouraging any minor to go South and join in the rebellion, or furnishing any minor or any other person with money, clothes, provisions or conveyance to aid in such an object. It also appropriated $7,000 for the relief of the families of those soldiers of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment who were killed in the riot of April 19, 1861. It made no provision for the families of those citizens of Maryland who were killed by the soldiers. Loyalty could not further go.

When President Lincoln, on the 14th of April, 1861, called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress the rebellion, he required Maryland to furnish four regiments of four hundred and eighty men each as her quota. But on the 20th, the day after the Baltimore attack on the Massachusetts troops, Governor Hicks wrote him that "he thought it prudent (for the present) to decline responding affirmatively to the requisition." About the last of April, as has been noted, the Federal government commissioned Hon. James Cooper of Frederick to raise a brigade. Recruiting was at once begun in Baltimore by J. C. McConnell, and other companies were raised in different parts of the State, and before the first of June, 1861, the First regiment Maryland volunteers was mustered into the service of the United States, and John R. Kenly commissioned colonel, and Nathan T. Dushane lieutenant-colonel. The Second regiment was mustered

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in about the middle of September under Colonel Summers and Lieutenant-Colonel Duryea. The Third Maryland was recruited by foreigners in Baltimore City and western Maryland and was commanded by Colonel DeWitt. The Fourth regiment, commanded by Colonel Sudburgh, was composed of Germans. The First and Second Maryland artillery companies were commanded by Captains Hampton and Thomson, and the First Maryland cavalry by Lieutenant-Colonel Miller.

These first forces raised for the Union in Maryland were, with the exception of the First regiment, mainly composed of foreigners, aliens by birth and aliens to the institutions, ideals and motives that for nine generations had formed the character of Marylanders. They were good men, but they were not Marylanders. They were devoted to the Union, but they had no conception of the force and duty of "courage and chivalry." The First Maryland under Kenly was the only Maryland regiment on the Union side. The Confederate Marylanders, on the other hand, embodied the faith and pride of the State. Not a historic family of Maryland but was represented in the Maryland Line. Five grandsons of John Eager Howard, of the Cowpens, carried sword or musket in the First Maryland regiment. A grandson of Charles Carroll of Carrollton rode as a private in Company K, First Virginia cavalry. Colonel Johnson, of the Maryland Line, rode at the head of seventy-two kinsmen, descendants of soldiers of the Revolution, his own flesh and blood!

In the summer of 1862 the First and Second Eastern Shore regiments were raised under Colonels Wallace and Wilkins; the First and Second regiments Potomac home brigade under Colonels Maulsby and Johns; and the Purnell Legion of one regiment infantry, Col. William Louis Schley, one company of artillery and two troops of cavalry; the First Maryland artillery, Captain Alexander, and the Fourth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth regiments of

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infantry. There was also a battalion of artillery, Maj. E. R. Petherbridge, Battery A, Capt. I. W. Wolcott, with eight three-inch rifle 10-pounders, and Battery B, Capt. A. Snow, with six of the same as Battery A.

Colonel Kenly was promoted brigadier-general on the 22d of August, 1862, "for gallant conduct at the battle of Front Royal." On September 8th he was assigned to command a brigade to consist of the First, Fourth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth regiments of Maryland volunteers with Alexander's battery of light artillery. The First regiment, as we have seen, served with distinction in the valley under Banks in 1862. The Second was with Burnside at New Bern, N. C. There they received the following decoration from their commanding general:

"Headquarters Department of North Carolina.
New Bern, May 22, 1862.

Lieut.-Col. Eugene Duryea,
Commanding Second regiment Maryland Volunteers:

Sir:—The commanding general desires me to express his gratification at the skillful and soldierly manner in which your movement on Pollocksville was executed on the 14th and 17th instant, and high appreciation of the fortitude and perseverance with which the obstacles presented by the elements were borne and overcome by yourself and your command.

I have the honor to be, colonel,
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
LEWIS RICHMOND, A. A. G."

The move on Pollocksville consisted of a march of sixty miles in seventy-two hours in the face of an active enemy, through deep mud and in a drenching rain, maintaining their position for two days against heavy odds, repelling repeated assaults and performing their work effectually, and then safely returning to the army notwithstanding a vigorous pursuit!

The Second Maryland returned with Burnside to Virginia, where it joined Pope and did good service at Second Manassas. Maryland is not entitled to merit for this gallant command. Its colonel, Duryea, was not con-

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nected by blood or in any way with the State, and most of the enlisted men were foreigners.

The Third regiment, under Colonel DeWitt, was hotly engaged at Cedar Run, and lost heavily. Major Kennedy and over one hundred men were killed and wounded. They also lost over thirty-three per cent of the command at Sharpsburg, killed and wounded.

The First regiment of cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller and Maj. James M. Deems, served under Generals Buford and Sigel in the army of the Potomac, in 1862.

The Potomac home brigade, Col. William P. Maulsby, and the Purnell Legion, were enlisted and organized as home guards for home service and never to leave the State. Colonel Maulsby, of the First regiment, and commanding the Potomac home brigade, was as high spirited and as chivalric a knight as ever set lance in rest for the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher, for he was a Marylander by descent, by tradition and in every fiber of his being. Therefore, when the army of the Potomac moved toward its enemy, Maulsby's Potomac home brigade moved with it, on its own ardent demand. Its muskets would have marched had there been no men to carry them, for the spirit of the commander permeates and electrifies all under him, and the fire of the head and heart heats all the members.

The Maryland artillery battalion, under Maj. Edward R. Petherbridge, was before Richmond in the artillery reserve under Colonel Hunt. At the New Bridge over the Chickahominy, Battery B once had an artillery duel with the First Maryland artillery, Confederate, in which it fired over six hundred shots, doing considerable damage.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER IX.

MARYLAND ARTILLERY—SECOND MARYLAND REGIMENT INFANTRY—FIRST MARYLAND CAVALRY.

THE First Maryland artillery was organized at Richmond, Va., in July, 1861, with Richard Snowden Andrews as captain, William F. Dement first-lieutenant, and Charles Snowden Couter second-lieutenant. The captain, Andrews, was the son of Colonel Andrews of the United States army and had peculiar qualifications for the profession of arms. He had been born and reared in the military and impressed with the traditions of the "Old Army," which for deep convictions of duty, devotion to ideals of high chivalry, purity of motive, entire unselfishness, patriotism, valor and genius for war has never been excelled by any army that ever marched under any flag. Snowden Andrews was the ideal of a young gentleman formed by such influences—intellectual, well-informed on army matters, firm, persistent, indefatigable. No man went into service better equipped on either side. Believing himself better qualified for the scientific service of the artillery, he left his home and young wife in Bath, with the deliberate purpose of creating a battery, of which he intended to be commander. He procured from the department of war in Washington drawings of the most approved models of guns for the army. At Richmond he recruited his battery with indomitable energy. He selected his assistants, his lieutenants, with unerring judgment, for no better or braver men ever directed a gun than Dement and Couter. He submitted his drawings to the Confederate war department, secured its official endorsement, and by authority had the ordnance manufactured at the

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Tredegar works in Richmond, as far as the resources of that establishment could go. So that when the First Maryland artillery took the field, it might have been said that the whole of it, men and guns, harness and wheels, was the creation of the head and heart, the mind and will of its captain. It occupied a position on the extreme right of the Confederate line, at Shipping Point on the Potomac, where its fire effectually blockaded that river until March, 1862, when Johnston withdrew from Manassas and the line of the Potomac. In the Seven Days' battles it was attached to the division of Maj.-Gen. A. P. Hill. When Lee began his movement around McClellan's right on June 26, 1862, the First Maryland artillery fired the first shots at Mechanicsville, just as the First Maryland regiment had fired the first shots against McClellan's pickets at Hundley's Corner an hour before. It was attached to Pender's North Carolina brigade, and Captain Andrews was slightly wounded. General Pender in his report says: "The section of Andrews' battery was under Lieutenant Dement, who did fine service. Captain Andrews as usual was present, chafing for a fight."

After that campaign he was promoted major "for gallant and meritorious conduct displayed in the battles before Richmond," and a battalion was formed for him consisting of the First Maryland; the Chesapeake, Captain William D. Brown—afterward known in the Maryland Line as the Third Maryland; and several Virginia batteries.

In the movement on Pope in August, 1862, Major Andrews commanded the artillery of Winder's division, originally Jackson's. On the 9th of August Pope moved from Culpeper Court House on Jackson at Slaughter's Mountain, half a march distant. Charles Winder, though too sick for duty, insisted on commanding his division in action. His place was the left of Jackson's line and with him was Andrews' battalion of artillery.

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The Federals struck Winder on his exposed flank, doubled up his two left brigades, the First and Second, and sent them back behind the right of the division. Just at that minute a Federal line of battle was marching straight across the open fields against Winder's right and, with the broken brigades and Federals in the rear and the attack in front, they would have been crushed and Jackson ruined. Andrews, without waiting for orders, took his old battery, the First Maryland, across the front of the two brigades in a sweeping gallop, whirled them into battery on a hillock five hundred yards from the charging line of battle and opened on it with grape and canister with such bitterness, vigor and intensity, that human nature could not stand it, and in three minutes the charge became a rout and the field was filled with fugitives. It is the only case on record of a line of battle being charged by a battery of artillery. But though the service was the most brilliant and valuable done that day, it was more than paid for. As Winder was attempting to rally his broken brigades, a shell knocked him from his horse dead, and as Andrews rode at the head of his battery, he was nearly cut in two by a shell which laid open the anterior covering of his abdomen. It was useless to harass a dying man, it was thought by the surgeons; so he was left on the field with his devoted friend and faithful surgeon, Grafton Tyler of the First Maryland.

Maryland lost one of her most distinguished sons when Charles Winder fell, and nearly lost another as good a man when Snowden Andrews was so badly wounded. He ought to have died by all the rules of anatomy and experience of surgery, but he was of fiber too tough to be killed merely by one Yankee shell. His indomitable will and his unflinching courage pulled him through, and he lives to-day, vigorous in mind and body, just as obstinate as ever, and as faithful to friends as in the days when he was left lying on the field of Culpeper, with his

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head on Grafton Tyler's lap, insisting that he wouldn't die when everybody said he must die. He was promoted lieutenant-colonel for this. Col. A. R. Courtney, chief of artillery of the Third division, in his report said, "The officers and men of Captain Dement's First Maryland battery, the only one which had been in action before, showed more coolness and deliberation." Colonel Crutchfield, chief of artillery of the Second corps, in his report said: "These two batteries were capitally handled and evidently damaged the enemy severely." He also "calls special attention to the gallantry displayed by Maj. R. S. Andrews in this action." General Jackson said, "Special credit is due Major Andrews for the success and gallantry with which his guns were directed, until he was severely wounded and taken from the field."

After the battle of Slaughter's Mountain the First Maryland was foremost in every skirmish and affair in which the army of Northern Virginia was engaged in its transfer from the front of McClellan on the James to the rear of Pope at Manassas. On the 22d of August Early's brigade of Ewell's division crossed the Rappahannock at the White Sulphur Springs by the ford, the bridge having been broken. Early had with him the Thirteenth Georgia and the two Maryland batteries. Pope believed that this was Lee's advance over the river and forthwith concentrated a large force (Early says, "his whole force") to attack it. During the night a tremendous rain fell and the river rose six feet and the bridge was impassable This little force, therefore, was cut off on the northern side of the river. During the entire day Early made a great show by marching and countermarching his regiments, and that stood off the Federals until dark. Then they made a move in heavy force to crush the small body in front of them and they charged with cheers, but Dement opened on them with canister at very short range, repulsed them and saved the command. When Jackson moved around Pope's flank and

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got in his rear at Bristoe Station on the 26th of August, 1862, Ewell's division was left at Bristoe, while Hill and Taliaferro (who had succeeded Charles Winder in command of the First division) were sent to Manassas Junction. In the afternoon Pope's advance came up in heavy force, but Dement's guns stopped them until Ewell got out comfortably to Manassas. At Manassas in the battle of August 28, 29, 30, 1862, the three Maryland batteries —the First, Captain Dement; the Second, Baltimore light, Captain Brockenbrough; the Third, Chesapeake, Captain Brown, performed distinguished services. On the last day the First Maryland having exhausted all its long range projectiles of shot and shell, was moved up closer so as to shorten the range and increase the efficiency of canister.

Upon the investment of Harper's Ferry, during the night of September 14th, Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery, took two guns each from the batteries of Dement, Brown, Latimer and Garber, and moved them across the Shenandoah, so as to flank and enfilade the Federal lines. This was the key of the position. Crutchfield was ordered to open at daylight, but the work of cutting a road along the mountain delayed him. At dawn the Confederate batteries of Pegram, McIntosh, Davidson and Braxton of A. P. Hill's division opened on the Federal right. General Miles, the Federal commander, began to form to charge them, when Crutchfield broke out in a tremendous fire which silenced the Federal battery on the left and drove the Federal infantry from their entrenchments. As the circle of fire from mountain to mountain closed around General Miles, he put up the white flag and surrendered. At Sharpsburg the Maryland batteries were on the Confederate left operating with Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and his cavalry. At Fredericksburg, the Chesapeake artillery, under Lieutenant Plater, at Hamilton's Crossing did excellent service, said Early. At the battle of

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Chancellorsville, the First Maryland and the Chesapeake artillery defended an important position in Early's line against Sedgwick on the 2d, and on the 3d was on Marye's Hill. Both batteries lost heavily in these engagements and received distinctive notice from General Early in his report.

The Second Maryland infantry* was organized at Winchester, Va., in the fall of 1862, of companies recruited in Richmond by officers of the First Maryland and some Marylanders who had come to Virginia after the battle of Sharpsburg. Those most active and influential in recruiting new companies were Captains Herbert, Goldsborough, Lieutenant George Thomas, Corporal Clapham Murray, Private W. P. Zollinger, late of the First Maryland, and Captains J. Parran Crane, Ferdinand C. Duvall, Jos. L. McAleer, John W. Torsch, Gwynn and Stewart, who were generally new men, except Torsch, who had commanded a company in a Virginia regiment for the preceding year. The regiment was organized as follows:

Lieutenant-Colonel, James R. Herbert.
Major, William W. Goldsborough.
Adjutant, J. Winder Laird.
Acting Adjutant, Lieut. George Thomas.
Quartermaster, Maj. Charles W. Harding.
Commissary of Subsistence, Capt. John Eager Howard.
Surgeon, Richard P. Johnson.
Assistant Surgeon, De Wilton Snowden.
Sergeant Major, William R. McCullough.
Quartermaster Sergeant, Edwin James.
Ordnance Sergeant, Francis L. Higdon.
Chief Musician, Michael A. Quinn.

Company A: Captain, William H. Murray. Lieutenants, Geo. Thomas, Clapham Murray, William P. Zollinger.

*Major W. W. Goldsborough, of the Second Maryland, has a graphic account of the regiment in his "Maryland Line, C. S. A.," which has been freely drawn on in this chapter.

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Company B: Captain, J. Parran Crane. Lieutenants, J. H. Stone, Chas. B. Wise, James H. Wilson.

Company C: Captain, Ferdinand C. Duvall. Lieutenants, Charles W. Hodges, Joseph W. Barber, Thomas H. Tolson.

Company D: Captain, Joseph L. McAleer. Lieutenants, James S. Franklin, J. T. Bussey, S. T. McCullough.

Company E: Captain, John W. Torsch. Lieutenants, William J. Broadfoot, Wm. R. Byus, Joseph P. Quinn.

Company F: Captain, A. J. Gwynn. Lieutenants, John W. Polk, David C. Forrest, John G. Hyland.

Company G: Captain, Thomas R. Stewart. Lieutenants, G. G. Guillette, George Brighthaupt, William C. Wrighttor.

Company H: Captain, J. Thomas Bussey.

Col. Bradley T. Johnson had first been unanimously elected by the officers of the battalion to be lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Johnson was at that time on the military court at Richmond and had not contributed to the organization of the new command. He declined the proffered commission on the ground that it was due to Herbert as the senior officer of those who had got together, armed, equipped, drilled and instructed the Second Maryland. They had done the work and should have the honors. So Captain Herbert was elected lieutenant-colonel and Captain Goldsborough major.

The Second Maryland was employed during the winter and spring of 1863 at New Market, Harrisonburg and various other points along the Valley pike, sometimes on picket, sometimes in scouting. They several times accompanied Gen. Wm. E. Jones, who was in command of the valley, with his brigade of Virginia cavalry, the Second Maryland infantry and the Baltimore light artillery, on raids and long and arduous marches over the mountains of West Virginia, to disable the Baltimore & Ohio railroad by tearing up its track and burning its bridges.

In June, 1863, when General Lee commenced his move

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on Pennsylvania by pushing Ewell's corps from Culpeper over the mountains to attack Milroy at Winchester, Jones' command was moved down the valley to make a junction with Ewell. At Kernstown, a few miles from Winchester, three companies of the Second Maryland, under Major Goldsborough, were out as skirmishers. They soon struck the enemy and drove him steadily back into the town of Winchester. They passed the night half a mile from the town and before sunrise next morning the Marylanders charged into the town, but were withdrawn by order of Gen. John B. Gordon, who had his brigade near them. The next day was occupied in Ewell's preparations to assault the fortifications around the town, into which Milroy had collected his army, but at daylight next morning the Maryland skirmishers entered the town and found everything had been evacuated during the night and Milroy had marched out toward Harper's Ferry. Ewell, however, had prepared for that movement and captured almost his entire command, though Milroy himself escaped. The loss of the Second Maryland in this affair was nine wounded and one captured.*

The curious part of this affair was that the Confederate Marylanders for the two days were fighting their own friends and kinsmen, the Fifth Maryland Federal, in which Major Goldsborough's brother was surgeon. The major captured his own brother. The regiment, the morning after the battle of Winchester, was attached to the brigade of Gen. George H. Steuart, former colonel of the First Maryland. It was composed of Virginia and North Carolina regiments, in Maj.-Gen. Edward Johnson's division of Ewell's corps.

From Winchester they marched with the army to Gettysburg. On the evening of the first of July, 1863, Johnson's division being on the left of Ewell's corps,

*See appendix A, for losses of the regiment in this and subsequent engagements.

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which was the left of the army, moved about nightfall to attack Culp's Hill. After a bitter struggle they took the position with a loss of three hundred in Steuart's brigade, including one hundred in the Second Maryland. In this attack Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert was severely wounded by three balls, it was believed mortally. They held their place all night, and at daylight next morning Steuart's brigade was formed at right angles to the works they had taken the night before, and charged down them at a line held by the enemy two hundred yards in front, with an open field between. As the brigade emerged into the open, it was swept by the fire in front and a tenfold more destructive one from the left, where a large force of the enemy had been concentrated during the night. Major Goldsborough was shot down and Captain Murray killed, and the Second Maryland annihilated. It had carried five hundred men into battle the night before. Two hundred reported the morning after. Almost all the remainder were killed and wounded, for none were captured except five men tending wounded or dying comrades. After Gettysburg the Second Maryland marched with the army to Orange Court House in Virginia, where in November it was detached from Steuart's brigade and ordered to report to Col. Bradley T. Johnson, commanding the Maryland Line at Hanover Junction.

On June 2, 1864, the Second Maryland was held in reserve to Echols' brigade of Virginians, who occupied a line of works in front of McGehee's house at Cold Harbor, on the same ground over which the battle of Cold Harbor had been fought June 27, 1862. At daylight of June 3d Hancock's corps made a sudden rush at the works, ran over them, and the first thing the Marylanders knew the Union flag was right over them and the Union troops ramming canister in the captured guns in the fortification, to open them on their late owners. Without waiting for orders, officers and men rushed straight at the enemy with the naked bayonet, and in the

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twinkling of an eye hurled them back the way they had come and turned the guns they had shotted on the routed mass. It was a most brilliant exploit, for it saved Lee's line and probably a serious disaster, for Grant had massed troops to pour them through the opening made by Hancock. Their loss was severe.

From that date the Second Maryland was engaged in every combat of Ewell's corps. They were first assigned to Walker's brigade and then to Archer's brigade of Heth's division. On the 13th of June they had a severe fight at White Oak Swamp and continual skirmishes followed up to August 25th. On August 18th General Mahone made an attack on Ream's Station on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, south of Petersburg, Archer's brigade being part of his force. The fighting here was extremely bloody and the loss heavy on both sides. At Pegram's Farm, September 30, 1864, Heth's division had another severe fight. The Second Maryland lost out of one hundred and forty-nine men who went into the fight, fifty-three killed and wounded. At that time there were only six commissioned officers left with the regiment. All the rest had been killed or wounded. On October 1st they had another bloody fight on the Squirrel Level road and lost heavily.

From that day they were constantly fighting in the trenches until April 2, 1865, when they made their last gallant stand in the lines of Petersburg. General Archer having been wounded, the brigade command devolved on Brigadier-General McComb, of Tennessee. General McComb held his place on the line until nearly surrounded, and then fell back to Hatcher's Run. From there they marched with the army to Appomattox Court House, where they were inscribed on the roll of honor of those who were paroled with Lee.*

The First Maryland cavalry was organized at Win-

*Appendix G.

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chester, Va., on the 25th of November, 1862, with—

Major, Ridgely Brown.

Adjutant, George W. Booth.

Assistant Quartermaster, Capt. Ignatius Dorsey.

Surgeon, Wilbur R. McKnew.

Sergeant-Major, Edward Johnson.

Quartermaster Sergeant, Charles I. Tregner.

Company A: Captain, Frank A. Bond. First-Lieutenant, Thomas Griffith. Second-Lieutenant, J. A. V. Pue, Edward Beatty.

Company B: Captain, George M. Emack. Lieutenants, Mason E. McKnew, Adolphus Cook, Henry C. Blackiston.

Company C: Captain, Robert C. Smith. Lieutenants, George Howard, J. Jeff. Smith, Groeme Turnbull.

Company D: Captain, Warner G. Welsh. Lieutenants, William H. H. Dorsey, Stephen D. Lawrence, Milton Welsh.

Subsequently the battalion was joined by—

Company E: Captain, William J. Raisin. Lieutenants, John B. Burroughs, Nathaniel Chapman, Joseph K. Roberts.

Company F: Captain, Augustus F. Schwartz. Lieutenants, C. Irving Ditty, Fielder C. Slinghoff, Samuel G. Bond.

Thereupon Major Brown was promoted lieutenant-colonel, and Capt. Robert Carter Smith major.

In July, 1864, Capt. Gustavus W. Dorsey joined the battalion with Company K of the First Virginia cavalry as Company H: Captain, Gustavus W. Dorsey. Lieutenants, N. C. Hobbs, Edward Pugh. Second Lieutenant, Mr. Quinn. (Rudolphus Cecil had been killed in battle.)

The battalion served in the valley of Virginia in the brigade of Wm. E. Jones, as a constituent part of the Maryland Line, consisting of the First Maryland infantry, the First Maryland cavalry and the Second Maryland or Baltimore light artillery.

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The winter of 1862-63 was employed in picketing and scouting General Jones' front and accompanying the command on various raids on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad and to collect provisions and horses. In the latter part of April, 1863, General Jones went through Moorefield and western Maryland, having numerous skirmishes at the villages of that region and collecting much spoil. On their way to Oakland in Maryland, at Greenland Gap, a pass in the mountain range, necessary to go through in order to reach their destination, they encountered a strong blockhouse of logs, garrisoned with one hundred and fifty infantry, which commanded the way. The Seventh Virginia, Col. Richard H. Dulany, was first ordered in, but was repulsed, its colonel badly and supposed mortally wounded. The First Maryland was then sent forward. The position was almost impregnable. The strong log house was crenelated and the garrison poured through its crevices a constant and devouring fire. Its only approach was by a path, along which only two could charge abreast. Brown took charge and with his adjutant, Booth, led the forlorn hope. With a small number of men they got up to the side of the house, and by sticking close to the wall and firing through the crevices with their revolvers, managed for some moments to live. Brown was shouting for fire, when both he and Booth were shot through the leg from muskets poked through the cracks at them. But the fire was got up and the house set in flames and then the garrison surrendered. Maj. Robert Carter Smith and Lieutenants Pue and Beatty of Company A were severely wounded. The First Maryland lost several in its rank and file. All the field and staff were wounded. After a few days Colonel Brown's, Major Smith's and Captain Booth's wounds became so bad that they had to be sent to the rear, when Capt. Frank A. Bond was assigned to the command.

In the movement on Pennsylvania in June, 1863, the First Maryland was assigned to the command of Brig.-

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Gen. Albert G. Jenkins, who had been ordered to the valley with his cavalry brigade. With Jenkins' brigade the First Maryland made the Gettysburg campaign and participated in all the raids, foragings and skirmishes of that command, General Jenkins being in the advance in Lee's forward movement. When Lee withdrew from Gettysburg, Jenkins was sent with his brigade to protect the trains which were forwarded ahead of the infantry. Meade detached Kilpatrick's division down through Maryland to strike Lee's trains in the mountains, and at midnight it attacked them at Monterey, on the dividing line between Maryland and Pennsylvania—Mason and Dixon's line. Emack's and Welsh's squadrons were at the point of attack. They were thrown behind the stone fences, part held mounted, and as Kilpatrick's advance charged in the pitch dark, the Marylanders sent them whirling back, and charged them mounted. These two squadrons held back Kilpatrick's division from midnight until dawn, when Jenkins got up, it having been impossible to pass the wagon train in the dark. They saved Ewell's train, his ammunition and his ambulances with his wounded. Passing on down the mountain, they again met the enemy's cavalry at Hagerstown, where a desperate hand-to-hand mêlée took place in the streets, and Maj. Ulric Dahlgren lost his leg. Captain Bond also received a wound which lamed him for life.

After the army returned to Virginia the First cavalry served in Jenkins' brigade, and then in the brigades of Gens. Fitz Lee and Lomax until November, 1863, when it was ordered to report to Col. Bradley T. Johnson, commanding the Maryland Line.

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CHAPTER X.

THE MARYLAND LINE.

AFTER the First regiment was mustered out of service August, 1862, and the army of Northern Virginia returned from Sharpsburg, the hope of Maryland seemed dead. The Second regiment and the First cavalry in the valley were ordered to report to Brig.-Gen. William E. Jones, commanding the Valley district. Steuart was brigadier, Elzey was major-general, and Johnson was colonel on a military court organized under an act of the Confederate Congress to sit as permanent general court-martial for each corps in the army. The Marylanders were more dispersed than ever.

When the campaign of 1863 opened, the Second Maryland led Ewell's advance on Winchester, and established its reputation for drill, for gallantry and for esprit, in the army. From Winchester Lee crossed the Potomac and moved into Pennsylvania. Johnson, chafing at being in the rear when the army was advancing, convinced Hon. James A. Seddon, secretary of war, that it was legal to constitute a regiment by consolidating the infantry and cavalry battalions, and he was commissioned colonel of the First regiment, Maryland Line. He was ordered to take command of all the Maryland battalions and companies in the army of Northern Virginia, and authorized to organize regiments and appoint officers for them and report to Maj.-Gen. Isaac R. Trimble. He left Richmond, took horse at Charlottesville, and rode rapidly through the country to Gettysburg, where he arrived on the evening of July 2d. He reported his orders to Trimble, who reported them to Ewell. Ewell had succeeded Jackson in command of the Second corps,

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and knew Johnson well. He said in his crisp, brusque way, "This is no time to be swapping horses." The battle was then raging in his front. The next day, the 3d, Ewell assigned Johnson to the command of his old brigade, and he remained in command of the Second brigade until November, 1863, when at last the order assigning him to the Maryland Line was executed. General Lee ordered him to take the Second infantry, the First cavalry and the Baltimore light artillery (the Second Maryland) to Hanover Junction, where the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac railroad crossed the Virginia Central and where five long, high bridges over the North Anna, the South Anna and the Middle river made the safety of the position essential to the transportation of Lee's army. Here then at last, after more than two years' effort and struggle, was the Maryland Line organized. During the winter it was reinforced by Maryland commands and Marylanders, until there were assembled more than fifteen hundred Marylanders under the Maryland flag, the largest number that was ever collected in war: more than Lord Sterling commanded at Long Island, or under DeKalb fell and died in front of Camden, or under Otho Williams swept the field at Eutaw, or by Howard's order charged at Cowpens, or broke the Grenadier Guards at Guilford.

It was composed of the élite of the State, young men charged with devotion to duty, honor, country, liberty, justice and right. Their gallantry in battle became an ideal of the army of Northern Virginia all through their service.

The commands assembled were: First Maryland cavalry, Lieut.-Col. Ridgely Brown; Maj. Robert Couter Smith; Adjutants George W. Booth, Tom Eager Howard Post.

Second Maryland infantry: Captain J. Parran Crane commanding; Lieut.-Col. Jos. R. Herbert and Maj. W. W. Goldsborough, both absent, wounded at Gettysburg.

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First Maryland artillery, Capt. Wm. F. Dement.

Second Maryland artillery, Baltimore light, Capt. Wm. H. Griffin.

Fourth Maryland artillery, Chesapeake, Capt. Walter S. Chew.

The organizations of the batteries were as follows:

First Maryland: Captain, William F. Dement. Lieutenants, Charles S. Couter, John Gayle, Wm. J. Hill.

Second Maryland, Baltimore light artillery: Captain, William H. Griffin. Lieutenants, William B. Bean, John McNulty, J. W. Goodman.

Fourth Maryland, Chesapeake artillery: Captain, Walter S. Chew. Lieutenants, John E. Plater, Benjamin G. Roberts.

The field and staff consisted of: Bradley T. Johnson, colonel commanding; George W. Booth, captain and A. A. G.; Wilson Carey Nicholas, captain and A. I. G.; George H. Kyle, major and C. S.; Charles W. Harding, major and Q. M.; Richard P. Johnson, surgeon and medical director; Thos. S. Latimer, assistant surgeon; Rev. Thomas Duncan, chaplain· Andrew C. Trippe, lieutenant and ordnance officer.

During the winter General Lee conceived the plan of sending the Maryland Line, the cavalry minus their horses and the artillery minus their guns, across the Potomac in open boats to attack Point Lookout, where there were 15,000 Confederate prisoners with a strong guard of infantry and artillery. This forlorn hope was broken up by Federal movements around Hanover Junction, which rendered the Maryland Line more essential there than in any desperate forays against gunboats or fortified places and heavy artillery to rescue prisoners of war. About the 1st of March, 1864, Colonel Johnson was informed by telegram from army headquarters that a heavy force of cavalry had passed by the right flank of the Confederate army and was making its way for Hanover Junction, presumably to burn the bridges, and he was directed to protect them at every cost. He

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at once dispatched most of his cavalry in an expanding circle of scouts north and northeast, until after midnight he located the enemy moving by Frederick's Hall toward Ground Squirrel Bridge over the South Anna, five miles east of the railroad bridges. Posting all his infantry at the bridges, Colonel Johnson with the remnant of the First cavalry and the Baltimore light artillery pushed out toward the enemy. A mile from camp he struck a Federal picket approaching the bridges. A couple of shells and a rattling charge sent the raiders whirling whence they came. Johnson then moved along a parallel road to get between them and Richmond if possible. He had sixty sabers and four guns. At Ashland a party charged into the village, but were driven back, and the Marylanders pushed on to Yellow Tavern, where the road they were on ran into and joined the road by which the Federal Cavalry were pushing on to Richmond. Arriving at the point after his enemy, Johnson concealed his force behind a barn on the roadside and posted a picket on the Brooktown pike, just in front, along which the Federal cavalry were advancing. The advance of the Federals were thundering away with their artillery at the outside fortifications of Richmond. In a few minutes five horsemen in blue dashed up to the pickets, who were clad in Federal uniforms captured that morning. Two were killed and three captured. Among the captured was a lieutenant, staff officer of Colonel Dahlgren. From the prisoners was extracted with difficulty and by force the information that the enemy in front, attacking, was under Maj.-Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, with 3,000 sabers, and that Colonel Dahlgren with 500 more was on the river road and that this dispatch was to inform Kilpatrick of his whereabouts, and that he intended to charge into the city at dusk and expected General Kilpatrick to assist by charging at the same time. Thus, knowing his enemy's hand Colonel Johnson promptly trumped it. He picked up his sixty sabers and hurled them against Kilpatrick's rear guard on the Brook pike. He ran them in on Kilpatrick,

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who was shelling the Richmond defenses. That officer, seeing he was between the upper and the nether millstone, took horse and got out toward the Chickahominy, which he crossed, and went into camp at the Meadow Bridges, the Marylanders being on the side nearest Richmond. During the night Hampton came down on him with the First and Second North Carolina cavalry and ran him out of his camp. He stood not on the order of his going, but went at once, and at daylight Johnson and the Marylanders struck his trail. During the whole day they incessantly charged his rear guard and delayed and hindered his march. The ferry boats on the Pamunkey had all been sunk by Colonel Johnson's order as soon as he was notified of the movement of the enemy's cavalry by General Lee, the river was nowhere fordable, and Kilpatrick's only escape was by the peninsula to Fortress Monroe, or to a force sent thence to relieve and rescue him. At Old Church he was obliged to turn and fight. He put his 3,000 men and six guns in line of battle and sent one regiment out to charge his pursuers. He hadn't an idea of who or what they were. They might be Hampton with the whole of the Confederate cavalry pushing to gobble him up. The Federal charge drove the Marylanders back a mile with a loss of two men killed and one prisoner. As they were reforming to renew their attacks on Kilpatrick's rear guard, a courier reported that a heavy column was moving rapidly up on Colonel Johnson's rear and was then less than half a mile distant. Johnson had just time to dismount his men and rush them into the woods on each side of the road, but had not time to get his led horses out of the way when the Federals charged. They went through and the remnant rejoined Kilpatrick a mile distant, but the Marylanders killed, wounded and captured over a hundred men. This last detachment was a part of Dahlgren's command. Colonel Dahlgren, his communication with Kilpatrick having been cut off by the capture

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of his dispatch at Yellow Tavern, had taken one hundred men and gone off to find him. He had crossed the Pamunkey at Dabney's Ferry by swimming his horses and carrying his men and ammunition over in the sunken ferry boat, which he had found and raised, and was making his way back to the Union lines when he was killed in King and Queen county, the very night after the day the other part of his command cut its way through the Marylanders and escaped to Kilpatrick.

After this little episode the Marylanders stuck to Kilpatrick until he reached the railroad at Tunstall's Station, where he was received by an escort sent up for him by Major-General Butler from Fortress Monroe. General Hampton reported that the exploits of the Maryland Line had saved Richmond, for, he said, Kilpatrick would certainly have ridden into Richmond if Colonel Johnson's attack in his rear had not paralyzed and delayed him so much that an infantry division could be brought up from the lines and set out to confront him. He complimented Colonel Johnson by presenting him with a saber, the only other patterns of which were borne by Lieutenant-General Hampton and President Jefferson Davis. Major-General Elzey, commanding the district of Richmond, reported that Colonel Johnson and his command, the Maryland Line, had saved the city of Richmond, and issued a general order complimenting him and them.

On the 9th of May, 1864, Maj.-Gen. Phil. Sheridan passed by the right flank of the army of Northern Virginia. Colonel Johnson was absent from the headquarters of the Maryland Line at the Junction, on a scout down the peninsula, leaving Colonel Brown in command. In the afternoon Colonel Brown had information of the Federal movement and proceeded promptly to put himself in front of it, and before Richmond, with one hundred and fifty sabers. He came in contact with the enemy at about eleven o'clock that night about a mile from Beaver Dam Station on the Virginia Central railroad, now the

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Chesapeake & Ohio railroad. The enemy was tearing up and destroying the railroad ties. Colonel Brown dismounted his command, about ninety men, the rest left as horse holders and as reserve. He himself got up close to them and saw their position. Returning to his command, he attacked and moved forward, driving in pickets and skirmishers sent out to stop him. He pressed them back on the line of Sheridan's command formed to receive him. Thirteen thousand to one hundred and fifty was odds. The Marylander was obliged to decline and Brown withdrew. The next morning, in obedience to a dispatch from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart to attack and delay them until he could get up, he stood against this overwhelming force all the morning, constantly forcing them to form line of battle and move forward in order. Stuart was thus able to get to Yellow Tavern just after Sheridan had passed that point and was about to attack Richmond. The Maryland Line paid dearly for the honor won that day. Capt. Schwartz, Company F, and Lieut. J. A. Ventris Pue, Company A, were badly wounded, and died on being carried off by the Federals to Washington. They did not die from wounds, but from maltreatment in being borne over bad roads in a rough ambulance. The ride killed them, not the bullets.

In the latter part of May Lee's army fell back to the line of the North Anna, and Grant as usual moved by his right and crossed the Pamunkey at Dabney's Ferry. Colonel Johnson and the cavalry of the Line happened to be near there watching for such a movement. Colonel Baker of North Carolina was there with Gordon's North Carolina brigade, and he attacked the party which had crossed the river and driven off the Confederate pickets. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, to whom Colonel Johnson was temporarily reporting, directed him to go to the assistance of Baker. After a conference Johnson agreed that if Baker could hold the Federals while he, Johnson, could get around them, they two would capture the

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whole party. So Baker kept up a brisk skirmish, and Johnson moved up a side road to the right. He had not gone a mile when he met Baker's pickets coming back with the Federals at their heels, pressing so close that Johnson hardly had time to leave the narrow road and deploy in an open field before the enemy was on him. They killed Colonel Johnson's horse and shot his saber clean from his side. By the time he got out into the field a column of blue cavalry was going by his left flank and into his rear. So he attempted to withdraw decently and in order. But this was impossible. The Marylanders made repeated charges to get relief, to be as frequently driven back, until at last the only order of going was "*sauve qui peut.*" Out of two hundred and fifty men carried in they left seventy killed, wounded or missing. There was a larger percentage of killed than is usual in battle, for the fighting, as Jackson said about the Bucktail fight, "was close and bloody." Some of the finest young men of the Maryland Line lost their lives that day. Alexander Young, private in Company D, son of a former comptroller of the treasury of the United States under Buchanan's administration, was a model of manly beauty, of chivalry and grace, of courage and accomplishment. Beautiful as he was brave, refined as highly educated; intellectually, physically and morally he was a pattern gentleman. He died in his tracks, dismounted on the skirmish line, holding his place against a charge of mounted cavalry. This was known in the traditions of the Maryland Line as the fight at Pollard's Farm on May 27, 1864.

On the 1st of June following a force of Federal cavalry drove the First Maryland out of Hanover Court House over the Richmond & Fredericksburg railroad at Wickham's Crossing, back to the Virginia Central railroad not far north of Ashland. The bridges of the first road had ceased to be important, for Lee had fallen back between them and Richmond, but the Virginia Central

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bridges were very valuable, for they gave the only way by rail to the valley of Virginia. Colonel Johnson with his forces fought the enemy from hill-top to hill-top all the way from Wickham's back to the Virginia Central bridges, in hopes that reinforcements would be sent and thus the bridges saved, for he kept General Lee advised of his movements all day and he knew the conditions accurately. But no reinforcements came. At the very last effort, a desperate charge, Ridgely Brown was shot through the middle of the forehead and died without speaking a word. He was the bravest, the purest, the gentlest man from Maryland who died for liberty in that four years' war. His commanding officer recorded the estimation in which he was held by officers and men in these appropriate terms:

"Headquarters Maryland Line, June 6, 1864.
General Order No. 26.

Lieut.-Col. Ridgely Brown, commanding First Maryland cavalry, fell in battle on the 1st instant near the South Anna. He died as a soldier prefers to die, leading a victorious charge.

As an officer, kind and careful; as a soldier, brave and true; as a gentleman, chivalrous; as a Christian, gentle and modest; no one in the Confederate army surpassed him in the hold he had on the hearts of his men and the place in the esteem of his superiors. Of the rich blood that Maryland has lavished on every battle field, none is more precious than his and that of our other brave comrades in arms who fell in the four days previous, on the hill sides of Hanover. His command has lost a friend most steadfast, but his commanding officer is deprived of an assistant invaluable. To the first he was ever as careful as a father, to the latter as true as a brother.

In token of respect for his memory the colors of the different regiments of this command will be draped and the officers wear the usual badge of military mourning for thirty days.

By order of Col. Bradley T. Johnson,
GEORGE W. BOOTH, A. A. G."

The Maryland cavalry under Colonel Johnson took a

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conspicuous and useful part in the battle at Trevilian's on June 12th between the Confederate cavalry, 4,500 sabers under Hampton, and the Federal cavalry, 13,000 sabers under Sheridan. When Custer in a dashing charge rode through a vacant place in Hampton's center, Rosser from the left with his own brigade and the Maryland Line cavalry charged Custer's flank, and in turn rode through him, cutting him in two. The Marylanders captured over one hundred good horses and men completely armed and equipped.

After this engagement at Trevilian's, Colonel Johnson obtained permission from General Hampton to undertake an expedition he had been preparing for all the preceding winter at Hanover Junction. He proposed to pick two hundred men and horses, proceed by roads he knew well on the east foot of the Blue Ridge to the Potomac, within twenty miles of Washington, cross at a well-known ford and ride swiftly to the Soldiers' Home, twelve miles off, where Lincoln was in the habit of spending the summer nights, guarded by a small picket of cavalry, disperse that, mount the President on a strong horse behind an officer, and send him back into Virginia with five men. Johnson with the rest of the command was to strike west for Frederick, cut the way between Washington and Baltimore, isolate Frederick east and west, and try to cross the Potomac at Point of Rocks, at Shepherdstown or Williamsport, whichever should be found most practicable, or if pressed get beyond Cumberland and escape to the Virginia mountains by that route. But if they should be cut off entirely from Virginia, he intended to ride through Pennsylvania to Niagara and cross then into the British possessions. He believed that everything would be in such confusion on the disappearance of the President, who could not be heard of in less than two or three days, that he would have that much start and would easily get off. At any rate the prize was worth the risk, and the game the

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candle. So he left Hampton to ride his raid and was busily engaged near Gordonsville shoeing his horses and getting up his disunited men.

One day General Early came along with his corps to head off Hunter, then rapidly approaching Lynchburg. Colonel Johnson felt himself bound to disclose to General Early his projected raid, for he would unexpectedly be operating within the sphere of Early's movements, and the latter promptly prohibited it. "I want to make that expedition myself, and I want you and your cavalry to assist me in it. You go to Waynesboro in the valley and watch there, guarding my rear until I dispose of Mr. Hunter. As soon as I've smashed his little tea party, I'll come back and we'll go into Maryland together and see what we can do."

So instead of "riding his raid" Johnson marched to Waynesboro and waited with what patience nature had given him until Early's corps had returned to Staunton. Then Early assigned him to the command of Wm. E. Jones' cavalry brigade, Jones having been killed at New Hope church below Staunton on Hunter's advance up the valley. The First Maryland cavalry and the Baltimore light artillery were added to the command. In a few days Colonel Johnson received his commission of brigadier-general. He made Capt. George W. Booth assistant adjutant-general of brigade, Booth having been his adjutant with the First Maryland infantry and with the Maryland Line at Hanover Junction, and for gallantry, for intelligence, for industry, for zeal, for self control and cool courage being unexcelled by any man high or low in the army of Northern Virginia.

General Johnson, in charge of the advance, moved rapidly through Winchester, marching on Shepherdstown. At Leetown, south of Martinsburg and northwest of Harper's Ferry, he encountered General Mulligan with 3,000 infantry and a six-gun battery to stop him. He promptly attacked Mulligan, and after more than half a

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day's fight drove him away. Johnson's cavalry brigade consisted of 800 mounted men, one four-gun battery, and a number of dismounted men who had lost their horses in the preceding thirty days, fighting Hunter, and were now following their command to take the chances of a horse turning up. Like the Welshman, if somebody would furnish them with a bridle, they would find a horse. From Leetown Johnson crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, passed rapidly through Sharpsburg to Boonsboro, on the 4th of July, leaving a large infantry force on Maryland Heights on his right and rear, depending on Early's infantry to take care of them. From Boonsboro he pressed down the National road through Middletown on Frederick. At Middletown he ran into a regiment of Federal cavalry, the Eighth Illinois, and Alexander's Maryland battery. Pushing them back and over the mountain, he drove them to the suburbs of Frederick, where he found a large force of infantry deployed in front of the town. He sent Lieutenant-Colonel Dunn with his Virginia regiment over to the Harper's Ferry road, while he proposed to move by the reservoir road into the opposite end of the town. Frederick was his native place and he was hourly informed of the condition of things and the troops defending the place. He was convinced that a simultaneous charge by Colonel Dunn at one end and by himself at the other would result in the capture of the town and all the troops in it. It was crammed with a wagon train escaping from Harper's Ferry, whence Gordon, of Early's command, had driven them.

Just as he got in motion for this attack, Maj.-Gen. Robert Ransom, commanding Early's cavalry, came up, and being informed of what was proposed, countermanded it and ordered Johnson back to the mountain at Hagan's on the top of it. He said that General Johnson was too enthusiastic and sanguine to get home, and that he would be cut to pieces. That night General Early

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gave General Johnson his orders, just received from General Lee by Robert E. Lee, his son. General Lee had singular tenacity and persistency of mind. He had formed the plan the preceding winter to send Johnson and the Maryland Line across the Potomac in boats to release the prisoners at Point Lookout. That plan had been frustrated by the movements of Kilpatrick and Sheridan, and now he recurred to it as soon as there was a possibility of accomplishing it. He directed General Early to detach Johnson with orders to move around the north of Baltimore, burn the bridges on the railroads leading north and cut the wires; then, circling round, to break the communication between Washington and Baltimore; then move on Point Lookout and attack at daylight on the 12th of July, when an attack would be made from the water side by Capt. John Taylor Wood, who would run out of Wilmington and by Fortress Monroe in a Confederate gun-boat. When the prisoners, some 15,000, were released, Johnson was to assume command and march them to Bladensburg, where General Early was to wait for them, when Washington was to be carried, communication established across the Potomac, and Grant's army forced to release Richmond and come back to recover Washington.

Johnson showed the commanding general that the time allowed was entirely insufficient. It was then the 8th of July and he was ordered to be at Point Lookout on the morning of the 12th, three days and three nights to make a march of two hundred and fifty miles. Horse flesh couldn't do it. However, it was orders, and no more was to be said. The explanation was made to account for the inevitable result. The next morning at daylight he started, rode through Westminster to Reisterstown and Cockeysville, where he arrived on the morning of Sunday, July 10th. At that point he detached Lieut.-Col. Harry Gilmor, who with the Second Maryland cavalry had been attached to his command on

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the march down the valley, with orders to move on to the railroad connecting Baltimore and Philadelphia, burn the bridges over the Gunpowder and Bush rivers and then report to him in the neighborhood of Washington, where he would be by the 14th. Gilmor accomplished the object of his expedition, burned the bridges, captured a passenger train on which was Major-General Franklin of the Federal army, who subsequently escaped during the night, and reported as per orders on the 14th, at Poolesville. Johnson, after burning the bridge at Cockeysville, turned round and rode rapidly around north of Baltimore. When five miles from that city, it was reported to him that the home of Governor Bradford, governor of Maryland, was only a short distance down the road. He at once detailed Lieutenant Blackstone, Company B, First Maryland cavalry, with a detail of a few men and written orders to burn the house, in retaliation for the burning of the home of Governor Letcher of Virginia by General Hunter at Lexington within the preceding thirty days. Such debts require prompt payment, and this was paid in thirty days without grace.

From Cockeysville he had dispatched a friend into Baltimore to find out the condition of the transportation on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and he left two men at Hayfields, John Merryman's place, to bring him the report of his scout about midnight. He stopped at the Caves, the place of John Canon, Esq., about midnight, to feed. While there his couriers from Hayfields got up and reported that the Nineteenth corps, General Emory, had arrived in transports and was at Locust Point and was being landed on the trains of the Baltimore & Ohio and hurried to Washington. Johnson sent this information to Early by an officer and five men, with orders to ride at speed, seizing horses as fast as theirs gave out. Thence he rode across Montgomery and Howard counties to Beltsville on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to Washington, where he struck a thousand Federal cavalry and drove them

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helter-skelter into Bladensburg. After cutting the railroad he started for Point Lookout, distant eighty miles, with seventeen hours to make it. He sent couriers ahead to tell the people he was coming, and that they must have their horses on the roadside ready to be exchanged for his broken-down ones. They would have done it, for they were all ardent Southerners. Just as his column got in motion, he received an order from General Early to report to him at once. Turning the head of the column toward Washington, he caught Early that night near Blair's house at Silver Spring and, as usual, took the rear guard. At Rockville there was a halt to feed, when a regiment of Federal cavalry charged them, but was driven back with loss. The Marylanders, however, did not escape unscathed. Capt. Wilson Carey Nicholas, acting inspector-general of the Maryland Line, leading the charge of the first squadron, had his horse shot and was himself shot and taken prisoner. He was as good a soldier and as gallant a gentleman as ever rode a horse in that war.

From Rockville, still covering the rear, Johnson's brigade followed the army to Poolesville, where during half the day it covered Early, recrossing the Potomac. His trains were long, piled with plunder, and his herds of cattle and horses very large. The Federals pressed down on the rear guard with pertinacity and in force, but the cavalry held them until dark, and the Baltimore light artillery fired the last shots, as the First cavalry were the last troops that crossed the Potomac, on Early's withdrawal from Maryland in 1864. He had received Johnson's dispatch from the Caves, reporting the arrival of the Nineteenth corps, just in time to countermand the order for an assault at daylight next morning on the apparently deserted Federal fortification. The morning revealed those same works crammed with troops, and Johnson's dispatch, therefore, probably saved him from a great disaster, for the works were impregnable to assault

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when fully manned. This ride from July 9th to July 13th was probably the longest ride taken during the war. It was one hundred and twenty hours in which the men never dismounted except to unsaddle and feed once every twenty-four hours, and of course they ate what they could pick up on the roadside, and slept in their saddles.

After crossing the river, Johnson's brigade followed Early to Winchester, and in a short time to Martinsburg. From that point General Early dispatched Gen. John McCausland with his own and Johnson's brigade to demand a contribution from Chambersburg, Pa., in retaliation for the burning of the houses of Hon. Alexander R. Boteler, Andrew Hunter and Edmund Lee at Shepherdstown and Charlestown a short time before. He sent a written demand on the authorities of Chambersburg for $100,000 in gold and $500,000 in greenbacks for the purpose of indemnifying these losers from Hunter's barbarities, or, in default of payment, he ordered the town to be burned. The expedition started on July 29th and reached Chambersburg on the 30th. McCausland then sought the town authorities, but they had fled. He then caused the court house bell to be rung to call together a town meeting to make his demand known to them. But the panic-stricken people would trust themselves in no conference with the "rebels." They did not believe, and they were not chary in saying so, that the rebels would never dare to burn their town; they were afraid to do so. This was really the tone assumed by the people of Chambersburg that morning. Finding delay useless and dangerous, McCausland set fire to the court house, which made a flaming beacon of fast-coming disaster, and in five minutes the whole town was in a blaze from twenty different points.

The Confederates were withdrawn from the burning town and started for Virginia. They moved up to Cumberland, but finding General Kelly there with a force too strong for them, turned off and recrossed the Potomac at

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Old Town, in Hampshire county, now West Virginia. Thence they moved on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at New Creek, and finding that heavily fortified and defended, proceeded to Moorefield in Hardy county, where they camped on the 6th of August. The First and Second Maryland had been placed under command of Lieut.-Col. Harry Gilmor and were camped up the Romney road. The lines were made, the camps pitched and the pickets posted according to the orders of Brigadier-General McCausland, the commanding officer of the expedition, and Brigadier-General Johnson obeyed his orders. Next morning before day Averell surprised Johnson's picket on the Romney road, captured the reserve, and then rode over the camps of the two Maryland battalions. Johnson just escaped capture and endeavored to rally his brigade. But the surprise was too nerve-shattering. The Twenty-first Virginia, Col. William E. Peters, was the only regiment that could be held in hand. Peters was a man of iron resolution and imperturbable courage. He couldn't be shaken. Earthquakes, tornadoes, electric storms couldn't move him. He would have stopped and asked, "What next?" if the earth were opening beneath him and the mountains falling on him. Johnson set him to hold Averell, while he brought the rest of the brigade to his support. But the Federal rush, the élan of success, was too strong. It carried off the Twenty-first Virginia like chaff before the whirlwind, leaving Peters shot through the body, mortally wounded, if any wound can be mortal. But human will triumphs over human anatomy and surgical skill, and Peters survives to this day as indomitable in his Latin professorship as he was that drear morning at Moorefield.

After the return from Chambersburg, the Maryland Line in Johnson's cavalry brigade was actively engaged in all the operations of Early in the valley. There was not a fight in which the Marylanders were not in front. Like the clan McDonald, which refused to charge at

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Culloden because it had been placed on the left of the line of battle, and McDonald since Bannockburn had always held the right of the clans, they always were in front, whether posted there or not. They took it, and held it!

After Early was expelled from the valley by the overwhelming force of Sheridan, the Maryland Line cavalry and artillery were attached to Davidson's brigade, afterward commanded by Gen. Wm. L. Jackson. There they served in Lomax's cavalry division during the winter until March, 1865, when the remnant of Early's command was dispersed by Sheridan at Waynesboro. As Sheridan pursued Early across the mountains toward Richmond, the Marylanders hung on his flank and annoyed him as flies worry a horse, but could do no harm.

In the latter part of March, 1865, they were ordered to report to General Fitz Lee at Stony Creek. Reaching Richmond the evening of April 1st they camped there, and next day, Sunday, April 2d, saw the evacuation of the capital of the Confederacy. The Marylanders had then been reduced to less than one hundred. At Stony Creek they found General Lee had moved, and they received orders to cover the rear of Mahone's division, the rear guard of the army. On the 4th of April, Colonel Dorsey, commanding the First Maryland, joined Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and was assigned to Gen. Wm. H. Payne's brigade. General Payne was wounded at Amelia Springs and was succeeded by Gen. Thos. T. Munford. Under him, the Marylanders, like the McDonalds, always nearest the enemy, kept the enemy pursuing them in check. On the 9th of April a heavy force of the Federal cavalry was seen moving along Munford's front, parallel to it. Dorsey mounted his men and, pulling down a fence in his front, was moving through the gaps in it toward the enemy. As soon as his first section had passed through, they saw the Federals in full charge at them not a hundred yards off. "We must charge them," said Capt. William J. Raisin, "that's our only chance."

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"Draw saber, gallop, charge!" was Dorsey's order, and the Marylanders hurled themselves on the advancing foe and drove him back. This was the last cavalry charge made in the army of Northern Virginia. William C. Price, Company E, was killed. His was the last blood shed in the war in Virginia. As General Munford well said in his farewell address to the Marylanders, "You spilled the first blood of the war in Baltimore and you shed the last in Virginia."

Munford did not surrender at Appomattox. None of the cavalry did. They marched away to Lynchburg. In ten days Colonel Dorsey got an order to move up the valley to Salem. When they arrived at Cloverdale in Botetourt county, they received this parting address from Munford, "the bravest of the brave."

"Cloverdale, Botetourt Co., Va., April 28, 1865.
Lieutenant-Colonel Dorsey,
Commanding First Maryland Cavalry:

I have just learned from Captain Emack that your gallant band was moving up the valley in response to my call. I am deeply pained to say that our army cannot be reached, as I have learned it has capitulated. It is sad indeed to think that our country's future is all shrouded in gloom. But for you and your command there is the consolation of having faithfully done your duty. Three years ago the chivalric Brown joined my old regiment with twenty-three Maryland volunteers, with light hearts and full of fight. I soon learned to respect, admire and love them for all those qualities which endear soldiers to their officers. They recruited rapidly, and as they increased in numbers, so did their reputation and friends increase; and they were soon able to take a position of their own.

Need I say when I see that position so high and almost alone among soldiers, that my heart swells with pride to think that a record so bright and glorious is in some part linked with mine? Would that I could see the mothers and sisters of every member of your battalion, that I might tell them how nobly you have represented your State and maintained our cause.

But you will not be forgotten. The fame you have

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won will be guarded by Virginia with all the pride she feels in her own true sons, and the ties which have linked us together, memory will preserve.

You who struck the first blow in Baltimore and *the last in Virginia* have done all that could be asked of you. Had the rest of our officers and men adhered to our cause with the same devotion, to-day we should have been free from Yankee thralldom. I have ordered the brigade to return to their homes, and it behooves us now to separate.

With my warmest wishes for your welfare, and a hearty God bless you, I bid you farewell.

THOMAS T. MUNFORD,
Brigadier-General Commanding Division."

And so closes the record of the Maryland Line in the army of the Confederate States. It is inscribed on the pages of the history of the army of Northern Virginia. It fired the first gun in the Seven Days' battles. It fired the first gun in Early's advance into Maryland in 1864, when he crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and the last, when he recrossed at Poolesville. It struck the first blow and shed the first blood of the revolution in Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, and made the last charge at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. Future generations of Marylanders will be proud of its achievements, and in the South I hope its memory will be honored and loved.

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ROSTER OF MARYLAND LINE.*

PROVISIONAL ARMY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

FIRST MARYLAND INFANTRY.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonels—Arnold Elzey, June 17, 1861; promoted brigadier-general July 21, 1861, major-general December 4, 1862. George H. Steuart, July 21, 1861; promoted brigadier-general March 18, 1862. Bradley T. Johnson, March 18, 1862; promoted brigadier-general June 28, 1864.

Lieutenant-Colonels—George H. Steuart, June 17, 1861; Bradley T. Johnson, July 21, 1861; E. R. Dorsey, March 18, 1862.

Majors—Bradley T. Johnson, June 17, 1861; E. R. Dorsey, July 21, 1861.

Acting—Adjutants, Lieutenant Frank X. Ward, Company H; Lieutenant George W. Booth, Company D. Surgeons, E. T. Galliard, R. P. Johnson. Assistant-Surgeons, Styles Kennedy, Thos. S. Latimer. Captain and A. Q. M., Grafton D. Spurrier, Chas. W. Harding, Septimus H. Stewart. Captain and A. C. S., John E. Howard. Chaplain, Stephen J. Cameron. Sergeant-Major, George W. Bishop, Philip L. Moore. Quartermaster-Sergeant, Chas. J. Wegner. Chief Musician, Alex. Hubbard. Drum Major, Hosea Pitt.

LINE.

Company A—Captain, Bradley T. Johnson, Wm. W. Goldsborough. First-Lieutenant, George K. Shellman.

* NOTE.—This is not presented as a complete roster. It is compiled from such muster rolls as have been found in the War Records Office at Washington, with additions from memory.

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Second-Lieutenant, Chas. W. Blair, Geo. M. E. Shearer, W. H. B. Dorsey, John F. Groshon. Sergeants, John T. Smith, George Tyler, D. Windsor Kessler, W. H. Pope. Corporals, Francis T. Bender, Wm. Ritter, Perry McDowell, James Abbott. Musician, Alex J. Hubbard.

Company B—Captain, Chas. C. Edelin. First-Lieutenant, James Mullen. Second-Lieutenant, Thomas Costello, Jos. Griffin. First-Sergeant, Peter Boyle. Sergeants, George Moog, Daniel Dougherty, Jas. Lemates. Corporals, George Bates, Wm. Haffey, Dennis O'Brien, George Probest. Musician, Joseph Smith.

Company C—Captain, Robert C. Smith, E. R. Dorsey. First-Lieutenant, Septimus H. Stewart. Second-Lieutenant, Wm. P. Thomas. First-Sergeant, Wm. Smyth. Sergeants, Sterling Murray, John B. Berryman, John H. Uhlhorn. Corporals, Chas. A. Arnold, John O'Loughlin, Frank S. Price, Henry C. Scott. Musician, Hosea Pitt.

Company D — Captain, James R. Herbert. First-Lieutenant, Geo. W. Booth. Second-Lieutenant, Wm. Key Howard, Nicholas Snowden. First-Sergeant, Geo. F. Ruff. Sergeants, Chas. J. Wegner, Wm. H. Slingluff, Edward L. King, Mason E. McKnew. Corporals, Edward Selvage, Jos. Wranck, Washington Hands, Wm. Weber. Musician, Chas. Tuttle, Jas. M. Ruley.

Company E—Captain, Edmund O'Brien, Harry McCoy. First-Lieutenant, John J. Lutts. Second-Lieutenant, John Cushing, Jr., Jos. G. W. Marriott. First-Sergeant, Geo. G. Raborg. Sergeants, Napoleon Camper, Green H. Barton, Wm. T. Wallis, Robert H. Cushing. Corporals, Patrick H. Williams, Thos. H. Davidson, Joseph T. Doyle, Alfred Pearce. Musician, Wm. Gannon, Michael Quinn.

Company F—Captain, J. Louis Smith. First-Lieutenant, Wm. D. Hough. Second-Lieutenant, Wm. J. Broadfoot, Joseph H. Stewart. First-Sergeant, Geo. W. Foos. Sergeants, John Marny, John Morris, Samuel A. Ken-

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nedy. Corporals, John Ryan, Michael McCourt, Edward Sheehan, Owen Callen. Musician, Francis Farr.

Company G—Captain, Wilson C. Nicholas. First-Lieutenant, Alexander Cross. Second-Lieutenant, Edward Deppish. First-Sergeant, John J. Platt. Sergeants, James Farrell, Louis Neidhammer, James Shields. Corporals, George Ross, Eli Fishpan, Samuel Kirk, Charles Fercoit. Musician, Andrew Myers.

Company H—Captain, Wm. H. Murray. First-Lieutenant, George Thomas. Second-Lieutenant, Francis X. Ward, Richard T. Gilmor, W. P. Dollinger. First-Sergeant, John H. Sullivan. Sergeants, McHenry Howard, James Lyon, Chapman B. Briscoe. Corporals, Edward Johnson, Richard C. Mackall, Clapham Murray, Wm. S. Lemmon.

Company I—Captain, Michael S. Robertson. First-Lieutenant, Hugh Mitchell. Second-Lieutenant, Hezekiah H. Bean, Eugene Diggs. First-Sergeant, John J. Brawner. Sergeants, John H. Stone, F. L. Higdon, Wm. H. Rison, Warren W. Ward. Corporals, Z. Francis Freeman, Francis L. Higdon, Thomas I. Green, Thomas L. Hannon.

Company C (Second)—Captain, Edmund Barry. First-Lieutenant, John Marshall. Second-Lieutenant, Wm. H. Edelin, Tom Washington Smith. First-Sergeant, Albert Tolson. Sergeants, Richard Brown, William Barry. (This company was enlisted in Richmond and united with the regiment. No muster roll of this company has been found in the war records.)

Battles and actions in which the First Maryland infantry was engaged: Manassas, Mason's Hill, Munson's Hill, Rappahannock River, Front Royal, Winchester, Harrisonburg, Cross Keys, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Dispatch Station, Malvern Hill, Harrison Landing.

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SECOND MARYLAND INFANTRY.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Lieutenant-Colonel, James R. Herbert; Major, Wm. W. Goldsborough; Surgeon, Richard P. Johnson; Assistant-Surgeon, DeWilton Snowden; A. Q. M., John E. Howard; Adjutant, J. Winder Laird; Sergeant-Major, Wm. R. McCullough; Q. M. Sergeant, Edwin James; Ordnance-Sergeant, Francis L. Higdon; Chief Musician, Michael A. Quinn.

LINE.

Company A — Captain, Wm. H. Murray, George Thomas. First-Lieutenant, Clapham Murray. Second-Lieutenant, Wm. P. Zollinger. First-Sergeant, Wm. L. Blackiston. Sergeants, Jas. F. Pearson, Jas. W. Thomas, Ezekiel S. Dorsey, Wm. H. Smith. Corporals, Willis Brancock, Chas. E. Maguire, George Denton, Lawrence K. Thomas. Musician, Wm. Gannon.

Company B—Captain, J. Parran Crane. First-Lieutenant, J. H. Stone. Second-Lieutenant, Chas. B. Wise, Jas. H. Wilson. First-Sergeant, Philip T. Reeder. Sergeants, John G. Barber, Francis Z. Freeman, Wittingham Hammett. Corporals, Thomas Simms, Wm. F. Wheatley, John Z. Downing, Albert Fenwick. Musician, Chas. T. Drury.

Company C—Captain, Ferdinand Duvall. First-Lieutenant, Chas. W. Hodges. Second-Lieutenant, Thomas H. Tolson, Joseph W. Barber. First-Sergeant, Wm. T. Outten. Sergeants, Robert T. Hodges, George Probest, Wm. Ritter, Thos. D. Barron. Corporals, Edward A. Welch, Beale D. Mullikin, John W. Collins, Chas. Clayton.

Company D—Captain, Jas. L. McAleer. First-Lieutenant, Jas. S. Franklin. Second-Lieutenant, Samuel T. McCullough. First-Sergeant, Thos. C. Butler. Sergeants, Wm. Jenkins, J. Wm. Proudt, Isaac Sherwood, Edwin

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Gover. Corporals, Geo. W. McAtee, Alfred Riddlemoser, John McCready.

Company E—Captain, John W. Torsch. First-Lieutenant, Wm. J. Broadfoot. Second-Lieutenant, Wm. R. Byus, Jos. P. Quinn. First-Sergeant, Samuel Kirk. Sergeants, Geo. L. Ross, Wilbur Ritter, Wm. Heaphy. Corporals, John Cain, Lewis P. Staylor, Jas. Reddie, Benj. F. Amos. Musician, Joseph Smith, Jas. L. Aubrey.

Company F—Captain, A. J. Gwynn. First-Lieutenant, John W. Polk. Second-Lieutenant, David C. Forrest, John G. Hyland. First-Sergeant, Nicholas J. Mills. Sergeants, Walter J. Randall, Philip T. Muirhead, Thos. O. Hodges, Joseph O. Wagner. Corporals, Jas. H. Dixon, Jas. T. Brown, Washington Martin.

Company G—Captain, Thos. R. Stewart. First-Lieutenant, G. G. Guillette, James A. Davis. Second-Lieutenant, Geo. Brighthaupt, Wm. C. Wrightson. First-Sergeant, Daniel A. Fenton. Sergeants, Geo. W. Manning, Michael C. Holohan, Algernon Henry, Patrick O'Connell. Corporals, Jas. E. Briddle, Henry A. Mumford, Wm. Lord, Benj. F. Twilley.

Company H—Captain, J. Thos. Bussey. First-Sergeant, Thos. O'Brien. Sergeants, John J. Powers. Corporals, Patrick Keenan, John J. Ward.

Battles in which the Second Maryland regiment infantry was engaged: Winchester, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, White Oak Swamp, Weldon Railroad, Squirrel Level Road, Hatcher's Run, Pegram's Farm, Appomattox, Petersburg. Steuart's brigade, to which the Second Maryland was assigned, assaulted Culp's Hill at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and took the line of Federal works, occupying the same through the night. On the following morning a further advance movement was attempted, which, however, failed, and after a desperate conflict the Confederate line was retired to the position on Rock Creek. The Second Maryland has commemorated this service by the erection of a monument which stands on

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the Federal line of works. The regiment carried into action about 400 muskets, of which force more than one-half were killed or wounded.

FIRST MARYLAND CAVALRY.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Lieutenant-Colonels—Ridgely Brown, Robert Carter Smith, Gus. W. Dorsey.

Majors—Ridgely Brown, Robert Carter Smith.

Adjutants—Geo. W. Booth, John E. H. Post.

Assistant-Surgeon—Wilbur R. McKnew; A. Q. M., Ignatius W. Dorsey; Sergeant-Majors, Edward Johnson, John E. H. Post, Arthur Bond; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Chas. J. Wegner; Orderly-Sergeant, Edward Johnson.

LINE.

Company A—Captain, Frank A. Bond. First-Lieutenant, Thomas Griffith. Second-Lieutenant, J. A. V. Pue, Edward Beatty. First-Sergeant, John H. Scholl. Sergeants, Hammond Dorsey, Frank Griffith, Joshua Riggs, Chas. R. Cockey. Corporals, Wm. Wilson, Bazil Clark, Arthur Bond, John Harding.

Company B—Captain, Geo. M. Emack. First-Lieutenant, Mason E. McKnew. Second-Lieutenant, Adolphus Cook, Henry C. Blackiston. First-Sergeant, S. B. Spencer. Sergeants, W. A. Wilson, W. H. W. Guyther, D. M. Turner, O. H. Perry. Corporals, G. M. Serpell, J. J. Spear, Pembroke Jones, J. R. H. Deakins, Robert Carvell.

Company C—Captain, Robert C. Smith. First-Lieutenant, Geo. Howard. Second-Lieutenant, T. Jeff Smith, T. J. Green, Graeme Turnbull, Jas. D. Walters. First-Sergeant, Illinois Carruthers. Sergeants, Geo. Smith Norris, E. Clarence Neale, Wm. F. Dorsey, Hamilton Lefevre. Corporals, Richard Knox, Richard C. Smith, LaFayette Hause.

Company D—Captain, Warner G. Welch. First-Lieu.

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tenant, Wm. H. Dorsey. Second-Lieutenant, Stephen D. Lawrence, Milton Welch. First-Sergeant, Phineas I. Davis. Sergeants, Upton L. Dorsey, Thomas G. Worthington, Albert Jones, Lewis W. Trail. Corporals, Geo. R. Simpson, Edwin Selvage, Geo. R. Cather, Rich H. Norris.

Company E—Captain, Wm. J. Raisin. First-Lieutenant, S. B. Burroughs. Second-Lieutenant, Nathaniel Chapman, Jos. K. Roberts, Jr. First-Sergeant, Townley Robey. Sergeants, John Savage, Solomon Wright, Thos. H. Gemmill. Corporals, Geo. T. Hollyday, Benj. J. Turton, Henry C. Wallis, John W. Slaven.

Company F—Captain, Aug. F. Schwartz. First-Lieutenant, C. Irving Ditty. Second-Lieutenant, Fielder C. Slingluff, Samuel G. Bond. First-Sergeant, Josiah H. Slingluff. Sergeants, Howard H. Kinsey, Henry A. Wile. Corporals, Wilbur J. Rolph, John W. Latham, Jos. C. Shorb.

Company K—Captain, Geo. R. Gaither, Gus. W. Dorsey, N. C. Hobbs. First-Lieutenant, Rudolphus Cecil, George Howard. Second-Lieutenant, E. H. D. Pue, Samuel W. Dorsey, George Howard, Ridgely Brown, Thomas Griffith, Frank A. Bond. First-Sergeant, Robert Floyd. Sergeants, W. H. Wright, Geo. Buckingham, Ira Albaugh, W. W. Burgess. Corporals, F. Leo Wills, William Barnes, B. H. Morgan, Robert Bruce, James Oliver.

Some of the actions in which the First Maryland cavalry was engaged: Kernstown, Maurytown, Greenland Gap, Oakland, Morgantown, Bridgeport, Cairo, Middletown, Winchester, Hagerstown, Morton's Ford, Brandy Station, Auburn or Cedar Creek, Buckland, Gainesville, Taylorsville, Pollard's Farm, Old Church, Beaver Dam, Dabney's Ferry, Ashland, Trevilian's Station, Leetown, Bladensburg, Rockville, Poolesville, Gettysburg, Martinsburg, Charlestown, Bunker Hill, Fisher's Hill, Madison C. H., Liberty Mills, High Bridge, Appomattox.

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SECOND MARYLAND CAVALRY.

No official muster rolls of this command having been found, a partial list is given from various sources.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Harry Gilmor; Adjutant, Herman F. Keidel; Quartermaster, N. W. Owings; Sergeant-Major, Edward Williams; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Wm. Allen.

LINE.

Company A—Captain, Nicholas Burke. First-Lieutenant, W. W. McKaig. Second-Lieutenant, John B. Wells. Second Lieutenant, Meredith Gilmor. First-Sergeant, Jos. Stansbury. Second-Sergeant, Alonzo Travers.

Company B—Captain, Eugene Diggs. First-Lieutenant, Harrison. Second-Lieutenant, J. C. Holmes.

Company C—Captain, David M. Ross. First-Lieutenant, Richard T. Gilmor. Second-Lieutenant, Geo. Forney, Wm. H. Kemp. First-Sergeant, Frederick Baker. Sergeants, M. Todd, Fields, John Bosley. Corporals, W. H. Todd, John Emmerick, Henry Bushbaum.

Company D—Captain, J. R. Burke. First-Lieutenant, Polk Burke.

Company E—Captain, J. E. Sudler. First-Lieutenant, Geo. Ratcliffe. Sergeant, J. C. Holmes.

Company F—Captain, Jas. L. Clark. First-Lieutenant, W. H. Richardson. Second-Lieutenant, Wm. Dorsey, E. Hurst, Jas. McAleese. First-Sergeant, J. A. Stine. Sergeants, J. Sprigg, L. McMullin, R. Hahn, Robert Kemp, T. Kidd. Corporals, J. Andre, C. J. Stewart, S. C. Magraw.

FIRST MARYLAND ARTILLERY.

"MARYLAND."

Captain, R. Snowden Andrews, W. F. Dement. First-Lieutenant, Chas. S. Couter. Second-Lieutenant, John

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Gale, Frederick Y. Dabney, W. J. Hill, J. H. Stonestreet. First-Sergeant, De Wilton Snowden, J. Harris Forbes, Gratial C. Thompson. Corporals, F. W. Bollinger, Theodore Jenkins, Geo. T. Scott, E. C. Moncure, P. A. L. Couter, J. G. Harris, John F. Ransom.

Battles and actions of the First Maryland Artillery: Chickahominy, Evansport, Mechanicsville, Cedar Mountain, Gaines' Mill, 2nd Manassas, Malvern Hill, Harper's Ferry, 1st Cold Harbor, 2nd Cold Harbor, Sharpsburg, Hamilton's Crossing, 1st Fredericksburg, 2nd Fredericksburg, Winchester, Mine Run, Gettysburg, Turkey Ridge, Petersburg, White Sulphur Springs, Squirrel Level Road.

SECOND MARYLAND ARTILLERY.

"BALTIMORE LIGHT."

Captain, John B. Brockenbrough, Wm. H. Griffin. First-Lieutenant, Wm. B. Bean, John McNulty. Second-Lieutenant, Jas. T. Wilhelm, J. W. Goodman. First-Sergeant, W. Wirt Robinson. Sergeants, W. Y. Glenn, George Poindexter, John F. Hayden, John Powers, Andrew J. Byrne, J. H. Smith. Corporals, Wm. C. Dunn, Patrick Kirby, Lewis F. Talbott, Wm. H. Kendrick, Jas. O'Grady.

Some of the battles and actions of the Baltimore Light Artillery: Rappahannock, Front Royal, Winchester, Bolivar Heights, Fishers' Hill, Harrisonburg, Cross Keys, Gaines' Mill, Dispatch Station, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Harpers' Ferry, Moorfield, Sharpsburg, Kernstown, Carlisle, Pa., Gettysburg, Hagerstown, Mine Run, Brandy Station, Old Town, Yellow Tavern, Martinsville, Poolesville, Maurytown.

THIRD MARYLAND ARTILLERY.

Captain, Henry B. Latrobe, Ferd. O. Claiborne, John B. Rowan, Wm. L. Ritter. Lieutenants, Ferdinand O. Claiborne, W. Thompson Patten, Holmes Erwin, T. D.

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Giles, J. W. Doncaster. Assistant-Surgeon, Thos. J. Rogers. First-Sergeant, Rufus McCeeney. Quartermaster, A. T. Emory. Sergeants, Jas. M. Buchanan, Jr., John P. Hooper, E. H. Langley, Joseph Lackey, L. W. Frazier, J. W. Smith, Wm. Fleming, Daniel Toomey, Edw. Wynn, A. J. Davis. Corporals, B. F. Weaver, S. G. W. Gerding, Jos. Edgar, M. H. I'Connell, W. H. Erwin, G. W. Hancock, T. H. Jones, J. C. Pendley, V. P. Herron, A. G. Cox, Wm. T. Sykes, W. Pirkle, B. Sanchez, S. Hylton, M. L. Welsh, Jackson Simmons, S. R. Sheppard, Wm. Buckner, John Light, Baldwin Bradford. Bugler, Frederick Geiger. Blacksmith, Nicholas Powers. Artificer, Patrick McCann, Jos. G. Fletcher. Farrier, W. B. P. Mills. The Third Maryland artillery was mustered into the service of the Confederate States January 14, 1862, at Richmond, Va., and immediately sent to Knoxville, Tenn. Served under E. Kirby Smith in the campaigns in Tennessee and Kentucky, being the advance battery from Lexington, Ky., to within three and one-half miles of Covington. After the retreat from Kentucky was sent to Vicksburg, under General Stevenson. One section, commanded by Lieut. W. T. Patten, manned the guns of the ram Queen of the West, when the Indianola was captured, and all except four were lost when the Queen was burned. Another detachment under Lieut. Wm. L. Ritter served under Col. G. W. Ferguson on Deer Creek, assisted in capturing a large Federal transport, and was afterwards under General Johnston in the battle before Jackson, Miss. The rest of the battery remained with Pemberton, participated in the battle of Baker's Creek, fought on the Vicksburg lines and were there surrendered. Seventy-seven were paroled, and furloughed after being exchanged. Reorganized in September, 1863; went to the front at Sweetwater, Tenn., served at Lookout mountain, Missionary Ridge, and on the retreat to Dalton, Ga. Under the title of the Stephens (Georgia) light artillery, it participated in the Atlanta campaign

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and Hood's campaign in Tennessee. At Nashville the battery suffered heavy loss and Captain Rowan was killed by a shell on the morning of December 16th. The company's last muster was at Meridian, Miss., May 10, 1865.

FOURTH MARYLAND ARTILLERY.

"CHESAPEAKE."

Captain, William Brown, Walter S. Chew. First-Lieutenant, John E. Plater. Second-Lieutenant, Benj. G. Roberts. First-Sergeant, Jas. D. Wall. Sergeants, Robert A. Crowley, Philip H. H. Brown, John P. Hickey, Jos. H. Ennis, Henry C. Buckmaster. Corporals, Thos. W. Mummey, Geo. A. Smith, Henry Baker, Isaac J. Blunt, Geo. C. Philip, Thos. G. Jackson, F. M. Fairbanks. Bugler, Daniel A. Wilkinson. Artificer, Michael H. Brady, A. J. Covington.

Some of the engagements of the Fourth Maryland Artillery: Fredericksburg, Seven Pines, Gettysburg, Second Manassas, Hanover Junction, Cedar Mountain, Seven Days around Richmond, Frederick's Hall, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Winchester, Yellow Tavern, Petersburg.

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APPENDIX A.

LOSSES OF SECOND MARYLAND INFANTRY.

At Winchester, Va., June, 1863.

Company A, wounded—Sergt. E. S. Dorsey; Privates Somervell Sollers, John Wilson. Company B, wounded—Privates J. E. Joy, mortally; H. Cony, Wm. Herbert. Company C, wounded—Capt. Ferdinand Duvall, severely. Company D, wounded—John Devres, mortally. Company E, wounded—Lieut. W. R. Byers; captured, Joseph P. Quinn. Total, 9 wounded and 1 captured.

At Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Wounded—Col. James R. Herbert, Maj. W. W. Goldsborough.

Company A, killed—Capt. W. H. Murray; Privates Wm. Bruce, John W. Hardesty, James Iglehart, Jr., Arthur Kennedy, C. T. Lloyd, Geo. W. McIntire, Wilbur Morrison, McCormick, Herman Nicholai, George C. Starlings, John H. Windolph. Wounded—John Bond, Philip Barry, Wm. H. Bowly, mortally; Chas. S. Braddock, Wallace Bolling, Thos. B. Bolling, James E. Cavey, Wm. S. J. Chandler, mortally; Moses Clayville, Jacob N. Davis, Wm. J. Edelin, Bernard Freeman, Alex. Fulton, Wm. F. Gardiner, Samuel T. Glenn, Notley Hanson, Samuel J. Hopkins, D. Ridgely Howard, Lamar Hollyday, Leonard Ives, mortally; T. A. Kleinkiewiez, W. T. V. Loane, W. E. Lowe, Wm. H. Laird, Craig Lake, John Marney, Philip Pindell, mortally; Frank H. Sanderson, mortally; A. J. Sollers, Charles H. Steele, Wm. T. Thelin, Charles M. Trail, Andrew C. Trippe, John P. Williams, Jacob E. Zollinger. Captured—Albert Emory, Bernard

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Hubball, David H. Luchesi, James A. Peregoy, Tillard Smith.

Company B, Capt. J. Parran Crane commanding. Killed—Sergt. Thomas S. Freeman, Private Warren F. Moore. Wounded—Second Lieut. James H. Wilson, Sergt. Francis L. Freeman, Corp. George Hayden, mortally, Corp. Thomas Simms, Corp. William F. Wheatley; Privates James P. Alvey, John H. Chum, Edgar Combs, Thomas J. Delozier, Albert Fenwick, Henry Ford, John A. Hayden, James H. Keech, Thomas F. Magill, Joseph H. Milstead, Wm. H. Simms, Henry Turner, Wm. L. Turner, James R. Webster, John W. Wills, James A. Wills.

Company C, First Lieut. Charles W. Hodges commanding. Killed—First Sergt. Robert H. Cushing; Privates Daniel Duval, Michael Davis, Jeremiah Dulaney, Bernard Kenney, Benj. L. Lanham, James McWilliams, John T. O'Byrn, Benjamin Payne. Wounded—Second Lieut. Joseph W. Barber, mortally, Second Lieut. Thomas H. Tolson, Sergt. George Probest, Corp. Beall D. Hamilton, mortally, Corp. James A. Lawson, mortally; Privates Samuel Anderson, mortally, Robert H. Clough, Tobias Duvall, Thomas Edgar, mortally, Samuel H. Hamilton, Edgar Hammond, mortally, Charles Hammond, John McGenna, W. V. McCann, James Nash, mortally, Wm. L. Nicholas, mortally, Frank K. Steele, Wm. K. Skinner, Wm. A. Shipley, John G. White. Captured—Corp. Edward A. Welch; Privates Robert M. Dawson, Walter Mullikin, Francis E. Storm, Justus Schultz.

Company D, Capt. Joseph L. McAleer commanding. Killed—Privates James A. Brown, Cornelius Kerns. Wounded—Sergt. Wm. Jenkins, Corp. Joshua Owings, mortally, Corp. Emmett W. Webb, mortally; Privates Lewis Green, John Hays, Thos. J. Hines, Richard G. Killman, Philip Lipscomb, James H. O'Brien, John H. Septer, Wm. Watts. Captured—Privates Wm. Hogarty, John Lamb.

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Company E, Capt. John W. Torsch, commanding. Wounded—First Lieut. Wm. J. Broadfoot, mortally, Sergt. P. M. Moore, mortally, Corp. John Cain, Corp. James Reddie; privates, Michael Barry, Charles E. Byus, John Brown, Alex. Brandt, James Fallon, Edward Fallis, J. S. Halbig, James Lemates, John N. Martin, Wm. P. Moran, Daniel McGee, Frank Roberts, Herman H. Radeke, John Sullivan, Wm. A. Wilkinson. Captured—Michael Burke.

Company F, Captain Andrew J. Gwynn, commanding. Killed—Henry G. Taylor. Wounded—Capt. Andrew J. Gwynn, Second-Lieut. John G. Hyland, First-Sergt. Nicholas J. Mills, Sergt. Joseph S. Wayner; privates, Andrew Leroy, Geo. H. Clagett, J. W. Clagett, Philip Doyle, Lemuel Dunnington, Benj. F. Dement, Benj. Hodges, Robert Holden, Minion F. Knott, Alex. V. Keepers, Samuel Polk, John W. Thompson, R. Wagner.

Company G, Capt. Thomas R. Stewart, commanding. Killed—Second-Lieut. William C. Wrightson, privates, J. S. Littleford, J. N. Gossman, W. B. Cator. Wounded—Capt. Thomas R. Stewart, First-Lieut. James A. Davis, Corp. J. Edwin Briddel; privates, James Abbott, S. E. Adkins, E. W. Breslin, mortally, Daniel Boyles, Charles A. Clarke, J. R Fentswait, mortally, W. B. Fountain, mortally, William Robbins, Benjamin F. Twilly, D. B. P. Tingle, W. A. Vickers, J. L. Woolford. Captured—privates, L. H. Weaver, Ross Messick.

AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 3, 1864.

Capt. I. Parran Crane, commanding.

Company A, Capt. George Thomas. Killed—privates, Wm. H. Holliday, Henry C. Owens. Wounded—Thomas O'Brien, Alexander Fulton, mortally, Thomas D. Harrison, Frederick Heiston, Ivan C. Henry, Wm. Hoffman. Company B, First-Lieut. John H. Stone. Wounded—First Lieut. John H. Stone; privates, James R.

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Herbert, A. W. Neale, Rinaldo I. Moran. Company C, Capt. Ferdinand Duvall. Wounded—Second Lieut. Morris H. Tolson; Privates Wm. H. Claggett, C. S. Ford, Henry Loughran, R. B. Willis. Company D, First Lieut. James S. Franklin. Killed—Private James Henley. Wounded—Second Lieut. S. Thomas McCullough, First Sergt. Thomas E. Butler, Abram Philip.

Weldon Railroad, up to Reams' Station.

Company C, wounded—Private Richard T. Anderson. Company G, wounded—Privates James Abbott, Thomas Brannock, George Langford. Company H, wounded—Corp. John I. Ward, Private John Parker.

At Reams' Station, August 19, 1864.

Capt. J. Parran Crane, commanding, received a severe contusion. Adjt. J. Winder Laird, killed.

Company A, First Lieut. Clapham Murray. Killed—Private Jacob W. Davis. Wounded—Lieut. W. P. Zollinger, Corp. Willis Brannock; Privates J. E. Fitzgerald, John C. Henry, N. Heenur, D. Ridgely Howard, Joseph I. Joy, George W. Marden, Somervell Sollers, Richard C. Tilghman. Captured—First Lieut. Clapham Murray, First Sergt. James F. Pearson, Sergt. James W. Thomas; Privates William Adair, Charles S. Brannock, William J. Edelin, H. L. Gallagher, Theophilus N. Neale, I. R. Phelps, James S. Raley.

Company B, First Sergt. C. Craig Page commanding. Killed—First Sergt. C. Craig Page. Wounded—Sergt. P. T. Rudar, Corp. J. Z. Downing; Privates Dionysius Ball, John H. Chum, J. J. Delogier, J. Mann Freeman, Washington Page, Henry Turner. Captured—Sergt. F. Z. Freeman, Corp. W. F. Wheatley; Private James S. Keech.

Company C, First Lieut. Charles W. Hodges. Killed—Sergt. Robert T. Hodges. Wounded—Privates H. H. Crawford, Daniel Duvall, John G. White. Captured—

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Corp. Edward A. Welch; Privates Theodore Cookery, W. C. Gibson, John C. Millen, Robert H. Welch.

Company D, First Lieut. J. S. Franklin. Wounded —Privates John Johnson, C. C. Leitch, Philip Lipscomb, Thomas McCready. Captured—First Lieut. J. S. Franklin, Sergt. William Jenkins; Privates William Killman, John Lynch.

Company E, First Lieut. William R. Byus. Wounded —Lieutenant Byus; Privates Elisha Bitter, S. M. Byus, James Hanly, Thomas McLaughlin. Captured—Sergt. George L. Ross, Corp. John Cain, Privates James Applegarth, John Cantrell, John Grant, James Lemates, John L. Stansbury.

Company F, First Lieut. John W. Polk. Wounded— Private Josiah T. Boswell.

Company E, Capt. John W. Torsch. Killed—Private Charles E. Byus. Wounded—Captain Torsch, First Sergt. Samuel Kirk; Privates Levi G. Dawson, Joseph Smith, William Wilkinson, mortally.

Company F, Capt. A. J. Gwynne. Killed—Lemuel Dunnington. Wounded—Captain Gwynne, Sergt. R. F. Muirhead; Privates Andrew Cretin, Hillary Cretin, Bernard Dorsey, Alexis V. Keepes.

Company G, First Lieut. G. G. Guillette. Killed—Wm. S. Reid. Wounded—Private Michael Hines.

Company H, Capt. J. Thomas Bussey. Wounded— William Hardy, Maurice Nair.

At White Oak Swamp, June 13, 1864.

Company A, killed—Private John G. Wagner. Company C, killed—Private Lewis H. Vrit. Company G, killed—Private William H. Calhoun. Captured—Sergt. Joseph L. Wagner; Corporals J. T. Brown, James H. Dixon. Company G, killed—Francis D. Edelin. Wounded—Private Martin L. Rider. Captured—Lieut. G. G. Guillette; Sergeants Daniel A. Fenton, Algernon Henry, George W. Manning; Corp. Benjamin F. Twilly;

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Privates William L. Brannock, W. L. Etchison, Levi Wheatly. Company H, wounded—Capt. J. E. T. Bussey; Private Julian Harzy.

AT PEGRAM'S FARM, SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.

Wounded—Capt. Ferdinand Duvall, commanding battalion.

Company A, Capt. George Thomas, commanding. Killed—Corp. S. Pinkney Gill, George Deaton. Wounded—Capt. George Thomas, Second-Lieut. Wm. F. Zollinger; Privates John Goodwin, Wm. A. Hance, Frederick Heister. Missing—Wm. H. Hubbard, supposed killed.

Company B, Second-Lieut. Charles B. Wise, commanding. Killed—Private John H. Junger. Wounded—Sergeants John B. Barber, Whittingham Hammett; Privates Robert Beal, Charles J. Foxwell.

Company C, Sergt. George Roberts, commanding. Killed—Private Richard T. Guion. Wounded—Sergt. George Roberts; Privates Wm. Grace, Thomas L. Mitchell. Captured, John T. White.

Company D, Sergt. Isaac Sherwood, commanding. Wounded—Privates David Hammett, Beale W. Owens, John Spence. Missing—Philip Lipscomb.

Company E, Sergt. William Heaply, commanding. Wounded—Corp. Benjamin F. Amos, Privates John Keppleman, Michael Noonan. Captured—Private Martin G. Hallon.

Company F, Capt. A. J. Gwynne, commanding. Killed—Private Abel Hurley. Wounded—Captain Gwynne; Privates J. H. Claggett, John W. Claggett, Hillary Cretin, Thomas J. Webb.

Company G, Second-Lieut. George Brighthaupt, commanding. Wounded—Lieut. George Brighthaupt, mortally; Corp. William Lord; Private Robert Mumford. Captured—Sergt. Hallohan; Privates Michael Eligett, Jesse Waters.

Company H, Corp. Patrick Heenan commanding. Wounded—Edward Welch.

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AT BATTLE OF SQUIRREL LEVEL ROAD, OCT. 1, 1864.

Capt. John W. Torsch commanding.

Company A, Sergt. Charles E. McGuire commanding. Wounded—Private William T. Bailey. Company B, Second Lieut. Charles B. Wise commanding. Wounded—Private Wm. Herbert, mortally. Company C, Corp. C. M. Clayton commanding. Wounded—John W. Blumendeur, Charles Hammond, Frank Wheatley, mortally. Company D, Sergt. Isaac Sherwood commanding. Wounded—Sergt. Isaac Sherwood. Company E, Sergt. Samuel Kirk commanding. Wounded—Private John Brown, Wm. Gwynne. Company F, Sergt. John W. Pold commanding. Wounded—Charles A. Hoge, mortally. Company H, wounded—Private James Powers.

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APPENDIX B.

List of officers and men of the Second Maryland infantry, surrendered at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865:

John W. Torsch commanding; Wm. R. McCullough, adjutant; DeWilton Snowden, assistant surgeon; Edwin James, quartermaster-sergeant; Frank Dement, sergeant-major; F. L. Higdon, ordnance sergeant; M. A. Quinn, chief musician; Charles F. Drewry, Joseph E. Smith, musicians.

Company A, Corp. H. William Smith; Privates William J. Edelin, Bernard Freeman, Henry Holliday, John J. Hunter, William H. Laird, William E. Lowe, John W. McDaniel, Alex. Murray, Edward O'Donovan, James A. Peregoy, Andrew T. Miller.

Company B, Sergt. Philip T. Raeder; Privates Henry Ford, Thomas Magill, William G. Matthews, John C. Mills, A. W. Neale, F. X. Lemans, James A. Wills, Walter Wood.

Company C, Corp. B. D. Mullikin; Privates J. W. Blumenar, Wm. H. Claggett, Evans Duvall, Franklin Duvall, William Grace, Thomas Mitchell, James R. Moog, Peter Ore, Joshua Watts.

Company D, Sergeants Thomas C. Butler, Isaac N. Sherwood; Privates William F. Brawner, James Gardner, William Gavin, Edward Lawn, Joseph Ridgel, Elisha R. Rutter, William Unkel.

Company F, Privates G. W. Claggett, G. N. Guy, John O. Hill, A. V. Keepers.

Company G, Sergt. Daniel F. Fenton; Privates John Callahan, Joseph Manly, William R. Mumford, William Pickel.

Company H, John Parker.

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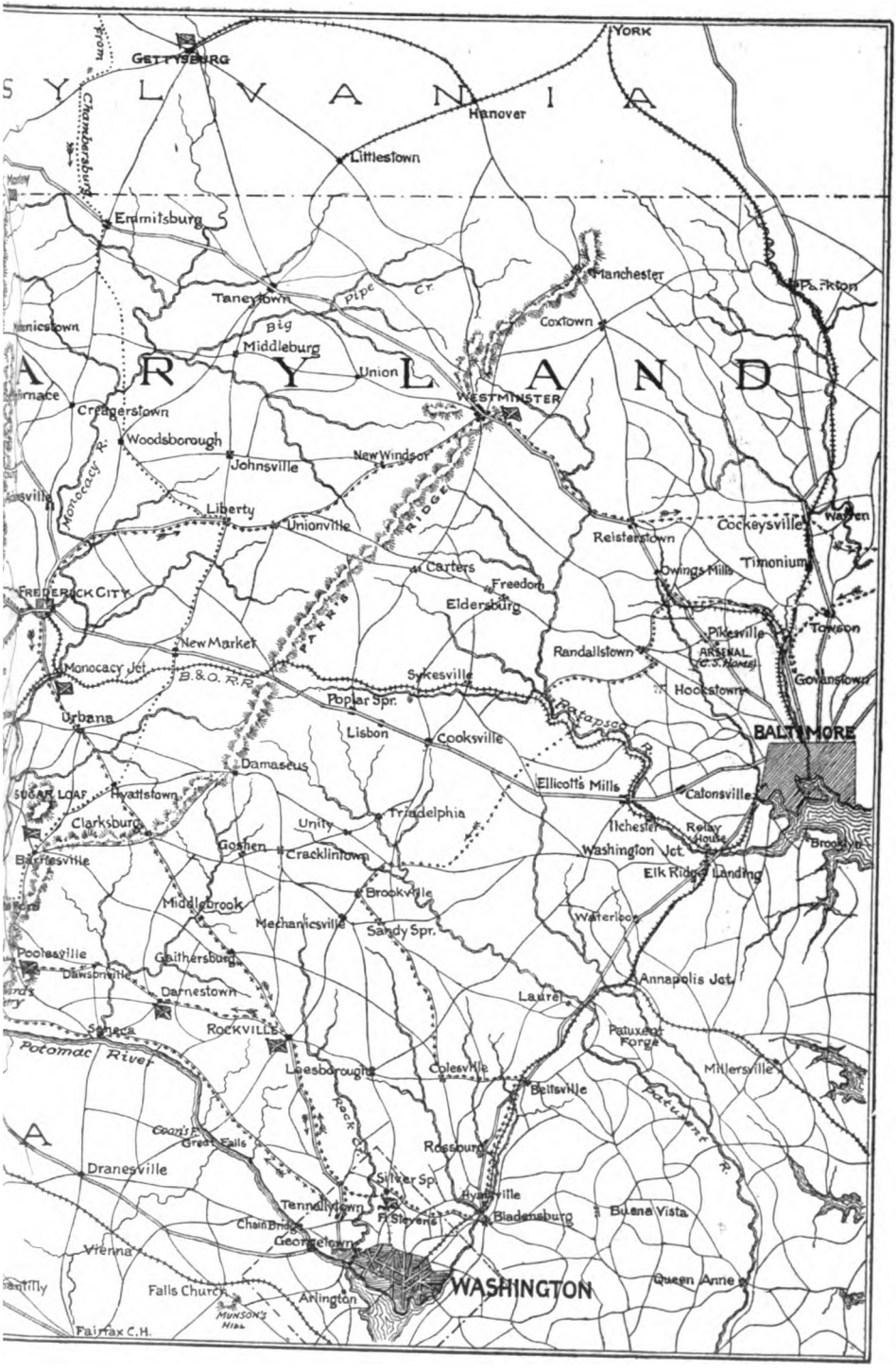

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MARYLANDERS IN THE MILITARY AND NAVAL SERVICE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

IT is generally estimated in Maryland that twenty thousand men from that State served in the armies of the Confederacy. There are no data by which an approximate estimate can be made of the number furnished, but the above conjecture is reasonable and probable. It is certain that there was no neighborhood in Maryland from Mason and Dixon's line to the seashore, from which all the young men of the better class did not go to military service in Virginia, and an examination now will show Maryland Confederate soldiers still living all over the State. Frederick county, which was a Union stronghold, shows a list of over one thousand Confederates. The Marylanders were scattered throughout the armies of the Confederacy. In Virginia, in Georgia, in Mississippi, in Arkansas, they were found serving in the ranks of their regiments, or as commissioned officers from captain to brigadier-general. A large percentage, the majority, of the officers in the army and navy of the United States from Maryland, resigned their commissions, and entered the service of the Confederacy.

Captain Franklin Buchanan, United States navy, became Admiral Buchanan in the Confederate service. He commanded the iron-clad Virginia when he sank in Hampton Roads the Congress and the Cumberland, two of the best men-of-war in the navy of the United States, and was prevented from sinking all transports and gunboats in that anchorage only by the accidental and timely arrival of the Monitor, a newly invented ironclad, con-

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structed by Ericsson. Admiral Buchanan was wounded at Hampton Roads. As soon as he again reported for duty, he was assigned to the command of Mobile harbor, with all the vessels and gunboats there. He defended his post with gallantry and skill the most distinguished, against the Federal fleet under Admiral Farragut, until he was wounded and taken prisoner in August, 1864.

Captain Raphael Semmes served in the United States navy with distinction during the Mexican war, and was aide to General Worth. In 1861 he resigned and was commissioned captain in the navy of the Confederate States. Assigned to command the Sumter he performed gallant and efficient service. In August, 1862, he took command of the Confederate man-of-war Alabama. He sunk the Hatteras off Galveston, January, 1863, after a brief action, and thereafter his achievements and exploits make a record for brilliancy and efficiency unequaled in the annals of war upon the high seas, in the history of the world. He captured and ransomed or burned eighty-nine merchant vessels bearing the United States flag, and literally obliterated the commerce of the United States from the high seas. He pervaded the Atlantic and the Indian oceans. He carried the Confederate battle-flag in the face of four continents, and surrendered it with a blaze of glory that will glow as long as chivalry shall nerve the hearts of men, or the story of gallant deeds stir the pulses of the human race.

Commodore George Nichols Hollins was born at Baltimore, September 20, 1799. He entered the navy of the United States as midshipman in 1814, served on the Erie in her attempt to break the British blockade of Chesapeake bay, and was subsequently transferred to the President, where he served under Stephen Decatur until captured at Bermuda, where he was held until peace was established. His career thus gallantly begun, continued

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to be a conspicuous one. In the Algerian war of 1815 he served under Decatur with such merit as to be presented a sword in recognition of his gallantry. Subsequently he was on duty upon the Guerriere, Columbus, Franklin, and Washington, and commanded an East India merchantman for a time. He was promoted lieutenant in 1828, commander in 1841, and captain U. S. N. in 1855. In the latter year he bombarded Graytown in the interests of American residents. In 1861 Captain Hollins resigned his commission, upon which the war department refused to accept the resignation and ordered his arrest. But he eluded the effort made to this end, and in March, 1861, was at Montgomery, then the Confederate capital, where he met Semmes, Tattnall, Brent, and many other naval officers, for consultation with the committees of the Confederate Congress on the means to provide a navy for the new government. Hollins became a commander in the navy of the Confederate States, was assigned to very important duties, and quickly attracted attention by his clever capture, on June 29, 1861, of the steamer St. Nicholas in the Potomac river. On July 10th the naval defenses of the James river were placed under his command, and on July 31st he was put in charge of the naval station at New Orleans, where he defeated the Federal blockading squadron in the following October. Being appointed flag-officer, in December he took a fleet up the Mississippi river to assist in the defense of the works at Columbus, Ky. In April, 1862, he was called back to New Orleans by the appearance of the enemy in force, but before the fall of the city he was appointed to the court of inquiry on the destruction of the Virginia. After the war he resided at Baltimore, and died there January 18, 1878.

Major-General Arnold Elzey was descended from some of the best blood of Maryland, his ancestry being among its earliest and most prominent settlers. His father, Col.

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Arnold Elzey Jones, was, in his day, very prominent in the politics of Maryland, having several times represented Somerset county in the State legislature. His mother, Anne Wilson Jackson, of a wealthy Maryland family, was a lady of great culture and refinement. General Elzey was born December 18, 1816, at Elmwood, the residence of his parents, on the Manokin river, in Somerset county. He was graduated at West Point in 1837, and commissioned lieutenant of artillery in the United States army. Finding a number of officers in the army bearing his paternal name, he adopted that of his paternal grandmother, Elzey, by which he was subsequently known. As an artillery officer he served with credit during the Seminole outbreak in Florida, and when war was declared between the United States and Mexico, he was in command of a battery at Brownsville, Tex., where he had the honor of firing the first gun of the war. From this opening gun, until the surrender of the City of Mexico, he was with the armies of Taylor and Scott, participating in nearly every battle, and was twice brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field. In 1860, with the rank of captain of artillery, he was in command of the United States arsenal at Augusta, Ga., which he surrendered with the honors of war upon the demand of superior forces soon after the fall of Fort Sumter. He then conducted his command to Washington, after which he resigned his commission and made his way to Richmond, where he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate service. At the first battle of Manassas, Elzey, then ranking as senior colonel in Kirby Smith's brigade, had the honor, after General Smith was wounded, of leading the successful charge, on the afternoon of the day's hard fighting, which turned the tide of battle, broke the Federal forces, and ended in a rout of the almost victorious army of McDowell. For this gallant service he was complimented by General Beauregard, who styled him "the Blucher of the field,"

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and was promoted brigadier-general on the field by President Davis, who had witnessed the gallant action. In command of a brigade General Elzey was with Stonewall Jackson all through his celebrated Valley campaign of 1862, and the opening of the Seven Days' fighting before Richmond. At the battle of Port Republic he was slightly wounded in the leg, and his horse shot under him, and in the engagement at Cold Harbor he was desperately wounded, a minie ball entering on the right side of his face just above the mouth and passing transversely entirely through his head and out behind his left ear. This injury prevented his further service in the field, but after his almost miraculous recovery he was promoted major-general and put in command of the department of Richmond, where he continued until the fall of 1864. He then joined General Hood as chief of artillery of the army of Tennessee, and participated in the operations against Sherman's line of communication. After the end of the war, being permitted to return to Maryland, he retired with his wife, and only son then living, to a small farm in Anne Arundel county. Here this intrepid soldier and modest unassuming gentleman passed the remainder of his days, honored for his manly virtues, and beloved for his gentle qualities. He died February 21, 1870, while on a visit to Dr. Frank Donaldson, at Baltimore. His wife, to whom he was married in 1845, then Miss Ellen Irwin, a ruling belle of Baltimore society, still survives him.

Major-General Isaac Ridgeway Trimble was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, May 15, 1802. He was graduated at the national military academy in 1822, and was detailed to survey the military road from Washington to the Ohio river, having won distinction at West Point in engineering. In 1832 he resigned from the army, and becoming chief engineer of the Baltimore and Susquehanna railroad, completed that line to York, Pa., in 1837.

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He was subsequently chief engineer of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore and the Boston & Providence railroads, and in 1860 was engaged in large railroad operations in the West Indies. During April, 1861, he was in command of the Baltimore organizations for the defense of the city from the Federal troops. He entered the service of Virginia, as colonel of engineers, in May, 1861, and was assigned by General Lee to the duty of constructing the defenses of Norfolk. In August he was commissioned brigadier-general in the Confederate provisional army, and ordered to report to General Johnston, by whom he was put in command of a brigade at Evansport, with the duty of erecting batteries and blockading the river against Federal shipping. Subsequently he was assigned to the command of a brigade of Ewell's division, which he accompanied to the support of Jackson in the Valley campaign of 1862 In this famous series of glorious battles and brilliant maneuvers he bore a conspicuous part, and at Cross Keys was particularly distinguished, where in command of two brigades, he repulsed the attack of Fremont, and being reinforced, in turn advanced and routed the enemy. During the Seven Days' battles before Richmond, his brigade continued to be distinguished, particularly at Cold Harbor, where Trimble led in person a successful charge against the Federal defenses. Moving with Jackson's command against Pope, he fought his men with gallantry at Slaughter's Mountain; and at the time when Jackson lay in the enemy's rear at Bristoe Station, he was roused on the night of August 27th to receive notice that he could if he chose, capture Manassas Junction before morning. With five hundred men, already weary, he marched at once, and by midnight had crushed the Federal resistance at the point of the bayonet, and without the loss of a man killed, captured three hundred prisoners, eight guns and the immense Federal stores. Jackson at once wrote to him, "I congratulate you on the great success which

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God has given you. You deserve promotion to major-general," and in his official report he wrote: "I regard the capture of Manassas Junction Station at night, after a march of thirty-four miles without food, as the most brilliant achievement that has come under my notice during the war." In the battle of the 28th before Groveton, he fought on the extreme left, and during the severe battle of the 29th he was seriously wounded. Promoted major-general in January, 1863, he was given the honorable assignment of command of Jackson's old division. In June, 1863, Lee offered him command of the valley of Virginia, to form the left wing of the army, with headquarters at Staunton, and orders to form into brigades "under you all the Maryland troops—a measure I have much at heart." During the grapple of the contending armies at Gettysburg, Pender fell on the first day, and General Trimble was assigned to the command of his division of A. P. Hill's corps. This division he led in co-operation with Pickett in the famous attack against the Federal center on July 3d, and being so severely wounded as to cause the loss of a leg, fell into the hands of the enemy. He was held as a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island and Fort Warren, despite earnest efforts made for his release, until February, 1865, when two Federal major-generals, Crook and Kelly, were finally received in exchange. He hastened to join General Lee, but upon reaching Lynchburg found that the army had been surrendered. As the leader selected by Lee under whom the Confederate soldiers of Maryland were to have been organized, General Trimble holds a position of particular prominence in the military history of his adopted State. His chivalrous character, great personal bravery, and capacity for generalship, were proved on many occasions. It may be said with the hearty approval of all of Maryland's brave soldiers that among them, as Gen. Bradley Johnson says, he performed the most distinguished service, obtained the highest rank

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and won the greatest fame." After the close of hostilities he made his home at Baltimore until his death, which occurred January 2, 1888.

Major-General Mansfield Lovell was born at Washington, D. C., October 20, 1822. He was the son of Dr. Joseph Lovell, surgeon-general of the United States army in 1818, and grandson of a member of the Continental Congress. Receiving an appointment in youth to the United States military academy at West Point, he was graduated there in 1842, with the distinction of being ninth in grade in a class which included some afterward distinguished generals. He received a lieutenancy in the Fourth artillery, which joined General Taylor's army in Texas, in 1845. He was wounded at Monterey in 1846, was appointed aide to General Quitman, went to Vera Cruz and was in the campaign from that place to the City of Mexico, in the assault upon which he was wounded at Belasco gate. He was brevetted captain for bravery at Chapultepec. After the Mexican war he commanded a battery of his regiment for two years, served in garrisons in the South and West, and finally in New York, where he resigned September 18, 1854, having married Emily M., daughter of Colonel Plympton, U. S. A. At New York he was a member of, and drilled the Old City Guard, and was deputy street commissioner from 1858 until 1861, when he went South. Tendering his services to the Confederate government, he was commissioned brigadier-general and in October, 1861, was promoted major-general and assigned to the command of Department No. 1, with headquarters at New Orleans. On account of the inadequacy of his infantry force in the city he was compelled to evacuate when the Federal fleet passed the forts and came up the river. He retired to Vicksburg, was superseded by General Van Dorn, was second in command at Corinth, and commanded the rear guard in the subse-

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quent retreat. A court of inquiry relieved him of blame for the surrender of New Orleans, and Gen. J. E. Johnston in 1864 proposed to give him command of a corps, but he was not restored to the field by the government. After the war he resided in New York City, engaged in civil engineering, until his death in June, 1884.

Lloyd Tilghman, brigadier-general in the Confederate States army, was born in Talbot county, Maryland, in 1816. He was of a distinguished colonial family, being the great-grandson of Matthew Tilghman, who was president of the revolutionary conventions of Maryland, member of the legislature and Continental Congress, head of the council of safety, and known in his old age as the Patriarch of Maryland. A daughter of this ancestor married Col. Tench Tilghman, aide-de-camp to General Washington. Lloyd Tilghman was graduated at the United States military academy in 1836, and was commissioned second-lieutenant in the First Dragoons. September 30, 1836, he resigned and took up the profession of civil engineering, becoming division engineer of the Baltimore & Susquehanna railroad in 1836-37; of the Norfolk & Wilmington canal in 1837-38; of the Eastern Shore railroad of Maryland in 1838-39; and of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in 1839-40. He served in the war with Mexico as volunteer aide to General Twiggs in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and was captain of the Maryland and District of Columbia battalion of volunteers in 1847-48. He then engaged as principal assistant engineer of the Panama division of the Isthmus railroad, and was engineer on Southern railroads until 1859. He joined the army of the Confederate States in 1861, and was commissioned brigadier-general. In February, 1862, he was charged with the inspection of Fort Henry, one of the most important defenses on the Tennessee river, and of the neighboring Fort Donelson. He reported defects in the location of Fort Henry,

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built before he took charge, which could not be remedied because of the immediate pressure of the enemy. On the 6th of February the fort was attacked by General Grant with a force of 12,000 men, aided by General Smith with a smaller body, and seven gun-boats with an armament of 54 guns. Tilghman had a grand total of 2,600 men not well armed, and the eleven guns of the fort. He resolved to retire his infantry, field artillery and cavalry toward Fort Donelson, retaining a small force with the siege guns to make a stubborn fight. The retreat was effected, notwithstanding the enemy was pushing his infantry to within a half mile of the advance work, and the gun-boat flotilla had opened fire. The fort returned the fire with spirit and effect, disabling one of the gun-boats, but unfortunately losing a 24-pounder rifled gun by bursting, and a Columbiad by the closing of the vent. The enemy's entire force became engaged in an advance which Tilghman saw must become successful, especially since at one o'clock only four guns remained serviceable, and the men were broken down with fatigue. An embarrassing question now presented itself as to his duty, whether to leave his small band of heroic defenders in the fort to be surrendered and join his main command en route to Fort Donelson, or remain and share the fate of the garrison. Colonel Heiman, in command of the escaping force, had returned to the fort for final orders, and General Tilghman could have left with him. But the men at the guns entreated him to stay, and the effect of his absence would have been the immediate fall of the fort, which he desired to postpone to the last moment. His decision was made. Colonel Heiman was directed to return to the main body, and General Tilghman took the place of an exhausted gunner and worked a 32-pounder with good effect. Soon afterward the enemy succeeded in breaching the fort, but resistance was continued for over two hours before the white flag was hoisted, under which an honorable surrender was

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made of 12 officers, 66 effective men and 16 others in hospital. In this gallant fight of a day he lost but five killed and sixteen disabled, and the entire command outside the fort was saved by his prolonged and heroic resistance. General Tilghman was a prisoner of war until his exchange in the fall of 1862, when he rejoined the army of the West, then in north Mississippi, and was put in command of the First brigade of Loring's division. At the battle of Corinth, Miss., he took a prominent part. During the retreat from Holly Springs to Grenada, Tilghman's brigade was assigned the responsible position of rear guard, and repeatedly gave battle to and held in check the enemy. Between four and five o'clock of the evening of May 16, 1863, he was killed on the battle-field of Champion's Hill. He was in command of his brigade, consisting of the Fifteenth and Twenty-second Mississippi regiments, First Louisiana, and Rayburn's and McLendon's batteries, on the extreme right of the line. They received the first fire of that battle, but the fight drifted to the left until after midday, when the enemy advanced in force against Loring's division, and after their first repulse threw forward a line of sharpshooters which, aided by artillery, maintained the action. These sharpshooters occupied a row of plantation cabins near the Confederate line, and were doing destructive work, when General Tilghman directed a gun to be trained upon them. He dismounted to give directions for sighting the piece, when a shell from the enemy exploded about fifty feet to the front, and a fragment tore through his body. He died very soon after receiving this terrible wound, and his body was carried to the rear, and subsequently interred at Vicksburg, escorted by his personal staff and his son, Lloyd Tilghman, Jr.

Brigadier-General Charles S. Winder was born in Maryland in 1829. He was graduated at West Point in 1850, and on advancement from second to first-lieutenant

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of infantry, U. S. A., was ordered to the Pacific coast. The steamer San Francisco, on which the troops took passage, encountered a hurricane off the Atlantic coast, and for several weeks was reported lost. Lieutenant Winder and his men were, however, rescued and carried to Liverpool. For his coolness and devotion on this occasion he was promoted to captain of the Ninth regiment, March 3, 1855, being, it is believed, the youngest captain in the army. Finally reaching the Pacific coast he went into Washington Territory in 1856, and was engaged in the desperate combat of To-hots-nim-me, with the Columbia river Indians, and other engagements in 1856 and 1858 in the Spokane country, under the command of Steptoe and Wright. Early in 1861 he resigned his commission, and was commissioned, to date from March 16th, major of artillery in the Confederate army. He served at Charleston during the reduction of Fort Sumter, and was in command of the South Carolina arsenal until commissioned colonel of the Sixth regiment, South Carolina infantry, July 8, 1861. He hurried with his command to Manassas, but reached the battle ground at the close of the fight. Promoted brigadier-general in March, 1862, he was assigned to command the Fourth brigade in Hill's division, but on the occurrence of a vacancy was given command of the "Stonewall brigade," in Jackson's division, with which he served in the Valley campaign of 1862. He led the advance and opened the battle of Port Republic and in the campaign on the Chickahominy led his brigade in the desperate and memorable charge which broke the Federal lines at Cold Harbor or Gaines' Mill. In his report of that battle General Jackson describes the forward movement of the brigade, through the swamp, meeting at that point the Hampton Legion, First Maryland, Twelfth Alabama, Fifty-second Virginia and Thirty-eighth Georgia, which were formed on General Winder's line. "Thus formed, they moved forward under the lead of that gallant officer, whose conduct

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here was marked by the coolness and courage which distinguished him on the battle-fields of the valley." In the subsequent advance against Pope he commanded the division lately under the leadership of Jackson, who was in command of the corps. He was, however, not destined to see the second overwhelming defeat of the Federal army on the historic field of Manassas. While in command of Jackson's division, on August 9, 1862, and directing the movements of his batteries in the terrific artillery duel of the battle of Cedar Mountain, he was given a mortal wound by a shell, and died in a few hours, at the age of thirty-three. Gen. Stonewall Jackson said in his report, "It is difficult within the proper reserve of an official report to do justice to the merits of this accomplished officer. Richly endowed with those qualities of mind and person which fit an officer for command, and which attract the admiration and excite the enthusiasm of troops, he was rapidly rising to the front rank of his profession, and his loss has been severely felt." General Lee also wrote, in his official report: "I can add nothing to the well-deserved tribute paid to the courage, capacity, and conspicuous merit of this lamented officer by General Jackson, in whose brilliant campaigns in the valley and on the Chickahominy he bore a distinguished part."

Brigadier-General George H. Steuart was born at Baltimore, August 24, 1828, and was graduated at the United States military academy in 1848, with a lieutenancy in the Second Dragoons. He served on frontier duty in the United States army; on the march through Texas to Austin in 1848-49, and remained on duty at various garrisons in Texas until 1855, when he was promoted first-lieutenant First cavalry, March 3d, and captain December 20th. Subsequently he was engaged in garrison duty in Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, in the Cheyenne expedition of 1856, the Utah expedition of

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1848, and the Comanche expedition of 1860. Immediately after April 19, 1861, he resigned his commission, and going to Richmond, was commissioned captain of cavalry in the regular army of the Confederate States. Upon the formation of the First regiment, Maryland infantry, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of that command, and by special good conduct won the commendation of Gen. J. E. Johnston in orders. He was with the regiment under Colonel Elzey during its distinguished service at the first battle of Manassas, and at the promotion of Elzey, Steuart was commissioned colonel. In March, 1862, he was promoted brigadier-general, and given command of a brigade in Ewell's division, consisting of the Forty-fourth, Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Virginia regiments, to which the First Maryland was added, which he led during Jackson's campaign in the valley, receiving a severe wound at Cross Keys, which disabled him for some time. In the Pennsylvania campaign he commanded a brigade consisting of the Second Maryland, the First and Third North Carolina, and the Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia regiments, in Johnson's division of Ewell's corps, and was distinguished in the assault on Culp's Hill. In the first of the fighting at the Wilderness in 1864, he is found pushing in with his brigade after the repulse of Jones to meet the Federal attack, and continuing in the struggle until the 12th of May, fatal to his division, which held the salient at Spottsylvania, known as the bloody angle, and was overwhelmed on that date by the early morning attack of Hancock. General Steuart was among the prisoners taken by the Federals, and was one of those sent to Hilton Head to be placed under fire of the Confederate batteries. Being exchanged he returned to the army on the Petersburg and Richmond lines and was assigned to command the First brigade of Pickett's division, consisting of the Ninth, Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, Fifty-third and Fifty-seventh

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Brig.-Gen. W. W. MACKALL. Brig.-Gen. CHAS. S. WINDER.

Brig.-Gen. JOHN H. WINDER. Brig.-Gen. HENRY LITTLE. Brig.-Gen. JAMES J. ARCHER.

Maj.-Gen. MANSFIELD LOVELL. Brig.-Gen. BRADLEY T. JOHNSON. Maj.-Gen. ARNOLD ELZEY.

Brig.-Gen. JOS. L. BRENT. Maj.-Gen. ISAAC R. TRIMBLE. Brig.-Gen. GEO. H. STEUART.

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Virginia regiments. With this brigade he fought at the center of Pickett's line at Five Forks, on the day preceding the evacuation of Richmond. Since the war General Steuart has resided upon his farm in Anne Arundel county, Maryland. He is a member of the Army and Navy society, and since the formation of the Maryland division of the United Confederate Veterans, has served as its commander-in-chief.

Brigadier-General Henry Little, a Marylander who served with distinction in the Western armies of the Confederacy, was born at Baltimore, March 19, 1817, the son of Peter Little, who served eighteen years in Congress as a representative of Maryland, and was colonel of the Thirty-eighth United States infantry 1813 to 1815. He was graduated at West Point in 1839 and appointed second-lieutenant of the Fifth infantry, U. S. A.; was promoted to first-lieutenant in 1845, and taking part in the Mexican war was brevetted captain September, 1846, for gallant conduct at Monterey. In 1847 he was commissioned captain in the Seventh infantry. Early in 1861 he resigned to enter the service of the Confederate States, and was commissioned major. Subsequently he was promoted colonel and appointed adjutant-general on the staff of General Price, commanding the forces in Missouri. He was put in command of one of the brigades organized by Price in the fall of 1861, and at the battle of Pea Ridge was distinguished in the action of the right wing before Elkhorn Tavern, where the Federals were defeated on the first day. Especial commendation was bestowed upon him in the reports of his commanding officers; he was promoted to brigadier-general April 16th, and General Van Dorn soon afterward wrote to Beauregard, "I want Little as major-general." General Little commanded the rear-guard on the retreat from Elkhorn Tavern, and soon afterward, when the army of the West was called to the aid of Albert Sidney John-

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ston, he embarked with his brigade for Memphis just as Beauregard was bringing Johnston's army back from Shiloh. Leading the advance of Price's division, he proceeded east of the Mississippi, and joined Beauregard at Corinth. Subsequently when Price was assigned to command the army of the West, with headquarters at Tupelo, Miss., he was given Price's old division, the First of the army. At the grand review previous to the movement in August toward Corinth, as his division passed before General Bragg, the latter turned to Little and said, "You had the reputation of having one of the finest companies in the old army. General, this is certainly as fine a division as I have ever seen." He met the enemy under Rosecrans at Iuka, Miss., September 19, 1862, and the resulting battle was fought solely by his division. The Confederates were victorious, but while in the thickest of the fight Little was killed instantly by a minie ball which crashed through his forehead. He was buried that night by torchlight, and on the morrow the gloom among the troops caused by his death was one of the main causes for the abandonment of the field. Gen. Sterling Price, in reporting his death, paid him this touching and well-deserved tribute: "It will be seen that our success was obtained at the sacrifice of many a brave officer and soldier. Chief among them was Brig.-Gen. Henry Little, commanding the first division of the army. Than this brave Marylander no one could have fallen more dear to me, or whose memory should be more fondly cherished by his countrymen. No more skillful officer or more devout patriot has drawn his sword in this war of independence. He died in the day of his greatest usefulness, lamented by his friends, by the brigade of his love, by the division he so ably commanded, and by the army of the West, of which he had from the beginning been one of the chief ornaments."

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Brigadier-General James J. Archer was born in Harford county, Maryland, of a distinguished family which has contributed brave soldiers to American battles. He was a graduate of the United States military academy, class of 1826, the class of Albert Sidney Johnston and E. Kirby Smith, and was assigned to the Third infantry. After serving on frontier duty in the West he was promoted first-lieutenant in October, 1833. March 31, 1834, he resigned and was engaged in business as a lumber merchant at Havre-de-Grace, Md., until 1847, and from that date until 1861 as a planter at San Patricio, Tex. He was commissioned a captain in the regular army of the Confederate States March 16, 1861, and soon afterward with the rank of colonel of the Fifth Texas regiment, was in command of the Texas brigade at the Evansport batteries. In May as acting brigadier-general he was on duty at West Point, Va., and after the battle of Seven Pines he was promoted brigadier-general and assigned to the command of a brigade in A. P. Hill's division, consisting mainly of Tennessee and Alabama regiments. Under his gallant leadership Archer's brigade soon rose to prominence in the famous "light division" and won laurels through all the hard fighting which followed. On June 26th in the battle of Mechanicsville, he advanced along the Bethesda road and made a desperate attack upon the Federal position with such valor that the losses of the attack fell principally upon his brigade. Following the retreating enemy he was again engaged with distinction at Gaines' Mill. With Jackson's command in the campaign of Manassas which followed, he was in action at Cedar Mountain, August 9th, Manassas Junction, August 26th, and in the battles of Manassas, August 28, 29 and 30. On the 29th, according to General Lee's report, General Archer "firmly held his ground against every attack." He was subsequently in action at Ox Hill, during the Maryland campaign took part in the capture of Harper's Ferry and the battle of

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Sharpsburg, and the encounter of Shepherdstown, and in the following December was in the heat of the fighting at Fredericksburg. He participated in the flank movement and hard fighting of Jackson's corps at Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg, Hill having been promoted to command of corps, General Archer's brigade was in the division commanded by Gen. Henry Heth, which led in the Confederate advance on Gettysburg, Archer's command on the right of division line. The first shot of this memorable struggle was fired by Archer's brigade, and the first Confederate who fell was a private of one of his Tennessee regiments. The brigade occupied McPherson's wood, against which the Federal troops were promptly hurled under the leadership of Major-General Reynolds himself. In the fight which followed Reynolds was killed, and Archer was wounded and with many of his command fell into the hands of the enemy. The service lost at this time, as General Early well expressed it, a "most gallant and meritorious officer." In the summer of 1864, he was one of the six hundred Confederate officers who were sent from Fort Delaware to be placed under fire at Morris Island. Subsequently exchanged, he was assigned on August 19, 1864, to the command of his brigade and Walker's, temporarily united, of Heth's division. But in a few weeks the effects of his wounds and the hardships of imprisonment disabled him for active duty, and caused his death October 24, 1864.

Brigadier-General William W. Mackall, native of Cecil county, Maryland, was distinguished in various capacities in the Confederate service in the Western States. He was graduated at the United States military academy in 1837, a class-mate of General Bragg, and was assigned to the First artillery as second lieutenant. In the Seminole war he gained promotion to first lieutenant, and was severely wounded in an ambush at New Inlet in February, 1839. He served at Plattsburg, N. Y.,

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during the Canada border disturbances in 1840, and on the Maine frontier in 1841-42. In the Mexican war he gained the brevet of captain by gallant service at Monterey, and of major for his record at Contreras and Churubusco. He served as adjutant-general on the staff of Generals Butler and Worth in 1846-48, and subsequently as adjutant-general of the Western division and the Third military department. After two years as treasurer of the Soldiers' Home, he made a tour of inspection of the Florida and Gulf posts, and in 1853 became adjutant-general of the Eastern division, and in 1856 of the department of the Pacific. In May, 1861, he declined promotion to lieutenant-colonel of staff, and then resigned, to offer his services to the Confederate States. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, and became adjutant-general on the staff of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. He was promoted brigadier-general early in 1862, and was assigned by General Johnston to the command of the Confederate forces at Madrid Bend and Island No. 10, where he was captured, with a large number of men, by the Federal army under Pope, on April 8th. He was exchanged later in the season, and General Beauregard, who had written to Adjutant-General Cooper that he considered "the services of Mackall as a division commander indispensable at this critical juncture," was able to send word to Mackall under date of August 22d, "I am happy to hear of your safe return to the Confederacy, and hope you will soon receive a command commensurate with your merit." Gen. Samuel Jones, commanding the department of Tennessee, asked that General Mackall be assigned to that department to command a brigade, and a special order was issued accordingly. In December following he was given command of the district of the Gulf, and in February, 1863, being succeeded by General Buckner, he took charge of the Western division of that district. In April, 1863, he was appointed chief-of-staff by Gen. Braxton Bragg, with

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whom he rendered important services during the campaigns of that year until relieved at his own request, after the battle of Chickamauga. In his general order announcing this event, General Bragg wrote concerning Mackall: "He will proceed with his aides and report to Gen. J. E. Johnston, now commanding the department from which he was transferred. With a grateful sense of the distinguished services rendered by this accomplished officer in the high position he has filled, the commanding general tenders him his cordial thanks and wishes him all success and happiness in his future career. The general and the army will long feel the sacrifice made in sparing the services of one so distinguished for capacity, professional acquirements and urbanity." In November, now being on duty in the department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, he was assigned to the command of the brigades lately under General Hébert. In January, 1864, after serving for a time with Gen. Leonidas Polk, who recommended his promotion to major-general, he returned to Johnston, then in command of the army of Tennessee, and being appointed chief-of-staff, served in that capacity throughout the famous campaign against Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta. After the removal of Johnston he was relieved from his staff duties at his own request, but he continued to participate in the Confederate operations, and on April 20, 1865, after the surrender of Lee's army, joined with Generals G. W. Smith and Howell Cobb in the surrender of Macon, Ga. General Mackall died August 12, 1891.

Brigadier-General Bradley T. Johnson, as commander of the Maryland Line, became most prominently the representative Marylander in the South. Ardent in his devotion to the cause, intelligent in his performance of duty, with a courage that was fearless as was his gallantry conspicuous, he attained a reputation throughout the service, and won repeated commendation and honorable mention

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at the hands of his superiors. His highest ambition was that his loved State should be properly represented in the great struggle for liberty, honor and home rule. No inducement that would separate him from this great purpose was for a moment considered. As a Marylander he entered the army of the Confederacy associated with Maryland troops. Their fame was his fame; the honor of their record was his honor; and the perpetuation of the story of their privations and the glories of their triumphs was to him the ever-prevailing object of his efforts. To them he gave his loving care, and for them he made the sacrifices of the four years' war. Thus it can be readily understood why, then and since, Bradley T. Johnson has been recognized as the typical Marylander in the Confederate army, and the love and devotion so freely bestowed on the men of the Maryland line have in return followed him to this day, and make glad his declining years.

He was without the great advantages of military education, his early efforts being given to that more prosaic profession, the law. In this he attained a degree of success and was becoming prominently known when the disruption of the Democratic party occurred and the fatal struggle of 1860 was precipitated. When the dire alternative was presented of taking sides against conviction and kindred, or against the Federal government, and the crisis was accentuated by the passage of troops through Baltimore, Johnson, in command of a company of Frederick volunteers, was among the first to unhesitatingly tender his services to defend the city and State. When futility of opposition by the State to the Federal power became apparent he moved his company to Point of Rocks, and declining a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the Virginia service from Governor Letcher, endeavored to organize a distinctively Maryland command. His hopes were realized in the organization of the First regiment, whose record, which cannot be disassociated from the history of his own gallant career, has been eloquently

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told in the preceding pages. Acting first as major, he became lieutenant-colonel after First Manassas, and colonel in March, 1862. During the famous Valley campaign under Stonewall Jackson the ability of Johnson as a commanding officer was abundantly manifested, and in general orders his name received most honorable mention. On the right flank of McClellan before Richmond he gallantly led his Marylanders to victory at Gaines' Mill, and during the night of terror and apprehension following the fight at Malvern Hill he kept vigil among the dead and dying until dawn revealed that McClellan had withdrawn to the protection of his fleet. Subsequently, while recruiting at Charlottesville, it was deemed expedient by the Confederate war department to disband the gallant regiment, and Colonel Johnson was left without command. He then readily yielded to the invitation of Generals Jackson and Ewell to accompany them in the operations of August, 1862. During Jackson's brilliant movement to the vicinity of Manassas Junction, Colonel Johnson was assigned to the command of the Virginia brigade of Gen. J. R. Jones, temporarily absent by reason of sickness. After the capture of Manassas Junction, while Hill moved in the direction of Centerville, and Ewell held the railroad line at Bristoe station, Johnson took position at Groveton, a few miles south of the famous stone bridge over Bull run, to resist the advance of Pope. This important service he successfully performed until Taliaferro had come up and Jackson's forces were united. The sanguinary battle of the 28th followed, leaving the armies substantially on the old lines of July, 1861, but with positions reversed. On the 29th, after repeated assaults on the Confederate left under Hill, the attack was made on Johnson's line, which connected with Hill's right. Permitting the enemy to enter the edge of the woods in which he was stationed he gave command to fire and then to charge, and hurled the Federals back to their original position, bringing off two pieces of artillery. In this crisis he acted

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without instruction, the occasion not admitting of delay. The headlong movement was witnessed by General Hood from the hills of Groveton, and the latter impetuous fighter sent an officer over to inquire what command had so magnificently risen to the emergency. On the 30th Johnson advanced his line to the railroad cut before his position, and there his men repulsed charge after charge. After ammunition gave out they used stones with great effect. Finally reinforced by Stafford and aided by Pender, the Federals were swept from the field.

During the Maryland campaign General Jones resumed command of his brigade, but Jackson was anxious that the young Maryland officer should be continued in duty adequate to his talent. He addressed the war department under date of September 4th, as follows: "I respectfully recommend that Col. Bradley T. Johnson, late colonel of the First Maryland regiment, be appointed brigadier-general. While I was in command at Harper's Ferry, in the early part of the war, Colonel Johnson left his home in Maryland and entered our service, where he continued until his regiment was recently disbanded. I regarded him as a promising officer when he first entered the army, and so fully did he come up to my expectations that when his regiment was disbanded I put him in command of a brigade, and so ably did he discharge his duties in the recent battles near Bull Run as to make it my duty, as well as my pleasure, to recommend him for a brigadier-generalcy. The brilliant service of his brigade in the engagement on Saturday last proved that it was under a superior leader, whose spirit was partaken of by his command. When it is so difficult to procure good general officers, I deem it due the service not to permit an opportunity of securing the services of one of such merit to pass unimproved." Upon the occupation of Frederick by the army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Johnson was appointed provost-marshal, and his knowledge of the country and its people was of value to General Lee, with whom he was in

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frequent conference. When Jackson moved toward Harper's Ferry, he was sent to Richmond with important dispatches from General Lee. This was the occasion of his appointment as a member of the military court then being organized, with the rank of colonel of cavalry. The recommendation of General Jackson was for the time not acted upon for the reason, creditable to Maryland, that so many general officers had already been appointed from that State.

On February 4, 1863, General Jackson renewed his recommendation for Colonel Johnson's promotion and urged his assignment to command Taliaferro's brigade of the Stonewall division, concluding an earnest appeal with the words, "I do not know of any colonel who, in my opinion, is so well qualified for the position in question." A week later Jackson again urged action upon his recommendation. In a few months came Chancellorsville, and the heroic Jackson was no more. Though his promotion was still delayed, Johnson, upon the call of the Marylanders in the valley, secured his relief from the military court and reached his comrades at Gettysburg on the morning of July 2d, intent upon his cherished plan of organizing the Maryland Line, which he had been selected to command. But the exigencies of the Pennsylvania campaign made this for the time impracticable, and his service until after the return to Virginia was as temporary commander again of the brigade of General Jones. In November, 1863, he was ordered to Hanover Junction, and there, as has been related, he finally brought together a considerable Maryland command. Toward the close of February, 1864, operating against Kilpatrick's raid, he had opportunity to render service of great value by the capture at Yellow Tavern of a dispatch from Dahlgren, and promptly acted as the emergency demanded. Gen. Wade Hampton in a letter to General Lee stated that he was convinced that "the enemy could have taken Richmond, and in all probability would have done so, but for the fact that Colonel Johnson

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intercepted a dispatch from Dahlgren to Kilpatrick, asking what hour the latter had fixed for an attack on the city, so that both attacks might be simultaneous;" and in his report the gallant South Carolinian complimented the Marylander for his gallantry in attacking the enemy at Beaver Dam, with a handful of men, and hanging on their rear, striking them continually, and never losing sight of them until they had passed Tunstall's station. Hampton further expressed his appreciation by presenting Johnson with a saber. This promptly won distinction as a cavalry leader he confirmed by his service against Merritt's division at Pollard's farm, and under Hampton at Trevilian's. June 25, 1864, he received his commission as brigadier-general and was assigned to the command of the cavalry brigade lately led by Gen. William E. Jones, killed at New Hope church. The service of this command under his gallant leadership is narrated in the preceding pages. His prime object in the Maryland campaign under Early was the release of the Confederate prisoners at Point Lookout, which had been discussed by General Lee and the President. Regarding the selection of a leader for this hazardous duty, General Lee had written the President: "It will be well he should be a Marylander, and of those connected with the army, I consider Col. Bradley T. Johnson the most suitable. He is bold and intelligent, ardent and true, and yet I am unable to say whether he possesses the requisite qualities. Everything in an expedition of this kind depends upon the leader." But he was fated not to be permitted to perform this service, being recalled after he made a detour around Baltimore to Beltsville by information from Early that the expedition was about to retire to Virginia. Later in July, 1864, he was associated with General McCausland in command of the expedition to Chambersburg, Pa., and as he occupied the place with his brigade it fell his lot to execute the orders of General Early to burn the town. Justifiable as it was, as a stern and righteous retribution

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for the outrages in the valley, the work was no less repugnant to him and to the large majority of his command. He announced that no plundering would be permitted; nothing was to be appropriated but boots, shoes and army stores. Before the work of destruction had ceased many of his men were seen to unite with the residents in efforts to suppress the flames or rescue property. At Hancock his indignant protest prevented a similar visitation upon a community that had representatives in the Confederate service. The disaster at Moorefield followed, where General Johnson narrowly escaped capture and was distinguished by his efforts to retrieve the day. That he was not censurable was evidenced by the refusal of General Early to order the investigation demanded by him soon afterward. During the campaign in the valley against Sheridan he did all that a gallant officer could do in the face of overwhelming opposition. At Winchester, September 19th, he fought from dawn to night, and by a headlong charge of his brigade gave Ramseur at a critical moment an opportunity to reform his lines. When heavy losses made it necessary to reorganize and consolidate commands, Johnson, being junior in rank and not commanding troops from his own State, gave way to others in the field, and in the latter part of November, 1864, was given command of the post at Salisbury, N. C. This had been a Confederate military prison, but on the advance of Sherman through Georgia a large number of Federal prisoners were transferred thither, without adequate preparations for their care. Officers and men were huddled in the overflowing buildings, and boxes and even excavations in the earth were employed for shelter from the rigor of approaching winter. The post was also in danger from the inroads of Federal guerrillas. Under such circumstances General Johnson was called on to take charge, and his active efforts toward restoring order and alleviating distress met with the best of results. He secured the issuing of fuel to the prisoners, and of food identical with

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that of his own men; through his representations to the Confederate government the Federal government was induced to send supplies by their own officers through the lines; and, through the co-operation of Governor Vance, all that was possible was done to relieve distress. Finally, in the early days of March, 1865, he was enabled to start his charge in the direction of Wilmington for delivery to their friends. Within sixty days the struggle came to an end, and then as is well remembered those who were connected with the prison posts were made the subjects of investigation by military courts. But the archives at Raleigh and Richmond, and the voluntary testimony of those he had guarded, were so eloquent of the humanity of General Johnson that he was promptly relieved of persecution. Finding himself broken in fortune he made his home at Richmond and resumed the practice of his profession. As soon as the restrictive legislation of the reconstruction period admitted, he entered public life, and served in the senate of Virginia with distinction. His heart, however, still yearned for his native State, and in 1878 he removed to Baltimore, where his efforts were at once enlisted in the organization of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, and in the formation of the Association of the Maryland Line. The perpetuation of the record of Maryland in the armies of the Confederacy, and the relief of needy and disabled Confederates were to him duties paramount to all other obligations. He was at once placed at the front in all movements which represented the Confederate sentiment of the State. He became and still continues the president of the Army and Navy society, and of the Association of the Maryland Line, and he contributed largely in effort and influence to the establishment of the Home for Confederate veterans. Now, in the fullness of honors and in complete assurance of the love of his old comrades, he is living in retirement in his Virginia home. The State holds him in reverence as one

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of its heroes, worthy of a place with Howard, Smallwood and Gist, of the Revolution, as their honored successor in the "Maryland Line." GEORGE W. BOOTH.

Brigadier-General Joseph Lancaster Brent, of Baltimore, distinguished for his service in various arms of the Confederate military forces, was born in Charles county, Maryland, in 1826. He was reared at his native place, and attended college at Georgetown, D. C. When the war broke out, he was in California, but the ties of sympathy were too strong to be overcome by his great distance from home, and he took ship for the seat of war, in company with William M. Gwyn, ex-United States senator, and Calhoun Benham, United States district attorney in California. But on the high seas they were arrested by Gen. E. V. Sumner, and the three were sent to Fort Lafayette, and held two or three weeks, when they were paroled and permitted to go to Washington. They sought to be relieved of this coercion and finally, through the influence of George D. Prentice, a brother-in-law of Mr. Benham, Mr. Brent was discharged from restraint without being required to take the oath of allegiance, which he had refused to do. He proceeded to Richmond in the winter of 1861-62, and at once entered the Confederate service, with rank of captain, on the staff of Gen. J. B. Magruder, in command of the district of Yorktown. After the conclusion of the Yorktown campaign, he was promoted major of artillery and assigned to duty as chief ordnance officer of the right wing of the army of Northern Virginia, under command of General Magruder, as the army was organized by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Major Brent held this position until the close of the Peninsular campaign of 1862, contributing to the success of the Confederate arms, and was then assigned to the staff of Gen. Richard Taylor, who was in command of the district of Western Louisiana. He participated in the military operations of this

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district as chief of artillery and ordnance, with rank of colonel July, 1862; also commanded First Louisiana brigade cavalry until, in October, 1864, he was promoted brigadier-general of cavalry, in which rank he served until the close of the war. At the time of the surrender he was in command of the forces of the front line in the West, extending from Arkansas to the Gulf, the last line held by the Confederate army. One of the most exciting exploits in which General Brent was engaged was the capture of the Federal ironclad Indianola, early in the spring of 1863. The Indianola, after running the batteries at Vicksburg, had proceeded to the mouth of the Red river, and thence started back up the river. Unexpectedly to him, Brent was assigned by General Taylor to take command of two boats and engage the Indianola. The boats on the Red river available were the side-wheel steamer, Webb, which was used as a towboat before the war, and was without any protection whatever, except tiers of cotton bales about the boiler, and the Queen of the West, a gunboat captured a few days before from the Federals at Fort DeRussy on Red river. The latter was a modern boat, with bow strengthened for ramming, but had no protection for her machinery except tiers of cotton bales. With this flotilla General Brent started in pursuit of the ironclad Indianola and overtook her twenty miles below Vicksburg. He immediately engaged his formidable antagonist, which carried 11-inch guns, a shot from which, properly served, would have disposed of either of the Confederate vessels. But every time the iron shutters of the Indianola were raised to allow a gun to be fired, the men of the Webb or Queen of the West would open on them with rifles, with the result that the Federal gunners were demoralized. Only one ball from the Indianola struck the Queen of the West, and that did no damage further than scatter a lot of her defensive armor, cotton bales, like leaves in an autumnal gale. Meanwhile the wooden boats rammed the Indianola repeatedly,

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until she was surrendered by her commander. Her crew were overcome with shame by this capitulation, especially when they saw the vulnerability of the two boats which had so daringly given them battle. Only six or eight men were lost by Brent in this engagement. After the surrender of the armies, General Brent was paroled at Alexandria, La., in May, 1865, and thence returned to Baltimore, where he resumed the practice of law, in which he had been engaged before the war. In 1870 he went to Louisiana and engaged in planting until 1888, when he again took up his residence at Baltimore, which has since been his home. While a resident of Louisiana he twice served in the legislature of the State. At Baltimore he is held in high regard, and especially by his comrades of the Confederate army. He is a member of the society of the Army and Navy.

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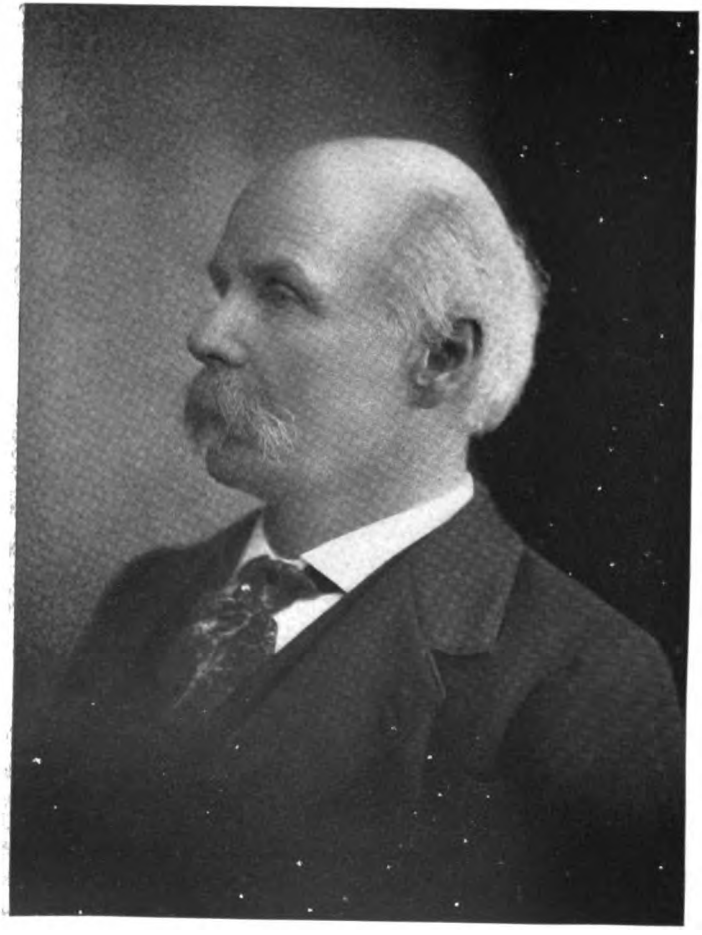

ROBERT WHITE

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WEST VIRGINIA

BY

COL. ROBERT WHITE.

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CHAPTER I.

THE PARTITION OF VIRGINIA—THE DILEMMA OF THE OLD DOMINION IN 1861—PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—ORGANIZATION OF TROOPS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—THE UNIONIST CONVENTION—ORGANIZATION OF THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

THE partition of Virginia was called by the Hon. S. S. Cox, "one of the whimsical excesses of secession or vicissitudes of war." In a vigorous expression of his repugnance to the movement he exclaimed, "Forty western counties of Virginia agree to secede and form a new State without the consent of the old one! It is anomalous and unconstitutional. It is a new phase of secession made by the war. It is vigorously opposed, but in vain. The first beginning of reconstruction thus, and in the very midst of the war, came out of this despoiling of Virginia. It is one of the scars made by the war. It remains to commemorate the policy of force. It inevitably led to the successful attack which was soon to be made upon State institutions, including slavery." Thaddeus Stevens, with his characteristic frankness, said that "We know it is not constitutional, but it is necessary." The justification of the existence—the right to be—of the State of West Virginia was "military necessity," but its Statehood has been achieved and is now no longer questioned, though its birth was Cæsarian and roughly accomplished at that. The Old Dominion which had voluntarily donated the vast Northwest to the Union and dedicated it to the use of white labor, was cloven by the hand it had nurtured into strength. Yet Virginia and all the South hail West Virginia and rejoice in its progress as one of the States of the Union, notwithstanding the nature of its origin.

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In proper historical review of the creation of this State, we may begin with the fact that Virginia was forced into secession by the military movements which compelled it either to surrender all its resources to the uses of war against its sister States, or to ally itself with secession in order to resist the threatening armed coercion. "The crossing of troops into Virginia with hostile purpose is the act of war," said Robert E. Lee in April, 1861, and that act occurred before the secession ordinance was voted on by the people.

The original ordinance of secession passed April 17, 1861, to take effect on the fourth Thursday in May, 1861, if ratified by the vote of the people, was opposed strenuously in the convention by the delegates from some of the northwestern counties, and notwithstanding its passage, many of those who had resented it returned to their counties to organize open opposition to the action of the convention. The Virginia convention adjourned on May 1st to meet again on June 11th, and immediately upon the adjournment, public meetings were held in various western counties resulting in an informal call for a general convention of disaffected counties, to be held at Wheeling on May 13th.

These proceedings attracted the attention of the administration at Washington. Communication with the national capital was easy, the distance slight and the way entirely open. The call for national assistance in defying the action of the Virginia convention was earnestly made and did not go unheeded. First among the military operations to support the secession of these counties from Virginia were those in the two great neighboring States of Pennsylvania and Ohio. The conference between the vigorous governor of Pennsylvania and President Lincoln, on April 12, 1861, which encouraged the President in making his call for troops, was followed by the rapid military organization of the State and the stationing of large bodies of troops at Chambersburg under

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Patterson, and at other points from which invasion could be made into Maryland and across any part of the eastern border of Virginia. The State of Ohio passed an act to enroll the militia of that State on April 12th, providing for immediately mustering and arming its volunteers.

These active preparations were made before Virginia had seceded, and even before the attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter had failed. Then followed the ample answer to President Lincoln's call for troops, after which, it is a strange circumstance that on the 26th of April, Ohio created a debt of $2,000,000 to raise funds to defend the State, the governor deciding the measure constitutional because "Ohio is in danger of invasion." An immense "home army" was organized under orders of May 6th, part of which was to be "the active army of operation;" the enrolled militia of 300,000 men were divided into three corps; the people of the cities promptly raised large sums of money for the support of volunteers, and under all this pressure the State soon had a large force in the field.

Maj.-Gen. George B. McClellan, who had been in the regular United States army, and was, in 1861, the general superintendent of the Ohio & Mississippi railroad, was made major-general of State troops May 1st, and proceeding with great energy in the work, had twenty-two regiments mustered before June 1st to meet President Lincoln's call, besides a large number of other regiments in State camps, at an expenditure, as certified by the governor and auditor, of over $2,000,000.

The preliminary arrangements which rendered such rapid action possible, were made prior to the sailing of the fleet destined to reinforce Fort Sumter, and pending the efforts of Virginia to arrest secession. Through the energetic efforts of the war governors in forwarding troops to Washington in April, the State of Maryland was reduced to Federal control before it could be succored, and by the 1st of May, the entire eastern, north-

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ern and western borders of Virginia became the boundary line across which the first bloody experiment of coercion by land was to be made. This long frontier of Virginia was exposed to the assaults of four armies; one consisting of regulars and volunteers stationed in and around Washington, one at Fortress Monroe, one under General Patterson along the upper Potomac, and one gathered chiefly from Ohio, under the command of General McClellan. To these two last mentioned armies, and particularly to the able general from Ohio, were intrusted the military operations which would enforce the movement inaugurated in April in the western counties of Virginia to resist the ratification of the ordinance of secession, passed by the State convention, and to overthrow the existing State government. For the purposes of this movement, the situation was exceedingly favorable. Ohio was on the western border and Pennsylvania on the northern. Wheeling, the city chosen as the place where the convention would assemble, was in the narrow strip of Virginia lying between those two States, and McClellan's forces were assembling in easy striking distance. The people of the nearest counties were generally opposed to the secession of Virginia, and had been at all times in near commercial and political sympathy with the people of the adjacent States. With these advantages, McClellan prepared in May to advance into Virginia.

During these movements, so adverse to its wishes and interests as well as to its sovereignty, the State of Virginia was well advised of the dangers that threatened it, and began preparations after April 17th to place its people and their possessions in a state of defense. Gen. Robert E. Lee having been appointed by Governor Letcher to command all Virginia forces until the State should be formally incorporated in the Confederate States, directed Maj. A. Loring, commanding volunteers at Wheeling on April 29, 1861, to accept and muster into service such volunteer companies as might offer

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themselves in compliance with the call of Governor Letcher, and to take command of them. His command was confined to the counties of Wetzel, Marshall, Ohio, Brooke and Hancock, with special duty to protect the terminus of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. At the same time Maj. F. M. Boykin, Jr., at Weston, was directed by General Lee to muster volunteer companies into the service of the State, and posting his command at or near Grafton, to co-operate with Major Loring in holding both branches of the railroad for the benefit of Maryland and Virginia. These officers were directed to give quiet and security to the inhabitants of the country, and also to facilitate peaceful travel. Two hundred old pattern flint-lock muskets were the only arms with which General Lee was able to supply these important forces.

Lieut.-Col. John McCausland was given similar duties in the valley of the Kanawha, and Col. C. Q. Tompkins, of Charleston, was assigned to command. Col. George Porterfield was directed to repair to Grafton and select positions for the troops in that section so as to cover the points liable to attack. The call for troops to assemble at Grafton was made on the counties of Braxton, Lewis, Harrison, Monongahela, Taylor, Barbour, Upshaw, Tucker, Mason, Randolph and Preston. The volunteers from Wood, Wirt, Roane, Calhoun, Gilmer, Ritchie, Pleasant and Doddridge were to rendezvous at Parkersburg. Lieuts. J. G. Gittings and W. E. Kemble were ordered to report to Porterfield for duty. Col. Jubal A. Early was ordered to Lynchburg to organize and command the forces at that point, and Col. Thomas J. Jackson, who was at Harper's Ferry, was notified to watch the threatening movements of the enemy, to occupy and use the Baltimore & Ohio railroad and the Chesapeake & Ohio canal. Lieut.-Col. John Echols was placed in command at Staunton, about the same time, with two regiments of infantry.

Thus it appears that so far as Governor Letcher and

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General Lee could act in defense of the exposed northwestern frontier of Virginia, all dispositions were rapidly and sagaciously made within a few weeks after the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,000 volunteers to act with forces already assembled at Washington, to invade the South through the State of Virginia. These dispositions were made before May 10th, by General Lee under his commission from that State, and on that date the Confederate secretary of war directed him to assume control of the Confederate as well as the Virginia forces in the State, assigning them to duty at his discretion until further orders.

The measures thus energetically taken, were made necessary by the action of the anti-secessionists in the extreme western counties adjacent to Ohio and Pennsylvania, and also by the evident intention of the Federal authorities to seize and occupy these counties at once. The opponents of Virginia's ordinance of secession formed organizations to defeat that measure, and evidences of movements to call in the assistance of the Federal army of invasion alarmed the people. Enlistments in the volunteer army of Virginia were discouraged in many ways so forcibly as to make men afraid to leave their families. Enlistments, especially around Grafton, were therefore slowly secured, and it became necessary about the 1st of May to order at first 400 and later 600 rifles with ammunition, from Staunton, to be sent to Major Goff at Beverly, who was to turn them over to Porterfield. With these arms it was expected that some companies could be supplied for immediate service. General Lee did not think it was prudent at that time to order companies from other parts of the State to Grafton, as it might irritate, rather than conciliate, the population of that region. But Lee was very much concerned at the failure to procure volunteers in the West for the service of the State, and was induced by his anxieties on May 14, 1861, to ask Jackson, at Harper's Ferry, to send some aid to Porter-

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field if he could do so without endangering his own position. Porterfield had reached Grafton on the same day that Lee's letter was written to Jackson, and found no forces to command. The sparseness of the population and the general uncertainty prevailing everywhere made concert of action difficult. Citizens who were true to the Old Dominion, appeared to be in the minority and needed protection.

In view of the emergency, Col. M. G. Harman moved from Staunton, May 15, 1861, with a supply of arms, under escort of Capt. F. F. Sterrett's company of cavalry, for the relief of the Northwest. Capt. Felix H. Hull also proceeded to Highland with the company to recruit and join Captain Sterrett. Captain Moorman marched to Monterey and Captains Stover and McNeil were sent to Huttonsville. Under similar orders, Colonel Goff was engaged in raising troops in Randolph county, and all these separate companies were directed to unite as rapidly as possible at a point on the route to Grafton.

These Federal and Confederate military dispositions around and within the western counties of Virginia had their special bearings upon the political movements heretofore referred to, the object of Virginia and the Confederate government being to hold the western counties, while it was the Federal design to facilitate the "dispatting of Virginia." Keeping these military operations which were occurring in April and May, 1861, before us, we will consider the action taken at the same time among the people of that section which led finally to the institution of the State of West Virginia.

The citizens of Virginia inhabiting the western counties were uncompromisingly divided among themselves in opinion as to their duty when their State became involved in the Confederate war. They had voted against the secession of Virginia, and many of their representatives refused to conform to the ordinance of secession. Hostilities, therefore, were begun first among themselves

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by the antagonisms of neighbors and households; and by the recruiting of military companies for both the Confederate and the Federal armies. Allegiance to the commonwealth of Virginia as being the paramount obligation of the citizen held large numbers of Union men to the defense of its action, who formed themselves into military companies and entered the Confederate army. On the other hand many were so resolute in their repugnance to secession as to throw off the restraints of the old Virginia theory of allegiance, and to form companies and regiments for Federal service.

The Unionist sentiment in western Virginia led to a meeting at Clarksburg, April 22d, one week after the adoption of the ordinance of secession by the Virginia convention, at which eleven delegates were appointed to meet delegates from other counties at Wheeling, May 13th, to determine what course should be pursued. Similar meetings followed, and the convention which met at the date fixed, contained representatives of twenty-five counties. The popular vote on the ordinance of secession, polled May (fourth Thursday), was largely for rejection in western Virginia and almost unanimous for adoption beyond the mountains.

The informal convention of May 13th adopted resolutions condemning the ordinance and providing for a general election May 23d, of delegates from all counties favoring a division of the State, for a convention to be held at Wheeling, June 11th. Before that date arrived, on the pretext of defending railroad and other property, General McClellan with his army had entered the State, and Wheeling and the country far beyond were occupied by Ohio soldiers in overwhelming numbers. At the same time also, many companies of Virginia troops, for United States service, were organized, composed of men who afterward rendered gallant service for the cause they espoused.

About forty counties were represented by delegates

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at Wheeling, June 11th, and the members before proceeding to business joined in an oath of supreme allegiance to the United States. On June 13th a bill of rights was adopted, repudiating all allegiance to the Confederate States, to which Virginia was now united by ordinance ratified by popular vote; the offices of governor of Virginia, etc., were declared vacant, a provisional government was provided for, all officers were required to take the oath of national allegiance, and on the 19th a declaration of independence from Virginia was unanimously adopted. The main argument in justification of this declaration, was that under the bill of rights the legislature had no right to call a convention to alter the constitution and the relations of the commonwealth, without the previously expressed consent of the majority, and that therefore usurpation had occurred which would inevitably lead to military despotism.

During the session of this convention, Governor Letcher issued a proclamation June 14th, to the people of northwestern Virginia, pointing out that the sovereign people of Virginia by a majority of nearly 100,000 votes, had exercised the right claimed by the fathers, to institute a new government, and had united the commonwealth with the Confederate States. He declared that the people had all had an opportunity to vote. "You, as well as the rest of the State, have cast your vote fairly, and the majority is against you. It is the duty of good citizens to yield to the will of the State." He quoted the bill of rights, "that the people have a right to uniform government; and therefore that no government separate from and independent of the government of Virginia ought to be erected or established within the limits thereof," and therefore, he said, "the majority have a right to govern." "But notwithstanding, this right, thus exercised, has been regarded by the people of all sections of the United States as undoubted and sacred, yet the government at Washington now utterly denies

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it, and by the exercise of despotic power, is endeavoring to coerce our people to abject submission to their authority. Virginia has asserted her independence. She will maintain it at every hazard." He also pointed out that the new constitution had removed the previous inequality of taxation between the east and west, and he closed an eloquent appeal for unity in the commonwealth by the words: "The troops are posted at Huttonsville. Come with your own good weapons and meet them as brothers."

On June 20th, the convention at Wheeling elected a provisional governor, Francis H. Pierpont, other State officers and an executive council of five. The convention purported to represent the whole State of Virginia, and Pierpont declared that it was not the object of the convention to set up any new government in the State, other than the one under which they had always lived. A legislature was elected, which met at Wheeling, July 2d, and was called the legislature of the restored government of Virginia. This body elected two senators for Virginia, who took the seats in the United States Senate vacated by Mason and Hunter. By authority of the legislature, $27,000 in specie deposited in the Exchange bank at Weston was seized and taken to Wheeling. A resolution favoring the division of the State of Virginia was at first voted down in the Senate. The proposition to form a new State, to bear the name of Kanawha, was, however, already very strong, and a convention was called to carry out this plan. Attorney-General Bates, of Lincoln's cabinet, in a letter to a member of the convention, strongly opposed it, declaring that "the formation of a new State out of western Virginia is an original, independent act of revolution. Any attempt to carry it out involves a plain breach of both the constitutions, of Virginia and of the nation." He contended that the plan under which the Unionist Virginians should act, should be one purporting to preserve the old State government, "claiming to be the very State which has been

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in part overthrown by the successful rebellion. . . . The Senate admitted your senators, not as representing a new and nameless State, now for the first time heard of in our history, but as representing 'the good old commonwealth.'" The constitutional convention met at Wheeling, November 26, 1861, and, influenced more by the success of the United States army than by the grave objections urged by Bates, framed a new constitution, which was ratified May 3, 1862, by the "qualified voters" of forty-eight of the old Virginia counties. Berkeley and Jefferson counties were subsequently added. The mountain counties of Morgan, Hampshire, Hardy, Pendleton, Pocahontas, Greenbrier, Monroe, Mercer and McDowell (including the present counties of Mineral, Grant and Summers), did not participate in the initial movement, but were included in the formation of the new State. At the election of May 3d, Pierpont also was elected "governor of Virginia," to fill the "unexpired" term of Governor Letcher, and he continued to administer the affairs of the Trans-Alleghany until the new State was established, when he removed his "seat of government" to Alexandria.

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CHAPTER II.

McCLELLAN'S INVASION—THE AFFAIR AT PHILIPPI—RICH MOUNTAIN AND LAUREL HILL—DEATH OF GARNETT—OPERATIONS ABOUT ROMNEY—FEDERAL OCCUPATION OF THE KANAWHA VALLEY—FIGHT AT SCARY CREEK—LORING AT CHEAT MOUNTAIN.

ON May 24th, Colonel Porterfield, who, with about 100 men, had been holding the town of Fetterman, fell back to Grafton, and sent Col. J. M. Heck, who had joined him two days before, to Richmond, to report the condition of the little force, half armed and altogether undisciplined, which was attempting to hold the important post of Grafton, the junction of the roads connecting Washington with Parkersburg and Wheeling and thence with the Western States. In response to this appeal General Lee could only say that he would furnish some arms at Staunton, Va., and give Heck authority to recruit a regiment in the valley and mountain counties on the road to Grafton. Meanwhile, Colonel Porterfield had received advices of the concentration of Federal troops on the Ohio river, at Marietta and Bellaire and on Wheeling island, with the intention of invading the State; and he thereupon caused the destruction of the railroad bridges at Farmington and Mannington, northwest of Grafton, and one on the Parkersburg line.

Almost simultaneously Gen. George B. McClellan, in command of the Federal department of Ohio, issued a proclamation to the people of western Virginia, declaring that "armed traitors" "are destroying the property of citizens of your State and ruining your magnificent railways," that the general government had heretofore carefully abstained from invading the State, or posting

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troops on the border, pending the election, but now "cannot close its ears to the demand you have made for assistance. I have ordered troops to cross the river. They come as your friends and brothers—as enemies only to the armed rebels that are preying upon you." He pledged a religious respect for property rights, and not only non-interference with slaves, but an "iron hand to crush" any servile insurrection. On the same date he ordered Col. B. F. Kelley, commanding the First Virginia infantry (U. S.) at Wheeling, to move toward Fairmount, supported by the Sixteenth Ohio from Bellaire, while the Fourteenth and Eighteenth Ohio, and a battery, were sent toward Grafton from Parkersburg. The troops from the northwest promptly repaired the bridges en route and occupied Grafton May 30th, the force from Parkersburg meeting with greater difficulties which delayed it.

Before this invasion by three or four thousand well-armed men, Colonel Porterfield with his little command moved south on the Tygart river to Philippi, carrying with him the State arms and stores. Before taking this step, which abandoned the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to the invading forces, he had appealed in vain for assistance from General Johnston at Harper's Ferry. Though bodies of volunteer infantry and cavalry formed by patriotic West Virginians joined him, he was compelled to dismiss some of them for want of arms. It was his intention to gather at Philippi a force with which he could advance upon the railroad and destroy its value to the enemy, but he was not able to get together more than 600 effective infantry and 175 cavalry, which, though armed, were but poorly supplied with ammunition and the necessary accouterments. In the meantime the Federals at Grafton had been reinforced by Indiana troops, and General Morris, of Indiana, had assumed command. He sanctioned a movement against Philippi devised by Colonel Kelley, and put under the latter's command. To insure a complete surprise of the Confederates at Philippi,

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the attacking party was divided. Twenty-one companies under immediate command of Colonel Kelley started out by rail ostensibly toward Harper's Ferry, and after proceeding 6 miles disembarked and took the wagon road for Philippi, and nineteen companies and a battery were sent forward on the west side of the river from Webster. These forty companies marched through the night in a heavy rain that had quieted Colonel Porterfield's fears of such an attack, and reaching the Confederate camp at very nearly the same time, at daybreak, June 3d, surprised the pickets, opened fire with artillery, and charged with the intention of capturing the entire command. Such a result should certainly have followed, under the conditions of surprise and great disproportion of numbers. Nevertheless the raw and undisciplined troops, both officers and men, conducted themselves with such courage and coolness that they caused the enemy about as much loss as fell upon themselves, and the whole command, after leaving the town, was restored to the good order which characterized a considerable part of it from the first firing. About six Virginians were killed and several wounded, but the wounded were not abandoned. On the Federal side the main loss was the severe wounding of Colonel Kelley, as he was leading his men in a charge. He was reported mortally wounded, but he survived to receive promotion to brigadier-general and to figure prominently in the war history of the State. Porterfield's command then retreated further down the river and through the mountain gap to Beverly, behind the mountain line of Rich mountain and Laurel hill, where more sanguinary contests were soon to occur.

At Beverly Colonel Porterfield reported his misfortune to General Lee, also giving an account of the depredations of the Federal troops and the "state of revolution" which existed in the section in the hands of the enemy. General Lee responded in a kindly letter, giving the welcome information that Gen. Robert S. Garnett had

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been assigned to command in that region and would soon reach the scene of action with such forces as were available in Virginia to aid the loyal western Virginians in their unequal struggle.

Colonel Heck, whose mission to Richmond has been mentioned, was on the way early in June with a battery of four pieces from Shenandoah county, Captain Moorman's cavalry company, and three companies of Virginia infantry, and Governor Letcher had called out the militia from the counties of Pendleton, Highland, Bath, Pocahontas, Randolph and Barbour. The response to this call seems to have been patriotic and abundant, but Colonel Heck decided to send the major part home to tend the crops, taking but 300 men from Highland, Bath and Pendleton. General Garnett reached Huttonsville, where Porterfield had then collected about twenty-four companies of West Virginians. From these were organized two regiments, the Twenty-fifth Virginia infantry, under Colonel Heck, and the Thirty-first, under Col. William L. Jackson, former lieutenant-governor of the State. With Jackson's regiment, Schumacher's battery, Anderson's half battery, and a company of cavalry, General Garnett occupied the pass on the Philippi road at the south end of Laurel hill, while Colonel Heck, in command of his regiment, a half battery and a company of cavalry, was stationed before the Buckhannon pass over Rich mountain, a few miles west of Beverly. A forced night march was made June 15th to seize these positions in advance of the enemy, who was reported to be advancing. For nearly three weeks these troops were undisturbed, meanwhile being reinforced by the Twentieth Virginia under Col. John Pegram, Col. J. N. Ramsey's First Georgia, and Col. J. V. Fulkerson's Thirty-seventh Virginia. Reconnoissances were made, and in one of these, Lieut. Robert McChesney, of Rockbridge county, was killed by a Federal ambush in Tucker county, June 29th, while fighting gallantly.

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While the Virginians were thus preparing to defend the Cheat river line, McClellan, having entered Virginia in person, was promising the Washington authorities, as early as June 23d, an attack which should turn the Confederate position. He had issued proclamations and called for abundant reinforcements; had stationed eleven companies on the railroad at Cheat river bridge, a regiment at Grafton, another at Clarksburg, another at Weston, six companies at Parkersburg, six companies at Wirt Court House, had four companies out against a Confederate reconnoissance, had ordered four regiments into the Kanawha valley, and besides all this, "of his active army fifty-one companies and one battery" were at Philippi, under General Morris, "amusing the enemy," while McClellan had with him at Buckhannon six entire regiments of infantry, six detached companies, two batteries and two companies of cavalry, and more than two regiments expected. He repeated on July 5th his promise to advance, adding that he expected to "repeat the movement of Cerro Gordo," and on July 6th he positively promised that his advance guard would move the next day. Official figures of the numerical strength of his army are lacking, but the statement just made from his reports sufficiently indicates its overwhelming character as compared with the troops waiting on the hills under command of Garnett.

General Garnett, a soldier of twenty years' experience in the United States army, had no false confidence in the strength of his position, and gave the government at Richmond no reason to expect anything but disaster if he should be attacked by the enemy in force. He did not greatly fear such an attack, as he believed McClellan had possession of as much of western Virginia as was desired. In this vein General Garnett wrote, and General Lee, in response, expressed his belief that McClellan would attack and endeavor to penetrate Virginia as far as Staunton, a project that Garnett's object should

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be to "prevent, if possible, and to restrict his limits within the narrowest range, which, though outnumbered, it is hoped by skill and boldness you will accomplish." The Forty-fourth Virginia, Col. William C. Scott commanding, was already approaching Beverly from Richmond, followed by the Second Georgia, Col. Edward Johnson, and a North Carolina regiment under Col. Stephen Lee. To further relieve Garnett, General Lee on July 11th ordered Wise to move from Charleston upon Parkersburg. But reinforcements and diversion were alike too late. The blow had already fallen.

The entire Confederate force on July 8th consisted of 3,381 men at Laurel hill, 859 at Rich mountain, and 375 at Beverly. The position at Rich mountain, on a spur near its western base, called Camp Garnett, was fortified with a breastwork of logs covered with an abatis of slashed timber along its front, and the position on the Philippi road at Laurel mountain was similarly strengthened.

On July 6th the Confederate picket was driven in from Middle Fork bridge between Buckhannon and Rich mountain, and that position was occupied by McCook's brigade, while Morris advanced from Philippi to within a mile and a half of Garnett's position. On the 9th McClellan's three brigades encamped at Roaring Run flats, in sight of the Confederate camp at Rich mountain, and on that day and next made reconnoissances in force. There were now about 1,300 Confederates at Camp Garnett under command of Col. John Pegram, afterward distinguished as a brigadier-general. He, as well as General Garnett, underestimated the Federal strength, and he even contemplated a night attack upon the 10,000 troops confronting him. But perceiving signs of a flank attack, he posted pickets on the top of the mountain about two miles to the rear, and early on the morning of the 11th he learned that six regiments of infantry, under General Rosecrans, were already on their way to seize a position

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on the summit of the mountain commanding his fortifications. To meet this he could only send reinforcements to the mountain picket, making in all about 300 men and one gun, under Capt. Julius A. DeLagnel, while he asked Garnett to order Colonel Scott's Forty-fourth regiment in the valley to hold the road in advance of Beverly. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the 11th, Rosecrans attacked Captain DeLagnel at Hart's house, on the mountain, in overwhelming numbers. The intrepid 300 fought with desperate courage, repulsing two attacks, and keeping up the fight for three hours, during which about one-third of their number were killed or wounded. Pegram, upon hearing the firing, had hurried to the scene and ordered up the remainder of his regiment, but becoming convinced that his situation was too desperate to warrant an attack, he sent this body under Maj. Nat Tyler to effect a junction with either General Garnett or Colonel Scott, while he returned to the camp, where Colonel Heck with a few hundred men and two guns had been all day confronting McClellan. The latter had passed the day, in sound of the musketry on the mountain, cutting roads and mounting artillery to assault a force which he outnumbered ten to one. Heck's command, as soon as Pegram arrived, about midnight, under his orders, spiked their guns and retreated up the mountain, along which they made their way slowly next day toward General Garnett's camp at Laurel hill. The men under Tyler traversed the pathless mountain to Beverly, overtook the Forty-fourth at Huttonsville, and retreated to Monterey.

Meanwhile, when Morris advanced toward Laurel hill there had been brisk skirmishing with Garnett's pickets, and on the 8th an attempt of the enemy to drive the Confederates from an advanced position at Belington was repulsed. But at midnight following the 11th, being informed of the success of Rosecrans at Hart's farm, Garnett evacuated Laurel hill. He was falsely informed

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Hancock
Cumberland
Frostburg
Cresaptown
Flintstone
Old Town
Frankfort
Springfield
Romney
Paddytown
Bloomington
Piedmont
Oakland
Bath
Martinsburg
Shepherdstown
Charlestown
Harpers Ferry
Winchester
Kernstown
Stephensburg
Newtown
White Post
Ashbys Gap
Middletown
Strasburg
Woodstock
Mt Jackson
New Market
Harrisonburg
Mt Crawford
Staunton
Mt Sidney
Lexington
Buchanan
Fincastle
Salem
Big Lick
Christiansburg
Blacksburg
Dublin
Pulaski
Wytheville
Rural Retreat
Abingdon
Bristol
Jonesborough
Greeneville
Rogersville
Kingsport
Blountville
Bristol
Elizabethton
Williamsport
Bakersville
Hard Shell
Burnsville
Buckletown
Leetown
Arvon
Berryville or Battletown
Purcellville
Hickerville
Union
Middleburg
Aldie
Paris
Ninevah or Stony Pt
Front Royal
Luray
Washington
Sperryville
Culpeper
Warrenton
Fredericksburg
Orange
Gordonsville
Charlottesville
Scottsville
Lynchburg
Liberty
Bedford

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that the Federals had advanced to Beverly, and consequently crossed Tygart valley and over Cheat mountain into the Cheat river valley, down which he was pursued northward by the Federal brigade under General Morris. On the morning of July 13th skirmishing began between his rear guard and the Federal advance, and when Carrick's ford was reached, the rear guard, the Twenty-third regiment, under Colonel Taliaferro, supported by artillery, took position on the high bank as soon as it had crossed, while the enemy brought up infantry and artillery on the opposite bank, and for some time a spirited fire was kept up across the stream, in which Taliaferro lost 28 killed and wounded, the enemy's loss being much greater. The Confederates opened the fight with cheers for President Davis, and twice drove back the enemy from the ford, but finally, having exhausted their ammunition, withdrew in good order to the next ford, about a half mile to the rear. On the further side of this ford the gallant Garnett, having posted the main command 4 miles further back, was waiting for the rear guard, and when it had crossed placed a few sharpshooters as skirmishers behind some drift-wood on the bank, while the regiment was sent on to a position he had selected. The enemy's advance was close upon him, and soon perceiving that he was about to be flanked, he sent orders to Taliaferro to retreat rapidly to the rear. Under the fire of the enemy now, he ordered his skirmishers to fall back, and at that moment was killed by a rifle ball, one of the sharpshooters at the same time falling dead at his side. His riderless horse, dashing to the rear, carried the sad news of the general's death. Thus fell, sharing the post of greatest danger in a disastrous retreat which he could not avoid, the first distinguished martyr of the Confederacy. His command, greatly depleted by the fatigues of the rapid march over the mountain paths, rendered still more difficult by the heavy rain, continued northward under the command of Colonel Ramsey, marching all the fol-

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lowing night to a point near West Union, when they crossed the Maryland line to Red House and thence moved southward, the next day, to Greenland, Hardy county, finally reaching Monterey after seven days' arduous marching.

Colonel Pegram's command, which we left in the course of their march of 17 miles along the summit of the mountain to join Garnett, on the night of the 12th made an attempt to cross the valley eastward, but his reconnoissance was fired upon and he was advised that the enemy held Leadsville, in the rear of Garnett's former position. Both commander and troops were exhausted and starving, and it was decided after returning to the foot of the mountain range to surrender. Accordingly at midnight a proposition to that effect was sent to General McClellan, then at Beverly, and on the next day, July 13th, the first formal capitulation of the great war took place, 28 officers and 525 men becoming prisoners of war. They were well treated, and in a few days all were released on parole save Colonel Pegram.

Thus ended in disaster the first completed campaign of the Confederate war. There were many instances of remarkable heroism and valor. In the main the troops fought with coolness and tenacity in the face of fearful odds, and maintained their organizations wonderfully well during exhausting and rapid movements over the most impassable country that can well be imagined. Their marches were made through dense thickets of laurel, over precipitous mountains, across raging streams, and along paths impracticable for ordinary military operations. Yet the conduct of the Confederates under these circumstances, and particularly their stubborn fighting at Hart's house and Carrick's ford would suffice to convince a careful observer that the same sort of soldiers, given chances somewhat even, would yet win a victory glorious enough to lift the cloud of gloom which settled upon the South after this unfortunate campaign. Such a prophet would

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have found himself speedily justified, for ten days later came Manassas.

Previous to the active operations which we have described, the Federal commanders had sent out various parties to break up meetings of citizens supposed to be in the interests of Virginia, or for the formation of military commands. Col. Lew Wallace, of Indiana, stationed at Cumberland, Md., engaged in such an enterprise June 13th.

The people of Hampshire county were loyal to the Southern cause. This county was on the border line, and suffered untold troubles and horrors during the war then beginning. It would take volumes to contain all that was done and suffered for the Southland by the men and the women and the children of this county during the following four years. When the convention at Richmond passed the ordinance of secession, a meeting of citizens of Romney, the county seat, was held on the 27th of April and patriotic resolutions were passed, calling upon the people to prepare for the worst, and a committee of safety was appointed to look out for the public good. The county prepared for war, meetings were held, men enlisted, money was subscribed to equip volunteers and pay the men, and the county court appropriated $10,000 to be expended under the supervision of a committee appointed for the purpose.

Hearing of this and that some Virginia militia were drilling at Romney, Colonel Wallace made a descent upon that place, June 13th, with 500 Indianians, and reported that he put to rout not only all the military but the inhabitants of the town, including women and children, and captured among others "Maj. Isaac Vandever, a gentleman who, from accounts, has been very active in exciting rebellion, organizing troops, and impressing loyal citizens." No town in the South, except perhaps Winchester, 40 miles away, had a record surpassing that of the town of Romney, in regard to the

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changing of its occupancy by the armies of each side. It is well established that, beginning with Wallace's raid, at least fifty-six times during the war it passed into the control of the Federal army.

After the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, June 16, 1861, when the army of the Shenandoah retired toward Winchester, Thomas J. Jackson, then ranking as colonel, was stationed near Martinsburg, and after making some demonstrations against the Federal advance, did good work in destroying transportation cars and locomotives on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

The Thirteenth Virginia and Third Tennessee regiments, under the command of A. P. Hill, were marched from Harper's Ferry, by way of Winchester, to Romney, a distance of about 75 miles. The Union troops had retired. Upon reaching Romney it was ascertained that a company of Federal infantry, with two field pieces, was guarding the bridge over the north branch of the Potomac on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, some 18 miles northwest from Romney. Colonel Hill detached Company I, of the Thirteenth, and a company of Tennesseeans and sent them to capture the bridge referred to. About sunrise on June 19th, an attack was made, the Federal soldiers driven from the bridge and the two pieces of artillery captured and carried off. This little fight was quick and sharp, ending in one of the first victories of the war.

Jackson, having advanced to Darkesville, at Falling Waters, encountered the Federals who had crossed the Potomac to attack him, and although fighting in retreat with one regiment of infantry and his cavalry, punished his adversary by the loss of 49 prisoners and several killed, while in his own command there were 12 wounded and 13 killed and captured. Jackson was made brigadier-general a few days previous to this fight.

On June 26, 1861, Richard Ashby, a brother of the celebrated Gen. Turner Ashby, lost his life in a skirmish in Hampshire county. The two Ashbys were in charge

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of a body of Virginia cavalry, scouting toward Cumberland, Md., when Richard was mortally wounded by a bayonet thrust. His body lies beside that of his brother Turner in the Confederate cemetery at Winchester, Va.

On July 21, 1861, a Federal force under Colonel Kain entered Romney. In the same month Colonel Cummins with some Confederate troops retook it.

The loyal Virginians in other parts of the State were active in expeditions to repress hostile organization. One of these was made by Capt. A. G. Jenkins, afterward famous as a cavalry general, in the latter part of June. He advanced from Charleston to Point Pleasant with a mounted party, and secured the persons of several prominent Union men. Colonel Norton, of the First Ohio, at Gallipolis, crossed the river with 100 men and made a vain attempt to overtake Jenkins, after which he "scoured the country and took 30 prominent secessionists prisoners." These gentlemen, who were carried to Camp Chase, Ohio, were the first to arrive from the South at that noted prison camp. They reached Camp Chase July 5th, but were released a few days later. The names of these loyal Virginians were R. B. Hackney, A. B. Dorst, A. Roseberry, H. J. Fisher, R. Knupp, Jacob C. Kline, Frank Ransom, J. N. McMullen, J. W. Echard, David Long, G. D. Slaughter, A. E. Eastman, J. F. Dintz, Robert Mitchell, S. Hargiss, E. J. Ransom, T. B. Kline, Alexander McCausland, O. H. P. Sebrill, James Johnson, W. O. Roseberry, Benjamin Franklin and James Clark.

On June 6th the Confederate war department, being advised of the contemplated occupation of the Kanawha valley by the United States troops, and fearing for the safety of the Tennessee & Virginia railroad, issued orders designed to protect that region. Ex-Gov. Henry A. Wise, having been commissioned brigadier-general, was ordered to move from Richmond with the force placed at his disposal to the valley of the Kanawha, and Gen.

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John B. Floyd, an old United States officer, was specially charged with the protection of the railroad. Wise was instructed to rally the people of western Virginia, and rely upon the people of that section not only for supplies but for arms. In case the enemy should largely outnumber the forces he could gather and equip, with such resources, he was to fall back to the mountain passes. The Confederate government then had more formidable attacks to oppose. Patterson advancing from Maryland was threatening Johnston's army in the Shenandoah valley, McDowell before Washington was advancing upon Manassas, and a large force was needed for the defense of Norfolk and the James river. When Johnston was writing that he must retreat from Harper's Ferry, having but forty rounds of ammunition, the government was forced to rely upon the ability of the West Virginians to defend themselves, and that failing, upon the mountains as a line of defense. Wise left Col. J. L. Davis at Richmond for the organization of Wise's legion from Virginia and North Carolina volunteers, and proceeded to Lewisburg and thence to Charleston.

As early as April 29th Lieut.-Col. John McCausland had been authorized to muster into the State service as many as ten volunteer companies, and direct the military operations of that part of the State. He was told that two companies in Kanawha county, Captain Patton's "Kanawha Rifles," Capt. T. B. Swann's company and two in Putnam, Captain Beckett's and Capt. W. E. Fife's (Buffalo Guards), would doubtless offer their services, and that 500 muskets of the old pattern would be sent and four field pieces. On May 3d a commission as colonel was sent to C. Q. Tompkins, of Charleston, and he was directed to take command of the troops raised in the valley. The latter officer sent Colonel McCausland to Richmond, May 30th, to confer with Governor Letcher on the situation. It was difficult to procure reliable soldiers in large numbers, with perhaps

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the preponderance of sentiment favoring the Federal cause. By this time McCausland and Tompkins had gathered but 340 men at Kanawha Court House, and when all the companies promised had been formed, the aggregate would hardly exceed 1,000. But with a stout heart Tompkins at once issued from Charleston a proclamation counter to that of McClellan:

Men of Virginia! Men of Kanawha! To Arms!

The enemy has invaded your soil and threatens to overrun your country under the pretext of protection. You cannot serve two masters. You have not the right to repudiate allegiance to your own State. Be not seduced by his sophistry or intimidated by his threats. Rise and strike for your firesides and altars. Repel the aggressors and preserve your honor and your rights. Rally in every neighborhood with or without arms. Organize and unite with the sons of the soil to defend it. Report yourselves without delay to those nearest to you in military position. Come to the aid of your fathers, brothers and comrades in arms at this place, who are here for the protection of your mothers, wives and sisters. Let every man who would uphold his rights turn out with such arms as he may get and drive the invader back.

Out of the troops gathered at Charleston, McCausland subsequently organized the Thirty-sixth Virginia infantry regiment, which he commanded until promoted brigadier-general, and Tompkins formed the Twenty-second, led by Col. George S. Patton, until he fell at Winchester, and afterward by Colonel Barbee. By July 8th, General Wise, who had reached Charleston and assumed command, had a force of 2,600 men, consisting of the First and Second Kanawha regiments, the Kanawha battalion, seven independent companies of infantry, and three companies of mounted rangers. Reinforcements from his legion soon arrived, so that a few days later he had about 4,000 men, with ten small pieces of artillery.

In the meantime Ohio troops had been massed at Gallipolis and Point Pleasant, and Gen. J. D. Cox, an officer afterward distinguished at South Mountain and Franklin,

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was assigned to the command. July 11th he began his movement up the Kanawha river, by boat, with advance guards marching along the river roads, while another column moved up the Guyandotte and another advanced overland from Ravenswood. In anticipation of this advance General Wise arranged to meet the enemy west of Charleston, posting 900 men at Coal and 1,600 at Two Mile and Elk, with outposts at Ripley and Barboursville; while 1,000 men were scattered in the rear from Gauley bridge past Summersville to Birch river, toward Rich mountain. He could not safely make the Parkersburg diversion suggested by Garnett and Lee. Instead he asked that Garnett reinforce the Kanawha army, at the very time that the latter general was engaged in his fatal retreat.

On the 16th, Colonel Clarkson, with Brock's and Beckett's troops of horse, had a brisk skirmish with the enemy near Ripley, and another fight occurred at Barboursville with the right of Cox's army.

Wise wrote at this juncture that the difficulties of his situation were great, and that "this army here has grown by neglect at Richmond. It has been literally created by Colonel Tompkins, at first beginning with Patton's company alone, since assisted by my legion, which I have created between this and Richmond."

Cox united his three columns at the mouth of the Pocotaligo, and on the afternoon of the 17th sent Colonel Lowe, with the Twelfth Ohio and two companies of the Twenty-first, to make a landing at Scary creek, where Colonel Patton with about 800 men held a position which commanded the river. Patton had been ordered by Wise to retreat to Bunker Hill, but he gallantly turned back of his own accord and met the enemy's advance. The enemy was better armed, and after a half hour's fighting a portion of Patton's command fell back. He rallied his men, however, and returning instantly to action was fifteen minutes later wounded and disabled. Capts.

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Albert G. Jenkins, Bailey, Swann and Sweeney stood their ground, also Col. F. Anderson, whose two companies on the left had not yet come into action. Now there was a rally by the Confederates and they were gaining the advantage, when a cannon ball from the enemy struck one of Patton's 6-pounder guns, disabling it and killing Lieutenant Welch and fatally wounding a private. The other gun withdrew, and for a time the Virginians were disordered. But A. G. Jenkins came to the rescue and a rally followed in which Colonel Anderson and his men joined, with Bailey, Swann and Sweeney, and reinforcements from Captain Coons on Coal mountain, and the enemy were driven back and forced to recross the river. General Wise, whose report is followed in this account of the fight, reported the capture of Federal Colonels Norton, Woodruff and DeVilliers, Lieutenant-Colonel Neff, Captains Austin and Ward, and some 10 to 20 privates, and about 30 of the enemy killed. His loss was 1 killed and 2 wounded. Colonel McCausland with 800 men followed this up with an attack on Cox's position on the north side of the river, and drove back the enemy to the shelter of their guns on the Pocotaligo.

This fight of July 17th was a very creditable affair for the Virginians and did much to restore confidence that had flagged under the influence of continued "surprises" and retreats. It was the first victory for the Confederate States in an open fight, Big Bethel being rather a repulse by artillery from behind breastworks. McClellan, though he called it "something between a victory and a defeat," took it seriously to heart, and adjured the government, "In Heaven's name give me some general officers who understand their profession." "Unless I command every picket and lead every column I cannot be sure of success," he added, strangely oblivious to the fact that his success thus far had been entirely due to the energy of Rosecrans as a column leader.

General Wise, though jubilant over his victory, realized

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the difficulty of his position, and on the 19th sent Maj. C. B. Duffield to Richmond with official reports and a letter, in which he complained bitterly of hostile feeling of the inhabitants of the valley, and of the difficulty of defending a position threatened by over 3,000 Federals at the Pocotaligo, 1,500 from Ripley to Sissonville, and forces from the north by Summersville. He had an engineer, "Colonel Adler, a Hungarian, a man of consummate ability, science and bravery," aided by Prof. Thomas I. L. Snead, of William and Mary, and Lieut. J. B. Harvie. "We are throwing up breastworks and defenses at every pass and mean never to be taken," he added.

But on the 24th the fears of General Wise regarding the weakness of his position were justified. Cox, by a circuitous advance among the hills, came upon the Confederate rear at Elk or Tyler mountain, and as soon as the outposts were driven in Wise was compelled to retreat up the river. The enemy brought up artillery to the bluff and nearly succeeded in cutting off 700 of Colonel Tompkins' command at Coal. They escaped but were compelled to burn the steamer on which they were about to start up the river, when the artillery fire was opened upon them. The retreat was made in creditable order, and on the 27th Wise and his army passed through Gauley, destroying the bridges behind them, because there was a great deficiency of transportation and the men, worn out with marching and countermarching, lacking shoes and clothing and without tents, were obliged to move slowly. He reached Lewisburg August 1st, and reported the enemy following in three columns from Fayetteville, Gauley and Summersville.

The Confederate forces were now practically expelled from transmontane Virginia. Wise lay in the Greenbrier valley, and the remnant of the forces that were with Garnett was at Monterey, beyond the limits of what is now West Virginia. Among the volunteers who

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joined Wise at this time were about 300 from Boone and Logan counties, who mainly entered the Third regiment, Wise legion, later known as the Sixtieth regiment, and commanded by Col. B. H. Jones.

Cox held Gauley, and began fortifications, with an advance guard skirmishing toward Sewell mountain, and a regiment guarding his river communications; while Rosecrans, now the Federal commander of the department, fortified the Cheat mountain pass before Huttonsville, and the mountain pass between Huttonsville and Huntersville. These were advanced posts. His main line was marked by a chain of posts, with a regiment or two at each, at Bulltown, Suttonville and Summersville, between Weston and Gauley.

While the events we have described were taking place, an army was forming at Monterey for the purpose of retrieving the Confederate disasters. Previous to Garnett's defeat there had been assembled near Staunton 5,000 or 6,000 troops for his reinforcement, under the command of Gen. Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia. It will be remembered that the Forty-fourth Virginia was at Monterey during the battle of Rich Mountain. It took a position directed by General Garnett, which happened to be one where no service could be rendered. Col. Edward Johnson's Twelfth Georgia, following, made a forced march to occupy Cheat mountain, but met Colonel Scott returning, was advised of Garnett's retreat and fell back to Jackson's main body. The entire command then retired to Monterey, where, with about 3,500 men, Jackson prepared to combat the expected advance of McClellan by Huntersville and Warm Springs to cut the railroad near Staunton. This, however, was not attempted by the Federals. It was deemed too dangerous an enterprise, and McClellan being transferred to Washington, took with him many of his troops, leaving adequate garrisons at the posts established.

On July 20th Brig.-Gen. William W. Loring, a veteran

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of the Mexican war, commander of the department of Oregon during the gold excitement, and experienced in mountain warfare, was assigned to the command of the Northwestern army. He was advised by General Lee that, in addition to the forces he would find at Monterey under Jackson, Brigadier-General Floyd, with the brigade he had organized in southwest Virginia, had been directed to move to Covington, Brigadier-General Wise toward the same point, and Col. Angus McDonald with his cavalry legion from the south branch of the Potomac to Staunton. On the 21st, the day of victory at Manassas, three Tennessee regiments, reaching Staunton, were put under General Loring's orders.

Loring reached Monterey July 24th, accompanied by an efficient staff, including Col. Carter L. Stevenson, adjutant-general, and Maj. A. L. Long, chief of artillery, and flushed with the assurance of success which pervaded the Confederate States immediately after the splendid triumph at Manassas. Jackson had found it unadvisable to attempt a direct attack upon the Federal fortifications at Cheat Mountain pass, a narrow gap approachable only by the Parkersburg turnpike, and fitted for effective defense. Col. Edward Johnson, with Anderson's battery, was stationed at Alleghany Mountain pass, supported by Rust's Arkansas and Baldwin's Virginia regiments; Colonel Lee's North Carolina regiment was advanced to Elk Mountain pass, supporting the Bath cavalry at Big Spring. Captain Marye's battery was sent forward to Colonel Lee, and 250 Pocahontas militia being mustered in, 80 of them were put on duty as scouts and guides. With Johnson at Monterey were Fulkerson's and Scott's Virginia regiments, Ramsey's First Georgia, Major Jackson's cavalry and Shumaker's battery. General Loring determined to flank the Federal position by way of the Valley mountain. He ordered Jackson's command over into the Greenbrier valley and made preparations for an advance from Huntersville. At the latter point were Maney's,

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Hatton's and Savage's Tennessee regiments, Campbell's Virginia regiment (Forty-eighth), Colonel Munford's battalion, Maj. W. H. F. Lee's cavalry squadron, and Marye's and Stanley's batteries. Colonel Gilham was at Valley Mountain pass with his own and another regiment, and Burks' Virginia and a Georgia regiment were en route from Staunton. Loring's force on the Huntersville line was in all about 8,500 effective men. But the prompt advance which was contemplated in the orders of General Lee, was delayed for the establishment of a depot of supplies and the formation of a wagon train.

When General Wise had first been ordered to the Kanawha valley, he had been advised that whenever it became necessary for him to be joined by Gen. John B. Floyd, the latter should have command of the joint forces. The time for this junction had now arrived and trouble immediately resulted. Floyd, also an ex-governor of Virginia, as well as ex-secretary of war of the United States, had been telegraphed to at Abingdon, May 14th, by President Davis, asking him if he could raise a "brigade of your mountain riflemen with their own tried weapons." Floyd immediately responded that he could and would, and he was commissioned brigadier-general soon afterward. At Abingdon and Wytheville and Dublin Depot he took measures to protect the railroad communications of Richmond with Tennessee, until, under the orders of July, he moved to Covington and thence to the vicinity of Wise's troops at White Sulphur Springs. General Wise immediately objected to passing under the command of General Floyd, and an embarrassing situation followed, which in a large measure prevented effective work in the Kanawha valley.

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CHAPTER III.

OPERATIONS UNDER GEN. R. E. LEE—FLOYD AND WISE IN THE KANAWHA VALLEY—BATTLE OF CARNIFIX FERRY — LEE'S CHEAT MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN — SEWELL MOUNTAIN — CAMP BARTOW—CAMP ALLEGHANY — FLOYD'S COTTON HILL CAMPAIGN.

AFTER the danger of invasion from the northeast had been relieved by the victory at Manassas, Gen. Robert E. Lee gave his attention personally to the direction of affairs in the Trans-Alleghany department. He arrived at Huntersville in the latter part of July, and assumed chief command. The circumstances were somewhat embarrassing to Lee. Throughout his entire career as a soldier he manifested confidence in his subordinates, wisely no doubt, taking upon himself blame when misfortune came, and treating with indulgence those manifestations of human nature that do not become subordinate generals, but often impair their usefulness.

He now had an army of two wings; the right under Loring, who had outranked Lee in the old army, and the left nominally under Floyd, but actually divided without prospect of effective co-operation. Establishing himself near the headquarters of General Loring, he maintained constant communication with Floyd and Wise.

To add to the difficulties of the situation, the weather heightened the disadvantages of the rugged country. For weeks it rained daily in torrents, and the roads became hardly passable. The army was provisioned with the greatest difficulty, and the troops, deprived of proper food and shelter, suffered a terrible scourge of measles and fever.

In preparation for active operations, Gen. Alfred Beck-

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ley and Gen. A. A. Chapman, commanding militia brigades in western Virginia, were ordered to collect as much of their forces as possible.

On the 10th, Colonel Davis, occupying the advanced post at Meadow Bluff, reported the enemy in his front, and Floyd advanced to that place, "peremptorily" ordering Wise to follow on the 14th, to which Wise responded that he would execute the order "as early as possible, and as forces and means of transportation are available." He did not have half enough wagons, his horses were without shoes, and his command was in a very unsatisfactory condition. But he sent forward such men as he believed available, about 2,000, and a few days later occupied Big Sewell mountain. At this juncture, in response to the request of General Wise, General Lee detached from the latter's command Tompkins' and McCausland's Twenty-second and Thirty-sixth regiments, and restricted the immediate command of General Wise to his legion.

General Wise advanced with skirmishing to Dogwood gap, while Floyd occupied Summersville, one of the posts on Rosecrans' line, where he could make a flank attack either on Cox at Gauley or Rosecrans to the north, and he asked for reinforcements from Richmond. General Cox, with about three regiments, had succeeded in impressing his antagonists with an exaggerated idea of his strength, while he was preparing to stand a siege. At Carnifix Ferry was stationed the only reinforcement near him, an Ohio regiment under Colonel Tyler.

On the 20th of August, Lieutenant-Colonel Croghan, in advance of Wise, had two skirmishes on the turnpike, one near Hawk's Nest, in which each side lost a few killed and wounded. The little army was then greatly afflicted with measles, to such an extent that the Forty-sixth Virginia reported but one-third of the command effective. On the 25th, Colonel Jenkins' cavalry was defeated at Hawk's Nest near Piggot's mill by an infantry ambuscade, with a loss of 8 or 10 wounded. Wise,

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previous to this, had marched to the Gauley river near Summersville to aid Floyd, but had been returned to Dogwood gap. On the 26th Floyd achieved a brilliant success. Raising a flatboat which Tyler had sunk, he crossed the Gauley river at Carnifix Ferry and surprised Tyler's regiment at breakfast near Cross Lanes. Floyd reported that between 45 and 50 of the enemy were killed and wounded, and over 100 prisoners and some stores were taken. The receipt of news of this disaster caused Rosecrans at once to make arrangements to advance toward Gauley. Floyd was now in a position to attack Gauley from the rear while Wise advanced, but unfortunately a strong movement was not made. Floyd being informed that Cox was abandoning Gauley and marching upon him, ordered Wise to hasten to his reinforcement, which he did, only to be informed en route that it had been ascertained that he would not be needed. Returning to Dogwood he advanced on September 2d, against the strong position of the Federals at Hawk's Nest, attacking in front while Colonel Anderson attempted to gain the rear of the little mountain which the enemy occupied, covering the turnpike which circled about its base toward Gauley. Parts of three companies, Summers', Ryan's and Janes', were sent across Big creek and up the hill, driving the enemy gallantly, until the Confederates gained the summit. Meanwhile a howitzer was set to playing on the hill, which speedily cleared the enemy from the side next Wise; but the enemy being reinforced, and commanding the road with a rifled cannon and Anderson not completing his roundabout march soon enough, Wise abandoned his project of turning the hill, and took a position covering Miller's ferry and Liken's mill. General Beckley's militia had driven the enemy from Cotton hill on the south side of the river, and was joined there by General Chapman's militia, whence a few cannon balls were thrown into the Federal camp at Gauley. During this period, the troops under Wise and

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the militia south of the river kept up a continual skirmishing, and the Federals, annoyed by the hostility of the volunteers, sent an expedition to Boone Court House, which, according to General Cox, routed a militia encampment and left 25 dead upon the field.

Floyd remained inactive at Carnifix Ferry, fearing an attack from Rosecrans, and waiting for reinforcements for a flank attack upon Gauley. On the 9th, becoming alarmed by news of the approach of Rosecrans, he asked Wise to send troops to his assistance, stating that he had but 1,600 men to oppose the six regiments of Rosecrans. Wise returned Tompkins' regiment, but declined to send more for fear of losing his position. At the same time he wrote to General Lee, asking to be separated from Floyd's command. In this letter, Wise estimated the Confederate forces at 1,200 infantry, 250 artillery and 350 cavalry in his legion, Tompkins' regiment 400, Floyd's immediate command 1,200, McCausland's regiment 400, Chapman's and Beckley's militia, 2,000. Repeated orders from Floyd for reinforcements followed, the last one written in the midst of battle.

Failing to obtain assistance, General Floyd constructed intrenchments on the elevations before Carnifix Ferry at the junction of Meadow river and the Gauley, and was there attacked at 3 p. m., September 10th, by General Rosecrans, who had under his command nine regiments, eight of which participated in the battle. The odds were at the least estimate three to one. The Federal brigade which made the first attack was commanded by Gen. H. W. Benham, the same officer who, as a captain, was in charge of the vigorous pursuit of General Garnett to Carrick's ford. His command suffered heavily from an effective fire of musketry and artillery, which greeted its first appearance before the works. Colonel Lytle, commanding the Tenth Ohio in this brigade, was among the wounded and gained promotion by his gallantry. Colonel Lowe, of the Twelfth Ohio, was killed at the head of

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his regiment. A series of charges were made upon the works as the various regiments came up, but were gallantly repulsed. The Federal batteries joined in the attack, replied to with equal spirit from the Confederate guns. The battle raged without intermission four hours, until night put an end to the fighting. Both infantry and artillery of Wise's command behaved with great coolness and intrepidity, and General Floyd specially mentioned the excellent performance of Guy's battery, for the first time under fire. The Federals were repulsed in five separate assaults, and finally withdrew from the front of the works, intending to renew the attack in the morning. But Floyd, having observed that the Federals had gained during the fight a position from which his line could be enfiladed, determined to abandon his hazardous position during the night, which he accomplished in safety without the loss of a gun. He had great difficulty in getting his guns down from the cliffs in the darkness over a wretched road, but he made the movement without molestation, and gained a position on the opposite shore where he could command the ferry, a smooth bit of water in the otherwise impassable mountain torrent. Once over, the bridge and ferryboat were destroyed. The Confederate loss in this action was but 20 wounded, Floyd himself receiving a slight wound in the arm, while the Federal loss was 17 killed and 141 wounded. Floyd had abandoned his position, but held one stronger, and still commanded the road by which Rosecrans would march to attack Wise, and with very little loss had inflicted severe punishment upon the enemy. He should have been captured to give Rosecrans title to claim of a victory.

Floyd considered the battle of Carnifix Ferry decisive so far as the troops with him and Wise were concerned. He reported that he could have beaten the enemy if Wise had come up when ordered, and the North Carolina and Georgia regiments could have arrived before the

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close of the second day's conflict, but that now the project of opening the Kanawha valley could only be attained by an advance upon the enemy along the south bank of the Kanawha. He estimated the Confederate forces at hand as 4,200 and the enemy at 12,000. The secretary of war responded, conveying the congratulations of the President and himself "on this brilliant affair, in which the good conduct and steady valor of your whole command were so conspicuously displayed," and promising reinforcements. General Floyd soon abandoned the Gauley river, and moved to a junction with Wise near Dogwood gap.

Cox advanced on the 12th and the Confederates retired to Sewell mountain, occupying first the crest of the ridge and later a more defensible position about a mile and a half in the rear, which appears to have been selected by Wise. Here the latter established "Camp Defiance," and in the spirit of that title awaited the advance of Cox and Rosecrans, and disregarded the orders of Floyd to fall back to Meadow Bluff, a point 16 miles west of Lewisburg, in a fertile country, at the union of the only good roads to the Gauley and the New ferries. Meanwhile there was some skirmishing going on with the Federal advance, and Col. Lucius Davis, commanding the First regiment of Wise's legion, operated on the south side of the New river, capturing over 40 prisoners.

Up to this time, General Lee had not visited the forces in the Kanawha valley, and had left the conduct of operations entirely to General Floyd, and we will now turn to that even more rugged and difficult field in which the department commander was endeavoring to dislodge the enemy. The Federal force before Huttonsville was under the immediate command of Brig.-Gen. Joseph J. Reynolds, who with about 5,000 men lay at Elkwater, about 10 miles below Huttonsville in the Tygart valley, on the Huntersville road, while three regiments under Colonel Kimball held the impregnable pass of Cheat mountain,

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through which the main road from Huttonsville eastward, the Parkersburg turnpike, led in a narrow defile. The two posts were about seven miles apart by bridle path through the hills.

The army of the Northwest, now well organized, and under the immediate command of General Loring, consisted of the brigades of S. R. Anderson, D. S. Donelson, William Gilham, H. R. Jackson, and W. B. Taliaferro, and unassigned commands, amounting nominally to 11,700 men, including about 300 each in the cavalry and artillery arms.

One portion of the army, the "Monterey division," under Gen. H. R. Jackson, was encamped at "Camp Bartow," near where the Parkersburg pike crosses the Greenbrier river, and included Jackson's Georgia brigade, Rust's Arkansas regiment, Taliaferro's brigade (Twenty-third, Thirty-first, Thirty-seventh and Forty-fourth regiments), Hansbrough and Reger's battalions, two batteries of artillery, and a few companies of cavalry, in all about 2,500 effective men.

The other wing of the army, under General Loring, in camp at Valley mountain, included the brigades of Donelson, Anderson and Gilham (Twenty-first and Forty-second Virginia and Irish battalion in the latter), Colonel Burk's command and Major Lee's cavalry. About 3,500 men in this division were effective.

General Lee went to the front early in August, accompanied by his aides, Col. John A. Washington and Capt. Walter H. Taylor, and Maj. W. H. F. Lee's cavalry battalion. He entered personally upon the work of reconnoissance, a work in which he had contributed brilliantly to the success of General Scott's army in Mexico, and hardly a day passed when he was not climbing over rocks and crags, to get a view of the Federal position. One day, Captain Preston, adjutant of the Forty-eighth Virginia (the incident is recorded by Gen. A. L. Long), his regiment being on picket, saw three men on a peak about

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a half mile in advance, and believing them to be Yankees, got permission to steal up with two men and capture them. After a tedious climb over the rocks and through the mountain thickets, he suddenly burst upon the unsuspecting trio, and to his amazement found that one of them was General Lee.

About the middle of August, rain set in and continued for several weeks, making the narrow mountain roads impassable, while the troops unaccustomed to exposure fell easy victims to typhoid fever, measles and homesickness. These afflictions rendered nearly one-third the army unavailable if the rain had ceased. During this trying period, General Lee maintained his cheerfulness and busied himself in the exertions to find a practicable route leading to the rear of Cheat Mountain pass, the key to the northwest. Colonel Rust, of the Third Arkansas, finally reported a possible path, and on September 9th, General Lee issued orders for a general advance of the army of the Northwest. There was a skirmish at Marshall's store on the 9th with an infantry reconnoissance of the enemy, in which several were wounded on each side, and on the 11th a Federal outpost at Point Mountain pike, after a brisk skirmish in which they lost 5 killed and wounded, narrowly escaped capture. These were incidents preliminary to the battle which was planned. The attack was to be made early on September 12th. From Camp Bartow, Colonel Rust was to gain the rear of the Federal position at Cheat Mountain pass, with 1,500 men, and attack early in the morning; General Anderson, with two Tennessee regiments, was to get between Elkwater and the gap, and support Rust, while General Jackson was to make a demonstration in front. The pass being carried, the whole Confederate force there under Jackson was to sweep down upon the rear of Reynolds at Elkwater, with the co-operation of General Donelson with two regiments, who was to have gained a flanking position. Meanwhile, Burk and Major Lee

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would move to the west flank of Reynolds, and the rest of the forces would advance by the main road up the valley to attack Reynolds in front. The plan was good, but the signal for the general mêlée was to be Rust's attack, and unfortunately that never occurred. Jackson moved up the mountain from the east, and gained the first summit, driving in the picket under Captain Junod, who, with one private, was killed. Anderson promptly in position, drove back a Federal company, and repulsed the attack of another body of Federal reinforcements, with some loss on each side, and cut the telegraph between the two Federal camps, but decided not to make the attack upon Reynolds until the prearranged signal had been given. On the following day, Reynolds sent several regiments against Anderson, reopening his communications, and checked the advance of Loring's reconnoissance from the south. On the 14th, there was a renewal of the Confederate advance, but without result, and on the 15th, an attack upon Cheat mountain was repulsed. But there was no hope entertained of success by General Lee after the fiasco of the 12th. The loss on each side was slight, that of the Federals being reported at 9 killed, 2 missing and 60 prisoners. But among the Confederates great sorrow was felt for the untimely death of Colonel Washington, who fell pierced by three balls while making a reconnoissance with Major Lee, whose horse was killed at the same time.

This movement failed to divert Rosecrans from his advance up the Kanawha valley, and General Lee continued to receive from Wise alarming news of the enemy's advance on Sewell mountain, and from Floyd reports that Wise would not fall back. He repaired promptly to the Kanawha valley, reaching Floyd's camp September 21st, and at once wrote to Wise, using these words: "I beg, therefore, if not too late, that the troops be united, and that we conquer or die together." To this, the indomitable Wise responded that he would join Floyd there or at

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Meadow Bluff if Lee would say which, that he laughed the enemy to scorn, and that he was ready to do, suffer and die for the cause, but that any imputation upon his motives would make him "perhaps, no longer a military subordinate of any man who breathes." Lee then "went to the mountain," and on the 23d, learning that Rosecrans had occupied in force the crest of Big Sewell, brought up Floyd to the mountain position which Wise had held with such tenacity. He did this, because it was the most defensible line, and he also caused reinforcements to be sent by Loring, which increased the Confederate strength at Little Sewell mountain to 8,000 or 9,000 men. General Wise was relieved from command, and assigned to another field of equal importance and dignity.

General Rosecrans on Big Sewell mountain had about the same number of men as Lee, but each had exaggerated reports of the strength of the other, and it was difficult for either to make an offensive move. Lee naturally anticipated that Rosecrans would attempt to continue his advance, and waited for an opportunity to thwart it. Thus the two forces observed each other across a deep gorge for eleven days, during which period the Confederates, poorly sheltered from the tempests of wind and rain, suffered severely. "It cost us more men, sick and dead," General Floyd averred, "than the battle of Manassas." Finally, on the morning of October 6th, it was found that Rosecrans had retreated, and on pursuit it appeared that he had fled with considerable precipitation and disorder.

While this was going on, there was renewed activity before Cheat mountain. General Reynolds, on October 3d, set out to make an attack upon Camp Bartow, 12 miles from the summit of Cheat mountain, taking with him 5,000 Ohio and Indiana troops and Howe's battery. Jackson's pickets were driven in early in the morning, but were reinforced by 100 men under Col. Edward Johnson, Twelfth Georgia, who held the enemy in check

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nearly an hour, not withdrawing until outflanked and under fire of six pieces of artillery. This gave time for a proper disposition of Jackson's little army of less than 2,000 men, for a defense of the works which they had partially completed. An artillery duel now began and continued with energy and with circumstances of romantic scenery and reverberating thunder from the surrounding mountains that made the scene one long to be remembered by the soldiers waiting for their part in the fight. Presently the enemy sent a strong column of infantry across the shallow river against Jackson's left wing, which the Arkansans drove back in confusion. On the other flank a more formidable movement developed, while a direct attack was made in front. But the enemy was met with such a well-directed fire of musketry and artillery, that his whole force finally fell back in disorder, leaving behind some of their killed and a stand of United States colors. The combat in which the Confederates won such brilliant distinction, lasted from 7 in the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon, when the enemy, whose well-filled haversacks indicated a purpose to make a much more protracted campaign, was in full retreat to his mountain fastness. The official returns on each side show a loss in killed and wounded: Confederate 39, Federal 43; Confederates taken prisoner, 13.

Some indication of the sufferings of the soldiers in this mountain campaign is given in the appeal of Col. John B. Baldwin to Secretary Benjamin, from his post on the top of Alleghany mountain. He reported that the country, sparsely settled, producing little surplus at any time, was now especially barren. Supplies from the Hardy valley were interrupted by the enemy's incursions, the roads to Petersburg and Staunton would be impassable in winter, and even then (October) his horses were on half rations. Winter rapidly approaching would find them without huts or houses or tools to build shelters with. Perhaps some relief was given these gallant men.

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At any rate, they were kept there, at Camp Baldwin, or Alleghany, and reinforced by the Twelfth Georgia, Thirty-first Virginia, Anderson's and Miller's batteries, and a detachment of the Pittsylvania cavalry under Lieutenant Dabney, making about 1,200 effectives in all, and put under the command of Col. Edward Johnson.

In December, after an interval of quiet in the Cheat Mountain district, Johnson was attacked by a Federal force of 1,760 men under Gen. R. H. Milroy. At first pushed back by superior numbers, on the right, also assailed on the left, the Confederates fought with such unflinching courage, Virginians and Georgians alike, that the enemy was finally repulsed. This was the bloodiest fight, so far, in western Virginia. The total Confederate loss was 20 killed, 98 wounded and 28 missing; the Federal loss, 20 killed, 107 wounded and 10 missing.

After the retreat of Rosecrans to the Hawk's Nest and Gauley bridge, Lee detached Floyd for a movement up the south side of the New river, and that general crossed about October 16th, with the available portions of Russell's Mississippi regiment, Phillips' legion, the Fourteenth Georgia and the Fifty-first, Forty-fifth, Thirty-sixth and Twenty-second Virginia and 500 cavalry, in all about 4,000 men. In this southern region the enemy was in possession as far as Raleigh, having laid waste the village of Fayette and the country upon his lines of march, penetrated within 70 miles of the Virginia & Tennessee railroad, and produced great alarm among the people of Mercer, Giles and Monroe counties. Floyd occupied Fayette and established his camp on Cotton hill, a rocky mass in the angle of the junction of New and Kanawha rivers, where he startled Rosecrans on November 1st, by opening with cannon on the camp at Gauley. To do this, he had moved his guns by hand over precipitous hills for many miles. With his cannon and sharpshooters, he greatly annoyed the Federals, sinking one of the ferryboats, which served in lieu of the burned

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bridge. He hoped that a concerted attack would be made from Meadow Bluff, but the force there was inadequate.

General Lee soon returned to Richmond and in November was transferred to the department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, his military reputation for the time under an unwarranted eclipse.

From Rosecrans' army, which was stationed along the river from Kanawha Falls to the Hawk's Nest, Colonel DeVilliers, of the Second Kentucky, was sent across the Kanawha at the mouth of the Gauley by ferry on November 10th, with several hundred men, and a brisk skirmish resulted in the repulse of his attack. On the next day the Federals being reinforced, renewed the advance, and after vigorous skirmishes, Floyd abandoned the front of the mountain and moved his camp to the rear. On the 12th, General Schenck crossed with his brigade and occupied Cotton hill, and General Benham moved from Loop creek to attack Floyd in the rear. But the latter evaded the trap prepared for him, and fell back upon Loop mountain, with little loss, except that Lieut.-Col. St. George Croghan, one of the most gallant officers in the service, fell in a skirmish at McCoy's mill, November 14th, after which Floyd took position on Piney creek.

Previous to this Colonel Clarkson with the cavalry had been sent on a raid toward the Ohio river, and that gallant officer at Guyandotte, November 10th, attacked a body of recruits for a Federal regiment, called the Ninth Virginia, U. S. A., killing a considerable number, and taking 70 prisoners and 30 horses, some stores, and 200 or 300 rifles. Some of the dead were thrown from the bridge into the river. Among the prisoners were K. V. Whaley, member of Congress, and several other Ohio citizens, and Clarkson also brought back with him several citizens of the town. He held Guyandotte until the next day, when a steamboat came up with reinforcements, upon which the Confederates withdrew and the Federals from Ohio set fire to the town, which had already suffered

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so far as the Union citizens were concerned. Thus the Guyandotte valley was introduced to the horrors of war.

Floyd was ordered to Dublin Depot, in December, and he finally abandoned the Kanawha valley. On December 15th, Col. George Crook, of the Thirty-sixth Ohio, sent out a detachment, which scattered the guards left at Meadow Bluff, burned the encampment, and returned after gleaning the livestock of the neighborhood. Raleigh Court House was occupied by a portion of Schenck's brigade, December 28th. The Huntersville line also was abandoned, General Loring leaving a guard of about 250 men, who were scattered on January 8th by an expedition from Huttonsville, which defeated the Confederates despite their gallant stand in two skirmishes, and entering the town, burned the military stores.

Thus the year closed with no organized Confederate commands in the State except in the northeast, though Gen. Edward Johnson, commanding the Monterey line, still clung to his mountain post on the border, Camp Alleghany, and held two regiments, Goode's and Scott's, near Monterey.

There were some little affairs in the center of the State in December, one in Roane county, in which a noted partisan, Lowerburn, came to his death, and about December 30th a force of Confederate partisans issued from Webster county, drove the Federal garrison from Braxton Court House, and burned the military stores there. But this was followed by swift retaliation, many of the band being killed and their homes burned—26 houses, the Federal commander reported.

At this time 40,000 Federal troops occupied the State, under the general command of Rosecrans, the Kanawha district being in charge of General Cox, the Cheat Mountain district under Milroy, and the Railroad district under Kelley, the West Virginia soldier who was promoted brigadier-general in the United States army after his success at Philippi.

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CHAPTER IV.

OPERATIONS IN THE NORTHEAST — KELLEY'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST ROMNEY — STONEWALL JACKSON IN COMMAND IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—HIS CAMPAIGN TO BATH AND ROMNEY.

ON August 3, 1861, Rosecrans had assigned General Kelley to the special military district of Grafton, embracing the Baltimore & Ohio railroad from Grafton to Cumberland, and the Northwestern Virginia from Grafton. Under his command nearly 4,000 men were stationed at Grafton and along the railroad. In September, Col. Angus W. McDonald, a leader in the Confederate cause in the lower Shenandoah valley, was stationed at Romney with his cavalry regiment, the Seventy-seventh militia regiment under Col. E. H. McDonald, the One Hundred and Fourteenth militia under Col. A. Monroe, and one gun under Lieutenant Lionberger, in all about 600 men. Upon this command an attack was made from New Creek Station, or Keyser, by Kelley's soldiers, September 23d. The advance pickets being driven in, the enemy attempted to force their passage through the Mechanicsburg and Hanging Rock passes, of the South Branch mountain, toward Romney, but were repulsed at the first by Major Funsten, while Capt. E. H. Myers and Col. E. H. McDonald, with a few men, defeated the attack at Hanging Rock in true mountaineer style, by rolling rocks down upon the road as well as using their rifles, before which attack the Federal cavalry fell back in confusion, riding down the infantry and leaving some dead upon the road and in the river. Later the enemy advanced in force and gained the two passes, and after some brisk skirmishing the Confederates aban-

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doned Romney and fell back toward North River mountain, fearing to be cut off from Winchester. The next morning Funsten's cavalry and the artillery successfully attacked the enemy at Romney, making a daring charge under heavy fire. The Federals began a retreat, and were pursued nearly to New Creek.

On October 22d, General Kelley was assigned to command of the Federal department of Harper's Ferry and Cumberland. On the 25th he massed a still more formidable force at New Creek, and marched against Romney, while Colonel John's Maryland cavalry regiment moved from Patterson's creek to strike the Confederates in the rear. Passing Mechanicsburg Gap without resistance, they found the Confederates on the 26th in position on the cemetery hill at the town, where the little band made a gallant resistance for an hour or more. It was only after an assault by overwhelming numbers that McDonald's command retired, withdrawing their artillery and making another stand east of town, from which they were again compelled to retreat. General Kelley reported the capture of artillery and baggage train and small-arms, but no prisoners. Colonel John's cavalry, mentioned above, was met at South Branch bridge, near Springfield, by Colonel Monroe, and defeated with considerable loss. A Federal force was stationed at Romney, while Colonel Monroe encamped 15 miles east, at the town of Hanging Rock. About two months afterward there was a considerable engagement between some of Kelley's troops and the Confederates, at Blue's Gap, about 15 miles east of Romney, in which the Confederates were victorious. Kelley's men on this march destroyed by fire a group of houses known as the village of Frenchburg, as well as the residences of some of the best people of the county.

On the 4th of November, Thomas J. Jackson, with the immortal battle-name of "Stonewall," earned at Manassas, and the rank of major-general, returned to the val-

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ley and assumed command of that district, his only regret at the assignment being that his Stonewall brigade was not ordered at first to accompany him. This separation was so painful as to cause him to say, "Had this communication not come as an order, I should instantly have declined it and continued in command of the brave old brigade."

Jackson was a descendant of a sterling western Virginia family, which first settled in Hardy county and then moving across the Alleghany ridge made their home in Buckhannon. He was born at Clarksburg, and his mother's grave is in the soil of the new State. The spot where reposes the venerated woman who gave this hero birth is thus described:

On the top of a wooded hill near the mining village of Anstead, Fayette county, W. Va., is an old graveyard still used as a burying place by the dwellers in this mountainous region. It is greatly neglected, and many graves are scarcely to be found, though a few are protected by little pens of fence rails. The location is so beautiful and the view it commands is so extensive and exquisite that it is worthy of being well cared for. Among those who lie buried here is the mother of that Christian soldier, Thomas Jonathan Jackson. The grave, or spot, for the grave is scarcely to be recognized, has been kindly cared for by Stephen M. Taylor, formerly of Albemarle county. But no stone was erected until a gentleman of Staunton, Capt. Thomas D. Ransom, one of his old soldiers, seeing the neglected condition of the grave, had prepared a simple but suitable monument: a tall slab of marble with an inscription giving the dates of her birth and death, and adding that it is "a tribute to the mother of Stonewall Jackson by one of his old brigade."

Among the valleys and hills of this romantic part of the Old Dominion, Jackson passed his boyhood and the greater part of his life until appointed to a cadetship at West Point. After his military life in Mexico he was elected to a professorship in the Virginia military institute, situated in the splendid valley which reposes in beauty and

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grandeur between the Blue ridge and the Alleghany mountains. There a ten years' service, from 1851, allied him again with the western portion of his native State, identified him with its interests, and explains his ardent desire to hold it as a part of the "Old Dominion" forever.

General Jackson was accustomed to speak of western Virginia as "our section of the State," and no one deplored more than he the divisions among its people which exposed them to special severities during the war. After the brilliant victory at First Manassas, his thoughts turned to the reverses which the Confederates were suffering in his home country. Learning that Lee had been sent there, he expressed his wish to "go and give my feeble aid as an humble instrument in the hands of Providence in retrieving the down-trodden loyalty of that part of my native State." In August he wrote to Colonel Bennett, first auditor of the Virginia commonwealth:

Should you ever have occasion to ask for a brigade from this army for the Northwest, I hope mine will be the one selected. This is, of course, confidential, as it is my duty to serve wherever I may be placed, and I desire to be always where most needed. But it is natural for one's affections to turn to the home of his boyhood and family.

When General Jackson arrived at Winchester, he had at his disposal only the militia brigades of Boggs, Carson and Meem, McDonald's cavalry and Henderson's mounted company. Jackson began upon his arrival the important work of organizing, recruiting and drilling these troops, and was soon reinforced by his Stonewall brigade. The disasters which had occurred in the western counties were so dispiriting to the desolate people of that section, and their numerous and urgent appeals for relief and protection were so great that he felt the necessity of a vigorous campaign even in the midst of winter. His spirit was stirred within him as he heard of the rapid advances of the invasion over the land of his boyhood, and thus

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moved to begin military operations without delay, he petitioned the secretary of war to send the entire command of General Loring to reinforce him at Winchester for the purpose of making an immediate attempt to capture the Federal forces at Romney, commanded by General Kelley. He stated to the secretary of war that it was of great importance to occupy northwestern Virginia at once, and that while the enemy was not expecting attack, during the severity of winter, was the Confederate opportunity of achieving success.

Jackson's plan, as outlined in his letter of 1861, covered a campaign which included a general battle with McClellan, who was to be defeated, and the reoccupation of the northwest counties and the Kanawha valley. The proposed campaign was undoubtedly hazardous, but the ardent spirit of Jackson saw that the chances of a great success were on the Confederate side.

The eagerness of Jackson to be striking a blow against the enemy somewhere would not suffer him to wait for a decision which seems to have been delayed in a too cautious consideration of obstacles. Believing that even his small command could be made effective, before the arrival of the army of the Northwest, and as a good exercise in the chilly December, he moved upon Dam No. 5, on the Chesapeake & Ohio canal, which was being used by the Federals in forwarding troops and supplies. The expedition involved more hardship than danger. Though Banks, with a large force, was near the opposite bank of the Potomac, Jackson deceived that Federal officer easily by making a diversion with Virginia militia toward Williamsport.

Early in December, Taliaferro's brigade of the army of the Northwest—the First Georgia, Third Arkansas, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia regiments, arrived, and a few weeks later more of the same army reported, under General Loring, consisting of Col. William Gilham's brigade—the Twenty-first, Forty-second

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and Forty-eighth Virginia, First battalion, and Marye's battery—and Gen. S. R. Anderson's Tennessee brigade. After Loring's arrival, though Jackson had the general direction of the projected operations against Bath, Hancock and Romney, Loring retained command of his army by the orders of the war department. The leader of the cavalry was the brave Lieut.-Col. Turner Ashby, whose fame was already foretokened by chivalrous exploits in the campaigns of the summer.

The army under Jackson and Loring, including about 8,000 infantry, besides Ashby's cavalry, moved away from Winchester, January 1st, under a bright, clear sky, with the temperature of the air like that of a crisp, invigorating April morning. The troops, though ignorant of their destination, marched out of quarters with buoyant spirits and springy step, and all went well for the first day, but with unexpected suddenness the sleet and snow fell upon them with increasing severity, the frozen roads became slippery, the wagons were delayed, and the men forced to bivouac without their tents for a dreary night. The severe storm continued for two days, during which the true and tried soldiery braved adversity and struggled on with the leaders who shared with them the hardships of the march. Many were compelled by sickness to return, and some whose courage failed them dropped out of line and straggled to shelter, while the larger number pressed on until after the third day they entered Bath, which the Federals had hastily abandoned, leaving a considerable part of their stores. After only a temporary halt Jackson pushed on after the retreating foe, and driving them into Hancock he sent Ashby under a flag to demand their surrender. Colonel Ashby, on reaching the Federal front, was received and blindfolded, then led into the town, hearing his name often mentioned by the Northern troops as "The famous Ashby." Many of them had heard that name called out in the charge of Ashby's men as they rode into Bath, and were now eager

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to look upon the noted cavalry captain of Virginia. Colonel Ashby was conducted to the Federal officer in command, and on hearing his refusal to surrender returned and reported to General Jackson. In a few minutes McLaughlin's Confederate artillery drove the enemy out of Hancock. Thus far the expedition had attained success nearly equal to Jackson's expectations. The only reverse had been experienced by Monroe's militia, which encountered superior forces of the enemy at Hanging Rock, January 7th. Six days had passed since leaving Winchester, during which time the intrepid soldiers had endured great hardships from long marches in the severe cold over rough roads, but on the 7th they were again on the march against Romney, which was reached on the 10th and occupied. The Federals in a panic had fled from the town, abandoning to the Confederates a quantity of tents and supplies.

Loring's command was now put into winter quarters near Romney, while Jackson returned to Winchester and made his report of the expedition, showing his loss in killed only 4 and wounded 28; and describing the general result of the brief affair, he says: "Shepherdstown protected from shelling, the railroad communication with Hancock broken, all that portion of the country east of the great Cacapon recovered, Romney and a large part of Hampshire county evacuated by the enemy without firing a gun; the enemy had fled from the western part of Hardy and been forced from the offensive to the defensive." It was Jackson's design to advance from Romney on an important expedition, but the enterprise was abandoned temporarily with the view of further aggressive operations in a different direction. He had disposed his forces so as to protect the territory which had been reclaimed. The regiments of Cols. A. Monroe, E. H. McDonald and W. H. Harness were assigned to the region of their homes; Colonel Johnson's regiment was with Harness in Hardy, and three companies of cavalry were left

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with Loring, one of them "the daring company of Capt. George F. Sheetz, which was familiar with all that section of the country."

But soon after Jackson's return he was directed by the secretary of war to order Loring's army back to Winchester, which he reluctantly obeyed. In consequence of this withdrawal, Kelley reoccupied Romney, and drove the Confederate outpost from Moorefield, February 12th, while General Lander occupied Bloomery Gap two days later, capturing Col. R. F. Baldwin, Thirty-first regiment, and about 50 others. But this last point was reoccupied by Colonel Ashby on the 16th. General Jackson reported that many houses and mills had been burned in Hampshire county by "the reprobate Federal commanders." On March 3d, Colonel Downey's command of Federal forces occupied Romney. Downey evacuated the place later in the spring, when it was again occupied by the militia of the county. In the summer the town was occupied by the Twenty-second Pennsylvania regiment, and afterward by the Hampshire county militia.

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CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF McDOWELL—THE PRINCETON CAMPAIGN—LORING'S ADVANCE DOWN THE KANAWHA VALLEY—BATTLE OF FAYETTEVILLE—OCCUPATION OF CHARLESTON—JENKINS ENTERS OHIO—ECHOLS IN COMMAND—IMBODEN'S OPERATIONS.

AS the season approached for opening military operations again, after the winter of 1861-62, General Rosecrans was sent to the West, and the general command of the Federals in West Virginia, now called the Mountain department, was given to Gen. John C. Fremont, with headquarters at Wheeling. On the Confederate side there was considerable activity in March on the border. General Johnson had reoccupied Huntersville, and at Camp Alleghany and other posts had a force of about 3,000 men present. Among his soldiers were the Thirty-first, Fifty-second, Twenty-fifth, Fifty-eighth and Forty-fourth Virginia regiments and the Churchville cavalry. Brig.-Gen. Henry Heth, who in a subordinate capacity had gained distinction in the campaigns of the previous year, had his headquarters at Lewisburg, with 1,400 men and four guns, including the Twenty-second and Forty-fifth infantry and the Eighth cavalry, and had called out the militia of Mercer, Greenbrier and Monroe counties.

But the military events in western Virginia were for some time to be subordinate to the great campaigns of the year, the plans of which were speedily developed. As it became evident that McClellan would menace Richmond from the peninsula, Johnston's army withdrew from Manassas about the middle of March, and Jackson fell back from Winchester to Mount Jackson. General

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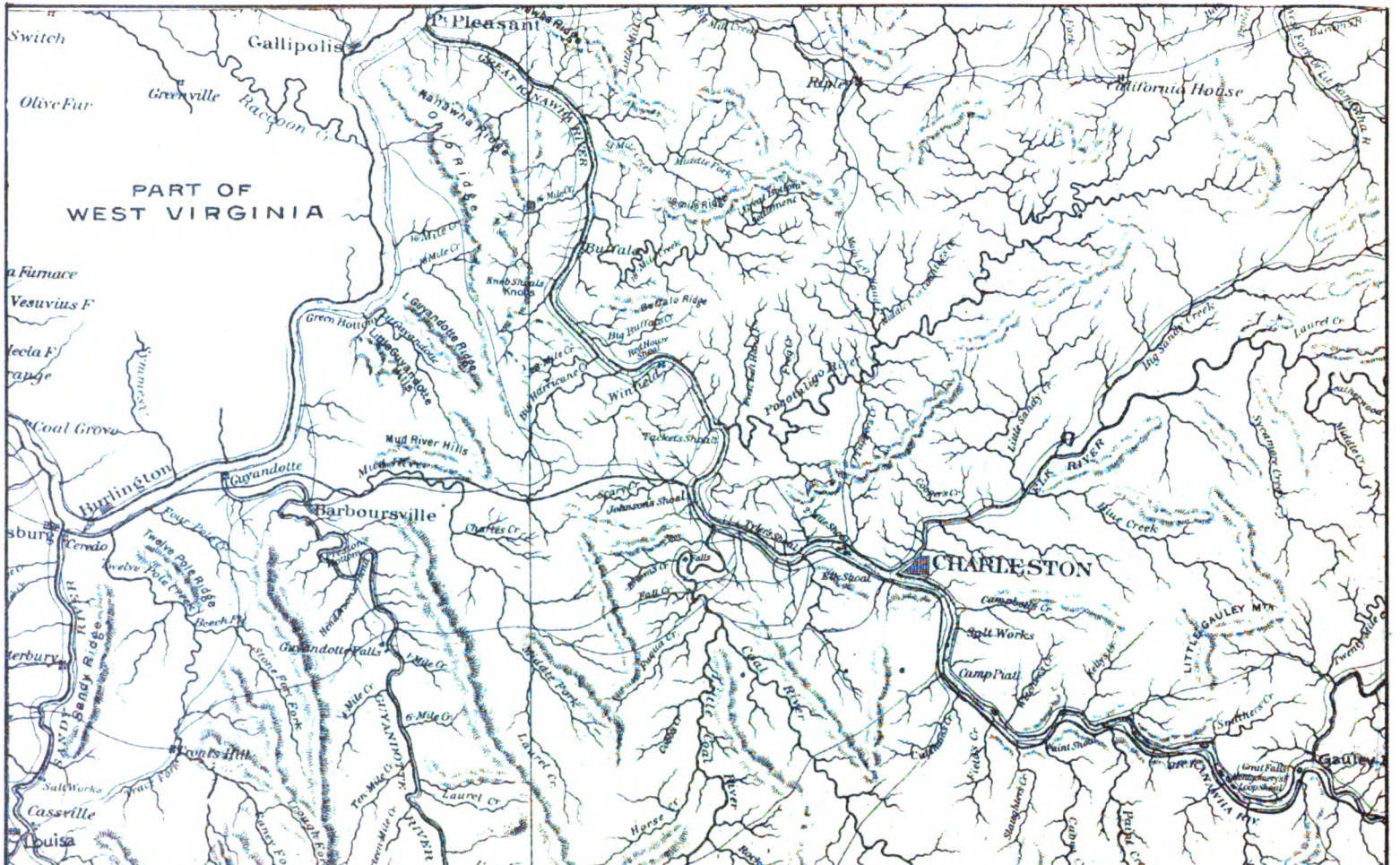

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Banks, with 12,600 men in the field, including Shields' division, and 10,500 on post duty, occupied Winchester and Strasburg. Ashby soon reported the evacuation of Strasburg, and Jackson, fearing that Banks would leave the territory, promptly attacked him at Kernstown, where he was repulsed by superior numbers. Retreating to Swift Run gap, he was reinforced by Ewell's division, while Banks pushed up the Shenandoah valley to Harrisonburg. Meanwhile Gen. Edward Johnson's army of the Northwest had withdrawn from Alleghany mountain to Valley Mills, Augusta county, and Milroy advanced to Monterey and thence to McDowell, where he was reinforced by Schenck. The army of the Northwest, backed by Jackson, occupied Bull Pasture mountain and repulsed two assaults by Milroy, who then retreated to Franklin, Pendleton county, while Jackson moved northward to assail Banks.

This battle of McDowell is of special interest to West Virginia soldiers. General Johnson, commander of the army of the Northwest, had command of the troops engaged in the fight, until he fell wounded, when his place was taken by General Taliaferro. Johnson's army had previously been divided into two brigades, under the command of Colonels Porterfield and Baldwin, the First embracing the Twelfth Georgia, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Virginia regiments, Hansbrough's battalion and the Star battery; the Second including the Forty-fourth, Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Virginia regiments and Miller's and Lee's batteries. These seven regiments were the ones which first occupied Setlington's hill, bringing on the Federal attacks, and there they bore with great gallantry the heat of the battle. When it became desirable, the Georgia regiment at the center was reinforced by the Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh regiments, formerly of Loring's command, while the Tenth Virginia went to assist the Fifty-second, which, after repulsing the enemy from its front, was about to make a return blow

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on the flank. Almost the entire loss was suffered by the regiments named, mainly by Johnson's army, which lost 388 of the total 498. The gallantry of these regiments was particularly commended by Jackson, and it is but justice to say that here the army of the Northwest, so long condemned to suffer the hardships and none of the distinction of war, won at last a permanent title to fame by gaining for Jackson his first victory in the campaign which established his place as one of the world's greatest generals. At the previous battle of Kernstown, the other division of the old army, Burk's brigade (the Twenty-first, Forty-second and First battalion), and Fulkerson's brigade (the Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh), had also fought with great distinction.

Thus in a blaze of glory the old Army of the Northwest passes from history. During the remainder of the Valley campaign its regiments were incorporated in the divisions of Jackson and Ewell, and the cavalrymen shared the adventures of Ashby. The story of that campaign is elsewhere told, and we return to the consideration of events beyond the Alleghanies.

General Loring had been assigned to the department of Southwest Virginia, and General Heth had gathered near Lewisburg a little force of good fighters called the "Army of New River." His First brigade, under Col. Walter H. Jenifer, included the Forty-fifth Virginia infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Peters, the Eighth cavalry (Jenifer's) and Otey's battery, while Col. John McCausland, returned from the Fort Donelson campaign, commanded the Second brigade, including his own Thirty-sixth regiment and Col. George S. Patton's Twenty-second.

Early in May, Scammon's brigade of Cox's army was moving toward Princeton, threatening the Virginia & Tennessee railroad. The advance guard of Col. R. B. Hayes' regiment, the Twenty-third Ohio, upon reaching Camp Creek, Mercer county, was attacked and severely

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handled. All the rolling stock of the railroad had been withdrawn west of Staunton, and General Heth, still at White Sulphur Springs, near Lewisburg, was ordered by General Lee to defend the approaches to Dublin Depot, and Gen. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, commanding the district of Abingdon, moved with about 2,000 Virginians and Kentuckians toward Princeton. The latter point was now occupied by Cox, who also held the Narrows of New river, and the town of Pearisburg or Giles Court House. On the 10th, Jenifer and McCausland drove the Federals out of Pearisburg by a gallant charge, with a stout "rebel yell," and continued to drive them from hill to hill until they made their last stand in the Narrows, from which a well-directed artillery fire dislodged them, leaving the approaches to the railroad in this direction in the hands of General Heth. In this fight Colonel Patton (wounded), Lieutenant-Colonels Peters and Fitzhugh, and Captains Otey, Chapman and Lowry, of the artillery, won especial distinction.

Calling to his aid Colonel Wharton, who was at Rocky Gap with some of the old Floyd brigade, not with Heth, Marshall attacked General Cox at Princeton on the evening of the 16th with such vigor that the Federals retreated in haste, abandoning General Cox's headquarters. From the Federal correspondence Marshall discovered that he was near a superior force of the enemy, and he withdrew from the Federal camp and the ruins of the town, occupying a stronger position, where Wharton soon joined him. Throughout the day there were spiteful skirmishing and artillery combat, and Wharton, attacked in flank, repulsed a Federal regiment with heavy loss. Marshall maintained his position and Cox retreated, frightened by a demonstration toward his rear by Heth, to Flat Top mountain, which bounds on the west the valley of the Blue Stone, in which Princeton lies. Marshall then withdrew. The proposed Federal invasion had been defeated with little loss in his command, 4 dead and 12 wounded. Cox re-

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ported a total loss of 113 killed, wounded and missing, while Marshall stated that he left 71 Federals badly wounded at Princeton, and took 29 prisoners.

Heth then marched against Lewisburg, which was held by Col. George Crook with about 1,500 men. With a superior force, including the Forty-fifth and Twenty-second regiments and Cook's battalion, Heth attempted a surprise, and succeeded well at the start, but as he reported, "one of those causeless panics for which there is no accounting seized upon my command." Lieutenant-Colonel Finney, Major Edgar and other officers, while gallantly attempting to restore order, were captured, and 93 prisoners, 66 wounded, 38 dead, four pieces of artillery, and about 300 stand of arms fell into the hands of the enemy. Heth retired beyond Union, to the Narrows.

During June, July and August, 1862, while splendid victories were being won in eastern Virginia, driving the Federals without the State, the enemy remained in unchallenged possession of the West. A few raids and skirmishes alone disturbed the quiet. Some mention of these gleaned from the Federal reports will serve a useful purpose, notwithstanding the tone of enmity which pervades them, in showing the hardships of citizens who maintained allegiance to the Old Dominion, either passively or actively by forming organizations for protecting their property, and watching or annoying the enemy. At Shaver's river in May, a band of Confederate partisans was surprised and several wounded; near Palestine, early in June, a squad of men of the Greenbrier cavalry and White's cavalry was attacked, and Lieutenant Hanover killed, and two others, whose bodies floated down Muddy creek. A scout from Flat Top mountain into Wyoming county reported: "Took Squire Clendennen, a noted rebel, prisoner, and fired on his son, who escaped to the mountains." A surprising affair at Summersville, or Nicholas Court House, July 25th, showed the activity

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on the other hand of the loyal Virginians. Lieutenant Miller, of the Ninth Virginia (U. S. A.), reported that he was awakened by a shot, and saw the street full of "rebel cavalry, dressed in gray uniforms, yelling at the top of their voices." He went out of the back window and into the woods, and found on his subsequent return that all his comrades had been "gobbled" except those who were as lucky as himself. In Wyoming county, near where Floyd was stationed, in Tazewell, a daring cavalry raid was made by Captains Straton and Witcher, joining the companies of Chambers and Beckley at Horse Pen, and several skirmishes were fought, in which brave men fell, Straton and Witcher both being reported dangerously wounded.

Early in August, General Cox was still at Flat Top mountain and Brook at Meadow Bluff, on opposite sides of the junction of the New and Greenbrier, before which lay Colonel Hayes near Pack's ferry, maintaining the communications of the two commands. Before him, about the Narrows, was General Loring with the Confederate forces. On August 6th, Col. G. C. Wharton with 900 men moved from Peterstown and made a demonstration against the outpost at the ferry, driving the enemy from their camp with considerable loss and destroying two flatboats.

A week or two later General Cox was ordered to retire from the Kanawha with most of his troops, which were sent to Washington and thence to reinforce Pope on the Rappahannock, and Col. J. A. J. Lightburn, of the Fourth Virginia (U. S. A.), was left in command of the Kanawha, with headquarters at Gauley. The Federal force in the vicinity of Franklin and Moorefield had been previously withdrawn, and as soon as Lee was informed of Cox's orders by the capture of Pope's headquarters and letter-book at Catlett's Station, he requested that Loring be ordered "to clear the valley of the Kanawha and then operate northwardly, so as to join me in the valley of Virginia."

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During the summer J. D. Imboden, subsequently colonel and brigadier-general in the Confederate service, had been organizing a cavalry battalion in Highland county, enlisting refugees from Braxton, Lewis and Webster counties and other regions, a large majority of his men having "but recently escaped from Pierpont's dominion, brimful of fight." In a private letter written about this time, he gave a graphic picture of the situation in the mountain region. He said:

No Oriental despot ever exercised such mortal terror by his iron rule of his subjects as is now felt by three-fourths of the true men and women of the northwest. Grown-up men came to me stealthily through the woods to talk to me in a whisper of their wrongs. They would freely have given me grain and meat, but dared not do so. They begged me in some instances to take it apparently by force, so that they might not be charged with feeding us voluntarily. Men offered to sell me cattle or horses secretly, if I would send armed men to seize and carry off the property. Their pious Union neighbors, they said, would watch and report their every act as soon as my back was turned, and the Yankees would strip them of all they possessed.

In conformity with orders, General Loring on August 22d sent out Brig.-Gen. A. G. Jenkins, with his cavalry, about 550 in all, to sweep around the northwest by the Cheat valley, destroy the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and fall upon the rear of the enemy in the Kanawha valley, while the infantry under Loring in person advanced toward Gauley.

In the meantime Imboden, with about 300 men, had made an expedition, attended by several skirmishes, to St. George, and thence returned to Cheat mountain. Jenkins, who expected to surprise Beverly, found it reinforced by General Kelley, and though joined by Imboden he was not strong enough to attack. Consequently Imboden remained and amused the Beverly garrison, while Jenkins rode on, crossing Rich mountain by a trail through the unbroken wilderness. So arduous was this

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march that some of his men and horses broke down and were left behind. Finally emerging from the wilderness he suddenly entered the fertile valley of the Buckhannon, and after the first consternation due to his appearance had passed, was assailed continually on his march by the home guards of that region. In one of the skirmishes Capt. J. M. Ferguson was painfully wounded. Approaching Buckhannon, by a skillful disposition of his cavalry and a gallant attack of three parties under Colonel Corns, Captain Spotts and Captain Preston, the enemy was defeated, with a loss of 15 wounded and 20 prisoners, including the commanding officer, Captain Marsh. Lieut.-Col. A. F. Cook, Eighth Virginia, and three others of Jenkins' men were wounded.

Jenkins now cast aside his shotguns, armed his men with handsome new rifles, and otherwise supplied himself, and then destroyed the remainder of the vast stores, including 5,000 stand of arms, ordnance stores, clothing, etc. At Weston next morning, August 31st, the Federal garrison escaped in the fog, leaving but a dozen prisoners, and Jenkins destroyed all the public property, after which he drove the garrison out of Glenville, and reaching Spencer, September 2d, surprised and captured Col. J. C. Rathbone and Maj. George C. Trimble and their entire command, six companies of the Eleventh West Virginia infantry. Having paroled the prisoners, Jenkins went on to Ripley, finding a lone paymaster, whose funds on hand, $5,525, were applied to the Confederate cause, and then moved to Ravenswood, where, after resting his men, he forded the Ohio river on the evening of September 4th, and was the first to carry the Confederate flag into Ohio. "The excitement of the command as we approached the Ohio shore was intense," he wrote, "and in the anxiety to be the first of their respective companies to reach the soil of those who had invaded us, all order was lost, and it became almost a universal race as we came into shoal water. In a short time all were over,

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First brigade, Brig.-Gen. John Echols: Fiftieth Virginia infantry, Col. Thomas Poage, Colonel Rodgers; Sixty-third, Col. J. J. McMahon; Twenty-third battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Derrick.

Second brigade, Brig.-Gen. John S. Williams: Forty-fifth Virginia infantry, Col. William H. Browne; Twenty-sixth battalion (Edgar's), Maj. A. M. Davis; Twenty-second regiment, Col. George S. Patton.

Third brigade, Col. George C. Wharton: Fifty-first Virginia infantry, Lieut.-Col. A. Forsberg; Thirtieth battalion sharpshooters, Lieut.-Col. Melvin Clarke.

Fourth brigade, Col. John McCausland: Thirty-sixth Virginia infantry, Sixtieth (?) Virginia infantry.

Artillery, Maj. J. Floyd King, chief of artillery: Otey's, Stamps', Bryan's, Lowry's and Chapman's batteries.

Cavalry, Gen. A. G. Jenkins: Eighth Virginia regiment and other companies. Major Salyers commanding cavalry with Loring's advance.

General Loring approached Fayetteville on the 10th of September, and after driving the enemy in his works, which were of great strength, prepared for an attack. Williams made the assault in front, while Wharton, reinforced by Colonel Patton, made a demonstration against the turnpike to Montgomery Ferry. Williams' brigade drove the enemy from hill to hill by sharp fighting, after which "the artillery dashed in magnificent style over the ridge, down the slope and up to the top of the next hill, where they unlimbered within 300 yards of the enemy's fort, and opened a terrible cannonade upon it." Browne with the Forty-fifth and McCausland with the Thirty-sixth drove the enemy from their front in gallant style. In the meantime, Wharton was making a determined attack, under great difficulty, against another fort which he encountered in his flank movement, and still another fort beyond, in a commanding position, frowned upon the gallant Confederates. Night coming on, they slept upon their arms, within stone's throw of the enemy. Shrouded by darkness the Federals evacuated their works, attempted to fire the town, and made a precipitate retreat toward

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Gauley. At Cotton hill, next morning, reinforced from Gauley, they made a desperate stand against the pursuing Confederates, pouring grape and canister into the advance, but were finally driven, and the entire brigade, headed by Browne and McCausland, went down the hill with a shout, giving the enemy time to transfer but a small part of his force by ferry to the north bank. Those who got across fired the ferryboat, under the protection of their guns, and the magazines and commissary stores were seen to be in process of destruction. Dr. Watkins of the Thirty-sixth, Lieutenant Samuels of Williams' staff, W. H. Harman and Allen Thompson of the Forty-fifth, and some others, boldly sprang into the river, and swam across in a shower of grape and canister, seized the ferryboat, and brought it back to the south shore, extinguishing the fire with their hats as water buckets as they came. Echols' brigade, McCausland and Patton, crossed the Kanawha, seized the Federal camp without resistance, and pursued the retreating enemy across the Gauley toward Charleston on the north bank, while Williams and Wharton followed them up rapidly on the south side, with a skirmish at Montgomery's Ferry. On the following morning the enemy crossed at Camp Piatt. The artillery was active in the pursuit, keeping up a fire upon the enemy at their rear, as well as across the river from Williams' column.

As Charleston was approached, the Federals, who under the circumstances had displayed much gallantry, the fighting qualities of West Virginians being proved on both sides, made a sally across the river to check Williams, but unsuccessfully, and the enemy soon withdrew, mainly to a fortified eminence across the Elk river, while a portion of the command contested the advance of McCausland, then in command of Echols' brigade, and fired the buildings used for military storehouses. There was a hill on the south shore, commanding the Federal intrenchments and artillery beyond the Elk, from which sharpshooters

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attempted to keep back the victorious Confederates, but Otey, Bryan and Stamps brought up their guns at a gallop and soon made the Federal infantry abandon their last position. McCausland, with Derrick's battalion as skirmishers, McMahon, Rodgers and Patton in line, and his own regiment in reserve, Lowry's battery and a section of Otey's, advanced with some brisk skirmishing into Charleston, and on reaching the Elk found the suspension bridge cut down. The artillery opened a warm fire upon the enemy opposite, while McCausland moved to a ford further up the Elk, where he was able, however, to cross his cavalry only. By night he was ready to move his infantry over in boats, but on the following morning it was found that the enemy was in full retreat, and it was not thought advisable to pursue further. Jenkins, meanwhile, had moved down the Coal river and struck the enemy on the flank, compelling him to abandon his proposed march down the Gauley, and take the road for Ravenswood, whence he reached Point Pleasant on the 16th.

In this brilliant campaign, involving a mountain march of 169 miles, the Confederates lost 18 killed and 89 wounded. Lightburn reported a loss of 25 killed, 95 wounded and 190 missing. He was compelled to abandon all the immense stores, worth by Loring's estimate about $1,000,000, and did not have time to destroy the important Kanawha salt works.

The Kanawha valley was now in the hands of the Confederate forces, and General Loring at once issued a congratulatory address to his command, and a proclamation to the people of western Virginia, opening with these well-chosen words:

The army of the Confederate States has come among you to expel the enemy, to rescue the people from the despotism of the counterfeit State government imposed on you by Northern bayonets, and to restore the country once more to its natural allegiance to the State. We fight for peace and the possession of our own territory. We do not intend to punish those who remain at home as

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quiet citizens in obedience to the laws of the land, and to all such, clemency and amnesty are declared; but those who persist in adhering to the cause of the public enemy and the pretended State government he has erected at Wheeling, will be dealt with as their obstinate treachery deserves.

He appealed to all able-bodied citizens to join the army to "defend the sanctities of religion and virtue, home territory, honor and law," and declared that the oaths imposed by the invaders were void, being "immoral attempts to restrain you from your duty to your State and government."

Loring had considerable success at first in securing recruits and collecting conscripts, but these accessions were checked by rumors of another Federal invasion, and complaints began to go into Richmond of his course in gathering men, also regarding the methods of General Floyd, commanding the State line in Logan and Boone counties. Reconnoissances were made toward Point Pleasant, in one of which General Jenkins had a skirmish near Buffalo, September 27th. Loring at this time had about 4,000 men at Charleston and garrisons at Gauley and Fayette. On September 30th the secretary of war ordered him to proceed soon, leaving a detachment to co-operate with General Floyd in holding the Kanawha valley, toward Winchester, to make a speedy junction with General Lee, destroy the Federal depots at Clarksburg and Grafton, make impressments from the Union men en route, paying in Confederate money, and capture and send to Richmond such prominent Union men as should come within reach. "Assure the people that the government has no animosities to gratify, but that persistent traitors will be punished, and under no conceivable circumstances will a division of the State be acquiesced in."

Loring replied, October 7th, that his most practicable movement was by way of Lewisburg to Monterey, which he had begun that day, and that he had sent out expedi-

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tions against the railroad at Parkersburg and Clarksburg, while General Jenkins would be sent against Cheat river bridge. Loring announced to his troops, October 11th, that they would be withdrawn to another field, but soon becoming aware of the increasing strength of the enemy in his department, he advised the government that he could not do more than possibly hold the valley. His infantry, meanwhile, had retired to the verge of western Virginia. He was relieved from command October 15th, and Gen. John Echols, appointed his successor, was ordered to reoccupy the valley, where only Jenkins' cavalry had remained. The army started back toward Charleston on the 17th, though very poorly supplied.

But overwhelming forces were being massed against Echols. Gen. J. D. Cox had been returned to the department of Western Virginia from corps command under McClellan, with his old division, which, with Milroy's brigade, was sent to Clarksburg, while Lightburn was reinforced at Point Pleasant by Morgan's division from Ohio, and a brigade under Colonel Cranor was sent into the Guyandotte country against Floyd. The Confederate artillery checked Lightburn's advance up the Kanawha at Poca on the 23d, and later a stand was made at Tyler mountain and Two-mile creek, but perceiving that the enemy was advancing in force on both sides of the Kanawha, while a division under Crook was threatening his flank by Nicholas Court House, Echols fell back in good order by way of Gauley and Fayetteville toward Raleigh, General Jenkins protecting the rear, obstructing the roads and destroying the river transportation behind him. Crook was in the vicinity of Gauley by November 1st, and the country to the north was in the hands of the Federals as far as Beverly. It was feared that Crook would advance against the Virginia & Tennessee railroad, but according to the reports of Cox and Echols alike, the most effective protection against such a movement was the absolute destitution of the country. Even the inhabitants

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would find it difficult to survive the winter in this devastated region, and few dwelling-houses were left standing from the Narrows to the Gauley along the main lines of travel. For lack of subsistence, Echols withdrew to the Princeton and Lewisburg line, and Jenkins was ordered into Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. This was the situation as winter came on in 1862, practically the same as in the previous year at that season.

In the Northeast there had been active operations following the battle of Sharpsburg and Lee's occupation of the lower Shenandoah valley. A few days before Stuart set out on his famous Chambersburg raid around McClellan's army, Col. J. D. Imboden had made an attempt to destroy the Cheat river bridge, but was prevented by the daring of a Union woman, who rode 25 miles through the woods to warn the enemy. He next made a raid to Romney, seized the town and scouted toward the railroad, drawing a party of the enemy into ambush. He reported, "We unhorsed fifteen of the rascals, wounding several; captured two unhurt," and horses and arms. He had now about 900 men, but only 600 armed, and with this little force kept Kelley with 2,500 men running up and down the railroad. Imboden did much to restore order in Hardy county, and reported that the mountains were full of willing recruits for the Confederate cause. He also gathered cattle and other supplies under the orders of General Lee.

In November Imboden made an expedition which, in connection with reports that Stonewall Jackson with 40,000 men had returned to the Shenandoah valley, created consternation in the North and caused the recall of many Federal regiments from the Kanawha valley. Imboden with 310 mounted men set out from his Hardy county camp on the 7th, in a snowstorm, for Cheat river bridge. All the next day he marched along a cattle path over the Alleghanies, his men being compelled by the storm to dismount and lead their horses. At mid-

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night preceding the 8th he learned of the movements of Federal troops threatening him, but nevertheless proceeded to St. George through the snow and sleet, and reaching his destination safely, received the unconditional surrender of Captain Hall, with 31 men, well armed and occupying the courthouse. It was impossible for him to go further, and on his return trip, which he soon began, he had to avoid Kelley's cavalry and the forces of Milroy at Beverly. Fearing Kelley most he advanced toward Milroy with the intention of attacking his baggage train at Camp Bartow. All day the 11th he marched through an unbroken forest, and on the 12th attempted to find Camp Bartow, but the day being rainy and gloomy he was lost in the gloom of the pine wilderness. Finally he learned that the Federal forces were in great commotion, and parties were moving in all directions to cut off his retreat. He managed to gain the rear of 1,300 men moving down South Branch in search of him, and crossing a high mountain safely, reached Augusta Springs on the 14th, evading all the enemy's detachments. It was believed that at this very time Milroy was en route to make a raid on Staunton, which Imboden's raid happened to prevent. Milroy in his advance had captured several cavalrymen, twelve or fifteen citizens, and burned some houses in Highland county. A few days before this there had been a skirmish near Petersburg, in which a herd of cattle seized by the Confederates had been recaptured by Kelley and some prisoners taken, and Milroy had "swept the counties of Highland, Pocahontas, Pendleton and parts of Augusta and Bath," taking in 45 prisoners and some cattle and horses, and immediately after Imboden had left his camp on South Fork with his cavalry, Kelley had swooped down upon the infantry with a large force of cavalry, and captured the camp and supplies and 50 prisoners.

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CHAPTER VI.

OPERATIONS OF 1863—JONES' AND IMBODEN'S RAID AGAINST THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD—JENKINS' RAID TO POINT PLEASANT—EXPEDITIONS TO BEVERLY AND WYTHEVILLE—BATTLES OF WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS AND DROOP MOUNTAIN—AVERELL'S RAID TO SALEM.

DURING the early part of 1863, Echols and Jenkins were still in Greenbrier county, but Floyd had withdrawn from Wyoming, which was penetrated by a Federal scouting party in February. In the same month a similar expedition did considerable damage in Pocahontas county. On the 11th a detachment of Col. R. W. Baylor's cavalry had an encounter with the enemy in Jefferson county, and on the 16th, Captain McNeill made his third successful foray against Federal wagon trains near Moorefield.

On December 29th, Gen. W. E. Jones had been assigned to command the Valley district, in the absence of Stonewall Jackson, and Imboden's command, which included McNeill's rangers, came under the direction of Jones. Colonel Imboden's force was then designated as the First Virginia partisan rangers, and his headquarters in Hardy county as Camp Hood. In pursuance of a request from General Cooper he set about making a regular enlistment, and the formation of the "Northwestern Virginia brigade," which in March was composed of the Sixty-second Virginia infantry, the Eighteenth Virginia cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The cavalry brigade under the immediate command of W. E. Jones included the Sixth, Seventh and Twelfth regiments, the Seventeenth battalion, Maj. E. V. White's battalion, and Chew's battery.

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During the winter of 1862-63, the citizens of Hardy and Hampshire counties were severely afflicted. The Federal forces were in possession of the region, and had constructed blockhouses along the railroad, and earthworks at various stations, which seemed to insure them against attack. There had also been constructed a number of ironclad cars, carrying pieces of heavy artillery, to aid in the defense of the road. General Milroy levied assessments upon the inhabitants, which caused great suffering, and not content with that issued an order banishing those who in any manner expressed sympathy with their State and the South. Hundreds of families were arrested under this order and forcibly expelled from their homes, without permission to carry with them the necessary means for support. Numbers of helpless women and children were sent through their lines without protection, but found a generous reception among the loyal people of the valley, who, on their own part, had not yet realized the terrible destruction awaiting them. An even greater terror to the citizens were the "Swamp Dragons" and "bushwhackers," deserters and outlaws who harbored in the mountains and made predatory raids, in which the most fiendish outrages were committed.

In the hope of relieving the people from their oppressions, General Jones advanced upon Moorefield, while Imboden's battalion moved toward the same place through Highland and Pendleton counties. Moorefield was attacked January 2d, but Jones was repulsed. He succeeded in compelling the enemy to burn their stores at Petersburg, and then retired to New Market. The services of Colonel Dulaney, Captain McNeill, Lieut. C. H. Vandiver, and Privates J. W. Kuykendall and J. S. Hutton were particularly commended by the general commanding.

As the season for resuming military operations in Virginia approached, it was apparent that the Federals were massing their strength for another advance toward Rich-

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mond, and General Lee determined to delay and embarrass such an operation by striking at the railroad over which a great portion of the supplies and reinforcements were sent to the army of the Potomac. Imboden, who had now organized his brigade and had been commissioned brigadier-general, and Gen. W. E. Jones were intrusted with the performance of this work.

Imboden left camp at Shenandoah mountain on April 20th with the Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first and Sixty-second Virginia infantry, the Eighteenth cavalry, and J. H. McClanahan's battery, and was joined by the Twenty-second infantry, Col. A. C. Dunn's Thirty-seventh battalion of cavalry, dismounted, and the Nineteenth cavalry, mostly dismounted, from Samuel Jones' command, making an aggregate force of 3,365 men. He again encountered bad weather, and had to march through snow and sleet, reaching Huttonsville on the 23d. Pressing forward the next day he endeavored to surprise the enemy in camp at Beverly, but warning was given by the "bogus" but heroic sheriff of Randolph county, J. F. Phares, who, though shot though the lungs, managed to reach Beverly and give the alarm. The enemy was strongly posted and made a bold front; but Imboden, by a flank movement, assisted by a gallant cavalry charge, dislodged him, and kept up a running fight for several hours, but failed to capture the garrison. The enemy attempted to burn his stores and destroyed about a third of the town, but many valuable supplies fell into the hands of the Confederates.

Imboden proceeded to a point midway between Philippi and Buckhannon, and soon occupied the latter place, where all the stores had been destroyed and the bridge burned. Col. G. W. Imboden advanced to Weston and found that place abandoned and the enemy concentrating before Clarksburg.

Meanwhile Gen. W. E. Jones had advanced from Rockingham county with his available force to Moorefield, but

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was compelled to go back to Petersburg to make a crossing of the South Branch, and even then lost some men in crossing the icy stream, swollen by the spring thaw. He was compelled to send back from Moorefield his infantry and artillery. Greenland Pass was found occupied by the enemy, and it was carried by assault, April 25th. The garrison, composed of 52 men of the Twenty-third Illinois, Irish brigade, under Capt. Martin Wallace, and 34 men of Company A, Fourteenth West Virginia, under Captain Smith, displayed heroism equal to their assailants. Throwing themselves into a little church and two other log houses, they met the charge led by Col. Thomas Marshall, Seventh cavalry, supported by Colonel Dulaney, with a destructive fire, wounding Dulaney and a number of the attacking party. A second assault being repulsed, sharpshooters were posted, and Chapman's mounted rifles (Witcher's battalion) secured the stone works close to the building. Under a flag of truce, three times sent in, demands of surrender were made, but the reply was that they were "Mulligan's men and would fight to the last cartridge." Finally, after dark, a general assault was made; Ridgely Brown's and White's battalions stormed the buildings, while Lieutenant Williamson's pioneers applied the torch, and amid the flames the garrison surrendered. In the fight the Confederates lost 7 killed and 22 wounded.

A detachment was then sent to burn the railroad bridge at Oakland, under the command of Col. A. W. Harman, consisting of the Twelfth cavalry, Brown's battalion and McNeill's rangers, while a detachment of the Eleventh cavalry under Capt. E. H. McDonald was sent against Altamont, and the remainder of the force moved on Rowlesburg, where the trestle bridge had been burned some time before by a Confederate party. There they found a garrison of 300, against which the Sixth cavalry was sent in front, supported by Colonel Marshall, with the Seventh, and Col. L. L. Lomax, with the Eleventh

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cavalry, while Capt. O. T. Weems, with 80 sharpshooters of the Eleventh cavalry and a part of Witcher's battalion, was ordered to fire the railroad bridge. Both efforts failed, and Jones moved on to Evansville, while Lieutenant Vandiver and 8 men captured Independence and a home guard of 20 men. Jones then crossed the railroad at that point and was joined by Harman and McDonald, who had been successful in their expeditions.

On the 28th the command crossed the Monongahela at Morgantown and marched on Fairmount, which they occupied on the morning of the 29th, capturing the garrison of 260 after a brisk fight. Scarcely was this capitulation concluded before reinforcements arrived, who began shelling the Confederates, but the enemy was held off, mainly by Harman and Marshall, while under the direction of Lieutenant Williamson and Capt. John Henderson the magnificent iron railroad bridge of three spans, each 300 feet, erected at a cost of about half a million dollars, was completely destroyed. The Confederate loss at Fairmount was but 3 wounded. At dark the command started out to join Imboden, and finding Clarksburg occupied by the Federals, the Maryland cavalry under Brown made an attack on Bridgeport, 5 miles west of that place, capturing 47 prisoners, burning the bridge to the east and the trestle work to the west, and running a captured train into the chasm. Next day they reached Philippi, and the captured horses and cattle were sent to Beverly. The junction was completed with Imboden at Weston on the 5th, and on the same day their picket was attacked at Janelew.

Judging his exhausted force not sufficient to meet the enemy in pitched battle, after resting two days General Imboden retired southward, while Jones' cavalry started against the Parkersburg branch of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. Colonel Harman, with the Twelfth and Eleventh regiments and Witcher's battalion, moved on West Union, where he burned two bridges, meanwhile

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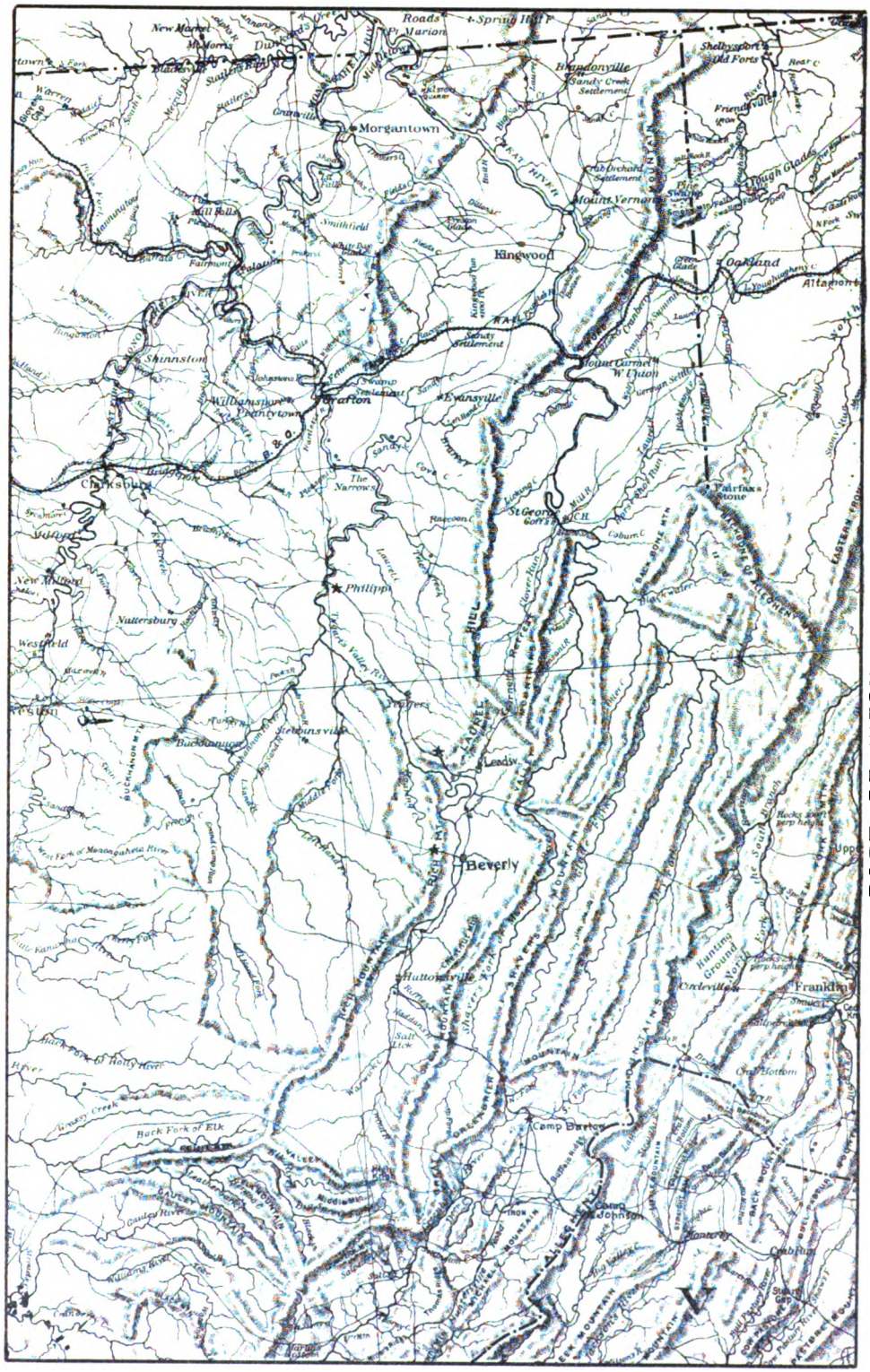

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skirmishing with the enemy, while Jones, with the remainder of the cavalry, destroyed three bridges at Cairo. At Oiltown, May 9th, all the oil and everything connected with the oil works were fired, causing an appalling spectacle. Oil boats burst with a report like artillery, dense volumes of smoke arose, and the inflammable fluid, floating down stream, made a burning river, as Jones reported, "carrying destruction to our merciless enemy, a scene of magnificence that might well carry joy to every patriotic heart." Then turning southward, Jones again united with Imboden at Summersville, whence Col. G. W. Imboden had pursued a force of the enemy to Gauley, capturing 23 prisoners and a wagon train, and the forces returned to their former positions. Imboden reported that he had compelled the enemy to destroy large and valuable stores at Beverly, Buckhannon, Weston, Bulltown, Suttonville and Big Birch, captured $100,000 worth of horses, mules, wagons and arms, burned several bridges, and brought out over 3,000 head of cattle, paid for in Confederate money. But he was disappointed in recruits, only about 400 having been received. He had marched 400 miles and lost 16 men. Jones had destroyed sixteen railroad bridges and one tunnel, two trains of cars and many engines, captured 700 prisoners, and brought off 1,000 horses and a greater number of cattle. His march had covered 700 miles, and he had lost about 75 men. He reported that his men had "shown a skill in gleaning a precarious existence from a country desolated by two years of oppressive tyranny and brutal war that would have won the admiration of the most approved Cossack."

In the spring of 1863, the following was the organization of the army of Western Virginia, Maj.-Gen. Samuel Jones commanding:

First brigade, Brig.-Gen. John Echols: Twenty-second regiment, Col. George S. Patton; Forty-fifth regiment, Col. William H. Browne; Twenty-third battalion, Lieut.-

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Col. Clarence Derrick; Twenty-sixth battalion, Lieut.-Col. George M. Edgar; Chapman's battery.

Second brigade, Brig.-Gen. John S. Williams: Sixty-third regiment, Col. J. J. McMahon; Forty-fifth battalion, Lieut.-Col. H. M. Beckley; —— cavalry regiment, Col. James M. French; Twenty-first cavalry, Col. William E. Peters; partisan rangers, Capt. D. B. Baldwin; Lowry's battery.

Third brigade, Col. G. C. Wharton: Fiftieth regiment, Col. A. S. Vandeventer; Fifty-first regiment, Lieut.-Col. A. Forsberg; Thirtieth battalion sharpshooters, Lieut.-Col. J. Lyle Clark; Stamps' battery.

Fourth brigade, Col. John McCausland: Thirty-sixth regiment, Maj. Thomas Smith; Sixtieth regiment, Col. B. H. Jones; Bryan's battery.

Cavalry brigade, Brig.-Gen. A. G. Jenkins: Eighth regiment, Col. James M. Corns; Fourteenth regiment, Col. James Cochran; Sixteenth regiment, Col. Milton J. Ferguson; Seventeenth regiment, Col. William H. French; Nineteenth regiment, Col. William L. Jackson; Thirty-fourth battalion, Lieut.-Col. V. A. Witcher; Thirty-sixth battalion, Maj. James W. Sweeney; Thirty-seventh battalion, Lieut.-Col. A. C. Dunn.

Unattached: Fifty-fourth regiment, Col. R. C. Trigg; partisans, Capt. P. J. Thurmond; partisans, Capt. William D. Thurmond; Otey's battery.

Aggregate present and absent, 9,747.

On March 18th General Jenkins started out from Jeffersonville with a part of his brigade on another brilliant raid across western Virginia, while McCausland made a demonstration against Fayetteville to distract the enemy, and Williams sent the Forty-fifth regiment to Raleigh. The major part of the Federal troops was now withdrawn under Cox to the army of Rosecrans. On March 27th, Jenkins reached Hurricane bridge, Putnam county, and summoned the garrison, mainly consisting of West Virginia Federals, to surrender. The demand being refused, a brisk fight ensued of several hours' duration, ending in Jenkins' withdrawal. On the 29th he reached Hall's landing just as the steamer Victress was passing, with a Federal paymaster on board. The pilot was sig-

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naled to touch for passengers, but just before it was too late he realized the situation and the boat escaped, riddled with bullets from the ambushed Confederates. Jenkins reached Point Pleasant on the next day, and surprising the Federal West Virginia company, Capt. John D. Carter commanding, that constituted the garrison, drove it into the courthouse, which was besieged for several hours. The news being carried across the river, preparations were there made to bombard the town, but this calamity was fortunately averted. Jenkins failed to dislodge the garrison, and after several men had been killed and wounded on each side, crossed the Kanawha, and returned on the south side of the river.

An expedition was sent in pursuit from Camp Piatt, by way of Chapmanville, and a sharp skirmish resulted April 5th on Mud river. Minor operations of this period deserving notice were McNeill's brilliant skirmishes with superior forces at Burlington and Purgitsville and Going's Ford, in the vicinity of Moorefield; the handsome repulse of a Federal assault by Col. G. M. Edgar at Lewisburg, May 2d; Colonel McCausland's demonstration against Fayetteville, May 20th, and the rout of a Federal scouting party on Loup creek late in June, by Maj. E. A. Bailey, who captured 29 prisoners and 45 horses. June 28, 1863, Gen. Benjamin F. Kelley became the Federal commander of the West Virginia department.

On June 29th, Col. William L. Jackson, Nineteenth Virginia cavalry, commanding the camp near Huntersville, made an expedition against Beverly, which was held by about 1,000 Federals, hoping to capture the garrison. Advancing beyond Valley mountain, Maj. John B. Lady, with five companies commanded by Capts. D. Evans, W. W. Arnett, Joseph Hayhurst, Duncan and W. W. Boggs, was sent by way of Rich mountain to the rear of the enemy, while Lieut. A. C. Dunn occupied the Philippi road. The pickets, meanwhile, had been quietly captured by Captain Righter, and the main body of Jack-

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son's command was well upon the enemy before his presence was suspected. An advance of the Federals on the Buckhannon road was checked by Captains Marshall and Spriggs, and artillery fire was opened by Lieutenant Thrasher, of Chapman's battery. But no attack was made that day, and on the next morning the Federals being reinforced by Gen. W. W. Averell, now for the first time figuring in this region, Jackson withdrew, and was presently followed by the enemy for a short distance. On July 3d, Maj. D. Boston Stewart's battalion repulsed the enemy's cavalry in a gallant little affair at Daniel's farm. In the various reports the officers specially commended were Majors Claiborne and Lady, Captains Spriggs, Marshall, Righter, Hutton, Evans, Arnett, and Lieutenants Thrasher, Gittings, Wamsley and William Harris, the latter falling mortally wounded in the charge of Stewart's battalion.

Brig.-Gen. E. Parker Scammon was now in command at Charleston, and Col. John T. Toland was in charge of the brigade stationed at Camp Piatt. With seven companies of the Second Virginia, U. S. V., the Thirty-fourth Ohio mounted, and two companies of First Virginia, U. S. V., cavalry, Toland marched against Wytheville, Va., July 13th, through Boone, Wyoming and McDowell counties, with instructions to destroy the railroad. On the 17th the expedition surprised Camp Pendleton in Abb's valley, Tazewell county, capturing J. E. Stollings' company and some stores, but allowing one man to escape, who carried the news to Williams. At the same time McCausland was pressed back from the vicinity of Raleigh by General Scammon, and retreated to Mercer Court House, when, learning that Toland had gone down through Tazewell, he sent his cavalry to follow and moved his infantry to Bland Court House. As Toland approached Wytheville, Major May, from Williams' command, attacked his rear, inflicting severe pun-

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ishment and recapturing Stollings' company. Gen. Sam Jones had had time to throw two companies into Wytheville, under Maj. T. M. Bowyer. A gallant fight was made against the Federals as they entered the town by Lieutenant Bozang and his company, but he was wounded and captured with his men, and the remainder of the Confederate force was driven from the town. During the street fighting Colonel Toland was killed, and Colonel Powell, second in command, wounded. The best houses of the town were burned, Colonel Franklin, who succeeded to command, claiming that soldiers and citizens alike fired from the houses. The railroad was torn up slightly, and Franklin then retreated, harassed by the Confederate cavalry, by way of Abb's valley and Flat Top mountain.

In May, General Jenkins' brigade had been ordered into the Shenandoah valley, and in June many West Virginians accompanied him with Ewell's corps into Pennsylvania, fighting at Bunker Hill and Martinsburg in the defeat of Milroy, and leading the advance to Chambersburg, whence they proceeded almost to Harrisburg before the concentration was made at Gettysburg. There they fought gallantly, and on the retreat, under command of Colonel Ferguson, Jenkins having been wounded, were one of the two brigades under the immediate command of Stuart, moving by way of Emmitsburg. Fighting their way through the Catoctin mountains, they attacked the enemy at Hagerstown, and after defeating him, rapidly moved to the relief of the army train at Williamsport. In the fight near that place, according to Stuart's report, "Jenkins' brigade was ordered to dismount and deploy over the difficult ground. This was done with marked effect and boldness, Lieutenant-Colonel Witcher, as usual, distinguishing himself by his courage and conduct. The enemy, thus dislodged, was closely pressed by the mounted cavalry, but made one effort at a countercharge, which was met and gallantly repulsed by Col.

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James B. Gordon. This repulse was soon afterward converted into a rout by Colonel Lomax's regiment, the Eleventh Virginia cavalry, which now took the road with drawn sabers, and charged down the turnpike under a fearful fire of artillery. Without this attack it is certain that our trains would have fallen into the hands of the enemy." In the fight of the 10th, "Lieutenant-Colonel Witcher's cavalry, on foot, behind a stone fence on the Boonsboro road, performed a very gallant part in the repulse of the enemy, standing their ground with unflinching tenacity."

On July 21st, General Imboden was assigned to command of the Shenandoah Valley district. Gen. Sam Jones was in chief command of the department of Western Virginia and East Tennessee, with headquarters at Dublin, with an army of about 10,000 at the various posts. Echols' brigade, under Col. George S. Patton, occupied Lewisburg, and Col. William L. Jackson was in command on the Huntersville line with his regiment, the Nineteenth cavalry, under Lieut.-Col. W. P. Thompson, and the Twentieth cavalry, under Col. W. W. Arnett. On August 21st, Jackson received information from Colonel Arnett that Averell, with a large force, was in Monterey. Averell had crossed to that point from Huttonsville under orders to drive Patton and Jackson from Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties, destroy the saltpeter works in Pendleton county, and carry the law library of the Virginia court of appeals to Beverly. Before reaching Beverly a detachment against Moorefield had been severely handled by the partisans there. Colonel Jackson, believing Averell's objective was Staunton, called for aid from Patton, but was soon convinced of the real purpose of Averell. Arnett fell back skirmishing, and Jackson moved to Gatewood. Averell occupied Huntersville and Camp Northwest, burning the stores, while Jackson, whom Arnett had joined, skillfully extricated himself from a dangerous position and retreated beyond Warm

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Springs, Bath county, when it appearing that the Federals were withdrawing in turn, he followed toward Camp Northwest.

Averell, meanwhile, had made a rapid movement against Lewisburg, and encountered Patton in line of battle at White Sulphur Springs. The battle was opened on August 26th with an artillery duel, in which Chapman's battery did excellent service, followed by repeated assaults by the enemy, which were repulsed. Col. A. R. Barbee, of the Twenty-second, commanding skirmishers, fell wounded while displaying notable gallantry; the Forty-fifth held its ground with great steadiness; the Twenty-third, under Major Blessing, reinforced the Twenty-second under a galling fire; Major Bailey handsomely repulsed a charge upon the center; Colonel Edgar, Twenty-sixth, whose men had done the first skirmishing, repulsed two cavalry charges, and Colonel Browne and Major Claiborne held the right without wavering. The last attack was made at sunset against Edgar, but was again repulsed. The fight was renewed next day, but the enemy had lost spirit under severe punishment, and retreated, Colonel Corns, with the cavalry, leading in pursuit. A junction was made with Jackson, and Colonel Arnett skirmished with the retreating columns, but his force was inadequate.

In this raid, Averell had about 3,000 men, but claimed that he fought the battle of the 26th with but 1,300. Jackson had 1,000 and Patton 1,900. Jackson's loss was about 20 killed and wounded, Patton's, including missing, 162, Averell's 218. The battle of White Sulphur Springs deserves to be remembered as one of the most gallantly fought in the department of Western Virginia.

The Confederates continued to occupy their positions, and detachments were stationed in the Elk river country and up toward Weston, where several minor skirmishes occurred. In the northeast during September there were several Federal parties sent out from Martinsburg.

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On the 4th there was a severe skirmish at Petersburg Gap, and on the 15th one at Smithfield. On the night of September 6th, 26 men under Captains Burke and Blackford attacked the camp of two companies of Pennsylvania six months' men at Bath, killed Captain Hebble and a number of his men, and brought away 23 prisoners and 50 horses. On the 11th, Captains Imboden, McNeill and Hobson, with about 150 men, attacked 300 Federals under Major Stephens at Moorefield, at dawn charging into their camp with a yell, effectually surprising the enemy. Thirty Federals were killed or seriously wounded, 8 officers and 138 privates captured, and all the ammunition and supplies taken in charge. Two attacks were made upon the little band on their retreat, but they escaped with the loss of only 8 or 10 men and some of the captured horses.

Reconnoissances and skirmishes continued all along the line. On the 24th there was an encounter at Greenbrier bridge with Averell's command. Bailey, Morrow and Gilmor made a demonstration against Charlestown, October 7th, and encountered a detachment under Captain Summers, who was killed. The West Virginia, U. S. V., garrison at Bulltown was attacked by Colonel Jackson October 13th, but after a fight which continued through the day, the Federal troops held their fortifications. Being reinforced the next day they pursued Jackson, but were checked at Salt Lick bridge.

The continual fighting about Charlestown had weakened the Federal force there, but it was thought by the Federal authorities that the Ninth Maryland regiment, under Colonel Simpson, was sufficient. He made a reconnoissance, and found no force in his front except the Forty-first Virginia battalion under Maj. Robert White, at Berryville, "not the old White (E. V.), but another man," the Federals reported, "whose men say they have been in the valley but two or three weeks." But Imboden joined White, and on Sunday morning,

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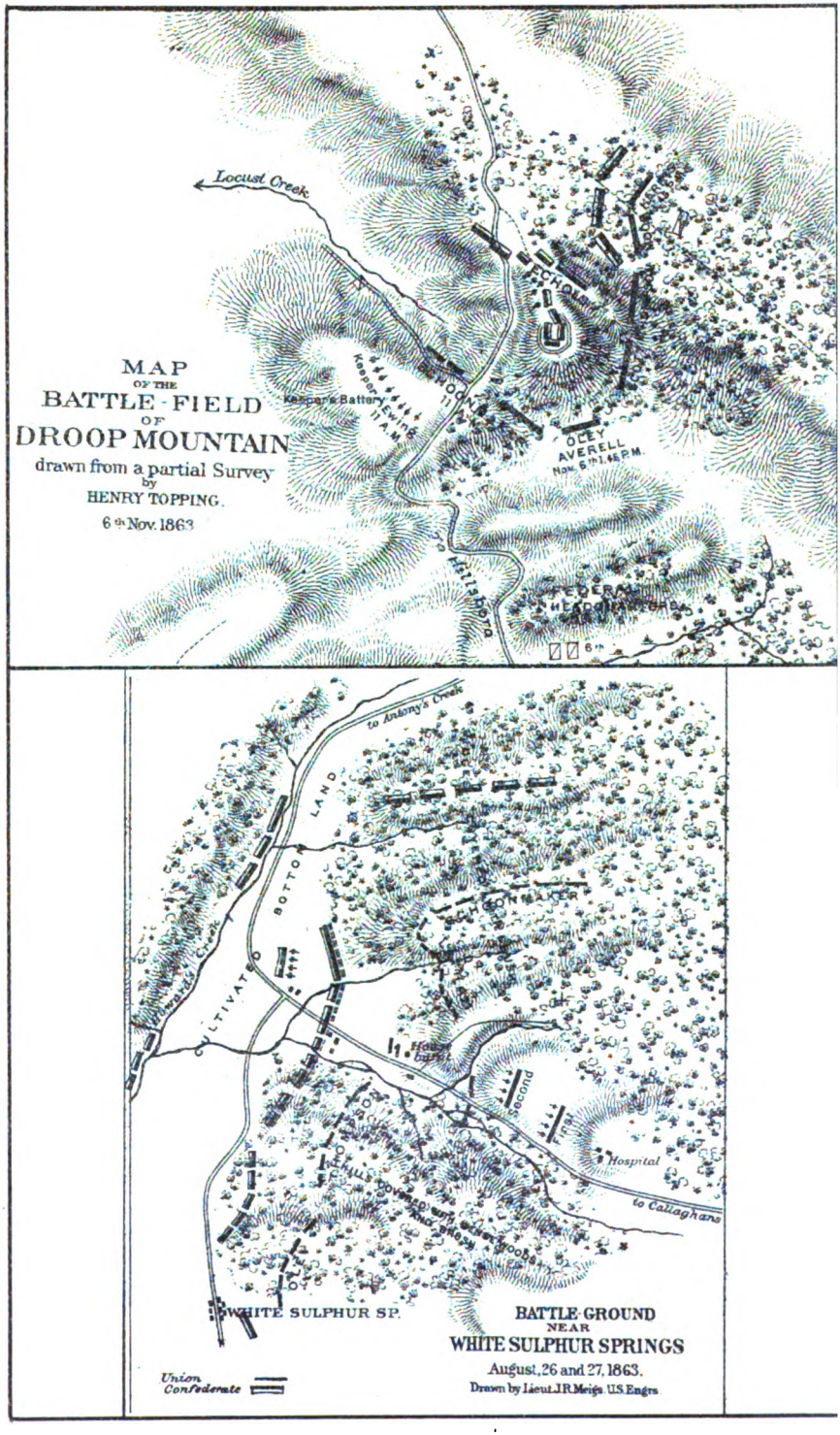

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October 18th, they surprised the Charlestown garrison, surrounding the enemy in the courthouse, jail and other buildings they had fortified in the heart of the town. Simpson was called on to surrender and given five minutes for deliberation, upon which he said, "Take us if you can." An artillery fire was opened at a distance of 200 yards, and the garrison speedily left the buildings and formed for retreat to Harper's Ferry, when they were met by a detachment at the edge of town, and after one volley threw down their arms, the mounted officers escaping. Two hours later the Harper's Ferry forces arrived on the scene and the Confederates fell back slowly toward Berryville, fighting all the day till 10 o'clock at night. They carried safely to Shenandoah county 434 prisoners; their loss was about 6 killed or mortally wounded, 20 wounded and a few stragglers.

Colonel Beckley was about this time organizing cavalry near Logan Court House on the Guyandotte, and a reconnoissance was sent in his direction under Gen. A. N. Duffie, without results.

Early in November, simultaneous with an advance of Federal cavalry in east Tennessee, General Averell set out from Beverly and General Duffié from Charlestown, against Echols and Jackson, General Scammon's infantry brigade to join them at Lewisburg, the united cavalry command then to proceed to Dublin Station and destroy the New River bridge. The first intimation of this formidable movement was received by Jackson, who concentrated at Mill Point and informed Echols, who prepared to move to his relief from Lewisburg. Jackson made a stand at Mill Point, Lurty's battery engaging the enemy, but was soon compelled to fall back to Droop mountain, about half way between Lewisburg and Huntersville, on the west side of the Greenbrier river, where he took a strong position.

Colonel Thompson had gallantly disputed the enemy's advance step by step, and, aided by Lurty's shells, reached

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the Droop mountain position in safety, giving Jackson about 750 men. Jackson was also reinforced that night and on the morning of the 6th by the Fourteenth Virginia cavalry, the Twenty-second regiment, Derrick's battalion, and Jackson's and Chapman's batteries, which were under the brigade command of Colonel Patton, while General Echols took general command. About 11 a. m. on November 6th the enemy advanced to attack, opening with artillery on the right and threatening the center, but making the serious attack on the left, where Colonel Thompson soon called for help. The Fourteenth cavalry and Derrick's battalion were sent there, then several companies of the Twenty-second, and finally Colonel Patton moved to that point, but was unable to withstand the pressure. Arnett and Cochrane at the center meanwhile gallantly repulsed several charges, but when it became apparent that the left was turned, the whole force fell back under a severe shelling and enfilading fire of musketry. Major McLaughlin, and Captains Chapman, Jackson and Lurty, with their artillery, gallantly held the enemy in check.

The retreat to Lewisburg was rapid, as information was at hand that Duffié was already at Little Sewell mountain in the rear. The Sixteenth cavalry, Col. M. J. Ferguson, from Jenkins' brigade, also participated in the engagement. General Echols reported that he had but 1,700 men in the fight. The total strength of Averell's brigade was about 5,000, and his force in battle must have considerably outnumbered that of Echols. The Confederate loss in killed, wounded and missing was 275. Among the killed was the gallant Maj. R. A. Bailey of the Twenty-second. That regiment went into battle with 550 men and lost 113; the Twenty-third lost 61 out of 350. The total Federal loss was reported at 119.

Echols won the race to Lewisburg, passing through there seven hours before Duffié arrived and much longer before Averell came up. He had successfully avoided

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the capture of his command that had been planned. General Imboden, at Bridgewater, hearing of Averell's advance, moved toward Huntersville, when he was informed of the battle and retired to Covington, where he checked a detachment which Averell sent out against the furnaces in Rockbridge county. Averell then returned to his post on New creek, the great object of his raid, the destruction of a part of the Virginia & Tennessee railroad, having been defeated by the gallant stand made by Echols, Jackson and Patton at Droop mountain. The battle, though a technical defeat, was a tactical victory.

On November 17th a Federal cavalry expedition left Charlestown with 700 men under Col. W. H. Boyd, encountered Confederate skirmishers at Edenburg, who contested their advance, and at Mount Jackson, in the Shenandoah valley, had a sharp fight with Maj. Robert White commanding his battalion, a portion of Gilmor's battalion, Captain Davis' company, and a section of McClanahan's battery. Major White then took position on Rude's hill and the enemy was handsomely repulsed, after which Davis pursued the Federals and compelled them to break camp near Woodstock. On the same day, the 16th, Captain McNeill, with his own indomitable company and a detachment from the Sixty-second regiment, in all 100 men, attacked a train of eighty wagons near Burlington, en route to Averell, whipped the escort of 100 infantry, and brought away 25 prisoners and 245 horses, though hotly pursued by 600 cavalry. This caused a Federal court-martial.

Early in December another movement against the Virginia & Tennessee railroad was ordered by Halleck, the Federal commander-in-chief, Sullivan (9,500 strong) to advance up the Shenandoah valley to threaten Staunton; Averell's brigade (5,000) to move by Monterey, to destroy the railroad in Botetourt or Roanoke county; while Scammon's division was to make a feint toward

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New River bridge. Colonel Moor, also, with two regiments, was to move from Beverly to Droop mountain. General Averell reached Petersburg December 10th.

General Echols, at Lewisburg, suspecting a Federal advance from Charlestown, sent Capt. Philip J. Thurmond on a reconnoissance, and he dispersed some Federal pickets on Big Sewell mountain and forwarded the startling intelligence to Echols of the proximity of a large body of the enemy. Thurmond skirmished with their advance as far as Lewisburg, where Echols made a stand before the town until all public property was removed, when he moved across the river, driving back the enemy's advance with McLaughlin's artillery. Being advised then of Moor's approach from the north, he fell back into Monroe county, where he was joined by McCausland's force, Gen. Sam Jones also arriving and taking command on the 14th. Averell meanwhile, making feints to confuse Jackson and Imboden, made his way safely to Salem on the 16th, and destroyed the stores at that point, destroyed four bridges and injured the track to some extent, but was compelled to make a hasty retreat in the afternoon of the same day. He found his way beset with difficulty, as General Early had reached New Market to direct the movement for his capture, and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee with two brigades had been ordered into the field. Echols was placed near Sweet Springs, and Jackson, ordered in every direction in the confusion, finally brought up at Clifton Forge near Covington.

Averell attempted to re-enter western Virginia by the Sweet Springs road, but meeting Echols, turned off on an obscure road to Covington, reaching there just as a detachment from Jackson was firing the Rich Patch bridge. He succeeded in getting part of his men across when Jackson cut his command in two, Colonel Arnett attacking, while Major Lady, with 50 men, three times during the night repulsed Averell's attempts to get the remainder of his cavalry across the bridge. At daylight

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Averell burned the bridge, apparently leaving the rear of his command to their fate; but the latter were stronger than Jackson, and, driving him back, they burned their wagon train, and on the morning of the 20th escaped across a ford which had been declared impassable, losing several men by drowning, and closely pressed by Colonel Arnett. Jackson captured about 150 prisoners and inflicted a considerable loss in killed and wounded. Fitzhugh Lee and Imboden crossed in pursuit the next day, but failed to come up with the raiders.

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CHAPTER VII.

OPERATIONS OF 1864-1865—EXPEDITIONS OF FITZHUGH LEE AND ROSSER—EXPLOITS OF GILMOR AND McNEILL—ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF WESTERN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF CLOYD'S MOUNTAIN—NEWMARKET—LYNCHBURG—RETREAT OF HUNTER THROUGH WEST VIRGINIA—WITCHER'S RAIDS—OTHER BRILLIANT EXPLOITS.

ON the last day of 1863 Maj.-Gen. Fitzhugh Lee started from Mount Jackson, in a snow and rain storm, and marched to Moorefield across North mountain, where he was obliged to abandon his artillery and wagon train. He reconnoitered the Federal garrison at Petersburg and then moved toward New Creek depot, capturing a wagon train, burned the block houses at Burlington, Williamsport, and McLemar's church, and then proceeded toward the Baltimore & Ohio railroad intending to cut it, but was compelled by the sufferings of his men and the impassability of the mountains to turn back on January 5, 1864, bringing into the Shenandoah valley about 600 cattle, 300 horses and mules, and 110 prisoners. Major Gilmor meanwhile drove the enemy out of Springfield, burned their winter quarters and brought off supplies, the main item of which was 3,000 pounds of bacon. All these captures except the prisoners were very welcome in the Confederate army.

Another raid was made January 28th from the Shenandoah valley, under the command of General Early, with Rosser's brigade, Thomas' brigade, Gilmor's and McNeill's rangers, and part of McClanahan's battery. Reaching Moorefield, Rosser was sent to intercept a train of ninety-five wagons en route from New Creek to Peters-

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burg, where the Federals were strongly fortified. Near Moorefield junction he encountered the Twenty-third Illinois regiment obstructing the road. This command, driven back, joined the detachments of the Second Maryland and Fourth West Virginia, and the united force attempted to defend the wagons against Rosser, but gave way on the second charge and yielded the rich train to the yearning Confederates. In the fight Maj. Nathan Goff, U. S. V., was wounded and captured. The whole command then occupied Petersburg, the garrison fleeing, and gathered some commissary stores and 13,000 cartridges, after which Gilmor and McNeill were sent out after cattle, while Rosser destroyed the railroad and other bridges at the mouth of Patterson's creek. The enemy then appearing in force, Early withdrew, bringing out 50 wagons and teams, 1,200 cattle, 500 sheep and 78 prisoners, again cheering the hearts of the soldiers in the Shenandoah valley.

In January, 1864, Colonel Ferguson, Sixteenth Virginia cavalry, came into Wayne county, with a large part of his regiment and the Eighth cavalry, and during the remainder of the year the region between the Guyandotte and Big Sandy was practically controlled by the Confederate soldiers. Under this protection, the Big Sandy river became a channel of trade with Northern merchants. Judge H. L. Samuels, who had been prevented from holding court in Wayne under the West Virginia State government, reported that "a vast quantity of useful and indispensable articles find their way to Dixie through the medium of these guerrillas. The stolen horses are laden with this contraband trade. Sympathizers land large lots of barrels and boxes from steamboats. I myself have seen seven rebels taken with their arms whose shoes were not worn enough to erase the trademarks of neighboring Ohio merchants." During this period there were no captures of Northern steamboats on the Big Sandy.

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During February occurred two daring exploits at opposite extremities of the State. The first was the capture of the United States steamer B. C. Levi, at Red House shoals, on the Kanawha, on the night of February 2d, by Maj. J. H. Nounnan, with less than 30 men. The Confederates quietly boarded the boat while lashed to the bank, and captured Gen. E. P. Scammon, commander of the Federal division at Charleston, his staff and 13 soldiers. The steamer was run four miles down the river next morning and burned, and the general and his staff were mounted and carried to Richmond.

The other adventure was by Maj. H. W. Gilmor, who threw a Baltimore & Ohio train off the track near Duffield depot, and secured about $900 from the mailbags. The collections made by his soldiers from passengers led General Lee to order an investigation.

On February 25th Maj.-Gen. John C. Breckinridge was assigned to command of the Trans-Alleghany or western department of Virginia. The organization of the army of Western Virginia* in April was as follows:

Echols' infantry brigade, Brig.-Gen. John Echols: Twenty-second, Col. George S. Patton; Twenty-third, Lieut.-Col. Clarence Derrick; Twenty-sixth battalion, Lieut.-Col. George M. Edgar; partisan rangers, Capt. Philip J. Thurmond; partisan rangers, Capt. William D. Thurmond; partisan rangers, Capt. John Amick; battery, Capt. George B. Chapman.

Jenkins' cavalry brigade, Brig.-Gen. Albert G. Jenkins: Fourteenth regiment, Col. Charles Cochrane; Sixteenth regiment, Maj. James H. Nounnan; Seventeenth, Col. William H. French; Twenty-second regiment, Col. Henry S. Bowen.

Saltville garrison, Col. William H. Browne: Forty-fifth infantry regiment, Lieut.-Col. Edwin H. Harman; Ten-

* The infantry brigades of the army of Western Virginia constituted G. C. Wharton's division of Early's army of the Valley during the fall and winter of 1864-65, and suffered severely in the disaster of Waynesboro, March 2, 1865, which practically ended the career of the various commands, though a remnant of the division maintained its organization after the surrender at Appomattox.

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nessee battery, Capt. William H. Burroughs; Tennessee battery, Capt. H. L. W. McClung.

McCausland's infantry brigade, Col. John McCausland: Thirty-sixth regiment, Lieut.-Col. Thomas Smith; Sixtieth regiment, Col. Beuhring H. Jones; Forty-fifth battalion, Lieut.-Col. Henry M. Beckley; battery, Capt. Thomas. A Bryan.

Jackson's cavalry brigade, Col. William L. Jackson: Nineteenth regiment, Capt. George Downs; Twentieth regiment, Col. William W. Arnett; Forty-sixth battalion, Lieut.-Col. Joseph K. Kesler; Forty-seventh battalion, Maj. William N. Harman; battery, Capt. Warren S. Lurty.

Unattached: Bosang's Company C, Fourth infantry, Lieut. James F. Cecil; Hart's engineer company, Capt. William T. Hart; Botetourt artillery, Capt. Henry C. Douthat; Jackson's horse artillery, Capt. Thomas E. Jackson.

In eastern Tennessee were the Forty-fifth and Fifty-first Virginia infantry, and Thirtieth Virginia sharpshooters, of Wharton's brigade; W. E. Jones' cavalry brigade —Eighth regiment, Lieut.-Col. A. F. Cook; Twenty-first regiment, Capt. W. H. Balthis; Twenty-seventh battalion, Capt. John B. Thompson; Thirty-fourth battalion, Lieut.-Col. V. A. Witcher; Thirty-sixth battalion, Capt. C. T. Smith; Thirty-seventh battalion, Maj. James R. Claiborne—and Floyd King's artillery battalion, the Davidson, Lowry, Otey and Ringgold batteries.

February 10th Maj.-Gen. Franz Sigel was assigned to command of the Union department, and he was succeeded May 21st by Maj.-Gen. David Hunter. The organization of his army in May was as follows:

Brig.-Gen. J. C. Sullivan's division, 6,500 men, headquarters at Harper's Ferry: First brigade, five regiments, Col. Augustus Moore; Second brigade, Col. Joseph Thoburn, five regiments, including Weddle's and Curtis' West Virginian.

Brig.-Gen. George Crook's division, 9,800 men: First brigade, Col. Rutherford B. Hayes, four regiments, including Tomlinson's and Brown's West Virginian; Second brigade, Col. Carr B. White, four regiments,

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including Duval's and Johnson's West Virginian; Third brigade, Col. H. G. Sickel, four regiments including Frost's and Morris' West Virginian.

First cavalry division, Maj.-Gen. Julius Stahel, 7,600 men: brigades of Tibbits and Wynkoop. Second cavalry division, Brig.-Gen. W. W. Averell, 5,000 men: brigades of Duffié, Schoonmaker and Oley.

These active forces numbered 20,000 present for duty. Besides there was the reserve division, over 16,000 men present, under command of Brig.-Gen. Max Weber from Monocacy to Sleepy creek, and under Brigadier-General Kelley west of Sleepy creek.

The destruction of the saltpeter works of the Confederate army was a constant aim of the Federal troops, and an expedition for this purpose started out from Burlington late in February and destroyed the works at Franklin. The detachment guarding the supply train at Petersburg was severely handled on March 3d by a Confederate detachment from Moorefield. On the 10th a detachment of Mosby's men attacked the pickets at Charlestown, and in the skirmishing which followed Major Sullivan, commanding picket, and several others were killed, and 21 prisoners were taken by the partisans. A considerable number of the Eighth and Sixteenth cavalry regiments were at home on furlough in Wayne and Cabell counties at this time, and previously a body of the Sixteenth had had a brisk fight with Colonel Gallup, of Ohio, in Wayne county. A Federal reconnoissance through the counties in March failed to find any of the Confederates.

Capt. John H. McNeill made an important expedition from Moorefield, May 5th, against the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at Bloomington and Piedmont. Though taking but 60 men he was entirely successful, captured the garrison at Piedmont, destroyed seven large buildings filled with machinery, engines and cars, burned nine railroad engines, seventy-five or eighty freight cars, two trains laden with commissary stores, sent six engines with full head of steam toward New Creek, captured a mail train,

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releasing prisoners, and burned the railroad bridge. Such exploits retained in this region large bodies of Federal troops sorely needed by Grant in the Wilderness.

Early in May important operations began, which involved the West Virginia soldiers, but which were conducted mainly in the Shenandoah valley and southwest Virginia. Gen. U. S. Grant, ordering a forward movement in all parts of the South simultaneous with his crossing of the Rapidan, directed Sigel to move two divisions of his army down the Shenandoah valley to Cedar creek, while Averell should make a dash into southwest Virginia, destroy New river bridge, work eastward to Lynchburg if possible, and in that case return to Staunton, where Sigel would meet him with supplies. The forces under Breckinridge by two brilliant battles, one won and the other lost, defeated the full carrying out of this plan.

Crook set out with his division in the last of April, marching 6,155 men by way of Fayetteville to Princeton, while Colonel Tomlinson's regiment, with Blazer's scouts, was sent by Lewisburg. At the same time Averell with 2,000 men was sent by way of Logan Court House to Saltville, Va., thence to strike Dublin Depot. On May 6th, Princeton was occupied with skirmishing. On the 7th, having entered Giles county, a Confederate force was found posted at the gap of Walker mountain but forced to withdraw. On the following day in a skirmish on Back creek before Dublin, Captain Harman, the famous partisan, was killed.

General Jenkins, who had only 200 men with him, took a position on Cloyd's farm, at the base of Cloyd's mountain, commanding the road to Dublin, and about 5 miles from that place, where he was joined by McCausland's brigade, fortunately just arrived at Dublin en route to Staunton, and by Browne's Forty-fifth regiment from Saltville, Dickinson's battery and the Botetourt artillery. The battle began early on the 9th with a Federal attack on the right, while a fierce artillery duel was opened at

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the center. The attack upon Browne, on the right, was repelled at the cost of weakening other parts of the lines, and a gallant charge repelled the Federals from that part of the field; but meanwhile the center was fiercely assailed, General Jenkins falling mortally wounded there, and the left was turned. The whole line then gave way, but was rallied by McCausland, who succeeded Jenkins in command, and the fight was renewed. Still another line was formed, and finally the fourth line repelled the enemy's charge, after which the Confederates moved through Dublin, the rear guard constantly fighting, and across New river bridge. McCausland subsequently fell back to the vicinity of Salem.

Colonel Browne, of the Forty-fifth, reported that his gallant lieutenant-colonel, E. H. Harman, fell mortally wounded while placing in line reinforcements from the Sixtieth. The Forty-fifth battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Beckley, coming to his aid, made a brilliant charge upon the enemy's position on the ridge from which Browne had been flanked, but were overpowered and driven back. Among the killed of Browne's regiment were Capt. R. R. Crockett and Lieuts. J. R. Brown, C. N. Porter and H. H. Lockett; of the Sixtieth, Lieut.-Col. G. W. Hammond, Maj. J. N. Taylor and Capt. M. McClintic. Morgan's dismounted Kentucky cavalry, under Col. D. H. Smith, reached the field toward the close of the fight, and in a gallant charge Capt. C. S. Cleburne, a brother of Maj.-Gen. P. S. Cleburne, was mortally wounded.

The Federal loss at Cloyd's mountain was 108 killed, 508 wounded and 72 captured or missing; the Confederate loss, 76 killed, 262 wounded and 200 captured or missing. The casualties were mainly in the Forty-fifth, Sixtieth and Thirty-sixth infantry regiments, Morgan's dismounted men, and the Forty-fifth battalion.

Jackson, who had been ordered to the Narrows of New river, and joined by Colonel French, commanding Jenkins' brigade, was called back to meet Crook on his return.

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PARTS OF VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA.

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They were pushed back from Newport, and Crook, followed by McCausland, started across Salt Pond mountain toward Union, skirmishing at Gap mountain with Jackson and reaching Meadow Bluff on the 19th.

Averell, with the other Federal column, had captured some of the Eighth Virginia in Tazewell county, but found Saltville strongly held by Gens. John H. Morgan and W. E. Jones, and avoiding that point, his real destination, marched to Wytheville, fought a battle on the 10th with Morgan and Jones, and then by a narrow margin won a race to Dublin, and crossed the river in safety, the Confederates being prevented from following by the swollen waters and the destruction of the railroad and bridges. He then joined General Crook at Union. Thus, with some assistance, the Confederate army of Western Virginia had defeated the main purposes of this formidable raid, saved Lynchburg from attack, and prevented the contemplated junction of Crook and Sigel.

Further down the great valley in the same month of May, the West Virginians in other commands participated in a still more decided check given the other column of invading Federals. Brigadier-General Imboden, in command of the Valley district since July, 1863, broke camp May 2d, at Mount Crawford, and moved to Woodstock to observe Sigel, who was coming up the valley with Sullivan's and Stahel's divisions and five batteries. Imboden's whole force then was a little less than 1,500 men, included in the Sixty-second infantry, mounted, Col. George H. Smith; Twenty-third cavalry, Col. Robert White; Eighteenth cavalry, Col. George W. Imboden; Gilmor's Maryland battalion; Davis' Maryland battalion, McNeill's rangers, and McClanahan's battery. As soon as he had discovered the strength of the approaching enemy he fell back to Mount Jackson. By skillful maneuvers he dealt severe blows to Sigel's reconnoissances and held him back, while reinforcements came up from Breckinridge.

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On the 14th, Sigel's advance finally reached Rude's hill, near New Market, pressing back Colonel Imboden. Colonel Smith, in command of Imboden's force during that general's absence to meet Breckinridge, formed his little brigade and held the town until night, artillery firing continuing during the day. In the morning Breckinridge arrived with Echols' brigade, Wharton's brigade (Forty-fifth and Fifty-first regiments and Thirtieth battalion), and the Virginia military institute cadets under Colonel Shipp. The fight was opened by McLaughlin's artillery, and presently the Confederate line advanced, while Imboden's cavalry and McClanahan's battery occupied a hill commanding the enemy's left. The fire from this position scattered Stahel's cavalry, and Sigel fell back half a mile, pressed by the Confederate infantry. Men were falling rapidly now under a destructive artillery and infantry fire, and the Sixty-second regiment and the cadet corps made their famous charge upon a battery at the Federal center, capturing it and the gunners, but suffering terribly in the movement. McLaughlin defeated a cavalry charge and Sigel was soon in retreat. Breckinridge occupied Rude's hill that night. In this battle the Federals lost 831 out of about 6,000, the Confederates 577 out of about 5,000.

Immediately afterward Wharton's and Echols' brigades were called to Lee's army on the Cold Harbor line.

In the latter part of May, a Federal reconnoissance was made through Pocahontas, Webster and Braxton counties, gathering in a considerable number of partisan rangers, and horses and cattle.

Sigel was soon replaced by Gen. David Hunter, who advanced to Mount Jackson simultaneously with another incursion by Crook, who left Meadow Bluff on the last of May to attack Staunton. Thus was begun the Lynchburg campaign, in which many West Virginians served with great credit. Imboden's men stubbornly contested Hunter's advance, and were reinforced by W. E. Jones,

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who took command. The little army was badly defeated at Piedmont by Hunter, and Jones killed. McCausland and Jackson gallantly opposed the advance of Crook and Averell, delaying their junction with Hunter, and meanwhile Lynchburg was reinforced by Early. On the day that Early's advance arrived, Imboden, McCausland and Jackson went out to meet Hunter's combined army to hold it back long enough to insure the safety of the city, attacking the enemy gallantly at New London, and on Friday, June 17th, 4 miles from Lynchburg, made a brilliant fight, losing 100 killed and wounded, after which they fell back unmolested to the fortifications of the city.

After a battle before Lynchburg, Hunter retreated to Salem. His rear guard, under Averell, was defeated at Liberty, and near Salem two of his batteries were captured by the Confederate cavalry. Harassed and headed off by Early, Hunter turned toward Lewisburg, and reached Gauley bridge June 27th, moving thence to Charleston and Parkersburg, whence his army was sent back by rail to the lower Shenandoah valley. This retreat across the State was the last great military movement in West Virginia.

The campaign of Early's army through Maryland against Washington and the railroad communications of Baltimore was shared by the brigades of Echols, Wharton, McCausland, Imboden and Jackson, and the batteries formerly associated with the army of Western Virginia. These commands also participated in the campaign against Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley.

When General Early was advancing down the valley of Virginia on his march toward Washington, the Twenty-third Virginia cavalry, under Col. Robert White, with one piece of artillery, was detached from the main command and sent a distance of some 50 miles northwest to capture and destroy the bridge of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at the junction of the North and South branches of the Potomac. Upon reaching the hill overlooking the bridge a little after midday, July 4th, it was found that

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on the western side of the South Branch and near the western end of the bridge there was a blockhouse, occupied by Federal soldiers, as well as an engine with an ironclad magazine attached standing there, also occupied by soldiers. When the location of this blockhouse and magazine was discovered, a shell was fired from the artillery at the magazine. The aim was accurate; the shell entered the magazine and burst inside of it, exploding the ammunition contained, destroying the magazine, and, as was afterward ascertained, injuring some forty of the Federal soldiers. The bridge was then cut, and White retired to rejoin Early's command near Martinsburg.

On June 22d, Gen. John H. Morgan, of Kentucky, was assigned to command the department of Western Virginia and East Tennessee, and soon afterward General Crook was given chief command of the Federal forces. Morgan's operations were all outside the State, and the only Virginia organizations in his army were Col. Robert Smith's battalion, Witcher's battalion and the Sixty-fourth cavalry.

Upon the death of Morgan, Breckinridge resumed command of the department, and under him in November, Colonel Witcher had a brigade consisting of his battalion, W. H. Payne's company and the two Thurmond battalions. The other western Virginia troops were mainly with Early in the Shenandoah valley. Maj.-Gen. John Echols was in command at Dublin, and participated in the defeat of the Federal raid into southwest Virginia in October.

On August 4th, the brigades of Gen. Bradley Johnson (W. E. Jones' old brigade) and McCausland, returning from Chambersburg, Pa., attacked New Creek, and after a severe fight were repulsed with considerable loss. The Confederate command then proceeded to Moorefield, near where they were attacked in camp about daylight, August 7th, by Averell's cavalry, surprised and routed, losing 27 officers and 393 enlisted men as prisoners and 400 horses.

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On August 26th the Federals at Huttonsville, 70 strong, were captured by partisans.

In the latter part of September, a brilliant raid was made by Lieut.-Col. V. A. Witcher from Tazewell county through West Virginia. On the 25th he captured and burned the fortified camp at Bulltown, surprised Weston on the evening of the next day, capturing a large amount of stores and seizing over $5,000 from the Exchange bank; destroyed stores at Janelew; at Buckhannon on the 28th captured the garrison, including Maj. T. F. Lang, and burned a very large quantity of quartermaster, commissary and medical stores, and about 1,000 stand of small-arms. Returning to Greenbrier county he brought out 400 horses and 200 cattle. His battalions were under the command of Captains McFarlane, P. J. and W. D. Thurmond.

About the same time Maj. J. H. Nounnan was sent from Tazewell to the mouth of the Coal, but being unable to cross the river, he retired after securing a considerable amount of supplies from a store-boat. Near Winfield his men and a body of Federals collided in full speed, and the Confederates, with Nounnan, were worsted in the mêlée. But his expedition served a good purpose in drawing attention from Witcher.

In the latter part of the same month, Witcher moved into the Mud river region, and rode through Teay's valley against a garrison at Winfield, a company of the Seventh West Virginia. He sent his men into the town in two detachments, Capt. Philip J. Thurmond leading one. In the desperate fight in the streets which followed, Thurmond was mortally wounded at the head of his command.

With continued audacity Witcher turned his attention to the Big Sandy river early in November, on the 5th captured and burned the United States armed steamers Barnum and Fawn at Buffalo shoals, and on the same day captured and destroyed the military stores at Mellons-

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burg and drove the enemy's cavalry under his guns at Louisa. At Logan Court House, a few days later, this indomitable officer reported that he had collected six companies of recruits, and had four or five other companies forming. He had increased his own battalion to a regiment, and had collected one for Col. Thomas B. Swann.

One of the most notable affairs in other portions of the State in this period was the "greenback raid" under Mosby. Hearing that a train had left Washington with 42 paymasters on board carrying funds for Sheridan's army, he determined to share in the emoluments due to active and faithful soldiers. With about 70 picked men, and Dr. James G. Wiltshire, of Jefferson county, as a guide, he made a night ride and prepared to stop the train at the same place that Gilmor's men had selected in February. One side of the track was raised in such a manner that the locomotive was overthrown, as the train arrived, and Mosby's men went through the cars, capturing Generals Ruggles and Moore, and $168,000 in greenbacks. The train was then burned, and the daring raiders made a successful escape. On reaching Bloomfield, Loudoun county, the money was equally divided, without respect to rank, and the paymasters were forwarded to Richmond. On October 29th an unfortunate attack was made upon a Federal detachment at Beverly, by Maj. Houston Hall. The latter was wounded and captured and his command lost 140 men in the two hours' battle. The opposite result followed an attack upon Green Spring by McNeill's rangers November 1st, the garrison being almost entirely captured, and the horses and arms carried off.

On November 25th General Kelley sent out an expedition to hunt McNeill, which to its great surprise encountered General Rosser with his own and two regiments of Payne's brigade, at Moorefield, Rosser being engaged in a little expedition of his own. The Federals escaped

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with considerable loss, and Rosser followed close upon their heels to the fortified post of New Creek, which, guided by two trusty scouts, Pierce and Williams, he succeeded in completely surprising, in daylight, capturing Fort Kelley and garrison without a shot, also taking possession of Piedmont. He captured by this brilliant and almost bloodless coup 700 prisoners, about 1,500 horses and as many cattle, and destroyed a vast amount of property, including 200 wagons, a very large amount of stores, government buildings and engines.

On January 11, 1865, General Rosser made another brilliant stroke at Beverly. With 300 mounted men he rode into the Federal fortified camp, where no visitors were expected on account of the inclement weather, and in the fight which ensued 6 of the enemy were killed and 33 wounded. The remainder of the garrison, 580 men, were captured, with all their arms, ammunition and supplies.

On February 5th, Colonel Whittaker, First Connecticut cavalry, succeeded in surprising the famous partisan leader, Major Gilmor, in bed, and hastily carried him to Winchester; and on February 22d Lieut. Jesse C. McNeill, with 25 men, entered the fortified town of Cumberland, Md., and taking Generals Crook and Kelley out of bed, brought them safely into Virginia.

The troops of the department of Western Virginia and East Tennessee, commanded by Brig.-Gen. John Echols, with headquarters at Wytheville, Va., comprised the following organizations on February 28, 1865:

Echols' infantry brigade, Col. Robert T. Preston's brigade of reserves, Gen. George B. Cosby's brigade of Kentucky cavalry, Gen. Basil Duke's brigade of Kentucky cavalry, Col. Henry Giltner's brigade of Kentucky cavalry, Gen. John C. Vaughn's brigade of Tennessee cavalry, Lieut.-Col. Vincent A. Witcher's brigade of Virginia cavalry, Maj. R. C. M. Page's artillery battalion, and Capt. R. C. McCalla's engineer battalion.

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Echols' brigade included the Twenty-second regiment, Lieut.-Col. John C. McDonald; Twenty-third battalion, Maj. William Blessing; Twenty-sixth battalion, Lieut.-Col. George M. Edgar. Witcher's brigade was composed of the Thirty-fourth battalion, Maj. John A. McFarlane, and the battalion of Lieut.-Col. Thomas B. Swann. Capt. H. C. Douthat's battery was with the artillery.

The total enrollment of the command was 10,000 men and six pieces of artillery. The largest brigades were those of Vaughn and Echols. But on account of furloughs and for other reasons the aggregate force present was only 4,000. Witcher's brigade was 215 strong and Echols' 662.

On April 2d General Echols began a movement to unite with the army of Northern Virginia, but on reaching Christiansburg, Va., on the 10th, he received a dispatch announcing the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House. General Duke has written, "Strange as the declaration may sound now, there was not one of the 6,000 or 7,000 men then gathered at Christiansburg who had entertained the slightest thought that such an event could happen. . . . That the army of Northern Virginia, with Lee at its head, would ever surrender, had never entered our minds." After a night of excitement and discussion around blazing camp-fires, part of the force proceeded under General Echols to attempt a junction with Johnston's army in North Carolina, while many returned to their homes satisfied that the war was over. Those from West Virginia who went on and those who returned, as well as those who surrendered at Appomattox and with the various commands in the Shenandoah valley, in time mainly accepted citizenship in the new State born in the throes of war, and after enduring the hardships and persecution which followed their home-coming, and the annoyances of adverse legislation, resumed the stations to which their worth entitled them in a free commonwealth and a reunited nation.

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CHAPTER VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS DATA — NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF VARIOUS COUNTIES TO THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE — RECORDS OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH AND THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENTS.

IN Hampshire county, before the commencement of the war, there were two organized and uniformed companies of infantry; one known as the Frontier Riflemen, of which Robert White, afterward colonel of the Twenty-third Virginia cavalry, was captain, Elias L. Irvin first lieutenant, Job N. Cookus second lieutenant, and Daniel T. Kellar third lieutenant; and the other the Hampshire Guards, John B. Sherrard captain, D. W. Entler first lieutenant, and Felix D. Heiskell second lieutenant. The first-named company had about 96 men, and the last about 80. In May, 1861, both of these companies were ordered by the governor of Virginia to report to Col. T. J. Jackson, then commanding at Harper's Ferry. Soon afterward the Thirteenth Virginia regiment of infantry was organized, with A. P. Hill as colonel, and these companies were mustered into that regiment as Companies I and K. The world knows much of the heroism of the men of that regiment and of its hard service during the war. In the spring of 1862 the army was reorganized. Captain White was assigned to ordnance duty. He was afterward authorized, at his own request, to raise a battalion of cavalry, which he did and became major of the Forty-first battalion, Virginia cavalry, which was afterward merged in the Twenty-third regiment, of which he was colonel. Captain Sherrard, of the Guards, served during the war and was promoted to the rank of major.

Another company, known as the Potomac Guards, was

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raised in that county, and, under the command of Capt. Philip L. Grace, became Company A of the Thirty-first Virginia, one of the regiments of the old Stonewall brigade. Captain Grace was promoted to the rank of major, and afterward resigned.

A company of riflemen was organized in the western end of the county, within what is now the territory of Mineral county. It went into the cavalry service under the command of the gallant Capt. George Sheetz, who lost his life on May 23, 1862, in the valley of Virginia. It became Company F of the Seventh cavalry. Capt. Isaac Kuykendall afterward commanded this company.

Capt. C. S. White commanded Company C of the Twenty-third cavalry, of which company Alexander White became first lieutenant and J. R. Baker, of Hardy county, second lieutenant. The men composing this company came, for the most part, from the county of Hampshire and the adjoining county of Hardy.

Capt. R. Bruce Muse commanded Company F of the Eighteenth cavalry. His command was recruited partly from Hampshire county and partly from the adjoining county of Frederick, in Virginia. Capt. Matthew Ginevan commanded Company C of the Eighteenth cavalry. Company I of this regiment went into the service with D. Ed. Bell, who became lieutenant-colonel, as its captain. In fact, a large number of the rank and file of the Eighteenth were men from Hampshire, such as Maj. Alexander Monroe.

Capt. E. H. McDonald, who commanded Company D of the Eleventh cavalry, and a large number of his men, were natives of Hampshire county. Capt. J. Mortimer Lovett, a Hampshire man, commanded Company E of the Twenty-third cavalry.

Another company, organized first as militia, under Capt. John H. Piles, afterward became Company K of the Eighteenth cavalry. Many of the men from this company of militia enlisted in various other commands.

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During the war a great many of the very best people of this county were driven, or fled for refuge from their homes, among them John B. White, the clerk of the courts; Charles Blue, who frequently represented the county in the legislature; and John Kern, Jr., all three of whom died for the cause they loved, while at Richmond, during the war. The county was taken, by force of the bayonet, into the newly-formed State of West Virginia. After the war its people were disfranchised, except a few who called themselves loyal, most of whom were the newly-made colored citizens. The old and respected men were not permitted to enjoy the rights of citizenship. They could not vote, could not hold office, could not sit on juries, could not teach school, could not practice law, and were forbidden even to bring a suit to recover an honest debt. In this and the adjoining counties a great many old Confederate soldiers were harassed by suits for damages and sometimes arrested and imprisoned upon various criminal charges instituted against them in the newly-organized and so-called courts of justice under the new regime. Some were indicted for murder, some for arson, some for larceny, and some for other offenses with which they were charged for acts done as soldiers in civilized warfare. A great many suits were instituted to recover damages, in money, because of acts done by the defendants as soldiers in the army. Judgment after judgment was obtained in the courts below and sustained by the appellate court of the State; but these defendants were generally old Confederates, who had faced trials and oft-times death itself in battle, and bravely did they seek to maintain their rights as belligerents until the Supreme court of the United States at its October term, in the year 1888, decided the case of Freeland vs. Williams, involving the question of the belligerent rights of the Confederate soldiers, in their favor. The case is reported in the 131st United States Reports, at page 405.

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There was no organized body of Confederate soldiers from Wetzel, Marshall, or Tyler counties. About fifty men in all entered the service from Wetzel, but in doing so they were compelled to run the blockade, and scattered to the four winds. Some of them were afterward found in Louisiana and Tennessee regiments. Some did not get through at all and were sent to Federal prisons. One party of five included Mordecai Yarnell, who became a member of Company G, Twenty-seventh Virginia, and was promoted to lieutenant; Ephraim Wells, promoted to captain of a cavalry company; Friend C. Cox, who became a staff officer with Gen. W. H. F. Lee; and Robert McEldowney, a member of the Shriver Grays, of Wheeling.

The Shriver Grays, organized at Wheeling, with about 80 men, was organized in May, 1861, with Daniel Shriver, captain; John W. Mitchell, first lieutenant; John B. Leadley, second lieutenant; Pryor Boyd, junior second lieutenant. The company left Wheeling on the 21st or 22d of May, 1861, and went to Harper's Ferry, reporting to Col. T. J. Jackson. It was mustered in as Company G, Twenty-seventh Virginia infantry, of the Stonewall brigade. It served faithfully in that regiment until about May, 1863, when most of the survivors of the original company were transferred to the Thirty-sixth Virginia cavalry battalion, commanded by Maj. James Sweeney, of Wheeling. The battalion participated in the East Tennessee campaign as a part of Longstreet's command, was at the burning of Chambersburg, and in the rear guard after Gettysburg. Captain Shriver was succeeded in command, in the fall of 1862, by Robert McEldowney, previously orderly-sergeant. Captain McEldowney was the last remaining commissioned officer with the Twenty-seventh, on March 25, 1865, when the assault was made on Fort Stedman, and he was there wounded and disabled.

Randolph county contributed the following companies

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to the Confederate service: Company A, Eighteenth Virginia cavalry; captains, Haymond Taylor (killed below Winchester) and Job W. Parsons; lieutenants, J. W. Parsons and Elam Taylor. The company participated in every important action in the Shenandoah valley and northwest Virginia. Company I, Nineteenth Virginia cavalry, Capt. Jacob W. Marshall, Lieuts. Jacob S. Wamsley, Jacob G. Ward, George Gay (of Pocahontas, killed at New Mountain), Jacob Simmons and McLaughlin (both of Pocahontas, latter killed at Shepherdstown). This company took part in all the memorable combats in the valley and southwest Virginia after 1863. Company C, Twentieth Virginia cavalry, Capt. Elihu Hutton, Lieut. Eugene Hutton. The service of the company was about the same as that of the last-named. Company F, Thirty-first Virginia infantry, was an exclusively Randolph county organization. Its first officers were Capt. Jacob Currence, Lieuts. Jacob I. Hill, George W. Saulsbury and J. N. Potts. The company was at Laurel Hill and Carrick's Ford, joined Stonewall Jackson at McDowell, and was with him till his death and with Lee to Appomattox, when about a dozen of the company were surrendered. From first to last the company included about 125 men, of whom less than 25 returned to their homes without wounds. At the reorganization in 1862 the officers elected were: Capt. J. F. Harding, and Lieuts. O. H. P. Lewis, W. H. Wilson and Dudley Long (killed at Seven Pines). Harding and Wilson were each five times severely wounded. Lewis, wounded and captured at Cedar Mountain, was one of the prisoners held under fire at Morris island, S. C. Harding was promoted to major of cavalry, and Lieutenant Wilson was the only commissioned officer from early in 1864 until in February, 1865, when he and many of his company were captured beyond Fort Stedman, in the attack upon which they led the charge. Wilson was taking a Federal captain to the rear when captured. Randolph county was also represented

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in the Twenty-fifth and Sixty-second infantry regiments, and McClanahan's battery. One of the officers of the latter was Lieut. Parkinson Collett, of Randolph.

Hardy county, the seat of which is Moorefield, on the south branch of the Potomac, 38 miles from New Creek (now called Keyser), on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, was a frequent battle ground, and suffered much from the incursions of both armies. Fremont on the march to McDowell, as well as on his return thence to intercept Jackson in the Shenandoah valley, moved his army through Hardy county. Hardy furnished the following organizations to the Confederate service: The Hardy Blues, 60 men, Capt. J. C. B. Mullen; the Hardy Grays, 60 men, Capt. A. Spangler; the South Branch Riflemen, 60 men, Capt. John H. Everly. These three companies were organized at the beginning of hostilities. The Blues and Riflemen were at Rich Mountain in June, 1861, and surrendered by General Pegram and paroled by General Rosecrans. In time they were exchanged and permitted to return to the service, when the Blues were reorganized with J. J. Chipley as captain, and the Riflemen with A. S. Scott as captain, and both were attached to the Sixty-second Virginia infantry regiment. The Grays were ordered to Harper's Ferry early in 1861, and assigned to the Thirty-third regiment of Jackson's brigade, and shared in that heroic service at First Manassas which won for the brigade and its commander the title of "Stonewall." The company served through the war, and Captain Spangler became colonel of the regiment. Hardy county contributed 55 men to Company B, Eighteenth Virginia regiment, Capt. George W. Stump; 37 men to Capt. George Sheetz' company, of Turner Ashby's old regiment; and 70 men to Company B, Eleventh Virginia cavalry, Capt. William H. Harness. John H. McNeill, the famous ranger, was a native of this county, and organized his company partly of Hardy county men.

In Kanawha county, the company of Kanawha Rifle-

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men, Capt. George S. Patton, was organized at the time of the John Brown raid, and entered the Confederate service in April, 1861. It included some twenty lawyers of the Charleston bar, among them, serving as privates, William A. Quarrier, T. B. Swann, Thomas L. Broun, Isaac N. Smith, S. A. Miller, R. Q. Laidley, J. G. Newman, Nicholas Fitzhugh and Thomas Smith, son of the governor and general. Another Kanawha county company was commanded by Capt. John S. Swann, and an artillery company was raised by Dr. John P. Hale.

Mercer county contributed ten companies to the Confederate army. Monroe furnished the Lowry battery, the Chapman battery, and other organizations. Wayne, Putnam and Greenbrier also made generous contributions. A. J. Jenkins, of Cabell, raised a cavalry company, and afterward a regiment. Thomas L. Broun organized two infantry battalions, of two companies each, in Boone and Logan, and Dr. McChesney raised an infantry company at Peytona, Boone county, called the Boone Rangers.

In Pocahontas county, the scene of many conflicts, some of which are not recorded in history, two infantry companies and one of cavalry were organized in April, 1861. One of the infantry companies, organized at Huntersville, included nearly 100 men, commanded at first by Capt. D. A. Stoner and later by Capt. J. W. Matthews, was ordered to Philippi, where it shared the fate of Colonel Porterfield's forces. The company formed part of Reger's battalion, which was consolidated with Hansbrough's battalion to form the Twenty-fifth regiment, the Huntersville company becoming Company I. The other infantry company was organized at Green Bank in April, 1861, with 106 men, under Capt. James C. Arbogast, and was ordered west on the Parkersburg turnpike, and later stationed at Laurel Hill, as Company G of the Thirty-first regiment. The cavalry company, about 75 men, Capt. Andrew McNeel, went to Laurel Hill, but could not be supplied with arms at that time, and disbanded, about a

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third of them going into the Bath cavalry, Captain Dangerfield, with which they had distinguished service throughout the war. In the spring of 1862 Capt. William L. McNeel organized a large company of cavalry in Pocahontas, which went into the Nineteenth cavalry regiment, Col. W. P. Thompson. For the same regiment Capt. J. W. Marshall organized a company at Mingo, about half the men being from Pocahontas and half from Randolph. Colonel Imboden raised a company, chiefly in this county, for the Sixty-second Virginia. Captain McNeel and Marshall had many skirmishes in that part of the State, and should have credit for gallant and devoted service. It is estimated that Pocahontas county contributed 60 men to the Sixty-second regiment, 25 to the Eighteenth cavalry, 125 to the Nineteenth cavalry, 10 to the Twentieth cavalry, 20 to the Fourteenth cavalry, 125 to the Thirty-first infantry, 100 to the Twenty-fifth infantry, and 50 to other commands, including Edgar's battalion and Miller's battery. The Twenty-fifth regiment Virginia infantry was organized of West Virginia companies collected on the Laurel Hill line under General Garnett, mainly from Pendleton, Braxter, Webster, Upshur and Pocahontas counties. George A. Porterfield was the first colonel, succeeded by George H. Smith, of Pendleton, and John C. Higginbotham, of Upshur. The latter was killed at Spottsylvania Court House, May 10, 1864, while gallantly leading a brigade in battle.

The Thirty-first infantry was organized at the same time, with the following companies: A, of Marion county, Capt. W. W. Arnett, afterward lieutenant-colonel Twentieth cavalry, succeeded by Capt. W. P. Thompson, promoted to colonel Nineteenth cavalry; B, of Highland county; C, of Harrison county, Capt. U. M. Turner, Lieuts. W. P. Cooper, Norval Lewis; D, of Gilmer county, Capt. J. S. K. McCutcheon, afterward lieutenant-colonel and wounded at Cedar Mountain, and Lieut. John

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Campbell; E, of Highland county; F, of Randolph county, Captain Harding; G, of Pocahontas county; H, of Barbour county, Capt. Thomas Bradford, Lieut. I. V. Johnson; I, of Lewis county, Capt. Alfred Jackson, of Weston, afterward lieutenant-colonel and wounded at Cedar Mountain, Lieut. Nathan Clawson. Col. William L. Jackson was the first in command, and early in 1862 was succeeded by John S. Hoffman, of Clarksburg. John G. Gittings, adjutant of the regiment two and a half years, was afterward adjutant-general of Jackson's cavalry brigade.

These two regiments, the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first, fought together during the war, in West Virginia under Garnett and Edward Johnson, and, after the battle of McDowell, under Stonewall Jackson. In Stonewall Jackson's Shenandoah valley campaign, they, with the Twelfth Georgia and Thirteenth Virginia, formed the Fourth brigade of the army, commanded by Gen. Arnold Elzey, and after he was wounded, by Col. A. J. Walker, of the Thirteenth. The Thirty-first was engaged at Franklin, Strasburg and Winchester, and both regiments at Cross Keys and Port Republic. At the latter combat the Thirty-first lost 116 out of 226 and was saved from destruction by the timely charge of Richard Taylor's Louisiana brigade. The Pocahontas company in fifteen minutes lost half of its men in battle. In the Twenty-fifth Capt. W. T. Gammon and Lieuts. E. D. Camden, J. J. Dunkle and John H. Johnson were wounded, and in the Thirty-first Capt. R. H. Bradshaw and Lieut. A. Whitley were killed, and Lieuts. J. W. Arnett, J. M. Burns and W. C. Kincaid were wounded. The regiments went through the Seven Days battles before Richmond, and in the Second Manassas campaign were brigaded with the Thirteenth, Forty-fourth, Forty-ninth, Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Virginia, under General Early, Ewell's division, Jackson's corps. Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, commanding the Thirty-first, and Major Higginbotham, commanding the Twenty-fifth, were both

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wounded at Cedar Mountain. General Early in his report of that battle specially mentioned the gallantry of Captain Lilley, of the Twenty-fifth, and the color-bearer, leading a portion of his regiment in the face of the enemy, and the color-bearers of the Thirty-first, who advanced waving their flags, and rallying part of that regiment around them. At Second Manassas Early's brigade made a gallant charge, in which Colonel Smith and Major Higginbotham of the Thirty-first were severely wounded. The regiments were at the capture of Harper's Ferry and the battles of Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. On April 11th they were detached to General Imboden's command in the Shenandoah valley. Under that leader they marched rapidly across the mountains, attacking and routing the enemy at Beverly, and thence by way of Buckhannon, Weston, Bulltown, to Frankfort, Greenbrier county, with several skirmishes. Marching to Buffalo gap, they took cars for Fredericksburg and returned to the army after an absence of just one month. The night following their return they began the march for Winchester, under the brigade command of Gen. William Smith. After marching to York, Pa., they returned to fight at Gettysburg under Ewell, now commanding the corps. Subsequently they participated in all the battles of the Second corps, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, South Anna, Petersburg, Hatcher's Run, Fort Stedman, and finally stacked arms at Appomattox Court House. The gallant Col. John S. Hoffman led the brigade on the day of the bloody angle fight at Spottsylvania, General Pegram having been wounded at the Wilderness, and his brigade and Gen. C. A. Evans' Georgians were chiefly instrumental in holding the line and saving the army from a terrible defeat. The flag of the Thirty-first, which was presented by the hand of Stonewall Jackson, at the request of the ladies who made it, is yet preserved at the town of Beverly.

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Company B, Sixtieth regiment, was organized at Blue Sulphur Springs, by its captain, A. M. Buster, who was succeeded a year later by J. W. Johnson. The company participated in the Seven Days' battles before Richmond, Cedar Mountain, Fayetteville, Cloyd's Mountain, Piedmont, and all the battles under Early in the Shenandoah valley.

"The Twenty-ninth Virginia infantry, recruited in western Virginia, and commanded by Col. James Giles, was detached from Colston's brigade and assigned to Corse's, at Petersburg, in the spring of 1863. A large regiment, composed of sturdy mountaineers, it did good service on the Blackwater, and with Corse was distinguished at Drewry's Bluff and Five Forks." (Harrison's "Pickett and His Men.")

Stephen A. Morgan, a lawyer of Morgantown, and member of the Virginia convention of 1861, was one of six brothers in one of the companies with Porterfield, later Company A, Thirty-first infantry. His widow writes: "The first gun fired against the enemy was by Private T. Night, on picket, killing his antagonist, while Night was wounded in the ear. The first council of war was held at Pruntytown, in the parlor of the house now owned by C. Pierpont Hoffman, by Colonel Porterfield, Col. Edward J. Armstrong, George W. Hansbrough, Mortimer Johnson and Stephen A. Morgan."

For the data embraced in these scattering notes the author is indebted to Capt. J. V. Williams, of Hardy; Capt. E. W. Boggs, of Company E, Twenty-fifth regiment; Henry A. Yeager, commander of camp at Marlinton; John G. Gittings, of Clarksburg, former adjutant of the Thirty-first regiment; Capt. Robert McEldowney, of New Martinsville; George W. Printz, of Beverly; Maj. Thomas L. Broun, of Charleston.

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APPENDIX.

McNEILL AND HIS RANGERS.

CAPT. JOHN HANSON McNEILL, whose name was one of the most famous in the Upper Potomac region during the war, was born in the vicinity of Moorefield, Hardy county, in 1815. The family was established in the valley of the South Branch by his grandfather, Daniel McNeill, who immigrated from Pennsylvania about the close of the Indian border war in Virginia. In January, 1837, he married Jemima Harness Cunningham, and a year later removed to the vicinity of Paris, Ky., where he resided six years, occupying himself with stock-raising, and becoming a Knight Templar in the Masonic order. He then, on account of his wife's health, spent four years in his native State, after which he removed to Boone county, Mo., where he was active in the organization of agricultural associations, and was prominent in their meetings. After six years in Boone, he settled in Daviess county, his home at the beginning of trouble in 1861. In this county he was a local minister of the Methodist church. In politics he was an ardent "Union man," opposed to war, but in case there should be war, determined to fight for the South. He raised a company of cavalry under Governor Jackson's call for volunteers to defend the State, and being mustered into service with his men June 14, 1861, joined the command of General Slack, which, after a skirmish with Lyon at Booneville, made a junction with Jackson and fought the battle of Carthage, July 5th. After the defeat of the enemy Captain McNeill harassed their rear, taking several prisoners and making the first capture of a baggage wagon in Missouri. He participated in the fierce battle

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of Wilson's Creek, and, after the repulse of Sigel, aided in dispersing a column of the retreating enemy, capturing 50 prisoners and one cannon. In September he took part in the famous siege of Lexington, and was severely wounded in the right shoulder just as the capitulation was announced. Here also he suffered the loss of his second son, George McNeill, who had been fighting with him, and in the first attack upon Lexington had earned the plaudits of his comrades by planting the Confederate flag in the city, amid a storm of shot and shell. A few days afterward the boy was shot dead while on picket duty. The period of enlistment of McNeill's company expired in December, and he returned to Boone county to raise another command, and while there he and his son Jesse were captured. After spendng a few days in a jail at St. Louis, Jesse escaped and traveled safely through the Northern States to Hardy county. On June 15th Captain McNeill also escaped, and not long afterward was welcomed by the friends of his boyhood. His home country he found ravaged by the Federal scouting parties, one of which drove him from his resting place a few days after his arrival, and he at once determined to raise a body of men to protect this section of Virginia. Going to Richmond in June, 1862, he obtained permission, after much persuasion, to organize a troop to defend the South Branch valley, and on September 1st he began to collect his men. A fortnight later with 20 men he made a reconnoissance toward New Creek, captured several pickets, and at Ridgeville seized a member of the West Virginia legislature. One of the fruits of the expedition was the famous road mare which McNeill rode thereafter. Evading the Federal cavalry which pursued, the men reached Petersburg and organized, electing McNeill captain. Soon afterward he was ordered to join Colonel Imboden at Bloomery, and en route he attempted to ambuscade a party of Federal cavalry near Romney. It happened that he took position between two bodies of the

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enemy, and one of his men remarked: "We are cut off," to which McNeill replied, with the instinct of a true soldier: "So are they." His confidence was rewarded by the capture of a considerable number of the enemy. Early in October, when Imboden attempted to destroy the trestle work of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, McNeill was sent toward Romney with about 30 men, with which he gallantly defeated a Federal detachment of 60, taking prisoner a captain and several others. Imboden's next move was against Paw Paw tunnel, and McNeill's rangers, in advance, surprised and drove the Federal garrison from the fortifications intended to protect this important point on the railroad. Subsequently the command was busied with scouting duty, varied with occasional forays against the "Swamp Dragons," banditti who infested the mountain fastnesses and committed outrages, which they expiated with instant death when captured.

In November they played an important part in Imboden's unsuccessful expedition toward Cheat River bridge, and early in December, hearing that Milroy with 4,500 men was moving past Moorefield toward Winchester, McNeill attacked the wagon train while moving between the two divisions of the enemy, and captured 50 horses and a number of prisoners, losing but one man who was wounded by the discharge of his own gun.

While with W. E. Jones in an expedition toward Romney in January, the Rangers again surprised a wagon train at the site of their previous adventure, and were again successful, burning the wagons and capturing 51 horses and 23 prisoners. In January, Imboden's force was mustered into the regular service, and half of McNeill's men were transferred to Captain Scott's company, Imboden's battalion. The remainder, only 17 in number, gladly followed their captain back to the South Branch valley. Their number was increased to 27, and soon afterward they gave notice of their presence by

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suddenly descending upon a wagon train, which a Federal party had loaded with hay at the expense of the inhabitants and were leisurely hauling into Moorefield. The daring troopers dispersed the guard of 150 men, capturing 71 prisoners and 106 horses, and burned the train, and then safely conveyed their prizes to the Shenandoah valley. This exploit was announced in general orders to the army by General Lee as one of "the series of successes of the cavalry of Northern Virginia during the winter months." Near Harrisonburg the company was recruited to 60 men, and John H. McNeill was elected captain, Jesse McNeill first lieutenant, J. S. Welton second, and B. J. Dolan junior second lieutenant. Early in March, with the commendation of General Imboden, Captain McNeill applied to the secretary of war for authority to take 600 men and destroy the trestle work and Cheat River bridge. This was readily granted, Secretary Seddon in his letter to Gen. Sam Jones referring to McNeill as "a very brave and enterprising partisan officer." Gen. W. E. Jones, however, did not approve the plan. But he granted McNeill a few companies for another expedition to the northwestern grade. With these companies, Harness', Heiss', and Kuykendall's, of the Eleventh cavalry, and Captain Stump's of the Eighteenth cavalry, McNeill started out and captured another wagon train. Kuykendall's company and a detachment under Lieutenant McNeill were ambuscaded, but escaped with slight losses.

McNeill and his men rendered valuable services during Jones' successful expedition against the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in April, 1863, and continued in their adventurous duties, capturing in June one of Milroy's trains between Berryville and Winchester, until General Ewell entered the valley, en route to Pennsylvania, when the command reported to Ewell. They participated in the defeat of Milroy, and pursuing his command captured many prisoners and wrought great destruction on the Bal-

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timore & Ohio railroad. In Pennsylvania they collected supplies for the army, and assisted in scouting duty. On the retreat the Rangers were with Imboden guarding the trains, and were distinguished for gallantry in battle on the occasion when Imboden's brigade of 1,600 repulsed the assault of a division of Federal cavalry. On other occasions previous to the withdrawal of Lee across the Potomac, McNeill and his men abundantly demonstrated their soldierly qualities in frequent cavalry encounters.

Returning to the South Branch in August, the Rangers performed one of their most famous feats in making a night attack upon a column of Averell's cavalry, which was carrying away a number of citizens, utterly routing the enemy, and restoring the prisoners to liberty. They were with Imboden during Averell's raid, and subsequently the Rangers, with 40 men under Capts. Frank Imboden and Hobson, successfully surprised the Federal camp of 500 men at Moorefield, on the morning of September 10th, driving the enemy from the town and capturing 150 prisoners, 11 wagons, 40 horses, 250 guns, and the supplies and equippage of the camp. To secure their safe retreat Lieutenant Dolan drove away a Federal battery which had opened from a ridge across the river. Then joining Imboden in the valley, the Rangers participated in the attack upon Charlestown, October 18th, and Captain McNeill, under a flag of truce, entered the town and presented the demand for surrender, which was complied with.

Returning to the South Branch valley in November, the Rangers, now 80 men, were reinforced by 90 from Imboden's brigade. On the 16th they ambushed a train at the mountain pass near Burlington, and captured 30 prisoners and 245 horses, escaping afterward by unfrequented mountain paths. They skirmished with the rear of a Federal expedition down the valley; then assisted Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in his foraging expedition; and in January, in addition to other exploits, defeated the

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Ringgold battalion sent out to effect their capture. In April they made a raid against the Swamp Dragons and succeeded in destroying much of their stores of plunder, but on the return were ambuscaded by the desperadoes in a deep and narrow gap of Fork mountain. A fierce fight followed, in which the Rangers were so fortunate as to escape without loss and inflict severe punishment upon their enemy. In May, 1864, when Crook and Averell were raiding in southwestern Virginia, McNeill advanced against Piedmont, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. While he with 40 men demanded and received the surrender of the garrison at that place, two detachments of ten each were sent to the east and west to cut off communications. One of these squads, under John T. Peerce, stopped a train at Bloomington, and found it full of Federal soldiers. With supreme assurance Peerce demanded their surrender, and fortunately the colonel agreed to capitulate, as he did not have a round of ammunition with him. By firing the machine shops, engine-houses and buildings, and turning loose the locomotives, McNeill caused a damage estimated at $1,000,000 to the United States government. Having accomplished so much with almost incredible daring, he left the town under fire of artillery hastily brought up, and escaped with a cunning equally wonderful the forces sent out to intercept him, reaching Moorefield in safety, after an absence of only five days. Not long after this the Rangers suffered from the enemy adopting their own tactics, being surprised in camp, and two men, John B. Fay and Samuel Daugherty, captured. But McNeill's men would not rest under such a misfortune, and ten, with the fleetest mounts, under Lieutenant Dolan, hurried in pursuit. Coming up with the rear guard, they dashed into the Federals, and not only rescued their own comrades but made prisoners of the men who were guarding them. After the battle of New Market, McNeill went to the Shenandoah valley, scouted before Hunter previous to the latter's advance,

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then annoyed his rear guard, and when the flank movement was being made against Jones, cut his way through a Federal regiment and apprised the Confederate commander of his danger. While the captain was absent on this duty, a detachment under Lieutenants McNeill and Dolan remained near Moorefield, severely punished a raiding party sent against them in June, and about the 18th attacked their mortal enemies, the Swamp Dragons, who were escorting a train of provisions furnished them by the Federals. The fight that resulted was a hot one, and Lieutenant Dolan was mortally wounded. This officer was a native of Ireland and a citizen of Wheeling, and a man of remarkable bravery. The "old captain" now rejoined his men, and a few weeks later they rode into a camp of 300 Federals at Springfield, and captured 80 prisoners and 145 horses. He had with him 70 men. He learned from his prisoners that they were a part of a picked body sent out by General Kelley against McNeill, with orders to kill, capture or drive him from the valley. The horses taken enabled him to remount not only his own men but a company of Missourians under Captain Woodson, who had been permitted to join him. The 4th of July, 1864, he celebrated by driving the Federal garrison from Patterson Creek station and burning the railroad bridge. Immediately after this the Rangers joined General Early's expedition through Maryland to Washington, and were under the orders of the general as scouts. In the cavalry fight at Frederick they resisted the onset of the enemy until McCausland came up, and at Urbana they again checked the pursuit. Subsequently they were active in scouting and collecting supplies in their region, until after the battle of Winchester between Early and Sheridan, when the band went into the valley to assist the defeated Confederates. In this service Captain McNeill came to his death. One foggy morning in October, 1864, while leading a charge on a cavalry camp on Meems bottom, at a bridge over the Shenandoah,

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near Mount Jackson, far in advance of his troop, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the rear. This is believed to have been accidental, though it has been charged that the shot was from a recent recruit, and in revenge for some incident of company life. The famous captain died at Harrisonburg a few weeks later. His son, Lieut. Jesse C. McNeill, succeeded to the command, but on account of his youth General Early hesitated to give him full control. Chafing under this lack of confidence, young McNeill was anxious for some opportunity to display his daring, and finally it was presented. The adventure which he proposed in February, 1865, was no less than to enter the town of Cumberland, on the Potomac, and Baltimore & Ohio railroad, pass unchallenged through the garrison of 6,000 or 8,000 soldiers, and make prisoners Gens. George Crook and B. F. Kelley. Comrade J. B. Fay, of Maryland, had proposed such a scheme to the elder McNeill, and he took part in the planning of the expedition.

Fay was a native of Cumberland, and several times during the war had entered it, even remaining at one time in safety an entire week. On account of his well-known courage and discretion, it was agreed that he should reconnoiter, ascertain the location of pickets, the sleeping apartments of the generals, and gain all other information necessary to success. A lad from Missouri, C. R. Hallar, a member of the Rangers, whose coolness and courage had been often tested, accompanied Fay, and without loss of time the north side of the Potomac was reached, friends were found and interviewed, the situation around Cumberland ascertained, and when the night of this adventure ended the two bold Confederates were safely away near Romney, enjoying breakfast with their friend, Vanse Herriot.

Lieutenant McNeill had been engaged during this time in selecting and preparing 25 men, well mounted and armed, whom he moved slowly toward the Potomac in

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the direction of Cumberland. The rendezvous was reached, where McNeill's men were joined by about 12 others from Company F, Seventh Virginia, and Company D, Eleventh Virginia, Rosser's brigade. When Fay and Hallar had reported, a night ride was at once made over mountain and valley, on icy roads and through snow drifts of such uncertain depth on the mountain top, that the men were compelled to dismount and lead their horses. The Potomac was crossed before daylight; but notwithstanding their fatiguing haste, it was too late to reach Cumberland over the unpicketed national road, as had been planned. Dauntless, however, the men refused to abandon the enterprise, and resolved to advance on a shorter route, guarded by two lines of pickets. McNeill, Fay, Vandiver and Kuykendall riding in advance, encountered a Federal cavalry picket within two miles of Cumberland, whose challenge was first answered by "Friends from New Creek," and next by a quick charge, a pistol shot and the capture of the party. From these captured pickets the countersign "Bull's Gap" was extorted, and the prisoners themselves, mounted on their own horses, were forced to accompany the Rangers until the adventure was ended.

The second picket post, a mile nearer the city, was taken by a ruse. It consisted of five men of the First West Virginia infantry cozily enjoying the early hours before day in a shed behind a log fire. At the approach of McNeill's party one of the pickets picked up his musket and advancing a few steps made the usual formal challenge, which Kuykendall answered according to army regulations. But the Rangers continued to crowd up and with a dash closed in around the fire, capturing the pickets without firing a gun.

This success secured for McNeill the entry into the slumbering city without alarm being given. With the promptitude which the nearness of daylight demanded McNeill detailed two squads of ten men each to make

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the captures. Sergt. Joseph W. Kuykendall, Company F, Seventh Virginia cavalry, a special scout for General Early, who knew Kelley personally, as he had once been a prisoner in his hands, was charged with the pleasure of reversing the old conditions by the capture of this general. Sergt. Joseph L. Vandiver, who had the style of a field marshal, and could easily pass for a full general, was appointed to take General Crook. Fay, Hallar and others were detailed to cut all telegraph lines, while specific instructions to guard various points were given to the remainder of the troop.

These dispositions being made, the command moved on the pike into Green street, around the Court House hill, crossing Chain bridge, and marched up Baltimore street, the main thoroughfare, in the dim light of approaching morning. Some people were astir, but the intrepid Rangers rode on carelessly, whistling well-known Federal army tunes and now and then guying a sentinel. The first halt was made in front of the Barnum house, since then named the Windsor, where Kuykendall's squad proceeded to their work, while the others rode on to the Revere house, where General Crook was sleeping. Kuykendall's band dismounted without exciting the suspicion of the sentry, who was easily disarmed by Sprigg Lynn, the first man in advance. Entering the hotel and going to the second floor, Major Melvin, Kelley's adjutant-general, was caught in his bed, and the information gained that the General was in the adjacent room. He was at once awakened and told that he was a prisoner. "Prisoner!" said the nervous officer; "to whom am I surrendering?" Kuykendall satisfied his anxiety on that point by saying: "To Captain McNeill, by order of General Rosser." That was so sufficient under the circumstances that the general and his adjutant were soon dressed and mounted on the horses of two troopers, who, yielding their saddle seats to their captives, rode behind out of the city.

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The Revere house party penetrated that hotel without further trouble than disarming the careless sentry and having the door opened by an agitated little negro, who exclaimed: "What kind of men is you, anyhow?" General Crook's room was entered after a courteous knock at the door, and the curt reply, "Come in," from the general. Vandiver, Gassman, Daily, Tucker and others promptly accepted the invitation. With the air of a general in authority Vandiver addressed the surprised Federal officer by saying: "General Crook, you are my prisoner!" "By what authority, sir?" said Crook, who had not yet risen from his bed. "General Rosser, sir; Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry," was Vandiver's emphatic reply. General Crook rose out of his bed in astonishment, saying: "Is General Rosser here?" "Yes, sir," said Vandiver without a moment's hesitation; "I am General Rosser. We have surprised and captured the town." General Crook could not gainsay the bold declaration and submitted at once. He said, in referring to the event at a later day, that Vandiver "looked to him like such a man as Rosser might be," and doubtless he did.

The Rangers now secured headquarter flags, and riding quietly down Baltimore street entered the government stables, and chose several fine horses, among them General Kelley's favorite charger, Philippi. All being now well mounted, the Rangers rode away more rapidly, disarming guards as they went and announcing to sentries that they were General Crook's body-guard going out to fight some rebels. Excited and jubilant, they hastened away over the snow-clad roads, pursued unavailingly by parties of Federal cavalry, and after fighting back their pursuers, or eluding them, reached a point of safety from which their distinguished prisoners were sent to General Early's headquarters. In the twenty-four hours they had ridden ninety miles, much of the time at night, while the route traversed included mountains, hill and streams, upon which lay the snow and ice of winter.

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This famous exploit, which received special mention in a report of Gen. R. E. Lee to Secretary Breckinridge, was the last notable service of the Rangers. Lieutenant McNeill now received his captain's commission, but the war presently ended, and the command was paroled. Subsequently he married and removed to Illinois. The men returned to civil occupations and became honored citizens, in various professions and callings, not only in the Virginias and Maryland, but in other States of the North and South.

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Brigadier-General William Lowther Jackson was born at Clarksburg, Va., February 3, 1825. He was educated for the legal profession and was admitted to the bar in 1847, soon afterward being elected to the office of commonwealth attorney for his native county. His career as a jurist and public official during the ante-war period was prominent and distinguished. He was twice elected to the Virginia house of delegates, served twice as second auditor of the State, and superintendent of the State library fund; held the office of lieutenant-governor one term, and in 1860 was elected judge of the Nineteenth judicial circuit of the State. He left the bench early in 1861 to enlist in the Virginia forces as a private, and was rapidly promoted. In May, 1861, Major Boykin, writing from Grafton, recommended that General Lee appoint Judge Jackson to military command at Parkersburg, as "a gentleman of great personal popularity, not only with his own party, but with those opposed to him politically, and devoted to the interests of Virginia, to the last extremity." With the rank of lieutenant-colonel, Virginia volunteers, he reported for duty to Colonel Porterfield, in Randolph county, in June. Out of the companies collected at Huttonsville, two regiments were organized, and one, the Thirty-first, was put under his command, with which, after General Garnett's arrival June 14th, he took possession of the pass at Laurel mountain. After the disastrous close of the West Virginia operations, Colonel Jackson became the volunteer aide of his cousin, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, in the Valley campaign, and his services were gratefully mentioned in the official report of the battle of Port Republic. He continued in this capacity with Jackson through the cam-

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paign before Richmond, the Second Manassas campaign, and the Maryland campaign, including the battles of Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg. On February 17, 1863, he was authorized by the war department to raise a regiment for the provisional army within the lines of the enemy in West Virginia. Early in April he had his regiment, the Nineteenth Virginia cavalry, organized, and was elected colonel. His command was brigaded under Gen. A. G. Jenkins, in the army of Western Virginia, under Gen. Sam Jones. He joined in the expedition against the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, in April, under General Imboden, and secured 300 or 400 recruits. In July he commanded a second expedition to Beverly, where and at Huttonsville he was engaged with Averell's Federal force. He continued in the department of Western Virginia, frequently opposing Federal incursions, his command increasing to the dimensions of a small brigade of cavalry, during the remainder of 1863. In the spring of 1864 he was stationed at Warm Springs, and in the organization under Breckinridge he was given command of a brigade of several cavalry regiments. In May he was engaged against Crook's expedition; in June he took part in the defense of Lynchburg, and in July he participated in command of his brigade in the expedition through Maryland to the defenses of Washington. On the retreat, defending the rear, he repulsed a Federal attack at Rockville, Md. He was promoted brigadier-general, and in the Valley, after this, he was engaged in almost continuous movements and engagements, and participated in the battles of Winchester, Cedar Creek, Fisher's Hill, Port Republic and other affairs, in command of a brigade of Lomax's division. The spring of 1865 found him still in the field, but on April 15th he disbanded his brigade. Soon afterward he removed to Louisville, Ky., where he resumed the practice of law. A few years later he was appointed circuit judge, and by subsequent elections was continued in that

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office until his death, March 24, 1890. His judicial career was distinguished by high moral courage, as well as professional ability, and he was regarded as one of the leading jurists of the State. He was a descendant of John Jackson, an Irishman who settled in Maryland about 1748, and twenty years later removed to the Buckhannon river region, western Virginia. His son Edward was the grandfather of Judge William L. Jackson, also of Gen. Stonewall Jackson. His elder son, George, member of Congress, was the ancestor of John G. Jackson, M. C., Gen. John J. Jackson, U. S. A., a famous Whig leader, and Jacob J. Jackson, governor of West Virginia. The younger son of the original settler was Edward, whose son, Col. William L. Jackson, married Harriet Wilson, and became the father of Judge William L. Jackson. Jonathan, another son of Edward, was the father of the immortal Stonewall Jackson.

Brigadier-General Albert Gallatin Jenkins was born in Cabell county, Va., November 10, 1830, and was educated at the Virginia military institute and Jefferson college, Pa., being graduated at the latter institution in 1848. He then entered upon the study of law at Harvard college, and in 1850 was admitted to the bar, but never practiced the profession, returning instead to his extensive plantation. But he did not entirely devote himself to agriculture, taking an active and influential part in public affairs. He was a delegate to the National Democratic convention of 1856, and was then elected to the United States Congress, serving in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses, from 1857 to 1861. Upon the secession of Virginia he heartily supported his State, and while a soldier was elected as one of the representatives of Virginia in the first congress of the Confederate States, which met at Richmond, February, 1862. Here he creditably performed his duties, but it was mainly as a daring and chivalrous cavalry

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officer that he is remembered. He organized a company of mounted men at the beginning of hostilities, and soon gained the general attention by raiding Point Pleasant, in the latter part of June, and making prisoners of a number of prominent gentlemen who were conspicuous in the movement for the separation of the State. In the battle of Scary Creek, July 18th, he saved the day at a critical moment; soon had the command of a colonel, became lieutenant-colonel of the Eighth cavalry regiment, and was recognized as one of the leaders in the military occupation of the Kanawha valley by the Virginia forces. After Wise and Floyd had retired to Greenbrier county he remained in the Guyandotte valley, fighting for his home and the Old Dominion. He was promoted brigadier-general August 5, 1862, and in the latter part of August and the first of September made a daring raid through western Virginia, and was the first to unfurl the flag of the Confederate States in Ohio. In his report of this achievement General Loring wrote: "That brilliant and enterprising general executed the plan with such success that in his march of 500 miles he captured 300 prisoners, destroyed many garrisons of home guards and the records of the Wheeling and Federal governments in many counties, and after arming his command completely with captured arms, destroyed at least 5,000 stand of small-arms and immense stores. Prosecuting at least 20 miles of his march in the State of Ohio, he exhibited, as he did elsewhere in his march, a policy of such clemency as won us many friends, and tended greatly to mitigate the ferocity which had characterized the war in this section. The conduct of his officers and men has received my unqualified approbation, and deserves the notice and thanks of the government." In March, 1863, Jenkins made another brilliant raid to the Ohio river, and three months later he was on the Susquehanna, before the capital of Pennsylvania. In May he was ordered into the Shenandoah valley, in command of the cavalry, with

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headquarters at Staunton, and in June was ordered northward to report to General Ewell, with whom he co-operated in the defeat of Milroy at Winchester. He fought at Bunker Hill, and at Martinsburg led the advance guard of the army to Chambersburg and made a reconnoissance to Harrisburg. He was wounded on the second day of the Gettysburg battle, but his men, under the command of Colonel Ferguson, won approval in the cavalry fight of July 3d, and during the retreat to Virginia, especially at Williamsport, under the eye of Stuart. In the fall General Jenkins returned to the department of Western Virginia, and in the spring of 1864 was stationed at the narrows of New river. Falling back before Gen. George Crook he collected a force at Cloyd's mountain, where a gallant fight was made, on May 9th. In the heat of the conflict General Jenkins fell, seriously wounded, and was captured and paroled by the enemy. A Federal surgeon amputated his arm at the shoulder, but he was unable to withstand the shock and died soon afterward.

Brigadier-General John McCausland, one of the most conspicuous figures in the warfare in the valley of the Shenandoah and on the borders of Virginia, held important Confederate commands, and gained a national reputation as a brilliant leader and persistent fighter. He is the son of John McCausland, a native of county Tyrone, Ireland, who came to America when about twenty-one years of age, and first made his home at Lynchburg, with David Kyle, whose daughter Harriet he subsequently married. He became a prominent merchant and finally resided at St. Louis, where he rendered valuable service as commissioner of taxation. His son, John McCausland, was born at St. Louis, September 13, 1837, and in 1849 went with his brother to Point Pleasant, Mason county, where he received a preparatory education. He was graduated with first honors in the class of 1857 at the Virginia military institute, and subsequently acted as

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assistant professor in that institution until 1861. Upon the secession of Virginia he organized the famous Rockbridge artillery, of which he was elected commander; but leaving Dr. Pendleton in charge of that company, he made his headquarters at Charleston, in the Kanawha valley, under commission from Governor Letcher, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, for the organization of troops in the military department of Western Virginia. He gathered about 6,000 men for the commands of Generals Wise and Floyd, who subsequently operated in that region, and formed the Thirty-sixth regiment, Virginia infantry, of which he took command, with a commission as colonel. This regiment, made up of the best blood of the western Virginia counties, was distinguished under his leadership in the campaign of Floyd's brigade in West Virginia, and in the latter part of 1861 moved to Bowling Green, Ky., to unite with the army of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. At Fort Donelson, Colonel McCausland commanded a brigade of Floyd's division, and after bearing a conspicuous part in the gallant and really successful battle before the fort, brought away his Virginians before the surrender. After reorganizing at Nashville, he remained at Chattanooga with his command until after the battle of Shiloh, when he moved to Wytheville, Va. During 1862 and 1863 he was engaged in the campaigns in southwestern and western Virginia and the Shenandoah valley, under Generals Loring, Echols and Sam Jones, taking a conspicuous part in the battle at Charleston, September, 1862. Early in May, 1864, he was ordered by Gen. A. G. Jenkins to move his brigade from Dublin to meet the Federal force advancing under General Crook from the Kanawha valley. He took position on Cloyd's farm, where he was reinforced by General Jenkins, and attacked by the enemy May 9th. After several hours' fighting, Jenkins was mortally wounded and the Confederate line was broken by the superior strength of the enemy. Colonel McCausland

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assumed command and made a gallant fight, forming two new lines successively, and finally retired in good order, repulsing the attacks of the Federal cavalry, and carrying with him 200 prisoners. In this battle the Federals outnumbered the Confederates three to one. By his subsequent active movements, General McCausland delayed the contemplated juncture of Crook and Hunter and rendered the Federal movement upon Dublin a practical failure. He was immediately promoted brigadier-general and assigned to the command of Jenkins' cavalry brigade. After the battle at Port Republic, June 5th, he stubbornly contested the advance of the Federals under Hunter and Crook, all the way to Lynchburg, his command of about 1,800 men being the only organized force in the front of the enemy. His tenacious contest saved the city, and in recognition of his services the citizens presented him an address of congratulation, accompanied by a handsome cavalry officer's outfit, horse, sword and spurs. Early arrived from Cold Harbor in time to relieve McCausland from the pressure of the Federal troops, and McCausland and his troopers were soon upon their heels, intercepting Hunter at Falling Rock, and capturing his artillery and wagon train. Sweeping on down the valley, he was a conspicuous figure in the July raid through Maryland, levying $25,000 tribute from Hagerstown, winning a handsome cavalry fight at Frederick City, and made the first attack at the ford of the Monocacy across which Gordon moved to strike the Federal flank at the defeat of Wallace. Joining in the demonstration against Washington, D. C., the daring commander actually penetrated into the town of Georgetown, but was compelled to retire before the Federal reinforcements. He returned with Early's army to the Shenandoah valley, and soon afterward was ordered to make a raid upon Chambersburg, Pa., and destroy it in retaliation for the destruction which attended the operations of the Federals in the valley. This duty he faithfully

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performed. In command of a brigade of Lomax's cavalry division he participated in the Valley campaign against Sheridan, and subsequently, attached to Rosser's division, fought before Petersburg, made a gallant struggle at the decisive battle of Five Forks, during the retreat was engaged in continuous fighting, and finally cutting his way through the Federal lines at Appomattox, brought a number of his men to Lynchburg, where he once more saved the city from rapine by repressing the efforts of the stragglers that infested the suburbs. After the close of hostilities he spent a year or two in Europe and Mexico, and then returned to Mason county, where he has ever since resided in quiet upon his farm at Grimm's landing.

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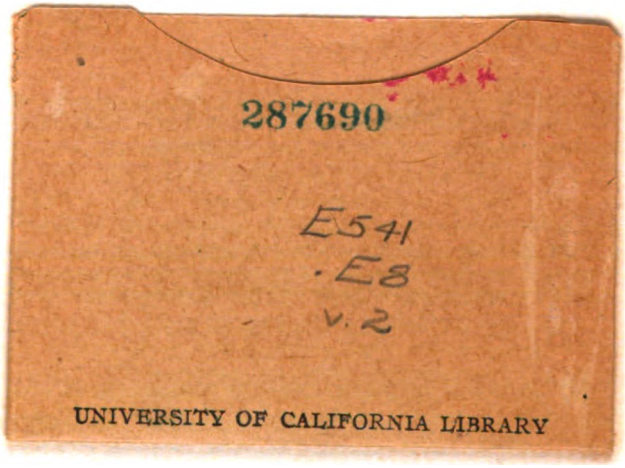

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JOSEPH BROWN.

The Brown relationship trace their ancestry to Joseph Brown, whose wife was Hannah M'Afferty. They lived a few years in Bath County, on the Bull Pasture; thence removed and settled on lands now owned by the Mann family, near Edray. Some fruit trees and a fine spring indicate the spot where they lived. about three-fourths of a mile east of the Mann residence.

Mr Brown died a few years after settling here, but was survived by his widow for many years. She became suddenly blind, and remained so for twenty years. She spent her time in knitting, and taught many of her grand-daughters to knit. Among them was the late Mrs Thomas Nicholas. Mrs Nicholas would often tell how her grandmother would take her little hands into hers and put them through the motions until she could knit herself. A few years before her decease, Mrs Brown recovered her sight as quickly as she had lost it, and could count chickens and geese forty yards away.

The widow Brown's daughters Polly and Hannah lived and died at the old home.

Rachel Brown was married to William Brock, and settled on the homestead.

Ann Brown became the wife of Jeremiah Friel.

Elizabeth Brown married a Mr McGuire, and lived in Nicholas.

Joseph Brown, Senior, went to Nicholas County. His son Wesley Brown—a Confederate soldier—was

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at Edray during the great war between the States, and made himself known to his relatives.

John Brown was a soldier in the war of 1812, and never returned.

Josiah Brown, in whose memory this sketch is specially prepared, was the eldest of Joseph Brown's sons, and he married Jennie Waddell, near Millpoint. He was born June 22, 1777, his wife was born April 4th, 1771; married in 1799, and settled on the western section of the Brown homestead. They were the parents of seven daughters.

Eleanor Brown, born August 6, 1802, was married to Zechariah Barnett, from Lewis County, West Virginia. In reference to her family the following particulars are given: John Wesley and John Andrew Barnett died young, and Josiah Barnett. Sarah Jane Barnett was married to George McLaughlin, late of Driftwood. He was a Confederate soldier. Hannah Barnett married William Townsend. Martha Barnett, lately deceased. James, Thomas, Stephen, and Newton Barnett are well known citizens near Driftwood. The three first named were Confederate soldiers.

Hannah Brown was married to Jacob Arbaugh, who was from near Millpoint, and first settled on Sugartree Run, a part of the Brown homestead. Her children were Eliza Jane, Susannah Simms, Lauretta Frances, Nancy Caroline, John Allen, George Brown, James Marion, William Hanson, and Joseph Newton. John A. Arbaugh was a Confederate soldier, and died in 1861, at the Lockridge Spring, near Driscol. George and James passed through the war. George Arbaugh

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was in the 31st Regiment of Virginia Infantry.

Shortly after the war, Jacob Arbaugh moved to Jackson County, Missouri, which he jocularly referred to as his twentieth change of homes since his marriage.

Jennie Brown, born October 9, 1805, was married to John Friel, son of Jeremiah Friel the pioneer, and settled on a section of the Friel homestead on the Greenbrier River.

Ann Brown, born December 9, 1806, was married to James Courtney, and first settled on a part of the homestead. Their children were Andrew Jackson, Thomas, George Washington, Hanson, who died at the age of six years; Jane, who is now Mrs Adam Geiger; Julia, who is now Mrs James Rhea; and Hannah, who is now Mrs Godfrey Geiger. Andrew Courtney was a Confederate soldier, and died a prisoner of war at Fort Delaware. Thomas Courtney was also a Confederate soldier, survived the war, and now lives near Marlinton. George W. Courtney was a Confederate soldier, survived the war, but died near Buckeye in 1887.

Martha Brown, born February 14, 1808, was married to William Waugh, son of Samuel Waugh, the pioneer, and settled at the old home. Martha was known in her family as "daddy's boy," since she was constantly out of doors with her father. She could harness the teams, plough, or drive the sled, as occasion required. She was the mother of ten children: Davis, Zane, Robert, Enos, Ozias, William Clark, Jane Miriam, Mary Ann, and Almira. She died in Missouri, having lived awhile in Upshur County, West

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Virginia, then in Iowa.

Miriam Brown was born August 6, 1810, was first married to James Walker Twyman, a native of Augusta County. Mr Twyman was a school teacher. They first settled on Elk, where they lived two or three years. The land he worked on Elk had been a part of David Hannah's. Mr Twyman put out a field of corn that grew finely and was very promising, but early in August there was a heavy frost; he became discouraged, gave up his land, and moved to Greenbrier River to land given them by Joseph Brown. Here he taught school; having the Friels, Moores, and Sharps for pupils. Mr Twyman had business in Huntersville the 17th of January, 1834, and on his return was drowned in Thorny Creek. The Greenbrier home was just above the "Bridger Place." Their daughter Mary Frances is now Mrs Otho W. Ruckman, on Indian Draft.

Mrs Twyman's second marriage was to the late Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft, near Edray. Mr Nicholas was a skillful mechanic—a much respected and prosperous citizen.

Mary Brown was born April 13, 1812, and was married to Jacob Waugh, and lived in Buckhannon. She was the mother of fifteen children—five only lived to be grown. Her sons were Brown, Enoch, Homer, and John William. The daughter, Leah Waugh, was the third wife of the late Dr Pleasant Smith, of Edray.

The history of Josiah Brown was one of humble toil and self sacrifice for the good of his family. In the

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course of his life he endured great personal suffering and afflictions. He was bitten twice by rattlesnakes when in the ranges looking after his live stock. Once he was with his neighbor, William Sharp, who cared for him and helped him home. The second time he was alone, and it is believed he saved his life by putting his lips to the punctures and sucking out the poison. Finally, a strange sore appeared in the corner of one of his eyes and spread over most of the right side of his face. Many believed this was the result of the snake bites. It caused him excruciating sufferings, that were greatly intensified by the efforts of sympathizing, well meaning friends to cure him.

Sad and pathetic memories of his brother, John Brown, seemed to be ever haunting his mind, and the tears seemed to be ever ready to flow at the mention of his name. In the war of 1812 Josiah Brown was drafted for service at Norfolk, Virginia. John Brown a younger brother, being unmarried, volunteered in his brother's place and was accepted, and was ordered to report for service at the Warm Springs. John seems to have been a very pious youth. On the evensng before his departure for the seat of war, he came over to his brother Josiah's to bid them all farewell and have one more season of prayer and supplication. Then as he went away over the fields he was heard singing, "When I can read my title clear." This was the last ever seen or heard of him by his brother Josiah's family, as he never came back from the war.

Truly, Josiah Brown's history is a sad and touching one. He now knows, no doubt, what Moses meant

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when he prayed: "Make me glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted me and the years wherein I have seen evil."

WILLIAM AULDRIDGE.

William Auldridge, Senior, the ancestor and founder of the family relationship of that name in our county, was a native of England. His mother, who by her second marriage became Mrs John Johnson, a pioneer of Marlinton, lived to be more than one hundred years of age. His wife was Mary Cochran. Mr Auldridge built up a home at the Bridger Notch, and it is believed the old barn stood on the spot where one of the Bridger boys died. This place is now owned by William Auldridge, a grandson.

There were six sons and three daughters: Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy, Thomas, William, John, Samuel, James, and Richard.

Thomas Auldridge, the eldest son, when in his prime was considered one of the strongest men physically in West Pocahontas. The first revelation of his strength was at a log rolling. The champion of the day attempted to take young Auldridge's handspike—which was a fancy article of its kind. The young athlete picked up both the champion and the disputed handspike and laid them on the log heap, with apparent ease.

Upon his marriage with Elizabeth Morrison, daughter of James Morrison, on Hills Creek, Thomas Auldridge leased lands now owned by John R. Poage near

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Clover Lick, where he spent most of his working days. He then bought of Jacob Arbaugh and Captain William Young, near Indian Draft, and opened up the property now owned by his son, Thomas Auldridge. The sons of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, were James, William, Thomas, and the daughters were Sarah, Elizabeth, and Mary.

James Auldridge, the eldest son, first married Mary Ann Barlow, and settled on land now occupied by Nathan Barlow, and then moved to the home near Edray where he now resides. His children were Henry, Miriam, Elizabeth, Moffett, and George. He was sadly bereaved of his first family by the ravages of disease, one son George, alone was spared. James' second wife was Julia A. Duncan, a grand daughter of Colonel John Baxter. One daughter, Mary, now Mrs Lee Carter. George Auldridge, the survivor of the first family, married Huldah Cassel, and lives on the homestead near Edray.

William Auldridge married Elizabeth Moore, and settled on a part of the homestead. Their children were Malinda, Hanson, and Eliza.

Thomas Auldridge, Junior, married Catherine Moore and lived on the homestead. Two daughters, Mrs Margaret Hannah, on Bucks Run, and Mrs Ida McClure, who lives on a part of the old homestead.

Sarah Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, married the late J. Harvey Curry, near Frost. Her life is believed to have been shortened by the exposure and exertion due to the burning of the home near Frost. Her son Ellis Curry married Miss Rock,

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and lives near Dunmore. William Curry went to Missouri. Mary Curry married Benjamin Arbogast, and lives near Greenbank. Emma Curry married William T. McClintic, and lives near Beverly. Bessie married J. K. B. Wooddell, and lives in Ritchie County.

Elizabeth Auldridge married Henry Moore and lives near Driftwood.

Mary Ann Auldridge married William Moore, of Elk. One daughter, Ann Moore, survives her.

William Auldridge, Junior, married Nancy Kellison and settled on the Greenbrier, two miles below the mouth of Swago. Their only child, Martha, married Geore Hill, son of Abram Hill of Hills Creek. While he was in service in 1861 at Valley Mountain he contracted the measles. He came home and his wife took down also with the same disease, and the two died within a week of each other, leaving a daughter, who is now Mrs Robert Shafer. William Auldridge's second wife was a Miss Shafer. Her son, James Edgar Auldridge, lives on the homestead.

John Auldridge married Rebecca Smith, who is particularly mention in the memoirs of John Smith, of Stony Creek.

Samuel Auldridge, son of William Auldridge the ancestor, married Miriam Barlow and settled at the Bridger Notch, finally on Greenbrier River near Stamping Creek. His children by the first marriage were William, John, and Mary Ann. Mary Ann died young. John was a Confederate soldier and was killed in battle. William lives at Millpoint.

Samuel Auldridge's second wife was Susan Grimes.

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Mention is made of her family in the Grimes memoir.

James Auldridge was a tailor by occupation, worked awhile at Frankford, and then went to Missouri.

Richard Auldridge, youngest son of William the ancestor, married Hannah Smith, daughter of John Smith.

Sarah Auldridge married William McClure, and settled on the Greenbrier River, below Beaver Creek. Their children were James, Rachel, Mary, and Bessie. Rachel became Mrs Jacob Pyles; Mary, Mrs George Overholt, on Swago. Bessie died in her youth. James McClure was married three times: First wife, Miss McComb; second, Miss Pyles; and third, Miss Frances Adkinson. He lives on the homestead.

Elizabeth Auldridge married Jacob McNeil, and settled in Floyd County, Virginia.

Nancy Auldridge was married to the late Moore McNeil, on Swago.

Thus closes fer the present the chronicles of this worthy man's family. The writer would make mention of the assistance given him by James Auldridge and his son George.

The venerable man whose history we have been tracing—as illustrated by his descendants—was a very estimable person. He was an ever busy, industrious, and exemplary citizen. His influence was ever for sincere piety, strict honesty, and quiet judicious attention to his own concerns. These same qualities characterize many of his worthy posterity. Early in his manhood he was greatly disabled bp a falling tree and was seriously crippled for life; and yet the work he

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and his children accomplished in opening up abundant homes, under difficulties, is truly remarkable and worthy of special appreciation. He loved to hunt, and on one occasion came near being killed by a panther from which he escaped with difficulty.

Mr Auldridge, owing to his disabled condition, became a school teacher, and pursued that vocation for years, and did much good in that line. When he died at an advanced age several years since, the common remark was that one of our best old men had gone from us.

CHRISTOPHER HEROLD.

Among the prosperous citizens of Pocahontas County in its early development, Christopher Herold deserves recognition of a special character. He was of pure German parentage—his immediate ancestry came from the Fatherland, settling in Pennsylvania, thence removing to Virginia. Though he could not read English, no one would have suspected it, so well posted he seemed to be in politieal matters and current affairs. His powers of memory were surprising, and his business sagacity was equal to any of his contemporaries. He was honest and enterprising. He and his sons accumulated an immense landed estate on Elk, Douthards Creek, and other places, amounting to many thousands acres.

Christopher Herold married Elizabeth Cook, of Pendleton County, and soon after their marriage located on Back Creek, now known as the Thomas

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and the privations he and his family had to endure would seem unbearable now. He was kind and hospitable to a fault, ready to share the last he had with the visitor that might desire shelter and food. He was much esteemed by all of his acquaintances.

Finally the end came. One of the prettiest places near his home was selected and they placed him to sleep under the green sod that his own hands had helped to clear away.

JOSEPH HANNAH.

Among the earliest settlers of the Elk region was Joseph Hannah, a son of David Hannah, who lived at the mouth of Locust Creek. He married Elizabeth Burnsides and early in the century settled on the "Old Field Fork of Elk."

His home was on Mill Run near where William Hannah, a grandson, now lives. This immediate vicinity seems to have been a place of more than ordinary importance in prehistoric times. One of the most frequented Indian trails seems to have been from Clove, Lick up the Creek to the Thomas Spring; thence over the mountain, crossing at the notch near Clark Rider's farm; thence down by James Gibson's to Elk. Here is the "Magic Circle," mentioned elsewhere in this book. Nearly ⅛ mile further down was the encampment where about two acres of land had been denuded of trees for camp fires, and this was the "old field" that gave this branch of Elk its name; and was the first piece of ground planted by Joseph Hannah.

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Mr and Mrs Hannah reared a large family of well-behaved, industrious children. This family did a good part in the industrial devolopment of this thrifty section of our county. In reference to their children the following particulars are given.

Joseph, William, Robert, and Sally died in childhood or early youth.

John Hannah married Mary Sharp, daughter of Joseph Sharp, near Frost. Their children were Sarah Jane, who became Mrs Aaron Fowlkes; Margaret Elizabeth, who was married to the late John Hall; Rachel Ann was married to the late George Gibson, near Marlinton; Martha Susan, now Mrs James Gibson; Amanda Pleasant, the wife of William Lee Hambrick; Mary Ellen, who died young. Joseph Bryson Hannah, late a merchant at Frost. Sheldon Clark Moore, on lower Elk, whose wife was Martha Moore. His children are named Georgiana, Davis, Albert, Virgie, Effie, Clark, Hugh, Feltner, Jane, Lee, and Frederick. Andrew Warwick Hannah, whose wife was Dora Hannah, daughter of Henry White, of Driscol. Their children Levie, Sadie, Lucy, Mary, Maggie, Bessie, and Marvin. William Hamilton Hannah, who married Sarah White, sister of the person just mentioned. Their children: Andrew, William, Myrta, Forrest, Bryson, Carrie. George Luther Hannah married Emma Bell McClure, daughter ot Arthur McClure, of Locust. She expired suddenly while attending public worship in Mary Gibson Chapel a few years ago. Henry Hannah, Peter Hannah, and John Hannah, Junior, died young, during the late sad war between the States of our

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glorious Union.

David Hannah, son of the "Old Field" pioneer, married Hester Sicafoose, from lower Crabbottom, and settled on Elk. In reference to their children we have the following information:

Sarah Hannah was married to Silas Sharp and settled near Linwood. Her son, Luther David, is a well-known merchant at the old homestead. Her daughter Mary Ella Frances is the wife of Robert Gibson, and Melinda Catherine is the wife of J. E. Hannah, at the "Old Field." Henry Hannah married Margaret McClure, and is now a merchant at Renick's Valley, Greenbrier County. Another son, Rev George Hannah, married Leah Grimes, and his late residence was in Upshur County. Melinda is now Mrs John Rose, and resides in Webster County near the Randolph border. Mary was married to Samuel Gibson, and settled near the homestead. Otho and Joseph Hannah died young.

Jane Hannah, daughter of the pioneer, was married to Joseph Barlow, one of the sons of John Barlow, and lived on Red Lick Mountain, settling in the unbroken forest, and built up a nice home. In connexion with clearing many acres of dense forest, he had a tannery, a blacksmith shop, cooper shop, made and repaired shoes, and could do neat cabinet work and carpenter work also. The number and variety of fruit trees planted about his home is the wonder and admiration of all that have ever seen his orchard.

Elizabeth Hannah was married to Dr Addison Moore and lived near Edray.

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Mary Hannah was married to Henry Buzzard, and settled on Cummings Creek, near Huntersville.

Joseph Hannah was a person of impressive personal appearance. His memory was remarkably retentive, and his conversational powers something wonderful. He had committed to memory, it is believed by some, the greater portion of the Bible, and he could recite the Scriptures for hours at a time,—having a special preference for the historical narratives of the patriarchs and the wanderings of the Israelites and the conquest of the Promised Land under Joshua. He saw in these historical narratives illustrations of the life now to be lived by Christian people, and it was one of the greatest pleasures of his old age to have his neighbors assemble and repeat these narratives in their presence.

Some years since an article written by a distinguished minister in Bath County stated that Simon Girty, the renegade was summarily put to death by being burned in a log heap by an enraged and desperate body of men in the Little Levels. Joseph Hannah wat referred to as an eye witness of the dreadful affair, or as having some personal knowledge of it. Mr Hannah's children say they never heard their father say a word about such an occurrence happening to anybody in this county, under any circumstances of provocation whatever. Simon Girty's grave is now to be seen near the city of Detroit, so he was not burned in a Pocahontas log heap.

When a mere lad Joseph Hannah was sent by his father to Elk, to look after the live stock in the range.

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He often went to fort with his family in his youth and early manhood. He was remarkably active in his movements, and very fleet of foot. He would often tell of a jump he made when a practical joke, or 'trick' as he called it, was played on him by Richard Hill, Adam Bumgardner, one Mullins, and a colored man named Dick. Young Hannah and Dick were hoeing corn. The jokers explained to Dick what they were up to, and Dick cheerfully promised to act his part. While the two were hoeing away, a shot was fired from ambush. Dick fell and made a dreadful outcry, rolled and kicked about in seemingly terrible agony. Young Joseph Hannah fled precipitately towards the house and in the race leaped a gully. When matters came to be understood and quiet restored, the leap was measured, and it was forty-two feet from track to track. Mr Hannah was fond of telling his friends that he had "jumped the decree." "Decree" mean what "record" now means in races and athletic games. In "jumping the decree" he "broke the record" by two feet.

When the writer first remembers seeing Mr Hannah he was of very venerable appearance. His gray hair was combed back and plaited in a cue that hung down between his shoulders. The last time I ever saw him we were spending the night at Sampson Ocheltree's, in the winter of 1849. The two old men were in busy conversation until a late hour, and most of the talk was about the children of Israel and the dealings of God. The fire was getting low, the candle about burned out, when Mother Ocheltree observed it was about time to

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get ready for bed. At this suggestion Mr Hannah arose and in a very soft solemn tone repeated and then sang a hymn. He then knelt in prayer and poured out his full heart in humble, trusting prayer, in the tone and manner of a loving child to a kind and more loving father. The memory of that prayer, heard fifty years ago, imparts a pleasant glow to my feelings while writing these memorial sentences.

DANIEL McCOLLAM.

One of the oldest families in our county is that of the McCollam relationship. While it is not certain, yet there is good reason to believe that the pioneer ancestor was named Dan. McCollam. From some interesting correspondence had by James McCollam's family with a lady in New Hampshire there is no reason to question that he was of Scotch-Irish descent, and the son of a physician a graduate of the University of of Edinburg, and lived in New Jersey. The name of the pioneer's wife cannot be recalled.

Mr McCollam, the ancestor, came from New Jersey in 1770, or thereabouts, and settled on Brown's Mountain near Driscol, which is yet known as the "McCollam Place," now in the possession of Amos Barlow, Esq. His children were Jacob, Daniel, William, Rebecca, Mary, and Sarah.

Jacob McCollam first settled on the "Jake Place," a mile or so west of Huntersville on the road to Marlinton; thence he went to Illinois, and was killed by a falling tree.

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not only to emulate, but to surpass what our ancestry accomplished, and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

JOSEPH MOORE.

Joseph Moore, late of Anthonys Creek, was one of the most widely known citizens of our county in his day. His parents were William Moore and Margaret, his wife. It is believed they came from Rockbridge County about 1780. No known relationship is claimed with other branches of the Moores. They opened up a home on the knoll just south of Preston Harper's, on Knapps Creek, where a rivulet crosses the road. Their house was just below the present road at that point. It was here they lived and died. They were buried on the east side of the creek, on the terrace south of the tenant house now standing there. Persons now living have seen their graves.

These pioneers were the parents of two sons and two daughters: Joseph, John, Mary (Polly), and a daughter whose name seems to be lost to memory.

John Moore went to Kentucky.

Mary was the wife of Colonel John Baxter, who was the first Colonel of the 127th Regiment, and was very prominent in the organization of the county.

Joseph Moore was a soldier in the war of 1812. During his service he met and married Hannah Cady, in East Virginia. She was a native of Connecticut, and was a school teacher, and is spoken of by the older

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people as a sprightly person. Soon after his return, Joseph Moore settled on the homestead, building his house between Goelet's residence and the barn. He finally moved to Anthonys Creek.

Their family consisted of five daughters and three sons: Hannah, Sarah, Matilda, Margaret, Abigail, Daniel, Joseph, and Henry Harrison.

Sarah was married to Jackson Bussard, on Anthonys Creek. He was a Confederate soldier, and died in the battle of Dry Creek, near the White Sulphur. J. H. Buzzard, Assessor for Pocahontas, is her son.

Matilda became Mrs Elijah May, on Anthonys Creek. Her sons John and Calvin married Lizzie and Lillie, daughters of Register Moore, near Marlinton.

Margaret was married to Jacob Blizzard, of Greenbrier County, and went west.

Abigail became Mrs John Wade, on Anthonys Creek, and lived there.

Daniel was deputy sheriff under his father. He finally went to Missouri, and became a prominent citizen. He raised and commanded a company of volunteers for service in the Mexican War, and was with Colonel Doniphan in his famous expedition to New Mexico.

Joseph Moore, Junior, went to Braxton County.

Henry Moore married Martha Young, daughter of Captain William Young of Stony Creek, and is now living in Iowa.

Joseph Moore, Esq., was a very prominent citizen in county affairs. He was high sheriff, justice of the peace, and was very much sought after for drawing up

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deeds, articles of agreement, and writing wills. His judgment in matters of controversy seems to have been very correct, as but few suits brought contrary to his advice ever succeeded in the courts.

One of my earliest recollections of Squire Moore was when I was a half grown lad, attending school in Huntersville from home in Marlinton. My first lessons in grammar were conned during those morning and evening rides. One playtime I was at 'Governor' Haynes' Hotel on the corner now occupied by the McClintic property. Squire Moore, who had spent the forenoon in the clerk's office with the late Henry M. Moffett, was seen coming up the street very slowly. It was a hot day in summer, and he was in his shirt-sleeves, with his vest unbuttoned and thrown open, and full saddle bags over his shoulder. Mr Haynes calls out: "Squire, you are taking things mighty slow, and move as if you had no business on hand and never had any."

In slow, measured tones the Squire observes, as if he had studied the matter very carefully: "Well, Governor, I have been around here long enough to find out there is no use in being in a hurry about anything except catching fleas."

The 'Governor' was inclined to take offense at this, but the Squire pointed significantly towards the refreshment counter, and in the clinking of glasses the flea trouble was forgotten.

It would require more time and space than is allotted to these memoirs to write out all that might come mind about this interesting man, so we will give only

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one more reminiscence. In April, 1848, I spent a rainy afternoon with Squire Moore in a school he was teaching near Sunset, in the old Daugherty building. He showed me a question in arithmetic that puzzled him. He could find the answer called for but it would not "prove out," and he could not be satisfied with anything that would not "prove out."

We put our heads together and found a result that would "prove out," so we both felt that we knew more than the man who wrote the book,—that much of it at least. We lingered after school was out, until it was so near night that when I returned to William Harper's the evening candle was already lighted and placed on the supper table.

After proving out things in our ciphering consultation, we had a talk about the Bible and Christian religion. I was a Bible distributor at that time, as some of the older people may remember. The habit the Squire had of "proving out" things came into evidence again:

"William, you must excuse me if I talk a little plain to you, for you may think strangely of the way I sometimes talk. There are people who think I am an infidel, because I sometimes make remarks they do not agree with. I have studied a good deal about religion, and if you have as much sense as I think you have, you will some day see these things as I do. I always keep a Bible or Testament handy to me when I am at home, and most always carry a Testament in my saddle pockets when away on business.

"Now you must excuse me, William, when I say to

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you that in my private opinion there can not be much in the Christian religion if it puts its most earnest and zealous professors to wearing out the knees of their pants in religious services in the fall and winter, and then lets them turn over and wear out the rest of their breeches backsliding during the spring and summer. Somehow, William, it does not prove out to suit my notion what religion should be—provided there is such a thing as religion anyway."

I felt that Squire Moore was not disposed to discuss personal piety seriously, and the subject was changed. We never met again to compare opinions about any matter. I learn from his friends, however, that during the closing years of his life he gave close attention to his Bible. He has been seen sitting for hours in the shade of an apple tree, with an open Bible on his knee. It is my fervent hope that my aged friend was able to 'prove out' that it is a "faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the greatest," and that he was willing to take the sinner's place and receive the sinner's salvation; at the same time praying: "Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not when my strength fails."

ROBERT D. McCUTCHAN.

Among the citizens of our county deserving special notice for industry, hospitality, and good influence on society, Robert Dunlap McCutchan, late of Thomas Creek, is to be remembered as one justly entitled to

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Clara Gibson is a teacher in the public schools of Highland; Elizabeth Gibson married J. M. Colaw, of Monterey, Va.; Catherine Gibson is a popular teacher in the Rockbridge public schools.

Martha Lockridge, the fifth daughter, was married to Roger Hickman, of Bath County. Her children were Lanty Hickman, now of Tucker County, and Elizabeth, who is Mrs Stuart Rider, of Bath County.

It has been a pleasure to the writer to collect the material for this sketch, for many of the persons mentioned therein were among the cherished friends of his youth.

As to the personal appearance of this venerable man, it was a common remark of those who had seen Henry Clay that there was a striking resemblance in the form and features of the two men, and that those who had portraits of Henry Clay had nothing to do but scratch out the name and write Lanty Lockridge in place of it, and they would have his picture and one that everybody would recognize. The writer never saw Henry Clay, but he has been often impressed with the portrait he has seen, and is always reminded of our venerable friend by the striking resemblance, so apparent to those who were acquainted with him.

JOSHUA BUCKLEY.

It appears from Authentic tradition that the pioneer settler of the Buckeye neighborhood, four miles south of Marlinton, was Joshua Buckley, at the junction of

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Swago Creek with the Greenbrier. It was about the year 1770 or 1775. He came from Winchester, Va., and his wife, Hannah Collins, was a native of Newtown, few miles south of Winchester. John Buckley, their eldest child, was but two weeks old when his parents set out in the month of March on their pack horses for their new home.

Upon their arrival they occupied a deserted hunter's camp, and on the same day Mr Buckley took the suffering, jaded horses to John McNeel's, in the Levels, to procure keeping for them awhile, thus leaving wife and child alone. The wolves howled all night, and she could hear the snapping of their teeth, but she disclaimed all fear. This camp was occupied until a cabin could be built and ground prepared for potatoes and buckwheat.

This family for the first summer subsisted on a bushel and a half of meal, brought with them from Winchester, with potatoes and venison. Mr Buckley could go up Cooks Run and pick out a deer as conveniently as a mutton may now be had, and even more easily.

One of the daughters, Mrs Hetty Kee, the ancestress of the Kee family, when a little girl remembered seeing the Indians very often, and frequently heard them on the ridges overlooking Buckeye, whistling on their powder charges, and making other strange noises as if exchanging signals.

Mr Buckley raised one crop of buckwheat that he often mentioned to illustrate how it would yield. For fear the corn might not ripeen enough for bread, he dropped grains of buckwheat between the rows by

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hand and covered with a hoe. He planted a half-bushel of seed and threshed out eighty bushels. He carried the nails used in roofing his barn from Winchester. They were hammered out by hand, and cost seventeen cents a pound.

There were frequent alarms from Indian incursions. The women and younger children would be sent to the fort at Millpoint. The older boys would stay around home to look after the stock, with instructions to refugee in a certain hollow log if Indians should be seen passing by.

About the time Joseph Buckley became a grown man, his father had five hogs fattening at the upper end of the orchard. One night a panther came and carried the whole lot to Cooks Run, piled them up, and covered them over with leaves and earth. The father and his sons watched for several nights, and finally the old panther came with her cubs. She was shot and the cubs captured and kept for pets. One was given away, and the other kept until almost grown. It took a great dislike to the colored servants, named Thyatira and Joseph. Young Joe Buckley took much delight in frightening the servants. He would hold the chain and start the panther after them, and would let it almost catch them at times. This would frighten the servants very much, and they cherished great animosity towards the pet, and threatened to put it out of the way. This made the young man uneasy about his panther, and he would not leave it out of doors at night fearing the servants would kill it, and so he made a place for safe keeping near his bed. The beast would

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sleep by his side, purring like a kitten, though much louder.

One night the young man was awakened by something strange about his throat. When became conscious he found his pet was licking at his throat, slightly pinching at times with its teeth, then lick awhile and pinch a little harder- Thts frightened the young man so thoroughly that he sprang to his feet, dragged it out of doors and dispatched it at once.

JOHN SHARP.

Among the persons settling in what is now Pocahontas County early in the century, John Sharp, Senior, a native of Ireland, is richly deserving of more than passing notice. He is the ancestor of the families of that name that constitute such a marked proportion of the Frost community, and have been identified with that vicinity for the past 91 years. Previous to the Revolution he came in with the tide of Scotch-Irish imigration that spread over Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and thence moved south, and finally located in Rockingham County, Virginia. His wife was Margaret Blaine, whose parents resided in the vicinity of Rawley Springs. She was a relative of Rev. John S. Blaine, one of the pioneer Presbyterian pastors in our countyr

After a residence of several years in Rockingham County, Mr Sharp came to Pocahontas to secure land for the use of his large and industrious family, and he succeeded well, and saw them well fixed in life all

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emigrated to the far west.

Truly, our attention has been given to a family group whose history is suggestive and instructive. Samuel Waugh and Ann McGuire, his wife, imbued with the faith and energy so peculiar to the genuine Scotch-Irish, endured all that is implied in rearing a family of fourteen sons and daughters, and all living to be adults. The sons all lived to be grown, and not one was ever known to use tobacco or ardent spirits in any form. This seems scarcely credible, yet it is asserted to be a pleasing truth. Samuel Waugh was one of the original members of the old Mount Zion Church —one of the strongholds of its denomination for so many years. His history shows that in the face of pioneer hindrances and privations sons and daughters may be reared that may faithfully serve God and support their country in their day and generation.

JOSIAH BEARD.

So far as we have authentic information, the Beard relationship trace their ancestry to John Beard, the pioneer of Renicks Valley, Greenbrier County. He was of Scotch-Irish antecedents, his parents having migrated from the north of Ireland. While a young man he had his parental home in Augusta County, in the bounds of John Craig's congregation, and no doubt helped to build the old Stone Church and the forts spoken of elsewhere, and may have heard the very sermons Craig preached, opposing the people who were thinking of going back to Pennsylvania or over

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the Blue Ridge towards Williamsburg.

His valley home was in the vicinity of New Hope, and after attaining his majority he came to Greenbrier County, and commenced keeping bachelor's hall at the head of Renicks Valley, on lands now occupied by Abram Beard, a grandson. This was about 1770, and though unmarried, John Beard secured land, built a cabin, and cleared ground for cropping.

While living in this isolated manner, some Indians came along and liberally helped themselves to whatever they could find in the way of something to eat; and when they went on their way took the pioneer's gun, dog, and only horse.

It so occurred that Mr Beard was absent that day. It is thought he had gone over to Sinking Creek on a social visit to the Wallace family, old neighbors in Augusta, and whose coming to Greenbrier possibly had its influence with the young bachelor.

When young Beard returned and saw what liberties his visitors had taken in his absence, he looked up the trail and started in pursuit. Upon following the sign for some miles in the direction of Spring Creek, he heard the horse's bell. Guided by the sound he came upon two Indians in camp. They seemed to be very sick, and Mr Beard supposed it was from over eating raw bacon and johnny cake they had taken from his own larder. One appeared to be convulsed with paroxysms of nausea; the other was lying before the fire vigorously rubbing his belly with a piece of bacon, on homeopathic principles that like cures like.

Seeing his own gun near a tree and his own dog ly-

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ing by it, he crawled near to get the gun, but the dog fiercely growled, and he was forced to withdraw quietly as he came, and leave the two sick Indians unmolested. He thereupon went to his horse, silenced the bell and succeeded in getting the animal away.

About this time, or soon after, Mr Beard seemed to realize there was nothing in single blessedness for him and he and Miss Janet Wallace were married by taking a trip to Staunton and making their wishes known to the rector of the imperial parish that extended from the the Blue Ridge to the Pacific ocean. In their pioneer home in Renicks Valley they reared a numerous family of sons and daughters, one of the sons being Josiah Beard, lately of Locust Creek. This paper will be mainly for the illustration of his personal and family history, as his name appears so prominently in our county history. Mr Beard was the first Clerk of the County after its organization and served in that capacity during the formative period of the county's history.

His wife, Rachel Cameron Poage, was the eldest daughter of Major William Poage, of Marlins Bottom. The names of their children are given in the paper relating to Jacob Warwick and his descendants.

He was an expert hunter, and found recreation in hunting deer upon the hills and ridges that make Huntersville scenery so picturesque. He killed scores of fine deer during his residence at the court house, and rarely went beyond the immediate vicinity in quest of game, unless it would be occasional visits to Marlins Bottom for a chase. It proved however that there were attractions to draw him there of a more pleasant

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and romantic nature.

He seemed to have his own ideas as to how he could best promote the interests of the county, and would sometimes carry them out. While residing at Locust Creek he set out one morning to attend court. On the way near his home he discovered fresh wolf signs. He hastened back, got his gun and called up the dogs, and sent Aaron, a colored servant, who was also a skilful hunter and a dead shot, to beat the laurel brake and drive out the wolves. Quite a number were killed and the pack retreated from the neighborhood so far back into the mountains as to give no further trouble.

In the meanti ne, court met and adjourned owing to the absence of the clerk. That official however was present next morning and explained the reasons of his absence, believing it would do the people more good to have the wolves killed and scattered than to hold court that day. Court could meet most any time, but it was not every day that such a good chance to kill wolves could be had.

He was a stanch friend of education, and was one of the first trustees of the Pocahontas Academy at Hillsboro, and one of its most faithful patrons and wise counselors. In business affairs he was successful, and in a quiet, judicious, industrious manner acquired a very extensive landed estate; the larger proportion of which is yet in the possession of his descendants.

His passion for hunting was strong to the last. Every fall he would get restless, and nothing but a hunt would quiet him. One of the last excursions to the mountains, though far advanced in age, he was the

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only one that killed a deer. On his return he would chaff his younger associates by telling all he met on the way that the young men had taken him along to kill their meat for them.

He retained remarkable bodily vigor to the age of four score and over; and his mental faculties were unimpaired to the last. Not many days before his final illness that closed his life, he felt it his duty to see the county surveyor on important business—as he believed it to be—and should be attended to without delay. He went from his home on Locust Creek to Mr Baxter's near Edray, about twenty miles distant, and returned —a cold, raw day it was, too. He overtaxed his endurance by the ride. He soon became sick, and peacefully passed from his long and useful life.

In his life was exemplified the highest type of the citizen—a pious, intelligent cultivator of the soil—the occupation for which the Creator saw fit in his wisdom to create the first man. It is the occupation now that feeds the world, and whatever hinders, depresses, or retards the farmers prosperity, threatens the worst evils that can befall our humanity.

DAVID JAMES.

David James, Senior, was one of the first settlers of the Droop neighborhood, in Lower Pocahontas. He was from Norfolk, Virginia. It is believed he came here soon after the Revolution, and located for awhile near the head of Trump Run, on property now owned by Richard Callison. He then lived some years at the

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A 24954, NOVEMBER 27, 1969

Deaths

Walter Nelson

Walter Nelson, 74, of Arbovale, died Thursday, November 20, 1969, at his home after a long illness.

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Leslie E. Montgomery retired October 31, after a total of thirty-five years and one day with the Soil Conservation Service, during which time he maintained an unusual record of safety, operating a government vehicle without involvement in any accident, and planned more than 2700 farm plans. He has remained longer as a farm planner than anyone else in the state and was never transferred.

Mr. Montgomery came to Pocahontas County in March, 1945, as Work Unit Leader, after serving 2 years in the U. S Army Air Force as an instructor for fighter pilots. Prior to that he was the agronomist for the U.S.D.A. in Monroe County and contact man for a C C C camp doing soil conservation work, one of three in West Virginia and among the first in the nation doing this work.

Mr. Montgomery, Walter Jett, Calvin Price, and Dr. Dick McClung organized the

doing this work.

Mr. Montgomery, Walter Jett, Calvin Price, and Dr. Dick McClung organized the Pocahontas Farming for Better Living and got the program going in 1946. This program ended with a big banquet this past week.

Born in Tyler County May 18, 1905, he attended one-room schools, completing the eighth grade at Short Run School. Following a semester at Salem Academy, he went to Pennsboro High School, participating in all sports and breaking the state 440 record in track. In 1924 he entered West Virginia University where he was a member of Theta Chi Fraternity and captain of the 1928 University track team and established a new quarter mile record that stood for about ten years. He served as an assistant recreation director for Morgantown in the summer.

After receiving his Bachelor of Science degree in Agronomy

established a new quarter mile record that stood for about ten years. He served as an assistant recreation director for Morgantown in the summer.

After receiving his Bachelor of Science degree in Agronomy in 1928 he went an additional semester, qualifying as a Vo-Ag instructor, also as a chemistry and physical education teacher. He taught at Williamsburg High School four years and then at Credo District High School two years.

He plans to remain on his small farm near Buckeye, buying and selling a few steers, hunting and fishing, until his wife, Ina, retires in two years. Then they hope to do some world traveling.

Mr. Montgomery expresses his thanks to the people of Pocahontas for their fine cooperation and courtesy, making his job a real pleasure.

Nursery Stock, etc

Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

—Alford

Tannery

Everything is rumor with no concrete facts locally to report but the status of the Marlinton Tannery is an uneasy one. The 150 or more jobs are a vital part of our economy and we know we express the hopes of our County that this plant, International Shoe Company's only remaining sole leather, tannery will continue in operation.

F. F. B. L.

Friday night's banquet was the finale for the Farming for Better Living Program, although the farmer members voted to have a last picnic this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Ken-

a panther, and treed it in a lofty pine near the summi of the river ridge, about opposite Friel's. He shot the animal, left it where it fell to be attended to later on, and then hurried away on his sorrowful duty, canoeing the river at high tide. The body of the drowned neighbor was found stranded on a large rock, that is still pointed out not very far below the mouth of the creek.

When Mr Moore died, his remains were taken to the Duffield grave yard. His faithful wife survived him a few years, and then was carried to rest by his side, where they are now sleeping the years away, in hope of a blessed resurrection. May they stand in their lot at the end of the days.

LEVI MOORE.

One hundred years ago, one of the most widely known citizens in the region now embraced by Pocahontas and Bath counties, was Levi Moore, Senior, a native of Wales. He was the pioneer of Frost, and came to there some time previous to the Revolution, and was among the first to make a permanent settlement. The lands he settled now owned by the Gibsons, Sharps and others. His wife was Susannah Crist and he first settled in Pennsylvania, where he lived until his family, two sons and two daughters were born and the older ones nearly grown.

Hannah Moore was marrried to Robert Gay, the ancester of the Gay relationship, so frequently alluded to in these papers.

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From Mrs John Simmons and Mrs Mary Jane Moore we learn the following particulars:

Sally Moore became Mrs John Smith, one of the first permanent settlers of the Edray district, near the head of Stony Creek, of whom special mention is made.

George Moore was at the notable wedding when Jacob Slaven and Miss Eleanor Lockridge were married near Driscol. The tradition is that a practical joke was played by one James Brindley, at which the horse took fright, ran off, and the rider's head struck a projecting fence stake and was instantly killed. George Moore lived a while on the land now held by Abram Sharp, but sold to John Sharp and went to Kentucky. He was back on a visit when his sudden death occurred as just mentioned.

Levi Moore, Junior, was a person of marked prominence in county affairs. In person he was six feet eleven inches in height, and well proportioned. He was a member of the Virginia legislature and was on the commission to locate the court-house, and selected a site near where George Baxter, county surveyor, now lives. His first marriage was with Miss Nancy Sharp, daughter of William Sharp, the Huntersville pioneer, and lived on the Moore homestead. In reference to their children the following items are recorded:

Rebecca Moore was married to Leonard Irvine, on Back Creek, and lived at the brick house where the road to Frost leaves the Back Creek road. Levi Irvine was killed in an accident; Lizzie Irvine wns married to Henry Coffee, of Augusta County, Va.; Cornelia Irvine

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was married to William Gardner and settled in Webster County; Wilton Irvine married Kate McCarty, daughter of George McCarty, and settled on Little Back Creek; Susannah Irvine was married to Cyrus Kelley on Little Creek; and there is a son, Herron Irvine.

Margaret Moore was married to Eli McCarty and lived near Laurel Run. Her daughter, Margaret McCarty, married the late John Simmons and lived on the homestead. Her brother, Paul, died in the west.

Martha Moore, another daughter of Hon Levi Moore, Junior, was married to the late Rev John Waugh, of Indian Draft. Her children were Levi, Beverly, John, Samuel, Miriam, Ann and Eveline. Joseph B. McNeel, on Bucks Run; Rev John W. McNeel, a minister of the Baltimore Conference, are her grand-children.

Andrew Moore married Rebecca Waugh, daughter of Samuel Waugh, in the Hills, and settled on Knapps Creek, thence moved to the head of Stony Creek, and finally located in Jackson County. He was noted for his skill in forecasting the seasons and weather.

Levi Moore, the third, went to Nebraska where it is reported he amassed a large fortune in the fur trade. Having no family of his own, he adopted his nephew, John Moore one of Andrew's sons.

The Hon Levi Moore's second marriage was with Mary McCarty, daughter of Timothy McCarty, a Revolutionary veteran, and the ancestor of the widely extended McCarty relationship in our county.

Rachel Moore, a daughter of this marriage, became the wife of James Sharp, on Thorny Creek, and mi-

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grated to Iowa.

Susannah Crist Moore, another daughter, was married to Stephen Hadden, and also went to Iowa.

Mrs Mary Jane Moore, the third daughter, makes her home with her daughter, Mrs Matilda Moore, near Mt Zion Church.

George Moore, the youngest son, was about as tall as his father. He spent some years in the west. He returned to Pocahontas about 1841, and was a pupil at the first session taught in the Pocahontas Academy, at Hillsboro, in 1842. The Rev Joseph Brown was Principal. He had the profession of medicine in view and was studious to a fault in his efforts to qualify himself. Mr Brown took much interest in the quiet and exemplary student, so intensely anxious for intellectual improvement. After all his hard labor, the young man was seized with pulmonary disease, aggravated by his close application to books, and died at the home of his sister, Mrs Rebecca Irvine, on Back Creek. The writer remembers him well, and he feels the pathos of "the Epitaph" in Gray's "Elegy of a Country Churchyard."

Levi Moore, Senior, located 575 acres of a "British survey on the headwaters of Knapps Creek. After the Revolutiun new requirements were made in order to secure permanent possession. It was to pay a requisite fee, a warrant would be laid, and a patent granted by the federal government. The new papers are dated 1798, and attested by Henry Grimes and Allen Poage, and signed by James Madison, Governor of Virginia.

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Previous to this survey George Poage had laid a warrant on two thousand acres, which would have included the 575 acres claimed by the Moores. At first the Moores contested for the British right, but when they found such was not valid they then availed themselves of the provision authorizing exchange of warrants. Levi Moore, Junior, appears in this new arrangement as assignee of Levi Moore, Senior, for lands adjoining the lands of Aaron Moore, who was living at that time on the Herold place. So when a warrant held elsewhere was exchanged for the warrant on the land adjoining Aaron Moore, was agreed upon by Poage and Levi Moore, it came about that when the patent was applied for, George Poage stated the fact that there had been an exchange of warrants, and at Poage's request the title for 575 acres was vested in Levi Moore, Junior, as assignee of Levi Moore, Sr.

This transaction is interesting and instructive, as showing the spirit of the times, and how business men acted on the principles of an enlightened and pure conscience. So far as the letter of the law went, Poage could have held the 575 acres, with all the improvements and good qualities of the land; yet within his breast there was the higher law of a conscience void of offense toward God and man, and he keeps his fellow citizen from suffering from the mistake he made when he relied on the validity of British right, which had been declared null and void by the results of the Revolution. At the time, the warrant elsewhere bore no comparison, in real value, to the warrant for the lands adjoining the lands of Aaron Moore.

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The golden rule comes in, and an enlightened conscience decides the matter. The spirit did right when the letter of the law would have been a shield for robbery. It makes us feel proud of our pioneer people to catch glimpses of what manner of men they were.

It is a sad day for any generation or family relationship to have it said of them that, like potatoes, the "best parts of them are in the ground."

The record of this transaction is carefully preserved, and may be consulted time and again in the future as a testimony of what it is to be fair and square.

JOHN MOORE.

"Pennsylvania" John Moore is represented by a worthy posterity, and deserves special mention as one of the Pocahontas Pioneers. He was among the immigrants from Pennsylvania, and as there were several John Moores, the soubriquet "Pennsylvania" was and is attached to his name. Upon his marriage with Margaret Moore, daughter of Moses Moore, scout, hunter, and pioneer, John Moore settled and opened up the place now occupied by David Moore, near Mount Zion Church, in the Hills. Their family consisted of three sons and eight daughters.

Martha Moore became Mrs John Collins, and lived in Upshur County, West Virginia.

Jennie lived to be grown and died of cancerous affection.

Nancy Moore was married to Peter Bussard, and they had their home near Glade Hill.

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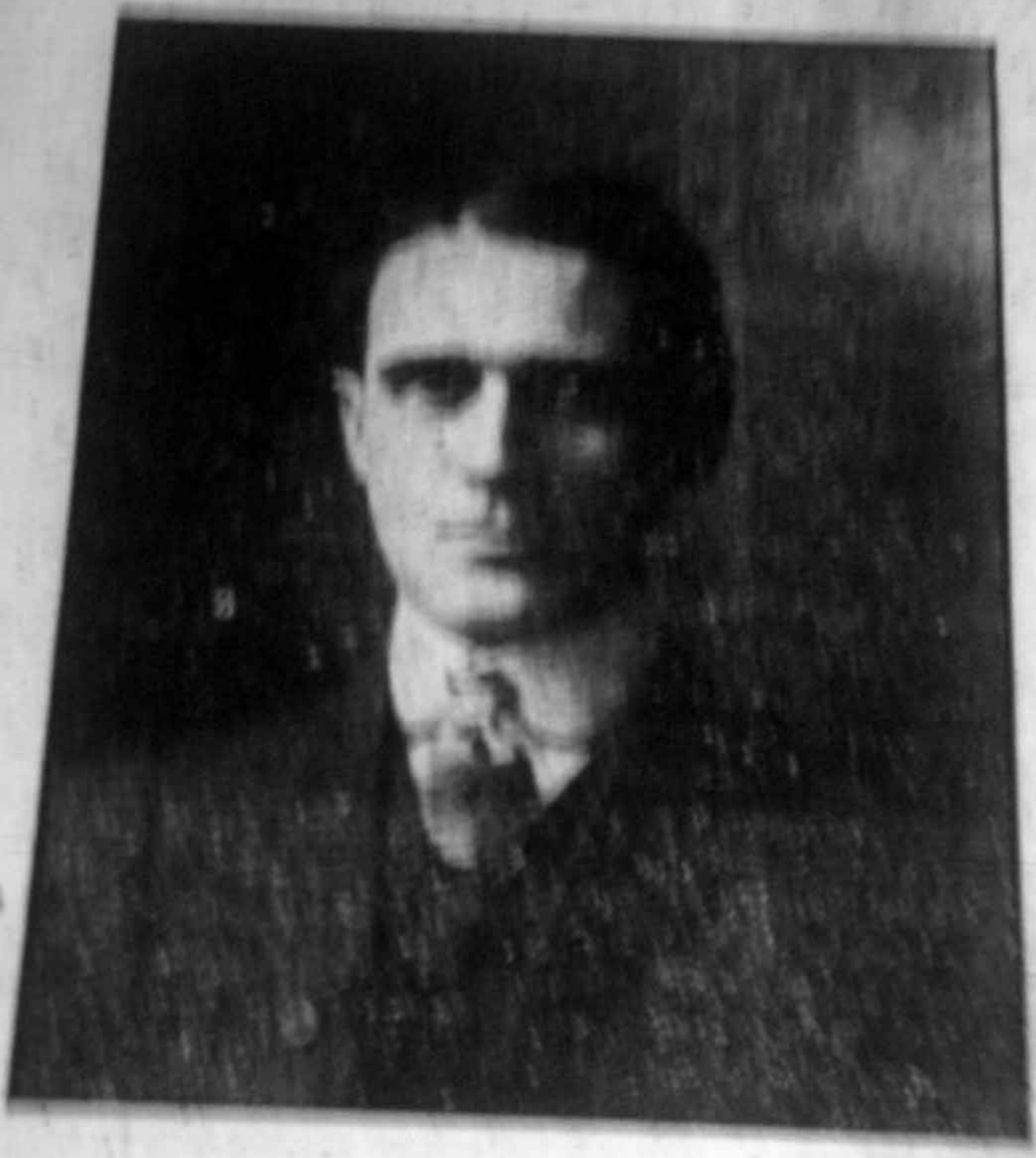

LEWIS ARMSTRONG YEAGER

LEWIS ARMSTRONG YEAGER.

BORN SEPT. 10, 1878---DIED DEC. 10, 1906.

In addition to the account of the death of Lewis A. Yeager published in last week's issue we publish the following account taken from the Morgantown New Dominion-News.

Lewis Armstrong Yeager, one of the younger members of the Monongalia county bar, and a graduate of the West Virginia University, died at his home at the corner of High and Prospect streets at 12:30 this morning, after a brief illness. The announcement of his death came as a great shock to his numerous friends about the city, many of whom did not know of his illness. He was able to be at his office during the latter part of the past week, and his illness did not appear to be serious until Friday. Degeneration of the muscular tissues of the heart is given as the cause of his

companionable in his nature, loyal to his friends, and possessed a fine, discriminating power of judgment, which always gave weight to his opinions.

The deceased was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity and the F. O. E., both of which organizations will properly observe the funeral.

His remains were laid to rest at Morgantown Thursday evening services being conducted by Rev. McGrew, of the Episcopal church.

The Preacher and the Editor.

A preacher came at a newspaper man in this way: You editors do not tell the truth. If you did you could not live, your newspaper would be a failure. The editor replied: You are right, and the minister who will at all

able to be at his office during the latter part of the past week, and his illness did not appear to be serious until Friday. Degeneration of the muscular tissues of the heart is given as the cause of his death. The most profound sympathy is felt for his young wife, and many of the old friends who knew and loved him find it hard to realize that he is gone.

"Lou" Yeager, as he was usually known to his friends, was born in Pocahontas county, September 10, 1878. He was educated in the schools of his native county, and at the age of sixteen held a teachers' certificate of the first grade. At the age of seventeen years he entered the preparatory department of the West Virginia University, and was graduated in 1900 with the degree of bachelor of arts in law. While in college he was prominent as an athlete, and for several years was the star fullback of the 'varsity eleven. He was a perfect specimen of physical manhood. During the fall following his graduation he played football

paper man in this way: You editors do not tell the truth. If you did you could not live. your newspaper would be a failure. The editor replied: You are right, and the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the whole truth about his members alive or dead will not occupy his pulpit more than one Sunday, and then he will find it necessary to leave town in a hurry. The press and the pulpit go hand in hand with whitewash brushes and pleasant words, magnifying little virtues into big ones. The pulpit, the pen, and the grave stone are the great saint making triumvirate. And the great minister went away looking very thoughtful while the editor turned to his work, and told of the unsurpassing beauty of the bride, while in fact she was as homely as a mud fence.

Colonel Mosby's Birthday.

John Singleton Mosby, the famous ex-Confederate scout and

prominent as an athlete, and for several years was the star fullback of the 'varsity eleven. He was a perfect specimen of physical manhood. During the fall following his graduation he played football with the Latrobe team, and later coached the 'varsity eleven for a season. He began the practice of his profession in Morgantown in February, 1901. A year later he formed a law partnership with C. W. Cramer, now prosecuting attorney, and the two young men practiced together until the latter began his duties as prosecuting attorney in 1905. From that time until his death he practiced alone.

In 1903 Mr. Yeager was married to Miss Elizabeth Lynn Harvey, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. John I. Harvey of Huntington. She survives him.

Mr. Yeager was very successful in the practice of his profession, and in addition to this handled

as homely as a mud fence.

Colonel Mosby's Birthday.

John Singleton Mosby, the famous ex-Confederate scout and colonel of cavalry, was born in Powhatan county, Virginia, December 6, 1833, and was educated at the university of Virginia. At the outbreak of the war he was one of the first to enlist in the cause of the Confederacy, and the part he played in the big struggle made the Union commanders he harrassed, wish he had never turned his attention to the art of war. His first service was under General Joseph E. Johnson in the Shenandoah Valley.

Afterward he acted as an independent scout for the noted cavalry leader, General J. E. B. Stuart, and was intrusted with many hazardous and important duties. His most brilliant feat was the capture of General She

until his death he practiced alone.

In 1903 Mr. Yeager was married to Miss Elizabeth Lynn Harvey, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. John L. Harvey of Huntington. She survives him.

Mr. Yeager was very successful in the practice of his profession, and in addition to this handled several large deals in coal and timber. He was especially interested in timber at the time of his death. He took an active part in local politics, serving as committeeman when H. L. Swisher made his race for the State Senate. He was elected recorder of the city of Morgantown, and at the conclusion of his term was chosen city solicitor. He was genial,

General Joseph E. Johnson in the Shenandoah Valley.

Afterward he acted as an independent scout for the noted cavalry leader, General J. E. B. Stuart, and was intrusted with many hazardous and important duties. His most brilliant feat was the capture of General Sherman's entire supply train, which he accomplished by a raid in the Union lines. After the war Mosby and Grant became warm personal friends, and this affection lasted in Grant until death. From 18[illegible] until 1885 General Mosby was American consul at Hong Kong. On his return to the United States he established himself in California.

LEWIS ARMSTRON

BORN SEPT. 10, 1878---DIE

In addition to the account of the death of Lewis A. Yeager published in last week's issue we publish the following account taken from the Morgantown New Dominion-News.

Lewis Armstrong Yeager, one of the younger members of the Monongalia county bar, and a graduate of the West Virginia University, died at his home at the corner of High and Prospect streets at 12:30 this morning, after a brief illness. The announcement of his death came as a great shock to his numerous friends about the city, many of whom did not know of his illness. He was able to be at his office during the latter part of the past week, and his illness did not appear to be serious until Friday. Degeneration of the muscular tissues of the heart is given as the cause of his

and many of the old friends who knew and loved him find it hard to realize that he is gone.

"Lou" Yonger, as he was usually known to his friends, was born in Pocahontas county, September 10, 1878. He was educated in the schools of his native county, and at the age of sixteen held a teachers' certificate of the first grade. At the age of seventeen years he entered the preparatory department of the West Virginia University, and was graduated in 1900 with the degree of bachelor of arts in law. While in college he was prominent as an athlete, and for several years was the star fullback of the 'varsity eleven. He was a perfect specimen of physical manhood. During the fall following his graduation he played football with the Latrobe team, and later coached the 'varsity eleven for a season. He began the practice of his profession in Morgantown in February, 1901. A year later he formed a law partnership with

practiced together until the latter began his duties as prosecuting attorney in 1905. From that time until his death he practiced alone.

In 1908 Mr. Yeager was married to Miss Elizabeth Lynn Harvey, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. John L. Harvey of Huntington. She survives him.

Mr. Yeager was very successful in the practice of his profession, and in addition to this handled several large deals in coal and timber. He was especially interested in timber at the time of his death. He took an active part in local politics, serving as committeeman when H. L. Swisher made his race for the State Senate. He was elected recorder of the city of Morgantown, and at the conclusion of his term was chosen city solicitor. He was genial,

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companionable in his nature, loyal to his friends, and possessed a fine, discriminating power of judgment, which always gave weight to his opinions.

The deceased was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity and the F. O. E., both of which organizations will properly observe the funeral.

His remains were laid to rest at Morgantown Thursday evening services being conducted by Rev. McGrew, of the Episcopal church.

The Preacher and the Editor.

A preacher came at a newspaper man in this way: You editors do not tell the truth. If you did you could not live, your newspaper would be a failure. The editor replied: You are right, and the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the whole truth about his members alive or dead will not occupy his pulpit more than one Sunday, and then he will find it necessary to leave town in a

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Balances shown by sheriff's settlement with dog fund not paid over. $126.60

Interest on said balances not paid over. $31.46

Discrepancy in sheriff's settlement with the dog fund Due County $1.00

Public services taxes certified to Sheriff for collection not accounted for (1906). Due County $97.79

Interest added to 1905, 1907 and 1908 taxes, (estimated) Amount remaining unpaid. Due State $50.85 Due County $143.83

Totals, Due Sheriff $458.94 Due State $131.49 Due County $2,114.40

Net amount due State and County, Due State $131.49 Due County $1,655.46

the time of beginning audit ex-Sheriff McNeel not paid over to his successor, J. H. Buzzard, the balance due Greenbank school district aggregating $261.05. This amount was afterwards paid over to Sheriff Buzzard, November 4, 1911.

following schedule shows allowed to Sheriff in his settlement with County, road and school Sheriff McNeel received said discount in addition maximum commissions authorized by section 853, as quoted.

received 1906 set- 1905 taxes (school

received 1906 set- taxes (county and 75.54

received 1907 set- taxes, 758.40

received 1908 set- taxes, 1172.86

received 1909 settle-

L. S. COCHRAN.

Candidate for Sheriff of Pocahontas County, who received a large vote in Tuesday's primary.

Labor Men Oppose Watson.

Picturing Senator Clarence W. Watson, the Fairmont coal baron, as a tyrant against the interests of the laboring man,

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address,

(Printed by request).

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new Na-

there for interment after being embalmed by the undertaking firm of A. K. Smith & Son.

Special Officer Lincoln Cochran captured Frank Murry at Montes, in Randolph County last Monday morning after a race of a couple of hundred yards. Murry saw the officer coming up the railroad track as he was going for a bucket of water and recognizing him started to run. He took to the water like a duck but Cochran proved more fleet of foot than Murry and overtook him after a short time. Murry was serving a jail sentence here when he made his escape. Mr. Cochran also brought in Charles Thorn, alias Cam Thorn who was captured at Elkins by the Chief of Police Wednesday. There are about 30 indictments against Thorn for selling whiskey.

ing to some business for the company.

It is reported that Mr. L. S. Cochran will shortly make his announcement and enter the race for Sheriff of Pocahontas county. Mr. Cochran comes from the Levels District and will make a number one sheriff. Pocahontas county has been greatly handicapped at times on account of not having eficient officers to serve papers, and Mr. Cochran has showed his metal as special officer and Deputy Assessor that the people know when Lincoln is called on to do a service he is always there with the goods. The Republicans could not name a better man.

On another page of this is-

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. spent Tuesday at Durb

Our politicians are to pull for "Teddy".

Miss Ruby Lawson turned from an ext to Clarksburg and Virginia cities.

Mr. Robert Hun plates accepting a inspector with a Carolina lumber plant.

The recent co some good skid not unwelcome who had long mills and yard was hampered

The many Patrick Tab the county

reasoner that he has been a great President, that before he was President he accomplished wonders for the government as Special Agent in the Cuban and Phillipine troubles and bringing about a settlement with Spain satisfactory and amicable with all the powers.

Cochran A Candidate.

Nothing gives us more pleasure this week than to announce the candidacy of L. S. Cochran for the office of Sheriff of Pocahontas county. Mr. Cochran is a successful business man; has never shirked duty when called upon to perform a public service and it goes without saying that he will make a number one sheriff. Since "The News" mentioned the fact last week that Mr. Cochran would be a candidate, he has received encouragement from practically all the leading Republicans of the county to announce himself and it is not likely that he will have any opposition for the nomination.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Republican Voters of Pocahontas county.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Sheriff of Pocahontas county, ...e decision of the ...imary to be held

	Do do
	Do do
G. W. Clark hauling	
Do	do
Do	do
Do	do
Gay & McLaughlin hauling	
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G. W. L. Doyle lumber	
Wilson Brothers	do
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W. M. Wardell labor	
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Jerry Salsgiver labor	
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Andy Mays	do
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George Salsgiver	do
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Floyd Oscar	
Do	
C. H. McCoy	
Do	
Alex Johnson	
Do	
O. D. Gibson	
Do	
D. Malcomb	
Do	
Besling	

likely that he will have any opposition for the nomination.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Republican Voters of Pocahontas county.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Sheriff of Pocahontas county, subject to the decision of the Republican Primary to be held on June 4th.

L. S. COCHRAN.

ford Ryder is home for a
ays from camp.
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WILDELL.

Republican Primary
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alt to Miss Elizabeth
of Wildell.

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ary Tuesday.

Allen and Edwards Really Through Pocahontas.

That Sidney Allen and Wesley Edwards were in Pocahontas County seems to be confirmed by Mr. H. Searer, of Edray, who was acquainted with the men while he lived in Virginia. Mr. Shearer says the men met him in the road near his place, each carrying a winchester rifle and were armed to the teeth and they knew him and he invited them to dinner, but they refused saying there was a reward out for them, and they could not afford to take a meal even with an old acquaintance. Both men are still traveling together and expect to sell their lives at the highest price possible if compelled to do so.

State Ratification Convention to be Held at Clarksburg June 11th, 12th and 13th.

Delegates from every county in the State have been selected to attend the State Convention of the Ratification Federation, which will be held in Clarksburg, June 11th, 12th and 13th.

This convention is in the interests of the campaign for the ratification of the Prohibition Amendment and is non-partisan in its character, The Prohibition Party has nothing to do with the Convention any more than the democratic or republican party. It will be composed of delegates representing all shades of political belief.

The program will be an ex-
ceptionally strong one. Judge A.

List of Teachers

Following is the list of teachers attending the teachers examination Thursday and Friday.

Flora Gillispie	Arbovale
Mary McCarty	Huntersville
*Alice Blackhurst	Cass
Allie Gibson	Yelk
Hattie Boggs	Buckeye
Iope Waybright	Bartow
Ruth Moore White	Onoto
*Rachel Cassell	Wanless
Bessie Hannah	Yelk
Bertha Baxter	Onoto
Lula Briscoe	Stony Bottom
Florence Shrout	Burner
Maude Wanless	Wanless
Margie Herold	Frost
Maude Loudermilk	Buckeye
Elsie Adkison	Buckeye
Bessie Cornwell	Marlinton
Mazie Hannah	Yelk
Edna McNeill	Buckeye
*Bulah Moore	Huntersville
Brownie Trainer	Greenbank
Bertie M. Hill	Lobelia
Nannie Hill	Lobelia
Flossie Conrad	Arbovale
May Little	Greenbank
Elsie Hull	Marlinton
George Grogg	Durbin
Leonard Vaughn	Lobelia
Charles Lee Wilmoth	Arbovale
*Joshua Buckley	Buckeye
Floy Gillispie	Greenbank
Luther Wooddell	Greenbank
James McComb	Huntersville
Albert Ray	Harter
*Edgar M. Brock	Buckeye
Jesse P. Hannah	Slaty Fork
*K. B. Wilmoth	Durbin
*M. B. Simmons	Bartow
Dennis Brown	Wanless
Dice Grimes	Lobelia
D. J. Van Devander	Arbovale
Brown Varner	Arbovale

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of Wildell.

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place, each carrying a winchester rifle and were armed to the teeth and they knew him and he invited them to dinner, but they refused saying there was a reward out for them, and they could not afford to take a meal even with an old acquaintance. Both men are still traveling together and expect to sell their lives at the highest price possible if compelled to do so.

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The program will be an exceptionly strong one. Judge A. J. Blair, the famous Judge of Adams County, Ohio fame and Wayne B. Wheeler, President of the Oaio Anti-Sa-

Ruth Moore White	Bartow
*Rachel Gassell	Onoko
Bessie Hannah	Wanless
Bertha Baxter	Yelk
Lula Briscoe	Onoko
Florence Shrout	Stony Bottom
Maude Wanless	Burner
Margie Herold	Wanless
Maude Loudermilk	Frost
Elsie Adkison	Buckeye
Bessie Cornwell	Buckeye
Mazie Hannah	Marlinton
Edna McNeill	Yelk
*Bulah Moore	Buckeye
Brownie Trainer	Huntersville
Bertie M. Hill	Greenbank
Nannie Hill	Lobelia
Flossie Conrad	Lobelia
May Little	Arbovale
Elsie Hull	Greenbank
George Grogg	Marlinton
Leonard Vaughn	Durbin
Charles Lee Wilmoth	Lobelia
*Joshua Buckley	Arbovale
Floy Gillispie	Buckeye
Luther Wooddell	Greenbank
James McComb	Greenbank
Albert Ray	Huntersville
*Edgar M. Brock	Harter
Jesse P. Hannah	Buckeye
*K. B. Wilmoth	Slaty Fork
*M. B. Simmons	Durbin
Dennis Brown	Bartow
Dice Grimes	Wanless
D. J. Van Devander	Lobelia
Brown Varner	Arbovale
Carl A. Bruffey	Arbovale
E. C. Bush	Lobelia
*Clyde White	Marlinton
	Buckeye

* Applying for No 1 graded certificates.

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*Joshua Buckley	Buckeye
Floy Gillispie	Greenbank
Luther Wooddell	Greenbank
James McComb	Huntersville
Albert Ray	Harter
*Edgar M. Brock	*Buckeye
Jesse P. Hannah	Slaty Fork
*K. B. Wilmoth	Durbin
*M. B. Simmons	Bartow
Dennis Brown	Wanless
Dice Grimes	Lobelia
D. J. Van Devander	Arbovale
Brown Varner	Arbouale
Carl A. Bruffey	Lobelia
E. C. Bush	Marlinton
*Clyde White	Buckepe

* Applying for No 1 graded certificates.

Examiners B. F. E. Wooddell, J. S. Moore and Miss Anna Lee Ervin.

CITIZENS TRUST AND GUARANTY COMPANY OF WEST VIRGINIA

Shipley officiating.

Ellis H. Moore, of Hunteraville, brought a wild cat to Marlinton Wednesday which he sold to Everett Livesay. The cat was mounted by Mr Moore, himself, and is a good piece of work.

Lincoln Cochran had thirteen prisoners from the county jail at work Wednesday. When we say at work we mean just what we say. The prisoners evidently learned well their lesson received in Judge Bennett's school, at its last session. They have realized that lessons taught by others than the regularly authorized teacher were false.

After three weeks of rain, snow, mud, slush, wind storms, freezing weather and a variety of weather

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J. Pothen
Sur les Roches 8
B-4960 Malmedy
Belgium

Malmedy, le 18-04-2001

Mr Lloyd Kisner
P.B. Box 246
DURBIN
26264 W.V.
U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

I am sending old photos of the village of FORET and of Louis FECHIR and his wife.

I hope you will recognize the house where you were living in 1944.

Your photos make me happy.

I thank you for all information you give me through your niece, Madam Doreen.

I have no information about Mimi Brisco, but researches continue.

I thank you for all.

If you have any questions….ask to me!

God bless you.

Joseph Pothen

J. Pothen
Sur les Roches 8
B-4960 MALMEDY
Belgium

Malmedy,17-01-2001

Mr Lloyd Kisner
P.B Box 246
Durbin WV 26264
U.S.A

Dea r Sir,

I am very happy you are still in good health.
Your nephew, C.Erickson Jr gave me your address by « Internet ».
Did you remember when you came in my parents's home, four or five days before the arrival of the American army on September 11 .
Before that, you ware hiding in the home of Louis Féchir in the village of Forêt.
Louis Féchir was a cousin of my mother.
During the withdrawal of the german army, the S.S. attacked Belgian Resistant fighters in the village of Forêt. Then Louis Féchir came with you and an other G.I. in Saint-Hadelin where I was living. You ware sleeping in the bedroom of my parents ! At that time, you wrote your name in a little note-book I have kept till today !
I enclose a copy of the page where you wrote your name and the photo taken in the beginning September 44. On the photo I was 16. I am now 72 ! ! !
I am looking forward to haring for you.!

Was your B –26 shoot down by enemy airkraft or enemy anti-aircraft ?
Can you explain me wath happened after you were shot down ?
How did you come to Louis Féchir's house ?
Do you know the name of the other airman on the photo ?
Is he still living ?
I hope to receive a photo of you …
I am very happy to had found you again0
I shall write to in the coming days or weeks

Sincerely your

Doreen

From: "POTHEN Joseph"
To: "Widney Jay" <jaysam@neumedia.net>
Sent: Tuesday, December 04, 2001 11:24 AM
Subject: Uncle Dabney

Dear Madam,

Your latest letter make me very happy when I learn good news concerning your uncl Dabney.

My wife and I sent to you all our best wishes for 2002.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Yesterdays my wife and I were going to the SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allie Powers Europe) in Mons, 230 km from Malmedy. Every years, the City of Malmed offers a Christmas tree from our forests to the SHAPE. We were part of the offici delegation.

Since the terrorist attack on New York, the control to go in this center is very strict.

We have had the opportunity to visit the Child Development Center Briefing: a splend American center for children from 6 months to 5 years.

Our delegation was presented to the SACEUR (the big boss), the general U. RALSTON. (4 stars)

At 16.00, our Mayor and the SACEUR have illuminated the Christmas tree.

All the days: aperitifs, receptions, aperitifs, receptions … Super!!!

I am now preparing the ceremony at the monument of Baugnez (Malmedy) where G.I's were killed by the German SS on December 17 1944.

Sincerely Joseph

Doreen

From: "POTHEN Joseph"
To: "Widney Jay" <jaysam@neumedia.net>
Sent: Sunday, August 26, 2001 5:41 AM
Subject: Uncle Dabney

Dear Madam Doreen,

During the holidays months I did not receive any new pieces of information concerning

your uncle.

However I have discovered the young girl your uncle calls "Mimi", with whom he learned a few French words.

I called up this person; she very well remembers her airmen friends Lloyd and Andy. This lady has forgotten nothing of that already far away era. She was happy to know how I succeeded in tracking up your uncle. She swishes you to say a friendly "Hello" to your uncle and assure him of her good memories,

Your friendly,

Joseph

I think pilots used to give names to their planes. Can your uncle remember the names o f his planes and, more particulary, the name of the plane with which he crashed in Belgium?-

M almedy, le 07-02-2001

Dear Mister Kisner

,

I am very glad to know you are in good health.
Do you remember when you ware in my parents's home ?

My father – my grand-mother me – (?) my mother – you my cousin and his sister – my aunt

My father died in 1982 (85 years old)
My mother died in 1993 (91 years old)
My grand –mother died in 1975 (99 years old)
My aunt died in 1985 (82 years old)
On this photo I was 16 ! Now I am 72.
In 1952 I got married with Marie-Louise. We have 3 sons, one doughter and 8 grandchildren
I was principal of the schools of our town. (Malmedy - Belgium)
I am retired since 1985.
My hobby is the study of the Battle of the Bulge.

Do you know the name of your companion ? Is he still in live ? I think his first name was Andre or Andy(?).
Before you came in my parents's home, you ware in the home of LOUIS FECHIR in the village of FORET
Louis FECHIR died in 1975 (84 years old). His wife died in 1960 (67 years old), His son NICOLAS died in 1996. Marie (78) and Celine (76), the dougthers of Louis FECHIR, live in TROOZ, a town near FORET.
I should receive one photo of you. Is it possible ?

I join a document I have since long time.
(Excuse my English)
Sincerely,

Joseph Pothen
Sur les Roches 8
B-4960 Malmedy
Belgium

Classification changed to RESTRICTED
by E. A. FRANCOIS, Lt. Col., AC
by P. M. HUNNICUTT, Capt., AC
Date MAR 16 1946

CONFIDENTIAL

WAR DEPARTMENT
HEADQUARTERS ARMY AIR FORCES
WASHINGTON

5040

MISSING AIR CREW REPORT

IMPORTANT: This report will be compiled in triplicate by each Army Air Forces organization within 10 hours of the time an aircraft is officially reported missing.

1. ORGANIZATION: Location AAF Station 358 ; Command or Air Force Ninth Air Force
Group 323rd Bomb Group (M) Squadron 455th ; Detachment
2. SPECIFY: Point of Departure AAF Station 358 ; Course As Briefed
Intended Destination Liege, Belgium ; Type of Mission Combat
3. WEATHER CONDITIONS AND VISIBILITY AT TIME OF CRASH OR WHEN LAST REPORTED:
Slight haze, no low clouds, visibility 6 - 8 miles.
4. GIVE: (a) Date 5/25/44 ; Time 1023 ; and Location Liege, Belgium
of last known whereabouts of missing aircraft.
(b) Specify whether (X) Last Sighted; ( ) Last contacted by Radio; ( ) Forced Down; ( ) Seen to Crash; or ( ) Information not Available.
5. AIRCRAFT WAS LOST, OR IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN LOST, AS A RESULT OF: (Check only one ( ) Enemy Aircraft; (X) Enemy Anti-Aircraft; ( ) Other Circumstances as follows
6. AIRCRAFT: Type, Model and Series B-26B-50 ; A.A.F. Serial Number 42-95929
7. ENGINES: Type, Model and Series R-2800-43; A.A.F. Serial Number (a) FP 060369
(b) FP 060411 ; (c) ; (d)
8. INSTALLED MACHINE GUNS (Furnish below Make, Type and Serial Number)
(a) ; (b) ; (c) ; (d) ;
(e) ; (f) ; (g) ; (h)
9. THE PERSONS LISTED BELOW WERE REPORTED AS: (a) Battle Casualty or (b) ~~Non-Battle Casualty~~
10. NUMBER OF PERSONS ABOARD AIRCRAFT: Crew 6 ; Passengers ; Total 6
(Starting with pilot, furnish the following particulars: If more than 10 persons are aboard aircraft, list similar particulars on separate sheet and attach original to this form.)

	Crew Position	Name in Full (Last name First)	Rank	Serial Number
1.	Pilot	POW Holt, Robert E.	Captain	0-662639 RTD
2.	Navigator	POW Couch, William S.	1st Lt.	0-685548 RTD
3.	Bombardier	RTD Kisner, Lloyd E.	1st Lt.	0-731762 RTD
4.	Radio Operator	POW McCardle, James T.	S/Sgt.	12123132 RTD
5.	Aerial Engineer	POW Craig, Gordon K. V.	S/Sgt.	20618914 RTD
6.	Tail Gunner	RTD Wootton, Frederick C.	S/Sgt.	35112384 RTD
7.				
8.				
9.				
10.				

11. IDENTIFY BELOW THOSE PERSONS WHO ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE LAST KNOWLEDGE OF AIRCRAFT, AND CHECK APPROPRIATE COLUMN TO INDICATE BASIS FOR [illegible]:

CONFIDENTIAL

4879

NOV 22 1944

Fw: Concerning Lloyd Kisner

Subject: Fw: Concerning Lloyd Kisner
Date: (No, or invalid, date.)
From: "Doreen" <jaysam@neumedia.net>
To: "becky and fred" <bfbenton@yahoo.com>
CC: "cathy" <corndorf@access.mountain.net>, "frank&robin" <fnrmams@neumedia.net>, "franny" <emams@wvu.edu>

Becky we are getting some info. I talked to Carol Erickson and she said she has n

Sam

Date: Thursday, January 18, 2001 01:54:38
> *From: POTHEN Joseph*
> *To: jaysam@neumedia.net*
> *Subject: Concerning Lloyd Kisner*
>
> *Madame Widney,*
> *I am very happy to find again your uncle Mr Lloyd Kisner.*
> *In may 1944 after bombing an bridge in Liège (Belgium), his aircraft was shot*
> *down. Fortunately, your oncle was not killed in the crash of his B-25. I do*
> *not know how he came in the house of Mr Louis Féchir in the village of FORET*
> *near Liège (Belgium).*
> *On September 6 or 7, SS of the German army attacked Belgian Resistant*
> *figthters in FORET.*
> *Quickly Louis FECHIR took two airmen (Lloyd Kisner and an unknow) and came in*
> *my parent's home in Saint-Hadelin (4 miles from FORET). Louis FECHIR was a*
> *cousin of my mother. It was very dangerous to protect American soldiers during*
> *the war!*
> *Lloyd was sleeping in the bedroom of my parents. He wrote his name in an*
> *note-book I have kep till todays. At that time I have the opportunity to take*
> *one photo of the first American I met in my live and before the withdrawal of*
> *The german army!*
> *6 or 7 days later, our liberators, the American Army, got to Saint-Hadelin. Mr*
> *Kisner and his tompanion got back to the American Army.*
> *At that time , I was 16. I have never forget all what heppened in 1944-1945.*
> *Thank you for what you did for me.*
>
> *P.S. excuse my English*

Joseph Pothen

Vendredi

Liège doit être pris.
Les Américains sont
à Fleron, Aywaille.

Lt Lloyd E Kesner.
BOT 25
Frank, Wirtha

You wrote your name
in my note-book
Freiday 8 Septembe
1944.

Liege doit être pris.
Les Commandants sont
à Theux, Aywaille.

Lt Lloyd & Yeomen.

BOY 25

Frank, Wm H.

You wrote your name
in my note-book

Friday 8 September

Dear Mister Kisner

,

I am very glad to know you are in good health.
Do you remember when you ware in my parents's home ?

My father – my grand-mother me – (?) my mother – you my cousin and his sister – my aunt

St Hadelin
Sept 1944

My father died in 1982 (85 years old)
My mother died in 1993 (91 years old)
My grand –mother died in 1975 (99 years old)
My aunt died in 1985 (82 years old)
On this photo I was 16 ! Now I am 72.
In 1952 I got married with Marie-Louise. We have 3 sons, one doughter and 8 grandchildren
I was principal of the schools of our town. (Malmedy - Belgium)
I am retired since 1985.
My hobby is the study of the Battle of the Bulge.

Do you know the name of your companion ? Is he still in live ? I think his first name was Andre or Andy(?).
Before you came in my parents's home, you ware in the home of LOUIS FECHIR in the village of FORET
Louis FECHIR died in 1975 (84 years old). His wife died in 1960 (67 years old), His son NICOLAS . died in 1996. Marie (78) and Celine (76), the dougthers of Louis FECHIR, live in TROOZ, a town near FORET.
I schould receive one photo of you. Is it possible ?

I join a document I have since long time.
(Excuse my English)
Sincerely,

Joseph Pothen
Sur les Roches 8
B-4960 Malmedy
Belgium

J. Pothen
8 Sur les Roches
B-4960 Malmedy
Belgium

Malmedy, le 14-09-2001

Mr L.Kisner
P.B. Box 246
DURBIN
W.V. 26264
U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

The C.R.B.A. (Center of Research on the Battle of the Bulge) has the honor of sending you the enclosed diploma for the part you played in the victory of the Allied troop during the WWII.

This diploma is reserved, usually, to the soldiers that fought during the Battle of the Bulge but we send it to you as an exceptional mark of sympathy and gratefulness.

With my sincere and friendly congratulations

Joseph

Enclosed you will find information on the activities of the CRIBA

C.R.I.B.A.

Center of Research and Information

on the Battle of the Bulge.

The five letters C.R.I.B.A. stand for "Centre de Recherches et d'Informations sur la Bataille des Ardennes" which means "Center of Research and Information on the Battle of the Bulge".

This association, founded in March 1980, is a non-profit, a non-political and non-philosophical organization.

It seems necessary to say a few words about the origins of C.R.I.B.A.

The Commemoration of the 35th Anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge brought together two men who developed a keen interest for the history of a period they had well known. They talked about the supposed attack by the German panzers of an American gasoline dump near Stavelot. This attack was put on the screen by Ken Annakin in a beautiful and very sensational film "The Battle of the Bulge" with such marvelous actors as Telly Savalas and Henri Fonda. But, eventually, the story of the gasoline dump is a mere legend.

For these two history lovers, it seemed absolutely necessary to restore the TRUTH and get rid of such misleading legends. So by common consent, they decided to organize meetings and debates for people who were interested in the history of the Battle known in the U.S.A. as the "BATTLE OF THE BULGE".

C.R.I.B.A. was about to be born with the following goals:

1. To get together all those who are interested by the events of the Winter 1944 - 1945 in the ARDENNES, remembering the words of a famous Spanish writer, Salvador de Madariaga: "THOSE WHO FORGET THE EVENTS OF THE PAST ARE CONDEMNED TO LIVE THEM AGAIN".

2. To collect documents, pictures, testimonies from soldiers and civilians to establish a detailed documentation on the Battle of the Bulge.

3. To inform our fellow-citizens and perpetuate the memory of the sacrifices of the soldiers and the civilians. Particularly young people, who didn't know the war must learn that sometimes in your life you have to take a responsibility like thousands of young Americans did because they knew that freedom is one of the most valuable thing for countries and human beings.

4. To help preserve historical data and sites.

5. Another goal is to organize contacts with War Veterans. Fully aware of the awful consequences that a succesful German counter-attack in December 1944 would have meant for us, Belgians, we are anxious to express our sympathy and gratefulness to the Allied Veterans of the Battle.

We want to attest the spirit, the unselfishness, the devotion to duty and the valor of those who lived that

1. We hold a monthly meeting in Liege where every member is welcome. We put together the results of our researchs and of our activities. Very often, there is a lecture or a debate on a subject of the battle and sometimes a film.

2. We publish a three-monthly newsletter in french. It includes articles on the battle, accounts on activities, ceremonies and meetings, interviews of soldiers and civilians and comments on books or documents.

3. We participate in cultural events and exhibitions on the "Battle of the Bulge". We have taken part in radio and T.V. programs on the Belgian waves. Our association has contributed to a five hour film produced by the Belgian T.V. for the 40th Anniversary of the Battle. That film was given the Award "Antennes de Cristal" for the best Belgian documentary film of the year.

4. We take part in all ceremonies reminding the Ardennes Campaign but especially in the ceremonies of Memorial Day in Belgium with wreath laying at the American Military Cemeteries in La Neuville-en-Condroz and also Henri-Chapelle but also in Baugnez (Malmedy massacre). War is over, years have passed. Time restored to health souls and bodies. Houses were rebuilt. The tough Ardennes people went throught the anguishes of the fightings and horrors of the war. **But we have not forgotten the price for our freedom.** Thousands of little white crosses lined up in the American Military Cemeteries of La Neuville and Henri-Chapelle are testimony for history and for men of the violent fightings on the Ardennes Theater of Operation. Every year, we remember and go there to lay a wreath and pay our respects to the memory of our proud liberators.

5. Finally, one of our most important activity is the welcome to American Veterans who come back to the battlefields. We help them finding villages, houses, crossroads, aid stations and even their own foxholes. Sometimes, we have American families who are coming for a pilgrimage to the country where they lost a loved one. Sometimes, we accompany groups and try to show them places of particular interest. Very often we take smaller groups or individuals to the specific places they went to visit.

Numerous letter from Americans friends make us believe that we are successful.

Such letters make us feel happy and are an incentives encouragement to go on.

To conclude, I want to say a few words about our members.

WHO ARE THEY?

Of course, many of us who have known the war are more interested in the story of the Battle of the Bulge than young people.

But surprisingly, many of our members are young people who were not born at the time, and they take a very important part in our activities.

Two women are even members of our Board.

We believe and we hope that they will go on when we pass away.

André Hubert, Honorary President.

Christian Kraft de la Saulx, President

Henri Roeister, Secretary

Go home - Catalog - Overview - Index

Schiphol

Donor	Original Source	PIMA ID	Donor ID	Category
Richard P. Ellinger	Rob van den Nieuwendijk	na	OCR-G-MS-1713	CT-MS

Introduction:

Schipol, as many accounts from Marauder Men will confirm, was one of the most heavily defended airfields that the Germans held during WWII.

This account is by an "**amateur historian of the airwar over Holland during WWII**." Rob van den Nieuwendijk, documents B-26 Missions against this airfield. The following is from an OCR scan that is considered quite accurate.

DECEMBER 1994

Schiphol

G.A.M. van den Nieuwendijk

I enjoy receiving and reading Marauder Thunder very much - it reflects interesting aspects of the history of the B26 a bomber with a tremendous and (almost) forgotten past; the B26 MHS does a great job by preserving and projecting the history of the Marauder in all aspects.

As an amateur historian of the airwar over Holland during WWII I became interested in the aspects and effort of the B26 raids on Amsterdam/Schiphol airfield in autumn 1943. After years of researching these attacks - the most feared by the Marauder-Men, as this airfield was the most heavily defended German A/D in NW Europe - I had the opportunity to write down the events. This resulted in "Doelwit Schiphol; De Amerikaanse aanvallen op de vliegbasis Schiphol in het najaar van 1943" ("Target Schiphol; The American raids on Schiphol airfield in autumn 1943"). This interesting and handsome book (200 pages and over 100 never published photos) is the very first publication which zooms in all aspects of the Marauder attacks on this airfield on 29 July 1943, 3 October 1943, 3 November 1943 and 13 December 1943.

Therefore I was surprised reading Kenneth J. Brown's story "Just one Mission" in Marauder Thunder (Vol.2 , no. 4 of October 1994). Just as an coincidence today it is 51 years ago that 200 Marauders attacked this very important German airfield and put it out of action for the rest of the war.

The very first attempt destroying Schiphol by the Marauders was on 29 July 1943. Nr. 323 Bomb Group detailed 18 Marauders, but due to improper landfall "Ymuiden" this mission was canceled. The next mission was on 3 October 1943. Nrs. 322 and 323 Bomb Group detailed 36 planes each and bombed target with fair results. Various Me-lO9's

of II./Jagdgeschwader 3 (stationed at Schiphol) made attacks on the B26's. Escorting Spitfires did a good job: various Me-lO9's were claimed as destroyed. All allied aircraft returned home safely.

On 3 November 1943 nrs. 322, 3Z3, 386 and 387 Bomb Group detailed 18 aircraft each. After a frightful bomb-run, during which Bugs Bunny, piloted by Capt. Anthony Geiser (323 Bomb Group and 456 Bomb Squadron) was directly hit by flak, Schiphol was bombed by 65 Marauders. Due to the heavy flak, the results were poor; only 7 bombs in target area. on the route out the Me-lO9's of II./Jagdgeschwader 3 attacked the Marauders again. In dogfights with Spitfires "mainly of the Canadian Digby Wing) a total of 13 were destroyed, 2 probably destroyed and 2 damaged. Of these the Marauders claimed: 3 destroyed, 1 probably destroyed and 1 damaged. Actual German losses: 7 Me-lO9's lost over Northsea and Zandvoort area. The Luftwaffe lost Major Kurt Brandle, leader of II./Jagdgeschwader 3, a German ace with 18O victories and over 65O combat missions - a heavy blow for the Luftwaffe. This attack was discussed on high level in order to prevent further heavy losses and defend the Reich.

After poor results on 3 November 1943 the next attack was set on 13 December 1943. Nrs. 322, 323, 386 and 387 Bomb Group detailed 54 planes each - a total of 216 (maximum effort); the largest number detailed by B26'S to one single target till that date. Each B26 carried 4 x 1000 lb GP's. The attack was planned in three waves. Nr. 98 Combat

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Wing (nrs. 322 and 386 Bomb Group) attacked with 72 planes first at 14.36 hour" - aiming on the intersection of the two runways. The flak was intense, accurate and hot. Nr. 99 Combat Wing (nrs. 323 and 387 Bomb Group) carried out the second attack with 72 aircraft at 14.53 hours. The "Raunchy Pascal" of 323 Bomb Group and 455 Bomb Squadron, piloted by l/Lt. Piper, was hit by flak and last seen over the Northsea, losing height rapidly. The entire crew is still missing. For the third and last attack all four Bomb Groups participated with 18 planes each from 15.O4 hours the Marauder Men bombed target. 386 Bomb Group, led by Maj. Sherman Beaty o£ 5S5 Bomb Squadron, was the last unit over Schiphol. Flak was extremely heavy deputy Capt. Raymond Sanford in "Hell's Fury" was directly hit and crashed in Amstelveen/Aalsmeer. The entire crew, except Sanford, lost it's life. Sanford was wounded and taken POW and survived the war.

Some German fighters had tried to attack the bombers, but their reaction was weak. In combats with Polish 3O6 and 315 Squadrons one Spitfire was shot down for two claimed destroyed German fighters. The results of this raid were devastating. In 30 minutes about 780 1000 lb GP's had been dropped on Schiphol's runways: the heart of the airfield. It was put out o" action for the rest of the war. The flak damage had been high: nr. 322 Bomb Group had 5O planes of target, of which 34 and damage category A and one crash landed B26. Mr. 323 Bomb Group had 52 aircraft over target of which 35 had damage category A, 10 had AC, 1

failed to return, 5 returned on one engine and 3 crash landed. Nr. 386 Bomb Group had 52 aircraft over target of which 35 had damage category A, 1 had AC, 1 failed to return and 1 crash landed. And nr. 387 Bomb group had 46 aircraft over target of which 15 had damaged A and 4 AC.

It had been a morale boosting mission: the Marauder could take it! The very next Marauder mission was on 20 December 1943 - the 100th mission. Since 16 July 1943 about 6,700 sorties had been flown, during which 21 aircraft did not return: 0.3% losses - the lowest losses in all operation areas.

This story had a tail - Schiphol (recently voted as the best civil airfield of the world again) is developing to the mainport of Europe; the Dutch economic spearhead. It is feared that there are still unexploded bombs in the Dutch ground near Schiphol. Developments are planned and carried out carefully. Intensive research has been undertaken in order to locate the "forgotten" bombs. Since 1989 over 10 bombs have been uncovered and detonated. Just recently, on 3 November 1994 (another coincidence), the NV Luchthaven Schiphol, the gemeente Haarlemmermeer (municipal) and the Explosieven Opruimingsdienst (bomb squad) signed agreements on removing future explosives located at Schiphol.

I trust that this information is of interest to all Marauder Thunder readers, especially those Marauder Men who participated in the

Amsterdam/Schiphol missions in autumn 1943. For further information do not hesitate to contact me.

Hoping to hear from you, or any other Marauder Men, I wish you a merry Xmas and the very best for 1995!

Rob van den Nieuwendijk.

go back to Manuscript menu

What we would like all Marauder families to do!

In the belief that Marauder history is important enough to be preserved and made available to future generations, we urge all Marauder Veterans and their families to take the following instructions;

1. Consider that anything that you hold that relates to your WWII experience is valuable.

2. To whatever extent you can, identify each item that you have. This particularly includes providing whatever caption that you can to photographs. Ideally each such item should have information that identifies who, what, where and when. Any of this information makes the item more useful.

3. Prepare all of your holdings for transfer to our archive, The PIMA Air and Space Museum, by being sure that each item holds the name of the donor, is wrapped carefully and sent to our - your - archive.

4. Send it to PIMA!

Scott Thompson
Archivist, Pima Air & Space Museum
6000 E Valencia Rd
Tucson AZ 85706

16 December 1944

28 January 1945

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

Lloyd KISNER

BELGIUM REMEMBERS

The people of Belgium pay tribute to all those who took part in the liberation of the country, in 1944-1945.

We remember with deep sorrow those who died and those who were wounded.
We are indebted to their bravery.
Out of their sacrifice comes our freedom.

To the gallant veterans we say:
"Thank you, we will never forget you."

Date: **September 11, 2001**

For C.R.I.B.A.:

B-4960 Malmedy

16 December 1944

28 January 1945

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For C.R.I.B.A.:

J. Pothen
8 Sur les Roches
B-4960 Malmedy
Belgium

Malmedy, le 14-09-2001

Mr L.Kisner
P.B. Box 246
DURBIN
W.V. 26264
U.S.A.

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Date: **September 11, 2001**

For C.R.I.B.A.:

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POW

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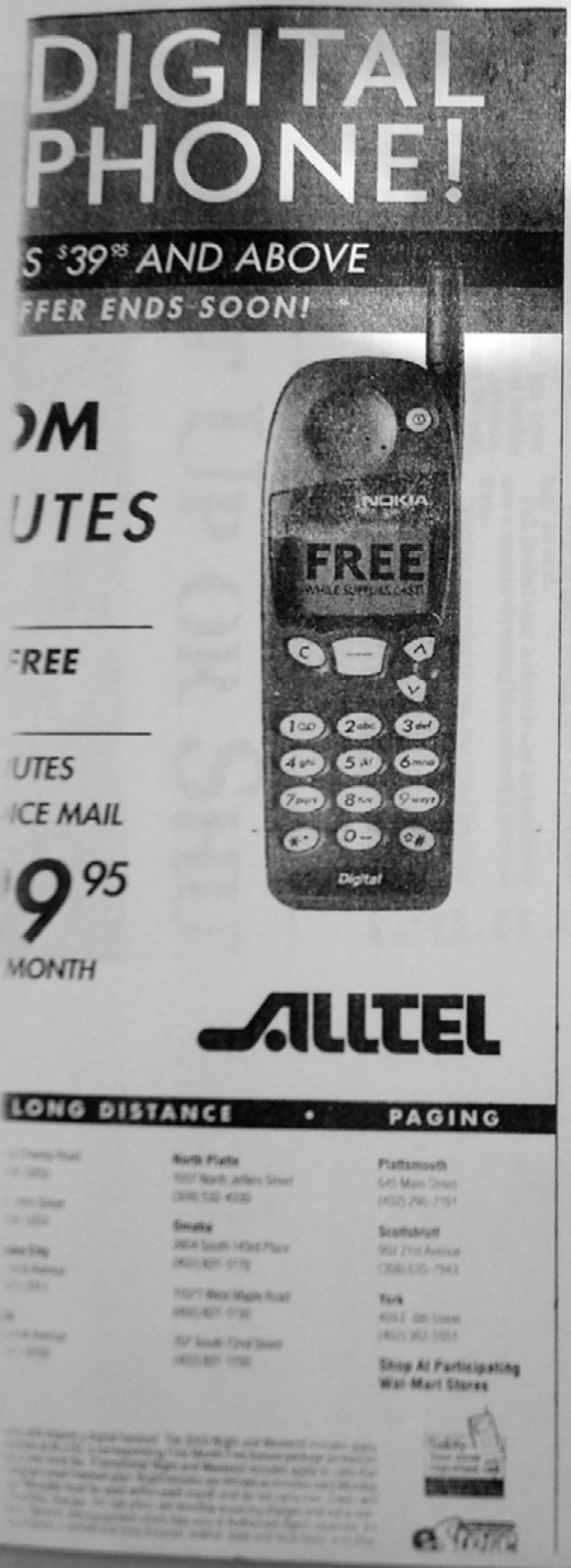

POW

from Page A1

"I knew I would survive," Felt said. "I knew the war was going to end soon. I never gave up, because I knew I would make it out of there."

Felt said he dreamed vividly during that time.

"And they weren't about pretty girls, either," Felt said smiling. "Usually about a big bowl of mashed potatoes. The only potatoes we got in the camps were rotten."

Felt said he knew the end of the war was near because he could hear the troops fighting.

"One day we woke up and a tank and troops were taking over the camp. Then the American flag went up," Felt said. "It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen."

About six weeks later, Felt arrived at his parents' home near Wakefield.

"I really felt sorry for them because they didn't know if I was alive or dead. At least I knew I was alive," Felt said.

Felt then sent a letter of application for the Caterpillar Club.

The elite club is for those who have used parachutes to save their lives. It is called the Caterpillar Club because during World War II, parachutes were made of silk.

"I received a reply saying they needed two witnesses of my escape," Felt said. "I just gave up after that."

Fifty years later, he was talking with the bombardier of the plane, Lloyd Kisner, with whom he corresponds two or three times a year. He is the only other member of the crew still living.

"He asked me if I was in the Caterpillar Club and I told him what had happened," Felt said.

About three weeks ago, Felt received his official Caterpillar Club certificate and pin.

"I figure Kisner probably did it," Felt said.

Kisner had his niece do some research to get Felt the honor he had earned.

"I always felt I belonged to the club," Felt said. "I am happy that I can finally say I do."

HEINEMAN

from Page A1

Johanns said Heineman will assume Maurstad's role as the state's liaison to the federal government and will take on a new role of coordinating the state's anti-terrorist planning in light of the recent attacks on the East Coast.

Heineman, 53, lives in Fremont. He was born in Falls City and graduated from Wahoo High School. He also graduated from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in 1970 and served in the U.S. Army for five years.

He was the executive director of the Nebraska Republican Party, office manager for U.S. Rep. Doug Bereuter's Fremont office and chief administrative aide to former U.S. Rep. Hal Daub before running for the state treasurer.

Johanns, who has not formally announced that he will seek a second term, said Heineman will be his running mate if he runs.

Giving the lieutenant governor a larger role has become more important since voters approved a measure in November changing how the position is filled.

The lieutenant governor used to run independently in the primary election. Now, the governor and lieutenant governor will run on the same ticket.

Byrd said she had not decided if she will run for treasurer next year.

"That's a premature thought for me," she said. "This has moved very, very quickly."

While the lieutenant governor's main duty is to preside over the Legislature, most of the office's holders historically were mostly limited to ribbon-cuttings and ceremonial pomp.

That changed in the past 10 years, however, when Maxine Moul and then Kim Robak began playing larger roles in the position under then-Gov. Ben Nelson.

The job's responsibilities have escalated even more since Johanns took office in 1999.

Johanns made Maurstad an in-

THE NORTH PLATTE Telegraph

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA

'Caterpillar' finally joins the Club

POW's long-delayed membership affirmed

By Jenny Hasenauer
The North Platte Telegraph

It was a fairly routine mission during World War II.

Capt. Robert Felt, a pilot, and his crew were on their way to bomb a railroad bridge near Liege, Belgium, their 57th mission, when their B26 bomber, the Dragon Wagon, was hit by antiaircraft flak.

"The right engine quit, then the left engine caught fire," Felt said. "We had to get out."

Felt said he got the other four members of the crew out of the plane, then parachuted out himself.

"I wasn't scared at the time because the plane was on fire — we had to jump," Felt said.

As he drifted to the ground, Felt said it was very peaceful.

"It was so quiet, I could hear the dogs barking," he said.

Felt landed near a church and immediately saw a woman directing him toward a grove of trees.

"I got up and tried to run, but I had hurt my knees in the fall and I fell to the ground," Felt said.

Almost immediately he was captured by German troops and was taken to Stalag Left 3, a prison camp near Sagan, Poland.

"It wasn't good," Felt said. "We were all cold and hungry. They didn't beat us or anything, but it seemed we were there for an eternity."

At the time, Felt was with one of his crew members in the camp. He later found out that two of his crew had escaped and another one had been captured.

Felt and his crew members were in the Stalag Left camp for six months.

"Then they moved us," Felt said. "I lost track of my crewmember. I am not sure what happened to him."

As for Felt, he marched three days and three nights in a blizzard and spent three more days locked in a boxcar until he got to Stalag 7A, a prison camp near Museburg, Germany.

It was there Felt remained until the summer of 1945.

Please see **POW,** Page A2

B26 p
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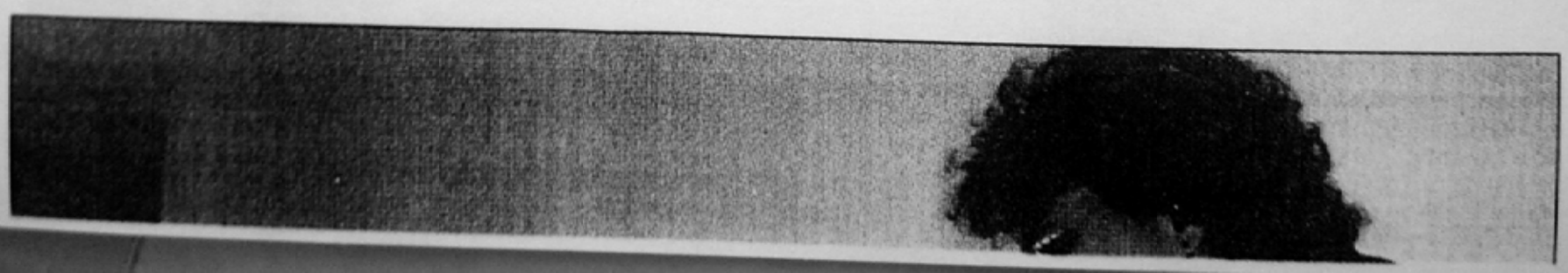
SHOT UP OR SHUT OUT



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OCTOBER 2, 2001

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Please see **POW**, Page A2

Courtesy photo

B26 pilot Robert Felt, far left, seen here with his crew in 1943, was shot down over Belgium May 24, 1944. He and his crew had to parachute out of the plane.

OUT

City Council to finalize

Mrs. L. E. Kisner of Frank, Pocahontas county, have been notified that their son Lieut. L. E. Kisner, Jr., is reported "missing in action over Belgium."

Lieut. Kisner was a bombardier-navigator in the 9th Army Air Force. He had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with Four Oak Leaf Clusters and the Purple Heart.

This is the second time Lieut. Kisner had been listed as "missing in action." Some three months prior to the last notification, his plane was shot down but he managed to get back to England safely.

A letter received by Mrs. Kisner, mother of the young navigator from a pilot squadron in which he was a member, stated that he (the pilot) was on leave at the time the flight was made but he had learned that the plane, in which her son and five crew members were occupants, was disabled and dropped out of formation over Belgium territory. He was reported by the war department as "missing as of May 25."

Lieut. Kisner Decorated With Marauder Crew

(Continued from Page One)

could not be operated under full power.

Prepare to Bail Out

"Some 15 miles off the English coast the left engine cut, too. I told the crew to prepare to bail out, and I put the ship in a glide. We worked to get the left engine going again, and finally it caught.

"We were down to 2,000 feet as we crossed the English coast. We were losing altitude steadily. At 1,500 feet about four miles from where we hit the coast line, the left engine let go entirely. Meanwhile, everything had become soaked in gasoline from the gas that was sloshing out of the punctured tank. If we had tried a crash landing the first spark would have meant an explosion.

"I ordered the crew to bail out. The co-pilot hesitated at the open bomb bays. He came back to ask me was I going to jump or try to set it down. I told him to get going, that I was coming, too. I tried to set a course well away from a town and building. Then I hurried back and went out, too. We were pretty low, somewhere around 500 feet or less.

"I remember pulling the ring and it came away in my hand with the wires dangling. I looked at it and thought it had torn loose, so I said, 'You dirty . . . ' and just about that time the chute opened. I looked toward the plane, which had lost altitude rapidly and was swinging around in a descending turn to the left. It was in the next field. It burned completely."

Members of the "Liberty Lady's" crew who have been recommended for awards are: Second Lieutenant Ross Oakley, co-pilot, Westwood Village, Calif.; Second Lieutenant Kisner, bombardier-navigator, Frank ,W. Va.; S. Sgt. Lloyd Arthur, radio gunner, Saratago, In.; Sgt. Martin Dishong, tail gunner ,Everett, Pa.; and S. Sgt. Woodrow Laubey, engineer gunner, St. Joseph, Mo.

in Elkins last

LIEUT. KIS

IS NOW SA

Had Been Reported Missing in Action

Mrs. Franklin J. Widney learned this morning that her brother, Lt. L. E. Kisner, jr., of Frank, reported "missing in action" on May 25, over Belgium, cabled his parents this morning "Am O. K. Have written. Will See You Soon. Don't Worry About Me. Love." signed, "Your Son."

Lt. Kisner was overseas 14 months when he was reported missing by the War Department. He was a bombardier on a B-26 Marauder plane.

Dr. and Mrs. Widney and daughter Marsha Kaye and Mrs. Widney's sister, Mrs. B. E. Lawton, have returned from Atlantic City where the Widneys were guests of Mrs. Lawton. Her husband is in the Navy.

A brother of Mrs. Widney and Mrs. Lawton, Pvt. William Kisner stationed at Fort McClelland, Ala., is visiting at his home at Frank.

The ...cient library in which the books have been found intact was at Herculaneum, and contained about 1,800 volumes.

Grand Coulee Dam contains enough concrete for a highway from New York to Seattle, and back via Los Angles.

LT. KISNER REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION FOR SECOND TIME

Is Brother Of Local Resident

Lt. L. E. Kisner, jr., of Frank, a brother of Mrs. Franklin J. Widney, of this city, is reported "missing in action over Belgiam", according to a notice received by the young lieutenant's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Kisner, of Frank.

Lt. Kisner was a bombardier navigator in the 9 Army Air Force. He has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with four Oak Leaf clusters and the Purple Heart.

This is the second time Lt. Kisner has been listed as "missing in action." Some three or four months prior to the last notification, his plane was shot down but he managed to get back to England safely.

A letter received by Mrs. Kisner mother of the young navigator, from a pilot of the squadron in which he was a member, stated that he (the pilot) was on leave at the time the flight was made but he had learned that the plane, in which her son and five crew members were occupants, was disabled and dropped out of formation over Belgiam territory. He was reported by the War Department as "missing as of May 25."

Lieut. Kisner is the first member of Elkins Lodge No. 1135, B.P.O. Elks to be listed as missing or killed in action. Lt. Col. Robert Wolverton has been listed as "missing in action" as of June 6. No further word has been received from either of the officers. Lt. Col. Wolverton was a paratrooper.

Lt. Kisner has two other sisters, Mrs. Eugene Lawton, of Atlantic City, N. J., and Pauline, at home, and one brother, William, who was recently inducted into the service. Mrs. Lawton was the former Geraldine Kisner, who attended Davis and Elkins college and was employed here for sometime. Lt. Kisner was formerly employed by the Western Maryland railway company.

Owens Ill Glas
Pan Am Air ...
Penn R R .....
Proc and Gam
Pure Oil ....
R C A .....
Repub Stl ...
Sears Roeb ..
Sou Pac ....
Sou Ry .....
Sou Ry pf ....
Std Brands ..
Std Oil N J ...
Texas Co ....
Union Carb ..
Union Pac ..
Unit Air .....
U S Rubber ..
U S Steel ...
Warner Bros
W Va P and
West Union A
West El and M
Woolworth ...

'AP' Man In Normar

LONDON, Ju
Irvin, Associate
tographer, was l
the Normandy f
Army authorities

Word from th
office of the U. S
said Irvin was
Hebert, four mil
This was verif
Cross represen
details were n
mediately.

Irwin, a native
Iowa, would ha
Thursday.

Cody Moore

I'll never forget the day we put your hair up like the Wendy's girl, Will always miss u

- Alex Jonese

Loren,

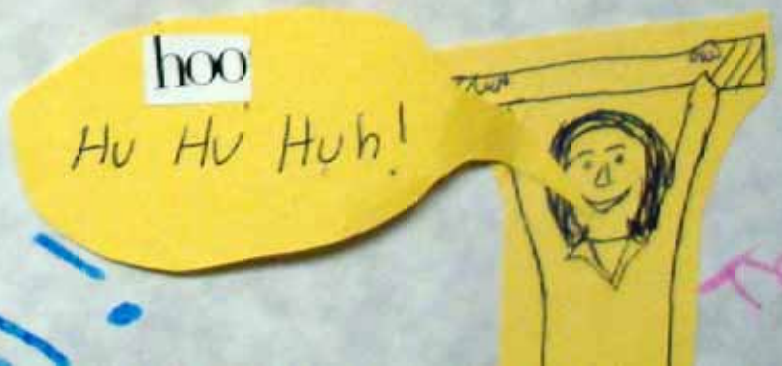
I'm gonna miss spending time with you in the mornings.

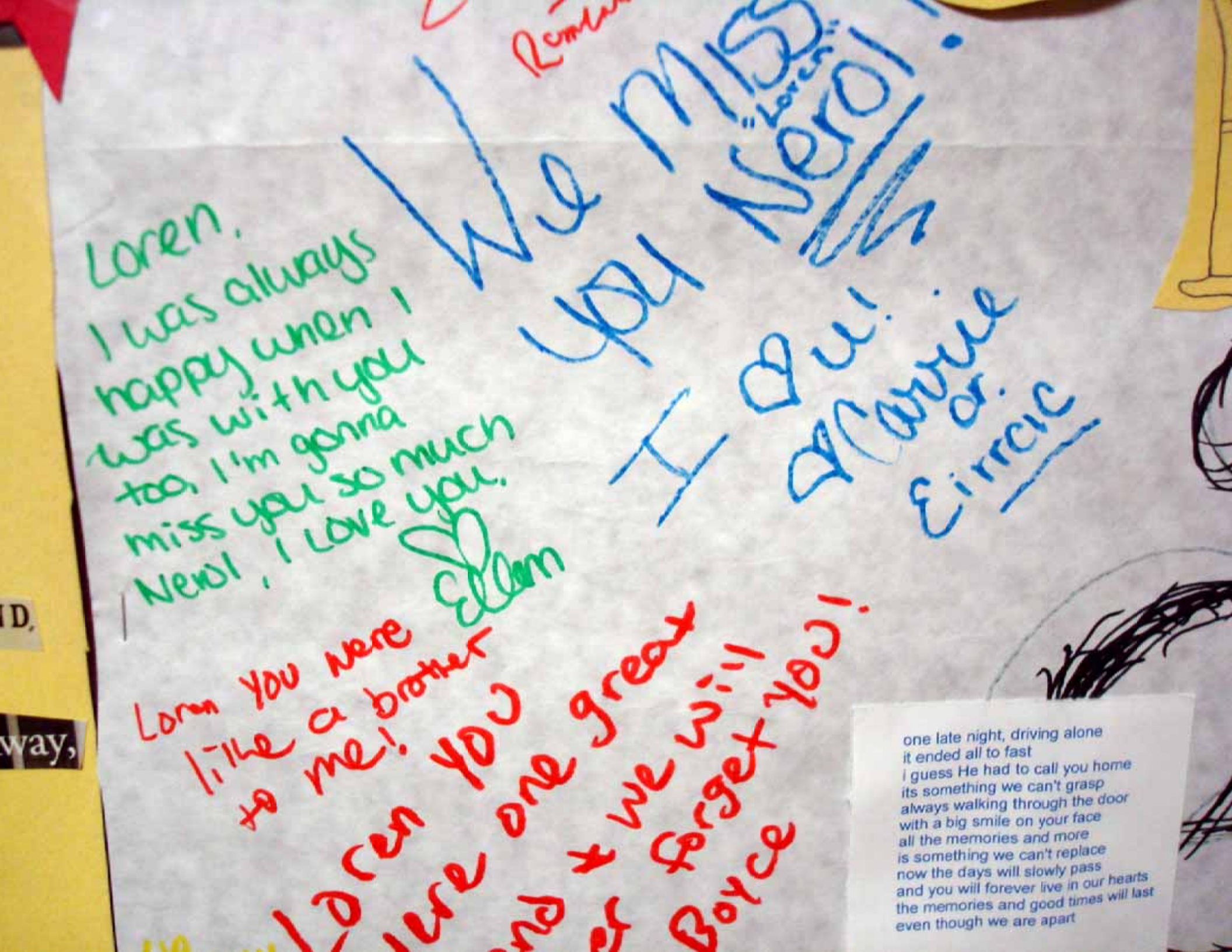
I love you man

Dale Kinnison

Zach Grimes

Remember Upward Bound




Loren,
I was always happy when I was with you too, I'm gonna miss you so much Neno! I love you.
Love Edem
We miss you Nero!
I ♥ u
Marvie
Eirrie
Loren You were like a brother to me!
Loren YOU were one great friend & we will never forget YOU!
Boyce
one late night, driving alone
it ended all to fast
i guess He had to call you home
its something we can't grasp
always walking through the door
with a big smile on your face
all the memories and more
is something we can't replace
now the days will slowly pass
and you will forever live in our hearts
the memories and good times will last
even though we are apart

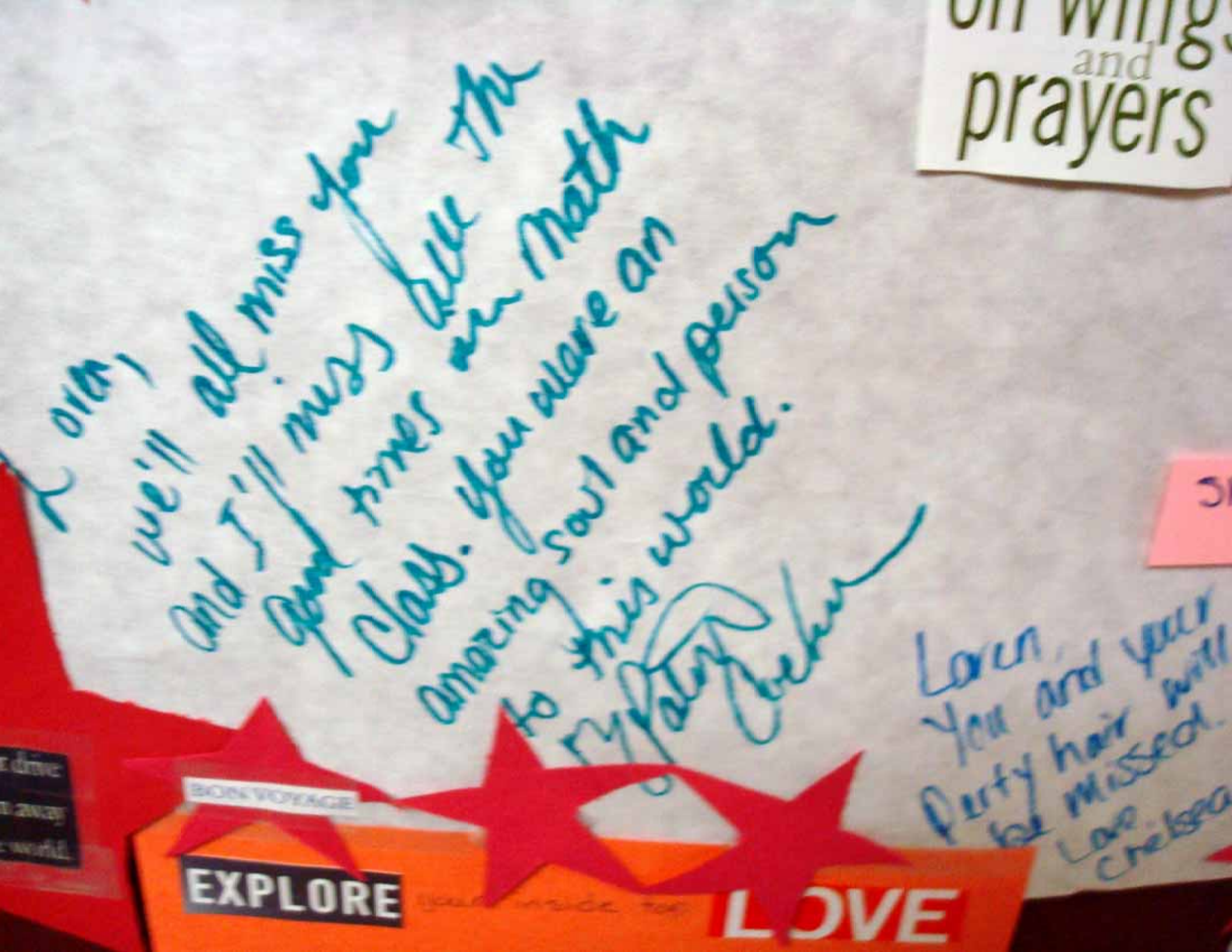
Sareca Bland

You were a great person. We'll never forget you.
Lera Taylor
Miranda Benett
Bekka Edons

Loren, Carrie Shearer had 4th block toget we'd always pick o other. Mr. Richmond seperate us if we to laid but we'd ye the room anyways. T won't be the same wi him picking on us

Elle
do

on wings and prayers


and
prayers
Love,
We'll all miss you
and I'll miss you like the
Good times we had
Class. You were an
amazing soul and person
to this world.
EXPLORE
LOVE

you will be missed
♡c.cg

We're missing you
Johnny Brew

Loren,
I'll never forget you,
thank you for always
being there. You could
always make me laugh,
and I appreciate your
support. You were such
a great person to have
in our band for both worlds
Love Your
Bro
-Andrew
Ryan

a cat & he'll express himself

I miss you Loren.
You're in my heart forever.
♥ Ashley

Loren -
3rd block was a blast!
Rev's daughter!
We will all miss you...
-Tiffany
arbogast

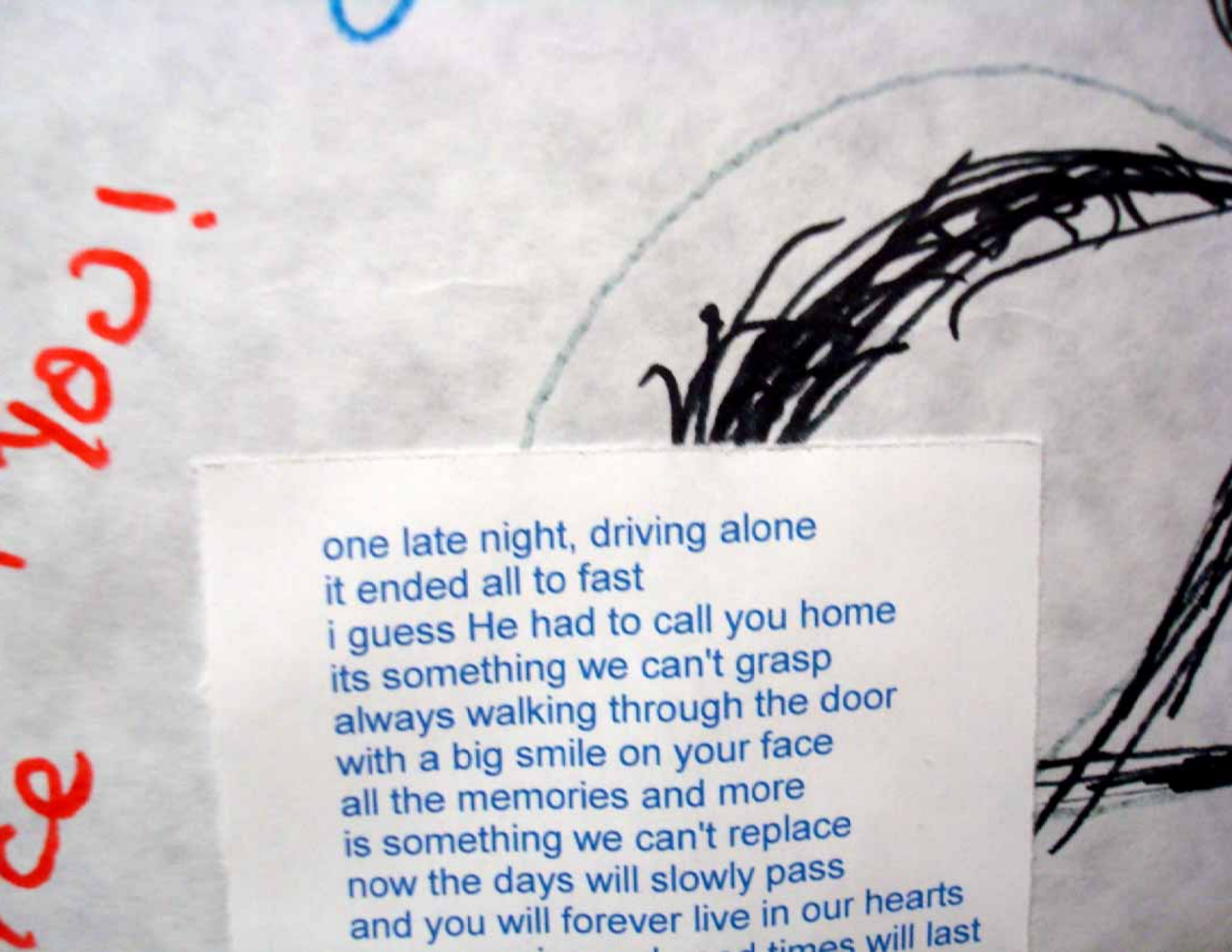
Loren, you
were super-cool.
and a great perso
You will be
misse
-J

ill be missed

We're

Perfect

Dude! You are awesome at that guitar, we will miss you with



one late night, driving alone
it ended all to fast
i guess He had to call you home
its something we can't grasp
always walking through the door
with a big smile on your face
all the memories and more
is something we can't replace
now the days will slowly pass
and you will forever live in our hearts
times will last

Loren, Camie Shearer, and I had 4th block together, and we'd always pick on each other. Mr. Richmond would seperate us if we were being to loud but we'd yell across the room anyways. Things won't be the same without him picking on us

Ellen
Shroaker

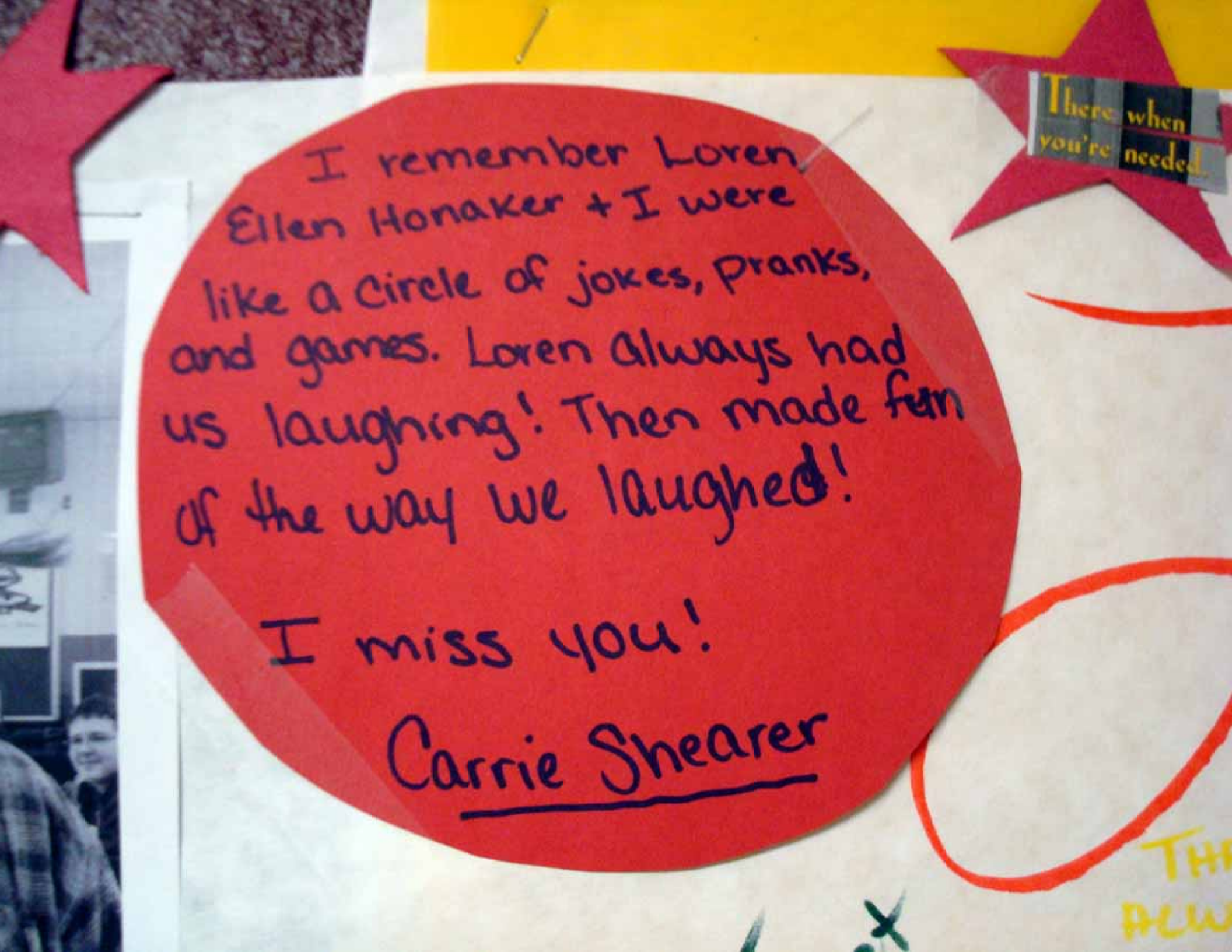
We'll Miss You Loren!
Cody Perkins

Love Ya Lots
Why does God take the best of us? Loren, I wish I could've been w/ the man you were. Till see you again 1 day!
Love ya man.
Kurt

Loren
I love you so much I will miss you! I'll always remember you!
Jara

Loren
Your
is o

Dude!


There when you're needed
I remember Loren Ellen Honaker + I were like a circle of jokes, pranks, and games. Loren always had us laughing! Then made fun of the way we laughed!
I miss you!
Carrie Shearer

H

like o

and pu

us lo

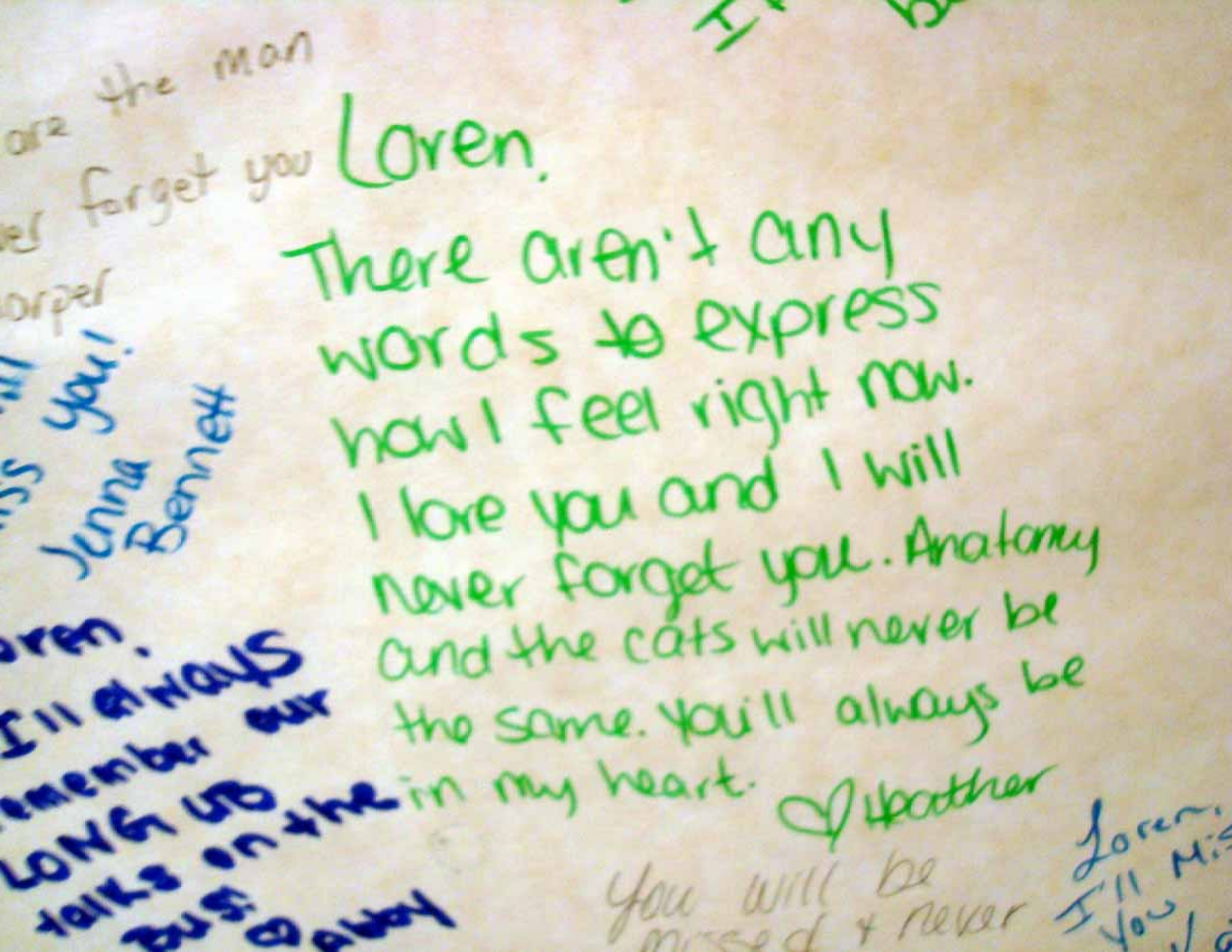
of fe

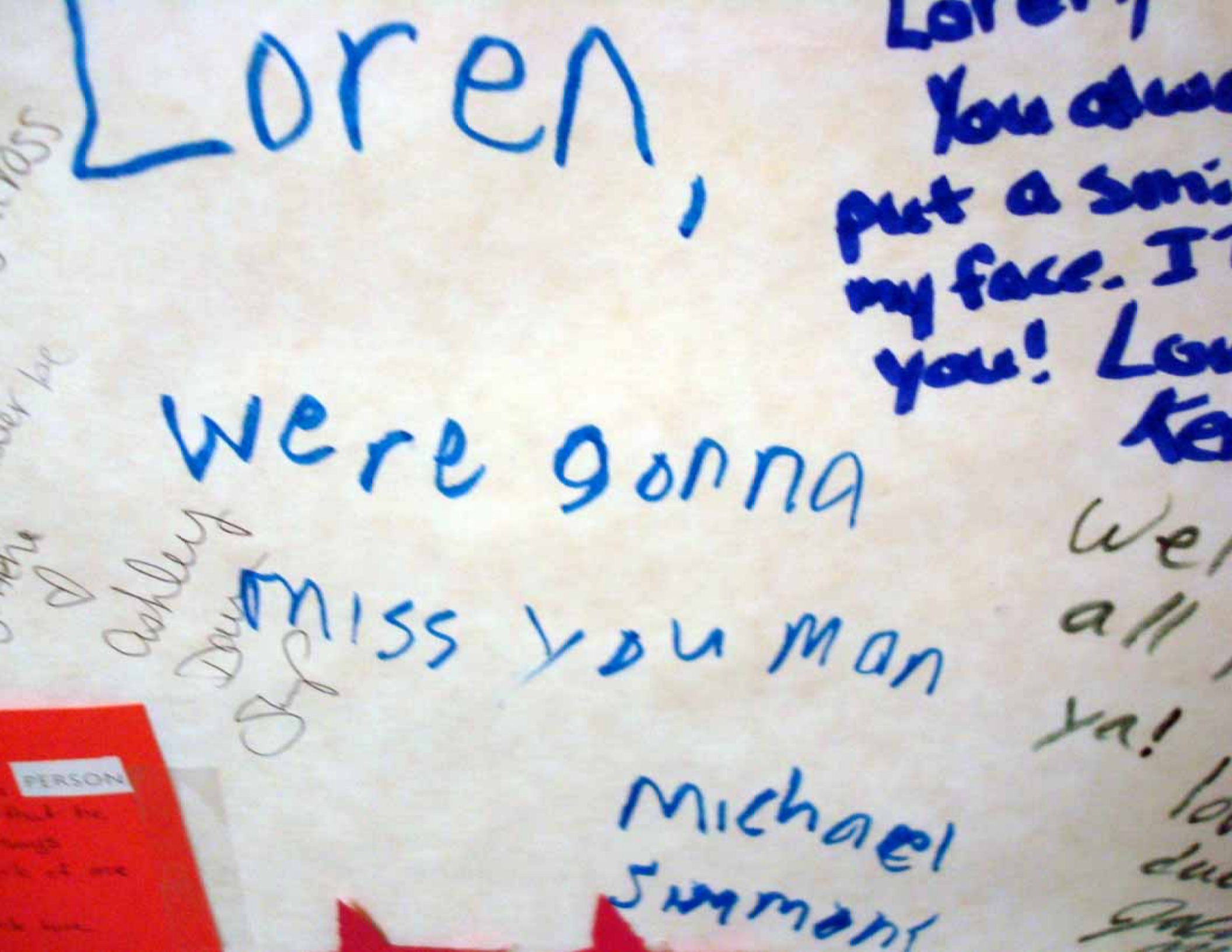
Pearl

Love you brotha,
Gus Willis

Loren...
you basically
rocked at everything
you did. love, Hale

per-cool.
great person,
ou will be
missed.
-Jenna
G


Loren,
There aren't any
words to express
how I feel right now.
I love you and I will
never forget you. Anatomy
and the cats will never be
the same. You'll always be
in my heart.
Heather
Jenna Bennett


Loren,
put a smi
my face. I
you! Lo
we're gonna
miss you man
Michael
Summ
PERSON

Loren,

You were a great person! We are all going to miss you sooo much!

forgotten
Love,
Angel
Vel

ways
smile on
e. I'll miss
!. Love,
Kendra

* Toni Dilley *

an

Well dude we all love ya & miss ya! love you dude

Loren,
You could P
smile on an
Face. I wish
to know you be
Much Lo

nael
mon

Good Day!

07/15/2007

Love you so much
Dylan

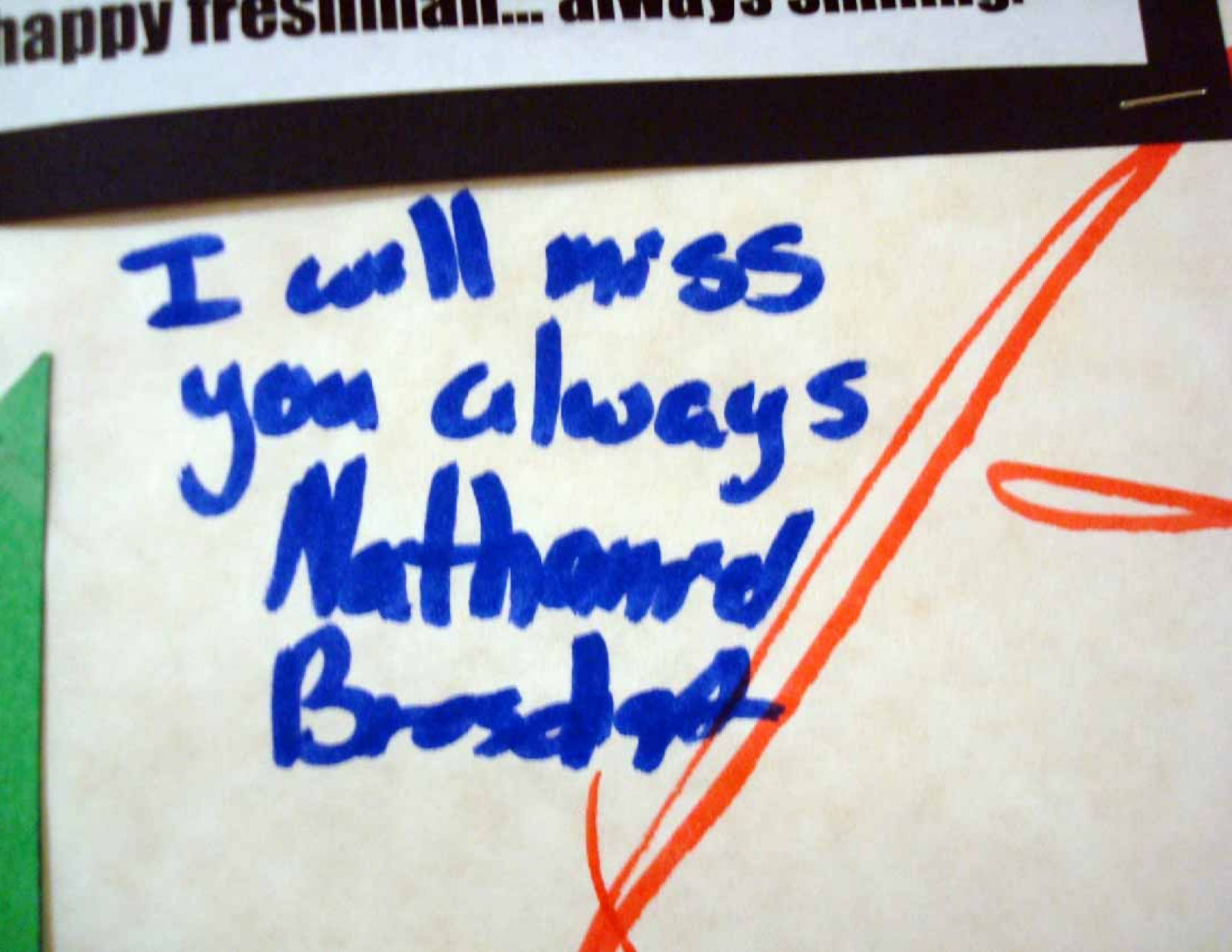
Jennifer Burns we will never forget you!

I'll never forget you man.

Stephen Relinski

Loren as a happy freshman... always smiling.

I will miss


happy freshman... always shining!
I will miss
you always
Nathaniel
Bridges

OIL

ROCK

Mineral: Something you can't grow

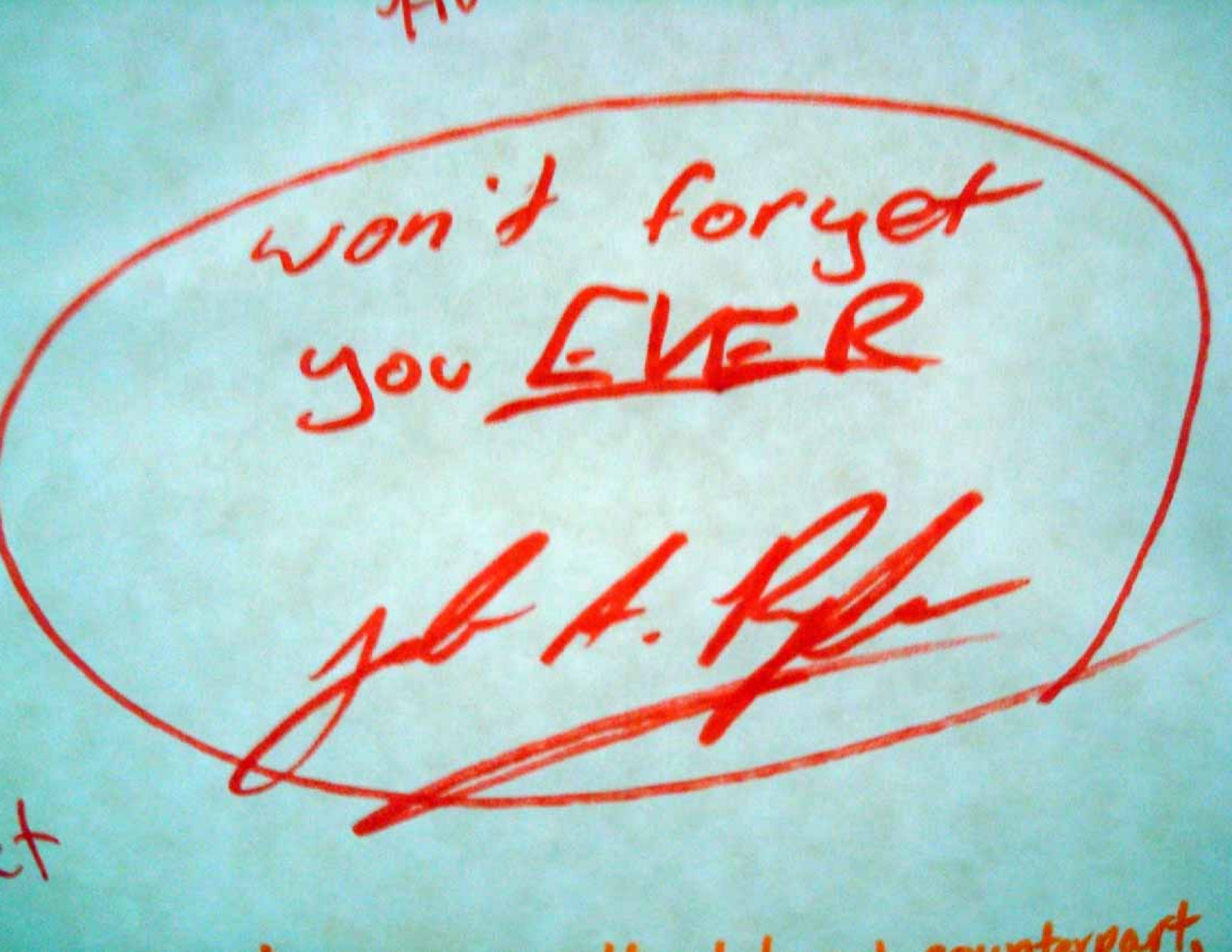
Gone but not forgotten

I wont ever forget you ol buddy

-Jamie Boothe

JJ Bennett

We will never forget you.


won't forget
you EVER

Loren my redheaded-male-counterpart,
I'm going to miss your nodding the head greeting in the hall everytime I see you, you playing your guitar, your carefree eloquent interview style and hearing your voice over the airwaves. I'll never forget the beautiful speech you gave when you ran for class president freshman year. I could write a book and I didn't get to know you enough.

Love,
Jaime Lockhart

Seat #

Love you Daddy
Miss you
Love Mommy
Love Dominik

and not a

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Aenean euismod bibendum laoreet. Proin gravida dolor sit amet lacus accumsan et viverra justo commodo. Proin sodales pulvinar tempor. Cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus. Nam fermentum, nulla luctus pharetra vulputate, felis tellus mollis orci, sed rhoncus pronin sapien nunc accuan eget.

Donec ullamcorper nulla non metus auctor fringilla. Vestibulum id ligula porta felis euismod semper. Fusce dapibus, tellus ac cursus commodo, tortor mauris condimentum nibh, ut fermentum massa justo sit amet risus. Etiam porta sem malesuada magna mollis euismod. Donec sed odio dui. Nullam quis risus eget urna mollis ornare vel eu leo. Cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus. Vestibulum id ligula porta felis euismod semper. Nullam quis risus eget urna mollis ornare vel eu leo.

Cras mattis consectetur purus sit amet fermentum. Nullam id dolor id nibh ultricies vehicula ut id elit. Cras justo odio, dapibus ac facilisis in, egestas eget quam. Donec id elit non mi porta gravida at eget metus. Fusce dapibus, tellus ac cursus commodo, tortor mauris condimentum nibh, ut fermentum massa justo sit amet risus. Etiam porta sem malesuada magna mollis euismod. Donec sed odio dui. Nullam quis risus eget urna mollis ornare vel eu leo. Cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

Donec ullamcorper nulla non metus auctor fringilla. Vestibulum id ligula porta felis euismod semper. Fusce dapibus, tellus ac cursus commodo, tortor mauris condimentum nibh, ut fermentum massa justo sit amet risus. Etiam porta sem malesuada magna mollis euismod. Donec sed odio dui. Nullam quis risus eget urna mollis ornare vel eu leo. Cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

Vestibulum id ligula porta felis euismod semper

Miss you

Loren
We will
miss you
in 4th block
w/ Mr Richmond
Love
Amb

Loren
You were the
Best!♡

I Did It

Where do you
think you're
going?

Where do you think you're going?

Where do you think you're going?

I'll Miss
Lorem
You
Love
Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet
consectetur adipiscing elit
Lorem ipsum
Love
Shannon
Love
Hugs
Lorem

You rocked the
guitar!
-Dar

I'll miss you!
You rocked that
guitar!
-Danielle
Loren
Y
Loren
how

Loren you'll never be forgott

Love ya

Loren, you knew how to live and how to make the

Loren Ive K
you since we
kids we had a
times I'll m

Dea

Loren, you knew how to live and how to make the best out of life and i'll always love you for that.

Mark Wade

Loren Ive known you since we were kids we had alot of times I'll miss you bud

-Tim

We are gonna miss you Andrew Butcher

Loren, I will miss you and love you forever. You were my friend, my hero and my brother. I

Loren, I will miss you and love you forever. You were my friend, my hero and my brother. I hope you are the main guitarist for heaven. I will see you again in time.

I love you
my brother
-Sean

(may you rock in the free world)
I'm glad I was part of your life.

had a great

LOREN

We mis
you a

I'll miss you and your smile forever. Stay Strong

Jalwan

miss you

ur hearts

e will be

LOREN = Amazing.
We miss you so much terribly.
You are loved forever
Kayla!

Dear Kimberly,
I will never forget you.
Always remember
that I love you
and will be with you
in your heart.
Love,
Lauren

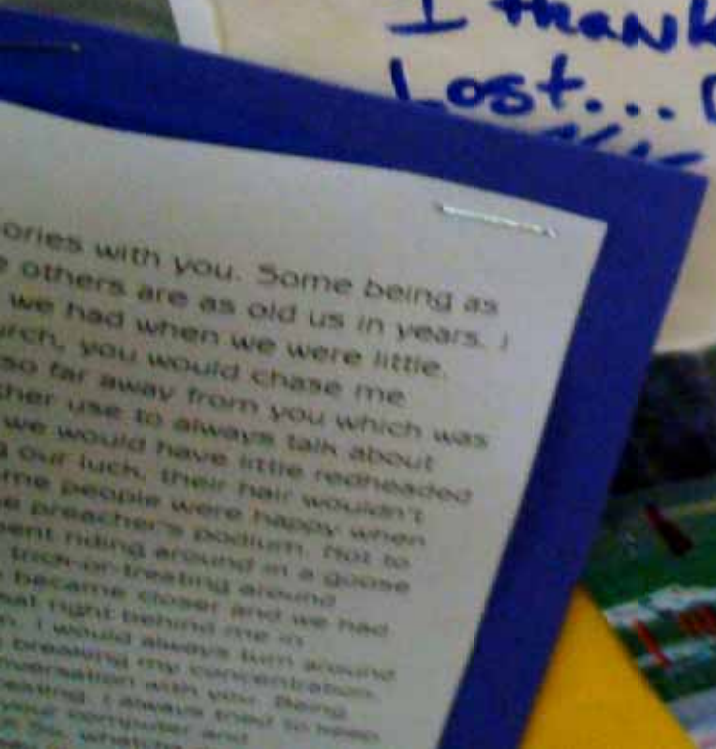
Loren was...
One of a Ki

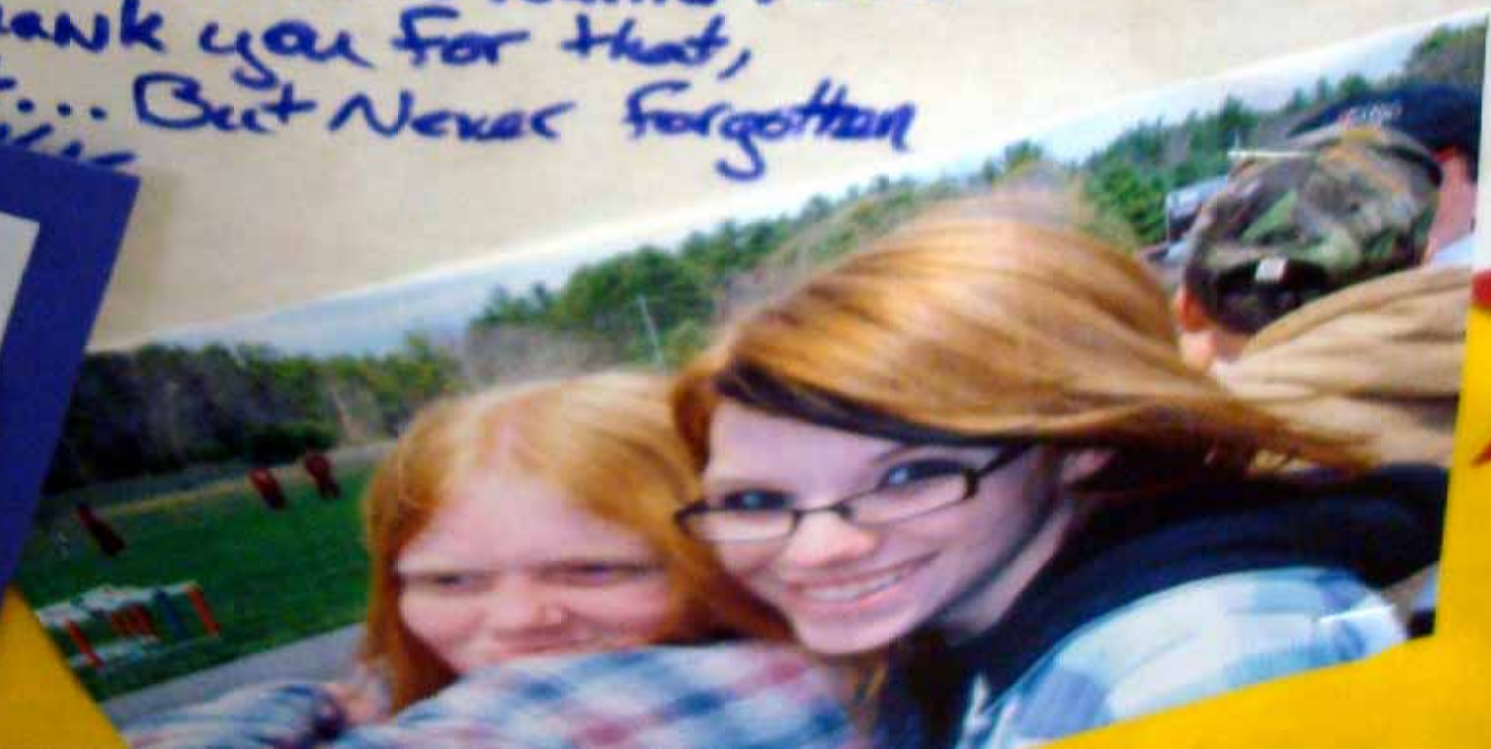
Never forgotten

Miss

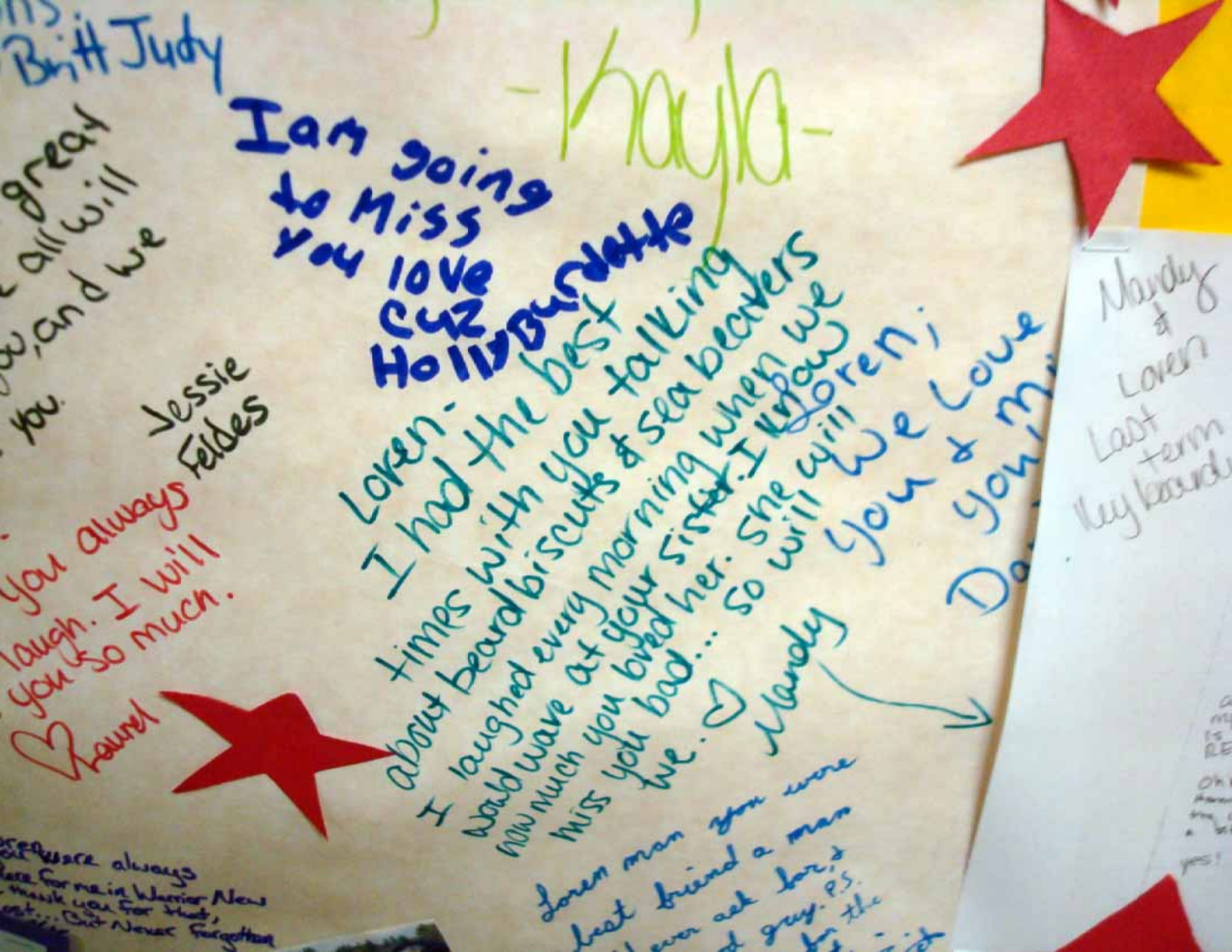
Laur

Love you were always
there for me in Warrior New
I thank you for that,
Lost... But Never forgotten


ories with you. Some being as
others are as old us in years. I
we had when we were little.
rch, you would chase me
so far away from you which was
her use to always talk about
we would have little redheaded
our luck, their hair wouldn't
me people were happy when
e preacher's podium, not to
ent riding around in a goose
trick-or-treating around
became closer and we had
al right behind me or
. I would always turn around
breaking my concentration.
nversation with you. Being
ening. I always tried so hard



Love you
Mom
Dad
Jessie
Ian
Love you
Mom
Dad
Jessie
Ian
Love you
Mom
Dad
Jessie
Ian


Beth Judy
I am going to Miss you love Cuz Hollyburnette
-Kayla-
Jessie Feldes
Loren-
I had the best
times with you talking
about beard biscuits & sea beavers
I laughed every morning when we
would wave at your sister. I know we
now much you loved her. She will
miss you bad... So will we.
We Love
you & Miss
Loren man you were
great friend a man
ever eat bars
guy. P.S.
for the
Nandy
& Loren
Last
term
Keyboard
You always
laugh. I will
you so much.
Laurel

Loren,
Sure will miss you.
Love,
Ms. Booth

Loren,

you were pretty much great.
We will never forget you.
Love you always.
-Kayla-

son to
-Shannon.

never
same!
you.
miss
ons.
Britt Judy

I am going
to miss

Hey Loren,

We will miss you. You were always a great person to be around. RIP. -Shannon.

Loren

Loren;

To a good friend thanks for being there
Floyd

The name leprecoon retires
With you buddy ☺

...

sack
a blast
year. I'll
you bud

--Brittni

Hey man you were like
my priest you talked me
threw some
You and will never forget
things I love
You. love ya
Casey John Cunningham

My Red Headed Comrade:
I didn't know you all that well
but what I did know was pretty
sweet. You were a mean guitar player
and a kind soul.
Much Love and Peace

DC

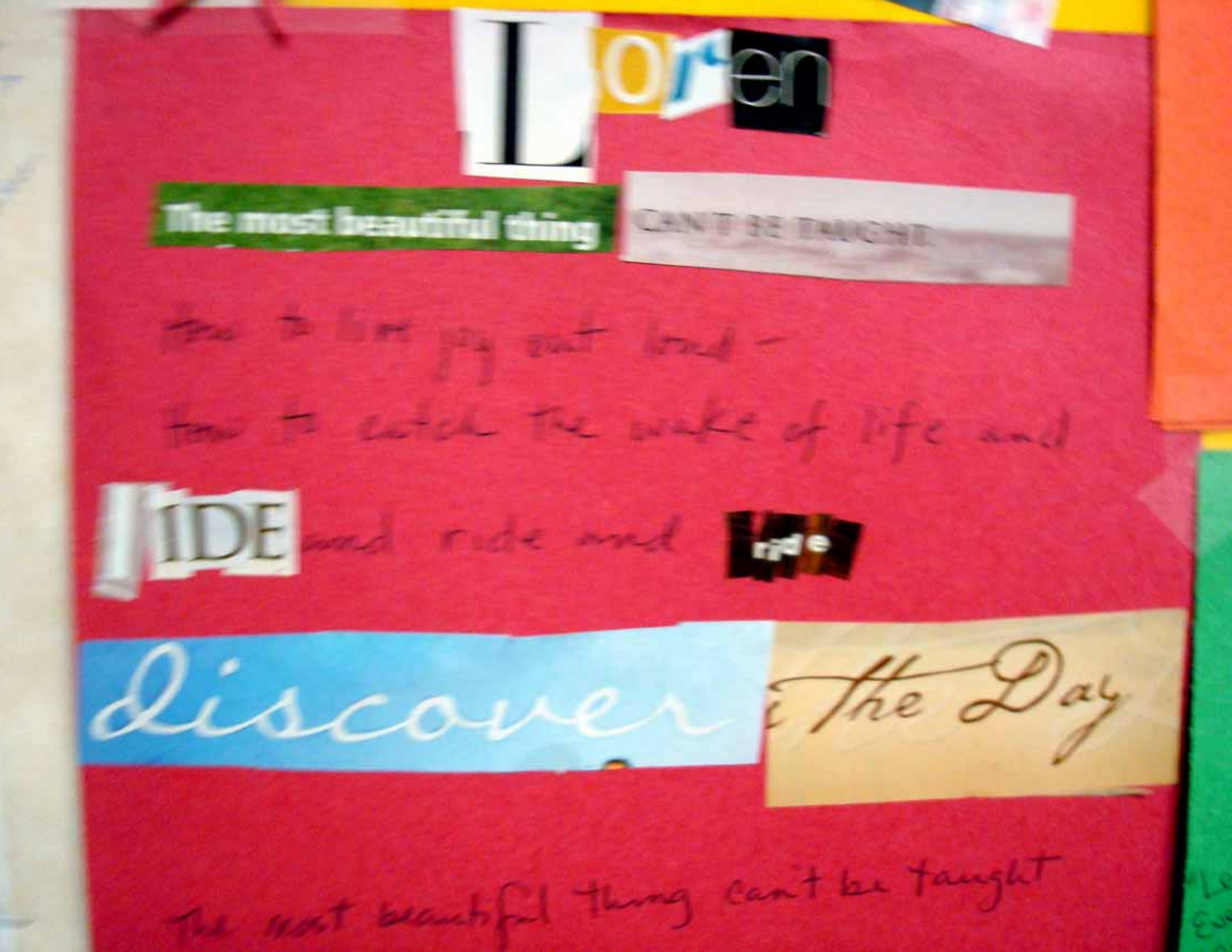
Loren,
We will miss you.
Save us a place in
heaven. Mr. Gibson

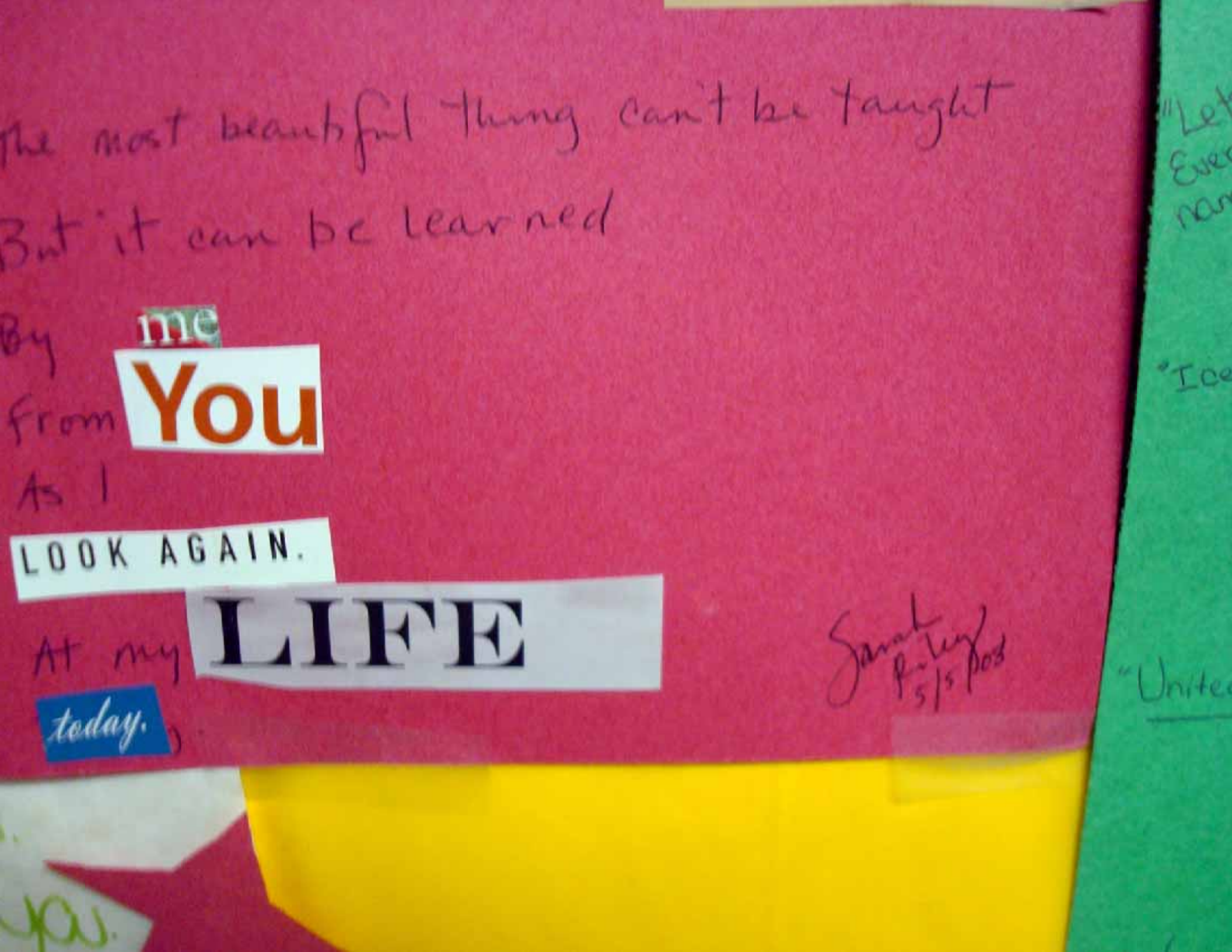
The most

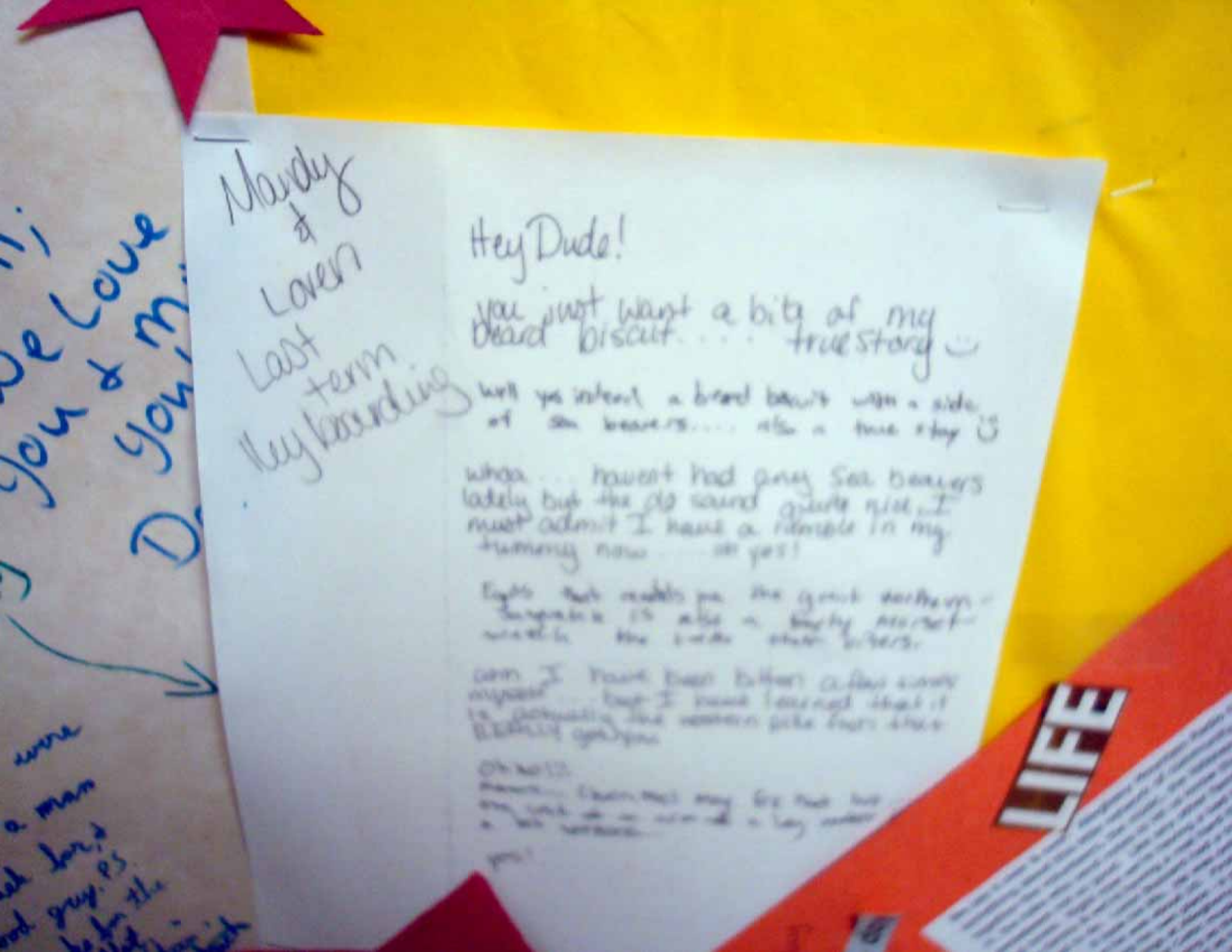
How to

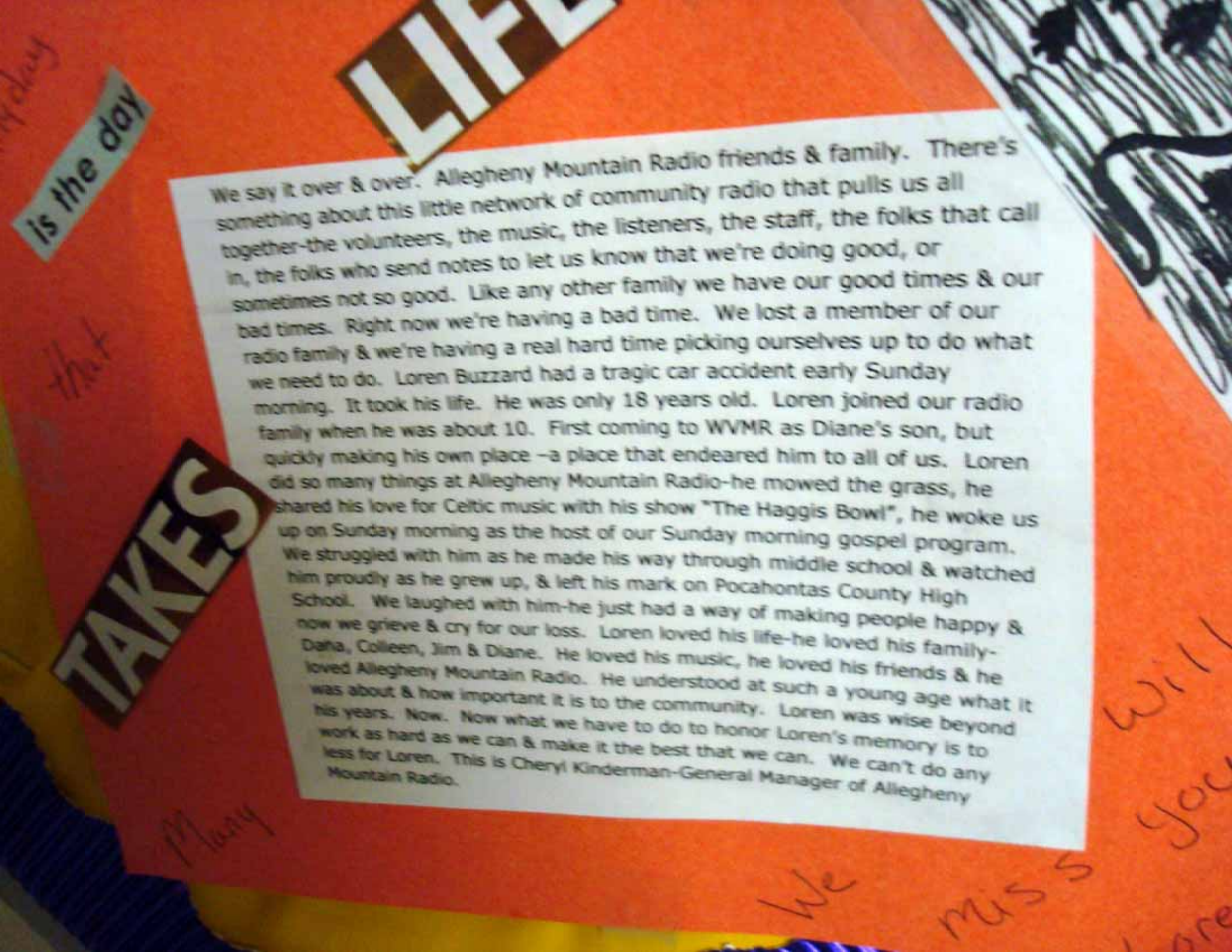
tch

To a good friend thanks for being


L
The most beautiful thing
CAN'T BE TAUGHT
how to live joy and kindness
how to catch the wake of life and
IDE and ride and
discover
the Day
The most beautiful thing can't be taught


The most beautiful thing can't be taught
But it can be learned
By
me
From
You
As I
LOOK AGAIN.
At my
LIFE
today.


Mandy & Loren
Last term Hey boarding
Hey Dude!
you just want a bite of my beard biscuit.... true story
LIFE



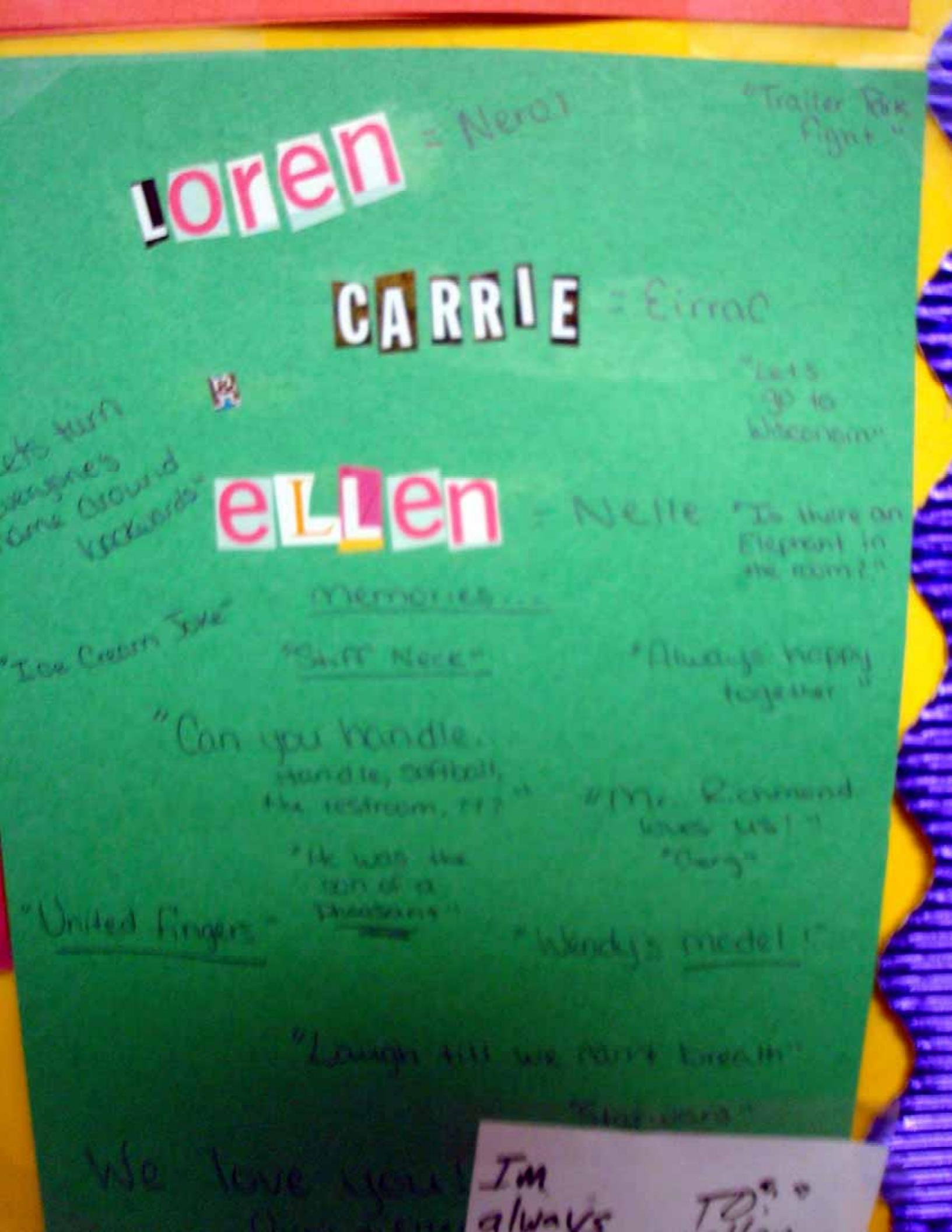
We say it over & over. Allegheny Mountain Radio friends & family. There's something about this little network of community radio that pulls us all together-the volunteers, the music, the listeners, the staff, the folks that call in, the folks who send notes to let us know that we're doing good, or sometimes not so good. Like any other family we have our good times & our bad times. Right now we're having a bad time. We lost a member of our radio family & we're having a real hard time picking ourselves up to do what we need to do. Loren Buzzard had a tragic car accident early Sunday morning. It took his life. He was only 18 years old. Loren joined our radio family when he was about 10. First coming to WVMR as Diane's son, but quickly making his own place --a place that endeared him to all of us. Loren did so many things at Allegheny Mountain Radio-he mowed the grass, he shared his love for Celtic music with his show "The Haggis Bowl", he woke us up on Sunday morning as the host of our Sunday morning gospel program. We struggled with him as he made his way through middle school & watched him proudly as he grew up, & left his mark on Pocahontas County High School. We laughed with him-he just had a way of making people happy & now we grieve & cry for our loss. Loren loved his life-he loved his family-Dana, Colleen, Jim & Diane. He loved his music, he loved his friends & he loved Allegheny Mountain Radio. He understood at such a young age what it was about & how important it is to the community. Loren was wise beyond his years. Now. Now what we have to do to honor Loren's memory is to work as hard as we can & make it the best that we can. We can't do any less for Loren. This is Cheryl Kinderman-General Manager of Allegheny Mountain Radio.

love you!
Carrie + Ellen

Im always happy when Im with you.

TO: Ellen

From: Loren


Loren = Neroi
"Traitor Box Fight"
CARRIE = Eirrac
"Lets go to Wisconsin"
ellen = Nelle
"Is there an Elephant in the room?"
"Ice Cream Jam"
"Soft Neck"
"Always happy together"
"Can you handle..."
"United Fingers"
"Wendy's model"
"Laugh till we cant breath"
We love you
Im always

VIEWING

VANREENAN FUNERAL HOME, MARLINTON

Wednesday

6-9 pm

Funeral

AT P.C.H.S.

Thursday

If Tears Could Build a Stairway

Author: Benny Woodley

If tears could build a stairway
And memories were a lane
We would walk right up to Heaven
And bring you back again

No farewell words were spoken
No time to say "goodbye"
You were gone before we knew it
And only God knows why.

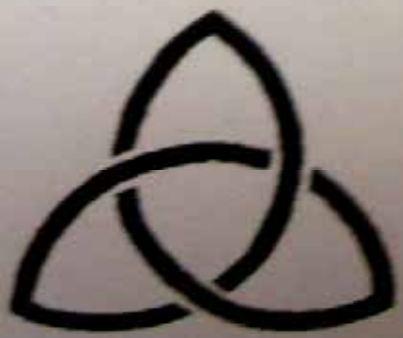
Our hearts still ache in sadness
And secret tears still flow
What it meant to love you
No one will ever know

But now we know you want us
To mourn for you no more
To remember all the happy times
Life still has much in store

Since you'll never be forgotten
I pledge to you today
A hallowed place within our hearts
Is where you'll always stay

Celtic Blessing

May the roads rise to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rain fall soft upon your fields
And, until we meet again,
May God hold you in the hollow of his hand.



RRITORY

GO
WARRIORS
HOME
VISITOR
BONUS
PERIOD
BONUS
FOULS
PLAYER FOULS
FOULS
WIN
MATCH
WIN
WARRIOR

from the beginning to the end.

He noted that first came the date of her birth
and spoke of the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time
that she spent alive on earth...
and now only those who loved her
know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own;
the cars....the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard...
are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left

If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real,
and always try to understand
the way other people feel

And be less quick to anger,
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives

about this long and hard...
are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left

If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real,
and always try to understand
the way other people feel

And be less quick to anger,
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect,
and more often wear a smile...
remembering that this special dash
might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy's being read
with your life's actions to rehash...
would you be proud of the things they
say about how you spend your dash?

Author Linda Ellis

Loren made the most of his dash. Loren is a new inspirati
Rest in peace Loren

BEECHBIKER

GREENDRIER

G
G
G
G
G
G
G
G
G
G
G

ALICE UNDERWOOD

SHARP

LOREN STANLEY
INFANT SON OF
WM. H. & LILLIAN L.
BUZZARD
DEC. 4-30, 1948

MABEL U.
JULY 10 1915
OCT 13 2002
MILLER
VANREENEN

SIMMONS
REDDING

WORKMA
WILLIAM

WILLIAM L.
JUNE 9 1911
FEB 18 1983

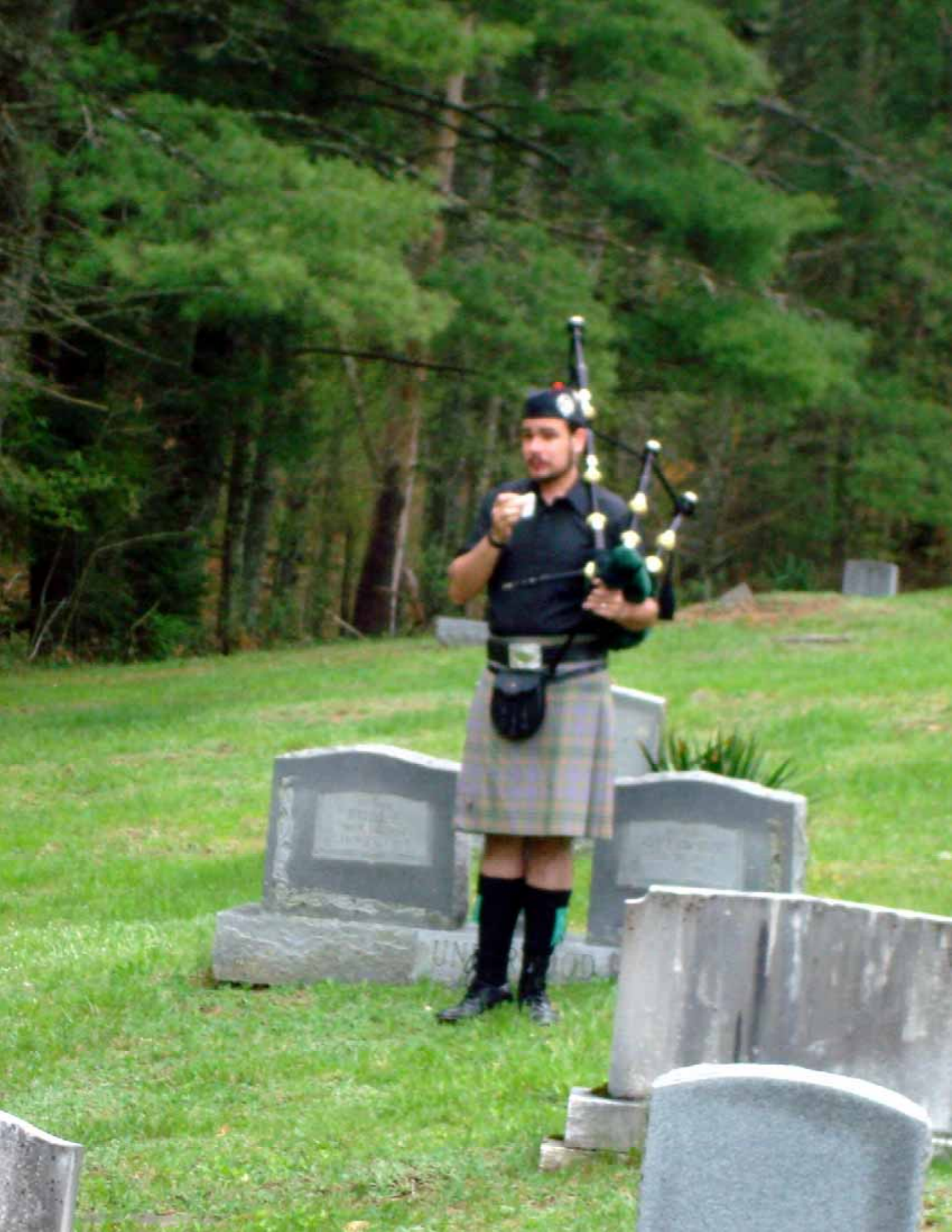
WORKMAN
LOLA I.
1915 — 1968
RODNEY W. BUZZARD
SEPT. 4, 1972
CHERYL FAYE
AUG. 20, 1954
VANREENEN

4x4
TELSTAR
TELSTAR

WORKMAN

SIMMONS

WORKMAN
IDA L.
1915 — 1985



SIMMONS
REDDING

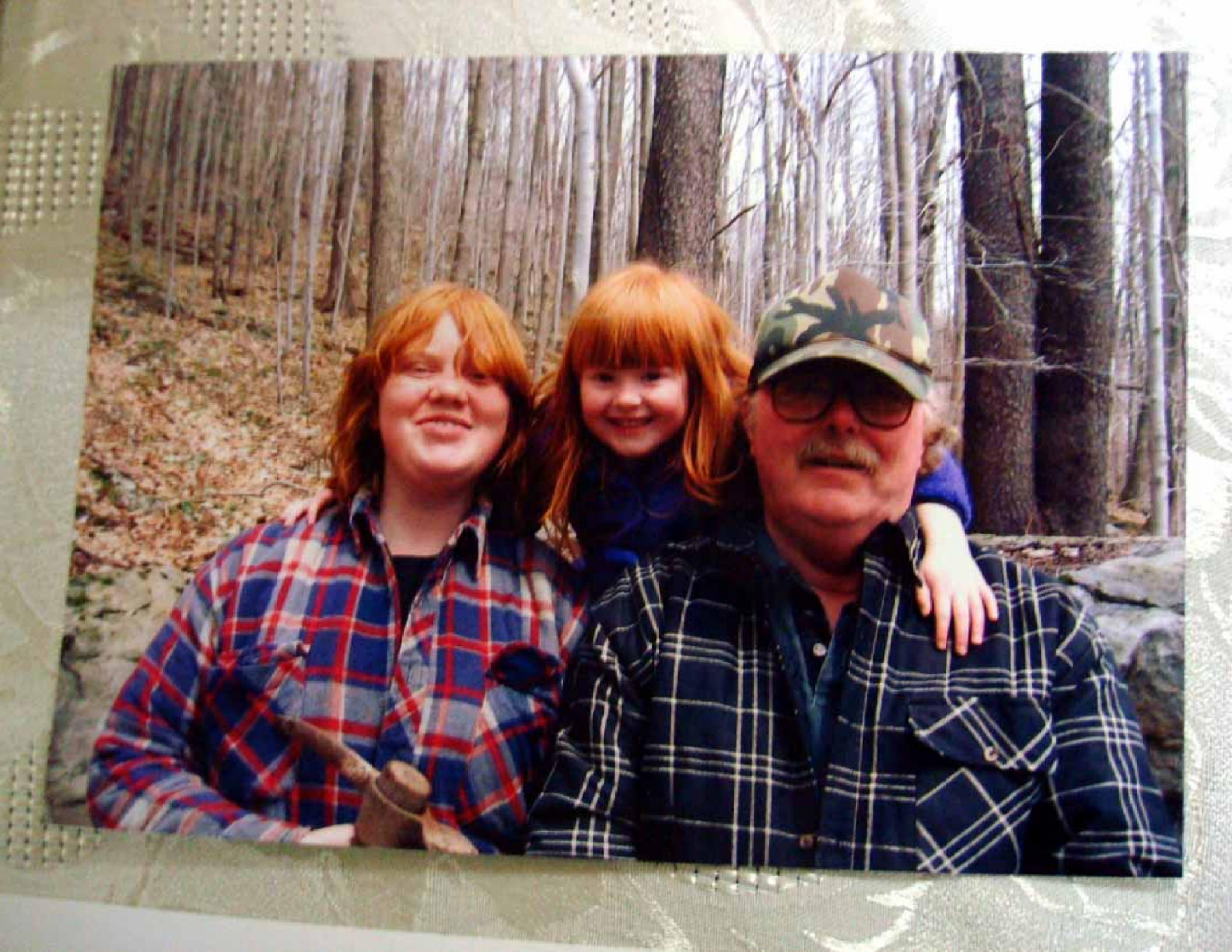
REDDING

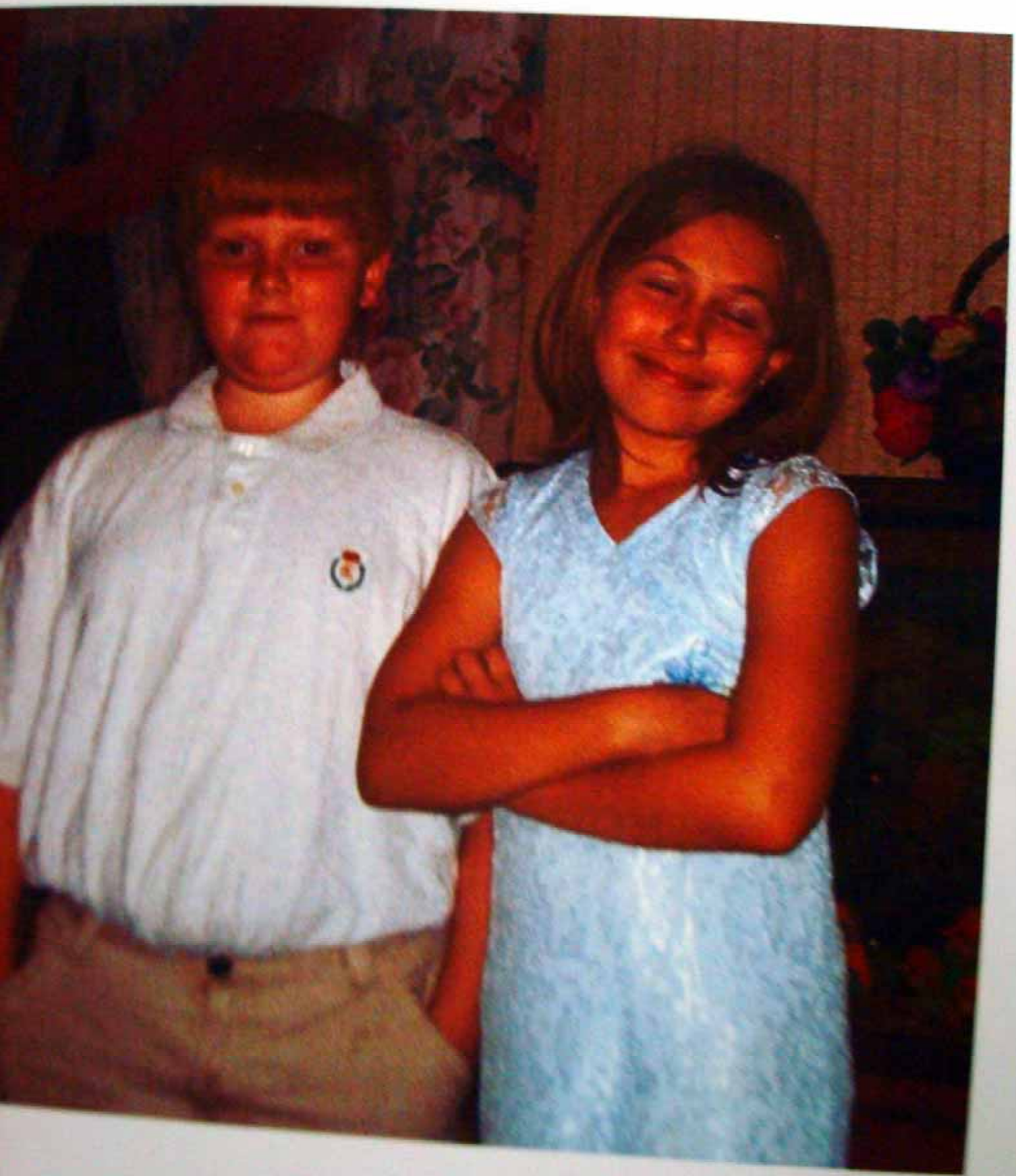
Church

Coke

EXIT

EXIT





TRAVEL TO

TRAVEL TO

Miss ya,
Ben Egan

Thanks Loren
for always keeping
everyone happy,
you put a smile
on all of our faces
Miss you and will
always love you Jack McClure

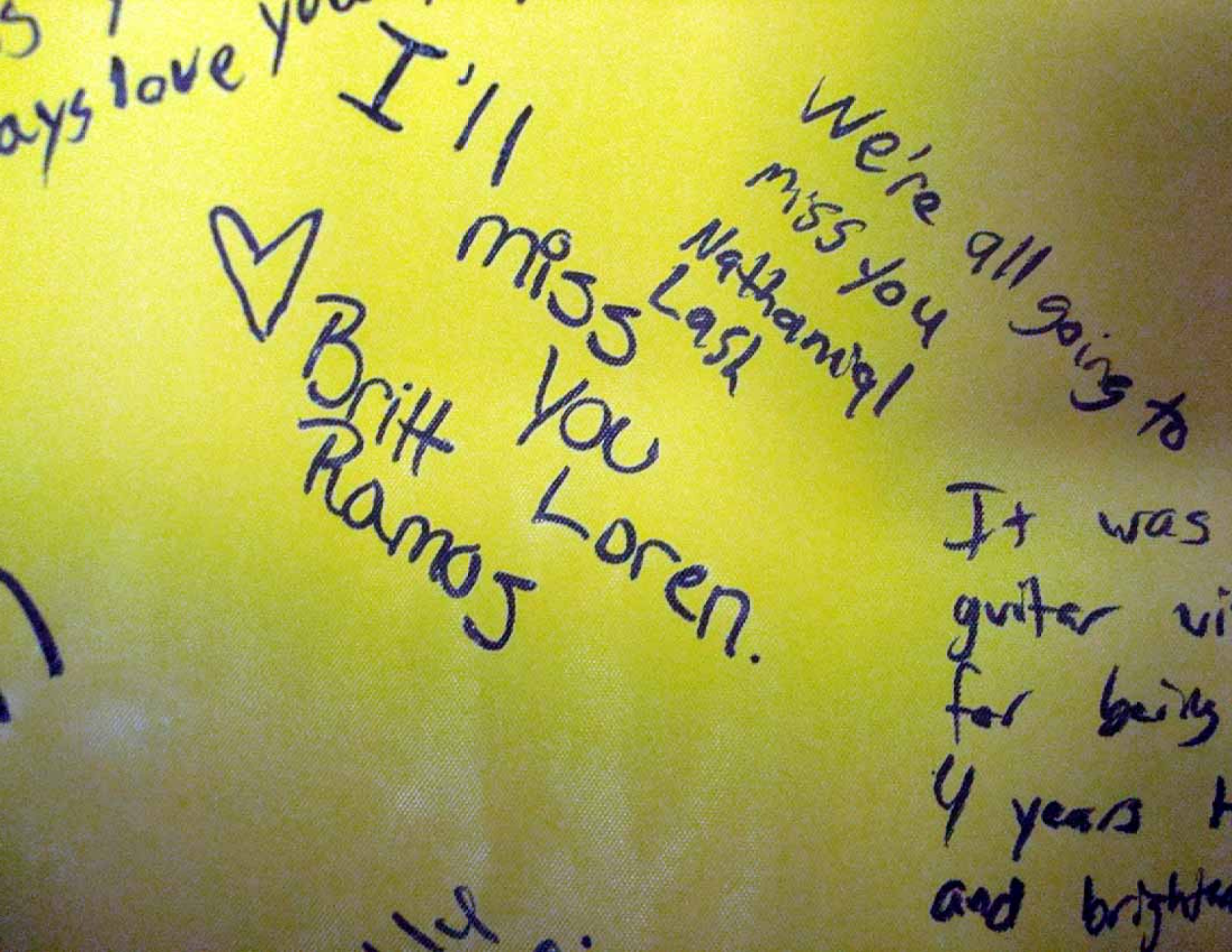
Hey, Loren!
Thanks for
being such
a good friend
and introducing
me to the radio!
I'll finish that
radioplay someday." Hah
Miss ya,
Ben Egan

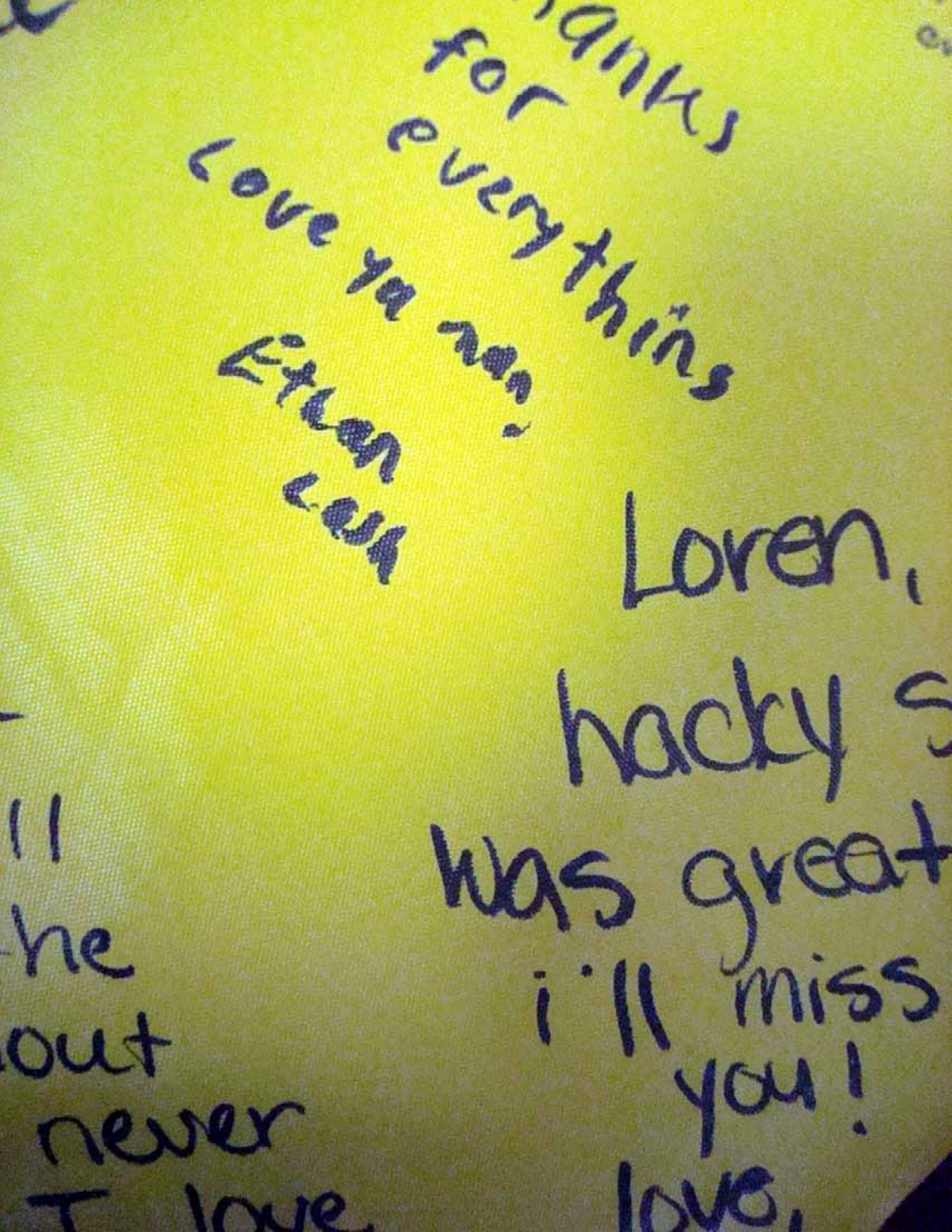
Thanks Loren
for always keepin

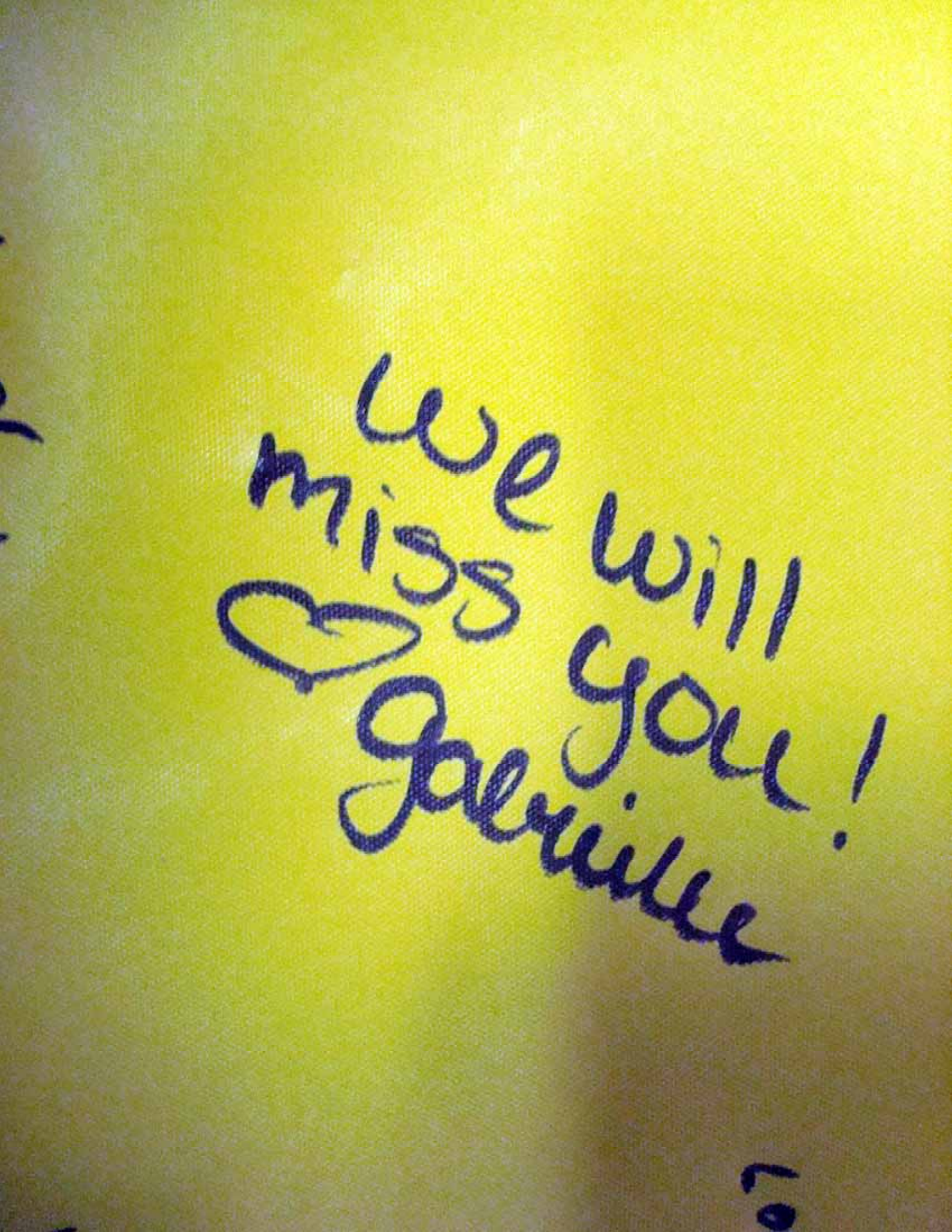
To Sam you're a Canadian
To Sam, a [redacted] Countryman
To all a friend
you will be kissed
Mark

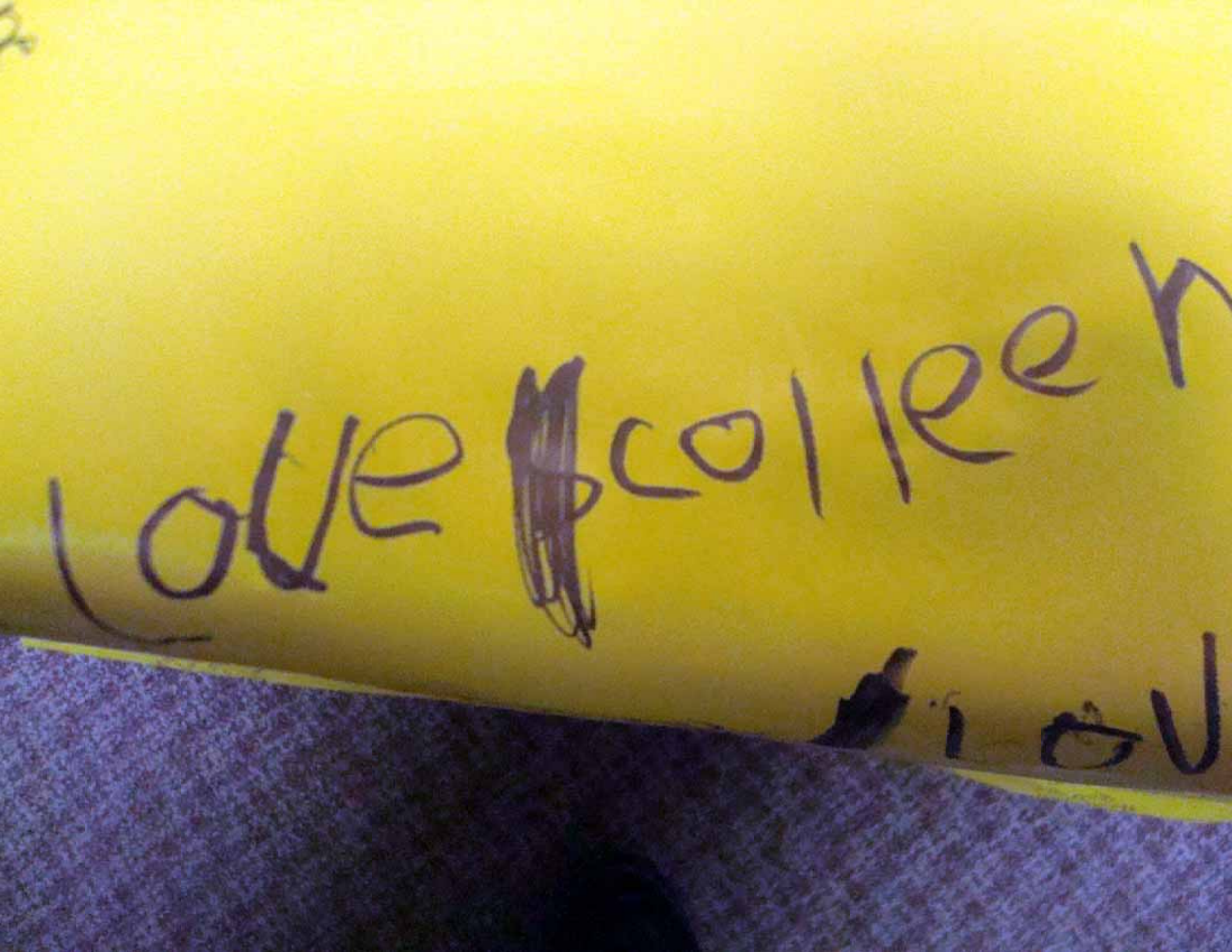
Sharpie FINE POINT

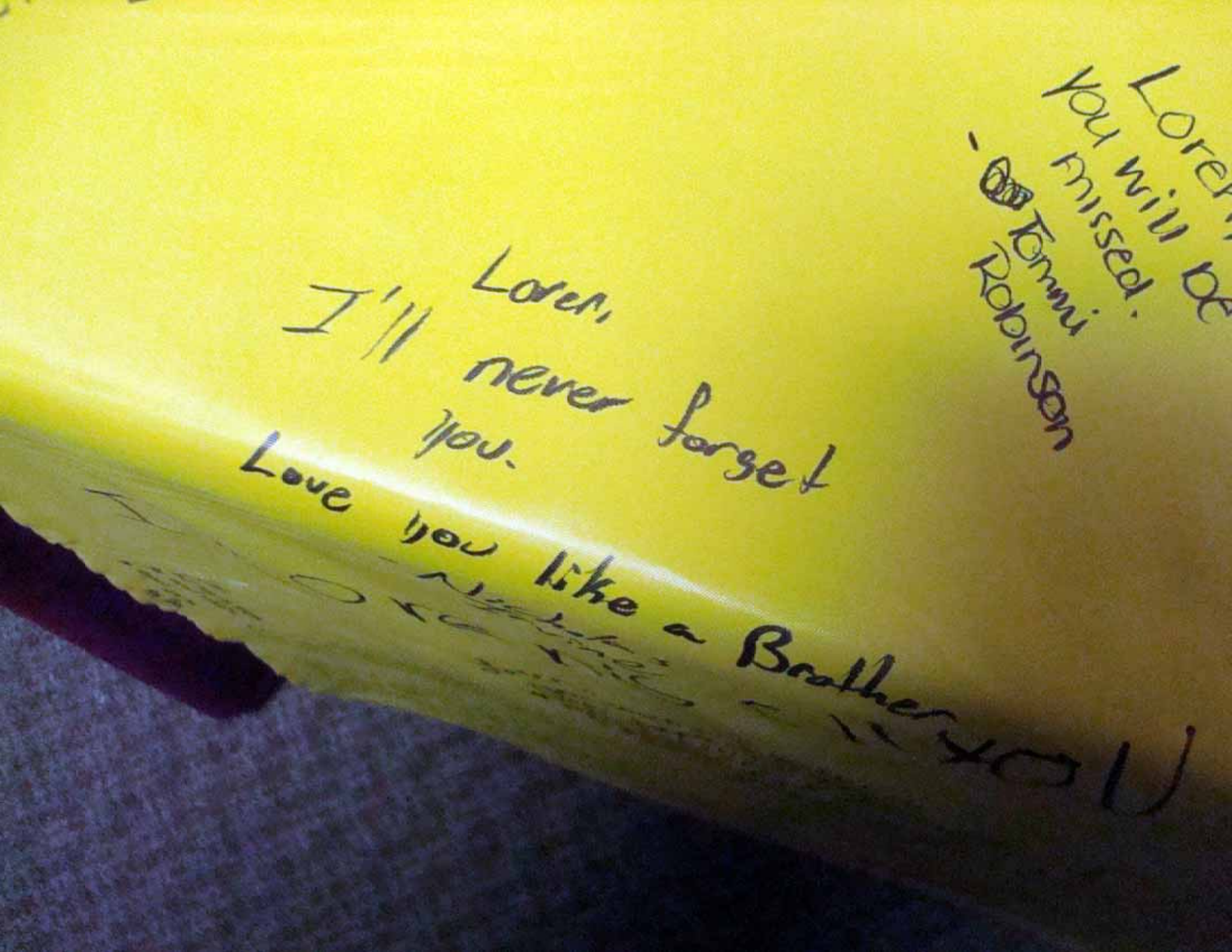
It was great playing
guitar with you. Thanks
for being there the last
4 years to keep me happy
and brightening the room.
Love ya bro
Ray Ford


ays love you
I'll miss you Loren.
Brit Ramos
Nathaniel Last
Miss you
We're all going to
It was
guitar
for
4 years
and


thanks for everything
love ya mwa
Kirsten Lee
Loren,
hacky s
was great
i'll miss
you!
love,
ll
he
out
never


We will
miss you!
Jasmine


colleen


Loren,
I'll never forget
you.
Love you like a Brother
Loren
You will be
missed.
- Tommi
Robinson

Chuck
Linda
Thanksgiving

Love, Bernard, Anne

Buggard Service

Buzzard Sis
Elkins
High School
Student Body
Flower Garden

Brother

ROCK ON

JB
87

Joan Buzzard Lewis
Thinking of You
French's Diner
Debra, Tonya, Rose
& Jack
Flower House

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH INVESTIGATION REPORT

Subject Pocahontas County History — Chapter 9 Religion — Date February 6, 1941

Research Worker Juanita M. Pilley — Date Research Taken February 2

Typist Juanita M. Pilley — Date Typed February 6, 1941

Source W. Va. Blue Book, 1926 — Date Filed

History of Pocahontas --Price

Juanita S. Dilley
Pocahontas County
Chapter 6 Religion
February 7, 1941

Lorenza Waugh

Lorenzo Waugh, the circuit rider who preached his way across the continent, was born in Pocahontas county on the Greenbrier River a few miles below Clover Lick. He is a relative of the Rev. John Waugh spoken of so often in the early church history of this county.

The friendship between the Waugh family and that of Jacob Warwick had its effects on Lorenzo Waugh for he was taught to read and write by Elizabeth Warwick-daughter of Jacob Warwick.

At one time, when he was a young man, he was at a house raising in the vicinity of Clover Lick. A man by the name of Friel was boasting of his fleetness of foot. Jacob Warwick called young Waugh to one side and promised him a colt if he would beat Friel in a foot race. From this filly came practically all of his mounts during more than the half century of riding.

The turning point in his life was seeing a statement in a newspaper that a man in a distant place was willing to assist some boy in getting an education to prepare himself for the ministry. He answered the letter and was told that the place had been given to another, but the germ had been sown, and he left home and went to Harrison county and proceeded to carry out his plan on his own resources. He had not been there long until the teacher was discharged for drunkeness and Lorenzo Waugh was given his place. From that time on he was engaged in the professional duties as a teacher, preacher, missionary and author. He was only sixteen years of age when he began his career as a teacher in Harrison county. He was a

teacher in Mason county in 1831, entered the Methodist ministry in that year, and was junior preacher on the Guyandotte circuit. In 1833 he rode the Nicholas county circuit, and was transferred to the Ohio conference in 1834. In 1835 he became a member of the Missouri Conference. In 1837 he was a missionary to the Shawnee nation. In 1840 he rode the Platte River circuit, now in Nebraska, and in 1848 he entered the Illinois Conference. In 1851 with his family he crossed the plains in an ox wagon and settled in the Petaluma Valley in California, where he resided until his death in 1899 at the age of 91 years.

He had a remarkable career. Starting on his ministerial career in Virginia(now W. Va.) he literally preached himself across the continent to the shores of the Pacific. He was a circuit rider from a way back. He wrote a book of his life which was so full of moral precepts and instructions that it became a church publication and went into many editions. From this work it is possible to form a correct estimate of his character and to realize that his life was valuable to his country. The circuit rider of a few years ago was inseparably connected with his horse.

He was a vivid preacher ofdthe Gospel, a steadfast adherent to the Methodist church, a man of clean life, one of the originators of the temperance movement, an enemy to tobacco in any form, a hunter of big game, and a dead shot with the rifle. At the time he began his his work, the Methodist church of America was nothing like the tremendous organization that it is today, and it is apparent that during his ministry, the faith he labored for grew from a comparativly small denomination to

the most numerous and the most powerful Protestant church in America. Such being the case, it is safe to say that when the life and times of Lorenzo Waugh becomes crystalised by history his long and widespread ministerial work will class him as one of the fathers of the church in this continent.

Richmond until 1848 when her family returned to Winchester and continued to live there until the outbreak of the Civil War. She was an ardent Confederate patriot and so incurred the displeasure of General Milroy that in 1863 she was sent through the lines to Richmond, where she worked as a government clerk until the end of the War.

Returning to Winchester, she opened a Seminary for Young Ladies, which was successful, but after a few years she left the venture and became an instructor at Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton. But she soon left that post as well and thereafter devoted her life to literature, living in Washington, New York and other cities. She died in 1889 in Richmond and was buried in Winchester.

Among her published works were: *The Holcombes: A Story of Virginia Home Life, Women: or Chronicles of the Late War, Under the Pruning Knife,* and two textbooks which were widely used in public schools: *The History of Virginia* and *Stories From Virginia History*.

MARSHALL, Catherine Wood (1914-) Author of *A Man Called Peter* and ten other "inspirational" books, Catherine Marshall lived in Keyser from 1924 to 1942, where her father, the Rev. John A. Wood, was minister of the First Presbyterian Church. Born in Johnson City, Tenn., she was six weeks old when her parents moved to Florida, and ten years old when they came to West Virginia, the state she considers "my home" In 1932 she graduated at the head of her class from Keyser High School, and passed up scholarship at West Virginia University because she wanted to go to Agnes Scott Presbyterian College in Atlanta, Ga. and become a writer.

It was while she was in college that she met Peter Marshall, the minister of the Atlanta Presbyterian church she attended, and who later gained fame as the Congressional Chaplain. Her father performed their marriage ceremony, in Keyser, in 1936, and in 1937, Marshall began preaching at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C. It wasn't until after his death, in 1949, that Catherine Marshall began writing. Three of her books were bestsellers, *A Man Called Peter, To Live Again,* and *Beyond Ourselves.* In 1959 she was married again, to Len LeSourd, a writer.

MARTIN-WILLIAMS, Rebecca Tomlinson (-) was the first white woman to live in the area which is now Moundsville. A tablet marking the site of the cabin in which she lived was erected in front of the high school building in 1935 by the Tuesday Arts Club of that city. The cabin was built in 1771.

MATTHEWS, Mary Jo (-), a native of Mannington, became a successful motion picture actress for several years, before abandoning her budding career to marry Arthur Rush, head of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and to lead a quiet life as wife and mother.

She graduated from West Virginia University in 1930, went to New York and there performed on the stage for a year before she made her Hollywood debut. She appeared with John Barrymore in *Twentieth Century,* with Robert Taylor in *Society Doctor* and with Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard in *Forsaking All Others.*

McNEILL, Louise is West Virginia's most honored contemporary poet. The excellance of her poetry is

LOUISE . . . "a new voice

recognized throughout the country.

Miss McNeill, in private life Mrs. Roger Waterman Pease, was born and reared on a mountain farm near Marlinton in Pocahontas County. The McNeill family has lived on that farm since pre-Revolutionary days. As a young girl she attended the two-room school house where her father taught.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G.H. McNeill. Her father, who taught school for many years, got his A.B. degree at the age of 40, went on for his A.M., and ultimately received his Ph.D. degree at the age of 65.

Miss McNeill received her Bachelor's degree in English from Concord College and her Master's degree in English from Miami University of Ohio. She later received a doctorate in history from West Virginia University because at that time West Virginia University did not offer a doctorate in English. Her doctoral dissertation, *Kanawha and the Old South* has been published by the West Virginia University Press.

Her most famous work is *Gauley Mountain*, which was her first collection of poems, published in 1939 with a foreword written by Stephen Vincent Benet. *Gauley Mountain*, a series of historical poems tracing the lives of various West Virginia families, is heavily slanted toward pioneer life, as are many of her other poems. This volume has been reprinted in a limited edition and is one of 25 books relating to West Virginia history being supplied to high school libraries throughout the state in an effort to build up a greater knowledge of West Virginia.

Time Is Our House, her second volume of poetry, was published in 1942. It contains philosphical poems and a section of lyrics on World War II. This volume was

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Her most recent book of poems, *Paradox Hill: From Appalachia to Lunar Shore*, was published by the West Virginia University Library with private funds made available through the West Virginia University Foundation, Inc. In this book she looks at the heritage of the Mountain State residents as she traces their consciousness from pioneer days to atomic frontiers and looks to the future with uncertainty.

Miss McNeill writes in traditional verse form. She believes, however, that the beauty of poetry lies in content and feeling rather than in form. She believes poetry should be useful – useful to the spirit, useful to relieve the mind and useful to society. She is a person with strong convictions about herself, her heritage, her homeland and its future. Miss McNeill's ability to translate these convictions into compelling poetic rhythms is what makes her poetry so beautiful.

Miss McNeill has also written several short stories about rural life, many of which were published by the *Farm Journal*.

Her name is well known to the editors and publishers of such respected national literary magazines as *Saturday Review* and *Atlantic Monthly*, which have published her poems. During the 1950's, she was a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Harpers*, and other magazines. Some of her first poems appeared in *The Daily Athenaeum*, student newspaper, when she was a student at West Virginia University in the 1920's.

Miss McNeill is now retired and living in Morgantown. She taught at Concord College, Potomac State College, West Virginia University, in Pocahontas County elementary schools and at Aiken, South Carolina, Preparatory School, and Fairmont State College.

Miss McNeill met her husband at the Breadloaf Writers' Conference near Middlebury, Vermont. She had won a scholarship to the conference on the basis of a poem that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Her husband, formerly of Ashfield, Mass., is a former instructor at West Virginia University. They have a son, Douglas, who is a graduate of the University of Connecticut.

In recent years, Miss McNeill has been an instructor at the Summer Writers Conference at Marietta, Ohio, She has always taken a keen interest in helping others to learn to write well. – Vaughn Lenhart.

MILLER, Mrs. Alex McVeigh. To be continued in our next" was the promise which kept Mrs. Alex McVeigh Miller at the writing of serial stories for nearly thirty years. An exacting promise, but keeping it brought fame and a fortune to this indefatigable woman. A daughter of our Mother State, she came as a bride to West Virginia, where she lived nearly forty of the busiest years of her life.

"I wrote romances," Mrs. Miller says, "that followed a straight course from my brain to the tip of my fountain pen." There is a glamour in make-believe stories that appeals to young and old, yet true life stories of those who have triumphed over obstacles inspire readers as no fiction can do. Mrs. Miller's autobiography, recently completed in collaboration with her daughter, is absorbingly interesting. She tells of the happy childhood in Old Virginia before

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Honored 6-13-85

Louise McNeill Pease, of Lewisburg, was honored by West Virginia Writers, Inc., by being named this year's recipient of the organization's JUG Award. The award was presented at the WVW Annual Conference, held this past weekend at Cedar Lakes. Accepting the award on behalf of Mrs. Pease, who was unable to attend, was her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Dorsey, of Morgantown. The award was made at the banquet on Saturday night.

The JUG award was created by West Virginia Writers, Inc., to recognize excellence in the field of writing by a West Virginian. Mrs. Pease is the third person to receive the JUG award and the first poet honored. Alberta Pierson Hannum received the first JUG in 1983 and Jim Comstock, country editor of Richwood, the second in 1984.

In private life Mrs. Roger Waterman Pease, Louise was born and reared on a mountain farm in Pocahontas near Marlinton, attending a two-room school her father taught.

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Her poetry has appeared in such respected national literary magazines as Saturday Review and Atlantic Monthly. During the 1950's, she was a frequent contributor to the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Harpers and other magazines.

Her husband is a former instructor at West Virginia University. They have a son, Douglas, who is a graduate of the University of Connecticut.

Always interested in helping others to write better, she has been an instructor, in recent years, at the Summer Writers Conference at Marietta, Ohio.

As Stephen Vincent Benet said in the Foreword to "Gauley Mountain: 'There is a new voice in the land.'

INDIAN PIPES

From pebbled banks they climbed with
shoulders low
And brought these river stones to lay
upon [illegible] the stealth of

night.

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INDIAN PIPES

From pebbled banks they climbed with shoulders low
And brought these river stones to lay upon
Their chieftain, fallen in the stealth of dawn
By flinted arrow from a Shawnee bow.

Spring moons have come and hunting moons have gone,
Sheep nipped the grass and rabbits scratched the snow
Across this grave,—the pale-face tracked the doe,
And bench-legged curs pursued the mottled fawn.

But still in dusky summer when the loon
Cries from the shallows of approaching night,
Between the stones they heaped above his mound,
Beneath the eerie pallor of the moon,
Bloom ghostly flowers—pipes of waxen white

Miss Louise McNeill of Marlinton, is a young poet who is beginning to get recognition and have her verses published in various magazines. I have before me the 1931 autumn number of "Star-Dust", a journal of poetry, published at Washington, D. C. In it is the announcement that the monthly book prize offered by a distinguished western poet for best poems sent into the Stardust Club each month was awarded to Miss McNeill for the month of April. Under the caption "Fragment:"

I have grown strong with the
strength of my desolale mountains,
Amored from bitterness, pulseless to
touch or to sound.
There is reality only in the wind, the
jagged iciness of frozen ground

—

In "The Poets Forum" for Septem ber, published at Howe, Oklahoma, Miss McNeill has three poems. Here is one of them, "Request":

Tell him, all who love me,
After I have gone

The "Kaleidoscope," a national magazine of poetry for August, published at Dallas, Texas, says Miss Louise McNeill of Marlinton, at the age of twenty years, makes her debut as a poet. Her poem, "Unless You Knew:"

"You, lying there so calm and
strangely still,
No protest on your lips, no
word of grief,
Strike a swift still wonder to the
soul of mine
Who never knew belief.

It is incredible that you should
close
Your eyes to all quick beauty,
Stay your breath,
You who loved all life, laughter and
tears,
As tho' you welcome death!

It is incredible that you should take,
Peace for sharp ecstasy, silence for

Governor Arch A. Moore, Jr., is shown with West Virginia's Poet Laureate, Louise McNeill Pease, at the Cultural Center in Charleston on August 16 at a ceremony at which Mrs. Pease donated her books and manuscripts to the State Department of Culture and History. Gov. Moore accepted the gift on behalf of the State.

Good Living, a retirement community in Malden, where she had made her home for several years.

The daughter of the late G. D. and Grace (McNeill) McNeill, she was born at Buckeye January 9, 1911.

In 1939 she married Roger W. Pease, who died September 24, 1990.

Her husband, her parents, a sister, Elizabeth Dorsey, and a brother, Ward McNeill, preceded her in death.

Surviving her are a son, Douglas McNeill Pease, of South Windsor, Connecticut; a granddaughter, Noralyn M. Pease; and a brother, James W. McNeill, of Buckeye.

Services were held Sunday on

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Services were held Sunday on the lawn of Cabin Creek Quilts in Malden and then on Monday at 11 a. m. in VanReenen Funeral Home by the Rev. Roy Gwinn. Burial was on the McNeill Farm at Buckeye.

Mrs. Pease was Poet Laureate of West Virginia, named in 1977 by then-Governor Jay Rockefeller. She started writing poetry when she was 16 and had poems published in many national magazines. She was the author of several books, *Mountain White* (1931), *Gauley Mountain*, *Time is Our House*, *Paradox Hill*, *Elderberry Flood*, *The Milkweed Ladies* (her memoirs), *Hill Daughter: New and*

memoirs), *Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems* (1991), and many magazine articles.

Just before her death she completed her last book. Her son came to see her, typed the last chapter, put it in the mail to the publishers, and then she seemed to let go of life, according to the family.

She graduated from Concord College and earned a master's degree at Miami University in Ohio, and a doctorate from West Virginia University.

She taught English and history for more than 30 years, from rural schools in Pocahontas County to Potomac State, Concord, Fairmont State, and Davis and Elkins colleges. In 1937 she was named Teacher of the Year at Concord College and was selected Daughter of the Year by the West Virginia

5-30-91

McNeill's poems featured on public radio

West Virginia Public Radio will air a special program titled "Gauley Mountain" Thursday, June 20, at 8 p.m. This West Virginia Day broadcast will feature the poems from West Virginia Poet Laureate Louise McNeill's book of the same name. Noted West Virginia musician David Morris of Ivydale and award-winning West Virginia poet Irene McKinney of Belington will read the poems, providing narration and character voices.

Gauley Mountain, published in 1939 by Harcourt Brace, is a history (1760-1930) of one of the most scenic and rugged parts of West Virginia told through poems about people, places and events. Special historic characters, such as Mad Anne Bailey and Claude Crozet, are included, but most poems are fictional, following the lives of settlers sometimes through several generations.

Larry Groce, producer of this special, said, "West Virginia Public Radio's production of "Gauley Mountain" will attempt to do for Louise McNeill's book what she did for the history of her beloved Gauley country."

West Virginia Public Radio can be heard on 88.5 FM in Charleston, 91.7 in Beckley, 90.9 in Morgantown, 89.9 in Huntington and Wheeling, 88.9 in Martinsburg and Buckhannon/Weston.

Louise McNeill

In becoming one of Appalachia's most respected poets, Louise McNeill sang with pride about the mountain heritage of the region's residents.

Now she traces their consciousness from pioneer days to atomic frontiers and looks to the future with uncertainty in her new book of poems, "Paradox Hill: From Appalachia to Lunar Shore."

Her book was published recently by McClain Printing Company of Parsons for the West Virginia University Library with private funds made available through the WVU Foundation, Inc. Copies may be ordered for $4.50 each, plus 50 cents for postage and handling, from the Book Store, Mountainlair, West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va. 26506.

But who is Louise McNeill that anyone should listen to her prophecies or share her pride and fear?

She's a wife and mother, and history teacher at Fairmont State College. But more than that she's a person with strong convictions about herself, her heritage, her homeland and its future. And she's able to translate these convictions into compelling poetic rhythms.

Her name is well-known to the editors and publishers of respected national literary magazines such as Saturday Review and Atlantic Monthly, which have published her poems.

During the 1950s, she was a frequent

poetry can deal validly with social criticism. I'm not a protestant, but I'm not ashamed to try something along this line. I see no reason for poets to be so fine fingered."

Academians, and sometimes poets themselves, often attempt to set down rules for poetic subject matter. Miss McNeill objects. She says she never places limits on what poetry should or can deal with.

"I once heared Allen Tate say that no one should write a poem about his mother. So I have deliberately written one about mine," she said.

"Paradox Hill" is divided into three sections—"Appalachia," "Scattered Leaves" and "Lunar Shores." Each deals with aspects of Appalachian life . . . from the traditional to the futuristic.

The book is full of the kind of poetry that Stephen Vincent Benet, in his foreword to an earlier collection of her poems, "Gauley Mountain, also published by McClain Printing Co., described as simple, direct and forceful. Many of the poems are laced with humor, some are tinged with sorrow, others are filled with outright rage.

Many of the stories spun in Miss McNeill's ballads were told to her by her father, Douglas McNeill, who was a writer, teacher and one-time sailor. He

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During the 1950s, she was a frequent contributor to The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Harpers and other magazines.

Miss McNeill was born and reared on a mountain farm in Pocahontas County, where her family has lived since pre-revolutionary days. She attended the two-room schoolhouse where her father taught. And she received her bachelor's degree in English from Concord College, her master's degree from Miami University of Ohio; and a doctorate in history from West Virginia University. Why a doctorate in history?

"It was for a very practical reason," she recalled. "When I wanted to get my doctorate, WVU didn't offer one in English."

Practicality is one of her first considerations, whether applied to finishing her education or writing poetry. Miss McNeill never has enshrined herself in an ivory tower. She feels that a poet can work as practically as a bricklayer or someone who bakes a loaf of bread. This philosophy shows in her work.

"I believe poetry should be useful," Miss McNeill said. "It can be useful to the spirit, useful to relieve the mind and useful to society. Of

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Sometimes she is inspired by conversations she hears in public places. Two of the most poignant poems in "Paradox Hill" are entitled "Overheard on a Bus."

At the age of 18, Miss McNeill began to write seriously, and two years later her first poems were published in a Dallas, Tex., magazine, Kaliedograph. Since then, she has published three volumes of poems and several short stories.

"I often will write a poem in a few hours," she observed. "The poems that turn out right are the ones that are written rapidly. Sometimes if I fail to get it down the first time, I can go back to it later but that doesn't happen very often."

She is a great believer in form. When she decided to write seriously, she studied form, pattern and rhythm. She rarely writes in free verse form.

Miss McNeill works very hard at finding the right words and perfecting the images in her poems. She throws away two of every three poems that she writes.

Dr. Ruel E. Foster, chairman of the

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"I believe poetry should be useful," Miss McNeill said. "It can be useful to the spirit, useful to relieve the mind and useful to society. Of course, it's useful to the poet, too, but it should go beyond that."

Miss McNeill says serious poetry has become confessionalist and that ballads, such as Bob Dylan's protest ongs, are replacing poetry in one area. Some of her poems, like Dylan's deal with the public's fears and social issues.

"I feel—and this makes me quite quaint among most poets today—that [illegible] were told to her by her father, Douglas McNeill, who was a writer, teacher and one-time sailor. He too wrote about West Virginia in a volume of short stories called "The Last Forest."

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Dr. Ruel E. Foster, chairman of the WVU Department of English, thinks one of Miss Mc.[illegible]eill's greatest virtues is her complete lack of affectation.

"You'll find none of the big, dramatic rhetoric of Shakespeare or Milton in her poetry," Dr. Foster said. "She's contemporary, yet you'll find none of the tortured rhetoric that many modern poets fall prey to.

"She is part of a great tradition in American poetry," he observed.

III.

MAJOR ANDREW CROUCH.

May 5, 1857, the writer paid a visit to the late Major Andrew Crouch, at the time regarded the oldest person in Tygart's Valley. He lived near the mouth of Elkwater, Randolph County. Among the interesting items he gave us was one in reference to a land title.

Near the old Huttonsville brick church one James Warwick built a pole cabin and cleared a potato patch, in virtue of which he claimed the whole bottom contiguous. John and William White, two brothers, asserted their claim to the same land. It was finally decided to settle the dispute by a fair fight, fist and skull. Mr Warwick, being a small man, proposed to Joseph Crouch—or rather to his father—to exchange lands with him. He did so, and moved on to the tract. The Whites came on soon after to drive him away. After some wrangling it was finally agreed upon to settle the dispute by a fight, provided Andrew Crouch would accept the challenge, Joseph Crouch being somewhat deficient in pluck.

The ground was chosen for the contest, and John

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White was sent to inform Andrew Crouch of the arrangement. He accepted the challenge and defeated William White. The title was settled, and the parties were very friendly ever afterwards.

William White would frequently visit the home of Andrew Crouch, Senior, and the Major had a vivid remembrance of the impression White's appearance made upon his youthful mind as he walked the floor, he was so very tall and portly.

John White fell in the battle of Point Pleasant, and William White was killed by Indians in what is now Upshur County.

In the visit to Major Andrew Crouch, May 5, 1857, this aged man related a reminiscence of his boyhood.

When he was about six years of age his father took him to the corn field, and while the father worked the little boy sat on the fence. One of his uncles came up in great haste, bringing the news that Lewis Canaan and three children had just been killed by Indians. The two Crouches hurried their families to the home of James Warwick, not far from where the old brick church stood. In their hurry the Crouch brothers and Warwick seized their guns to go to the help of the families exposed to the Indians farther up the river, they neglected to barricade the fort, and so the little boy and two little girls went out to the branch, and while the boy was washing the blood from his face, caused by his nose bleeding, the little girls became frightened, and without saying anything, ran back into

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the fort and left him alone. When his bleeding stopped he went back and found the fort barricaded. The Crouch brothers had been met by some persons from the lower fort, took them along, and so their wives and children were left to themselves at Warwick's to make the best of their perilous situation.

When the boy Andrew Crouch came to the fort he heard his aunt in a loud voice giving orders as if there were quite a number of men in the fort, when in fact the force consisted of three white women and one colored man and wife, and some little children. An Indian climbed the roof of one of the fort buildings after nightfall and set it on fire. The colored man put it out. Then the stable was fired. The black man said they should not burn his horse. He went out and carefully approached the place. Seeing an Indian by the light he shot at him, and let the horses out and returned in safety to the fort. He dared the Indians to come on, and as there seemed to be not more than two or three that showed themselves, it seems they were not disposed to storm the loud but little garrison.

When the barn burned down and all became dark, the colored woman insisted on leaving the fort and giving the alarm lower down. She was allowed to do so, and the next day the men came up and moved all farther down, and then the little boy with eight or ten others went to bury the slain Lewis Canaan and his three children. He says no one wept nor did any seem afraid while the burial was going on.

After the funeral the men, seeing no signs of Indians, believed they had withdrawn, and so they dis-

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banded. But late in the evening one Indian killed a man named Frank Riffle, near where the brick church stood, and burned two houses not far away belonging to James Lackey.

Major Crouch remembered seeing Lackey not very long after the battle of Point Pleasant. He could show the rock on which Lackey sat and sung a war song, then very popular among the mountaineers in commemoration of that eventful struggle.

In subsequent years James Warwick moved to Ohio, and rewarded his faithful negro with his freedom for his gallantry in saving the fort and the property. This Mr Warwick was the ancestor of the Ohio Congressman who represented the McKinley district a few years since.

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Love--the most ephemeral of emotions
It comes, it surges, strikes its peak--
begins to fade.
Then suddenly, as storms abate, it dies,
Leaving only emptiness and discontent
Accompanied by some small amount of pain.

Some people strive for self esteem
Some fight for freedom's sake.
But I have battled nameless foes
With everything at stake.

My enemies are agony,
Blind rage beyond control.
So tell me not of earthly fights
When I've fought for a soul.

Lovely upheaval of slumbering life,
Bringer of beauty, new hopes and new dreams,
My spirit exults in thy power to end strife
To transform me like sunlight that glitters
and gleams
And flashes like diamonds on fast flowing
streams.

Perhaps in the future when youth has grown
dim
And I've had my full measure of pleasure
and pain
I'll write a new song to the fall; but this
hymn
I'll shout to the heavens till two breaths
remain
And stand laughing alone in the soft April
rain.

Mrs. B. F. Wyman

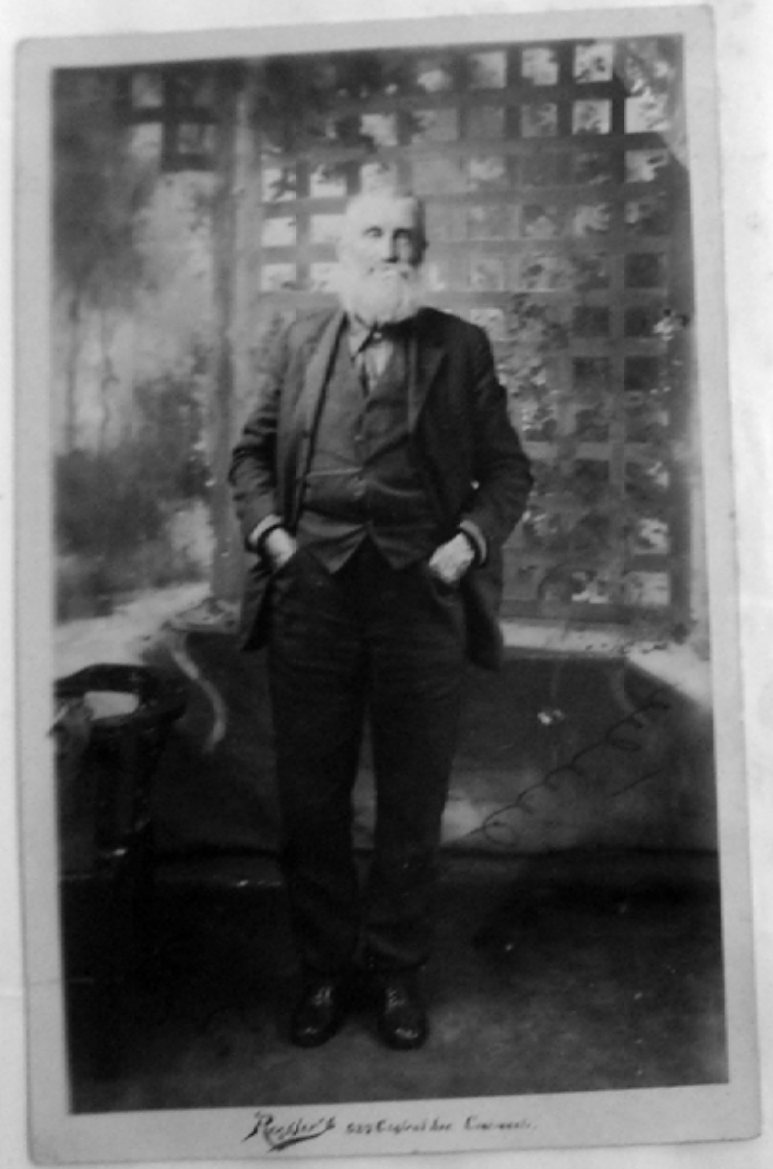
Mrs. Lockhart McClintic Moore Wyman, 32, died Wednesday, November 7, 1973, at her home in Gahanna, Ohio.

Mrs. Wyman was born in Morgantown August 13, 1941, the daughter of N. J. and Alice McClintic Moore.

She was a graduate of Marlinton High School and Wellesley College with a Master's degree from the University of North Carolina, and further work on her doctorate.

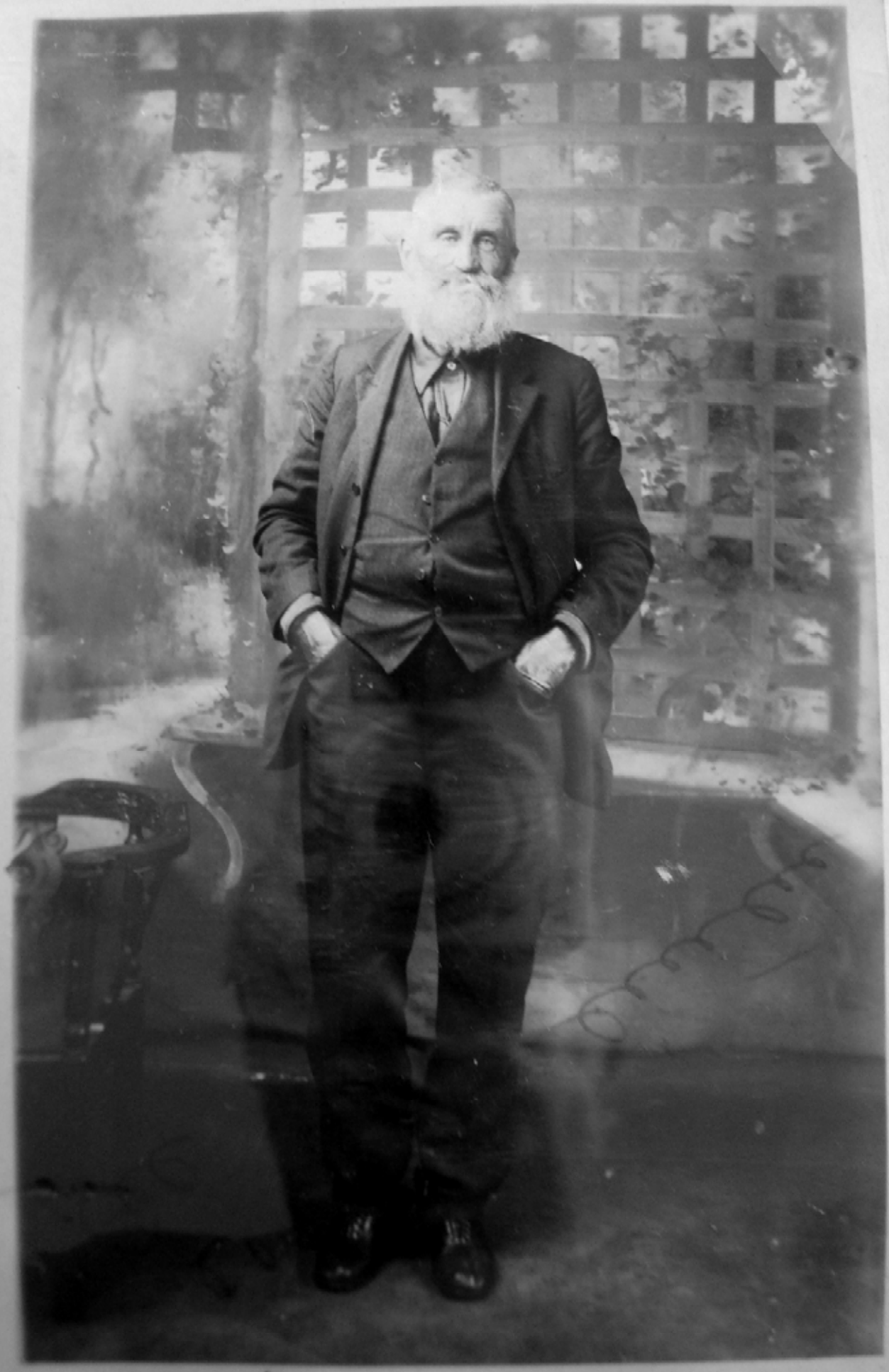
Surviving her are her parents, of Buckeye, her husband, Bostwick F. Wyman, and a cousin, Miss Betty McClintic, of Washington, D. C.

Services were held Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Willis Cornelius in the VanReenen Funeral Home Chapel, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.



Withrow Mc Clintic

His wife, Elizabeth (Bessie) Phillips
Mrs Clintic



His wife, Elizabeth (Bessie) Phillips McClintic

The many friends of Withrow McClintic were surprised to learn that he had taken unto himself a bride. He was quietly married to Miss Elizabeth Phillips last Wednesday at the home of the bride in the upper end of the county. An immense crowd was at the station Wednesday afternoon to see the bride and groom. A reception was tendered them at night at the home of his brother, L. M. McClintic, at this place.

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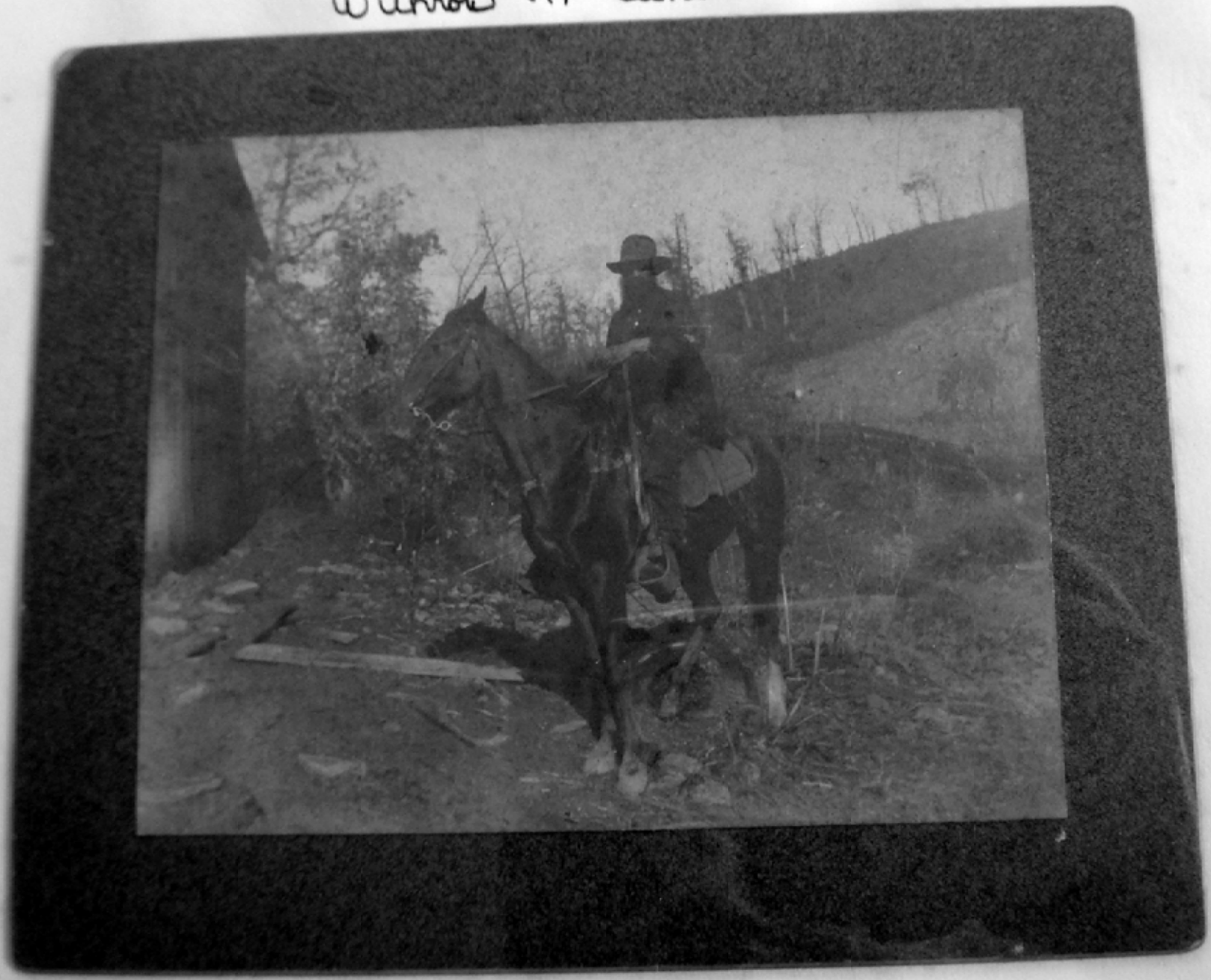
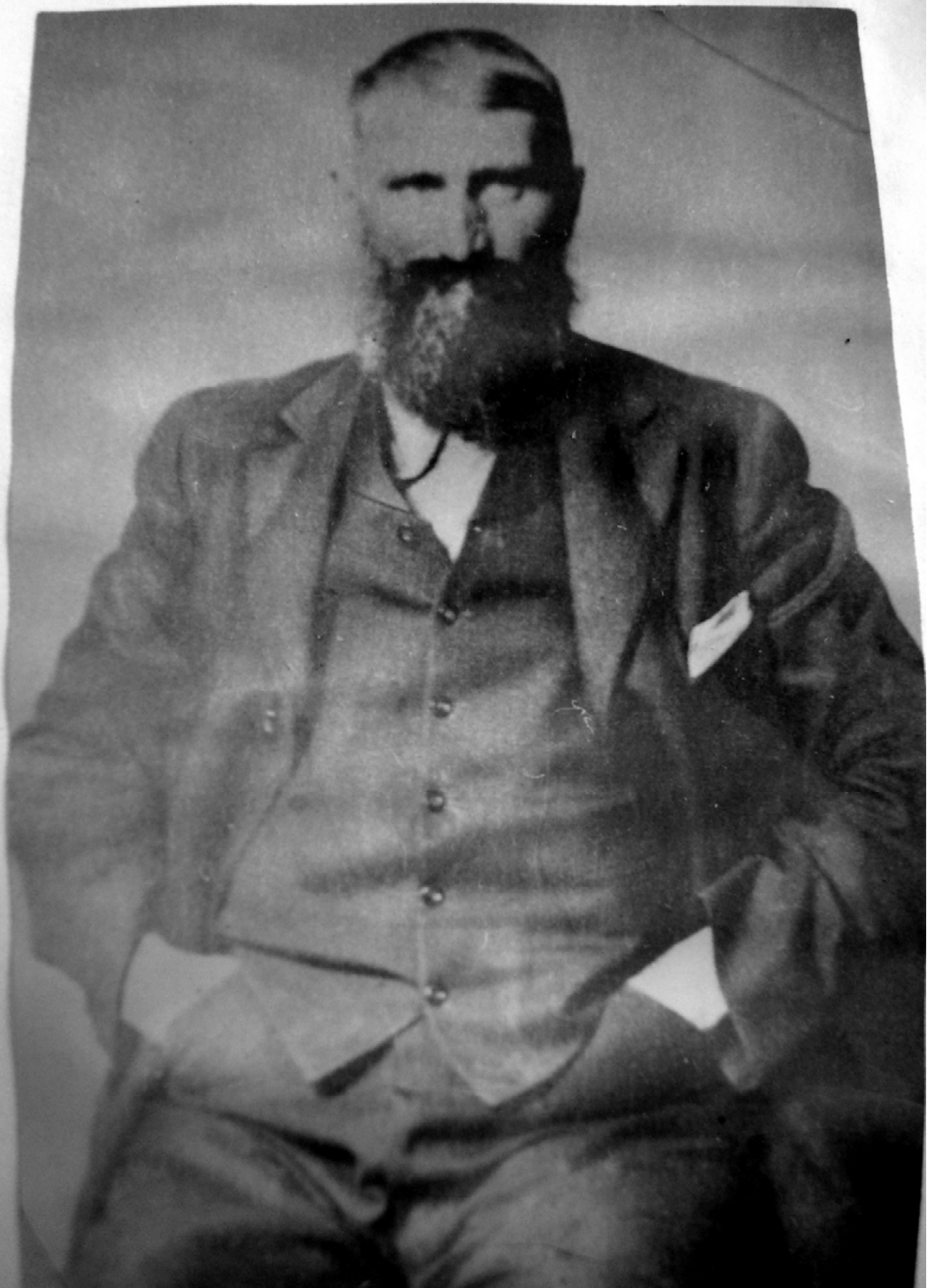


Withrow

Daughter, Hester and friend

Withrow



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1931

Withrow McClintic Is Called To Rest Here After A Long Illness

Withrow McClintic, Aged 67 Years Passes Away At Home Near Buckeye After Illness Of Several Months—Interment In Mtn. View Cemetery.

Withrow McClintic was born April 22, 1864, at the ancestral hom eo fhis grandfather, at Mill Point, Pocahontas county, the son of William H. and Mary A. (Mathews) McClintic, and died October 30, 1931. He came of a long line of ancestors, both paternal and maternal, prominent and distinguished in the history of state and church in Virginia and West Virginia. His parents moved to the farm at Buckeye in the year 1866 where the deceased grew to manhood and spent his life in the home in which he died.

He was united in marriarge April 15, 1908, to Miss Bessie L. Phillips, of Arbovale in this county.

He made a profession of his faith in Christ at an evangelistic meeting held by the Rev. J. E. Flow, D. D., at Buckeye, and united with the Mar-

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He made a profession of his faith in Christ at an evangelistic meeting held by the Rev. J. E. Flow, D. D., at Buckeye, and united with the Marlinton Presbyterian church, November 9, 1922. He was interested in the organization of a Presbyterian church at Buckeye and became one of the charter members of the Swago Presbyterian church which was organized, September 23, 1923, and was the first ruling elder elected by that congregation, and upon the dissolution of this church he returned his membership to the Marlinton church of which he remained a faithful member until his death.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Bessie L. McClintic, and one brother the Honorable George W. McClintic, Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern district of West Virginia, at Charleston. Three brothers have preceded him in death, Hunter H. McClintic of Buckeye, Edward D. McClintic, of Seattle, Washington, and Lockhart M. McClintic, of Marlinton.

Funeral services were held on last Saturday afternoon with interment in the Mountain View cemetery.

Bessie Phillips Mc Clintic

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Mc Elwee

JANUARY 22, 1948

Deaths

Mrs. Withrow McClintic

Mrs. Bessie Phillips McClintic, aged 72 years, widow of the late Withrow McClintic, died on Thursday, January 15, 1948, after a short illness. On Saturday afternoon her body was laid to rest in Mountain View Cemetery. The service was held from the Presbyterian Church by her pastor, Rev. Roger P. Melton. Thus is marked the passing of a truly good woman, a life long christian and member of the Presbyterian Church.

Pallbearers were Beecher Meadows, Norval Pifer, Wayne Jackson, Frank Harper, Eugene Ammons and James Howard.

Flower girls were Mesdames Paul Gladwell, Mary Evans, E. H. Patterson, Jess McNeill, Beecher Meadows, Norval Pifer, Ralph Moore, and Miss Louise Smith.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Amos and Phoebe Kerr Phillips. Forty years ago she became the wife of the late Withrow McClintic. They are survived by their adopted daughter, Mrs. Bay McElwee. Of her father's family there remain her brothers, Joseph and James Phillips, both of Pennsylvania.

Robert (Bay) Mc Elwee, wife Hester McClintic and son, Gary McElwee

Hester Mc.C. & Bay Mc Elwee married by the Rev. J. - Wood at the Pres. Manse on Oct. 10, 1942. Bay served in the Sea Bees during W.W. II.

Their son Gary Patrick was b. Nov. 20, 1946. He married Sandra Rogers and they live in Winter Park, Fla.

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there remain her bro
and James Phillips, b
sylvania.

Cook & Cooker on Barlow Tok.

judge McClintic
and
Joe Wilson
at camp

FROM JUDGE MCCLINTIC

Editor Times:

I wish to impose upon you and to use some of your space to note the death of Joseph Wilson my friend nd woods companion for thirty-five ars, and to express an appreciation hat he was to me and others in ne nd.

ear 1887, and ear since com

in any way.

He was a kindly man. His kindred his neighbors and his friends elsewhere had many evidences of the natural kindness of his heart.

He was a good son and a great help in time of need to his family. As the supporter and protector of his Father and Mother in their old age and last days and the helper and keeper of young and dependent nephews and nieces, he only showed in his quiet way, that he was a man in every good sense of the word.

In many days and weeks, which w spent together in camp, in my home or driving in conveyances, he was always courteous, always thoughtful of other people's wishes or wants, and always companionable and agreeable.

By reason of being engaged in holding a busy term of Court at Bluefield, I was unable to attend the funeral services. If the fates had permitted my presence there. I would gladly have borne testimony to all I h said about as to this good man much more. I could, out of the f ness of my heart, have said in wor which a cold type will not express.

A good man is gone Peace to h ashes.

Sincerely
Geo. W. McClintic

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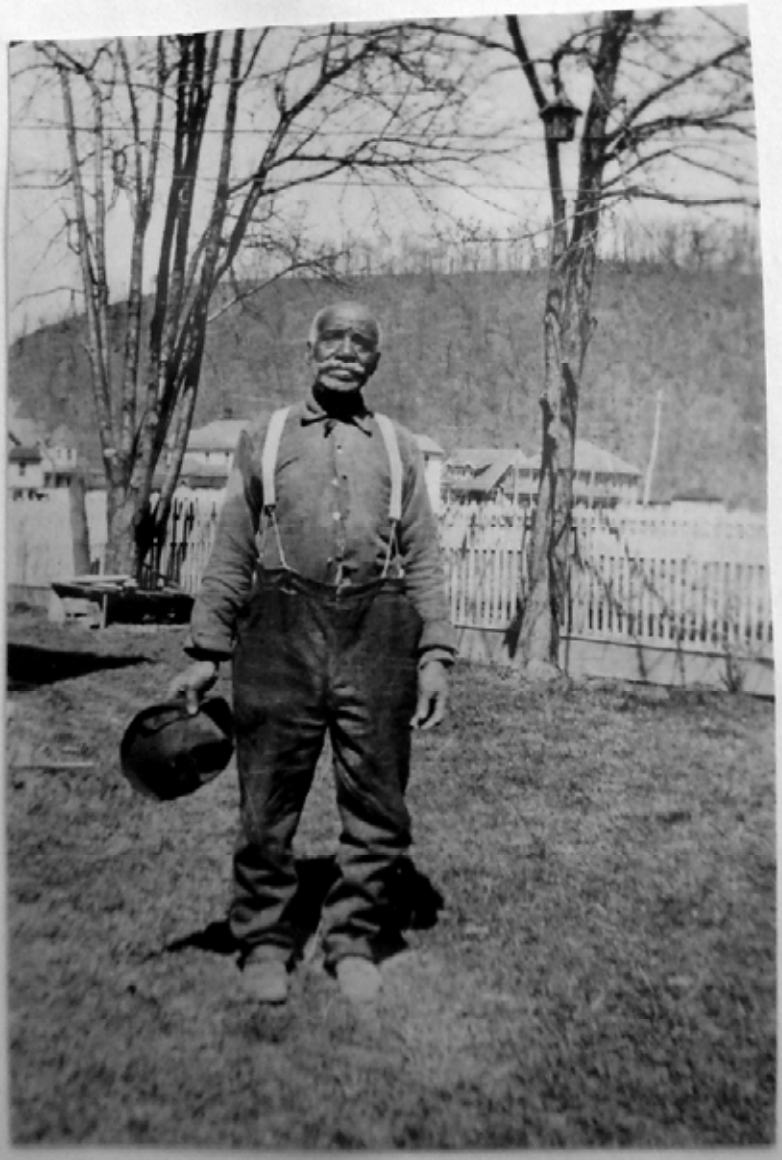
A tribute to Joe Wilson,
a black friend of the
judge.



CHARLESTON papers announce the coming marriage of Miss Ethel Knight to George W. McClintic, Esq., of the Kanawha bar, the ceremony to take place on the 19th inst. It will be a home wedding, witnessed only by the close friends of the contracting parties. Mr. McClintic is a native of Pocahontas county, a son of the late Wm. H. McClintic, and a brother of L. M. McClintic, of Marlinton. Miss Knight is a daughter of the late Edward B. Knight, of the Kanawha bar, and a sister of the present distinguished Charleston attorney of that name.

1907

When they married in 1907,
my father took my mother
to the hunting camp for a
couple of days to show her
what it was like.
She never fired a gun in
her life. This picture is
a joke.

E. K. McClintic

Ethel Knight McClintic, wife of
Judge George McClintic

Ethel Knight McClintic, wife of
judge George McClintic

judge George and his daughter Betty

VERY SMALL TALK

By DIDDY MATHEWS PALMER

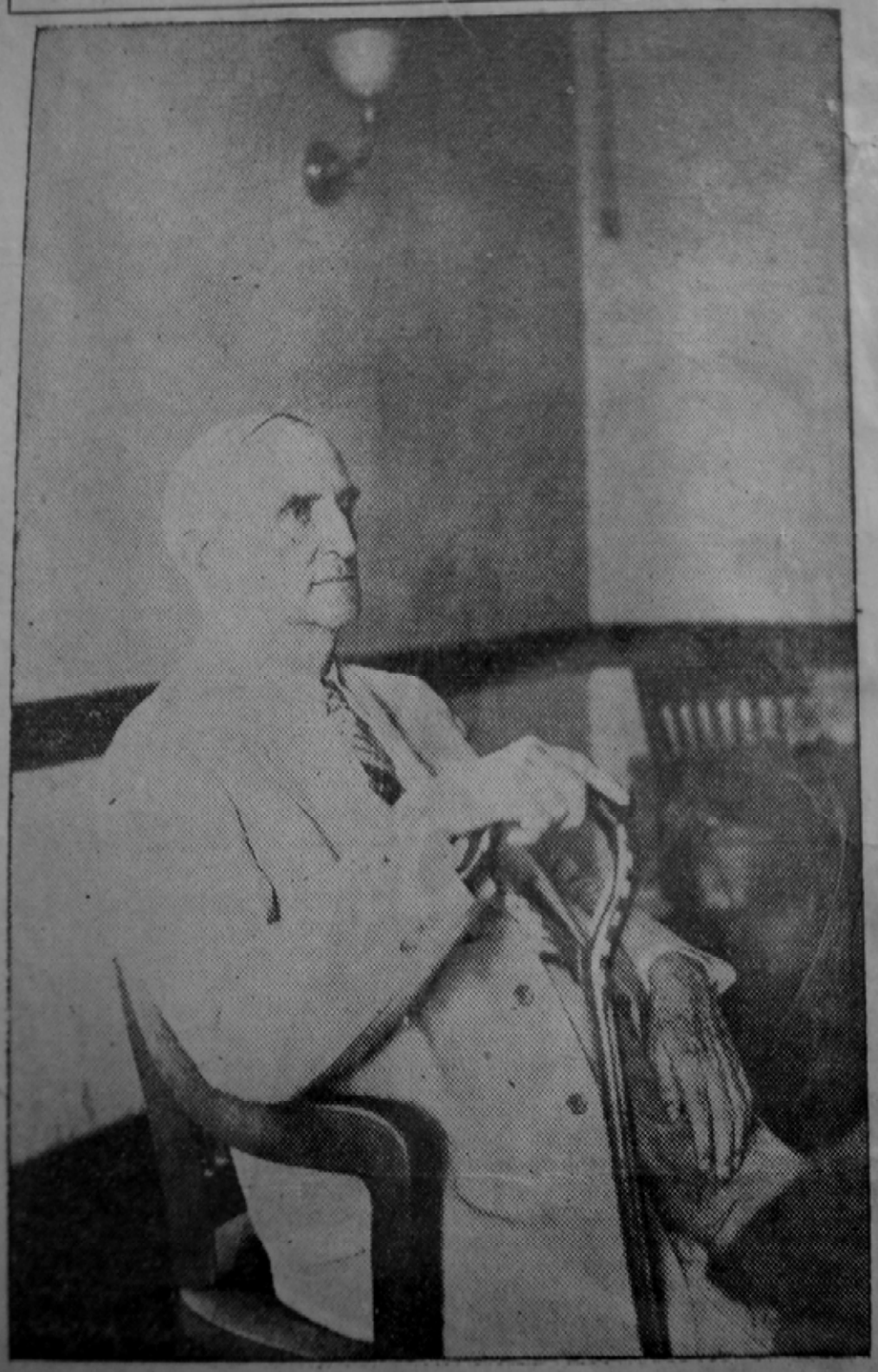
FIRST MEETING — *It was 30 or 40 years ago when Guthrie McClintic made his first visit to his parents' native West Virginia to get acquainted with kinfolk in in this state. This picture was taken during that first reunion in Charleston, which he mentions in his new book "Me And Kit." With him is the uncle who looked at him "as if a termite had burrowed into the clan," the late Judge George W. McClintic (center), and his cousin J. Hunter McClintic (right), whom he envied for his "sealingwax red automobile." Guthrie is now one of the country's leading theatrical directors, and the husband of Actress Katherine Cornell.*

Holds Last

Holds Last Court in Huntington

Mel-Betty & Huntington

Holds Last Court in Huntington



Judge George W. McClintic

HUNTINGTON, Sept. 14.—(AP)—Federal Judge George W. McClintic, for years the presiding jurist in the southern West Virginia district, disposed of 54 cases in holding his final term in Huntington. Another judge to be named by President Roosevelt hereafter will hold Huntington sessions. Judge McClintic will preside at terms in Lewisburg, Charleston and Bluefield. (AP Photo)

Subsequently, the late

Our Judge McClintic

Judge George W. McClintic, of the Federal Court for the Southern District of West Virginia, held his last regular term of court at Lewisburg last week. His resignation was effective at the expiration of this term of court. He now takes a retired position on salary, subject to call whenever his service is required. Thus ends twenty years of outstanding service to the people of his Nation and State, as a true and just judge, able, efficient, merciful, worthy in every respect. What higher praise can be accorded to any man?

Judge McClintic is succeeded by Judge Ben Moore, of the Charleston Bar. He is fifty years old, and a native of Kentucky. He has high standing as a man and lawyer. He has had experience on the bench as Juge of the Court of Common Pleas and Domestic Relations for Kanawha County. The report is that Judge McClintic had much to say as to whom his successor would be. If this be so, and I believe it, I desire no higher recommendation of Judge Moore.

While it is a proper ambition for any lawyer to desire to top out his career in public service as a judge on the bench, I will now confess to the feeling of disappointment I had twenty years ago when the President appointed Lawyer McClintic as Judge of the Federal Court for the Southern District of West Virginia. Of course I knew he would be a great and good judge. However, the State of West Virginia was in a rather poor way at that time; in need of a farsighted and positive man for governor. The then dominant party was not putting forward its best for head man of the State.

lic life to properly prepare one for it. The best preparation for the office is a term of service, and Thomas Jefferson so fixed things for us that a governor of West Virginia cannot serve successive terms.

As I expected, Judge McClintic magnified the office of Federal Judge. He made precedents which will be followed. This is particularly true in the matter of probation of first offenders. He will go down in history of American jurisprudence as the father of this merciful and constructive practice. Then, too, there is the matter of his careful consideration and painstaking investigatiou of every conviction or confession before sentence is meted out or probation granted.

In dealing with his own case in the matter of his retirement, I think I clearly see fine demonstra-

lawyer. He has had experience on the bench as Juge of the Court of Common Pleas and Domestic Relations for Kanawha County. The report is that Judge McClintic had much to say as to whom his successor would be. If this be so, and I believe it, I desire no higher recommendation of Judge Moore.

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At that time, Judge McClintic, as majority leader in the House of Delegates, had proven himself to be the outstanding man of his party and the State. So, I had anticipated his election, to the office of governor, and his effective administration of this our highest State office.

The office of judge is an institution so much more ancient than that of governor, we are all so steeped in Anglo-Saxon lore that we take it for granted a good man will just naturally be picked to fill it regardless. Besides, the ancient office is hedged by tradition, precedent and practice, to be filled by a lawyer whose study,

lic life to properly prepare one for it. The best preparation for the office is a term of service, and Thomas Jefferson so fixed things for us that a governor of West Virginia cannot serve successive terms.

As I expected, Judge McClintic magnified the office of Federal Judge. He made precedents which will be followed. This is particularly true in the matter of probation of first offenders. He will go down in history of American jurisprudence as the father of this merciful and constructive practice. Then, too, there is the matter of his careful consideration and painstaking investigatiou of every conviction or confession before sentence is meted out or probation granted.

In dealing with his own case in the matter of his retirement, I think I clearly see fine demonstration of Judge McClintic's judicial temperament. He weiged matters as carefully, impersonally and impartially as if he was sitting on a case in court. He is in full strength of his mental faculties; he is physically able to do the work, and to find joy therein. However, he has reached the ripe age of seventy-five years, and he remarked in effect that often times men became old very fast after this age.

of West Virginia was in a rather poor way at that time; in need of a farsighted and positive man for governor. The then dominant party was not putting forward its best for head man of the State. In short, we, the people, were longing for such an admfnistration of affairs of state as did not come until the election of Governor Kump,.three long four year terms later.

At that time, Judge McClintic, as majority leader in the House of Delegates, had proven himself to be the outstanding man of his party and the State, So, I had anticipated his election, to the office of governor, and his effective administration of this our highest State office.

The office of judge is an institution so much more ancient than that of governor, we are all so steeped in Anglo-Saxon lore that we take it for granted a good man will just naturally be picked to fill it regardless. Besides, the ancient office is hedged by tradidition, precedent and practice, to be filled by a lawyer wnose study, work and experience naturally fits him to exercise the duties of a judge.

As for the comparatively new office of governor, the [illegible] ative of a State [illegible] ery politic[illegible]

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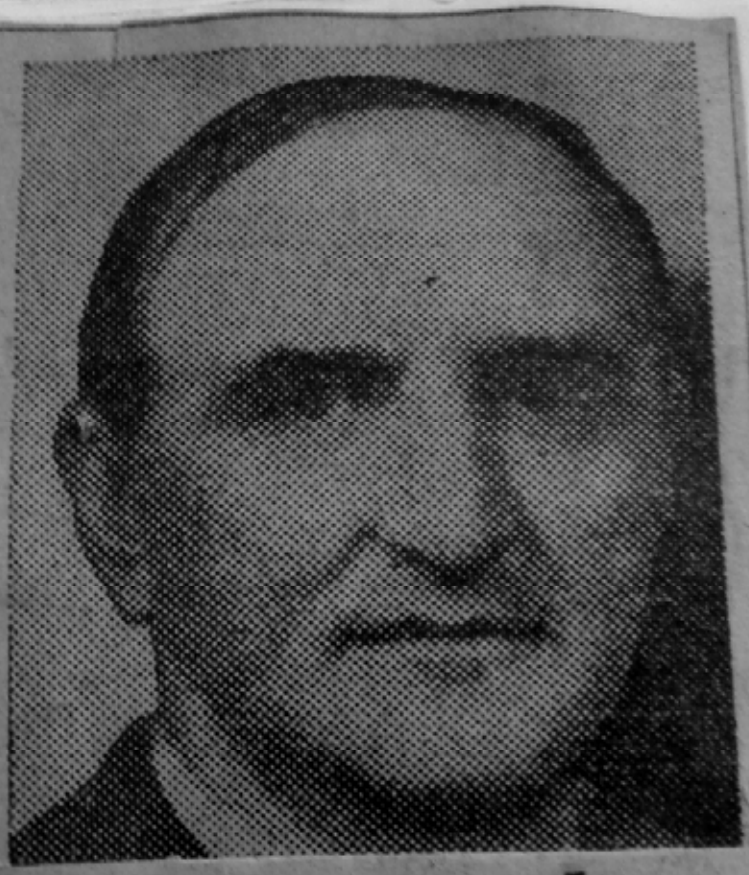

Judge to Speak

Federal Judge George W. McClintic, above, will address members of the Charleston Kiwanis club at their weekly luncheon Tuesday at the Daniel Boone hotel. His subject will be "The Work of the Federal Court."

Charleston Kiwanians are making plans to send a delegation to the international convention June 16-20 at Minneapolis, Minn. One of the delegates will be James S. Conley, president of the civic group. Two delegates and two alternates will be elected "in the near future," Club Secretary Mont J. Carmack announced Saturday.

Saturday.

Entertained at Spa

A large number of people were guests of Oscar Nelson of Charles-
ton at The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, after the cattle sa

Judge McClintic To Retire Jan. 14

Federal Jurist Is Known For Peppery Charges To Grand Jury

Federal Judge George W. McClintic, best known for his advocacy of probation for first offenders and for his forthright charges of grand juries, announced yesterday he would retire on his 75th birthday, Jan. 14, 1941.

By that time he will have served 19½ years on the southern West Virginia district bench. He was appointed by President Warren G. Harding and began his duties July 25, 1921.

McClintic declined to elaborate upon a brief statement announcing he planned to retire "under the provisions of Title 28, Section 375, as amended, of the United States Code annotated."

To Be Second for FDR

When he steps down, President Roosevelt will have his second opportunity to appoint a federal judge in West Virginia. Judge Harry Watkins of Fairmont, who sits in specified cities in both the northern and southern districts, was the first Roosevelt appointee.

Both McClintic and Judge W. E. Baker of Elkins, northern district jurist, are Republicans. Both also were appointed by President Harding, Baker being the first judge named by the Harding administration.

The southern district, composed of 24 counties, has sessions of court at Charleston, Bluefield and Huntington. McClintic has held court only at Charleston, Lewisburg and Blue-

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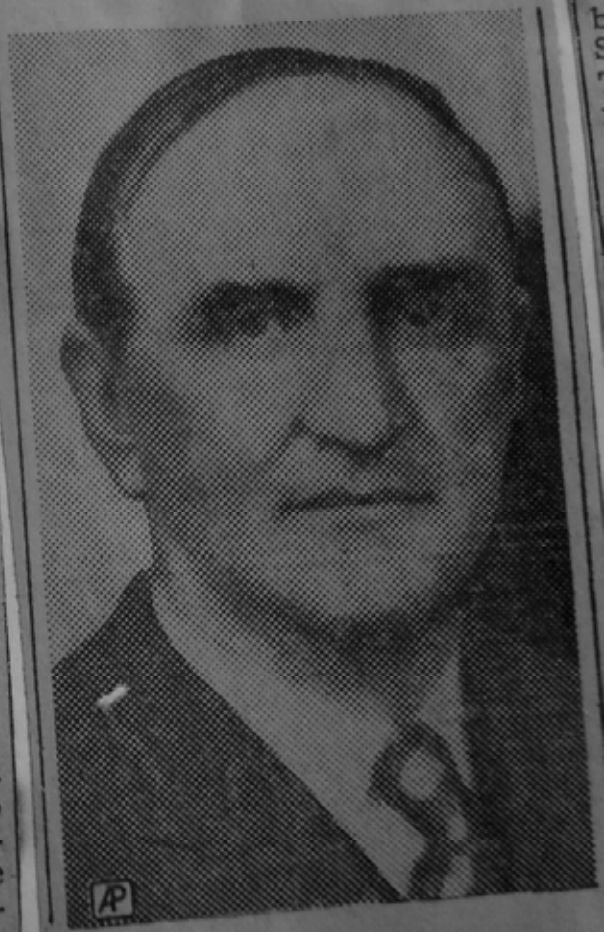
Judge McClintic Plans To Retire on Jan. 14



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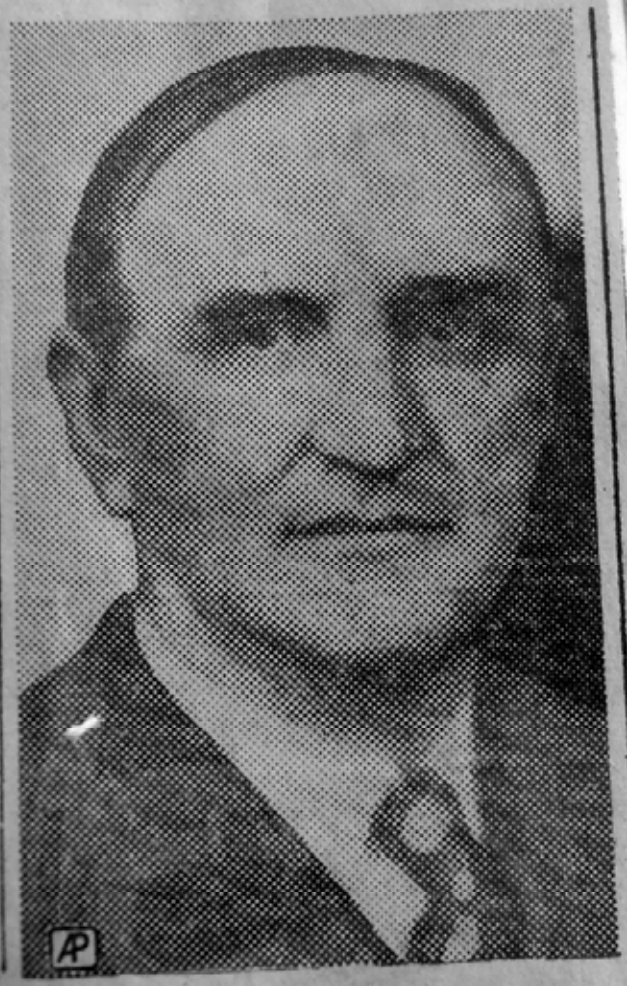

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Although McClintic has been a staunch advocate of probation, second offenders who appeared before him usually had difficulty advancing satisfactory explanations for their reappearance and habitual violators ordinarily received maximum sentences.

The opening of sessions of the federal court invariably attracted considerable interest because of McClintic's peppery grand jury

Services for George Warwick McClintic, 76, retired judge of the United States district court in southern West Virginia, who died at his home, 1598 Kanawha boulevard E., yesterday morning, after a long illness, will be held at 4 p. m. tomorrow at the Kanawha Presbyterian church.

Rev. Warren S. Stone will conduct the services.

The body is to be cremated, an buried at a Masonic service Spring Hill cemetery, probably ne Thursday afternoon with Simpson mortuary in charge.

Appointed by Harding

Soon after the late Presid Harding appointed him judge succeed the late Judge Ben F. K ler, Judge McClintic gained nati wide notice for his decisions in bor injunction cases and his tences imposed on prohibition violators.

Judge McClintic was comm credited with being one of three of the 84 federal di judges in the nation who c tently and continuously tried force the federal prohibition He and the other two ju Judge Cochrane in Kentuck a judge in a Texas district—be them during the '20's and '30's frequently had more pr to their credit in the federa institutions than the other 81 combined.

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In summing up matters to be brought to the attention of grand jurors, he never has minced words and his unusual vocabulary added to the color of his remarks. The judge's words on conditions within his jurisdiction have been widely quoted.

Attended Roanoke College

He was born Jan. 14, 1866, in Pocahontas county and was graduated from Roanoke college in 1883 with the degree of bachelor of arts. He then entered the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, graduating three years later with a degree of bachelor of laws.

After admittance to the bar in Charleston, he became one of the state's most prominent lawyers. McClintic became a junior member of the firm of Mollohan and McClintic. The firm, later reorganized, specialized in land litigations, corporational and constitutional controversies.

For a short time before the death of Federal Judge Benjamin F. Keller, McClintic was associate judge. He also served as city solicitor of Charleston and in 1918 was chosen a delegate to the state legislature.

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Judge McClintic wa cahontas county Jan. son of William M. and ews) McClintic, and his life revealed a lov doors that the beauti tive county inspired.

He was educated hontas common schoo college, A. B. 1882, an and University of Vir gree in 1886. He we and practiced law fo before coming to Ch forming a partnership Mollohan. Subseque W. Gordon Mathews

Judge M'Clintic Dies at Home

Services Will Be Conducted At Kanawha Presbyterian Church Tomorrow

Services for George Warwick McClintic, 76, retired judge of the United States district court in southern West Virginia, who died at his home, 1598 Kanawha boulevard E., yesterday morning, after a long illness, will be held at 4 p. m. tomorrow at the Kanawha Presbyterian church.

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Judge McClintic was commonly credited with being one of only three of the 84 federal district judges in the nation who consistently and continuously tried to enforce the federal prohibition laws. He and the other two judges—Judge Cochrane in Kentucky and a judge in a Texas district—between them during the '20's and early '30's frequently had more prisoners to their credit in the federal penal institutions than the other 81 judges combined.

Frequently, in one day, he disposed of 125 prohibition cases in his court. His penitentiary, jail and probation sentences ran from 1,200 to 1,800 a year. He used the federal probation system freely, and was largely credited with proving that it could be made to work under adverse circumstances.

Conducted Trial in New York

He was probably even more bitter toward violators of the narcotic laws.

His charges to his grand juries were masterpieces of invective against violators of the prohibition and drug laws, and against any racket that drew his passing notice. He commented freely and scathingly on the conduct of public officials, and backed his words with action when he got betrayers of public trust before his bench.

against violators of the prohibition and drug laws, and against any racket that drew his passing notice. He commented freely and scathingly on the conduct of public officials, and backed his words with action when he got betrayers of public trust before his bench.

Judge McClintic figured on the national scene frequently. One of these occasions was when he sat in the trial of New York's famous William Fallon, a leading practitioner of criminal law in the lush racket days of the 1920's. Fallon acted as his own attorney, and he and Judge McClintic staged a battle of wits and tongue that drew to the New York court room a capacity audience for days. Fallon won an acquittal.

Judge McClintic was born in Pocahontas county Jan. 14, 1866, the son of William M. and Mary (Mathews) McClintic, and throughout his life revealed a love of the outdoors that the beauties of his native county inspired.

He was educated in the Pocahontas common schools, Roanoke college, A. B. 1882, and A. M. 1883, and University of Virginia law degree in 1886. He went to Denver and practiced law for two years, before coming to Charleston and forming a partnership with Wesley Mollohan. Subsequently, the late W. Gordon Mathews entered the

In his early days, Judge McClintic was a Democrat, but most of his political offices came after he joined the Republican ranks. He was prosecuting attorney of Putnam county, Charleston city solicitor, and member of the house of delegates from Kanawha county, an office he held when he was appointed judge. He was one of the dominant figures in the legislature while he was a member.

The judge was a member of the A. F. and A. M., a Knight Templar, Shriner and Scottish Rite, and a past grandmaster of the West Virginia lodge.

A daughter, Miss Elizabeth McClintic of Charleston, survives.

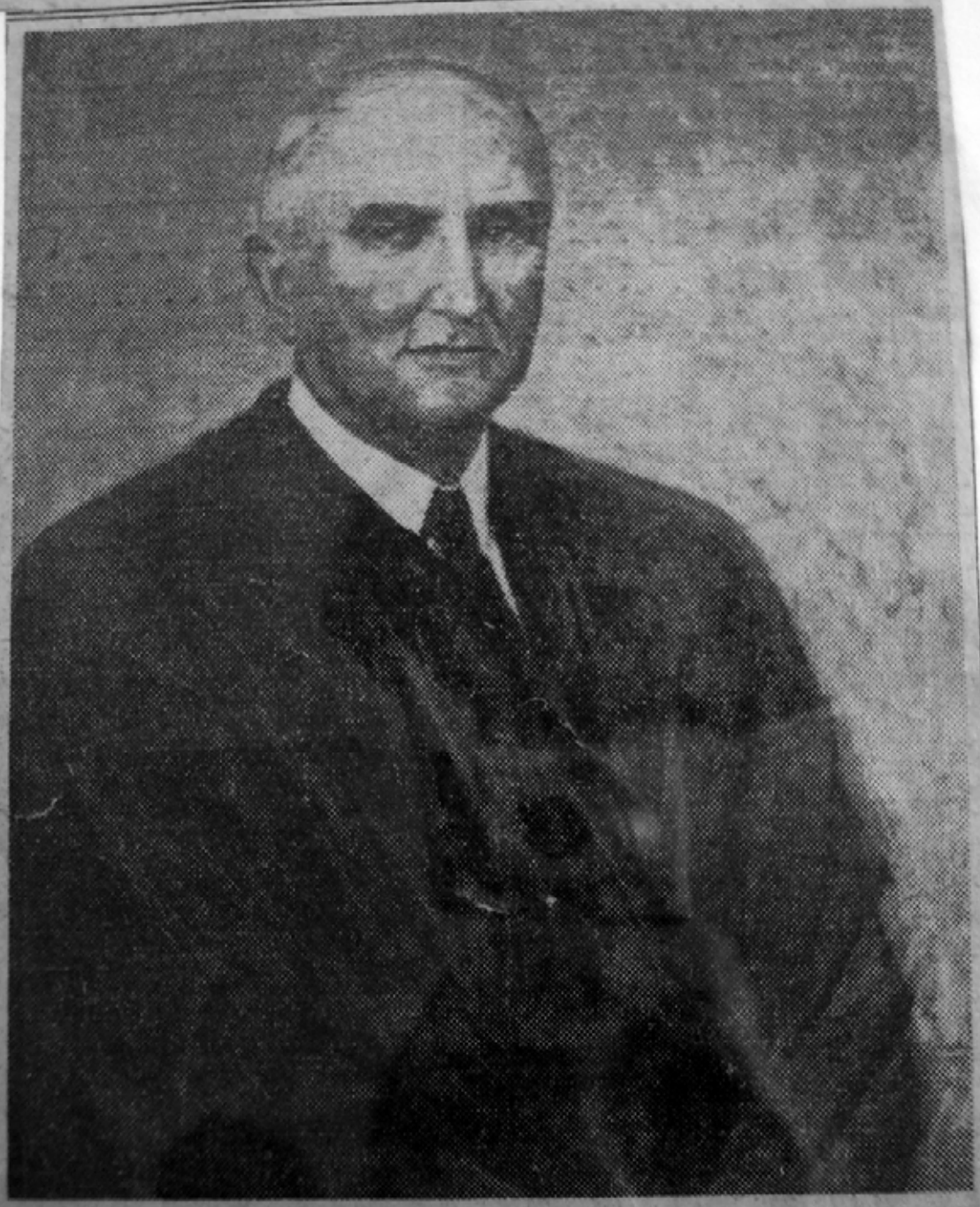
Mrs. McClintic died in 1934, one year before Judge McClintic's health began noticeably to fail. He continued to serve as judge until March 1941, when he retired, but on occasion returned to the bench when other judges in the state were pressed with work.

His successor is Judge Ben Moore, who yesterday said that in the passing of Judge McClintic the "judiciary loses one of its best loved and honored members."

A. Guy Stone, president of the Bar Association of the City of Charleston announced the appointment of the following committee "to pay the bar's respects to Judge McClintic's family, offer the sympathy and condolence of the bar and its assistance, and to prepare a suitable memorial":

R. S. Spilman, sr., Fred O. Blue, former Gov. Homer A. Holt, former Supreme Court Judge Harold A. Ritz and former Kanawha Common Pleas Judge A. S. Alexander.

NOVEMBER 8, 1942



Judge's Picture to Be Unveiled

Shown is a reproduction of a portrait of the late Federal Judge George W. McClintic, which will be unveiled Thursday afternoon in the district federal court room at memorial services. The portrait is the work of Mrs. B. E. Barnes of 66 North Abney circle. Federal Judges Ben Moore, Harry E. Watkins and William Baker, many prominent attorneys and friends and members of the McClintic family will attend the ceremonies to start at 2 p. m.

Betty
McClintic

MRS. GEORGE W. McCLINTIC

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary Ethel Knight McClintic, 64 years old, wife of Federal Judge George W. McClintic, who died Sunday morning, August 19, 1934, at their farm on Swago creek in Pocahontas county, after a long illness, will be held at the family residence, 1598 Kanawha street, at 10 a. m., Tuesday.

The family has requested that no flowers be sent.

While Mrs. McClintic was known to be gravely ill, she went with Judge McClintic and members of the family to the farm a few weeks ago to escape the heat of the city. The farm is situated on Swago creek, four miles from Marlinton.

It was thought that Mrs. McClintic would improve under the pleasant rural surroundings but her condition grew worse and death came early Sunday.

Mrs. McClintic was born on January 21, 1870, in Charleston, the daughter of the late Edward Boardman and Hannah Elizabeth (White) Knight. She was educated in private schools of Charleston and at Buchtel College, at Akron Ohio, which is now the University of Akron.

She was married on October 17, 1907, to George Warwick McClintic, who then, and until his appointment about 12 years ago to the federal bench, was actively engaged in the practice of law in Charleston.

Their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Knight McClintic, is a senior at Wellesley College.

Mrs McClintic was an intelligent and cultured woman, attractive and possessed of great charm. Her life was lived in Charleston, except for summer absences for many years and occasional travel. She had a wide circle of friends both in Charleston and elsewhere. She was a member of the Kanawha Presbytelan Church.

Besides her husband and daughter, Mrs McClintic is survived by her brother, Edward W. Knight, and his family, and by the widow and family of her deceased brother, Harold W. Knight, all of Charleston.—Charleston Daily Mail of August 20, 1934.

Elizabeth (Betty) McClintic,
daughter of Judge and
Mrs. George McClintic

Property Given For Librar

Miss Elizabeth McClintic, of Washington, D. C., and Buckeye, has presented the McClintic house, pictured above, on Tenth Avenue in Marlinton, to the Pocahontas County Library, Inc. The property is located one block from the Court House and is now rented as apartments. There are two apartments in the house and a small cottage at the rear of the lots. The interior is in good shape and the oil furnace is less than ten years old; some paint is needed on the outside. An architect from the Library Commission will inspect the property soon and make recommendations for any changes needed.

The house was built by the late Lock McClintic, uncle of Miss McClintic and father of Mrs. N. J. (Alice) Moore. He was practicing law in Huntersville when the County seat was moved to Marlinton; he soon tired of riding horseback ten miles each day so moved his family to Marlinton.

Such a nice thing to do! Thank you.

Dr. Ernie Shaw, President of the Pocahontas County Library Board, Miss Elizabeth McClintic, Rev. Thomas Henderson, Member of the Library Board, and Fredric Glazer, of the West Virginia Library Commission.

Hunter McClintic

FATAL ACCIDENT.

H. H. McClintic Instantly Killed By a Falling Tree.

H. H. McClintic, a prominent citizen and wealthy farmer of this county, was instantly killed last Friday afternoon, on his farm on Williams River by a falling tree. He had spent a few days in Marlinton with his mother at the home of his brother, L. M. McClintic, and left for home Thursday afternoon. Friday with William Hefner, an employee, he went to a distant part of his farm with a two-horse team for a load of timber. On the return the doubletrees of the wagon broke at a place in the road opposite where a spruce tree had lodged on other trees. Hefner went to the house for another doubletree and Mr. McClintic re-

On the return the
the wagon broke at a place in the
road opposite where a spruce tree
had lodged on other trees. Ref-
ner went to the house for another
doubletree and Mr McClintic re-
mained to watch the team.

He sat down on the upper side
of the road near the butt of the
lodged tree, and it is thought he
must have gone to sleep as the
spot was sheltered and the sun
warm, and he had lost sleep the
night before attending to his
sheep. The lodged tree had stood
all the blasts of the winter, re-
cently a large lynn had been cut
down across it and broke off a piece
eight feet long at the butt without
bringing it down, and it is hard to
understand why it should fall on a
calm day. Probably some move-
ment on the part of the victim
brought it down. The tree fell
and crushed Mr McClintic under
it, falling across the back of his
head and shoulders, killing him
instantly.

The funeral took place from the
home of L. M. McClintic Sunday.
Services at the Presbyterian church
conducted by Rev. Wm. A. Price
and Rev. [illegible]

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home of L. M. McClintic Sunday. Services at the Presbyterian church conducted by Rev. Wm. T. Price and Rev G. W. Nickell. A large concourse of people attended the services. He leaves surviving him his mother, Mrs Mary A. McClintic, and four brothers. L M. McClintic, of Marlinton; Geo. W. McClintic, of Charleston, Withrow McClintic, of this county; and E. D. McClintic of Seattle, Washington. He was 39 years old and unmarried.

In the death of Mr McClintic Pocahontas county loses one of its best and most conservative citizens. He was educated at Roanoke College, and though well fitted for a professional career, chose life on the farm near to nature, of which he was a close observer and student.

He has made an enviable record for honesty and integrity in all his dealing. He owned fine property on the headwaters of Williams [illegible] result of his [illegible]

Untimely Death.

A very sad fatal and peculiar accident occurred last Friday in which H. H. McClintic, one of our best citizens was instantly killed at his home on Williams river by a falling tree. Mr. McClintic and William Hefner went out to haul a load of wood and having broken the doubletree Hefner returned to the house to secure another and during his absence a tree fell which crushed the unfortunate man to the ground. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. T. Price and Rev. G. W. Nickell and his remains entered in the Marlinton cemetery. He leaves many friends and relatives to mourn his loss. We extend to the bereaved family our sympathy.

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There survive him his mother Mrs. Mary A McClintic and brothers, L. M. McClintic, attorney of Marlinton, George W. McClintic, of Charleston; Withrow McClintic, lumber contractor of this county; E. D. McClintic, of Seattle Washington. He was unmarried and 39 years of age.

Edgar Mc. Clintic, father of the playwright, Guthrie McClintic of New York.

PLAY DIRECTOR + PRODUCER

Death Of E. D. McClintic

A telegram was received here that E. D. McClintic, of Seattle, State of Washington, had departed this life on the morning of October 28, 1929.

Mr. McClintic was a native of Pocahontas county, and was the second son of the late W. H. McClintic, Esquire, of the Swago community, near Marlinton. Of the five sons of this family, E. D. McClintic was the second in point of age. At the time of his death he was about sixty-eight years old. Of the five brothers. W. McClintic, of the old home farm, and Judge Geo. W. McClintic are the survivors.

In his early youth, E. D. McClintic moved to the State of Washington where he was connected as scientist in the United States mint at Seattle, a position he occupied for a great many years. About 1898, he went to Alaska for a short time, but returned to his home and work in Seattle.

During the period of forty years or so since he left Pocahontas County he made few trips to his old home. The writer can recall but one visit back in that time. But he kept up his interest in his native county and

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During the period of forty years or so since he left Pocahontas County he made few trips to his old home. The writer can recall but one visit back in that time. But he kept up his interest in his native county and in touch with friends here. He has lived a long and useful and happy life and played an important part as a citizen of his country. His early life was spent on the farm. He received a college education at Salem, in Roanoke College.

His wife preceded him to the tomb some years ago. He leaves surviving him one son, Guthrie McClintic, of New York City, a theatrical produ er who is remembered for the successful play, The Dover Road. Mrs. Guthrie McClintic is the famous actress, Kathrine Cornell.

Ed McClintic was a big, broad-shoulder brawny man, a descendant of the McClintic and Mathews families, very much beloved and respected

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas, ease after warre, death after life."

MRS. M'CLINTIC SHE IS EXCEPT ON THE STAGE

Miss Cornell Keeps Work and Private Life Apart.

Every week-day morning at 11 o'clock or thereabouts, in whatever city Katharine Cornell is acting, there will be seen on some quiet, attractive street or boulevard a slight feminine figure dressed more often than not in tweeds or a simple outdoor costume, walking as swiftly as two dachshunds on a leash will permit. Sometimes a third dog will accompany them, a cocker spaniel famed in the world of the theater by the name of Flush. The promenade will continue for an hour. Occasionally the woman will pause to exchange a few words with some other woman who also has a dog or two in tow.

Probably none of the people she will address will know her as one of the leading actresses of the stage, for she seldom is recognized outside the theater. If her stay in a town is long enough for these morning meetings to grow into more than a nod or a smile, she becomes known as Mrs. McClintic.

For Mrs. McClintic, except on the stage of her theater where she is acting, never is seen in public as Katharine Cornell. In fact, her appearances off-stage are exceedingly rare. Once in the proverbial blue moon she may visit a public restaurant, but then the reason is obvious: she is entertaining some one who insists on "seeing the town."

When she is in New York, her week-ends are spent in the country in a small cottage an hour's ride from Times Square. From Saturday midnight until Monday late afternoon, Mrs. McClintic reads, sleeps, walks and talks with a few friends whom she invites for the week-end. If there is a concert, she turns on the radio, but generally it is silent. The house is unpretentious, though comfortably furnished. From its windows, the Hudson may be seen. There are long walks through the trees and there are a few neighbors who may be visited informally.

First Lady a Princess

KATHARINE CORNELL.

An unusual portrait of "The First Lady of the Stage" in her role of the Malay princess in Maxwell Anderson's new play, "The Wingless Victory." Miss Cornell brings it to the Nixon next week for what has practically come to be her annual visit to Pittsburgh.

Occasionally Mrs. McClintic goes shopping. She has little interest in clothes unless they are for Katharine Cornell. She may indulge in what is for her an orgy of buying dresses and then it will be months before she again will enter a store. Once each week she goes to the hairdresser, a concession to Miss Cornell, to have her coiffure set for the stage. This never is changed in style during the run of a play as Mrs. McClintic's fashion of hair-dress entirely is governed by the role Miss Cornell is acting.

Mrs. McClintic never is late for an appointment, which she confesses is an evil habit, since so few other people are on time. She seldom writes letters and when she does her handwriting is difficult to read. Her mail naturally is voluminous and most of it is answered by her secretary. As she sees her letters, it is unnecessary for unknown correspondents to mark their envelopes "personal." When an autograph is given, it is hers, not her secretary's, but she charges 50 cents for this and gives the money to The Actors' Fund. Her reason is two-fold: It helps The Fund and it eliminates those who really don't care about them, but have nothing else to do except collect signatures.

Her clothes records and is extremely shy of strangers. She never has made a speech in her life and to this keeps she resembles Miss Cornell, who of the most [illegible]

She was called Katharine because her mother liked that name. She has no "middle" name as her mother knew she would lose it when she married. She likes Katherine spelled as her mother spelled it. She reads all that the critics write about Miss Cornell, but what interests her most is what Mr. McClintic says about the actress. He, it will be remembered, is the stage woman's director.

Mrs. McClintic reads a great deal, two books every three days is her average and of five volumes three will be crime stories, the others being biographies, histories and novels. She has no hobby. She sometimes plays golf and tennis, but of late she has had little time for either. Once carpentering was recommended as a good thing for the nerves. She bought an elaborate set of tools and spent one week-end in the country sawing and hammering. That was the last ever heard of the saw and hammer.

No one knows Mrs. McClintic's opinion of Katharine Cornell, as she rarely mentions her.

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Probably none of the people she will address will know her as one of the leading actresses of the stage, for she seldom is recognized outside the theater. If her stay in a town is long enough for these morning meetings to grow into more than a nod or a smile, she becomes known as Mrs. McClintic.

For Mrs. McClintic, except on the stage of her theater where she is acting, never is seen in public as Katharine Cornell. In fact, her appearances off-stage are exceedingly rare. Once in the proverbial blue moon she may visit a public restaurant and then the reason is obvious: she is entertaining some one who insists on "seeing the town."

When she is in New York, her week-ends are spent in the country in a small cottage an hour's ride from Times Square. From Saturday midnight until Monday late afternoon, Mrs. McClintic reads, sleeps, walks and talks with a few friends whom she invites for the week-end. If there is a concert, she turns on the radio, but generally it is silent. The house is unpretentious, though comfortably furnished. From its windows, the Hudson may be seen. There are long walks through the trees and there are a few neighbors who may be visited informally.

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KATHARINE CORNELL.

An unusual portrait of "The First Lady of the Stage" in her role of the Malay princess in Maxwell Anderson's new play, "The Wingless Victory." Miss Cornell brings it to the Nixon next week for what has practically come to be her annual visit to Pittsburgh.

Occasionally Mrs. McClintic goes shopping. She has little interest in clothes unless they are for Katharine Cornell. She may in-

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An unusual portrait of "The First Lady of the Stage" in her role of the Malay princess in Maxwell Anderson's new play, "The Wingless Victory." Miss Cornell brings next week for what has practic her annual visit to Pittsburgh.

Occasionally Mrs. McClintic goes shopping. She has little interest in clothes unless they are for Katharine Cornell. She may indulge in what is for her an orgy of buying dresses and then it will be months before she again will enter a store. Once each week she goes to the hairdresser, a concession to Miss Cornell, to have her coiffure set for the stage. This never is changed in style during the run of a play as Mrs. McClintic's fashion of hair-dress entirely is governed by the role Miss Cornell is acting.

Mrs. McClintic never is late for an appointment, which she confesses is an evil habit, since so few other people are on time. She seldom writes letters and when she does her handwriting is difficult to read. Her mail naturally is voluminous and most of it is answered by her secretary. As she sees her letters, it is unnecessary for unknown correspondents to mark their envelopes "personal." When an autograph is given, it is hers, not her secretary's, but she charges 50 cents for this and gives the money to The Actors' Fund. Her reason is two-fold: It helps The Fund and it eliminates those who really don't care about them, but have nothing else to do except collect signatures.

She dislikes crowds and is extremely shy of strangers. She never has made a speech in her life and in this respect she resembles Miss Cornell, who at the most has never been able to say more than "Thank You" when an audience has insisted she say something. Mrs. McClintic has a season subscription to the Philharmonic and when she is in town seldom misses a concert. With her hat well pulled over her eyes, she attracts little if any attention.

She was called Katharine because her mother liked that name. She has no "middle" name as her mother knew she would lose it when she married. She likes Katharine spelled as her mother spelled it. She reads all that the critics write about Miss Cornell, but what interests her most is what Mr. McClintic says about the actress. He, it will be remembered, is the stage woman's director.

Mrs. McClintic reads a great deal, two books every three days is her average and of five volumes three will be crime stories, the others being biographies, histories and novels. She has no hobby. She sometimes plays golf and tennis, but of late she has had little time for either. Once carpentering was recommended as a good thing for the nerves. She bought an elaborate set of tools and spent one week-end in the country sawing and hammering. That was the last ever heard of the saw and hammer.

No one knows Mrs. McClintic's opinion of Katharine Cornell, as she rarely mentions her.

Guthrie, Mary and Hunter.

Guthrie, Mary and Hunter

Back row Alice and Hunter
[illegible] children of Lockhart McClintic

[illegible] row:
[illegible] three son of Edgar McClintic
[illegible] Ann Hench, daughter of
[illegible] Lockhart
[illegible] Sally, daughter of George
McClintic

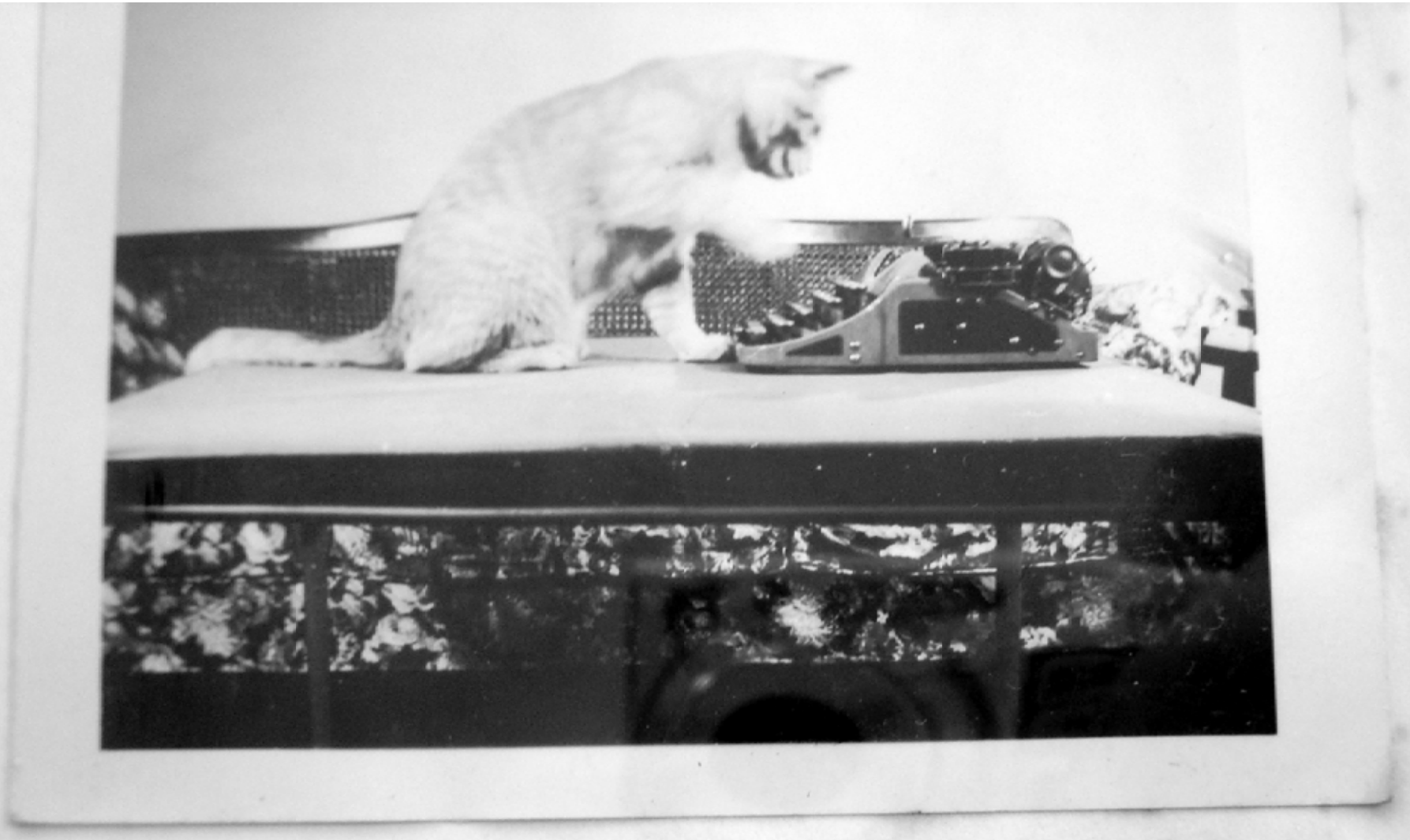
A TWENTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. Katharine Cornell and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, in Philadelphia, celebrate the anniversary of their marriage. The party coincided with the start of a road tour of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," in which Miss Cornell is the star. (Photos by Associated Press and International.)

The Mc Clintic Family

of

Pocahontas County

With the help of Roy Shearer and Betty Mc-Clintic, this book was compiled by Helen Nottingham.



Mary's husband, Sam Hench

Mary's husband, Sam Hench

The Hencher home - It was formerly
L. M. McClintic's law office, before an addition

S. N. HENCH

Samuel Nixon Hench, 87, of Marlinton died Wednesday, November 22, 1961 in Huffer's Nursing Home in Staunton, Va., where he had been a patient two years.

Mr. Hench retired in 1940 after serving as superintendent at the Marlinton tannery. He also was general agent for the John Hancock Insurance Company.

A son of the late L. A. and Alice Hench, he was born June 6, 1874, at Pleasantville, Pa.

He received his education in Pennsylvania and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for 64 years. He was given the congregational honor of Elder Emeritus in 1957 in the Marlinton Presbyterian Church, the first in the history of that church.

Survivors are his wife, Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench; a brother, Norman Hench of Agusta, Ark.; a half-brother, Thomas Hench of Charleston; and two sisters, Mrs. Florence Hammer of Bedford, Pa., and Miss Eva Hench of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Funeral services were conducted at 2:30 p.m. Saturday in the Marlinton Presbyterian Church with the Rev. W. E. Pierce in charge. Burial was in Mountain View Cemetery where graveside rites were under the direction of Marlinton Lodge No. 127, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

Mrs. S. N. Hench

Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench, 82, of Marlinton, died Sunday, February 18, 1973, at the Denmar State Hospital after a long illness.

Born at Huntersville July 7, 1890, she was a daughter of the late Lockhart and Allie Slavens McClintic.

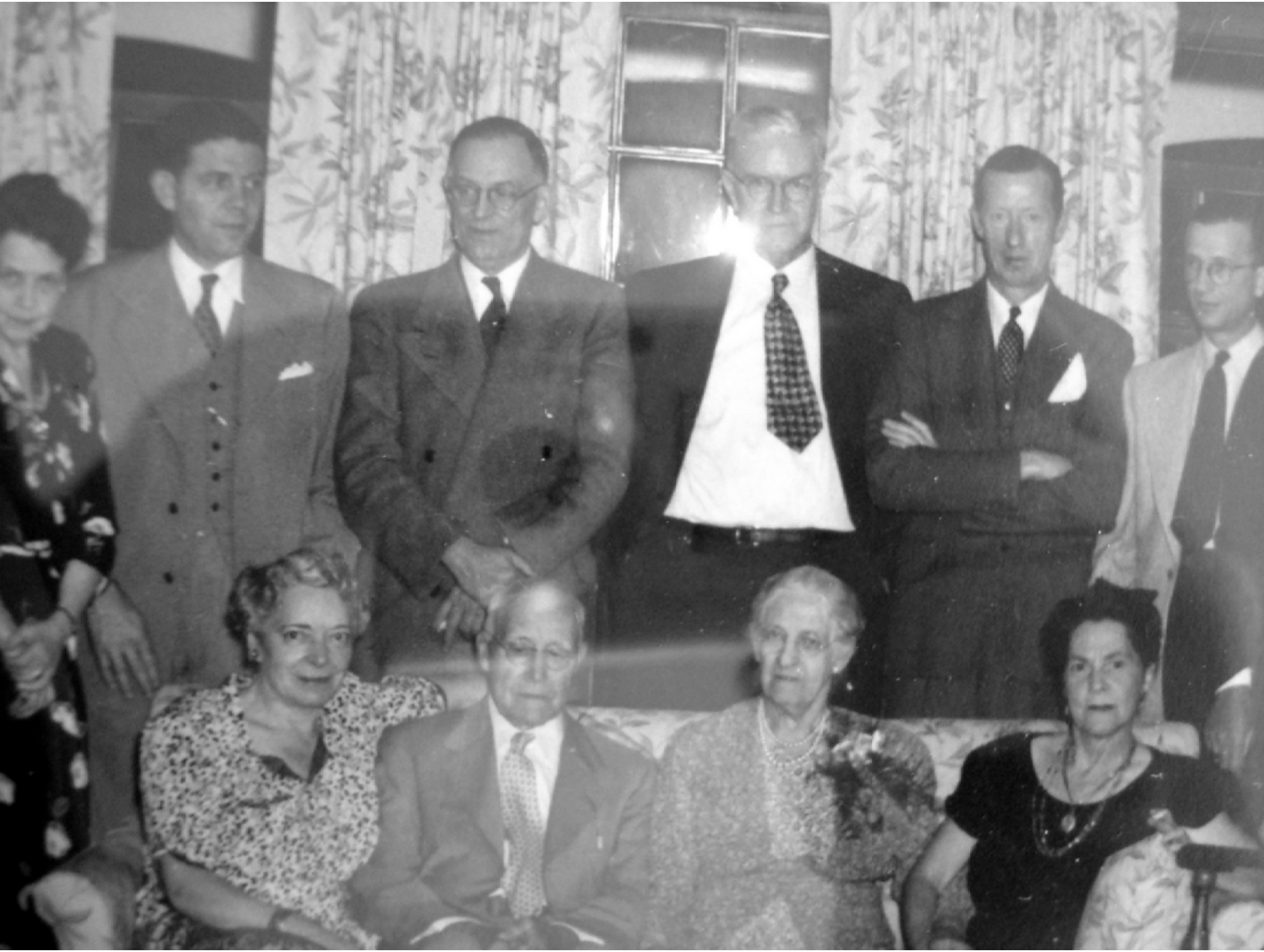
She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church and an active Sunday School teacher for many years, and was a retired deputy county clerk.

Her husband, Samuel Nixon Hench, and two brothers, George and John Hunter McClintic, preceded her in death.

Survivors include one sister, Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore, of Buckeye, and one niece, Mrs. Lockhart Moore Wyman, of Gahanna, Ohio.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning in the VanReenen Funeral Home Chapel by the Rev. Willis Cornelius, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.

Birthday party for Mrs. L. M. McClintic, held by her son, Hunter & his wife Fannie in their home in Charleston.



Hunter – World War I

Lock

MARLINTON

Lock Allie Alice Hunter Dennis Mabry

Marguerite Dennison McClintic
and her husband,
Hunter McClintic

Marguerite Dennison Mc-Clintic
and her husband,
Hunter McClintic

Dordie and his chickens

Dordie

Hunter McClintic, son of L.M. & Allie Slaven M

The Jefferson R
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Lee Gardner Strider
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Another personality
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lined story relating
30 house guests at
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birthday, and Mrs. H
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The Jefferson Republican newspaper carries in each issue a Personality of The Week. Last week's issued featured a story about Miss Carrie Lee Gardner Strider, Deputy Sheriff of Jefferson County, who has the distinction of being the first woman in West Virginia to serve in that capacity. The story was quite interesting and we're sorry we cannot reprint all of it. Miss Strider is a sister of Mrs. L. N. Strider of Clover Lick. ●

Another personality of the last week — and one of our own — was Mrs. L. M. McClintic of Marlinton. The Charleston paper contained a headlined story relating that Mr. and Mrs. Hunter McClintic had entertained 30 house guests at an open house at their home on Kanawha Avenue in honor of Mr. McClintic's mother (Mrs. L. M.) who was celebrating her 85th birthday, and Mrs. Hunter McClintic's father, J. A. Denison of Stevenson, Ala., who was celebrating his 81st birthday.

Hunter and his wife, Penn

S.N. Moore, Dennie, Jack Moore
Back row - Mary, Lochie Moore, Alice Moore
Hunter

Tributes for
George (Pordie) McClintic

GINIA, JUNE 8, 1906

FATALLY INJURED.

Young Son of Hon. L. M. McClintic Dies as Result of Fall from Horse.

The entire community was greatly shocked last Tuesday morning when the report was circulated that George McClintic, son of Hon. L. M. McClintic, was dead. Very few knew that he had been injured the day before and even those who knew were not acquainted with the seriousness of the injury.

Exactly how the accident happened no one is prepared to say. He, with his older brother John and Paul Yeager were in swimming in the early part of the afternoon and about two o'clock they started home. George was riding a horse and his two companions were walking some distance behind and out of sight. The two boys heard the horse running and on coming out into the road they found George lying on the ground. He was carried to the house and doctors were summoned. An examination showed that after falling from the horse it had stepped on him with two of its feet and death was caused by internal injuries and hemorrhages. Death occurred about ten o'clock Tuesday morning.

George was a very quiet boy and was the idol of his parents and all who knew him. He was just entering his thirteenth year, having passed the twelfth milestone of his life last January. Funeral services were conducted at the Presbyterian church Wednesday afternoon by Revs. Wm. T. Price, D. D., G. W. Nickell and Geo. P. Moore. As a mark of respect all the business houses were closed during the hour services were held and a large congregation was present at the church. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, telling of the esteem in which the deceased was held and showing the sympathy of the entire community toward his sorrowing relatives.

A Memorial Tribute

Tuesday, June 5th, 11 a. m. 1906, George, second son of Hon. L. M. and Mrs Allie McClintic, Marlinton W. Va., died in the 12th year of his age, at the home of his parents. On Monday he was thrown from his horse, receiving the injuries that terminated fatally. With heroic fortitude, George endured his sufferings and was calmly self possessed to the latest moments. He assured his devoted mother with his last remembered words that he was praying, and that he wan'ed everybody to be good. It was a touching instance when the person apparently most in need of consolation, should himself become the consoler, bringing to mind such Bible words as these. "But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the solace of my lips should assuage your grief," Job, 16:5. As the tidings of George's death went abroad, the entire community, old and young were seemingly convulsed by sorrowful regrets, and the manifestations of heartfelt sympathy were deeply impressive. During the time occupied by the memorial exercises all business was suspended, and an immense audience assembled in and about the church, from far and near. The services were conducted by pastor G. W. Nickell, opened by Rev G. P. Moore and Wm T. Price. The immense procession attended the remains to the Marlinton Cemetery, the Pall Bearers being selected from George's young friends and schoolmates. The floral tributes were varied, exquisitely arranged, and too numerous for special mention. Of the hundreds who were present at the burial, none will ever forget the thrilling scene, of that sunset hour, and its tearful associations. Instead of sinking fast, the "latest sun" seemed to pause, and with beams of golden splendor, to point out silently but eloquently the way the ministerial angels on their snowy wings, had borne the redeemed soul of our much loved young friend. So may it be with us all,

In Memoriam.

Lines written to the memory of young George L. McClintic who was mortally hurt by a favorite horse, and soon after died on June fifth 1906, aged twelve years and five months.

Only a boy, and a fair young boy,
With promise of life in view;
So active of limb, so bright within,
So pleasant of face and true.
He moved about among us here,
We met him from day to day;
He sat with the children at the school,
And joined with them in play.
The sun shone on the paths of his years,
With never a cloud between;
But storms can blacken the bluest skies,
Then, Alas! how changed the scene.
A mortal hurt on a summer day,
And the gloom of darkness fell;
Unaven conflict with Death to win
And sadness Ah! who can tell!
But that youthful spirit rose up nigh,
And words of sweet comfort cast,
Such words as are treasured sacredly,
As long as this life shall last.
His simple religion, to be "good,"
What more can the wisest teach?
"I've prayed, Mamma," and we surely know,
That prayer did Heaven reach.
"Tell all the people they must be good,
"They must love the Lord and pray:
"And Mamma don't you cry so much,
"For I shall be well today."
And in the best sense the boy grew "well,"
No more to suffer pain;
And nought that this earth can bring of harm
Should trouble him again.
His broken form was gently laid
'Neath the summer sod to rest;
But his happy soul had burst the bonds,
For the holy and the blessed.

A. L. S.

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May its departing ray,

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And joined with them in play.

The sun shone on the paths of his years.

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And nought that this earth can
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Should trouble him again.
His broken form was gently laid
'Neath the summer sod to rest:
But his happy soul had burst the
bonds,
For the holy and the blessed.

A. L. P.

Abee

Sometimes valuables are Thrown in the waste basket - by mistake.

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Once when Alice had done something she shouldn't have her father said "Alice, if you do that again I'll have to let your mother spank you."

Alice with her mother and father

Alice with Hunter
and her mother

Alice 3 yrs. old

Alice and her father

dear Santa Claus.
I want you to bring me a big
Teddy bear. and a ball.
and I want you to bring m
a dolly. and a monkey
that will climb a rope
and one are to two books
and a jewelry box and a
little knife. and a game
of marbles.
Alice M. Chintis

Alice McClintic

West Virginia University

Sixtieth Annual

Commencement

West Virginia University

Sixtieth Annual

Commencement

Tuesday, June the Seventh

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN

TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE

MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA

St. Mark's Cathedral
in
Venice

St. Mark's Cathedral
in
Venice

Taken when Alice went with a tour group to Europe.

While Alice was visiting Hunter and Dennie in Charleston this picture appeared in the Gazette.

Lochie

Junior Sponsors at a Prom

Alice — Francis McGuee

Marlinton High School Faculty

Bottom Row -
Lola Pritchard -- Alice McMoor

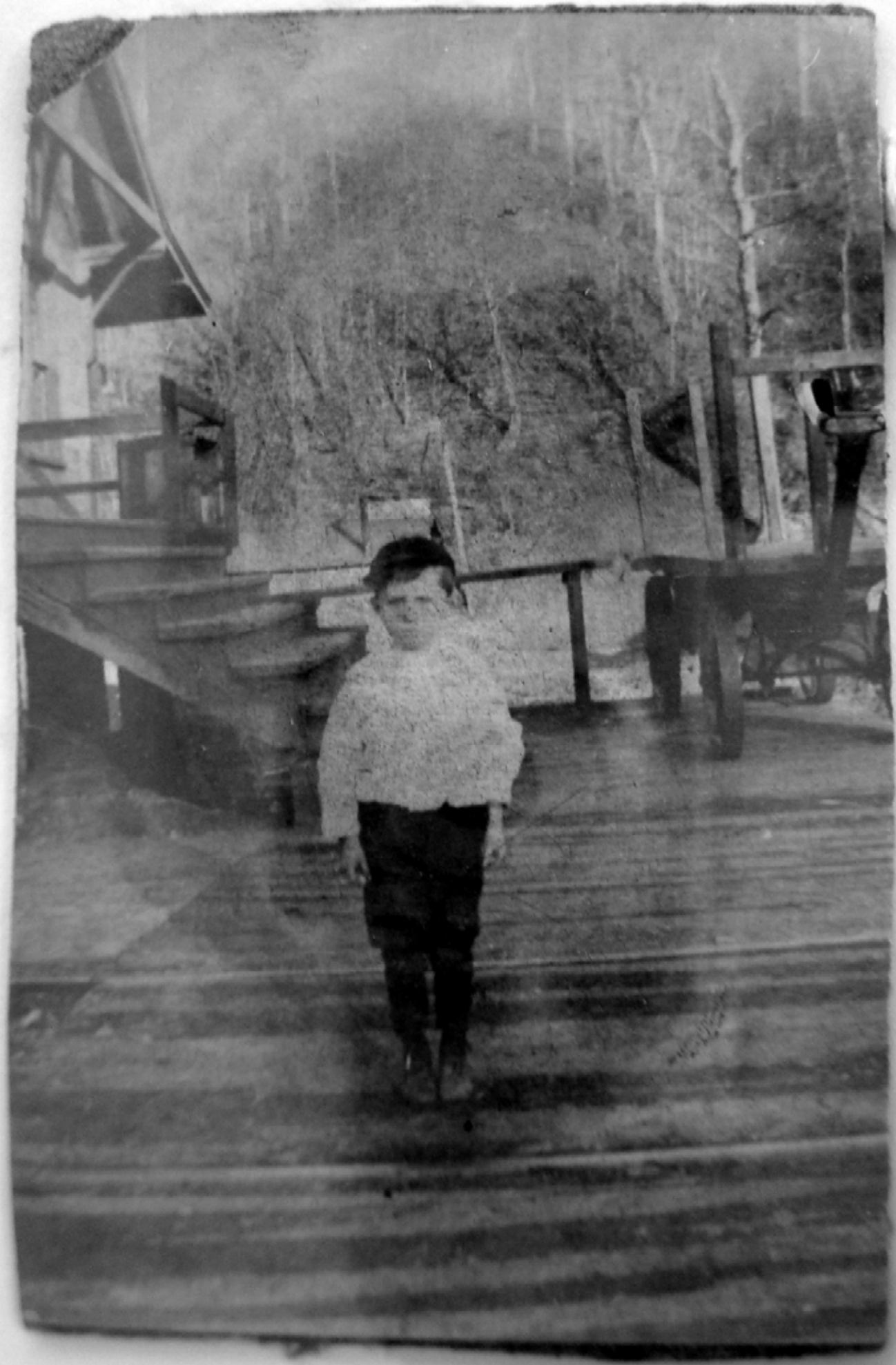
Top Row
-- Arnold Yeager, Principal
Edith May
Thancis Mc Elwee

Alice, Allie & Lockie

Alice and Jack

Back row - Guthrie McClintic - Hunter Mc-
Middle row - Mary Hench, Alice Moore, Betty Mc
Bottom row - Lockie Moore Wynnn

Jack Moore,
Alice's husband



Here's Diddy... 1972

By Diddy Mathews Palmer

The conversation began with a weather discussion and ended, after a more-or-less logical progression of topics, on the subject of English teachers.

It went something like this:

"The weather forecasts printed in local newspapers baffle and fascinate me," someone said. "Like the one this morning. The Gazette reported that there would be 'rain changing to chance of snow'. If rain can change to 'chance of snow,' then what IS 'chance-of-snow'? It sounds to me as if 'chance-of-snow' is an intermediate element that falls from the sky after the rain stops and the real-McCoy snow starts..."

★ ★ ★

THIS REMINDED somebody else in the group of a book he was reading. "Speaking of weirdly-worded sentences, why do so many writers fall into the misplaced-modifier trap? This book I'm reading, written by a Charleston author, is full of misplaced modifiers. For example, the author says 'Jane spent all evening talking to people on the telephone that she hadn't seen in 30 years'. . .As I read it, the character in the novel hadn't seen the telephone in 30 years. Why had someone hidden it from her for three decades?"

. . . And this reminded another person of her father's all-time favorite fouled-up sentence—one that he had read somewhere many years ago . . ." The day that the party was to be held that night dawned auspiciously."

★ ★ ★

FROM THE subject of poorly-constructed sentences, the conversationalists jumped to words and mispronunciation. Somebody said he had recently heard a TV actor pronounce "halcyon" as "hally-con" . . And another said that in the current TV production of "Elizabeth R", the actress Glenda Jackson consistently uses the dictionary-silenced "t" in the word "often" . . . And another said it bothered him that no one ever pronounced the word "jodhpurs" righ, invaritably transposing the "h" and the "p" to pronounce the word "jod-fers" instead of "jod-pers" . . . .

★ ★ ★

"THERE MUST be no good English teachers left", sighed someone in the group. "The best one I ever had was Miss Alice McClintic, in Charleston High School. I wonder what became of Miss McClintic?"

. . . And THIS part of the conversation reminded ME that I had a column to write, and that Miss Alice McClintic . . . whom I happened to know had been Mrs. Jack Moore since 1935 . . would be a good subject for this column's "I WonderWhat-Became-Of" series.

So off went a letter to Alice, dutifully relaying the above compliment and urgently requesting further information about her activities and whereabouts.

WonderWhat-Became-Of" series.

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★ ★ ★

WHERE ARE THEY NOW (3)

Subject: Alice McClintic Moore

"If you write anything about me, please do not brag me up as you were doing in your letter", Alice writes from her home at Buckeye, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. "And don't you dare say I was 'the best English teacher Charleston High ever had', as you said in your letter. If you do, I'll drive down to Charleston and BITE you, so there."

"I was not so good a teacher as many others I can name", she continues. "Miss Jo Mathews, Miss Katie Belle Abney and Miss Pearle Knight all were teaching at CHS when I was and they all helped me in many ways. And every year I taught, I learned a little more about how to teach."

★ ★ ★

ALICE GRADUATED from West Virginia University (where she roomed with a Charlestonian, the late Florence Lakin Deveny), taught in Marlinton for a year and then at CHS from 1928 to 1935. She married Jack Moore and moved to Morgantown.

"The year our daughter Lockhart, our only child, was born we moved to Marlinton and soon after that. I went back to teaching, at Marlington High School," she said. I continued to teach there until June, 1966, when I retired, but continued to substitute there until last fall."

Lockhart was named for her grandfatehr, Lockhart Mathews McClintic, a brother of the late Judge George McClintic of Charleston. She is now Mrs. Bostwick Wyman, wife of a mathematics professor at Stanford University in California. Alice says that a friend once commented that it was undoubtedly the first time in the history of the world that a first-name Lockhart ever married a first-name Bostwick.

★ ★ ★

AS FOR their present activities, Alice and Jack are now obviously enjoying retirement. "We are both well and busy", she wrote. "We have three dogs, we feed birds, squirrels, rabbits, trout (Swago Creek flows through our backyard) and - inadvertently - a few raccoons and possums. Most of the time we stay at home, but we have flown to California to see Lockhart since she's been there. I think of myself as a very active woman. . .I walk dogs on the mountain, swim in Knapp Creek, work a large vegetable garden and, of course, keep house for Jack."

Alice also reads the Gazette every day. She says "I am a great admirer of L. T. Anderson and I also like James Dent and Miss Mary Walton. I've only one complaint about the Charleston paper: they need a proofreader for their Crypto-

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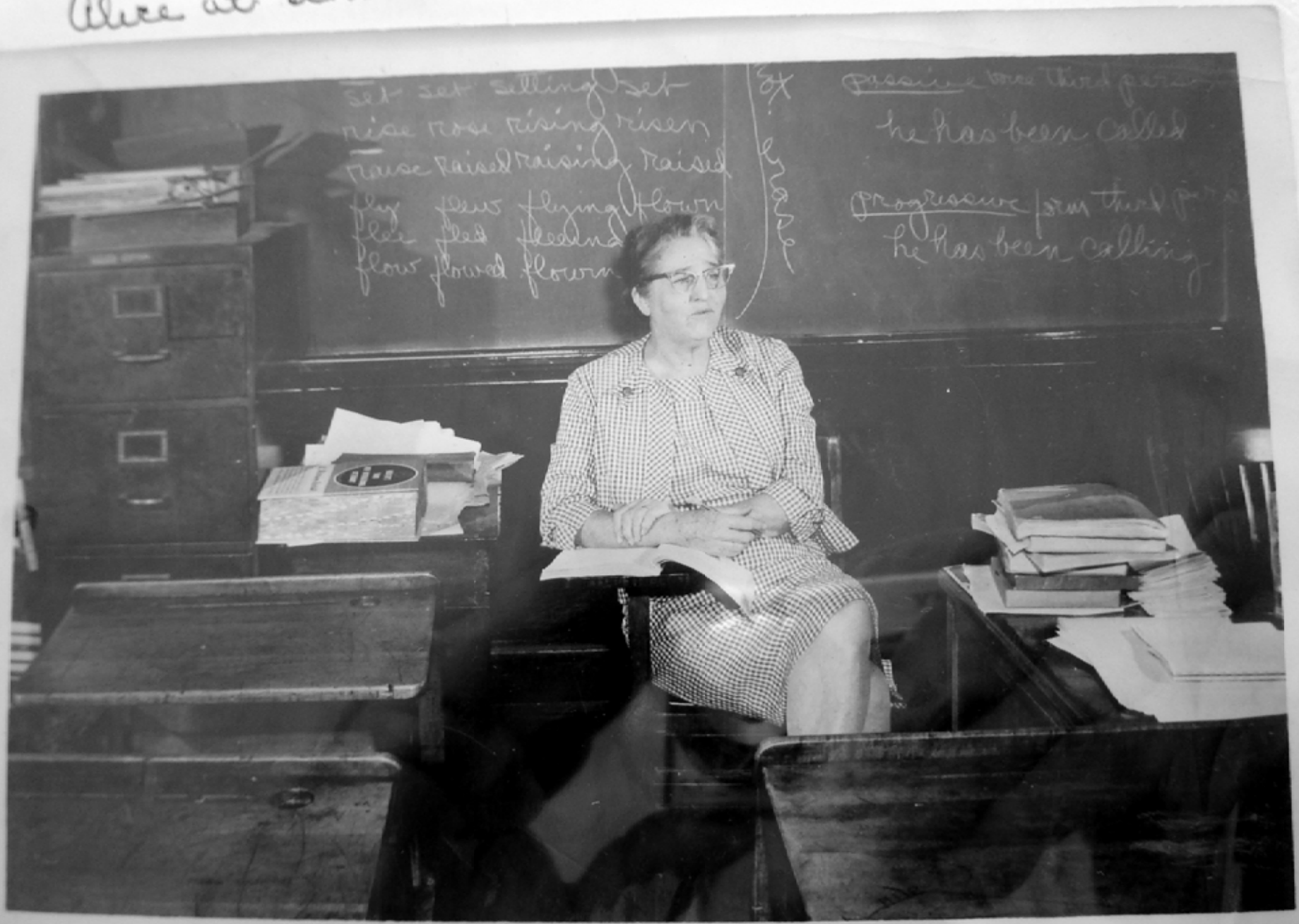
★ ★ ★

THE LAST paragraph reveals another of Mrs. Moore's hobbies. She's a puzzle-worker, and that includes the Saturday Review's Double Crostics.

So now Alice's local friends and former students know a little of what she's been up to since she chickened-out of Charleston. She says, by the way, that her CHS classes included "such widely different students as Marshall Buckalew and Dickie Drumheller."

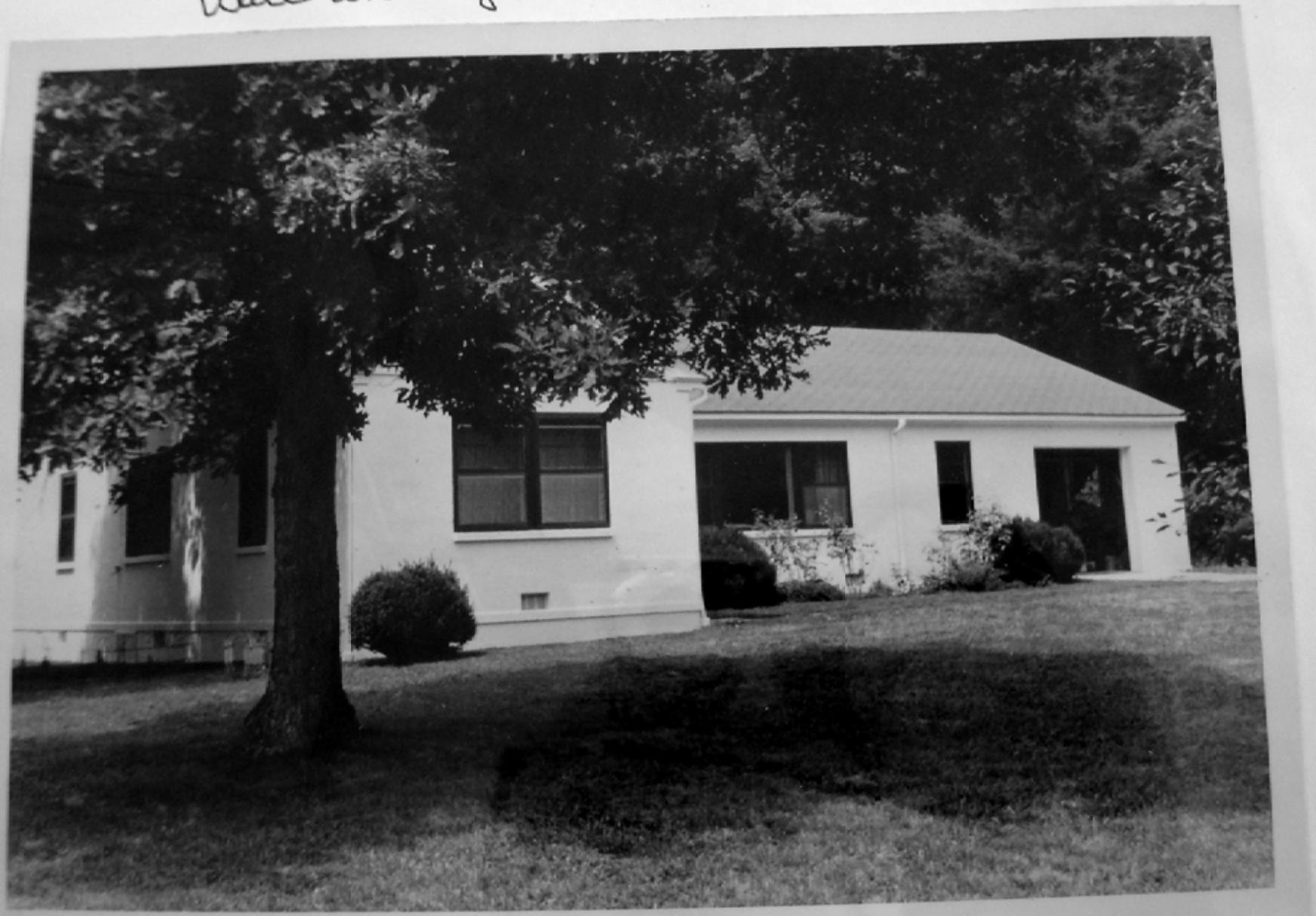
And I hope she will notice that I have not once said that she was the best English teacher Charleston High ever had, just as she requested. This should be a load off her mind and off mine, too: I can cancel the order I had placed with the Marlington Muzzle-Maker and need have no futher fear of being bitten.

Alice at school -



Webster's New World Dictionary
Literature

Alice and Jack's home



N. J. Moore

Norbert James (Jack) Moore, 75, of Route 1, Buckeye, died Thursday, February 12, 1976, in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital. He had been in ill health the past year.

Mr. Moore was a retired employee of the Department of Highways.

He was a member of St. Catherine's Catholic Church at Ronceverte.

He was born near Kane, Pennsylvania, May 26, 1900, the son of John and Laura Weaver Moore.

Surviving him are his wife, Alice McClintic Moore. A daughter, Lockhart Moore Wyman, and two brothers, Marion and Harold Moore, preceded him in death.

Services were held at the VanReenen Funeral Home Saturduy Morning by Father Edward McDonald with burial in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic Moore

Alice McClintic Moore, 81, of Buckeye, died Saturday, March 29, 1986, in Alleghany Regional Hospital in Low Moor, Virginia.

She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church.

She was graduated from West Virginia University, Middleburg College, and Breadloaf School of English. She taught in Charleston High School from 1928 to 1935. She later taught in Marlinton High School, retiring in 1966.

Born November 7, 1904, in Marlinton, she was the daughter of Lockhart Mathews and Nannie Alice Slaven McClintic.

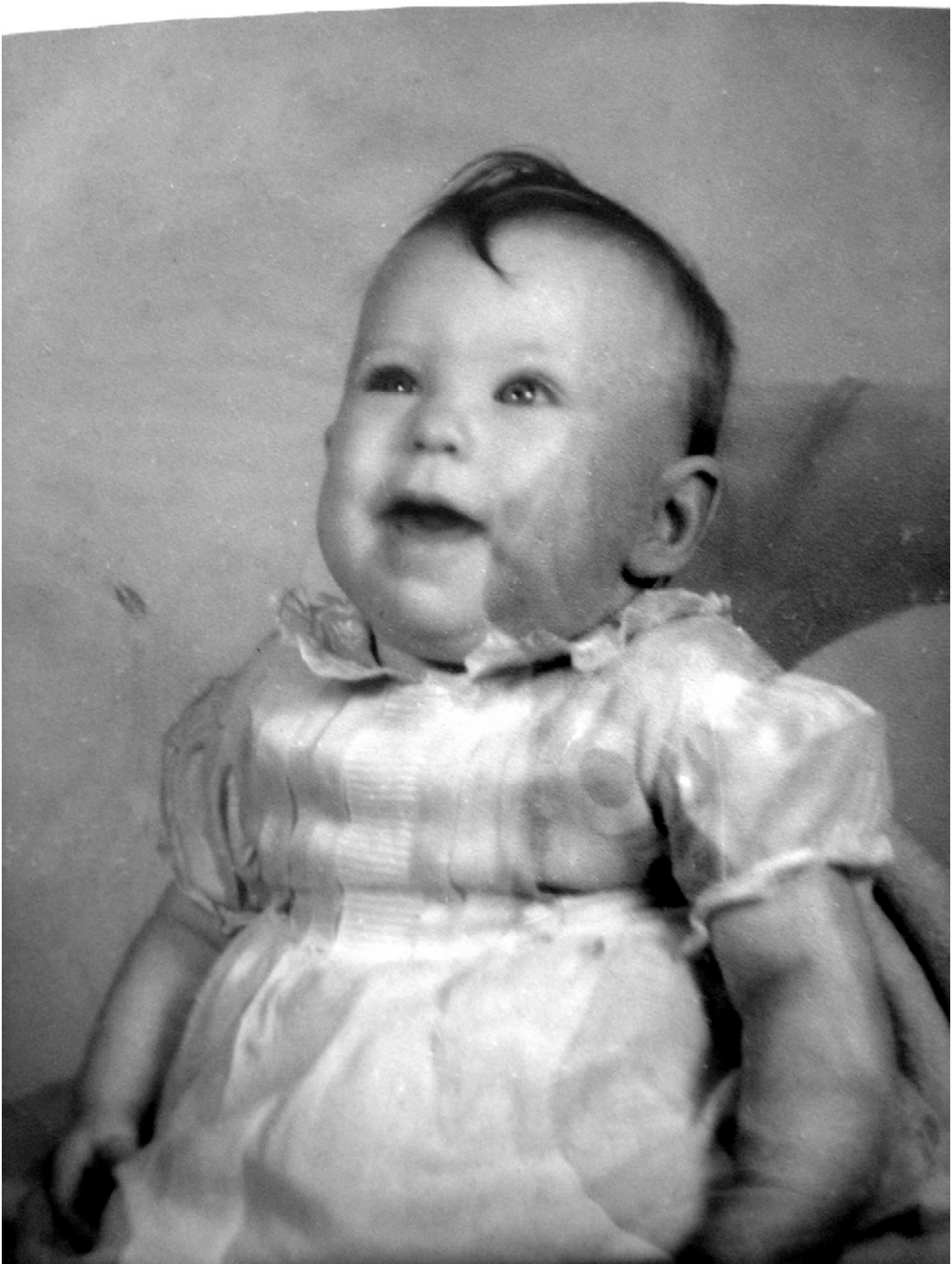
Preceding her in death were her husband, N. J. Moore, in 1976; their daughter, Lockhart (Lockie) Moore Wyman, in 1973; a sister, Mary McClintic Hench; and two brothers, John Hunter McClintic and George Lockhart McClintic.

Her only survivor is her cousin, Elizabeth (Betty) McClintic, of Washington, D. C., and Swago Farms, Buckeye.

Graveside services were held at 11 a. m. Monday by the Rev. Richard Newkirk in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic and ~~Jack~~ Morris daughter

Lockhart Mc Clintic Moore – 6 mos. old



Lockie, 1yr. old

Lesbie

Nicole

19 74

Bostwick's brother, Alice, Betty, B's sister
Bostwick, Lochie, Jack, B's
mother.

Lockie
at
Wellesley

Lockie.

Lockie wearing her grandmothers wedding dress (Allie Slaven's dress)

Marlinton High School Cheer Leaders

Pat Sharp Lockie Janie Sharp Barbara Brumage

ATTEMPTS

by

LOCKIE

I love the sultry heat of summer nights
And yet it lacks the power to drug my soul.
I grow more discontent; each breeze incites
My restive spirit to an unknown goal.

I know not my desires nor their strange force;
I think I search for things one never sees.
I pray I'll someday recognize their source;
Life holds too many unsolved mysteries.

I stand in wind. No longer tame,
My soul will soar from out my frame
To far beyond the struggling world.
It flies forever free--and then,
Despite the heights where it was hurled,
It silently returns again
As after day a flag is furled.

Unless imprinted on my brain
My memories will depart.
And yet, if certain things occur,
Despite time's tendency to blur,
They will return, just as before
Awakened in my heart.

I stand benumbed, completely still

It flies forever free--and then,
Despite the heights where it was hurled,
It silently returns again
As after day a flag is furled.

Unless imprinted on my brain
My memories will depart.
And yet, if certain things occur,
Despite time's tendency to blur,
They will return, just as before
Awakened in my heart.

I stand benumbed, completely still
And wonder where and when
This situation first took place.
Remembrance brings me face to face
With things death only can erase--
Though they may fade again.

You feel you understand yourself
But I am filled with doubt.
For turbulence can rule within
While calm is seen without.

You think yourself inscrutable
But I for one can see
Myself in you, and how confused
I know us both to be.

Between unlike emotions
Division 's never great.
Too often blind devotions
Are intertwined with hate.

Pain's woven tight with pleasure
And courage born of fear;
Hard laboring and leisure
Are varied, yet not clear.

When all these things I ponder
I'm thankful for my breath
because I can but wonder
How close life is to death.

You say I am bound for perdition,
And that I deserve endless hell.
Do you judge by your own damned condition?
When did you come to know me so well?

It's useless to blame and abuse me.
When you purse up your lips and you nod
I can laugh. Who are you to accuse me?
We will answer together to God.

Next Page

Edgar Family Started Ronceverte

Capt. Thomas Edgar Built His Home at St. Lawrence Ford

BY GEORGE W. McCLINTIC.

Thomas Edgar was born in Bedford County, Virginia, on the 27th day of September, 1750. His father was George Edgar, and his mother was Elizabeth Edgar. Just when he came to Greenbrier County is not clear to me, but I do know he was there as early as 1780. He then filled the very important office of County Surveyor. In those days a County Surveyor was appointed by the president and professors of the College of William and Mary, but each one was usually recommended by the County Court of the County. This office required a real mathematical education.

The following appears in the record book of Greenbrier County:

"At Court of Quarter Session Begun and Held for the County of Greenbrier August 17, 1784; Thomas Edgar comes into court and resigns his office of surveyor of the county; whereupon the Court recommended, according to law, Alexander Welch to the Honorable the President and Professors of the College of William and Mary as a proper person for such office."

As the celebration of the 160th anniversary of the formation of Greenbrier County shows, the county was formed in 1778, and it seems that Thomas Edgar was the first Surveyor of Greenbrier County.

One of his notable acts as such Surveyor occurred under an Act of the Legislature of Virginia, passed in 1782, which ordered Captain Thomas Edgar to survey a forty-acre square for a town out of the heart of the Savannah, and call it "Lewisburg."

It is not generally known to this generation that the territory now Lewisburg apparently was once a lake. There were no trees on that part called the "Savannah." No clearing was necessary, unless for the purpose of clearing out a greater or less thicket of small brush, such as hazelnut, thorn and willow bushes. Around this territory the forest trees were thick, but they ceased abruptly at the high-water mark of the ancient lake bed.

Captain Edgar did survey a forty-acre square, and the square was divided into half-acre lots and sold. The original trustees of the Town of Lewisburg, of which Thomas Edgar was one, were ordered to withhold the title to a lot until the purchaser had built a cabin fifteen feet square, with a stone chimney. It is said that Captain Matthew Arbuckle bought one of these lots and built his cabin as a nucleus for the town.

Thomas Edgar lived four miles from the Town of Lewisburg on the lands upon which the City of Ronceverte now stands.

In the record of Greenbrier County Court as of February 17th, 1797, the following item appear thereon:

"Thomas Edgar requests the County Surveyor to re-survey his lands whereon he now lives at St. Lawrence."

The writer of this article wonders if that is where the name of the St. Lawrence Boom & Manufacturing Company, which so long operated at Ronceverte, came

Thomas Edgar married Ann Matthews, daughter of Archer and Letitia [illegible] Mathews, on the 31st day of March 1783. She was born on the 10th day of October, 1765.

He was a trustee of Liberty Hall Academy, afterwards Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, in 1784.

Among the offices held by him in Greenbrier County was that of Deputy Sheriff under William Renick—High Sheriff, as he was called in those days. He was one of the Magistrates of Greenbrier County for a great many years. He was appointed by the County Court to perform a great many county duties. He was often on a commission to view a new road. He was appointed more than once on a committee to provide for the building of a county prison.

It was quite usual in those days for leading landed citizens to get licenses to keep what was then called an "ordinary." Later the word "tavern" was used, and still later the word "hotel" came into common use. I have seen orders of county courts which licensed persons to keep what was called, in those licenses, "places of entertainment." At least we can say that the "best families" were doing it, and many farmers and landholders got licenses for that purpose. The great immigration West in those days, and for a great many years afterwards, undoubtedly made this line of business, when well conducted, reasonably profitable.

It might not be uninteresting to say that in those days, and for many years afterwards, the County Court fixed the prices of lodging, meals, wines and liquors. A sample page wherein the Court fixed such things (in January, 1793) is as follows:

"Rate for ordinaries—lodging in feather bed, six pence.
Rate for ordinaries—lodging in chaff bed, four pence.
Wine per gallon—twenty shillings.
Whiskey per gallon—ten shillings.
Hay for horses, twenty-four hours, one shilling, three pence.
Oats per gallon—six pence.
Corn per gallon—nine pence."

Certainly these rates did not allow too much profit to the keeper of an "ordinary."

In the session of the Legislature of Virginia, begun October 18th, 1790, and ending December 29th, 1790, Thomas Edgar and William Hunter Cavendish were the members from Greenbrier County. The writer of this article mentions William Hunter Cavendish for the reason that in 1804 he became the husband of Alice Mann McClintic, the then widowed great-grandmother of this writer.

Thomas Edgar continued to be a very leading citizen, in every proper sense of the word, of the County of Greenbrier until his death, which occurred on the 15th day of July, 1822.

He was one of the executors of the estate of his father-in-law, Archer Mathews who died in 1786. He looked after many public affairs in the government of the county, and continued as a membr of the County Court.

Recently the city of Ronceverte honored his memory, and that of the Edgar family, by changing the name of the street called "Railroad Avenue" to "Edgar Avenue."

There is a tradition in the Edgar family that the lands at Ronceverte were granted to Thomas Edgar by rea-

Continued to Page Eight)

EDGAR FAMILY STARTED RONCEVERTE—

(Continued from Page One)

son of his services in the Revolutionary War. This writer has never examined the records, but from his knowledge of th land laws of Virginia, he doubts very much whether he ever received anything more than possibly military warrants, as they were called. State land warrants were paid for at the rate of two cents per acre.

Dyer's Index shows that grants of land were made to Thomas Edgar, as follows: Four hundred acres Rich Creek in 1785; Two hundred seventy acres Rich Creek in 1785; One hundred forty-two acres Burns Creek in 1797; Eighty-three acres Spring Creek in 1809; Nine hundred thirty acres adjoining Holesapple in 1801.

All these grants were made in Greenbrier County. The same index shows that he had a grant of ninety-three hundred thirty acres of land Kanawha River, in Montgomery County in 1797.

The records compiled in the book called "Dunsmore's War" shows that Thomas Edgar was a soldier in the Battle of Point Pleasant on the 10th of October, 1774. The family tradition is that this was our Thomas Edgar. This writer has not had the time or opportunity to look up the records of what is termed the "Revolutionary War," and details cannot be given of his service therein.

The children of the union of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar were:

ELIZABETH EDGAR, born July 8, 1786;

LETITIA EDGAR, born July 24, 1788.

SARAH EDGAR, born Oct. 4, 1790.

MARY EDGAR, born July 11, 1792.

LEWIS EDGAR, born Jan. —, 1795.

THOMAS EDGAR JR., born the 29th day of August, 1797.

ARCHER MATHEWS EDGAR, born July 2, 1799, and

ANN M. EDGAR, born the 31st day of March, 1803.

Of the children named above, Elizabeth Edgar married a Mr. Brown and died in Gainesville, Alabama, on June 21st, 1865.

Mary Edgar married Arthur Walkup, and she died on the 12th day of July, 1819, leaving one daughter, Ann Eliza Walkup.

Letitia Edgar married James Withrow, died on the 9th day of June, 1834. The children of her marriage with James Withrow were James, John, Edgar, Mary, Lucy, Maria, Margaret, Elizabeth, Virginia, Sarah and Letitia. Two children of this marriage, to-wit, James and John, became very leading citizens of the town of Lewisburg.

James Withrow Jr. married Mary Jane Kinnaid, and had a large family of children, all of whom have passed away except his daughter, Mrs. Annie Montgomery, who lives in Frankfort, Kentucky, and his only descendants living in the County of Greenbrir are James Withrow and Nancy Withrow Burns.

Sarah Edgar married Mr. Morris, of Christian County, Kentucky, and the writer is not advised as to any descendants.

Lewis Edgar died on the 19th day of August, 1796.

Thomas Edgar Jr. married Eliza Reynolds. He died on the 26th day of March, 1842, at Natchez, Mississippi. He left descendants: Colonel George Mathews Edgar, Mrs. Ann Edgar Randolph, Miss Kate Edgar, and James Thomas Edgar, all born in Monroe County, West Virginia.

George Mathews Edgar was born on the 1st day of March, 1837, and died on the 16th day of October, 1913. He married Rebecca Fry on the 14th day of November, 1867. The children of this union were: Gertrude Douglass, who married Dr. John T. Van Sant, of Kentucky; Elizabeth Randolph, who married Judge Orman Somerville, of Alabama; George Thomas Edgar; John B. Edgar; Russell Bliss Edgar, and Graham Edgar.

George Mathews Edgar was a Confederate soldier, the Colonel of the well known, in the Greenbrier Valley, Edgar's Battalion. He was recognized as a very brave soldier, and he fought in many battles. Two local notable ones were two engagements defending Lewisburg—one in 1862 and the other in the spring of 1863; and he was credited, in both instances, with saving the town from destruction.

He was awarded a handsome sword by the ladies of Lewisburg. His battalion rendered valuable service in the Battle of New Market. He was especially conspicuous for gallantry in the Battle of Cold Harbor.

The courage and efficiency of Col. Edgar was attested by various reports of superior officers, which are to be found in the records of the War Between the States.

Miss Kate Edgar never married, and lived to the extreme age of ninety-three years.

Mrs. Ann Edgar Randolph married Dr. Thomas Randolph, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and after his death she became a missionary to China and Japan for twenty-two years, for the Southern Presbyterian Church. In her comparatively old age she returned to the United States and lived, for many years, at the Presbyterian Home in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and died there in March, 1901.

Archer Mathews Edgar married Nancy H. Pearis in Giles County, Virginia, on the 25th day of January, 1832. Their children were Henry Clay Edgar, born on the 3rd day of January, 1832, and who died in infancy on the 20th day of October, 1833.

Elizabeth Ann Edgar was born the 17th day of November, 1834, and married Lewis S. Creigh on the 4th day of January, 1860. She died on the 10th day of September, 1897. They had one son, Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Alfred Mallory Edgar was born on the 10th day of July, 1837, and died in 1913. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army, and held the rank of Captain of a company. He was in many battles and ranked as one of the bravest of soldiers.

He married Lydia McNeel on the 16th day of June, 1875. They lived in Pocahontas County. The children of this marriage were Delia Howe Edgar, who married Frank Raymond Hill; Elizabeth See Edgar, who married Dr. Harvey Winters McNeel; Allen Penick Edgar, who married Caroline Crouch; George Pearis Edgar, who married Laura Callison, and Rachel Ann Edgar, who married Moffett McNeel.

Caroline P. Edgar was born the 17th day of December, 1839, and married George Perry. Their children were William Richard Perry and———

Thomas Howe Edgar was born on the 30th day of March, 1842. He was never married. He died on the 25th day of February, 1904.

Delia Dangerfield Edgar was born on the — day of May, 1847, and died unmarried on the 18th day of December, 1870.

The last child of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar was Ann Mathews Edgar. She was born on the 31st day of March, 1803. She married Sampson Lockhart Mathews, and died on the 11th day of August, 1870. The only child of this marriage was Mary Ann Mathews, born on the 31st day of October, 1826. She was married on the 14th day of June, 1855, to William Hunter McClintic.

The children of this marriage were Lockhart Mathews McClintic, born on the 12th day of April, 1860; Edgar Daggs McClintic, born on the 14th day of March 1861; Henry Hunter McClintic, born on the 18th day of June, 1862; Withrow McClintic, born on the 22nd day of April, 1864, and the writer of this paper, George Warwick McClintic, born on the 14th day of January, 1866. All of whom, except the last named, have passed away.

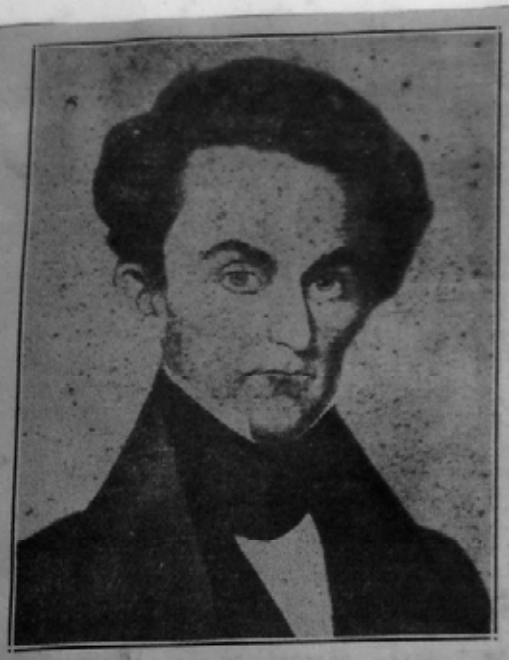
Alfred Edgar Creigh was long a leading citizen in the city of Ronceverte, in the business world and in his church, and was very well known and respected in the whole of Greenbrier County. He married Minnie Betts, who is still living. The children of that union were: Edgar Betts Creigh; Lewis Stuart Creigh; John Pereston Creigh; David Betts Creigh; Sarah Ide Creigh; William Betts Creigh; Elizabeth Edgar Creigh; Thomas Frederick Creigh; Charles Stuart Creigh; Samuel Finley Creigh, and Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Two of these have passed away, to-wit: John Preston Creigh and David Betts Creigh. The others have scattered, and are respected citizens in various parts of the United States. Four of them were soldiers in the World War at one time, and I well remember Alfred Edgar Creigh wearing, with pride, the emblem of four stars.

The above tells, in a small way of the life of a man who was very prominent in Greenbrier County from the time of its making to the date of his death in 1822. It is written without giving to it the time and attention to details that his life deserves.

He was buried in the graveyard adjoining the Old Stone Church in Lewisburg. His widow, Ann Mathews Edgar, survived him thirty years, and was buried in the same graveyard in 1852.

Many other Edgar connections came to Greenbrier County, and lived and died there, the most notable one being Mary, sometimes called "Polly," Edgar, who became the wife of Joseph Mathews and who was the grandmother of Governor Henry Mason Mathews and Captain Alexander Ferdinand Mathews. Thomas Edgar's descendants have a right to feel proud of this ancestor, knowing that in his lifetime he was a useful citizen, respected and trusted by the people of Greenbrier County.



CAPTAIN THOMAS EDGAR

Born in Bedford County, Virginia, Sept. 27, 1750, died at his home at St. Lawrence Ford (now Ronceverte) July 15, 1822. A leading citizen in the early history of Greenbrier, he was the first Surveyor of the county; was ordered to lay-out a forty-acre square for the Town of Lewisburg, created in 1782, and was one of the original trustees of Lewisburg, appointed by the Virginia Assembly. About 1793, Capt. Thomas Edgar built his home near St. Lawrence Ford (the first house in what is now the City of Ronceverte, upon lands granted him earlier by the King of England. The old Edgar home was located along the stream that parallels Frankford Road, about the present site of the former Bowers Drug Store building. A marker, just completed, indicates the spot, and will be dedicated Saturday, June 18th, at 9:30 a. m., with Judge George W. McClintic, of Charleston, as the speaker, and who is a distinguished descendant of the Edgar family.

ANN MATHEWS EDGAR

THE EDGAR HOME IN RONCEVERTE.

The old Edgar home passed from that family into the hands of Colonel C. C. Clay, the founder of Ronceverte. When it was built cannot be definitely established, but the above picture was probably taken when it was the home of Colonel Clay. The next owner was the late Colonel Ellery C. Best, manager of the St. Lawrence Boom & Manufacturing Company. Colonel Best enlarged and improved it extensively, adding a story and various other additions, including the inevitable round tower so favored in the architecture of the mansions of that time.

Much as the Bests improved and enlarged it, it is said to contain in its structure in places today some of the timbers of the original Edgar home.

When the Bests lived there, and that was from the middle 1880s until several years after the turn of the century, the home called "Edgarton" was one of the popular centers of the social life of Ronceverte. It was an establishment lacking nothing for that time, with ample stables and horses, grooms and attendants. Some of the original property was sold by one of the later owners, but still a spacious place, it is the present home of the prominent Ronceverte merchant, Mr. J. J. Townley and family.

Mary Ann Mathews Mc. Clintic, wife of William Mc. Cli

Mother of

Lockhart N. McClintic
Judge George Mc Clintic
H. Hunter Mc. Clintic

Edgar Mc. Clintic
Withrow Mc. Clintic.

L. M. Mc Clintic and Allie Seavin Mc-Clintic
Parents of
Mary Mc-Clintic Hench
John Hunter Mc Clintic
George Mc Clintic (Dord ie)
Alice Mc Clintic Moore

Married.

At the Huntersville Hotel, Wednesday morning Dec. 5th, Mr. L. M. McClintic and Miss Allie Slaven were quietly united in the holy bonds of matrimony; Rev. Wm. T. Price officiating.

The attendants were Miss Minnie Gammon of Odessa, Mo. and Miss Lizzie Ligon of Clover Lick, Mr. Harry Patterson, of Huntersville and Dr. McClintic, of Edray.

The bride looked very sweet in a handsome costume of tan colored cloth elaborately trimmed in golden brown plush and brown and ecrue braid.

Miss Gammon was becomingly dressed in an olive green Duchess satin, prettily trimmed in bronze green bugle braid.

Miss Ligon's costume was a dark blue silk, extensively ornamented with bronze bugle ornaments.

The groom and groomsmen wore the conventional black dress suits.

After partaking an excellent breakfast the bridal party proceeded to the home of the groom, where a splendid reception was held.

The bride is well known in society circles as a most charming and beautiful lady, and the groom is to be congratulated in winning such a fair and worthy bride.

The groom is one of Pocahontas' most promising young men. The majority he attained at the recent election to the office of Prosecuting Attorney, is an evidence how he is honored and esteemed in this county.

May their life be as bright calm and serence as their wedding day, and may prosperity and happiness ever attend them.

AN OBSERVER.

L. M. McClintic Home in Marlinton

L. M. McClintic Home in Marlinton
Allie Slaven McClintic and
daughter Mary McClintic Hersch

McClintic-Slaven.

The marriage of L. M. McClintic, Esq. and Miss Alice Slaven, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Slaven, was celebrated Wednesday morning 5th, inst. No cards. Wm. T. Price officiating minister. The attendants were Misses Minnie Gammon, of Missouri and Lizzie Ligon, of Clover Lick, along with Messrs. Dr. McClintic, of Edray and Harry Patterson, of Huntersville. This auspicious event in the society of our town passed off in a very quiet and appropriate manner, and it was difficult to realize that the nuptials of young persons, so widely known and highly esteemed were being solemnized. W.

John Hartley Mc. Clintic

George Mc Clintock (Portlie)

Children of

L. M. and Allie Slaven Mc. Clintic

Mary McClintic

Alice McClintic

Lockhart M. McClintic

Allie Slaven McClintic

George (Bordie)

John Hunter

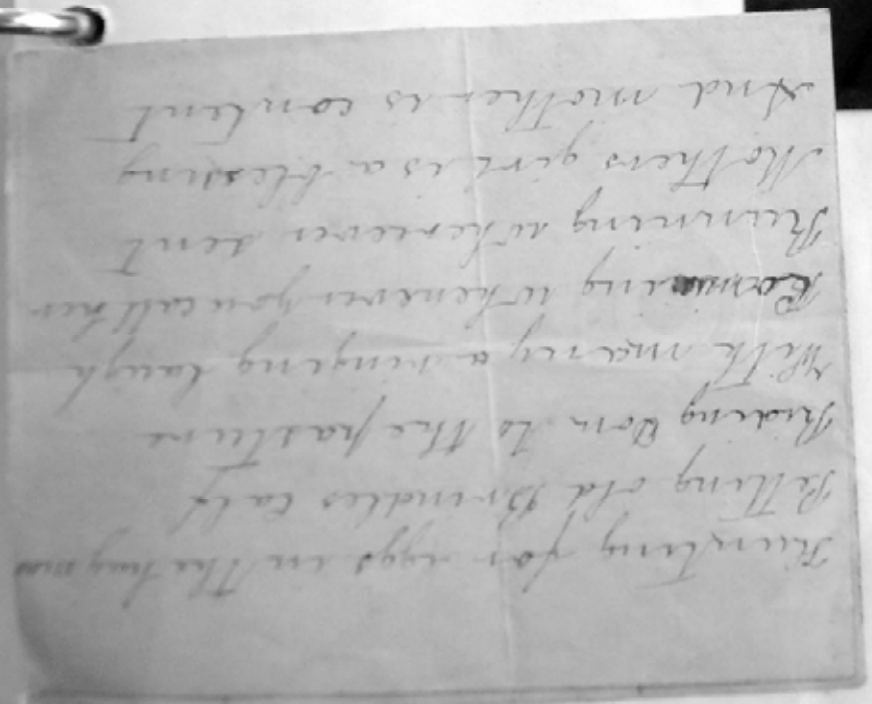
Mary Hunter George

Who is Bordie

A four year old Marlinton boy heard the news about the pulp mill [illegible] a lot and he seemed to take an unusual interest in the conversation for so young a child. He finally ran to his mother and asked her, "What do they want a Pup Factory for, mama? I fought everybody had all the pups they wanted."

Allie Slaven

Allie Slaven Mrs. Clintie



This was written by Mrs. Allie Mr. Clintie's mother, Mrs. Margaret Allie Slaven.

Allie S. Mrs. Clintie

Mrs. McClintic Surprised On Eightieth Birthday

With eyes gleaming happily through a mist of joyful tears, and in a voice giving evidence of her emotion, Mrs. L. M. McClintic was forced to retract a boast that she could not be surprised when members of her family and friends gathered unexpectedly in honor of her eightieth birthday on Friday, April 10, at the home of a daughter, Mrs. N. J. Moore.

Atty. J. Hunter McClintic, a son, of Charleston, arrived here, presumably to visit his mother, and as a result of carefully-laid plans, he took her away from home and kept her interested while arrangements were completed and guests were assembling.

Upon her return home, the scene had undergone such a change that in her momentary confusion Mrs. McClintic did not even recognize her daughter, Mrs. S. N. Hench, who was wearing a spring flowered crepe dress and a corsage of red roses, and who met her mother at the door. Other guests who had arrived were gathered in the sitting room.

Large bowls filled with jonquils and forsythia were placed here and there throughout the house, and in the library were red roses, a gift from George W. McClintic. The dining room table was covered with a lace cloth, and bore a center bouquet of the spring flowers, along with trays of sandwiches, cookies and white mints. Mrs. Moore, gowned in a two-piece flowered blue crepe spring dress, looked after the entertainment of the guests; Mrs. John A. Sydenstricker and Mrs. Hench poured, and Mrs. Frank King and Mrs. A. P. Edgar assisted with the serving. Mrs. Richard Currence and her two lovely daughters, Mary Jarvis and Nancy Ward Currence registered the guests. Two card tables were laden with the many gifts received by the honored guest.

Mrs. McClintic, who came to Marlinton to live in 1894, was born during the Civil War at Arbovale in this county in a dwelling known as the William Brown home.

Those who attended were: Mrs. J. A. Sydenstricker, Mrs. Z. S. Smith, Mrs. O. G. Olsen, Mrs. Ada Slavin, Mrs. Ed Richardson, Mrs. M. L. Coyner, Mrs. J. A. McLaughlin, Mrs. C. B. Moore, Mrs. Pearl Yeager, Mrs. Jack Richardson, Gertrude S. Richardson, Grace Hull Yeager, Anne Lee Irvine, Mabel M. Hudson, Mrs. J. M. Ashcroft, Mrs. June McElwee, Mrs. Adam Baxter, Mrs. Tilden Brown, Mrs. G. M. Irvine, Mrs. L. C. McCutcheon, Mrs. George Woolwine, Mrs. Paul Overland, Mrs. Fred Gay, Laughlin, Mrs. C. S. Kramer, Mrs. L. S. Cochran, Mrs. E. H. Williams, Mrs. Reube McNeill, Miss Edgar Thomas, Mrs. Aubrey Ferguson, Mrs. Anna Thomas, Mary Y. Kincaid, Mrs. E. L. Fenton, Mrs. Frank King, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Mrs. Hycie Callison, Mrs. O. N. Miles, Mrs. W. A. Browning, Aunt Lula Hill, Mrs. P. T. Ward, Bessie McClintic, Mrs. Mark S. Wilson, Alice K. Jackson, Gladys Sharp, Mrs. Mary E. Moore, Mrs. Fred Allen, Mrs. Lewis Gay, Cathleen Vaughan, Polly Gay, Ada Herold, Mrs. E. H. Patterson, Mrs. Grace Lang, Mabel Lang, Mrs. Fred Gehauf, Mrs. E. G. Herold, Sis Herold, Mrs. E. A. Herold, Carrie C. Edgar, Elizabeth E. McNeel, Helen Burner Nottingham, Anne E. King, Elizabeth Hill, Nancy McNeel Currence, Nancy Ward Currence, Mary Jarvis Currence, T. S. McNeel, J. A. Sydenstricker, S. N. Hench, Mrs. E. C. Smith, Mrs. W. A. Bratton, Mrs. Paul Mason, Mrs. Charles Dever, Mrs. Lillie Shiflet, Mrs. N. C. McNeil, Rebecca Hill, Josephine Browning, Mrs. J. C. Buckley, Mrs. Lucy Clark, Mrs. Ed McLaughlin, Mrs. S. H. Sharp, Susie Gay, Mrs. J. M. McNeel of Hillsboro, Mrs. W. B. King, Mrs. L. V. Coyner, Evelina Coyner, Mrs. Ligon Coyner of Cloverlick, Mrs. Elva Wilson of Minnehaha Springs, Mrs. James Bear, Mrs. Adolph Cooper, Mrs. Z. S. Smith, Jr., Peggy Smith, Mrs. C. W. Price.

xxx

1946

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Last Wednesday was the birthday of Mrs. L. M. McClintic. On April 10, 1862, she was born, the daughter of the late John Randolph and Margaret Wooddell Slaven. So, a party was given by Mrs. McClintic's daughters, Mrs. S. N. Hench and Mrs. N. J. Moore, at the McClintic home in Marlinton. The guests were Mrs G. M. Ervine, Mrs. N. C. McNeil, Mrs. Pearl Yeager and little Miss Lockhart Moore. It was a gala occasion; an evening well and pleasantly spent, going over the times of former years as well as the things of the interesting present.

Mrs. McClintic has spent practically her entire life in her native county of Pocahontas. She states it is Pocahontas for her up to her last day. She mingles with friends and neighbors; keeps a lively interest in the activities of her home town and her church. She enjoys the best of health, going about as actively as ever. Frequently she walks down town to shop, to attend various business matters, and the services of her church.

1946.

Birthday Celebration

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hench gave a birthday dinner Sunday April 10, to Mrs. L. M. McClintic, mother of Mrs. Hench. Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter McClintic, of Charleston, were among the guests. Mrs. McClintic received many congratulations and messages of love from members of her family and from friends, wishing her continued good health and many years of usefulness in the community where she has spent the greater part of her life. This good woman is a daughter of the late Randolph Slaven and his wife, and was born at Greenbank, later removing to Huntersville where she was married to the late L. M. McClintic, and when Marlinton was made the county seat they removed here, where Mrs. McClintic maintains her home.

The day was spent quietly, and, according to their custom, the family and their guests attended services at the Presbyterian Church, where Mrs. McClintic holds her membership. This community holds Mrs. McClintic in high esteem and affection, and her friends and neighbors are glad to have her home again after her absence in Charleston during the winter. All united in welcoming "Cozy" back to the old home.

Deaths

Mrs. Allie S. McClintic

Mrs. Allie Slavin McClintic, aged 89 years, widow of the late L. M. McClintic, died on Saturday, September 29, 1951, after an illness of several weeks.

On Monday afternoon, her body was laid to rest in the family plot in Mt. View Cemetery. The service was held from the Presbyterian Church by her pastor, Rev. R. P. Melton. She was the oldest member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church.

The deceased was born at Arbovale on April 10, 1862, the daughter of John Randolph and Margaret Wooddell Slavin. She was the last of her father's family to be called. On December 5, 1888, she became the wife of Lockhart Matthew McClintic, who preceded her in death April 12, 1928. They are survived by their son, John Hunter McClintic, of Charleston; Mrs. Mary Hench and Mrs. Alice Moore of Marlinton, and one grand-daughter Lockhart Moore. A son, George Lockhart, died at the age of twelve years.

Thus is noted the passing of an outstanding life of usefulness and beauty as a daughter, wife, mother, neighbor and Christian.

MRS. L. M. McCLINTIC.

Mrs. Allie McClintic, 89, widow of Lockhart Mathews McClintic, former prominent attorney of Pocahontas county and brother of the late Federal Judge George W. McClintic, died Saturday afternoon, Sept. 29, 1951, in the hospital at Marlinton. She was a native of Pocahontas county and spent her life there. Surviving are her son, J. Hunter McClintic, a prominent attorney of Charleston; two daughters, Mrs. S. N. Hench and Mrs. N. J. Moore, and a granddaughter, Miss Lockhart Moore, all of Marlinton. Her funeral was held Monday afternoon at the Marlinton Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member. Burial followed in Mountain View cemetery.

GEORGE A. SHAW

Mary Mc Herbert

Allie S. McClintic

Hunter McClintic

Father of
Allie Slaven
McClintic →

Margaret Priscilla Wooddell Slaven
Born Oct. 31, 1831
Died Feb. 8, 1899
mother of Allie Slaven
McClintic

Sudden Death of Mrs M P Slaven.

Our whole community was thrilled with sad surprise last Wednesday afternoon, February 8th, by the unexpected death of Mrs M. P. Slaven, relict of the late Randolph Slaven of Huntersville, W. Va., in the 68th year of her age. During the day she seemed unusually well and had partaken of a hearty dinner. Late in the afternoon she had gone to the wood-shed to feed her chickens and was found in a sitting posture with a half shelled ear of corn in her lap. When her little grand-daughter Mamie came to her she tried to speak, but expired almost immediately thereafter.

Her two sons in Kansas received the sad news by telegraph, and immediately started for West Virginia. Mr and Mrs Oscar Slaven arrived Saturday at noon by way of the Hot Springs, and Guy Slaven Saturday night from Ronceverte.

The interment took place on Sunday last at Huntersville where, notwithstanding the almost unprecedented severity of the weather, a large concourse of sympathetic friends followed her to her last resting place. The burial services were conducted by Rev William T. Price assisted by Rev J. M. Anderson. The pall bearers were Captain E. A. Smith, Uriah Bird, Esq., Colonel Levi Gay, E. D. King, Thomas C. Courtney, W. J. Killingsworth, and Andrew Price.

We know of no one who has made herself more necessary to her loved ones or who will be more sincerely missed and mourned by her large circle of friends. The highest type of womanly and christian character was exemplified in her life. She was permitted to live to see all her children occupying useful and honorable positions in life, and her last years have been peaceful and happy, her paths made smooth by the hands of her loved ones. Devotion to others was a second nature with her, and one always felt that it needed but "Grandma" Slaven's presence to make all seem homelike and comfortable. While her sudden death was a shock hard to be borne by her friends, it was infinitely merciful in that she knew no pain or bodily distress.

Memorial services will be held next Sunday at Marlinton.

A sketch of her life is being prepared and will appear next week.

Memorial Notes.

At the Huntersville Hotel, Wednesday, February 29th, 1888, twenty minutes to 3 p. m., John Randolph Slaven, Esq., died peacefully in the 59th year of his age, after an illness of eight weeks.

This gentleman was widely known in Pocahontas and elsewhere as the late proprietor of the Huntersville Hotel.

He was born June 14th, 1830, in upper Pocahontas, West Virginia at Travelers Repose. His parents were Jacob and Eleanor Slaven, persons greatly esteemed as worthy people, and who reared a very large family of sons and daughters.

It was the writer's pleasure to be acquainted with several members of this excellent family, and more pleasant or attractive persons he has never met anywhere in the extended circle of his early acquaintance. To a visitor at the old home in the Upper Tract, it seemed one of the happiest of households the parents and children appeared so attached to one another.

In early manhood, the deceased was most happily married to Miss M. P. Wooddell in the vicinity of Green Bank. This estimable lady survives her, lamented husband, along with two sons, Oscar and Guy, and two daughters, Mrs. S. L. Brown and Mrs. L. M. McClintic. Changing homes; the perils of war at their threshold; removal to the West and returning; sickness and death of children among strangers rendered their married life at times sad and eventful.

In the earlier stage of the disease, cancerous affection of the stomach, of which he died, Mr. Slaven's sufferings were excruciating, but for the last few weeks he was comparatively comfortable and mind unclouded.

The writer having received a message from him, went at once to his bed-side. Mr. Slaven expressed his views concerning his spiritual condition intelligently and very fully. It was very satisfactory, indeed, to listen to his sensible and judicious conversations during repeated visits, setting forth purely scriptural reasons for the hope he cherished of salvation. "All I can do is take to the sinner's place and receive the sinner's salvation" is among his remembered words.

The writer feels persuaded these words came from his heart, and by so doing our deceased brother committed his spirit to Jesus in such a way as to identify his salvation with the truth of the Savior's word, which endures forever.

No wonder our suffering, dying brother should as his sorrowing wife testifies, "bear his sickness and suffering with the greatest of patience, never murmuring or complaining at times." Nor is it strange his last audible words were "Hallelujah, Glory Hallelujah."

By his request, his ministerial and life-long friend, W. T. Price, conducted the memorial services, on Friday the 22nd. The sermon was from these words, "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." (1 Thess. 5:9.)

Oscar Randolph Slaven, aged 70 years, died at his home in Hutchinson, Kansas, on Sunday, November 9, 1930. His death was not unexpected as he had suffered a number of paraletic strokes. His body was buried in Hutchinson.

O. R. Slaven was the son of the late Randolph Slaven of Pocahontas county. His mother's name was Woodell. He was born at Greenbank, May 25, 1860. His sister is L. M. McClintic of Marlinton. His wife was Miss Etta Kuhn, who with their two children, Mrs Emerson Carey, Jr., of Hutchinson, Kansas, and Mrs. Albert Teed, of Beverly Hills, California, survive him.

Upon attaining his majority, Mr. Slaven went West. He soon rose to a commanding position in the cattle business. He was prominent in the stockyards of Hutchinson, and his operations extended into Kansas, Colorado, Texas, and other states. Mr. Slaven was a member of the Presbyterian church and a Mason.

Nov. 9th 1930

DIED

Oscar R. Slaven, 70, one of the earlier cattle commission men of this section of the state, died yesterday morning at the family home 12 Sixth Ave east following an illness of three weeks duration, the result of a stroke of paralysis. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon from the home with Rev. H. T. Scherer in charge. Interment will be in Fairlawn cemetery.

Mr. Slavens was born in Pocahontas county, West Virginia on May 25, 1860. He came west Iowa in 1883 later to Nebraska and went to Ottawa county, Kansas in 1887 where he was connected with the J. W. L. Slavens Co. Packing company, of Kansas City the first industry of that sort there.

The family moved to Hutchison in 1899 and this has continued to be the family home since. Here he became engaged in the cattle commission business, was interested in ranch land and in 1902 bought and operated the Union Stockyards which he was in charge of up to a few years ago.

He was married in 1888 to Miss Etta Kuhn who together with two daughters, Mrs. Albert Teed of Beverly Hills, Calif., and Mrs. Emerson Carey, Jr., of this city survive. One sister also survives. Mrs. L. M. McClintic of Marlinton, W. Va., who spent some time here last winter.

Mr. Slavens was a member of the Presbyterian church, and of the Masons, Shriners, Knight Templars and Elks lodges. Interested in the city which he made his home over thirty years ago, Mr. Slavens took an active part in its affairs. His business and his home however were the two vital facts in his life and he spent the greater part of his leisure time in his home, where his friends knew him best.

Out of town friends who will be here for the services tomorrow will be Mr. and Mrs. Otho Schmidt of Salina; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Dean and Mr. and Mrs. Kemper Adams of Wichita.—Hutchison News

Oscar R. Slaven

Brother of Mrs. Allie Slaven McClintic

S. L. Brown

HONTAS COUNTY WEST

S. L. BROWN

Squire L. Brown, aged 83 years, for fifty years Clerk of the County Court for Pocahontas county, died at Marlinton, on Sunday, June 17, 1934. Over a year ago he suffered an attack of heart disease. Some months since there was reoccurence of the trouble and he left his office never to return. Burial in the Huntersville cemetery on Tuesday afternoon beside the grave of his wife. The funeral service was conducted from the Marlinton Presbyterian Church by Rev. S. B. Lapsley. The pall bearers were members of the board of deacons: J. A. McLaughlin, E. F. McLaughlin, E. H. Wade, W. L. Davis, J. M. Bear and Zed Smith, Jr. The honary pall bearers were fellow county officers and members of the session of the Marlinton church: H. H. Hudson, M. C. Smith, Kerth Nottingham, R. W. Buzzard, Neal Nottingham, Howard McElwee, A. P. Edgar, T. S. McNeel, R. B. Slaven and Calvin W. Price.

Mr. Brown was born at Greenbank, August 22, 1851. He was the son of the late William L. Brown; his mother's name was Bosworth. During the war the family refugeed to Cumberland county, where they spent some years. Mr. Brown is survived by his step mother, one half-brother, Tilden Brown, two half sisters, Mrs. T. H. Patterson and Mrs. W. A. Gladwell and a step-brother, W. W. Arbogast.

Mr. Brown married Miss Josephine Slaven, daughter of the late Randolph Slaven, of Huntersville. She preceded him thirty-four years, lacking three days.

Away back in the early eighties Mr. Brown came to the county seat at Huntersville as deputy for the late John D. Beard, clerk of the courts for Pocahontas county. In 1884, he offered for the office of Clerk of the County Court and was elected. In every election since then, with but one exception, an appreciative people returned him to the office.

Forty-two years ago Mr. Brown came to Marlinton when the county seat was moved here.

In religion Mr. Brown belonged to the church of his fathers, the Presbyterian. For years and years he had been an officer of his church, and for many years a Ruling Elder.

In short what [illegible] one county could ever more universally [illegible] than Mr. Brown. It was his delight to serve his fellow man. The long and useful life of this kindly good man illustrated the value of thinking of others and of being kind and of doing service.

A Reunion.

Messrs Oscar and Guy Sl[illegible] sons of the late Randolph Slavin, Esq., of Huntersville, are now living in Kansas. These gentlemen, with their families, are visiting their Pocahontas friends and relatives at the present time.

On Christmas day a very pleasant reception was tendered them by their mother, Mrs M. P. Slavin, and Mr and Mrs L. M. McClintic, with whom she makes her home. Mr and Mrs S. L. Brown and Mrs J. H. Patterson were also present. For the first time in several years Mrs Slavin and her four surviving children thus enjoyed a delightful reunion, as rarely occurs in the history of families, or could be more enjoyable, when all the circumstances come to be considered.

Mrs Slavin is not only endeared to her sons and daughters as one of the most devoted and self-sacrificing of mothers, but she is moreover held in highest esteem by numerous relatives and acquaintances for all the qualities of mind and heart that constitute a model lady. Her life's history has been one of changes, blended with pleasant scenes and sorrowful vicissitudes; yet in reference to it all her testimony is that goodness and mercy have followed her all the days of her life. The memories of the recent reunion will be fondly cherished by her as an emblem of a final reunion that makes the future very pleasant and hopeful.

Husband of Josephine Slaven Brown

Josephine Slaven Brown
wife of S. L. Brown
Card.
sister of Allie Slaven
McClintic

B I R T H S.

John Randolph Slavens was born at Traveler's Repose, W. Va., June 14, 1830

Margaret P. Slavens was born at Green Bank, West Va., October 3, 1831.

C H I L D R E N.

Mary Josephine Slavens was born at Traveler's Repose, W.Va., June 9, 1853.

Jacob Lucius ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, Nov. 5, 1856.

John Randolph Oscar Slavens near ,, ,, ,, May 25, 1860.

Nannie Alice Slavens born ,, Green Bank, ,, Aptl 10, 1862.

Oliver Stewart ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, October 8, 1865

William Warwick ,, ,, Traveler's Repose ,, Nov. 23, 1867.

Guy Lockridge ,, ,, near Green Bank, ,, June 23, 1871.

D E A T H S.

William Warwick Slavens died at ~~Webster~~, West Va., April 25, 1869.

Jacob Lucius Slavens ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, May 1, 1869.

Oliver Stewart Slavens ,, ,, ,, , ,, ,, May 9, 1869.

John Randolph Slavens ,, ,, Huntersville, West Va. on the afternoon of February 20, 1869.

Margaret P. Slavens died suddenly at Marlinton, West Virginia, about 5 o'clock, P. M. on February 8, 1899.

M A R R I A G E S.

John Randolph Slavens and Margaret P. Wooddell were married at Green - Bank, West Virginia, August 12, 1852, by the Rev. J. N. Eaken.

S. L. Brown and Mary Josephine Slavens were married near Green Bank, W. Va., December 12, 1872, by the Rev. Joseph Crickenberger.

John Randolph Oscar Slavens and Etta Kuhn were married at Youngstown, O. November 20, 1888, by the Rev. Amos N. Craft.

L. M. McClintic and Nannie Alice Slavens were married at Huntersville, W. Va., December 5, 1888, by the Rev. William T. Price.

Guy Lockridge Slavens and Mae D. Clements were married at Beatrice, Neb. October 26, 1893.

Twenty-Eighth Commencement and Triennial Reunion.

PROGRAMME.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12th.

Baccalaureate Sermon, ... 11 A. M.

REV. T. L. PRESTON, D. D., RICHMOND, VA.

Annual Address before the Y. M. C. A., ... 8 P. M.

BY REV. FRANCIS P. MULLALY, D. D., LEXINGTON, VA.

MONDAY, JUNE 13th.

Meeting of the Alumni Association, ... 3 P. M.

Contest for Medal in Oratory, ... 8 P. M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14th.

Address before the Alumni Association, ... 11 A. M.

CHAS. A. BOWER, A. M., LIBERTY, VA.

Triennial Oration, ... 8 P. M.

GEO. E. NELSON, A. M., BALTIMORE, MD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15th.

Triennial Reunion, ... 10 A. M.

ADDRESSES BY

HON. JOHN PAUL, M. C., HARRISONBURG, VA.

PROF. L. H. HOLLAND, A. M., RICHMOND, VA., AND

A. D. SAYRE, A. B., MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Annual Address before the Literary Societies, . . . 8 P. M.

HON. DANIEL AGNEW, L. L. D., PENNSYLVANIA.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16th.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

If any furt
to the Chairman of the Faculty.
Very Respectfully,

R. C. Holland
Chairman of Faculty.

Lockhart N. McClintic

Pocahontas Co. Courthouse

L. M. McClintic's Home

Law Offices of Lock McClintic

Hunting Camp
on
Williams River

"Let us Pray you"

"Bear Rib"

Some recollections of a Summer trip
to Cranberry in the long ago
and some other thoughts.

The memories of that good old way,
Come trooping up in bright array.
The start from "Lewisburg" with hack and team
It all seems now like a vivid dream.
The ride to "Frankfort" in the coal fresh air
Of the early dawn, and breakfast there,
We're off again at the crack of the whip,
With many a jest and merry quip
"Renick" and"Spring Creek" are left behind,
And some time about, high noon we find
Ourselves a tired and hungry group,
Reaching "Sislers" at the foot of "Droop"
A rest in the shade, the team well fed,
Then dinner with nine kinds of "spread",
And all sorts of things to eat of the kind
Which thrifty house-wives somehow find,
Heaped up in dishes of mammouth size,
Before we learned to Hooverize.
Then over "Droop", the "Levels" pass'd through
We turn "Mill Point" and soon come in view,
Of the place which ends our first day's ride,
Where welcome and good cheer abide.

------o--------

The start next morning, brought into play,
The skill of tieing things on so they'd stay
A pack saddle looks like the old saw buck,
And holds like a bull dog full of pluck,
If the load's secured with the proper stitch
Known out West as the "Diamond Hitch".
Loading camp outfits on horses, to go
Over mountains, is some job, you must know
And failing to tie packs on just right,
They'll fall off before you're out of sight.
I see those packs now, all bound with rope,
As the pack train ascends the "Gentle Slope",
Pitching and swinging from side to side,
Yet holding as tight as the horse's hide

Our order and place, required some heed,
So "Joe" and "Kitty's Colt" took the lead
A place we willingly accorded "Joe"
Who was sometimes just a trifle slow,
And two things happened sure as fate,
If "Joe" got behind, supper was late
The troubles thus missed, would fill a book
For one brought the kitchen, the other was cook
Joe once said-- 'twas a real "Irish bull" stunt-
"I keeps up all right when I stays in front".

------o--------

From "Billy Sod", we climb to "Barlow Top",
And there for rest and lunch we stop,
Four thousand feet above the sea, and more,
With startling views to please the eye, galore.
Then on through forests, so wild and rough,
That the going there was bad enough,
Yet there we had the wonderful sight,
Of Nature in primeval plight,
Spread before us in all her glory,
Beyond description, in this short story.
Reaching "Red Run" we quenched our thirst,
And mixed a drink, though it wasn't the first,
Following the path, so dim and shady
It leads us down to the waters of "Glady",
Then to the "Forks" in time to make camp,
Without the aid of Lantern or lamp.
In time also, for a mess of fish,
Of those spotted beauties--a royal dish--
Quickly caught in the nearby pools,
By skillful use of the anglers tools,
Oh, what a place for camping out!
With three ways to go for the wary trout,
Fresh meat was scarce for the very good reason,
That venison was not then in season.
But what of that. The luscious blackberry,
Grew right at hand in Camp Cranberry.
And pies, Oh my! the "Chef" knew to a dot,
What ought to go in and what ought not.
He baked a pie of such wondrous size,
Too big for the crowd, one might surmise.
But to tell the truth, when dinner was o'er,
There wasn't enough left to spot the floor.

----------o---------

It ended all when the lumbermen came,
The trout disappeared and so did the game.
Gone are the stately Hemlock and Pine
Which grew so tall and straight and fine.
Everything's gone which gave the place charm,
And the weird "Hoo Hoo" of the Owl's night alarm
As it echos back from some deep abyss,
Seems to ask "Who's responsible for this"?
The answer old bird, I'll give to you,
It's just one word, "Lumberman", that's who.
The Lumbermen and the things they do
Have spoiled the fishing and hunting too.
They cut and destroy with furious haste,
And leave the mountains a desolate waste,
Of tree tops and young trees torn and cleft,
Then comes the fire and takes what's left.
"Hoo Hoo, is it lumbermen, say you"?
Yes Lumbermen, that's who, that's who.

---------o---------

MEMORIAL TO L. M. McCLINTIC

At a meeting of the Bar Association of Pocahontas County held on the 14th day of April, 1928, Andrew Price was appointed to prepare a tribute to Hon. L. M. McClintic, who departed this life April 12, 1928.

Thereupon Mr. Price addressed the association as follows:

Lockhart Mathews McClintic, for forty three years a member of the bar of Pocahontas County, was born April 12, 1860, and departed this life April 12, 1928, aged sixty eight years.

He was an able, honorable and upright man and a leader and chieftan of the mountains among which he spent his long and useful life.

He first saw the light of day in the village of Millpoint, W. Va. the oldest of a family of five sons. He came from a long line of Scotch-Irish ancestry. The pioneer was Alexander McClintic who settled in America in the year 1725 bringing with him his family including a son named William McClintic. This son came to Bath County, Virginia, about 1766, and he had a son named William McClintic, a soldier of the Revolution, who was the father of Moses McClintic, who had a son William Hunter McClintic. William H. McClintic married Mary Ann Mathews, the only child of Sampson Lockhart Mathews of Pocahontas County. Mrs. William H. McClintic was a great grand daughter of Major Jacob Warwick of the Revolution and a direct descendant of Col. Sampson Mathews, a colonial county lieutenant of Augusta County.

The five sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McClintic were the subject of this memorial, E. D. McClintic of Seattle, Wash. Hunter McClintic, deceased, Withrow McClintic of Pocahontas County, and Judge George W. McClintic, of Charleston, federal judge.

L. M. McClintic was married in 1888 to Miss Alice Slavens at Huntersville, one of Pocahontas County's fairest and most amiable daughters. There were four children, Miss Mary M. McClintic, and Miss Alice McClintic, and Captain John H. McClintic, of Charleston, W. Va. A young son, George, who greatly resembled his father was the victim of a very distressing accident about twenty years ago from a horse, and died as a young boy.

Lock McClintic as he was known far and wide grew up on a farm. He was trained to farm work. He was tall and broad and hardly knew the limit of his own strength. He was devoted to the woods and was a noted hunter and fisherman as well as a close student of nature, and his love for the woods and streams was never abated through life. He was as much at home in the camp as he was in court.

His people were large landowners and engaged in farming and stock-raising, but it was realized that the love of learning that early developed in the sons called for educational facilities that were hard to provide in that day and time. So the family moved for purposes of schooling the sons to Salem, Virginia, to give the boys an opportunity to attend Roanoke College. It was here that they received the academic education that was well supplied by that ancient institution and Lock and Judge McClintic then took their law courses at the University of Virginia.

L. M. McClintic qualified to practice law in Pocahontas County October 23, 1885, and immediately attained an important practice which he maintained for more than forty years. He held many places of trust and importance but his eminence is due more to his proficiency in the profession of the law. He was a deep thinker, a wise counsellor, and an able advocate.

He was a giant in size and to the casual observer of a rather stern cast of features, but I have always noticed that little children saw him as he was and went to him without a fear. As a matter of fact he had a tender heart and a keen insight into the problems of youth and many remember his kindness and consideration, to them in the days of their youth. I am not so much younger than he but I owe him the memory of such kindness. I remember the first time that I saw him. I was a young boy and I stepped to him and shook hands with him, and I do not think I ever did that as a boy to any other stranger. When I cam to

the bar, he had been practising for seven years and was prosecuting attorney of Pocahontas County, Some law suits gravitated to me. I had never been about a county seat. I had an idea that lawyers were natural born enemies of each other. The suits that had been entrusted to me were highly embarrassing for it has been said that if the blind lead the blind that disaster will overtake both. I took my courage in my hand and laid my problems before the older attorney and he showed me how to go on with them and in a short time I got more insight into the intricacies of the law then much schooling the universities could have given me. A slight rebuff at that time would have turned me away from the noble profession, and I have tried to live up his example with younger men ever since.

In passing it should be mentioned that a strong trait in his character was an inborn hate of cant and hypocrisy. He would get all there was out of a set of circumstances called a law suit, but he never advocated any measure or opinion that he did not fully believe and this gave him a high standing with the judges of the court, and without exception the courts have shown the utmost confidence in the honesty of his convictions. He was not much in the habit of classical quotation but he lived true to one of them, and that is an honest man is the noblest work of God.

He was exceedingly fond of reading. I mean by that the literature of yesterday and today. He was a close student of law with a very extensive library, but in his hours of ease he read continually and appreciated the beautiful thoughts of ancient and modern writers, and this greatly broadened and brightened his life.

I cannot go into infinite detail in this tribute. A book would not contain the noteworthy facts of his life. The imperishable records of the counties of West Virginia hold ample evidence for the work of any historian of the future who would write his life.

He was the senior member of the bar. The president of a great local bank. And elder in the Presbyterian Church. A Mason of many years standing. A kind and indulgent husband and father. A good friend. A worthy adversary. An honest man.

"Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of live is o'er."

On motion adjourned.

N. C. McNEIL, President.

A. P. EDGAR, Secretary.

It is ordered that the foregoing Memorial be spread upon the Law Order Book of this Court.

S. H. SHARP, Judge.

Children of Jack and Allie McClintic

Mary

Mary

George (Pordie)
Hunter
Mary

Hunter
Mary
Pordie

The Faculty and Senior Class
of
Lewisburg Seminary
request the honour of your presence
at their
Commencement Exercises
May twenty-first to twenty-sixth
nineteen hundred and nine
Lewisburg West Virginia

Carnegie Hall

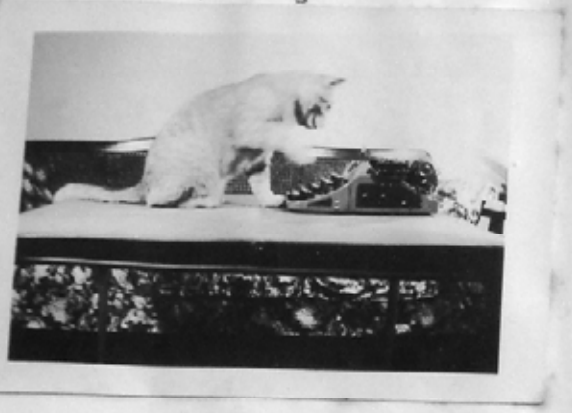
Invitation to Mary's graduation at Lewisburg Seminary

1907

Mary Margaret McClintic 17 yrs.
and her sister
Alice Josephine - 3 yrs.

Ann Davis Edgar Mary Mc — Alice Mc-Clintic

Reuben, Mary's cat



Mary's husband, Sam Henck

Mary Mc-Cl Hen

The Henckes home — It was formerly L.M. Mc Clintic's law office, before an addition

S. N. HENCH

Samuel Nixon Hench, 87, of Marlinton died Wednesday, November 22, 1961 in Huffer's Nursing Home in Staunton, Va., where he had been a patient two years.

Mr. Hench retired in 1940 after serving as superintendent at the Marlinton tannery. He also was general agent for the John Hancock Insurance Company.

A son of the late L. A. and Alice Hench, he was born June 6, 1874, at Pleasantville, Pa.

He received his education in Pennsylvania and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for 64 years. He was given the congregational honor of Elder Emeritus in 1957 in the Marlinton Presbyterian Church, the first in the history of that church.

Survivors are his wife, Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench; a brother, Norman Hench of Agusta, Ark.; a half-brother, Thomas Hench of Charleston; and two sisters, Mrs. Florence Hammer of Bedford, Pa., and Miss Eva Hench of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Funeral services were conducted at 2:30 p.m. Saturday in the Marlinton Presbyterian Church with the Rev. W. E. Pierce in charge. Burial was in Mountain View Cemetery where graveside rites were under the direction of Marlinton Lodge No. 127, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

Mrs. S. N. Hench

Mrs. Mary McClintic Hench, 82, of Marlinton, died Sunday, February 18, 1973, at the Denmar State Hospital after a long illness.

Born at Huntersville July 7, 1890, she was a daughter of the late Lockhart and Allie Slavens McClintic.

She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church and an active Sunday School teacher for many years, and was a retired deputy county clerk.

Her husband, Samuel Nixon Hench, and two brothers, George and John Hunter McClintic, preceded her in death.

Survivors include one sister, Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore, of Buckeye, and one niece, Mrs. Lockhart Moore Wyman, of Gahanna, Ohio.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning in the VanReenen Funeral Home Chapel by the Rev. Willis Cornelius, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.

Birthday party for Mrs. L. M. McClintic, held by her son, Hunter & his wife Jennie in their home in Charleston.

Hunter - World War I

Lock Allie Alice Hunter Dennis Mary

Marguerite Dennison McClintic
and her husband,
Hunter McClintic

Dordie and his chickens

Dordie

Hunter McClintic, son of L.M. & Allie Slaven McC

The Jefferson Republican newspaper carries in each issue a Person
ity of The Week. Last week's issued featured a story about Miss Carr
Lee Gardner Strider, Deputy Sheriff of Jefferson County, who has t
distinction of being the first woman in West Virginia to serve in that c
pacity. The story was quite interesting and we're sorry we cannot repri
all of it. Miss Strider is a sister of Mrs. L. N. Strider of Clover Lick.
Another personality of the last week — and one of our own — was M
L. M. McClintic of Marlinton. The Charleston paper contained a he
lined story relating that Mr. and Mrs. Hunter McClintic had entertain
30 house guests at an open house at their home on Kanawha Avenue
honor of Mr. McClintic's mother (Mrs. L. M.) who was celebrating her 8
birthday, and Mrs. Hunter McClintic's father, J. A. Denison of Stevens
Ala., who was celebrating his 81st birthday.

Hunter and his wife, Dennie

S.N. Marsh, Dennie, Jack Moore
Back row - Mary, Lochie Moore, Alice Moore
Hunter

Tributes for
George (Dodie) McClintic

GINIA, JUNE 8, 1906

FATALLY INJURED.

Young Son of Hon. L. M. McClintic Dies as Result of Fall from Horse.

The entire community was greatly shocked last Tuesday morning when the report was circulated that George McClintic, son of Hon. L. M. McClintic, was dead. Very few knew that he had been injured the day before and even those who knew were not acquainted with the seriousness of the injury.

Exactly how the accident happened no one is prepared to say. He, with his older brother John and Paul Yeager were in swimming in the early part of the afternoon and about two o'clock they started home. George was riding a horse and his two companions were walking some distance behind and out of sight. The two boys heard the horse running and on coming out into the road they found George lying on the ground. He was carried to the house and doctors were summoned. An examination showed that after falling from the horse it had stepped on him with two of its feet and death was caused by internal injuries and hemorrhage. Death occurred about ten o'clock Tuesday morning.

George was a very quiet boy and was the idol of his parents and all who knew him. He was just entering his thirteenth year, having passed the twelfth milestone of his life last January. Funeral services were conducted at the Presbyterian church Wednesday afternoon by Revs. Wm. T. Price, D. D., G. W. Nickell and Geo. P. Moore. As a mark of respect all the business houses were closed during the hour services were held and a large congregation was present at the church. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. Lilies, the colors in which the deceased was held and showing the sympathy of the entire community in which he has a grieving relatives.

A Memorial Tribute

Tuesday, June 5th, 11 a. m. 1906, George, second son of Hon. L. M. and Mrs Allie McClintic, Marlinton W. Va., died in the 12th year of his age, at the home of his parents. On Monday he was thrown from his horse, receiving the injuries that terminated fatally. With heroic fortitude, George endured his sufferings and was calmly self possessed to the latest moments. He assured his devoted mother with his last remembered words that he was praying, and that he wanted everybody to be good. It was a touching instance when the person apparently most in need of consolation, should himself become the consoler, bringing to mind such Bible words as these. "But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the solace of my lips should assuage your grief." Job, 16:5. As the tidings of George's death went abroad, the entire community, old and young were seemingly convulsed by sorrowful regrets, and the manifestations of heartfelt sympathy were deeply impressive. During the time occupied by the memorial exercises all business was suspended, and an immense audience assembled in and about the church, from far and near. The services were conducted by pastor G. W. Nickell, opened by Rev G. P. Moore and Wm T. Price. The immense procession attended the remains to the Marlinton Cemetery, the Pall Bearers being selected from George's young friends and schoolmates. The floral tributes were varied, exquisitely arranged, and too numerous for special mention. Of the hundreds who were present at the burial, none will ever forget the thrilling scene, of that sunset hour, and its tearful associations. Instead of sinking fast, the "latest sun" seemed to pause, and with beams of golden splendor, to point out silently but eloquently the way the ministerial angels on their snowy wings, had borne the redeemed soul of our much loved young friend. So may it be with us all, That when life's toilsome day is o'er
May its departing ray,

In Memoriam.

Lines written to the memory of young George L. McClintic who was mortally hurt by a favorite horse, and soon after died on June fifth 1906, aged twelve years and five months.

Only a boy, and a fair young boy,
With promise of life in view;
So active of limb, so bright within,
So pleasant of face and true.

He moved about among us here,
We met him from day to day;
He sat with the children at the school,
And joined with them in play.

The sun shone on the paths of his years,
With never a cloud between;
But storms can blacken the bluest skies,
Then, Alas! how changed the scene.

A mortal hurt on a summer day,
And the gloom of darkness fell;
Unseen conflict with Death to win
And sadness Ah! who can tell?

But that youthful spirit rose up nigh,
And words of sweet comfort cast,
Such words as are treasured sacredly,
As long as this life shall last.

His simple religion, to be "good,"
What more can the wisest teach?
"I've prayed, Mamma," and we surely know,
That prayer did Heaven reach.

"Tell all the people they must be good,
"They must love the Lord and pray:
"And Mamma don't you cry so much,
"For I shall be well today."

And in the best sense the boy grew "well."
No more to suffer pain;
And nought that this earth can bring of harm
Should trouble him again.

His broken form was gently laid
'Neath the summer sod to rest:
But his happy soul had burst the bonds,
For the holy and the blessed.

A. L. P.

Alice

sometimes valuables are Thrown in the waste basket—by mistake.

Once when Alice had done something she shouldn't have her father said "Alice, if you do that again I'll have to let your mother spank you."

Alice with her mother and father

Alice 3 yrs. old

Alice with Hunter and her mother

Alice and her father

Dear Santa Claus.
I want you to bring me a big
Teddy bear. and a ball.
and I want you to bring me
a dolly. and a monkey
that will climb a rope
and one are to two books
and a jewelry box and a
little knife. and a game
of marbles
Alice M. Cantic

Alice McClintic

West Virginia University

Sixtieth Annual

Commencement

Tuesday, June the Seventh

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN

TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE

MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA

St. Mark's Cathedral
in
Venice

Taken when Alice went with a tour group
To Europe.

While Alice was visiting Hunter and Bonnie in Charleston this picture appeared in the Gazette.

Alice, Allie & Lockie

Marlinton High School Faculty

Bottom Row -
Lola Pritchard — — Alice McMoore
Top Row
— — Arnold Yeager, Principal
Edith May
Francis McElwee

Lockie

Junior Sponsors at a Prom
Alice — Francis McElwee

Alice and Jack

Back row - Guthrie McClintic - Hunter Mc-
Middle row - Mary Hench, Alice Moore, Betty Mc
Bottom row - Lockie Moore Wynnan

Alice and Paddy

Jack Moore,
Alice's Husband

Here's Diddy...

1972

By Diddy Mathews Palmer

The conversation began with a weather discussion and ended, after a more-or-less logical progression of topics, on the subject of English teachers.

It went something like this:

"The weather forecasts printed in local newspapers baffle and fascinate me," someone said. "Like the one this morning. The Gazette reported that there would be 'rain changing to chance of snow'. If rain can change to 'chance of snow,' then what IS 'chance-of-snow'? It sounds to me as if 'chance-of-snow' is an intermediate element that falls from the sky after the rain stops and the real-McCoy snow starts..."

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THIS REMINDED somebody else in the group of a book he was reading. "Speaking of weirdly-worded sentences, why do so many writers fall into the misplaced-modifier trap? This book I'm reading, written by a Charleston author, is full of misplaced modifiers. For example, the author says 'Jane spent all evening talking to people on the telephone that she hadn't seen in 30 years'. . .As I read it, the character in the novel hadn't seen the telephone in 30 years. Why had someone hidden it from her for three decades?"

. . . And this reminded another person of her father's all-time favorite fouled-up sentence—one that he had read somewhere many years ago . . ." The day that the party was to be held that night dawned auspiciously."

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FROM THE subject of poorly-constructed sentences, the conversationalists jumped to words and mispronunciation. Somebody said he had recently heard a TV actor pronounce "halcyon" as "hally-con" . . And another said that in the current TV production of "Elizabeth R", the actress Glenda Jackson consistently uses the dictionary-silenced "t" in the word "often" . . . And another said it bothered him that no one ever pronounced the word "jodhpurs" righ, invaritably transposing the "h" and the "p" to pronounce the word "jod-fers" instead of "jod-pers" . . . .

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So off went a letter to Alice, dutifully relaying the above compliment and urgently requesting further information about her activities and whereabouts.

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW (3)

Subject: Alice McClintic Moore

"If you write anything about me, please do not brag me up as you were doing in your letter", Alice writes from her home at Buckeye, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. "And don't you dare say I was 'the best English teacher Charleston High ever had', as you said in your letter. If you do, I'll drive down to Charleston and BITE you, so there."

"I was not so good a teacher as many others I can name", she continues. "Miss Jo Mathews, Miss Katie Belle Abney and Miss Pearle Knight all were teaching at CHS when I was and they all helped me in many ways. And every year I taught, I learned a little more about how to teach."

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ALICE GRADUATED from West Virginia University (where she roomed with a Charlestonian, the late Florence Lakin Deveny), taught in Marlinton for a year and then at CHS from 1928 to 1935. She married Jack Moore and moved to Morgantown.

"The year our daughter Lockhart, our only child, was born we moved to Marlinton and soon after that, I went back to teaching, at Marlington High School," she said. I continued to teach there until June, 1966, when I retired, but continued to substitute there until last fall."

Lockhart was named for her grandfatehr, Lockhart Mathews McClintic, a brother of the late Judge George McClintic of Charleston. She is now Mrs. Bostwick Wyman, wife of a mathematics professor at Stanford University in California. Alice says that a friend once commented that it was undoubtedly the first time in the history of the world that a first-name Lockhart ever married a first-name Bostwick.

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AS FOR their present activities, Alice and Jack are now obviously enjoying retirement. "We are both well and busy", she wrote. "We have three dogs, we feed birds, squirrels, rabbits, trout (Swago Creek flows through our backyard) and - inadvertently - a few raccoons and possums. Most of the time we stay at home, but we have flown to California to see Lockhart since she's been there. I think of myself as a very active woman. . .I walk dogs on the mountain, swim in Knapp Creek, work a large vegetable garden and, of course, keep house for Jack."

Alice also reads the Gazette every day. She says "I am a great admirer of L. T. Anderson and I also like James Dent and Miss Mary Walton. I've only one complaint about the Charleston paper: they need a proofreader for their Cryptoquip in the Sunday Magazine. Last week, a letter was omitted in a word, and the week before, two words should have been one."

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The Charleston Gazette • Tuesday, March 7, 1972

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The Charleston Gazette Tuesday, March 7, 1972

Alice at school -

Alice and Jack's home

N. J. Moore

Norbert James (Jack) Moore, 75, of Route 1, Buckeye, died Thursday, February 12, 1976, in the Pocahontas Memorial Hospital. He had been in ill health the past year.

Mr. Moore was a retired employee of the Department of Highways.

He was a member of St. Catherine's Catholic Church at Ronceverte.

He was born near Kane, Pennsylvania, May 26, 1900, the son of John and Laura Weaver Moore.

Surviving him are his wife, Alice McClintic Moore. A daughter, Lockhart Moore Wyman, and two brothers, Marion and Harold Moore, preceded him in death.

Services were held at the VanReenen Funeral Home Saturday Morning by Father Edward McDonald with burial in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic Moore

Alice McClintic Moore, 81, of Buckeye, died Saturday, March 29, 1986, in Alleghany Regional Hospital in Low Moor, Virginia.

She was a member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church.

She was graduated from West Virginia University, Middleburg College, and Breadloaf School of English. She taught in Charleston High School from 1928 to 1935. She later taught in Marlinton High School, retiring in 1966.

Born November 7, 1904, in Marlinton, she was the daughter of Lockhart Mathews and Nannie Alice Slaven McClintic.

Preceding her in death were her husband, N. J. Moore, in 1976; their daughter, Lockhart (Lockie) Moore Wyman, in 1973; a sister, Mary McClintic Hench; and two brothers, John Hunter McClintic and George Lockhart McClintic.

Her only survivor is her cousin, Elizabeth (Betty) McClintic, of Washington, D. C., and Swago Farms, Buckeye.

Graveside services were held at 11 a. m. Monday by the Rev. Richard Newkirk in Mountain View Cemetery.

Alice McClintic and Jack Morris daughter

Lockhart Mc Clintic Moore – 6 mos. old

Lockie, 1 yr. old

Lockie Moore

Lockie

Lockhart + Bostwick's wedding

Bostwick's brother, Alice, Betty, Bo sister
Bostwick, Lochie, Jack, B's mother.

Lockie at Wellesley

Lockie wearing her grandmothers wedding dress (Allie Stevens dress)

Marlinton High School Cheer Leaders

Pat Sharp Lochie Janie Sharp Barbara Brumage

Rodie and Bostwick Wyman

ATTEMPTS

by

LOCKIE

I love the sultry heat of summer nights
And yet it lacks the power to drug my soul.
I grow more discontent; each breeze incites
My restive spirit to an unknown goal.

I know not my desires nor their strange force;
I think I search for things one never sees.
I pray I'll someday recognize their source;
Life holds too many unsolved mysteries.

I stand in wind. No longer tame,
My soul will soar from out my frame
To far beyond the struggling world.
It flies forever free--and then,
Despite the heights where it was hurled,
It silently returns again
As after day a flag is furled.

Unless imprinted on my brain
My memories will depart.
And yet, if certain things occur,
Despite time's tendency to blur,
They will return, just as before
Awakened in my heart.

I stand benumbed, completely still
And wonder where and when
This situation first took place.
Remembrance brings me face to face
With things death only can erase--
Though they may fade again.

You feel you understand yourself
But I am filled with doubt.
For turbulence can rule within
While calm is seen without.

You think yourself inscrutable
But I for one can see
Myself in you, and how confused
I know us both to be.

Between unlike emotions
Division 's never great.
Too often blind devotions
Are intertwined with hate.

Pain's woven tight with pleasure
And courage born of fear;
Hard laboring and leisure
Are varied, yet not clear.

When all these things I ponder
I'm thankful for my breath
because I can but wonder
How close life is to death.

You say I am bound for perdition,
And that I deserve endless hell.
Do you judge by your own damned condition?
When did you come to know me so well?

It's useless to blame and abuse me.
When you purse up your lips and you nod
I can laugh. Who are you to accuse me?
We will answer together to God.

Next Page

Mrs. B. F. Wyman

Mrs. Lockhart McClintic Moore Wyman, 32, died Wednesday, November 7, 1973, at her home in Gahanna, Ohio.

Mrs. Wyman was born in Morgantown August 13, 1941, the daughter of N. J. and Alice McClintic Moore.

She was a graduate of Marlinton High School and Wellesley College with a Master's degree from the University of North Carolina, and further work on her doctorate.

Surviving her are her parents, of Buckeye, her husband, Bostwick F. Wyman, and a cousin, Miss Betty McClintic of Washington, D. C.

Services were held Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Willis Cornelius in the VanReenen Funeral Home Chapel, with burial in the Mountain View Cemetery.

Love--the most ephemeral of emotions
It comes, it surges, strikes its peak--
  begins to fade.
Then suddenly, as storms abate, it dies,
Leaving only emptiness and discontent
Accompanied by some small amount of pain.

Some people strive for self esteem
Some fight for freedom's sake.
But I have battled nameless foes
With everything at stake.

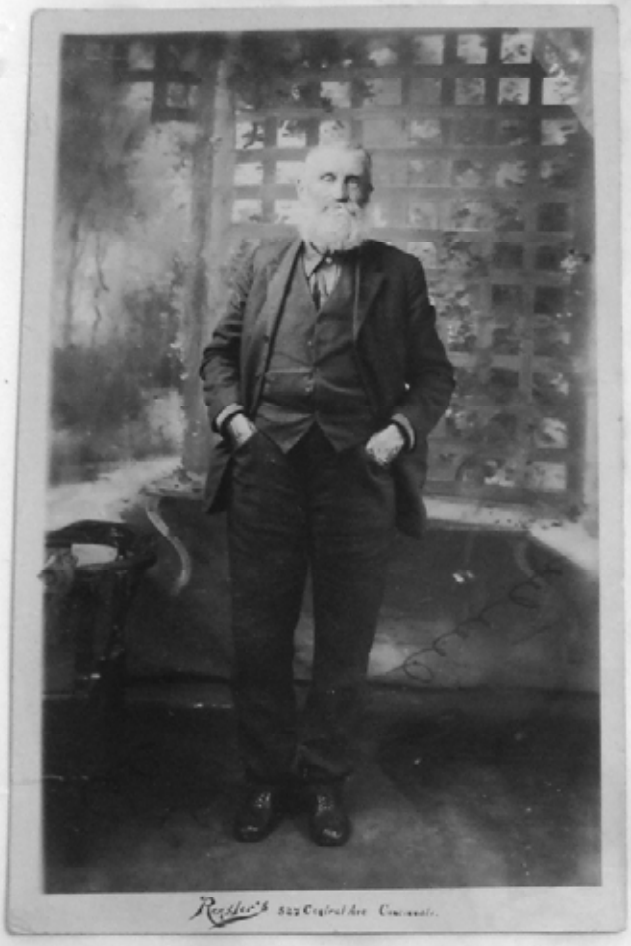
My enemies are agony,
Blind rage beyond control.
So tell me not of earthly fights
When I've fought for a soul.

Lovely upheaval of slumbering life,
Bringer of beauty, new hopes and new dreams,
My spirit exults in thy power to end strife
To transform me like sunlight that glitters
  and gleams
And flashes like diamonds on fast flowing
  streams.

Perhaps in the future when youth has grown
  dim
And I've had my full measure of pleasure
  and pain
I'll write a new song to the fall; but this
  hymn
I'll shout to the heavens till two breaths
  remain
And stand laughing alone in the soft April
  rain.

In Memoriam

George W. McClintic



Withrow Mc Clintic

His wife, Elizabeth (Bessie) Phillips
Mc Clintic

The many friends of Withrow McClintic were surprised to learn that he had taken unto himself a bride. He was quietly married to Miss Elizabeth Phillips last Wednesday at the home of the bride in the upper end of the county. An immense crowd was at the station Wednesday afternoon to see the bride and groom. A reception was tendered them at night at the home of his brother, L. M. McClintic, at this place.

Withrow McClintic

Withrow
Daughter, Hester and friend

Withrow
Dad

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1931

Withrow McClintic Is Called To Rest Here After A Long Illness

Withrow McClintic, Aged 67 Years Passes Away At Home Near Buckeye After Illness Of Several Months—Interment In Mtn. View Cemetery.

Withrow McClintic was born April 22, 1864, at the ancestral hom eo fhis grandfather, at Mill Point, Pocahontas county, the son of William H. and Mary A. (Mathews) McClintic, and died October 30, 1931. He came of a long line of ancestors, both paternal and maternal, prominent and distinguished in the history of state and church in Virginia and West Virginia. His parents moved to the farm at Buckeye in the year 1866 where the deceased grew to manhood and spent his life in the home in which he died.

He was united in marriarge April 15, 1908, to Miss Bessie L. Phillips, of Arbovale in this county.

He made a profession of his faith in Christ at an evangelistic meeting held by the Rev. J. E. Flow, D. D., at Buckeye, and united with the Marlinton Presbyterian church, November 9, 1922. He was interested in the organization of a Presbyterian church at Buckeye and became one of the charter members of the Swago Presbyterian church which was organized, September 23, 1923, and was the first ruling elder elected by that congregation, and upon the dissolution of this church he returned his membership to the Marlinton church of which he remained a faithful member until his death.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Bessie L. McClintic, and one brother the Honorable George W. McClintic, Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern district of West Virginia, at Charleston. Three brothers have preceded him in death, Hunter H. McClintic of Buckeye, Edward D. McClintic, of Seattle, Washington, and Lockhart M. McClintic, of Marlinton.

Funeral services were held on last Saturday afternoon with interment in the Mountain View cemetery.

Bessie Phillips Mc Clintic

JANUARY 22, 1948

Deaths

Mrs. Withrow McClintic

Mrs. Bessie Phillips McClintic, aged 72 years, widow of the late Withrow McClintic, died on Thursday, January 15, 1948, after a short illness. On Saturday afternoon her body was laid to rest in Mountain View Cemetery. The service was held from the Presbyterian Church by her pastor, Rev. Roger P. Melton. Thus is marked the passing of a truly good woman, a life long christian and member of the Presbyterian Church.

Pallbearers were Beecher Meadows, Norval Pifer, Wayne Jackson, Frank Harper, Eugene Ammons and James Howard.

Flower girls were Mesdames Paul Gladwell, Mary Evans, E. H. Patterson, Jess McNeill, Beecher Meadows, Norval Pifer, Ralph Moore, and Miss Louise Smith.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Amos and Phoebe Kerr Phillips. Forty years ago she became the wife of the late Withrow McClintic. They are survived by their adopted daughter, Mrs. Bay McElwee. Of her father's family there remain her brothers, Joseph and James Phillips, both of Pennsylvania.

Robert (Bay) Mc Elwee, wife Hester McClintic and son, Gary McElwee

Hester Mc C. & Bay Mc Elwee married by the Rev. J. - Wood at the Pres. Manse on Oct. 10, 1942
Bay served in the Sea Bees during W.W.II
Their son Gary Patrick was b. Nov. 20, 1946. He married Sandra Morgan and they live in Winter Park, Fla.

Cook & Cooker on Barlow Tab.

judge McClintic and Joe Wilson at camp

in any way.

He was a kindly man. His kindred his neighbors and his friends elsewhere had many evidences of the natural kindness of his heart.

He was a good son and a great help in time of need to his family. As the supporter and protector of his Father and Mother in their old age and last days and the helper and keeper of young and dependent nephews and nieces, he only showed in his quiet way, that he was a man in every good sense of the word.

In many days and weeks, which w spent together in camp, in my home or driving in conveyances, he was always courteous, always thoughtful of other people's wishes or wants, and always companionable and agreeable.

By reason of being engaged in holding a busy term of Court at Bluefield, I was unable to attend the funeral services. If the fates had permitted my presence there, I would gladly have borne testimony to all I h said about as to this good man much more. I could, out of the f ness of my heart, have said in wor which a cold type will not express.

A good man is gone Peace to h

Sincerely
Geo. W. McClintic

FROM JUDGE MCCLINTIC

Editor Times:

I wish to impose upon you and to use some of your space to note the death of Joseph Wilson my friend and woods companion for thirty-five ars, and to express an appreciation of his worth to me and others in

1867, and ear since

A tribute to Joe Wilson, a black friend of the judge.

When they married in 1907, my father took my mother to the hunting camp for a couple of days to show her what it was like.

She never fired a gun in her life. The picture is a joke.

E. K. McClintic

CHARLESTON papers announce the coming marriage of Miss Ethel Knight to George W. McClintic, Esq., of the Kanawha bar, the ceremony to take place on the 19th inst. It will be a home wedding, witnessed only by the close friends of the contracting parties. Mr. McClintic is a native of Pocahontas county, a son of the late Wm. H. McClintic, and a brother of L. M. McClintic, of Marlinton. Miss Knight is a daughter of the late Edward B. Knight, of the Kanawha bar, and a sister of the present distinguished Charleston attorney of that name.

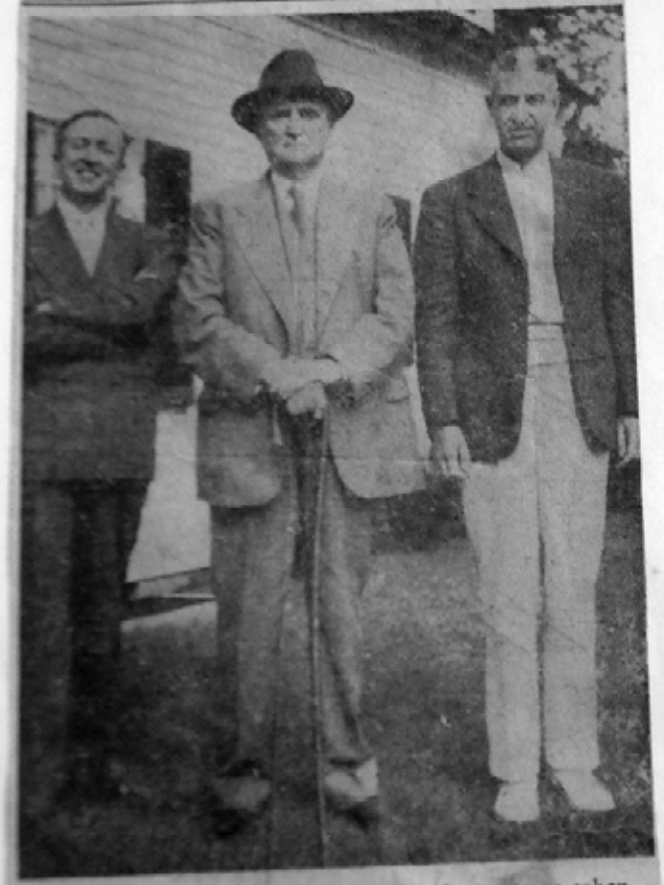
1907

Ethel Knight Mrs. Clintic, wife of judge George Mc. Clintic

judge George and his daughter Betty

VERY SMALL TALK

By DIDDY MATHEWS PALMER



FIRST MEETING — It was 30 or 40 years ago when Guthrie McClintic made his first visit to his parents' native West Virginia to get acquainted with kinfolk in in this state. This picture was taken during that first session in Charleston, which he mentions in his new book "Me And Kit." With him is the uncle who looked at him "as if a termite had burrowed into the clan," the late Judge George W. McClintic (center), and his cousin J. Hunter McClintic (right), whom he envied for his "outrageous red automobile." Guthrie is now one of the country's leading theatrical directors, and the husband of Actress Katherine Cornell.

Uncle Betty + Auntie

Holds Last Court in Huntington

Judge George W. McClintic

HUNTINGTON, Sept. 14.—(AP)—Federal Judge George W. McClintic, for years the presiding jurist in the southern West Virginia district, disposed of 34 cases in holding his final term in Huntington. Another judge to be named by President Roosevelt hereafter will hold Huntington sessions. Judge McClintic will preside at terms in Lewisburg, Charleston and Bluefield. (AP Photo)

Our Judge McClintic

Judge George W. McClintic, of the Federal Court for the Southern District of West Virginia, held his last regular term of court at Lewisburg last week. His resignation was effective at the expiration of this term of court. He now takes a retired position on salary, subject to call whenever his service is required. Thus ends twenty years of outstanding service to the people of his Nation and State, as a true and just judge, able, efficient, merciful, worthy in every respect. What higher praise can be accorded to any man?

Judge McClintic is succeeded by Judge Ben Moore, of the Charleston Bar. He is fifty years old, and a native of Kentucky. He has high standing as a man and lawyer. He has had experience on the bench as Juge of the Court of Common Pleas and Domestic Relations for Kanawha County. The report is that Judge McClintic had much to say as to whom his successor would be. If this be so, and I believe it, I desire no higher recommendation of Judge Moore.

While it is a proper ambition for any lawyer to desire to top out his career in public service as a judge on the bench, I will now confess to the feeling of disappointment I had twenty years ago when the President appointed Lawyer McClintic as Judge of the Federal Court for the Southern District of West Virginia. Of course I knew he would be a great and good judge. However, the State of West Virginia was in a rather poor way at that time; in need of a farsighted and positive man for governor. The then dominant party was not putting forward its best for head man of the State. In short, we, the people, were longing for such an administration of affairs of state as did not come until the election of Governor Kump..three long four year terms later.

At that time, Judge McClintic, as majority leader in the House of Delegates, had proven himself to be the outstanding man of his party and the State. So, I had anticipated his election, to the office of governor, and his effective administration of this our highest State office.

The office of judge is an institution so much more ancient than that of governor, we are all so steeped in Anglo-Saxon lore that we take it for granted a good man will just naturally be picked to fill it regardless. Besides, the ancient office is hedged by tradition, precedent and practice, to be filled by a lawyer whose study, work and experience naturally fits him to exercise the duties of a judge.

As for the comparatively [illegible] office of governor, the [illegible] ...ative of a Stalwart [illegible] ...ery political [illegible]

...lic life to properly prepare one for it. The best preparation for the office is a term of service, and Thomas Jefferson so fixed things for us that a governor of West Virginia cannot serve successive terms.

As I expected, Judge McClintic magnified the office of Federal Judge. He made precedents which will be followed. This is particularly true in the matter of probation of first offenders. He will go down in history of American jurisprudence as the father of this merciful and constructive practice. Then, too, there is the matter of his careful consideration and painstaking investigation of every conviction or confession before sentence is meted out or probation granted.

In dealing with his own case in the matter of his retirement, I think I clearly see fine demonstration of Judge McClintic's judicial temperament. He weiged matters as carefully, impersonally and impartially as if he was sitting on a case in court. He is in full strength of his mental faculties; he is physically able to do the work, and to find joy therein. However, he has reached the ripe age of seventy-five years, and he remarked in effect that often times men became old very fast after this age.

Judge to Speak

Federal Judge George W. McClintic, above, will address members of the Charleston Kiwanis club at their weekly luncheon Tuesday at the Daniel Boone hotel. His subject will be "The Work of the Federal Court."

Charleston Kiwanians are making plans to send a delegation to the international convention June 16-20 at Minneapolis, Minn. One of the delegates will be James S. Conley, president of the civic group. Two delegates and two alternates will be elected "in the near future," Club Secretary Mont J. Carmack announced Saturday.

Entertained at Spa

A large number of people were guests of Oscar Nelson of Charleston at The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, after the cattle sale Saturday at Nelson's Morlunda Farms near Lewisburg.

Pictured above (left to right) are Mrs. Fred Engstrom, Fed[illegible] Judge George W. McClintic and Osman E. Swarts, all of Charles[illegible]

Judge McClintic To Retire Jan. 14

Federal Jurist Is Known For Peppery Charges To Grand Jury

Federal Judge George W. McClintic, best known for his advocacy of probation for first offenders and for his forthright charges of grand juries, announced yesterday he would retire on his 70th birthday, Jan. 14, 1941.

By that time he will have served 19½ years on the southern West Virginia district bench. He was appointed by President Warren G. Harding and began his duties July 25, 1921.

McClintic declined to elaborate upon a brief statement announcing he planned to retire "under the provisions of Title 28, Section 375, as amended, of the United States Code annotated."

To Be Second for FDR

When he steps down, President Roosevelt will have his second opportunity to appoint a federal judge in West Virginia. Judge Harry Watkins of Fairmont, who sits in specified cities in both the northern and southern districts, was the first Roosevelt appointee.

Both McClintic and Judge W. E. Baker of Elkins, northern district jurist, are Republicans. Both also were appointed by President Harding, Baker being the first judge named by the Harding administration.

The southern district, composed of 24 counties, has sessions of court at Charleston, Bluefield and Huntington. McClintic has held court only at Charleston, Lewisburg and Blue-

(Please Turn to Page 10, Col. 6)

Judge McClintic Plans To Retire on Jan. 14

(Continued from Page 1)

field since the appointment of Watkins.

Advocated Probation

Although McClintic has been a staunch advocate of probation, second offenders who appeared before him usually had difficulty advancing satisfactory explanations for their reappearance and habitual violators ordinarily received maximum sentences.

The opening of sessions of the federal court invariably attracted considerable interest because of McClintic's peppery grand jury charges.

In summing up matters to be brought to the attention of grand jurors, he never has minced words and his unusual vocabulary added to the color of his remarks. The judge's words on conditions within his jurisdiction have been widely quoted.

Attended Roanoke College

He was born Jan. 14, 1866, in Pocahontas county and was graduated from Roanoke college in 1883 with the degree of bachelor of arts. He then entered the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, graduating three years later with a degree of bachelor of laws.

After admittance to the bar in Charleston, he became one of the state's most prominent lawyers. McClintic became a junior member of the firm of Matthews and McClintic. The firm, later reorganized, specialized in land litigation, both promotional and constitutional questions.

For a short time before the death of Federal Judge Benjamin F. Keller, McClintic was associate judge. He also served as city solicitor of Charleston and in 1918 was elected a delegate to the state legislature.

Judge M'Clintic Dies at Home

Services Will Be Conducted At Kanawha Presbyterian Church Tomorrow

Services for George Warwick McClintic, 76, retired judge of the United States district court in southern West Virginia, who died at his home, 1598 Kanawha boulevard E., yesterday morning, after a long illness, will be held at 4 p. m. tomorrow at the Kanawha Presbyterian church.

Rev. Warren S. Stone will conduct the services.

The body is to be cremated, and buried at a Masonic service at Spring Hill cemetery, probably next Thursday afternoon with Simpson's mortuary in charge.

Appointed by Harding

Soon after the late President Harding appointed him judge to succeed the late Judge Ben F. Keller, Judge McClintic gained nationwide notice for his decisions in labor injunction cases and his sentences imposed on prohibition law violators.

Judge McClintic was commonly credited with being one of only three of the 84 federal district judges in the nation who consistently and continuously tried to enforce the federal prohibition laws. He and the other two judges—Judge Cochrane in Kentucky and a judge in a Texas district—between them during the '20's and early '30's frequently had more prisoners to their credit in the federal penal institutions than the other 81 judges combined.

Frequently, in one day, he disposed of 125 prohibition cases in his court. His penitentiary, jail and probation sentences ran from 1,200 to 1,800 a year. He used the federal probation system freely, and was largely credited with proving that it could be made to work under adverse circumstances.

Conducted Trial in New York

He was probably even more bitter toward violators of the narcotic laws.

His charges to his grand juries were masterpieces of invective against violators of the prohibition and drug laws, and against any racket that drew his passing notice. He commented freely and scathingly on the conduct of public officials, and backed his words with action when he got betrayers of public trust before his bench.

Judge McClintic figured on the national scene frequently. One of these occasions was when he sat in the trial of New York's famous William Fallon, a leading practitioner of criminal law in the lush racket days of the 1920's. Fallon acted as his own attorney, and he and Judge McClintic staged a battle of wits and tongue that drew to the New York court room a capacity audience for days. Fallon won an acquittal.

Judge McClintic was born in Pocahontas county Jan. 14, 1866, the son of William M. and Mary (Matthews) McClintic, and throughout his life revealed a love of the outdoors that the beauties of his native county inspired.

He was educated in the Pocahontas common schools, Roanoke college, A. B. 1883, and A. M. 1883, and University of Virginia law degree in 1886. He went to Denver and practiced law for two years, before coming to Charleston and forming a partnership with Wesley Maddox. Subsequently, the late [illegible] became the

In his early days, Judge McClintic was a Democrat, but most of his political offices came after he joined the Republican ranks. He was prosecuting attorney of Putnam county, Charleston city solicitor, and member of the house of delegates from Kanawha county, an office he held when he was appointed judge. He was one of the dominant figures in the legislature while he was a member.

The judge was a member of the A. F. and A. M., a Knight Templar, Shriner and Scottish Rite, and a past grandmaster of the West Virginia lodge.

A daughter, Miss Elizabeth McClintic of Charleston, survives.

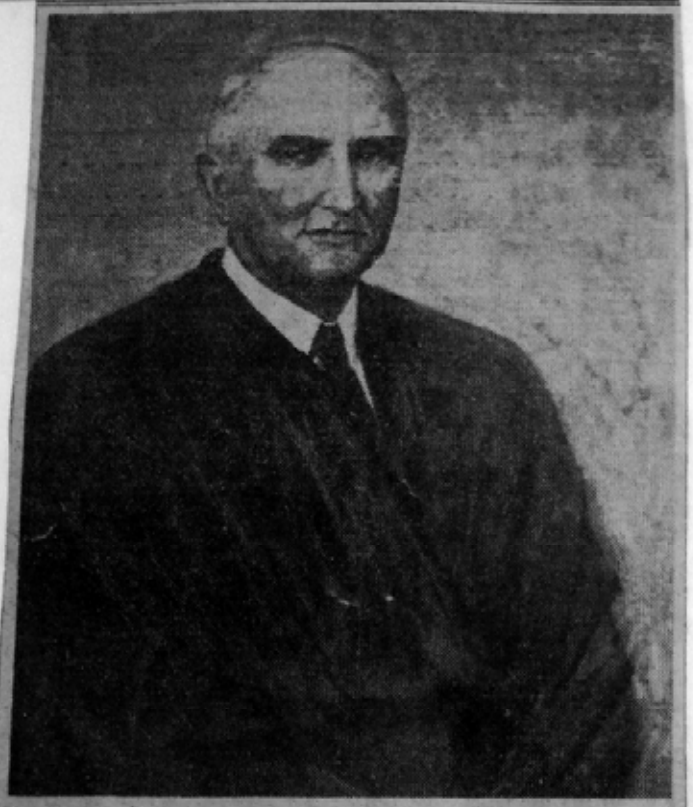
Mrs. McClintic died in 1934, one year before Judge McClintic's health began noticeably to fail. He continued to serve as judge until March 1941, when he retired, but on occasion returned to the bench when other judges in the state were pressed with work.

His successor is Judge Ben Moore, who yesterday said that in the passing of Judge McClintic the "judiciary loses one of its best loved and honored members."

A. Guy Stone, president of the Bar Association of the City of Charleston announced the appointment of the following committee "to pay the bar's respects to Judge McClintic's family, offer the sympathy and condolence of the bar and its assistance, and to prepare a suitable memorial":

R. S. Spilman, sr., Fred O. Blue, former Gov. Homer A. Holt, former Supreme Court Judge Harold A. Ritz and former Kanawha Common Pleas Judge A. S. Alexander.

NOVEMBER 8, 1942



Judge's Picture to Be Unveiled

Shown is a reproduction of a portrait of the late Federal Judge George W. McClintic, which will be unveiled Thursday afternoon in the district federal court room at memorial services. The portrait is the work of Mrs. B. E. Barnes of 66 North Abney circle. Federal Judges Ben Moore, Harry E. Watkins and William Baker, many prominent attorneys and friends and members of the McClintic family will attend the ceremonies to start at 2 p. m.

Betty McClintic

MRS. GEORGE W. McCLINTIC

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary Ethel Knight McClintic, 64 years old, wife of Federal Judge George W. McClintic, who died Sunday morning, August 19, 1934, at their farm on Swago creek in Pocahontas county, after a long illness, will be held at the family residence, 1598 Kanawha street, at 10 a. m., Tuesday.

The family has requested that no flowers be sent.

While Mrs. McClintic was known to be gravely ill, she went with Judge McClintic and members of the family to the farm a few weeks ago to escape the heat of the city. The farm is situated on Swago creek, four miles from Marlinton.

It was thought that Mrs. McClintic would improve under the pleasant rural surroundings but her condition grew worse and death came early Sunday.

Mrs. McClintic was born on January 21, 1870, in Charleston, the daughter of the late Edward Boardman and Hannah Elizabeth (White) Knight. She was educated in private schools of Charleston and at Buchtel College, at Akron Ohio, which is now the University of Akron.

She was married on October 17, 1907, to George Warwick McClintic, who then, and until his appointment about 12 years ago to the federal bench, was actively engaged in the practice of law in Charleston.

Their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Knight McClintic, is a senior at Wellesley College.

Mrs McClintic was an intelligent and cultured woman, attractive and possessed of great charm. Her life was lived in Charleston, except for summer absences for many years and occasional travel. She had a wide circle of friends both in Charleston and elsewhere. She was a member of the Kanawha Presbytelan Church.

Besides her husband and daughter, Mrs McClintic is survived by her brother, Edward W. Knight, and his family, and by the widow and family of her deceased brother, Harold W. Knight, all of Charleston.—Charleston Daily Mail of August 20, 1934.

Elizabeth, (Betty) McClintic, daughter of Judge and Mrs. George McClintic

Property Given For Librar

Miss Elizabeth McClintic, of Washington, D. C., and Buckeye, has presented the McClintic house, pictured above, on Tenth Avenue in Marlinton, to the Pocahontas County Library, Inc. The property is located one block from the Court House and is now rented as apartments. There are two apartments in the house and a small cottage at the rear of the lot. The interior is in good shape and the oil furnace is less than ten years old; some paint is needed on the outside. An architect from the Library Commission will inspect the property soon and make recommendations for any changes needed.

The house was built by the late Jack McClintic, uncle of Miss McClintic and father of Mrs. H. J. (Alice) Moore, who was practicing law in Huntersville when the County seat was moved to Marlinton; he soon tired of riding horseback ten miles each day so moved his family to Marlinton.

Such a nice thing to do! Thank you.

Dr. Arnie Shaw, President of the Pocahontas County Library Board, Miss Elizabeth McClintic, Rev. Thomas Henderson, Member of the Library Board, and Fredric Glaser, of the West Virginia Library Commission.

Hunter Mc Clintic

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 19[illegible]

FATAL ACCIDENT.

H. H. McClintic Instantly Killed By a Falling Tree.

H. H. McClintic, a prominent citizen and wealthy farmer of this county, was instantly killed last Friday afternoon, on his farm on Williams River by a falling tree. He had spent a few days in Marlinton with his mother at the home of his brother, L. M. McClintic, and left for home Thursday afternoon. Friday with William Hefner, an employee, he went to a distant part of his farm with a two-horse team for a load of timber. On the return the doubletrees of the wagon broke at a place in the road opposite where a spruce tree had lodged on other trees. Hefner went to the house for another doubletree and Mr. McClintic remained to watch the team.

He sat down on the upper side of the road near the butt of the lodged tree, and it is thought he must have gone to sleep as the spot was sheltered and the sun warm, and he had lost sleep the night before attending to his sheep. The lodged tree had stood all the blasts of the winter, recently a large lynn had been cut down across it and broke off a piece eight feet long at the butt without bringing it down, and it is hard to understand why it should fall on a calm day. Probably some movement on the part of the victim brought it down. The tree fell and crushed Mr McClintic under it, falling across the back of his head and shoulders, killing him instantly.

The funeral took place from the home of L. M. McClintic Sunday. Services at the Presbyterian church conducted by Rev. Wm. T. Price and Rev G. W. Nickell. A large concourse of people attended the services. He leaves surviving him his mother, Mrs Mary A. McClintic, and four brothers. L. M. McClintic, of Marlinton; Geo. W. McClintic, of Charleston, Withrow McClintic, of this county; and E. D. McClintic of Seattle, Washington. He was 39 years old and unmarried.

In the death of Mr McClintic Pocahontas county loses one of its best and most conservative citizens. He was educated at Roanoke College, and though well fitted for a professional career, chose life on the farm near to nature, of which he was a close observer and student.

He has made an enviable record for honesty and integrity in all his dealing. He owned fine property on the headwaters of Williams [illegible]

Untimely Death

A very sad fatal and [illegible] accident occurred last Friday [illegible] which H. H. McClintic, one of [illegible] best citizens was instantly killed [illegible] his home on Williams river [illegible] falling tree. Mr. McClintic and William Hefner went out to [illegible] a load of wood and having [illegible] the doubletree Hefner returned to the house to secure another [illegible] during his absence a tree fell [illegible] crushing the unfortunate [illegible] to the ground [illegible] funeral [illegible] were conducted by Revs. [illegible] Price and Rev. G. W. Nickell [illegible] remains interred in the [illegible] cemetery. He leaves [illegible] friends and relatives to mourn [illegible] loss. We extend to the bereaved family our sympathy.

There survive him his [illegible] Mrs. Mary A. McClintic [illegible] brothers, L. M. McClintic, [illegible] of Marlinton, George W. [illegible] tic, of Charleston; Withrow [illegible] Clintic, lumber contractor [illegible] county; E. D. McClintic, [illegible] Washington. He was [illegible] and 39 years of age.

Edgar Mc. Clintic, father of the playwright, Guthrie Mc. Clintic of New York.

PLAY DIRECTOR + PRODUCER

'AS COUNTY WEST VIRGI

Death Of E. D. McClintic

A telegram was received here that E. D. McClintic, of Seattle, State of Washington, had departed this life on the morning of October 28, 1929.

Mr. McClintic was a native of Pocahontas county, and was the second son of the late W. H. McClintic, Esquire, of the Swago community, near Marlinton. Of the five sons of this family, E. D. McClintic was the second in point of age. At the time of his death he was about sixty-eight years old. Of the five brothers, W. McClintic, of the old home farm, and Judge Geo. W. McClintic are the survivors.

In his early youth, E. D. McClintic moved to the State of Washington where he was connected as scientist in the United States mint at Seattle, a position he occupied for a great many years. About 1898, he went to Alaska for a short time, but returned to his home and work in Seattle.

During the period of forty years or so since he left Pocahontas County he made few trips to his old home. The writer can recall but one visit back in that time. But he kept up his interest in his native county and in touch with friends here. He has lived a long and useful and happy life and played an important part as a citizen of his country. His early life was spent on the farm. He received a college education at Salem, in Roanoke College.

His wife preceded him to the tomb some years ago. He leaves surviving him one son, Guthrie McClintic, of New York City, a theatrical produ er who is remembered for the successful play, The Dover Road. Mrs. Guthrie McClintic is the famous actress, Kathrine Cornell.

Ed McClintic was a big, broad-shoulder brawny man, a descendant of the McClintic and Mathews families, very much beloved and respected

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas, ease after warre, death after life."

MRS. M'CLINTIC SHE IS EXCEPT ON THE STAGE

Miss Cornell Keeps Work and Private Life Apart.

Every week-day morning at 11 o'clock or thereabouts, in whatever city Katharine Cornell is acting, there will be seen on some quiet, attractive street or boulevard a slight feminine figure dressed more often than not in tweeds or a simple outdoor costume, walking as swiftly as two dachshunds on a leash will permit. Sometimes a third dog will accompany them, a cocker spaniel famed in the world of the theater by the name of Flush. The promenade will continue for an hour. Occasionally the woman will pause to exchange a few words with some other woman who also has a dog or two in tow.

Probably none of the people she will address will know her as one of the leading actresses of the stage, for she seldom is recognized outside the theater. If her stay in a town is long enough for these morning meetings to grow into more than a nod or a smile, she becomes known as Mrs. McClintic.

For Mrs. McClintic, except on the stage of her theater where she is acting, never is seen in public as Katharine Cornell. In fact, her appearances off-stage are exceedingly rare. Once in the proverbial blue moon she may visit a public restaurant and then the reason is obvious: she is entertaining some one who insists on "seeing the town."

When she is in New York, her week-ends are spent in the country in a small cottage an hour's ride from Times Square. From Saturday midnight until Monday late afternoon, Mrs. McClintic reads, sleeps, walks and talks with a few friends whom she invites for the week-end. If there is a concert, she turns on the radio, but generally it is silent. The house is unpretentious, though comfortably furnished. From its windows, the Hudson may be seen. There are long walks through the trees and there are a few neighbors who may be visited informally.

* * *

Occasionally Mrs. McClintic goes shopping. She has little interest in clothes unless they are for Katharine Cornell. She may indulge in what is for her an orgy of buying dresses and then it will be months before she again will enter a store. Once each week she goes to the hairdresser, a concession to Miss Cornell, to have her coiffure set for the stage. This never is changed in style during the run of a play as Mrs. McClintic's fashion of hair-dress entirely is governed by the role Miss Cornell is acting.

Mrs. McClintic never is late for an appointment, which she confesses is an evil habit, since so few other people are on time. She seldom writes letters and when she does her handwriting is difficult to read. Her mail naturally is voluminous and most of it is answered by her secretary. As she sees her letters, it is unnecessary for unknown correspondents to mark their envelopes "personal." When an autograph is given, it is hers, not her secretary's, but she charges 50 cents for this and gives the money to The Actors' Fund. Her reason is two-fold: It helps The Fund and it eliminates those who really don't care about them, but have nothing else to do except collect signatures.

She dislikes crowds and is extremely shy of strangers. She never has made a speech in her life and in this respect she resembles Miss Cornell, who at the most has never been able to say more than "Thank You" when an audience has insisted she say something. Mrs. McClintic has a season subscription to the Philharmonic and when she is in town seldom misses a concert. With her hat well pulled over her eyes, she attracts little if any attention.

She was called Katharine because her mother liked that name. She has no "middle" name as her mother knew she would lose it when she married. She likes Katharine spelled as her mother spelled it. She reads all that the critics write about Miss Cornell, but what interests her most is what Mr. McClintic says about the actress. He, it will be remembered, is the stage woman's director.

Mrs. McClintic reads a great deal, two books every three days is her average and of five volumes three will be crime stories, the others being biographies, histories and novels. She has no hobby. She sometimes plays golf and tennis, but of late she has had little time for either. Once carpentering was recommended as a good thing for the nerves. She bought an elaborate set of tools and spent one week-end in the country sawing and hammering. That was the last ever heard of the saw and hammer.

No one knows Mrs. McClintic's opinion of Katharine Cornell, as she rarely mentions her.

First Lady a Princess

KATHARINE CORNELL.

An unusual portrait of "The First Lady of the Stage" in her role of the Malay princess in Maxwell Anderson's new play, "The Wingless Victory." Miss Cornell brings it to the Nixon next week for what has practically come to be her annual visit to Pittsburgh.

Guthrie, Mary and Hunter

Back row Alice and Hunter
Children of Roberts McClintic

Front row:
Catherine son of Edgar McClintic
Mary Alice daughter of
Robert
Betty daughter of George
McClintic

A TWENTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. Katharine Cornell and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, in Philadelphia, celebrate the anniversary of their marriage. The party coincided with the start of a road tour of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," in which Miss Cornell is the star.

(Photos by Associated Press and International.)

Memories of Alice Moore were written by her.

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!

One of my favorite amusements, as a child, was attending court. Court was held three times a year in our county, and the sessions drew an adudience that comprised most of the able bodied people for miles around. Farmers came to town in the morning, bringing their wives and children with them, and spent the day. Their buying, and selling, and trading were all a part of the incidental activities of court week. I can remember our noon dinner table during court, surrounded by countless and casual cousins from Greenbank and the Levels.

A bell in the tower of the Courthouse summoned the devotees. Everyone came. Even the dogs made a point of being present. A water spaniel, belonging to a friend of mine, answered every tolling of that bell, whether his family wnet or not. Whenever the Courthouse bell rang, he hurried to the Courtroom. He even attended Teacher's Institute until those meetings were moved to the High School. He finally came to be looked upon as an honored member of the Bar.

No wonder Court was an integral part of my life, and the life of my friends: Our fathers were lawyers; our uncles, clerks; and our sisters, stenographers. Our houses were grouped around the CourtHouse. We were so close to that building and the adjacent jail that our voices carried easily from one to the other Sometimes they carried too easily. An old man who had worked for us was frequently incarcerated because of his fondness for corn liquor. His cries from the jail window were audible, and usually efficacious. "Oh Lord, Oh Lock" He would wail." Come and get me out of this place." My father and the Lord were both omniscient in Bill's mind, - only my father was a more present help, since he invariably bailed Bill out, and the Lord, seemingly, never paid much attention to him.

We used to bet on the outcome of thetrials, and argue over our fathers' p owers. Each believed her father to be more eloquent and more persuasive than the others. Since they were often opposed, defending and prosecuting, we were at war, too. One of my good friends and I battled over a murder case for years. And this day I don't care whether the man was acquited or not, I still believe he killed his wife!

When we went to court we did not sit back in the benches provided for the on lookers. No sir, we sat up front with the lawyers. We were a part of the Cour Women, Children and dogs, all cluttered up the bar. We were pretty well behaved, on the whole, quiet and attentive; but not so the dogs. Our Tackel, and Mr. Hill's Rowdy did not care for each other. They were both Airedales, somewhat elderly and set in their ways. In the midst of an important point in a case they were likely to start growling and stalk, stiff - legged, around each other. Sometimes the fight could be averted, but occassionally there was an added attraction in the Court Room - an honest to goodness dog fight. It was unfortunate, of course, when these little disturbances broke the continuity of a trial. It was after one such fracas that the judge threatened to fine my father and Mr. Hill for contempt of court if they brought those damn dogs into the Courtroom again. Poor Tackel! he had to be tied upon court days, thereafter. It nearly broke his heart.

Arson, larceny, and manslaughter were a part of my vocabulary when I was still a baby. We followed the procedure of the courtroom and tried cases ourselves. They were never very successful, however, because we could not find, in our number, an impartial judge.

We were all secretly desirous of being called as witnesses. Once my hopes were almost realized. A man broke into our house one night and was about to set our house on fire when my sister surprised him. When he was tried I felt certain I would at last receive the coveted summons. I was the envy of my friends. But the trial was carried on, and a conviction secured, without my assistance. I was insulted; and besides my chinchilla coat, a variety of clothe, don't misunderstand me, which had been soaked with kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

Since our town had no movies and few plays, the courtroom took the place of the theatre with us. When the curtain rose on an exciting trial we would be in our box seats, the chairs to the right of the Judge. Those were our usual places, although during one June term I sat on the open window right beside the jury box. What a week that was; I was almost on the Jury! We remained in our seats straight trhough the performance until noon recess. Then we went home to dinnr r and heard our fathers' comments on the mornings events. When the afternoon session convened we aired our fathers' opinions with the aplomb of veteran jurists. We weighed the evidence presented with infinite care and patience; and we decided the cases long before the foreman of the Jury had hand ed his lettle slip of paper to the clerk. The outcome of a trial held for us the same fascination that a football score holds for a modern child. The tense hours of waiting for the verdict are as real to us, even yet, as the hole in my stocking today.

Of course, it might be supposed that our constant attendance in a courtroom would result in some damage to our character. Not so, the judge and the court, no doubt flattered by our frank admiration and regular attendance, kept a strict watch upon our morals. Whenever there was anything of a questionable nature to be introducted into the evidence the judge would make his announcement. "All ladies and children must leave the courtroom." And Annie Lange, the town hussy, was always the first to depart!

Music - and the Child

I spent my childhood and grew up in a small town. That phrase, grew up, is literally true, for when I grew I didn't fool around with inches, I grew by the yard, and finally attained a mature height which is still regarded as phenomenal; and which is not altogether unrelated to my m sical life, especially the recitals.

In that age and town no female of the species was regarded as a lady unless she had taken, or was taking, music lessons. By music lessons we meant piano lessons. The other musical instruments were sublimely disregarded. My mother, of course, was determined that my social attainments should compare favorably with my friends'. She was even ambitious for me. Once she told me that her joy would know no bounds if someday I could take cousin Grace's place at the Presbyterian Church and play for services!

The question of ability, or talent, or inclination did not enter into consideration. To the society of the town music lessons were in the same category with spelling lessons. They were a necessary part of every young girls training. To me, they were in the same class with calomel. Only, instead of taking them twice a year, I had a dose twice a week. The only time I laid a finger on the piano was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my mother mentioned the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key" means; but I can entertain myself when I am sure I am alone.

Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in oru work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all talented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up, if Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occassion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolets and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were prodeced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for their surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the signs of its former occuptations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possessed of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "church" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," Twenty Cents an Hours," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability, the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax, at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage, and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellious at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is taken, an official vote, in a regular election, and the outcome is always the same; -Cows are allowed to walk the streets of Marlinton unaccompanied. The county paper carries the headline, "Cows Win Again!"

The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising. Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing dedidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences surround their property. Gates are sometimes left open by careless people, and the indictment has been made, too, that several cows have opened gates themselves. Each time a resident arises in the morning and finds his spinach devoured, the Antis gain a convert, and the fighting breaks out afresh.

A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to development. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!

Edgar Family Started R

Capt. Thomas Edgar Built His Home at S

BY GEORGE W. McCLINTIC.

Thomas Edgar was born in Bedford County, Virginia, on the 27th day of September, 1750. His father was George Edgar, and his mother was Elizabeth Edgar. Just when he came to Greenbrier County is not clear to me, but I do know he was there as early as 1780. He then filled the very important office of County Surveyor. In those days a County Surveyor was appointed by the president and professors of the College of William and Mary, but each one was usually recommended by the County Court of the County. This office required a real mathematical education.

The following appears in the record book of Greenbrier County:

"At Court of Quarter Session Began and Held for the County of Greenbrier August 17, 1784; Thomas Edgar came into court and resigns his office of surveyor of the county; whereupon the Court recommended, according to law, Alexander Welch to the Honorable the President and Professors of the College of William and Mary as a proper person for such office."

As the culmination of the 150th anniversary of the formation of Greenbrier County draws, the county was formed in 1778, and it seems that Thomas Edgar was the first Surveyor of Greenbrier County.

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It is not generally known to this generation that the territory now Lewisburg apparently was once a lake. There were no trees on that part called the "Savannah." No clearing was necessary, unless for the purpose of clearing out a greater or less thicket of small brush, such as hazelnut, thorn and willow bushes. Around this territory the forest trees were thick, but they ceased abruptly at the high-water mark of the ancient lake bed.

Captain Edgar did survey a forty-acre square, and the square was divided into half-acre lots and sold. The original trustees of the Town of Lewisburg, of which Thomas Edgar was one, were covered to withhold the title to a lot until the purchaser had built a cabin fifteen feet square, with a stone chimney. It is said that Captain Matthew Arbuckle bought one of these lots and built his cabin as a nucleus for the town.

Thomas Edgar lived four miles from the Town of Lewisburg on the lands upon which the City of Ronceverte now stands.

In the record of Greenbrier County Court as of February 17th, 1797, the following item appear thereon:

"Thomas Edgar requests the County Surveyor to re-survey his lands whereon he now lives at Mt. Lavernia."

The writer of this article wonders if this is where the name of the Mt. Lavernia Town & Manufacturing Company, which so long operated at Ronceverte, came.

Thomas Edgar married Ann Mathews, daughter of Arthur and Letitia [illegible] Mathews, on the [illegible] day of March 1788. She was born on the

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10th day of October, 1765.

He was a trustee of Liberty Hall Academy, afterwards Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, in 1784.

Among the offices held by him in Greenbrier County was that of Deputy Sheriff under William Renick—High Sheriff, as he was called in those days. He was one of the Magistrates of Greenbrier County for a great many years. He was appointed by the County Court to perform a great many county duties. He was often on a commission to view a new road. He was appointed more than once on a committee to provide for the building of a county prison.

It was quite usual in those days for leading landed citizens to get licenses to keep what was then called an "ordinary." Later the word "tavern" was used, and still later the word "hotel" came into common use. I have seen orders of county courts which licensed persons to keep what was called, in those phrases, "places of entertainment." At least we can say that the "best families" were doing it, and many farmers and landholders got licenses for that purpose. The great immigration West in those days, and for a great many years afterwards, undoubtedly made this line of business, when well conducted, reasonably profitable.

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It might not be uninteresting to say that in those days, and for many years afterwards, the County Court fixed the prices of lodging, meals, wines and liquors. A sample page wherein the Court fixed such things (in January, 1782) is as follows:

"Rate for ordinaries—lodging in feather bed, six pence.
Rate for ordinaries—lodging in chaff bed, four pence.
Wine per gallon—twenty shillings.
Whiskey per gallon—ten shillings.
Hay for horses, twenty-four hours, one shilling, three pence.
Oats per gallon—six pence.
Corn per gallon—nine pence."

Certainly these rates did not allow too much profit to the keeper of an "ordinary."

In the session of the Legislature of Virginia, begun October 18th, 1781, and ending December 3rd, 1781, Thomas Bilgar and William Hunter Cavendish were the members from Caroline County. The action of this session modifies William Hunter Cavendish for the reason that in June he became the husband of Miss Maria [illegible], the then widowed proprietress of the [illegible]

chaff bed, four pence.
Wine per gallon—twenty shillings.
Whiskey per gallon—ten shillings.
Hay for horses, twenty-four hours, one shilling, three pence.
Oats per gallon—six pence.
Corn per gallon—nine pence."

Certainly these rates did not allow too much profit to the keeper of an "ordinary."

In the session of the Legislature of Virginia, begun October 18th, 1790, and ending December 29th, 1790, Thomas Edgar and William Hunter Cavendish were the members from Greenbrier County. The writer of this article mentions William Hunter Cavendish for the reason that in 1804 he became the husband of Alice Mann McClintic, the then widowed great-grandmother of this writer.

Thomas Edgar continued to be a very leading citizen, in every proper sense of the word, of the County of Greenbrier until his death, which occurred on the 15th day of July, 1822.

He was one of the executors of the estate of his father-in-law, Arthur Matthews, who died in 1786. He looked after many public affairs in the government of the county, and continued as a member of the County Court.

Recently the city of Ronceverte honored his memory, and that of the Edgar family, by changing the name of the street called "Railroad Avenue" to "Edgar Avenue."

There is a tradition in the Edgar family that the lands at Ronceverte were granted to Thomas Edgar by gra-

(Continued to Page Eight)

EDGAR FAMILY STATED RONCEVERTE—

(Continued from Page One)

son of his services in the Revolutionary War. This writer has never examined the records, but from his knowledge of th land laws of Virginia, he doubts very much whether he ever received anything more than possibly military warrants, as they were called. State land warrants were paid for at the rate of two cents per acre.

Dyer's Index shows that grants of land were made to Thomas Edgar as follows: Four hundred [illegible] Creek in 1785; Two hun[illegible] acres Rich Creek in 17[illegible]; One [illegible] dred forty-two acres Burn[illegible] 1797; Eighty-three acres [illegible] in 1809; Nine hundred th[illegible] joining Holcsapple in 180[illegible]

All these grants were made in Greenbrier County. The same [illegible] that he had a grant of ninety-th[illegible] hundred thirty acres of land Kanawha River, in Montgomery County in 17[illegible]

The records compiled in the book called "Dunmore's War" shows that Thomas Edgar was a soldier in the Battle of Point Pleasant on the 10th of October, 1774. The family tradition is that this was our Thomas Edgar. This writer has not had the time or opportunity to look up the records of what is termed the "Revolutionary War" and details cannot be given of his service therein.

The children of the union of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar were:

ELIZABETH EDGAR, born July 4, 1780;

1797; Eighty-three acres Spring Creek in 1809; Nine hundred thirty acres adjoining Holesapple in 1801.

All these grants were made in Greenbrier County. The same index shows that he had a grant of ninety-three hundred thirty acres of land [illegible] River, in Montgomery County in [illegible]

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The children of the union of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar were:

ELIZABETH EDGAR, [illegible] 1786;

LETITIA EDGAR, [illegible]

SARAH EDGAR, born [illegible]

MARY EDGAR, born July [illegible]

LEWIS EDGAR, born Jan[illegible]

THOMAS EDGAR JR., born [illegible] day of August, 1797.

ARCHER MATHEWS EDG[illegible] July 2, 1799, and

ANN M. EDGAR, born the 31st [illegible] of March, 1802.

Of the children named above, Elizabeth Edgar married a Mr. Brown and died in Gainesville, Alabama, on June 23rd, 1865.

Mary Edgar married Arthur Walkup, and she died on the 12th day of July, 1831, leaving one daughter, Ann Eliza Walkup.

Letitia Edgar married James Withrow, died on the 9th day of June, 1834. The children of her marriage with James Withrow were James, John, Edgar, Mary, Lucy, Maria, Margaret, Elizabeth, Virginia, Sarah and Letitia. Two children of this marriage, to-wit, James and John, became very leading citizens of the town of Lewisburg.

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ARCHER MATHEWS EDGAR, born July 2, 1799, and

ANN M. EDGAR, born the 3rd day of March, 1802.

Of the children named above, Elizabeth Edgar married a Mr. Brown and died in Gainesville, Alabama, on June 21st, 1860.

Mary Edgar married Arthur Walkup, and she died on the 12th day of July, 1818, leaving one daughter, Ann Eliza Walkup.

Letitia Edgar married James Withrow, died on the 9th day of June, 1834. The children of her marriage with James Withrow were James, John, Edgar, Mary, Lucy, Maria, Margaret, Elizabeth, Virginia, Sarah and Letitia. Two children of this marriage, to-wit: James and John, became very leading citizens of the town of Lewisburg.

James Withrow Jr. married Miss Jane Kinnaid, and had a large family of children, all of whom have passed away except his daughter, Mrs. Ann Montgomery, who lives in Franklin, Kentucky, and his only descendant living in the County of Greenbrier is James Withrow and Nancy Withrow Burks.

Sarah Edgar married Mr. Morris, of Christian County, Kentucky, and the writer is not advised as to any descendants.

Lewis Edgar died on the 19th day of August, 1798.

Thomas Edgar Jr. married Eliza Reynolds. He died on the 26th day of March, 1862, at Natchez, Mississippi. He left descendants: Colonel George Matthews Edgar, Mrs. Ann Edgar Baldwin, Miss Kate Edgar, and James Thomas Edgar, all born in Monroe County, West Virginia.

George Mathews Edgar was born on the 1st day of March, 1837, and died on the 18th day of October, 1913. He married Rebecca Fry on the 14th day of November, 1867. The children of this union were: Gertrude Douglass, who married Dr. John T. Van Sant, of Kentucky; Elizabeth Randolph, who married Judge Orman Somerville, of Alabama; George Thomas Edgar; John B. Edgar; Russell Bliss Edgar, and Graham Edgar.

George Mathews Edgar was a Confederate soldier, the Colonel of the well known, in the Greenbrier Valley, Edgar's Battalion. He was recognized as a very brave soldier, and he fought in many battles. Two local notices were two engagements defe... Lewisburg—one in 1862 and the ... in the spring of 1863; and he was ... Hill, in both instances, with s... town from destruction.

He was awarded a handsom... by the ladies of Lewisburg. H... an rendered valuable servi... Battle of Dry Market. He was ... ly monument for gallantry in ... tle of Cliff Gather.

The courage and efficiency ... Edgar was attested by various reports of superior officers, which are to be found in the records of the War between the States.

Miss Kate Edgar never married, and lived to the extreme age of ninety-three years.

Mrs. Ann Edgar Randolph married Dr. Thomas Randolph, of Somersville, Alabama, and after his death she became

son rendered valuable service in the Battle of New Market. He was especially conspicuous for gallantry in the Battle of Cold Harbor.

The courage and efficiency of Col. Edgar was attested by various reports of superior officers, which are to be found in the records of the War Between the States.

Miss Kate Edgar never married, and lived to the extreme age of ninety-three years.

Mrs. Ann Edgar Randolph married Dr. Thomas Randolph, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and after his death she became a missionary to China and Japan for twenty-two years, for the Southern Presbyterian Church. In her comparatively old age she returned to the United States and lived, for many years, at the Presbyterian Home at Petersburg, Virginia, and died there in March, 1901.

Arthur Mathews Edgar married [illegible] by H. Pearis in Giles County, Virginia, on the 30th day of January, 1834. The children were Henry Clay Edgar, [illegible] on the 3rd day of January, [illegible] who died in infancy on the [illegible] of October, 1837.

Elizabeth Ann Edgar was [illegible] 28th day of November, 1838, and married Lewis S. Creigh on the 4th day of January, 1860. She died on the 16th day of September, 1897. They had one son, Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Alfred Mallory Edgar was born on the 20th day of July, 1837, and died in 1911. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army, and held the rank of Captain of a company. He was in many battles and ranked as one of the best

on the 25th day of January, 1832. Their children were Henry Clay Edgar, born on the 3rd day of January, 1832, and who died in infancy on the 20th day of October, 1832.

Elizabeth Ann Edgar was born the 17th day of November, 1834, and married Lewis B. Creigh on the 4th day of January, 1855. She died on the 10th day of September, 1897. They had one son, Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Alfred Mallory Edgar was born on the 18th day of July, 1837, and died in 1913. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army, and held the rank of Captain of a company. He was in many battles and ranked as one of the best of soldiers.

He married Lydia McNeel on the 16th day of June, 1870. They lived in Panola County. The children of this marriage were Della Howell, who married Frank Raymond; Elizabeth See Edgar, who married Harvey Winters McNeel; Allen Price Edgar, who married Caroline Crouch; George Frantz Edgar, who married Laura Cullum, and Rachel Ann Edgar, who married Moffett McNeel.

Caroline F. Edgar was born the 17th day of December, 1839, and married George Ferry. Their children were William Richard Ferry and ———

Thomas Howe Edgar was born on the 30th day of March, 1843. He was never married. He died on the 26th day of February, 1864.

Celia Independent Edgar was born on the 1st day of May, 1847, and died un-

married on the 16th day of December, 1870.

The last child of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar was Ann Mathews Edgar. She was born on the 31st day of March, 1803. She married Sampson Lockhart Mathews, and died on the 13th day of August, 1870. The only child of this marriage was Mary Ann Mathews, born on the 31st day of October, 1828. She was married on the 14th day of June, 1850, to William Hunter McClintic.

The children of this marriage were Lockhart Mathews McClintic, born on the 13th day of April, 1860; Edgar Dunlap McClintic, born on the 14th day of March, 1862; Henry Hunter McClintic, born on the 14th day of June, 1865; William McClintic, born on the 22nd day of April, 1868, and the writer of this paper, George Warwick McClintic, born on the 14th day of January, 1868. All of whom, except the last named, have passed away.

Alfred Edgar Clough was long a leading citizen in the city of Spartanburg, in the business world and in his church, and was very well known and respected in the whole of Greenville County. He married Minnie Bates, who is still living. The children of these union were: Edgar Bates Clough, Lewis

The children of this marriage were Lockhart Mathews McClintic, born on the 12th day of April, 1860; Edgar Dagge McClintic, born on the 14th day of March 1861; Henry Hunter McClintic, born on the 18th day of June, 1862; Withrow McClintic, born on the 22nd day of April, 1864, and the writer of this paper, George Warwick McClintic, born on the 14th day of January, 1866. All of whom, except the last named, have passed away.

Alfred Edgar Creigh was long a leading citizen in the city of Ronceverte, in the business world and in his church, and was very well known and respected in the whole of Greenbrier County. He married Minnie Betts, who is still living. The children of that union were: Edgar Betts Creigh; Lewis Stuart Creigh; John Preston Creigh; David Betts Creigh; Sarah Ide Creigh; William Betts Creigh; Elizabeth Edgar Creigh; Thomas Frederick Creigh; Charles Stuart Creigh; Samuel Finley Creigh, and Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Two of these have passed away, to-wit: John Preston Creigh and David Betts Creigh. The others have scattered, and are respected citizens in various parts of the United States. Four of them were soldiers in the World War at one time, and I well remember Alfred Edgar Creigh wearing, with pride, the emblem of four stars.

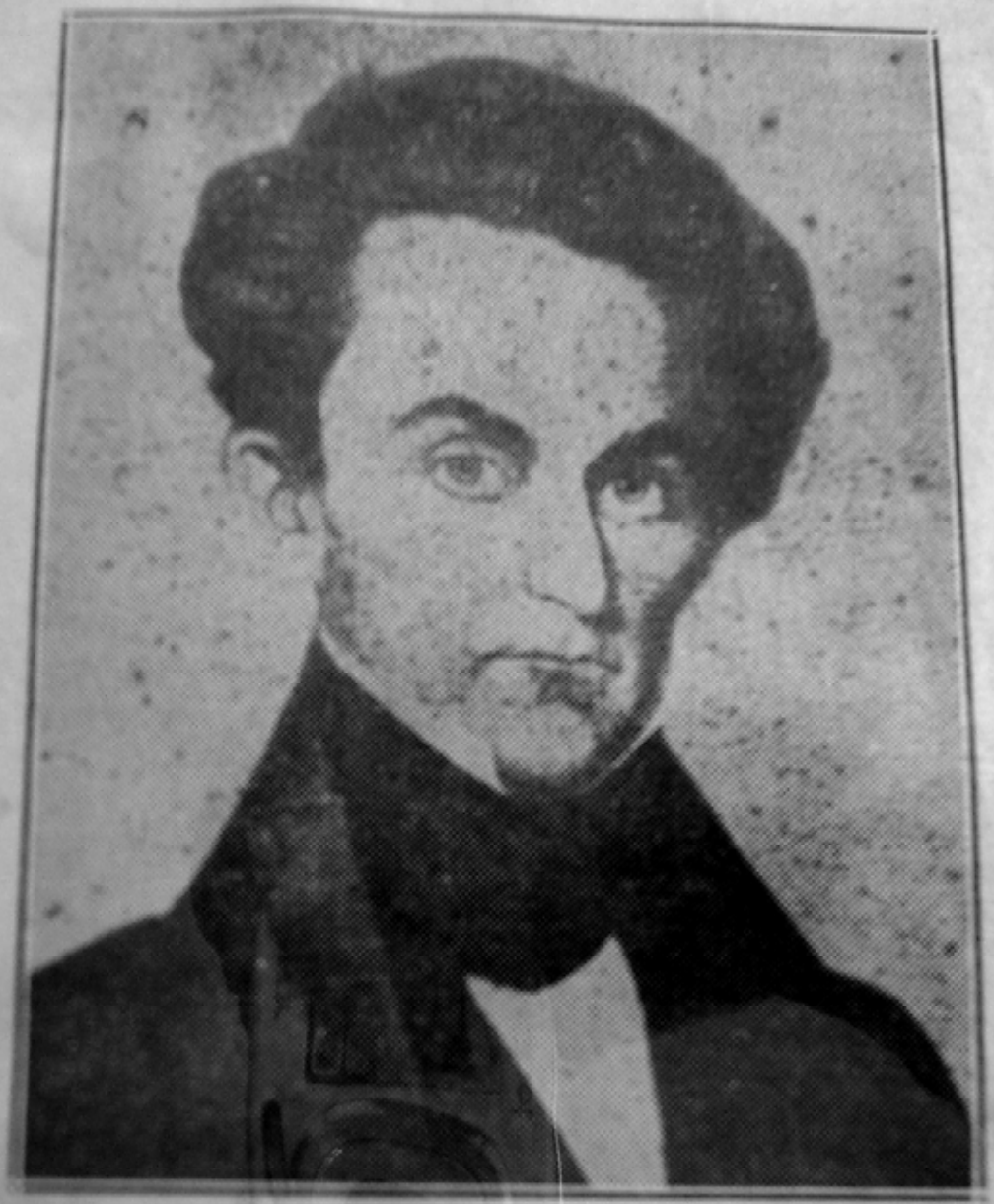
This shows but, in a small way of the life of a man who was very prominent in Greenbrier County from the time of his coming to the date of his death in 1895. It is written without living in it the same self-satisfaction he exhibits that his deserves.

Bette Creigh. The others have scattered, and are respected citizens in various parts of the United States. Four of them were soldiers in the World War at one time, and I well remember Alfred Edgar Creigh wearing, with pride, the emblem of four stars.

The above tells, in a small way of the life of a man who was very prominent in Greenbrier County from the time of its making to the date of his death in 1822. It is written without giving to it the time and attention to details that his life deserves.

He was buried in the graveyard adjoining the Old Stone Church in Lewisburg. His widow, Ann Mathews Edgar, survived him thirty years, and was buried in the same graveyard in 1852.

Many other Edgar connections came to Greenbrier County, and lived and died there, the most notable one being Mary, sometimes called "Polly," Edgar, who became the wife of Joseph Mathews and who was the grandmother of Governor Henry Mason Mathews and Captain Alexander Ferdinand Mathews. Thomas Edgar's descendants have a right to feel proud of this ancestor, knowing that in his lifetime he was a useful citizen, respected and trusted by the people of Greenbrier County.



CAPTAIN THOMAS EDGAR

Born in Bedford County, Virginia, Sept. 27, 1750, died at his home at St. Lawrence Ford (now Ronceverte) July 15, 1822. A leading citizen in the early history of Greenbrier, he was the first Surveyor of the county; was ordered to lay-out a forty-acre square for the Town of Lewisburg, created in 1782, and was one of the original trustees of Lewisburg, appointed by the Virginia Assembly. About 1793, Capt. Thomas Edgar built his home near St. Lawrence Ford (the first house in what is now the City of Ronceverte, upon lands granted him earlier by the King of England. The old Edgar home was located along the stream that parallels Frankford Road, about the present site of the former Bowyer Drug Store building. A marker, just completed, indicates the spot, and will be dedicated Saturday, June 18th, at 9:30 A. M., with Judge George W. McClintic, of Charleston, as the speaker, and who is a distinguished descendant of the Edgar family.

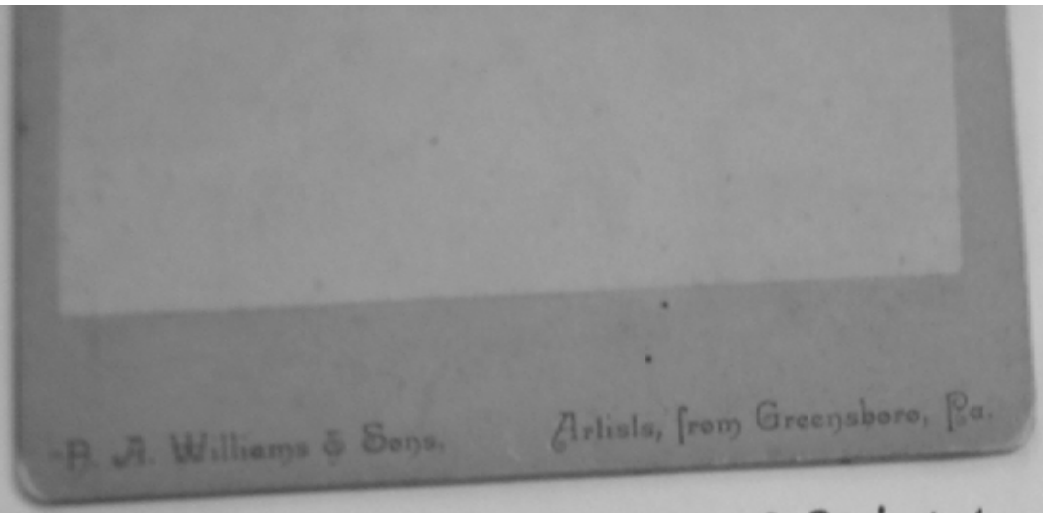
ANN MATHEWS EDGAR

THE EDGAR HOME IN RONCEVERTE.

The old Edgar home passed from that family into the hands of Colonel C. C. Clay, the founder of Ronceverte. When it was built cannot be definitely established, but the above picture was probably taken when it was the home of Colonel Clay. The next owner was the late Colonel Ellery C. Bent, manager of the St. Lawrence Boom & Manufacturing Company. Colonel Bent enlarged and improved it extensively, adding a story and various other additions, including the inevitable round tower so favored in the architecture of the mansions of that time.

Much as the Bents improved and enlarged it, it is said to contain in its structure to-day some of the timbers of the original Edgar home.

When the Bents lived there, and that was from the middle 1880s until several years after the turn of the century, the home called "Edgarton" was one of the popular centers of the social life of Ronceverte. It was an establishment lacking nothing for that time, with ample stables and horses, grooms and attendants. Some of the original property was sold by one of the later owners, but still a spacious place, it is the present home of the prominent Ronceverte merchant, Mr. J. J. Downey and family.



Mary Ann Mathews Mc. Clintic, wife of William Mc Cl[illegible]tic

mother of

Lockhart N. McClintic
Judge George Mc Clintic
H. Hunter Mc. Clintic
Edgar Mc. Clintic
Withrow Mc. Clintic

L. M. McClintic Home
in Marlinton

L. N. McClintic Home in Marlinton
Allie Slaven McClintic and
daughter Mary McClintic Hench

daughter Mary McClintic Horah

McClintic-Slaven.

The marriage of L. M. McClintic, Esq. and Miss Alice Slaven, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Slaven, was celebrated Wednesday morning 5th, inst. No cards. Wm. T. Price officiating minister. The attendants were Misses Minnie Gannon, of Missouri and Lizzie Ligon, of Clover Lick, along with Messrs. D. McClintic, of Ebray and Harry Patterson, of Huntersville. This auspicious event in the society of our town passed off in a very quiet and appropriate manner, and it was difficult to realize that the nuptials of young persons, so widely known and highly esteemed were being solemnized. W.

Married.

At the Huntersville Hotel, Wednesday morning Dec. 5th, Mr. L. M. McClintic and Miss Allie Slaven were quietly united in the holy bonds of matrimony; Rev. Wm. T. Price afficiating.

The attendants were Miss Minnie Gammon of Odessa, Mo. and Miss Lizzie Ligon of Clover Lick, Mr. Harry Patterson, of Huntersville and Dr. McClintic, of Edray.

The bride looked very sweet in a handsome costume of tan colored cloth elaborately trimmed in golden brown plush and brown and ecrue braid.

Miss Gammon was becomingly dressed in an olive green Duchess satin, prettily trimmed in bronze green bugle braid.

Miss Ligon's costume was a dark blue silk, extensively ornamented with bronze bugle ornaments.

The groom and groomsmen wore the conventional black dress suits.

After partaking an excellent breakfast the bridal party proceeded to the home of the groom, where a splendid reception was held.

The bride is well known in society circles as a most charming and beautiful lady, and the groom is to be congratulated in winning such a fair and worthy bride.

The groom is one of Pocahontas' most promising young men. The majority he attained at the recent election to the office of Prosecuting Attorney, is an evidence how he is honored and esteemed in this county.

May their life be as bright calm and serence as their wedding day, and may prosperity and happiness ever attend them.

AN OBSERVER.

L. M

L. M.
Allie
daug

McClintic-Slaven

John Hartley McClintic

John Harter Mc-Clintic

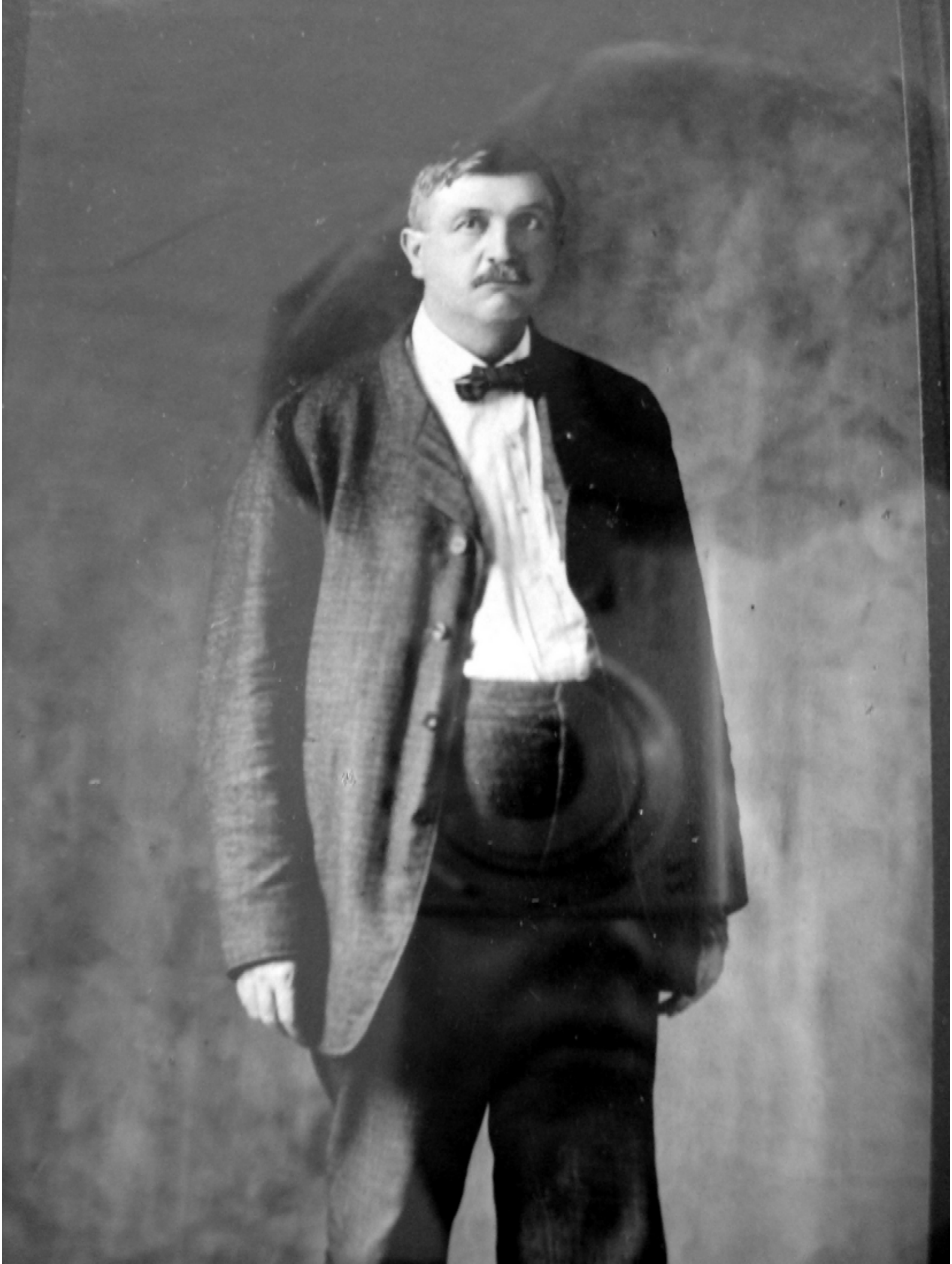
Children of

L. M. and
Allie Sle
Mc-C

Mary
Mc Clintic

Alice Mc Clinti

Lockhart N. McClintic



Allie Slaven Mc Clintic

George
(Bobbie)

John Hunter

Mary Hunter George

Here is Bordie

A four year old Marlinton boy heard the news about the pulp mill discussed a lot and he seemed to take an unusual interest in the conversation for so young a child. He finally ran to his mother and asked her: "What do they want a Pup Factory for, mama? I fought everybody had all the pups they wanted"!

Allie Slaven

Allie Slaven McClintic

Allie Slaven Mc-Clintic

Allie S. (Mc-Clintic

1946

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Last Wednesday was the birthday of Mrs. L. M. McClintic. On April 10, 1862, she was born, the daughter of the late John Randolph and Margaret Wooddell Slaven. So, a party was given by Mrs. McClintic's daughters, Mrs. S. N. Hench and Mrs. N. J. Moore, at the McClintic home in Marlinton. The guests were Mrs G. M. Ervine, Mrs. N. C. McNeil, Mrs. Pearl Yeager and little Miss Lockhart Moore. It was a gala occasion; an evening well and pleasantly spent, going over the times of former years as well as the things of the interesting present.

Mrs. McClintic has spent practically her entire life in her native county of Pocahontas. She states it is Pocahontas for her up to her last day. She mingles with friends and neighbors; keeps a lively tnterest in the activities of her home town and her church. She enjoys the best of health, going about as actively as ever. Frequently she walks down town to shop, to attend various business matters, and the services of her church.

1946.

Birthday C

Mr. and Mrs. S.
birthday dinner Su
Mrs. L. M. McClint
Hench. Mr. and
McClintic, of Charl

Mrs. McClintic Surprised On Eightieth Birthday

With eyes gleaming happily through a mist of joyful tears, and in a voice giving evidence of her emotion, Mrs. L. M. McClintic was forced to retract a boast that she could not be surprised when members of her family and friends gathered unexpectedly in honor of her eightieth birthday on Friday, April 10, at the home of a daughter, Mrs. N. J. Moore.

Atty. J. Hunter McClintic, a son, of Charleston, arrived here, presumably to visit his mother, and as a result of carefully-laid plans, he took her away from home and kept her interested while arrangements were completed and guests were assembling.

Upon her return home, the scene had undergone such a change that in her momentary confusion Mrs. McClintic did not even recognize her daughter, Mrs. S. N. Hench, who was wearing a spring flowered crepe dress and a corsage of red roses, and who met her mother at the door. Other guests who had arrived were gathered in the sitting room.

Large bowls filled with jonquils and forsythia were placed here and there throughout the house, and in the library were red roses, a gift from George W. McClintic. The dining room table was covered with a lace cloth, and bore a center bouquet of the spring flowers, along with trays of sandwiches, cookies and white mints. Mrs. Moore, gowned in a two-piece flowered blue crepe spring dress, looked after the entertainment of the guests; Mrs. John A. Sydenstricker and Mrs. Hench poured, and Mrs. Frank King and Mrs. A. P. Edgar assisted with the serving. Mrs. Richard Currence and her two lovely daughters, Mary Jarvis and Nancy Ward Currence registered the guests. Two card tables were laden with the many gifts received by the honored guest.

Mrs. McClintic, who came to Marlinton to live in 1894, was born during the Civil War at Arbovale in this county in a dwelling known as the William Brown home.

Those who attended were:

Mrs. J. A. Sydenstricker, Mrs. Z. S. Smith, Mrs. O. G. Olsen, Mrs. Ada Slavin, Mrs. Ed Richardson, Mrs. M. L. Coyner, Mrs. J. A. McLaughlin, Mrs. C. B. Moore, Mrs. Pearl Yeager, Mrs. Jack Richardson, Gertrude S. Richardson, Grace Hull Yeager, Anna Lee Irvine, Mabel M. Hudson, Mrs. J. M. Ashcroft, Mrs. June McElwee,

Mrs. J. A. Sydenstricker, Mrs. Z. S. Smith, Mrs. O. G. Olsen, Mrs. Ada Slavin, Mrs. Ed Richardson, Mrs. M. L. Coyner, Mrs. J. A. McLaughlin, Mrs. C. B. Moore, Mrs. Pearl Yeager, Mrs. Jack Richardson, Gertrude S. Richardson, Grace Hull Yeager, Anna Lee Irvine, Mabel M. Hudson, Mrs. J. M. Ashcroft, Mrs. June McElwee, Mrs. Adam Baxter, Mrs. Tilden Brown, Mrs. G. M. Irvine, Mrs. L. C. McCutcheon, Mrs. George W. Sharp, Mrs. Paul Overholt, Mrs. Fred McLaughlin, Mrs. C. S. Kramer, Mrs. L. S. Cochran, Mrs. E. H. Williams, Mrs. Reube McNeill, Miss Edgar Thomas, Mrs. Aubrey Ferguson, Mrs. Anna Thomas, Mary Y. Kincaid, Mrs. E. L. Fenton, Mrs. Frank King, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Mrs. Hycie Callison, Mrs. O. N. Miles, Mrs. W. A. Browning, Aunt Lula Hill, Mrs. P. T. Ward, Bessie McClintic, Mrs. Mark S. Wilson, Alice K. Jackson, Gladys Sharp, Mrs. Mary E. Moore, Mrs. Fred Allen, Mrs. Lewis Gay, Cathleen Vaughan, Polly Gay, Ada Herold, Mrs. E. H. Patterson, Mrs. Grace Lang, Mabel Lang, Mrs. Fred Gehauf, Mrs. E. G. Herold, Sis Herold, Mrs. E. A. Herold, Carrie C. Edgar, Elizabeth E. McNeel, Helen Burner Nottingham, Anne E. King, Elizabeth Hill, Nancy McNeel Currence, Nancy Ward Currence, Mary Jarvis Currence, T. S. McNeel, J. A. Sydenstricker, S. N. Hench, Mrs. E. C. Smith, Mrs. W. A. Bratton, Mrs. Paul Mason, Mrs. Charles Devore, Mrs. Lillie Shifler, Mrs. N. C. McNeil, Rebecca Hill, Josephine Browning, Mrs. J. C. Buckley, Mrs. Lucy Clark, Mrs. Ed McLaughlin, Mrs. S. H. Sharp, Susie Gay, Mrs. J. M. McNeel of Hillsboro, Mrs. W. B. King, Mrs. L. V. Coyner, Evelina Coyner, Mrs. Ligon Coyner of Cloverlick, Mrs. Elva Wilson of Minnehaha Springs, Mrs. James Bear, Mrs. Adolph Cooper, Mrs. Z. S. Smith, Jr., Peggy Smith, Mrs. C. W. Price.

—xxx—

Birthday Celebration

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hench gave a birthday dinner Sunday April 10, to Mrs. L. M. McClintic, mother of Mrs. Hench. Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunter McClintic, of Charleston, were among the guests. Mrs. McClintic received many congratulations and messages of love from members of her family and from friends, wishing her continued good health and many years of usefulness in the community where she has spent the greater part of her life. This good woman is a daughter of the late Randolph Slaven and his wife, and was born at Greenbank, later removing to Huntersville where she was married to the late L. M. McClintic. and when Marlinton was made the county seat they removed here, where Mrs. McClintic maintains her home.

The day was spent quietly, and, according to their custom, the family and their guests attended services at the Presbyterian Church, where Mrs. McClintic holds her membership. This community holds Mrs. McClintic in high esteem and affection, and her friends and neighbors are glad to have her home again after her absence in Charleston during the winter. All united in welcoming "Cuzzy" back to the old home.

Deaths

Mrs. Allie S. McClintic

Mrs. Allie Slavin McClintic, aged 89 years, widow of the late L. M. McClintic, died on Saturday, September 29, 1951, after an illness of several weeks.

On Monday afternoon, her body was laid to rest in the family plot in Mt. View Cemetery. The service was held from the Presbyterian Church by her pastor, Rev. R. P. Melton. She was the oldest member of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church.

The deceased was born at Arbovale on April 10, 1862, the daughter of John Randolph and Margaret Wooddell Slavin. She was the last of her father's family to be called. On December 5, 1888, she became the wife of Lockhart Matthew McClintic, who preceded her in death April 12, 1928. They are survived by their son, John Hunter McClintic, of Charleston; Mrs. Mary Hench and Mrs. Alice Moore of Marlinton, and one grand-daughter Lockhart Moore. A son, George Lockhart, died at the age of twelve years.

Thus is noted the passing of an outstanding life of usefulness and beauty as a daughter, wife, mother, neighbor and Christian.

MRS. L. M. McCLINTIC.

Mrs. Allie McClintic, 89, widow of Lockhart Mathews McClintic, former prominent attorney of Pocahontas county and brother of the late Federal Judge George W. McClintic, died Saturday afternoon, Sept. 29, 1951, in the hospital at Marlinton. She was a native of Pocahontas county and spent her life there. Surviving are her son, J. Hunter McClintic, a prominent attorney of Charleston; two daughters, Mrs. S. N. Hench and Mrs. N. J. Moore, and a granddaughter, Miss Lockhart Moore, all of Marlinton Her funeral was held Monday afternoon at the Marlinton Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member. Burial followed in Mountain View cemetery.

GEORGE A. SH[illegible]

not as bad if Hunter had other clothes on

Mary Mc Herod

Allie J. Mc Curtis

Hunter Mc Curtis

Father of
Allie Slaven
McClintic →

Margaret Priscilla Woodall Slaven
Born Oct. 31, 1831
Died Feb. 8, 1899
mother of Allie Slaven
McClintic

Sudden Death of Mrs M P Slaven.

Our whole community was thrilled with sad surprise last Wednesday afternoon, February 5th, by the unexpected death of Mrs M. P. Slaven, relict of the late Randolph Slaven of Huntersville, W. Va., in the 68th year of her age. During the day she seemed unusually well and had partaken of a hearty dinner. Late in the afternoon she had gone to the wood-shed to feed her chickens and was found in a sitting posture with a half shelled ear of corn in her lap. When her little grand-daughter Mamie came to her she tried to speak, but expired almost immediately thereafter.

Her two sons in Kansas received the sad news by telegraph, and immediately started for West Virginia. Mr and Mrs Oscar Slaven arrived Saturday at noon by way

to her she tried to speak, but expired almost immediately thereafter.

Her two sons in Kansas received the sad news by telegraph, and immediately started for West Virginia. Mr and Mrs Oscar Slaven arrived Saturday at noon by way of the Hot Springs, and Guy Slaven Saturday night from Ronceverte.

The interment took place on Sunday last at Huntersville where, notwithstanding the almost unprecedented severity of the weather, a large concourse of sympathetic friends followed her to her last resting place. The burial services were conducted by Rev William T. Price assisted by Rev J. M. Anderson. The pall bearers were Captain E. A. Smith, Uriah Bird, Esq., Colonel Levi Gay, E. D. King, Thomas C. Courtney, W. J. Killingsworth, and Andrew Price.

We know of no one who has made herself more necessary to her loved ones or who will be more sincerely missed and mourned by her large circle of friends. The highest type of womanly and

King, Thomas C. Courtney, W. J. Killingsworth, and Andrew Price.

We know of no one who has made herself more necessary to her loved ones or who will be more sincerely missed and mourned by her large circle of friends. The highest type of womanly and christian character was exemplified in her life. She was permitted to live to see all her children occupying useful and honorable positions in life, and her last years have been peaceful and happy, her paths made smooth by the hands of her loved ones. Devotion to others was a second nature with her, and one always felt that it needed but "Grandma" Slaven's presence to make all seem homelike and comfortable. While her sudden death was a shock hard to be borne by her friends, it was infinitely merciful in that she knew no pain or bodily distress.

Memorial services will be held next Sunday at Marlinton.

A sketch of her life is being prepared and will appear next week.

Memorial Notice.

At the Huntersville Hotel, Wednesday February 20th, 1885, twenty minutes to 3 p. m., John Randolph Slaven, Esq., died peacefully in the 59th year of his age, after an illness of eight weeks.

This gentleman was widely known in Pocahontas and elsewhere as the late proprietor of the Huntersville Hotel.

He was born June 14th, 1830, in upper Pocahontas, West Virginia at Travelers Repose. His parents were Jacob and Eleanor Slaven, persons greatly esteemed as worthy people, and who reared a very large family of sons and daughters.

It was the writer's pleasure to be acquainted with several members of this excellent family, and more pleasant or attractive persons he has never met anywhere in the extended circle of his early acquaintance. To a visitor at the old

this excellent family, and more pleasant or attractive persons he has never met anywhere in the extended circle of his early acquaintance. To a visitor at the old home in the Upper Tract, it seemed one of the happiest of households the parents and children appeared so attached to one another.

In early manhood, the deceased was most happily married to Miss M. P. Wooddell in the vicinity of Green Bank. This estimable lady survives her lamented husband, along with two sons. Oscar and Guy, and two daughters, Mrs. S. L. Brown and Mrs. L. M. McClim, &c. Changing homes; the perils of war at their threshold; removal to the West and returning; sickness and death of children among strangers rendered their married life at times sad and eventful.

In the earlier stage of the disease, cancerous affection of the stomach, of which he died, Mr. Slaven's sufferings were excruciating, but for the last few weeks he was comparatively comfortable and [illegible] mind unclouded.

dearth of children among strangers rendered their married life at times sad and eventful.

In the earlier stage of the disease, cancerous affection of the stomach, of which he died, Mr. Slaven's sufferings were excrueiating, but for the last few weeks he was comparatively comfortable and his mind unclouded.

The writer having received a message from him, went at once to his bed-side. Mr. Slaven expressed his views concerning his spiritual condition intelligently and very fully. It was very satisfactory, indeed, to listen to his sensible and judicious conversations during repeated visits, setting forth purely scriptural reasons for the hope he cherished of salvation. "All I can do is take to the sinner's place and receive the sinner's salvation" is among his remembered words.

The writer feels persuaded these words came from his heart, and by so doing our deceased brother committed his spirit to Jesus in such a way as to identify his salvation with the truth of the Savior's word, which endures forever.

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...eive the sinner's salvation" is
...among his remembered words.

The writer feels persuaded these words came from his heart, and by so doing our deceased brother committed his spirit to Jesus in such a way as to identify his salvation with the truth of the Savior's word, which endures forever.

No wonder our suffering, dying brother should as his sorrowing wife testifies, "bear his sickness and suffering with the greatest of patience, never murmuring or complaining at times." Nor is it surprising his last audible words would be "Hallelujah, Glory Hallelujah."

By his request, his ministerial and life-long friend, W. T. Price, conducted the memorial services, on Friday the 22nd. The sermon was from these words, "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." (1 Thess. 8-9.)

Nov 9th 1930

Oscar Randolph Slaven, aged 70 years, died at his home in Hutchinson, Kansas, on Sunday, November 9, 1930. His death was not unexpected as he had suffered a number of paraletic strokes. His body was buried in Hutchinson.

O. R. Slaven was the son of the late Randolph Slaven of Pocahontas county. His mother's name was Wooddell. He was born at Greenbank, May 25, 1860. His sister is L. M. McClintic, of Marlinton. His wife was Miss Etta Kuhn, who with their two children, Mrs Emerson Carey, Jr., of Hutchinson, Kansas, and Mrs. Albert Teed, of Beverly Hills, California, survive him.

Upon attaining his majority, Mr. Slaven went West. He soon rose to a commanding position in the cattle business. He was prominent in the stockyards of Hutchinson, and his operations extended into Kansas Colorado, Texas, and other states. Mr. Slaven was a member of the Presbyterian church and a Mason.

November 9th 1930

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O. Conn R. Slavens

...other of Mrs. Allie Slavens Mc Clintic

DIED

Oscar R. Slaven, 70, one of the earlier cattle commission men of this section of the state, died yesterday morning at the family home 122 Sixth Ave east following an illness of three weeks duration, the result of a stroke of paralysis. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon from tne home with Rev. H. T. Scherer in charge. Interment will be in Fairlawn cemetery.

Mr. Slavens was born in Pocahontas county, West Virginia on May 25, 1860. He came west Iowa in 1883 later to Nebraska and went to Ottawa county, Kansas in 1887 where he was connected with the J. W. L. Slavens Co. Packing company, Kansas City the first industry of that sort there.

The family moved to Hutchison in 1899 and this has continued to be the family home since. Here he became engaged in the cattle commission bus

The family moved to Hutchison in 1899 and this has continued to be the family home since. Here he became engaged in the cattle commission business, was interested in ranch land and in 1902 bought and operated the Union Stockyards which he was in charge of up to a few years ago.

He was married in 1888 to Miss Etta Kuhn who together with two daughters, Mrs. Albert Teed of Beverly Hills, Calif., and Mrs. Emerson Carey, Jr., of this city survive. One sister also survives. Mrs. L. M. McClintic of Marlinton, W. Va., who spent some time here last winter.

Mr. Slavens was a member of the Presbyterian church, and of the Masons, Shriners, Knight Templars and Elks lodges. Interested in the city which he made his home over thirty years ago, Mr. Slavens took an active part in its affairs. His business and his home however were the two vital facts in his life and he spent the greater part of his leisure time in his home, where his friends knew him best.

Out of town friends who will be here for the services tomorrow will be Mr. and Mrs. Otho Schmidt of Salina; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Dean and Mr. and Mrs. Kemper Adams of Wichita.—Hutchison News

S. L. Brown

A Reunion.

Messrs Oscar and Guy Sl
sons of the late Randolph Slavin,
Esq., of Huntersville, are now liv-
ing in Kansas. These gentlemen,
with their families, are visiting
their Pocahontas friends and rela-
tives at the present time.

On Christmas day a very pleas-
ant reception was tendered them
by their mother, Mrs M. P. Slavin,
and Mr and Mrs L. M. McClintic,
with whom she makes her home.
Mr and Mrs S. L. Brown and Mrs
J. H. Patterson were also present.
For the first time in several years
Mrs Slavin and her four surviving
children thus enjoyed a delightful
reunion, as rarely occurs in the
history of families, or could be
more enjoyable, when all the cir-
cumstances come to be considered.

Mrs Slavin is not only endeared
to her sons and daughters as one
of the most devoted and self-sacri-
ficing of mothers, but she is more-
over held in highest esteem by
numerous relatives and acquaint-
ances for all the qualities of mind
and heart that constitute a model
lady. Her life's history has been
one of changes, blended with pleas-
ant scenes and sorrowful vicissi-
tudes; yet in reference to it all her
testimony is that goodness and
mercy have followed her all the
days of her life. The memories of
the recent reunion will be fondly
cherished by her as an emblem of
a final reunion that makes the fu-
ture very pleasant and hopeful.

HONTAS COUNTY WEST

S. L. BROWN

Squire L. Brown, aged 83 years, for fifty years Clerk of the County Court for Pocahontas county, died at Marlinton, on Sunday, June 17, 1934. Over a year ago he suffered an attack of heart disease. Some months since there was reoccurence of the trouble and he left his office never to return. Burial in the Huntersville cemetery on Tuesday afternoon beside the grave of his wife. The funeral service was conducted from the Marlinton Presbyterian Church by Rev. S. B. Lapsley. The pall bearers were members of the board of deacons: J. A. McLaughlin, E. F. McLaughlin, E. H. Wade, W. L. Davis, J. M. Bear and Zed Smith, Jr. The honary pall bearers were fellow county officers and members of the session of the Marlinton church: H. H. Hudson, M. C. Smith, Kerth Nottingham, R. W. Buzzard, Neal Nottingham, Howard McElwee, A. P. Edgar, T. S. McNeel, R. B. Slaven and Calvin W. Price.

Mr. Brown was born at Greenbank, August 22, 1851. He was the son of the late William L. Brown; his mother's name was Bosworth. During

son, M. C. Smith, Kerth Nottingham, R. W. Buzzard, Neal Nottingham, Howard McElwee, A. P. Edgar, T. S, McNeel, R. B. Slaven and Calvin W. Price.

Mr. Brown was born at Greenbank, August 22, 1851 He was the son of the late William L. Brown; his mother's name was Bosworth. During the war the family refugeed to Cumberland county, where they spent some years Mr. Brown is survived by his step mother, one half-brother, Tilden Brown, two half sisters, Mrs. T. H. Patterson and Mrs. W. A. Gladwell and a step-brother, W. W. Arbogast.

Mr. Brown married Miss Josephine Slaven, daughter of the late Randolph Slaven, of Huntersville. She preceded him thirty-four years, lacking three days.

Away back in the early eighties Mr. Brown came to the county seat at Huntersville as deputy for the late John J. Beard, clerk of the courts for Pocahontas county. In 1884, he offered for the office of Clerk of the County Court and was elected. In every election since then, with but one exception, an appreciative people returned him to the office.

Forty-two years ago Mr. Brown came to Marlinton when the county seat was moved here.

In religion Mr. Brown belonged to the church of his fathers, the Pres-

Pocahontas county. In 1884, he offered for the office of Clerk of the County Court and was elected. In every election since then, with but one exception, an appreciative people returned him to the office.

Forty-two years ago Mr. Brown came to Marlinton when the county seat was moved here.

In religion Mr. Brown belonged to the church of his fathers, the Presbyterian. For years and years he had been an officer of his church, and for many years a Ruling Elder.

No man ever lived in our county who was more universally beloved then Mr. Brown. It was his delight to serve his fellow man. The long and useful life of this truly good man illustrated the value of thinking on whatsoever is lovely and of good report.

Husband of Josephine Slaven Brown

Josephine Slaven Brown
wife of S. L. Brown
Card.
sister of Allie Slaven
Mc Clintic

B I R T H S.

John Randolph Slavens was born at Traveler's Repose, W. Va., June 14, 1830

Margaret P. Slavens was born at Green Bank, West Va., October 3, 1831.

C H I L D R E N.

Mary Josephine Slavens was born at Traveler's Repose, W.Va., June 9, 1853.

Jacob Lucius ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, Nov. 6, 1856.

John Randolph Oscar Slavens near ,, ,, ,, May 25, 1860.

Nannie Alice Slavens born ,, Green Bank, ,, Apil 10, 1862.

Oliver Stewart ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, October 8, 1865

William Warwick ,, ,, Traveler's Repose ,, Nov. 23, 1867.

Guy Lockridge ,, ,, near Green Bank, ,, June 23, 1871.

D E A T H S.

William Warwikk Slavens died at ~~Webster~~, West Va., April 25, 1869.

Jacob Lucius Slavens ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, May 1, 1869.

Oliver Stewart Slavens ,, ,, ,, , ,, ,, May 9, 1869.

John Randolph Slavens ,, ,, Huntersville, West Va. on the afternoon of February 20, 1889.

Margaret P. Slavens died suddenly at Marlinton, West Virginia, about 5 o'clock, P. M. on February 8, 1899.

M A R R I A G E S

Oliver Stewart Slavens ,, ,, ,, , ,, ,, May 9, 1869.

John Randolph Slavens ,, ,, Huntersville, West Va. on the afternoon of February 20, 1889.

Margaret P. Slavens died suddenly at Marlinton, West Virginia, about 5 o'clock, P. M. on February 8, 1899.

M A R R I A G E S.

John Randolph Slavens and Margaret P. Wooddell were married at Green - Bank, West Virginia, August 12, 1852, by the Rev. J. N. Eaken.

S. L. Brown and Mary Josephine Slavens were married near Green Bank, W. Va., December 12, 1872, by the Rev. Joseph Crickenberger.

John Randolph Oscar Slavens and Etta Kuhn were married at Youngstown, O. November 20, 1868, by the Rev. Amos N. Craft.

L. M. McClintic and Nannie Alice Slavens were married at Huntersville, W. Va., December 5, 1888, by the Rev. William T. Price.

Guy Lockridge Slavens and Mae D. Clements were married at Beatrice, Neb. October 26, 1892,

Twenty-Eighth Commencement and Triennial Reunion.

PROGRAMME.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12th.

Baccalaureate Sermon, - - - - - - 11 A. M.

REV. T. L. PRESTON, D. D., RICHMOND, VA.

Annual Address before the Y. M C. A., - - - 8 P. M.

BY REV. FRANCIS P. MULLALY, D. D., LEXINGTON, VA.

MONDAY, JUNE 13th.

Meeting of the Alumni Association, - - - 3 P. M.

Contest for Medal in Oratory, - - - - 8 P. M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14th.

Address before the Alumni Association, - - - 11 A. M.

CHAS. A. BOWER, A. M., LIBERTY, VA.

Triennial Oration, - - - - - - 8 P. M.

GEO. E. NELSON, A. M., BALTIMORE, MD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15th.

Triennial Reunion, - - - - - - 10 A. M.

ADDRESSES BY

HON. JOHN PAUL, M. C., HARRISONBURG, VA.

PROF. L. R. HOLLAND, A. M., RICHMOND, VA., AND

A. D. SAYRE, A. B., MONTGOMERY, ALA.

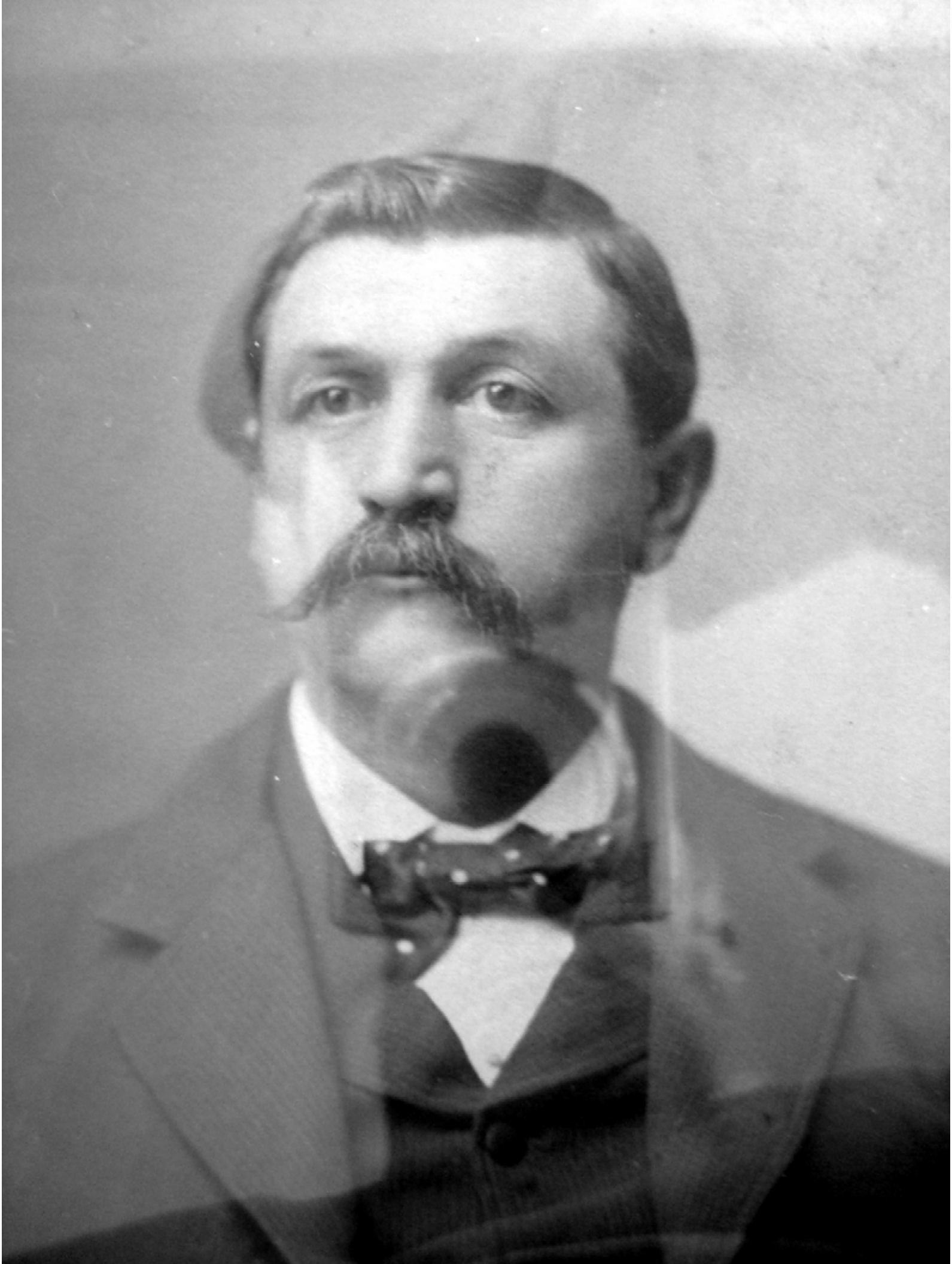
Annual Address before the Literary Societies, - - 8 P. M.

HON. DANIEL AGNEW, L. L. D., PENNSYLVANIA.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16th.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Lockhart N. McClintic



Pocahontas Co. Courthouse

L. M. McClintic's home

Law Office of Lock McClintic

Hunting Camp
on
Williams River

"Let us Show you"

"Bear River"

"Bear River"

Some recollections of a Summer trip
to Cranberry in the long ago
and some other thoughts.

The memories of that good old way,
Come trooping up in bright array.
The start from "Lewisburg" with hack and team
It all seems now like a vivid dream.
The ride to "Frankfort" in the coal fresh air
Of the early dawn, and breakfast there,
We're off again at the crack of the whip,
With many a jest and merry quip
"Renick" and"Spring Creek" are left behind,
And some time about, high noon we find
Ourselves a tired and hungry group,
Reaching "Sislers" at the foot of "Droop"
A rest in the shade, the team well fed,
Then dinner with nine kinds of "spread",
And all sorts of things to eat of the kind
Which thrifty house-wives somehow find,
Heaped up in dishes of mammouth size,
Before we learned to Hooverize.
Then over "Droop", the "Levels" pass'd through
We turn "Mill Point" and soon come in view,
Of the place which ends our first day's ride,
Where welcome and good cheer abide.

------o--------

The start next mornin , brought into play,
The skill of tieing things on so they'd stay

Then dinner with nine kinds of "spread",
And all sorts of things to eat of the kind
Which thrifty house-wives somehow find,
Heaped up in dishes of mammouth size,
Before we learned to Hooverize.
Then over "Droop", the "Levels" pass'd through
We turn "Mill Point" and soon come in view,
Of the place which ends our first day's ride,
Where welcome and good cheer abide.

------o--------

The start next morning, brought into play,
The skill of tieing things on so they'd stay
A pack saddle looks like the old saw buck,
And holds like a bull dog full of pluck,
If the load's secured with the proper stitch
Known out West as the "Diamond Hitch".
Loading camp outfits on horses, to go
Over mountains, is some job, you must know
And failing to tie packs on just right,
They'll fall off before you're out of sight.
I see those packs now, all bound with rope,
As the pack train ascends the "Gentle Slope",
Pitching and swinging from side to side,
Yet holding as tight as the horse's hide

Our order and place, required some heed,
So "Joe" and "Kitty's Colt" took the lead
A place we willingly accorded "Joe"
Who was sometimes just a trifle slow,
And two things happened sure as fate,
If "Joe" got behind, supper was late
The troubles thus missed, would fill a book
For one brought the kitchen, the other was cook
Joe once said-- 'twas a real "Irish bull" stunt-
"I keeps up all right when I stays in front".

------o--------

From "Billy Sod", we climb to "Barlow Top",
And there for rest and lunch we stop,
Four thousand feet above the sea, and more,
With startling views to please the eye, galore.
Then on through forests, so wild and rough,
That the going there was bad anough,
Yet there we had the wonderful sight,
Of Nature in primeval plight,
Spread before us in all her glory,
Beyond description, in this short story.
Reaching "Red Run" we quenched our thirst,
And mixed a drink, though it wasn't the first,
Following the path, so dim and shady
It leads us down to the waters of "Glady",
Then to the "Forks" in time to make camp,
Without the aid of Lantern or lamp.
In time also, for a mess of fish,
Of those spotted beauties--a royal dish--
Quickly caught in the nearby pools,
By skillful use of the anglers tools,
Oh, what a place for camping out!
With three ways to go for the wary trout,
Fresh meat was scarce for the very good reason,
That venison was not then in season.
But what of that. The luscious blackberry,
Grew right at hand in Camp Cranberry.
And pies, Oh my! the "Chef" knew to a dot,
What ought to go in and what ought not.
He baked a pie of such wondrous size,
Too big for the crowd, one might surmise.
But to tell the truth, when dinner was o'er,
There wasn't enough left to spot the floor.

---------o---------

It ended all when the lumb

re.

That venison was not then in season.
But what of that. The luscious blackberry,
Grew right at hand in Camp Cranberry.
And pies, Oh my! the "Chef" knew to a dot,
What ought to go in and what ought not.
He baked a pie of such wondrous size,
Too big for the crowd, one might surmise.
But to tell the truth, when dinner was o'er,
There wasn't enough left to spot the floor.

---------o---------

It ended all when the lumbermen came,
The trout disappeared and so did the game.
Gone are the stately Hemlock and Pine
Which grew so tall and straight and fine.
Everything's gone which gave the place charm,
And the weird "Hoo Hoo" of the Owl's night alarm
As it echos back from some deep abyss,
Seems to ask "Who's responsible for this"?
The answer old bird, I'll give to you,
It's just one word, "Lumberman", that's who.
The Lumbermen and the things they do
Have spoiled the fishing and hunting too.
They cut and destroy with furious haste,
And leave the mountains a desolate waste,
Of tree laps and young trees torn and cleft,
Then comes the fire and takes what's left.
"Hoo Hoo, is it lumbermen, say you"?
Yes Lumbermen, that's who, that's who.

-------o--------

MEMORIAL TO L. M. McCLINTIC

At a meeting of the Bar Association of Pocahontas County held on the 14th day of April, 1928, Andrew Price was appointed to prepare a tribute to Hon. L. M. McClintic, who departed this life April 12, 1928.

Thereupon Mr. Price addressed the association as follows:

Lockhart Mathews McClintic, for forty three years a member of the bar of Pocahontas County, was born April 12, 1860, and departed this life April 12, 1928, aged sixty eight years.

He was an able, honorable and upright man and a leader and chieftain of the mountains among which he spent his long and useful life.

He first saw the light of day in the village of Millpoint, W. Va. the oldest of a family of five sons. He came from a long line of Scotch-Irish ancestry. The pioneer was Alexander McClintic who settled in America in the year 1725 bringing with him his family including a son named William McClintic. This son came to Bath County, Virginia, about 1766, and he had a son named William McClintic, a soldier of the Revolution, who was the father of Moses McClintic, who had a son William Hunter McClintic. William H. McClintic married Mary Ann Mathews, the only child of Sampson Lockhart Mathews of Pocahontas County. Mrs. William H. McClintic was a great grand daughter of Major Jacob Warwick of the Revolution and a direct descendant of Col. Sampson Mathews, a colonial county lieutenant of Augusta County.

The five sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McClintic were the subject of this memorial, E. D. McClintic of Seattle, Wash. Hunter McClintic, deceased, Withrow McClintic of Pocahontas County, and Judge George W. McClintic, of Charleston, federal judge.

L. M. McClintic was married in 1888 to Miss Alice Slavens at Huntersville, one of Pocahontas County's fairest and most amiable daughters. There were four children, Miss Mary M. McClintic, and Miss Alice McClintic, and Captain John H. McClintic, of Charleston, W. Va.

daughters. There were four children, [illegible] and Miss
Alice McClintic, and Captain John H. McClintic, of Charleston, W. Va.
A young son, George, who greatly resembled his father was the victim
of a very distressing accident about twenty years ago from a horse,
and died as a young boy.

Lock McClintic as he was known far and wide grew up on a farm. He was trained to farm work. He was tall and broad and hardly knew the limit of his own strength. He was devoted to the woods and was a noted hunter and fisherman as well as a close student of nature, and his love for the woods and streams was never abated through life. He was as much at home in the camp as he was in court.

His people were large landowners and engaged in farming and stock-raising, but it was realized that the love of learning that early developed in the sons called for educational facilities that were hard to provide in that day and time. So the family moved for purposes of schooling the sons to Salem, Virginia, to give the boys an opportunity to attend Roanoke College. It was here that they received the academic education that was well supplied by that ancient institution and Lock and Judge McClintic then took their law courses at the University of Virginia.

L. M. McClintic qualified to practice law in Pocahontas County October 23, 1885, and immediately attained an important practice which he maintained for more than forty years. He held many places of trust and importance but his eminence is due more to his proficiency in the profession of the law. He was a deep thinker, a wise counsellor, and an able advocate.

He was a giant in size and to the casual observer of a rather stern cast of features, but I have always noticed that little children saw him as he was and went to him without a fear. As a matter of fact he had a tender heart and a keen insight into the problems of youth and many remember his kindness and consideration, to them in the days of their youth. I am not so much younger than he but I owe him the memory of such kindness. I remember the first time that I saw him. I was a young boy and I stepped to him and shook hands with him, and I do not think I ever did that as a boy to any other stranger. When I cam to

the bar, he had been practising for seven years and was prosecuting attorney of Pocahontas County, Some law suits gravitated to me. I had never been about a county seat. I had an idea that lawyers were natural born enemies of each other. The suits that had been entrusted to me were highly embarrassing for it has been said that if the blind lead the blind that disaster will overtake both. I took my courage in my hand and laid my problems before the older attorney and he showed me how to go on with them and in a short time I got more insight into the intricacies of the law then much schooling the universities could have given me. A slight rebuff at that time would have turned me away from the noble profession, and I have tried to live up his example with younger men ever since.

In passing it should be mentioned that a strong trait in his character was an inborn hate of cant and hypocrisy. He would get all there was out of a set of circumstances called a law suit, but he never advocated any measure or opinion that he did not fully believe and this gave him a high standing with the judges of the court, and without exception the courts have shown the utmost confidence in the honesty of his convictions. He was not much in the habit of classical quotation but he lived true to one of them, and that is an honest man is the noblest work of God.

He was exceedingly fond of reading. I mean by that the literature of yesterday and today. He was a close student of law with a very extensive library, but in his hours of ease he read continually and appreciated the beautiful thoughts of ancient and modern writers, and this greatly broadened and brightened his life.

I cannot go into infinite detail in this tribute. A book would not contain the noteworthy facts of his life. The imperishable records of the counties of West Virginia hold ample evidence for the work of any historian of the future who would write his life.

He was the senior member of the bar. The president of a great local bank. And elder in the Presbyterian Church. A Mason of many years standing. A kind and indulgent husband and father. A good friend. A worthy adversary. An honest man.

"Rich in saving common-sense,

not contain the [illegible] records of the counties of West Virginia hold ample evidence for the work of any historian of the future who would write his life.

He was the senior member of the bar. The president of a great local bank. And elder in the Presbyterian Church. A Mason of many years standing. A kind and indulgent husband and father. A good friend. A worthy adversary. An honest man.

"Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of live is o'er."

On motion adjourned.

N. C. McNEIL, President.

A. P. EDGAR, Secretary.

It is ordered that the foregoing Memorial be spread upon the Law Order Book of this Court.

S. H. SHARP, Judge.

On motion adjourned.

A. P. EDGAR, Secretary.

It is ordered that the fo
Law Order Book of this Cou

Children of Jack and Allie Mc Clintic

Mary

Mary

George (Pordie)
Hunter
Mary

Chi
mary

mary

George (Pordie)
Hurstan
Mary

Hunter
Mary
Forde

The Faculty and Senior Class

of

Lewisburg Seminary

request the honour of your presence

at their

Commencement Exercises

May twenty-first to twenty-sixth

nineteen hundred and nine

Lewisburg, West Virginia

Carnegie Hall

Invitation to
Mary's graduation
at Lebanon
Seminary

1907

Mary Margaret McClintic 17 yrs.
and her sister
Alice Josephine - 3 yrs.

ntie

Mary
Mc-Clintic
Hench

Ann Davis Edgar Mary Mc, — Alice Mc Cuntie

Reuben, Mary's cat

COMMERCE & INDUSTRY

Pocahontas 7

Mc

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Subject Commerce & Industry. Lumber — Date 2/6/41

Research Worker Samuel G Smith — Date Research Taken 2/1, 3/41

Typist Samuel G Smith — Date Typed 2/5/41

Source G.A McNeel. Hillsboro. W.Va. — Date Filed

Garfield Hayes. Seebert. W.Va.

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a block which required plenty of horse -power and quite a bit of skill.

This operation finished up in March.

McClintic also bought some logs from S.F and G.A McNeel the entire output was for export and was shipped out over the C & O.

Information. G.A McNeel- Hillsboro. W.Va.

Garfield Hayes- Seebert. W.Va.

Commerce And Industry. Samuel G Smith Hillsboro. W.Va. Pocahontas Co.
— Lumber—

Dr. F.T McClintic then of Hillsboro who was in the lumber business along with his medical profession bought Red and White Oak timber from Capt. William McNeel and Capt. Alfred Edgar both of the Levels this operation took place during the winter of 1901 and 02 this was to be put out in the log to Seebert to be shipped for export.

McClintic gave G.A and S.E McNeel the contract of putting it out which was quite an undertaking as the logs were extremely large so the skidding was very heavy to where they could reach them with bob-sleds..at this point they were loaded on the sleds ready for the trip to Seebert which was a very difficult task as the snow was deep most of the time and often it required from 4 to 6 horses to a sled especially when the snow was soft and when extra teams were needed they were hired from J.S McNeel, Garfield Hayes helped in driving team and helping load and unload the logs.

After all the logs were delivered to Seebert McClintic employed G.A McNeel to help load them on freight cars this was done with teams and a block which required plenty of horse -power and quite a bit of skill.

This operation finished up in March.

McClintic also bought some logs from S.E and G.A McNeel the entire output was for export and was shipped out over the C & O.

Information. G.A McNeel- Hillsboro. W.Va.
Garfield Hayes- Seebert. W.Va.

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Subject Commerce & Industry. Lumber — Date 2/6/41

Research Worker Samuel G Smith — Date Research Taken 2/1,3,4/41

Typist Samuel G Smith — Date Typed 2/5/41

#1 Source Harper Adkison. Marlinton. W.Va.
W.G McKeever. Buckeye. W.Va.
G.H Simmons. Hillsboro. W.Va.

Date Filed

2 Inf- G.P Moore. Marlinton. W.Va.
Harper Adkison. " " Reasearch Taken. 2/4,5/41

Commerce And Industry. Samuel G Smith Hillsboro.W.Va.Pocahontas Co.
41 -- Lumber-

In 1905 H.K Wilson formerly of Pennsylvania who had a circular mill was employed by Harper Adkison and Andy Lightner to saw the timber on the Isaac Adkison farm and known at that time as the Young place and now owned by Merle Cloonan, this timber was on what is known as the Young Mountain.

The mill was set on the same flat that the dwelling house is on, the timber was cut and skidded by Adkison and Lightner with two teams, the entire crew boarded at Adkisons and when they had finished this 40 acre tract they found they had cut and sawed 225,000 feet a part of which was bought by Dr. E.T McClintic and a part by James Sheets which was wagoned to Buckeye with two 2 horse teams driven by Andy Lightner and Bryan Gum and from Buckeye station loaded in freight boxcar cars for shipment to different sections of the country. Harper Adkison was the son of Isaac.

Information---------- Harper Adkison .Marlinton.W.Va.
W.G McKeever. Buckeye.W.Va.
G.H Simmons .Hillsboro.W.Va.

#2

In 1906 H.K Wilson sawed the Ken Kinnison timber, the mill was set on the run near the Kinnison residence , this farm is now owned by G.F Moore now of near Edray. This lumber was wagoned to Buckeye for shipment out over the C & O railroad. From this set on Spruce Flats Wilson moved his mill to Stamping Creek.

Information. C.F Moore. Marlinton. W.Va. Rfd-
Harper Adkison. Marlinton. W.Va.

Pocahontas-7

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Subject Commerce & Industry. Lumber

Date 1/3/41

Research Worker S.G Smith

Date Research Taken 1/2/41

Typist S.G Smith

Date Typed 1/3/41

Source G.H Simmons. Hillsboro. W.Va.
John C McNeill. Buckeye. "

Date Filed

Commerce Abd Industry-Pocahontas County.(Lumber)
S.G Smith Hillsboro.W.Va.

(WITHROW MCCLINTIC)

In I9 02 McClintic bought a tract of timber from Clark Kellison of Buckeye and located on Dry Creek a Tributary of Swago Creek and the same year set his circular mill on the Kellison farm to start operation,this farm is owned at present by Porter Kellison and his son Forrest.

McClintic did the skidding with his own teams and they finished up the same year or I9 02 and found he had cut about 350.000 feet.

Information.John C McNeill Buckeye.W.V a.

In the fall of I9I0 McClintic set his mill Swago Creek in front of the Methodist Church and at this set were cut logs from the McClintic farm,also from the farms of the following Joseph Pennell, Thomas Hause and Porter Kellison all of Buckeye and all of the Swago And Dry Creek section.

This set being only a short distance from the McClintic homestead therefore the men boarded at McClintic's and the teams that did the skiddind were kept at home.

Henry Overholt,David W Loudermilk and Judson L Howard were the sawyers working at different times during this operation.William Liptrap was fireman and James W Forney did the scaling and grading, John McNeill was teamster for about two years during this operation the logs from the McClintic farm were skidded while the logs from Hauses and Kellisons were loaded on wagons and hauled to the mill and in the winter time were transferred on sleds to the mill.

Most of this lumber was bill stuff and was taken to Marlinton and Buckeye and loaded on freight cars for shipment,quite a few cross ties were sawed at this set for the C & O Railroad Co.

Commerce And INdustry,S.G Smith,Hillsboro,W,Va,Pocahontas Co.

W.McClintic.Lumber-

they were at this set from 1910 to 1913 but did not saw steady all the time.

At this time all hauling was done with either two or four horse teams and either sleds or wagons were used to transfer the logs and the finished product as McClintic had a Planing mill to surface lumber with and in this way was able to sell lumber locally.

Information.George H Simmons.Hillsboro.W.Va.

John C McNeill. Buckeye.W.Va.

1. Pocahontas-7

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Subject Commerce And Industry. Lumber Date 1/3/41

Research Worker S.G Smith Date Research Taken

Typist S.G Smith Date Typed 1/3/41

Source Court Records & G.H Simmons Hillsboro.W.Va Date Filed
Marlinton.W.Va.

RECEIVED JAN 1941 Federal Writers Project United States Work Projects Administration W.Va.

This report was sent in at one time but had to be struck off and rewrote and just finished getting the necessary information at this time.

Commerce And Industry.S.G Smith.Hillsboro.W.Va.Pocahontas Co

Lumber-

In 1920 Withrow McClintic of Buckeye.W.Va. bought the timber
the heirs of Royal Kershner on Droop Mountain the deed having been
by the following Cora Good,Lillie Cutlip,W.P-A.L -J.T - A.D -and W.
shner all of Spice,W.Va which is on Droop Mountain and in the same
McClintic bought another tract of 35 acres from Virgie A Hall and
on the other side of the mountain near Jacox,W.Va. and now known a
Elisha Morrison place.

McClintic did not live to operate this timber and when his es
was settled up it was sold and E.H Williams of Marlinton of the Wi
And Pifer Lumber Company and contracted to George H Simmons of Hil
to operate which took place in 1932 and 33 before the mill was se
ams And Pifer bought another tract from L.S Cochran at the foot o
Mountain near the Madison Woods sugar camp and it was here that S
set the circular mill.

Simmons had his own horses so he did the skidding himself as
the cutting,he erected a camp for the men and built stables for th
which were from two to four head.At the end of this operation it wa
they had cut 550.000 which was trucked to the railroad and shipped
different places .

Information-George H Simmons- Hillsboro.W.Va.
Court Records- Marlinton. "

Pocahontas-7 Mc

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Subject Commerce & Industry. Lumber Date 1/3/41

Research Worker S.G Smith Date Research Taken 1/2/41

Typist S.G Smith Date Typed 1/3/41

Source Court Records. Marlinton
Sidney McCoy. Beard
G.H Simmons. Hillsboro.
M.C Smith "

Date Filed

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

Commerce And Industry, S.G Smith, Hillsboro. W.Va. Pocahontas County

Withrow McClintic.

In 1926 McClintic bought a tract of timber from Nick McCoy of Beard .Va and located on Locust Creek.

Another of his operations was on Stony Creek when he operated the Irish Beverage timber. He also had another set near where Neal Beverage now lives and cut the timber from his own land and at that time known as the McCormick land.

Another of his operations was at Laden Bottom on Knapps Creek just above Marlinton this took place in 1923 and a greater percent of this lumber was sold locally as lumber was needed in the town to erect new residences and McClintic himself erected several dwellings some on lower Camden and 3 or 4 on what is known as The Hamilton Field and at that time known as McClintic town as his houses were among the first to be built there and were built along the present State Road.

McClintic was one of Pocahontas County's greatest business men as he believed in doing things as he employed more men than any other individual in Pocahontas County and it was by his untiring efforts that furnished employment to the many individuals in many different walks of life as he employed teamsters for both the McClintic Farm as well as in the woods and on the road, truck drivers, cooks, Carpenters, Blacksmith's t timber cutters, lumber scalers and graders, Chauffeurs and common laborers and this payroll meant a lot to the laboring class of people of this section as well as other parts pf the state .

Information-Court Records. Marlinton. W.Va.

Sidney McCoy	Beard.	"
George H Simmons	Hillsboro.	"
M.C Smith	"	"

Pocahontas - 7

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

W-

Subject Commerce & Industry. Lumber Date I/31/41

Research Worker Samuel G Smith Date Research Taken I/30/41

Typist S.G Smith Date Typed I/31/41

Source Early and Maggie Ruckman
Millpoint. W. Va. Date Filed

Commerce And Industry. Samuel G Smith. Hillsboro. W. Va. Pocahontas County.

W741

Lumber-

In 1893 Withrow McClintic of Buckeye bought a boundary of some 50 to 60 acres on Stamping Creek from Lee and Mary Cackley and the circular mill was set in the bottom below the Cackley residence now occupied by the son William H Cackley.

The mill was logged by 3 yoke of oxen and they were driven by George Hefner, John Poe and Adam Young and among the men working in the woods were Frank Moore and Willis G McKeever, the sawyer was Grant Smith and John Hamrick fired the boiler.

The best of this lumber was wagoned by 4 horse teams to the mouth of Stamping Creek and put in the Greenbrier River and rafted to Ronceverte where it was sold to lumber buyers and shipped to distant lumber centers and the low grade was mostly sold locally and Cackley himself bought abut 60,000 feet to be used on the farm in erecting barns and other outbuildings.

This timber was mostly Red and White Oak of very high quality as it was extra fine timber both in size and quality.

Information-Early Ruckman Millpoint. W. Va.
Maggie " " "

Reel 1 Sec 7 11c

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Subject Commerce & Industry. Lumber Date 2/6/41

Research Worker Samuel G Smith Date Research Taken 2/1/41

Typist Samuel G. Smith Date Typed 2/4/41

Source George Simmons. Hillsboro. W.Va. Date Filed

at near the divide between the Stamping [illegible] as near the Pinnacle Ro-

Commerce And Industry.Samuel G Smith Hillsboro.W.Va.Pocahontas Count
- Lumber-

In 1911 and 12 McClintic was operating on Spruce Flats and one set was on the John Adkison farm now owned by Ellet Higgins besides sawing the timber on the Adkison place he hauled 100.000 from Red Oak Flat,the mill was logged by his own horses and the sawyer was Henry Overholt and from there he moved over to the Clawson McNeill place and sawed two sets one was near the old barn and near the residence of the Clawson place the other set was in the old orchard out near the present county road .

Ben Doyle and George Simmons contracted the skidding and they sawed 425,000 feet at the two sets John Sydenstricker was sawyer on these two sets.

Another Of McClintics operations was on Downey Run when he cut 50. 000 for Isaac McNeel of the Levels but a land owner on Downey Run,this was for McNeills own use to be used at his farms in the Levels.

Information.George Simmons.Hillsboro.W.Va.

Pocahontas County- W McClintic.
Withrow

In 1917 M.S Wilson of Marlinton bought the timber off of some 300 acres from Daniel A McNeill of Buckeye for$1.500.00 this timber was located on Rush Run and extending toward the Pinnacle Rock on the Rogers Mt. Mr Wilson never operated this timber but sold it to Withrow McClintic of Buckeye for $1.800.00.

This tract joined the following farms Moss Miller, G.D McNeill, S.B Auldridge, N .C Rogers and the McClintic Farm and extended t o the road that today is route 219. McClintic started operation about 1918 setting a circular mill on Rush Run just above the bridge at the foot of Buckeye hill about 20 men were employed on the mill and in the woods the skidding was done with from 3 to 4 teams, the men all either boarded at home or at the hme of McClintic and all t he buildings they had was a barn for the horses and a shelter for the men to get in to eat their dinn er.

Tram roads were built from the mill to the Rock House, which is a ¢ cave and the main source of water that feeds Rush Run, this road was built out of 4 by 4 pieces nailed to cross ties that were laid on the grade, up the run, the log cars or commonly called log trucks were drawn up the grade by horses there they were loaded and let drift down the grade to the mill where they were unloaded and again the horses were hitched to them and taken back up the grade, however this proceedure did not provey very satisfactory and after being in use a short time the Tram road was discontinued and the logs skidded the entire distance by horses which was approximately a mile at the longest or to the Beech Spring which is near the Pinnacle Rock near the divide between the Stamping Creek and Swago side.

Withrow McClintic S.G.S. Hillsboro. W.VA. Poca.Co.

Between 4 and 5 hundred thousand was cut at this set and they finished up this operation in 1920 and moved out to another set elsewhere.

other operations by McClintic to follow as soon as data can be gathered.

Information	Court Records	Marlinton	W,Va.
	A.W.McNeill	Buckeye	''

S.G.Smith Hillsboro,W,Va.

11/6/40 Commerce And Industry Pocahontas County. - 7 -mc

------- Withrow McClintic ----- #1

In 1924 J.S.McNeely and Mary C.McNeel his wife of Hillsboro,W,Va sold the timber on a 56 and 217 acre tract for $3000.00 this timber layed on and near Little Mountain in Little Levels District,deed was made Jan.I,1924 and the timber to be removed by Nov.I/24.

An old house that is still standing today was used as a camp,a barn was built to take care of the teams that did the skidding.A circular mill was set near the foot of Iittle Mountain and not far from the McNeel homestead about 20 men were employed on the mill and in the woods they were paid from $2.to $3.per day.

This set was finished in 1924 the lumber taken by four horse team to Seebert and from there shipped to different sections of the country. The mill was moved to another set.

Information-------- Court Records Marlinton W,Va.

Withrow McClintic #2

Withrow McClintic bought the timber of 50 acres from F.P and Lillie Kramer of Millpoint and deedad Feb.28/22 this land is better known as the Joseph S. Smith land,he paid $500.00 for it,this timber was on the East side of Route 219 on the Smith Hill and about two miles above Millpoint.

A circular mill was set on this 50 acres this being a small operation it was finished up in a short time,the lumber hauled out to Seebert for shipment where ever a market could be found and the mill moved to another boundary elsewhere.

Information------M.C.Smith Hillsboro W,Va.
Court Records Marlinton "

Commerce And Industry --S.G.Smith Pocahontas Co.
Hillsboro.
W,Va.

Withrow McClintic

#3

In 1930 Fillet Higgins of Buckeye and located on Spruce Flats sold the timber from 53 acres to Withrow McClintic also of Buckeye for $3 00. 00 this being a chestnut section there was a good percentage of Chestnut timber suitable for Telephone and Telegraph poles, also poles large and straight enough for Power Line construction. These poles were from 30 ft. to 60 ft. in length. They were cut and skidded by horses to the top of the mountain and there loaded on wagons and taken to Buckeye and there loaded on Freight Cars and shipped to Staunton, Va, where they were put in Creosote vats to preserve them before they were used in Telephone and Electric construction.

The saw logs were loaded on wagons and taken to one of his mills on his farm which was a Circular mill.

All the men employed on this operation either boarded at home or at the McClintic residence.

Information. Court Records Marlinton. W,Va.
M,C Smith Hillsboro ''

#4

In 1929 Mr. McClintic bought the timber from 18 acres from Hattie Shelton of Buckeye and located on Swago Creek for $25. 00 this was mainly Spruce and Hemlock but this timber was not operated as McClintic got sick and died in 31 and when his estate was settled up it went back to the Sheltons.

Information. Court Records Marlinton W,Va.

#5

In the summer of 1922 McClintic set his mill on Emery Andersons place on Droop Mt. there he cut 100 thousand that he bought from Tom and Henry Kershner, this was mixed timber but mostly Chestnut. This set was in the same section where the Battle of Droop Mt. was fought and lots of the logs had Minnie Balls and other fragmants from the cannons, this made the logs hard to saw.

Information Wallace Kershner Spice W,V a.
M.C Smith Hillsboro, ''

Commerce And Industry S.G.Smith Pocahontas Co.
Hillsboro,
W.Va.

Withrow McClintic. #6

In I920 Withrow McClintic bought the timber from the heirs of the late Royal Kershner of Spice W.Va. on Droop Mt. The deed being signed by Cora Good, Lillie Cutlip, W.P.-A.L.-J.T.-A.D, and W,H Kershner all of Spice, W,Va.

They recd $500.00 for the tract of 35 acres this timber was operated in I927 but not on the Kershner land as McClintic had bought timber from Virgie A.Hall on the other side of the mountain near Jacox in I920, 35 acres for $200.00. The Kershner timber was cut and put on wagons and skidded together to the Hall land and better known as the Flisha Morrison place, and there McClintic set his mill which was a Portable Circular mill.

Three teams were used to do the skidding and I0 men were used in the woods and on the mill, this operation finished in I928 and the mill moved to another set.

Information--------- Wallace Kershner Spice, W.Va.
Court Records Marlinton, ''

------- Withrow McClintic----- #7

In I9I9 Withrow McClintic bought a boundary of timber from John.A.F Hill of Hillsboro at $8.00 a thousand on the stump this small boundary had 97 thousand on it or $776.00 worth this was mostly White Oak.

The mill was set just below the Hill residence near the State Road, Two teams were used to do the skidding and ten men were used cutting timber and working on the mill.

They finished up in I9I9 trucked the lumber to Seebert for shipment and moved the mill to another set.

Information------John A.E.Hill Hillsboro. W.Va.
Mrs '' '' '' '' ''

11/7/40

Commerce And Industry.S.G.Smith Hillsboro W.V. Pocahontas Co.

---- Withrow McClintic-----

----------##8

In 1921 McClintic bought the timber from 35 acres from Wallace Kershner of Droop Mt.for $500.00 he also bought a small tract from Mitchell Barrett and another small tract from Zedd Scott both of Droop Mountain.

Operation was started in the winter of 21 the mill was set on Kershners farm that is near the other two tracts they finished up this operation in the Spring of 1922.The lumber was wagoned from the mill to the State Road with wagons and teams by Exie Cutlip and Jim Wickline and there it was loaded on trucks and taken to Seebert ready for shipment to the many lumber markets over the Eastern part of the U.S.

The men employed here were local employees that followed woods work in winter and farmed in Summer.Two teams were used to do the skidding.They finished up in the Spring of 22 and moved the mill to another set.

Information------- Wallace Kershner Spice W,Va.

Commerce And Industry---S.G.Smith Hillsboro. W.Va. Pocahontas County.

----- Withrow McClintic----

#9

Withrow McClintic of Buckeye who owned a large stock and grazing farm on the head waters of Swago Creek and Williams River always had a log job of some kind or other ,he being very much interested in the mfg.of timber of all kinds as he manufactured timber in to lumber,mine props,telephone an d light poles Locust for pins,R.R.ties,cross arms for telephone and telegraph lines so he had to keep buying different tracts all the time and most always had one or more tracts bought ahead,and back before the time of the automobile he attended to all his operations either on horseback or often he used a horse and buggy or a two wheel cart as he traveled both day and night through all kinds of weather and over all kinds of roads looking after the many different jobs located in different parts of Pocahontas County, and some operations outside the Co.

In 1917 he bought the timber from the 101 IO I acres of Millard F. Ruckman for $4 00. 00 a circular mill was set near the Ruckman residence and now occupied by Willie O.Ruckman and his mother Eliza Jane Ruckman who is 83 years old.

McClintic did the cutting and skidding with his own men and horses.This operation took place I mile off State Route 219 and approximately 2 mi.above Millpoint.They built a small camp for the men that were from the surrounding terretory.

The timber cut was Sugar,Red Oak,Chestnut and Poplar and when sawed taken by wagon to Seebert and and loaded on Freight cars of the C & O Railroad and shipped to differen t sections of tha country.

This operation finished up in 1920.

Information----Court Records------Marlinton.W.Va.

Mrs Ruth Ruckman Smith-----Millpoint. ''

M.C.Smith Hillsboro. ''

Scratch operation #6 of McClintic reported II/6/40
as has to be wrote up in another operation for another Co.

S.G Smith
Killsboro.
Pocahontas Sa

Pocahontas -7

M&

Commerce And Industry

S.G Smith
Hillsboro.
W,Va.

Pocahontas County.

Withrow McClintic------ 7410

In 1907 Frank Hayes of near Seebert bought 20 Red and White Oak trees from Captain James Monroe McNeill of Buckeye for $150.00 and Hayes sold them to McClintic who set his mill in the hollow near what was then the Joe Pennell line.

A camp and cook room were built and a barn for the horses and operation began and when they had finished in the same year they had sawed about one hundred thousand of the very finest Oak lumber as these trees were very large and free from knots and limbs.

Captain Jim as commonly known was a Captain in the Southern Army and today his son Professor G.D McNeill owns and resides on this farm.

Information	Mrs G.D McNeill	Buckeye	W.Va.
	G.H Simmons	Hillsboro,	"
	A.W McNeill	Buckeye,	"
	Penick Ryder	Millpoint.	"

3/40 Commerce And Industry--- S.G Smith Hillsboro,W,Va.Pocahontas Co.

---- Withrow McClintic-- #11

In 1924 Moffett Cutlip of Beard,W,Va sold Withrow McClintic a small boundary of timber of approximately 20 acres for $1300.00 this Cutlip land is now owned by Cutlip's son Remus,this timber was located on the South E- ast side of Droop Mt.facing Locust Creek at the same time McClintic bought the timber from 182 acres from Blanche Hamrick also of Beard,this boundary was known as the Wallace Beard place for/ this timber he paid $2.000.00 Sam Sparks of Droop Mt.also sold a few thousand feet of logs.

They had Two sets one toward the top of the mt.or near where Jess Scott lives on the Hamrick land the other set was just above Cutlip's house They used 4 and 5 teams at the skidding and used from 10 to 15 men on this operation.Today you find one of the barns that was built and used by McClintic being used by Remus Cutlip and this is all there is left to show where this operation took place.

Information----- Remus Cutlip Beard W,Va.

George Simmons Hillsboro, ''

11/14/40 Commerce And Industry----S.G Smith Hillsboro,W,Va Pocahontas County.

-----Withrow McClintic-----#14

In the fall of 1903 McClintic bought a tract of timber from James E Auldridge and his mother Martha Auldridge the widow of William Auldridge of Buckeye, the timberwas sold from some 60 to 70 acres for which they received $105.00.

The mill was set not far from the Greenbrier River and just in front of where John Auldridges house now stands on the Auldridge farm, camps were built to take care of the men and barns erected to stable the horses as they used from 4 to 5 teams to do the skidding and some 20 to 25 men were used on the mill and in the woods. Henry Overholt and Riley Painter were the sawyers and William C McClune did the cooking as he was an experienced cook having cooked in lumber camps all his life.

As fast as this lumber was sawed it was taken by wagon and 4 horse team across the Greenbrier River to a switch at Improvement Lick Hollow and there loaded on board Freight cars of the C & O Railroad.

This operation finished up in the fall of 1904.

Information-----J.E Auldridge Buckeye.W,Va.
Matilda Auldridge " "
G.H Simmons Hillsboro.W.Va.

12/40

Commerce And Industry----Pocahontas County. S.G Smith
Hillsboro,W,Va

Withrow McClintic #13

In 1923 T.L and Mary K. Beard of Millpoint sold the timber from a 168 acre boundary to Withrow McClintic for $3 000. 00, this timber was on what is known as the Renick place at the foot of Droop Mt. about one mile below Hillsboro and adjoining the following farms I.B Shrader, M.L Beard and J.M McNeel all of Hillsboro.

This timber was operated in 1927 an old granery was used for a camp and the old Renick barn was used to stable the horses in.

The Circular mill was set near the old/a/ farm residence and they cut between 8 and 9 hundred thousand which was Red and White Oak Sugar and Chestnut. From 3 to 4 teams were used to do the skidding and some 12 to 15 men were used on this operation .

McClintic sold a good part of his lumber locally to be used in building houses and barns but the better grade was shipped out of the state. This operation finished up in 27 .

Information ---- -Court Records	Marlinton	W,Va.
T.L Beard	Millpoint	"
George H Simmons	Hillsboro	"

Pocahontas Co.

11/15/40 Commerce And Industry--S.G Smith Pocahontas County.
Hillsboro,W,Va

Withrow McClintic--- #15

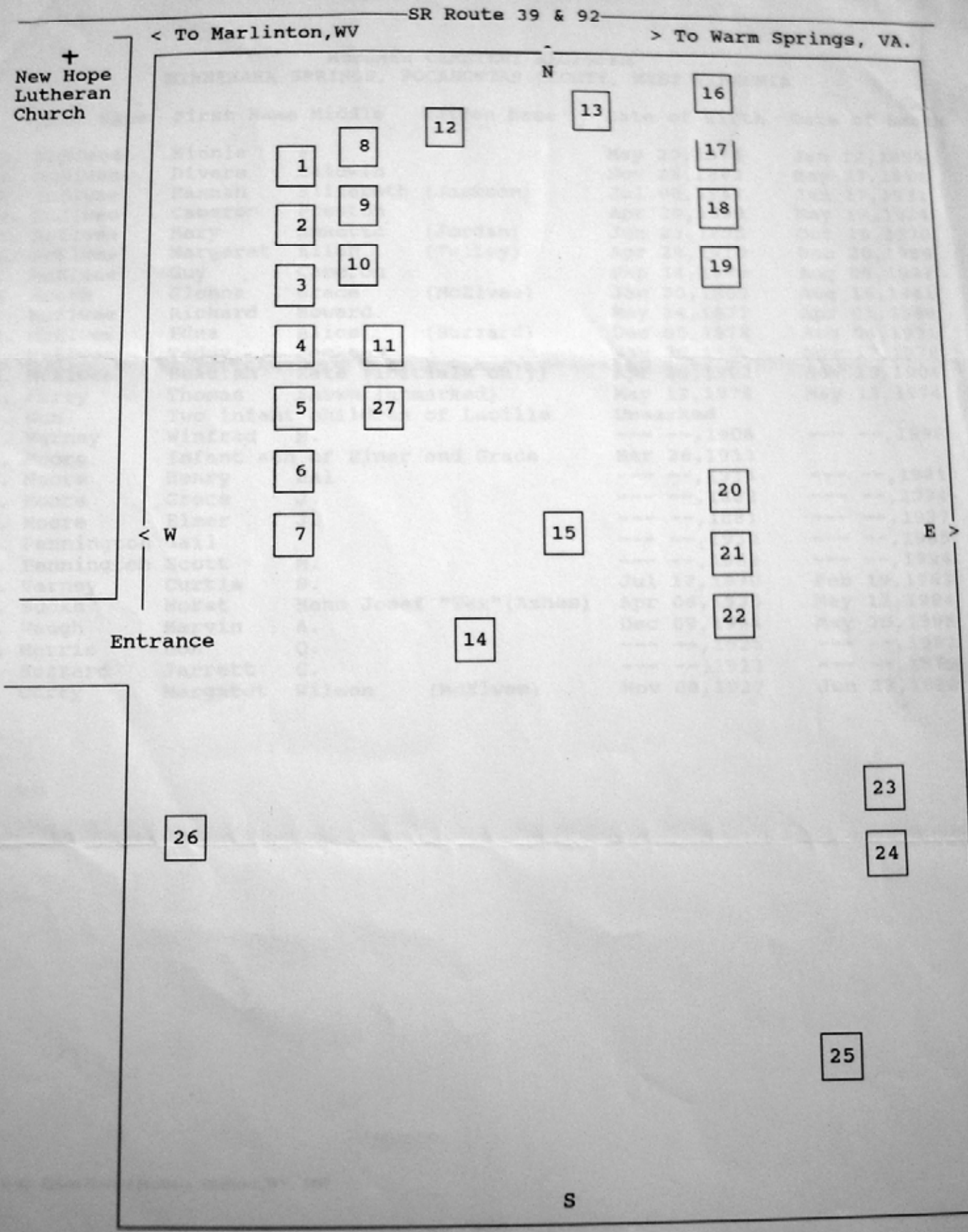
In 1902 Withrow McClintic bought the timber of a 50 acre boundary from G.L and Elizabeth Auldridge of near Millpoint.

The mill was set in the hollow near the Auldridge residence camps were built for the men and the horses were stabled in the Auldridge barn.

This timber was mostly Red and White Oak which was sawed into Wagon parts that were shipped to Maryland,Va and Indiana to companies that built wagons and made wagon parts namely Axels,Spokes,Fellers,Hound and all other wooden parts of wagons.

This operatin finished in the Summer of 1903 and moved to a set near Buckeye.

Information----George Simmons Hillsboro,W,Va



McElwee Cemetery, Minnehaha Springs, Pocahontas County, West Virginia
Submitted By: Robert Howard McElwee, Marlinton, WV. 1999

McELWEE CEMETERY REGISTER
MINNEHAHA SPRINGS, POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

	Last Name	First Name	Middle	Maiden Name	Date of Birth	Date of Death
01.	McElwee	Minnie	F		May 20,1874	Jan 12,1895
02.	McElwee	Divers	Baldwin		Nov 26,1843	May 27,1916
03.	McElwee	Hannah	Elizabeth	(Jackson)	Jul 08,1847	Jan 17,1931
04.	McElwee	Cameron	Preston		Apr 20,1880	May 19,1924
05.	McElwee	Mary	Annette	(Jordan)	Jun 23,1885	Oct 16,1970
06.	McElwee	Margaret	Ellen	(Tulley)	Apr 29,1910	Dec 20,1989
07.	McElwee	Guy	Cameron		Sep 14,1909	Aug 06,1994
08.	Booth	Glenna	Grace	(McElwee)	Jan 20,1905	Aug 16,1941
09.	McElwee	Richard	Howard		May 14,1877	Apr 01,1968
10.	McElwee	Edna	Alice	(Buzzard)	Dec 05,1878	Aug 04,1971
11.	McElwee	Teddy	Jackson		May 20,1903	Nov 17,1978
12.	McElwee	Beaulah	Kate	(Initials only)	Apr 10,1902	Nov 18,1904
13.	Curry	Thomas	Shawn	(unmarked)	May 12,1974	May 12,1974
14.	Gum	Two infant children of Lucille			Unmarked	
15.	Varney	Winfred	M.		--- --,1906	--- --,1996
16.	Moore	Infant son of Elmer and Grace			Mar 26,1913	
17.	Moore	Henry	Hal		--- --,1914	--- --,1981
18.	Moore	Grace	J.		--- --,1882	--- --,1974
19.	Moore	Elmer	J.		--- --,1881	--- --,1937
20.	Pennington	Gail			--- --,1932	--- --,1985
21.	Pennington	Scott	M.		--- --,1969	--- --,1994
22.	Varney	Curtis	S.		Jul 17,1930	Feb 19,1963
23.	Sucke	Horst	Hans Josef "Tex"	(Ashes)	Apr 06,1935	May 12,1994
24.	Waugh	Marvin	A.		Dec 09,1934	May 30,1995
25.	Morris	Don	Q.		--- --,1925	--- --,1982
26.	Buzzard	Jarrett	G.		--- --,1913	--- --,1979
27.	Curry	Margaret	Wilson	(McElwee)	Nov 08,1927	Jun 22,1998

Juanita S. Dilley — D...

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Logging Industry W. Va.

Title: Development of Pocahontas County

Author: Retta F Yeager

Date Submitted: _____ Length: 660 Words

Status:

Editor: _____

Contents: Fairly complete account of the Development of Pocahontas County. Gives story of purchase of Marlin's Bottom by Col. John McNeal, building of Greenbier Railroad, first newspaper, bank, telephone; natural resources etc.

Source:

Consultant:

Reliability:

File: _____

Folder: _____

Mrs. Nella F. Yeager — From article taken from the Diary of Captain H. A. Yeager — Nella Yeager

-17-

US 2-19

DEVELOPMENT OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY

6

(The facts concerning the development of this county in the last decade of the nineteenth century which were momentous years for Pocahontas County.)

In December 1890 a great snow fell known as the "winter of the deep snow;" it lay on the ground to a depth of more than three feet. While that deep snow lay on the ground the late Colonel John T. McGraw of Grafton made a visit to this county and purchased the farms known as Marlins Bottom for a town site, now known as Marlinton and the county seat of Pocahontas.

At the time Col. McGraw purchased Marlins Bottom, historic Huntersville was the County seat. The purchase of the town site by Colonel McGraw was the first intimation that county people had of a proposed railway developments. Colonel McGraw, who had invested largely in lands elsewhere in the county never ceased trying to interest capitalists in this county and develop it with a railroad. His tireless energy was rewarded. The Greenbrier Railway was built and finished to Marlinton in 1901. The Coal and Iron was built soon after to connect with it at Durbin. In two years Pocahontas County changed from being one of the few counties in the State without a railroad to a county having the greatest railway mileage of any county in the state.

Marlinton began to improve at once. It was incorporated at the April Term of Court, 1900, and held its first election of officers May 5th 1900.

The first newspaper to be published in the county was the Pocahontas Times founded in 1882 at Huntersville and moved to

Marlinton in 1892. The Pocahontas-/Herald was published in 1894 at Huntersville and later at Marlinton and ceased to be published in 1896.

The first telephone to be built in the county was the Marlinton and Beverly telephone line finished to Marlinton in August 1899. That same year telephone lines were built along all the principal roads of the county.

The first Bank to go into business in the county was the Bank of Marlinton in 1899 and later in the same year, the Pocahontas Bank was opened. For more than a year these Banks carried in large sums of money by special messengers from the nearest express stations from forty five to fifty seven miles distant, over lonely roads. At the time of the railroad development the natural resources had never been touched. Vast areas of iron ore land in the east of the county will some day make Pocahontas County famous as an iron field.

It was discovered in the nineties that Pocahontas County has a vast supply of marble which is equal in value to any marble ever found in the United States and it will some day be ranked high among the marble deposits of the world. It was reported by specialists in marble that the Pocahontas Marble was not good. The best evidence that we have that the report was false is that they could not purchase it. The citizens of Pocahontas County know that they have treasures in Marble Mountain. In this great mountain of marble in Pocahontas County and extending into Randolph County we find white, brown and a beautiful green marble. When the time comes for Pocahontas citizens to develop it, the right kind of capitalists will share in it. Capitalists who will not want

to take over the great marble area and take the county's resources and money to some distant city. Let the shipping point be here and by the citizens.

The bulk of the timber has been taken out and floated down the Greenbrier River by the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company, having removed in this manner a quarter of a billion feet of white pine.

The walnut and cherry have been taken out by rafting on the Greenbrier which was once an important industry, rafting floods in the river being anxiously watied for.

There were a number of skillful pilots who could thread their way with a raft of 50,000 feet of lumber between the rocks of this swift river.

Subject Pocahontas County History
Chapter 6 Religion

Date Feb. 4, 1941

Research Worker Juanita S. Dilley

Date Research Taken Feb. 3,1941

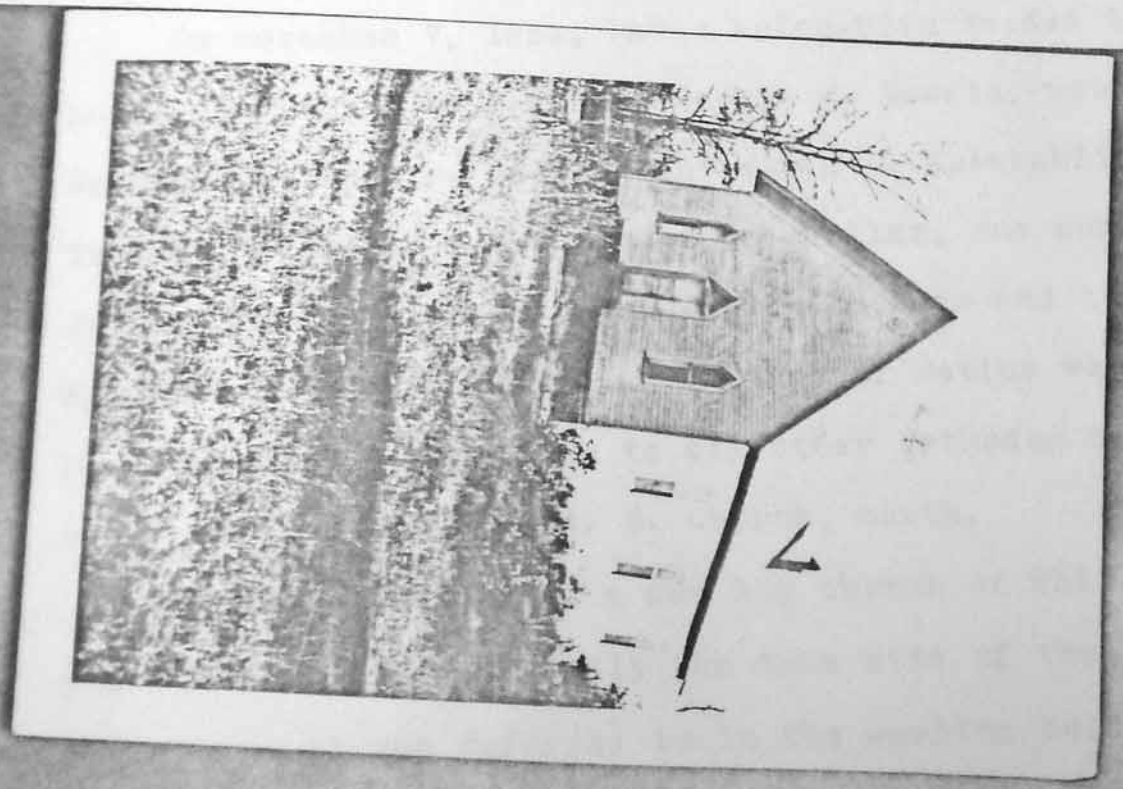
Typist Juanita S. Dilley

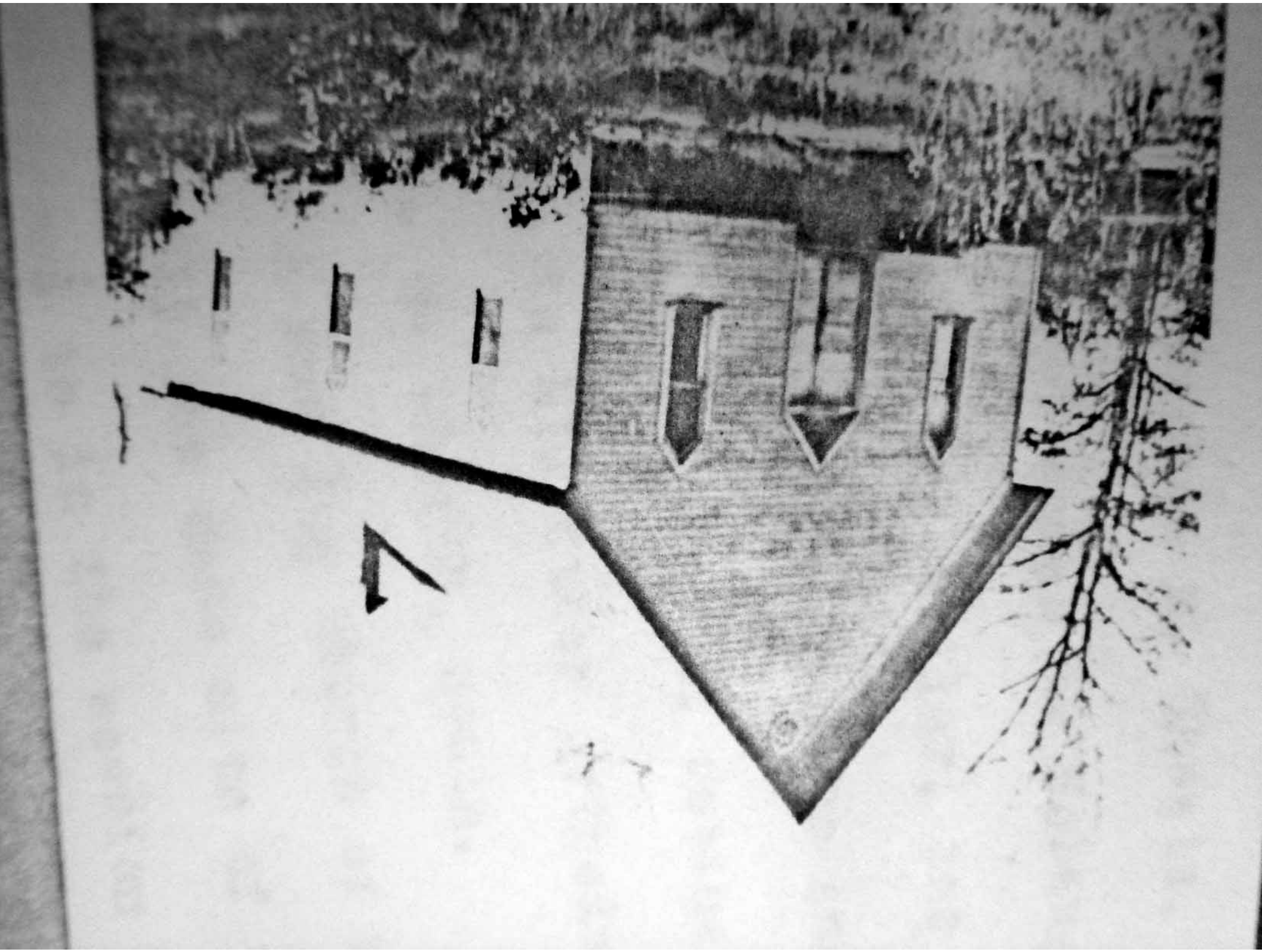
Date Typed Feb. 4, 1941

Source Church records
Rev. Q. Arbogast
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Sheets
Mrs. Caroline Tacy
Deed Book 16 page 441

Date Filed

RECEIVED FEB 1941





Juanita S. Dilley
Pocahontas County
Chapter 6, Religion
February 3, 1941

McLAUGHLIN M.E.CHURCH, SOUTH--One mile from Cass

The first church in this community was an old log building near the site of the present church. It had been erected some time prior to the Civil War, no one remembers the exact date and no deed can be found. Mrs. Caroline Tacy, who is now 90 years old says that when she was a girl, this old building was there and was used by the Presbyterians and the Methodists as a place of preaching. It was also used for school purposes, as Mrs. Tacy went to school there. This old church was called West Union church. It was never entirely completed, and was built with a large shed to it.

On November 7, 1884, David McLaughlin deeded to the Trustees Stephen H. Barnett, George M. Sheets, George D. McLaughlin, John M. Wilfong and James L. McLaughlin, for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar, one acre and 20 poles of land including West Union Church to have and to hold with its appurtenances, to be used as a place of Devine worship of the M. E. Church, South, open to all other orthodox denominations when not in use bt the M. E. Church, South.

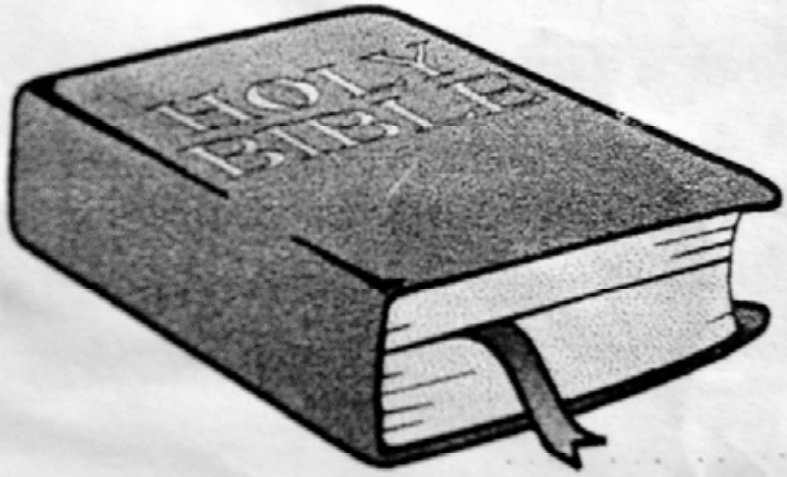
It was at this time a new log church of white pine logs was built on almost exactly the same site of the present church. For a time it was referred to in the session books as Back Alleghaney appointment, but was later changed to McLaughlin church. This log church was used from 1884 until the present church was built around 1907, under the pastorate of Rev. H. Q. Burr who served this circuit from 1907 to 1911.

The first old church was not a regular appointment on any circuit but was just used by circuit riders who were riding through, but the next log church became an appointment on the Greenbank circuit. The members of this church are as follows: Benjamin Tallman, Virginia McLaughlin, Ida Curry, Margaret Wilfong, Nancy Gum, Catherine Wilfong, Mary Geiger, Nettie Arbogast, George M. Sheets, Margaret Geiger, Howard Meeks, Alice Meeks, Sue Barnett, Mollie Barnett, Virgie Barnett, Mary Tacy, Virdie Sheets, Carrie Sheets, W. F. Kerr, Daniel Wilfong, Peter Collins(this is the C. P. Collins mentioned so often in the conference records), Sallie Collins, Charles Curry, Rachel Grogg, Myrtle Curry, Elixabeth McLaughlin, Allen Burner, Virginia Burner, Sarah Burner, Elizabeth Lizzie Gum, Eliza Ray, George N. McLaughlin, Otis McLaughlin, Sallie McLaughlin, Warwick Simmons, Georgie Simmons, Virginia Simmons, David McLaughlin, Jane McLaughlin, Uzilla Tallman, Andrew Ratliff, and Nancy Wanless.

There has been no preaching services at this church for the past four years. The class is small and few take an interest in it. There is some talk of again organizing a class here and making it a regular appointment, but that waits to be seen. The Trustees are Ward McLaughlin, Odis McLaughlin and G. A. Sheets.

From-- Church Records
Rev. Q. Arbogast
Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Sheet
Mrs Caroline Tacy
Deed Book 16 page 441

Missions to the New World



Vespers Service
At
McNeel Cemetery

June 27, 1999

Onward Christian Soldiers

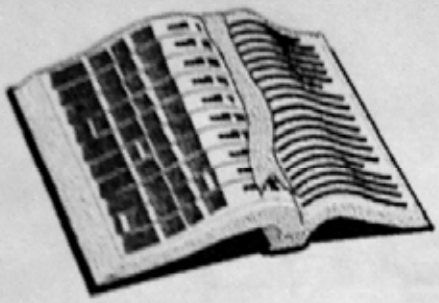
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before,
Christ the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His Banners go.

Chorus

Onward, Christian soldiers
Marching as to war
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading,
Where the saints have trod
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity

Chorus



Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Chorus

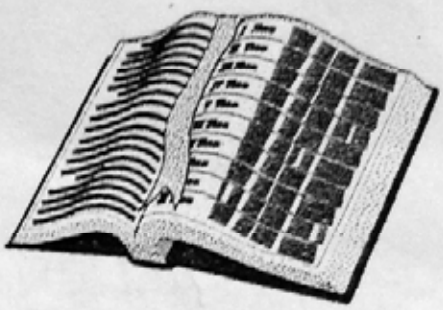
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Comin' for to carry me home
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Comin' for to carry me home

I look'd over Jordon
An' what did I see
Comin' for to carry me home
A band of angels comin' after me
Comin' for to carry me home

Chorus

If you get there
Before I do
Comin' for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too
Comin' for to carry me home.

Chorus



Opening Prayer

Beasts of Burden

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Congregation

Excerpts from *The True Church* by J.C. Ryle (1816-1900)

Onward Christian Soldiers
Congregation

Closing Prayer

Taps

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Memoir of

John Howe Peyton.

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John A. Poynton

"The history of man from the primeval simplicity of his condition to the present day, has sufficiently proved, that neither the dictates of reason, the rule of politics, power, the divine precepts of our holy religion, or moral obligations, are sufficient restraints to the various propensities" Address to the Grand Jury of Stafford, 1800

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46d

MEMOIR OF

JOHN HOWE PEYTON,

IN SKETCHES BY HIS

CONTEMPORARIES,

TOGETHER WITH SOME OF HIS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LETTERS, ETC., ALSO A SKETCH OF

Mrs. ANN M. (Montgomery (Lewis)) PEYTON.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VA.

COMPILED BY

The Author of the History of Augusta County.

"Peyton, John Lewis"

Rudis Indigestaque Moles.

[Printed for private circulation.]

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PREFACE.

The following sketches of John Howe Peyton, by some of his contemporaries, and the scanty material gleaned from an imperfect file of the *Republican Farmer* (newspaper) of 1811-12, and from the *Staunton Spectator* from 1838 to 1847, (between 1811 and 1830, only a few mutilated and unbound Staunton newspapers exist,) and a small parcel of family papers, letters, etc., which escaped destruction during the civil war; are all that that can be found to throw any light upon the life of one of Virginia's purest men and greatest lawyers.* And thus his fame must largely rest upon the applause and praises, which his efforts called forth, with his immediate hearers and admirers. This deplorable want of

*NOTE.—In the library and papers of his son, J. L. Peyton, which were stored for safe keeping on his estate in Alleghany on Jackson's River, and in the Valley of the Falling Spring, in the Spring of 1861, there were many boxes of MSS., letters from various members of the family, written between 1740 and 1860, and often the answers of them. The letters were from John Peyton, who died in 1760, John Rowze Peyton, John Sergeant, C. J. Ingersoll, Jos. R. Ingersoll, J. M. Berrian, Thos. Jefferson, John Marshall, James Madison, Bishop Madison, Governor Tyler, John Scott, of Fauquier, Dr. Alexander, D. D., Bishop Meade, B. W. Leigh, Chapman Johnson, John S. Archer, Gov'r. McDowell, Governor Campbell, Thos. H. Benton, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Wm. C. Rives, Gen. Francis Preston, Wm. C. Preston, William Preston, J. M. Preston, Wm. B. Preston, John Floyd, Judge A. G. Dade, John Yates, Bushrod Washington, Gov. Thos. Mann Randolph, H. A. Wise, John Randolph, of Roanoke, John Tyler, Spencer Roane, and others; and Mr. Peyton's letter book, beginning about 1806. The whole of this invaluable mass was burnt, or destroyed, together with Col. Peyton's library, by Federal troops during the civil war. Cr.

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material for a portrayal of his life and character, is not peculiar to his case. Few of those who have astonished their contemporaries by their wit and genius, and who were held in the highest admiration in their day, have left behind them memorials sufficient to justify their fame. This is so as to many of Virginia's eminent lawyers, and of even some of her most renowned public men. As to some of these the record is decidedly nebulous. Patrick Henry left behind such scanty remains, that great as were his oratorical talents and patriotic services, his fame rests rather upon the praises of others, than upon what he left behind of his own work. In this reflected or traditional way, his record is splendid, and so is that of John Howe Peyton, who. without overrating his merits and doing injustice to the memory of any of the jurists of the time, may be styled the greatest legal genius of his day. The universal opinion of his contemporaries goes to prove that in the science of criminal or penal law, of civil injuries or torts, and as a Public Prosecutor he had no equal, and it is as well established that in no department of the law had he any superiors. And this want of material is equally true of his great contemporaries, such as Daniel Sheffey, B. W. Leigh, and Chapman Johnson, so that like his, their fame rests on tradition. Alas, that they had not left something of their own productions—enough, at least, to enable us to have measured them as thinkers, writers and speakers. That they were all great men is beyond a doubt, for it is only the great man who touches the heart of the people, as well as their intelligence.

There was little of incident or stirring adventure in the life of Mr. Peyton, and this is the case generally, as to literary and professional men, but the life of such a man should not be permitted to sink into ob-

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livion. He is represented by his contemporaries to have been a great and truly good man, who pursued his profession, not merely to gain a subsistence, but to do good, to advance justice and humanity, to promote the well being of his fellow creatures, and the general interests of society. Not his eloquence alone, but all of his powers were ever exerted for the cause of right and justice. And thus his gifts became a public benefit and blessing. If such a man does not deserve to be remembered, we might well ask, who does?

During the two brief episodes in his professional life, when a member first of the lower and then the upper House of the General Assembly, he labored to improve the Criminal laws, the Land laws, the laws relating to the rights of person and the rights of property; in fact, our whole system of jurisprudence, and to advance the cause of popular education and of internal improvements.

He was a man of large and progressive ideas, ready to accept any and all improvements, if persuaded that the remedies proposed were, indeed improvements, but while always ready to correct abuses, he was far from believing that all change meant reform—was too sagacious and far seeing, too much alive to the public intersts, to encourage rash and ill advised men or measures, was wise and firm enough to oppose all fanatics and *doctrinaires*, in their excesses. In fact he stood in the way of these men and opposed their measures, as tending to the subversion of existing laws and the Constitutlon, and the introduction of anarchy and confusion. As a Public Prosecutor, it was both his duty and ambition to see the laws faithfully executed, and an example made of evil doers. In a word, he was a man who sought to do his duty, not to gain the applause of men, but to meet the approval of his God. At all times, and on all occasions, he was zealous for the

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common weal; and such was his goodness and maghanimity, that he desired to conceal, rather than display his deeds, and derive fame from them. If his course was beneficial to mankind—advanced the interest and prosperity of society and his country—he was content. For himself, he asked nothing, and always derived happiness from the preferment of others. Public honors were often bestowed upon others, which were looked upon as his due. So far from regretting it, or envying those who got them, he enjoyed seeing competent men promoted and when incompetent men were advanced, he would say, "let us make the most of them," so far was he from and above the littleness of vanity and jealousy. In a word he belonged to the class which "finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Of ambition for noisy honors, newspaper notoriety, or office, he had none. If ambition he had, it was gratified by the general recognition of the purity of his motives, the inflexibility of his personal integrity, by the evidences he constantly received that his labors to alleviate human suffering and to cure social disorders, were understood and appreciated. If he had ambition, it was to do good to his forlorn fellow creatures, to excel in his profession, and this latter he did so eminently that the great lawyers in every part of the State consulted him on many if not all important cases and abstruse points, and for years no law was passed, nor any important change made in existing laws, by the Legislature of Virginia, without members of the body, especially of the judiciary committee, asking his opinion and advice. That he had true ambition, loved honorable fame, we doubt not, and thus this exalted passion was, as we opine, the source of those noble actions and life-long labors, which caused him to be so much honored while living, and to be so venerated now that

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he is dead. And it is the duty of posterity to bestow on him that praise, after his death, which he declined while living.

Believing that the most efficacious method of exciting the talent of the living, is to confer due honors on departed merit, we have, nearly fifty years after his death, and thirty years after the destruction of his papers and almost everything throwing light upon his life undertaken this compilation. It must necessarily be very imperfect and incomplete, but inadequate as it is, it seems well to preserve it, as showing a wish, at least, to give to heaven-born talent its due.

We should like to have had sufficient material for fully portraying this remarkable man, his actions, his feelings, his thoughts and his adventures. Such a work would have derived additional interest from the fact that it would have recalled and preserved the recollection of his companions and friends, the kindred spirits of his day, now dead and nearly forgotten. As this could not be done, we have garnered up, in a fragmentary way, and not always in chronological sequence, the material, some of it light and trivial, [for it is said, P's 1st, "of the Godly man" "his leaf also shall not wither,"] presented in the following pages, and while it is only a half lifting of the veil of oblivion, it gives us a glimpse, at least, into an almost forgotten life, and serves too, to keep in memory his interesting family of Montgomery Hall. Like all families, it has been dispersed, but it richly deserves to be held in memory and handed down to posterity.

In one of his eloquent sermons, Dr. Talmage thus speaks of oblivion, which he styles the cemetery of the human race. "Why, just look at the families of the earth how they disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable and then they part, some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century

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is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it, and obliterate it. So the generations vanish."

Mr. Peyton's family, forming no exception to the rule, has been dispersed, but it survives in its branches and without signs of decay. Indeed, some of the young shoots exhibit the life and vigor, the virtue and valor of the original stock, which has stood for centuries, in the language of Lord Bacon, "against the winds and weathers of time." May these vigorous branches spread out, increase, keep pace with the grand march of humanity, and the oblivion of the family be as distant in the future as was its origin in the past.

This, we believe, will be the case, for we do not belong to those who imagine that humanity is on the decline, that the energy of man is decaying, that the heart is becoming harder, and the imagination and intellect are dwindling away. On the contrary, in our opinion, man is, on the whole, advancing, and will continue to advance, intellectually and morally, until the world shall have answered all the purposes of its creation and the immortal state begins. What else means the vast improvement in morals, the ameliorations of war, the progress of political science, the redemption of woman from her degradation and bondage, the abolition of slavery, the general and wonderful progress of the race the last hundred years.

To his descendants now scattered through the States of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, New York, and the far West, this compilation will possess deep interest, if it possess none for others, and for them and their connections alone, it is designed. May the remembrance and contemplation of his virtues inspire them with a desire to imitate them!

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MEMOIR

—OF—

JOHN HOWE PEYTON.

John Howe Peyton, who acquired so much fame as a lawyer, statesman and orator, was descended from Henry Peyton, of "Acquia", Westmoreland county, Va., the first of the Peytons to leave England for Virginia, which he did about the year 1644. Henry Peyton died at his home "Acquia", in Westmoreland county, 1659. We learn from the National Cyclopedia of Biography that from the period of their settlement in Virginia to the present day, 250 years, the family has been "prolific of men full of gallantry and public spirit, of thrifty habits, hospitable, charitable and generous, whose lives have been useful and blameless, and whose characters were without blemish". The grandson of the first emigrant, or Henry Peyton the third, who removed to Stafford county, left among other issue, a son, John Peyton, of Stony Hill, Stafford, who was the grandfather of John H. Peyton, and is described as a man of "undeviating rectitude of conduct, of unshaken constancy in friendship, active in benevolence and pure in his habits."

John Peyton left by his second wife a son, John Rowze Peyton, of Stony Hill, Stafford county, who served seven

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years in the Revolutionary Army and acquired by his dauntless valor and faithful discharge of duty, the sobriquet of the "hero boy of 1776". He was a man of strong convictions, probably of strong prejudices, and enforced his views in newspaper articles, showing marked ability as a thinker and writer. His son, John Howe Peyton, the subject of this sketch, was born at Stony Hill, April 27th, 1778, and died at Montgomery Hall, near Staunton, Augusta county, Va., April 3rd, 1847. And it may be truly said that no one was more loved, more honored or more mourned by those who knew him best.

When a boy attending a country school near his birth place, young John Howe Peyton was conspicuous for the beauty and intelligence of his countenance, the comeliness of his person, the quaintness of his humor, the vivacity of his spirits, and the pungency of his wit. The lad was fond of outdoor sports and all athletic exercises, in which he engaged daily, thus in good time developing his strength and securing for life a sound mind in a sound body. These pastimes, however, did not interfere with his studies, to which he devoted himself for years assiduously. And he succeeded so well, in both mental and physical exercises, that it was commonly said of him, that he was a boy who seemed to have come from the hand of nature, formed and destined to do extensive good, and to excel in every pursuit. So superior was he generally to his young companions that he was, before twelve years of age, pointed out as one who already gave evidence of his future abilities. When only sixteen years of age, he had grown into a young man of remarkable strength of body and vigor of mind, was full of pluck and spirit, and had acquired no small stock of learning. His father determined to send him to the North for further education. Accordingly he was entered at Nassau Hall Princeton Univer-

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sity. N. J., in 1794, then, as now, one of the most famous seats of learning in the country, and much patronized by Southerners. His previous training prepared him well for the University, where he quickly took and kept a leading place till his graduation as A. M. in 1797.

At Princeton he continued, as may be surmised, diligent in his studies, and while going through the usual scholastic routine engaged in an extensive private course of philosophical, metaphysical, historical and general reading. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable, and he kept up this habit in after years, and to give his family a taste for literature was in the habit of reading aloud to his children of evenings the plays of Shakespeare, the writings of Addison, Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith and other standard authors. He also attended the debates in the Whig Society, (an association of young collegians, formed for mutual improvement,) where he won distinction as a speaker and debater. He was singularly free from the usual vices of youth and that sensuality and egotism, which is the source of so many miseries. In consequence of his high standing as a scholar, orator and man—and no young man was more noted for his exemplary habits, straightforward conduct and nice sense of honor—he was held in great respect in the University, alike by professors, tutors and fellow students. But he never showed the slightest consciousness of his endowments or discovered any vanity at the extent and variety of his attainments, and the impression they made on others, but enjoyed his success with propriety and good sense. He made many friends at Princeton, and if they were not afterwards of service to him, they were certainly a comfort. His object then, as ever afterwards, was not to shine, for ambition was not his failing, but he was incited by a thirst for knowledge and a desire for excellence. Having secured high

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academical honors, which are the laudable objects of any young man's generous ambition, by taking his A. M. degree, he returned to Virginia in 1797, immediately thereafter commenced, and in due time completed his legal education, and in 1799 entered on the law practice. Judge R. C. L. Moncure, President of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, says of him in his private journal: "He took a position on being admitted to the bar, which brought him immediate and continued popularity as a lawyer, a pleader and a scholar." His progress was indeed rapid, and he soon proved to be acute, deep,cautious, methodical and persevering, with extraordinary administrative ability; and was noted for his personal magnetism, his animal spirits and social powers, as well as his forensic abilities.

At this time he was six feet two inches high, of strong, lithe and vigorous frame, weighing about 180 pounds. His manners were affable and engaging, and were characterized by dignity and grace. He was fond of conversation, and his conversation was animated and instructive. He always, indeed, spoke with so much point that he appeared superior to others of his age in wisdom and understanding. To his solid attainments and well-bred and polished manners he joined a generous heart, virtuous principles and a chivalric sense of honor. These gifts and accomplishments soon inspired all who knew him with respect and esteem, and this admiration was due to none of those artifices so common with "people's men," or of that subserviency which so often leads to popularity, and which contra-distinguishes the man without principle,who wants office, from the man of principle whom office wants. It was also discovered that he was broad and liberal in his views and opinions on politics and religion, and indeed on all social questions—was free from cant and hypocricy,

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and was without any of that duplicity in youth which is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Toward all men he was charitable, and did not require them to see things as he saw them; he allowed of a difference of opinion without treating a man as a heretic in religion, or a knave and traitor in politics because he sought to serve God or his country by a different course or policy from himself. He not only respected but venerated all men who were loyal to truth. His influence was consequently very great and was soon enhanced by the discovery that he was a man of stern and uncompromising integrity and inflexible firmness, or unlimited courage, a courage which extended to rashness, a man who could not be moved from the path of duty by "fear, favor or affection," and we may add that he went through a long, eventful and trying life without suspicion of any kind of vice. He was soon looked up to as a person not only of eminent merit but exalted character, who would, if the occasion arose, become a hero, ready and able to defend the rights of the people and the liberties of his country. Early in the century 1802-3 he was commissioned captain of a volunteer company of cavalry and drilled his command, composed of young gentlemen of Stafford and Spottsylvania counties over the country from Acquia Creek to Fredericksburg, and the annals of British Field sports were never illustrated by more daring feats of horsemanship, the clearing of fences, gates, hedges and ditches, than were performed by these Virginian riders.

In 1804 he married Susan, daughter of William Strother Madison, a niece of the Right Rev. James Madison, Bishop of Virginia, and relative of President Madison, by whom he left an only son, the late Col. William M. Peyton, of Roanoke, who was himself a man of gifted intellect and extensive acquirements, of upright and honorable character, who acquired as a

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public speaker and member of the House of Delegates of Virginia, a distinguished reputation for ability and statesmanship. We anticipate events in order to state that after losing his wife by her untimely death, he married in 1821 Ann Montgomery Lewis, a daughter of the old Revolutionary hero, Major John Lewis of the Sweet Springs; by his wife Mary, a daughter of the gallant Col. William Preston, of Smithfield, Montgomery county, who was wounded at the battle of Guildford, from the effects of which he died years afterward. By his second marriage he left ten children. In 1806 he was elected to the House of Delegates. This gave him little or no pleasure, as he preferred the profession but he served several years, up to 1810 on public grounds. Though there was not much scope in the House for his powers, he took an active part in all business and in the debates, and such was his political sagacity, his indomitable energy and his vehement eloquence, that he had almost unrivaled power over his hearers and soon became a leader, inspiring his followers with enthusiastic love and admiration, and was regarded by them, if not by both sides of the Chamber, as the ablest man in the House and the equal of any in the State. At that period he was as remarkable for his wise and prudent counsels as for his invincible eloquence.

During the session of 1809–10 Mr. Peyton made the celebrated report as to an amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which is appended to this sketch.

Staunton was early in the century a no inconsiderable town, and to lawyer and litigant alike the most important point west of the Blue Ridge Mountains, because the seat of the superior courts of law and chancery—the jurisdiction of the chancery court extending over the whole western part of the State. This fact caused many able and learned lawyers to make it their home, among the most prominent were

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Judge Coalter, Daniel Sheffey, Chapman Johnson, Briscoe G. Baldwin and Samuel Blackburn, and the terms were attended by such legal lights, from other circuits, as George Hay, William Wirt, P. P. Barbour, B. W. Leigh, L.W.Tazewell, Henry St. G. Tucker and others. Staunton was then regarded, and for many years later, as having the ablest resident bar in the State.

In 1808, Mr. Peyton removed to the town to enter the arena against these great men, and in a very brief period, indeed, he gained, in the opinion of the court and the lawyers and of the people, the first place at the bar. Such was his vigor, originality and learning, that Col. Preston, one of his biographers, says that "he met in contest the strongest men in each department of the law and he made himself a champion in all." Daniel Sheffey said "he posessed gigantic power without effort, was leader in his circuit and at the head of the profession."

From 1808 to 1846, when struck down by apoplexy, he bent the whole energies of his mind and body to the profession—the only interruption in this long period of practice being a brief episode of military service, from 1812 to 1815, as Chief of Staff to Gen. Porterfield in the war against England, and one of five years in the Senate of Virginia from 1839 to 1845, when he resigned during his second term from ill health. He did not desire, still less seek, a seat in the Senate, but yielded to the importunities of his Rockbridge and Augusta friends, the leading men of Rockbridge particularly importuning him to accept the position, in order to promote, among other things, the fortunes of the Virginia Military Institute; a school they esteemed of great importance to the county and the cause of State education, and to which it was well known Mr. Peyton was most friendly, for he was

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everywhere known and recognized as the friend and promoter of learning and the liberal arts. And his deep interest in the cause of education was evinced by his acceptance of the position of trustee of Washington College in 1832, which he held till he resigned in 1846, having during this long period at great inconvenience to himself, attended the meetings of the Board, of which he was an active and useful member. He also acted for many years before and after 1832 as President of the Board of Trustees of the Staunton Academy; was one of the founders of the Virginia Female Institute at Staunton, and a member of the Board of Trustees; was one of the most earnest advocates of the scheme for establishing the Virginia Military Institute and suggested the union of the Institute and Washington College under one management, believing that the United University ought to be and would become one of the greatest seats of learning in the country. He also accepted, in 1840, the position of visitor to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, and wrote the able, interesting and instructive report of the Board for that year. This was said at the time to be the ablest report ever written on the condition, the mode of instruction, the changes and improvements which should be introduced in the course of study and discipline and the future usefulness of West Point.

Education he considered the philosophy of the human mind, enriching it with all that is useful or ornamental in knowledge, teaching us how to avert evil and produce good. It was not so valuable for the learning acquired, for to be well informed, was not, in his opinion, to be well educated; as for the moral character it formed, for the habit of thought engendered, for the preparation it was for the practical duties of life—in a word, he regarded education or intellectual progress as the sure forerunner of moral improvement.

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It may not be out of place to mention here that his interest in, and sympathy for the unfortunate and afflicted was manifested in various ways, but especially by his services as a member of the Court of Directors of the Western Lunatic Asylum at Staunton for over twenty years, during ten of which he was President of the board.

Mr. Peyton's political life can be briefly summarized. He voted for the election of James Madison and zealously supported his administration. He also voted for James Monroe, and opposed the election of John Quincy Adams, voting for Gen. Jackson. He voted for Jackson twice, reluctantly when a candidate for a re-election, because of his refusal to sign the bill to recharter the United States Bank, but under a belief that Jackson's course was more due to the feelings created by the particular time when congress passed the bill, it being just previous to his second election, than to any settled hostility on his part to a United States Bank, and he subsequently abandoned that party, and ever afterwards adhered to the Whig party.

Mr. Peyton thus gives his reasons for abandoning the democratic party—he said; "shortly after his (Jackson's) re-election, he commenced a train of measures, to which I was utterly opposed, measures of a novel and alarming character, which in their origin and their subsequent developments, brought distress and embarrassment upon the banks, upon the country at large, and especially upon all our commercial interests. I allude to his wild, violent and undigested schemes of finance, commencing with his pet bank system and ending with his order in council, the specie circular. This warfare upon the bank of the United States, the currency and the commerce of the nation, reduced us in 1837 to the degradation of witnessing a general suppression of specie pay-

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ments by the banks. These acts, connected with the corrupting system of party discipline, introduced by that administration, with the view of compelling private judgment to succumb to the behest of the party, completely separated me from the administration of Andrew Jackson." (See his letter of date May 1st, 1839, and addressed to the people of Augusta and Rockbridge counties.)

In the Senate, he opposed the annexation of Texas, a revenue tariff, and a war with England on the question of the Oregon boundary line, saying in regard to Oregon, "while our title to the whole of that vast region extending westward from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and the 42nd degree of north latitude to 54°, 40′, was certainly as good as that of any other nation, and probably better, we had ourselves, on repeated occasions virtually admitted that it was not so complete and unqualified as to preclude all other claims to any portion of it; and therfore a war for Oregon, unless an attempt was made to wrest it forcibly from our possessions would be not only a blunder but a crime."

The annexation of Texas he opposed on many grounds. He declared first that America was already too vast to be national, and too rich to be democratic, and any extension of her borders would increase the evils. Secondly, he objected to a clause in the constition of Texas which refused to the legislature power to pass laws for the emancipation of slaves. Thirdly, he was opposed to the United States Government assuming the debt of Texas and he thought annexation might lead to useless wars about boundary, etc.

On the question of the tariff, he held that direct protection was a legitimate object of legislation and he opposed any tariff which gave merely incidental protection. He derived his doctrine on the question both from the necessity and jus-

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tice of the case, and the explicit avowal of those who framed the constitution and of those who sat in the first Congress under it, that it was designed and desired to lay duties for the encouragement and protection of domestic manufactures and he would allow no arguments of expediency to induce him to abandon his ground and to fall in with the friends of a revenue tariff giving incidental protection. This phraseology he denounced as a device of demagogues who were willing to conceal or abandon their principles in order to secure success. He also supported the "Monroe Doctrine," opposed nullification and secession, and favored a United States bank and popular education by means of State aid. He also spoke on behalf of a generous system of internal improvement and against the great liberty of divorce. In a word, he gave a general support to the principles of the old Whig party and occupied a position of commanding influence. His speeches in the Senate, like those at the bar, were distinguished for their clear, nervous brevity. And the great men of the day, B. W. Leigh, John J. Allen, R. E. Scott, William C. Rives, Vincent Witcher, Wm. Daniel, R. C. Conrad, and others, declared were equal to anything ever heard in a deliberative assembly. He was consulted and deferred to for the wisdom, sagacity and moderation of his counsels and was usually styled the "Nestor of the Senate." His influence was paramount and always exerted for the public good, and the prosperity of Virginia, for half a century; indeed, up to the civil war, was to no inconsiderable degree, due to the wise advice of this patriotic and public spirited man.

Some years before he entered the Senate, he had grown stout, weighing 220 pounds, his fine silk-like hair was snowy white, his face florid, his eyes bright, piercing and thoughtful, and in silence his calm and serene countenance gave him

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a majestic and graceful appearance. Alexander McD. Cowan, writing of him in the Vindicator newspaper of Staunton, February 18th, 1887, says; "Mr. Peyton was a remarkably handsome man, being of a fine figure and size, and with a face whose every feature was well-nigh faultless in shape and expression. Indeed, the word superb which used to be applied to the late Gen. Hancock's commanding appearance, might with equal oppropriateness have been applied to John Howe Peyton." Gen. William Preston, of Kentucky, told the writer he was, when he first met him in 1835-6 at the White Sulphur Springs, the "finest specimen of the Virginia gentleman of the old school, in his scrupulous, old fashioned courtesy, and open handed liberality, in his dress and appearance, he had ever seen—was not only an honor to the State but to human nature." His health was good up to the age of 66 years, his step firm, his figure erect; in fact, he was as straight as a dart, and there was something in his look which seemed to arise from an innate disposition of the mind or the workings of a great soul.

He kept up a large establishment at his elegant home of Montgomery Hall, having over fifty servants about his premises, entertained a great deal of company in a delightful manner, gave sumptious dinners and a great many of them, and of other entertainments—in fact, he kept open house, and while he set no bounds to his generous hospitality, there was no ostentation or vain display, though his house and furniture were thoroughly well appointed. His guests were among the most distinguished for talents and acquirements, for rank and station in the State and country. It was said, therefore, that at Montgomery Hall you were sure to enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." While he entertainad so well, he was himseltf abstemious in his habits and denied himself animal food one day in every week.

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He was wise and prudent in forming his intimacies and friendships, but when once a man's friend, unless for some good cause, he was ever constant and unchangeable, and there was no length to which he would not go to serve a friend. On one occasion, when in the Senate,he sacrified the office of Govenor of Viginia, to which he was about to be elected, to serve a friend and to secure the election of his friend, as he did, to the position of Judge. At another time, for he was a friend who "abided in the day of trouble" he offerd a friend in distress from pecuniary losses, the occupation, use and proceeds of one of his estates in Alleghany county, of nearly 5000 acres of land and a large number of servants. In this munificient spirit of liberality and generosity, he sought to provide for this unfortunate friend and his dependant family. So constituted was he, that it was often said that if a man's friend, he was the friend of his family, indeed of everybody connected with him—in a word he took the whole tribe to his heart. As a master, he was kind, humane, just and ever mindful of the wants of his servants, provided every family with a good house and garden, extended to them the privilege of raising poultry, pigs, etc., and of enjoying the fruits of such care and industry as they chose to bestow on them, during time allowed for this purpose. And he was so loved and respected by his servants that they considered it a favor, not a task, to do his bidding. But when there was occasion for it, he could be severe, and required a strict account from all.

Every community has its leading spirit, who,to a certain extent, impresses his character upou it and brings it up, in a measure, to what that choice spirit is, and that is precisely what Mr. Peyton did. He was identified with every interest of the people, with their trade and commerce, with the material development of the State, and its moral, educational and

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religious prosperity. He was honest and upright in the highest degree, and never violated a trust, but was ever faithful to every obligation. His heart was full of that charity which "vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up." The poor, the afflicted, the distressed, whether "in mind, body or estate," were recipients of his kind deeds, and the widow and orphan knew him in their extremity. Principle dictated all his acts and he never departed a hair's breadth from the line of duty.

He was warm hearted, genial, and kindly, was fond of intellectual society, in which he was sure to shine, was given to hospitality and entertained more company probably than any gentleman of his day in Virginia; in fact, lived with open house.

Among other accomplishments, it should be remembered that he was a refined and robust writer, and had his professional and business engagements permitted, he would doubtless have been a famous author. Now and again he indulged, in an hour of leisure, in preparing an article for the British Reviews. They showed eminent literary talents. Those productions were, for the most part, destroyed in the library of his son, Col. J. Lewis Peyton, which was stored for safe keeping during the Civil War, on his Jackson River estate in Alleghany county, where they were burnt by Federal troops. His essays were generally on subjects of utility to the State and country, but some times his disquisitions were on moral and metaphysical science, and were remarkable for their clearness and force—no man, indeed, could have presented his views in a more perspicuous, more forcible or convincing manner. Judge McCue says, "his conception of a great subject and mode of expression were as clear, distinct and demonstrative as were those of Edmund Burke."

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In a brief sketch only his salient points can be touched upon. Enough has been said, however, to present a fair idea of the superior mental and moral endowments of this extraordinary man. For his wonderful lifelong labors he did not receive, though having a most extensive and fairly lucrative practice—probably the largest of any lawyer in Virginia—a tithe of the annual income of a modern millionaire, but he accomplished great and noble ends, and no language can describe the inward satisfaction, the mental pleasure he must have enjoyed. He rejoiced in what riches cannot purchase, the love, admiration and respect of every one, from the humblest mountaineer to the highest official in the land.

His name has not perished and will not, but will grow greener with years and blossom through the coming ages. This little tribute, it is hoped, will extend and confirm the reputation of a man worthy of universal admiration. May it, however, do more. The fame of the truly great can only be of use when stimulating by example. Let every reader of these pages consider what he can contribute towards the same great cause of social melioration, what sacrifices he will make to reclaim the vicious, instruct the ignorant, cheer the disconsolate, what selfishness and bigotries he will relinquish; what benevolence, justice, charity he will exercise, and what, in a word, he will do to imitate the example of heroic worth given us by this truly wise and good man.

He was struck down by apoplexy in 1845, recovered sufficiently to walk about his house, but was disabled in 1846, by a second attack accompanied by paralysis. His mind, however, continued clear and vigorous, though his voice was indistinct. This was illustrated by his ability displayed on his sick bed, in a conversation with the late Col. John B. Baldwin, in which he gave him the points and elucidated the intri-

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cacies of an important and difficult law case, then in progress, and cited the authorities. Throughout his illness, he endured his sufferings with patience and meekness, and died at Montgomery Hall, April 3d, 1847, leaving the reputation of having been a perfect gentleman, the soul of honor, and the pink of chivalry.

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MR. PEYTON'S REPORT IN 1810.

VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

EXTRACT FROM THE MESSAGE OF GOV. TYLER OF VIRGINIA, DECEMBER 4TH, 1809.

A proposition from the State of Pennsylvania is herewith submitted, with Gov. Snyder's letter endorsing the same, in which is suggested the propriety of amending the constitution of the United States so as to prevent collisions between the government of the Union and the State government.

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Friday, Dec., 15th, 1809.

On motion ordered that so much of the Governor's communication as relates to the communication of the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the subject of an amendment proposed by the legislature of the State to the constitution of the United States he referred to Messrs. Peyton, Otey, Cabell, Walker, Madison, Holt, Newton, Parker, Stevenson, Randolph, Cocke, Wayatt and Ritchie.

Thursday, Jan., 11th, 1810.

Mr. Peyton from the committee to whom was referred that part of the Governor's communications which relates to the amendment proposed by the State of Pennsylvania, to the constitution of the United States, made the following

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REPORT.

"The committee to whom was referred the communication of the Governor of Pennsylvania, covering certain resolutions of the legislature of that State proposing an amendment of the Constitution of the Uunited States by the appointment of an impartial tribunal to decide disputes between the State and Federal judiciary, have had the same, under their consideration, and are of opinion that a tribunal is already provided by the Constitution of the United States to wit; the supreme court, more eminently qualified from their habits and duties, from the mode of their selection, and from the tenure of their offices, to decide the disputes aforesaid in an enlightened and impartial manner than any other tribunal which could be selected.

The members of the supreme court, are selected from those in the United States, who are most celebrated for virtue and legal learning, not at the will of a single individual, but by the concurrent wishes of the President and Senate of the United States; they will therefore have no local prejuices or partialities. The duties they have to perform, lead them necessarily to the most enlarged and accurate acquaintance with the jurisdiction of the Federal and State courts together, and with the admirable symmetry of our Government. The tenure of their offices enables them to pronounce the sound and correct opinions they may have formed without fear, favour, or partiality.

The amendment of the Constitution proposed by Pennsylvania seems to be founded upon the idea that the Federal judiciary will, from a lust of power, enlarge their jurisdiction, to the total annihilation of the jurisdiction of the State courts; that they will exercise their will instead of the law and the Constitution.

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This argument, if it proves anything, would operate more strongly against the tribunal proposed to be created, which promises so little, than against the State courts, which, for the reason given, have every thing connected with their appointment calculated to insure confidence. What security have we, were the proposed amendments adopted, that this tribunal would not substitute their will and their pleasure in place of the law? The Judiciary are the weakest of the three departments of government, and least dangerous to the political rights of the Constitution; they hold neither the purse, nor the sword; and even to enforce their own judgments and decisions, must ultimately depend upon the executive arm. Should the Federal judiciary, however unmindful of their weakness, unmindful of the duty which they owe to themselves, and their country, become corrupt and transcend the limits of their jurisdiction, would the proposed amendment oppose even a probable barrier to such an improbable state of things?

The creation of a tribunal, such as is proposed by Pennsylvania, so far as we are able to form an idea of it, from the description given in the resolutions of the Legislature of the State, would, in the opinion of your Committee, tend rather to invite them to prevent collisions between the Federal and State conrts. It might also become in process of time, a serious and dangerous embarrassment to the operations of the general government.

Resolved, therefore: That the Legislature of this State do disapprove of the amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Resolved also: That his Excellency the Govenor be, and he is hereby requested to transmit forthwith a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions to each of the Senators and

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representatives of this State in Congress, and to the executives of the several states in the union, with a request that the same be laid before the Legislature thereof.

The said Resolutions being read a second time, were, on motion ordered to be referred to a committee of the whole House on the state of the Commonwealth.

Tuesday, Jan. 23rd, 1810.

The House according to the orders of the day, resolved itself into a Committee of the whole house on the state of the Commonwealth, and after some time spent therein, Mr. Speaker resumed the chair, and Mr. Stannard of Spottsylvania, reported that the Committee had, according to order, had under consideration the preamble and resolution of the select committee, to whom was referred that part of the Governor's communication which relates to the amendment proposed to the constitution of the United States by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, had gone through with the same, and directed him to report them to the House without amendment, which he handed in to the clerk's table.

And the question being put, on agreeing to the said preamble and resolutions, they were agreed to by the House unanimously.

Ordered that the clerk carry the said preamble and resolutions to the Senate, and desire their concurrence.

IN SENATE.

Wednesday, January 24th, 1810.

The preamble and resolutions on the amendment to the constitutition of the United States, proposed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania by the appointment of an impartial tribunal to decide disputes between the State and Federal judiciary, being also delivered in, and twice read, on motion was

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ordered to be committed to Messieurs Nelson, Currie, Campbell, Upshur and Wolfe.

Friday, January 26th, 1810.

Mr. Nelson reported from the committee on the preamble and resolutions on the amendment, proposed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, etc., that the committee had, according to order, taken the said preamble and resolutions under their consideration, and directed him to report them without any amendment.

"This important state paper," says Judge McCue, "can be seen in the works of Daniel Webster, vol. III, pp. 352–54, and so able were these views and resolutions, considered at the time, as to attract the attention of the leading Statesmen of the country, and they guided the other States in the adoption of similar resolutions, thus overthrowing the effort of Pennsylvania to establish a separate and distinct judicial department as arbiter between the Federal and State Governments."

In the great debate in the United States Senate between Daniel Webster and Gen. Hayne, of South Carolina, Mr. Webster quoted Mr. Peyton's preamble and resolutions, as so conclusive of the questions involved, as to admit of no further discussion. In a subsequent pages of Judge McCue's sketch, an interesting conversation between Mr. Webster and Daniel Sheffey is reported.

DISEASE LEADS TO HIS CHANGE OF HOME.

For several years previous to 1808, Mr. Peyton suffered with a disease of the stomach and bowels—a chronic disen-

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tary, which baffled the skill of his physicians. He consulted many of the eminent doctors of Virginia and Maryland in vain. The numerous remedies they prescribed were taken without good effect or gave only temporary relief. As a last resort he determined, on the advice of his family physician and his most intimate friends, to try the efficacy of the mineral waters of the Virginia Springs, and accordingly spent the summer of 1806–7 at that famous resort, the old Sweet Springs, in Monroe county. A use of the waters in a very brief period, gave him relief from his sufferings, and at the end of the season his health was re-established. He quickly decided, painful as was the severing of early ties, and the seperation from friends; to leave the malarial regions of lower Virginia, and to make his home in the healthy and bracing climate, west of the Blue Ridge. Accordingly in 1808 established himself in Stannton.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The deep interest taken by Mr. Peyton in all matters likely to promote the thrift of the people and the public prosperity, and to which repeated reference is made in the various sketches of his life, is illustrated by the following facts:

At a meeting of the people of Augusta, held in Staunton in June, 1811, to form an agricultural society, the first ever organized in the county, he was present and appointed on what was styled the Committee of Correspondence, a committee, no doubt, raised to induce by letters the leading men of the county to co-operate in the cause.

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MILITARY SCHOOLS.

In view of the war threatened with England the year following a military association was formed in Staunton, and a committee was appointed at a public meeting to deliberate and report on the best means to be adopted in order to secure the establishment of military schools in the counties of Augusta, Rockbridge and Rockingham for the instruction of officers and men. This committee, of which Mr. Peyton was a member, reported to a meeting of the association held in Staunton June 20th, 1812. It does not appear by whom the report was written, but it embodies his sentiments on the subject, and is therefore given as follows, namely:

"The committee to whom was referred a resolution of the Staunton Military Association, which has for its object the establishment of military schools, having had the subject under consideration beg leave to report.

The committee deem it unnecessary to refer to any other authority than the good sense and honest feelings of every man, to prove the great utility, at all times, but more especially at this, of military instruction to the people of this country. The subject, there at least, is a new and difficult one; and the committee are very sensible that any plea which they can suggest will have many palpable obstacles to encounter and may be exposed to various others, which they cannot foresee. They rely for every hope of success upon the acknowledged value of the object in view, upon the patriotism of the people, upon the order of the present times, and upon the success of the experiment, which this society has made.

A military school, in which could be taught the complete discipline of a refinest, the different exercises of the rifle

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corps, the artillery and the infantry, together with the cavalry exercises of the sword, though it could not promise to teach the whole principles of war as a science would certainly promise much that would be eminently useful to every soldier and officer in the institution. And your committee cannot refrain from suggesting that a school for these purposes, successfully conducted, might serve as an introduction to some more extensive and some more perfect system of military education.

To obtain a person capable of conducting such a school, would not always be easy; such a person is not very readily to be met with, and what is yet more difficult, funds to remunerate his services, are to be raised by voluntary contribution. But at present, judging from their own experience, in this society, your committee think that a person whose skill, information and zeal in military affairs, would enable him to conduct such a school, may be found in your commandant, and they hope that funds to compensate his services are within the reaeh of an active and spirited exertion. They hope that the neighboring counties of Rockbridge and Rockingham would consider the subject as worthy of their attention, and might be induced to unite with the people of Augusta in their endeavors to attain it. A sufficient number of subscribers in the county of Augusta alone would probably not be obtained, to induce any one properly qualified, to devote his time to this service. But by the union of Rockingham and Rockbridge this might be effected.

Your committee would therefore recommend to the society, the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, that subscriptions be opened in the county of Augusta, under the immediate superintendance of a committee of seven persons, appointed by this society, for establish-

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ing a military school in the town of Staunton to be denominated the Staunton Military School, to commence on the 15th day of July next, and continue for one year thereafter, and be under the directions of Capt. George Turner; the presnt commandant of this society—that the times of teaching and price to subscribers be regulated by said committee and the commandant in conjunction, so that the days of teaching be not less than one day in each fortnight, and the price to subscribers be not more than ten dollars per annum, payable quarterly in advance.

Resolved, that it be recommended to the commandant to endeavor to establish similar schools in the neighbouring counties of Rockingham and Rockbridge, and that the committee aforesaid be instructed to invite, respectfully, the co-operation of those counties."

THE WAR OF 1812.

The year following, President Madison sent a war message to congress and such was the popular excitement growing out of the British claim entitled the "Right of Search," and the collision between the United States frigate, *Chesapeake*, and the British frigate, *Leapold*, in 1807, which had never been allayed, that war was declared by the United States against Great Britian, on June 18th, 1812.

The nation was much divided on this policy. By the opposition party, the main strength of which was in the Northern and Eastern States, it was considered a mere administration measure, resistance to which argued no want of patriotism, but quite the contrary and so from the beginning to the

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close of hostilities, the Federalists did all they could to stay the course on which they thought the Government was driving to destruction. The Hartford convention met, and some of the New England States went so far as to nulify an act of Congress regarding enlistment. During all this time, the country was in great want of resources, which nothing but unanimity could supply. The army was but a handful, and the Militia, instead of coming forward in large numbers, remained at home to attend party meetings and discuss the right of the Government to call them out; the supply of war material was very scanty, and the Treasury almost empty.

Such was the unpromising state of affairs, when John H. Peyton, who had voted for Mr. Madison and warmly supported the war policy, came foward and exerted every energy of mind and body to stir up popular enthusiasm in support of the war. He volunteered at once, to serve in the army, until peace was restored, and was immediately appointed Chief of Staff to Gen. Porterfield, an old Revolutionary officer, who, while serving as a Lieutenant in 1780,at the seige of Charleston, S. C.,had killed by his side, Captain Valentine Peyton, a young and gallant cousin of J. H. Peyton. Forgetting everything but his duty to his courntry, which was with him, and every true patriot paramount. Mr. P. abandoned his lucrative practice, which more selfish men sought to appropriate, and his wife and family and joined the army on the James river in Eastern Virginia, with the active operation of which he was identified until the decleration of peace, February 17th, 1815.

The "Republican Farmer" went out of existence, no newspaper took its place for years and we have seen no account of the army services of Major Peyton beyond the statement that he was "one of the most enterprising and daring officers in the service," but more than thirty years after the

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end of the war, and his death, his minor children received from the Governmeut, a pension for his services.

ANECDOTE OF THE FIGHTING MAJOR.

The late Adam Bickle, of Staunton, father of R. G. Bickle and a member of the Augusta Force, use to enjoy telling an anecdote of Major Peyton. He said that repeated complaints were made by the soldiers as to the musty flour and inferior bacon furnished by the commissary, to the troops, while stationed at Camp Holly. On one occasion, Major Peyton remonstrated with the commissary, on the character of the stores, when that officer flew into a passion and grossly insulted the major, whom he alledged, was not the proper officer to take him to task. Without a moments thought Major Peyton knocked him down with the hilt of his sword, and gave him a thorough drubbing in presence of the men. This would appear very curious to persons accustomed to European discipline and standing armies, but with the raw levies, of eighty years ago, was much enjoyed and thought not to be greatly out of place. It had the effect of endearing the Major to the men who never in any kind of subsequent trouble, failed to appeal to him.

Many years after one of Major Peyton's young children hearing of this affair, enquired if the commissary had challenged him. The Major replied that he had not. But continued the child "suppose he had, what would you have done?" Why said the Major, "I would have answered him as humorously as did the gentleman spoken of by Dr. Franklin," "A gentleman in a coffee house," said the Major "desired another to sit further from him. Why so? Because you stink! That's

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an insult, and you must fight me. I will fight you, if you insist upon it, but I do not see how that will mend the matter, for if you kill me, I shall stink too, and if I kill you, you will stink, if possible, more than you do at present."

A WESTERN TRIP IN 1815.

Shortly after the close of the war, Mr. Peyton made a visit to Kentucky on business, one object being to look after fifteen hundred acres of land belonging to his wife lying near Louisville, a property which has since become of immense value. He was accompanied by Ned Phipps or Fibs, his body servant during the war, a faithful negro, upon whose attachment he could rely. In his station few men behaved, as a rule, better than Ned, who had a certain amount of self respect, "nigger" as he was styled, and knew how to conduct himself, if he did not always do it. They made the entire journey from Staunton to Louisville, on horse-back, of course they were armed, as their route was through a wild and savage country, infested by Indians, many of them dissatisfied with the close and the result of the war; and a class of desperate whites, more dangerous than the red men, some of whom had served under Gen. Harrison in the North West, and were survivors of Fort Meigs, and the battle and massacre of the river Raisin. The Eastern part of Kentucky, known as the "Knobs," or the "Knobby country," is still a savage country in possession of a savage people, though traversed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad which is supposed to have let in some of the light of civilization, and has gained an unenviable notoriety within the past ten years by reason of the bloody fueds between the Hatfields and McCoys. Through this wilderness

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they travelled on miserable paths called roads, which connected the settlements, swimming rivers, and other water courses and resting of nights in log huts,alled country taverns promising accommodations for man and beast. And what is remarkable to relate completed their outward juorney and return to Virginia in safety.

When we consider what our ancestors endured, what hardships and privations they suffered, we are of the opinion that we enjoy to day, more physical, spiritual and intellectual benefits and blessings than have ever before fallen to the lot of man. Notwithstanding the rough experiences of this trip, Mr. Peyton found something bright in all he saw and heard, allowed nothing to depress his spirits, still less deepening sorrows, over the woeful complaints he listened to from back woodsmen of hard times and worse coming.

He was one of those men who make the best of every thing, there was nothing splenetic, melancholy, or timid in his nature, and he returned from his visit strengthened for his manly duties—his lawyer's life. Such was his devotion to the profession that he would allow nothing to permanently turn him from it, and he only served two years as Mayor of Staunton, to which position he was elected in 1817–18 because, the duties were so light that they did not interfere with his work, and his friends urged him to accept the place as, at that time, the currency was deranged, money scarce, and people depressed. From the fertility of his reources it was thought he would find a remedy for these evils. During his Mayoralty, the city made an issue of paper money and this circulating medium brought no small relief to the people. One of these "shin plasters," as they were termed in popular slang phraseology, was found a few years since, over eighty years from the time it was put forth; presumably in the stocking of some prov-

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ident old woman, and was sealed up as a curiosity in the corner stone of the Confederate Monument in Thornrose Cemetary, at Staunton.

During the month he gave himself for relaxation and rest in Kentucky he enjoyed the society of such people as the Brown's, Green's Preston's Gov. Shelby, Col. R. M. Johnson, Natl. Hart, Robert Scott and other noted characters in that rich and lovely region. Some of these afterwards from time to time visited him, and greatly enjoyed the blandishments of Virginian society.

DECLINES AN APPOINTMENT.

On his return from his Western trip he was appointed deputy United States District Attorney for Western Virginia, and for a time discharged the duties of the office for his friend William Wirt. He had served in the Legislature in 1808-9, with Mr. Wirt and a strong mutual friendship was the result. On Mr. Wirt's resignation of the position and his removal to Baltimore, Mr. Peyton declined the office as conflicting with his other appointments, (which were more lucrative) and his extensive private practice.

We owe the following letters to the filial piety of Mr. Peyton's eldest daughter, Mrs. Susan M. Baldwin, widow of the late Col. J. B. Baldwin, who has preserved them since the Montgomery Hall family was broken up at Mrs. J. H. Peyton's death in 1850.

OLD FAMILY LETTERS.

Fawcett's Tavern, Green Valley, Bath Co., Va., June 1, 1822.

JOHN H. PEYTON TO MRS. PEYTON.

My Dear Ann:

I left home in such haste that I forgot to tell you to send

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to Mr. Johnson's for a carboy of wine. Though you do not like it yourself, hospitality requires that you should always have it for those who do. Baldwin [Afterwards Judge Briscoe G. Baldwin, his life-long friend] and I were thoroughly drenched in the rain-storm on yesterday, but neither of us felt the slightest inconvenience from it this morning. No news, so far, from your mother or Mrs. Massie. Give my love to William [his only son by his first marriage, the late Col. William M. Peyton, of Roanoke] and be assured, my dear Ann, that you are, in your present delicate situation, the source of constant solicitude to me. Take care of yourself and go to no large parties. You will always have the company of Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Donagho, Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Telfair, and you can not fail to enjoy such society. Write to me constantly.

With sincerest affection, though in great haste, your husband.

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Lewisburg, Greenbrier Co., June 5th, 1822.

My Beloved Ann:

I received your affectionate letter of the 2nd of June this evening which gave me great pleasure. When separated from you, there is nothing that gives so much delight as to get one of your cheerful letters. I regret to learn that you have been indisposed, however slightly, since we parted. I feel confident, however, that with prudence and care you will suffer as little as anyone from disease. You have a thoroughly sound constitution. If you were a little older I would add, a well preserved one. If I were to tell you how many kind

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enquiries and good wishes have been expressed for you by friends here, you would be proud and happy.

I am much gratified to that you and my dear son William are again friends. I trust the reconciliation will be sincere and enduring. [Note.—It proved to be such and this reference is made to their relations in the memoir of Col. Wm. M. Peyton, "after the loss of his (Wm. M. Peyton's) mother, and Mr. Peyton's second marriage to her cousin, Ann Montgomery Lewis, * * William extended to her not only deference and respect, but a truly filial affection, Mrs. A. M. Peyton, was therefore soon warmly attached to him and and taught her children to love him before they learned to do so for his own noble qualities, for his native endowments and the extent of his accomplishments, as they were developed to the family in after years."] Our good brother, James Woodville, is now with me and we often talk of you. He is a most kind, sympathetic and affectionate friend. Dr. Lewis has at last, set out for Point Coupee. Massie and his wife are recovering. Your mother expected to leave on a visit to you on yesterday. Whether she has actually gone, I do not know. I hope she has. If not I shall return by the Sweet Springs and endeavor to induce her to go back with me. Whether she comes or not, be of good cheer. I shall be with you and will see that every comfort is provided that love and foresight can suggest. Woodville says your mother will certainly go down, and I trust she may, as it would be a comfort to you and a pleasure to us all. Your father looks quite well, is hale and hearty, and Mrs. Woodville, who is at the Springs, much better. James sends his love to you and William.

I am your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

P. S.—Mrs. Woodville was very anxious to have accom-

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panied your mother to Staunton, but James* bids me tell you he could not spare his wife so long.

LEWIS LITTLEPAGE.

*Note.—The James here mentioned was James Littlepage Woodville, who married Mrs. Peyton's eldest sister, Mary Lewis.—Mr. Woodville resided at Fincastle and Buchanan, and was a prominent lawyer and president of the Bank of Buchanan. His father was Rev. John Woodville, Rector of St. Mark's Parish, Culpeper Co., and a native of North Britain. He was a nephew of the celebrated, but eccentric Lewis Littlepage, whose career was brilliant and unequaled. Littlepage was born in Virginia in 1762, and died at Fredericksburg in 1802. At the age of 17 he went to Europe, and in 1779–80 accompanied Mr. Jay, American Envoy, to the Court of Spain, Madrid. Though only a youth, his fignre was fine and manly—his dark eyes bright and penetrating. Among his acquaintances he was regarded as a prodigy of genius and acquirsments.—Shortly after reaching Madrid, Littlepage separated from Mr. Jay's family, and joined as a volunteer aid, the duke of Cuillon, and was with the army at the seige of Minorca. At the seige of Gibralter he was on a floating battery and blown up, but being uninjured was rescued from the sea and distinguished himself during the further operations against that fortress. On the return of the fleet to Cadiz, he was sent with despatches to Madrid, where the Court received and treated him with much distinction. He then proceeded to Paris, and was on terms of friendship with Dr. Franklin, who was then living at Passy.—At Paris and Versailles this adventerous-young Virginian moved in the best society and at-

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tracted marked attention from all. After a brief visit to London, he returned to the Continent and made a tour of Europe, establishing himself at Warsaw, where he was so popular that he rose to be in effect, the King's Prime Minister. He resisted and defeated the plans of Zamoyski before the Diet. He afterwards went to St. Petersgurg as Ambassador from Poland, and acquitted himself with distinguish ability and became a favorite of the Empress Catherine. The following letter of Lewis Littlepage to Lewis Holiday takes up the history of his life where our account ends and completes the story of his eventful career in Europe.

LETTER FROM JOHN H. PEYTON TO MRS. PEYTON.

Warm Springs, Sept. 2nd, 1822.

My Dear Ann:

I dined at the Hot Springs and arrived here last evening without accident or adventure and without increasing the inflamation of my wounded leg. Note—While opening the front gate at Capt. Massie's, in the Valley of the Falling Spring, Alleghany county, his riding-horse, a sprited but badly trained animal, sprang foward, dashing him against the gate-post, and the iron prog of the latch was driven through the calf of his leg, inflicting a painful and dangerous wound. The wound was so serious indeed that he was confined to the house for several weeks and owed his recovery mainly, as was thought, to the kind attenins of Mrs. Massie and her family.] Old Brinkly, who is here, and something of a leech, and a kind and excellent fellow, examined and dressed the wound last evening. He approves of all that was done by Mrs. Massie, and insisted that I should take the warm bath this morning and let the "*leg there soak for thirty minutes.*" I fol-

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lewed his advice in the absence of a more scientific authority, and have just returned from the bath feeling all the better for having taking it. I thought the burnt alum which sister Susan put on the wound healed it too rapidly, and the effect of the bath has confirmed me in this impression. Immediately after leaving the bath, the blood spurted in a lively stream from the wound, which Brinkly soon stopped. He was not cast down at this incident, but said it was a good sign, that It was a discharge of bruised blood, and applied lint and Basilican plaster, and I now feel quite easy and comfortable. Brinkly is not a quack; on the contrary, he possesses some skill, and is anxious to be of service, not only to me, but to all suffering humanity.

There are a number of visitors still here, among them Norborne Nicholas, Judge Roane, Dr. Adams, Mrs. Harvie and Malinda Bowyer. They meet daily, Dr. Brokenborough included in the party, in my apartments, and we enjoy the reunion no little. All are exceedingly kind, they even oppress me with their friendly attentions. Having accepted the guidance of old Brinkley, I shall adhere to him as long as I improve. It may not be the best course, but it would be difficult to ascertain the wisest policy among such a multitude of counsellors, each one with an infallible remedy, and all advising a different course of treatment. But it is interesting to hear these good people discuss their theories. They are a remarkably cultured coterie to have remained behind the annual exodus, and all full of kindness of feeling. This I take to be culture, or the powers we acquire of sympathizing with others, of feeling the conditions under which they act and of regarding them and their interest rather than our own wishes and gratifications. Roane, who will stop with us three days, on his return from Richmond, and whom you have not met,

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though I have known him for 20 years, is a man of superior abilities, and with considerable literary attainments, is accurate in legal learning and one of our best lawyers and judges. He is a good, but not what is styled a "brilliant talker," ready in his wit and pat in illustration. He amuses the mind by his happy conceits which, like a good conscience, act as medicine for both mind and body. I regret to say that his health is bad. [Judge Roane died Sept. 4th, 1822.]

Girard Stuart has just arrived from the Sweet Springs and says 160 visitors are yet there, and about 60 at the White Sulphur. I hope to see you and little Susan, Captain and Mrs. Massie, on Friday. Present me affectionately to Capt. M., Susan and the family.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SPEECH OF JOHN H. PEYTON 72 YEARS AGO.

The following interesting extract from the records of the Superior Court of law and chancery for Bath county, 1822, will no doubt be read with keen zest at the present time:—

EXTRACT FROM THE RECORDS.

"At a Superior Court of law holden for Bath county at the court-house on the 5th day of September, 1822.

John H. Peyton addressed the court to the following effect:—

"The melancholy task devolves upon me [Mr. Peyton was Attorney for the Commonwealth in the county and circuit] of announcing to the court the death of Hon. Spencer Roane, one of the Judges of the Supreme court of Appeals of

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Va. He departed this life on last evening at this place where he came a few weeks since for the recovery of his health.

In him the country has lost one of her most useful and distinguished citizens, liberty one of her most enlightened, firm and determined advocates, and the judiciary, one of its brightest ornaments.

As a small tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, rendered peculiarly appropriate as it emanates from a department to which he was both personally and professionally attached, and from a court over which presides one who has long been his political associate and personal friend, I offer for adoption the following:

Resolved, That the court do forthwith adjourn and that the Judge, the Bar and the other officials of the court attend the funeral of the deceased.

The court and the Bar assenting to the resolution immediately adjourned."—*Spectator*, 1894.

SAME TO SAME.

Isleham, Jackson's River, March 7th, 1823.

My Dear Ann:

I arrived here on Thursday about 12 o'clock, after a very disagreeable and fatiguing journey. The day I left home, I had good roads and fair weather, and I reached Roadcap's on the great Calf Pasture River, near the Panther's Gap, where I lodged. The next day I traveled in the rain from morning till night, and over wretched roads, often a half leg deep in mire. My horse was so wearied and exhausted I could get no further than the Hot Springs, twenty miles. The next day I rode through sleet and rain, mire and mud to Capt. Massie's, where I stopped until the weather improved. I

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then took your brother Benjamin with me to this point, where we have since been enjoying fine weather—the sky is now serene and the air mild.

The day I left Staunton Mrs. Massie set out for Fincastle on a visit to her sister, Mary, (Mrs. Woodville), who is, I am sorry to say, in declining health. She will make an effort to fetch Mary to her home, thinking the air and water of the Valley cannot fail to be of service to her. Capt. Massie and the children, your father and mother, and, indeed, all the family are in their usual good health and spirits.

A thaw has set in, the ice is breaking up, and the water courses rising. Vegetation is a fortnight later than last year at this time. The maple sugar season, which usually occurs in Februrary, is just now beginnig. Nelly is very busy over her pots and pans, but has only made thirty-three pounds. This she sends you to-day by Ben, who also carries, among other things, the cloth for a suit of clothes sister Massie presented me—the cloth is of her own manufacture and of fine and durable texture. Have this suit made up for me immediately and have the pantaloons cut by my wedding small clothes—they fit better than any of my others. If you are too busy to give this matter your attention ask Miss Tapp to attend to it. William will purchase the trimmings from Mr. Cowan. [Note—Joseph Cowan then the leading dry goods, merchant in Staunton.]

I have decided to send your carriage horses by Ben and to run the risque of making my journey through Pendleton on the mare I bought of Capt. Massie. She is rough, much marked with harness, but is young, active and though spirited, gentle. I prefer such a riding horse, unsightly though she be, to the slow, lifeless movements of Kelly, who is at the best a shuffling nag.

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I am adding to the furniture and comforts of our house here—have directed Mrs. Walton to make you some handsome counterpanes and some linen sheets, table cloths and towels from the flax grown on the farm. I have also bought a supply of feather beds and pillows, and purchased a mirror and dinner service of Liverpool ware, the latter for use on great days and holidays when you favor the place with your presence.

The servants have put up 5,900 pounds of pork and large supplies of lard. There is every prospect that we shall have plently of fruit and vegetables, so that you will want none of the creature comforts when on your visit in August. The ice-house has not been commenced, and I fear will not be finished this season. Walton's delays are vexatious—I suspect he has an object in them—he fears to make this place too comfortable lest you may prefer it to Staunton, in which case his services might, and would be dispensed with. If I should be forced by his repeated neglect of my orders to dacline his services for the future, he will have fared as he hath wrought.

I hope to get a letter from you at the Warm Springs—do not expect another from me before my return. Ben unites with me in love to you, William and Susan.

I remain your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

P. S.—Tell William the river could not be forded, or I should have sent for his minerals and other curiosities at McClintic's. Ben will take him his Indian arrows and stone cannon ball, though there is no account of the *Indians ever having used big guns*. Nelly sends Susan some maple sugar.

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MAJOR JOHN LEWIS.

Mrs. Peyton made a visit to her mother at the Sweet Springs after the death of her father, Major John Lewis, which occurred at the Springs in 1823. Major Lewis ought to live in the memory of posterity, as he was in more ways than one a remarkable man, renowned among his comrades for courage, integrity, his high sense of honor and indomitable perseverance. Let us premise a word as to this heroic old man. He had long served in the Indian wars on the border and was present at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774, an officer under command of his distinguished uncle, Gen. Andrew Lewis, commander-in-chief. During the arduous march from Fort Union through the wilderness and at the battle he infused his own spirit and energy into all about him, was already renowned for his precocious military talent at the opening of the Revolutionary war. About two years later he joined the Continental army as a Lieutenant, was engaged in nearly all the battles in the Northern Colonies, Monmouth, Saratoga, Trenton, etc., and spent the winter of 1777, at Valley Forge. Though a very young man he attracted and made the lasting friendship of Washington. He rose to the rank of Major, in which rank he served at the battle of Momouth. At the close of the war, to which he had devoted his energies, and just as he was in sight of the gloriours summit "where fame's proud temple shines afar," and his services would doubtless have been rewarded by high command, the strife ended by the recognition of American Indepndence. In 1783,

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Major Lewis retuned to his Virginia home, without having won that extended fame which was so liberally meted out to those in high commands. From 1783, to Wayne's victorious campaign against the Western Indians, in 1794, Major Lewis was much on the frontier, had many encounters with savages and border ruffians, had many hair-breadth escapes and won great applause for his personal strength and boldness. In his frays with these fierce borderers he displayed extraordinary physical strength as well as indomitable pluck. He was only five feet ten inches high, but was strongly and compactly built, and his muscular power was enormous. It was commonly said that he was the strongest man in Virginia. His shoulders were broad and his chest deep. His countenance was frank, open, manly and cheerful, but at periods of danger stern and severe. In nature he was kind and gentle, was a humane and benevolent man, neither, showing ferocity nor indulging in cruelty. He died an Elder in the Presbyterian church, universally respected by all who knew him. During his career he made the acquaintance of Gen. Jackson, afterwards seventh President of the United States, who entertained and expressed the highest opinion of his military genius and of his pure and upright character. In 1830, when South Carolinia threatened nulification, General Jackson declared to a Virginian gentleman then in Washington, "That if he had a man like John Lewis to second him, he could go to South Carolina, hang Calhoun and end nulification within a month and forever." In 1830, the United States government made a large grant of lands to his heirs as a further recompense for his military services. It was during Mrs. Peyton's visit to her home in the Sweet Springs Valley, after her father's death, that the following letter was written:—

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JOHN H. PEYTON TO MRS. PEYTON:

Staunton, Jnne 24th, 1823.

I duly received the letter of my dear wife on the 15th, giving me the agreeable inteligence that she and Susan had improved in health and were well. Let me say a word here on the subject of your and her health. Do not let her habits of life become too delicate. If you will both continue the practice of taking a cold bath every morning, you will soon regain your former healthly tone and Snsan become stronger and teethe easily. Whenever you suffer with heat and need refreshment resort to the warm bath, not oftener, however, than once a day. Do not allow the nurse to carry Susan in her arms as much as heretofor; let her place the child on the floor to there exercise by getting on her own way—'We must crawl before we can walk.' Nothing can supply the want of exercise, it gives the child confidence and the conversation of the nurse and the pointing out of objects pleases its fancy and arouses its faculties. Children that are too much nursed and codled are apt to be weak and delicate,and are sometimes even deformed by the carelessness of nurses in keeping them too long in improper positions. We cannot be too particular with this lovely child in whom we so much delight. The Masonic procession occurs to-day; it is in honor of John the Baptist. Dr. Stephens delivers the address [Rev. Dr. Stephens, Rector of Trinity Church, Staunton,] and the dinner is given at Mrs. Chamber's tavern. I can only participate in the dinner, as there is a trial of a negro for a rape committed on a white married woman, which will occupy my attention throughout the day. Now that he is within the toils of justice, I shall see that he does not struggle out and make his escape. Such brutal deeds must meet their just punishment.

Your friend Mrs. Baldwin is much engaged entertaining

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her brother and his family, who are on a visit from Winchester. Such spare time as I have is spent with Johnson and his family, where I am almost domiciled, [Chapman Johnson the distinguished lawyer.] Johnson's health is much improved and his spirits are better. He no longer suffers with depression. He makes many friendly enquiries after you and his god-daughter, Susan Madison. He goes to the Sweet this summer with his family and sister-in-law, Agnes Nicholson.

I have directed the servants to make you a supply of currant jelly and walnut pickles. Sinah has also salted down, for winter use, a quantity of excellent butter. Is there anything else you would like to have done? If so, speak—you will not have to speak twice.

On Thursday I commenced my harvest. The wheat is much better than last year, and than I supposed it would be. The recent rains have improved the oats and corn, and there is promise of an abundant yield. Our hearts should be filled with thankfulness for the countless blessings God showers upon us. Why are we not stimulated to more and greater acts of beneficence.

My health has improved since I last wrote—my cold is gone, my appetite good and my spirits buoyant. I do not think I will ever lay aside my flannel again, certainly not before May is out. Dr. Boys and Gen. Brown both told me recently that they never removed theirs without taking cold, and for several years they have worn it all the year round.

I received a letter from Capt. Massie a few days since, from which I am happy to learn that he is recovering. I hope to meet Woodville soon, on his way to see his friends in Culpepper. I hear that Aunt McDowell is at Smithfield with your grandmother Preston, whose health is much impaired. James M. Preston writes urging me to make them a visit and

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to fetch you and Susan along. Ballard is a stirring and promising lad. [afterward Wm. Ballard Preston, Secretary of the Navy in President Taylor's Cabinet.]

My engagements will not admit of my writing more.—Remember me affectionately to your mother, to Sister Woodville, to Sarah, Lynn, and all the children. Kiss Sue for me, and for yourself accept my best wishes for your health and happiness. Write as often as possible.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

Note.—Ben was by birth an African chief, and became Mr. Peyton's favorite man-servant. Captured on the African coast in 1807, he was brought to Virginia with a cargo of negroes and sold. At the auction Mr. P., who happened to be on the Lower James river at the time, became his purchaser. He was then about twelve years old, a strong, athletic boy, who grew to be 6 feet 2 inches high, and was as black as ink. He was named Ben Potter, probably after one of his captors. The interpreter gave an interesting account of Ben, and of the deference and respect paid him on the voyage by his fellow captives.—The young negro was so much impressed with the appearance and bearing of Mr. Peyton that he begged him through the interpreter, to become his purchaser. This he consented to do and Ben continued his faithful servant through life, till his (Mr. Peyton's) death in 1847. Ben was soon deeply attached to his master, was confided in, and trusted by Mr. Peyton and his family. On leaving home to go the round of the circuit, Mr. Peyton always placed his wife and children under Ben's protection and never had cause to regret it. He was sober, industrious and honest—every way worthy

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of the trust reposed in him. Thirty odd years later, when Mr. Peyton was prostrated by paralysis in 1845, his attached servant and friend was ploughing in a field near the Montgomery Hall Mansion. Hearing cries of alarm from the family, he abandoned his team and ran to the house, and elbowing himself into his master's room assisted in ministering to him till the arrival of the family physician.

From that hour to Mr. Peyton's death in 1847, he slept in his room, helped to watch over him, administered his medicine, drove him in his phæton, when his health admitted of it, and looked after his comfort in every way, and was never over thirty minutes out of his presence till Mr. P. died, when he seemed broken-hearted. Mr. Peyton's executor offered Ben his freedom and a life annuity, which he declined—he preferred to remain with his old Master's children, and did so until his death, which occurred about 1855, the aged, trusted Servant sinking into the grave a sincere Christian, loved and respected by all who knew him, and with the confident hope that he would meet his old Master and friend among the Saints above. Among those whose admiration for the character of this faithful servant led them often to speak of him with pleasure, was the late Col. John B. Baldwin, who never, while he lived, allowed Ben, and the history of his good and faithful services, which for several years came under his observation, to go unmentioned—or unrewarded.

JOHN H. PEYTON TO MRS. PEYTON.

Warm Springs, Sept. 1st., 1823.

My Beloved Ann:

On the day we parted the Judge (Archibald Stuart) and

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myself arrived without adventure at General Blackburn's. *

On the next day at Colonel Cameron's and on Tuesday at two o'clock arrived at Huntersville, the seat of Justice of Pocahuntas county—a place as much out of the world as Crim Tartary. Owing to the bad conditions of the roads we were much fatigued and bore many marks of travel-stain. The so-called town of Huntersville consists of two illy-constructed time-worn, (though it is not time which has worn them,) weather-beaten cabins built of logs and covered with clap-boards. My negro cabins on Jackson's river are palaces in comparison with them.

One of these wretched hovels is the residence of John Bradshaw, the other is called the Loom-house for these people are self-sustaining. They spin and weave. The big wheel and the little wheel are birring in every hut and throwing off the woolen and linen yarn to be worked up for family purposes. The home-spun cloth, too, is stronger and more durable than that brought by our merchants from Northern manufacturers.

In Bradshaw's dwelling there is a large fire-place, which occupies one entire side, the gable end. The chimney is enormous and so short that the room is filled with light which enters this way. It is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape through the chimney, whilst most of the smoke is driven back into the chamber. In the chimney-corner I prepared my legal papers before a roaring fire, surrounded by rough mountaineers, who were drinking whiskey and as night advanced, growing riotous. In the back part of the room two beds were curtained off with horse-blankets—one for the Judge, the other for myself. To the left of the fire-place stood old Bradshaw's couch. In the loft, to which they ascended, by means of a ladder, his daughter and the

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hired woman slept, and at times of a crowd, a wayfarer. The other guests were sent to sleep in the Loom-house, in which was suspended in the loom, a half-woven piece of cloth. Three beds were disposed about the room, which completed its appointments—one was allotted to Sampson Mathews, a second to John Baxter, the third to George Mays, and John Brown.* The loom was used as a hat-rack at night and for sitting on, in the absence of chairs, in the day. As there was not a chair or stool beyond those used by the weaving women, my clients *roosted* on the loom while detailing their troubles and receiving advice.

Bradshaw's table is well supplied. There is profusion, if not prodigality in the rich, lavish bounty of the goodly tavern. We had no venison, as this is a shy season with the deer, but excellent mutton with plenty of apple sauce, peach pie, and roasting ears. As a mark of deference and respect to the Court, I presume, we had a table-cloth—they are not often seen on Western tables and when they are, are not innocent of color—and clean sheets upon our beds. This matter of the sheets is no small affair in out of the way places, as it not unfrequently happens that wanderers communicate disease through the bedclothing. Old Bradshaw's family is scupulously clean, which is somewhat remarkable in a region where cleanliness is for the most part on the outside. A false modesty seems to prevent those salutary ablutions which are so necessary to health, and I did not commend myself to the good graces of the hired woman by insisting on my foot-bath every morning.

We remained five days at Huntersville closely engaged in the business of the Court, which I found profitable. Pocahontas is a fine grazing county, and the support of the people is mainly derived from their flocks of cattle, horses and sheep,

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which they drive over the mountains to market. There is little money among them except after these excursions, but they have little need of it—every want is supplied by the happy country they possess, and of which they are as fond as the Swiss of their mountains. It is a pretty country, a country of diversified and beautiful scenery in which there is a wealth of verdure and variety which keeps the attention alive and the outward eye delighted.

On Saturday the Judge and I visited Sandy Lockridge, where we were very hospitably entertained. His house is every way a respectable dwelling, with plenty of room and much good furniture. On Saturday we returned to Col. Cameron's and this evening arrived here in sound health and excellent spirits, notwithstanding our rough experiences. I was much dissappointed not to find a letter awaiting me from my dear wife. Ben Crawford has, however, relieved my anxiety, by telling me that he saw you on Saturday sitting at the front window of your dining-room writing, and thought he heard the prattle of Susan in the room. I imagine you were writing to me and hope to-morrow's mail will fetch the coveted letter.

Your father's will has been recorded in Alleghany county and your brother William has qualified as sole executor—the sale is to take place day after to-morrow, but nothing will be sold but the live stock. I have seen none of our relations or connections since I left home—have learned these facts from others.

Accept the best wishes of your husband for yourself and our dear little girl, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

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LETTER FROM JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS WIFE.

In 1826, John H. Peyton obtained an appointment as cadet at West Point for his brother-in-law, John B. Lewis, of the Sweet Springs. As young Lewis was inexperienced, had never traveled beyond the limits of Virginia, Mr. Peyton determined to accompany him to the United States Military Academy, though the journey at that day was long and tedious and his professional engagements made his absence at any time a matter of great inconvenience to. himself and clients.

The following letter to Mrs. Peyton will be read at this day with interest and something like astonishment, so great has been our progress and development within the past sixty-five years—such changes would hardly have occurred in European countries in centuries. At that day the old-fashioned stage-coach was still in use, there were few macadamized roads and no railways. The entire journey, therefore, from Staunton in Virginia, to West Point, was made in what were called "hacks,"—most of them rickety and unsafe, and in steamboats no better, and not so safe as the Tug and Ferry boats of the present and as unlike as possible the floating palaces of our day. It must be remembered that railroads were not opened in the United States until 1830, and travel was somewhat in the unsatisfactory state described by Mr. Pickwick.

"Travel," said Mr. Pickwick, "is in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen are unsettled. Stage-coaches are upsetting in all directions, horses are bolting, boats are overturning and boilers are bursting." Such was true in no Pickwickian sense in our country in 1826, and the perils of traveling were increased by the use of high pressure engines

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on the boats, and unskillful drivers and bad horses in the coaches. There was not much improvement in things in Virginia since A. D. 1665, when Colonel Valentine Peyton, of Nominy, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, thus remarks in his last will and testament [See April number, 1881, of the New England Historical and Geneological Register] before leaving home, "*being about to take a voyage to Jamestown and knowing the life of a man to be uncertain. I doe make this my last will and testament.*" If a man were indifferent to such dangers, there was little pleasure to be derived from traveling. The taverns were miserable, and the rural districts almost destitute of the comforts of civilized life. Excitement there might have been in journeying then, but none of the pleasant exhileration which attends a jaunt in a Pullman now-a-days. Mr. Peyton makes no complaints, though it is obvious from his description of a half-hour's "nap" on the Baltimore boat, that he had not stumbled upon a bed of roses.

JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS WIFE.

New York, June 18th, 1826.

My Dear Ann:

On the 15th at 5 o'clock we left Baltimore on the steamboat for Philadelphia. The view of the city, Fort McHenry, the light-house on North Point, and of the Chesapeake Bay, with its numerous vessels spreading their canvas to the winds just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, was animating and enlivening, majestic and sublime. From the prow of the vessel, I contemplated this interesting scene as long as the light enabled me to enjoy its beauties. Soon after dusk a pealing bell summoned us to the supper table, where we were

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surprised to find a sumptuous repast spread out. We had not anticipated such variety or delicacy of food. After partaking of the good cheer, we drew lots for our berths. I was unlucky—my berth was so warm, not to say hot and stuffy, that before I could get any sleep our arrival at French town was announced. Turning out at 12 o'clock at night, but with no regrets, we shortly after continued our journey, and at 3 oclock in the morning, found ourselves at New Castle. Here we re-shipped in a steamboat without berths. This I did not regret after my recent experience of them, and Benjamin and myself essayed to secure a half-hour's sleep stretched upon two pine benches. How long we might have courted sleep on these hard and narrow couches, I know not. We were not left to make the experiment any length of time, but were shortly roused up by the bustle among the seamen and passengers preparatory to landing at Philadelphia. The breakfast table, when we entered the so-called saloon, was smoking with coffee and steak, and about the time we had paid our respects to both, the boat was at Chestnut street wharf. Landing here we proceeded immediately to Campbell's, and it was a glad surprise to find him astir, thanks to the business habits of the city of brotherly love.

Under his guidance, after another cup of coffee and a hot roll, we proceeded to attend to the numerous commissions with which we were charged. This occupied us something over four hours, when we bade our friends adieu and went aboard the New York steamer. About 6 o'clock p. m. we reached Princeton, where I spent four of the happiest years of my youth, and which I had not seen since taking my degree in 1797. The stages were running with such rapidity, however, that it was impossible to call, as I wished, upon my old friends, Dr. Alexander and Prof. Comfort, or deliver the

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letter for Miss Waddell, but I chanced to meet a young gentleman of my acquaintance from Washington, who stopped at Princeton, by whom I sent it to her.

I shall make it a point to stay over a day at Princeton on my return. In due time we arrived here. Benjamin is perfectly well, does not regard either the fatigues or loss of sleep, but I am worse for the wear and tear. And I would not advise those to take the trip whose only business is pleasure.

On yesterday I dined with Mr. Gallager, where I met Mr. Reid, who, you may remember, preached some time since at the Presbytery in Staunton. He is to preach in New York to-day, and I hope to hear him. He is highly esteemed here as a preacher and man. In the evening I took tea with Mrs. Murray, mother of my brother Rowze's wife, where all the family were collected round me making enquiries after their relatives and friends in Virginia. For the most part I was unable to gratify their curiosity, having recently neither seen nor heard of the kith and kin in Richmond or the Northern Neck.

At 10 o'clock to-morrow I shall set out for West Point with Gen. Huston, of Tennessee, to whom I was introduced on yesterday by Gen. Scott. [Gen. Winfield Scott.] I requested Miss Heiskell of Philadelphia, to execute Jane and Lynn's commissions, which she promised to do against my return.

Give my love to all the family,

Yours affectionately, though in much haste,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

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ANECDOTE OF JOHN H. PEYTON IN A CRIMINAL CASE.

Shortly after his eldest son, William, entered upon the practice of law in 1823, when attending court at the Warm Springs, Bath Co., he mortified his father, John Howe Peyton, exceedingly by a piece of off-hand levity, which the latter regarded as a most undignified proceeding, unworthy of the profession. Young Wm. Peyton was employed to defend a man charged with horse stealing, and as there was only circumstantial evidence to prove his guilt, W. M. Peyton, who was much exhilerated, for it must be remembered that the case came on after dinner, set up the defence that according to the principles of science, and of a new science likely to prove both useful and ornamental, it was impossible his client could be guilty. He then referred to and explained the theories of Gall and Spurzheim, and declared that according to the phrenological bumps on the head of his client, theft was a crime he was incapable of committing. He argued with much gravity and ingenuity in this direction, amidst the suppressed giggling of the bar, to the great chagrin of his father, who was the public prosecutor, and to the thorough mistifica- of the county court. This body was composed of country gentlemen unacquainted with law, and it was one of their boasts that they made up their decisions, not so mueh in accordance with the principles of common law, as of common sense. W. M. Peyton went on, and drawing from his desk a copy of Combe's phrenology, illustrated it with plates, exhibited it to the jury, and declared that at the point on the

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pericranium of his client, where there should be a protuberance if he were capable of robbery, there was not the slightest development, and asked, what is the value of science, if we discard its teachings? He then made an animated and eloquent appeal to the feelings of the jury, based upon the humane principle of the common law, that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent person should suffer, and declaring his conviction of the prisoner's innocence, asked them to glve him the benefit of every doubt and lean to the side of mercy.

His father, in reply, commented severely upon the airiness of his son, as inconsistent with the administration of justice and the dignity of the profession. He ridiculed Gall and Spurzheim's far-fetched theories, which he declared were not scientific deductions, but only speculative opinions, and brought the whole defence into contempt, by referring to the human skeleton, saying, "If you run your eye down the spine it alights upon the *oscoccygis*." Neither the court nor the jury understanding what these words meant, but overcome by the ludicrous manner of Mr. Peyton, both burst into a hearty laugh. "Now," he continued, "this oscoccygis is nothing more nor less than a rudimentary tail, as Lord Monbeddo has well said, and I suppose we shall have some modern philosopher startling the world again with the proposition that man once flourished a tail, but of which the civilized use of a chair has, in process of time, deprived him." He continued, somewhat in this style, "I say nothing against philosophers nor tails, both are useful in their way. What would a cow do without her tail, especially on our fly-pestered prairies, or the Pampas of South America? What would a monkey do without this caudal appendage and its prehensile quality? With him it takes the place of hands. And shall we have

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philosophers telling us we received our hands when we lost our tails, and that the monkey lost the use of his hands because of his peculiar facility of using a tail? A beautiful science," said he, "is the phrenology, according to the theory of the learned counsel for the prisoner. To all standing in the unenviable position of his client, it will prove, if the learned gentleman be correct, not only a thing of beauty, but a source of comfort and a joy forever. To the murderer, the burglar, the highwayman, to all in fact, who wish to be rid of the responsibility which attaches to their actions, it will become a positive blessing. Not to these only, but to the entire community—it opens a brilliant prospect of life, of life as it should be in this enlightened age, at this advanced period in the progress of the world. Upon the ruins of our present immature civilization it will uprear a charming state of society. Under the vivifying influence of this new system, mankind will be happy, perfectly happy; and until the auspicious day when the new order commences, this "consummation so devoutly to be wished," need not be anticipated. Throughout the world, at least so much of it as is illuminated by the light of phrenology, perfect liberty will obtain, and the present generation will wonder at the darkness in which their ancestors groped. Justice will reign supreme, and our statute books will be no longer disgraced by those dreadful laws founded in ignorance, superstition and cruelty, which consigns a helpless and irresponsible man, criminal you call him, to the merciless hands of the executioner. It will be clear as the noon-day sun, that law and liberty cannot co-exist, that they are natural enemies. Along with this knowledge will come a resolution to demolish the whole system of our jurisprudence, to cart off the rubbish and substitute in the place thereof a new, nobler, and higher

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civilization. Poor weak man will no longer be held accountable for his actions. The infirmities of his nature will become a recognized principle, that men are but men, will be evident to all men. It will be understood that from the foundation of the world it was determined, pre-destined, and fore-ordained that he should act thus and thus, and that, therefore, he cannot be justly rewarded for any action however meritorious, nor punished for any crime, as we term it, how atrocious soever. Men will stand aghast that laws should have existed, and for so many ages, for afflicting a human being for actions, over which it is clear, according to the prisoner's counsel, he had no control—actions, in fact, which they were bound to perform, by an irresistible law of human nature. Then will it be seen that men commit murder, pepetrate rape, and apply the torch because they cannot help it. Gentlemen of the jury; no line of argument would be shorter—I leave you to determine its soundness."

"But to be serious," said Mr. Peyton, who though cheerful in his disposition, had a manner so tempered with gravity as to check the indecent levity, "I must refer, before closing, to the condnct of the prisoner's counsel, and remark that some speakers are more anxious to display their eloquence, than to promote the public good. Now when this is the case, as I must charitably suppose it to be on this occasion, oratory is a useless gift, and such fine speeches as we have had to-day are simply disgusting. When great talents are employed to support a bad cause, perhaps from selfish motives, (I trust and believe that this is not the case now,) they are objects of universal contempt. Oratory, with all its pleasing charms becomes an instument of mischief, when used by an unprincipled man, as, when resorted to by a good man, its happy influences almost exceed belief. An orator, who thus uses his

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talents, without reference to his personal interests, if he do not succeed in his efforts, at least enjoys self approbation and that of his God."

In this manner Mr. Peyton threw the defence into ridicule and disrepute. This sound sense and keen sarcasm was too much for Wm. Peyton's after dinner eloquence, and from a brief consultation, the jury returned and delivered a verdict condemning the prisoner to the penitentiary for two years.

The Hon. David Fultz, of Staunton, recently judge of the circuit superior court of Augusta county, who was present on this occasion, told the writer twenty years ago that he had never, during his career at the bar, been so much interested or amused by any trial as this. The disgust of my father at such a defence being set up, the elation of his son at the probable success of his ruse, the bewilderment of the court and jury, both of whom seemed lost in a fog, the suppressed merriment of the audience, which did not comprehend exactly all that was transpiring, but which to some extent entered into the fun, rendered the whole scene inimitable.

MR. PEYTON'S VIEWS AS TO A FIDDLING LAWYER.

"Music," said Mr. P., "is out of place in a court house. I never knew a fidddling lawyer to succeed, especially if nature designed him to play that useful, yet much despised instrument, the "second fiddle,"—a good enough instrument for a duet, but one on which no succesful *solo* was ever played."

MR. PEYTON ON RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL TOPICS.

In 1840, Mr. P. and his brother-in-law, Colonel Wm. L.

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Lewis, met at the home of a mutual friend. In religion Col. L. was a Roman Catholic and in politics a disciple of John C. Calhoun. Discussion arose between them and became so warm on the part of Col. Lewis, that their friends feared they might result in a feud. Not so, however. Mr. P.'s moderation was equal to his vigor, and he soothed his brother's discomfitures by his logical reasoning.

"There is no necessity, William," he would say, "for difference of opinion creating hostility. It must be admitted by all that there is great variety in the tastes, habits and opinions of mankind, and it is necessary that it should be so. That partial discord tends to general harmony is more than poetically true, for, if all men were to set their minds upon living in the same climate, or under the same government; or, if all the people of a country had an unconquerable desire to live in the same town; if all the inhabitants of a town were to have a good opinion of only one physician, or of only one preacher, or lawyer or mechanic, or could only relish one article of food, or fancy only the same dress; or, if all men were to fall in love with the same woman, or all the women with the same man, what would be the consequence? Why from a feeling of seeming agreement, universal discord would result.

Even the value of truth is best appreciated by the opposition it meets with, and falsehood and error are detected by the discriminating powers of opposite sensations and feelings. That there should not be uniformity upon many important subjects, such as the theory of government, etc., must be the stamp of heaven. For myself, I claim freedom of opinion as an inherent right, provided it does not disturb the established order of society. I fear your nullification views go this length. However, let me proceed: No man has a right

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to be offended at my opinion, or hold me in contempt for entertaining it, for it does him no injury; and what I claim for myself, common justice requires that I should allow to others; and did we well consider, that this disparity of an overruling Intelligence, we surely should not suffer it to be the cause of feelings of animosity to our fellow human beings, though their political or religious opinions should be the opposite of our own—still less such old friends as ourselves. For, continued Mr. Peyton, unless we had been subjected to the same involuntary impressions and sensations that other persons have been, which is, perhaps, impossible, we can be no judges of the merits of their opinions, or how they have outraged truth and reason, even admitting that they are in error. If it should be contended that truth and reason are immutable, and when two differ upon a fundamental truth, there must be deviation from reason and truth in one of the parties. I would admit it to be so, if the question was susceptible of mathematical demonstration.

This is rarely the case—were I to meet a man who should contend that two and two do not make four, or that the amount of degrees in three angles of a triangle are not equal to the amount of degrees in two right angles, I must justly charge him with folly or wilful falsehood; but, in whatever does not admit of demonstration, our convictions are our feelings; and our feelings depend more upon involuntary impressions than we are often willing to allow. Certainly truth and reason are the most likely to prevail with cultivated minds, for truth and reason are the most likely to make the right impression, but we are too apt to over-value our own kind of knowledge, while we enderrate that of others.

In point of real utility, the knowledge of the man who is skilled in the breeding and feeding of cattle is more valua-

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ble to society than is the knowledge of him who is skilled in mathematics, yet the latter will look down upon the former, when, perhaps, the only advantage he has over him is the being able to convey his knowledge in more correct and perspicuous language; and unless we possessed all kind of knowledge in an equal degree, we are liable to be imposed upon in some things, either by thinking too much upon them, or too much, to the exclusion of other branches of knowledge, the possession of which, though seemingly foreign to the subject, may be necessary to its clear elucidation; for it is by possession of general knowledge only that we can claim a superior title to correctness in every particular. A may be able to solve a difficult problem in mathematics; B can not do this, but B can make a plow upon true mechanical principles which A can not; if C can do both, C must be superior to A or B; but all mankind are in the situation of A or B, as possessing only partial knowledge. We should all, therefore, be indulgent to each others deficiencies. Still, my superior in general knowledge and learning, may be the dupe of a weak prejudice, without justifying an impeachment of either. "I have a brother-in-law" he would look askant at Colonel Lewis when getting off this kind of fillip, "of whose cleverness and general knowledge I have a very high opinion, yet in politics we are quite opposite. We indeed worship different idols, and the only superiority I can pretend to claim over him is, that I can bear for him to adore his idol, even in my presence, and yet keep my temper—a compliment he can not always repay."

"Fudge!" exclaimed the Colonel, jumping to his feet and walking hastily to and fro across the room, "I may warm with the subject, but as to being offended with you it is out of the question. I never have and never will so far forget myself."

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"Come, come, be seated," Mr. Peyton would rejoin, giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "Let me proceed. Of conrse you will not think I wish to depreciate the value of truth and reason, I only wish to urge that the seeming want of them in others may be deceptions, and should not be the cause of contempt, acrimony or ridicule. All are enamoured with even the shadow of truth, and should see the substance, if in their power, but placed in a variety of lights and shades, some can only see the shadow, and mistake it for the substance." Thus their fraternal discussions proceeded and terminated in the discomfiture of Col. Lewis, who though a clever man, an eloquent talker, full of confidence, and abundance of zeal, was no such logician as Mr. Peyton, and left not the slightest pain rankling in his bosom.

"Now, William," said Mr. Peyton, "I cannot flatter myself that I shall convince you of any errors, which, in my opinion, you have been guilty of in this respect. That is no reason, however, why I should not attempt to make you entertain a disbelief of all foolish impossibilities. For example, there is the fallacious science of astrology—it has been the game of a few designers in all ages, for sordid interest, to have duped others and been duped themselves. In ancient times they were, in Alexandria, compelled to pay a certain tax, which was called the 'Fool's Tax,' because it was raised on the gain that these impostors made from the foolish credulity of those who believed in their powers of soothsaying. Well may believers in this science be called 'fools,' when they do not seem to consider that if the principles of judiciary astrology were correct, and its rules certain, the hands of the Almighty would be tied, and ours would be tied also. All our actions, all our most secret thoughts, all our slightest movements; would be engraven in the heavens in ineffaceable char-

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acters, and liberty of conduct would be entirely taken away from us. We should be necessitated to evil as to good, since we should do absolutely what was written in the conjectured register of the stars, otherwise there would be falsehood in the book, and uncertainty in the science of the astrologer. How we should laugh at a man who thought of settling a serious matter of business by a throw of the dice. Yet the decision of astrology is just as uncertain. Our fate depends upon places, persons, times, circumstances, our own will; not upon the fantastical conjunctions inspired by charlatans.

"Suppose two men are born on our planet, at the same hour and on the same spot. One becomes a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and the other an emperor, or a commander-in-chief of an army. Ask an astrologer the cause of the difference. In all probability he will reply, 'It was so willed by Jupiter.'

Pray what is this Jupiter? Why it is a planet, a body without cognizance, that acts only by its influence. How comes it then that Jupiter's influence acts at the same moment and in the same climate in so different a manner? How can that influence differ in its power? How can it take place at all? How can it penetrate the vast extent of space? An atom—the most minute molecule of matter would stop it, or turn it from its course, or diminish its power. Are the stars always exercising an influence, or do they exercise it only on certain occasions? If they exercise an influence only periodically, when the particles which, it is intended, are detached from them, are moving to our sphere, the astrologer must know the precise time of their arrival in order to decide rightly upon their effect. If on the other hand, the influences are perpetual, with what wonderful speed they must rush through the vast extent of space! How marvelous too must

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be the alliance they form with those vivacious passions which originate the principal actions of our lives! For if the stars regulate all our feelings and all our proceedings, their influence must work with the same rapidity as our wills, since it is by them our will is determined.

HIS RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Mr. Peyton was a firm believer in the doctrines of christrianity, and the experience of his life was that true happiness is only found in the observance of her precepts. He held that man must have some religion and the most perfect was that handed by Christ to his Apostles. He did not attach great importance to sects, and when asked whether he was a Catholic, Presbyterian or Episcopalian, answered that he did not find such words in the Testament—he was merely a christian; he believed in what was revealed to us in the Bible and submitted himself with humility to the Almighty power. He was brought up in the Episcopalian church and died a member of it.

MR. PEYTON'S ORIGINALITY AND POWER OF ILLUSTRATION.

"I recall a conversation," says one of Mr. P.'s biographers, "just after a protracted term of the Augusta Circuit Court, in which the late Judge Lucas P. Thompson and Gen. B. G. Baldwin bore the leading parts. Gen. B. was paying generous tribute to Mr. Peyton's force and originality. Judge Thompson remarked in substance, that he had never seen Mr. Peyton go through a cause deeply interesting and moving him, in which he did not utter some view or sentiment illuminated by genius, or at the least, some illustration

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marked by a bold originality; and he instanced two causes, tried at the last term—one a civil suit and a very heavy will case, in which he made a novel and scorching application of a familiar fable of Æsop. I forbear to give its details, because both the critic and his subject have passed from earth.

"In the same cause three signatures were to be identified and proved—that of the testator and also of the attending witnesses—all three having died since their attestation. Many witnesses were called to prove the genuineness of the three names. Opposing counsel sought to badger the witnesses by urging them to specify what peculiar marks there were in the handwriting and signatures, whereby they could speak so positively as to their identity and genuineness. This of course for the most part they could not do, and in the argument of the cause before the jury the same counsel strove to throw discredit and contempt upon those witnesses (all men of good character) for their failure and inability so to describe the quality and peculiar marks in the caligraphy of the signers as to show they were familiar with their handwriting. In his reply to those sallies of his opponents, Mr. Peyton swept away the whole airy fabric by a single happy illustration:

"*Gentlemen, he said, "You have often been assembled in crowds on some public or festive occasion. Your hats have been thrown pell-mell in a mass with perhaps a hundred other hats, all having a general resemblance. Suppose you had attempted to describe your hat to a friend or servant, so that he might go and pick it out for you. It has as many points for accurate description as a written signature—its color, height of crown, width of brim, its band, lining, &c. Do you think that friend or servant could by any possibility have picked out*

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your hat for you? And yet when you went yourself, the moment your eye would light upon it, you instantly recognize it amongst a hundred. Familiarity with it has stamped its picture on your mind and the moment you see it, the hat fills and fits the picture on your mind as perfectly as the same hat fits your head."

The jury were evidently won, and gave full credence to the ridiculed witnesses.

The other instance during the same term (cited by Judge Thompson) occurred in the celebrated prosecution of Naaman Roberts for forgery—in forging the name of Col. Adam Dickinson to a bond for six hundred dollars.

The body of the bond was confessedly the handwriting of the prisoner at the bar. That was admitted. The signature was a tolerably successful attempt at imitating the peculiar handwriting of Adam Dickinson. But no expert could look at the whole paper and fail to see a general resemblance between the body of the instrument and the signature, raising a strong conviction in the mind that both proceeded from the same hand.

The defense strongly insisted upon excluding the body of the instrument from the view of the witness, by covering it with paper, or turning it down, and so confining the view to the signature only—upon the familiar doctrine of the law of evidence forbidding a comparison of various hand-writings of the party, as a ground for an opinion upon the identity or genuineness of the disputed writing. And this point was ably and elaborately argued by the prisoner's counsel.

The learned prosecutor met it thus:

"*Gentlemen this is one entire instrument, not two or more brought into comparison. Let me ask each one of you, when you meet your friend, or when you meet a*

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stranger, in seeking to identify him, what do you look at? Not his nose, though that is the most prominent feature of the human face; not at his mouth, his chin, his cheek; no, you look him straight in the eye, so aptly called the 'window of the soul.' You look him in the eye, but at the same time you see his whole face. Now put a mask on that face, leaving only the eyes visible, as the learned counsel would have you mask the face of this bond, leaving to your view only the fatal signature.

"If the human face so masked was the face of your bosom friend, could you for a moment identify him, even though permitted to look in at those 'windows of the soul?' No; he would be as strange to you as this accursed bond has ever been strange to that worthy gentleman, Colonel Adam Dickinson, but a glance at whose face traces the guilty authorship direct to the prisoner at the bar."

This striking illustration seemed to thrill the whole audience as it virtually carried the jury.

MR. PEYTON DECLINES A JUDGESHIP.

In 1824-5, Mr. Peyton received a highly complimentary letter from the late Col. S. McD. Moore, of Lexington, then a delegate to the Legislature from Rockbridge and attending the sessions in Richmond. The Colonel informed him that a caucus of members had been held on the subject of a judgeship then vacant, or about to become so, and that Mr. Peyton's friends were so largely in the ascendancy that his nomination by the caucus and election by the Assembly was certain, if only he would declare his willingness to accept the

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position. The caucus had adjourned over to await his reply. The Colonel went on to say that he and two others had been deputed by the caucus with the agreeable duty of communicating with him, to ascertain his views as to the matter. We do not recollect what judgeship it was, but remember distinctly that Colonel Moore mentioned that in case of election, it would lead to, or require (we know not which) Mr. Peyton's change of residence to Richmond. In this letter Col. Moore on behalf of himself and his colleagues urged his friend to accept and presented many cogent reasons why he should do so. Proof against all importunities, Mr. Peyton politiely but firmly rejected these overtures and declined under any circumstances to allow his name to be used in connection with the office. This circumstance is mentioned, not as an evidence of Mr. Peyton's indifference to preferment, which has sufficiently appeared, but to show the estimate in which he was held by the profession and to present, so far as possible, clearly and truthfully, the history of his life.

There is an old Spanish proverb which says, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." We can infer what manner of man he was from the fact that through life, he was held in the highest esteem by the enlightened men of the day. From the ranks of the virtuous and wise came his friends, and what a source of happiness it must have been to him. It has been well said: "There is no blessing of life that is in any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions and finds enjoyment for most of the vacant hours of life." If this be true, and who can doubt it? how much greater the happiness to be blessed, not with one,

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but with many friends, and those friends, themselves worthy of every honor and praise. The steadiness and devotion of his friends is worthy of mention in this connection, they never deserted or betrayed him—on the contrary, through life, they gave him innumerable evidences of their appreciation. Some of his youthful college friends, they were not simply companions, among them Professor Comfort and the late John Yates, of Jefferson county, Virginia, visited him at Montgomery Hall, forty years after they parted at Princeton. And Mr. P's papers disclosed a correspondence with numerous others, such as John Sergeant, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Richard Rush, William Gaston, J. M. Berrien, of Georga, and others of his earlier friends, all of whom became prominent men.

For clearness of thought, force of reasoning and statesmanlike views on all questions of moment he had no superior, and such was his sense of justice and his impartiality, his powers of judicial analysis and insight, or the judicial character of his mind, that we have often heard the most gifted of his contemporaries regret that he had never sat upon the Justice Seat, where in their opinion, he would have equaled, if he did not surpass, the greatest judges who had adorned the bench of Virginia.

Notwithstanding his refusal to stand as a candidate for a Judgeship, he was voted for, in the General Assembly of Virginia in 1831-32, and came within a few votes of election. The result gave him satisfaction, for had he been chosen, he must have resigned, as unceremoniously as he was elected. He always explained to his supporters that he could not give up his extensive and lucrative practice, on account of his large and expensive family, for a poorly paid judgeship—and

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besides he preferred the active and exciting life of a lawyer, to that of a judge, or in a word, the bar to the bench.

MR. PEYTON'S LETTER ON THE CONVENTION OF 1829-30.

For several years previous to 1829, rhe question of calling a Convention to form a new Constitution for Virginia was agitated. There was a kind of politlcal fermentation on the subject of innovation, with many persons, a strong desire to up-root the laws under which the State had so long prospered, and make a new experiment in government. The Ultras objected to the freehold basis of representation and demanded the white basis, or manhood suffrage, they opposed a judiciary elected for good behavior and demanded the election of judges at short intervals, by a popular vote. They objected to various other conservative provisions of the Constitution of 1776. Party spirit infused itself in all discussions and no small excitement was created in the public mind—as a result of the agitation on the subject. A convention, though opposed by the wisest men in the State, was finally ordered, and persons nominated for election were called upon to give their opinions through the newspapers, on the various questions which would come before it.

Among those asked for their views was Mr. Peyton, who published in the Staunton papers a long and able letter, in which he opposed the white basis; the election of judges by a popular vote and for a term of years; and advocated their election during good behavion, by the Legislature. He advised the retention, generally, of the conservative features of the old Constitution, and while he admitted that a few chang-

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es might be made with advantage, warned the people against tampering with the laws, the currency and the peculiar institutions of the South. He added that he had voted against calling a Convention, believing that the Constitution of 1776, was better than any the people were likely to get from a new Convention; in a word, he bade them bear the "ills they had rather than fly to others they knew not of."

The letter was so conservative in character and so conclusive of the points at issue, that it was thought it would have gone a long way towards preventing the call of a convention, had it been published earlier. As it was, it only made the friends of organic change, more determined. They were bent on giving form and substance to their dreams, their passions were up and they would be satisfied with nothing else.

Some of the most advanced enthusiasts advocated, what are styled "women's rights," their right to vote, to serve on juiie, to hold office and the like—others were opposed to allowing a man to enjoy the fruits of his industry, and favored dividing out his income when it had reached a certain sum; no doubt some would have liked the principal divided also, others favored free inquiry, if any one knows what this means in a country where investigation and thought are as free as the air we breathe; free religion, which was supposed to have been settled by Mason's act of 1776, legalizing all forms of worship, commonly called the act of religious freedom, free morals and opinions, and it is not unlikely there were others who favored free love as a means of squelching out polygamy. One of the most notorious and eccentric of these social reformers, was Fanny Wright, not, however, a native or resident of Virginia; and it was said, with what truth we know not, that the sum of her teachings amounted to this, that any man who

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donned a whole coat and a clean shirt was an aristocrat and ought to be put down.

These misguided people sought to break the force of his views by a loud outcry, saying he was an old Bourbon, entirely behind the age, a praiser of times past, like Nestor in the Illiad; who wished the laws of Virginia to remain unchanged and as unchangeable as were those of the Medes and Persians, and would have it so if left alone. A looker-on would have supposed this enlightened man and moderate conservative, from this kind of ultra nonsense, as extreme in his policy as the notorious Lord John Manners, a man of phlegmatical repulsiveness of manners, who in admiration of his class, once exclaimed, with idiotic fatuity:

> "Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die
> But leave us still our old nobility."

The loss of Mr. Peyton's letter cannot be too much regretted. If reviewed the whole history of the Judiciary previous to and from the time of William III., when by act of Parliament the Judges were to hold office during good behavior, up to a later act of one of the George's, providing that their commissions were not to cease by demise of the Crown, and down to his day. He argued earnestly also, in favor of an independent judiciary, this question arousing his deepest interest, and showed up the curse of a venial and corrupt one, having in its unsafe keeping the lives, reputation and property of the people. He entered also, into an elaborate discussion of the question of popular representation, the first instance of which, it was stated, occurred in Aragon in the twelfth century, &c., and discussing the basis of representation, expressed himself, in case the freehold basis was discarded, as in favor of the mixed basis, taking into account both population and prosperity.

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The letter breathed a really liberal and enlightened spirit in politics and religion, and made him the idol of the liberal conservatives. The extremist were, however, antagonized by it, and in their rage and disappointment, set to work to mar, if not destroy, his influence. While distorting and misrepresenting him and his opinions, they had the "cheek," to say, they did it "more in sorrow, than in anger."

Not at all disturbed by the hurly-burly, he laughed heartily at their nonsense, and said that these [illegible] enthusiasts in their efforts to emancipate man socially, morally, politically and otherwise from all the ills of life, were innovators running after something they would never reach, as the hind wheel of the carriage which is in constant pursuit of the fore one without ever overtaking it. And when he got a chance at one of the Ring Bosses, and he sometimes cornered one, he handled him after such a fashion, that the Boss never wished to see him again. To these Bosses distance ever afterwards, lent enchantment to the view, of this man of relentless logic, keen irony and withering sarcasm. Many of these socalled Reformers aimed at nothing worse than their own advancement.

From the foregoing synopsis of Mr. Peyton's letter it is evident, if he did not say so, that, in his opinion, love of variety and change, a desire to subvert the existing state of things, indicated both weakness and ignorance; that it is not the strong-minded and right thinking who desire to cut loose from the past, its traditions and customs and its endearing associations, but the stupid, whose wild and dangerous projects carried out, would, however, unconsciously to themselves, give us poverty in lieu of prosperity, licence instead of liberty.

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MRS. ANNE PEYTON.

HER REMOVAL TO AUGUSTA COUNTY.

During the year of 1829, Mrs. Anne Peyton, the widow of John R. Peyton, the hero boy of '76, and mother of John H. Peyton, broke up her establishment at Stony Hill and removed to Stauuton. Some years before, namely on February 1st 1826, her son, Rowze Peyton, was married to a second wife, Eliza Murray, daughter of John B. Murray, a citizen of New York City, but a native of England. His Northern bride did not find plantation life congenial to her tastes and induced her husband to leave Virginia. After a brief sojourn in New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Peyton removed to Geneva, N. Y., where they long lived and both died, leaving a large and interesting family, now connected by marriage with many of the leading families of the Empire State—such as the Sewards, the Cuttings, Spensers, deZengs, Wilmerdings, Rathburns and others.

The venerable and respected mother of John H. Peyton was affectionately invited by her son and his wife, as soon as they heard of her intention to leave Stony Hill, to make her home at Montgomery Hall, which she decided to do. Mr. Peyton had built immediately, for her exclusive use, a comfortable brick residence in the grounds of and near the man-

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sion. Here she took up her residence in the summer of 1829,. and in that snug abode, she spent in singular ease and tranquility the rest of her life. At this time Mrs. J. R. Peyton was of large and striking person, dignified and graceful in manners. She was over 70 years of age, dressed in black,. with a high-crowned white muslin cap and frill, a cap in the style of what is now known as the Martha Washington cap,. and she looked at first sight eminently neat, precise and stately. She was in fine physical preservation and her mind and memory unimpaired. She was very accessible and companionable, she liked to see her friends and to chat, and her conversation was always full of thought and poetry. Her acquaintance with and knowledge of the leading Southerners of the pre and Revolutionary era was extensive, and she possessed a large fund of information on social, literary, and political topics.. This and her anecdotes, racy and amusing,caused her society to be courted by such men as Gen. Baldwin, Daniel Sheffey, and Chapman Johnson. Her parlor was the center of attraction and the rallying point of the family. Her grandchildren especially gathered round her chair, and listened with infantile delight, to her graphic acccunts of the war, of the officers and soldiers, of their hairbreath escapes, of the battles,. &c., and at that early day became familiar with the names of the Washingtons, Masons, Conways, Fitzhughs, Lees, Scotts,. Marshalls, Moncures, Daniels, Greene's, and other prominent people of the Northern Neck, and all more or less connected with the bloody drama of the war.

At the premature death of her husband, when only 45. years of age, she was left with the heavy responsibility of a large and helpless family, and an extensive plantation and many slaves. Had she possessed less character and spirit, less force and ability, she must have been prostrated. The disaster,

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however, seemed to call forth her strength, and gave such firmness and elevation to her character, that her friends and neighbors were filled with admiration and delight. This excellent woman, who had been during the prosperous period of her husband's life, all weakness and dependence, now displayed heroic qualities, showed herself equal to the trying position in which she was placed, displaying a mental force and firmness truly astonishing,—every difficulty was overcome, every obstacle put aside. She entered on her new career soberly and seriously, devoted herself to the education of her children and the management of their property, The children were taught to think justly of themselves and kindly of others. She aimed to store their minds with useful information and to form their moral and religious characters—thus giving them correct, practical ideas and good habits. Religion was the basis of her teachings and her children went into the world with just notions of human life, prepared if prosperity smiled upon them, to receive it with humble gratitude, and if calamity supervened to endure it with dignified patience. A kind Providence prolonged her life to see them a joy and a comfort to herself, and an honor to Virginia. She governed and directed the affairs of her estate with such skill and discretion that Old Stony Hill* put on a new face, show-

STONY HILL.

*NOTE.—It may not be uninteresting to mention that the Stony Hill mansion was an old red brick building erected in the 17th century, with a wide hall and Grecian portico, commanding an extensive and beautiful view of Aquia creek and the Potomac river. The dwelling had grown to be a large and rambling domicile under the additions of four generations of the Peyton's, and all of them improving men. This fine old colonial house was demolished during the first year of the Civil-war, 1861-62, by Federal troops, on the spurious pretext that it was a necessity to have at once material for baking ovens. The old red bricks of this stately home, brought from England, as ballast in sailing vessels sent out to fetch back tobacco to Bristol, were

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ed successful husbandry and yielded abundant crops—so much so, that the casual observer even could not fail to see that both white and black, there enjoyed prosperity and content. Greatly attached to this old family seat, where she had lived a half century, nothing but the marriage of her six children and their departure for new homes of their own, could have torn her from it. But when her only remaining son, Rowze, who had married a New York lady, mentioned his purpose of leaving Virginia and settling in New York, she quickly made up her mind to accept the invitation of her favorite son, John Howe, and to end her days at Montgomery Hall.

Mrs. Anne Peyton was a woman of worth, thoroughly honest, sincere and straightforward, with a fund of practical common sense. Her conversational powers were of no ordinary kind. A sincere, devout and humble Christian, a good wife, devoted mother, kind and sympathetic friend, she was in all respects a remarkable person. While it does not come within our scope to here enter at length into her life and character, it is right and due to her memory, that reference should be made to her exalted piety. So domestic, unobtrusive, and retired was her plantation life, that her name is little more than an echo in the age in which she lived, and might scarcely be even that, if it had not been kept somewhat in mind by the fame of her distinguished son. A considerable part of her time, after she fixed her residence at Montgomery Hall, was spent in the seclusion of her apartments, and much of every

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used to erect many ovens in which bread was baked for the invading northern army.

When John Peyton lived at Stony Hill the estate consisted of 1900 acres of fine land, and as far as the writer knows, still does. It is owned and occupied in 1894, by Mr. Moncure, a son of the late President of the Virginia Court of Appeals, Judge R. C. L. Moncure, whose widow still lives, and is a descendent of John Peyton.

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day was given to meditation and prayer. She left behind many voluminous manuscript books, in whlch she had copied the Psalms, the Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, and many striking passages from other parts of Holy Writ, and containing many prayers, (original and quoted,) and ejalulations, suited to various occasions. These were of the following character, which will give an idea of the whole: "Supply, Oh Lord, the wants of a heart which knows not even how to lay them open before thee, which does not so much as think of doing it, and which too often shuts out the light and consolation of which it stands in need." And—

"These, O Jesus, are the things I ask. Intercede for me, that I may be truly sensible of the diseases that I labor under, and thankfully embrace the means which thy goodness has ordained for my recovery. Grant that the end of all my actions and designs may be the glory of God. Enable me to resist all the sinful appetites of my carnal nature. Grant that I may hunger and thirst after righteousness" &c., &c.

These MS. books contained also evidence that she prayed often, fervently and importunately, and that like Anna, she served God with fastings and prayers night and day. Luke ch. 2, v 37. She was never, however, "rash with her mouth," heeding. Eccl., ch. 5, v 2. On the contrary, her words were few and innocent of those vain repetitions against which our Savionr warns us in Matthew, ch. 6, v 7.

AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

He advocated the colonization of our African population in Liberia and was one of the managers of the Augusta Coun-

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ty Colonization Society, founded in 1831-32 to promote this end.

The managers submitted to the Society their annual report on the 21st of April, 1832, the following extract from which will show the object and purposes of the Society:

"Concerning the colony of Liberia, we have no information to communicate but such as the public prints have given from time to time, to all who wished to know what was going on at that interesting establishment. The sum of this information is, that the colony, gradually advancing in numbers, advances also in every branch of improvement and prosperity. We believe that in the whole history of colonization, there has never been an instance elsewhere of so cheering a degree of success from a similar amount of means and exertions. Divine Providence has evidently smiled upon the enterprise, and encouraged its friends to prosecute it with untiring perseverance.

Shall we close this paper here? A feeling which we assuredly know to be no other than a sincere regard for the honor and welfare of our country, prompts us to offer to the society some additional reflections.

It was never expected by any man of sense that the voluntary association of which we form an humble part, would be able to effect, by its own very limited energies, any sensible diminutive of the large and pernicious mass of our colored population. But we did hope to evince the practicability of acquiring an extensive and fertile territory in a suitable climate and of removing our negroes to it and setting them in it, with fair prospects of their becoming a respectable and happy nation; and thus to pioneer the way for delivering this otherwise favored land of ours from a burden, the sorest that ever afflicted any people under heaven. And this hope,

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thanks be to God, we are permitted to see realized. The colony exists and flourishes. It remains that the legislative authorities of these Southern States, invigorated by the attainable and powerful aid of the Federal Union, take this business under their efficient patronage. And surely the period is now emphatically come for putting into action on this momentous subject our utmost talents and our utmost resonrces. After ages already lost in supineness, shall we still waste our precious time in disquisitions, as needless as they are unreconcilable with our boasted republican character, on what we call the right of property in our slave; while the deadly evil which we all profess to deplore, is gaining ground upon us with gigantic strides every year and every hour. We say needless disquisitions; for such they appear to us to be. Let liberal means be provided for removing far away those unfortunate beings amongst us whom we denominate free blacks, together with those slaves who shall be voluntarily manumitted for the purpose of removal. On this single condition, we are satisfied that there will be no necessity to interfere in a compulsory way with any man's right of property in hls slaves. Public sentiment, incessantly acquiring expansion and strength will much better achieve the glorious consumation.

But suppose this to be a visionary picture. Suppose that yet greater sacrifices shall be found indispensable. What then? Shall we shrink from the making of those sacrifices for the salvation of our native land, the loveliest and the choicest of all lands? Shall we tamely sit still, and see Virginia despoiled of much of her strength by unexampled emigration to other regions, and by this means ripening the more speedily as a harvest for the scythe of the assassin. Shall we, after all that we have seen and heard within nine months past,

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persist in the slumber and indolence of infatuation? Or shall we soon arise in all our zeal, and all our united strength, to devise and to pursue the measures by which alone such a tremendous issue may be arrested, and our country rendered truly prosperous and happy? How these questions are to be answered by facts, time must discover, and God only, who is omniscient, can certainly foresee. For our part, though we deeply lament that the equally able and eloquent discussion which recently took place on this most important topic in the hall of our legislature was suffered to float away into the air, yielding no practical results; yet we think we ought not to abandon the cause of liberating our beloved country from the abominations and the curse of slavery, in utter despair. A better day may be about to down upon us. Perhaps the discussion to which we have referred, itself a wondrous phenomenon in Virginia, may not die away as a fruitless expenditure of feeling and genius. And in the meanwhile, let us continue our labors for the improvement of the Colony, that it may become a more capacious, and in every way convenient receptacle for drawing off, when the good season for the extened operations shall arrive, the pestilential nuisance of our African population.

The prominent men of that period associated with Mr. Peyton in this good work were Rev. Conrad Speece, Joseph Cowan, Samuel Clarke, John McCue, George Eskridge, Charles A. Stuart and others.

RETIRES FROM THE BAR AND IS ELECTED TO THE SENATE.

Mr. Peyton determined some years before he was 60

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years of age, to retire from the bar when he reached that time of his life, and did so. After he was sixty he took no new cases, only in one case making an excepion to this rule in favor of an old and valued friend, who earnestly implored and begged for his services. He gave them to this friend and lost the case in the circuit superior court of Augusta, but was so well satisfied that the case was erroneously decided that he took an appeal, and after Mr. Peyton's death the decision of the lower court was reversed and thus his client ultimately gained his cause. After he reached the age of 60 he only attended his office and the courts to wind up his business.

His friends knowing his purpose to give up the bar determined, if possible, to secure his services in the Senate. He was solicited on all sides to go to the Senate, and the following letter appeared in the Lexington and Staunton papers:

"*To the Voters of the Senatorial District of Rockbridge and Augusta:*

FELLOW-CITIZENS—

The next session of the Legislature will be the most important which has occurred for many years past. The criminal laws of the Commonwealth are all to be revised, the subject of education is to be thoroughly considered, and the great schemes of internal improvement are to be brought forward and vigorously pressed by their respective friends. Under these circumstances it is particularly important that this District should be ably represented in the Senate of Virginia, the body that must supervise and give the finishing touches to the Legislation on all three subjects. Rockbridge and Augusta, long famed for their morality and good order, have a deep interest in having the system of fixed laws brought to the highest state of perfection. They

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have their primary schools, the academies and colleges all requiring an *able champion* and *enlightened patron*, and they have their respective schemes of improvement: the James River canal, the extension of the Louisa railroad and continuation of the macadamized turnpike from Staunton to Buchanan, demanding the support of a powerful intellect and matured experience.

In looking around for a suitable representative of the District, the eyes of everyone seem attracted to *John H. Peyton, Esq.*, of Augusta, as the man. He is a gentleman of distinguished ability and unblemished integrity. He has long been known to Virginia as the ablest criminal lawyer in her borders, and hence he is peculiary qualified to discharge the duties incident to the revision of those laws. His general attainments and enlightened views of, and on all subjects qualify him in a high degree to aid in constructing a system of public education which shall diffuse the genial rays of knowledge through all classes of society, and he has evinced his deep interest in the success of the James river improvement by the most substantial of all proofs—the investment of large sums of money in its work.

Mr. Peyton now holds several lucrative offices and he is in the enjoyment of an extensive and extremely profitable law practice, but it is understood that he is willing to relinquish them all if his fellow-citizens should require his services in the Senate. It is a subject of congratulation to the district that such is the fact, and I cannot believe that the district will hesitate for a moment to avail itself of the services of so distinguished an individual. It would be a subject of just pride to our district to send such a man to the Senate. He would tower head and shoulders above any other man in that body, and the impress of his talents and learning would

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be permanently visible upon the statute books of Virginia. Let the voters of the district then, go forward as one man, and record their votes for John H. Peyton. Let them recollect that it is a duty which they owe their country to select the man who, from his talents and acquirements, is best suited to discharge the duties of the station. When in the management of his private affairs, it becomes necessary to employ an agent or an attorney, they always seek the man best qualified, and upon the same principle, when they are are about to choose an agent not only for themselves but for their country and posterity, (for in the administration affairs we are trustees for posterity) they should elect the man who is able to render the most efficient services to the public.

The office of Senator is at all times an important one; but under present circumstances, there is a peculiar propriety in selecting the strongest man, for it is universally conceded that there is a woeful deficiency of talent in the Senate. The election of Mr. Peyton would therefore be hailed with satisfaction by the whole State; and he would be from our district, the Senator of Rockbridge and Augusta.—Lexington Gazette and Spectator, May 2, 1839. A VOTER.

MR. PEYTON'S LETTER CONSENTING TO RUN FOR THE SENATE. HIS POLITICAL SENTIMENTS.

To the voters of the Senatorial district composed of the counties of Rockbridge and Augusta.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

Having authorized my name to be placed before you as a candidate to represent you in the Senate of Virginia, I deem

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it a duty I owe alike to you and myself to make a plain and distinct avowal of my political sentiments.

Though it is true that a member of the Senate of Virginia, has little to do with Federal politics, and may not during his whole term of service be called upon to express a single opinion upon them, yet, in a representative republic it is not only proper that the political sentiments af a candidate should be distinctly understood, but it is equally proper that he should possess political sentiments congenial with those of his constituents.

Under this impression, the following brief statement is made.

I came into public life about the period of the election of James Madison as President of the United States.* I served as a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia the two sessions of 1808-9, 1809-10. I was a friend to the election of Mr. Madison and a warm and zealous advocate of the measures of his administration.

Among the measures to which I gave my hearty support was the establishment of the late Bank of the United States. Since that period I have not mingled in politics. As a citizen, however, I approved generally of the administration of James Monroe, and was opposed to the election of his successor, John Quincy Adams.

I advocated the election of Andrew Jackson, and supported most of the measures of his administration during his first term. I also voted reluctantly for his re-election, I disapproved of his veto to the bill to recharter the Bank of the United States, and the *ad captandum* arguments used by him to justify the measure. I attributed the act then, how-

*Foot Note.—Mr. Madison was elected President in 1809 and re-elected in 1813.

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ever, more to the feelings created by the particular time when Congress passed the bill—it being just previous to his second election, than to any settled hostility on his part to a United States Bank.

Shortly after his re-lection, he commenced a train of measures to which I was utterly opposed; measures of a novel and alarming character, and which in their origin and subsequent developments, brought distress and embarrassment upon the banks, upon the country at large, and especially upon all our great commercial interests. I allude to his wild, violent and undigested schemes of finance—commencing with his pet Bank system and ending with his order in council, the Specie circular.

This warfare upon the Bank of the United States, the currency and the commerce of the nation, reduced us in 1837 to the degradation of witnessing a general suspension of specie payments by the banks.

These acts connected with the corrupting system of party discipline introduced by that administration with the view of compelling private judgement to succumb to the behests of party, completely separated me from the administration of Andrew Jackson.

His successor who pledged himself in advance "to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor," and who has gone a bow-shot beyond him in obstinately pressing upon a free and intelligent people; his thrice rejected scheme of a sub-treasury —to him and his measures I have always been strenuously opposed.

Upon those subjects which fall more legitimately within the scope of the duties of a Virginia State Senator—in advancing and promoting the great cause of internal improvement, and in the diffusion of light and knowledge among our

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people, and in the general objects of legislation, my interest is identified with yours.

Finally, occupying the relation I now do, fellow citizens, towards you, by no procurement of my own, but having been pressed into it by the solicitation of friends; I have thought it right thus briefly, but at the same time explicitly, to state my political views. I have felt this duty the more imperative—because having been once a supporter of General Jackson's administration, and no public occasion having since occurred, except at the polls, to make my subsequent opinions known were I silent some might cast their votes in this election under a misapprehension of my sentiments. Whilst, then, I would regard an election to the Senate of Virginia as a flattering proof of your confidence—I could not but regard that confidence misplaced and valueless, were it bestowed by the people without knowing where and how I stand."

JOHN H. PEYTON.

Spectator, May 9, 1859.]

He was duly elected and took his seat at the next session of the Senate.

MORE OLD LETTERS.

For want of a better place, the following bundle of old letters, running in date from October, 1823, to April, 1839, are here given. They possess a peculiar interest to the children of Mr. Peyton, unimportant as they are, since they exhibit, the domestic side of his character : are pages in the history of the family and it has been well said that, "Every family is a history in itself and even a poem to those who know how to search its pages."

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JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS WIFE.

Charlottesville, Oct., 9th, 1823.

My Dear Wife:

It is now Thursday morning, and we are not yet through with the trial of the first criminal, and there are three others waiting trial. When we will finish with them I cannot undertake to say.

I have employed as overseer for my farm near Staunton, a relative of my present overseer, who bears the same name. As you seem so partial to your countyman, old O'Sullivan, I will send him to my farm on Jackson river. Don't expect me till you see me, for it is impossible to say when I can return—the Judge thinks of holding a court next week. If so I will write you.

Keep everyone busy preparing winter clothing for the negroes—send for the overseer and tell him that it is my particular wish that he should; as soon as the seeding is finished, plough the large field around Sinaugh's house. Tell him to have the wheat threshed out. Adieu. Kiss little Susan for me, and believe me

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

P. S.—Miss Nicholson is here and well.

SAME TO SAME.

Harrisonburg, Feb. 18, 1824.

My Dear Ann:

I was exceedingly gratified to get your affectionate letter of the 16th inst., written in that calm spirit of fortitude and resignation which convinces me that you take a right view of our late misfortune (supposed to be the loss of a child). I was

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fearful until I received your letter that you would be uneasy at my detention here, and am delighted that you are acquiring patience and learning to submit with composure to the inevitable. When you have learnt well these practical lessons you will be much better prepared to encounter the trials and disappointments of life, and nothing is truer than that all mankind must and will experience calamities. When we are prosperous we should always look for a reverse of fortune, and when we are in adversity we should recollect that it is the common lot of humanity. No one ever yet enjoyed uninterrupted happiness, and those who have most nearly approached it, are the sober, the virtuous, and industrious. The indolent are always unhappy and nearly always vicious. If you wish to be happy attend to the duties of your household—these will give you exercise and exercise will insure you health of body and mind. When the mistress takes an interest in domestic affairs—see's that the servants do their duty, that the house is neat and in order; that regular hours are kept by all, in a word, when good house wifery prevails, it affords more real happiness to the well regulated mind of the mistress than any, or all of the so-called fashionable amusements of the gay world. Such a house wife cannot fail to be loved at home and respected abroad.

No one is exempt from trouble, mental or phyical, and the weight of both may seem at times bearing you to the ground, but take heart and the sum of your enjoyment will always outweigh your troubles. The Almighty in his infinite wisdom, mercy and goodness, has so constituted our minds, that past pleasures and enjoyments can always be vividly recalled to our recollection, past sufferings with difficulty, and seldom in detail. I would advise you to attempt by all means to divert your attention from your own person and

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surroundings, to other objects. The providence of God has surrounded us with objects of improving distraction, by which we may be led to think of Him. The same hand that strews pleasures in your way, has left no situation, however painful or disagreeable, where an antidote to your distress has not been placed within reach. You must, however, rouse yourself and seek for it. We constantly meet persons who complain that everything goes wrong with them, while with another "whatsoever he doeth prospers." This striking difference is generally to be accounted for, not by the doctrine of chances, but by a reference to the temper and character of the respective parties. Imprudence, or ill temper, for instance, will either mar the success of any project, or present it in a distorted and unfavorable aspect.

It must not be forgotten that this advice comes from your best friend, from one who has had large experience and who has made the springs of human action much his study.

What a field of rational enjoyment is opening before you in little Susan. You can watch the shooting idea, can restrain any exhuberance, instil in her right principles, make her reverence virtue, detest vice. It is astonishing how soon good principles may be made to take root, and bad ones be eradicated. Never tell her, or suffer others to tell her she is beautiful. If she is so she will find it out too soon. Teach her to place her claims to distinction upon good sense, good principles, modesty, delicacy, affectionate deportment to her parents—respectful behavior to all. Let her respect herself and respect others. Then she will be in the widest and best sense a lady. It is astonishing how early in life the temper of children begins to be formed, and consequently how soon that important part of the business of education, which consists in the training of the mind to habits of discipline and

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submission, may be commenced. "I wish very much to consult you about the education of my little girl," said a lady some years since to a friend, "who is now just three years old." "Madam," replied the friend, "you are at least two years late in applying to me on the subject." Lose no time in instilling the principles of unhesitating obedience and thus lay the foundation of paternal authority, while teaching your children self-control, self-denial, and how to gain a mastery over their passions. Warn her of the trials and difficulties which more or less come to us all, but especially to the careless and indifferent.

The suit in which I am engaged will probably be spun out till Friday evening. I will endeavor in this case to be with you the next day.

With sincerity of affection, your husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Lewisburg, June 7th, 1824.

My dear Ann:

Baldwin and myself arrived here the third day after we left Staunton, in good health. We passed Captain Massie's on Monday and regretted to find both Mrs. Massie and the Captain indisposed. Sarah and the rest of the family were well. Susan has a fine daughter, but has been so unfortunate as to take the milk fever. She was, however, better of it, and I hope by the time I return will be entirely well. General Breckenridge and family and Woodville and family are here and in their usual health. Colonel Andrew and Capt. John Lewis are also here.

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I hope to leave on Thursday next—on Friday shall stop at my farm, surveying the land I have entered, and on Saturday leave on my return to Staunton, if nothing happens to prevent it—on Sunday evening I hope to be with my beloved wife and child—send at once to Maupin (the overseer) and direct him to detail hands to work the vegetable garden.

We were all invited to dine to-day with Lewis Stuart, but his wife was taken ill last night and the invitations were recalled. It was a disappointment, but as the day is exceedingly warm I think we have lost nothing. The Colonel has not been at Captain Massie's yet, and I think Sarah looks a little dejected. No news of William Lewis as yet. The sale I expect will be postponed until August.*

Present Woodville affectionately to Lynn and Benjamin. He unites with me in love to you and little Susan.

I am, with anxious desire to be with my dear Ann,

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

The "little stranger" mentioned in the following letter is the present Col. John Lewis Peyton, the eldest son by the second marriage of Mr. Peyton. Business engagements making it impossible for Mr. P. to be in Staunton at the birth, intelligence was sent him of the event by his favorite man servant, Ben Potter, who rode on horseback to Lexington during the night.

Lexington, 16th September, 1824.

My Dear Ann:

Ben Potter arrived this morning bringing the glad

*This refers to the sale of the personal property of Colonel John Lewis, Mrs. Peyton's father.

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tidings that you had presented me with a fine son, and that you and the infant were as well as could be expected. For this I feel grateful, and I regret that I could not have been with you in the hour of tribulation—everything, however, happens for the best. I am engaged in a cause of importance, the evidence in which was closed this evening. The argument takes place tomorrow, after which I will leave here and try to reach Colonel McDowell's on my way home. If nothing unusual occurs, I will reach home on Saturday evening. in the meantime take good care of yourself and the baby. Be particular not to expose yourself and take cold. Present me affectionately to my good friends, Mrs. Baldwin and Mrs. Williamson, and tell them I shall not forget their kind and friendly attentions to you. Mr. and Mrs. Woodville have not yet arrived—I presume they are detained by bad weather.

Direct Ben, on his return, to open a cask of wine for the entertainment of your friends. Ben is careful and may be trusted. Give my love to the family, and kiss the little stranger for me.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Warm Springs, April 3, 1823.

My Dear Wife:

I had Just got off my horse from Pocahontas when the post going to Staunton arrived. I delayed it long enough to put in this note for you.* The Judge and myself have fared very well among the people of Pocahontas and arrived here safely and in good health, the snow, rough weather and bad roads

*The mail was then carried on horseback, and the postoffice was in the office of the tavern.

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to the contrary notwithstanding. I have barely time to tell you this and to say that my anxiety to see you, my children, my sister and brother was never greater.

I have made money on the circuit, enough to pay every debt.

In great haste, but as ever your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Charlottesville, Oct. 11th, 1826.

My Dear Ann:

I stayed at Mr. Diver's (Farmington) on the night of the day we parted, and on the next morning about 10 o'clock reached here.

Monday evening I spent at Mr. Kelley's in company with Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmer. Lynn is living in a sedate, pious, gentle family, and is surrounded by every comfort, and has an affectionate, good husband, who appears to be doing a good paying business) as a merchant).

Our court business progresses slowly, so that I do not expect to get off before Saturday or Sunday.

If Mr. Cochran (G. M.) has not obtained the bacon I ordered from Mr. Hogg, you must keep up the supply on the farm from the market,and by now and again killing a mutton.

In great haste, your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

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SAME TO SAME.

Callaghan's Tavern, Nov. 4th, 1827.

My Dear Ann:

I am informed by Judge Taylor that my sister, Lucy Green, of Kentucky, arrived a few days since in Montgomery county on a visit to my late brother's family, (Capt. Garnett Peyton's.) She is on her way to see my mother at Stony Hill, and will not, of course, pass us without a visit. Though she is impatient to get on, do not let her go until I return, for nothing could give more pleasure than to see her.

I missed seeing the wedding party at Capt. Massie's, (marriage of John Hamden Pleasants to Capt. M.'s daughter Mary.) They had gone to Fincastle on a visit to the Woodville's. They intend paying us a visit on their return. Woodville is with me and well.

Present me affectionately to the children and make my kind regards to Mrs. Talfair.

Sincerely your affeelionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Richmond, January 19th, 1828.

My Dear Ann:

I had intended to leave here this morning, but the weather would not admit of it. It has been raining the whole day. I think the weather will admit of my continuing my journey tomorrow, for though I have been treated with great hospitality since my arrival, I had rather be at home with my dear wife and children than anywhere on earth.

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Mary Green, of Kentucky, is here, and is an affectionate, good girl. She appears to be sincerely attached to you, and says she had a great deal rather be at Montgomery Hall with Aunt Ann, than in Richmond, with all its fashion and gaiety. Bernard has given me two dining parties since we have been here. We were also invited to dlne at Johnson's, (Chapman,) but could not attend, owing to a previous engagement at Leigh's, (B. W. Leigh's.) I was obliged also to decline dining at Dr. Brockenbrough's for the same reason, and I have, for the same reason, had to decline the invitation to dine with Mr. Daniel. One day I dined with Gen. Sam'l H. Lewis at Duval's; on another, with the Triplett's; on another day was invited to dine by all the members of the Legislature at the Bell Tavern, and did so. Many distinguished strangers were present. On another occasion, I dined, by invitation, with all the members of our party. We have been well, with the exception of a cold I caught attending a book auction. I am, however, getting the better of it, and hope by the time I reach Stafford to be well. My stay in Stafford will be short. I shall stop with sister Lynn (Cochran) on my return. Cochran has a very snug, cosy establishment. I have purchased a lot of nice things for you; had them boxed and sent to Bernard's (Gen. Bernard Peyton's) commission house to be forwarded home by the first conveyance, with a number of law and miscellaneous books bonght here. I am fearful these articles will not reach Staunton soon, as the condition of the roads is at present wretched.

I must conclude with the hope that I will receive a letter from you in Stafford.

Amanda, (Mrs. General Bernard Peyton) and all send their best respects and regards to you.

Kiss my little cherubs for me, and believe me, as ever your affectionate husband, JOHN H. PEYTON.

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SAME TO SAME.

Stony Hill, Stafford, Feb, 24, 1828.

My dear Ann:

I had the happiness to receive your letter of the 19th upon my arrival here, which gives me great pleasure indeed. My detention in Richmond will prevent my return home as soon as I expected. On Saturday next I expect to leave here.

Rowze's wife has a fine daughter, [The present Mrs. T. R. Spenser, of Geneva, N. Y.] was born the day before our arrival. My mother, Lucy, Miss Gallager and Rowze all send their love to you.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

1828.

Warm Springs, 14th March, 1828.

My Beloved Wife :

The day I left you I reached Colonel McDowell's, (near Fairfield, Rockbridge county,) where I spent the night in the agreeable society of the family and my dear old aunt. On the next day about 12 o'clock, I arrived in Lexington and dined with Mr. Taylor.* I spent the evening and night with James McDowell, Jr.† Next day I settled my business in court, spent the afternoon and night with Taylor, and in the morning set out for Jackson River, and on Friday reached

*Hon. James Taylor, M. C. for this district and an old and intimate friend of Mr. Peyton, who served with Major Peyton in the army during the war of 1812-15 and whose friendship was continued up and the time of Mr. Peyton's death in 1847.

† Subsequently M. C. for this district and Governor of Virginia—Governor McDowell and Mrs. Taylor were both first cousins of Mrs. Peyton.

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Captain Massie's, having crossed the mountain by McGraw's gap, and after an hour's delay proceeded to my farm where I lodged. Captain Massie and his son, Henry, dined with me next day, and the same evening my son William arrived from Pocahontas. He remained with me until Sunday when we went to Captain Massie's to dinner. After dinner William proceeded to the Hot Springs and I returned to the farm.

On Monday I rode to Alexander Paris', the old Morris tavern, to dinner, and thence to William McClintic's, where I remained all night. On Tuesday, I rode out in the rain to the Warm Springs, When I arrived the water streaming from my neck, arms, cuffs, and my body was wet to the skin, a warm bath, change of clothing, a good dish of roast beef by a blazing fire, washed down with a bottle of rum negus soon warmed me to life and spirits. Since then I have been busily occupied in court until this evening. Tomorrow I leave for the Supreme court of Pendleton and expect to arrive there by Tuesday evening. It distressed me to see my learned brethren of the bar returning to their families when I was doomed to another week's absence. But my wife will love me the more for this privation, when she recollects that both duty and interest demand the sacrifice. I found all well at the farm, all lazy and happy, all idle and contented. I did not disturb them, left them to enjoy life in their own way. I hope sister Sarah and cousin Susan Preston will remain with you until I get back—nothing affords me more gratification in my unavoidable absence on the circuit than the thought that you are happily consoled by the society of your friends.

Tell Ben to lose no time with the work of gardening and to transplant from the old garden near the stone spring house the currant and raspberry bushes.

Tell Dempster to keep the wagons busy getting out the

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manure, and to see that George and Dick are constantly engaged in rail-splitting—the fences need repairing. Give my love to Sarah Lewis and Susan Preston, to my little chicks, Susan, John and Ann.

As ever, my dear Ann, your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Lewisburg, June 17th, 1828.

My dear wife:

I spent Tuesday and Wednesday after we parted at the Warm Springs. On Thursday, Mayse, Terrell, and Grattan dined with me at my plantation on Jackson's river—the same evening we rode to Callaghan's Tavern and on Friday reached this place. I have a beautiful crop of corn on Jackson's river, and indeed, the crops of all kinds look promising and the negroes are healthy, contented and happy. I am in good health and closely occupied in court. Woodville has not yet arrived, he is detained in the courts of Botetourt and Monroe, I expect him in a day or two—Col. Andrew Lewis and Capt. John Lewis are both here attending the court. How do my little children come on? I suppose Susan is attending her school regularly and that John with his innocent and lively prattle, and Ann keep up their mother's spirits. How does Demster get on securing the hay crop? Tell him to have the cradles prepared for the harvest. Have your wool packed and sent to Ben. Crawford's store with directions to forward it to Barr's to be carded. By doing so the rolls will be ready to be spun as soon as the women can be spared from the harvest field.

Isaac Bowyer has arrived here and tells me that the commisssoners appbinted to assign Mrs. Mary B. Lewis her dow-

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er in Dr. Lewises lands at the Sweet Springs, have set off to her 204 acres out of the land of your brother William, including the meadow and brick house. Your old neighbor, Susan Bowyer, near the Sweet Springs, is dead—the rest of your old friends and neighbors are well.

Tell Mrs. Baldwin that her husband [Judge Briscoe Baldwin] is in good health and spirits. He had the ill luck to have his gig broken to pieces on the road to the Warm Springs—one of the shafts of the sulky broke, this alarmed the horse—Baldwin perceived it and leaped from the gig, the horse then ran off with the gig at his heels and broke it in a dozen pieces. He had a bottle of old wine rolled up in the foot-board and though the board was kicked to atoms the bottle was not broken. Was there ever such luck! We went on to Miller's where we recounted our misfortunes over the wine which prevented undue depression of spirits. The horse was uninjured and procuring a saddle, Baldwin mounted the reclaimed steed who was dripping wet, his eyes dull and his whole sountenance dejected, and we jogged on very pleasantly, cheered by the Madeira and the reflection that things were not so bad as they might have been.

When I write again I will be able to give you more information of our friends. In the meantime be of good cheer and believe me,

Your affectionate husband,

SAME TO SAME.

Warm Springs, March 13th, 1829.

My dear Ann:

I have business at the Superior Court of Pendleton, which I cannot well postpone, or I would return directly home. My

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stay at Pendleton, however, will be short. As usual on first leaving home in the spring I have taken cold. There is a great difference between the log cabins of these mountains and the substantial and comfortable houses of Augusta. For example, it snowed last night and when I waked this morning my bed was covered with snow which beat in through the window—the floor was uearly covered also, the snow coming in under the door. At this inclement season a journey to Pendleton can't be styled a pleasure trip.

William has been here during the court and leaves today for Botetourt. He appears to be in pretty good health.

Tell Mrs. Telfair I stopped at the Wilderness (General Blackburn's) on my way out and found all well—many affectionate inquiries were made about her. Keep up your spirits—when you look at Susan, John and Ann it ought to satisfy you with my absence.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Lewisburg, Nov. 18, 1830.

My Dear Ann:

After your return home, I remained several days at the Warm Springs, and after court rose, went with William, Sam'l McD. Moore, (subsequently M. C.,) and Alexander P. Eskridge, son-in-law of Judge Allen Taylor and brother-in-law of William Madison Peyton, to the Hot Springs, where we found Sally and the children, (the wife and chlldren of Wm. M, Peyton,) and were hospitably and elegantly entertained. They all made meny friendly enquiries after you,

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sister Sarah and Thomas.* On Friday I went to my plantation and procurred of Mann a deed to the Miil and the land in the Falling Spring Valley. Saturday I reached Callaghan's, and thence took the stage to this place, after sending my horse back to the farm to remain till my return, a fortnight hence. Woodville arrived on yesterday and reports his wife better. As soon as he gets back to Fincastle, they intend making us a visit, as he will be detained some time in Staunton attending the Chancery Court. From Staunton he wili go to Culpeper on a visit to his father. Tell Thomas to stick closely to his studies, particularly Arithmetic and Algebra. The overseer should secure the corn crop and cart out the manure. Tell him to thresh fifty bushels of rye and send it to Major Summer's distillery, to be made lnto whiskey.

I hope Susan and John are diligently employed at school, and that the rest of our small fry are doing well.

The mildness of the season has presented my feeling any inconvenience from having no woolen shirts. Woodville joins me in love to yourself and the children, to Sarah and Thomas.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON,

SAME TO SAME.

Lexington, Va., Sept. 19th, 1834.

My Dear Ann:

On the day I left home I reached here in good time, but

*The late Major Thomas Preston Lewis, the youngest son of Major John Lewis, of the Sweet Springs, a man of many noble traits of character, who died unmarried in Augusta county in 1877, deeply regretted.

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by some misadventnre took a cold which has kept me coughing ever since. The heat of the weather and my heavy clothing has caused a reaction and I hope soon to be myself again.

I found Col. Benton and his family* at James McDowell's, and spent some time with them very pleasantly—they will pay us a visit in October. I am stopping as usual at Taylor's, they are so pressing in their invitations and will admit of no excuses that I have fallen into the habit of making their house my home while here.

Mr. Poindexter is in Lexington, and will marry to-day the widow Lewis. The wedding is to be private, and the happy pair will leave immediately in their barouche for Eastern Virginia.

James McDowell and wife have just gone to a meeting of the Preston family in Abingdon with a view to the adjustment of your grandfather and grandmother's estates, and though your mother will not be represented in this meeting her claim, while the claims of others is adjusted, cannot be overlooked. I hope therefore, when they return to hear something satisfactory. Nath'l Hart, of Kentucky, has been chiefly instrumental, I understand, in bringing about this meeting. Write me on Monday addressed to the Warm Springs and let me hear how you all are. Give my love to my mother and the children.

I am your affectionate husband.

JOHN H. PEYTON.

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*Hon. Thomas H. Benton, U. S. Senator for Missouri, and author of "*Thirty Years' View; or, a history of the working of the American Government for thirty years, from 1820 to 1850.*" Colonel Benton married Miss McDowell, a sister of Governor James McDowell, a cousin of Mrs. J. H. Peyton.

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SAME TO SAME.

Norfolk, Dec. 19, 1835.

My dear wife:

Whilst Susan and Miss Robinson, who accompanied her from Richmond, are drinktng tea at Mr. Loyal's,* under the care of Mr. Valentine, I take the pen to scribble you a few lines. On Wednesday we came down the river from Richmond in the Steamer Patrick Henry, with all Gen. Blackburn's emancipated slaves and their luggage on board, On the next day I delivered them to the agent of the Colonization Society and paid their passage to Liberia. On Friday the girls took tea at Mr. Smith's. The evening before they spent at Mr. Robertson's. Today we visited Old Point, making the trip in the steamer, Old Dominion. After visiting the fortifications, which I had not seen since 1814, with Col. Bankhead and Capt. Washington we dined at the Hotel and returned in the evening. Tomorrow we shall go to hear my old friend, Bishop Meade, preach. On Monday we expect to visit the navy yard, Gosport and the dry dock, and on Tuesday return by the Patrick Henry. Both Susan and myself are in good health.

My stay in Richmond will be brief I never wished more to be at home. The people everywhere are very kind and hospitable; my friends are attached and attentive in different ways, but I do not enjov my trip, because I am away from those most dear to my heart. I derive more pleasure from an evening in the midst of my family than any to be derived from travel. I love the society of my own family, of John, clinging to my knees, Ann, Mary, Lucy, the girls singing abed. "No man can tell," says Jeremy Taylor, "but he that

*Mr. Loyal was the father of Mrs. Admiral Farragut—the gallant Admiaal so much distinguished during the war.

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loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of these dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their person and society." I may misquote, as I quote from memory, but if the words are wrong, the ideas are right.

I have exchanged with Mr. Valentine, Malvina for a man cook, named Smith, about 18 years of age. He is a good tempered, quick and efficient general servant, and though young, already skillful as a cook; and is anxious to go to the upper country, as he suffers with chills and fever here. He will be of much service on the return trip, as I have a lot of packages containing articles of furniture, mantle ornaments, books, clothing, &c., to be looked after. I would have left this miserable place sooner, but the steam boats run but twice a week. I console myself with the hope that Susan is enjoying and profiting by the excursion. I long to be with you. I am, as ever,

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Lewisburg, July 14th, 1857.

My dear Ann:

I arrived here on yesterday in time for the court, but the business is delayed by the failure of Johnson and Baldwin to appear. They are expected tomorrow. I hope you are spending your time pleasantly, making Miss Herring's visit agreeable. Tell Susan it is my particular wish that she should write me frequently and at as great length as her engagements

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will admit of. She is young and thoughtless and requires the counsels and advice of her father, which I will take much pleasure in giving her in letters, where it will be more permanent than if merely spoken. She is at an age when her acts and sayings are the subject of observation and comment, hence she cannot be too circumspect—next to the consciousness of acting right, the public voice should be regarded, and we should endeavor, by a prudent behavior, even in trifling matters, to secure it in our favor.

I hope my dear wife that you will also write me often. Mr. Rodgers, the stage driver, will take charge and safely deliver to me any letters you may wish to send.

Have you made the acquaintance yet of Dr. and Mrs. Nelson. You will find them agreeable and pleasant acquaintances—they are very intimate with Bernard's family. Have you visited your pretty little farm near the Springs. If not, go to see it, and let me know what you think of the property.*

Judge Fry, who married a daughter of Parson McElhaney, will be at the Sweet next week. They are worthy people and I will be glad if you can call on them. I think you will like them. The good parson has long been one of my most particular friends, and I want you to be civil to his daughter.

Excuse this hasty scrawl. My engagements do not admit of my saying more than that I send affectionate regards to Ben, Tom, sister Caroline and all the kith and kin about you.

I hope those agreeable New Yorkers—the Clarkes, are

*This was a farm of 350 acres lying in the Sweet Spring Valley, inherited by Mrs. Peyton from her father, and in 1894 is owned by her nephew, Dr. J. Lewis Woodville.

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still at the Springs. The society of people of so much information and intelligence who have traveled abroad, is really improving.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

Mrs. John H. Peyton, Sweet Springs.

SAME TO SAME.

Lexington, Va., April 20th, 1839.

My Dear Ann:

I have only time to write you a few lines to advise you of my safe arrival in good health at Lexington, where our friends and connections are all well. Tell Aunt Towles I have met her grandson, John Dabney, who recognized her son Thomas as he rode up to Taylor's. Taylor invited Mr. Dabney's family and John to take tea with us on yesterday evening, and to-day we are to dine with the Dabneys'. I am much pleased with Mrs. Dabney and her sister, Mrs. Price, and more so with John Dabney, who strikes me as a superior young man. Taylor is expecting his son, Dr. James Taylor, from Philadelphia, every day, where he has successfully concluded his medical studies. Their daughter Susan, who has been spending the winter in Alexandria, is also expected home in a few days.* They wish to give them a royal reception, and wish our daughter Susan to come up for the merry making. Mrs. Taylor says if she will do so she will send her to the Natural Bridge, &c. I have told her I knew you would not part with Susan at this time, but I thought it probable you would allow her to spend a week

* Susan Taylor married some years subsequently Hon. John B. Weller, M. C. from Ohio, and afterwards Governor of California.

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with them in May, after my return from the courts. She was glad to hear this and said she would send her son Robert and John Dabney to Staunton to escort her at that time.

Tell the overseer to take the calves off my grain, and let them run in the clover field back of the house—the grain is so far advanced now that the calves will injure it. I hope he has finished corn planting. Write me at the Warm Springs, either by Tom Michie or Wm. Frazier, telling me how the farming operations are going on, and how aunt Towles and our dear little children are.

Aunt McDowell, who is here, sends her best love to you, Mrs. Towles and sister Green. Mrs. Taylor says if Susan will come to her in May, she will meet her relations, the McDowells, who will return from Abingdon in April and be at home, and also Jane Preston, and other relatives who are coming with the McDowells, from Southwest Virginia for a visit to Lexington. I have time to say no more, as I am called to court.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

The following extract from the Spectator possesses such interest that we make no apology for introducing it here:

JEFFERSON, STUART, PEYTON.

We have been much interested recently in reading the early history of the University of Virginia as developed in the unpublished letters of Jefferson and J. C. Cabell. One of the letters particularly struck us. It is from Mr. Jefferson to Mr, Cabell, and dated Monticello, May 13th, 1825, and

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contains the warmly expressed opinions of two of our former citizens as to the professional ability, general qualifications and high character of the late Judge Dade, who was urged by his friends as a suitable person to be made Professor of Law in the new institution, Jndge Stuart and Hon. John Howe Peyton were on a visit to Monticello at the period when Jefferson was perplexed by the declension of this Protessorship by Mr. Gilmer, and Mr. Jefferson gives the substance of what Judge Stuart and Mr. Peyton said to him.

The letter will be read with interest by all, but more particularly by those who remember Judge Stuart and Mr. Peyton, two of our famous men of the past, both of whom died full of years and honors, bequeathing fortunes and leaving families, which have inherited their genius.

JEFFERSON'S LETTER.

DEAR SIR:—Every offer of our law chair has been declined, and a late renewal of pressure on Mr. Gilmer has proved him inflexibly decided against undertaking it. What are we to do? The clamor is high for some appointment. We are informed, too, of many students who do not come becanse that school is not opened; and some now with us think of leaving us for the same reason. You may remember that among those who were the subjects of conversation at our last meeting, Judge Dade was one; but the minds of the board were so much turned to two particular characters; that little was said of any others. An idea has got abroad, I know not from what source, that we have appointed Judge Dade and that he has accepted. This has spread extensively, perhaps from a general sense of his fitness, and I learn it has been received with much favor, and particularly among the students of the University. I know no more myself of Judge

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Dade than what I saw of him at our Rockfish meeting, and a short visit he made me in returning from that place. As far as that opportunity enabled me to form an opinion, I certainly thought very highly of the strength of his mind, and the soundness of his judgment. I happened to receive Mr. Gilmer's ultimate and peremptory refusal while Judge Stuart and Mr. Howe Peyton, of Staunton, were with me. The former, you know, is his colleague on the bench of the General Court; the latter has been more particularly intimate with him, as having been brought up with him at the same school. I asked from them information respecting Mr. Dade, and they spoke of him in terms of high commendation. They state him to be an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, of clear and sound ideas, lucid in communicating them, equal as a lawyer to any of the judiciary corps, and superior to all as a writer; and that his character is perfectly correct, his mind liberal and accammodating, yet firm and of sound Republican principles.

* * * * * *

This is the substance, and these, I may say, the terms in which they spoke of him, and when I consider the character ot these two gentlemen, and their opportunities of following what they attested, I could not but be strongly impressed. It happened very much to my gratification, that General Cocke was here at the same time, received the same information and impression, and authorizes me to add his concurrence in proposing the appointment to our colleagues; and to say, moreover, that if on such further inquiry as they may make, they should approve the choice, and express it by letter, in reference to a meeting for a conference on this subject, I might write tc Judge Dade, and on his acceptance, issue his commission. I should add the gentlemen above named

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were confident that he would accept, as well from other circumstances, as from his having three sons to educate. Of course this would put an end to the anxieties we have all had on this subject. The public impatience over some appointment to this school, renders desirable as early an answer as your convenience admits. Accept the assurance of my great esteem and respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

MR. PEYTON'S WELCOME TO HENRY CLAY.

In August, 1839, Henry Clay passed through Staunton on his return from Washington to his Kentucky home. The people determined to give him a warm greeting. A meeting was held and arrangements were made for his reception, and John H. Peyton was selected to make a speech of welcome.

A procession of gentlemen on horseback met the coach, in which Mr. Clay was travelling from Charlottesville, near Glendale, the present residence of George L.-Peyton, Esq., and escorted him to town. On arriving in front of the Eagle Hotel, now the Spectator office, Mr. Clay descended from the coach and was met by *Mr. Peyton*, who welcomed him in a handsome and appropriate address in wkich he referred to his long and distinguished public services, his championship of constitutional freedom and his patriotic labors on behalf of the best interests of the country and tendering him the warm hospitalities of the town during his stay.*

*NOTE.—The late Wm. Frazier, who was present, informed us that it was the most felicious address he ever heard from one great man to another, and he greatly regretted that a stenographer had not been present to take it down.

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Mr. Clay, though laboring under a cold and great fatigue, replied in his usual happy manner. After entering the Hotel, and a short rest, he heid an informal reception, when the principal people of the town and neighborhood were presented. There was, of course, no time for conversation, but Mr. Clay made many facetious remarks to his admirers as they passed one after another during the hand-shaking.

CAMPAIGN OF 1840.

In December, 1839, Mr. Peyton was a delegate to the National Whig Conventlon, which met at Harrisburg, Penn., to decide between the claims of several rival candidates for the Presidency. General Harrison, of Ohio, was nominated for the Presidency, and John Tyler, of Virginia, for Vice President. And immediately afterwards the celebrated "log-cabin and hard cider" campaign commenced. Log cabins and hard cider became the party emblems, and both were features of all the political demonstrations of the canvass, which witnessed the introduction of the enormouss mass meetings and processions which have since become common in all Presidential elections. There was more clap-trap and less appeal to reason in this than in any Presidential election in our history. Harrison was chosen by a vote of 234 against an electoral vote for Van Buren of 60, and was inaugurated at Washington March 4th, 1841.

MR. PEYTON'S SPEECH IN THE CANVASS OF 1840.

On his return to Virginia, such was his taste and so

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pressing the nature of his private affairs, that he took little active part in the celebrated canvass.

But upen the occasion of a grand mass meeting at Staunton on the 28th of October, 1840, he spoke in the Court House to a crowded audience of ladies and gentlemen, and made a magnificent speech, showing up the political lite and character of Martin Van Buren, his political tergiversations, intrigue, subserviency, treachery and heartless selfishness. It was like a prosecution of a prisoner at the bar, and persons who were present declared that they had never seen or heard anything like or to equal to it.

MR. PEYTON'S SPEECH IN CHARLOTTESVILLE.

Having much business to be settled Mr. Peyton attended the Autumn term, 1840, of the Superior court of Albemarle and was invited by the "Central Tippacanoe Club" to address the people. The "Charlottesville Advocate," edited by the talented Thomas Wood, a man who had few superiors in Virginia as a writer, thus refers to it:

"*Mr. Peyton* made one of the most felicitous efforts we have heard during this whole canvass. We shall not undertake to report his speech; we would do nim injustice by such an effort. We will say, however, that few speakers are better qualified to entertain and instruct the public mind in reference to the great questions now agitating the country. He understands thoroughly the character of Martin Vanburen.

He has watched him closely ever since he entered public life, in 1812, the opponent of James Madisou, and drew a most faith faithful picture of him from that time down to this.

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Van himself, could he have heard Mr. P., would have been forced to admit, that a more exact likeness never was drawn. He traced him with much minuteness throughout his tortuous and slimy career, and showed to the satisfaction of every man present, that he had been alternately the lickspittle and libeller of almost every man in the country. So in reference to almost every important queston which has agitated the country for the last 30 years. Martin had been found on both sides—and no man could tell what his principles were.' Mr. P. ridiculed in a most inimitable manner, amid roars of laughter from his audience, the claim set up by Van's Southern friends, that he "is a Northern man with Southern principles." Even were it true, Mr. P. contended that it did not elevate Martin in his estimation, for that if there were any one thing he abominated more than another, it was a Northern man with Southern principles or a Southern man with Northern principles. He went for no such half-frog half-tadpole animal.

Mr. P. laughed at the very idea of Martin Van Buren being held up to the country as a Republican. He remembered well the part he took in the memorable contest between Mr. Madison and DeWitt Clinton. He was then leagued with the blue light Federalists, and his course ever since had been in utter disregard of the good old Republican doctrines of '98 and '99."

VISITOR TO WEST POINT.

Sometime before, June, 1841, he was appointed a visitor to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and attended the meetings of the Board of Visitors, where he

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so impressed the Board, that he was selected write their report for that year, which he did.

From West Point he visited his brother, Col. Rouze Peyton, at his home in Geneva, and in the company of the late Randolph Harrison, of Elk Island, James river, General Bernard Peyton, of Richmond, Colonel Hill Carter. of Shirley and others, and made a delightful excursion to Niagara Falls.

At the next session of the Senate Mr. Peyton was a working member. He never discharged any duty in a perfunctory manner, but as chairman of the committee on the Judiciary labored zealously in behalf of reform in our laws.

MR. PEYTON'S LETTER ON BEHALF OF THE BAR TO JUDGE TUCKER.

In 1841, H. St. George Tucker resigned his position as a Judge of the Court of Appeals, in order to accept the position of Professor of Law in the University of Virginia. The following proceeding took place. A meeting of the bar assembled over which Mr. Peyton presided, and the meeting appointed him a committee of one to express their sentiments on the occasion which he did, and the Court adopted them as its sentiments and ordered them to be placed on record, as follows :

Virginia: At a Court of Appeals held at Lewisburg on Thursday, the 5th day of August, 1841:

Present: The Honorable Francis T. Brooke, William H. Cabell, Robert Standard and John I. Allen. The remaining members of the Court of Apbeals cordially concurring with the Bar in their sentiments expressed in their letter to the late President of the Court on his retiring from office, it is

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ordered that their letter and reply to it be put upon the records of the Court:

Dear Sir:

At a late meeting of the Bar of the Court of Appeals at Lewisburg, assembled for the purpose of giving expression to the feelings occasioned by your retiring from the office of President of that Court, I had the honor to act as Chairman, and to be instructed by the meeting, with perfect unanimity, to communicate to you their sentiments of sincere regret and most kind and respectful regard. We know from observation the great responsibility, the arduous labor and high qualifications required by the eminent station which you have so long and so ably filled. The talent, the learning and research displayed in your judicial opinions are known to the country at large. But none can know and appreciate, so well as the officers of your Court, the spirit in which your duties have been most promptly and unremitingly discharged. Your untiring application, unaffected zeal and exemplary fidelity, have won our humble applause; but our hearts have been touched by your uniform gentleness, kindness and courtesy of deportment, as well in the hall of justice as in the private circle; and you take with you our regrets, not merely for the loss of the public officer, but of the delightful companion and friend. I have thus endeavored, though imperfectly, to express the sentiments of our public meeting, to which let me add the assurances of my

Great respect and regard,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

Lewisburg, August 1, 1841.

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NOMINATED FOR JUDGE TUCKER'S JUDGESHIP.

There seems never to have been a time that people did not wish Mr. Peyton on the bench, and immediately after Judge Tucker's resignation, they began to nominate him, through the papers, for the vacant judgeship. He quickly put a stop to it, however, by declaring his entire unwillingness to take the office, not that he did not consider it an honor, but because at his then age, he was not willing to enter upon its onorous duties. We regret that among the beautiful tributes paid to him at this time, in the Richmond papers, we have not been able to get any than that which follows.

JOHN H. PEYTON FOR THE COURT OF APPEALS.

Sir:

It will doubtless be incumbent on the next Legislature to elect a Judge of the Court of Appeals (to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Henry St. George Tucker). This is the Supreme Court of the State, whose decisions have the weight of law, and, therefore, it is of the highest importance that a profound lawyer should be elected. I propose for this place a man who has no superior as a sound reasoner, a profound lawyer and thinker, a good logician and a persevering worker; a man who possesses both genius and learning, I allude to that able, dignified and learned Senator for Rockbridge and Augusta, JOHN HOWE PEYTON, ESQ. For many years Mr. Peyton has practised in the Courts of

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Common Law and Chancery, and in the Court of Appeals and no one has acquired a higher reputation as a Jurist. If elected, his decisions will command the respect of every able jurist and honest man in the State.

It is not my wish to lessen the merits of others when I say Virginia has no better man, no abler lawyer,

ALLEN.

August 12, 1841.

The following very interesting reminiscenses are taken from the Spectator of 1891. They were written by one of the most intelligent and cultivated gentlemen of Augusta, who is still, in 1894, living in the county. He wrote under the signature of "Senex." The opening sentences of Mr. Michie's speeh constitute in themselves a splendid biography of Mr. Peyton :

AN INTERESTING REMINISCENCE OF JOHN H. PEYTON AND THOMAS J. MICHIE.

At the November term, 1843, of the Circuit Superior Court, Staunton, a case which had excited great public interest, in which the late Hon. John H- Peyton was one of the parties was tried. It had reference to a change in the Hebron Church road through Montgomery Hall, on the lands of Mr. Peyton. Some time before a portion of the public road running entirely through these lands was closed by order of the County Court upon Mr. Peyton's motion, and another road established—the same road now, in 1894, in use. The closing of the road gave great offense to a neighborhood commonly called the North Mountain neighborhood. Upon their

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petition at a subsequent term of the County Court the order obtained by Mr. Peyton was, during his absence in the Senate at Richmond, rescinded, thus re-establishing the road which had been closed at his instance. From this decision Mr. Peyton shortly afterwards appealed to the Circuit Court, then the appellate tribunal in such cases. Before the case came on for trial there was an excited controversy in the newspaper in regard to the whole matter in which it was freely charged that the order of Court obtained by Mr. Peyton was in the nature of a purchase and sale of the public rights in the road. When the case came up for argument before Lucas B. Thompson, the excitement among the friends ot the parties was intense, the Court-house was crowded to overflowing, principally by the people of the North Mountain neighborhood.

For Mr. Peyton two of the most prominent members of the Staunton bar appeared, Thomas J. Michie and Hugh W. Sheffey; the other side was represented by A. H. H. Stuart and David Fultz.

The opening argument for Mr. Peyton was delivered by Mr. Sheffey, the junior counsel. He made a strong legal argument, closely following the racord and confining himself strictly to the merits of the case. He was followed by Messrs. Stuart and Fultz, who maintained the very remarkable proposition that the order of the County Court obtained by Mr. Peyton was an invasion and violation of the public rights, which could be redressed in no other way than by annulling that order at a subsequent term of the County Court as had actually been done, and unless this last proceeding could be sustained, they contended that their clients would be the victims of a wrong for which they would be absolutely without remedy. In some of their remarks

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they were understood by Mr. Michie to assail Mr. Peyton personally. The Court adjourned until the next morning, when the excitement was greater and the crowd larger,

In the opening of his remarks the next day, Mr. Michie, who was evidently much excitod, said: "*I regret the course which the counsel on the other side have pursued in going out of the record to assail my client—a man who has served his country with distinguished ability in various civil positions in time of peace, who has honorably and gallantly served and sacrificed his property for his country in time of war—a man whose honor and integrity have never been impeached in this or any other community, before this or any other tribunal. And so help me God, I will not suffer him, old, respected and honored as he is, to be hunted down by the blood-hounds now on his track.*" At this point Mr. Stuart jumped to his feet and disclaimed any intention to assail Mr. Peyton, to which Mr. Michie retorted, "*I snppose the gentleman will not have forgotten that he charged that the public rights had been bought and sold.*" Mr. Stuart insisted that he had made no attack on Mr. Peyton. Mr. Michie then delivered a powerful and earnest speech in which the position of his adversaries were literally pulverized. He declared as to the North Mountain people that they had come to Staunton in crowds and had attempted to brow-beat the halls of justice,

Judge Thompson, in delivering his opinion on the case, decided that the original order of the County Court obtained by Mr. Peyton was a valid and legal order, and that the remedy which the other parties had, if, indeed, the public convemience required that the old road should be kept open, was to petition the Court under the general road law of Virginia to open the road *de novo*—thus deciding the whole case in

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Mr. Peyton's favor. Thus ended a controversy which had excited a degree of fseling rarely exhibited in a case where so small a pecuniary, or property interest was involved.

PROTECTS A WEAK MINDED GIRL.

I remember Mr. Peyton's personal appearance and manners well. He made a great impression on me as a youth and I never knew any man who had more of what Edmund Burke styled the "chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound." His humanity and sense of right were deeply aroused in a case which occurred in Bath county in 1842, in which a man for speculative purposes sought to take the person and property of a girl of weak mind from the custody of her brother.s. He was represented by John W. Brockenborough, afterwards United States Judge for Western Virginia. Mr. Peyton appeared for the girl and her brothers and in opposition to the proposition made by Brockenborough's client delivered an impromptu speech in which the mean, selfish,cruel and avaricious nature of the proposition was so clearly and mercilessly exposed that Brockenborough did not even attempt to reply, and the preslding Judge E. S. Duncan, a half-brother of Judge John J. Allen, dec'd, instantly decided that the custody of the girl and her property should remain in the hands of her brothers. It was evident that Mr. Peyton's high and generous nature was filled with indignation at what he regarded as a most atrocious proposition, and he spoke with an animation, warmth and energy, probably never exceeded in any other effort of his long and distinguished professional career.

SENEX.

Spectator, 1891.

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LETTER FROM JOHN HOWE PEYTON, ESQ., TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE AMHERST FESTIVAL.

Staunton, October 8th, 1843.

Gentlemen:

Your letter of the 2nd instant inviting me on behalf of the Whigs of Amherst county, to be present at a festival to be held at Amherst Court-house, on the 19th of the present month, for the promotion of the Whig cause, has just reached me. I regret, that for reasons unneccessary to detail, it will not be in my power to accept your polite invitation. You judge rightly, however, in supposing that I cordially unite with you in the objects which you have in view. The next Presidential election is a subject so important and so deeply interesting to the nation, that it cannot be taken into consideration too soon. The issues involved in it are the same with those before the people in 1840, and affect so vitally the public welfare, that too much care cannot be bestowed upon our proper organization—not only to prevent the evlls arising from misrepresentation and falsehood, by disseminating among the people correct information, but to secure a full and fair expression of the public sentiment. If these issues are fully and fairly explained, together with the mode and manner in which the Whigs have been disappointed in carrying their measures into effect by the lamentable death of President Harrison, I do not fear a different result in the ensuing election from that which occurred in 1840. Our opponents have not yet designated their candidate. We are as yet uninformed whether we are to encounter the subtle abstractions af the South Carolina nullifier, or the wiley artifices of the "Northern man with Southern principles" or

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whether we are to face both. Not so with the Whigs. Henry Clay is so identified with the Whig cause and with Whig principles, that "all tongues speak of him, and the blear'd sights are spectacled to see him." He is distinctly pointed at by Whigs, in all parts of the Union, as the candidate for this distinguished station.

Let Whig clubs then be established in every county in the State; let the people be correctly informed what Whig principles are, and why the battle of 1840 is to be fought over again; let the people know that the Whigs are not only in favor of a sound currency but of a currency of uniform value throughout the Union—a national currency, consisting partly of the precious metals and partly of paper, convertible at pleasure into specie; and that they maintain, that in the present commercial condition of our country and of the world, this species of currency can be best attained by a well-regulated national bank. Let them know that we prefer indirect to direct taxation—that we are the friends of a tariff, to raise the necessary revenues for the general government—so arranged as to protect our home industry, and to create a home market. Let them know that we are the friends to a distribution of the monies arising from a sale of the public lands, according to some equitable ratio, and that we are not willing that a fund pledged by the States for specific objects, shall, after those objects are secured, be diverted to others not contemplated by the parties at the creation of the trust. Let them know that we, as our name indicates, are the friends of rational liberty; that we are for preserving the balances of power as established by the Constitution, among the three co-ordinate branches of the Government—that we are the enemies of monarchy and all the monarchical tendendies of our Government—that we are in favor of restraining Executive

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power and patronage; and for an economical administration of the finances.

If these topics are fully discussed, and the people made clearly to comprehend their bearing, the election of a Whig President in 1844, can scarcely be questioned.

You will pardon me for entering upon these subjects so much at large, when addressing myself to those who are more capable of doing them justice, and more interested in the issue than myself. I am an old man, and cannot expect to reap many of the fruits of a Whig victory, but I have a country and family that will enjoy them; and therefore I feel a deep interest in their success.

As I cannot be personally present, permit me to offer as a sentment:

May a retreating Whig in the contest of 1844, be a character unknown and unheard of.

Accept the assurances of my respect—Your fellow citizen.

JOHN H. PEYTON.

Spectator, Nov. 23, 1843.

A DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT.

During the summer of 1843, while Mr. and Mrs. Peyton and the entire family were outing, on his Jackson river estate, called Isleham, or the "upper farm," for he owned another estate lower down the Jackson river, he accompanied, on horseback, a surveying party, engaged in locating or rectifying certain lines. At many points on their route, the surface was rough and hilly, and near the high banks of the river overgrown with brush. While riding up one of these steep banks, through undergrowth and brambles, his horse,

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a spirited animal, was beset by a swarm of bees. The animal began to plunge and soon became unmanageable, and rushing through the trees and brush, either dragged Mr. Peyton off or he was thrown, falling heavily to the ground, stunned and helpless. It was thought at the time that he was fatally injuerd, but after being removed to the dwelling, he revived, after one of his tenants, Mr. Meadows, had drawn from his arm a qnantity of blood, Dr. Payne, of Covington, an old friend and skillful physician, was by his bedside in less than rwo hours, and through his care and attention, Mr. Peyton was enabled to return to Montgomery Hall within a fortnight, and soon resumed his ordinary life. It is supposed that this accident was the beginnning of the end, the commencement of his decline, that he never fully recovered from his injuries, which affected the hips and spinal cord. The following summer he was prostrated by an attack of apoplexy, but such were the recuperative energies of his vigorous constitution, that he recovered from it, and attended the next session of the Senate after having made a visit to Col. Wm. M. Peyton, in Roanske, where he was extensively and elegantly entertained and where it is thought he may have indulged imprudently—in his then state of health, in the luxuries of the table. The writer was with him on this visit, and remembers well the numerous and splendid dinner parties given him by General Edward Watts, George B. Tayloe, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Bowyer, Mr. Preston, of Greenfield, Mr. Langhorne, Mr. Burrell, Colonel Lewis, Dr. Griffeth, Mr. Johnston and others.

His friends in the Senate, saw with pain and regret his declining health, and Mr. Peyton himself realizing it determined to abandon all public employment. Accordingly in the month of December, 1843, he announced in the following letter his purpose to retire :

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Richmond, Dec. 1843.

TO THE PEOPLE OF AUGUSTA AND ROCKBRIDGE.

Fellow Citizens:

The term for which I was elected your senator is drawing to a close, and as it is not my intention to become again a candidate for your suffrages, I feel it a duty incumbent on me to apprize you of it thus early, that you may have full time to select for yourselves a suitable successor.

In taking leave of the district I tender you my grateful acknowledgements for the distinguished honor which you conferred upon me four years ago by electing me to the station I now occupy. Whilst acting in the discharge of the duties devolved upon me by this elevated trust, it has been my anxious desire to promote your interests and the general welfare of my native State. That such is the opinion of my coustituents I have not had the slightest reason to doubt. Under such circumstances it would be both my pride and pleasure to again serve you were it not for my peculiar situation.

I have now arrived at a period of life when the quiet and repose of the domestic fireside are much better suited to my tastes and more congenial to my feelings than the arena of politics and the strife of parties. Besides this I have duties to discharge to a young and growing family incompatible with a longer continuance in public life.

I have felt the less difficulty in coming to this conclusion because I know I can do so without injury to the whig cause or whig principles, in the success of which the people of my district feel so deep an interest. Their intelligence furnishes ample assurance that my place will be filled wisely and judiciously; and that they will call into their service some one fully competent to the discharge of all the high duties of the

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station, and who will devote himself to the furtherance of those great principles and sound measures of pnblic policy, which in the eniightened judgment of my constituents, lie at the basis of national prosperity.

Your fellow citizen,

JOHN H. PEYTON,

Richmond, 1843.

There were universal expresssons of regret on this occasion. The Richmond Whig, edited by the distinguished and unfortunate, John Hamden Pleasants, who was killed a few years later in a duel with Thomas Ritchie, Jr., said: The people of Rockbridge and Augusta and of the State generally, will see, with regret, the announcement of Mr. Peyton's purpose to retire from the public councils. Mr. Peyton came into the Senate of Virginia three years ago, and his accession contributed greatly to the object at that time much considered and desired by the State, to elevate the greatly declined and declining standard and character of that body for ability. The last spring elections have started another retrogradation in the same way and we are greatly concerned at any circumstance calculated to accelerate the down-hill march. The withdrawal of Mr. Peyton's rare talents, large experience, legal and general knowledge, moderation, firmness and courtesy, from any legislative body whatever, would be seriously felt."

John S. Gallaher, Senator from Frederick, said in the "Winchester Republican":

"Mr. Peyton has long been known to the public as a gentleman of great ability and manly bearing, and his associates in the Senate will sincerely regret a severance of the agreeable, social and business relations so long and pleasantly subsisting between them and him. We are happy to add for

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the information of Mr Peyton's friends abroad, that there is now a reasonable prospect of his restoration to some degree of comfortable health. Such extracts from the papers of the day might be indefinitely extended and every mail came loaded with private letters to him of regret.

After the publication of Mr. Peyton's letter, several announced themselves as candidates for the Senate, among them John McCue and R. S. Brooke, of Augusta and R. B. Barton, of Rockbridge. Considerable feeling originated among the aspirants and the difficulties were adjusted in the manner disclosed by the subjoined correspondence, which explains also Mr. Peyton's continuance in public life.

LETTERS TO THE CANDIDATES, MC'CUE, BROOKE & BARTON.

Lexington, April 17th, 1843.

Gentlemen:

You are fully aware of the difficulties which attend the Senatorial canvass, from the circumstances that three Whigs are in the field, and the consequent danger which may attend the Whig cause, and the Whig representation of the Senatorial District, of Rockbridge and Augusta.

Having the fullest confidence in your political principles, and being well assured that either of you would ably and faithfully represent the district, renders still more difficult the task of discriminating among you. We, therefore, in order to secure a Whig representation, and in order to enable the people assembled here today to solicit a continuation of the able services of *John H. Peyton, Esq.*, propose to you this plan, that you all retire from the canvass in order that a *call*

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may be made on Mr. Peyton, to offer his services. An immediate answer is respectfully requested.

JOHN ALEXANDER.
JOHN RUFF.
WM. MOFFETT.
WM. C. LEWIS.
J. T. SHELTNER.
CHAS. P. DORMAN.

THE CANDIDATE'S REPLY.

Lexington, Va., April 17th, 1843.

Gentlemen:

We cheerfully acquiesce in the plan proposed in your communication, and retire from the canvass with the expectation that Mr. Peyton will consent to become a candidate.

Yours, &c.,

R. S. BROOKE.
JOHN McCUE.
ROB'T R. BARTON.

Lexington, April 17th, 1843.

John H. Peyton, Esq.,

Dear Sir: At the suggestion of our friends, and with the desire of concentrating the vote of the Whig party of the District, we have consented, as the most agreeable course to us all, and one which we think will meet the approbation of our district, to dscline the canvass for the Senate, *provided you will consent to run.*

We hope you will submit to the proposed sacrifice for the sake of union in our party, and the promotion of the country's good.

With great respect, your ob't servant,

ROB'T S. BROOKE.
JOHN McCUE.
ROB'T R. BARTON.

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MR. PEYTON'S REPLY.

Lexington, April 17th 1843.

Gentlemen :

Your note of the above date was handed me a few minutes ago by Mr. Michie, stating that, at the suggestion of our friends, and with the desire of concentrating the vote of the Whig party of this Senatorial district, you had consented as the most agreeable course to all, and one which you think will meet the approbation of the district, to decline the canvass for the Senate, provided I will consent to become a candidate.

I feel greatly flattered by this testimonial of your confidence, and though I had fondly hoped to spend the residue of my life at home upon my farm; yet the object to be attained is so important, as disclosed in your note, and as I have learned from other sources, I cannot refnse to become again a candidate for a seat in the Senate of Virginia.

You are at liberty therefore to announce me as such, in such manner as you may think best. Business calls me out of the district, and will detain me from it until the day of election in Augusta.

I am with great respect, your ob't servant.

JOHN H. PEYTON.

To R. S. Brooke, John Mcue, and R. R. Barton.

Accordingly, at the election in May, he was chosen for a second term, of four years, to the Senate, and while he was still absent from the district attending to the private affairs of his estates, mills, &c. in the counties of Alleghany and Monroe.

A BUNDLE OF MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

The following letters are derived from the same source

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with those previously given. They are not a selection from the bundle, but the bundle itself. So little was the little bundle, we ventured not to make that little less:

JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS DAUGHTER, SUSAN MADISON PEYTON.

Staunton, Friday, 13th April, 1837.

My Dear Susan:

Your mother has shown me your letter, in which you request that I shall write you. Why is ths request made after such a short separation? Do you already feel the necessity of counsel? If so, it is at hand in your two Aunts, with whom you should communicate freely aud fully, and whose opinions you should not only respect, but implicitly follow, certainly as to all matters relating to etiquette, behavior and conduct.

You are very young and inexperienced in the ways and wiles of the world, and yet your size would indicate maturer years, hence strangers will expect manners, conduct and conversation suited to your size and not your years. Do not permit the buoyancy and vivacity of youth to betray you into levity of manners. Be circumspect, be dignified, and be good humored. The control of the temper is of the first importance to the elevated standing of every woman. Learn to be cheerful, sociable and agreeable. This you cannot be without controlling your temper. Be not hasty to take offense, or captious, and recollect that though she that will not resent an insult when offered, is a contemptible beast of burden, yet she that is captious and ill-natured, and ready to take offense at trifles, is a beast of prey. Half the difficulties and disappointments and vexations we meet with in the world, had as well be the subject of our amuse-

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ment as our tears, and so far as it regards our intercourse with the world, had a great deal better be the subject of our amusement, for in general there is little sympathy felt for the woes of others. In your conversation be careful that you speak grammatically and avoid all rude or coarse expressions. The best way to acquire colloquial power, so important to a well educated woman, is to listen to those of your sex attentively, who are most remarkable for these gifts. You thereby acquire correct pronunciation, good gestures, easy delivery, and a knowledge of those topics of conversation that are most likely to enable you to beguile an hour agreeably.

Present me affectionately to your Aunts, and believe me to be, with solicitude for your conduct and appearance and permanent happiness,

Your affectionate father,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS WIFE.

Richmond, Jan. 15th, 1840.

My Dear Wife:

Your affectionate letters, one written on the 5th, the other on the 11th, have been duly rec'd and read with delight.

I presume that ere this reaches you, that Mr. Woodville will have arrived and delivered to you those beautiful specimens of plate which I forwarded to him, and which cost so much that it has greatly straightened my pecuniary means—Mrs. Telfair's loan having been invested in State stock. He will also have given you all the information as to what has transpired since we parted. On yesterday I dined with Judge Tucker, where I met, among others, Mrs. Wm. Mon-

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cure, and two sons, of Stafford—old friends. In the evening, I attended, with Gerard Stuart and Mr. Worthington, of Jefferson, a party at Anthony Robinson's, but finding the company too youthful for my enjoyment, I returned and was in bed before ten o'clock. Today I dine with Mr. Patton (J. M,), on tomorrow with Dr. Brockenbrough, so that you see that I have plenty of good eating and drinking, but I really do not enjoy it. It gives me a fullness in my blood vessels, and is such an inroad on my habits that I would greatly prefer being at home. These sensual pleasures are not to my taste, and in the future I shall avoid night parties. The business of legislation, so far as the Senate is concerned, has hitherto been anything but laborious. We meet at twelve o'clock, sit about an hour, pass a turnpike bill, or some such frivolous bill, and then adjourn.

This, however, will not be the case in the latter part of the session when bills of more importance are sent to us.

Who will be Senator or Governor is as yet altogether uncertain—numbers are nominated for each station, of course, many must be disappointed.

* * * * *

The wound inflicted on Dr. Stribling and the death of the Rev. James C. Wilson have filled me with grief. I do not think the Superintendent of the Hospitals should permit the lunatics to carry arms and wander about town. You know that I have more than once expressed apprehensions as to our connection Towles.*

I have not seen Anne Robertson since my return. I was invited to an evening party at Judge Robertson's to-day, but declined.

*He was an inmate of the Asylum but allowed to go at large.

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Many enquiries have been made by Susan's friends as to her reasons for not coming down with me. Rumor assigns as the season that she is to be married. I have contradicted it and asked Anne Robertson to do so.

If Channing declines going to my Calf Pasture farm, I will rent it to Crawford. If you see Crawford tell him so, and ask him to call on me when I return. Tell Brown not to let slip this opportunity or he may not hereafter be able to fill the ice house. Give my love to all and accept the same,

From your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS WIFE.

Charlottesville, Oct. 11th, 1840.

My Dear Wife:

I reached here on my return from Richmond, where I received your letter of the 6th of October. The reports you have heard are true in part and in part false. It is true I had my pockets picked as soon as I reached Richmond, which was between 12 and 1 o'clock on Saturday, but it is not true that I had so large a sum of money with me as rumored. I had only $500 with me, which was stolen, together with my umbrella, tobacco bag, pipe, etc.

It occurred thus: My trunk was in the baggage car of the train, with my overcoat and umbrella strapped on top. The cars were crowded to overflowing, and on reaching Richmond the younger part commenced cheering for "Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too." The station was surrounded by an immense crowd when the train arrived, which cheered lustily by way of welcome to us. About this time the Fredericksburg train arrived, which increased the crowd, the noise and

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confusion. After leaving the train, I pressed forward to secure my baggage. This I succeeded in doing as to the trunk, which was, however, *minus* the overcoat and umbrella, and placed it in charge of Tom Preston,* who was traveling with me. I then returned to the cars in search of the lost articles, though it was very difficult to get though the mass of human beings, and when in the densest part of the crowd felt a man pushing me forward from behind and one in front pressing me back. The one in front interfered with my progress so much that I seized him with both hands and dashed him out of the way, at the same time demanding what he meant by his conduct. He apologized humbly, saying it was an accident due to the crowd. Re-entering the cars I heard the conductor crying out "beware of pickpockets." Upon which, feeling my pocket, I discovered that my purse and pocket-book were gone. I have no doubt my pocket was robbed while I was between the two scoundrels outside. Many others fared no better than myself. Next morning a man was arrested while his hands were in a gentleman's pocket. I visited this fellow in jail with Mr. Seymour, and he was very much the size and appearance of the man I thrust out of my way, but I could not identify him fully. He said he was an Englishman and had only been three months in America --was in Baltimore when Mr. Webster came to Virginia, that Mr. W's fame in England was so great that he felt a strong desire to hear him speak, and came on to Richmond for that purpose; that he had no acquaintances in Richmond nor other business there, and had brought no baggage. His extraordinary account satisfied me that he was one of a gang of professional pickpockets from abroad, who had come here to

*Thomas L. Preston, of Abingdon, and brother of Hon. Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina.

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plunder during the excitement of our Presidential election. I have no hope of recovering my money or any part of it, which I much regret as I intended purchasing you a new carriage. We must use the old one a little longer.

Your sister Sarah arrived here the same day with myself. She looks grave and depressed. The term of the court will be short, so that you may expect my return soon. With love to Susan and the rest of the family,

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Richmond, January 8th, 1841.

My dear wife:

I send as presents to you and my daughter Mary, two of the most superb cloaks that I have ever seen and such is the opinion of others who have seen them. Yours is grave, elegant and becoming, Mary's is rich, magnificent, dashing and unsurpassed for beauty, and is of the kind now all the rage. She will look beautiful in it.

I carried the old toddy spoon and the broken silver spoons to Mr. Mitchell, and he agreed to let me have in exchange a half dozen silver spoons. He has also agreed to let me have a dozen silver table spoons and a dozen small spoons, and some forks, but I do not know what they will cost.

The Senate after altering the title of the bill for shortening the sessions of the legislature, a bill to reduce the wages of the members of the legislature was introduced and passed unanimously.

Sarah Lewis and Miss Lewis have been visited by all my

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brother's family and by the Governor and family, and perhaps others.

I hope to send your cloaks by Mr. Valentine, who proposes to leave here on Tuesday in the cars. I have them boxed and ready. They cost heavily, as you will see from the bills in the box, viz: $58.93. Woodville is here, and is with Judge Allen, Judge Baldwin, and myself every day.

I purchased at auction to-day a Pier glass with a Marble top, to occupy the place in front of the mirror in the drawing room, as you requested. It is handsome, and the mirrors below the table I think will fit the place precisely.

The affectionate leave-taking we had on the morning we parted, sank deeply into my heart, and I shall long recollect it. Present me affectionately to my dear children and accept my sincerest regard.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

P. S. Gen'l Baldwin and myself are to visit Miss Deborah this evening. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Senate Chamber, March 15th, 1841.

My Dear Ann:

I shall leave here, if no accident occurs to prevent, on Thursday next, on my return. I will stop in Charlottesville on Friday to confer with Cochran on business matters, and expect to reach home on Saturday. I regret to leave before the Senate adjourns, as this is a period of interest as to our general legislation, but I have paired with Carter, and I have an engagement at home which is imperative. I feel great anxiety to see you and the dear little stranger who has

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never seen her father. Would not Virginia be a good name for the child, as I was denied the pleasure of seeing her earlier, in the service of the State. I submit the matter, to you.* Farewell till we meet. Love to all.

In haste, your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

FROM JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS SON, JOHN LEWIS PEYTON.

Richmond, Dec. 29th, 1841.

My Dear John:

Your lettter of the 23d of December is before me. It is true that I have been unwell with a cold, but this has not confined me at any time to my room, and I am now much better. As to your plans, it was not my wish or intention that you should resume your studies until after the holidays.

You entirely misunderstood my letter to your mother, if you suppose that I am opposed to your continuing the study of Greek, Latin or French. In my letter to your mother, I was contrasting the benefits to be derived from a study of the languages, ancient and modern, with those to be derived from the Mathematics, in which I gave a decided preference to Mathematics. I did not intend that you should infer that I was opposed to your acquiring the languages. So far from this, I have no idea that a man can have any pretensions to the character of a scholar without a knowledge of them as well Mathematics. It is my wish, therefore, that you should devote yourself to these studies under the care and direction of Mr. Waddell. If you have time to read at home, I wish you to peruse: 1st, Gillie's Greece; 2d, Rollins' Roman His-

*The child was named Virginia Frances, and is, in 1894, the widow of Col. Joseph F. Kent, of Wytheville, Va., and the mother of three fine children.

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tory; 3d, Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; 4th, Hume's History of England, and postpone Philosophy and Chemistry for the present. At a later period, I will give you a list of authors you should read, in the order in which they should come, for it is true, as Locke says, to quote him as near as I can from memory, "educations begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection, must finish him." I may remark here, that in a course of reading, you should pursue method, and in order to make yourself familiar with the literature of a country and people, say our mother country, England, you should confine yourself for a time to the authors of a particular era, such as the Anglo-Saxon period; then the Anglo-Norman period, which will bring you down to about 1350, when the character styled Black-letter, or Old English, was used, and so on. You will find a fund of historic lore in Hall's History of the Houses of York and Lancaster, Hollingshead's Chronicles, Stowe's Chronicles, Camden's Britannia, Lord Bacon's Henry VII., nearly all of which is in my library.

There is one thing, my son, that is indispensible now, and you will find it equally so in all your undertakings through life—and is something in which you are wanting, that is industry and a firm resolution to make yourself master of every study or pursuit in which you engage. Have unity of aim, perseverance, and you must succed. Most of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from idleness and a wrong direction given to their energies. I ardently desire your success and the progress you make now will decide whether or not I shall be gratified or disappointed. Address yourself anew to your books, and though from your previous neglect and want of training, you may progress slower than you would wish, and than some would do in your position, I know

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enough of your parts to feel a perfect conviction that you can reach the goal as certainly as the brightest of your youthful companions. A word more as to your studies. While I consider a knowledge of the languages essential to a gentleman, I regard mathematics as essential to a liberal education, and as, indeed, the most important part of it, mathematics is the perfection of reason, and its peculiar excellence consists in the fact that its principles are demonstratable—especially is this the case in geometry, the most general and important of the mathematical sciences. Every proposition that it lays down is subjected to the most accurate and rigid demonstration. Mathematics is, in fact, the only science whose truths are clearly demonstrated, and whose results are conceded by all rational beings. If you state a proposition in morals, philosophy, in law, poiltics or religion, which you think correct, you will find few of your listeners willing to acknowledge its truth. You debate the question, but you have no means of deciding who is right. Not so in mathematics. There demonstrations are so clear and conclusive that all rational men yield to them. Hence it has been called the science of certainty. By acquiring mathematics then you acquire a science that you know to be founded upon correct reasoning, and when you are disputing a point of law, politics, theology or morals, you will be enabled to ascertain more certainly those arguments that lead to a correct conclusion, and at the same time with the more ease to discover those that are fallacious and sophistical. He who gives a portion of his time and talents I have somewhere read, to the investigation of mathematical truth, will come to see all other questions with a decided advantage over his opponents. He will be in argument what the ancient Romans were in the field; to them the day of battle was a day of comparative recreation, because they

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were each accustomed to exercise with arms much heavier than they fought with; and their reviews differed from a real battle in two respects, they encountered more fatigue, but victory was bloodless. Therefore determine to make yourself a mathematician, as well as a linguist—a thorough scholar. The pursuits of knowledge lead not only to happiness but to honor. "Length of days is in her right hand and in her left are riches and honor." Even in the most trifling species of knowledge, in those which can amuse only the passing hour, it is honorable to excel—how much more so to excel in those different branches of science, which are connected with the liberal professions of life, and which tend so much to the dignity and well-being of humanity. Such excellence raises the most obscure to esteem and attention, it opens to the just ambition of youth, some of the most distinguished and respected situations in society; and it places them there with the consoling recollection, that it is by their own industry and labor, under Providence, that they are alone indebted for them.

Remember me to the family and such persons as may be visiting you.

I am your affectionate father,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS WIFE

West Point, June 9th, 1841.

My Dear Ann:

I reached here without accident at 10 o'clock, the 7th inst., the day appointed for the meeting of the Board, having traveled 400 miles between Wednesday evening and Monday morning, including Sunday, on which day I rested in New

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York. Consequently I saw none of our friends in Richmond, Washington, Baltimore or Philadelphia. Nor did I call on any in New York. On reaching here on Monday, I was glad to find my old friend, Commodore Stewart, of the Navy, Miss Taggart, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Philadelphia. They were all delighted to see me, but greatly disappointed that I had not brought Susan. There is a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen at the Point attending the examinations. The Virginia cadets maintain their high character for talents and character at the Academy, which gives me great pleasure.

I have just received a letter from Rowze, pressing me to visit him in Geneva. Whether I shall be able to do so is uncertain, as the examinations will last at least a fortnight. I have not received a line from any member of the family since I left. Pray write. Give my love to all. In haste,

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

P. S.—June 10th. I neglected to post the above. Commodore Stewart has just offered to take John on his ship as his private secretary for a cruise round the globe. I declined, as it would interfere with his education and give him roving habits, which would probably alter the whole ccurse of his life. It was very kind, however, in Stewart, and I thanked him heartily.

J. H. P.

SAME TO SAME.

Richmond, Dec. 13, 1841.

My Dear Ann:

Your welcome letter of blank date, but post-marked the

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9th instant, was duly received today, informing me that you were all well. On Monday last I entered Ann at Mrs. McKenzee's to learn not only reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, but manners, dancing, &c. She stays with my brother's family, goes to school with Julia A. Peyton, and is apparently very contented, as I see her every other day. I have carried her to see your cousin, Mrs. John Robertson, and Miss Deborah, both of whom received her and treated her affectionately, as if she had been their own daughter. She is to go out on Saturday to Anthony Robinson's to spend Saturday and Sunday. She has already written to you.

Tell Susan that on this morning I breakfasted, by invitation, with Miss Deborah Couch, where I met Miss Ann Robinson—that after breakfast Miss Robinson went with me to the music store of Wm. Daniel, where I purchased for Susan music to the amount of $3 or $4, embracing all the most choice new songs, waltzes, &c., for the piano and some music for the guitar. Mr. Daniel has promised me to have it bound, with her name upon it, by Thursday evening. If this is done, I will send it up by Points or Worthington Smith, who are here upon Lodge business, and who expect to return on Friday next. We had heard before your letter reached us, of the deplorable accident which befell Mayo Cabell. I hope and trust that his life will be saved to his family.

I am to dine today with Dr. Brockenborough, and so must conclude, with the sincerest good wishes for yourself and family.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. FEYTON.

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SAME TO SAME.

Richmond, Jan. 10th, 1842.

My Dear Ann:

On yesterday I bought you a Brussels carpet, which cost $220. It is a handsome and most excellent carpet. Also a rug. It will be carefully packed and left with Mr. T. R. Blair, to be forwarded to Staunton. The cadets are here from Lexington, undergoing an examination before the Legislature. Col. Smith is staying at Bernard's; (Gen. Peyton's.) I saw Ann (his daughter) yesterday. She is greatly improved and is getting over, in some degree, her timidity. She begins to dance very well. I visited Dover* a fortnight since, and was greatly delighted with the apperance of everything.

I explained to Mrs. Robertson your wishes as to a mantilla. She has promised to go out with me the first good day I am at leisure, and select one for you. Tell my good daughter Susan, that I have received her letter and will give it prompt answer. Love to all.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO MRS. PEYTON.

Isleham, March 6th, 1844.

Dear Ann:

I arrived here in two days; the first night I staid at Blackburn's, the second here, I have not been well since my arrival, but am better to-day. Our nephew, Henry Massie, is with me, and has been good enough to remain. Eugenia Gatewood is at Henry Massie's, and I feel inclined to go over

*An estate of Gen. Bernard Peyton's on the upper James River.

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to see them all. Everything here is as I expected. So far, no maple sugar has been made, owing to the mild weather, but they will begin with it tomorrow, and I hope, to bring back at least, enough to satisfy the children.

I sent to Callaghan's on yesterday hoping to get a letter from James A. Lewis in regard to my business in his hands on the Kanawha, but was disappointed.

Tell Leonora Stack that nothing has been heard of Mr. Edward White and his family. If she has any intelligence of them let her advise me by letter, addressed to the Warm Springs. Patrick Meddins is building me a new stable. Richardson has not yet removed.

In the division of his father's servants Reuben fell to Tom Massie, and as he is married to one of my servants, I proposed to exchange Julius for him. Thomas has not yet decided what he will do.

I do not know when I shall return as I am anxious about my mills on the lower farm and wish to meet Mr. White.

My love to all. Your affectionate husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Richmond, January 16th, 1842.

My Dear Ann:

This will be handed you by Gilbert Guy, a servant of good character, who will fill the departments at Montgomery Hall, formerly filled by George Martin, and better. He is sober and obliging, a fair carpenter, wood cutter, cradler, gardener and coachman. I wish you to employ him about the house as "Jack of all trades." I think he will make himself very useful, and I hope you will be pleased with him. He

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carries your fine carpet in the boat to Scottsville, to be left with Matthew Blair, who will forward it to Staunton, to the care of Benjamin Crawford. I have never known times as hard as they now are, so you must bear with me for the present as to other purchases.

I am, with sincere affection for you and the children, your husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

SAME TO SAME.

Senate Chamber, March 23d, 1842.

My Dear Ann:

This is the day on which both houses had resolved to adjourn, but the following bills have got to be passed by both houses: the tax bills, appropriation bill, bank bill, and the James river and Kanawha bill. Consequently we shall be forced to remain in session till Saturday. Immediately after adjournment, Ann and myself will leave here. I have purchased a velvet scarf for you, and another for Susan, at $23 each.

William is here, but will soon return to Roanoke by way of Lynchburg, not Staunton. I hope he will bring his family to see us in the summer. He promises to do so.

Give my love to Susan, John and the rest of the children, and accept for yourself the assurance of my sincere and devoted attachment.

Your husband,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

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SAME TO JOHN LEWIS PEYTON AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VA.

Staunton, Dec. 29, 1842.

My Dear Son:

Mr. Kinney has promised to deliver you this letter. Inform me, after enquiry of the Proctor, what sum I must deposit for the next half term. Write so that I may get your letter a few days before leaving home for Richmond. The young Mr. Peyton, who has just entered the University,* is a son of Mr. Townsend Dade Peyton, formerly of Loudoun county, Va., then of Frederick, who emigrated to Ohio, and a son of Col. Francis Peyton, of Revolutionary fame. His grandmother was a Miss Dade and a sister of my grandmother on the mother side. He is, therefore, on both the paternal and maternal sides a blood relative of yours. I hope he is a worthy, studious young man aud that you may become friends. Be kind and attentive to him and encourage him. I would like to know and to have him at my house. Invite him to spend the entire vacation with you here, and at Jackson river and at William's in Roanoke.

In haste, your affectionate father,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS DAUGHTERS, ANN AND MARY PEYTON.

This letter was written a year after Mr. Peyton was paralyzed and when he was obliged to employ an amanuensis.

Montgomery Hall, Nov. 30th, 1846.

My Dear children:

I had the pleasure to receive Ann's letter this evening

*Robert Ludwell Yates Peyton, afterwards a distinguished lawyer State Senator of Missouri, a Colonel in the Confederate army and Senator for the State of Missouri in the Senate of the Confederate States of America. He died from disease contracted before Vicksburg, Miss.

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and was so much pleased with it that I determined to answer it by the post of tomorrow. Ann's letter is characterized by a good style and evinces much warmth of heart. It shows that the pains I have taken with the education of my children has not been bestowed in vain.

I was glad to hear that your aunt Lynn, had treated you with the utmost affection and kindness, and surprised that you have found any difficulty in returning your visits. What has become of Cochran's fine carriage and horses. Had I supposed you would have had any trouble in getting about I should have ordered my horses and carriage to remain in Charlottesville during your visit. Tell Cochran he must provide a way for you to return your visits in the town and at the University. You speak in your letter regretfully of your short stay, but it can't be helped owing to the late period of the year. I am apprehensive of a change in the weather and wish you to return. But an accidental circumstance will prolong your visit for a few days. It is this. John Baldwin* goes to Charlottesville tomorrow week to attend court. He will remain only two days and will take charge of you and fetch you back in the stage coach.

My health is very much what it was when you left. I received a present yesterday of a saddle of venison weighing 40 pounds from Mr. Callaghan. I intended having it cooked to-day and wish you were here to partake of it.

A young gentleman by the name of Holcombe, from Lynchburg, who brought John a letter of introduction from Mr. Charles L. Mosby, will dine with us.†

*The late distinguished Col. John B. Baldwin, who married Mr. Peyton's eldest daughter Susan. Col. Baldwin was Colonel of the 52nd Regiment during the Civil war and member of the Confederate Congress, and was a man of eminent ability.

†NOTE.—Wm. H. Holcombe, physician and Swedenborgian writer—a brother of James P. Holcombe—and the author of "Our Children in Heaven," "The other life," etc, etc.

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Why has Mary not written me?

Remember me to Cochran, Lynn and the children and to Louisa Coleman.

I am, your affectionate father,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

To this letter the following P. S. is appended:

My Dear Sisters:

As father was too feeble to write you a longer letter, he requested me to add a few lines in order to give you the Staunton news. I proceed to do so briefly and hurriedly. Since you left, the town has been more lively than usual. One of the excitements has been a flock of wild pigeons——millions of them—which rested 24 hours in the neighborhood, and afforded the sportsmen rare fun. Thousands have been killed, and as much powder and shot used as if we had been repelling a Mexican invasion.

Another stir has been caused by the Governor's proclamation calling for troops for the Mexican war. Nearly everybody wants to go, only a few can be accepted, as Virginia is permitted to furnish only two regiments. The early bird catches the worm, and V. E. Geiger and Wm. Harman have gone to work actively to recruit a company. Thirty have already volunteered to go with them, and the two militia regiments of the county will be mustered in a few days, at their usual training grounds, that these gallant young men may speak and thus fill the ranks of their company at once. Though it is not necessary, speeches will be made at the big musters to the regiments [we can't do anything in our country without speaking] by Mr. Michie, Judge Thompson, Geiger, Harman, Harper, and others. It is believed that hundreds more than are needed will volunteer.

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Baldwin's company declined to volunteer as a company. Harper is to command the new company, at least the command will be tendered to him, as it is said he is anxious to go to Mexico. His health is very bad, and he thinks service in Mexico will do him good, besides he is full of fight.

Another excitement was a fire in Long's grocery, near the Virginia Hotel. It was soon put out by the crowd, which quickly assembled after the alarm. As I was returning from the fire, I met the engines, followed by a hilarious crowd, crying out, at the top of their voices, as if they were celebrating a political victory.

But to come nearer home. Notwithstanding my father's crippled and prostrate physical condition, he is, as ever, bent on hospitality, and we give a dinner party next Wednesday. Invitations have already been sent out and accepted by Judge Thompson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Castleman, Mrs. Judge Baldwin, Mr. McElroy, Baldwin and Susan, Emma Terrill, Holcombe, John Dabney, Rosa Boys, and others.

Holcombe is a clever young man from Lynchburg attending law lectures, said to be worth capturing, so come back and let us see which of you three can bag the game.

We have been visited by the *Harmonicons*, of Boston, whose performances have been very successful. One would hardly suppose the peculiarities of the negro dialect and character could be so accurately reproduced by a company from the "Hub." All the town ladies attended, among them, somewhat to my surprise, Rosa Boys and Susan Baldwin.

When Dabney called yesterday and asked when *Mary* was coming back—I lashed him into a silent fury and enjoyed the fun, by saying you might be absent six weeks or two months. He smoked five pipes in gloomy abstraction, and

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then left, apparently considerably "cut up," that is to say, in the dumps.

Sue Tapscott and Mary Eskridge are at Stuarts still. No news of Add., but I saw Kate and Martha yesterday for the first time since you left. Hendren has taken a law office in the old frame building on Augusta street formerly occupied by the Deaf and Dumb pupils. Charles H. Lewis* has become the owner and editor of a newspaper published in Martinsburg and will soon leave here to make that town his permanent home. It is to be hoped that he will now give up poetry and enter on practical life. Poetry is too unprofitable for a man working for his daily bread. He will be much missed in Staunton, especially by the nest of singing birds of which he has always been a warbler of the first feather.

John Harman has returned from Texas and tells many strange stories of the rangers and life on the border.

Cousin John R. Green has just written, giving us news of our Kentucky kin, who are generally *in statu quo*. He says Bat is leading an idle life there, is, indeed, so lazy that he can't make love to his sweetheart, who, though she prefers Bat to other lovers, is about to accept the offer of another suitor, despairing of Bat's ever getting enough energy to propose! I have heard of lazy men before, but never one who filled this description.

I received a letter from B. Gallagher on yesterday. He will make us a visit within a few weeks. Lieut. Getty† has removed his recruiting quarters to Lynchburg. I am sorry for it, as I have none of the ridiculous prejudices of some for West-Pointers, and like Getty very much. He is a sensible,

*NOTE.—During the administration of President Grant appointed Minister Resident to Portugal.

†Afterwards Gen. Geo. W. Getty, U. S. A.

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well mannered, highly educated and companionable man and officer. It is said he is engaged to be married to Miss Elizabeth Stevenson. I have just complied, in a way, with father's request.

I have only room to say good-bye. With love to Uncle and Aunt Lynn and all, includlng, if the word is permissible, Miss Lou Coleman,

I am your affectionote brother,

J. LEWIS PEYTON.

JOHN H. PEYTON TO HIS DAUGHTERS, ANN AND MARY.

Montgomery Hall, Dec. 9th, 1846.

My Dear Children :

On consideration I have determined to send Ned and the carriage to Charlottesville for you. You can return in it more comfortably than in the stage coach. I leave it to you to decide whether you will make the journey back in one or take two days for it. If the weather continues dry and the roads are as good as to-day it will be advisable to make the journey in one day. It is difficult to count on more than three bright, dry days at this season. As you return call for a few minutes on my old friends, the Bowens. I am apprehensive that if you remain longer, though I well know the hospitality and kindness of your uncle and aunt, that you will make them *twice glad*—a thing I have never done, and I hope never will.

Present me kindly to Cochran and Lynn. I am glad they have been so kind and do not think Lynn ought, in the condition of her health, to give you the party she speaks of. Remember me to Lou Coleman and tell her to return with you in the carriage. Baldwin will take charge of her and your

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trunks and fetch them back in the stage coach. I have supplied Ned with money for his journey to and fro, for tolls, feed, &c.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN H. PEYTON.

JOHN L. PEYTON TO HIS MOTHER.

Baltimore, 1848.

My Dear Mother:

I reached here to-day on my return from the west, but am so much fatigued by a continuous journey of 800 miles that I have decided to lay over Saturday and Sunday for rest and recuperation. It will give me an opportunity also to see the Hulls, Howards, Williams and other friends. On Tuesday morning I expect to reach Staunton and will be glad to find the carriage at the Virginia Hotel to take me home. Tell Sheets to send my riding horse to Gregory, and have him shod all round. I write in great haste and will defer any account of my travels until I get back. I will tell you of the new scenes, the strange people and all the keen excitement consequent upon my wanderings.

Thank Lizzie for her letter which I received at Niagara, also Gallagher, for his received at the same place. He says you have had nothing but rain since he reached Montgomery Hall. I am glad he hasn't had a dry time and presume from the spirits in which he writes that his suit is likely to end in success. What says Mary.

I met my cousin, Dr. James McDowell, son of Governor McDowell, of Lexington, and his western wife, *nee* Bent, of St. Louis, in Buffalo, N. Y. He was recently married and

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from the way he wined and dined (on Champagne, etc.,) I presume he is on his bridal tour with a pocket full of money. His wife is an amiable and sensible woman, is not pretty, but inherited four hundred thousand dollars. This will cover over a multitude of small deficiencies if she should have any, besides plain looks. They urged me to go down the St. Lawrence with them, but the scenery of the 1000 Islands would hardly compensate a third party for the boreing society of a newly married pair. I therefore withstood all their importunities, and they were so earnest that I began to think they were tired of each other.

With much love to all the family, believe me my dear mother, your dutiful and affectionate son,

J. Lewis Peyton.

P. S. If I should not arrive on Tuesday send Gilbert in with the carriage, from day to day, until I do reach Staunton. I expect, however, certainly to get back on Tuesday.

J. L. P.

FROM WM. MADISON PEYTON TO MRS. JOHN H. PEYTON.

Philadelphia, June 20th, 1847.

My Dear Cousin:

I arrived in this place a few hours since and finding from consultation with my children, that our respective purses are so nearly exhausted as to make it necessary that we should husband what remains and take the straight *chute* for home. I have determined to confide the articles purchased for you to the care of Lawyer Davidson, of Lexington. Both the children and myself regret exceedingly our disappointment in the visit to Staunton, but their and my unexpected long ab-

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sence from home,and the extreme anxiety of my wife for our return,leaves us no alternative. We must select some more appropriate occasion and pay you a special visit from Elmwood. I have ransacked the whole country for teachers without success. The young lady recommended by Dr. Nandain, was engaged by Wyndham Robertson before I reached here. None others unite the qualifications specified in your memorandum, without requiring a salary greatly beyond your limit. I have, however, set a good deal a machinery to work, which will in a short time put me in possession of a great deal of information on this subject, and enable me to provide you with a good teacher, at a reasonable price. My children are improving very much where they are at present, and I regret exceedingly the necessity of their removal. Sally, (his daughter,) has employed a Dolce Cantati, a Dolce Digetati, a Danseuse, a chirographist and a "*parlez vous Francais*" professor—that is, a singing mistress, a pianist, a dancing mistress, a teacher of penmanship and a teacher of the French language,—with her fine *he* and *she* professors, she enjoyed the g,eatest advantages, fullest opportunities for information in the branches taught by them, and I think she has shown a most commendable disposition to profit by them. She goes to work as if she expected to make her living by teaching.

Susan* is so absorbed with religion that I think she heeds little except a professor of Theology in the form of an antiquated spinster, who daily mounts the tripod, and delivers her oracles to Susan and other anxious and enquiring spirits. Susan, however, is "a gem of purest ray serene," and promises to be to her parents a source of just pride and heartfelt gratulation. I like her religious temper, but would be pained

*Col. Peyton's eldest daughter, afterwards Mrs. Jos. H. White.

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to see her run wild with her youthful fervor and disfigure by fanaticism, what would otherwise be so beautiful.

I have purchased for my sisters, Ann, Mary and Lucy, three of the finest and prettiest breastpins to be found in the Northern cities, and such as are in vogue at present. They are jewels for a lifetime, being of the finest and best workmanship. I also send them a pencil and gold pen each. I will add to this my daguerreotype for my sister Susan, who honored me by requesting it. To you, I send your granddaughters grouped with their father. Susan is reading her favorite book, the Bible, to her attentive father and affectionate sister. The likeness of Sue is perfect. Sally's doesn't do her justice. Mine looks like an Othello. Give my love to all the family, and accept for yourself the love of yours.

Truly and affectionately,

W. M. PEYTON.

On the 3d of April, 1847, John H. Peyton died at Montgomery Hall in his 69th year, and it has been truly said that there was no one in his public and private relations who was more honored and beloved by those who knew him best. Among the numerous letters received on this occasion is the following. It alone has been preserved. It is from his brother, Col. Rowze Peyton, of Geneva, N. Y., to Col. John B. Baldwin:

Geneva, N. Y., April 15th, 1847,

My Dear Sir:

The receipt of your letter conveying the melancholy intelligence of the death of my much loved brother shocked me indescribably, notwithstanding his long illness and the helpless condition he was in when I left twelve months ago.

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I then hoped he might be spared a few years, as, if not actively useful to himself, he could be, by his advice, exceedingly so to his young and promising family. He was a most noble and generous man, a true man in every sense, and in heart and mind a great and good man, to whom I was ardently attached, and the thought that I shall never see him again in this world, causes a sorrow and sadness which may be imagined, bue cannot be described. I sympathize, from the bottom of my heart with his dear wife and children. It is a terrible loss to them, and I pray they may have stregnth to bear it with Christian fortitude, knowing that it is the fiat of the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe, who disposes of us as he will, and to whose will we should bow with humble submission. That this melancholy event may be sanctified to the salvation of each individual member of his family, and all connected with them, is the earnest prayer of, dear Baldwin,

Your sincere friend,

R. PEYTON.

MR. PEYTON'S RESIGNATION OF OFFICE OF ATTORNEY FOR THE COMMONWEALTH.

In our last paper, the appointment of Thomas J. Michie, Esq. to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney for Augnsta county, in the place of John H. Peyton, Esq., resigned, was announced. We now learn from a friend (having been absent from town at the time,) that upon returning into the hands of the court the office which he had so long and so ably and faithtully filled, *Mr. Peyton* delivered a short but pertinent and touching valedictory. He said it was just thirty-two years since he had been honored by the court with the ap-

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pointment, that in casting his eyes along the bench, he recognized but a single magistrate* who was present on that occasion. He saw the sons, however, the relatives and friends of his former friends; and that alike from the fathers and the sons, he had received tokens of confidence which had greatly gratified him in the discharge of his duties during this long lapse of years. His great pnrpose had always been to protect the rights of the Commonwealth, and perform faithfully the duties of an officer of the court; and he thanked the court for their forbearance when he had erred, and for their uniform courtesy and kindness and the confidece they had ever shown him.

When *Mr. Peyton* cancluded his remarks so inadequately reported, *Lyttleton Waddell, Esq.*, a member of the court, presented the following minute, which was adopted by a unanimous vote, and ordered to be spread upon the records:

"AUGUSTA COUNTY COURT,
1st day of June term, 1844.

John H. Peyton, Esquire, who has acted as Commonwealth's Attorney in this county for thirty-two years, having on this day resigned the said office, the Justices of the county, in full session at their June term, do, with unanimous consent, express their high sense of Mr. Peyton's long and valuable services. They add a willing testimony to the distinguished ability, fidelity aud zeal, with which he has guarded the interests of the Commonwealth within the limits of the county—to his impartiality, prudence, and firmness as a public prosecutor, and to the commendable courtesy which has marked his intercourse with the Court, as becoming a public officer and a representative of the Commonwealth. And it

*L. Waddell, Sr.

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is the will of the Court that this testimonial, as an additional tribute of respect, be spread upon the records."

Spectator, July 4, 1344.

Immediately after his resignation, the County Court, as the only honor yet in their power to confer, elected him a member of their body, and on several occasions, before his death, he presided in the Court where he had so long practiced.

Mr. Peyton was a member of the committee, appointed in 1843, to prepare an address to the people of Virginia, and aided in the preparation of that able and interesting document, but as it covers over fifty pages and may be found in the newspapers of the day, it is not necessary to insert it here, in order to make clear what were his political opinions. The committee was composed of B. W. Leigh, Robert W. Carter, James R. Hubard, Chas. J. Faulkner, Wyndham Robertson, Chapman Johnson, and John H. Peyton, and was said to have united more talent than any similar body ever raised in Virginia.

SKETCH OF JOHN HOWE PEYTON,

BY

COL. JOHN T. L. PRESTON, A. M., OF YALE, PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES &C., IN THE V. M. INSTITUTE.

The late John H. Peyton, Esq., of Staunton, Va., was one of the finest specimens that we have ever known of the complete lawyer. During the prime of his life he pursued the profession with a laborious assiduity rarely equalled, and though as age advanced upon him he remitted his efforts, he

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did not discontinue his practice until a short time before his death, [he took no new cases after his 60th year]. None of his contemporaries secured a more ample reward in either reputation or pecuniary emolument.

We have spoken of Mr. Peyton as a complete lawyer. Law as a practical profession, has several departments, and it is not unusual to see a lawyer distinguished in some of them, with a compensating deficiency in others. Some practitioners are successful collectors; some are much esteemed as judicious advisers in matters not strictly legal; some are designated good judges of law, or, in other words, safe connselors, and with some the *forte* is, Common law practice, while others are distinguished as Chancery lawyers. The organization of the courts in Virginia, and the nature of the business, at least in the interior, requires every lawyer to enter upon the whole of this miscellaneous practice; and it is not to be wondered at, that some, even good lawyers, are not equally strong in every part. Mr. Peyton knew every part of his profession thoroughly. He had studied diligently as a student, and had known the expectant struggles of the young practitioner; he had practised under the old system before the reorganization of the judiciary, and afterwards under the new; he had met in contest the strongest men in each department of the profession, and he had made himself a champion in all. We may add that some lawyers who exhibit the highest skill in securing the rights of their clients, are foolishly ignorant of their own; in other words they let slip the fair, well-earned profits of their profession. Not so with Mr. Peyton. He knew the value of his professional services, he gave them to the fullest extent to those who applied for them, and then he insisted upon just remuneration. We notice this point, not at random,

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but to present a feature belonging to the character of the complete lawyer.

The characteristic of Mr. Peyton's life was efficiency. This efficiency had for its elements native vigor of intellect, great resolution of character and courageous self-confidence, ample and thorough acquirements and the quickness, precision and dexterity of action that belong only to those who have been taught by a varied experience to understand thoroughly human nature. In conversation, Mr. Peyton was ready, entertaining and instructive. But conversation was not his *forte*, though he was fond of it. He was not fluent. His manner was sometimes too direct for the highest style of polished social intercourse of a general nature, and besides he had a remarkable way of indulging in a strain of satirical banter, when his words would be so much at variance with the expression of his countenance, and particularly with the expression of his mouth, that the hearer was often in an uncomfortable state of uncertainty how to take him. His person was large and his bearing dignified, but not graceful. His manner was unaffected, but not without formality, nor was it perfectly conciliatory. Some styled him aristocratic, while none could deny that his self-respect and confident energy gave an imperious cast to his demeanor. We have oftener than once thnoght applicable to him, in a general way, those lines of Terence.

"Ellum, confidens, catus,
Cum faciem videas, videtur esse quantivis preti,
Rristis severitas inest in voltu, atque in verbis fides."

His voice was true and clear, and capable of sufficient variety, but without a single musical intonation, and a little sharper than you would expect to hear from a man of his size and form. If it is asked what is the style of his speaking, it may be replied, just what might be expected to be-

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long to such a man as he has been described, that is to say, never was the speaker a more complete reflection of the man than in his case. We cannot believe that any one who knew him was ever surprised when thty heard him speak; what he said was just what they could expect him to say. This is often the case with speakers and writers, but not always. Energy, reality, and efficiency were his characteristics as a man, and equally so as a speaker. Distinctness of conception lay at the foundation of his excellence. Some great speakers, some even pre-eminently great speakers, not unfrequently hurl unforged thunderbolts. They feel the maddening impulse of the god, but give forth their utterance before the true prophetic fury comes on.

Mr. Peyton's mind was no sybils cave whence came forth wind-driven leaves inscribed with mighty thoughts disposed by chance, but a spacious castle, from whose wide open portal issued men at arms, orderly arrayed. He had hardly opened his case when the hearer was aware that he had thought over the whole of it, had given a course to pursue, and would close when he came to the end of it. This distinctness of conception comprehended the subject as a whole, and shed its light upon each detail belonging to it. This insured the most perfect method in all that he said. Before he began to speak he had determined in his own mind, not only the order of the different parts of his discourse, but also their relative importance in producing the general impression. Hence, he was never led away by the tempting character of any peculiar topic, to expatiate upon it unduly; he did not take up matter irrelevant to the case because it might touch him personally; he never spoke for those behind the bar, nor did he neglect to secure the fruits of victory in order to pursue an adversary to utter discomfiture. He spoke as a lawyer, he spoke for the

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verdict, and expected to gain it by showing that he was entitled to it. Some speakers hope to accomplish their object by single, or at least, successive impulses—now a clinching argumentative question, now a burst of brilliant declamation, and now a piece of keen wit, or a rough personality. Such speakers forget, or do not know, that a jury may admire, may be diverted, and even moved, without being won. He that gains the verdict must mould, and sway, and lead, and this is to be effected by continued, persistent pressure, rather than by *tours de force*. This Mr. Peyton knew well and observed it with perfect self-command. His hearers came away satisfied with the whole, rather than treasuring up remarkable points and passages. Let it not be supposed, however, that he was a cold speaker, who treated men as mere intelleceual machines, to be set in motion by the pulleys, screws and levers of logic, far from it; he understood human nature well, and knew the motive power of the feelings; but then he knew, too, that the way to excite the most effective sympathy is not to make a loud outcry, but to make a forcible exhibition of real suffering—that the best way to rouse our indignation against fraud, deceit or oppression, is not to exhort us to hate it, but to show its hatefulness. One of his most distinguished contemporaries upon the same circuit was celebrated for his powers as a criminal advocate; his manner was obviously upon the pathetic order, perhaps a trifle too declamatory. We have seen them in the same cause, and have thought that if the eloquence of Gen. Briscoe G. Baldwin flushed the countenance quicker, the earnestness of Mr. Peyton stirred the heart deeper. Of the oratory of a class of speakers by no means rare (not, however, including in his class the distinguished jurist above alluded to,) it has been well said, "declamation roars while passion sleeps," of speaking justly char-

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acterised by this line, Mr. Peyton's was the precise reverse. With him thought became passionate before the expression became glowing, as the wave swells before it crests itself with foam.

Mr. Peyton's language was forcible, pure and idiomatic. It served well as the vehicle of his thoughts, but contributed nothing to them, There is a real and legitimate advantage belonging to the masterly use of words, of which many great speakers know how to avail themselves. Mr. Peyton attempted nothing of the sort. His diction was thoroughly English, with a marked preference for the Anglo Saxon branch of the language, and his sentences came out in the most natural order with unusual clearness and vigor, but not unfrequently with a plainness that bordered upon homeliness. His style, however, was always that of speaking, as distinguished from mere conversation—a distinction which some of our modern speakers forgot, when in order to appear at their ease, they treat, with no little disregard, not only the rules of rhetoric, but the rules of grammar as well, and use words and phrases which are (to take a word from the vocabulary which we are condemning) nothing better than slang. On the contrary, there was in Mr. Peyton's style the fruit of early studies and high-bred associations, a classical tinge, extremely pleasant to the scholar, though not perhaps appreciable by those for whom he generally spoke. It must not be supposed from what has been said of his excellent method, that he resembled in this respect some of our able, but greatly tedious lawyers, who take up, in regular succession, every possible point in the case, however minute, and worry us by officiously offering help where none is needed. So far from it, he showed his consummate skill as well in what he omitted as in what he handled, and, as a general thing, his

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speeches were shorter in duration, and yet fuller of matter than those of his opponent. His use of figurative language was easy and natural, and not stinted; but his figures were always introduced as illustrations and not as arguments. It is not unusual to meet with a speaker who is unable to enounce distinctly the general principles he wishes to use, throw out an illustration to enable himself to pick out the principle from it, or at least to give his hearers a chance to do it for themselves; not so with Mr. Peyton. He held up the torch of illustration, not to throw a light forward to guide himself in his own investigations, but to enable those following the more readily to tread the road along with him. He had a very noticeable fondness for recurring to the primary fundamental principles of morals, and doubtless he was restrained, by his practical judiciousness, from indulging this disposition to the full. One of his favorite books was Lord Bacon's essays, and under other circumstances he might himself have been a distinguished moral essayist.

As well may be supposed, his general vein was grave. The high idea he entertained of the dignity of his profession, and the earnestness with which he gave himself to it; alike precluded either levity or carelessness. However, he was fully able, quite ready upon occasion, to avail himself of a keen wit, that was all the more effective, because it was dry and sarcastic. It occurs to us to mention an instance, well known to his circuit, not illustrative of his severity, but of his pleasantry, in a criminal prosecution. He, as prosecuting attorney, was opposed by two gentlemen of ability, whose pathos had been so great as to draw abundant tears from their own eyes. One of them, a gentleman who has since filled a distinguished national position (Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior of the United States, 1850-

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53) was noted for the facility with he could cover over his brilliant eloquence with the liquid varnish of his tears. On this occasion he had beeh singularly lachrymose, and supported by his colleague, General, afterwards Judge Baldwin, in the same way, the sensation produced was very considerable. Mr. Peyton commenced his reply by regretting the disadvantage the Commonwealth labored under in being represented by him who was a very poor hand at crying, and certainly was not able to cry against two at a time. The ludicrousness of the expression completely neutralized the pathos of his opponents. He was not averse either to a bit of farce, now and then, as is shown by a story told of him. In a remote part of the circuit a lawyer wished to adorn a moving passage of a speech he was just rising to make, with an apposite example, and applied to Mr. Peyton, sitting beside him, to help him to the name of the man in the Bible who would have his pound of flesh. With imperturbable gravity, he answered Absalom! The effect of thus confounding Shakespeare and the Bible may be imagined.

We have said that Mr. Peyton was thoroughly furnished in every part of his profession; in one department his qualifications were peculiar and unsurpassed. Without disparagement to others, it may be said, we think, that he was the best Commonwealth's Attorney in the State of Virginia. He was the lawyer of the Commonwealth, and he treated the Commonwealth as a client, and he labored for her with the same industry, zeal and fidelity that he manifested in behalf of any other client. The oft-quoted merciful maxim of the common law, "better that ninety and nine guilty men should escape than one innocent man suffer," he interpreted as a caution to respect the rights of the innocent, and not as an injunction to clear the guilty, and he labored to reduce the percentage of

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rogues unwhipt of justice, as low as possible. With a clearness and force rarely equaled would he point out the necessity of punishing the guilty in order that the innocent might be safe, thus exhibiting the absolute consistency of strict justice with true mercy. So simply and earnestly would he do this, that he not only bound the consciences of the jury, but also made them feel that they were individually interested in the faithful execution of the laws. Here his clear perception of the moral principles upon which rests the penal code, and his fondness for recurring to general principles, stood him in great stead. It was delightful to hear him expatiate upon this theme, for upon no other was he more truly eloquent.

Mr. Peyton served at different times in both branches of the Legislature, but we speak not of him as a politician. Our purpose has been solely to exhibit some of the qualities which made him an eminent member and ornament of the legal profession.

SKETCH OF JOHN HOWE PEYTON,

BY

WILLIAM FRAZIER, A. M., OF YALE.

"My personal acquaintance with Mr. Peyton," says Mr. Frazier in the History of Augusta County, "commenced in October, 1824, when I entered upon the practice of my professson at the Staunton bar. He was then, as I learn from his biography, in his fifty-seventh year, and from that circumstance only, it might be inferred he had passed his climatric. Certainly nothing in his physical appearance or his

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forensic display betokened a decay of power, bodily or mentally.

Yet having amassed a handsome fortune, he established himself in a beautiful home, surrounded by a large and interesting family, and he felt himself entitled to some relaxation from the arduous demands of his profession—or at least from its drudgery. He, therefore, relegated to the younger members of the bar all minor causes, in the matter of taking depositions and the like vacation duties. But for ten years following the date of my introduction to him, there was hardly an important or celebrated cause tried at the Staunton bar, whether in the State Courts or the United States Courts, without the aid and illumination of his splendid intellect; whilst aiso in Albemarle, Rockbridge and Bath counties, he largely participated in the like weighty causes.

In the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, his reputation throughout the State enlarged the theatre of his professional service much beyond that of his local circuit.

I wish it were in my power to give a just and discriminating analysis of his processes in the investigation and conduct of a great cause, or even a fair description of his style of forensic argument. This much may be safely said: that he seized, by apparent intuition, upon the strong and dominating points in a case, not infrequently finding those, or some of them, buried out of sight from a scrutiny less searching than his, beneath a mass of irrelevant or conflicting testimony.

Haviug thus entrenched himself in one, or a few strong positions, his array of the facts was so masterly, his presentation of them so luminous, and his arguments from them so logical, that he rarely failed to carry the tribunal with him safely and irresistibly to his conclusions. Discarding thus

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the minor points and less material phases of the cause from his examination and discussion, or dismissing them in a few rapid, searching sentences, his debate was conspicuous for its compactness and logical order. Accordingly, his speeches did not ordinarily exceed one hour, and even in the most complex and voluminous causes they rarely went beyond two hours. I can recall but one occasion in which he consumed nearly three hours. His style was fluent, but not of that fluency which comes of redundant words and phrases, for I have never listened to one so terse and vigorous. I think it can be said there was hardly a superfluous word, and every sentence bore upon the conclusion aimed at. It was, therefore, never a weariness to hear this great advocate, and the promiscuous audience followed his argument, his sarcasm or his invective, with as much apparent interest as did court and jury.

It has been written of him that he was equally versed and at home in every department of the profession (unless admiralty and maritime law be excepted) but I think it was as a common law lawyer that he excelled, and that it was in the common law he found his chief delight. He was perfectly conversant with the principles of the Feudal law and immemorial usages of England as expounded by Littleton, Coke, Bacon, and all the fathers and great interpretors of English jurisprudence.

Having come to the Bar while special pleading was yet a legal science and carefully practiced system, and before popular and not too well informed legislatures sought to "simplify" the practice of the law by Statutes of Jeofails, he was, without doubt, one of the most practiced and expert special pleaders of his time. His naturally astute and logical mind, finding its expression through the channels of a terse and lu-

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minous style, caused his pleadings in all their stages to be master pieces of art.

His fame as a prosecutor of the pleas of the Commonwealth has never been surpassed, if equaled, in Virgiuia. On this field he achieved triumphs of the most brilliant kind. His pride in his profession, and the great principles of right and justice underlying it, no less his inborn contempt for chicanery and fraud, not to speak of crime in its grosser forms, combined to make him a terror to evil doers. Some critics, even among the profession, sometimes were disposed to censure him as too harsh and unrelenting towards the prisoner at the bar, but if every circuit throughout our land possessed at this day so able, fearless and conscientious a prosecutor as did the Augusta and the surrounding circuit at that happier day in our history, perhaps we might find less cause to deplore the depreciation of the public morals, which so painfully invest the present era.

It would be a halting and very defective sketch of this eminent jurist which failed to speak of his striking originality. Negatively speaking, there were little or no commonplace and hum-drum in his forensic arguments, his debates in the Senate or his addresses from the hustings to his constituents. In a positive sense, his speeches, at least on great occasions, and when his powers were thoroughly roused, rarely failed to be marked by some flash of genius. I recall a conversation just after the close of a protracted and laborious term of the Augusta Circuit Court, in which the late Judge Lucas P. Thompson and Gen. Briscoe G. Baldwin bore the leading parts. The last named was paying generous tribute to Mr. Peyton's force and originality. Judge Thompson remarked, that he had never seen Mr. Peyton go through a cause, deeply interesting and moving him, in which he did

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not utter some view or sentiment illuminated by genius, or, at the least, some illustration marked by a bold originality, and he instanced two causes, tried at the late term, one a civil suit and a very heavy will case, in which he made a novel and searching application of a familiar fable of Æsop. I forbear to give its details, because both the critic and his subject have passed from earth.

In the same cause, three signatnres were to be identified and proved, that of the testator and also of the two attesting witnesses, all three having died since their attestation. Many witnesses were called to prove the gehuineness of the three names. Opposing counsel sought to badger the witnesses, by urging them to specify what peculiar marks there were in the handwriting and signatures, whereby they could speak positively as to their identity and genuineness. This, of course, for the most part they could not do, and in the argument of the cause before the jury, the same counsel strove to throw discredit and contempt upon those witnesses (all men of good character) for their failure and inability so to describe the quality and the peculiar marks and the calligraphy of the signers as to show they were familiar with their handwriting. In his reply to those sallies of his opponents, Mr. Peyton swept away the whole airy fabric by a single happy illustration:

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you have often been assembled in crowds upon some public or festive occasion. Your hats have been thrown pell-mell in a mass with perhaps a hundred other hats, all having a general resemblance. Suppose you had attempted to describe your hat to a friend or servant, so that he might go and pick it out for you. It has as many points for description as a written signature—its color, height of crown, width of band, lining, &c. Do you think that a friend

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or servant could, by any possibility, have picked out your hat for you? And yet when you went yourself, the moment your eye would light upon it, you instantly recognize it among a hundred or five hundred hats. Familiarity with it has stamped its picture on your mind, and the moment you see it, the hat fills and fits the picture in your mind, as perfectly as the same hat fits your head.'

The jury were evidently won, and gave full credence to the ridiculed witnesses.

The other instance during the same term (cited by Judge Thompson,) occurred in the celebrated prosecution of Naaman Roberts for forgery—in forging the name of Col. Adam Dickinson to a bond for $600.00.

The body of the bond was confessedly the handwriting of the prisoner at the bar. That was admitted. The signature was a tolerably successful attempt at imitating the peculiar handwriting of Adam Dickinson. But no expert could look at the whole paper and fail to see a general resemblance between the body of the instrument and the signature, raising a strong conviction in the mind that both proceeded from the same hand.

The defense strongly insisted upon excluding the body of the instrument from the view of the witness, by covering it with paper or turning it down, and so confining the view to the signature only—upon the familiar doctrine of the law of evidence forbidding a comparison of various handwritings of the party as a ground for an opinion upon the identity, or genuineness of the disputed writing. And this point was ably and elaborately argued by the prisoner's counsel.

The learned prosecutor met it thus:

'Gentlemen, this is one entire instrument, not two or more brought into comparison. Let me ask each one of you,

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when you meet your friend, or when you meet a stranger, in seeking to identify him, what do you look at? Not his nose, though that is the most prominent feature of the human face; not at his mouth, his chin, his cheek; no, you look him straight in the eye, so aptly called 'the window of the soul,' you look him in the eye, but at the same time you see his whole face. Now put a mask on that face, leaving only the eyes visible, as the learned counsel would have you mask the face of this bond, leaving to your view only the fatal signature. If that human face, so masked, was the face of your bosom friend, could you for a moment identify him, even though permitted to look in at those windows of his soul? No; he would be as strange to you as this accursed bond has ever been strange to that worthy gentleman, Col. Adam Dickinson, but a glance at whose face traces the guilty authorship direct to the prisoner at the bar.'

This most striking illustration seemed to thrill the whole audience, as it virtually carried the jury.

Mr. Peyton never was a politician. His taste and predilliction lay not in that direction. But no man was better informed of the course of public affairs, or had a keener insight into the character or motives of public men. Once, and so far as I knew, once only, did he participate in the debates of a Presidential canvass. It was the memorable one of 1840, and the speech was delivered from the Albemarle hustings. His analysis of the political character of Martin VanBuren, and his delineation of his public career from his desertion of DeWitt Clinton, down to his obsequious ingratiation with Andrew Jackson, was incisive and masterly and all the more powerful and impressive because pronounced in a judicial rather than a partisan temper. Competent judges, long familiar with the very able harangues and debates on that

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rostrum, declared it one of the ablest that had been listened to by any Albemarle audience.

Of his services in the Virginia Senate, I need only say, what every one would naturally expect, they were most valuable from their enlightened conservatism in the prevention of crude and vicious legislation. In the last session of his first term in the Senate, a vigorous effort was made for the passage of a stay-law rather than an increase of taxation.

It hardly needs to be said that he opposed the former and sustained the latter measure with all the vigor of his honest and manly nature. Nor could he ever have looked with any patience upon that brood of enactments since his day—the stay of executions, homestead exemptions, limitations upon sales of property, *et id omne genus*, professedly passed in the interest of the poor and the laboring man, yet in fact more detrimental to that class than any other, and most damaging to the State abroad.

Let me say, in conclusion, that the person and figure of Mr. Peyton were fine and commanding. His carriage was always erect, his head well poised on his shoulders, while his ample chest gave token of great vitality. On rising to address court or jury, there was something more than commonly impressive in his personal presence and whether clad in 'Virginia home-spun,' or English blue broadcloth with gold buttons, (and I have often seen him in both), whenever you saw him button his coat across his breast and slowly raise his spectacles to rest them on the lofty crown, you might confidently expect an intellectual treat of no mean order.

There never was a broader contrast presented in the same person than that between Howe Peyton, the lawyer, the public prosecutor, or even the Senatorial candidate

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amongst the people, and the same individual in his own home. Here in the midst of his family, or surrounded by friends, the rigor of his manner relaxed, and he was the model of an affectionate husband and father, and the most genial of companions. He was 'given to hospitality,' and there was no mansion in all this favored region where it was more generously and elegantly dispensed, through many years, than at 'Montgomery Hall.' "

SKETCH OF JOHN HOWE PEYTON,

BY

JUDGE JOHN H. MCCUE, B. L, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

One of the truest tests of the greatness of a man is very often the impression, I think, which, without intending, he makes upon the minds of the young with whom he may come in contact. There are few of us who do not remember having met, in our earlier days, with men whose presence filled us with respect and awe, before even, perhaps, we had learned their names and reputations, and who, in after years, seemed to stand out from amid our youthful recollections, apart and distinct from the memories of other men—men who, unconsciously, stamp their individuality not only upon our minds, but who often serve, though we may not perceive it, as models upon which our own conduct is, or ought to be, moulded, and the impress of whose attributes and virtues serve as standards by which we judge of other men. The impressions I have of John Howe Peyton are those which I formed when a youth, but they were such as to stamp him, not only as an able and good man, but as a great man in the truest

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acceptation of the term. When a boy at the school at Waynesboro, Augusta county, of the Rev. James C. Wilson, D. D., a famous criminal trial was progressing in the Circuit Superior Court at Staunton. Mr. Peyton was the prosecutor, and was regarded as the ablest prosecuting attorney then, or who had ever been, in the Commonwealth of Virginia. Everybody was talking of this trial, in which, for various reasons, not necessary to be here detailed, the community was deeply interested. Shortly after, as I remember, I saw standing, in the porch of the hotel at Waynesboro, a gentleman of splendid form, broad shoulders and extended chest, with a magnificent head which was carried erect, and which might be aptly compared to that of Daniel Webster. His eyes were large and bright, his features straight, finely chiseled, forming a face of Grecian lineaments and expression. I did not then know who he was. The idea formed on my youthful mind was that he must be a great and famous man. I inquired respecting him, and was told that he was Mr. Howe Peyton, the famous lawyer and prosecutor. I had often heard my father speak of Mr. Peyton as one of the great lawyers of Virginia, then having her Johnson, Wickham, Tazewell, Baldwin, Sheffey, Wirt, Leigh, Tucker, Stannard, and other eminent men, who were his contemporaries. I had never seen Mr. Peyton until now. There was something, however, in the noble and dignified appearance and bearing of the man now standing before me, that at once arrested attention and impressed the beholder. The opinion formed by me of his greatness was afterwards, upon a better acquaintance, fully justified.

I knew little of Mr. Peyton personally until after I entered the University of Virginia, with his son, John Lewis Peyton, in 1842, both of us members of the law class under

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the late Henry St. George Tucker. Mr. Peyton, at that time Commonwealth's Attorney for Albemarle, and the other counties composing the circuit of Judge Thompson, when in Charlottesville attending the court, sojourned at the residence of his brother-in-law, John Cochran, Esq., now (1879) surviving in his 86th year. Upon these occasions, at his request, his son and myself spent much time with him. Mr. Peyton manifested a deep interest, naturally, in the progress of his son, and in my own, because of his warm and intimate friendship for my father. It was during the frequent conversations which it pleased him to hold with us, that I learned to appreciate the great powers of his mind, not perhaps as to its capacity, but more especially as to the wonderful faculty he possessed of simplifying and rendering clear the most abstruse subjects. And in this perhaps, as much as in anything else, lay the secret of his success as a lawyer. He could take, for instance, the most difficult point of law, and in a few well chosen, pithy sentences, place it clearly and forcibly before the minds of his hearers. As an illustration, I remember, shortly after we had commenced the study of law in the junior department, he made special inquiry as to our progress, examined us upon what we had gone over, and inquired the subject of our next lecture. We replied that it was "Uses and Trusts," frankly confessing that although we had read the text, we still felt ignorant of the subject. He then said, 'Listen to me boys;' and went into a dissertation upon the intricate and difficult subject, and in a conversation of perhaps two hours, gave us a history, accurate in chronology, minute in detail, profound and clear, as an exposition of the whole science, and this without reference to book or note, thus indicating the profoundest learning, and rendering the subject so clear to our minds that when we went to the review

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the whole field seemed to be laid open before us. In this simple way he demonstrated not only his power before courts and juries, but likewise the rare ability he possessed to impart to others, in the clearest and most comprehensive manner, what he knew and what had heretofore seemed to them insuperably difficult.

It was one of the noticeable traits of his character that he was ever anxious to impart information and knowledge to the young, to encourage and advance them. He rarely lost an opportunity of instructing, and this, in such an easy, unaffected, conversational style that it both captivated and instructed the mind. In the many conversations with his son and myself, during this, and the next succeeding term at the University, seemed to be his constant desire to communicate to us a historic and philosophic knowledge, and to lead us insensibly into the deep delights of history and literature. In this connection, I must say that after a longer and more extended acquaintance with Mr. Peyton I learned to regard him as a man of the profoundest learning, not only in the great principles and science of the common law, but also in general history and literature; and he expressed himself with more precision, condensation, vigor, and beauty of language than any man I have ever known. I never heard Mr. Peyton speak at the bar or on the hustings. From what I know, and have heard of him, his conception of a great subject and mode of expression were as clear, distinct and demonstrative as that of Edmund Burke. Judge Tucker who had known him intimately for over forty years, once said to me: "I regard Mr. Peyton as one of the profoundest and most learned of lawyers." During one of my summer vacations I visited his son John L. Peyton at Montgomery Hall. I had formed an intimate friendship with him which yet continues. On this visit I was a witness and subject of the splen-

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did hospitality of Mr. Peyton and his amiable and accomplished wife. One morning shortly after sun rise John Lewis Peyton and myself leaving our chamber, strolled into the park-like grounds admiring the venerable and wide-spreading oaks and beautiful scenery. On the porch in front of his office which contained his law and miscellaneous library was the dignified figure of Mr. Peyton seated in his accustomed arm chair, book in hand and a long pipe in his mouth. (He was much addicted to the Virginia weed.) On our approach he rose, and politely exchanging with us the morning salutations, bade us be seated. He then said: "I am looking over, for a second time, the first volume of Allison's History of Europe. Though it has faults of style, and is marred by political prejudices, it is the most remarkable historical work of the country."

The book was closed, his finger between the leaves. In this attitude he proceeded, as was a habit with him, upon a disquisition upon the value and importance of historical study. "It instructed," said he, "the young whose destiny it might be, in time to guard the rights or secure the welfare of the community." He declared in general terms that the object of history, the great object, was to make men wiser in themselves and better members of society. By recalling the past it opened up a wider field for observation and reflection than any personal experience could do, and thus prepared a man to act and advise in present contingencies. He continued in this vein for a half hour, illustrating his views by reference to ancient, medieval, and modern history, displaying a sound ness of view, and extent of research, a manliness of principle, an accuracy of learning, and a vigor of style surpassing anything I have ever heard.

There have been few truly great men who were not noted

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for their courtesy and hospitality. Both of these traits Mr. Peyton possessed in a high degree. His manner to his son and myself was most courteous and ever of such a nature as to impress us with the idea, if possible, that we were men entering upon the great theatre of life, with the prospect before us of attaining eminence in our profession, of rendering ourselves useful to the State, and of service to society. There was something in the appearance and manner of the man, when you first come into his presence and under his influence, before he had uttered anything more than the ordinary salutations, that convinced you at once that you were in no ordinary presence, and upon closer intimacy, that you felt that you were under the influence and power of *a great man; a master spirit.* In public, in his intercourse with men generally as I have seen him, there was a hauteur, a dignity and ever a majesty that repelled rather than attracted men. At his own fireside, that feeling was entirely dispelled, and the boy even was drawn to him, listened to and talked to him, as though he were his equal. Such were the warm sympathies, tender feelings, the affectionate nature of this, to the world, reserved and haughty man.

Mr. Peyton, as a legislator and Senator, representing Rockbridge and Augusta, made his mark as one of the leading Statesmen of Virginia, stamping his genius and learning upon the statute laws of the State, establishing for himself such a reputation as would have placed him, had he been a member of the Senate of the United States by the side of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. But his love for home and family, devotion to his profession, and natural fondness for rural pursuits, suppressed all desire for public life and extended reputation. He was fond of horses, dogs, and the occupations of the country gentleman. Had he desired and entered pub-

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lic life, his reputation would have been national, and he, a noted character in history. It is well here to say, that Mr. Peyton had been thoroughly trained, not only in classical and mathematical schools of the country in early youth, but was also a graduate, with the degree of Master of Arts, of Princeton College, where his great abilities were early and fully manifested and recognized by the erudite and eminent men under whose charge that institution of learning was then conducted.

Mr. Peyton—then a young man—was a member of the lower house of the Legislature of Virginia in 1808, 1809 and 1810, from the county of Stafford, and wrote and offered a series of resolutions, as chairman of a committee, raised upon certain resolutions adopted by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, and communicated by the Governor of that State to Governor Tyler (afterwards President of the United States) with reference to an amendment to the Constitution, so as to prevent a collision between the State Governments, and the Government of the Union, as to their judicial departments, which preamble and resolutions, drawn by Mr. Peyton, were adopted unanimously by both branches of the Legislature. This important State paper can be seen in the Works of Daniel Webster, vol. III., pages 352, 353, and 354. So able and important were these resolutions at the time, as to attract the attention of the leading Statesmen of the country, and guide the other States in the adoption of similar resolutions, thus overthrowing the effort of Pennsylvania to establish a separate and distinct judicial department as arbiter between the Federal and State Governments.

In the great discussion between Daniel Webster and General Hayne, of South Carolina, Mr. Webster, in his second speech in reply to Mr. Hayne, referred to and quoted the

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preamble and resolution spoken of, as conclusive of that question as to admit of no further discussion.

Mr. Webster was so much struck with Mr. Peyton's resolutions, that he wished to know something of their author. Meeting Daniel Sheffey, long one of the representatives in the Lower House of Congress from Virginia, the following conversation, in substance, occurred. Mr. W. asked:

"Do you know a gentleman in Virginia by the name of Peyton, the author of some resolutions in the House of Delegates in 1810, on the subject of a conflict between the government of the Union and the State governments."

"Yes," replied Mr. Sheffey, "he lives in Staunton, and is the leader of the bar in the circuit."

"I am not suprised to learn it',' rejoined Mr. Webster.

"Is he a speaker," said Mr. Webster.

"Not in a popular sense," replied Sheffey. "He is not a florid speaker, indulges in no meretricious display of rhetoric, but thoroughly armed in the strength of his knowledge, research and cultivated ability, without any effort to display it, he possesses gigantic power, and by it he has risen to the head of the profession. And he is not only a great, but a good man."

"It is a misfortune to your people and the country that such a man should not have been sent to Washington long ago," said Mr. Webster. "He would have maintained Virginia's proud intellectual supremacy, and by the soundness of his views enhanced her influence."*

At the death of Judge Stuart, in 1830, the vacancy occasioned by the death of that jurist, Lucas P. Thompson, of

*In 1851-52, Mr. Webster then Secretary of State, dispatched his son, John Lewis Peyton, to Europe and expressed a wish to have him permanently in the diplomatic service.

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Amherst county, then a young man who had distinguished himself in the Constitutional Convention of 1829 and 1830, became a candidate for the office of Judge. Mr. Peyton was brought forward by his friends. Thompson had made himself popular on the basis question, and was regarded as one of the most rising young men of his contemporaries. He was the junior of Mr. Peyton. My father, at that time, was a member of the House of Delegates from Augusta county. The contest for Judge came off. My father, the ardent advocate of Mr. Peyton, was sustained in his opinion of him by some of the ablest jurists of Virginia, amongst them was Benjamin Watkins Leigh, who said to him that "Mr. Peyton was the greatest lawyer west of the Blue Ridge." The then Senator from this district, a personal enemy, without cause, however, of Mr. Peyton, exerted all his popularity and power in favor of Mr. Thompson, and on his election, said that he had accomplished a long cherished wish, that of defeating an ambition of Mr. Peyton. But he signally failed. It is well known that Mr. Peyton did not wish the office of Judge, much preferred to retain the greatly more lucrative and equally honorable situation of public prosecutor, as in the interest of a large and growing family.

Major James Garland, now Judge of the Hustings Court of Lynchburg, himself a great lawyer and statesman, about the time I went to the bar of Nelson county, said in a conversation with me: "I was a member of the Legislature that elected Thompson. But for the course of the Senator from Augusta and Rockbridge, your father would have succeeded in the election of John Howe Peyton, than whom there is no greater lawyer in the Commonwealth."

Mr. Frazier has so well described him as a common law lawyer and the most eminent prosecutor that Virginia has ever

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had, that I forbear to say anything further with reference to that matter. That is a part of the history of the jurisprudence of this State. I will add, that I have seen his Coke Littleton, (studied by him as a student of law,) with the marginal pages filled with annotations and references, indicating the application and devotion he felt for his profession. I am told that he had a grim way of preventing such as had not the ability from entering into the profession of the law. In his library there was a rare old edition of Littleton on Tenures. He considered this book as the basis of the laws of real property in England, and he thought that it should be first read without Coke's Commentary. When a young man desired to study law under him, whom he knew to have no capacity to succeed, he placed this work in his hands, asking him to read it again and again, and strive to understand it without recourse to the Commentary, and return for examination after a fortnight's or three weeks' perusal, of such part as he had mastered. It rarely happened that the young man did not hand him back the book, at the end of a short time, announcing his purpose of seeking a livelihood in some other field. Thus he was instrumental in keeping some from the profession, who, by entering into the law, would have derived no profit to themselves, nor reflect credit upon the profession. And on thl other hand, when he discovered merit in a young man, no one was more prompt, active and generous in encouraging it.

His conversation with his son and myself above referred to, on Uses and Trusts, exemplified the fact that he had not forgotten, in his maturer what he had learned in his younger years. I have been told that Mr. Peyton had acquired the habit of reading, or at least looking over, Blackstone once a year, and it was rarely the case that he referred to prece-

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dents and decisions of the courts, which has become the bane of the profession of this day, but for authority he went down to the deep foundations of the law, treating and regarding it as a fixed and accurate science, not depending upon the opinion of this jurist or that, and thus arriving at just conclusions alike convincing to judge and jury. There have been many men whom the accident of applause or fortune have made great, but few who were great in themselves. Amongst the latter, Mr. Peyton stands in the front rank. As a man, he was true, noble and generous; despising the low, vulgar and ignoble, and valuing only the pure and elevated; by genuine courtesy and kindness, he won all hearts, and by stern integrity he retained the golden opinions he gained. As a father and husband, he was active and earnest in his endeavors to fill the prt of a true man: as a lawyer he stood second to none, and by the breadth of his learning and knowledge, his clear and comprehensive manner, and his earnest and determined performance of duty as a public prosecutor, he has won a position such as few lawyers have ever attained. As a statesman, the high praise which his generation gave him, the deep respect in which he was held by the eminent men of his time, and the undying record which history bears to his genius and achievements, mark him as one of the great men of Virginia, who may be proud of her son, while she can justly regret that he should have sought privacy and retirement, in preference to national glory. Modest, sincere, learned and determined, Virginia has had few to equal—none to surpass him. In the past, he moulded and controlled the opinions and actions of the times, so in the future may he ever serve as a model for the true and the good, and prove an incenive to the ambitious. May the young learn to emulate his life and example, while the old revere and respect his memory.

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SKETCH OF JOHN HOWE PEYTON,

BY

JOSEPH ADDISON WADDELL, B. L. OF W. & L. UNIVERSITY.

From my earliest recollection, I was familiar with the personal appearance of Mr. Peyton. His figure was too distinguished to pass unobserved by even the youngest children in the streets of Staunton. He was tall, erect and portly; his head set gracefully on his shoulders; his garments always appeared to fit well, and exactly corresponded with his age and station; so that altogether, in his person, he came nearer my ideal of gentlemanly elegance than any one I have ever known.

Mr. Peyton discontinued the practice of his profession before I was capable of forming an independent and intelligent estimate of his ability as a lawyer. During my boyhood I frequently heard him speak in the Court-house; but I was then unable to appreciate forensic efforts. From the attention and the deference to his utterances shown by the citizens generally. I had no doubt that he was a legal oracle. According to my recollection of him, he never attempted flights of eloquence. There was nothing, I believe, flowing or ornate in his style. He used no "big words," but in the plainest language spoke directly to the question at issue, making himself understood by the most illiterate juryman; and whatever the verdict, he never failed to excite admiration for his ability and the dignity of his deportment. He was often eloquent, in the highest and best sense of that word. While I was a boy I heard an intelligent citizen endeavoring to repeat a part of one of Mr. Peyton's recent speeches, which he seemed to admire very much, commenting at the same time upon the

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simplicity of the phraseology and the absence of all mere rhetorical display.

My impression of Mr. Peyton's talents is derived chiefly from my father's estimate of him. My father, although a physician, was fond of discussions at the bar, and during the sessions of the courts spent most of his leisure time at the court house. He considered Mr. Peyton a great lawyer, and a man of great intellect. Although fastidious in his taste and a severe critic, I never heard him speak otherwise than in terms of respect and admiration of Mr. Peyton's efforts.

I well remember the scene in the old county court, when Mr. Peyton formally retired from the bar. That tribunal was one of the most beneficent institutions which we inherited from our mother country. The body was self-perpetuating and very careful to maintain its respectability in the election of new members. To be a member of the Bench under that system, was generally conclusive of the fact that the individual was worthy of and enjoyed the confidence and respect of the community. The Justices were not professional lawyers, and depended greatly upon the attorney for the commonwealth for advice and assistance in Court. Mr. Peyton was for many years Commonweath's Attorney for the County Court of Augusta, as he was also for the Circuit Superior Court. When he resigned his office in the former Court, the assembled Justices were visibly affected. They adopted resolutions expressive of their appreciation of his ability, uprightness and uniform and marked courtesy to the Court. He doubtless always exhibited the same respect for the County Court of Augusta, composed of his familiar friends and neighbors, professionally unlearned as they were, as he ever did for the Judges of the Supreme Courts of Virginia or the United States. The Justices were unwilling to give him

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up, however, and as the next best thing to having him as their legal adviser, they elected him a member of their own body. He accepted the office in the spirit in which it was tendered, and I remember to have seen him on one or more occasions afterwards sitting on the County Court bench with the other Justices.

While I have disclaimed any competency to speak of my own judgement, of Mr. Peyton as a lawyer, I had the pleasure of knowing him personally as intimately as a boy and youth could know a gentleman of his age and position. My father was his physician for many years before his death, and his confidential friend. I have heard it said of Mr. Peyton, and I believe truly, that if he liked a man he liked everything belonging to him—his children and even his dogs. Liking and trusting my father, he seemed to extend the same feeling to me. While I was still a small boy, he found me out, and wherever he met me would familiarly accost me by name. I remember to have encountered him on one occasion on the highway leading from town to Montgomery Hall; he could not let me pass without special notice. He stopped me on the spot and detained me for a considerable time in conversation. He was exceedingly fond of a good joke and his style of conversation was often sportive. On the occasion referred to, there was something in his manner or expression suggestive of mirth and I was suspicious that he was amusing himself a little at my expense; yet I parted from him with a feeling of elation at enjoying the familiar acquaintance of such a man. He appeared to act habitually in the spirit of Lord Bacon's saying in his 52nd essay "amongst a man's inferiors one shall be sure of reverence, and therefore it is good a little to be familiar." His witticisms and sarcasms were keenly relished by my father, who rarely returned from a visit to him without

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having something of the kind to report. He had no toleration for dishonesty, impudence or sham. To people whom he considered honest and well behaved, however, ignorant or lowly, he always felt and acted kindly, but from others, whom he thought unworthy, he could not conceal his disapprobation. He was not in the habit of giving utterance to censorious or unfriendly remarks about persons, and I am sure I never heard him speak unkindly of any one. He was eminently a just man in all his dealings with his fellow men. Requiring from others what was his due, he most scrupulously gave to every man whatever belonged to him, as far as he could. *Suum quipue tributo* is one of the few maxiums of Rudiman which I remember, and it after occurred to me in connection with Mr. Peyton. I early learned to regard him as the personification of justice. While Mr. Peyton was living I heard my father eulogize this trait in his character.

I have no recollection of having been in Mr. Peyton's law office while he occupied it, but towards the close of his life, I often met him in his home. His manner then to me and other guests was all that could have been desired. He was not reserved and distant on the one hand, nor on the other did he embarrass by excessive attentions. Recognizing the presence of each visitor and extending a cheerful greeting, he made all feel welcome. His hospitality was proverbial. Possessed of ample wealth, he admitted a large number of persons to participate in it around his family table. Upon principle, he discountenanced wastefulness, but he used his money with an enlightened liberality, freely expending it for all useful and proper purposes, and contributing bountifully to all public enterprises.

I have understood that Mr. Peyton had for many years kept by him a last will and testament written by his own

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hand. But about a year before his death, when he was physically unable to write, except to sign his name, owing to some changes in his family or estate, he desired to execute a new instrument. It was necessary for him to obtain the assistance of a friend, and my father was called upon to aid him. On returning from Mr. Peyton's, one day in the latter part of April, 1846, my father handed to me a voluminous manuscript in his hand-writing, blotted and interlined, accompanied by a request from Mr. Peyton that I would make a pair copy of it by a particular day, when the latter proposed to come to town and append his signature before witnesses. The copy was duly made and on the appointed day Mr. Peyton came to my father's house. He selected as additional witnesses, Messrs. George M. Cochran and Benjamin Crawford, and I was dispatched to request the attenance of those gentlemen. While I was unwilling to appear obtrusive by remaining in the room uninvited, the scene interested me so deeply, that I could not go away entirely. Withdrawing into an adjoiniug apartment, I heard all the preliminary conversation, whieh I felt sure Mr. Peyton would not object to. He explained the provisions of the will, as far as he thought necessary, and appeared anxious to satisfy his friends present of the justice and propriety of his course. Amongst other matters, he referred to the noble sorrel horse which he had ridden for seven years, and expressed a desire that the animal should be well cared for. When about to sign his name, he discovered my absence, and hearing him call for me I returned to the room, and in obedience to his wishes subscribed my name as a witness.

This scene greatly impressed me at the time, and has often recurred to me as one of the most interesting of my life. It was like the performance of an imposing drama. Mr.

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Peyton, of course, was the prominent figure and chief speaker; his bodily powers impaired, but his intellect as vigorous as ever; his presence dignified and commanding; his conversation flowing and sparkling like a stream of water in the sunshine, while there was something more in the tone of his voice, in his manner and the expression of his countenance, by me indescribable, which greatly interested and almost charmed me.

Mr. Peyton was always, as far as I know, a firm believer in the Bible and the great doctrines of the Christian religion. He was decided in his preference for the Episcopal Church, in whose communion he died, but he never was accused of bigotry. On the contrary, he respected and supported all good men of whatever denomination, and required no one to renounce his shibboleth, or to subscribe to his creed.

The foregoing is a very imperfect sketch of one whom I greatly revered; whom I found in all my intercourse with him, according to my ability to judge, a most polished gentleman; and whose kindly treatment of me during my boyhood and early youth, inspired me with feelings towards him akin to those of filial affection.

D. S. YOUNG'S IMPRESSIONS OF JOHN HOWE PEYTON.

To Col. John Lewis Peyton:

Dear Sir:—Arising from a laudable motive, that of respect and veneration for the memory of your late father, John H. Peyton, and the fact that I was intimately acquainted and associated with him for a number of years before his death, I

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take pleasure in complying with your request and write out my recolections of him. Your request recalls memories of the past, and I underiake the task—a pleasing one to me—but with the regret that I feel incompetent to perform it in a manner satisfactory to those for whom it is intended.

Men have their entrances and exits, each playing his part, and it has been truly said their works do follow them. This should be so. The works of a bad man should be held up as a beacon to warn off those who follow from the rock upon which he split and went down, whilst the work of the good man should be held up as a bright and shining litght to illuminate the difficult and rugged paths of those who iollow after. We all have faults, at least foibles, and it may be too often the case in the weakness of human nature that even slight faults and foibles are held in remembrance, whilst the good qualities are permitted to go down and slumber in the grave. Mr. Peyton would not have been human if without fault or foible, yet I recall none—none that could not be covered with the smallest mantle of charity.

Without falling at least into the modern idea of universal equality, I undertake to say that Mr. Peyton was possessed of gifts and acquirements that made him the equal of any man. In physical developments he was quite a model, considerably over the average height of his fellow-men, well proportioned, with broad chest, and massive head, his personal appearance struck the most casual observer, who but eyed him, as one of nature's noblemen.

Mr. Peyton belonged rather to the generation that has gone before that of the writer, consequently Mr. Peyton was fully up to, if not beyond the meridian of life, when I became acquainted with him, which acquaintance commenced about the year 1827 and became intimate about 1839,

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and so continued until his death, which occurred in April, 1847. I therefore, had no personal knowledge of Mr. Peyton's early history, of his opportunities, education, &c. Judging, however, from his superstructure the foundation must have been deep and well laid. His information was not confined to one particular thing, his mind was well balanced and powerful. Success was his in anything on which he concentrated his powers. Having made the law his principal study and profession, and believing that the best road to succes, in life was in one pursuit, he stuck to it until far advanced in life. I hazard nothing when I express the opinion that there was a time in Mr. Peyton's life, when with less push than other men who rose to distinction, had he given up the forum for the rostrum, the light that he would have shed would have gone forth over the land.

Mr. Peyton was by universal consent a lawyer from the commencement down to the latest statutes. As a counsellor he was always ready to answer touching any legal questions; as a speaker at the bar, always pointed and direct, confining himself directly to the points at issue. His manner was lofty, his gestures graceful; he hardly ever indulged his fancy, or attempted oratorical displays; never spread too much sail for his ballast, but just enough to keep him in the direct line of argument. His speeches were made to and for the court and jury, and not for outside consumption and comment. As a high compliment to Mr. Peyton, when a young man he received from the late Judge Archibald Stuart, the appointment of Attorney for the Commonwealth for all the counties composing the judge's circuit. The judge knew too much of mankind to confer such an appointment on one incompetent or unworthy of the important position. In this

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the venerable judge was not disappointed. The earliest recollections of the writer are associated with seeing the venerable judge and his fine looking Attorney for the Commonwealth, passing the public roads from court to court, commanding the respect of all good citizens, but a terror to evil doers.

Mr. Peyton was continued in the office of Attorney for the Commonwealth after the death of Judge Stuart by appointment from the late Judge Lucas P. Thompson. He also held the same appointment for the County Court of Augusta, and continued to hold both until 1839, when he was elected to represent the counties of Augusta and Rockbridge in the Senate of Virginia, which position he held until he was overtaken with sickness, from which there could be expected no recovery, when he gave up his position and retired to his home, Montgomery Hall, where he died, as before stated, April, 1847.

As a husband and father, no man better stood up to his obligations. Having married a second time when somewhat advanced in life, he became the father of a large family of children. Seeing, as he did, that in the ordinary course of nature, he must leave a number of his children of tender years, ample provision for them was a matter of great solicitude. In this he was successful—he left them in comfortable circumstances.

In his dealing with his fellow-man, Mr. Peyton was scrupulously honest. The word honest might express everything. Mr. Peyton was exact in discharging his obligations, and men who practice upon that idea with reference to their obligations generally expect others to do likewise. He required nothing that was not clearly right, and he was not the man to tamely submit to a violation of his rights. His hospitality at his al-

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ways well supplied mansion was generous, cordial and elegant. He was a lover of law and order, and of pure religion. The writer is not informed whether or not he became an inside member of the church before his death. He was, however, what we may call an outside pillar of the Episcopal church (the church, I believe, of his ancestors) and contributed liberally of his means in not only the support of that church, but to the building up of other churches and objects calculated to extend the Christian Religion. He was in favor of a sound progress (not much of a reformer) and gave a helping hand to all enterprises calculated to improve.

I will now close this communication with an allusion to Mr. Peyton's generosity, and illustrate that by giving an incident that occurred many years ago. Such incidents are so few and far between, and when they do occur they ought to be record-on paper, as memory must fail.

At the June term of the Circuit Court of Augusta county, e839, a young man who had procured his license to practicé law, presented himself at the Staunton bar, then well filled with able and experienced lawyers. Our young man had broken down at another pursuit, and had upon him the cares of a growing family. An important criminal trial was coming on. Mr. Peyton was the leading and prsncipal counsel in the cause for the Commonwealth, the last of his life. Those two whole-souled and generous gentlemen, the late Judge Briscoe G. Baldwin and Thomas J. Michie, then at the bar, and in full practice appearing for the defence. Messrs. Baldwin and Michie seeing, no doubt, the hard struggle our young man was making, kindly proposed to him that if he desired to make an appea.ance at the bar, to select any of their cases and appear with them. Availing himself of this invitation, he proposed to them that he would select the criminal

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case then coming on. That he would take no part in the examination of the testimony, but would simply make a short opening speech for the defence. The arrangement was assented to and the young man took his position. After thus entering into the cause, he met with a gentleman of the bar who had attained considerable distinction, and said to him that he thought that he was venturing too far—a failure would be most disastrous. This was exceedingly discouraging to the young lawyer. It was however life or death, sink or swim, and he must go forward. The testimony gone throngh with, the argument came on. Mr. Fultz, who was assisting Mr. Peyton in the prosecution, opened the cause for the Commonwealth. Then came the trying time on our young lawyer, when he arose and delivered his speech in about 35 minutes. Whether he had been of any service in the cause or not he could not tell, he did not feel however that he had made a failure. When turning round to take his seat Mr. Peyton in the most pleasing manner extended to the young man his right hand, took the hand of the young man and shook it most cordially, and in the presence of a crowded Court-house, remarked in his emphatic way, 'Sir, you've made a good speech, a very good speech, indeed. Between Mr. Peyton and our young man there was no tie of blood or kindred, no obligation, whatever, on his part. He was surrounded with considerable wealth and friends; had made character and reputation; had just been elected to the State Senate of Virginia by a large majority. The young man was poor—comparatively friendless; had never been surroundep by any adventitious circumstances; had by his own efforts and without material aid, worked his way to the bar. This most generous act of Mr. Peyton gave him encouragement; he went forward in the profession, and although he may not have attained dis-

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tinction, he has had the respect of the profession, and used it as the means of raising a large family. And now, although forty winters have rolled over since the occurrence referred to, leaving the head of that then young man almost as white as the frost, the manly form, pleasing face and generous conduct of Mr. Peyton are fresh and green in his memory, and he has here undertaken this imperfect sketch of his recollections of Mr. Peyton as a small tribute to his memory.*

DAVID S. YOUNG.

Staunton, Va., January 31st, 1879.

LETTER FROM HON. GEO. W. THOMPSON,

FORMERLY M. C. FOR THE WHEELING DISTRICT, W. VA., AND UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR WESTERN VIRGINIA.

HIS IMPRESSIONS OF JOHN HOWE PEYTON.

Steenrod, near Wbeeling, W. Va., June 11th, 1879.

To Col. John L. Peyton, Staunton, Va.:

Dear Sir—Your note of May 31st was forwarded to me at the "Hills" in Marshall county, and thence to the court at Clarksbur, from which I have returned this week. I have hastened, and possibly with too much haste, to reply to your note. Herewith I send you the impressions your father made upon me. It is perhaps a little severe and stern for the effeminate men of these times, but the latter would be benefitted by comparison or contrast with the men of that day in which

*The young man above mentioned was D. S. Young himself.

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John Howe Peyton and Briscoe G. Baldwin were the samples of excellence.

My acquaintance with John Howe Peyton became more intimate in 1828, when I was Attorney for the United States for the Western District of Virginia. He was then prominent as a remarkable man, and as an able and distinguished lawyer. He was a man of that tone and quality of mind, which soft and vacillating natures, or other minds not well grounded in high principles of conduct, *might* term austere. The logical character of his mind was that of severity of thought, and well trained in historical criticism. From such a mental constitution and from such culture all his motives of conduct, public and private, may wellbe supposed to have been the convictions of principles. As a statesman such a man could not do otherwise than shape his public life to the loftiest patriotism, as a lawyer to the sternest integrity of public right and justice, and as a man to all that was above what was low, base, or corrupt, or even common-place. Hence as a party leader or defender of right he had no mercy, in the public discussions of his times, for the mere trickster and demagogue, as public prosecutor he had no compromises with crime or guilt, and as a lawyer was inflexible and professionally just in the application of the principles of the law, which ue looked upon as a science which tended to secure the rights of men and preserve the purity of the general life. There were not many men who could make such quick and decisive analysis of facts, and generalise from them the principles by which they should be governed, and state the results to which they lead, and this both in the domain of politics and of proiessional life. Young men, who desired to reach eminence and solid character, would seek his company and find a friend and counsellor, but not a companion in the

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familiar sense, while those of feeble texture of mind would, in a certain seuse, be overawed and repelled. I should say his mind belonged to the Doric order—massive, almost severe in its simplicity, and strong, and in these qualities, conservative.

With great respect and esteem,

Yours truly,

GEO. W. THOMPSON.

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PRESENTATION OF MR. PEYTON'S PORTRAIT TO THE COUNTY OF AUGUSTA.

In order to preserve, in a permanent form, the interesting proceedings on the occasion when Mr. Peyton's portrait was presented to the county of Augusta, the little pamphlet containing them and printed at the time, is here reproduced.

The pamphlet was entitled: "John Howe Peyton. Ceremonies attending the presentation of his portrait to the county of Augusta."

"*Great men heighten the consciousness of the human race, and it is our grateful duty to magnify him whose genius magnifies mankind.*"

(Printed for Private Circulation.)

THE STOUT AND PEYTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Staunton, October 29th, 1892.

To Col. John L. Peyton:

My Dear Colonel—In accordance with the wishes of the bar and people of the county generally, it is the purpose of the county court to place in the Court House, if they can be obtained, portraits of our eminent lawyers of the past. Among the most distinguished of our jurists was your father, Hon. John Howe Peyton, distinguished alike for his varied abilities as a scholar, lawyer and statesman, for the extent of

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his learning and the purity of his private and public morals. For nearly forty years he displayed his great qualities on this theatre to the admiration and advantage of the public, and I trust you may be able to accede to my request and supply a copy, life size, of his portrait.

I am, very truly, your friend,

JOHN W. STOUT,
Judge of Augusta County.

Staunton, October 31st, 1892.

Hon. John W. Stout, Judge of Augusta County:

My Dear Judge—I have had the honor to receive your kind and courteous note asking for a copy of my father's portrait, to be placed in the County Court House, among those of the eminent lawyers of Augusta, and hasten to say in reply that it will give me great pleasure to comply with your request.

I have the honor to be, Judge, with great respect and esteem,

Your friend,

J. L. PEYTON.

In accordance with his promise to Judge Stout, Col. Peyton instructed Mr. Edmund Berkeley, of Staunton, to employ an experienced and competent artist of New York City to make, in oil, a portrait of his father. Some delay took place in the matter, as Col. Peyton had promised a portrait of his father to Washington and Lee University, Lexington, which was executed by the same artist and sent to Lexington last year.

In the month of July, 1894, the portrait of Mr. Peyton

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was finished in New York and expressed to Stauntou, where it safely arrived. Col. Peyton duly advised Judge Chalkley, the successor of Judge Stout in the office of County Judge, of the fact and received the following letter from him.

Staunton, July 2nd, 1894.

My Dear Col. Peyton:

I am very much pleased to know that the portrait of your father, Hon. John Howe Peyton, which was gotten by you at the request of Judge John W. Stout, to be hung in the County Court House, has arrived in Staunton. As far as it is in my province to speak, accept my assurances that it will be received by the people of Augusta county with the most cordial feelings toward you, and with the greatest admiration for the memory of one who has reflected so much credit upon Augusta county.

It will give me great pleasure to go with you to the Court House at any time that it may be convenient to you, for the purpose of selecting a place to hang the portrait.

Believe me to be, with the greatest respect and consideration.

Very truly yours,

LYMAN CHALKLEY.

A few days later, on behalf of the County Court, an invitation was extended to the leading families of the town and county to attend a public meeting of the county officials and the general public, at the Court House, on July 20th, at 12 o'clock, M., when the portrait would be formally presented

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to the county by Capt. James Bumgardner, Jr., on behalf of Col. Peyton, and be accepted by Major T. C. Elder on behalf of the county, these gentlemen, two of the ablest and most eloquent members of the bar, having been selected by Judge Chalkley for these pleasing duties.

THE PUBLIC MEETING.

The meeting announced to take place at 12 o'clock, July 20th, for the reception of Mr. Peyton's portrait, was duly held in the Court House on the day and at the hour specified. It was largely attended by the county officials, among them Hon. Lyman Chalkley, Judge of the County, N. B. Watts, Sheriff, Wm. A. Burnett, County Clerk, and others, including the Supervisors, namely, Elijah Coiner, T. M. Smiley, H. B. Wilson, Samuel Forrer, Silas H. Walker, and Wm. A. Crawford, the members of the Bar and many others, among whom were a number of fashionable and elegant ladies, including Mrs. and the Misses Atkinson, Mrs. Elder and daughter, Mrs. W. P. Tams, Mrs. Wm. Frazier, Miss Malcomb, Mrs. W. E. Craig, &c., &c.

On motion of Capt. Thos. D. Ranson, seconded by Wm. P. Tams, Esq., Capt. George M. Cochran was called to the chair. Capt. Cochran explained briefly the object of the meeting. when Capt. Bumgardner arose and said:

CAPT. JAMES BUMGARDNER'S SPEECH

Gentlemen of the Board of Supervisors:

The late lamented Judge Stout, who did much to entitle

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him to be gratefully remembered by the people of Augusta County, reqested that a copy of the portrait of John H. Peyton might be made, to be placed on the walls of this Court room.

In accordance with that request the portrait has been made, and on behalf of Col, John Lewis Peyton and the other descendants of John H. Peyton I deliver this portrait to you, as the representatives of the County of Augusta, in order that the purpose of Judge Stout may be carried into effect; and that this portrait may placed in that group of illustrious citizens, with all of whom he was closely associated in life, and with whom he is entitled to be grouped and remembered in all time to come, as one of the men who have made the Staunton bar famous and honored, and who in their day enjoyed and deserved to enjoy, the esteem and admiration of their countrymen.

John H. Peyton was born in Stafford County, Virginia, in the year 1778. He inherited the virtues of patriotism, devotion to duty, courage and honor from his father, who illustrated them in the highest degree as a soldier of the Revolution. His academic career was distinguished by faithful application and great ability, and he graduated at Princeton, taking with high honors the degree of Master of Arts in the year 1797. After finishing his academical course he went earnestly to work to prepare himself for his professional career in which he rendered such faithful and honorable service to the Country and in which he earned so much honor and distinction. He studied law under the advice and tuition of Judge Bushord Washington of the Supreme Court of the United States, and with his ability, and taught by such a master, it is not surprising that the accuracy and extent of his legal knowledge placed him in the front rank of the great men of

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his profession, who were his contemporaries. He commenced the practice of the law on the Fredericksburg Circuit. In the year 1806 he was elected as a Member of the House of Delegates from the County of Stafford, and was again elected in 1807. As a debater he had no superior on the floor of the House.

Mr. Peyton removed to Staunton and commenced the practice of the law in the Courts held in Staunton and the adjoining Counties in the year 1808, and he devoted himself to the practice of the law from that time until near his death in 1847. His great and recognized ability in the practice of his profession is shown by the fact that he was appointed Attorney of the Commonwealth for this Circuit immediately after his removal to Staunton, and three years later in 1812, Attorney for the Commonwealth for Augusta County. Chapman Johnson, who said he himself was not suited for the office, resigning it that Mr. Peyton might be elected, whom he declared was the ablest public prosecutor in Virginia. During the year 1812 he served as Chief of Staft of General Porterfield. In his army service he established his reputation as an able, enterprising and gallant officer. With the exception of his service in the House of Delegates, in the Senate and in the Army, his time and energies were spent in the arduous duties of his profession.

He was Mayor of Staunton in the years 1816 and in 1817, but his performance of the duties of that office was not, of course, any serious interruption to the laborious work of his profession. From 1812 (when he was appointed Attorney for the Commonwealth for the county of Augusta,) he filled that office continuously until 1844, serving in the mean time for two terms in the Senate of Virginia from 1836 to 1844, when he resigned from ill health. And now, because sirs, during that

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long period he was one of the great men of this bar, because he was one of the great citizens of Augusta and of Virginia, because it is of interest and benefit to the Commonwealth, that the memory of her great and able men be preserved and cherished, this picture was asked for, that its presence on these walls might be a perpetual evidence of his ability and virtues, and evidence of how the people of this county recognize, reverence and honor those lofty attributes of mind and heart, which give fame and distinction to the locality in which they are displayed. It is now forty-seven years since Mr. Peyton passed away. Since his death nearly two generations have been born and died. Of the men now living in this county very few personally knew Mr. Peyton, or personally know the position he occupied in the estimation of the bar, of the men, and of the community of his day and time. That position is clearly shown by the written expressions of many great men of his day, and as these expressions will convey a clearer idea of Mr. Peyton's character than I am able to give in any other way, I think it most proper on this occasion to quote them.

Mr. Peyton was the author of the celebrated report opposing the Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, proposed by the State of Pennsylvania, for the alleged purpose of preventing collisions between the Federal Government and the State Governments; concerning which report Mr. Webster said, that "the reasoning and conclusions were unanswerable" and on another occasion said, "it was a misfortune that he was not in Congress."

Benjamin Watkins Leig said "He was the greatest lawyer west of the Blue Ridge."

Chapman Johnson said, "He was the greatest criminal lawyer and public prosecutor I have ever seen."

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Judge Henry St. George Tucker said, "He was one of the most profound and learned of lawyers,"

Daniel Sheffy said, "He possessed gigantic power without effort, and was not only a great but a good man."

Major James Garland, of Lynchburg, said, "There was no greater lawyer in the Commonwealth."

Judge Alexander Rives wrote that "I know no lawyer in Virginia for whom I have the same admiration, respect and esteem."

John B. Baldwin said, "He was the greatest common-law lawyer he ever knew."

Judge Briscoe G. Baldwin said, "He had more strength, originality and learning than any lawyer of his acquaintance."

Judge Lucas P. Thompson said, "His sentiments wrere illuminated by genius."

Sidney S. Baxter, late Attorney General of Virginia said "No lawyer in Virginia equalled him in debate."

Thomas J. Michie said of him: "That he was a man who had served his country with distinguished ability in various civil positions in time of peace, who has honorably and gallantly served and sacrificed his property in time of war, a man whose honor and integrity have never been impeached in this or any other community."

Judge R. C. L. Moncure in speaking of him as a young lawyer said: "He took a position on being admitted to the bar which brought him immediate and continued popularity as a lawyer, a pleader and a scholar."

T. M. Green, a distinguished lawyer and author, of Kentucky, said; "John Howe Peyton was eminent a as lawyer, statesman and orator."

Professor J. T. L. Preston, late of Virginia Military In-

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stitute, said: "He was a champion in every branch of his profession."

The late James D. Davidson, of Lexington, said: "I regarded him altogether as a superior being."

The late William Frazier said: "His pleadings were master pieces of art."

The late Judge McCue said: "In his discourses he displayed a soundness of view, an extent of research, a manliness of principle, an accuracy of learning and a vigor of style surpassing anything I ever heard."

Mr. Peyton was as eminent for stern integrity as for learning and ability, and in that connection a writer, whose name I will not call, as he is still living, said: "I never knew a man who had more of what Edmund Burke styled "the chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound."

I have heard many lawyers who personally knew Mr. Peyton as a lawyer, speak of him, and, without exception, they placed him in the very front rank of the great lawyers of his day, and the late Judge H. W. Sheffey, with whom I was associated for so many years as a partner, spoke of him often and alluded to his appearance in a celebrated cause, which at the time of the trial, made a most profound impression upon the community and said that Mr. Peyton's description of the facts connected with the *corpus delicti*, and the behavior of the accused at the time was the most dramatic, powerful and stirring burst of eloquence he had ever heard or read, and that during the utterance of the speech there was not a dry eye in the crowded Court House.

It will be observed that these statements are made by men qualified in the highest degree to estimate justly human character and ability, and who had the very best opportunity of judging the character and ability of Mr. Peyton, as they

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were intimately associated with him at the bar and in public life; and their testimony therefore is conclusive, that Mr. Peyton was a man of commanding ability, of the highest culture, of profound legal learning, of the sternest integrity and the strictest honor, and is worthy to be commemorated in the manner proposed by placing this portrait in the group which now adorns these walls, and I now take great pleasure in presenting it to you for that purpose."

At the close of his discourse the audience warmly applauded Captain Bumgardner, as it had repeatedly done during its delivery.

MAJOR ELDER'S ADDRESS.

Major Elder then rose and spoke in the follo ving terms:

To Col. John Lewis Peyton whom I see before me, and who by right of primogenture now stands at the head of the descendants of John Howe Peyton, and through him to all the descendants of this eminent man, I would say that the people of the county of Augusta, represented by the Judge of their County Court and Board of Supervisors, have requested me to signify the acceptance by the county of the admirable portrait of Mr. Peyton which has just been tendered it by Capt. Bumgardner in such appropriate and beautiful terms. Col. Peyton, in presenting to his native county this portrait of his distinguished father, has done well, in that he has at once performed an act of filial piety and conferred a public benefit; for whilst Col. Peyton has by this act given apt expression to the tender and loving relations which should exist between a dutiful son and an honored parent, it must also be remem-

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bered that the father whom he loved so well was amongst the most distinguished of Augusta's adopted sons, and she is now given an opportunity of manifesting towards him those sentiments of affection and pride which a mother cherishes for her honored children. Individuals and families honor themselves in honoring their worthy ancestors, and communities and states offer the highest incentive to industry, virtue and patriotism by honoring the memory of those who have filled the public stations with fidelity and zeal for the public good.

I shall not attempt a biographical sketch of Mr. Peyton. Capt. Bumgardner has told us of his birthplace and honorable lineage, of his collegiate education and subsequent preparation for the bar, of the commencement of his professional career in his native county of Stafford, and in connection therewith of his early selection for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney for that county, and of his having been chosen several times to represent it in the popular branch of the general assembly of the State before his removal to Staunton in 1808. We have also been told of the course of his life after his removal to this place. Some account of his merits must have preceded him, for almost immediately after settling here he was appointed Commonwealth's Attorney for this Circuit by its presiding judge, and in two or three years afterwards the distinguished Chapman Johnson resigned the office of prosecuting attorney for this county, in order, as it is said, that Mr. Peyton, because of his peculiar fitness, might be chosen for the place. It seems that from the time Mr. Peyton came here to live until he was disabled by the disease that ended his life, his time and talents were devoted to the study and practice of his chosen profession; for he belonged to that class of lawyers who do not stop studying when they begin to practice. During

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almost the whole of his professional life in this county he was Commonwealth's Attorney either for the County or the Circuit, and for the most part for both. The reputation he made as a prosecuting officer has rarely, if ever, been excelled in this State.

But whilst devoted to the law, which he studied as a science, and practiced only as a great and noble profession should be practiced, he was by no means unmindful of the duties he owed the community in which he lived and the State and country of which he was a citizen. As a military officer of the war of 1812, and as a member of the Senate of Virginia for a number of years, he discharged his duties incumbent upon him in these positions with honor to himself and with benefit to the State. And over the public assemblage of the people of this town and county occurring in his day, he was frequently called on to preside, upon which occasion he always acquitted himself with dignity and grace. He took a lively interest in everything of a public character that was going on around him.

He was one of those who think that every man should be more than his work; wider and higher than the business or calling by which he earns his daily bread. Some there are indeed who, whilst thinking this should be so, have barely the capacity to discharge the duties of their vocations, and are without time or strength for anything else; and hence must submit to be driven—

> "Round the daily scene
> Of sad subjection, and sick routine,"

until death relieves them of their bondage.

But we have been told by Capt. Bumgardner that Daniel Sheffey, a competent judge surely, in speaking of Mr. Peyton, said—"He possessed gigantic power without effort." No

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greater compliment could be paid to the intellect of any man. Mr. Peyton had time enough to become great in his profession, and to spare for other things. With him his daily work was a pleasure rather than a burden. Fortunate indeed is the man who is so gifted. The consciousness of the possession of such powers and the use of them in the right directions must be a delight to the possessor.

This appears to have been the thought of Macauley, when contemplating Milton in his poetic flights, after the constructive and artificial parts of his was done, he fancies the great poet might have said to himself:—

> "Now my task is smoothly done
> I can fly, or I can run."

Nature was in various ways lavish in the bestowal of her favors upon him of whom we speak to-day. Not only did she endow him with high intellectual gifts, but he had *mens sana in sana corpore*. He was a large, well proportioned man, of dignified bearing and pleasing address, with a glow and color indicative of a fine physical constitution. Like jewels in a setting, at once strong and graceful, the mental powers of Mr. Peyton were displayed to the best advantage through his magnificent form and presence. How we all do admire intellectual power, and if associated with physical size and strength and manly beauty, we admire it all the more. But, it may be repeated, intellectual power, talent and genius are always admired for their own sake. The fact that they are associated with bad moral qualities, and indeed with great vices, does not wholly deprive them of their charm, Lord Bacon, sometimes described as the "greatest, meanest of mankind," will never cease to be admired by even the best of men for his towering and resplendent intellect. Satan, as depicted by Milton, while revolting in the hideousness of his

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moral deformity, excites our interest, and, in a sense, extorts our admiration by the grandeur and independence of his masterly mind. But it was the crowning excellence of him whose memory we honor to-day, that he was as pure and noble in heart as he was great in mind. In him there was that fine and harmonious combination of high moral qualities and great intellectual powers which make the model man. This combination of moral and intellectual qualities is what so greatly commended this man to the regard and esteem of his contemporaries, and it is what still keeps his memory fresh.

And the moral qualities now referred to are not merely such as truth, sincerity, honesty and integrity, which, and the like of which, Mr. Peyton, it is true, possessed in an eminent degree, but also the rarer virtues of firmness, self reliance persistence in the right, fearlessness in the discharge of duty, a strong sense of justice and a refined sense of honor.

And displaying constantly, as he did, these noble qualities in the practice of his profession, he left the lawyers of this bar and of the bar throughout the State an example worthy of the closet imitation. In the discharge of his duties as a prosecuting attorney, whilst he never permitted those he believed to be guilty to go wholly unwhipped of justice if he could prevent it, on the other hand he would have considered it a crime in himself to have asked for the conviction of one whose guilt was not sufficiently established. He was an independent and conscientious practitioner in the civil departments of his profession. Well it is for the lawyers of the present day, and well it will be for those who are to follow them, that the portrait of such a lawyer should be ever looking down upon them from the walls of this hall of justice.

Its presence here will be at once an inspiration and a restraint.

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With the form and features of John Marshall, the great expounder of the Federal Constitution and the founder of our Federal Jurisprudence, and with the forms and features of such of his disciples as John H. Peyton, Thomas J. Michie and John B. Baldwin, ever before them, the lawyers who come here to practice their professson should not go wrong.

Nor is the presence of the portraits of these great men in this public place without its purifying and elevating influence on the great body of the people who are wont to congregate here. Every community is deeply interested in the qualifications and character of its lawyers. Like people, like bar. If the people want clean and competent lawyers to transact their business, such will be forthcoming; if, on the other hand, lawyers of a different kind are wanted and encouraged, they will abound.

But it is not only because the men whose likenesses adorn these walls were great lawyers that they are entitled to the admiration of the public; but also because they were upright and honorable in all the relations of life, both private and public. In political matters they were candid and straightforward, and, above all things, patriotic. They were not office-seekers, So far as they were office-holders, the offices sought them. None of Mr. Peyton's cotemporaries ever supposed that he would of his own motion actively seek a political office. But when the people amongst whom he lived desired his services in a public capacity, they were not withheld; and they were rendered with strict regard to the public interests and without any regard at all to his personal promotion. With him, and with those like him, public office was indeed a public trust. John Howe Peyton was never the man to sacrifice a political conviction for office. He was a leader rather than a follower of public opinion, and he always guided it in the ways of justice, of honor, and of patriotism.

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What was it that first gave to this county of Augusta her high and enviable position amongst the counties of Virginia? It was the custom of putting forward her best men to represent her in the legislature, and in the various public assemblages of the State. The name of Augusta is indissolubly linked with the names of her distinguished sons who are gone. In the eloquent language of a great patriot—"The past is at least secure."

I claim to be a man of progress, and I trust duly appreciate the wonderful advances of recent years in the development of the resources and material wealth of our State and Country and in diffusion of education and other blessings; but at the same time, I would hold fast to the former things that are good. In this respect at least, if necessity required, I would rather adopt the motto engraved on the public seal of our country *Redeant in aurum secula priscum*, "Let the ages return to the first golden period."

May God bless the county of Augusta and may He raise up men, great and true, to serve and honor her in the future as John H. Peyton and her two other sons whose portraits adorn these walls served and honored her in the past.

When Major Elder resumed his seat he was greeted with loud applause.

COL. JOHN L. PEYTON'S REMARKS.

Silence being restored there were calls from all parts of the house for Colonel Peyton, who came forward in response to them and spoke in substance as follows:

He said he was taken entirely by surprise, but gladly availed himself of the occasion to thank Captain Bumgardner

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and Major Elder for their polished and eloquent speeches,and the lofty tributes they had paid to his father; he was pleased that his father's portrait would henceforth adorn the walls of this hall, which had so often resounded to his eloquence, and would be evermore displayed in the midst of a people he loved so well, and for whom he labored so faithfully. He confessed to a devout veneration for great and good men—the heroic masters in virtue, and felt a desire to exalt them as ideals, which would exert an influence to mould to their likeness those who earnestly contemplated them. Leaving out of view all other aspects of his father's character, he might be permitted to say that no man had a deeper or more inextinguishable thirst to promote human liberty and happiness, and such was his unselfish patriotism that it could be truly said of him that it ever was "his country first, his country last, his country all the time. [Loud applause.]

HON. JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER'S LETTER.

Major Elder then read the following letter from Hon. J. Randolph Tucker.

Lexington, Va., July 18th, 1894.

T. C. Elder, Esq.:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I should be glad to be present at the presentation of the portrait of the late Hon. John Howe Peyton to the county of Augusta,and to hear the addresses appropriate to its presentation and reception, delivered by Capt. Bumgardner and yourself.

The adornment of your Court House by the pictures of the men whose genius has honored the county, and whose eloquence still lives in the memory, as its echoes linger in the

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walls of the old forum of its mighty people, is a noble method of perpetuating the virtues of her great men and holding them up as a models and examples for the rising generation.

I was too young to know and fully appreciate the eminent abilities of Mr. Peyton as they deserved to be. But I remember him, when as a boy, in 1839--40, I traveled with him from Charlottesville to Richmond, when the snow obstructed travel and detained us at Trevilian's for more than a day. His genial and cordial manners to a lad [Mr. T. was then about 19 years of age] and his charming conversational powers, mingling vivacity of humor, with grave disquisition on more serious matters—fascinated me then, and so live in my memory as to make me sympathize in all honors done to his name, and attract me to the scene where that is to be so worthily manifested.

But I am not quite well and my duties here forbid my attendance on the occasion.

In full sympathy with the occasion, and wishing the ceremonies to be fully successful, I am, sincerely,

Your friend,

J. R. TUCKER.

Major Elder then remarked that he had just been furnished by Judge George M. Harrison with an extract from a speech made by Mr. Peyton when only twenty-two years of age—a speech made to the grand jury of his native county—which threw a light upon Mr. Peyton's whole life and character as a public prosecutor. The Major then read this extract from Mr. Peyton's speech:

"*The history of man from the primeval simplicity of*

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our first parents to the present day has satisfactorily proven that neither the dictates of reason, the light of philosophy, nor the divine precepts of our holy religion furnish adequate restraints to his vicious propensities."

The meeting then, on motion of the Hon. Marshall Hanger, adjourned.

GEO. M. COCHRAN,
Chairman.

EDITORIALS FROM THE STAUNTON PAPERS.

It will not be uninteresting in this connection to read the following editorials from the leading Staunton papers.

In the Daily Post of the same evening, this article appeared:

JOHN HOWE PEYTON.

PORTRAIT OF THIS EMINENT VIRGINIA JURIST PRESENTED TO THE COUNTY.

CAPT. JAMES BUMGARDNER MAKES THE SPEECH OF PRESENTATION, AND MAJOR ELDER THAT OF ACCEPTANCE—BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

As previously announced, the oil portrait of the late Hon. John Howe Peyton, which, at the suggestion of the late Judge Stout and the Board of Supervisors was placed in the Court House of Augusta County, was formally presented and received to-day at noon.

Captain George M. Cochran presided over the meeting.

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The jury box was occupied by the Supervisors and within and around the bar inclosure was gathered many of the leading members of the bar, ladies and relatives of the late Mr. Peyton. Among them was Captain James Bumgardner, who, on behalf of the family of Mr. Peyton made the formal presentation address, Major Thomas C. Elder, who received the portrait on behalf of the county, Colonel John L. Peyton, son of the gentleman honored, Mrs. Peyton and others. The portrait was hung in its place upon the north wall in rear of the bench and to the east of that of the late Chief Justice Marshall.

Captain Bumgardner's address reviewed the circumstances leading up to the presentation, and the life and eminent achievements of the distinguished jurist. His address was chiefly biographical, and quoted many distinguished gentlemen in eulogy of Mr. Peyton as a complete lawyer, patriotic citizen, and great and good man. He was born in Stafford County, April 3d, 1778; was educated in Fredericksburg and at Princeton, from which he was graduated with the A. M. degree, studied law under Judge Bushrod Washington, of the United States Supreme Court, and further equipped himself for his profession by an extensive course in literature. In 1799 he began the practice of law in Fredericksburg, and soon achieved distinction. In 1804 he married Susan, daughter of William S. Madison, a cousin of President James Madison. In 1806 he was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates, and served with ability for four years. He was considered the most brilliant debater in that body. A series of resolutions written by him opposing a constitutional amendment providing a tribunal to settle disputes between the State and Federal Judiciary were quoted by Daniel Webster in his memorable debate with Hayne, and were characterized by him as unanswerable.

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In 1808 Mr. Peyton located in Staunton and was made Public Prosecutor of the Judicial Circuit of Augusta, Albemarle, Rockingham and Rockbridge. During the war of 1812 he served with distinction on the staff of General Porterfield, and on his return was made Mayor of Staunton. In 1822 he was married to Miss Ann Montgomery, daughter of Colonel John Lewis and his wife, Mary Preston.

In 1836 he was elected State Senator from Augusta and Rockbridge. and served there until 1845, when he resigned. In June, 1844, after a continuous service of 32 years, he resigned the office of Commonwealth's Attorney for Augusta. He died at Montgomery Hall, near Staunton, April 29, 1847.

Maj. T. C. Elder, on behalf of the county, received the picture in a polished and scholarly address, which was generally pronounced one of the finest addresses of the kind ever heard here. The son, said the speaker, had done an act of filial piety and at the same time a service to his county in presenting this portrait of his honored father. The speaker then reviewed the career of Mr. Peyton, paid a splendid tribute to his legal abilities, which was acquiesced in by many of Virginia's most distinguished men. He held up for the emulation of the bar his untarnished integrity, devotion to duty and loftiness of life and purpose as exhibited in his practice in this court, and referred to the portrait along with those of Michie and Baldwin as among the household gods of the county. In the name of Judge, Supervisors and people he accepted the portrait and promised that it would be highly prized.

Col. John L. Peyton, being called for, responded briefly, thanking the gentlemen who had spoken for their lofty tributes to his father.

The meeting then adjourned.

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[From Staunton Spectator.]

PORTRAIT OF HON. JOHN HOWE PEYTON.

PRESENTED TO THE COUNTY OF AUGUSTA BY HIS SON COL. JOHN LEWIS PEYTON.

At the request of the late Judge John Stout, Col. John L. Peyton had a portrait of his distinguished father painted to be presented to the county to be placed on the wall of the Court-room beside the portraits of Chief Justice John Marshall, Thos. J. Michie, and Col. John B. Baldwin. The formal presentation of this portrait took place at a meeting held in the Court house at 12 o'clock last Friday, July 20th, at which the Supervisors of the County, the members of the Staunton Bar, some ladies, and a large number of others were present.

On motion of Capt. Thos. D. Ranson, Hon. Geo. M. Cochran was made Chairman of the meeting.

On taking the chair, he announced its object and said that the meeting was ready for business. Then Capt. Jas. Bumgardner, on behalf of Col. John L. Peyton, delivered the presentation speech, which was done in fine style He prefaced his speech, with the following remarks:—

"Gentlemen of the board of Supervisors:

The late lamented Judge Stout, who did much to entitle him to be gratefully remembered by the people of Augusta county, requested that a copy of the portrait of John H. Peyton might be made, to be placed on the wall of this court room.

In accordance with that request, the portrait has been made, and on behalf of Col. John Lewis Peyton, and other descendants of John H. Peyton, I deliver this portrait to you. Augusta, in order that the purpose of Judge Stout may be car-

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ried into effect; and that this portrait may be placed in that group of illustrious citizens, with all of whom he was closely associated in life, and with whom he is entitled to be grouped and remembered in all time to come, as one of the men who have made the Staunton bar famous and honored, and who in their day enjoyed and deserved to enjoy the esteem and admiration of their countrymen."

Then followed a very interesting succinct biographical sketch of the able lawyer, orator, and legislator whose portrait he was deputed to present to the county. It embraced Mr. Peyton's distinguished services from his early manhood to the time of his death in 1847. Capt. Bumgardner quoted the remarks of quite a number of able lawyers and others, the contemporaries of John Howe Peyton, as to his ability as a lawyer and legislator, and all concurred in the opinion that he was one of the ablest lawyers of the State of Virginia, and Virginia has had, and still has, a great many very able and learned lawyers. We regret that we have not space for these eulogistic quotations. They show that he was not only an able lawyer, but a great and good man, whose integrity and patriotism was above reproach.

After the quotations from these distinguished men, Capt. Bumgardner concluded his address as follows:

"It will be observed that these statements are made by men qualified in the highest degree to estimate justly human character and ability, and who had the very best opportunity of judging the character and ability of Mr. Peyton, as they were intimately associated with him at the bar and in public life, and their testimony therefore is conclusive, that Mr. Peyton was a man of commanding ability, of the highest culture, of profound legal learning, of the sternest integrity and the strictest honor. And it is worthy to be commemorated in the

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manner proposed by placing this portrait in the group which now adorns these walls and I now take great pleasure in presenting it to you for that purpose."

Then Major Thos. C. Elder on behalf of the Supervisors of the county made his speech accepting the portrait, which duty he performed in good taste and in an able and admirable manner. He began his speech by referring to the donor of the portrait and said:--

"To Col. John Lewis Peyton, whom I see before me, and who by right of primogeniture, now stands at the head of the descendants of John Howe Peyton, and through him to all the descendants of this eminent man, I would say that the people of the county of Augusta represented by the judge of their county court and board of supervisors have requested me to signify the acceptance by the county of the admirable portrait of Mr. Peyton, which has been tendered it by Capt. Bumgardner in such appropriate and beautiful terms. Col. Peyton, in presenting to his navtive county this portrait of his distinguished father has done well, in that he has at once peformed an act of filial piety and conferred a public benefit; for whilst Col. Peyton has by this act given apt expression to the tender and loving relations which should exist between a dutiful son and honored parent, it must also be remembered that the father whom he loved so well was amongst the most distinguished of Augusta's adopted sons, and she is now given an opportunity of manifestating towards him those sentiments of affection and pride which a mother cherishes for her honored children. Individuals and families honor themselves in honoring their worthy ancestors, and communities and States offer the highest incentive to industry, virtue and patriotism by honoring the memory of those who have filled public stations with fidelity and with zeal for the public good.

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Then Major Elder spoke of the great abilities and noble virtues of John Howe Peyton. It was the happy combination of both that made him the great and good man that he was. The good influence of such a character was ably presented, and the beneficial effect of the presence of the portrait of such a man in the court-room would have on the bar.

We regret that we have room only for a few brief extracts which we give as follows:—

"But we have been told by Capt. Bumgardner that Daniel Sheffey, a competent judge surely, in speaking of Mr. Peyton said: "He possessed gigantic power without effort." No greater compliment could be paid to the intellect of any man. Mr. Peyton had time enough to become great in his profession and to spare for other things. With him his daily work was a pleasure rather than a burden. Fortunate indeed is the man who is so gifted. The consciousness of the possession of such powers and the use of them in right directions must be a delight to their possessor."

* * * * * * *

"But it is the crowning excellence of him whose memory we honor to-day, that he was as pure, as noble in heart as he was great in mind. In him there was that fine and harmonious combination of high moral qualities and great intellectual powers which makes the model man. This combination of moral and intellectual qualities is what so greatly commended this man to the regard and esteem of his cotemporaries, and in what still keeps his memory fresh."

* * * * * * *

"Well it is for the lawyers of the present day, and well it will be for those who are to follow them, that the portrait of

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such a lawyer should be ever looking down upon them from the walls of this hall of justice.

Its presence here will be at once an inspiration and a restraint.

With the form and features of John Marshall, the great expounder of the Federal Constitution and the founder of our Federal jurisprudence, and with the forms and features of such of his disciples as John H. Peyton, Thos. J. Michie and John B. Baldwin, ever before them, the lawyers who come here to practice their profession should not go wrong."

At the oonclusion of Major Elder's speech, calls were made on Col. John L. Peyton, who arose and responded in a few brief remarks which can be found on another page of this book.

[From Yost's Weekly.]

PRESENTATION OF A PORTRAIT.

A goodly company, including a number of ladies, assembled in the Court-house at noon on Frlday last to witness the presentation to Augusta County of the portrait of Hon. John Howe Peyton, than whom the old county never had a more distinguished son, for although born outside of her confines, the major part of his long and useful life was spent in her service, and the lustre of his fame forms one of her richest heritages and indissolubly interwoven with her history and progress.

The meeting was called to order by Capt. T. D. Ranson, and, upon his motion, George M. Cochoran, Esq., was designated to preside. Mr. Cochran briefly stated the object of the meeting was the presentation to the Board of Supervisors of Augusta County of a portrait of the late Hon. John Howe Peyton and its acceptance by the authorities.

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On behalf of Col. John Lewis Peyton and other descendants of the great lawyer, Capt. James Bumbardner made the presentation address. It was a theme worthy of the best effort and the address was worthy of the theme, and worthy too of the head and heart of the learned and gallant gentleman chosen for the task. He sketched the distinguished career of John Howe Peyton from his birth in Stafford county in the year 1778. Endowed with talents of a high order, Mr. Peyton entered Princeton at an early age, graduating from that institution as Master of Arts in 1797. He studied law under Judge Bushrod Washington of the Supreme Court of the United States, and commenced the practice of his profession on the Fredericksburg circuit. In 1806 he was elected as a member of the House of Delegates from Stafford County, and re-elected the following year and served until 1810 and 1811. In 1808 he removed to Staunton, and was immediately appointed Attorney for the Commonwealth for the circuit surrounding Staunton, and subsequently also Commonwealth's Attorney for Augusta County. This latter position was resigned by Chapman Johnson, himself a great lawyer, for the reason, as he declared, that Mr. Peyton's qualifications for the office were so superior that justice to the county demanded his services. During the war of 1812 Mr. Peyton acted as chief of staff to General Porterfield, and in the field as well as the forum rendered distinguished service. From 1816, when he was appointed Deputy U. S. District Attorney to aid William Wirt, until his health became impaired in 1844, Mr. Peyton continued to fill the office of State's Attorney, serving also terms as Mayor of the city and for eight years as a member of the State Senate.

His busy, useful life closed in 1847, but the fragrance of his memory lingers to this day, and his fame is one of the

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memories of the county. Captain Bumgardner quoted the opinions of a long list of eminent men who were cotemporaries of Mr. Peyton and recognized his great power as a lawyer. Among them was Daniel Webster, who in speaking of the celebrated report written by Mr. Peyton in opposition to the amendment of the Constitution of the United States, said that the "reasoning and conclusion were unanswerable."

In closing, Captain Bumgardner earnestly and eloquently summed up the salient points in the career of Mr. Peyton, declaring him to have been a man of commanding ability, of the highest culture, of profound legal learning, of the sternest integrity and strictest honor; worthy to be commemorated by placing his portrait in the group of great lawyers which now adorns the Court House.

Major Thomas C. Elder was selected by the court to receive the portrait on behalf of the Board of Supervisors. The selection was a happy one. Never have we heard in that Court House an address so chaste, so scholarly, so rich in beautiful worded thought, so thoroughly impressive and appropriate. It was a literary gem. To sketch it would be to mar it, and we regret that our limited space does not permit its publication in full, together with the address to which it was a response.

Col. John L. Peyton, son of Hon. John Howe Peyton, was present in the house, and calls were made for him to come to the stand. In recognition of this manifestation, the Colonel said he was taken by surprise in the call that was made, and could only say that he felt gratified with the enthusiastic manner the gift to the county had been received, and the elegant and affecting remarks which had accompanied the presentation of the portrait and its reception. That he was pleased to see his father's likeness on the walls of the hall

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where his eloquent voice had so often resounded, and suspended in the midst of a people he had loved so much and served so faithfully, for with him it always was "his country first, his country last, his country all the time."

LETTERS.

FROM THE REV. J. HENRY SMITH, D. D., PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GREENSBORO, N. C., ONE OF THE FEW SURTIVORS OF MR. PEYTON'S OLD FRIENDS.

Greensboro, N. C., July 24th, 1894.

Col. John L. Peyton:

My Dear Sir—I have just received from your hand a copy of the "Staunton Daily News" of the 21st inst., and I have read with very great pleasure, the beautiful and eloquent and richly deserved tributes to your honored father at the public meeting in your town called for the acceptance of your father's portrait. It well deserves to be placed among the purest and ablest and noblest of his talented and honored associates and contemporaries. I congratulate *you* on so interesting an occasion, and I sympathise with you in the filial joy and pride and gratitude to God that your heart, I know, felt, as those tributes were paid to your noble father's character and influence. Next to the fear of God, is the feeling we cherish for a father, who has taught us in the right way of virtue and honor, who has exemplified such a life and led us onward and upward. I think the *5th Commandment* stands in the decalogue where it does, because the love and rever-

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ence to parents is next to the love and fear of God, in the estimation of God himself.

Greek and Latin writers often classified and summed up human duty in the following three-fold way,—"to fear the gods—to honor one's parents and to obey the laws of the land." This was I think in the mind of *Cicero* when he said "*in aris et focis est Republica.*" *Plato* says "let us believe then that we can have no religious image more precious in the sight of heaven than a father, or a grand-father or a mother worn out with age, and that in proportion as we honor or delight in them with a religious joy, in the same proportion does God himself rejoice. Such sentiments, I believe, are fragments of the true and primitive religion carried abroad—but also, soon afterward, in so many respects corrupted, we recognize such sentiments as a part of the original Divine law not wholly obliterated, thanks to God, by the fall.

For the sake of dear old Virginia, I thank you that your father's form and face is where it is—to be an incentive to virtue and patriotism, as it looks down from year to year upon all who enter your court of justice.

For your considerate kindness in sending me the paper, and awakening thoughts of the long past, and with apologies for this longer letter than I had thonght to write, I am,

Gratefully yours,

J. Henry Smith.

FROM GEN. ECHOLS.

Louisville, Ky., July 28, 1894.

Major Thos. C. Elder, Staunton, Va.:

My Dear Major—After an absence of several days, I

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returned to this city yesterday, and find your postal of the 23rd inst., and also the newspaper containing an account of the ceremony of the delivery to, and acceptance by, the county authorities of Augusta county, of the portrait of the late distinguished John Howe Peyton. I am very much obliged to you for thinking of me, and giving me an opportunity of reading the addresses made by yourself and Captain Bumgardner on the occasion referred to. I have read the speeches with a great deal of interest, and I have been very much impressed and pleased with your chaste, striking, and eloquent address, as the representavive of the Supervisors of the county, in accepting the portrait. You have, with a master's hand, delineated the character of Mr. Peyton, and I hope that your address will be preserved as a fitting accompainment of the skillful personation of the striking countenance that the artist has presented. I recollect Mr. Peyton very well. When I was a boy I saw him, and heard him frequently at the bar, generally in Lexington. I have also a very pleasant recollection of having enjoyed his elegant and generous hospitality at his home.

When I can first remember Staunton, the Staunton bar was made up of men who will long live in the memory of those who had the good fortune to know them.

Judge Thompson was on the bench, and around him Thos. J. Michie, A. H. H. Stuart, John B. Baldwin, David Fultz, H. W. Sheffey and a number of other gentlemen, all of whom together formed a notable group that would have made any forum illustrious.

It is certainly a most fitting thing that the noble county of Augusta should have her Pantheon, in which shall be gathered the statues and likenesses of her great sons, in order that those who come after shall see the men who have given

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to her her proud pre-eminence among the counties of the "Old Dominion."

Again thanking you for your kindness, and hoping to see you in a few days, I am, very truly yours,

JOHN ECHOLS.

Many other interesting letters have been received from distinguished gentlemen in different parts of the State, but neither time nor the limits of this pamphlet admit of their insertion.

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LETTERS FROM CONTEMPORARIES AT THE BAR.

From a number of letters received from persons to whom Col. Preston's sketch was posted, nearly fifteen years ago, the following extracts are selected, because written by Mr. Peyton's colleagues at the bar.

FROM JUDGE ALEXANDER RIVES.

(FEDERAL JUDGE.)

In a letter addressed to Hon. John L. Peyton, and dated Eastbourne, Charlottesville, Jan. 29th, 1881, Judge R. says:

"There was no one at the bar, with whom I was associated, for whom I cherished the same admiration, respect and esteem, as for him.

So much of our State's worth and greatness was in the ranks of the bar and the bench, that I have felt it to be a shame to the State that it has never been chronicled, as it should have been, for after ages. Such men as Wickham, Leigh, and Johnson survive only in brief obituaries. I am glad your filial piety has, in some measure, rescued your father's name from that neglect."

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FROM JOHN B. MINOR, LL. D.,

PROFESSOR OF LAW, &C.

University of Virginia, February 3d, 1881.

My Dear Sir:

I pray you to accept my thanks for the brief memoirs of your distinguished father, which you were so kind as to send me.

It is very pleasing to have before my eyes the well remembered features, expression and attitude of a man for whom, through my whole professional life, I have cherished the most unreserved respect and admiration.

For many years I have been accustomed to regard the county of Augusta as occupying the first position in the Commonwealth, in respect to the *morale* and intelligence of its people, and the soundness of its public sentiment, and have ascribed the pre-eminence, in a marked degree, to the lofty character of its bar—a pre-eminence in uprightness, as well as in abilities and learning, which has now subsisted continuously for near a hundred years. There is no community in the State, I believe, which has been blessed, for a blessing indeed it has proved, for so long a period of time, with such a wonderful and uninterrupted succession of great and virtuous lawyers.

In that remarkable series, your father is a most conspicuous figure, and by his example and influence contributed as much as any one to the noble result, as I apprehend it to exist, in the elevated tone of the people of Augusta.

Doubtless the highest influences of religion co-operated powerfully to accomplish what has been achieved, but I do not doubt that one of the chief auxiliaries was the stainless

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purity existing for so many years among the practitioners of the law, rendered more conspicuous and patent by the extraordinary capacity which accompanied it.

I look with trembling anxiety to the young men who now compose the bulk of the Augusta bar, many of whom are my pupils, to sustain and transmit unimpaired the illustrious reputation for lofty integrity and eminent ability and learning, which has come down to them through so many successions of their predecessors, so that for the next hundred years, as for the last, old Augusta may continue to enjoy the distinction she has won.

Thanking you again for kindly remembering me in the distribution of the sketch, I am, with great respect and esteem,

Yours truly, JOHN B. MINOR.

James D. Davidson, in a letter dated Lexington, Va., January 25th, 1879, and addressed to Col. John L. Peyton, says:

"When I knew Mr. Peyton in practice in Rockbridge county, I was comparatively a young member of the bar, and I looked up to him, as a man of imperial, far seeing, commanding intellect, and in every respect as a superior being, not only as a lawyer, but as a man."

Letters and excerpts from letters to whom the little pamphlet giving an account of the presentation of Mr. Peyton's likeness to the county were sent:

Judge S. Bassett French, of Mynchester, says:

"Mr. Peyton was a wonderful man in his day, and had few peers in any age."

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Col. Wm. A. Anderson, in a letter to Col. Peyton, dated Lexington, August 8th, 1894, says:

"Accept my thanks for the memorial pamphlet of your honored father. Some knowledge of his splendid gifts, his eloquence, learning and lofty traits of character had come down to me among the traditions of the Lexington bar, at which he was for many years a distinguished practitioner, and I am very glad to have in more enduring form the sketches of his life, character and services."

PROF. JOHN B. MINOR, LL. D.

University of Virginia, Law Department,
August 9th, 1894.

My Dear Sir:

I received yesterday, the pamphlet containing the account of the "Ceremonies attending the presentation of the portrait of John Howe Peyton," your honored father, to the county of Augusta, and beg you to accept my cordial thanks therefor.

I apprehend that no county in the State, nor in the United States, can exhibit such an aggregation of judicial worthies as Augusta, not merely lawyers of distinguished learning and power, but men no less distinguished for incompatible integrity. The county authorities do themselves great credit in thus commemorating the virtues and abilities which have so illustrated their community.

Among these great and good men your father was conspicuous, and well deserves to be enshrined in the esteem and admiration, not of Augusta only, but of Virginia, and the whole country. With renewed thanks for the pamphlet,

I am, yours very truly,

JOHN B. MINOR.

Col. John L. Peyton, Staunton, Va.

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Hon. John W. Rieley, judge-elect to the Supreme Court of Appeals, of Virginia, says:

"I have read with deep and intense interest the addresses and all that was said of Mr. Peyton by his contemporaries, and as a Virginian I am proud of such an illustrious citizen, and congratulate old Augusta that her people have for contemplation, and emulation for all time the life and character of one of such worth and commanding ability."

Col, Jos. H. Sherrard, under date of Lexington, August 12th, 1894, writes:

"I have read the pamphlet with a great deal of pleasure, and am glad to see this departure from the rule too long prevalent of doing honor only to statesmen and military men, and the system inaugurated of 'rendering unto Cæsar the the things that are Cæsar's.' Truly among professional men there is oft-times as much virtue, genius and patriotism as in the former classes, and this was the case as to your great and good father, and is so as to many modest citizens, who are as worthy to be commemorated. Many a youth will be taught that honor and glory are not alone to be achieved at the cannon's mouth, or in the halls of Congress, and to emulate such examples of virtue in private life. Would that this precedent of your good people could be repeated by those of every county in the State, until all of our court-houses are ornamented by their illustrious citizens. Surely we might then say: 'Lives of great men all remind us we may make our lives sublime and departing leave footprints in the sands of time.'"

John F. Lewis, Esq., writes from Charleston, W. Va., under date of October 12th, 1894:

"While it was not my good fortune to have known per-

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sonally the subject of these eloquent tributes to worth, I know full well how richly deserved they are. From the days of my youth I have heard from the lips of those who knew John Howe Peyton well and honored him, the most beautiful and feeling tributes to his high toned honor, his brilliant intellect, his fervid patriotism and his spotless life. It is eminently fitting that this speaking likeness of him should adorn the walls of the Temple of Justice of old Augusta, those same walls which erstwhile echoed back his eloquent words in defence of the right."

Rev. Wm. H. Ruffner, D. D., writes from Lexington, under date of August 10th, 1894:

"I have read all [the pamphlet containing ceremonies attending the presentation of Mr. Peyton's portrait to the county] with interest and sympathy. Your father was one of the heroes of my early days. I saw and heard him often, and the impression I received of his character and abilities was correct."

Dr. R. A. Brock writes from Richmond, October 10th, 1894:

"I am thankful in the inspiration that the contemplation of so benign a presence, and the consequent retrospect of so admirable a life, will command in posterity."

Rev. Geo. Gordon Smeade, Rector of Magill Memorial Church, Pulaski City, writes:

"For the sake of the rising generation who may frequent your Court of Justice, it was most timely in placing upon her walls the portrait of so distinguished a personage as your father. He who has left so deep an impress upon the community in which he lived, and I may say also upon his age,

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cannot help being an incentive to the very *highest type of virtue* and patriotism."

C. B. Thomas, Esq., writes from Wytheville, August 11th, 1894:

"I have read the pamphlet with much interest. I will have my boys to read it, hoping that they may be stimulated to strive to emulate some of the virtues which characterized your distinguished father in such an eminent degree."

Miss M. J. Baldwin, the gifted and accomplished Principal of the Augusta Female Seminary, under date of August 15th, 1894, writes:

"No one takes more pleasure in seeing your father's memory honored than I do. May his descendants ever prove worthy of so distinguished an ancestor."

FROM MRS. LOUISA DUPUY.

The talented and accomplished Mrs. Louisa Dupuy, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Peyton and his family, and who spent much time at Montgomery Hall in early days, thus writes:

Staunton, Thursday Afternoon.

Dear Col. Peyton:

I am very much obliged for the pamphlet containing an account of the presentation and acceptance of your honored father's portrait. "Honor to whom honor is due," and I am always glad to see any indication that virtue and integrity and intellectual ability are held in high esteem, and brought prominently before the public. It is cause of deep regret, that in these pays, so much of the reverse is prominent. If I had known it in time, and that ladies were to be present on the interesting occasion, I should have gone down to the

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Court House, but I do not take a daily paper and did not know of it.

I remember your father as an elegant and courtly gentleman, genial and kind to all, both old and young; and that he belonged to a noble set of such men belonging to Staunton in those days.

I have read the pamphlet through (I had read the account in the papers), and have mailed it to Sam and the boys

Your old friend,

LOUISA DUPUY.

Many other interesting letters have been received from distinguished persons in all parts of the State, from the South and West, but space does not admit of their introduction. We feel the less difficulty in omitting them, though coming from such men as Gen. G. W. C. Lee, from judges of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, North Carolina and Ohio, Hon. R. Taylor Scott, Col. Jesse E. Peyton, of New Jersey, R. L. Parish and other eminent men and lawyers, because they knew Mr. Peyton only by reputation, not personally.

MRS. JOHN H. PEYTON.

We have mentioned Mr. Peyton's second marriage, in 1821, to Anne Montgomery Lewis. The happiness derived from this auspicious union was such that it may be classed among the matches "made in heaven."

As a becoming conclusion to this compilation the following sketch of Mrs. Peyton is appended:

Among the noteworthy women of Virginia during the early part of the present century—our comparatively unknown and entirely unsung Southern heroines—was the subject of

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this sketch. Remarkable for her practical ability and efficiency, her graceful and accomplished taste, the extent and variety of her literary attainments, the unselfish generosity of her heart, and her unostentatious charities, no one was more highly esteemed while living, or was more mourned when, in her bright and useful career, struck down by the hand of death. Nor is there one of those departed Matrons—the peerless women of Virginia,—whose memory is more cherished by those among whom she lived; for, it was her peculiar good fortune to be at once the life and joy of her family the "bright particular star" of the society in which she moved, and the pride and ornament of the commuity.

Anne Montgomery Peyton was born at the Sweet Springs Monroe County, Virginia, in the year 1802. Her father Major John Lewis, was a man of large fortune, having inherited this extensive and valuable estate from his father, Col. William Lewis, commonly called the "Civilizer of the border." Major Lewis was a distinguished officer of that branch of the military forces of the "Thirteen United Colonies," styled the "Continental line," and served under Washington until the close of the revolutionary war. A little more than two years after the surrender of the British Army at Yorktown, by Lord Cornwallis, October 17th--19th, 1781, namely, in the winter of 1783 when Washington relinquished the command of the army, Major Lewis returned to the Sweet Springs where he spent the rest of his life, improving his property and enjoying the society of his friends. He married, in 1795, Mary Preston, the fourth daughter of Col. William Preston of Smithfield, County of Montgomery, Mary Preston Lewis is reported to have been a woman of great personal charms and of uncommon vivacity of intellect, and of varied accomplishments. As spirited as beautiful, she was one of the true type

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of that Virginia character which has made itself known and felt throughout the world.*

Mary Preston Lewis died at an early age, leaving a large family of young children, and it devolved upon the subject of this sketch, as being one of the oldest, to act the part of mother and sister towards them—a duty which she nobly performed, ever extending to them Christian care and true sympathy. The portals of Montgomery Hall were always open to receive them and her younger brothers. In fact it became the home of her sisters, three of whom were subsequently, at different periods, married from it: namely, Margaret Lynn, to John Cochran, of Charlottesville, Va., Sarah, to her cousin, Col. John Lewis, of Kanawha, and Polydora, to John Gosse, of Albemarle. Her two younger

*When little Anne Lewis left the Sweet Springs for Mr. C's school, she bore the following letter from her mother to him.

Sweet Springs, July 23rd, 1811.

Mr. Crutchfield:

Dear Sir—With the sincerest pleasure I send my dear little Anne to you again. I hope nothing will happen, not even an indulgence of my affection for her, to cause her coming home again shortly, for to you, I confide with confidence her entire education, and I hope your labors will be crowned with success by Him above, who is able to give abundantly.

It has been with much persuasion and many difficulties I have succeeded in getting Mr. L's consent to Anne and Margaret Lynn being sent to you. I need not say anything as to Anne's temper and disposition. I know your penetration is sufficient, and in your judgment and tenderness [to improve both] I have entire confidence. You can do more to improve her than I can and I know you will. I have many happy proofs of the great good, both in mind and manners, that have accompanied your exertions towards my family.

Heaven bless and prosper you, is the wish of your friend,

MARY P. LEWIS.

P. S. My respects to Mrs. Crutchfield. I have sent a cot and bedding for Anne and Lynn.

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brothers, John Benjamin and Thomas Preston, also resided with her several years while attending school in Staunton.

Anne Lewis, the third child of Major John Lewis and Mary Preston, and according to contemporaneous accounts, the most favored of them all; was entered in her ninth year at the school—a school in great repute at that day—of Mr. Crutchfield, situated in the Falling Spring Valley near the Peytona Cascades, Alleghany County.*

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*The following letter from John Preston, Treasurer of the State of Virginia, gives a brief account of the death of his sister, Mary Preston Lewis.

Greenfield, Botetourt County, Va ,
February 8th, 1824.

Dear Sister:

The painful duty of informing you of the death of our beloved Sister Lewis devolves on me. She expired on Wednesday the 4th, (Feb. 4th, 1824) at her home at the Sweet Springs. She had lingered for some time but no dangerous symptoms appeared in her complaint, nor was any alarm excited. She, however, became suddenly worse, and sent for Mary Woodville, who set out instantly and took with her Doctor Patterson, of Fincastle, but before they arrived she was struggling with death. She died with all the firmness of a Christian hero, firmly relying on the merits and mediation of an all-sufficient Savior, and declared that her hope and confidence were so great that death presented not one solitary terror to her, but rather that he appeared to her as a friend who was to conduct her out of this into a far better world that she had long looked forward to with ardor—and called on her relations and friends around her to witness with what composure a real Christian could die, and actually closed her eyes with her own hands.

The family are now dispersed, and the house locked up and the plantation forsaken for awhile.

Sarah, Lynn and Thomas are at Mr. Woodville's, Ben and Polly down at Mr. Massie's. What future disposition will be made of them or the property is not yet decided on. She did not make a will.

My wife is very sick and confined to her bed with something like the nettle-rash. Sarah is well and I am in my general health.

Your affctionate brother,
JOHN PRESTON.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Madison, Montgomery Co.

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The reader will probably excuse a brief reference to this valley which is so remarkable for its scenic charms, the cascade being the most striking point, that one cannot pass through it without feeling the truth of Cowper's beautiful line—"God made the Country and man made the Town." The variety, the perfection, and indeed everything about a lively country scene so eclipse the noise and bustle and turmoil of a large town that I have sometimes been so uncharitable as to think that those who did not love the country, could scarcely love their Maker; but to indulge such a thought would be illiberal, decidedly wrong. And yet the country has many, many charms, peculiar to itself and of a peculiar character; and although it is certain that a vicious mind will think of God nowhere, while a pious one will behold him in everything, it nevertheless cannot be doubted that there are natural tendencies in the bustle, parade, and business of large commercial towns, to turn away the soul from God; while innumerable objects are presented in the country which lead the mind of the reflective "through Nature up to Nature's God."

The general truth of these remarks has always been impressed on our mind when in the country, and more especially when rambling during the summer through the enchanting regions of western Virginia.

In one of the lovliest spots in this picturesque land, Mr. Crutchfield had wisely established his school—no doubt influenced in his choice by its central position in the State, its retired situation and the extreme healthfulness of the climate. Amidst these rural scenes in the "sweet sequestered vale," Anne Lewis spent her early youth, making much progress in learning and acquiring a fund of valuable information. Studying with unexampled industry, she carried off the highest

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prizes. But even in this, the school of highest grade at that period in Western Virginia, she was in a measure deprived of that thorough and liberal education which her ambition craved. When she completed the course and returned home it was with a painful consciousness on her part of how little she knew and how much she had yet to learn.

She often spoke in after years in a lively and amusing way of her life at this remote seminary, and of how the scholars had to rough it; of what would now be styled their hardships, but which did not seriously effect these light-hearted girls. She alluded to her own life at this season of her early joys, as smooth and pleasant, and to the valley of the Falling Spring as a kind of earthly paradise. Her opening years here and at her home at Sweet Springs, were eminently happy and this sunny morning betokened the short, but cloudless day that was coming.

Concerning their life at Mr. Crutchfield's generally she said it was not uncomfortable or unpleasant. His table was liberally supplied with whatever the country produced, such as beef, mutton, poultry, and now and again with game and fish furnished by the forests, and the mountain streams. Of foreign luxuries they saw little or nothing. Their coffee was generally roasted rye, or a mixture of rye and "Rio," and their evening drink was milk or Sassafras tea. When they visited distant friends they rode on horseback, or were crowded into Mr. Crutchfield's cariole—a kind of covered spring cart.

In their intervals of toilsome labors, and Mr. C. was far from allowing his pupils to neglect their studies, they passed much of their time gathering wild flowers in the green fields or on the mountain sides, visiting from time to time the cottages of the hearty mountaineers, whose good wives always

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welcomed them with a glass of sweet milk, some new laid eggs, or delicious fruit.

It must be remembered that these hours of leisure were not given to enjoyment only,—hours so favorable to improvement were better employed. When they returned from the fields, their hands tinted with the rich purple and crimson of the flowers they had gathered, it was not the blood stain of murdered time. On the contrary they were only signs of the eagerness with which they pursued knowledge as well as pleasure, in some department of natural history, for they were always accompanied in their outdoor excursions by a teacher. Trees were waving, flowers blooming, birds singing, and insects revelling around them—the very pebbles in their pathway contained a history of the past within them; the stream flowing by them had its finny tribes, most wonderfully adapted to their element, and these lighter hours were given to an examination, almost a study, of these objects—animate and inanimate, as they came from the hands of our Creator. And it may be safely asserted that few professional botanists were deeper versed at a little later period in the virtues of various herbs and plants, and how they might be made subservient to our uses, domestic and medicinal, than was Anne Lewis.

It was during her sojourn at this school, while spending a holiday with her sister, Mrs. Massie, at the Valley Farm, that she first met John Howe Peyton, then in the zenith of his professional success and one of the handsomest and most accomplished men in Virginia. He had recently returned from active service with the army of 1812-15, of which he was a daring and enterprising officer. She was at this time in the flush of opening womanhood, at the romantic age, and listened with wrapt attention and delight to his eloquent

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conversation, his graphic and animated accounts of the camp and field. She was herself rich in what has been styled with poetic license the fatal dower of beauty and was as clever as pretty. The result may be as easily imagined as told—they were speedily betrothed and shortly after her return to the paternal roof, though her beauty drew suitors for her hand from far and near, were married (1821.)

It was a fortunate marriage and brought her all the happiness promised by a union with the chosen of her heart. Her home was thereafter in Staunton for a few years and subsequently till her death at Montgomery Hall. She thus returned to the original location of her great grandfather the "lord of the hills," to pass her life amidst the scenes rendered historic by his and his brave companions' long struggle with their savage enemies and almost within sight of the ruins of that Fort Lewis, under whose stout walls the colony grew, in time, strong enough to defy every foe.

Civil life, as we know it, hardly existed in those days in Virginia; all that was powerful, all that was honored, was connected with war; the ideas of the time more or less insensibly took a military color; men's callings and necessity were in one way or the other to fight; and to fight with effect needed combination, endurance, and practice, and the rude forts of the frontier were camps or barracks where there was continual drill and exercise, fixed times, appointed task, hard fare, incessant watchfulness, an absolute obedience to officers. Armed men, with sentinels posted to give warning of an enemy's approach, tilled the fields. Cattle were herded at night around the strong places; patrols scoured the country day and night, and, in fact, all the precautions were taken which are necessary to intruders in an enemy's country. Many a dark tale of massacre has been connected with the settlement

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of West Augusta; and the story of the Lewises and other pioneers, forms a romantic and memorable feature in the history of those turbulent times. Fort Lewis was the only place of security west of the Blue Ridge and south of Winchester. It was a fortress of little architectural extent or pretension, but in its associations one of the most popular and interesting of our historical places.

In her new home Anne Peyton soon developed more fully the noble qualities which so much endeared her to a numerous circle of friends and the intellectual parts by which she was afterwards so widely known. There was no object of a humane and laudable kind to which she did not devote her time and attention, but particularly was her active philanthropy displayed in connexion with the large slave population on her husband's estates. She made herself intimately acquainted with the real condition of the negroes on these plantations and set on foot remedies for the evils necessarily incident to their condition. Her labors were attended with success, and not only the physical but the intellectual and moral condition of these unfortunate beings was improved and advanced.

Happily the prosperity of Virginia was in her day so exuberant, that there was little poverty of any kind. There are, however, always cases of want to be found in every community, and these she sought out and relieved when and where the world was not cognizant. In a word she offered bread to the famishing and hope to the desperate. Her tender sympathy extended even to the brute creation. She could not patiently endure to see dumb creatures suffering from cruelty or want of proper care, and the very animals instinctively regarded her as their thoughtful friend.

Anne Montgomery Peyton became the mother of ten

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children, all of whom reached years of maturity, and with two exceptions married and have families of their own, and all now survive but her second daughter, Anne Montgomery, who died unmarried in 1870, and her son Yelverton. She was, as we shall see, a most careful mother and affectionate wife, looking up to her husband as a superior being, and took upon herself the heavy burden of care in connection with the rearing and education of this numerous family, to which her husband couldgive little attention from the absorbing pursuit of his profession and the overwhelming character of his engagements.

It was truly in the domestic sphere that she most shone, and her children owe so much to her teachings and example, to her maternal tenderness and training, that the recollection of their days at the Hall is the most precious remembrance they carry with them through life.

Her mind was always active in devising means for the benefit of her children. Nor would she allow any personal inconvenience of discomfort to interfere with her plans for carrying them out. She often entered into their juvenile games and amusements with all the vivacity of her nature. Nor did it lessen the deference and respect they felt for her. She knew when to be little and when to be great. When to exercise her authority, how to enhance her influence, and the value of example in enforcing both. Thus obedience became so easy that her children soon combined the pleasure of anticipating her wishes with the duty of compliance. Of course in every family there are to be found wrong tempers, ferverish ailments, and perverseness of dispotion, and willing obedience cannot be, at all times and on all occasions, obtained however consistently authortity may be maintained. But as far a child however helpless, ignorant, and inexperienced could

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be brought into habits of obedience by a judicious exercise of parental authority, without an approach to undue severity, it was accomplished by her tact and discretion.

Some one has called the boy the "father of the man," but the mother is more especially the parent of the child, forming, directing and educating its mind and heart. The very pulses of its life throb responsively with hers, from heart it springs into being and her heart should be its natural shelter and resting place while life lasts. A Christian mother she was who made the well-being for her children, spiritual and physical next to her duty to God and her husband, the object of her most watchful attention, and whether in the nursery, the play grounds or school rooms, or the household bestowed upon them the utmost care, instructing them at one time and romping with them at another.

In their sports it was, indeed, her habit frequently to join. She considered play not merely essential to a child's happiness, but to its physical, moral and spiritual well being. She therefore interested herself in the amusements of her children with as much zeal and enjoyment apparently as they themselves—thus at very little expense and trouble to herself adding greatly to their pleasures. She would now and again pull the children's wagons around the nursery, make a flag for a little boat, or dress a doll in the style of our Revolutionary matrons from a few scraps of silk and calico. She studied the characters of her different children as they were developed in play and thus gained an insight into their inner life which guided her as to their future. Some children are naturally of a robust constitution and their play is characterized by noise and action; others not so strong are of a more gentle and studious disposition, pursue the amusements in comparative quiet. She observed this and regulated her

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coarse accordingly for she considered it a sign of ill health, if one of the brood sat silently and mopingly apart from the group; and at once sought the cause of such an unnatural state of things and to remove it. In the merest trifles she exercised a wise judgment and considered nothing trivial which concerned the happiness of her children. For example, so minute and particular was she that she never allowed the children to play with one particular set of toys until they had lost all their interest and were cast aside. This, she asserted, taught them two bad habits—to wear out a pleasure threadbare, and reckless destruction. She did not interfere violently to deprive the children of them, but joining in their play for a moment would suggest a change. With flushed cheeks and laughing eyes would draw them into lively romp or game of "puss in the corner," in order to get them away from a spot where they had been too long over kites, puzzles, or dolls dresses.

Few families of children indeed had more care bestowed upon them, and no one can fail to admire the good sense and tact of a mother who with such rare skill contributed to the happiness of her little brood. Often did she with a box of paints, a pencil and some paper employ the children during a wet afternoon, or in fine weather having a game of hoop or *les graces* in the grounds. Considering play one of the first necessities of a child's existence, she encouraged hers to play with all their hearts—but never to the neglect of graver studies. These were attended to in proper season. But when play time came they were free to enjoy themselves thoroughly, so that their fun did not run into michief. Thus her children associated their mother with their pleasant memories of enjoyment and she never went amongst them that her presence was not hailed with joy.

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With their education strictly so speaking, she was equally particular, though her duties prevented her from conducting it herself. She saw however, that the person, Miss Lucy Stone, a native of Massachusetts and educated in Boston, to whose care they were for some years confided, and afterwards Miss Forneret, the daughter of a retired officer of the British army and educated in Paris, was worthy of the charge.

With their school tasks she was herself familiar and saw that their minds were not overtasked, and now and again cautioned Miss Stone to suit the lessons to their ages and capacities, saying "strengthen and instruct, do not tire the mind."

Sometimes she questioned them herself to ascertain whether they understood their own lessons rather than learnt them by *rote* without taking in the meaning of them. Often during hours of recreation, she spoke of the means of acquiring information and said there were five eminent methods whereby the mind is improved in the knowledge of things, namely by observation, reading, instruction by lectures, conversation and thought or study. What was meant by these terms she fully explained, and lest she might fatigue and create a distaste for learning by such serious discourse, would on occasions with much tact glide into lighter themes, and tell stories teaching valuable lessons, through this medium, every story having a moral which the young people were left to draw from the incidents of the narrative. Information was thus conveyed to their minds without fatiguing them, so that to learn from her was a positive pleasure. She taught them also to write little stories by making pleasant suggestions to them. Never shall the writer forget his admiration for her talents, readiness and efficiency when she would at their request sometimes condescend to write one herself. It was sure to be effective and set us thinking. Nor his gratitude for aid,

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when he was confronted with the task of answering his first letter. A few days after its receipt sitting down in the presence of his mother he commenced a reply. His ideas would not flow in orthodox channels, he could think of nothing to say that did not have reference to the farm and stable, and begged his mother to give him some assistance. "No," she answered, "do your best, I will then examine and correct it, or write something for you."

After completing his note which was redolent as may be imagined of the farm and barn yard with its pigs and fowls, he gave it to her. She laughed heartily at his first effort, but sweetened what he thought her irony by a little praise. It was not, however, she said, the kind of letter his aunt would expect or care to read. She then in a few moments, without taking her pen from the paper, dashed off a letter of sparkling diction and fascinating humor. Surprised, amazed indeed, at her readiness and power of description, delighted at what appeared to him her wonderful success, proud of her as his mother and withal grateful for her assistance, he threw his arms round about her neck, covering her with kisses and exclaiming "Why Mamma, you are indeed a genius—a giant of the pen. I never will be able to write like that."

His first guide and his earliest critic, he soon learned from her that affection for literature which has afforded him so much solace in his chequered life. Availing herself of this occasion the mother impressed upon the son the advantages of aiming at perfection in everything he undertook.

The tenor of her remarks may be thus summarized: unless aimed at we certainly would never attain perfection while frequent attempts would make it easy. She animadverted upon idleness and indifference, remarking that in the comparatively unimportant matter of writing a letter as it

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was considered, we should give it our greatest care, that it might be as perfect in all its parts as we could make it. The subject should be expressed plainly and intelligibly, and in as elegant style as we were capable of. Before writing a sentence we should examine it, that it might contain nothing vulgar or inelegant in thought or word; that we should guard ourselves against attempts at wit, which might wound, or too much levity and familiarity which was foolish and impertinent. And seek to express ourselves with manly simplicity, free of affectation. This was the usual style of Cicero's epistles and rendered them deeply interesting and improving. No one could reach such excellence, without purity in the choice of words, justness of construction, joined with perspicuity of style. That in our letters we should not attempt what is called fine writing, but have them, like our conversation, unstudied and easy, natural and simple.

In fact, she said Cicero's were the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language, written to the greatest men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, and without the least affectation and without any view to their publication, which adds greatly to their merit.

She particularly disliked extravagant, what she called "random talking," and early warned her children against exaggeration, quoting in this connection from her favorite work:—

"He that hath knowledge spareth his word, and even a fool when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding."

Her children were also earnestly admonished against evil speaking, as indicating a want of regard to the high and loving authority of God who has positively forbidden it,—"If any man offend *not* in word, the same is a perfect man,

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and able to bridle the whole body''—such evil speaking denoted a want of brotherly love and charity, of humility in our hearts, which would teach us that we are too vile ourselves to complain of others.

In all her teachings the Bible was the basis of all direct religious instruction, its facts, doctrines, histories—the law, the Gospel. She endeavored not only to make it plain to the understanding and to impress it on the memory, but to bring it to bear on the conscience and the affections. Her children were taught to reverence the Sabbath-day, to engage in daily prayer, not only for a blessing on their efforts generally, but very especially for the ''exceeding greatness of that mighty power,'' which, whatever means are used, can alone raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. The Scriptures furnished, she declared, many examples of the power of prayer. Nothing seemed to be too great, too hard, or too difficult for prayer to do. Prayer opened the Red Sea. Prayer brought water from the rock and bread from Heaven. Prayer made the Sun stand still. Prayer brought fire from the sky on Elijah's sacrifice. Prayer turned the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness. Prayer overthrew the Army of Senhacherib. Prayer has healed the sick, raised the dead, procured the conversion of souls. Prayer, pains and faith can do anything. ''Let me alone,'' is the remarkable saying of God to Moses, when Moses was about to intercede for the children of Israel.—EXO., CH., XXXII. V. 10.

So long as Abraham asked mercy for Sodom, the Lord wen ton giving. He never ceased to give till Abraham ceased to pray.

It was Anne Peyton's belief that there is no condition in life, no oscupation or profession however unfavorable it may appear to the cultivation of religion, which precludes the pos-

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sibility, or exempts us from the obligation, of acquiring those good dispositions and exercising those Chistian virtues which the Gospel requires.

In this manner this model woman sought to teach her children to persevere in the right direction in spite of all discouragements, but not to expect harvest in seed time.

She also endeavored betimes to instil in their minds prudence and practical knowledge, and repeated in this connection the significant language of a motto which she had been informed, by a traveller, was to be seen over the doorway of a Chalet in the mountains of Switzerland:—motto containing a volume of wordly wisdom—

"Speak little, speak truth, spend little, pay cash."

In the household her presence was felt from the kitchen to the attic. She ordered all the domestic arrangements—neither handing over the management of her house to the servants, or her children to nurses and governesses. She superintended in a way to see personally that all was as it should be. Careful in these matters, she was equally solicitous that her daughters should understand the proper method of regulating a household, and how to provide for the want of a family. For this purpose she instructed them herself how to purchase, or select the different articles required for home consumption: how to choose the various kinds of meat, fish and poultry, and then how properly to cook them. They were also instructed in the art of making tarts, puddings and even confectionary, many a happy evening has the writer spent with his sisters and their young school friends at what juveniles called a "toffee-party." She said this kind of knowledge made them independent of ignorant servants, and was not detrimental to the dignity of any lady, mother, or daughter. She always sought to make them adepts in the science of good house

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wifery, as being the most useful and honorable knowledge for those whose destiny it is to become the mothers of families.

It may not be unteresting to say a few words at this point as to the good uses to which she applied the knowledge acquired at Mr. Crutchfield's school, of the virtues of various herbs and plants. A case of illness or an accident never occurred in the family, among either whites or blacks, numbering between 60 and 100 souls, that she was not early by the bed side of the unfortunate sufferer, and as soon as she understood the case, prompt to apply some simple, homely remedy; for she had specifics for all mortal maladies. If accidents occurred she had balasms, cataplasms, ointments, &c., &c., prepared from flowers and herbs for external application, and in cases of fevers, or other diseases, she prescribed her decoctions, draughts, electuaries, &c., and required these nostrums to be gulped down. From the hoarhound indigenous to our fields, she prepared a decoction for colds, from the wild cherry an extract for coughs, from tansey and the bark of the dogwood tree, a tonic, from camomile, a tea of reputed virtues, from the dandelion, the buds of the Balm of Gilead cures for dyspepsia, &c. In a word she was provided against all forms of disease with pills, plasters, powders, syrups, tinctures, elixirs—a whole catalogue of her own medicinal preparations. Of course the simple manner in which she extracted the virtues of these and other plants rendered them less potent and probably less efficacious than the preparations of the professional chemist, but they were generally applied or taken with good effect.

The value of her practical knowledge in such matters can hardly be overestimated, when it is considered how "few and far between" were the medical men in those days in Virginia; how difficult it was to procure drugs, or medicines and

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when they could be obtained, how often they were impaired in quality by adulterations.

These brief facts illustrative of the efficient and practical character of this excellent mother, will, the author trusts, tend to direct the attention of others to the study of nature as a most useful, as well as inexhaustible source of pure and refined pleasure.

"Not a plant, a leaf, a flower, but contains a folio volume. We may read, and read and read again and still find something new—something to please and something to interest, even in the noisome weed."

Order, as may be supposed, reigned in her establishment and it was delightful to see the children assembled at table together, with clothes neatly put on, hands and faces clean, hair properly arranged, the table itself laid as if company was expected. The board at the hospitable Hall was, however, rarely spread without being enlivened by the presence of guests. John Howe Peyton's public position no less than his social tastes made it a necessity as well as a pleasure for him to see a great deal of company. He entertained the Federal and State judiciary and their respective bars during term time; the Federal, State and County officials; Congressional, Senatorial and Legislative representatives of both parties; the Rectors, Visitors and Professors of our great seats of learning; the Bishops and Clergy; such officers of the Army and Navy as were from time to time in the county, and of the Militia; and all strangers. The Hall was thus the resort of eminent persons, male and female, and it may be truly asserted that all received there lessons in accomplishments. The wisest and most gifted men found beneath that refined roof something beyond woman's prerogative, the power to call forth, as with a fairy's wand, all that is most intellectual in their masculine

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natures; they found assistance and advice, as well as interest and sympathy. Eloquence, politics, philosophy were alternately discussed; and when these proved too severe, the lighter arts of conversation were successfully tried, varying to the humor of the moment.

She was, in a word, the light and ornament of her home, presiding over it with dignity and grace, looking after her children and providing for the wants of a large dependent population of negroes; and yet finding time to seek out and relieve the necessitous in the community.

Though at this time many of Mrs. Peyton's good qualities were not sufficiently obvious to the writer, such as her practical household virtues, because he was still too young to understand how much good management and general good sense is required to conduct domestic affairs properly; and fancied she took upon herself too much the duties of a housekeeper, he has had sufficient experience in after life to set the right value upon them, and to do her full and ample justice.

In those days it was his great delight to see her in company, displaying her wit and knowledge. She acquitted herself so well, never asking a silly question, or giving a foolish answer and sustained her part by her general abilities and knowledge so admirably in intellectual conversation, and inspired such respectful attention from clever men that he keenly appreciated her accomplishments and was as proud of her talents and address, as he has since been of her character, which comprehending fully in maturer years he recognizes as a combination of all that is noble and excellent.

With this insight into her character and domestic life it is easy to understand that she was universally respected and drew all, more especially her children, to her by the cords of love,—that perfect confidence existed between her and them,

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They felt they could trust her with the full faith of innocent childhood, and never did she turn them away by coldness, sending back the warm current of their love chilled to its source: never did she check the outpourings of their confidence by severity; never did they turn from her grieved and disappointed by want of sympathy.

To the writer she was peculiarly affectionate, kind and considerate. She never wearied of imparting good advice to him making opportunities to expatiate on certain virtues and vices. She particularly dwelt upon the necessity of industry, if a young man wished to secure anything good, valuable, or worth having in this world. The substance of her teachings was that the world and all things around us, remind us of the necessity of labor, for though the earth, by the blessing of the Almighty, produces food sufficient for man and the various animals that inhabit it; yet, without labor, it would become a wilderness, covered with briars and thorns. But besides food and clothing our nature required that we should provide shelter against the inclemency of the weather; these are continual calls upon us for self-exertion which contributed as much to our happiness as to health. Moderate labor promoted the free circulation of the blood, and carried off disorders, which indolence would occasion; the laboring man eats his bread with an appetite to which the idle and the voluptuous are strangers; his sleep is sweet, and his rest undisturbed. As for industry it was rewarded in many ways: "The hand of the diligent maketh rich. He that gathereth in summer is wise, but he that sleepeth in harvest causeth shame."—Prov., ch. x, v. 4. "He that would thrive, should rise by five;" and as Poor Richard observes, "Himself hold the plough or drive."

"The difference between rising at five or seven in the

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course of 40 years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years, 121 days and 16 hours, which will afford 8 day for exactly ten years; so that it is the same as if ten years were added to our lives, in which we command 8 hours a day for our improvement in useful things."

But besides lengthening, industry sweetens life; the habitation of the industrious man is comfortable and clean, and his careful wife is truly his counterpart, always usefully employed. Difficulties in this life, however, must be expected —they should not depress or discourage us,—they were necessary to quicken us to exertion and disappeared before a determined resolution to accomplish our object. Even in Paradise man was not allowed to be idle: "The Lord God put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it."—Gen., ch. ii, v. 15. And ever since the fall, as part of the curse entailed by sin and mortality, its consequence, the sentence of God has come forth—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."—Gen., ch. iii, v. 19. The very angels of Heaven were ministering Spirits who performed the Divine will cheerfully, actively, and diligently. A man's affairs run fast to ruin who allows his powers to lapse into indolence and sloth, and thus according to the wise man: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and "seest thou a man diligent in business; he shall stand before Kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

This was the general direction of her thoughts when in graver moments she sought to prepare her children for the career of life. Having represented the means and the value of success in worldly matters lest the imagination might be unduly excited, she would suddenly remind them that there

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was a purer, brighter, nobler world than this; a world where there is no ignorance to darken, no error to mislead, no infirmities to lament, no enemies to assail, no cares to harass, no sickness to endure, no changes to experience, but where all will be perfect bliss, unclouded light, unspotted purity, immortal tranquility and joy.

It is easy to understand that their childhood was happy, and that all their recollections of it are associated with their mother, who in her capacity as wife and mistress of the family was responsible, by reason of their father's repeated abscences, for the general arrangement and combination of the different elements of social and domestic comfort. She was arbiter in all their trivial disputes, the soother of all jarring and discord, the explainer of all misunderstandings, and in short the main-spring of the machinery by which social and domestic happiness was constantly supplied both in her household and within the circle she adorned.

In the wider sphere, beyond the family circle, she was known by acts of benevolence, rather than as one endeavoring to conform to the world. She did not strive at the same time to be a follower of the fashions and maxims of the world and a friend to Him who has declared "The friendship of the world is enmity with God: Whosoever therefore will be a friend to the world is the enemy of God."

Her piety was sincere and unostentatious. Her religion was that of love and good works. Her daily life was her most beautiful teaching and all her children, more particularly the elder ones, carry into their lives the influence of the time spent in daily intercourse with her.

Yet she did not neglect the cultivation of social happiness—only she knew where to draw the line between light and darkess—how to enter into and enjoy the blandishments

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of society without lapsing into worldliness of spirit. In conversation she was ready, animated and interesting, and impressed all with her superiority.

After her marriage Anne Peyton devoted every hour she could appropriate from other engagements, for several years, to a regular course of reading, and to the end of her life gave much time to books. She was familiar with the classic authors of the Grecian and Roman worlds, and the choicest belonging to our English and American literature. From them she quoted freely both in conversation and letters. She was particularly fond, among the poets, of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, and of those pleasing essayists, Addison, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson and Washington Irving. Under the advice of her husband she read the histories of Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Prescott and Bancroft, and the novels of Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Scott, Cooper and Irving.

In public affairs she was well informed and took a lively interest. A supporter of the Old Whig party, few man, not in public life, were more thoroughly acquainted than herself with political affairs. Conversative in her feelings, she strongly disapproved the ultra democratic opinions of "Old Hickory" and his successor in the Presidency, Martin VanBuren. Periodical election for offices; the ostracism of political opponents; the extension of suffrage to non-property holders; the recurrent election at short intervals of Judges by popular vote, she considered one and all fatal innovations on our ancient laws. It was her belief that such measures would lead to degeneracy in our Statesmen, drive from public life the better class of citizens, and let in demagogues, and with them introduce peculation, public plunder, and general corruption and incompetency. And the recent (1874-75) disclosures at Washington

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of bribery in connection with the War-office under General Belknap, one of the principal Secretary's of State, the trial of General Babcock, the President's private Secretary, for complicity in the Whiskey frauds, the credit mobilier combinations, or "rings," and other instances of official rottenness and corruption go a long way to establish her far seeing sagacity. A true lover of her country, she exercised her power as a Christian mother to inspire in the hearts of her children a profonnd and thrilling sense of patriotism.

In every respect a remarkable and attractive character, her history may be safely studied as a model and example. There is not a house in Virginia where the story of her domestic virtues, were it properly told, would not be welcomed, and in which it would not do good. Had she not been encumbered with the cares of a large establishment and the rearing of a numerous progeny, to both of which she devoted herself with thorough self-abnegation, she would doubtless have turned her attention to the pursuit of literature and might have rivalled the fame of Hannah More, Maria Edgeworth, Caroline Burney, Frederica Bremer, Mrs. Stowe, or any of the distinguished female writers of America, past and present.

A true type she was of the mothers of our Colonial and Revolutionary era, the mothers of those great and good men, bred amidst the trials of the border, who founded our Government upon the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity.

This is the picture, roughly sketched, of the character of that excellent woman attempted to be brought out by brief forcible touches from personal impression of her leading features, rather than by carefully weighed and balanced summaries. She was "one of many," a model of the mothers of Virginia from whom have sprung that long list of illustrious

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sons from Washington and Lewis to Lee and Jackson, men who have shed imperishable glory upon their race and country, and won for Virginia the proud title of being the "Mother of Statesmen as well as of States.

In April 1847 a great sorrow fell upon that happy home of Montgomery Hall, by the death of the great and good head of it.

Shortly after this event her health failed and she died surrounded by her children, July, 1850. An event of which the writer has never lost the impression, and in connection with which more than once have Gray's words recurred to memory, when, near the close of his life the poet, in writing to a friend says:—"I had written to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother. You may think this obvious and what you call a trite observation, You are a green gosling! I was at the same age very near as wise as you; I never discovered this with full evidence—I mean till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago and seems but as yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."

So it is in the author's case, he never knew the extent of his misfortune until it was irreparable. And now when looking back upon her life, after a quarter of a century, it is with a sorrow chastened, and brought into subjection, but not obliterated by time! Taking a retrospect of her life the writer can think of nothing with which her friends could reproach her, unless it be a disregard of her own health and comfort.

So unselfiish was she that it pleased her most to bestow upon others the best of every thing she could obtain. If her charities and sphere of usefulness were limited it was no fault of hers—within her sphere she did her duty and her whole

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duty. All her actions sprang directly and solely from a sense of duty and was sustained by a healthy delight in its performance. Her life was a sincerely happy one. She was happy in her marriage and in her children, in her literary and domestic pursuits. She busied herself in philanthropic and educational reforms, and was one of the warmest advocates of the foundation of the Virginia Female Institute in Staunton, one of the most flourishing colleges the Southern States for the education of women. To this fund John Howe Peyton liberally subscribed, and he was President of the first Board of Trustees.

Although of an impulsive nature, her religious feelings, like her social, were deep and permanent. Socially she was genial and companionable and a favorite with both old and young. With the young she was ever ready to talk and encourage them in their plans and studies, and she always had sympathy, advice and counsel for old and young when in trouble.

Her temperament was naturally somewhat quick. She was conscious of this infirmity and happily overcame it. Not giving herself credit, however, for the patience she had acquired, she has often with a womanly tear in her eye, regretted to the author that she was so easily excited and in the excitement so precipitate. She begged her children to be on their guard against such an enemy to our peace, quoting, "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

In our intercourse with society, she urged that it was our duty to curb any tendency to hastiness of temper, for as a gentleman cannot take an affront, she said, he should be very cautious how he gives one; we should persevere in all that is right, and allow no weak desire of pleasing to tempt us from

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the paths of virtue. In this way she proved herself the sincerest of friends and the wisest of counsellors, and prepared her sons for "The court, the camp, the field, the grove."

Such in general terms was this model matron, this "mother in Israel" who deserves more than this brief notice, especially from her children whom she loved so well. This simple outline of her character and career, it is hoped, may not be considered unworthy of perusal. Gentle, affectionate and lenient, she was beloved by all who knew her. Happy in herself, she diffused happiness not only through the immediate circle which she, like a star illumined, but warming with a brilliance as effective as beautiful, all within her range.

Her understanding was good as her heart, and few human beings ever lived blest with a more cheerful disposition, a more generous spirit or a tenderer soul.

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TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ANNE MONTGOMERY PEYTON.

OF "MONTGOMERY HALL," AUGUSTA COUNTY, VA.

True daughter of Virginia's soil,
Scion of a noble race,
Thy virtues, tho' by bards unsung,
Hold in fond heart's a place,
Which time with its dark sullen tide
Can ne'er dim or efface.

Reared in a "sweet sequestered vale,"
Where flowers the fairest grew,
And blossoms on their native hills,
In beauty's varying hue;
Mere crystal streams down Mountain's side
Bright sprays of silver threw.

And thou, so like those blushing flowers.
Whose buds the Sun's soft ray
Had kissed, until new beauties burst
With every dawning day,
And thy young heart free as those streams
Whose waters idly play.

Endowed with learning's richest gift,
A bright peculiar star,
Thou mov'dst in social widening range,
With not a shade to mar
Or dim the lustre soft and bright
That blazed and shone afar.

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The mystic spell of nature's charms
Thy being closely bound,
And in each changing, passing scene,
Thou some new pleasure found,
And youthful hopes, and youthful dreams,
By fortune's smile was crowned.

And when removed to other spheres,
The love that warmed thy breast
Shed 'round its rays with power that soothed
Sad, aching hearts to rest,
For of all gifts to fellow-man
Sweet sympathy's the best.

Then children gamboled 'round thy knee,
In chidhoods glad delight,
Thy watching eye marked well the road
Which led them to the right;
The straight and narrow way which leads
Up to the heavenly height.

True daughter of Virginia's soil,
Mother of an honored race,
Thy memory in thy children's hearts,
Still holds its loyal place,
And years in their mad sweep and rush,
Will ne'er dim or efface.

Wren's "Echoes from the heart," p. 214.

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APPENDICES.

A.

THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN H. AND ANN M. PEYTON.

1. Susan Madison Peyton, born 1822, m. Col. John B. Baldwin, no issue.
2. John Lewis Peyton, born 1824, m. Henrietta E. C., daughter of Col. John C. Washington, of North Carolina, and niece of Gov. Wm. A. Graham, Hon. James H. Bryan, etc., and have issue, one son, *Lawrence Washington Howe Peyton*, born 1872, a distinguished graduate V. M. I., having taken the 2d Jackson-Hope medal and the degree of C. E. In 1894-'95, Capt. Lawrence W. H. Peyton, after a law course at the University of Virginia, is Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington.
3. Anne Montgomery Peyton died unmarried.
4. Mary Preston, m. R. A. Gray and has issue: 1. Robert; 2. Susan Peyton, m. to Rockingham Paul, brother of Hon. John Paul, United States District Judge for Western Virginia, and have one son, John Gray Paul; 3. Isabella, m. Dr. Salmon Welsh, of Annappolis, Md., one daughter; 4. Howe Peyton Gray, m. Bessie Massie and has issue, two children: 1. Sally Waterman; 2. a son; 5. Preston L. Gray, who m. Mary S. Bingham, of North Carolina, and has issue, one daughter. Mrs. Gray and all of her children, except Mrs. Welch, are residents of Bristol, Tenn.

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5. Lucy Garnet Peyton, m. Judge John N. Hendren, of Augusta, and they had a large family, but only one living; 1. Anne Peyton, m. Wm. Patrick, of Staunton, and at her death left an only daughter, Anne Hendren Patrick; 2. Samuel R. Hendren, a distinguished graduate of Washington and Lee University, and in 1894-'95 a student of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

6. Margaret Lynn Peyton, m. George M. Cochran, of Staunton, and they have living issue: 1. Susan Baldwin; 2. Anne Peyton; 3. John; 4. Margaret Lynn; 5. Peyton Cochran.

7. Elizabeth Trent Peyton, m. Hon. Wm. B. Telfair, of Ohio, and at her death left three children: 1. Wm. B. Telfair, Jr. Susan Peyton Telfair m. James Dougherty, and they have two sons.

8. Yelverton Howe Peyton, who died unmarried in Texas.

9. Virginia Frances, who m. Col. Joseph.F. Kent, of Wythe, and have issue: 1. Joseph F.; 2. Susan Peyton; 3. Mary Preston.

10. Cornelia Bernard, m.: 1. Dr, Thos. Brown, and they had issue: J. B. Brown and Peyton Brown. After Dr. B.'s death, she married Wm. H. Greene, and they have issue, two sons, Peyton W. and Newport Barnett.

B.

MRS. SUSAN M. BALDWIN.

Susan, the eldest daughter of this marriage is so remarkable for the vigor of her intellect, her literary tastes and acquiremenis, for her unselfish generosity of heart, her noble charities and lovely christian character, that we insert with

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much pleasure from the Spectator of 1891, the following tribute.

A VENERABLE AND RESPECTED LADY.

Mr. Wm. P. Johnson, now (1891) in the his 58th year, recently read to the Supeperintendent, teachers and scholars of the Staunton Baptist church, an interesting account of his connection with Staunton Sunday Schools. In his narrative he says, "I can remember the old school-room in the basement of the old (Episcopal) church, which stood where the new (present) church stands, and the first teacher who taught me, I will give the name of, and it will be the only teacher whose name I shall mention. It was then Miss Susan M. Peyton, who was after several years teaching, married and became the beloved wife of one of Augusta's most brilliant and gifted lawyers, the Hon. John B. Baldwin. I shall never, no never forget the kind Christian teachings of that grand and noble Christian lady. It was in this school, through her teachings, that I first learned of that dear Saviour, who came into the world to suffer and die that I might live:"

The publication of the above affords us the pleasing opportunity to say that Mrs. John B. Baldwin still survives in our midst near seventy years of age, but so impaired in health by a severe illness some years since, that she rarely leaves her house, ann then only in a carriage. She is an object of universal love and respect: all venerate her for her piety, accomplishments and charities. None know her but to "love her, nor name her but to praise." A woman of gifted intellect, under the eye of her good amiable mother, she enjoyed every advantage which precept and example couid afford, and no daughter was ever more sensible of the obligations which she owed to maternal care.

To a liberal and munificent spirit she joins charity, phi-

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lanthropy and beneficence and an uncommon share of dignity and firmness of spirit, for while she converses with the lowly, even with her servants as her humble friends, no one knows better how, in the highest society, to support their due consequence and state. She is a great reader and full of general information and can discourse on easy and equal terms alike with scholars, statesmen or divines. Few indeed excel her in wit and judgment. At Montgomery Hall, the charming home of her eminent father, Hon. John H. Peyton, she met nearly all of the distinguished men and women of Virginia, of his day, and has since mingled much in the society of Richmond, Washington and New York, making the acquaintance of the Websters, Clays, Fillmores, Tylers, Tuckers, Randolphs, Lees, Davises, and in fact all the leading public men of the country before and after 1861. Such were her personal charms and the vivacity of her conversation and manners that she was the life and ornament of every circle graced by her presence. The late Jucge H. St. George Tucker, father of Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, who was, like Blackstone, a poet as well as a jurist, wrote some beautiful lines addressed to her on her entrance into Richmond Society in 1839, which we hope some of these days to give in our columns.—*Staunton Spectator, March 11th, 1891.*

C

CONTENTS OF A PIGEON HOLE.

We cannot resist the temptation of preserving here the contents of a pigeon hole in our desk.

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A LIST OF PEYTONS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

1. Peyton, Dade, cornet 4th Continental Dragoons, 1779, lieutenant June 2, 1779, served to 1783.
2. " Henry, major, and killed at Charleston May 12, 1780.
3. " John, 1st Lieutenant 2nd Virginia Regiment, 1776, wounded at the battle of Brandywine 1778.
4. " Robert, of Virginia; 2nd Lieutenant 3d Va. Regiment, 1777, killed at Brandywine Sept. 11, 1777.
5. " Valentine, Captain 1777, killed at Charleston, S. C.. May 12, 1780.
6. " William, of Kentucky.
7. " John Rowze, 1776 to 1783, the "hero boy of '76."
8. " Robert, of Tennessee, killed by the Indians.
9. " Yelverton, of Virginia.
10. " Captain John, 1776, Clothier General 1779, Quartermaster General 1782, of Fluvana Co.
11. " Harrison, Captain 1776, of Albemarle Co.
12. " Colonel Henry, Co., Lieutenant of Prince William 1755, Member Legislature 1761, Sheriff 1779 (see Sharp, life of Washington, vol. 2nd, p. 73.) From whom descends Col. John B. Baldwin, and Mrs. A. H. H. Stuart.
13. " Major Henry, of Lee's Legion, died in the serivce.
14. " Timothy Killed by the Indians in Ky., 1786-7.
15. " Colonel Francis, of Loudoun, Colonel 1776, Member of Va., Convention of 1776. Member of Legislature 1780, of the Senate 1789 to 1803.
16. " Francis, M. D., Surgeon in Lee's Legion. Washington said he and his brother were two of

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the best officers in the army. (see Sharp, Washington, vol. 11, p. 273.)

17. Peyton, Yelverton, of Stafford, Va., born during the Revolution and ensign in U. S. A., 1st Infantry 1794.

18. " Valentine, M. D., Surgeon in Rev'y. army, brother-in-law of Col. Wm. Washington, of S. C.

19. " Ephraim, of Tenn., served 1774 vs. the Indians, from him Balie Peyton springs, also Cheif Jus- E. G. Peyton, of Mississippi.

20. " Capt. Valentine 3rd Comp., 3rd Va., Reg't 1778, from him springs Col. Charles L. Peyton, of Greenbrier Co., W. Va.

21. " John jr., of Frederick Co., from him springs Capt. Wm. L. Clark, Peyton Randolph, late of the R. & D. Railroad, John S. Peyton U. S. A., and H. J. Peyton, the old Clerk of the Staunton Chancery Court.

22. " George, ensign to Rev. Army 1776, ancestor of Col. George L. Peyton, of Glendale, Augusta Co.

23. " George of Ky., Continental line 1776.

LIST OF PEYTONS IN THE U. S. ARMY.

1. Peyton, Yelverton, of Virginia, ensign in sub-legion, Aug. 1st, 1794; lieutenant 1799; resigned June, 1800.

2. " Garnett, of Virginia; captain in 8th Infantry, 1799.

3. " Francis H., of Virginia, surgeon in 7th Infantry, 1799.

4. " Robert, of Virginia; captain in 2nd Infantry, 1812; died 1813.

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5. Peyton, James R., of Virginia; captain in 1st Infantry, 1813; died 1814.
6. " John S., of Virginia; captain in 2nd Infantry, 1813; resigned 1816.
7. " Bernard, of Virginia; captain 1813; resigned 1816; Adjutant General of Virginia and ex-officio President of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute 1839-'40.
8. " Richard H., of Virginia; a distinguished graduate of West Point, standing among first in his class; lieutenant of artillery 1831; captain 1838; served in the Seminole War, Florida, and died November 11th, 1839, while on duty at Tampa, in Florida, and P. M, of that place. He was one of the 12 persons who bought the land and laid out the city of Chattanooga, Tenn., forseeing its future importance.
9. " Balie, of Tennessee; member of Congress in 1833; United States District Attorney for Louisiana 1837: in 1841 appointed Secretary of War by President Harrison, but declined to accept it under President Tyler; colonel of 5th Louisiana Regiment in the Mexican War; aid to Gen. W. J. Worth and mentioned for gallantry in the battle of Monterey; voted a sword of honor by Louisiana, said sword is now a trophy of the Civil War and in the capitol of Minnesota. He was envoy ext. and minister plenipotentiary to Chili from 1849 to 1853; presidential elector on Bell and Everett ticket in 1860; member of the Senate of Tennessee 1865-'1869. The town of Peytonville, Tenn., named in his honor. Recommended by Thurlow

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Weed to President Lincoln for Sec. of War in 1860 (see 5th vol. of C. L. Webster's history of American Literature.)

EARLY LAND GRANTS TO THE PEYTONS.

Peyton, Henry, Book 4, p. 255, 400 acres in Westmoreland Co., Va., Nov. 1st, 1657.

" Valentine, Book 4, p. 426, 1600 acres in Westmoreland Co., July 20th, 1662.

" Major Robt., Book 7, p. 81, 1000 acres in New Kent Co.. April 23, 1681.

" Robert, of Gloucester, Book 7, p. 233, 150 acres in Kensington parish, Gloucester Co., Va., Feb. 20th, 1682.

" Thomas, Book 17. p. 524, 100 acres in Gloucester Co., June 16th, 1738. (See Benning, vol. 3, p. 566, and Land Registry office).

ANECDOTE OF GEN. PEYTON OF KENTUCKY.

It was customary, thirty years ago, for the ladies to attend political pic-nics, or "barbacues" as they are called "out west." This was particularly the case in the exciting contest between General Leslie Coombs and John C. Breckenridge for a seat in Congress in 1840. Out of this affair grew the authentic story of the beautiful widow—called the "gem of the prairies." Not far from the Elkhorn river lived the pretty little widow; Mrs. Fauntleroy, whose nearest neighbor was Major-General John Peyton. The gallant general looked upon the widow very much as he did upon his thorough-bred horse, Powhatan. She was the finest wo-

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man and Powhatan the finest horse in the "Blue grass" district. Mrs. F. had mourned the loss of her husband more than twelve months; while the General--who was punctilious as to etiquette--waited patiently for the time to elapse in order to propose. The widow kept, with a woman's art, her lover at bay. He with her attended a pic-nic and on their return he declared his confidence in the success of the Whigs. The widow was equally confident of the success of the Democrats and offered to wager her palfrey "Gipsy" against Powhatan--the General accepted the wager and said, "it should be Powhatan or anything else she preferred on his estate." They had now reached the river (Elkhorn) and were about to ford it, when they were overtaken by the General's only son and heir John Peyton, an athletic and spirited young Kentuckian of 24 years. The party struck into the water. The east bank was steep and slippery, and as the horses were clambering up, the girth of Mrs. F.'s saddle broke, and the lady and saddle fell back into the stream, while the unincumbered horse mounted the bank with the swiftness of an arrow. In an instant John Peyton leaped from his horse into the stream and seizing the floatiag lady bore his lovely burden to the shore. The frightened lady recovering her self-possession requested the General to secure her horse, which was making off rapidly. The General disappeared and soon returned with the animal, finding his son and the widow in fine spirits and very merry over the adventure. She was soon mounted again and proceeded home with the General, while John struck across the meadows for his father's mansion. On reaching the Fauntleroy seat, General Peyton was easily persuaded to remain to dinner, after which the widow entertained him with some of her sweetest music. When he bid her adieu that night, his ponderous frame thrilling with the electrical touch

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of her hand, he inwardly felt that she was the most perfect woman and sweetest songstress in all Kentucky.

That night in his dreams the little widow was so often repeated that he resolved to propose on the next meeting. Business called him to Louisville the next day and detained him until after the election which resulted in the defeat of the Whigs and in the election of Breckenridge. General Peyton was both astonished and indignant.

"Mr. Clay's district has disgraced itself," was almost his first remark to his neighbor, Colonel Beaufort.

To his son John, he communicated his intention of bringing Mrs. F. to adorn his establishment.

"Sir, she is" said he, "the finest woman in Kentucky—the pride of the "blue grass" district. I hope you will, notwithstanding her youth, treat her with deference and respect, and yield her the love she has a right to expect from my son!"

John, with a quiet but knowing smile, assured the General of his determination to accord affectionate respect to whomever he might choose for a wife. The old soldier was delighted and ordered Powhatan to be led to Mrs. Fauntleroy's. "Sir," said he to his son, "the Whig party has disgraced itself and Mr. Clay's district, and I must part with my favorite horse Powhatan, who has no equal in the Commonwealth, I have just ordered him to be delivered to Mrs. F. and am about to call, will you accompany me?" The son consented, and when they arrived they found Mrs. F. and two lady friends admiring the splendid animal.

"Madam," said the General, addressing the pretty widow, "I have come to pay the wager I have lost—Powhatan is yours."

"But General," interposed the lady, "I believe the wager

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was conditional. It was the horse or anything else I might prefer on your estate, was it not?"

"Right you are madam," said the General, but I can never allow you to select an inferior animal, and I have none that approaches Powhatan."

"You have a very superior biped on your estate, General," replied the blushing widow, "your son, John, whom I have already promised to accept instead of Powhatan."

The astonished General, defeated for the first time, summoned his fortitude, and after recovering from the stunning effect of the widow's speech, rose and in his blandest manner bade the party adieu. To his son he said--"Sir, you will remain and do your duty."

The General never entirely forgave his daughter-in-law her practical joke. In after years he used to say, "Lilley is the finest woman in Kentucky, but she always lacked taste."

COL. HENRY PEYTON—A HERO OF 1776.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM JEFFERSON TO C. PEYTON, OF ALBEMARLE.

We publish below an interesting letter written by the illustrious Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, to his connection, the late Craven Peyton, Esq., of Monteagle, Albemarle county, Va. Craven Peyton was one of the first gentlemen of his day in Virginia, but his tastes were social and literary rather than political, and he passed a long and useful life in the quiet of his plantation, loved and admired by all who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship and partook of the elegant hospitalities of his old Virginia home—one of the stately mansions and most extensive landed

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estates in Virginia. He married Miss Lewis, a niece of the President, and left among other issue a son, Charles L. Peyton, of Greenbrier, now surviving at an advanced age, and a daughter who married an esteemed townsman, William C. Eskridge, Esq., the father of William Peyton Eskridge, of this city. Craven Peyton was a nephew of the Revolutionary patriot, Colonel Henry Peyton, whose third and last son, old enough for military duty, was killed by a cannon ball from the British fleet during the siege of Charleston, S. C. He fell into the arms of the late Lieut., afterwards Gen. Porterfield, of Augusta, who immediately communicated the sad intelligence of his death to his father. Col. Peyton, when he heard of it, was struck dumb with grief, but in a moment recovering his equilibrium and self-control, exclaimed. "*Would to God I had another to put in his place.*" Such was the stuff of our Revolutionary heroes. Col. Henry Peyton was the father of Miss Fanny Peyton, wife of Chancellor Brown, and great-grandfather of the late distinguished and still lamented Col. John B. Baldwin and Mrs. Alexander H. H. Stuart: *

Monticello, August 12, 1821.

Dear Sir—Instead of answering your letter yesterday, I desired the bearer to tell you I should see you at Monteagle to-day, being anxious, also, to see my sister before I set out for Bedford, whom you mention to be still unwell. I accordingly mounted my horse just now to visit you, but found him so lame I was obliged to turn back. With respect to the fod-

*From this branch of the Peytons are also descended Mrs. J. M. Ranson, of Jefferson county, W. Va., Captain William L. Clark, of Winchester, Va., Mrs. R. T. W. Duke, of Albemarle, the late Judge J. E. Brown, of Wythe, Mrs. Hunter McGuire, of Richmond, Mrs. Robert Gibson, of Cincinnati, and many others of worth and distinction in Virginia, the South and West.—R. A. B. in Richmond Standard.

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der I had, on Mr. Bacon's suggestion, searched for and found the account of it, which he had given me at the time and I had forgotten; that, therefore, is right and there can be no difficulty between us. I have not yet learned from Mr. Estor Randolph when he will be able to make me payment. The moment he does I will transmit to you. I have not yet urged him, because I know he is a most anxious man always to pay a debt and that he will soon inform me. With respect to —, if he ever becomes a sober man, there will be no difficulty of reconciliation on Anne's account, but as long as he is subject to drink, his society is dangerous and we shall reject it.

I shall be glad to know the exact state of my sister's health; and pray, if she needs it, that Dr. Watkins may be requested to attend to her, and to place it on my account. I shall not stay more than a week in Bedford.

Affectionately yours,

Craven Peyton, Esq. TH. JEFFERSON.

OLD LETTER OF COL. JOHN L. PEYTON.

TO HIS UNCLE, MAJ. T. PRESTON LEWIS.

Shirley, near Staunton, Feb'y 28th, 1858.

Dear Uncle:

I was much gratified to get your letter, brief as it was, a few days since, and was surprised to hear that you had been so long and so seriously indisposed. I hope by this time you have entirely recovered, and if not, I must renew my suggestion and invitation to you again. My suggestion that you ought to leave Washington for a time, and my invitation that you should pass that time in the fresh air and quiet comforts of my house at Shirley. By coming and staying a month or two with me you might be permanently improved in health,

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and it would not, as you seem to apprehend, increase your expenses, or cut off your salary in Washington. Gov. Floyd, under the circumstances of the case would not hesitate to grant you a furlough. The pleasure I would enjoy from your society would be very great, and my wife asks me to assure you that nothing would give her more pleasure than to have you come.

The weather here is charming, and spring-like, which is something unusual at this season, but is what we expected after the vile "spell" we have had for the past five weeks.

Staunton has been quite up in the books this winter between lectures, concerts, auctions, exhibitions and other pastimes and amusements.

Among the eminent strangers we have had lecture here, was George D. Prentice, of the "Louisville Journal." I did not hear his lecture, but dined with him one day while here at Judge J. H. McCue's, and confess I was not much impressed which is still further evidence of the soundness of the opinion I formed when travelling west in 1848, namely: The farther I went west the more convinced I was that the wise men came from the East.

Few persons left here for Richmond on the 22nd, and those who did were so worried by the great crowd that they saw little, and enjoyed what they saw, less.

Everets* oration surpassed any anticipations I had formed of it, while Hunter's fell far below the public expectation. What can compensate a man for falling below the public estimate on such an occasion! It almost drives a man to believe every effort a mockery—and that he is apt to reap by his efforts not fame, but despair.

Crawford's statue of Washington is said to be the finest

*Edward Everett's Oration on Washington.

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specimen of the kind extant, by the side of which that hob-by-horse concern, Mill's Statue of President Jackson, in Washington is a miserable failure. The "horse" of Crawford is agreed to be above praise, while that of "Mills," in front of the President's house is said to be a ewe-necked tacky, a mealy-mouthed, wall-eyed brute, who looks as if old Jackson, in the language of a Tennessee poet:

> "Had placed on him a bridle and a saddle,
> Then on his back had leapt astraddle."

and had been ever since fastened there by iron rods, which are said to run up the horses hind legs, keeping him on an equipoise, and forever facing the White House.

Among those who were attracted to Richmond was Howe, but what, (if any) impressions were made on his mind, is not known, as he has since observed a severe silence.

I was not surprised to learn of the rage for fashion and extravagance in Washington. It is always so with the *parvenues*, whether in Washington or on 5th Avenue. The "new-rich" have no other way of bringing themselves into notice and contempt. They constitute a beastly crew, who change their principles much oftener than their linen. I cordially participate in your feelings of disgust for such a gang.

Betty joins me in affectionate salutations. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am dear Uncle, as ever,

Your affectionate nephew,

JOHN LEWIS PEYTON.

Thos. P. Lewis, Esq.,
War Department,
Washington, D. C.

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LETTER OF COL. JOHN LEWIS PEYTON.

A DISPUTED POEM—PROOF THAT THE EARL OF DERBY DID NOT WRITE THE POEM TO GENERAL LEE.

Staunton, Va., December 3, 1877.

To the Baltimore Gazette:

In your paper of the 30th of November you introduce the following lines, with the remark, "*On the fly-leaf of the copy of the Iliad given by the late Earl of Derby to General Robert E. Lee were the following verses:*"

The grave old bard, who never dies,
Receive him in our native tongue;
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy has fallen—thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the grief I feel.

Oh, home of tears! But let her bear
This blazon to the end of time;
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Are round thee; but in truth be strong;
Eternal right, though all things fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
(*Not Homer's*) could alone for me
Hymn forth the great Confederate South;
Virginia first—then Lee.

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Permit me to say that you are in error in attributing these lines to the late Earl of Derby. Lord Derby was an eminent statesman, as well as distinguished scholar, and during the whole period of the civil war in our country was the leader of the opposition, or Tory party in the British Parliament. Never during this time did he criticise adversely the policy of Lord Palmerston in refusing recognition to the Confederate government. So far from it, he distinctly and repeatedly announced his concurrence in the course of the British cabinet. Had he been at the head of her majesty's governmeut at that period I am satisfied that he would have adhered strictly to the policy of Palmerston and Gladstone in this particular. This was his firm position, though urged to use his influence to secure Confederate recognition by many influential gentlemen of the Tory party, among them Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, the present governor of Bombay; Mr. Beresford Hope, M. P.; Mr. Gregory, M. P. for Galway, and others not so well known in this country.

Such was Lord Derby's anxiety to relieve the distress arising from the cotton famine in Lancashire, lest it might lead to popular agitation in favor of a recognition of the Southern States, that he made a single single subscription to the relief fund of £5,000. Not only in this case, but in many others throughout the war, he showed himself anything else than what was styled in those days in England "a friend and sympathizer with the South."

It is not at all likely, then, that his lordship would, whatever his admiration of the character and military genius of General Lee, have addressed him the foregoing lines, nor is it true. The lines were written by a young and gifted English poet, now no more, *Philip Stanhope Worsley*. Mr. W. was a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and died

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about ten years since. He gave the world in 1861 a translation of the Odyssey in the Gregorian stanza—one of the most pleasing hitherto produced—and in 1865 published a translation of the Iliad in the Spenserian stanza. A copy of this latter work he sent to General Lee, with a little poem of presentation written on the fly-leaf. It was seen by the General's friends, who requested a transcript of the verses for publication, but he would never permit them to be printed, his native modesty shrinking from the warm panegyric they embodied. Now that both poet and soldier have passed away there is no good reason why they should be withheld from the public eye, and I must express my gratification at seeing them in *The Gazette*. At the same time it is due to the memories of both that the error into which you have unconsciously fallen should be corrected, and this is the sole motive with which I have addressed you this brief and hasty note.

J. Lewis Peyton.

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INDEX.

Abandons the Jackson party..... 11
Alexander, Dr..... 53
Alexander, John..... 130
Account of his visit to Kentucky..... 51
African colonization favors..... 79
Ablest criminal lawyer in Virginia..... 84
Academy, the Staunton..... 10
Adams, John Quincy..... 11
" Dr..... 37
Appendices A..... 276
Anecdote of the Fighting Major..... 29
" of Gen. Peyton of Kentucky..... 260
" of J. H. P. in a criminal case..... 55
Allen, Judge J. J.....13, 116, 138, 132
Augusta Agricultural Society..... 10
"Allen" nominates Mr. P. for Court of Appeals..... 118
A bundle of miscellaneous letters..... 131
Amherst Festival, J. H. P's letter..... 123-5
Anderson, Col. Wm., a letter of..... 236
Advice of J. H. P. to S. M. P..... 132
A hero of 1776—Col. Hy Peyton..... 280
Advice to Col. J. L. P..... 139
Appeals, Court of, adopts J. H. P's letter to Tucker..... 116
A deplorable accident to J. H. P..... 125
Accident to Judge B. G. Baldwin..... 101
A captain of light horse..... 7
Attorney for the Commonwealth resigns..... 158
A complete lawyer..... 160
Allison's History of Europe, Mr. P. on..... 180
Always helped the young..... 179

Digitized by Google

A master spirit 181
Barbour, Judge P. P 9
Baldwin, J. B 17, 46, 149, 226
" Susan M., sketch of 271
" B. G. on J. H. P 65, 76, 101, 138
Bumgardner, Capt. James' speech 204, 210
Bowyer, m 37
" Henry 126
Baxter, John 49
" Sidney S 208
Barton, R. R 130
Bickle, Adam 20
Berrian, John M. (Senator) 70
Brokenborough, Dr. John 37, 134
Brickley 37
Brock, R. A., letter of 238
Bradshaw 48
Brown, Chancellor John 45
Breckenridge, Gen. Jas 92
Benton, Th. H 104
Bosses, The Ring, Mr. P. on 76
Burrell, Nat 126
Boys, Dr. William 45
Books a boy should read 45
Cabell, J. C 109
Cabell, Wm. H 116
Cablel, Mayo, accident to 144
Cadets, the Va., at West Point 143
Campbell, Hugh 143
Campaign of 1840 118
Clay, Henry visits Staunton 113
Charlottesville, J. H. P., speech 114
Cameron, Col 48
Carter, Hill 116
Carter, Robt. W 160
Conrad, R. Y 13
Comfort, Professor 53

Digitized by Google

Chalkley, Judge L., letter of..... 203
Cowan, Joseph..... 40, 82
Crutchfield, Mr. 240
Cowan, A. M. D..... 14
Clark, Samuel..... 82
Crawford, B..... 50, 191
Clark, A. B., of N. Y..... 107
Cochran, John, his home..... 97
" Geo. M..... 204, 191
Couch, Deborah..... 144
Captain of Light-horse 7
Chief of Staff..... 27
County Court, on J. H. P's. resignation..... 159
Daniel, Judge Wm..... 13
" Peter V. 97
Dabney, John..... 108
Dade, Judge A. G. 111
Declines a 2nd term in Senate..... 127
Dorman, Geo. C. P.. 130
Dined and wined, ... 97
Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Peyton..... 270
Duncan, Judge E. S..... 112
Divers, Mr. 95
Difficulties, how to overcome..... 90
Disease leads to his change of home..... 23
Democratic party 11
Davidson, Jas. D..... 209, 235
Dupuy, Mrs. L. letter of..... 239
Derby, Earl of..... 285-86
Empress, Catherine, of Russia 36
Education, his views on 10, 11
Eskridge, George..... 82
Elder, Maj. T. C. speech accepting J. H. P's portrait..... 210
Echols, General letter of..... 230
French, Judge S. B., letter of..... 235
Fighting Major 29
Federal Attorney declines..... 32

Digitized by Google

Fultz, David 59
Green, T. M..... 208
Goss, John 242
Family, every one a history..... 88
Frazier, Wm., sketch of J. H. P.....109, 168
Farragut, Admiral..... 105
Fry. Judge..... 107
Faulkner, Chas. J. 160
Garland, Mayor James 184
Gallagher, M. 54
Gaston, Judge Wm 70
Gallagher, Miss 98
Green, Mary, of Kentuckey 98
Girl, defenceless, J. H. P. defends 112
Gallaher, J. S. on J. H. P's retirement..... 128
Griffith, Dr..... 126
Gatewood, E..... 145
Green, John R..... 152
" T. M..... 208
Getty, George W..... 152
Goss, John 242
Hay, George 9
Hayne, R, C. 23
Harrison, Wm. H. 30
" Randolph 116
Hart, Nat..... 32
Holiday, Lewis 36
Harvie, Wm..... 37
Huston, Gen. 54
Halcombe, Wm. H. 149
Hendren, John N..... 152
Hubbard, J. R..... 160
Harrison, Judge Geo. M..... 218
Hanger, Hon. Marshall..... 219
Invests money in public work 84
Ingersoll, I. R., M. C..... 1
Johnston, Frederick 126

Digitized by Google

Johnson, Col. R. M..... 32
Jay, John..... 32, 35
Jackson, Pres., refuses to follow him..... 87, 43
Jackson, party dines him in Richmond..... 97
Judgeship declines, voted for..... 68, 70
Jefferson, T., letters..... 109
Kent, Mrs. Jos. F., why so named..... 139
Knowledge leads to happiness..... 142
Langhorn, M..... 126
Languages, ancient and modern, improvements of..... 143
Lee, Gen. G. W. C..... 240
Lawyer, the fiddling..... 59
" " ablest in Va..... 84
Leigh, B. W..... 9, 97
Letters, old.....32, 39, 44, 48, 88, 90
" of J. H. P. on 2nd term in Senate..... 121
" miscellaneous..... 131
" declines a 2nd Senatorial term..... 127
" from Rockbridge committee..... 129
" of advice to S. M. P. and J. L. P..... 132, 139
" on Earl of Derby..... 284
" Littlepage, Lewis..... 35
Lewis, Charles H..... 152
" Gen. S. H..... 97
" Col. Wm. L. 59, 60
" James A..... 145
" Major John..... 42
" " Thos. Preston..... 102
" John Benjamin, cadet..... 51
" J. F., letter of..... 237
" Mrs. Mary P., letter of..... 242
" Col. John..... 243
" Mrs. Mary Preston, letter of..... 240
Lockridge, Alex..... 50
Legislature dines, J. H. P..... 97
Loyal, Mr., of Norfolk..... 105
Log cabins of the West..... 102

Digitized by Google

Lines to the memory of Mrs. Peyton 268
List of Peytous in U. S. A..... 275
Massie, Capt.....14, 36, 39, 45
Mosby, Charles L..... 149
Minor, Prof. J. B., letter of.....234, 236
Manners, Ld. John..... 73
McCue, John.....82, 130
McCue, John H., sketch of J. H. P.,.....23, 176
Military Schools..... 25
Mayor of Staunton, J. H. P.,..... 17, 31
Matthews, Sampson..... 48
Murray, Mrs. Jas. B.,..... 54
McDowell, Gov. Jas.,..... 98
McDowell, Dr. James W.,..... 154-5
Massie, Henry, ... 99
Meade, Bishop,..... 105
McElhany, Parson,..... 107
Mind, J. H. P. unimpared,..... 17
McClintic, Wm..... 41
Michie, Thomas J., on Peyton, ...121, 109, 131, 119, 208, 215, 231
Mathematics, should be studied,..... 141
Moncure, Mrs. Wm.,..... 133
Moncure, Judge R. C. L.,.....78, 208
Moore, Samuel McD.,.....68, 102
Madison, President James..... 11
" Wm. Strother 7
" Bishop..... 7
Monroe, James..... 11
Nicholas, Norborne..... 37
Norfolk, visits..... 105
Nelson, Dr. and Mrs..... 107
Nominated for Senate..... 83
National Whig Convention 113
North mountain road case 119
Oliver, M.,..... 126
Originality, Mr. P's..... 65
Old letter of J. L. P.,..... 280

Digitized by Google

Patton, J. M., ... 134
Payne, Dr. 126
Porterfield, Gen. R., ... 9
Pleasants, John H., ... 96, 128
Potter, Ben. 46
Points, James 144
Parrish, R. L. 240
Peyton, Val., Capt., killed 28
" Valentine, ... 52
" Henry, ... 1
" List of Peytons in the Revolutionary army 274
" Susan, M. 91, 132
" Mrs. S. M., her death 34
" John 1
" Jesse E., letter of 240
" John Rowze 2
" Rowze, letter of 157
" John Lewis 93, 143
" " " letter of 150, 154
" " " " to 139
" " " speech 216
" " " U. S. agent in Europe 183
" " " letter of 282, 284, 285
" Mrs., sketch of 240
" Wm. Madison, ... 7, 126, 33, 55
" " letter of 155
" Gen., of Kentucky, anecdote 276
" John Howe 7, 9, 15, 16, 38, 51, 55, 67, 88, 71, 83 127
" " " death of 157, 160
" " " sketches of 160, 168, 176, 192, 198
" " " his portrait presented to Augusta Co. 201
" Robert L. Y. 148
" Townsend Dade 148
" Col. Francis 148
" Mrs. John H. 241
" Craven, letter to 280
Preston, Wm. 14

Digitized by Google

Preston, Col. Wm. of Kentucky 8
" J. M. 45
" John. letter of 241
" Thos. L. 136
" John T. L., sketch of J. H. P. 160
Political sentiments of J. H. P. 85
Providence of God 91
Pickpockets rob J. H. P 135
Pocahontas visits 47
Public meeting to receive J. H. P's portrait 204
Pigeon-hole a, coutents of 273
Poem, on Lee 285
Ranson, Capt. T. D. 204
Rives, Wm. C. 13
" Alexander, letter of 233
Roane, S. Judge 37, 38
Ritires from bar, J. H. P 83
Robertson, Judge John 144
Robinson, Anthony 105
Religious topics 59
" belief, J. H. P's 65
Rush, Richard, Minister to England 70
Radicals oppose him 74
Roanoke, visits 126
Rockbridge Committee to J. H. P. 128
Ruff, John 130
Ritchie, Thomas, jr., ... 128
Robbed by pickpockets 135
Reading, a course of recommended by J. H. P 149
Rieley, Judge, G. W. letter of 237
Ruffner, Rev. W. H. (D. D.) letter of 238
Senate course in 12
Smade, Rev. G. G., letter of 238
Scott, R. E. 13, 32
" R. Taylor 240
" Gen. Winfield 54
Stuart, Lewis 93

Digitized by Google

Stuart, A. H. H. 231, 121
" Charles A. 82
" Judge A. 47, 109, 110, 195
Staunton Spectator, editorial of 223
" Post, (newspaper) editorial 219
Sketch of J. H. P., by Prof. J. T. L. Preston 160
Stribling, Dr. F. T. 134
Speech, on the death of Roane J. H. P's 37, 38
Staunton issues paper money 31
Senex, anecdote by 132
Sherrard, Jos. H., letter of 231
Spencer, Mrs. T. R. 98
Sheffey, Dan'l 9, 23
" H. W. Judge 120, 209
" " J. H. P. eloquence of 209, 231
Stout, Judge Jno. W., letter of 201
Stannard, Judge Robt 116
Smith, J. W. 144
" Rev. J. H., letter of 220
" Gen. F. H. 145
Sergeant, Judge Jno. 70
Speece, Dr. Conrad 83
Shelby, Governor of Kentucky 32
Stony Hill, ... 77
Sketch of J. H. P. 160
" " 168
" " 176
Tazewell, L. N., ... 9
Tucker, H. St. George Judge 9, 133, 116, 180
" John Randolph, letter of 217
Traveling in 1826 ..... 30, 51
Thompson, L. P., ... 65
" Hon. G. W. sketch of J. H. P., ... 198
Taylor, Wm., M. C. 98
Tayloe, George B. 126
Trials, how to meet them, J. H P. on 90
Toast by J. H. P. 125

Digitized by Google

Telfair, Mrs., ... 38, 133
Tapscott, Susan 152
Tams, Wm. Purviance 204
Thomas, C. B., letter of 239
Van Buren, Martin, J. H. P. on 115
Valentine, Ed., ... 106, 135
Virginia Female Institute 10
Volunteers in the war of 1812, J. H. P. 28
Wirt, Wm. Hon 9, 32, 227
Washington College Trustee of J. H. P 10
West Point, letter from 142, 51
Wilson, Rev. J. C. 134
Wined and dined 97
Whig address, ... 160
Wren, M. B., lines in memory of Mrs. Peyton 268
Woodville, J. L. 34, 138, 153
Waddell, Dr. A. 188
Waddell, L. 54, 139, 159
Waddell, Jos. A., Sketch of J, H. P 187
Western Hospital 11
Western trip in 1815 32
Watts, Gen. E. 126
Webster, Daniel, ... 23, 183, 228
War of 1812 27
Witcher, V. 13
Young, D. S., Sketch of J. H. P 192
Young people encouraged by J. H. P. 179
Yost's Weekly, (newspaper,) editorial of 226

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM MADISON PEYTON,

OF ROANOKE,

TOGETHER WITH SOME OF HIS SPEECHES IN THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES OF VIRGINIA, AND HIS LETTERS IN REFERENCE TO SECESSION AND THE THREATENED CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES, ETC., ETC.

BY

JOHN LEWIS PEYTON,

Author of "The American Crisis, or pages from the Note-book of a State-agent during the Civil War;" "Over the Alleghanies, and across the Prairies;" "The Adventures of my Grandfather," etc., etc., etc.

"Every man has a history worth knowing."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

His birth and early education—Staunton in 1805—The Chancery Court—Legal men of that day—Memorable ana—War of 1812-15—He wishes to join the army and follows volunteers—His mother's death and character—Jefferson's rules of health, etc.—The Staunton academy—His course there . . . 1

CHAPTER II.

Princeton University—His rapid progress in this place—Combat with Thomas Van Bibber—Celsus on the preservation of health—Whig society—He wooes the muses—His manly conduct 16

CHAPTER III.

Life at Montgomery Hall—His love affair discovered—Colonel Stuart's memoir—Staunton founded by John Lewis—Superstition of the early inhabitants—Judge Allan Taylor—The Old Stone house—Life in Virginia before the introduction of railways—Changes wrought by time. 27

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CHAPTER IV.

He enters Yale College—His career there—Influence on his opinions by reason of a residence in the north—Dr. Sims' opinion of his character—He studies law—His travels and adventures—Singular incident of life in Florida—His want of ambition—Singular scene at Huntersville, where he burns his clients bonds—His love of nature 43

CHAPTER V.

His life on returning from Yale—Amusing occurrence at General Jackson's dinner table—Jackson's dogma "to the victors belong the spoils" and its corrupting effects—John H. Peyton's speech against a horse-thief, and William Peyton's singular defence of the accused—Sketch of Chapman Johnson junior—His advice to a young man whose marriage is opposed . 61

CHAPTER VI.

Leaves the Hot Springs and settles in Roanoke—Society there—His home and life in that place—He is elected to the Legislature; nominates W. C. Rives for the U. S. Senate—He writes an address on the subject to the people of Virginia—Text of the address 85

CHAPTER VII.

He is re-elected to the Legislature—General aspect of the State of Virginia—Physical divisions and the political divisions created thereby—Opposition of Eastern Virginia to internal improvements, a system advocated by the western counties—His speech in favour of a general system 129

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CHAPTER VIII.

The author's first visit to his brother in Roanoke—Primitive style of travelling in Virginia—His valet Ned Phipps—Scenery on the route—William Peyton's domestic life—Kind treatment of his slaves, etc.—Colonel William L. Lewis and his discussions on religion and politics with John H. Peyton—A catholic church established in Monroe, etc. 166

CHAPTER IX.

History of the public lands of the United States—How augmented by the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, and the English defeat of the French Canadians—Colonel Peyton's speech in reply to General Bayly, and advocating a distribution among the States of the money arising from their sale . . 186

CHAPTER X.

Popular education and free schools in Virginia strongly urged by Colonel Peyton—His views on the subject of education and the bad effects of ignorance in ancient and modern times—Mr. Jefferson's plan for educating the masses—A man up to the times 200

CHAPTER XI.

He is defeated in the next election and retires from public life—Course of Thomas Ritchie and Bowyer Miller—It is not the most deserving who are elected by the people—Trickery and demagoguism often controlling the polls—His eloquent resolutions in favour of Henry Clay's election to the Presidency—His life on his estate—He discovers channel coal and some of its properties—Foundation of the town of "Peytona" . 209

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CHAPTER XII.

Signs of a revolution in the U. S.—The Presidential election of 1860—Lincoln elected—S. C. secedes—The president calls out 75000 men—Virginia secedes and the war begins—Colonel Peyton's eloquent letter to Mr. Rives 235

CHAPTER XIII.

Colonel Peyton under surveillance in New York—Lives with his old friend Dr. Sims—He writes a second letter to W. C. Rives in which he announces the new position in which southern men have been placed by the course of the President—He advises Virginia to take an attitude of armed neutrality—His analytical review of Mr. Lincoln's policy. 277

CHAPTER XIV.

His escape from New York and arrival in Canada—Journey thence to the north-west and south through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky—Political situation in Kentucky and Tennessee—Battle of Millmount and death of General Zollicoffer and Captain Balie Peyton, junior—His gallant conduct on the field of battle—His fathers sword in the Capital of Minesota—Colonel Peyton reaches his home in Virginia and gives his property and employs his pen in the Confederare cause 290

CHAPTER XV.

His death—The hope derived from the demise of such a man 301

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APPENDIXES.

A.

Abridged pedigree of the Peyton family . . . 310
Isleham Hall—Priory and Church in 1870 . . 337

B.

Memoranda of the Preston family 355

C.

Abridged pedigree of the Lewis family 375

D.

Extract from pedigree of the Washingtons . . . 380

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM MADISON PEYTON,

OF ROANOKE.

CHAPTER I.

THE pithy remark of Taylor, in Philip Van Artevelde, that the "world knows nothing of its greatest men," is so universally accepted in the present day, as to have passed into an axiom. And never has its force and beauty been more impressed upon my mind than when contemplating the life and character of the subject of this sketch. Of him it may be said that he was a great man in all that constitutes true greatness. A man of comprehensive ideas, deep sympathies and generous impulses, which took the form of noble deeds;—a man of varied endowments, cultivated intellect, extensive learning, and refined tastes and affections, who wielded a powerful influence on the circle in which he moved, and upon all with whom he came in contact;—a man always mentioned by his friends and acquaintances with

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affectionate respect and as one gifted with the inspiration of genius. Yet few beyond the limits of his native state have heard his name or known ought of his life. To me the office of rescuing from unmerited oblivion the character of such a man is too grateful to be neglected. A higher motive, however, directs my course than the gratification of personal feelings. His character was singularly instructive, and, while the life of a good man cannot be written without pleasure, it is equally true that it cannot be read without improvement.

William Madison Peyton, of Roanoke, Virginia, was the only child of John Howe Peyton, of Montgomery Hall, by his first wife Susan, daughter of William Strother Madison * and was born September 4th, 1805, in Montgomery County, Virginia, where his mother was at the time on a chance visit. Descended from an ancient noble family on the father's side,† he had the good fortune to be related by blood through his mother to some of America's greatest men ‡. At the period of

* William Strother Madison was the nephew of the Right Reverend James Madison, D.D., Bishop of Virginia, and cousin to the celebrated author of the "Constitution," *James Madison*, fourth President of the United States, and married Elizabeth Preston, daughter of William Preston, of Smithfield, Montgomery County, Virginia.

† See Appendix A.

‡ Among others, he was cousin to the celebrated Presbyterian Divine, Robert J. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; to Major-General John C. Breckenridge, late Vice-President of the United States; to the stern patriot, John Brown, of Kentucky, a member of the Continental Congress in 1787, and eighteen years United States Senator for Kentucky, after the Independence of his country was achieved; to the eloquent governor James McDowell, of Virginia; to the great South Carolinian Orator, William Campbell Preston; to General James Patton Preston, Governor

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his birth, our revered father, then about twenty-seven years of age, was a rising barrister on the Fredericksburg circuit, and resided in the neighbourhood of that city and of his birth place "Stoney Hill." Four years subsequently he removed to Augusta Co., which was ever after his home, and from which he was never long absent, except under the following circumstances.

At no period since the existence of a misunderstanding and controversy between Great Britain and the United States, on the subject of what was styled "The Right of Search," had the excitement in America attained the height it did in the winter of 1811-12. The signs of approaching war were numerous and unmistakeable. The British Government claimed the right to impress native-born British subjects, though they had become naturalized American citizens, found on American national vessels as well as from merchantmen. This lamentable extravagance on part of the English Cabinet caused no small irritation in the United States, and it became—sooner than was imagined in Downing Street—a matter of grave importance how the question might be disposed of peaceably. Both Presidents Jefferson and Madison pointed out that to accomplish it by treaty the susceptibilities of the American people must not be offended by the slightest concession on a point which touched their honour. Jefferson, however—

of Virginia; to Hon. Francis Preston Blair, of Missouri; to Thomas F. Marshall, M.C. for Kentucky; to Benjamin Howard, Governor of Missouri; and to Robert Wickliffe, M.C. for Kentucky.—See Appendix B., a reprint of Orlando Brown's "Memoranda of the Preston family," Albany, New York, 1864.

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such was his desire for peace—opened negotiations with Great Britain on the *vexata quæstio* as early as 1806. The negotiations failing, and a collision arising out of the British claim, between the United States frigate *Chesapeak* and the British frigate *Leopold*, in 1807, in which the British were worsted, the Government of Mr. Jefferson once more sought to arrive at a pacific solution of the dificulty, and a treaty to this end was signed by the representatives of the two Governments in London during the winter of 1807-8. Immediately thereafter it was transmitted to Washington, but owing to some of its vague features, President Jefferson signified to Congress his refusal to ratify it on the 18th of March 1808. Meantime, Great Britain had opened that series of attacks upon neutral rights known as the "Orders in Council," in retaliation for which Napoleon issued his equally aggressive Berlin decrees of 1806-10. Jefferson determined to follow the example of the French, and an embargo was declared in 1807, but was shortly afterwards revoked. Then non-intercourse or non-importation acts with regard to Great Britain were passed by the American Congress. Indignation and excitement still increasing in the United States, President Madison was re-elected, on condition that he would declare war against England, and on the re-assembling of Congress, after this election, a new embargo was laid, an increase of the army voted, and other steps taken as preparation for war. On the 1st of June, President Madison sent a war message to Congress, and, in accordance with his views, war was

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declared by the United States against Great Britain on the 18th of June, 1812.

The nation was much divided on this policy. By the opposition party, the main strength of which was in the Northern and Eastern States, it was considered as a mere administration measure, resistance to which argued no want of patriotism, but quite the contrary; and so from the beginning to the close of hostilities the Federalists did all they could to stay the course on which they thought the Government was driving to destruction. The Hartford Convention met, and some of the New England States went so far as to nullify an Act of Congress regarding enlistments. During all this time the country was in great want of resources, which nothing but unanimity could supply. The army was but a handful, and the militia, instead of coming forward in large numbers, remained at home to attend party meetings and discuss the right of the Government to call them out; the supply of war material was very scanty, and the treasury almost empty.

Such was the unpromising state of affairs, when my father, who had voted for Mr. Madison and warmly supported the war policy, came forward and exerted every energy of mind and body to stir up popular enthusiasm in support of the war. He volunteered at once into the army, to serve until peace was proclaimed, and was immediately appointed Chief of the Staff of General Robert Porterfield. Forgetting everything but his duty to his country, which, with the patriot is paramount, he abandoned his lucrative practice, which

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more selfish men greedily sought to appropriate, and left his wife and family in order to join the army in Eastern Virginia, with the active operations of which he was identified until the declaration of peace, February 17th, 1815.

But to return from this digression. In 1809, when our gallant father changed his residence to Augusta, Staunton was already a considerable place and the seat of the Superior Courts of Law and Equity for Western Virginia, the jurisdiction of the Chancery Court, extending south 300 miles to the Tennessee frontier, and west about 400 miles to the Ohio River. To lawyer and litigant alike, it was, therefore, not only the most interesting, but the most important point west of the Blue Ridge. To its quiet streets and attractive suburbs the principal members of the profession throughout Virginia were periodically drawn at term time. Among the most conspicuous legal men of those days who attended these terms were George Hay, author of "Hortensius" and other political tracts, George Wythe, Philip Doddridge, Edmund Randolph, William Wirt, author of the Life of Patrick Henry and of "The British Spy," John Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Henry Peyton, James and Philip P. Barbour, and among the junior members of the bar, who were always present and subsequently became eminent lawyers, were Benjamin Watkins Leigh, John Wickham, Littleton W. Tazewell, Mr. (afterwards Judge) Coulter, Chapman Johnson, Briscoe G. Baldwin,

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Samuel Blackburn, Henry St. George Tucker, author of a "Commentary on Blackstone" and Stirling Claiborne. Neither railroads nor steamboats then existing, Judges, Chancellors, and Lawyers often travelled hundreds of miles on roads little better than Indian war paths, in ricketty stage coaches, or on horseback, carrying their briefs in portmanteaux or saddle bags. Their physical powers were as sorely tried by the profession, as their mental energies, and a sound mind in a sound body was indispensable to the successful practitioner. One of the legal lights of that day was the late Daniel Sheffey, who was wont to say, there was nothing like leather. He was a man of excellent abilities and remarkable energy. Exerting both these qualities, he rose from the bench of a journeyman shoemaker to a seat in Congress and the front rank of his profession. Mr. Sheffey facetiously used to remark, in his later life, that when he was a young man the most important preliminary for the legal tyro was not the study of Coke and Blackstone, but (Mr. Sheffey drew his joke from his trade) the *tanning of his cuticle*, a precaution which one of his clients observed would certainly lessen the pains of horsemanship, but render the gentlemen of the long robe insufferable, if their brazen airs increased as their hides toughened.

It did not unfrequently happen that the "bench and bar" must swim across rivers and pass over high and rugged mountains to attend term; and it is related among the *ana* of this period that a solicitor to whom a horse was sold with a warranty that "the animal possessed the usual qualities of a riding horse," brought

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an action and summarily recovered damages, the fact transpiring after the sale, that the horse was unable to swim. Inasmuch as the lawyer had been detained from a term of the court by reason of this defect, the jury mulcted the defendent in heavy damages, requiring him at the same time to receive back the comparatively useless animal.

To this important town of Staunton, the centre of all that was learned in the law, our respected father was called by his appointment as public prosecutor in 1808, and was now reaping the honours and rewards of his profession. Absorbed by these duties, he could give little of that care and attention to his son's education which my grandfather had bestowed upon his. His wife, however, a woman of energy and experience combined with rare good sense, and whose nature was tempered with singular tenderness of affection and adorned by much simplicity of character, a freshness of wit and an unfailing cheerfulness, which made her the delight of every circle, qualities which were transmitted with exceptionable fidelity to her son, undertook and performed this task. His mind was early stored by her with useful knowledge, his heart fortified with generous principles, and his passions regulated by discipline. She sought to make him good rather than great, believing that nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good. She had none of the ambition and worldly-mindedness of the mother of Zebedee's children, who brought her two sons to Christ, and said: "Grant that these may sit, the one on Thy right hand and the other

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on the left, in Thy Kingdom. "She was wiser than that mother whom the Saviour so sharply reproved for her haughty spirit, by saying: "Ye know not what ye ask." She understood too well that the wings of Icarus are but the instruments of self destruction to the simpletons who try to soar away upon them; "that it is better to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud."

In his fifteenth year he had the misfortune to lose the guardianship of this excellent woman. The illness which terminated her life was sudden and unexpected. She had long been in delicate health. This had, however, at no time given rise to symptoms causing much anxiety. The melancholy event overwhelmed the world of Staunton, where she had made hosts of friends, with grief. She was a dear and admired friend and her body, says one of those present, was followed to the tomb by multitudes, who responded to the sad summons with tears and marks of sympathy.

Mrs. Susan Madison Peyton often spoke with a mother's pride and affection of the obedient, truthful, and ingenuous character of her son, remarking that he had never, save upon one occasion, deliberately defied her authority. This occurred in his tenth year, when, during the war of 1812-15 between England and the United States, a call was made for volunteers. Our patriotic father, who had been two years in the service, returned on furlough, from Camp Holly, near Richmond, to pass a few days with his family. During this short leave he was actively engaged recruiting, and a number

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of young men were enrolled in the service. On his arrival at home, he presented my brother with a fowling-piece, purchased in Richmond. William was greatly delighted with this plaything, and was the whole day "banging away" at beast and bird.

Some of Napoleon's biographers have endeavoured to account for his sanguinary tastes and love of war, by the supposition that these were called forth and stimulated by a dismounted field-piece, which he used in his childhood as a plaything. If there be any truth in this account, which I doubt, it is possible that William Peyton's fowling-piece and the smell of villanous saltpetre aroused in him something of the like martial spirit, for he was quickly seized with a desire to join the Augusta forces and proceed to the seat of war. The idea was simply ridiculous, and its absurdity was explained to him by his mother. Inexpressibly disappointed, chagrined, and mortified, he held his peace and waited an opportunity. Next morning our father bade farewell to his family, giving much good advice to my brother. The substance of this was contained in the celebrated President Thomas Jefferson's ten good rules to be observed in practical life, a copy of which he left with William. With Mr. Jefferson our father had been on terms of intimate friendship for many years, always passing a night at Monticello when attending the superior court of Albemarle, and having been Mr. Jefferson's counsel in the Rivanna canal and other suits.

Mr. Jefferson's rules, which my brother committed

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to memory, but which I doubt whether he governed himself strictly by, were:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. When angry, count ten before you speak: if very angry, one hundred.
9. Take things always by the smoothest handle.
10. In all cases when you cannot do as well as you would, do the best you can.

After my father's farewell, he took command of the recruits and proceeded by forced marches to the front. The day following, my brother was missed. A diligent search failed to disclose his hiding place. Messages were despatched in pursuit towards Richmond, his old nurse declaring her belief that he had followed the "sogers." On the next day they came upon him twenty-five miles from home on the Eastern slope of the Blue Ridge mountain, When overtaken, he was sitting, apparently in meditation, munching a piece of salt pork, among a party of teamsters belonging to the supply trains, covered with dust, wearied and foot sore, his fowling piece loaded lying by his side. Though nearly exhausted in body, his resolution was as determined as ever to follow the troops, and stand up, as he said, for old Virginia. He seemed to think his country in dire extremity. Like his companions, the teamsters, he believed, however, that she would emerge from the storm and have a brilliant future. For himself, he

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asked no recompense, but to serve her, to fight for her. Such were the notions already floating through his juvenile mind. Was this patriotism? Could such sentiments find a place in the breast of one so young or had the smell of gunpowder and the fowling-piece aroused the spirit of war in his bosom? He was at once taken prisoner and borne home in the most inglorious manner. Finding on his return, his mother ill and in tears, he was deeply grieved at his behaviour; his conscience, indeed, seemed to overwhelm him with reproaches. Becoming at once sensible of the reckless cruelty of his foolish conduct, he made every apology and atonement in his power; sought to soothe her with a voice and manner of touching sorrow, and ever after was the most affectionate and obedient of sons. It is not, surprising then, that he was the darling of her heart.

It may not be here out of place to anticipate and to remark that from this period, throughout life, deference to his parents was one of his leading traits. He honoured them by loving them, confiding in them, obeying them, abstaining from whatever was disagreeable to them, and doing everything in his power to promote their comfort and happiness. After the loss of his mother, and our father's second marriage to one of her cousins, Anne Montgomery Lewis, daughter of Major John Lewis, of the Sweet Springs, a distinguished officer of the American revolutionary army, and grandfather of the writer, he extended to her, not only deference and respect, but a truly filial affection. My mother was,

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therefore, soon warmly attached to him, and taught her children to love him before they learned to do so for his own qualities, for the variety of his endowments and the extent of his accomplishments, as they were developed to the family in after years. My affection hurries me on. I pause, and ask myself why I speak of his great accomplishments. Can any human knowledge be all-comprehensive? The most eminent philosopher is of yesterday, and knows nothing. Newton felt that he had gathered but a few pebbles on the shores of a boundless ocean. The moment we attempt to thoroughly penetrate a subject, we learn that it probably has unfathomable depths. That which is known is the prelude to the infinite unknown. Every discovery gives us a glimpse of greater things to be discovered. In everything, from the grain of sand to the stars, the wise man finds mysteries before which his knowledge sinks into insignificance. It must be understood that the idea sought to be conveyed is that his attainments were vast only in relation to those of other men.

In his twelfth year he entered, as a pupil, the Staunton Academy, then under a head master of the name of Fuller, a man of much learning and of a plodding character. Here he remained four years and was quickly distinguished for his superior parts; was known

> "As a sharp witted youth—
> Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates,
> Turning the hours of sport and food to labour."

The common recreations of volatile youth, the games invented to kill time without improvement, he never enjoyed; but sought for higher gratification in science

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and meditation. It soon became a common remark of his teachers and acquaintances, that he was "a boy of singularly gifted intellect." He spoke at this time with peculiar vivacity and fluency, was already brilliant in his juvenile wit, and quick in the acquisition of knowledge. His liveliness too, was not the noisy accompaniment of emptiness, but the offspring of a rich imagination. It may not be out of place to mention here that at this time, and indeed throughout life, his health, like that of his mother, was delicate—at times alarmingly so. This may account in a measure for his neglect of sports and his studious habits. At the Academy he was obedient and industrious, and manifested in his every act a kind and affectionate disposition, which was combined with a rare uprightness and love of truth. Such was the sweetness of his temper, his amiability and readiness to oblige, his simplicity of character and thorough ingenuousness, that he won the affectionate confidence of all with whom he came in contact. His influence, as will be readily inferred, over his youthful companions was marked, and was solely due to his superior power, his firmness and moderation, and not to any bullying or self assertion. To the youngest and weakest he always acted as the kindest and humblest brother. Like the apostle of old, he was gentle towards all, even as a nurse cherisheth her children. Consequently the intimate connections formed in his boyhood were never relaxed or broken through life. On the contrary he was noticed for maintaining among men throughout

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life the ascendency which he acquired at school over his youthful companions. Possessing a clear judgment and a fund of common sense, he was always able to give his young companions sage counsel and to extricate them from the little difficulties of the daily course. Many a time he was seen, during this period, in the play grounds of the school, the centre of a circle of lads, with whom he conversed about their studies, thus lightening their labours and clearing away their difficulties. His frank and kindly manner, his tenacity of principle and feeling, his power of belief, the entire absence of cynicism, all of which he displayed at that early period, invited the confidence of all his companions. In their little griefs and sorrows his schoolfellows appealed to him, and such was his joyous, buoyant spirit that he never failed to soothe and comfort them. It is not surprising, then, that he exerted the most salutary influence in the Academy. At this school he obtained a good classical and mathematical education, and was considered so mature, both in character and attainments, that he was, in 1822, withdrawn, and matriculated at the University of New Jersey, Nassau Hall, Princeton, whither we will follow him in the next chapter.

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CHAPTER II.

In order to understand and fully appreciate the character of the promising boy introduced to the reader in the preceding chapter, it is expedient to follow him from the school in which he began to climb the hill of knowledge to the University of New Jersey, and to dwell briefly upon his career in that place.

This northern institution had long been a favourite with the southern people, and especially those of Virginia, as it still is. Many of the leading Southern States scholars and politicians of the past century and early part of the present were educated at Princeton. Among them was Archibald Alexander, an eminent author and divine; his sons James and Joseph Addison Alexander, scarcely less distinguished; John Macpherson Berrian, U. S. Senator for Georgia; William Gaston and Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina; Robert J. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; Charles Fenton Mercer and John Peyton, of Virginia, and many others. And our father himself was one of the *Alumni*, having been graduated M.A. in 1797, in the same class with Richard Rush, late minister Plenipotentiary from the

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United States to England, and author of a well known book entitled "Memoranda of a residence at the Court of London from 1817 to 1825."

For these reasons it was selected rather than the college of "William and Mary" in Virginia, which was in a declining state, probably owing to the unhealthy climate of Williamsburg; but of which institution our paternal grandfather John Rouse* Peyton, was a graduate. The course of study in the University of New Jersey is comprehensive, embracing Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and the modern languages, mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, ethics, etc. Notwithstanding his youth, my brother's scholastic attainments put him at once in an advanced position in the University, and during his second year he rose to the first distinction as a scholar. His diligence gave perfect satisfaction to his tutors, by whom he was both loved and respected. The noble features of his character, too—his open, affable, manly, and cheerful disposition and his active habits—made him a general favourite, not only with his teachers and fellow students, by whom he was regarded as a model, but by all his acquaintances, whether in the college or out of it. He seemed ever to have engraven upon his mind that sacred rule "do all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you." He was absolutely without any of the dissimulating in youth, which is the

* This name has been spelt in several ways, thus: Rous, Rouse, Rowse, or Rowze (as by Dr. Lodwick Rowze, author of "The Queenes Welles" London 1630), and Rowzée.

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forerunner of perfidy in old age. His manners were natural and engaging, free from anything like affected politeness, and were marked by much courtesy of demeanour. A friend and contemporary at Princeton, John Randolph Bryan, of Gloucester County, Virginia, once informed the author, as they were sailing up the James River from Norfolk to Richmond in 1848, that he regarded William Peyton while at college as the finest pattern he had ever known of the thorough conservative high-toned gentleman. In a letter addressed to the author, in 1856, by the distinguished writer, N. Parker Willis, he spoke of him, when they were fellow students in Yale, in the same terms of commendation. Mr. W. held him to be a man of genius, whose failure to achieve greatness he would have deemed a marvel, but that he knew the race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

His influence in preserving order, or stilling storms, among the Princeton students was of great service to the faculty. On occasions when disorders were apprehended from rough and reckless students, and the combinations they formed among the idle, the dissolute, and refractory, the masters applied to him, and through his exertions many a disturbance was avoided. Such in fact was his success in this way, arising from the power of influence he possessed, that the epoch of his college life was marked as one of the most quiet and respectable which had for many years occurred.

It was soon discovered at Princeton that he had a warm imagination, a feeling heart, and keen passions.

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These latter were, however, under such control that they did not betray him into idleness, sensuality, or any of the usual vices of youth. From his earliest years, indeed, he seemed imbued with the necessity of acquiring virtuous habits. So much was he noted for his pure and lofty principles, that he was, while yet in his teens, the subject of remark, some attributing his excellence to the training of his parents, particularly to the influence of his mother, while others believed they were innate; for in whatever he undertook he was guided by the principles of virtue; they formed so essential a part of his character that through life he inspired all with whom he came in contact with perfect confidence, and consequently could not fail to exercise great influence. And it may be said with truth that the world at no period of his life ever narrowed or debased his affections, but his virtuous youth led to an accomplished manhood and tranquil old age.

If the newspapers of Virginia be consulted during the period of his public life, it will be found that those journals, of whatever political complexion, and however heated the contest might be, always spoke of him with the utmost respect, and paid high tribute to his talents, but above all to his lofty personal character. It is a matter of deep regret to the writer that none of these papers are contained in the library of the British Museum, or can now be procured, else many interesting extracts would be adduced to illustrate the esteem in which he was held by the people of his native State. It is not too much to say that in after life his honesty

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and straightforwardness, his invincible fortitude, gave a vigour to his mind, a weight to his character, and a nobleness to his sentiments, which exalted him to the highest fame among the gentlemen of Virginia. With those who were near him, his personal popularity was unbounded, yet he never resorted to a dishonest act or stooped to the slightest meanness. There are but few public men of whom this can be truly said! It is proper that I should say on this subject, that, though singularly amiable, he never neared, or much less fell into, that vicious prostitution of mind in which a man has no will, sentiment, or principle of his own. So far from wanting the courage to avow his opinions, however distasteful they might at times be, his openness of character caused him often to display a generous, almost reckless boldness, in their expression.

His physical and moral courage, it should not be forgotten to mention, was, as may be readily imagined, soon proved to be equal to his frankness, and was of the heroic type. In illustration of which it may be related that on his return to Yale in his nineteenth year, when he was over six feet in height and of great bodily strength, he fought with and overcame, after a severe contest, Thomas van Bibber, known as "Big Tom" an intrepid fighting cock and recognized Athletæ.

His health was so much impaired by the end of his second year's residence at Princeton, his physical system so unstrung by close application to books, that he was withdrawn, and he returned to pass some time in the pure, dry atmosphere of Western Virginia. This course

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was deemed necessary for his restoration to health, and the result was highly complimentary to the hygienic qualities of the mountain air. A few months spent in the Alleghanies, far from his studies and confinement, and near the trout stream and the hunting ground, enabled him to recover his customary tone and vigour, and at the end of six months he resumed his labours.

On his return to college, our wise father gave him the following abstract of the advice of Celsus, with respect to the preservation of health. "A man," says he, "who is blessed with good health, should confine himself to no particular rules, either with respect to regimen or medicine. He ought frequently to diversify his manner of living; to be sometimes in town, sometimes in the country; to hunt, sail, indulge in rest, but more frequently to use exercise. He ought to refuse no kind of food that is commonly used, but sometimes to eat more and sometimes less; sometimes to make one at an entertainment; sometimes to forbear it; to make rather two meals a day than one, and always to eat heartily, provided he can digest it. He ought neither too eagerly to pursue, nor too scrupulously to avoid, intercourse with the fair sex; pleasures of this kind, rarely indulged, render the body alert and active, but when too frequently repeated, weak and languid. He should be careful in time of health not to destroy, by excess of any kind, that vigour of constitution which should support him under sickness."

Notwithstanding the youth's amended health, our prudent father determined, upon the advice of his

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family physician, the late William Boys, M.D., of Staunton, a noted provincial member of the profession, and a descendent, I believe, of the Boys, of County Kent, in England, so many of whom have found a sepulchre in Canterbury Cathedral, to send him farther north, to the more bracing air of Connecticut. He was accordingly entered at Yale College, in 1824.

As a proof of the high estimation in which he was held at Princeton, it may be mentioned, that when it was known that owing to ill health he would not return to the University, the authorities wished, in consideration of his fine scholarship and exemplary deportment, to confer upon him the degree which he would have obtained had he remained there two years longer. Indeed they were prevented from doing so only by the statutes of the Institution, which were found, on close examination, to prohibit that course, and also William Peyton's declared purpose not to accept such a degree. The Whig Society, however, a literary association and debating club to which he belonged, conferred upon him the honour reserved for their most distinguished members, and though he refused this mark of appreciation from his comrades also, the society dispatched to our father, in Virginia, the diploma my brother would not accept. This document, handsomely framed, long graced the walls of the library, at Montgomery Hall, and is now (1873) in the possession of my eldest sister.

It was the opinion of the litterateurs of Princeton that the peculiar faculty of acquiring languages was developed in him in the highest degree, and that he

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would rival the fame of Crichton, Walton, Pocock, Sir William Jones, Mezzofanti, or any of the great English or continental linguists. Some of the accounts, indeed, of his feats at this day are so remarkable that I am disposed to regard them as legendary, such as the stories told of Buddha and Mahomet, the first of whom is said, at the age of ten years, to have taught his master Babourenon, fifty non-Indian tongues and their respective characters, while the second, according to his biographer Prideaux, was promised before the throne of the most High that he "should have the knowledge of all languages."

At the period, when he left Princeton, his personal appearance was that of one who had grown too rapidly into manhood. He was tall and slender. In his movements, however, he was easy, graceful, and firm, withal showing the nobleness of his origin. His hair and complexion were light brown, the forehead broad and expansive, his nose aquiline, his eyes dark blue and brilliant, and the appearance of his whole person pleasing and dignified. His mind had rapidly expanded at Princeton, and he now showed a keen penetration, clear judgment, and comprehensive intellect. He added to these the talent of wit and ridicule in a remarkable degree, recited admirably, possessed a rich fund of anecdote, an easy flow of words, and high animal spirits, and improvised verses and epigrams. The first efforts of his genius, in fact, seemed to be in the direction of the muses. Unrestrained at this early day by the coldness of argument

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and the confinement of rules, his mind seemed gladly to indulge in flights of imagination, a thing not uncommon with men of genius. Indeed an early taste for the beauties of poetical composition is in my opinion an almost infallible mark of a refined and elegant mind. Cicero, Valerius, Cato and other ancient philosophers, orators, and historians, are known to have sacrificed to the muses in their earlier productions. This talent for versification sometimes led him into difficulties. On one occasion, previous to his return to Yale, he wrote some verses upon an entertainment given by an old lady of Staunton. She was a connection of the family, and he had been accustomed to call her *aunt*, though she was really no relative. At this party, to the surprise of the small fry, and the disgust of the young gentlemen, the only wine supplied was made by herself from the blackberry, a favourite fruit which flourishes in Augusta. The gay youths expected to sip the juice of the grape in the form of sparkling champagne. This domestic wine is an excellent summer drink, but was not what the fashionable boys expected. When their host provided it, she considered that she was not only conferring a favour, but paying them a compliment. Her well known hospitality, at all events, excluded the idea that in proffering it she was influenced by any mean considerations of economy. "Young America," however, was dissatisfied with the change. These youths were decidedly of the opinion of Diogenes, who, when asked what wine he preferred, answered, "the foreign."

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The thirsty popinjays of that day were as fond as those of our generation of the glass which not only exhilarates, but inebriates, and felt the slight in two ways. Their pride was stung, their wrath kindled, and their thirst remained unslaked, at least by the desired champagne. Consequently they set their wits together to be avenged, and persuaded William Peyton to compose a few stanzas, as they expressed it, "suitable to the occasion." Without a moment's reflection, and evidently while inspired by the Blackberry cordial, he complied with their wishes. His lines began somewhat after this fashion:

> This blackberry wine is all very fine,
> But it makes Jack go to bed with his breeches on.

Probably my reader loses nothing by reason of my inability to procure a copy of these lines, which proceeded in a comical vein to eulogize the home-made beverage, but ridiculed its heady qualities, and the wine itself in comparison with *vin etranger*. The verses ran through the town, causing no small merriment. Coming finally with the author's name to the knowledge of the old lady, her wrath was kindled. The verses were sent her by a marplot. She put on her spectacles and proceeded to read them, and, though her anger waxed hot, she could not help exclaiming, as one happy joke after another flashed upon her sight, "Marvellous boy! marvellous boy." The improvisator called some days later, before his departure for college, when she had somewhat recovered her temper, and in a graceful manner made his peace with his old friend by

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explaining the simple circumstances under which the *jeu d'esprit* was perpetrated. Thus, by a display of that frankness and candour which formed so prominent a part of his character, and which education and cultivation only rendered more conspicuous, he disarmed her resentment. Her sense of injury removed, she laughed as heartily as anyone at the vexation of the young people and the sparkling wit of the Quixotic bard. A few weeks later, when he left to resume his academic duties, he was supplied by this generous friend with a case of her best "blackberry," with which, in the midst of his college fellows, he often drank to her health and long life.

It is obvious from this incident that he did not then belong, if he ever did, to that rare class who are never foolish even when they are young; who never cry out when they are hurt; never are driven out of their course by adverse winds, and are always able to see that every thing is for the best. Such people in this world of troubles are not only rare but blessed, and are very unlike the rest of us, who cry out a great deal, and are very foolish generally, not only when we are young, but all our lives.

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CHAPTER III.

Were I detailing the life of one whose career had been eventful, I should not occupy the space given in this chapter with what might prove of little interest to the reader. But as few lives worth recording are more devoid of incident, it is not expected that this simple record of his will be adapted to the tastes of those who enjoy only what is now termed sensational reading. As I neither write for, nor expect to please, this class, I shall not omit such minor occurrences in his career as may appear likely to prove useful and interesting to others.

On a fine sunny afternoon of early September, in the year 1825, two young gentlemen dressed in shooting costume were lying on the grass beneath the outstretched branches of an old walnut. This venerable tree threw its grateful shade over an ancient stone building covered with woodbine, honeysuckle, and grape vines, and from which a gurgling stream issued forth. Their fowling-pieces and game-bags were by their sides. This house protected the bubbling spring from which

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the supply of water at jolly old Montgomery Hall, the red gables of which were seen amidst foliage about four hundred yards distant, was drawn. Jolly old Montgomery Hall!

> "In that mansion used to be
> Free-hearted hospitality:
> His great fires up the chimney roar'd;
> The stranger feasted at his board:
> * * * *
> There groups of merry children play'd
> There youths and maidens, dreaming, stray'd."

Gushing from the side of a rock, covered with moss and wild flowers, and shaded by waving branches, the fountain, though not large, sent forth a stream of pure, bright water. This rivulet lies in the lap of the rich and partly wooded valley of Peyton's brook, a tributary of Lewis' creek, in the midst of a sea of verdure, for it meanders through meadows, which extend through dale and over gently undulating hill. Overlooked by the high grounds on which the hall stands, and the more distant north mountains, it is the coolest and most picturesque of vallies.

Fatigued from their morning's amusement, the young sportsmen were looking out lazily, almost insensibly, upon this scene of blue and green, and the various beauties soliciting their admiration, the while carrying on a desultory conversation. Both were tall and graceful, and about both there was the charm of happy youth. One of them had black eyes, large, bold, and sparkling, and hair dark as the raven's plumage—this was Jefferson Stuart. The other was brown haired,

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blue eyed, and fairer of complexion, was taller and more robust of figure than his handsome companion. He was really his junior by two or three years, and seemed not to have attained his full growth—the darkening down only just shaded a cheek somewhat sunburnt though naturally fair—this was William Madison Peyton. They had gone forth some hours before to shoot partridges, which are plentiful in this section of Virginia. Reaching on their return the beautiful fountain, hot and dusty they quenched their thirst and threw themselves on the grass to indulge, perhaps, in a short siesta. Here they remained some time in silence, apparently listening to the peculiar sounds of the country, which replace the hum of the city, the rustle of the leaves, the waving of the corn, the song of birds, the humming of insects. For some time they did not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, but remained delighted by the rural sights and sounds. Stuart, whose curiosity had often been excited by the old building, and the numberless names carved upon its sides, rose to examine it more closely. In the act of raising some ivy leaves which covered its hoary sides, he started back with an arch smile, as he saw engraved upon one of the stones, SALLY TAYLOR.

William Peyton, who saw the movement and the smile of his friend, quickly turned away and sent his hat into the air with a squir, then, seizing his gun, he fired at a skylark and, of course, brought down no game. Stuart, who observed his confusion, with that sensitive delicacy for the feelings of others which always characterised

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him, said nothing of his discovery, and the two, after a further short delay, went their way merrily.

The town of Staunton, though its foundation does not date anteriorly to the year 1730, when it was traced out by the Huguenot emigrant, Colonel John Lewis, * the pioneer and first white settler of Augusta, has nevertheless, so new is new America, something of the odour of antiquity about it. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety," indeed, of the reminiscences connected with the name of Staunton and its old and noted houses. These houses, like all those which have seen better days, in every ancient town or village, are not unillustrated by their legends of terror. Some are historical, and strange stories they have, some are haunted and with the worst kind of goblins, and there are evenings when one might believe, with Chaucer, that the

> Queen of Faery,
> With harps, and pipe, and symphoney,
> Were dwelling in the place.

Of the houses whose names are written in Virginian history, many thrilling tales are told connected with the

* Colonel Stuart, of Greenbrier, in his Memoir of the Indian Wars, published by his son, Charles A. Stuart, under the auspices of the Virginia Historical Society, in Richmond, 1833, remarks that the river Greenbrier received its name from Colonel Lewis, in the following manner. "The next year, 1778," says Colonel Stuart, "Greenbrier was separated from Botetourt County, and the county took its name from the river, which was so named by old Colonel John Lewis, father to the late General Andrew Lewis, and was one of the Grantees under H.M. Order in Council, who, in company with his son Andrew, explored the country in 1751. He, Colonel Lewis, entangled himself one day in a bunch of green briers on the river banks, and declared he would ever after call the stream Greenbrier river."

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bloody border wars. Stories of how they were besieged by the Red-skins, who alternately tried the experiment of burning or starving out the indwellers, of the stratagems and surprises to which they were subjected, and the direct attacks they sustained. The best known and most famous of these old houses was, of course, that of Col. John Lewis, which was not inaptly styled "The Fort." It was built of huge masses of stone, with walls of extraordinary thickness, pierced with windows of slender proportion, and looked more like a fortress than a mansion. The truth is, it was both. Here the brave old pioneer lived many years—indeed till his death in 1762, defending his family and the infant colony from their savage foes. Another of those houses is "Spring farm" mansion, which was built of *adoube* (bricks dried in the sun) by Hessian prisoners taken by the American army during the war of the Revolution. Sent west of the blue mountains to remain during the war, these mercenaries were turned to valuable account. Houses were built, lands drained, private grounds embellished, and roads constructed by their labour.

Of the houses haunted, of spectres still more horrible, stories are told of the spirits of evil and goblins damned by which they are infested. One of these ancient, tumble down buildings—a soot begrimed, leaky-roofed centenarian, occupied by an old woman, whose appearance at an earlier period would have subjected her to the ordeal of fire and water—was the terror in our youth of young folks. In addition to

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the venerable occupant, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it was popularly supposed to shelter a great population of goblins, whose horrible noises oft startled the dull ear of night. The old crone who lived in this desolate and weird house had been married to an improvident man. At his death she was left poor and childless, and continued to occupy her solitary house on the outskirts of the common. Strange reports began to be circulated regarding her and the house. Lights were seen burning in her attic windows, strange sounds were heard in the house at unseasonable hours, her cow gave bloody milk. Soon the stock of the neighbouring farmers was found with tangled and knotted tails and manes, the horses waxed poor, the supply of milk fell off, the cattle caught disease (what is now called the pleuro-pneumonia), the potatoes grew mouldy. These misfortunes were traced to poor Lovie. She was regarded as a witch, and her dwelling as the abode of disembodied spirits, of astral spirits, gnomes, salamanders, and naiads. The young people never passed the cottage without tucking up their garments and veering to the opposite side of the street, especially about nightfall. The belief in ghosts, goblins, and wraiths still lingered among the rustic population, in spite of the schoolmaster and the newspaper. Rarely did these simple folk visit the town without peering furtively round as they passed (if during twilight's hour) the lonely home of Lovie, lest bogles might catch them unawares. Another of these prematurely aged houses—a house whose days seemed numbered, whose space of life was rapidly drawing to a close—was three

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stories high, standing between two heavy squalid-looking buildings, having one story each; consequently the beholder might easily acquire the impression that its altitude had been caused by the pressure of its sleepy neighbours. It had four tall, lanky chimneys, which had apparently eschewed smoke for years, and eight front windows. These windows had most of their panes broken, but were all fortified on the inside with ricketty shutters, which excluded light and air, and frustrated the curiosity of passers-by to obtain a view of the interior—save of two small rooms. I might go on describing the peculiarities of this strange building until I had filled pages of my MS., could I but afford the space. It was owned and partly occupied by an eccentric old man, named Bury Hill, who was a cross between a monomaniac and a hypochondriac. This house was, of course, classed among the haunted. Mr. Hill was a grocer, but his principal business consisted in selling inferior whiskey to what our town snobs called low *Iwish*. These ignorant sons of Erin feared ghosts, but were never known to shrink from spirits. This singular but inoffensive man, Hill, took quite a fancy to the writer in his boyhood, and often refreshed him in hot weather with "cobbler."* Mr. Hill was supposed to occupy his house in common with "Old Nick" himself. Aged negroes, especially those belonging to the class of nurses, declared that they had seen the hideous salamander

* The sherry cobbler belongs to that catalogue of American drinks which have a nomenclature of their own, and is an iced drink much in request during the summer. Made generally of imitation sherry, it yields only a temporary refreshment. If long indulged in, it is sure to end by destroying the stomach.

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there, "ye deville bodilie, being like unto one hugeous black gote, with hornis and taille." In common with the children of the town, I believed these stories, but it did not impair my taste for his cobblers. Oh the charming simplicity of childhood! How rare and refreshing! Who does not long once more for the happy dreams and sweet illusions of youth!

These were not the only, nor the most attractive, houses of which our town could boast. There were many comfortable mansions, with an air of substantial and aristocratic prosperity. Of some of these I will speak presently. The streets of the town itself were narrow, with badly-paved footpaths; the houses generally tall and roofed with shingles—thin boards. An ancient church, with a gray, moss-rusted tower, clothed from base to summit with the Virginian creeper, a decrepid wooden bridge spanning the pebbly creek, and a tottering mill (Fawkler's) near the centre of it, a desolate looking court-house and dreary prison, were, omitting the private residences, the principal features of the town. Such was the borough of Staunton of early days—my native loved old village. It is painful to look back upon a home and social circle broken up, upon a sunny childhood faded, and upon parents lost but unforgotten—upon Virginia dismembered, subjugated, a prey to "carpet baggers," harpies, and negroes. Nothing can ever efface from my heart the remembrance of "the old dominion." Nothing is comparable, amidst the arts and ruins of older lands, to the splendour with which nature decks herself in her woods and vallies,

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her mountains and her streams. Capable of yielding every comfort, offering every charm, what can exceed the enthusiasm of her sons for such a country?

The foregoing in regard to Staunton has been altogether by way of digression—has no immediate connection with this history. Digressions are not unfrequently indulged in by the writer, and are, as a clever man has said, the sunshine, the life, the soul of reading. Take them out of a book, and you might as well take the book along with them—one cold, eternal winter would reign in every page of it: restore them to the writer, he steps forth like a bridegroom, bids all hail—brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

Though our history has no concern with what has been described of my native town, it is closely connected with two of Staunton's solid houses, about which I shall now speak: on them hangs a tale. The first of these was a brick building, fronting on Beverly, near its intersection with Augusta Street. It was a thoroughly comfortable and respectable abode—a picture in its way. That plain Virginian house, its cheerful face of red bricks, its solid squareness of shape—a symbol of the substance of its owner—was the residence of the Hon. Allan Taylor, Chancellor of the Equity Court, which I have mentioned as having such an extensive territorial jurisdiction. Chancellor Taylor was much respected for the probity of his character, the accuracy of his learning, and the fidelity with which he devoted himself to the business of his court.

It was often said of him, that he might be mistaken in

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an opinion; but, if so, it was an error of the head and not of the heart. His social habits were winning, as well as those of his contemporaries; this has given celebrity to what is known in America as Virginian hospitality. His house was therefore a favourite resort, where the old oaken board was always spread for friends, and the old chairs ranged in a wide crescent around the log-heaped fire. In early life he married an accomplished lady, Miss Elizabeth Thompson, who, besides many personal charms, was an heiress, and he was now surrounded by an interesting brood of children. His two daughters were named Elizabeth (or, as she was commonly called, Sally) and Juliet. The elder, Elizabeth, at this time (September, 1825) in her eighteenth year, was the acknowledged village beauty, which was not surprising, for she looked, according to all contemporaneous accounts, like the fairest and youngest of the muses. In a dreamy moment of youthful love, William Peyton had engraved her name upon the side of the old building. Entertaining for her a tender and deep affection, which began in childhood, it was now one of the most profound sentiments of his heart.

Elizabeth Taylor was, in Sept. 1825, rather *petite*, had the look of those young people who have not quite done growing, giving her an appearance at once elegant and interesting. Her features were regular, the nose aquiline, eyes blue, eyebrows in a simple, almost severe, arch, like those of a Circassian, and there was something resolute and original in her expression

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that was exceedingly attractive. Her mouth, which was small, had even then a slight expression of disdain. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of her complexion, in which were mingled the lily and the rose, and her hair, which was light chestnut, fell in ringlets about her neck. The grace and dignity of her movements bespoke a noble nature and descent. Such was the young creature destined to play an important part in the life of William Peyton. Through the partiality of a relation, she enjoyed a separate estate, and was regarded as the richest prize in the community. In the slang of the town and country fops, she was known as, "*beauty and booty*," and there were few of those coxcombs who did not aspire to her hand. Some were disinterested and attracted solely by her personal charms and accomplishments, but it is beyond doubt that others were drawn by the fortune. As several of the gallants of that day are still living, and have grown wiser with years, I will not mention their names, which might make it necessary to indicate those who were attracted by the *beauty* and those by the *booty*—an invidious task which is gladly avoided. The united causes, however, gave her a marked pre-eminence among the belles of a town famous for the beauty of its women. The chancellor's house was, of course, one of the chosen spots where the village butterflies most loved to congregate.

In Augusta Street, facing the east, was a capacious residence, called "The Old Stone House," from the fact that it was built of blue limestone, which exists everywhere in large quantities in the Shenandoah

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valley. It was erected at an early period, and was intended to be, as it really was, half dwelling-house, half fortress. The immense thickness of the buttressed walls, the narrow windows, the front door through which a gun carriage might pass, and the situation of the edifice, which commanded the approaches, leave little doubt of its original purpose. It was evidently designed both as a residence and as an outpost, a kind of detached fort set up in early days against the attacks of Redskins. This was the town residence of our father for several years, while Montgomery Hall was being rebuilt upon the site of an ancient edifice. Though facing another point of the compass, and in a different street from Chancellor Taylor's residence, the grounds of the two establishments were adjacent, and communicated by a small vine-covered gate-way. The grounds were large and ornamented, in addition to much shrubbery, with oaks, walnuts, and chestnut trees. Through this rustic gate-way, the two families of Taylor and Peyton kept up a constant intercourse, and not a day passed without their children spending some hours together. It was during this happy period that William Peyton and Elizabeth Taylor had unconsciously learned to love. And it does not appear that their case illustrated the trite adage that the "course of true love never did run smooth," for, as they advanced towards adolescence their affection "grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength"—nothing occurred to mar their happiness. They probably were, however, themselves then uncon-

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scious of the character and depth of these tender feelings. The hero of this little tale of real life had made no declaration of his passion, and neither the parents of the one nor the other suspected the existence of a secret attachment. The affair attracted less attention from the fact that in the next property south of the stone house, there lived the family of a seafaring man, Captain Williamson, of the United States Mercantile Marine, whose family were in the constant habit of joining the group of young people playing in the grounds. The worthy Captain had a daughter also, who was afterwards famous for wit and beauty. William Peyton was as frequently with one family as the other, and was known years later to derive no small pleasure from the society of the captain's fair daughter. Probably he was more with the Williamsons than the Taylors at this time, for Captain W. had enriched his house with many curiosities collected in Europe, Asia, Africa, and other distant quarters of the globe. He had many rare paintings, vases, statuettes, Chinese-pagodas, tapestries, medals, coins and other objects of virtu; and for the study of these, William Peyton evinced a strong passion. Much of his time was spent in examining them, and the correct taste he afterwards displayed in the decorations, the furniture, the paintings, etc., of his establishment, at Elmwood, in Roanoke, was probably in some measure due to the direction now given to his mind. Being much in the society of both families until the completion of his education, if

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anyone thought of the probability of his losing his heart with either of these beautiful girls, they were at a loss to imagine which fair charmer 'twould be. It was, therefore, something of a discovery for his young friend and companion, Stuart, to have penetrated so unexpectedly and unwittingly into the secret workings of his soul; for who can doubt but to Stuart's mind the hoary sides of the Spring house told a tale of love. Stuart may have jested with him upon the subject of his passion, in their solitary walks, and may have been taken into the lover's confidence; but, if so, he preserved the secret with fidelity, for up to William's return from Yale, in 1824, the world had no knowledge of the affair.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader if I conclude this chapter with a brief allusion to some of the changes which time has wrought in the Staunton of 1810-20. Railways and telegraphs have penetrated beyond the mountains, and the village of earlier days has passed away. Now trains, like comets with "fiery tresses," hiss and foam through the frightened fields and crowded ways. Shops have taken the place of homes, and grass no longer grows in streets which reverberate with the music of commerce, and are full of the stirring stream of life. Judge Taylor's house has been despoiled, "gutted", the lower story metamorphosed into a place of business, where sugar and salt, fresh butter and dried herrings, are offered for sale. The ivy, the jessamine, and the woodbine have been stripped from the walls and replaced with fresh

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stucco, and the old home bears a new name. Now it is called after a recent occupant, "The McDowell House." Many other changes have taken place. The dignified gentleman of the old school, with his blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat and top boots, vermillion face and powdered hair—the type of a proud and generous race—one of the institutions, if I may so speak, of the Virginia of the past, has disappeared. Indeed, he is almost forgotten by a bustling, money-making, and irreverent posterity. The ancient constitution and conservative local government, the habits and customs of the inhabitants, have also passed away, and, what they were, will in a few years, in all probability, become a matter of curious enquiry.

At the period of which I speak, railways and telegraphs were unknown—people travelled on horseback and in coaches, when they did travel, which was seldom the case. There were horses of every breed, and coaches light and heavy, single and double, long and short—all the crosses between a hearse and an omnibus; but if people moved more slowly in those days may they not have been happier? There was no talking to distant minds by means of lightning, no travelling on the wings of steam—none of the "fast" and "slap-dash" propensities of the present; but again, if there was less excitement, was there not more quiet comfort? If our ancestors were not happier, if modern improvements are all for good, and nothing for evil, let wiser heads and deeper philosophy than mine determine. What remains to me of this bygone age but the

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hearts's memory of old things? "I cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to me." With the fine old gentleman, the whole throng have vanished through the ruby skies. Yes, the men, dear honest race, and their manners and customs, the spirit of the age in which they lived, like their houses and festival days, have departed!

> Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear—
> Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!

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CHAPTER IV.

THE vacation of 1823, which William Peyton spent at home, had scarcely passed away before he was on his return to Yale. During the term which followed, he completed his academic education, giving such increased evidence of talent and scholarship, that there were few of his associates who did not believe he would achieve great things in after life. Professors and students alike regarded him as the coming man, as well by the cleverness he had displayed in his Uuniversity career, as by his conversation, conduct, tone, and manner, by his ready writings and speeches, or, in other words, by the thousand signs and tokens through which mind can be recognized and made known.

It may not be uninteresting to remark, that his residence and partial education in the north exercised a wholesome influence upon his opinions in after life. Many of the prejudices which he imbibed in youth against the northern people, and more especially those of New England, were removed, He learned to take larger and more catholic views, to respect the New

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Englanders for their great virtues of intellect, perseverance, and morality. In later years these youthful impressions were strengthened by further intercourse with the northern people, and he did much to create a better feeling between the inhabitants of the two great sections of the Republic. Among other things, he invited one of his college friends, Mr. B., subsequently the Rev. E. Boyden, to make him a visit. Mr. Boyden, who accepted the invitation, was so much pleased with the society, climate, and scenery of Virginia, that he adopted it as his home, and, some years after this visit, married a Stauntonian. Through the influence of my father and his wife's family, he was appointed curate, and afterwards rector, of Trinity Church, Staunton. The Rev. E. Boyden is still (1873) living in Virginia, where he is much esteemed and respected.

On my brother's return from Yale, our kind father, by a rare display of wisdom and liberality, placed at his son's absolute disposal, the estate he had acquired through his mother. Under the laws of Virginia, the husband is entitled, on the wife's death, by what is termed the "courtesy of England," to the usufruct of her property for life. My father did not choose to exercise this right, because, having married again, and having already one child born with every prospect of a large family, * he did not desire or intend that the offspring of his

* The writer was born of this second marriage the year following, namely on the 15th of September, 1824.

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second wife should participate, to the slightest extent, in the property of the first. According to his strict sense of honour, his elder son was equitably entitled to his mother's estate, and it was accordingly transferred to him, at his coming of age. He took this course for the further reason that it showed—certified—his confidence in the prudence, good sense and mature judgment of a son, of whom he had so much reason to be proud. The sagacity of his course in this matter was apparent in after times. It had the happiest effect, among other things, of preventing any envy or jealousy between the son of his first marriage and the children of the second. William Peyton always felt and acted towards his half brothers and sisters with the affectionate solicitude of a parent. During the thirty-odd years of the writer's intercourse with him, down, in fact, to the period of his death, he never spoke an unkind word, or was guilty of a single action unworthy of the fraternal relations existing between them. On the contrary he was always anxious to promote the success and prosperity of his sisters and brothers, but more especially of the author, in his every plan and project; was, in a word, everything that a brother could or should be. Well may my hand tremble, and my eyes grow dim, as the memory of the past rises up out of the grave. Turning back to the period when I first remember him, now after the lapse of forty years,

> His every look, His every word,
> His very voice's tone,
> Come back to me like things whose worth
> Is only prized when gone.

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The past stirs up again the churchyard of memory, and I see him as I saw him when a lad of ten. I loved him as a boy can love; and boys love with a devotion, a truth, a purity which few preserve in youth and manhood. My affection for him, however, was always the same. Time, business contact with the cold and selfish world did not impair or lessen it. But why dwell upon my grief at his loss? a grief heightened, if possible, in my case, since the blow was received when my home had become strange to me, and a strange land my home. The heart only knows its own bitterness. Suffice it to say, that in those days he completely fulfilled my boyish notions of the *beau ideal*.

From that period, I follow our intercourse down to his death, without recalling a single instance in which his anxious care, affectionate kindness failed. All my recollections of him, indeed, are associated with his almost parental solicitude on my behalf. It cannot be surprising, then, that I feel warmly concerning him, that I cherish his memory, that I have spoken of him and must still do so in high—in what some might consider extravagant—terms. Far be it from me, however, to indulge in idle praise. Elsewhere I have remarked that such praise is weak as unjust, reflecting credit neither upon the eulogist nor the person commended. Nor does his fame require it. In his case the simple truth is more eloquent than the highest-wrought praise. Born with a love of the good, the pure, and the true, a lovelier character never existed. If I may be permitted, after having already said so much on this subject, to refer to it again, it would be to say that if such a

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multiform and mixed thing as the human character can be described by a single word, his might very nearly be concentrated into that one word—magnamity. His genius allied itself to deep thoughts, great studies and objects. His intellect was solid, vigorous and comprehensive; taking in the whole range of knowledge, but was particularly devoted to those branches which require industry, sustained attention and the power of abstract thought. He was learned in the languages, thoroughly versed in the law, an adept in mathematics and the natural sciences. But, if his varied abilities elicited admiration his virtues were greater. Truth and honour were the two poles within which his whole actions revolved. He was capable only of the loftiest conceptions, of the noblest sentiments. Everything little, false, and corrupt, was spurned by him as the dust beneath his feet. In a crooked path he could not walk: in a foul atmosphere he could not breathe.

Some years since, I met the distinguished Dr. J. Marion Sims, of New York, at a private party in Paris. He had taken refuge there during the civil war in America, and, by his professional abilities, was not only making a support, but extending his fame.* In the course of the evening, our conversation turned upon the subject of the civil strife in the United States, which was then at its height, and to Colonel Peyton's actual detention under surveillance, his *quasi* imprisonment for some months after its commencement in New York. A gentleman present, one of my brother's old friends,

* He was Consulting Physician to the Empress Eugenie, and Physician in Ordinary to the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton.

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asked Dr. Sims if Colonel Peyton was an acquaintance of his? "Yes" said Dr. Sims "I know and love him. We have been intimate friends for years. He is a man of superior intelligence, versed in the arts, in science, and in politics—in everything, in short, which can enrich and elevate the human mind." "He has," continued Dr. S. "a heart superior to his head—is, in a word, as near perfection as is possible with a human being."

Perhaps an apology is due to the reader for the abruptness of my transitions, and for the want of strict sequence as to time in relating these recollections. It arises from the difficulty of combining all the facts of a personal history in a continuous recital. The assurance, however, that it does not interfere materially with the continuity of the narrative, will palliate, if it does not altogether excuse, the adventurous freedom of my pen.

The estate previously mentioned as having been transferred to my brother, consisted of lands in Virginia and Kentucky, negro bondsmen, and a considerable accumulation of money, He found himself, therefore, at his majority, in command of a handsome fortune, the representative of a family, which in point of antiquity, of high connexions and the political influence it exercised, second to none in the land. It is not surprising, therefore, that the law had faint allurements for him, that he turned reluctantly to its study and then only to gratify a father who was ambitious that he should shine in the forum. Of all the professions, that of jurisprudence affords the fairest and most promising

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field for the exercise of abilities. Neither patronage, connections, nor address, can make a man an able lawyer or an eloquent pleader. In this profession there must be intrinsic merit, which will at last surmount all difficulties and command that attention which the generality of men are obliged to court. Knowing my brother's abilities, and that he must make a conspicuous figure in the forum, my father felt a strong desire that he should pursue this profession. The law was also at that time, as it now is, the avenue to every distinction in Virginia, and this fact also induced our learned father to urge him to adopt it. Our father was a man of high and honourable ambition, and naturally sought the distinction of his son, at the same time he ever kept in view, that our chief end in this world is to prepare for a better one—often recalling his son from too eager a pursuit by remarking, verily, it would be no profit if he gained the whole world, and lost his own soul.

Perhaps my brother's disinclination for the law may be better understood when his character is more fully developed before the reader. Among his earliest propensities was a fondness for the arts, music, poetry, painting, and sculpture. In both drawing and painting he acquired much skill, and while these pursuits were necessarily neglected amid the multiplied and pressing occupations of after life, he always showed the highest appreciation of them. His sense of the beautiful was vivid, his taste exquisite, and it was said of him by the late Mr. Sully, an eminent painter of Richmond and Philadelphia, that he was not only an amateur and a

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connoisseur, but an artist as well. Before he was twenty-five he had amassed a considerable collection of paintings, busts, statuettes, vases, coins, medals, and other rarities, a collection which was augmented from year to year till the visitor wandered from room to room in his Roanoke mansion bewildered with the *embarras des richesses.* His library, too, was one of the best selected, and probably the largest private collection of books in Virginia. On his shelves were many old, rare, and valuable works, and some of the finest books of plates and engravings extant. It would have required the industry and learning of an American Dibden to classify the books and set forth their claims to celebrity. Such was his proficiency as a linguist, that he wrote several of the polite languages with the correctness and fluency of an educated native. Yet, with all this surface of graceful accomplishments, no one called him superficial. On the contrary, it was the habit of his mind to search into the depths of things. He had sufficient warmth of imagination to appreciate the works on which fancy bestows a life more lasting than reality, yet that appreciation did not lead him to copy, but rather to analyse what he admired. Fond of metaphysics, he prized most that kind of poetry in which intellectual speculation lights up unsuspected beauties, or from which it derives familiar illustration of hidden truths. Thus, in his conversation, though it had the easy charm of a man of the world, there was a certain subtlety, sometimes a depth, of reasoning, which, aided by large stores of information, imposed upon his

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listeners and brought into bolder relief the vantage ground for political station, which his talents and his knowledge took from the dignity of his birth and the largeness of his fortune.

With little taste for the routine and technicalities of the common law, he yielded to the earnest desire of our father, and, after a short respite from collegiate labours, commenced studying for the bar. Two years later (1828), when in his twenty-third year, he was admitted to the practice. A few months following this introduction, during a recess of the courts, he set forth upon a tour of the States, or what were termed "his travels." It was not only his own, but our father's wish, that he should make this tour. No doubt there is a period in the existence of every man, when he desires to wander away from the familiar objects around him, when he longs to be far from his best friends; times when the stream of humanity becomes dull and prosy, when one tires of routine, and desires to be upon the lake shore or the mountain peak. This was now his case, and consequently he left home in high spirits. He was no doubt imbued with the meaning of the remark of Beaumont on a similar occasion, who said:

> "Let rogues be fixed, who have no habitation,
> A gentleman may wander."

During his absence, he visited the British North American provinces, and, returning by Canada passed, thence through the lakes to the north-western States and territories, and down the Mississippi to New

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Orleans. From New Orleans he proceeded home through Alabama, Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas. These travels were undertaken, not merely to gratify his taste for the picturesque, but, in imitation of the example of the wise Ulysses, to study the laws and institutions, the manners and customs, of the different regions which he visited and where he resided. In the society of the numerous state and colonial capitals where he sojourned, he abstained from all giddy and licentious pleasures, though it was not unfrequently the case that young men whom he met, sought to make him ashamed of sobriety, and I regret to say, many of the women of modesty.

While in Florida he was prostrated by a violent attack of fever. He could scarcely have recovered, such was its severity but for the kind and watchful attention of a Virginian doctor, who had years before migrated to the territory, and who attended him more as a friend than a physician, and the singular fidelity of an African freedman, a waiter in the town of Tallahassee, who had been his travelling guide and servant for some weeks before. This faithful black watched at his bed-side, day and night, apparently without ever giving way to sleep or fatigue, studying his every motion, administering medicine at proper intervals, and fanning his fevered brow. When he had sufficiently recovered to leave his room, and was once more convalescent, he enquired the cause of a sadness which he had all along read in the countenance of his excellent attendant. The black informed him, with a simple eloquence, which

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brought tears to his eyes, that he had long loved a slave girl whom he wished to marry. Her master, however, objected, not wishing his slaves to intermarry with freed persons. The black attributed his refusal to another and a different cause, and trembled for the girl's virtue. He represented that the master was in debt, and purposed selling his property, and removing west of the Mississippi. In this contingency, William's nurse wished to accompany them, though he should leave behind an aged and infirm mother, who relied entirely upon his labour for support.

Deeply moved by this simple narrative, my brother formed a resolution. On the following day he visited the girl's master, and, after a long interview, the particulars of which never transpired, he succeeded in not only procuring his consent to the union, but also to his parting with the ownership of the beautiful slave. By some arrangement, into which the freedman was made a party, the girl passed to her lover, or in other words, from the bonds of slavery to those of conjugal life. When this affair was settled, and the particulars communicated to the grateful black, he was overwhelmed, and bewildered at his good fortune. Soon he burst into a paroxysm of tears, and throwing himself upon his knees, in extravagant terms thanked his generous benefactor, commending him to the favour of Heaven.

William Peyton remained long enough in Florida to see the lovers married. The night before leaving they came to him with the aged mother, their friends

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and relatives, to make a last demonstration of their gratitude, bringing fruits and flowers as an offering, and singing songs of thanks and praise. When he left, he was surrounded by a crowd of grateful Africans, deeply moved with grief and frantic in their gestures, and in their wild language of praise and thanks.

This affecting incident of his travels, which was not mentioned on his return, many years later, came to the knowledge of the author, through a communication from a Floridian, who was in Virginia on a summer tour.

On his return from these well employed travels, he became the general object of esteem and attention in his own county, not only on account of his noble character, but by the elegance of his manners, the comeliness of his person, and the delights of his conversation. His reappearance at the bar was now anxiously awaited by his friends, many of whom supposed he would equal, if not surpass, our learned father as a pleader and an advocate. His first appearance before a jury, gave the best hopes of his abilities, and inspired his friends with fresh zeal for his continuance at the bar. He soon became conspicuous for the analytical powers of his mind, for the accuracy of his legal knowledge, the dexterity of his handling of an opponent and the fervour of his eloquence. Business came in rapidly and his success, had not his failing health prevented, must have equalled any expectations formed of him by his

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most sanguine friends. Always in delicate health, he suffered periodically from vertigo and severe pains in the head, and after these paroxysms was subject to long periods of weariness. At the end of two years, therefore, upon the advice of a medical man, he determined to give up the profession, and to retire upon his estate, in order to give himself up to less exhausting and more congenial pursuits. Thus it is that he is not famous in the legal annals of Virginia; that he produced no great work in his retirement. In addition to his ill-health, which impaired his energies, he wanted ambition, self-assertion—was extremely placable, and saw other and less worthy men advance and pass him, without any effort or regret. Had his health been vigorous, had he been arrogant, grasping, and faithless, and had he been ready to betray or blacken those with whom he sat at meat, he would have reached the highest political honours and distinctions, and must have passed many men, who in the course of his life passed him. But without selling his soul for a mess of pottage, had he been more zealous for the promotion of his interest, more selfish, more conscious of his power and of the place nature intended him to occupy, he would have acted a great part in life and remained a noted character in history. A man, however, cannot be what he would, if circumstances do not permit it.

It may not be out of place to anticipate events at this point and to relate the following interesting occurrence which took place on his abandonment of the wig and

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gown. It had not been customary with him to receive his fees, while at the bar, in money, but turning a kind ear to the complaints of clients, he had satisfied himself, following in this the advice of my father, with simply taking their I.O.U.'s. These he could collect if he required the money, and if not, it was evident he would not inconvenience his debtors. Previously to the last term of the superior courts which he attended, he addressed a letter to each of his debtors, informing them of his wish to meet them at the next court, and asking them, if possible, not to disappoint him.

What occured when he reached Huntersville, where the superior court of Pocahontas county was held, will give the reader an idea of what took place everywhere in the circuit. His clients received these notices with various feelings. They were anxious—restless. Those who owed him large sums were filled with apprehension. They could but suppose from the brief, almost curt, note they had received, that immediate payment of their accounts would be demanded. Something akin to a money panic prevailed at the time in the country—there was great financial embarrassment, and the stoutest men quailed as they looked forward to the ruin in which all industrial interests were likely to be involved. The dread, therefore, with which his debtors assembled for his appearance at Huntersville, may be better imagined than described. Many said it was impossible such a man could think of pressing them for his claims at such a moment, or

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indeed, at any time. Others, said he, might be in trouble, and thus have no alternative. A third party protested that the human heart was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and while they never could have believed him capable of such oppression, they feared they had mistaken his nature. Still a fourth set came forward to cheer the despondent, declaring they would never believe him capable of wrong and injustice, (and it would be both to demand immediate payment of these notes, during a period of financial distress) until it could be made to appear that black was white and white black.

On the first day of the term, a day which finally came, great crowds assembled (as is usual in Virginia on assize days) at Huntersville. William Peyton was already in his lodgings, where his clients began to drop in. When all had arrived they were invited to a large room, in the centre of which stood a censer filled with burning coals. Shaking hands with his old friends and making a few inquiries after their families, he advanced to the head of the table, and, in a short address, informed them of his continued ill health and of his purpose to retire from the bar. He then took from a drawer a tin box containing their bonds. A shudder passed through the frame of many a poor fellow, as he recognised the fatal bills to which his hand and seal were affixed. My brother then remarked that the notes which he took from the box had been given for his professional services, while the truth was simply this, that he had rendered them little or no service what-

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ever and that, therefore, he could not consent to receive a penny from any of them—that he had called them together that day to absolve them from their obligations—to wish them every kind of prosperity in life, and to bid them farewell. Nothing more.

A profound silence followed these words, his audience was momentarily stupified with astonishment. During this pause he proceeded to place upon the live coals their promissory notes, and the entire bundle was consumed before their wondering eyes. His grateful clients, having somewhat recovered their self possession, raised, amidst the smoke of the charred papers, shout after shout, cheer after cheer.

Next day they instructed a committee from their body, to wait upon and invite him to a public dinner and to say in substance,

> "Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
> But that your worth will dignify our feast
> With those that come."

When the committee arrived at his rooms, they found them empty and in disorder, a few stray bits of paper, the ends of strings and other evidences of hasty packing were scattered about the floor. Betimes that morning he had risen, and was now probably twenty miles distant on his return. He travelled by a road conducting to the Hot Springs, instead of proceeding immediately towards Staunton. This was a common thing with him. He often turned away from the beaten track, trebling his journey, in order to visit some region famed for its scenic beauty. On the present occasion,

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following this custom, he took a route remarkable for its diversified and romantic landscapes. Brought up in a beautiful pastoral district, he early imbibed a love of nature which he viewed with a poetic eye. He early fed upon the open sky influences of the fields, the wide vallies, the rolling meadows, the lofty mountains: was nurtured upon sunshine and shadow, on hill and in vale, by mountain-stream, and in the leafy dell. He knew all the choicest haunts, the sweetest and most sublime scenes of nature, throughout a district unrivalled in Virginia for varied and picturesque beauty. The grandeur of the summer and autumn fogs rolling up the hills and mountains, of the roaring cataract plunging down into the valley below; the ineffable sweetness of the evening glow enveloping the far spreading valley, amid which the peaceful flocks browsed in quiet joy; the glory of sunrise,

> "When from the naked top
> Of some lofty peak he beheld the sun
> Rise up, and bathe the world in light."

were all familiar to him from a boy. Thus was his mind fed upon nature in her choicest aspects, and his enthusiastic heart impelled towards art and its cultivation.

It is proper that it should be explained with reference to his observation to his clients, when burning their notes, "that he had rendered them no service," that no man deserved to stand higher for his moral qualities and his faithful discharge of duty. He was as much distinguished for the uprightness of his dealing

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in all transactions of a business character, as for his benevolent affections. In this remark his modesty spoke, and only his modesty. He was emphatically *antiqua homo virtute ac fide*, and, moreover, a philanthropist in the truest sense of that word. Everything tending to the good of his kind, he was on all occasions, and particularly in cases of distress, zealous to forward, considering nothing as foreign to himself, as a man, which related to man. Consequently, he counted, as we have before said, many friends, and from the great purity and simplicity of his manners, few or no enemies, unless I may be allowed to call those enemies, who, without detracting from his merit openly, might yet from a jealousy of his superiority, be disposed to lessen it in private. An old author has said on this point, "men take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon; when, therefore, they have discovered our ruling passion, they become sparing and reserved in their commendations, they envy the satisfaction of applause, and look on their praise rather as a kindness done to our person than as a tribute to our merit. Others, who are free from this natural perverseness of temper, grow wary in their praises of one who sets a value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and, by consequence, remove him to a greater distance from themselves."

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CHAPTER V.

In 1824 when William Peyton returned from Yale he commenced, as has been previously said, reading for the bar. Though he gave sufficient time to this grave pursuit to pass for a young man of "steady habits," he mingled largely in polite society. His name was generally found at this period among those who frequented balls, theatres, and other amusements. Frequently in Richmond and Washington his box was well known at the opera. Considering his youth and high natural spirits, this was but reasonable, one of those things to be expected.

During an incidental visit to Washington a year or two later, when dining with General Jackson, who had been recently elected President, the following passage occurred between them. It must be remembered that with the election of "Old Hickory" in 1829, a new and by no means improved order of things was introduced into American politics. For the first time since the foundation of the Government and to the no small disgust of the President's best friends

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and wisest counsellors, General Jackson announced his determination to be guided in all appointments to office by the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils." Shortly, therefore, after his inauguration, he summarily discharged every political opponent who chanced to hold office. That reckless spirit which has since degraded American politics was thus introduced, and has been from that time to the present in the ascendency. Shame has gradually perished; insolence and impudence prevail over justice, and possess the land. The purity of an earlier and better period of the Republic and their traditions are forgotten. Those days

> "Once far famed,
> Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
> Order'd the common weal; where great men grew
> Up to their natural eminence, and none
> Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great;
> Where power was of God's gift, to whom he gave
> Supremacy of merit, the sole means
> And broad highway to power that ever then
> Was meritoriously administer'd,
> Whilst all the instruments from first to last,
> The tools of state for service high or low,
> Were chosen for their aptness to the ends
> Which virtue meditates."

At the President's dinner our father was present, being at the time a guest at the Executive mansion. He had been one of Jackson's supporters in the election, but, it must be said in justice to his memory, under a total misapprehension of the General's political character. No man detested and repudiated more heartily than did John Howe Peyton the corrupting doctrine with which Jackson commenced his official career, and he became so convinced in the progress of

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events of its lowering and corrupting tendencies, that he forsook his party and joined the whigs. During the second term of General Jackson's administration, the control of the party passed into the hands of mere adventurers, *E fungis nati homines.* At this time (1831), however, our father was on the best terms with His Excellency, and was staying during a business visit to Washington, as he was in the habit of doing, at the White House. Some years previously General Jackson made the acquaintance of my brother, and conceived an especial liking for him. The liveliness, wit, and humour of the young man quickly captivated "old Hickory," who took a rare delight in his society and always treated him with marked attention. Few indeed could resist the charm of William Peyton's manner and conversation. In the course of the dinner, "old Hickory" expressed his astonishment at the numbers attracted to Washington in search of office. It must be borne in mind that at this early period in his administration, the President had not unfurled the pirate flag to which I have referred. Turning to his young friend he said jocosely:

"Well William, What office are you seeking?"

My brother replied at once with equal humour and with his customary animation:

"I do not aspire to any post, but if your Excellency confer an office upon me let it be one with a fat salary, where there is no work and less responsibility."

Old Hickory received this sally with hearty laughter, and said:

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"My dear boy, I shall not forget you. We have too many such sinecures in Washington. It is all salary, no work, and as for responsibility it is expected that I shall assume this and by the Eternal I am not afraid to do so."

The year following this visit to the capital, the important Federal office of attorney for the district of Western Virginia became vacant. This is no sinecure, and the President offered it to William Peyton. A most unusual distinction for one so young, and exhibiting in the strongest manner the unbounded confidence reposed in him by the Government. William hesitated to accept or to refuse the appointment. If he continued at the bar it was important that he should do the former. He was somewhat apprehensive, however, that his health might not permit him to perform its duties. He paused, therefore, before communicating with the Government on the subject. At this moment an appeal was made to his better nature. A young friend, Mr. Harrison, in straitened circumstances, who had with difficulty obtained an education, greatly desired the office. This gentleman was on the circuit, and gave promise of future usefulness, but was absolutely without political interest. He appealed to his friend William to refuse the position for his benefit. "You are rich," said Mr. Harrison, "and have no need of the salary—your health is delicate, why undertake its drudgery—you have no particular taste for the law, why should you unnecessarily impose the heavy yoke of its labours upon yourself?" Mr. Harrison's confidence in William's

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generosity was not misplaced. My brother, after Mr. H.'s earnest appeal, determined to decline the post, and recommended his friend's appointment to the President. If you have one friend, says the proverb, think yourself happy. Here was a friend indeed, a practical illustration of disinterested friendship. Yet there are people who calumniate poor human nature and speak of self sacrifice and true friendship as if it had no existence.

If it be true that no object is more pleasing to the eye than the sight of a man whom you have obliged, nor any music so agreeable to the ear as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor, William Peyton must have gone through life cheered by pleasant sights and grateful sounds: never was there a man who so habitually lost sight of himself, who made more numerous sacrifices for his friends, nay even his mere acquaintances.

Shortly after he entered upon the practice of the law, when attending court at the warm springs, Bath Co., he mortified my father exceedingly by a piece of off-hand levity, which the latter regarded as a most undignified proceeding, unworthy of the profession. He was employed to defend a man charged with horse stealing, and, as there was only circumstantial evidence to prove his guilt, my brother, who was much exhilarated, for it must be remembered that the case came on after dinner, set up the defence that according to the principles of science, and of a new science likely to prove both useful and ornamental, it was impossible his client could be guilty. He then referred to and explained the theories of Gall

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and Spurzheim, and declared that according to the phrenological bumps on the head of his client, theft was a crime he was incapable of committing. He argued with much gravity and ingenuity in this direction, amidst the suppressed giggling of the bar, to the great chagrin of my father, who was public prosecutor, and to the thorough mystification of the county court. This body was composed of country gentlemen unacquainted with law, and it was one of their boasts that they made up their decisions, not so much in accordance with the principles of common law, as of common sense. My brother went on, and drawing from his desk a copy of Combe's phrenology, illustrated with plates, exhibited it to the jury, and declared that at the point upon the pericranium of his client, where there should be a protuberance if he were capable of robbery, there was not the slightest development, and asked, what is the value of science, if we discarded its teachings? He then made an animated and eloquent appeal to the feelings of the jury, based upon the humane principle of the common law, that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape, than that one innocent person should suffer, and, declaring his conviction of the prisoner's innocence, asked them to give him the benefit of every doubt, and lean to the side of mercy.

My father, in reply, was exceedingly severe in his comments upon the airiness of my brother, as inconsistent with the administration of justice and the dignity of his profession. He ridiculed Gall and Spurzheim's far-fetched theories, which he declared were not scientific

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deductions, but only speculative opinions, and attempted to bring the whole defence into contempt, by referring to the human skeleton, saying, "If you run your eye down the spine it alights upon the *oscoccygis.*" Neither the court nor the jury understanding what these words meant, but overcome by the ludicrous manner of my father, both burst into a hearty laugh. "Now," continued my father, "this *oscoccygis* is nothing more nor less than a rudimentary tail, as Lord Monbeddo has well said, and I suppose we shall soon have some modern philosopher startling the world again with the proposition that man once flourished a tail, but of which, the civilized use of a chair has, in process of time, deprived him." He continued somewhat in this style, "I mean nothing against philosophers nor tails, both are useful in their way. What would a cow do without her tail, especially on our fly-pestered prairies, or the Pampas of South America? What would a monkey do without this caudal appendage and its prehensile quality?—with him it takes the place of hands. And shall we have philosophers telling us that we received our hands when we lost our tails, and that the monkey lost the use of his hands because of his peculiar facility of using a tail? A beautiful science," said he, "is this phrenology, according to the theory of the learned counsel for the prisoner. To all standing in the unenviable position of his client, it will prove, if the learned gentleman be correct, not only a thing of beauty, but a source of comfort and a joy for ever. To the murderer, the thief, the burglar, the highway robber, to all in fact, who wish to be rid of the

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responsibility which attaches to their actions, it will become a positive blessing. Not to these only, but to the entire community—it opens a brilliant prospect of life, of life as it should be in this enlightened age, at this advanced period in the progress of the world. Upon the ruins of our present immature civilization it will uprear a charming state of society. Under the vivifying influences of this new system, mankind will be happy, perfectly happy; and until the auspicious day when the new order commences this "consummation so devoutly to be wished," need not be anticipated. Throughout the world, or at least so much of it as is illumined by the sun of phrenology, perfect liberty will obtain, and the present generation will wonder at the darkness in which their ancestors groped. Justice will reign supreme, and our statute books will be no longer disgraced by those dreadful laws founded in ignorance, superstition, and cruelty, which consign a helpless and irresponsible man, criminal you call him, to the merciless hands of the executioner. It will then be clear as the noon-day sun, that law and liberty cannot exist, that they are natural enemies. Along with this knowledge will come a resolution to demolish the whole system of our jurisprudence, to cart off the rubbish, and substitute in place thereof a new, nobler, and higher civilization. Poor weak man will no longer be held accountable for his actions. The infirmities of his nature will become a recognised principle, that men are but men, will be known of all men. It will be understood that from the foundation of the world, it was determined, predestined, and fore-ordained that he should

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act thus and thus, and that, therefore, he cannot be justly rewarded for any action however meritorious, nor punished for any crime, as we term it, how atrocious soever. Men will stand aghast that laws should have existed, and for so many ages, for afflicting a human being for actions, over which it is clear, according to the prisoner's counsel, he had no control—actions, in fact, which they were bound to perform, by an irresistible law of human nature. Then will it be seen that men commit murder, perpetrate rape, and apply the torch because they cannot help it. Gentlemen of the Jury, no line of argument would be shorter—I leave you to determine its soundness."

"But to be serious," said my father, who though cheerful in his disposition had a manner so tempered with gravity as to check the sallies of indecent levity, "I must refer, before closing, to the conduct of the prisoner's counsel, and remark that some speakers are more anxious to display their eloquence, than to promote the public good. Now, when this is the case, as I must charitably suppose it to be on this occasion, oratory is a useless gift, and such fine speeches as we have had to day are simply disgusting. When great talents are employed to support a bad cause, perhaps from selfish motives, (I trust and believe that this is not the case now), they are objects of universal contempt. Oratory, with all its pleasing charms becomes an instrument of mischief, when used by an unprincipled man, as, when resorted to by a good man, its happy influences almost exceeds belief. An orator who thus uses his talents, without reference to his personal

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interests, if he do not succeed in his efforts, at least, enjoys self approbation, and that of his God."

In this manner my father threw the defence into ridicule and disrepute. His sound sense and keen sarcasm was too much for my brother's after dinner eloquence, and, from a brief consultation, the jury returned and delivered a verdict condemning the prisoner to the penitentiary for two years.

The Hon. David Fultz, of Staunton, recently Judge of the Circuit Superior Court of Augusta County, who was present on this occasion, told the writer twenty years ago, that he had never during his career at the bar been so much interested and amused by any trial as this. The disgust of my father at such a defence being set up, the elation of my brother, at the probable success of his ruse, the bewilderment of the court and jury, both of whom seemed lost in a fog, the suppressed merriment of the audience, which did not comprehend exactly all that was transpiring, but which to some extent entered into the fun, rendered the whole scene inimitable.

The reader must not fall into the error of supposing, because I have delayed thus far to recur to my brother's love affair, that he had lost his interest in Miss Taylor. Far from it. On his return from Yale, their friendship was renewed, and William gave less time to the study of Captain Williamson's art collection, wandered more on the banks of the purling streams which water the meadows above and below the town. In other words, made a tolerably fair division of his

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time between Coke—Lyttleton, and his amiable friend. Of course in a small place these things could not long escape public attention, becoming food for gossips. Staunton was one of those retired communities, such as exist the world over, where everything is known and thin fictions flourish in wanton luxuriance. Mrs. Brown never had beef and carrots for dinner without the knowledge or "unbeknownt," as the negroes said, to Mrs. Smith. The grocer never called at Mrs. Jones' without the extravagance of that unlucky woman, who was supposed to be "gone in the head," because she indulged in an extra quantity of rum and molasses, becoming the subject of interesting speculations among neighbours, as to how long her unfortunate husband could bear the drain upon his finances. It was a standing joke among the "conscript fathers" that in bygone days an individual had amassed a fortune in Staunton by attending to his *own business*. Something not likely to occur again was the doleful commentary upon modern degeneracy when people are wont to mind every body's affairs but their own. The old ladies assembled almost daily to "sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea," and nothing transpiring in the place was likely to escape their observation.

It must not be supposed because this is an accurate description of the town of my boyhood that it was worse than, or very unlike, other small communities. Far from it. I shall not, however, attempt any vindication or make any apologies for the place. *Que*

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s'excuse s'accuse. The truth is, the residents were very pleasant after their fashion, and not more addicted to gossip than the rest of the world. As a rule they were much given to hospitality, and entertained strangers on the fat of the land. They were a little lethargic, somewhat like the dwellers in Sleepy Hollow, but stagnation in trade rendered the affairs of the social life all the brisker. Every now and then during term time, it enjoyed some weeks of festivity, but such seasons only occurred twice a year and Staunton had ample time to recruit her energies. From these periodical festivities she would relapse into placidity, and nodded on from month to month contentedly.

During the latter part of the month of Oct. 1828, a party of ladies, (there was only one gentleman present, Mr. Sam. Moore), I do not say old ladies, for one or two sweet seventeen's were in the room, were grouped around a table from which the hissing urn had just been removed. They were pulling, measuring, adjusting their work, and settling themselves down, after heavy potations of that friend to prattle and that foe to slumbers, for a cosey tittle-tattle. A jocund wood fire illumined the hearth and a brilliant light was diffused through the wainscoted room, from an ancient glass chandelier, suspended from the ceiling. Some good paintings lined the walls, and several small tables were loaded with glittering nick-nacks from all climes and countries. Much old china was disposed about the room, a little cracked if closely examined, many books, a pretty work box, a bird cage, and a great vase of

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freshly gathered flowers, the early frosts had not yet withered these. Mr. Moore and the young ladies were engaged in a round game, and a fine King Charles dog and an Angora cat, after their diurnal squabbles, were peacefully sleeping side by side on the rug. This wainscoted apartment in which there was a ceaseless rustle of silky raiment, a shimmer of jewels, and a glitter of eyes brighter yet, was the drawing-room of a Staunton mansion. It stood in its own grounds, was innocent of stucco, lath or plaster, and was one of the finest pictures imaginable of the local respectability of former days. This was the "Blackburn House," though not then occupied by the family from which it took its name, but by Mrs. Lisle, one of the feminine "institutions" of the town.*

Mrs. Lisle was the centre of a little coterie, the chief personages of which were now assembled around her. Every one knows the freemasonry that exists in such a set, and it is not without its social advantages. However much they trouble themselves with their neighbours' concerns, they have the good nature and tact to generally keep it to themselves. Among those present this evening was *Mrs. Bob Macdowell*,—a large, bony looking woman, with a turned-up nose and a pouting under lip, that expressed a sour contempt for all that she heard. The writer remembers

* It is now, or was in 1859, the Episcopal parsonage, occupied by Rev. T. T. Castleman, M. A., Rector of Trinity Church. It has been plastered and white washed, the grounds stripped of trees, and the building stares at you with sharp, harsh, and stern, almost forbidding outlines, and is, thanks to modern architecture, the most uninviting looking of dwellings.

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Mrs. Macdowell perfectly, for she survived this period many years, and she was a character, obstinate, opinionative, incredulous. She not unfrequently breakfasted on beefsteak and Albany ale, daily taking so many pints of that bitter liquid, which was imported into our community by the leading confectioner of the day, Merrill Cushing. Mrs. Macdowell was as unangelic in person as in her diet, dressed gorgeously, and indulged in masterly intrigues, polite hatreds, and a perpetual struggle with the little world of fashion around her. Having failed in a good fight she had waged since her widowhood against all wealthy widowers and bachelors, she had dropped to the rear, desperately wounded, but with life enough left to carry on a harrassing battle with humanity. She indulged in rouge, powder, and patches, and seemed to have far down in her heart the germ of an unlawful admiration for anything scandalous—not to say wicked. When listening to the gossip of her neighbours, she would sometimes exclaim with the affected modesty of a maiden of seventeen "Oh! how delicious, and so improper!" Another of the evening party was Mrs. Telfair, one of the strong-minded women of that day. There was also present Mrs. Blackburn and Mrs. Brown, both originals in their way and of many good qualities. Mrs. Lisle and her friends had been delightfully occupied with their small talk about two hours, during which they had pretty well discussed the affairs of the town, and, among the rumours of the hour, the approaching marriage of William Peyton and Miss Taylor. At the moment they were turning this delicious morsel over their

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tongues, the door opened, and a shadow fell upon the table. Turning their eyes, they rose and greeted warmly a tall, strongly-built, straight-limbed, fresh-coloured, young man who entered, hat and cane in hand. This was William Peyton, of whom they had been speaking. He called at the instance of Mrs. Boys, to escort her sister, Mrs. Telfair, on her return home. There was no resisting the importunities of the ladies, and he took a seat and remained to sip a glass of mulled wine.

Now, at the moment this was going forward at Mrs. Lisle's, another scene, a festive scene was taking place in a different part of the town. In Augusta Street, at the corner of Court-House Alley, on the spot now (1873) occupied by the Augusta Law Offices, there stood in 1826, a long two-story frame building, called "The Bryan House." The boards on its sides, from long exposure to wind and weather, and to the action of the semitropical sun of a Virginian summer, were warped, curled, and bent, in a remarkable manner. Originally, when the boards had been smoothly arranged, the exterior of the Bryan House was not unhandsome—now it was horrible to behold. Long since, mischievous boys had shattered the glass of the basement windows, and the cats and dogs of the neighbourhood roamed at liberty through the subterranean vaults. The entire sashes of the dormer windows were gone, and two black holes, like eyless sockets, stared at you from the roof. These ghost-like apertures, where there were no eyes, let in light upon an upper story as empty as any ever illuminated by visual organs. With two such unprom-

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ising stories—the upper and lower—little can be expected from what remains to be described of the "Bryan House." Yet there were two floors still habitable—at least to bachelors, who are generally expected to put up with slender accomodation, and these were known in the legal language of the town as attorney's chambers. They were now occupied by two students of the law. One of these was the late Chapman Johnson, jun., who was at the moment, when William Peyton entered Mrs. Lisle's parlour, sitting amongst a number of chosen friends, pipe in mouth, playing the violin.

Mr. Johnson was a musician out and out, *sons tous les rapports*. In fact, was so absorbed with music that he could not be separated from it : it was himself. He recalled the epitaph on the grave stone of the obscure Englishman, which records "One Claudius Philips, whose absolute contempt for riches, and inimitable performance on the violin, made him the admiration of all who knew him."

Mr. Johnson, certainly from no unusual gravity in his manner there, was confessedly something antiquated in his appearance, had been called from his fifteenth year "Old Chap." He was (for this dear old friend of my youth has been gathered to his fathers) a social, harmless, improvident, generous fellow. From his chambers there was ordinarily a sound of revelry by night. As may be imagined, he was personally popular, particularly among the younger portion of the community. Old Chap possessed more than social qualities, was a man of excellent abilities and sound

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professional knowledge, yet his life had been a failure. No success attended his presence at the bar, nor when subsequently elected a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia did he add anything to his fame. His singular inefficiency was attributed to various causes. To my mind it seemed that he had never proposed to himself a certain aim in life and set forward steadily to attain it. Possibly, like many boys, he thought there was time enough, and grudged all that interfered with his pleasures; that, unmindful of the wise maxim of the ancient poet, he was always "sowing his wild oats," did not renounce his gaieties at the proper time. *Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.* It may be that he wanted the opportunity — Opportunity! phantom goddess of success, that so few seize and make their own. And nothing is more true than the remark of the younger Pliny, "no man possesses genius so commanding as to be able to rise in the world, unless these means are afforded him: opportunity and a friend to promote his advancement." If it be true that hell is paved with good resolutions, may it not be roofed over with lost opportunities. "Old Chap" had relations at the bar in Virginia, who were, at the time of his coming forward, in good practice. Had one of these extended a helping hand to him at the critical moment, he would in all probability have become a shining light in the profession. All watched his sinking, no one offered to rescue the drowning man. He was allowed to waste his best years in vain waiting, at times

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goaded by his pecuniary difficulties to desperation, and anon driven to despair. His selfish connections who pretented to be friends, but were his cruelest enemies—those who saw him fail and die of a broken heart—verily, they have their reward. But what is that reward? Not the smiles of heaven; nor the testimony of a good conscience; scarcely the praise of men. If the latter, has been their reward, let them enjoy it. Whether it was the meanness, the baseness of his so called friends—enemies he had none who dared to avow it—or his own idleness and indifference, which I do not believe, his life was nevertheless a failure, and this man of real legal learning, of fine logical mlnd and persuasive eloquence was wholly unsuccessful. No one knew exactly why. My father had his opinion upon the subject, and thought he fiddled away his time and leaned too much upon his relations. He said of Old Chap, in a moment of merriment, and no one was fonder of a good *jeu d'esprit* than John Howe Peyton—"Music is out of place in a court house. I never knew a fiddling lawyer to succeed, especially if nature designed him to play that useful, yet much despised, instrument, the "second fiddle," a good enough instrument for a duet, but one on which no successful solo was ever played."

But, to proceed with my narrative, Old Chap's friends were, on the night referred to, listening with rapt attention to the dulcet strains of music, and Paganini never called forth sweeter sounds. Now and

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again they pledged him a health as they quaffed from a bowl of egg-nog. As the evening advanced they mellowed into the most delightful companionship. Such are the seductions, too, of this popular Virginian drink, that when they left off at eleven o'clock it was without exception with glowing faces and watery eyes. A few moments after this, William Peyton and his friend Moore, having conducted the party of ladies to their respective homes, were returning in the direction of the old stone house when they espied the lights in Old Chap's sitting room. As neither of them was disposed for sleep they determined to pay an unseasonable visit to their friend and indulge in a whiff of the calumet. Stumbling up the dark stairs, they entered without knocking. Here they saw Old Chap in the midst of his friends, his pipes, and bottles. The warm-hearted fellow greeted them cordially, and proceeded to fill two tumblers with egg-nog. After awhile they subsided into arm chairs, and continued their chit-chat, while one after another of the company dropped off, and the three were left alone. William Peyton then informed his friend of his approaching marriage and secured his services to attend upon him as "best man," when the nuptials were celebrated.

The friends sat an hour longer over this absorbing topic, indulging in occasional sallies of playful wit, puffing away at their meerschaums, and watching the smoke wreathing up to the ceiling. Young Peyton, and indeed Sam. Moore for the matter of that, though several years his senior, was drinking in worldly wisdom

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from the lips of their venerable friend, as they called Old Chap, whom they esteemed the very guide-book to everything connected with matrimonial life. Why Old Chap was so considered it is not the easiest thing in the world to tell. Never had he made a trial in that direction himself, and more than once he had been heard to say rather dogmatically "*Mes enfants*"—he always spoke a little French after his egg-nog "*vous ne pouvez pas,*" "wive and thrive."

But to cut my story short. In accordance with the announcement of this evening, William Peyton was married to Miss Taylor within a month of this time, in the year 1826. It may not be out of place to say here, what was proved by time, that they were well-mated and knew each other's worth; William ever thought that no wife surpassed his own; and she exulted in her husband —regarding him as her greatest earthly gift from God. Their union recalled the lines of Massinger:

> "I know the sum of all that makes a man—a just man—happy,
> Consists in the well chosing of his wife;
> And then well to discharge it, does require
> Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
> For beauty, being poor, and not cried up
> By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither."

The little town broke out in an extravaganza of flags and flowers on the occasion of this wedding—everyone went in for pleasure with a will.

One of the landed estates my brother acquired by his wife, was the Hot Springs, in Bath county, Virginia—a property which was sold, by the by, in 1864, for three

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hundred thousand dollars (£60,000). Shortly after his marriage he removed from Staunton to the Springs, where he passed three years. When leaving Pocahontas Court house, after the conflagration of his clients' bonds, in order to avoid any demonstration they might be disposed to make in his honour, it was to join his young wife at this Spa. She was then the happy mother of two lovely daughters, Elizabeth Thompson and Susan Madison.

While residing at the Hot Springs, the following incident occurred, and though some might consider it too trivial to be mentioned, is deemed not unworthy of being recorded in further illustration of his character. Among the intimate friends of his youth was a young gentleman still living, whom I shall call A. B. Young Alexander wished to marry an accomplished lady who was governess in his father's family. For several years, without the fact transpiring, he was her suitor and had proffered her marriage. The affair finally came to the knowledge of his father, who was greatly incensed, as is usual in such cases, and he determined, if possible, to break off the match. Old Mr. B. declared that if his son persisted in marrying one so much his inferior in social position and fortune, he would banish him for ever from his presence, cut him off with a shilling. Young A. B., who had no independent means, was greatly troubled at this opposition, and wrote to his friend Peyton, relating the circumstances of the case and asking his advice. My brother, in reply, said, among other things, that in

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the conflict of duties, Alexander owed more to the lady than to his father, since he had secured her affections and pledged his honour to marry her; that he owed it to himself, as well as to the young lady, to fulfil his engagement. He continued, "Her family is really only inferior to your own in wealth and the kind of position it gives—the opposition of your father is therefore selfish and unreasonable." Hence he advised him, to be constant to his engagement. "As soon as you are married," he continued, "come to my house and make it your home, until you are able from your legal practice to support your family. I will supply you with means in the interim, and will not accept payment, unless your father repents of his hasty decision, and permits you to share his property equally with his other children." Delighted with these sentiments and with the noble evidence of my brothers friendship, Alexander determined to act upon his advice. Before taking the final step, however, he thought it advisable to confer again with his father and show him the letter. Seeking his father's presence, he announced his resolution, declaring that it was absolutely necessary to his happiness and success in life. If he was disappointed in this matter, he felt he was wrecked; had he anticipated his father's opposition, he would not have allowed his feelings to become so involved; as it was, matters had gone too far for a retreat. He continued saying that his honour was implicated, not only in his own, but in the opinion of his best friends, that he had recently received from one

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of these, William Peyton, whom his father had always held up to him as a model worthy of imitation, a letter going over the whole ground. He would leave this with him for perusal, and call the next day to ascertain what he thought of the advice it contained. It must be remembered that the affair had caused so much unpleasantness in Mr. B's. family, that Alexander was virtually banished from the paternal roof and was staying at the house of a relative in the neighbourhood. Two days after this interview he called on his father, and was greatly surprised and delighted to receive a friendly reception. The old man said he had never been more impressed than with the good sense and right feeling of William Peyton's views, that they had brought him back to his good sense and completely changed his mind. I no longer oppose, said he, your union with a woman who is worthy of you, simply because she is poor, one whom you love so tenderly, and who returns your affection. A wise man has said, continued Mr. B., that he who has one friend is fortunate and ought to be happy. You, my son have a true friend in William Peyton—cherish him. If I felt that you would be guided by his counsel and advice throughout life, I should have less regret in giving up the ghost. Promise me that you will at least always consult him when in trouble. His son was not slow in making this promise, and, receiving the blessing of his father, hastened to communicate the happy news to his affianced

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bride. They were married soon after. Mr. and Mrs. B. survive, surrounded by a numerous offspring, the learned Mr. B. an ornament to his profession and an honour to his State. The dear friend, William Peyton, to whom they owe so much sleeps under the green sod, but his memory yet lives and is hallowed in the recollection of all those who knew him.

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CHAPTER VI.

FINDING, after a further residence of a year at the Hot Springs, that the climate was not good for his health, nor the society congenial to his tastes, he made sale of that valuable property to Dr. Samuel Goode, of Mecklenburg, receiving from him in part payment an extensive landed estate in Botetourt. Shortly after he removed to that county, which is situated in one of the most favoured agricultural sections of Virginia, and in a part of the country remarkable for its picturesque scenery, pure air, and cultivated society.

He resided there, with the exception of a few years spent on the tributaries of the Kenawha river, developing the wealth of his coal property almost down to the period of his death. He kept a large establishment, dispensing a generous hospitality, and was surrounded much of the time by the learned and accomplished gentlemen of the state. The charms and variety of his conversation, and the polite animation of his manners and address, made him the delight of

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his guests and companions. In the county society of Botetourt and Roanoke, he soon became the chief object. All paid him that deference and respect which seemed due to his superior nature. Among the most noted in this society, all of whom the writer remembers to have seen at his dinners, were Edward Watts, James L. Woodville, Harry Bowyer, Charles Burrell, William Radford, Dr. John B. Taylor, Cary Breckenridge, Major Benjamin Howard Peyton, Governor Floyd, Hon. William B. Preston, General Robert Preston, Charles Beale, George Taylor, Alexander P. Eskridge, Colonel Edmondson, The Right Rev. Mr. Wilmer, Bishop of Georgia, Colonel Wm. Lynn Lewis, Major Oliver, Edward Valentine, J. R. Anderson, George Shanks, Dr. Griffeth, Thomas C. Read, and Mr. Langhorne

Some of these gentlemen, though residing in the adjoining county of Montgomery, were near enough to come on occasions of a dinner party. Among his guests from a distance, some of them making him an annual summer visit, were the late Governors of Virginia, General Campbell, James McDowell, James P. Preston and J. B. Floyd, the Honourables W. C. Rives, John M. Botts, Wm. L. Goggin, Wm. Taylor, Alexr. Rives, Thomas W. Gilmer, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, Messrs. Chas. L. Mosby, William Radford, James E. Bruce, Vincent Witcher, Thos. W. Flornoy, Dabney C. T. Davis, John Howard, James P. Halcombe, Walter Preston, James Lyons, Charles Carter Lee, General Brenard Peyton, Randolph Harrison, Colonel A. S.

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Gray, Revd. Peyton Harrison, all choice spirits. The reader already knows what a polished man was Colonel Peyton, and will not wonder at the admirable skill with which he played the part of host—a part so difficult to sustain. At that early period of my life, when I had a seat at his table (and he always insisted on my being present on every occasion of a dinner party), I was struck and delighted at the ease with which he dissipated the constraint and reserve which usually prevail during a formal dinner. He addressed his guests alternately speaking to each concerning those subjects upon which he could expect a ready answer, and by a kind of intuition elicited from each the qualities in which he most excelled. Gentlemen sought his society for the pleasure and improvement to be derived from his conversation, to consult him upon State or Federal politics, and not to "banquet and drain the bowl." The scenes at his house recalled to my mind Florence and those merchant statesmen and munificent patrons of learning, the Medici.*

* In 1453, Constantinople was taken by the Turks. Its walls had sustained the fortunes of the Eastern Empire nearly 1000 years; that Empire now fell. The news of this event spread terror throughout Europe, nevertheless it proved to be among the things which "work together for good to them that love God." All that could escape, fled before the conquering Ottomans, and carried westward all they could save of the accumulated treasure of Greece; and the outcast were gladly received at Florence, which was at that time the resort of all who had a taste for learning and the arts. Cosmo de Medici, who had no hereditary nobility to boast, had risen to the highest place of anthority in the State; his family had commercial establishments in all the chief cities of Europe, and the wealth thus acquired he shared with the poorest of his fellow citizens, and expended in improving his city, supporting learned men, and collecting all kinds of literary treasures; large numbers of persons were engaged in the costly and tedious labour of tanscribing MSS, which were so highly valued that a copy of Livy, sent by Cosmo to the King of Naples, was the means of healing a breach between them.

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Had the condition of the country admitted of it, his home would have been surrounded by the learned, as was the Tuscan Capital when the Turks scattered the wise men of the Lower Empire, who took refuge thither, yet he was not a pedant, but what our fathers used to call an elegant scholar. His company and manner of life recalled to mind the life of Lord Falkland, of whom Clarendon thus speaks, "His house being within little more than ten miles from Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that University, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in any thing, yet such an excessive humility as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air, so that his house was a University in a less volume, whither they came, not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propensities which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation."

The universality of his learning, its accuracy, and the manner in which he discoursed upon even professional topics recalled the lines of Henry:

> Hear him but reason in divinity,
> And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
> You would desire (he) were made a prelate.
> Hear him debate of commonwealth's affairs,
> You would say,—it has been all and all his study.
> List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

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> A fearful battle rendered you in music;
> Turn him to any cause of policy,
> The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose
> Familiar as his garter; that when he speaks,
> The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
> To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.

Much of the happiness, indeed, of his life was derived from the companionship of his friends, from indulging in this most grateful tie of human society; to him to have lived without friends, would have been not to live. A maxim which cannot be understood by those, who, entirely devoid of regard for others, have no friends and do not deserve to have any, because they only live for and love themselves.

His mansion was like so many others in Virginia, timber-built, and though altogether an extensive edifice was composed of many disjointed parts. These separate buildings were connected by halls and verandahs, which gave a picturesque appearance to the exterior, while protecting it from the sun, wind, and rain. The rooms were spacious and furnished with all the riches of the Eastern world, nor was there anything in the embellishment of the house, the furniture, or articles of vertu like ostentatious display—the arrangements were such that the idea suggested by the *tout ensemble* was that of classic grace. It was replete with not only every comfort, but, indeed, every luxury, and surrounded by park-like grounds, which were improved with exquisite taste, and yet so consummate was the art by which it was done, that the hand of man was unseen, and it appeared but nature's work.

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Shaded by noble trees and intricate bowers, enamelled with flowers and all kinds of herbs and plants, which basked in the sunshine of the slopes or bloomed in the dark vales, ornamented with water which sparkled in the light and glided away with refreshing sound, the whole aspect of the scene was enchanting.

To this house he brought his extensive collection of books, paintings, prints, medals, coins, statues, china etc.,* and when not surrounded by society or engaged in superintending the affairs of his estate, was either occupied with these objects of art and curiosity or in composing essays on some moral, philosophical, scientific or practical subject. Some of these on agricultural chemistry and its application to the growing of crops were published in the "Southern Planter," of Richmond, and the "Farmers Register."†

In one series he discussed the question of rust in wheat, and demonstrated the unsoundness of the popular theory upon the subject, at the same time putting forth his own views to the effect that it was due to an exuberant growth of straw, stimulated by repeated showers of rain followed by very warm weather immediately

* This valuable and *recherche* collection, the costly furniture, heirlooms, etc., which survived the civil war, was burnt with Colonel Peyton's mansion, in May, 1870.

† The latter was edited by the late Edmund Ruffin author of an interesting essay on Calcareous Manures, who fired the first shot against Fort Sumter, S. C., thus opening the civil war of 1861-65 in the U. S. Mr. Ruffin committed suicide in 1865, when seventy years of age, unable to bear up under the subjugation of the south. He thus proved that he wanted true magnanimity, for it shows the most exalted courage to support the accumulated ills of life without despondency.

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preceding the time of harvest, a theory which is now almost universally accepted as correct. Of course, his attack on the popular theory was not allowed to pass unnoticed and a warm discussion arose in the Register, between him and *Mr. Jessie Turner*, a successful planter and agricultural chemist.

His time was further occupied in a series of kindly actions. His wealth was dispensed with an unsparing hand. As magistrate for the county, and sitting regularly at the Quarter Sessions, he had opportunities of knowing the business and affairs of the county and thus becoming acquainted with many real cases of want. These—for his generosity was judicious not indiscriminate—he invariably relieved. Honest tradesmen, whose operations were restricted by lack of means, were assisted by him. He paid the debts of prisoners and set them free to labour for the support often of dependent families, relieved the distress of poor widows and orphans, and redressed, whenever an opportunity presented, the wrongs of the oppressed. Numberless were the quiet obscure distresses he thus succoured. He did not merely understand what was good, but practised it.

From these remarks the reader will not be surprised to learn that he enjoyed great popularity, and that the people of Botetourt were anxious to give form and substance to their appreciation of his merits by securing his services in the public councils.

This remote section of Virginia was almost wholly without public improvements. There were no navigable

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streams, no canals, no railways, no macadamized turnpike roads. People were virtually imprisoned, except during the summer. In winter the roads were almost impassable, and it was a common thing to see the four-horse mail coach floundering in the mud, the passengers walking in the fields, taking it by turns to carry *a rail.**.

The people of eastern Virginia, whom the beneficent author of nature had supplied with many navigable streams, and a porous, sandy soil, which drinks up rain, leaving the roads firm and smooth, were unwilling to vote funds from the State Treasury for constructing high ways in the transmountain country. By this ungenerous conduct they had kept the western counties unimproved for upwards of a century. To break down this selfish policy and inaugurate a more liberal and generous system of internal improvements, had long been the cherished object of the western people. They had sent to the legistature, from time to to time, their ablest men, hoping to succeed through their efforts in securing a system of general state improvement out of a common fund, for the common good. Among the able men, west of the Blue Ridge, whom they elected with this view, were Robert Y. Conrad, James M. Mason, General Briscoe, G. Baldwin, Thomas J. Michie, George W. Summers, Robt. Trigg, Benjamin Smith, Gov. J. P. Preston, General Samuel Blackburne, and J. W. Brokenborough. Their efforts

*A rifled log or long piece of split timber used as a lever to raise the coach wheels out of ruts and mud holes.

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were futile, and many amusing caricatures were circulated to mislead the people in Eastern Virginia. At one time it was said that the object of Western Virginia was to remove the capital from Richmond to Staunton, and this rumour contributed to band the people of the east against schemes of western improvement.

The inhabitants of western Virginia were daily becoming more anxious on the subject, and more determined, if possible, to secure such an extension of railroads and canals from the east, as would open the markets of the sea-board, and of the world, to the products of their soil of teeming fertility. Though long defeated in their enlightened policy, they were still active and sanguine of ultimate success. As indispensable to their ends, it was now thought necessary to secure the services of their ablest citizens in the General Assembly. With this view, the voters of Botetourt, wished to avail themselves of the talents and influence of their friend and neighbour, Colonel William Madison Peyton.

Accordingly, during the winter and spring of 1838, he received numerously signed requisitions from the principal inhabitants of the county, requesting that he would allow them to present him at the forthcoming spring election as a candidate for a seat in the House of Delegates. After much reflection—for he had no taste for politics—and the urgent appeals of his friends, he acceeded to their wishes and in the month of May, proceeded in company with the late Mr. Shanks of Fincastle, to canvass the county. Party spirit ran high,

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and the opposition faction were early in the field with two of their best men. Appointments were made for public meetings, and at these the rival candidates appeared and addressed the masses in what are called "stump speeches." It was agreed on all sides that Col. Peyton's efforts during this canvass were the finest specimens of popular oratory which had been heard in Virginia since the days of Henry. His colleague, Mr. Shanks, surrendered the rostrum almost entirely to him, and everywhere he aroused the utmost enthusiasm, resuming his seat at the end of each speech in the midst of a storm and diapason of applause. Indeed, to use a strong phrase, he made "short work of his opponents," who retired from these intellectual contests completely discomfited—entirely routed. It is scarcely necessary to add, what the reader will already have anticipated, that he was returned, with his friend Mr. Shanks, at the head of the poll, by what is called in our electioneering language, a triumphant majority. Upon the opening of the next session of the General Assembly, he took his seat, and the reader will see with what success he advocated the cause of western Virginia as a claimant for internal improvements. It may not be uninteresting to mention that at the same session our venerable father occupied a seat in the Upper House as senator for *Augusta and Rockbridge*. For the movement in behalf of and against a general system of internal improvements was general—the people of both sections calling from retirement their wisest and best men. In this crisis the voters of Augusta and Rockbridge urged our father to sur-

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render his office of Public Prosecutor, which he had held nearly thirty years with so much honour to himself, and so much benefit to the public. He did so, reluctantly, and was elected senator. For a like reason they sent to the House of Delegates at this session, or within the next few years, his life-long friend and associate at the bar that able jurist and excellent man, Briscoe G. Baldwin, who was some years later elevated to the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia; Alexander H. H. Stuart, subsequently Secretary of the Interior; George W. Summers, of Kenawha, and others. The people of the eastern counties at the same period electing their ablest statesmen, such as Robert E. Scott, V. W. Southall, William Daniel, Oscar M. Crutchfield, etc.

One of the first duties of this assembly was the election of a U.S. senator. The conservative party presented Mr. W. C. Rives as their candidate. That gentleman had served several times in congress, and resided abroad four years as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of the Tuileries. In both positions he displayed much skill and ability, By some of the leaders of the Conservative party, he was mentioned as a suitable successor to Martin Van Buren in the Presidency. No means, therefore, were likely to be neglected by his opponents for his defeat. By preventing his election to the senate, the radicals hoped to outflank him in the Presidential contest. Canvassing had proceeded in Richmond with more than the usual animation several weeks, yet it was impossible to forecast the result.

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William Peyton was an active friend and supporter of Mr. Rives; they belonged, of course, to the same party, and he inherited a friendship for him from our father, which had been cemented by much personal intercourse. Besides, Mr. Rives had placed William under obligation in the following manner. At the period, (years before this time), when Mr. Rives was appointed by the President, (Jackson,) Minister Plenipotentiary to France, he nominated his young friend, Peyton, as Secretary of Legation. Private and personal reasons induced Peyton to decline the appointment, but he always entertained a grateful sense of the high distinction conferred upon him. To his conscientious conviction, therefore, that the good of his party, and in some measure the welfare of his county, depended upon Mr. Rives' return, which stimulated his zeal, he brought his warm feellngs of personal friendship to bear in the contest, and spared no effort to secure the success of his friend.

The veteran leaders of the party in the assembly, witnessing with admiration his zeal and the success with which he laboured, determined in private, the night before the election, that his should be the honour of nominating Mr. Rives. The position is somewhat similar to that in the British Parliament of confiding to the two most rising of the younger members of the Government party the duty of moving and seconding the address to the Sovereign.

Accordingly, upon the next day, the 14th of February, 1839, when the House was assembled, and Mr. Speaker

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in the chair, Colonel Peyton rose and made his nominating speech.

It was published in the daily papers and in pamphlet form, but the author has not been able to procure a copy, notwithstanding repeated efforts to do so through correspondence with friends in America. It was considered the most eloquent of his parliamentary utterances.

Mr. Rives' nomination was seconded by Hon. J. S. Pendleton, late M.C. for Virginia, who opened his speech with a high compliment to Colonel Peyton upon the elegant and eloquent manner in which he had presented Mr. Rives claims to the Assembly.

After a warm contest it was found impossible to elect Mr. Rives, whose public course had offended the prejudices of certain sections of the party. All eyes were then turned to our venerable father, who, having made one sacrifice in giving up a lucrative office to enter the Assembly, was expected to make another by going to Washington for six years at his advanced age. He, however, feeling his great weight of years, peremptorily declined under any circumstances to allow the use of his name. The party then held a conference and determined to elected my brother, who had offended nobody, and whose election, had he consented, was beyond a doubt. He, too, firmly refused to accept the candidature or station, because he was unwilling to interpose between his friend Mr. Rives and the object of his ambition. No other available candidate being within reach, from necessity, and by common consent, the election was postponed until the following session.

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Exciting rumours were afloat this winter of a serious difficulty between Great Britain and the United States on the subject of the Oregon boundary line, in fact the sovereignty of the whole territory was in dispute. Both Great Britain and Spain had, as early as 1789, set up a claim to this extensive region, but, as the United States Government considered, on vague and unsatisfactory grounds. The American Government claimed it by reason of the discovery and exploration of two distinguished American pioneers, Lewis and Clarke. The citizens of the Republic had so long been accustomed to deem it their own, and so many of their children had settled in it under this conviction, that no Government would dare surrender it without a war. As England refused to allow the American claim, there seemed no peaceable way out of the difficulty. Hostilities with Mexico were also threatening, owing to the revolt of Texas and the aid she had received from American citizens. The Governors of the different States were apprized of the delicate nature of the Government's foreign relations, and ordered to organize the State forces, with a view to placing in the field, at short notice, two invading armies—one to advance on the city of Mexico from Vera Cruz and the river Sabine, and the other to converge on Quebec from different points on our northern frontier. At this juncture, Governor Campbell, of Virginia, a distinguished survivor of the war of 1812-15, appointed William Madison Peyton to a post on his staff, with the rank of Colonel

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of Cavalry. He informed Colonel Peyton that he did this with a direct view to the impending war with Great Britain, Mexico, and their allies, and because of his perfect confidence in his judgment as an adviser, and in his gallantry, which had been made conspicuous on more than one occasion since his encounter with Van Bibber. Colonel Peyton immediately accepted the position.

During this session of the legislature, the county of Botetourt was divided, and a new county formed of that portion lying south of a line drawn east and west through the suburbs of the village of New Amsterdam, which was called Roanoke. Colonel Peyton's home was in the new county.

To those whose attention was directed to the career of Colonel Peyton in the legislature, it was evident from his course during this session that he brought into the political arena all his high intellectual qualities, and all the grandeur and heroism of his character. He was soon the object of everyone's confidence, it might almost be said of everyone's veneration. About him he carried that priceless talisman, the magic of exalted moral character; he was trusted by the members from eastern Virginia, confided in by those from the north-west, and looked up to by those from the valley and south-west, and is believed to have been more completely the confidant of the whole political secrets connected with the movements of that time than any other man. All-worthy, too, was he of the trust reposed in him! His heart was the temple of honour, which nothing selfish or unjust could approach.

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When it was ascertained that, owing to the division of parties, no election of senator could take place during this session of the General Assembly, a committee was appointed, at the head of which Colonel Peyton was placed, to prepare an address on behalf of the conservative party to the people of Virginia. This gave rise to the following document from his pen, which was widely circulated throughout the Commonwealth:—

TO THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA.*

Fellow citizens:—The term of service of one of the senators of this State, in the senate of the United States, expired on the 4th day of this month. In contemplation of this event, the duty devolved upon the present General Assembly, under the Constitution, to elect his successor. Hon. William C. Rives was the incumbent, and was put in nomination for re-election; and the undersigned adhered to his support with constancy and zeal. A struggle, unexampled in the history of Virginia, for its duration, and the pertinacity with which the advocates of the several candidates adhered to them, continued until it was believed impossible to make an election; and after consuming seven days in fruitless balloting, the order was indefinitely postponed.

As it is determined by all parties, that this subject shall not be disturbed during the present session, the duty of supplying the vacancy will devolve upon the next General Assembly, and thus, in an especial manner, it is necessarily and directly referred to the people. Under these circumstances it seems to us, that propriety dictates a full and candid exposition of the motives

* This address and all the speeches and published letters of Colonel Peyton, engrafted in this work, are in the library of the British Museum, as they originally appeared in Richmond.

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and feelings which have influenced *us*, during the late exciting contest, and which will govern our future course. While we did not desire to avoid that share of the responsibility of making the election, which rested upon us as a constituent portion of the legislature upon which that duty devolves, we at the same time wish to be distinctly understood, as not in the least deprecating that appeal to the sovereign authority of the popular will which has been produced by the extraordinary state of parties and opinions in the legislature. Indeed, the only source of regret on that score is, that this appeal cannot be made more absolute and complete. The House of Delegates, where the re-election of Mr. Rives was repeatedly sustained by a decided plurality, is subjected to the ordeal of the popular suffrage every year, whereas the Senate is only renewed every four years, and three-fourths of that body, by its organization are removed for the present, from responsibility for any disregard of the popular will, which they may have committed in the Senatorial election. That those Conservatives who were members of the Senate had no disposition to abuse that immunity, is sufficiently evinced by the fact that when it was proposed, in an early stage of the contest, to postpone the election, indefinitely, an amendment was moved and voted for by them, annexing as a condition, that each Senator should resign at the end of the session, and thus put it in the power of the people to elect a Legislature which would fully reflect their wishes. Had this obtained, there would, in that event, have been no danger that the action of the representatives "fresh from the people" would be "check-mated" by a body removed measurably from their control and who might safely bid defiance to their wishes. This proposition, however, was voted down, and even by some of those who most strenuously urged the propriety and duty of waiting for "new lights from the people," before

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venturing to perform the high and responsible duty of electing a Senator.

We do not mean to indulge any complaint that the election has been postponed. Some of us at last voted for it, from a conviction that it had been demonstrated that the legislature was so constituted as to render it impossible for a majority to agree upon any individual. Claiming for ourselves to have acted according to our honest and conscientious convictions of duty, in refusing to be accessory directly or indirectly, to the defeat of Mr. Rives, we have no disposition, even if we had the right to question, and do not mean to censure the conduct of any one who refused to co-operate with us in supporting him. Recognizing freely and fully our own responsibility to our constituents and to public opinion, we refer others to the same great tribunals, and leave them to justify themselves as they may.

Our main object in this address is, to present to our constituents and to the country our own reasons for the course we have felt it to be our duty to take, and we shall await their judgment with the calm serenity of conscious rectitude. We have no desire to abate one jot or tittle of the full weight of responsibility which we have assumed. It was repeatedly in our power, during the progress of the election, by abandoning Mr. Rives, and by throwing our votes upon John Y. Mason or Chapman Johnson, to have elected either one of them. We could not, however, reconcile it with our sense of duty to do so, and whatever of credit or blame attaches to us we are willing and ready to enjoy or suffer it all. It is, however, unquestionably true, and we beg it will be borne in mind, that the friends of the other nominees stand precisely in the same predicament. The friends of Mr. Mason could at any moment have decided the contest in favour of Mr. Rives or Mr.

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Johnson, as the friends of the latter could at any time have decided it by voting for Mr. Rives or Mr. Mason*

We acted in this matter with due deliberation, taking every step candidly and dispassionately, and now plead our justification, and put "ourselves on the country." Seeing that the large body of the Administration party, with which we had heretofore acted, were determined to withdraw their confidence from Mr. Rives, and willing, and even desirous to co-operate with them, so far as we could, without an abandonment of principle and duty, we anxiously sought to know upon what grounds those professing the principles of the Republican party, and determined to sustain the character of this 'Ancient Commonwealth' could aid in surrendering up our distinguished Senator, as a victim to be sacrificed on what was called in debate the altar of the bloody Moloch of party. But we appealed in vain—no act could be instanced which forfeited his claims to Republican orthodoxy. We very soon became convinced that no just reason existed for the fury and rancour with which he was assailed by the "sink or swim" oracles of the Administration party on the one hand, or by the intolerant leaders of the Impracticable squad that attacked him from the opposite quarter.

It will be recollected that scarcely three years have elapsed since Mr. Rives was recalled to the Senate of the United States, by that party in the Legislature and out of it, who are now so industriously plotting his downfall. We would respectfully ask them, what just expectation has he not fulfilled? What principle, that he ever professed, has he deserted? What pledge, expressed or implied, has he violated? Not one, no, not one. He has not failed to represent the opinions

* I t will not be denied, that if those members of the legislature, who were either elected on account of their declared preference of Mr. R., or under distinct pledges to sustain him, had redeemed the expectations thus created, the election must have been promptly decided in his favour.

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of Virginia in a single particular, and no man in the Senate of the United States has been more diligent, prompt, energetic, able, and intrepid in defending the principles, maintaining the interests, and asserting the rights of the people of Virginia. It is, indeed, *suspected* that in his zeal for the county he has not been sufficiently mindful of the interests of his party. It is thought, that in resisting the behests of the Executive, he has been more devoted to the duties he owes to his constituents, the people of Virginia, than to promoting the triumph and adding to the power and importance of the President. "The head and front of his offending hath this extent, no more." Many of those, who, with Pharisaical humility, claimed to be the especial representatives of the Republican party in the Legislature, declared that they did not oppose the re-election of Mr. Rives in consequence of his difference of opinion with them and the President on the leading measure of the Administration, the Sub-Treasury expedient. Indeed it has been announced, *ex cathedra*, by the organ of the "sink or swim" party, in Virginia, that Mr. Rives would have received the united support of that party, notwithstanding his hostility to the course of Administration on the subject of the finances, provided they could have been satisfied he would have supported the Administration in all other things.

Whether such a pledge, under any circumstances, would have been consistent with the character of a Virginian senator, and proper to be required by the Legislature, or any part of it, as the condition of their support, we will refer to the judgment of the Public. We are confident that no man, properly imbued with the spirit of freedom, or duly impressed with the sacred duties, and solemn responsibilities of a representative of the sovereign state of Virginia, in the senate of the United States, would ever require such a pledge, or justify any man aspiring to that station, in making it.

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We trust that the Senate of the United States will never be humbled into the condition of a mere political junto to register the edicts of the President, and instead of being, as it was designed by its organization, the guardian of the rights of the States in their sovereign capacity, degraded into a mere privy council of the Executive, acquiescing in his demands with the humble submission of an eastern Divan to the orders of an Asiatic despot. We are satisfied that many of those who raised the objection we are now considering, would revolt at the imputation that they wished or demanded any such humiliating debasement; and yet the avowals of what would have been sufficient to have secured their support and the known spirit of the opposition to Mr. Rives, inevitably lead to such degradation of the Senate. No declaration of principle was required of him. His opinions, in regard to all the great questions of constitutional construction and practical expediency, had been long known and approved by the Republican party of Virginia.

It may be well to add, as an instructive fact in the history of the late contest, that these same self-styled *Simon Pures* of Democracy, who pride themselves in nursing their wrath against the United States Bank, publicly proclaim, that the Sub-Treasury is a question of minor importance, and the great issue presented to the country is Bank or no Bank—that the former is a question of expediency only, while the latter involves a constitutional principle of the utmost magnitude and importance. With these professions constantly upon their lips, it is impossible we can close our eyes to the glaring inconsistency in which their conduct involves them. Numerous and conclusive proofs might be adduced to show, that those who, like ourselves, utterly repudiate a National Bank, as both unconstitutional and inexpedient, but who are inimical to the Sub-Treasury, are viewed by the friends of the latter measure with

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infinitely greater suspicion and distrust than the open and avowed advocates of a Bank of the United States; but there are one or two so directly connected with the subject of this address, that we cannot omit inviting your particular attention to them. The uniform hostility of Mr. Rives to the incorporation of a National Bank, at all times and under all circumstances, is so universally known to the people of Virginia, that no man has ventured to express a doubt upon the subject; and yet in the late Senatorial election, a portion of the friends of the Administration in the House of Delegates, including two of the most distinguished members of that party, recorded their votes for Mr. Chapman Johnson—a gentleman, it is true, of eminent talents, and great private worth, but the known and decided advocate of the re-charter of the U. S. Bank, and who has differed with the present and late Administrations upon almost every question of principle or expediency, whether practical or theoretical. It is equally notorious that a large portion of these straight-laced Republicans, did at one time meditate bringing forward, and openly avowed their readiness to sustain, in preference to Mr. Rives, the President of the Court of Appeals, with all the sins of the Bank, and internal improvements by the general Government, unexpiated and unatoned for, except by the support of the present financial scheme of Mr. Van Buren. And that, when the Van Buren Convention assembled, containing as it did, a "large infusion" of representative purity, "fresh from the people," they unanimously, with characteristic consistency, called this same distinguished gentleman to preside over the deliberations of this newly-christened "Democratic Republican States Right" party. These examples are sufficient to show how little confidence can be reposed in the professions of a disposition on the part of the supporters of the Sub-Treasury, to treat that question as one of subordinate importance to the

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Bank question, or to regard a difference of opinion with them, on that subject, as furnishing no sufficient ground for withholding from its opponents their countenance and support. But it is idle to reason upon this subject, when there are none so blind as not to see the plain and palpable proofs which are every day presented to us, of the settled and deliberate purpose of the friends of this measure to make it the test of political orthodoxy [*See Note A.*]

The opinion is becoming almost universal, that there is no necessity for the establishment of a National Bank to regulate the currency or administer the finances of the country. The system of internal improvements by the general Government, seems by common consent, to be abandoned, and the controversy about the tariff for protection has been, it is hoped, terminated by the celebrated Compromise Act of 1833. Should any of these measures be at any time unfortunately revived, we have the most abundant guarantees for his future course in regard to them, in the uniform coincidence of opinion in past times, between Mr. Rives and the people of Virginia, and in his zealous and harmonious co-operation with them in opposing these unconstitutional and dangerous stretches of power. Indeed, we may boldly challenge the opponents of Mr. Rives, of whatever hue and shade of political complexion, to point out one single prominent measure of Government, on which he was required to act at any time since he came into public life, in which, as a representative, he has not faithfully reflected the public sentiment of the State, and discharged his duty to the satisfaction of the Republicans of Virginia. In respect to no measure, has he more unquestionably been a faithful representative of the opinions and interests of his own State, than upon what was termed by the Republicans, in 1834, "that odious Federal conception," the Sub-Treasury scheme. He has, with unflinching steadiness and

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undaunted firmness, resisted the thrice-repeated attempt to enlarge executive power and put into the hands of the President the means of corruption, disclosed in a manner calculated to alarm the Republicans of the old Dominion, and "indicating a hostility to State institutions, which augured badly for the rights of the States." In this he has considerably and steadily "walked in the footsteps of the illustrious predecessor" of Mr. Van Buren, and maintained the position which in common with the whole Republican party, and indeed in common with almost the entire body of the Opposition party, he occupied in 1835. [*See Note B.*]

For what, then, is he to be immolated? Is it because he has been faithful to his principles, or not sufficiently submissive to party? Is it because his political morality is not sufficiently elastic, to enable him to turn a somersault at the word of command? Is it that he prefers the service and approbation of this good old Commonwealth, to all the rank and station which power can bestow, and will not "bend the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning"? Or is it that, like Aristides, he is to be ostracised for his very virtues? There are some, probably, who feel that the daily beauty and integrity of his life and conversation make them ugly, and who like the hump-backed tyrant, view him as a "spider in their path, and would have it crushed." He gloried in the proud character of a Virginian senator, conscious that he was honestly and truly discharging the responsible duties of his station, and he manfully scorned to make pledges calculated to destroy the moral force of his opposition to measures which he deemed revolutionary, disorganizing and demoralizing, and fraught with the most pernicious consequences to the prosperity of the country. We see those calling themselves Republicans, although they approve the Sub-Treasury, avowing their readiness to give him their support, if he would give assurances for future party

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devotion to the administration—when the humiliating and almost disgusting spectacle is exhibited, of men who agree with him in condemning the Sub-Treasury as pernicious and who have been cheering him on in opposing it, yet demanding his expulsion from the senate with all the violence of "tone to hatred turned," only because he will not pledge himself to sustain the *future* acts of the administration, and promise in advance to "sink or swim" with Martin Van Buren; when we find the ultra-partisans of the Whig party requiring proofs of his party devotion to the interests of the opposition, as the condition of their support; when we see all these things, are we not fully justified in asserting that the great question, the vital principle, involved in this contest is, whether the Senate of the United States should be reduced to a mere instrument to accomplish the purposes and execute the will of the Executive of whatever party may be in the ascendant? He so regarded it. And so viewing it, the contest swelled immensely beyond a question of preference for William C. Rives for his superior talents and political orthodoxy; it became of infinitely more consequence than the defeat of the Sub-Treasury project, destructive as we believe that measure to be in a political, economical and financial view. It became a great question of political ethics, reaching to the foundations of the edifice of civil liberty. It involves the stability of the pillars on which our Republican institutions rest. Let it be once established as the recognised and cardinal canon of party fidelity, that no politician shall oppose the will of his partizan chief, or stubbornly refuse to accompany his opposition with professions of future support, and continued allegiance, without being shot for desertion, or branded with ignominy as an apostate, and it is obvious, that all political responsibility of the President is at an end, and every barrier to the possession of absolute power is thrown down. Representative independence and fidelity

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to the people are converted into treason to the Executive, and although the externals of a Republican Government may, for awhile, be preserved, we shall have established in substance, an elective despotism in its worst form. The President, from being a servant of the people, and subject, through their organized agents, to constant control and restraint, will have become an irresponsible monarch. The Representatives of the State and of the people deserting the high function and duty of "eternal vigilance" upon his conduct, will be bound, at the hazard of being exposed to the most unsparing reprobation, as deserters and apostates, to become his apologists and flatterers, aiding and abetting him in each new encroachment upon the constitution or outrage upon the principles of free governments. As Republicans—as Freemen—as Virginians, we renounce and repudiate all such servility. As Representatives, we felt that we would have betrayed the trust confided to us, if we could have consented to aid in any act which would have sanctioned it.—[*See Note C.*]

Why should a Senator of Virginia be desired to give any opinion, or express any preference as to who ought to be elected President of the United States two years hence? What has he to do in his character of Senator with the election of President? Nothing—emphatically nothing. As an individual citizen he may give his own suffrage as every other citizen gives his, for that individual whose election, under all the circumstances, will be most likely to advance the prosperity of the country: no matter who is elected, the Senator, if he be honest and independent, will sustain the measures and recommendations of the President, so far as they are, in his judgment, consonant to the interests and honour of the country, and the principles of the State he represents.

The seductive influences and corrupting tendencies of an overgrown and constantly increasing Executive

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patronage, are sufficiently potent in subduing the spirit and weakening the independence and fidelity of the representatives of the States and the people. Let us take care how we do anything to require them to manifest an obsequious and deferential submission to the Executive will, as the only passport to popular favour. We believe that, under the circumstances of the case, the refusal of Virginia to sustain Mr. Rives in his present position would go far, very far, to infuse such a spirit amongst the representatives of the people. The State of Virginia has ever exerted a powerful moral influence in the admimistration of the affairs of the general Government. It has ever been her boast that she adhered to certain great principles, and sustained her public men so long as they were faithful to those principles, no matter from what quarter they were assailed. The time has never been, when, in the patriotic and eloquent language of Mr. Rives, she did not expect her representatives to remember "*that they had a country to serve as well as a party to obey.*"

It was, we believe, from a conviction that the great Conservative principle of representative fidelity and independence was about being cloven down, and that a servile spirit of undeviating acquiescence in the opinions and wishes of party leaders, would be fostered, by permitting Mr. Rives to fall a victim to the furious and vindictive resentment of remorseless partisans, that induced many of the most influential of the Whig party in the Legislature to prefer his election to that of any man in the Commonwealth. It was the same persuasion, strengthened by the disclosures of the feeling of peculiar zeal and anxiety exhibited by the Sub-Treasury democrats, to defeat him, and even to prefer any one (Whig or Tory) to him, that finally reconciled almost the entire body of the Whig party to unite with us in endeavouring to re-elect Mr. Rives. With the course of the fragment of that party who refused to co-operate

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with the rest of their brethren, and thus prevented his election, we have nothing to do. We shall not even impute to them the *responsibility* of defeating the election, however justified we might be by a portion of that squad who, with remarkable *modesty*, have made a similar charge against the Conservatives.

The support thus given by the Whig party to Mr. Rives, affords honourable testimony, that many of them were willing to forego a mere party triumph in the support of so important a principle as Senatorial independence. And why should we or Mr. Rives have any repugnance to such aid from the Whigs? For ourselves, we avow our willingness to derive support from any quarter, in checking the extravagant and pernicious measures of any party, in restraining its excesses, preventing the abuses which it may run into, and preserving the ancient and approved principles of the Republican party from being overwhelmed by the wild spirit of rash innovation, and the mad projects of radicalism and agrarianism.

Who are these Whigs, [*See Note B.*] that contaminate by their support and assistance? They are our fellow-citizens, comprising nearly one half of the population of the State, and embracing a full proportion of its virtue, intelligence and patriotism. It is true, that they, like their rival contemporaries, the Democrats, have in their ranks numbers of every variety of complexion, from the rankest nullifier, and Ultra State Rights men, down to the most uniform and consistent consolidationists. If every man were obstinately to refuse to support for public office only those who agreed with him in every opinion, it is obvious that no public man ever could be elected, and no popular Government ever could exist. We have already shown that there was a great political principal involved in the re-election of Mr. Rives, which appealed with irresistible force to those Whigs who

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had been accustomed to denounce the Administration party for its proscriptive spirit and for the blind and submissive devotion it was charged with exacting from its members. Besides the issue really was between Mr. Rives and a Sub-Treasury democrat, and it is amazing how any Whig really sincere in his professions of opposition to the financial schemes of the Executive could hesitate to sustain the most zealous, the most able, and the most efficient opponent of that system. Indeed, we believe that there is but a moiety of the "forlorn hope" of fourteen, who are opposed to the Sub-Treasury *principle.*

The great body of the Whig party, therefore, as well as the Conservatives, had sufficient and manifest reasons of public duty, and obvious considerations of high political principle, to unite them in sustaining the election of Mr. Rives. We think every true patriot, every real republican, in fact as well as in name, had presented to him the most cogent reasons for doing so. The imputation, therefore, of a coalition between the Whigs and Conservative republicans, is as ridiculous as it is known to be false in fact. We wooed and courted no party. We made no stipulations. We entered into no arrangements or political combinations. We sought for no pledges of support, either from Sub-Treasury men or Whigs. We presented our candidate as he was, an independent, manly, devoted and able representative of the principles of the State, and then actually doing battle in their defence, with the chivalrous spirit and gallant bearing which became a Virginian senator. We called upon every Virginian, no matter what might be his party, or what had been his political associations, as he valued the ancient and proud character of his State—as he cherished the venerable usages of his ancestors—as he desired to preserve the institutions of the country from destructive innovation—as he wished to control and restrain

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the encroachments of Executive supremacy over popular will—as he respected the Conservative principles of senatorial freedom and representative fidelity, to rally to the standard of our virtuous, eloquent and independent senator, Wm. C. Rives.

Many, very many, with noble and patriotic alacrity, responded to the call. It is, we verily believe, because the sentiments and feelings of the people of Virginia were not truly reflected in the Legislature, that there were not more who had ears to hear the call and voices to answer it.

To you fellow-citizens the appeal must now be made. We have too much abiding confidence in the steady adherence to principle, and the noble spirit of freedom which animates the people of the old Dominion, to have the least apprehension as to the manner in which the appeal will be answered. The recollection is too recent of the generous enthusiasm with which you came to the rescue, and restored to the councils of the country this distinguished citizen of genius, eloquence, and virtue you are so justly proud, to permit the least fear that you will abandon him. On that occasion, he was driven from your service because he was maintaining, as you thought, your principles, and faithfully representing your wishes. *Now*, the proofs are positive and irresistible that he is standing upon the ancient and approved principles of the Republicans of Virginia, guarding the public domain from profligate waste, endeavouring to rescue the Treasury from the control of the Executive, and place it under the dominion of the law. Detecting and exposing the first approaches towards a meretricious and illicit intercourse between the Administration and the Bank of the United States, and endeavouring to restrict Executive patronage, and prevent the corrupting tendencies of its improper exercise, and, in a word, fearlessly sustaining all those

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measures and principles which, under the administration of Jefferson and Madison, constituted the cardinal doctrines of the Republican creed. Can you be expected to discard him from your service, to place in his stead some complaisant *supporter of the Administration*, who will perchance aid in fastening the odious Sub-Treasury upon the country, who will leave the public money in the hands of the subordinates of the Treasury, and will see millions of it lost in fraud and peculation, permitted by the gross and culpable neglect or incompetency of the heads of the Treasury and its bureaus, with calm composure and unruffled devotion to the Executive? Whatever may have been and still may be your predilictions for the Administration, your support is that which liberal and generous masters will extend to faithful servants.

You require of your Representatives a watchful supervision over the Executive Administration. And when it is demanded of you by the parasites and sycophants of the Executive, that you shall expel from your service one of your most faithful and vigilant sentinels, because he is not sufficently devoted to the President to comply with all his behests, your sentiment, and thrice condemned by the Representatives of the people. [*See Note E.*] He still persists in it, and it has been announced by his *official* organ, that he means to "sink or swim" with it, and been proclaimed by his *financial* organ in the House of Representatives, that this condemned and rejected measure must be submitted to in spite of lamentations in Congress or elsewhere. That this determination is entertained, is still more decisively proved by the fact, that everywhere those who will not abandon their opposition to this measure, no matter how clearly in accordance with the opinions of their constituents, are put under the ban of the party, and the most gross and offensive assaults made upon their sincerity and honour, and the whole power and

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influence of the Executive exerted to withdraw the confidence of the people from them.

Recent developments shew, that the most offensive official delinquency and defalcation pervade the public departments, and there is too much reason to fear that this state of things has resulted from great neglect or incompetency in those branches of the public service. They furthermore prove, that there is great reason to apprehend that this condition of things has, in many instances, proceeded from an improper use of the power of removal and abuse of the Executive patronage for party ends: thus demonstrating the necessity for "that reform" which was promised and which is necessary to prevent the patronage of the President from being brought in conflict with the freedom of elections. All these things make us pause in the bestowal of our confidence in the Administration. We cannot pledge ourselves to sink or swim with Martin Van Buren. These clouds must be cleared away and these abuses reformed altogether. We are in this, Conservatives. We desire to preserve the purity and integrity of the Administration of the Government; and if our democratic friends require that we should make no complaint, demand no reform, relinquish all regard to our principles and to the safety of the country, or else be no longer of their party, we can part company with them, without any other regret, than that reply will be, "he has been faithful—he is our friend—the friend of the people—the friend of Republican principles—the champion of Representative freedom—and the President must look elsewhere, than in Virginia, for Senators to do his bidding—to sacrifice the interests of the people in compliance with his wishes, and thus contemn and disregard the known opinions of their constituents."

Fellow citizens, We constitute that portion of the Legislature of Virginia, who have been denominated conservative Republicans, and we desire the principles

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of our public action to be distinctly understood. We were supporters of General Jackson's election, and in most of the leading questions of principle, policy, and party action, which occurred during his time, we sustained them and harmonized with the party. We sustained the election of Mr. Van Buren, because we confided in his professions of devotion to the supremacy of the popular will, and of his hostility to those latitudinous constructions of the constitution which the States Right Republican party, of Virginia, had ever condemned, and because, in general, he was pledged to "walk in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," in endeavouring to prevent the exercise of doubtful and unconstitutional powers by Congress, in limiting and diminishing Executive discretion in regard to the management and safe keeping of the public revenue, in "reforming those abuses which brought the patronage of the Executive in conflict with the freedom of elections," and maintaining the usages and principles of the Republican party. In so far as he does, or shall, answer these expectations, we will sustain him, but we are ready and determined to oppose him in all acts and measures in conflict with these expectations, as firmly and decidedly as if we had never voted for him. We have not been able to shut our eyes to the fact that he has departed from these promises much and widely. He has recommended again and again, a measure opposed and denounced by the whole Republican party in 1834 and 1835, as a departure from the practice of the Government from 1789 down, condemned by public, they, who have always professed to be acting on principle, should have surrendered themselves blindfold, and with passive submission, to approve everything, or at least to make no complaint, no matter what abuses may be disclosed, what corruption may be proved to exist, or what mischief may be perpetrated upon the institutions and liberties of the people. If the whole

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creed of the democratic faith is reduced to the single article of a determination to sink or swim with the Executive, we no longer belong to the congregation.

Fellow citizens, We adhere to the ancient and venerable *principles*, as we continue to cherish the ancient patronymic appellation of the Rebublican party. We are Republicans. We need no new title or addition to designate our political character, though we have no objection to that of Conservatives, which has been reproachfully attached to us. Genuine conservative principles in this country are conservative of the established institutions and long cherished maxims of free Government. They are in perpetual conflict with the restless spirit of destructive innovation which seeks protection and sanction under the guise of some new and popular name, as Danton, Marat and Robespierre perpetrated their atrocious crimes and profanities in the sacred name of liberty and reason. Conservative principles here characterize those who are in favour of maintaining the rights of the States, a strict construction of the constitution of the Federal Government and of restricting and watching with an eye that never closes, the approaches of tyranny from the enlargement of Executive power and patronage. These are our principles. It is these that constitute us Republicans. It is not the name, but the conformity of our practice to our professions. Men may call themselves "Democratic Republicans," or "Democratic States Rights Republicans." They may be re-baptized by every new convention at the instance of every new convert, but if they continue to apologize for abuses, to justify usurpations, to approve every contempt of popular opinion exibited by the Executive, applaud to the very echo, measures subversive of the usages and principles of Jefferson and Madison, and of the Republican party of 1789 to the present day, and proclaim their determination to sink or swim with the

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President, no matter what he has done or may do, they may add title to title, and addition to addition, until their party cognomen is as long as that of a Spanish hidalgo; and after all their real designation, their actual principles and political conduct will be comprehended in the single word, they are *subservatives.*

We will sink or swim with the principles of the Republican party of Virginia; we will sink or swim with the maintenance of the free principles handed down to us by our ancestors; we will sink or swim in the effort to preserve our representatives in congress from executive control and dictation, and will sustain them in manfully resisting the mandates of selfish, mercenary and unprincipled party leaders and scurrilous partizan editors.

These are the leading sentiments which have united us under the designation of Conservative Republicans, and we cannot but believe they are the sentiments of the great body of the enlightened, virtuous and patriotic people of Virginia.

This address was signed by *John T. Anderson*, of Botetourt; *Edmund Fontaine*, of Hanover; *Moses C. Good*, of Ohio Co.; *Joseph H. Sherrard*, of Frederick; *Oscar M. Crutchfield*, of Spottsylvania; *Thomas Shanks*, of Botetourt and Roanoke; *David Barnett*, of Montgomery; *Joseph W. Davis*, of Smyth; *William Shands*, of Prince George; *John O'Farrel*, of Morgan; *George Park*, of Hampshire; *Nathaniel E. Venable*, of Prince George; *Bar. G. Paine*, of Fluvanna; and *William Madison Peyton*, of Roanoke and Botetourt.

Note A.—Since this address was written, a striking illustration of the truth, of this remark has been furnished in the proceedings of a convention of friends of the Administration in the Frederick congressional

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district which met for the purpose of nominating a candidate for congress. Mr. James M. Mason, the late member, a uniform State Rights Republican, and a gentleman of fine talents, had differed with the Administration on the Sub-Treasury question; preferring the special deposit plan, which was recommended by Mr. Van Buren, as his second choice. Mr. Mason, in a letter to one of his Constituents, and in an address to the people of his district, both recently published, distinctly avowed his preference for Mr. Van Buren over any of those who have been spoken of as likely to be his competitors for the next Presidency, and declared that, "whether in public or private life," Mr. Van Buren should have his support, "*earnestly and zealously given.*" But this, it seems, was not enough to propitiate the convention. Mr. Mason had disagreed in opinion with them on the Sub-Treasury question, and that disagreement could not be cured by pledges of *earnest* and *zealous* support of Mr. Van Buren. The objection was fatal, and Mr. Mason was put aside to make room for a *Sub-Treasury* democrat, who received the nomination. "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!"

W. M. Peyton.

Note B.—The Editor of the Enquirer,* in his paper of August 18th, 1838, in the exposition of his financial views, reprints and re-asserts the opinions which he expressed in 1834, when the Sub-Treasury scheme was first broached, and when he charged Mr. Leigh with entertaining sentiments favourable to it. The immediate inducement to the expression referred to, was a passage in a letter written by Mr. Leigh in reply to one addressed by 26 citizens of Richmond. A short extract from his very lengthy strictures will be sufficient to show his opinions as the organ of the Republican party at that day, and to establish their

* The well known Thomas Ritchie

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identity with the opinions maintained by Mr. Rives and the Conservatives at present.

"As to the letter of Mr. Leigh," he says, "it may satisfy his twenty-six friends; but it certainly does not satisfy us. The letter which they have called forth, should call forth in its turn, another letter to explain" the true meaning of that passage "which speaks" of divorcing all connection with banks, State or Federal. "Do you mean (they might say) that the public money is to be left in the hands of the Custom-house officers, *responsible* to the President and removable by him?—If so, is Mr. Leigh prepared to incur the irresistable objections urged by the globe—and to increase (in so alarming a degree) the patronage, power and influence of the Executive?"

Mr. Ritchie was a faithful exponent of the sentiments of the Republican party at that day, and it would seem that they were at least opposed to a divorce of the Government from the State Banks.

In his paper four days afterwards, August 22, in some remarks addressed to two of his correspondents, "*Attalus*" and "*Another Democrat*," he says, they are not probably aware of the extent to which this discussion on the Sub-Treasury had been carried three years before, in 1834. "They may not recollect that their system of Sub-Treasuries was advocated by the Whigs three years ago, and that the Republicans then resisted the proposition. If then we advocate a heresy now, it was the heresy of the Republicans in 1834. If it be our thunder now, it was our thunder, and what is more important, *their* thunder *then*. * * * He, "*Attalus*," forgets that at every era when a National Bank came into discussion, it was held not to be necessary, because the State Banks furnished a sufficient resource. Messrs. Madison, Jackson, and Stone suggested their use in 1791, Messrs. Burwell, Seybert, P. B. Porter and Wright of M., recommended them in 1811. They all concurred in the sentiment of Mr. Wright, that "the

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State Banks are abundantly sufficient to supply every requisition, if the U. S. deposits are made in them." Not a word from any of these orators about an Independent Sub-Treasury system! The same ground was taken when the second U. S. Bank was put down; and when the debate came on upon the removal of the deposits, the same ground was taken by the Republican party, when, also, the substitute of the Sub-Treasuries was pressed by Mr. Gordon it received the vote of but one Republican member of the House of Representatives. * * * The Republican press of that day took up Mr. Leigh's speech and denounced the scheme of resorting to treasurers, appointed by the President, and removable at his will, and having the public money in their actual possession, "in their *pockets, desks, trunks, and vaults.*" They contended that the present system of deposits for the public money, regulated by law, as it will be, is as good for safety and the least liable to abuse by the Executive, of any which the wit of man can conceive; and declared "*that the power now exercised over the State Banks is only such as has been exercised by the Administrations of Washington, the Adamses, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe,* but if Congress can be induced to impose upon it new and wholesome restrictions, General Jackson will glory in it as another of the happy fruits of his harassed, but for himself and his country, most fortunate Administration." And yet, says Mr. Ritchie, we are to give up this system *now* without any imperious necessity, and fly to the system proposed by the Whigs, and opposed by the staunchest Republicans in 1834!

We will merely add, without comment, a few more extracts from the *Enquirer*, as we are anxious to derive the full benefit of its potential influence in this appeal to our Republican brethren.

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FROM THE "ENQUIRER."

September 8th, 1837.—How is it that the great masses of the two parties seem to be respectively shifting the grounds they occupied in '34 — the friends of the Administration violently assailed it — most of the Republicans, with the President at their head, are inclined to support it. A better soldier than ourselves then gave forth the most serious objections to the scheme.

The public moneys, from the time of their receipt to the time of their disbursement, amounting as they often do, to ten or twelve millions of dollars, must remain in the hands of individuals *appointed by the President and removable at his will!* They ought not to be kept in their pockets, chests or vaults, where they can approach it every day and use it, without the checks of warrants drawn, countersigned, registered and recorded, and passing through many hands, without which (that is their warrants) not a dollar can now be touched by any public officer, not even the President himself."

We have no desire to see such accumulation of power in the hands of the Executive—no wish to put the money directly into the palms of his friends and partizans. We wish to see the power and patronage of the Executive increased as little as possible—the powers of the Federal government not enlarged—the purse and sword not more strongly united, than they are in the hands of the President, and as few means of corruption as possible trusted in his possession.

FROM THE SAME.

September 15th, 1837.—He designates it as "a wild and dangerous scheme" establishing two sorts of currency—the better for the officers of the government, the baser one for the people.

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October 20th, 1837.—He says the Sub-Treasury will enlarge the Executive power, already too great for a Republic. In the same paper, speaking of the special deposit, he says, "such is the compromise we beg leave to submit to all the friends of a limited Executive and a guarded exchequer."

January 20th, 1838.—Speaking of the change made in the bill from extra session to the session in December, and of the rapid growth of Executive patronage, which would follow the adoption of the measure, he says: "It has already expanded from collectors to receivers and who shall say that it shall not expand from four receivers to 20 or 50. In fact who shall stop the augmentation of tax receivers under the Administration of some future ambitious President? The bill increases the Executive patronage by the appointment of Receivers Generals, Bank Commissionaries, and places the public funds more immediately under the control of officers appointed by and removable by the President."

In another editorial of the 12th September, (date omitted,) alluding to the premium the merchant must pay to obtain specie for his duty bonds, he says: "who pays all these expenses? The people—for, let the merchants, for instance, pay their bonds in specie, they will ultimately receive it in the advances on their goods. A tax, then, to all intents and purposes, is laid on the people at large, to the amount of the premium on specie, and it goes into the pockets of every man who feeds from the public crib."

Note C.—On the 4th of May, 1830, a select committee, raised at the instance of Hon. Thomas H. Benton, on the subject of Executive patronage, of which he was chairman, and Mr. Van Buren with other distinguished gentlemen of the Jackson party, were members, reported their views at length to the senate of the United States. They represented, with a pencil of

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light, the inherent tendency of patronage to increase—its insiduous approaches—its almost seductive and resistless influences, and its overpowering energy, when it has once acquired the ascendant. We must look forward, say they, to the time (that period is now arrived) when the public revenue will be doubled; when the civil and military officers of the Federal Government will be quadrupled; when the influence over individuals will be multiplied to an indefinite extent; when the nomination by the President can carry any man through the senate, and his *recommendation carry any measure through the two Houses of Congress*; when the principle of public action will be open and avowed, *the President wants my vote* and *I want his patronage*. I will vote as he wishes and he will give me the office I wish for. What will this be but the government of one man? And what is the government of one man but a monarchy? Names are nothing. The nature of a thing is in its substance, and the name soon accommodates itself to the substance. The first Roman Emperor was styled "Emperor of the Republic," and the last French Emperor took the same title, and their respective countries were just as essentially monarchical before as after the assumption of them. It cannot be denied or dissembled, that the Federal Government gravitates to the same point, and that the election of the executive by the Legislature quickens the impulsion. "Those who make the President, must support him. Their political fate becomes identified, and they must stand or fall together. Right or wrong they must support him."

What would the authors of these truly patriotic and Republican sentiments have thought of that political servility which openly and unblushingly inculcates a "sink or swim" policy? How would these slavish doctrines square with their Republicanism, as laid down in this report? If Colonel Benton and Mr. Van Buren were sincere and honest in this solemn expression of

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their sentiments, they would be compelled by their principles, to repudiate, with as much scorn and indignation as any Conservative, this degrading oath of fealty to a party chief, this unscrupulous endorsement in advance of opinions and conduct which cannot be foreseen or anticipated, this odious and unmanly submission to the capricious and despotic exactions of party. If sincere, their patriotic apprehensions for the perpetuity of our institutions would have been greatly excited and they would have made the very walls of the capitol tremble with the thunder of their denunciations. They would have told us that the prophecy and its fulfilment were contemporaneous; that our Government was a monarchy *now*. Is there nothing at this day to make us fear that our Government gravitates to monarchy? If the recommendations of the President can carry this Sub-Treasury measure through the two Houses of Congress, stamped as it has been by the reprobation of almost all men of all parties, throughout our extensive dominion, and receiving especially the almost unanimous reprobation of that party now advocating it, what cannot the President do, under this vassal doctrine of blind and indiscriminate support?

Note D.—When Mr. Roane was elected to the U. States senate, the vote in the House of Delegates, so far as the Whig party was concerned, was *for* Roane 24, against him and for Judge Daniel 16, with some few scattering. In the senate, for Roane 5 Whigs, against him 2. So that he received the votes of 29, and his competitor those of 18 only. Without the Whigs, Mr. Roane would not, and could not, possibly have been elected. [*Note to Mr. Pendleton's speech*].

At the dinner which was given to Mr. Rives in the City of Richmond, after the close of the session of Congress, and very shortly after the election of Mr.

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Roane, Mr. Rives in responding to a complimentary toast, took occasion to vindicate the principles of that currency bill, which is now so much the subject of obloquy among those very gentlemen who, at the time, were paying the homage of heart-felt gratitude for his distinguished services, and lavishing the most extravagant encomiums upon his republican virtues. Not a discordant note in this numerous assemblage, disturbed the harmonious greeting and joyous gratulations which animated them. It also becomes worthy of remark on this occasion, as Mr. Rives is assailed and condemned by many of Mr. Roane's political friends for not repudiating the aid of the Whigs in the late senatorial election, that Mr. Roane, who, it seems, was obnoxious, in the estimation of some, to a similar objection, in the course of a speech which he made at the same dinner, with a correctness of judgment and feeling, alike creditable to his head and his heart, repelled this new idea of contamination in Whig support. Among many other just and forcible remarks, he said, "Let us never forget that our adversaries are 'bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh,' that they are our friends, our neighbours and our countrymen." To those who press this objection to Mr. Rives, we would commend the old adage, "ye who live in glass houses should not *throw stones at your neighbours' windows.*

Note E.—The official organ of General Jackson (the Globe) in 1835, shortly after the Sub-Treasury scheme was broached, and when it was alone countenanced by a few ultra whigs, assailed it in the most violent terms, as a measure fraught with mischief, and threatening our liberties. It asserted "that it would enlarge Executive power by putting in its hands the means of corruption." "That it would transfer the money directly into the palms of Executive agents, the friends and partizans of the President, instead of its being kept on deposit in

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banks, whence it could not be drawn for other than public purposes, without certain detection, and thus exposing it to be plundered by a *hundred* hands, where *one* cannot *now* reach it. "*Sed tempora mutautur et nos mutamur in illis.*"

> "Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,
> Tenets with books, and principles with times."

W. M. Peyton.

On the reassembling of the Legislature, Mr. Rives was elected and took his seat in Congress. On the 14th of the following January, he delivered his able speech on the Fiscal arrangements of the Government with the United States Bank, and reviewing the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

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CHAPTER VII.

YIELDING to numerous and urgent importunities, Colonel Peyton consented to become a candidate, the following Spring of 1838, for the House of Delegates for Roanoke and Botetourt, and was elected without opposition. At this time he did not seek for, nor despise, honours. Shortly after the meeting of the Legislature, the subject of internal improvements came up for consideration. On all sides the question excited the liveliest interest. The delegates for Eastern Virginia were as hostile as formerly to a general tax for what they sophistically termed local improvements, and under the leadership of Messrs. Yerby, Edmunds, Venable, and others, marshalled their forces in a solid phalanx. On the other hand the western delegates were equally determined to carry their point, and were led by the young and eloquent delegates for Roanoke and Botetourt, Augusta, Montgomery, and Kenawah,—Peyton, A. H. H. Stuart, W. B. Preston, and George W. Summers.

To understand this question it should be remarked,

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that the Virginia of 1838 extended from the Atlantic to the Ohio, a length af 425 miles, and north and south from Pennsylvania to North Carolina and Tennessee, a distance of about 210 miles. Its area was 61,352 square miles, being considerably more than that of England. With the exception of Pennsylvania, Virginia was the only State which extended across the great Appalachian chain. The State was traversed from north to south by several other well-defined mountain ranges, among them the Blue-ridge and the North mountain, which is an extension of the Kittatinny mountain of Pennsylvania. These mountains are pierced by numerous rivers, some flowing east to the Atlantic and others west, emptying into the Ohio and Gulf of Mexico. The principal rivers which rise in the great valley between the Blue-ridge and Alleghanies, and find their way to the Atlantic, are the Potomac, the James, and the Staunton; and those which rise east of the Blue-ridge and run in the same general direction, are the Rappahannock, which is navigable 110 miles above its mouth in the Chesapeake bay to Fredericksburg—the York river, formed by the confluence of the Mattapony and Pamunkey, each a hundred miles long, and is navigable about forty miles from its mouth—the Blackwater, Nottoway, and Meherrin, which, like the Staunton, find their way to the ocean through North Carolina. The principal rivers flowing west, and emptying ultimately into the gulf of Mexico, are the Ohio, the great Kenawha, which rises in the valley between the Blue ridge and Alleghanies, the Monongehela, the

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Guyandot, the little Kenawha, and the Big-Sandy. From this brief description of the direction of the waters, it is seen that the State rises from the Atlantic to the mountains, and there slopes down to the Ohio. Divided into four natural parts, it was also formed into four political divisions. The first of these was the *Tide-water* district, lying east of the lower falls of the rivers, and consisting for the most part of a flat country nowhere more than sixty feet above the sea. Further west is the *Piedmont* district, extending as far as the Blue-ridge. This is more elevated and diversified in its surface than the former, as it is traversed by a range of hills parallel to the Blue-ridge, and about 30 miles from it. The *Valley* district extends from the Blue-ridge to the most westernly ridge of the Alleghany mountains; and is occupied by various chains of these mountains, and the fertile vallies that lie among them. The extreme west of the State is occupied by the *Trans-Alleghany* district, which slopes westward and is occupied by various branches and offsets of the mountains. In a country of such extent, and with such physical peculiarities and divisions, it is not surprising that different and antagonistic local interests arose. Nature supplied with noble rivers that portion of the State comprised in the *Tide-water* district, and lying upon the Atlantic and the Chesapeak bay, which is sometimes styled the American Mediterranean. By these the inhabitants enjoyed every facility for sending to the markets of the world the products of their lands. The soil, too, of this district is light and sandy, and after

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rain soon becomes firm and dry, hence little labour or money is required to keep the roads in repair. The people of eastern Virginia therefore asked nothing on the score of improvements, nor did they wish to contribute from the common treasury towards the improvement of less favoured districts. In support of this ungenerous and illiberal policy they adduced a variety of arguments, some of them not without considerable plausibility, but all really unsound. The western people, who lived above the falls of the rivers, where the streams were too small for navigation, and where the soil is clayey and the roads in winter impassible, asked, as their means were unequal to the expense, that the State should undertake to lock and dam the principal rivers, cut canals where required, and construct leading roads which were necessary for the development of the country and for its defence. They argued that the increase in population, the augmentation in the wealth, the multiplication in the subjects of taxation which would result from such a system of improvement, would redound in the end to the prosperity of the whole State, thus benefitting the *Tide-water* population. Thus was the issue made up by the two parties, and on this question delegates were elected from all parts of the State.

In this particular House of Delegates the party of the west was led, as previously mentioned, by (with others) the subject of this biography; and on the 15th and 16th days of February, 1839, he delivered the following speech of great force and eloquence in the

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General Assembly on behalf of a general scheme of State improvement.

SUBSTANCE OF THE REMARKS

OF

COLONEL WILLIAM MADISON PEYTON,

(OF BOTETOURT),

IN SUPPORT OF THE REPORT AND RESOLUTIONS RECOMMENDING A SCHEME OF INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT;*

IN THE

HOUSE OF DELEGATES OF VIRGINIA, FEBRUARY 15, 1838.

The Internal Improvement Report being called up,

Colonel PEYTON remarked, That the late hour at which the Report of the Committee on Roads and Internal Navigation had been called up, together with the protracted discussion which it had already excited, made it proper he should inform the House that he did not expect to trespass long upon their patience. That he would endeavour to avoid detail and unnecessary digression, as much as possible, and confine himself strictly to the great leading principles which were involved. He assured the House that he would not wander into the regions of imagination, in quest of the roses and garlands of fancy, to embellish his sentiments. He would neither stoop on the one side to cull a flower, nor on the other to collect a gem; but would proceed directly to the development of his views as succinctly as the nature of the subject would allow.

* This speech was published in Richmond, in 1838, by Shepperd and Colins.

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Colonel Peyton said he did not participate in the surprise of the friends of the Report at the violent opposition which it had encountered. He thought it was to have been expected, however strong might have been the evidences in favour of its adoption. In a numerous body like this, representing a territory so extensive, and embracing interests so varied, he said it was to be expected that local considerations would influence the course of some gentlemen, while others, operated upon by an over-timid and over-cautious policy, would be found arrayed against it, solely on the ground of its novelty and apparent magnitude; and some few, perhaps, might find an excuse for their hostility in the extraordinary reason assigned by the gentleman from Prince Edward (Mr. Venable) a few days since: that the adoption of the proposed scheme would defeat the improvement of the State. But, said Colonel Peyton, notwithstanding the combination of all these adverse impulses, I believe there is an enlightened spirit awakened in the land, which cannot be repressed or fettered, but which, bursting through all the barriers of ignorance, is rapidly diffusing its regenerating influences and giving a healthy tone to public opinion. The ball, said Colonel Peyton, is in motion, receiving its impetus from the lofty summits of our mountains. He trusted it had already gathered sufficient velocity and power to overcome and defy all opposition. He said that the difficulties which beset the friends of improvement at the threshhold of their innovation upon the established policy, of the State, ought not to dishearten them—that it was not reasonable to expect so radical and important a change of State policy would be aquiesced in without a severe struggle; and that the history of all our sister States, which have adopted an enlightened and liberal system of internal improvement, exhibits a perfect identity in all the circumstances,

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attending its introduction. And *here*, said Colonel Peyton, we find the same arguments relied upon by gentlemen, which were urged upon the legislature of New York, when it was proposed to construct the Erie and Hudson Canal on State account. And notwithstanding the obvious necessity and utility of that great work, and notwithstanding it was recommended and advocated by one of her most distinguished sons, by one upon whom nature had profusely scattered the rays of genius and the inspiration of intellect, by the *then* reputed theorist, but *now* revered sage, De Witt Clinton. I repeat, said Colonel Peyton, that notwithstanding it was brought forward under the auspices of this gifted individual, and sustained with all his zeal, and all his ability, and all his influence, it was with the utmost difficulty pressed through the legislature. And when its adoption was promulgated through the country, it produced an excitement so violent and uncompromising in its character, as to threaten with political ostracism all those who had taken a prominent part in its support. In the commotion, said Colonel Peyton, the dregs all floated to the surface. Whip syllabub lawyers and artful demagogues sprung up like mushrooms in every quarter of the State, and called upon the "*dear people*" to hold fast their purse strings. They represented the legislature, said Colonel Peyton, as adopting some monstrous Briarean scheme, which would stretch forth its hundred arms and plunge its hundred hands into the breeches pockets of the people, and plunder them of the hard earnings of their daily labour, to make, in the cant phrase of these most *special friends* of the "*dear people*," "the rich richer, and the poor poorer." The psuedo political economists, too, said Colonel Peyton, of whom there is always an over supply in every community, and especially in every political association, fortified in their own estimation by some absurd and incongruous

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dogmas of a science, the true principles of which lay greatly beyond the reach of their intellectual visions, urged that the State, possessing no funds, having no hoard, nor any certain or ascertained, or even conjectural resources, other than those anticipated from the projected works, had no right to construct a work at the expense of the whole community, which was partial in its benefits. That it was oppressing and desolating one portion of the State to confer blessings upon another. To these pseudo political economists, there came, said Colonel Peyton, as auxiliaries in this war against liberal legislation, the pseudo philanthropists, a class who, more anxious for the welfare of the the "unborn millions" who are to follow them, than for the generation to which they themselves belong, insisted that we had no right to transmit these debts, incurred for public works, to posterity, as it was imposing a burthen upon them in which they had no voice or agency, and over which they could not by possibility have exercised any control. And I have no doubt, said Colonel Peyton, that these philanthropic worthies, in their learned dissertations at the corners of the village streets, and at the cross roads and grog-shops of the country, gravely argued that it was a gross violation of the great fundamental principles of our Government, that it was neither more nor less than taxation without representation. Such, he said, were a specimen, of the miserable *batch*, or, said he, to borrow from high authority a more appropriate expression, the miserable rabble of objections which were urged against the enlightened policy of the empire State. Such, said Colonel Peyton, were the obstacles that were thrown in the way of the steady, conestoga, onward march of the miscalled Bœotia of this confederacy, in a system which is every day illustrating the energy and wisdom and patriotism of its legislation by the solid wealth and substantial

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blessings which it is conferring upon its citizens. And such, I need not tell you, Mr. Speaker, after what you have heard on this floor, are the cogent arguments, the mighty missiles with which we are assailed, and which renders it necessary that the friends of internal improvement should put on their armour and invoke the Protecting Egis of Minerva. Survey, said Colonel Peyton, the whole ground which has been occupied by the opponents of our scheme, and analyze what they have said, and you will find it all at last resolved into some one of the objections which I have enumerated, or into something which bears a strong family likeness to them. And, said Colonel Peyton, I must say, they are only diginified on the present occasion, by their very respectable endorsement, and the talents which they have enlisted in their support.

The talented representatives from Prince Edward and Halifax predicated the greater portion of their arguments upon the assumption, that the State was, from its poverty, unable to construct the improvements recommended in the report. The financial estimate presented by the gentlemen from Augusta, a few days since, in his exposition of the views of the committee, Colonel Peyton thought entirely conclusive upon this point, and he had heard nothing as yet, in the slightest degree calculated to weaken his confidence in it. The objection to the calculation, in the estimation of Colonel Peyton, was, that it yielded too much to his opponents, and did greater injustice to the financial resources of the Commonwealth. But, said Colonel Peyton, notwithstanding this estimate, which proves beyond doubt the entire ability of the State to accomplish the improvements proposed without abstracting one cent from the pockets of the community, we are told by the intelligent gentleman from Halifax, that they will create a national debt, which will result in national bankruptcy. This idea, monstrous,

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illusory, and unfounded as it is, in the face, too, of the most irrefragable testimony of figures which cannot lie, is reiterated and echoed by the opponents of this measure from every part of the hall, as though it was a species of axiom. That the estimate is based on facts, purely legitimate, and that its foundations are firmly fixed in truth, the abortive efforts of our opponents to impugn and destroy them, afford the highest evidence. That all the antagonist items which are entitled to be considered as offsets or charges upon the internal improvement fund, are fairly and properly stated, is not denied; but it is pretended that the estimate of the profits upon the works in process of execution, and upon those contemplated, is extravagant. Gentlemen, said Colonel Peyton, wiser and more experienced than our engineers, who are generally presumed to be the best acquainted with these matters, and wiser and more astute than that numerous and intelligent class of the community who have vested their money in many of these schemes, after a close scrutiny into the chances of reimbursement, have come to the conclusion, that they are all visionary speculations, and doomed to disappoint and ruin those who engage in them. It is true, said Colonel Peyton, as has been said by the anti-improvement gentlemen, that considerable reliance is placed upon the anticipated profits from the James River improvement. And this estimate being conjectural, he knew of no better mode of approximating the truth, than by consulting those who have embarked their fortunes in it, and whose interests have led them to examine it narrowly. The testimony of all these, he said, would more than sustain the humble estimate. If, said Colonel Peyton, the matured wisdom of a Marshall in the east, and the cool, calculating, practical good sense of a Breckenridge in the west, and the combined intelligence of the most enlightened portions of the State, after a long, and anxious, and

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thorough investigation of the utility and productiveness of this work, could cheerfully embark all their available means in it, and appeal, in all the sincerity of a burning patriotism to their fellow-citizens to unite in its construction, I think we may safely rest with this assembly the very humble estimate which we have placed upon its productiveness, upon this authority, in opposition to the round and unsustained assertions of the gentlemen from Prince Edward and Halifax. Colonel Peyton said, that he should therefore claim with confidence that the calculation of the profits from this work, which had been used in the financial estimate, and which was confessedly so far below the estimates of persons so eminently qualified, should be received, until some stronger argument than the empty denunciations of an enemy, or the bold assertions of inexperience were offered.

Colonel Peyton said, that the only other conjectural source of revenue relied upon, is the contemplated improvements, and these but for a very limited amount and for a short period. He said, that the gentleman from Halifax, in combating this source of revenue, instead of dissecting, and sifting, and exposing the extravagance of the very moderate and guarded estimate which we presented, launched forth into a denunciatory attack upon the report of the principal engineer, in which the estimates were more than ten times higher than we claimed; and having in the blindness of his zeal imagined that he had utterly demolished the engineer's report, he very gravely and most logically concluded, that our estimate, by consequence, shared the same fate. He said, that feeling disposed to admit a paralogism so palpable, he felt authorized, by the failure of the gentleman, to object specifically to the dividend claimed by the friends of the report, in construing it into an admission of its correctness. But this, he said, was unnecessary. To

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those, said Colonel Peyton, who are familiar with the trade and travel of that section of the State, which will be accommodated by the South-western road, and with the powerful auxiliaries which it will receive when extended to Knoxville, not only the extreme moderation of our estimate will be manifest, but the much derided and apparently extravagant calculation of our chief engineer will be found, upon examination, to be entirely within the bounds of probability. Fortunately, said Colonel Peyton, we were not driven upon the fanciful speculations of its ardent friends for the maintenance of our opinions. In the year 1831, a convention was held in the town of Abingdon, composed of delegates from the city of Richmond, and all the intermediate country to Knoxville, in Tennessee, who, after carefully collating all the facts necessary in enabling them to determine whether the tonnage and travel of this route would justify the expense of a railroad, decided most confidently in its favour. From the report of their proceedings it appeared that even then the tonnage transported by waggons amounted to 7,297 imports, and 60,352 exports, making an aggregate of 67,649 tons; calculating the imports at 6 cents per mile, and the exports at 3 cents, it gave nearly five hundred thousand dollars. They then deducted one-third from this amount to cover the error in the calculation from some of the exports and a large portion of the imports being distributed along the line, instead of being carried the whole way through. This left for imports 64,798 dols., for exports 267,963 dols., making an aggregate of 332,761 dols., which, taking the cost of the railroad from New River to Knoxville at 3,108,000 dols., would produce a dividend of upwards of 10 per cent on the cost of that part of the road from New River to Knoxville, or nearly 7½ per cent. on 4,408,000 dols., the total cost of constructing a railroad from Lynchbury to Knoxville. In this calculation,

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the tolls accruing upon that portion of the line between New River and Lynchburg, and which would unquestionably be the most productive, are excluded. Nevertheless the convention had no hesitation in saying, upon the very meagre information which they possessed, that this section would yield at least 10 per cent. to the stockholders in the then condition of the trade of the country. And this, too, it will be observed, without relying upon the profit to be derived from the transportation of passengers, which of itself, I have no doubt, is justly considered by our chief engineer as the most valuable source of revenue. Colonel Peyton said, that in addition to the facts elicited by this convention, there was a most important one derived from the register kept at Inglis's ferry, on New River, in the year 1836. From this, it appeared that between thirty-four and thirty-five thousand travellers crossed at that single point during the year. These, said Colonel Peyton, together with those who crossed at the numerous fords and ferries above and below, would probably swell the estimate to between 40 and 50,000. This travel at the ordinary charge of six cents per mile, would give an income of 576,000 dols., or between 18 and 20 per cent. on the whole cost of construction. Thus showing the ability of this improvement to sustain itself by a moderate toll upon the travel, and consequently, removing the necessity of heavy imports upon the agricultural and mineral products of the country.

But, said Colonel Peyton, when you recollect that the moment you construct this work, and thus remove the *mountain* barriers which separate this country from market, you at once awaken the industry and stimulate the energies of its inhabitants, and that you develop the varied and inexhaustible mineral and agricultural resources of one of the fairest and most salubrious

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portions of the State — a region where lead, salt, gypsum, coal, iron, and an exhuberant fertility of soil have been lavished with almost prodigal profusion. It is impossible, said he, to conceive the width and depth of the stream enriched from all these prolific sources, which will pour its golden flood upon our commercial marts, exciting their enterprize, and re-invigorating their languishing commerce. Not only this, said Col. Peyton, but when the work shall have been extended to Knoxville, a short distance beyond our South-Western border, it will constitute the *focus* of improvements, radiating to the Atlantic on the one side, the Ohio on the other, and the Gulf of Mexico on the third—embracing within its influence two-thirds of the confederacy, and drawing within its vortex, by the sure attraction of its being the nearest, most natural, and direct route to the east, the largest commerce ever enjoyed by a railroad, and an amount of travel beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine and credulous. But, said Colonel Peyton, I will not fatigue myself, or waste the time of the House in proving the value and productiveness of a work against which not a single plausible argument has been offered. The ingenious gentleman from Halifax, himself finding that a closer scrutiny into our estimate of the profits from the James River and Kenawha improvements and the South-western road, was more likely to prejudice than to promote his cause, seemed to yield the point, and shaking the dust of the old Dominion from his feet, he embarked upon the railroads and canals of the great States of Pennsylvania and New York, in quest of facts to support his theory. There, said Colonel Peyton, entrenching himself behind a rampart of reports and imposing arithmetical calculations, he seemed to defy and almost deride his opponents. Let us, said Colonel Peyton, examine him in his new position, and see whether it will not yield to the first

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assault. To say nothing at present, said Colonel Peyton, of the numerous errors of fact and inference in which the gentleman involved himself at every step, there was one prominent and striking and radical defeat in his whole argument, and that was, said Colonel Peyton, his neglect of the ameliorating influences of these improvements upon the comfort and happiness and pecuniary circumstances of the inhabitants of the States penetrated by them. He seemed, said Colonel Peyton, to lose sight altogether of the immense enhancements of individual property which resulted from them, and the consequent increase of the stream of taxes which would be annually pouring its golden treasures with a continually increasing volume into the public coffers. Not only this, but he seemed to be blind—yes, stone blind—to the incalculable addition to the aggregate of national wealth from the development of the rich mineral treasures locked up in inaccessible mountains, and which, without these improvements, were utterly valueless. He seemed to forget, too, the extensive manufactories which would grow out of the working of these mines and cluster around every waterfall in their neighbourhood. He overlooked, too, the immense augmentation of agricultural products which the stimulus of a ready market would create. And still more, said Colonel Peyton, he excluded from view the increase of population resulting from the combination of all these other blessings — an increase only limited by our mines of coal and iron, which are said to be boundless and inexhaustible. Great, manifold, and important, said Colonel Peyton, as are these, the legitimate offspring of a judicious system of internal improvement, embracing as they do all the important elements and essentials which constitute a prosperous and happy people, under the benign influence of free institutions, and which in my opinion ought to be cherished as a blessing, even

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if it was coupled with a system of direct taxation for the reimbursement of the debt incurred in producing it. Great, manifold and important, repeated Colonel Peyton, as were all these beneficial results from an improvement of the means of inter-communication, the gentleman never once adverted to them, but confined himself to a cold stock-jobbing calculation of the dividends accruing from the various works finished and contemplated. Is this, said Colonel Peyton, the view of a Statesman? Is it the voice of patriotism? Or is it the barking of a treasury watch-dog, a Cerberus chained at the mouth of the vaults, and with brute instinct denying access to all persons indiscriminately, without respect to the character of the claim or the applicant. Is it possible, said Colonel Peyton, that a policy so narrow and so contracted, so miserably parsimonious and so obviously suicidal, is to be countenanced and sustained by the representatives of a generous and magnanimous people. But said Colonel Peyton, my feelings have hurried me into a degression from the point in my argument to which I had arrived, and upon which I wish to bring the attention of the house to bear for a few moments.

I was about to admit, for the sake of argument, and for the purpose of exhibiting in a still stronger point of view, the indefensible character of the position assumed by the gentleman from Halifax, that all the ameliorating influences of these improvements upon society—the increase of population—the augmentation of agricultural products—the development of mineral treasures—the creation of manufactories and the increase of the public revenue—that all these should be discarded from consideration, and that we should view it simply as a money-making, stock-jobbing scheme on the part of the State. Even, said Colonel Peyton, in this narrow and contracted and unstatesmanlike point of view, if the lessons of experience are suffered to shed

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their broad and full light upon the question, there will be no difficulty in maintaining before this Assembly the policy of the system. I am willing, he said, to narrow the ground on which we stand, for the present, still more, by permitting its correctness to be tested by the Pennsylvania system, which has been so frequently referred to and so confidently relied upon by the opponents of improvement, as affording the strongest testimony in their favour. I am fully aware, said the Colonel, that I place myself in the most disadvantageous position in relinquishing the mass of testimony which the triumphant success of the State system in other parts of the Union affords, and submitting the question to a test, selected by our enemies, and which wants the analogy which is necessary to give weight to the deductions against us. Those who are acquainted with the history of internal improvements in the State of Pennsylvania, know that it was commenced under every disadvantage, at a time when the construction of canals and railways were not well understood in this country, and when, from the want of that skill, and experience, and knowledge which she now possesses, she expended at least one-fourth, or six millions more, according to the estimates of her most practical men, than would be necessary to do the same work now. There is another circumstance, said Col. Peyton, which weakens the parallel. An inspection of the map will satisfy every one acquainted with the geography of the United States, that in point of natural advantages, she cannot compare with us. By position, she commands the commerce of no State but her own, whilst Virginia, from the nature of the Carolina coast, is the natural market of Carolina products, and from her position, possesses advantages over Pennsylvania, in a competition for the Ohio trade, and superadded to this, the rich products of East

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Tennessee and North Alabama flow as certainly to her ports as she provides an outlet for them. But, notwithstanding all this, he hoped he would be able to satisfy the House in a few words, that the system of Pennsylvania, prompt, bold, expanded, and in one sense, extravagant as it had been, so far from presenting a picture to discourage and dishearten the friends of improvement, offered every inducement and stimulus to increased exertion. In looking into the Pennsylvania system to ascertain whether the funds she has invested in public works have been squandered or judiciously expended, it certainly affords no evidence against them to find, that upon an expenditure of nearly 25,000,000 dols., they received during the past year of paralysis and commercial pressure, only 975,350,49 dols. The general plan is not yet carried out, many important links are unfinished, which, when completed, will swell the tonnage immensely. The energy, and industry, and enterprize of the community has scarcely had time to get under way. The mineral and agricultural resources are just developing themselves; so that the present tolls, handsome as they are, scarcely afford an earnest of what they will be, when the system is complete, and has had sufficient time to work out its great results. Equally unsatisfactory is any argument drawn from the statistics of detached works. There are so many circumstances connected with them, special and peculiar in their character, and of which we are ignorant, that no general arrangement can be drawn from them upon this point, entitled to the slightest consideration. Instead, therefore, of suffering ourselves to be carried away by the bold assertions of gentlemen or specious deductions from particular improvements, and sections of improvements, of which we know nothing, or the *jaundiced* calculations of the profits of a system which is imperfect and unfinished, I would refer you to the testimony of the citizens of Pennsyl-

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vania themselves—to the report of the canal commissioners, who are entrusted with the control and management of the public works, and who are familiar with the influences, favourable and unfavourable, which operate upon them — to the message of the governor, who exercises a supervisory care over the whole State, and who derives his information from the best sources. Do you find their opinions of the value and productiveness of the public works according with those deduced by the gentlemen from Prince Edward and Halifax, from their *selected* statistics? Do you find them deploring the system as one leading to national bankruptcy? No they are proud of it, and cherish it as a never-failing source of the richest blessings; as the broad basis of individual wealth and national grandeur; as the key-stone which crowns their political edifice, giving strength and durability and finish to the structure. Colonel Peyton said, in the report of the canal commissioners for the year 1837, they say, "one aspect of the operations of the year must, however, prove cheering to every Pennsylvanian. While the revenue derived from similar great State improvements, all around us, has materially fallen short of last year, ours has advanced in a ratio corresponding with that of former years. If we can thus maintain our career in the midst of such untoward circumstances, what mind can estimate the effects that will be produced by the return of a more healthy policy. If, in connexion with this view of the subject, the competition of the improvements now in progress, and which will effectually bring into use the immense mineral productions of the Lykens valley, Shamokin, Mahamy, Wyoming, and the bituminous coal and iron fields of the west branch and Juniata, be also contemplated, the result is incalculable. But little now passes on the canals of the Susquehanna, its branches and the Juniata. When,

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however, *the improvements in progress to complete the original design of these works begin to unfold their destined utility*, the addition to the already increasing revenue *derived from those sources, will be immense.* As evidence of this, it is only necessary to notice the rich return which the mining operations in the Schuylkill coal fields impart to the Schuylkill Navigation Company's works. This improvement is only 108 miles in length, and has produced tolls the present season, amounting to 560,141,50 dols., up to the 13th of November.

In another part of the same report, after urging the legislature to apply the whole resources of the State to the completion of the system as rapidly as possible, they remark "In relation to the ultimate success and prosperity of the public works, the board have expressed a decided opinion. The revenue derived from public works is already beginning to have a decided effect upon the fiscal operations of the Government, and will hereafter be the main reliance of the State. What amount of revenue will be derived from the public works the present fiscal year, it is difficult under existing circumstances, to determine. But the board feel warranted in giving the assurance, that even if the present pressure continues, it cannot fall short of 1,200,000 dols. As a proof that the above is not an over estimate, and that the whole system when perfected will remunerate the State for her outlay, and reward the patience of her citizens, it may be etc. etc., (instancing the most important improvements and the revenue derived from them.) In the close of this review of the general improvements, they say: "*There is, therefore, no doubt, but that when the now unproductive branches are completed, and sustain themselves, as they assuredly will, the whole system will not only support itself, but pay a handsome revenue to the State.*"

The governor, in his last message, says, "The

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system of internal improvement has heretofore been the chief draft upon the Treasury. *It is now about becoming its main reliance.*" * * * * "The revenue from the public works fell 324,649,51 dols. short, during the past year, of the estimate of the canal commissioners. Its actual amount was 975,350,46 dols. But all who are conversant with the matter, are convinced that it would have 1,300,000 dols., if the paralysis of last May had not fallen on the energies of trade. The estimate of the board for the present year, 1,400,000 dols, in which I concur, believing, also that though it cannot fall materially short of that sum, no matter how adverse the State's general business may become, it may, and probably will, reach 1,500,000 dols., if the usual degree of prosperity be restored to the country. The tolls of last month alone amounted to 130,000 dols, of that sum." In another part of his message, after a *coup d'œil* at the different improvements, he concludes thus: "This view of the subject not only enables us to calculate with certainty or the increased earnings of the public works hereafter, but justifies all necessary expenditure for their completion, *even without* taking into account their other incalculable advantages to the State. * * * * Improvements thus increasing in productiveness under every disadvantage, demand, because they are worthy of all the care of the legislature." Colonel Peyton, said, I present these extracts as the testimony of the Canal Commissioners and Governor of Pennsylvania, in favour of a scheme which has been represented by gentlemen as a perfect Pandora's box, laden with evil, and threatening the State with bankruptcy.

I consider it, Mr. Speaker, and every unprejudiced mind must concur with me, as out-weighing all the bold assertions and ingenious deductions of gentlemen who are confessedly ignorant of the country and its improvements, and as proving beyond all question

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the policy of the system as a mere money-making machine. It must strike every gentleman, that no inference prejudical to the opinions advanced by these Commissioners and the Governor, which are based upon the statistics of any single improvement, or any combination of improvements, ought to have any influence upon our judgment. If, then it be established, that looking only to the revenue from the improvements, it is a judicious investment of the public funds of Pennsylvania, the State we have selected as a test of its policy in Virginia, there can no longer be any difficulty in our embarking in the system, even if we had no loftier considerations to subserve, than those of a mere stock-jobber. This brings me to the consideration of the mode in which the works shall be made, whether upon the joint-stock or the State principle. And upon the decision of this question in favour of the latter, we believe, depends the cause of internal improvement, and the future destiny of the State.

Colonel Peyton said, the most plausible and ingenious argument which has been presented to the house in favour of the two-fifth, and in opposition to the State plan of improvement, was that of the gentleman from Campbell, (Mr. Daniel,) This gentlemen in his zeal to discover a spot on which to plant a lever to overturn the State system, created an imaginary foundation of impracticable abstractions, and opened from thence, with no small degree of confidence, and certainly with great skill, a furious broadside upon that portion of the report which recommended the construction of the South-western road on State account. The argument of the gentleman was this—He set out with the extraordinary assumption, that, upon principles of abstract justice, we have no right to take one dollar from the treasury for the construction of public works, that the subscription of two fifths on the part of the State being an appropria-

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tion of the public funds to public works, was consequently unjust; and, a *fortiori*, inasmuch as the whole is greater than a part it is a still greater injustice for the State to bear the whole expense. The mere statement of this argument, divested of all the sophistry with which he had surrounded it, ought to be sufficient to refute it. But, as it had been the foundation of a long and able argument, and had been most plausibly and ingeniously maintained, he would examine it fully.

The political maxim, said Colonel Peyton, upon which the gentlemen has raised his superstructure, is illusory, and, as applied by him, utterly false. Upon principles of abstract justice, the Government has no right to appropriate the public funds on the construction of public works! Why, Mr. Speaker, upon principles of *abstract juctice* you have no right to impose any of those restraints upon the actions of men, or exercise any of that control over their property, which, in the finest Governments that have ever existed, have exerted so salutary an influence and which has been universally conceded as indespensable to the existence of society. We abandon the helpless, inefficient, isolated and unsocial life of the wandering savage, that we may, by union, concert, and harmony be better protected in our personal rights and our rights of property, and by united counsels, and united means and energies, effect such measures as will promote the public welfare. Mixed up with the abstractions under consideration, and resulting in some degree from it, was another sophism equally exceptionable, as applied. He asserted, said Colonel Peyton, that beyond the protection of the country from foreign aggression, and the preservation of the due administration of justice, the less a Government interfered with the labour and industry, the pursuit and avocations of its citizens, the nearer it approximated the fulfilment of its duties and obligations,

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and that any step beyond these limits was in derogation of certain abstract rights supposed by the gentleman to be be inherent and inalienable, or *reserved* by the community.

Suppose for a moment, said Col. Peyton, that the gentleman's argument may be placed in the strongest point of view, that the principles involved in his proposition are true—His argument admits, that it is the duty of the Government to protect and defend the country from foreign invasion, and that it may use the public treasure for that purpose. Suppose then, that Virginia, instead of forming one of this glorious union, were isolated and independent, surrounded by warlike neighbours, and subject to incursions upon the north, south, and west, so sudden and desolating in their character as to make the rapid transportation of troops and munitions of war an important element of her defence. Would not the Government, upon the gentleman's own principles, have a right to construct roads in every direction to promote the public welfare in this particular? And if, Mr. Speaker, the Government in such an emergency would have the right to construct these public works, has she not a right, and is it not her duty to provide before hand for the emergency, instead of waiting till the distresses and disasters of war leave her no alternative? If the power belongs to the Government in the extreme case supposed, why should it not reside in the Government of Virginia under existing circumstances, when it would confessedly put her in better condition to withstand foreign invasion, as well by the economy with which her troops and baggage would be conveyed from point to point, as by the promptness with which they could be brought to bear where most needed. But, said Colonel Peyton, conclusive as the argument is, even in this aspect, in favour of a system of internal improvement, we are not driven to the necessity of resting it upon such hair-splitting distinctions.

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Every Government, said Colonel Peyton, rests upon its own principles, as ascertained by long usage, or its written charter; and the principles of the social compact, and the spirit of the constitution of Virginia, clearly and unequivocally recognize in its Government the right to do any thing which, in its wisdom, will promote the public welfare, provided it is not in contravention of the charter adopted as a guide and limit to its action. There is nothing in the constitution which prohibits the legislature appropriating the public funds to the construction of public works, or in any other way they may deem promotive of the public welfare. It follows, of course, that the legislature have the right to do it, and that, possessing the power, there can exist under the social compact no abstract right at variance with the constitutional right, and the inference of the gentleman from Campbell, that the legislature cannot exercise it without perpetrating a wrong—an act of injustice—is wholly gratuitous, and unsustained by any recognized, civil, or political principles, as, I trust, I have satisfactorily shown. We have thus established, said Col. Peyton, what he did not suppose was ever doubted, before the ingenuity of the gentleman from Campbell suggested it—the right of the State to use her treasures for the construction of public works, or for the general welfare, in any way she may deem expedient. I have previously shown, he said, the policy of a system of internal improvement, and the ability of the State to carry out the scheme proposed; and it only remains for me to offer some remarks as to the manner in which it shall be done.

[The usual hour of adjournment having arrived, Col. Peyton gave way, that a motion to that effect might be made.]

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Second Day.

House of Delegates of Virginia,
February 16th, 1838.

The Internal Improvement Report being called up, and Colonel Peyton being entitled to the floor, he rose and said:—

My argument not having been concluded on yesterday, when the hour of adjournment arrived, it is necessary that I should throw myself upon your indulgence for a portion of to-day. I trust, Mr. Speaker, that I satisfied the house on yesterday, that no principle of abstract right does exist under the social compact, which contravenes the constitution, and of course that the act of our legislature appropriating the public revenues to the construction of public works, does not violate any right, or operate any injustice, and of course that the ingenious syllogism of the gentleman from Campbell fails to prove, that because upon the State system there would be a larger appropriation of the public funds than under the joint-stock system, that therefore it was more unjust and objectionable. Having disposed of this branch of the gentleman's argument in favour of the two-fifth, and against the State system, it brought me to another on the same subject, in which he abandoned in some measure his metaphysical abstractions, and treated the subject in a more practical point of view. The acuteness of that gentleman's mind, enabled him to present a most imposing view of what he considered inherent evils in the plan of improvement on State account, and after maintaining himself most ably upon general reasoning, and entering his formal protest against deductions in favour of either system from isolated instances, or from any combination of cases, where all the circumstances,

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moral, political and physical, were not well understood, he proceeded to adduce in support of the two-fifth place, the Chesapeak and Ohio canal, the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and several other joint-stock improvements; thereby forcibly illustrating, by the false conclusions to which they led him, the truth of his promises. I agree with the gentleman, that partial statistics are worse than useless. It is true, that it is impossible to draw a comparison between works of other States, made upon the joint stock and State principle, without an intimate acquaintance with the topography of the countries through which they pass—the character of the works, whether they are temporary, requiring expensive repairs at short intervals, or permament and substantial; their relative natural advantages—in a word, all those influences, moral, political and physical, which affect them—and hence, I would depend upon no authority short of it. As then Mr. Speaker, there is no discordance in the views of the gentleman and myself, as to the character of the testimony which should influence the decision of this question, we have only to apply the test. And at the threshold, I would ask whether the gentleman from Campbell or any other friend of the partnership system, has offered us a particle of testimony in support of it, coming up to the grade which we have established? It is doubtless fresh in the recollections of every gentleman within my voice, that the gentleman from Campbell did not even pretend to it. The truth is they have none, while abundant testimony of the most satisfactory character can be produced in favour of the State, and in condemnation of the joint stock system. Look, Mr. Speaker at the operation of the miserable, crippled and inefficient two and three fifths system, which has been in operation in our State for the last age! Behold its glorious results! See the extensive lines of railways and canals penetrating every quarter of the State, and

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dispensing wealth, prosperity, and happiness to its citizens! See your noble port at Norfolk crowded with the canvas of every clime, and towns and cities springing up as if by magic, in every quarter of the country! Behold the Birmingham of America! Your own capital, parsimoniously husbanding every drop of her almost boundless water power, and applying it to machinery for manufacturing the cotton of Alabama, the wool of Ohio, and the minerals of Western Virginia! See your treasury filled to repletion, and the great State of Virginia advancing abreast of the State of Pennsylvania and New York, who have so unwisely and fatuitously adopted a system of internal improvement on State account!!

In the eager anticipation of beholding all these glorious results of the system so much lauded by the gentleman from Campbell, we ask, where are they? where are they? "and echo answers, where are they?" No, Mr. Speaker, instead of this animating picture, we behold the lacerating effects of this joint-stock system. We behold a depressing, hag-ridden Commonwealth, upon which this incubus has fixed itself so long as to paralyze all her energies, and almost dry up the fountains of hope. A system, said Col. Peyton, which should be entitled a system of financial phlebotomy, as it is merely used to deplete the body politic, and relieve the treasury when it discovers any symptoms of plethora. It is fitly described as a silent, insidious, thieving system, which plunders the treasury, without promoting the public welfare. Millions upon millions of the public funds are wasted in the companies, and many of them are so utterly unproductive, that it has been recommended to abandon them that the State may save the expense of printing the annual report of their condition; and the whole of them taken together do not average one per cent. upon the capital vested. Such, Mr. Speaker, is the true state of

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the testimony afforded by our experience in the joint-stock system. After having lived through an age the cherished policy of the State, it has not been able to rear a single monument flattering to the pride, creditable to the enterprise, or in any respect worthy of the ancient fame of this renowned Commonwealth. The friends of internal improvement having aquiesced during this long period in the hope that some of the promised benefits would be realized, and finding every hope excited, the mere precursor of ruinous disappointment, they determined, if possible, to revolutionize the system. And after the maturest reflection, and a patient and accurate examination into the systems of those States which have been most successful, they have decided upon, and recommended, the State system. In doing this, we take the broad ground, that no State in this confederacy has ever carried on a system of internal improvement successfully, except on State account. It is difficult to form a system in any other way. For that cannot be called a system which depends upon the disconnected influences and conflicting interests of an infinity of localities. It wants an all pervading eye, that will embrace within its vision the whole State, and a hand of judicious bounty, that will administer to its wants and necessities as such, impartially. Such, is the whole system in theory, and such has been its operation in practice. In New York their great State work was eligibly situated, as to distribute its blessings over every portion of the State, and the original and wonderful success of this improvement, with which all are familiar, renders it unnecessary for me to dwell on it. In the State of Pennsylvania—the Flanders of this controversy—we offer such testimony in support of the system we recommend, as the gentleman from Campbell and myself have agreed upon as alone admissible. We offer the testimony of the Governor of that Commonwealth, who, in his message

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of 1836, says, that when the works then in progress shall have been completed, stretching into every quarter of her territory, and bearing her immense agricultural, manufacturing, and mineral wealth to her own proud metropolis,* and to every State in the Union, it is a low estimate, he says, when these works are completed and in full operation, that her clear annual income, from this source alone, will not fall short of three millions of dollars, a sum sufficient to reimburse the whole debt incurred, as it becomes one, to continue her improvements to any extent, and to authorize the application of one million of dollars annually to the purposes of education. And all this, he says, with moderation, prudence, and caution, is not more than eight, and probably six years distant. We offer you the testimony of the canal commissioners, which I read to the house on yesterday, in which they state, that the revenue from the canals and railways is regularly progressive, and that the fund arising from them is becoming the main reliance of the State. We offer you the acts of the Legislature of the State, who are sustaining and upholding this stupendous fabric by prompt, bold and generous legislation: and by implication we offer you the testimony of the people of the State—they who are supposed to be the victims of all the oppression and grinding exaction which is inseparable from an expanded system of improvement, and whose miseries and distresses, under the system of taxation which it is said will flow from our scheme, has awakened the tender sympathies and sickly sensibilities of gentlemen on this floor.

All these, said Colonel Peyton, are persons, who I am sure the gentleman from Campbell will admit are familiar with the influences moral, political and physical, which affect the system and who from having

* Philadelphia.

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previously tried a partnership system like ours, are peculiarly qualified to judge of their respective merits. In truth there is one vital and distinguishing feature in the joint-stock system, which is sufficient of itself, if there was none other to condemn it. It administers to the cupidity of individuals, and encourages them in unreasonable exactions upon the community. It fixes a tariff upon the agricultural and other products of the country, which is often interminable and always onorous. Whereas upon the state system, the legislature would have a right to accomodate its tolls to circumstances, and when the capital was reimbursed, might abolish them so far as to reserve a tax merely sufficient to preserve the works in repair, or retain a sufficiency to relieve the whole community from taxation. Suppose, for example the James river and Kenawha improvement completed, and the tolls should equal the estimates which have been made, viz: eight hundred thousand dollars; you then have the agricultural interest contiguous to this improvement, saddled with the principle part of this enormous tax, through all time—irrevocably and irremediably—when, if it were a State work, this immense burden might be removed, when the cost of construction was returned, and thus negatively distribute, through the community, in the most salutary form, a sum which would operate as a bounty to that interest which is the foundation and support of all others. With this example and an extract written from a letter by a citizen from Pennsylvania, who has long been distinguished for his devotion to the cause of improvement, for his sound practical sense, and his intimate knowledge of the operations of the system in his own State for the last 30 years, I rest the discussion of the relative advantages of the two systems. The extract is in reply to a query submitted to him on this very

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point. He says, "An opinion prevailed in our State at that time (between 1816 and 1826) that the best mode for the Commonwealth to patronize public works, was for the Government to subscribe stock in chartered companies. It was believed, that the vigilence of private stock-holders over their own interests, would be a sufficient guarantee for the faithful application of the public funds; but experience proved that the State, as a sleeping partner, was often shamelessly swindled, and always had the worst of a bargain. Hence, when what with us is technically called the "Pennsylvania improvements," in contradistinction to company works, were begun in 1826, our Statesmen had become tired of partnership concerns, and they began a system of canals and railroads, to be constructed altogether by the funds of the State, to be entirely owned by the State, and all the tolls to be collected from the "works" to be paid into the State treasury."

Having shown in the previous part of my argument:

1st That the State has a right to appropriate the public funds to the construction of public works.

2nd That the estimate of the resources of the Commonwealth are correct, and consequently that she possesses the ability to accomplish the works proposed in the report.

3rd That it is *eminently* the policy of the State to engage in a system of internal improvements, if viewed in reference to its ameliorating influences upon society, and its augmentation of national wealth and power.

4th That even as a money-making, stock-jobbing scheme, it is a safe and profitable business on the part of the State.

5th That the most effective mode of obtaining the object is, by adopting the State principle. It would seem now to devolve upon me to show,

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that the improvements recommended in the report, are pre-eminently entitled to the consideration of the legislature. But this branch of the subject has been so fully and so ably elucidated by those who have preceded me, and will doubtless engage the attention of others who will follow me, and who will probably be better qualified to do it justice, that I will save myself, and relieve the house from a tedious discussion of it at present.

Colonel Peyton said, before taking his seat he was desirous of drawing the attention of the house, and especially the friends of the James River and Kenawha improvement, more fully to a subject which has been alluded to in debate, and which has been the topic of considerable conversation out of doors.

There is an impression with many friends of the James River and Kenawha improvement — whence derived or how sustained, I am at a loss to conceive— that the friends of the system proposed by the committee, are inimical to their work, and that the success of this scheme will be the death of theirs. Surely, said Col. Peyton, there is nothing in the report which countenances any such idea, nor has anything fallen from any member of the committee on this floor, which justifies any such influence. So far from it, the report of the committee expressly recognizes this improvement as one of primary importance—one in which the character of the State is involved and to the successful completion of which the faith of the State is pledged. Nothing was asked and nothing desired at present by that company, and we could not do more than express the deep interest we felt in its successful issue, and reiterate the pledge of the State to advance its three-fifths, whenever the company might deem it necessary. Can it be believed that the chairman of the "Committee of roads and internal navigation," residing

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in Goochland, on the very banks of the canal, would sit by and countenance a report which would be destructive of an improvement in which his interests and feelings are so perfectly identified? Can it be supposed that I, myself, representing a constituency, every individual of whom are vitally interested in the prosecution of this work, and representing a county which is perhaps to be more substantially benefitted by it, than any other in the State, would for one moment have given my approbation to any measure which threatened its existence? No, Mr. Speaker. It is an idle surmise, generated by a morbid suspicion, and kept alive by the indiscreet and intemperate zeal of some of the friends of that improvement. I certainly do not mean to reprehend the watchful vigilance of those to whom are especially entrusted the guardianship of this great work. The unsullied purity and patriotism of the amiable gentleman who is at the head of the company, and the deservedly high standing of the directory, forbid my harbouring for one moment an impression unfavourable to the integrity of the motives which have influenced them in their opposition to this scheme. What I mean to say, is, that they have evinced more zeal than discretion. They have run off with their false impressions before they have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the views of the committee, and have enlisted a feeling of suspicion and hostility among a portion of the James river and Kenawha representatives, which, if carried out, it requires no prophet to predict, will effectually close the door of the treasury to both schemes, at one and the same turning of the key. I will then, once for all, at the request of many members, make a concise statement of our views, by way of disabusing the minds of those who are at all disposed to be satisfied.

The friends of the report are the fast friends of the James river and Kenawha improvement. They mean

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the pledge offered in the report as a *bona fide* pledge of the subscription indicated, and they are perfectly willing to give to the friends a *carte blanche* after the report has been adopted to incorporate in the bill based upon the report, a section in such form as they may deem best calculated to place the desired increase of the capital stock to five millions additional beyond all casualty, and to secure in the strongest manner, the subscription of three millions on the part of the State, to be paid *pari passu* with the subscription on the part of the stock-holders. With these fair and liberal propositions I call upon the friends of the James river and Kenawha improvement, to ground their unnatural opposition, if they do not wish to defeat that which they are attempting to preserve. Separate yourselves from your ill-sorted and suicidal alliance with the enemies of all improvement, who are using you to subserve their purposes, and who will spurn you when you have lost your weight and influence by the alienation of your true friends. If you give a selfish, contracted, and illiberal vote, strangling every other improvement in the State, I ask with what face you will present yourselves at the next session of the legislature, or at the session thereafter, asking their aid in the prosecution of your work? Do you flatter yourselves that the representatives from those portions of the Commonwealth, fresh from the defeat they have sustained at your hands, smarting under the injuries you have inflicted upon them, and exasperated by your monopolizing selfishness, will grant you one dollar. My word for it, if this bill fails by your votes, you will have registered the last vote—certainly the last general vote of the south-west, north-east and north-west in your favour. I entreat you, therefore, by the deep interest you feel in this scheme—by the deep stake the Commonwealth holds in it; by all the glorious results

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which are expected to flow from it, to pause and ponder well before you give it the fatal stab. Stand forth boldly as the friends of a liberal system and you have nothing to fear; but shrink back with distrust and selfishness within your own shells, and you will assuredly have coals of fire heaped upon your backs. A few words more, and I leave the subject with the house.

I hope, said Colonel Peyton, that a fair and candid consideration of the views which I have presented, will be somewhat instrumental in advancing a cause which I have so much at heart, and which I conscientiously believe will contribute incalculably to the wealth, fame, power, and prosperity of the State. The imaginative powers are too feeble to conceive, much less to picture forth the change which a complete system of internal improvement would bring over the land. I will not attempt it. I hope, however, that the splendid results of the experiments of our more enterprising neighbours have had their influence upon the public mind, and given the friends of internal improvement a preponderance in our councils. If so, I trust we shall improve the opportunity which it affords of fixing this session as the great epoch from which to date the prosperity of the Commonwealth; an era which every patriot and philanthropist will revert to with heartfelt gratitude and the most triumphant feelings; as one next only in importance to that glorious day which stamped our freedom with the seal of the Declaration of Independence, in the lasting and inestimable benefits which have resulted from it to the good "Old Dominion," the renowned *magna mater virum*; the morning star of our political regeneration—the "pillar of cloud by day and fire by night," during its long and wearisome, and eventful progress; the Corinthian capital which imparts grace, and beauty and finish to

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the magnificent temple which we have erected and consecrated to the rights of man."

The able and animated debate of which the foregoing was the concluding speech, was followed by a close vote, upon the report of the committee on internal improvements, and to the lasting credit and prosperity of Virginia, it was carried, thus becoming the law of the land.

Amidst the onorous and distracting duties in which he was involved, during this winter, it is pleasing to state that he found time to show, by his correspondence, that the dear ones sitting in the home circle far away, were never long absent from his thoughts. Among the numerous letters to various members of the family about this time, were many characteristic ones, addressed to the writer, then a lad at school, full of good advice and affectionate expressions of kindness.*

* The author has endeavoured as previously said by correspondence with his family and friends in Virginia to procure some of these letters, but such was the destruction, by fire and other causes during the civil war, of mansion houses, libraries, etc., that he has been unable to procure any which possess particular interest.

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CHAPTER VIII.

In the month of June, 1840, my first visit was made to my brother on his Roanoke estate. The family, from Montgomery Hall, was about to proceed to *Isleham*, on Jackson River, one of my fathers estates, about seventy miles from Staunton in the County of Bath, to pass the summer. They were in the habit of spending a portion of every summer there and in excursions to the baths which exist in this part of Virginia. Before leaving home my father sent me on my trip to Roanoke, accompanied by one of his favourite slaves, Ned Phipps. Mounted on a handsome bay cob, I was followed, at a respectful distance, by Old Ned carrying my clothing in a huge portmanteau attached *en croupe*. This remarkable African, a good, kindly, garrulous old man, had attended my father during the war of 1812-15 as a body servant (of which he was not a little proud) and from his experience, age, and faithful character, was ordered to follow me in a threefold capacity, as guide, protector, and valet. Though, as I have stated, the grim and

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dignified Ned started on the journey in my rear we had no sooner lost sight of the Hall, than the sociable instincts of the venerable negro led him to spur up and place himself by my side. I did not object to this, being fond of his stories, some of which would have done no discredit to Baron Munchausen. On account of his wonderful tales he was slurringly called, by his fellow servants, "Ned Fibs." Our familiar conversation was kept up somewhat in the style of the famous Knight of La Manche and his squire Sancho Panza, until we approached a town or village, when, of his own accord, Ned would quietly drop to the rear and never resume his former position till we had lost sight of the last house. The force of habit was strong in old Ned, who had learned respect for superiors, as he said, "while in the army." Besides he was a stickler for the proprieties of life, and had I wished him to remain by my side in public places he would have refused. He was tested on this point the first day of our journey, when near the village of Fairfield, where I halted to replenish my brandy flask and tobacco pouch for the benefit of Ned, who was uncommonly fond of both stimulants—neither of which I used.

To my request that he would keep by my side he answered firmly, almost peremptorily:

"No sir, I know my right place. Massa can tell you Ned hasn't served in the army agin the Britishers to no purpose. He knows well enough officers post, soldiers duty, masters place and servants too." Valets

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have their point of honour as well as their masters and I made no further effort to interfere with Ned.

Our route carried us by the *Rockbridge*, in the county of the same name, one of the greatest natural curiosities of our country, and through a portion of the valley remarkable for its fertility, careful cultivation, and attractive scenery. This was the first occasion on which I had seen this region about which much has been said and more written and which is worthy of every praise, I shall however make no attempt to describe it tourist-like. It may be pardonable, however to say that so beautiful is this section that while gazing upon it I felt—though all my days had been passed in the midst of lovely scenery—that it was all that fancy could conceive or poets picture: not only beautiful, but a blending of all beauties—streams and dells, fruit, foliage, crag, wood, water, tobacco-plantations, cornfields, meadows, mountains. It afforded me the greatest delight and I found "books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." Ned who had often travelled on this road lightened the fatigues of the journey by his gossip, giving the history of almost every house and family which we passed. He loved this kind of garrulity, as all negroes do, and when not indulging in it showed his appreciation of the fine scenery, by nodding placidly in his saddle.

During this visit of two months to Roanoke a further knowledge of my brother's character was gained.

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> "He was humble, kind, forgiving, meek,
> Easy to be entreated, gracious, mild;
> And, with all patience and affection, taught,
> Rebuked, persuaded, solaced, counsell'd, warn'd,
> In fervent style and manner. All
> Saw in his face contentment, in his life
> The path to glory and perpetual joy."

The good relations which existed between himself and family, and the happiness which it diffused through the home circle, was also apparent. Never was any thing more admirable than the manner in which he conducted himself towards his wife, children, and domestics. There was perfect tolerance of each other's mistakes, lenity shown to failings, meek submission to injuries, always a soft answer to turn away wrath. All this he inculcated to those about him by word and action. He used to say to his children, by way of enforcing his views, "If you lay a stick of wood on the andirons, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and it will burn; add a half-dozen and you will have a conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw in the other members of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze, which will enwrap them all in its lurid splendours." In this philosophic and Christian spirit he applied a sedative to those ebullitions of passion which ruffle the serenity of households, and infused such sweetness in

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his cup of domestic enjoyment, that I could but exclaim in the language of Cowper,

> "Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
> Of Paradise, thou hast survived the fall!"

His conduct to his negro slaves was equally admirable. His only wish was to render them happy. Nothing which had reference to their comfort and improvement was overlooked in his plans for them. To each couple a hut was assigned, to which was attached a little garden, in which the slaves cultivated tobacco, maize, potatoes, and where they raised pigs and poultry. Those who were inclined to make money this way were allowed to go every Saturday afternoon to Big-Lick or Salem to dispose of their produce and spend the money as they pleased. In all this he but followed the example of our venerable father, who treated the slaves upon his several estates in this way, and lived the life of a patriarch instead of a tyrant. Throughout the whole South, during those prosperous days anterior to the civil war, every planter may be said to have been either a tyrant or a patriarch, according to the virtues or vices of his character. Both my father and brother belonged to the latter class. The reader will not be surprised to learn, then, that full measure pressed down and running over seemed the sum of his happiness.

Among the visitors who met at my brothers this summer, was our father, who crossed the mountains from Lewisburg, where he was attending the Court of

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Appeals, and my maternal uncle, Colonel Lewis, who was on his way from South Carolina to the Sweet Springs.* Arriving in Roanoke, at the same time, my uncle stopped a week to enjoy the blandishments of society at Elmwood, and to recruit from the fatigues of his long journey overland. Colonel Lewis was a man of certain religious and political crochets, and the friendly discussions which occurred between him and my father afforded me no small pleasure. A brief account of some of these as a sequel to this chapter will not be uninteresting, as shewing the kind of life and discourse which sometimes prevailed in my brother's house. In religion Colonel Lewis was a Roman Catholic, and in politics a disciple of Calhoun, and was of course considered by our father as a muddle-headed abstractionist, whose ideas of eternal salvation were heretical, and whose theories of government could not be reduced to practice without national ruin. With affectionate solicitude, therefore, for the reputation of Uncle William, rather than because he fancied his soul endangered by his adherence to the Pope or the country by the blatant nonsense of South Carolina empiricism, he used every argument which suggested itself to his mind to win my uncle from his errors. Discussions thus arose, and these sometimes became so warm on part of my uncle, that their friends feared their polemics would some day result in a feud. Not so, however. My father's moderation was equal to his vigour, and he mollified my uncle,

* For abridged pedigree of the Lewis family see appendix C.

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and soothed his discomfitures, for he was no match for my father in argument, by this style of reasoning, to which I was so often a witness that I am enabled to give the substance of it—parts of it almost word for word, as it fell from his lips.

"There is no necessity William," he would say, "for difference of opinion creating hostility. It must be admitted by all that there is great variety in the tastes, habits, and opinions of mankind, and it is necessary to harmony that it should be so. That partial discord tends to general harmony is more than poetically true, for, if all men were to set their minds upon living in the same climate, or under the same government; or if all the people of a country had an unconquerable desire to live in the same town; if all the inhabitants of a town were to have a good opinion of only one physician, or of only one preacher, or lawyer, or mechanic, or could only relish one article of food, or fancy only the same dress; or if, all men were to fall in love with the same woman, or all the women with the same man, what would be the consequence? Why, from a feeling of seeming agreement, universal discord would ensue. Even the value of truth is best appreciated by the opposition it meets with, and falsehood and error are detected by the discriminating powers of opposite sensations and feelings. That there should not be uniformity of opinion upon many important subjects, such as the theory of government, etc., must be the stamp of heaven. For myself I claim freedom of opinion as an inherent right, provided it does not disturb the estab-

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higher order of society. I fear your nullification views, my dear William, go this length. However, let me proceed, no man has a right to be offended at my opinion, or hold me in contempt for entertaining it, if it does him no injury; and, what I claim for myself, common justice, requires that I should allow to others; and did we well consider, that this disparity of disposition must be the designation of an overruling Intelligence, we surely should not suffer it to be the cause of feelings of animosity to our fellow-beings, though their political or religious opinions should be the opposite to our own—still less such old friends and connections as ourselves. For, continued my father, unless we had been subjected to the same involuntary impressions and sensations that other persons have been, which is perhaps impossible, we can be no judges of the merits or demerits of their opinions, or how they have outraged truth and reason, even admitting that they are in error. If it should be contended that truth and reason are immutable, and when two differ upon a fundamental truth there must be a deviation from reason and truth in one of the parties, I would admit it to be so if the question were susceptible of mathematical demonstration. This is rarely the case. Were I to meet a man who should contend, that two and two do not make four, or that the amount of degrees in the three angles of a triangle are not equal to the amount of degrees in two rightangles, I must justly charge him with folly or wilful falsehood; but, in whatever does not admit of demonstration, our convictions are our feelings; and

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our feelings depend more upon involuntary impressions than we are often willing to allow. Certainly truth and reason are the most likely to prevail with cultivated minds, for truth and reason are the most likely to make the right impression, but we are too apt to overvalue our own kind of knowledge, while we underrate that of others. In point of real utility, the knowledge of the man who is skilled in the breeding and feeding of cattle is more valuable to society than is the knowledge of him who is skilled in mathematics, yet the latter will look down upon the former, when perhaps the only advantage he has over him is the being able to convey his knowledge in more correct and perspicuous language; and, unless we possessed all kind of knowledge in an equal degree, we are liable to be imposed upon in some things, either by thinking too little upon them, or too much, to the exclusion of other branches of knowledge, the possession of which, though seemingly foreign to the subject, may be necessary to its clear elucidation; for it is by the possession of general knowledge only, that we can claim a superior title to correctness in every particular. A, may be able to solve a difficult problem in mathematics: B, cannot do this, but B can make a plow upon true mechanical principles, which A cannot; if C can do both, C must be superior to A or B; but, all mankind are in the situation of A or B—as possessing only partial knowledge: we should all, therefore, be indulgent to each other's deficieneies. Still, my

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superior in general knowledge and learning may be the dupe of a weak prejudice, without justifying an impeachment of either. "I have a brother-in-law," he would look askant at my uncle when getting off this kind of fillip, "of whose cleverness and general knowledge I have a very high opinion, yet in politics we are quite opposites: we indeed worship different idols, and the only superiority I can pretend to claim over him is, that I can bear for him to adore his idol even in my presence and yet keep my temper—a compliment he cannot always repay."

"Fudge!" exclaimed my uncle, jumping to his feet, and walking hastily to and fro across the room—"I may warm with my subject, but as for being offended with you it is out of the question. I'll never so far forget myself."

"Come, come, be seated," my father would rejoin, giving him a friendly shake of the hand, "let me proceed: of course you will not think I wish to depreciate the value of truth and reason; I only wish to urge, that the seeming want of them in others may be deceptions, and should not be the cause of contempt, acrimony, or ridicule. All are enamoured even with the shadow of truth; and should see the substance, if in their power; but, placed in a variety of lights and shades, some can only see the shadow, and mistake it for the substance." Thus their fraternal discussions proceeded and terminated in the discomfiture of my uncle, (who though a clever man, an eloquent talker, full of confidence, and

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abundance of zeal, was no such logician as my father), and left not the slightest pain rankling in his bosom.

Colonel Lewis had been educated by my maternal grandfather, Major John Lewis, of the Sweet Springs, as a Presbyterian or Puritan—no man living could have been more averse to the doctrines of the Romish Church than Major Lewis, and to this he trained his son. Zealous in every cause he espoused, Colonel Lewis conceived the idea of converting the Pope to his religious views, and was making preparations to visit Rome for this purpose, when he met a beautiful and intelligent maiden lady, in New Orleans—a tenacious Papist, who converted him. She soon became his wife, and he became one of the most devoted Roman Catholics who ever bent the knee at the shrine of a Saint. Not long after this, he commenced distributing tracts and exhorting people to return to the bosom of the mother church. A room in his house, "Lynn-side," Monroe county, Virginia, was converted into a chapel for private worship, and was ornamented with sarcerdotal trinkets, relicts, etc., and the graceful spire of a Catholic Church soon shot above the trees of his park-like grounds. Aided by an Irish family by the name of White, and Leonora Stack, a sister of Mrs. White, and all Papists; Colonel and Mrs. Lewis succeeded in impressing the minds of many of the people in the neighbourhood of the Sweet Springs, mostly among the poorer and more ignorant classes and on Sundays and Saints Days, in this hitherto thoroughly Presbyterian community, quite a respectable

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congregation both for numbers and appearance assembled to worship. The service, too, was conducted with as much of the splendour and magnificence of Rome as could be imported into it. The interior of the church is handsome, the accomodations convenient, a correct-toned organ sent forth its solemn tones and melodies chanted. Two Holy Fathers took up their residence at "Lynn-side," and by their sanctified manners and pious exhortations, seconded by the affability and condescending manners of Colonel and Mrs. Lewis and the pleasing deportment of the Sisters, and above all the charity freely held out to the needy, made a decided impression on this Puritanistic stronghold. Notwithstanding Colonel Lewis' sudden and total change in religious faith, no one ever doubted his sincerity, but there were not a few to combat his views and sneer at his convert zeal. In the family circle particularly there were frequent discussions upon religious tenets and principles. From having despised such myths, my uncle soon became a believer in miracles, holy legends, etc., and I remember many years after this an animated conversation between himself and my father on the subject.

My uncle argued with much ingenuity—for he was a clever man notwithstanding his crotchets—that a belief in holy legends was an obligation imposed upon all Christians, and upon the great danger of entertaining the least doubt of their authenticity. My father said in reply, that he would as soon consider himself under an obligation to believe the tales of Baron Munchausen.

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Mankind, he said, in all ages had been credulous and had been imposed upon not only in tales and romances but even in histories. St. Gregory condemned Livy's history to be burnt on account of its many falsehoods, on the plea that belief in such things was contrary to the faith of your own church, William. And I say it without intending to be impolite, but merely to express a conviction of my mind, that no set of men are more to be reproached for filling history with puerilities and pious fictions than the Roman Catholics. In the middle ages they were a community whose minds were filled with idle fancies, and they endeavoured to stuff the minds of other sects with the same vain imaginations. In his work entitled, "Revolutions in Spain," Father d'Orleans invents, in one action which occurred between the Spaniards and the Turks, as many miracles as were related by all the Roman historians put together. The rapid multiplicity of miracles he averred to be interventions by the Diety in favour of the Christians."

"I may further add"—though not a pedant, my father was a profound scholar, and when engaged in the discussion of a subject generally exhausted it—"Vossius, in his 'De Historicis Latinis,' audaciously assures his readers, continued my father, that the walls of Agouleme, in the reign of Clovis, suddenly fell to the ground by virtue of a small vial! With more mendacity, Maimbourg, in his history of Lutheranism and Calvinism, says, that, in 1547, the sun was stopped in his course, in order that the Roman Catholics, under

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the Emperor Charles V. might have time to entirely defeat the Protestants, under the Duke of Saxony. And Sardoval, Bishop of Pampeluna, Historiographer Royal to Philip III., confirms this statement, adding that, during the battle, the sun was the colour of blood, and was so seen over the whole of Spain and France, Italy, and Germany. And, in order that his readers should not doubt his assertion, he says, 'I saw the miracle with my own eyes.' That was enough from a Bishop—and the people of Spain believe his statement to this day. The Monkish writers, who have transmitted to us the histories of the Crusades, have inserted into them a multitude of miracles, which are so contrary to common sense, that it is useless to seek to show their falsehood.

No sensible person in the present generation can believe that battalions of angels, clothed all in white, descended from heaven to assist men. True, these men were Christians, they had good intentions in originating the Holy War; nevertheless, in prosecuting that war, they acted with such fearful cruelty and remorseless vengeance as to be perpetrators of atrocious crimes. Such men, even in the days of miracles, would surely not have been assisted by the interposition of heaven? But the people who lived in those days readily believed every invention that had its foundation in piety. They also believed such folly as tales of enchanters and deeds of sorcerers quite as much as religious prodigies and miracles. It was the taste of the age; and in compliance with it, authors who wrote

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the lives of the then illustrious resorted to the style which romance writers alone now adopt. For a great man to fight against ordinary men was too insignificant an achievement. He must have an enchanter for his adversary; then his surpassing valour and virtue were sure in the end to attract the attention of some sage magician, who protected him against his opponent. Thus was the attention of the reader kept alive by wonder at the acts of the rival enchanters, and interest taken in the fate of an unconquerable and undaunted hero, incessantly fighting against his evil fortune. Hence arose such incredible stories as those of Rinaldo and Armida.

And, my dear William, a great light in your church, Ajobardus, Bishop of Lyons, composed in the 9th century, a treatise, with the view of combating and destroying all those absurd whimsies. "Such great folly" he exclaims, "has now seized the poor world, that christians believe absurdities, which heathens before them would never have believed."

Great, indeed, were the absurdities believed in the 9th century; but there are quite as great extravagances in belief in this, the 19th century—so monstrous, that one knows not how to refute them seriously; so irrational, that one cannot help being amazed at the credulity of mankind, and coming to the conclusion that anybody having a design to deceive the world can easily find persons ready to be duped; for we have only to open our eyes to see that minds are always to be found fitted to receive and believe any folly, be it ever so ridiculous.

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Mark the falacious things people have faith in; true, these people are the victims of prejudice, and are thereby prevented from making use of their common sense. Countless numbers believe in sorcery, witchcraft, vampyrism, clairvoyance, electro-biology, astrology, fortune telling—heaven knows what besides! Here then, are people carrying into the years of maturity the puny intelligences of that period of their lives when, enclosed in a nursery, they believed as a fact every incident related in a fairy tale, or a giant or hobgoblin story.

Now, William, I cannot flatter myself that I shall convince you of any errors, which in my opinion, you have been guilty of in this respect. That is no reason however, why I should not attempt to make you entertain a disbelief of all foolish impossibilities. For example, there is the falacious science of astrology—it has been the game of a few designers in all ages, for sordid interest, to have duped others and been duped themselves. In ancient times they were, in Alexandria, compelled to pay a certain tax, which was called the "Fool's tax," because it was raised on the gain that these imposters made from the foolish credulity of those who believed in their powers of soothsaying. Well may believers in this science be called "fools," when they do not seem to consider that if the principles of judiciary astrology were correct, and its rules certain, the hands of the Almighty would be tied, and ours would be tied also. All our actions, all our most secret thoughts, all our slightest movements would be

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engraven in the heavens in ineffaceable characters, and liberty of conduct would be entirely taken away from us. We should be necessitated to evil as to good, since we should do absolutely what was written in the conjectured register of the stars, otherwise there would be falsehood in the book, and uncertainty in the science of the astrologer. How we should laugh at a man who thought of settling a serious matter of business by a throw of the dice. Yet the decision of astrology is just as uncertain. Our fate depends upon places, persons, times, circumstances, our own will; not upon the fantastical conjunctions imagined by charlatans.

Suppose two men are born on our planet, at the same hour and on the same spot. One becomes a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and the other an Emperor, or a commander-in-chief of an army. Ask an astrologer the cause of this difference. In all probility his reply will be —"It was so willed by Jupiter."

Pray, what is this Jupiter? Why, it is a planet, a body without cognizance, that acts only by its influence. How comes it, then, that Jupiter's influence acts at the same moment and in the same climate in so different a manner? How can that influence differ in its power? How can it take place at all? How can it penetrate the vast extent of space? An atom—the most minute molecule of matter would stop it, or turn it from its course, or diminish its power. Are the stars always exercising an influence, or do they exercise it only on certain occasions? If they exercise an influence only periodically, when the particles which, it is

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contended, are detached from them, are coming to our sphere, an astrologer must know the precise time of their arrival, in order to decide rightly upon their effect. If, on the other hand, the influences are perpetual, with what wonderful speed they must rush through the vast extent of space! How marvellous, too, must be the alliance they form with those vivacious passions whence originate the principle actions of our lives! For if the stars regulate all our feelings and all our proceedings, their influences must work with the same rapidity as our wills, since it is by them that our will is determined.

Here is a young man who takes it into his head to have nothing more to do with a young lady he loves, because she bestows a tender glance on a rival. What a number of influences must be at work, and how quickly too! As quick as the glance the lady shoots from her eyes, as swift as the thought of the lover who takes offence, for it is these influences which determine the lady to tenderness and the young man to jealousy. Is this too mean a matter to consider? Oh, no! Astrologers maintain that the most insignificant things are ruled by the stars. The quarrels and reconcilations of lovers are quite in this way, nay they make their best market out of them: they have no such faithful followers as lovers. Who is so anxious to consult the astrologer as a young man in love? and as to the fair sex—we all know how much more inquisitive they are than ourselves. No, no! the makers of horoscopes have no such constant customers as lovers. Astrologers

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and lovers! What a union! Both how deceitful! If the fair would be advised, I should counsel them to guard themselves more against the predictions of astrologers than the insinuating attentions of gay and gallant young men.

What has been said of planets may be said of comets. For a long time it was believed, even by the wise and great, that the appearance of a comet indicated evil. Evils will certainly happen after the coming of a comet; why, yes, just as they will happen after the rising and setting of the sun; for it is in the ordinary course of things that there should always be great calamities in some part or other of the world. The influence of a comet is no greater than that of a man putting his head out of a window to look at people passing along the street. His looks have no influence on the people passing, and they would all pass the same, whether he put his head out of the window or not. In the same manner a comet has no influence over events, and every thing would have happened as it did, whether it appeared or not.

People in the past generations were believers in these influences. That superstition has now gone out and is supplied by a variety of new kinds of impostures, but there is no necessity of endeavouring carefully to refute them!"

After this manner my father sought to persuade his worthy brother-in-law of his illogical, chimerical views. Vain was the effort. My uncle never recanted, but died a firm believer in the religious tenets, principles,

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and faith he imbibed from the gifted lady who became his wife. Though unconvinced by my father, he must have derived no small amount of information from his conversations; it could not have been otherwise, for his common discourse abounded in learning, wit, and knowledge. I shall always regret my inability, consistently with the scope of this memoir, to do ampler justice to the virtues of one who filled so considerable a place in Virginia with honour and credit, and thus, while erecting a memorial to his memory dictated by filial affection, to hold out an example of good qualities for the imitation of others. Survivors owe this much of a debt to departed worth; and if ordinary friendship imposes this duty upon us, how much more binding is the obligation when the friend and survivor is a son.

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CHAPTER IX.

Among the interesting questions at this time dividing the political parties in America, was that of the proper distribution of the money arising from the sales of the public lands.

When, in 1783, the treaty was signed by Great Britain, recognizing the independence of the American colonies, and the United States were admitted into the family of nations, the Confederacy owned no public lands whatever. It is true that lying within its borders was a large tract of unoccupied territory, amounting, in the aggregate, to about 226,000,000 acres; but this land belonged to the individual States, not to the Federal Government. The English charters had given to several of the colonies the coast of the Atlantic as their eastern boundary, and had defined, though loosely, their northern and southern limits; westward, however, their territorial rights stretched across the continent to the Pacific. The French possessions, on the other hand, extended from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico; their eastern boundary was not very clearly

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defined, but the line drawn not only ignored the claims of the English colonists to the western territory, but even infringed upon the limits of some of the colonies themselves. In support of their pretensions, the French erected forts and block-houses, at intervals, from the Great Lakes through the western part of Pennsylvania, to the Ohio; then along the banks of that stream to its junction with the Mississippi; whence their chain of military posts followed the course of the latter river to its mouth. The English colonists found themselves, by these proceedings of the French, hemmed in, and, in defiance of what they considered their just rights, prevented all expansion westward. A conflict between the two races was, under these circumstances, sooner or later inevitable. A collision, in fact, took place so early as 1753, on the banks of the Ohio, between some English settlers and the garrison of one of the forts already referred to. Both parties to the quarrel hastened to lay the story of their injuries before their respective governments. The consequence was a long and sanguinary war between England and France, in which half Europe became involved.

In the New World, Braddock's defeat temporarily delayed, but could not avert, the final catastrophe. The superior numbers and indomitable resolution of the Anglo-Saxon in the end prevailed; Canada was conquered; and the forts on the Ohio were necessarily abandoned. France, it is true, still retained Louisiana, which comprehended not simply the present area of the State bearing that name, but a vast tract of territory,

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extending from the Gulf to the 49° of north latitude; and from the Mississippi, on the east, to the Mexican frontier, on the west. But, by the time the people of the English colonies had become a nation, the French power, in America, had been so thoroughly broken, that no further opposition to the expansion of the Confederacy was to be apprehended from it.

The conflicting claims of the various States to the Western territory, derived, as already stated, from their old colonial charters, threatened indeed to lead to serious legal difficulties, if not to an actual collision, between the inhabitants of some sections of the Confederacy: for the boundaries of several of the colonies had been so carelessly defined, that they actually in some places overlapped each other; and the difficulty was of such a nature as, apparently, to offer almost insuperable obstacles to a solution which should be equally satisfactory to all parties. The question was, nevertheless, amicably settled; and in a manner highly creditable to the good sense of the inhabitants of the several States interested. Instead of wrangling with each other as to the justice of their respective claims to the unsettled territory, they all, without exception, in the course of a few years, embraced a proposition that they should cede their rights in the land lying beyond their borders to the Federal Government. These cessions embraced the entire area now occupied by Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. These various gifts placed the Confederacy in possession of over 200,000,000 acres of land. In 1803, Louisiana

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was purchased from France; and this acquisition, alone added no less than 1,000,000 square miles of territory to the Union. In 1819, Florida was ceded by Spain to the United States making the total aggregate of lands, acquired by the Federal Government, since the revolution to that date at a thousand million acres. At this time the sales of public lands produced 3,000,000 dols. a year, and continued to increase until, in 1836, they rose to 21,000,000 dols.

The general government was administered at this period with enlightened economy. A low tariff yielded more than was necessary to meet the annual charges upon the treasury for the civil, diplomatic, naval, and military services. No taxes were levied, no debt existed, and it became an interesting question how to distribute the surplus in the treasury, augmented by the sum of 21,000,000 dols., arising from the land sales. One party, led by Hon. Thomas H. Bayly, advocated a reduction in the tariff, and the application of the land to supply the deficiency thus created in the ordinary expenses of the Confederacy. The opposite party wished the tariff left as it was, as no one felt the indirect tax thus imposed and the land distribution among the separate States, according to their population etc., with a view to its being spent in State improvements, such as the erection and support of schools, colleges, and the opening of roads, canals, etc., etc. To this latter party belonged Colonel Peyton, who in reply to a speech of Hon. Mr. Bayly delivered the following rejoinder in the House of Delegates, of Virginia, on the 29th of January, 1839.

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House of Delegates of Virginia,

January 29th, 1839.

PUBLIC LANDS.

The Fourth Resolution being under consideration, in the following words:

Resolved, That not only the experience of the past, but a wise forecast requires the speedy adoption of some equitable plan providing for the distribution among the States, in just proportions, of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands; and this General Assembly doth therefore earnestly urge upon Congress the immediate adoption of such measures as will be best calculated to obtain this desirable object.

General Bayly moved to amend by striking out all after the word *resolved*, and inserting "that Congress ought to adopt some equitable plan, providing for the distribution among the States, in just proportions, of the nett proceeds of the public lands, or so much thereof as may not be necessary, taken in conjunction with the customs as regulated by the Acts of Congress of the 2nd of March, 1833, and other sources of revenue, to defray the expenditures of the government, economically administered."

After the Fourth resolution insert Fifth. Resolved, "that the adjustment of the tariff, contained in the Act of Congress of the 2nd of March, 1833, commonly called the Compromise Act, ought to be held sacred and inviolate."

Colonel PEYTON said, that in throwing himself upon the indulgence of the House at this time, he was unprovided with the artificial machinery of a set speech, which was the best guarantee he could offer that he would tresspass upon their patience but a few moments. Indeed he felt that it was the duty of every gentleman to be as concise and succinct in the expression of his views upon the resolutions as was consistent with

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perspicuity, that we may lose as little time as possible in coming to a decision and laying that decision before Congress. It was one of those measures which, to make it effective, it must be prompt. If, we dally and dispute about abstractions much longer, another census will overtake us, which will disclose a numerical power in the Western and South-western States, which combined with the alliances which they may contract with Presidential aspirants, will enable them to substitute successfully votes for arguments *(volunta pro ratione)* and by a species of legalized spoilation deprive us, first of our domain, and then, as a natural and inevitable consequence, of our population.

He continued, and said, he should forbear at present from presenting his views of the iniquity of the several graduation bills which had been discussed in Congress, or of the very modest proposition of some of the States to divest us, in toto, of our interest in a common fund for which they are principally indebted to our generosity and patriotism, nor would he, at present, attempt to picture forth the desolating influences of either policy upon the Old States, but confine himself in the few observations which he should submit, to an examination of the arguments submitted by the gentleman (General Bayly) who had just taken his seat.

That gentleman opposes an unconditional and unqualified distribution of the proceeds of the public lands among the several States, on two grounds — first, because it violates one of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States—and secondly, because it has a tendency to revive the Tariff—both of which difficulties he proposes to obviate by confining the distribution to periods when there is an unappropriated balance in the treasury, beyond the wants of the Government, economically administered. In the truth and justness of these sentiments, the gentleman from Accomac has certainly succeeded in convincing himself

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most thoroughly; and hence his assertion that those are not only blind, but wilfully blind, who do not concur with him. It is possible that my mental vision may not be as acute as that of the gentleman from Accomac. It is possible I may unconsciously labour under some visual obstruction which exposes me to optical delusions, but I do assure the gentleman, that whatever be my defects in this particular, I am, to say the worst, fortunately not wilfully blind.

Perhaps it may be a delusion, but I am certainly impressed with the belief, that I have a clear perception of the fallacy of the gentleman's argument as well as the impolicy of the plan he proposes.

In the first place, let us scrutinize his constitutional argument. He contends that inasmuch as the several States had ceded their western territory to the Colonial Government, as a common fund to pay the debts growing out of our revolutionary struggle, and to defray the charge and expenditure of the several States, that the convention of 1787, which framed our constitution, must necessarily have had these lands in contemplation, when they framed that clause which gives Congress the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the country. That, looking to this almost boundless domain as a source of revenue, they framed this clause expressly in reference to it, and that any attempt to divert the funds arising from this source, so as to require all the expenses of the Government to be borne by taxes, direct or indirect, would be in violation of the constitution. This construction, Mr. Speaker, has at least the recommendation of novelty. I am sure there is not a gentleman within the sound of my voice, who ever dreamed of it before—nor can I believe it will find a response in the mind of a single member.

Can it be believed for a moment that an Assembly

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composed of such men as prepared our constitution, could have committed a political blunder so palpable as to plant one of the main pillars of the Government upon an unsubstantial and evanescent foundation? Can it be believed that a body, composed of the first civilians of the age—men whose reputations for forecast and wisdom shine brighter with the lapse of time—would, in framing the constitution of a great nation, have committed a blunder so puerile and absurd as to have made the Government depend for its support upon lands which are every day diminishing in quantity, and which must sooner or later be entirely exhausted? Ages and centuries are but as days and weeks in the histories of nations, and it would be an indelible imputation upon the statesmen composing the convention of 1787, to establish the construction contended for by the gentleman from Accomac. It would make them perpetuate the incredible absurdity of providing a fund for the support of the Government, which would be constantly decreasing after a certain period, and which must ultimately be exhausted—constructing a chart of Government for a great nation, which it was hoped would maintain its principles and its integral existence dependent upon temporary and transient resources. But, to make this question still plainer, cast your eyes prospectively to that period when all these lands shall have been wrested from us by the plundering rapacity of the West—or, to the somewhat remoter period, when we shall be divested of them by the ordinary operation of the present land system. Then this Pactolus, which now pours its golden floods into the coffers of the Union, will be dried up and exhausted; and the Government, if the construction of the gentlemen obtains, left destitute of any mode of defraying its current expenses. This, Mr. Speaker, does appear to me to be a complete *reductio ad absurdum*, and of course establishes its own fallacy. The plain, obvious, common sense and

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universally acquiesced in construction of the clause which gives to Congress the right to lay and collect taxes, etc., etc.; to pay the debts, and provide for the common defence, etc., is, that the General Government is to judge of the exigency, and then exercise its discretion in raising the means to meet it by taxes, direct or indirect. I am free to admit, Mr. Speaker, that the ardour and zeal which the gentleman has displayed in the support of a proposition so untenable has convinced me that he was sincere and honest in his assurance to the House, that his views on this subject were hastily concocted. Reflection, with a gentleman of his intelligence, would unquestionably have exposed its defects. The next branch of the gentleman's argument, though more plausible, is equally fallacious. He argues that in consequence of the increased and increasing necessities of the General Government, and the diminution of revenue, growing out of the Compromise Act of 1833, that an unconstitutional distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, would leave the Government unprovided with sufficient means to meet its wants and drive them to an increase of duties and a violation of the compromise. And, hence the propriety of his amendment, which, recognizing the constitutionality of distribution, restricts it to periods when there shall be a surplus beyond the economical wants of the Administration, and which further protests against any violation of the Compromise. At the first blush, the gentleman's argument would seem to be just and legitimate, but a little reflection will satisfy you, Mr. Speaker, that it will not stand the test of a rigid scrutiny.

Establish the gentleman's principle that there shall only be a distribution of the surplus beyond the economical wants of the Government; that the revenue derived from the sales of the public lands, must primarily be exhausted in the discharge of the public liabilities

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before the Government can legitimately resort to another source, and what would be the condition of things? Does not the gentleman from Accomac see the constitutional as well as financial difficulties which would grow out of it? With heavy receipts from the sales of the public domain, such as we have witnessed for the last three or four years, there would be a sum sufficient under an *economical* administration of the Government, to defray all its expenses, without touching one cent of the revenue, derived from imposts under the Compromise Act. This would produce a *redundancy* in the Treasury by the continual influx from the Customs, which according to the gentleman's own principles, would be a violation of the spirit and meaning of the Compromise, and an unconstitutional exaction, as it would not be necessary to meet the burdens upon the revenue. But these, Mr. Speaker, are theoretical evils, such as often play the part of ghosts in Virginia, haunting the imagination and disturbing the sickly sensibilities of our "*unco righteous*," straight-laced politicians. They are rather possible than probable evils. But there are others of a grave and important character resulting necessarily and inevitably from the policy of the gentleman from Accomac. The truth is, however distant and widely separated may be the sources of our revenue, whether derived from the tariff, or lands, or excises, all the various streams are tributaries to a common reservoir, where they all mingle together for a common purpose, and lose the distinguishing features of their origin. The question is never raised whether an appropriation shall be made out of monies derived from any particular sources. The draft is on the Treasury, and the money taken from the commingled contents of the common reservoir. In this state of things is it not as plain as noon-day, that there would be a constant effort to raise the imposts, that the general fund might be

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augmented, and a surplus created for distribution. The northern and western States, which are principally interested in the maintenance of the tariff, united with those States whose distributable share would compensate them for the burdens of the tariff, would scatter to the winds all the parchment and moral obligations of the Compromise Act, and compel an increase of duties. Could a finer field be presented for such combinations than the States of our Confederacy? Are they not peculiarly liable to temptation? Engaged as most of them are, in devising and carrying out comprehensive schemes of general education, and in projecting and executing magnificent schemes of internal improvement, both of which require the command of enormous sums of money, I ask, would they not yield to the seductive blandishments of their tariff friends, and unite in a scheme which promised to relieve their necessities and replenish their coffers? Add to this the intrigues of political gamblers for the Presidential chair, who would most assuredly trade largely upon this very available and efficient capital, and none can doubt the corrupting influence of the measure, and its direct and inevitable tendency to produce the very evils deprecated by the gentleman from Accomac, and sought to be guarded against in his amendment. But the gentleman finds the corrective to all this, in that part of his resolution which sanctified the Compromise Act. Does it afford the remedy? By that Act, Mr. Speaker, the duties are to be reduced to twenty per cent *ad valorem* in 1842. Now if this was an imperative and unyielding stipulation that there should be no articles other than those at present embraced in the tariff, subject to the duty of 1842, and that twenty per cent *ad valorem* would be the duty through all time and under all circumstances, then the gentleman's argument, that our policy endangered the Compromise, would have some plausi-

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bility. But such is not the fact. In the year 1842, the duties, according to the scale agreed upon, will be twenty per cent. After which time it was agreed, that it should expand or contract according to the necessities of the Government *economically* administered. If the Government, according to this Utopian standard, required a revenue which this twenty per cent fell short of producing, then they were authorized by the Compromise Act to raise the duties to the point required by the expenditures. Hence, it is perfectly apparent, if you require an absolute distribution, and the necessities of the country should demand, what I think very improbable, larger means than is afforded by the Customs, under the reduced tariff of 1842, the duties may be augmented so far as to meet the exigency, without violating the letter or spirit of the Compromise.

As a general, and indeed almost universal rule, prudent individuals are economical according to the means they have at their disposal. As with individuals, so with Governments. The annals of private life and the pages of history alike attest its truth as a general proposition. Our own Government, whose spirit and genius is at war with extravagance and corruption, and which should have constituted the exception, if any were exempt, presents in its history the most exact conformity to the maxim. In the infancy of our institutions, when we were stinted in our resources, we prided ourselves upon our Republican simplicity, and the moral grandeur of a great nation disdaining the ostentatious trappings of Governmental grandeur, but as we advanced in population and wealth, the *spartan broth* yielded to the *plum pudding;* splendour was substituted for simplicity, until in the administration of the second Adams, our Governmental expenditures had reached the enormous sum of 13,000,000 dols. A sum so far beyond anything we had conceived necessary for its support, that he was

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expelled almost with one voice from the Presidential chair. So deep and pervading was the dissatisfaction of the people, with these wasteful expenditures of the public treasure, that each successive Administration has made reform and retrenchment the watch words of party. And yet, Mr. Speaker, notwithstanding we have gone forth to the battle with "economy" emblazoned upon our standard, the immense revenues pouring into our coffers from indemnities, public lands, and the customs, have exercised a counteracting influence, and our march in extravagance has been almost *pari passu* with our augmented income. In 1836 the expenditures had reached the almost incredible sum of 40,000,00 dols. Thus showing the tendency of our government to spend according to its means, and the visionary absurdity of the restraint imposed by the terms *economical expenditure.*

Pour the wealth of the Indies into our Treasury, and my word for it, the political doctors whom chance or fortune may have placed at the head of our affairs, will soon discover some happy depletive remedy for this oppressive *plethora.* National roads, fortifications, exploring expeditions, and the almost endless *et ceteras*, which are the natural fruit of ample means, become by a "log rolling" combination of the members of Congress, necessary and proper in their estimation, and professedly consistent with a judicious economy. Hence if the amendment of the gentleman (General Bayly) should prevail, reason and experience teaching us that the expenses of the Government will keep pace with its income and the terms of the Compromise, according to the construction of the gentleman, actually exhibiting a surplus, we cannot by possibility have the distribution which he recommends in the first part of the resolution, except in the way I have argued. The resolutions coupled with the gentleman's amendment is either a stimulant to evil, or it is a reality. It will

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either drive us into fraudulent contributions for raising the duties, that we may have a surplus to distribute, or, according to the gentleman's own shewing, it will be utterly inoperative and ineffectual for any object we may have connected with the public lands. In both of which aspects I am utterly opposed to it.

I forbear, Mr. Speaker, launching into a more extended field of discussion, for the reason assigned when I first rose. Already I have extended my remarks further then I contemplated, and I hope the House will find an apology for it in the magnitude and importance of the subject, and the novelty of the positions assumed by the gentleman who preceded me.

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CHAPTER X.

For some years previously to 1849 the question of popular education and Free schools had excited much interest in Virginia. One of the most earnest friends of a general system of education was Colonel Peyton, who made his views known in conversation, by communications to the newspapers and speeches at public meetings in Roanoke, and at a State Convention in Richmond. He left the important affairs of his Coal mining and river improvement projects in Boone county, at an inclement season and travelled nearly 400 miles over the wretched roads of Virginia, in a ricketty stage coach, in order to attend this Convention, in which the writer was also a delegate from the county of Augusta. Such was the deep and enthusiastic interest he took in this vital subject. His private affairs were but as dust in the balance, when they were in conflict with those he owed to society.

From a lively recollection of his conversations and speeches at this period, the author is able to give the

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following brief synopsis of his views on this interesting question.

He maintained that popular ignorance was one of the greatest curses that could afflict a people, and was altogether inconsistent with the theory and practice of Republican Government. Quoting the language of Hosea, "my people are destroyed for lack of knowledge," he asserted that the ignorance which prevailed among the ancient Jewish people was the principal cause of their unhappiness, betraying them into crimes, and consequent miseries. It was this ignorance, this fatal lack of knowledge, which caused them to reject Jesus Christ and led to their destruction. He then considered the mental darkness which prevailed among the ancient heathen nations, and traced to it all their wretchedness. In their depravity they departed from the original ways of Providence, and set up false deities to be worshipped. All true morality and religion were destroyed amongst them, and the mass of mankind sank into darkness and woe. In his opinion, the only way to preserve the moral world was by a diffusion of true knowledge, by which men would be able to see what was wrong. From a consideration of the malignant effects of ignorance among the people of the ancient world, Jews and Gentiles, he passed in review the ignorance prevailing in subsequent ages, and finally came down to what was called the Augustan period of English literature, when Addison, Pope, Swift and other writers flourished, as well as philosophers, statesmen and heroes. Even at this period he said the mass of

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English people were steeped in ignorance, and were considered by the educated as mere mental barbarians. An author never thought of his works being read by the debased multitude; they were composed for the educated few, who were recognised as a select community; and it was one of the most remarkable features of the times, that the cultivated part of the British nation regarded the mental and moral condition of the rest with the strangest indifference. To such an extent did ignorance prevail among the lower orders in England, that it might almost be called heathen at the time when Whitfield and Wesley began to excite the attention of the multitude to that subject. He then passed in review its effects upon the character of the English nation, and said that the gratification of their senses was then their chief good. It led to a disposition to cruelty, which was displayed and confirmed by their practices, such as prize fighting, cruelty to horses and the brutal way of slaughtering animals. And what was true of them would prove true of other people—fallen nature is the same everywhere. Education had done much, since the period to which he referred, to enlighten and educate the British people, and he trusted that Americans would not be insensible to their example. He said it was dishonourable to a country that the people should be allowed to remain in this condition, a monstrous thing in a Republic which was supposed to be governed by the people—they, at least, ought to be able to see that it was necessary to educate their children, unto whom they proposed in time

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to pass the Government and the destinies of the country. He then considered in all its bearings the objection made to popular education by a certain class of thinkers—those who maintained that it would render the common people unfit for their station and discontented with it, and showed the absurdity of this proposition, and illustrated the advantage, to a wise and upright Government, of having intelligent citizens. He asserted that no pure religion could co-exist with this popular ignorance—that the want of mental discipline caused an inaptitude to receive religious information, and exemplified its truth by many striking examples.

From all these views on the subject of the disadvantages of ignorance and the evils and miseries it had entailed on mankind in the past, he went on to a practical examination of the subject of free Schools in Virginia, and maintained, That it was the interest of every member of the nation that every other member should be educated. Those who declared that a tax for this purpose was a hardship on those who had no children, forgot that a greater hardship would fall to their share if they did not educate the youth of the land, namely, that of keeping up jails, penitentiaries, guards, criminal judges, and the like. If education spread abroad, morality would also spread, and these concomitants of crime would not be needed. The money thus expended among an ignorant and vicious population would, in an enlightened community, go to construct roads, railways, bridges, canals, and other useful works.

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Many men believed that education and morality had no connection with one another, but he held the opposite opinion. If it were false that education improves the morals, why does any father desire to educate his sons and daughters? If his educated children were the better for it, would not all be improved by it? If it were not a good thing, why are school-houses, colleges, universities rising every where over the land? But it was true that education improved, refined, and elevated the morals of a people, and where we found a college, there was a church, whence a divine morality was diffused. But, he said, education meant moral as well as intellectual development, and, in any system which might be adopted, he would advocate the study of the Holy Scriptures in the schools. After dilating on these points, and declaring that after a boy was taught to read and write he was subjected to new and powerful moral influences, he proceeded to enter upon a more practical branch of the subject, namely, the greater security it gave us.

Under our system of government, he said, the people ruled. We may, in time, come to rejoice or lament that this is so. Suffrage is extending, the Government becoming more democratic, property has less influence, and numbers more and more weight. What is our duty? To prepare for the change by a system of universal instruction. Then universal suffrage might be a blessing. There was no folly an ignorant mass, armed with universal suffrage, might not perpetrate. People in this condition are easily imposed on. Dema-

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gogues would take advantage of them, lead them astray to their own and the public detriment. France, he said, had been afflicted by such demagogues or fanatics, who asserted that all property should be held in common, and such pretended friends of the people had inflicted the deadliest wounds upon the prosperity and happiness of that great nation. A similar class in the north were making an effort to do the like in America. Only the unthinking could be deluded by their sophistry. Suppose it were in their power to vote themselves a farm to-day, might not the same power vote it away to-morrow? The only permanent basis of prosperity, comfort, and happiness for any people, is in the knowledge possessed by each one of his duties as well as his rights, and the perfect security of both person and property. In matters of government as in personal concern, justice and right are always wisdom; that is, nothing is truly advantageous, which is not truly just.

The fathers of our Government had asserted these principles. Jefferson said, "I prepared three bills for the revisal, proposing three distinct grades of education, reaching all classes: 1st, Elementary schools for all children generally, rich and poor. 2nd, Colleges for a middle degree of instruction, calculated for the common purposes of life. 3rd, A higher grade for teaching the sciences generally, and in their loftiest degree." "One provision of the elementary school bill was that the expenses of these schools should be borne by the inhabitants of the county, in proportion to their general

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tax rates." I considered four of these bills (the school bill was one) as forming a system whereby a foundation would be laid for a Government truly republican. The people, by the bill for a general education, would be qualified to understand their rights, to maintain them, and to exercise with intelligence, their parts in self-government, and all this would be effected without the violation of a single natural right of any one individual citizen.

Education was, in his opinion, essential to the social and intellectual well-being of the people, and should command the immediate attention of the Legislature. Otherwise the extension of the suffrage would prove a worthless, nay a dangerous gift. Intelligence is the condition of freedom; and unless the enfranchised millions are rendered, by education, capable of exercising their right of voting with sense and judgment, the people would become the dupes, the victims of unprincipled demagogues.

He went on to declare that general education developes new sources of wealth and utility, else why has it grown into a maxim that "knowledge is power." The truth is, the more you multiply knowledge, the more you increase the aggregate power of a community. What vast sums had been added to the annual production of manufacturing countries by the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, the steam-engine, the railroad, and the numberless labour-saving machines of recent years. All this resulted from educated labour. The reason why the useful arts advanced so slowly for centuries,

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was because the labour of the world was performed by ignorant men.

Further, he expressed the opinion that general education increased the value of property. There were several elements which entered into the value of property, especially of land, besides its productiveness, such as the virtue and quietness of the neighbouring community, its character for progressive improvement, etc., which makes it desirable as a residence. Many examples were adduced from the more prosperous of the northern and eastern States, first, to establish this proposition, and, after further remarks, to prove that general education diffused among all classes will be found to make the labour of the conntry more useful, and of course more valuable. He proceeded to say that universal education could only be brought about by general *contribution*; and that this might be effected by a broad system having due regard to the respective needs of various religious bodies.

There were four modes of educating a people. 1. Every parent should be left to provide instruction for his own children. 2. The Government may aid the more indigent alone. 3. The Government may give partial assistance to all. 4. The Government may provide, at the common expense, for the complete elementary instruction of all classes, saving the requirements of religious liberty without discrimination. He examined all these systems in detail, and declared his opinion in favour of the fourth. At this point he went into an estimate of its cost, and showed that it would be light.

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Besides, he said, the free schools would not only be cheaper than others, but would be better. The teachers would be more highly trained, better paid, there would be a judicious classification of pupils, suitable apparatus such as black boards, globes, maps, prints, models, etc., to aid the teacher to explain and the scholar to understand. These schools, too, would be under a vigilant supervision, which would encourage the teachers and stimulate the pupils. He concluded his remarks by suggesting a plan of the proposed system, which it is not necessary to give.

Most readers will be ready to concede, I imagine, that the man who held such enlightened views with regard to education was fully worthy of his age, if not in advance of it.

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CHAPTER XI.

FEW readers, save those who are intimately acquainted with the practical working of popular elections in America, will be prepared for some of the details of this chapter. At the next election the young and gallant delegate for Roanoke and Botetourt was opposed by the radical party, which put in nomination an illiterate person by the name of Prichard. Colonel Peyton did not wish to come forward at this time. He he had already seen more than enough of political life, with its noisy ambition and its mean passions; a life so poor and base was unsuited to him. Of this he frankly informed his friends. These, however, urged him to serve another term with such pertinacity, upon the ground that he owed it to the country, that his disinclination was overcome. It was in a patriotic spirit alone that he yielded to their importunities—the spirit of Brutus which is thus expressed in the play of Julius Cæsar,

> What is it you would impart to me?
> If it be ought towards the general good,

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> Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
> And I will look on both indifferently:
> For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
> The name of honour more than I fear death.

It was not upon the cards, however, that this irreproachable gentleman—this modern Chevalier Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*—should be allowed to walk over the course. During his absence from home in the discharge of his public duties, the metropolitan and provincial leaders of the party of Martin Van Buren, called in the parlance of the day the *Locofoco* or ultra-democratic party, had been in incubation, and hatched a plot. The manner in which this formidable plot was concocted, who beside Thomas Ritchie and Bowyer Miller were its chiefs, what class beyond demagogues took part in it, at what precise time and upon what signals it was to break out, need not be recounted. For our purpose it is sufficient to premise, that fearing the influence exerted against their party in the Assembly by Colonel Peyton, and the greater power he was destined to wield, if he continued in public life, it was determined by the *Magi*, in Richmond, acting in concert with the local ringleaders, to bring, if possible, his political career to an end. The party organ in Richmond, the *Enquirer* newspaper, edited by Thomas Ritchie, struck the first note, and the provincials lost no time in taking up the tune and raising the hue and cry in Roanoke. Ritchie was a veteran at this sort of thing. He had long enjoyed pre-eminence as the most wily of Southern editors, had so unremittingly and

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successfuly pulled the wires and directed the machinery of Virginia Locofocoism that he was a pronounced Seer enjoying the soubriquet of "Father Ritchie." When he took snuff every Locofoco in the State was supposed to sneeze. This paternal bell-wether figured in the Richmond conclaves of the party and pointed out the road to success, and rarely was he mistaken as to the direction. In many respects he was an admirable guide and leader. He united in a remarkable manner the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*. When he wished to carry a point he manœuvred with consummate skill. In his first essays he was as mild as last year's honey, spoke in dulcet strains. If his policy failed, this tune was quickly changed. He now uttered the harsh and authoritative language of a master, tried what virtue there was in stones. Success generally attended his strategy. If not, sad was the fate of his victim. If an honest and independant opponent closed his ears to his soft whispers, he was mercilessly put upon and hunted down. If an inexperienced member of his party ventured to think for himself, there was no greater crime at head-quarters, he soon learned what it was to run the gauntlet. He was warned by the *Enquirer* that an open enemy is better than a false friend, had a lecture upon a Judas, kiss, an essay upon sealing one's infamy, all the changes indeed, were rung upon his perfidy, his presumption, and rebellion. The whippers in-baited him in the legislative halls, denounced him in the streets, dogged him at his hotel—in a word, persecuted the miserable

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wretch until, broken down in health and spirits, the contumacious bungler was only too glad to secure peace by an unconditional surrender, by a quiet return to his duty and allegiance. From such a contest with Father Ritchie the inexperienced member always retired a wiser and a sadder man. Indeed, he was generally wise enough to appear to relish his humble pie. He certainly always afterwards voted for his party, right or wrong, through thick and thin. When he had sufficiently expiated his offence the *Enquirer* gave him a cheerful pat upon the back, and, thus kept in countenance with his constituents the inexperienced member stood a chance of re-election, of becoming an experienced member.

Father Ritchie's watchful eye took in the entire State; he seemed universal in his knowledge of provincial affairs; his spirit pervaded, permeated, overspread our home politics far and wide. Whenever he saw a new star in the political firmament, a promising man rising up in the opposition his minions were set to work—first to win him over to the Locofoco party, if successful all was well—if not war was declared. Hostilities having thus commenced, nothing was neglected to make the war short, sharp, and decisive. Father Ritchie silenced the consciences of some of his tools, he had some under-strappers not altogether devoid of moral sense, by the assurance that all is fair in politics as in love and war. With the prescience of an old leader, he saw danger to ultra democracy in the rise of Col. Peyton. Could the young man be won over? Were his convictions strong?

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these were the questions to be settled. Flattery was first tried, *the Enquirer* declaring that the delegate for Roanoke was without a rival among the young men of Virginia, that he was the worthy son of a noble sire, that he was a ripe scholar and trained statesman, had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, was on the highway to honour and fame, that but a single danger beset his path, namely Federalism, of this rock he must beware, from such feticism turn away. Let him, said the *Enquirer*, advocate, liberal principles, in other words turn Locofoco, then every honour and reward, was his which a grateful and admiring people could confer, etc., etc. It was of no avail. Father Ritchie then tried ridicule and abuse, talked of the overweening vanity of young men, the idle dreams of youth, and so-forth. Col. Peyton was proof against both; all the insinuating arts of the veteran, all his and his minions' violence could not shake the resolution, or corrupt the integrity of William Peyton; he was absolutely proof against every threat, as against all oily flattery, and taught the venerable Ritchie that there was at least one exception to the maxim with politicians, "that every man has his price." The *Enquirer* then turned to its old course of personally complimenting Col. Peyton, in order the more successfully to disguise the party movements and privately and industriously set on the beagles of Roanoke. It advised the whippers-in of the peril which threatened, and of the importance of defeating the Colonel. These orders had no sooner been issued than the pursuit commenced. The principal director and

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driver on the occasion of these proceedings was *Bowyer Miller*, a young attorney, a candidate for practice in Fincastle. Miller was ambitious and slippery, not without a certain cleverness, and an adept at political intrigues. He was also an aspirant for office, a candidate for anything that "paid." Previous to Colonel Peyton's removal to the county, this provincial Machiavel had been considered by some, certainly considered himself, the most rising man in the district. When Colonel Peyton appeared, Miller and his clique sank into obscurity as stars disappear from the sky at sunrise. Nor was Father Ritchie ever able to do more for him as a reward for his services than to procure him a seat in the legislature, where he was a nobody and a nothing; absolutely without employment, unless Father Ritchie should wish some one's heels tripped up. In this case Miller was his right man, and in such feats he always found Bowyer equal to the occasion.

Were it consistent with the plan of this memoir, I could relate many curious episodes in the legislative career of Mr. Ritchie's henchman as recounted by the late *George Mayse*, of Bath County, who served with Colonel Peyton and Mr. Miller in the House of Delegates, and with the latter in the Constitutional Convention of 1850. Mr. Mayse was a thoroughly honest and conscientious man, a true patriot and warm friend of Colonel Peyton. He therefore felt and expressed no small disgust at the course of the *Enquirer* and Bowyer Miller towards his friend. According to Mr. Mayse, however, neither Father Ritchie nor Mr. Miller ever

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played at any but a *double game*, or set their sails to catch any but a *side* wind.

Alive to the Colonel's personal popularity, these village politicians and pot-house demagogues resorted to every trick to compass their ends. They represented to the masses of their party that it was necessay to vote "early and often" against Peyton, however friendly their personal relations might be; that it would not be a vote against him individually, but against his Federal heresies, which they declared tended to monarchy. A vote, said they, against him is a shot in favour of constitutional principles—the basis alike of our model Republican Government and of the Locofoco party. In their heat they pronounced the "citadel of liberty" in danger, and they cried aloud beseeching all patriots to hasten to its defence. To the ignorant they protested that it was not a question of likes or dislikes, but altogether one between liberty and despotism. This worked well among the foreign element. Nothing else could draw this class from the Colonel's support, for many of these poor strangers remembered him as a benefactor when they came hungry and almost naked from abroad. It influenced the more ignorant natives also, and not another issue could, for he was the idol of the poor, by whom he was regarded as a brother and protector. Nor was it, said they, a question of voting for the wisest and best man. Oh, no! Were this the issue they too would vote for Peyton. In no sense, said these harpies, is it a matter of voting for men, but altogether one of voting for measures. "Measures not men," said

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they, is our motto and ours are the only measures on which our Government can be administered without the destruction of all civil, religious and political liberty. In private they represented Colonel Peyton as an aristocrat, whose birth, education, and training allied him to the patrician element in society and the kingly principle in government, that, if elected, he and his party would labour to assimilate our institutions to those of Great Britain. If successful in this direction, the people, the *dear* people, would lose all which had been gained by the Revolution of 1776, and sink once more into the condition of serfs—Oldworld serfs. The fastnesses of the forests, the hollows of the mountains, the cellars and attics of the grog-shops were penetrated, ransacked, every bush beaten, every hole and corner reconnoitred to bring to the poll voters against him. Thus, ignorant, unsuspecting people, who had lived years in obscurity, and many of whom had never so much as heard his name were produced as plumpers against him. While the Locofoco's were thus employed, his friends were lulled by over confidence into a false security. They scorned and ridiculed the opposition as contemptible—too despicable to be noticed; they contented themselves, denouncing it and its authors as demagogues engaged in dirty work which was disgraceful to the country. A meeting, however, was called of the Colonel's supporters, of the whole people indeed, at Salem, the county-town. This was attended by the county gentlemen *en masse* as well as by all classes. Colonel Peyton drove over, attended by his principal supporters and addressed the people in

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a speech of such ability and eloquence that, if never before, now all opposition was supposed to be silenced. Mr. Prichard declined speaking, saying, "*He was no orator, but that when he told the people that he were a Locofoco straight out, and would vote through thick and thin for his party, whether right or wrong, they knew who their man was and where to find him.*" Mingled laughter, hisses, and drunken cheers greeted this enunciation of a purpose to "go it blind" as it was termed in the slang of the day, and respectable people dispersed to their homes, leaving the town to a considerable extent in the hands of an intoxicated rabble shouting for Pritchard and liberty. Gentlemen returned home satisfied that Colonel Peyton's election was certain beyond an accident, and a series of dinners took place in the county as a welcome to him on his return. These were kept up till the day of election. Meanwhile the Locofocos worked like beavers in the dark; frightened the timid by stories of returning despotism, bribed some by money and others by promises, and engaged many of those known to be certain voters for Peyton in business undertakings which were very profitable, but which these varlets took care should call them from the county on election day. Those who had conscientious scruples at the prospect of being absent were quieted by being told that the Colonel did not require their votes—that he would be elected by a tremendous majority. Many were thus gained over to their side through political cowardice, and others who were paid either by money or promises. Thus by one artifice or another, they succeeded on the day of

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election in rolling up a majority for Mr. Prichard of *seven votes.* Colonel Peyton's friends were equally astonished and indignant at the result. They declared that it arose from unparalleled bribery and corruption, and they earnestly urged him to contest the election. He steadily declined all such importunities, harkened not to their counsel, declaring that he had consented to be a candidate, not to gratify any personal wishes, but solely to please his friend—his own tastes were for retirement. At their instance he had come forward; the scrutineers of the polls had declared his opponent elected, and with this verdict he should not attempt to interfere. Nor did he again refer to the election nor to the perfidious scheme by which he had been defeated. The pure and proud mind can never confide its wrongs to another, only its triumphs and its happiness.

It may be safely said, however, that he was ineffably disgusted with the excitement, intrigues, and corruption of our politics. Brief as was his public career, he had doubtless been long enough in the arena to be convinced that he who aspires to be the head of a party will find it more difficult to please his friends than to perplex his foes. That he must often act from false reasons which are weak, because he does not avow the true reasons which are strong. 'That it will be his lot to be forced on some occasions to give his consideration to the wealthy or the influential, although they may be in the wrong, and to withhold it from the energetic but necessitous, although they may be in the right. That there are moments when we must appear to sympathize,

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not only with the fears of the brave, but also the follies of the wise. That he must often see some appearances that do not exist, to be blind to some that do. To be above others, he must condescend at times to be beneath himself, as the loftiest trees have the deepest roots. And without the keenest circumspection he will become conscious that his very rise will be his ruin. For a masked battery is more destructive than one that is in sight, and he will have more to dread from the secret envy of his own adherents than from the open hate of his adversaries. This envy will ever beset him, but, if determined to proceed in his career, he must not appear to suspect it. It will narrowly watch him, but he must not seem to perceive it. Even when he is anticipating all its effects, he must give no note of preparation, and in defending himself against it, he must conceal both his sword and his shield. Let him pursue success as his truest friend, and apply to confidence as his ablest counsellor. Subtract from a little great man all that he owes to opportunity and all that he owes to chance, all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends and by the folly of his enemies, and our Brobdignag will often become a Lilliputian. I think it is Voltaire who observes, that it was very fortunate for Cromwell that he appeared upon the stage at the precise moment when the people were tired of kings, and as unfortunate for his son, Richard, that he had to make good his pretentions, at a moment when the people were equally tired of protectors.'

Having, as previously remarked, no taste for public

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life under the conditions surrounding it in those days, no ambition to contest the palm with tricksters and demagogues and the "little great men" sent from the counties generally, through the influence of cross-road publicans and local demagogues, he returned to his estate with a firm determination, in accordance with the advice of Cato to his son, to pass the residue of his life in the real post of honour, the private station. His defeat, therefore, gave him the opportunity which he coveted. It may be added as a part of his history in this connection, that he was on many occasions, solicited to become a candidate for sundry offices. The principal men of that section of the State united in an effort to induce him to become a candidate for Congress. He declined all importunities, refused to give up the comforts of his home again. He only is a great man, says Steele, who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favour. Most truly may it be said of this excellent man, that with him the rewards of virtue exceeded those of ambition. He sought to do good rather than be conspicuous. Notwithstanding this determination, to which he steadily adhered, he was brought forward by his friends in the Legislature, with whom the election rested, for the office of Governor of Virginia, and again for that of Senator in Congress. He would doubtless have been chosen for one or both of these positions, notwithstanding the intrigues of Father Ritchie, Bowyer, Miller, and others of the like feather, but for his persistent determination to refuse all such

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distinctions and his eloquent advocacy of the claims of others to the very situations for which he himself was proposed.

The reader will doubtless agree with the author, that those upon whom honours are conferred are not always the most deserving, and that Colonel Peyton had little occasion to regret defeat. Wicked Hamon was promoted by Ahasuerus and all the king's servants that were in the king's gate, bowed to and reverenced him. Absalom, the rebellious son of David, stole the hearts of the men of Israel. Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, made a speech to the people, and they gave a shout, saying, "it is the voice of a God, and not of a man." But what was the end of these men? Hamon was hanged on the gibbet prepared for Mordecai; Absalom was slain by the darts of Joab, and Herod was eaten by worms, and died miserably. Mighty conquerors and their armies have covered themselves with glory. Ignorace has deified, and superstition worshipped them as gods; but had they met what they deserved, their names would have been handed down to posterity with infamy and disgrace. The fact is, the world does not always bestow honour upon real worth; hence the best of men seldom enjoy its smiles, or do so only for a time.

About this period the Governor of Virginia appointed him State proxy, to represent the interest of the Commonwealth in the meetings of the stock-holders of the James River and Kenawha Canal Company, a work by which it was sought to connect the waters of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and which originated with

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Washington himself. This great work was already completed from Richmond to Lynchburg, a distance of between one and two hundred miles, receiving tolls to the extent of 800,000,00 dols. per annum. With his usual energy and fidelity to trusts imposed on him, he devoted himself, without pay, for years, to the judicious management of this company, attending all its meetings and writing all the annual reports of the board. The present (1873) secretary of that company, William Preston Munford, once said to the writer, that he did not know what the company would do without him, he was the life and soul of the whole undertaking.

Previous to the election of 1844, he was invited to prepare a preamble and resolutions embodying the principles of the Whig party, and in favour of the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency, to be submitted to a public meeting of the Whigs of Roanoke. This led to the following paper from his pen, setting forth the main principles of the party, and giving, in vigorous language, his opinion of the great Kentuckian Statesman. The preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted. Mr. Clay subsequently became the candidate of the party, but was defeated. He had been too long identfied with the history of his country—was too good and great a man to answer the purposes of his party as a candidate.

The following is the first and an imperfect draught of Colonel Peyton's resolutions. It was found among some calcined rubbish, after the burning of his mansion in 1870.

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WHIG MEETING IN ROANOKE.

The Whigs of Roanoke being assembled for the purpose of party organization, and especially with a view to forming themselves into a "Clay Club," deem the occasion suitable for announcing the leading principles on which they intend to conduct the coming Presidential contest.

Acting, as they trust, in harmony with the great body of the party throughout the union, they are anxious to secure the moral weight which is the just reward of elevated principles and ingenuous conduct. They wish to avoid all surreptitious measures of assault or defence, to come into battle openly and boldly, with their principles emblazoned upon every fold of their standards, thus inviting the scrutiny and defying the power of their opponents. A victory gained by fraud and deception would be valueless in their estimation, since it would destroy the public confidence in their integrity as a party, and jeopardize the popularity of the principles which they profess, and upon the ultimate ascendancy of which they conscientiously believe the stability and efficiency of our institutions depend. They anxiously desire a just exposition of the political creed of the opposite party, and a fair and honourable issue upon their conflicting principles. They are confident of success if they are thus met before the nation in a spirit of candour and fair dealing. They believe if they can prevail with their opponents to define their party faith clearly and unequivocally, and to stand

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by it sincerely and honestly in every quarter of the Union without respect to the political prejudices of any locality, that there is sufficient patriotism, intelligence and enlightened self-interest among the people to insure their success. To warn the people from the rocks and quicksands of unrestrained and licentious democracy to the safe haven of well-regulated Republicanism. When the honest masses understand the spirit of Locofocoism abroad in the land, generating the most destructive moral and political principles, despoiling States of their credit, and thus weakening the obligations of common honesty between individuals; when they see one of the two parties of the country, identifing itself to a considerable extent with these lawless repudiators and unscrupulous "bond breakers," who, in the spirit of wild reform and mad innovation, trample under foot every precedent which time, experience, wisdom and patriotism have established; neither respecting the judgment of a Washington, nor the opinion of the pure and spotless patriots who assisted him in modelling our institutions and giving us a hope of enduring national existence and national glory, they believe that the sober and reflecting portion of the people will tremble for perpetuity of our Government, and will rally to its defence under the banner of our party whose name is the synonyme of constitutional liberty.

Not wishing in this hasty address to elaborate the views of the Whig party, but simply to announce the cardinal features of our political faith, leaving comment for future occasions, we declare,

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I. That we are in favour of a NATIONAL BANK, being firmly convinced that all the industrial interests of the country, whether agricultural, commercial or manufacturing, depend for much of their prosperity upon a circulating medium of equal value in every part of our country, and in sufficient abundance to meet the necessities and convenience of trade.

II. We are in favour of a TARIFF, which while it affords a revenue sufficient to meet the wants of the Government economically administered, shall be so adjusted as to foster and cherish our infant manufactures, and at the same time awaken a design for reciprocity in foreign nations by the imposition of counteracting duties upon the productions of such of these as impose heavy burdens upon our principal exports, such as cotton and tobacco.

III. We are in favour of an equitable distribution of the proceeds arising from the sales of the PUBLIC LANDS among the several States, believing that the public domain is the rightful property of the States; as such we consider the authority exercised over these lands by the General Government as purely fiduciary, and that the terms of the trust precludes all the graduation schemes, and schemes of partial cession, which have been advocated at different times by the respective branches of the Democratic party. Relying upon the *customs* or impot dues as an abundant source of revenue for the support of the Government economically administered, we wish to divert from the National

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Treasury this unnecessary and redundant tributary, and pour its rich blessings into the more legitimate State channels, where it will diffuse countless benefits in restoring their shattered credit, in providing the means of general education, and in opening up new and enlarging old markets for the husbandman and manufacturer, by improving the means of intercommunication and developing the resources of our interior country.

IV. We are in favour of the ONE TERM PRINCIPLE—we think experience has shewn in these degenerate days of the Republic, that lust of office is apt to swallow up all sentiments of public virtue, and that where the President is re-eligible his first term is often engrossed by disgraceful intrigues to secure a re-election, by the disgusting scenes of official profligacy, and by the shameless prostitution of offices of the highest responsibility to the unhallowed purposes of party. We think that destroying all hope of re-election would, by withdrawing the temptation, increase the chances of an independent and honourable administration of the General Government, a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

V. We are in favour of a thorough *reform* in the tone and spirit of the Government and its officers, to bring back the Washingtonian standard of official qualification, and to infuse into the Government that enlarged, liberal, and patriotic spirit which regulated the policy of that illustrious man, the

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lustre of whose virtues defies the virulence of party, and who, standing up before posterity in the full proportions of his matchless wisdom and purity, challenges the world for an equal. Instead of bestowing offices, instituted for the public benefit, on unscrupulous Demagogues, as a reward of their sordid services, we would have them conferred on men of elevated principles and unquestionable qualifications—men who never forget that, "they have a country to serve while they have a party to obey."

VI. Finally, we are in favour of HENRY CLAY as our next President. In announcing our preference for this distinguished patriot and statesman, we feel a just pride in presenting to the consideration of our fellow citizens one whose virtues and services give him the highest claim to the first office in the gift of his countrymen. Imbued with a spirit at once bold, generous, acute, comprehensive in its grasp and brilliant in its conceptions, yet capable of the severest investigation and minutest detail; ennobled by a patriotism which diffuses itself over his whole country, rising in every exigency above all mere party considerations and sinking in the cause of his country all the conflicting prejudices and feelings of individuals and factions which jeopardize her honour or her welfare. Enriched with an experience long, active, conspicuous in its trials, embracing one of the most eventful periods of our history and identifying him with all the great and important

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measures which mark the era of his brilliant career! regulated by a judgment, subtle, profound, matured, and harmonizing with the principles of the Whig party; and finally, as a capital to crown this noble Corinthian column, sustained by a fidelity and fearlessness which can be relied on to enforce the principles we profess, we confidently recommend him to the American people for the first office within their gift, and as a worthy successor to the "Father of his country."

It is obvious from these resolutions that he had large and accurate information on political affairs; that he knew what was necessary to make a people great, prosperous, and respected. With what earnestness he denounces those miserable profligates who have brought American credit into disrepute, and made the name a reproach on many a Bourse by their "bond breaking," repudiating doctrines. To a man however in his station it would have been a real reproach to have remained ignorant of the history, laws, and constitution of his country—to have had no certain, well ascertained policy for her wise Government.

In the political affairs of this election, he took some part, making eloquent speeches in favour of Mr. Clay's election at Salem, Fincastle, Danville, Lynchbury, Richmond and other places, but he avoided those warm and angry debates, which are calculated only to inflame the passions and alienate parties. He endeavoured by cool and deliberate

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disquisitions on politics to enlighten the minds of the people and lead them to a right judgment. He had too often seen the effects of ignorance, in leading the multitude astray in national affairs, not to exert himself to scatter its clouds. Under its influence, the best measures of public policy had often been condemned, and the worst obtained popular applause; the wisest and purest of our Statesmen had been ostracised, and a shallow and noisy race of demagogues foisted into office and loaded with honours. He laboured, therefore, earnestly to spread true knowledge abroad and dispel the mists of ignorance which overspread a portion of the people.

There are some men who appear great only while the splendour of rank, or the bustle of station dazzles the eyes of the spectators; others become magnified as they recede from the public view, and are seen like stars in the distant sky. Of this latter description was William Madison Peyton, a man with too much of the weakness of humanity to have altogether escaped censure; but whose memory is clear of any considerable stain.

Most interesting was it to see him in the retirement which now followed. Here he communed with his own heart, studied the Holy Scriptures, contemplated the works of creation, and formed plans of great usefulness. His mind was free to enter upon all these important subjects and it cannot be doubted that he calmly considered what he would do for his own kinsfolk, friends, and acquaintances, and also even for his enemies.

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To a public-spirited man like himself, it is equally beyond doubt that he considered how he might best serve his country and the world. And none of us are without the power of doing something for others if so disposed. If we have wisdom, we can contrive for them; if wealth, we can supply their wants; if power, we can protect and advance them; and if piety and goodness predominate in our hearts, we can, and do, strive to lead them to God. Relatives claim our first care and attention. Are they poor, afflicted, despised, ignorant, or wicked? We should think how we may improve their circumstances, restore their health, redeem their character, inform their minds, or amend woes. Friends next claim our attention. Can we make them happier, more useful, or respectable? Next our acquaintances. They may not have served us; but that consideration should not prevent our benevolent plans to serve them—even our enemies, should share our good will. They have used us spitefully; let us try to do them good. The attempt will prove a blessing to us, and it may be also a blessing to them. In this spirit his retirement was spent, nor did he forget that his country had claims upon him. He thought how he might best serve its interests and promote its happiness—how eloquently the foregoing resolutions denounce repudiation and all bond breakers; He sought out plans of public utility, and exercised his influence to carry them into effect. In other words, without ostentation, noise, or boasting he endeavoured to do all the good he could. During his retreat he applied

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himself to literary and scientific pursuits with as much earnest devotion as if his livelihood depended upon his success. He doubtless realized the force of the remark of Hamlet,

> What is a man,
> If his chief good, and market of his time,
> Be but to sleep and feed? a beast—no more.
> Sure he that made us with such large discourse
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and God-like reason
> To rest in us unused.

During his scientific studies and investigations he discovered that cannel coal, which had not previously been found in America, always existed in England in the region of bituminous coal. From this and other circumstances he argued that search would lead to its discovery in the bituminous coal fields of America. If so, it would be a most important discovery. Accordingly in the summer of 1845, he proceeded, in company with a few practical miners whom he hired for the purpose, to the coal beds of the Kenawha. The party spent some time in explorations and researches on the waters tributary to the Great Kenawha in the county of Boone, and the correctness of his judgment was shown, and his labours rewarded, by the discovery of probably the most extensive cannel coal field in the United States. His first discovery was at a point on the coal river, about thirty miles from its junction with the Great Kenawha. At sundry spots on the river between this point and the Kenawha he came upon other veins of

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this mineral, varying from two to six feet in height and thickness. After these valuable findings of hidden wealth, he purchased 30,000 acres of this land and proceeded to develop the mineral resources of that region, with which important work he was occupied down to the period of the civil was in 1861. At the spot of his original discovery a town war laid out and in his honour called *Peytona,* which is now a flourishing place of business.

He also ascertained in his numerous experiments with this coal that it possessed a variety of useful and valuable properties. Among other things, that candles might be made from it, surpassing those of wax in hardness and beauty. Also that the tar products of this and the bituminous coal, decomposed by the oil of vitrol, yielded, among other valuable substances, one now called *paraffine,* resembling, when bleached and purified, wax or spermaceti; and that it burnt with a clear white flame, free from smoke. Since then this substance has become widely known the world over, and is largely used by all candle-making companies, though at first this and other results which he announced seemed more like the dream of a visionary, than the sober reasonings of a modern utilitarian philosopher. The magic of chemistry as applied by other distinguished American and European savans soon established the correctness of his theories. It is probable that he himself did not forsee the value of the conclusions he arrived at, which were certainly pregnant with important results. But it was impossible

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that a man of his knowledge could direct his attention to such subjects without benefit arising therefrom.

During the period he was engaged in his mining operations he spent a hundred thousand dollars of his private means on the improvement of the coal river, seeking to make the stream navigable for steamers of considerable tonnage and thus to avoid trans-shipment of cargoes from the barges which left Peytona, on their arrival in the Kenawha. He had not succeeded to the extent of his wishes when the civil war put a stop to his operations. A New York company on the joint stock or limited liability principle, which had been organized in Wall Street under his auspices, continued through the war to work the mines upon a minor scale, and, as far as the disorganized condition of the labour and business affairs of the country would admit, to carry on the work for improving the navigation of the river.

The perserving energy with which he prosecuted his labours on the Coal River for many years, was the subject of general remark. The great improvement which took place in this remote part of the country in the manners and customs of the earlier inhabitants, in the roads and other means of communication, in the development of industry, and the enhancement in the value of property, the legitimate results of his operations, caused him to be considered as a public benefactor, and his name to be everywhere revered by the warm-hearted and affectionate mountaineers.

The fame he acquired by these operations, the

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success which attended his practical pursuits recalls Sallust's remark upon Cato, that the less he coveted glory, the more he acquired it.

Several joint-stock companies were organized in New York under his auspices for working the Peytona mines, which are, in 1873, in successful operation. During one of his business visits to New York, in 1861, he addressed the letter embodied in the next chapter to his old friend Mr. Rives, on the subject of the deplorable political situation and the impending crisis.

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CHAPTER XII.

In the Autumn of 1860, the United States Presidential election occured, an event ordinary enough in itself, but which became the cause, or at least the occasion, of one of the greatest political revolutions which have ever changed the fortunes of a nation. A revolution it was which overwhelmed the South with disasters, greater far than those which conquests bring about, but which in the slow progress of events has been succeeded by a gradual bettering of the condition of the subdued people, and also by the elevation of a servile race to a position of political equality with their former masters. Placed after centuries of servitude in this new position, for which they had had no preparation, it remains yet to be proved that the African race is endowed by nature with any great mental vigor or aptitude for intellectual labour and improvement, such as is requisite for those who are invested with the rights of freemen and the responsibility of self government.

The fear so long entertained by patriots that at some inauspicious moment a storm would arise in the South,

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where the public mind was greatly excited by Northern hostility to the extension of slavery, and end by steeping the country in blood and ruin, appeared, in the autumn of 1860, about to be realized. The secession so long and repeatedly threatened by South Carolina, but which she had never seriously contemplated carrying out, seemed at last imminent. The incredulity with which those threats had been received by union men north and south; the ridicule lavished upon the so called "Chivalry men," who were accused of indulging in the frothy effusions of demagogues—in low tricks and bluster to keep up their credit and consequence, operating with their real grievances, had goaded the Carolinians to desperation. The people of the Pelmetto State who had been so long upbraided for fickleness and perfidy, seemed at last ready for action, and a considerable portion of the South was prepared to follow their lead. The atmosphere was laden with electricity, the political sky overcast with clouds—the storm ready to burst upon the land. The immediate occasion of this breaking out of the public fury was the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. It does not belong to my plan to enter into the causes and consequences of this event. They are mentioned only in so far as they relate to, and bear upon, the subject of this sketch. Mr. Lincoln was chosen on 6th of November 1860, the vote standing thus,

For Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, 189, all northern votes.

For John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, 72 southern votes.

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For John Bell, of Tennessee, 39, divided.
For Stephen A Douglas, of Illinois, 12, divided.

The whole number of electors appointed to vote for President for the United States was then 303, of which a majority is 152. Mr. Lincoln was, therefore, declared elected, and on the 8th of the following February left his home in the West, for Washington. This event increased the southern excitement; anxiety and alarm thickened the gloom which hung over and paralysed trade, commerce and manufactures north and south. The well known political views of South Carolina filled the country with apprehensions. In 1830, that State attempted to nullify the laws of Congress, to remain in the Union and yet act independently of its authority, and a conflict between the State and Federal troops was averted only by the firmness of President Jackson and the moderation of General Winfield Scott. Again in 1850, at the period when the admission of California was under discussion, it was proposed in the Legislature of South Carolina that a "Southern Congress" should be convoked to initiate measures for the defence of the South. A crisis was averted, however, by the adoption of what was termed the "*Compromise Bill*" principally through the influence of Henry Clay, but, though South Carolina acquiesced, she was annoyed, discontented, irritated. All the angry feelings which prompted this course in 1850 were intensified by the result of the Presidential election of 1860. Accordingly, the Legislature called a State convention to take such steps as might be deemed

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necessary to meet the crisis before the inauguration of the new President. This convention assembled at Columbia on the 17th of December, 1861, and after an exciting debate passed a formal Ordinance of Secession from the Union, in these words,

> "*We, the people of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the Ordinance adopted by us in Convention on the 23rd day of May, 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified, and also all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of the State ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and the other States under the name of 'the United States of America,' is hereby dissolved.*"

The fatal plunge was thus taken, and how to avert the untold calamity it portended was the first object with all true patriots, especially of Virginians, whose State, in the event of hostilities, was to become "the Flanders of the war." It was natural that the Old Dominion should watch, with greater solicitude than any of her sister States, the progress of events in the South. Virginia contributed more largely than any of the original thirteen colonies to the formation of the Federal Union, in fact it was mainly her work, and her people were by a large majority still warmly attached to it and its traditions, yet, from identity of interest on the slave question, she felt the warmest sympathy with

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the States of the South. All eyes were, therefore, now turned to the Old Dominion. Upon her course in great measure depended that of the so-called border States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. It rested with Virginia and these States to say whether war should or should not take place. Had these border States, with an aggregate population of 4,621,879 united in upholding the Union of their forefathers, the Cotton States, left in a hopeless minority, must have refused to enter upon the ruinous path taken by South Carolina. In this event the sober second thought of the gallant, but excitable, population of the Palmetto State would probably, a little later, have led to the repeal of the Ordinance of Secession. Harmony would thus have been restored. If the border States had presented an unbroken front to the North, the civil war would have been averted, or if not, the North, had she entered upon the task of coercion, must have been driven from the field defeated, and overthrown. In the border States, however, other counsels prevailed. Notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the influential Union party in each, it was found impossible to band the people together in support of a common cause. There was a fatal division of sentiment, and, while halting between two opinions, Maryland was overrun by Federal troops, and was thus hopelessly lost to the South, though many of her sons found their way into the Southern army, and served with credit through the war.*

* That General Lee himself believed that Maryland would have joined the Southern Confederacy, but for her occupation by Federal

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Kentucky and Missouri fell away in the same manner. Virginia herself was divided into two hostile camps. The leaders of the secession party were Henry A. Wise, John Letcher, J. M. Masson, James Barbour, R. M. T. Hunter, William Ritchie, O. Jennings Wise, T. S. Bowcock, James Lyons, J. M. Daniels, Roger A. Pryor and others of less note. On the other hand, the leaders of the Conservative party were W. C. Rives, Robert E. Scott, Labal A. Early, W. B. Preston, Colonel W. M. Peyton, J. H. Gilmer, Alexander H. H. Stuart, John B. Baldwin, W. T. Willey, I. S. Carlile, John Lewis, S. Mc. D. Moore, I. M. Bolts, C. H. Lewis, Joseph Segar, Alexander Rives, J. J. Jackson, Peachy Gratton, and

forces, is apparent from the following Proclamation issued by him when he marched the army of northern Virginia into the State in 1862:—

Head Quarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
near Fredericktown, September 8th, 1862.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND,

It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves.

The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province.

Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned, upon no charge, and contrary to all the forms of law.

A faithful and manly protest against this outrage, made by a venerable and illustrious Marylander, to whom in his better days no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with scorn and contempt.

The Government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your Legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the press and of speech has been suppressed;

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others less familiar to the public. Virginia thus torn by faction was soon in arms against herself. Vain were the efforts of the Government at Richmond to maintain its authority in the north-western counties after the defeat of the confederate army under General Robert S. Garnett, and the unsuccessful campaigns in the Kenawha valley of Generals H. A. Wise and J. B. Floyd. The north-western counties and those on the Kenawha organized a new State under a provisional Government (June 11th 1861,) which was admitted into the Federal Union on the 31st of the following December.

In order to avert, if possible, a civil war among Virginians, such as that which soon raged among Kentuckians, Missourians, and Tennesseans, Colonel

words have been declared offences by an arbitrary decree of the Federal executive; and citizens ordered to be tried by military commissions for what they may dare to speak.

Believing that the people of Maryland possess a spirit too lofty to submit to such a Government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore the independence and sovereignty of your State.

In obedience to this wish, our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been so unjustly despoiled.

This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission so far as you are concerned. No restraint upon your free will is intended—no intimidation will be allowed, within the limits of this army at least. Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all of you in every opinion.

It is for you to decide your destiny freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and while the southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will.

R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

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Peyton addressed the letter which closes this chapter, and dated the 8th of January, 1861, to. Mr. Rives, who gave it to the public through the daily papers and in pamphlet form. It was widely circulated as a political tract, and was everywhere read with deep interest, but the wise and moderate counsels it inculcated were unavailing. In the frenzied condition of the public mind his letter was but as a whisper in the ear of death, like the pilot's speaking trumpet, the sound of which is drowned by the howlings of the tempest.

On 7th of Jauuary, 1861, the Legislature of Virginia assembled in Richmond. Governor Letcher in his message stated that "all see, know, and feel that the danger is imminent, that all true patriots are exerting themselves to save the country from impending perils." He proposed that a convention of all the states should meet, and said "it is monstrous to see a government like ours destroyed merely because men cannot agree about a domestic institution. It becomes Virginia to be mindful of her own interests. A disruption is inevitable, and if two new confederations are to be formed, we must have the best guarantees before we can attach Virginia to either of them." He charged the state of affairs upon the Northern States and said upon them would rest the responsibility of disunion, if it occurred. He further declared that any attempt of Federal troops to pass through Virginia for the purpose of coercing a southern

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State would be considered as an act of invasion, which would be repelled. He concluded by saying "Let New England and Western New York be sloughed off and ally themselves with Canada."

In the House of Delegates a committee was appointed and instructed to bring in a bill for assembling a State convention, and anti-coercion resolutions were passed. In these the House declared that any attempt to coerce a State would be resisted by Virginia. The State Convention met in Richmond, February 13th, and after a warm discussion on the 17th of April, passed an ordinance of secession, similar to that adopted by South Carolina. Thus the last hope of amicable adjustment perished, and all men, north and south, prepared for war, for that desolating war which soon followed and continued with unparalleled fury, down to the surrender of General Lee and the Confederate army on the 9th of April, 1865, at Appomatox Bridge.

The beginning of strife, says Solomon, is as the letting out of water, so continuous and persistent is the flow, so like to a mighty torrent, which overspreads and carries all before it, and so fraught with consequences as difficult to forecast as to avert.

The history of the war, which Colonel Peyton sought to prevent by his judicious and repeated appeals to the reason and feelings of the people of both north and south, illustrates in a remarkable manner the wise-man's saying. By that fratricidal strife more than half a continent was filled with mourning, and the wail of victims;

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whole States, each greater in territorial extent than most European kingdoms, were laid waste, private property to an enormous amount was destroyed both by land and sea, passions, as terrific as ever raged in the human breast, welled up to the surface and spread like a volcanic eruption over the surface of society; humanitarians thirsted for human blood, the sacred office of the Christian ministry was prostituted to a wild and unreasoning fanaticism, and debt and taxation increased with portentous rapidity. But the most depressing feature of the struggle was the enormous expenditure of human life. Official reports show that upwards of a million of men perished on the field of battle, in the hospitals, and at their homes from wounds, or diseases contracted by exposure. And all of this was the result of a war, which however it might end, could cause no feelings of satisfaction or triumph to either party

When, however, war became inevitable, he embraced the Southern cause, and sacrificed his all to make it successful. Among his friends and fellow Virginians who entertained similar opinions and were drawn against their better judgment into the struggle, was General Robert E. Lee, who, in a letter addressed to his sister, dated "Arlington, Virginia, April 20th, 1861. said:

"The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn, and, though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have foreborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question, whether I should

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take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. * * I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavoured to do what I thought right."*

What Lee's struggle of mind must have been at the time may be seen from the following passage in a letter sent by Mrs. Lee, December 1861, to a Union friend. She says "my husband has wept tears of blood over this terrible war, but he must, as a man of honour and a Virginian, share the destiny of his State, which has solemnly pronounced for independence."

LETTER FROM
COLONEL WILLIAM MADISON PEYTON,
TO
HONOURABLE WILLIAM C. RIVES,
ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE "NEW YORK EXPRESS" (NEWSPAPER), IN WHICH COLONEL PEYTON'S LETTER ORIGINALLY APPEARED, TO THE SECOND PAMPHLET EDITION:—

"The spirited discussion which follows, upon the exciting questions of the country, has been most widely

* See p. 37 "Southern Generals, who they are, and what they have done." N. Y, 1873.

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circulated, and read as an eloquent expression of the feelings and hopes of a large—of much the largest portion—of the American people. It is timely, earnest and unanswerable. The first issue of copies having been entirely exhausted, the author, at the request of many friends, in various parts of the country, has permitted a second edition to be brought out, to which some additional notes are appended. Could the views he has expressed in his letter to Mr. Rives have received their appropriate valuation and influence, this country would still continue its course of unexampled prosperity and happiness."

THE EDITOR.

New York, January 8th, 1861.

"My dear Sir,

"We are in the midst of a revolution, bloodless as yet, but no one feels assured that the rising sun will run its diurnal course before the pillars of our constitution will be covered with the blood of its citizens. An unholy crusade has been preached, and factious political combinations have been formed in the North, which are destructive of all fraternal feelings between the two sections, and utterly at war with a fair and equal administration of the Government. A deep and wide-spread dissatisfaction has thus been excited in the South, which has grown stronger and stronger, fiercer and fiercer, until at last it has culminated in one of the States loosing herself from the

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moorings of the constitution, and committing her destiny to the perilous waves of Secession and Revolution. Other States are verging to the same path, and their leaders, almost with one voice, advocate the policy of precipitation and separate State action.

"'To precipitate the cotton States into revolution,' is a remark which traces its paternity to Mr. Yancy, the great leader of the disunion movement, and, whatever of wisdom or folly attaches to it, is his by indisputable title. It is certainly all the rage at present. You see it in relief on every newspaper, side by side with the 'irrepressible conflict,' and you hear it repeated by every flippant declaimer, whether on the stump or in the grog-shop, until, in spite of its objectionable character, it has become the Shibboleth of the South, and is cherished as a master-stroke of statesmanlike policy.

What better evidence can we have of the insane state of the public mind, than that the people should rally under a sentiment so monstrous and indefensible. For a people to 'precipitate themselves into revolution,' is like a maddened horse, who seizes the bit in his mouth, and rushes headlong over a precipice. Percipitancy never acknowledges the reins of reason, and hasty and impulsive action is always the sure harbinger of repentance and remorse. A great question, involving the fate of a Government and the happiness of millions, should certainly be approached carefully, considered calmly, determined cautiously, and with a full appreciation of the weighty issues and responsibilities involved.

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"It is true, we have been grievously wronged by the unwarrantable and hostile interference with our domestic institutions by the fanatical portion of the North, and it is right that we should manifest our purpose of vindicating our rights, under the constitution. Common sense and common prudence would say, that, as disunion is a terrible alternative, a gulf of evils, which no man can fathom, we should first exhaust all constitutional means of redress, before we involve ourselves in universal destruction, by pulling down the pillars of our temple.

"The late elections, which resulted in favour of the Black Republican party, not because of their positive strength, but as the consequence of our divisions, has demonstrated that we have a great many warm and devoted friends in the North upon whom we can rely in any emergency. Recent developments have shown, too, that their ranks are rapidly gaining accessions from the moderate and conservative portion of the Republican party and justifies the opinion that the day is near at hand when they will be the dominant party, and exercise a controling influence. The issue which they have made, and upon which they stand, is the same which vitalizes the contest between the North and the South. When the reaction, which is now in such rapid progress, places their constitutional party in the ascendant, a conservative policy will be inaugurated, and the rights of the South will be recognized, and placed on a firm basis. They will concede all the guarantees we require and unite with us in

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maintaining the constitution, and the laws made in pursuance of its provisions, in the true spirit of the instrument. Can it be otherwise with a party, which acknowledge such leaders as O'Conor, Dickinson, Hunt, Seymour, and Tillmore, and such organs as those bold defenders of our rights, the *Herald*, *Express*, *Journal of Commerce* and *Day-Book?* * If this is a just picture of the condition of things around and before us, what madness is it to destroy the fairest fabric of Government that God, in his providence, has ever vouchsafed to man! What plausible apology can be offered for such fatuity? In the Gulf States, I am aware, they have schooled themselves into the preposterous opinion that the Union is a galling yoke upon their necks, of which they should rid themselves, and that when freed from its restraints and impositions, they will advance in wealth, population, power and greatness, with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of the world. Without stopping to dissect this vainglorious and shallow opinion, or to point out the thousand impediments to the fruition of their golden visions, I would enquire if there is any respectable portion of the border Slave States of Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, etc., who do not believe that all their dearest interests would be imperilled, and all the brightest hopes and most cherished memories blighted, by the dissolution of the Union. All who know

* To this list may be added the *Daily News*, the *Freeman's Journal*, *Staats Zeitnug*, and numerous other weekly papers, all of whom have manifested a liberal and catholic spirit in this crisis of the country.

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those States must admit that their response would be one of loyalty and devotion to the Union. They have too much sagacity and good sense, too much prudence and virtue and patriotism to be deluded by such hair brained nonsense. They have too much gratitude for the noble sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers; they venerate too sincerely the immortal charter they bequeathed us, and they appreciate too highly the manifold blessings they have enjoyed under its auspices, to raise their parricidal hands for its destruction, until its provisions have been perverted into an insupportable tyranny, and all reasonable efforts to reform abuses have proved abortive.

"History has been strikingly said to be 'Philosophy teaching by example,' and I would ask if there is any more settled and indubitable axiom drawn from the political throes and convulsions of the world, than that a people should never overturn one Government until they see their way to a better? Any Government is better than anarchy. If there are evils in the system, they should be probed and healed. If there are grievances, they should strive to have them redressed. If there are deficiencies, they should labour to have them supplied. If there is tyranny, it should be curbed after the manner of the patriotic barons of our Fatherland at Runnymede; but never unnecessarily plunge the country into all the horrors of anarchy and civil war, with desolated hearths, decimated families, and the prostration of all interests, social, commercial, agricultural and religious.

"The probabilities are, that the States of our confede-

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racy will never dissolve peaceably, and that whenever they do separate, they will tear apart violently. The ties which bind us together, are not of a character to be lightly and easily broken. Our common origin, our common language and institutions—with one exception—our common struggle in the Revolutionary contest, the joint inheritance of the glory which sheds itself over our past history, the pride universally felt in the growth and greatness of our country, and the cherished anticipation that the day is not distant when the United States will take precedence of all the nations of the earth—these constitute ties, which can only be severed as Alexander severed the gordian knot. It will never be done until the people are maddened by a sense of deep injury and driven headlong by feelings so exasperated as to be reckless of consequences. The cause of irritation, unless promptly arrested, will increase, and the spirit of resentment, retaliation and revenge will intensify with each new complaint, until at last violence will break the bonds of union, and blood will flow in just such profusion as the respective sections may deem sufficient to wash out the wrongs they have suffered. All constituted authority being broken down, all reverence for the past and respect for the present being swept away, revolution springs up as an indigenous plant, and seizing the charter of our liberties, rends it to pieces, and overturning the Government, inaugurates a reign of anarchy, bloodshed and civil war. Such is the goal to which we are travelling; such is the abyss to which we are hastening.

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Indeed, we have reached the brink, and another step is destruction—another step and we precipitate ourselves into a gulf, the fathomless depths of which no eye is keen enough to discern.

"Now, it is undeniably true, that the Northern States are justly responsible for opening up those fountains of bitterness which flood the land with their poisonous waters. Fanatics, inspired by a demoniacal frenzy, co-operating with heartless demagogues and corrupt party organization, have succeeded, by a fortuitious concurrence of circumstances, in gaining a political ascendency in the North, and, profiting by a want of concert among the friends of the Constitution, have elected the candidate of their party to the Presidency.

"Upon the temporary and *transient* event (Lincoln's election) the South are thrown into the most violent state of excitement, and, in their indignation, swear that they will not submit to their defeat, but that they will dissolve all connection with a people who have manifested by this election a deliberate purpose to bring them into subjection, and inaugurate a policy which will undermine slavery. The objection is certainly well taken and the cause of discontent well founded, but the remedy proposed partakes a great deal more of passion than thought, more of violence than reason, more of chivalrous impulse than of statesman-like prudence and wisdom.

"The President was elected by a little over one-third of the votes polled, by a meagre plurality—and will come into power with his constitutional advisers in the

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senate against him, so that he will be utterly powerless and unable to advance a single step in the administration of the Government, except at the will and pleasure of the defeated party. The rights of the South, whatever may be the disposition of the executive, are, for the present, perfectly protected. They occupy the vantage ground, and risk nothing in deliberate action. In this condition of things, she should have improved her advantage by constraining the action and policy of the executive.

"The occasion, too, would be most opportune to demand of the North a full and distinct recognition of the rights of the South, the abrogation of all unfriendly laws, and the final adjustment of all causes of complaint and difference. This course, taken with determined firmness, would have secured unanimity and concert of action throughout the South, and would have commanded the hearty approbation and co-operation of the noble body of patriotic citizens, who stood by us with unflinching courage in the late contest, and who polled more votes in our favour than the South gave themselves. Is it not reasonable to suppose that this policy would have been successful. If otherwise, then, when we had exhausted all constitutional means of redress, and time and circumstances had rendered more certain the fixed purpose of the Republican party to degrade and enslave us, to strip us of our just rights and maintain the control of the Government upon a sectional basis, the South would be prepared, upon such corroboration, with unbroken front, and with the

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approbation of the civilized world, to demand the recognition of all their rights under the constitution, with such *ultimatum* as their wisdom might suggest.

"Whether that alternative should be war in the Union or out of it, it would be sustained with unanimity and alacrity by the whole South, backed in all probability by the great middle States, and New York, the great, national, conservative city of the Union.

"If there is any force or truth in this hypothesis, does it leave a single loophole to hang a doubt that a wise comprehension of the interests of the South requires them to pursue the course indicated? Some would condemn it as a Fabian policy, but such was the policy of Washington, and such will ever be the policy of those who think before they act, who ponder well on consequences before they provoke them, and who sound the depths of the ocean over which they are to sail, before they commit themselves to its waters.

"South Carolina, shutting her eyes to all prudential considerations, has adopted and avowed the opposite policy. Without consultation with her sister States, without co-operation, and almost without countenance from more than a minority of the Slave States, in disregard and contempt of the appeals and wishes of of those exposed and most aggrieved by northern inteference, she has thrown herself, with headlong impetuosity, into a labyrinth of inextricable difficulty, sundering and trampling under foot the golden chain which bound together our glorious Union, and complicating the unhappy controversy which agitates the

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the country, so as to fill every patriot's heart with the utmost apprehensions for the issue. She makes no appeal to her erring and offending sisters. She gives no time or opportunity for reformation. She leaps with one bound to a rash resolve, and with equal haste to action. She spurns the advice of those who have a common interest with her, and flouts, through her organ, with most offensive presumption, the gallant old Commonwealth of Virginia, whose chivalry and patriotism, whose justice and prudence, whose steady valour and consummate wisdom, have been always illustrated by her sons, before whose historic renown Carolina always has and ever must 'pale her ineffectual fires.' [*See Note A.*]

"By this course Carolina weakens the cause of the South. She creates division among those who should be and who would be united under a wise conduct of their difficulties. She drives off our allies in the North, and, of course, strengthens the power we have to contend with. In fine, she attains nothing, and mars everything. She cures no evil; she redresses no grievance; she vindicates no right; she rights no wrong; but on the contrary, aggravates all her troubles, and complicates her difficulties, so as to defy their solution by the wisest heads. Folly, madness, and a reckless disregard of consequences, rule her counsels, and there is no telling what damage she may not do to herself and others in her unbridled fury. She may be likened in her dismemberment to a planet, which, by some disturbance of the forces that keep each orb in its proper sphere, is driven through space, impelled alone

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in its eccentric movements by its internal fires, and endangering in its path the whole heavenly system. To be the tail to such a comet would be the hardest of fates. It would imply on the part of Virginia a want of self respect, a lack of proper pride, a painful degeneracy, and a demoralization, which ill comports with her past history.

"Without wasting more words in the discussion of the past, or criticising what is irrevocable, let us probe the issues as they exist, and lay them open to the core, that we may be the better enabled to apply such remedies as are necessary for the restoration of our afflicted Government. Virginia, whose interests are our especial object of consideration, and whose policy, by parity of reason, should be the policy of all the other border slaveholding States, is the oldest of them all, as she is also the most populous, and of greater territory.

"She stands in the centre of the confederacy, and represents in her staples the interests alike of the planter and the grain-grower, and not inconsiderably those of the grazier and manufacturer. She furnished the matchless hero who was a 'pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night,' in our struggle for freedom; she furnished the orator whose inspired eloquence thrilled the colonies with patriotic feeling; she furnished the genius which penned the Declaration of Independence; she furnished the civilian who was the chief architect of our constitution. Out of our loins sprang Kentucky, and her generosity gave to the Union the great Western States, extending from her border to the Mississippi.

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In all the patriotic movements which initiated the revolution, in all the measures which marked its progress, in all the features which were stamped on our Charter of Union, and in the administration of the Government, she has exerted an influence beyond any other State. To love the Union, therefore, is with her most natural and almost inevitable.

"Under the constitution, Virginia has been prosperous, contented, and happy, her children have grown up with the idea that it was as sacred as the ark of the covenant, and that under its shadow we reposed in peace and security, and in the enjoyment of all rights and privileges consistent with the largest liberty. All were taught to revere it as the precious legacy of patriotism and wisdom, and to cling with filial devotion to the Union as the great palladium of their liberties. In the meantime, however, a cloud, which for a while was just visible above the northern horizon, scarcely exciting observation, has increased in size until it has spread itself like a pall over the political heavens, and awakened a feeling of distrust, anxiety, and apprehension for the safety of our institutions. A fanatical abolitionism, which feeds upon its own ravings and grows by what it feeds on, has adopted the pseudo-philosophy of the Jacobins, and by connecting themselves with corrupt party and political organizations, have acquired a political ascendency in so many of the non-slave-holding States, as to enable them, by the assistance of our divisions, to elevate their candidate to the presidency.

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"This is certainly a condition of things well calculated to arouse the fears of the South, and prompt them to active efforts to avert the evil, and ward off threatened danger. All agree that the evil is serious and imminent, and that the measures for our protection should be taken without delay. Postponement, now that the attention of the whole nation is aroused to its consideration, would weaken our position, and we must face the tide of fanaticism, and arrest its further progress. In doing this it is the policy of all, and most obviously that of Virginia, and all others than the Gulf States, so to accomplish the desired result, as to leave our glorious Union intact, and its stars and stripes still floating over us as a united people.

"A great many plans have been suggested in and out of Congress, many of which would, doubtless, be acceptable to the great body of the nation, but none of which will satisfy the extremists. In the desire to please all, we offend all; and while the time of Congress is wasted in first one and then another abortive scheme, the disease is making fearful headway, and the never-to-be-recalled opportunity for healthful measures passes by. The face of the political heavens changes with every circuit of the sun, and measures which would have been efficacious on one day, have no virtue on the next. The constitutional means which, if exercised in season, would probably have been equal to the emergency, are of more questionable potency since the strategic movements at Charleston, and the impotent labors of the Senate and Congressional committees, have brought

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the Government and the Carolinians into such a position that force must almost necessarily be employed. Should then all constitutional means be rejected as inadequate, let the middle States and the border Slave States unite together on some just and equitable basis which secures the slave-holding States all the guarantees required for the rendition of slaves, for the right of transit without molestation throughout the Union, and for equal privileges in the territories.

"The great central Union, embracing the heart and strength of the nation, its wealth, its population and its capital, would, by the happy working of the old constitution under new influences, by its rapid growth in all that constitutes national greatness, by its dignified and important position among the powers of the earth, by the contentment, the happiness and the prosperty of its law-and-order-loving and law-abiding citizens, be the admiration, as it would be the model Government of the world. Those States who in a moment of exacerbation, either from wrongs inflicted or passions and prejudices aroused, had withdrawn themselves from the confederacy, would soon have their follies cured by bitter experience; and feeling and comprehending the disadvantages of their position, they would easily seek annexation with us, and gladly embrace the basis fixed by us. Moreover, this consolidation of all the great central States, will serve to keep apart the belligerent extremes of New England and the Cotton States, and will furthermore effectually protect the middle States from the evils of anarchy and civil war. Nor need they

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fear any serious contests with the States on their northern or southern borders, as their overwhelming superiority would shield them effectually.

"Virginia, in her exposed position as a border State, suffers severely, and complains bitterly of the wrongs inflicted upon her; but she cannot see how a separation from the Union will redress her grievances, increase her security, or fortify her rights. She cannot comprehend how the abrogation of all compacts for the preservation of our institutions, the breaking down of all judicial tribunals established for their protection, and the sundering of all the ties of patriotism, which must to some extent, stretch forth the arms of sympathy and justice to aid us, will add to our repose, quiet our apprehensions, or rid us of the vexatious annoyances the irritating controversies, or the flagrant abduction of our slaves, which now exist. On the contrary, she takes warning from the impunity and protection extended by Canada to our fugitives, and fairly concludes that separation would strengthen the abolition influence and power, and magnify and aggravate all the troubles which now disturb her as a member of the Confederacy.

"The dogma of peaceable constitutional secession, as claimed by the South, is a solecism, subversive of all just authority, and revolutionary of necessity. It denies to the Government the power of protecting and perpetuating itself, and converts what was intended to be a perfect union, to endure '*forever*,' into a rope of sand, to be separated by every disturbing cause. It impairs the political dignity and utterly destroys the financial

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credit of the Government, weakening the force of all treaty stipulations and making it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for loans to be negotiated to meet the exigencies of the nation. Indeed, every fair and legitimate argument, abstractly considered, is conclusive against this doctrine.

"But the history of the formation of our Government sheds its full light upon it, there is no room left for argument, there is no obscurity in which ingenuity may grope for specious excuses without having its nakedness exposed. Without dwelling upon the fact, that the old Confederation was a bond of 'perpetual union,' and that our present constitution was intended to form a more 'perfect union,' the correspondence between the representatives of New York and Virginia is conclusive of the question. Mr. Hamilton suggests that New York will come into the Union, with the reservation that she shall have the privilege of leaving it, if it should not work to her satisfaction; to which Mr. Madison replies emphatically that this mode of adopting the Constitution has been mooted, and it was decided that it would invalidate the ratification, and that none could be received who did not accept the Constitution absolutely, unqualifiedly, and *forever*. This is certainly clear and explicit, and leaves nothing further to be said. Secession, then, is revolution, and Carolina, upon the theory of our Government, is in a State of revolt and rebellion—so will be all those States who follow in her footsteps. The right of coercion in the Government follows as a corollary. But it does not follow, by any means, that it will be

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wise or judicious to exercise this right. From the peculiar structure of our Government, the issue is not exactly analogous to a rebellious province, as our States, in the formation of our Union, reserved a larger share of sovereignty, and preserved more completely the forms and appliances of an independent people than is found in the provinces of any other Government. Hence, when they secede or revolt, they present themselves with the dignity of a regular Government, which of itself gives power and respectability, and necessitates a great modification of the means to be employed to reduce them or win them back to their Constitutional obligations. [*See Note B.*]

"In the existing revolution, where one State openly defies the authority of the Constitution, and where a great many other States, from identity of interest, community of feeling, and the strongest sympathy, are ready, with the sound of the first Federal gun, to draw their swords and risk their lives and fortunes with Carolina. However much they may condemn her precipitancy, it would be madness to provoke a controversy which would only drench each section with blood, without bringing back the dissatisfied States. On the contrary while smoking cities and desolated fields would mark the devastating progress of the armies, a deep rooted and vindictive hostility would spring up from these bloody enactments, that would render a restoration of fraternal relations impossible.

"It is better, therefore, now that this dissatisfaction has grown to such magnitude, that the States which

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have resolved on separation should be allowed to go in peace, and that all unnecessary causes of irritation should be avoided. This will leave the distracting questions which divide us, and which have produced this calamitous State of things, to be settled by the States which remain. Should they be satisfactorily adjusted, then the Government will move on as heretofore, winning for itself at every step, the applause and admiration of the world. The States, which in a moment of excitement, had left us, finding all the obnoxious weeds in our system pulled up, and having their feelings of irritation mollified by time and our forbearing policy, would in all probability, resume their position in our glorious galaxy of States. This, in my judgment, is the best solution of our difficulties, and the only mode of which I can conceive, to avert civil war and the dismemberment of our Union, with its flood of untold calamities.

"For the present, the public mind in the border Slave States is unfortunately captivated with the idea that a solution of all our troubles is to be found in the scheme of a general "break up" and "reconstruction" of the Union. But, with uplifted hands and an overflowing heart, I would warn my countrymen against this fatal delusion. We have all been taught from children to look upon the Union as too sacred to be profaned by the impiety that would pluck a single star from its firmament, or displace a single stone in the structure. Would you break down this reverence for our political temple?

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"When, with ruthless vandalism, you have pulled down this honoured monument of the wisdom and virtues of your fathers, under whose shelter you have grown with unparalleled thrift in strength, intelligence, in wealth and power, in commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and science, until you are recognized as one of the greatest powers of the earth, do you flatter yourself that those who break this crystal goblet can mend it without marring its beauty? Do you think that the madness which undermines and demolishes the temple will be a safe reliance for its reconstruction? A cool judgment can only yield a negative response. An instinctive sense of the blessings flowing from our Union, which, with patriotic people, rises to a religious sentiment, gives it a charmed power, which exercises a most salutary influence upon their character and conduct. The respect, affection and reverence, which strike their roots in the heart of the people, and which entwine themselves around the pillars of a Government which has afforded them perfect security in the pursuit of happiness, which has opened wide the portals of human progress, by unmuzzling the press, untrammelling the conscience, and by making every citizen an active agent in the double character of sovereign and subject in its administration, thrown around it bulwarks for its defence and support, whose adamantine ramparts can never be scaled, until demoralization has sapped the foundations of public and private virtue.

"In overturning this Government, then, with the hope of constructing from the scattered elements a

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better, do you not incur a fearful hazard? Is it reasonable to expect, in these days of degeneracy and party excess, a frame of Government more just, more liberal, more wise, better moulded to suit the diversified interests, to balance the conflicting views, and harmonize the disturbing elements of the different States and various sections, than that created by those intellectual Titans who achieved our liberties, and who gave us this Constitution, as the cap-sheaf of their patriotic labours?

"History lights up the past to little purpose, and experience enforces its lessons uselessly, if the people can be led to entertain any such fallacious hopes. Tear down this crowning work of heroes, chastened by a seven years' struggle of patriots, animated and inspired by a just and holy cause, of men who with boundless devotion, consecrated their all to accomplish the great work, and you will find it a labour of Sisyphus to return to the summit from which you have fallen. You will find that the age affords no anchor of hope and salvation to supply the place of the immortal father and founder of our Government.

"These conservative views are pressed the more earnestly from a conviction that the great body of the people desire to preserve and perpetuate the Union, if it can be done without a degrading sacrifice of their rights and honour, and that a patient, forbearing, determined policy on the part of the South, resolutely insisting on the full recognition of their rights under the Constitutition, as set forth in the resolutions of Mr.

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Crittenden, will be conceded and corroborated, by an amendment to the Constitution, making their recognition perpetual. Any plan, which will stay aggression, and give the 'sober second thought' of the people time to disabuse there minds, soothe their excited feelings, and calmly weigh the mighty consequences involved in their action, must have a happy tendency in adjusting all our difficulties. It is, of course, the obvious duty of every well-wisher to the perpetuity of the Union, to discountenance every measure which leads to collision. Let all pour oil upon the angry waves, and the ship of State may yet reach a safe anchorage.

"Twenty odd years since, you unfurled the banner of Conservatism, and I stood by your side in its defence; we have never hauled down that flag. It is the standard borne by the *juste milieu* of every nation when evoking order from anarchy. It represents truth, justice, moderation and courage; and if the nation should rally under its folds, it will be regenerated, fraternity will be restored, and the Constitution vindicated.

"I am, with sentiments of esteem,

"Yours truly,

"W. M. PEYTON."

Note A.—Ten years since, (in 1851,) South Carolina, under one of her periodical excitements, was threatening secession, one of the most trusted and distinguished of her sons, the Hon. W. W. Boyce, addressed a protest against secession to the people of his State, in which was introduced the following

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remark: "South Carolina cannot become a nation; God makes nations, not man; you cannot extemporize a nation out of South Carolina. It is simply impossible; we have not the resources. We could exist by tolerance—and what that tolerance would be, when we consider the present hostile spirit of the age to the institution of slavery, of which we would be looked upon as the peculiar exponent, all may readily imagine. I trust we never may look upon the painful and humiliating spectacle.

"From the weakness of our National Government, a feeling of insecurity would arise, and capital would take the alarm and leave us. But it may be said, let capital go. To this I reply that capital is the life-blood of a modern community, and in losing it, you lose the vitality of the State. Secession, separate Nationality, with all its burdens, is no remedy. It is no redress for the past, nor security for the future. It is only a magnificent sacrifice of the present, without in any wise gaining in the future. We are told, however, that it is resistance, and we must not submit to the late action of Congress. Now I would like to know which one of these measures we resist by secession? It is not the prohibition of slave-marts in the district of Columbia. It is not the purchase of Texas territory. It is certainly not the admission of California. Which aggression, then, do we resist by secession? These are all the recent aggressions which we resist now by secession. Secession, gallant as may be the spirit which prompts it, is only a new form of submission.

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For the various reasons I have stated, I object, in as strong terms as I can, to the secession of South Carolina. Such is the intensity of my conviction upon the subject, that, if secession should take place—of which I have no idea, for I cannot believe in the existence of such a *stupendous madness*—I shall consider the institution of slavery as doomed, and that the Great God in our blindness has made us the instrument of its destruction."

Note B.—The advocates of secession claim that it is a reserved right, in the exercise of which a State may secede peaceably and constitutionally, without let or hindrance. It leads to a confusion of ideas to confound it with revolution. Revolution is a revolt, with a view to overturning the Government, by those who are its legitimate subjects, and who, from dissatisfaction, have combined to rid themselves of its yoke. Secession, as claimed, is an inherent and reserved State right—a simple, natural, peaceful dissolution of a compact or co-partnership, which is binding only so long as it may, in the judgment or caprice of the parties, be promotive of their interests.

That this right cannot co-exist with our nationality, is obvious. A nation is a body politic, presenting a consolidated front to the world, and so firmly knit together as to be able to preserve its integrity against any transient want of coherence in any of its parts.

It is not a mere union of independent nations bound by a treaty, but a solid, compact, national Government,

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with all the great essential attributes of sovereignty, reaching and sheltering the humblest citizen in the remotest corner of its territory, Its national unity is manifested in its legislative, judicial, and executive functions—recognised everywhere as supreme within its sphere—and in its flag, which is unfurled upon the ramparts of every fort within its territorial limits, and which floats at the mast-head of every ship which leaves its ports. The world deals with us as a nation possessed of political unity. It is not competent for them to comprehend all the intricate workings of our internal and complex machinery. They only look to the externals, and, recognizing us as a nation possessed of the usual attributes of nationality, they hold us to all the responsibilities of such a relation.

Mr. Madison, who is the highest authority in regard to the Constitution, as he was the chief architect of it, says that our Government is, in some of its aspects, consolidated, and in others confederated. He says it was not formed by the Government of the component States as the Federal Government, for which it was substituted; nor was it formed by a majority of the people of the United States as a single community, in the manner of a consolidated Government. It was formed by the State—that is, by the people in each of the States, acting in their highest sovereign capacity, and formed, consequently, by the same authority which formed the State Constitutions. Being thus derived from the same source as the Constitutions of the States, it has within each State the same authority as the

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constitution of the State, and is as much a constitution, in the strict sense of the term, within its prescribed sphere, as the costitution of the States are within their respective spheres; but with this essential and obvious difference, that being a compact among the States in their highest sovereign capacity, and constituting the people thereof one people, for certain purposes, it cannot be altered or annulled at the will of the States individually, as the constitution of the State may at its individual will. If this be sound reasoning, it is clear that we are a *nation*, and, within the limits of the constitution, one people. The constitution prescribes boundaries to our internal administration, but to the world we present a national face, by which alone we are known and recognized, whether it be in public loans, or treaty stipulations, in declaring war or concluding a peace.

During our late war with Great Britain, the New England States, under the pressure of the Embargo laws, which paralyzed all the leading interests of that portion of our country, became so dissatisfied with the burdens of the national policy, that she sent Delegates to the Hartford Convention, to consult as to the mode and manner of redress, and some of its members advanced the theory that they had a right to "Secede from the Union?" The mere intimation of such a purpose fired the whole nation with indignation, and the stigma of having been a member of the convention could never be effaced, but, like the mark of Cain, followed all its members through life. The Richmond

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Enquirer, then under the able management of Mr. Ritchie, and commanding the confidence of the Democracy in the highest degree, commented upon the proposed movement in the following forcible terms:—

"No man, no association of one State, or set of States, has a right to withdraw from the Union, on its own account. The same power which knit us together, can unknit us; the same formality which formed the limits of the Union is necessary to dissolve it. The majority of the States which form the Union, must consult as to the withdrawal of any one branch of it. Until that consent has been obtained, any attempt to dissolve the Union, or distract the efficiency of its constitutional law, is *treason—treason to all intents and purposes.*"

The incongruity and absurdity of this doctrine is, perhaps, made more manifest by its practical workings; *e. g.* Louisiana was purchased from the French at a cost of 15,000,000 dols., and a dangerous stretch of Constitutional power. But the assumption of power was overlooked, and the debt cheerfully paid, to secure to the United States, and especially to the vast country growing up on the Mississippi and its tributaries, the navigation of the Mississippi and the command of its outlet to the Gulf. Now the doctrine of secession would sustain Louisiana, a mere infinitesimal portion of this great region, in seceding, and thus defeating the whole object of the purchase. Florida was purchased at a cost of 10,000,000 dols., and the Indians removed at a further cost of 40,000,000 dols. or 50,000,000 dols.

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and now that she is able to stand on her feet, she would unceremoniously, under the doctrine of secession, walk out of the Union, without returning a dollar of what she has cost. Cuba we have proposed to purchase at a cost of 120,000,000 dols., because we view it as the key to the Gulf, into which is poured the vast trade floated down the Mississippi. Yet, under this doctrine, it would be admissible for Cuba to secede from the Union at her pleasure, and sell herself, if she pleased, to some other power. These instances constitute a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole doctrine. It is impossible that any people of half the sagacity of ours, would ever consent to make such extravagant purchases, unless they felt assured they were securing a hold on them, which could not be wrested against their will.

WILLIAM M. PEYTON.

The spirit in which the war, that Colonel Peyton so earnestly sought to avert, was waged, when it did occur, by at least a portion of the North against the South, may be conveniently referred to at this point and may be gathered from the address of Colonel Dahlgren to the officers and men composing his command in Virginia. Colonel Dahlgren was killed before reaching Richmond, and his troops dispersed. In his pocket the following orders were found :—

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"*Head Quarters, Third Division, Cavalry Corps.*

"Officers and Men,

"You have been selected from brigades and regiments as a picked command to attempt a desperate undertaking—an undertaking, which, if successful, will write your names on the hearts of your countrymen in letters that can never be erased, and which will cause the prayers of your fellow-soldiers, now confined in loathsome prisons, to follow you and yours wherever you may go. We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Isle first, and having seen them fairly started, we will cross the James River into Richmond, destroy the bridges after us, and exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city, will not allow the rebel leader, Davis, and his traitorous crew to escape. The prisoners must render great assistance, as you cannot leave your ranks too far, or become too much scattered, or you will be lost. Do not allow any personal gain to lead you off, which would only bring you to an ignominious death at the hands of citizens. Keep well together and obey orders strictly, and all will be well; but on no account scatter too far, for in union there is strength. With strict obedience to orders, and fearlessness in their execution, you will be sure to succeed. We will join the main force on the other side of the city, or perhaps meet them inside. Many of you may fall, but if there is any man here not willing to sacrifice his life in such a great and glorious undertaking, or who does not feel

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capable of meeting the enemy in such a desperate fight as will follow, let him step out, and he may go hence to the arms of his sweetheart, and read of the braves who swept through the city of Richmond. We want no man who cannot feel sure of success in such a holy cause. We will have a desperate fight; but stand up to it when it does come, and all will be well. Ask the blessing of the Almighty, and do not fear the enemy.

U. DAHLGREN, Colonel Commanding.

The following Special Orders were written on a similar sheet of paper, and on detached slips, the whole disclosing the diabolical plans of the leaders of the expedition:—

"SPECIAL ORDERS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

"Guides and pioneers, with oakum, turpentine, and torpedoes, signal officer, quartermasters, commissaries, scouts and pickets, and men in rebel uniforms—these will remain on the north bank, and move down with the force on the south bank, not get ahead of them, and if the communication can be kept up without giving an alarm it must be done; but everything depends upon a surprise, and no one must be allowed to pass ahead of the column. Information must be gathered in regard to the crossings of the river, so that should we be repulsed on the south side, we will know where to recross at the nearest point.

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"All mills must be burnt and the canals destroyed, and also everything which can be used by the rebels must be destroyed, including the boats on the river. Should a ferry boat be seized which can be worked, have it moved down. Keep the force on the south side posted of any important movement of the enemy, and in case of danger some of the scouts must swim the river and bring us information. As we approach the city, the party must take great care that they do not get ahead of the other party on the south side, and must conceal themselves and watch our movements. We will try and secure the bridge of the city, one mile from Belle Isle, and release the prisoners at the same time. If we do not succeed they must then dash down, and we will try to carry the bridge by storm, When necessary the men must be filed through the woods and along the river bank. The bridge once secured and the prisoners loose and over the river, the bridges will be burnt and the city destroyed.

"The men must be kept together and well in hand, and once in the city, *it must be destroyed, and Jeff Davis and his Cabinet killed.* Pioneers will go along with combustible materials,

"Everything on the canal and elsewhere of service to the rebels must be destroyed.

"As General Custer may follow me, be careful not to give a false alarm. The signal officer must be prepared to communicate at night by rockets, and in other things pertaining to his department. The quartermasters and commissaries must be on the look out for

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their departments, and see that there are no delays on their account. The engineer officer will follow, and survey the road as we pass over it, etc. The pioneers must be prepared to construct a bridge or to destroy one. They must have plenty of oakum and turpentine for burning, which will be soaked and rolled into balls and be given to the men to burn when we get into the city. Torpedoes will only be used by the pioneers, for burning the main bridges, etc. They must be prepared to destroy the railroads.

"Men will branch off to the right with a few pioneers and destroy the bridges and railroads south of Richmond, and then join us at the city. They must be well prepared with torpedoes, etc.

"The line of Falling Creek is probably the best to march along, or as they approach the city, Good's Creek, so that no reinforcements can come upon any cars.

"No one must be allowed to pass ahead for fear of communicating news.

"Rejoin the command with all haste, and if cut off, cross the river above Richmond, and rejoin us. Men will stop at Bellona Arsenal and totally destroy it and everything else but hospitals; then follow on and rejoin the command at Richmond with all haste, and, if cut off, cross the river and rejoin us. As General Custer may follow me, be careful not to give a false alarm."

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CHAPTER XIII.

After the secession of Virginia, (25th of April, 1861), Colonel Peyton, who had up to this time been detained by business in New York city, prepared to return to the South. The Federal authorities, however, were instructed to watch his movements and to arrest him if he attempted to leave the place. A friend of his informed him of the receipt in New York of orders to this effect from Washington. He heard the news, not without surprise, for up to this time he had taken no part in the revolution except to prevent it if possible, or if not, and it should come, to mitigate its severities. On enquiring of the Federal Marshal for the district of New York, as to the truth of the rumour, and, if true, the grounds upon which the Government based its action he had confirmation of its truth. He was consequently under surveillance, but was allowed to go at large. The Federal officer in New York was considerate enough to say that President Lincoln knew that he, Colonel Peyton, had committed no act of hostility to the Government, but was convinced that he would, if in the South again,

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exert his influence on behalf of the Confederate States, with which Virginia had formed an alliance. Fearing this, the President had determined to prevent his return. "If the Government was wrong in this belief" continued the Marshal, "and Colonel Peyton would give his *parole* that he would not engage in the war against the Federal Government, or in any way, by word or action give aid and comfort to the South, he was instructed to take no further account of his movements." Colonel Peyton declined these terms and went immediately to live at the house of his old friend and fellow-countryman, Dr. J. Marion Sims, who had been for some years a resident of the city. Under his hospitable roof he remained some months, subjected to the annoyance of constant overlooking, but in no other way was he molested.

During this period he addressed the following, his second letter, to Mr. William C. Rives, which was published in the New York papers, and afterwards in pamphlet form.

The Editor of the *New York Journal*, introduced it with the following remarks:—

"When Virginia was considering the position that Commonwealth should assume in the existing dislocation of American affairs, and when the Convention of that State was about to assemble for the purpose, Colonel William M. Peyton, then resident temporarily in New York, addressed a letter to his old friend, William C. Rives, with whom he had so long and so honourably co-operated in Virginian politics. Colonel Peyton was so widely known for the broad, statesmanlike, cast of his

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mind, and the unsullied generosity of his heart, and stood so eminently a representative of the Virginia school, moulded in association with the great men of our earliest national era, that his letter attracted unusual attention. It was reproduced, again and again, in the journals of different places, and also in pamphlet form. It presented the most solid arguments why Virginia should not link her fortunes, distinctively, with those of the cotton States, in their contemplated revolution.

"Events have hurried on. The second letter, here presented as a sequel to the former, is indicative and empathic, as showing how these events have forced the most wisely Conservative elements of the border States, and statesmen elsewhere, to recognize that the interests of political liberty, and of the sovereignty of freemen over their own forms of Government, require from Virginia and her sister States the repudiation of the perverted authority claimed by the Black Republican hordes of the North, in the abused name of Federal power.

"Friends of the American Union, as it was, and who desire, not party triumph, but the *common good*, have solicited Colonel Peyton to furnish a copy of this second letter for publication."

EDITOR.

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COLONEL WILLIAM MADISON PEYTON'S SECOND LETTER TO HON. WM. C. RIVES.

"*New York, May 15th, 1861.*

"To the Hon. Wm. C. Rives, Virginia.

"My dear Sir,

"Since the publication of my letter addressed to you on the 8th of last January, the nation has been subjected to a Cæsarean operation, which has brought forth a revolution of giant proportions and defiant power. Surmises, conjectures, and vaticinations have given way to facts, and what was speculation then, is history now. The nation is filled with amazement at the portentous magnitude of the events by which it is environed. One by one, it has seen the pillars of their magnificent temple removed from its Southern side, until the structure has lost its balance and threatens to fall and crush in its ruins all who remain.

"These events have swept Southern men, who were distinguished as Union men, into a new position, from which they overlook the field of revolution. From this stand point, they find the picture changed in all its features, with entirely new lights and shadows, and opening up to them a plain and unmistakable path of duty, along which they think the instincts of patriotism conducts them unfailingly.

"As you are aware, the course adopted by Virginia was not in accordance with my judgment. I believed

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that a Government, which recognized so dangerous a solecism as the right of secession, thereby admitting its want of power to enforce the laws, made in conformity with the charter of its being and authority, was so entirely emasculated of all the qualities which give force, vigour, and durability, as to be unworthy of support or respect from intelligent freemen. I thought it bad policy to countenance the heresy, by any, even equivocal action, lest in the future 'it might return to plague the inventors;' or prove to be as the homely old English adage expresses it, 'a chicken that would return to roost.'

"I think Virginia should have acted more wisely, more for her own honour and glory, and more for the ultimate good of all, if with her *prestige* as the great head of the Slave States, she had planted her foot upon the opening lid of this Pandora's box, and taken a position of *armed neutrality*. Surpassing the other Southern States in her resources, in population, extent of territory, in wealth, and in her slave interest; commanding, in a remarkable degree, the esteem and confidence of her sister States, North and South; exposed by her border position to serious evils, whether in or out of the Union; and being assured that her assumption of the position suggested, would be sustained by all the border Slave States, including Tennessee and North Carolina, it seemed to me that she would have consulted her own interests and those of the nation, if she had consolidated this great central power into an armed neutrality.

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"She could then have dictated her own terms to the North and to the South; faith, justice, honour, would thus have been vindicated, and the glorious inheritance from our revolutionary fathers would have been rescued from the ruthless tramp of civil war and the wild confusion and scorching desolation of unbridled anarchy.

"But Virginia, in convention and at the polls, has decided differently, and that, with all her patriotic sons, ends the discussion of this, as well as all other questions upon which her citizens were divided before she resolved on revolution. [*See Note A.*]

"She strikes now for the independence of the Slave States, and, trampling under foot the olive branch she has borne so long and so patiently, and under so much discouragement, she boldly defies the Government, at Washington. That she takes this extreme step under circumstances of great aggravation, none can deny, as a short analytic review of recent events will make manifest:—

"*First.*—Mr. Lincoln was nominated for and elected to the Presidency, mainly, if not solely, on the ground of his hostility to slave institutions, having advocated openly the opinion, that the nation could not exist '*half slave and half free.*'

"*Second.*—He called to the first post in the cabinet the author of the '*irrepressible conflict*' dogma, and the acknowledged founder of the Black Republican party.

"*Third.*—He has filled all the important and unimportant posts of the Government, foreign and domestic, with those Ultra Republicans, who are

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uncomprising in their warfare, and who have rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to the South.

Fourth.—He announced, in his inaugural, that the decisions of the Federal Judiciary had no binding force on the executive, and thus struck from the arm of the South the only shield of her rights which remained.

Fifth.—When efforts were made by patriotic, Union-loving members of Congress to heal our divisions and prevent the disruption of our Uuion, the *especial* friends of the administration, the radical republicans, persistently resisted all compromises, notwithstanding it was known that the adoption, in *good faith*, of the Crittenden resolutions would satisfy the South, with the exception perhaps of South Carolina, and this, too, in the face of the strongest evidence that the North would also acquiesce, if the people were allowed to express their sentiments.

Sixth.—When Virginia, in an anxious and ardent desire to harmonize our troubles and preserve the Union, proposed a peace Congress, to be composed of Delegates from all the States, the radical republicans, instead of co-operating with Virginia in an honest and sincere effort to compose and settle our quarrel, spared no opportunity of belittling and underating, and forestalling the patriotic purposes of Virginia and her sister border States. The moral effect of the action of the convention was thus destroyed and the hopes of its friends utterly disappointed.

Seventh.—When the Virginia convention was in session, composed, as it was, of an overwhelming

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majority of Union men, and having just voted, two to one, against the doctrine of secession, the President, in disregard, if not in contempt of their efforts to devise some healing measures, issued his proclamation, calling for 75,000 men to suppress the insurrection.

"When this proclamation was officially announced, the Union men were confounded, and Virginia concluded that the administration had adopted the *ultima ratio*, because it was at heart opposed to a peaceful solution of difficulties upon any of the *bases* suggested, and that they were determined to coerce the South into submission to their construction of the constitution, as set forth in the Chicago platform. That this was a rational and just inference, all fair minds, in reviewing this synopsis, must admit; if so, however impolitic the course of Virginia may be deemed, its righteousness cannot be questioned.

"To be subjected to the rule of a Government which tramples the constitution under its feet at every step; a Government inaugurated by a power avowedly and deadly hostile to our institutions; administered by agents, at home and abroad, whose relations to the South have made their selection a burning insult; representing a party so overwhelmingly dominant in the North, that all the conservation which survives, is in chains too strong to be sundered; (certainly not, in time to save the Constitution from the ruthless invasion of lawless power;) is a political degradation, galling to the neck of freemen, and impossible to be borne.

"The Constitution of 1787, around which clusters so

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many fond memories, and the love of which is so deeply fixed in the hearts of Virginians, came to us a monument of patriotism and wisdom, with three great branches of Government co-ordinate, but independent. One enacting laws in conformity with its provisions, another executing them, and the third adjudging the fact of the legal and constitutional exercise of these functions by the other two. It goes from us a regulator with its balance wheel destroyed; a ship, which has parted with its sheet anchor in a storm; a charter, perverted from an ægis of protection to an instrument of mischief and tyranny, in which the binding force of the judiciary is ignored, and the emblematic sword, which justice wields in defence of right, is wrested from her hands by the combined power of the Executive and Legislature, and plunged directly through the vitals of the Constitution. It came to us a Government of checks and balances, in which the vicious tendencies of democratic license, as well as those of aristocratic pretention, were curbed by wholesome restraints. It goes from us, a purely popular Government, in which the Constitution is ignored, and the will of a party, as expressed through the President, is substituted. It came to us a benign Government, under whose wings were sheltered impartially, the whole brood of States. It goes from us an unnatural parent, who refuses shelter and protection to that portion of the brood whose generosity has kept them poor, while it has enriched those by whom they are now excluded. It came to us a legacy of self-sacrificing patriotism, stamped with the

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approbation of the immortal father and founder of our liberties. It goes from us with its features so distorted by rude efforts to change their expression as to be unrecognizable by its friends, and stamped with the footprints of Lincoln and abolitionism, which have pressed with fearful force on its very vitals. It came to us baptized in the blood of the Revolution, endeared to us by a thousand sacred associations, and our fealty was heartfelt and without reservation. It goes from us besmeared, begrimed, and defiled by immersion in the dirty pools of Abolitionism, so that with this stain and odour upon it, none can touch or handle it without pollution.

"Against a Government thus perverted Virginia *rebels*, and it is the duty of her sons to give strength and force to her position by every means in their power. Her position will be a trying one, and will require all her force, moral, intellectual, and physical, to sustain her. He has read history to poor advantage, and labours under a lamentable ignorance of the work which will be carried out by this revolution, both North and South, who expects it to be a holiday frolic or a transient spasm, which one or two manly efforts will enable them to overcome. Nothing short of a total up heaval of society need be looked for; a social and political earthquake, which will involve in one common ruin all the industrial pursuits of life.

Virginia has generously strapped the burden upon her own shoulders, and should comprehend clearly the difficulties of the route over which she has to travel, if

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she hopes to sustain herself without faltering and to get through her journey safely. She will be the Flanders of the contest. Her proximity to Washington; her border position; the revolt that will inevitably occur in the western portion of the State; her resources in money, men, and provisions, all conspire to make Virginia the chief seat of war. She will be obliged to make soldiers of all her citizens capable of bearing arms, and thus convert the State into one vast camp. The armies that will be assembled within her limits from the Confederate States and those of the invaders, will be quartered upon her to a great extent. The stratagetic movements of these great armies, with their battles, will destroy, to a great extent, her public improvements. Desolation will follow in their train. The country will be blackened with fire and smoke. Want, misery, and destitution will rule the hour. Here, as elsewhere, the stern laws of necessity will infringe upon many of our cherised political sentiments. The freedom of speech will be stifled; the press will be muzzled; the *habeas corpus* will be suspended; private property will be appropriated arbitrarily, and all will find an apology and justification in the old Roman dictum, "*Inter arma leges silent.*"

"But in the midst of all this gloom and wretchedness, if Virginia is true to her ancient fame, her star will be in the ascendant, and her escutcheon, with its glorious motto, *(Sic Semper Tyrannis,)* will rise with renewed lustre from a baptism of suffering and glory. She will

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be purged of corrupt politicians and will enter upon her new career wiser and better for experience.

Very truly yours,

W. M. PEYTON.

Note A.—The great commoner of Kentucky, Henry Clay, and many other of our most distinguished Statesmen, held, that in a contest between the States and the general Government, allegiance was due to the latter. Now, whilst there is great plausibility in this view, abstractly considered, it is obviously one of those logical deductions which could never have any practical force in Government. When a republic of our Union unfurls the standard of revolution, as in the present instance, she presents herself before the world, not like a fragmentary district in a state of insurrection, without the machinery and features of consolidated action and rational responsibility, but with all the appliances and forms of a regular Government, to whose authority her citizens have always bowed in matters of separate State interest. Her power and her influence are a unit, within her limits and her means of enforcing her policy complete. Individual resistance would be ineffectual and inoperative. Those refusing obedience, would necessarily fall under the sword of the law, or be compelled to abandon their property and their homes, and to assume a position of hostile antagonism to their friends—perhaps their families and the soil of their nativity, containing the green graves of their fathers. To expect this of any people is preposterous,

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and those who expect any frame of Government for the Union of these States, to awaken a sentiment of veneration deep enough and strong enough to undermine and destroy these feelings in the heart of a Virginian, will find all their calculations, in the moment of trial, like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, turned to dust and ashes.

"Whatever may have been the opinions of her sons as to the wisdom of her policy, now that she has plunged into this sea of revolution, they will rally to her standard from all quarters, and whatever of energy, or talent, or fortune they may have, will be offered up freely for the support and defence of their blessed old mother.

"W. M. Peyton."

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CHAPTER XIV.

From May till the latter part of the month of July, Colonel Peyton was under surveillance, the eyes of Argus, in New York. During this time he considered of different plans for effecting his escape. One attempt to cross the Atlantic to Europe, and thence return through Mexico and Texas, was frustrated, and he abandoned the idea of making another effort to reach home by this circuitous and uncertain route. While under the hospitable roof of his friend Dr. Sims, the long wished for opportunity occured. This was during the excitement and exultation of the Northen people, and consequent relaxation of vigilance, growing out of the Federal victory at Carrick's Ford, July 15. It must be remembered that in this North-western section of Virginia, there was great dissatisfaction with the action of the Government at Richmond, a strong feeling of attachment to the Federal Union, and it became a matter of no small importance to both parties, how its aid and adherence might be secured. The people are brave and sturdy, fond of war and the chase, and their

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power would be immensely felt on whichever side exerted. The Confederate authorities, therefore, despatched a force to this region, in April and May, under command of Colonel G. H. Porterfield. This young and gallant, but inexperienced commander, occupied the town of Grafton, on the 26th of May, and soon allowed himself to be out-witted, out-manœuvred, and defeated by General McClellan. On the 29th a large Federal force crossed the Ohio under orders from General McClellan, and Colonel Porterfield without giving battle, retired 24 miles to Phillipi where his command was strengthened, and where he ill-advisedly determined to make a stand. Having once adopted the plan of retreat, he should have continued it until he was in a place of security. On the 2nd of June, the Confederates were surprised in their new quarters by an attack on their position led by Colonels Kelly and Dumont, who had marched 24 miles during the night, through rain and mud. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd, notwithstanding the rain, their artillery opened a destructive fire on the Confederate camp. Colonel Porterfield, unable in the confusion resulting from the surprise to rally his forces, ordered a second retreat to Laurel Hill, on the western slope of the Alleghanies. It was effected, but not in a well ordered manner, On the 7th of July, General McClellan, with 10,000 men, flushed with their successes, advanced on this position which was not assaulted, but there was skirmishing between the respective forces on the 7th, 8th, and 9th. The Confederate rear was now at Rich mountain, which

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was held by Col Pegram, whose force consisted of 2000 men. Various movements now occured, the result of which was that the Confederate commander, seeing himself greatly outnumbered, commenced a third retreat, and on reaching Carrick's ford on the Cheat river, determined to make a stand. In this position, however, he was out-flanked and compelled again to retire. At another turn in the river, about a quarter of a mile below, the Confederates again attempted to stand. General Garnett, who had assumed command a few days before, while endeavouring to rally his men, was shot dead. The Confederate rout was now completed, and only 2000 men of the Southern army escaped. Colonel Pegram hearing of Garnett's defeat and death, surrendered his force at Beverly in these words :—

Beverly, July 12, 1861.

To the Commanding Officer of Northern Forces,
Beverly, Virginia.

Sir,

I write to state to you that I have, in consequence of the jaded and reduced condition of my command, most of them having been without food for two days, concluded, with the concurrence of a majority of my captains and field-officers, to surrender my command to you to-morrow as *prisoners of war*. I have only to add, I trust they will only receive at your hands such treatment as has been invariably shown to the Northern prisoners by the South.

I am, your obedient servant,

John Pegram,
Lieut.-Col. P.A.C.S. Commanding.

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These great and unexpected successes of the Federal troops, which rendered it almost a certainty that at least one-third of the State of Virginia, with a population approximating half a million, would adhere to the Union, naturally created the wildest rapture in the Northern and Western States.

Colonel Peyton availed himself of the Northern saturnalia to leave New York, and the following day arrived on British territory, near Montreal, without having met with any annoyance, having travelled the entire way amidst bonfires, fireworks, sky-rockets, and other evidences of rejoicing. The whole North seemed intoxicated with gladness. From Canada he proceeded, notwithstanding his feeble health and an attack of the gout, to Toledo, in Ohio, and then southwards through that State and Indiana, and after numerous delays, arising from his weak condition, and the passage of troops and munitions to the seat of war, arrived in Kentucky. While journeying through Ohio and Indiana, the utmost circumspection became necessary to avoid recognition. The Virginian accent is markedly different from that of the Northern people, particularly those of New England, who have settled in large numbers in this part of the Federal Union. A Southern gentleman can therefore scarcely utter a word north of Mason's and Dixon's line, or the Ohio river, without his nationality, if I may so express myself, being known. He used the greatest discretion, however, cultivated silence, no doubt remembering how Peter was discovered to be a Galilean, "*Surely thou also art one of them: for thy speech betrayeth thee.*"

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As he approached the theatre of active operations, his movements were more difficult, but in Kentucky he was among friends and sympathizers. By these he was concealed, and on favourable opportunities passed on, from place to place, until he reached the mountains of East Tennessee.

Tennessee was, at this period, in the midst of a domestic revolution or civil war among her own children. Immediately after the proclamation of the President, of the 15th of April, 1861, calling out 75,000 men, the excitement in this state was intense. The Governor Jsham G. Harris, immediately called an extra session of the legislature to meet on the 25th of that month. His Excellency at the same time refused to comply with the President's requisition and said in his answer to Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War: "Tennessee will not furnish a man for purposes of coercion, but 50,000, if necessary, for the defence of our rights and those of our Southern brethren." At the same time an address written by Hon. Balie Peyton, was issued to the people, signed by the most eminent citizens of the State, namely Ex-Governor Neil, S. Brown, Russell Houston, the Hons. E. H. Ewing, Cave Johnson, John Bell, R. J. Meigs, S. D. Morgan, John S. Brien, Andrew Ewing, John H. Callender, and Colonel the Honorable Balie Peyton, in which they said:

"We unqualifiedly disapprove of secession, both as a constitutional right and as a remedy for existing evils, we equally condemn the policy of the Administration in

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reference to the seceded States. But while we, without qualification, condemn the policy of coercion as calculated to dissolve the Union for ever, and to dissolve it in the blood of our fellow-citizens, and regard it as sufficent to justify the State in refusing her aid to the Government in its attempt to suppress the revolution in the seceded States, we do not think it her duty, considering her position in the Union, and in view of the great question of the peace of our distracted country, to take sides against the Government. Tennessee has wronged no State or citizen of the Union. She has violated the rights of no State, North or South. She has been loyal to all, when loyalty was due. She has not brought on this war by any act of her's. She has tried every means in her power to prevent it. She now stands ready to do anything within her reach to stop it. And she ought, as we think, to decline joining either party; for in so doing they would at once terminate her grand mission of peace-maker between the States and the general Government. Nay, more the almost inevitable result would be the transfer of the war within her own borders, the defeat of all hopes of reconciliation and the deluging of the State with the blood of her own people."

Affairs in Tennessee were in hopeless confusion—the war commenced in the State at an early period and was waged with the bitterest animosity. Two of Tennessee's favourite sons had been recently killed at the battle of Mill Spring, near her eastern frontier, July 19th, namely General Zollicoffer, commanding the Confederate forces

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and his Chief of Staff, Captain Balie Peyton, jun., one of the most promising young men of his State, who, after a European education, commenced the practice of law at Nashville a few months previously to the opening of hostilities. Immediately after the President's proclamation he prepared for resistance. He had favoured secession, thus differing in opinion with his distinguished father, and volunteered at the first prospect of war for service in the army and was appointed Chief of Staff to the unfortunate Zollicoffer. He fell fighting in this, his first action, for the independence of this country. The loss of these two gallant soldiers, and by the hands of Southerners too, for they were said to have been shot by Union men enlisted in the 4th Kentucky regiment, Colonel Fry, contributed in no small degree to fan the flames of hatred created by the war.*

Colonel Peyton, therefore, found the greatest difficulty in passing through the Federal and Confederate lines, and was delayed several weeks until the movements of the opposing force, the Confederates under General Williams since the death of Zollicoffer and the Federal under General Thomas, opened the

* The author has been personally informed by David Bowen, a soldier in the 2nd Minesota regiment, Colonel Van Cleve, who was engaged in the battle of Mill Spring, that Captain Peyton killed, with his own hands, two Federal soldiers before he received his mortal wound. From his (Peyton's) body was taken the sword voted by the State of Louisiana to his father, Colonel Balie Peyton, for his gallant services in the Mexican War of 1845-1847. This sword, bearing upon the blade an inscription ordered by the State of Louisiana, is preserved among the Federal trophies of the war in the capital of the State of Minesota.

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way for him. He finally succeeded in reaching his home in Virginia. During the war, his health was so shattered that he could render no personal assistance in the field. But he devoted his fortune to the cause, and, Demosthenes like, employed his time in writing spirit stirring appeals to the people. The sufferings of his wife and family, too, were at times great, resulting from the demands on the people for supplies for the support of the Confederate forces, and the wanton destruction caused by the marauding parties sent out by the Federal Army. In 1863 he and his family lived almost entirely upon the syrup of the sorgham cane and hominy made from bruised maize.

He was much affected in mind and heart by the progress of the war in which his kindred and friends were daily falling, and in which the people of the Confederacy were sacrificing all they possessed. A war, which it was soon clear to him, would end disastrously for the present generation of Southerners. It is thought that the cruel anxiety thus caused led to his premature death. Many of his early friends brought up in the same political school with himself, the companions of his youth, now that the South was subjugated, turned to and followed the triumphant North. This grieved him to the soul. To see his old friends wheeling into line for the North, as soon as the South was overcome, well nigh broke his heart. They leave the South, he said, because her fortunes have fled from her, and he quoted the affecting, but truthful lines of old Sir Henry Lee, when deserted by his faith-

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ful mastiff. "There is a feeling in nature, affecting even the interest, as it is called, of dumb animals, which teaches them to fly from misfortune. The very deer will butt to death a sick or wounded buck from the herd; hurt a dog, and the whole kennel will fall on him and worry him; fishes devour their own kind when wounded with a spear; cut a rook's wing, or break its leg and the others will peck it to death."

The civil war had much divided families, and in various ways, and, after it was over, the murder of President Lincoln and the indiscreet manner in which his successor's friendship was shown, increased instead of diminished the rage of political hatred. The old ties of kindred and friendship did not regain their former influence, and the course of some of Colonel Peyton's friends and connections made a re-union of spirit and sentiment impossible. No one felt this state of things, so fatal to the kindly social relations which formerly existed in Virginia, more keenly than he.

After the war of 1865, he continued to reside on his Virginian estate, engaged in repairing the damage inflicted by the enemy, and deriving solace in his old age, from the society of such friends as survived, and of his books. He had little idea that the South would recover, in this day and generation, from the effects of the contest. When the war began, he was a man of large estate. At its close, when so many followers of the successful side were enriched that it gave rise to a new term by which they were designated,—the "Shoddy Aristocracy,"—he was so much impoverished

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that his descendants have since been obliged to sell all of his estates.

Truly riches take to themselves wings. The still considerable means left him at the termination of hostilities were largely drawn on by his charities. Thousands were in a more reduced condition than himself, and to all he extended aid—was nobody's enemy but his own. His want of economy in money matters was constitutional. It is not surprising, therefore, after having kept "open house" for so many years, and assisted every one who applied to him in need, that he should leave the world oppressed with debt.

In a letter to the author, dated in Virginia, March 9, 1867, he says in regard to the political situation,

"The Reconstruction Bill, embracing the radical policy, has passed both Houses of Congress, been vetoed by the President, * and then passed over his head by a two thirds vote, so that it is now the law, and the Southern States placed under a provisional Government, in which martial law will prevail, and a General and his minions will ride over us 'booted and spurred.' The next and last step which fulfills our destiny, is confiscation, a bill for which is in the course of incubation and will be hatched in a few days. So you see, my brother, to what a foolish and most preposterous war has brought our once flourishing and happy country. There is no future for the present generation. All is dark, dismal, hopeless. Having sown in folly, we are

* Andrew Johnson.

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reaping in bitterness, we have been victimized by shallow and designing politicians, who acquired an influence over the public sentiment through the madness of party altogether disproportioned to their ability or their patriotism. We have turned away from the steady and full-orbed light of Washington, to follow the *ignes fatui* of the poisonous pools of party, and very naturally find ourselves swamped and destroyed."

"I enclose you an elaborate letter from Governor Brown, of Georgia, which is very full, on the great question of reconstruction, and will give you all the information attainable. It gives a clear view of our miserable predicament and affords a striking example of the pitiable condition, to which even our leading men are reduced, when they are perpared to give us such advice. Governor Orr, of South Carolina, concurs in the main with these views and our Governor, of course. But I do not agree with them. I prefer a course of sullen, defiant obstinacy. I will never assist in forging the manacles which are to fetter me."

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CHAPTER XV.

Quis desidero sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Hor. od. 24. l.i.v.i.

On the afternoon of the 29th of January, 1868, a Virginian family residing on their estate in the valley between the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies, Montgomery county, were assembled in the drawing room, and gathered round the wood fire which sent forth jocund sparkles and cheerful rays of heat. At this early period of the new year, when even in our Southern climate "winter lingers in the lap of spring," the warm breath of the gentle season has not yet melted the snow that whitens the mountain peak and shrouds the early flower. The family group seemed anxious, restless. If they had met for their usual afternoon tea and conversation, something interfered with its smooth flow.

At a centre table sat an elderly gentleman turning the leaves of a book, facing his wife, about whom still lingered the traces of early beauty. She played with rather than plied her work. Several boys and girls made up the party. These afternoon reunions, when

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the children were freed from the nursery and school-room, were usually sweet moments, in which the parents were wont to enjoy their domestic happiness, while consulting upon plans for the education and prospects of their offspring. From time to time, a fine boy, whose eyes bespoke a sound mind and whose rosy cheeks were graced with the sweet smile of innocence, ran to a window and looked down the long avenue of trees which lined the road leading to the mansion. It was evident that something was expected to approach by that smooth lawn road.

"What o'clock is it?" suddenly asked Mr. Eskridge, looking up from his book. "Half-past five," responded his wife.

"I must go out, some accident has befallen them," said he, "the carriage should have returned by three," and rising, he proceeded to draw on a fur overcoat.

"For heaven's sake do not expose yourself to such weather," exclaimed the wife, "with a cold and asthma, it may cause your death, consider that our fancy heightens the fear of danger."

At this moment Mr. Eskridge cast his eyes through the window and saw in the distance his large family coach, a most undemocratic vehicle, approaching. All care and anxiety was at once banished. The fears which had oppressed them were groundless. In a few minutes, when the vehicle arrived at the front door, the family was there to receive the expected guests. The first person who descended with difficulty from the carriage was a tall, handsome old man, much bent

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with years, with snowy hair and beard; then followed his wife and grandchildren. Their friends rushed forward to embrace them, more after the fashion of lovers than mere friends. After their hurried, but warm embraces, they were conducted to the cheerful parlour, as the luggage was placed in the hall. While divesting themselves of their outer garments, the cause of their detention, which was simply a change of time in running the trains, was explained.

The venerable gentleman, who had arrived on a visit to his brother-in-law, Alexander P. Eskridge, was Colonel William M. Peyton. He was returning home from Abingdon, where he had gone to be with his son-in-law, Hon. Walter Preston, who was dangerously ill, and who died a few days after Colonel Peyton's arrival. Availing himself of the opportunity of passing near the estate of his friend and brother-in-law, Mr. Eskridge, who had years before married Juliet Taylor, sister of Mrs. Peyton, he had left the railway at the nearest station, where Mr. E.'s carriage, by previous arrangement waited to bring the party to his mansion.

Colonel Peyton was now in his sixty-third year, but from long sickness and much domestic trouble, (since the opening of the war he had lost, by death, a promising son, three daughters, and two sons-in-law), he appeared wasted, wan, and feeble, bore about him the signs of exhaustion which indicate premature decay. Though he was apparently without disease, it was evident to those who looked on him, that his strength,

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was daily decreasing; that he was now but a ruin of humanity and spirit, a nobler ruin than ever painter depicted on canvas, or stone, or brick; the wreck of a man prematurely old, not stricken by great sorrow, not bowed by great toil, but fretted and mined away by daily, hourly excitements which ceaselessly do their gnome-like work. He seemed more than seventy, such was the silvery whiteness of his hair and beard, the latter unshorn and descending in silken masses to his waist. His eye, however, retained its peculiar brightness, and beamed with a gentle light difficult to be described, a smile played upon his lips, and he spoke even now with a cheerfulness, during which the lines of sadness almost disappeared from a face, which in repose bore sad evidences of the ravages of illness and care.

"Though old he still retain'd
His manly sense and energy of mind."

Two days had passed since the arrival of the guests—days during which they had talked over the past and the present. Living a long distance from each other, with no direct railway connecting their homes, these friendly visits were few and far between, and of course were more appreciated when they occurred. On the afternoon of the third day, while Mr. Eskridge was dressing for dinner, a servant ran to his room, exclaiming out of breath that Colonel Peyton, had been seized with a fainting fit. Mr. Eskridge hastened to the assistance of his unfortunate

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friend, whom he found prostrate upon a sofa, to all appearance dead. His eyes were closed, his face flushed and swollen, the blood vessels about the neck and temples turgid. Understanding at once the serious nature of the attack, which he thought was apoplexy, a form of disease common to the Peyton family, and which had before threatened him, he despatched a servant across the country in quest of the nearest surgeon, while raising the sufferer's head and unloosening his neck-cloth. Then applying a ligature to each of his legs, to retard the motion of the blood from the lower extremities, he placed him in an easy position and awaited impatiently the surgeon's arrival.

At the end of two hours the doctor arrived, and found him suffering from an attack of sanguine apoplexy accompanied with paralysis of one entire side of the body. From the severe nature of the attack the surgeon said there was little hope of his recovery.

Mrs. Peyton, who stood by dumb with the weight of grief for a husband, who was her honour, and comfort, and never until that hour had been a sorrow to her, hearing this opinion, fell in speechless agony into a chair. She soon, however, recovered her selfpossession, and though torn by dreadful apprehensions, watched, with unremitting care, at his sick bed. From day to day her grief visibly increased, one tear after another coursed down her cheeks as she stood for hours by the sinking sufferer. They were those bitter tears which steal singly from our eyes, to let us taste the bitterness

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of every solitary drop that trickles down our cheeks, not those salutary tears by which a kind Providence unburdens the heart and animates us with strength to bear new griefs. In a few days death released the sufferer, and the spirit of as true, as pure, as loving, and as brave a man as ever lived winged its way to the regions of the blessed: a soul who never indulged a passion unfit for the place he is gone to.

Where are now thy plans of justice, of truth, of honour? Of what use are the volumes thou hast collected, the arguments thou hast invented, the examples thou hast followed? Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest, and the good, if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man. No, my friend, thy intended pleadings, thy intended good offices to thy friends, thy intended services to thy country are already performed, as to thy concern in them, in His sight before whom the past, the present and future appear at one view. While others with thy talents were tormented with ambition, with vain glory, with envy, with emulation, how well didst thou turn thy mind to its own improvement in things out of the power of fortune; in probity, in integrity, in the practice and study of justice: how silent thy passage, how private thy journey, how glorious thy end. Many have I known more famous, some more shrewd, not one so innocent.

From a letter written to the author by one of his brothers-in-law, Colonel John B. Baldwin, dated in

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Virginia, February 16, 1868, the following further particulars of this melancholy event are given:—

"We have received to-day a telegram announcing the death of your brother William, which occured this morning at the residence of his brother-in-law, Alexander P. Eskridge, in Montgomery county. Colonel Peyton had been with his wife in Abingdon, on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Preston, whose husband died recently, as you have probably learned, and was on his return home, when stopping for a short visit at Mr. Eskridge's, he was attacked by paralysis, on Monday, 27th of January. The attack was so violent as to deprive him of the use of one side, and to render his speech wholly unintelligible for more than a week. After that time, he so far recovered consciousness and voice, as to be able to communicate with his family, all of whom were with him—but at no time from his first seizure was there the least hope of his recovery, or even of his living for more than a very few days. His death, following so soon after that of Mr. Preston, has, as you will understand, overwhelmed his family with a complication of sorrow, such as rarely falls upon one household. The condition of Susan's health and the pressure of my business engagements rendered it impossible for her to be with her brother in his illness—and I have never seen Susan more distressed and grieved than by the fact that she was so prevented."

"The death of the Colonel, as you may suppose, gives us all great distress, for we appreciated him as a

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most noble and affectionate, as well as a high-toned and honourable gentlemen."

A week after his death his remains were consigned to the earth, after the manner of the country, in the private cemetery of his brother-in-law, but, as Joseph's bones were carried into Canaan after they had been embalmed 400 years, so his are destined to be removed, in time, to the family vault in Augusta, or at Stoney Hill.

Colonel Peyton's intellectual attainments would have entitled him to hold a high place in literature and science, for both of which he had so keen a relish, but Providence, in granting him an independent fortune, released him from that stern necessity for mental exertion by which so many of the greatest scholars have been formed. He had none of the training of the great master whose name is Adversity. Accordingly he devoted his attention while living, solely to those subjects which immediately interested him, and seemed to be of service to his kind, without any aspirations after posthumous fame. In his immediate sphere he sought quietly and unostentatiously to do good rather than by striking deeds to attract the attention of mankind, and win the fickle applause of the crowd. In this simple, unpretending way, departing, he has left behind

"Footprints on the sands of time."

The memoirs of such a man contain little to excite, and less to startle, but inasmuch as the example of a good man is of more value than the written precept,

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may the writer not hope that he has conferred some benefit upon the public, in not permitting one of so pure a life, so exalted a character, and so enlightened a mind to descend to the grave without some record to do honour to his memory? A man whom he looked up to with no inferior veneration, not so much for his great learning and intellectual ability, as for his rare combination of unswerving justice tempered by the most gracious kindliness, of perfect unselfishness, animated by the most enlarged love of mankind. Of all the memories in our spiritual valhalla, that of William Madison Peyton stands pre-eminent for those qualities which have commanded our respect and inspired our personal attachment. Who that has had the privilege of not only observing the public course of our modern Aristides, but of sharing in the amenities of his private life, could wish anything better for himself, than that the spirit of his departed friend should be his own constant and life-long guide; so that whenever its close may arrive, he also may be deemed worthy of the eulogy so appropriately bestowed on him from the grand old words,

"The just shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

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APPENDIX A.

ABRIDGED GENEALOGY, OR PEDIGREE,

OF THE

ANCIENT NOBLE FAMILY OF PEYTON.

The Peytons are, says Camden and other antiquarians and historians, descended from William de Malet, (de Graville) one of the great barons who accompanied *William I.* to the conquest of England. Malet rendered conspicuous service at the battle of Hastings, 14th of October, A.D., 1066, where he belonged to the cavalry, and was mace-bearer to Duke William. He afterwards distinguished himself in the subjugation of North Britain, and was reported slain with 3000 of his followers at the seige of York. This, however, is doubtful. Thierry, in his History of the Norman Conquest, Book iv., says, that the Danes spared the life of Malet, his

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wife and family, and bore them away in their fleet.* Malet was Sheriff of Yorkshire, 3rd year of William I. and obtained many grants of Lordships and Manors from the Crown, as a recompense for his military services, as is recorded in *Doomsday Book*, which was completed, A.D., 1080. Among the estates he acquired thus were Sibton and Peyton Halls in Co. Suffolk.

The first of the family on record, who assumed the name of Peyton, according to the usage of the times, from Peyton in Stoke, Neyland, Co. of Suffolk, was,

REGINALD DE PEYTON,

second son of Walter, Lord of Sibton, younger brother of Malet, Sheriff of Yorkshire. This Reginald held the Lordships of Peyton Hall, in Ramshold and Boxford, in Suffolk, of Hugh de Bigod, who was sewer to Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, and gave lands to the Monks of Thetford, to pray for the soul of Roger de Bigod. He had two sons—William, who held certain lands in Boxford, of the fee of the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury, as appears by charter of his nephew John, and,

JOHN DE PEYTON,

to whom King Stephen and his Cousin German, William de Cassineto, Lord of Horsford, granted all his lands in Peyton, to hold, as his ancestors before held the same. This John had four sons, viz.,

* See also "Saxon Chronicles," edited by Gibson, p. 174,, and "Orderic Vital," p. 512.

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I. JOHN (Sir), the elder.

II. ROBERT DE PEYTON, Lord of Ufford in Suffolk, and who assumed the surname of Ufford therefrom, and of whom presently,

III. PETER, Lord of Peyton Hall, who held lands in Romshot and Peyton in the time of King John.

IV. JOHN, the younger, who sold to John, the eldest, all the lands which he had in Boxford, of the fee of St. Edmundsbury and Stoke Neyland, which their father John de Peyton. and William, their uncle formerly possessed.

ROBERT DE PEYTON,

second son of the foregoing John de Peyton, assumed the surname of Ufford from that Lordship and became Robert de Ufford, his son,

Sir Robert Peyton de Ufford was summoned to parliament as a baron by writ, dated 13th January, 1308, the 2nd of Edward II., and was created Earl of Suffolk, 16th March, 1337.

He was Lord Justice of Ireland in the reign of Henry III., and again in the reign of Edward I. He married Mary, widow of William de Lay, and dying in the 26th of the latter King, was succeeded by his son,

Sir Robert de Ufford, Knt., who was summoned to Parliament as a *Baron* from the 13th January, 1308, to 19th December, 1311. His Lordship was in the expedition made into Scotland, in the 34th Edward I. He married Cecily, one of the daughters and co-heirs

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of Sir Robert de Valoines, Knt., Lord of Walsham, and had issue,

ROBERT, his successor.

RALPH, Justice of Ireland, in the reign of Edward III.

EDMUND, (Sir), who assuming the surname of Walsham, from his mother's Lordship became *Sir Edmund Walsham*, and from him lineally descended—

JOHN JAMES GARBETT WALSHAM, of Knill Court, in the County of Hereford, who was created a baronet on the 15th September, 1831. He died in 1316, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

ROBERT PEYTON DE UFFORD,

second baron, summoned to Parliament from 27th Jan., 1332, to 14th Jan., 1337. This nobleman was in the wars of Gascony in the reign of Edward II., and he obtained, in the begining of Edward III.'s reign in requital of his eminent services, a grant for life of the town and castle of Orford, in the county of Suffolk, and soon after further considerable territorial possessions, also by grant from the Crown, in consideration of the personal danger he had incurred in arresting, by the King's command, Mortimer, and some of his adherents, in the Castle of Nottingham. In the 11th year of the same reign, his lordship was solemnly advanced in the Parliament then held, to the dignity of Earl of Suffolk. Whereupon he was associated with William de Bohun, Earl of Northampton, and John Darcy, Steward of the

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King's household, to treat with David Brees, of Scotland, touching a league of peace and amity. And the same year going beyond sea on the King's service, had an assignation of £300 out of the Exchequer, towards his expenses in that employment, which was in the wars of France; for it appears that he then accompanied the Earl of Derby, being with him at the battle of Cagart. After which time he was seldom out of some distinguished action. In the 12th Edward III., being in the expedition made into Flanders, he was the next year one of the Marshals when King Edward beseiged Cambray: and his Lordship, within a few years subsequently was actively engaged in the wars of Brittany. In the 17th of this reign, the Earl of Suffolk was deputed to the Court of Rome, there to treat in the presence of his Holiness, touching an amicable peace and accord between the English monarch and Philip de Valois, and he marched the same year with Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, to the relief of Loughmaban Castle, then beseiged by the Scots. Soon after this, he was made Lord High Admiral of England, and commanded in person the King's whole fleet northward. For several years subsequently his Lordship was with King Edward in France, and he was one of the persons presented by that monarch with harness and other accoutrements for the tournament at Canterbury in the 22nd year of his reign. Seven years afterwards we find the Earl again in France, with the *Black Prince*; and at the celebrated *Battle of Poictiers*, so hardly fought and so gloriously won. In the following

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year, his Lordship achieved the highest military renown by his skill as a leader, and his personal courage at the head of his troops. He was subsequently elected a Knight of the Garter. His Lordship married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Norwich, and had issue,

ROBERT, summoned to Parliament 25th of February, 1342, died in the life time of his father.

WILLIAM, his successor.

CECILIE, married to William, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.

CATHERINE, married to Robert, Lord Scales.

MARGARET, married to William, Lord Ferrers of Groby.

The Earl's last testament bears date in 1368, and he died in the following year. Amongst other bequests, he leaves to his son, William, "the sword, wherewith the King begirt him. when he created him Earl; as also his bed, with the eagle entire, and his summer vestment, powdered with leopards." His Lordship was succeeded by his only surviving son,

William de Ufford, second Earl of Suffolk, who was summoned to parliament as a baron, in the lifetime of his father, on the 4th Dec., 1364, and 20th January, 1366. This nobleman was in the French wars at the close of Edward III.'s reign, and in the beginning of that of Richard II. In the 50th of Edward he was constituted Admiral of the King's whole fleet northward. At the breaking out of Jack Straw's insurrection, 4th Richard II., his Lordship understanding that the common people contemplated forcing him into their ranks, and thus to represent him as one of their leaders,

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hastily arose from supper, and pursuing an unfrequented route, reached the King at St. Alban's with a wallet over his shoulder, under the assumed character of servant to Sir. Roger de Bois; but afterwards, being chosen by the Commons in Parliament assembled, to represent to the Lords certain matters of importance to the public welfare, the Earl, while ascending the steps of their Lordship's house, suddenly fell down dead, to the amazement and sorrow of all persons, rich and poor, on the 15th February, 1382. His Lordship married first, Joane, daughter of Edward de Montacute, and grand-daughter, maternally, of Thomas, of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, and secondly, Isabel, daughter of Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and widow of John le Strange, of Blackmere, but having no issue, the *Earldom of Suffolk* became *extinct*, while the original *Barony of Ufford* fell into *abeyance*, between his sisters and heirs, [refer to children of Robert, first Earl,] as it still continues amongst their representatives.

Ufford—Baron Ufford.

(By writ of summons, dated 3rd April, 1360, 34 Edward III.)

RALPH PEYTON DE UFFORD,

brother of Robert, first Earl of Suffolk, having served in the wars of France and Flanders in the martial reign of Edward III., obtained large grants of land from that monarch, in the counties of Berks and Dorset. Subsequently (20th Edward III.) being justice of Ireland, we

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are told, "he landed in that realm, with a great number of men-at-arms and archers." This distinguished person married, first, Maud, widow of William, Earl of Ulster, and sister of Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, by whom he had an only daughter,

Maud, who married, Thomas de Vere, son of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

He married secondly, Eve, daughter and heiress of John de Clavering, and widow of Thomas de Audeley, by whom he had issue,

JOHN, of whom presently.

EDMUND, (Sir), who inherited the estates of the family, upon the decease of his brother. Sir Edmund married Sybil, daughter of Sir Robert Pierpont, and had issue.

ROBERT, (Sir), who married Eleanor, daughter of Sir Thomas Felton, Knt., and left issue, three daughters his co-heirs, viz,

ELLA, married to Robert Rowes,

SYBIL, a nun at Barking.

JOAN, married to William Bowes, brother of Richard, and left one daughter and heiress,

ELIZABETH, married to Sir Thomas, son of William, Lord Dacres,

Ralph de Ufford died in 1346, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

John de Ufford, who was summoned to parliament as Baron Ufford on the 3rd of April, 1360, but dying the following year, issueless, the dignity became *extinct*,

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while his estates passed to his brother, Sir Edmond Ufford, Knt.

Sir John de Peyton to whom King Stephen granted all his lands, in Peyton, dying, was suceeded by his eldest son,

Sir John de Peyton, who was Lord of Peyton Hall, in Boxford, also possessed lands in Stoke Neyland, in Suffolk. He flourished under Henry III. as appears by a Catalogue of Knights in that reign, His wife was Matilda de Bueris, sister and heir of Symond de Notelle. By her he had three sons and one daughter, viz.,

JOHN (his heir),

WILLIAM,

JAMES,

AGNES.

His eldest son Sir John de Peyton, Knt., served in the Parliament held at Westminister, 29th Edward I., as one of the Knts. of the shire for Suffolk. He was thrice married, and dying was succeeded by his son,

Sir Robert de Peyton, who in many of his evidences is styled Chavalier and Monsieur. He had two wives, first the lady Christiana de Apleton, widow of William de Apleton, and heir to lands in Hanall and Boxford, who died the 10th of Edward II. circa A.D. 1284, leaving no children, and was buried at Stoke Neyland, with great pomp, the funeral expenses being thus set down: fifty quarters of wheat £4 10s., one hogshead of wine £53 4s., four muttons 5 shillings each, eight bacon hogs 24 shillings, ten calves, etc. His second wife was Joan de Marney, of the noble family of the Marneys, of Layer Marney, in Essex, by whom there was issue,

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Sir John De Peyton, (his heir),

William, from whom there was a release to his father

Robert, dated 13th Edward III.,

John, junior, to whom William Castelayne, John de Rickell, and others, granted the Manor of Beedles, Waldingfield, 5 Edward III.

The eldest son *Sir John de Peyton* married Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Gernon, Knt., of Lees, in Essex, Lord of Wicken, in Cambridgeshire, and of Barkwell, in the County of Derby, and in her right possessed the manor of Wicken, as in the 17th of Richard II. he, jointly with her, held part of the manor of Esthorpe, by the service of one Knt's. fee. He died in Richard's reign, his wife in 2nd Henry V. Their son and heir,

Sir John de Peyton, wedded Joan daughter and heir of Sir Hammond Sutton, of Wicksho, in the Co. of Suffolk, and thus that Estate came into the Peyton family. By her he had

John (his heir),

Thomas,

Robert,

Margery, who married Thomas Daubeny, Esq., of Sherrington, in Norfolk. He died 5th Henry IV., and was succeeded by his son,

Sir John de Peyton, then in minority. He married Grace, daughter of John Burgoyne, of Drayton, in the Co. of Cambridge, and had issue,

John (his heir),

Thomas,

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Anne married to Jeffry Lockton,

He died in the flower of his age, 6th Oct., 4 Henry IV. and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir John de Peyton, who died a minor, 29 Oct., 11th Henry VI., and was succeeded by his brother,

Sir Thomas de Peyton, then 17 years of age, and seized of the manor of Esthorpe. His mother, Grace, dying the six of May, he was found heir to the manor of Messing, which was held of the Crown, as of the honour of Keynes, by the service of one Knight fee, also of the Manor of Binchall, and the Castle. Upon the feast of All Saints, 18th Henry VI., his age was proved at Cambridge, viz. 22 years, at which time it was sworn by John Welford, that he was born and baptised at Dry-Drayton, in that County, A.D. 1418, many agreeing in the verdict, among whom Robert Chapman alleged, that the day on which he was born, being the feast of St. Valentine, there was a great storm, one knew it by the great wind; another broke his leg by a fall from his horse; another for that his wife was buried; another, for then his lease was burnt: another for then his daughter Margaret was burnt; another fell from a tree and broke his arm; as the several jurors deposed upon their oaths. This Thomas was Sheriff of Cambridge and Huntingdon, 21st and 31st of Henry VI., and about the 17th of Edward IV.; he began to rebuild the Church at Isleham, agreeing then with John Waltham, alias Sudbury, freemason for the same; in the chancel of which church he lies interred, having a monument erected there to his

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memory. He married first, Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bernard, Knt., of Isleham; by that lady he acquired the Estate of Isleham, and had issue,

THOMAS, who married Joan, daughter of Sir James Calthorpe, of Norfolk, and thus acquired the manor of Calthorpe, with other lands in that county. He died before his father, leaving

ROBERT (Sir), heir to his grandfather.

JOHN.

EDWARD.

ELIZABETH, married to Edward Langley, of Knowlton, in Kent.

JANE, married to John Langley, of Lowleworth, in Cambridgeshire.

ANNE, married to John Asheby, of Harefield, in Middlesex,

DOROTHY.

His widow, Joan, married William Mauleverer.

MARGARET.

GRACE.

He married secondly, Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Sir Hugh Francis, of Giffords, in the County of Suffolk, widow of Thomas Garnish, of Kenton, in the same shire, and by her had two other sons, namely:

SIR CHRISTOPHER, who had great posessions in Wickhambrook and Bury. In the 12th of Henry of VIII. he was sheriff of the Counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon. He married a daughter of Leonard Hide, of Hide Hall, in Hertfordshire,

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but died in the 15th of Henry VII. without issue.

Francis, of St. Edmondsbury, heir, was also of Coggeshall, in Essex. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Reginald Brook, of Aspallston Hall, in Suffolk, and had two sons, Edmund, the younger, who was Customer of Calais, left no issue. The elder son, Christopher of St. Edmondsbury, married Jane daughter of Thomas Mildmay, and had issue.

Thomas Peyton died 30th of July, 1484, and was succeeded by his grandson,

Sir Robert Peyton, of Isleham, who was Sheriff of the Counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon, in the 14th Henry VII. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Clere, of Ormesby, in Norfolk, and had issue,

Robert, (Sir), his heir.

John, (Sir), married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Tyndall, Knt., of Hockwold, in Kent, and from him descended a distinguished line of the family, namely, the Peyton's of Knowlton and Doddington. One of whom was Sir Samuel Peyton, Knt. of Knowlton, and another Sir John Peyton, who was Lieutenant of the Tower of of London, and Govenor of the Island of Jersey, from 1603 to 1628, having been succeeded in that office by his son, Sir John Peyton, who held the post till 1633, Sir John died in 1630, aged 105 years according to an inscription on the monument of his Grand-daughter Mrs. Lowe, in Christ Church, Oxford.*

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INSCRIPTION FROM TOMB, CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, OXFORD.

Neere this place
Lyes buryed the body of Mrs. Alice Love,
Wife to Edward Love of Salisbury, in the County of Wilts, Gent.,
Master of the Choristers, and Organist of this Church,
By whom she had 9 children, 7 Boys and 2 Girls, 5 whereof lye buryed by her, ye other 4 survive.
She dyed in childbed of her 7th son, the 17th of March, 1678, ye 42 year of her age, and 18th since her marriage;
She was ye daughter of Sir John Peyton ye younger, of Doddington, in ye Isle of Ely, and County of Cambridge, and Knight, being ye first made by King James, at Edenburgh, after his being proclaimed by him King of England.
Her Grandfather, Sir John Peyton, was Knighted by Queen Elizabeth, for his service in ye field, in Ireland, and made her Treasurer in that Kingdom; after that Lieutenant of ye Tower, by ye space of 30 years; then Governor of Jersey above 30 years more, and dyed ye 105th year of his age, ye 4th of November, 1630.
Her Grandfather by her mother was Sir John Peyton, of Isleham, in ye countye of Cambridge, Baronett.

This Sir John was a man of strong mind and elegant manners, of extensive knowledge, and upright character, and governed Jersey wisely and temperately. "He was," to use the words of an old writer "educated after the politest manner of the age he lived in, by serving in the wars of Flanders, under the most able and experienced soldiers and politicians of that time."

Amidst the sunshine of a court, and the affluence of a large fortune, his conduct was so regular and temperate that his life was prolonged to the age of ninety-nine years, in so much health and vigour, that he rode on

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horseback, hunting, three days before his death." * It is not necessary to our purpose to follow further this line of the family, which became extinct in the male line in 1683, on the death of *Sir Thomas Peyton*, who was a member of the first Parliament, after the Restoration, and who enjoyed a Government grant of £2,000 per annum. It is, however, in 1873, represented by Major-General Sir Thomas Peyton, Baronet, who succeeded his nephew, Captain Sir Algernon Peyton, Bart., on his death without issue in 1872. This baronetcy was revived in 1776, in favour of Henry Dashwood, who was, in the maternal line, a descendant of Sir Thomas Peyton, and also married his female representative, by whom he acquired large estates,

MARGARET, married to Francis Jenney, of Knotshall, in Suffolk.

ELIZABETH, married to Sir William Wigston, Knt. of Wolston, in Warwickshire.

He died in the 9th of Henry VIII. and was succeeded by his elder son,

Sir Robert Peyton, knt., who was Sheriff of the counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon in 17th and 27th Henry VIII., and accompanied that King to the seige of Balleyne. He was again Sheriff in the 1st of Queen Mary. He married Frances, daughter and heir of Frances Hassylden, of Little Chesterford, in Essex, and of Steeple Marden, in Cambridgeshire, and

* See Le Quesne's and Falle's History of Jersey, and Payne's Guide to the Island, also Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower."

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in her right acquired these estates with other lands in the county of Rutland. By this lady (who founded the famous hospital at Isleham) had six sons and two daughters, viz.,

I. Sir Robert Peyton (his heir),

II. William,

III. Richard, of Little Chesterfield, in Essex, married Mary daughter of Leonard Hyde, of Hyde Hall in Herefordshire. She outlived him and married secondly Sir John Carey, Lord Hunsdon.

IV. Christopher,

V. Edward,

VI. John,

1. Catherine, who married M. Williams of Oxford.
2. Elizabeth, who married Thomas Wrenne, of Hinton in the Isle of Ely.

Sir Robert died 1st August, 1550, and was succeeded by his son *Sir Robert Peyton*, who was M. P. for Cambridge in the 4th and 5th of Queen Mary, and Sheriff of the united counties of Cambridge and Huntingdon, in the *9th of Elizabeth.* He received the honor of Knighthood from James I. at Royston in November 1608. He married Elizabeth, a daughter of Lord Chancellor Rich, and aunt of Robert Earl of Warwick and had issue,

Robert, who died unmarried,

I. John, (his heir),

II. Richard, who died without issue,

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III. MARY, who married first Robert Balam, of Walsoken, in Norfolk, and second Sir Richard Cox, of Braham, in the Isle of Ely.

IV. FRANCES, who married John Hagar, of Bourne Castle, in Cambridgeshire.

V. WINFREDE, married first, M. Osborne, Barrister-at-law, second M. Herefleet, of Kent, and third John Hornbye, of Linconshire.

He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

Sir John Peyton, of Isleham, in the County of Cambridge, who received the honour of Knighthood from King James I. He was Sheriff of Cambridge and Huntingdon, in the *25th of Elizabeth*, when he was Knighted for the Shire of the latter, as he was again in the first of James I. The next year he was again Sheriff. In the 9th year of the same reign he was created a *Baronet*, viz. on the *22nd of May, 1611*, on the institution of the order. Sir John married Alice, daughter of Sir Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor of London in 1585, and the founder of the family the Duke of Leeds; and by his said wife Alice had issue,

I. EDWARD, (Sir) his heir,

II. JOHN, died without issue,

III. ROBERT, a distinguished scholar and Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford,

IV. ROGER, who emigrated to America and was lost sight of,

V. WILLIAM, of Wablingworth, married Tabithe daughter of Henry Payne, Esq., of Walthamstow and left two sons, John and William,

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VI. THOMAS, slain at Bourge, in Holland, while gallantly leading his forces into action.

VII. ANNE, married to Sir Robert Bacon, Bart., of Riborough, in Norfolk, third son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Bart., of Redgrave.

VIII. ALICE, married to Sir John, son and heir of Sir John Peyton, of Doddington.

IX. ELIZABETH, married to Sir Anthony Irby, Knt. of Boston in Lincolnshire, who was created Lord Boston.

X. MARY, married to Sir Roger Meers, Knt. of Hoghton, in Lincolnshire.

XI. FRANCES, died unmarried.

XII. SUSAN, died unmarried.

He died about the year 1617, and was succeeded by eldest son,

Sir Edward Peyton, who was Knighted at Whitehall, 4th February, 1610, and during the life-time of his father was denominated "of Great Bradley, in Suffolk." He served in Parliament from 18th of James I. to the 3rd of Charles the I. as one of the Knights of the Shire for the County of Cambridge, and was Custos Rotulorum there, of which office he was deprived by the influence of the Duke of Buckingham, "whereat he was so much disgusted, that he first drew his pen against the Court, and writ several pamphlets with great acrimony against Charles I. and the royalists." He subsequently sided with the Presbyterians in the great rebellion, and so impoverished himself in the cause, that he was obliged to sell Isleham, and, drawing his son into joining him,

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sold the whole estate, with the reserve only of annuities during both their lives.

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to the secret history of the reign of James the I. by Sir Edward Peyton, as reprinted in 1811 by Ballantyne of Edinburgh, in his "Historical Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth and James," by Francis Osborne says, Sir Edward's property was plundered by both parties; for he complains in the following treatise,* that at Broadchock, in Wiltshire, four hundred pounds worth of his household stuff was seized by the Royalist garrison of Langford, which was never restored to him, although the place was afterwards taken by Cromwell. In short, as he could not, it would seem, serve his party very effectually, his attachment, as usually happens in such cases, did not save him from neglect and injury. At the close of the civil war, in which so many of the successful side had made their fortune, Sir Edward Peyton was so much impoverished, that he was obliged to sell Isleham, the ancient patrimony of his family. His eldest son, afterwards Sir John Peyton, was induced to join in the sale, reserving annuities for his father's life and his own. And thus this ancient family was totally ruined."

Sir Edward Peyton was of grave and serious character, strong religious convictions, and having long lived near Cromwell, in Cambridgeshire, imbibed many of his political opinions. They were personal friends, and Sir Edward very naturally exerted his influence in favour

* "The Divine catastrophe of The Kingly family of the house of Stuarts."

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of the Commonwealth. It was his enthusiasm in this cause alone, which led to his financial ruin, and the removal of one of his grandsons to Virginia. For he was as far as possible removed in character from the roystering, gambling, hard-drinking gentlemen of the Dundreary type who flourished in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, men like the famous Earl of Carlisle, who in the early part of the era of the Stuarts, spent in a jovial life above £400,000, and left not a house nor an acre of land to be remembered by. A gentleman who at a later period was followed by another of infamous memory, Rochester, one of whose fits of intoxication is said, with brief interruptions, to have lasted five years. Sir Edward was the reverse of these gentlemen blackguards and gentlemen exquisites, was a regular, sincere, and straightforward man, an honest country gentleman—not blasé, roué, epuissé, or ennuyé of life, and never thought of advancing his own interests. Thus it is that while others waxed rich on public strife, he grew poor. It may not be uninteresting to mention that at the time he was made a Baronet, among other requisites required for this dignity, the recipient must have a clear income above all debts of £1,095, a year, and be able to claim descent from a grandfather who had borne arms and been under fire.

Sir Edward married first, Matilda, daughter of Robert Livesay, of Tooting, in Surrey, by whom he had,

JOHN, (his heir),

EDWARD, in holy orders, who had three sons, Edward, Robert and Henry,

ROBERT, and one daughter,

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AMEY, married to Henry Lawrence, of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, and of St. Margaret's in the county of Hertford. He married secondly, Jane, daughter of Sir James Calthorp, knt. of Crockthorpe, in Norfolk (widow of Sir Henry Thomelthorpe, Knt.) and by that lady had one son,

THOMAS, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Yelverton, of Rougham, in Norfolk, and dying in 1683, left four sons, William, of Dublin married Frances, daughter and co-heir of Sir Herbert Lunsford, Knt. by whom he had no male issue. He died in 1686.

ROBERT, of Isleham, Matthews Co., Virginia.*

"This young man," says B. Blundell, F.S.A. "a grand- of Sir Edward Peyton, like Ned Poins, a younger brother and a proper fellow of his hands, disdaining the life of a mere idle hanger-on to elder relatives scantily able to support themselves, resolved to try what his

* There is a tradition in the family in Virginia to the effect that shortly after his arrival in the Colony, when some distance up the river (James) on a shooting excursion, the waters of Virginia abounding in game and wild fowl, Robert Peyton and his companion were taken prisoners by a party of Indians, and conveyed to their head-quarters in the interior. The Red-skins reduced them to a kind of slavery. Peyton's companion was carried off by fever within a few weeks. Solitary and alone in their hands, the young Englishman revolved plans of escape and finally accomplished his wishes. He appeared pleased with Indian life, exerted himself in war, the chase and in fishing, and entered with such spirit into their games that he won their confidence and friendship. The savage King adopted him into the tribe, then as a son, then advanced him to be a chief and finally indicated to his natural sons that they must give way to him as his, the King's successor. His life was now far from unpleasant, though he had to be constantly on guard to prevent being assassinated by the King's sons, who were to lose their inheritance through

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long pedigree, backed by a bold heart and a clear intellect, could do in America, towards renovating his fortunes, and shortly after the Restoration emigrated to Virginia, circa 1665, where the young adventurer, inspired by that affectionate recollection of his native land which is one of the most prominent and praiseworthy traits in the character of our American cousins, gave his new domain, in Matthews county, the appellation of *Isleham*, born by the ancestral residence in his island home. Here his descendants flourished becoming opulent landholders, magistrates, and members of the Colonial Parliament."

ROBERT, who married in Virginia left among other issue,

BENJAMIN JOHN EDWARD, who married and left one son,

HENRY, born 1700, who married Miss Langley, daughter of Roger Langley and left one son,

his presence. He was provided with a wife, in the person of the daughter of a chief living in the south-west, and in close amity with his own tribe. A consolidation of the two tribes was thus thought feasible in the future.

His escape from captivity was thus effected. During the winter, an expedition, under the King, advanced against the Whites. When the Red-skins, after a long march through the forest, arrived in front of the Colonial settlements, Peyton availed himself of an opportunity when scouting to rejoin his countrymen. From his knowledge and position nothing would have been easier than to betray the whole savage force and deliver it up to the Whites. This he declined doing. On the contrary, when he was safe he sent an Indian boy to the savages with a warning to them to be off. The Indian King did not remain to receive a second intimation that he was on dangerous ground, but, like a wise man, returned the same night to a place of security.

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JOHN, of Stafford Co., Virginia, born 1725, who married Elizabeth a daughter of John Rouse, and left issue,

JOHN ROUSE and VALENTINE, M.D.

John Rouse Peyton married Anne, daughter of Howson Howe, and left issue,

I. JOHN HOWE, (of Montgomery Hall) born April 27th, 1778, his successor, and of whom presently,

II. BERNARD PEYTON, a Captain in the U. S. Army, and afterwards Adjutant General of Virginia and President of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. He married Amanda daughter of General Moses Green of Faquier, and left issue,

1. THOMAS, a Captain of Artillery in the Confederate Army, who married Catherine, daughter of the Right Rev. John Johns, Bishop of Virginia, and has issue.
2. GREEN, a Colonel in the Confederate Army, and, since the war, a professor in the University of Virginia. He married Champe, daughter of Dr. Charles Carter of Albemarle, and has issue.
3. BERNARD, who married Estelle, daughter of Dr. Tricon, of California, and has issue.
4. THOMAS, jun., a Major in the Confederate Army, who married a daughter of the Hon. Dabney Carr, late American Minister Plenipotentiary to Turkey, and a grand daughter of

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Thomas Jefferson, 3rd President of the U. S. and has issue.

5. Susan, who married Major General W. B. Hagner, U. S. Army, and has no issue.
6. Amanda, married J. C. Washington, and has no issue.

III. Garnett, who married Agatha daughter of W. S. Madison, and left issue, but only one of his children married and had issue, viz., William, who married a daughter of William Munford, and has issue.

IV. Rouse or Rouze, who married, first, Ann Gallagher, and left issue: 1st Bernard, and 2nd Ann, who married Bronson Murray, of New York, and has issue. He married secondly, Eliza daughter of Col. J. B. Murray and left issue—one son, Hamilton, and three daughters, all married and with issue.

V. Lucy, married General Green, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and left issue.

VI. Ann Frances, who married Robert Green, but left no issue.

John Howe, of Montgomery Hall, married 1st Susan, daughter of William S. Madison, and by her left issue one son Colonel William M. Peyton the subject of the foregoing memoir, who married Elizabeth A. E. Taylor and left issue,

1 Elizabeth, who died in her 16th year unmarried.

2 John Howe, died in infancy.

3 Susan, who married Joseph H. White, and

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then Col. Washington, and died without issue living by either husband.

4 WILLIAM ALLAN, died of typhoid fever in his 14th year.

5 GARNETT, married Walter Preston, and has issue, one son Peyton, and a daughter Sally.

6 SALLY PRESTON, married Thomas C. Read, and left issue, one daughter, who married Dr. William Berkeley, a descendant of Sir Wm. Berkeley, Colonial Governor of Virginia.

7 JULIET, died in her 17th year unmarried.

8 BERNARDINE, married in 1872, Lewellyn, of Albemarle County, Virginia.

John H. Peyton, married secondly, Ann Montgomery, daughter of Major John Lewis, of the Sweet Springs, and left issue, at his death, which occurred at Montgomery Hall, 3rd of April, 1847.

I. *John Lewis*, born 15th of September, 1824, who married Henrietta E. C. daughter of Colonel John C. Washington, of County Lenoir, North-Carolina, a relative in the 4th Canonical degree to the illustrious Washington, and has issue, one son,

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON HOWE, born in Guernsey, Channel Islands, 27th of January, 1872.

II. YELVERTON HOWE, born 8th of January 1838, and is in 1873, unmarried.

III. SUSAN MADISON, married Col. J. B. Baldwin, a son of Judge B. G. Baldwin, and has no issue.

IV. ANN MONTGOMERY, died unmarried.

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V. MARY PRESTON married R. A. Gray, and has issue two sons, 1 Peyton, and 2 Baldwin, and daughters,

VI. LUCY married J. N. HENDREN, and has issue one son Samuel and daughters,

VII. ELIZABETH married Wm. Boys Telfair, of Ohio, and has issue two sons 1 William and 2nd Baldwin and daughters,

VIII. MARGARET, married G. M. Cochrane, jun., and has issue, one son, George, and daughters.

IX. VIRGINIA, married Col. J. F. Kent, and has issue one son Joseph,

X. CORNELIA, married Dr. Thomas, and has issue two sons, 1 Peyton, 2 Baldwin,

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The Peyton arms, as in the visitation of Suffolk, Harl., A.D., 1560, are: quarterings,

1. sable, a cross, engrailed, *or*, for Peyton; 2. Gernon; 3. Colville; 4. Sutton; 5. Hassingborne; 6. Langley; 7. Atleze; 8. Atbridge; 9. Langley; 10. Francis; 11. Lucy; 12. Chamberlaine.

Crest—a Griffin, Sejant, *or*,

Motto—Patior, Potior:—*I labour, I secure.*

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ISLEHAM HALL,

THE PRIORY AND CHURCH,

CO. CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

EXTRACT FROM A MS ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO ISLEHAM, IN 1870, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING MEMOIR.

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* * * *

The forenoon of the next day, the strangers, whom the readers will recognize as ourselves, were occupied examining Ely Cathedral, one of the most ornate and beautiful in England. The same afternoon we set forth in a gig for Isleham, across a region, commonly styled the "Fen Country," though *terra cotta* drainage has long since turned the swamp into the driest of dry land. This district is flat, monotonous and uninteresting. There is little in it to arouse and enlighten the imagination, or to inspire artistic genius. In our cloud-compelling chariot, we actually scoured the Cambridgeshire plains, though the dust was suffocating and the heat tropical, for our steed belonged to a class known to London cab proprietors as a retired racer, an animal no longer fit for the Olympic games of Epsom, but who before a gig rather flies than runs, and, I may add, generally leaves a visible wrack

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behind, unlike our perishable hopes and affections. Not so, however, in our case, we proceeded safely, passing through two or three villages, whose tumble down houses, or I should rather say in cockney style, whose ruined gates and walls told eloquent stories of their antiquity. Their present desolation formed a melancholy contrast to the cheerful cultivation around them. There was a soothing stillness in the scene presented by the champaign country which we certainly now saw under the happiest circumstances of season and weather. Passing through a flat, and so far as picturesque beauty is concerned, a comparatively barren region, there was yet much to amuse the eye, and make an agreeable variety. The woods and fields were in their mid-summer bloom, and the mellow light of evening heightened the richness of their hues, and gave an exquisite effect to the light and shade which fell upon the landscape. The air was scented with blossoms by trees then in flower, which here and there lined the road-sides. Rural scenes of almost every kind are delightful to the mind, gratifying the senses and producing an inexhaustible fund of innocent amusement, and I contemplated these wide plains, with their luxuriant corn crops bending under the breeze, with ardent delight. My experience, indeed, satisfies me that there are few spots so barren as not to afford picturesque scenes,

> "Believe the muse,
> She does not know that inauspicious spot
> Where beauty is thus niggard of her store,

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> Believe the muse, through this terrestrial waste
> The seeds of grace are sown, profusely sown,
> Even where we least may hope."

About sunset we saw the graceful spire of Isleham Church rising like a dream from earth to heaven, and the hamlet shining at the extremity of the open country.

ISLEHAM PRIORY.

Soon we arrived, and, traversing the grassgrown streets of the ancient village, stood in front of, not the venerable edifice itself, but of an old Priory—the old Priory as it is called, or so much of it as remains. This monastery was built circa A.D. 1300. Patched up with brick and mortar, this interesting relic of the olden time is now used as a barn, pig-sty, and stable. Such are the base uses to which it has come. Notwithstanding its cracked and battered condition, the sight of it more than repaid my trouble, and its situation gave rise to many suggestive thoughts. The jolly monks of old were not deficient in taste, and selected sites for their monestaries with both wit and wisdom. At present there there are neither winding paths, trees, ivy, nor water to throw a charm around the Priory, it is left dilapidated and naked, staring and stared at by the irreverant world. It once had all these adjuncts, and might have them again. In its present wretched condition it excites only ideas of solitude, neglect, and desolation. It is worthy, however, of a word of description. In 1791, it was first converted into use as a barn, and has since been called the Priory barn. It

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consists of a nave and chancel, with a circular end and eight buttresses, two small south and one small north window, in length about 95 and in breadth 20 feet, and the south door has been enlarged since it was made a barn. The walls are built herring-bone fashion. At the west end are two heavy buttresses, between them a small window and two round ones above. Whether it fell into decay and the lord would not get it converted into parochial use, when granted with its house by Henry VI. to Pembroke College, does not at present appear.

ISLEHAM CHURCH.

After a close examination we passed on to the village church, which was commenced by Sir Thomas Peyton, and the building finished by his son and executor, Sir Christopher Peyton, A.D. 1480. It is one of the most beautiful buildings of the kind in England, in a style far superior to what could be looked for in so mean, though extensive and populous, a village. The edifice is in excellent preservation, though the exterior walls are green with the accumulated damp of centuries. A servant was despatched for the verger, who is likewise janitor, who soon made his appearance, bringing the keys, and introduced us into the interior of the church. It consists of a nave, with two isles and two transepts and a choir. The nave rests on five pointed arches, on each side supported by slender clustered columns. Under the clerestory windows ranges a fascia of dentals and one of flowers. In the intervals between

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the arches are three quatrefoils, the lowermost containing shields with the same arms on both sides:

Peyton impaling a lion rampart
Peyton quartering a lion rampart
Peyton single
Peyton impaling a saltire engrailed, a chief Erm. Hyde.

The roof is of wood; and between the principals are whole length statues of angels holding shields with the instruments of the passion. On the wooden cornice is this inscription cut in relief on both sides:

Pray for the good prosperity of
Christopher Peyton and Elizabeth his wife,
and for the soul of
Thomas Peyton, Equyer, and Margaret his wife, father and mother of the said Christopher Peyton,
and for the soul of
All the ancestors of the said Christopher Peyton which did make this rofe* in the fere of our Lord, MCCXVI. being the 1 year of King Henry III.

Note.—The will of Christopher Peyton, of Isleham, dated the eve of the nativite of the blessed virgin, A.D. 1505, and proved 8th of July, 1507. Provides "that he is to be buried within the Church of Isleham, in such place as shall seem to Elizabeth my wife most convenyent. Further to the high altar of the said church, for my tithes negligently paid or forgot, 20s. To my neveu Sr Robert Peyton, Knt., X quarters of barley, and V quarters of whete. My wife Elizabeth to find an honeste prieste to sing for me an hole year. To

* From this date it appears that the church was built in A.D., 1216, unless this coruice was transferred to the new from an older edifice.

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my broder ffrancis Peyton XX shepe, and to his wyfe a cowe, and V combes of malte, and to Xpher his son X sheepe. To John Peyton, my godson, 40s. To Edward Peyton, my neveu, 26s. 8d." "The residue of all my goodes I bequeath to Elizabeth my wife, my said wife to have for the terme of her life, all my lands, tenements, meddowes, pastures, etc., in Isleham aforesaid, and within the bounds of Fordham." He appoints "Elizabeth my wife" Executrix.]

Passing by the tombs of many others, we arrived in front of the manor pew. On Spandrils of archwork on this are the arms of Sir Christopher Peyton, and the saltire and chief erm. *Hyde*, his wife, held by angels; St. Michael and the Dragon, etc., etc.

In the south transept, on a plain low altar tomb is an alabaster figure of a knight in armour, in curled hair, with a garland or corolla. Under his head a pointed helmet, with a fillet of *fleurs de lis*, a piked beard, gauntlets, studded neck-band, and strap from his chin to the shoulder straps; round shoulder and elbow pieces; of his sword and dagger the hilts only remaining; a lion looking up at his feet, which are under a nich. Inscription gone, but one of the Peyton's

An altar-tomb of freestone has a slab of speckled marble, from the middle of which has been torn a plain cross. Under an arch in the wall at the feet of a headless man and woman, three boys and three girls, with a label from the mouth of the first of each to a crucifix, and under them this inscription on a brass plate:

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Of yr charity pray for the soules of
Sir Robert Peyton, Knight,
Which departed to God the viii day of March, the yere of our Lord, MDVIII.
Also for the soul of
Dame Elizabeth Peyton, his wife,
Which departed to God the yere of our Lord, MD***

[*Note.*—The will of Sir Robert Peyton, Knt. of Isleham, proved the 20th of April, A.D., 1518, ordered, "That he should be buried in Isleham Church—To the high altar of the foreseyde churche, 20s. To the reparation of Wyken Churche, 20s., to the intent that they shall pray for the soule of my brother John Peyton. My gowne of crymsyn velvett to be made a cope and vestment, the cope for the p'she churche of Wyken, and the vestment for the p'she churche of Boxforth, in the countie of Suffolk, upon eche of them being a escocheon of my armes and my wife's armes. I will that a remembrance be made upon a escocheon of my father's arms, and sett upon the wall of the churche of St. Giles, Cripullgate, in London. Robert, my eldest sonne, to have left unto him ffyve hundred shepe of those at Wyken. Item, I will that my flockes of shepe at Isleham, Shippenham, and Barton beside Mildenhall, with all the profitts and increase of them, goe to the p'forming this my wyll. I will that John, my second sonne, shall have to him my manor in Barnham, St. Marteyn, in Suffolk, called Calthorppys. I will that Dame Elizabeth my wife have two partes of my household stuffe. I will that Robert Peyton, my eldest sonne, have my chaine of golde. Unto ffrances Peyton, wife to my saide sonne Robert, a chain of golde. Item, that Edward, my thirde sonne, be provided for by myn executors. To Elizabeth, my daughter, CCC merkes. To Edward Peyton, my brother, XX merks. To Dorothie Peyton,

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my sister X merkes. To ffrancis Peyton, my uncle, my blake gowne furred wth blake. To Xpfer Peyton, sonne to my said uncle ffrancis Peyton, X shepe. To kepe the anniversary of Thomas Peyton and Jane his wife, father and mother unto me. Ex'ors, Dame Elizabeth Peyton, my wife, and William Butte, of Cambridge. Supervisor, John Lorde Abbott of St. Edmund's Bury, and my welbeloved fader-in-law Sr Robert Clere, Knt."

N.B. The residue of lands, etc., in Isleham, Barnham, Wyken, and the manors of Seyham Hall, Water Hall, and Badleys, in Suffolk, are left to the eldest son, Robert, with aversions to second son John and third son Edward."]

The date has never been filled up, the plate remaining smooth. Over this a fine park, and under the east window, a rich fascia of vine leaves and grapes, and oak foliage above, over the space formerly occupied by the altar.

South of this is a blue slab, with the arms of *Peyton* impaling a cross flory with a mullet in the centre; and another shield gone:

On a plate in the middle, this inscription:

Pray for the soul of
Sir Robert Peyton, Knight,
which married Frances, the daughter and heir of Francis Hassylden,
Esquire, deceased, which Sir Robert deceased the 1st day of
August, A.D. M * * * whose sone God pardoned.

Another slab south of this has the brass figure of a knight and lady. He is in armour, bareheaded, cropt hair, helmet under head crested with a bear's head;

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pointed elbow pieces, strait long guard, short dagger, muzzled bear at feet, looking up. This is the tomb of Sir John Bernard. On a plate at the head is this inscription,

Hic Jacet Johes Bernard mites,
qui obiit XXIIII dic mens marcii A.D.'ni MCCCCLI,
Et D'ma Elena Swynton uxis p'dei Johes Bernard milit filie et heredis Johis Mallore milit de com.
Moh'mt qu obiit XIII die Me'ss Octobris Ad. D'no MCCCCXL.
Et d'na Elizabeth Takevyle, secu'de uxis pd'ei Johes Bernard milit qe obiit X die me'ss Julii Ad. D'ni MCCCCLXIV q'r ajabus p'piciet de.

On another large slab are the brass figures of a man in plated armour, ruff, gauntlets, cropt hair, and divided beard, his head on a helmet; at his feet a griffin feiant; his lady reclines on a cushion in a coif and ruff, necklace of four rows of pearls, gown boddice, and petticoat: nothing at her feet.

Peyton quartering the cross fleury, a mullet in the centre: impales per chevron 3 lions rampart in a circle countercharged, quartering.

1. S. a cross ingrailed O. *Peyton*
2. A. three piles wavy G. *Gernon*,
3. Quarterly, O. and G. a bend vairé A. and AZ. *Sackville*,
4. Barry of 8O. and G. a lion passant guardant in chief O.
5. O. a fess G.
6. O. a chevron G. on a chief G. 3 estoiles O.
7. A. fess G. or S. in chief 3 roundels

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8. Az. a lion rampart S.
9. G. in a bordure ingrailed A. fishes naiant O.
10. Az. a demi lion rampart G.
11. A. a cross V.
12. A. a cross fleure G.

Impaling, quarterly, 1. 4. quarterly G. and Erm. a cross O. *Osborne,*

2. A. two barrs and a canton G. on the latter cross A. *Broughton.*

3. A. a chevron V. between 3 annulats G.

On the fascia: on a fess between 3 stars 3 roundals, Balam, impaling, the cross impailed and the cross fleury. On the fascia in Roman capitals, gold, on a black ground,

> Years of sixty-seven did pass in governing,
> Both just and wise he was,
> By ancient stock, but more by merit,
> His body the earth, his soul Heaven inherit.

The cross ingrailed and cross fleury impaling, quarterly, Erm. and Az. a cross O. *Osborne.*

Quarterly 1, 4. Barry of 6 Erm. and G. *Hussey.*

A man in a coat and furred gown and hose; his right hand on his breast, his left hanging down holds a book; his lady wears a coif and hood, standing cape, pinkt sleeves, and short ruffles, her apron has strings and is laced. Over her, the Peyton arms, with these quarterlugs.

1. *Peyton.*
2. Three piles wavy. *Gernon.*

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3. Achevron in three estoiles.
4. A bear rampant muzzled. *Bernard.*
5. A cross fleury.
6. Three battle axes.
7. A lion rampant and a label of three.
8. A lion rampant.

In the centre of all a mullet.

The quarterings also impale the saltire engrailed and chief Erm. *Hyde.* which last coat is single in a lozenge. Below is the first coat of 8 quarters single, and impaling the saltire and chief; and between them this inscription:

"Here under lyeth a worthy Squire that Richard Peyton hight,
And honest gentleman, and third son to Robert Peyton Knight,
In Grey's inn, student of the law, where he a reader was;
He feared God, and loved his word, in truth his life did pass;
In practising of Justice lo! was his whole delight;
He never wronged any one to whom he might do right.
Whom he esteemed an honest friend, who he might stand instead
He never left to do him good with words, with purse and deed.
Fourteen years space he married was, unto a beautiful wife,
By parent named Mary Hyde, they lived devoid of strife.
The earth him bear twice twenty years, and virtuously he lived,
A virtuous life he did embrace, and virtuously he died
Anno Domino 1574
The thirtieth day of April, year seventy and four
A thousand, five hundred, being put to that more."

At the South end of this transept are two heavy monuments with canopies on four pillars. On the 2. 3. 4. a chevron between three roses G. seeded O. impaling the crosses quarterly.

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Quarterly Erm, etc. the cross O. with a crescent of difference, *Osborne*, impaling the quartered crosses.

1. *Peyton.*
2. The piles wavy.
3. O. a fess G.
4. The chevron and stars in chief.
5.
6.
7. The battle axes.
8. G. a lion rampant O. with a crest S. under a label of 30.
9. G. a lion rampant.

On the tomb at the head of this lies a Knight in armour, in his hair, piked beard and ruff: under his legs a heavy shield; at his feet a griffin O. his lady in ruff, coif, gown plaited, under her feet seems a fox or wolf headless. Above the following arms, quarterly.

1. *Peyton.*
2. A. 3. piles G,
3. Quarterly O. and G. a bend nebula A. and Az.
4. O. a lion chief over barry of G. and O. or 2 cottises.
5. O. a lion rampant G.
6. A. a lion rampant S.
7. Bendy of 12. A. and G.
8. O. a bend G.
9. O. a chevron G. on a chief G. three stars.
10. A fess, in chief 3 ogresses.
11. A. a bear rampant S. Bernard.
12. S. 3 battle axes erect. A.

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13. Gironne A. and G.
14. Quarterly A. and S. a bend of chain work S.
15. A. in a bordure engrailed G. three fish naiant A.
16. A. demi-lion rampant G.
17. A. on a bend G. three spread eagles O.
18. A. a cross fleuri S.
19. G. a lion rampant O.
20. A. on a fess indented G. or S. 3 bezants.
21. A lion rampant G.

Crest: a griffin sejant, O.

Nec vi nec metu

On the fascia the crosses quarterly single, and impaling, quarterly,

1-4. Osborne.
2. Broughton.
3. A chevron between 3 roundels.

The last quarterings single.

One of these monuments is by the impalment that of Robert Peyton, who married the daughter of Lord Chancellor Rich, and was with his wife buried here and the other that of Sir John Peyton, Knight and Baronet, son of Sir Edward Peyton, Bart., author of "Secret History of James I." and last of the family who resided here and uncle to Robert Peyton, who emigrated to Virginia. This Sir John married Alice, daughter of Sir Edward Osborne, Knight, Lord Mayor of London and afterwards Duke of Leeds.

Under a brass cross on steps between two hands elevated, is this inscription.

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Pray for the soul of
Elizabeth Peyton,
Which deceased the IV. day of November,
the yer of our Lord MDXVI.
on whose soule Jhu have mercy.

Under this a saltire engrailed, a chief Ermine; for Elizabeth Hyde, wife of Sir Christopher, patron of the church.

A large slab had a brass plate and two shields, these are worn too indistinct to be deciphered.

Under the South window is the stone figure of a Knight in armour, his helmet flattened at top, a lion at his feet, and against the west wall of this transept, headless, figures of a man and woman, and between them three children, praying to the Deity over the latter. Under all a plate thus inscribed,

"God have mercy on the soul of
Sir Christopher Peyton, and Elizabeth his wife,
Christopher deceased, the XXVII day of June,
in the year of our Lord, MCCCCCVII, (1507.)

This commemorates the patron of the church before mentioned. The brackets of the roof of this transept, have angels holding shields of arms of *Peyton* single and impaling *Hyde*: which last coat is also single.

In the north wall of the north aisle is a broken crossed legged figure in stone in armour, in a round helmet; a fine lion at his feet, and over him an elliptical within a pointed arch, or very short round pillars sided by purfled finials. This is evidently the figure, of one

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of the Peytons who accomponied Godfrey de Bouillon to the seige of Jerusalem and engaged in the rout of the Saracens at the battle of Ascalon A. D. 1099.

In the chancel, on the North side of the communion table, are, on an altar-tomb with a gray slab, under a treble canopy with black shields in the spandrils, the brass figures of Sir Thomas Peyton, Knight, and his two wives, Margaret daughter and co-heiress of Sir Hugh Francis of Gifford, in the parish of Wickhambrook, Suffolk. Sir Thomas was sheriff for Cambridge and Huntingdon shires, 21 and 31 Henry V. and died July 30, 1484. He is in plated armour, with a standing cape and gorget, bareheaded, hair cropt, and has a sword, a cross and a dagger. Both the ladies have the gauze head dress of this century; but no wires appear; one has on the cushion of her head dress something like arms, several chevronels, and a scroll impaling barry of 6 or 8; a rich necklace, furred cape and ruffles to gown; the other has the same head dress and necklace, but no fur to her rich embroidered gown; on her cushion is inscribed "*Lady*" and "*Thy mercy.*" The hands of both are held up and spread open, not in the usual attitude of prayer. The inscription is,

Date pro animabus
Thomas Peyton armigeri et Margeret et Margaret uxores ejus
dui quidam Thomas,
obiit XXX die mensis Julie,
Anno Domini Millimo CCCCLXXXIIII quom animabus p'piciit
de ane.

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Arms on the spandril of the arch above a cross ingrailed in the dexter corner a mullet of five points *Peyton:* single and impaling a bear rampant. *Bernard.* On the corner of the cornice *Peyton* impaling a saltire, *Francis.*

All through this sacred edifice are thickly strewn the memorials which claim the passing tribute of a sigh, all teaching the silent lesson that man is but mortal, and impressing on the mind the vanity of human hopes,—that in sober truth, the path of glory leads but to the grave.

Solemnly and sadly quitting the dim cloisters, on the marble pavements of which the sunlight, coming through the stained windows, cast patches of gold and purple, I softly. murmered, as I passed out of the consecrated edifice,

> The knights are dust,
> And their good swords rust,
> Their souls are with the Saints I trust.

From the church we proceeded through the village, passing the Priory again, and crossing a corn field, entered the grounds of the Hall.

The land on which the church, but not the hall, stands, as will be seen by reference to Doomsday book, was granted to the Peytons, in 1068, by William the Conqueror, who was wont to grant lands to his favourites, in the language of an ancient bard,

> From heaven to yerthe,
> From yerth to hel,
> For thee and thine there to dwell.

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Soon we passed the lonely moated grange and stood before the hoary and venerable seat. The first view of the once gay and festive Hall is imposing, though it looks like a habitation forsaken of men and yet not resumed by nature. It is a large, antique mansion, a vast pile, lone, desolate and partly in ruins. The ravages of time are strongly marked on everything about it. The old turrets at the corners are gone, as also the ample portico in the centre. Many of the windows are broken and dismantled. There is a ruinous gate-way here and a crumbling arch there. While viewing what may be called the ruins of this once grand old mansion I could not help thinking of the remark of Lord Macaulay, who, when speaking of the county gentlemen of the seventeenth century, said, that they troubled themselves little about decorating their abodes, and, if they attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. A remark even more true of those who precede the 17th century.

One portion of the brick and stone skeleton is occupied by a farmer's family, another is used as a malting-house, and a third as a barn, while other parts have been turned into stalls and stables. Ruined walls stretch away in different directions—here propped up and repaired—there broken and prostrate. As we advanced to the building, a troop of frightened sheep crowded beneath one of the gateways where I could not help thinking perhaps the doughty Knights of old had often stood in shining armour and looked upon the extensive walls now crumbling into ruins. Long

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I paused and gazed upon the home of my forefathers with a species of awe which enforced silence.

* * * * *

The wide domain has dwindled to forty-six acres surrounding the debris, I may say, for it is scarcely more, of the Hall. Age and the decrepitude of age is furrowed in deep lines upon every stone and timber. The walls are hoary with time, the trunks of the trees are white with age, and these old monarchs of the forest appear to be in a feeble and dying condition—the ivy on the walls has grown its growth, and is slowly dying its death, the very dust under foot is pale and silvery, as if the rains of centuries had washed out of it all semblance of fertility."

* * * * *

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APPENDIX B.

MEMORANDA OF THE PRESTON FAMILY,

BY

ORLANDO BROWN, OF FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

JOHN PRESTON,

First of the family who came to America, was born in Ireland, in the city of Londonderry. His father and three uncles were Englishmen, who served under King William, and aided in defence of that city when besieged by the Roman Catholics, commanded by King James, in 1689. He was a Protestant of the Presbyterian denomination, a man of strong mind and correct principles. He married ELIZABETH PATTON, a sister of Col. James Patton, of Donnegal, and removed with him from Ireland to the State of Virginia, in the year 1740. Col. Patton had for some years commanded a merchant ship, and was a man of property, enterprise

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and influence. He obtained an order of council from the Governor of Virginia, under which he appropriated to himself and associates, 120,000 acres of the best lands lying above the Blue Ridge, in that State, several valuable tracts of which fell to the share of his descendants. He was killed by the Indians at Smithfield, in the year 1753. He left two daughters, one of whom married Capt. William Thompson, the other married Col. John Buchanan, and from the latter descended John Floyd, late member of Congress and Governor of the State of Virginia, James D. Breckinridge of Louisville, late member of Congress from Kentucky, and William P. Anderson late Colonel in the United States army. John Preston, on the passage from Ireland, lost part of his property in a storm, but being an associate, he obtained, under the order of council aforesaid, a valuable tract of uncultivated land, called *Robinson's*, which descended to his son, and until lately remained in the family.

John Preston's first residence in Virginia, was at Spring Hill, in Augusta county, but about the year 1743, he purchased, and with his family settled upon a tract of land adjoining Staunton, on the north side of that town (now occupied by Gen. Baldwin), where he died shortly after, and was buried at the Tinkling Spring Meeting-house, leaving a widow and five children. Mrs. Preston, who possessed much strength of mind and energy of character, continued to reside upon the plantation they had purchased, until her children were all educated and married, when she

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removed to Greenfield, the seat of her son, Col. William Preston, where in 1776 she died, aged 76 years.

The Children of John and Elizabeth Preston, were:

I. LETITIA PRESTON, who was born in Ireland, in 1728. She married Col. Robert Breckinridge, a farmer in Bottetourt county, Virginia. After his death, she removed to Kentucky, and died in the year 1798, aged 70 years. Her family consisted of four sons and one daughter.

1st. William Breckinridge, now living, a farmer near Lexington, Kentucky, who married Miss Gilham. His family consists of two sons and a daughter. His son, John B. Breckinridge, is a merchant in Staunton, Va., and has been twice married. Meredith Breckinridge died unmarried.

2d. John Breckinridge *(dead)* married Mary Cabell, and removed to Kentucky, in the year 1792. He was a laywer of eminent standing, was a Senator in Congress, and, shortly before his death, was appointed Attorney General for the United States, under Mr. Jefferson's administration, and died in 1806. His family consisted of five sons and two daughters. 1st Joseph Cabell Breckinridge *(dead)*, who married Miss Smith, a daughter of Dr. Smith, President of Princetown College and left one son, John C. Breckinridge,* a lawyer in Iowa, and four daughters: 1st. Frances Ann, who married the Rev. J. C. Young, President of Danville

* Now, 1864, Gen. John C. Breckinridge, fomerly Vice President.

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College, and left the following children, viz: Mary, Caroline, Josephine, Jane Elizabeth, and Frances Breckinridge. 2d. Caroline L., married the Rev. Joseph J. Bullock of Frankfort, and has three children, viz: Waller, Mary, and Cabell, all minors. 3d. Mary Cabell, married Dr. Thomas P. Satterwhite of Lexington, and left two children, viz: Mary and Thomas. 4th. Letitia, unmarried. Joseph Cabell Breckinridge was a member of the Kentucky Bar, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Secretary of States when he died in 1823. 3d. John Breckinridge *(dead)*, well known as a Presbyterian Minister, and a professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He married Miss Miller, daughter of Dr. Miller, of Princeton, and left one son and three daughters, as yet minors. 3d. Robert J. Breckinridge, a lawyer, and for several years member of the Kentucky Legislature, now Pastor of the 2d. Presbyterian Church in Baltimore. He married Miss Preston, daughter of General Francis Preston, of Virginia. His family consists of four daughters and two sons, viz: Mary, Sally, Maria, Sophonishba, Robert and William, minors. 4th. Wm. L. Breckinridge, Pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church in Louisville, who married Miss Prevost, daughter of Judge Prevost of Louisiana, and has seven children, viz: John Barton, Robert James, Marcus Prevost, William Lewis, Frances Prevost, Mary Hopkins, and Stanhope Prevost, all minors. 5th James Breckinridge, died before he was grown. 6th Letitia Breckenridge, *(dead)* who first married Alfred Grayson, by whom she had one

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son, John B. Grayson, an officer in the United States Army, and then married Gen. Peter B. Porter, of New York, by whom she left a son, Peter B. Porter, and a daughter, Elizabeth Porter, minors. 7th. Mary Ann Breckinridge, *(dead)* who married David Castleman, a farmer of Fayette county.

3d. James Breckinridge of Virginia, (*dead*) a member of the bar, a general of militia and member of congress. He married Miss Selden, and left four sons and four daughters, viz: Carey married Miss ——; James died unmarried; Robert married Miss Meredith of Kentucky, and left a daughter recently married, and one son a minor; John Breckinridge, unmarried; Letitia, married Col. Robert Gamble of Florida, her eldest daughter married Mr. Shepherd, a planter of Florida, and her eldest son, John Gamble, married Miss Watts of Virginia; Elizabeth Breckinridge married Gen. Edward Watts of Virginia, a lawyer, and speaker of the Virginia Senate, who has two sons, James and William, both lawyers, and six daughters; Mary (*dead*), married Mr. Gamble of Florida; Ann married James P. Holcomb, a member of the Virginia bar; Elizabeth married Thomas L. Preston of Abingdon; and the others as yet minors. Marian Breckinridge, died unmarried; and Matilda married Harry Bowyer of Fincastle.

4th. Elizabeth Breckinridge (*dead*), married Samuel Meredith of Fayette county, Ky., and left three daughters. 1st. Letitia, who married William S. Dallam, and has three daughters, viz: Frances married

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Professor Peter, of the medical School of Transylvania University—Letitia, unmarried—and Elizabeth recently married. 2d. Elizabeth married James Coleman, and has several sons and daughters, the eldest of the latter recently married. 3d. Jane unmarried. 4th. Mary married her cousin, Robert Breckinridge of Virginia, and left a daughter, recently married to Mr. Burch, and a son a minor.

5th. Preston Breckinridge married Miss Trigg of Kentucky, and left three sons, Robert, William and Stephen—and three daughters, Marian, Elizabeth and Gabriella, who married Mr. Tarlton, Mr. Dickey, and Mr. Shotwell.

II. MARGARET PRESTON, second daughter of John and Elizabeth Preston, was born in Ireland, about 1730. She possessed a strong cultivated mind, and much energy of character. She married the Rev. John Brown, a graduate of Princeton College, long and extensively known in Virginia and Kentucky as a Presbyterian minister of piety and talents. They both died in Kentucky—she in the year 1802, aged 73 years—and he in 1803, aged 75 years. Their children who lived to maturity were:

1st. Elizabeth (*dead*), who married the Rev. Thomas B. Craighead of Tennessee, a distinguished Minister of the Presbyterian denomination, and left seven children, viz: John B., Jane, David, Alexander, William, James B., and Thomas David and Thomas are members of the Tennessee bar. John B. and David are married, and have children. The names of John B. Craighead's

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children are Joseph and Thomas. The names of David Craighead's children are Elizabeth, James, Mary, Joanna, and Thomas, all minors.

2d. John Brown,* now the oldest member of the Preston connexion. He was a student at Princeton College, when that institution was broken up by the British. He afterwards completed his studies at William and Mary College, and for several years practised law with success. He was a member of the Virginia legislature from the District of Kentucky, and was, by the legislature of that state, appointed a representative to the old congress in 1787, and also in 1788. In 1789 and 1791, he was elected by the people of Kentucky a representative to the first and second congress under the present constitution. After Kentucky became a state, he was three times elected a senator in congress, and continued a member of the senate until 1805. He married Margretta Mason of New-York, daughter of the Rev. John Mason, and sister of the Rev. John M. Mason, both distinguished ministers of the gospel. By this marriage he had five children, four sons and one daughter, three of whom died when children. Mason and Orlando are now living. 1st. Mason Brown is a judge of the circuit court of Kentucky, and has been twice married — first to Judith Ann Bledsoe, daughter of the Hon. Jesse Bledsoe; by her he had one son, Benjamin Gratz Brown, a minor now

* The Hon. John Brown died at Frankfort, Ky., on the 29th of August, 1857, aged 80 years.

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living—afterwards to Mary Yoder, daughter of Capt. Jacob Yoder of Spencer county, Ky. They have three children, viz: John, Margaret and Mary, all minors. 2d. Orlando Brown was educated as a lawyer, and for some years edited the Kentucky *Commonwealth*. He married Mary W. Brown, daughter of Dr. Preston Brown. They had five children, four sons and a daughter, three of whom are living, viz: Euphemia, Mason and Orlando, all minors.

3d. William Brown, was educated at Princeton—studied medicine, and commenced the practice in South Carolina, with fair prospects of success, but died shortly afterwards, unmarried.

4th. Mary Brown (*dead*), who married Dr. Alexander Humphreys, an eminent physician of Staunton, and after his death removed to Kentucky with her family, consisting of seven children. 1st. John B. Humphreys (*dead*), married Miss Kenner of Louisiana, and resided in that State. His widow and six children, who are all minors, still reside in that state. 2d. Margaret Humphreys married Charles Sproule, and left four children, Mary Ann, Margaret Joseph and John (*dead*)—Margaret married James S. Clark, merchant of New Orleans, and has two children, minors. 3d. James Humphreys married Miss Harry, of Ohio, and left one daughter. Elizabeth Humphreys, unmarried. 4th. David C. Humphreys, a farmer in Woodford county, Ky., married Miss Scott, daughter of Dr. Joseph Scott of Lexington, and has four children, viz: Joseph, Samuel, Mary, and Lucy, minors. 5th.

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Elizabeth Humphreys married Robert S. Todd of Lexington, for many years clerk of the house of representatives of Kentucky, and now a member, and has five children, viz: Margaret, Samuel, David, Martha, and Emily, all minors. 6th. Samuel Humphreys, died unmarried. 7th. Dr. Alexander Humphreys, married Miss Perrit of Louisiana, and lives in that state, having four children, viz: Elizabeth, Elodie, Amelia, and Eulalia, all minors.

5th. James Brown, a distinguished lawyer, and first secretary of state in Kentucky. He was for many years a member of the United States senate from Louisiana, and for six years American minister to the court of France. He married Ann Hart, daughter of Col. Thomas Hart, and sister of Mrs. H. Clay, of Ashland, and died at Philadelphia, leaving no family.

6th. Samuel Brown (*dead*), an eminent physician, and professor in the Medical school of Transylvania. He married Miss Percy of Alabama, and left one son, James P. Brown, a lawyer and planter in Mississippi, who married Miss Campbell, daughter of George W. Campbell of Nashville — and one daughter, Susan Brown, who married Charles J. Ingersoll, Jr., of Philadelphia.

7th. Dr. Preston Brown (*dead*), of Woodford county, Ky. He married Elizabeth Watts of Va., and left one son, viz.: John P. W. Brown, who married Miss Nichol of Nashville, and is a member of the Tennessee bar, and has three children, viz.: Eleanor, Elizabeth W., and Preston W., all minors; and four daughters, viz.:

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1st. Louisa, who married Judge Rucks of Mississippi, who has six children, viz.: Elizabeth, Preston, Maria Louisa, Henrietta, Marian, and Lewis Taylor, all minors. 2d. Henrietta, who married Judge Reese of Tennessee, and has a daughter Louisa. 3d. Mary (*dead*), who married Orlando Brown of Frankfort. 4th. Elizabeth who married Robert W. Scott of Franklin county, Ky., and has five children, viz.: Preston, Joel, John, Mary, and Rebecca, all minors.

III. William Preston, only son of John and Elizabeth Preston, was born in Ireland, and was eight years old when he came to America. He was a man of strong active mind, and much energy of character—was a member of the Virginia house of burgesses, surveyor and county lieutenant of Fincastle or Montgomery county, and a decided active and efficient Whig during the Revolutionary war. He married Miss Susanna Smith of Hanover county, Virginia, daughter of Francis Smith and Elizabeth Waddy, and died at Smithfield, in June 1783, aged 53 years, leaving eleven children, viz: Elizabeth, John, Francis, Sarah, William, Susanna, James, Patton, Mary, Letitia, Thomas, Lewis, and Margaret.

1st. Elizabeth Preston, married William S. Madison, who died during the Revolutionary war, and left two daughters, Susan Smith Madison and Agatha Strother Madison. Susan married John Howe Peyton of Staunton, a distinguished lawyer and member of the Virginia senate, and left one son, William M. Peyton, a member of the Virginia legislature, who married Miss

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Taylor, daughter of Judge Allen Taylor of Bottetourt, and has the following children, viz: Elizabeth, Susan, Sally, Agatha, Garnett, and William, all minors. Agatha married Garnett Peyton, brother of John H. Peyton, and has four sons, Benjamin Howard Peyton, John R. Peyton, who married Miss White, James M. Peyton, William P. Peyton, and Ann Peyton.

2d. John Preston, eldest son of Col. Wm. Preston of Smithfield, was a member of the Virginia senate, general of militia, surveyor of Montgomery county, and for many years treasurer of Virginia. He first married Miss Radford, and then Mrs. Mayo, and left three sons and three daughters. 1st. William R. Preston of Missouri, married Miss Cabell, and has a large family of children minors. 2d. John B. Preston of Barren county, Ky., was many years a member of the Kentucky legislature. He married Miss Murrell, and died on a visit to Texas, leaving several children, minors. 3d. Edward C. Preston, married Miss Hawkins, and died in Louisiana, leaving one son, a minor. 4th. Eliza Preston married Charles Johnson, a lawyer, and member of congress from Virginia.* She left one son, Preston Johnston of the United states army, and one daughter Elvira Johnston, unmarried. 5th. Susan R. Preston married her cousin William Radford, and has two daughters, minors. 6th. Sarah R. Preston, married Henry Bowyer, and has three sons and two daughters, minors. Mrs. Radford and Mrs. Bowyer

* General Joe Johnston of the Confederate Army of the Cumberland (1864), is of this stock.

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both reside at Greenfield, the former residence of their father and grandfather.

3d. Francis Preston, second son of Col. Wm. Preston, of Smithfield, was member of the Virginia Senate, General of Militia, and member of Congress. He married Miss Campbell, only child of General William Campbell, and left ten children, four sons and six daughters, viz: William Campbell Preston, a distinguished lawyer and Senator in Congress from South Carolina, married first Miss Coulter of that State, and after her death, Miss Davis of that State. His only child is Sally Campbell Preston, unmarried. 2d. Eliza, who married Gen. Edward Carrington of Halifax, Virginia. Her children are minors. 3d. Susan married her cousin, James M'Dowell, and has nine children. 4th. Sarah married her cousin John B. Floyd, and has no children. 5th. Sophonisba married the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, and has six children, Mary, Sally, Robert, Maria, William, and Sophonisba. 6th. Maria *(dead)*, married John M. Preston of Abingdon, formerly of Kentucky, and has two sons, minors. 7th. Charles Preston married Miss Beall, and has left no children. 8th. John S. Preston married Miss Hampton, daughter of Gen. Wade Hampton of South Carolina, and has five children, minors. 9th. Thomas L. Preston married Miss Watts of Virginia, 10th. Margaret married Wade Hampton, Jr., grandson of Gen. Wade Hampton, and has one son, a minor.

4th. Sarah Preston, second daughter of Col. Wm. Preston, of Smithfield, married Col. James M'Dowell of

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Rockbridge, Va., an officer in the late war with Great Britain. She left two daughters and one son, viz: 1st. Susan married William Taylor, a lawyer, and member of the Virginia senate. She has four sons, Dr. James Taylor, Robert Taylor, a lawyer, Benton Taylor, William Taylor, and one daughter Susan, unmarried. 2d. Eliza married Col. Thomas Hart Benton, a lawyer, and Senator in congress from Missouri. She has four daughters, Eliza, Jesse, Ann, Sarah, and Susan, and one son, Randolph Benton. Jesse Ann Benton is recently married to Lieutenant Fremont of the United States Army. 3d. James M'Dowell, member of the Virginia legislature, married Miss Preston, daughter of Gen. Francis Preston, and has nine children, viz: Sally who is recently married to Francis Thomas, Governor of Maryland; Mary, Frances, Sophonisba, Susan, Canty, Elizabeth, James, and Thomas.

5th. William Preston, third son of Col. Wm. Preston, of Smithfield, late of Louisville, was for five years a captain in Gen. Wayne's army. He married Miss Hancock, of Virginia, and left five daughters and one son, viz: 1st. Henrietta *(dead)*, married Albert S. Johnson of the United States army, recently a General of Texas, and left one son, William, and one daughter, Henrietta, minors. 2d. Maria married John Pope of Louisville, and has no children. 3d. Caroline *(dead)*, married Col. Abram Woolley of the United States army, and left one son, William P. Wooley, a minor. 4th. Josephine *(dead)*, married Capt. Jason Rogers of the United States army, and left five children, viz: William,

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Susan, Albert S., Maria, and Jason, minors. 5th. William Preston married Miss Wickliffe, daughter of Robert Wickliffe, and has one daughter, Mary Owen Preston, a minor. 6th. Susan, married Howard Christy of St. Louis.

6th. Susanna Preston, third daughter of Colonel Wm. Preston of Smithfield, married Nathaniel Hart of Woodford county, Ky., and left five daughters and two sons, viz.: 1st. Sarah Simpson Hart married Col. George C. Thompson of Mercer, often a member of the Kentucky legislature and twice speaker of the lower house. She has three daughters, Susan, Virginia (*dead*), and Letitia, unmarried. 2d. Letitia P. Hart married Arthur H. Wallace of Livingston county, Ky., and has two sons and two daughters, Susan, William, Sarah, and Thomas, minors. 3d. Louisiana B. Hart married Tobias Gibson, a planter of Louisiana, now of Lexington, Ky. She has one daughter, Sarah, and six sons, Randal, William, Hart, Claudius, Tobias, and M'Kinley, minors. 4th. Mary Howard Hart married William Voorhies, a member of the Louisiana legislature, now of Woodford county, Ky., and has three sons, George, Charles, and William, minors. 5th. Nathaniel Hart — and 6th. William P. Hart, both unmarried. 7th. Virginia Hart married Alfred Shelby, youngest son of Gov. Shelby, and has two sons, and one daughter, Isaac, Alfred, and Susan, minors.

7th. James Patton Preston, fourth son of Colonel Wm. Preston of Smithfield, was a member of the Virginia senate, a Colonel in the United States Army,

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and Governor of Virginia. He married Miss Taylor of Norfolk, and has three sons and one daughter, viz.: 1st. Wm. Ballard Preston, a lawyer and member of the Virginia senate, who married Miss Redd, of Virginia, and has one son, Waller Redd Preston. 2d. Robert Taylor Preston married Miss Hart of South Carolina, and has three children, Virginia, Hart, and James P., minors. 3d. James Francis Preston is a lawyer and unmarried. 4th. Jane Grace Preston, unmarried.

8th. Mary Preston, fourth daughter of Colonel Wm. Preston of Smithfield, married John Lewis of the Sweet Springs, and left six daughters and three sons, viz: 1st. Susan married Henry Massie of Virginia, and left three daughters and two sons, viz: Sarah married Mr. Stanley of North Carolina; Mary married John Hampden Pleasants, editor of the Richmond Whig; Eugenia married Samuel Gatewood; Henry Massie married Miss Smith, and Thomas, unmarried. 2d. Mary Lewis married James Woodville, a lawyer of Fincastle, and left one son, Lewis Woodville, unmarried. 3d. William Lewis married, first Miss Stewart of South Carolina, then Miss Thompson of South Carolina, and then his cousin, Miss Floyd of Virginia. He has often been a member of the South Carolina legislature, and has four daughters, one of whom is married. 4th. Ann Lewis married John Howe Peyton of Staunton, and has nine children, viz.: Susan, married to Mr. Baldwin of Staunton, John Lewis, Ann, Mary, Lucy, Margaret, Yelverton, Howe, and Virginia. 5th. Sarah Lewis married John Lewis of Kenawha. 6th. Margaret Lynn

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Lewis married Mr. Cochran of Charlottsville, and has five sons and one daughter, minors. 7th. Dr. Benjamin Lewis married Mrs. Smith of South Carolina, and has three children minors. 8th. Thomas P. Lewis, unmarried. 9th. Polydora married Mr. Goss, a farmer of Albemarle, and has one child, a minor.

9th. Letitia Preston, fifth daughter of Col. Wm. Preston of Smithfield, married John Floyd of Kentucky, who removed to Virginia; was many years member of Congress, and then Governor of the State. She has four sons and three daughters, viz.: 1st. John B. Floyd, a lawyer, married Miss Preston, daughter of Gen. Francis Preston, and has no children. 2d. William P. Floyd, is a practising physician, and unmarried. 3d. Benjamin Rush Floyd, a lawyer, married Miss Mathews of Virginia, and has one child, a minor. 4th. George R. C. Floyd, unmarried. 5th. Letitia P. married William Lewis of South Carolina, and has two daughters, minors. 6th. Lavalette, unmarried. 7th. Nicketti, married Mr. Johnston, a lawyer of Virginia.

10th. Thomas Lewis Preston, fifth son of Colonel Wm. Preston of Smithfield, was a lawyer and member of the Virginia legislature. He married Miss Randolph, daughter of Edmund Randolph of Virginia, and left one son and one daughter, viz.: John Thomas Lewis Preston, Professor in the Virginia Military Institute, married Miss Caruthers, and has two sons and two daughters, minors. Elizabeth married William A. Cocke of Cumberland county, Virginia, and has three sons, minors.

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11th. Margaret Preston, sixth daughter of Colonel Wm. Preston of Smithfield, married Colonel John Preston of Walnut Grove, Virginia, son of Robert Preston, a distant relative, has nine sons and five daughters, viz.: 1st. Susan *(dead)*, married Mr. Ray of Tennessee, and left two daughters and a son, minors. 2d. Robert, a physician, married Miss Marshall of Philadelphia, and has two daughters, minors. 3d. Margaret, married James White of Abingdon, and has eight children minors. 4th. Alfred, married Miss Willey of Tennessee, and has no children. 5th. Ellen, married Mr. Sheffy of Virginia, and has two children, minors. 6th. John, a lawyer, of Arkansas, unmarried. 7th. Thomas, a lawyer of St. Louis—8th. Walter, a lawyer, both unmarried. 9th and 10th. Jane and Elizabeth, unmarried—and Francis, James, Joseph, and Henry, minors.

IV. Ann Preston, third daughter of John and Elizabeth Preston, born in Ireland, was a woman of excellent understanding and unaffected piety. She married Francis Smith of Virginia, and removed to Kentucky, where she died in 1813, aged 74 years. Her family consisted of two sons and four daughters, viz:

1st. Elizabeth, married James Blair, a lawyer, and Attorney General for Kentucky. She left two sons and two daughters, viz.: 1st. Francis P. Blair, the distinguished editor of the Globe, who married Miss Gist, daughter of Gen. Nathaniel Gist, and has three sons and one daughter, viz.: Montgomery, a lawyer of Missouri.—Francis, James, and Elizabeth. 2d. William

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Blair, a Captain in the United States army, married Miss Cragg, and left one son, Patrick S., minor. 3d. Susanna Blair married Abram Ward, then John Hunnicut, then Job Stevenson. She has one son, Abram Ward, minor. 4th Eliza Jane Blair, married N. A. Spears, and has several children.

2d. John Smith, member of the Kentucky legislature married Miss Hart, daughter of Capt. Nathaniel Hart, one of the Pioneers of Kentucky, and has two sons and five daughters, viz.: 1st. William P. Smith married Miss Grayson, and has one daughter, a minor. 2d. Isaac S. Smith, married his cousin, a daughter of Richard Hart of Henderson, Ky., and has one child, a minor. Mucretia, Susan (*dead*), Sally, Ann, and Letitia unmarried.

3d. Susanna Smith, married William Trigg, of Frankfort, son of Col. Stephen Trigg, who was killed at the Blue Licks, 1782, and has no children.

4th. Jane Smith, married George Madison, an officer in the late war, and Governor of Kentucky. She left three sons and two daughters, all of whom died young and unmarried except Myra, who married Andrew Alexander, and has the following children, viz.: Agatha Apoline, Myra, George, and Andrew, all minors.

5th. William P. Smith, was a captain in the United States army, and died unmarried.

6th. Agatha Smith married Dr. Lewis Marshall of Woodford, and has six sons and one daughter, viz.: 1st. Thomas F. Marshall, lawyer and member of

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Congress. 2d. William L. Marshall, lawyer of Baltimore, married Miss Lee of Virginia, and has one child, a minor. 3d. Charles Marshall *(dead)*. 4th. Dr. Alexander Marshall married Miss M'Dowell, and has several children, minors. 5th John Campbell Marshall—6th. Agatha—and 7th. Edward Marshall, unmarried.

V. MARY PRESTON, fourth daughter of John and Elizabeth Preston, was a woman of superior understanding and highly cultivated taste. She married John Howard of Virginia. and removed to Kentucky, where she died in 1814, having been born in America, and being 74 years of age. She had one son, 1st. Benj. Howard, a member of Congress from Kentucky, and Governor of the Territory of Missouri, when he died in 1814. He married Miss Mason, daughter of Gen. S. T. Mason of Virginia, but left no children.

2d. Elizabeth Howard married Edward Payne of Fayette county, and left six sons, viz: Edward Daniel M'Carty, Benjamin, Thomas Jefferson, John B., and James B. Payne, all of whom married except Benjamin, who died young.

3d. Mary Howard married Alexander Parker of Lexington, and has one son, Richard B. Parker, who married Miss Rice— and one daughter Mary, who married Thomas T. Crittenden. Secretary of State, and Circuit Judge of Kentucky, who has one daughter, Mary Crittenden, who married in Texas—and four sons, Alexander P., Thomas, Benjamin, and Robert, the first married.

4th. Sarah Howard died unmarried.

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5th. Margaret Howard married Robert Wickliffe, an eminent lawyer, and member of the Kentucky legislature. She left three daughters, viz: Sally Wickliffe, who married Aaron K. Woolley, member of the Kentucky legislature, Circuit Court Judge, and Professor in the Law School of Transylvania. She has six children, minors. 2d. Mary Wickliffe, unmarried. 3d. Margaret married William Preston * of Louisville, and has one daughter, minor. 4th. Charles, 5th. John, and 6th. Benjamin, died unmarried. 7th. Robert Wickliffe, lawyer and member of the Kentucky legislature.

* William Preston, now General in the Confederate Army.

[The foregoing "Memoranda" was first printed for private distribution in the year 1842, and, being in request by a few collectors, twenty-five copies were re-printed in Albany, N.Y., 1864.]

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APPENDIX C.

ABRIDGED PEDIGREE

OF THE

LEWIS FAMILY.

The Lewis family are descended from a French-Protestant family (Lewis de Dole), which took refuge in Scotland from the persecutions that followed the assassination of Henry IV. of France. Lewis was a gentleman of fortune, and married Margaret Lynn, the daughter of the Laird of Lock-Lynn, who was descended from a chieftain of a once powerful Highland Clan. He left by his marriage, issue, namely:

I. *Thomas*, who was for many years a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia and of the Federal convention of 1787. He married and left four sons. 1. John, 2. Samuel, 3. James, 4. Thomas, all of whom married and left issue.

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II. Andrew, a General in the American revolutionary army, and the first field officer ever nominated by Washington. He is the hero of the battle of Point-Pleasant, and was at Braddock's defeat in 1755. Gen. Lewis married and left issue. The State of Virginia has erected a Statue of him, in the public grounds, Richmond, Virginia.

III. Charles, a Colonel in the colonial service of Virginia, killed 10th October, 1774, at the battle of Point-Pleasant. Lewis County, Virginia, is named in his honour. He married and left issue,

1. John Lewis, who married and left issue, viz.,
   General Samuel Lewis, of Lewiston, Rockingham Co., who married and left issue, 1. Hon. John Lewis, United States senator for Virginia, in 1873, who married Serena, a daughter of Hon. Mr. Sheffey, and has issue. 2. His Excellency Charles H. Lewis, Minister President at the Court of Portugal, in 1873, from United States. He married a daughter of Hon. John Taylor Lomax, and has issue, one daughter, who is married.

IV. William, a Colonel in the Colonial forces of Virginia, and present at the defeat of General Braddock, in 1755. He married Ann Montgomery of Wilmington, Delaware, a kinswoman of General Richard Montgomery, and left issue, a large family. His son and successor was,

1. *Major John Lewis*, of the Sweet Springs, who married Mary, a daughter of Col. William Preston of Smithfield, Virginia, and left issue, .

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I. *Colonel William Lynn Lewis*, who married 1st, Miss Stuart of S. C. and by her left issue, 1st. Dr. James Stuart Lewis, and two daughters, Col. Lewis married 2nd., Letitia, daughter of His Excellency, Governor John Floyd of Va., and left issue, 1st. William Lynn, married Miss Dooley, of Richmond, 2nd. John Floyd, married Miss —— of Kentucky, 3rd, Charles and two daughters, 1st. Susan married Mr. Fredericks of South Carolina, and has issue. 2nd. Letitia married Mr. Cockes, of Virginia, and has issue.

II. Major Thomas Preston Lewis, unmarried.

III. Dr. John B. Lewis married Mrs. Smith, of South Carolina, and left issue, 1st. Dr. John Lewis, of Albemarle, County Virginia. 2. William, 3. Montgomery killed in the Confederate army. 4. Ann. married Mr. White, of Texas, and has issue, 5. Eugenia, unmarried.

IV. Mary married James L. Woodville, of Fincastle, and left one son, Dr. James L. Woodville, of Monroe, County Virginia, who married Mary, a daughter of Cary Breckinridge of Botetourt, and has issue.

V. Susan married Capt. Henry Massie of Alleghany Co. and left issue, 1. Henry, who married Miss Smith, and has issue. 2. Dr. Thomas, who married the widow of his cousin Waller Massie, of Ohio, and left at his death in 1864, two children. 3 Sarah married Rev. F. Stanley, M. A. and died without issue, 4 Mary married John Hampden Pleasants

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and left two children, 1. James married and has issue. 2. Ann Eliza, who married Bazil Gordon of Fredericksburg Virginia, and has issue. 5. Eugenia, married Samuel Gatewood, and left isssue.

VI. Ann Montgomery Lewis, who married John Howe Peyton, and left issue at her death in 1850.

1. *John Lewis*, who married Henrietta E. C., daughter of Col. J. C. Washington of Lenoir County, North Carolina, has issue, one son, born 27th January 1872, in the island of Guernsey, Great Britain, namely Lawrence Washington Howe Peyton.
2. Yelverton Howe unmarried.
3. Susan Madison married Colonel John B. Baldwin of Augusta County, Virginia, a son of Judge Briscoe G. Baldwin.
4. Ann Montgomery died unmarried.
5. *Mary*, married Robert A. Gray of Rockingham County Virginia, and has issue
6. Elizabeth married William B. Telfair of Ohio and has issue.
7. Lucy, married Judge Jno. M. Hendren of Virginia and has issue.
8. Margaret Lynn, married George M. Cochran, junior of Staunton, Virginia, and has issue two sons, 1. Peyton, 2. Baldwin.
9. Virginia married Col. Jos. F. Kent, of Wythe, County Virginia, and has issue, one son.
10. Cornelia, married Dr. Thomas, and has issue, two sons, 1, Peyton, 2, Baldwin.

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VII. *Margaret Lynn Lewis*, married John Cochran, of Albemare, and has issue, 1 Judge John Lewis Cochran, who married the widow of Dr. Thomas E. Massie, and has issue. 2 James, who married an heiress, Miss Brooks, of Smith's-folly, Augusta county, and has issue. 3 Dr. Henry. 4 Howe Peyton, who married a daughter of General Edward Carrington, and has issue. 5 William Lynn, 6 Mary Preston, who married John M. Preston and has issue and 7 George Moffatte.

VIII. *Eugenia Lewis*, who married Dr. John Goss, and left issue. A tolerably full history of the Lewis family, will be found in "Howe's History of Virginia," under head of Augusta County.

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APPENDIX D.

EXTRACT FROM THE

WASHINGTON PEDIGREE,

FURNISHED TO THE AUTHOR BY

JOHN WASHINGTON, BROTHER OF THE HON. WILLIAM H. WASHINGTON, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FOR THE NEWBERN, (NORTH CAROLINA) DISTRICT.

I. *Sir William Washington*, Knight of Packingham, county of Leicester, married Anne Villiers, half-sister of the Duke of Buckingham, and left two sons, both of whom settled in the colony of Virginia,

1. JOHN, who married Ann Pope, and left issue one son, namely,

Lawrence of Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, who married Mildred, daughter of Colonel Agustine Warner, and dying in 1697, left issue, *three* sons, namely: 1. John and 3 Lawrence, both of whom married, and left issue,

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but of them it is unnecessary to speak, and secondly,

2. AUGUSTINE, who married Mary Ball, of Alexandria, Virginia, and by her left issue, one son, the illustrious Washington, founder of the United States, and called the "Father of his Country."

II. LAWRENCE, who married and left a son John, who settled in Pittsford, North Carolina, whose eldest son John, of Newbern, N. C., married Eliza, daughter of John Cobb, of Lenoir County, and left issue,

1. JOHN COBB, of Vernon, near Kinston, Lenoir Co., N. C., a member of the North Carolina State Constitutional Convention, of the Secession Convention in 1861., etc., and J. P., who married Mary Ann Edmunds, daughter, of the late Southey Bond, of Raliegh, one of the descendants of the Mayflower Colony of "Pilgrim Fathers," and has issue, two daughters:
   1. MARY ANN EDMUNDS, who married Major Wm. Augustus Blount, and has issue: 1 John Washington, 2 Wm. Augustus, 3 Eliza, 4 Annie, 5 Mary, 6 Olivia.
   2. Henrietta Eliza Clark, who married *John Lewis Peyton*, of Shirley, Augusta Co., Virginia, and has issue one son, viz: *Lawrence Washington Howe*, born in the Anglo-norman isle of Guernsey January 27th, 1872.

Augustus, M. D. of the University of Paris, who married Anna, a daughter of William Livingston, of the State of New York, and left issue a large family.

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III. *George*, who married first Catherine, a daughter of Dr. F. Dennison, of South Carolina, and has issue, 1. George Lawrence, who married in Cuba, and resides there in 1873. 2. Catherine, who married Henry Bond, of Morgantown, N. C. He married 2nd Louisa, a daughter of General Hernandez, of Cuba, (a grandson of Philiphe Hernandez, author, etc.;) and has issue, 1. Louisa, 2. Augustus, 3. Eliza, 4. John. 3. Annetta. He married thirdly Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of the late J. B. Stevens, of Newark, New Jersey, and has issue 1. George, 2. John.

IV. *Eliza*, married 1st. Franklin Grist of North Carolina, and left issue, two children, 1. Franklin unmarried. 2. Eliza, who married Dr. James Hughes, of Newbern, North Carolina. After the death of Mr. Grist, his widow married Dr. R. Knox, and has issue, 1. Augustus Washington, 2. Elizabeth.

V. *Ann*, who married James Heritage Bryan, and left issue, 1. James Augustus, who married Miss Sheppard, of North Carolina, daughter and co-heiress of Judge Donald, of that State, 2. Washington, unmarried 3. Laura.

VI. *Susan*, who married the Hon. William A. Graham, twice Governor of North Carolina, long a United States Senator for that State, and Secretary of State for the Navy department in the Cabinet of President Fillmore. Governor Graham was the Whig Candidate in 1852, for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, General Winfield Scott being the Candidate for President. They have issue, 1. Joseph, (a North

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Carolina Senator) who married ——, and has issue, 2. John Washington, also a member of the Senate of North Carolina, who married a daughter of Paul Cameron, of Hillsboro, and has issue, 3. George W. 4. William A; 5. Augustus, 6. Susan.

VII. *Mary*, married Joseph Graham of Canton, Arkansas, and has issue.,

His second son left issue, from whom are sprung Hon. William H. Washington, of Newbern, and Richard Washington, of Goldsboro, all of whom married and have families.

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INDEX.

Absalom, 221.
Adams, John Quincey, 197.
Advice on Marriage, 81.
Advice to a son, 11, 21. Cato's, 218.
Address to the people of Virginia on Senatorial Election, 100.
Advice to Children, 169.
African Nurse, anecdote of, 52.
An African Valet, 166.
Anderson, J. T., 119.
A family group—interesting one —300.
Affectionate disposition, evidence of his, 165.
African race, mental inferiority of, 235.
A good master, 170.
Addison, Jos., 201.
Ahasuerus, 221.
Ajobardus—Bishop of Lyons—his wise views, 180.
Alexandria, The "fool's tax" in, 180.
Alexander the Great, 251.
Alexander, Archibald, 168.
,, James and Joseph A., 16.
Aid-de-Camp to Govenor of Virginia appointment to, 98.
America, official delinquencies in, 166.
Ambition, his want of, 55.
Amusing trial of a horse-thief, 61.
Anderson, Joseph R., 86.
Anecdote of a gallant boy, 11, 12.
,, ,, General Andrew Jackson, 63.
Apoplexy—a form of disease common to the Peytons, 305.
Alleghany, Virginia, the district beyond, 131.
Ameliorating effect of public work on the population, 144.
American government, one of economy, 197.
Anarchy worse than the worst Government, 250.
Argument of Wm. M. Peyton in behalf of public works, 133—165
Armed neutrality recommended to Virginia in 1861, 281.
Aristocracy, the Shoddy, 298.
Astrologers, foolish belief in, 181.
Aspirations, the folly of political, 218, 219.

Baldwin Briscoe, G., 6, 92. His character, 95.
Baldwin J. B., 240, 306.
Bayly Thos. H., 189. 190.
Barnett, David, 119.
Berlin decrees of Napoleon, 4.
Barbour, James and Philip, 6, 240.
Benton, Thos. H., 124.
Bayard, The modern, 210.
Beauty and booty, 37.
Berrian, John M., 16.
Beautiful Virginian scenery, 168.
Blair F. P., 3.
Boys, Dr Wm., 22.
Boyden, Rev. E., 44.
Boys, Mrs. Wm. 75.
Boone county, 231.
Beaumont, Francis, (Colleague of Fletcher), 51.
Boy, a gallant, 11, 12,
Biography, motive for writing, 2.
Brown, Mrs. Fanny Peyton, 74.
Brown, Orlando, 3.
,, John, 2.
,, Neil, S—294.
Braddock—his defeat, 187.
British people, early ignorance of, 202
Beale, Chas., 86.
Bowyer, Harry, 86.

Digitized by Google

Botts, John, minor, 86. 240.
Bowcock Thomas, 240.
Burrell, Chas., 86.
Bell, John, 237, 294.
Boyce, W. W., 266. His views against Secession, 267.
Border States, their interest imperilled by secession, 249.
Brown, Governor, of Georgia, 300.
Blackberry wine, anecdote of, 24
Breckenridge, Robert, J., 2, 16,
,, Major John C., 2, 16.
,, Cary, 86.
Blackburn, General Sam., 6.
,, Mrs Anna, 84.
Bryan, John Randolph, 17.
Bryan House, 74.
Brutus, 206.
Brobdignags, 219.
Burning Clients' bonds, 57. 58.
Buddha, 23
Brokenborough, J. W., 92.
Bruce, J. E., 86.

Cato, Valerius, 24.
,, advice to his son, 234.
Campbell, governor of Virginia, 86, 98, 99.
Castlemen, T. T., Rev., 73.
Canada Conquered by the English, 187.
Carlile, John S., 240.
Cannel coal discovered in Virginia, 231.
Calhoun, J. C, 171.
Catholic Church in Monrose, 176.
Clay, Henry, Whig Candidate, in 1844, for Presidency, 225, 228.
Claiborne, Stirling, 7.
Clients. their bonds burnt 57.
Clarke, General, 98.
Clarendon, Earl of, 88.
Chesapeake bay—the American mediterranean, 131.
Celsus, his advice for preserving health, 21.
Clinton de Witt, 135.
Chaucer, Geoffrey—founder of English poetry, 30.
Cicero, 24.
Christ rebukes a proud mother, 9.
Coulter Judge, 6.
Combat with Van Bibber, 20.
Courtesy of England, 44.
Coercion—a Government right, 261.
Coal mining in Virginia, 233.
Cowper, William, 170.
Carrick's ford, battle of, 290.
Compromise, Bill of, 1850, 237.
Comets, appearance of — once supposed to indicate evils, 184.
Conrad, Robt. Y., 92.
Course of a patriot in the public councils, 99.
Confidence inspired by a good man, 99.
Correspondence, the attention of a gentleman to friendly, 165.
Constantinople, fall of, 87.
Conservative party of Virginia, 116, 117.
Crittenden J. J., 266.
Crichton, James, 23.
Cromwell, Oliver, 218.
Crusaders — their superstitions, 179.
Crutchfield, Oscar M., 95, 119.
Cushing, M., 74.

Dahlgren, Col., his diabolical plans, 273—276.
Davis, Jos. W., 119.
,, D. C., 7, 86.
Daniel, Judge Wm., 95, 150, 152.
David, King, 221.
Daniel, John M., 240.
Deprecations of Civil war, a patriot's, 248.
Debt due to the dead by survivors, reflections on, 185.
Death of Balie Peyton, junior, 296.
Diogenes—his opinion of the best wine, 24.
Digressions in writing — their value to a book, 35.
Dibden, Thos. Frognall, 50.
Dickerson, Daniel S., 249.
Divisions amon Virginian families by the civil war, 298.
Dinner table, the manners of a gentleman of the "old school" at, 87.
Duty, a conscientious man's idea of, 59-60.

Digitized by Google

Domestic life in Roanoke, 169.
D'Orleans, Father—his fictions inventions 178.
Dupes always ready found by Charlatans, 180.
Douglas, Stephen A., 237.

Eastern Empire, fall of, 87.
Early, Gen. J. A., 240.
Edmundson. J. P., 86.
Edmunds, J. R., 129.
Education, popular, advocated, 200, 204.
English literature, Angustan period of, 201.
England, cause of her war with U. S. in 1812, 3, 4.
Enquirer, The Richmond, 210.
Eskridge, Alexr. P., 86, 302, 304, 307.
Elmwood, Roanoke, 89, 90.
Executive power, Danger of an extension of, 109, 111.
Executive patronage, 124.
Eulogy on Henry Clay, 227.
Ewing, E. H., 294.
Evil supposed to follow appearance of a comet, 184.
Escape of Col. Peyton from New York, 190.
Experienced member of the Legislature, 212.
Extremist, prevented a settlement between North and South in 1861, 258.
Express (Newspaper) Editor's introduction to Col. Peyton's letter, 245.
,, ,, second letter, 278.

Fabian policy, 254.
Falkland, Lord, his life near Oxford, 88.
Failure to secure success in life is mainly due to want of ambition, 55.
Festive Scene at the "Bryan house," 76, 79.
Federalism, a Locofoco's horrow of, 213.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs Lovie, 31, 33.
Fillmore, President, 249.
Fire, destruction of family papers by, 90 (note).
Florida, life there, 52.
,, how acquired by United States, 189, 271.
Floyd, John B., 86, 241.
Florence and the Medici, 87.
Flournoy, Thos., W., 86.
Fools tax in Alexandria, 180.
Fontaine Ed., 116.
Fraternal affection, 45, 46.
Friendship, an old author's idea of, 60.
Free-schools, in Va., views in favour of, 200, 210.
Fultz, D., 70.
Gaston, William, 16.
Gamaliel—President of the Sanhedrim, under Tiberius, 213.
Gall, Francis Jos. 65.
Garnett, General R. S., 241.
Gentlemen—the Virginian of the old school, 41.
Gilmer, T. W., 86.
,, J. H., 240.
General Knowledge, value of, 174.
Goggin, Wm., L. 86.
Good Moses, C., 116.
Griffeth, Dr., 86.
Greenbrier river, named by John Lewis, 30.
Gray, Col. A. S., 87.
Government, the three basis on which all rests, 153.
Gratton, Peachy, 240.
Greece, flight of wise men from 87.
Gulf States, their political follies, 249.

Hay, George, 6.
Habits, a boy's good, 61.
Halcombe, J. P., 86.
Hamilton, Alexr. 261.
Harrison, Randolph, 86.
,, Peyton, 87.
Hartford convention, 5, 270.
Hamon, 221.
Hill, Berry, or Bury 33.
Health, how to preserve, 21.
Hessian prisoners, how employed in Virginia, 31.
Harrison, Mr. 64.
Hot Springs, 81.
Host, an accomplished, 87.

Digitized by Google

Houston Russell, 294.
Hosea, one of the minor prophets, 201.
Holy legends and the like refuted, 177, 179.
History is philosophy, &c., 250
Howard, Benjamin, 3.
Howard, John, 86.
Hunter. R. M. T, 240.
Huntersville, A lawyer among his clients there, 56.
Hunt,—, 249.

Icarius, 9.
Improvements, modern, 41.
Impression made in the Virginia Legislature by a young member, 99,
Internal improvements in Virginia, 131, 132. Peyton's speech, 133, to 165.
Impression made by beautiful Scenery, 168.
Illinois, how formed, 188.
Indiana, ,, ,, 188.
Inscriptions on the Peyton tombs in Cambridgeshire, 337.
Ignorance, effects of an early British people, 202.
Inexperienced member of the Virginia Legislature, 212.
Improvements in the people of Virginian from his mining operations, 233.
Introduction to Col. Peyton's 1st letter on secession, 245.
,, 2nd letter, 280.
Isleham, Co. Cambribge, visit to, in, 1870, 337.
Isleham, in Western Virginia, 166.

Jackson, Gen. A., 61, 63, 237.
,, John J., 246.
Jews, ignorance, the cause of their ruin, 201.
Jefferson, President, 3, 10. His good rules, 11. His educational plans, 205.
Johnson, Chapman, 6, 102, 106.
,, ,, junior, 76, 79.
,, Andrew, 299.
,, Cave, 294.
Jones, Sir Wm. 23.
Joseph's bones carried into Canaan after they had been embalmed 400 years, 308.
Joab, 221.

Kenawha river, 85
Kindly Acts of a good man, 91.
Knowledge, the advantage of both special and general, 174, 175.
Knowledge, lack of, among the Jews, the cause of their woes, 201.

Lands, the history of the public of U. S. 186, 188.
Laws of warranty in Virginia, 7.
Langhorne, Mr. 86.
Lewis, Major John, 10, 176.
,, Ann Montgomery, 10.
,, Col. John, Pioneer, of Augusta Co, 30.
,, General Andrew, 30.
,, Meriweather, 98.
,, Col. Wm. S. 86, 171, 175, 176.
,, Hon. John, United States senator, 240.
,, Hon. Chas. H. 240.
Letcher, John, 240, 242.
Lee, Sir Henry, 297.
,, Chas. Carter, 86.
,, General R. E. 241, 244.
,, Mrs. R. E. 245.
Legislature, life in, 99.
Leigh, B. W. 120, 121.
Legal profession, to succeed in, real merit is necessary, 48, 49.
Letter to the Author from his brother, 299.
Lincoln, President, 252, 277.
Letters and papers lost during Civil War, 50.
Lisle, Mrs., 73.
Library, the Peyton, 50.
"Little great men", 219.
Louisiana, 189, 271.
Lovers, the victims of astrologers, 83.
Locofoco party, 210, 215.
Lyons, James, 86.

Marshall, T. F., 3,

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Madison, Wm. S., 2.
,, James. 2, 3, 5, 261.—269.
Marshall, Jno. 6.
Maimbourg, Lewis, his falsehoods, 178, 179.
MacDowell, James, 2, 86.
,, Mrs. Bob., 73.
Macon, Nath., 16.
Mahomet, 23.
Massinger, Philip. 80.
Marriage, advice on, 81.
Madness of S. Carolina's political course, 255.
Mansion, Col. Peyton's, consumed by fire, 90.
Mason, J. Y., 110.
,, J. M., 92, 240.
Mayse, George, 214.
Munford, Wm. P., 222.
McClellan, Gen. G.B., 291.
Meigs, R. I., 294.
Morgan, L. D., 294.
Mercer, C. F., 16.
Mezzofanti, Guiseppe, 23.
Magnanimity, anecdote of, 56.
Montgomery Hall—life there, 28.
Moone, S. McD., 72, 240.
Monbeddo, Lord, 67.
Middle States, their political influence in Union, 254.
Mosby, C. L., 86.
Medici, the, 87.
,, Cosmo de, 87.
Mexico, threatened war with, 98.
Michie, T. J. 92.
Michigan, State formed, 188.
Miller, Bowyer, 210—214.
Moderation in Opinions taught, 172, 173.
Mill Spring, battle of, 295.

Napoleon, 4, 10.
National Bank, 107.
Nature, a love of, 59.
Natural Bridge, Va., 168.
Ned Phipps, 166, 168.
Northern States responsible for the Civil War, 252.
Newton, Sir Isaac, 13.

Orders in Council, British, 4.
Oregon, boundary line, 98.
Oratory, when an instrument of evil, 69.
Old Chap, 78.
Opportunity necessary to success, 77.
Oliver Major, 86.
Ottomans threaten Western Europe, 87.
Official delinquencies in America, 116.
,, qualification, the Washingtonian Standard, 226.
Office holders not always the most deserving, 221.
" Old Dominion," 164.
O'Farrel, John, 119.
O'Conor, Chas, 249.
Open house, 299.

Party spirit reckless in America, 62.
Patriotic spirit, 209.
Peyton, John Rouse, 17.
,, John 16.
,, John Howe, 2, 5, 6, 9, 62, 66, 67. Speech of against a horse thief,—his idea of a fiddling lawyer, 78. Elected Senator, 98. Moderate opinions, inculcated by, 172, 174. His ideas of the power of general knowledge, 174. A patriarchal master, 170. His discourse on holy legends, astrology and common superstitions, etc., 177, 184.
,, Henry, 6.
,, Susan Madison, 8, 9.
,, General Bernard, 86.
,, Hon. Balie, 294.
,, Balie, junior, his death, 296. Col. Wm. M., his address to the people of Virginia, 100. Appointed aid-de-camp to the Governor of Va., 98. His want of ambition, 55. His internal improvement speech, 133, 165. His mansion burnt, 90. His firmness

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and incorruptibility, 213. His denunciation of repudiators, 225, 228. His conduct to friends, 229. His discovery of Cannel coal fields 231. His letters to Mr. Rives, 245, 276. His second letter, 280. His employment during the war, 297. His death and character, 301, 309.
,, Major Benjamin H, 86.
Peytona, town of, founded, 232.
Pedigree of the Peyton family, 313
,, of the Preston family, 355
,, of the Lewis family. 375
,, of the Washington family. 380
Payne Bar, G. 119.
Park, Geo., 119.
Paraffine discovered 232.
Peaceable secession an absurdity 260.
Pliny the younger believes a friend necessary to our success, 77.
Phrenology, amusing anecdote of, 66.
Party, the Conservative, of Virginia, 116.
Preston, William Campbell, 2.
,, James Patton, 2, 86.
,, Elizabeth, 2.
,, William, 2,
,, Wm. Ballard, 86, 129, 240.
,, Robert, 86.
,, Walter, 86, 303,
Pennsylvania, her system of internal improvement commended. 145, 147.
Porterfield, Gen. Robt., 5.
,, Geo. H., 291.
Pocock, Ed., 23.
Poetical taste an evidence of a refined mind, 24.
Pope Pius, IX., sought to be converted, 176.
,, Alexander, 201.
Political aspirations, folly of, 218.
Pocohontas, C.H., Conflagration of Clients' bonds, 58.
Peidmont, district of Va., 131.
Prophetical forecast of the results of Secession, 287.
Prichard, an illiterate Locofoco, 209. His stump speech, 217.
Presidential election of 1860, 235.
Pryor, R. A., 240.
Plot to defeat a gentleman, 210.
Political Doctors, 198.
Popular Education, 200, 208.
Pegram, John, his surrender of 2000 Confederates, 292.
Presbyterian stronghold invaded by Romanists, 176.
Public lands of the U. S., history of, 186, 225.
Public improvements, argument against the three-fifth principle, 154, 160.
Princeton University, course of Study in, 17.
Popular estimate of Col. Peyton, 19, 20.
Prideaux, 23.

Randolph, Edn., 6.
,, Thomas J. 86.
Radford Wm., 86.
Republic, the better days of, 62.
Responsibility, Gen. Jackson always ready to assume this, 64.
Read, T. C., 86.
Reform, advocated by the Virginian Whigs, 225.
Reconstruction of the 'Union, impossible in 1861, 263, 265.
Rives, Wm. C. 86, 95, 108, 240, 278,
,, Alexr. 86, 240.
Republic, Education necessary in, 202.
Riches fly away, (illustration), 299.
Rich, mountain Confederates' retreat from, 291.
Richmond Enquirer, 210.
Ritchie, Wm. 240.
Rowze, Dr. L., 17.
Rous, Rouzee, &c., 17.
Roanoke Co. established, 99.
Rivers of Virginia, 180.
Ritchie, Thomas 120, 121, 210, 311, 318.
Rockbridge, 168.
Roman Catholics in the middle ages; 178.
Runnymede, 250.
Rush, Richard, 16.
Rules of life, Thomas Jefferson's, 11.
Ruffin, Edmund, Commits Suicide, 90.

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Sardoval, Bishop of Pampeluna, his fictions, 179.
Search, right of, 3.
Sallust, 234.
Seymour, Horatio, 249.
Segar, Jos., 240.
Secession, peaceable, an absurdity, 260
not a reserved right, 268.
Shefley, Danl., 7.
Shanks, Thos., 80, 93, 119,
Sherrard, Jos. H., 119.
Shands, Wm., 119.
Sims, Dr. J. Marion, 47, 278.
Sully, T., the painter, 49.
Spurzheim, Johann Gaspar, 66.
Smith, Ben., 92.
Solomon, his idea of strife, 243.
Scott, R. E., 240, 92.
Southern Congress, proposed by South Carolina, 237.
Scott, Gen. Winfield, 237.
Sic Semper Tyrannis, the motto of Va., 287.
Slavery, bright side of, in Va., 170., Cause of Secession, 252.
Stuart, Thomas J., 28.
,, A. H. H., 129, 92, 240.
,, Chas. A., 30.
Southall, V. W., 92.
Stone House, The old, 36, 38.
Summers, G. W., 92, 129.
Sub-Treasury, 121,
Stack, Leonora, 176.
Suffrage, Universal, dangerous unless the people are educated, 204.
South Carolina, her course on secession condemned, 254,
,, contrasted with Virginia 254
St. Peter discoved by his accent, 293.
Stump Speeches, 94.
Secretary of Legation to Paris, 96.
Steele, Sir Richard's idea of a great man, 220.
Shoddy Aristocracy, 298
Swift, Dean, 201.
Superstitions, Early. 31, 33, 183.
State proxy to James River and Kenawha Canal, 221.
Summary of the causes which justified Virginia in seceding, 232

Taylor, Sir Hy. 1.
Taylor, E. A. E., 35, 36, 80.
,, Hon Allan, 35.
,, Dr. John B., 86.
Telfair, Mrs. J., 74.
Tariff of 1840, 196.
,, favoured by Whigs, 225.
Tazewell, L. W., 6.
Thompson, Eliz., 35.
Travelling, a general desire, 51,
Trigg, Robert, 92.
Tide Water, Virginia, 131.
Truth and reason, their value, 174
Texian revolt, 98.
Turner, Rev. Jesse, 91.
Tucker, H. St. Geo. 7.
Turks threaten Europe, 87.

Ulysses, 52.
Ultra-Democratic party, 210.
U. S. Government, the best ever vouchsafed to man, 249.
Union, a central one advocated, 259.
,; a love of among Virginians, 285.
Unfortunates, how treated, 298.

Van Buren, Martin, 95, 210.
Van Bibber. T., Combat with, 20.
Valentine, Ed., 86.
Venable, N. E,, 119, 129.
Voltaire, 218.
Vossius, his false stories, 178.
Virginia, her territorial extent and and general aspect, 131—Her great history and services, 254-56; Cannot follow S. C. with self respect, 256; State Convention, 248; Secedes from the Union, 243: Her exposed position in event of civil war, 260, She rebels, 286; Address to her people, 100.
Virginia landscapes 59. Early days in, 7, 8. 25, 30, 41. Want of improvements in Western, 92. Valley of, 131. Rivers of, 130. Natural divisions, 131.

Washington, 224. Standard of Official qualification, 226, 254.
War in the Union or out of it, 254,
Watts, E., 86.
Wesley, 202.
Walton, Bryan, 23.
Williamson, Capt. 39, 70.
Wickliffe, R., 3.
Wickham, J., 6.
Wirt, W., 6.
Willis, N. P., 17.
"Whig Society," 22.
Wife, choice of, 80.
Wilmer, Bishop, 86.
Wise, H. A., 240.
,, O. J., 240.
Willey, W. J, 240.

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Wisconsin, of what territory formed, 188.
Wickedness punished, 221.
Whig meeting in Roanoke, 228.
Whippers-in, political, 211.
Witcher, Vincent, 86.
Wise men fly from Greece, 87.
Whitfield, 202.
Wythe, Geo., 6.
Woodville, J., 86.
Whigs of Virginia, their character, 112.
Wright, Silas, 121.
White, family of papist, 176.
Yerby, Mr. Delegate for Accomac, 129.
Zollicoffer, Gen., his death, 295, 296.

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"Colonel Peyton's book is half a narrative of his reminiscenses of the Great Civil War, or rather of his personal intercourse with its chief actors, both military and political, and half a description of his experiences in England, and his impressions of English society. He exhibits considerable skill in blending his adverse feelings towards Jefferson Davis (whom he regards as a common-place politician and not a genius at all) with the necessary amount of attachment for the Confederate cause. Some of the chapters which he devotes to his personal observations while in this country, will be read with interest, and portions of them with amusement. Of course he does not like Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright. Of Lord Russell's appearance and manner he speaks with a contempt which is not wholly unmerited, but ill-becomes a panegyrist of Mr. Alexander Stephens, of whose outer man he has given the most unflattering of descriptions. But he is at all events impartial in his satirical judgments. When he presents what is on the whole a very uncomplimentary portrait of Mr. Roebuck he is perhaps more true to life, but he makes a poor return for much zealous service."—*Daily Star.*

"This subject is unrivalled in importance to Americans, and a very arduous one with which to deal; the interests involved are so manifold, and the questions connected with it so complicated that it requires a master-mind to do it justice. Colonel Peyton has taken very elevated views of all these great questions. We have rarely met with a writer who combines so much impressive earnestness with so much sound sense and masculine depth of thought."—*Gazette.*

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"Here we pause, reluctantly;—the extreme interest we take in the political portion of Colonel Peyton's most valuable and instructive work, has induced us to discuss somewhat at large what we may venture to entitle "Sentiments proper to the present crisis," and that with reference as well to England as to America. It is not, however, to the statesman or historian alone that these volumes will be interesting. Their Author has mingled largely in the best society on either side of the Atlantic, public and private life in both hemispheres, with their leading warriors, orators, statesmen; artists and men of letters, have come as a matter of course under his notice, and are sketched ably by his graphic pen;—he is in turn a Hogarth and a Watteau, as eccentricities and absurdities, graces and amenities are to be delineated. Nor is graver information wanting; his work is replete with historical anecdotes, valuable statistics, and sound and apposite reflections upon subjects of contemporary or social interest."—*British Press.*

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Hauteville House,
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Mon cher Colonel,

J'ai lu avec le plus vif intérêt votre excellent ouvrage. Vous m'exprimez, sur la premiére page, des sentiments qui me touchent vivement. Je suis votre concitoyen en liberté et en humanité.

L'abolition de l'esclavage a rendu l'Amerique à elle-même ; désormais il n'y a plus ni Nord, ni Sud ; il y a la grande République. J'en suis comme vous.

Recevez, Colonel, mon cordial shake [of the] hand.

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JOHN ESTEN COOKE,
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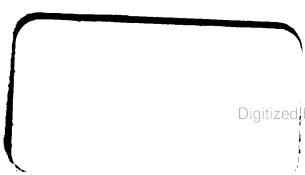

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Inventory of Materials

Topic: Biography - W. Va.

Title: Memoirs of Old Citizens of Pocahontas County, West Virginia

Author: Mrs Rella F. Yeager

Date Submitted:

Length: 1100 words

Editor

Status:

Contents: Fairly complete statement on life of David Gibson family of Pocahontas County from 1770 to date of Civil War. Gives description of pioneer home and pioneer life. Mention of early school teachers and ministers.

Source: Gibson family records
Price, N. History of Pocahontas County, W. Va.

Consultant: _____

Reliability: not checked

File - Biography

Folder: 1

Mrs. Rella F. Yeager

Rella F. Yeager

From family records of the Gibsons and History of Rev. W. G. Price & History of Pocahontas County.

MEMOIRS OF OLD CITIZENS OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA.

This manuscript reveals the manner of living conditions more than a century ago. It was one of the diaries of journals of a citizen without any intent of becoming history.

In our researches into the fundation of American life little attention has been given to the first children of the pioneers. Their part in the development of the New World was small when it is considered from historical viewpoint. Sociologically it was of great moment. Upon them depended the course of the social system that their fathers were creating.

In the pioneers whom we subject to diligent research, there was but a temporary structure, but in the children and their children's children, was the future of the Western World.

David Gibson, son of the pioneer Gibsons, moved to Old Field Fork of Elk, Pocahontas County in 1822, and died there in 1861. He married Mary Sharp, who was born September 10, 1799. The pioneer home was where Jacob Sharp now lives. He was married May 25, 1819. Their children were:

William Gibson, born June 22, 1823

John S. Gibson, born November 27, 1824

James S. Gibson born March 12, 1827

Dr. David W. Gibson, born July 4, 1829

Sarah E. Gibson, born January 14, 1835

Jacob C. Gibson, born June 14, 1837

Mary J. Gibson, born April 7, 1841

Nancy Ann Gibson, born March 24, 1843

Willaim Gibson married Polly Gay (daughter of Samuel Gay) who was bofn October 27th, 1823.

David Gibson had a fine farm consisting of one thousand acres of fine land in the blue grass, limestone valley of Old Field Fork of Elk. They raised grain, cattle and sheep, also flax. They pulled the flax and spread it on the ground until it got rain to bleach it, then it was gathered into small sheaves like a sheaf of wheat then put in some dry place ready for working; it was then made into fine linen for table cloths and clothing. The tow or coarser part was used for making bed ticks and clothes for men.

The wool was spun into yarn and woven into cloth at home.

The school house was a log structure. A fireplace took up one whole side. The pupils cut the great back-log and rolled it in at noon each day while the girls and teacher swept the house. They had a dirt floor with split logs in which wooden pins were inserted for seats. A space was left open on each side over which was pasted greased paper, for windows. The pupils used squares of slate rock for slates, taken from the bed of a branch of Elk River; their

~~their~~ pencils were of red soapstone gathered from the hills.

The pioneers also held preaching services in the little log school house. The congregation was Presbyterian, but it was seldom that they could have a minister to fill the pulpit, so the members went to the Methodist Church with the exception of Mary Gibson, who was loyal to her Church (Presbyterian).

Later a nice frame Presbyterian Church was erected and named "Mary Gibson Memorial Chapel" in honor and in memory of faithful Mary Gibson. Later David Gibson, Jr. built a grist mill and saw mill. The saw worked "up and down".

School teachers and Ministers.

The first school teacher was Mrs. Sarah Sharp, a daughter of David Hannah. The next teacher was Miss Nora Moore of Hillsboro. She taught in an old store house. It is not definitely known who the first pioneer Minister was. Lorenza Dow is tho't to have been one of them and Rev. M. Moore, later Rev. James E. Moore and Rev. M.D. Dunlap was one of the Presbyterian Ministers who preached on Elk.

The forests were full of wild game; deer, buffalo, bear wild turkeys and pheasants. Wild turkeys were caught in pens--some of them so large that it was difficult to manage them. James Gibson gives us an incident of his grand-father going into the forest where he had a turkey pen. He had

many sumptuous meals from the fine turkeys he caught. One day he found a very large gobler in the pen. He found it a difficult task in getting him under control. Finally he took off his home knit sustpenders and tied his feet, then took him out of the pen, but the turkey kept up the fight with his strong wings and finally got away, taking Mr. Gibson's suspenders with him.

Mr. Robert Gibson has in his possession a small Bible that had been in the Gibson family one hundred and sixteen years.

John B. Hannah was a pioneer resident of Old Field Fork of Elk. The Ancestral home was built of logs, but was commodious and comfortable. He married Margaret McClure. His children Samuel D. Hannah, now aged 84 years, Ellis Hannah, Boud Hannah and Mary Hannah, wife of John Beverage of Clover Lick, West Virginia, Nancy Hannah married Fletcher Dilley. The same kind of school house--log with greased paper for windows were used by the Hannah's. John B. Hannah often went out before breakfast and brought in his fat deer, they were so plentiful. Their first school teacher was Maggie Moore, sister of Nora Moore. They were daughters of John and Sallie Moore, pioneers from Ireland. Their home was in Hillsboro, Pocahontas County.

During the Civil War no battles were fought, both Armies passed through. Firing was kept up as they passed by bush whackers.

Gen. Robert E. Lee went over this road to Valley Mountain. The citizens would drive their cows and horses

back into the mountain forests to keep the soldiers from driving them away or killing them. They would burn rails around the hay stacks and then feed the hay to their horses. They also borrowed or took away with them cooking utensils; the women would hide their maple sugar and dried fruits to keep the soldiers from taking them. One place they hid them was to tie them to the cords of the old fashioned beds and have the covers drape the bed almost to the floor. No one would suspect the women of hiding anything in that way or place.

John B. Hannah was the son of David Hannah Senior. His sons were Robert, Joe, William and David, two sisters Mary Snider and Bettie Hannah.

The farms were large and rich. The work was done with oxen in pioneer days. They hauled many heavy loads with oxen for miles, going long distances for supplies, a slow but sure way.

David Gibson, the Pocahontas pioneer came from Augusta County near Waynesboro, Virginia. About 1770 he located near Gibson's Knob. One of his sons, John moved to Indiana where his descendents now live. A daughter, Mary, died in early youth. Sally married Sampson Ochiltree and lived near Buckeye. Elizabeth married Joseph Buckley and lived on a neighborhood farm now owned by Levi Gay.

David Gibson Junior, another son located on Old Field Fork of Elk. The Gibson familay on Elk consisted of five sons and three daughters. Some members of this family have been mentioned.

David, a well known physician, married Elizabeth Stalnaker, daughter of Warwick Stalnaker of Randolph County. James Gibson married Jennie Friel, daughter of John Friel who was killed in battle on Allegheny Mountain in 1861 (December) Jacob Gibson married a Miss Wamsley of Randolph County. He was killed during the War near Huttonsville in a skirmish with Jenkins Cavalry. Elizabeth Gibson married James McClure near Edray. Mary married Rankin Poage of Edray. Nancy married Samuel M. Gay of Indian Draft. The Gibsons all had comfortable homes and fine farms located on the State Road--the famous Seneca Trail. They are all noted for their hospitality and cheerful happy dispositions. For years the homes of the "Gibson's" were open to all ministers and David Gibson's home was at the service of the preacher and most of the preaching on upper Elk was at his home.

The story of their lives should be told for the instruction and encouragement of the generations following.

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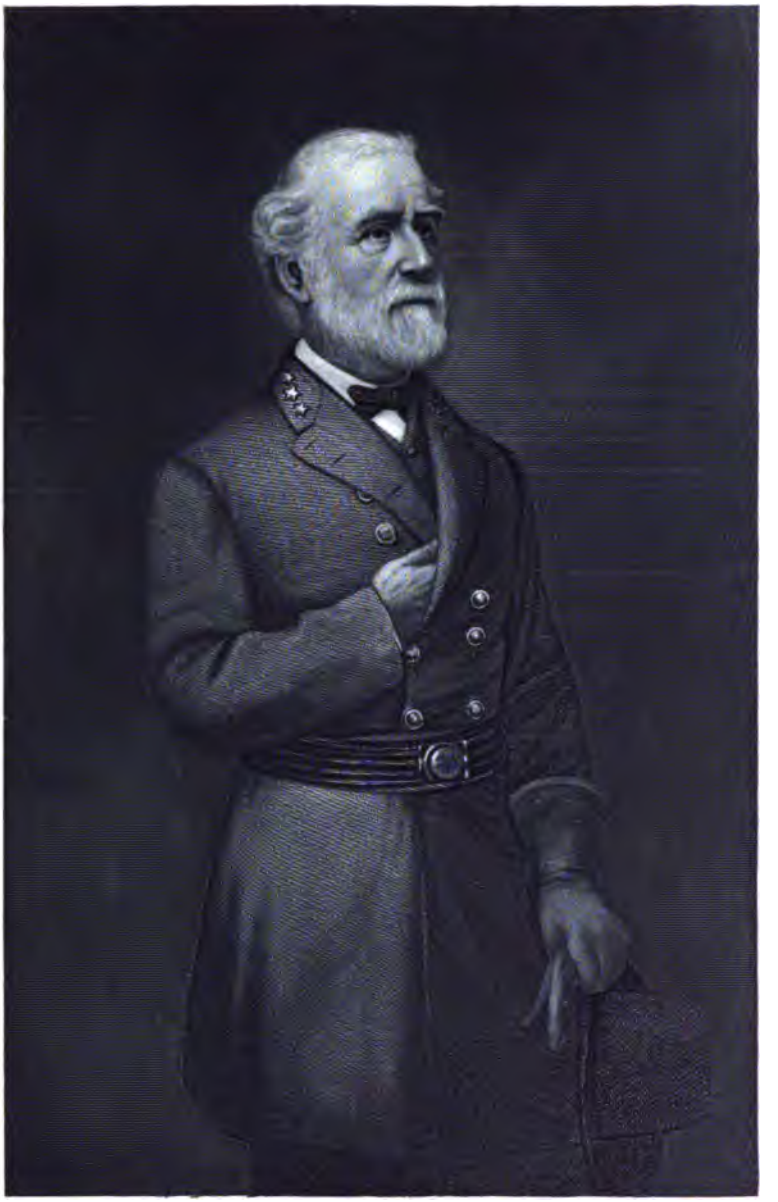

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ELDER, PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SESSION OF 1870-71,
AND ALUMNI.

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MEMOIRS

OF

ROBERT E. LEE

HIS MILITARY AND PERSONAL HISTORY

EMBRACING

A LARGE AMOUNT OF INFORMATION HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

BY

A. L. LONG

FORMERLY MILITARY SECRETARY TO GEN. LEE, AFTERWARD BRIG.-GEN. AND CHIEF OF ARTILLERY SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

TOGETHER WITH

INCIDENTS RELATING TO HIS PRIVATE LIFE SUBSEQUENT TO THE WAR

COLLECTED AND EDITED WITH THE ASSISTANCE

OF

MARCUS J. WRIGHT

FORMERLY BRIG.-GEN. ARMY OF TENNESSEE, AND AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE COLLECTION OF CONFEDERATE RECORDS

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON

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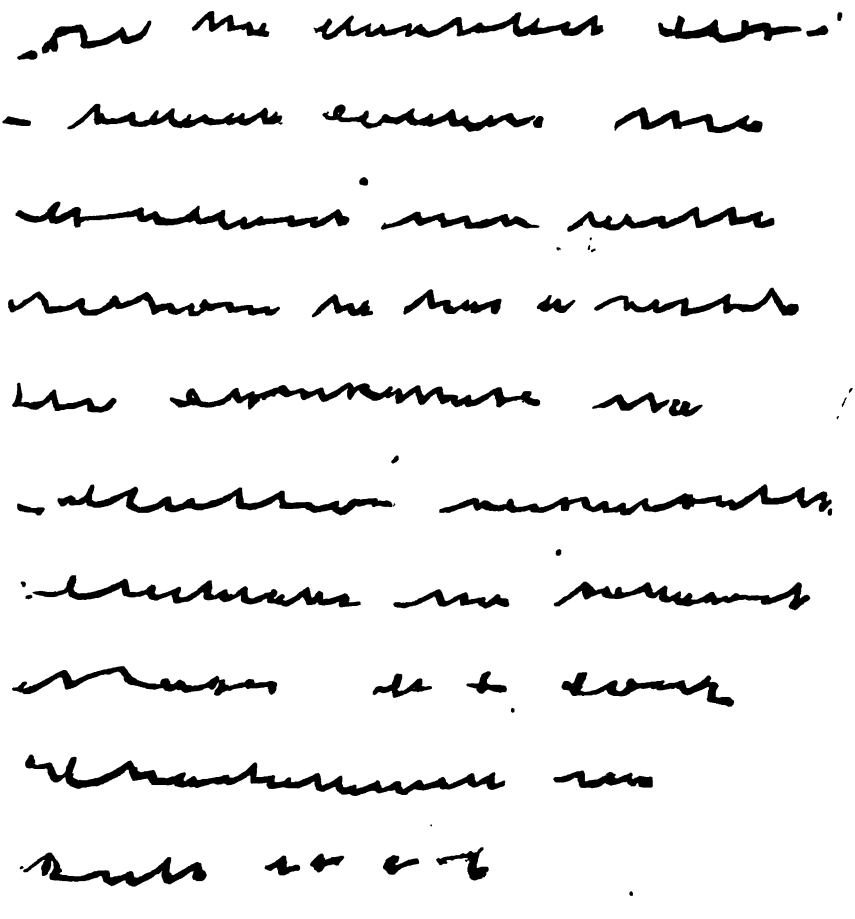

To the Disabled Confederate Soldiers,

THE GALLANT MEN WITH WHOM HE HAS A RIGHT TO SYMPATHIZE,

THE AUTHOR RESPECTFULLY DEDICATES THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

A. L. LONG, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

JULY 28, 1886.

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PREFACE.

To overcome the inactivity to which loss of sight has for some years subjected me, I have sought occupation in recording the recollection of familiar events. Having obtained a slate prepared for the use of the blind, I soon learned to write with a moderate degree of legibility. In order to excite a pleasing interest in my work, I undertook something that might prove of future benefit. Having served on General Lee's personal staff during the most important period of his military career, I began an eye-witness narrative of his campaigns in the war between the States. In the execution of my work I received valuable assistance from my wife and daughter, my two sons, and Miss Lucy Shackelford (now Mrs. Charles Walker), all of whom lovingly and faithfully served me as copyists and readers. I am also indebted to Colonel C. S. Venable of General Lee's staff, Major Green Peyton of Rodes's staff, and Major S. V. Southall of my own staff, for indispensable aid in reviewing my manuscript, informing me of facts that had not come to my knowledge or reminding me of such as had escaped my recollection. My work is now completed, and I offer it to the public, hoping it may prove of value as a record of events which passed under my own observation, and many of which have been described directly from my notes made at the time of their occurrence. It is not intended to be a history of the war in detail, but a statement of my personal knowledge of General Lee's life, actions, and character, and of the part played by him in the great events of which he was the ruling spirit.

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After receiving my manuscript the publishers desired change of plan which would embrace some of the interes ing social and domestic features of General Lee's life. Thi part of the work has been edited and conducted through a arrangement with the publishers by General Marcus J. Wright formerly of the Confederate Army of Tennessee, but now and for some years past, agent of the United States Wa Department for the collection of Confederate records. My wife has rendered important aid in this part of the work by contributing personal incidents and other valuable materia obtained through her friendly relations with the family of General Lee. It is also proper to acknowledge the use of the publications of Rev. J. M. Jones, Colonel Walter H. Taylor, Miss Emily Mason, the Southern Historical Society papers, Swinton, and the Report of the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War (Federal). I have had occasion to refer to the *Memoirs* of General Grant and *The Campaigns of General J. E. B. Stuart*, by Major H. B. McClellan. I have been greatly encouraged in the publication of this work by the cordial concurrence of General G. W. Custis Lee, General W. H. F. Lee, Major R. E. Lee, Miss Mildred Lee, Governor Fitz Lee, and other members of the family.

I further desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to Colonel R. N. Scott, U. S. A., for opportunity afforded me at the War Records Office of studying official reports, maps, and the confidential letter-books of General Lee, relating to the events described in the present volume, many of which have never hitherto been published, and which will prove of great value and interest both in rightly understanding military operations and in estimating the character and genius of that great soldier.

A. L. LONG.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

GENERAL LEE, less fortunate than General Grant, was overtaken by death before he could complete his design of writing and publishing to the world his personal narrative of the important events in which he figured. In offering this work to the public the Publishers consider it a consummation of that intention, and they further believe that in the selection of General Long as the writer these Memoirs become as nearly an autobiography as any it would be possible to obtain from another hand than that of General Lee himself.

It was only during the last years of his life that General Lee seriously contemplated writing a history of his campaigns. He had been repeatedly urged to do so by friends, was offered large inducements by publishers, and even from foreign countries came urgent requests for his story. To most of these solicitations he returned a negative answer. Under date of October 25, 1865, he says: "I cannot now undertake the work you propose, nor can I enter into an engagement which I may never be able to accomplish. It will be some time before the truth can be known, and I do not think that time has yet arrived." To a request from a German officer for the right of translation he writes on March 13, 1866: "It has been my desire to write a history of the campaigns in Virginia, but I have not yet been able to commence it." It would appear that he began to collect materials for this purpose shortly after this date, and wrote to the various corps and division commanders asking reports of operations for the last campaigns of the war. He writes to Colonel Taylor, his late adjutant-general: "I am desirous that the bravery and devotion of the Army of Northern Virginia shall be correctly transmitted to posterity. This

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is the only tribute that can now be paid to the worth of its noble officers and soldiers."

That the desire expressed in these letters became a settled intention, and that General Lee had made some progress in the collection of material, is shown in a letter to Mr. C. F. Lee, Jr., which is kindly placed at our service:

"LEXINGTON, VA., 6th June, 1870.

"MY DEAR CASSIUS: I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 1st and the interest you evince in the character of the people of the South and their defence of the rights which they believed were guaranteed by the Constitution. The reputation of individuals is of minor importance to the opinion which posterity may form of the motives which governed the South in their late struggle for the maintenance of the principles of the Constitution. I hope, therefore, a true history will be written and justice be done them. A history of the military events of the period would also be desirable. I have had it in view to write one of the campaigns in Virginia, in which I was more particularly engaged. I have already collected some materials for the work, but lack so much that I wish to obtain that I have not commenced the narrative. I am very much obliged to you for the offer of the materials which you have collected. I think it probable that I have all the official reports, and I would not like to resort to any other source for a statement of facts. . . . .

"I am, very truly, your cousin,

"R. E. LEE.

"C. F. LEE, JR., Alexandria, Va."

General Lee's death occurred four months after the date of this letter, and there was found to be but little done in the fulfilment of his expressed purpose.

The narrative of General Long includes many valuable contributions made by the members of General Lee's family, and is, in the main, based upon his own notes made at the time of the occurrences spoken of. The writer, moreover, had the advantage of an intimate personal association with General Lee under conditions which ensured the most perfect mutual con-

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fidence and trust. The following letter to General Long expresses how high an opinion of the author was entertained by General Lee, and how desirous he was to associate him with himself in the coming campaigns:

"RICHMOND, 19th Apr., 1862.

"MY DEAR MAJOR: I have taken the liberty to apply for your appointment as my military secretary, which you may have observed, under a late law of Congress, has the rank and pay of colonel of cavalry. I had endeavored to obtain your promotion in another way which probably would have been more agreeable to you, but, failing in that, I have taken this course. If confirmed by the Senate, I will inform you, and you must let me know whether the situation is agreeable to you. If it is not and you prefer remaining where you are, or if any other situation is more agreeable to you, let me know, and I will do what I can to obtain it for you. At all events, understand not to consider yourself obliged to accept the one offered. . . . .

"Yours truly,

"R. E. LEE.

"MAJOR A. L. LONG."

The delicacy with which this offer of personal service was made marks a distinguishing characteristic of the writer.

The acceptance by General Long began an acquaintance and service which closed only with the close of the war. Shortly afterward General Long received from General Lee the following testimonial:

"General A. L. Long entered the Confederate service in 1861, and has served continuously till the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, 9th April, 1865. His conduct during that time has been marked by zeal and gallantry. A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, in addition to a military education, he has long experience in the military service.

"He was with me as chief of artillery in the winter of 1861–62 in the Southern department, and became a member of my staff when appointed to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was promoted brigadier-general in 1863, and made

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chief of artillery of the Second Army Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, which position he held till the surrender of the army, 9th April, 1865.

R. E. LEE,
"*General.*"

In the preparation of these memoirs the author has been influenced by the intention of General Lee as indicated in the foregoing letters. He has sought to include only such accounts of the military operations as were legitimate subjects of record and were confirmed by General Lee's reports. Contributions of a personal nature from relatives, friends, and associates have been included in the text, as serving to illustrate the traits of character which made Lee so famous in his generation.

The addition to General Long's work of the official reports of General Lee, as well as of a great number of confidential letters and despatches which form the only official record of the movements and operations of the Army of Northern Virginia for the period which they cover, will give to this work unique interest and exceptional value. Letters and confidential extracts from the private letter-books of General Lee, heretofore unpublished, as well as the returns of organization of the army and tables of reports of its strength, have been placed at the service of General Long through the courtesy of Colonel R. N. Scott, at the head of the Bureau of War Records in Washington.

The assistance given by General Marcus J. Wright in the compilation of records and returns, and especially in the preparation of the chapters relating to the last years of General Lee's life, has been of great importance and service, and materially contributes to the completeness and the value of the work.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

GENEALOGY.

The Origin of the Lee Family.—Its Honorable Record.—Richard Lee Emigrates to America.—His Public Services.—The Family Settles in Westmoreland County, Virginia.—"President Lee."—His Celebrated Sons.—Henry Lee and his Descendants.—The Military and Civil Record of "Light-Horse Harry."—His Children.—Birth-place of Robert E. Lee.—An Affecting Incident.—Prominence of the Lee Family . . . . . *Page* 17

CHAPTER II.

EARLY LIFE.

Birth and Boyhood of Robert Edward Lee.—His Devotion to his Mother.—Testimony as to his Youthful Character.—His Diligence in School.—Letter of Mr. Hallowell.—He Enters West Point.—His Cadet Life.—Graduates, and is Appointed Second Lieutenant of Engineers.—Commendatory Letter.—His Marriage.—Incidents of the Wedding.—The Custis Property.—His Children and Family Affection.—On Duty at Old Point.—Mr. Eveleth's Recollections.—Colonel Macomb's.—Mr. Schneider's.—Ordered to St. Louis on Engineering Duty.—General Meigs's Testimony.—Successful Operations at St. Louis and at the Rapids of the Mississippi.—Letter to Lieutenant Johnston.—Engineering in New York Harbor . . . *Page* 24

CHAPTER III.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

Causes of the War.—Texas Gains her Freedom.—Captain Lee joins General Wool's Army.—A Daring Scout.—Joins General Scott.—Siege of Vera Cruz.—Services at Cerro Gordo.—A Perilous Situation.—General Hunt's Testimony.—Passage of the Pedregal.—The Victory at Contreras.—At Molino del Rey, Churubusco, and Chapultepec.—Lee is Wounded.—General Scott's High Opinion of him.—Promotions.—Peace Negotiations.—Letter from Mexico.—His Life in that City.—Anecdote told by Magruder.—Complimentary Language of the Army Reports.—Testimony of General Wilcox.—Anecdotes Told by General Hunt.—Encomium from General Johnston . . . . . *Page* 47

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CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

On Engineering Duty at Baltimore.—Remarks by Jefferson Davis.—Made Superintendent of West Point.—His Services there.—Extract from Private Letter.—Promoted Lieutenant-colonel of Second Cavalry.—Regiment Ordered to Texas.—Entertainment at Fort Wachita.—The Theatre of Operations.—Character of Indian Warfare.—The Officers of the Regiment.—An Incident of Comanche Warfare.—Campaigning against the Comanches.—Letters from Texas.—Takes Command of the Regiment.—The Cortinas Raid.—Extracts from Memorandum-book.—Return to Arlington . . . . . *Page* 72

CHAPTER V.

A DIVIDED COUNTRY.

The Political Situation.—Letter giving Lee's Views on Slavery.—The Kansas Outbreak.—Growth of the Abolition Party.—The John Brown Raid.—Lee Sent to Suppress it.—The Insurgents Captured.—Letters on Secession.—The Cotton States Secede.—Mr. Lincoln Inaugurated.—Confederate Commissioners Confer with the President.—Fort Sumter Bombarded.—Mr. Lincoln's Proclamations.—Virginia and other States Secede.—Lee Returns from Texas.—Offered Command of the Army.—Letters Describing his Interviews with Blair and Scott.—He Declines, and Resigns his Commission.—Letter to his Sister.—His Sacrifice.—Offered Command of the Virginia Forces by the Convention.—He Accepts the Offer.—His Appearance and Character at this Period . . . . . *Page* 82

CHAPTER VI.

OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Military Contrast of North and South.—General Lee Organizes an Army.—Letter.—Topography of Seat of War.—Lines of Operation.—Forces in the Field.—Statement of Gorgas.—Operations in the Valley and in West Virginia.—McDowell Advances.—The Confederate Lines.—Battle of Manassas.—Opportune Reinforcement by Johnston's Army.—The Federals Give Way and Retreat in a Panic.—Excitement at Richmond During the Battle.—Results of the Victory.—Stephens's Theory of the Federal Defeat.—The Author's First Interview with General Lee.—His Appearance Described . . . . . *Page* 100

CHAPTER VII.

THE WEST VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

State of Military Affairs in North-western Virginia.—General Garnett Defeated.—De Lagnel's Adventure.—McClellan Ordered to Washington.—General Loring Sent to West Virginia.—His Staff.—Receives Jackson's Report at Monterey.—The Federals Fortify Cheat Mountain Pass.—Colonel Gilliam Occupies Valley Mountain Pass.—Preparations for an Advance.—Rosecrans in Command of the Federal

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Forces.—General Lee Appointed to the Command of the Department.—Reconnoitering from Valley Mountain.—An Incident of the Campaign.—The Rainy Season.—Sickness Attacks the Camp.—A Route to Flank the Federals Discovered.—An Expedition Prepared.—It Fails through Lack of Concert of Action.—Death of Colonel Washington.—Lee's Appeal to the Troops.—His Letter to Governor Letcher.—Movements of Wise and Floyd on the Kanawha.—Lee Takes Command.—His Plan of Action.—Rosecrans Evades him by a Retreat.—West Virginia Abandoned by the Confederates.—Lee Assigned to the South Coast Department.—Letter Describing his Favorite Horse "Traveller."—Death of "Traveller" . . . . . *Page* 114

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOUTH COAST DEFENCES.

General Lee in Charleston.—A Great Conflagration.—The Scenes in the Street.—The Hotel in Danger.—Escape of the Guests.—Half the City in Ruins.—Topography of the Coast.—Its Imperfect Defences.—Capture of Port Royal and Roanoke Island.—Dismay of the People.—Lee's Operations.—Letter to his Daughters.—The Forts Mounted with Heavy Guns.—Fort Pulaski Surrenders to the Federals.—Lee's Headquarters at Coosawhatchie.—Simple Mode of Life.—Author's First Acquaintance with Charleston.—Lee Ordered to Richmond.—Effective Character of his Work in the South.—Pemberton Succeeds him.—Contrast between Lee's Activity and the Supineness of the Federal Commanders . . . . . *Page* 134

CHAPTER IX.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

The Defences of the Peninsula.—Norfolk Seized by the Virginians.—General Butler in the Peninsula.—Engagement at Big Bethel.—Butler Repulsed.—Operations of Magruder and Huger.—Magruder's Report.—McClellan's Answers to the Committee on the Conduct of the War.—Merrimac and Monitor.—McClellan Reorganizes the Army.—Transfers it to the Peninsula.—Magruder Reinforced.—Strength of the Federal and Confederate Armies.—Johnston's Plan of Operations.—It is Disapproved.—Affairs in the Peninsula.—Evacuation of Yorktown.—Battle of Williamsburg.—The Retreat Continued.—Surrender of Norfolk.—The Federal Fleet Repulsed at Drury's Bluff.—Johnston's Position near Richmond.—The Federals Cross the Chickahominy.—Battle of Seven Pines.—Johnston Wounded.—Lee Appointed to the Command of the Army of Northern Virginia . . . . *Page* 145

CHAPTER X.

THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT.

Recapitulation.—Lee Takes Command.—Council of Officers.—Lee Decides to Hold Johnston's Line.—Fortifies his Position.—Growing Confidence of the Men.—Position of McClellan's Army.—Extracts from Long's Note-book.—Lee Decides to Attack the Enemy.—Stuart's Daring Raid.—Troops Ordered from the South.—Jackson Ordered from the Valley.—Dispositions for the Assault.—Attack on

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Mechanicsville.—Reynolds Retires.—The Army in Position.—Strength of the Federal Position.—It is Held Against Successive Assaults.—Charge of the Whole Line.—The Works Carried.—The Federals in Full Retreat.—Magruder's Demonstration.—The Fight at Savage's Station.—Frazier's Farm.—Malvern Hill.—The Federals at Harrison's Landing.—Reorganization of both Armies.—Longstreet and Jackson Compared.—Lee's Knowledge of the Country . . . . . *Page* 161

CHAPTER XI.

POPE OUTGENERALLED.

Interference with Federal Operations.—Pope Takes Command.—Lee Assumes the Offensive.—Pope's Advance.—McClellan Ordered to Washington.—Lee Marches North.—Stuart's Escape.—Pope Retreats to the Rappahannock.—Stuart Captures Pope's Papers.—Jackson Crosses the Rappahannock.—Early in Danger.—Jackson's March on the Federal Communications.—Capture of the Stores at Manassas Junction.—Lee Marches to Join Jackson.—Entertainment.—Narrow Escape from Capture.—A Lady in a Dilemma.—Thoroughfare Gap Occupied by the Federals.—Reconnoissances.—An Old Road Over the Mountain.—Hood's Division Attempts it.—The Gap Abandoned.—Longstreet Marches Through.—Pope's Scheme.—Its Failure.—The Army Reunited.—Second Battle of Manassas.—Severe Defeat of the Federals.—Heavy Losses.—Conflict at Germantown.—Pope Retreats to Washington.—Telegrams in Relation to the Battle . . . . . *Page* 182

CHAPTER XII.

THE ADVANCE INTO MARYLAND.

Defensive Policy of the South.—Purpose of the Maryland Invasion.—Lee Marches North.—Joy of the People.—Condition of the Soldiers.—Accident to Lee.—Spirit of the Army.—Maryland Entered.—Advance to Frederick.—Proclamation Issued.—Its Reception.—Necessity of Capturing Harper's Ferry.—Jackson Sent on that Service.—The Heights Occupied.—The Garrison Surrounded.—Its Surrender.—Longstreet Reaches Hagerstown.—Federal Movements.—Effort to Relieve Harper's Ferry.—Its Failure.—McClellan at Frederick.—Lee's Army Order Found.—Rapid Advance.—Hill Defends Boonsboro' Gap.—Position of Lee's Army Corps.—The Pass Must be Held.—Longstreet Returns.—The Battle.—Federal Success.—Lee's Stand at Sharpsburg.—McClellan Attacks.—The Battle on the Left.—Burnside's Advance on the Right.—Results of the Battle.—Lee Crosses the Potomac.—Federal Pursuit Repulsed.—Comments on the Battle.—Anecdotes.—Hill's Difficulty.—Lee's Anger.—Taylor's Testimony . . . . . *Page* 203

CHAPTER XIII.

FREDERICKSBURG.

Lee's Address to the Army.—Inactivity of McClellan.—Stuart's Raid into Pennsylvania.—Selection of Headquarters.—Lee Refuses to Occupy a House.—A Rocky Camp.—Statement of a British Officer.—Other Visitors.—Stuart and the Demijohn.—Lee's Popularity with the Soldiers.—The Army Recruited.—McClellan

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Moves South.—His Removal.—Estimate of his Ability.—Lee's Opinion.—Burnside Succeeds him.—March upon Fredericksburg.—Delay in Crossing.—Lee Occupies the Heights.—Laying the Pontoons.—The Federals Occupy the Town.—Strength and Positions of the Armies.—Attack on the Right.—Meade Repulsed.—Assault upon Marye's Hill.—Terrible Slaughter.—Federal Repulse at all Points.—Night Retreat Across the Rappahannock.—Results of the Contest.—Field Headquarters.—The Winter Camp.—A Practical Joke on the Staff.—Visitors.—A Discriminative Hen.—Letters . . . . . *Page* 225

CHAPTER XIV.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Conscript Act Passed.—Inflation of the Currency.—Deficiency of Army Stores.—Lee's Position.—He Meditates Retiring to a New Base.—Concludes to Hold the Line of the Rappahannock.—Hooker Succeeds Burnside.—Swinton's Comments.—Federal Advance.—Stoneman Crosses the Rappahannock.—Sedgwick Threatens Fredericksburg.—Description of Chancellorsville.—Lee's Defensive Line.—His Reconnoissance.—Movement on Chancellorsville.—The Federals Driven Back.—Lee's Plan of Action.—Decides on a Flanking Movement.—Letter Adduced by Fitzhugh Lee.—Last Interview of Lee and Jackson.—The Bivouac.—Jackson's Flank Movement.—He Crushes the Federal Right.—Jackson Wounded.—He is Removed from the Field.—A Striking Incident.—The Battle of the 3d.—Remarks by Colonel Marshall.—The Federals Withdraw.—Sedgwick Occupies Fredericksburg.—He is Defeated, and Forced to Recross the River.—Results of the Battle.—Conclusion of Lee's Report.—Lee's Order concerning Jackson.—Life and Character of Jackson.—The Army Reorganized.—Financial Difficulties of the Government . . . . . *Page* 246

CHAPTER XV.

GETTYSBURG.

A New Plan of Operations Discussed.—Advance to Culpeper.—Hooker Retires to Manassas.—Lee's March Northward.—The Federals at Frederick.—Hooker Superseded by Meade.—Stuart's False Move.—The Army in Pennsylvania.—General Order.—Lee's Opinion of Meade's Appointment.—Both Armies Move upon Gettysburg.—The Battle of July 1st.—Lee Reaches the Field.—Consultation with Longstreet.—A Reconnoissance.—An Assault Ordered for the Next Morning.—A Bivouac Conversation.—Criticism of the Count of Paris.—Topography.—Stuart's Movements.—Morning of July 2d.—Lee's Anxiety at the Delay.—An Opportunity Lost.—Longstreet's Explanation.—Position of Sickles's Corps.—Hood's Assault.—A Dash for Little Round Top.—The Texans Repulsed.—The Fight at the Peach Orchard.—Federal Repulse.—Ewell's Assault.—The Battle of the 3d.—An Attack Ordered on the Centre.—Pickett's Charge.—The Deadly Fire.—Failure of the Assault.—Colonel Taylor's Testimony.—Lee's Letter to Pickett.—After the Battle.—Extract from Letter.—Retreat to the Potomac.—Advance of the Federal Army.—Lee Crosses the Potomac.—Subsequent Movements.—Losses in the Battle.—Lee's Resignation.—Venable's Anecdote.—Story of a Federal Soldier . . . . . *Page* 267

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XVI.

A CAMPAIGN OF STRATEGY.

Inactivity.—Promotions.—Reduction of Both Armies.—Lee's Forward Movement.—Meade Retires.—Cavalry Engagement at Brandy Station.—Lee at Culpeper.—An Incident.—Meade's Retrograde March.—He Discovers his Error.—Both Armies North of the Rappahannock.—Stuart's Dilemma.—Lee and the Scout.—Escape of the Cavalry.—Engagement at Bristoe.—Meade Safe from Pursuit.—Lee Retires.—The "Buckland Races."—Federal Successes.—The Armies in their Old Positions.—Meade's Scheme to Surprise Lee's Army.—Concentration of the Confederates.—Delays in Meade's March.—Intrenching at Mine Run.—The Federals Surprised.—Reconnoitering.—Orders to Attack.—Meade Withdraws.—An Incident.—Lee Pursues.—The Events of the Year.—A Religious Revival.—In Winter Quarters.—Results of the Year's Operations.—Cavalry Raid of Kilpatrick and Dahlgren.—Long Saves the Artillery.—Capture of a Court-martial.—Kilpatrick Repulsed at Richmond.—Death of Dahlgren.—A Barbarous Order.—Federal Disclaimer.—Lee's Letter to the Richmond City Council . . . . . *Page* 303

CHAPTER XVII.

WILDERNESS, SPOTTSYLVANIA, AND COLD HARBOR.

General Grant in Command of the Army of the Potomac.—Preparations for the Campaign.—New Policy.—The Overland Route Selected.—March by the Right Flank.—Passage of the Rapidan.—In "the Wilderness."—Grant Intercepted by Lee.—The Fight on the 5th.—Character of the Wilderness.—The Federal Error.—The Battle of the 6th.—Longstreet's Opportune Arrival.—Statement of Colonel Venable.—Hancock Driven Back.—Longstreet Wounded.—Renewed Assault.—The Woods on Fire.—Close of the Day.—Graphic Descriptions of the Battle.—Cavalry Contest.—Results of the Fight.—March for Spottsylvania Court-house.—The Federals Outgeneralled.—Lee's Army in Position.—His Able Strategy.—Description of Spottsylvania Court-house.—Battle of May 10th.—The Federals Repulsed with Heavy Loss.—Lee at the Head of the Charging Column.—Battle of the 12th.—The Enemy Capture Johnson's Division.—Terrible Conflict.—Check of the Federal Advance.—Deadly Character of the Conflict.—Lee's Fearlessness in the Performance of Duty.—Losses in the Battle.—A Tree Cut Down by Bullets.—Sheridan's Raid on Richmond.—Death of General Stuart.—Extract from Swinton.—March to the North Anna.—Lee's Brilliant Strategy.—Grant Recrosses the River.—Federal Advantages.—Grant's March to the Pamunkey.—Lee on the Totopotomoy.—Reinforcements.—Both Armies Reach Cold Harbor.—Battle of June 3d.—Terrible Slaughter in Grant's Army.—The Men Refuse to Charge.—Losses.—Lee's Tactics.—Grant's Change of System . . . . . *Page* 322

CHAPTER XVIII.

EARLY'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

Collateral Operations.—Butler on the James.—Beauregard in Command at Petersburg.—Butler Defeated.—Sigel Defeated at Newmarket.—Gallantry of the Cadets.—Hunter Succeeds Sigel.—He Defeats and Kills General W. E. Jones.—Sheridan's

Digitized by Google

Cavalry Movement.—He is Encountered and Defeated by Hampton.—Hunter's March upon Lynchburg.—General Early Sent to the Valley.—Hunter Retires through the Mountains.—Early's Plan of Advance to Maryland.—Hunter's Depredations.—Early at Sharpsburg.—He Defeats Wallace on the Monocacy.—Marches upon Washington.—Federal Alarm.—Early Returns to the Valley.—Succeeding Operations.—Battle of Kernstown.—Federal Defeat.—Early Returns to Maryland.—Sheridan Sent to the Valley.—Early Retires before him.—Battle of Winchester.—Early Defeated.—Fight at Fisher's Hill.—Early again Driven Back.—He Surprises and Defeats the Federals at Cedar Creek.—Sheridan Rallies his Army and Gains a Victory.—The Spring Campaign.—Sheridan Drives Early from the Valley and Forms a Junction with Grant.—Barbarism of the Valley Campaign . *Page* 352

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Reasons for Defending Richmond.—Beginning of the Siege.—Smith's Assault upon Petersburg.—The First Line Carried.—Attack on the Second Line.—Federal Successes.—The Confederates Retire to a New Line.—Assault of the 18th.—Federal Repulse.—Both Sides Intrench.—Defeat of Birney.—Wilson's Cavalry Raid.—He is Defeated and Driven Back.—Mining the Confederate Works.—Preparing for the Explosion.—Movements of Hancock and Sheridan.—The Charging Columns Ready.—Firing the Mine.—Effect of the Explosion.—Delay in the Assault.—The Charge Checked by the Confederate Artillery.—Infantry Hurried up.—Frightful Slaughter of the Federals.—The Assault a Failure.—Observations upon the Mining Enterprise.—Results.—Colonel Carter's Reminiscences.—General Lee and the Sparrow.—A Telling Rebuke.—General Hampton's Story.—A Letter to Lee's Daughter . . . . . *Page* 369

CHAPTER XX.

THE SIEGE CONTINUED.

Grant's Purpose.—Extension of the Lines.—Difficulties of Lee's Position.—Collateral Operations.—Attack on Fort Fisher.—Its Failure.—Subsequent Successful Assault.—Progress of the Siege.—Loss of the Weldon Railroad.—Federal Repulse at Reams Station.—Butler Takes Fort Harrison.—Later Engagements.—General Lee's Appearance.—His Relations to his Soldiers.—Letter to his Daughter.—Extracts from Colonel Taylor's Note-book.—Anecdote.—Lee's Opinion of War Editors.—Lee Appointed Commander-in-chief.—Peace Conference.—Its Failure.—President Davis's Address.—Lee's Plan of Action.—Overruled by the Authorities.—The Attack on Fort Steadman.—Its Partial Success and Final Failure.—Grant's Advance.—Battle at White Oak Road.—Cavalry Fight.—The Federals Capture Five Forks.—Their Advance on Petersburg.—Checked by Longstreet.—Death of A. P. Hill . . . . . *Page* 390

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM PETERSBURG TO APPOMATTOX.

The Last Day at Petersburg.—The Evacuation.—Richmond on Fire.—The Army in Retreat.—The Federals in Richmond.—Grant in Pursuit.—At Amelia Court-

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house.—The Food-train Missing.—Perilous State of the Army.—Lee's Demeanor.—The Federals Thicken.—Skirmishing.—Capture of Ewell's Corps.—Rations at Farmville.—Engagements with the Pursuers.—Reminiscence of Colonel Jones.—General Wise in his War-paint.—A Delegation to Lee from the Officers.—General Pendleton Describes the Interview.—The Retreat Continued.—Correspondence between Lee and Grant.—Loss of the Stores at Appomattox.—Preparations for Battle.—The Advance on the 9th.—The Final Assault.—Colonel Venable's Relation.—The Flag of Truce.—Lee's "Apple Tree."—Meeting of Lee and Grant.—Their Conversation.—Terms of Surrender.—Lee Greeted by his Army.—Extracts from Letter to Davis.—The Number of Effective Men.—The Army Disbanded.—Lee and Meade.—General Hunt's Interview.—Lee Returns to Richmond.—At Home . . . . . *Page* 409

CHAPTER XXII.

GENERAL LEE AS A SOLDIER.

Early Military Labors.—Engineering and Organizing Abilities.—Breadth of View.—Skill as a Strategist and Tactician.—Diversity of Methods.—Influence Over his Men.—Ability in Defence; in Attack.—Comparison with Other Soldiers of the War; with Celebrated Generals.—Lee as a Man.—His Guiding Principle.—Lack of Ambition.—Sense of Justice.—Firmness in Decision.—His Spirit Reflected in the Army.—Final Summary . . . . . *Page* 428

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

Return to Richmond.—Anecdote.—Devotion of his Friends.—Removes to Cartersville.—Offers of Aid.—Letter to Grant.—Idea of Writing a History of the War.—Circular.—Failure to Obtain Material.—Elected President of Washington College.—Provisional Letter of Acceptance.—Installed in the Office.—The Condition and History of the College.—New Studies Introduced.—Elective Studies Inaugurated.—Mode of Discipline.—His Influence over the Students.—Accuracy of Memory.—No Excesses Permitted to the Students.—The Christmas Vacation Reduced.—Breadth in Religious Views.—His Innate Piety.—Regard of the Faculty.—Refuses to Accept Gifts from the Faculty.—Lee's Estimate of his Powers.—His Lack of Undue Ambition . . . . . *Page* 437

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOME AND SOCIETY LIFE.

Correspondence.—Requested to Enter Public Life.—Advice to Soldiers.—Declines Publicity.—Offer of Lucrative Situations.—Private Testimonials.—Character of Lee's Letters.—Social Intercourse.—Love of Children.—Anecdotes.—Ride to the Peaks of Otter.—Incident.—Home Life.—Farming Advice.—Letter to G. W. C. Lee.—Letter to his Daughter.—A Visitor's Description.—Hospitality.—A Pleasant Dinner.—Tomato-canning.—Another Visit.—War Relics.—An Accident.—The Saddle-blanket . . . . . *Page* 456

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXV.

DEATH AND MEMORIAL CEREMONIES.

General Lee's Failing Health.—The Fatal Attack.—His Death.—Colonel Johnston's Testimony.—Mrs. Lee's Description of the Final Illness.—Effect of the News upon the South.—Procession to the Chapel.—Religious Observances.—The Funeral Ceremonies.—Great Meeting at Richmond.—Extracts from Addresses of Jefferson Davis, General Gordon, and Colonel Withers.—Testimony of Reverdy Johnson.—Letter from General Scott.—General Preston's Remarks.—The Lee Memorial Association.—The Valentine Recumbent Statue.—Ceremonies of its Reception.—Description of Statue and Chamber.—General Lee as a Christian.—His Feeling toward the North.—Selected Thoughts.—A Captain Rebuked . . . . . *Page* 471

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WORLD'S ESTIMATE.

Summary of Lee's Career.—His Character as a Soldier; as an Instructor.—Newspaper Comments.—The New York *World*, *Herald*, and *Citizen*.—Halifax *Morning Chronicle*.—Statement of Alexander H. Stephens.—Lee's Noble Aspect.—He Consents to Give up his Command.—Sent to West Virginia.—General Starke's Narration.—Chief of Staff to Mr. Davis.—Engineering Duty in the South.—Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia.—Roll-call of his Battles.—Swinton's Comment on the Army.—Resignation Correspondence.—Tribute of Philip Stanhope Worsley.—Concluding Poem . . . . . *Page* 487

APPENDIX.

Commands and Staff of General Lee.—Official Report of the Operations against Pope.—Organization of Army August 28, 1862.—Correspondence September 1 to 7, 1862.—Report of Maryland Campaign.—Abstract of Army Strength September 22, 1862.—Correspondence from September 8 to December 6, 1862.—Report of Battle of Fredericksburg.—Abstract of Return of December 10, 1862.—Organization of Army December 20, 1862.—Correspondence January, 1863.—Report of Battle of Chancellorsville.—Abstract of Return of May 20, 1863.—Report of Gettysburg Campaign.—Organization of Army during the Gettysburg Campaign.—Abstract from Return of July 20, 1863.—Report of Operations in November, 1863.—Correspondence from February 5, 1863 to March 8, 1864.—Correspondence during the Grant Campaign.—Strength of Army April 20 and July 10, 1864; February 20 and 28, 1865.—Organization of Army November 30, 1864.—Farewell Address to Army.—Report of Surrender.—Parole List . . . . . *Page* 501

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LIST OF PLATES AND MAPS.

PLATES.

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL LEE, FROM THE PAINTING BY ELDER, NOW IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN LEE, TAKEN IN 1852 . . . . . *To face page* 65

GENERAL LEE ON HIS HORSE TRAVELLER . . . . . " " " 131

RECUMBENT STATUE OF GENERAL LEE, PLACED OVER TOMB AT LEXINGTON, VA. . . . . " " " 484

MAPS.

U. S. OFFICIAL MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND PENNSYLVANIA, SHOWING ALL THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA . . . . *To face page* 103

FAC-SIMILES OF GENERAL LEE'S FIELD-MAPS.

FIELD-MAP OF RICHMOND AND ITS DEFENCES . . . . . *To face page* 171

" " " HARPER'S FERRY . . . . . " " " 209

" " " SHARPSBURG . . . . . " " " 217

" " " FREDERICKSBURG . . . . . " " " 235

" " " CHANCELLORSVILLE . . . . . " " " 251

" " " GETTYSBURG . . . . . " " " 283

" " " MINE RUN . . . . . " " " 314

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MEMOIRS

OF

ROBERT E. LEE.

CHAPTER I.

GENEALOGY.

The Lee Family.—Richard Lee Emigrates to Virginia.—"President Lee."—His Celebrated Sons.—Henry Lee and his Descendants.—The Military and Civil Record of "Light-horse Harry."—An Affecting Incident.—Prominence of the Lee Family.

IT is the boast of American society and civilization that men have risen to eminence in nearly all departments of life unaided by the advantages incidental to hereditary preferment. Nevertheless, the people of this country do not fail to place a proper value on respectable and illustrious lineage, and when a man in any way or through any circumstances has attained distinction in the world, there is a natural curiosity in the minds of his countrymen to know both his origin and the history of those from whom he has descended.

General Robert E. Lee comes of a family illustrious in both England and America—one, as history attests, worthy of him as he was worthy of it. But his renown is due mainly to the part he himself has played both in peace and war, which has at once reflected honor on the memory of his ancestors and added to his own name a noble distinction of which his descendants may justly be proud.

To those who have the curiosity or desire to know "from whence came this Virginian," it is proper to state that his ancestry may be clearly traced to the Norman Conquest. The founder of the family, Launcelot Lee, came originally from

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Loudun, France. He entered England with William the Conqueror, distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings, and acquired an estate in Essex.

A later member of the family, Lionel Lee, took part in the third Crusade, following Richard Cœur de Lion in 1192 to Palestine, at the head of a company of "gentlemen cavaliers." He displayed great gallantry at the siege of Acre, and in return for his services was made earl of Litchfield, while another estate, afterward called "Ditchly," was bestowed upon the family. The armor worn by Lionel Lee in the crusade may still be seen in the Horse Armory of the Tower of London.

The line of descent of General Lee can be traced directly from Richard Lee, a younger son of the earl of Litchfield, who was the fifth from Sir Henry Lee, knight of the Garter in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This Richard Lee in 1641, during the reign of Charles I. of England, came to America as colonial secretary under the governorship of Sir William Berkeley. He was possessed of a handsome person, fine talents, and popular manners, and by these qualities was enabled to secure influence over the colonists. He aided Sir William in keeping Virginia firm in her allegiance to the Crown during the civil war between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. After the triumph of the latter he was of great assistance to the governor in making the most advantageous terms with the Protector, Cromwell, through an acknowledgment of the authority of the Commonwealth, which in return conferred free sovereignty on Virginia.

It will thus be seen that the Lees were at once and at this early period of history fully identified with the country of their adoption.

The county of Westmoreland, with its diversity of hill and dale, its mild climate, fertile soil, and attractive scenery, at an early period won the attention of the Washingtons, Fairfaxes, Lees, and other distinguished families, and they naturally established their homes in this attractive situation. Here they evinced many of the traits, characteristics, and customs of English society. Frequently they made the country ring with the merry sound of the horn and the hound as they swept through field and wood in pursuit of the wily fox or the bound-

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ing stag. In the life and habits of these people and others of like descent and customs was formed the germ of that martial spirit which characterizes what is called the "chivalry of Virginia." In later days General Lee has been heard to relate with enthusiasm how as a boy he had followed the hunt (not infrequently on foot) for hours over hill and valley, without fatigue. These exhilarating exercises tended to greatly strengthen the limbs, expand the chest, and give vigor to a constitution which in after-life rendered him able to endure the greatest hardships of war.

Richard Lee, second son of the Richard above named, was born in Virginia in 1646. He was educated in England, graduated in law, and returned to Virginia, where he took an active part in the colonial legislation. His fourth son, Thomas Lee, was one of the first of the family to establish himself in the county of Westmoreland. He attained high distinction both in America and England, and grew to be one of the most prominent men in the early history of Virginia, in which province he became successively president of the council and governor of the colony, being the first native-born American who held the latter office under the British Crown. He is known in colonial history as "President Lee." The fine mansion of Stratford in Westmoreland county, the birthplace of several famous members of the family, was built for Thomas Lee by the East India Company, aided by an ample donation from the privy purse of Queen Caroline, his previous residence having been burned. This edifice still stands, and is very substantially built, the walls of the first story being two and a half feet thick, and those of the second story two feet. It contained originally about seventeen rooms, though one writer credits it with one hundred rooms, and another declares that the stables contained one hundred stalls for horses.

Thomas Lee died in 1756. He left eight children, six sons and two daughters. Several of his sons occupied prominent places in the colonial history of America. Three of them, Richard Henry, Francis Lightfoot, and Arthur Lee, deserve particular mention from their connection with our Revolutionary history.

Richard Henry Lee early entered the House of Burgesses of

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Virginia, and afterward became a distinguished member of the Continental Congress. To him is due that stirring resolution of the 10th of June, 1776, which proclaimed to the world that America was full-grown and ready to take its allotted place in the family of nations—the resolution "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally absolved."

Francis Lightfoot Lee was also a member of the Continental Congress, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; while Arthur Lee was sent on an important foreign mission on behalf of the new republic.

Returning to Richard Lee, of the second generation of the family in America, and the father of Thomas Lee just described, we must now consider the descent of his fifth son, Henry, the direct ancestor of the subject of these memoirs. Henry Lee filled no prominent place in colonial history. His life was that of a student, though, like his brothers, he occupied a seat in the early councils of the colony. He married a Miss Bland, and had three children, of whom we are concerned only with the second son, Henry.

This Henry Lee became a member of the House of Burgesses, and took an active part in all the exciting political events of the time. He was married in 1753 to Lucy Grymes, reported to be a descendant of General Thomas Grymes of Cromwell's army. He left a large family, six sons and five daughters, the oldest of whom, born in 1756, near Dumfries on the Potomac, bore the name of his father, and in addition to the distinguished part he performed in the Revolutionary War attained the higher distinction of being the father of Robert E. Lee, the noblest figure of a long and illustrious line.

At an early age this third Henry Lee in direct descent was sent to Princeton College, where he distinguished himself as a student. He was preparing for the practice of the law, and was just about embarking for England to pursue his studies, when hostilities with the mother-country changed his plans. He was then nineteen years of age. Abandoning his inten-

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tion of going to England, he raised a company of cavalry, and soon after the battle of Lexington joined Washington. His energy and ability quickly gained for him a high reputation. Speedily promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he was assigned to the command of an independent corps composed of infantry and cavalry, known as "Lee's Legion." His services were conspicuous during the war, and at the close of the Revolution no one had acquired a more permanent and deserved reputation than "Light-horse Harry." About the year 1781 he married his cousin, the daughter of Col. Philip Ludwell Lee of Stratford. Soon after the close of the war he was elected to Congress, and afterward became governor of Virginia, to which office he was three times elected. He was one of those who earnestly favored General Washington as the first President.

About the year 1790 he lost his wife, who had borne him four children, all of whom died in childhood except his son Henry. From the office of governor he returned to private life, and was subsequently married to Mrs. Anne Hill Carter, daughter of Mr. Charles Carter of Shirley. On account of the political agitation of the country he was again induced to enter public life, and in the winter of 1798–99 he became a member of the General Assembly. He was also re-elected to Congress, notwithstanding the tide of opposition then running against the Federals.

On the death of General Washington he prepared the eulogy, by direction of Congress, in which occur the memorable words which have become indissolubly attached to the name of the hero of the Revolution: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The children of his second marriage were Charles Carter Lee of Powhattan; Sidney Smith Lee, a commander in the United States navy in 1860, and afterward of the Confederate States navy; General Robert Edward Lee; and two daughters, Anne and Mildred.

Of these children, Robert Edward was born in the Stratford mansion, and in the same room in which were born two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Henry and

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Francis Lightfoot Lee. In 1811, Henry Lee removed with his family to Alexandria for the purpose of educating his children, and whilst here was offered and accepted a major-general's commission in the United States army during the second war with England. In 1814 he was in Baltimore, the guest of Mr. Alexander C. Hansen, at the time when the house of that gentleman was attacked by a mob. His visitor took part in the defence of the house, in which duty he received serious injuries, from whose effects he never recovered.

About the close of the year 1817 declining health induced him to visit the West Indies, but finding that the tropical climate did not afford him the relief he expected, he determined to return to his native shores. While on his return voyage, failing strength caused him to direct his course to the coast of Georgia, and to claim the hospitality of the daughter of his old friend and comrade, General Greene, who occupied her father's residence on Cumberland Island. After lingering a short time at this hospitable mansion, his noble spirit took its flight to join those who had preceded him. Nearly half a century later that event was brought in the most striking manner to the knowledge of the writer of this work, who was then accompanying General Lee, during the Civil War, on a tour of inspection along the coasts of Georgia and Florida. While passing through the channel that separates Cumberland Island from the main land, the steamer stopped at a plantation wharf, and the general then asked me to accompany him on a sacred mission. After following for some distance a road shaded with live-oak and magnolia, we passed through a gate opening into extensive grounds dotted with groups of olive, orange, and lemon trees, intermingled with brilliant subtropical shrubbery. In the midst of these grounds arose an extensive pile of buildings whose unfinished state bore evidence that the design of the projector exceeded his means of execution. This was the residence of General Greene. We entered a spacious hall, and after admiring for a moment the richly-carved frames of the ample windows that lighted it and the stairway that wound its spiral course along the unfinished walls of shell and mortar, we descended a flight of steps into a garden, which, though neglected, exhibited signs

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of taste and cultivation. Passing on, we came to a dilapidated wall enclosing a neglected cemetery. The general then, in a voice of emotion, informed me that he was visiting the grave of his father. He went alone to the tomb, and after a few moments of silence plucked a flower and slowly retraced his steps, leaving the lonely grave to the guardianship of the crumbling stones and the spirit of the restless waves that perpetually beat against the neighboring shore. We returned in silence to the steamer, and no allusion was ever made to this act of filial devotion.

The brief genealogical record here given might have been greatly extended had it seemed desirable to present in full detail the posts of honor obtained and the distinguished services performed by the ancestors of Robert E. Lee. The few facts we have stated will suffice to show the prominent position held by the Lees in England, and their essential influence and importance in the colonial history of Virginia and in the struggle through which the independence of America was achieved. Always on the patriotic side, and doing noble duty alike in the legislative hall and on the battlefield, they stand high among the leaders in that series of great events through which the fetters of tyranny were broken and another star added to the galaxy of civilized nations. Alike in England and America this family has always occupied an honorable position and been held in high esteem, and the pages of its history are nowhere sullied by a deed of which any of its members need to be ashamed. From the date of its origin members of the family have gained distinction as warriors, until, through Launcelot Lee, Lionel Lee, and "Light-horse Harry," the culminating point is reached in Robert E. Lee, the greatest commander of modern times, and a military genius who may fairly be placed in comparison with the noted captains of the world as in some respects the noblest and ablest of them all.

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CHAPTER II.

EARLY LIFE.

Birth and Boyhood of Robert E. Lee.—Sent to West Point.—Descriptive Letter.—He is appointed Lieutenant of Engineers.—His Marriage.—Testimony of Friends as to his Character.—His Engineering Service at St. Louis.—Stationed in New York Harbor.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, the fourth child of General Henry Lee, was born at Stratford, the ancient manor-house of the Lee family in Virginia, on the 19th of January, 1807. His name was taken from those of his maternal uncles, Robert and Edward Carter of Shirley.

In order to avail himself of better opportunities for the education of his children, General Lee left Stratford when his son Robert was four years old and removed to Alexandria. In this city the family lived successively on Cameron street, on Orinoco street, and in the house known as The Parsonage. Persons are yet living who remember Robert Lee in those his days of childhood, and who have an abiding recollection of his thoughtfulness of character and of his earnestness in the performance of every duty.

He was, indeed, in a somewhat trying position for one of his tender years. His father had been compelled, through declining health, to repair to the West Indies in search of relief, while his mother was a confirmed invalid. Of his brothers, one was a student at Harvard, another was in the navy; one of his sisters was in delicate health, and for a considerable period absent from home, while the other was too young to be of much use in household duties; so that many domestic cares fell upon Robert. Though but eleven years of age at the period of his father's death, the boy was old beyond his years, and of a thoughtfulness, a sense of filial obligation, and a warm affection for his parents that aided him to accept respon-

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sibilities and perform duties of which few boys of his age would have been capable.

Little is known of the events of his early life, but that little redounds to his credit. His character at this period is admirably summarized in a passage of a letter written by his father from the West Indies: "Robert, who was always good, will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother."

It is undoubted, indeed, that the lessons of this judicious and loving mother bore an important part in the formation of the estimable character which her noble son in after years displayed. She taught him in his years of childhood to "practise self-denial and self-control, as well as the strictest economy in all financial concerns"—lessons which were destined to bear ample fruit in his subsequent life.

As we have said, many of the cares of the household devolved upon the child, who did the marketing, attended to housekeeping duties, managed outdoor affairs, looked after his mother's horses, and acted the "little man" to an extent and with a discretion unusual in a boy of his age.

His warm affection for his mother undoubtedly had its share in this devotion to duties usually distasteful to growing lads, and it was particularly shown in the pathetically earnest care which he took of this patient invalid. Discarding schoolboy frolics, he would hurry home from his studies to see that his mother had her daily drive, and might be seen carrying her to her carriage, affectionately arranging her cushions, and earnestly endeavoring to entertain her, gravely assuring her that unless she was cheerful she would derive no benefit from her airing.

In confirmation of the statements here made we are fortunately enabled to give the testimony of near relatives of Robert E. Lee as to his youthful character and habits. From one of his cousins we have the following interesting remarks:

"I remember him well as a boy at school to Mr. Leary at the Alexandria Academy, and afterward at school to Mr. Hallowell when his school was in the house now occupied by Mr. Turner, and his mother lived next door. I recollect his uniformly correct deportment at school and elsewhere, and his attention to

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his studies. "What impressed me most in my youthful days was his devotion to his mother, who, as you know, was for many years an invalid; she used to say he was son and daughter to her. He was her housekeeper, relieved her of all domestic cares, looked after the horses, rode out in the carriage with her, and did the marketing for the family."

Another cousin offers the following testimony in a letter addressed to Mrs. Lee after the death of her noble husband:

"Aunt Lee's health was bad: your husband was everything to her. He kept house under his mother's directions. She was one of the most methodical and beautiful of managers, always cheerful and dignified. I think Robert's disposition was very like his mother's.

"You remember Nat, who was Aunt Lee's dining-room servant: after her death his health became very bad; your husband took him to the South, had the best medical advice, comfortable room, and everything that could be done to restore him, and attended to him himself. When your husband was going to Mr. Hallowell's school he would come out at twelve o'clock, have their carriage gotten, and go out with aunt to ride, doing and saying everything to amuse her. In her last illness he mixed every dose of medicine she took, and he nursed her night and day. If Robert left the room she kept her eyes on the door till he returned. He never left her but for a short time."

An incident related by one of his friends strikingly shows the high moral sense to which he had early attained, and the influence which it exerted upon all with whom he came into contact. At that period life in Virginia retained much of the rollicking character of its eighteenth-century conditions, and the boy chanced, during a vacation, to find himself an invited guest in a house where these undesirable customs were kept up. The host was a fascinating gentleman, possessed of all graces of mind and manner, yet, while not dissipated, his mode of life was such as to shock the sterner sense of morality of his youthful visitor. Robert made no comment on what he saw, but his unspoken rebuke proved more efficacious than any words of reproach could have done. The night before his

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departure his host came to his bedside, and in affecting language sought to excuse himself for the wild life into which he had fallen. He offered his sorrow for the loss of those dearest to him as a reason for habits which he could not seek to defend, and he impressively warned his young guest to beware of similar habits, advised him to persist in his commendable course of life, and earnestly promised that he would himself endeavor to reform if but to render himself worthy of the respect and affection of one of so estimable a character.

In his school-duties Robert was as diligent, attentive, and methodical as at home. Mr. William B. Leary, an Irish gentleman, was his first teacher. Shortly after the war a meeting took place between the teacher and his now-famous pupil at Lexington, and again when General Lee was returning from Georgia his old teacher came from a long distance to meet him, and they had a very pleasant interview.

When the growing youth reached an age in which it became necessary to seriously consider his future life and vocation, he himself seems to have selected the military profession, and decided to make an application for admission to West Point. His object in this was partly the desire to relieve his mother of the burden of his support, but there is reason to believe that the army was his deliberate choice as a profession, and that his mind had a natural tendency toward military science, to which it proved in after years to be so peculiarly adapted. When it was fully decided that he should prepare himself for admission to West Point he was sent with this object to the school of Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, an able teacher of mathematics and well suited to give the youthful aspirant the necessary preliminary education. His record in this school can best be shown by the following letter from Mr. Hallowell:

"Robert E. Lee entered my school in Alexandria, Va., in the winter of 1824–25, to study mathematics preparatory to his going to West Point. He was a most exemplary student in every respect. He was never behind-time at his studies; never failed in a single recitation; was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution; was gentlemanly, unobtrusive, and respectful in all his deportment to teachers and his

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fellow-students. His specialty was finishing up. He imparted a finish and a neatness, as he proceeded, to everything he undertook. One of the branches of mathematics he studied with me was conic sections, in which some of the diagrams were very complicated. He drew the diagrams on a slate; and although he well knew that the one he was drawing would have to be removed to make room for another, he drew each one with as much accuracy and finish, lettering and all, as if it were to be engraved and printed. The same traits he exhibited at my school he carried with him to West Point, where, I have been told, he never received a mark of demerit, and graduated at the head of his class."

We may add here one further passage from the letter of his cousin to Mrs. Lee, which gives some interesting information on this point in Robert E. Lee's life:

"I know your dead husband was most anxious to go to West Point, both to relieve his mother and to have a military education. Your aunt Lewis interested herself very much in obtaining his commission, and took him to Washington and introduced him to General Jackson. He was so much pleased with our beloved Robert that he got him his appointment."

In 1825, when he was eighteen years of age, he entered West Point as a cadet. Concerning his life while in this institution we have little information. It was undoubtedly that of an earnest and diligent student, too absorbed in his studies to have many social relaxations or to indulge in any of those truant escapades which are apt to form the telling events in schoolboy life. In respect to his standing at this institution interesting information is volunteered by Colonel Macomb, U. S. A., who entered the Military Academy in 1828, the year before Lee's graduation. He found that Cadet Robert E. Lee was then the prominent figure in the corps of cadets, being adjutant of battalion. Yet the formality which has always existed between "plebs" and older classes permitted only admiration at a distance, and this admiration only ripened into intimate acquaintanceship five years afterward when the two young men met in Washington.

In the year 1829, at the completion of his four years' course,

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he graduated, bearing off the second highest honors of the institution. During his whole course he had never received a demerit mark for any breach of rules or neglect of duty. He was highly esteemed by his comrades, and was noted for studious habits and commendable conduct. He avoided tobacco and intoxicating liquors, used no profane or immoral language, and throughout his whole student-life performed no act which his pious mother could not have fully approved.

Throughout his whole life, indeed, he never used tobacco, and, though in rare cases he would drink a glass of wine, he strictly avoided whiskey or brandy and did his utmost to favor temperance in others. The intemperate habits of many of the persons under his command were always a source of pain to him, and several anecdotes are told of his quiet manner of administering reproof to young men who had over-indulged in strong liquor. Indeed, on more than one occasion he refused to promote officers addicted to intoxication, saying, "I cannot consent to place in the control of others one who cannot control himself."

Immediately after his graduation he received the appointment of second lieutenant of Engineers in the army of the United States, and was employed for several years thereafter on the seacoast defences in engineering duty.

It may be well to append at this point some interesting extracts from a letter which the writer has received from a near relative of General Lee, which are of special value as the testimony of one who was closely associated with him in his youth, and as serving to fill out the somewhat meagre information heretofore extant concerning the events of his early life :

"My first recollection of Robert Lee was during his mother's residence in Alexandria. His father was absent at the time, I think, in the West Indies, from which trip he never returned. I have no recollection of ever seeing him. From my earliest remembrance of my aunt she was a very delicate woman, and was thus left at the death of General Lee with the entire charge of five children, Carter, Anne, Smith, Robert, and Mildred. Robert, when I first remember him, was, I should say, a youth of some fifteen or sixteen years. I was frequently with the

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Arlington family at my aunt's, but, being very young, passing events made very little impression on my mind. Robert was six years my senior, and when there my intercourse was principally with Bella Carter, our cousin, who lived with them for a time, while Robert and Mildred would be engrossed with Mary Custis. I remember hearing Robert spoken of frequently as a youth of great promise, his devotion to his mother and the help he afforded her in all her business and household matters commented on with admiration—particularly his devotion to his sister Anne, afterward Mrs. Judge Marshall of Baltimore. The first time I remember being struck with his manly beauty and attractiveness of manner was when he returned home after his first two years at West Point. He came with his mother and family on a visit to my father's. He was dressed in his cadet uniform of West Point, gray with white bullet buttons, and every one was filled with admiration of his fine appearance and lovely manners. I think he was about nineteen. Again, I remember being for some time with him at my grandfather Randolph's in Fauquier. I think it was the fall after he graduated. The house was filled with the young people of the family of both sexes. He was very much matured since I had last seen him, splendid-looking—as full of life, fun, and particularly of teasing, as any of us.

"But I have often said since he entered on his brilliant career that, although we all admired him for his remarkable beauty and attractive manners, I did not see anything in him that prepared me for his so far outstripping all his compeers. The first time this idea presented itself to me was during one of my visits to Arlington after my marriage. We were all seated around the table at night, Robert reading. I looked up and my eye fell upon his face in perfect repose, and the thought at once passed through my mind: 'You certainly look more like a great man than any one I have ever seen.' The same idea presented itself to me as I looked at him in Christ Church, Alexandria, during the same visit. Again, he spent some time at my father's in the fall of 1831, shortly after his own marriage and just before mine. He was then, as of old, bright, animated, and charming. I did not see him again

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until, I think, the fall of 1836. He was returning from the Springs with his wife, who was in distressing ill-health, and I never saw a man so changed and saddened. It has always been painful to me to think of him as he was then. The last time I saw Robert Lee, except for a short time at Richmond on his way to the South the spring before his death, was at my own house the summer after the Mexican War. He was then looking very well, and was more than usually agreeable and interesting from his fund of anecdote connected with the war, which was of course at that time fresh in his memory. In closing I will make one more statement, which is, that I knew Robert Lee from the time I can first recollect, and I never remember hearing him censured for anything in my life."

Another letter from the same writer furnishes the following interesting quotation:

"There is one more trait in General Lee's character which I must mention here, which was his beautiful neatness and love of order. Young men are very apt to think it beneath them, and *little*, to give much attention to these small matters, and I have often brought up to those of my own family the beautiful neatness of Robert Lee. His wife told me, after his return from the Mexican War, that he had brought back every article of clothing he had taken with him, and a bottle of brandy which he had taken in case of sickness, *unopened*."

The Mary Custis referred to in the foregoing letter was the daughter and heiress of Washington Parke Custis of Arlington and granddaughter of the wife of General Washington. For years Robert Lee had been an occasional visitor at Arlington, and while he was yet a boy had been strongly attracted to the lovely young heiress—an intimacy which ripened into love as the youthful pair approached years of maturity. Mary Custis had received a fine classical education, and with the accompanying advantages of wealth and position was deemed by her father worthy of a match superior to that offered by a young man devoted to a military career. Yet the handsome cadet captured the heart of the Virginia heiress, and he returned to West Point from a visit home the plighted lover of Mary Custis. It was the first love for them both, and was destined to be a

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lasting one. Their marriage took place two years after his graduation, and was attended with an amusing circumstance which is worth relating.

The wedding took place at Arlington on the evening of Thursday, June 30, 1831. The ceremony, which was witnessed by a large circle of guests, was performed in the right-hand drawing-room of that fine old mansion by the Rev. William Meade, afterward bishop of Virginia. The attendants on the bride and groom, as given by one of the bridesmaids, were the following: First bridesmaid and groomsman, Miss Catharine Mason and Lieutenant Sidney Smith Lee; second, Miss Mary Goldsborough and Lieutenant Thomas Kennedy; third, Miss Marietta Turner and Lieutenant Chambers; fourth, Miss Angela Lewis and Mr. Tillman; fifth, Miss Julia Calvert and Lieutenant Prentiss; sixth, Miss Britannia Peter and Lieutenant Thomas Turner.

The amusing circumstance above referred to, as related by a person present at the wedding, is the following: In the early evening preceding the hour fixed for the wedding a heavy thunderstorm came up, rather unfortunately for the Rev. Mr. Meade, who was yet on the road, and who reached the house thoroughly drenched. It was impossible for him to conduct a marriage ceremony without some change of raiment, and they were obliged to supply him with a suit of clothes belonging to Mr. Custis, the father of the bride. Unluckily for the fit of these garments, Mr. Custis was short and stout, the clergyman tall and thin, and he presented a highly ridiculous appearance to those who saw him in his borrowed plumage. However, the ample folds of the surplice covered all defects of raiment, and the guests generally were unaware of the awkward predicament of the dignified divine.

This was before the days of marriage-journeys, and the festivities were concluded in the mansion, the ceremony being followed by a handsome supper, while the large bridal-party were entertained at Arlington until the evening of the following Monday, when an entertainment was given at the house of General John Mason. The newly-married couple at once settled down to housekeeping in the good old style.

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This match was considered a brilliant one for Lieutenant Lee, his wife being looked upon as a great heiress, possessed of a large landed estate and a multitude of slaves. Yet she has often been heard to declare that the advantage of the wedding was largely on her side, since her husband's management of her estate was so skilful and judicious as to make it more valuable and remunerative than she could possibly have done. His profession, however, obliged him to be nearly always absent from home, which was probably a main reason for her father's objection to the marriage.

The property of Miss Custis embraced two mansions, with the accompanying lands: Arlington, on the Virginia heights opposite the city of Washington, and the White House, on the Pamunky River. Arlington is beautifully situated, and commands a view of Washington, Georgetown, and a long stretch of the Potomac, with a wooded background of distant hills and valleys. It was surrounded by groves of stately trees, except in front, where the hill slopes gracefully downward to the low lands bordering the river. This fine old mansion was seized by the Federal Government at the commencement of the Civil War, and occupied by the Federal troops as a camping-ground. It contained valuable relics, many of which were taken away, and never recovered by the family. The White House, on the Pamunky, was the scene of the marriage of General Washington with the widow Custis. This place was also occupied by the Federal troops, and burned—accidentally, no doubt, as some of the Federal officers took every precaution to preserve it on account of its historical associations.

Years afterward, Mrs. Lee, desiring to see once more this beloved home of her dearest memories, came alone to Arlington. Too much of an invalid even to get out of her carriage, she looked sadly around and asked for a cup of water from the spring, and then ordered the driver to take her away. The desecration which had come upon the beloved home of her youth and of so many years of happy married life was too great for the sorrowing invalid to endure.

The fate of the two mansions of the Custis family strongly

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illustrates the ravages of war. The White House, as we have said, was burned to the ground, and "not a blade of grass left to mark the culture of more than a hundred years." Arlington was desolated by the war, its groves cut down, its furniture carried off, its precious relics of Washington scattered over the North, and only the shell was left of the beautiful home of the past. The estate finally became the property of the United States Government, and the grounds were converted into a soldiers' cemetery.

We may very briefly finish our account of General Lee's married life by stating that there were born to him seven children. These were, in order of birth, G. W. Custis, Mary, W. H. Fitzhugh, Annie, Agnes, Robert, and Mildred. Of these children, two are dead—Agnes, who died after her father, and Annie, who died October 20, 1862. That General Lee was always exceedingly fond of his family is evidenced in his letters to his wife and children, examples of which will be given in a later portion of this work. They are full of expressions of affection and of wise fatherly advice, and prove that in the very tempest of war the heart of the great soldier was with his loved ones at home, and that he could turn from ordering some momentous movement in the field to write home words of tender sentiment and admonition, and hope of domestic bliss, as if his only cares were those of peaceful life. It is remarkable how little of war and how much of Christian feeling and family affection these letters contain.

General Lee tells an interesting anecdote in connection with one of his sons (Custis), which may fitly be quoted here: When a very little child his father took him to walk one winter's day in the snow, holding him by the hand. Soon the boy dropped behind. Looking over his shoulder, he saw Custis imitating his every movement, with head and shoulders erect, putting his little feet exactly in his father's footprints. "When I saw this," said the general, "I said to myself, 'It behooves me to walk very straight, when this fellow is already following in my tracks.'"

Shortly after his graduation Lieutenant Lee was sent on

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engineering duty to Old Point, Virginia. Here he remained for several years. In 1835 he was assigned to a new field of duty, being appointed assistant astronomer on the commission for marking out the boundary-line between Ohio and Michigan. In 1836 he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant, and in 1838 was made captain in the Engineer corps.

In regard to his life during this period interesting information has been volunteered by some of his friends who were intimately associated with him at that time both professionally and socially. Mr. James Eveleth relates that he was a clerk in the Engineer department at Fortress Monroe when Lieutenant Robert E. Lee reported there for his first service after graduating at the Academy, and from that time (1829) until 1834, Lee served at Fortress Monroe as assistant to Captain Andrew Talcott, who was in charge of the construction of the fortifications for the defence of Hampton Roads. In 1834, Lee was transferred to Washington as assistant to the chief engineer. Mr. Eveleth was also transferred, on July 1, 1835, as clerk in the Engineer department at Washington, thus keeping up his acquaintance with Robert E. Lee. During all this time Lee enjoyed the affectionate consideration and high appreciation of his brother-officers, as well as of all who came in contact with him. There never was a man more universally beloved and respected. He was conspicuous in the mind of Mr. Eveleth for never having uttered a word among his most intimate associates that might not have been spoken in the presence of the most refined woman. It can always be said of him that he was never heard to speak disparagingly of any one, and when any one was heard so to speak in his presence he would always recall some trait of excellence in the absent one. Mr. Eveleth calls to mind with peculiar interest the affectionate relations existing between Lieutenant Lee and Lieutenant J. E. Johnston, the latter being known to his intimates as Colonel Johnston. It is interesting to think of these two men passing on in unbroken friendship throughout their long and very distinguished careers. He has seen them meet after separation with the affectionate demonstrations of two school-friends.

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Every incident relative to the life, associates, and habits of the young lieutenant at this period is of interest as a guide-post on the road to the great distinction which he afterward attained. We are fortunate in being able to give some further information, obtained from his intimate friends. General Meigs describes his daily habits in the following words:

"In 1836–37, Lieutenant Lee was stationed at Washington as assistant to Chief Engineer Colonel Gratiot, and, having married the daughter of G. W. Custis of Arlington, he resided at that place, riding his horse into town every morning in time for the opening of the office at nine o'clock. As all public offices in those days closed at three precisely, his figure, mounted upon a compact Virginia bay horse, was to be seen every afternoon on Pennsylvania Avenue on his return to Arlington. This habit of constant exercise in all kinds of weather, not on wheels, but in the saddle, no doubt contributed to the vigor of his health and the endurance which enabled him to stand the cares, toils, and exposures of many campaigns."

Mrs. Kennan adds that often on his return from the city to Arlington he would stop and make a call on her family at their house in Tudor Place, Georgetown, and that he was always genial and ready to enter into the interests and pleasures of others.

Colonel Macomb, whose remembrance of the cadet-life of General Lee we have already given, adds the following reminiscences of his life in Washington at the period which we have now reached. At that time the colonel had the good fortune to be one of the "mess" at Mrs. Ulrich's, where the Riggs House now stands. The "mess" was composed of Joseph E. Johnston, James H. Prentiss, Thomas J. Lee, Augustus Canfield (who afterward married Miss Cass), James F. Izzard, and John Macomb. Lee was an occasional member of the "mess." Although married and residing at Arlington, yet, being on duty in the Engineer department, he found himself frequently under the necessity of remaining in Washington on account of the roads, which were at times impassable. Besides these young officers there were some distinguished men in the mess: Mahlon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy; William C. Rives,

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who had been minister to France, and who was at this time Senator from Virginia; Hugh Swinton Legaré of South Carolina, an eminent lawyer, then member of Congress from South Carolina, but at an earlier period minister to The Hague; and Joel R. Poinsett, Secretary of War. The presence of the latter frequently brought General Eustis, his brother-in-law, into the membership of the "mess." Mrs. Ulrich felt great partiality for the young officers of the "mess," and would refuse all applications from persons whom she thought would not be acceptable and congenial to them. Under these circumstances it may be understood that the inmates of her house were exceptionally agreeable to each other. Messrs. Legaré and Dickerson often discussed the Greek poets, etc., to the edification of the young soldiers, whose training had been in a different line. An incident which illustrates the gayety of these young officers is here recalled: As Lieutenant Lee was about to start for Arlington on one occasion on his spirited Virginia horse, seeing Macomb approach, he hailed him, saying, "Come, get up with me." To the surprise of Lee, Macomb approached, put his foot in the stirrup, and mounted behind him. Thereupon they rode down Pennsylvania Avenue, and just as they were in front of the President's House they met the Hon. Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, to whom they both bowed with great dignity. A more astonished gentleman has not been seen before or since.

In the spring of 1857, Captain Macomb was ordered to Mexico. He went by the Southern route, and spent at San Antonio a delightful week with Colonel Lee, who was then stationed there as lieutenant-colonel of the Second Cavalry. They renewed their old acquaintance, with the custom of visiting the ladies, and had a lively time. This was Colonel Macomb's last interview with his old friend, whom he remembers of all the men of his acquaintance as the most beloved and admired by both men and women. No one was ever jealous of him; all delighted to do him honor. Colonel Macomb recalls that, while stationed at Santa Fé, New Mexico, news came of the alarming illness of General Scott, which led, among the officers, to the discussion of his probable successor. It was universally

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agreed that Lee would be the man. This shows the estimation of his compeers.*

As everything illustrative of the early life and the developing character of the great hero of the Civil War must possess an interest for his very numerous friends and admirers, we feel sure that we will be excused for adding to the reminiscences above given the following testimony from Mr. F. Schneider. It is of a different bearing from the foregoing, and clearly indicates important traits of character, showing a precision of idea, a clear conception of what he wanted, a close attention to minute details, and a faithful discharge of even the smallest obligation, which had much to do with the subsequent success of the man.

Mr. Schneider had a blacksmith-shop on the corner of Twentieth and G streets. Upon the first occasion of his acquaintance (1835) Lieutenant Lee was riding into the city from Arlington to his office, and happening to see Mr. Schneider shoeing a horse, he dismounted and inquired into his manner of shoeing horses. Being satisfied, he gave particular directions and left his horse to be shod. When he returned from the office he lifted each foot of the horse carefully, then nodded his head, and said to Mr. Schneider, "You are the first man I have ever come across that could shoe a horse by my directions." From that time all the Arlington horses were

* Colonel Macomb was present at the marriage of Lieutenant Sidney Smith Lee of the navy, brother of Robert E. Lee, who married Miss Mason, in the old Christ Church at Alexandria. The party were first entertained at General John Mason's house at Claremont. They then went to Arlington, where the festivities were continued. Lieutenant Robert Lee and his friends took part in this old Virginia frolic. Seven young men were bivouacked in one of the larger rooms at Arlington. Captain Canfield, one of the number, made much fun for the party. In the morning the negro servant made so much noise on the bare floor, bringing wood and making fires, that Canfield called out, "Moses, why not come up on the pony?" At this point Mr. Custis threw the door wide open and called out, "'Sleep no more; Macbeth hath murdered sleep.'"

Every night before the party retired punch was bounteously dispensed from a punch-bowl which had belonged to General Washington. In the bottom of the bowl was a painting of a ship, the hull resting in the bottom, the mast projecting to the brim. The rule was to drink down to the hull—a rule strictly observed.

As this bowl has a history, it may be stated that it was presented to General Washington by Colonel Fitzhugh, a former aide-de-camp, who afterward left Virginia and settled in the Genesee Valley in Western New York.

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sent to Mr. Schneider to be shod. When ordered to Mexico his high regard for Mr. Schneider led him to go from the War Department to his shop to bid him good-bye. The year before the Civil War repairing and fencing was done at Arlington, and Colonel Lee came to Mr. Schneider to have made a peculiar gate-latch that could be opened without dismounting. He wanted a dozen, and Mr. Schneider said, "Well, colonel, I will make one. If that pleases you, I will make eleven more." He came a few days after the one was ready for him. He took it with him and had it put on the gate, then came back and said, "Make the eleven. It is the very thing I want, and could not be improved." Since Mr. Schneider has retired from business one of the general's daughters was visiting at the surgeon-general's. She wanted a fan mended, and asked General Barnes to send it to her father's friend, Mr. Schneider. This was done, and Mr. Schneider was most happy to repair the fan. Mr. Schneider says his heart always warmed at the sight of Lee: it was pleasant to serve him. He would listen to suggestions which Mr. Schneider felt free to make, and was always reasonable and just. Among the books of Mr. Schneider's extensive library is the *Life of General Lee*, by John Esten Cooke, and in his catalogue, printed by himself, he appends in a footnote the following incident:

"In the fall of 1860 the general rode over from Arlington to the iron-foundry of Mr. Schneider, corner of Eighteenth and Pennsylvania Avenue, and drew from his pocket the draft of a peculiar kind of coulter which he requested to be cast for him to use in breaking up a lot of heavy meadow-sod. The price of the coulter was fixed at two dollars, and the colonel's old market-man called for it a day or two after. A few months passed and the peaceful pursuits of agriculture were exchanged for the strife and turmoil of war. General Lee pitched his tent in the South, and the quiet scenes of Arlington knew him no more. Late in 1861, amid the stirring scenes that were enacting around him, whilst all the cares and responsibilities of his position were resting upon General Lee, Mr. Schneider received by the hands of a little boy two one-dollar gold-pieces with a brief note of apology."

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We now approach a somewhat important period in General Lee's life—that in which he was first to clearly show the material of which he was made and his fine ability as an engineer. In the year 1837 he received orders to proceed to St. Louis, which city at that time was threatened with a serious disaster from the deflection of the main current of the Mississippi River to the Illinois side, and the danger of its cutting a new channel through the bottom-lands. Here he was to make surveys and consider the best means of averting this threatened peril, which would make of St. Louis an inland city, and to report to the Department at Washington. In addition, he was entrusted with other duties connected with the navigation of the Mississippi, the details of which we can best give in the words of General Meigs, quartermaster-general U. S. A., who, then a lieutenant, accompanied the young engineer as his assistant, and who furnishes for this work the following valuable account of their operations:

In the summer of 1837, Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, corps of Engineers, was ordered by the Engineer department to proceed to the Mississippi River, and, with an appropriation made by Congress for the purpose, to make examination, plans, and estimates for the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi at the harbor of St. Louis, where sandbars threatened to interfere with the use of the water-front of the city, known as the levee, upon which they were encroaching, and where the main channel of the river showed a tendency to change from the Missouri to the Illinois shore. He was also instructed to make surveys and plans for improving the navigation of this river near the point where the Des Moines enters it from the west, and above and about the mouth of Rock River, which enters from the east. At both these points the river flows over ledges of rocks, with a narrow and tortuous channel. During the season of low water all steamboats at these points were obliged to discharge at least a part of their cargo, which was placed upon what were then known as "keel-boats" and towed by horses along the shores to the head of the rapids. The country about these rapids was only then being

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surveyed and opened for settlement. No railroad had at that time crossed the Alleghanies.

Lieutenant Lee left Washington about June, accompanied by Lieutenant Meigs as his assistant. They went by the way of the Pennsylvania Canal to Pittsburg, where they took a steamer and descended to Louisville, stopping at Cincinnati (both of these were then small cities, compared with what they are to-day). At Louisville they found a small steamboat which had just been completed under the supervision of Captain Shreeves, famous as the inventor and operator of the "snag-boat." His son-in-law, Captain Morehead, was the captain of the surveying boat; and here, with the aid of the boatmen, Lieutenant Lee organized and outfitted a strong surveying-party of river-men. The steamer proceeded to the Des Moines rapids, touching at St. Louis on the way. (St. Louis's principal distinction then was that it was the headquarters of the North-western fur trade. Ashley, Chouteau, and Sandford had there their principal offices, and thence despatched expeditions which penetrated the Rocky Mountains and fought battles in Oregon and Washington Territories with the Canadian voyageurs and Scotch servants of the Hudson Bay Company.) Arrived at the lower or Des Moines rapids of the Mississippi, the party attempted to pass the rapids in their steamer, and quickly experienced the difficulties of the navigation by finding themselves fast on the rocks of one of the lower channels. All efforts to float the steamer failed, and the party proceeded to make their survey of these rapids while using the steamer as a base of operations, the surveying-parties leaving the steamer in small boats in the morning and returning at night.

Having completed the survey of the Des Moines rapids, they took passage in a steamer which they found at the head of the rapids, and ascended to Rock Island. There they discovered another steamer wrecked upon a rock in the Rock Island rapids; her hull was stove in and her lower deck was partly under water, but her upper cabin, with its staterooms, was dry and habitable. Holes made for removing the engines yawned in the cabin-floor. Lieutenant Lee made this wreck his base of operations during the survey of the upper rapids.

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From the stern, after the day's work was over, the young men of the party replenished the larder by fishing for blue catfish, pike, and pickerel. About the end of October the work on this part of the river was finished, and they returned to the Des Moines rapids on a passing steamer. At these rapids they found the banks lined with birch-bark canoes and Indian tepees, a tribe of Chippewas having assembled there to receive the fall distribution of presents from the agents. Owing to a rise in the river, they now found themselves able to float their own steamer, in which they returned to St. Louis.

Here the second story of a warehouse on the levee was rented as an office, where the maps giving the results of their surveys of the upper river were prepared. While the reduction of their notes to the form of maps was going on parties were placed in the field on each bank of the river. Signals were established, and the river was thoroughly triangulated and sounded from the mouth of the Missouri to some distance below St. Louis. These surveys were completed and mapped, and the party broke up. The men were discharged, and Lieutenant Lee and Lieutenant Meigs returned to Washington, laying up their steamer for the winter on the Ohio, and passing through Wheeling by way of the Cumberland road. At Frederick, Md., they took cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, crossing some divides by horse-power. No locomotive had at that time reached Frederick.

Lieutenant Lee made up his report, in which he recommended the improvement of the two rapids by the straightening and widening of the channels and by blasting and moving the rocks which obstructed navigation. He recommended, in regard to the St. Louis problem, the proper course of the dikes to deflect the currents and to close at low water the eastern or Illinois channel by connecting Bloody Island with the eastern shore.

These reports and maps were published by Congress, which for many years continued to make appropriations for the execution of the work designed and recommended by Lieutenant Lee.

Probably the only survivor of that expedition is General

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Meigs, who takes pleasure in contributing this reminiscence to the memoirs of General Lee. It was the beginning of the permanent improvement of the upper Mississippi River. At that time only a few log houses, traders' stores, and military posts existed on the shores of the rapids and for hundreds of miles above. The land had never been surveyed or brought into the market.

The preliminary survey above described was not the whole of Lieutenant Lee's connection with the improvement of the Mississippi. For some years thereafter he superintended the progress of the work at the points designated. During the prosecution of this work at St. Louis there was much free criticism and adverse prediction indulged in by the people of the threatened city. Heedless of this public clamor, the young Engineer officer pursued the even tenor of his way, and finally convinced his critics by the best of logic, that of success, that there might be some intelligence and ability outside of political assemblies and newspaper offices.

General Lee has described to the writer of this work the general method in which he achieved success in this difficult undertaking. His method was to force the current back into its original channel by driving piles and constructing cribs and wing-dams. The eddies thus created caused a deposit of sediment to be made between the dams, which gradually filled up the place where the wash-out had occurred with solid matter, and diverted the unsteady stream back into its original course.

Operations at the rapids also were prosecuted in accordance with the plans and under the directions of Lieutenant Lee, and an available channel gradually formed. Many years later, the commerce of the river requiring larger boats than could safely venture through the Des Moines channel, a ship-canal was constructed on the western shore of the river at this place, notwithstanding the fact that railroads then lined both shores of the stream. The commerce thus made available has supplied the wants of the millions who have since made of the upper Mississippi and of the plains of the Red River of the North the granary of North America. Cities have sprung up which, like

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Minneapolis and St. Paul, count their inhabitants by the hundred thousands; St. Louis, then a small town with a few thousand inhabitants, has grown into a noble city peopled by more than three hundred and fifty thousand souls; and the worthless prairie-land of that day has now been largely converted into city lots of immense value. It is not claimed here that the engineering skill of Lieutenant Lee was in any sense the cause of this prosperity, but simply that he performed services that helped to render it possible.

Although we have said so much in regard to the appearance and character of Robert E. Lee, yet General Meigs's testimony to that effect is so valuable, when we consider his opportunities of thoroughly knowing him, that we cannot omit it. He expresses himself as remembering with pleasure and affection "his intimate associations with Lieutenant Lee, a man then in the vigor of youthful strength, with a noble and commanding presence, and an admirable, graceful, and athletic figure. He was one with whom nobody ever wished or ventured to take a liberty, though kind and generous to his subordinates, admired by all women, and respected by all men. He was the model of a soldier and the beau ideal of a Christian man."

Some letters of General Lee, written at this period, are sufficiently characteristic to be of interest to the reader, and we may be excused for quoting them. One, written to his wife and dated "Louisville, June 5, 1839," contains the following passage:

"You do not know how much I have missed you and the children, my dear Mary. To be alone in a crowd is very solitary. In the woods I feel sympathy with the trees and birds, in whose company I take delight, but experience no interest in a strange crowd. I hope you are all well and will continue so, and therefore must again urge upon you to be very prudent and careful of those dear children. If I could only get a squeeze at that little fellow turning up his sweet mouth to 'keese Baba'! You must not let him run wild in my absence, and will have to exercise firm authority over all of them. This will not require severity, or even strictness, but constant attention and an unwavering course. Mildness and forbearance,

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tempered by firmness and judgment, will strengthen their affection for you, while it will maintain your control over them."

We are fortunately enabled to add to this a letter of much value as detailing incidents in the life of the young lieutenant of Engineers while on duty in the West. The Dick referred to may remain incognito, as his personality is of no importance to the narrative. The letter is addressed externally to "Lieut. J. E. Johnston, Topographical Engineers, Washington, D. C.," but internally "My Dear Colonel," the title by which General Johnston was then familiarly known to his intimate friends:

"ST. LOUIS, 26th July, 1839.

"MY DEAR COLONEL: Upon my return here some few days since from the Rapids I found your letter of the 1st. It did me good to hear of the boys, especially as it was all good. Kan's fishing-project I fear is more natural than feasible, and its merits in so benighted a place as Washington will never be appreciated. I now contemplate you, therefore, as one of the stars in General Scott's staff. While up the river I fell in with Dick, and escorted him from Galena to Burlington, his headquarters. General Brooke happened at Galena while we were there, and, besides the pleasure of meeting him again, we had much sport in fighting the battles of Old Point over again. But it was done temperately and in a temperance manner, for the general has forsworn strong potations, and our refreshment consisted of only soda-water and ice-cream, delicacies that had been untasted by the general for the last *nine* years, and four times a day did we pay our respects to the fountain and freezer. Dick had been up to Dubuque to let out one of his roads, and, finding some spare days on his hands, 'accoutred as he was,' he plunged into a pleasure-party for the Falls of St. Anthony that came along in fine spirits with music playing and colors flying. Would you like to hear of his apparel? A little short-sleeved, short-waisted, short-skirted, brown linen coat, well acquainted with the washboard, and intended for a smaller man than our friend; a faded blue calico shirt; domestic cloth pants; a pair of commodious brogans; and a hat torn, broken, and discolored. Now, hear him laugh as he presents himself

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for a dance, arms akimbo, and you have him before you. I believe, though, it was a concerted thing with him, for whom should he meet but his Indian friend 'Hole-in-the-Day' and his faithful *Red She*, who showed him his old blanket that she religiously wrapt herself in, but upon examining *his* fingers her good copper rings were not there! He complains bitterly of his present waste of life, looks thin and dispirited, and is acquainted with the cry of every child in Iowa. He is well practised in pork-eating and promiscuous sleeping, and is a friend to Quakers, or rather their pretty daughters. . . . .

"News recently arrived that the Sioux had fallen upon a party of Chippeways and taken one hundred and thirty scalps. The *Hole-in-the-Day*, Dick's friend, had gone in advance with the larger party, and they did not come up with him. It is expected that this chief, who is represented as an uncommon man, will take ample revenge, and this may give rise to fresh trouble. You will see the full accounts in the papers. . . . .

"Bliss is well at the Rapids, with the whole fleet, and I hope jerking out the stones fast.

"R. E. LEE."

We must pass with more rapidity over the few subsequent years of his career. As already said, he was made captain of Engineers in 1838. In 1840 he resumed his legitimate duties of military engineer, and in 1842 was sent to Fort Hamilton in New York harbor, where he was occupied for several years in improving the defences. In 1844 he was appointed on the board of visitors to the Military Academy at West Point. These services occupied him until the year 1846, when the breaking out of hostilities between the United States and Mexico opened a wider field for the exercise of his abilities as a military engineer, and offered his first opportunity for that practical education in the art of war which was afterward to bear such abundant fruit.

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CHAPTER III.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

Causes of the War.—A Daring Scout.—Siege of Vera Cruz.—Cerro Gordo.—Passage of the Pedregal.—Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec.—Letter from Mexico.—Testimony of Generals Wilcox and Hunt.—Encomium from General Johnston.

IN 1846 war was declared between the United States and the neighboring republic of Mexico—a war in which Robert E. Lee bore a prominent part, and in which he gained great distinction both as an able engineer and as a gallant and daring soldier. His connection with this war forms so important a chapter in his history that some brief account of its causes and the general course of its events becomes here necessary.

Texas while yet a sub-province of the republic of Mexico had attracted a considerable population of immigrants from the United States, who confided in the promise of the Mexican Cortes, promulgated in 1824, that as soon as it had gained sufficient importance it should be erected into an independent state of the republic, and be made "free, sovereign, and independent in whatever exclusively related to its internal government and administration."

The foreign immigration which took place on the faith of this proclamation called forth in 1830 a counter-decree from Bustamente, then President or tyrant of the republic, in which he prohibited the ingress of foreigners. To execute his edicts he introduced a considerable force of Mexican soldiers into Texas, which was thus virtually placed under military rule.

This act called forth strong opposition among the inhabitants, and the soldiers were forced to leave the country. Bustamente's rule ended in 1832, he being succeeded by Santa Anna as President. Shortly afterward Texas petitioned to be erected into a separate state, as promised in the act of 1824. Austin, the agent sent by the Texans to the capital city, being

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unable to obtain any reply to his petition from the Mexican Government, wrote to the Texan authorities and advised them to organize a state government without waiting for the action of the Mexican Congress.

This action was considered treasonable, and Austin was arrested and imprisoned for over a year. Santa Anna had meanwhile overthrown the Mexican constitution and made himself military dictator of the "republic of Mexico," so called. The people of Texas resented this usurpation, organized a state government, and raised troops to resist the invasion which they had every reason to expect. They were not mistaken. Troops invaded the province, and an engagement took place at Gonzales on the 2d of October, 1835.

This was the first step in a war which resulted in the independence of Texas. In the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, the Mexicans suffered a complete defeat, and Santa Anna was taken prisoner. One of the terms of his release was the recognition of the independence of Texas, which had been erected into a republic on the 17th of March, with David G. Burnett for its first President.

On the 3d of March, 1837, the independence of this new power was recognized by the United States, two years afterward by France and England, and very soon by most of the European states.

As early as August 4, 1837, Texas proposed to unite herself with the United States. This proposition was declined by the administration of President Van Buren, and was not entertained till the term of President Tyler, when a resolution of Congress was passed setting forth the terms of a union of the republic of Texas with the United States. This proposition was formally adopted by the people of Texas assembled in convention on July 4, 1845, and a new constitution was formed preparatory to the admission of the young republic as a State of the Federal Union.

The independence of Texas had never been acknowledged by Mexico, and this action of the United States Government gave serious offence, which was evidenced by a remonstrance from General Almonte, the Mexican minister resident at Wash-

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ington, who immediately afterward demanded his passports and left the country. All friendly intercourse between the United States and Mexico now ceased. Mr. Polk, who was then President, apprehending an invasion of Texan soil, sent General Zachary Taylor, with about five thousand men, to guard the new State of the American Union. Early in August, 1845, he took position at Corpus Christi, near the mouth of the Neuces River. On the 13th of January, 1846, he was ordered to advance to the Rio Grande, and reached the east bank of that river on March 28th, where he erected a fortress, called Fort Brown, directly opposite the Mexican city of Matamoras.

On the 26th of April, General Ampudia, the Mexican commander, gave notice that he considered hostilities commenced, and on the same day a force of 63 American soldiers were attacked on the Texan side of the river, and all killed or captured. This was the first blood shed in the war.

Two other battles took place on Texan soil—one near Palo Alto, where a Mexican army of about 6000 men was defeated; and the other at Resaca de la Palma, where the same army was utterly routed and the soil of Texas freed of its invaders.

A few days afterward General Taylor crossed the river, took possession of Matamoras, and carried the war definitely into Mexican territory. Fifty thousand volunteers were called for, and the army of General Taylor was rapidly reinforced by recruits from Texas and the adjoining States.

The plan of military operations now adopted at Washington was to invade Mexico on three different lines: one was from Matamoras to the interior, under the lead of General Taylor; another toward New Mexico and California, under the lead of General Kearney; while a third column, under General Wool, was to seize the northern departments of Mexico. With the latter column Captain Lee first entered the field of war.

The young officer of Engineers remained with General Wool's command until ordered to join the expedition of General Scott, and while with it he performed very important service, as instanced in the story, related by himself, of a scouting-expedition. This incident is of such interest as illustrative of the romance of war and of the daring of its hero that we here

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briefly repeat it, as told by a friend who had heard him personally relate it:

Shortly before the battle of Buena Vista, General Wool, being ignorant of the position and movements of the enemy, but having been positively assured that Santa Anna had crossed the mountains and was encamped with his whole army at a point only twenty miles distant, determined to send out a scouting-party to ascertain the truth of this report. Captain Lee, who was present, at once volunteered to perform this duty. His offer was accepted, and he was directed to procure a guide and order a company of cavalry to meet him at the outer picket-line as escort. By some means, however, he missed the picket-post and his escort, and ere long found himself several miles beyond the lines with no company but his guide. This was a young Mexican who knew the country, and whom Captain Lee had promised the contents of a pocket-pistol if he should play false.

Dangerous as it was to proceed alone, to return was to abandon the enterprise for that night, and the daring scout galloped on. At a point about five miles from the reported place of encampment of the Mexican army the moonlight displayed numerous tracks of mules and wagons in the road. No artillery-tracks were visible, but these might have been obliterated by the others, and there was abundant reason to conclude that a strong foraging- or reconnoitering-party had passed here. The information thus obtained would have satisfied many officers, yet it was not sufficiently positive for Captain Lee, who determined to go on till he reached the picket-posts of the enemy.

To his surprise, he found no pickets. He concluded that he had missed them as he had those of his own army, and had ridden within the Mexican lines. In confirmation of this opinion, he soon found himself in view of what appeared to be large camp-fires on a hillside at no great distance. His guide, who was by this time in a pitiable state of fright, begged him earnestly to return, saying that there was a stream of water just beyond, and that he knew that Santa Anna's whole army was encamped on the other side.

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But the daring scout was not yet quite satisfied, and, directing the guide to await his return, he galloped boldly forward. Soon he perceived what appeared to be the white tents of a large encampment. Reaching the banks of the stream, he heard beyond it loud talking and the usual noises of a camp.

By this time, however, he was near enough to be able to make better use of the moonlight, and discovered that his white tents were simply a large *flock of sheep*, and that his army was a train of wagons and the drovers of a large herd of cattle, mules, etc. Riding into their camp, he quickly learned from them that Santa Anna had not yet crossed the mountains, and that there were no Mexican forces in that locality.

He galloped back with this important news to the army, where he found his friends in a state of serious apprehension as to his safety, the intended escort having reported his disappearance. "But," said General Lee, "the most delighted man to see me was the old Mexican, the father of my guide, with whom I had been last seen by any of our people, and whom General Wool had arrested and proposed to hang if I was not forthcoming."

Though he had ridden forty miles that night, he was in the saddle again after a three hours' rest. He guided a body of cavalry to and far beyond the point to which he had gone the night before, and succeeded in ascertaining definitely the position, force, etc. of the enemy.

The signal victory of General Taylor at Buena Vista, in which a force of 20,000 Mexicans under Santa Anna was put to rout by 5000 Americans, virtually ended the war in the northern Mexican states. Meanwhile, during January and February, 1847, General Scott was collecting a large force in the neighborhood of Tampico to operate against Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico. Captain R. E. Lee joined this force by the particular request of General Scott.

About the last of February, General Scott embarked his troops and sailed for Vera Cruz, and on the 9th of March landed his army of 12,000 men a short distance south of that city, which he immediately proceeded to invest. The city was surrounded by a wall and defended by a powerful fortress, the

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castle of San Juan de Ulloa, the number of guns being about 400. It was garrisoned by 5000 Mexican troops under General Morales.

The establishment of batteries and the other details of the siege were directed by Captain Lee, who prosecuted his labors with such vigor that by the 22d the batteries were ready to commence the bombardment which resulted on the 29th in the surrender of Vera Cruz and the adjacent fortifications. For his services on this occasion Captain Lee was favorably mentioned by General Scott in his report of the siege of Vera Cruz. Having gained a secure base of operations, General Scott advanced toward the city of Mexico; but on reaching Cerro Gordo, the point where the National Road emerges from the Tierra Caliente, he found himself confronted by General Santa Anna with a numerous army, which this general had, in spite of his defeat at Buena Vista, thoroughly reorganized and put in position to oppose Scott's advance.

Cerro Gordo was of such formidable strength that a direct attack was deemed injudicious, and therefore it became necessary to adopt other means for its reduction. In the words of General Scott, "Reconnoissances were pushed in search of some practicable route other than the winding, zigzag road among the spurs of mountains, with heavy batteries at every turn. The reconnoissances were conducted with vigor under Captain Lee at the head of a body of pioneers, and at the end of the third day a passable way for light batteries was accomplished without alarming the enemy, giving the possibility of turning the extreme left of his line of defence and capturing his whole army, except the reserve, that lay a mile or two higher up the road. Santa Anna said that he had not believed a goat could have approached him in that direction. Hence the surprise and the results were the greater."

A large force was sent along the route thus made passable, and, though it was discovered by the enemy before it had quite reached the point desired, it had gained a position which enabled it to storm and carry the heights of Cerro Gordo and rout the Mexican army, Santa Anna being defeated and forced to retire with great loss. General Scott, in his report of this battle, says:

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"I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, Engineer. This officer was again indefatigable during these operations in reconnoissances as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planting batteries and in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy."

An interesting incident which occurred during one of the reconnoissances mentioned by General Scott was related to the writer by John Fitzwalter, who acted as a guide to Captain Lee during this campaign, and who himself was so daring as to gain from the Mexicans the title of Juan Diablo, or, to put it in plain English, John the Devil.

During the reconnoissance in question Captain Lee had ventured too far from his supporting column, and unexpectedly found himself in the midst of the enemy and in a position of great danger. He was forced to take refuge beneath a fallen tree, near which was a spring to which the Mexicans frequently came for water. While he lay hidden in this perilous covert hostile soldiers frequently passed over the tree, and even sat down on it and entered into conversation, without discovering the somewhat nervous individual beneath it. He was obliged to remain there until the coming of night enabled him to retire from the dangerous locality.

It may not be amiss to mention at this point that Captain Lee was not the only one of his family who took part in these operations. His elder brother, Lieutenant Sidney Smith Lee of the navy, served in the bombardment of Vera Cruz in command of a detachment of seamen who worked the guns in the trenches. These guns were under the general direction of Captain Lee, who has often been heard to relate with what anxiety after each discharge he would look to see if his brother was safe, and how reassured he felt when he saw his white teeth gleaming through the smoke.

Early in these operations Captain Lee had been appointed on the personal staff of General Scott, who had the greatest confidence in his judgment and ability, and was always strongly influenced by his opinion in council.

In the subsequent campaign in the Valley of Mexico to Cap-

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tain Lee is mainly due the capture of Contreras and the reduction of Churubusco—successes which opened the way for General Scott to the walls of Mexico.

A distinguished officer (General Henry J. Hunt) who participated in the Mexican campaign thus describes the operations at Contreras:

"On the 19th of August, 1847, General Scott's headquarters were at San Augustin, a small village four or five miles south of Churubusco. The main road running south from the city of Mexico forks at Churubusco, one branch going to San Augustin, while the other runs in a south-westerly direction, and passes to the east of Contreras and of a somewhat elevated plateau beyond or south of Contreras. The distances from Churubusco to the plateau and from the plateau to San Augustin are each about equal to the distance from San Augustin to Churubusco. This triangular space, included between the two roads and a ridge of hills south of San Augustin as the third side, is called the Pedregal. This Pedregal is a vast surface of volcanic rocks and scoria broken into every possible form, presenting sharp ridges and deep fissures, exceedingly difficult even in the daytime for the passage of infantry, and utterly impassable for artillery, cavalry, or single horsemen. There are occasional intervals, especially near San Augustin, where small fields have been made and tilled; but these little oases grow smaller and more infrequent toward the west, and a mile or two from the plateau cease altogether, so that the country from above Contreras to the range of hills on the south is an almost unbroken field of desolation, such as lava would present if in a state of ebullition. Indeed, it appears like a sea of such lava suddenly congealed, with here and there a clump of hardy bushes and dwarf trees which have managed to force an existence from the apparently sterile rocks. By taking advantage of the small open spaces a difficult, crooked, and hardly passable road—not much better than a mule-track—had been opened from San Augustin to the plateau, in front of which it joins the road from the city of Mexico. On this plateau General Valencia had intrenched his fine division, about six thousand strong, with twenty-four guns, which com-

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pletely commanded the approach from San Augustin. A mile or more north of Contreras and the neighboring hamlet of Anselda, and on the main city road, lay General Santa Anna with a portion of the reserves of the Mexican army.

"On the morning of the 19th, General Scott ordered Pillow's and Twiggs's divisions to move from San Augustin toward the plateau, the ground having been previously carefully reconnoitered by Captain R. E. Lee, assisted by Lieutenants Beauregard and Tower of the Engineers. Pillow was directed to improve the road with his force, and, if possible, make it practicable for artillery, while Twiggs was thrown in advance to protect the working-parties.

"General Scott in his official report, written that same day, says: 'By three o'clock this afternoon the advanced divisions came to a point where the new road could not be continued except under the direct fire of twenty-two pieces of the enemy's artillery (most of them of large calibre), placed in a camp strongly intrenched to oppose our operations, surrounded by every advantage of ground, and, besides, being reinforced hourly by immense bodies of cavalry and infantry, which, coming from the city over an excellent road beyond the volcanic fields, were consequently entirely beyond the reach of our cavalry and artillery.

"'Arriving on the ground an hour later, I found that Pillow's and Twiggs's divisions had advanced to dislodge the enemy, picking their way (all officers on foot) along his front, and extending themselves toward the road from the city and the enemy's left. . . . . The battle, though mainly stationary, continued to rage with great violence until nightfall.'

"In the mean time, portions of Riley's, Persifer Smith's, Shields's, and Cadwallader's brigades had made their way across the Pedregal to Contreras, whence they watched the approach of the Mexican troops from the city. Captain Lee accompanied these troops, and the nature of the ground can perhaps best be understood by the description given of it by one who passed over it at the time.

"He says: 'Late in the morning of the 19th the brigade of which my regiment was a part (Riley's) was sent out from San

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Augustin in the direction of Contreras. We soon struck a region over which it was said no horses could go, and men only with difficulty.

"'No road was available; my regiment was in advance, my company leading, and its point of direction was a church-spire near or at Contreras. Taking the lead, we soon struck the Pedregal (a field of volcanic rock like boiling scoria suddenly solidified), pathless, precipitous, and generally compelling rapid gait in order to spring from point to point of rock, on which two feet could not rest, and which cut through our shoes. A fall upon this sharp material would have seriously cut and injured one, whilst the effort to climb some of it cut the hands.

"'Such was the general character of the portion crossed by my regiment, and I believe by the brigades, though many, not pushing as I did, may have picked out a circuitous and better route.

"'Just before reaching the main road from Contreras to the city of Mexico we reached a watery ravine, the sides of which were nearly perpendicular, up which I had to be pushed and then to pull others.

"'On looking back over this bed of lava or scoria, I saw the troops, much scattered, picking their way very slowly, while of my own company, some eighty or ninety strong, only five men crossed with me or during some twenty minutes after.

"'With these five I examined the country beyond, and struck upon the small guard of a paymaster's park, which, from the character of the country over which we had passed, was deemed perfectly safe from capture.

"'My men gained a paymaster's chest well filled with bags of silver dollars, and the firing and fuss we made both frightened the guard with the belief that the infernals were upon them and made our men hasten to our support.

"'Before sundown all of Riley's—and, I believe, of Cadwallader's, Smith's, and Pierce's brigades—were over, and by nine o'clock a council of war, presided over by Persifer Smith and counselled by Captain R. E. Lee, was held at the church.

"'I have always understood that what was devised and finally determined upon was suggested by Captain Lee; at all events,

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the council was closed by his saying that he desired to return to General Scott with the decision of General Smith, and that, as it was late, the decision must be given as soon as possible, since General Scott wished him to return in time to give directions for co-operation.

"'During the council and for hours after the rain fell in torrents, whilst the darkness was so intense that one could move only by groping.

"'To illustrate: my company again led the way to gain the Mexican rear, and when, after two hours of motion, light broke sufficiently to enable us to see a companion a few feet off, we had not moved four hundred yards, and the only persons present were half a dozen officers and one guide.

"'Captain Lee left the council to join General Scott. History gives him the credit of having succeeded, but it has always seemed incredible to me when I recollect the distance amid darkness and storm, and the dangers of the Pedregal which he must have traversed, and that, too, I believe, entirely unaccompanied. Scarcely a step could have been taken without danger of death; but that to him, a true soldier, was the willing risk of duty in a good cause. I would not believe it could have been made, that passage of the Pedregal, if he had not said he made it.'

"General Scott in the report from which we have already quoted, says of this same night: 'It was already dark, and the cold rain had begun to fall in torrents on our unsheltered troops. Wet, hungry, and without the possibility of sleep, all our gallant corps, I learn, are full of confidence, and only wait for the last hour of darkness to gain the position whence to storm and carry the position of the enemy. Of the seven officers despatched since about sundown from my position, opposite the enemy's centre, and on this side of the field of rocks and lava, to communicate instructions to the hamlet (Contreras), not one has succeeded in getting through those difficulties, increased by darkness. They have all returned.

"'But the gallant and indefatigable Captain Lee of the Engineers, who has been constantly with the operating forces, is just in from Shields, Smith, Cadwallader, etc. to report as

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above, and to request that a powerful diversion be made against the centre of the intrenched camp to-morrow morning.

"'Brigadier-general Twiggs, cut off from the portion of his division beyond the impracticable ground, and Captain Lee, are gone to collect the forces remaining on this side, with which to make that diversion about five o'clock in the morning.'*

"The troops were collected, the diversion made, and the result of the combined movement, made possible only by Captain Lee's services, was the brilliant victory of Contreras early on the following morning.

"Subsequently, General Scott, whilst giving testimony before a court of inquiry, had occasion to refer to these operations, and he thus speaks of the service rendered on this occasion by Captain Lee:

"'Captain Lee, Engineers, came to me from the hamlet with a message from Brigadier-general Smith, I think, about the same time (midnight). He, having passed over the difficult ground by daylight, found it just possible to return to San Augustin in the dark—*the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual, in my knowledge, pending the campaign.*'

"When we remember that Captain Lee left the council-room at Contreras to pass over miles of such ground as we have described, in a pitch-dark night, without light or company, with the additional danger of wandering either to the right or left and thus falling into the hands of Valencia or Santa Anna, the risk of being met by some of those straggling bands of Mexicans which we had seen in the Pedregal, with no guide but the wind as it drove the cold rain in torrents against his face, or an occasional flash of lightning to give him a momentary glimpse of the country around him,—it will be acknowledged that General Scott, considering the object for which this was done, the manner of doing it, and the results, has characterized this deed of devotion by the only terms, exalted as they are, that could appropriately describe it."†

* See *Ex. Doc. No. 65, Senate, 1st Session 30th Cong.*, p. 73.

† General Hunt has given the following interesting incident which occurred at the meeting of the Massachusetts Branch Cincinnati Society, held at Boston, July 4, 1871:

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In the battle that followed the events so fully described by General Hunt, Captain Lee bore an important part. The movement against the enemy commenced at three o'clock in the morning, a tedious march through darkness, rain, and mud, under the guidance of Captain Lee, bringing the assailing columns by sunrise to an elevation in the rear of the enemy's forces. An assault was at once made, the intrenchments of the enemy stormed, and in seventeen minutes after the charge was ordered the surprised Mexicans were in full flight and the American flag floating proudly over their works.

The subsequent movements may be briefly described. The victory of Contreras being complete, General Scott next advanced to Coyoacan, a strongly-fortified place, which Captain Lee was sent to reconnoitre with Captain Kearney's troop, First Dragoons, supported by Major Loring's rifle regiment. Another reconnoissance was sent under Lieutenant Stevens of the Engineers toward the strongly-fortified convent of San Pablo in the hamlet of Churubusco, one mile distant. Captain Lee, having completed his first reconnoissance, was next ordered to conduct Pierce's brigade, by a third road, to a point from which an attack could be made on the enemy's right and rear, thus favoring the movement on the convent and tending to cut off the line of retreat to the capital. Shields

"Upon that occasion General Silas Casey was admitted to the society. As usual, a speech of welcome was made. With admirable taste he ignored in his acknowledgment the Civil War, but gave them interesting points on the Mexican War (he commanded the stormers of Twiggs's division at Chapultepec), and in his speech he referred to me. So, as usual on such occasions, they had me up. I was 'dead broke' on matter for a speech, but it occurred to me that, as the Pedregal was fresh in my mind, I would give them a little more Mexican history, and I recited, glibly enough, the story. Of course I did not mention the name of the hero. I saw that they all thought it was General Casey. I kept dark until the close, amidst repeated demands of 'Name him! Name him!' When I got through and the name was again vociferously demanded, I replied, 'It is a name of which the old army was and is justly proud—that of Robert E. Lee, then a captain of Engineers, and since world-wide in fame as the distinguished leader of the Confederate armies.'

"For a moment there was unbroken silence, then such a storm of applause as is seldom heard. I remarked that I had been desirous to test the society, which represented all shades of political opinions, and was glad to see they could recognize heroism and greatness even in a former enemy."

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was ordered to follow Pierce closely and to take command of the left wing.

The battle, thus ordered, soon raged violently along the whole line. Shields, in particular, was hard pressed and in danger of being overwhelmed by the hosts of the foe. Tidings of this threatened disaster were brought to General Scott by Captain Lee, who was at once ordered to conduct two troops of the Second Dragoons and the Rifles to the support of the left wing. The contest ended in the repulse of the enemy and a brilliant victory for General Scott's army.

This victory was followed by another, on the 8th of September, at the Molino del Rey. The troops were now rapidly approaching the capital city of Mexico, and the Engineer officers, Captain Lee, Lieutenant Beauregard, and others, were kept engaged in reconnoissances, which they performed with great daring and success. Then succeeded one of the most daring exploits of the war, that brilliant charge by which were stormed the heights of Chapultepec, a steep hill bristling with walls, mines, and batteries, yet up which our infantry columns rushed with a fiery valor and impetuosity which the Mexicans were quite unable to withstand. The heights were carried and the enemy put to flight.

In this brilliant affair Captain Lee was wounded, and, though eager to advance, was compelled to retire from loss of blood. In his official report General Scott again spoke of him in words of the highest compliment, remarking that he was "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring," and further stated that "Captain Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me (September 13th) until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries."

It is evident, in fact, that General Scott had formed an exalted opinion of the valor and military genius of his young captain of Engineers. He makes, indeed, throughout the reports of his Mexican campaign frequent mention of three officers of the Engineer corps who were afterward to achieve high distinction in another field—Captain R. E. Lee, First Lieutenant P. G. T. Beauregard, and Second Lieutenant G.

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B. McClellan. Yet there is every evidence that Captain Lee was his special favorite, and there is hardly a despatch in which his name is not honorably mentioned. We may add to the above the statement made by the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, that he "had heard General Scott more than once say that his success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee." Years afterward General Scott was heard to declare, "Lee is the greatest military genius in America."

These brilliant services were not left without that recognition which is most dear to the heart of a soldier. Lee was steadily promoted. His gallant conduct at Cerro Gordo brought him the brevet rank of major; his services at Contreras and Churubusco brought him the additional brevet of lieutenant-colonel; and after Chapultepec he was nominated for the brevet rank of colonel—distinctions fully earned by his skill and valor.

The victory last mentioned was immediately followed by the capture of the forts which guarded the roads leading into the city and the occupation of the Mexican capital. This virtually ended the war. There was some guerilla warfare, but no battles of importance, after this achievement, the Mexicans giving up the contest as hopeless.

The terms on which peace was granted, as is well known, were highly advantageous to the United States, and perhaps in no just sense disadvantageous to Mexico, for the provinces which were ceded to the United States, though they have been raised to such a high value by Anglo-Saxon enterprise and energy, were almost worthless in the hands of the supine Mexicans. The indemnity which the Mexican Government received for these provinces was probably of more value to it, at that time, than the provinces themselves, and possibly the vast wealth in gold and silver which they contained might have yet been undiscovered had the Mexican rule continued, as it had remained undiscovered for previous centuries of Spanish dominion.

The remarks here made are preparatory to a quotation which we design to make from a hitherto unpublished letter by Gen-

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eral Lee, in which he shows a shrewd political judgment and a correct idea of the proper method of dealing with vacillating diplomatists, though it savors rather of the soldier than of the politician. The letter also contains a passage indicative of General Lee's quiet love of a joke which is too good to omit. It is dated "City of Mexico, 12 April, 1848," and is written to one of his young lady-cousins. We quote only those parts of public interest, beginning with the witticism alluded to:

"It seems that all in Alexandria are progressing as usual, and that nothing will stop their marrying and being given in marriage. Tell Miss —— she had better dismiss that young divine and marry a soldier. There is some chance of the latter being shot, but it requires a particular dispensation of Providence to rid her of the former. Since the reception of your letter we have had the official notification of the ratification of the treaty by our Senate, brought on by Major Graham, and have learned of the arrival at Vera Cruz of the commissioner, Mr. Sevier, who has been preceded by the attorney-general, Mr. Clifford. I fear this hot despatch of envoys will cause the Mexicans to believe that we are over-anxious to accept their terms, and that they will be as coy, in proportion as we appear eager, to ratify on their part. They are very shrewd, and it will be difficult to get them to act before trying the strength of the new commissioner and making an effort for a mitigation of terms. The opportunity afforded them for pow-wowing they will be sure not to lose, but the time thus consumed, so precious to us, we cannot regain. In my humble opinion it would have been better to have sent out the naked instrument to General Butler, with instructions to submit it to the Mexican Government, and if within the prescribed time they thought proper to ratify it to pay them down the three millions and march the army home; but if not, to tear up the paper and make his arrangements to take the country up to the line from Tehuantepec to Osaqualco or whatever other southern boundary they should think proper for the United States. I think we might reasonably expect that they would lose no time in ratifying the present treaty. I might make a rough diplomatist, but a tolerably quick one."

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The same letter gives us some insight into the methods by which Colonel Lee managed to kill dull time during his long detention in the city of Mexico. We may be pardoned for making a further quotation:

"I rode out a few days since for the first time to the church of Our Lady of Remedios. It is situated upon a hill at the termination of the mountains west of the city, and is said to be the spot to which Cortez retreated after being driven from the city on the memorable *Noche Triste*. I saw the cedar tree at Popotla, some miles nearer the city, in which it is said he passed a portion of that night. The 'trees of the Noche Triste,' so called from their blooming about the period of that event, are now in full bloom. The flower is a round ellipsoid, and of the most magnificent scarlet color I ever saw. I have two of them in my cup before me now. I wish I could send them to you. The holy image was standing on a large silver maguey-plant, with a rich crown on her head and an immense silver petticoat on. There were no votaries at her shrine, which was truly magnificent, but near the entrance of the church on either side were the offerings of those whom she had relieved. They consist of representations in wax of the parts of the human body that she had cured of the diseases with which they had been affected. And I may say there were all parts. I saw many heads severed from the trunks. Whether they represented those that she had restored I could not learn. It would be a difficult feat."

We should be glad to give further details of his life while thus detained in the city of Mexico waiting on the slow movements of diplomacy. But there is no such information extant. Undoubtedly he was not idle during those slow-moving months, but occupied himself in exploring the surrounding country and in studies incidental to his profession. He was too full of health, vitality, earnestness, and ambition to be willing to rest content while there were new progress to make and new information to be attained; and as he was free from those small vices and cared not for those petty pastimes in which so many of his companions passed their hours of leisure, there can be no doubt that his energy

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took the direction of study and observation, and that he was steadily though unknowingly fitting himself for the great part which he was destined in the future to play.

In fact, as regards this we are not confined to conjecture, but may relate an anecdote in point as told by General Magruder:

"After the fall of Mexico, when the American army was enjoying the ease and relaxation which it had bought by toil and blood, a brilliant assembly of officers sat over their wine discussing the operations of the capture and indulging hopes of a speedy return to the United States.

"One among them rose to propose the health of the captain of Engineers who had found a way for the army within the city, and then it was remarked that Captain Lee was absent. Magruder was despatched to bring him to the hall, and, departing on his mission, at last found the object of his search in a remote room of the palace busy on a map.

"Magruder accosted his friend and reproached him for his absence. The earnest worker looked up from his labors with a calm, mild gaze which we all remember, and, pointing to his instruments, shook his head.

"'But,' said Magruder in his impetuous way, 'this is mere drudgery. Make somebody else do it and come with me.'

"'No,' was the reply—'no, I am but doing my duty.'"

It is but just to add that we are indebted for much of our information concerning Captain Lee's life and exploits in Mexico to General Wilcox, who has kindly prepared for this work a long and valuable series of reminiscences of the Mexican War, and of Lee's connection therewith. In addition to the laudatory quotations from Scott's reports, General Wilcox presents some similarly favorable remarks from other prominent commanders in that war. General Persifer Smith, in his report of Contreras and Churubusco, says: "In adverting to the conduct of the staff I wish to record particularly my admiration of the conduct of Captain Lee of the Engineers. His reconnoissances, though pushed far beyond the bounds of prudence, were conducted with so much skill that their fruits were of the utmost value, the soundness of his judgment and his personal daring being equally conspicuous." General Shields,

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CAPTAIN R. E. LEE

FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN 1852

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who with General Pierce attacked in the rear of Churubusco, in his report says: "As my command arrived I established the right upon a point recommended by Captain Lee of the Engineers, in whose skill and judgment I had the utmost confidence."

A testimonial to the same effect is given by General Twiggs in his report of the battle of Cerro Gordo, in which his division carried the heights and stormed the fortifications of the enemy. He remarks: "Although whatever I may say may add little to the good reputation of Captain Lee of the Engineer corps, yet I must indulge in the pleasure of speaking of the invaluable services which he rendered me from the time I left the main road until he conducted Riley's brigade to its position in rear of the enemy's strong work on the Jalapa road. I consulted him with confidence and adopted his suggestions with assurance. His gallantry and good conduct on both days, 17th and 18th of April, deserve the highest praise."

Colonel Riley, in his report of the same engagement, says: "Although not appropriately within the range of this report, yet, coming under my immediate observation, I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the intrepid coolness and gallantry exhibited by Captain Lee of the Engineers when conducting the advance of my brigade under the heavy flank fire of the enemy."

General Twiggs, in his report of the battle of Contreras, further says: "To Captain Lee of the Engineers I have again the pleasure of tendering my thanks for the exceedingly valuable services rendered throughout the whole of these operations."

General Wilcox first made the acquaintance of Robert E. Lee at the siege of Vera Cruz, and says of him at that time: "I was much impressed with his fine appearance, either on horse or foot. Then he was in full manly vigor, *and the handsomest man in the army.*"

General Wilcox concludes: "I have given a brief outline of the operations in Mexico, in order that the references made to Captain Lee in the official reports of his superiors might be properly appreciated. It will be seen that the compliments

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won by him were deserved—that he was active, untiring, skilful, courageous, and of good judgment. He is referred to as making roads over difficult routes, locating and constructing batteries, bringing over the Pedregal in the night important information that enabled the commanding general to give orders exactly applicable to the field of Contreras, and which were so brilliantly executed at an early hour the next morning, and in which the diversion under Colonel Ransom, directed by Captain Lee, had such good results, having been converted into a real attack. The quotations then show on what important missions he was sent during the conflict at Churubusco; that then he was sent to look at the base and hospital at Mixcoac, to see that it was made as secure as possible, for at it were the sick and wounded, reserve ordnance, etc.; and, finally, that he was wounded at Chapultepec slightly, and pretty well worn out from excessive work by night and day. It could hardly have been otherwise than that a captain with such encomiums from his superiors would be greatly distinguished should occasion ever be presented. All who knew him were prepared to accept him at once as a general when he was assigned to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and his success, great as it was, was only what had been anticipated.

"C. M. WILCOX."

To General Hunt, who has already contributed so freely to this chapter, we are indebted for other reminiscences of Captain Lee of a very interesting character. The first of the two anecdotes given below relates to an earlier period of Lee's life, but, as it is referred to in the second, an incident of the Mexican War, they are both given here. They yield important glimpses into the personal feelings and character of the subject of this memoir:

"In 1843–44, I was stationed at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor. Captain Lee was the Engineer officer in charge of the works there, and I saw much of him. He was then about thirty-five years of age, as fine-looking a man as one would wish to see, of perfect figure and strikingly handsome. Quiet and dignified in manner, of cheerful disposition, always pleas-

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ant and considerate, he seemed to me the perfect type of *a gentleman*. His family, then with him, consisted of Mrs. Lee, their little daughter Mary, and the two boys, Rooney (W. H. F.) and Custis, and formed a charming portion of our little society. He was a vestryman of the little parish church of Fort Hamilton, of which the post-chaplain was the rector, and as thorough in the discharge of his church as of other duties.

"But the Tractarian movement had reached America; Tract No. XC. had been published. Puseyism was a bone of contention. The excitement invaded our little parish, and it created feeling, for the 'Low-Church' members vehemently suspected the rector of 'High-Church' views because of certain suspicious prayers that he used to which they had not been accustomed. From all this Captain Lee kept aloof, and, as he was altogether too important a member to make his views a matter of indifference, various were the efforts made to draw him out—each party hoping for his powerful support—but without success, for he always contrived in some pleasant way to avoid any expression of opinion that would commit him to either faction.

"One evening he came into the quarters of one of us youngsters, where a number of officers and one or two of the neighbors were assembled. Soon the inevitable subject came up and was discussed with considerable warmth, and, on the parts of two or three, with some feeling. Captain Lee was quiet, but, to those who understood him, evidently amused at the efforts to draw him out. On some direct attempt to do so he turned to me and in his impressive, grave manner said, 'I am glad to see that you keep aloof from the dispute that is disturbing our little parish. That is right, and we must not get mixed up in it; we must support each other in that. But I must give you some advice about it, in order that we may understand each other: *Beware of Pussyism!* *Pussyism* is always bad, and may lead to unchristian feeling; therefore beware of *Pussyism!*'

"The ludicrous turn given by his pronunciation, and its aptness to the feeling that one or two had displayed, ended the

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matter in a general burst of laughter, for the manner more than the words conveyed his meaning. It became rather a joke at my expense, however, for sometimes when several of us met he would look at me in a grave way, shake his head, and say, 'Keep clear of this *Pussyism!*' And that was as near as they ever got to committing Captain Lee to a Church quarrel.

"There were several young officers at Fort Hamilton at the time, some of whom afterward became prominent—notably Duncan, who so greatly distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and Sedgwick, between whom and Captain Lee a warm friendship existed, and who was killed at Spottsylvania fighting his old comrade.

"After leaving Fort Hamilton I met Captain Lee but once or twice until he came to Vera Cruz with General Scott, in the spring of 1847, when our old relations, which had been as intimate as the difference in our ages would permit, were renewed. After the surrender of Vera Cruz there was a report that the churches in town would not be opened for service, for fear that they might be 'desecrated by the heretics.' The object and effect of this upon the people could be easily divined, and General Scott sent to the proper authorities to *borrow* a couple of churches for the ensuing Sunday, as he had excellent chaplains. The hint was taken, and the churches all opened. There was one outside the walls near which one of our batteries had been constructed, and the edifice was somewhat injured in the cannonade, but it too was opened.

"As I had not been to church for a long time, I availed myself of this opportunity, but already on my arrival found the place crowded. As with all Catholic churches in that country, there were no pews. The congregation—mostly women—were on their knees in the body of the church, whilst the galleries and all other available space were filled by our volunteers, full of curiosity, for but few of them had ever seen the Catholic service. It was but a few years since the 'Native American' excitement, accompanied by violent demonstrations against Catholics, and the sacking of their churches in some of our large towns, had raged, and the feeling was not yet entirely over.

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"I found not only that the church was full, but the door was blocked by a crowd of our soldiers. Patiently making my way, I finally got inside the door where I could see the altar. All present were on their knees or standing except on the left, where midway of the church a single bench had been brought and set against the wall. On this bench, in full uniform, epaulettes, and sword, sat General Scott and his staff, the general himself at the end nearest the altar, then his aid, Lieutenant Williams, then Captain Lee, Lieutenants Beauregard, Say, etc. The bench seemed full, but a few minutes afterward, looking in that direction, I caught Captain Lee's eye. He was evidently looking for this opportunity, for he motioned me toward him and made a movement indicating that there was room for me beside him. I had been longer in Mexico than these new-comers, and in my dilapidated old campaign dress felt that I would be a little out of place in the brilliant party. However, standing was tiresome, and I gradually picked my way to the bench, and found that he had a place ready for me by his side.

"It was evident that the service was a special one. Soon the acolytes were going round the church making the worshippers close up until a clear space was formed all round the congregation. Then one of the acolytes went to the altar, lighted a large thick wax candle, and brought it to General Scott. At first the general did not seem to comprehend it, but, taking in the situation, he took the candle and immediately handed it to Mr. Williams. The volunteers stared with open mouths. It was understood that General Scott, if successful in his campaign, must be a Presidential candidate at the next election. Hostility to the Catholic Church was *the* element with the 'American' party. The matter was getting interesting. In a moment or two the acolyte returned with another, but not so large or honorable a candle as the first. Finding the first one in the aid's hands and General Scott unprovided, he looked rather dazed, but acted promptly—blew out his light, went back to the altar, got another large one, and brought it to the general, who had to take it. I, being next to Williams, carefully looked away, and saw *nothing*

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until the acolyte returned with the smaller candle lighted for *me*, which I took, and others were given to Captain Lee and the rest of the staff.

"Then we were requested to rise, were wheeled 'by twos' to the left, which brought General Scott in front of me and Captain Lee on my right. Soon a side-door opened just in front of General Scott, and an array of priests in gorgeous vestments filed out and formed in our front. Everything was clear enough now—a Church procession, in which General Scott and his staff—including poor me in my shabby old undress—had the place of honor. I looked at Captain Lee. He had that dignified, quiet appearance habitual to him, and looked as if the carrying of candles in religious processions was an ordinary thing with him. The music—and very good music it was—commenced, and the procession moved round the church. We had passed the altar, when an idea occurred to me upon which I could not refrain from acting, and I touched Captain Lee's elbow. He very properly gave me a rebuking look, but upon my repeating the touch he bent his head toward me and whispered, 'What is it?'—'Captain Lee?'—'Well?'—'I really hope there is no *Pussyism* in all this?' I glanced at him; his face retained its quiet appearance, but the corners of his eyes and mouth were twitching in the struggle to preserve his gravity.

"After we got into the City of Mexico, I frequently met him, but he was always busy. In the ensuing spring he examined the western part of the valley, and on his daily return to the city generally passed through Tacubaya, two miles west of it, where my battery was stationed, occupying a large hacienda in the suburbs, with gardens and orange-groves in blossom, in which there were great numbers of beautiful humming-birds. It was a pleasant spot, and Captain Lee almost always stopped for half an hour with me to enjoy its beauties. I remember nothing special in these visits except his desire to heal the differences between General Scott and some of his subordinate officers and the efforts he was making in that direction, about which he conversed with me. He was a peacemaker by nature."

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We are fortunate in being able to add to the foregoing record the following highly valuable testimony, contributed expressly to this work by General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the ablest and most distinguished commanders in the Confederate army. Like all who knew Robert E. Lee, General Johnston testifies to his noble character and agreeable manner, and concludes with an interesting instance of his warm sympathy:

"No one among men but his own brothers had better opportunity to know General Lee than I. We entered the Military Academy together as classmates, and formed then a friendship never impaired. It was formed very soon after we met, from the fact that my father served under his in the celebrated Lee's Legion. We had the same intimate associates, who thought, as I did, that no other youth or man so united the qualities that win warm friendship and command high respect. For he was full of sympathy and kindness, genial and fond of gay conversation, and even of fun, that made him the most agreeable of companions, while his correctness of demeanor and language and attention to all duties, personal and official, and a dignity as much a part of himself as the elegance of his person, gave him a superiority that every one acknowledged in his heart. He was the only one of all the men I have known who could laugh at the faults and follies of his friends in such a manner as to make them ashamed without touching their affection for him, and to confirm their respect and sense of his superiority.

"I saw strong evidence of the sympathy of his nature the morning after the first engagement of our troops in the Valley of Mexico. I had lost a cherished young relative in that action, known to General Lee only as my relative. Meeting me, he suddenly saw in my face the effect of that loss, burst into tears, and expressed his deep sympathy as tenderly in words as his lovely wife would have done. J. E. JOHNSTON."

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CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

On Engineering Duty at Baltimore.—Made Superintendent of West Point.—Promoted Lieutenant-colonel of Second Cavalry.—Regiment Ordered to Texas.—Character of Indian Warfare.—Campaigning against the Comanches.—The Cortinas Raid.—Return to Arlington.

AFTER the conclusion of the treaty negotiations with Mexico, Colonel Lee returned home with the army, and was again assigned to duty in the corps of military Engineers, and stationed at Soller's Point, near Baltimore, where he was placed in charge of the defensive works there constructing. His successive assignment to duty in connection with the erection of fortifications at such important points as Hampton Roads, New York harbor, and Baltimore gives evidence that he was highly esteemed as a military engineer, and the character of the works upon which he was thus engaged still attests his ability in this direction. In fact, to his thorough training in engineering science was added a quick and correct perception which enabled him to quickly grasp the military requisites of a situation and to make the best possible provision for its defence.

An incident occurred during this period of his life which it will be of interest to transcribe, both as showing the high estimation in which he was then held as a soldier and his exalted sense of the duty he owed to his country. It was related by Jefferson Davis in his address at the Lee Memorial meeting in Richmond, November 3, 1870:

"He came from Mexico crowned with honors, covered by brevets, and recognized, young as he was, as one of the ablest of his country's soldiers. And to prove that he was estimated then as such, not only by his associates, but by foreigners also, I may mention that when he was a captain of Engineers, sta-

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tioned in Baltimore, the Cuban Junta in New York selected him to be their leader in the revolutionary effort in that island. They were anxious to secure his services, and offered him every temptation that ambition could desire, and pecuniary emoluments far beyond any which he could hope otherwise to acquire. He thought the matter over, and, I remember, came to Washington to consult me as to what he should do. After a brief discussion of the complex character of the military problem which was presented, he turned from the consideration of that view of the question by stating that the point on which he wished particularly to consult me was as to the propriety of entertaining the proposition which had been made to him. He had been educated in the service of the United States, and felt it wrong to accept service in the army of a foreign power while he held his commission. Such was his extreme delicacy, such the nice sense of honor of the gallant gentleman we deplore. But when Virginia, the State to which he owed his first and last allegiance, withdrew from the Union, and thus terminated his relations to it, the same nice sense of honor and duty which had guided him on a former occasion had a different application and led him to share her fortune for good or for evil."

For three years, from 1849 to 1852, Colonel Lee was engaged in the construction of the fortifications at Baltimore. His service there ended on September 1, 1852, on which date he was appointed superintendent of the Military Academy of West Point, to succeed Captain Brewerton. In this position he remained till April 1, 1855, when he was promoted to a command in the cavalry arm of the service. This, under the law, incapacitated him for further duty as superintendent of West Point, and he was succeeded in that office by Major J. G. Barnard.

His administration had been a highly efficient and successful one. He improved the discipline of the Academy and brought it up as a military institution to a higher proficiency than it had ever previously attained. During his administration the course of study was extended, under order of the Secretary of War, dated August 28, 1854, to five years, and several improvements were made to the Academy and its surroundings. These

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consisted of a new wharf and road, a spacious and excellent riding-hall, etc.

We may at this point fitly quote from a private letter written by Colonel Lee on August 6, 1853, to a young friend of his who was about to engage in business, as serving to show the personal interest which he then and always took in whatever concerned the welfare of his friends and acquaintances. He appears to have been—and was, in fact—the confidant and adviser of a great number of the young men belonging to the best class of Virginia families. To him they were constantly writing for information, assistance, encouragement, and advice, and upon his opinion they based their own actions:

"I am glad to find that you have also a prospect of employment with Mr. Manning. Choose between them that which best affords a prospect of advancement and improvement. You are perhaps aware that a young man entering on railroad service, and bringing no experience, is expected to take a subordinate position, no matter what his qualifications, at the bottom of the ladder, and to prove by his work his capabilities for advancement. Bear this constantly in mind, my dear Conny, and work your own promotion. Recollect what depends on your exertions, and how much you owe your mother's love, sister's affection, the expectations of family and friends. You must excuse my anxiety on your behalf, my interest in your welfare, and my ardent desire to see you do justice to yourself and credit to your name."

The great acquisition of territory that followed the Mexican War and the frequent Indian outbreaks in the frontier States and Territories rendered an increase of the army necessary for the protection of the greatly-extended border-line and of the new population that was crowding into the fertile region of the West. Therefore, Congress in 1855 passed an act authorizing the raising of two new regiments of infantry and two of cavalry. The principal grades in these regiments were filled by selections from those officers who had most highly distinguished themselves in the war with Mexico.

Of the two new cavalry regiments, the First was placed under the command of Colonel E. V. Sumner, with Brevet

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Colonel J. E. Johnston as lieutenant-colonel, while the same grade in the Second Cavalry, which was commanded by Colonel A. S. Johnston, was assigned to Brevet Colonel R. E. Lee. As soon as these regiments were organized and equipped, the First Cavalry was assigned to Kansas, while the Second was sent to Western Texas for the defence of the settlers and domesticated Indians against the incursions of the nomadic tribes which infested those regions, and which embraced as their most formidable members the Comanches, the Apaches, and their kindred tribes.

During the fall and winter of 1855–56 the Second Cavalry was recruited and organized at Jefferson Barracks. Colonel Lee in this work brought to bear with great effect his fine power of organization and discipline. The winter at Jefferson Barracks was so severe that little could be done in the way of drilling and setting up the regiment, but when spring opened that branch of regimental work was pushed forward with great activity, and the regiment rapidly acquired proficiency in drill and the rules of discipline. Colonel Lee contributed much to this desirable end by his influence and example. When the spring had sufficiently advanced to ensure firm roads over the alluvial soil of Missouri and Arkansas the Second Cavalry began its long march to Western Texas. Colonel A. S. Johnston and Colonel Hardee were the only field officers present, Colonel Lee and Major Thomas having obtained leave of absence to transact personal business. The route taken led the regiment past Forts Smith and Wachita. The latter fort was at that time garrisoned by two batteries of artillery; Major H. J. Hunt commanded the post. When the regiment approached the fort it was received with a salute of thirteen guns, which Colonel Johnston at the head of his regiment most gracefully acknowledged. Johnston was in the prime of life, tall and graceful, with a superb military bearing. The regiment encamped in the vicinity of the fort. After completing their arrangements all officers partook of a collation that had been provided for them by the officers of Fort Wachita—an entertainment which was greatly enjoyed by both guests and hosts.

"Johnston gave his regiment a day's rest ere he pro-

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ceeded on his march. The officers of the regiment frequently spoke of Colonel Lee in the highest terms of praise, and seemed to look forward with pleasure to the time when he should join them. The writer, who was at that time stationed at Fort Wachita, was in a position to understand the character of the service that awaited the new cavalry regiment, and this it may be of interest to describe.

The theatre on which this gallant regiment was to operate was the region embraced by the Rio Grande on the south and the Arkansas River on the north, and extending from the western boundary of the Indian Territory to the eastern confines of New Mexico. This extensive territory was occupied exclusively by wild animals and Comanche Indians.

The Comanches were the hereditary lords of this immense domain, and for generations it had been their custom to levy contributions on their neighbors with an unsparing hand. They were also in the habit of making frequent raids into the northern Mexican states, and sometimes extended their excursions to the confines of Louisiana and Arkansas, murdering and pillaging the defenceless inhabitants, and then returning to their strongholds with immense booty. They were often pursued, but, being well mounted on strong, active ponies, almost invariably eluded their pursuers. Since the admission of Texas into the Union and the acquisition of New Mexico and other Mexican territory, the United States had made constant efforts to suppress Indian depredations on our Western frontiers and in the newly-acquired territories.

The system of defence adopted was the establishment of a chain of military posts on the Western frontier and in the Indian country. The military establishment of the United States being on a very meagre scale, these posts were insufficiently garrisoned to afford entire protection. At the time the Second Cavalry was ordered to Texas the Comanches had been unusually active in their predatory excursions. It was therefore expected that the regiment would have to perform much arduous service. A finer body of troops than the Second Cavalry was never seen.

The colonel was a perfect soldier, and his subalterns were

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unsurpassed for ability and conduct. As a proof of the superiority of these officers it may be said that this regiment turned out during the war more distinguished men than any other regiment in the army. Besides Johnston, Lee, Hardee, and Thomas, it furnished Van Dorn, Palmer, Hood, Fitz Lee, Stoneman, Kirby Smith, Fields, and others not remembered, all of whom became general officers in either the Confederate or the Federal service.

As soon as the regiment reached its destination it was split up into detachments which were sent on expeditions in different directions. In order to illustrate the character of the service which it was required to perform, the writer may give an example that came within his personal knowledge. In the spring of 1854 a party of emigrants was pursuing its way through the western part of Texas. It was accompanied by a newly-married couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. They were both young, and had determined to cast their lot in Western Texas. The party was discovered just before it reached its destination by a band of Comanches, who attacked and murdered all with the exception of Mrs. Wilson, whose youth and beauty excited the admiration of the Comanche chief. The news of this massacre was reported at a military post by a mail-party the day after it happened. A mounted company was at once sent in pursuit of the marauders, accompanied by an experienced guide. On reaching the place of the massacre it appeared from signs that the Comanche band was large and had proceeded with its booty in a north-western direction toward the confines of New Mexico. A rapid pursuit was immediately instituted, and after many long and wearisome marches succeeded in overtaking the hostiles among the Pecos Hills, not far from Santa Fé. They were immediately attacked and defeated. Mrs. Wilson was found with them, and rescued and sent to Santa Fé, where she was kindly received and finally returned to her friends.

The Second Cavalry was employed in the arduous and dangerous duty thus assigned to it until the outbreak of the Civil War, and performed much useful service in repressing the activity of its savage foes and in punishing them for their outrages.

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The "memorandum-book" kept by Colonel Lee during this period furnishes interesting information concerning his own movements and those of the regiment, and from these notes and his letters we can gain a fair idea of his life during the Indian campaign.

From these memoranda we learn that he left Alexandria on February 12, 1856, to join his regiment, and reached it at Fort Mason, Texas, on March 25th. He was then directed by Colonel Johnston to proceed to Camp Cooper—situated in the Comanche Reserve on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, thirty-five miles from its mouth—and take command of the first and fifth squadrons of the regiment, there stationed. He reached this post on April 9th, and writes under date of the 12th to the following effect:

"We are on the Comanche Reserve, with the Indian camps below us on the river belonging to Catumseh's band, whom the Government is endeavoring to humanize. It will be uphill work, I fear. Catumseh has been to see me, and we have had a talk, very tedious on his part and very sententious on mine. I hailed him as a friend as long as his conduct and that of his tribe deserved it, but would meet him as an enemy the first moment he failed to keep his word. The rest of the tribe (about a thousand, it is said) live north of us, and are hostile. Yesterday I returned his visit, and remained a short time at his lodge. He informed me that he had six wives. They are riding in and out of camp all day, their paint and 'ornaments' rendering them more hideous than nature made them, and the whole race is extremely uninteresting."

Shortly afterward Colonel Lee with five companies made an expedition to the head-waters of the Brazos and Wachita rivers, which occupied him several months. The principal result of this expedition was the acquisition of geographical information, for at that time the Comanches were on their annual pilgrimage to the north of the Arkansas River in search of game for their winter supply of provisions.

Of his subsequent life in Texas interesting glimpses are obtained from his letters. The Comanches seem to have made plentiful work for the soldiers. Thus on August 25, 1856, he

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speaks of a party of these restless savages who had been on a maurauding expedition into Mexico, "which is a cloak to cover all their thefts and murders." They were then seeking to steal north around the cavalry camp, divided into small parties to escape detection. He was about to send out a company of troopers in pursuit, with directions to follow them for twenty days if necessary. He says: "These people give a world of trouble to man and horse, and, poor creatures! they are not worth it."

Again, in January, 1857, he reports several encounters between the troops and maurauding Indians, who were severely punished. "It is a distressing state of things that requires the application of such treatment, but it is the only corrective they understand, the only way in which they can be brought to keep within their own limits."

During this period, however, he himself was absent from his command, having been summoned to Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, to serve on a court-martial. Here his chief enjoyment seems to have been in the natural surroundings. He writes: "My daily walks are alone, up and down the banks of the river, and my pleasure is derived from my own thoughts and from the sight of the flowers and animals I there meet with. The birds of the Rio Grande form a constant source of interest, and are as numerous as they are beautiful in plumage. I wish I could get for you the roots of some of the luxuriant vines that cover everything, or the seeds of the innumerable flowers."

He returned to Camp Cooper on April 18, 1857. On July 23d orders came for Colonel Johnston to report in person at Washington and to turn over to his lieutenant-colonel the command of the regiment. On October 21st Lee received notice by telegraph of the death of G. W. P. Custis, his wife's father, and returned to Arlington, reaching there on November 11th.

An officer who served under him during this period writes of him as follows, bearing the same testimony as all of his friends: "He examined everything thoroughly and conscientiously until master of every detail, ever too conscientious to act under imperfect knowledge of any subject submitted to him. And with all his stern sense of duty he attracted the

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love, admiration, and confidence of all. The little children always hailed his approach with glee, his sincerity, kindliness of nature, and cordial manners attracting their unreserved confidence."

Returning to Texas after his visit home, he resumed command of the regiment. As to the character of his life there we have already said enough. There were no serious encounters with the Indians, but a multitude of petty affrays, sufficient to break the monotony of camp-life, yet not of such importance as to claim special attention. He was in Washington again in the autumn of 1859, and on this occasion played a part in the famous "John Brown raid," which we shall describe in the next chapter.

After this affair he returned to duty with his regiment, under orders from headquarters of February 9, 1860, which assigned him to the command of the department of Texas. Reaching there on February 20th, he found work prepared for him in the pursuit of one Cortinas, a notorious brigand who had been crossing the Rio Grande and committing depredations on Texan soil. Efforts were made to overtake and arrest this land-pirate, but without success. The vicinity of Mexican territory and the supineness of the Mexican authorities gave him every opportunity to cross and recross the river at will, now making a raid into Texas, now seeking a covert in Mexico, after the established and time-honored custom of the brigands of the Rio Grande.

Colonel Lee's journal contains the following notes in reference to this troublesome individual:

"March 16th. Continued my route, report having reached me that Cortinas was ascending the Rio Grande.

"March 20th. Could get no account of Cortinas's whereabouts, or learn that he had ever ascended the Rio Grande higher than La Mesa.

"April 10th. Resumed journey; nearly all the ranches on the road have been burned—those spared by Cortinas burned by the Rangers.

"April 11th. Resumed journey; reached the scene of Cortinas's defeat by Major Heintzelman.

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"May 7th. Have been engaged corresponding with the Mexican authorities; succeeded in getting them to issue orders for the arrest of Cortinas. . . . . He has left the frontier and withdrawn to the Ceritos with his property, horses, etc."

These few extracts will give some slight idea of the difficulties experienced by these frontier garrisons, which had to guard with a few troopers a long and thinly-inhabited frontier, and were prevented, for fear of international complications, from following brigands and savages across the river into Mexican territory, while the Mexicans themselves made little or no effort to suppress these outrages—perhaps winked at them.

Had Colonel Lee received the privilege of pursuing his foes upon Mexican soil, as some of his successors in the frontier department have done, the story of these marauders would probably have been a very different one. As he remarked in the letter quoted in our last chapter, he might have made "a rough diplomatist, but a tolerably quick one."

Events, however, were arising which were destined to abruptly end this active but unsatisfactory life on the frontier, and to bring him into a field of operations more worthy of his talents, and one destined to give him a worldwide fame. The detail of the causes and character of these events must be left to a subsequent chapter.

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CHAPTER V.

A DIVIDED COUNTRY.

Colonel's Lee's Views on Slavery.—The John Brown Raid.—Letters on Secession.—Mr. Lincoln Inaugurated.—Fort Sumter Bombarded.—Virginia Secedes.—Lee, Blair, and Scott.—Lee Resigns his Commission.—Appointed Commander-in-chief of the Virginia Forces.

WE have in the preceding chapters covered the earlier events in the life of Robert E. Lee, and brought our work up to the date of the opening of one of the most stupendous events of modern times, the terrible Civil War between the Northern and Southern sections of the United States. It is now necessary to go back and briefly consider the preliminary events leading to this contest, and their effect upon Lee's beliefs and feelings, as expressed in letters from Texas dating back for several years before the era of secession.

The most exciting political question of that era was the irritating one of slavery, which had aroused the feelings of contestants on both sides of the much-debated problem to a degree of passion seldom before known in our Congressional chambers, and was dangerously heating the minds of the whole people, both South and North. This question, which a few years before was confined to a few political fanatics, had rapidly spread over the Northern and North-western States, and now nearly divided the political parties of those sections.

This rapid spread of abolitionism and of the spirit of dissension caused the conservatives of both the North and the South to feel serious alarm for the safety of the Union. Colonel Lee was of the latter class, being by education a firm supporter of constitutional liberty. In a letter from Texas dated December 27, 1856, he thus expresses himself:

"....I have just received the *Alexandria Gazette* from the 20th of November to the 18th of December, inclusive.

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Besides the usual good reading matter, I am interested in the relation of local affairs, and infer from the quiet and ordinary course of events that all is going on well, especially (I hope) at Arlington.

"The steamer also brought the President's Message, the reports of the various heads of departments, etc., so that we are assured that the Government is in operation and the Union in existence. . . . . I was much pleased with the President's Message. His views of the systematic and progressive efforts of certain people at the North to interfere with and change the domestic institutions of the South are truthfully and faithfully expressed. The consequences of their plans and purposes are also clearly set forth. These people must be aware that their object is both unlawful and foreign to them and to their duty, and that this institution, for which they are irresponsible and non-accountable, can only be changed by *them* through the agency of a civil and servile war.

"There are few, I believe, in this enlightened age who will not acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil. It is idle to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it is a greater evil to the white than to the colored race. While my feelings are strongly enlisted in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are more deeply engaged for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, physically, and socially. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their further instruction as a race, and will prepare them, I hope, for better things. How long their servitude may be necessary is known and ordered by a merciful Providence. Their emancipation will sooner result from the mild and melting influences of Christianity than from the storm and tempest of fiery controversy. This influence, though slow, is sure. The doctrines and miracles of our Saviour have required nearly two thousand years to convert but a small portion of the human race, and even among Christian nations what gross errors still exist! While we see the course of the final abolition of human slavery is still onward, and give it the aid of our prayers, let us leave the progress as well as the results in the hand of Him who sees the end, who chooses

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to work by slow influences, and with whom a thousand years are but as a single day. Although the Abolitionist must know this—must know that he has neither the right nor the power of operating, except by moral means; that to benefit the slave he must not excite angry feelings in the master; that, although he may not approve the mode by which Providence accomplishes its purpose, the results will be the same; and that the reasons he gives for interference in matters he has no concern with holds good for every kind of interference with our neighbor,—still, I fear he will persevere in his evil course.

". . . . Is it not strange that the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve their own freedom have always proved the most intolerant of the spiritual liberty of others?"

The political excitement in 1857 continued to be increased by the contest between the Pro-slavery and Free-soil parties for political supremacy in Kansas, until it was at such a height that argument was superseded by the pistol and the rifle. Several bloody encounters ensued. The district was so overrun by riot and bloodshed that it became necessary to sustain the civil authority by a large military force. The troops soon ended the disturbances, dispersed the political factions, and forced their leaders, through fear of punishment, to flee from the Territory.

This event, however, served to greatly intensify the prevailing political excitement. The Abolition party had already, in 1856, proved strong enough not only to nominate a candidate, John C. Fremont, for the Presidency, but to gain for him 114 electoral votes, being but 60 votes less than those cast for James Buchanan, the successful candidate. In the interval between this election and that of 1860 the strength of the Anti-slavery party rapidly augmented, and there was much reason to believe that it would be successful in its next effort. By the autumn of 1858 the country had become greatly aroused through the agitation incidental to the approaching Presidential campaign and the heated debates in Congress. During the succeeding year this political excitement was raised to a dangerous pitch by an event which then occurred, and which,

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as Lee was directly connected with it, needs to be described more in detail.

The event referred to is what is known in the history of that period as the "John Brown raid." John Brown, a fanatical leader of the Free-soil party, who with his sons had played a prominent part in the Kansas difficulties, had since the suppression of that outbreak been secretly engaged in organizing a plan for the production of a servile insurrection in the South. In October, 1859, with the aid of a party of sixteen whites and five blacks, into whom he had infused his own enthusiasm and reckless disdain of consequences, he actually invaded Virginia, and seized the Government arsenal and other buildings at Harper's Ferry, with a desperate boldness that created the greatest consternation in the town and the surrounding country.

The moment that news of this invasion reached Washington the Government authorities took active measures to oppose it and capture the insurgents. General Scott was absent from Washington at the time, but Colonel Lee happened to be present, having shortly before arrived from Texas on a visit to his family at Arlington. He was immediately sent for by the Secretary of War, and asked to take command of a battalion of marines and proceed to Harper's Ferry, at which point a force of militia, hastily gathered from the adjoining counties, had previously assembled.

Colonel Lee, on arriving at Harper's Ferry, found that the insurgents had already failed in their main object, that of stirring up the slaves of the vicinity to join them as a nucleus for spreading the fire of insurrection throughout the negro population of the South. The occupation of the Government buildings under cover of night was the extent of their success, and they were here closely confined by the beleaguering militia. With a considerable degree of shrewdness, however, Brown had ordered the seizure of some of the principal citizens, whom he held as hostages in the engine-house in the armory yard, to which he had retired with his adherents.

Colonel Lee on arriving at once stationed his marines around this building, and sent Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, who accompanied him, with a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the

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insurgents, promising to protect them and secure them a legal trial. This demand Brown refused to comply with, and required on his part permission to march out with his men, arms, and prisoners as far as the second toll-gate. At this point he proposed to release his prisoners, and would then be ready to fight the troops if he could not escape.

It was out of the question to accept such a proposal. The envoy remonstrated with the insurgents, and tried to convince them of their folly. He only received for answer that if attacked they would kill their hostages. Among the latter was Colonel Lewis Washington, who resided in that neighborhood, and who at this moment boldly exclaimed, "Never mind *us*—fire!" Colonel Lee is reported to have remarked, on hearing these words, "The old Revolutionary blood does tell."

Before sending Lieutenant Stuart to hold this parley Colonel Lee had devised a scheme of action which was to be put into effect if the insurgents should refuse to surrender. In this event the lieutenant was directed to raise his arm as a signal, when the marines would rush upon the door of the engine-house, and so occupy the insurgents by the suddenness of their attack as to save the lives of the prisoners. The scheme was successfully executed. The marines rushed upon the door, forced it in, captured the building, and released the hostages uninjured. The result here described is briefly but clearly given in Lee's memorandum-book:

"Waited until daylight, as a number of citizens were held as hostages whose lives were threatened. Tuesday about sunrise, with twelve marines under Lieutenant Green, broke in the door of the engine-house, secured the insurgents, and released the prisoners unhurt. All the insurgents killed or mortally wounded but four—John Brown, Stevens, Coppie, and Shields."

The insurgents in their turn had fired upon their invaders with some effect. They would probably have been lynched by the excited citizens but for the presence of Colonel Lee and his marines. He handed them over to the civil authorities, as directed from Washington, and returned to Arlington.

We have, in the preceding chapter, briefly described the life of Colonel Lee during the last year of his residence in Texas.

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Then in command of the department, he was, as we have seen, kept busily engaged in the pursuit of the brigand Cortinas and in other duties. In the midst of his arduous labors he from time to time cast anxious glances at the threatening aspect of the political horizon, and with a foreboding heart watched the cloud grow darker and more angry until the storm burst in the North and rolled South, whence it thundered back until the popular tempest rent the country in twain. The triumph of the party that had caused so much alarm throughout the South by the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860 spread consternation among the conservatives of both sections, and especially among those of the South, since the radical hostility was directed principally at them. Nevertheless, there were many who hoped that the fears of the despondent were groundless, and that the country would be saved. But when Congress assembled in December it was soon discovered that the spirit of conciliation had departed from the deliberative body of the nation, and that there was no prospect of an amicable settlement of the political questions that had divided the country; and therefore the Southern representatives advised their constituents to prepare for a withdrawal from the Union—peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary.

South Carolina, being the first to act, passed her ordinance of secession about the last of December, and the other Cotton States speedily followed her example.

From Texas in January, 1861, Colonel Lee expresses himself on the condition of the country as follows:

"I received Everett's *Life of General Washington*, which you sent me, and enjoyed its perusal. How his spirit would be grieved could he see the wreck of his mighty labors! I will not, however, permit myself to believe, until all the ground for hope has gone, that the fruit of his noble deeds will be destroyed and that his precious advice and virtuous example will so soon be forgotten by his countrymen. As far as I can judge from the papers, we are between a state of anarchy and civil war. May God avert both of these evils from us! I fear that mankind for years will not be sufficiently Christianized to bear the absence of restraint and force. I see that four States

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have declared themselves out of the Union: four more will apparently follow their example. Then, if the Border States are brought into the gulf of revolution, one half of the country will be arrayed against the other. I must try and be patient and await the end, for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it."

From the above it may be observed with what pain and regret Colonel Lee witnessed the progressive steps leading toward the dissolution of the Union. In further illustration of this feeling, and of the political knowledge and wisdom of the writer, we may quote from another letter of the same date. It is addressed to his son from "Fort Mason, Texas, January 23, 1861," and contains the following highly interesting passage:

"The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. I feel the aggression, and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen I take great pride in my country, her prosperity, and her institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It is intended for 'perpetual union,' so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution or the the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government, by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and all the other patriots of the Revolution. . . . . Still, a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the

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place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved and the Government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and save in defence will draw my sword on none."

In February, 1861, the seven Cotton States united themselves into an independent republic under the designation of the Confederate States of America, and selected for its capital Montgomery, Alabama. The Border slaveholding States still adhered to the Union, hoping that after party passion should subside the final separation of the States would be prevented, and that the government under which they had attained a remarkable degree of wealth and prosperity would be preserved. At that time there was much speculation as to the policy Mr. Lincoln would adopt, and his inaugural address was awaited with impatience. At his inauguration on the 4th of March the address in which he declared his future policy was regarded as enigmatical, and various opinions were formed as to the probable course of the new President on the exciting questions which agitated the country. It was generally believed that his course would be conservative; at least it was thought that "honest old Abe," as Mr. Lincoln was familiarly called, would be governed by a desire for conciliation. It is probable that the intention of Mr. Lincoln was at first to adopt a national policy, as in his inaugural address, which seemed calm and dispassionate, he assured the country that he had no purpose to interfere with the institution of slavery *where it already existed*, and that, in his opinion, he had no right to do so. Yet he denounced the doctrine of the right of secession from the Union as unconstitutional, and declared his firm purpose to hold, occupy, and possess the places and property in the South belonging to the Federal Government. This announcement was received in the South as equivalent to a declaration of war.

Wishing to effect an amicable adjustment of the questions at issue, especially that of the surrender of Fort Sumter, the new Confederacy sent commissioners to Washington for that purpose. They were, however, not officially received by Mr. Lin-

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coln, but were led to believe that his intentions toward the Confederacy were amicable, and that he would in due time order a peaceable surrender of Fort Sumter. With that belief the commissioners returned to Montgomery. Soon after the departure of the Confederate commissioners from Washington, Mr. Lincoln sent a formidable expedition to Charleston harbor for the relief of the fort. As soon as the attitude of Mr. Lincoln was discovered at Montgomery the Confederate authorities ordered the immediate reduction of Fort Sumter. Before attacking the place General Beauregard demanded its peaceable surrender, which being refused by its commander, Major Anderson, the fort was assailed by all the Confederate batteries which could be brought to bear upon it. After a bombardment of thirty-two hours Major Anderson was forced to capitulate on the 13th of April, 1861.

On the 15th of April, the second day after the fall of Fort Sumter, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers, and a few days later he issued proclamations ordering the blockade of the Southern ports and suspending the writ of habeas corpus. These acts were immediately resented by Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri by the withdrawal of these States from the Union and their entrance into the Southern Confederacy, while Kentucky refused to comply with the call for troops and declared a neutrality. Maryland also refused to furnish troops, but from her geographical position was forced to submit. On the other hand, the non-slaveholding States obeyed the President's proclamation and promptly furnished troops.

Seeing the gigantic preparations which were being made by the United States to coerce them, the Southern States with similar activity prepared for their defence. The rupture which had thus divided the country reduced the officers of the army and navy to the alternative of either appearing in arms against their native States or of resigning their commissions in the service of the United States. All those of Southern birth, with few exceptions, adopted this latter course, and joined their fellow-countrymen "for weal or woe." Colonel Lee, who had been summoned from Texas to report in person to the com-

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mander-in-chief at Washington, reached that city on March 1st, and was there at the time of the events above described.

On the 17th of April, 1861, the ordinance of secession was passed in the convention of Virginia. This cast the die for Colonel Lee. The sentiments expressed in his letters and his strong sense of the debt of allegiance he owed to his native State effectually prevented him from remaining any longer an officer of the United States army, and obliged him by every sentiment of duty and affection to cast his lot with the State of his nativity and with the numerous friends and relatives who made this State their natal home. Yet his final decision was not reached without severe mental trouble, nor without efforts on the side of the Government to preserve his highly-valued services to the Federal army. In fact, an offer of a most alluring character, and which must have won over any one with less than his supreme sense of duty, was made to him—no less an offer, in short, than the supreme command of the Federal army.

That this fact has been denied we are aware, yet there exists indubitable evidence of it. We have been fortunate enough to obtain a highly valuable letter from a near relative of General Lee describing a conversation with Mrs. Lee on this subject. This letter, it is true, does not settle the point in question, but it gives information no longer attainable concerning General Lee's feelings and actions at that time which is of the utmost importance. We extract the most significant portions of this letter:

"The first time I saw her (Mrs. Lee), shortly after the breaking out of the war, she related to me all that Robert Lee had suffered at the time of his resignation—that from the first commencement of our troubles he had decided that in the event of Virginia's secession duty (which had ever been his watchword) would compel him to follow. She told me what a sore trial it was to him to leave the old army, to give up the flag of the Union, to separate from so many of his old associates (*particularly* General Scott, for whom he always felt the greatest regard), and to be censured by many whose good opinion he valued. She told me of the interviews between General Scott

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and himself, in which he used every argument he could bring to bear to induce him to remain with the Union. She mentioned an interview he had with Blair, in which he taunted him with its being his dislike to parting with the negro which made him remain with the South. This accusation Robert Lee indignantly denied, saying that if he owned all the negroes in the South he would gladly yield them up for the preservation of the Union. She mentioned that General Scott, in one of their interviews, said that in the event of his resignation, which from his advanced age must soon become a necessity, if Robert had remained with the North he (General Scott) believed he would be given the command of the Union army. *She did not say* that any offer had been made by the Government, but that in the event of his resignation he (General Scott) felt sure that Robert Lee would be offered his position. This may have been only General Scott's own opinion, formed from his admiration and appreciation of his high qualities as a soldier. I remember hearing at the time that General Scott had pronounced him the officer who had most distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and also that he had advised his Government to leave no stone unturned, if possible, to secure him to their side, saying at the same time that Robert Lee would be worth fifty thousand men to them."

In regard to this offer of the command of the army by Mr. Blair to Colonel Lee, as referred to in the foregoing letter, we have positive corroborative evidence, submitted by a person to whom Mr. Blair himself stated it as a fact. This evidence occurs in a letter written by a well-known resident of Washington, and from which we take the following extract:

"I have never seen the account (of the offer to General Lee of the command of the Federal army) worded just as I had it from Mr. Blair. The following is an accurate—I think a very nearly verbatim—report of it:

"MR. BLAIR: I come to you on the part of President Lincoln to ask whether any inducement that he can offer will prevail on you to take command of the Union army?

"COLONEL LEE: If I owned the four millions of slaves, I would cheerfully sacrifice them to the preservation of the

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Union, but to lift my hand against my own State and people is impossible."

The most valuable testimony concerning this question, however, is that of General Lee himself, as given in a letter addressed to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson of date February 25, 1868. In this letter he uses the following language:

"I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States army, nor did I ever have a conversation but with one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln.

"After listening to his remarks I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating, as candidly and courteously as I could, that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.

"I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott—told him of the proposition that had been made to me and my decision. Upon reflection after returning home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain any commission I held in the United States army, and on the second morning thereafter I forwarded my resignation to General Scott.

"At the time I hoped that peace would have been preserved —that some way would be found to save the country from the calamities of war; and I then had no other intention than to pass the remainder of my life as a private citizen.

"Two days afterward, on the invitation of the governor of Virginia, I repaired to Richmond, found that the convention then in session had passed the ordinance withdrawing the State from the Union, and accepted the commission of commander of its forces which was tendered me. These are the simple facts of the case."

The Mr. Blair who made this offer to Colonel Lee has heretofore been stated to have been Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General of President Lincoln's Cabinet. The letter here quoted, however, settles the fact that it was Francis Preston Blair, Sr., father of Montgomery Blair, who was then a member

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of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Mr. F. P. Blair held no official position.

In the interviews between General Scott and Colonel Lee it is stated that the veteran commander earnestly sought to persuade the younger officer not to throw up his commission, telling him that it would be the greatest mistake of his life. But to all his pleadings Colonel Lee returned but one answer—that his sense of duty was stronger with him than any prospects of advancement, replying to the appeal not to send in his resignation in the following words: "I am compelled to: I cannot consult my own feelings in this matter."

The final result of the endeavors here indicated was Colonel Lee's resignation of his commission in the United States army, as indicated in the following letter addressed to General Scott:

"ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

"GENERAL: Since my interview with you on the 18th inst. I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed. During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and a most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, general, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

"Save in the defence of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

From the foregoing letter it will be seen what anguish

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Colonel Lee must have felt in parting from his old commander and the service in which for thirty years he had occupied an honorable and distinguished position, and which still allured him with the most brilliant prospects. All must acknowledge that no selfish or unpatriotic motive influenced him in refusing to draw his sword against his native State, to which from early boyhood he had been taught by the wisest and the purest in the land he owed his first allegiance. Here it is also just to remark that all of those who resigned their commissions in the service of the United States to cast their lot with their native States were influenced by the same pure and unselfish motives.

On the same day in which this graceful and dignified letter was penned Colonel Lee wrote to his sister, Mrs. Marshall, then residing in Baltimore, expressing the same sentiments with the same earnestness and feeling:

"MY DEAR SISTER: I am grieved at my inability to see you. I have been waiting for a more convenient season, which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and, though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword.

"I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me I send a copy of my letter to General Scott which accompanied my letter of resignation. I have no time for more.

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. . . . May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you every blessing, is the prayer of your devoted brother,

"R. E. LEE."

That General Lee sacrificed much in this action need scarcely be said. In addition to the high position offered him in the United States army, he yielded his private fortune, with his beautiful home, Arlington, a home endeared by historic associations and by many years of happy married life, a home of unsurpassed beauty of situation, and adorned with all that men most value, now destined to be the sport of rude soldiers, its priceless relics scattered, its beautiful surroundings desecrated, its choicest attractions destroyed. That this would be its fate he could not well have doubted. That he might become a houseless wanderer upon the face of the earth was within the limits of probability. He was daring all, risking all, for a principle, yet duty was a far stronger force in his soul than earthly advancement, and there is nothing to show that these considerations ruled with him for a moment. Not, "What will be to me most profitable?" but, "What does duty command?" was the question which forced itself upon his attention, and the instant he had decided upon this vital point all lesser considerations dropped from his mind, and he gave himself heart and soul to the service of his native State.

As soon as it was known that Colonel Lee had retired from the United States army the governor of Virginia tendered him the appointment of major-general and commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia, and on the 23d of April, in the presence of the Convention and of a large assemblage of citizens, Mr. Janney, president of the Convention, presented to him his commission in the following address:

"In the name of the people of our native State, here represented, I bid you a cordial and heartfelt welcome to this hall, in which we may almost hear the echoes of the voices of the statesmen, the soldiers, and the sages of bygone days who have borne your name and whose blood now flows in your veins. We met in the month of February last charged with the solemn duty of protecting the rights, the honor, and the interests of

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the people of this commonwealth. We differed for a time as to the best means of accomplishing that object, but there never was at any moment a shade of difference among us as to the great object itself; and now, Virginia having taken her position, as far as the power of this Convention extends, we stand animated by one impulse, governed by one desire and one determination, and that is, that she shall be defended, and that no spot on her soil shall be polluted by the foot of an invader.

"When the necessity of having a leader for our forces became apparent, all hearts and all eyes, by the impulse of an instinct which is a surer guide than reason itself, turned to the old county of Westmoreland. We knew how prolific she had been in other days of heroes and statesmen; we knew she had given birth to the Father of his country, to Richard Henry Lee, to Monroe, and last, though not least, to your own gallant father; and we knew well by your deeds that her productive power was not exhausted. Sir, we watched with the most profound and intense interest the triumphal march of the army led by General Scott, to which you were attached, from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico. We read of the sanguinary conflicts and the blood-stained fields, in all of which victory perched upon our banners. We knew of the unfading lustre which was shed upon the American arms by that campaign, and we knew also what your modesty has always disclaimed, that no small share of the glory of those achievements was due to your valor and your military genius.

"Sir, one of the proudest recollections of my life will be that I yesterday had the honor of submitting to this body the confirmation of the nomination, made by the governor of this State, of you as commander-in-chief of the naval and military forces of this commonwealth. I rose to put the question, and when I asked if this body would advise and consent to that appointment, there rushed from the hearts to the tongues of all the members an affirmative response, which told with an emphasis that could leave no doubt of the feeling whence it emanated. I put the negative of the question for form's sake, but there was an unbroken silence.

"Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convic-

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tions that you are at this day, among the living citizens of Virginia, first in war, and we pray God most fervently that you may so conduct the operations committed to your charge that it may soon be said of you that you are first in peace, and when that time comes you will have gained the still prouder distinction of being first in the hearts of your countrymen.

"Yesterday your mother, Virginia, placed her sword in your hands upon the implied condition—which we know you will keep to the letter and in the spirit—that you will draw it only in defence, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than the object for which it was placed there shall fail."

To this he replied:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred had your choice fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

The impressiveness of the scene was much enhanced by the striking person and graceful manner of General Lee, who then appeared in the full vigor of manhood. Referring to the above scene, Hon. A. H. Stephens says:

"All the force which personal appearance could add to the power and impressiveness of the words, as well as the sentiments uttered by him, was imparted by his manly form and the great dignity as well as grace in his every action and movement. All these, combined, sent home to the breast of every one the conviction that he was thoroughly impressed himself with the full consciousness of the immense responsibility he had assumed. A more deeply interesting or solemn scene of the character I never witnessed."

At this time General Lee was in the prime of a healthful and vigorous life. He was fifty-four years of age, a man of finely-shaped and well-knit body, and of fully-developed faculties of mind. He was of graceful manner and grave and dignified

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bearing, though he could be kind and even playful on occasion. All his previous life, all the training of mind and body he had undergone, had been devoted to the building up of a nature capable of a great enterprise, of physical powers and intellectual development fitted to the mighty work now before him, and he entered the arena of civil war fully prepared to undertake and to perform one of the most stupendous labors ever engaged in by mortal man.

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CHAPTER VI.

OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Military Contrast of North and South.—General Lee organizes an Army.—Topography of Seat of War.—Lines of Operation.—Federal Advance.—Battle of Manassas.—Result of the Victory.—The Author's First Interview with General Lee.

AT the commencement of hostilities there was great inequality between the North and the South in all essentials necessary for the vigorous prosecution of war.

With the Northern States remained a thoroughly-organized government, with all of its machinery intact and capable of a rapid expansion to meet sudden emergencies. The army and navy, though small, had a complete organization, which formed a nucleus about which forces of any magnitude might be rapidly gathered. There was also a treasury into which flowed the revenue of a wealthy and prosperous nation, ever ready to furnish the sinews of war.

On the other hand, the Southern States were destitute of everything requisite even for defence, except the stout hearts and ready hands of their sons and the scanty supplies found in the arsenals and the navy-yards within their borders.

On the secession of Virginia, Governor Letcher called into service the entire military force of the State, which consisted of an unorganized militia, a few companies of volunteers which had been previously armed and equipped, and the cadets of the State military institution, two or three hundred in number.

The other Southern States were no better provided for than Virginia. The cadets and volunteers were the only available force that could be obtained for the seizure of the Gosport navy-yard and the arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

When General Lee accepted the command of the forces of Virginia, he was not ignorant of her unprovided condition, and

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he was fully aware of the immense responsibility he assumed in undertaking her defence with the inadequate means at hand. But his native State was threatened with what he regarded as an unjustifiable invasion, and by every principle of honor and the duties of citizenship he was bound to defend her with heart and hand against all odds. Being a thorough master of the art of war, he at once comprehended the situation and promptly adopted measures to provide for it. The governor's call for men met with a prompt response from all parts of the State, and Lee proceeded vigorously with the work of organization. Companies were rapidly raised and equipped as well as circumstances would admit, and formed into regiments which were sent to the front for the occupation of important points, where they were brigaded and formed into divisions. There was no scarcity of men, but much difficulty was experienced in obtaining arms and equipments for the gallant volunteers. The limited supply of arms possessed by the State was soon exhausted, and it became necessary to supply deficiencies by collecting all the private arms that could be found; so the sporting rifle and fowling-piece were necessarily substituted for the musket, while in the absence of the sabre the cavalry was armed with the lance fabricated by the artisans of the country. Lee was not content with simply providing for the present emergency, but caused steps to be rapidly taken for the manufacture of cannon and for providing ammunition and small-arms for the future use of the army. Notwithstanding the enormous difficulties to be surmounted, the Virginia forces ere long rose to the proportions of a grand army.

Among the inconveniences with which the commanding general had then to contend was one which meets every person in a position of importance—that of solicitation to provide places of trust and emolument for relatives and friends on considerations of family ties and affectionate interest rather than of devotion to the public good. How he met demands of this kind the following letter will serve to show, as also to indicate the sentiments which then ruled in his mind. It is dated immediately after he assumed command of the Virginia troops:

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"RICHMOND, 25 April, 1861.

"MY DEAR ———: I have received your letter of 23d. I am sorry your nephew has left his college and become a soldier. It is necessary that persons on my staff should have a knowledge of their duties and an experience of the wants of the service to enable me to attend to other matters. It would otherwise give me great pleasure to take your nephew. I shall remember him if anything can be done. I am much obliged to you for Dr. M——'s letter. Express to him my gratitude for his sentiments, and tell him that no earthly act could give me so much pleasure as to restore peace to my country. But I fear it is now out of the power of man, and in God alone must be our trust. I think our policy should be purely on the defensive —to resist aggression and allow time to allay the passions and permit Reason to resume her sway. Virginia has to-day, I understand, joined the Confederate States. Her policy will doubtless, therefore, be shaped by united counsels. I cannot say what it will be, but trust that a merciful Providence will not dash us from the height to which his smiles have raised us. I wanted to say many things to you before I left home, but the event was rendered so imperatively speedy that I could not.

"May God preserve you and yours! Very truly,

"R. E. LEE."

Having proved his great powers of organization and administration, General Lee soon exhibited his remarkable skill as a tactician and strategist. Being well acquainted with the topography of Virginia, which was obviously destined to become a grand theatre of war, he skilfully availed himself of this knowledge for the approaching campaign. In order to show how this was accomplished, it is necessary in advance to describe the topography of a large portion of Virginia, so far as to delineate the natural features which were destined to influence military operations, such as mountains, rivers, valleys, peninsulas, and swamps, and also roads.

The Potomac, which formed a part of the eastern boundary, served as a primary base for the armies of invasion, and, taken in connection with the Chesapeake and with Hampton Roads,

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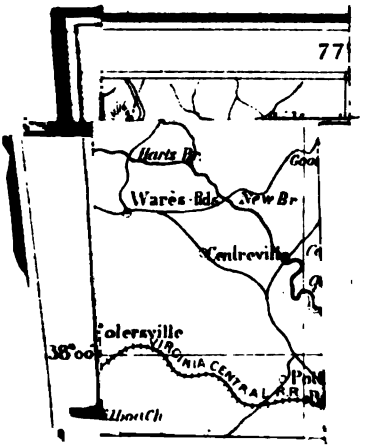

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afforded an easy line of communication between this base and the army operating in the country contiguous to those waters. The interior rivers, such as the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, furnished good defensive lines and convenient intermediate bases for aggressive operations, and the York and the James became important auxiliaries to the armies that operated on the peninsula lying between those rivers. The Dismal Swamp, the Blue Ridge, and the successive ridges of the Alleghany Mountains were adapted to serve, in the hands of an able general, as powerful barriers and impenetrable masks for secret or delicate manœuvring. The railroads and the principal turnpikes also bore an important part in giving character and direction to military operations. The grand theatre of war may be divided into five strategic divisions, which are distinctly marked out by the natural features of the country. First comes Western Virginia, lying between the Alleghany Mountains and the Ohio River; next in order is the Valley of Virginia; then the area embraced by the Blue Ridge and the Rappahannock; then the peninsulas between that river, the York, and the James, and the country south of the James, including Petersburg; and lastly, the peninsula formed by the James and the Appomattox.

Western Virginia being separated from the main theatre of war by mountain-barriers, and bordered on two sides by hostile territory, was difficult to defend. The Shenandoah Valley, being a wealthy region and well calculated for flank or turning movements, became a favorite field of operations, while the other strategical divisions afforded fine fields for attack and defence and for manœuvring.

About the last of May, General Lee had organized, equipped, and sent to the field more than 30,000 men, and various regiments were in a forward state of preparation. At that time the Confederate authorities held his military capacity in such high estimation as to retain him at Richmond, which had then become the seat of government, as acting commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces until his services were urgently demanded elsewhere.

During the month of June the Federal plan of operations

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became obvious and the Confederate line of defence developed. It was thought by the Washington authorities that the capture of Richmond would be the most speedy way to master the revolution. Therefore the United States put forth its strength for that purpose, and Richmond became the object of future operations. A defensive line was established by the Confederate military authorities, the left of which nestled among the mountains of Western Virginia, while its right rested on the Dismal Swamp, the line embracing the Shenandoah Valley, the Orange and Alexandria and the Manassas Gap railroads, the lower Potomac, Yorktown, and Norfolk. At the same time the Federal forces occupied an exterior line extending from the Ohio River to Fortress Monroe, and including a part of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the Potomac, the Chesapeake Bay, and Hampton Roads.

The effective Confederate force in Virginia by the last of June amounted to about 65,000 men, distributed as follows: 5000 in Western Virginia, under General Robert Garnett; 15,000 in the Shenandoah Valley, under General J. E. Johnston; 20,000 at Manassas and Bull Run, commanded by General Beauregard; about 8000 at Acquia Creek and on the lower Potomac, under General T. H. Holmes; while the remainder were comprised within the commands of Magruder at Yorktown and Huger at Norfolk.

At the same time, the Federal forces at Fortress Monroe, under Butler; at Washington, under McDowell; at Williamsport, under Patterson; and on the border of Western Virginia, under McClellan, aggregated at least 100,000 men.

Although it was well known that the Federals had selected Richmond for their objective point, their real line of operation was still in obscurity. There was at Washington a diversity of opinion regarding the plan to be adopted: some proposed to establish the base of operations at Fortress Monroe, and then to proceed up the Peninsula by way of Yorktown and Williamsburg; others recommended the assumption of a base at some convenient point on the Rappahannock, whence an advance might be made by the shortest line to Richmond.

But the majority favored the line of the Orange and Alex-

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andria Railroad as far as Manassas Junction, and thence southward by Fredericksburg. This line was ultimately taken, for the reason that Washington would not be left uncovered while the army was forcing its way toward Richmond.

The advantages of the several lines of operations suggested will appear during the progress of this narrative. About the 1st of June a collision occurred between a part of the forces of Magruder and Butler on the Peninsula, and early in July Garnett was defeated in North-western Virginia by McClellan. These affairs were initiatory to the more serious conflict at Manassas.

It may be said at this point that whilst there will necessarily be in this work much in which the subject of the memoir is not directly concerned, many scenes and incidents in which he did not personally appear, it should not be forgotten that it was his master mind and hand that first collected and prepared and set in motion from the smallest and most discouraging beginnings the means of defence that afterward became so mighty.

As to the actual extent of these means of defence at the period of secession, some interesting information may be obtained from the statements of General Josiah Gorgas, the able chief of ordnance of the Confederate States. He remarks that when he assumed his place as chief of ordnance he found in all the arsenals within the Confederacy only 15,000 rifles and 120,000 inferior muskets, with some old flint muskets at Richmond and Hall's rifles and carbines at Baton Rouge. There was no powder, except small quantities at Baton Rouge and at Mount Vernon, Ala., relics of the Mexican War. There was very little artillery, and no cavalry arms or equipments. It is but just to this able officer to state that his services in managing the ordnance department were invaluable to the Confederacy. He strenuously objected to the project of destroying the cotton and tobacco, and advised their use to purchase arms and munitions by aid of blockade-runners. It may be said that there was scarcely ever a demand on him which he was not prepared to meet, and that, in the words of General J. E. Johnston, "He created the ordnance department out of nothing."

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The Federal preparations by the 1st of July were near completion. At that time General McClellan with a large force advanced into West Virginia, while General Patterson entered the Shenandoah Valley at the head of twenty-five thousand men. General McDowell was at Washington with a splendidly-appointed army, ready to cross the Potomac at that point.

On the 8th of July, McClellan attacked and defeated a small Confederate force in West Virginia, killing its gallant commander, General Robert Garnett. Patterson had in the mean time advanced toward Martinsburg, meeting with but little opposition. From that place he slowly advanced, while General Joseph E. Johnston retired toward the vicinity of Winchester.

While these operations were in progress in the Valley and West Virginia, Generals McDowell and Beauregard were preparing for the real contest on the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. By referring to the map of Virginia it will be perceived that the position of Manassas is one of considerable strategic importance. The intersection of the Manassas Gap and the Orange and Alexandria railroads and the convergence of several common roads make it a place of easy concentration. The Warrenton and Leesburg turnpikes, the roads to Fredericksburg, and the important passes of the Blue Ridge were of great military importance, while the Manassas Gap Railroad afforded a rapid line of communication between the Valley and the position at Manassas. The occupation of this position by a large Confederate force doubtless confirmed the Federals in the adoption of that route for their advance upon Richmond; for to have taken either the route of the Peninsula or the one by way of the Rappahannock before having dislodged this force would have endangered the safety of Washington. The Federals' plan of operation being developed, General Beauregard prepared to receive their attack. For that purpose he occupied a range of low hills about a mile in the rear of, and nearly parallel to, Bull Run, a small stream four miles east of Manassas Junction. His right rested on the Occoquan, his centre on the Orange and Alexandria

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Railroad, and his left on the Warrenton turnpike. This turnpike, continuing nearly parallel with the railroad, crosses Bull Run by a stone bridge of a single span of about thirty feet. This stream, flowing between steep banks, offers a formidable obstruction to an army advancing in battle array. It was strongly picketed with infantry from the stone bridge down, covering the entire Confederate front. For some distance above the bridge the stream was only lightly picketed with cavalry. Beauregard, impressed with the belief that the Federals would direct their main effort against his right wing in order to force it back and turn his position on that flank, with the view of cutting off his communication with Richmond, directed his chief attention to that part of his line. For the greater security of this position, and for increased facility in gaining information, he established strong outposts at Fairfax Court-house and Centreville, points a few miles east of Bull Run.

By the middle of July, McDowell was ready for the intended movement with the best appointed army that had ever been seen in America. It had been created under the fostering care of the President and under the eye of the veteran Scott. It therefore lacked nothing its critical commander could suggest in the way of equipments and means for transportation and supplies. On the 16th of July this proud army entered Virginia, confident of a triumphant march to Richmond. On the 17th, General McDowell drove in the Confederate outposts at Centreville and Fairfax Court-house, and on the 18th appeared in force before the Confederate lines on Bull Run. An active skirmish ensued, under cover of which the Federal commander made a critical reconnoissance. Finding that the Confederate centre and right were too formidable to admit of an encouraging hope of success, he abandoned the preconceived plan of forcing the right and withdrew his forces to Centreville, where he intended to operate by the road from Sudley Ford to Manassas, which was discovered to have been undefended by General Beauregard in his anxiety concerning his right.

A battle being now inevitable, Generals Johnston and Holmes were directed to reinforce Beauregard. Such was the condition of affairs on the 18th of July. On the 19th and 20th the Fed-

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eral army remained inactive except in making partial reconnoissances. This unlooked-for delay enabled General T. H. Holmes to reach the vicinity of Manassas with his command, consisting of 1265 infantry, six pieces of light artillery, and one company of cavalry, 90 men. General J. E. Johnston also arrived about noon on the 20th inst. with a portion of Bee's and Bartow's brigades, numbering 2732 infantry, 300 cavalry under Stuart, and Imboden's and Pendleton's batteries, to which were afterward added Barksdale's Mississippi regiment, which had arrived from Lynchburg, and Hampton's Legion of 600 men. Jackson's brigade, 2611 strong, had reached Manassas Junction the evening previous, as had the Seventh and Eighth Georgia regiments.

Early in the morning of the 21st, McDowell, contrary to the expectations of the Confederates, had crossed Bull Run at Sudley's Ford, and nearly gained their left before he was discovered. At this critical moment he was gallantly attacked by Colonel N. G. Evans with a small brigade, and held in check until Generals Bee, Bartow, and Hampton could put their troops in position. Leaving a force to oppose Evans, McDowell continued to advance and attack General Bee. A brilliant conflict ensued, in which Bartow's regiment and Hampton's Legion participated. At length these troops were forced back until supported by the brigades of Cocke and Jackson. The interposition of Jackson enabled Bee to re-form his brigade and continue the conflict.* The positions of the other part of the army being remote, reinforcements could not be readily sent to those engaged. Notwithstanding the great odds against them, these troops maintained their ground, until about the middle of the afternoon they were suddenly reinforced by Kirby Smith's brigade, which had been detained by a railroad accident. Smith attacked vigorously on the flank of the Federals, who, being thus

*It is to this event we owe a title that has become famous in history, that of *Stonewall Jackson*. Bee approached Jackson, and pointed to the shattered columns that were huddled together in the woods, exclaiming, "General, they are beating us back."—"Sir, we'll give them the bayonet," replied Jackson. Bee, rushing back to his troops, rallied them with the words, "There is Jackson *standing like a stone wall;* let us determine to die here, and we will conquer." In a few moments afterward Bee fell mortally wounded, holding in his hand the sword which South Carolina had presented him.

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unexpectedly assailed at the moment when victory seemed in their grasp, paused, wavered, and then gave way. Being now pressed in front and flank, they fell into confusion; then a panic ensued, and the whole army became a disorganized mass, rushing wildly toward Washington. There was never a more complete victory, but it was dearly bought at the price of Bee, Bartow, and many other gallant soldiers.

Pending the battle, Richmond was greatly agitated. The pale faces of the women and the anxious looks of the men plainly bespoke intense anxiety. The telegraph-office was constantly surrounded by dense crowds eager to catch every item of news from the field of battle. At one time the despatch would state an advantage gained by the Confederates; then a gleam of joy would pervade the crowd and the good news would be proclaimed by an exultant shout. At another time it would tell that the Federals were gaining ground, when anxiety and doubt would dispel the previous joy, and the crowd would sink into gloomy silence and dark forebodings. As the day wore on several hours elapsed without news. The suspense was then agonizing. Conjecture suggested the most disastrous results, and at last rumor whispered that Johnston and Beauregard had been defeated, the telegraph had been seized, and McDowell was in full march upon Richmond. These groundless rumors filled the city with consternation, but about four o'clock they were succeeded by the intelligence that the enemy was giving away, and that Bee, Jackson, and others had held the field against all odds until the opportune arrival of Kirby Smith caused the defeat of the Federal army. A little later another telegram announced a glorious victory for the Confederates—that Johnston and Beauregard were masters of the field, and that McDowell had been routed and his entire army was in rapid flight for Washington. This news created a reaction of feeling beyond description. The people were lifted from the depths of despair to the height of joy, and the city was filled with the wildest exultation. This, however, was soon moderated by the recollection that the sweetness of victory must necessarily be followed by the bitterness of grief.

After the battle followed tidings of the casualties. First

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came news that Bee and Bartow were slain, and Jackson and Smith were wounded. Then followed the long lists of killed and wounded, composed of those less conspicuous in the army, but not less dearly loved at home. The perusal of these lists soon spread mourning throughout the land, and the natural respect for the bereaved checked all further demonstration of victory. Scenes of terror and grief such as those above described yield sad evidence to the fact that the miseries of war are by no means confined to the camp and field, but are yet more keenly felt at home.

Some of the principal features of the Federal plan of the campaign were that McDowell with a powerful central army should advance on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, crush Beauregard at Manassas, and proceed by the most favorable route to Richmond, while Butler from Fortress Monroe threatened the Confederate forces on the Peninsula, and Patterson occupied Johnston in the Valley. In case the latter should retire beyond the Blue Ridge, Patterson was to promptly reinforce McDowell. Johnston, however, skilfully eluded his adversary, and by rapid movements over the Manassas Gap Railroad joined Beauregard on the eve of battle with the greater part of his forces, leaving his antagonist in ignorance of his movements until it was too late for him to execute the latter part of his instructions. Therefore McDowell had to contend single-handed with the combined forces of Johnston and Beauregard. The rapid concentration of the Confederate forces and the splendid victory at Manassas are conclusive evidences of the masterly combination that led to those results.

Soon after the battle of Manassas, Lee, Johnston, and Beauregard were created generals, and General Lee was assigned to the command of the department of West Virginia.

The signal defeat of McDowell, which was so complete as to paralyze the Federal plan of operations for months, has been the subject of much discussion, and the search for its causes has been productive of numerous theories, from which we shall select that of Mr. Stephens in his *War between the States*. He says:

"Great as was the skill of Generals Johnston and Beauregard

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in the disposition and movements of their squadrons, that of McDowell was also very great. His whole plan of operations from the beginning to the end showed military genius of the highest order. The result, therefore, did not so much depend upon the superior skill of the commanders on the Confederate side as upon the high objects and motives with which they, as well as those under them, were inspired. Johnston and Beauregard were both often in the thickest of the fight, leading in person, with colors in hand, on to the charge regiments whose officers had fallen. They and those who followed them . . . . were animated by the sentiments uttered by Mr. Davis in his message at Montgomery and received the day before at Richmond.

"The struggle with them was not for power, dominion, or dignity, nor for fame, but to resist palpable and dangerous assumptions of power and to repel wanton aggressions upon long-established rights. They fought for those principles and institutions of self-government which were the priceless heritage of their ancestors.

"On the other side, thousands of those who were sent on this expedition set out not only with reluctance, but with the consciousness that the whole movement was wrong. They had volunteered for no such purpose. They had tendered their services with the sole view of defending the capital. It was under the impression and belief, so extensively created at the North, that the Confederates intended to take Washington, that much the greater portion of this immense army had with very patriotic motives rushed to the rescue. Their object was to defend their own rights against an expected assault, and not to make aggressions upon the rights of others."

The period at which we have now arrived is that in which A. L. Long, the writer of this work, first entered into personal relations with General Lee—relations which ere long became intimate and were destined to continue throughout the war. Arriving in Richmond shortly after the battle of Manassas, he, in company with Colonels Loring and Stevenson and Lieutenant Deshler, all of whom had resigned their commissions in the United States army, waited upon General Lee to offer their

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services to the Confederacy. Loring and Stevenson, being old acquaintances of the general and superior in rank to their two companions, naturally received his attention first. This gave the writer an opportunity of observing his personal appearance and surroundings. The impression received it will be of interest to describe after we have detailed the incidents of the interview.

Having ended his interview with Loring and Stevenson, the general addressed himself to Deshler and Long. His words were few, but directly to the point. After a few commonplace remarks he informed Long that he had been appointed major and chief of artillery of the Army of North-western Virginia; that Colonel Loring had been created brigadier-general and assigned to its command, and that Long should report to him for further orders. Stevenson received the appointment of colonel and assistant adjutant-general for the Army of North-western Virginia. Deshler was made captain of artillery and assigned to the same army. When this interview was about concluded, General Lee remarked that it was necessary to strike the enemy in North-western Virginia without delay, and asked Loring when he would be ready to set out for his command. Loring replied that two or three days would be necessary for his preparation.

In this, Major Long's first interview with General Lee, he was struck with the ease and grace of his bearing and his courteous and mild but decided manner; and the high opinion he then formed of him was fully sustained in the intimate relations which afterward existed between them. Though at that time he had attained the age of fifty-four years, his erect and muscular frame, firm step, and the animated expression of his eye made him appear much younger. He exhibited no external signs of his rank, his dress being a plain suit of gray. His office was simply furnished with plain desks and chairs. There were no handsomely-dressed aides-de-camp or staff officers filling the anteroom. There was not even a sentinel to mark the military headquarters. His only attendants were Captain Walter Taylor—afterward Colonel Taylor—adjutant-general of the Army of Northern Virginia, and two or three clerks.

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General Lee was remarkable for his rapid despatch of business and ready appreciation of character—qualities which are indispensable to a commander-in-chief. Having been appointed, as has been stated, major-general and commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces a few days after the secession of that State, he entered with alacrity upon the arduous duty of forming an army from new levies. Such was his wonderful talent for organization that in the space of two months he was able to equip for the field sixty regiments of infantry and cavalry, besides numerous batteries of artillery, making an aggregate of nearly 50,000 men. Nor was equipment for service the whole of the duty performed. The valiant behavior of these new troops not long afterward on the field of Manassas showed that the essential of drill had by no means been neglected, and that, though inferior to their antagonists in equipment, they were their superiors in most of the qualities which go to the making of effective soldiery. They formed the germ and rudiment of that gallant Army of Northern Virginia which was to prove its mettle on many a hard-fought field, and under the lead of its great commander to win a glory from which its final fate can in no just sense detract.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE WEST VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

General Garnett Defeated.—De Lagnel's Adventure.—Loring's Operations.—General Lee takes Command.—The Cheat Mountain Ambush.—Its Failure.—Letter to Governor Letcher.—Movements on the Kanawha.—West Virginia Abandoned.—Description of Traveller.

BEFORE proceeding to describe the operations in North-western Virginia it will be necessary to glance at the condition of that section and the previous military operations that had been carried on within its limits. This section of Virginia did not cordially coincide in the ordinance of secession that had been passed by the State Convention, inasmuch as a considerable part of its inhabitants were opposed to secession, or, in other words, were Unionists. A large number, however, of its most influential citizens were ardent Southern supporters, and there was also an intermediate class, indifferent to politics, which was ready to join the party which might prove the strongest; besides, it soon became apparent that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was destined to exercise an important influence on military movements; therefore this section became an object of interest to both sides. At first, the Confederate colonel Porterfield was sent with a few companies to operate on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but this force was too small and illy provided with the essentials for service, so that it could effect nothing. Shortly afterward General Robert Garnett was sent by the Confederate authorities to seize the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and to confirm the North-western Virginians in their allegiance to the State. Garnett, with a force of about 5000 men, reached the railroad in June and occupied Laurel Hill. About the same time General McClellan crossed the Ohio into North-western Virginia with the view of gaining the adherence of its inhabitants to the Federal Government

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and to protect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Having a greatly superior force, he made it his first object to attack Garnett before that general could be reinforced (Colonel Pegram with a considerable detachment being defeated by General Rosecrans with a part of McClellan's force), and Garnett was obliged to retreat in order to save the rest of his little army. McClellan pursued, and, overtaking the rear-guard at Craddock's Ford, a skirmish ensued, in which Garnett was killed.

The adjutant-general, Captain Corley, assisted by other members of Garnett's staff, safely continued the retreat, and placed the remnant of the army where it could rest and recruit. An adventure may be related in connection with Garnett's defeat which exhibited great courage, endurance, and address. De Lagnel was an old army officer, and commanded the artillery of Pegram's detachment. When attacked by Rosecrans at Rich Mountain he fought his guns with great gallantry and effect; his men behaved well until the enemy began to close upon them; they then fled, leaving De Lagnel almost alone. Undaunted by the desertion of his men, he served a gun himself until disabled by a severe wound. Then, amid the confusion of a defeat, he escaped to a laurel-thicket near by, in which he concealed himself until the enemy had disappeared. He then found shelter under the roof of a friendly mountaineer. His kind host and hostess concealed and attended him until his wound was healed and his strength restored. He then determined to join the Confederate forces, which had again entered North-western Virginia, but to do so it was necessary to pass through the Federal lines. To accomplish this, he concluded to assume the character of a mountaineer, being supplied by his host with a herder's garb with the exception of shoes. Then, with a well-filled wallet over his shoulder and a staff in his hand, he bade adieu to his kind friends and launched forth into the mountains. After wandering among them for several days he fell in with the Federal pickets. On being questioned by them, he so well sustained the character he had assumed that all the pickets were easily passed until he reached the last outpost that separated him from his friends. Here he was more strictly examined than he had hitherto been, but by his

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wit fully sustained the character he had adopted, and was told to continue his way; but just as he was about to depart one of the guards observed his boots, which, though soiled and worn, still exhibited signs of a fashionable make. Upon this the examination was renewed, and with all his ingenuity he could not escape detection; his boots had betrayed him. These traitors were drawn off, and in the leg of one the name of "De Lagnel" was found, and he was at once recognized as the officer whose disappearance at Rich Mountain had led to so much inquiry. He was sent a prisoner of war to the Federal headquarters, where he was courteously received. (It may be here remarked that General McClellan was always distinguished for courtesy and kindness to those whom the chances of war placed in his power.)

The defeat of General Garnett left McClellan in undisputed possession of all North-western Virginia. In order to secure his acquisition, he strongly occupied some of the principal mountain-passes and took other measures for its permanent occupation. A few days later the total defeat of McDowell at Bull Run considerably changed the order of things. McClellan was called to take the command of the Army of the Potomac, and the greater part of his force was withdrawn, leaving only a few thousand men to hold North-western Virginia. The result of McClellan's success in that quarter proved to be of much greater importance than was at first apprehended, by disheartening its loyal inhabitants and encouraging the doubtful or indifferent to give their adhesion to the Federal Government. The Confederate authorities, being aware of the importance of Western Virginia at that time both in a political and military point of view, determined to send there a force sufficiently strong to reoccupy and retain possession of it. There had been assembled in the neighborhood of Staunton five or six thousand men for the purpose of reinforcing General Garnett. These troops were ordered to advance on the 15th of July, under the command of General Henry R. Jackson, on the Parkersburg turnpike, to re-enter Western Virginia, and to occupy some convenient position until the remainder of the forces intended to operate in that quarter should arrive. Lor-

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ing, whom we have seen assigned to the command of the Army of North-western Virginia, was an officer of considerable reputation. He had served with distinction in the Mexican War, had subsequently become colonel of a regiment of mounted rifles, and for several years prior to his resignation had commanded the department of New Mexico, where he acquired an experience in mountain-service. His appointment therefore gave general satisfaction. His staff was composed chiefly of experienced officers—Colonel Carter Stevens, adjutant-general; Major A. L. Long, chief of artillery; Captain Corley, chief quartermaster; Captain Cole, chief commissary; Lieutenant Matthews, aide-de-camp, and Colonel Starks, volunteer aide-de-camp—and as the country was full of enthusiasm on account of the recent victory at Manassas, he was about to enter upon his new field of operations under the most favorable auspices.

General Loring, accompanied by his staff, left Richmond on the 22d of July, the day after the battle of Manassas. On the 24th he arrived at Monterey, a small village about sixty miles west of Staunton, where he found Jackson, who informed him that on arriving at the Greenbrier River he had found Cheat Mountain Pass so strongly occupied by Federals that he deemed it unadvisable to attempt to carry it by a direct attack. So he retired, leaving Colonel Edward Johnston, with the Twelfth Georgia regiment and Anderson's battery, to occupy the Alleghany Mountain Pass, and, posting Rust's Arkansas regiment and Baldwin's Virginia regiment in convenient supporting distance of Johnston, he established himself at Monterey, with Fulkerson's and Scott's Virginia regiments, the First Georgia regiment (Colonel Ramsey's), Major Jackson's cavalry, and Shoemaker's battery. Having heard of a pass about forty miles west, near Huntersville, by which Cheat Mountain might be turned, he sent Colonel Gilliam with his own Virginia regiment and Colonel Lee's Sixth North Carolina regiment, being a force of about 2000 men, to occupy this pass, and had ordered the remaining troops intended for the Army of North-western Virginia to proceed direct from Staunton to Huntersville. This was the condition of affairs when General Loring arrived at Monterey and assumed command. He remained several days

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in the neighborhood of Monterey, examining the condition of the troops and reconnoitering the position of the enemy on Cheat Mountain. Cheat Mountain Pass is a narrow gap near the top of the mountain whose natural strength had been greatly increased by the art of engineers since its occupation by the Federals. It was approachable from the east only by the Parkersburg turnpike, which, ascending the rugged side of the mountain, enters this narrow defile and winds its way through it for nearly a mile before it begins the western descent.

The Federals, finding this pass unoccupied, and foreseeing the importance the Parkersburg turnpike would be to the Confederates in their attempt to reoccupy West Virginia, seized it and fortified it, and now held it with a force of about 2500 men. The remainder of the Federal force was in the vicinity of Beverly, a village a few miles west of Cheat River. General Loring, having satisfied himself that a direct attack on Cheat Mountain Pass was impracticable, and that there was no force of the enemy near the west base of Cheat Mountain except that of Beverly, determined to take command of the force which had been ordered to rendezvous at Huntersville and advance by the pass that Colonel Gilliam had been directed to occupy to the rear of the enemy's position on Cheat Mountain. He therefore directed Jackson to advance his whole force, which at this time amounted to 6000 men, to the Greenbrier River, and hold himself in readiness to co-operate when the advance was made from Huntersville, and then proceeded to that place to make arrangements for the proposed movement. When Loring arrived at Huntersville, about the 1st of August, he found already there Maney's, Hatten's, and Savage's Tennessee regiments, Campbell's Virginia regiment, a battalion of Virginia regulars, 400 strong, commanded by Colonel Munford, Major W. H. F. Lee's squadron of cavalry, and Marye's and Stanley's batteries of artillery. Colonel Gilliam was at Valley Mountain Pass, fifteen miles west of Huntersville, with two regiments, and two other regiments, Burke's Virginia and a Georgia regiment, were *en route* from Staunton. The force of Loring on the Huntersville line

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amounted in round numbers to 8500 effective men. The general's staff were particularly active in their efforts to prepare for a speedy advance. Colonel Stevenson, adjutant-general, and Captains Corley and Cole, chief quartermaster and commissary, being experienced officers, rendered valuable service in organizing the troops and in collecting transportation and supplies. Major A. L. Long, in addition to his duties as chief of artillery, had assigned him those of inspector-general. The troops were well armed and equipped, all of them were accustomed to the use of arms, and many were expert marksmen, and a large proportion had received military instruction in the various volunteer companies of which they had been members. The troops were in fine spirits, and desired nothing more than to be led against the enemy. It was obvious to all those about the general that the success of the proposed movement depended upon its speedy execution. It was impossible that the occupation of Valley Mountain by a force as large as that of Gilliam could escape the observation of the Federals, and its position would expose the design of the Confederates. Delay would enable the Federals to seize all the important passes on the route, and fortify them so strongly that they would effectually arrest the advance of any force. Yet, notwithstanding the great value of time in the execution of the movement contemplated by General Loring, he seemed to regard the formation of a dépôt of supplies at Huntersville and the organization of a supply-train as a matter of first importance. He appeared to overlook the fact that the line from Huntersville to Beverly, only forty miles long, was to be only temporary—for so soon as Cheat Mountain Pass was opened he would withdraw his supplies from Staunton over the Parkersburg turnpike—and also that the country along his line abounded in beef and grain.

While Loring is preparing to advance we will take a view of affairs in other quarters. After the withdrawal of McClellan, General Rosecrans was assigned to the command of the department of Western Virginia. At the same time a large portion of the troops in that department were withdrawn for the defence of the capital. The Federal force in Western Virginia at the

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time Loring assumed command of the Army of North-western Virginia was only about six or seven thousand men, about half of which, under the command of General Reynolds, occupied the Cheat Mountain Pass. The other portion, commanded by General Cox, was designed for operations on the line of the Kanawha. General Rosecrans was one of the most energetic and skilful of the Federal commanders. As soon as he found himself in command of the department of Western Virginia he set about increasing his force and strengthening his position. Taking advantage of the political disaffection among the Western Virginians, he obtained many recruits, which, with recruits from other quarters, rapidly increased his force. The Confederate authorities in the mean time, being informed of the advance of General Cox to the Kanawha, sent a force of about 5000 men to oppose him under the command of General Wise, and appointed General Robert E. Lee to the command of the department of Western Virginia. He had displayed such remarkable administrative ability in the organization of the Virginia troops that he was retained at the head of the Confederate military bureau till the time of his appointment to the command of this department. Although aware of the difficulties to be met with in a mountainous country like Western Virginia, he unflinchingly accepted this new command, and entered upon his arduous task with no other feelings than those for the good of his country. When Lee arrived at Huntersville, he found General Loring busily engaged in forming his dépôt of supplies and organizing his transportation-train. Several days had already elapsed, and several days more would be necessary before he could complete his preparations for an advance. The arrival of Lee at Huntersville as commander of the department took Loring by surprise. Having been his superior in rank in the old army, he could not suppress a feeling of jealousy. Lee was accompanied by his aides-de-camp, Colonel John A. Washington and Captain Walter H. Taylor. After remaining several days at Huntersville without gaining any positive information from Loring in regard to the time of his probable advance, he proceeded to join Colonel Gilliam at Valley Mountain. He took with him Major Lee's cavalry, not as an escort,

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but for the purpose of scouting and reconnoitering. It had now been eight or ten days since Gilliam had first arrived at Valley Mountain Pass. At that time he learned from the inhabitants and his scouts that the road to Beverly was unoccupied. But within the last day or two a force of the Federals had advanced within less than a mile of his front, and then retired. Lee at once busied himself about gaining information respecting the position of the enemy. He soon learned that the Federals had taken possession of a strong pass ten miles in front of Valley Mountain, and were actively engaged in fortifying it. When Loring arrived, about the 12th of August, the Federals had been reinforced, and this position had been so greatly strengthened that General Lee deemed it unadvisable to attempt a direct attack, so the only course now to be pursued was to gain the Federal flank or rear.

General Lee, as we already know, had been distinguished in the Mexican War as a reconnoitering officer, and Scott had been mainly indebted to his bold reconnoissances for the brilliant success of his Mexican campaigns. Rank and age had not impaired the qualities that had formerly rendered him so distinguished. He brought them with him to the mountains of Virginia. There was not a day when it was possible for him to be out that the general, with either Colonel Washington or Captain Taylor, might not be seen crossing the mountains, climbing over rocks and crags, to get a view of the Federal position. Ever mindful of the safety of his men, he would never spare himself toil or fatigue when seeking the means to prevent unnecessary loss of life. By way of illustrating his boldness as a reconnoitering officer, an anecdote may be related as told by Captain Preston, adjutant of the Forty-eighth Virginia regiment (Colonel Campbell's). The regiment being on picket, he, seeing three men on an elevated point about half a mile in advance of the line of pickets, and believing them to be Federals, asked his colonel to let him capture them. Permission being obtained, he selected two men from a number of volunteers who had offered to accompany him, and set forth to capture the Federal scouts. Dashing through the brushwood and over the rocks, he suddenly burst upon the unsuspecting

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trio, when lo! to his amazement, General Lee stood before him!

To add to the difficulties of a campaign in the mountains, the rainy season set in: it began to rain about the middle of August, and continued to do so without much cessation for six weeks; in the mean time, the narrow mountain-roads became saturated and softened, so that the passage of heavy trains of wagons soon rendered them almost impassable: while the wet weather lasted any movement was simply impossible. The troops, being new and unaccustomed to camp-life, began to suffer from all the camp-diseases. Typhoid fever, measles, and home-sickness began to spread among them, so that in the course of a few weeks nearly one-third of the army was rendered *hors de combat* by sickness. Amid this accumulation of difficulties Lee preserved his equanimity and cheerfulness; his chief aim now was to ameliorate as much as possible the sufferings of his men. During this period of inactivity he exerted himself to find a practicable route leading to the rear of Cheat Mountain Pass, the route by which Loring had proposed to reach it being now effectually closed. The possession of the pass was of great importance to the Confederates, as the Parkersburg turnpike was the principal line over which operations could be successfully carried on in Northwestern Virginia. Individual scouts were employed, both from among the well-affected inhabitants and the enterprising young soldiers of the army: Lieutenant Lewis Randolph, of the Virginia State regulars, was particularly distinguished for the boldness of his reconnoissances. Early in September, General Jackson reported to Loring that Colonel Rust, Third Arkansas regiment, had made a reconnoissance to the rear of Cheat Mountain Pass, and had discovered a route, though difficult, by which infantry could be led. Soon after Colonel Rust reported in person, and informed General Lee of the practicability of reaching the rear of the enemy's position on Cheat Mountain, from which a favorable attack could be made, and requested the general, in case his information was favorably considered, to permit him to lead the attacking column, to consist of his regiment and such other troops as the general

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might designate. Another route was in the mean time discovered, leading along the western side of Cheat Mountain, by which troops could be conducted to a point on the Parkersburg turnpike about two miles below the Federal position in the pass. This being the information that General Lee had been most desirous of obtaining, he determined to attack the enemy without further delay. The opposing forces were at this time about equal in numbers. Loring's force was now 6000, Jackson's about 5000 strong. Reynolds's force had been increased to about 11,000 men; of these, 2000 were on Cheat Mountain, and about 5000 in position on the Lewisburg road in front of Loring. The remainder of Reynolds's force was held in reserve near the junction of the Parkersburg turnpike and the Lewisburg road.

Lee determined to attack on the morning of the 12th of September. The plan was that Colonel Rust should gain the rear of the Federal position by early dawn and begin the attack. General Anderson, with two Tennessee regiments from Loring's command, was to support him, while Jackson was to make a diversion in front. Cheat Mountain Pass being carried, Jackson with his whole force was to sweep down the mountain and fall upon the rear of the other Federal position; General Donaldson with two regiments was to gain a favorable position for attacking the enemy on the Lewisburg road in flank or rear; and Loring was to advance by the main road on the Federal front. In case of failure Anderson and Donaldson were to rejoin Loring, and Rust was to find his way back to Jackson. The troops gained their designated positions with remarkable promptness and accuracy in point of time, considering the distance and the difficulties to be overcome. Colonel Rust's attack on Cheat Mountain was to be the signal for the general advance of all the troops. It was anxiously expected from early dawn throughout the day. On every side was continuously heard, "What has become of Rust?" "Why don't he attack?" "Rust must have lost his way." The Tennesseeans under Anderson became so impatient that they requested to be led to the attack without waiting for Rust, but Anderson thought that he must be governed by the letter of

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his instructions and declined granting the request of his men. Thus we see a plan that offered every prospect of success come to naught by the failure of a subordinate officer to equal the expectations of his commander. Anderson and Donaldson, finding that their situation was becoming critical, being liable to discovery and being between two superior forces, rejoined Loring on the 13th. On the same day Colonel Rust reported in person his operations, which amounted to this: He had heard nothing of Anderson; he passed the day watching the Federals, who were in a state of unconscious security, and then retired, his presence not having been suspected. When Rust rendered his report, General Lee, perceiving the deep mortification he felt at the great blunder he had committed, permitted him to rejoin his regiment. A council of war was then held, in which it was decided that the position of the Federals was too strong to be attacked in front with any reasonable prospect of success, and that a flank attack was now out of the question, inasmuch as the Federals had been aroused by the discovery of the danger which had so recently threatened them. The troops were therefore ordered to resume their former positions. During the operations just related there had been but little skirmishing, and the Confederate loss had been slight. One circumstance, however, occurred which cast a gloom over the whole army. Colonel J. A. Washington while making a reconnoissance fell into an ambuscade and was killed. He had by his soldierly qualities and high gentlemanly bearing gained the esteem of all. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the troops for their courage and patient endurance in this campaign, and Colonels Burke, Gilliam, Campbell, Lee, Munford, Maney, Hatten, and Savage were worthy of the gallant fellows that it had fallen to their lot to command.

The failure of this well-devised operation was due to one of those errors of judgment to which all warlike movements are liable, and through which many a neatly-laid scheme has come to naught. The system of operations had been clearly defined in General Loring's order of September 8th, but the unavoidable difficulty in producing concert of action between

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divided troops, and the hesitation of each commander to act on his own responsibility, stood in the way of success, and caused an inglorious withdrawal of the ambushed forces, from whom such a very different result was reasonably expected.

In this connection may be given General Lee's stirring appeal to the patriotism of the troops, issued at the same time with General Loring's special order to the commanders of the columns of attack:

"HEADQUARTERS, VALLEY MOUNTAIN,
"September 8, 1861.

"The forward movement announced to the Army of the North-west in Special Order No. 28, from its headquarters, of this date, gives the general commanding the opportunity of exhorting the troops to keep steadily in view the great principles for which they contend, and to manifest to the world their determination to maintain them. The eyes of the country are upon you. The safety of your homes and the lives of all you hold dear depend upon your courage and exertions. Let each man resolve to be victorious, and that the right of self-government, liberty, and peace shall in him find a defender. The progress of this army must be forward.

"R. E. LEE,
"*General commanding.*"

We here append a letter from General Lee to Governor Letcher bearing upon this campaign, which has been so variously criticised and generally misunderstood:

"VALLEY MOUNTAIN, Sept. 17, 1861.

"MY DEAR GOVERNOR: I received your very kind note of the 5th inst. just as I was about to accompany General Loring's command on an expedition to the enemy's works in front, or I would have before thanked you for the interest you take in my welfare and your too flattering expressions of my ability. Indeed, you overrate me much, and I feel humbled when I weigh myself by your standard. I am, however, very grateful for your confidence, and I can answer for my sin-

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cerity in the earnest endeavor I make to advance the cause I have so much at heart, though conscious of the slow progress I make.

"I was very sanguine of taking the enemy's works on last Thursday morning. I had considered the subject well. With great effort the troops intended for the surprise had reached their destination, having traversed twenty miles of steep, rugged mountain-paths, and the last day through a terrible storm, which lasted all night, and in which they had to stand drenched to the skin in the cold rain. Still, their spirits were good. When morning broke I could see the enemy's tents on Valley River at the point on the Huttonsville road just below me. It was a tempting sight. We waited for the attack on Cheat Mountain, which was to be the signal, till 10 A.M.; the men were cleaning their unserviceable arms. But the signal did not come. All chance for surprise was gone. The provisions of the men had been destroyed the preceding day by the storm. They had nothing to eat that morning, could not hold out another day, and were obliged to be withdrawn. The party sent to Cheat Mountain to take that in the rear had also to be withdrawn. The attack to come off from the east side failed from the difficulties in the way; the opportunity was lost and our plan discovered.

"It is a grievous disappointment to me, I assure you. But for the rain-storm I have no doubt it would have succeeded. This, governor, is for your own eye. Please do not speak of it; we must try again. Our greatest loss is the death of my dear friend Colonel Washington. He and my son were reconnoitering the front of the enemy. They came unawares upon a concealed party, who fired upon them within twenty yards, and the colonel fell pierced by three balls. My son's horse received three shots, but he escaped on the colonel's horse. His zeal for the cause to which he had devoted himself carried him, I fear, too far.

"We took some seventy prisoners and killed some twenty-five or thirty of the enemy. Our loss was small besides what I have mentioned. Our greatest difficulty is the roads. It has been raining in these mountains about six weeks. It is impos-

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sible to get along. It is that which has paralyzed all our efforts.

"With sincere thanks for your good wishes,

"I am very truly yours,

"R. E. LEE.

"His Excellency Gov. JOHN LETCHER."

We will now examine into the condition of affairs on the line of the Kanawha.

General Wise entered the Kanawha Valley in August. General Cox was then near Charleston. After some manœuvring, Wise fell back to the junction of the New River and the Gauley, where he was joined by General Floyd, whose force now numbered between eight and ten thousand men. Being uncertain whether Cox would advance up the New River line or upon that of the Gauley, he posted a force under Wise on the New River line, while he occupied a favorable position on the Gauley. At Carnifex Ferry, Floyd and Wise were in easy supporting distance of each other, but there was no cordiality between them. About the 15th of September, General Floyd, seeing that it was the evident intention of Rosecrans to attack him, ordered Wise to his support; which order Wise failed to obey, and Floyd was left to receive alone the attack of a greatly superior force, which, however, he succeeded in repulsing with considerable loss, but, being still unsupported by Wise, he was obliged to retire. Among the casualties on the side of the Confederates, Floyd had received a painful wound in the arm. Wise having finally joined Floyd, they fell back to a position on the James River and Kanawha turnpike, near the Hawk's Nest.

About the last of September, General Rosecrans, having reinforced Cox, took command in person and advanced on the James River and Kanawha turnpike, gradually pushing back Floyd and Wise in the direction of Lewisburg, it being his intention to turn the Confederate position on Valley Mountain and the Greenbrier River. Such was the condition of affairs on the line of the Kanawha at the close of the Valley Mountain campaign. Lee, perceiving that the operations on the Kanawha

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were not progressing favorably, determined to take control of affairs in that quarter himself. He therefore directed Loring to detach Gilliam with his own regiment (the battalion of State regulars) and a section of artillery to occupy Valley Mountain Pass, and proceeded with the remainder of his force to reinforce General Floyd. General Lee arrived at Meadow Bluff about the 7th of October, where he found Floyd. Meadow Bluff is a small village near the eastern base of Sewell Mountain. Floyd had proposed making a stand there, but Wise had halted on the top of the mountain, five miles in rear, where he had determined to fight. The hostility that had previously existed between the two generals had not been diminished by the affair of Carnifex Ferry; the arrival of General Lee was therefore fortunate, as it most probably prevented a disaster, since Rosecrans was advancing, and would have been able to strike both Wise and Floyd in detail. Lee found Wise occupying the eastern crest of Sewell Mountain. Being satisfied with the position, he determined to hold it and give battle to Rosecrans if he persisted in advancing. So he ordered Floyd to return and support Wise. Lee had barely time to complete his arrangements when Rosecrans appeared on the opposite crest.

Each army now occupied a mountain-crest nearly parallel, separated by a gap or depression forming a notch in the mountain about a mile wide, over which it was difficult to pass except by the James River and Kanawha turnpike, which crosses it. Both positions were naturally very strong. The Confederate force being greatly inferior to that of the Federals, and Rosecrans having assumed the offensive, Lee naturally expected to be attacked before Loring could come up; he therefore actively employed his skill as an engineer in adding to the natural strength of his position. Rosecrans, discovering the formidable preparations of the Confederates, prudently forbore to attack them. The arrival of Loring on the 9th placed General Lee's force almost on an equality with that of the Federals.

The force of Lee now amounted to about 15,000 men. The troops were in fine spirits and anxious to be led to the attack, but the general, ever mindful of the safety of his men, restrained their ardor. On one occasion, when several of his

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commanders were urging an attack, he remarked: "I know, gentlemen, you could carry the enemy's lines, but we cannot spare the brave men who would lose their lives in doing it. If Rosecrans does not attack us, we will find a way to reach him that will not cost us so dearly." After waiting several days for General Rosecrans to attack, he began to make preparations for a flank movement to gain Rosecrans's rear, who no longer manifested a disposition to continue the aggressive. Floyd and others who had a good knowledge of the routes in the vicinity of Sewell Mountain reported to Lee a practicable route for artillery and infantry leading about ten miles to the rear of the Federal position. Upon this information he conceived the plan of sending a column of 5000 men by this route at night, to fall at dawn upon the Federals' rear, while a strong demonstration was being made in front. Had this plan been executed, it would most likely have been successful, but Rosecrans escaped the trap by a night retreat. Great was the disappointment of the troops when they discovered that the Federals had retired and the prospect of a battle had vanished.

As soon as the retreat of the Federals was discovered pursuit was ordered, but Lee soon perceived that it would be impossible to overtake Rosecrans and bring him to a successful engagement in the rough, mountainous country through which he was retreating; and, not wishing to harass his troops unnecessarily, he ordered them to return to their several positions, and Rosecrans was allowed to pursue his retreat unmolested to the Kanawha Valley. Lee knew that with the bravery of his troops and the strength of his position he could repel any attack that the Federals could make, while, on the other hand, if he attacked them in their position the result, even if successful, would be attended with great loss. He therefore determined to give Rosecrans every opportunity to attack before taking the offensive himself, which, as we have seen, Rosecrans prevented by abandoning his own plans and retreating.

The season was now so far advanced that it was impossible to continue active operations in Western Virginia. Snow had already fallen and the roads had become almost impassable.

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Lee therefore deemed it necessary to withdraw the troops from Sewell Mountain. About the 1st of November the different columns were sent to their various destinations.

The campaign had been pronounced a failure. The press and the public were clamorous against him. No one stopped to inquire the cause or examine into the difficulties that surrounded him. Upon him alone were heaped the impracticability of mountains, the hostility of the elements, and the want of harmony of subordinate commanders. The difficulties to be encountered in Western Virginia were so great and the chances of success so doubtful that the Confederate authorities abandoned the idea of its further occupation. Therefore the greater part of the troops that had been serving in Western Virginia were ordered where their services would be more available, and Lee was assigned to the command of the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

While the operations on Big Sewell were in progress Reynolds made a descent from Cheat Mountain and attacked the Confederate position on the Greenbrier. This attack was promptly met by General H. R. Jackson, and repulsed with considerable loss. Soon after his return to Huntersville, General Loring was instructed to report to General T. J. Jackson (Stonewall Jackson), then commanding in the Shenandoah Valley, to participate in a contemplated winter campaign. About the same time Major Long received orders from the War Office to report to General Lee in the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

The inactivity of the forces on the Potomac that succeeded the battle of Manassas had a powerful influence on the campaign in Western Virginia, as it permitted the Federals to collect a force sufficiently powerful to render insurmountable difficulties which, under the most favorable circumstances, were exceedingly embarrassing. Had the Confederates made an advance across the Potomac and boldly threatened Washington in August or September, the nervous fear which then possessed the Federal authorities for the safety of that city would have caused them to draw forces from all quarters to defend their capital. The pressure on Lee in Western Virginia would have

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GENERAL LEE ON HIS HORSE, TRAVELLER.

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thus been relieved, and it is within the scope of military probability that he would have regained all that had been lost in that section, and have taken measures for its future preservation and the permanent occupation of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which became of such immense importance to the Federal Government as the connecting-link between the Western States and the Eastern theatre of war.

In connection with this West Virginia campaign we may revert to another matter of considerable interest, that relating to Lee's favorite horse "Traveller," a noble animal which attained almost as much celebrity in the Army of Northern Virginia as the gallant form which he bore through so many fields of battle. He was purchased during this campaign, and served his master royally throughout the whole duration of the war and for many years afterward. We are fortunately able to give a history and description of this celebrated charger from Lee himself. It was dictated to his daughter Agnes, with corrections in his own handwriting, apparently in response to some artist who had asked for a description of the animal. The enthusiasm with which the general speaks of his companion of so many days of peril and hardship shows the spirit of a true horseman and a nature capable of kindly affection and companionship for every creature with which he came into intimate relations:

"If I was an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of 'Traveller,' representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and suffering through which he has passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night-marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist, and can only say he is a *Confederate gray*. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since

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—to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days' battle around Richmond, the Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange till its close around Petersburg the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864–65 on the long line of defences from the Chickahominy north of Richmond and Hatcher's Run south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865 he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court-house.

"You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favorite is the American saddle from St. Louis.* Of all his companions in toil, 'Richmond,' 'Brown Roan,' 'Ajax,' and quiet 'Lucy Long,' he is the only one that retained his vigor to the last.† The first two expired under their onerous burden, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait."

To General Lee's description of his noble horse may be added some few further particulars of his appearance and history. He was sixteen hands high, of a dark iron-gray color, and when purchased about five years old. He was strong and active, but perfectly docile, and as calm as his master under fire. General Lee had always a strong affection for him, which he manifested

* This saddle has its story, which is worth relating. When Colonel Lee resigned from the United States army and repaired to Richmond to offer his services to his native State, his baggage, which had just reached New York, was seized by the authorities. Among his effects was a saddle of peculiar form which he preferred to all others. He immediately wrote to St. Louis, to the maker, desiring to have another like it if he was willing to take the risk of receiving his pay. The saddle was at once sent, and the soldier did not let the busy occupation of war make him forget to send the full price to the maker through a safe channel. He rode this saddle all through the war and throughout his after-life.

† The horse ridden by Lee in the Mexican War was named "Grace Darling."

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on many occasions. Six years after the war "Traveller" had become almost milk-white, having grown hoary with age and honors. He died very soon after the decease of his master, his death arising from lockjaw caused by his treading on a nail which penetrated his foot and could not be withdrawn.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOUTH COAST DEFENCES.

General Lee in Charleston.—A Great Conflagration.—Topography of the Coast.—Its Defences.—General Lee's Engineering Operations.—His Mode of Life.—Ordered back to Richmond.

HAVING received orders to report to General Lee on the South Atlantic coast, the writer arrived in Charleston on the eve of the great fire that laid half of that beautiful city in ruins. The fire-alarm was heard by him on his way to the Mills House, but as fires are of frequent occurrence in cities, he gave little heed to it, as the conflagration seemed small and at a great distance from the hotel. General Lee had arrived a little before from his headquarters at Coosawhatchie. Soon after the arrival of Major Long he reported to Lee, who was in the hotel-parlor with Captains Taylor and Ives and some others. After a short conversation all separated for the night, little thinking that they would soon be compelled to seek safety in flight. Before retiring they observed that the fire had increased in volume, but it was not yet of sufficient magnitude to cause uneasiness. About eleven o'clock the general had Major Long called, who found him viewing the fire from the parlor window. To their amazement, it had acquired the proportions of a conflagration enveloping a quarter of the city. General Lee remarked that as the fire seemed beyond control and was advancing toward the hotel, it would be necessary to prepare to leave at a moment's notice. Mrs. Long was informed how matters stood, and in a few minutes was ready and repaired to the parlor, where she found Mrs. Washington, the wife of Captain Washington of General Lee's staff. By this time many of the guests of the hotel had assembled in the parlor, commenting anxiously on the terrible prospect. In order to get a better view of the desolating scene, General Lee, Major Long,

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and some others assembled on the roof of the hotel, which towered far above the adjacent houses. From this position a scene of awful sublimity met the eye: more than one-third of the city appeared a sea of fire, shooting up columns of flame that seemed to mingle with the stars. From King street eastward to the river, extending back more than a mile, stores and dwellings, churches and public buildings, were enveloped in one common blaze, which was marching steadily and rapidly across the city. The mind was held fascinated by the fierce rage of the devouring element, until the thought was turned upon the helpless victims that crowded the streets as far as the eye could reach bending beneath the household goods that had been rescued from destruction, and struggling with might and main to gain a place of safety. Wagons, carts, and all kinds of vehicles loaded with every conceivable article were pressing women and children in dense masses to the sidewalks, and sometimes the combustible articles with which the carts and wagons were loaded became ignited by the sparks that swept from time to time along the streets, thus increasing the confusion that reigned among the bewildered multitude. Turning from the human misery below to the increasing fury of the conflagration, the question arose, Why has the demon of destruction been permitted to rage an unopposed destroyer of the Queen City of the South Atlantic, transforming her matchless beauty to hideous ruin? The reservoir, which was supplied by the water of the bay, had been drained by the receding tide, and the fire companies had been depleted by the demands of war; consequently, the city became a helpless victim.

The fire had by twelve o'clock reached the immediate vicinity of the hotel, and the flames were lapping themselves about the opposite houses. Just as the party was about to descend from its post of observation a body of soldiers appeared, headed by General Ripley (these were the troops brought by their gallant leader from Sullivan's Island to rescue the city). Now the flames were about to meet their first real opposition, and the hotel, whose huge bulk covered an important district, claimed especial attention. On returning to the parlor the ladies were found with bundles and babies ready to decamp.

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It was indeed time to move, for the hotel had become a scene of great confusion, and the heat from without was oppressive, while the only remaining chance of escape was by a back stairway through the cellar. General Lee took one baby in his arms and Major Long took another, they being preceded by a guide with a lantern to light the way. Mrs. Long and Mrs. Washington, accompanied by Taylor and Ives, brought up the rear. On emerging from the cellar the group were met by the glare and heat of the burning buildings on the opposite side of the street. An omnibus was a few yards distant, into which all hurried, and were driven off amid a shower of sparks and cinders to the house of Mr. Alston on the Battery, which, in the absence of the family, was kindly put at General Lee's disposal by young Mr. Alston, who had remained in the city. The fire was subdued during the night, and the morning revealed a hideous ruin extending from the Ashley to the Cooper River, and bearing fearful testimony to the magnitude of the conflagration. The hotel was saved, and after order was restored its comfortable quarters were resumed. But the scene without was entirely changed: the superb edifices of the previous day had been converted into smoking beams and tottering walls, and the happy people of the day before were mournful spectators of the desolation that surrounded them. In this impressive manner Major Long was introduced to a companionship with General Lee which was destined to last throughout the war.

The defences of the coast, embracing numerous vital points, chiefly occupied General Lee's attention during his period of service in this southern department. The character of the work to be done and the method in which he performed it here call for description.

The line of coast extending from the entrance of Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the Rio Grande presents innumerable bays, inlets, and harbors, into which vessels could run either for predatory incursions or with the intention of actual invasion. The Federals having the command of the sea, it was certain that they would take advantage of this open condition of the coast to employ their naval force as soon as it could be

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collected, not only to enforce the blockade which had been declared, but also for making inroads along our unprotected ocean border. That the system of defence adopted may be understood it is necessary to describe a little in detail the topography of the coast.

On the coast of North Carolina are Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, penetrating far into the interior. Farther south, Cape Fear River connects with the ocean by two channels, the south-west channel being then defended by a small enclosed fort and a water battery. On the coast of South Carolina are Georgetown and Charleston harbors. A succession of islands extends along the coast of South Carolina and Georgia, separated from the main land by a channel which is navigable for vessels of moderate draught from Charleston to Fernandina, Florida. There are fewer assailable points on the Gulf than on the Atlantic. Pensacola, Mobile, and the mouths of the Mississippi were defended by works that had hitherto been regarded as sufficiently strong to repulse any naval attack that might be made upon them. Immediately after the bombardment and capture of Fort Sumter the work of seacoast defence was begun, and carried forward as rapidly as the limited means of the Confederacy would permit. Roanoke Island and other points on Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds were fortified. Batteries were established at the south-east entrance of Cape Fear River, and the works on the south-west entrance of that river were strengthened. Defences were constructed at Georgetown and at all assailable points on the north-east coast of South Carolina. The works of Charleston harbor were greatly strengthened by earthworks and floating batteries. The defences from Charleston down the coast of South Carolina and Georgia were confined chiefly to the islands and salient points bearing upon the channels leading inland. Defensive works were erected at all important points along the coast. Many of the defences, being injudiciously located and hastily erected, offered but little resistance to the enemy when attacked. These defects were not surprising when we take into consideration the inexperience of the engineers and the long line of seacoast to be defended. As soon as a sufficient naval force had been collected by the

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Federals, an expedition under the command of General Butler was sent to the coast of North Carolina, and captured several important points. A second expedition, under Admiral Dupont and General T. W. Sherman, was sent to make a descent on the coast of South Carolina. On the 27th of November, Dupont attacked the batteries that were designed to defend Port Royal harbor, and almost without resistance carried them and gained possession of Port Royal. This is the best harbor in South Carolina, and is the strategic key to all the South Atlantic coast. Later, Burnside captured Roanoke Island and established himself in Eastern North Carolina without resistance. The rapid fall of Roanoke Island and Port Royal struck consternation into the hearts of the inhabitants along the entire coast. The capture of Port Royal gave the Federals the entire possession of Beaufort Island, which afforded a secure place of arms for the troops, while the harbor gave a safe anchorage for the fleet. Beaufort Island almost fills a deep indenture in the main shore, from which it is separated for the greater part of its extent by a narrow channel which is navigable throughout. Its northern extremity extends to within a few miles of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. The main road from Port Royal to Pocotaligo crosses the channel at this point. The evacuation of Hilton Head, on the south-western extremity of Beaufort Island, followed the capture of Port Royal. This exposed Savannah, only about twenty-five miles distant, to an attack from that direction. At the same time, the Federals having command of Helena Bay, Charleston was liable to be assailed fron North Edisto or Stono Inlet, and the railroad could have been reached without opposition by the road from Port Royal to Pocotaligo.

Such was the state of affairs when General Lee reached Charleston, in the early part of November, 1861, to assume the command of the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. His vigorous mind at once comprehended the essential features of the situation, and with his accustomed energy he prepared to overcome the many difficulties that presented themselves. Directing fortifications to be constructed on the Stono, the Edisto, and the Combahee, he fixed his head-

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quarters at Coosawhatchie, the point most threatened, and directed defences to be erected opposite Hilton Head and on the Broad and Salcatchie to cover Savannah. These were the points requiring immediate attention. He superintended in person the works overlooking the approach to the railroad from Port Royal, and soon infused into his troops a part of his own energy. The works he had planned rose with magical rapidity. A few days after his arrival at Coosawhatchie, Dupont and Sherman sent their first reconnoissance in that direction, which was met and repulsed by shot from the newly-erected batteries; and now, whether the Federals advanced toward the railroad or turned in the direction of Charleston or Savannah, they were arrested by the Confederate batteries. The people, seeing the Federals repulsed at every point, regained their confidence, and with it their energy.

We may, at this point, introduce a letter addressed to two of his daughters shortly after his journey South, as it gives, in his own words, his opinion of the preceding state of the coast defences, together with some interesting matter relating to his home life:

"SAVANNAH, 22 Nov., 1861.

"MY DARLING DAUGHTERS: I wish I could see you, be with you, and never again part from you. God only can give me that happiness. I pray for it night and day. But my prayers, I know, are not worthy to be heard. . . . . I am much pleased at your description of Stratford and your visit there. It is endeared to me by many recollections, and it has always been the desire of my life to be able to purchase it. Now that we have no other home, and the one we so loved has been for ever desecrated, that desire is stronger with me than ever. The horse-chestnut you mention in the garden was planted by my mother. I am sorry the vault is so dilapidated. You do not mention the spring, one of the objects of my earliest recollections. How my heart goes back to those happy days! . . . . This is my second visit to Savannah. I have been down the coast as far as Amelia Island to examine the defences. They are poor indeed, and I have laid off work to employ our people a month.

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I hope our enemy will be polite enough to wait for us. It is difficult to get our people to realize their position. . . . .

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

The most important points being now secured against immediate attack, the general proceeded to organize a system of sea-coast defence different from that which had previously been adopted. He withdrew the troops and material from those works which had been established on the islands and salient points, which he could not defend, to a strong interior line, where the effect of the Federal naval force would be neutralized. After a careful reconnoissance of the coast he designated such points as he considered it necessary to fortify. The most important positions on this extensive line were Georgetown, Charleston, Pocotaligo, Coosawhatchie, and Savannah. Coosawhatchie, being central, could communicate with either Charleston or Savannah in two or three hours by railroad, so in case of an attack they could support each other. The positions between Coosawhatchie and Savannah, and those between Charleston and Coosawhatchie, could be reinforced from the positions contiguous to them. There was thus a defensive relation throughout the entire line.

At this time there was great want of guns suitable for sea-coast defence. Those in use had been on the coast for more than thirty years, and were of too light a calibre to cope with the powerful ordnance that had been introduced into the Federal navy. It was therefore desirable to arm the batteries now constructed with heavy guns. The ordnance department being prepared to cast guns of the heaviest calibre, requisitions were made for eight- and ten-inch columbiads for the batteries bordering on the channels that would be entered by gunboats. The heavy smooth-bore guns were preferred to the rifle cannons for fixed batteries, as experiments had shown that the crushing effect of the solid round shot was more destructive than the small breach and deeper penetration of the rifle-bolts. The difference of range was not important, as beyond a certain distance the aim could not be accurate. By the last of December

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many batteries had been completed and other works were being rapidly constructed. When the new year of 1862 opened there was a greater feeling of security among the people of South Carolina and Georgia than had been felt for several months.

The information received from every quarter led to the belief that the Federal Government was making preparations for a powerful attack upon either Charleston or Savannah. In anticipation of this attack every effort was made to strengthen these places. General Ripley, who commanded at Charleston, and General Lawton, the commander at Savannah, ably seconded Lee in the execution of his plans, while Generals Evans, Drayton, and Mercer assisted him at other points. The ordnance department, under the direction of its energetic chief, Colonel Gorgas, filled with wonderful promptitude the various demands made upon it. This greatly facilitated the completion of the defences.

The Federal troops on Beaufort Island were inactive during the months of December, January, and February, and the fleet was in the offing blockading Charleston and Savannah. About the 1st of March the Federal gunboats entered the Savannah River by way of the channel leading from Hilton Head. The small Confederate fleet was too weak to engage them, so they retained undisputed possession of the river. They then established batteries to intercept the communication between Fort Pulaski and the city of Savannah. This fort commands the entrance to the Savannah River, twelve miles below the city.

A few days after getting possession of the river the Federals landed a force under General Q. A. Gillmore on the opposite side of the fort. General Gillmore, having completed his batteries, opened fire about the 1st of April. Having no hope of succor, Fort Pulaski, after striking a blow for honor, surrendered with about 500 men.

The house at Coosawhatchie selected by General Lee for headquarters was of just sufficient capacity for himself and military family, which consisted of Captain Thornton Washington, adjutant-general, Captains Walter H. Taylor and Manigault, aides-de-camp, Captain Ives, engineer officer, Captain Walker, cavalry officer, and Major A. L. Long, chief of artil-

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lery. Though not habitually present, may be added Captain Stephen Elliot, whose perfect knowledge of the coast enabled him to render the most valuable service. The general was as unpretending in the interior arrangement of his quarters as were his exterior surroundings. His simple camp-equipage and that of his staff comprised the entire furniture of the house. The table-service consisted of a neat set of tin-ware, plates, dishes, and cups made to fit into each other for convenience in packing. The bill of fare corresponded in frugality to the plainness of the furniture. The general occupied the head of his table, and always seasoned the meal with his good-humor and pleasant jests, often at the expense of some member of the staff who seemed to miss the luxuries of the table more than himself.

The extensive line of operations that demanded his attention caused Lee to be almost constantly on the move, first at one place, and then at another, where important work was in progress. It was remarkable how his quiet, confident manner stimulated the men to exertion whenever he came among them. On these occasions he more forcibly impressed one with the magnetic influence of the power of genius over inferiors than in any man the writer of this memoir ever saw.

When inspecting the defences of Charleston harbor the mind of the writer naturally was carried back to the time of his first acquaintance with Fort Moultrie. At that time the political harmony of the country was agitated by a ripple of discontent which was soon dispelled, and Charleston was permitted ten years of uninterrupted prosperity. Then she stood in her wealth, beauty, and commercial importance queen among the cities of the Southern Atlantic. Now war had closed her spacious harbor and the flames had consumed her wealth and destroyed her beauty. Though oppressed by misfortune, she still proudly bore her crest, determined to preserve her honor untarnished to the close of her existence.

It was only necessary to perfect the defences on James and John's Islands to entirely secure Charleston from attack seaward. This being done, this city was enabled, with the skill of the engineer and the bravery of the troops under the direc-

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tion of Generals G. T. Beauregard, Sam Jones, and others, to sustain, considering the power of the engines brought against her, one of the most remarkable sieges on record.

About the middle of March, Lee was directed to proceed to Richmond. By that time he had established a strong interior line of defence extending from Winyaw Bay to the mouth of St. Mary's River. This line, being bravely and skilfully defended, proved to be an impenetrable barrier to the combined efforts of the land and naval forces of the enemy constantly employed on the coast, until it was carried by Sherman in his unopposed march through Georgia and South Carolina. In order that the importance of this series of defensive works may be understood, it is necessary to know what it accomplished. It protected the most valuable agricultural section of the Confederacy, ensured the safety of Charleston and Savannah, and covered the principal line of communication between the Mississippi and the Potomac. Besides these important results it produced a desirable effect by diffusing among the inhabitants a sense of security they had not felt for many months.

When Lee took his departure the command devolved upon General Pemberton, a brave and experienced officer. He was well acquainted with the plan of operation adopted, and was therefore able to advance successfully the works that necessarily remained incomplete. Major Long remained on duty with Pemberton until May, when he received orders to report to General Lee in Richmond. At that time a general depression was felt throughout the Confederacy, caused by the results following the battle of Shiloh, the death of General Albert Sidney Johnston, the fall of New Orleans, and the tremendous losses occasioned by the evacuation of Yorktown and Norfolk.

The Southern campaign of General Lee which we have just described presents a remarkable example of a successful opposition of science and art to mere physical power. With surprising strategic ability he selected the important points of a long and difficult line, and with equal tactical skill adopted measures for their defence. The infantry was disposed for mutual support, while the artillery, in groups of a few guns,

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was placed in batteries at intervals, so as to cover extensive districts, and at the same time to be able to bring a heavy concentric fire on intermediate points. This combination was the most effective that could have been devised to prevent the incursion of gunboats.

We may also observe that there is a striking contrast between the vigor and energy displayed on the one side and the supineness manifested on the other. The Federal commander, instead of making after his easy capture of Port Royal a rapid movement toward the railroad at Pocotaligo and Charleston by the Edisto, or toward Savannah by way of Hilton Head—in either of which movements he would at that time have met with little or no opposition—contented himself with gathering the harvest of cotton found on Beaufort Island and providing a refuge for the fugitive slaves from the neighboring plantations; thus giving a petty financial enterprise and a negro sentimentality precedence over military operations of the highest importance; while his active opponent erected, unmolested, an insurmountable barrier to his future advance.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

The Defences of the Peninsula.—Cruise of the Merrimac.—Siege of Yorktown by McClellan's Army.—General Johnston's Plan of Operations.—It is not Accepted.—Retreat of the Confederate Army.—Battle of Williamsburg.—Surrender of Norfolk.—The Federal Fleet Repulsed.—Battle of Seven Pines.—General Lee takes Command.

BEFORE proceeding with this narrative it may be well to review previous operations, especially those that had taken place on the Peninsula and about Norfolk. To gain a clear idea of them a description of the peninsula embraced by the York and James rivers, Hampton Roads, and Chesapeake Bay is necessary. Its principal natural features are—the Chickahominy, a stream of considerable length; the Warwick, an estuary of the James which rises in the neighborhood of Yorktown; and the primeval forest, interspersed with farms and plantations. Its surface is generally level, except along the Chickahominy and the James, where it is diversified by low ranges of hills. The strip between the Warwick and Hampton Roads is marshy and easily inundated. Old Point, Hampton Roads, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Newport News, and Sewell's Point are also included in its topography. Norfolk, situated on the Elizabeth River a few miles from its junction with Hampton Roads, is surrounded by a flat, sandy country, bordered on the south by the Dismal Swamp, and terminated on the north and east by Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay. The town of Portsmouth and Gosport navy-yard lie on the Elizabeth River, directly opposite.

The first act of the governor of Virginia upon the secession of the State was to seize the Gosport navy-yard and provide for the security of the James and York rivers. This measure was of the highest importance, as the safety of the capital and

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of an important portion of the State depended on their security. The vessels of war captured in Norfolk harbor and the immense quantity of naval stores found at the navy-yard were of incalculable value to the Confederacy. The defences of Norfolk and the mouth of the James River were assigned to General Huger, while those of Yorktown and the Peninsula were entrusted to General Magruder. These officers had obtained high distinction in the United States army, and the zeal and energy they exhibited in the new work to which they had been assigned fully entitled them to the highest confidence of the Confederacy.

The Federals, at the same time, were also active in their preparations on the Peninsula. General Butler appeared almost simultaneously with Huger and Magruder at the head of large forces, for the double purpose of defending Fortress Monroe from Confederate attack and of operating either against Norfolk or Yorktown as circumstances might suggest. On the 8th of June, 1861, Butler sent a strong reconnoitering party toward Yorktown. This force was met at Big Bethel Church, a few miles from the village of Hampton, by Colonel D. H. Hill, with a detachment of infantry, supported by Colonel G. W. Randolph's battalion of artillery, and was repulsed with heavy loss. This was the first conflict of arms since the fall of Fort Sumter, and, although small in point of numbers, its moral effect was considerable by inspiring the Confederates with confidence, while it had a depressing influence upon the Federals.

After this affair the Federals made no other demonstration on the Peninsula until the ensuing spring. During the interim Magruder and Huger applied themselves with skill and industry to the completion of the defences of their respective positions, while the naval department was active in its preparations at the Gosport navy-yard. Magruder first occupied himself in securing the command of the York River by the erection of strong batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester Point, where the river is less than a mile wide; then he completed his land-defences to the Warwick near its head, subsequently extending them down that river to its mouth. The strip of land between the Warwick and the James, being marshy, could be easily

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rendered difficult, if not impracticable, for military movements by inundation, for which purpose dams had been built on the Warwick. General Huger, on his part, protected Norfolk on the land side by a system of defences extending from the Dismal Swamp to the Elizabeth River, and secured that river and the mouth of the James by strong batteries, the most important of which were those on Crany Island and Sewell's Point. Being connected by a part of the James, the works of Magruder and Huger formed a continuous defensive line from the Dismal Swamp to Yorktown, of such strength that its reduction could only be accomplished by the tedious process of a siege, and could be turned only on the right by way of Albemarle Sound, and on the left by the Rappahannock River. In either case, through their possession of an interior line, the Confederates could have easily anticipated such a movement. Referring to the part of this line traversing the Peninsula, General Magruder says:

"Deeming it of vital importance to hold Yorktown on the York River, and Mulberry Island on the James River, and to keep the enemy in check by an intervening line until the authorities might take such steps as should be held necessary to meet a serious advance of the enemy in the Peninsula, I felt compelled to dispose my forces in such a manner as to accomplish these objects with the least possible risk under the circumstances of great hazard which surrounded the little army I commanded. I had prepared, as my real line of defence, positions in advance at Harwood's and Young's mills. Both flanks of this line were defended by boggy and difficult streams and swamps. In addition, the left flank, reaching to the York River, was defended by elaborate fortifications at Ship's Point, connected by a broken line of redoubts crossing the heads of the various ravines which empty into the York River and Wormley's Creek, and terminating at Fort Grafton nearly in front of Yorktown. The right flank was defended by the fortifications at the mouth of the Warwick River and at Mulberry Island Point, and the redoubts extending from the Warwick to the James River. Intervening between the two hills was a wooded country about two miles in extent. This wooded line,

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forming the centre, needed the defence of infantry in sufficient force to prevent any attempt on the part of the enemy to break through it. In my opinion, this advanced line with its flank defences might have been held by 20,000 troops. With 25,000 I do not believe it could have been broken by any force the enemy could have brought against it."

On examining the theatre of operations embracing Norfolk and Yorktown, it will be observed that those places bear a defensive relation to each other, so that the fall of one would necessarily involve the evacuation or capture of the other. While the military authorities at Washington were discussing the several lines of operation of which Richmond was the objective point, that by way of Norfolk was suggested; but as the Peninsula presented not only a shorter line, but also fewer difficulties than the Norfolk one, it was adopted as the field of operation. McClellan in answer to the question, "During the early part of last winter could not a force of 30,000 or 40,000 men have been concentrated suddenly at Fortress Monroe, and Norfolk captured and the Merrimac destroyed without incurring any great hazard to us?" said, "Such a thing was possible, but would have been difficult, and I do not think it would have promoted the general objects of the war. I looked upon the fall of Norfolk as a necessary consequence of a movement upon Richmond." Question: "Would not the destruction of the Merrimac have been a great point gained, and have rendered the move upon Richmond, by way of the James or York River, very much more safe?" Answer: "As things turned out, yes. But I do not think the importance of the Merrimac was appreciated until she came out. I remember very well that the Navy Department thought that the Congress and the Cumberland were capable of taking care of the Merrimac. The question of taking Norfolk after the Merrimac made its appearance and destroyed the Congress and Cumberland was seriously discussed. The conclusion arrived at was, that it was better not to depart from the direct movement upon Richmond under all the circumstances of the case." *

* See "McClellan's Testimony before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War," vol. i. p. 425.

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By the 1st of March, 1862, the famous iron-clad Merrimac was ready for service, and other vessels of similar character were rapidly approaching completion. The Merrimac on the 8th of March made her first cruise, in which she encountered a part of the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads and destroyed two first-class frigates. On the 9th she attacked the Monitor, the especial boast of the Federals, and, while inflicting considerable damage on this antagonist, sustained herself but little injury. The Confederate authorities at this time believed that with the Merrimac and the other vessels of war, when completed, the tide-water section of Virginia would be secure, both by land and water, against the attack of the land and naval forces of the enemy.

We will now turn our attention to the operations on the Potomac. After the battle of Manassas, General Johnston continued to direct military affairs on the Potomac and in the Shenandoah Valley. There were, however, no operations of a general character during the fall and winter. The occupation of Centreville, the defeat of the Federals at Ball's Bluff by General Evans, and the expedition against Romney led by General T. J. Jackson were the principal events that occurred during that period.

The main body of the army went into winter quarters at Centreville, and that position was strongly fortified. The proximity of General Johnston was looked upon with an anxious eye at Washington, where his force was exaggerated to more than double its real strength.

When General McClellan entered upon the defence of the Federal capital, about the end of July, 1861, he found himself surrounded with difficulties of no ordinary character. The army which afterward became so distinguished as the Army of the Potomac consisted of about 50,000 men, mostly fugitives from the late field of Manassas who had returned to their colors. McClellan was therefore obliged to shoulder at once the onerous task of reorganizing, recruiting, and disciplining the army while at the same time he provided for the completion of the exterior defences of the city. In each of these duties he displayed great administrative abilities. He also manifested in

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the course of his labors much firmness and self-control in resisting newspaper taunts and the impatience of the Federal authorities, which urged him to the field before his arrangements were complete. He could not, however, be turned from his purpose of perfecting his army and the defences of Washington in all their details before he advanced. This, through patient labor, he accomplished by the opening of spring, 1862, when he was in condition to leave Washington in security and enter the field at the head of an army of 150,000 men, perfect in all its appointments, in addition to a large reserve force organized for the defence of the capital during his absence.

Though Johnston's force did not then much exceed 40,000 men, the Federal mind was still deluded with the belief that it was much greater, and McClellan was confident that he would have to encounter at Centreville and Manassas a force of at least 80,000 men strongly intrenched. General Johnston, perceiving that this delusion would be speedily dissipated by a collision with an army numerically four times greater than his own, prepared to evacuate Centreville and Manassas at the moment McClellan should commence his advance. This looked-for event occurred on the 8th of March, 1862, whereupon Johnston retired behind the Rappahannock.

General McClellan, on finding Centreville and Manassas evacuated and the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock destroyed, prepared for an immediate transfer of his army to the Peninsula by way of the Potomac. The greater part of his army having arrived, he appeared in front of Magruder on the 4th of April with the main body of his forces, accompanied by a powerful siege-train of Parrot guns and mortars.

Before his arrival at this locality McClellan was ignorant of the defences on the Warwick, and had been misled by his map in regard to the topography of the contiguous country; therefore he made a careful personal examination of the works on the Warwick previous to deciding on a plan of attack. His reconnoissance convinced him that Magruder's position could not be carried by assault, and he determined to reduce it by regular approaches. For that purpose he promptly commenced

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the erection of his primary batteries beyond the effective range of Magruder's guns—one and a half miles.

The Peninsula having become the principal theatre of war in Virginia, and Magruder's force, of less than 11,000 strong, being now inadequate for its defence, General Johnston was directed to send thither all his available troops and assume in person the command of that important field of operation. By the 20th of April all of the designated reinforcements had arrived. We shall here give a brief summary of the opposing armies:

The Federals had on the Peninsula, under the immediate command of General McClellan, 115,000 men; in the Valley and on the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, 30,000 men, commanded by Generals Banks and Shields; and on the Potomac, a reserve of 40,000, under General McDowell—making an aggregate of 185,000 men.

Opposed to this force the Confederates had on the Peninsula 53,000 men, under the immediate command of General Johnston, with Ewell and Jackson on the upper Rappahannock; in the Valley, something over 16,000 men; and 18,000 at Norfolk, commanded by Huger—making a total of 90,000 men. These numbers will not differ materially from the statements given by the opposing generals. There was also a small local force at Richmond, and a much larger one of a similar character in and about Washington. Besides the Federal land-forces there was a powerful naval force in Hampton Roads, opposed by a small Confederate one in Norfolk harbor, consisting of the Merrimac and a few river gunboats.

At this time General J. E. Johnston bore the highest military reputation in the Confederacy, since by his manœuvring with Patterson in the Valley, his splendid success at Manassas, and his masterly retreat from Centreville he had acquired a world-wide renown. Before entering upon his new command he presented to the President a plan of operations entirely different from that which had been previously adopted. It, however, involved the risk of such great sacrifices that it was disapproved of by Mr. Davis and his military advisers, General Randolph, Secretary of War, and General Lee.

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Johnston, regarding Magruder's line on the Peninsula indefensible, thus explains his plan: "Instead of only delaying the Federal army in its approach, I proposed that it should be encountered in front of Richmond by one quite as numerous, formed by uniting there all the available forces of the Confederacy in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, with those at Norfolk, those on the Peninsula, and those near Richmond, including Smith's and Longstreet's divisions, which had recently arrived. The great army thus formed, surprising that of the United States by an attack when it was expecting to besiege Richmond, would be almost certain to win; and the enemy, defeated a hundred miles from Fort Monroe, their place of refuge, could scarcely escape destruction. Such a victory would decide not only the campaign, but the war, while the present plan could produce no decisive results.

"The President, who had listened with apparent interest, replied that the question was so important that he would hear it fully discussed before making his decision, and desired the writer of this work [General Johnston] to meet General Randolph (Secretary of War) and General Lee in his office at an appointed time for the purpose: upon advice, Mr. Davis authorized the invitation of Major-generals Smith and Longstreet to the conference."

In the mean time General Johnston proceeded to Yorktown, and after a personal examination of Magruder's position returned to Richmond with his opinion in regard to its strength unchanged. General Johnston continues: "The conference began more than an hour before noon by my describing, at the President's request, General Magruder's defensive arrangements, as I had previously done to him, and representing that General McClellan's probable design of molesting our batteries at Gloucester Point and Yorktown, and turning our position by transporting his army up the river, could not be prevented, so that the adoption of a new plan was necessary. . . . .

"In the discussion that followed General Randolph, who had been a naval officer, objected to the plan proposed because it included at least the temporary abandonment of Norfolk, which would involve the probable loss of the materials for

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many vessels of war contained in the navy-yard there. Lee opposed it because he thought that the withdrawal from South Carolina and Georgia of any considerable number of troops would expose the important seaports of Charleston and Savannah to the danger of capture. He thought, too, that the Peninsula had excellent fields of battle for a small army contending with a great one, and that we should for that reason make the contest with McClellan's army there. Longstreet, owing to his deafness, took little part in the conference.

"The writer of these pages maintained that all to be accomplished, by any success attainable on the Peninsula, would be to delay the enemy two or three weeks in his march to Richmond, for the reasons already given, and that success would soon give us back everything temporarily abandoned to achieve it, and would be decisive of the war as well as of the campaign.

"The President decided in favor of the opinion of General Lee, and ordered General Johnston to take command of the Army of the Peninsula, adding the departments of Norfolk and the Peninsula to that of Northern Virginia."*

General Johnston further relates: "I assumed my new command on the 17th. The arrival of Smith's and Longstreet's divisions had increased the army on the Peninsula to about 53,000 men, including 3000 sick. It was opposed to 133,000 Federal soldiers. Magruder's division formed the Confederate right, Longstreet's the centre, D. H. Hill's the left, and Smith's the reserve. The field-works at Gloucester Point and Yorktown on the left flank, and Mulberry Point on the right, were occupied by 8000 men. In this position we had nothing to do but to finish the works begun between Yorktown and the head of the inundations, and observe the enemy's operations. They were limited to a little skirmishing at long range and daily cannonading, generally directed at Magruder's left or Longstreet's right, and the construction of a long line of batteries in front of Yorktown and beyond the range of our old-fashioned ship-guns. These batteries, our scouts reported, were of about one hundred of the heaviest Parrot guns and above thirty mortars. A battery on the shore three miles (pilot's

* See Johnston's *Narrative of Military Operations*, pp. 113–116.

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distance) below Yorktown received the first guns mounted. Shots of the first volley, fired to get the range of the Confederate works, fell in the camp of the reserve, a mile and a half beyond the village. . . . . Finding on the 27th that the Federal batteries would be ready for action in five or six days, the War Department was informed of the fact, and of the intention to abandon Yorktown and the Warwick before the fire of that artillery should be opened upon our troops. The suggestion made in the conference in the President's office was also repeated—to form a powerful army near Richmond of all the available forces of the Confederacy, and to fall upon McClellan's army when it should come within reach. Major-general Huger was instructed at the same time to prepare to evacuate Norfolk, and Captain S. S. Lee, commanding the navy-yard at Gosport, to remove to a place of safety as much of the valuable property it contained as he could."

Learning that the Federal batteries would be ready for action on the 4th of May, General Johnston evacuated Yorktown and its defences on the night of the 3d, and retired with his whole army toward Richmond. Since Magruder's position was never put to the test, the difference of opinion respecting it must be reconciled by speculative criticism. The next morning McClellan found himself again baffled by his wily antagonist, and saw the batteries he had so carefully constructed doomed to silence. General McClellan on the morning of the 4th of May took possession of Yorktown and instituted a vigorous pursuit of Johnston's retreating columns.

The rear-guard, under Longstreet, being overtaken at Williamsburg, was compelled to halt and offer battle to check the rapid advance of the enemy. General Johnston was also obliged to turn back D. H. Hill's division to support his rear-guard. The greater part of the forenoon of the 5th was occupied in skirmishing, but in the afternoon a spirited combat ensued between the Confederate rear-guard under General Longstreet and the Federal advance under General Sumner, which continued until terminated by night.

In this affair Hill and Early on the part of the Confederates, and Hooker, Hancock, and Kearny on that of the Federals,

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were conspicuously prominent. Both sides claimed the victory, but the result was that Johnston gained the time he required to extricate his trains, which had been retarded by the bad condition of the roads, while the Federals were left masters of the field by the withdrawal of the Confederate rear-guard. Without any other interruption worthy of note Johnston continued his retreat to the Chickahominy.

The movements here described were immediately followed by the surrender of Norfolk in accordance with the suggestion of General Johnston. Though the yielding of this important place with its highly valuable navy-yard was strongly opposed by members of the Cabinet at Richmond, yet the impossibility of holding it after the retreat of the army from the Peninsula became evident, and it was ordered to be abandoned. In accordance therewith, General Huger destroyed the dockyards and removed the stores, and on the 10th of May evacuated the place, withdrawing its garrison to Richmond. On the next day a Federal force from Fortress Monroe, under the command of General Wool, occupied the town.

Hopes were entertained of saving the Merrimac, a vessel which had done such noble service for the Confederacy, and caused such serious disaster to the Federal navy. But it was quickly perceived that its draught of water was too great to permit it to ascend the James River to Richmond, and there was no alternative but its destruction. It was therefore blown up by order of its commander, Commodore Tatnall.

The inevitable result of the loss of the Merrimac was the opening of the James River to the Federal gunboats, which was at once taken advantage of by a fleet composed of the Monitor, Galena, Aroostook, Port Royal, and Naugatuck, under Commodore Rogers. This fleet ascended the stream to within twelve miles of Richmond, where it was arrested by the fire of Fort Darling on Drewry's Bluff. A four hours' engagement took place, which resulted in the withdrawal of the fleet, considerably the worse for the vigorous play of the Confederate battery.

Yet, despite this check to the approach to Richmond by water through the repulse of a strong fleet of gunboats by a fortifica-

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tion of no great strength, it was evident that the evacuation of the defences at the mouth of the James, with the loss of the Merrimac, would greatly embarrass the future defence of Richmond. McClellan slowly continued his pursuit of Johnston by the principal roads and the York River. The ascent of the James River by the Federal gunboats obliged General Johnston to cross the Chickahominy in order to defend Richmond against their attack, as well as to protect it from the advance of McClellan.

About the 20th, Johnston took a position near Richmond covering the roads leading to the lower James and the Peninsula. His right rested on the James near Drewry's Bluff, the scene of the engagement with the gunboats, and his left on the Chickahominy a little above New Bridge. The force withdrawn from Yorktown, having experienced some loss on its retreat, now amounted to about 50,000 men. In addition to these General Johnston embraced in his command the troops under Huger at Petersburg, Anderson at Fredericksburg, and Branch near Hanover C. H., making an aggregate of about 22,000 men. His active force, therefore, at this time was 70,000 men. He also included in his command the force under General Jackson of between 15,000 and 20,000, then operating in the Valley of Virginia. The Federal army of the Peninsula at this time exceeded 100,000 men, divided into five corps d'armée, two of which, commanded by Heintzelman and Keyes, crossed the Chickahominy on the 23d, and advanced to the Fair Oaks Station on the York River Railroad.

On the 24th Casey's division of Keyes' corps was advanced to Seven Pines, a mile and a half in advance of Fair Oaks, when it took a position across the Williamsburg road and covered it by earth-works and batteries. The other division of Keyes' corps was in position to support Casey, and Heintzelman's corps was stationed on the railroad near Fair Oaks Station. When Johnston discovered that a portion of the Federal army had crossed the Chickahominy, he ordered Huger to Richmond and Anderson to join Branch at Hanover C. H. Branch was attacked and roughly handled by a part of

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Porter's corps on the 27th, but being opportunely joined by Anderson he was able to maintain his position, and the Federals fell back to Mechanicsville. Anderson and Branch were then ordered to Meadow Bridge, opposite that place. General D. H. Hill was ordered, on the 30th, to make a reconnoissance of the Federal position at Seven Pines. This duty was assigned to the brigades of Rodes and Garland. The former advanced by the Charles City road and the latter by the Williamsburg road.

The Federal position was soon developed and reported to General Johnston. An attack was ordered to be made the next morning. The divisions of Longstreet and D. H. Hill were to be formed in two lines across and at right angles to the Williamsburg road. Huger's division was to move to the right of Longstreet, and Hill to the Charles City road opposite the left flank of the Federal position, and then to co-operate with Longstreet in the attack. The division of G. W. Smith on the left moved by the Nine Mile road to its junction with the New Bridge road, there to act either in opposing reinforcements that might be sent across the Chickahominy during the engagement, or on the right flank of the Federal force about to be attacked, as circumstances might suggest. Magruder's division formed the reserve. The division commanded by A. P. Hill occupied the position in front of Mechanicsville. The cavalry constituted the extreme left of the Confederate line. As soon as the troops had gained their designated positions Longstreet was to attack in front, and the troops on his right and left were to support him.

On the afternoon and night of the 30th a heavy fall of rain caused the water of the Chickahominy to rise so high that it was rendered impassable. The corps of Keyes and Heintzelman were thus isolated from the other Federal corps. This intervention of the elements afforded the Confederates an opportunity of giving the Federals an effective blow, which, however, was not taken advantage of as promptly as might have been expected. Considerable delay occurred by the failure of the troops to get into position. Longstreet, after impatiently awaiting the arrival of Huger until nearly two o'clock

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in the afternoon, determined to attack without further delay. He therefore advanced his own and D. H. Hill's divisions, and attacked the first position of the Federals, which was gallantly carried in the face of a terrible fire of artillery and musketry. The Federals were forced back upon their supports, which in turn were compelled to yield to the impetuous assault of the Confederates and were borne back to Fair Oaks Station, where, being confronted by the corps of Heintzelman, then fresh, the divisions of Longstreet and Hill were obliged to pause. All that was now required for the complete destruction of two Federal corps was the prompt co-operation of Smith's division, which had remained inactive during the attack of Longstreet from two until four o'clock. When this division did advance it was too late to accomplish what might have been easily done a short time before, for the waters of the Chickahominy had sufficiently subsided during the day to admit of the passage of the other corps of the enemy. This delay gave the Federals time to send over reinforcements.

When the battle of Seven Pines had begun General McClellan ordered General Sumner to hold his corps in readiness to support the troops on the south side of the Chickahominy. That officer, in order to prevent delay, placed his corps under arms and moved the heads of his columns to the river. This promptness on the part of General Sumner enabled him to reach the field in time to meet Smith's division as it advanced to attack the troops of Heintzelman and Keyes in flank, and a sharp engagement ensued which lasted till nightfall without decisive result.

In the movements here detailed and the severe engagement with which they closed Lee took no active part, his position continuing that of military adviser of the President without command in the field. This inactivity, however, was by no means to his taste, and on the 30th he sent the writer (Colonel Long) on a visit to Johnston to tell him that he would be glad to participate in the battle. He had no desire to interfere with his command, but simply wished to aid him on the field to the best of his ability and in any manner in which his services would be of most value. General Johnston expressed gratifi-

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cation at this message, and the hope that General Lee would ride out to the field, with the desire that he would send him all the reinforcements he could.

On the morning of the 31st, before nine o'clock, General Lee and President Davis rode out to General Smith's headquarters on the Nine Mile road, where they joined General Johnston. They remained there for some time during the progress of the battle, in which, however, General Lee took no part. At the close of the day's fight a serious event took place, which was destined to greatly change the aspect of affairs and bring into active service the great commander, whose remarkable abilities had hitherto been confined to secondary details of the service, and who had yet been given no proper opportunity to display his genius on the field.

The event in question was the wounding of Johnston, who received a severe hurt at the close of the day's fight, and was carried from the field, disabled for the time from any active service. The command devolved upon General G. W. Smith, the officer next in rank.

The battle closed with nightfall, the contending forces remaining upon the field in the positions they had occupied at the cessation of the engagement.

On the next morning there was a partial renewal of the battle between a portion of the contending forces. This lasted until about eleven o'clock, when the fighting closed on both sides without any important results.

On this day (June 1st), however, occurred the notable circumstance to which we have above alluded, as it withdrew General Lee from his partial retirement and placed him in a position in which his extraordinary military genius gained the first opportunity for its full display. Shortly after the wounding of Johnston a decision was reached by President Davis, which he communicated at an early hour of the next morning to Smith, to the effect that Lee had been assigned to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. This decision was expected by and agreeable to General Smith, who was sick, and in an unfit condition to take command of the army. Immediately after being relieved, indeed, he retired from the service, which he

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did not re-enter till a subsequent period, when he had recovered from his disability.

At a later hour of the same day Lee repaired in person to Smith's headquarters and relieved him of the command of the army. It was a vital incident, and one fraught with momentous consequences. From that time the motto of the Army of Northern Virginia was "Forward!" under the control of its valiant and skilful commander, who was destined to lead it to victory on many a hard-fought field, and finally, when its reduction in numbers forced it into a defensive attitude, to withstand for months its overwhelming foe, and never submit until only a meagre and starving fragment of that gallant army remained, too few and too exhausted to yield any glory in their conquest to the victorious enemy.

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CHAPTER X.

THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT.

Recapitulation.—Lee Takes Command.—Selects and Fortifies his Position.—Extracts from Long's Notebook.—Lee Decides to Attack the Enemy.—Dispositions for the Assault.—Battle of Gaines's Mill.—Federal Defeat.—McClellan's Retreat.—Frazier's Farm.—Malvern Hill.—The Federals reach Harrison's Landing.

HITHERTO, in our detail of the opening events of the Civil War, the name of General Lee has scarcely appeared, his position, while of great importance, being one to keep him from public prominence. From this time forward he becomes the central figure of the war, and in order to properly appreciate the circumstances attending this change of conditions it is necessary to briefly recapitulate a portion of the preceding chapter.

In the winter of 1862 the Confederate Congress created the office of "military adviser to the President," with the view of lightening the arduous duties which devolved upon him as commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces. Lee was selected to fill this position, and about the 13th of March, 1862, he entered upon his duties. The staff allowed him consisted of a military secretary with the rank of colonel and four aides with the rank of major. General Lee offered to Major A. L. Long the position of military secretary, and selected for his aides-de-camp Majors Randolph Talcott, Walter H. Taylor, Charles S. Venable, and Charles Marshall. When the writer reported for duty, about the middle of May, he found the general actively engaged in superintending the erection of defences on the James River near Richmond. The battery and obstructions at Drury's Bluff were so advanced that the great alarm that had been felt for the safety of the city upon the evacuation of Norfolk began to subside, as there was no longer the fear of an immediate attack. The Federal gunboats had entered the

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James, and on the 15th the battery at Drury Bluff was attacked by the enemy's fleet, consisting of the iron-clads Galena and Naugatuck, a monitor, and two gunboats. These vessels were skilfully handled and gallantly fought. The Galena approached within four hundred yards of the battery, and then opened a spirited fire with her powerful guns; the Naugatuck and monitor closely supported her, while the gunboats delivered their fire at a longer range. After a hotly-contested conflict the fleet was repulsed with heavy loss. The Galena was so severely damaged as to be rendered unfit for future service, while the other vessels were more or less injured; the battery sustained but slight damage. This defeat of the gunboats by an incomplete earthwork of only five guns for the first time caused a just value to be placed on defences of that character, which thenceforth became a conspicuous element in defensive operations.

At this time the safety of Richmond was entirely due to the skill and energy of General Lee, for upon the evacuation of Norfolk the James was left entirely open from its mouth to Richmond, and the hastily-constructed defence at Drury's Bluff was the only barrier interposed between that city and a hostile fleet. After crossing the Chickahominy, about the 20th, General J. E. Johnston assumed the defence of Richmond. He attacked the enemy at Seven Pines on the 31st of May, and was severely wounded, as we have seen, near the close of the action. That event was immediately followed by the appointment of Lee to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Though regretting the cause that led to his assignment to the command of the army, he was pleased to be released from the duties of the office for those of the field, which were far better suited to his active and energetic disposition. He carried with him to the field the same personal staff that had been allowed him in Richmond.

On the afternoon of the 1st of June, General G. W. Smith, on whom the command of the army had devolved when General Johnston was wounded, resigned his command to General Lee, and shortly after retired on account of bad health. It soon appeared that there was considerable depression in the army,

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the natural consequence of the incidents of war. As some of the officers were apprehensive that the army would not be able to maintain its position should it be attacked, Lee thought it advisable to assemble his principal officers for deliberation on its condition at an early period.

In reference to this point, Mr. Davis, in his *Rise and Fall of the Confederacy*, chap. xxiii., vol. ii., says: "The day after General Lee assumed command I was riding out to the army, when I saw at a house on my left a number of horses, and among them one I recognized as belonging to him. I dismounted and entered the house, where I found him in consultation with a number of his general officers. The tone of the conversation was quite despondent, and one especially pointed out the inevitable consequence of the enemy's advance by throwing out bayoux and constructing successive parallels." Farther on he refers to a want of co-operation that existed among the different divisions during the battle of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, which was productive of natural distrust that might have resulted in serious demoralization had it not been speedily corrected. The council met, as had been previously ordered, on the Nine Mile road, near the house which had been occupied by Smith as his headquarters.

The principal officers of the army were present, and were almost unanimous in the opinion that the line then occupied should be abandoned for one nearer Richmond which was considered more defensible.

The line in question was that which had been adopted by Johnston prior to the occupation in force of the south bank of the Chickahominy by the enemy, and was the strongest the country presented; but now the dispirited condition of our troops and the occupation in force by the enemy of the south side of the river caused the most prominent Confederate officers to doubt their ability to hold it, and consequently they urged its evacuation and withdrawal to a position nearer Richmond. Lee thus found himself in a situation of great embarrassment. He did not then possess the fame he was destined soon to acquire. He was also unknown to that army, and lacked its confidence. Under these disadvantages he was obliged to assume the re-

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sponsibility of maintaining a position pronounced untenable by his principal officers, or of hazarding the safety of Richmond by a withdrawal of his forces that would inevitably result in a forced occupation of the outer defences of the capital and its complete investiture by the enemy, which would have ensured the speedy capture of the city. Lee, who had long been accustomed to rely upon himself, quickly decided on the course to be adopted. It was evident that the present position of the army must be maintained or that Richmond must be abandoned to the enemy, and the loss of Richmond at this time would have been of incalculable injury to the Confederate cause. He therefore, in opposition to the opinion of his subordinates, determined to hold the position in which he found the army; but before making known his determination he made a careful reconnoissance of the whole position, and then declared his intention of holding it, ordering it to be immediately fortified in the most effective manner.

General Lee then reorganized his forces and established a strong defensive line. He selected, with slight alterations, the position then occupied by his troops. This line extended from Chaffin's Bluff, on the James River, crossing the river road about four miles, and the Darby Town, Charles City, Williamsburg, and Nine Mile roads, about five miles from Richmond to a point on the Chickahominy a little above New Bridge, and then continued up that stream to Meadow Bridge. The army consisted of six divisions. Longstreet's division formed the right, while those of Huger, D. H. Hill, Magruder, Whiting, and A. P. Hill, in the order named, extended to the left. The division of A. P. Hill constituted the left of the Confederate position. The greater part of Stuart's cavalry was on the left, picketing on the Rappahannock and having a small force in observation at Fredericksburg. The duty of constructing a fortified line was apportioned among the divisions, each commander being responsible for the defence in his own front. Very soon a continuous line of breastworks appeared, and as these arose the spirits of the men revived and the sullen silence with which their labor began gave place to jokes and laughter. Those who had entered upon the work

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with reluctance now felt recompensed by the sense of safety it gave them. The defences daily increased until they were sufficiently strong to resist any attack that was likely to be made upon them. In the mean time the stragglers and convalescents began to return, and the army gradually increased. Lee daily appeared upon the lines, and after a few days his presence inspired the troops with confidence and enthusiasm. McClellan established his headquarters on the south side of the Chickahominy about the same time that Lee assumed the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. The Federal army, after deducting the casualties of the late battle, amounted to about 100,000 men for duty; 75,000 of this force were on the south side of the Chickahominy, the remainder on the north of that stream, extending as high up as Mechanicsville. From this position a junction would be easily formed with McDowell's corps of 40,000 men, which, although a part of McClellan's forces, was persistently held in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg as a covering force for Washington.

The writer is fortunately able to add some personal details of General Lee's actions and mode of life during this period, from a notebook which he then began and kept up throughout the war, and which has been of great value to him in securing accuracy of statement during the preparation of this work. Though it is not his purpose to quote directly from this notebook as a rule, yet a selection from its opening pages, which are particularly full of descriptive detail, may be of interest and value, as placing the new commander upon his first entry into an important field of active service in the Civil War more directly before the reader. He therefore here subjoins the entries for several days, beginning with June 3d, the date of the opening entry:

"*June 3d.*—The day has been a very busy one. The general went to the lines early in the morning, and did not return until afternoon. The work was in rapid progress all along the line. The men appeared in better spirits than the day before, and seemed to be interested in their work. When he arrived on General Toombs's part of the line he found that general had been true to his word; he had 'no picks nor spades,' but

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he was having logs piled up for his defence. General Lee laughed at this freak of Toombs's, and remarked, 'Colonel Long, when General Toombs gains a little more experience he will be convinced that *earth* is a better protection against cannon-balls than logs.' The general continued: 'There is a great difference between mercenary armies and volunteer armies, and consequently there must be a difference in the mode of discipline. The volunteer army is more easily disciplined by encouraging a patriotic spirit than by a strict enforcement of the Articles of War.' We hear from the Federal newspapers and our spies that McClellan is prevented from advancing by the softness of the ground and his belief that he has a greatly superior force in his front. If he continues to wait two days longer, we will not thank him for his forbearance.

"*June 4th.*—The general did not go out to-day, being occupied with office-work. He had double duty upon him—the reorganization of the army and the providing for the defence of its position. Our headquarters are very comfortable. The front room on the house floor is the adjutant-general's office. The general's private office is in rear of this. There all the confidential business of the army is transacted, the general's usual attendant being his military secretary or some other member of his personal staff. In the front room the general business of the army is transacted by the adjutant-general and his assistants. General Lee and his household mess together. The mess arrangements are not very ostentatious. Our meals are served and despatched without any very great ceremony. The general is always pleasant at meals, and frequently hurls a pleasant jest at some member of his staff. Captain P. Mason is the assistant adjutant-general: he had been previously attached to General Johnston's staff. We were visited to-day by several high officials from Richmond. Their visit was more from curiosity than any special business. The general bears interruption with great equanimity.

"*June 5th.*—The general was on the lines early to-day. The work has progressed very satisfactorily, and the confidence of the men increases as the work advances. The general made a partial reconnoissance of the Federal position. This embraces

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a front of about four miles, the right resting on the Chickahominy a little below New Bridge, and the left on the White Oak Swamp. Our line extends from Chaffin's Bluff to a point a little above Mechanicsville, a distance of about twelve miles. Our main force, however, confronts that of General McClellan lying south of the Chickahominy.

"*June 6th.*—The general visited that portion of the line to-day occupied by Huger, Longstreet, and D. H. Hill. The troops were in good spirits, and their confidence in General Lee is rapidly increasing. The defences are now so far advanced that they will offer a formidable resistance to an open attack. General McClellan has not yet shown any disposition to advance. He has two balloons out to-day. Our troops are, however, so well sheltered by the timber that his balloon reconnoissances will avail him but little. While the works are advancing, General Lee does not forget the discipline of his army. This he entrusts mainly to his division and brigade commanders, all of whom are men of ability, and some of them men of considerable military experience. General Lee is no martinet, but he requires his subordinates to strictly enforce the rules of discipline. Among the major-generals are Longstreet, Magruder, D. H. Hill, and A. P. Hill. These have already been distinguished for gallantry and ability. Among his brigadiers are Pickett, Wilcox, D. R. Jones, Hood, and Field. These officers have also acquired considerable reputation, and, having been graduates of West Point and members of the old army, are well qualified to instruct and discipline their troops.

"*June 7th.*—The general did not visit the lines to-day, but sent Colonel Long to inspect that portion of the line in the neighborhood of Mechanicsville. A. P. Hill's division occupied that portion of the line. Hill's defences are as well advanced as those of any part of the line. His troops are in fine condition. He designates his division 'the Light Division.' Hill is every inch a soldier, and is destined to make his mark. This afternoon Mr. Davis visited headquarters. The relations between General Lee and Mr. Davis are very friendly. The general is ever willing to receive the suggestions of the

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President, while the President exhibits the greatest confidence in General Lee's experience and ability, and does not hamper him with executive interference.

"*June 8th, Sunday.*—Divine service held in the different brigades of the army. General Lee attended service at one of the right-wing brigades, attended by some of his staff. Visited the lines. . . . .

"*June 16th.*—General Lee, accompanied by Colonel Long, made a reconnoissance of the Federal position on the north side of the Chickahominy. There was then, on that side of the line, a Federal force of about 25,000 men, commanded by General Fitz John Porter. The main body of this force occupied a position near Mr. Gaines's house, and one division, five or six thousand strong, was posted at Mechanicsville. During this reconnoissance General Lee turned to the writer and remarked, 'Now, Colonel Long, how can we get at those people?' This mode of designating the enemy was common with him.

"The Chickahominy between New Bridge and Mechanicsville is narrow, and to facilitate its passage could be easily bridged. Fitz John Porter's position was sufficiently exposed to invite attack, and, the force at Fredericksburg having been withdrawn, General Lee determined to assume the aggressive. This determination, however, was communicated only to his military family until he had fully matured his plan of operation, which he then submitted to Mr. Davis in a personal interview."

Lee's headquarters at this time were on the Nine Mile road, a position which gave him a good oversight of the army and brought all portions of the lines within easy reach. Yet the batteries, rifle-pits, and earthworks which had been erected with so much labor under his personal supervision were destined to have no further utility than that already adverted to—the infusion of confidence into the previously dispirited army. It was not the purpose of the commanding general to remain upon the defensive and await the slow but sure advances of the enemy. He, on the contrary, formed the bolder decision of hurling the force under his command against the serried bat-

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talions of the foe, as indicated in the last-quoted extract from the notebook.

When McClellan crossed the Chickahominy it was thought he would advance immediately upon Richmond. This expectation was disappointed, however, for instead of advancing he began to fortify his position. The right wing rested on the Chickahominy a little below New Bridge, and the left extended to the White Oak Swamp, embracing a front of about four miles, nearly parallel with that of the Confederates. The opposing lines were separated by an interval but little exceeding a mile, but each was obscured from the other's view by the intervening forest. The picket-lines were often within close musket-range of each other. At first there was a good deal of picket-skirmishing, but this was soon discontinued by mutual consent, and a lively exchange of newspapers, coffee, and tobacco succeeded it. The strength of the Confederate force was always greatly over-estimated by McClellan, and his frequent and urgent calls for reinforcements exposed his want of confidence in his own strength. General Lee knowing this uneasy, insecure feeling of his antagonist, and McDowell's force, which had always been a thorn in his side, being about this time withdrawn from Fredericksburg for the support of Banks and Shields in the Valley, prepared, as we have said, to assume the offensive. He conceived the bold plan of crossing the Chickahominy, and, attacking the Federal right wing, to force it back and seize McClellan's line of communication with his base of operations. This plan being successfully executed, the Federal general would be compelled to save his army as best he could by retreat. Preparatory to the execution of this plan General J. E. B. Stuart was ordered to make a reconnoissance in the rear of the Federal position. This officer, with a force of about 1000 cavalry, executed his instructions with great boldness and success. He made the entire circuit of the Federal army and gained much important information.

This movement, indeed, was so skilful and brilliant that it has been classed among the most daring cavalry raids ever made. In addition to the information gained he captured many prisoners and destroyed Federal stores to the value of

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seven million dollars; and all this with the loss of but a single man, the lamented Captain Latane, who fell while leading a successful charge against a superior force of the enemy. He finally recrossed the Chickahominy, almost in the face of the enemy, with the same intrepidity he had shown at every step of his progress, and with a prestige of daring and success that for years clung to his banner and gained him the reputation of being the most dashing and brilliant cavalry leader of the war.

His design being confirmed by Stuart's successful reconnoissance, Lee proceeded to organize a force requisite for the accomplishment of his proposed enterprise. The troops that could be conveniently spared from North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were ordered to Richmond. By the 20th of June, Major-general T. H. Holmes, with 6000 men from North Carolina; Brigadier-general Ripley, with 6000 from South Carolina; and Brigadier-general Lawton, with 5000 from Georgia, had arrived in Richmond. At the same time General Jackson was ordered to withdraw secretly from the Valley and proceed with such expedition as would enable him to reach Hanover Junction by the afternoon of the 25th of June. In order to mask his designs from the Federals, Lee directed Whiting's division and Lawton's brigade to proceed to Staunton, apparently with the view of reinforcing Jackson, but really under orders to return immediately and join that general on the 25th at Hanover Junction. This movement further strengthened McClellan in his opinion of Lee's vastly superior force, and completely blinded him in regard to the real intentions of that general.

General Lee determined to attack the Federal right wing on the morning of the 26th of June. Jackson was directed to move to Atlee's Station on the Central Railroad. A. P. Hill was directed to cross the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge as soon as Jackson arrived in supporting distance, attack the Federals at Mechanicsville, and drive them from that place, so that the bridge on the Richmond and Mechanicsville road might be open for the advance of the other troops; Longstreet and D. H. Hill were ordered to move their divisions as near as practicable to the Mechanicsville bridge without discovering them-

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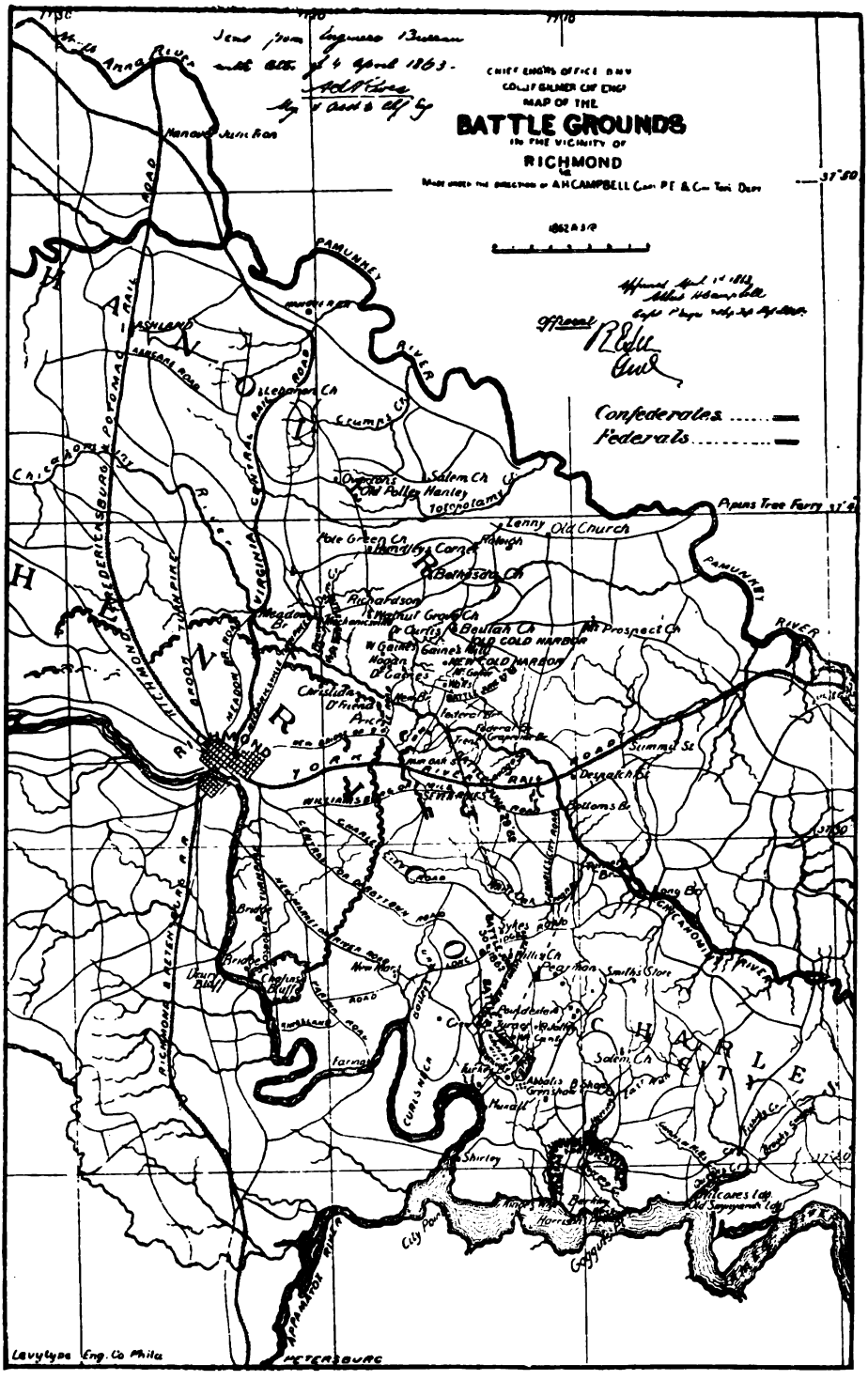

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selves to the observation of the Federals; while Magruder, Huger, and Holmes held the lines that were now completed, with instructions to watch closely the movements of the enemy in their front and act as circumstances might suggest. The effective force of the Army of Northern Virginia, including that brought by Jackson from the valley, as shown by the field returns of June 24th or 25th, amounted to a little more than 81,000 men: 30,000 of these were left in observation under Magruder, while Lee led 50,000 to the attack of the Federal force north of the Chickahominy, which amounted to about 25,000 men, commanded by Fitz John Porter. One division of this force, about 6000 or 7000 strong, under the command of General J. B. Reynolds, occupied Mechanicsville at the extreme right of the Federal position. The main body, under the immediate command of Porter, was posted near Cold Harbor or Gaines's Mill, about six miles below Mechanicsville, and connected by bridges with the main body of the Federal army south of the Chickahominy.

Jackson, having bivouacked at Ashton on the night of the 25th, and his men being fatigued by previous long marches, did not reach his designated position in line of battle until the afternoon of the 26th. This delay was very embarrassing to Lee, and greatly increased the difficulty of executing his plan of operations, as it exposed his design to the enemy and allowed him time to prepare for the approaching storm. General A. P. Hill, on the arrival of Jackson—about four o'clock—crossed the Chickahominy and made a spirited attack on the Federal force at Mechanicsville and compelled it to retire to a position which had been previously prepared beyond the Beaver Dam, a small stream about one mile south-east of the village. The way being now open, the divisions of Longstreet and D. H. Hill began to cross the Chickahominy. Ripley's brigade, which was the first to cross, was ordered to support A. P. Hill in his attempt to dislodge the Federals from their new position. Failing in their first attempt to dislodge them, the approach of night prevented any other being made to carry their position. Reynolds, finding his position would be turned, retired during the night to Gaines's Mill. On the

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morning of the 27th, Lee formed his army into three columns. The division of A. P. Hill, forming the centre, moved by the main road from Mechanicsville to Gaines's Mill; Longstreet moved by a road between this and the Chickahominy; while Jackson and D. H. Hill moved by a road to the left which intersected the Mechanicsville road a mile and a half beyond Gaines's Mill or Cold Harbor. Stuart with his cavalry covered the left flank of the army as it advanced. The guide, having received indefinite instructions from Jackson, led his column by a road that intersected with the Mechanicsville road before reaching Gaines's Mill. This brought the head of Jackson's column against Hill's troops. Jackson, being obliged to countermarch in order to gain the right road, caused a delay of several hours in the operations of General Lee and materially affected his plan of attack. It was his intention that when Jackson reached the Mechanicsville road he should form his troops in order of battle and attack the Federal right, while A. P. Hill attacked the centre and Longstreet the left.

The Federal position near Gaines's Mill was a plateau bounded on the north-west side by a bluff eighty or ninety feet in elevation, which, curving to the north and east, gradually diminished into a gentle slope. The plateau was bounded on its north side by a stream flowing along its base, whose banks gradually widened and deepened until, when reaching the bluff, they had gained the width of eight or ten and the depth of five or six feet, thus forming a natural ditch. Three lines of breastworks, rising one above the other, had been constructed upon the base of the bluff, and its crest was crowned with artillery. Three lines of Federal infantry occupied the bluff, and one line extended along the north-east crest for more than a mile, and batteries of artillery were in position in rear of the infantry. The Federal position was very strong, and to carry it required the greatest bravery and resolution on the part of the assailants. McClellan, being now aware of Lee's real design, reinforced Porter, increasing his force to about 40,000 men. When the columns of Hill and Longstreet had arrived in easy attacking-distance, General Lee caused them to halt in order to give Jackson time to gain his position. Waiting until

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one o'clock, Lee ordered Longstreet and A. P. Hill to commence the attack. The Confederate skirmishers advanced and drove in the Federal pickets. While the column of Longstreet advanced by the road to Dr. Gaines's house, and that of Hill by the main Mechanicsville road, the Federal position was hidden from Hill by the intervening woods. Deploying several regiments to support his skirmishers, he pushed them through the woods. Very soon the Federal line was developed by a heavy fire of musketry. Hill's column then deployed and advanced to the attack on the Federal centre.

When Longstreet arrived at Gaines's house he was in full view of the Federal left. Taking advantage of an intervening ridge, the crest of which was parallel with and about three hundred yards from the Federal lines, he deployed his troops under its cover. Hearing Hill's attack, Longstreet approached to gain the Federal left. His first line on reaching the crest of the ridge was met by a storm of shot and shell; without faltering it swept down the slope toward the Federal position in the face of a terrible fire of artillery and musketry until arrested by the wide and steep banks of the stream at the foot. Being unable to cross it, this line was obliged to fall back. These troops, although much cut up, re-formed for a second attack. Several Confederate batteries were served with considerable effect in covering the advance of the infantry. D. H. Hill, on reaching the scene of action, took position on the left of A. P. Hill and engaged the enemy. The battle having become general, General Lee sent several staff officers to bring up Jackson's troops to the support of Hill and Longstreet. Whiting's division and Lawton's brigade were the first to arrive. Whiting was directed to fill the interval between Longstreet and A. P. Hill, and Lawton was sent to the left of D. H. Hill to engage the Federal right. Generals Ewell, Elzey, and Winder, as they arrived, were sent to the support of the Hills, and one brigade was sent to the support of Longstreet. Jackson led in person the remainder of his troops against the Federal right. The battle had raged with great fury for more than two hours, and the Federal lines seemed as unshaken as when it first began. The Confederates had been repulsed in several attempts to force

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them. The day was now drawing to a close, and Lee decided to end the conflict by a charge of the whole line. The word "Charge!" as it passed along the line, was responded to by a wild shout and an irresistible rush on the Federal position. The Texas brigade, led by the gallant Hood, was the first to penetrate the Federal works. It was immediately followed by other regiments, and in a few minutes the whole position was carried and the plateau was covered with a mass of fugitives. The Federals were in full flight, pursued by the Confederates, who delivered deadly volleys at every step.

While General Lee was attacking Porter's position at Gaines's Mill, Magruder made a spirited demonstration against that of McClellan on the south side of the Chickahominy. This double attack served to bewilder McClellan, and caused him to withhold reinforcements that would otherwise have been sent to Porter. This battle is considered by many as the most stubbornly-contested battle of the war. It is true that the troops on both sides displayed great valor and determination, and proved themselves worthy of the nation to which they belonged. Porter deserves much credit for the skilful selection of his position and the gallant manner in which he defended it. The victory was complete. When night closed the Confederates were in undisputed possession of the field. The next morning Lee directed Stuart with his cavalry, supported by Ewell's division of infantry, to seize the York River Railroad. McClellan was thus cut off from his base of supplies, and reduced to the necessity of retreating by one of two routes—the one by the Peninsula, the other by the James River, under the cover of the gunboats. He chose the latter as the shortest and easiest.

General Lee remained on the 28th on the north side of the Chickahominy in observation of McClellan's movements. Instructions were sent at the same time to Magruder to keep a vigilant watch on the Federals and without delay report any movement that might be discovered. These instructions were not as faithfully executed as they should have been, for the retreat of the Federals had commenced on the morning of the 28th, and was not discovered until the morning of the 29th,

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when the Federal lines were found by two engineer officers, Captains Meade and Johnston, to be abandoned, although the Confederate pickets were in many places less than half a mile from the Federal lines.

The safe retreat of McClellan to the James is mainly due to the advantage thus gained. When General Lee on the morning of the 29th found that the Federal army was in retreat he ordered an immediate pursuit. All of the troops on the north of the Chickahominy, with the exception of the divisions of Ewell and Jackson, and Stuart's cavalry, which were to remain in observation lest the Federals might change their line of retreat, were ordered to recross that stream with the view of overtaking the retreating columns. General Lee on recrossing the Chickahominy found Magruder, Huger, and Holmes preparing to pursue the retreating Federal army. At twelve o'clock the pursuit was commenced, and about three Magruder came upon Sumner's corps, which was in position near Savage's Station. General Heintzelman having retired, Sumner's and Franklin's corps had to receive Magruder's attack unsupported. Sumner held his position with great obstinacy until night ended the conflict. This determined stand enabled the Federal army to make a safe passage of the White Oak Swamp. In the afternoon of the 29th, Jackson was directed to cross the Chickahominy and relieve Magruder in the pursuit. Lee directed the other divisions of his army to march by several roads leading in the direction of McClellan's line of retreat, with the view of striking his column in the flank while Jackson pressed him in the rear. About three o'clock on the 30th, Lee, with the divisions of Longstreet and A. P. Hill, struck the Federal column at Frazier's Farm, and a fierce combat ensued which was closely contested until night. Contrary to his expectations, he was not supported in this attack by Generals Jackson and Huger, consequently McClellan again escaped and continued his retreat during the night to Malvern Hill.

The delay on the part of General Jackson was very unusual. The explanation of his delay on this occasion was that, being greatly exhausted by long marches and battles for more than a week, he sought a short repose. His staff, out of mistaken

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regard for their general, permitted him to sleep far beyond the time he had allowed himself. When he awoke he was greatly chagrined at the loss of time that had occurred, the damage of which he was unable to repair. Though General Lee accomplished all that was at first proposed, yet had the parts assigned to some of his subordinates been performed with the exactness that was naturally expected, the results of his operations would have been far greater than those shown in the sequel.

On the morning of the 1st of July it was discovered that McClellan had occupied in force the strong position of Malvern Hill, while his powerful artillery swept every approach, and the shot of the gunboats fell beyond the Confederate lines. After a careful reconnoissance of McClellan's position, Lee determined to attack his left. His first line, composed of the divisions of Magruder, D. H. Hill, and Jackson, was advanced under cover of the wood near the base of the hill. Magruder was ordered to attack the Federal left, while Hill and Jackson threatened their centre and right. The attack was delayed until near sundown, when Magruder made a most gallant assault. By dint of hard fighting his troops gained the crest of the hill and forced back the Federal left, but were in turn driven back. The firing continued along the line until ten o'clock. The Confederates lay upon their arms where the battle closed, ready to resume the fight as soon as the daylight should appear.

Under the cover of the night McClellan secretly retired, his retreat being facilitated by a heavy fall of rain, which deadened the sound of his withdrawal. The Confederates the next morning, groping through the dense fog, came upon the abandoned lines. This was the first information they had of the retreat. McClellan had now gained the protection of the Federal gunboats; therefore Lee did not immediately pursue, but ordered a day's rest, which the troops greatly needed. McClellan continued his retreat to Harrison's Landing on the James River, where he took up a position. Lee advanced the next day to that neighborhood and after a careful reconnoissance of the Federal lines deemed it inadvisable to attack, and, as there was no probability of the Army of the Potomac

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speedily resuming operations, he returned to his former camp near Richmond to rest, recruit, and reorganize his army.

While in the vicinity of Harrison's Landing the attack of Colonel J. Thompson Brown's artillery upon the Federal gunboats afforded a brilliant episode to the last scene of the military drama that had just been acted.

The loss sustained by both armies during the recent operations was considerable; that, however, caused by exhaustion and illness probably equalled the casualties of actual battle. The number of Confederate killed and wounded amounted to about 10,000, whilst the Federal loss exceeded this. Reviewing the operations that have just been described, we cannot fail to observe the important results achieved by the skill and energy of an able commander. On the 1st of June, General Lee assumed the command of an army that did not exceed 50,000 men. With this force he erected defences to withstand any attack that might be made against them, and besides in less than a month increased his army to 80,000 men, without giving up one foot of territory and without endangering either public or private property. He also raised its discipline and spirit to such a height that he was enabled to take the offensive and force his adversary, notwithstanding his superiority of numbers and the finely-appointed state of his army, to abandon a base of operations that had occupied almost the exclusive attention of his Government for more than a year, incurring in doing so a heavy loss of material.

McClellan, after establishing himself at Harrison's Landing, called for large reinforcements to enable him to resume active operations. It was decided to order Burnside from North Carolina to reinforce the Army of the Potomac. When Lee regained his former camp near Richmond he immediately set about reorganizing his army. His victory over McClellan had filled the Confederacy with joy, and the men who had left the army a short time before broken down and depressed returned full of spirit and energy.

Before the end of July the Army of Northern Virginia, with the addition of one or two brigades from South Carolina and Georgia, numbered about 70,000 effective men. This army,

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having to a great extent supplied itself by captures from the Federal army, was better armed and equipped than it had previously been.

Lee had formed it into two corps, giving one to Longstreet and the other to Jackson, officers who had proved themselves fully worthy of the important commands conferred upon them. As they have borne a most distinguished part in the events which form the subject of this narrative, it is proper that a sketch of them should be given. They were both graduates of the national Military Academy, and each on receiving his diploma entered on a military career.

Longstreet was Jackson's senior, having graduated at West Point in 1842, while Jackson did not complete his academic labors until four years later. These chieftains, whose career seemed to be united by destiny, were entirely dissimilar in person and character. Longstreet in his younger days possessed a figure remarkable for manly beauty, which in maturer years, though much expanded, was still commanding and graceful, and his person was further rendered agreeable by a social and genial manner. To his superior physical qualities was added mental ability of considerable scope. On the other hand, though physically and mentally inferior to Longstreet, Jackson possessed an iron mind, with a determination and perseverance that enabled him to accomplish great results. He did not have the genial and attractive manner of his distinguished contemporary, but exhibited a quiet reserve, amounting almost to austerity, which, being taken in connection with his strict observance of the faith of the Covenanter, might warrant the idea of finding his counterpart among the Ironsides of Cromwell. The breaking out of the war with Mexico in 1846 afforded the youthful aspirants to military renown a rich harvest of fame, and in the brilliant campaign of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico, Jackson as lieutenant of artillery and Longstreet on the staff of General Garland gathered abundant laurels, and at the close of the war each received from the Government as a reward of merit the brevet rank of major.

After the restoration of peace, finding the inactivity of garrison-life distasteful to him, Jackson resigned his commission

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in the army and accepted a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute, which he filled with honor until the civil rupture between the States. Longstreet in the mean time remained in the army, where he had conferred on him the position of paymaster, with the full rank of major.

At the commencement of the war between the States both Longstreet and Jackson tendered their services to their native States, and as we progress with our narrative it will be seen to what distinction each rose in defence of the Southern Confederacy.

It would be unjust to General Lee to pass unnoticed some of the criticisms that have been made on the foregoing campaign by General Dick Taylor in his sprightly work, *Destruction and Reconstruction.* Among some of his random remarks we find one to the following effect: "General Lee was without maps or efficient guides, and was himself and staff unacquainted with the topography of his field of operations, which materially resulted in blunders on the part of his subordinate commanders."

Mr. Davis reiterated the above assertion in his *History of the Confederacy*, vol. ii. chap. xxiv., pp. 142, 144: "It is an extraordinary fact that, though the capital had been threatened by an attack from the seaboard on the right, though our army had retreated from Yorktown up the Chickahominy, and after encamping there for a time had crossed the river and moved up to Richmond, yet when, at the close of the battles around Richmond, McClellan retreated and was pursued toward the James River, we had no maps of the country in which we were operating; our generals were ignorant of the roads, and their guides knew little more than the way from their homes to Richmond. . . . .

"It was after a personal and hazardous reconnoissance that General Lee assigned General Holmes to his last position; and when I remonstrated with General Lee, whom I met returning from his reconnoissance, on account of the exposure to which he had subjected himself, he said he could not get the required information, and therefore had gone himself."

The blame implied in these remarks in reference to the want

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of maps should be placed where it properly belongs—with the war-directing authority at Richmond. It is from the topographical bureaus of governments that the geographical and topographical knowledge requisite for a campaign should be obtained; and in the present instance neither Johnston nor Lee had opportunities to cause reconnoissances and surveys to be made, which were necessary for the construction of maps.

The statement in regard to Lee's want of knowledge of the topography of his field of operations and the inferiority of his guides is incorrect. The blunders complained of were more the result of inattention to orders and want of proper energy on the part of a few subordinate commanders than of lack of knowledge of the country. For years Lee had been accustomed to traverse the country between the White House and Richmond, and from Richmond to the different estates of his friends on the lower James. He was therefore well acquainted with the country on both sides of the Chickahominy, and it was natural that he should apply his previous information to his present purposes. The inhabitants of that region supplied efficient guides, and his staff officers had been employed in making themselves acquainted with the roads and natural features of the country over which the army was likely to operate. Moreover, a few days before his attack on McClellan, Stuart was sent on a reconnoissance to the rear of the Federal army to acquire information that might be useful in carrying out his plan of attack, and during the battle Baker's regiment of cavalry was kept in the vicinity of Malvern Hill to observe the enemy.

Just before the battle of Frazier's Farm, Mr. Davis with his staff arrived at the position then occupied by General Lee; almost immediately thereafter the enemy's batteries opened a lively fire, sending a shower of shells into startling proximity. Lee then, accompanied by several of his staff, proceeded to make a personal observation of the field of battle; which practice had been and continued to be his custom. After satisfying himself of the condition of affairs, he proceeded to join Longstreet at his field headquarters, where he found Mr. Davis, when the conversation referred to above took place. Mr. Davis clearly

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misunderstood General Lee's remark in regard to his lack of information, since he could but have expressed a desire to satisfy himself by personal observation, and not have professed ignorance of the general features of the locality occupied by the armies.

(The map accompanying this chapter is a copy of the official map used by General Lee during this campaign. It was filed with his report of these operations in the War Department, C. S. A., by the special direction of General Lee.)

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CHAPTER XI.

POPE OUTGENERALLED.

The New Federal Commander.—Lee's March Northward.—Pope's Retreat.—Jackson's Flanking Movement.—Capture of the Stores at Manassas.—Lee's Narrow Escape.—A Lady in Distress.—Thoroughfare Gap.—Longstreet's Corps joins Jackson.—Second Battle of Manassas.—Pope's Defeat.—Telegrams.

THE short and disastrous campaign of Pope affords a striking commentary on the timid policy that characterized the Federal Government in its prosecution of the war, as had been previously illustrated by the injudicious interference of Mr. Lincoln with military operations in the field, and his obvious want of confidence in General McClellan. This was manifested by withholding from him McDowell's corps of 40,000 men, whose co-operation was calculated on in the advance upon Richmond, and subsequently by allowing his fears for the safety of Washington to neutralize a powerful force in the Valley of Virginia, which might have, by timely co-operation, given a different turn to the Richmond campaign. Besides executive interference, military operations were further embarrassed by the introduction of an inquisitorial tribunal known as the "Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War."

It was through this engine of mischief that the popular curiosity of the North was feasted with news from the seat of war, by which feuds were bred in the army, and which became the source from which the Confederates were supplied with the most important information, thus paving the way for those disastrous blows which fell upon the Federal arms. Pope in his interviews so dazzled with his brilliant plan of operations the authorities who, from their seat in Washington, directed military affairs that they dislocated the plan of McClellan, withdrew the Army of the Potomac from its position on the James, and threw the whole of that army into Pope's scheme

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of victory. He tells President Lincoln, General Halleck, and the Secretary of War at the White House, and repeats to the Congressional Committee at the Capitol, that with McClellan's army, 200,000 strong, he could not only dissipate every danger that threatened the capital, but could make a victorious march to New Orleans. Great, then, must have been the disappointment at Washington, after such glorious prospects, on witnessing the precipitate retreat of the Federal army on which such high hopes had been centred. Pope's chastisement should also serve to admonish the future military tyro to mask his ignorance by curbing his arrogance when thrown by a credulous government into a position far beyond his capacity.

As there was no probability of McClellan's immediately resuming active operations against Richmond, Lee determined, by assuming the offensive and threatening the Federal capital, to force him to make an entire change in his plan of campaign. With that view he despatched Jackson with three divisions of infantry and a proportionate amount of artillery to the neighborhood of Gordonsville, while remaining himself at Richmond with Longstreet's corps, D. H. Hill's and Anderson's divisions of infantry, and Stuart's cavalry in observation of McClellan, who was now slowly recovering from the stunning effect of his defeat. Having learned through the newspapers and other sources that there was a conflict of opinion between General McClellan and Mr. Lincoln in regard to future operations, and knowing the Federal President's anxiety concerning the safety of his capital, Lee rightly concluded that any movement in that direction would cause McClellan's opinion to be overruled and the Army of the Potomac to be withdrawn from the James for the defence of Washington.

There had not been as yet any understanding between the belligerents in regard to the treatment and exchange of prisoners. It was now very desirable that some plan on this subject should be established. General Dix on the part of the Federals and General D. H. Hill on that of the Confederates were commissioned to form a plan for the exchange of prisoners. They met and framed a cartel on very liberal principles, which was agreed to by both Governments. The exchange of prisoners

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began under it, but was discontinued later by the Federal Government. About the 1st of August, the advance of the Federal army having reached Culpeper Court-house, Jackson moved to the Rapidan and took a position in the vicinity of Orange Court-house. Being there joined by two small brigades of cavalry, commanded by W. E. Jones and Beverly Robertson, his strength was increased to about 20,000 men. The forces under Banks, Fremont, and McDowell, amounting to 50,000 men, were formed into an army, the command of which was given to General Pope, who, in assuming the command, introduced himself in a very bombastic order, in which he announced his intention of conducting the war on very different principles from those that had been previously adopted.

In his pseudo-Napoleonic order to his soldiers he said: "I constantly hear of taking strong positions and holding them —of lines of retreat and bases of supplies," and enjoined them to dismiss all such ideas as unworthy of soldiers commanded by one who had been used to see only "the backs of his enemies." His headquarters were to be "in the saddle," and he had come from the West, "from an army *whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when found*—whose policy has been attack, and not defence." Before the Committee on the Conduct of the War he grandiloquently declared that he meant to "lie off on the flanks of the rebels," and that with an army equal to McClellan's he would promise to march straight from Washington to New Orleans. We need scarcely say that before he was many days older this vain-glorious boaster found that there were obstacles in the way of his projected march, that the intrenchments around Washington were a safer place than his "headquarters in the saddle," and that "lines of retreat and bases of supplies" were very good things in an emergency.

By reference to the map of Virginia the principal points mentioned in this narrative may be observed. About the time that Jackson reached the Rapidan, Pope arrived at Culpeper Court-house, and extended his advance corps toward the Rapidan. The Federal cavalry finding the Rapidan occupied by the Confederates, the leading corps took up a position along a

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range of low hills near Cedar Mountain, about four miles west of Culpeper Court-house. Having learned that a part of the Federal force had not arrived there, Jackson determined to attack Pope before his army could be united. He therefore secretly recrossed the Rapidan, and by a rapid movement on the 9th of August gained the position near Cedar Mountain before the Federals were aware of his design. The battle was hotly contested for several hours, when the Federals were defeated and driven back to Culpeper Court-house. Jackson held the field until he had secured the fruit of his victory and buried the dead. He then recrossed the Rapidan. Among the gallant soldiers who fell in this engagement none were more deeply regretted than General Charles S. Winder, in tribute to whose memory I cannot do more than refer to the order of General Jackson announcing his death. McClellan had remained quiet at Harrison's Landing during the month of July, resting and recruiting his army. At the same time he made a requisition upon the Government for a reinforcement of 50,000 men to enable him to resume his advance upon Richmond. President Lincoln declined furnishing him this reinforcement upon the ground that he had not so large a force available for that purpose.

About the last of July, General Halleck, commander-in-chief of the Federal army, visited the Army of the Potomac, which at that time numbered 90,000 effective men. At a council of the principal officers of the army it was found that a majority was opposed to renewing the advance upon Richmond, while McClellan and two or three of his most experienced officers were in favor of it. Halleck therefore promised McClellan a reinforcement of 20,000 men to enable him to carry out his plan, that being the largest force that could be then furnished for that purpose. The Federal authorities at Washington were not cordial in their support of McClellan's plan of operations. They were in favor of changing the base of operations from the James to the Potomac River, to operate with Pope on the Rapidan. The advance of Jackson to Gordonsville, above mentioned, and his subsequent advance upon the position of General Pope near Culpeper Court-house, caused

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the Federal authorities to determine upon the immediate withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the James.

The circumstances here detailed very considerably modified the military situation, and enabled General Lee to act with a skill and boldness which was destined to astonish and alarm the Federal authorities quite as much as his notable defeat of McClellan had done. He divined, with the intuition of genius, that his presence and that of his army could be spared from the immediate vicinity of Richmond, and might be able to teach General Pope that the road to New Orleans was "a hard road to travel." Preliminary to future operations he sent forward Longstreet's corps to join Jackson in the vicinity of Gordonsville, and about the middle of August proceeded in person to assume the direction of affairs in that quarter.

On reaching the locality of the projected movements he found Jackson occupying the line of the Rapidan, while Longstreet's force was encamped in the neighborhood of Gordonsville. The army, including Stuart's cavalry, at this time amounted to 65,000 effective men, while the opposing army of Pope numbered 50,000, and occupied a position between Culpeper Court-house and the Rapidan.

Lee at once determined to assume the offensive, and with that purpose in view he moved his whole army below Orange Court-house to a position south of Clark's Mountain, where he could avail himself of the fords of the Rapidan on the flanks of the Federal army. He reached this position on August 17th, the movement having been effected, under cover of the forest, without the knowledge of General Pope.

The absence of Stuart's cavalry delayed the army in this position till the morning of the 20th, and enabled Pope—who, through an unlucky accident, became aware of the movement of his shrewd adversary—to beat a hasty retreat. The cavalry had been employed in observation on the lower Rappahannock and the York rivers, and were thus, unfortunately, not available at the moment when their presence would have been of the most essential service.

On the 18th, Lee and his staff ascended Clark's Mountain, and reconnoitered the Federal position. In plain view before

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them lay Pope's army, stretched out in fancied security, and to all appearance in utter ignorance of the vicinity of a powerful foe. It was evident from that elevated position that the two armies were about equally distant from Culpeper Court-house, and that the Confederate force was in a position to gain the Federal rear. The absence of the cavalry, however, prevented an immediate advance, and Lee retained his position till the next day, satisfied that the enemy was still in ignorance of his danger. On the afternoon of the 19th the signal-station on the top of the mountain notified the Confederate commander that a change had occurred in the situation of affairs. The enemy had evidently taken the alarm. There was a bustle in the camp that indicated a move, as if Pope had suddenly learned the peril of his position and was preparing for a hasty flight toward the Rappahannock.

As it afterward appeared, Pope had learned of Lee's vicinity through the capture of Lieutenant Fitzhugh of Stuart's staff, on whom had been found a letter revealing the fact of the movement of the Confederate army. On gaining this important and somewhat startling information, he had immediately given orders to break camp and retreat in all haste to the line of the Rappahannock. During this interval General Stuart himself had run a serious risk of capture. The main body of the cavalry, under Fitz Lee, failing to make their appearance at the point where Stuart awaited them, he had become impatient, and advanced with some members of his staff to meet them. On the night of the 17th he occupied a house at Vediersville, intending to continue his search for the cavalry the next morning. At an early hour of that morning a squadron of Federal cavalry which was out reconnoitering suddenly made its appearance in front of the house which sheltered the Confederate general. The surprise was complete, but, fortunately, the Federals did not dream of the valuable prize within their reach. Ere they were able to grasp the situation Stuart had become aroused and apprised of his imminent peril. He instantly sprang up, and without hat or haversack rushed for the rear door of the house. There he sprang on his horse without heed of saddle or accoutrements and rode hastily into the

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woods, followed by those members of his staff who had accompanied him. The Federals learned only too late of the valuable prize which had slipped through their fingers, and had to content themselves with the hat and haversack of the dashing leader of the Confederate cavalry.

The retreating Federal army was followed by Lee in rapid pursuit, but it had crossed the Rappahannock by the time he reached the vicinity of that stream. Pope on crossing the river took up a position on the left bank, his left covering Rappahannock Station, his right extending in the direction of Warrenton Springs. Lee confronted him on the right bank of the river. The two armies remained thus opposed two or three days, during which nothing occurred except some unimportant skirmishing between the cavalry and the outposts.

When it became known at Washington that Pope had been compelled to retreat and recross the Rappahannock, the Federal authorities made every effort to rapidly reinforce him by troops drawn from the Army of the Potomac and from Burnside's force, which had been withdrawn from North Carolina. General Lee, in order to retard the forwarding of troops and supplies to the Federal army, ordered Stuart to turn Pope's right, gain his rear, inflict as much damage as he could upon the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and gain information of the enemy's movements. Stuart, in compliance with his instructions, crossed the Rappahannock late in the afternoon of the 21st, a few miles above Warrenton Springs, with a brigade of cavalry, and, screening his movement by the mountain-spurs and intervening forests, he proceeded toward the village of Warrenton, passing that place after nightfall, and advanced direct upon Catlett's Station on the railroad. Arriving in the midst of a violent storm, he surprised and captured the Federal encampment at that place, which he found to contain General Pope's headquarters. He secured Pope's letter-book and papers with many other valuable articles.

On account of the heavy fall of rain the timbers of the railroad bridge at Catlett's were so saturated with water that Stuart was unable to burn it, and, being pressed for time, he failed to greatly damage the railroad. He returned, bringing with him

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his valuable booty, without the loss of a man. By the capture of Pope's papers Lee gained an accurate knowledge of the situation of the Federal army. Acting on it, he ordered Jackson to advance his corps to Jeffersonton and secure the bridge over the Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs. Jackson moved up the river, leaving his train to follow under the escort of Trimble's brigade. The Federals, being tempted by the appearance of a large train in their vicinity, sent a strong detachment to intercept it. Trimble, reinforced by Hood's brigade of Longstreet's corps, met this detachment, and after a fierce combat drove it back with heavy loss. Jackson, on arriving at Jeffersonton in the afternoon of the 22d, found that the bridge on the Warrenton turnpike had been destroyed by the Federals. The river being low, he succeeded in sending Early's brigade with one of Lawton's Georgia regiments across the river on an old mill-dam to act as a corps of observation. During the night the river was made impassable by heavy rains. The next day, the Federals beginning to appear in great force, Early with great dexterity took a position in a wood adjacent to the river, so as to effectually conceal his lack of strength. The river having fallen during the day, he recrossed at night without loss. The Federals burned the railroad bridge of Rappahannock Station, and moved their left higher up the river. On the 23d, Lee ordered Longstreet's corps to follow Jackson and mass in the vicinity of Jeffersonton. The headquarters of the army was also moved to that place. In the afternoon a demonstration was made by a part of the artillery of Jackson's corps on the Federal position at Warrenton Springs, to create a diversion in favor of Early, which provoked a spirited reply from the Federal batteries.

General Longstreet made a feint on the position of Warrenton on the morning of the 24th, under cover of which Jackson's corps was withdrawn from the front to the vicinity of the road from Jeffersonton to the upper fords of the Rappahannock. Jackson was then directed to make preparation to turn the Federal position and seize their communications about Manassas Junction. Longstreet continued his cannonade at intervals throughout the day, to which the Federals replied with increas-

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ing vigor, showing that Pope was massing his army in Lee's front.

It was the object of Lee to hold Pope in his present position by deluding him with the belief that it was his intention to force a passage of the river at that point, until Jackson by a flank movement could gain his rear. Longstreet, on the morning of the 25th, resumed his cannonade with increased energy, and at the same time made a display of infantry above and below the bridge. Jackson then moved up the river to a ford eight miles above; crossing at that point and turning eastward, by a rapid march he reached the vicinity of Salem. Having made a march of twenty-five miles, he bivouacked for the night. Stuart's cavalry covered his right flank, the movement being masked by the natural features of the country. The next morning at dawn the march was resumed by the route through Thoroughfare Gap.

The cavalry, moving well to the right, passed around the west end of Bull Run Mountain and joined the infantry at the village of Gainesville, a few miles from the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Pressing forward, still keeping the cavalry well to the right, Jackson struck the railroad at Bristoe Station late in the afternoon, where he captured two empty trains going east. After dark he sent a detachment under Stuart to secure Manassas Junction, the main dépôt of supplies of the Federal army. The cavalry moved upon the flanks of this position, while the infantry, commanded by Trimble, assaulted the works in front and carried them with insignificant loss, capturing two batteries of light artillery with their horses and a detachment of 300 men, besides an immense amount of army supplies. The next morning, after effectually destroying the railroad at Bristoe, Jackson left Ewell with his division and a part of Stuart's cavalry to retard the Federals if they should advance in that direction, and moved his main body to Manassas, where he allowed his troops a few hours to refresh themselves upon the abundant stores that had been captured. About twelve o'clock the sound of artillery in the direction of Bristoe announced the Federal advance. Not having transportation to remove the captured supplies, Jackson

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directed his men to take what they could carry off, and ordered the rest to be destroyed.

General Ewell, having repulsed the advance of two Federal columns, rejoined Jackson at Manassas. The destruction of the captured stores having been completed, Jackson retired with his whole force to Bull Run and took a position for the night, a part of his troops resting on the battle-field of the previous year. Pope, on hearing of the interruption of his communications, sent a force to get information of the extent of the damage that had been done to the railroad. Upon learning that Jackson was in his rear, he immediately abandoned his position on the Rappahannock and proceeded with all despatch to intercept him before he could be reinforced by Lee. His advance having been arrested on the 27th by Ewell, he did not proceed beyond Bristoe that day. Lee on the 26th withdrew Longstreet's corps from its position in front of Warrenton Springs, covering the withdrawal by a small rear-guard and artillery, and directed it to follow Jackson by the route he had taken the day before. The trains were ordered to move by the same route and to keep closed on Longstreet's corps.

On the evening of this day Longstreet, accompanied by Lee and his staff, reached the vicinity of the small village of Orleans, where the corps bivouacked for the night. We may at this point, as a break to the uniformity of the war-narrative, introduce some personal details concerning General Lee, and particularly those in relation to a very narrow escape which he made from capture by a squadron of Federal cavalry. His peril was quite as great as had been that of Stuart a few days before, while the danger of disaster to the Confederate cause was tenfold greater. This incident has never yet been told, and we may be pardoned for pausing in our narrative to relate it.

On the evening in question Mrs. Marshall, a hospitable lady residing in the vicinity of Orleans, invited Generals Lee and Longstreet to partake of a repast which she had prepared for them on hearing of their approach. After enjoying the meal, whose abundance was in pleasant contrast to their usual scanty camp-fare, they passed an agreeable evening with the ladies.

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Lee threw off the stern bearing of the soldier and assumed that of the genial cavalier, while Longstreet laid aside his ordinary reticence and made himself very entertaining. At the conclusion of the evening's entertainment the guests informed their hostess that they must be astir very early the next morning, as the march would be resumed by the dawn of day.

Yet, early as they were, their hospitable hostess was up before them, and to their surprise when ready to depart they found a sumptuous breakfast awaiting them. After partaking of this the whole party bade adieu to Mrs. Marshall and her household, and took their places at the head of the advancing column just as day began to dawn. On approaching the neighborhood of Salem the general and his staff found themselves at some distance in advance of the column, having ridden briskly onward in the fresh morning air. At this moment a quartermaster, who had luckily been still farther in advance, came dashing back at full speed and in a high state of excitement, calling out loudly as he approached, "The Federal cavalry are upon you!" Almost at the same instant the head of a galloping squadron was seen moving briskly toward them and only a few hundred yards distant.

It was a moment of imminent peril, and one that needed quick decision and skilful action. The general was accompanied only by his staff and couriers, some ten or twelve men in all. But these were men who were fully ready to devote their lives or liberties to the safety of their great commander. They instantly formed across the road and impulsively bade Lee to retire, promising to retard the enemy until he had gained a safe distance. The Federal cavalry, seeing this line of horsemen, which occupied the full width of the road, and presuming that it was the head of a considerable troop, halted, gazed upon it for a moment, and then wheeled and rode off in the opposite direction.

The quick action of the staff alone saved General Lee from capture. Had they been seen by the opposing squadron before they formed in line the Confederate commander and his staff would undoubtedly have been captured. Or if a bold dash had been made by the Federal squadron, Lee could scarcely have

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escaped. This incident is the more worthy of relation as it was the only case during the war in which the Confederate leader was in imminent danger of capture.

In this connection may be mentioned another incident which occurred on the same morning. A patriotic lady who resided in the vicinity of Salem, and who was naturally desirous to greet the great general as he passed, rode out for this purpose, in company with her daughters, in their family carriage, which was drawn by a pair of handsome and spirited horses. Unfortunately for her, she was met by the body of Federal cavalry just spoken of, who, without ceremony and despite entreaties, dispossessed her of her magnificent bays, and left the dejected lady and her daughters sitting helpless in their carriage in the middle of the road. When General Lee rode up to the spot he found the distressed party in a house by the wayside, in which they had taken refuge. With his usual gallantry and courtesy he dismounted and strove to cheer up the unfortunate lady, expressing his deep sympathy with her mishap, and regretting his inability to relieve her from her difficulty by supplying her with another pair of horses. Since the war the lady has frequently repeated this anecdote, and, though glad of the opportunity it gave her for an interview with the famous warrior, she has never become quite reconciled to the price which she paid for it—the loss of her favorite bays.

The corps bivouacked for the night in the vicinity of Salem. On the morning of the succeeding day, the 27th, a messenger appeared bringing the important and cheering news of the success of Jackson at Bristoe and Manassas. These tidings were received with enthusiasm by the soldiers, who, animated with high hopes of victory, pressed on with the greatest energy, and that evening reached the plains a few miles west of Thoroughfare Gap, in the Bull Run Mountains, through which Jackson's column had passed a few days previously.

Thoroughfare Gap was reached about noon of the 28th. It was quickly found to be occupied by a Federal force. Some slight attempt was made to dislodge the enemy, but without success, as their position proved too strong, and it seemed as if the movement of the Confederate army in that direction was

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destined to be seriously interfered with. Meanwhile, nothing further had been heard from Jackson, and there was a natural anxiety in regard to his position and possible peril. Unless the mountains could speedily be passed by Longstreet's corps the force under Jackson might be assailed by the whole of Pope's army, and very severely dealt with.

Under these critical circumstances General Lee made every effort to find some available route over the mountains, sending reconnoissances to right and left in search of a practicable pass. Some of the officers ascended the mountain during the evening, and perceived from its summit a large force which lay in front of the Gap. Meanwhile, the sound of cannonading was audible from the other side of the range, and it was evident that an engagement was taking place. The moment was a critical one, and the most phlegmatic commander might have been pardoned for yielding to excitement under such circumstances; yet Lee preserved his usual equanimity, and permitted his face to show no indication of the anxiety which he must have felt. That he was lost in deep reflection as he surveyed the mountain-pass in front was evident, yet neither in looks nor words did he show that he was not fully master of himself and of the occasion. And the absence of any overmastering anxiety was shown in another manner. Mr. Robison, a gentleman who lived near the Gap, invited Lee and his staff to take dinner with him; and this meal was partaken of with as good an appetite and with as much geniality of manner as if the occasion was an ordinary one, not a moment in which victory or ruin hung trembling in the balance.

Fortunately, circumstances favored the Confederate cause. One of the reconnoitering parties found a woodchopper, who told them of an old road over the mountain to which he could guide them, and which might be practicable for infantry. Hood was at once directed to make an effort to lead his division across the mountain by this route. This he succeeded in doing, and the head of his column reached the other side of the range by morning. Another route had also been discovered by which Wilcox was enabled to turn the Gap.

In the mean time, Pope himself had been playing into the

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hands of his adversary. He had ordered McDowell to retire from the Gap and join him to aid in the anticipated crushing of Jackson. McDowell did so, leaving Rickett's division to hold the Gap. In evident ignorance of the vicinity of Longstreet's corps, this force was also withdrawn during the night, and on the morning of the 29th Lee found the Gap unoccupied, and at once marched through at the head of Longstreet's column. On reaching Gainesville, three miles beyond the Gap, he found Stuart, who informed him of Jackson's situation. The division was at once marched into position on Jackson's right.

Pope had unknowingly favored the advance of the Confederate commander. His removal of McDowell from his position had been a tactical error of such magnitude that it could not well be retrieved. The object of the movement had been to surround Jackson at Manassas Junction, upon which place the several corps of the army were marching by various routes. Pope wrote in his order to McDowell, "If you will march promptly and rapidly at the earliest dawn upon Manassas Junction, we shall bag the whole crowd." The scheme was a good one, but for two unconsidered contingencies. Had Jackson awaited the enemy at Manassas Junction, he would have found himself in a trap. But he did not choose to do so. When the van of the Federal columns reached the Junction, they found that the bird had flown. And Longstreet's corps, which might have been prevented from passing the Bull Run range, had been given free opportunity to cross to the aid of Jackson, who on the night of the 27th and morning of the 28th left the Junction and made a rapid march to the westward. The error was a fatal one to the hopes of the boasting Western general.

The cannonade at the Gap on the 28th had informed Jackson of Lee's proximity. He at once took a position north of the Warrenton turnpike, his left resting on Bull Run, near Sudley Church, and his right extending toward Gainesville. The distance of this position from the Warrenton road varied from one to two miles, the greater part of the left embracing a railroad cut, while the centre and right occupied a command-

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ing ridge. In this position Jackson could easily unite with Lee on his passing Thoroughfare Gap, or, failing in that and being hard pressed, he could retire by the east end of Bull Run Mountain and unite with Lee on the north side of that mountain. The divisions of Ewell and Taliaferro formed the right and centre of Jackson's line of battle, while that of A. P. Hill constituted his left. Jackson had barely completed his arrangements when a heavy column of Federal infantry (King's division of McDowell's corps) appeared on the Warrenton turnpike. In order to delay its advance several batteries were placed in position, which by a well-directed fire caused them to halt; at the same time Jackson ordered Taliaferro to deploy one brigade across the Warrenton turnpike, holding his other brigades in reserve. Ewell was directed to support him. About three o'clock the Federals bore down in heavy force upon Ewell and Taliaferro, who maintained their positions with admirable firmness, repelling attack after attack until night. The loss on both sides was considerable. Among the wounded on the side of the Confederates were Generals Taliaferro and Ewell, the latter seriously, having to lose his leg.

Jackson, with barely 20,000 men, now found himself confronted by the greater part of the Federal army. Any commander with less firmness would have sought safety in retreat. But having heard the Confederate guns at Thoroughfare Gap, he knew that Lee would join him the next day. Therefore he determined to hold his position at all hazards.

By the morning of the 29th, as we have already described, Hood's division had reached the south side of the mountain, and early in the day was joined by the remainder of Longstreet's corps by way of the open Gap.

While these important movements were in progress, Pope had resumed his attack upon Jackson, and was pressing him with his whole force, hoping to crush him before he could be relieved by Lee. On the arrival of Lee, Pope discontinued his attack, and retired to the position which the year before had been the scene of the famous battle of Bull Run, or Manassas. Lee then took a position opposite, with Longstreet's corps occupying a lower range of hills extending across and at right

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angles to the Warrenton turnpike, while Jackson occupied the line of railroad before mentioned, which, slightly deviating from the general direction of Longstreet's position, formed with it an obtuse crotchet, opening toward the enemy. An elevated ridge connecting Jackson's right with Longstreet's left, forming the centre of the Confederate position, was strongly occupied with artillery to fill the interval between Longstreet and Jackson. The hills on the right were crowned by the Washington Artillery, commanded by Colonel Walton. The remainder of the artillery was distributed at prominent points throughout the line, while Stuart's cavalry covered its flanks and observed the movements of the enemy. Since Pope's retreat from Culpeper Court-house he had been frequently reinforced by detachments from the armies of McClellan and Burnside. The greater part of those armies having now joined him, and the remainder being in supporting-distance, his arrogance revived, and, being sure of an easy victory, he sent the most sanguine despatches to the authorities at Washington. In preparation for battle he took a position embracing a succession of low ridges, nearly parallel to, and about a mile from, the line assumed by Lee. About midway between the two armies lay a narrow valley, through which meandered a small brook, whose low murmurs seemed to invite the weary soldier to slake his thirst with its cool and limpid waters. The afternoon of the 29th was principally occupied in preparation. Longstreet's corps, on the right, was formed in two lines. Jackson, on the left, having been considerably reduced by rapid marching and hard fighting, could present only a single line with a small reserve.

On the morning of the 30th an ominous silence pervaded both armies. Each seemed to be taking the measure of its antagonist. Lee saw threatening him the armies of Pope, McClellan, and Burnside, whose combined strength exceeded 150,000 men, while his own army was less than 60,000 strong. Notwithstanding this disparity of numbers, the presence of Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet inspired the troops with confidence far exceeding their numerical strength. About eight o'clock the Federal batteries opened a lively cannonade upon

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the Confederate centre, which was responded to with spirit by the battalions of Colonel Stephen D. Lee and Major Shoemaker. This practice having continued for an hour, both sides relapsed into silence. This was the prelude to the approaching contest. Between twelve and one o'clock the cannonade was resumed in earnest. The thunder of cannon shook the hills, while shot and shell, shrieking and hissing, filled the air, and the sulphurous smoke, settling in black clouds along the intervening valley, hung like a pall over the heavy columns of infantry which rushed into the "jaws of death." Pope, having directed his principal attack upon the Confederate left, advanced his infantry in powerful force against Jackson, whose single line behind the friendly shelter of railroad cuts and embankments received this mighty array with tremendous volleys of musketry, hurling back line after line, only to be replaced by fresh assailants. Each moment the conflict became closer and more deadly. At times the roar of musketry gave place to the clash of bayonets, and at one point, after the Confederates had exhausted their ammunition, the assailants were repelled with stones which had been thrown up from a neighboring excavation. At the critical moment when the fate of Jackson's corps was trembling in the balance, Colonel Lee dashed with his artillery into a position that enfiladed the Federal right wing and hurled upon it a storm of shot and shell. At the same moment Longstreet's infantry rushed like a tempest against Pope's left, driving everything before it. This assault was irresistible, and speedily decided the fortune of the day. Pope's left wing gave way before it at every point, and his right, being assailed in flank and threatened in rear, relaxed its efforts and began to retire.

The Confederates, seeing the enemy in retreat, pursued with a shout that rose above the din of battle, and pressed him with such vigor that he soon fell into disorder and broke into rapid flight toward Bull Run. The pursuit was continued until arrested by the cover of night. After the storm of battle the field presented a scene of dreadful carnage. Thirty thousand men *hors de combat*, wrecks of batteries and the mangled carcasses of horses, gave proof of the desperate character of the

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conflict. Pope left upon the field 15,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, while his army was greatly reduced by stragglers, who, imbued with the sentiment, "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day," sought refuge far beyond the range of battle. The Confederate loss was also heavy, the killed and wounded being numbered at between 7000 and 8000. Beside the heavy losses in *personnel* sustained by the Federals, a large amount of valuable property fell into the hands of the victor, the most important of which was twenty-five thousand stand of small-arms and twenty-three pieces of artillery; also a large amount of medical stores was subsequently taken at Centreville.

Pope retired to Centreville, where he was opportunely joined by Generals Sumner and Franklin with 25,000 fresh troops, upon which Pope endeavored to rally his army.

General Lee, being well aware that powerful reinforcements from McClellan's and Burnside's armies and from other sources had been ordered to join Pope, did not deem it advisable to immediately pursue the retreating enemy, but prudently paused to ascertain what force he had to contend with before renewing the conflict. After the close of the battle Colonel Long made a personal reconnoissance of the whole field and reported to Lee. Wishing to strike the enemy another blow before he could recover from the effects of his repulse, Lee by rapid movement turned Centreville on the 1st of September, and took a position on the Little River turnpike, between Chantilly and Ox Hill, with the view of intercepting his retreat to Washington. This movement was covered by Robertson's cavalry, while Stuart advanced to Germantown, a small village a few miles east of Ox Hill, where he discovered the Federal army in retreat. After a sharp attack Stuart was obliged to retire before a superior force. About dusk A. P. Hill's division encountered a large detachment of the enemy at Ox Hill. A brief but sanguinary combat ensued, whose dramatic effect was greatly heightened by a furious thunderstorm, which burst upon the combatants almost simultaneously with the clash of arms. A singular opportunity was thus presented for contrasting the warring of the elements with the strife of man, and

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of comparing the acts of man with the power of Omnipotence. It was seen how greatly peals of thunder and vivid lightning, intensified by the darkness of night, enfeebled the flash and roar of musketry and cannon. The combatants being separated by night and storm, Hill's division occupied the field, while the Federals resumed the retreat. In this engagement they numbered among their slain two distinguished officers (Generals Kearny and Stephens), whose loss was regretted by friends in both armies. Pope made good his retreat during the night, and we once more see the fugitives from Manassas seeking a refuge within the defences of Washington.

Since Pope, on assuming the command of the Army of the Potomac, expressed his disregard for lines of communication and plans of operation, declaring that his headquarters should always be found in the saddle, it may be interesting to know the effect the advantage taken by Lee of this novelty in the art of war had upon the Federal authorities in Washington. I shall therefore introduce some of the correspondence between President Lincoln, McClellan, Halleck, and Pope:

"August 29, 1862—2.30 P. M.

"What news from direction of Manassas Junction? What generally?

"A. LINCOLN."

"August 29, 1862—2.45 P. M.

"The last news I received from direction of Manassas was from stragglers, to the effect that the enemy was evacuating Centreville and retiring toward Thoroughfare Gap. This is by no means reliable.

"I am clear that one of two courses should be adopted: First, to concentrate all our available forces to open communication with Pope; second, to leave Pope to get out of his scrape, and at once use all our means to make the capital perfectly safe. No middle course will now answer. Tell me what you wish me to do, and I will do all in my power to accomplish it. I wish to know what my orders and authority are. I ask for nothing, but will obey whatever orders

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you give. I only ask a prompt decision, that I may at once give the necessary orders. It will not do to delay longer.

"GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
"*Major-general.*"

"August 29, 1862.

"Yours of to-day just received. I think your first alternative—to wit, to concentrate all our available forces to open communication with Pope—is the right one. But I wish not to control. That I now leave to General Halleck, aided by your counsels.

"A. LINCOLN."

"August 29, 1862.

"I think you had better place Sumner's corps, as it arrives, near the fortifications, and particularly at the Chain Bridge. The principal thing to be feared now is a cavalry raid into this city, especially in the night-time. Use Cox's and Tyler's brigades and the new troops for the same object, if you need them. Porter writes to Burnside from Bristoe, 9.30 P. M. yesterday, that Pope's forces were then moving on Manassas, and that Burnside would soon hear of them by way of Alexandria.

"General Cullum has gone to Harper's Ferry, and I have only a single regular officer for duty in the office. Please send some of your officers to-day to see that every precaution is taken at the forks against a raid; also at the bridges.

"H. W. HALLECK,
"*General-in-chief.*"

"August 30, 1862.

"Franklin's and all of Sumner's corps should be pushed forward with all possible despatch. They must use their legs and make forced marches. Time now is everything. Send some sharp-shooters on train to Bull Run. The bridges and property are threatened by bands of Prince William cavalry. Give Colonel Haupt all the assistance you can. The sharp-shooters on top of cars can assist in unloading trains.

"H. W. HALLECK,
"*General-in-chief.*"

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"August 30, 1862.

"Sumner's corps was fully in motion by 2.30 P. M., and Franklin's was past Fairfax at 10 A. M., moving forward as rapidly as possible. I have sent the last cavalryman I have to the front; also every other soldier in my command, except a small camp-guard. The firing in front has been extremely heavy for the last hour.

"GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
"*Major-general.*"

"CENTREVILLE, August 31, 1862.

"Our troops are all here and in position, though much used up and worn out. I think it would perhaps have been greatly better if Sumner and Franklin had been here three or four days ago; but you may rely upon our giving them as desperate a fight as I can force our men to stand up to. I should like to know whether you feel secure about Washington should this army be destroyed. I shall fight it as long as a man will stand up to the work. You must judge what is to be done, having in view the safety of the capital. The enemy is already pushing a cavalry reconnoissance in our front at Cub Run—whether in advance of an attack to-day I don't know yet.

"I send you this that you may know our position and my purpose.

"JNO. POPE,
"*Major-general.*"

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CHAPTER XII.

ADVANCE INTO MARYLAND.

Purpose of the Invasion of Maryland.—The Army Moves North.—Condition and Spirit of the Troops.—Proclamation Issued.—Jackson Advances on Harper's Ferry.—Its Capture.—McClellan at Frederick.—Lee's Army Order Found.—Position of Confederate Army.—Battle of Boonsboro' Gap.—Federal Success.—Lee's Stand at Sharpsburg.—McClellan Attacks.—The Battle.—Its Results.—Anecdotes of Lee.

BEFORE proceeding with the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia, it is necessary to refer briefly to a portion of the political history of the Confederacy bearing on military affairs.

At the commencement of hostilities the Confederate Government determined to conduct the war purely on defensive principles. In view of the immense superiority of the North over the South in all the essentials for creating armies and the prosecution of war, this was the true policy to be adopted. It must be remembered, however, that a strictly non-aggressive system does not always ensure the best defence; for it frequently happens that a judicious departure from the defensive to bold and energetic offensive measures is productive of the most desirable results, and that it is far better to govern the course of events than to passively yield to its control. At an early period of the war a favorable opportunity occurred for applying the principle above mentioned.

The occasion here referred to is that of the battle of Manassas, in July, 1861, when the defeat of McDowell's army left the Federal capital defenceless. At that time a prompt and vigorous advance of the Confederate army upon Washington City would very probably have resulted in its capture, and a penetration into Maryland would have gained the adherence of that State to the Confederacy. This course, however, was rejected—partly on the ground that the capture of Washington would firmly unite the political parties of the North and obliterate

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the hope of a speedy termination of the war, and partly for the reason that the military preparation for an advance was incomplete. This latter objection could have been easily overcome by an energetic commander with the cordial support of the Government. And subsequent events clearly proved that an erroneous conception dictated the timid policy that was pursued.

It is now obvious that the capture of Washington and an invasion of Maryland in 1861 could not have more firmly united the political parties of the North than the mortifying defeat of the army at Manassas had done. Moreover, the year that had since elapsed had been so industriously improved by the Federal Government that the defences of Washington were now complete and the political bonds of Maryland were firmly riveted.

With the view of shedding additional light on this period of the history of the war, we shall here introduce a scrap of personal information. On the 2d of September succeeding Pope's defeat, Colonel Long wrote from the dictation of General Lee to President Davis in substance as follows: As Virginia was free from invaders, the Federal army being within the defences of Washington, shattered and dispirited by defeat, and as the passage of the Potomac could now be effected without opposition, the present was deemed a proper moment, with His Excellency's approbation, to penetrate into Maryland. The presence of the victorious army could not fail to alarm the Federal authorities and make them draw forces from every quarter for the defence of their capital, thus relieving the Confederacy from pressure and—for a time, at least—from the exhaustion incident to invasion. The presence of a powerful army would also revive the hopes of the Marylanders, allow them a free exercise of their sympathies, and give them an opportunity of rallying to the aid of their Southern friends. Above all, the position of the army, should it again be crowned with victory, would be most favorable for seizing and making the best use of the advantages which such an event would produce. In conclusion, a few remarks were made in regard to the condition of the army.

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In anticipation of the President's concurrence, General Lee immediately began the preparation for the invasion of Maryland. On the 3d he put the army in motion, and on the 4th took a position between Leesburg and the contiguous fords of the Potomac. The inhabitants of this section of country, having been crushed by the heel of oppression, were now transported with the cheering prospect of liberty. The presence of the army whose movements they had anxiously and proudly watched filled them with unbounded joy. Their doors were thrown open and their stores were spread out in hospitable profusion to welcome their honored guest. Leesburg, being on the border, had at an early period fallen into the hands of the enemy. All of the men who were able had joined the army, and many of those who were unfit for service had retired within the Confederate lines to escape the miseries of the Northern prison; so that the women and children had been left almost alone. Now all these gladly returned to their homes, and tender greetings on every side penetrated to the deepest recesses of the heart and made them thank God that misery and woe had been replaced by happiness and joy.

The strength of the Confederate army at this time, including D. H. Hill's division, did not exceed 45,000 effective men; yet, though it had been greatly reduced in numbers during the campaign through which it had just passed, its spirit was raised by the victories it had achieved. Its numerical diminution was not so much the result of casualties in battle as that of losses incident to long and rapid marches with insufficient supplies of food and the want of shoes. It frequently happened that the only food of the soldiers was the green corn and fruit gathered from the fields and orchards adjacent to the line of march, and often the bravest men were seen with lacerated feet painfully striving to keep pace with their comrades, until, worn out with pain and fatigue, they were obliged to yield and wait to be taken up by the ambulances or wagons, to be carried where their wants could be supplied.

The invasion of Maryland being determined on, the army was stripped of all incumbrances, and, from fear that the soldiers might be induced to retaliate on the defenceless inhabit-

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ants for outrages committed by the Federal troops upon the people of the South, stringent orders were issued against straggling and plundering. These orders were strictly enforced throughout the campaign. Lee's earnestness in this particular will be shown later in the chapter.

General Lee at the beginning of this march was suffering from a painful hurt which to some extent disabled him throughout the Maryland campaign. On the day after the second battle of Manassas he was standing near the stone bridge, surrounded by a group of officers, when a squadron of Federal cavalry suddenly appeared on the brow of a neighboring hill. A movement of excitement in the group followed, with the effect of frightening the general's horse. The animal gave a quick start, and his master, who was standing beside him with his arm in the bridle, was flung violently to the ground with such force as to break some of the bones of his right hand. This disabled him so that he was unable to ride during the greater part of the campaign.

The army was at this time in anything but a presentable condition. The long marches, hard fighting, and excessive hardships they had gone through since leaving Richmond had by no means improved the appearance of the men, and, in the words of General Jones, who commanded Jackson's old "Stonewall" division, "never had the army been so ragged, dirty, and ill provided for as on this march." Yet never were the men in better spirits. They crossed the river to the music of the popular air, "Maryland, my Maryland," while their hearts beat high with hopes of new victories to be won in that far North from which the hosts of their invaders had come, and with desire to wrest their sister-State of Maryland from the iron grasp of the foe. The Marylanders in the ranks felt a natural sentiment of exultation at the cheering prospect of relieving their native commonwealth from what was to them a hateful bondage, while the Virginians—many of whom now looked for the first time on that noble stream which formed the northern boundary of the Confederacy—were filled with joyful expectations of "conquering a peace," perhaps in the fields of Pennsylvania, or at least of making the North suffer in its

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own homes some of the horrors of war which it had freely inflicted upon the South.

The passage of the Potomac was successfully accomplished on the 5th. The infantry, artillery, and trains crossed at White's and Cheek's fords, the cavalry having previously crossed with instructions to seize important points and cover the movements of the army. From the Potomac, General Lee advanced to Frederick, at which place he arrived on the 6th and established himself behind the Monocacy. He at the same time seized the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the principal roads to Baltimore, Washington, Harper's Ferry, and the upper Potomac. From this important position radiated several lines upon which he could operate. Those toward Harper's Ferry, Baltimore, and Pennsylvania were unoccupied, while that in the direction of Washington was held by the Federal army. As the principal object of the present advance into Maryland was to create a diversion in her favor in order that if so disposed she might array herself beside her sister Southern States, General Lee determined to remain at Frederick a sufficient time to allow the Marylanders to rally to his support.

At the commencement of hostilities many brave Marylanders had flocked to the Confederacy, and there were soon seen in the Southern ranks Elzey, G. H. Steuart, Bradley, Johnson, McLean, Marshall, Andrews, and a host of others of a like noble and generous spirit. Many of these gallant gentlemen were now with the army, anxious to assist in rescuing their State from the Federal authority.

On the 7th, General Lee issued the following proclamation.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY N. VA.,
Near Frederick Town, 8th September, 1862.

"TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND:

"It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves.

"The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to

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the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties.

"They have seen with profound indignation their sister-State deprived of every right and reduced to the condition of a conquered province.

"Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge and contrary to all forms of law; the faithful and manly protest against this outrage made by the venerable and illustrious Marylander to whom in better days no citizen appealed for right in vain was treated with scorn and contempt; the government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the press and of speech has been suppressed; words have been declared offences by an arbitrary decree of the Federal executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by a military commission for what they may dare to speak.

"Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen and restore independence and sovereignty to your State.

"In obedience to this wish our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been despoiled.

"This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission, so far as you are concerned.

"No constraint upon your free will is intended; no intimidation will be allowed.

"Within the limits of this army at least, Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech.

"We know no enemies among you, and will protect all, of every opinion.

"It is for you to decide your destiny freely and without constraint.

"This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be;

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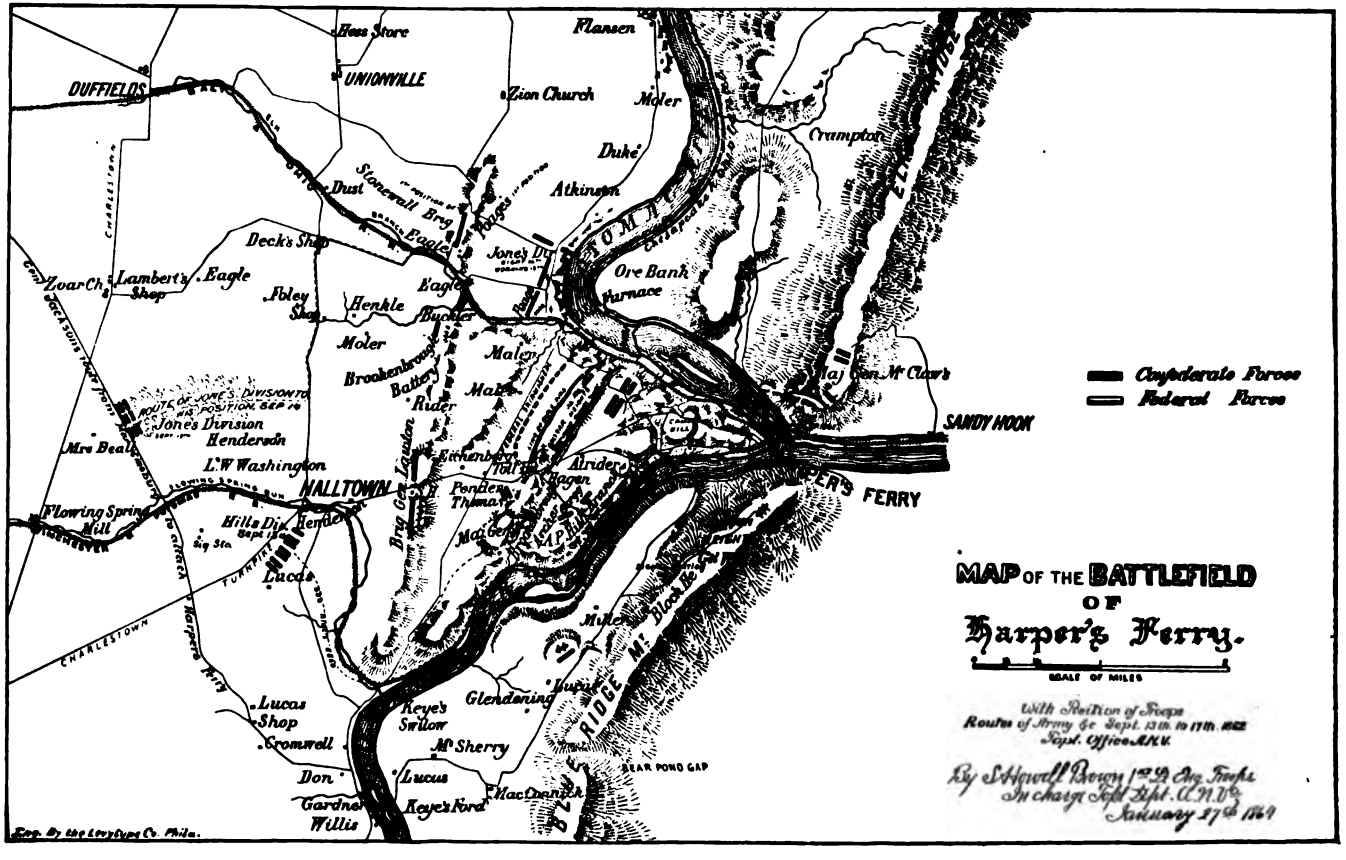

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and, while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will.

"R. E. LEE,
"*General commanding.*"

This was coldly received, and it soon became evident that the expectation of hearty co-operation from Maryland was fallacious. The Marylanders as a people sympathized with the Confederates, but stood aloof because they did not wish to see their State become the theatre of war.

It was not without surprise that General Lee discovered, upon reaching Frederick, that Harper's Ferry was still garrisoned. He had expected on entering Maryland that it would be at once abandoned, as it should have been had ordinary military principles been observed. Its continued occupation subjected its defenders to imminent danger of capture. Yet, through a military error, its occupation was unfavorable to the success of the Confederate movement, particularly if there was any idea entertained by General Lee of invading Pennsylvania. It would not do to leave this strongly-fortified post, on the direct line of communication of the army, in possession of the enemy; yet to reduce it needed a separation and retardation of the army that seriously interfered with the projected movements, and might have resulted adversely to the Southern cause but for the rapidity of Jackson's marches and the errors of Colonel Miles, the commander of the garrison. This will appear when we come to describe the subsequent events.

Yet, whatever might be the effect, its reduction was absolutely necessary ere any further operations of importance could be undertaken. Nor could the whole army be judiciously used for this purpose. Not only is it extremely unusual for a commander to use his whole force for a service which can be performed by a detachment, but in this case it would have necessitated a recrossing of the Potomac, with the strong probability that McClellan would take sure measures to prevent a return of the army into Maryland.

This service, had the claims of senior rank been alone

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considered, should have been intrusted to Longstreet; but it was given to Jackson on account of his superior qualifications for duty of this character, Longstreet making no objection. Jackson was therefore directed to move his corps on the morning of the 10th by way of Williamsport to Martinsburg, to capture or disperse the Federal force at that place, and then proceed to Harper's Ferry and take steps for its immediate reduction. At the same time, Major-general McLaws was ordered to move with his and Anderson's divisions by the most direct route upon Maryland Heights, to seize that important position and co-operate with Jackson in his attack on Harper's Ferry. Brigadier-general Walker was instructed to recross the Potomac with his division and occupy Loudoun Heights for the same purpose. The several movements were executed with wonderful celerity and precision.

Jackson on leaving Frederick marched with great rapidity by way of Middletown, Boonsboro', and Williamsport, near which latter place he forded the Potomac on the 11th and entered Virginia. Here he disposed his forces so as to prevent an escape of the garrison of Harper's Ferry in this direction and marched upon that place, the rear of which he reached on the 13th. On his approach General White evacuated Martinsburg and retired with its garrison to Harper's Ferry. On reaching Bolivar Heights, Jackson found that Walker was already in position on Loudoun Heights, and that McLaws had reached the foot of Maryland Heights, the key to Harper's Ferry, since it is the loftiest of the three heights by which that place is surrounded, and is sufficiently near to reach it even by musketry. Harper's Ferry, in fact, is a mere trap for its garrison, since it lies open to cannonade from the three heights named; so that the occupation of these renders it completely untenable.

Colonel Miles had posted a small force under Colonel Ford on Maryland Heights, retaining the bulk of his troops in Harper's Ferry. Instead of removing his whole command to the heights, which military prudence plainly dictated, and which his subordinates strongly recommended, he insisted upon a literal obedience to General Halleck's orders to hold Harper's

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Ferry to the last extremity. In fact, Maryland Heights was quickly abandoned altogether, Ford but feebly resisting McLaws and retiring before his advance, first spiking his guns and hurling them down the steep declivity. This retreat left Maryland Heights open to occupation by the assailing force, and it was not long ere McLaws had succeeded in dragging some guns to the summit of the rugged ridge and placing them in position to command the garrison below. Jackson and Walker were already in position, and, by the morning of the 14th, Harper's Ferry was completely invested. During the day the summits of the other hills were crowned with artillery, which was ready to open fire by dawn of the 15th.

There was never a more complete trap than that into which the doomed garrison had suffered itself to fall. Escape and resistance were alike impossible. Maryland Heights might easily have been held until McClellan came up had the whole garrison defended it, but its abandonment was a fatal movement. They lay at the bottom of a funnel-shaped opening commanded by a plunging fire from three directions and within reach of volleys of musketry from Maryland Heights. Two hours of cannonade sufficed to prove this, and at the end of that time Colonel Miles raised the white flag of surrender. The signal was not immediately perceived by the Confederates, who continued their fire, one of the shots killing the Federal commander. The force surrendered numbered between 11,000 and 12,000 men, while there fell into Jackson's hands 73 pieces of artillery, 13,000 stand of arms, 200 wagons, and a large quantity of military stores.

Pending the reduction of Harper's Ferry, General Lee moved by easy marches with two divisions of Longstreet's corps to the neighborhood of Hagerstown, leaving D. H. Hill with his division and a detachment of cavalry to serve as rear-guard, with instructions to hold the Boonsboro' pass of South Mountain. By taking a position between Williamsport and Hagerstown a junction could be easily effected with the troops operating against Harper's Ferry, and on the reduction of that place Lee would have a secure line of communication through the Valley of Virginia, which would enable him to advance into

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Pennsylvania or to assume such other line of operation as circumstances might suggest.

Since the advance of the Confederate army into Maryland no considerable Federal force had appeared, and as yet only some unimportant cavalry affairs had occurred. After the evacuation of Virginia the Army of the Potomac had been augmented by the addition of the Army of Virginia and that of General Burnside, giving it an effective strength of about 90,000 men. This force was assigned to the command of General McClellan for active operations, and was put in motion about the 6th of September.

Although it was known in Washington that Lee had crossed the Potomac, McClellan was checked in his movements by General Halleck, who was still apprehensive that the ubiquitous Jackson or Stuart might suddenly appear before the city of Washington.

When it became known that Lee had left Frederick and was advancing toward Hagerstown, McClellan advanced with greater confidence, and an attempt was made to relieve Harper's Ferry. Franklin was sent to force his way through Crampton's Pass, in the South Mountain range. This pass was defended by Mumford's cavalry, supported by a part of McLaws's division, under General Cobb, who had been sent back with three brigades under orders to hold Crampton's Pass until Harper's Ferry had surrendered, "even if he lost his last man in doing it." This pass is in the rear of, and but five miles from, Maryland Heights, and its occupation by the Federals would have seriously imperilled the Confederate operations. It was gallantly defended against the strong force of assailants, and, though Franklin succeeded in forcing his way through by the morning of the 15th, he was too late: Miles was already on the point of surrender. McLaws at once withdrew his force from Maryland Heights, with the exception of one regiment, and formed a line of battle across Pleasant Valley to resist the threatening corps. The surrender of the garrison immediately afterward left him a free line of retreat. He crossed the Potomac at the Ferry, and moved by way of Shepherdstown to rejoin Lee at Sharpsburg. The Confederates

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had in this enterprise met with the most complete and gratifying success.

The Federal army, moving with great caution and deliberation, reached Frederick on the 12th. Here occurred one of those untoward events which have so often changed the course of wars, and which in this instance completely modified the character of the campaign. A copy of General Lee's order directing the movements of the army accidentally fell into the hands of McClellan, who, being thus accurately informed of the position of the forces of his opponent, at once determined to abandon his cautious policy and boldly assume the offensive. He therefore pressed forward with the view of forcing the South Mountain passes, held by Hill, and of intruding himself between the wings of the Confederate army, with the hope of being able to crush them in detail before they could reunite.

The order in question, addressed to D. H. Hill, was found by a soldier after the Confederate evacuation of Frederick, and was quickly in McClellan's possession. Hill has been blamed for unpardonable carelessness in losing it; yet, as the original order was still in his possession after the war, it is evident that the one found must have been a copy. The mystery is made clear by Colonel Venable, one of General Lee's staff-officers, in the following remark: "This is very easily explained. One copy was sent directly to Hill from headquarters. General Jackson sent him a copy, as he regarded Hill in his command. It is Jackson's copy, in his own handwriting, which General Hill has. The other was undoubtedly left carelessly by some one at Hill's headquarters." However that be, its possession by McClellan immediately reversed the character of his movements, which were changed from snail-like slowness to energetic rapidity. In his own words, "Upon learning the contents of this order, I at once gave orders for a vigorous pursuit."

The detachment by General Lee of a large portion of his army for the reduction of Harper's Ferry was made with the reasonable assurance that that object could be effected and a junction formed before General McClellan would be in position to press him. Though this expectation proved well based, yet it was imperilled by the unforeseen event above mentioned.

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The rapid movements to which the finding of Lee's order gave rise brought the leading corps of the Federal army in front of Hill's position upon South Mountain on the afternoon of the 13th. This mountain is intersected by three passes in front of Boonsboro'. The main, or central, pass is traversed by the Frederick and Boonsboro' turnpike; the second, three-fourths of a mile south-east of the first, is crossed by the old Sharpsburg turnpike; the third is an obscure pass behind the elevated crest, about a quarter of a mile north-west of the turnpike.

General Hill's right occupied the south-east pass, and his left held the central. The centre was posted on a narrow mountain-road connecting the right and left. The pass on the left was watched by a small cavalry force. The position of Hill was strong, as it was only assailable by the pike on the left and the road on the right and along the rugged mountain-sides.

Early on the morning of the 14th, General McClellan advanced to the attack, directing his principal efforts against the south-east pass. Hill maintained his position with his usual firmness and intrepidity, and his troops exhibited the same gallantry that had characterized them on various fields.

At this time the position of the several corps of the Confederate army was the following: Jackson was at Harper's Ferry, about fifteen miles from Sharpsburg; Longstreet, at Hagerstown, a somewhat greater distance to the north of Sharpsburg; and D. H. Hill, at Boonsboro' Gap, eastward of these positions; while McClellan's whole force, with the exception of the detachment sent toward Harper's Ferry, lay east of the Gap. Had the Gap been left undefended, as it has been recently suggested it should have been, there would have been nothing to hinder McClellan from inserting his army between the two sections of the Confederate forces and attacking them in detail. The occupation of Sharpsburg by the enemy would have placed Lee in a difficult and dangerous position. Had he retired across the Potomac, as it has been suggested was his proper course to pursue, it would have been a virtual abandonment of his trains and artillery, which were then extended along the road between Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, and could have been reached by McClellan with his cavalry in an hour or two from Boonsboro'.

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The battle of Boonsboro' was therefore necessary to the security of the army; and when, on the night of the 13th, Lee received information of the rapid advance of McClellan, he at once took steps for the effective reinforcement of General Hill. Longstreet's corps was put in motion for this purpose early in the morning of the 14th, and, fortunately, arrived at the Gap in time to prevent Hill's brave men from being overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the enemy.

This timely reinforcement secured the Confederate position. McClellan, finding that his efforts against the centre and right were unavailing, at length discontinued them, with the intention of renewing the conflict at a more assailable point. The contest during the morning had been severe and the loss on each side considerable. On the side of the Confederates, the chief loss fell on the brigade of Brigadier-general Garland. This brigade numbered among its slain its gallant commander, who fell while bravely opposing a fierce attack on South-east Pass.

When General Lee reached Boonsboro' with Longstreet's corps, he sent forward Colonel Long, Major Venable, and other members of his staff, to learn the condition of affairs in front. The pass on the left proved to be unoccupied, and a heavy Federal force was tending in that direction. In anticipation of an attack from this quarter, Hood's division was deployed across the turnpike and Rodes's was posted on the ridge overlooking the unoccupied pass, with Evans's brigade connecting his right with Hood's left. There was a small field in front of Evans and Hood, while Rodes was masked by the timber on the side of the mountain. About three o'clock the battle was renewed by McClellan, who with great energy directed his main attack against Rodes. This was successfully resisted until nightfall, when Rodes's troops gave way before the assault of a superior force. The possession of the ground that had been held by Rodes gave the Federals the command of the central pass, but they could not immediately avail themselves of their success, on account of the intervening darkness.

The Confederate position was now untenable, and its evacuation became necessary. The withdrawal of the rear-guard

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was assigned to General Rodes, the successful execution of the movement being in a great measure due to the sagacity and boldness of Major Green Peyton, adjutant-general of Rodes's division.

At ten o'clock the next morning the Confederate army was safely in position at Sharpsburg.

At Boonsboro', McClellan had displayed more than usual pertinacity in his attacks upon the Confederate position; yet these were met by the troops of Longstreet and Hill with a firmness worthy of the veterans of Manassas and the Chickahominy. Although Lee had been forced into an unexpected battle when his army was divided, he baffled McClellan in his designs by retarding him so as to gain time for the reduction of Harper's Ferry and to place himself where he could be easily joined by Jackson.

On the morning of the 15th, Harper's Ferry was surrendered, and about noon General Lee received the report of its capture. Two courses now presented themselves to the general, each of which involved results of the highest importance. He might either retire across the Potomac and form a junction, in the neighborhood of Shepherdstown, with the forces that had been employed in the reduction of Harper's Ferry, or maintain his position at Sharpsburg and give battle to a superior force. By pursuing the former course the object of the campaign would be abandoned and the hope of co-operation from Maryland for ever relinquished. The latter, although hazardous, if successful would be productive of results more than commensurate with the risk attending its execution. Having a sympathy for the Marylanders, to whom he had offered his services, and a confidence in the bravery of his troops and the strength of his position, he adopted the latter course, and prepared to receive the attack of General McClellan.

Jackson's troops were hurried from Harper's Ferry and a strong defensive position was carefully selected. It embraced the heights fringing the right bank of the Antietam east and south-east of the village of Sharpsburg and a range of hills stretching north-west to the Potomac. Lee's right and centre were protected by stone fences and ledges of rock, and his left

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was principally covered by a wood. The right and centre were occupied by Longstreet's corps, D. H. Hill's division, and Lee's, Walton's, and Garnett's artillery, while Jackson's corps and Stuart's cavalry occupied the left. The Federal forces having been much shattered by the battle of the 14th, McClellan did not resume his advance until late on the morning of the 15th, and did not appear before Sharpsburg until afternoon.

He employed the following day chiefly in preparations for the battle. The corps of Hooker, Mansfield, Sumner, and Franklin, constituting his right, were massed opposite the Confederate left. The hills east of the Antietam which formed the centre of the Federal position were crowned by a powerful artillery, and Burnside's corps, which occupied the left, confronted the Confederate right. Porter's corps formed the reserve, while the cavalry operated on the flanks. Late in the afternoon Mansfield and Hooker crossed the Antietam opposite Longstreet's left. Some preliminary skirmishing closed the day. Both armies now lay on their arms, conscious that the next day would be marked by the most desperate battle that had yet been witnessed in the country. The Confederates, who had never known defeat, confident in themselves, confident in the strength of their position, and confident in their glorious leader, although less in numbers than their opponents by more than one-half, never doubted that victory would again rest on their tattered banners. The Federals, on their part, burning to obliterate the marks of defeat they had lately borne, were impatient for the approaching struggle. The Federal force present on the field amounted to 90,000 men; that of the Confederates, including the division of A. P. Hill, then at Harper's Ferry in charge of prisoners and captured property, amounted to 40,000.

At dawn on the 17th the corps of Mansfield and Hooker advanced to the attack; they were met by the divisions of Anderson and Hood with their usual vigor. Being greatly outnumbered, these divisions were reinforced by Evans's brigade and the division of D. H. Hill. The contest continued close and determined for more than an hour, when the Federals began to give way. They were hotly pressed. Hooker was wounded,

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Mansfield was killed, and their corps were irretrievably shattered when relieved by the fresh corps of Sumner and Franklin. The Confederates, who had advanced more than a mile, were gradually borne back to their original position. McClellan now directed his chief attack upon Lee's left, with the hope of forcing it back, so that he might penetrate between it and the river and take the Confederate position in reverse. This attack was received by Jackson's corps with intrepidity. The veterans under Early, Trimble, Lawton, and Starke gallantly held their ground against large odds. At an opportune moment the Confederate line was reinforced by the division of McLaws and Walker. The entire Confederate force, except D. R. Jones's division, on the right, was now engaged.

The roar of musketry and the thunder of artillery proclaimed the deadly conflict that raged. These deafening sounds of battle continued until about twelve o'clock, when they began to abate, and about one they ceased. The Federals had been repulsed at every point, and four corps were so much broken by loss and fatigue that they were unable to renew the contest.

After the battle had concluded on the left General Burnside prepared to assault the Confederate right with 20,000 fresh troops. He had remained inactive during the forenoon; but when the attack on the Confederate left had failed, he proceeded to force the passage of the Antietam at the bridge southeast of Sharpsburg, on the Pleasant Valley road, and at the ford below. These points were gallantly maintained by Toombs's brigade of Jones's division until about four o'clock, when they were carried. General Burnside then crossed the Antietam and formed his troops under the bluff.

At five o'clock he advanced, and, quickly dispersing the small division of D. R. Jones, gained the crest of the ridge south of the town. At that moment the division of A. P. Hill, 4500 strong, just arrived from Harper's Ferry, was on the road which traverses its western slope. Seeing the Federal line on its flank, the division faced to the right, and, taking advantage of the stone fence that bordered the road, delivered such destructive volleys that the Federals were forced to retire as suddenly as they had appeared. Sharply followed by Hill

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and raked by the artillery, Burnside was forced to recross the Antietam. Just as the sun disappeared in the west the last of Burnside's corps gained the eastern side. Thus closed the battle of Sharpsburg. The Federal troops fought well and did honor to their gallant leaders, but, being compelled to attack a strong position defended by men who had been justly characterized as the finest soldiers of the age, they failed to obtain the mastery of the field. The casualties on both sides were heavy; the numbers have never been accurately stated. On the side of the Federals were Mansfield killed, Major-general Hooker wounded, and a number of other distinguished officers killed or wounded; on the side of the Confederates, Brigadier-general Starke was killed and Brigadiers Lawton, Ripley, and G. B. Anderson were wounded, and a number of others were put *hors de combat.* Anderson afterward died of his wound.

Among the cases of individual gallantry, one of the most conspicuous was that of General Longstreet, with Majors Fairfax and Sorrell and Captain Latrobe of his staff, who, on observing a large Federal force approaching an unoccupied portion of his line, served with such effect two pieces of artillery that had been left without cannoneers that the Federals were arrested in their advance and speedily forced to retire beyond the range of the guns.

During the night General Lee prepared for the renewal of the battle the next day. A part of his line was withdrawn to the range of hills west of the town, which gave him a very strong and much better field than that of the previous day. He remained in his new position during the 18th, prepared for battle; but General McClellan, perceiving that his troops had been greatly disorganized by the battle of the previous day, declined resuming the attack until the arrival of 15,000 fresh troops that were hastening to his support.

Foreseeing that no important results could be achieved by a second battle with McClellan's augmented forces, and being unwilling to sacrifice unnecessarily his gallant men, Lee withdrew during the night to the south side of the Potomac, and on the 19th took a position a few miles west of Shepherdstown.

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When McClellan learned, on the morning of the 19th, that the Confederate position had been evacuated, he ordered an immediate pursuit, which, however, proved unavailing, as the Confederate rear-guard was disappearing in the defile leading from the ford below Shepherdstown when the Federal advance appeared on the opposite heights. A few batteries were then put into position, and a harmless cannonade commenced, which was kept up in a desultory manner during the greater part of the day. Late in the afternoon a large detachment approached the ford, and about nightfall dislodged General Pendleton, who had been charged with its defence, and effected a crossing without serious opposition. This occurrence was reported about midnight to General Lee, who immediately despatched orders to Jackson to take steps to arrest the Federal advance. The division of A. P. Hill, moving with rapidity, reached the mouth of the defile leading to the river just as the Federal detachment was debouching from it, and attacked this force with such impetuosity that it was compelled to retire with heavy loss across the Potomac. McClellan made no further attempt to continue offensive operations for several weeks, this interval being passed in the neighborhood of Sharpsburg in resting and reorganizing his forces. This campaign, especially the battle of Sharpsburg, has been the subject of much discussion, in which the Northern writers generally claim for the Federal arms a complete victory; but the historian of the Army of the Potomac, with greater impartiality, acknowledges Antietam (or Sharpsburg) to have been a drawn battle. This admission is corroborated by the evidence of General McClellan in his testimony before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, since he admitted that his losses on the 17th had been so heavy, and that his forces were so greatly disorganized on the morning of the 18th, that, although General Lee still maintained a defiant attitude, he was unable to resume the attack. Swinton, however, claims for the Army of the Potomac a political victory, with apparent justice; but in reality his claim is without foundation, for Lee was politically defeated before the occurrence of a collision with McClellan by his failure to induce the Marylanders to rally in any considerable force to

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his standard; and even when McClellan, by accident, became aware of the disposition of his forces and his intentions, he was establishing a line of communication that would enable him to engage his opponent with no other hope of political results than such as would naturally arise from a victory, whether gained north or south of the Potomac. The severe chastisement that had been inflicted on the Army of the Potomac is evident from the long prostration it exhibited, notwithstanding the facility with which it received reinforcements and supplies.

As a relief to the tale of war and bloodshed through which this chapter has carried us, we may relate some incidents of the battle of Sharpsburg of a lighter and more personal character. Lee's position during the engagement was on a hill to the east of Sharpsburg, which gave him an oversight of the whole field. While standing here conversing with Longstreet and attended by some members of his staff, D. H. Hill rode up on an errand to the general. He was admonished to dismount, as his conspicuous appearance might draw the fire of the enemy. He declined to do so, however, as he was in great haste to deliver an important communication. A minute afterward a puff of smoke was seen to rise from a distant Federal battery, and a shell came whirling toward the group. It had been well aimed, and, though a little too low for the horseman, was in the direct line for his horse. It passed very near General Lee, who was standing by the horse's head talking with Hill, and, striking the animal's fore legs, took them both off below the knee. The poor brute fell on his knees, and remained in that position, with his back at an awkward slant, while his startled rider was making ineffectual efforts to dismount. He threw his legs in the usual manner over the cantle of the saddle, but in his haste found it impossible to get off his horse, while the ludicrous spectacle which he presented brought a roar of laughter from the persons present. "Try it the other way," suggested Longstreet. "Throw your legs over the pommel and see if you cannot get off that way." Hill obeyed the suggestion, and finally succeeded in dismounting. He was good-natured enough to take part in the merriment which his adventure had

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excited. The shell, however, had not yet finished its death-dealing work. It went on and fell into a Confederate regiment behind a hill, where it killed several men.

Another anecdote of the Sharpsburg engagement is of interest as descriptive of an instance of General Lee's losing his temper—a circumstance which happened only twice, to my knowledge, during my long acquaintance with him. He was not wanting in temper, but was, on the contrary, a man of decided character and strong passions; yet he had such complete control of himself that few men ever knew him to deviate from his habitual calm dignity of mien. On the occasion here alluded to Lee was riding along a little in rear of the lines, when he came across a soldier who had stolen and killed a pig, which he was surreptitiously conveying to his quarters. Positive orders having been given against pillage of every kind, this flagrant disregard of his commands threw the general into a hot passion. Though usually greatly disinclined to capital punishment, he determined to make an example of this skulking pilferer, and ordered the man to be arrested and taken back to Jackson with directions to have him shot. Jackson, on receiving the culprit, could not quite see the utility of his execution, when men were already scarce, and it struck him that it would answer the purpose quite as well to put the fellow in the front ranks of the army at the most threatened point and let the enemy perform the work assigned to him. He accordingly did so, placing him where his chance of being shot was a most excellent one. The fellow, though fond of surreptitious pork, was not wanting in courage, and behaved gallantly. He redeemed his credit by his bravery, and came through the thick of the fight unscathed. If a commonplace witticism be not out of order here, it may be said that, though he lost his pig, he "saved his bacon."

While on the subject of Lee's self-command it may be of interest to quote some incidents from Colonel Taylor's *Four Years with General Lee* as illustrative of his strong power over his feelings even on the most trying occasions:

"Tidings reached General Lee soon after his return to Virginia (from Maryland) of the serious illness of one of his daugh-

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ters, the darling of his flock. For several days apprehensions were entertained that the next intelligence would be of her death. One morning the mail was received, and the private letters were distributed, as was the custom, but no one knew whether any home-news had been received by the general. At the usual hour he summoned me to his presence to know if there were any matters of army routine upon which his judgment and action were desired. The papers containing a few such cases were presented to him; he reviewed and gave his orders in regard to them. I then left him, but for some cause returned in a few moments, and with my accustomed freedom entered his tent without announcement or ceremony, when I was startled and shocked to see him overcome with grief, an open letter in his hands. That letter contained the sad intelligence of his daughter's death. . . . .

"His army demanded his first thought and care; to his men, to their needs, he must first attend, and then he could surrender himself to his private, personal affairs. Who can tell with what anguish of soul he endeavored to control himself and to maintain a calm exterior, and who can estimate the immense effort necessary to still the heart filled to overflowing with tenderest emotions and to give attention to the important trusts committed to him, before permitting the more selfish indulgence of private meditation, grief, and prayer? 'Duty first' was the rule of his life, and his every thought, word, and action was made to square with duty's inexorable demands."

There is another anecdote told by Colonel Taylor bearing upon the same trait of character and his consideration for the feelings of others, with which this chapter may be closed:

"He had a great dislike to reviewing army communications; this was so thoroughly appreciated by me that I would never present a paper for his action unless it was of decided importance and of a nature to demand his judgment and decision. On one occasion, when an audience had not been asked of him for several days, it became necessary to have one. The few papers requiring his action were submitted. He was not in a very pleasant humor; something irritated him, and he manifested his ill-humor by a little nervous twist or jerk of the neck

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and head peculiar to himself, accompanied by some harshness of manner. This was perceived by me, and I hastily concluded that my efforts to save him annoyance were not appreciated. In disposing of some cases of a vexatious character matters reached a climax; he became really worried, and, forgetting what was due to my superior, I petulantly threw the paper down at my side and gave evident signs of anger. Then, in a perfectly calm and measured tone of voice, he said, 'Colonel Taylor, when I lose my temper don't you let it make you angry.'"

Most men in his position would have dealt more severely with the petulance of a subordinate, and not have administered this quiet and considerate rebuke by indicating that the loss of temper was not directed toward him and gave him no warrant for a display of anger.

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CHAPTER XIII.

FREDERICKSBURG.

Lee's Address to the Army.—Stuart's Raid.—Selection of Headquarters.—A Rocky Camp.—Headquarter Incidents.—McClellan Removed.—Burnside Appointed Commander.—Advance on Fredericksburg.—Lee Occupies the Heights.—Burnside Crosses the Rappahannock.—The Battle.—Terrible Slaughter.—Federals Repulsed at all Points.—Retreat Across the River.—Results.—The Winter Camp.—A Practical Joke on the Staff.—A Discriminative Hen.

AFTER remaining a few days in the neighborhood of Shepherdstown, General Lee gradually withdrew to a position between Bunker Hill and Winchester. Notwithstanding he had failed, from accidental causes, to accomplish the chief object of the invasion of Maryland, the expedition was not wholly without beneficial results, since it relieved Virginia from the presence of the enemy and gave her an opportunity to recover in a measure from the exhausting effect of war, while the spirit and confidence of the troops were not impaired by the unexpected termination of the campaign.

In order to explain the achievements of this campaign, I shall here insert General Lee's address to his troops a few days after its termination:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 2, 1862.

"In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the commanding general cannot withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardships on the march.

"Since your great victories around Richmond you have defeated the enemy at Cedar Mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and after a conflict of three days utterly repulsed him on the plains of Manassas and forced him to take

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shelter within the fortifications around his capital. Without halting for repose, you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than 11,600 men, and captured upward of seventy pieces of artillery, all their small-arms, and other munitions of war. While one corps of the army was thus engaged the other ensured its success by arresting at Boonsboro' the combined armies of the enemy, advancing under their favorite general to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

"On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted from daylight until dark the whole army of the enemy, and repulsed every attack along his entire front of more than four miles in extent.

"The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning without molestation across the Potomac.

"Two attempts subsequently made by the enemy to follow you across the river have resulted in his complete discomfiture and his being driven back with loss. Achievements such as these demanded much valor and patriotism. History records fewer examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited, and I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms.

"Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens us with invasion, and to your tried valor and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety. Your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

"R. E. LEE,
"*General Commanding.*"

The inactivity of General McClellan allowed General Lee several weeks of uninterrupted repose. During that interval the guardianship of the Potomac was confided to the cavalry and horse-artillery. While thus employed General Stuart made a swoop into Pennsylvania, captured a thousand horses, and after making the entire circuit of the Federal army recrossed

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the Potomac with only the loss of three missing and three wounded. This achievement drew from Mr. Lincoln a very sarcastic criticism on his own cavalry, which, however, was not wholly merited, for it was no sooner learned that Stuart had crossed the border than Pleasonton made the most rapid pursuit that was ever performed by the Federal cavalry; but he arrived just in time to see the prey safe beyond the Potomac.

Throughout the late campaign the duty of selecting a place for headquarters usually devolved upon the writer. The general would say, "Colonel Long has a good eye for locality: let him find a place for the camp." It was not always so easy to find a desirable situation, but, as the general was easily satisfied, the difficulties of the task were greatly lightened. Only once, to my recollection, did he object to the selection made for headquarters; this was on reaching the neighborhood of Winchester. The army had preceded the general and taken possession of every desirable camping-place. After a long and fatiguing search a farm-house was discovered, surrounded by a large shady yard. The occupants of the house with great satisfaction gave permission for the establishment of General Lee not only in the yard, but insisted on his occupying a part of the house. Everything being satisfactorily settled, the wagons were ordered up, but just as their unloading began the general rode up and flatly refused to occupy either yard or house. No one expected him to violate his custom by occupying the house, but it was thought he would not object to a temporary occupation of the yard. Being vexed at having to look for another place for headquarters, I ordered the wagons into a field almost entirely covered with massive stones. The boulders were so large and thick that it was difficult to find space for the tents. The only redeeming feature the location possessed was a small stream of good water. When the tents were pitched, the general looked around with a smile of satisfaction, and said, "This is better than the yard. We will not now disturb those good people."

While occupying this camp we were visited by several distinguished British officers—among them, Colonel Garnet Wolseley, who has since become prominent in history. Subsequently,

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one of the number published the following account of General Lee and his surroundings:

"In visiting the headquarters of the Confederate generals, but particularly those of General Lee, any one accustomed to see European armies in the field, cannot fail to be struck with the great absence of all the pomp and circumstance of war in and around their encampments.

"Lee's headquarters consisted of about seven or eight pole-tents, pitched, with their backs to a stake-fence, upon a piece of ground so rocky that it was unpleasant to ride over it, its only recommendation being a little stream of good water which flowed close by the general's tent. In front of the tents were some three or four army-wagons, drawn up without any regularity, and a number of horses turned loose about the field. The servants—who were, of course, slaves—and the mounted soldiers called couriers, who always accompany each general of division in the field, were unprovided with tents, and slept in or under the wagons. Wagons, tents, and some of the horses were marked 'U. S.,' showing that part of that huge debt in the North has gone to furnishing even the Confederate generals with camp-equipments. No guard or sentries were to be seen in the vicinity, no crowd of aides-de-camp loitering about, making themselves agreeable to visitors and endeavoring to save their generals from receiving those who had no particular business. A large farm-house stands close by, which in any other army would have been the general's residence *pro tem.;* but, as no liberties are allowed to be taken with personal property in Lee's army, he is particular in setting a good example himself. His staff are crowded together, two or three in a tent; none are allowed to carry more baggage than a small box each, and his own kit is but very little larger. Every one who approaches him does so with marked respect, although there is none of that bowing and flourishing of forage-caps which occurs in the presence of European generals; and, while all honor him and place implicit faith in his courage and ability, those with whom he is most intimate feel for him the affection of sons to a father. Old General Scott was correct in saying that when Lee joined the Southern cause it was worth

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as much as the accession of 20,000 men to the 'rebels.' Since then every injury that it was possible to inflict the Northerners have heaped upon him. Notwithstanding all these personal losses, however, when speaking of the Yankees he neither evinced any bitterness of feeling nor gave utterance to a single violent expression, but alluded to many of his former friends and companions among them in the kindest terms. He spoke as a man proud of the victories won by his country and confident of ultimate success under the blessing of the Almighty, whom he glorified for past successes, and whose aid he invoked for all future operations."

Notwithstanding the ruggedness of this encampment, it proved unusually lively. Besides the foreign friends, we had numerous visitors from the army, also ladies and gentlemen from Winchester and the neighborhood, all of whom had some remark to make upon the rocky situation of our camp. This the general seemed to enjoy, as it gave him an opportunity of making a jest at the expense of Colonel Long, whom he accused of having set him down there among the rocks in revenge for his refusing to occupy the yard. Although there were no habitual drinkers on the general's staff, an occasional demijohn would find its way to headquarters. While at this place one of the officers received a present of a jug of fine old rye. Soon after its advent General J. E. B. Stuart, with Sweeney and his banjo, arrived—not on account, however, of the jug, but, as was his wont, to give us a serenade. The bright camp-fire was surrounded by a merry party, and a lively concert commenced. After a while the general came out, and, observing the jug perched on a boulder, asked with a merry smile, "Gentlemen, am I to thank General Stuart or the jug for this fine music?"

By this time the men had come to know their leader. The brilliant campaigns through which he had led them had inspired them with love and confidence, and whenever he appeared among them his approach was announced by "Here comes Mars' Robert!" and he would be immediately saluted with the well-known Confederate yell, which called forth in other quarters the exclamation, "There goes Mars' Robert—ole Jackson, or an ole hare."

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At this time a strong religious sentiment prevailed in the army, and every evening from the various camps might be heard the sound of devotional exercises. General Lee encouraged this sentiment by attending services whenever circumstances permitted.

While indulging in the sweets of repose the army was gradually increased, principally by the return of absentees, until the middle of October, when its effective strength amounted to about 60,000 men. Its efficiency had been much improved by the activity and energy of Colonel Corley, chief quartermaster, and Colonel Cole, chief commissary. These officers displayed great ability in furnishing the necessary requirements of the army in the field. Colonels Chilton, Murray, Henry Peyton, Captains Mason and Latham, of the adjutant- and inspector-general's department, contributed greatly to its high state of discipline, and General Lee made in his report honorable mention of his personal staff.

The cavalry, at this time between 3000 and 4000 strong, was distinguished as the finest corps of modern cavalry, and Stuart had justly become celebrated as a cavalry commander. His brigadiers, the two Lees, W. E. Jones, Robertson, Munford, Hampton, Lomax, and a host of others of less rank, were officers who would have graced the brightest days of chivalry, and the rank and file were composed of the best material of the South.

Stuart was unequalled as an outpost officer. Throughout a line of fifty miles his eye and hand were everywhere present; his pickets and scouts never slept; the movements of the enemy were immediately discovered, and promptly reported to the commander-in-chief.

When McClellan crossed the Potomac, Stuart withdrew his cavalry to a line embracing Bunker's Hill and Smithfield, extending on the right to the Shenandoah and on the left to the eastern base of North Mountain. The connection between this line of outposts and that east of the Blue Ridge was by the way of Snicker's Gap and Berryville. The Federal army by the 15th of October had been concentrated in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry. The opposing armies were now only

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separated by their outposts, between which spirited encounters frequently occurred.

The repose of a month had greatly improved in every way the Confederate army; it had reached a high state of efficiency, and General Lee was fully prepared to meet General McClellan whenever he might think fit to advance to attack him in his position before Winchester. When McClellan resumed active operations two plans presented themselves. One was to bring Lee to an engagement in the Shenandoah Valley; the other, to pass south of the Blue Ridge into Loudoun, Fauquier, and Culpeper, thus penetrating between the Confederate army and Richmond, its base of supplies. The first presented the disadvantage of attacking a formidable opponent in position, while retreat was hazardous by the proximity of two large and difficult rivers, the Shenandoah and Potomac. The other offered a wider scope for the operations of large armies, and in case of defeat, as on previous occasions, the protection of the defences about Washington could easily be gained. McClellan adopted the latter plan, and on the 23d of October commenced the passage of the Potomac south of Harper's Ferry, and by the 1st of November his army had entered Loudoun and was slowly extending into Fauquier. He occupied the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad on the 5th, and at the same time the Federal outposts were extended to the neighborhood of Warrenton. When McClellan had crossed the Potomac and the direction of his advance was ascertained, Lee moved Longstreet's corps and the greater part of the cavalry to a position near Culpeper Court-house and established his outposts along the right bank of the Rappahannock.

Jackson's corps was detained in the Valley until the Federal plans should be more fully developed. The delay that followed the battle of Sharpsburg and the deliberate manner in which McClellan resumed active operations did not accord with the impetuous character of the authorities of Washington, and were productive of a voluminous correspondence with Mr. Lincoln and General Halleck, in which the President and commander-in-chief exhibited marked disapprobation, which culminated in the removal of McClellan. That this step was injudicious

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at that time was clearly demonstrated by the subsequent disasters that befell the army.

General McClellan had been in command of the Army of the Potomac more than a year. He had been assigned to its command when it was broken and dispirited by defeat, and had brought it up to a high state of efficiency. In the Peninsular campaign, in the spring of 1862, he accomplished more in two months than any subsequent commander of the Army of the Potomac did in a much greater period. The results of the capture of Yorktown and Norfolk, the destruction of the Merrimac, and the possession of the York and the James rivers were not at the time fully appreciated. They, however, ultimately led to the fall of Richmond and the defeat and capture of the Army of Northern Virginia, and, had not his plans been frustrated by the Federal Executive by withholding at the important moment the co-operation of McDowell's corps of 40,000 men, then at Fredericksburg, this series of operations might have been followed by the capture of Richmond and stamped as one of the most brilliant campaigns on record. After a successful campaign, having reorganized and raised his army in point of numbers and equipment to the highest state of military excellence, and having just entered upon a new field of operation with every element of success that the foresight of a commander could give, General McClellan was relieved from command and placed in retirement. The impression created at the time was that this step was a military necessity, but the course afterward displayed by the radical party would naturally lead to the inference that the removal of McClellan originated from political jealousy. His great personal popularity and his influence with the Democratic party, enhanced by military fame, would have made him a formidable political aspirant.

A great diversity of opinion exists as to the military capacity of McClellan, and he has been both unduly praised and censured by his friends and foes. That his slowness and caution were elements on which the opposing general might safely count must be admitted, but that he had a high degree of military ability cannot be denied. His skill in planning movements was certainly admirable, but their effect was in more

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than one instance lost by over-slowness in their execution. In this connection it will be of interest to give General Lee's own opinion concerning McClellan's ability, as related by a relative of the general, who had it from her father, an old gentleman of eighty years:

"One thing I remember hearing him say. He asked General Lee which in his opinion was the ablest of the Union generals; to which the latter answered, bringing his hand down on the table with an emphatic energy, 'McClellan, by all odds!'"

This opinion, however, could but have referred to his skill as a tactician, as it is unquestionable that Lee availed himself of McClellan's over-caution and essayed perilous movements which he could not have safely ventured in the presence of a more active opponent.

It was with surprise that the Confederate officers who knew the distinguished merit of Sumner, Sedgwick, Meade, and others learned that Burnside had been elevated above them, and General Burnside himself with diffidence accepted the high honor that had been conferred upon him. Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by General Halleck, visited the headquarters of the army near Warrenton, where a plan of operations was adopted. A rapid advance upon Richmond by the way of Fredericksburg was advised. It was supposed from the position of General Lee's forces that by gaining a march or two upon him Richmond might be reached and captured before that general could relieve it. All that prevented the immediate execution of this plan was the want of a pontoon-train, which was necessary for the passage of the Rappahannock.

Having arranged to his satisfaction with General Halleck and Mr. Lincoln in regard to a prompt compliance with his requisitions for pontoons and supplies for the army, General Burnside, about the 15th of November, put the Army of the Potomac in motion, and on the 17th, Sumner's corps reached Fredericksburg. This energetic officer would probably have immediately crossed the Rappahannock by the fords above the town, and thus have saved much delay. He was, however, restrained by Burnside, who directed him to await the arrival

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of the pontoons. At this time the river in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg was held simply by a small picket-force, and could have been forded without much difficulty. General Lee, having penetrated the designs of the Federal commander, prepared to oppose them. About the 18th he sent reinforcements to Fredericksburg with instructions to retard, as far as practicable, the Federal forces in the passage of the Rappahannock, and at the same time he sent orders to Jackson to join him as speedily as possible.

Upon the supposition that Burnside would cross the Rappahannock before he could form a junction of his forces, Lee proposed to take a position behind the North Anna with part of Longstreet's corps, the force then about Richmond, and such other troops as might be drawn from other points, while, with Jackson's and the remainder of Longstreet's corps united, he moved in such a manner as might enable him to fall upon the flank and rear of the Federal army when it attempted the passage of that river. But when it was ascertained that Burnside was prevented from immediately crossing the Rappahannock by a delay in the arrival of his pontoons, Lee determined to move Longstreet's corps immediately to Fredericksburg and take possession of the heights opposite those occupied by the Federal force, as these heights afforded a stronger defensive line than the North Anna.

In execution of this determination Longstreet's corps left the vicinity of Culpeper Court-house on the 24th, crossed the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford, and, proceeding by the Wilderness road, reached Fredericksburg the next day. In the meantime, Jackson was rapidly approaching from the Valley. The Army of the Potomac had been a week before Fredericksburg and the pontoons had not yet arrived, and what might have been effected a few days before without opposition could now be accomplished only by force. Even after passing the river Burnside would be obliged to remove from his path a formidable opponent before he could continue his advance upon the city of Richmond.

On arriving at Fredericksburg, General Lee caused the heights south of the river to be occupied by artillery and in-

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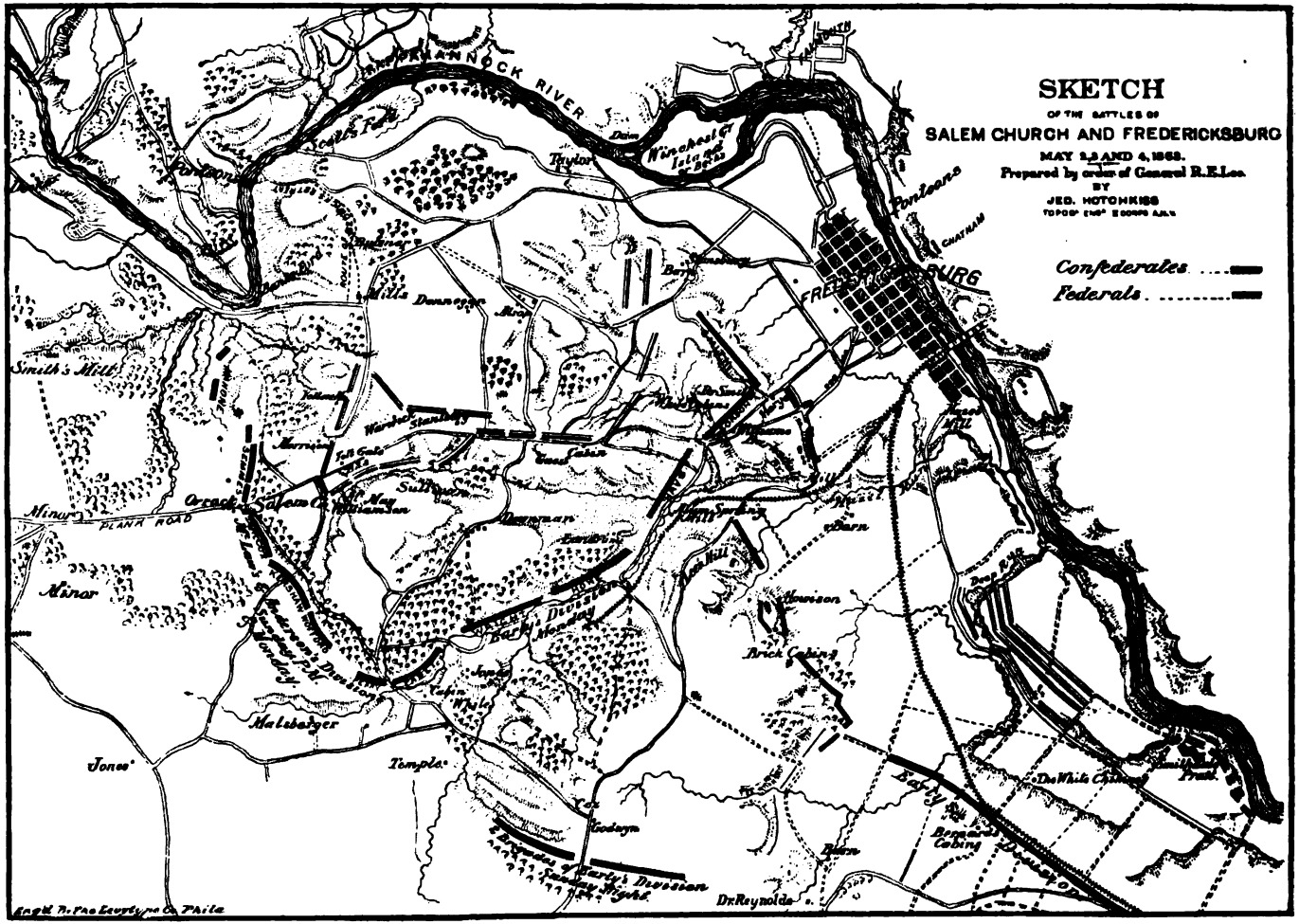

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fantry from Banks's Ford, four miles above, to the Massaponax, five miles below the city, while the cavalry extended up the river beyond the United States Ford and down as far as Port Royal. The prominent points were crowned with artillery covered by epaulments, and in the intervals were constructed breastworks for the protection of infantry. The heights closely fringe the river from Banks's Ford to Falmouth; thence they recede, leaving a low ground, which gradually increases in width to about two miles; then the hills again abut upon the river a little below the mouth of the Massaponax, and, extending nearly parallel to that stream, abruptly terminate in broad, low grounds. These low grounds are traversed by the main road to Bowling Green and are intersected by several small streams. The most important of these is Deep Run, which empties into the Rappahannock a little more than a mile above the mouth of the Massaponax. That portion of the road embraced between Deep Run and the Massaponax is enclosed by embankments sufficiently high and thick to afford good covers for troops. We have here endeavored to describe some of the principal features of the Confederate position at Fredericksburg, that the plan of battle may be more clearly understood.

Jackson's corps on its arrival at the end of November was posted a few miles south of the Massaponax, in the neighborhood of Guinea Station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. From this position he could easily support Longstreet, or, in case Burnside attempted a passage of the Rappahannock between the Massaponax and Port Royal, he would be ready to intercept him. After much delay the pontoon-train reached Fredericksburg. But then the position of Lee presented a formidable obstacle to the passage of the river at that point.

General Burnside thereupon caused careful reconnoissances to be made both above and below, with the view of finding a more favorable point for crossing. But he invariably found wherever he appeared the forces of General Lee ready to oppose him. Finding no part of the river more suitable or less guarded than that about Fredericksburg, Burnside determined to effect a crossing at that place. Two points were selected—one oppo-

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site the town, and the other two miles below, near the mouth of Deep Run—and early on the morning of the 11th of December the work was begun under cover of a dense fog. A bridge was laid at the mouth of Deep Run, and Franklin's grand division passed over without opposition. In front of Fredericksburg, however, the case was different. The gallant Barksdale with his brigade of Mississippians, to whom the defence of the town had been assigned, repelled every attempt to construct the bridges until the afternoon, when the powerful artillery of the Federal army was massed and a cannonade from one hundred and eighty guns was opened upon the devoted town, under cover of which troops crossed in boats under the direction of General Hunt, chief of artillery. Then Barksdale, fighting, retired step by step until he gained the cover of the road embankment at the foot of Marye's Heights, which he held until relieved by fresh troops. Burnside having developed his plan of attack, Lee concentrated his forces preparatory for battle. His right rested on the Massaponax, and his left on the Rappahannock at the dam in the vicinity of Falmouth. Jackson's corps, in three lines, occupied the space between the Massaponax and Deep Run, while Longstreet's corps, with artillery, occupied the remainder of the position. The flanks were covered by Stuart's cavalry and horse artillery. It was here for the first time that the Confederate artillery was systematically massed for battle. On his arrival at Fredericksburg, General Lee assigned to Colonel Long the duty of verifying and selecting positions for the artillery, in which he was assisted by Majors Venable and Talcott and Captain Sam Johnson. On the day of battle two hundred pieces of artillery were in position, and so arranged that at least fifty pieces could be brought to bear on any threatened point, and on Fredericksburg and Deep Run, the points of attack, a hundred guns could be concentrated. The artillery on Longstreet's front was commanded by Colonels Alexander, Walton, and Cabell, and that on Jackson's by Colonels Brown and Walker. The horse artillery was commanded by Major Pelham. These officers on all occasions served with marked ability. General Pendleton, chief of artillery, exercised special control of the reserve artillery.

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As Jackson's corps had been extended some distance down the Rappahannock, it was not until the night of the 11th that its concentration was completed. On the morning of the 12th of December, General Lee's entire force was in position, prepared to receive the Federal attack. The strength of the opposing armies, as on previous occasions, was disproportionate. The effective strength of the Army of Northern Virginia was about 60,000, of which about 52,000 were infantry, 4000 artillery with 250 guns, and the cavalry composed the remainder. That of the Army of the Potomac exceeded 100,000 men and 300 pieces of artillery. 90,000 men had crossed the river—40,000 of Sumner's grand division at Fredericksburg, and Franklin's grand division of 50,000 men at Deep Run. From this disposition of forces it was apparent that General Burnside designed a simultaneous attack upon the Confederate right and centre. Jackson's first line, composed of two brigades of A. P. Hill's division, held the railroad; a second line, consisting of artillery and the other brigades of Hill's division, occupied the heights immediately overlooking the railroad; and the reserves, commanded by D. H. Hill, were in convenient supporting-distance. In the centre the most conspicuous feature was Marye's Heights, behind the town of Fredericksburg and separated from it by an open space of several hundreds yards in width. The telegraph road passing between the base of the heights and a strong embankment was occupied by two brigades—Cobb's and Kershaw's of Longstreet's corps—while the crest was crowned by a powerful artillery covered by a continuous line of earthworks. A reserve of two brigades, commanded by Brigadier-general Ransom, occupied the reverse slope of the heights. [These troops did good service during the battle.] On the hills behind were grouped batteries so disposed that the heights in front could be raked with shot and shell in case they were carried by the Federals.

On the morning of the 13th of December, as the fog slowly lifted, a scene was unfolded which in point of grandeur has seldom been witnessed. The Stafford Heights, from Falmouth to the Massaponax, were crowned with thickly-grouped batteries of artillery, while the shores of the Rappahannock were cov-

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ered with dark masses of troops in battle array. Opposite the Confederate right the attacking force, in two lines, began to advance. Simultaneously the heights were wreathed in smoke and the thunder of artillery announced the commencement of battle. When the attacking column had become disengaged from the embankments of the river-road, Stuart's horse artillery on the right and the artillery of Jackson's corps in front opened a destructive fire, which checked it for a brief space, until its own batteries could be placed in position to occupy the opposing artillery. It then moved steadily onward, and quickly dislodged the first Confederate line from the railroad, and disappeared in the wood that concealed the greater part of the second line. A deadly conflict ensued, which, although hidden by the forest, was proclaimed by the terrific clash of musketry. Very soon the troops that had advanced so gallantly were seen to retire. At first a straggling few and then large masses came rushing out, followed by long lines of gray veterans, who dealt death at every step. General Meade, from the want of support after his gallant achievement, was compelled to witness the present deplorable condition of his corps. Forty thousand of Franklin's grand division, remaining idly by, had beheld the defeat of their brave comrades without extending a helping hand. This apathy of Franklin was at the time regarded by the Confederates as remarkable.

During the attack on the right preparations were in progress to assail the Confederate centre. Dense masses of troops, which had been previously concentrated in and about Fredericksburg, were now formed in columns of attack to be led against Marye's Heights. About noon the attack commenced. Column after column advanced to the assault, to be hurled back with terrible slaughter. Attack after attack was hopelessly renewed until the stoutest heart quailed at the dreadful carnage that ensued. Seeing his repeated efforts unavailing, General Burnside ordered a discontinuance of the conflict. The Confederates on the next day expected the battle to be renewed with greater vigor than had been displayed on the day before, but the Federals maintained a sullen silence, and at night recrossed the Rappahannock. The next morning the spectator could hardly be-

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lieve his senses on beholding the great Federal army that had on the day previous lined the southern shore of the Rappahannock now covering the heights of Stafford, bereft of that martial spirit it had exhibited a few days before. The dispirited condition of the Federal army was not so much the consequence of losses in battle as the effect of the want of co-operation and the fruitless results of misdirected valor.

The appointment of General Burnside to the command of the Army of the Potomac had proved a mistake—more, however, from the combination of circumstances against him than from lack of conduct on his part. His successes in North Carolina had given him prominence, while his soldierly bearing and fine appearance evidently had their influence with Mr. Lincoln in the selection of him as commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac; while neglecting the superior claims of several others, two of whom—Generals Hooker and Franklin—could never forget their sense of superiority sufficiently to render him cordial co-operation. Bourrienne gives us a maxim of Bonaparte that "two great generals in the same army are sure to make a bad one." This maxim particularly applied in the present instance to the Army of the Potomac, where its truth was fully verified.

The losses sustained, as stated by General Burnside, amounted to about 10,000, among whom was General Bayard, a young officer of great merit, whose loss was sincerely felt in the army as well as by a large circle of acquaintances. The Confederate loss was numerically much less than that sustained by the enemy. The Confederates, however, numbered among their slain Brigadier-generals Gregg and Cobb, and among their mortally wounded Colonel Coleman of the artillery. The fall of these noble and gallant spirits was deeply deplored by the army.

In preparation for this battle General Lee had established his field headquarters on a spur of the ridge on which he had located his line of battle. From this position he had a commanding view of the adjacent valley, the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg to Massaponax, and the Stafford Heights beyond. This spur has since been known as Lee's Hill. On the day of battle Longstreet had his headquarters at the same place,

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so that Lee was able to keep his hand on the rein of his "old war-horse" and to direct him where to apply his strength.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, General Lee retained his headquarters, established previous to the battle, at a point on the road midway between Fredericksburg and Hamilton Crossing, selected on account of its accessibility. Although there was a vacant house near which he could have occupied, he preferred, as in the instance we have recently given, to remain in camp, thus giving an example of endurance of hardship that might prove useful to his troops. The headquarters did not present a very imposing appearance. It consisted of four or five wall tents and three or four common tents, situated on the edge of an old pine field, and not far from a fine grove of forest trees, from which was obtained an abundant supply of excellent wood, while the branches of the old field-pine served to fortify the tents against the cold of winter and to make shelter for the horses. Though outwardly the winter quarters presented rather a dismal aspect, yet within cheerfulness prevailed. Notwithstanding the responsibility of his position and the difficulties that surrounded him, General Lee usually maintained a cheerful mien toward his staff, and at times indulged his humor for a practical joke in a manner which would have surprised an outsider who saw only the grave and dignified side of his character. As a companion-piece to the demijohn story previously told, we may give another in which General Lee was the active agent. On one occasion a demijohn was observed to be carried into his tent, which excited in the minds of those who beheld it visions of good wine or brandy. (The general well knew that several of his staff enjoyed a glass of wine, or even something stronger.) About twelve o'clock he walked out of his tent, and with a twinkle in his eye remarked, "Perhaps you gentlemen would like a glass of something?" All assenting, he directed Bryan, the steward of the mess, to carry the demijohn to the mess-tent and arrange cups for the gentlemen. They followed him with pleasant anticipations of the unexpected treat. The general ordered the cork to be drawn and the cups filled. The disappointment of the expectants and Lee's enjoyment may be better imagined than described when

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the contents proved to be buttermilk. On another occasion he was much amused at the dissatisfaction expressed one morning at breakfast by a member of his staff at the tough biscuits, and at another's remarking, "You ought not to mind that; they will stick by you all the longer." It was a time when great scarcity of provisions prevailed throughout the army, and all were glad to get even a little fried bacon and tough biscuits, with cold water for a beverage: sugar and coffee were unknown luxuries.

We were frequently visited by distinguished personages from Richmond and elsewhere. Among those deserving of especial mention were Colonel Freemantle of the British army and Captain Scheibert of the Prussian engineers. Scheibert remained with us for some time; he was present at the battle of Chancellorsville, and accompanied us to Gettysburg, where Colonel Freemantle was also present. Both of these officers were highly esteemed at headquarters.

Having for some time been reduced to very meagre fare, we were rejoiced to receive a present of a lot of chickens. One of the hens so distinguished herself as to be worthy of a place in history. Bryan, the steward of General Lee's mess, having discovered that she daily contributed an egg, spared her life. She proved to be a very discriminating hen, for she selected the general's tent to make her daily deposit. Instinct seemed to teach her that he was fond of fowls and domestic animals. Every day she would walk to and fro in front of his tent, and when all was quiet walk in, find a place under his bed, and deposit her egg; then walk out with a gratified cackle. Appreciating her partiality for him, he would leave his tent-door open for her to come in. This she kept up daily for weeks, Bryan always securing her contributions for the general's breakfast. She chose a roosting-place in the baggage-wagon, and on breaking up camp to meet Hooker at Chancellorsville, Bryan found room in the wagon for the hen. During the battle she seemed too much disturbed to lay, but as soon as the engagement was over she fell at once into her regular routine. She accompanied the army to Gettysburg. One night, when preparing for retreat, with the wagon loaded and every-

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thing ready, the question was raised, "Where is the hen?" By that time everybody knew her and took an interest in her; search was made in every direction, even General Lee joining in it. She was found at last perched on the wagon, where she had taken her place of her own accord. She accompanied the army in all its marches and countermarches for more than a year, and finally came to rather an unsentimental end. In the winter of 1864, General Lee's headquarters was near Orange Court-house. The hen had become rather fat and lazy, and on one occasion, when the general had a distinguished visitor to dine with him, Bryan, finding it extremely difficult to procure material for a dinner, very inhumanly killed the hen, unknown to any of the staff. At the dinner the general was very much surprised to see so fine a fowl; all enjoyed it, not dreaming of the great sacrifice made upon the altar of hospitality. When she was missed and inquiry made, Bryan had to acknowledge that he had killed her in order to provide something for the gentlemen's dinner.

Several highly interesting letters written by General Lee to his wife and daughters at the period considered in the present chapter have been kindly handed to the writer with permission to publish them. As they possess both a personal and public significance, with some amusing comments upon army matters, he takes pleasure in laying them before the reader. General Lee's devotion to his family, his religious faith, and his sense of humor are all here strongly displayed. No better introduction can be offered than a sentence from a letter written by Miss Mildred Lee in reference to these letters: In them "one has glimpses of a great war raging mercilessly, while the chief actor sits down, to the sound of shot and cannon, and pours out his heart in affection to his 'little daughters.'"

From a letter to his daughter Mildred, written on Christmas, 1862, we make the following extract:

"I cannot tell you how I long to see you when a little quiet occurs. My thoughts revert to you, your sisters and mother; my heart aches for our reunion. Your brothers I see occasionally. This morning Fitzhugh rode by with his young aide-de-camp (Rob) at the head of his brigade, on his way up the Rap-

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pahannock. You must study hard, gain knowledge, and learn your duty to God and your neighbor: that is the great object of life. I have no news, confined constantly to camp and my thoughts occupied with its necessities and duties. I am, however, happy in the knowledge that General Burnside and his army will not eat their promised Xmas dinner in Richmond to-day."

On the succeeding day he writes as follows to his daughter Agnes:

"CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, 26th December, 1862.

"MY PRECIOUS LITTLE AGNES: I have not heard of you for a long time. I wish you were with me, for, always solitary, I am sometimes weary, and long for the reunion of my family once again. But I will not speak of myself, but of you. . . . . I have only seen the ladies in this vicinity when flying from the enemy, and it caused me acute grief to witness their exposure and suffering. But a more noble spirit was never displayed anywhere. The faces of old and young were wreathed with smiles and glowed with happiness at their sacrifices for the good of their country. Many have lost *everything*. What the fire and shells of the enemy spared their pillagers destroyed. But God will shelter them, I know. So much heroism will not be unregarded. I can only hold oral communication with your sister, and have forbidden the scouts to bring any writing, and have taken back some that I had given them for her. If caught it would compromise them. They only convey messages. I learn in that way she is well. . . . .

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE.

"TO AGNES LEE."

We add two other letters, one written to his daughter Agnes, and one to Mrs. Lee:

"CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, 6th February, 1863.

"TO AGNES LEE: I read yesterday, my precious daughter, your letter, and grieved very much when last in Richmond at not seeing you. My movements are so uncertain that I cannot

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be relied on for anything. The only place I am to be found is in camp, and I am so cross now that I am not worth seeing anywhere. Here you will have to take me with the three stools—the snow, the rain, and the mud. The storm of the last twenty-four hours has added to our stock of all, and we are now in a floating condition. But the sun and wind will carry all off in time, and then we shall appreciate our relief. Our horses and mules suffer the most. They have to bear the cold and rain, tug through the mud, and suffer all the time with hunger. The roads are wretched, almost impassable. I heard of Mag lately. One of our scouts brought me a card of Margaret Stuart's, with a pair of gauntlets directed to 'Cousin Robert.' . . . . I have no news. General Hooker is obliged to do something: I do not know what it will be. He is playing the Chinese game, trying what frightening will do. He runs out his guns, starts his wagons and troops up and down the river, and creates an excitement generally. Our men look on in wonder, give a cheer, and all again subsides *in statu quo ante bellum*. I wish you were here with me to-day. You would have to sit by this little stove, look out at the rain, and keep yourself dry. But here come, in all their wet, the adjutant-generals with the papers. I must stop and go to work. See how kind God is: we have plenty to do in good weather and bad. . . . .

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

Extract from Letter to Mrs. Lee.

"CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, 23d February, 1863.

"The weather now is very hard upon our poor bushmen. This morning the whole country is covered with a mantle of snow fully a foot deep. It was nearly up to my knees as I stepped out this morning, and our poor horses were enveloped. We have dug them out and opened our avenues a little, but it will be terrible and the roads impassable. No cars from Richmond yesterday. I fear our short rations for man and horse will have to be curtailed. Our enemies have their troubles

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too. They are very strong immediately in front, but have withdrawn their troops above and below us back toward Acquia Creek. I owe Mr. F. J. Hooker no thanks for keeping me here. He ought to have made up his mind long ago what to do.—*24th.* The cars have arrived, and brought me a young French officer full of vivacity, and ardent for service with me. I think the appearance of things will cool him. If they do not, the night will, for he brought no blankets.

"R. E. LEE."

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CHAPTER XIV.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Conscript Act passed.—Deficiency of Army Stores.—Lee's Position.—Hooker succeeds Burnside.—Federal Advance.—Description of Chancellorsville.—Lee's Movements.—The Federals Driven Back.—Last Interview of Lee and Jackson.—The Flank Movement.—The Federal Defeat.—Jackson Wounded.—The Battle of the 3d.—Hooker Withdraws.—Sedgwick's Advance.—He is Defeated and Recrosses the River.—Results of the Battle.—Life and Character of Jackson.—Reorganization of the Army.—Financial Difficulties of the Government.

THE Army of Northern Virginia in the winter of 1862–63 began to feel seriously the want of judicious legislation. There had neither been formed an adequate plan for recruiting the army, nor had a reliable financial system been adopted. When the country was full of enthusiasm the ranks of the army were filled by voluntary enlistment, but when the novelty of war disappeared and the depreciating value of the pay of the soldier was seen, this mode could no longer be relied on, and it became necessary to resort to conscription. This measure, being regarded by many as too despotic for a republic, was taken hold of with reluctance, but after much delay and fruitless discussion Congress in 1862 passed a conscript act as the only means that could be devised for the preservation of the army.

Having neglected at the beginning of the war to take advantage of the abundant resources of the country to establish a firm financial basis upon which the pecuniary demands of the country could safely rest, the Confederate legislators were obliged, in order to meet the demand upon the treasury, to resort to a system of inflation, without providing for a corresponding reflux of the fiscal tide to the treasury; consequently, each new issue was followed by a proportionate decline in the value of the currency.

Besides the want of money and men, the Army of Northern

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Virginia was deficient in clothing, shoes, blankets, tents, provisions; in fact, everything needful was wanted except arms and ammunition. The abundant supplies with which the country teemed at the beginning of the war, instead of being collected and preserved for future use, were allowed to be dissipated, and in less than two years one of the most fruitful countries known was reduced to the condition of being barely able to afford a scanty subsistence for armies whose effective strength did not exceed 200,000 men. Besides the inclemency of the season, scant clothing, and short rations, the proximity of the Federal army required them to be always prepared for battle.

At this time the necessities of the army were greatly relieved by voluntary contributions from patriotic citizens throughout the country. The embarrassments of General Lee were further increased by having to fill the ranks of the army, which were becoming diminished by discharges from the expiration of the term of enlistment. In order to relieve the drain upon the scanty commissariat, Longstreet was sent with two divisions to the district south of Petersburg, where provisions were still abundant, with a view of subsisting these troops, while they collected the surplus supplies to be sent to the troops in other quarters. This detachment reduced the Confederate army to barely 40,000 men, while the Federal force exceeded 100,000.

After this reduction General Lee conceived the design of adopting a position more remote from the Federal lines than the one he then occupied, where his army might enjoy greater repose than it could in its position about Fredericksburg, and where he would have greater scope to manœuvre when the enemy should advance, and be better able to secure the fruit of any advantage he might gain in battle. With this aim he directed Colonel Long and Colonel Venable of his staff to make a careful examination of the country contiguous to the North Anna River, from the neighborhood of Hanover Junction to a point twenty-five or thirty miles above that place, to ascertain the character of the south bank of that stream as a defensive position. These officers, after making the examination as directed, reported adversely to the North Anna. As no position could be found which afforded greater advantages than

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the one he then occupied, Lee continued to hold the line of the Rappahannock, and busied himself in preparation for the ensuing campaign.

Many of the troops whose term of enlistment had expired, from motives of patriotism and devotion to their commander, and others who had honorably served, rather than be subjected to conscription, voluntarily re-enlisted for the war upon receiving a short furlough to visit their homes. By these reductions the army was at one time reduced to a little above 30,000 men. By the exercise of his influence and authority General Lee caused the ranks of his army to be rapidly filled, so that by the last of April it numbered, exclusive of the two divisions of Longstreet, then absent, 45,000 men of all arms.*

The appointment of Hooker to the command of the Army of the Potomac was a surprise to General Lee, who had no great respect for the military ability of his new opponent in a position of such importance. Swinton thus comments on the condition of the Army of the Potomac and the appointment of Hooker to the supreme command:

"Notwithstanding the untoward fortunes the Army of the Potomac had suffered, it could hardly be said to be really demoralized, for its heart was still in the war; it never failed to respond to any demand made upon it; and it was ever ready to renew its courage at the first ray of hope. Such a day-spring came with the appointment of General Hooker to the chief command, and under his influence the tone of the army underwent a change that would appear astonishing had not its elastic vitality been so often proved. Hooker's measures of reform were judicious: he cut away the roots of many evils; stopped desertion and its causes; did away with the nuisance of the 'grand-division' organization; infused vitality through the staff and administrative service; gave distinctive badges to the different corps; instituted a system of furloughs; consolidated the cavalry under able leaders, and soon enabled it not only to

* Colonel Taylor, in his *Four Years with General Lee*, places the Confederate force on the 31st of March at 57,000; he makes no allowance, however, for changes that might have occurred during April, nor for detachments serving elsewhere, but borne upon the the returns of the Army of Northern Virginia.

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stand upon an equality with, but to assert its superiority over, the Virginia horsemen of Stuart. These things proved General Hooker to be an able administrative officer, but they did not prove him to be a competent commander for a great army, and whatever anticipation might be formed touching this had to be drawn from his previous career as a corps commander, in which he had won the reputation of being what is called a 'dashing' officer, and carried the sobriquet of 'Fighting Joe.'

"The new commander judiciously resolved to defer all grand military operations during the wet season, and the first three months after he assumed command were well spent in rehabilitating the army. The ranks were filled up by the return of absentees; the discipline and instruction of the troops were energetically continued; and the close of April found the Army of the Potomac in a high degree of efficiency in all arms. It numbered 120,000 men (infantry and artillery), with a body of 12,000 well-equipped cavalry and a powerful artillery force of above 400 guns. It was divided into seven corps—the First corps under General Reynolds; the Second under General Couch; the Third under General Sickles; the Fifth under General Meade; the Sixth under General Sedgwick; the Eleventh under General Howard; and the Twelfth under General Slocum."

During his period of preparation Hooker very properly resisted that spirit of impatience that had characterized Mr. Lincoln in his intercourse with the previous commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and only gratified once that "up-and-be-doing" spirit that prevailed in Washington by indulging General Averill in a cavalry combat with General Fitz Lee, who guarded the upper fords of the Rappahannock. Being now fully prepared for active operations, Hooker determined to take the initiative by moving on the left of his opponent's position. By careful study of Lee's position he correctly concluded that his left was his most vulnerable point.

In order to mask his real design he sent forward a force of 10,000 cavalry under General Stoneman to operate upon Lee's lines of communication with Richmond, and sent Sedgwick with a force of 30,000 men still further to mask his movement.

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Sedgwick crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford on the 28th, and Sedgwick appeared on the 29th on the heights below Fredericksburg. These preparatory measures having been taken, Hooker proceeded to the execution of his plan. Swinton, after a picturesque description of the passage of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, tells us "that on the afternoon of the 30th of April four corps of the Federal army had gained the position of Chancellorsville, where Hooker at the same time established his headquarters."

Chancellorsville is situated ten miles south-west of Fredericksburg. It is not, as its name implies, a town or village, but simply a farm-house with its usual appendages, situated at the edge of a small field surrounded by a dense thicket of second growth, which sprung up after the primeval forest had been cut to furnish fuel to a neighboring furnace. This thicket extends for miles in every direction, and its wild aspect very properly suggests its name, The Wilderness. The intersection of several important roads gives it the semblance of strategic importance, while in reality a more unfavorable place for military operations could not well be found.

Hooker, however, seemed well pleased with his acquisition, for on reaching Chancellorsville on Thursday night he issued an order to the troops in which he announced that 'the enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him.' This boast, we are told, so much in the style of Burnside, was unjustified by the whole tenor of his movements. 'The Chancellorsville army,' said he, 'is now the aggressive force of the Army of the Potomac. They must go well out on their front and flank at Richmond, and I shall be after them,' etc.

Joseph Lee was not aware of the movements that were being made by his enemy, but quite readily his previous dispositions of his troops began exerting its strength to oppose him. The weakness of the enemy during the winter had made it necessary to maintain a cordon of about twenty-five miles, the right being at the mouth of York River, while the left extended to the neighborhood of the United States Ford.

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General Lee was fully aware of the preparations that were being made by his adversary, but calmly awaited the complete development of his plans before exerting his strength to oppose him. The presence of the enemy during the winter had made it necessary to maintain a defensive line of about twenty-five miles, the right being in the vicinity of Port Royal, while the left extended to the neighborhood of the United States Ford.

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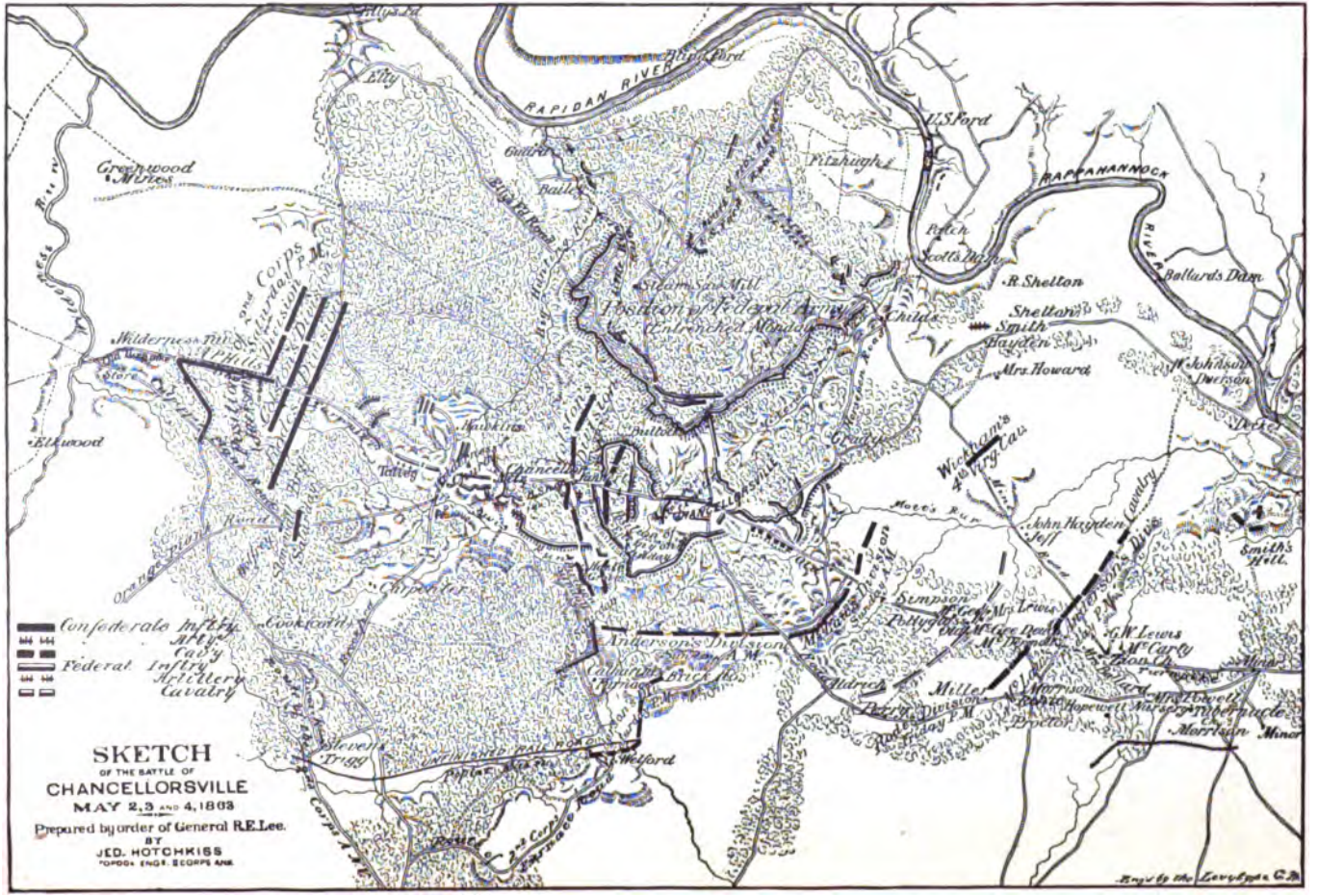

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This line was occupied by six divisions: Anderson's on the left, and McLaws's between Fredericksburg and the Massaponax, while the four divisions of Jackson's corps occupied the space below the Massaponax. This line had been greatly attenuated by the removal of Longstreet's two divisions of 15,000 men.

Lee's whole cavalry force consisted of two brigades—Fitz Lee's and W. H. F. Lee's—under the immediate command of Stuart, and was mainly employed in guarding the fords of the upper Rappahannock. Hooker had no sooner commenced his movement than it was reported by Stuart to General Lee, and Sedgwick's appearance on the 28th came under his own observation. Perceiving that the time for action had arrived, Lee ordered Jackson to concentrate his whole corps in the immediate vicinity of Fredericksburg.

Early on the morning of the 29th, Sedgwick crossed the Rappahannock below the mouth of Deep Run, but made no other aggressive movement on that day or the day following. On the night of the 30th, Lee was informed of Hooker's arrival at Chancellorsville. He had been previously informed of Stoneman's movements against his line of operations by General Stuart, and was now satisfied that the main attack of the enemy would come from the direction of Chancellorsville. Therefore on the morning of the 1st of May he made the necessary preparations to meet it. Accompanied by his staff, he took a position on a height where one of his batteries overlooked the Rappahannock. He there observed carefully the position of Sedgwick while waiting for information from the direction of Chancellorsville. Jackson was present, while his troops occupied the telegraph road. As far as the eye could reach these men with their bright muskets and tarnished uniforms were distributed in picturesque groups, lightly chatting and laughing, and awaiting the order to march.

Very soon the sound of cannon indicated that the work had begun. At the same time couriers arrived from Stuart and Anderson informing the general that the enemy were advancing on the old turnpike, the plank road, and on the river roads, and asking for reinforcements. McLaws was immediately ordered to the support of Anderson, and shortly after Jackson

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was ordered to follow with three of his divisions, leaving Early with his division, Barksdale's brigade, and the reserve artillery under General Pendleton—a force of about 9000 men and 45 pieces of artillery—in observation of Sedgwick. When Jackson joined McLaws and Anderson a lively skirmish was in progress, in which he immediately participated. When General Lee arrived he found the Federals were being driven back to Chancellorsville. At the close of the afternoon they had retired within their lines.

General Lee occupied the ridge about three-quarters of a mile south-east and south of Chancellorsville. The opposing armies were hidden from each other by the intervening thicket of brushwood. By a close examination it was discovered that the Federal position was protected by two strong lines of breastworks, one fronting east and the other south. The brushwood had been cleared off for a space of a hundred yards, thus giving an unobstructed field for musketry, while the roads were commanded by artillery. Toward the north and west the position was open. It was obvious that the Federal position was too formidable to be attacked in front with any hope of success; therefore Lee proceeded to devise a plan by which the position of Hooker might be turned and a point of attack gained from which no danger was apprehended by the Federal commander.

General Lee was informed that the Rev. Mr. Lacy, a chaplain in Jackson's corps, was familiar with the country about Chancellorsville. Mr. Lacy informed the general that he had been the pastor of a church near Chancellorsville, and was well acquainted with all the roads in that neighborhood, and that troops could be conducted to a designated point beyond Chancellorsville by a road sufficiently remote from the Federal position to prevent discovery. With this information Lee determined to turn the Federal position and assail it from a point where an attack was unexpected. The execution of a movement so much in accordance with his genius and inclination was assigned to General Jackson, Captain Carter acting as guide.

The above statement is made from personal knowledge of

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the writer, gained on the ground at the time; still, since some of Jackson's biographers have allowed their partiality for him so far to outstrip their knowledge of facts as to claim for him the origin of that movement, I will introduce, in corroboration of my statement, the following letter from General Lee published in the address of General Fitzhugh Lee before the Southern Historical Society:

"LEXINGTON, VA., October 28, 1867.

"DR. A. T. BLEDSOE, Office *Southern Review*, Baltimore, Maryland.

"MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry, I must acknowledge that I have not read the article on Chancellorsville in the last number of the *Southern Review*, nor have I read any of the books published on either side since the termination of hostilities. I have as yet felt no desire to revive any recollections of those events, and have been satisfied with the knowledge I possessed of what transpired. I have, however, learned from others that the various authors of the life of Jackson award to him the credit of the success gained by the Army of Northern Virginia when he was present, and describe the movements of his corps or command as independent of the general plan of operations and undertaken at his own suggestion and upon his own responsibility. I have the greatest reluctance to do anything that might be considered detracting from his well-deserved fame, for I believe no one was more convinced of his worth or appreciated him more highly than myself; yet your knowledge of military affairs, if you have none of the events themselves, will teach you that this could not have been so. Every movement of an army must be well considered and properly ordered, and every one who knew General Jackson must know that he was too good a soldier to violate this fundamental principle. In the operations around Chancellorsville I overtook General Jackson, who had been placed in command of the advance as the skirmishers of the approaching armies met, advanced with the troops to the Federal line of defences, and was on the field until their whole army recrossed the Rappahannock. There is no question as

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to who was responsible for the operations of the Confederates, or to whom any failure would have been charged.

"What I have said is for your own information. With my best wishes for the success of the *Southern Review* and for your own welfare, in both of which I take a lively interest,

"I am, with great respect, your friend and servant,

"R. E. LEE."

The last interview between Lee and Jackson, during which this important movement was decided upon, was an occasion of great historical interest, in regard to which the writer is fortunately able to add some information from his own knowledge of the circumstances, and that of other members of General Lee's staff. He has been favored by Major T. M. R. Talcott with certain important details of this event, conveyed in a private letter, from which the following extract is made:

"My recollections of the night before the battle of Chancellorsville are briefly as follows:

"About sunset General Jackson sent word to General Lee (by me) that his advance was checked and that the enemy was in force at Chancellorsville. This brought General Lee to the front, and General Jackson met him in the south-east angle of the Chancellorsville and Catharine Forge roads.

"General Lee asked General Jackson whether he had ascertained the position and strength of the enemy on our left, to which General Jackson replied by stating the result of an attack made by Stuart's cavalry near Catharine Forge about dusk. The position of the enemy immediately in front was then discussed, and Captain Boswell and myself were sent to make a moonlight reconnoissance, the result of which was reported about 10 P. M., and was not favorable to an attack in front.

"At this time Generals Lee and Jackson were together, and Lee, who had a map before him, asked Jackson, 'How can we get at these people?' To which Jackson replied, in effect, 'You know best. Show me what to do, and we will try to do it.' General Lee looked thoughtfully at the map; then indicated on it and explained the movement he desired General Jackson to make, and closed by saying, 'General Stuart will cover

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your movement with his cavalry.' General Jackson listened attentively, and his face lighted up with a smile while General Lee was speaking. Then rising and touching his cap, he said, 'My troops will move at four o'clock.'"

Having, in the manner here described, settled upon their plan of operations for the ensuing day, the two generals, accompanied by their staff officers, repaired to a neighboring pine-thicket, where an open space, well sheltered by overhanging boughs, afforded the party a good bivouac. The day having been a fatiguing one, they lost little time in preparing for the night's repose. Each selected his ground for a bed, spread his saddle-blanket, substituted his saddle for a pillow and his overcoat for covering, and was soon in a happy state of oblivion.

At dawn on the morning of the 2d, Jackson's corps, 22,000 strong, was in motion, and while it was making one of the most famous flank movements on record, General Lee, with the divisions of Anderson and McLaws, with 20 pieces of artillery, a force not exceeding 12,000 men, occupied the position he had assumed the previous evening, and General Hooker, with 90,000 men, lay behind his breastworks awaiting the Confederate attack. Having in the forenoon seen a part of Jackson's ammunition-train, Hooker believed that Lee was retreating, and sent two divisions of Sickles's corps and Pleasonton's cavalry to gain information. This movement was promptly arrested by Colonel Thompson Brown with his battalion of artillery, supported by Jackson's rear-guard. Sickles's and Pleasonton's cavalry lingered about Catharine Furnace in a state of uncertainty until recalled by Jackson's attack on the right of the Federal position.

After making a circuitous march of fifteen miles, Jackson reached a point on the Orange Court-house road three miles in the rear of Chancellorsville. Had Hooker possessed a handful of cavalry equal in spirit to the "Virginia horsemen" under W. H. F. Lee that neutralized Stoneman's ten thousand, he might have escaped the peril that now awaited him. On the arrival of Jackson on the plank road, Fitz Lee, who had covered his movement with his brigade of cavalry, conducted him

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to a position from which he obtained a view of the enemy, which disclosed the following scene:

"Below and but a few hundred yards distant ran the Federal line of battle. There was the line of defence, with abatis in front and long lines of stacked arms in rear. Two cannons were visible in the part of the line seen. The soldiers were in groups in the rear, laughing, chatting, and smoking, probably engaged here and there in games of cards and other amusements indulged in while feeling safe and comfortable, awaiting orders. In the rear of them were other parties driving up and butchering beeves."

Returning from this point of observation, Jackson proceeded to make his dispositions of attack, which by six o'clock were completed. The divisions of Rodes and Colston were formed at right angles to the old turnpike, the division of Rodes being in advance, and the division of A. P. Hill, in column on the road, formed the reserve.

Howard's corps was first assailed. This corps, being surprised, was panic-stricken and fled precipitately, and in its flight communicated the panic to the troops through which it passed. Jackson's forces followed, routing line after line, until arrested by the close of day. The rout of the Federal army was fast becoming general, and it was only saved from entire defeat by the interposition of night. When compelled to halt Jackson remarked that with one more hour of daylight he could have completed the destruction of the Federal army.

This, the most famous of all Jackson's brilliant achievements, closed his military career. After his troops had halted, and while the lines were being adjusted, he rode forward with several of his staff to reconnoitre the Federal position. It was then after nine o'clock at night. The moon faintly illuminated the scene, but floating clouds dimmed its light. The battle had ceased, and deep silence reigned over what recently had been the scene of war's fiercest turmoil. The reconnoitering party rode several hundred yards in advance of the lines, and halted to listen for any sounds that might come from the direction of the enemy, when suddenly a volley was poured into them from the right of the road. They had been mistaken

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for Federal scouts by the Confederate infantry. Some of the party fell, and Jackson wheeled his horse in the wood in dread of a renewal of the fire.

This movement proved an unfortunate one. It brought him directly in front of, and not twenty paces from, a portion of his own men, who had been warned against a possible attack from the Federal cavalry. A volley saluted him, with the unfortunate effect of wounding him in three places—two bullets striking his left arm, and one his right hand. At this moment his left hand held the bridle, while his right was held erect, perhaps to protect his face from boughs, yet seemingly with the peculiar gesture which he frequently used in battle. When the bullets struck him his wounded hand dropped, but he instantly seized the bridle with his bleeding right hand, while the frightened horse wheeled and darted through the wood. As he did so the limb of a pine tree struck Jackson in the face, hurled off his cap, and nearly flung him to the ground. Retaining his seat with difficulty, he reached the road and his own lines, where he was assisted to dismount by Captain Wilbourn, one of his staff officers, who laid him at the foot of a tree.

He was soon afterward supported to the rear by his officers, and, becoming so weak as to be unable to walk, was placed in a litter and borne from the field. His last order, as he was being carried back, was given to General Pender, who had expressed doubts of being able to hold his position. The eyes of the wounded hero flashed as he energetically replied, "You *must* hold your ground, General Pender! You *must* hold your ground, sir!"

The discharge of musketry provoked a terrible response from the Federal batteries, which swept the ground as Jackson was being borne from the field. During this movement one of the bearers stumbled and let fall his end of the litter. A groan of agony came from the wounded man, and in the moonlight his face looked deathly pale. On being asked, however, if he was much hurt, he replied, "No, my friend; don't trouble yourself about me."

There is an incident of considerable interest in relation to

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the wounding of General Jackson which has never yet been told, yet is worthy of being put on record as one of those remarkable coincidences which have so often happened in the lives of great men. On the morning of May 2d, Jackson was the first to rise from the bivouac above described, and, observing a staff officer (General W. N. Pendleton) without cover, he spread over him his own overcoat. The morning being chilly, he drew near a small fire that had been kindled by a courier, and the writer, who soon after sought the same place, found him seated on a cracker-box. He complained of the cold, and, as the cooks were preparing breakfast, I managed to procure him a cup of hot coffee, which by good fortune our cook was able to provide.

While we were still talking the general's sword, which was leaning against a tree, without *apparent* cause fell with a clank to the ground. I picked it up and handed it to him. He thanked me and buckled it on. It was now about dawn, the troops were on the march, and our bivouac was all astir. After a few words with General Lee he mounted his horse and rode off. This was the last meeting of Lee and Jackson.

I have spoken of the falling of Jackson's sword because it strongly impressed me at the time as an omen of evil—an indefinable superstition such as sometimes affects persons on the falling of a picture or mirror. This feeling haunted me the whole day, and when the tidings of Jackson's wound reached my ears it was without surprise that I heard this unfortunate confirmation of the superstitious fears with which I had been so oppressed.

After the fall of Jackson the command fell to General Stuart, who was co-operating with him, and was the senior officer present, General A. P. Hill having been wounded at the same time with Jackson. About midnight Lee received from Stuart the report both of Jackson's wound and his success. Instructions were sent to Stuart to continue what had been so successfully begun, and Anderson was directed to support him, while McLaws threatened Hooker's right.

Early on the morning of the 3d the attack was resumed by the Confederates with great vigor. Hooker, taking advantage

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of the night, had restored order in his army and strengthened his position; his troops regained courage and contested the field with great stubbornness until ten o'clock, when they yielded at every point and rapidly retreated before the impetuous assaults of Rodes, Heth, Pender, Doles, Archer, and other gallant leaders within a strong line of defences which had been previously constructed to cover the road to the United States Ford, their line of communication with the north side of the Rappahannock. When Stuart assumed the direction of affairs on the night of the 2d the command of the cavalry devolved on Fitz Lee, who operated with vigor on the flanks of the enemy during the continuance of the operations about Chancellorsville.

General Lee's part in this battle of the 3d can be best described in the words of Colonel Charles Marshall, in his eloquent address at the Soldiers' Memorial Meeting in Baltimore:

"General Lee accompanied the troops in person, and as they emerged from the fierce combat they had waged in 'the depths of that tangled wilderness,' driving the superior forces of the enemy before them across the open ground, he rode into their midst. The scene is one that can never be effaced from the minds of those that witnessed it. The troops were pressing forward with all the ardor and enthusiasm of combat. The white smoke of musketry fringed the front of the line of battle, while the artillery on the hills in the rear of the infantry shook the earth with its thunder and filled the air with the wild shrieks of the shells that plunged into the masses of the retreating foe. To add greater horror and sublimity to the scene, the Chancellorsville house and the woods surrounding it were wrapped in flames. In the midst of this awful scene General Lee, mounted upon that horse which we all remember so well, rode to the front of his advancing battalions. His presence was the signal for one of those uncontrollable outbursts of enthusiasm which none can appreciate who have not witnessed them.

"The fierce soldiers, with their faces blackened with the smoke of battle, the wounded, crawling with feeble limbs from the fury of the devouring flames, all seemed possessed with a common impulse. One long, unbroken cheer, in which the

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feeble cry of those who lay helpless on the earth blended with the strong voices of those who still fought, rose high above the roar of battle and hailed the presence of the victorious chief. He sat in the full realization of all that soldiers dream of—triumph; and as I looked on him in the complete fruition of the success which his genius, courage, and confidence in his army had won, I thought that it must have been from some such scene that men in ancient days ascended to the dignity of the gods.

"His first care was for the wounded of both armies, and he was among the foremost at the burning mansion, where some of them lay. But at that moment, when the transports of his victorious troops were drowning the roar of battle with acclamations, a note was brought to him from General Jackson. It was brought to General Lee as he sat on his horse near the Chancellorsville house, and, unable to open it with his gauntleted hands, he passed it to me with directions to read it to him. The note made no mention of the wound which General Jackson had received, but congratulated General Lee upon the great victory.

"I shall never forget the look of pain and anguish that passed over his face as he listened. With a voice broken with emotion he bade me say to General Jackson that the victory was his, and that the congratulations were due to him. I do not know how others may regard this incident, but for myself, as I gave expression to the thoughts of his exalted mind, I forgot the genius that won the day in my reverence for the generosity that refused its glory."

The troops being much fatigued and having accomplished all that could have been expected of them, Lee caused a suspension of further operations in order that they might rest and refresh themselves preparatory for the final blow. While the operations above described were in progress at Chancellorsville, General Early by skilful manœuvring had detained Sedgwick at Fredericksburg until the 3d, when that general, by a determined advance, forced back Early, carried Marye's Heights, and proceeded toward Chancellorsville. The condition of affairs was communicated to General Lee during the forenoon.

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Wilcox's brigade, then at Banks's Ford, was ordered to intercept Sedgwick and retard his advance, while McLaws's division was ordered to support him. Wilcox on reaching Salem Church, six miles from Chancellorsville, encountered the Federal advance, and after a sharp conflict he repulsed it with loss.

The success of Wilcox delayed Sedgwick until Anderson and McLaws could come up. The premeditated attack on Hooker being thus interrupted, Lee on the forenoon of the 4th repaired to the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. A combined attack was then directed to be made by Early on the rear, while McLaws and Anderson bore down upon the front. The battle was hotly contested during the afternoon, in which the forces of Sedgwick were defeated, and were only saved from destruction by a night-passage across the Rappahannock at Banks's Ford. On the 5th, Lee collected his forces at Chancellorsville to give the *coup de grâce* to Hooker, but that general, under cover of a dark and stormy night, effected his retreat beyond the Rappahannock at the United States Ford.

The losses sustained at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg were estimated at the time at 20,000 killed and wounded, and among the wounded was General Hooker, besides a large number of prisoners. Swinton places Hooker's loss at Chancellorsville at 17,000; Sedgwick's loss at Fredericksburg must have considerably increased that number. The loss sustained by the Confederates was proportionately as great as that of the Federals. The casualties reported were about 9000. After expressing his praise and admiration for the heroic conduct of his troops, and after mentioning the names of a large number of line officers whose zeal and gallantry entitled them to special notice, General Lee thus concludes his report:

"The loss of the enemy in the battle of Chancellorsville and the other engagements was severe. His dead and a large number of wounded were left on the field. About 5000 prisoners exclusive of the wounded were taken, and 13 pieces of artillery, 19,500 stands of arms, 17 colors, and a large quantity of ammunition fell into our hands. To the members of my staff I am greatly indebted for assistance in observing the movements of the enemy, posting troops, and conveying or-

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ders. On so extended and varied a field all were called into requisition and all evinced the greatest energy and zeal. The medical director of the army, Surgeon Guild, with the officers of his department, were untiring in their attention to the wounded. Lieutenant-colonel Corley, chief quartermaster, took charge of the disposition and safety of the trains of the army. Lieutenant-colonel Cole, chief commissary of subsistence, and Lieutenant-colonel Baldwin, chief of ordnance, were everywhere on the field attending to the wants of their departments; General Chilton, chief of staff, Lieutenant-colonel Murray, Major Peyton, and Captain Young, of the adjutant- and inspector-general's department, were active in seeing to the execution of orders; Lieutentant-colonel Smith and Captain Johnston of the Engineers in reconnoitering the enemy and constructing batteries; Colonel Long in posting troops and artillery; Majors Taylor, Talcott, Marshall, and Venable were engaged night and day in watching the operations, carrying orders, etc.

"Respectfully submitted, R. E. LEE, *General.*

"NOTE.—Notwithstanding the unfavorable character of the country for the use of artillery, Colonels Brown, Carter, and Hardaway succeeded in placing thirty or forty guns in position to be used with effect on parts of the enemy's position, especially that in the vicinity of the Chancellor house."

On the 7th, General Lee ordered his troops to resume their former position about Fredericksburg. A few days after the sad intelligence of the death of Lieutenant-general Jackson reached the army. The estimation in which that distinguished officer was held will be best explained by the general orders of the commander-in-chief announcing his death to the army:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

"General Orders No. 61. May 11, 1862.

"With deep regret the commanding general announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-general T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th instant at a quarter past 3 P. M. The daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier by the decree of an all-wise Providence are now lost us. But while

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we mourn his death we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let his officers and soldiers emulate his invincible determination to do everything in the defence of our beloved country.

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

It is but just to pause at this point in our narrative, and append some remarks upon the appearance and character of the remarkable man whose striking history ends with the field of Chancellorsville and with the achievement of a victory in which he was the chief instrument, under the skilful control of the great Confederate leader.

The writer first knew Jackson as a young man, then an officer in the First Artillery. Shortly after that time he retired from the army and became a professor in the Virginia Military Institute, which he left to join the army of the Confederacy. I next saw him in Richmond when on a brief visit to Lee to consult in regard to the projected movement against McClellan. He seemed then in much better health than before he left the United States army, but presented the same tall, gaunt, awkward figure and the rusty gray dress and still rustier gray forage-cap by which he was distinguished from the spruce young officers under him. There was nothing of a very striking character in his personal appearance. He had a good face, but one that promised no unusual powers. Yet in the excitement of battle his countenance would light up and his form appear to expand, a peculiar animation seeming to infuse itself through his whole person. At the battle of Gaines's Mill, where I next saw him, he was very poorly mounted on an old sorrel horse, and in his rusty suit was anything but a striking figure. And yet as he put himself at the head of his last regiment and advanced with his face lit up with the enthusiasm of war, he looked truly heroic and appeared a man made by Nature to lead armies to victory.

I saw him frequently afterward during the progress of the

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war, and in the march against Harper's Ferry I wrote off the order for the movement. The conversation in regard to it between Lee and Jackson took place in my presence, and I well remember not only his strong approval of it, but also the earnest energy with which he undertook the enterprise. He at that time seemed improved in health, and was more animated than usual in manner. It was in the camp near Winchester, however, that Jackson presented his most attractive appearance. General Stuart had made him a present of a new uniform, and a handsome horse in place of his old raw-boned sorrel. It was with some difficulty that he was induced to part with his ancient attire in favor of this new and showy dress, and it is doubtful if he was ever quite comfortable in it.

He was a very reticent man, and ordinarily seemed absorbed in his own thoughts, while he displayed some marked peculiarities of manner. One of these was a strange habit of stopping and throwing up his hands, as if in supplication to the Invisible. In religion he was a strict Presbyterian of the sternest creed, and very attentive to religious observances. He not only believed in predestination, but had a strong belief in his personal safety—a presentiment that he would never fall by the hands of the enemy that seemed singularly warranted by the result. The men under his command were to a considerable extent of his own faith. In this he presented a parallel with Cromwell, whom, indeed, he resembled in character.

Jackson was very hospitable in disposition and welcomed warmly any guest to his tent or his table. The writer has often partaken of his hospitality, and found him ever an agreeable and generous host. As for himself, he was very abstemious. He had been at one period of his life a decided dyspeptic, and was always obliged to be very careful of his diet.

In this work the greater part of his military history has been included, yet no description has been given of that notable Valley campaign in which he so greatly astounded his adversaries, and to which he owes so much of his reputation as a brilliant tactician and a commander of extraordinary powers. This campaign formed no part of the military history of General Lee, and it is but alluded to here as a fitting close to this

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tribute to the most remarkable, and one of the most able, of the great champions developed during our Civil War.

After the return of the victorious army to its old quarters at Fredericksburg the remainder of May was consumed in recruiting and reorganizing. The infantry was formed into three corps of three divisions each. The First corps was commanded by Longstreet, the Second by Ewell, and the Third by A. P. Hill. Each of these officers had been elevated to the rank of lieutenant-general. The organization of the cavalry remained unchanged, but that of the artillery demanded the special attention of the commander-in-chief. The artillery of the army consisted of about sixty batteries of light artillery and of six batteries of horse artillery, whose *personnel* was unsurpassed by any troops in the army, though they were imperfectly organized. General Lee, having determined to improve the efficiency of his artillery, directed a plan to be drafted for its more perfect organization. The plan presented and adopted was to group the artillery of the army into battalions of four batteries each. The artillery of the line was thus formed into fifteen battalions, besides the battalion of horse artillery. To each battalion was assigned a lieutenant-colonel and major, and two or three battalions constituted the command of a colonel. The whole light artillery of the army was separated into three divisions, each of which was commanded by a chief with the rank of brigadier-general. One of these divisions was assigned to each corps of infantry. The chiefs of the corps of artillery reported and received orders direct from the corps commanders, and the chief of artillery of the army reported direct to the commander-in-chief. This organization proved entirely successful, and the Confederate artillery became famous in the later campaigns.

By the 1st of June the reconstruction and equipment of the army was completed, and the Army of Northern Virginia appeared the best disciplined, the most high-spirited, and enthusiastic army on the continent. It consisted of 52,000 infantry, 250 pieces of artillery, and 9000 cavalry, making an aggregate force of 65,000 men. The successful campaign which this army had recently passed through inspired it with almost

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CHAPTER XV.

GETTYSBURG.

A New Plan of Operations Discussed.—The Army Advances.—Through Shenandoah Valley to the Potomac.—The Federals March North.—Hooker Superseded by Meade.—The Army in Pennsylvania.—General Order.—Both Armies Move upon Gettysburg.—The Battle of July 1st.—An Assault Ordered for the Next Morning.—Criticism of the Count of Paris.—Topography.—Stuart's Movement.—Lee's Anxiety at the Delay.—An Opportunity Lost.—Position of Sickles's Corps.—A Dash for Little Round Top.—The Texans Repulsed.—The Fight at the Peach Orchard.—Federal Repulse.—Ewell's Assault.—The Battle of the 3d.—An Attack Ordered on the Centre.—Pickett's Charge.—Failure of the Assault.—Colonel Taylor's Testimony.—Lee's Letter to Pickett.—After the Battle.—Retreat to the Potomac.—Advance of the Federal Army.—Lee Crosses the Potomac.—Subsequent Movements.—Venable's Anecdote.—Story of a Federal Soldier.

BY the first of June General Lee had completed his arrangements for the ensuing campaigu. The army, though numerically less than it was when he commenced his operations against McClellan on the Chickahominy, had been by its recent victories imbued with a confidence that greatly increased its efficiency. Its spirit was now high, and it was anxious to grapple again its powerful foe, which still lingered on the Stafford Heights.

The object of the campaign being the defence of Richmond, General Lee could either continue on the defensive and oppose the Federal advance as he had recently done, or he might assume the offensive and by bold manœuvring oblige the Federal army to recede from its present line of operations to protect its capital or oppose the invasion of Maryland or Pennsylvania. The advance upon Richmond would thus be frustrated, and the attack upon that city delayed, at least for a time. The dispirited condition of the Federal army since its late defeat, and the high tone of that of the Confederates, induced the adoption of the latter plan.

This decision was reached by General Lee near the close of

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May and after the completion of the reorganization of the army which followed the battle of Chancellorsville. Before the movement began his plans of operation were fully matured, and with such precision that the exact locality at which a conflict with the enemy was expected to take place was indicated on his map. This locality was the town of Gettysburg, the scene of the subsequent great battle.

At the period mentioned he called the writer into his tent, headquarters being then near Fredericksburg. On entering I found that he had a map spread on the table before him, which he seemed to have been earnestly consulting. He advised me of his designed plan of operations, which we discussed together and commented upon the probable result. He traced on the map the proposed route of the army and its destination in Pennsylvania, while in his quietly effective manner he made clear to me his plans for the campaign. He first proposed, in furtherance of his design, to manœuvre the army in such a way as to draw Hooker from the Rappahannock. At this point in the conversation I suggested that it might be advantageous to bring Hooker to an engagement somewhere in the vicinity of the old battlefield of Manassas. To this idea General Lee objected, and stated as his reason for opposing it that no results of decisive value to the Confederate States could come from a victory in that locality. The Federal army, if defeated, would fall back to the defences of Washington, as on previous occasions, where it could reorganize in safety and again take the field in full force.

In his view, the best course would be to invade Pennsylvania, penetrating this State in the direction of Chambersburg, York, or Gettysburg. He might be forced to give battle at one or the other of these places as circumstances might suggest, but, in his view, the vicinity of Gettysburg was much the best point, as it was less distant from his base on the Potomac, and was so situated that by holding the passes of the South Mountain he would be able to keep open his line of communication. York, being some twenty-five miles farther from the mountains, was a less desirable locality.

In this plan he had a decided object. There was in his

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mind no thought of reaching Philadelphia, as was subsequently feared in the North. Yet he was satisfied that the Federal army, if defeated in a pitched battle, would be seriously disorganized and forced to retreat across the Susquehanna—an event which would give him control of Maryland and Western Pennsylvania, and probably of West Virginia, while it would very likely cause the fall of Washington City and the flight of the Federal Government. Moreover, an important diversion would be made in favor of the Western department, where the affairs of the Confederacy were on the decline. These highly important results, which would in all probability follow a successful battle, fully warranted, in his opinion, the hazard of an invasion of the North.

The plan which he thus indicated was already fully matured in his own mind, and the whole line of movement was laid down on the map. He alluded to the several strategic points in Maryland, but did not think it would be advisable to make any stand in that State, for the same reason as before given. This interview took place about two weeks before the movement began. The proposed scheme of operations was submitted to President Davis in a personal interview, and fully approved by him.

General Lee entertained the reasonable expectation that with his powerful cavalry he would be able to obtain all necessary supplies in Pennsylvania. It was his intention to subsist his soldiers on the country of the enemy, and he knew that the fertile Cumberland Valley could supply an army of any size. He had strong confidence of success in this movement, relying greatly on the high spirit of his army and the depressed condition of Hooker's forces. Everything, indeed, seemed to promise success, and the joyful animation with which the men marched North after the movement actually began and the destination of the army was communicated to them appeared a true presage of victory.

Since the battle of Chancellorsville, although the Federal army had been increased to its former dimensions, it still retained a spiritless attitude. As yet no future plan of operations had been developed. It was just to conclude that General

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Hooker would not again advance on his present line, and that a change of base was in contemplation, and as the James and York presented the most propitious lines, it was probable that the Army of the Potomac, if left uninterrupted, would move in that direction. But the arrival of the advance of the Confederate army early in June at Culpeper Court-house excited the apprehensions of the Federal authorities for the safety of their capital, and forced them to entertain new ideas as to the destination of the Army of the Potomac.

On the 2d of June, Ewell's corps, preceded by the cavalry, was sent forward to Culpeper Court-house. A day or two after, Longstreet, accompanied by the commander-in-chief, followed Ewell, while Hill remained at Fredericksburg to observe the movements of Hooker. By the 8th of June the main body of the Confederate army was concentrated in the neighborhood of Culpeper and the Federal army was in motion for the upper Rappahannock.

Early on the morning of the 9th, Pleasonton's cavalry crossed the Rappahannock and attacked Stuart in his position south of that river. A fierce engagement ensued, in which the Confederate cavalry was roughly handled, but finally, with the assistance of Rodes's division of infantry, the Federals were repulsed and forced to cross the Rappahannock.

Having learned by this encounter that Lee was in force at Culpeper, Hooker hastened the concentration of his forces in the neighborhood of Rappahannock Station. On the 10th, Ewell was advanced toward the Shenandoah Valley, both for the purpose of expelling from that section a considerable Federal force, and to create an impression of a flank movement with the view of interrupting Hooker's communications. Having not yet recovered from the shock he had received at Chancellorsville, and having before him the picture of Pope's disaster of the previous year, Hooker suddenly withdrew from the Rappahannock and retired to the vicinity of Manassas and Centreville, where he assumed a defensive attitude for the protection of Washington.

Thus by a series of bold strategic movements General Lee removed the enemy from his path and accomplished the most

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difficult step in his plan of operations without opposition. The extension of his line from Fredericksburg to Winchester in the face of an enemy of more than double his numerical strength would ordinarily be considered an act of unpardonable rashness, but on the present occasion, being aware of the dispirited condition of the Federal army and the dread of disaster to Washington, Lee felt safe in undertaking this movement.

General Ewell on the 14th defeated Milroy at Winchester, and after expelling him from the Valley took a position on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. Hill, as soon as the enemy disappeared from his front, withdrew from Fredericksburg and proceeded to close upon the main body of the army.

On the 15th, Longstreet was put in motion for the Valley, and Hill was directed to follow a day later, while Stuart was left east of the Blue Ridge with instructions to observe closely the movements of the enemy.

General Lee arrived with Longstreet's corps at Berryville on the 18th, where he remained two or three days perfecting his preparations for the invasion of Pennsylvania. About the 21st he continued his advance in two columns: the one, composed of the corps of Ewell and Hill, was directed to Shepherdstown, and the other, consisting of Longstreet's corps and the supply-train, proceeded to Williamsport. Ewell crossed the Potomac on the 23d, followed by Hill on the 24th, while its passage was effected by Longstreet and the trains on the 25th at Williamsport.

As Lee's plan of operations unfolded itself, Hooker advanced to the Potomac and took possession of the fords in the neighborhood of Leesburg. When he learned that Lee had entered Maryland he immediately crossed the river and advanced to Frederick. A controversy then occurred between Halleck and himself, which resulted in his removal on the 27th and the placing of General Meade in command of the Army of the Potomac.

Previous to the passage of the Potomac, General Stuart was instructed to make the movements of the cavalry correspond with those of the Federal army, so that he might be in position

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to observe and report all important information. In the performance of this duty Stuart had never failed, and probably his great confidence in him made Lee less specific in his instructions than he would otherwise have been. But on this occasion, either from the misapprehension of instructions or the love of the éclat of a bold raid, Stuart, instead of maintaining his appropriate position between the armies, placed himself on the right flank of the enemy, where his communication with Lee was effectually severed. This greatly embarrassed the movements of General Lee, and eventually forced him to an engagement under disadvantageous circumstances.

Immediately on completing the passage of the Potomac, Lee resumed his advance, directing Ewell to Carlisle, while he proceeded with Longstreet and Hill to Chambersburg. Ewell sent Early to York by way of Gettysburg, and then moved with the rest of his corps, accompanied by Jenkins's cavalry, to Carlisle. These places were occupied without opposition. Longstreet and Hill reached Chambersburg on the 26th, when they were halted to wait tidings of Stuart and to gain information of the movements of the enemy. Such was the disposition of the Confederate army during the latter part of June.

On the day succeeding his arrival at Chambersburg, General Lee issued the following order to his army, which breathes the same highly commendable spirit as that issued on the occasion of the advance into Maryland:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., June 27, 1863.

"GENERAL ORDER NO. 73.

"The commanding general has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

"There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on

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the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenceless and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

"The commanding general therefore earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

"R. E. LEE,
"*General.*"

To the strict observance of the above order Colonel Freemantle, of the British army, thus testifies: "I saw no straggling into the houses, nor were any of the inhabitants disturbed or annoyed by the soldiers. . . . . I went into Chambersburg again, and witnessed the singular good behavior of the troops toward the citizens. . . . . To one who has seen, as I have, the ravages of the Northern troops in Southern towns this forbearance seems most commendable and surprising."

Colonel Freemantle was also on the field of Gettysburg, and behaved most handsomely on the repulse of Pickett's division. Speaking of that affair, he says: "General Lee and his officers were fully impressed with a sense of the situation, yet there

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was much less noise, fuss, or confusion of orders than at an ordinary field-day. The men, as they were rallied in the wood, were brought up in detachments and lay down quietly and coolly in the positions assigned them."

By referring to the map of Pennsylvania it will be seen that Chambersburg, Carlisle, and York are nearly equidistant from Gettysburg, each being about twenty-five miles distant from that place. When General Lee arrived at Chambersburg he had received no intelligence from Stuart for several days, consequently he had no information of the movements of the Army of the Potomac, and the continued want of intelligence for several days longer greatly embarrassed him.

Lee first learned of the appointment of General Meade to the command of the Federal army on the 28th of June. He was surprised to hear of such a change of commanders being made at that critical stage of affairs. The change itself he considered advantageous to the Federal cause, as he had always held Meade in much higher estimation as a commander than Hooker. But he was of the opinion that the difficulties which would beset Meade in taking command of an army in the midst of a campaign would more than counterbalance his superiority as a general over the previous commander. He was therefore rather satisfied than otherwise by the change. The army at large was in no sense discomposed in learning that General Lee was opposed to a new adversary. They had known the same thing to happen on several previous occasions with rather loss than gain to the Federal cause, and the news tended to add to their hopes of success. They had little fear that any of the generals of the Army of the Potomac would prove a match for their own admired and almost worshipped leader.

On reaching Chambersburg, General Lee, not having heard from Stuart, was under the impression that the Federal army had not yet crossed the Potomac. It was not until the night of the 28th that he learned that the enemy had reached Frederick. This important information was brought by a scout from Hood's Texas brigade.

On receiving this news Lee immediately ordered the advance of Robertson's and W. E. Jones's divisions of cavalry, which

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Stuart had left to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge. This cavalry, however, did not arrive in time to be of any service in the movements preceding the battle.

The rapid advance of General Meade was unexpected, and exhibited a celerity that had not hitherto been displayed by the Federal army. A speedy concentration of the Confederate army was now necessary. Before dawn on the morning of the 29th orders were despatched requiring the immediate junction of the army, and on the 30th the Confederate forces were in motion toward Gettysburg. At the same time General Meade was pressing forward for that place.

This movement of the Confederate army began with the advance of A. P. Hill's corps, which bivouacked near Greenville on the night of the 29th, and reached Cashtown during the next day. Orders had been sent to Ewell to recall his advanced divisions and concentrate in the same locality. Longstreet's corps followed on the 30th, accompanied by headquarters, and encamped that night near the western base of South Mountain, in the neighborhood of the Stevens furnace. On July 1st he advanced to Cashtown, a locality about six miles from Gettysburg.

While Lee and his staff were ascending South Mountain firing was heard from the direction of Gettysburg. This caused Lee some little uneasiness. The unfortunate absence of the cavalry prevented him from knowing the position and movements of the enemy, and it was impossible to estimate the true condition of affairs in his front. He was at first persuaded that the firing indicated a cavalry affair of minor importance, but by the time Cashtown was reached the sound had become heavy and continuous, and indicated a severe engagement.

General Lee now exhibited a degree of anxiety and impatience, and expressed regret at the absence of the cavalry. He said that he had been kept in the dark ever since crossing the Potomac, and intimated that Stuart's disappearance had materially hampered the movements and disorganized the plans of the campaign.

In a short time, however, his suspense was relieved by a message from A. P. Hill, who reported that he was engaged

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with two corps of the enemy, and requested reinforcements. Anderson's division, which had just reached Cashtown, was at once pushed forward to his support, and General Lee with his staff quickly followed.

The situation in front at that time was as follows: During the forenoon of July 1st the two leading corps of the Federal army, commanded by General Reynolds, had arrived at Gettysburg; at the same time the heads of Hill's and Ewell's corps were rapidly approaching. About ten o'clock, General Heth of Hill's corps encountered a part of Buford's cavalry, which had been thrown forward on the Chambersburg road to a small stream called Willoughby Run, three miles from Gettysburg. Having driven back Buford, Heth engaged Wadsworth's division of the First corps, which was soon reinforced by other divisions of that corps, while Heth was supported by Pender's division of Hill's corps. The advance of the Eleventh corps (Howard's) and the arrival of Rodes's and Early's divisions of Ewell's corps, increased the proportions of the combat, which quickly became animated and continued with spirit until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Federal corps were totally defeated and driven from the field with very heavy loss. General Reynolds was killed, and his two corps were seriously reduced in numbers and greatly disorganized. The Confederate loss was much smaller than that of the enemy; nevertheless, the fall of many gallant soldiers was to be regretted. Among the wounded was the gallant General Heth, whose command suffered severely.

Near the close of the action General Lee reached the field. Anderson's division came up soon afterward, and about the same time Longstreet arrived in advance of his corps, which was a few miles behind. As the troops were evidently very much fatigued, and somewhat disorganized by rapid marching and hard fighting, it seemed inadvisable to immediately pursue the advantage which had been gained, particularly as the retreating forces of the enemy were known to have been reinforced, and to have taken a defensive position about a mile south of the town.

This subject occupied Lee's attention upon perceiving the

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situation of affairs and the victory gained by his advance forces, and he entered into a conversation with Longstreet, in the presence of the writer, concerning the relative positions of the two armies and the movements it was advisable to make. Longstreet gave it as his opinion that the best plan would be to turn Meade's left flank and force him back to the neighborhood of Pipeclay Creek. To this General Lee objected, and pronounced it impracticable under the circumstances.

At the conclusion of the conversation Colonel Long was directed to make a reconnoissance of the Federal position on Cemetery Ridge, to which strong line the retreating troops had retired. This he did, and found that the ridge was occupied in considerable force. On this fact being reported to General Lee, he decided to make no farther advance that evening, but to wait till morning before attempting to follow up his advantage. This decision the worn-out condition of his men and the strength of the position held by the enemy rendered advisable. He turned to Longstreet and Hill, who were present, and said, "Gentlemen, we will attack the enemy in the morning as early as practicable." In the conversation that succeeded he directed them to make the necessary preparations and be ready for prompt action the next day. Longstreet's corps was at that time near Cashtown, but bivouacked for the night on Willoughby's Creek, about four miles from the battlefield.

I will here add that Gettysburg affords a good example of the difficulties to be encountered and the uncertainty of being able to harmonize the various elements of armies when the field of operations is extensive. This battle was precipitated by the absence of information which could only be obtained by an active cavalry force. General Lee had previously considered the possibility of engaging the enemy in the vicinity of Gettysburg, but the time and position were to have been of his own selection. This could have been easily effected had not the cavalry been severed from its proper place with the army.

At a later hour in the evening than that of the events above mentioned the writer had a further conversation with General Lee, which is of sufficient interest to be here narrated. We

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were then together at the bivouac, under the trees of an apple orchard.

The general, as if he had been thinking over his plans and orders, turned to me with the remark, "Colonel Long, do you think we had better attack without the cavalry? If we do so, we will not, if successful, be able to reap the fruits of victory."

"In my opinion," I replied, "it would be best not to wait for Stuart. It is uncertain where he is or when he will arrive. At present only two or three corps of the enemy's army are up, and it seems best to attack them before they can be greatly strengthened by reinforcements. The cavalry had better be left to take care of itself."

General Lee evidently agreed with me in this opinion. Much as he had been annoyed and his movements hampered by Stuart's absence, the condition of affairs was such that but one judicious course was open. An attack in force on the enemy before he could concentrate his army was very promising of success, and it was with this purpose fully determined upon in the general's mind that the events of that day ended for the Confederate army.

At this stage of the campaign the Count of Paris alludes to the tactics and strategy of General Lee in a tone of criticism which calls for some rejoinder on our part. He remarks:

"He has four alternatives to select from: He has the choice to retire into the gaps of the South Mountain, in order to compel Meade to come after him; or to wait steadily in his present positions for the attack of the Federals; or, again, to manœuvre in order to dislodge them from those they occupy by menacing their communications by the right or left; or, finally, to storm these positions in front, in the hope of carrying them by main force. The best plan would undoubtedly have been the first, because, by preserving the strategic offensive, Lee would thus secure all the advantages of the tactical defensive."

Could the count have seen the actual field of operation and have known the circumstances that governed General Lee, he would probably have taken a different view of his actions.

It must be borne in mind that in entering Pennsylvania without his cavalry General Lee was unable to accumulate supplies.

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In fact, the subsistence of his army mainly depended on the provisions that could be collected in the vicinity of his line of march by detachments of infantry mounted on artillery- and wagon-horses. Therefore, if Lee had adopted the count's preferred plan of operation and occupied one of the passes of South Mountain, he would have placed his army in a trap that would have, in the absence of a miracle, resulted in its destruction; for Meade with his superior forces could have enclosed him without supplies or the means of obtaining them. Lee would thus have been reduced to the alternative of laying down his arms or of cutting his way out with great sacrifice of life and the loss of his artillery and transportation.

The above objection is also applicable to the count's second plan, with the addition that General Lee's line was too much extended to admit of a successful defence against General Meade's superior force. In answer to the count's third plan, it is only necessary to say that the proximity of the two armies and the absence of cavalry on the part of the Confederates rendered manœuvring impracticable. The fourth is the only one that admitted of the hope of success, and was the one adopted by General Lee.

That the battle may be more clearly described it is necessary to present some of the principal topographical features of the neighborhood of Gettysburg. The town of Gettysburg, nestling in a small valley, is surrounded by numerous low ridges making various angles with each other. The most important of them is the one situated about a mile south-west, known as Cemetery Ridge. It is terminated by two conical mounds about four miles apart. The one to the south is designated the Round Top. The one to the north is called Culp's Hill.

Immediately after the defeat of the First and Eleventh corps Cemetery Ridge was selected as the Federal position. Nearer the town is a second ridge, nearly parallel to, and about a thousand yards west of, the Cemetery Ridge. This ridge during the battle formed the Confederate centre. From its southern extremity springs obliquely a spur extending almost on a line with the Round Top. This naturally formed the Confederate right. East of the town the valley is traversed by a small

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stream, beyond which rises abruptly a commanding ridge which was occupied by the Confederate left. The more distant view is bounded by South Mountain and its projecting spurs.

As we have said so much in regard to the absence of the cavalry and the difficulties thence arising, it is proper at this point to explain its cause. Stuart's passage of the Potomac at a point eastward of that where the Federal crossing was made was intended, as has been said, as a feint, with the view of creating a diversion in favor of General Lee by arousing fears of danger to Washington, to the vicinity of which city the cavalry advanced. However, the movement proved a highly unfortunate one, and was followed by irretrievable disaster; for Stuart had no sooner entered Maryland than his return was barred by the intrusion of a large Federal force between him and the river, and he was thus obliged to make a wide circuit through Maryland and Pennsylvania before he could resume his proper place with the army. This occupied him seven or eight days, and it was the 2d of July before he rejoined the army at Gettysburg in a very reduced condition, for many of his men had been dismounted, and the horses of those who remained in the saddle were much jaded by long and rapid marches. Notwithstanding the bad plight of his cavalry, Stuart, with his usual promptitude, placed it on the flanks of the army, where its presence was much needed. On the 3d it engaged the enemy's cavalry in frequent skirmishes and several fierce encounters, in one of which General Hampton was severely wounded.

The divisions of Robertson and Jones, which had been ordered up from the passes of the Blue Ridge, did not reach the army in time to take part in the battles of the 1st and 2d, and were too late to be of any service in preliminary reconnoissances. In consequence of these facts, General Lee in the whole of this campaign was deprived of the use of that portion of his force which has been truly named "the eye of the army," since without it all movements are made in the dark and the army is forced to grope its way forward.

At an early hour on the morning of the 2d the writer (Colonel Long) was directed to examine and verify the position of

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the Confederate artillery. He accordingly examined the whole line from right to left, and gave the necessary instructions for its effective service. As the morning advanced surprise began to be felt at the delay in commencing the attack on the right, which had been ordered to take place at an early hour. The object was to dislodge the Federal force, that had retreated after its defeat to the position known as Cemetery Ridge, before it could be reinforced to any considerable extent. By so doing Lee hoped to be able to defeat the Federal army in detail before it could be concentrated. Ewell was directed to take a position opposite the eastern termination of Cemetery Ridge, while Hill occupied the ridge parallel to it; and Longstreet, whose corps had bivouacked four miles in the rear, was to move early the next morning and assail the Federal left, while Ewell was to favor his attack by an assault upon the Federal right. Hill was to hold himself in readiness to throw his strength where it would have the greatest effect.

After completing the duties assigned him, Colonel Long returned to join General Lee, whom he met at Ewell's headquarters about 9 A. M. As it appeared, the general had been waiting there for some time, expecting at every moment to hear of the opening of the attack on the right, and by no means satisfied with the delay. After giving General Ewell instructions as to his part in the coming engagement, he proceeded to reconnoitre Cemetery Ridge in person. He at once saw the importance of an immediate commencement of the assault, as it was evident that the enemy was gradually strengthening his position by fresh arrivals of troops, and that the advantage in numbers and readiness which the Confederate army possessed was rapidly disappearing.

Lee's impatience increased after this reconnoissance, and he proceeded in search of Longstreet, remarking, in a tone of uneasiness, "What *can* detain Longstreet? He ought to be in position now." This was about 10 A. M.

After going some distance he received a message that Longstreet was advancing. This appeared to relieve his anxiety, and he proceeded to the point where he expected the arrival of the corps. Here he waited for some time, during which

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interval he observed that the enemy had occupied the Peach Orchard, which formed a portion of the ground that was to have been occupied by Longstreet. This was that advance movement of Sickles's command which has given rise to so much controversy among Federal historians.

General Lee, on perceiving this, again expressed his impatience in words and renewed his search for Longstreet. It was now about 1 o'clock P. M. After going some distance to the rear, he discovered Hood's division at a halt, while McLaws was yet at some distance on the Fairfield road, having taken a wrong direction. Longstreet was present, and with General Lee exerted himself to correct the error, but before the corps could be brought into its designated position it was four o'clock. The hope that had been entertained of taking the enemy at a disadvantage and defeating him in detail no longer existed. The whole of the Federal force, except Sedgwick's corps, was strongly posted on Cemetery Ridge. Sedgwick, whose corps had made a march of thirty-five miles in twenty hours, had reached the field, though his men were too much exhausted by the length and rapidity of their march to be of immediate service. Yet the opportunity which the early morning had presented was lost. The entire Army of the Potomac was before us!

General Longstreet has published an explanation of the causes of this unfortunate, if not fatal, delay in the arrival of his troops, yet it cannot be said that the reason which he gives is entirely satisfactory. He says that on the 1st of July the march of his corps had been greatly delayed by the occupation of the road by a division of the Second corps and its wagon-trains. Yet his whole force, except Law's brigade, had reached a position within four miles of Gettysburg by midnight. On the next day, "Fearing that my force was too weak to venture to make an attack, I delayed until General Law's brigade joined its division. As soon after his arrival as we could make our preparations the movement began. Engineers sent out by the commanding general and myself guided us by a road which would have completely disclosed the move. Some delay ensued in seeking a more concealed route.

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McLaws's division got into position opposite the enemy's left about 4 P. M. Hood's division was moved on farther to our right, and got into position, partially enveloping the enemy's left."

This explanation, as we have said, is not satisfactory. Longstreet, as he admits, had received instructions from Lee to move *with that portion of his command which was up*, to gain the Emmettsburg road. These orders he took the responsibility of postponing on account of the absence of one brigade of his command, so that, instead of being in readiness to attack in the early morning, it was four o'clock in the afternoon when his troops reached the field.

He now found the position which had been laid out for him occupied by Sickles's corps of the Federal army, which had pushed forward considerably in advance of the line of Cemetery Ridge and taken position on the lower ridge along which ran the Emmettsburg road. Cemetery Ridge at this portion of its extent is ill defined, and the movement of Sickles to occupy the advanced position was not without tactical warrant. Yet it was faulty, from the fact that his line, to gain a defensive position for its left flank, had to be bent at a considerable angle at the advanced point known as the "Peach Orchard." General Humphreys's division occupied the road, while Birney's division held the salient point at the Peach Orchard, and was stretched back through low ground of woods and wheatfields toward Round Top, near which the left flank rested in a rocky ravine.

The weak point in this line was the salient at the Peach Orchard, which formed the key of Sickles's position; and on this, when the columns of Longstreet's corps moved to the attack at 4.30 P. M., the greatest vigor of the assault felt. The first assault, however, was made by Hood's division, which attacked the left wing of Sickles's corps, extending from the Peach Orchard to the vicinity of the two elevations known as Round Top and Little Round Top.

Through an interval which lay between Sickles's left and the foot of Round Top, Hood's extreme right thrust itself unperceived by the Federals, and made a dash for Little Round Top,

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which, through some strange oversight, was at this moment quite unoccupied by any portion of Meade's army. The elevation known by this name is a bold spur of the loftier height called Round Top. It is very rough and rugged, covered with massive boulders, and rendered difficult of ascent by its steepness and its outcropping granite ledges. Yet it was the key-point of that whole section of the battlefield, and had Hood dreamed of its being unoccupied, pushed a powerful force in that direction, and seized the commanding summit, the victory would have been in his grasp, since the possession of this point would not only have placed Sickles's corps in a highly perilous position, but have enabled him to take the entire line in reverse.

It was at this critical moment that the Federals discovered their error and hastened to amend it. The prompt energy of a single officer, General Warren, chief engineer of the army, rescued Meade's army from imminent peril. He had reached Little Round Top at the point of time in which Hood's men penetrated the undefended space between Sickles's left and Round Top, and just as the signal-officers who occupied the summit were folding up their flags preparatory to leaving the dangerous situation. Directing them to continue waving their flags, Warren hastened away in search of some available force to hold the hill, and, meeting a division of Sykes's corps which was marching to the support of Sickles's command, he detached from it Vincent's brigade, which he hurried to the threatened summit. A battery also, with great difficulty, was dragged and lifted to the top of the rugged hill.

It was a desperate rush from both sides for the possession of the important point, and the Federal brigade reached the crest just as the gallant Texans of Hood's division were swarming up the rocky slope with shouts of triumph. There ensued a desperate struggle for the contested summit. A severe volley from the Federals met Hood's men full in the face as they climbed the steep acclivity. The fight quickly became a hand-to-hand conflict, in which levelled bayonet and clubbed musket did their share in the work of death. For half an hour the contest continued. But the advantage of the Federals in their

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possession of the summit was not to be overcome, and, though the brave Texans stubbornly held the rocky glen at the foot of the hill, and worked their way up the ravine between the two elevations, they were eventually forced back by the Federals, though not without causing heavy loss to the latter. The error which had been made by the Federals was immediately retrieved by the reinforcement of Vincent's brigade, while Round Top was occupied at a later hour in the evening.

While this desperate struggle was in progress the assault on Sickles's corps was vigorously pressed by McLaws's division, particularly at the salient in the Peach Orchard, which was evidently the weak point of the line. The Federal resistance was stubborn, and reinforcements were hurried up to the imperilled point; yet the Confederate onslaught proved irresistible, pushing the line back to a wheatfield in the rear of the Peach Orchard, and eventually breaking it and hurling the enemy in disordered flight toward the high grounds in the rear.

This success rendered the Federal position untenable. The flanks of the broken line were exposed right and left, and, though reinforcements were in rapid succession hurried to the front, the whole line was gradually forced back toward Cemetery Ridge, leaving the hotly-contested field strewn with thousands of dead and wounded. Thus, after a severe conflict for several hours, Longstreet had gained the position which he could have occupied earlier in the day without opposition. His advantage had not been gained without heavy loss, and, though the Confederates had gained the base of Cemetery Ridge, its crest was crowned with troops and artillery too strongly placed to be driven out by Longstreet's men in their exhausted condition.

A desperate effort to carry the ridge was made, but it proved unsuccessful, and the battle on that part of the line ended without a decisive result. It had been contested with great determination, and the loss on both sides had been heavy, but the Confederate success had consisted in driving the Federals out of an intrinsically weak position, while the strong defensive line of Cemetery Ridge remained intact in their hands. Whether the result would have been different had the original

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assault been made on this line is a question which it is impossible now to answer, and the advantage or disadvantage of Sickles's advance movement cannot be determined except from the standpoint of military strategy.

During Longstreet's assault on the right Hill's corps had made strong demonstrations against the Federal centre, but Ewell's demonstration on the left, which was ordered to be made at the same time, was delayed, and the corps only got fairly to work about sunset. The assault was maintained with great spirit by the divisions of Early and Edward Johnson until after dark. Early carried Cemetery Ridge, but was forced to relinquish it by superior numbers. The left of Ewell's corps penetrated the breastworks on the extreme right of the Federal line, and this position was held during the night. The ill-success of Early's movement was due to lack of support, the columns on his right failing to reach the contested point until after he had been forced to relinquish the position he had gained on the crest and retire to his original ground.

In the words of Colonel Taylor, "The whole affair was disjointed. There was an utter absence of accord in the movements of the several commands, and no decisive results attended the operations of the second day." This discordance was one of the unfortunate contingencies to which every battle is subject, and is in no sense chargeable to General Lee, whose plan had been skilfully laid, and had it been carried out in strict accordance with his instructions would probably have led to a very different result. On both sides the disregard by corps commanders of the express intentions of their superiors had changed the conditions of the battle. Sickles's advance beyond the position designed to be held by General Meade had exposed his corps to repulse and heavy loss, which possibly might have been avoided had he held the line of Cemetery Ridge, while Longstreet's assumption of the responsibility of delaying the assault ordered certainly had a most important influence on the result of the battle.

The dawn of the 3d of July found the two armies in the position in which the battle of the preceding day had ended. Though Cemetery Ridge remained intact in the hands of the

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Federals, yet the engagement had resulted at every point in an advantage to the Confederates. Longstreet had cleared his front of the enemy, and occupied the ground from which they had been driven. Ewell's left held the breastworks on Culp's Hill on the extreme right of the Federal line. Meade's army was known to have sustained heavy losses. There was, in consequence, good reason to believe that a renewed assault might prove successful. Ewell's position of advantage, if held, would enable him to take the Federal line in reverse, while an advance in force from Longstreet's position offered excellent promise of success. General Lee therefore determined to renew the assault.

Longstreet, in accordance with this decision, was reinforced, and ordered to assail the heights in his front on the morning of the 3d, while Ewell was directed to make a simultaneous assault on the enemy's right. Longstreet's dispositions, however, were not completed as early as those of Ewell, and the battle opened on the left before the columns on the right were ready to move. Johnson, whose men held the captured breastworks, had been considerably reinforced during the night, and was on the point of resuming the attack when the Federals opened on him at four o'clock with a heavy fire of artillery which had been placed in position under cover of the darkness. An infantry assault in force followed, and, though Ewell's men held their ground with their usual stubbornness, and maintained their position for four hours, they were finally forced to yield the captured breastworks and retire before the superior force of the enemy.

This change in the condition of affairs rendered necessary a reconsideration of the military problem, and induced General Lee, after making a reconnoissance of the enemy's position, to change his plan of assault. Cemetery Ridge, from Round Top to Culp's Hill, was at every point strongly occupied by Federal infantry and artillery, and was evidently a very formidable position. There was, however, a weak point upon which an attack could be made with a reasonable prospect of success. This was where the ridge, sloping westward, formed the depression through which the Emmettsburg road passes. Perceiv-

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ing that by forcing the Federal lines at that point and turning toward Cemetery Hill the right would be taken in flank and the remainder would be neutralized, as its fire would be as destructive to friend as foe, and considering that the losses of the Federal army in the two preceding days must weaken its cohesion and consequently diminish its power of resistance, General Lee determined to attack at that point, and the execution of it was assigned to Longstreet, while instructions were given to Hill and Ewell to support him, and a hundred and forty-five guns were massed to cover the advance of the attacking column.

The decision here indicated was reached at a conference held during the morning on the field in front of and within cannon-range of Round Top, there being present Generals Lee, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and H. Heth, Colonel A. L. Long, and Major C. S. Venable. The plan of attack was discussed, and it was decided that General Pickett should lead the assaulting column, to be supported by the divisions of McLaws and Hood and such other force as A. P. Hill could spare from his command. The only objection offered was by General Longstreet, who remarked that the guns on Round Top might be brought to bear on his right. This objection was answered by Colonel Long, who said that the guns on Round Top could be suppressed by our batteries. This point being settled, the attack was ordered, and General Longstreet was directed to carry it out.

Pickett's division was fresh, having taken no part in the previous day's fight, and to these veterans was given the post of honor in the coming affray, which promised to be a desperate and terrible one.

About twelve o'clock the preparations for the attack were completed and the signal for battle was given, which was immediately followed by the concentrated fire of all the Confederate artillery on Cemetery Hill, which was promptly responded to by the powerful Federal batteries. Then ensued one of the most tremendous artillery engagements ever witnessed on an open field: the hills shook and quivered beneath the thunder of two hundred and twenty-five guns as if they were

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about to be torn and rent by some powerful convulsion. In the words of General Hancock in reference to the performance of the opposing batteries, "Their artillery fire was the most terrific cannonade I ever witnessed, and the most prolonged— . . . . one possibly hardly ever paralleled."

For more than an hour this fierce artillery conflict continued, when the Federal guns began to slacken their fire under the heavy blows of the Confederate batteries, and ere long sank into silence—an example which was quickly followed by the Confederates.

A deathlike stillness then reigned over the field, and each army remained in breathless expectation of something yet to come still more dreadful. In a few moments the attacking column, consisting of Pickett's division, supported on the left by that of Heth commanded by Pettigrew, and on the right by Wilcox's brigade of Anderson's division, appeared from behind a ridge, and, sweeping over its crest, descended into the depression that separated the two armies. The enemy for a moment seemed lost in admiration of this gallant array as it advanced with the steadiness and precision of a review. Their batteries then opened upon it a spasmodic fire, as if recovering from a stunning blow. The force that moved to the attack numbered about 15,000 men. It had a terrible duty to perform. The distance which it was obliged to traverse was more than half a mile in width, and this an open plain in full front of the enemy, who thickly crowded the crest of the ridge, and within easy range of their artillery.

But the tempest of fire which burst upon the devoted column quickly reduced its strength. The troops of Heth's division, decimated by the storm of deadly hail which tore through their ranks, faltered and fell back in disorder before the withering volleys of the Federal musketry. This compelled Pender's division, which had marched out to support the movement, to fall back, while Wilcox, on perceiving that the attack had grown hopeless, failed to advance, leaving Pickett's men to continue the charge alone. The other supports, Hood's and McLaws's divisions, which had been expected to advance in support of the charging column, did not move, and were too remote

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to offer any assistance. The consequence was that Pickett was left entirely unsupported.

Yet the gallant Virginians marched steadily forward, through the storm of shot and shell that burst upon their devoted ranks, with a gallantry that has never been surpassed. As they approached the ridge their lines were torn by incessant volleys of musketry as by a deadly hail. Yet with unfaltering courage the brave fellows broke into the double-quick, and with an irresistible charge burst into the Federal lines and drove everything before them toward the crest of Cemetery Hill, leaping the breastworks and planting their standards on the captured guns with shouts of victory.

The success which General Lee had hoped and expected was gained, but it was a dearly-bought and short-lived one. His plan had gone astray through the failure of the supporting columns. Now was the time that they should have come to the aid of their victorious comrades; but, alas! Heth's division, which had behaved with the greatest gallantry two days before, had not been able to face the terrible fire of the Federal lines, while the other supports were too remote to afford timely relief. The victory which seemed within the grasp of the Confederate army was lost as soon as won. On every side the enemy closed in on Pickett's brigades, concentrating on them the fire of every gun in that part of their lines. It was impossible to long withstand this terrific fusillade. The band of heroes broke and fell back, leaving the greater part of their number dead or wounded upon the field or captive in the hands of their foes.

The Confederates lost in this attack about 4000 men, the most of whom were in Pickett's division. No troops could have behaved better than those of the Army of Northern Virginia on witnessing Pickett's repulse. The officers of every grade on that part of the field exerted themselves with the utmost coolness in preserving order and in endeavoring to re-form the broken ranks, and the men so promptly obeyed the call to rally that their thin ranks were soon restored to order and the whole line was again established. The army was not discouraged or dispirited, and its sole wish was for an opportunity

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to efface the mortification of its first serious repulse. The desire was general that Meade should assume the offensive and in his turn make an attack, and no doubt was felt of the ability to give him a yet hotter reception than that which Pickett had received. But Meade found his army so much shattered and discouraged by his recent losses that he deemed it inadvisable to attempt to follow up his success.

In this connection Colonel Biddle of General Meade's staff says: "It had been General Meade's intention to order a general advance from our left after the close of the action, but owing to the lateness of the hour and the wearied condition of the army, with a 'wisdom that did guide his valor to act in safety,' he abandoned the movement he had contemplated. For this he has been severely censured. General Howard, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, says: 'I have thought that the fearful exposure of General Meade's headquarters, where so much havoc was occasioned by the enemy's artillery, had so impressed him that he did not at first realize the victory he had won.' The reverse of this is true. General Meade was not in the least 'demoralized' by the enemy's fire, but realized fully the exact condition of affairs. Lee had been repulsed, not routed, and if Meade had yielded to his own inclination to attack he would have been repulsed himself, and would thus have thrown away the fruits of his great victory."

That this view is correct is proved by the following passage from Mr. William Swinton's *History of the Army of the Potomac*. Mr. Swinton says: "I have become convinced from the testimony of General Longstreet himself that attack would have resulted disastrously. 'I had,' said that officer to the writer, 'Hood and McLaws, who had not been engaged; I had a heavy force of artillery; I should have liked nothing better than to have been attacked, and have no doubt that I should have given those who tried as bad a reception as Pickett received.'"

Mr. Swinton further informs us that besides the heavy loss it had sustained by Pickett's attack, the Army of the Potomac was thrown into much confusion by the intermingling of the troops of different divisions and corps. Among the wounded

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were Major-generals Hancock and Gibbon, two of its most prominent officers. The same writer also informs us that the aggregate loss of the Army of the Potomac during the three days' battle was 23,000 men. Among the officers killed was Major-general J. F. Reynolds, whose gentlemanly bearing and soldierly qualities were unsurpassed in any other officer of either army. In view of this heavy loss, while admitting that General Lee was defeated, it must be acknowledged that General Meade was so much crippled that he could not reap any advantage of victory.

The attack of Pickett's division on the 3d has been more criticised, and is still less understood, than any other act of the Gettysburg drama. General Longstreet did not enter into the spirit of it, and consequently did not support it with his wonted vigor. It has been characterized as rash and objectless, on the order of the "charge of the Light Brigade." Nevertheless, it was not ordered without mature consideration and on grounds that presented fair prospects of success. By extending his left wing west of the Emmettsburg road, Meade weakened his position by presenting a weak centre, which being penetrated, his wings would be isolated and paralyzed, so far as regarded supporting each other. A glance at a correct sketch of the Federal position on the 3d will sufficiently corroborate this remark, and had Pickett's division been promptly supported when it burst through Meade's centre, a more positive proof would have been given, for his right wing would have been overwhelmed before the left could have disengaged itself from woods and mountains and come to its relief.

Pickett's charge has been made the subject of so much discussion, and General Lee's intentions in ordering it have been so misunderstood, that it is deemed proper to here offer, in corroboration of what has been said above, the testimony of one who was thoroughly conversant with all the facts. Colonel Walter H. Taylor, adjutant-general on the staff of General Lee, in *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. iv. p. 83, states as follows: "Later, General Lee rode over to General Ewell's front and conferred as to future movements. He wanted to follow up the success gained—thought that with Johnson's

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division, then up, that General Ewell could go forward at dawn next day. Ewell, Early, and Rodes thought it best to await Longstreet's arrival and make the main attack on the enemy's left. This was determined on. Longstreet was then about four miles off, with two of his divisions. He was expected early on the morning of the 2d. Orders were sent him to move up to gain the Emmettsburg road. He did not reach the field early, and his dispositions were not completed for attack until four o'clock in the afternoon. In his report General Longstreet says he received orders to move with the portion of his command that was then up, to gain the Emmettsburg road on the enemy's left, but, fearing that he was too weak to attack, he delayed until one of his brigades (Law's) joined its division, and that he began the movement as soon after its arrival as his preparations would admit. It seemed impossible to get the co-operation of the commanders along the line. When Longstreet did attack, he did it in handsome style—drove the enemy and captured prisoners, artillery, and other trophies. So far, we had succeeded in every encounter with the enemy. It was thought that a continuance of the attack as made by Longstreet offered promise of success. He was ordered to renew the fight early on the 3d; Ewell, who was to co-operate, ordered Johnson to attack at an early hour, anticipating that Longstreet would do the same. Longstreet delayed. He found that a force of the enemy occupying high ground on their left would take his troops in reverse as they advanced. Longstreet was then visited by General Lee, and they conferred as to the mode of attack. It was determined to adhere to the plan proposed, and to strengthen him for the movement he was to be reinforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's of Hill's corps. With his three divisions which were to attack Longstreet made his dispositions, and General Lee went to the centre to observe movements. The attack was not made as designed: Pickett's division, Heth's division, and two brigades of Pender's division advanced. Hood and McLaws were not moved forward. There were nine divisions in the army; seven were quiet, while two assailed the fortified line of the enemy. A. P. Hill had orders to be prepared to assist Long-

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street further if necessary. Anderson, who commanded one of Hill's divisions and was in readiness to respond to Longstreet's call, made his dispositions to advance, but General Longstreet told him it was of no use—the attack had failed. Had Hood and McLaws followed or supported Pickett, and Pettigrew and Anderson been advanced, the design of the commanding general would have been carried out: the world would not be so at a loss to understand what was designed by throwing forward, unsupported, against the enemy's stronghold so small a portion of our army. Had General Lee known what was to happen, doubtless he would have manœuvred to force General Meade away from his strong position by threatening his communications with the East, as suggested by ——; but he felt strong enough to carry the enemy's lines, and I believe success would have crowned his plan had it been faithfully carried out."

The author can add his testimony to that of Colonel Taylor. The original intention of General Lee was that Pickett's attack should be supported by the divisions of McLaws and Hood,* and General Longstreet was so ordered. This order was given verbally by General Lee in the presence of Colonel Long and Major Venable of his staff and other officers of the army.

It is to be regretted that we have no report from the gallant General Pickett in regard to this celebrated charge. It has, however, recently been developed that Pickett did make a very full report, which he forwarded to General Lee. The report severely criticised the failure to furnish him with the supporting force which had been ordered; and Lee, with his usual magnanimity, and in his great desire for harmony between the officers of his army, returned the report to Pickett, requesting him to withdraw it and to substitute in its stead a report embracing merely the casualties of his command; to which Pickett assented and destroyed his first report.

The following is a copy of General Lee's letter to General Pickett in which he made this request:

* "As they were ordered by General Lee, for I heard him give the orders when arranging the fight, and called his attention to it long afterward, when there was discussion about it. He said, 'I know it! I know it!' C. S. VENABLE."

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"GENERAL C. E. PICKETT, *commanding General:*

"You and your men have crowned yourselves with glory, but we have the enemy to fight, and must carefully, at this critical moment, guard against dissensions which the reflections in your report will create. I will therefore suggest that you destroy both copy and original, substituting one confined to casualties merely.

"I hope all will yet be well.

"I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE,
"*General.*"

But one course remained open for General Lee. Retreat was necessary. After the failure of the attack he had withdrawn Ewell to Seminary Ridge, a position north-west of the town, covering the Chambersburg and Fairfield roads, which he caused to be rapidly and strongly fortified in anticipation of the assault which this contraction of his line might invite. He had still an army of 50,000 men, unbroken in spirit and quite ready to sustain any attack which might be made upon them. But it was quickly evident that Meade had no intention of making an aggressive movement, and a renewed assault on the part of the Confederates would have been madness. Moreover, the ammunition of the army had been nearly exhausted in the three days' fight, and, in Lee's own words, "the difficulty of procuring supplies rendered it impossible to continue longer where we were." There was danger of the line of communications being cut by the enemy. General Meade had sent a force to reoccupy Harper's Ferry, and a body of Federal cavalry had reached the Potomac near Falling Waters and destroyed the pontoon bridge laid there for the passage of the Confederate army.

Under these circumstances General Lee determined upon a retreat, but not such an immediate or hasty one as would present the appearance of flight. That he had deeply felt the failure of his effort is unquestionable, yet he preserved much of his ordinary calmness of demeanor, and not one word came from his lips to show that he laid blame on any subordinate

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officer. An incident is told which shows in a clear light his noble spirit.

The repulse of Pickett's column, and the terrible loss it had sustained, were a severe blow to that gallant officer. Overcome by the disaster to his men, he rode up to General Lee, and, almost sobbing, declared that his division had been nearly destroyed. Lee listened with his face full of sympathy, and replied with his usual kindness and consideration, "Never mind, general; all this has been *my* fault. It is *I* who have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it in the best way you can."

In illustration of his feeling concerning this battle we may here quote from a private letter to a lady relative which has been kindly placed at our disposal. After remarking, "I cannot tell how often and much I have thought of you the past winter, how I have grieved over your restraint and ill-usage by our enemies, and how I have regretted my inability to relieve you," he continues:

"I knew that crossing the Potomac would draw them off, and if we could only have been strong enough we should have detained them. But God willed otherwise, and I fear we shall soon have them all back. The army did all it could. I fear I required of it impossibilities. But it responded to the call nobly and cheerfully, and, though it did not win a victory, it conquered a success. We must now prepare for heavier blows and harder work. But my trust is in Him who favors the weak and relieves the oppressed, and my hourly prayer is that He will 'fight for us once again.'"

During the interval between the repulse of Pickett's charge and the night of July 4th no aggressive movement was made by General Meade, and the Army of Northern Virginia was left undisturbed by the enemy. General Lee employed this repose in preparation for his retreat. He caused the dead to be buried and the severely wounded to be carefully provided for, while those whose wounds permitted their removal were placed in ambulances and wagons and moved out on the Chambersburg road. In the afternoon the ambulance- and empty supply-trains, under the escort of Imboden's cavalry, were put in motion on

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the Chambersburg road, and after passing South Mountain were moved on the direct road to Williamsport.

When it became dark the withdrawal of the army began. First the trains, under protection of Hill's corps, moved out on the Fairfield road; Longstreet followed Hill; then came Ewell, bringing up the rear. The movement was so much impeded by soft roads, darkness, and rains that the rear-guard could not be withdrawn until daylight on the morning of the 5th. General Meade did not attempt to harass the retreating columns of Lee until the rear-guard had reached the neighborhood of Fairfield; then a pursuing column appeared on the neighboring heights, which Early promptly prepared to meet by throwing the rear-guard across its path. After exchanging a few shots the enemy retired, and the retreat was continued without any other molestation than an attack on the ambulance-train by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry and the capture of a few ambulances and wagons loaded with wounded. This mishap was attributable more to the roving character and want of discipline of the escort than to the daring of the enemy.

Without further interruption the trains reached Williamsport on the 6th, where their progress was arrested by a swollen river. Being menaced soon after their arrival by a large body of the enemy's cavalry, 1500 teamsters promptly volunteered, and, being armed with muskets brought from Gettysburg, gallantly defended their trains until reinforced by General Fitz Lee, when the combined force of teamsters and cavalry signally repulsed the enemy. About the same time Stuart encountered Pleasonton near Hagerstown, and after a fierce conflict Pleasonton was obliged to retire behind the Antietam.

The army bivouacked on the night of the 5th in South Mountain Pass, and on the morning of the 6th entered the rich and beautiful Cumberland Valley. The sky had cleared, and the bright sun and beautiful landscape filled the hearts of the stern veterans with pleasure as they passed with measured tread over the smooth and easy-graded roads.

Reaching Williamsport on the 7th, and finding his pontoon bridge destroyed and the Potomac swollen far above the fording-point, General Lee occupied a strong position, covering

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Williamsport and Falling Waters, the point where he had left his bridge on advancing into Pennsylvania. As day after day passed without the appearance of the enemy, General Lee was able to complete his defences, so that when Meade arrived in force on the 12th the Army of Northern Virginia was eager to encounter its old antagonist, though double its numerical strength.

"The retreat of Lee, which became definitely known to the Federal commander on the morning of Sunday, July 5th, brought with it the important question of pursuit. Now, there were two lines by which the Confederates might be followed up: the one was a direct pursuit by the same routes over which they had retreated, pressing them down the Cumberland Valley; the other, a flank march by the east side of the South Mountains, defiling by the Boonsboro' passes, with the view to head off the enemy or take him in flank. The former had the advantage of being the shorter line—the distance to the Potomac at Williamsport being in this case about forty miles, and by the latter line nearly eighty. The only disadvantage attending it arose from the fact that the enemy might hold the débouches of the mountains with a rear-guard while making good his escape with his main body and trains. General Meade appears to have been in some doubt as to the proper method of action, but on the morning of the 6th he sent a column in direct pursuit. He ordered Sedgwick's Sixth corps, then the freshest in the army, to follow up the enemy on the Fairfield road, while he despatched a cavalry force to press the retreating Confederates on the Chambersburg road. Sedgwick that evening overtook the rear of the Confederate column, after a pursuit of ten miles, where the Fairfield road breaks through a pass in the South Mountain range. This position was found to be very defensible, but there was no attack, as another course had meanwhile been determined on, and Sedgwick was recalled. Instead of pursuing the Confederates by the direct route over which the retreat had been made, Meade judged it better to make a flank march by Middletown and the lower passes of the South Mountain. To this end, General French, who with 7000 men had since the evacuation of Harper's Ferry

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been occupying Frederick, was directed to seize these passes in advance and repossess himself of Harper's Ferry. Both of these orders were executed by General French, who also sent out a cavalry force that penetrated as far as Williamsport and destroyed there a pontoon bridge across the Potomac. Then the army was put in motion by the east side of the South Mountains. On July 6th a large part of the army moved from Gettysburg toward Emmettsburg, and the remainder on the following day.

"On July 7th the Federal headquarters were at Frederick. On the 8th they were at Middletown, and nearly all the army was concentrated in the neighborhood of that place and South Mountain. On the 9th the headquarters were at South Mountain House, and the advance of the army at Boonsboro' and Rohrersville. On the 10th they were moved to Antietam Creek, while the left of the line crossed the creek and the right moved up near Funkstown. On the 11th the engineers threw a new bridge over the Antietam Creek, when the left of the line advanced to Fairplay and Jones's Cross-roads, while the right remained nearly stationary. On the 12th, Meade had his forces in front of the position taken up by Lee to cover the passage of the Potomac.

"The above data will suffice to show that the pursuit was conducted with an excessive circumspection, and that Lee, having reached the river six days before, had time to select and fortify a strong position. Indeed, the Confederate army might have effected an unmolested escape into Virginia had it not been for the fact that the great rains had so swollen the Potomac as to make it impassable by the ford at Williamsport, and that the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters had been destroyed by General French. This perilous circumstance compelled Lee to take up a defensive position where he might stand at bay while his communications were being re-established." *

From the fact that Lee was not pursued, and that no effort was made to crush him before he could extricate himself from his perilous situation at Williamsport, it would be just to conclude that the Army of the Potomac was too much crippled to do so, and that Meade's success was mainly due to the want of

* Swinton's *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, pp. 366–368.

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prompt co-operation by a portion of the forces of his antagonist, otherwise, as an able general, he would have vigorously followed up his advantage in order to gather the fruits of his victory.

Notwithstanding the Army of the Potomac after its departure from Gettysburg was reinforced to its former numerical strength, General Meade did not attack, but employed the 12th and 13th in fortifying his position. On the other hand, General Lee, now that his bridge was finished and that the river had fallen so as to be fordable for cavalry and empty and lightly-loaded wagons, being unwilling to engage in a battle that could not promise important results, withdrew from his position on the night of the 13th, and retired across the Potomac. The movement was completed during the forenoon of the 14th without interruption, and the broad Potomac rolled between the hostile armies. The only incident that indicated that the retreat had been discovered was the charge of a squadron of Federal cavalry on the rear-guard as it was about to follow the army across the river, the result of which was a slight loss to the Confederates, including the gallant General Pettigrew of North Carolina, who was rapidly rising to distinction. General Lee continued to retire slowly toward Winchester, and shortly after Meade moved down the river to the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, and late in July entered Virginia east of the Blue Ridge, whereupon Lee withdrew from the Valley and took a position behind the Rapidan about the 1st of August, while General Meade occupied the neighborhood of Culpeper Court-house.

The losses of the army in killed, wounded, and prisoners were heavy, reaching nearly 16,000 men: many of these, however, being slightly wounded, returned to the ranks in time to participate in the ensuing campaign. Amongst the killed were Generals Armistead, Garnett, and Barksdale, gallant soldiers, much beloved by the army; among the wounded were Generals Hood, Heth, and Kemper, and Pender mortally.

The Army of Northern Virginia was distinguished for valor in battle, for discipline and patient endurance on the toilsome marches and in comfortless bivouacs: although depressed by defeat, it did not lose its courage for a moment, nor was its confidence shaken in its great commander.

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Having placed the army in position on the Rapidan, and fearing the failure of his campaign in Pennsylvania might have caused the Confederate authorities to lose confidence in him, and feeling unwilling by retaining command of the army to embarrass them in their future plan of operations, General Lee sent his resignation to the President; which was, however, returned by Mr. Davis with every assurance of confidence.

Colonel Venable has related to the author an anecdote of considerable interest as showing the estimable character of General Lee. The incident occurred during the retreat from Gettysburg.

One day in July, 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, when the Army of Northern Virginia lay on the north bank of the Potomac between Williamsport and Falling Waters, General Lee spoke pretty hotly to Lieutenant-colonel Venable of his staff for making a report of an unsatisfactory condition of things at the Williamsport ford or ferry in too loud a tone of voice. Venable retired to his tent in no pleasant mood. Very soon, however, the general sent him an invitation to come and drink a glass of buttermilk with him. He of course accepted the invitation, but his angry feelings at what he esteemed an unmerited rebuke were only partially soothed by partaking of the friendly glass of the mild but sour beverage with his honored chieftain. On the next night the army recrossed the Potomac. About 3 A. M., after getting through the work of supervision of the crossing of the army-trains at one of the Williamsport fords, which had been assigned to Lieutenant-colonel Baldwin and himself, Venable rode down, in a drizzling rain, to the vicinity of the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters. Having made his report, he threw himself on the ground near by, and soon fell asleep. When he awoke he found General Lee had taken the oil-cloth poncho from his own shoulders and thrown it over him. The hot-tempered aide-de-camp was thoroughly conquered.

We cannot better end this somewhat extended chapter than by presenting the following incident, for whose authenticity we can give no higher authority than the columns of a newspaper, yet which is so consonant with all that the writer knows

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of the character of General Lee that no better voucher for its complete truth could be offered. It is a story told by an old "Grand Army" man who has been viewing the panorama of the battle of Gettysburg, and says:

"I was at the battle of Gettysburg myself, and an incident occurred there which largely changed my views of the Southern people. I had been a most bitter anti-South man, and fought and cursed the Confederates desperately. I could see nothing good in any of them. The last day of the fight I was badly wounded. A ball shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat he and his officers rode near me. As they came along I recognized him, and, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for the Union!' The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came toward me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly and looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.'

"If I live a thousand years I shall never forget the expression on General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by! As soon as the general had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."

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CHAPTER XVI.

A CAMPAIGN OF STRATEGY.

Inactivity.—Promotions.—Reduction of Both Armies.—Lee's Forward Movement.—Meade Retires.—Cavalry Engagement.—Lee at Culpeper.—Meade's Movements.—Stuart's Dilemma.—Lee and the Scout.—Escape of the Cavalry.—Engagement at Bristoe.—Meade Safe from Pursuit.—Lee Retires.—"The Buckland Races."—Federal Successes.—The Armies Return to their Old Positions.—Meade's Scheme to Surprise Lee.—Concentration of the Confederates.—Intrenching at Mine Run.—The Federals Surprised.—Meade's Movements.—He Withdraws.—Lee Pursues.—In Winter Quarters.—Cavalry Raid.—Long Saves the Artillery.—Kilpatrick Repulsed.—Death of Dahlgren.—A Barbarous Order.—Federal Disclaimer.—Letter to Richmond City Council.

FOR several weeks both armies remained inactive in the positions they had assumed—Lee on the Rapidan, and Meade in the vicinity of Culpeper Court-house. During that time so many convalescents and other absentees were restored to the ranks that the Army of Northern Virginia, with a small accession from other sources, was raised to a strength of nearly 60,000 men. Since the reorganization of the artillery in May that arm had been greatly increased in efficiency; and as the scope for promotion had been extended, many artillery officers who had been previously confined to the lower grades had now before them a prospect of advancement. About the last of September, Colonel Long of General Lee's staff was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and assigned to the command of the artillery of the Second corps. Colonel E. P. Alexander of the artillery of the First, and Colonel Lindsay Walker, chief of that of the Third corps, were a little later promoted to a similar rank to Colonel Long, and a number of other promotions were made in the lower grades. The repose of two months had greatly improved the condition of the Confederate army.

Within the same period two corps had been detached from

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the Federal army, and about the same time Longstreet with two divisions was withdrawn from the Army of Northern Virginia to reinforce General Bragg in Tennessee, and the third division (Pickett's) was sent to the district south of Petersburg to arrest raiding-parties of the enemy and collect supplies for the army. This reduction brought the opposing forces more nearly to a numerical equality than had previously been the case, and the change of conditions in his favor induced Lee to make an effort to force Meade to an engagement while his army was reduced in numbers.

There ensued a singular and interesting campaign, in which manœuvring in great measure took the place of fighting, each of the commanding generals endeavoring to take the other at a disadvantage, and each signally failing through the alertness and skill of his opponent. It was a game of wits instead of bullets, and for two months the armies were marched back and forth over the war-trodden soil of Virginia, ending very much where they began, the advantages of the game being about equal on both sides.

In pursuance of his plan of operations, on the 9th of October Lee crossed the Rapidan, and advanced to the neighborhood of Madison Court-house, leaving Fitz Lee with his division of cavalry and a small detachment of infantry to guard the fords of that stream, while Stuart with Hampton's division covered the army from the intrusion of the Federal cavalry, which was at that time picketing Robinson's River. On the 10th, Stuart encountered Kilpatrick's cavalry in the neighborhood of James City, and after a sharp conflict Kilpatrick withdrew, but still hovered in the vicinity of Stuart during the remainder of that day and part of the next, without, however, inviting another collision. From Madison Court-house Lee directed his course eastward, taking a circuitous route in order to screen his movements from observation by means of the forest and intervening mountain-spurs. Being much retarded by difficult roads, he did not reach his objective point near Culpeper Court-house until the afternoon of the 11th, too late to assail the Federal position that day.

Meanwhile, Meade had become aware of the movement of

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the Confederate army. His first intimation of this had come from the cavalry engagement between Kilpatrick and Stuart. It becoming clear that Lee's infantry was moving in the rear of the cavalry, and that the Federal right was already turned, Meade quietly withdrew his army from its position at Culpeper, and retired during the night along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad toward the Rappahannock. Pleasonton's cavalry was left to cover the retreat.

Stuart, whom Fitz Lee had joined on the previous evening, pushed forward with his usual energy, and on reaching Culpeper Court-house came upon the enemy's rear-guard, consisting of Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, which occupied the ridges east of the village. As Stuart approached they fell back toward Brandy Station. Stuart pursued with Hampton's division, and a little beyond the station closed on Kilpatrick and forced him to an engagement. On hearing the sound of battle, Fitz Lee came rapidly to the support of Stuart, but at the moment he was about to attack Kilpatrick in flank he discovered Buford on his own flank in order of battle. Affairs had now assumed a most singular attitude, Kilpatrick being between Stuart and Fitz Lee, while Fitz Lee was between Kilpatrick and Buford. Fitz Lee dexterously extricated himself from this perilous situation, while Kilpatrick availed himself of the opportunity to join Buford. Stuart and Pleasonton, being now again face to face with nearly equal force, renewed the conflict on the same ground which had been the scene of an indefinite conclusion several months before—one of the most brilliant cavalry engagements of the war, in which both sides claimed the victory. The advantage of the present affair remained with the Southern cavalry, their opponents retiring before them toward the Rappahannock. That night the Federal army crossed the river and blew up the railroad bridge in their rear.

Thus ended the first move in the game. On the approach of Lee his alert opponent had hastily retired, yet with such skill that nothing of value was left behind. Lee's purpose of bringing the enemy to battle south of the Rappahannock had been foiled by this rapid retreat. It became necessary, if the

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flanking movement was to be continued, to cross the river and endeavor to reach the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in time to intercept the retreat of the foe. Unluckily, the rapidity of movement which this required was hindered by a lack of provisions. The army was obliged to remain at Culpeper Court-house nearly all day of the 11th in order to collect supplies.

During this halt an incident occurred which shows an interesting phase of General Lee's character, and which we give in the words of General Hunt:

"Lee, while encamped at Culpeper, was of course cordially received by the people of the town. One of these, a lady who had been somewhat scandalized by the friendly relations between some of her neighbors and the Yankees, took occasion to complain to the general that certain young ladies, then present, had been in the habit of visiting General Sedgwick at his headquarters, which was pitched in the ample grounds of a citizen whose house he had declined to use.

"The young ladies were troubled, for the general looked very grave. But they were soon relieved when he said, 'I know General Sedgwick very well. It is just like him to be so kindly and considerate, and to have his band there to entertain them.—So, young ladies, if the music is good, go and hear it as often as you can, and enjoy yourselves. You will find that General Sedgwick will have none but agreeable gentlemen about him.'"

Early on the morning of the 12th, Lee became aware of the Federal movement. The army was at once put in motion in the direction of Warrenton Springs. The advance and retreat now presented much the character of a race. There is reason to believe that Meade was as willing to accept battle as Lee was to offer it, but neither general had any desire to fight at a disadvantage, and a brisk series of manœuvres for the advantage of position began.

Directing Stuart to follow and retard as much as possible the retreating column of the enemy, Lee advanced by a route nearly parallel with that on which Meade was retreating, with the hope of intercepting him at some point north of the Rappahannock.

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Meanwhile, Meade had made a false move in the game which threatened to place him in a dangerous position. On the morning of the 12th he became aware of Lee's halt at Culpeper during the previous day. Conceiving the idea that his own haste had been premature, and that the intended movement of the Confederate general had been completed, he ordered a countermarch of the main body of the army to the south of the Rappahannock, retaining only the Third corps and General Gregg's cavalry division on the north of the stream.

The situation was now a singular one. While Lee was marching rapidly northward to seize Meade's communications, the latter was marching southward to meet Lee at Culpeper. It was an error that might have proved disastrous to the Federal army had not its commander become speedily aware of his mistake.

Gregg's division of cavalry, which had been advanced to watch the passage of the upper Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs, found itself assailed on the afternoon of the 12th by the van-guard of Lee's army, which was crossing the stream at that point. Gregg was severely handled by the Confederate column, and hastened back to apprise Meade of the movement he had discovered.

There was no longer any doubt as to Lee's intention. A courier was at once sent back in all haste to the three Federal corps south of the river to apprise them that the whole Confederate army was in full march upon Warrenton. Reaching them about midnight at their bivouac on the road to Culpeper, the messenger delivered his order, and very soon afterward the camp was broken up and the whole force in a rapid retrograde march toward the stream which they had so recently crossed. On the morning of the 13th the Federal army was again concentrated on the north of the Rappahannock.

Lee, unaware of the division of the Federal army and of the smallness of the force that was opposed to him north of the river, lost the important advantage which might have come from an attack on this single corps had he been advised of its isolated position. He continued his march upon Warrenton, in which location he was beyond the head of Meade's column, and if he

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could have continued the pursuit on a converging line, he would have reached Bristoe Station in advance of Meade, and could have forced him to a general engagement. But as the army had progressed more rapidly than the supply-trains and the haversacks of the men were empty, it was necessary to halt in order to replenish them.

In the mean time, Stuart was expected to retard the retreat of the enemy as much as possible, and keep General Lee fully informed of his movements. While thus employed he observed a large wagon-train, and, hoping to secure a valuable prize, he pushed forward two brigades for that purpose. It may be remarked that an attack upon the train might have been the most effective way of accomplishing his purpose of retarding the Federal retreat, as Meade would have probably come to the rescue of so important an element in his army. But on approaching the train Stuart found it too strongly guarded to admit a possibility of its capture; he therefore abandoned the enterprise and prepared to regain his former position, when to his chagrin he found himself intercepted by two large bodies of Federal infantry, who were marching north by parallel roads on both sides of his position. His only chance of escape was to conceal his force from observation, which he did with remarkable coolness and address behind a wooded ridge that flanked the enemy's line of retreat. Here he was compelled, by the proximity of the enemy, to remain twelve hours. The position was a perilous one, as the coming of daylight would expose his little force to capture or annihilation. He sent a staff officer, Major A. R. Venable, to ride in the darkness between the two marching columns of the enemy until he could pass around the head of that one between him and the Confederate forces, and report his danger and the movements of the enemy to the commanding general. As this was a long road, he also sent one of his favorite scouts, Goode, to make his way on foot directly through the enemy's columns to General Lee and give him his exact position, with the request that a heavy fire of artillery be opened on the Federal columns at a point near the village of Auburn on their line of retreat, and thus facilitate the escape of his force, which he proposed to effect by simul-

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taneously opening fire on them with his own guns, and then making a dash through with a combined charge of cavalry and artillery. Meantime, General Lee, who had camped near Warrenton for the night, hearing nothing from Stuart as to the position and movements of the enemy, became uneasy, and remained awake until a very late hour of the night in order to make preparations and give the necessary orders for the early movement of his army. Goode made his way safely through the Federal columns, and arrived at headquarters about one o'clock in the morning.

For the description of this event above given we are indebted to Colonel Venable, and particularly for the following characteristic anecdote of General Lee, which adds another to the many evidences of his innate nobility of soul:

General Lee, after listening by the camp-fire to Goode's account of Stuart's situation, retired to his tent. The scout, however, being very anxious in regard to General Stuart's danger, began, after the general retired, to explain more fully with the map to an aide-de-camp the relative positions of Stuart's and the enemy's forces, and the exact point where the fire of our artillery would be most effective in promoting his safe retreat from his perilous environment.

General Lee could hear from his tent something of this conversation, but caught from it only that Goode was talking of matters which scouts, as a rule, were permitted to tell only to the commanding general himself. So, coming to the door of his tent, he called out with stern voice that he did not wish his scouts to talk in camp. He spoke very angrily, and stepped back into his tent. Goode fairly trembled. The aide-de-camp, however, went forward to the general's tent and told him that the scout, who was devoted to Stuart and naturally very anxious for his safety, was only endeavoring to mark accurately on the map the point at which the diversion of the artillery fire was to be made, and was by no means talking from the mere desire to talk. General Lee came out at once from his tent, commanded his orderly to have supper with hot coffee put on the table for Goode, made him sit in his own camp-chair at the table, stood at the fire near by, and performed all the duties of

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a hospitable host to the fine fellow. Few generals ever made such thorough amends to a private soldier for an injustice done him in anger.

Immediately afterward, Lee ordered Ewell to the relief of the imperilled cavalry. In the mean time, Lomax with his brigade of cavalry was endeavoring to create a diversion in Stuart's favor. On approaching Auburn, Ewell's advance-guard encountered the enemy's rear-guard and engaged it in a sharp skirmish, which terminated without important results. From his position Stuart heard all night the continuous tramp of the enemy. About daylight a detachment halted opposite his place of concealment to take some refreshments. While the unsuspecting Federals were thus employed Stuart suddenly opened upon them with his artillery, knocking over their coffee-pots and other utensils, as he says in his report, while his sharpshooters poured a rapid fire into the surprised troops. They were as quickly as possible moved to the opposite side of the hill, under cover from this destructive fire. Taking advantage of the confusion he had created, the "rollicksome *sabreur*" wheeled to the left and emerged safely toward Warrenton. He was greeted with cheers by the army, and the whole force was in the best of spirits at their narrow escape from capture or destruction.

Yet the delay thus occasioned was favorable to Meade, who continued his rapid movement toward Manassas. In General Lee's report of these operations no mention is made of this mishap of Stuart, which had such an injurious effect upon them. It is therefore to be inferred that he considered it an excusable accident of war.

On the release of Stuart from his perilous position Ewell and Hill resumed the pursuit. Meade had made the best use of the several unavoidable delays of the Confederate army, and though Hill, who was seeking to intercept the Federal retreat at Bristoe Station, made all haste in his march, he arrived there only in time to meet the rear-guard of Meade's army. He made a prompt attack on the Federal column, which was hastening to pass Broad Run, which the remainder of the army had already crossed. The assault proved unfortunate. General

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Warren, who led the Federal rear-guard, quickly posted his men behind the railroad embankment at that point, from which impromptu breastwork he poured a destructive fire upon Hill's advancing troops. General Cooke, who led the charging brigade, was severely wounded, and his command repulsed with the loss of a number of prisoners and five pieces of artillery.

General Warren, having achieved this success, did not wait for a further assault, but hastened across Broad Run and hurried forward to join the main body. By the next morning the Federal army had crossed Bull Run, behind which they were erecting fortifications, their line extending toward the Little River turnpike.

When General Lee reached the position of Hill's repulse, that officer, mortified by his mishap, endeavored to explain the causes of his failure. The general listened in silence, and as they rode over the field strewn with dead bodies replied with sad gravity, "Well, well, general, bury these poor men and let us say no more about it."

The movement had evidently proved a failure. Meade was safe from any further pursuit, with the intrenchments around Washington and Alexandria to fall back upon in the event of a repulse or to retire to if he wished to avoid a battle. Lee felt it expedient to withdraw, and after destroying the railroad from Cub Run to the Rappahannock, he retired on the 18th to the line of that river, leaving the cavalry in the enemy's front.

Stuart did not retreat without giving the enemy a characteristic reminder of his presence. Leaving Fitz Lee near Manassas on the Federal front, he made a rapid détour with Hampton's division, and attacked the Second corps of Meade's army with his men dismounted and acting as sharpshooters. This assault produced some alarm at first, from the natural surmise that the attacking force might be the van-guard of Lee's army. On the advance of the Federal infantry, however, Stuart quickly drew back, and rode off in the direction of Warrenton.

He was followed by a body of Federal cavalry under General Kilpatrick, who came up with him near the village of Buck-

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land on the Warrenton road. Here Stuart, at Fitz Lee's suggestion, executed a shrewd manœuvre. He retired, with Hampton's division, before the Federal cavalry, leaving Fitz Lee on the enemy's left flank. Kilpatrick pushed forward ardently after his retreating adversary, when suddenly the boom of Fitz Lee's artillery gave the prearranged signal. At sound of the guns Stuart wheeled and charged fiercely upon his pursuers. Fitz Lee at the same moment fell upon their flank. This unexpected double attack threw the enemy into confusion, and they retreated with headlong haste, pursued by Stuart at full speed "from within three miles of Warrenton to Buckland." The flight and pursuit was afterward known among the troopers by the humorous title of "the Buckland Races."

Lee remained on the Rappahannock until the railroad track was broken up and the rails removed for a distance extending from Catlett's Station to Culpeper Court-house. Meanwhile, the Federal army had again advanced, rapidly repairing the railroad as they moved forward, and on November 7th reached the Rappahannock. Lee's army was now encamped at Culpeper, with advanced forces near the river. A crossing was quickly effected at Kelly's Ford, and the troops which occupied the rifle-pits at that point were driven off with considerable loss in prisoners. An attack was made at the same time on a Confederate force which was injudiciously posted on the north bank of the river at Rappahannock Station. Here some old Federal intrenchments were occupied by a brigade of Early's division. They were assailed in force by a part of Sedgwick's corps, the works carried, and nearly the whole brigade, with a battery of artillery, captured by the Federals.

The way being thus cleared, Meade threw his whole army across the river and advanced on Culpeper, Lee retiring to his former position on the Rapidan. All the advantages of the campaign had been gained by Meade, and General Lee's well-designed movement had been defeated by untoward circumstances and by the alertness of the enemy. The summer campaign having been one of unusual activity, and the late operations having entailed severe hardships, it was thought advisable to go into winter quarters, particularly as a sharp

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prelude had already announced the approach of winter and the proper season for active operations seemed to be at an end.

Yet Meade was not of this opinion. He was destined, ere the winter had fully set in, to make a movement which would prove as unsuccessful for him as the one just described had been for his antagonist, and end the year's campaigning with the final advantage in Lee's favor. As a prelude to this movement we may briefly describe the position of Lee's army, upon which the effort of his antagonist was based.

Ewell's corps occupied a position extending from the base of Clark's Mountain to Mine Run, a small tributary of the Rapidan, and covered Mitchell's, Morton's, Raccoon, and Summerville's fords; A. P. Hill's corps extended from Orange Court-house to Liberty Mills; and Stuart, as usual, protected the front and flanks of the army. Longstreet, as we have seen, had been detached on distant service; and, as numerous furloughs had been granted since the return of the army to the Rapidan, Lee's forces were far below any previous minimum.

Taking this circumstance into consideration, and having failed to satisfy the expectations of the Washington authorities, Meade determined to strike a blow that might accomplish some desirable result. Therefore, about the last of November he advanced his entire force to Germanna Ford, hoping to cross the Rapidan at that point and surprise Lee in his extended winter quarters. The movement seemed hopeful of success could Lee be caught unawares. Meade began his march upon the Rapidan on November 26th, making every effort to ensure secrecy and rapidity. Yet his advance had but fairly begun when the watchful Stuart discovered the movement, and hastened to report it to the Southern commander, who at once instituted measures for the rapid concentration of his army. An order was despatched to A. P. Hill to march to Vediersville, and there form a junction with Ewell, who was directed to retire from the Rapidan and take position behind Mine Run, a small stream which was excellently defended by Nature.

Ewell, who was at hand, concentrated his forces quickly, while Hill, who had from fifteen to twenty miles to march, was

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but a few hours later in taking his position. The night of the 26th, during which these hasty movements were taking place, was a severely cold one. Yet General Lee, in his plain uniform and without other protection from the weather, was early in the saddle, and had reached Vediersville, where Stuart was bivouacked, before sunrise. Here, beside an open-air fire, covered only with an army blanket, the cavalry leader lay stretched in slumber. Lee is said to have remarked admiringly, as Stuart rose and advanced to meet him, "What a hardy soldier!" After a short consultation Stuart rode to the front, where he formed his command in face of the advancing foe, and with artillery and dismounted sharpshooters made every effort to obstruct their advance.

Meanwhile, Meade's army was advancing in the lightest marching order. All the trains had been left behind and the men supplied with ten days' rations, that nothing might impede their progress. Yet there were unforeseen causes of delay. The Third corps was three hours late in reaching the Rapidan, detaining the whole army for that time, since Meade was not willing to risk a crossing with less than his whole force. In laying the pontoon bridges they proved too short, causing another delay. Other obstacles arose, so that by the time the river was crossed twenty-four hours had elapsed.

This delay gave Lee all the time he needed. The rugged banks of Mine Run were densely clothed with timber, which the troops as they reached the ground hastily attacked with axes, and dragged the heavy logs to the points to be defended. The breastworks rose as if by magic. Lee rode along the banks of the stream, and with his great engineering skill selected the points to be defended and gave the necessary orders. In a remarkably short space of time an extended line of works was erected, composed of double walls of logs filled in with earth and with a strong abatis in front. The position had suddenly become formidable.

The Federal army had in the mean time been still further delayed. French's corps, marching too far to the right, had fallen in with Johnson's division of Ewell's corps. A sharp brush was the result, and by the time it could extricate itself

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and open communications with the remainder of the army night had fallen.

It was not until the morning of the 28th that the army made its final advance to Mine Run, where, when Meade arrived hoping to gain an easy victory, he was confronted by a strong line of breastworks garnished with 150 pieces of artillery and backed by 30,000 veterans. The sight surprised him. The remarkable rapidity with which the defences on Mine Run were constructed must be attributed to the natural intelligence of the men, aided by their previous experience in throwing up earthworks around Richmond and Fredericksburg under the eye of General Lee, who, it must be remembered, had long been distinguished as a military engineer.

It was a bitter disappointment to General Meade to find that his well-laid plans had been utterly foiled by the skill and alertness of his antagonist. The next two days were spent in reconnoitering movements, in hope of finding a favorable point of attack. On the 29th, Warren reported favorable conditions for assault on the Confederate right, while Sedgwick discovered what seemed a weak point on its left. Orders for an assault at both points on the next morning were accordingly given, and at the appointed time the artillery of the right and centre opened briskly on the Confederate lines.

But not a sound came from Warren on the left. A new conclusion had been reached in that quarter—a verdict of the men themselves, communicated in a manner of startling significance to their commander. As the hour for the assault arrived it was found that each man had pinned to his blue blouse a scrap of paper with his name written thereon, that he might be recognized by his friends in case of death. This significant indication of the verdict of men whom long experience had made as expert military critics as their officers, was not to be disregarded. Warren, and after him Meade, made a new reconnoissance of the works before them, and the designed assault was pronounced hopeless. Meade declared that the position could not be carried without the loss of 30,000 men. This contingency was too terrible to be entertained. Yet the rations of the men were nearly exhausted, and nothing remained but

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retreat. This was safely accomplished on the night of the 1st of December, and on the following day the Federal army regained its quarters at Culpeper Court-house. Lee was more surprised at the retreat of Meade than he was by his advance, and his men, who had been in high spirits at the prospect of obliterating the memory of Gettysburg, were sadly disappointed at the loss of the opportunity.

During these operations occurred an incident which has often been told of General Lee. On Sunday, the 28th, while waiting for the expected Federal attack, the general was riding down the lines, attended by General Hill with his staff, when he came upon a group of his men who were holding a prayer-meeting. They were riding briskly, but the general at once halted and listened reverently to the singing of the men. He remained in that attitude until the benediction was pronounced, when he raised his hat, received the blessing, and then continued his ride. It was an impressive scene, and disposed to solemn feelings all who were present.

Finding that the enemy was not inclined to attack, Lee decided to give them a surprise, and to assail their lines on the morning of December 2d. Preparations were made during the night, two divisions being concentrated on the right in readiness to fall on the enemy's left flank, while all other arrangements for a battle were completed. But with the dawning of the next day it was discovered that the camp in front, which the day before had been full of busy life, was silent and empty. Meade's army was in full retreat toward the Rapidan. Pursuit was immediately made. But it was in vain. The light marching equipment of General Meade enabled him to far outstrip his pursuers. So suddenly had he disappeared that the army was astounded. This fact is illustrated in a story told by a staff officer who had been sent with an order to General Hampton.

"In looking for him," he says, "I got far to our right, and in a hollow of the woods found a grand guard of the Eleventh cavalry, with pickets and videttes out, gravely sitting their horses and watching the wood-roads for the advance of an enemy who was then retreating across Ely's Ford."

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The pursuit was quickly abandoned as useless, and the army was marched back over a road which was bordered by burning woods, which had been set on fire by the Federal camp-fires. It was an imposing spectacle as the gleaming flames lit up the pathway of the army which was marching between them toward the impregnable post in which it had so recently defied a still more threatening foe.

Thus ended the campaigning of the year 1863, the most eventful year of the war, and one in which, while the army led by General Lee had experienced a variety of fortunes, it had won for itself imperishable fame, and done much to establish for its leader his well-deserved title of "one of the great captains of the world." The year had not closed as propitiously for the Confederate cause as the previous year, and the brilliant success of the army in the spring had been marred by its unsuccessful campaign in Pennsylvania. Although it had not felt itself beaten and its spirit was still unshaken, yet its failure to accomplish what had been expected, together with the fall of Vicksburg and the want of success in the South and West, had a depressing effect. Yet, despite these reverses, the Army of Northern Virginia at all times presented a bold and defiant front, and was ever ready to meet the enemy in battle, with thorough confidence in the ability of its leader and in its own steady valor.

The season was now so far advanced that neither general contemplated the prosecution of further operations during the winter; therefore preparations were commenced for going into winter quarters. While the main body of the Confederate army remained on the Rapidan, the artillery, with the exception of two or three battalions, was sent to the line of the Virginia Central Railroad, for the greater convenience of foraging the horses. The artillery of the Second corps was located at Frederick's Hall, while that of the Third occupied the neighborhood of Cobham Station, a few miles west of Gordonsville.

The prayer-meeting scene which we have described was significant of an unusual phase of army life of which something further may be said. A revival of religion had taken place in the army, and religious gatherings in the woods and in the

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camp, in which bronzed and war-worn veterans listened devoutly to the exhortations of their pastors and prayed fervently to the God of battles for aid to their country and themselves, became of common occurrence. General Lee took great pleasure in this display of religious emotion. He gave it every encouragement, conversed with the chaplains, and assisted them in their labors to the utmost of his power. He requested their prayers for himself, and exhibited that sincere religious faith which was ever a strong element in his character.

An interval of favorable weather in February caused the Army of the Potomac to exhibit signs of renewed activity; but the prompt appearance of General Lee induced General Meade to return to his winter quarters. The inactivity of winter was not again disturbed until March, when the Federals projected a cavalry expedition for the capture of Richmond by a secret and rapid movement. This expedition was composed of two columns, one of which advanced toward Richmond under Kilpatrick, while the other, commanded by Colonel Dahlgren, proceeded from the neighborhood of Culpeper Court-house, with instructions to destroy the artillery at Frederick's Hall, form a junction with Kilpatrick, capture Richmond by a *coup de main*, destroy the city, and liberate the prisoners on Belle Isle. Being apprehensive that a cavalry dash might be made on the artillery cantoned about Frederick's Hall, General Long applied for two regiments of infantry in order to secure him against such an attempt. This small force was declined, on the ground that the army was so much depleted that it could with difficulty protect the line of the Rapidan.

General Long, however, obtained a hundred and twenty-five muskets and accoutrements, which he distributed among four battalions of artillery, and organized in each a small company of sharpshooters. To this precaution may be attributed the safety of the artillery at Frederick's Hall. Dahlgren captured the Confederate pickets at Germanna Ford, crossed the Rapidan, and advanced within a few miles of the artillery cantonment before his approach had been discovered. Long had barely time to make the following disposition: Colonel Braxton was ordered to place one battery in position to command

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the road on which Dahlgren was advancing, to deploy his sharpshooters as skirmishers, and to withdraw his other batteries to a position near the station; at the same time he directed Brown's battalion to be placed in position to command the approaches below the station. Cutshaw's and Carter's battalions were ordered to a position a little in the rear of Braxton's and Brown's, in order to support them, and sharpshooters were sent to reinforce Brown's battalion.

These dispositions were barely completed before the head of Dahlgren's column came in view of Braxton's battery on the road. Seeing the battle-flag flying above the battery, and catching a glimpse of the bayonets of the sharpshooters, he halted in some surprise, having been led to suppose that the artillery at Frederick's Hall was without an infantry support. Bringing forward a contraband who had been recently captured, Dahlgren inquired whether or not there was infantry posted with the artillery, to which the negro replied, "Yes, massa, plenty of it." Being doubtful whether the negro knew what infantry meant, he asked him how he knew it. "Because," he said, "the infantry had stickers on the ends of their guns." Convinced by the evidence of the negro that the artillery was not unprotected, Dahlgren made a détour to the left, keeping beyond the range of the guns. The only loss sustained was the capture of a court-martial which was in session in a house on the enemy's line of march; whereupon a wag remarked, as the court, prisoners, and witnesses were all present, the trial might go on and the proceedings might be sent to General Long from Point Lookout or Fort Delaware. The court, however, was not reduced to this alternative, as all, with one exception, escaped during the following night.

Kilpatrick, having failed to meet Dahlgren at the appointed time before Richmond, determined not to wait, but to attack at once. He crossed the outer line of defences without resistance, but on reaching the second line he was so warmly received that he was obliged to retire, and with difficulty made good his retreat through the Confederate lines. This lack of co-operation in the Federal forces was due to the fact that Dahlgren put in the responsible position of guide a contraband who showed his

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fidelity to the Southern cause by misleading him from his proposed line of march, and thus created a delay which prevented his forming a junction with Kilpatrick. We are told that the negro was executed on the alleged charge of treachery. When Dahlgren approached the neighborhood of Richmond he was met by a Confederate force and signally defeated; he himself was killed, and only a remnant of his command escaped destruction.

Colonel Beale of the Ninth Virginia cavalry thus relates the circumstance of Dahlgren's death (*Southern Historical Papers*, April, 1877):

"On reaching the route of the enemy's march, he met a home-guard company under command of Captain Richard Hugh Bagly, with several lieutenants and some privates from other regular regiments, ready to dispute the advance of the enemy. Falling back until a good position was reached, the men were posted and darkness closed in. No advance was expected, and a lieutenant was kept in command on the road. About eleven o'clock the tramp of horses was heard, and when within twenty or thirty paces the officer stationed at this point commanded, 'Halt!' The reply was, 'Disperse, you damned rebels, or I shall charge you.'—'Fire!' ordered the lieutenant, and under it the horsemen retreated rapidly. Their leader had fallen, being instantly killed as his horse wheeled. Deserted by their officers, the men next morning on the flats before the hill hoisted the white flag. Important papers were found on Colonel Dahlgren's person, consisting of an address to the command, the order of attack from the south side of the James upon the city of Richmond, enjoining the release of the prisoners, the killing of the executive officers of the Confederate Government, the burning and sacking of the city, directions where to apply for the materials necessary for setting fire to the city, and an accurate copy of the last field return of our cavalry made to General Stuart, with the location of every regiment. This last was furnished by the Bureau of Instruction at Washington. The rest was accredited to no one. We forwarded all the papers by Pollard's courier to Richmond. After the publication of the papers and the denial of their

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authenticity, we were interrogated, and ordered to forward the memorandum-book, which was done."

It is but justice to the memory of Dahlgren to say that no act of cruelty was perpetrated by him throughout this hapless expedition. His soldierly spirit abhorred the duty that had been assigned him.

In the succeeding April, General Lee was directed to inquire, under flag of truce, of General Meade if he or his Government had sanctioned the barbarous orders which had been found on Colonel Dahlgren's person. A reply was received to the effect that neither the Government at Washington nor any of the commanding officers had ordered or approved of the atrocities mentioned. General Kilpatrick stated that the photographic copy of the "address" which General Lee had forwarded was a fac-simile of an address which Dahlgren had submitted to him for approval, *except* that it lacked his approval, and that the objectionable passages it contained were not in that which had been submitted to him. General Meade's disclaimer was equally candid and emphatic.

It may be mentioned here that during the period covered by the events of this chapter (in November, 1863) the City Council of Richmond passed a resolution to purchase an elegant mansion for General Lee, to replace his lost mansions of Arlington and the White House, and in token of the esteem in which he was held by the city he had so long defended. General Lee, on hearing of this offer, wrote as follows to the president of the Council:

"I assure you, sir, that no want of appreciation of the honor conferred upon me by this resolution, or insensibility to the kind feelings which prompted it, induces me to ask, as I most respectfully do, that no further proceedings be taken with reference to the subject. The house is not necessary for the use of my family, and my own duties will prevent my residence in Richmond. I should therefore be compelled to decline the generous offer, and I trust that whatever means the City Councils may have to spare for this purpose may be devoted to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field, who are more in want of assistance, and more deserving of it, than myself."

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CHAPTER XVII.

WILDERNESS, SPOTTSYLVANIA, AND COLD HARBOR.

General Grant in Command of the Army of the Potomac.—Preparations for the Campaign.—New Policy.—The Overland Route Selected.—Passage of the Rapidan.—In "The Wilderness."—Grant Intercepted by Lee.—The Fight on the 5th.—The Federal Error.—Battle of the 6th.—Longstreet's Opportune Arrival.—Statement of Colonel Venable.—Hancock Repulsed.—Longstreet Wounded.—The Woods on Fire.—Graphic Descriptions of the Battle.—March for Spottsylvania Court-house.—Grant Outgeneralled.—Lee in Position.—His Able Strategy.—Battle of May 10th.—Federal Repulse.—Battle of the 12th.—Johnson's Division Captured.—Terrible Conflict.—The Federals Checked.—Deadly Character of the Conflict.—A Tree Cut down by Bullets.—Sheridan's Raid on Richmond.—Death of General Stuart.—March to the North Anna.—Lee's Brilliant Strategy.—Grant's March to the Pamunkey.—Lee on the Totopotomoy.—Battle of Cold Harbor.—Terrible Slaughter in Grant's Army.—The Men Refuse to Charge.—Losses.—Lee's Tactics.—Grant's Change of System.

THE hostile armies having remained opposed to each other for more than six months, and having frequently measured each other's strength with the skill of practised gladiators, were aware that the ensuing campaign would be one of the most formidable character. Therefore, each side made full use of its resources in preparation for the coming struggle. The North replaced the fragmentary principle on which the war had been previously conducted by a system of powerful combinations, the guidance of which was entrusted to a strong and energetic hand.

In March, 1864, General Ulysses S. Grant was appointed lieutenant-general and assigned to the command of all the Federal armies. These were formed into two grand divisions. That of the West was assigned to the command of General Sherman, while that of the East was commanded by General Grant in person. Having established his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, he applied himself to the study of the military situation in Virginia and of the several lines of

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operation which appeared worthy of consideration for the future movements of the army. While thus employed he caused the Army of the Potomac to be raised to the imposing strength of 140,000 men, and to be furnished with all the appliances necessary to place it in the highest state of efficiency. At the same time, the Army of the James, that of the Valley, and the Grand Army of the West were put in a condition to afford the most effective co-operation in support of the principal object of the campaign.

In the mean time, General Lee applied himself with his accustomed energy and far-seeing policy to the preparation of his army for the field. By recalling Longstreet from Tennessee and ordering into the ranks the convalescents and the conscripts that had been raised during the winter, and by using every other means at his disposal, he could only raise an effective force of 64,000 men. Notwithstanding this inequality of numbers, the Army of Northern Virginia on the 1st of May awaited with undaunted spirit the opposing host.

In addition to the difference in numbers there was as marked a difference in condition. The Army of the Potomac was well clothed and amply supplied. The Army of Northern Virginia was in ragged clothing and but half fed. For this condition of his troops General Lee was in no sense accountable. He had protested against it in vain: the supplies did not come. But, as on previous occasions of the kind, the soldiers were ready to fight, and were not likely to let lack of provisions affect their valor in the field.

They had before them a severer task than any they had yet experienced. General Grant had proved himself the ablest commander in the Federal army, and had come fresh from victory in the West to measure his strength with the ablest of the Confederate leaders. And their previous ill-success had taught the Federal authorities the useful lesson to leave the direction of military affairs to the commander in the field, and, while supplying him with abundant reinforcements, to cease hampering him with the incessant restrictions to which the preceding commanders had been subjected.

The new Federal general did not fail to properly estimate the

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magnitude of the task before him, and he equally perceived that his skilled antagonist was not to be overcome by the policy which had hitherto been pursued. For three years a succession of pitched battles had been fought with no decisive result. The two armies still stood face to face—with a marked difference in numbers, it is true, but this was no new circumstance—and its enemies clearly realized that the army of the South was as dangerous as ever and as ready to show its teeth to its foes. General Grant, governed by these considerations, devised a new system of operations, as set forth in his official report. In this he said that his design was "*to hammer continuously* against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by *mere attrition*, if by nothing else, there should be nothing left for him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the Constitution and the laws."

This was a policy that was sure to result in terrible loss to the Federal armies, since it threw Lee on the defensive, and his army had more than once shown a remarkable ability to defend itself against assault. "Lee's army," says a Northern writer of that period, "is an army of veterans: it is an instrument sharpened to a perfect edge. You turn its flanks—well, its flanks are made to be turned. This effects little or nothing. All that we reckon as gained, therefore, is the loss of life inflicted on the enemy." This General Grant thoroughly understood. He knew that there was but one policy by which Lee could be beaten, and estimating, in a somewhat heartless manner, that even if he lost ten men to Lee's one he could better afford the loss, he firmly resolved to pursue the "continual hammering" system until he had utterly worn away the Army of Northern Virginia and left his opponent unsupported by a single regiment of his war-worn veterans.

While fully decided to make an advance in force against Richmond, Grant had two plans of movement to consider—that of transferring his whole army, after leaving a sufficient force for the defence of Washington, to the Peninsula or to the south side of the James River, and that of pursuing the "overland route." He seems to have been at first strongly in favor

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of the movement by way of the James. While in the West he had strongly urged it as the measure most promising of success. But on taking command of the Army of the Potomac he appears to have changed his views, possibly under that persistent pressure from Washington which his predecessors had so severely felt. However that may be, he determined on the southward movement through Virginia with his main army, while sending General Butler with 30,000 men to operate against Richmond from the James, and Sigel with a considerable force to advance through West Virginia and up the Shenandoah Valley.

Yet as the position of General Lee behind the Rappahannock was too strong to warrant a direct attack, it became necessary to select a line of movement that would turn this position by either the right or the left flank. The experience of General Pope had already demonstrated the dangers attending the line that traversed the upper fords of the Rapidan. Grant was therefore induced to adopt the other line—crossing the Rapidan above Lee's left, and to endeavor to turn that flank of the Confederate army. This line, besides being shorter, possessed the advantage of preserving intact the communication with Washington, while it threatened to sever Lee's connection with Richmond.

The line being decided on and the necessary preparations being completed, General Meade on the 4th of May, under the eye of General Grant, put the Army of the Potomac in motion. The corps of Sedgwick and Warren moved forward on the road to Germanna Ford, while Hancock's corps proceeded to Ely's Ford, each column being preceded by a large force of cavalry. The passage of the river was effected without opposition.

This easy passage of the Rapidan does not seem to have been anticipated by General Grant. In his report he says: "This I regarded as a great success, and it removed from my mind the most serious apprehension I had entertained, that of crossing the river in the face of an active, large, well-appointed, and ably-commanded army." Lee had made no movement to dispute the passage of the stream. He could, had he chosen, have rendered its passage extremely difficult. But perceiving that Grant was making the mistake that had proved so

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disastrous to Hooker, by plunging with his army into that dense and sombre thicket well named "The Wilderness," he took care to do nothing to obstruct so desirable a result.

On reaching the southern side of the stream, Grant established himself at the intersection of the Germanna and old plank roads and at Chancellorsville. This position embraced the upper part of what is known as the Wilderness of Spottsylvania.

Lee simultaneously ordered the concentration of his forces on Mine Run, a position about four miles north-west of that occupied by Grant. The corps of Ewell and Hill and the artillery of Long and Walker gained their positions on Mine Run during the evening and night of the 4th; Longstreet's corps, which since its arrival from Tennessee had been posted at Gordonsville, distant twenty miles from the point of concentration, was necessarily delayed in reaching the scene of the coming struggle.

There seemed no good reason to believe that General Lee would risk the hazard of a fight in open field, and expose his small force to the danger of being overwhelmed by Grant's enormous army. That he would offer battle somewhere on the road to Richmond was unquestionable, but Grant naturally expected his adversary to select some point strong alike by nature and art, and which must be forced by sheer strength ere the march to Richmond could be resumed. He did not dream that Lee would himself make the attack and force a battle with no other intrenchments than the unyielding ranks of his veteran troops.

Yet Lee had already tried the woods of the Wilderness as a battlefield, and knew its advantages. Its intricacies, which were familiar to him and his generals, were unknown ground to Grant. In them he had already vanquished a large army with half its force. The natural hope of success in baffling his new opponent which this gave him he did not fail to avail himself of, and Grant found himself on his southward march unexpectedly arrested by the presence of the Confederate army in the wilds in which, just a year before, Hooker's confident army had been hurled back in defeat.

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The writer spent the night of the 4th at Lee's headquarters, and breakfasted with him the next morning. The general displayed the cheerfulness which he usually exhibited at meals, and indulged in a few pleasant jests at the expense of his staff officers, as was his custom on such occasions. In the course of the conversation that attended the meal he expressed himself surprised that his new adversary had placed himself in the same predicament as "Fighting Joe" had done the previous spring. He hoped the result would be even more disastrous to Grant than that which Hooker had experienced. He was, indeed, in the best of spirits, and expressed much confidence in the result —a confidence which was well founded, for there was much reason to believe that his antagonist would be at his mercy while entangled in these pathless and entangled thickets, in whose intricacies disparity of numbers lost much of its importance.

On the morning of the 5th, Lee's army advanced in two columns, Ewell taking the Orange Court-house and Fredericksburg turnpike, while Hill moved on the plank road. After advancing about three miles, Ewell encountered the enemy's outposts. Jones's brigade and a battery of artillery were then placed in position to cover the further deployment of Ewell's corps. Rodes's division formed in line to the right and at right angles to the road. The divisions of Early and Edward Johnson executed a similar deployment to the left.

Before this movement was finished Jones's brigade was ordered to change its position, and while in the execution of this was suddenly attacked by a heavy Federal force which had advanced unobserved under cover of a dense thicket. Before it could be extricated General Jones, its gallant leader, was killed, with the loss of several hundred of his men, either killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. This was the prelude to a succession of battles.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a collision occurred between the Federal right and the Confederate left. The hostile forces were concealed from view by a wilderness of tangled brushwood until they were within musket-range of each other. Then the Confederates, being in position, were prepared to

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deliver a staggering volley the moment their antagonists appeared, which was followed up so persistently that the Federals were driven back with heavy loss for nearly a mile. This affair closed the operations on the left.

On the right Hill met the enemy on the plank road and engaged in a heavy conflict. Hancock, who was opposed to him, made desperate efforts to drive him from his position, but in vain. "The assaults," as General Lee wrote, "were heavy and desperate, but every one was repulsed." Night fell, leaving both parties in the position which they held at the beginning of the fight. Neither had advanced or retired, but Hill had held his post and established his connection with Ewell.

The two armies had now assumed a most singular attitude. They had enveloped themselves in a jungle of tangled brushwood so dense that they were invisible to each other at half musket-range, and along the lines of battle in many places objects were not discernible half the length of a battalion. A Northern writer aptly described this region as a "terra incognita." It formerly had been an extensive mining district, from which the timber had been cut to supply fuel for feeding the smelting-furnaces, and since then the young growth had sprung up ten times thicker than the primeval forest. The roads traversing it and the small brooks meandering through it, with a few diminutive clearings, were the only openings in this dismal wilderness.

As soon as General Grant had crossed the Rapidan and enveloped himself in the Wilderness of Spottsylvania, General Lee determined, as above said, to bring his adversary to an engagement in a position whose difficulties neutralized the vastly superior force against him. "Neither General Grant nor General Meade believed that aught but a small force was in front of Warren to mask the Confederate retreat, as it was not deemed possible that Lee, after his defensive line had been turned, could have acted with such boldness as to launch forward his army in an offensive sally. It was therefore at once resolved to brush away or capture this force, but as this determination was formed under a very erroneous apprehension of

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the actual situation, the means employed were inadequate to the task" (Swinton).

In corroboration of this statement may be quoted a remark ascribed to General Meade in conversation with Warren, Sedgwick, and others on the morning of the 5th: "They have left a division to fool us here, while they concentrate and prepare a position toward the North Anna; and what I want is to prevent those fellows from getting back to Mine Run."

Before nightfall of that day it was discovered that "those fellows" had other objects in view, and were not to be brushed away with a wave of the hand. Grant had become convinced that Lee was advancing upon him in force, and hastened to put his whole army in battle array. His line, crossing the plank road and old turnpike nearly at right angles, extended from Todd's Tavern on Brock road to within a short distance of Germanna Ford, presenting a front of about five miles.

General Lee had accompanied the advance of Hill on the plank road, and witnessed the noble firmness with which the divisions of Heth and Wilcox maintained the conflict against greatly superior odds until relieved by the coming of night. Perceiving that these troops had sustained considerable loss and were greatly fatigued by the exertions of the day, he wished to relieve them by Longstreet's corps, which had bivouacked during the evening about five miles from the field of battle. He therefore sent a message to General Longstreet to hurry him forward.

Notwithstanding the severe conflicts during the day, the troops of both Ewell and Hill maintained their unshaken courage, and lay upon their arms during the night in anticipation of a renewal of the attack.

Early on the following morning Hill's division was assailed with increased vigor, so heavy a pressure being brought to bear upon Heth and Wilcox that they were driven back, and, owing to the difficulties of the country, were thrown into confusion. The failure of Longstreet to appear came near causing a serious disaster to the army. But at this critical moment he arrived and attacked with such vigor that the enemy was driven back and the position regained.

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Colonel C. S. Venable of General Lee's staff, in his address before the Southern Historical Society, thus describes this event: "The assertion, made by several writers, that Hill's troops were driven back a mile and a half is a most serious mistake. The right of his line was thrown back several hundred yards, but a portion of his troops still maintained their position. The danger, however, was great, and General Lee sent his trusted adjutant, Colonel W. H. Taylor, back to Parker's Store to get the trains ready for a movement to the rear. He sent an aide also to hasten the march of Longstreet's divisions. These came the last mile and a half at a double-quick, in parallel columns, along the plank road.

"General Longstreet rode forward with that imperturbable coolness which always characterized him in times of perilous action, and began to put them in position on the right and left of the road. His men came to the front of the disordered battle with a steadiness unexampled even among veterans, and with an *élan* that presaged restoration of our position and certain victory. When they arrived the bullets of the enemy on our right flank had begun to sweep the field in the rear of the artillery-pits on the left of the road, where General Lee was giving directions and assisting General Hill in rallying and re-forming his troops.

"It was here that the incident of Lee's charge with Gregg's Texas brigade occurred. The Texans cheered lustily as their line of battle, coming up in splendid style, passed by Wilcox's disordered columns and swept across our artillery-pit and its adjacent breastwork. Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, General Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge. When they did recognize him, there came from the entire line as it rushed on the cry, 'Go back, General Lee! go back!' Some historians like to put this in less homely words, but the brave Texans did not pick their phrases: 'We won't go on unless you go back.' A sergeant seized his bridle-rein. . . . .

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"Just then I turned his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans directing the attack of his divisions. He yielded with evident reluctance to the entreaties of his men, and rode up to Longstreet's position. With the first opportunity I informed General Longstreet of what had just happened, and he with affectionate bluntness urged General Lee to go farther back. I need not say the Texans went forward in their charge and did well their duty. They were eight hundred strong, and lost half their number killed and wounded on that bloody day. The battle was soon restored and the enemy driven to his position of the night before."

Wilcox's and Heth's divisions, to whom Longstreet's arrival and General Lee's presence had done much to restore confidence, were placed in line a short distance to the left of the plank road. Shortly afterward Anderson's division arrived from Orange Court-house. Longstreet now advanced from his own and Anderson's divisions three brigades to operate on the right flank of the enemy, while himself advancing on their front.

Attacked with great vigor by these fresh troops and his right flank rolled up at the same time that a heavy onslaught fell upon his front, Hancock's force was completely defeated, and sent reeling back toward the Brock road, the important highway to the seizure of which Lee's efforts were directed. That this purpose would be achieved seemed highly probable when an unfortunate accident put a stop to the Confederate advance. General Longstreet, who afterward declared that he "thought that he had another Bull Run on them," had ridden forward with his staff in front of his advancing line, when he was fired upon by a portion of his own flanking column, who mistook the party for Federal cavalry. He was struck by a musket-ball, and fell from his horse severely wounded.

This accident—which, as will be seen, bears a striking resemblance to that in which Lee's other great lieutenant, Jackson, was disabled in a previous battle in that same region—threw the lines into disorder and put a stop to the advance. General Lee, as soon as he learned of the accident, hastened

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to the spot to take command of the corps. But a considerable time elapsed before the divisions were ready for a renewal of the assault, and in the mean time the enemy had recovered from his confusion and had been strongly reinforced.

The battle was renewed about four o'clock in the afternoon, the columns of Longstreet and Hill, now commanded by Lee in person, making a most vigorous assault upon Hancock's men, who now lay intrenched behind a strongly-built breastwork of logs. The battle raged with great fury. The incessant volleys set fire to the woods, as at Chancellorsville, and flames and smoke soon filled the valley in which the contest was raging. The flames ere long caught to the breastworks of the enemy, which were soon a mass of seething fire. The battle went on through smoke and flame, and a portion of the breastworks were carried, though they were not long held. The few who had entered them were quickly driven out by a forward rush of a Federal brigade. With this charge ended the main action of the day.

In this engagement the attack of General Meade was conducted with such vigor by Hancock, Warren, and Burnside that under ordinary circumstances, with his great superiority of force, it would have been successful; but here the difficulties of the country prevented his making systematic combinations, and failure was the consequence.

While the battle was in progress on our right a spirited combat ensued between a part of Ewell's and Sedgwick's corps which terminated without important results. General Grant, being satisfied that any further attempt to dislodge Lee would be fruitless, determined to draw him out by a change of position. Therefore on the 7th he made his preparations to withdraw by night toward Spottsylvania Court-house.

Before ending our account of the battle of the Wilderness it may be of interest to offer some extracts from other writers which present graphic pictures of the singular and terrible character of the conflict. A Northern writer describes the country as covered by "a dense undergrowth of low-limbed and scraggy pines, stiff and bristling chinkapins, scrub oaks, and hazel. It is a region of gloom and the shadow of death.

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Manœuvring here was necessarily out of the question, and only Indian tactics told. The troops could only receive direction by a point of the compass, for not only were the lines of battle entirely hidden from the sight of the commander, but no officer could see ten files on each side of him. Artillery was wholly ruled out of use; the massive concentration of three hundred guns stood silent, and only an occasional piece or section could be brought into play in the roadsides. Cavalry was still more useless. But in that horrid thicket there lurked two hundred thousand men, and through it lurid fires played, and, though no array of battle could be seen, there came out of its depths the roll and crackle of musketry like the noisy boiling of some hell-caldron that told the dread story of death."

A Southern writer describes the struggle in equally vivid language: "The land was sombre—a land of thicket, undergrowth, jungle, ooze, where men could not see each other twenty yards off, and assault had to be made by the compass. The fights there were not as easy as night-attacks in open country, for at night you can travel by the stars. Death came unseen; regiments stumbled on each other, and sent swift destruction into each other's ranks guided by the crackling of the bushes. It was not war—military manœuvring; science had as little to do with it as sight. Two wild animals were hunting each other; when they heard each other's steps they sprang and grappled. The conqueror advanced or went elsewhere. . . . . Here, in blind wrestle as at midnight, did two hundred thousand men in blue and gray clutch each other—bloodiest and weirdest of encounters. . . . . On the low line of the works, dimly seen in the thickets, rested the muzzles spouting flame; from the depths rose cheers; charges were made and repulsed, the lines scarcely seeing each other; men fell and writhed and died unseen, their bodies lost in the bushes, their death-groans drowned in the steady, continuous, never-ceasing crash."

During the battle the numerous cavalry of Grant's army, commanded by General Sheridan, was completely neutralized by the topographical difficulties of the country. Becoming impatient of its inaction, a portion of Wilson's division passed the Brock road and advanced a short distance into the open

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country, where it was met by General Rosser with his brigade, and after a sharp conflict was compelled to retreat into the Wilderness from which it had emerged. The country was equally unfavorable for the use of artillery, which could only be employed along the roads or fired at random in the direction of the sounds of battle. The infantry, being thus deprived of its two powerful auxiliaries, was compelled to grapple single-handed its resolute antagonist. The casualties of both armies during the 5th and 6th were heavy. The Confederates, besides the loss of 7000 men killed and wounded, had to lament the severe wound of General Longstreet, which disabled him during the remainder of the campaign, and the death of Colonel J. Thompson Brown of the artillery and the gallant General Jenkins of South Carolina. The Federal loss was much greater.

During the 7th the battle was not resumed and the day passed in comparative quiet. General Lee waited behind his slight intrenchments for an assault from the Federal army, though keenly on the alert for a possible southward march of Grant's columns. Grant, indeed, designed by a rapid flank movement to seize the important position of Spottsylvania Court-house, fifteen miles south-east of the Wilderness battlefield. But quick as he was, his antagonist proved too active for him.

Having been informed by Stuart on the afternoon of the 7th that the wagon-trains of the Federal army were moving southward, Lee at once divined Grant's intention, and he hastily took the necessary measures to forestall it. He ordered Longstreet's corps, then commanded by General R. H. Anderson, to proceed that night, by a circuitous route a few miles to the right of the left flank of the enemy, to Spottsylvania Court-house, situated on the main route to Richmond. While Anderson was in rapid progress toward that point, the Federal army was advancing in two columns for the same place—the one by the Brock road, and the other by way of Chancellorsville. By reason of the numerous difficulties to be encountered, and the steady opposition of Stuart's men, who behind improvised breastworks harassed the Federal advance at every step, the movement was so much retarded that the advance corps under Warren did not reach the neighborhood of Spott-

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sylvania Court-house until about the middle of the forenoon of the 8th.

The Confederate cavalry, under Fitz Lee, yielded before the strong advance of Warren's leading division. At that opportune moment Anderson reached the field, and as the cavalry gave way the Federals found themselves unexpectedly confronted by a line of infantry and met by a severe musketry fire, which took them so greatly by surprise that they hastily fell back to a position a mile and a half north of the court-house. Lee had again outgeneralled his opponent, and placed his army, which was supposed to be fifteen miles in the rear, squarely across Grant's line of advance to Richmond, prepared to dispute the road with the same energy it had displayed in the Wilderness battle.

The appearance of Longstreet's corps under these conditions naturally astounded the Federals, and forced them to retire in dismayed confusion. Anderson then took his position on a range of hills partly encircling the village on the north and north-east, and distant from it about a mile. The Federal corps, as they slowly arrived, finding Lee in their front, took up a position without attempting to dislodge him. Early, who had been assigned to the command of the Third corps during the temporary illness of Hill, and Ewell with his corps, having been directed to follow Anderson as rapidly as circumstances would permit, arrived late in the afternoon and established themselves in strong positions. Thus General Lee had passed entirely around the Army of the Potomac, and planted himself so firmly across its path to Richmond that he could not be dislodged by the repeated efforts of Grant.

The operations of the last four days furnish a page of military history of striking singularity. General Lee, on finding his position turned, to the surprise of Grant did not retreat, but introduced an exception to the rules of war of startling audacity. On the 5th, at the head of only Ewell's corps and two divisions of Hill's, he boldly advanced and hurled the gage of battle at his antagonist in defiance of his army of 140,000 men; and on the 6th, with less than half his force, inflicted such stunning blows that on the 8th he was able to

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swing entirely around him and plant himself firmly across his path at Spottsylvania Court-house, completely reversing the positions of the two armies, and bringing Richmond again under the wing of its ever-watchful protector.

This eccentricity of General Lee must have inspired General Grant with the opinion that was expressed of Bonaparte by an Austrian general of the martinettish school, who, on being asked what he thought of the state of the war, replied: "Nothing can be worse on your side. Here you have a youth who absolutely knows nothing of the rules of war. To-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next day again in our front. Such gross violations of the principles of the art of war are not to be supported" (Bourrienne).

Before proceeding with our narrative it is important to give a short description of the new field of operations. Spottsylvania Court-house is situated at the junction of the Fredericksburg and Louisa Court-house road with the main road to Richmond. About a mile to the north and north-east is a range of hills that, as above said, had become the Confederate position. To the east of the court-house and parallel to Richmond road is another ridge, about a mile in length, which abruptly terminates near a third ridge of considerable elevation nearly parallel with and about six hundred yards in rear of the Confederate right. To the south and south-west the country is level or moderately undulating. The whole face of the country is diversified by farms and bodies of timber of considerable extent.

The Army of the Potomac being still surrounded by topographical difficulties of such magnitude as to render manœuvring hazardous and difficult, General Grant was obliged to extricate it from a false position by desperate fighting. He therefore formed his plans with that view, and proceeded to execute them with unsurpassed energy. No aggressive operations of importance were projected on the 9th. The opposing hosts during that interval were chiefly occupied in strengthening their positions, to which they applied themselves so diligently that by the close of the day each army was covered by a continuous line of formidable breastworks.

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On the morning of the 10th, General Grant formed a powerful combination of the corps of Warren, Burnside, and Hancock with the design of attacking Lee's left centre near the point of junction of the corps of Longstreet and Ewell. Shortly after 10 A. M. a severe attack was made upon this position, which was met with great intrepidity and repulsed with severe loss. At 3 P. M. a second assault was made, which was similarly repulsed with heavy slaughter. These efforts were preliminary to the main attack, which was ordered for five o'clock.

Hancock's corps, which had crossed the Po on the preceding day, and advanced during the morning against the Confederate lines, had been ordered back to take part in the main assault. While retiring across the stream it was vigorously assailed, and both sides lost heavily. During this contest the woods in the rear of the Federal troops and between them and the river took fire, and many of the wounded perished in the flames. With a fierce foe in front and a burning forest in the rear Hancock's men found themselves in a critical situation, and were very severely handled in the effort to extricate themselves. On crossing the stream they destroyed the bridges, and thus checked the Confederate pursuit.

At five o'clock the main assault was made. Hancock's and Warren's men advanced with great intrepidity against the strong Confederate works, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter. After barely sufficient time to reorganize the shattered columns another attack was made. This met with a still more bloody reception. The Confederate loss in the two assaults was inconsiderable, while from 5000 to 6000 of the Federal forces lay dead and wounded upon the field.

Throughout the day the divisions of Heth, Field, Kershaw, and Wilcox, with the artillery of Alexander and Walker, maintained a firmness and displayed a valor that well became veterans of a hundred battles. The Army of the Potomac never fought with more desperate courage, nor had its ranks ever been visited with such frightful havoc.

In the afternoon, about five o'clock, the Sixth corps made a heavy attack on Ewell's left, which was urged with such per-

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sistency that the portion of the line held by Doles's brigade was broken, and the exultant assailants rushed through the breach in heavy masses. But this gallant brigade being quickly rallied and promptly supported by the brigades of Daniel, Gordon, and G. H. Steuart, the assailants were forced back with terrible slaughter. After their repulse the Federals discontinued the attack, leaving the ground thickly strewn with killed and wounded. The breach which had been the scene of so sanguinary a struggle was immediately closed and Ewell's line was entirely re-established. On this occasion General Daniel of North Carolina was killed while bravely leading his troops, and Major Watson of the artillery was mortally wounded. The loss of these officers was deeply regretted. In this engagement the Army of Northern Virginia occupied a position of great natural strength and fortified by strong breastworks. For this reason the Confederate loss was very small as compared with that of the Federals, who had essayed an impossible task and had met with a terrible repulse.

During the hottest portion of this engagement, when the Federals were pouring through the broken Confederate lines and disaster seemed imminent, General Lee rode forward and took his position at the head of General Gordon's column, then preparing to charge. Perceiving that it was his intention to lead the charge, Gordon spurred hastily to his side, seized the reins of his horse and excitedly cried,

"General Lee, this is no place for you. Do go to the rear. These are Virginians and Georgians, sir—men who have never failed—and they will not fail now.—Will you, boys? Is it necessary for General Lee to lead this charge?"

"No! no! General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear!" cried the men. "We will drive them back if General Lee will only go to the rear."

As Lee retired Gordon put himself at the head of his division and cried out in his ringing voice, "Forward! charge! and remember your promise to General Lee!"

The charge that followed was fierce and telling, and the Federals who had entered the lines were hurled back before the resolute advance of Gordon's gallant men. The works

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were retaken, the Confederate line again established, and an impending disaster converted into a brilliant victory.

During the 11th, General Grant was employed in shifting the positions of his corps preparatory to a new assault upon the Confederate lines. Before daylight on the morning of the 12th his army assailed a portion of the Confederate lines, which was carried, with the capture of several thousand prisoners. It is proper, before describing this affair, to relate the circumstances which led to it. In the afternoon of the 11th, General Lee, having received intelligence that induced him to suspect that Grant was taking another step toward Richmond, directed that the army should be held in readiness to make a night-movement in case his apprehensions were correct. This involved the removal before dark of such artillery as might embarrass or retard a withdrawal from the lines at night. With this view two batteries were withdrawn from an advanced salient on Ewell's front in the dusk of evening with as much caution as possible to prevent observation. Notwithstanding the intended secrecy of the removal of these two batteries, the fact was conveyed, as it was afterward stated, to the enemy that night by a deserter from Johnson's division.

The weakening of the Confederate lines is supposed to have determined the Federal commander to make a night-attack, which General Hancock executed with his accustomed vigor a little before daylight on the 12th. Although the preparations for the attack had been heard by General Johnson, and the artillery had been recalled, the darkness of the night was so intensified by a thick fog that the attacking column was able to advance unobserved, to break through Johnson's line, and to capture his whole division, with about twenty pieces of artillery, almost without a struggle. The artillery that had been left on the line fired only two guns, while the infantry offered little resistance.

This success inaugurated one of the most desperate conflicts that occurred during the war. The long breach made by the capture of Johnson's division admitted the Federals in heavy masses, which were promptly arrested by Ramseur's, Rodes's, and Gordon's infantry and Long's artillery. These troops,

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stretching across the base of the salient, confined the assailants within its triangular area, while the artillery from the surrounding hills hurled deadly missiles upon them.

For several hours the dense fog, hovering like a black curtain around the combatants, concealed all knowledge of the raging strife excepting as it was proclaimed by the deafening roar of musketry and the thunder of artillery. From four o'clock in the morning until night the battle continued, marked by terrible slaughter. The diminished ranks on each side were constantly refilled with fresh troops. General Lee sent during the day to the assistance of Rodes, on whose front the battle raged, three brigades (McGowan's South Carolina, Perrin's Alabama, and Harris's Mississippi), while the artillery was reinforced by the battalions of Cabell and McIntosh. Hancock was reinforced by the Sixth corps and the two divisions of Warren's corps.

While Hancock's attack was in progress General Grant attempted to create a diversion in his favor by threatening the Confederate position on his right and left, which was, however, promptly repelled by the troops of Early and Anderson. An important diversion was made during the day on the right by Mahone of Hill's corps, which resulted in the capture of several hundred prisoners. At last the persistent attacks of the enemy were obliged to yield to constant repulse and the Federals discontinued the contest.

"Of all the struggles of the war, this was perhaps the fiercest and most deadly. Frequently throughout the conflict so close was the fight that the rival standards were planted on opposite sides of the breastworks. The enemy's most savage sallies were directed to retake the famous salient, which was now become an angle of death and presented a spectacle ghastly and terrible. On the Confederate side of the works lay many corpses of those who had been bayoneted by Hancock's men when they first leaped the intrenchments. To these were constantly added the bravest of those who in the assaults to recapture the position fell at the margin of the works, till the ground was literally covered with piles of dead and the woods in front of the salient were one hideous Golgotha" (Swinton).

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As had happened on the 10th, so on this day General Lee rode to the head of a column prepared to charge at a moment when the need of desperate valor was urgent. As on the previous occasion, the men refused to move unless he would retire, calling out, as with one voice, "If you will go back, General Lee, we will do all you desire." It was under such circumstances as this that General Lee, by his readiness to share their dangers, endeared himself to his men. The assertion has been made, however, that he exposed himself purposely, courting death through sheer despair of success. This idea is utterly unfounded. On the occasions mentioned his army was in no more serious danger than it had been twenty times before. His presence and action were necessary to stimulate the men to greater deeds of valor. It had become a question of victory or defeat, and any general may excusably expose himself when the fate of a battle hangs upon a thread. In the writer's experience General Lee never unnecessarily courted danger, though he never cautiously avoided it. It was always his custom to make a personal examination of the movements in progress, as he always wished to avoid any reckless exposure of his men. This habit frequently brought him under the fire of the enemy. But he never had a thought of self-destruction, even in the most desperate situations, and never exposed himself recklessly or unnecessarily, though no consideration of personal safety ever deterred him from the full performance of the duties which necessarily devolve upon a commanding general.

On reviewing the results of the day it was apparent that the Federal success in the morning was more than counterbalanced by subsequent losses in killed and wounded. In this respect there was a great disparity between Lee's and Grant's armies. The Federal losses in killed, wounded, and missing up to the 11th of May, by Grant's own estimate, reached the aggregate of 20,000 men. On the 12th the losses were fully 10,000 more. Other statements make the losses much more considerable. The Confederate losses, though severe, were much less, this being due to the fact that the Confederates were protected by secure breastworks, from behind which they could with comparative safety repel the assailants. At night General

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Ewell withdrew to a range of hills a little in rear of his first position, which formed a shorter and stronger line, where he prepared to meet other attacks. But of these there was no immediate danger. The succession of bloody combats which had marked the career of Grant in the Wilderness had by this time so greatly reduced his army that he was obliged to pause and await reinforcements.

A singular incident of the battle of the 12th has often been told, yet is still worth relating. The musketry fire during this engagement had never been exceeded in intensity. From both sides came an incessant, deadly hail of bullets, so continuous and close that every shrub and tree between the lines was pierced and scarred, and one hickory tree, of eighteen inches diameter, was so chipped away by the storm of lead as to be scarcely able to stand. The first gust of wind levelled it to the earth. It was literally cut down by musket-balls. This trunk is now preserved at Washington as a memento of the war.

General Grant remained inactive until about the 18th, when a strong force advanced toward the new line of Lee's army. "When well within range General Long opened upon them with thirty pieces of artillery, which, with the fire of our skirmishers, broke and drove them back with severe loss. We afterward learned that they were two fresh divisions, nearly 10,000 strong, just come up from the rear" (*Ewell's Report*).

On the 19th, General Lee directed Ewell to demonstrate against the enemy in his front, as he believed that he was moving to his right. Finding the Federals in his front to be strongly intrenched, Ewell was compelled to move round their right—a task which proved very difficult, there being many obstacles in the route. This delay gave the enemy, who had perceived his movement, time to prepare to meet him, and on reaching the desired point he found himself assailed by a superior force. He maintained his ground, however, until nightfall, when he retreated and regained his former position, having lost about 900 men in the movement.

During the operations about Spottsylvania Court-house, Sheridan conceived the idea of capturing Richmond by a *coup de main*, and on the 9th proceeded to its execution. Of

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this movement General Stuart quickly became aware, and with his usual promptitude threw himself in Sheridan's path, and encountered him on the 10th at the Yellow Tavern, a few miles north of Richmond. A severe conflict ensued, in which Stuart fell mortally wounded, and his troops were compelled to retire before the superior numbers of the foe.

This contest between the two ablest cavalry leaders of the war led, in the fall of General Stuart, to a severe disaster to the Confederate cause. "Endowed by nature with a courage that shrank from nothing; active, energetic, of immense physical stamina, which enabled him to endure any amount of fatigue; devoted, heart and soul, to the cause in which he fought, and looking up to the commander of the army with child-like love and admiration,—Stuart could be ill spared at this critical moment, and General Lee was plunged into the deepest melancholy at the intelligence of his death. When it reached him he retired from those around him, and remained for some time communing with his own heart and memory. When one of his staff entered and spoke of Stuart, General Lee said, in a low voice, 'I can scarcely think of him without weeping'" (Cooke).

Sheridan had been so much delayed by Stuart's assault that the small force which had been left for the defence of Richmond had time to reach the works, which were very feebly garrisoned on Sheridan's first approach. He carried the first line, but recoiled from the second, and retired toward the Chickahominy. He subsequently rejoined Grant on the Pamunkey.

About the same time that the Confederate army lost its great cavalry leader—a loss which can only be paralleled with that of Jackson—the Federal army was afflicted with a loss little less felt in the death of General Sedgwick. Always noble as a man and gallant as a soldier, in time of peace his generous heart was as unfailing in friendly sympathy as his valiant spirit in the time of war was ready to call forth the admiration and respect of his companions.

Referring to the operations just related, the historian of the Army of the Potomac says: "Before the lines of Spottsylvania the Army of the Potomac had for twelve days and nights

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engaged in a fierce wrestle in which it had done all that valor may do to carry a position by nature and art impregnable. In this contest, unparalleled in its continuous fury and swelling to the proportions of a campaign, language is inadequate to convey an impression of the labors, fatigues, and sufferings of the troops, who fought by day only to march by night from point to point of the long line, and renew the fight on the morrow. Above 40,000 men had already fallen in the bloody encounters of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, and the exhausted army began to lose its spirits. It was with joy, therefore, that it at length turned its back upon the lines of Spottsylvania."

In no previous operations did the Army of Northern Virginia display higher soldierly qualities. Regardless of numbers, every breach was filled, and with unparalleled stubbornness its lines were maintained. The soldiers of that army not only gratified their countrymen, but by their gallantry and vigor won the admiration of their enemies. Wherever the men in blue appeared they were met by those in gray, and muzzle to muzzle and point to point they measured the foeman's strength.

No further effort was made by Grant on the desperately-fought field of Spottsylvania. Having been reinforced by 40,000 reserves, on the 20th of May he disappeared from the front of Lee's army. As in the Wilderness, he began a movement to turn the impregnable position of Spottsylvania by a flank march.

General Lee, however, with his usual alertness, had his men on the march the instant the movement of his adversary was discovered, and he advanced with such rapidity as to reach Hanover Junction, at the intersection of the Fredericksburg and Richmond and the Central railroads, in advance of Grant. This objective point of the Federal army was occupied by Lee on the 22d. He at once took up a strong position, and when Grant arrived on the 23d it was to find himself again intercepted by his active opponent.

The North Anna River, which here formed the Confederate line of defence, was strongly guarded, and Grant's immediate effort to throw his army across it met with strong resistance.

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Warren on the right, indeed, found an unguarded ford, and succeeded in crossing his whole corps without opposition. A severe conflict ensued, which ended in his strongly establishing himself. But Hancock's effort to cross on the left met with considerable opposition, and was not achieved without loss.

On the succeeding day Burnside endeavored to cross at a point intermediate between those adopted by Warren and Hancock. He met with severe loss in the effort, and found the river very strongly guarded. Lee's army, in fact, now occupied a singular position. Its centre touched the stream, while both wings were thrown back at an obtuse angle, facing the corps of Warren and Hancock respectively. To quote again from Swinton: "The game of war seldom presents a more effectual checkmate than was here given by Lee; for after Grant had made the brilliantly successful passage of the North Anna, the Confederate commander, thrusting his centre between the two wings of the Army of the Potomac, put his antagonist at an enormous disadvantage, and compelled him, for the reinforcement of one or the other wing, to make a double passage of the river."

Warren's corps advanced with the view of striking the Central Railroad, a few miles above the junction, but was met by Hill and driven back with loss. The corps that had crossed the river remained several days without manifesting any inclination to advance, and were then withdrawn to the north side of the stream, the movement being performed at night and with the greatest caution and secrecy. General Grant on this occasion did not exhibit his usual pertinacity, but seemed satisfied by observation alone that the Confederate position could not be carried by main strength. He therefore proceeded down the North Anna to the Pamunkey, which he crossed on the 28th. Grant thus explains his withdrawal from before Hanover Junction: "Finding the enemy's position on the North Anna stronger than either of his previous ones, I withdrew on the night of the 26th to the north bank of the North Anna" (Report).

At this time the Federal army, with the reinforcements it had received during its march, numbered 100,000 men, while

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the Confederate army, whose only reinforcement had been 6000 men under Breckenridge and Pickett, received on the North Anna, did not exceed 40,000 men. According to Colonel Taylor's estimate, the total reinforcements received by Lee from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor numbered 14,400 men, while during the same period Grant was strengthened by more than 50,000 additional men.

In addition to this, all the aids of science and art were brought into use in the Army of the Potomac to an extent impossible to Lee. In Grant's *Memoirs* he gives a detailed account of the perfection of his signal system, by which at every halt of the army telegraphic wires were immediately laid along the whole line, so that in a short time after encamping each corps and division was connected with the others and with headquarters by a telegraphic network, making of the whole extended army a single body under instant control of the brain of the commander through these outstretching iron nerves. Other points of superiority which his unlimited command of resources gave the Federal commander might be named, but the above will suffice to show the disadvantages under which Lee labored, and against which he could only oppose the valor of his men and his own original genius as a commander.

The disparity of numbers between the two armies had prevented Lee from taking advantage of Grant's flank march from Spottsylvania to attack him under the advantageous circumstances which such a movement presents, and forced him to the alternative of seeking to check his advance at strong defensive points. The movement of Grant to the Pamunkey was met by Lee in the same manner as before, by an intercepting march to the line of the Totopotomoy, a small tributary of the Mattapony, where the adjacent hills afford a good defensive position. Lee's purpose in this movement was the following: If he had marched so as to detain Grant on the Pamunkey, the latter would have held command of the James and York rivers, and would have been at liberty to reinforce Butler, who was operating on the James. By this means Butler might have been strengthened sufficiently to crush the Con-

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federate force which was operating against him, and thus have become at liberty to co-operate with Grant against Lee or to capture Richmond before it could be relieved. On the other hand, if Grant could be detained on the line of the Totopotomoy he would be unable to send detachments to Butler unobserved, and Lee, by his closer vicinity to Richmond, would be better able to obtain the co-operation of the troops employed in the defence of that place.

Proceeding on his march from the Pamunkey, Grant found his advance upon Richmond again arrested by Lee, who awaited him, as above said, on the Totopotomoy in the neighborhood of Mechanicsville and Atlee's Station on the Central Railroad. Grant did not at this point attempt to force his opponent from his path, but moved slowly by his left flank toward the Chickahominy, while Lee, by a similar movement to his right, kept pace with him and constantly confronted him at every stage.

Both armies carefully protected themselves with breastworks until a flank of each rested upon the Chickahominy. On the 1st of June, Lee was joined by about 5000 men under Pickett and Hoke, who had been operating against Butler on the south side of the James. This increased his army to 45,000 men. At the same time Butler reinforced Grant with 12,000 men, raising his numerical strength to 112,000.

The old battlefield of Cold Harbor was again occupied by the contending forces, though in an inverse order. The Confederate right now occupied the position that had been previously held by the Federals, and the Federal left held that which had been occupied by the Confederates. This field was about to become the theatre of a second conflict more desperate than the first.

Apparently with the intention of blotting out the memory of the defeat of the Federal arms on the former occasion, General Grant massed the flower of his army for battle. A portion of the Confederate line occupied the edge of a swamp of several hundred yards in length and breadth, enclosed by a low semicircular ridge covered with brushwood. On the previous night the troops assigned to this part of the line, finding the ground wet and miry, withdrew to the encircling ridge, leav-

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ing the breastworks to be held by their picket-line. The attacking column quickly carried this part of the line, and advanced through the mud and water until arrested by the deliberate fire of the Confederates.

The battle that succeeded was one of the most desperately contested and murderous engagements of the war. Along the whole Federal line a simultaneous assault was made on the Confederate works, and at every point with the same disastrous result. Rank after rank was swept away until the column of assault was almost annihilated. Attack after attack was made, and men fell in myriads before the murderous fire from the Confederate line. While Hill, Breckenridge, Anderson, and Pickett repulsed Grant's desperate assaults upon the right, Early with Rodes, Gordon, and Ramseur on the left successfully opposed Burnside and Warren. In the brief space of one hour the bloody battle of the 3d of June was over, and 13,000 dead and wounded Federals lay in front of the lines behind which little more than 1000 of the Confederate force had fallen.

A few hours afterward orders were sent to the corps commanders to renew the assault, and transmitted by them through the intermediate channels to the men. Then an event occurred which has seldom been witnessed on a battlefield, yet which testified most emphatically to the silent judgment of the men on the useless slaughter to which they had been subjected. Though the orders to advance were given, not a man stirred. The troops stood silent, but immovable, presenting in this unmistakable protest the verdict of the rank and file against the murderous work decided on by their commanders.

Thus ended Grant's overland campaign, in which his losses aggregated the enormous total of 60,000 men—a greater number than the whole of Lee's army at the beginning of the campaign. Lee's losses, on the contrary, were not more than 20,000. As to the *morale* of the two armies, that of Lee's continued excellent. Their successful defence against their powerful opponent had raised the spirits of the men and their confidence in their general to the highest pitch. On the contrary, the dreadful slaughter to which Grant's army had been

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subjected produced an inevitable sense of depression in the ranks, and a feeling that they were destined to destruction before the terrible blows of their able antagonist.

It is an error to suppose that in this campaign Lee was afraid to meet his adversary in open field, as has been asserted by Northern writers. He was always ready for action, whether offensive or defensive, under favorable circumstances. "I happen to know," says General Early, "that General Lee had always the greatest anxiety to strike at Grant in the open field." It was the practice of both armies, whenever encamping, to build intrenchments, and it would have been utter folly for Lee to leave his when he found his antagonist willing to attack him behind his breastworks, thus giving him that advantage of a defensive position which the smallness of his army imperatively demanded. Had he advanced against Grant, it would only have been to find the latter behind his works, and the comparative size of the two armies did not warrant this reversal of the conditions of the contest.

At the beginning of the campaign, perceiving that General Grant's *rôle* was fighting and not manœuvring, General Lee restrained his desire for the bold and adventurous offensive and strictly confined himself to the defensive, hoping in the course of events to reduce his opponent sufficiently near a physical equality to warrant his attacking him openly with reasonable hope of success. Believing that object had been accomplished after the battle of Cold Harbor, General Lee was anxious to assume the offensive and attack Grant before his army could recover from the stunning effect of its defeat on that occasion; but being obliged to send a large detachment from his army to oppose Sigel and Hunter in the Valley, he was compelled to continue on the defensive.

Grant, on his part, had been taught a costly lesson by his many bloody repulses, and after the battle of Cold Harbor changed his whole plan of operations, deciding to endeavor to accomplish by patient siege what he had failed to achieve by the reckless application of force. With this decision began a new chapter in the history of the war, and one of the most remarkable sieges known to history was inaugurated—that in

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which the Confederate commander behind the breastworks of Petersburg for a full year baffled every effort of his powerful foe, and taught the world that General Lee was as great in defence as he had already proved himself in offence, and, in the fullest sense of the phrase, was "every inch a soldier."

In conclusion of this chapter the following extracts from letters written by General Lee to Miss Margaret Stuart are of great interest, as showing his feeling in regard to the coming struggle and his natural sense of uncertainty as to its result. On the 29th of March, 1864, he writes from "Camp Orange Co.:"

"The indications at present are that we shall have a hard struggle. General Grant is with the Army of the Potomac. All the officers' wives, sick, etc. have been sent to Washington. No ingress or egress from the lines is now permitted, and no papers are allowed to come out. They claim to be assembling a large force."

On April 28th he writes from the same camp:

"I dislike to send letters within reach of the enemy, as they might serve, if captured, to bring distress on others. But you must sometimes cast your thoughts on the Army of Northern Virginia, and never forget it in your pious prayers. It is preparing for a great struggle, but I pray and trust that the great God, Mighty to deliver, will spread over it his Almighty arm and drive its enemies before it."

A third letter to the same person, which we give in full, is of considerable interest, as showing General Lee's love of a pleasant jest, and from the fact that the article named in it has been placed in the writer's hands for reproduction. Following the letter is an engraving of this historic pincushion:

"CAMP ORANGE CO., 7th Apr., 1864.

"MY DEAR COUSIN MARGARET: I send you a pincushion made on the banks of the Ohio. The sentiment on its face I trust inspires the action of every man in the Confederacy, whilst their hearts overflow with the passion inscribed on its reverse. A soldier's heart, you know, is divided between love and glory. One goes to Richmond to-day who has his share of both. You

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will probably see him. Elevate his desire for the latter, but do not hearken to his words on the former.

"Soliciting your prayers for the safety of the army, the success of our cause, and the restoration of peace to our country,

"I am, with great affection,

"Very truly yours,

"R. E. LEE.

"MISS MARGARET STUART."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

EARLY'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

Butler on the James.—Beauregard at Petersburg.—Butler Defeated.—Sigel Defeated at Newmarket.—Hunter Succeeds Sigel.—He Defeats and Kills General W. E. Jones.—Sheridan's Cavalry Movement.—Encountered and Defeated by Hampton.—Hunter's March upon Lynchburg.—Early Sent to the Valley.—Hunter Retires through the Mountains.—Early's Plan of Advance to Maryland.—At Sharpsburg.—Defeats Wallace on the Monocacy.—Marches upon Washington.—Federal Alarm.—Early Returns to the Valley.—Battle of Kernstown.—Federal Defeat.—Sheridan Sent to the Valley.—Battle of Winchester.—Early Defeated.—Fight at Fisher's Hill.—Early again Driven Back.—He Surprises and Defeats the Federals at Cedar Creek.—Sheridan Rallies his Army and Gains a Victory.—The Spring Campaign.—Sheridan drives Early from the Valley and forms a Junction with Grant.—Barbarism of the Valley Campaign.

THE collateral operations bearing on the general plan of campaign adopted by General Grant in Virginia now claim attention. While the contest was in progress between Lee and Grant in Spottsylvania and Hanover co-operative columns were in motion in other quarters. Sigel was operating in the Valley; Crook and Averell were advancing in Southwestern Virginia toward the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad; and Butler was ascending the James with a view of operating against Richmond and Petersburg from the south side of that river. On the 5th of May, Butler with his main force, about 30,000 strong, entered the James, and on the 6th landed at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, a point of land at the intersection of the James and Appomattox rivers.

A column was at once sent to capture Petersburg, but on approaching that place it was turned back by a false rumor that the town was strongly occupied by the Confederates, though in fact both Richmond and Petersburg were but feebly defended. Butler fortified his position at Bermuda Hundred by the erection of earthworks extending from the James to the Appomat-

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tox, and embracing a front of about three miles. While thus engaged he sent a detachment of infantry and cavalry to sever the connection between Richmond and Petersburg by breaking up the railroad, and to make a reconnoissance of the intervening country. This detachment encountered a Confederate force, before which it fell back after inflicting some damage on the railroad.

All of the available force south of James River and that in North and South Carolina were ordered up to oppose Butler. General Beauregard arrived at Petersburg on the 10th of May, and assumed command of the troops assembled there. He immediately took energetic steps to oppose the advance of Butler. On the 16th a battle ensued, in which Butler was defeated and forced to retire within his defences at Bermuda Hundred. It is thought that General Beauregard would have gained a decisive victory had not General Whiting failed to attack as ordered. The prompt action of Beauregard on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad resulted in the "bottling up" of General Butler until he was called to the north side of the James River to reinforce General Grant before Richmond.

Early in May, General Sigel entered the Valley with a force of 10,000 or 12,000 men, and proceeded to advance toward Staunton. The Valley at that time was occupied only by a small force under General Imboden, which was wholly inadequate for its defence. General Breckenridge was therefore withdrawn from South-western Virginia to oppose Sigel. On the 15th of May, Breckenridge with a force of 3000 men encountered Sigel at Newmarket, and defeated him and compelled him to retire behind Cedar Creek. The cadets of the Virginia Military Institute formed a portion of Breckenridge's division, and behaved with distinguished gallantry. General Breckenridge wished to shield these youths, but they insisted upon being led forward, and were soon in the hottest of the fight, where they maintained themselves with the steadiness of veterans. After the battle of Newmarket, Breckenridge was withdrawn from the Valley to reinforce Lee, as has been before stated, in the neighborhood of Hanover Junction.

In the mean time, Crook and Averell had reached the Vir-

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ginia and Tennessee Railroad, where they inflicted some damage, but were compelled to retire by a force sent against them by General Sam Jones. They then proceeded to join the main column operating in the Valley.

After the battle of Newmarket, Sigel was relieved by General David Hunter, who was instructed by General Grant to advance upon Staunton, thence to Charlottesville, and on to Lynchburg if circumstances favored that movement.

Breckenridge having been withdrawn, General W. E. Jones was ordered to the Valley to oppose Hunter, who slowly advanced, opposed by Imboden with an almost nominal force. About the 4th of June, Imboden was joined by General Jones in the neighborhood of Harrisonburg with a force of between 3000 and 4000 men, which he had hastily collected in Southwestern Virginia. This force, however, being composed of fragments of regiments and brigades, lacked compactness, and was therefore quite unreliable. Jones, nevertheless, wishing to attack Hunter before he could be joined by Crook and Averell, who were advancing from the opposite direction to Staunton, determined to give him battle without delay.

Although greatly outnumbered, he engaged Hunter near Port Republic, where he was defeated and killed. There were few men in the army of greater bravery and worth, and his loss was deeply felt. After the fall of Jones, McCauslin opposed Hunter with gallantry and vigor, but his small force was no match for the greatly superior force against which he contended.

The affairs in the Valley now began to attract the attention of the commanding generals of both armies. It was evident that if Hunter could succeed in taking Lynchburg and breaking up the canal and Central Railroad, it would only be necessary to tap the Richmond and Danville and the Petersburg and Weldon railroads to complete a line of circumvallation around Richmond and Petersburg.

On the 7th of June, General Grant detached General Sheridan, with a large cavalry force, with instructions to break up the Central Railroad between Richmond and Gordonsville, then proceed to the James River and Kanawha Canal, break that line of communication with Richmond, and then to co-ope-

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rate with Hunter in his operations against Lynchburg. About the same time General Lee sent General Breckenridge with his division, 2500 strong, to occupy Rockfish Gap of the Blue Ridge to deflect Hunter from Charlottesville and protect the Central Railroad as far as practicable. A few days later General Early was detached by General Lee to oppose Hunter, and take such other steps as in his judgment would tend to create a diversion in favor of Richmond. General Sheridan, in compliance with his instructions, proceeded by a circuitous route to strike the railroad somewhere in the neighborhood of Gordonsville. This movement was, however, discovered by General Hampton, who with a considerable force of cavalry encountered Sheridan on the 12th of June at Travillian's Station. After much severe and varied fighting Sheridan was defeated, and in order to escape was obliged to make a night-retreat. After a difficult and circuitous march he rejoined General Grant south of Richmond. This was one of the most masterly and spirited cavalry engagements of the war.

Hunter, finding Rockfish Gap occupied in force, was unable to comply with that part of his instructions which directed him to Charlottesville. He therefore continued his march up the Valley, with the view of reaching Lynchburg by way of some one of the passes of the Blue Ridge south of the James River. In the neighborhood of Staunton he was joined by Crook and Averell, increasing his force to about 20,000 men, including cavalry and artillery. From Staunton he advanced by way of Lexington and Buchanan, burning and destroying everything that came in his way, leaving a track of desolation rarely witnessed in the course of civilized warfare. He crossed the Blue Ridge in the neighborhood of the Peaks of Otter, and approached Lynchburg by the way of the Lynchburg and Salem turnpike, having been vigorously opposed by McCauslin throughout his line of march.

In compliance with his instructions, General Early, on the 13th of June, withdrew his corps,* consisting of about 8000

* The Second corps, formerly commanded by General Ewell, who had been compelled through ill-health to give up operations in the field, and had been placed in command of the defences of Richmond.

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infantry and 24 pieces of artillery, from the Army of Northern Virginia and proceeded toward Staunton. The artillery was subsequently increased to 40 guns, and his forces were further augmented by the addition of about 1500 cavalry and 2000 infantry. At Charlottesville, Early received intelligence of the rapid advance of Hunter upon Lynchburg with a force of 20,000 men.

Promptly shifting his objective point, and availing himself of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, he moved with such rapidity that he reached Lynchburg in time to rescue it. At that time the only force at hand for the defence of Lynchburg was the division of Breckenridge, less than 2000 strong, and a few hundred home-guards, composed of old men and boys whose age exempted them from active service. Hunter, finding himself unexpectedly confronted by Early, relinquished his intended attack upon the city and sought safety in a rapid night-retreat.

The next day Early instituted a vigorous pursuit, which continued with uninterrupted pertinacity until Hunter was overtaken in the neighborhood of Salem, a small town on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, where he was encountered and obliged to make a hazardous and disorganizing retreat through the mountains to the Ohio River.

Having at a single blow liberated the Valley, Early determined upon an immediate invasion of Maryland and a bold advance on Washington City. As his instructions were discretionary, he was at liberty to adopt that course, which at the time was both in a political and military point of view the best plan of action that could have been assumed.

The defence of Richmond being the settled policy of the Confederate Government, General Lee had on two occasions assumed the offensive in order to relieve that place from the paralyzing influence of the Federals.

The invasion of Maryland in 1862 and the campaign into Pennsylvania the following year had relieved Richmond of the presence of the enemy for more than a year, but the tide of war had again returned, and that celebrated city was gradually

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yielding to the powerful embrace of her besiegers, which could only be loosened by a strong diversion in her favor.

This Early undertook with the force at his command after the disposal of Hunter's army. By uniting with his own corps the division of Breckenridge and Ransom's cavalry, Early found himself at the head of about 12,000 men. Though he knew this force to be inadequate to the magnitude of the work in hand, nevertheless he determined to overcome his want of numbers by the rapidity of his movements, thus hoping to acquire a momentum by velocity that would enable him to overcome that produced by the superior weight of his opponents.

After the dispersion of Hunter's forces one day in preparation sufficed Early for the commencement of his advance upon Maryland. His route through the Valley extended over a distance of about two hundred miles, but the road was good, and, although the country had been laid waste a short time before by Hunter, the genial season and fertile soil had already reproduced abundant subsistence for the horses and mules of the expedition, but the greater part of the supplies for the troops were necessarily drawn from Lynchburg and Richmond. To prevent delay, therefore, orders were sent to these places directing supplies to be forwarded to convenient points along the line of march. Staunton was reached on the 27th of June. This was the most suitable point at which to supply the army, and here Early made a short halt to make the necessary arrangements to ensure the uninterrupted continuance of his march. In this he was ably assisted by Colonel Allan, Majors Harman, Rogers, Hawks, and other members of his staff. The beautiful Valley of Virginia everywhere gave evidence of the ravages of war. Throughout the march down the Valley the unsparing hand of Hunter was proclaimed by the charred ruins of its once beautiful and happy homes. At Lexington were seen the cracked and tottering walls of the Virginia Military Institute, the pride of Virginia and the *alma mater* of many of the distinguished sons of the South, and near them appeared the blackened remains of the private residence of Governor Letcher.

When Early reached Winchester he learned that there was a

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Federal force at Harper's Ferry and another at Martinsburg which it was necessary to dislodge before attempting the passage of the Potomac; and this was effected by the 4th of July without much opposition, the Federals having withdrawn without awaiting an attack. The way being now clear, the passage of the Potomac was made on the 5th at Shepherdstown, and the army advanced to Sharpsburg.

Since the defeat of Hunter the advance of Early had been so rapid that his design to invade Maryland had not been discovered by the Federal authorities in time to oppose his passage of the Potomac. But his entrance into Maryland being now known, it had produced great consternation as far as Baltimore and Washington. The boldness of this movement caused Early's force to be greatly exaggerated, and rumor soon magnified it to four or five times its real strength. The invasion was considered of such magnitude, and the cities of Washington and Baltimore were thought to be in such imminent danger, that the greatest alacrity was instituted in every direction to collect troops for the defence of those places.

The object of General Early being simply a diversion in favor of the operations about Richmond, he remained a day or two at Sharpsburg in order that the impression created by his invasion might have time to produce its full effect before he exposed his weakness by a further advance. At this time all the troops in the vicinity of Washington had been collected, besides which a large number of quartermaster's employés had been improvised as soldiers, thus making the force at hand exceed 20,000 men, while two corps from the army besieging Richmond and a part of another corps from North Carolina, intended to reinforce that army, had been detached and put in rapid motion for the defence of the capital.

In the face of these odds Early continued his advance into Maryland. At Frederick he found General Wallace, with about 10,000 men, in position to oppose the passage of the Monocacy. Immediate preparations were made to dislodge Wallace and effect a crossing of that stream. Rodes was thrown forward on the Baltimore and Ramseur on the Washington City road, while Gordon and Breckenridge, with a por-

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tion of Ransom's cavalry, inclining to the right, moved to the fords a mile or two below the railroad bridge. At the same time the heights contiguous to the river were crowned by Long's artillery (consisting of the guns of Nelson, Braxton, King, and McLaughlin) to cover the movement of the other troops.

When the troops had gained their position the crossing at the lower fords was promptly accomplished, and Breckenridge and Gordon, quickly forming their line of battle, advanced rapidly up the stream toward the Federal position, and, after a short but spirited conflict, defeated Wallace, whose army soon fell into a panic and fled in wild confusion, spreading dismay for miles in every direction by the terrible accounts they gave of the tremendous force Early was leading through the country. The route being now open, Early proceeded by rapid marches to within cannon-shot of the walls of Washington. Since his entrance into Maryland his force had been exaggerated by the inhabitants and the soldiery he had met, until in their terrified imagination it was magnified to 30,000 or 40,000 men.

On his arrival before the Federal capital, the exaggerated rumor of his strength having preceded him, its occupants were variously affected. The Federal authorities and all of their adherents were in a state of consternation, while the Southern sympathizers were full of exultation, for at the time it was thought by many that he would take the city. Had he had 20,000 or 30,000 men, he might have done so with a prospect of holding it and giving a new turn to subsequent military operations. But Early was too prudent and sagacious to attempt an enterprise with a force of 8000 men which if successful could only be of temporary benefit. He was therefore content to remain in observation long enough to give his movement full time to produce its greatest effect, and then withdrew in the face of a large army and recrossed the Potomac without molestation.

This campaign is remarkable for having accomplished more in proportion to the force employed, and for having given less public satisfaction, than any other campaign of the war. The

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want of appreciation of it is entirely due to the erroneous opinion that the city of Washington should have been taken; but this may be passed over as one of the absurdities of public criticism on the conduct of the war.

By glancing at the operations of Early from the 13th of June to the last of July, it will be seen that in less than two months he had marched more than four hundred miles, and with a force not exceeding 12,000 men had not only defeated, but entirely dispersed, two Federal armies of an aggregate strength of more than double his own; had invaded Maryland, and by his bold and rapid movement upon Washington had created an important diversion in favor of General Lee in the defence of Richmond; and had re-entered Virginia with a loss of less than 3000 men. After remaining a short time in the neighborhood of Leesburg, he returned to the Valley by way of Snicker's Gap, and about the 17th of July occupied the neighborhood of Berryville.

Early had no sooner established himself at Berryville than a considerable force of the enemy appeared on the Shenandoah near Castleman's Ferry, and partially effected a crossing, but were promptly driven back with heavy loss, after which they retired to the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry.

About the same time a large force under General Averell was reported to be advancing from Martinsburg to Winchester. Being unwilling to receive an attack in an unfavorable position, Early sent Ramseur with a division and two batteries of artillery to Winchester to retard Averell, while he withdrew with the main body of the army and supply-trains by way of White Post and Newtown to Strasburg.

Ramseur, having encountered the enemy a few miles east of Winchester, was defeated with a loss of four pieces of artillery, and forced to retire to Newtown, where he rejoined Early.

Averell, being arrested in his pursuit of Ramseur near Newtown, fell back to Kernstown, where he was soon joined by General Crook with the forces from Harper's Ferry.

From Newtown, Early continued his march to Strasburg without interruption. On the 23d he was informed of the junction of Crook and Averell and of their occupation of Kerns-

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town; thereupon it was determined to attack them without delay. The security of the trains having been properly provided for, the army was put in motion early on the morning of the 24th toward the enemy.

About noon a position was gained from which it was observed that the enemy was in possession of the identical ground which had been occupied by Shields when encountered by Stonewall Jackson in March, 1862. The memory of that battle evidently did much to inspire the troops to deeds of valor in the approaching conflict.

Early quickly made his dispositions for battle. The divisions of Breckenridge and Rodes were thrown to the right of the turnpike, and those of Ramseur and Gordon were deployed to its left, the artillery being disposed of so as to cover the advance of the infantry, while the cavalry received instructions to close behind the enemy as soon as defeated.

Perceiving that the left flank of the enemy was exposed, Breckenridge under cover of a wooded hill gained a position from which he bore down upon it, and in gallant style doubled it upon the centre. This success was so vigorously followed up by the other troops that the Federals gave way at all points, and were soon in rapid retreat, which was accelerated by a vigorous pursuit. In this battle the losses on the part of the Confederates were insignificant, while those of the Federals in killed, wounded, and prisoners were considerable. While on the retreat a large number of their wagons and a considerable quantity of their stores were destroyed to prevent capture.

Finding that the enemy had again sought safety behind his defences, Early determined to re-enter Maryland, for the double purpose of covering a retaliatory expedition into Pennsylvania and to keep alive the diversion which had already been made in favor of the defence of Richmond. Therefore, about the 6th of August he crossed the Potomac in two columns—the one at Williamsport, and the other at Shepherdstown—and took a position between Sharpsburg and Hagerstown.

This occupation of Maryland was destined to be of short duration, for since Early's audacity had caused his strength to be so greatly magnified and the importance of his opera-

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tions so exaggerated, Grant had considered it necessary to largely increase the Army of the Shenandoah, and to supersede Hunter by Phil Sheridan, one of the most energetic of his lieutenants. Being aware of the great increase of force prepared to be brought against him, Early recrossed the Potomac and returned up the Valley, being slowly followed by Sheridan, who had now taken command of the Middle Department.

On reaching Fisher's Hill, a position three miles west of Strasburg, Early halted and offered battle, which Sheridan made a show of accepting until the morning of the 17th, when he was discovered to be retreating toward Winchester. He was immediately pursued by Early, and, being overtaken near Kernstown, a spirited skirmish ensued while he continued to retire. Night coming on, the combatants separated, Early bivouacking in the neighborhood of Winchester, while Sheridan crossed the Opequan.

About this time Lieutenant-general R. H. Anderson joined Early with a division of infantry and a division of cavalry, thus increasing his force to about 12,000 men, while that of Sheridan exceeded 40,000. Notwithstanding the great disparity of numbers, the campaign was characterized by a series of skilful movements and brilliant skirmishes, which resulted on the 19th of September in the battle of Winchester, which had doubtless been hastened to a conclusion by the departure of Anderson from the Valley on the 15th with Kershaw's division for Richmond. Anderson had no sooner turned his back on the mountains than Sheridan threw his whole force against Early at Winchester and defeated him, not so much by force of numbers as by one of those chances of war which sometimes beset the ablest commander; for, after having gallantly contested the field and firmly maintained their position until near the close of the day, a portion of his troops was seized with a panic, which rapidly spread until the greater part of the infantry and cavalry fell into confusion, and troops who had never before turned their backs upon the enemy retired in disorder from the field. The artillery alone remained firm, and covered with distinguished gallantry the retreat of the other troops

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until a place of safety was gained and order restored, and then retired fighting, step by step, until it extricated itself from overwhelming numbers, leaving heaps of dead to testify to its matchless conduct and power. Sheridan's forces were so shattered that he could not immediately avail himself of the success he had gained, and Early was permitted an uninterrupted retreat to Fisher's Hill.

Notwithstanding his force had been considerably weakened by its late disaster, Early determined to maintain his position on Fisher's Hill. He could not realize that every man was not as stout-hearted as himself, nor that the troops he had so often led to victory were not invincible; and besides his reluctance to abandon the rich and beautiful Valley, there were other and stronger reasons for his decision. It was evident that, if left unopposed in the Valley, Sheridan would immediately concert a plan of co-operation with Grant, either by advancing directly upon Richmond or by operating on its lines of communication with a powerful cavalry force until a junction was formed with him below Petersburg; in which case the important diversion in favor of Lee would have come to naught. Therefore the object of detaining Sheridan with his formidable force in the Valley sufficiently warranted Early, on the soundest military principles, in his determination to oppose him at all hazards.

The defiant attitude assumed by him was the most effective he could have adopted for accomplishing his object, and it created a deception as to his strength that made his opponent cautious, but which was quickly dissipated by a collision. His force at this time was less than 7000 men, while that of Sheridan was greater by at least four to one.

Sheridan's forces, having sufficiently recovered from the effect of the battle, pursued Early, and on the 22d attacked him in his position on Fisher's Hill. The thin Confederate ranks could offer but feeble resistance to the overwhelming force brought against them, and the conflict was consequently of short duration, and, owing to the extent and difficulty of the position, the Confederates sustained considerable loss before they could extricate themselves.

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Early then retired up the Valley to a position above Harrisonburg, while Sheridan pursued as far as Newmarket. Both armies then remained inactive for some days, in order to rest and reorganize their forces.

About the 1st of October, Sheridan retraced his steps down the Valley to the neighborhood of Middletown, where he encamped on an elevated plateau behind Cedar Creek. Early, perceiving that his adversary had retired, pursued him to the neighborhood of Strasburg, where he took up a position from which he might be able to attack with advantage. Sheridan had unwittingly occupied a location that gave his adversary admirable advantages and opportunity to execute a surprise.

Early entrusted a considerable force to General Gordon for that purpose. Having made himself familiar with the work in hand, Gordon, on the night of October 18th, proceeded to its execution. Crossing Cedar Creek sufficiently below the Federal pickets to avoid observation, he cautiously proceeded in the direction of the Federal encampments without accident or discovery. A favorable point for the accomplishment of his plans was gained just before daybreak on the 19th. The camp was reached, and in the midst of quiet sleep and peaceful dreams the war-cry and the ringing peals of musketry arose to wake the slumbering warriors and call them to arms. The drums and bugles loudly summoned the soldier to his colors, but there was no ear for those familiar sounds. The crack of the rifle and the shouts of battle were upon the breeze, and no other sounds were heeded by the flying multitude.

Gordon's surprise had been complete, and when the dawn appeared long lines of fugitives were seen rushing madly toward Winchester. Such a rout had not been seen since the famous battle of Bull Run.

The Federals left artillery, baggage, small-arms, camp equipage, clothing, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens—in fact, everything—in their panic. The whole camp was filled with valuable booty, which in the end proved a dangerous temptation to the Confederates, many of whom, instead of following up their brilliant success, left their ranks for plunder.

If an apology for such conduct were ever admissible, it was

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so on this occasion, the troops having been so long unaccustomed to the commonest comfort while making long and fatiguing marches and battling against large odds, and being now broken down, ragged, and hungry, they would have been superhuman had they resisted the tempting stores that lay scattered on every hand.

The Federals finding that they were not pursued, when they reached the neighborhood of Newtown their spirits began to revive, the habit of discipline and order assumed its sway, and the shapeless mass of the morning regained the appearance of an army.

Sheridan, having been absent, met his fugitive army a little below Newtown. Order having been restored, he re-formed his troops, and, facing them about, returned to the scene of their late disaster. The Confederates, being unprepared for an attack, were quickly defeated and forced to retire to Fisher's Hill, and from there to Newmarket, where Early maintained a bold front for several weeks. By this return of fortune Sheridan not only recovered all that had been lost in the morning, but acquired considerable captures from the Confederates.

The Confederates then retired to the neighborhood of Staunton, and further operations were suspended on account of the inclemency of the season.

Sheridan then occupied the lower Valley, where he employed himself in completing the work of destruction begun by Hunter. His work of devastation was so complete that he exultingly reported to his superior that a "crow in traversing the Valley would be obliged to carry his rations." Before the spring was open Sheridan was in motion with a cavalry, or rather mounted infantry, force 9000 strong, his objective point being Staunton. The force of Early, having been greatly reduced, was entirely inadequate for an effective resistance. Staunton was therefore evacuated, and Early retired to Waynesboro'. His entire force now consisted of Wharton's division of infantry, six pieces of artillery, and a small body of cavalry, making in all about 1800 men. With this force he took a position to protect an important railroad bridge

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over the south branch of the Shenandoah, and at the same time to cover Rockfish Gap, a pass connecting the Valley with Eastern Virginia. This pass was doubly important, as it gave a passage both to the Charlottesville turnpike and the Central Railroad.

As Sheridan was without artillery and the ground was unfit for the operations of cavalry, Early could have easily maintained his position with reliable troops; but there was considerable disaffection in Wharton's division. Therefore, without his knowledge his little army harbored the elements of defeat, for at the first show of an attack the malcontents threw down their arms, and, almost without opposition, Sheridan carried the position, compelling Early with his faithful few to seek safety in retreat. A number of these, however, were captured before they could make their escape.

Sheridan, having now removed all opposition, passed through Rockfish Gap into Eastern Virginia, traversed the interior of the State, and formed a junction with Grant almost without interruption.

On reaching Gordonsville, Early collected a handful of men and threw himself upon the flank and rear of Sheridan, but his force was too small to make any impression. He was only induced to make this effort by his extreme reluctance to witness an unopposed march of an enemy through his country.

It has been said that Early, at the head of his faithful band, hovering like an eagle about the columns of Sheridan, displayed more heroic valor than when at the head of his victorious army in Maryland.

In operations of the character above described long lists of casualties may naturally be expected, in which the names of the bravest, noblest, and truest are sure to be found. While it is impossible for me to make separate mention of these, memory dictates the names of Rodes and Ramseur. From Richmond to the memorable campaign of the Wilderness they bore a conspicuous part, and their names rose high on the roll of fame. Rodes fell in the battle of Winchester at the head of his splendid division, and Ramseur was mortally wounded at Cedar Creek in his heroic attempt to retrieve the fortune of the

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day. Their fall was a noble sacrifice to the cause for which they fought, and their memory will ever remain green in the hearts of their countrymen.

The Valley campaign above described was attended with a series of barbarities happily without parallel in the history of the war. General Hunter had gone in his depredations far beyond any warrant in the exigencies of war. The destruction of agricultural products, and even of mills and factories, might have been defended as a warrantable military measure, but the burning of private habitations was an instance of pure vandalism utterly devoid of excuse, and sure to instigate retaliatory measures of the same barbarous character. This retaliation came in the cavalry raid sent by Early into Pennsylvania, in which the town of Chambersburg was given to the flames. It is but just to state here, however, that these cruel proceedings were in neither case dictated by the commanding general. Hunter's operations were unauthorized by General Grant, and the responsibility for them rests solely upon himself. The same may be said of Early's reprisal. It was not authorized by General Lee, and was instigated by the desire to prove that such outrages could not be committed with impunity.

The subsequent devastation of the Valley by General Sheridan was still more complete than that effected by Hunter, though the destruction of residences and institutions by the latter was not repeated. Sheridan says: "The whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made entirely untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming-implements; over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of stock; and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep. This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and the Little Fort Valley, as well as the main Valley." Such a recital, given in a tone almost of boasting, seems more like the story of some ruthless warrior of the olden times than of a modern soldier. Admitting that the destruction of provisions may be defended as an important aid to the defeat of an enemy, no such excuse can be offered for the burning of

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mills and farming-implements. The destruction of the property of private citizens, who are in no sense responsible for, and are taking no part in, a war has always in it the elements of barbarism, and the suffering thereby caused to the defenceless has seldom or never been warranted by the military advantage gained.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Reasons for Defending Richmond.—Beginning of the Siege.—Smith's Assault upon Petersburg.—The First Line Carried.—Attack on the Second Line.—Federal Successes.—The Confederates Retire to a New Line.—Assault of the 18th.—Federal Repulse.—Both Sides Intrench.—Defeat of Birney.—Wilson's Cavalry Raid.—He is Defeated and Driven Back.—Mining the Confederate Works.—Preparing for the Explosion.—Movements of Hancock and Sheridan.—The Charging Columns Ready.—Firing the Mine.—Effect of the Explosion.—Delay in the Assault.—The Charge Checked by the Confederate Artillery.—Infantry Hurried up.—Frightful Slaughter of the Federals.—The Assault a Failure.—Observations upon the Mining Enterprise.—Results.—Colonel Carter's Reminiscences.—General Lee and the Sparrow.—A Telling Rebuke.—General Hampton's Story.—A Letter to Lee's Daughter.

THE war in Virginia had now been reduced to the attack and defence of Richmond—in other words, to a siege whose termination was only a question of time.

Why the military operations in Virginia should have been contracted to this narrow limit, and the independence of a people struggling for nationality brought to depend upon the defence of a city, may be naturally asked, yet this question cannot be fully answered without casting a reflection upon the judgment of the distinguished patriots who presided over the destiny of the Confederacy. It may, however, be said that, having made Richmond the capital when it was of considerable military importance as the base of a defensive system embracing Yorktown, Norfolk, and the mouth of the James River, it could not, when circumstances changed, be easily abandoned without creating an impression both at home and abroad of national weakness; and, having seen it successfully defended against large odds, it was hoped that the same head and hand would be able to defend it in future peril. Therefore it was decided to employ all the resources of the country in its defence.

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This decision was not adopted without hope of success; for the brilliant campaigns of Lee, and especially his late gigantic contest with Grant, had inspired such confidence that no military achievement was considered impossible to him and his army. In this connection it must be borne in mind that on an extensive theatre of operations, with free scope for the exercise of his powers, an able general may reasonably hope to satisfy public expectation, but when confined to the defensive in a siege, all that can be expected is to delay the final result. If it should be asked, What was General Lee's opinion in regard to the defence of Richmond? it might be said that he was too thorough a soldier openly to question the wisdom of the Government in forming its plan of operations or to employ less than his utmost ability in his efforts to execute them. The general who places himself in opposition to his government, no matter how weak that government may be, is sure to incur public condemnation and disgrace. A striking example in corroboration of this assertion presents itself in the case of Marshal Bazaine at the close of the late Franco-Prussian War.

Having now to sustain a siege, General Lee applied himself to it with all his energy. His whole soul was given to the gigantic struggle before him, and no labor or hardship deterred him.

The battle of Cold Harbor had taught Grant the inutility and peril of direct assaults upon the Confederate intrenchments. He therefore determined upon siege operations, and about the middle of June he threw a large portion of his army south of the James and extended his line of investment so as to embrace the city of Petersburg. This caused Lee to make a counter-movement in order to cover that place and protect the railroads leading to it. The capture of Petersburg was of primary importance to the Federals, as it would enable them to cut off two lines of communication very necessary for the support of Richmond, and at the same time to greatly contract their line of circumvallation. Therefore its possession was much desired.

As descriptive of the preliminary operations about Peters-

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burg we introduce an extract from the able address of Captain McCabe before the Southern Historical Society:

"Warren with the Fifth corps and Wilson's division of cavalry, seizing the crossing at Long Bridge, made his dispositions to screen the movement.* Hancock's corps, marching past the Fifth, was directed upon Wilcox's landing (on the James); Wright's and Burnside's corps upon Douthard's; while Smith, with four divisions of the Tenth and Eighteenth corps, moved rapidly to White House and embarked for Bermuda Hundred. . . . .

"Smith's command reached Bermuda Hundred, where Grant was in person, on the evening of the 14th, and, being reinforced by Kautz's division of cavalry and Hinks's division of negro infantry, was at once directed to cross the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, where pontoons had been laid, and move rapidly on Petersburg. The passage of the river was effected during the same night, and early on the 15th Smith advanced in three columns, Kautz with his horsemen covering his left. Now, Hancock's entire corps had been ferried to the south side on the night of Smith's arrival at Bermuda Hundred, and might easily have been pushed forward to take part in the assault, but, left in ignorance of the projected *coup de main*, its commander, in obedience to orders, was awaiting rations where he had crossed. Incredible as it may seem, General Meade, the immediate commander of the Army of the Potomac, was left in like ignorance, and General Grant, hurrying back to the north side to push forward reinforcements from the corps of Wright and Burnside, found that the army pontoon-train had been sent to piece out the wagon-train pontoons, which had proved insufficient for the passage of the Chickahominy at Coles's Ferry. Thus nearly a day was gained to the handful of brave men defending the lines of Petersburg, and lost to the Army of the Potomac—a curious instance of the uncertain contingencies of war, reminding the military student, with a difference, of the happy chance which saved Zaragoza in the first siege when Lefèbre Desnouettes, 'missing the road to the bridge, missed that to victory.'

* The crossing of the Chickahominy.

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"Smith, pushing forward his columns toward Petersburg early on the morning of the 15th, had scarcely advanced a distance of two miles when he encountered a hasty line of rifle-trenches, held by Graham's light battery and a meagre force of dismounted cavalry, the whole under Dearing, a young brigadier of high and daring spirit and of much experience in war. This position, resolutely held for two hours, was finally carried by the infantry, yet Dearing, retiring slowly with unabashed front, hotly disputing every foot of the advance, so delayed the hostile columns that it was 11 o'clock A. M. before they came upon the heavy line of intrenchments covering the eastern approaches to the town.

"Shortly after that hour Smith moved by the Baxter road upon the works in front of Batteries 6 and 7, but the men of Wise's brigade resisted his repeated assaults with 'unsurpassed stubbornness'—I use the exact language of Beauregard—while the rapid fire of the light batteries completed for the time his discomfiture.

"Smith had been told that the works defending Petersburg were such that 'cavalry could ride over them'—'a representation,' says Mr. Swinton archly, 'not justified by his experience;' and he now proceeded to reconnoitre more carefully what was in his front.

"The old defences of Petersburg consisted of a heavy line of redans connected by powerful rifle-trenches, and were of such extent as to require a garrison of 25,000 men. In the opinion of General Beauregard, this line was in many places faultily located, and especially vulnerable in the quarter of Batteries 5, 6, and 7. Reckoning his heavy gunners and the local militia, Beauregard had for the defence of this extended line on the morning of the 15th but 2200 men of all arms, while Smith confronted him with above 20,000. At 7.30 P. M. the enemy, warned by their heavy losses of the morning against assaulting in column in face of artillery served with such rapidity and precision, advanced at a charging pace in line, and after a spirited contest carried with a rush the whole line of redans from 5 to 9 inclusive.

"Scarcely had the assault ended when Hancock came up

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with the Second corps, and, though the ranking officer, with rare generosity—which recalls the chivalric conduct of Sir James Outram to Havelock in front of Lucknow—at once offered his troops to Smith and stood ready to receive the orders of his subordinate.

"The prize was now within his grasp had he boldly advanced—and the moon shining brightly highly favored such enterprise—but Smith, it would seem, though possessed of considerable professional skill, was not endowed with that intuitive sagacity which swiftly discerns the chances of the moment, and, thus halting on the very threshold of decisive victory, contented himself with partial success, and, having relieved his divisions in the captured works with Hancock's troops, waited for the morning.

"Meanwhile, Hoke had arrived on the Confederate side, and Beauregard, having disposed his meagre force upon a new line a short distance in rear of the lost redans, ordered down Bushrod Johnson's three brigades from the Bermuda Hundred front and made such preparation as was possible for the assault of the morrow.

"The situation was indeed critical, for, though the enemy assaulted but feebly the next morning and Johnson's brigades arrived at 10 A. M., there was still such disparity of numbers as might well have shaken the resolution of a less determined commander. Burnside's corps reached the Federal front at noon, and General Meade, having met General Grant on the City Point road, was directed to assume immediate command of the troops and assault as soon as practicable. Thus at 5.30 on the evening of the 16th more than 70,000 troops were launched against the works manned by but 10,000 brave men —a disparity still further increased by the arrival at dusk of Warren's corps, two brigades of which (Miles's and Griffin's) took part in the closing assaults. For three hours the fight raged furiously along the whole line with varying success, nor did the contest subside until after nine o'clock, when it was found that Birney of Hancock's corps had effected a serious lodgment, from which the Confederates in vain attempted to expel him during the night.

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"On the same day Pickett's division, despatched by Lee and leading the advance of Anderson's corps, recaptured the lines on the Bermuda Hundred front which Beauregard had been forced to uncover, and which had been immediately seized by Butler's troops. It is surely sufficient answer to those who represent Lee as even then despondently forecasting the final issue to find him writing next day in great good-humor to Anderson: 'I believe that the men of your corps will carry anything they are put against. We tried very hard to stop Pickett's men from capturing the breastworks of the enemy, but couldn't do it.'"

"Fortunately for the weary Confederates, the enemy attempted no offensive movement until nearly noon of the next day, at which hour the Ninth corps, advancing with spirit, carried a redoubt in its front, together with four pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners, while Hancock's corps pressed back the Confederates over Hare's Hill—the spot afterward known as Fort Steadman, and made famous by Gordon's sudden and daring stroke. Later in the day the Ninth corps attacked again, but was driven back with severe loss.

"Then along the whole front occurred a series of assaults and counter-charges creditable to the courage and enterprise of both sides, yet so confused that an attempted narrative would necessarily share that confusion. Suffice it to say that at dusk the Confederate lines were pierced, and, the troops crowding together in disorder, irreparable disaster seemed imminent, when suddenly in the dim twilight a dark column was descried mounting swiftly from the ravines in rear, and Gracie's gallant Alabamians, springing along the crest with fierce cries, leaped over the works, captured over 1500 prisoners, and drove the enemy pell-mell from the disputed point. Then the combat broke out afresh, for the enemy, with reason, felt that chance alone had foiled them of decisive success, and, despite the darkness, the fight raged with unabated fury until past midnight. . . . .

"The battle, as we have seen, did not cease until half-past twelve on the night of the 17th, and the evacuation of the town seemed inevitable, when, by a happy accident, an officer of

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Burnside's staff, losing his way in the darkness, rode into the Confederate lines bearing a despatch from Burnside to Meade to the effect that the Ninth corps had been very roughly handled and should be promptly reinforced. This despatch had been referred by Meade to Smith for his information, with the request that he at once reinforce Burnside with such troops as could be spared. Scarcely had Beauregard finished reading the captured missive when a courier galloped up with a message from Hoke, stating that he had easily repulsed Smith's assaults and could lend a helping hand elsewhere. But before this, Beauregard, foreseeing the rupture of his lines, as yet too extended for the strength of his command, now materially weakened by recent casualties, had selected a new and shorter line to the rear, and shortly after the combat ceased the troops were ordered to retire upon this new position—a delicate movement, considering the proximity of the enemy, yet executed rapidly and without confusion, for he had caused the line to be marked with white stakes, and required brigade and division staff officers to acquaint themselves with the positions to be occupied by their respective commands. This was the line held until the close of the defence.

"Grant had ordered Meade to assault along the whole front at daylight of the 18th, but when the Federal skirmishers moved forward at that hour it was found that the line so stoutly defended the evening before had been abandoned by the Confederates. This necessitated fresh dispositions, and Meade, having reconnoitred his front, now determined upon assault in column against certain selected points instead of a general attack in line, as originally intended.

"It was noon before the enemy essayed any vigorous attack, but then began a series of swift and furious assaults, continuing at intervals far into the evening, from Martindale on the right, from Hancock and Burnside in the centre, from Warren on the left; but, though their men advanced with spirit, cheering and at the run, and their officers displayed an astonishing hardihood, several of them rushing up to within thirty yards of the adverse works bearing the colors, yet the huge columns, rent by the plunging fire of the light guns and smitten with a tem-

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pest of bullets, recoiled in confusion, and finally fled, leaving their dead and dying on the field along the whole front.

"The men of Anderson's and Hill's corps were now pouring into the Confederate works, division after division, battery after battery, and when night fell those two grim adversaries, the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, again confronted each other in array of battle, while General Grant had learned that Petersburg, as Napoleon said of Valencia, 'could not be taken by the collar.'

"In these four days of assault, from Wednesday to Saturday inclusive, the enemy confessed to a loss of more than 10,000 men—a fact which attests with appalling eloquence the vigor of the defence.

"Sunday morning, June 19th, dawned with soft and dewy brightness, and the Sabbath's stillness remained unbroken, save when at distant intervals a single gun boomed out from the great salients or the rattling fire of the pickets on the river front fretted for a few brief moments the peaceful air. But it was no day of rest to the contending armies, for the Confederates were actively strengthening their crude position, while the enemy plied pick and spade and axe with such silent vigor that, this comparative quiet reigning for two successive days, there arose, as if by touch of a magician's wand, a vast cordon of redoubts of powerful profile connected by heavy infantry parapets, stretching from the Appomattox to the extreme Federal left—a line of prodigious strength and constructed with amazing skill, destined long to remain, to the military student at least, an enduring monument of the ability of the engineers of the Army of the Potomac.

"This done, General Grant was now free to begin that series of attempts against Lee's communications which, despite repeated disaster, he continued with slight intermission to the end.

"On Tuesday, the 21st, the Second and Sixth corps were put in motion to extend the Federal left—the Second to take position west of the Jerusalem plank road, its right connecting with Warren's left, which rested at that point; the Sixth to extend to the left of the Second, and if possible effect a lodgment on

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the Weldon Railroad. On the same day Wilson with about 6000 sabres, consisting of his own and Kautz's divisions, was despatched to destroy the Weldon road farther to the south, and thence, by a wide sweep to the west, to cut the Southside and Danville roads. The Second corps, now commanded by Birney —for Hancock's wound, received at Gettysburg, had broken out afresh—succeeded, after some sharp skirmishing with the Confederate cavalry, in taking position to the left of Warren, and the Sixth corps, moving up the same evening, established itself on a line in rear of and parallel to the Second, its left slightly overlapping that corps. But the next morning the Confederate horse showed such a bold front, though 'twas but a scratch force, with cattle like 'walking trestles,' that General Grant determined to suspend the movements to the railroad, and Birney was ordered 'to swing forward the left of the Second corps so as to envelop the right flank of the Confederates.'

"This change of orders led to delay, which Lee, consummate master of that art which teaches that 'offensive movements are the foundation of a good defence,' was swift to improve. Riding to his right, he sent for Mahone, who as civil engineer had surveyed the country and knew every inch of the ground hidden by the tangled chaparral. Few words were wasted. Mahone proposed that he be allowed to take three brigades of Anderson's old division and strike the enemy in flank. Lee assented. Passing his men quickly along a ravine which screened them from the enemy's pickets, Mahone gained a point which he rightly conjectured to be beyond the hostile flank. Here, in an open field fronting the 'Johnson House,' he formed line of battle, the brigades of Saunders and Wright in front, his own brigade, commanded by Colonel Weisiger, supporting the right, while McIntosh of the artillery was directed to move with two guns in the open on the left. Birney, meanwhile, had nearly completed his movement, which was executed without reference to the Sixth corps, and left an ever-widening gap between the two lines, as, 'pivoting on his right division, under Gibbon, he swung forward his left.' Yet Mott's division had come into position on Gibbon's left, and had commenced intrenching, and Barlow was moving up to the left

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of Mott, when suddenly and swiftly, with a wild yell which rang out shrill and fierce through the gloomy pines, Mahone's men burst upon the flank. A pealing volley, which roared along the whole front, a stream of wasting fire, under which the Federal left fell as one man, and the bronzed veterans swept forward, shrivelling up Barlow's division as lightning shrivels the dead leaves of autumn; then, cleaving a fiery path diagonally across the enemy's front, spreading dismay and destruction, rolled up Mott's division in its turn, and without check, the woods still reverberating with their fierce clamor, stormed and carried Gibbon's intrenchments and seized his guns.

"When night came down the victors returned to the main lines guarding 1742 prisoners, and bearing as trophies a vast quantity of small-arms, four light guns, and eight standards.

"On the same day Wilson with his cavalry struck the Weldon Railroad at Reams Station, destroyed the track for several miles, and then pushed westward to the Southside road. Here, while tearing up the rails at 'Blacks-and-Whites'—having despatched Kautz, meanwhile, to destroy the junction of the Southside and Danville roads at Burkeville—he was sharply assailed by W. H. F. Lee, who had followed him with his division of cavalry, and who now wrested from him the road upon which the raiders were moving. Again and again did Wilson seek to wrest it back, but Lee could not be dislodged. The combat was renewed next day, lasting from midday till dark, but at daylight of the 24th the Federal cavalry withdrew, leaving their killed and wounded on the field. Wilson reached Meherrin Station on the Danville road the same day, and, Kautz having rejoined him, the two columns pushed on rapidly to Staunton River bridge. But the local militia, intrenched at that point, behaved with great firmness, and W. H. F. Lee, boldly attacking, again drove the Federals before him until dark. Wilson now turned to regain the lines in front of Petersburg, but his officers and men were marauding in a fashion which no prudent officer, on such service as his, should ever have allowed, while W. H. F. Lee hung upon his rear with an exasperating tenacity which brought delay and redoubled his difficulties. At every step, indeed, the peril

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thickened, for Hampton, who had crossed the James, now came to W. H. F. Lee's help with a strong body of horse, and, attacking the enemy on Tuesday evening (June 28th) at Sappony Church, drove him until dark, harassed him the livelong night, turned his left in the morning, and sent him helter-skelter before his horsemen.

"Wilson, fairly bewildered, sought to reach Reams Station, which he believed to be still in possession of the Federals—a determination destined to be attended with irreparable disaster to him, for General Lee had despatched thither two brigades of infantry (Finegan's and Saunders's) under Mahone, and two light batteries (Brander's and 'the Purcell') under Pegram, followed by Fitz Lee, who had just roughly handled Gregg at Nance's Shop, and who now came down at a sharp trot to take part in the tumult. Wilson, reaching his objective, descried ominous clouds of dust rising on the roads by which he had hoped to win safety, but offered, in desperation, a seemingly bold front prepared for battle.

"Informed by a negro, whose knowledge of the country notably expanded at sight of a six-shooter, that there was a 'blind road' leading in rear of Wilson's left, Fitz Lee at once pushed forward with his dusky guide, and, having assured himself by personal reconnoissance of the truth of the information, quickly made his dispositions. Lomax's horsemen, dismounted, were formed across the road, with Wickham's mounted brigade in reserve, the latter being instructed to charge so soon as Lomax had shaken the enemy. In a twinkling, as it seemed, the rattling fire of the carbines told that Lomax was hotly engaged, and on the instant the movement in front began, the infantry under Mahone advancing swiftly across the open field, pouring in a biting volley, Pegram firing rapidly for a few moments, then limbering up and going forward at a gallop to come into battery on a line with the infantry, while Fitz Lee, the Federals rapidly giving ground before his dismounted troopers, called up his mounted squadrons and went in with his rough stroke at a thundering pace on the enemy's left and rear."

The result of this sharp attack was a severe defeat to Wilson, who was forced to retire in great haste, his trains being fired

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and abandoned, and his artillery and a considerable number of prisoners left in the hands of the Confederate forces. Making all speed, he succeeded in crossing the Nottoway with the pursuing cavalry at his heels, and very well satisfied to escape into the Federal lines with the shattered remnant of his command.

General Grant, having failed in his various attempts to force the Confederate lines, acquiesced in a proposal to supplement the musket and the sabre with the spade and the pick. About the last of June it was proposed to mine and blow up a Confederate salient that was opposite to Burnside's position. At that point the two lines were sufficiently near to warrant such an attempt. The conduct of this mining operation was assigned to the person by whom it had been originally proposed, Lieutenant-colonel Henry Pleasants of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, a skilful mining engineer. Pleasants found a suitable point to commence operations about five hundred feet distant from the salient to be blown up. His working-parties were drawn from his own regiment, which contained a number of experienced miners. The work was pushed forward so expeditiously that by the 23d of July the mine was completed, and was charged with 8000 pounds of powder. The tamping was completed and the mine was pronounced ready for explosion by the 28th. It was decided that the mine should be sprung early on the morning of the 30th, and to that end the necessary preparations were made.

General Grant, in order to mask his real design, on the 26th sent Hancock and Sheridan with the Second corps and two divisions of cavalry to the north side of the James River, with instructions to threaten Lee's right, and thus to create the impression that a real attack was to be made in that quarter, while he perfected his arrangements for making the assault on Petersburg upon the explosion of the mine. At this time the Confederate force about Petersburg did not exceed 13,000 men, whilst opposed to this Grant had over 65,000. On the 29th were made the final dispositions for attack.

Hancock was directed on the night of the 29th to return from the north of the James with all secrecy and despatch, and

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to take part in the assault, while Sheridan was to pass in rear of the army and with his whole cavalry corps operate toward Petersburg from the south and west. On the evening of the 29th, Meade issued his orders of battle. As soon as it was dusk Burnside was to mass his troops in front of the point to be attacked, and form there in columns of assault, taking care to remove the abatis, so that the troops could debouch rapidly, and to have his pioneers equipped for opening passages for the artillery. He was to spring the mine at 3.30 A.M., move rapidly through the breach, and seize the crest of Cemetery Hill, a ridge four hundred yards in rear of the Confederate lines.

Ord was to mass the Eighteenth corps in rear of the Ninth, immediately follow Burnside, and support him on the right. Warren was to reduce the number of men holding his front to the minimum, concentrate heavily on the right of his corps, and support Burnside on the left. Hancock was to mass the Second corps in rear of the trenches at that time held by Ord, and be prepared to support the assault as events might dictate. Engineer officers were detailed to accompany each corps, and the chief engineer was directed to park his pontoon-train at a convenient point, ready to move at a moment's warning.

Meade having assured himself that the Confederates had no second line on Cemetery Hill, as he had formerly supposed and as Duane had positively reported, was now sanguine of success. He made these preparations to meet the contingency of the meagre Confederate force retiring beyond the Appomattox and burning the bridges; in which event he proposed to push immediately across that river to Swift Creek and open up communication with Butler at Bermuda Hundred, before Lee could send any reinforcements from his five divisions north of the James.

The commanders of the white divisions of Burnside's corps decided by lot which division should have the honor of making the assault, the chance favoring Ledlie's division, though, as the sequel shows, it had but little heart for the distinction conferred upon it.

On the morning of the 30th, shortly before the hour appointed for springing the mine, all the columns were in position ready for action. Half-past three arrived, but the silence of the morn-

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ing was unbroken; minute after minute went by, while a painful suspense pervaded the expectant columns. Time passed on, yet silence continued to reign. The suspense became almost unbearable. The delay could not be understood, and various conjectures flew rapidly among the troops. At last it was discovered that the fuse had gone out within fifty yards of the mine.

All this time the Confederates lay in peaceful slumber, unconscious of the terrible storm that was about to burst upon them. The fuse was relighted, and at about half-past four the flame reached the powder in the mine.

A tremendous explosion instantly followed, and there was hurled into the air an immense column of smoke and earth, which, after rising to a great height, burst into fragments of timber, stone, broken gun-carriages, muskets, and black and mutilated corpses, which quickly returned in a heavy shower upon the earth. Two hundred men were killed by the explosion, and a rent was torn in the Confederate lines 135 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 30 feet deep.

The whole Confederate line was aroused by the explosion. The men in the immediate vicinity of the mine were for some minutes paralyzed by the shock, while those on the more distant portions of the lines remained a while in a state of ignorance and wonder as to what had occurred.

But the troops stationed near the mine soon became conscious of the catastrophe, and, alive to the importance of immediate action, Lieutenant-colonel John Haskell, who commanded the artillery at that point, turned his guns upon the approaches to the breach, and poured such a destructive fire of canister and shell upon them as to render the advance of the enemy extremely difficult. Some time elapsed before the assaulting column could be got in motion, and when it cleared the breastwork it was met by such a storm of shot and shell that it was thrown into confusion, and the men were so demoralized that they hastily sought shelter. Great numbers rushed into the crater of the mine; others hid themselves behind traverses; some even crouched close beneath the Confederate breastworks, and no efforts of their officers could induce them

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to advance. The delay thus occasioned enabled the Confederates to collect a force sufficient to defend the breach.

General Lee, who had been early apprised of the disaster, sent Colonel Venable of his staff to hasten forward troops from other parts of the line. This energetic officer first found General Mahone, whose division was already under arms, and instructed him to proceed to the threatened point. Mahone rapidly advanced, and on reaching the crater promptly formed a cordon of bayonets and took decisive steps to expel the Federal forces that had effected a lodgment upon the Confederate works. Mahone's forces were rapidly reinforced by other troops, and the fighting now became desperate. The Federals, who had for some time been delayed, pushed forward with great resolution and with the determination to counteract the effects of the blunder that had been made in the first assault. But all their efforts were unavailing, and by ten o'clock they were driven back within their own lines.

The mine, instead of opening the gate to victory, had proved a sepulchre. General Grant lost 5000 men in his attempt to pass the breach. Although the distance between the hostile breastworks was barely a hundred yards, only a few of the Federals succeeded in establishing themselves on the Confederate works. The only advantage to the Federals was in the blowing up of 200 Confederates and the killing and wounding of a few hundreds more. The men thus lost by the Confederates could never be replaced, and to this extent General Grant saw himself a step nearer the end.

Generals Lee and Beauregard were eye-witnesses of the gallant defence of the breach and the signal repulse of the enemy. Colonel Weisiger, whose brigade encircled the crater, repelled the enemy with great determination, and his gallantry won for him the grade of brigadier-general. Captain Gerrardy, for his gallant conduct, received a similar promotion, while the names of Lieutenant-colonels John Haskell, Pegram, and many others of the artillery obtained prominence in the roll of honor.

Critical remarks in reference to the strategic bearings of this mining operation are perhaps uncalled for. The mine itself

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proved useless and became a death-trap to its excavators; yet, if we accept the Federal statements, this was a result of bad management after the explosion, and has no necessary bearing on the question of the military value of the undertaking itself. To mine fortified works which cannot be breached or scaled has long been a common expedient in siege operations, but to attack an earthwork by such a method had never before been attempted, and its ill-success on this occasion will probably prevent its being quickly again essayed.

Federal historians and military authorities ascribe the non-success of the enterprise to an unwise withdrawal, at the last moment, of the black troops, who had been carefully drilled for this special service, and their replacement by a brigade of whites, who were very badly led and held back from charging until the Confederates in the vicinity had recovered from their temporary panic and had hastened to the defence of their imperilled lines. Yet this censure of General Ledlie seems hardly just in view of all the circumstances of the case. The crater into which his division plunged was very difficult to pass—much more so than an ordinary earthwork. And the lack of previous training of his men, or of any full comprehension on his part of the character of the work before him, operated as a serious disadvantage. Had men trained to the work been given the advance in the charge, the result might possibly have been very different. It cannot be denied that the Confederate position was for a short time in serious jeopardy, and that had the Federals taken instant and decided advantage of their opportunity they might have gained an important victory. There has seldom been a case in which the old adage, "Delay is dangerous," more fully applied, yet it was one of those cases in which delay is almost unavoidable, and it becomes a question, therefore, whether there was sufficient probability of success to warrant such a dangerous enterprise.

The ultimate effect of the mining operation was beneficial to the Confederate army. We do not here refer to the heavy Federal loss, but to the feeling of security which naturally followed the failure of the assault, and to the greater degree of

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wariness which succeeded. A second enterprise of the same sort would have had much less chance of success than the first. Yet to guard against a repetition of mining operations by the Federals, General Lee adopted a series of precautionary measures consisting of the excavation of extensive underground works so constructed as to check the enemy should they seek to repeat their subterranean scheme of attack.

In the relation of the events of this siege we have been necessarily confined to military details, and, though fully recognizing that the mind of General Lee controlled the movements of the Confederate army and the wonderful series of defensive works which arose as if by magic under his skilful directions, we do not see him directly concerned in them. Some relation of personal incidents connected with his every-day life is important as a counterpoise to the story of his great military achievements, and we cannot better end this chapter than with some anecdotal matter belonging to this period of his life.

Colonel Thomas H. Carter has furnished the author with several interesting reminiscences never before given to the public, yet so indicative of certain traits of General Lee's character as to make them important additions to our work. In Colonel Carter's words, "They are simple anecdotes, treasured by myself because of their personal relation chiefly, though they illustrate a playful vein of character in General Lee of which many persons may not be aware, and one of them brings out his consideration for others—a characteristic that under no circumstances ever failed him."

In the relation of these incidents we shall let Colonel Carter speak for himself, as we cannot hope to improve on his manner of telling his story:

"In 1864, either during July or August, when General Lee's headquarters were near Petersburg, I had charge of the light artillery north of the James River. The line lay near Deep Bottom, and ran eastwardly by Newmarket toward the Chickahominy River, and I was partially but imperfectly intrenched, with skirmishers well advanced and in pits. One day General Lee rode over from Petersburg, and reached us quite early in

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the morning, considering the distance he had ridden. My tent was a mile and a half in the rear of the line, in charge of the servants, while I myself slept on the line for fear of an attack by the enemy, then close in front. My cooking utensils were brought up to the line and rations cooked twice daily, and the servant then returned with blankets in the morning to be aired during the day, and with the cooking and eating wares.

"Martin, my servant, a good-tempered, smiling, and most deferential black boy, was quietly walking the gray horse back to camp through the woods after breakfast, pretty well enveloped with blankets, a tray, skillets, tin plates and cans, knives and forks, etc., when General Lee met him. Nothing escaped General Lee's observant eye. Grave, quiet, and taciturn, he saw everything. He pulled up his horse and put Martin through a course of questions, in which he learned his name, to whom he belonged, where he was going, where he had been, and, in short, left not much behind of Martin's limited stock of knowledge.

"All ignorant of this little incident, I advanced to meet the general as he rode up to the line. 'Good-morning, Colonel Carter.'—'Good-morning, general.'—'I expected, colonel, to find the troops in motion.'—'In motion, general? No, sir, there is no movement on foot here—all is quiet,' I said in reply, looking at him with surprise. A merry look in his eye showed me he was joking as he added, 'Well, I met Martin, on the gray, going to the rear with baggage and camp-equipage, and when they go to the rear the troops are usually going to the front.' I explained what he had already heard from Martin, that I slept on the line. 'You are right,' he said, 'to be at your post with your command.'

"Not long after this, while we were stationed at the same place, he rode over from Petersburg, and reached us quite late in the afternoon—too late to return to his headquarters that night. After some conversation about the line and troops he mentioned the necessity of finding quarters for himself and those with him for the night. Apologizing for my inability to make him comfortable and to have him stay with me, for reasons above given, I suggested that he should go to Chaffin's

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Bluff, where he would find houses occupied, I thought, by Major Dick Taylor (Walter's brother) and Colonel Jack Maury and others connected with the heavy and stationary artillery. He replied in his quiet, punctuating way of talking, as if weighing each word, 'Well, Colonel Carter, if I turn those gentlemen out of their rooms, where will they sleep?'—'On the ground,' I replied at once, 'like the rest of the army;' and I added, what I knew to be literally true, 'They will be *delighted* to give up their rooms to you.''—'None of your blarney, Colonel Carter—none of your blarney, sir,' he replied with a smile. Though not sure of it, I think he went there, but I am sure if he went the rooms were given up with *delight.*

"When the infantry was hurrying to the support of Fitz Lee's cavalry at Spottsylvania Court-house, as each division arrived it would form into line on the right of its predecessor. I happened to be near General Lee when a few bullets cut the limbs and struck the ground near him. Some general—I forget who—said, 'General, this is no place for you; do go away at once to a safe place.' He replied, with a half-complaining smile and manner, 'I wish I knew where my place is on the battlefield: wherever I go some one tells me it is not the place for me to be.' But he was always deeply touched by these indications of the devotion of his army and people to him."

An incident somewhat analogous to that just related, but indicating a different and very noble phase of General Lee's character, is told by an officer who was present on the occasion. General Lee was visiting a battery on the lines below Richmond, and the soldiers, inspired by their affection for him, gathered near him in a group that attracted the enemy's fire. Turning toward them, he said, in his quiet manner, "Men, you had better go farther to the rear; they are firing up here, and you are exposing yourselves to unnecessary danger."

The men drew back, but General Lee, as if unconscious of danger to himself, walked across the yard, picked up some small object from the ground, and placed it upon the limb of a tree above his head. It was afterward perceived that the object for which he had thus risked his life was *an unfledged*

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sparrow that had fallen from its nest. It was a marked instance of that love for the lower animals and deep feeling for the helpless which he always displayed.

One story further we may relate of a very delicately administered, yet probably very effectual, reproof. On one of his daily visits to the lines at Petersburg, General Lee asked one of his officers who was riding with him if a work he had ordered to be performed was finished. The officer replied, hesitatingly, that it was. Lee then proposed to ride to the spot and inspect it. On arriving there he found that the work had made very little progress since his last visit to it, a week before. The officer in much confusion sought to excuse himself for his negligence, saying that he had ordered it to be completed at once, and had been told that it was finished, but had not himself been there. General Lee simply remarked, "We must give our personal attention to the lines," and rode quietly on. While doing so he began to compliment his companion on the fine charger he rode.

"Yes, sir," replied the general, "he is a splendid animal, and I prize him the more highly because he belongs to my wife and is her favorite riding-horse."

"A magnificent horse indeed," was General Lee's reply, "but I should not think him safe for Mrs. ——— to ride. He is entirely too spirited for a lady, and I would urge you by all means to take some of the mettle out of him before you suffer your wife to ride him again. And, by the way, general, I would suggest to you that *the rough paths along these trenches would be admirable ground over which to tame him.*"

It need scarcely be said the rebuked officer did not trust to the reports of subordinates from that time forward, and that he found a new field for the exercise of his horse.

To these reminiscences we may add the following story, told by General Hampton: On one occasion, when headquarters were at Petersburg, General Hampton happened to be there at meal-time, and was invited to dine with General Lee. It was a period in which rations were very short. A small bowl of soup graced the table, far too limited in quantity to go the rounds of the mess. General Lee accordingly divided it with

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his guest, and, as he looked around the table with a merry twinkle in his eye, quietly remarked, "I am credibly informed that the young men of my staff never eat soup."

As a fitting conclusion to this chapter we append the following letter, written by General Lee to one of his daughters during the Petersburg campaign. An interesting feature of it is its indication of his love for buttermilk as a beverage, of which we have already given several instances:

"CAMP, PETERSBURG, July 5, 1864.

"MY PRECIOUS LIFE: I received this morning, by your brother, your note, and am very glad to hear your mother is better. I sent out immediately to try and find some lemons, but could only procure two—sent to me by a kind lady, Mrs. Kirkland, in Petersburg. These were gathered from her own trees; there are none to be purchased. I found one in my valise, dried up, which I also send, as it may be of some value. I also put up some early apples, which you can roast for your mother, and one pear. This is all the fruit I can get.

"You must go to market every morning and see if you cannot find some fresh fruit for her. There are no lemons to be had here. Tell her lemonade is not as palatable or digestible as buttermilk. Try and get some for her—with ice it is delicious, and very nutritious. I hope she will continue to improve, and be soon well and leave that heated city. It must be roasting now. Tell her I can only think of her and pray for her recovery. I wish I could be with her to nurse her and care for her. I want to see you all very much, but cannot now see the day when we shall be together once more. I think of you, long for you, pray for you: it is all I can do. Think sometimes of your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

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CHAPTER XX.

THE SIEGE CONTINUED.

Grant's Purpose.—Extension of the Lines.—Difficulties of Lee's Position.—Collateral Operations.—Attack on Fort Fisher.—Its Failure.—Subsequent Successful Assault.—Progress of the Siege.—Loss of the Weldon Railroad.—Federal Repulse at Reams Station.—Butler Takes Fort Harrison.—Later Engagements.—General Lee's Appearance.—His Relations to his Soldiers.—Letter to his Daughter.—Extracts from Colonel Taylor's Note-book.—Anecdote.—Lee's Opinion of War Editors.—Lee Appointed Commander-in-Chief.—Peace Conference.—Its Failure.—President Davis's Address.—Lee's Plan of Action.—Overruled by the Authorities.—The Attack on Fort Steadman.—Its Partial Success and Final Failure.—Grant's Advance.—Battle at White Oak Road.—Cavalry Fight.—The Federals Capture Five Forks.—Their Advance on Petersburg.—Checked by Longstreet.—Death of A. P. Hill.

BEFORE proceeding with the description of the siege operations at Petersburg some remarks concerning the general military situation and the purposes of the opposing commanders are desirable.

Though the objective point of Grant's operations was the city of Richmond, his field of immediate action was the city of Petersburg, twenty-two miles south of the Confederate capital. His purpose in this was to seize and hold the Weldon and Southside railroads, the latter of special importance, since it would open the way to the possession of the Danville Railroad, the main line of communication between Richmond and the South. The possession of these roads would force the evacuation of the capital city and the desertion by the Army of Northern Virginia of the formidable line of defensive works on which had been expended such severe and long-continued labor.

With this object in view, Grant steadily extended his lines southward and westward beyond Petersburg, while Lee with unceasing activity faced him at every point with new earthworks covering the all-important arteries of travel which his

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powerful antagonist was striving to seize. Eventually, the Confederate line of defence, extending from the Chickahominy to Petersburg, and continued to the Southside Railroad, traversed a distance of thirty-five miles. This extensive line was defended by a force barely exceeding a thousand men to the mile, and often falling below that number, and to maintain it in the face of an enemy outnumbering more than three times the Confederate army unquestionably demanded a remarkable exercise of military genius.

Few men could have borne up against such odds, especially when beset by every difficulty that can embarrass a commander. Lee proved always able to multiply his forces at any threatened point, and was constantly ready to meet attacks, displaying a fertility of resources that surprised both friend and foe. Not once during the campaign had Grant been able to take him unawares, but found him always prepared even for the most covert movements.

After the failure of the mining enterprise direct assaults flagged, and during the remainder of the summer and the autumn the spade took the place of the musket, and both armies employed themselves in constructing new and strengthening old works, Grant gradually extending his left toward the railroads which he desired to capture, and Lee steadily covering these roads by a similar extension of his right.

The monotony of this labor was occasionally relieved by a sortie or lively picket-skirmish, and now and then by a reconnoissance or an outpost affair between the opposing cavalry forces. But these events had no further importance than that of lightening the tedium of the siege. Grant had evidently deferred the doubtful issue of an attack upon his alert opponent, of whose ability in defensive warfare he had already received such disastrous testimony, and he seemed inclined to patiently await the exhaustion of the few remaining resources of his adversary for a final *coup de main*.

We may pause here for a glance at the state of the war in the other regions of the Confederacy. In fact, General Lee was fighting not alone against the army directly confronting him, but against all the military forces of the Northern States

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wherever situated. Grant's rank as commander-in-chief of the Federal armies enabled him to wield them all in concert for the great aim which he had in view, the defeat of Lee, and throughout the South armies were manœuvring and marching for a single end, that of cutting at all points the strategic lines of the Confederacy, and so isolating the Army of Northern Virginia as to deprive it of all hope of assistance or reinforcement.

General Lee possessed no such comprehensive authority. He was commander of a single army only, and while his advice in relation to the movements of other armies was constantly asked by the Government, it was not always followed. The command-in-chief was eventually given him, it is true, but too late for it to be more than an empty honor. Had he from the beginning of his contest with Grant possessed authoritative control of all the military resources of the Confederacy, the management of the war would certainly have been more efficient, and the armies of the Gulf States must have been handled with better judgment and success than they were under the orders of the civil authorities. The power of resistance of the Confederacy would probably have been protracted, and it is within the limits of possibility that eventual success in the effort to gain independence might have been attained, though at that late stage of the war this had become almost hopeless.

The collateral operations of the forces under Grant's command were the following: Early's success in the Valley had called a large detachment of the Army of the Potomac to that quarter, whose operations we have already considered. Sheridan in the Valley, Sherman and Thomas in Georgia and Tennessee, and the powerful naval force that was blockading the port of Wilmington, formed a cordon which was gradually crushing out the life of the Confederacy.

As Sherman advanced from Chattanooga, Johnston declined to make a counter-advance into Tennessee, as advised by the authorities at Richmond, but gradually retired before him to Atlanta. He was removed from command at this point, and replaced by Hood, who, after an unsuccessful engagement with

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Sherman, adopted the Government plan of an advance into Tennessee, where he was seriously defeated by Thomas. The removal of Johnston at that critical juncture—at the very time when, as he affirms, he was about to attack the enemy—was a serious error that could scarcely fail to be followed by disaster.

Sherman was now relieved from all organized opposition, and advanced leisurely to Savannah, and thence northward through South Carolina, leaving a broad track of desolation behind him.

The blockade of Wilmington was conducted for the purpose of closing the final gateway of intercourse between the Confederacy and the outer world, the port through which munitions of war and supplies for the Confederate armies were chiefly obtained. This port had become of such importance that the greatest efforts were made to maintain it, while the Federal authorities made as strenuous efforts to close it to the daring blockade-runners which had so long evaded the utmost vigilance of the blockading fleet.

Its most important defensive work was Fort Fisher, a powerful and admirably situated earthwork commanding the narrow pass which connects Cape Fear River with the ocean. This was garrisoned by about 1000 men under Colonel Lamb, with, usually, a covering force of several thousand men under General Whiting.

General Grant at an early stage of the siege saw the necessity of taking this fort, and during the summer and fall there was prepared a powerful fleet of transports and gunboats under Admiral Porter. General Butler, who was given the command of the land forces, had conceived the idea of exploding a powder-ship near the fort, with the belief that the shock would so shatter its walls as to render it an easy prey to the fleet.

General Grant had no great faith in this new method of reducing a fortress, but he did not object to its being tried; and the expedition eventually set sail, reaching the neighborhood of Fort Fisher on December 15th.

The powder-ship was exploded several days afterward, just before dawn, but with so little effect upon the fort that the

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garrison did not know what had actually happened, but supposed that an explosion had occurred among the blockading ships in the offing. The failure was followed by a fierce bombardment from the fleet, but the land force did not deem it expedient, after a careful reconnoissance, to make an assault, and the expedition withdrew on December 23d, leaving Fort Fisher but little the worse for the enterprise.

Yet the easy repulse of so formidable an expedition had an unfortunate result. It created a false sense of security that subsequently led to an easy capture of the fort, and the consequent fall of Wilmington, the sole remaining port of the Confederate States. In fact, Grant was so far from being discouraged by the failure of the powder-ship enterprise that he ordered the immediate preparation of another and more formidable expedition. This reached the locality of Fort Fisher about the middle of January, 1865. The column of assault, under the command of General Terry, was immediately landed, and while the fort was assailed by a terrific naval bombardment the troops advanced on it with such vigor that the garrison was compelled to yield after a short but gallant resistance. The fall of Fort Fisher closed the port of Wilmington and threw the Confederacy entirely upon its own resources.

While the operations above described were in progress the siege of Petersburg languished. The large detachments which had been withdrawn from Grant's army, first to oppose Early, and subsequently for the expedition against Wilmington, had so reduced his force as to prevent very vigorous operations against Richmond and Petersburg.

In the mean time, Lee, finding himself too weak to hazard a serious blow, did all he could to preserve his army from the constant attrition that was wearing it away. The only means that now remained open to him for replenishing his army was through conscription, yet the few unwilling recruits obtained in this way were of doubtful utility, since many either deserted to the enemy, bearing with them much important information, or spread dissatisfaction among the tried troops.

We may briefly recapitulate the principal military events that occurred from the period of the mine explosion till the

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coming of winter. The first of these was an indecisive attack on the Confederate works north of the James. A force under General Hancock was landed at Deep Bottom on the 13th of August. This movement, which comprised two corps of infantry and General Gregg's cavalry division, was made with great secrecy, and was intended to be a surprise. But in this respect it failed, since General Lee penetrated the design of the enemy, reinforced the lines north of the river, and finally succeeded in driving off the assailants, who experienced a loss of 1500 men.

This assault was immediately followed by a movement from the left flank, designed to seize the Weldon Railroad while the Confederate line at that point was weakened in consequence of the reinforcements sent to oppose Hancock. This advance, which was under the leadership of Warren, proved successful in its main object. The Federals met with considerable loss, but they succeeded in taking and holding the railroad. The possession of this road was important to Lee, though not vitally so, and he made a spirited effort to recapture it. An assault was made on Warren's line which turned his left flank and captured 2500 prisoners, among them General Hays. Yet Warren had established himself too firmly to be driven out, and the Weldon road was lost to the Confederate cause.

Grant at once followed up his advantage by sending a powerful force to Reams Station, to which point the road was torn up. This force was attacked on August 25th by A. P. Hill with such vigor that the Federal line was broken and driven back with severe loss. Hancock, who commanded the Federal force, withdrew during the night, leaving behind him, out of a force of 8000 men, 2400 killed, wounded, and missing, 1700 of these being prisoners. The Confederate loss was also severe.

These engagements were followed by a persistent advance of the Federal left, point after point being occupied and the works extended, though at every point the invading columns found themselves faced by strong Confederate earthworks. During these movements there were some sharp encounters, though no action of importance took place.

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While these operations on the right were in progress, General Butler crossed to the north of the James on the night of September 8th, and the next morning made a sudden assault on the Confederate earthwork below Chapin's farm known as Fort Harrison, which he captured, with fifteen pieces of artillery. This was the extent of his successes, though he succeeded in holding the fort despite several efforts to dislodge him.

Late in October a turning movement against Petersburg was attempted, a heavy column being thrown across Hatcher's Run on the 27th, which advanced to the vicinity of Burgess's mill on the Boydton road—an avenue which had become of considerable importance to General Lee since the loss of the Weldon Railroad. A severe struggle took place at this point, Lee taking advantage of the opportunity to launch Hill's corps against the isolated force of the enemy, while nearly at the same time Hampton's cavalry division made a vigorous assault upon the Federal left and rear. Hancock was forced back with a loss of 1500 men, his enterprise having proved a complete failure.

This ended the operations on the right of the lines until the opening of the spring campaign, with the exception of a Federal movement begun on the 5th of February with the same purpose as that of the October advance—namely, to turn the Confederate right and seize the Southside Railroad. It met with the same fortune as the preceding operation, the advancing column being assailed in flank and rear by the Confederates and driven back in disorder. The loss in this affair was about 2000 to the Federals and nearly 1000 to the Confederates, who advanced too far and were met by a heavy fire from a Federal intrenchment. At this point fell the brave general John Pegram, one of the most gallant and lamented of the Confederate officers. His loss was the more regretted as he had just before been married, and therefore that he left by his untimely death a widowed bride.

During the period of the autumn and winter campaign General Lee continued in excellent health and bore his many cares with his usual equanimity. He had aged somewhat in ap-

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pearance since the beginning of the war, but had rather gained than lost in physical vigor from the severe life he had led. His hair had grown gray, but his face had the ruddy hue of health and his eyes were as clear and bright as ever. His dress was always a plain gray uniform, with cavalry boots reaching nearly to his knees, and a broad-brimmed gray felt hat. He seldom wore a weapon, and his only marks of rank were the stars on his collar. Though always abstemious in diet, he seemed able to bear any amount of fatigue, being capable of remaining in his saddle all day and at his desk half the night.

No commander was ever more careful of his men, and never had care for the comfort of an army given rise to greater devotion. He was constantly calling to the attention of the authorities the wants of his soldiers, and making every effort to provide them with food and clothing. The feeling for him was one of love, not of awe or dread. They could approach him with the assurance that they would be received with kindness and consideration, and that any just complaint would receive proper attention. There was no condescension in his manner, but he was ever simple, kind, and sympathetic, and his men, while having unbounded faith in him as a leader, almost worshipped him as a man. These relations of affection and mutual confidence between the army and its commander had much to do with the undaunted bravery displayed by the men, and bore a due share in the many victories they gained.

Nor was his attention solely given to the cares of camp and field. His warm affection for his wife and children never for a moment ceased, and his letters to them breathe the spirit of the quiet father of a family, not of the great warrior engaged in deadly fray. Seldom has a general busied in the details of a mighty war written home a letter so full of wise fatherly counsel and deep affection as may be found in the one which we append, from General Lee to one of his daughters:

"CAMP, PETERSBURG, 6th November, 1864.

"MY PRECIOUS LIFE: This is the first day I have had leisure to answer your letter. I enjoyed it very much at the

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time of its reception, and have enjoyed it since. But I have often thought of you in the mean time, and have seen you besides. Indeed, I may say you are never out of my thoughts. I hope you think of me often, and if you could know how earnestly I desire your true happiness, how ardently I pray you may be directed to every good and saved from every evil, you would as sincerely strive for its accomplishment. Now in your youth you must be careful to discipline your thoughts, words, and actions. Habituate yourself to useful employment, regular improvement, and to the benefit of all those around you.

"You have had some opportunity of learning the rudiments of your education—not as good as I should have desired, but I am much cheered by the belief that you availed yourself of it—and I think you are now prepared by diligence and study to learn whatever you desire. Do not allow yourself to forget what you have spent so much time and labor in acquiring, but increase it every day by extended application. I hope you will embrace in your studies all useful acquisitions.

"I was so much pleased to hear that while at 'Bremo' you passed much of your time in reading and music: all accomplishments will enable you to give pleasure, and thus exert a wholesome influence. Never neglect the means of making yourself useful in the world.

"I think you will not have to complain of Rob again for neglecting your schoolmates. He has equipped himself with a new uniform from top to toe, and with a new and handsome horse is cultivating a marvellous beard and preparing for conquest.

"I went down on the lines to the right Friday, beyond Rowanty Creek, and pitched my camp within six miles of Fitzhugh's that night. Rob came up and spent the night with me, and Fitzhugh appeared early in the morning. They rode with me till late that day. I visited the battlefield in that quarter, and General Hampton in describing it said there had not been during the war a more spirited charge than Fitzhugh's division made that day up the Boydton plank road, driving cavalry and infantry before him, in which he was

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stopped by night. I did not know before that his horse had been shot under him.

"Give a great deal of love to your dear mother, and kiss your sisters for me. Tell them they must keep well, not talk too much, and go to bed early.

"Ever your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

We may add some anecdotes of his life during this period, ere we proceed with the record of historical events. Colonel Taylor, in his *Four Years with General Lee*, gives some interesting extracts from his note-book, from which we select the following characteristic incident:

"PETERSBURG, VA., November 7, 1864.—On leaving the north side the general left it to me to select an abiding-place for our party here. I, of course, selected a place where I thought he would be comfortable, although I firmly believe he concluded that I was thinking more of myself than of him. I took possession of a vacant house, and had his room prepared with a cheerful fire, and everything made as cozy as possible. It was entirely too pleasant for him, for he is never so uncomfortable as when comfortable. A day or two after our arrival he informed me that he desired to visit the cavalry lines, and thought it best to move our camp down. So we packed up bag and baggage, books and records, and moved to a point about eight miles distant, pitched our tents, and concluded that we were fixed for some days at least. The next morning, however, the general concluded that we had better return. So back I came to Petersburg, and, as I could find no better place—nor a *worse* one that was suitable—I returned to the house we had vacated, where we are now comfortably established. This is the first time we have been quartered in a house."

Another note of Colonel Taylor's, dated November 27th, will serve as a companion-piece to the foregoing:

"While General Lee was at Richmond, I concluded to move headquarters, as a party that proposed to occupy the house as soon as we should vacate had given a gentle hint by sending to inquire when General Lee would leave the house. The only

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other house available was one two miles from the city, kindly offered by the owner, Mr. Turnbull. So here we are at 'Edge Hill.' I am finely fixed in the parlor with piano, sofas, rocking-chairs, and pictures—capital surroundings for a winter campaign. After locating the general and my associates of the staff, I concluded that I would have to occupy one of the miserable little back rooms, but the gentleman of the house suggested that I should take the parlor. I think that the general was pleased with his room, and on entering mine he remarked, 'Ah, you are finely fixed. Couldn't you find any other room?' —'No,' I replied, 'but *this will do;* I can make myself tolerably comfortable here.' He was struck dumb with amazement at my impudence, and soon vanished."

From Jones's *Personal Reminiscences of General Lee* we extract the following amusing anecdote:

"While at winter quarters at Petersburg a party of officers were one night busily engaged in discussing at the same time a mathematical problem and the contents of a stone jug which was garnished by two tin cups. In the midst of this General Lee came in to make some inquiry. He got the information he wanted, gave a solution of the problem, and went out, the officers expressing to each other the hope that the general had not noticed the jug and cups. The next day one of the officers in the presence of the others was relating to General Lee a very strange dream he had the night before. The general listened with apparent interest to the narrative, and quietly rejoined: 'That is not at all remarkable. When young gentlemen discuss at midnight mathematical problems the unknown quantities of which are a stone jug and two tin cups, they may expect to have strange dreams.'"

His opinion of newspaper generals, those talented editors who have no difficulty in wielding armies and winning victories from editorial rooms, was satirically expressed in a conversation with the Hon. B. H. Hill during this period of the war.

"We made a great mistake, Mr. Hill, in the beginning of our struggle," said General Lee in his quietly humorous manner, "and I fear, in spite of all we can do, it will prove to be a fatal mistake."

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"What mistake is that, general?"

"Why, sir, in the beginning we appointed all our worst generals to command the armies, and all our best generals to edit the newspapers. As you know, I have planned some campaigns and quite a number of battles. I have given the work all the care and thought I could, and sometimes, when my plans were completed, as far as I could see they seemed to be perfect. But when I have fought them through I have discovered defects, and occasionally wondered I did not see some of the defects in advance. When it was all over I found by reading a newspaper that these best editor-generals saw all the defects plainly from the start. Unfortunately, they did not communicate their knowledge to me until it was too late."

Pausing for a moment, he resumed, with his beautiful, grave expression:

"I have no ambition but to serve the Confederacy and do all I can to win our independence. I am willing to serve in any capacity to which the authorities may assign me. I have done the best I could in the field, and have not succeeded as I should wish. I am willing to yield my place to these best generals, and I will do my best for the cause in editing a newspaper."

On another occasion he remarked in the same connection, "Even as poor a soldier as I am can generally discover mistakes *after it is all over*. But if I could only induce these wise gentlemen, who see them so clearly *beforehand*, to communicate with me in advance, instead of waiting till the evil has come upon us—to let me know that *they knew all the time*—it would be far better for my reputation and, what is of more consequence, far better for the cause."

During this period two events occurred which are worthy of notice. One of these was the appointment of General Lee, on February 6, 1865, as commander-in-chief of all the Confederate armies. Had this appointment been made two years earlier, it is probable that a different state of affairs would have existed; but at that late date it was merely an empty title, since the Confederate armies had become, with the exception of the Army of Northern Virginia, nearly dissipated, and no opportunity remained for the profitable exercise of his extended power.

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The other incident was the arrival in Richmond of Mr. Francis Blair, a distinguished citizen of the United States and a confidential friend of Mr. Lincoln. Although this visit was entirely unofficial in its character, it proved to be the origin of a peace commission which was soon after accredited to meet Mr. Lincoln and his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, at Fortress Monroe. The interview took place in February, on board a United States vessel then lying in Hampton Roads.

The commission consisted of Mr. A. H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, and Messrs. Hunter and Campbell, two of the most distinguished Southern statesmen. The meeting was without formality, and assumed more the appearance of a private interview than of a diplomatic conference.

Mr. Blair, on his visit to President Davis, suggested that the Monroe doctrine, a favorite principle in American politics, might be made the means of allaying the existing hostility and bringing about a reunion of the States, especially as the usurpation of the Mexican Government by Maximilian under the patronage of France afforded a sufficient pretext for the enforcement of that doctrine. Six months earlier this plausible solution of the American difficulties might have met with favorable consideration; but now it was too late for the introduction of such a scheme, as the sequel proved. When this point was touched upon by Mr. Stephens, it was coldly received by Mr. Lincoln, whose ultimatum was unconditional surrender. As the powers of the Confederate commission did not involve such an alternative, the conference came to an end.

When the Confederate commissioners returned to Richmond and reported the ill-success of their mission, a sense of disappointment was felt throughout the land. This was succeeded by an indignant determination to carry on the contest to the bitter end. The event called forth from President Davis an address of the greatest eloquence and inspired by the highest spirit of patriotism. This notable oration rekindled the expiring enthusiasm of the Confederates and nerved their arms to renewed efforts in the maintenance of a now almost desperate cause. So great was the feeling raised by his inspiring words that

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if General Lee could at that time have taken the field and drawn Grant high up the country among the hills and mountain-spurs, whose friendly aid he knew so well how to apply, the Confederate power might have longer remained unbroken and honorable terms of peace have been obtained.

General Lee had actually taken steps to adopt a plan that offered the only hope of success, but this was overruled. The soundest advice in the land was disregarded, and it was decided that the Confederacy should live or die at Richmond. Lee knew well that there could be but one end to a continuance of the siege, and this opinion he freely expressed to General Long in a conversation held with him the day before the surrender. It had been his wish to withdraw his forces and take up a line behind the Staunton River. In this position he could have greatly harassed and hampered Grant, who would have found it difficult to perform any effective offensive operations with a line of communications one hundred and fifty miles long to defend. Thus situated, he might have prolonged the war almost indefinitely. The mountains in his rear would have given him an opportunity to retreat into Tennessee if necessary, or to move south by way of Danville, with little or no danger of interception. At the same time, he could readily have drawn to his aid all the detachments from West Virginia, North and South Carolina, and the other States, which combined would have given him a very respectable army. When his actual retreat took place his intention was that here indicated, but at that time his depletion in numbers and the advantageous position of his opponents so greatly increased the difficulties of the movement as to render it almost hopeless.

A continued defence of Richmond in accordance with the plan of the civil authorities offered but one chance of success. If Lee could have been rapidly reinforced by 25,000 men, he would have been able to assume the offensive, and might have pushed Grant into the swamps of the Chickahominy, as he had served McClellan on a previous occasion. Yet it was impossible to obtain such a reinforcement. With a force of barely 35,000 men he had from June until March maintained with matchless skill a line of thirty-five miles in extent against a

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force of more than four times that number. But as the spring opened it became daily more apparent that human power and endurance could do no more, and that a forced evacuation of the beleaguered cities was near at hand.

In anticipation of that event General Lee caused the removal of all his surplus material to Amelia Court-house. This point was suitable as a rallying-place for the army on the occurrence of an event which to all observing minds appeared inevitable. Notwithstanding the hopelessness of the contest, nothing was omitted that the genius of the general could devise or the energy and devotion of the troops accomplish.

While Lee was quietly making these preparations in anticipation of an event which was evidently near at hand, and which, if he had been guided by his own counsel, he would have hastened instead of delaying until forcibly driven to it, Grant had begun the concentration of his forces in order to complete his interior cordon or line of investment.

His circle of external investment was now complete, and every line of communication with the more distant portions of the Confederacy was effectually cut off. By the last of March, Sheridan had joined him with his forces from the Valley, while Sherman was moving slowly through South Carolina toward Virginia and Thomas was preparing to advance on the East Tennessee and the Virginia and Tennessee railroads. The next step in the progress of the siege was the seizure of the communications between Petersburg and the South.

While his adversary was thus active, Lee was not idle. He had formed a plan to surprise the enemy's centre by a night-attack, which if successful would have given him possession of a commanding position in the enemy's rear and control of the military railroad to City Point—a very important part of Grant's communications. Lee's full purpose in this movement has been variously surmised by historians. If it was to favor his retreat, as some conclude, it was well devised, since success would have forced Grant to withdraw his left to protect his base of supplies, and thus have left Lee an open road of withdrawal. If it was designed to improve his own position and check the Federal operations against his right, it was equally

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well devised, since it might have led to the capture or destruction of Grant's left wing. It was one of those military movements whose purpose is left in abeyance, the future policy of the commander being dependent upon his measure of success and the change in the situation thereby occasioned. Whatever the design in General Lee's mind, the ill-success of the effort rendered it abortive.

The portion of the enemy's line selected for the point of attack lay opposite General Gordon's front, and within about two hundred yards of it, the opposing works being here very close together. Gordon was assigned to the command of the attacking column, whose movement was directed against Fort Steadman, a strong earthwork near the south bank of the Appomattox. The ground in front of the fort was obstructed by abatis, but it was hoped these difficulties could be overcome by a movement under cover of the darkness and the fort reached unobserved.

The column of attack was drawn up before dawn on the morning of March 25th. It consisted of some 3000 or 4000 men, but a considerable force was held in reserve to follow up the attack if successful.

In the early dawn the Confederate column moved noiselessly out into the intervening space and passed swiftly forward, unnoticed by the Federals, whose guards displayed little vigilance. A few minutes sufficed to reach the front of the opposing works, and the surprised garrison of Fort Steadman arose to find their stronghold in the possession of their foes.

All this had been the work of very few minutes, at the end of which time all of the garrison who were not prisoners were flying in a panic from the fort. The guns of the redoubt were at once turned on the neighboring works, and several batteries to the right and left were cleared of their defenders and occupied by Gordon's brave stormers.

Now was the time for the supporting column to advance. Had it done so rapidly, the advantage could have been sustained, and by a seizure of the hill in the rear of Fort Steadman the Federal army would have been cut in two at its centre. For some reason which has never been made very

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clear this advance was not made. One of those unfortunate failures in combination which have caused the loss of so many battles here occurred, and the well-devised plan of the Confederate commander came to naught through dereliction of duty, misconception of orders, or whatever may have been the cause of the fatal delay.

Gordon with his small force was left to bear the whole brunt of the Federal assault which quickly fell upon him. Fort Hascall, to the left of Fort Steadman, opened upon it a terrific fire, under cover of which a heavy column of infantry advanced, and something like the scene which followed the mine explosion ensued. A considerable portion of the assailing column was unable to withdraw and remained prisoners in the hands of the Federals, while many lay dead and wounded about the recaptured works. Thus through misconception or mismanagement this promising assault failed, and an early retreat became the only alternative remaining to General Lee.

This unsuccessful effort was quickly followed by a vigorous advance on the part of Grant, who concentrated his principal force south and west of Petersburg with the view of assailing the Confederate right. Early on the morning of March 29th the corps of Warren and Humphreys broke camp and moved toward Lee's intrenchments on the extreme right, while Sheridan, with the cavalry, made a wider sweep and occupied Dinwiddie Court-house, six miles south-west of the point reached by the infantry.

Yet, swiftly and secretly as this movement was made, it did not escape Lee's vigilant eye. He quickly divined where the blow was to fall, and, leaving the works north of the James under Longstreet and those at Petersburg under Gordon but weakly garrisoned, he removed the remainder of his army, consisting of about 15,000 infantry and 2000 cavalry, into the works along the White Oak road.

Here, on the morning of the 31st, Lee made the flank attack which he had so often attempted with success against the Federal columns. Not waiting for the assault, he boldly took the initiative, and fell upon their exposed flank while they were entangled in the intricacies of a swampy forest. So sudden

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and heavy was the blow that the divisions encountered hastily gave way. But upon meeting the main body of the Federal troops he found it so thickly massed and well posted as to render an assault hopeless. He therefore fell back to his works.

On the same day Sheridan advanced toward Five Forks. Before reaching that point, however, he was encountered by the Confederate cavalry under the chief command of General Fitz Lee, supported by the infantry under Pickett. A severe combat ensued, in which Sheridan was driven back to Dinwiddie Court-house with considerable loss.

On the 1st of April, Sheridan was reinforced by two corps of infantry, and with this powerful aid he renewed his attack upon Five Forks, which place was carried late in the evening and the Confederates driven back.

General Lee, perceiving that his forces were too weak to combat successfully with the enemy, ordered Longstreet on the afternoon of the 1st to bring his corps with all speed from before Richmond to Petersburg, with the object of supporting his right wing.

Early on the morning of the 2d the Federals renewed the attack, breaking the lines of the Confederates and forcing them from their position. The Federals then took possession of the Southside Railroad with little opposition, while the Confederates fell back toward Petersburg, followed by the victorious enemy. The pursuit was continued until it was arrested by the guns from two redoubts, Forts Alexander and Gregg, which with great gallantry held the enemy in check until Longstreet came up and interposed his corps, effectually arresting the further advance of the Federal columns.

In the conflict here described fell many gallant warriors, chief among them Lieutenant-general A. P. Hill, who was slain while endeavoring to reach Heth's division, which had been ordered to support Pickett on the right. No man had been more distinguished throughout the war for chivalric bearing than this brave soldier. On every field where appeared the Army of Northern Virginia he had borne a conspicuous part, and now in the last battle of that noble army he found a hero's grave.

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With the advantage here gained by the Federal army Lee's position at Petersburg became untenable, and nothing remained but a retreat, either to the fortifications about Richmond or to the mountain-region to the west. The description of the course adopted by General Lee and the subsequent events of the war will form the subject of our next chapter.

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CHAPTER XXI.

FROM PETERSBURG TO APPOMATTOX.

The Last Day at Petersburg.—The Evacuation.—Richmond on Fire.—The Army in Retreat.—The Federals in Richmond.—Grant in Pursuit.—At Amelia Court-house.—The Food-train Missing.—Perilous State of the Army.—Lee's Demeanor.—The Federals at Hand.—Skirmishing.—Capture of Ewell's Corps.—Rations at Farmville.—Engagements with the Pursuers.—Reminiscences of Colonel Jones.—General Wise in his War-paint.—A Delegation to Lee from the Officers.—General Pendleton Describes the Interview.—The Retreat Continued.—Correspondence between Lee and Grant.—Loss of the Stores at Appomattox.—Preparation for Battle.—The Advance on the 9th.—The Final Assault.—Colonel Venable's Relation.—The Flag of Truce.—Lee's "Apple Tree."—Meeting of Lee and Grant.—Their Conversation.—Terms of Surrender.—Lee Greeted by his Army.—Extracts from Letter to Davis.—The Number of Effective Men.—The Army Disbanded.—Lee and Meade.—General Hunter Interviewed.—Lee Returns to Richmond.—At Home.

THE success of the Federal army in breaking the lines of Petersburg had rendered the retreat of the Confederate force imperative. An effort to hold Richmond with every line of communication with the South broken or in imminent danger would have been madness. But by abandoning his works and concentrating his army, which still amounted to about 30,000 men, General Lee might retire to some natural stronghold in the interior, where the defensible features of the country would enable him to oppose Grant's formidable host until he could rally strength to strike an effective blow.

This course was at once decided upon, and early on the morning of the 2d of April, Lee sent a despatch to the Government authorities at Richmond informing them of the disastrous situation of affairs and of the necessity of his evacuating Petersburg that night. Orders were also sent to the forces north of the James to move at once and join him, while all the preparations necessary for the evacuation of Richmond, both as the seat of Government and as a military post, were expeditiously made.

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There was, indeed, no time to be lost. The Federal forces were at every point pressing forward upon the Petersburg lines. Fort Gregg had fallen, and the city was strongly threatened. A battery on a hill near General Lee's headquarters was attacked by an infantry force, and had to be withdrawn to save it from capture. Lee mounted his horse and rode back, surrounded by his staff, toward his inner line of defence. His composure was remarkable, considering the situation, and it was in his habitually quiet tone that he said to a member of his staff, "This is a bad business, colonel."

To another officer he remarked, "Well, colonel, it has happened as I told them at Richmond it would: the line has been stretched until it has broken."

As he continued to ride slowly back toward Petersburg the group drew the fire of the Federal artillery, and shells began to burst around them, an officer's horse being killed and other damage done. With his usual undisturbed demeanor under fire, he continued to ride slowly onward until he had entered the line of earthworks immediately surrounding the city, where he was greeted with shouts of welcome by the ragged but unflinching defenders. Orders were given to hold this line, if possible, until night. Fortunately, General Grant did not press his attack, and time was given the Confederates to complete their preparations for withdrawal.

Along the north bank of the Appomattox moved the long lines of artillery and dark columns of infantry through the gloom of the night, over the roads leading to Amelia Court-house. By midnight the evacuation was completed, and a death-like silence reigned in the breastworks which for nine months had been "clothed in thunder," and whose deadly blows had kept at bay a foe of threefold strength.

As the troops moved noiselessly onward in the darkness that just precedes the dawn a bright light like a broad flash of lightning illumined the heavens for an instant; then followed a tremendous explosion. "The magazine at Fort Drewry is blown up," ran in whispers through the ranks, and again silence reigned. Once more the sky was overspread by a lurid light, but not so fleeting as before. It was now the conflagra-

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tion of Richmond that lighted the night-march of the soldiers, and many a stout heart was wrung with anguish at the fate of the city and its defenceless inhabitants. The burning of public property of little value had given rise to a destructive fire that laid in ashes nearly one-third of the devoted city.

The columns from Petersburg and its vicinity reached Chesterfield Court-house soon after daylight. Here a brief halt was ordered for the rest and refreshment of the troops, after which the retreat was resumed with renewed strength. A sense of relief seemed to pervade the ranks at their release from the lines where they had watched and worked for more than nine weary months. Once more in the open field, they were invigorated with hope, and felt better able to cope with their powerful adversary.

The April woods were budding round them, the odors of spring were in the air, the green fields and the broad prospect of woods and hills formed an inspiriting contrast to the close earthworks behind which they had so long lain, and as they marched along the unobstructed roads memories of the many victories to which they had formerly been led arose to nerve their arms and make them feel that while they had the same noble chieftain at their head they were still the equal of the foe. Thoughts like these lightened the weary march and gave new spirit to the ragged and hungry but undaunted men.

The retreat of Lee's army did not long remain unknown to the Federals. The explosion of the magazine at Fort Drewry and the conflagration of Richmond apprised them of the fact, and they lost no time in taking possession of the abandoned works and entering the defenceless cities.

On the morning of the 3d of April the mayor of Richmond surrendered the city to the Federal commander in its vicinity, and General Weitzel took immediate possession. He at once proceeded to enforce order and took measures to arrest the conflagration, while with great humanity he endeavored to relieve the distressed citizens. After four years of courageous sacrifice and patriotic devotion the city of Richmond was compelled to yield to the decree of fate and bow her proud crest to the victor. But she felt no shame or disgrace, for her defence

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had been bold and chivalrous, and in the hour of her adversity her majestic fortitude drew from her conquerors respect and admiration.

As soon as Grant became aware of Lee's line of retreat he pushed forward his whole available force, numbering 70,000 or 80,000 men, in order to intercept him on the line of the Richmond and Danville Railroad. Sheridan's cavalry formed the van of the pursuing column, and was closely followed by the artillery and infantry. Lee pressed on as rapidly as possible to Amelia Court-house, where he had ordered supplies to be deposited for the use of his troops on their arrival. This forethought was highly necessary in consequence of the scanty supply of rations provided at the commencement of the retreat.

The hope of finding a supply of food at this point, which had done much to buoy up the spirits of the men, was destined to be cruelly dispelled. Through an unfortunate error or misapprehension of orders the provision-train had been taken on to Richmond without unloading its stores at Amelia Court-house, and its much-needed food disappeared during the excitement and confusion of the capital city. As a result, on reaching that point not a single ration was found to be provided for the hungry troops.

It was a terrible blow alike to the men and to their general. A reaction from hope to despair came upon the brave soldiers who had so far borne up under the most depressing difficulties, while on General Lee's face came a deeper shadow than it had yet worn. He saw his well-devised plan imperilled by a circumstance beyond his control. The necessity of speed if he would achieve the aim which he had in his mind was opposed by the absolute need of halting and collecting food for his impoverished troops. Grant was pursuing him with all haste. The only chance remaining to the Army of Northern Virginia was to reach the hill-country without delay. Yet here it was detained by the error of a railroad official, while the precious minutes and hours moved remorselessly by.

By the morning of the 5th the whole army had reached the place of general rendezvous. Bitter was its disappointment to

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learn that no food was to be had save such scanty quantities as might be collected by the foraging-parties that had immediately been sent out, and that a distance of fifty miles lay between it and adequate supplies. Yet no murmur came from the lips of the men to the ear of their commander, and on the evening of that unfortunate day they resumed their weary march in silence and composure. Some small amount of food had been brought in by the foragers, greatly inadequate for the wants of the soldiers, yet aiding them to somewhat alleviate the pangs of hunger. A handful of corn was now a feast to the weary veterans as they trudged onward through the April night.

General Lee had never appeared more grandly heroic than on this occasion. All eyes were raised to him for a deliverance which no human power seemed able to give. He alone was expected to provide food for the starving army and rescue it from the attacks of a powerful and eager enemy. Under the accumulation of difficulties his courage seemed to expand, and wherever he appeared his presence inspired the weak and weary with renewed energy to continue the toilsome march.

During these trying scenes his countenance wore its habitual calm, grave expression. Those who watched his face to catch a glimpse of what was passing in his mind could gather thence no trace of his inner sentiments. Only once during the retreat was he perceived to lose the most complete self-control. On inquiring at Farmville why a certain bridge had not been burned, he spoke of the blunder with a warmth and impatience which served to show how great a repression he ordinarily exercised over his feelings.

The progress of the retreat during the night was slow and tedious, the route for the most part lying through farms and over farm-lands, whose condition frequently demanded the aid of the pioneers to construct and repair bridges and causeways for the artillery and wagons, the teams of which by this time had become weak and jaded. The country roads were miry from the spring rains, the streams were swollen, and the numerous wagons which were necessary to transport the munitions of war from Richmond to a new line of defence served to retard

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the retreat and permit the Federals to rapidly gain upon the slowly-marching columns.

Sheridan's cavalry was already upon the flank of the Confederate army, and the infantry was following with all speed. On the morning of the 6th a wagon-train fell into the hands of Sheridan's troopers, but this was recaptured by the Confederates. During the forenoon of that day the pursuing columns thickened and frequent skirmishes delayed the march. These delays enabled the Federals to accumulate in such force that it became necessary for Lee to halt his advance in order to arrest their attack till his column could close up, and the trains and such artillery as was not needed for action could reach a point of safety.

This object was accomplished early in the afternoon. Ewell's, the rearmost corps in the army, closed upon those in front at a position on Sailor's Creek, a small tributary of the Appomattox River. While the troops were moving to their destination, and the trains had passed, General Gordon, who commanded the rear-guard, observing a considerable Federal force moving around the Confederate rear, apparently with the intention of turning it, sent notice of this movement to the troops in front, and then proceeded by a near route to a suitable position on the line of retreat.

Ewell, unfortunately, either failed to receive Gordon's message or his troops were so worn out with hunger and fatigue as to be dilatory in complying with orders. As a consequence his corps was surrounded by the pursuing columns and captured with but little opposition. About the same time the divisions of Anderson, Pickett, and Bushrod Johnson were almost broken up, about 10,000 men in all being captured. The remainder of the army continued its retreat during the night of the 6th, and reached Farmville early on the morning of the 7th, where the troops obtained two days' rations, the first regular supplies they had received during the retreat. At Farmville a short halt was made to allow the men to rest and cook their provisions.

The effective portion of the Army of Northern Virginia did not now exceed 10,000 men. This great reduction had been caused

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by the disaster of the previous day at Sailor's Creek, by desertions on the retreat, and by an exhaustion which obliged many to leave the ranks. Those who still remained by their colors were veterans whose courage never failed, and who were yet ready to face any odds.

The heads of the Federal columns beginning to appear about eleven o'clock, the Confederates resumed their retreat. The teams of the wagons and artillery were weak, being travel-worn and suffering from lack of forage. Their progress, therefore, was necessarily slow, and as the troops were obliged to move in conformity with the artillery and trains, the Federal cavalry closed upon the retreating army. In the afternoon it became necessary to make dispositions to retard the rapid advance of the enemy. Mahone's division, with a few batteries, was thrown out for that purpose, and a spirited conflict ensued in which the Federals were checked. Other attempts were made during the afternoon to retard or arrest the Confederate columns, which in every instance were repulsed. In one of these encounters General Fitz Lee engaged General Gregg, captured the general, and repulsed his division of cavalry. This occurrence was a source of great pleasure to General Lee, who remarked to his son, General W. H. F. Lee, "Keep your command together and in good spirits, general: don't let it think of surrender. I will get you out of this."

As to General Lee's personal bearing during the events of this retreat, an interesting incident has been furnished by Colonel Thomas G. Jones of Montgomery, Ala., then on General Gordon's staff. He remarks:

"It was noticed that General Lee exposed himself unsparingly to fire. He sat for some time on his iron-gray close beside a section of Chamberlayne's battery, which on the brow of the hill was shelling the advancing enemy, and gazed intently through his glass at the movements of the approaching foe. Receiving a report from a staff officer, General Lee told him he had ridden up on the wrong side of the hill and unnecessarily exposed himself. When the officer remarked that he was ashamed to try to shelter himself when his commander was so exposed, General Lee remarked rather sharply,

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'It is my duty to be here. I must see. Go back the way I told you, sir.'

"Forgetful of his own safety at such a time, he cared more for the life of the lowest of his command than for his own."

Colonel Jones's anecdote may be supplemented with one of an amusing character which occurred in the presence of the writer. The event in question, of which General Wise was the hero, took place on the morning preceding the surrender. The general had made his morning ablutions, in the absence of the requisites of a civilized toilet, in a mud-hole in the road, the water of which was deeply tinged with the prevailing red clay of that country. Towels were as scarce as basins, and in the lack of any better method he permitted the water to dry upon his face. The consequence was that his countenance displayed a very decided coating of red clay.

Unaware of the appearance which he presented, mirrors having been left behind with the other impedimenta of civilization, Wise, with his blanket thrown around him and presenting a not inapt resemblance to an Indian chief, walked up to where General Lee was standing in the midst of a group of officers. Despite the gravity of the situation, Lee's face broke into a humorous smile on perceiving the ludicrous appearance of the unconscious officer.

"Good-morning, General Wise," he remarked in a tone of merry pleasantry. "I perceive that you, at any rate, have not given up the contest, as you are in your war-paint this morning."

The laugh that followed at the expense of General Wise was heartily joined in by himself when he discovered its cause and learned what an amusing spectacle he presented in his paint and blanket.

An event occurred on the 7th which must not be omitted from this narrative. Perceiving the difficulties that surrounded the army, and believing its extrication hopeless, a number of the principal officers, from a feeling of affection and sympathy for the commander-in-chief, and with a wish to lighten his responsibility and soften the pain of defeat, volunteered to inform him that in their opinion the struggle had reached a

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point where further resistance was hopeless, and that the contest should be terminated and negotiations opened for a surrender of the army. The delivery of this opinion was confided to General Pendleton, who by his character and devotion to General Lee was well qualified for such an office. The names of Longstreet and some others who did not coincide in opinion with their associates did not appear in the list presented by Pendleton. The interview that succeeded is thus described by General Pendleton:

"General Lee was lying on the ground. No others heard the conversation between him and myself. He received my communication with the reply, 'Oh no, I trust it has not come to that;' and added, 'General, we have yet too many bold men to think of laying down our arms. The enemy do not fight with spirit, while our boys still do. Besides, if I were to say a word to the Federal commander he would regard it as such a confession of weakness as to make it the condition of demanding unconditional surrender—a proposal to which I will never listen. . . . . I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us. . . . . But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.'

"Such were, as nearly as I can recall them, the exact words of General Lee on that most critical occasion. You see in them the soul of the man. What his conscience dictated and his judgment decided, there his heart was."

Desperate as the situation had become, and irretrievable as it seemed hourly growing, General Lee could not forego the hope of breaking through the net that was rapidly enclosing him and of forming a junction with Johnston. In the event of success in this he felt confident of being able to manœuvre with Grant at least until favorable terms of peace could be obtained.

A crisis was now at hand. Should Lee obtain the necessary

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supplies at Appomattox Court-house, he would push on to the Staunton River and maintain himself behind that stream until a junction could be made with Johnston. If, however, supplies should fail him, the surrender and dissolution of the army were inevitable. On the 8th the retreat, being uninterrupted, progressed more expeditiously than on the previous day. Yet, though the Federals did not press the Confederate flank and rear as on the day before, a heavy column of cavalry advanced upon Appomattox Station, where the supplies for the Confederate army had been deposited.

On the preceding day a correspondence had begun between the two commanding generals, opening in the following note sent by General Grant to General Lee:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.,
"5 P. M., April 7, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, COMMANDING C. S. A.,

"GENERAL: The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate Southern army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

"Very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"U. S. GRANT,
"*Lieutenant-general commanding Armies of the U. S.*"

To which General Lee replied:

"APRIL 7, 1865.

"GENERAL: I have received your note of this day. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

"R. E. LEE,
"*General.*

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT, *commanding the Armies of the United States.*"

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On the succeeding day General Grant returned the following reply:

"APRIL 8, 1865.

"TO GENERAL R. E. LEE, COMMANDING C. S. A.,

"GENERAL: Your note of the last evening, in reply to mine of the same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you might name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

"U. S. GRANT,
"*Lieutenant-general.*"

General Lee immediately responded:

"APRIL 8, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot therefore meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at ten A. M. to-morrow on the old stage-road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies.

"R. E. LEE,
General.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT."

When Lee in the afternoon reached the neighborhood of Appomattox Court-house, he was met by the intelligence of

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the capture of the stores placed for his army at the station two miles beyond. Notwithstanding this overwhelming news, he determined to make one more effort to force himself through the Federal toils that encompassed him. Therefore he made preparations for battle, but under circumstances more desperate than had hitherto befallen the Army of Northern Virginia. The remnant of that noble army, now reduced to 10,000 effective men, was marshalled to cut its way through a host 75,000 strong; but, notwithstanding the stupendous odds, there was not in that little band a heart that quailed or a hand that trembled; there was not one of them who would not willingly have laid down his life in the cause they had so long maintained, and for the noble chief who had so often led them to victory.

On the evening of that day the last council of the leaders of the Army of Northern Virginia was held around a bivouac-fire in the woods, there being present Generals Lee, Longstreet, Gordon, and Fitz Lee. This conference ended in a determination to make a renewed effort on the following morning to break through the impediments in front, of which there was still a possibility if only cavalry should be found and no heavy force of infantry had reached that point.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 9th of April the Confederates moved silently forward. The advance under Gordon, reaching the heights a little beyond the court-house at dawn, found that the route was obstructed by a large force of Federal cavalry. Gordon then deployed the Second corps, now less than 2000 strong and supported by thirty pieces of artillery under General Long, with Fitz Lee's cavalry on the flank.

This artillery consisted of parts of the commands of Colonel Carter, Lieutenant-colonels Poague and Duke Johnson, and Major Stark, and the guns were served with the usual skill and gallantry. A well-directed fire from the artillery and an attack from the cavalry quickly dislodged the force in front. Gordon then advanced, but was arrested by a greatly superior force of the enemy's infantry, whereupon he informed General Lee that a powerful reinforcement was necessary to enable him to continue his advance.

Lee being unable to grant that request, but one course re-

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mained. A flag of truce was sent to General Grant requesting a suspension of hostilities for the arrangement of preliminaries of surrender. Then an order to cease firing passed along the lines. This order, on being received by General Long, was sent by him, through Major Southall and other members of his staff, to the different batteries to direct them to discontinue firing. General Long then proceeded to the court-house.

On reaching that point he discovered that the order had not been carried to a battery that occupied the hill immediately above the village, which continued to fire rapidly at an advancing line of Federal infantry. He at once rode in person to the battery and gave the order to the captain to cease firing and to withdraw his battery to a point east of the town, where the artillery was ordered to be parked. These were the last shots fired by the Army of Northern Virginia.

Colonel C. S. Venable of General Lee's staff graphically tells what took place at headquarters on that eventful morning. His story is of great interest, as showing how reluctantly yet how nobly the heroic commander submitted to the inevitable after having till the last minute, like a lion at bay, faced the overwhelming force of his opponent:

"At three o'clock on the morning of that fatal day General Lee rode forward, still hoping that we might break through the countless hordes of the enemy who hemmed us in. Halting a short distance in rear of our van-guard, he sent me on to General Gordon to ask him if he could break through the enemy. I found General Gordon and General Fitz Lee on their front line in the dim light of the morning arranging an attack. Gordon's reply to the message (I give the expressive phrase of the gallant Georgian) was this: 'Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps.'

"When I bore this message back to General Lee he said, 'Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant,* and I would rather die a thousand deaths.'

* Field's and Mahone's divisions of Longstreet's corps, staunch in the midst of all our disasters, were holding Meade back in our rear, and could not be spared for the attack.

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"Convulsed with passionate grief, many were the wild words which we spoke as we stood around him. Said one, 'Oh, general, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?'

"He replied, 'Yes, I know they will say hard things of us: they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers. But that is not the question, colonel: the question is, Is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then *I* will take *all* the responsibility.'"

The artillery had been withdrawn from the heights, as above stated, and parked in the small valley east of the village, while the infantry, who were formed on the left, stacked arms and silently waited the result of the interview between the opposing commanders.

The flag of truce was sent out from General Gordon's lines. Grant had not yet come up, and while waiting for his arrival General Lee seated himself upon some rails which Colonel Talcott of the Engineers had fixed at the foot of an apple tree for his convenience. This tree was half a mile distant from the point where the meeting of Lee and Grant took place, yet widespread currency has been given to the story that the surrender took place under its shade, and "apple-tree" jewelry has been profusely distributed from the orchard in which it grew.

About 11 o'clock General Lee, accompanied only by Colonel Marshall of his staff, proceeded to the village to meet General Grant, who had now arrived. The meeting between the two renowned generals took place at the house of a Mr. McLean at Appomattox Court-house, to which mansion, after exchanging courteous salutations, they repaired to settle the terms on which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia should be concluded.

A conversation here took place which General Grant, as he himself tells us, led to various subjects divergent from the immediate purpose of the meeting, talking of old army matters and comparing recollections with General Lee. As he says, the conversation grew so pleasant that he almost forgot the object of the meeting.

General Lee was obliged more than once to remind him of

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this object, and it was some time before the terms of the surrender were written out. The written instrument of surrender covered the following points: Duplicate rolls of all the officers and men were to be made, and the officers to sign paroles for themselves and their men, all agreeing not to bear arms against the United States unless regularly exchanged. The arms, artillery, and public property were to be turned over to an officer appointed to receive them, the officers retaining their side-arms and private horses and baggage. In addition to this, General Grant permitted every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule to retain it for farming purposes, General Lee remarking that this would have a happy effect. As for the surrender by General Lee of his sword, a report of which has been widely circulated, General Grant disposes of it in the following words: "The much-talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance."

After completion of these measures General Lee remarked that his men were badly in need of food, that they had been living for several days on parched corn exclusively, and requested rations and forage for 25,000 men. These rations were granted out of the car-loads of Confederate provisions which had been stopped by the Federal cavalry. As for forage, Grant remarked that he was himself depending upon the country for that. The negotiations completed, General Lee left the house, mounted his horse, and rode back to headquarters.

It is impossible to describe the anguish of the troops when it was known that the surrender of the army was inevitable. Of all their trials, this was the greatest and hardest to endure. There was no consciousness of shame; each heart could boast with honest pride that its duty had been done to the end, and that still unsullied remained its honor. When, after his interview with Grant, General Lee again appeared, a shout of welcome instinctively ran through the army. But instantly recollecting the sad occasion that brought him before them, their shouts sank into silence, every hat was raised, and the bronzed faces of the thousands of grim warriors were bathed with tears.

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As he rode slowly along the lines hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around the noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting for him their great affection. The general then, with head bare and tears flowing freely down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens.

Thus closed the career of the noble Army of Northern Virginia.

At this point some extracts from General Lee's final report to President Davis, announcing the surrender, may be of interest. The report will be found in full in the Appendix:

"His Excellency Jefferson Davis,

"Mr. President: It is with pain that I announce to Your Excellency the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. . . . . Upon arriving at Amelia Court-house on the morning of the 4th with the advance of the army, ... and not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there, nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect in the country subsistence for men and horses. This delay was fatal and could not be retrieved. . . . . On the morning of the 9th . . . . there were 7892 organized infantry with arms, with an average of seventy-five rounds of ammunition per man. . . . . I have no accurate report of the cavalry, but believe it did not exceed 2100 effective men. The enemy was more than five times our numbers. If we could have forced our way one day longer, it would have been at a great sacrifice of life, and at its end I do not see how a surrender could have been avoided. The supplies ordered to Pamplin's Station from Lynchburg could not reach us, and the men, deprived of food and sleep for many days, were worn-out and exhausted.

"With great respect, your obedient servant,

"R. E. Lee,

"*General.*"

It will be noticed that a large seeming discrepancy exists

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between the 10,000 men here mentioned as effective, and the 28,231 men and officers paroled. It will also be observed that General Lee asked for rations for 25,000 men. This difference is easily explainable. Of effective infantry, with arms and in fighting condition, there were less than 8000, and about 2000 cavalry. The remainder of the paroled men were composed of unarmed stragglers who had come up since the halt of the army, and of extra-duty and detailed men of every description, the sum of whom very greatly swelled the aggregate present, while adding nothing to the fighting capacity of the army.

During the proceedings above described not a sound of exultation arose from the Army of the Potomac, and when it was seen how small was the number that had so long opposed their proud array, the honest and brave men of the Union army accorded the meed of honor where honor was due.

Three days after the surrender the Army of Northern Virginia had dispersed in every direction, and three weeks later the veterans of a hundred battles had changed the musket and the sword for the implements of husbandry. It is worthy of remark that never before was there an army disbanded with less disorder. Thousands of soldiers were set adrift on the world without a penny in their pockets to enable them to reach their homes. Yet none of the scenes of riot that often follow the disbanding of armies marked their course.

The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia was the closing scene in the drama of war and bloodshed whose successive acts reached from Manassas to the heights of Appomattox Court-house. The terrible struggle between Grant and Lee had occupied nearly a year, from their meeting in deadly conflict at the Wilderness on the 4th of May, 1864, to the last scene on the 9th of April, 1865. During that period Lee had most thoroughly proved his soldiership and destroyed of the army opposed to him a number considerably exceeding his whole force, while not until the process of attrition had reduced his army to a mere handful of half-starved and utterly worn-out men did he yield to the overwhelming force which closed from him every avenue of retreat.

This fact was impressed upon the writer by a conversation

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that took place between General Lee and General Meade on the afternoon of the day of the surrender. Meade had made a friendly visit to Lee at his headquarters, and in the course of the conversation remarked, "Now that the war may be considered over, I hope you will not deem it improper for me to ask, for my personal information, the strength of your army during the operations about Richmond and Petersburg."

General Lee replied: "At no time did my force exceed 35,000 men; often it was less."

With a look of surprise Meade answered, "General, you amaze me! We always estimated your force at about 70,000 men."

This conversation was repeated to the writer by General Lee immediately after his visitor had withdrawn.

An amusing portion of the conversation between Meade and Lee has been published by General de Chanal, a French officer, who was present. He states that during the interview Lee turned to Meade, who had been an associate with him as an officer of Engineers in the "old army," and said pleasantly, "Meade, years are telling on you: your hair is getting quite gray."

"Ah, General Lee," was Meade's prompt reply, "it is not the work of years: *you* are responsible for my gray hairs."

General Hunt also had an interview with Lee on that day, which he describes in the following language:

"At Appomattox I spent half an hour with General Lee in his tent. He looked, of course, weary and careworn, but in this supreme hour was the same self-possessed, dignified gentleman that I had always known him. After a time General Wise came in, and in a few minutes I took my leave, asking General Lee how General Long was and where I would find him. He answered, 'Long will be very glad to see you, but you will find him much changed in appearance; he has suffered much from neuralgia of the face. He is now with General Longstreet's corps.'

"He then described the place to me, but General Wilcox, coming in, offered to ride with me to General Long's camp, where I spent the afternoon. Long had been a lieutenant in

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my battery before the war, and we were old friends. This was the last time that I saw General Lee—a truly great man, as great in adversity as in prosperity."

Shortly after the surrender General Lee returned to Richmond, riding slowly from the scene on his iron-gray, "Traveller," who had borne him so nobly through all the years of the war. His parting with his soldiers was pathetic, and everywhere on his road to Richmond he received tokens of admiration and respect from both friend and foe.

His soldierly habits remained unchanged. At one house where he stopped for the night he declined the comfortable bed that had been prepared for him, but slept upon his blanket, which he had spread on the floor. Stopping at the house of his brother, Charles Carter Lee, in Powhatan, he spent the evening in conversation, but at bedtime, despite the fact that rain was falling, he took up his quarters in his well-worn tent, in which he had spent the greater part of the time during the last year's campaign.

On reaching Richmond the party passed sadly through a portion of the city which had been destroyed by the conflagration, and which exhibited a distressing scene of blackened ruins. He was quickly recognized, and the inhabitants flocked out in multitudes to meet him, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs. General Lee, to whom this ovation could not have been agreeable, simply raised his hat in reply to the greetings of the citizens, and rode on to his house in Franklin street. The closing of its doors upon his retiring form was the final scene in that long drama of war in which he had for years been the central figure. He had returned to that private family life for which his soul had yearned even in the most active years of the war, and had become once more, what he had always desired to be, a peaceful citizen of a peaceful land.

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CHAPTER XXII.

GENERAL LEE AS A SOLDIER.

Early Military Labors.—Engineering and Organizing Abilities.—Breadth of View.—Skill as a Strategist and Tactician.—Diversity of Methods.—Influence over his Men.—Ability in Defence; in Attack.—Comparison with Other Soldiers of the War; with Celebrated Generals.—Lee as a Man.—His Guiding Principle.—Lack of Ambition.—Sense of Justice.—Firmness in Decision.—His Spirit Reflected in the Army.—Final Summary.

WITH the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, General Lee's military career ended. My intimate relations with him continued to the close of his life.

I frequently visited him at his home in Lexington, Va., and saw him in the discharge of his duties as a college president, but before laying aside my pen it is proper that I should attempt some estimate of him as a soldier and a man.

General Lee was both by nature and by education a great soldier. By diligent study under the most favorable conditions, and by long and varied experience, he became a master of the science of war in all its branches. In early life he was especially distinguished as an engineer. All the important points from the coast of Georgia to New York bear witness to his engineering skill, and his name will be identified with the Rip Raps, Fort Carroll, and the defences of New York harbor until those granite structures crumble into dust.

Perhaps even more important than his work on the Atlantic coast was that on the Mississippi and Des Moines rapids, of which General Meigs, U. S. A., has kindly furnished for this volume a highly interesting account.

The Mexican War opened to him a wider field, and the quick eye of General Scott discovered in the young captain of Engineers "a man of all kinds of merit."

On assuming command in Virginia in April, 1861, General

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Lee at once showed his talents for adminstration and organization. He found the country almost destitute of the essentials of war, and, as if by magic, he created and equipped an army. His very ability as an organizer made many doubt whether he could be great in other directions, and it was only after successful trial that they were willing to recognize his wonderful versatility.

It was with surprise that they saw him showing himself equal to all the demands made upon him as the commander of a great army in the field. As they looked on, their surprise changed to admiration; the glory of the engineer and organizer was first dimmed, and then eclipsed, by that of the strategist and tactician.

The great soldier is something more than a fighter of battles. He must have a breadth of view sufficient to take in widely-separated movements and to form great and far-reaching combinations. That General Lee had this breadth of view, this subtle intuition, which constitutes the very flower of military genius, is shown by the whole history of the war. The reader will recall how, when he was contemplating an attack on McClellan on the Chickahominy, he sent Jackson to make a vigorous movement in the Valley. He nicely calculated the moral effect of that movement. He intended it to alarm the authorities at Washington—to hold McDowell in position near the Federal capital, and thus prevent his joining in the coming battle.

The Pennsylvania campaign had a wider outlook: it was charged with great possibilities. The defeat of Meade's army in Pennsylvania might be expected to be much more than the simple defeat of that one army. Its effect would be felt on the Mississippi; Grant's army would be needed in the East; the siege of Vicksburg would be raised, and Pemberton's army released for active service. What else might follow it was easy to conjecture. Lee fought, and knew that he fought, for a great stake. That he did not succeed and that the movement came too late, even if it had been successful, to affect the result at Vicksburg, detracts nothing from the brilliancy of the conception. The one pertinent thing is that the Confederate

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general saw that by a single bold and successful stroke it might be possible virtually to end the war and secure the independence of the Southern Confederacy. That success was possible is shown by the narrow chance by which it failed. It has been well said that when the Confederate charge at Cemetery Ridge for a while seemed successful, the Muse of History took up her pen to record the birth of a new nation.

Breadth of plan is often neutralized by neglect of details. General Lee did not make that mistake. Before a battle he neglected nothing that might be needful either for attack or defence; in the battle he was quick to see and prompt to meet emergencies. He knew his men, rank and file—what they could do, and how far he might trust them. He was careful to know the ground on which he was to operate, and also to seize and use every advantage of position: he made a league with rivers and mountains and mountain-passes. He studied his adversary, knew his peculiarities, and adapted himself to them. His own methods no one could foresee; he varied them with every change in the commanders opposed to him. He had one method with McClellan, another with Pope, another with Hooker, and yet another with Grant. But for a knowledge of his own resources, of the field, and of his adversary some of his movements might have been rash. As it was, they were wisely bold. Because he was so attentive to details, and guarded so rigidly against the accidents of battle, he was sometimes supposed to be over-cautious; because he sometimes attacked greatly superior numbers or divided his forces, he was often thought over-bold. The truth is, that there was in him that harmonious blending of caution and boldness without which a general must often either rashly expose himself to defeat or lose an opportunity for victory.

Whatever other qualities a man may have, he cannot be a great soldier unless he has the power to win the confidence and inspire the enthusiasm of his men. General Lee had this power; few men have had it in a higher degree. No privation or suffering or disaster could shake the confidence of his men in him. In the darkest hour the sight of his form or the mention of his name stirred the hearts of his veterans. They spoke of

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him with an affection and pride that have not been dimmed by the lapse of years.

It is sometimes said that while General Lee was without a peer in defence, he was not so great in attack. That he was great in defence is witnessed by the series of combats from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor. Hardly anything in the history of warfare, ancient or modern, equals the skill and adroitness with which he met and repulsed Grant's obstinate and persevering assaults. But, on the other hand, in the second battle of Manassas and at Chancellorsville he was the aggressor; he went to seek the enemy. And even in those cases in which he was resisting the enemy's advance he often struck a blow in preference to waiting to receive one.

But perhaps the readiest way to fix Lee's position and to realize his greatness would be to compare him with others. It is significant that in attempting to do this no one ever thinks of comparing him with any but men of the first rank. Among the distinguished soldiers on the Confederate side his position was peculiar. He came from the old army with a brilliant reputation, and during the war he occupied the most prominent and responsible position. It is no injustice either to the living or the dead to say that by common consent he holds the first place among Southern soldiers.

Among the dead heroes of the war Albert Sidney Johnston challenges admiring attention. He had great qualities; anything that skill, courage, and a lofty, unselfish character might accomplish seemed possible to him; but he died at Shiloh. Jackson was Lee's most trusted lieutenant, and deserved all the confidence that his commander reposed in him. In the sphere of his operations he had no superior, nor can it be known that he would not have shown himself equal to a greater sphere. All honor to that brave, true soldier! but it would not be proper to compare him with his chief. There was no rivalry between them living; let there be none now that they are dead. There was A. P. Hill, a modest man, always ready; one of the finest soldiers in the army: he had the best division when he had a division, and one of the best corps when he had a corps. Lee and Jackson agreed in

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their admiration of Hill, and both mentioned him in the delirium of death; but no one thinks of comparing him with Lee.

There is a sort of infallibility in an undivided popular judgment, and the whole South looked to Lee as its greatest man. So impressed was Grant with the devotion of the Southern people to Lee that after the surrender at Appomattox he sought his influence, being convinced that if he should advise the surrender of all the Southern armies, the advice would be followed with alacrity. And in his report of the operations of the Army of the Potomac in 1864–65 he attributes it to General Lee's example that, as he says, "the armies lately under his leadership are at their homes, desiring peace and quiet, and their arms are in the hands of our ordnance officers."

Nothing is more characteristic of General Lee, or reveals more clearly his simple moral grandeur, than the fact that when no more could be accomplished by arms he used his influence to promote peace and good feeling toward the people against whom he had been waging war.

Of the great soldiers opposed to General Lee, some may have equalled him in single qualities, none in the combination of qualities. They were great in some directions; he in many. Let it not be forgotten that his was a long and varied career, and that he was distinguished in every part of it. He was called on to do many things, and he did them all in a masterly way.

In judging him account must be taken not only of what he did in the war between the States, but also of what he did before the Mexican War, in the Mexican War, and after the Mexican War, and in the last years of his life. When all these things are considered, and when we take into the account his perfect acquaintance with his art, his organizing power, his skill in combining, his wisdom in planning, his boldness and vigor in execution, his power to awaken enthusiasm and to lead men, we must place him first among the great soldiers of both armies. The time has not yet come to compare him with soldiers of the past and of other lands. They show great in the haze of time and distance, but the time will come when by

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the suffrages of all he will take his place among the greatest of those who have marshalled armies to battle.

We turn now from Lee as a soldier to Lee as a man; and here it is difficult to find suitable words in which to speak of him. In a private conversation a gentleman once said to an officer who had been intimately associated with him, "Most men have their weak point. What was General Lee's?" After a thoughtful pause, the answer was, "I really do not know." This answer may be taken for that of the great majority of those who knew him personally or who have studied his character. He was singularly free from the faults which so often mar the character of great men. He was without envy, jealousy, or suspicion, self-seeking, or covetousness; there was nothing about him to diminish or chill the respect which all men felt for him. General Grant speaks of him as "a large, austere man, difficult of approach to his subordinates." "Austere" is not the word to use in speaking of him. I should rather say that he was clothed with a natural dignity which could either repel or invite as occasion might require. He could pass with perfect ease from familiar, cheerful conversation to earnest conference, and from earnest conference to authoritative command. He had a pleasant humor, could see the ludicrous side of things, and could enjoy an anecdote or a joke. But even in his lightest moods he was still the cultivated gentleman, having that just degree of reserve that suited his high and responsible position.

His character was perfectly simple; there were in it no folds or sinuosities. It was simple because guided by a single principle. It is common to say that this principle was duty. This is not the whole truth. Duty is faithfulness to obligation, and is measured by obligation. That which moulded General Lee's life was something more than duty. It was a fine soldierly instinct that made him feel that it was his business to devote his life and powers to the accomplishment of high impersonal ends. Duty is the highest conception of Roman stoicism; it was the ambition of the Christian soldier to serve. General Grant interpreted him correctly when he said, "I knew there was no use to urge him to anything against his ideas of right."

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If there are any who blame him for resigning his position in the United States army and taking part with the South, they must at the same time acknowledge that he was influenced by no unworthy motive. What he did involved sacrifice of feeling, of position, and of interest: he might have had the highest place in the old army; he had but to consent to take it. A man of smaller mould might have been dazzled and attracted by the prospect of leading a successful revolution and establishing a new nation, but in all my association with him I saw no indication that any feeling of personal ambition was present with him. If he had such feeling it was checked by a consciousness of the great interests confided to him.

As he appeared to me, so he appeared to others. When the Confederate capital was transferred from Montgomery to Richmond, the Virginia forces, of which he was commander-in-chief, were incorporated in the Confederate army. He then lost his independent command. While the transfer was yet in contemplation the Confederate authorities were anxious to know whether an apparent lowering of his rank would offend or make him less zealous in the service of the Confederacy. When Mr. Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President, mentioned the matter to him, he promptly said, "Mr. Stephens, I am willing to serve anywhere where I can be useful."

It was in perfect accord with his character that he was no stickler for rank or position. In the early part of the war the positions held by him were not such as to attract public attention; the duties assigned to him, while very important, were not of a showy kind. Others were winning distinction in the field and rising into prominence, while he was in the background. No great laurels could be won in the mountains of West Virginia or in strengthening the coast defences of South Carolina and Georgia. In the estimation of the general public his reputation was suffering; it was said that his former distinction had been too easily won. During this time he uttered no word of complaint, and gave no intimation that he felt himself in any way wronged or overlooked. One might wonder whether this sweetness of spirit, this calmness, this cheerful content, did not spring from a consciousness of power and

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assured belief that he had only to bide his time; but a close acquaintance with the workings of his mind convinced me that it was rather from a single-hearted desire to be useful, and the conviction that the best way to be useful was to work contentedly and to the best of his ability in the place assigned him.

It was his constant feeling that he was living and working to an end that constituted the source of General Lee's magnanimity and put him far above any petty jealousy. He looked at everything as unrelated to himself, and only as it affected the cause he was serving. This is shown in his treatment of his subordinates. He had no favorites, no unworthy partialities. On one occasion he spoke highly of an officer and remarked that he ought to be promoted. Some surprise was expressed at this, and it was said that that particular officer had sometimes spoken disparagingly of him. "I cannot help that," said the general; "he is a good soldier, and would be useful in a higher position." As he judged of the work of others, so he judged of his own. A victory gave him pleasure only as it contributed to the end he had in view, an honorable peace and the happiness of his country. It was for this cause that even his greatest victories produced in him no exaltation of spirits: he saw the end yet far off. He even thought more of what might have been done than of what was actually accomplished. In the same way a reverse gave him pain, not as a private but as a public calamity. He was the ruling spirit of his army. His campaigns and battles were his own.

He frequently consulted others that his own judgment might be informed, not that he might lean on their judgment or advice. It was because he felt himself so completely the commander of his army that he sometimes assumed the responsibility of the failure of movements which a less strong and generous spirit would have made his subordinates bear.

There was no hesitation or vacillation about him. When he had once formed a plan the orders for its execution were positive, decisive, and final. The army which he so long commanded is a witness for him. He imbued it with his own spirit; it reflected his energy and devotion. Such an army, so responsive to orders, so rapid in movement, so sturdy and prompt in

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action, so often victorious, sometimes checked but never defeated, so patient in the endurance of hardships, yielding at last rather to the friction of battle and the pressure of hunger than to the power of the enemy, gives indication that its commander was gifted with that imperial quality, the power to command.

As I recall the past, and the four years of the war come back and move in silent procession before me, I can easily forget that more than twenty years have passed away since I selected for General Lee the spot at Appomattox where his tent was pitched for the last time. His image stands out clearly before me, but it is unnecessary to describe his personal appearance. The majesty of his form will endure in marble and bronze, while his memory will pass down the ages as representing all that is greatest in military art, as well as what is truest, bravest, and noblest in human life—a soldier who never failed in duty, a man who feared and trusted God and served his generation.

"Vanquished,
He was yet a victor.
To honor virtue is to honor him;
To reverence wisdom is to do him reverence.
In life he was a model for all who live;
In death
He left a heritage to all.
One such example is worth more to earth
Than the stained triumphs of ten thousand Cæsars."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

Return to Richmond.—Anecdote.—Devotion of his Friends.—Removal to Cartersville.—Offers of Aid.—Letter to Grant.—Idea of Writing a History of the War.—Circular.—Failure to Obtain Material.—Elected President of Washington College.—Provisional Letter of Acceptance.—Installed in the Office.—The Condition and History of the College.—New Studies Introduced.—Elective Studies Inaugurated.—Mode of Discipline.—His Influence over the Students.—Accuracy of Memory.—No Excesses Permitted to the Students.—The Christmas Vacation Reduced.—Breadth in Religious Views.—His Innate Piety.—Regard of the Faculty.—Refuses to Accept Gifts from the Faculty.—Lee's Estimate of his Powers.—His Lack of Undue Ambition.

AFTER the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered at Appomattox Court-house, General Lee, as has been described in a previous chapter, joined his family at Richmond, where they had continued to reside. His disposition of mind was averse to a public reception. He hoped to re-enter his domestic portals unobserved, and to enjoy in quiet and privacy the reunion with the objects of his love. But it was impossible to prevent the heralding of his coming. Upon his approach to the city he found the whole population gathered to testify its devotion. As he passed through crowded streets Union veterans pressed Confederate soldiers in the throng, eager to catch a glimpse of the great soldier. Upon every hand manifestations of respect in ways of silent sincerity were shown him, and men of the Federal army vied in the universal tribute. The crowd attended him to the very threshold of his residence, and there drew back in quiet deference as he withdrew into the sacred privacy of home.

An eye-witness who was at the time a guest of General Lee recounts an incident illustrative of the respect and affection which pervaded the city. One morning an Irishman who had gone through the war in the Federal ranks appeared at

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the door with a basket well filled with provisions, and insisted upon seeing General Lee. The servant protested and offered to carry a message, but Pat was not to be put off. The general, hearing the altercation, came from an adjoining room, and was greeted with profuse terms of admiration: "Sure, sir, you are a great soldier, and it's I that know it. I've been fighting against you all these years, and many a hard knock we've had. But, general, I honor you for it; and now they tell me you are poor and in want, and I've brought this basket and beg you to take it from a soldier." The general, touched by this spirit of sympathy, thanked him most kindly, and said, "My man, I am not in need, but if you will carry your basket to the hospital you will find some poor fellow glad to be remembered by so generous a foe."

There was a continuous stream of callers at the residence. Officers of both armies were received with the cordiality and courtesy which were innate. Frankness and chivalry, marks of the true soldier, characterized his reception of men who had held rank in the Federal army. His sword was sheathed, and no rancor or petty animosity existed in his mind to embitter the amenities of social intercourse. "For his own people he had words of sympathy, and always advised moderation and quiet acquiescence in the conditions of defeat."

The assassination of President Lincoln renewed the storm of passionate hatred against the South. The imprisonment of Mr. Davis and the bitter appeals voiced by the Northern press for his execution created grave apprehensions in the minds of friends as to General Lee's safety, and in the warmth of their devotion they urged him to find a secure retreat in the mountains, where they would be ready to devote their lives as a sacrifice for his protection.

This solicitude was shared throughout the South. An incident is related which shows that it rendered even those who were shattered in fortune oblivious of their own condition and generous of their remaining estate. Two Confederate soldiers in tattered garments and with bodies emaciated by prison confinement called upon General Lee. They told him that they were the delegates "of sixty other fellows around the corner

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who are too ragged to come themselves." They tendered their loved general a home in the mountains, promising him a comfortable house and a good farm. "We hear," they said, "that Underwood intends having you indicted for treason and rebellion. But there is a defile near the farm we offer, and there the whole Federal army can be defied."

This heartfelt exhibition of fealty brought tears to General Lee's eyes, but he resolutely refused to accept the proffer, and reasoned with his devoted callers against the propriety of urging him to accept the life of a fugitive. He finally substituted for their ragged suits some clothing of his own, and the representatives of the assembly "around the corner" departed with elated spirits. There were almost daily episodes typical of this single-hearted adherence.

But his residence at Richmond grew irksome. There could be no seclusion. The rest and quiet for which he so longed were disturbed by continuous attentions, which could not have been repressed without some degree of discourtesy. Mrs. Lee was almost a confirmed invalid, and for her declining health the devoted husband felt deep anxiety. His longing at this time is best expressed in a passage from a letter to General Long:

"I am looking for some little quiet house in the woods where I can procure shelter and my daily bread if permitted by the victor. I wish to get Mrs. Lee out of the city as soon as practicable."

A friend enabled him to realize his wish by offering him a country-house near Cartersville in Cumberland county. Thither he soon removed, but he was not destined long to enjoy the pleasures of retirement. Into this abode of peace and quiet business propositions, friendly proffers, and even tenders of pecuniary assistance, followed him. An English nobleman desired him to accept a mansion and an estate commensurate with his individual merits and the greatness of an historic family. But he would not desert his native State. She lay prostrate through the devastations of war; it would take years of devotion to her interests to bring her back to her former condition, and one of the noblest of her sons could suffer no beguilement

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to lead him away from her distress. He responded, "I must abide her fortunes and share her fate."

Before leaving Richmond, General Lee wrote to General Grant the appended letter, which forcibly corroborates the fact of his entire acceptance of the situation and his desire to comply with all the terms of the surrender:

"RICHMOND, VA., April 25, 1865.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT, COMMANDING THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

"GENERAL: I have awaited your arrival in Richmond to propose that the men and officers of the Army of Northern Virginia, captured or surrendered on the 2d and 6th of April, or since that time, may be granted the same terms as given to those surrendered by me on the 9th. I see no benefit that will result by retaining them in prison, but, on the contrary, think good may be accomplished by returning them to their homes. Indeed, if all now held as prisoners of war were liberated in the same manner, I think it would be advantageous. Should there, however, be objections to this course, I would ask that exceptions be made in favor of the invalid officers and men, and that they be allowed to return to their homes on parole. I call your attention particularly to General Ewell, the members of the reserves, local-defence troops, naval battalion, etc. The local troops were not performing military duty, and the naval battalion fell in the line of march of the army for subsistence and protection.

"Understanding that you may not reach Richmond for some days, I take the liberty to forward this application for your consideration.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

In the partial seclusion of his country retreat General Lee gave serious attention to plans for improving his personal resources. His fortune had disappeared in the years of warfare, and the future maintenance of his family became a question

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of primary importance. Offers of money, of land, of corporation stock to secure the mere endorsement of his name, still poured in upon him. But there was no proposition as yet that involved compensation in direct return for his individual labor. Yet nothing less honorable than this could be acceptable to him. Gratuities, however richly merited in return for his sacrifices, he could not consent to receive. Labor and wages constituted in his mind the sole solution of the problem of gaining a livelihood.

During this interval of expectancy General Lee conceived the idea of collecting material upon which he might base an authentic history of his various campaigns. The value of such a work in the series of war histories would have been incalculable. The military education, equipoise of mind, and attributes of charity and truth combined in the author must have won a generous welcome for his production from candid students of the war. In furtherance of this project General Lee sent out to many officers a circular, of which we subjoin a copy of that received by General Ewell:

"NEAR CARTERSVILLE, CUMBERLAND CO., VA.,
"July 31, 1867.

"GENERAL: I am desirous that the bravery and devotion of the Army of Northern Virginia be correctly transmitted to posterity. This is the only tribute that can be paid to the worth of its noble officers and soldiers. And I am anxious to collect the necessary information for the history of its campaigns, including the operations in the Valley of Western Virginia, from its organization to its final surrender.

"I have copies of my reports of the battles, commencing with those around Richmond, to the close of the Pennsylvania campaign, but no report of the campaign in 1864 and of the operations of the winter of 1864–65 to the 1st of April, 1865, has been written, and the corps and division reports for that period, which had been sent to headquarters before the abandonment of the lines before Petersburg, with all the records, returns, maps, plans, etc., were destroyed the day before the army reached Appomattox Court-house. My letter-books,

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public and confidential, were also destroyed, and the regular returns transmitted to the adjutant-general at Richmond have been burned also.

"Should you have reports of the operations of your command within the period specified (from 1st of May, 1864, to 1st of April, 1865), or should you be able to renew them, I will be greatly obliged to you to send them to me. Should you be able to procure reports of other commanders, returns of the effective strength of the army at any of the battles from the first Manassas to the 1st of April, 1865, or copies of my official orders, letters, etc., you will confer a favor by sending them to me.

"Very respectfully and truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

This endeavor to supply the missing records of the war met with persistent embarrassment. His application to the War Department at Washington for the privilege of copying such official documents as might aid him in the preparation of his volume was refused, for at that time the archives of the Confederacy were an undigested mass and preserved in secret alcoves. The spirit of historical research had not yet successfully combated the prejudices of strife, and the records of the Confederacy were regarded as trophies rather than as rich historical material.

When General Lee's intention of writing his military history became known, it excited the liveliest interest among army instructors and commandants of military establishments in foreign countries. An officer of the German army desired the privilege of translating it into the language of his country. The obstacles, however, that lay in the way of this cherished work proved insurmountable. The project, as conceived by General Lee, had not been to rear a memorial to his own military genius, but to vindicate and set forth the valor of his soldiers. He relinquished the work with less reluctance because he felt that its truths and indispensable facts must expose certain persons to severe censure.

Shortly after the close of the war a trust was conferred upon

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General Lee which became his life-work, and in the honorable execution of which he continued until his lamented death. He was elected by the Board of Trustees of Washington College, at Lexington, president of that institution on August 4, 1865. The formal notification of the Board's action came to him as a complete surprise. Before the meeting of the trustees, Hon. Bolivar Christian of Staunton, a member of the Board, had endeavored to discover if General Lee would be willing to accept so arduous an office, but General Lee's answer was delayed in the mails until after Colonel Christian had left Staunton to attend the meeting of the trustees. That answer so decidedly remonstrated against the intended proposal of his name for the position that knowledge of its contents might have influenced Colonel Christian to withdraw the proposition.

But before its reception the presidency had been conferred by unanimous vote upon General Lee. The rector of the Board, Hon. John W. Brockenbrough, was selected to convey to him the notification of his election. It was two weeks before a formal reply was made to the tender, and then in a characteristic letter General Lee without reservation discussed the embarrassments and exactions of the proffered place, and with marked self-abnegation considered the possible detriment to the historic school that his installation as its president might bring. He wrote the trustees thus:

"POWHATAN COUNTY, August 24, 1865.

"GENTLEMEN: I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst., informing me of my election by the Board of Trustees to the presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but, I fear, more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to undergo the labor of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction: I could not therefore undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution.

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"There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the Board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility, and I should therefore cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance.

"I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the college.

"Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered to me by the Board will be advantageous to the college and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it, otherwise I must most respectfully decline the office.

"Begging you to express to the trustees of the college my heartfelt gratitude for the honor conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated their decision,

"I am, gentlemen, with great respect,

"Your most obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE.

"Messrs. JOHN W. BROCKENBROUGH, Rector; S. McD. REID, ALFRED LEYBURN, HORATIO THOMPSON, D.D., BOLIVAR CHRISTIAN, T. J. KIRKPATRICK, } *Committee.*"

The Board of Trustees immediately assured General Lee that his apprehensions of damage to the college, as resultant from his assumption of the presidency, were groundless, and again pressed upon him an acceptance of the place. His installation occurred October 2, 1865, the oath of office being administered by Rev. W. S. White in the presence of the

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trustees, faculty, and students. A new impetus was at once given to this venerable college, which had suffered greatly in the war. Its funds no longer furnished a reliable income, and even their actual value was yet a problem of the future. The campus had been despoiled by military marauders, who carried their spoliation to the libraries and laboratory of the college. But four professors and forty students were at the institution when General Lee undertook the exacting task of restoring it to its former prosperity and reputation.

Not only was the material destruction within the buildings a serious embarrassment, but far greater was the obstacle to any rehabilitation that the reduced circumstances of the people presented. Washington College had enjoyed a long career. It was the earliest classical school established in the Shenandoah Valley. It was originally instituted in 1749, and won so excellent a reputation that General Washington determined to give it permanency. The legislature had presented him with shares in the "Old James River Company," but to their acceptance he had attached the condition that he be allowed to appropriate them "to some public purpose in the upper part of the State, such as the education of the poor, particularly of such as have fallen in the defence of their country." In pursuance of this condition he gave to what became Washington College one hundred of these valuable shares. It was a magnificent endowment, and the academy, which previously had been peripatetic, became from that time a permanent college.

General Lee gave himself with unrestrained ardor to the labor of improving the impoverished college. In this laudable purpose the trustees heartily co-operated with him, and were inspired by the hope and zeal exhibited by the new president. His first attention was devoted to the better equipment of the scientific departments. Apparatus for the laboratory was purchased. The library was replenished. The dismantled buildings were reconstructed or repaired. Three new chairs were instituted—Physics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages—with a subordinate classification of correlated studies which embraced Engineering, Astronomy, and English Philology. He also suggested chairs of the English Language and of

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Applied Chemistry, and wished to add a School of Commerce. The Lexington Law School was, just before his death, embraced within the collegiate jurisdiction.

While General Lee thus added to the curriculum the above-named modern and practical studies, he in no sense opposed the study of the classical languages. He fully recognized their utility as a means of refinement, of mental discipline, and of the acquirement of a copious vocabulary. In devoting his energies to the institution of modern branches of study he was but supplying manifest defects in the existing course. Yet he was innately inclined toward the practical in education. In writing to General John B. Gordon he declares: "The thorough education of all classes of the people is the most efficacious means, in my opinion, of promoting the prosperity of the South; and the material interests of the citizens, as well as their moral and intellectual culture, depend upon its establishment. The text-books of our schools, therefore, should not only be clear, systematic, and scientific, but they should be acceptable to parents and pupils in order to enlist the minds of all in the subjects."

One most important innovation introduced by General Lee was the system of elective studies. The compulsory curriculum was discarded, and the student permitted to select the branches he could pursue with the most benefit or with more direct influence upon his future avocation. The only limitation imposed was that the choice of studies should embrace sufficient to fully employ the student's time.

The mode of discipline introduced merits extended notice. It was a departure from the time-sanctioned tyrannical control exercised by the heads of schools. No espionage was practised—that system which lessens self-respect by placing it beneath the ban of suspicion, or which works yet greater harm by substituting for frankness and openness avoidance and concealment.

He became personally acquainted with each student, and so accurate was his remembrance of their names that when, on one occasion, a name was read from the college-rolls that was unfamiliar to him, he required it to be read again, and repeated

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the name with a marked emphasis on each syllable, adding in a tone of self-reproach, "I have no recollection of a student of that name. It is very strange that I have forgotten him. I thought I knew every one in the college. How long has he been here?" He would not be satisfied until an investigation showed that the student had recently entered and during his absence, so that he had never seen him.

It was his constant desire to cultivate the individual sense of honor of those under him, and to erect no factitious barriers of rank between faculty and students. The respect exacted from the latter was the natural reverence due to superior age and experience. A pride in good order was inspired, and obedience to the rules and the conduct of gentlemen were natural corollaries. He did not assert military discipline, as might have been expected from his West Point career, but recognized the fact that the students were to be fitted for the avocations of civil life, and that the rigor of military methods was not here desirable. His own manner was dignified, and there was a formal presence suggestive of army leadership, yet in his mode of college government no trace of the habits of the soldier appeared.

He won the confidence of students, and their affections soon went out toward him. With their instincts of honor always uppermost, their self-respect carefully preserved, and their pride in the institution fostered, discipline was apparently relaxed, while in fact it was precise and effective. Seldom was there a breach of decorum. The students honored and loved the president, and sedulously avoided transgressions that would cause him pain. He fully appreciated the natural waywardness of youth, and while he was firm in endeavors to repress it, he was never so uncharitable as to act summarily against a student and affix the stigma of expulsion upon a young career. He preferred to acquaint the parent with the course being pursued by the son; and when it was manifest that collegiate life could no longer prove beneficial, a quiet withdrawal by parental request was the honorable subterfuge adopted.

He tolerated no drones in the college classes. While never

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prying into the private conduct of students, he judged almost infallibly of the probable profit that they were receiving from their studies, and how far responsive their manhood was to the refined surroundings of college life. If it were plain that they did not assimilate the elements of the intellectual atmosphere, a note to parent or guardian frankly gave the evidences of the fact. The common and unfortunate deception of parents as to the progress of their sons was impossible to one of his upright character.

General Lee let nothing requisite to the due government of the college or the advancement of the individual students escape his attention. He weekly examined the reports of absences and failures in recitation, and retained clearly in his memory the standing of each student. The exactness of his memory in these particulars was indeed remarkable, and several interesting illustrations of this fact are upon record. On a visitor inquiring how a certain student was getting on, General Lee replied, in that tone of grave satire in which he occasionally indulged, "He is a quiet, orderly young man, but seems very careful *not to injure the health of his father's son.* He got last month only forty on his Greek, thirty-five on his Mathematics, forty-seven on his Latin, and fifty on his English; which is a very low standing, as one hundred is our maximum. Now, I do not want our young men to really injure their health, *but I wish them to come as near it as possible.*"

On another occasion, when a certain name was called, General Lee remarked, "I am sorry to see that he has fallen back so far in his Mathematics."—"You are mistaken, general," said the professor; "he is one of the very best men in my class."—"He only got fifty-four last month," was the reply. On looking at the report, it was found that there had been a mistake in the copying, and that General Lee was correct according to the record.

During the earlier years of his incumbency the presence of emancipated slaves was naturally a disturbing element. The young Southerner had not adjusted his views to the new status of the colored race, and in the flush of freedom many of the negro population were arrogant and exasperating. General

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Lee anxiously devoted his attention to the situation, and sought sternly to suppress all interference of the students with the negroes. Information was at one time brought to him that the students had deliberately organized to disturb a public meeting of colored people at Lexington. He at once posted the subjoined order upon the bulletin-board in the college hall:

"WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
"November 20, 1868.

"It has been reported to the faculty of Washington College that some of the students have threatened to disturb a public meeting of the colored people of Lexington, to be held at the fair-grounds this evening, the 20th instant.

"It is not believed that the students of this college, who have heretofore conducted themselves in such an exemplary manner, would do anything to disturb the public peace or bring discredit on themselves or the institution to which they belong; but it is feared that some, prompted by curiosity or a desire to witness the proceedings, may be present. The president therefore requests all students to abstain from attending this and all similar meetings, and thinks it only necessary to call their attention to the advantages of attending strictly, as heretofore, to their important duties at the college, and of, in no way, interfering with the business of others. From past experience they may feel certain that should any disturbance occur, efforts will be made to fix the blame on Washington College. It therefore behooves every student to keep away from all such assemblies.

"Respectfully,

"R. E. LEE,
"*President of Washington College.*"

If the disturbance had ever been planned, this appeal from the president effectually prevented it. There is more than reasonable doubt, however, of the existence of any such design among the students. In the Reconstruction era there were circulated many false reports of collisions between the races and unjust treatment of colored people, that political advantage might result. General Lee understood the motive for these

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aspersions of his students, and saw how readily his presence in the college could be made to lend plausibility to stories of acts of bitterness and hatred. But the majesty of truth came to be vindicated by his calm and sustained conduct. Every word and act of his exerted an influence tending to heal up sectional animosities, to force compliance with the governmental policy, and to inculcate all the indispensable qualities of good citizenship.

This method of appeal to the students was irresistible. It was a happy substitute for the former mode of prescribing penalties after the commission of acts of folly. He successfully appealed to the honor and self-respect of the students as sufficient monitors against any excess in their college hilarity and pranks which might destroy the quiet and rest of peaceful citizens. During his presidency few instances occurred within that community of those students' sports so familiar and annoying in college towns.

In strict conformity with this demand for order and quiet General Lee shortened the Christmas recess. The college exercises had customarily been suspended at Christmas-time for ten days, but the delay in their return to the institution generally disarranged the orderly life of the students. The interval permitted great temptations to beset those who did not avail themselves of it to visit their homes. Released from all restraints of study and attendance, they were easily susceptible to the irregular habits which mark the season of good-will. In order to overcome this relaxation of discipline, the new president did away with the Christmas vacation, and in its place suspended academic exercises for three days "to enable the students to join in the rites and services appropriate to the occasion." He added, "While enjoying these privileges with grateful hearts, all are urged to do or countenance nothing which may disturb the peace, harmony, and happiness that should pervade a Christian community."

One striking feature of President Lee's collegiate incumbency was the religious spirit which animated the institution. He had been from childhood a member of the Church of his ancestors, the Protestant Episcopal. But his religion had a

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genuine catholicity of character. The dogmas of sects were less to him than the essential and universal truths of spiritual faith. Therefore, when the new chapel he had planned was completed under his supervision the pastors of four congregations, at his invitation, officiated at the devotional exercises. Each student could thus attend worship in conformity with his own views or in compliance with parental choice. Upon these chapel devotions General Lee was an unfailing attendant, and his religious sincerity had a marked influence upon all about him.

He fostered the organization of a Young Men's Christian Association among the students, making liberal contributions to its fund and donating to it a specially-collected library. In his reports to the Board of Trustees he gave detailed mention of this society, and dwelt upon the religious influence it exerted. Upon the matriculation of a new student his religious faith was inquired into, and it was sought at once to bring him in close relations with the pastor of the Church of his belief. Nothing better illustrated General Lee's theory of collegiate training than did this tender solicitude for the spiritual welfare and culture of his students. He had a loftier idea of education than that comprised in the laborious task of the text-book. His view of a true education embraced the moral expansion of mind and soul, the implanting of high principles of manhood and of a delicate sense of honor, and he often expressed himself as feeling that his duty would be ill done were not his students led to become consistent Christians. His own life exemplified his teachings. A member of a church (not his own), who had known him intimately for years, said that "his lips were never soiled by a profane or obscene word, and that when the provocation was great for a display of angry feelings, it was his course to use the 'soft answer which turneth away wrath.'"

In no spirit of undue eulogy it may be said that General Lee was the ideal college president. There have been many others who stand forth more prominent in educational annals—some noted for the accumulation of pedantry, others for deep and valuable research in special fields of learning of benefit to man-

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kind, and still others for polemical ability; but few have presented that happy combination of qualities which makes the working president. It is not our intention to ascribe remarkable learning to General Lee, though no one without injustice can depreciate his broad culture. But as an executive officer, patiently and indefatigably giving personal attention to details and achieving well-rounded results, the meed of praise should be unstinted.

He occupied the presidency not to enjoy a sinecure at the mere outlay of his great reputation. He was an actual, steadfast laborer with a well-defined plan to consummate, and his zeal never flagged. No grander duty was ever conceived and heroically self-imposed than that of educating the Southern youth into a spirit of loyalty to the new conditions and the transformation of the social fabric which had resulted from the war, and only through a peaceful obedience to which could the future peace and harmony of the country be assured. It was this sense of obligation which prompted General Lee to accept the college presidency, and its unremitting impulses can be traced in systematical action throughout his career at Washington College. There was a preconceived policy which had a consecutive and consistent execution.

The affectionate regard entertained for General Lee by the college faculty and his many friends in the South was shown in numerous manifestations. General Ewell contributed to the college endowment five hundred dollars, with the expressed condition that it should be applied to increasing the president's salary. But General Lee treated this generous offer as he had many similar ones. The friendly motive which prompted the contribution was appreciated, but he argued that he already received more than his services were worth. He reviewed in a tone of personal distress the pressing needs of the college—its lack of apparatus, its inefficient library—and alluded wistfully to what a liberal endowment would accomplish, for "we must look to the rising generation for the restoration of the country."

In the last winter of his life General Lee's failing health excited alarm among his colleagues, and he was urged to find relaxation from the sustained tension of his duties in a South-

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ern trip. He was reluctant to do so, since his absence would impose additional labors upon the members of the faculty, but he was at length induced to yield. While he was absent the Board of Trustees appropriated money for building him a handsome residence and settling an annuity of three thousand dollars upon his family. This gift, however, he peremptorily declined. The residence was erected under his watchful eye, its cost being far reduced below the estimates. But he persistently declined to consider it as his property, and was punctilious in his reference to it as "the President's House." He wrote to the Board: "Though fully sensible of the kindness of the Board, and justly appreciating the manner in which they sought to administer to my relief, I am unwilling that my family should become a tax to the college, but desire all its funds should be devoted to the purposes of education. I know that my wishes on this subject are equally shared by my wife. I feel full assurance that in case a competency should not be left to my wife, her children would never suffer her to want." However, after General Lee's death the trustees endeavored to secure Mrs. Lee's acceptance of a deed to the mansion and the annuity. Imbued with her husband's spirit, she declined.

There is something highly attractive in the spectacle of this great man, who had occupied so prominent a position in the eyes of the world, and whom thousands would have been glad to honor and enrich, refusing all gratuities and all adulation, and settling down in a quiet country town to perform the duties of a noble but arduous profession, without a shadow of discontent or gloom, and with nothing in his demeanor to show that he had not spent his life in the teaching and management of youth. The remarkable ability which he displayed in this new field of duty goes to show that he was a man of varied intellectual powers, and one who, if he had not been thrown by chance into the life of a soldier, could not have failed to make his mark in any profession he might have undertaken.

Such limitations as he had were certainly not unknown to himself, and he was not the man to accept any position whose duties he did not feel competent to perform under the impulse

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of the honor or emolument which he might thereby attain. This fact is clearly brought out in a conversation related by Hon. B. H. Hill which took place during the last years of the war. Meeting him on the streets of Richmond, Mr. Hill said, "General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of Government and going farther south."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army, and you must make the laws and control the Government."

"Ah, general," said Mr. Hill, "but you will have to change that rule, and form and express political opinions, for if we establish our independence the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir," he replied with a firm dignity that belonged only to Lee: "that I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well, but, general, history does not sustain your view. Cæsar and Frederick of Prussia and Bonaparte were great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And great tyrants," he promptly responded. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where, I think, we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both, and yet not a tyrant."

With a beautiful smile he responded, "Washington was an exception to all rule, and there was none like him."

This evidence of self-knowledge and this exhibition of self-abnegation were in keeping with the character of the man, and afford a lesson which few men in General Lee's position have taught. In his whole life he exhibited an ambition not for self, but for the discharge of what he conscientiously deemed his duty; and no allurements or emoluments of place or profit

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could seduce him from his firmly-fixed convictions. The truly wise and patriotic man is he who, like General Lee, has fully gauged his powers, and who will not let thirst for honor or love of power lead him to accept an office whose duties he has been unfitted by nature and education to properly perform.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

HOME AND SOCIETY LIFE.

Correspondence.—Requested to Enter Public Life.—Advice to Soldiers.—Declines Publicity.—Offer of Lucrative Situations.—Private Testimonials.—Character of Lee's Letters.—Social Intercourse.—Love of Children.—Anecdotes.—Ride to the Peaks of Otter.—Incident.—Home Life.—Farming Advice.—Letter to G. W. C. Lee.—Letter to his Daughter.—A Visitor's Description.—Hospitality.—A Pleasant Dinner.—Tomato-canning.—Another Visit.—War Relics.—An Accident.—The Saddle-blanket.

DURING the period covered by the preceding chapter General Lee lived a non-official as well as an official life. He was a citizen of Lexington—or perhaps we should say a citizen of the world—as well as a college president. And it is his life as a citizen which we have next to review. That he took pleasure in this new phase of existence he himself testifies: "For my own part, I much enjoy the charms of civil life, and find too late that I have wasted the best years of my existence." It could indeed hardly have been otherwise with one of his ardent family affection, and who had for so many years been deprived of the peaceful enjoyments of home life and social intercourse.

His correspondence in relation to matters distinct from his collegiate position was extensive and varied. Several applications were made to him for material by persons who desired to write his biography. To each he answered that whatever his life possessed of interest was connected with public events, the chronicles of which were at easy command. He writes to a lady: "I know of nothing good I could tell you of myself, and I fear I should not like to say any evil."

There is cumulative evidence throughout his letters of his unalterable purpose to aid in the regeneration of the South and to devote his tireless energies to restoring the unity of the nation. He writes General Beauregard a letter, the appended

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extract from which breathes a noble spirit of patriotism, and to the candid mind must be conclusive testimony of General Lee's loyalty to the Government:

"I think the South requires the aid of her sons now more than at any period of her history. As you ask my purpose, I will state that I have no thought of abandoning her unless compelled to do so. After the surrender of the Southern armies in April the revolution in the opinions and feelings of the people seemed so complete, and the return of the Southern States into the Union of all the States so inevitable, that it became, in my opinion, the duty of every citizen, the contest being virtually ended, to cease opposition and place himself in a position to serve the country. I therefore, upon the promulgation of the proclamation of President Johnson of 29th of May, which indicated his policy in the restoration of peace, determined to comply with its requirements, and applied on the 13th of June to be embraced within its provisions. I have not heard the result of my application. Since then I have been elected to the presidency of Washington College, and have entered upon the duties of the office in the hope of being of some service to the noble youth of our country.

"I need not tell you that true patriotism sometimes requires of men to act exactly contrary at one period to that which it does at another, and the motive which impels them, the desire to do right, is precisely the same. The circumstances which govern their actions change, and their conduct must conform to the new order of things. History is full of illustrations of this: Washington himself is an example of this. At one time he fought against the French, under Braddock, in the service of the king of Great Britain; at another, he fought with the French at Yorktown, under the orders of the Continental Congress of America, against him. He has not been branded by the world with reproach for this, but his course has been applauded."

Again, he answers the query of a friend in New Orleans as to the propriety of taking the amnesty oath in this loyal strain: "If you intend to reside in this country, and wish to do your part in the restoration of your State and in the Government of

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the country, which I think it the duty of every citizen to do, I know of no objection to your taking the amnesty oath which I have seen."

In 1867 there was a ruling desire in the minds of leading men of Virginia that General Lee should accept the nomination for governor of the State. Hon. Robert Ould communicated this wish to him, but political ambition was not burning in his breast. The welfare of Virginia was the crucial test to which he submitted the proffered honor, and the result seemed to compel his judgment to conclude against its acceptance. He candidly confessed that his feelings also induced him to prefer private life, which was more suitable to his condition, and in which he believed he could better advance the interests of the State. He saw that it was no time to indulge in personal or political considerations, and that high office could not be properly bestowed as a reward for supposed former services. He confided to Mr. Ould, for his private information, that he believed that his election "would be used by the dominant party to excite hostility toward the State and to injure the people in the eyes of the country." In conclusion he said: "I therefore cannot consent to become the instrument of bringing distress upon those whose prosperity and happiness are so dear to me. If my disfranchisement and privation of civil rights would secure to the citizens of the State the enjoyment of civil liberty and equal rights under the Constitution, I would willingly accept them in their stead."

General Jubal A. Early had formed the design of writing a narrative of his operations before leaving the Army of Northern Virginia, and the project was submitted for approval to General Lee. In commending it he added: "I would recommend, however, that, while giving facts which you think necessary for your own vindication, you omit all epithets or remarks calculated to excite bitterness or animosity between different sections of the country."

One could easily augment the testimony of his sincere regard for his native State, for a reinauguration of an era of good feeling and for the lifting up of the prostrate South. Just before his removal to Lexington he received numerous requests

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for advice from soldiers who were being tempted by the vision of a new life in the Franco-Mexican empire. There is an evident reluctance to chill the ardor of emigrants beguiled by the Maximilian decree of encouragement, but he cannot refrain from declaring that "although prospects may not now be cheering, I have entertained the opinion that, unless prevented by circumstances or necessity, it would be better for them and the country for them to remain at their homes and share the fate of their respective States."

To Governor Letcher he writes more explicitly: "The interests of the State are therefore the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain, if possible, in the country, promote harmony and good feeling, qualify themselves to vote, and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavored to practise it myself."

General Lee shrank from appearing upon the public rostrum, and abstained even from attendance at meetings where his presence could be tortured into any interpretation hostile to peaceful submission. Hence he refused an invitation in April, 1867, to lecture before the Peabody Institute of New York. The declination must have been an additional sacrifice, for he was a known friend of the great philanthropist. In 1869, however, he yielded to a request for his photograph, which was placed among those of the "friends" of Mr. Peabody at the institute in Peabody, Mass. When the death of that noble benefactor occurred he penned a touching tribute to his memory.

While at Lexington repeated endeavors were made to allure him from college duties into business enterprises in which the promise of wealth was more flattering. His salary was but $3000 per annum. The presidency of the Southern Life Insurance Company, with the salary of $10,000, was tendered

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him, but he wrote General John B. Gordon: "It would be a great pleasure to me to be associated with you, Hampton, B. H. Hill, and the other good men whose names I see on your list of directors, but I feel that I ought not to abandon the position I hold at Washington College at this time or as long as I can be of service to it." Just before his death he did accept the presidency of the Valley Railroad Company. His acquiescence was obtained by the forcible presentation of the advantages which would accrue to Washington College from the construction of the road.

Constant private testimonials of esteem and remembrance were sent to the old soldier. While, as has already been shown, he persistently refused proffers of pecuniary aid, and was unwilling that any funds should be diverted from the college endowment, yet he was never churlish in declining small tokens whose value was more suggestive than intrinsic. His notes acknowledging the receipts of the gifts are models of the epistolary art. A hat is sent from Baltimore, a saddle and a dressing-gown from a Southern Relief fair, a beaver robe from far-away Wyoming; an English Bible comes from distinguished members of Parliament; a translation of the *Iliad* is sent to him, and he writes to its author that it has furnished him his evening's recreation.

Throughout that final period of his life his correspondence was occupied with official matters, domestic interchanges of parental love and sympathy in family bereavements, patriotic appeals to let the issues of the war sink into oblivion, and with those minor notes of friendly intercourse which so help to exhibit the real man. No one can peruse the letters of General Lee, placed in chronological sequence, without being impressed with the nobility of character which is infused into every sentence. They occupy a lofty plane, yet one that is not above the earth. Throughout them one finds the spirit of practical wisdom. There is not here the ecstasy of the saint nor the vapory imagination of the transcendentalist. A man of the world, trained in its rudest and most material shocks, writes, but ennobling virtues guide the pen.

In this epistolary collection may be found evidence of the

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keen interest felt by General Lee in the adjudication of the question involving the confiscation of the Arlington estate. As the executor of the will of G. W. P. Custis he was alive to the duties of the trust. He did not survive the tedious litigation which eventually resulted in a decree by the United States Supreme Court of comparative compensation for the estate.

It remains to investigate the relations which existed between him and the people of Lexington, and to draw back with careful hand the curtain from the sacred shrine of his domestic life. The same personal devotion which went out to him from the hearts of his soldiery was displayed by the residents of the college town. Their intercourse was of the most cordial and agreeable character. The negroes manifested for him on all occasions the most profound respect. When he approached, either walking or mounted on his famous horse Traveller, they would stop, bow politely, and stand until he had passed. He never failed to acknowledge their salutes with kind and dignified courtesy.

All the children knew and loved him, and felt no hesitation in approaching. A pleasant incident is related of Virginia Lee Letcher, his god-daughter, and her baby-sister, Fannie. Jennie had been followed by her persistent sister down the road, and all the coaxing and commanding of the six-year-old failed to make the younger turn home and leave her to continue her walk without company. Fannie had sat down by the roadside to pout, when General Lee came riding along. Jennie at once appealed to him: "General Lee, won't you make this child go home to her mother?" The general immediately rode over to the refractory child, leaned over from his saddle, and drew her up into his lap. There she sat in royal contentment, and was thus grandly escorted home. When Mrs. Letcher inquired of Jennie why she had given General Lee so much trouble, she received the naïve reply: "I couldn't make Fan go home, and I thought he could do anything." This delicious episode is yet remembered among Lexington people, though the veracious chronicler may have to pause in doubt between the introduction of the horseback ride and the variorum account which makes the occurrence pedestrian.

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There was a child at Lexington who was accustomed to clamber up by the side of General Lee at the college-chapel exercises, and who was so kindly treated that whenever he saw his distinguished friend he straightway assumed a position beside him. At the college commencement the little fellow glided from his mother's side and quietly stole up to the platform. Soon he was nestled at the feet of the dignified president and resting his head confidingly upon the knees of his chosen patron. General Lee tenderly remained without moving, preferring to suffer from the constrained position rather than disturb the innocent slumberer. The youth has grown up into the Rev. Mr. Jones, a Baptist minister.

Circus-day was an event to the children of Lexington. They flocked around General Lee, and he was their escort by wholesale. He sat in the midst of them upon the boards of the tent, and it would have been difficult to estimate the relative amounts of enjoyment derived by him and his little guests.

In 1867, in company with his daughter Mildred, he rode on horseback to the Peaks of Otter, fifty miles from Lexington. At a ferry on the route the boatman chanced to be an old soldier. When the usual charge was tendered the rough mountaineer's eyes filled with tears, and he shook his head while saying, "I could not take pay from you, Master Robert: I have followed you in many a battle."

As father and daughter rode on a sudden shower came down upon them, and they galloped up to a log hut by the roadside, and without ceremony sought shelter. The poor woman of the house did not view the intrusion with cordiality. Her floors were scrupulously clean and every footprint was an offence. On the wall were suspended rudely-colored portraits of Lee, Jackson, and Davis. When the storm abated the general stepped out to bring up the horses. In his momentary absence Miss Mildred gently intimated that the unceremonious caller was the original of one of the portraits. The woman was transfixed with astonishment, and, throwing up her hands, exclaimed, "Lord bless my soul! That I should have lived to have General Lee in my house!" When the general returned her gratitude knew no bounds, and every

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attention was lavished upon the travellers. The opportunity of this long ride was taken to visit Mr. Buford, in whose house Mrs. Lee had found refuge on several occasions during the war.

General Lee's domestic life was noble in its purity, admirable in its loving indulgences and devotion, and happy in all the family pleasures that rule in refined homes. When one reflects upon the military qualities which won him rank as a ruler of men, his quiet home life, rich in all the affections, stands in admirable though striking antithesis; and yet the contrast disappears when his whole consistent career is passed in review. As a son his attachment to his mother knew no bounds. His affection for his wife was, if possible, even stronger. In social and domestic intercourse he was not the cold and austere man he appeared in the crisis of battle. No man more enjoyed quiet humor. In the home circle he was genial, captivating, and as unaffected in his ways as a child. He entered heartily into all the domestic rounds of amusement, and contributed by many little inventions to the enjoyment of guests. His children were fond of pets, and he indulged all their innocent propensities.

His wife had become a confirmed invalid, and to her he gave devoted attention. He spent much of his leisure time in her company, cheering her spirits by his conversation while he wheeled her invalid chair about.

A few of his family letters will disclose the mutual ties of affection and confidence which bound the members together. In October, 1867, he writes R. E. Lee, Jr.: "I am clear for your marriage, if you select a good wife. Otherwise, you had better remain as you are for a time. An improvident or uncongenial woman is worse than the *minks*."*

With what fatherly solicitude he watched over and counselled his children is admirably shown by this farmer's letter he pens his son in the spring of 1868:

"I am sorry to learn from your letter of the 1st that the winter has been so hard on your wheat. I hope, however, the present good weather is shedding its influence upon it, and

* The chief pest of the Virginia farmer is the *mink*.

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that it will turn out better than it promises. You must take a lesson from the past season. What you do cultivate, do well. Improve and prepare your land in the best manner. Your labor will be less and your profits more. Your flat lands were always uncertain in wet winters. The uplands were more sure. . . . .

"A farmer's motto should be 'Toil and trust.' I am glad you have got your lime and sown oats and clover. Do you use the drill or sow broadcast? I rode out the other day to Mr. A. C——'s, and went into the field where he was ploughing. I took great pleasure in following his ploughs around the circuit. He had four in operation. Three of them were held by his former comrades in the army, who are regularly employed by him, and much, he says, to his satisfaction and profit. People have got to work now. It is creditable to them to do so—their bodies and their minds are benefited by it, and those who can and will, will be advanced by it."

A letter to his eldest son, G. W. Custis Lee, written at an earlier period of his life, is so full of aphoristic wisdom and breathes such a high sense of duty and honor that we cannot refrain from introducing an extract from it here:

"You must study to be frank with the world: frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot: you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only better as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor.

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"In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as 'the Dark Day' —a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the Last Day, the day of judgment, had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and said that if the Last Day had come he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind—the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more—you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part."

In the light which letters like these shed around the man the perfect domesticity of his nature appears. All the tests of son, husband, and father he endures. He thus guides a daughter's mind:

"LEXINGTON, 21st Dec., 1867.

"MY DEAREST LIFE: I was glad to learn through your letter that you were well and happy. I was pleased to find, too, that while enjoying the kindness of your friends we were not forgotten. Experience will teach you that, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, you will never receive such love as is felt for you by your father and mother: *that* lives through absence, difficulties, and times. I hope you will find time to read and improve your mind. Read history and works of truth—not novels and romances. Get correct views of life, and learn to see the world in its true light.

"We are getting on in the usual way. Agnes takes good care of us, and is always thoughtful and attentive. It is very

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cold. The ground is covered with six inches of snow, and the mountains, as far as the eye can reach, elevate their white crests as monuments of winter. I must leave to your sisters a description of all the gayeties, and also an account of the 'Reading Club.' As far as I can judge, it is a great institution for the discussion of apples and chestnuts, but is quite innocent of the pleasures of literature.

"Our feline companions are flourishing. Young Baxter is growing in gracefulness and favor, and gives cat-like evidences of future worth. He indulges in the fashionable color of 'moonlight on the lake'—apparently a dingy hue of the kitchen—and is strictly aristocratic in appearance and conduct. Tom, surnamed the 'Nipper' from the manner in which he slaughters our enemies the rats and mice, is admired for his gravity and sobriety, as well as his strict attention to the pursuits of his race. They both feel your absence sorely. Traveller and Custis are both well, and pursue their usual dignified gait and habits, not led away by the frivolous entertainments of lectures and concerts. . . . .

"Think always of your father, who loves you dearly.

"R. E. LEE."

The genial humor of this fatherly letter was a marked feature of General Lee's character. The relaxation from the dignity of outer life, mistaken for austerity by so many, is thus happily illustrated in the inner home circle.

A further insight into his character, as it was exemplified within the precincts of his home, is afforded by a visit so admirably recounted in the unaffected description of the lady visitor herself that we give it without abridgment:

"In the summer of 1866, General Lee and his family went for some weeks to the Rockbridge Baths, leaving the house and garden in charge of their excellent servant Caroline, who had come with them from Powhatan county. The vegetables were very abundant and fine, and Mrs. Lee greatly desired to have the tomatoes canned and made into catsup. As Caroline was not willing to undertake the work alone, Mrs. Lee asked me to spend a day in overlooking and directing the operation;

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which I was glad to do. At the time appointed I went over to the house, expecting to spend a quiet but busy and pleasant day. The kettle was boiling, the tomatoes in great quantities ready for paring, and the cans standing ready to be filled. Several hours passed, and by half-past twelve good progress had been made toward filling some eight or ten half-gallon cans. Suddenly a step was heard on the porch upon which the kitchen opened, and before we could turn round General Lee walked in. He had ridden up from the baths to attend to some important letters, and, knowing that the house was closed except on that side, had come in that way.

"He greeted us both most kindly, but was much surprised to see me in the kitchen. When he learned how matters stood, he became anxious to know what preparations had been made for dinner for me. Some broiled ham and eggs, with bread and butter, were what Caroline had suggested, and with these I would have been more than satisfied; but the general would not hear of so simple a bill of fare. He ordered coffee, and asked if some fruit or cake could not be found. Neither of these dainties being on hand, and I assuring him that the dinner provided was ample if he could find satisfaction in it, he agreed that we should dine together. When the table was laid neither knives, forks, nor spoons could be found, everything having been carefully locked up and the keys put away.

"His large camp-chest, used during the Mexican War and also during the four years of our war, stood in the dining-room, and when the fruitless search was over the general asked if I would object to the use of the knives, forks, and spoons which for so many years had been kept there and used by him. I assured him the meal would be vastly more enjoyable with these than with any others; and when he had let me inspect the chest, he handling and explaining everything, we sat down at the table. He was as charming and as anxious to consult my comfort and pleasure as if I had been a queen. When the dishes were removed he fancied that the dinner was scarcely sufficient for one who, he thought, had been occupied, and would be constantly during the afternoon; so he insisted upon searching the pantry for something in the way of sweetmeats,

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and soon found two jars, from one of which he produced some dried ginger, and from the other some delicious peach chips. No amount of begging could induce him to taste either, and I enjoyed the little dessert more than I can tell as he sat by chatting brightly and cutting the ginger in bits for me, while Caroline leisurely ate her own dinner and made ready for our afternoon's work.

"We sat in the parlor, the general reading and commenting on some of the many letters which daily came to him. Some amused him very much, and others he was very grave over. One, I remember, was from a lady asking him to find and send her a little Confederate orphan girl. She was to be of a certain age, a certain size, beautiful, a blonde, of gentle birth, interesting, with no vices, no oddities, and never to be molested by her relatives! Another was from the head of a convent in Wheeling offering to educate some ten or twelve Confederate orphan girls free of all charge, but upon condition that they became Romanists. This, I recollect, he said he could not agree to.

"When Caroline came to call me he made me promise not to overtax my strength and to rest before returning home. Several times during the evening he came into the kitchen to superintend, as he laughingly said, but really to see that I was not doing more than my share of the work; and nobody could have been more interested than he was in the proper seasoning for tomato catsup. When the tops had been soldered on the cans by the tinner, and Caroline had promised to put them safely away, I left her to put the corks in the bottles of catsup, and went into Mrs. Lee's room to rest a short time. The general came from his little study and insisted upon my going there to sit, as I did not care to lie down, and, putting aside his writing, he talked as he had done at dinner, in his own beautiful, genial way, making me feel perfectly at home.

"I remember his taking up a picture of his birthplace and telling me some little anecdotes of his boyhood. When I arose to come away he thanked me, and showed as much concern lest I should be over-fatigued by my day's work as if I had done something extraordinary. The remembrance of this day spent

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with General Lee in his own house has been, and ever will be, greatly treasured by me, and there are many people who will, I feel sure, enjoy this little glimpse of the great soldier at home. Unfortunately, the tomatoes upon which we had bestowed so much care were never used by the family. Caroline put the cans into an unlocked safe on the back porch, and that very night they were all stolen. The catsup proved very nice.

"About two years after this I went over one morning in July with a young friend from Baltimore to call on Mrs. Lee. As we entered the house we could see through the back door several suits of uniform, blue and gray, with one or two Mexican blankets, hanging upon a line in the yard. We were taken into Mrs. Lee's room, and finding the general there I asked if the moths had got into his trunks. He replied that they had, and everything was being aired and inspected. He left the room a moment, and when he returned he brought a most beautiful Mexican blanket, woven in imitation of the Mexican flag and the gift of the women of the city of Mexico. This he prized most highly. After admiring and examining it carefully, we comforted him by the assurance that it was uninjured. Mrs. Lee asked him to show my friend some of the beautiful gifts received by him during the war, and which were then lying about his room. He took us into his study, where we saw, among other things, some beautiful gauntlets sent from England, and which had never been worn. On the table was a splendid sword in its scabbard. This I drew out, and, finding on one or both sides an inscription in French, asked for some explanation. He simply said it was sent from France, but was too fine for use, and then he put it aside, not wishing us to see how beautiful and laudatory the inscription was. He then took up another sword, plain and dull in appearance as compared with the other. This he showed with great pride. It was the sword presented to General Washington during or after the Revolutionary War, afterward given to the Patent Office by Mr. Custis, and after the Mexican War presented to General (Colonel) Lee by another Congress. This he kept with him during our war.

"With some little difficulty we induced him to give the

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history of a handsome pair of silver spurs sent from Maryland, also of a beautiful yellow silk scarf worn once or twice on grand reviews. While he was busy with Miss B——, I espied on a small trunk, under a pile of clothes, a blue cloth saddle-blanket with some lettering in gold braid in the corners. Going over to it, I carefully drew it out, thereby turning completely over on the floor the clean clothes. His keen eyes immediately saw the mischief done, and with the exclamation, 'Oh, my clean clothes!' he stepped across the room and rescued the freshly-laundried garments. I was much confused and dismayed by my great awkwardness, but he most courteously and kindly assured me that they were unsoiled, at the same time placing them on the bed. The saddle-blanket proved to be a gorgeous affair, made and sent by some kind lady with the request that he would use it. This he had never done. In each corner were the words in rich gold thread, 'Honor to the brave!' He told us he had sent her word that until these were picked out he had no more right to use it than the poorest private who faithfully did his duty."

All the sentiments embalmed in his home letters, and all the memories of his home life cherished by his friends, combine to tell to the world the manner of man General Lee was in the society of his wife and children. Artless, sympathetic, solicitous, devoted, indulgent, fond of teasing, are descriptive terms whose accuracy must appear to all in the side-lights thrown upon the private circle.

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CHAPTER XXV.

DEATH AND MEMORIAL CEREMONIES.

General Lee's Failing Health.—The Fatal Attack.—His Death.—Colonel Johnston's Testimony.—Mrs. Lee's Description of the Final Illness.—Effect of the News upon the South.—Procession to the Chapel.—Religious Observances.—The Funeral Ceremonies.—Great Meeting at Richmond.—Extracts from Addresses of Jefferson Davis, General Gordon, and Colonel Withers.—Testimony of Reverdy Johnson.—Letter from General Scott.—General Preston's Remarks.—The Lee Memorial Association.—The Valentine Recumbent Statue.—Ceremonies of its Reception.—Description of Statue and Chamber.—General Lee as a Christian.—His Feeling toward the North.—Selected Thoughts.—A Captain Rebuked.

IN the last year of General Lee's life his friends experienced many fluctuations of hope and despair respecting his health. In the arduous campaign of 1863 he had contracted a severe sore throat, the sequence of which was rheumatism of the heart-sac. The malady was intermittent, and so infrequently did he complain that few ever thought that his constitution was impaired. But in October, 1869, he was attacked by inflammation of the heart-sac, associated with rheumatism of the body. His friends persuaded him in the early spring of 1870 to spend six weeks in Florida and Georgia. He returned with more elated spirits, for his reception among old friends had been so cordial as to exorcise depression, though his ailment was not eradicated. Shortly afterward, feeling the steady advances of the disease, he began to express the belief that he had but a short time to remain upon this earth, and wished to resign from the presidency of the college, being conscious that his strength was inadequate to the performance of its duties. To this the faculty would not consent. His mere presence exerted an influence that could not be otherwise supplied.

In the summer he remained a few weeks at the Virginia Hot Springs, and was somewhat benefited. When the fall session

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began he evinced an energy in the discharge of his college duties that deluded many into the fond hope that a new lease of life had been vouchsafed him. There was a manifestation of interest in affairs and an elation which are so often but the indications of an approaching end. The college year had continued only a few days when pleasing hope and all the exhilaration that was infused through the academic halls departed.

Upon Wednesday morning, September 28, 1870, General Lee was promptly at his desk, and gave his correspondence and other official matters the usual attention. After dinner, at four o'clock, there was a meeting of the vestry of Grace (Episcopal) Church, which he attended. A steady rain was falling and the air was quite chilly. (This rain poured down for several days and caused a flood that is yet remembered for its unusual destruction.) He presided at the meeting, sitting in the cold and damp church with only his military cloak loosely wrapped about him. The discussion over the rebuilding of the church and the increase of the rector's salary was protracted until after seven o'clock. One of his acts at this meeting was characteristic of him. When a deficit was announced as still existing in the subscriptions for the minister's salary, General Lee promptly assumed payment of the balance, though it was beyond any proportionate amount justly due from him.

Tea was waiting for him when he returned home. He approached the table, and stood as if to invoke grace. His family watched in terrible anxiety the mute lips and the look that came upon his face. He could not speak. Quietly he sat down in his chair. His expression told that he comprehended the functional failure. There was no paralysis of sensation or motion, no swoon, yet his weakness was marked. Drs. H. T. Barton and R. L. Madison were called in and administered the usual restoratives. When carried to his bed he gave silent indication of his resignation to the summons. He was treated for venous congestion, and the remedies appeared to produce favorable results. But there was no buoyancy of hope in the watchers by his side, and no expectation of recovery in his own mind. He knew he had been mortally stricken, and his own composed

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waiting for the end was too firm in its decision to be influenced by momentary symptoms of improvement.

The seeming rally from the initial shock grew perceptibly greater until October 10th. But on the afternoon of that day his pulse became accelerated and his hurried breathing betokened a serious relapse. At midnight a chill of exhaustion supervened, and the intelligence of his critical condition was broken to his family. Through the next day he rapidly sank, and his dissolution was felt to be imminent at any hour. A few moments after nine on the morning of the 12th he calmly breathed his last.

Colonel William Preston Johnston, who watched almost constantly at his bedside, has thus eloquently and touchingly portrayed the sad scenes attendant upon his death:

"General Lee's closing hours were consonant with his noble and disciplined life. Never was more beautifully displayed how a long and severe education of mind and character enables the soul to pass with equal step through this supreme ordeal—never did the habits and qualities of a lifetime, solemnly gathered into a few last sad hours, more grandly maintain themselves amid the gloom and shadow of approaching death. The reticence, the self-contained composure, the obedience to proper authority, the magnanimity, and the Christian meekness that marked all his actions still preserved their sway, in spite of the inroads of disease and the creeping lethargy that weighed down his faculties.

"As the old hero lay in the darkened room or with the lamp and hearth-fire casting shadows upon his calm, noble front, all the massive grandeur of his form and face and brow remained, and death seemed to lose its terrors and to borrow a grace and dignity in sublime keeping with the life that was ebbing away. The great mind sank to its last repose almost with the equal poise of health. The few broken utterances that evinced at times a wandering intellect were spoken under the influence of the remedies administered; but as long as consciousness lasted there was evidence that all the high controlling influences of his whole life still ruled; and even when stupor was laying its cold hand on the intellectual perceptions, the moral

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nature, with its complete orb of duties and affections, still asserted itself. A Southern poet has celebrated in song those last significant words, 'Strike the tent!' and a thousand voices were raised to give meaning to the uncertain sound when the dying man said, with emphasis, 'Tell Hill he *must* come up.' These sentences serve to show most touchingly through what fields the imagination was passing; but generally his words, though few, were coherent, and for the most part his silence was unbroken."

His widow, in a letter to an intimate friend, told the sad story of his last hours, and dwelt with sustaining trust upon their perfect Christian sublimity: "My husband came in. We had been waiting tea for him, and I remarked, 'You have kept us waiting a long time. Where have you been?' He did not reply, but stood up as if to say grace. Yet no word proceeded from his lips, and he sat down in his chair perfectly upright and with a sublime air of resignation on his countenance, and did not attempt a reply to our inquiries. That look was never to be forgotten, and I have no doubt he felt that his hour had come; for, though he submitted to the doctors, who were immediately summoned, and who had not even reached their homes from the same vestry-meeting, yet his whole demeanor during his illness showed one who had taken leave of earth. He never smiled, and rarely attempted to speak, except in his dreams, and then he wandered to those dreadful battlefields. Once, when Agnes urged him to take some medicine, which he always did with reluctance, he looked at her and said, 'It is no use.' But afterward he took it. When he became so much better the doctor said, 'You must soon get out and ride your favorite gray.' He shook his head most emphatically and looked upward. He slept a great deal, but knew us all, greeted us with a kindly pressure of the hand, and loved to have us around him. For the last forty-eight hours he seemed quite insensible of our presence. He breathed more heavily, and at last gently sank to rest with one deep-drawn sigh. And oh, what a glorious rest was in store for him!"

The death of General Lee was solemnly proclaimed to the residents of Lexington by the tolling of bells. With common

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accord all business was suspended. Tokens of mourning appeared on all buildings. The schools were closed and the college exercises ceased. The grief manifested by the people was profound. The little children whom he had cherished, and who had entertained for him a reverential love, wept over the absence of one whose death in the full measure of its bereavement they scarce understood. Women were affected to tears, and strong men turned aside to repress their emotion. It was a personal loss to them. In the Southern States his death was deplored as a calamity. Citizens, societies, and all associations of men met in some manner of assemblage and recorded their sense of the sad event. Resolutions of condolence and respect were adopted. Legislatures paused in their proceedings to add to the tokens of grief. All professions, all callings in mercantile life, were represented in the tributes. Rarely has sorrow been so universal, and seldom has genuine affection entered so deeply into the mourning over the death of a public benefactor.

On the 14th of October the remains of the deceased hero were conveyed to the college chapel, where they lay in state until the hour of the final obsequies upon the next day. The procession which moved from the residence was formed under Prof. J. J. White as chief marshal, with assistants appointed by the students. The escort of honor was composed of Confederate soldiers. Following this guard and preceding the hearse came the clergy. The pall-bearers were twelve, representing the trustees, faculty, and students of Washington College, the authorities of the Virginia Military Institute, the soldiers of the Confederate army, and the citizens of the college town. Just in the rear of the hearse two old soldiers led Traveller, the celebrated war-horse, crape emblems appearing upon saddle and bridle. Then followed in the long cortége the college authorities, students, and citizens. When the casket was rested upon the dais within the chapel the procession filed slowly past, and each member looked for the last time upon the uncovered features of the dead. The body was attired in simple black. About the coffin rested floral emblems, the profuse tributes of loving hearts. Until the hour of interment upon Saturday a

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student guard of honor paced with sentinel care about the dais.

Before the conveyance of the remains to the chapel, funeral exercises had been held of a simple character. Citizens and students made up the saddened congregation which gathered within the chapel-walls. Rev. Dr. Pendleton read from Psalm 27 : 8–11 and 28–40, and made application of its teachings to the life and death of General Lee. The minister was rarely endowed for his sorrowful mission. For forty-five years he had been associated with Lee as fellow-student, comrade-in-arms, and pastor. He spoke with the full equipment of knowledge and the devotion of friendship, and his tribute to the undeviating rectitude, the consistency of Christian character, that ruled the life-career of the distinguished dead was the eloquent utterance of heartfelt truths. In the beautiful and apposite words of the psalm, "The law of God was in his heart; therefore did none of his steps slide;" "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Dr. White, the pastor of Stonewall Jackson, and Rev. John William Jones, a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, and intimately connected with General Lee, also made brief remarks upon the eminent qualities of the dead.

The day of the funeral found the sky unclouded. The air was bracing. The roads were almost unfit for travel, the effects of the recent freshet not having disappeared. But sorrowing people braved the discomforts. The Virginia Legislature sent a delegation, and various towns in the Commonwealth were represented. It had been determined to make the funeral rites and observances rigorously plain, for the wishes of the deceased, though they had not been expressed in words, were felt by all to be opposed to display. The whole manner of General Lee had given unerring evidence of his desire in this respect, and plainness was in perfect keeping with his lack of ostentation. All the ceremonies were marked by simple dignity.

The procession was formed at ten o'clock on Saturday morning on the college campus. The escort of honor was composed of officers and soldiers of the Confederate army. It moved solemnly onward through the streets of Lexington,

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being joined at various points by the visiting delegations. The band of the Virginia Military Institute played a solemn dirge, bells tolled, and minute-guns were fired. But there was no attempt at display. No flag was to be seen in the long column. Buildings were festooned with black, and above them the flags were at half-staff. The Virginia Military Institute was notably draped with the emblems of grief. When the procession reached the chapel upon its return, the students and cadets, numbering about six hundred and fifty, marched through the chapel, past the remains, making their exit at an opposite doorway. The procession then filed into the church. Within the space allotted for the members of General Lee's family there sat also his attending physicians, Drs. Barton and Madison, and Colonels W. H. Taylor and C. S. Venable, who had been members of his staff. Upon the platform were seated the clergy and the faculties of the college and the institute.

No sermon was preached. With exquisite voice Rev. Dr. Pendleton read the burial service of the Episcopal Church. At its conclusion the casket was removed to the brick vault prepared for it within the college-chapel area. The top of the vault was level with the floor of the library. Upon its marble capping was the inscription,

"ROBERT EDWARD LEE,
BORN JANUARY 19, 1807;
DIED OCTOBER 12, 1870."

The concluding services were conducted by the chaplain from the bank on the southern side of the chapel, in front of the vault. The hymn,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,"

was sung by the assemblage after the coffin had been lowered into the vault. Thus in all simplicity were conducted the obsequies of the distinguished dead. There was not the pageantry of rank nor the formal and ostentatious accompaniments of less sincere sorrow. In all that great congregation each individual was present to testify the personal sorrow felt

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for one whose greatness had never obliterated those qualities which, with admiration, win also affection.

There were meetings of Confederate soldiers throughout the South—at New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Memphis, in other cities, and in many towns—to express the universal regret felt at the untimely demise of the great warrior. At Richmond, on November 3d, a monster assemblage of his old soldiers gathered in obedience to a call from General Jubal A. Early, the senior in rank of all the officers of the Army of Northern Virginia. There was no distinction of rank observed in the invitation to this meeting. It included officers and privates of the army surrendered at Appomattox, men of other Confederate armies, and all the survivors of the navy. The immediate object was to secure concerted action in reference to the memorial association already inaugurated at Lexington.

Those who responded to this call were fully representative of military ranks. General and private mingled in committee, all rank forgotten and levelled in the common sorrow. General Early was temporary chairman. The ex-President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, was made the president. He was greeted with every manifestation of respect when he came forward to address the meeting. One extract may possess interest as bearing upon the single point of the relations subsisting between General Lee and Mr. Davis during the protracted struggle:

"Robert E. Lee was my associate and friend in the Military Academy, and we were friends until the hour of his death. We were associates and friends when he was a soldier and I a Congressman, and associates and friends when he led the armies of the Confederacy and I held a civil office, and therefore I may claim to speak as one who knew him. In the many sad scenes and perilous circumstances through which we passed together our conferences were frequent and full, yet never was there an occasion on which there was not entire harmony of purpose and accordance as to means. If ever there was difference of opinion, it was dissipated by discussion, and harmony was the result. I repeat, we never disagreed, and I may add that I never in my life saw in him the slightest tendency to self-seeking. It

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was not his to make a record, it was not his to shift blame to other shoulders; but it was his, with an eye fixed upon the welfare of his country, never faltering, to follow the line of duty to the end. His was the heart that braved every difficulty: his was the mind that wrought victory out of defeat."

Tributes were paid to the dead chieftain by General John S. Preston of South Carolina, General John B. Gordon of Georgia, Colonel Charles Marshall of Virginia, Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston (son of Albert Sidney Johnston), and Ex-Senator Robert E. Withers of Virginia.

General Gordon's address was marked for its felicity of expression and affectionate warmth. He thus alluded in eloquent terms to one characteristic of General Lee:

"General Lee is known to the world only as a military man, but it is easy to divine from his history how mindful of all just authority, how observant of all constitutional restrictions, would have been his career as a civilian. When, near the conclusion of the war, darkness was thickening about the falling fortunes of the Confederacy, when its very life was in the sword of Lee, it was my proud privilege to note with special admiration the modest demeanor, the manly decorum, and the respectful homage which marked all his intercourse with the constituted authorities of his country. Clothed with all power, he hid its every symbol behind a genial modesty, and refused to exert it save in obedience to law. And even in his triumphant entry into the territory of the enemy, so regardful was he of civilized warfare that the observance of his general orders as to private property and private rights left the line of his march marked and marred by no devastated fields, charred ruins, or desolated homes."

Colonel Withers dwelt upon the mutual affection which controlled the hearts of General Lee and his men. "And why was this the predominant sentiment of his soldiery?" he asked. "The answer is obvious: Because he loved his men. His military achievements may have been rivalled, possibly surpassed, by other great commanders. Alexander, Marlborough, Wellington, Napoleon, each and all excited the admiration, enjoyed

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the confidence, and aroused the enthusiasm of their soldiers; but none of these were loved as Lee was loved. They considered their soldiers as mere machines prepared to perform a certain part in the great drama of the battlefield. They regarded not the question of human life as a controlling element in their calculations: with unmoved eye and unquickened pulse they hurled their solid columns against the very face of destruction without reck or care for the destruction of life involved.

"But General Lee never forgot that his men were fellow-beings as well as soldiers. He cared for them with parental solicitude, nor ever relaxed in his efforts to promote their comfort and protect their lives. A striking exemplification of this trait can be found in the fact that it was his constant habit to turn over to the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital such delicate viands as the partiality of friends furnished for his personal consumption, preferring for himself the plain fare of the camp that his sick soldiers might enjoy the unwonted luxuries. These facts were well known throughout the army, and hence his soldiery, though often ragged and emaciated, though suffering from privations and cold and nakedness, never faltered in their devotion nor abated one tittle of their love for him. They knew it was not his fault."

Colonel Charles S. Venable also paid a glowing tribute. The resolutions presented by him were cordially approved by the great meeting.

At a memorial meeting held in Baltimore, Hon. Reverdy Johnson joined in the general eulogy of the dead hero, with whom it had been his good fortune to be personally acquainted for many years. General Scott had more than once remarked in the presence of the speaker that his success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee, and had stated his purpose to recommend him as his successor in the chief command of the army. Much as Scott regretted Lee's resignation in 1861, he never failed to say that he was convinced that Lee had taken that step from an imperative sense of duty. The veteran general was somewhat consoled by the reflection that in the conduct of the war he would have as his opponent a soldier worthy of every man's esteem,

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and one who would never deviate from the strictest rules of civilized warfare. Mr. Johnson looked upon Robert E. Lee as worthy of all praise, peerless among men, and without an equal as a soldier. During the speaker's residence in England as representative of the United States at the court of Great Britain he had heard with delight the praise of Lee's character and ability from eminent soldiers and statesmen of that country. As one instance he referred to the praises bestowed upon the army order of June 26, 1863, issued during the campaign in Pennsylvania, in which Lee told his men not to forget that the honor of the army required them to observe the same humanity in the country of the enemy as in their own.

As confirmatory of the statement of General Scott's opinion of Lee may be consulted the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
May 8, 1857.

"HON. J. B. FLOYD, SECRETARY OF WAR,

"SIR: I beg to ask that one of the vacant second lieutenantcies be given to W. H. F. Lee, son of Brevet Colonel R. E. Lee, at present on duty against the Comanches. I make this application mainly on the extraordinary merits of the father, the very best soldier that I ever saw in the field. But the son is himself a very remarkable youth, now about twenty, of a fine stature and constitution, a good linguist, a good mathematician, and about to graduate at Harvard University. He is also honorable and amiable, like his father, and dying to enter the army. I do not ask this commission as a favor, though if I had influence I should be happy to exert it in this case. My application is in the name of national justice, in part payment (and but a small part) of the debt due to the invaluable services of Colonel Lee.

"I have the honor to be, with high respect,
"Your obedient servant,
"WINFIELD SCOTT."

In addition to what has been said upon the subject of General Scott's high appreciation of Lee as a soldier, we cannot desist from giving one further testimony to the same effect in

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consideration of the value of Scott's opinion in this particular and his excellent opportunities of knowing Lee's character and ability. In his memorial address at Louisville, General Preston related a conversation he had held with General Scott long before the Civil War, in which the latter declared that Lee was the greatest living soldier in America, and added with emphasis, "I tell you that if I were on my death-bed to-morrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and he asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, 'Let it be Robert E. Lee.'"

The meeting at Richmond on November 3d and 4th resulted in the formation of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the memorial resolutions authorized the erection of a monument at Richmond. That worthy purpose has not yet been performed, though the subscriptions have reached almost the amount of $100.000.

Immediately after the funeral, however, the soldiers present met at Lexington and took the initial steps toward marking the resting-place of the departed general by an appropriate monument. That their purpose might be the better achieved, an act of incorporation was obtained from the Virginia Legislature in January, 1871, for "The Lee Memorial Association." General John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, the last Secretary of War of the Confederate States, was the president. After the name of Washington College had been changed to that of Washington and Lee University, the executive committee determined to locate the mausoleum at Lexington and to attach it to the college chapel. The association confided the statuary-work to the distinguished Virginia sculptor Edward V. Valentine, who in the spring of 1870 had modelled a bust of General Lee, the execution of which had been highly commended. His model for the proposed sarcophagus was readily accepted, Mrs. Lee having expressed a preference for his design. It was a recumbent figure after the school of Rauch's figure of Louise of Prussia in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg. The construction of the mausoleum was completed under the super-

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to the chapel, and within the mausoleum Miss Julia Jackson, the daughter of General "Stonewall" Jackson, drew back the curtain from the exquisite marble figure.

Virginians entertain a feeling of pride not only that a memorial statue has been inaugurated to their honored chief, but also that this charming work of art is due to the hand of a native sculptor. The figure is of flawless white marble. General Lee is represented in uniform as sleeping upon a soldier's couch. One hand is upon his bosom and touches gently the drapery of his couch; the other lies by his side, resting upon his sword. The features and form are perfect. It is the majesty of repose, tranquil and graceful. The floor of the chamber in which it rests is tessellated in marble and tiles. The walls are of gray marble panels inserted in the dark pressed brick. There are receptacles for medallions in the walls, and upon one already placed is inscribed the name of Robert E. Lee, with the dates of his birth and death. The panels of the sarcophagus bear on one side the Lee coat of arms, and upon the other the armorial bearings of Virginia. The legend upon the panel at the foot repeats the name and dates: at the head a simple cross is carved.

In consonance with the funeral scenes to which this chapter has been devoted we may now allude particularly to General Lee's lofty conception of Christianity and his high ideal of religious duty. Upon his confirmation as a member of the Church, Bishop Johns said to him, "If you will be as faithful a soldier of the cross as you have been of your country, when your warfare is over I shall covet your crown."

He had chastened his spirit with the divine rod of forbearance. Forgiveness was a noble attribute. When a minister once denounced the North in terms of excessive bitterness, General Lee followed him to the door and said, "Doctor, there is a good old book which I read and you preach from which says, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.' Do you think your remarks this evening were quite in the spirit of that teaching?" And he added, "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were

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seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights, but I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

Soon after the harsh Reconstruction acts had been passed, against honorable protest and argument even within the dominant circles of Congressional government, some Confederate friends in the presence of General Lee burst forth in strains of invective against the unrelenting spirit which presided over the enactment of such statutes. General Lee took from the table some manuscript pages of his father's *Life*, which he was then editing, and read these lines:

> "Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe,
> And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe;
> Free, like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,
> Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side.
> Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
> With fruit nectarious or the balmy flower;
> All Nature cries aloud, Shall men do less
> Than love the smiter and the railer bless?"

"These lines," said he, "were written in Arabia and by a Mohammedan, the poet of Shiraz, the immortal Hafiz; and ought not we, who profess to be governed by the principles of Christianity, to rise at least to the standard of this Mohammedan poet and learn to forgive our enemies?"

General Lee had the habit of writing on small slips of paper on his desk such thoughts as might occur to him. From a number of these a few may be selected:

"Honesty in its widest sense is always admirable. The trite saying that 'Honesty is the best policy' has met with the just criticism that honesty is not policy. This seems to be true. The real honest man is honest from conviction of what is right, not from policy."

"Those who oppose our purposes are not always to be regarded as our enemies. We usually think and act from our immediate surroundings. (See *Macaulay on Machiavelli.*)"

"The better rule is to judge our adversaries from their standpoint, not from ours."

"God disposes. This ought to satisfy us."

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"Fame which does not result from good actions and achievements for the good of the whole people is not to be desired. Nero had fame (or rather notoriety). Who envies him?"

"No man can be so important in the world that he needs not the good-will and approval of others."

"'Charity should begin at home.' So says ——. No, charity should have no beginning or ending."

The tolerance of General Lee for the religious faith of others was frequently illustrated. A Jewish soldier applied to his captain for permission to attend certain ceremonies at the synagogue at Richmond. The captain indorsed the request: "Disapproved: if such applications were granted the whole army would turn Jews or Shaking Quakers." When the document reached General Lee he wrote on it, "Approved, and respectfully returned to Captain ——, with the advice that he should always respect the religious views and feelings of others."

The Christian character of General Lee was one in which the tenderness, forgiveness, philanthropy, and purity of the real disciple of the true Christ conception were the ruling impulses, and not the haughty, austere self-satisfaction or the unrelenting, exacting creed of those who consider themselves the elect.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WORLD'S ESTIMATE.

Summary of Lee's Career.—His Character as a Soldier; as an Instructor.—Newspaper Comments.—The New York *World*, *Herald*, and *Citizen*.—Halifax *Morning Chronicle*.—Statement of Alexander H. Stephens.—Lee's Noble Aspect.—He Consents to Give up his Command.—Sent to West Virginia.—General Starke's Narration.—Chief of Staff to Mr. Davis.—Engineering Duty in the South.—Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia.—Roll-call of his Battles.—Swinton's Comment on the Army.—Resignation Correspondence.—Tribute of Philip Stanhope Worsley.—Concluding Poem.

THE biography of Robert E. Lee, the man whom future ages will undoubtedly name as the greatest military genius of the nineteenth century, has been given in the foregoing pages in all its stirring details, ending with a description of the well-merited honors which were paid to his memory after his death. This work has been a labor of love, and its termination is approached with regret, since we can never again hope to find so worthy a subject for our pen. Yet before bringing our work to an end there seem necessary some brief remarks upon the world's estimate of the dead hero, and a rapid review of his career and character as a fitting conclusion to the story of the great events of his life.

That the tone of this work has been eulogistic is freely admitted; yet it is not the eulogy of undue partiality, but that tribute of honor and respect which the honest writer involuntarily pays to the memory of a great man—one whom, like Washington, we may designate as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Throughout his whole life this greatness was at every point evinced. As a boy his tenderness of demeanor to his invalid mother displayed the filial sentiment in a degree that has never been surpassed. As a West Point cadet indications of his future eminence as a soldier and a man became evident to his friends and associates. Never in his earlier

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army career did he desire to evade the most irksome or monotonous duty. He married happily, and in the long years of home felicity no German ideal of domesticity transcends the reality of his family relations. He is affectionate, solicitous, devoted. The clouds of war lower over him, and in the tumultuous doubts and dangers that assail men he follows unhesitatingly, unfalteringly, the beacon of duty. Allurements of rank and avoidance of disaster cannot beguile him from heeding the dictates of his cherished principles. Once decided upon a course of action consistent with his beliefs and ideas of right, there is no thought of recantation. He becomes without restraint and with earnest enthusiasm the Confederate leader. No greater wrong could be done his memory, no more cruel perversion of the truth be made, than to claim that during the civil strife duty and principle were contending in Robert E. Lee's breast, and that duty merely dominated. The exact student of his loyal expressions and of his avowed construction of the Federal Union will readily discover the reconciliation between his acts and views. He fought against what to him was armed aggression upon the constitutional rights of the South vouchsafed to it and to the North by the inviolable prescriptions of the organic law of the Union.

In that calamitous contest his genius and his prowess have compelled the plaudits of the world. His generalship was an exhibition of military genius in which the whole nation feels a lofty pride. To remarkable powers as a leader he added those qualities of self-abnegation, of moral grandeur, and of humane solicitude which constitute the true ideal of manliness, and the aggregate was a great military character, to find whose equal we would need to select the noblest attributes from many of the historic generals of the world.

When the convulsions of war subsided and peace spread her broad wings over a reunited land, Robert E. Lee nobly assumed a civic trust, and in the faithful execution of its duties added still another laurel to his wreath of honor. Submissive to the decision of events, he sheathed his sword and embraced the new career of instructing youth in the culture

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and discipline which alone make worthy citizens. Yielding at last to the strain of years of physical exposure and mental anxiety, the hero with sublime resignation gave back his being to the great Creator, soothed by that unfaltering trust which had so long ennobled his life.

Such was, in brief, the career of Robert E. Lee—a noble career, in which intellectual and moral worth struggled for pre-eminence, or, rather, combining in harmonious relations in his well-rounded nature, made up a man who has had few peers upon the face of the earth.

As to the voluminous testimonials to his worth which flowed in from a thousand quarters upon the news of his death, we have no space to give them more than a brief reference, with some few extracts from their more striking remarks. The newspaper press of the North was full of praises of the deceased warrior, while from Europe came with no uncertain sound the eulogistic tones of those best fitted to judge of military ability and manly dignity and eminence.

The New York *World* speaks of his "strategic resources, inexhaustible patience, and calm determination," and says that "if the testimony of all honorable men who contended against the great Southern general agrees with the verdict of all competent foreign critics in awarding to him a place among the most eminent soldiers of history, the concord is not less absolute of all who knew the man in the private and personal aspects of his life as to his gentleness, his love of justice, his truth, and his elevation of soul."

From the long eulogium of the New York *Herald* we extract the following notably truthful passages:

"Never had mother a nobler son. In him the military genius of America was developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure and lofty in mind and purpose found lodgment. Dignified without presumption, affable without familiarity, he united all those charms of manner which made him the idol of his friends and of his soldiers, and won for him the respect and admiration of the world. Even as in the days of his triumph glory did not intoxicate, so when the dark clouds swept over him adversity

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did not depress. From the hour that he surrendered his sword at Appomattox to the fatal autumn morning [of his death] he passed among men, noble in his quiet, simple dignity, displaying neither bitterness nor regret over the irrevocable past. He conquered us in misfortune by the grand manner in which he sustained himself, even as he dazzled us by his genius when the tramp of his soldiers resounded through the valleys of Virginia.

". . . . In person General Lee was a notably handsome man. He was tall of stature and admirably proportioned; his features were regular and most amiable in appearance; and in his manners he was courteous and dignified. In social life he was much admired. As a slaveholder he was beloved by his slaves for his kindness and consideration toward them. General Lee was also noted for his piety. He was an Episcopalian, and was a regnlar attendant at church. Having a perfect command over his temper, he was never seen angry, and his most intimate friends never heard him utter an oath. Indeed, it is doubtful if there are many men of the present generation who unite so many virtues and so few vices in each of themselves as did General Lee. He came nearer the ideal of a soldier and Christian general than any man we can think of, for he was a greater soldier than Havelock, and equally as devout a Christian. In his death our country has lost a son of whom she might well be proud, and of whose services she might have stood in need had he lived a few years longer, for we are certain that, had occasion required it, General Lee would have given to the United States the benefit of all his great talents."

John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, thus wrote of him in the New York *Citizen:*

"The highest head, the noblest and grandest character of our continent, the most conscientious, humane, and faithful soldier, the most chivalrous gentleman in this world, the best, the most superb sample of the American warrior, has fallen like a mighty tree in the forest; and men wonder, after the first shock of the news, to find that there is such a gap, such a blank in the world."

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The Halifax *Morning Chronicle* in a lengthy review said of him:

"In every particular he possessed the requisites of a true soldier. He was brave; his whole military record and his lifelong scorn of danger alike bear testimony to his bravery. He was wise; his great successes against great odds and his almost constant anticipation of the enemy's movements were proofs of his wisdom. He was skilful; his forced marches and unexpected victories assert his skill. He was patient and unyielding; his weary struggle against the mighty armies of the North and his stern defence of Richmond will for ever preserve the memory of his patience and resolution. He was gentle and just; the soldiers who fought under him and who came alive out of the great fight, remembering and cherishing the memory of the man, can one and all testify to his gentleness and his justice. Above all, he was faithful; when he gave up his sword there was no man in his own ranks or in those of the enemy that doubted his faith or believed that he had not done all that mortal could do for the cause for which he had made such a noble struggle."

Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederate States, who was brought into intimate contact with General Lee at many times during his eventful career, has left a biographical sketch, as yet unpublished, from which we extract some highly interesting passages. He first saw Robert E. Lee at the time of his entry into the service of Virginia as major-general of the State forces, when he replied to the address of the president of the convention in the brief but eloquent oration which has been given in its appropriate place in this work. Mr. Stephens was then in Richmond with the purpose of inducing Virginia to enter the Confederacy which had been formed by the more southern range of States, and to undo, so far as General Lee was concerned, the work which had been that morning performed. He alludes to Lee in the following eloquent words:

"As he stood there, fresh and ruddy as a David from the sheepfold, in the prime of his manly beauty and the embodiment of a line of heroic and patriotic fathers and worthy

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mothers, it was thus I first saw Robert E. Lee. I had preconceived ideas of the rough soldier with no time for the graces of life and by companionship almost compelled to the vices of his profession. I did not know then that he used no stimulants, was free even from the use of tobacco, and that he was absolutely stainless in his private life. I did not know then, as I do now, that he had been a model youth and young man; but I had before me the most manly man and entire gentleman I ever saw.

"That this seeming modesty was genuine, that this worth in which his compatriots believed was real, that his character was unselfish, I was to know as the shades of evening fell upon that day and he sat in my room at the Ballard House, at my request, to listen to my proposal that he resign, without any compensation or promise thereof, the very honor and rank he had that same morning received. . . . .

"General Lee heard me quietly, understood the situation at once, and saw that he alone stood between the Confederacy and his State. The members of the convention had seen at once that Lee was left out of the proposed compact that was to make Virginia one of the Confederate States, and I knew that one word, or even a look of dissatisfaction, from him would terminate the negotiations with which I was entrusted. North Carolina would act with Virginia, and either the Border States would protect our lines or the battle-field be moved at once down to South Carolina and the borders of Georgia.

"General Lee did not hesitate for one moment, and, while he saw that it would make matters worse to throw up his commission, he declared that no personal ambition or emolument should be considered or stand in the way. I had admired him in the morning, but I took his hand that night at parting with feelings of respect and almost reverence never yet effaced. I met him at times later, and he was always the same Christian gentleman.

"Virginia became one of us and the battlefield, as all men know, and General Lee took subordinate positions which for a time placed him nearly out of sight. The magnitude of his sacrifice of the position of commander-in-chief of the Union

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army—if Mr. Blair is right in saying it was offered him—is already appreciated. But the greatness of his self-abnegation in the surrender of the sword of Virginia will not yet be seen unless I show what it at once involved. It is not the man on the battlefield I wish to draw, but a higher thing than a mere sword-flourisher—personal character.

"Nominally, General Lee lost nothing, but practically, for the time being, he lost everything. The Government moved to Richmond, and Mr. Davis directed General Lee to retain his command of the Virginia troops, which was really to make him recruiting- and drill-inspector. . . . .

"General Lee with his Virginians was given special charge of West Virginia, not then a State. His lieutenant, General Garnett, was killed at Cheat River, and the Confederates lost a thousand prisoners, with artillery and baggage, by a blunder. General Wise did little better; so of General Henry R. Jackson; and Lee, when he went personally, found that when he had surrounded the forces of General Reynolds at Elk Water nothing was to be made by the frightful loss of life of an attack while General Rosecrans held an impregnable position on Cheat Mountain, and the campaign simply ended with a good look at the enemy and a feeling of his future foe, McClellan."

Before proceeding with Mr. Stephens's narrative we may introduce at this point a conversation related by General Starke, who was with Lee in West Virginia, and conversant with the widely-entertained opinion that the failure of that campaign stamped him as a greatly over-estimated man and one incompetent to hold an important command. In the conversation referred to General Starke turned the subject under discussion to the Sewell Mountain campaign, saying that as it was now all over he would like to know why General Lee did not fight Rosecrans, as the forces were about equal and the Confederates were ready and anxious for a fight, and felt certain of a victory. General Lee's answer was, in substance, that the men were in good spirits, and would doubtless have done their duty, but that a battle then would have been without substantial results; that the Confederates were seventy miles from the railroad, their base of supplies; that the ordinary road was almost im-

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passable, and that it would have been difficult to procure two days' supplies of provisions; that if he had fought and won the battle, and Rosecrans had retreated, he would have been compelled to fall back at last to the source of supplies.

"But," said General Starke, "your reputation was suffering, the press was denouncing you, your own State was losing confidence in you, and the army needed a victory to add to its enthusiasm."

At the remark a smile lighted up the sad face of General Lee, and his reply was worthy of him: "I could not afford to sacrifice the lives of five or six hundred of my people to silence public clamor."

Mr. Stephens summarizes the succeeding military performances of General Lee as follows:

"Again he had a barren though difficult honor thrust upon him. On March 13, 1862, General Order No. 14 recited that 'General Robert E. Lee is assigned to duty at the seat of Government, and, under the direction of the President, is charged with the conduct of military operations in the army of the Confederacy.' He did much to improve the army as the chief of staff of Mr. Davis and nominal head of the army, but soon asked to be relieved from responsibility with no power. A Congressional act creating the office of commanding general for him had been vetoed by Mr. Davis as unconstitutional.

"The Confederate Government had adopted the plan of Austria at the period when Napoleon the First so nearly wiped her off the map of Europe, and endeavored to 'cover everything' with the armies. The army at Centreville was little more than a mob clamoring for leave of absence, and with seldom a day's rations ahead, and General Lee was sent to repair the disasters of Hilton Head and Beaufort, S. C., by the impossible task of engineering sufficient fortifications for a thousand miles of mingled seacoast and inland swamps. I remember seeing him in Savannah, conspicuous by the blue uniform which he was the last of the Confederates to put off, scarcely noticed among the gay uniforms of the new volunteers,

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and the least likely of all men to become the first character in the war for States Rights.

"Toward sundown at the battle of Seven Pines, Virginia, on the 31st of May, 1862, General Joseph E. Johnston fell severely wounded. . . . . The time of General Lee had come at last. His appointment by Mr. Davis was very unpopular, as the South had little confidence in him, and even Virginians doubted their old idol. Yet from that time I need only to call the roll of his battles: Richmond relieved, Manassas (the second), Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville—where Stonewall Jackson fell—Winchester and Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Lynchburg. He is identified for ever with that Army of Northern Virginia of which Mr. Swinton says, 'Who that ever looked upon it can forget that army of tattered uniforms and bright muskets—that body of incomparable infantry which for four years carried the revolt upon its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it; which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like; and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation?'

"What I had seen General Lee to be at first—child-like in simplicity and unselfish in his character—he remained, unspoiled by praise and by success. While he was always the dignified Virginia gentleman, and never free or familiar with any one, he won the hearts of his men as entirely as ever did Napoleon or Washington."

In addition to the foregoing evidences of General Lee's character, and of the estimation in which he was held by all those associated with him or acquainted with his ability as a soldier and his innate nobility of nature, may be given the following letters, which form an important portion of the secret history of the war. On page 301 of this work the statement is made that on the return of the army to the Rapidan after the battle of Gettysburg, General Lee resigned the command of the army, which resignation, however, was not accepted by Mr. Davis. The correspondence in relation to this resignation is of great interest and value, and is here given:

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"CAMP ORANGE, August 8, 1863.

"MR. PRESIDENT: Your letters of the 28th July and 2d August have been received, and I have waited for a leisure hour to reply, but I fear that will never come. I am extremely obliged to you for the attention given to the wants of this army and the efforts made to supply them. Our absentees are returning, and I hope the earnest and beautiful appeal made to the country in your proclamation may stir up the whole people, and that they may see their duty and perform it. Nothing is wanted but that their fortitude should equal their bravery to ensure the success of our cause. We must expect reverses, even defeats. They are sent to teach us wisdom and prudence, to call forth greater energies, and to prevent our falling into greater disasters. Our people have only to be true and united, to bear manfully the misfortunes incident to war, and all will come right in the end. I know how prone we are to censure, and how ready to blame others for the nonfulfilment of our expectations. This is unbecoming in a generous people, and I grieve to see its expression. The general remedy for the want of success in a military commander is his removal. This is natural, and in many instances proper. For, no matter what may be the ability of the officer, if he loses the confidence of his troops disaster must sooner or later ensue.

"I have been prompted by these reflections more than once since my return from Pennsylvania to propose to Your Excellency the propriety of selecting another commander for this army. I have seen and heard of expressions of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends in the army. My brother-officers have been too kind to report it, and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be risked to secure it. I therefore, in all sincerity, request Your Excellency to take measures to supply my place. I do this with the more earnestness because no one is more aware than myself of my inability for the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish

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what I myself desire. How can I fulfil the expectations of others?

"In addition, I sensibly feel the growing failure of my bodily strength. I have not yet recovered from the attack I experienced the past spring. I am becoming more and more incapable of exertion, and am thus prevented from making the personal examinations and giving the personal supervision to the operations in the field which I feel to be necessary. I am so dull that in making use of the eyes of others I am frequently misled. Everything, therefore, points to the advantages to be derived from a new commander, and I the more anxiously urge the matter upon Your Excellency from my belief that a younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained. I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader —one that could accomplish more than I could perform, and all that I have wished. I hope Your Excellency will attribute my request to the true reason, the desire to serve my country and to do all in my power to ensure the success of her righteous cause.

"I have no complaints to make of any one but myself. I have received nothing but kindness from those above me, and the most considerate attention from my comrades and companions-in-arms. To Your Excellency I am specially indebted for uniform kindness and consideration. You have done everything in your power to aid me in the work committed to my charge, without omitting anything to promote the general welfare.

"I pray that your efforts may at length be crowned with success, and that you may long live to enjoy the thanks of a grateful people. With sentiments of great esteem,

"I am very respectfully and truly yours,

"R. E. LEE,
"*General.*

"HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, *President Confederate States.*"

President Davis replied as follows:

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"RICHMOND, VA., August 11, 1863.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, COMMANDING ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA:

"Yours of the 8th instant has just been received. I am glad that you concur so entirely with me as to the wants of our country in this trying hour, and am happy to add that after the first depression consequent upon our disasters in the West indications have appeared that our people will exhibit that fortitude which we agree in believing is alone needful to secure ultimate success. It well became Sydney Johnston, when overwhelmed by a senseless clamor, to admit the rule that success is the test of merit, and yet there has been nothing which I have found to require a greater effort of patience than to bear the criticisms of the ignorant, who pronounce everything a failure which does not equal their expectations or desires, and can see no good result which is not in the line of their own imaginings. I admit the propriety of your conclusions that an officer who loses the confidence of his troops should have his position changed, whatever may be his ability; but when I read the sentence I was not at all prepared for the application you were about to make. Expressions of discontent in the public journals furnish but little evidence of the sentiment of the army. I wish it were otherwise, even though all the abuse of myself should be accepted as the results of honest observation. Were you capable of stooping to it, you could easily surround yourself with those who would fill the press with your laudations and seek to exalt you for what you had not done, rather than detract from the achievements which will make you and your army the subject of history and objects of the world's admiration for generations to come.

"I am truly sorry to know that you still feel the effects of the illness you suffered last spring, and can readily understand the embarrassments you experience in using the eyes of others, having been so much accustomed to make your own reconnoissances. Practice will, however, do much to relieve that embarrassment, and the minute knowledge of the country which you have acquired will render you less dependent for topographical information.

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"But suppose, my dear friend, that I were to admit, with all their implications, the points which you present, where am I to find that new commander who is to possess the greater ability which you believe to be required? I do not doubt the readiness with which you would give way to one who could accomplish all that you have wished, and you will do me the justice to believe that if Providence should kindly offer such a person for our use, I would not hesitate to avail [myself] of his services.

"My sight is not sufficiently penetrating to discover such hidden merit, if it exists, and I have but used to you the language of sober earnestness when I have impressed upon you the propriety of avoiding all unnecessary exposure to danger, because I felt our country could not bear to lose you. To ask me to substitute you by some one in my judgment more fit to command, or who would possess more of the confidence of the army or of the reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility.

"It only remains for me to hope that you will take all possible care of yourself, that your health and strength may be entirely restored, and that the Lord will preserve you for the important duties devolved upon you in the struggle of our suffering country for the independence which we have engaged in war to maintain.

"As ever, very respectfully and truly,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

We might add to this interesting correspondence an indefinite series of testimonials bearing upon the character of Robert E. Lee, gathering appreciative tributes from numerous sources and adducing the flattering criticisms upon his career of those most competent to judge throughout the world. Yet there seems no necessity for extending our remarks upon this subject. The character of the great soldier and worthy citizen speaks for itself in the foregoing pages, and every one can form his own opinion from the life-story we have told. That this opinion must be an exalted one, alike with military authorities and with the general public, there can be no question,

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since all must admit that the biography of a nobler man and an abler soldier was never written.

In conclusion may be transcribed the beautiful tribute to General Lee by Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, England, accompanying a presented copy of his translation of the *Iliad:*

"To GENERAL R. E. LEE—the most stainless of living commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest—this volume is presented with the writer's earnest sympathy and respectful admiration.

"The grand old bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue:
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

"Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel:
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

"Ah, realm of tombs! but let her bear
This blazon to the last of times:
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crimes.

"The widow's moan, the orphan's wail
Come round thee, yet in truth be strong:
Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

"An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South,
Virginia first, and *Lee!*"

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APPENDIX.

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

COMMANDS.

1861.

April 23.—Assumed command of military and naval forces of Virginia.
May 7.—Ordered to assume command of all forces from other States tendering their services to Virginia.
May 10.—Assigned command of Confederate States forces.
May 14.—Appointed brigadier-general C. S. A.
June 14.—General Confederate States Army.
Aug. 3.—Commanding forces in Army of the North-west.
Oct. 20.—Same command.
Nov. 5.—Assigned command of Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

1862.

March 13.—Assigned to duty at Richmond, and charged with military operations of armies of the Confederacy.
June 1.—Assumed command of Army and Department of Northern Virginia, and kept it until close of the war.

1865.

Jan. 31.—General-in-Chief Confederate States armies.
Feb. 6.—Assigned command of all armies of the Confederate States.
April 9.—Surrendered Army of Northern Virginia to General U. S. Grant, U. S. A.

GENERAL R. E. LEE'S STAFF.

ALEXANDER, E. PORTER, Lieutenant-colonel, Chief of Ordnance Nov., 1862, from June 1, 1862.

BALDWIN, BRISCOE G., Lieutenant-colonel, Chief of Ordnance Nov., 1862, Sept., 1863, April 9, 1865.

BROOKE, JOHN M., Lieutenant Virginia Navy, Acting A. D. C. May 4–8, 1861.

CHILTON, R. H., Colonel, A. A. General June, 1862, July 31, Aug. 31, 1863; Brigadier-general, A. and I. General, Dec., 1863.

COLE, ROBERT G., Lieutenant-colonel, Chief Commissary of Subsistence June, 1862–April 9, 1865.

COOKE, GILES B., Major, A. A. General Nov. 4, 1864.

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CORLEY, JAMES L., Lieutenant-colonel, Chief Quartermaster June, 1862–April, 1865.

CRENSHAW, JOSEPH R., Major, Acting Commissary-general April 29, 1861.

DEAS, GEORGE, Major, A. A. General, Chief of Staff June 15, 1861; Lieutenant-colonel, A. A. General July 4, 1861 (Virginia State Forces).

GARNETT, R. S., Colonel, A. A. General April 26, 1861; Colonel, A. A. General May 7, 1861 (Virginia State Forces).

GILL, WILLIAM G., Lieutenant-colonel, P. A. C. S., Ordnance Officer Nov. 1, 1861.

GUILD, LAFAYETTE, Surgeon, Medical Director Nov. 26, 1862, March 6, Aug. 31, 1863, April 9, 1865.

HARVIE, EDWIN J., Lieutenant-colonel, Inspector-general June, 1862.

HETH, HENRY, Lieutenant-colonel, Acting Q. M. General Virginia State Forces April 29, 1861; promoted Brigadier-general Jan. 6, 1862; Major-general May 24, 1863.

IVES, JOSEPH C., Captain C. S. A., Chief Engineer Nov. 6, 1861.

JOHNSON, S. K., Captain, Engineer Officer Nov., 1862–Sept., 1863.

LAY, GEORGE W., Colonel, A. I. General March 6, 1863.

LONG, ARMISTEAD L., Major, Chief of Artillery Department S. C., Ga., and Fla. Nov., 1861; Colonel, Military Secretary April 21, 1862–Sept., 1863; promoted Brigadier-general of Artillery Sept. 21, 1863.

MANIGAULT, JOSEPH, Vol. A. D. C. Nov., 1861.

MARSHALL, CHARLES, Major, A. D. C. Aug., 1862; Major, A. D. C. March, Aug., 1863; Lieutenant-colonel, A. A. General Nov. 4, 1864–April, 1865.

MASON, A. P., Captain, A. A. General Aug., 1862, March 6, 1863.

MURRAY, E., Lieutenant-colonel, A. A. General July 31–Sept., 1863, Nov. 4, 1864.

PAGE, THOMAS J., Lieutenant Virginia Navy, Acting A. D. C. May 3, 1861.

PENDLETON, W. N., Brigadier-general, Chief of Artillery Mar. 6–Aug. 31, 1863–1865.

PEYTON, HENRY E., Major, A. A. General Nov., 1862; Lieutenant-colonel July 31–Nov. 4, 1864.

RICHARDSON, W. H., Captain, A. A. General May 11, 1861.

SMITH, F. W., Captain, Military Secretary May 27, 1861.

SMITH, WILLIAM PRESTON, Lieutenant-colonel, Chief of Engineers July 31–Sept., 1863.

TALCOTT, T. M. R., Major, A. D. C. Nov., 1862, July 31–Aug., 1863.

TAYLOR, WALTER H., Captain C. S. A., A. D. C. Nov. 8, 1861–March 27, 1862; Major, A. D. C. Aug., 1862, July 31, Aug. 31, 1863; Lieutenant-colonel, A. A. General Nov. 4, 1864–1865.

VENABLE, CHARLES S., Major, A. D. C. July 31–Aug. 31, 1863; Lieutenant-colonel, A. A. General Nov. 4, 1864–April, 1865.

WASHINGTON, JOHN A., Captain, A. D. C. May 6, 1861.

WASHINGTON, THORNTON A., Captain, A. A. General Nov. 6, 1861.

YOUNG, H. E., Captain, A. A. General July–Sept., 1863; Major, A. A. General Nov. 4, 1864.

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OFFICIAL REPORTS

OF THE

OPERATIONS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

MADE BY GENERAL R. E. LEE

TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT AT RICHMOND.

REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS AGAINST GENERAL POPE, INCLUDING THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS, AUGUST 13, TO SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 8, 1863.

GENERAL S. COOPER, ADJUTANT- AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL, RICHMOND, VA.,

GENERAL: I have the honor to transmit herewith the report of the operations of this army from the time it crossed the Rappahannock, through the battle of Manassas. Many of the sub-reports of these operations I have been obliged to retain because they contain the narrative in part of the later operations of the campaign. Of these operations succeeding the battle of Manassas I have not yet made a report, as I have not yet received full reports from Jackson's corps. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

The victory at Cedar Run effectually checked the progress of the enemy for the time, but it soon became apparent that his army was being largely increased. The corps of Major-general Burnside from North Carolina, which had reached Fredericksburg, was reported to have moved up the Rappahannock a few days after the battle to unite with General Pope, and a part of General McClellan's army was believed to have left Westover for the same purpose. It therefore seemed that active operations on the James were no longer contemplated, and that the most effectual way to relieve Richmond from any danger of attack from that quarter would be to reinforce General Jackson and advance upon General Pope.

Accordingly, on August 13th, Major-general Longstreet with his divisions,

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and the two brigades under General Hood, were ordered to proceed to Gordonsville. At the same time General Stuart was directed to move with the main body of his cavalry to that point, leaving a sufficient force to observe the enemy still remaining in Fredericksburg and to guard the railroad. General R. H. Anderson was also directed to leave his position on James River and follow Longstreet.

On the 16th the troops began to move from the vicinity of Gordonsville toward the Rapidan, on the north side of which, extending along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in the direction of Culpeper Court-house, the Federal army lay in force. It was determined with the cavalry to destroy the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock in rear of the enemy, while Longstreet and Jackson crossed the Rapidan and attacked his left flank. The movement, as explained in the accompanying order, was appointed for August 18th, but, the necessary preparations not having been completed, its execution was postponed to the 20th. In the interval the enemy, being apprised of our design, hastily retired beyond the Rappahannock. General Longstreet crossed the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford, and, preceded by Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry brigade, arrived early in the afternoon near Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock, where Lee had a sharp and successful skirmish with the rear-guard of the enemy, who held the north side of the river in strong force. Jackson passed the Rapidan at Somerville Ford and moved toward Brandy Station, Robertson's brigade of cavalry, accompanied by General Stuart in person, leading the advance. Near Brandy Station a large body of the enemy's cavalry was encountered, which was gallantly attacked and driven across the Rappahannock by Robertson's command.

General Jackson halted for the night near Stevensburg, and on the morning of the 21st moved upon Beverly Ford, on the Rappahannock. The Fifth Virginia cavalry, under Colonel Rosser, was sent forward by General Stuart to seize the north bank of the river at this point, and gallantly accomplished the object, capturing a number of prisoners and arms. General Stuart subsequently arrived, and, being furnished by General Jackson with a section of artillery, maintained his position for several hours, skirmishing warmly with the enemy. General Robertson, who had crossed the river above Beverly Ford, reported that the enemy was advancing in large force upon the position held by General Stuart, and, as it had been determined in the mean time not to attempt the passage of the river at that point with the army, that officer withdrew to the south side. The enemy soon afterward appeared in great strength upon the opposite bank, and an animated fire was kept up during the rest of the day between his artillery and the batteries attached to Jackson's leading division, under Brigadier-general Taliaferro.

As our positions on the south bank of the Rappahannock were commanded by those of the enemy, who guarded all the fords, it was determined to seek a more favorable place to cross higher up the river, and thus gain the enemy's

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right. Accordingly, General Longstreet was directed to leave Kelly's Ford on the 21st and take position in front of the enemy in the vicinity of Beverly Ford and the Orange and Alexandria Railroad bridge, then held by Jackson, in order to mask the movement of the latter, who was instructed to ascend the river.

On the 22d, Jackson crossed Hazel River at Welford's Mill and proceeded up the Rappahannock, leaving Trimble's brigade near Freeman's Ford to protect his trains. In the afternoon Longstreet sent General Hood, with his own and Whiting's brigade, under Colonel Law, to relieve Trimble. Hood had just reached the position when he and Trimble were attacked by a considerable force which had crossed at Freeman's Ford. After a short but spirited engagement the enemy was driven precipitately over the river with heavy loss. General Jackson arrived at the Warrenton Springs Ford in the afternoon, and immediately began to cross his troops to the north side, occupying the springs and the adjacent heights. He was interrupted by a heavy rain, which caused the river to rise so rapidly that the ford soon became impassable for infantry and artillery. Under these circumstances it was deemed advisable to withdraw the troops who had reached the opposite side, and they recrossed during the night of the 23d on a temporary bridge constructed for the purpose. General Stuart, who had been directed to cut the railroad in rear of General Pope's army, crossed the Rappahannock on the morning of the 22d about six miles above the springs with parts of Lee's and Robertson's brigades. Passing through Warrenton, he reached Catlett's Station at night, but was prevented from destroying the railroad bridge at that point by the same storm that had arrested Jackson's movements. He captured more than 300 prisoners, including a number of officers. Becoming apprehensive of the effect of the rain upon the streams which separated him from the main body of the army, he retired after firing the enemy's camp, and recrossed the Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs.

On the 23d, General Longstreet directed Colonel Walton, with part of the Washington Artillery and other batteries of his command, to drive back a force of the enemy that had crossed to the south bank of the Rappahannock near the railroad bridge upon the withdrawal of General Jackson on the previous day. Fire was opened about sunrise, and continued with great vigor for several hours, the enemy being compelled to withdraw with loss. Some of the batteries of Colonel S. D. Lee's battalion were ordered to aid those of Colonel Walton, and under their united fire the enemy was forced to abandon his position on the north side of the river, burning in his retreat the railroad bridge and the neighboring dwellings. The rise of the river, rendering the lower fords impassable, enabled the enemy to concentrate his main body opposite General Jackson, and on the 24th, Longstreet was ordered to proceed to his support. Although retarded by the swollen condition of Hazel Run and other tributaries

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of the Rappahannock, he reached Jeffersonton in the afternoon. General Jackson's command lay between that place and the [Warrenton] Springs Ford, and a warm cannonade was progressing between the batteries of General A. P. Hill's division and those of the enemy. The enemy was massed between Warrenton and the springs, and guarded the fords of the Rappahannock as far above as Waterloo. The army of General McClellan had left Westover. Part of [it] had already marched to join General Pope, and it was reported that the rest would soon follow. The captured correspondence of General Pope confirmed this information, and also disclosed the fact that the greater part of the army of General Cox had been withdrawn from the Kanawha Valley for the same purpose. Two brigades of D. H. Hill's division, under General Ripley, had already been ordered from Richmond, and the remainder, under General D. H. Hill in person, with the division of General McLaws, two brigades under General Walker, and Hampton's cavalry brigade, were now directed to join this army, and were approaching. In pursuance of the plan of operations determined upon, Jackson was directed on the 25th to cross above Waterloo and move around the enemy's right, so as to strike the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in his rear. Longstreet, in the mean time, was to divert his attention by threatening him in front, and to follow Jackson as soon as the latter should be sufficiently advanced.

BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

General Jackson crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's Mill, about four miles above Waterloo, and, passing through Orleans, encamped on the night of the 25th near Salem after a long and fatiguing march. The next morning, continuing his route with his accustomed vigor and celerity, he passed the Bull Run Mountains at Thoroughfare Gap, and, proceeding by way of Gainesville, reached the railroad at Bristoe Station after sunset. At Gainesville he was joined by General Stuart with the brigades of Robertson and Fitzhugh Lee, who continued with him during the rest of his operations, vigilantly and effectually guarding both his flanks. General Jackson was now between the large army of General Pope and the Federal capital. Thus far, no considerable force of the enemy had been encountered, and he did not appear to be aware of his situation. Upon arriving at Bristoe the greater part of the guard at that point fled. Two trains of cars coming from the direction of Warrenton were captured and a few prisoners were taken. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night and the long and arduous march of the day, General Jackson determined to lose no time in capturing the dépôt of the enemy at Manassas Junction, about seven miles distant on the road to Alexandria. General Trimble volunteered to proceed at once to that place with the Twenty-first North Carolina and the Twenty-first Georgia regiments. The offer was accepted, and, to render success more certain, General Jackson directed General Stuart to accompany the

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expedition with part of his cavalry, and, as ranking officer, to assume the command. Upon arriving near the junction General Stuart sent Colonel Wickham with his regiment, the Fourth Virginia cavalry, to get in rear of the enemy, who opened with musketry and artillery upon our troops as they approached. The darkness of the night and ignorance of the enemy's numbers and position made it necessary to move cautiously, but about midnight the place was taken with little difficulty, those that defended it being captured or dispersed. Eight pieces of artillery, with their horses, ammunition, and equipments, were taken. More than 300 prisoners, 175 horses besides those belonging to the artillery, 200 new tents, and immense quantities of commissary and quartermaster's stores fell into our hands. General Jackson left Ewell's division, with the Fifth Virginia cavalry, under Colonel Rosser, at Bristoe Station, and with the rest of his command proceeded to the Junction, where he arrived early in the morning. Soon afterward a considerable force of the enemy, under Brigadier-general Taylor, approached from the direction of Alexandria, and pushed forward boldly to recapture the stores that had been lost. After a sharp engagement the enemy was routed and driven back, leaving his killed and wounded on the field, General Taylor himself being mortally wounded during the pursuit. The troops remained at Manassas Junction during the rest of the day, supplying themselves with everything they required from the captured stores.

In the afternoon the enemy advanced upon General Ewell at Bristoe from the direction of Warrenton Junction. They were attacked by three regiments and the batteries of Ewell's division, and two columns of not less than a brigade each were broken and repulsed. Their places were soon supplied by fresh troops, and it was apparent that the Federal commander had now become aware of the situation of affairs, and had turned upon General Jackson with his whole force. In pursuance of instructions to that effect, General Ewell, upon perceiving the strength of the enemy, withdrew his command, part of which was at the time engaged, and rejoined General Jackson at Manassas Junction, having first destroyed the railroad bridge over Broad Run. The enemy halted at Bristoe. General Jackson's force being much inferior to that of General Pope, it became necessary for him to withdraw from Manassas and take a position west of the turnpike road from Warrenton to Alexandria, where he could more readily unite with the approaching column of Longstreet. Having fully supplied the wants of his troops, he was compelled, for want of transportation, to destroy the rest of the captured property. This was done during the night of the 27th, and 50,000 pounds of bacon, 1000 barrels of corned beef, 2000 barrels of salt pork, and 2000 barrels of flour, besides other property of great value, were burned. Taliaferro's division moved during the night by the road to Sudley, and, crossing the turnpike near Groveton, halted on the west side near the battlefield of July 21, 1861, where it was joined on the 28th by the divisions of Hill and Ewell. Perceiving during the afternoon that the

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enemy, approaching from the direction of Warrenton, was moving down the turnpike toward Alexandria, thus exposing his left flank, General Jackson advanced to attack him. A fierce and sanguinary conflict ensued, which continued until about 9 P. M., when the enemy slowly fell back and left us in possession of the field. The loss on both sides was heavy, and among our wounded were Major-general Ewell and Brigadier-general Taliaferro, the former severely.

The next morning, the 29th, the enemy had taken a position to interpose his army between General Jackson and Alexandria, and about 10 A. M. opened with artillery upon the right of Jackson's line. The troops of the latter were disposed in rear of Groveton, along the line of the unfinished branch of the Manassas Gap Railroad, and extended from a point a short distance west of the turnpike toward Sudley Mill; Jackson's division, under Brigadier-general Starke, being on the right; Ewell's, under General Lawton, in the centre; and A. P. Hill's on the left. The Federal army was evidently concentrating upon Jackson with the design of overwhelming him before the arrival of Longstreet. The latter officer left his position opposite Warrenton Springs on the 26th, being relieved by General R. H. Anderson's division, and marched to join Jackson. He crossed at Hinson's Mill in the afternoon, and encamped near Orleans that night. The next day he reached the White Plains, his march being retarded by the want of cavalry to ascertain the meaning of certain movements of the enemy from the direction of Warrenton which seemed to menace the right flank of his column.

On the 28th, arriving at Thoroughfare Gap, he found the enemy prepared to dispute his progress. General D. R. Jones's division, being ordered to force the passage of the mountain, quickly dislodged the enemy's sharpshooters from the trees and rocks and advanced into the gorge. The enemy held the eastern extremity of the pass in large force and directed a heavy fire of artillery upon the road leading through it and upon the sides of the mountain. The ground occupied by Jones afforded no opportunity for the employment of artillery. Hood, with two brigades, and Wilcox, with three, were ordered to turn the enemy's right, the former moving over the mountain by a narrow path to the left of the pass, and the latter farther to the north by Hopewell Gap. Before these troops reached their destinations the enemy advanced and attacked Jones's left under Brigadier-general G. T. Anderson. Being vigorously repulsed, he withdrew to his position at the eastern end of the gap, from which he kept up an active fire of artillery until dark, and then retreated.

Generals Jones and Wilcox bivouacked that night east of the mountain, and on the morning of the 29th the whole command resumed the march, the sound of cannon at Manassas announcing that Jackson was already engaged. Longstreet entered the turnpike near Gainesville, and, moving down toward Groveton, the head of his column came upon the field in rear of the enemy's left,

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which had already opened with artillery upon Jackson's right, as previously described. He immediately placed some of his batteries in position, but before he could complete his dispositions to attack the enemy withdrew—not, however, without loss from our artillery. Longstreet took position on the right of Jackson, Hood's two brigades, supported by Evans, being deployed across the turnpike and at right angles to it. These troops were supported on the left by three brigades under General Wilcox, and by a like force on the right under General Kemper. D. R. Jones's division formed the extreme right of the line, resting on the Manassas Gap Railroad. The cavalry guarded our right and left flanks, that on the right being under General Stuart in person. After the arrival of Longstreet the enemy changed his position and began to concentrate opposite Jackson's left, opening a brisk artillery fire, which was responded to with effect by some of General A. P. Hill's batteries. Colonel Walton placed a part of his artillery upon a commanding position between the lines of Generals Jackson and Longstreet, by order of the latter, and engaged the enemy vigorously for several hours. Soon afterward General Stuart reported the approach of a large force from the direction of Bristoe Station, threatening Longstreet's right. The brigades under General Wilcox were sent to reinforce General Jones, but no serious attack was made, and after firing a few shots the enemy withdrew. While this demonstration was being made on our right a large force advanced to assail the left of Jackson's position, occupied by the division of General A. P. Hill. The attack was received by his troops with their accustomed steadiness, and the battle raged with great fury. The enemy was repeatedly repulsed, but again pressed on to the attack with fresh troops. Once he succeeded in penetrating an interval between General Gregg's brigade, on the extreme left, and that of General Thomas, but was quickly driven back with great slaughter by the Fourteenth South Carolina regiment, then in reserve, and the Forty-ninth Georgia of Thomas's brigade. The contest was close and obstinate, the combatants sometimes delivering their fire at ten paces. General Gregg, who was most exposed, was reinforced by Hays's brigade, under Colonel Forno, and successfully and gallantly resisted the attacks of the enemy until, the ammunition of his brigade being exhausted and all his field officers but two killed or wounded, it was relieved, after several hours of severe fighting, by Early's brigade and the Eighth Louisiana regiment. General Early drove the enemy back with heavy loss and pursued about two hundred yards beyond the line of battle, when he was recalled to the position on the railroad, where Thomas, Pender, and Archer had firmly held their ground against every attack. While the battle was raging on Jackson's left, General Longstreet ordered Hood and Evans to advance, but before the order could be obeyed Hood was himself attacked, and his command at once became warmly engaged. General Wilcox was recalled from the right and ordered to advance on Hood's left, and one of Kemper's brigades, under Colonel Hunton, moved

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forward on his right. The enemy was repulsed by Hood after a severe contest, and fell back, closely followed by our troops. The battle continued until 9 P. M., the enemy retreating until he reached a strong position, which he held with a large force. The darkness of the night put a stop to the engagement, and our troops remained in their advanced position until early next morning, when they were withdrawn to their first line. One piece of artillery, several stands of colors, and a number of prisoners were captured.

Our loss was severe in this engagement. Brigadier-generals Field and Trimble and Colonel Forno, commanding Hays's brigade, were severely wounded, and several other valuable officers killed or disabled, whose names are mentioned in the accompanying reports.

On the morning of the 30th the enemy again advanced, and skirmishing began along the line. The troops of Jackson and Longstreet maintained their positions of the previous day. Fitzhugh Lee, with three regiments of his cavalry, was posted on Jackson's left, and R. H. Anderson's division, which arrived during the forenoon, was held in reserve near the turnpike. The batteries of Colonel S. D. Lee took the position occupied the day before by Colonel Walton, and engaged the enemy actively until noon, when firing ceased and all was quiet for several hours. About 3 P. M. the enemy, having massed his troops in front of General Jackson, advanced against his position in strong force. His front line pushed forward until engaged at close quarters by Jackson's troops, when its progress was checked, and a fierce and bloody struggle ensued. A second and third line of great strength moved up to support the first, but in doing so came within easy range of a position a little in advance of Longstreet's left. He immediately ordered up two batteries, and, two others being thrown forward about the same time by Colonel S. D. Lee, under their well-directed and destructive fire the supporting lines were broken and fell back in confusion. Their repeated efforts to rally were unavailing, and Jackson's troops, being thus relieved from the pressure of overwhelming numbers, began to press steadily forward, driving the enemy before them. He retreated in confusion, suffering severely from our artillery, which advanced as he retired. General Longstreet, anticipating the order for a general advance, now threw his whole command against the Federal centre and left. Hood's two brigades, closely followed by Evans's, led the attack. R. H. Anderson's division came gallantly to the support of Hood, while the three brigades under Wilcox moved forward on his left, and those of Kemper on his right. D. R. Jones advanced on the extreme right, and the whole line swept steadily on, driving the enemy with great carnage from each successive position until 10 P. M., when darkness put an end to the battle and the pursuit. During the latter part of the engagement General Wilcox, with his own brigade, was ordered to the right, where the resistance of the enemy was most obstinate, and rendered efficient assistance to the troops engaged on that part of the line.

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His other two brigades, maintaining their position in line, acted with General Jackson's command. The obscurity of night and the uncertainty of the fords of Bull Run rendered it necessary to suspend operations until morning, when the cavalry, being pushed forward, discovered that the enemy had escaped to the strong position of Centreville, about four miles beyond Bull Run. The prevalence of a heavy rain, which began during the night, threatened to render Bull Run impassable and impeded our movements. Longstreet remained on the battlefield to engage the attention of the enemy and cover the burial of the dead and the removal of the wounded, while Jackson proceeded by Sudley Ford to the Little River turnpike to turn the enemy's right and intercept his retreat to Washington. Jackson's progress was retarded by the inclemency of the weather and the fatigue of his troops, who, in addition to their arduous marches, had fought three severe engagements in as many days. He reached Little River turnpike in the evening, and the next day, September 1st, advanced by that road toward Fairfax Court-house.

The enemy, in the mean time, was falling back rapidly toward Washington, and had thrown out a strong force to Germantown, on the Little River turnpike, to cover his line of retreat from Centreville. The advance of Jackson's column encountered the enemy at Ox Hill, near Germantown, about 5 P. M. Line of battle was at once formed, and two brigades of A. P. Hill's division (those of Branch and Field, under Colonel Brockenbrough) were thrown forward to attack the enemy and ascertain his strength and position. A cold and drenching rain-storm drove in the faces of our troops as they advanced and gallantly engaged the enemy. They were subsequently supported by the brigades of Gregg, Thomas, and Pender, also of Hill's division, which, with part of Ewell's, became engaged. The conflict was obstinately maintained by the enemy until dark, when he retreated, having lost two general officers, one of whom, Major-general Kearny, was left dead on the field.

Longstreet's command arrived after the action was over, and the next morning it was found that the enemy had conducted his retreat so rapidly that the attempt to intercept him was abandoned. The proximity of the fortifications around Alexandria and Washington rendered further pursuit useless, and our army rested during the 2d near Chantilly, the enemy being followed only by the cavalry, who continued to harass him until he reached the shelter of his intrenchments.

In the series of engagements on the plains of Manassas more than 7000 prisoners were taken, in addition to about 2000 wounded left in our hands. Thirty pieces of artillery, upwards of 20,000 stands of small-arms, numerous colors, and a large amount of stores, besides those taken by General Jackson at Manassas Junction, were captured.

The history of the achievements of the army from the time it advanced from Gordonsville leaves nothing to be said in commendation of the courage,

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fortitude, and good conduct of both officers and men. The accompanying reports of the medical director will show the number of our killed and wounded. Among them will be found the names of many valuable and distinguished officers, who bravely and faithfully discharged their duty, and, with the gallant soldiers who fell with them, have nobly deserved the love and gratitude of their countrymen. The reports of the several commanding officers must necessarily be referred to for the names of those whose services were most conspicuous. The list is too long for enumeration here. During all these operations the cavalry under General Stuart, consisting of the brigades of Generals Robertson and Fitzhugh Lee, rendered most important and valuable service. It guarded the flanks of the army, protected its trains, and gave information of the enemy's movements. Besides engaging the cavalry of the enemy on several occasions with uniform success, a detachment under the gallant and lamented Major Patrick, assisted by the Stuart Horse Artillery under Major Pelham, effectually protected General Jackson's trains against a body of the enemy who penetrated to his rear on the 29th before the arrival of General Longstreet. Toward the close of the action on the 30th, General Robertson, with the Second Virginia regiment under Colonel Munford, supported by the Seventh and Twelfth, made a brilliant charge upon a brigade of the enemy's cavalry, Colonel Munford leading with great gallantry, and completely routed it. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded, more than 300 prisoners were captured, and the remainder pursued beyond Bull Run. The reports of General Stuart and the officers under his command, as well as that of General Jackson, are referred to for more complete details of these and other services of the cavalry.

Respectfully submitted,

R. E. LEE,
General.

Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, GENERAL R. E. LEE *commanding, during the Battles of August 28 to September 1, 1862.**

RIGHT WING, OR LONGSTREET'S CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

Major-general R. H. Anderson.

Armistead's Brigade.	*Mahone's Brigade.*	*Wright's Brigade.*
Brig.-gen. L. A. Armistead.	Brig.-gen. W. Mahone.	Brig.-gen. A. R. Wright.
9th Virginia.	6th Virginia.	3d Georgia.
14th Virginia.	12th Virginia.	22d Georgia.
38th Virginia.	16th Virginia.	44th Georgia.
53d Virginia.	41st Virginia.	48th Georgia.
57th Virginia.	49th Virginia.	
5th Virginia Battalion (?).		

* Based upon organization of July 23, 1862, subsequent orders of assignment and transfers, and the reports.

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JONES'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-general D. R. Jones.

Toombs's Brigade.	*Drayton's Brigade.*	*Jones's Brigade*
Col. H. L. Benning. Brig.-gen. R. Toombs.	Brig.-gen. T. F. Drayton.	Col. Geo. T. Anderson
2d Georgia.	50th Georgia.	1st Georgia (Regulars).
15th Georgia.	51st Georgia.	7th Georgia.
17th Georgia.	15th South Carolina.	8th Georgia.
20th Georgia.	Phillips' Georgia Legion.	9th Georgia.
		11th Georgia.

WILCOX'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-general C. M. Wilcox.

Wilcox's Brigade.	*Pryor's Brigade.*	*Featherston's Brigade.*
Brig.-gen. C. M. Wilcox.	Brig.-gen. R. A. Pryor.	Brig.-gen. W. S. Featherston Colonel Carnot Posey.
8th Alabama.	14th Alabama.	12th Mississippi.
9th Alabama.	5th Florida.	16th Mississippi.
10th Alabama.	8th Florida.	19th Mississippi.
11th Alabama.	3d Virginia.	2d Mississippi Battalion.
Anderson's Va. Bat. (Thomas's Artillery).		Chapman's Va. Bat. (Dixie Artillery).

HOOD'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-general John B. Hood.

Hood's Brigade.	*Whiting's Brigade.*
Brig.-gen. John B. Hood.	Col. E. M. Law.
18th Georgia.	4th Alabama.
Hampton's S. C. Legion.	2d Mississippi.
1st Texas.	11th Mississippi.
4th Texas.	6th North Carolina.
5th Texas.	

Artillery.

Maj. B. W. Frobel.

Bachman's South Carolina Battery.
Garden's South Carolina Battery.
Reilly's North Carolina Battery.

KEMPER'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-general James L. Kemper.

Kemper's Brigade.	*Jenkins's Brigade.*	*Pickett's Brigade.*
Col. M. D. Corse.	Brig.-gen. M. Jenkins. Col. Joseph Walker.	Col. Eppa Hunton.
1st Virginia.	1st South Carolina (Volunteers).	8th Virginia.
7th Virginia.	2d South Carolina Rifles.	18th Virginia.
11th Virginia.	5th South Carolina.	19th Virginia.
17th Virginia.	6th South Carolina.	28th Virginia.
24th Virginia.	4th S. C. Battalion (?).	56th Virginia.
	Palmetto (S. C.) Sharpshooters.	

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*Evans's Brigade.**

Brig.-gen. N. G. Evans.
Col. P. F. Stevens.

17th South Carolina.
18th South Carolina.
22d South Carolina.
23d South Carolina.
Holcombe (South Carolina) Legion.
Boyce's S. C. Bat. (Macbeth Artillery).

ARTILLERY OF THE RIGHT WING.

Washington (La.) Artillery.

Col. J. B. Walton.

Eshleman's 4th Company.
Miller's 3d Company.
Richardson's 2d Company.
Squires' 1st Company.

Lee's Battalion.

Col. S. D. Lee.

Eubank's Virginia Battery.
Grimes' Virginia Battery.
Jordan's Va. Bat. (Bedford Artillery).
Parker's Virginia Battery.
Rhett's South Carolina Battery.
Taylor's Virginia Battery.

MISCELLANEOUS BATTERIES.

Huger's Virginia Battery. †
Leake's Virginia Battery. ‡
Maurin's Louisiana Battery (Donaldsonville Artillery). ‡
Moorman's Virginia Battery. †
Rogers's Virginia Battery (Loudoun Artillery). ‡
Stribling's Virginia Battery (Fauquier Artillery). ‡

LEFT WING, OR JACKSON'S CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL T. J. JACKSON.

JACKSON'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-general W. B. Taliaferro.
Brigadier-general W. E. Starke.

First Brigade.

Col. W. S. H. Baylor.
Col. A. J. Grigsby.

2d Virginia.
4th Virginia.
5th Virginia.
27th Virginia.
33d Virginia.

Second Brigade.

Col. Bradley T. Johnson.

21st Virginia.
42d Virginia.
48th Virginia.
1st Virginia Battalion.

Third Brigade.

Col. A. G. Taliaferro.

47th Alabama.
48th Alabama.
10th Virginia.
23d Virginia.
37th Virginia.

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-gen. W. E. Starke.
Col. Leroy A. Stafford.

1st Louisiana.
2d Louisiana.
9th Louisiana.
10th Louisiana.
15th Louisiana.
Coppens's Louisiana Battalion.

Artillery.

Maj. L. M. Shumaker.

Brockenbrough's Maryland Battery.
Carpenter's Virginia Battery.
Caskil's Virginia Battery (Hampden Artillery).
Poague's Virginia Battery (Rockbridge Artillery).
Raine's Virginia Battery (Lee Artillery).
Wooding's Virginia Battery (Danville Artillery).

* An independent brigade. On August 30th, Evans commanded Hood's division as well as his own brigade.
† Attached to Anderson's division, but not mentioned in the reports.
‡ Mentioned in the reports, but assignments not indicated.

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HILL'S LIGHT DIVISION.

Major-general Ambrose P. Hill.

Branch's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. L. O'B. Branch.

7th North Carolina.
18th North Carolina.
28th North Carolina.
33d North Carolina.
37th North Carolina.

Gregg's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Maxcy Gregg.

1st South Carolina.
1st South Carolina Rifles.
12th South Carolina.
13th South Carolina.
14th South Carolina.

Field's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. C. W. Field.
Col. J. M. Brockenbrough.

40th Virginia.
47th Virginia.
55th Virginia.
2d Virginia Battalion.

Pender's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. W. D. Pender.

16th North Carolina.
22d North Carolina.
34th North Carolina.
38th North Carolina.

Archer's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. J. J. Archer.

5th Alabama Battalion.
19th Georgia.*
1st Tennessee (Prov. Army).
7th Tennessee.
14th Tennessee.

Thomas's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. E. L. Thomas.

14th Georgia.
19th Georgia.*
35th Georgia.
45th Georgia.
49th Georgia.

Artillery.

Lieut.-col. R. L. Walker.

Braxton's Virginia Battery (Fredericksburg Artillery).
Crenshaw's Virginia Battery.
Davidson's Virginia Battery (Letcher Artillery).
Latham's North Carolina Battery (Branch Artillery).
McIntosh's South Carolina Battery (Pee Dee Artillery).
Pegram's Virginia Battery (Purcell Artillery).

EWELL'S DIVISION.

Major-general R. S. Ewell.
Brigadier-general A. R. Lawton.

Lawton's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. A. R. Lawton.
Colonel M. Douglass.

13th Georgia.
26th Georgia.
31st Georgia.
38th Georgia.
60th Georgia.
61st Georgia.

Early's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. J. A. Early.

13th Virginia.
25th Virginia.
31st Virginia.
44th Virginia.
49th Virginia.
52d Virginia.
58th Virginia.

Hays's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Harry T. Hays.
Colonel Henry Forno.
Colonel H. B. Strong.

5th Louisiana.
6th Louisiana.
7th Louisiana.
8th Louisiana.

Trimble's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. I. R. Trimble.
Captain W. F. Brown.

15th Alabama.
12th Georgia.
21st Georgia.
21st North Carolina.

Artillery.

Balthis's Va. Battery (Staunton Artillery).
Brown's Md. Battery (Chesapeake Artillery).
D'Aquin's Battery (Louisiana Guard Artillery).
Dement's Maryland Battery.
Latimer's Va. Battery (Courtney Artillery).

* In Archer's brigade August 9th, according to his report of Cedar Run or Slaughter Mountain, and in Thomas's brigade August 30th, according to Surgeon Guild's report of casualties.

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Cavalry.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

*Hampton's Brigade.**

Brig.-gen. Wade Hampton.

1st North Carolina.
2d North Carolina.
10th Virginia.
Cobb's Georgia Legion.
Jeff Davis Legion.

Lee's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. F. Lee.

1st Virginia.
3d Virginia.
4th Virginia.
5th Virginia.
9th Virginia.

Robertson's Brigade.

Brig.-gen. B. H. Robertson.

2d Virginia.
6th Virginia.
7th Virginia.
12th Virginia.
17th Virginia Battalion.

Artillery.

Hart's South Carolina Battery.
Pelham's Virginia Battery.

Artillery.†

1st Virginia Regiment.

Col. J. T. Brown.

Coke's Va. Battery (Williamsburg Artillery).
Dance's Va. Battery (Powhatan Artillery).
Hupp's Va. Battery (Salem Artillery).
Macon's Battery (Richmond Fayette Artillery).
Smith's Battery (3d Co. Richmond Howitzers).
Watson's Battery (2d Co. Richmond Howitzers).

Sumpter (Georgia) Battalion.

Lieut.-col. A. S. Cutts.

Blackshear's Battery (D).
Lane's Battery (C).
Patterson's Battery (B).
Ross's Battery (A).

MISCELLANEOUS BATTERIES.

Ancell's Va. Battery (Fluvanna Art.).
Cutshaw's Virginia Battery. ‡
Fleet's Va. Battery (Middlesex Art). ‡
Huckstep's Virginia Battery.
Johnson's Virginia Battery. ‡
Milledge's Georgia Battery.
Page's (R. C. M.) Va. Bat. (Morris Art.).
Peyton's Va. Battery (Orange Artillery).
Rice's Virginia Battery. ‡
Turner's Virginia Battery.

HEADQUARTERS ALEXANDRIA AND LEESBURG ROAD,
Near Dranesville, September 3, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS,

MR. PRESIDENT: The present seems to be the most propitious time since the commencement of the war for the Confederate army to enter Maryland. The two grand armies of the United States that have been operating in Virginia, though now united, are much weakened and demoralized. Their new levies, of which I understand 60,000 men have already been posted in Washington, are not yet organized, and will take some time to prepare for the field. If it is ever desired to give material aid to Maryland and afford her an opportunity of

* On detached service until September 2d.
† The following artillery organizations were in the Army of Northern Virginia July 23 and October 4, 1862, but with the exceptions noted they do not appear in the reports of the battles of Manassas Plains.
‡ Mentioned in the reports, but assignments not indicated.

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throwing off the oppression to which she is now subject, this would seem the most favorable.

After the enemy had disappeared from the vicinity of Fairfax Court-house and taken the road to Alexandria and Washington, I did not think it would be advantageous to follow him farther. I had no intention of attacking him in his fortifications, and am not prepared to invest them. If I possessed the necessary munitions, I should be unable to supply provisions for the troops. I therefore determined, while threatening the approaches to Washington, to draw the troops into Loudoun, where forage and some provisions can be obtained, menace their possession of the Shenandoah Valley, and, if found practicable, to cross into Maryland. The purpose, if discovered, will have the effect of carrying the enemy north of the Potomac, and if prevented will not result in much evil.

The army is not properly equipped for an invasion of an enemy's territory. It lacks much of the material of war, is feeble in transportation, the animals being much reduced, and the men are poorly provided with clothes, and in thousands of instances are destitute of shoes. Still, we cannot afford to be idle, and, though weaker than our opponents in men and military equipments, must endeavor to harass if we cannot destroy them. I am aware that the movement is attended with much risk, yet I do not consider success impossible, and shall endeavor to guard it from loss. As long as the army of the enemy are employed on this frontier I have no fears for the safety of Richmond, yet I earnestly recommend that advantage be taken of this period of comparative safety to place its defence, both by land and water, in the most perfect condition. A respectable force can be collected to defend its approaches by land, and the steamer Richmond, I hope, is now ready to clear the river of hostile vessels.

Should General Bragg find it impracticable to operate to advantage on his present frontier, his army, after leaving sufficient garrisons, could be advantageously employed in opposing the overwhelming numbers which it seems to be the intention of the enemy now to concentrate in Virginia.

I have already been told by prisoners that some of Buell's cavalry have been joined to General Pope's army, and have reason to believe that the whole of McClellan's, the larger portion of Burnside's and Cox's, and a portion of Hunter's are united to it.

What occasions me most concern is the fear of getting out of ammunition. I beg you will instruct the ordnance department to spare no pains in manufacturing a sufficient amount of the best kind, and to be particular, in preparing that for the artillery, to provide three times as much of the long-range ammunition as of that for smooth-bore or short-range guns. The points to which I desire the ammunition to be forwarded will be made known to the department in time. If the quartermaster's department can furnish any shoes, it would be

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the greatest relief. We have entered upon September, and the nights are becoming cool.

I have the honor to be, with high respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS,
Leesburg, Va., September 4, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS,

MR. PRESIDENT: I am extremely indebted to Your Excellency for your letter of the 30th ultimo, and the letter from Washington which you enclosed to me. You will already have learned all that I have ascertained subsequently of the movements of McClellan's army, a large part, if not the whole, of which participated in the battle of Saturday last, as I have good reason to believe.

Since my last communication to you, with reference to the movements which I propose to make with this army, I am more fully persuaded of the benefit that will result from an expedition into Maryland, and I shall proceed to make the movement at once unless you should signify your disapprobation. The only two subjects that give me any uneasiness are my supplies of ammunition and subsistence. Of the former I have enough for present use, and must await results before deciding to what point I will have additional supplies forwarded. Of subsistence, I am taking measures to obtain all that this region will afford; but to be able to obtain supplies to advantage in Maryland I think it important to have the services of some one known to and acquainted with the resources of the country. I wish, therefore, that if ex-Governor Lowe can make it convenient he will come to me at once, as I have already requested by telegram. As I contemplate entering a part of the State with which Governor Lowe is well acquainted, I think he could be of much service to me in many ways. Should the results of the expedition justify it, I propose to enter Pennsylvania, unless you should deem it unadvisable upon political or other grounds.

As to the movements of the enemy, my latest intelligence shows that the army of Pope is concentrating around Washington and Alexandria in their fortifications. Citizens of this county report that Winchester has been evacuated, which is confirmed by the Baltimore *Sun* of this morning, containing extracts from the Washington *Star* of yesterday. This will still further relieve our country, and, I think, leaves the Valley entirely free. They will concentrate behind the Potomac.

I have the honor to be, with high respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Leesburg, Va., September 4, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 102.

I. It is ordered and earnestly enjoined upon all commanders to reduce their transportation to a mere sufficiency to transport cooking-utensils and the absolute necessaries of a regiment. All animals not actually employed for artillery, cavalry, or draught purposes will be left in charge of Lieutenant-colonel Corley, chief quartermaster Army of Northern Virginia, to be recruited, the use of public animals, captured or otherwise, except for this service, being positively prohibited. Division, brigade, and regimental commanders, and officers in charge of artillery battalions, will give special attention to this matter. Batteries will select the best horses for use, turning over all others. Those batteries with horses too much reduced for service will be, men and horses, temporarily transferred by General Pendleton to other batteries, the guns and unserviceable horses being sent to the rear, the ammunition being turned in to reserve ordnance train. All cannoneers are positively prohibited from riding on the ammunition-chests or guns.

II. This army is about to engage in most important operations, where any excesses committed will exasperate the people, lead to disastrous results, and enlist the populace on the side of the Federal forces in hostility to our own. Quartermasters and commissaries will make all arrangements for purchase of supplies needed by our army, to be issued to the respective commands upon proper requisitions, thereby removing all excuse for depredations.

III. A provost-guard under direction of Brigadier-general L. A. Armistead will follow in rear of the army, arrest stragglers, and punish summarily all depredators and keep the men with their commands. Commanders of brigades will cause rear-guards to be placed under charge of efficient officers in rear of their brigades, to prevent the men from leaving the ranks, right, left, front, or rear, this officer being held by brigade commanders to a strict accountability for proper performance of this duty.

IV. Stragglers are usually those who desert their comrades in peril. Such characters are better absent from the army on such momentous occasions as those about to be entered upon. They will, as bringing discredit upon our cause, as useless members of the service, and as especially deserving odium, come under the special attention of the provost-marshal and be considered as unworthy members of an army which has immortalized itself in the recent glorious and successful engagements against the enemy, and will be brought before a military commission to receive the punishment due to their misconduct. The gallant soldiers who have so nobly sustained our cause by heroism in battle will assist the commanding general in securing success by aiding their officers in checking the desire for straggling among their comrades.

By order of General R. E. Lee.

R. H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant-general.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Leesburg, Va., September 5, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS, RICHMOND, VA.,

MR. PRESIDENT: As I have already had the honor to inform you, this army is about entering Maryland with a view of affording the people of that State an opportunity of liberating themselves. Whatever success may attend that effort, I hope, at any rate, to annoy and harass the enemy. The army being transferred to this section, the road to Richmond through Warrenton has been abandoned as far back as Culpeper Court-house, and all trains are directed to proceed by way of Luray and Front Royal from Culpeper Court-house to Winchester. I desire that everything coming from Richmond may take that route, or any nearer one turning off before reaching Culpeper Court-house. Notwithstanding the abandonment of the line, as above mentioned, I deem it important that as soon as the bridge over the Rapidan shall be completed, that over the Rappahannock should be constructed as soon as possible, and I have requested the president of the road to have timber prepared for that purpose. My reason for desiring that this bridge shall be repaired is that in the event of falling back it is my intention to take a position about Warrenton, where, should the enemy attempt an advance on Richmond, I should be on his flank; or should he attack me, I should have a favorable country to operate in, and, bridges being repaired, should be in full communication with Richmond.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

We shall supply ourselves with provisions and forage in the country in which we operate, but ammunition must be sent from Richmond. I hope that the Secretary of War will see that the ordnance department provides ample supplies of all kinds. In forwarding the ammunition it can be sent in the way above designated for the other trains, or it can be sent to Staunton, and thence by the Valley road to Winchester, which will be my dépôt. It is not yet certain that the enemy have evacuated the Valley, but there are reports to that effect, and I have no doubt that they will leave that section as soon as they learn of the movement across the Potomac. Any officer, however, proceeding toward Winchester with a train will, of course, not move without first ascertaining that the way is clear. I am now more desirous that my suggestion as to General Loring's movements shall be carried into effect as soon as possible, so that with the least delay he may move to the lower end of the Valley, about Martinsburg, and guard the approach in that direction. He should first drive the enemy from the Kanawha Valley, if he can, and afterward, or if he finds he cannot accomplish that result, I wish him to move by way of Romney toward Martinsburg and take position in that vicinity.

I have the honor to be, with high respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS,
Two Miles from Fredericktown, Md., September 7, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have the honor to inform you that all the divisions of the army have crossed the Potomac, unless it may be General Walker's, from whom I have had no report since his arrival at Leesburg on the evening of the 5th instant. They occupy the line of the Monocacy.

I find there is plenty of provisions and forage in this country, and the community have received us with kindness. There may be some embarrassment in paying for necessaries for the army, as it is probable that many individuals will hesitate to receive Confederate currency. I shall endeavor in all cases to purchase what is wanted, and if unable to pay upon the spot will give certificates of indebtedness of the Confederate States for future adjustment. It is very desirable that the chief quartermaster and commissary should be provided with funds, and that some general arrangement should be made for liquidating the debts that may be incurred to the satisfaction of the people of Maryland, in order that they may willingly furnish us what is wanted. I shall endeavor to purchase horses, clothing, shoes, and medical stores for our present use, and you will see the facility that would arise from being provided with the means of paying for them. I hope it may be convenient for ex-Governor Lowe, or some prominent citizen of Maryland, to join me, with a view of expediting these and other arrangements necessary to the success of our army in this State. Notwithstanding individual expressions of kindness that have been given, and the general sympathy in the success of the Confederate States, situated as Maryland is I do not anticipate any general rising of the people in our behalf. Some additions to our ranks will no doubt be received, and I hope to procure subsistence for our troops.

As yet we have had no encounter with the enemy on this side of the river, except a detachment of cavalry at Poolesville, which resulted in slight loss on both sides, 31 of the enemy being captured. As far as I can learn, the enemy are in their intrenchments around Washington. General Banks, with his division, has advanced to Darnestown. The Shenandoah Valley has been evacuated, and their stores, etc. at Winchester are stated to have been destroyed.

I have the honor to be, with high respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS,
Two Miles from Fredericktown, Md., September 7, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS,

MR. PRESIDENT: I find that the discipline of the army—which, from the

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manner of its organization, the necessity of bringing it into immediate service, its constant occupation and hard duty, was naturally defective—has not been improved by the forced marches and hard service it has lately undergone. I need not say to you that the material of which it is composed is the best in the world, and if properly disciplined and instructed would be able successfully to resist any force that could be brought against it. Nothing can surpass the gallantry and intelligence of the main body, but there are individuals who from their backwardness in duty, tardiness of movement, and neglect of orders do it no credit. These, if possible, should be removed from its rolls if they cannot be improved by correction.

Owing to the constitution of our courts-martial, great delay and difficulty occur in correcting daily evils. We require more promptness and certainty of punishment. One of the greatest evils, from which many minor ones proceed, is the habit of straggling from the ranks. The higher officers feel as I do, and I believe have done all in their power to stop it. It has become a habit difficult to correct. With some—the sick and feeble—it results from necessity, but with the greater number from design. These latter do not wish to be with their regiments, nor to share in their hardships and glories. They are the cowards of the army, desert their comrades in times of danger, and fill the houses of the charitable and hospitable in the march. I know of no better way of correcting this great evil than by the appointment of a military commission of men known to the country, and having its confidence and support, to accompany the army constantly, with a provost-marshal and guard to execute promptly its decisions.

If, in addition, a proper inspector-general, with sufficient rank and standing, with assistants, could be appointed to see to the execution of orders and to fix the responsibility of acts, great benefits and saving to the service would be secured. I know there is no law for carrying out these suggestions, but beg to call your attention to the subject, and ask, if this plan does not meet with your approval, that in your better judgment you will devise some other; for I assure you some remedy is necessary, especially now, when the army is in a State whose citizens it is our purpose to conciliate and bring with us. Every outrage upon their feelings and property should be checked.

I am, with high respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

RICHMOND, VA.,
September 7 [?], 1862.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, COMMANDING, ETC.,

SIR: It is deemed proper that you should, in accordance with established usage, announce by proclamation to the people of Maryland the motives and

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purposes of your presence among them at the head of an invading army, and you are instructed in such proclamation to make known—

1st. That the Confederate Government is waging this war solely for self-defence; that it has no design of conquest or any other purpose than to secure peace and the abandonment by the United States of their pretensions to govern a people who have never been their subjects, and who prefer self-government to a union with them.

2d. That this Government, at the very moment of its inauguration, sent commissioners to Washington to treat for a peaceful adjustment of all differences, but that these commissioners were not received, nor even allowed to communicate the object of their mission, and that on a subsequent occasion a communication from the President of the Confederacy to President Lincoln remained without answer, although a reply was promised by General Scott, into whose hands the communication was delivered.

3d. That among the pretexts urged for continuance of the war is the assertion that the Confederate Government desires to deprive the United States of the free navigation of the Western rivers, although the truth is that the Confederate Congress by public act, prior to the commencement of the war, enacted that "the peaceful navigation of the Mississippi River is hereby declared free to the citizens of any of the States upon its boundaries or upon the borders of its navigable tributaries"—a declaration to which this Government has always been, and is still, ready to adhere.

4th. That now, at a juncture when our arms have been successful, we restrict ourselves to the same just and moderate demand that we made at the darkest period of our reverses—the simple demand that the people of the United States should cease to war upon us and permit us to pursue our own path to happiness, while they in peace pursue theirs.

5th. That we are debarred from the renewal of formal proposals for peace by having no reason to expect that they would be received with the respect mutually due by nations in their intercourse, whether in peace or in war.

6th. That under these circumstances we are driven to protect our own country by transferring the seat of war to that of an enemy who pursues us with a relentless and apparently aimless hostility; that our fields have been laid waste, our people killed, many homes made desolate, and that rapine and murder have ravaged our frontiers; that the sacred right of self-defence demands that if such a war is to continue its consequences shall fall on those who persist in their refusal to make peace.

7th. That the Confederate army, therefore, comes to occupy the territory of their enemies, and to make it the theatre of hostilities; that with the people themselves rests the power to put an end to this invasion of their homes, for, if unable to prevail on the Government of the United States to conclude a general peace, their own State Government, in the exercise of its sovereignty, can secure

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immunity from the desolating effects of warfare on the soil of the State by a separate treaty of peace, which this Government will ever be ready to conclude on the most just and liberal basis.

8th. That the responsibility thus rests on the people of ——— of continuing an unjust and oppressive warfare upon the Confederate States—a warfare which can never end in any other manner than that now proposed. With them is the option of preserving the blessings of peace by the simple abandonment of the design of subjugating a people over whom no right of dominion has ever been conferred either by God or man.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

HEADQUARTERS,
August 19, 1863.

GENERAL S. COOPER, ADJT.- AND INSP.-GEN., RICHMOND, VA.,

GENERAL: I have the honor to forward a report of the capture of Harper's Ferry and the operations of the army in Maryland (1862). The official reports of Lieutenant-general Jackson and the officers of his corps have only been recently received, which prevented its earlier transmittal. This finishes the reports of the operations of the campaign of 1862. They were designed to form a continuous narrative, though, for reasons given, were written at intervals. May I ask you to cause the several reports to be united, and to append the tabular statements accompanying each? Should this be inconvenient, if you could return the reports to me, I would have them properly arranged.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

REPORT OF THE CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY AND OPERATIONS IN MARYLAND.

The enemy having retired to the protection of the fortifications around Washington and Alexandria, the army marched on September 3d toward Leesburg. The armies of Generals McClellan and Pope had now been brought back to the point from which they set out on the campaigns of the spring and summer. The objects of those campaigns had been frustrated and the designs of the enemy on the coast of North Carolina and in West Virginia thwarted by the withdrawal of the main body of his forces from those regions. North-eastern Virginia was freed from the presence of Federal soldiers up to the intrenchments of Washington, and soon after the arrival of the army at Leesburg information was received that the troops which had occupied Winchester had retired to Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg. The war was thus transferred from

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the interior to the frontier, and the supplies of rich and productive districts made accessible to our army. To prolong a state of affairs in every way desirable, and not to permit the season for active operations to pass without endeavoring to inflict further injury upon the enemy, the best course appeared to be the transfer of the army into Maryland. Although not properly equipped for invasion, lacking much of the material of war and feeble in transportation, the troops poorly provided with clothing and thousands of them destitute of shoes, it was yet believed to be strong enough to detain the enemy upon the northern frontier until the approach of winter should render his advance into Virginia difficult, if not impracticable. The condition of Maryland encouraged the belief that the presence of our army, however inferior to that of the enemy, would induce the Washington Government to retain all of its available force to provide against contingencies which its course toward the people of that State gave it reason to apprehend. At the same time, it was hoped that military success might afford us an opportunity to aid the citizens of Maryland in any efforts they might be disposed to make to recover their liberties. The difficulties that surrounded them were fully appreciated, and we expected to derive more assistance in the attainment of our object from the just fears of the Washington Government than from any active demonstration on the part of the people, unless success should enable us to give them assurance of continued protection.

Influenced by these considerations, the army was put in motion, D. H. Hill's division, which had joined us on the 2d, being in advance, and between September 4th and 7th crossed the Potomac at the fords near Leesburg and encamped in the vicinity of Fredericktown.

It was decided to cross the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, in order, by threatening Washington and Baltimore, to cause the enemy to withdraw from the south bank, where his presence endangered our communications and the safety of those engaged in the removal of our wounded and the captured property from the late battlefields. Having accomplished this result, it was proposed to move the army into Western Maryland, establish our communications with Richmond through the Shenandoah Valley, and by threatening Pennsylvania induce the enemy to follow, and thus draw him from his base of supplies.

It had been supposed that the advance upon Fredericktown would lead to the evacuation of Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, thus opening the line of communication through the Valley. This not having occurred, it became necessary to dislodge the enemy from those positions before concentrating the army west of the mountains. To accomplish this with the least delay, General Jackson was directed to proceed with his command to Martinsburg, and, after driving the enemy from that place, to move down the south side of the Potomac upon Harper's Ferry. General McLaws, with his own and R. H. Anderson's division, was ordered to seize Maryland Heights, on the north side of the Poto-

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mac, opposite Harper's Ferry, and Brigadier-general Walker to take possession of Loudoun Heights, on the east side of the Shenandoah where it unites with the Potomac. These several commands were directed, after reducing Harper's Ferry and clearing the Valley of the enemy, to join the rest of the army at Boonsboro' or Hagerstown.

The march of these troops began on the 10th, and at the same time the remainder of Longstreet's command and the division of D. H. Hill crossed the South Mountain and moved toward Boonsboro'. General Stuart, with the cavalry, remained east of the mountains to observe the enemy and retard his advance.

A report having been received that a Federal force was approaching Hagerstown from the direction of Chambersburg, Longstreet continued his march to the former place in order to secure the road leading thence to Williamsport, and also to prevent the removal of stores which were said to be in Hagerstown. He arrived at that place on the 11th, General Hill halting near Boonsboro' to prevent the enemy at Harper's Ferry from escaping through Pleasant Valley, and at the same time to support the cavalry. The advance of the Federal army was so slow at the time we left Fredericktown as to justify the belief that the reduction of Harper's Ferry would be accomplished and our troops concentrated before they would be called upon to meet it. In that event it had not been intended to oppose its passage through the South Mountain, as it was desired to engage it as far as possible from its base.

General Jackson marched very rapidly, and, crossing the Potomac near Williamsport on the 11th, sent A. P. Hill's division directly to Martinsburg, and disposed the rest of his command to cut off the retreat of the enemy westward. On his approach the Federal troops evacuated Martinsburg, retiring to Harper's Ferry on the night of the 11th, and Jackson entered the former place on the 12th, capturing some prisoners and abandoned stores. In the forenoon of the following day his leading division, under General A. P. Hill, came in sight of the enemy strongly intrenched on Bolivar Heights, in rear of Harper's Ferry. Before beginning the attack General Jackson proceeded to put himself in communication with the co-operating forces under Generals McLaws and Walker, from the former of whom he was separated by the Potomac, and from the latter by the Shenandoah. General Walker took possession of Loudoun Heights on the 13th, and the next day was in readiness to open upon Harper's Ferry. General McLaws encountered more opposition. He entered Pleasant Valley on the 11th. On the 12th he directed General Kershaw, with his own and Barksdale's brigade, to ascend the ridge whose southern extremity is known as Maryland Heights, and attack the enemy, who occupied that position with infantry and artillery, protected by intrenchments. He disposed the rest of his command to hold the roads leading from Harper's Ferry eastward through Weverton and northward from Sandy Hook, guarding the pass in his

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rear, through which he had entered Pleasant Valley, with the brigades of Semmes and Mahone. Owing to the rugged nature of the ground on which Kershaw had to operate and the want of roads, he was compelled to use infantry alone. Driving in the advance parties of the enemy on the summit of the ridge on the 12th, he assailed the works the next day. After a spirited contest they were carried, the troops engaged in their defence spiking their heavy guns and retreating to Harper's Ferry. By 4.30 P. M. Kershaw was in possession of Maryland Heights. On the 14th a road for artillery was cut along the ridge, and at 2 P. M. four guns opened upon the enemy on the opposite side of the river, and the investment of Harper's Ferry was complete.

In the mean time events transpired in another quarter which threatened to interfere with the reduction of the place. A copy of the order directing the movement of the army from Fredericktown had fallen into the hands of General McClellan, and disclosed to him the dispositions of our forces. He immediately began to push forward rapidly, and on the afternoon of the 13th was reported approaching the pass in South Mountain on the Boonsboro' and Fredericktown road. The cavalry under General Stuart fell back before him, materially impeding his progress by its gallant resistance and gaining time for preparations to oppose his advance. By penetrating the mountain at this point he would reach the rear of McLaws and be enabled to relieve the garrison at Harper's Ferry. To prevent this, General D. H. Hill was directed to guard the Boonsboro' Gap, and Longstreet ordered to march from Hagerstown to his support.

On the 13th, General Hill sent back the brigades of Garland and Colquitt to hold the pass, but, subsequently ascertaining that the enemy was near in heavy force, he ordered up the rest of his division.

Early on the 14th a large body of the enemy attempted to force its way to the rear of the position held by Hill by a road south of the Boonsboro' and Fredericktown turnpike. The attack was repulsed by Garland's brigade after a severe conflict, in which that brave and accomplished young officer was killed. The remainder of the division arriving shortly afterward, Colquitt's brigade was disposed across the turnpike road; that of C. B. Anderson, supported by Ripley, was placed on the right; and Rodes's occupied an important position on the left. Garland's brigade, which had suffered heavily in the first attack, was withdrawn, and the defence of the road occupied by it entrusted to Colonel Rosser of the Fifth Virginia cavalry, who reported to General Hill with his regiment and some artillery. The small command of General Hill repelled the repeated assaults of the Federal army and held it in check for five hours. Several attacks on the centre were gallantly repulsed by Colquitt's brigade, and Rodes maintained his position against heavy odds with the utmost tenacity. Longstreet, leaving one brigade at Hagerstown, had hurried to the assistance of Hill, and reached the scene of action between 3 and 4 P. M. His troops, much exhausted by a long, rapid march and the heat of the day, were disposed

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on both sides of the turnpike. General D. R. Jones, with three of his brigades —those of Pickett (under General Garnett), Kemper, and Jenkins (under Colonel Walker)—together with Evans's brigade, was posted along the mountain on the left; General Hood, with his own and Whiting's brigade (under Colonel Law), Drayton's, and D. R. Jones's (under Colonel G. T. Anderson), on the right. Batteries had been placed by General Hill in such positions as could be found, but the ground was unfavorable for the use of artillery. The battle continued with great animation until night. On the south of the turnpike the enemy was driven back some distance, and his attack on the centre repulsed with loss. His great superiority of numbers enabled him to extend beyond both of our flanks. By this means he succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountain beyond our left, and, pressing upon us heavily from that direction, gradually forced our troops back after an obstinate resistance. Darkness put an end to the contest.

The effort to force the passage of the mountains had failed, but it was manifest that without reinforcements we could not hazard a renewal of the engagement, as the enemy could easily turn either flank. Information was also received that another large body of Federal troops had during the afternoon forced their way through Crampton's Gap, only five miles in rear of McLaws. Under these circumstances it was determined to retire to Sharpsburg, where we would be upon the flank and rear of the enemy should he move against McLaws, and where we could more readily unite with the rest of the army. This movement was efficiently and skilfully covered by the cavalry brigade of General Fitzhugh Lee, and was accomplished without interruption by the enemy, who did not appear on the west side of the pass at Boonsboro' until about 8 A. M. on the following morning. The resistance that had been offered to the enemy at Boonsboro' secured sufficient time to enable General Jackson to complete the reduction of Harper's Ferry.

On the afternoon of the 14th, when he found that the troops of Walker and McLaws were in position to co-operate in the attack, he ordered General A. P. Hill to turn the enemy's left flank and enter Harper's Ferry. Ewell's division (under General Lawton) was ordered to support Hill, while Winder's brigade of Jackson's division (under Colonel Grigsby), with a battery of artillery, made a demonstration on the enemy's right near the Potomac. The rest of the division was held in reserve. The cavalry under Major Massie was placed on the extreme left to prevent the escape of the enemy. Colonel Grigsby succeeded in getting possession of an eminence on the left, upon which two batteries were advantageously posted. General A. P. Hill, observing a hill on the enemy's extreme left occupied by infantry without artillery, and protected only by an abatis of felled timber, directed General Pender with his own brigade and those of [General] Archer and Colonel Brockenbrough to seize the crest, which was done with slight resistance. At the same time he ordered Generals

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Branch and Gregg to march along the Shenandoah, and, taking advantage of the ravines intersecting its steep banks, to establish themselves on the plain to the left and rear of the enemy's works. This was accomplished during the night. Lieutenant-colonel Walker, chief of artillery of A. P. Hill's division, placed several batteries on the eminence taken by General Pender, and under the directions of Colonel Crutchfield, General Jackson's chief of artillery, ten guns belonging to Ewell's division were posted on the east side of the Shenandoah, so as to enfilade the enemy's intrenchments on Bolivar Heights and take his nearest and most formidable works in reverse. General McLaws in the mean time made his preparations to prevent the force which had penetrated at Crampton's Gap from coming to the relief of the garrison. This pass had been defended by the brigade of General Cobb, supported by those of Semmes and Mahone; but, unable to oppose successfully the superior numbers brought against them, they had been compelled to retire with loss. The enemy halted at the gap, and during the night General McLaws formed his command in line of battle across Pleasant Valley about a mile and a half below Crampton's [Gap], leaving one regiment to support the artillery on Maryland Heights and two brigades on each of the roads from Harper's Ferry.

The attack on the garrison began at dawn. A rapid and vigorous fire was opened from the batteries of General Jackson and those on Maryland and Loudoun Heights. In about two hours the garrison, consisting of more than 11,000 men, surrendered; 73 pieces of artillery, about 13,000 small-arms, and a large quantity of military stores fell into our hands. Leaving General A. P. Hill to receive the surrender of the Federal troops and secure the captured property, General Jackson with his two other divisions set out at once for Sharpsburg, ordering Generals McLaws and Walker to follow without delay. Official information of the fall of Harper's Ferry and the approach of General Jackson was received soon after the commands of Longstreet and D. H. Hill reached Sharpsburg on the morning of the 15th, and reanimated the courage of the troops. General Jackson arrived early on the 16th, and General Walker came up in the afternoon. The presence of the enemy at Crampton's Gap embarrassed the movements of General McLaws. He retained the position taken during the night of the 14th to oppose an advance toward Harper's Ferry until the capitulation of that place, when, finding the enemy indisposed to attack, he gradually withdrew his command toward the Potomac. Deeming the roads to Sharpsburg on the north side of the river impracticable, he resolved to cross at Harper's Ferry and march by way of Shepherdstown. Owing to the condition of his troops and other circumstances his progress was slow, and he did not reach the battlefield at Sharpsburg until some time after the engagement of the 17th began. The commands of Longstreet and D. H. Hill on their arrival at Sharpsburg were placed in position along the range of hills between the town and the Antietam, nearly parallel to the course of that stream, Long-

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street on the right of the road to Boonsboro', and Hill on the left. The advance of the enemy was delayed by the brave opposition he encountered from Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, and he did not appear on the opposite side of the Antietam until about 2 P. M. During the afternoon the batteries on each side were slightly engaged.

On the 16th the artillery fire became warmer, and continued throughout the day. The enemy crossed the Antietam beyond the reach of our batteries and menaced our left. In anticipation of this movement Hood's two brigades had been transferred from the right and posted between D. H. Hill and the Hagerstown road. General Jackson was now directed to take position on Hood's left, and formed his line with his right resting upon the Hagerstown road and his left extending toward the Potomac, protected by General Stuart with the cavalry and horse artillery. General Walker with his two brigades was stationed on Longstreet's right. As evening approached the enemy opened more vigorously with his artillery, and bore down heavily with his infantry upon Hood, but the attack was gallantly repulsed. At 10 P. M. Hood's troops were relieved by the brigades of Lawton and Trimble of Ewell's division, commanded by General Lawton. Jackson's own division, under General J. R. Jones, was on Lawton's left, supported by the remaining brigades of Ewell.

At early dawn on the 17th the enemy's artillery opened vigorously from both sides of the Antietam, the heaviest fire being directed against our left. Under cover of this fire a large force of infantry attacked General Jackson. They were met by his troops with the utmost resolution, and for several hours the conflict raged with great fury and alternate success. General J. R. Jones was compelled to leave the field, and the command of Jackson's division devolved on General Starke. The troops advanced with great spirit, and the enemy's lines were repeatedly broken and forced to retire. Fresh troops, however, soon replaced those that were beaten, and Jackson's men were in turn compelled to fall back. The brave General Starke was killed, General Lawton was wounded, and nearly all the field officers, with a large proportion of the men, killed or disabled. Our troops slowly yielded to overwhelming numbers and fell back, obstinately disputing the progress of the enemy. Hood returned to the field and relieved the brigades of Trimble, Lawton, and Hays, which had suffered severely. General Early, who succeeded General Lawton in the command of Ewell's division, was ordered by General Jackson to move with his brigade to take the place of Jackson's division, most of which was withdrawn, its ammunition being nearly exhausted and its numbers much reduced. A small part of the division, under Colonels Grigsby and Stafford, united with Early's brigade, as did portions of the brigades of Trimble, Lawton, and Hays. The battle now raged with great violence, the small commands under Hood and Early holding their ground against many times their own numbers of the enemy and under a tremendous fire of artillery. Hood was reinforced by the

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brigades of Ripley, Colquitt, and Garland (under Colonel McRae) of D. H. Hill's division, and afterward by D. R. Jones's brigade under Colonel G. T. Anderson. The enemy's lines were broken and forced back, but fresh numbers advanced to their support, and they began to gain ground. The desperate resistance they encountered, however, delayed their progress until the troops of General McLaws arrived and those of General Walker could be brought from the right. Hood's brigade, greatly diminished in numbers, withdrew to replenish their ammunition, their supply being entirely exhausted. They were relieved by Walker's command, which immediately attacked the enemy vigorously, driving him back with great slaughter. Colonel Manning, commanding Walker's brigade, pursued until he was stopped by a strong fence, behind which was posted a large force of infantry with several batteries. The gallant colonel was severely wounded, and his brigade retired to the line on which the rest of Walker's command had halted.

Upon the arrival of the reinforcements under General McLaws, General Early attacked with great resolution the large force opposed to him. McLaws advanced at the same time, and the enemy were driven back in confusion, closely followed by our troops beyond the position occupied at the beginning of the engagement. The enemy renewed the assault on our left several times, but was repulsed with loss. He finally ceased to advance his infantry, and for several hours kept up a furious fire from his numerous batteries, under which our troops held their position with great coolness and courage. The attack on our left was speedily followed by one in heavy force on the centre. This was met by part of Walker's division and the brigades of G. B. Anderson and Rodes of D. H. Hill's command, assisted by a few pieces of artillery. The enemy was repulsed, and retired behind the crest of a hill, from which he kept up a desultory fire. General R. H. Anderson's division came to Hill's support and formed in rear of his line. At this time, by a mistake of orders, General Rodes's brigade was withdrawn from its position during the temporary absence of that officer at another part of the field. The enemy immediately pressed through the gap thus created, and G. B. Anderson's brigade was broken and retired, General Anderson himself being mortally wounded. Major-general R. H. Anderson and Brigadier-general Wright were also wounded and borne from the field.

The heavy masses of the enemy again moved forward, being opposed only by four pieces of artillery, supported by a few hundred men belonging to different brigades, rallied by General D. H. Hill and other officers, and parts of Walker's and R. H. Anderson's commands, Colonel Cooke, with the Twenty-seventh North Carolina regiment of Walker's brigade, standing boldly in line without a cartridge. The firm front presented by this small force and the well-directed fire of the artillery under Captain Miller of the Washington Artillery, and of Captain Boyce's South Carolina battery, checked the progress of the en-

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emy, and in about an hour and a half he retired. Another attack was made soon afterward a little farther to the right, but was repulsed by Miller's guns, which continued to hold the ground until the close of the engagement, supported by a part of R. H. Anderson's troops.

While the attack on the centre and left was in progress the enemy made repeated efforts to force the passage of the bridge over the Antietam opposite the right wing of General Longstreet, commanded by Brigadier-general D. R. Jones. This bridge was defended by General Toombs with two regiments of his brigade (the Second and Twentieth Georgia) and the batteries of General Jones. General Toombs's small command repulsed five different assaults made by a greatly superior force, and maintained its position with distinguished gallantry. In the afternoon the enemy began to extend his line as if to cross the Antietam below the bridge, and at 4 P. M. Toombs's regiments retired from the position they had so bravely held. The enemy immediately crossed the bridge in large numbers and advanced against General Jones, who held the crest with less than two thousand men. After a determined and brave resistance he was forced to give way and the enemy gained the summit.

General A. P. Hill had arrived from Harper's Ferry, having left that place at 7.30 A. M. He was now ordered to reinforce General Jones, and moved to his support with the brigades of Archer, Branch, Gregg, and Pender, the last of whom was placed on the right of the line, and the other three advanced and attacked the enemy, now flushed with success. Hill's batteries were thrown forward, and united their fire with those of General Jones, and one of General D. H. Hill's also opened with good effect from the left of the Boonsboro' road. The progress of the enemy was immediately arrested and his lines began to waver. At this moment General Jones ordered Toombs to charge the flank, while Archer, supported by Branch and Gregg, moved upon the front of the Federal line. The enemy made a brief resistance, then broke, and retreated in confusion toward the Antietam, pursued by the troops of Hill and Jones, until he reached the protection of his batteries on the opposite side of the river. In this attack the brave and lamented Brigadier-general L. O'B. Branch was killed while gallantly leading his brigade.

It was now nearly dark, and the enemy had massed a number of batteries to sweep the approaches to the Antietam, on the opposite side of which the corps of General Porter, which had [not?] been engaged, now appeared to dispute our advance. Our troops were much exhausted and greatly reduced in numbers by fatigue and the casualties of battle. Under these circumstances it was deemed injudicious to push our advantage farther in the face of fresh troops of the enemy much exceeding the number of our own. These were accordingly recalled and formed on the line originally held by General Jones. While the attack on our centre was progressing General Jackson had been directed to endeavor to turn the enemy's right, but found it extending nearly to the Poto-

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mac, and so strongly defended with artillery that the attempt had to be abandoned. The repulse on the right ended the engagement, and after a protracted and sanguinary conflict every effort of the enemy to dislodge us from our position had been defeated with severe loss.

The arduous service in which our troops had been engaged, their great privations of rest and food, and the long marches without shoes over mountain-roads, had greatly reduced our ranks before the action began. These causes had compelled thousands of brave men to absent themselves, and many more had done so from unworthy motives. This great battle was fought by less than 40,000 men on our side, all of whom had undergone the greatest labors and hardships in the field and on the march. Nothing could surpass the determined valor with which they met the large army of the enemy, fully supplied and equipped as it was, and the result reflects the highest credit on the officers and men engaged. Our artillery, though much inferior to that of the enemy in the number of guns and weight of metal, rendered most efficient and gallant service throughout the day, and contributed greatly to the repulse of the attacks on every part of the line. General Stuart with the cavalry and horse artillery performed the duty entrusted to him of guarding our left wing with great energy and courage, and rendered valuable assistance in defeating the attack on that part of our line.

On the 18th we occupied the position of the preceding day except in the centre, where our line was drawn in about two hundred yards. Our ranks were increased by the arrival of troops which had not been engaged the day before, and, though still too weak to assume the offensive, we awaited without apprehension the renewal of the attack. The day passed without any demonstration on the part of the enemy, who, from the reports received, was expecting the arrival of reinforcements. As we could not look for a material increase in strength, and the enemy's force could be largely and rapidly augmented, it was not thought prudent to wait until he should be ready again to offer battle. During the night of the 18th the army was accordingly withdrawn to the south side of the Potomac, crossing near Shepherdstown without loss or molestation.

The enemy advanced the next morning, but was held in check by General Fitzhugh Lee with his cavalry, who covered our movement with boldness and success. General Stuart, with the main body, crossed the Potomac above Shepherdstown and moved up the river. The next day he recrossed at Williamsport, and took position to operate upon the right and rear of the enemy should he attempt to follow us. After the army had safely reached the Virginia shore with such of the wounded as could be removed and all its trains, General Porter's corps, with a number of batteries and some cavalry, appeared on the opposite side. General Pendleton was left to guard the ford with the reserve artillery and about 600 infantry. That night the enemy crossed the river above General Pendleton's position, and, his infantry support giving way, four of his

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guns were taken. A considerable force took position on the right bank under cover of their artillery on the commanding hills on the opposite side. The next morning General A. P. Hill was ordered to return with his division and dislodge them. Advancing under a heavy fire of artillery, the three brigades of Gregg, Pender, and Archer attacked the enemy vigorously and drove him over the river with heavy loss.

The condition of our troops now demanded repose, and the army marched to the Opequan, near Martinsburg, where it remained several days, and then moved to the vicinity of Bunker Hill and Winchester. The enemy seemed to be concentrating in and near Harper's Ferry, but made no forward movement. During this time the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was destroyed for several miles, and that from Winchester to Harper's Ferry broken up to within a short distance of the latter place, in order to render the occupation of the Valley by the enemy after our withdrawal more difficult.

On October 8th, General Stuart was ordered to cross the Potomac above Williamsport with 1200 or 1500 cavalry and endeavor to ascertain the position and designs of the enemy. He was directed, if practicable, to enter Pennsylvania and do all in his power to impede and embarrass the military operations of the enemy. This order was executed with skill, address, and courage. General Stuart passed through Maryland, occupied Chambersburg, and destroyed a large amount of public property, making the entire circuit of General McClellan's army. He recrossed the Potomac below Harper's Ferry without loss. The enemy soon after crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge and advanced southward, seizing the passes of the mountains as he progressed. General Jackson's corps was ordered to take position on the road between Berryville and Charlestown, to be prepared to oppose an advance from Harper's Ferry or a movement into the Shenandoah Valley from the east side of the mountains, while at the same time he would threaten the flank of the enemy should he continue his march along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge. One division of Longstreet's corps was sent to the vicinity of Upperville to observe the enemy's movements in front.

About the last of October the Federal army began to incline eastwardly from the mountains, moving in the direction of Warrenton. As soon as this intention developed itself Longstreet's corps was moved across the Blue Ridge, and about November 3d to position at Culpeper Court-house, while Jackson advanced one of his divisions to the east side of the Blue Ridge. The enemy gradually concentrated about Warrenton, his cavalry being thrown forward beyond the Rappahannock in the direction of Culpeper Court-house, and occasionally skirmishing with our own, which was closely observing his movements. This situation of affairs continued without material change until about the middle of November, when the movements began which resulted in the winter campaign on the lower Rappahannock.

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The accompanying return of the medical director will show the extent of our losses in the engagements mentioned. The reports of the different commanding officers must, of necessity, be referred to for the details of these operations.

I desire to call the attention of the Department to the names of those brave officers and men who are particularly mentioned for courage and good conduct by their commanders. The limits of this report will not permit me to do more than renew the expression of my admiration for the valor that shrank from no peril and the fortitude that endured every privation without a murmur. I must also refer to the report of General Stuart for the particulars of the services rendered by the cavalry, besides those to which I have alluded. Its vigilance, activity, and courage were conspicuous, and to its assistance is due, in a great measure, the success of some of the most important and delicate operations of the campaign.

Respectfully submitted,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 2, 1862.

GENERAL: The enemy's cavalry, under General Pleasonton, with six pieces of artillery, drove back our pickets yesterday in front of Shepherdstown. The Ninth Virginia cavalry, which was on picket, repulsed the enemy several times by vigorous charges, disputing the ground step by step back to the main body. By the time his artillery reached him, Colonel W. H. F. Lee, who was in command of the brigade, was obliged to place it on the west bank of the Opequan, on the flank of the enemy as he approached Martinsburg. General Hampton's brigade had retired through Martinsburg on the Tuscarora road, when General Stuart arrived and made dispositions to attack. Lee's brigade was advanced immediately and Hampton's ordered forward. The enemy retired at the approach of Lee along the Shepherdstown road, and was driven across the Potomac by the cavalry with severe loss, and darkness alone prevented it from being a signal victory. His rear was overtaken and put to flight, our cavalry charging in gallant style under a severe fire of artillery, routing squadron after squadron, killing a number, wounding more, and capturing several. He was driven through Shepherdstown and crossed the river after dark, in no case standing a hand-to-hand conflict, but relying upon his artillery and carbines at long range for protection. I regret that we lost one lieutenant and several privates.

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,
Adjutant- and Inspector-general C. S. A, Richmond, Va.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 14, 1862.

SIR: The expedition under General Stuart to Pennsylvania, which crossed the Potomac on the evening of the 9th instant at McCoy's Ford, above Williamsport, will reach their camp to-day. They proceeded through Mercersburg to Chambersburg, where they obtained from the United States storehouses such supplies as they needed, but were unable to destroy the railroad bridge over the Conacocheague in consequence of its being of iron. The shops, etc. of the company were, however, destroyed. Thence he proceeded to Emmittsburg, through Liberty, New Market, Hyattsville, Barnesville, to White's Ford, below the mouth of the Monocacy, making a complete circuit of the enemy's position. On approaching the Potomac he was opposed by the enemy's cavalry under General Stoneman, but drove him back, and put to flight the infantry stationed on the bluff at White's Ford to guard the passage.

His expedition was eminently successful, and accomplished without other loss than the wounding of one man. He obtained many remounts for his cavalry and artillery, and deserves much credit for his prudence and enterprise.

From the information he was able to obtain I am inclined to believe that General McClellan has detached no part of his army eastward, but, on the contrary, has been receiving reinforcements. His main army is posted west of the Blue Ridge range, and stretches from Hagerstown to Rockville, the centre resting at Harper's Ferry, with detachments guarding the river. They have a large force repairing the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and I should judge, from all I can learn, that the operation of the Baltimore and Ohio [Rail] road from Harper's Ferry west is viewed by them as an object of great importance, and that efforts will be made to repair it. I am breaking up the Harper's Ferry and Winchester [Rail] road to increase the obstacles to their advance up the Shenandoah Valley. The iron would be very useful to the roads farther south, and the flat iron might be used for Government purposes, but I have no means of sending it away.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HON. G. W. RANDOLPH,
Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.

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Abstract from Return of the Army of Northern Virginia, GENERAL R. E. LEE *commanding, for Sept. 22, 1862, during Campaign at Manassas and Antietam, Aug. 28–30 and Sept., 1862.*

COMMAND.	Present for duty.		Aggregate present.
	Officers.	Men.	
Longstreet's Corps.			
General staff	11	. .	11
McLaws's division	269	3,659	4,018
Jones's division	350	3,460	4,403
Anderson's division	389	4,935	6,298
Walker's division	221	3,207	3,871
Hood's division	255	2,592	2,847
Evans's brigade	40	516	556
Lee's and Walton's battalions of artillery	39	632	677
Total	1,574	19,001	22,681
Jackson's Corps.			
D. H. Hill's division	332	4,739	5,821
A. P. Hill's division	342	4,435	5,468
R. S. Ewell's division	298	3,144	4,066
Jackson's own division	186	2,367	3,484
Total	1,158	14,685	18,839
Grand total	2,732	33,686	41,520

Note on original return: "This return is very imperfect, the cavalry and reserve artillery not being reported."

Abstract from Return of Tri-monthly Report of Ewell's Division, MAJ.-GEN. R. S. EWELL *commanding, for Sept. 22, 1862.*

COMMAND.	Present for duty.		Aggregate present.	Aggregate present and absent.	Aggregate last return.	Remarks.
	Officers.	Men.				
Early's brigade, Gen. J. A. Early	124	905	1,221	4,035	4,082	Rolls of several companies of 7th Virginia regiment lost.
Fourth (Lawton's) Brigade, Colonel John H. Lamar commanding	45	682	804	. .	. .	"Absent" not given by reason of absence of company officers.
Seventh (Trimble's) Brigade, Col. James A. Walker commanding	60	781	941	2,759	2,950	
First Louisiana (Hays's) Brigade, Brig.-gen. H. T. Hays commanding	59	634	936	. .	4,127	"Absent" in 7th Louisiana regiment not reported.
Total	288	3,002	3,902			

Station, camp near Martinsburg, Va.

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HEADQUARTERS,
Near Fredericktown, Md., September 8, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, RICHMOND, VA.,

MR. PRESIDENT: The present position of affairs, in my opinion, places it in the power of the Government of the Confederate States to propose with propriety to that of the United States the recognition of our independence. For more than a year both sections of the country have been devastated by hostilities which have brought sorrow and suffering upon thousands of homes without advancing the objects which our enemies proposed to themselves in beginning the contest. Such a proposition, coming from us at this time, could in no way be regarded as suing for peace, but, being made when it is in our power to inflict injury upon our adversary, would show conclusively to the world that our sole object is the establishment of our independence and the attainment of an honorable peace. The rejection of this offer would prove to the country that the responsibility of the continuance of the war does not rest upon us, but that the party in power in the United States elect to prosecute it for purposes of their own. The proposal of peace would enable the people of the United States to determine at their coming elections whether they will support those who favor a prolongation of the war or those who wish to bring it to a termination which can but be productive of good to both parties without affecting the honor of either.

I have the honor to be, with high respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Hagerstown, Md., September 12, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS,

MR. PRESIDENT: Before crossing the Potomac I considered the advantages of entering Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge. In either case it was my intention to march upon this town. By crossing east of the Blue Ridge both Washington and Baltimore would be threatened, which I believed would ensure the withdrawal of the mass of the enemy's troops; north of the Potomac I think this has been accomplished. I had also supposed that as soon as it was known that the army had reached Fredericktown the enemy's forces in the Valley of Virginia, which had retired to Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, would retreat altogether from the State. In this I was disappointed, and you will perceive from the accompanying order of the 9th instant that Generals Jackson and McLaws have been detached with a view of capturing their forces at each place should they not have retired.

The army has been received in this region with sympathy and kindness.

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We have found in this city about fifteen hundred barrels of flour, and I am led to hope that a supply can be gathered from the mills in the country, though I fear we shall have to haul from the Valley of Virginia. The supply of beef has been very small, and we have been able to procure no bacon. A thousand pairs of shoes and some clothing were obtained in Fredericktown, two hundred and fifty pairs in Williamsport, and about four hundred pairs in this city. They will not be sufficient to cover the bare feet of the army.

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R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Hagerstown, Md., September 13, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS, RICHMOND, VA.,

MR. PRESIDENT: I regret that you should have exposed yourself while indisposed to the fatigue of travel, though I should have been highly gratified at an opportunity of conferring with you on many points. You will perceive by the printed address * to the people of Maryland, which has been sent you, that I have not gone contrary to the views expressed by you on the subject. Should there be anything in it to correct, please let me know.

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R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Camp on the Opequan, near Smoketown, September 23, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS, RICHMOND, VA.,

MR. PRESIDENT: My desire for the welfare of the army and the success of the war induces me to trouble you very often. In addition to the matters to which I have recently called your attention, there is another of vital importance to the service. A great number of officers and men borne on the rolls of the army I fear are permanently incapacitated for duty. These should be discharged and their places filled with effective men. Justice would seem to require that some provision should be made for their support, but whether this had better be done now or left to the close of the war you and Congress must determine. Companies whose rolls show a maximum of men cannot be filled by accepting new members when they offer unless the inefficient men be removed, nor can the places of officers unfit for duty be filled until the present incumbents are retired. The subject of recruiting this army is also one of paramount importance. The usual casualties of battle have diminished its

* Included in Chapter XII.

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ranks, but its numbers have been greatly decreased by desertion and straggling. This was the main cause of its retiring from Maryland, as it was unable to cope with advantage with the numerous hosts of the enemy. His ranks are daily increasing, and it is just reported, on what I consider reliable authority, that 40,000 joined the army of General McClellan on the day after the battle of Sharpsburg. We have now abundance of arms; and if the unarmed regiments in Texas and Arkansas could be brought forward, as well as the conscripts from the different States, they would add greatly to our strength. Our stragglers are being daily collected, and that is one of the reasons of my being now stationary. How long they will remain with us or when they will again disappear it is impossible for me to say.

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R. E. LEE,
General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Camp on the Opequan, near Smoketown, September 25, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS, RICHMOND, VA.,

MR. PRESIDENT: Since my letter of the 23d instant the enemy has been quiet. He is in occupation of Harper's Ferry, and has troops posted both on the Maryland and Loudoun Heights. I presume he will reconstruct the railroad bridge over the Potomac, and I see it stated in the Baltimore papers that a new bridge over the Monocacy has been built. When the railroad is open to Harper's Ferry he may possibly advance up the Valley, where I shall endeavor to occupy and detain him.

When I withdrew from Sharpsburg into Virginia it was my intention to recross the Potomac at Williamsport and move upon Hagerstown, but the condition of the army prevented; nor is it yet strong enough to advance advantageously. Some of the stragglers have been gathered in, but many have wandered to a distance, feigning sickness, wounds, etc., deceiving the guards and evading the scouts. Many of them will not stop until they reach their distant homes.

In a military point of view, the best move, in my opinion, the army could make would be to advance upon Hagerstown and endeavor to defeat the enemy at that point. I would not hesitate to make it, even with our diminished numbers, did the army exhibit its former temper and condition, but, as far as I am able to judge, the hazard would be great and a reverse disastrous. I am therefore led to pause.

I have written to General Loring suggesting the advantages, since the enemy has been driven from the Kanawha Valley, of proceeding down the Monongahela Valley, breaking up the railroad in the vicinity of Clarksburg, Fairmont,

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Cheat River, etc., and, should opportunity offer, of continuing his route into Pennsylvania and collecting horses and other necessaries for the army generally. I have told him to keep me advised of his movements should he undertake the expedition, that there may be co-operation, if practicable, between the two armies.

I am, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Washington Run, near Winchester, Va., October 2, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS,

MR. PRESIDENT: I received last night your letter of the 28th ultimo, and am much obliged to you for the attention given to my requests. I have stated so frequently my opinion of the necessity of improving the discipline of our armies that I need not repeat it. I hope Congress will grant every facility in their power.

In reference to commanders of corps with the rank of lieutenant-general, of which you request my opinion, I can confidently recommend Generals Longstreet and Jackson in this army. My opinion of the merits of General Jackson has been greatly enhanced during this expedition. He is true, honest, and brave, has a single eye to the good of the service, and spares no exertion to accomplish his object. Next to these two officers, I consider General A. P. Hill the best commander with me. He fights his troops well and takes good care of them. At present I do not think that more than two commanders of corps are necessary for this army. I need not remind you of the merits of General E. K. Smith, whom I consider one of our best officers. As regards the appointments for major-generals and brigadier-generals for this army, I have already forwarded to you the names of those whose merits I think have earned promotion. Should you conclude to promote Generals Longstreet and Jackson, major-generals in their places will be required, but I believe you have sufficient names before you to fill the vacancies. Your own knowledge of the claims and qualifications of the officers will, I feel assured, enable you to make the best selection. I do not think it necessary to call your attention to the officers immediately around Richmond, as you are fully aware of their merits.

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I am, with the highest respect and esteem, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 2, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 116.

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the commanding general cannot withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march. Since your great victories around Richmond you have defeated the enemy at Cedar Mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and after a conflict of three days utterly repulsed him on the plains of Manassas and forced him to take shelter within the fortifications around his capital. Without halting for repose you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than 11,000 men, and captured upward of seventy-five pieces of artillery, all their small-arms, and other munitions of war. While one corps of the army was thus engaged the other ensured its success by arresting at Boonsboro' the combined armies of the enemy advancing under their favorite general to the relief of their beleaguered comrades. On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted from daylight until dark the whole army of the enemy and repulsed every attack along his entire front of more than four miles in extent. The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning without molestation across the Potomac. Two attempts subsequently made by the enemy to follow you across the river have resulted in his complete discomfiture and being driven back with loss. Achievements such as these demanded much valor and patriotism. History records few examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited, and I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms. Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens with invasion, and to your tried valor and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety. Your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

R. E. LEE,
General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Camp near Winchester, Va., October 4, 1862.*

HON. GEORGE W. RANDOLPH, SECRETARY OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: Mrs. Phil Kearny has applied for the sword and horse of Major-general Phil Kearny, which were captured at the time that officer was killed, near Chan-

* Received October 7, 1862.

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tilly. The horse and saddle have been turned over to the quartermaster of the army and the sword to the chief of ordnance. I would send them at once as an evidence of the sympathy felt for her bereavement and as a testimony of the appreciation of a gallant soldier, but I have looked upon such articles as public property, and that I had no right to dispose of them except for the benefit of the service. In this case, however, I should like to depart from this rule, provided it is not considered improper by the Department, and I therefore refer the matter for your decision. An early reply is requested.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 6, 1862.

HON. GEORGE W. RANDOLPH, SECRETARY OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: In view of the probability of the movements of the army, which would render it inconvenient to return the horse, equipments, and sword of the late General Kearny to his widow, in accordance with her request as communicated to you in my letter of the 4th instant, I have caused those articles to be sent within the enemy's lines, to be forwarded to Mrs. Kearny, without waiting for your reply to my letter. Before doing so I caused the horse and equipments to be appraised by a board, and the price fixed for them has been paid to the quartermaster, to await your decision upon the question of returning those articles, as submitted by me in my letter above referred to. The sword, which was a light one with a leather scabbard suitable for a disabled person, I regarded as constituting part of General Kearny's private property, and as such proper to be returned to his family, in accordance with approved usage under such circumstances. Its value will also be paid to the ordnance department should you not approve of its return.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 22, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, RICHMOND, VA.,

MR. PRESIDENT: The time is approaching when it becomes necessary to consider what disposition of the troops can best be made for the winter. This must, of course, mainly depend upon the operations of the enemy. But on the supposition that he will do little more this fall than to organize and instruct his new troops, and as the winter advances prepare to advance south of James

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River, which now seems to me his most probable plan, some position should be chosen with a view of procuring shelter and provisions for the army and forage for the horses. I have seen no indications to make me believe that General McClellan will advance up the Shenandoah Valley. When this army retires from its present position I think it probable he will occupy Winchester with a sufficient force, and reconstruct the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Harper's Ferry and Cumberland. A portion of his force will, no doubt, be retained at Fairfax Court-house and Centreville, and may probably be advanced toward the Rappahannock. At any rate, it will be necessary for us to keep a sufficient force south of the Rappahannock and in front of Richmond, and also one in this valley. We must select points where there is sufficient wood for hutting and fuel for the troops, and within convenient distance from the railroad by which they can be provisioned. A portion of these troops may be placed south of James River, or, if circumstances require it, can operate in Georgia and South Carolina. I should be very glad if Your Excellency would consider this subject and give me the benefit of your views, as well as such directions as you may see fit.

We shall finish by to-morrow, I think, the destruction of as much of the Winchester and Harper's Ferry and Baltimore and Ohio railroads within this valley as we can accomplish without bringing on a battle, which I do not desire to do so near the enemy's base of operations. I wish there was any possibility of my sending back the iron from these roads, but, as there is none within my reach, I have been obliged to injure it as much as possible, to prevent its being relaid. The sills have been taken up and burned, and the bridges and station-houses at Martinsburg, etc. destroyed.

I have to-day ordered General Walker's division to cross the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap and take position in the vicinity of Upperville, with a view of checking the incursions of the enemy in that region and watching more closely his movements east of the mountains.

I am, with great respect, Your Excellency's obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
November 6, 1862.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON, COMMANDING CORPS,

GENERAL: Your letter of yesterday from Millwood has been received. The progress of the enemy so far seems to be steadily forward, judging from your reports and those of General Stuart, occupying in his advance the gaps of the Blue Ridge with his right and resting his left on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. It would seem to be his desire either to detain you in the Valley or

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to get above you, so as to cut you off from a junction with Longstreet; neither of which must you permit. It will be necessary for you to make every arrangement, so that you may move promptly up the Valley, that the two corps can be kept in communication with each other and unite when necessary. General George H. Steuart will have to evacuate Winchester before you move higher than Front Royal, and I hope you will be able to bring off all the sick that are able to travel. One of the objects of the enemy in proceeding through the counties bordering on the Blue Ridge may be to obtain the forage in that region. You must give the necessary directions to Munford, so that he may regulate his movements by your own. The advantage of the enemy on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge may be regulated by his force and his facilities for procuring supplies of forage and provision. I do not think he would descend into the Valley except with such force as he would think capable of crushing you, still leaving a sufficient force to oppose Longstreet. I have directed Stuart to watch his movements closely and inform me when he occupies Chester Gap or advances toward Thornton's. In the latter event it will be unwise for the whole of the cavalry to fall back before him to Luray, as that would leave exposed the whole of the country east of the Blue Ridge. I will make inquiries about signal-men and endeavor to establish a line so far as our means will permit. I have heard, however, that one of our signal-officers was captured in Loudoun.

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Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
November 9, 1862—1 P. M.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON, COMMANDING LEFT WING, ETC.,

GENERAL: Your letter of the 7th is at hand. The enemy seems to be massing his troops along the Manassas Railroad in the vicinity of Piedmont, which gives him great facilities for bringing up supplies from Alexandria. It has occurred to me that his object may be to seize upon Strasburg with his main force, to intercept your ascent of the Valley. This would oblige you to cross into the Lost River Valley, or west of it, unless you could force a passage through the Blue Ridge; hence my anxiety for your safety. If you can prevent such a movement of the enemy and operate strongly upon his flank and rear through the gaps of the Blue Ridge, you would certainly, in my opinion, effect the object you propose. A demonstration of crossing into Maryland would serve the same purpose, and might call him back to the Potomac. As my object is to retard and baffle his designs, if it can be accomplished by manœuvring your corps as you propose it will serve my purpose as well as if effected in any other way. With this understanding, you can use your discretion—which I

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know I can rely upon—in remaining or advancing up the Valley. But I desire you will take precautions to prevent the enemy's occupying the roads west of the Massanutten Mountains, and your demonstration upon his flank might probably be as well made from a position nearer to Strasburg as from that you now occupy. If the enemy should move into the Valley through Thornton's Gap, you must seize the pass through the Massanutten Mountains as soon as you can, while Longstreet will advance through Milman's, which you term Fisher's Gap (on the direct road from Madison Court-house to New Market). But I think his movement upon Front Royal the more probable of the two.

Keep me advised of your movements and intentions, and you must keep always in view the probability of an attack upon Richmond from either north or south, when a concentration of forces will become necessary. The enemy has made no advance south of the Rappahannock line since I last wrote you.

The non-occupation of Martinsburg by the enemy, and his not marching into the Valley from his former base on the Potomac, shows, I think, that his whole force has been drawn from Maryland into Virginia east of the Blue Ridge. His retirement from Snicker's and Ashby's gaps and concentration of his force on the railroad in the vicinity of Manassas Gap must either be for the purpose of supplying it or for making a descent upon Front Royal and Strasburg. I hope, therefore, you will be on your guard.

I am, etc.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
November 10, 1862—7 P. M.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON, COMMANDING, ETC.,

GENERAL: Your letter of the 9th instant has been received, and I am glad to learn that your command is in condition to move whenever it becomes necessary. My letter of yesterday will have explained to you my views and informed you that I rely upon your judgment and discretion in determining the time of your departure. As soon as you think that your presence in that portion of the Valley will not retard or prevent the advance of the enemy east of the Blue Ridge, I wish you to advance with all celerity to unite with Longstreet's corps. You must inform yourself of the routes, prepare provision and forage for the occasion, and lose no time in executing your march when it is commenced. As stated in my previous letter, should you find yourself in danger at any time of being cut off from the route west of the Massanutten Mountains, you must move at once.

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I have the honor to be, etc.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
November 12, 1862—8 A. M.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON, COMMANDING CORPS,

GENERAL: Your letter of the 10th by special courier has been received. In my letter of yesterday in reply to yours of first date I discussed the question of your further delay in the Valley. I cannot add more to what has been said, and it must depend upon the advantages you can effect by operating against the communications of the enemy. He has as yet given no indications of his further movement or direction southward. Whether he will cross the Rappahannock or proceed to Fredericksburg I cannot tell. It is easier for you to determine what damage you can inflict upon him where you are. If you can accomplish nothing but to retain occupation of the Valley, in the apparent and probable need of all our forces southward the force under you is too far from the scene of action. If an advance toward Fredericksburg is discovered, it is plain that you cannot delay longer, and you must be prepared to move at any time. Make your arrangements accordingly, and be prepared to move at any moment. General Stuart has been directed to watch the enemy closely, but you know the difficulty of determining the first movements. You may learn more from the rear than we can in front. It would be grievous for the Valley and its supplies to fall into the hands of the enemy unnecessarily, but we can only act upon probabilities and endeavor to avoid greater evils.

Colonel Davidson, at Staunton, telegraphs that the enemy is within thirty-five miles of that place—one column at McDowell, and one at Rawley Springs, the two columns estimated at from 4000 to 6000 men. He asks for reinforcements; I have none to send him. Have you a disposable force? The Marylanders, if unable to remain at Winchester, might be stationed there.

I am, etc.,
R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
November 14, 1862.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON, COMMANDING, ETC.,

GENERAL: Your letter of the 10th instant by courier and telegraphic despatch of to-day have been received. The withdrawal of the enemy from the Blue Ridge and concentration at Warrenton and Waterloo show, I think, that he has abandoned his former base and assumed that of the Warrenton and Alexandria Railroad. Your presence, then, in the Valley seems to be too distant from his line of operation to affect his movements should you remain quiescent. If you were able by a movement through Snicker's Gap to threaten his communication north of Manassas Junction, it would have the effect of recalling him.

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This, in your condition, would be a hazardous movement, as he could bring a force against you too strong for you to resist, and might intercept your return into the Valley. I do not see, then, what good your continuance in the Valley will effect beyond the support of your troops. It is true it may prevent the occupation of Winchester by a portion of the enemy's forces, but in a military point of view that would accomplish but little beyond the annoyance of the inhabitants, which is much to be lamented. Your detention there until the occurrence of bad weather and deep roads might so break down your command as to render it inefficient for further operations should they become requisite elsewhere. Your remaining in the Valley was based upon the supposition that by operating upon the flank and rear of the enemy you might prevent his progress southward, and so long as you found that this could be effected I considered it advantageous; but when this cannot be accomplished the sooner you make a junction with Longstreet's corps, the better. The question now is whether you can in the present condition of things affect the movements of the enemy. He is in a position to move upon Culpeper, using the Orange and Alexandria Railroad as a line of communication, or to march upon Fredericksburg and establish his base on the Potomac. As you are the best judge of your ability to operate advantageously against him, I leave you to determine the question whether you will continue in your present position or march at once to join Longstreet. I have heard of no movement of the enemy as yet below Kelly's Ford, except a visit of a small party of his cavalry to Fredericksburg on the 8th, when they charged through the town, but were immediately driven back across the river by our cavalry. General Stuart reports this evening that two brigades of the enemy's infantry are at Jeffersonton. Our cavalry still hold the line of Aestham River to Sperryville. The position of Longstreet's corps remains unchanged since you were last informed.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Camp near Culpeper Court-house, November 19, 1862—9 A. M.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON, NEAR WINCHESTER,

GENERAL: Your letter of the 18th has been received. It is certainly important to deceive the enemy as long as possible as to our position and intentions, provided it is rendered certain that a junction can be made before a battle; and this latter point we must always keep in view as necessary to enable us to resist the large force now on the Rappahannock.

As to the place where it may be necessary or best to fight, I cannot now state, as this must be determined by circumstances which may arise. I do not

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now anticipate making a determined stand north of the North Anna. Longstreet's corps is moving to Fredericksburg, opposite to which place Sumner's corps has arrived.

As before stated, you can remain in the Valley as long as you see that your presence there cripples and embarrasses the general movement of the enemy and yet leaves you free to unite with Longstreet for a battle.

I will advise you from time to time of the movements of the enemy and of mine as far as they can be discovered, and with as little delay as possible; but you must make allowances for the inaccuracy of the first and the delay of the second, and predicate your movements so as to be on the safe side.

I am, most respectfully,

R. E. LEE,
General.

Abstract from Field Return of the Department of Northern Virginia, commanded by GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, *November 20, 1862; headquarters, Fredericksburg.*

COMMAND.	Present for duty.						Aggregate present.	Aggregate present and absent.
	Infantry.		Cavalry.		Artillery.			
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.		
FIRST ARMY CORPS,								
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LONGSTREET.								
Anderson's division	422	5,717	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	7,646	13,725
McLaws's division	578	7,559	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	9,447	16,278
Pickett's division	551	5,634	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	7,498	15,138
Hood's division	462	5,715	. .	. . .	. . .	. . .	7,113	12,734
Ransom's division	270	3,904	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	4,945	8,176
Alexander's battalion of artillery	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	27	517	576	763
Walton's battalion of artillery	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	15	242	274	349
Total	2,283	28,529	. . .	. . .	42	759	37,499	67,163
SECOND ARMY CORPS,								
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JACKSON.								
D. R. Jones's division	407	4,627	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	6,015	12,629
Ewell's division	572	7,018	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	9,122	16,709
D. H. Hill's division	549	7,653	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	9,576	18,526
A. P. Hill's division	723	9,897	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	12,331	21,781
Brown's battalion of artillery	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	23	479	528	697
Post of Winchester	72	767	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	959	1,260
Total	2,323	29,962	. . .	. . .	23	479	38,531	71,602
Stuart's cavalry division	. . .	. . .	603	8,551	. . .	. . .	10,539	15,008
Pendleton's reserve artillery*	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .
Grand total	4,606	58,491	603	8,551	65	1,238	86,569	153,773

* No return received.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Camp Fredericksburg, November 22, 1862—8 P. M.

GENERAL S. COOPER, ADJUTANT- AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL, RICHMOND, VA.,

GENERAL: I have the honor to report for the information of the President and Department that General Burnside's army, apparently in full force, is on the other side of the Rappahannock, opposite this place, stretching from the banks of the river toward Acquia Creek. I have learned from our scouts sent toward the Potomac, but who were unable to reach Acquia, that it is reported by citizens that the enemy were making preparations to reconstruct the wharves at that place by means of their pontoon-trains. I have not heard of a commencement being made to rebuild the railroad. Their immense wagon-train is actively engaged, apparently, in provisioning their army, which during the last three days of rain and cold I know has been a difficult operation, and must have been attended with suffering among their troops. I have with me two brigades of Stuart's cavalry, Pendleton's reserve artillery, and four divisions of Longstreet's corps. The Fifth will be here to-morrow. If the enemy attempt to cross the river, I shall resist it, though the ground is favorable for him. Yesterday he summoned the corporate authorities of Fredericksburg to surrender the city by 5 P. M., and threatened, in the event of its not being delivered up, to commence to shell the town at 9 A. M. to-day.

Upon the reference of this communication to me, as I was unable to prevent the city from being cannonaded, I requested General Longstreet to inform the authorities that they might say that I would not occupy or use the city for military purposes, but that I would resist its occupation by the enemy, and recommended that the women and children be at once removed. Our wagons and ambulances have been employed all last night and to-day in accomplishing this object. This morning the authorities were informed that the bombardment would not commence at the hour threatened, but that a definite answer would be returned in a short time. I have not learned whether it has yet been received.

* * * * * * * * *

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Near Fredericksburg, November 25, 1862.

His EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS, RICHMOND, VA.:

MR. PRESIDENT: I have endeavored in my official communications to the adjutant- and inspector-general of the army to keep you apprised of the military condition of affairs on this frontier.

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For the first two days after my arrival the enemy's forces were being massed on the heights of Stafford, opposite Fredericksburg; but on the evening of the 22d, which was the second day after my arrival, his camps and trains commenced to move to the rear, and on the morning of the 23d his parks of artillery had all disappeared save four batteries posted on the plateau just opposite the town. Now their force in view is very small. It was generally supposed that this retrograde movement indicated another transfer of operations, but I believe it was made to secure their camps from our fire and for the convenience of obtaining subsistence. I think, from the tone of the Northern papers, it is intended that General Burnside shall advance from Fredericksburg to Richmond, and that he is obliged to wait until he can reconstruct proper landings on the Potomac and rebuild the railroad to the Rappahannock.

All their movements that I have been able to discover look to a concentration at this point, and it appears to me that, should General Burnside change his base of operations, the effect produced in the United States would be almost equivalent to a defeat. I think, therefore, he will persevere in his present course; and the longer we can delay him and throw him into the winter, the more difficult will be his undertaking. It is for this reason that I have determined to resist him at the outset and to throw every obstacle in the way of his advance. I propose to commence breaking up the railroad as one of the means of retarding him, so as to oblige him to move with a large wagon-train. I fear this measure will produce opposition on the part of the citizens, and may be viewed by this community as an abandonment of their country: I therefore do not wish to undertake it without due consideration, and, should you think it preferable to concentrate the troops nearer to Richmond, I should be glad if you would advise me.

I have waited to the last moment to draw Jackson's corps to me, as I have seen that his presence on their flank has embarrassed their plans and defeated their first purpose of advancing upon Gordonsville and Charlottesville. I think they will now endeavor to get possession of Hanover Junction.

I need not express to you the importance of urging forward all preparations about Richmond, and of uniting all our efforts to resist the great attempt now being made to reach our capital, which, if defeated, may prove the last.

I should like to get some long-range guns from Richmond if any can be obtained on travelling-carriages, and will write to Colonel Gorgas on the subject.

I need not say how glad I should be if your convenience would permit you to visit the army, that I might have the benefit of your views and directions.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
December 2, 1862.

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: I have the honor to represent to you that there is still a great want of shoes in the army, between 2000 and 3000 men being at present barefooted. Many have lost their shoes in the long marches over rough roads recently made, and the number forwarded was insufficient to meet the necessities of the troops. I am informed that there is a large number of shoes now in Richmond in the hands of extortioners, who hold them at an extravagant price.

The quartermaster of General Jackson's corps, in which there is the greatest want of shoes, received a proposition from a person in Richmond to furnish 1300 pairs at $15 per pair. Whether these shoes are to be purchased at the prices demanded by the extortioners, or whether any plan can be devised for taking them at a fair price, I submit to your consideration; but I earnestly hope that some effectual means may be adopted to supply the wants of the army as speedily as possible, and avert the sufferings that threaten the troops during the approaching cold and wet weather.

I hope that the quartermaster's department will avail itself of every means to supply the present necessities of the men and to meet the wants that will naturally arise, particularly if active operations continue during the winter. I also respectfully suggest that, in purchasing shoes, care should be taken to prevent imposition, as I am informed by the officers who received those last forwarded that many of them were of a very inferior character and unfit for service.

I am, with high respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

[Confidential.] HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
December 6, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, RICHMOND,

MR. PRESIDENT: The enemy still maintains his position north of the Rappahannock. I can discover no indications of his advancing or of transferring his troops to other positions. Scouts on both of his flanks north of the Rappahannock report no movements, nor have those stationed on the Potomac discovered the collection of transports or the passage of troops down that river.

General Burnside's whole army appears to be encamped between the Rappahannock and Potomac. His apparent inaction suggests the probability that he is waiting for expected operations elsewhere, and I fear troops may be collecting south of James River. Yet I get no reliable information of organized or tried troops being sent to that quarter, nor am I aware of any of their general

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officers in whom confidence is placed being there in command. There is an evident concentration of troops hitherto disposed in other parts of Virginia, but whether for the purpose of augmenting General Burnside's army or any other I cannot tell.

From the reports forwarded to me by General G. W. Smith, the officers serving there seem to be impressed with its magnitude. If I felt sure of our ability to resist the advance of the enemy south of that river, it would relieve me of great embarrassment, and I should feel better able to oppose the operations which may be contemplated by General Burnside. I presume that the operations in the departments of the West and South will require all the troops in each, but, should there be a lull of the war in these departments, it might be advantageous to leave a sufficient covering force to conceal the movement, and draw an active force, when the exigency arrives, to the vicinity of Richmond. Provisions and forage in the mean time could be collected in Richmond. When the crisis shall have passed those troops could be returned to their departments with reinforcements.

I need not state to you the advantages of a combination of our troops for a battle, if it can be accomplished, and, unless it can be done, we must make up our minds to fight with great odds against us.

I hope Your Excellency will cause me to be advised when, in your judgment, it may become necessary for this army to move nearer Richmond. It was never in better health or in better condition for battle than now. Some shoes, blankets, arms, and accoutrements are still wanting, but we are occasionally receiving small supplies, and I hope all will be provided in time.

There was quite a fall of snow yesterday, which will produce some temporary discomfort.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 10, 1863.

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit herewith my report of the operations of this army from the time that it moved from Culpeper Court-house, in November, 1862, and including the battle of Fredericksburg.

* * * * * * * * *

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,
Adjutant- and Inspector-general, Richmond, Va.

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REPORT OF GENERAL R. E. LEE OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

On November 15 [1862] it was known that the enemy was in motion toward the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and one regiment of infantry, with a battery of light artillery, was sent to reinforce the garrison at Fredericksburg.

On the 17th it was ascertained that Sumner's corps had marched from Catlett's Station in the direction of Falmouth, and information was also received that on the 15th some Federal gunboats and transports had entered Acquia Creek. This looked as if Fredericksburg was again to be occupied, and McLaws's and Ransom's divisions, accompanied by W. H. F. Lee's brigade of cavalry and Lane's battery, were ordered to proceed to that city. To ascertain more fully the movements of the enemy, General Stuart was directed to cross the Rappahannock.

On the morning of the 18th he forced a passage at Warrenton Springs in the face of a regiment of cavalry and three pieces of artillery guarding the ford, and reached Warrenton soon after the last of the enemy's column had left. The information he obtained confirmed the previous reports, and it was clear that the whole Federal army, under Major-general Burnside, was moving toward Fredericksburg.

On the morning of the 19th, therefore, the remainder of Longstreet's corps was put in motion for that point.

The advance of General Sumner reached Falmouth on the afternoon of the 17th, and attempted to cross the Rappahannock, but was driven back by Colonel [William B.] Ball with the Fifteenth Virginia cavalry, four companies of Mississippi infantry, and [Capt. J. W.] Lewis's light battery.

On the 21st it became apparent that General Burnside was concentrating his whole army on the north side of the Rappahannock.

On the same day General Sumner summoned the corporate authorities of Fredericksburg to surrender the place by 5 P. M., and threatened, in case of refusal, to bombard the city at 9 o'clock next morning. The weather had been tempestuous for two days, and a storm was raging at the time of the summons. It was impossible to prevent the execution of the threat to shell the city, as it was completely exposed to the batteries on the Stafford hills, which were beyond our reach. The city authorities were informed that, while our forces would not use the place for military purposes, its occupation by the enemy would be resisted, and directions were given for the removal of the women and children as rapidly as possible. The threatened bombardment did not take place, but in view of the imminence of a collision between the two armies the inhabitants were advised to leave the city, and almost the entire population without a murmur abandoned their homes. History presents no instance of a people exhibiting a purer and more unselfish patriotism or a higher spirit of fortitude and

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courage than was evinced by the citizens of Fredericksburg. They cheerfully incurred great hardships and privations, and surrendered their homes and property to destruction, rather than yield them into the hands of the enemies of their country.

General Burnside now commenced his preparations to force the passage of the Rappahannock and advance upon Richmond. When his army first began to move toward Fredericksburg, General Jackson, in pursuance of instructions, crossed the Blue Ridge, and placed his corps in the vicinity of Orange Court-house to enable him more promptly to co-operate with Longstreet.

About November 26 he was directed to advance toward Fredericksburg, and as some Federal gunboats had appeared in the river at Port Royal, and it was possible that an attempt might be made to cross in that vicinity, D. H. Hill's division was stationed near that place, and the rest of Jackson's corps so disposed as to support Hill or Longstreet as occasion might require. The fords of the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg were closely guarded by our cavalry, and the brigade of General W. H. F. Lee was stationed near Port Royal, to watch the river above and below.

On the 28th, General Hampton, guarding the upper Rappahannock, crossed to make a reconnoissance on the enemy's right, and, proceeding as far as Dumfries and Occoquan, encountered and dispersed his cavalry, capturing two squadrons and a number of wagons. About the same time some dismounted men of Beale's regiment, Lee's brigade, crossed in boats below Port Royal to observe the enemy's left, and took a number of prisoners.

On December 5, General D. H. Hill, with some of his field guns, assisted by Major Pelham of Stuart's horse artillery, attacked the gunboats at Port Royal and caused them to retire. With these exceptions no important movement took place, but it became evident that the advance of the enemy would not be long delayed. The interval was employed in strengthening our lines, extending from the river about one and a half miles above Fredericksburg along the range of hills in the rear of the city to the Richmond Railroad. As these hills were commanded by the opposite heights in possession of the enemy, earthworks were constructed upon their crest at the most eligible positions for artillery. These positions were judiciously chosen and fortified, under the direction of Brigadier-general Pendleton, chief of artillery; Colonel Cabell, of McLaws's division; Colonel E. P. Alexander and Captain S. R. Johnston of the Engineers. To prevent gunboats from ascending the river, a battery, protected by intrenchments, was placed on the bank about four miles below the city, in an excellent position, selected by my aide-de-camp Major [T. M. R.] Talcott. The plain of Fredericksburg is so completely commanded by the Stafford Heights that no effectual opposition could be made to the construction of bridges or the passage of the river without exposing our troops to the destructive fire of the numerous batteries of the enemy. At the same time, the nar-

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rowness of the Rappahannock, its winding course, and deep bed presented opportunities for laying down bridges at points secure from the fire of our artillery. Our position was therefore selected with a view to resist the enemy's advance after crossing, and the river was guarded only by a force sufficient to impede his movements until the army could be concentrated.

Before dawn on December 11 our signal guns announced that the enemy was in motion. About 2 A. M. he commenced preparations to throw two bridges over the Rappahannock—opposite Fredericksburg and about one and a quarter miles below, near the mouth of Deep Run. Two regiments of Barksdale's brigade, McLaws's division (the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Mississippi), guarded these points, the former, assisted by the Eighth Florida of Anderson's division, being at the upper. The rest of the brigade, with the Third Georgia regiment, also of Anderson's division, was held in reserve in the city. From daybreak until 4 P. M. the troops, sheltered behind the houses on the river-bank, repelled the repeated efforts of the enemy to lay his bridges opposite the town, driving back his working-parties and their supports with great slaughter. At the lower point, where there was no such protection, the enemy was successfully resisted until nearly noon, when, being greatly exposed to the fire of the batteries on the opposite heights and a superior force of infantry on the river-bank, our troops were withdrawn, and about 1 P. M. the bridge was completed.

Soon afterward 150 pieces of artillery opened a furious fire upon the city, causing our troops to retire from the river-bank about 4 P. M. The enemy then crossed in boats and proceeded rapidly to lay down the bridges. His advance into the town was bravely resisted until dark, when our troops were recalled, the necessary time for concentration having been gained.

During the night and the succeeding day the enemy crossed in large numbers at and below the town, secured from material interruption by a dense fog. Our artillery could only be used with effect when the occasional clearing of the mist rendered his columns visible. His batteries on the Stafford Heights fired at intervals upon our position. Longstreet's corps constituted our left, with Anderson's division resting upon the river, and those of McLaws, Pickett, and Hood extending to the right in the order named. Ransom's division supported the batteries on Marye's and Willis's hills, at the foot of which Cobb's brigade of McLaws's division, and the Twenty-fourth North Carolina of Ransom's brigade, were stationed, protected by a stone wall. The immediate care of this point was committed to General Ransom. The Washington Artillery, under Colonel Walton, occupied the redoubts on the crest of Marye's Hill, and those on the heights to the right and left were held by part of the reserve artillery, Colonel E. P. Alexander's battalion, and the division batteries of Anderson, Ransom, and McLaws. A. P. Hill of Jackson's corps was posted between Hood's right and Hamilton's Crossing on the railroad. His front line, consisting of the brigades of Pender, Lane, and Archer, occupied the edge of a wood.

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Lieutenant-colonel Walker, with fourteen pieces of artillery, was posted near the right, supported by the Fortieth and Fifty-fifth Virginia regiments of Field's brigade, commanded by Colonel Brockenbrough. Lane's brigade, thrown forward in advance of the general line, held the woods, which here projected into the open ground. Thomas's brigade was stationed behind the interval between Lane and Pender; Gregg's, in rear of that, between Lane and Archer. These two brigades, with the Forty-seventh Virginia regiment and Twenty-second Virginia battalion of Field's brigade, constituted General Hill's reserve. Early's and Taliaferro's divisions composed Jackson's second line; D. H. Hill's division, his reserve. His artillery was distributed along his line in the most eligible positions so as to command the open ground in front. General Stuart, with two brigades of cavalry and his horse artillery, occupied the plain on Jackson's right, extending to Massaponax Creek.

On the morning of the 13th the plain on which the Federal army lay was still enveloped in fog, making it impossible to discern its operations. At an early hour the batteries on the heights of Stafford began to play upon Longstreet's position. Shortly after 9 A. M. the partial raising of the mist disclosed a large force moving in line of battle against Jackson. Dense masses appeared in front of A. P. Hill, stretching far up the river in the direction of Fredericksburg. As they advanced, Major Pelham of Stuart's horse artillery, who was stationed near the Port Royal road with one section, opened a rapid and well-directed enfilade fire, which arrested their progress. Four batteries immediately turned upon him, but he sustained their heavy fire with the unflinching courage that ever distinguished him. Upon his withdrawal the enemy extended his left down the Port Royal road, and his numerous batteries opened with vigor upon Jackson's line. Eliciting no response, his infantry moved forward to seize the position occupied by Lieutenant-colonel Walker. The latter, reserving his fire until their line had approached within less than eight hundred yards, opened upon it with such destructive effect as to cause it to waver, and soon to retreat in confusion.

About 1 P. M. the main attack on our right began by a furious cannonade, under cover of which three compact lines of infantry advanced against Hill's front. They were received, as before, by our batteries, by whose fire they were momentarily checked, but, soon recovering, they pressed forward until, coming within range of our infantry, the contest became fierce and bloody. Archer and Lane repulsed those portions of the line immediately in front of them, but before the interval between these commands could be closed the enemy pressed through in overwhelming numbers and turned the left of Archer and the right of Lane. Attacked in front and flank, two regiments of the former and the brigade of the latter, after a brave and obstinate resistance, gave way. Archer held his line with the First Tennessee, and, with the Fifth Alabama battalion, assisted by the Forty-seventh Virginia regiment and the Twenty-second Vir-

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ginia battalion, continued the struggle until the arrival of reinforcements. Thomas came gallantly to the relief of Lane, and, joined by the Seventh and part of the Eighteenth North Carolina of that brigade, repulsed the column that had broken Lane's line and drove it back to the railroad.

In the mean time a large force had penetrated the wood as far as Hill's reserve, and encountered Gregg's brigade. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that Orr's rifles, mistaking the enemy for our own troops retiring, were thrown into confusion. While in the act of rallying them that brave soldier and true patriot, Brigadier-general Maxcy Gregg, fell mortally wounded. Colonel Hamilton, upon whom the command devolved, with the four remaining regiments of the brigade and one company of the rifles, met the enemy firmly and checked his further progress. The second line was advancing to the support of the first. Lawton's brigade of Early's division, under Colonel Atkinson, first encountered the enemy, quickly followed on the right and left by the brigades of Trimble (under Colonel Hoke) and Early (under Colonel Walker). Taliaferro's division moved forward at the same time on Early's left, and his right regiment (the Second Virginia, belonging to Paxton's brigade) joined in the attack. The contest in the woods was short and decisive. The enemy was quickly routed and driven out with loss, and, though largely reinforced, he was forced back and pursued to the shelter of the railroad embankment. Here he was gallantly charged by the brigades of Hoke and Atkinson and driven across the plain to his batteries. Atkinson continuing the pursuit too far, his flank became exposed, and at the same time a heavy fire of musketry and artillery was directed against his front. Its ammunition becoming exhausted, and Colonel Atkinson being severely, and Captain E. P. Lawton, [assistant] adjutant-general, mortally, wounded, the brigade was compelled to fall back to the main body, now occupying our original line of battle, with detachments thrown forward to the railroad.

The attack on Hill's left was repulsed by the artillery on that part of the line, against which the enemy directed a hot fire from twenty-four guns. One brigade advanced up Deep Run, sheltered by its banks from our batteries, but was charged and put to flight by the Sixteenth North Carolina of Pender's brigade, assisted by the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-seventh North Carolina of Law's brigade, Hood's division.

The repulse of the enemy on our right was decisive, and the attack was not renewed, but his batteries kept up an active fire at intervals, and sharpshooters skirmished along the front during the rest of the afternoon.

While these events were transpiring on our right the enemy, in formidable numbers, made repeated and desperate assaults upon the left of our line.

About 11 A. M., having massed his troops under cover of the houses of Fredericksburg, he moved forward in strong columns to seize Marye's and Willis's hills. General Ransom advanced Cooke's brigade to the top of the

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hill, and placed his own, with the exception of the Twenty-fourth Carolina, a short distance in the rear. All the batteries on the Stafford Heights directed their fire upon the positions occupied by our artillery, with a view to silence it and cover the movement of the infantry. Without replying to this furious cannonade our batteries poured a rapid and destructive fire into the dense lines of the enemy as they advanced to the attack, frequently breaking their ranks and forcing them to retreat to the shelter of the houses. Six times did the enemy, notwithstanding the havoc caused by our batteries, press on with great determination to within one hundred yards of the foot of the hill, but here, encountering the deadly fire of our infantry, his columns were broken and fled in confusion to the town.

In the third assault the brave and lamented Brigadier-general Thomas R. R. Cobb fell at the head of his gallant troops, and almost at the same moment Brigadier-general Cooke was borne from the field severely wounded. Fearing that Cobb's brigade might exhaust its ammunition, General Longstreet had directed General Kershaw to take two regiments to its support. Arriving after the fall of General Cobb, he assumed command, his troops taking position on the crest and at the foot of the hill, to which point General Ransom also advanced three other regiments. The Washington Artillery, which had sustained the heavy fire of artillery and infantry with unshaken steadiness and contributed much to the repulse of the enemy, having exhausted its ammunition, was relieved about 4 P. M. by Colonel Alexander's battalion. The latter occupied the position during the rest of the engagement, and by its well-directed fire rendered great assistance in repelling the assaults made in the afternoon, the last of which occurred shortly before dark. This effort met the fate of those that preceded it, and when night closed in the shattered masses of the enemy had disappeared in the town, leaving the field covered with dead and wounded. Anderson's division supported the batteries on Longstreet's left, and, though not engaged, was exposed throughout the day to a hot artillery fire, which it sustained with steady courage.

During the night our lines were strengthened by the construction of earthworks at exposed points, and preparations made to receive the enemy next day.

The 14th, however, passed without a renewal of the attack. The enemy's batteries on both sides of the river played upon our lines at intervals, our own firing but little. The sharpshooters on each side skirmished occasionally along the front.

On the 15th the enemy still retained his position, apparently ready for battle, but the day passed as the preceding.

The attack on the 13th had been so easily repulsed, and by so small a part of our army, that it was not supposed the enemy would limit his efforts to an attempt which, in view of the magnitude of his preparations and the extent of

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his force, seemed to be comparatively insignificant. Believing, therefore, that he would attack us, it was not deemed expedient to lose the advantages of our position and expose the troops to the fire of his inaccessible batteries beyond the river by advancing against him; but we were necessarily ignorant of the extent to which he had suffered, and only became aware of it when, on the morning of the 16th, it was discovered that he had availed himself of the darkness of night and the prevalence of a violent storm of wind and rain to recross the river. The town was immediately reoccupied and our position on the river-bank resumed.

In the engagement more than 900 prisoners and 9000 stand of arms were taken. A large quantity of ammunition was found at Fredericksburg.

The extent of our casualties will appear from the accompanying report of the medical director. We have again to deplore the loss of valuable lives. In Brigadier-generals Gregg and Cobb the Confederacy has lost two of its noblest citizens and the army two of its bravest and most distinguished officers. The country consents to the sacrifice of such men as these, and the gallant soldiers who fell with them, only to secure the inestimable blessing they died to obtain.

The troops displayed at Fredericksburg in a high degree the spirit and courage that distinguished them throughout the campaign, while the calmness and steadiness with which orders were obeyed and manœuvres executed in the midst of battle evinced the discipline of a veteran army.

The artillery rendered efficient service on every part of the field, and greatly assisted in the defeat of the enemy. The batteries were exposed to an unusually heavy fire of artillery and infantry, which officers and men sustained with a coolness and courage worthy of the highest praise. Those on our right, being without defensive works, suffered more severely. Among those who fell was Lieutenant-colonel [Lewis M.] Coleman, First Regiment Virginia artillery, who was mortally wounded while bravely discharging his duty.

To the vigilance, boldness, and energy of General Stuart and his cavalry is chiefly due the early and valuable information of the movements of the enemy. His reconnoissances frequently extended within the Federal lines, resulting in skirmishes and engagements in which the cavalry was greatly distinguished. In the battle of Fredericksburg the cavalry effectually guarded our right, annoying the enemy and embarrassing his movements by hanging on his flank and attacking when opportunity occurred. The nature of the ground and the relative positions of the armies prevented them from doing more.

To Generals Longstreet and Jackson great praise is due for the disposition and management of their respective corps. Their quick perception enabled them to discover the projected assaults upon their positions, and their ready skill to devise the best means to resist them. Besides their services in the field —which every battle of the campaign from Richmond to Fredericksburg has served to illustrate—I am also indebted to them for valuable counsel, both as

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regards the general operations of the army and the execution of the particular measures adopted.

To division and brigade commanders I must also express my thanks for the prompt, intelligent, and determined manner in which they executed their several parts.

To the officers of the general staff—Brigadier-general R. H. Chilton, adjutant- and inspector-general, assisted by Major [Henry E.] Peyton; Lieutenant-colonel [James L.] Corley, chief quartermaster; Lieutenant-colonel [Robert G.] Cole, chief commissary; Surgeon Guild, medical director; and Lieutenant-colonel B. G. Baldwin, chief of ordnance—were committed the care of their respective departments and the charge of supplying the demands of each. They were always in the field, anticipating, as far as possible, the wants of the troops.

My personal staff were unremittingly engaged in conveying and bringing information from all parts of the field. Colonel [Armistead L.] Long was particularly useful before and during the battle in posting and securing the artillery, in which he was untiringly aided by Captain S. R. Johnston, of the Provisional Engineers; Majors [T. M. R.] Talcott and [Charles S.] Venable, in examining the ground and the approaches of the enemy; Majors [Walter H.] Taylor and [Charles] Marshall in communicating orders and intelligence.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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Abstract from Return of the Department of Northern Virginia, GENERAL R. E. LEE *commanding, for Dec. 10, 1862, Fredericksburg Campaign, Dec. 15, 1862.*

COMMAND.	Present for duty.		Aggregate present.
	Officers.	Men.	
FIRST ARMY CORPS.			
LIEUT.-GEN. LONGSTREET.			
General staff	13	. .	13
Staff	15	. .	15
Anderson's division	556	7,083	9,373
Hood's division	539	6,795	8,569
McLaws's division	587	7,311	9,285
Pickett's division	707	6,860	9,001
Ransom's division	260	3,595	4,304
Alexander's and Walton's battalions of artillery	37	586	672
Total	2,714	32,230	41,232
SECOND ARMY CORPS.			
LIEUT.-GEN. T. J. JACKSON.			
Staff	13	. .	13
Ewell's division	616	7,100	9,209
A. P. Hill's division	811	10,743	12,978
D. H. Hill's division	617	8,327	10,164
Jackson's division	479	4,526	6,067
Brown's battalion of artillery	24	449	513
Total	2,560	31,145	38,944
Stuart's cavalry division	634	8,512	10,016
Pendleton's reserve artillery	41	677	752
Grand total	5,949	72,564	90,944

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List of the Regiments, Brigades, Divisions, and Batteries composing the First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET *commanding, December 20, 1862.*

ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

Wilcox's Brigade.

8th Alabama, Col. Y. L. Royston.
9th Alabama, Col. Samuel Henry.
10th Alabama, Col. W. H. Forney.
11th Alabama, Col. J. C. C. Sanders.
14th Alabama, Lieut.-col. L. Pinckard.

Mahone's Brigade.

6th Virginia, Col. G. T. Rogers.
12th Virginia, Col. D. A. Weisiger.
16th Virginia, Lieut.-col. J. H. Ham.
41st Virginia, Col. W. A. Parham.
61st Virginia, Col. V. D. Groner.

Featherston's Brigade.

12th Mississippi, Col. William H. Taylor.
16th Mississippi, Col. Carnot Posey.
19th Mississippi, Maj. John Mullins.
2d Mississippi Battalion, Lieut.-col. T. B. Manlove.

Wright's Brigade.

3d Georgia, Col. Edward J. Walker.
22d Georgia, Col. R. H. Jones.
48th Georgia, Col. William Gibson.
2d Georgia Battalion, Maj. G. W. Ross.

Perry's Brigade.

2d Florida, Lieut.-col. L. G. Pyles.
5th Florida, Col. J. C. Hately.
8th Florida, Lieut.-col. T. B. Lamar.

Artillery.

Donaldsonville Artillery, Capt. V. Maurin.
Grandy's battery, Capt. C. R. Grandy.
Huger's battery, Capt. Frank Huger.
Lewis's battery, Capt. John W. Lewis.

McLAWS'S DIVISION.

Kershaw's Brigade.

2d South Carolina, Col. John D. Kennedy.
3d South Carolina, Col. James D. Nance.
7th South Carolina, Col. D. Wyatt Aiken.
8th South Carolina, Col. John W. Henagan.
15th South Carolina, Col. W. D. De Saussure.
3d South Carolina (James's) Battalion, Lieut.-col. W. G. Rice.

Semmes's Brigade.

10th Georgia, Lieut.-col. J. B. Weems.
50th Georgia, Col. W. R. Manning.
51st Georgia, Col. William M. Slaughter.
53d Georgia, Col. James P. Simms.

Cobb's Brigade.

16th Georgia, Col. Goode Bryan.
18th Georgia, Col. W. T. Wofford.
24th Georgia, Col. Robert McMillan.
Cobb Legion, Lieut.-col. L. J. Glenn.
Phillips's Legion, Col. W. Phillips.

Barksdale's Brigade.

13th Mississippi, Col. J. W. Carter.
17th Mississippi, Col. W. D. Holder.
18th Mississippi, Col. T. M. Griffin.
21st Mississippi, Col. B. G. Humphreys.

Artillery.

Manly's battery, Capt. B. C. Manly.
Read's battery, Capt. J. P. W. Read.
Richmond Howitzers, Capt. E. S. McCarthy.
Troup Artillery, Capt. H. H. Carlton.

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PICKETT'S DIVISION.

Garnett's Brigade.

8th Virginia, Col. Eppa Hunton.
18th Virginia, Col. R. E. Withers.
19th Virginia, Lieut.-col. Henry Gantt.
28th Virginia, Col. R. C. Allen.
56th Virginia, Col. W. D. Stuart.

Armistead's Brigade.

9th Virginia, Lieut.-col. J. S. Gilliam.
14th Virginia, Col. J. G. Hodges.
38th Virginia, Col. E. C. Edmonds.
53d Virginia, Col. H. B. Tomlin.
57th Virginia, Col. David Dyer.

Kemper's Brigade.

1st Virginia, Col. L. B. Williams, Jr.
3d Virginia, Col. Joseph Mayo, Jr.
7th Virginia, Col. W. T. Patton.
11th Virginia, Col. David Funsten.
24th Virginia, Col. William R. Terry.

Jenkins's Brigade.

1st South Carolina Volunteers, Col. W. H. Duncan.
2d South Carolina (Rifles), Col. Thomas Thomson.
5th South Carolina, Col. A. Coward.
6th South Carolina, Col. John Bratton.
Hampton Legion, Col. M. W. Gary.
Palmetto Sharpshooters, Col. Joseph Walker.

Corse's Brigade.

15th Virginia, Col. T. P. August.
17th Virginia, Col. Morton Marye.
30th Virginia, Col. A. T. Harrison.
32d Virginia, Col. E. B. Montague.

Artillery.

Dearing's battery, Capt. James Dearing.
Macon's battery, Capt. M. C. Macon.
Stribling's battery, Capt. R. M. Stribling.

HOOD'S DIVISION.

Robertson's Brigade.

3d Arkansas, Col. Van H. Manning.
1st Texas, Col. A. T. Rainey.
4th Texas, Col. J. C. G. Key.
5th Texas, Col. R. M. Powell.

Law's Brigade.

4th Alabama, Col. P. D. Bowles.
44th Alabama, Col. C. A. Derby.
6th North Carolina, Col. Isaac E. Avery.
54th North Carolina, Col. J. C. S. McDowell.
57th North Carolina, Col. A. C. Godwin.

Anderson's Brigade.

1st Georgia (Regulars), Col. W. J. Magill.
7th Georgia, Col. W. W. White.
8th Georgia, Col. L. M. Lamar.
9th Georgia, Col. Benjamin Beck.
11th Georgia, Col. F. H. Little.

Toombs's Brigade.

2d Georgia, Lieut.-col. Skidmore Harris.
15th Georgia, Maj. P. J. Shannon.
17th Georgia, Col. H. L. Benning.
20th Georgia, Col. J. B. Cumming.

Artillery.

German Light Battery, Capt. W. K. Bachman.
Palmetto Light Battery, Capt. H. R. Garden.
Rowan Artillery, Capt. James Reilly.

RANSOM'S DIVISION.

Ransom's Brigade.

24th North Carolina, Col. William J. Clarke.
25th North Carolina, Col. H. M. Rutledge.
35th North Carolina, Col. M. W. Ransom.
49th North Carolina, Col. Lee M. McAfee.

Cooke's Brigade.

15th North Carolina, Col. H. A. Dowd.
27th North Carolina, Col. John A. Gilmer, Jr.
46th North Carolina, Col. E. D. Hall.
48th North Carolina, Col. R. C. Hill.

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Artillery.

Branch's battery, Capt. J. R. Branch.
Cooper's battery, Capt. R. L. Cooper.

[RESERVE ARTILLERY.]

Alexander's battalion, Lieut.-col. E. Porter Alexander.
Washington Artillery, Col. J. B. Walton.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,
December 19,* 1862.

In the foregoing list, where a junior officer is apparently in command of a regiment, it is because vacancies exist in those commands which have not yet been filled.

Respectfully,

G. MOXLEY SORREL,
Assistant Adjutant-general.

List of Regimental and Battery Commanders, by Brigades and Divisions, of the Second Army Corps, LIEUT.-GEN. THOMAS J. JACKSON *commanding, December 20, 1862.*

EWELL'S DIVISION.

Maj.-gen. RICHARD S. EWELL.

First Brigade.

Brig.-gen. A. R. Lawton.

13th Georgia, Col. J. M. Smith.
26th Georgia, Col. E. N. Atkinson.
31st Georgia, Col. C. A. Evans.
38th Georgia, [Lieut.-] col. L. J. Parr.†
60th Georgia, Col. W. H. Stiles.
61st Georgia, Col. J. H. Lamar.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Jubal A. Early.

13th Virginia, Col. J. A. Walker.
25th Virginia, Col. George H. Smith.
31st Virginia, Col. John S. Hoffman.
44th Virginia, Col. William C. Scott.
49th Virginia, Col. William Smith.
52d Virginia, Col. M. G. Harman.
58th Virginia, Col. F. H. Board.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-gen. I. R. Trimble.

15th Alabama, Col. James Cantey.
12th Georgia, Col. Z. T. Conner.
21st Georgia, Col. J. T. Mercer.
21st North Carolina, R. F. Hoke.

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Harry T. Hays.

5th Louisiana, Col. Henry Forno.
6th Louisiana, Col. W. Monaghan.
7th Louisiana, Col. D. B. Penn.
8th Louisiana, Col. H. B. Kelly.
9th Louisiana, Col. L. A. Stafford.

Artillery.

Charlottesville (Virginia) Artillery, Capt. James McD. Carrington.
Chesapeake (Maryland) Artillery, Capt. W. D. Brown.
Courtney (Virginia) Artillery, Capt. J. W. Latimer.
Dement's (First Maryland) Battery, Capt. William F. Dement.
Louisiana Guard Artillery, Capt. L. E. D'Aquin.
Staunton (Virginia) Artillery, Capt. W. L. Balthis.

* This roster is indorsed as of December 20, 1862.
† J. D. Mathews was appointed colonel December 13, 1862.

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D. H. HILL'S DIVISION.

Maj.-gen. D. H. HILL.

First Brigade.

Brig.-gen. R. E. Rodes.

3d Alabama, Col. Cullen A. Battle.
5th Alabama, Lieut.-col. Edwin L. Hobson.
6th Alabama, Col. John B. Gordon.
12th Alabama, Lieut.-col. Samuel B. Pickens.
26th Alabama, Lieut.-col. Edward A. O'Neal.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-gen. George Doles.

4th Georgia, Col. Philip Cook.
44th Georgia, Col. John B. Estes.
1st North Carolina, Col. John A. McDowell.
3d North Carolina, Col. William L. De Rosset.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-gen. A. H. Colquitt.

13th Alabama, Col. B. D. Fry.
6th Georgia, Col. John T. Lofton.
23d Georgia, Col. E. F. Best.
27th Georgia, Col. C. T. Zachry.
28th Georgia, Maj. Tully Graybill.

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-gen. A. Iverson.

5th North Carolina, Lieut.-col. P. J. Sinclair.
12th North Carolina, Col. Benjamin O. Wade.
20th North Carolina, Lieut.-col. William H. Toon.
23d North Carolina, Col. Daniel H. Christie.

Fifth Brigade.

Brig.-gen. S. D. Ramseur.

2d North Carolina, Col. W. P. Bynum.
4th North Carolina, Col. Bryan Grimes.
14th North Carolina, Col. R. T. Bennett.
30th North Carolina, Col. F. M. Parker.

Artillery.

Maj. H. P. JONES.

Hardaway's battery, Capt. R. A. Hardaway.
Jeff. Davis (Alabama) Artillery, Capt. J. W. Bondurant.
King William (Virginia) Artillery, Capt. T. H. Carter.
Morris (Virginia) Artillery, Capt. R. C. M. Page.
Orange (Virginia) Artillery, Capt. C. W. Fry.

A. P. HILL'S DIVISION.

Maj.-gen. A. P. HILL.

First Brigade.

Brig.-gen. C. W. Field.

40th Virginia, Col. J. M. Brockenbrough.
47th Virginia, Col. R. M. Mayo.
55th Virginia, Col. F. Mallory.
2d Virginia Battalion, Maj. E. P. Tayloe.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Maxcy Gregg.

1st South Carolina, Provisional Army, Col. D. H. Hamilton.
12th South Carolina, Lieut.-col. Cadwalader Jones.
13th South Carolina, Lieut.-col. O. E. Edwards.
14th South Carolina, Lieut.-col. Samuel McGowan.
Orr's Rifles, Lieut.-col. J. M. Perrin.

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Third Brigade.

Brig.-gen. E. L. Thomas.

14th Georgia, Col. R. W. Folsom.
35th Georgia, Col. B. H. Holt.
45th Georgia, Col. T. J. Simmons.
49th Georgia, Col. A. J. Lane.

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-gen. J. H. Lane.

7th North Carolina, Col. E. G. Haywood.
18th North Carolina, Lieut.-col. T. J. Purdie.
28th North Carolina, Lieut.-col. S. D. Lowe.
33d North Carolina, Col. C. M. Avery.
37th North Carolina, Col. W. M. Barbour.

Fifth Brigade.

Brig.-gen. J. J. Archer.

5th Alabama Battalion, Maj. A. S. Van de Graaff.
19th Georgia, Col. W. W. Boyd.
1st Tennessee, Provisional Army, Col. P. Turney.
7th Tennessee, Col. John F. Goodner.
14th Tennessee, Col. William McComb.

Sixth Brigade.

Brig.-gen. W. D. Pender.

13th North Carolina, Col. A. M. Scales.
16th North Carolina, Col. J. S. McElroy.
22d North Carolina, Col. James Conner.
34th North Carolina, Col. W. L. J. Lowrance.
38th North Carolina, Col. W. J. Hoke.

Artillery.

Lieut.-col. R. L. WALKER.

Branch Artillery, Capt. A. C. Latham.
Crenshaw Battery, Capt. William G. Crenshaw.
Fredericksburg Artillery, Capt. Carter M. Braxton.
Johnson Battery, Capt. Marmaduke Johnson.
Letcher Battery, Capt. Greenlee Davidson.
Pee Dee Artillery, Capt. D. G. McIntosh.
Purcell Battery, Capt. William J. Pegram.

JACKSON'S DIVISION.

Lieut.-gen. THOMAS J. JACKSON.

First Brigade.

Brig.-gen. E. F. Paxton.

2d Virginia,* Capt. J. Q. A. Nadenbousch.
4th Virginia, Col. Charles A. Ronald.
5th Virginia, Lieut.-col. J. H. S. Funk.
27th Virginia, Col. James K. Edmondson.
33d Virginia, Lieut.-col. E. G. Lee.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-gen. J. R. Jones.

21st Virginia,* Capt. W. R. Berkeley.
42d Virginia,* Capt. B. W. Leigh.†
48th Virginia, Col. T. S. Garnett.
1st Virginia Battalion,* Provisional Army, Confederate States, Capt. D. B. Bridgford.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-gen. William B. Taliaferro.

47th Alabama, Col. J. W. Jackson.
48th Alabama, Col. J. L. Sheffield.
10th Virginia, Col. E. T. H. Warren.
23d Virginia, Col. A. G. Taliaferro.
37th Virginia, Col. T. V. Williams.

Fourth Brigade.

1st Louisiana Volunteers, Col. W. R. Shivers.
2d Louisiana, Col. J. M. Williams.
10th Louisiana, Col. M. de Marigny.
14th Louisiana, Col. Zebulon York.
15th Louisiana, Col. Edmund Pendleton.

* No field officer.

† On rolls and registers as captain First Virginia Battalion.

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Artillery.

Carpenter's battery, Capt. Joseph Carpenter.
Danville Artillery, Capt. G. W. Wooding.
Hampden Artillery, Capt. W. H. Caskie.
Lee Artillery, Capt. C. I. Raine.
Lusk Battery, Capt. J. A. M. Lusk.

ARTILLERY CORPS.

Col. J. THOMPSON BROWN.

Brooke's (Virginia) Battery, Capt. J. V. Brooke.
Powhatan (Virginia) Artillery, Capt. W. J. Dance.
Richmond Howitzers, 2d Company, Capt. D. Watson.
Richmond Howitzers, 3d Company, Capt. B. H. Smith, Jr.
Rockbridge (Virginia) Artillery, Capt. W. T. Poague.
Salem (Virginia) Artillery, Capt. A. Hupp.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 10, 1863.

HON. JAMES A. SEDDON, SECRETARY OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: I have the honor to represent to you the absolute necessity that exists, in my opinion, to increase our armies if we desire to oppose effectual resistance to the vast numbers that the enemy is now precipitating upon us. It has occurred to me that the people are not fully aware of their danger, nor of the importance of making every exertion to put fresh troops in the field at once, and that if the facts were presented by those whose position best enables them to know the urgency of the case, they and the State authorities would be stimulated to make greater efforts. I trust, therefore, that it may not be deemed improper by the Department to communicate these facts to the governors of the several States, that they may give efficient aid to the enrolling officers within their limits and arouse the people to a sense of the vital importance of the subject.

The success with which our efforts have been crowned, under the blessing of God, should not betray our people into the dangerous delusion that the armies now in the field are sufficient to bring this war to a successful and speedy termination. While the spirit of our soldiers is unabated, their ranks have been greatly thinned by the casualties of battle and the diseases of the camp. Losses in battle are rendered much heavier by reason of our being compelled to encounter the enemy with inferior numbers; so that every man who remains out of service increases the dangers to which the brave men who have so well borne the burden of the war are exposed.

The great increase of the enemy's forces will augment the disparity of numbers to such a degree that victory, if attained, can only be achieved by a terrible expenditure of the most precious blood of the country. This blood will be upon the head of the thousands of able-bodied men who remain at home

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in safety and ease while their fellow-citizens are bravely confronting the enemy in the field or enduring with noble fortitude the hardships and privations of the march and camp. Justice to these brave men, as well as the most urgent considerations of public safety, imperatively demand that the ranks of our army should be immediately filled.

The country has yet to learn how often advantages, secured at the expense of many valuable lives, have failed to produce their legitimate results by reason of our inability to prosecute them against the reinforcements which the superior numbers of the enemy enable him to interpose between the defeat of an army and its ruin.

More than once have most promising opportunities been lost for want of men to take advantage of them, and victory itself has been made to put on the appearance of defeat because our diminished and exhausted troops have been unable to renew a successful struggle against fresh numbers of the enemy. The lives of our soldiers are too precious to be sacrificed in the attainment of successes that inflict no loss upon the enemy beyond the actual loss in battle. Every victory should bring us nearer to the great end which it is the object of this war to reach.

The people of the Confederate States have it in their power to prevent a recurrence of these misfortunes, and render less remote the termination of this desolating war, at much smaller expense of treasure, suffering, and blood than must attend its prosecution with inadequate numbers. They must put forth their full strength at once. Let them hear the appeal of their defenders for help, and drive into the ranks, from very shame, those who will not heed the dictates of honor and of patriotism. Let the State authorities take the matter in hand and see that no man able to bear arms be allowed to evade his duty.

In view of the vast increase of the forces of the enemy, of the savage and brutal policy he has proclaimed, which leaves us no alternative but success or degradation worse than death, if we would save the honor of our families from pollution, our social system from destruction, let every effort be made, every means be employed, to fill and maintain the ranks of our armies, until God, in his mercy, shall bless us with the establishment of our independence.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG,
January 13, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, RICHMOND, VA.,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have had the honor to receive your despatch of yesterday.

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For several days past there have been general indications of some movement by the army of Burnside, but nothing sufficiently definite to designate it if true. Rumors are abundant, but whether it is intended to retire, advance, or transfer it elsewhere I cannot ascertain. I am pretty sure that the whole army is between the Rappahannock and the Potomac. No considerable portion ought to have been able to leave without my knowing it. Reinforcements of infantry and artillery have reached it from Washington. Wharves are still being constructed at Potomac Creek. The army has recently been more concentrated, its land-communication with Alexandria more strongly guarded, and its right flank more extended toward the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Cattle are being driven down on the Maryland side and crossed over on steamers to Acquia. No winter quarters are being erected, but the men are covering themselves, constructing chimneys to tents, etc.

There are a great many vessels of all sorts in the Potomac, but not more than enough to supply so large a force. It is said by their army that their transports were sent off with General Banks, and that there are not enough now to move it.

Citizens in Stafford and King George counties are not allowed to leave their dwellings. Persons even going to mill are guarded.

You may have remarked that recent Northern papers are silent as to its movements. It is said this is by order. I have hoped from day to day to have been able to discover what is contemplated, and to be guided in my movements accordingly. I think by spring, if not before, they will move upon James River. In the mean time they will endeavor to damage our railroads, etc. in North Carolina and get possession of Wilmington and Charleston.

Should General Burnside retire from his present position, I have intended to throw part of this army into North Carolina, and with another endeavor to clear the valley of the Shenandoah. I did not wish to move until the designs of the enemy were developed. I have hoped that General Smith, with the troops at his disposal, could keep the enemy in North Carolina in check in the mean time. I still hope so. Since you seem to think my presence there would be of service, I will endeavor to go on as soon as I can.

All the troops in that State should be concentrated as near as possible to the threatened points. Charleston will not be attacked until Wilmington is captured. General Beauregard can therefore fight them at both points. As far as I have been able to judge, I have apprehended the movements in North Carolina were intended more as a feint to withdraw troops from this point, when General Burnside could move at once upon Richmond. Telegraph me your wishes.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, C. S. A., RICHMOND, VA.,
January 22, 1863.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, COMMANDING, ETC., FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,

GENERAL: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 19th, covering correspondence with General Halleck, and am pleased at the manner in which you presented the matter which had been submitted to you in connection with the atrocities of Milroy. If General Halleck should fulfil his promise, information recently received here does not permit me to doubt that he will have no opportunity to escape on the ground that Milroy has not executed his barbarous threats.

Yours of the 21st has also been received, and, after reading it, my opinion is that you would not be justified at this time in making further detachments from your command. Should the enemy succeed in crossing the river either above or below the long line occupied by you, at the same time holding a strong reserve opposite to Fredericksburg, it would make your retrograde movement, for the purpose of attacking the force he had thrown over, hazardous, by all the difficulties which would attend the exposure both of your flank and rear. The rain which is now falling must render the roads in that region impracticable for heavy artillery, and it may be that the movements which are observed are only changes of position for the establishment of winter cantonments.

We have nothing from North Carolina to develop the purpose of the enemy there, and it may well be that the late storms have interfered with his programme if it all tended to an attack upon Wilmington.

Intelligence from Tennessee is less cheering than we had anticipated, except that the cavalry is still successful against the enemy's shipping.

As ever, your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 23, 1863.

GENERAL: I have the honor to transmit herewith my report of the operations of this army from the time the enemy crossed the Rappahannock on April 28th last, to his retreat over that river on the night of May 5th, embracing the battles of Chancellorsville, Salem Church, etc. I also forward the reports of the several commanding officers of corps, divisions, brigades, and regiments, and the returns of the medical and ordnance departments, together with a map of the scene of operations. The accompanying reports and other documents are enumerated in a schedule annexed to my report.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,
Adjt.- and Insp.-gen., Richmond, Va.

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REPORT OF GENERAL R. E. LEE OF BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA., MAY 1 TO 3, 1863.

GENERAL: After the battle of Fredericksburg the army remained encamped on the south side of the Rappahannock until the latter part of April. The Federal army occupied the north side of the river opposite Fredericksburg, extending to the Potomac. Two brigades of [R. H.] Anderson's division—those of Generals [William] Mahone and [Carnot] Posey—were stationed near the United States Mine (or Bark Mill) Ford, and a third, under General [C. M.] Wilcox, guarded Banks's Ford. The cavalry was distributed on both flanks, Fitzhugh Lee's brigade picketing the Rappahannock above the mouth of the Rapidan, and W. H. F. Lee's near Port Royal. Hampton's brigade had been sent into the interior to recruit. General [James] Longstreet, with two divisions of his corps, was detached for service south of the James River in February, and did not rejoin the army until after the battle of Chancellorsville.

With the exception of the engagement between Fitz Lee's brigade and the enemy's cavalry near Kelly's Ford on March 17th, of which a brief report has been already forwarded to the Department, nothing of interest transpired during this period of inactivity.

On April 14th intelligence was received that the enemy's cavalry was concentrating on the upper Rappahannock. Their efforts to establish themselves on the south side of the river were successfully resisted by Fitzhugh Lee's brigade and two regiments of W. H. F. Lee's, the whole under the immediate command of General Stuart.

About the 21st small bodies of infantry appeared at Kelly's Ford and the Rappahannock bridge, and almost at the same time a demonstration was made opposite Port Royal, where a party of infantry crossed the river about the 23d. These movements were evidently intended to conceal the designs of the enemy, but, taken in connection with the reports of scouts, indicated that the Federal army, now commanded by Major-general Hooker, was about to resume active operations.

At 5.30 A. M. on April 28th the enemy crossed the Rappahannock in boats near Fredericksburg, and, driving off the pickets on the river, proceeded to lay down a pontoon bridge a short distance below the mouth of Deep Run. Later in the forenoon another bridge was constructed about a mile below the first. A considerable force crossed on these bridges during the day, and was massed out of view under the high banks of the river. The bridges, as well as the troops, were effectually protected from our artillery by the depth of the river-bed and the narrowness of the stream, while the batteries on the opposite heights completely commanded the wide plain between our lines and the river. As in the first battle of Fredericksburg, it was thought best to select positions

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with a view to resist the advance of the enemy, rather than incur the heavy loss that would attend any attempt to prevent his crossing. Our dispositions were accordingly made as on the former occasion.

No demonstration was made opposite any other part of our lines at Fredericksburg, and the strength of the force that had crossed and its apparent indisposition to attack indicated that the principal effort of the enemy would be made in some other quarter. This impression was confirmed by intelligence received from General Stuart that a large body of infantry and artillery was passing up the river. During the forenoon of the 29th that officer reported that the enemy had crossed in force near Kelly's Ford on the preceding evening. Later in the day he announced that a heavy column was moving from Kelly's toward Germanna Ford on the Rapidan, and another toward Ely's Ford on that river. The routes they were pursuing after crossing the Rapidan converge near Chancellorsville, whence several roads lead to the rear of our position at Fredericksburg.

On the night of the 29th, General Anderson was directed to proceed toward Chancellorsville and dispose Wright's brigade and the troops from the Bark Mill Ford to cover these roads. Arriving at Chancellorsville about midnight, he found the commands of Generals Mahone and Posey already there, having been withdrawn from the Bark Mill Ford with the exception of a small guard.

Learning that the enemy had crossed the Rapidan and were approaching in strong force, General Anderson retired early on the morning of the 30th to the intersection of the Mine and plank roads near Tabernacle Church, and began to intrench himself. The enemy's cavalry skirmished with his rear-guard as he left Chancellorsville, but, being vigorously repulsed by Mahone's brigade, offered no further opposition to his march. Mahone was placed on the old turnpike, Wright and Posey on the plank road.

In the mean time, General Stuart had been directed to endeavor to impede the progress of the column marching by way of Germanna Ford. Detaching W. H. F. Lee with his two regiments (the Ninth and Thirteenth Virginia) to oppose the main body of the enemy's cavalry, General Stuart crossed the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford with Fitz Lee's brigade on the night of the 29th. Halting to give his men a few hours' repose, he ordered Colonel [Thomas H.] Owen with the Third Virginia cavalry to throw himself in front of the enemy, while the rest of the brigade attacked his right flank at the Wilderness Tavern, between Germanna Ford and Chancellorsville. By this means the march of this column was delayed until 12 M., when, learning that the one from Ely's Ford had already reached Chancellorsville, General Stuart marched by Todd's Tavern toward Spottsylvania Court-house to put himself in communication with the main body of the army, and Colonel Owen fell back upon General Anderson.

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The enemy in our front near Fredericksburg continued inactive, and it was now apparent that the main attack would be made upon our flank and rear. It was therefore determined to leave sufficient troops to hold our lines, and with the main body of the army to give battle to the approaching column. Early's division of Jackson's corps and Barksdale's brigade of McLaws's division, with part of the reserve artillery under General [W. N.] Pendleton, were entrusted with the defence of our position at Fredericksburg, and at midnight of the 30th, General McLaws marched with the rest of his command toward Chancellorsville. General Jackson followed at dawn next morning with the remaining divisions of his corps. He reached the position occupied by General Anderson at 8 A. M., and immediately began preparations to advance.

At 11 A. M. the troops moved forward upon the plank and old turnpike roads, Anderson, with the brigades of Wright and Posey, leading on the former, McLaws, with his three brigades, preceded by Mahone's, on the latter. Generals Wilcox and Perry of Anderson's division co-operated with McLaws. Jackson's troops followed Anderson on the plank road. Colonel Alexander's battalion of artillery accompanied the advance. The enemy was soon encountered on both roads, and heavy skirmishing with infantry and artillery ensued, our troops pressing steadily forward. A strong attack upon General McLaws was repulsed with spirit by Semmes's brigade, and General Wright, by direction of General Anderson, diverging to the left of the plank road, marched by way of the unfinished railroad from Fredericksburg to Gordonsville and turned the enemy's right. His whole line thereupon retreated rapidly, vigorously pursued by our troops until they arrived within about one mile of Chancellorsville. Here the enemy had assumed a position of great natural strength, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest filled with a tangled undergrowth, in the midst of which breastworks of logs had been constructed, with trees felled in front so as to form an almost impenetrable abatis. His artillery swept the few narrow roads by which his position could be approached from the front, and commanded the adjacent woods. The left of his line extended from Chancellorsville toward the Rappahannock, covering the Bark Mill Ford, where he communicated with the north bank of the river by a pontoon bridge. His right stretched westward along the Germanna Ford road more than two miles. Darkness was approaching before the strength and extent of his line could be ascertained, and as the nature of the country rendered it hazardous to attack by night, our troops were halted and formed in line of battle in front of Chancellorsville at right angles to the plank road, extending on the right to the Mine road and to the left in the direction of the Catharine Furnace. Colonel [William C.] Wickham, with the Fourth Virginia cavalry and Colonel Owen's regiment, was stationed between the Mine road and the Rappahannock. The rest of the cavalry was upon our left flank.

It was evident that a direct attack upon the enemy would be attended with

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great difficulty and loss, in view of the strength of his position and his superiority of numbers. It was therefore resolved to endeavor to turn his right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this plan was entrusted to Lieutenant-general Jackson with his three divisions. The commands of Generals McLaws and Anderson, with the exception of Wilcox's brigade, which during the night had been ordered back to Banks's Ford, remained in front of the enemy.

Early on the morning of the 2d, General Jackson marched by the Furnace and Brock roads, his movement being effectually covered by Fitz Lee's cavalry, under General Stuart in person. As the rear of the train was passing the Furnace a large force of the enemy advanced from Chancellorsville and attempted its capture. General Jackson had left the Twenty-third Georgia regiment, under Colonel [E. F.] Best, at this point to guard his flank, and upon the approach of the enemy Lieutenant-colonel J. T. Brown, whose artillery was passing at the time, placed a battery in position to aid in checking his advance. A small number of men who were marching to join their commands, including Captain [W. S.] Moore with two companies of the Fourteenth Tennessee regiment of Archer's brigade, reported to Colonel Brown and supported his guns. The enemy was kept back by this small force until the train had passed, but his superior numbers enabled him subsequently to surround and capture the greater part of the Twenty-third Georgia regiment. General Anderson was directed to send a brigade to resist the further progress of this column, and detached General Posey for that purpose. General Posey became warmly engaged with a superior force, but, being reinforced by General [A. R.] Wright, the enemy's advance was arrested.

After a long and fatiguing march General Jackson's leading division, under General Rodes, reached the old turnpike, about three miles in rear of Chancellorsville, at 4 P. M. As the different divisions arrived they were formed at right angles to the road—Rodes in front, Trimble's division, under Brigadier-general [R. E.] Colston, in the second, and A. P. Hill's in the third line.

At 6 P. M. the advance was ordered. The enemy was taken by surprise and fled after a brief resistance. General Rodes's men pushed forward with great vigor and enthusiasm, followed closely by the second and third lines. Position after position was carried, the guns captured, and every effort of the enemy to rally defeated by the impetuous rush of our troops. In the ardor of pursuit through the thick and tangled woods the first and second lines at last became mingled and moved on together as one. The enemy made a stand at a line of breastworks across the road at the house of Melzie Chancellor, but the troops of Rodes and Colston dashed over the intrenchments together, and the flight and pursuit were resumed, and continued until our advance was arrested by the abatis in front of the line of works near the central position at Chancellorsville. It was now dark, and General Jackson ordered the third line, under

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General [A. P.] Hill, to advance to the front and relieve the troops of Rodes and Colston, who were completely blended and in such disorder, from their rapid advance through intricate woods and over broken ground, that it was necessary to re-form them. As Hill's men moved forward General Jackson, with his staff and escort, returning from the extreme front, met his skirmishers advancing, and in the obscurity of the night were mistaken for the enemy and fired upon. Captain [J. K.] Boswell, chief engineer of the corps, and several others were killed and a number wounded. General Jackson himself received a severe injury and was borne from the field. The command devolved upon Major-general Hill, whose division, under General Heth, was advanced to the line of intrenchments which had been reached by Rodes and Colston. A furious fire of artillery was opened upon them by the enemy, under cover of which his infantry advanced to the attack. They were handsomely repulsed by the Fifty-fifth Virginia regiment, under Colonel [Francis] Mallory, who was killed while bravely leading his men. General Hill was soon afterward disabled, and Major-general Stuart, who had been directed by General Jackson to seize the road to Ely's Ford, in rear of the enemy, was sent for to take command. At this time the right of Hill's division was attacked by the column of the enemy already mentioned as having penetrated to the Furnace, which had been recalled to Chancellorsville to avoid being cut off by the advance of Jackson. This attack was gallantly met and repulsed by the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth and a portion of the Thirty-third North Carolina regiments, Lane's brigade.

Upon General Stuart's arrival soon afterward the command was turned over to him by General Hill. He immediately proceeded to reconnoitre the ground and make himself acquainted with the disposition of the troops. The darkness of the night and the difficulty of moving through the woods and undergrowth rendered it advisable to defer further operations until morning, and the troops rested on their arms in line of battle. Colonel [S.] Crutchfield, chief of artillery of the corps, was severely wounded, and Colonel [E. P.] Alexander, senior artillery officer present, was engaged during the entire night in selecting positions for our batteries.

As soon as the sound of cannon gave notice of Jackson's attack on the enemy's right, our troops in front of Chancellorsville were ordered to press him strongly on the left, to prevent reinforcements being sent to the point assailed. They were directed not to attack in force unless a favorable opportunity should present itself, and, while continuing to cover the roads leading from their respective positions toward Chancellorsville, to incline to the left, so as to connect with Jackson's right as he closed in upon the centre. These orders were well executed, our troops advancing up to the enemy's intrenchments, while several batteries played with good effect upon his lines until prevented by the increasing darkness.

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Early on the morning of the 3d, General Stuart renewed the attack upon the enemy, who had strengthened his right during the night with additional breastworks, while a large number of guns, protected by intrenchments, were posted so as to sweep the woods through which our troops had to advance. Hill's division was in front, with Colston in the second line and Rodes in the third. The second and third lines soon advanced to the support of the first, and the whole became hotly engaged. The breastworks at which the attack was suspended the preceding evening were carried by assault under a terrible fire of musketry and artillery. In rear of these breastworks was a barricade, from which the enemy was quickly driven. The troops on the left of the plank road, pressing through the woods, attacked and broke the next line, while those on the right bravely assailed the extensive earthworks behind which the enemy's artillery was posted. Three times were these works carried, and as often were the brave assailants compelled to abandon them—twice by the retirement of the troops on their left, who fell back after a gallant struggle with superior numbers, and once by a movement of the enemy on their right caused by the advance of General Anderson. The left, being reinforced, finally succeeded in driving back the enemy, and the artillery under Lieutenant-colonels [T. H.] Carter and [H. P.] Jones, being thrown forward to occupy favorable positions secured by the advance of the infantry, began to play with great precision and effect. Anderson in the mean time pressed gallantly forward directly upon Chancellorsville, his right resting upon the plank road and his left extending around toward the Furnace, while McLaws made a strong demonstration to the right of the road. As the troops advancing upon the enemy's front and right converged upon his central position, Anderson effected a junction with Jackson's corps, and the whole line pressed irresistibly on. The enemy was driven from all his fortified positions with heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and retreated toward the Rappahannock. By 10 A. M. we were in full possession of the field.

The troops, having become somewhat scattered by the difficulties of the ground and the ardor of the contest, were immediately re-formed preparatory to renewing the attack. The enemy had withdrawn to a strong position nearer to the Rappahannock, which he had previously fortified. His superiority of numbers, the unfavorable nature of the ground, which was densely wooded, and the condition of our troops after the arduous and sanguinary conflict in which they had been engaged, rendered great caution necessary. Our preparations were just completed when further operations were arrested by intelligence received from Fredericksburg.

General Early had been instructed, in the event of the enemy withdrawing from his front and moving up the river, to join the main body of the army with so much of his command as could be spared from the defence of his lines. This order was repeated on the 2d, but by a misapprehension on the part of

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the officer conveying it, General Early was directed to move unconditionally. Leaving Hays's brigade and one regiment of Barksdale's at Fredericksburg, and directing a part of General Pendleton's artillery to be sent to the rear in compliance with the order delivered to him, General Early moved with the rest of his command toward Chancellorsville. As soon as his withdrawal was perceived the enemy began to give evidence of an intention to advance, but, the mistake in the transmission of the order being corrected, General Early returned to his original position.

The line to be defended by Barksdale's brigade extended from the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg to the rear of Howisen's house, a distance of more than two miles. The artillery was posted along the heights in rear of the town.

Before dawn on the morning of the 3d, General Barksdale reported to General Early that the enemy had occupied Fredericksburg in large force and laid down a bridge at the town. Hays's brigade was sent to his support and placed on his extreme left, with the exception of one regiment stationed on the right of his line behind Howisen's house. Seven companies of the Twenty-first Mississippi regiment were posted by General Barksdale between the Marye House and the plank road, the Eighteenth and the three other companies of the Twenty-first occupied the telegraph road at the foot of Marye's Hill, the two remaining regiments of the brigade being farther to the right on the hills near Howisen's house. The enemy made a demonstration against the extreme right, which was easily repulsed by General Early. Soon afterward a column moved from Fredericksburg along the river-bank, as if to gain the heights on the extreme left, which commanded those immediately in rear of the town. This attempt was foiled by General Hays and the arrival of General Wilcox from Banks's Ford, who deployed a few skirmishers on the hill near Taylor's house and opened on the enemy with a section of artillery. Very soon the enemy advanced in large force against Marye's and the hills to the right and left of it. Two assaults were gallantly repulsed by Barksdale's men and the artillery. After the second a flag of truce was sent from the town to obtain permission to provide for the wounded.

Three heavy lines advanced immediately upon the return of the flag and renewed the attack. They were bravely repulsed on the right and left, but the small force at the foot of Marye's Hill, overpowered by more than ten times their numbers, was captured after a heroic resistance and the hill carried. Eight pieces of artillery were taken on Marye's and the adjacent heights. The remainder of Barksdale's brigade, together with that of General Hays and the artillery on the right, retired down the telegraph road. The success of the enemy enabled him to threaten our communications by moving down the telegraph road or to come upon our rear at Chancellorsville by the plank road. He at first advanced on the former, but was checked by General Early, who

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had halted the commands of Barksdale and Hays, with the artillery, about two miles from Marye's Hill and reinforced them with three regiments of Gordon's brigade. The enemy then began to advance up the plank road, his progress being gallantly disputed by the brigade of General Wilcox, who had moved from Banks's Ford as rapidly as possible to the assistance of General Barksdale, but arrived too late to take part in the action. General Wilcox fell back slowly until he reached Salem Church, on the plank road, about five miles from Fredericksburg.

Information of the state of affairs in our rear having reached Chancellorsville, as already stated, General McLaws, with his three brigades and one of General Anderson's, was ordered to reinforce General Wilcox. He arrived at Salem Church early in the afternoon, where he found General Wilcox in line of battle, with a large force of the enemy—consisting, as was reported, of one army corps and part of another, under Major-general Sedgwick—in his front. The brigades of Kershaw and Wofford were placed on the right of Wilcox, those of Semmes and Mahone on his left. The enemy's artillery played vigorously upon our position for some time, when his infantry advanced in three strong lines, the attack being directed mainly against General Wilcox, but partially involving the brigades on his left. The assault was met with the utmost firmness, and after a fierce struggle the first line was repulsed with great slaughter. The second then came forward, but immediately broke under the close and deadly fire which it encountered, and the whole mass fled in confusion to the rear. They were pursued by the brigades of Wilcox and Semmes, which advanced nearly a mile, when they were halted to re-form in the presence of the enemy's reserve, which now appeared in large force. It being quite dark, General Wilcox deemed it imprudent to push the attack with his small numbers, and retired to his original position, the enemy making no attempt to follow.

The next morning General Early advanced along the telegraph road and recaptured Marye's and the adjacent hills without difficulty, thus gaining the rear of the enemy's left. He then proposed to General McLaws that a simultaneous attack should be made by their respective commands, but the latter officer not deeming his force adequate to assail the enemy in front, the proposition was not carried into effect.

In the mean time the enemy had so strengthened his position near Chancellorsville that it was deemed inexpedient to assail it with less than our whole force, which could not be concentrated until we were relieved from the danger that menaced our rear. It was accordingly resolved still further to reinforce the troops in front of General Sedgwick, in order, if possible, to drive him across the Rappahannock.

Accordingly, on the 4th, General Anderson was directed to proceed with his remaining three brigades to join General McLaws, the three divisions of Jack-

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son's corps holding our position at Chancellorsville. Anderson reached Salem Church about noon, and was directed to gain the left flank of the enemy and effect a junction with Early. McLaws's troops were disposed as on the previous day, with orders to hold the enemy in front and to push forward his right brigades as soon as the advance of Anderson and Early should be perceived, so as to connect with them and complete the continuity of our line. Some delay occurred in getting the troops into position, owing to the broken and irregular nature of the ground and the difficulty of ascertaining the disposition of the enemy's forces. The attack did not begin until 6 P. M., when Anderson and Early moved forward and drove General Sedgwick's troops rapidly before them across the plank road in the direction of the Rappahannock. The speedy approach of darkness prevented General McLaws from perceiving the success of the attack until the enemy began to recross the river a short distance below Banks's Ford, where he had laid one of his pontoon bridges. His right brigades, under Kershaw and Wofford, advanced through the woods in the direction of the firing, but the retreat was so rapid that they could only join in the pursuit. A dense fog settled over the field, increasing the obscurity and rendering great caution necessary to avoid collision between our own troops. Their movements were consequently slow. General Wilcox, with Kershaw's brigade and two regiments of his own, accompanied by a battery, proceeded nearly to the river, capturing a number of prisoners and inflicting great damage upon the enemy. General McLaws also directed Colonel [E. P.] Alexander's artillery to fire upon the locality of the enemy's bridge, which was done with good effect.

The next morning it was found that General Sedgwick had made good his escape and removed his bridges. Fredericksburg was also evacuated, and our rear no longer threatened; but as General Sedgwick had it in his power to recross, it was deemed best to leave General Early with his division and Barksdale's brigade to hold our lines as before, McLaws and Anderson being directed to return to Chancellorsville. They reached their destination during the afternoon in the midst of a violent storm, which continued throughout the night and most of the following day.

Preparations were made to assail the enemy's works at daylight on the 6th, but on advancing our skirmishers it was found that under cover of the storm and darkness of the night he had retreated over the river.

A detachment was left to guard the battlefield while the wounded were being removed and the captured property collected. The rest of the army returned to its former position.

The particulars of these operations will be found in the reports of the several commanding officers, which are herewith transmitted. They will show more fully than my limits will suffer me to do the dangers and difficulties which, under God's blessing, were surmounted by the fortitude and valor of our army.

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The conduct of the troops cannot be too highly praised. Attacking largely-superior numbers in strongly-intrenched positions, their heroic courage overcame every obstacle of nature and art and achieved a triumph most honorable to our arms.

I commend to the particular notice of the Department the brave officers and men mentioned by their superiors for extraordinary daring and merit, whose names I am unable to enumerate here. Among them will be found some who have passed by a glorious death beyond the reach of praise, but the memory of whose virtues and devoted patriotism will ever be cherished by their grateful countrymen.

The returns of the medical director will show the extent of our loss, which, from the nature of the circumstances attending the engagements, could not be otherwise than severe. Many valuable officers and men were killed or wounded in the faithful discharge of duty. Among the former, Brigadier-general Paxton fell while leading his brigade with conspicuous courage in the assault on the enemy's works at Chancellorsville.

The gallant Brigadier-general Nichols lost a leg.

Brigadier-general McGowan was severely and Brigadier-generals Heth and Pender were slightly wounded in the same engagement. The latter officer led his brigade to the attack under a destructive fire, bearing the colors of a regiment in his own hands up to and over the intrenchments with the most distinguished gallantry.

General Hoke received a painful wound in the action near Fredericksburg.

The movement by which the enemy's position was turned and the fortune of the day decided was conducted by the lamented Lieutenant-general Jackson, who, as has already been stated, was severely wounded near the close of the engagement on Saturday evening. I do not propose here to speak of the character of this illustrious man, since removed from the scene of his eminent usefulness by the hand of an inscrutable but all-wise Providence. I nevertheless desire to pay the tribute of my admiration to the matchless energy and skill that marked this last act of his life, forming as it did a worthy conclusion of that long series of splendid achievements which won for him the lasting love and gratitude of his country.

Major-general A. P. Hill was disabled soon after assuming command, but did not leave the field until the arrival of Major-general Stuart. The latter officer ably discharged the difficult and responsible duties which he was thus unexpectedly called to perform. Assuming the command late in the night, at the close of a fierce engagement, and in the immediate presence of the enemy, necessarily ignorant in a great measure of the disposition of the troops and of the plans of those who had preceded him, General Stuart exhibited great energy, promptness, and intelligence. During the continuance of the engagement the next day he conducted the operations on the left with distinguished

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capacity and vigor, stimulating and cheering the troops by the example of his own coolness and daring.

While it is impossible to mention all who were conspicuous in the several engagements, it will not be considered an invidious distinction to say that General Jackson after he was wounded, in expressing the satisfaction he derived from the conduct of his whole command, commended to my particular attention the services of Brigadier-general (now Major-general) Rodes and his gallant division.

Major-general Early performed the important and responsible duty entrusted to him in a manner which reflected credit upon himself and his command. Major-general R. H. Anderson was also distinguished for the promptness, courage, and skill with which he and his division executed every order, and Brigadier-general (now Major-general) Wilcox is entitled to especial praise for the judgment and bravery displayed in impeding the advance of General Sedgwick toward Chancellorsville and for the gallant and successful stand at Salem Church.

To the skilful and efficient management of the artillery the successful issue of the contest is in great measure due. The ground was not favorable for its employment, but every suitable position was taken with alacrity, and the operations of the infantry supported and assisted with a spirit and courage not second to their own. It bore a prominent part in the final assault which ended in driving the enemy from the field at Chancellorsville, silencing his batteries, and by a destructive enfilade fire upon his works opened the way for the advance of our troops.

Colonels Crutchfield, Alexander, and [R. L.] Walker, and Lieutenant-colonels [J. T.] Brown, [T. H.] Carter, and [R. S.] Andrews, with the officers and men of their commands, are mentioned as deserving especial commendation. The batteries under General Pendleton also acted with great gallantry.

The cavalry of the army at the time of these operations was much reduced. To its vigilance and energy we were indebted for timely information of the enemy's movements before the battle and for impeding his march to Chancellorsville. It guarded both flanks of the army during the battle at that place, and a portion of it, as has been already stated, rendered valuable service in covering the march of Jackson to the enemy's rear.

The horse artillery accompanied the infantry and participated with credit to itself in the engagement. The nature of the country rendered it impossible for the cavalry to do more.

When the enemy's infantry passed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford his cavalry, under General Stoneman, also crossed in large force, and proceeded through Culpeper county toward Gordonsville for the purpose of cutting the railroads to Richmond. General Stuart had nothing to oppose to this movement but two regiments of Brigadier-general W. H. F. Lee's brigade (the

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Ninth and Thirteenth Virginia cavalry). General Lee fell back before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and after holding the railroad bridge over the Rapidan during May 1st, burned the bridge and retired to Gordonsville at night. The enemy avoided Gordonsville and reached Louisa Court-house on the Central Railroad, which he proceeded to break up. Dividing his force, a part of it also cut the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, and a part proceeded to Columbia, on the James River and Kanawha Canal, with a design of destroying the aqueduct at that place. The small command of General Lee exerted itself vigorously to defeat this purpose. The damage done to the railroads was small and soon repaired, and the canal was saved from injury. The details of his operations will be found in the accompanying memorandum, and are creditable to officers and men.

The loss of the enemy in the battle of Chancellorsville and the other engagements was severe. His dead and a large number of wounded were left on the field. About 5000 prisoners, exclusive of the wounded, were taken, and 13 pieces of artillery, 19,500 stands of arms, 17 colors, and a large quantity of ammunition fell into our hands.

To the members of my staff I am greatly indebted for assistance in observing the movements of the enemy, posting troops, and conveying orders. On so extended and varied a field all were called into requisition, and all evinced the greatest energy and zeal.

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, GUINEY'S [STATION], VA.,
May 5, 1863.

AT the close of the battle of Chancellorsville on Sunday the enemy was reported advancing from Fredericksburg in our rear. General McLaws was sent back to arrest his progress, and repulsed him handsomely that afternoon at Tabernacle Church. Learning that this force consisted of two corps under General Sedgwick, I determined to attack it. Leaving a sufficient force to hold General Hooker in check, who had not recrossed the Rappahannock, as was reported, but occupied a strong position in front of the United States Ford, I marched back yesterday with General Anderson, and, uniting with McLaws and Early in the afternoon, succeeded by the blessing of Heaven in driving General Sedgwick over the river. We have reoccupied Fredericksburg, and no enemy remains south of the Rappahannock in its vicinity.

R. E. LEE,
General.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS.

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CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN, MAY 3, 1863.

Abstract from Return of the Army of Northern Virginia, GENERAL R. E. LEE *commanding, for May 20, 1863; Station, Fredericksburg, Va.*

COMMAND.	Present for duty.		Aggregate present.	Aggregate present and absent.	Aggregate last return.
	Officers.	Men.			
General staff	14	...	14	...	...
Staff	11	...	11	...	...
FIRST ARMY CORPS.					
LIEUT.-GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.					
Anderson's division	...	...	8,890	13,726	8,401
McLaws's division	...	...	8,416	12,889	8,041
Pickett's division	...	...	7,640	12,113	7,824
Hood's division	...	...	8,677	12,573	7,265
(Ransom's division detached)	...	...	...	...	...
Total	...	...	33,635	51,315	31,544
SECOND ARMY CORPS.					
MAJ.-GEN. A. P. HILL.					
Staff	15	...	...	...	...
A. P. Hill's division	...	...	11,035	18,430	9,940
Rodes's division	...	...	8,910	15,037	8,191
Early's division	...	...	7,907	13,081	7,700
Johnson's division	...	...	6,356	12,008	5,651
Total	...	...	34,223	58,575	31,492
Stuart's cavalry division*	...	...	8,193	11,905	7,426
Valley district†	...	...	...	...	...
Artillery.					
Brig.-gen. Pendleton.					
General reserve	...	...	786	916	697
First Army corps‡	...	...	2,307	3,015	2,049
Second Army corps§	...	...	2,410	3,348	2,264
Total	...	...	5,503	7,279	5,010
Grand total	...	...	81,568	129,041	75,472

* One regiment and one company not reported.
† Not reported.
‡ Dearing's battery not reported.
§ Two batteries not reported—on picket.

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REPORTS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, C. S. ARMY, COMMANDING ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, OF OPERATIONS, JUNE 3D TO AUGUST 4TH, 1863.

CULPEPER COURT-HOUSE,
June 18, 1863.

GENERAL: On the afternoon of the 14th, General Rodes took possession of Martinsburg, capturing several pieces of artillery, more than 200 prisoners, a supply of ammunition, and grain. Our loss, 1 killed and 2 wounded.

R. E. LEE,
General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,
Adjutant- and Inspector-general.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 17, 1863.

GENERAL: General Fitz Lee attacked the enemy last evening near Kearneysville and drove him to within a mile of Shepherdstown, when night put an end to the contest. The enemy, under cover of darkness, retired, taking the Charlestown road, leaving many of their wounded in Shepherdstown and the vicinity and their dead on the field. Their loss is reported very heavy. The enemy's force is stated to have been Gregg's division, General [D. McM.] Gregg commanding in person. I regret to state that Colonel James H. Drake of the First Virginia cavalry was mortally wounded in a charge of his regiment.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

GENERAL S. COOPER, Adjt.- and Insp.-general, Richmond, Va.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 21, 1863.

GENERAL: I have seen in Northern papers what purported to be an official despatch of General [G. G.] Meade, stating that he had captured a brigade of infantry, two pieces of artillery, two caissons, and a large number of small-arms as this army retired to the south bank of the Potomac on the 13th and 14th instants. This despatch has been copied into the Richmond papers, and as its official character may cause it to be believed, I desire to state that it is incorrect. The enemy did not capture any organized body of men on that occasion, but only stragglers and such as were left asleep on the road exhausted

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by the fatigue and exposure of one of the most inclement nights I have ever known at this season of the year. It rained without cessation, rendering the road by which our troops marched to the bridge at Falling Waters very difficult to pass, and causing so much delay that the last of the troops did not cross the river at the bridge until 1 P. M. on the 14th. While the column was thus detained on the road a number of men, worn down with fatigue, lay down in barns and by the wayside, and, though officers were sent back to arouse them as the troops moved on, the darkness and rain prevented them from finding all, and many were in this way left behind. Two guns were left in the road. The horses that drew them became exhausted, and the officers went forward to procure others. When they returned the rear of the column had passed the guns so far that it was deemed unsafe to send back for them, and they were thus lost. No arms, cannon, or prisoners were taken by the enemy in battle, but only such as were left behind under the circumstances I have described. The number of stragglers thus lost I am unable to state with accuracy, but it is greatly exaggerated in the despatch referred to.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,
Adjt.- and Insp.-gen. C. S. Army, Richmond, Va.

WILLIAMSPORT, June 25, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS, RICHMOND,

MR. PRESIDENT: So strong is my conviction of the necessity of activity on our part in military affairs that you will excuse my adverting to the subject again, notwithstanding what I have said in my previous letter of to-day.

It seems to me that we cannot afford to keep our troops awaiting movements of the enemy, but should so employ our own forces as to give occupation to his at points of our selection.

I have observed that extracts from Northern journals, contained in Richmond papers of the 22d instant, state that the yellow fever has appeared at New Berne, and that in consequence the Federal troops are being moved back to Morehead City. If, in fact, the fever is in New Berne, it would tend of itself to prevent active operations from that point. But as I have never heard of the disease being in that city, and as it does not generally break out so early in the season even in localities which are subject to it, I am disposed to doubt the truth of the statement, and regard it as a cover for the withdrawal of the enemy's forces for some other field. The attempt to conceal their movements, as in the case of the withdrawal of the troops from Suffolk, coupled with the fact that nothing has up to this time been undertaken on the North Carolina

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coast, convinces me that the enemy contemplates nothing important in that region, and that it is unnecessary to keep our troops there to watch him.

If he has been waiting until this time for reinforcements, the probability of their being furnished is greatly diminished by the movements now in progress on our part, and they must at least await the result of our operations. The same course of reasoning is applicable to the question of the probability of the enemy assuming the offensive against Richmond, either on the Peninsula or south of the James. I feel sure, therefore, that the best use that can be made of the troops in Carolina, and those in Virginia now guarding Richmond, would be the prompt assembling of the main body of them, leaving sufficient to prevent raids, together with as many as can be drawn from the army of General Beauregard, at Culpeper Court-house under the command of that officer. I do not think they could more effectually prevent aggressive movements on the part of the enemy in any other way, while their assistance to this army in its operations would be very great.

If the report received from General Buckner of the withdrawal of General Burnside from Kentucky be correct, I think there is nothing to prevent a united movement of the commands of Generals Buckner and Sam Jones into that State. They would render valuable service by collecting and bringing out supplies, if they did no more, and would embarrass the enemy and prevent troops now there from being sent to other points. If they are too weak to attempt this object, they need not be idle; and I think that if the enemy's forces have in fact been so far weakened as to render present active operations on his part against them improbable, they should go where they can be of immediate service, leaving only a sufficient guard to watch the lines they now hold. They might be sent with benefit to reinforce General Johnston or General Bragg, to constitute a part of the proposed army of General Beauregard at Culpeper Court-house, or they might accomplish good results by going into North-western Virginia. It should never be forgotten that our concentration at any point compels that of the enemy, and, his numbers being limited, tends to relieve all other threatened localities.

I earnestly commend these considerations to the attention of Your Excellency, and trust that you will be at liberty, in your better judgment and with the superior means of information you possess as to our own necessities and the enemy's movements in the distant regions I have mentioned, to give effect to them, either in the way I have suggested or in such other manner as may seem to you more judicious.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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[Enclosure.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 4, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 74.

I. The army will vacate its position this evening. General A. P. Hill's corps will commence the movement, withdrawing from its position after dark, and proceed on the Fairfield road to the pass in the mountains, which it will occupy, selecting the strongest ground for defence toward the east. General Longstreet's corps will follow, and General Ewell's corps bring up the rear. These two latter corps will proceed through and go into camp. General Longstreet's corps will be charged with the escort of the prisoners, and will habitually occupy the centre of the line of march. General Ewell's and General Hill's corps will alternately take the front and rear on the march.

II. The trains which accompany the army will habitually move between the leading and the rear corps, each under the charge of their respective chief quartermasters. Lieutenant-colonel [James L.] Corley, chief quartermaster of the army, will regulate the order in which they shall move. Corps commanders will see that the officers remain with their trains, and that they move steadily and quietly, and that the animals are properly cared for.

III. The artillery of each corps will move under the charge of their respective chiefs of artillery, the whole under the general superintendence of the commander of the artillery of the army.

IV. General Stuart will designate a cavalry command not exceeding two squadrons to precede and follow the army in its line of march, the commander of the advance reporting to the commander of the leading corps, the commander of the rear to the commander of the rear corps. He will direct one or two brigades, as he may think proper, to proceed to Cashtown this afternoon and hold that place until the rear of the army has passed Fairfield, and occupy the gorge in the mountains; after crossing which to proceed in the direction of Greencastle, guarding the right and rear of the army on its march to Hagerstown and Williamsport. General Stuart, with the rest of the cavalry, will this evening take the route to Emmettsburg, and proceed thence toward Cavetown and Boonsboro', guarding the left and rear of the army.

V. The commanding general earnestly exhorts each corps commander to see that every officer exerts the utmost vigilance, steadiness, and boldness during the whole march.

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
August 2, 1863.

GENERAL: On the night of July 31st the enemy laid pontoon bridges at a point below Kelly's Ford and at Rappahannock Station, and crossed the river

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with two or three divisions of cavalry and a large body of infantry. The cavalry, supported by three brigades of infantry, advanced toward Brandy Station, being retarded in their progress by Hampton's brigade of cavalry, under the command of Colonel [L. S.] Baker of the First North Carolina regiment, which fell back gradually before them to our line of infantry, about two miles this side of Brandy. Our infantry skirmishers were then advanced, and drove the enemy back a mile beyond the station.

Hampton's brigade behaved with its usual gallantry, and was very skilfully handled by Colonel Baker. General Stuart was in the front with the brigade the whole day.

Our loss was small, but among our wounded, I regret to say, are those brave officers—Colonel Baker, commanding the brigade; Colonel [Pierce M. B.] Young of Cobb's Legion, and Colonel [John L.] Black of the First South Carolina cavalry.

I am, etc., R. E. LEE,
General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,
Adjutant- and Inspector-general C. S. Army, Richmond, Va.

REPORT OF GENERAL R. E. LEE OF THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN, JUNE TO AUGUST, 1863.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January —, 1864.

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit a detailed report of the operations of this army from the time it left the vicinity of Fredericksburg early in June to its occupation of the line of the Rapidan in August.

Upon the retreat of the Federal army, commanded by Major-general [Joseph] Hooker, from Chancellorsville, it reoccupied the ground north of the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, where it could not be attacked except at a disadvantage. It was determined to draw it from this position, and, if practicable, to transfer the scene of hostilities beyond the Potomac. The execution of this purpose also embraced the expulsion of the force under General [R. H.] Milroy, which had infested the lower Shenandoah Valley during the preceding winter and spring. If unable to attain the valuable results which might be expected to follow a decided advantage gained over the enemy in Maryland or Pennsylvania, it was hoped that we should at least so far disturb his plans for the summer campaign as to prevent its execution during the season of active operations.

The commands of Longstreet and Ewell were put in motion, and encamped

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around Culpeper Court-house June 7th. As soon as their march was discovered by the enemy he threw a force across the Rappahannock about two miles below Fredericksburg, apparently for the purpose of observation. Hill's corps was left to watch these troops, with instructions to follow the movements of the army as soon as they should retire.

The cavalry, under General [J. E. B.] Stuart, which had been concentrated near Culpeper Court-house, was attacked on June 9th by a large force of Federal cavalry, supported by infantry, which crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly and Kelly's fords. After a severe engagement, which continued from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, the enemy was compelled to recross the river with heavy loss, leaving about 500 prisoners, 3 pieces of artillery, and several colors in our hands.

General Imboden and General Jenkins had been ordered to co-operate in the projected expedition into the Valley—General Imboden, by moving toward Romney with his command to prevent the troops guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from reinforcing those at Winchester, while General Jenkins advanced directly toward the latter place with his cavalry brigade, supported by a battalion of infantry and a battery of the Maryland line.

General Ewell left Culpeper Court-house on June 10th. He crossed the branches of the Shenandoah near Front Royal, and reached Cedarville on the 12th, where he was joined by General Jenkins. Detaching General Rodes with his division and the greater part of Jenkins's brigade to dislodge a force of the enemy stationed at Berryville, General Ewell with the rest of his command moved upon Winchester, Johnson's division advancing by the Front Royal road—Early's, by the Valley turnpike, which it entered at Newtown, where it was joined by the Maryland troops.

The enemy was driven in on both roads, and our troops halted in line of battle near the town on the evening of the 13th. The same day the force which had occupied Berryville retreated to Winchester on the approach of General Rodes. The following morning General Ewell ordered General Early to carry an intrenched position north-west of Winchester near the Pughtown road, which the latter officer, upon examining the ground, discovered would command the principal fortifications.

To cover the movement of General Early, General Johnson took position between the road to Millwood and that to Berryville, and advanced his skirmishers toward the town. General Early, leaving a portion of his command to engage the enemy's attention, with the remainder gained a favorable position without being perceived, and about 5 P. M. twenty pieces of artillery under Lieutenant-colonel H. P. Jones opened suddenly upon the intrenchments. The enemy's guns were soon silenced. Hays's brigade then advanced to the assault and carried the works by storm, capturing six rifled pieces, two of which were turned upon and dispersed a column which was forming to retake the position.

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The enemy immediately abandoned the works on the left of those taken by Hays and retired into his main fortifications, which General Early prepared to assail in the morning. The loss of the advanced works, however, rendered the others untenable, and the enemy retreated in the night, abandoning his sick and wounded, together with his artillery, wagons, and stores. Anticipating such a movement, as soon as he heard of Early's success General Ewell directed General Johnson to occupy with part of his command a point on the Martinsburg road about two and a half miles from Winchester, where he could either intercept the enemy's retreat or aid in an attack should further resistance be offered in the morning. General Johnson marched with Nichols's and part of Steuart's brigades, accompanied by Lieutenant-colonel [R. S.] Andrews with a detachment of his artillery, the Stonewall brigade being ordered to follow.

Finding the road to the place indicated by General Ewell difficult of passage in the darkness, General Johnson pursued that leading by Jordan [Alum ?] Springs to Stephenson's Dépôt, where he took a favorable position on the Martinsburg road about five miles from Winchester. Just as his line was formed the retreating column, consisting of the main body of General Milroy's army, arrived and immediately attacked him. The enemy, though in superior force, consisting of both infantry and cavalry, was gallantly repulsed, and, finding all efforts to cut his way unavailing, he sent strong flanking-parties simultaneously to the right and left, still keeping up a heavy fire in front. The party on the right was driven back and pursued by the Stonewall brigade, which opportunely arrived. That on the left was broken and dispersed by the Second and Tenth Louisiana regiments, aided by the artillery, and in a short time nearly the whole infantry force, amounting to more than 2300 men, with 11 stands of colors, surrendered, the cavalry alone escaping. General Milroy, with a small party of fugitives, fled to Harper's Ferry. The number of prisoners taken in this action exceeded the force engaged under General [Edward] Johnson, who speaks in terms of well-deserved praise of the conduct of the officers and men of his command.

In the mean time, General Rodes marched from Berryville to Martinsburg, reaching the latter place in the afternoon of the 14th. The enemy made a show of resistance, but soon gave way, the cavalry and artillery retreating toward Williamsport, the infantry toward Shepherdstown, under cover of night. The route taken by the latter was not known until it was too late to follow; but the former were pursued so rapidly, Jenkins's troops leading, that they were forced to abandon five of their six pieces of artillery. About 200 prisoners were taken, but the enemy destroyed most of his stores.

These operations resulted in the expulsion of the enemy from the Valley; the capture of 4000 prisoners, with a corresponding number of small-arms; 28 pieces of superior artillery, including those taken by Generals Rodes and Hays;

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about 300 wagons and as many horses, together with a considerable quantity of ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster's stores.

Our entire loss was 47 killed, 219 wounded, and 3 missing.

MARCH INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

On the night of Ewell's appearance at Winchester the enemy in front of A. P. Hill at Fredericksburg recrossed the Rappahannock, and the whole army of General Hooker withdrew from the north side of the river. In order to mislead him as to our intentions, and at the same time protect Hill's corps in its march up the Rappahannock, Longstreet left Culpeper Court-house on the 15th, and, advancing along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, occupied Ashby's and Snicker's gaps. He had been joined while at Culpeper by General Pickett with three brigades of his division. General Stuart, with three brigades of cavalry, moved on Longstreet's right and took position in front of the gaps. Hampton's and [J. M.] Jones's brigades remained along the Rappahannock and Hazel rivers in front of Culpeper Court-house, with instructions to follow the main body as soon as Hill's corps had passed that point.

On the 17th, Fitz Lee's brigade, under Colonel [Thos. T.] Munford, which was on the road to Snicker's Gap, was attacked near Aldie by the Federal cavalry. The attack was repulsed with loss, and the brigade held its ground until ordered to fall back, its right being threatened by another body coming from Hopewell toward Middleburg. The latter force was driven from Middleburg and pursued toward Hopewell by Robertson's brigade, which arrived about dark. Its retreat was intercepted by W. H. F. Lee's brigade, under Colonel [J. R.] Chambliss, and the greater part of a regiment captured.

During the three succeeding days there was much skirmishing, General Stuart taking a position west of Middleburg, where he awaited the rest of his command.

General [J. M.] Jones arrived on the 19th, and General Hampton in the afternoon of the following day, having repulsed on his march a cavalry force sent to reconnoitre in the direction of Warrenton.

On the 21st the enemy attacked with infantry and cavalry, and obliged General Stuart, after a brave resistance, to fall back to the gaps of the mountains. The enemy retired the next day, having advanced only a short distance beyond Upperville.

In these engagements the cavalry sustained a loss of 510 killed, wounded, and missing. Among them were several valuable officers, whose names are mentioned in General Stuart's report. One piece of artillery was disabled and left on the field. The enemy's loss was heavy. About 400 prisoners were taken and several stands of colors.

The Federal army was apparently guarding the approaches to Washington, and manifested no disposition to assume the offensive.

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In the mean time, the progress of Ewell, who was already in Maryland, with Jenkins's cavalry advanced into Pennsylvania as far as Chambersburg, rendered it necessary that the rest of the army should be within supporting distance, and Hill having reached the Valley, Longstreet was withdrawn to the west side of the Shenandoah, and the two corps encamped near Berryville.

General Stuart was directed to hold the mountain-passes with part of his command as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac, and with the remainder to cross into Maryland and place himself on the right of General Ewell. Upon the suggestion of the former officer that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so, and it was left to his discretion whether to enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge; but he was instructed to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward.

On the 22d, General Ewell marched into Pennsylvania with Rodes's and Johnson's divisions, preceded by Jenkins's cavalry, taking the road from Hagerstown through Chambersburg to Carlisle, where he arrived on the 27th. Early's division, which had occupied Boonsboro', moved by a parallel road to Greenwood, and, in pursuance of instructions previously given to General Ewell, marched toward York.

On the 24th, Longstreet and Hill were put in motion to follow Ewell, and on the 27th encamped near Chambersburg.

General Imboden, under the orders already referred to, had been operating on Ewell's left while the latter was advancing into Maryland. He drove off the troops guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and destroyed all the important bridges on that route from Martinsburg to Cumberland, besides inflicting serious damage upon the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. He was at Hancock when Longstreet and Hill reached Chambersburg, and was directed to proceed to the latter place by way of McConnellsburg, collecting supplies for the army on his route.

The cavalry force at this time with the army, consisting of Jenkins's brigade and [E. V.] White's battalion, was not greater than was required to accompany the advance of General Ewell and General Early, with whom it performed valuable service, as appears from their reports. It was expected that as soon as the Federal army should cross the Potomac, General Stuart would give notice of its movements, and, nothing having been heard from him since our entrance into Maryland, it was inferred that the enemy had not yet left Virginia. Orders were therefore issued to move upon Harrisburg. The expedition of General Early to York was designed in part to prepare for this undertaking by breaking the railroad between Baltimore and Harrisburg and seizing the bridge over the Susquehanna at Wrightsville. General Early succeeded in the first object, destroying a number of bridges above and below York, but on the ap-

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proach of the troops sent by him to Wrightsville a body of militia stationed at that place fled across the river and burned the bridge in their retreat. General Early then marched to rejoin his corps.

The advance against Harrisburg was arrested by intelligence received from a scout on the night of the 28th to the effect that the army of General Hooker had crossed the Potomac and was approaching the South Mountains. In the absence of the cavalry it was impossible to ascertain his intentions; but to deter him from advancing farther west and intercepting our communications with Virginia it was determined to concentrate the army east of the mountains.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Hill's corps was accordingly ordered to move toward Cashtown on the 29th, and Longstreet to follow the next day, leaving Pickett's division at Chambersburg to guard the rear until relieved by Imboden. General Ewell was recalled from Carlisle, and directed to join the army at Cashtown or Gettysburg as circumstances might require. The advance of the enemy to the latter place was unknown, and the weather being inclement the march was conducted with a view to the comfort of the troops. Heth's division reached Cashtown on the 29th, and the following morning Pettigrew's brigade, sent by General Heth to procure supplies at Gettysburg, found it occupied by the enemy. Being ignorant of the extent of his force, General Pettigrew was unwilling to hazard an attack with his single brigade and returned to Cashtown.

General Hill arrived with Pender's division in the evening, and the following morning (July 1st) advanced with these two divisions, accompanied by Pegram's and McIntosh's battalions of artillery, to ascertain the strength of the enemy, whose force was supposed to consist chiefly of cavalry. The leading division under General Heth found the enemy's videttes about three miles west of Gettysburg, and continued to advance until within a mile of the town, when two brigades were sent forward to reconnoitre. They drove in the advance of the enemy very gallantly, but subsequently encountered largely-superior numbers, and were compelled to retire with loss, Brigadier-general Archer, commanding one of the brigades, being taken prisoner. General Heth then prepared for action, and as soon as Pender arrived to support him was ordered by General Hill to advance. The artillery was placed in position and the engagement opened with vigor. General Heth pressed the enemy steadily back, breaking his first and second lines, and attacking his third with great resolution. About 2.30 P. M. the advance of Ewell's corps, consisting of Rodes's division, with Carter's battalion of artillery, arrived by the Middletown road, and, forming on Heth's left nearly at right angles with his line, became warmly engaged with fresh numbers of the enemy. Heth's troops, having suffered heavily in their protracted contest with a superior force, were relieved by Pender's, and Early, coming up by the Heidlersburg road soon afterward, took

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position on the left of Rodes, when a general advance was made. The enemy gave way on all sides and was driven through Gettysburg with great loss. Major-general [J. F.] Reynolds, who was in command, was killed. More than 5000 prisoners, exclusive of a large number of wounded, 3 pieces of artillery, and several colors were captured. Among the prisoners were two brigadier-generals, one of whom was badly wounded. Our own loss was heavy, including a number of officers, among whom were Major-general Heth slightly, and Brigadier-general Scales of Pender's division severely, wounded. The enemy retired to a range of hills south of Gettysburg, where he displayed a strong force of infantry and artillery.

It was ascertained from the prisoners that we had been engaged with two corps of the army formerly commanded by General Hooker, and that the remainder of that army, under General [George G.] Meade, was approaching Gettysburg. Without information as to its proximity, the strong position which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger of exposing the four divisions present, already weakened and exhausted by a long and bloody struggle, to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops. General Ewell was therefore instructed to carry the hill occupied by the enemy if he found it practicable, but to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of the other divisions of the army, which were ordered to hasten forward. He decided to await Johnson's division, which had marched from Carlisle by the road west of the mountains to guard the trains of his corps, and consequently did not reach Gettysburg until a late hour.

In the mean time the enemy occupied the point which General Ewell designed to seize, but in what force could not be ascertained, owing to the darkness. An intercepted despatch showed that another corps had halted that afternoon four miles from Gettysburg. Under these circumstances it was decided not to attack until the arrival of Longstreet, two of whose divisions (those of Hood and McLaws) encamped about four miles in rear during the night. Anderson's division of Hill's corps came up after the engagement.

It had not been intended to deliver a general battle so far from our base unless attacked, but, coming unexpectedly upon the whole Federal army, to withdraw through the mountains with our extensive trains would have been difficult and dangerous. At the same time we were unable to await an attack, as the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies in the presence of the enemy, who could restrain our foraging-parties by holding the mountain-passes with local and other troops. A battle had therefore become, in a measure, unavoidable, and the success already gained gave hope of a favorable issue.

The enemy occupied a strong position, with his right upon two commanding elevations adjacent to each other, one south-east and the other, known as Cemetery Hill, immediately south of the town, which lay at its base. His line extended thence upon the high ground along the Emmettsburg road, with a steep

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ridge in rear, which was also occupied. This ridge was difficult of ascent, particularly the two hills above mentioned as forming its northern extremity, and a third at the other end on which the enemy's left rested. Numerous stone and rail fences along the slope served to afford protection to his troops and impede our advance. In his front the ground was undulating and generally open for about three-quarters of a mile.

General Ewell's corps constituted our left, Johnson's division being opposite the height adjoining Cemetery Hill, Early's in the centre, in front of the north face of the latter, and Rodes upon his right. Hill's corps faced the west side of Cemetery Hill and extended nearly parallel to the Emmettsburg road, making an angle with Ewell's. Pender's division formed his left, Anderson's his right, Heth's, under Brigadier-general Pettigrew, being in reserve. His artillery, under Colonel [R. L.] Walker, was posted in eligible positions along his line. It was determined to make the principal attack upon the enemy's left, and endeavor to gain a position from which it was thought that our artillery could be brought to bear with effect. Longstreet was directed to place the divisions of McLaws and Hood on the right of Hill, partially enveloping the enemy's left, which he was to drive in. General Hill was ordered to threaten the enemy's centre to prevent reinforcements being drawn to either wing, and co-operate with his right division in Longstreet's attack. General Ewell was instructed to make a simultaneous demonstration upon the enemy's right, to be converted into a real attack should opportunity offer.

About 4 P. M. Longstreet's batteries opened, and soon afterward Hood's division, on the extreme right, moved to the attack. McLaws followed somewhat later, four of Anderson's brigades—those of Wilcox, Perry, [A. R.] Wright, and Posey—supporting him on the left in the order named. The enemy was soon driven from his position on the Emmettsburg road to the cover of a ravine and a line of stone fences at the foot of the ridge in his rear. He was dislodged from these after a severe struggle, and retired up the ridge, leaving a number of his batteries in our possession. Wilcox's and Wright's brigades advanced with great gallantry, breaking successive lines of the enemy's infantry and compelling him to abandon much of his artillery. Wilcox reached the foot and Wright gained the crest of the ridge itself, driving the enemy down the opposite side; but, having become separated from McLaws and gone beyond the other two brigades of the division, they were attacked in front and on both flanks and compelled to retire, being unable to bring off any of the captured artillery. McLaws's left also fell back, and, it being now nearly dark, General Longstreet determined to await the arrival of General Pickett. He disposed his command to hold the ground gained on the right, withdrawing his left to the first position from which the enemy had been driven.

Four pieces of artillery, several hundred prisoners, and two regimental flags

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were taken. As soon as the engagement began on our right General Johnson opened with his artillery, and about two hours later advanced up the hill next to Cemetery Hill with three brigades, the fourth being detained by a demonstration on his left. Soon afterward General Early attacked Cemetery Hill with two brigades, supported by a third, the fourth having been previously detached. The enemy had greatly increased the strength of the positions assailed by Johnson and Early by earthworks.

The troops of the former moved steadily up the steep and rugged ascent under a heavy fire, driving the enemy into his intrenchments, part of which was carried by Steuart's brigade, and a number of prisoners taken. The contest was continued to a late hour, but without further advantage. On Cemetery Hill the attack by Early's leading brigades—those of Hays and Hoke, under Colonel [I. E.] Avery—was made with vigor. Two lines of the enemy's infantry were dislodged from the cover of some stone and board fences on the side of the ascent and driven back into the works on the crest, into which our troops forced their way and seized several pieces of artillery. A heavy force advanced against their right, which was without support, and they were compelled to retire, bringing with them about 100 prisoners and 4 stands of colors. General Ewell had directed General Rodes to attack in concert with Early, covering his right, and had requested Brigadier-general Lane, then commanding Pender's division, to co-operate on the right of Rodes. When the time to attack arrived, General Rodes, not having his troops in position, was unprepared to co-operate with General Early, and before he could get in readiness the latter had been obliged to retire for want of the expected support on his right. General Lane was prepared to give the assistance required of him, and so informed General Rodes, but the latter deemed it useless to advance after the failure of Early's attack.

In this engagement our loss in men and officers was large. Major-generals Hood and Pender, Brigadier-generals [J. M.] Jones, Semmes, G. T. Anderson, and Barksdale, and Colonel Avery, commanding Hoke's brigade, were wounded, the last two mortally. Generals Pender and Semmes died after their removal to Virginia.

The result of this day's operations induced the belief that with proper concert of action, and with the increased support that the positions gained on the right would enable the artillery to render the assaulting columns, we should ultimately succeed, and it was accordingly determined to continue the attack. The general plan was unchanged. Longstreet, reinforced by Pickett's three brigades, which arrived near the battlefield during the afternoon of the 2d, was ordered to attack the next morning, and General Ewell was directed to assail the enemy's right at the same time. The latter during the night reinforced General Johnson with two brigades from Rodes's and one from Early's division.

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General Longstreet's dispositions were not completed as early as was expected, but before notice could be sent to General Ewell, General Johnson had already become engaged, and it was too late to recall him. The enemy attempted to recover the works taken the preceding evening, but was repulsed, and General Johnson attacked in turn. After a gallant and prolonged struggle, in which the enemy was forced to abandon part of his intrenchments, General Johnson found himself unable to carry the strongly-fortified crest of the hill. The projected attack on the enemy's left not having been made, he was enabled to hold his right with a force largely superior to that of General Johnson, and finally to threaten his flank and rear, rendering it necessary for him to retire to his original position about 1 P. M.

General Longstreet was delayed by a force occupying the high, rocky hills on the enemy's extreme left, from which his troops could be attacked in reverse as they advanced. His operations had been embarrassed the day previous by the same cause, and he now deemed it necessary to defend his flank and rear with the divisions of Hood and McLaws. He was therefore reinforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's, to the command of which Major-general Trimble was assigned. General Hill was directed to hold his line with the rest of his command, afford General Longstreet further assistance if required, and avail himself of any success that might be gained.

A careful examination was made of the ground secured by Longstreet, and his batteries placed in positions which it was believed would enable them to silence those of the enemy. Hill's artillery and part of Ewell's was ordered to open simultaneously, and the assaulting column to advance under cover of the combined fire of the three. The batteries were directed to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, protect their flanks, and support their attacks closely.

About 1 P. M., at a given signal, a heavy cannonade was opened and continued for about two hours with marked effect upon the enemy. His batteries replied vigorously at first, but toward the close their fire slackened perceptibly, and General Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's divisions, in two lines, Pickett on the right. Wilcox's brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right to guard that flank, and Heth's was supported by Lane's and Scales's brigades under General Trimble. The troops moved steadily on under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the main attack being directed against the enemy's left centre. His batteries reopened as soon as they appeared. Our own, having nearly exhausted their ammunition in the protracted cannonade that preceded the advance of the infantry, were unable to reply or render the necessary support to the attacking party. Owing to this fact, which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our left, already wavering under a concentrated fire of artillery from the ridge in front and from Cemetery Hill on the left. It finally gave way, and the right, after penetrating the en-

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emy's lines, entering his advance works and capturing some of his artillery, was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks and driven back with heavy loss. The troops were rallied and re-formed, but the enemy did not pursue.

A large number of brave officers and men fell or were captured on this occasion. Of Pickett's three brigade commanders, Generals Armistead and [R. B.] Garnett were killed and General Kemper dangerously wounded. Major-general Trimble and Brigadier-general Pettigrew were also wounded, the former severely.

The movements of the army preceding the battle of Gettysburg had been much embarrassed by the absence of the cavalry. As soon as it was known that the enemy had crossed into Maryland orders were sent to the brigades of [B. H.] Robertson and [Wm. E.] Jones, which had been left to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge, to rejoin the army without delay, and it was expected that General Stuart with the remainder of his command would soon arrive. In the exercise of the discretion given him when Longstreet and Hill marched into Maryland, General Stuart determined to pass around the rear of the Federal army with three brigades and cross the Potomac between it and Washington, believing that he would be able by that route to place himself on our right flank in time to keep us properly advised of the enemy's movements. He marched from Salem on the night of June 24th, intending to pass west of Centreville, but found the enemy's forces so distributed as to render that route impracticable. Adhering to his original plan, he was forced to make a wide détour through Buckland and Brentsville, and crossed the Occoquan at Wolf Run Shoals on the morning of the 27th. Continuing his march through Fairfax Court-house and Dranesville, he arrived at the Potomac below the mouth of Seneca Creek in the evening. He found the river much swollen by the recent rains, but after great exertion gained the Maryland shore before midnight with his whole command. He now ascertained that the Federal army, which he had discovered to be drawing toward the Potomac, had crossed the day before and was moving toward Fredericktown, thus interposing itself between him and our forces.

He accordingly marched northward through Rockville and Westminster to Hanover, Pa., where he arrived on the 30th; but the enemy advanced with equal rapidity on his left, and continued to obstruct communication with our main body.

Supposing from such information as he could obtain that part of the army was at Carlisle, he left Hanover that night and proceeded thither by way of Dover.

He reached Carlisle on July 1st, where he received orders to proceed to Gettysburg. He arrived in the afternoon of the following day and took position on General Ewell's left. His leading brigade, under General Hampton,

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encountered and repulsed a body of the enemy's cavalry at Hunterstown endeavoring to reach our rear.

General Stuart had several skirmishes during his march, and at Hanover quite a severe engagement took place with a strong force of cavalry, which was finally compelled to withdraw from the town.

The prisoners taken by the cavalry and paroled at various places amounted to about 800, and at Rockville a large train of wagons coming from Washington was intercepted and captured. Many of them were destroyed, but 125, with all the animals of the train, were secured.

The ranks of the cavalry were much reduced by its long and arduous march, repeated conflicts, and insufficient supplies of food and forage, but the day after its arrival at Gettysburg it engaged the enemy's cavalry with unabated spirit and effectually protected our left. In this action Brigadier-general Hampton was seriously wounded while acting with his accustomed gallantry.

Robertson's and Jones's brigades arrived on July 3d, and were stationed upon our right flank. The severe loss sustained by the army and the reduction of its ammunition rendered another attempt to dislodge the enemy inadvisable, and it was therefore determined to withdraw.

The trains, with such of the wounded as could bear removal, were ordered to Williamsport on July 4th, part moving through Cashtown and Greencastle, escorted by General Imboden, and the remainder by the Fairfield road. The army retained its position until dark, when it was put in motion for the Potomac by the last-named route. A heavy rain continued throughout the night, and so much impeded its progress that Ewell's corps, which brought up the rear, did not leave Gettysburg until late in the forenoon of the following day. The enemy offered no serious interruption, and after an arduous march we arrived at Hagerstown in the afternoon of the 6th and morning of July 7th.

The great length of our trains made it difficult to guard them effectually in passing through the mountains, and a number of wagons and ambulances were captured. They succeeded in reaching Williamsport on the 6th, but were unable to cross the Potomac on account of the high stage of water. Here they were attacked by a strong force of cavalry and artillery, which was gallantly repulsed by General Imboden, whose command had been strengthened by several batteries and by two regiments of infantry which had been detached at Winchester to guard prisoners and were returning to the army. While the enemy was being held in check General Stuart arrived with the cavalry, which had performed valuable service in guarding the flanks of the army during the retrograde movement, and after a short engagement drove him from the field. The rains that had prevailed almost without intermission since our entrance into Maryland, and greatly interfered with our movements, had made the Potomac unfordable, and the pontoon bridge left at Falling Waters had been partially destroyed by the enemy. The wounded and prisoners were sent over

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the river as rapidly as possible in a few ferry-boats, while the trains awaited the subsiding of the waters and the construction of a new pontoon bridge.

On July 8th the enemy's cavalry advanced toward Hagerstown, but was repulsed by General Stuart and pursued as far as Boonsboro'. With this exception nothing but occasional skirmishing occurred until the 12th, when the main body of the enemy arrived. The army then took a position previously selected, covering the Potomac from Williamsport to Falling Waters, where it remained for two days, with the enemy immediately in front, manifesting no disposition to attack, but throwing up intrenchments along his whole line.

By the 13th the river at Williamsport, though still deep, was fordable, and a good bridge was completed at Falling Waters, new boats having been constructed and some of the old recovered. As further delay would enable the enemy to obtain reinforcements, and as it was found difficult to procure a sufficient supply of flour for the troops, the working of the mills being interrupted by high water, it was determined to wait an attack no longer. Orders were accordingly given to cross the Potomac that night—Ewell's corps by the ford at Williamsport, and those of Longstreet and Hill on the bridge. The cavalry was directed to relieve the infantry skirmishers and bring up the rear. The movement was much retarded by a severe rain-storm and the darkness of the night. Ewell's corps, having the advantage of a turnpike road, marched with less difficulty, and crossed the river by 8 o'clock the following morning. The condition of the road to the bridge and the time consumed in the passage of the artillery, ammunition-wagons, and ambulances, which could not ford the river, so much delayed the progress of Longstreet and Hill that it was daylight before their troops began to cross. Heth's division was halted about a mile and a half from the bridge to protect the passage of the column.

No interruption was offered by the enemy until about 11 A. M., when his cavalry, supported by artillery, appeared in front of General Heth. A small number in advance of the main body was mistaken for our own cavalry retiring, no notice having been given of the withdrawal of the latter, and was suffered to approach our lines. They were immediately destroyed or captured, with the exception of two or three, but Brigadier-general Pettigrew, an officer of great merit and promise, was mortally wounded in the encounter. He survived his removal to Virginia only a few days.

The bridge being clear, General Heth began to withdraw. The enemy advanced, but his efforts to break our lines were repulsed, and the passage of the river was completed by 1 P. M. Owing to the extent of General Heth's line, some of his men most remote from the bridge were cut off before they could reach it, but the greater part of those taken by the enemy during the movement (supposed to amount in all to about 500) consisted of men from various commands who lingered behind, overcome by previous labors and hardships and the fatigue of a most trying night-march. There was no loss

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of material except a few broken wagons and two pieces of artillery, which the horses were unable to draw through the deep mud. Other horses were sent back for them, but the rear of the column had passed before their arrival. The army proceeded to the vicinity of Bunker Hill and Darkesville, where it halted to afford the troops repose.

The enemy made no effort to follow except with his cavalry, which crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and advanced to Martinsburg on July 16th. They were attacked by General Fitz Lee with his own and Chambliss's brigades, and driven back with loss.

When the army returned to Virginia it was intended to move into Loudoun, but the Shenandoah was found to be impassable. While waiting for it to subside the enemy crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge and seized the passes we designed to use. As he continued to advance along the eastern slope, apparently with the purpose of cutting us off from the railroad to Richmond, General Longstreet was ordered on July 19th to proceed to Culpeper Court-house by way of Front Royal. He succeeded in passing part of his command over the Shenandoah in time to prevent the occupation of Manassas and Chester gaps by the enemy, whose cavalry had already made its appearance. As soon as a pontoon bridge could be laid down the rest of his corps crossed the river and marched through Chester Gap to Culpeper Court-house, where it arrived on the 24th. He was followed by General A. P. Hill without serious opposition.

General Ewell having been detained in the Valley by an effort to capture a force of the enemy guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad west of Martinsburg, Wright's brigade was left to hold Manassas Gap until his arrival. He reached Front Royal on the 23d with Johnson's and Rodes's divisions, Early's being near Winchester, and found General Wright skirmishing with the enemy's infantry, which had already appeared in Manassas Gap. General Ewell supported Wright with Rodes's division and some artillery, and the enemy was held in check. Finding that the Federal force greatly exceeded his own, General Ewell marched through Thornton's Gap, and ordered Early to move up the Valley by Strasburg and New Market. He encamped near Madison Court-house on July 29th.

The enemy massed his army in the vicinity of Warrenton, and on the night of July 31st his cavalry, with a large supporting force of infantry, crossed the Rappahannock at Rappahannock Station and Kelly's Ford.

The next day they advanced toward Brandy Station, their progress being gallantly resisted by General Stuart with Hampton's brigade, commanded by Colonel [L. S.] Baker, who fell back gradually to our lines about two miles south of Brandy. Our infantry skirmishers advanced and drove the enemy beyond Brandy Station. It was now determined to place the army in a position to enable it more readily to oppose the enemy should he attempt to move

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southward, that near Culpeper Court-house being one that he could easily avoid. Longstreet and Hill were put in motion August 3d, leaving the cavalry at Culpeper. Ewell had been previously ordered from Madison, and by the 5th the army occupied the line of the Rapidan.

The highest praise is due to both officers and men for their conduct during the campaign. The privations and hardships of the march and camp were cheerfully encountered, and borne with a fortitude unsurpassed by our ancestors in their struggle for independence, while their courage in battle entitles them to rank with the soldiers of any army and of any time. Their forbearance and discipline under strong provocation to retaliate for the cruelty of the enemy to our own citizens is not the least claim to the respect and admiration of their countrymen and of the world.

I forward returns of our loss in killed, wounded, and missing. Many of the latter were killed or wounded in the several assaults at Gettysburg, and necessarily left in the hands of the enemy. I cannot speak of these brave men as their merits and exploits deserve. Some of them are appropriately mentioned in the accompanying reports, and the memory of all will be gratefully and affectionately cherished by the people in whose defence they fell.

The loss of Major-general Pender is severely felt by the army and the country. He served with this army from the beginning of the war, and took a distinguished part in all its engagements. Wounded on several occasions, he never left his command in action until he received the injury that resulted in his death. His promise and usefulness as an officer were only equalled by the purity and excellence of his private life.

Brigadier-generals Armistead, Barksdale, Garnett, and Semmes died as they had lived, discharging the highest duty of patriots with devotion that never faltered and courage that shrank from no danger.

I earnestly commend to the attention of the Government those gallant officers and men whose conduct merited the special commendation of their superiors, but whose names I am unable to mention in this report.

The officers of the general staff of the army were unremittingly engaged in the duties of their respective departments. Much depended on their management and exertion. The labors of the quartermaster's, commissary, and medical departments were more than usually severe. The inspectors-general were also laboriously occupied in their attention to the troops both on the march and in camp, and the officers of engineers showed skill and judgment in expediting the passage of rivers and streams, the swollen condition of which by almost continuous rains called for extraordinary exertion.

The chief of ordnance and his assistants are entitled to praise for the care and watchfulness given to the ordnance trains and ammunition of the army, which in a long march and in many conflicts were always at hand and accessible to the troops.

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My thanks are due to my personal staff for the constant aid afforded me at all times on the march and in the field, and their willing discharge of every duty.

There were captured at Gettysburg nearly 7000 prisoners, of whom about 1500 were paroled and the remainder brought to Virginia. Seven pieces of artillery were also secured.

I forward herewith the reports of the corps, division, and other commanders mentioned in the accompanying schedule,* together with maps* of the scene of operations, and one showing the routes pursued by the army.

Respectfully submitted,

R. E. LEE,
General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,
Adjt.- and Insp.-gen. C. S. Army, Richmond, Va.

REPORT OF SURGEON LAFAYETTE GUILD, C. S. ARMY, MEDICAL DIRECTOR, WITH RETURN OF CASUALTIES IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE,
Camp near Culpeper Court-house, July 29, 1863.

SIR: At midnight July 3d, after the fiercest and most sanguinary battle ever fought on this continent, the general commanding gave orders for our army to withdraw from Gettysburg and fall back to Hagerstown. I enclose you a copy of my instructions to the corps [of] medical directors issued on that occasion.† Every available means of transportation was called into requisition for removing the wounded from the field infirmaries, and on the evening of the 4th our ambulance-trains took up their line of march by two routes, guarded as well as could be by our broken-down and inefficient cavalry. One train went by Cashtown, the other by Fairfax. The latter train was attacked by a body of the enemy's cavalry, who destroyed many wagons and paroled the wounded private soldiers, but taking with them all of the officers who fell into their hands. The former train was more fortunate; however, it, too, was attacked by the enemy, and met with some little loss in wagons and prisoners. The poor wounded suffered very much indeed in their rapid removal by day and night over rough roads, through mountain-passes, and across streams toward the Potomac. Those who could be removed from the battlefield and infirmaries were concentrated at Williamsport and transferred to the Virginia bank of the

* On file. † Not found.

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river by rafts and ferry-boats as rapidly as the swollen condition of the stream would permit.

Since my hasty and imperfect letter of the 10th instant from the vicinity of Hagerstown, Md., I have not had time or opportunity to report to you more fully our movements. At Hagerstown, as I informed you in my last letter, we fully expected another battle, and prepared for it. We waited there six long days, nearly every day the two armies engaging in desultory skirmishing. When the enemy made his appearance in force, instead of attacking us, as we expected, he commenced fortifying himself all along our line of battle, his line being little less than a mile from ours.

Our supplies for both men and animals were being rapidly exhausted, and the enemy declining battle by laying aside his muskets and taking to his picks and shovels, orders were given for us to resume our march toward the Potomac on the 13th instant. The army crossed at three points (two fords near Williamsport—very deep and bad fords, the river being swollen, at which quite a number of animals were drowned; and the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters) without molestation from the enemy, who contented himself with picking up stragglers. Our crossing the river without annoyance evidently shows that the enemy was very badly crippled and could not risk another general engagement. The sufferings of the wounded were distressing. Indeed, the healthiest and most robust suffered extremely in crossing the river.

The head of our column commenced its passage at dark on the 13th instant, and in the afternoon of the 14th the rear-guard reached the south bank.

On July 15th we encamped near Bunker Hill, twelve miles north of Winchester, and remained there until the 21st, refreshing the troops and removing to the rear our sick and wounded from Winchester and Jordan [Alum?] Springs, at which place I found about 4000 sick and wounded, steps for their removal to Staunton being immediately taken. All who could bear transportation were gotten off by the 22d instant, less than 150 remaining at the two places. Mount Jackson and Harrisonburg have been used simply as wayside hospitals, where the sick and wounded were refreshed with food and wounds re-dressed, medical officers with supplies of all kinds being stationed at the two points.

On the 22d the army resumed its march, the First and Third corps taking different routes to Front Royal and Chester Gap, where they were convalesced and the march continued to this point, where they encamped on the 25th, and are now resting after their arduous night-marches through great inclemency of weather. The Second army corps crossed the Blue Ridge at Thornton's Gap, south of Chester Gap, and will encamp in our vicinity to-day. Considerable sickness has been the consequence of their fatigues and exposure. Diarrhœa, dysentery, continued fever, and rheumatism preponderate. I have prohibited the establishment of a hospital at Culpeper Court-house, but organized a dépôt for the sick and wounded who cannot be treated in camp. Those who should

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go to general hospital are sent with all despatch to Gordonsville for distribution. The sick and wounded should, in my opinion, by no means be allowed to accumulate at Gordonsville. It is or may be at any time exposed to cavalry raids, and the inhuman enemy invariably, when an opportunity offers, drag our sick and wounded officers (at the sacrifice of their lives) into their own lines.

Mount Jackson and Harrisonburg, in the valley of the Shenandoah, should be abandoned as hospitals, as far as practicable, leaving only those patients whose lives would be endangered by transportation.

I have ordered Surgeon [R. J.] Breckinridge, medical inspector of the army, to proceed to the hospitals near the army where our sick and wounded have been sent since the battle of Gettysburg, and to have all returned to their regiments who are fit for duty. I enclose for your information a copy of my letter of instructions to him and order from the general commanding. The list of casualties has been forwarded to my office, and embrace the whole army with the exception of two brigades, which I have taken steps to have made out.

Our loss at Gettysburg was very heavy indeed, numbering about 14,000 killed and wounded. The consolidated list will be furnished you at an early day.

At the battle of Winchester, fought by General Ewell's corps on June 13th, 14th, and 15th, our loss was comparatively small—42 killed and 210 wounded. I will also forward to you very soon the list of casualties properly prepared.

Complaints are very frequently made by medical officers and officers of the line that many of the sick and wounded who are sent to general hospital are never heard from, the hospital surgeons failing to report deaths, discharges, furloughs, etc. I would again respectfully request that means be adopted for the correction of this neglect of duty on the part of medical officers in general hospital. I am exceedingly anxious to have a personal interview with you relative to some changes in the organization of our corps in the field, particularly in the purveying department. It is impossible for me to visit Richmond at this time, but I hope soon to have an opportunity. My office is exhausted of blank forms. Please have forwarded to me the following, viz.:

* * * * * * * * *

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. GUILD,

Medical Director Army of Northern Virginia.

SURGEON-GENERAL S. P. MOORE,
Richmond, Va.

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Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, GENERAL R. E. LEE *commanding, during the Gettysburg Campaign.*

FIRST CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

McLAWS'S DIVISION.

Major-general Lafayette McLaws.

Kershaw's [1st] Brigade.	*Semmes's [2d] Brigade.*	*Barksdale's [3d] Brigade.*
Brigadier-general J. B. Kershaw.	Brig.-gen. P. J. Semmes (wd.). Colonel Goode Bryan.	Brig.-gen. W. Barksdale (wd.). Colonel B. G. Humphreys.
2d South Carolina.	10th Georgia.	13th Mississippi.
3d South Carolina.	50th Georgia.	17th Mississippi.
7th South Carolina.	51st Georgia.	18th Mississippi.
8th South Carolina.	53d Georgia.	21st Mississippi.
15th South Carolina.		
3d South Carolina Batt.		

Wofford's [4th] Brigade.	*Artillery.*
Brigadier-general W. T. Wofford.	Colonel H. C. Cabell.
16th Georgia.	Carlton's Ga. Bat. (Troup Artillery).
18th Georgia.	Fraser's Ga. Bat. (Pulaski Artillery).
24th Georgia.	McCarthy's Bat. (1st Richmond Howitzers).
Cobb's Georgia Legion.	Manly's North Carolina Battery.
Phillips's Georgia Legion.	

PICKETT'S DIVISION.

Major-general George E. Pickett.

Garnett's [1st] Brigade.	*Armistead's [2d] Brigade.*	*Kemper's [3d] Brigade.*
Brig.-gen. R. B. Garnett (kd.). Major George C. Cabell.	Brig.-gen. L. A. Armistead (kd.). Colonel W. R. Aylett.	Brig.-gen. J. L. Kemper (wd.). Colonel Joseph Mayo, Jr.
8th Virginia.	9th Virginia.	1st Virginia.
18th Virginia.	14th Virginia.	3d Virginia.
19th Virginia.	38th Virginia.	7th Virginia.
28th Virginia.	53d Virginia.	11th Virginia.
56th Virginia.	57th Virginia.	24th Virginia.

*Corse's [4th] Brigade.**	*Artillery.*
Brigadier-general M. D. Corse.	Major James Dearing.
15th Virginia.	Blount's Virginia Battery.
17th Virginia.	Caskie's Va. Bat. (Hampden Artillery).
29th Virginia.	Macon's Bat. (Richmond Fayette Art.).
30th Virginia.	Stribling's Va. Bat (Fauquier Artillery).

HOOD'S DIVISION.

Major-general John B. Hood (wounded).

Law's (1st) Brigade.	*Anderson's (2d) Brigade.*	*Robertson's (3d) Brigade.*
Brig.-gen. E. M. Law. Col. Jas. L. Sheffield.	Brig.-gen. Geo. T. Anderson (wd.). Colonel W. W. White.	Brig.-gen. J. B. Robertson.
4th Alabama.	7th Georgia.	3d Arkansas.
15th Alabama.	8th Georgia.	1st Texas.
44th Alabama.	9th Georgia.	4th Texas.
47th Alabama.	11th Georgia.	5th Texas.
48th Alabama.	59th Georgia.	

* Not engaged at Gettysburg; encamped at Gordonsville July 1st to 8th.

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Benning's (4th) Brigade.

Brigadier-general H. L. Benning.

2d Georgia.
15th Georgia.
17th Georgia
20th Georgia.

Artillery.

Major M. W. Henry.

Bachman's S. C. Bat. (German Artillery).
Garden's S. C. Bat. (Palmetto Light Art.).
Latham's N. C. Bat. (Branch Artillery).
Reilly's N. C. Battery (Rowan Artillery).

RESERVE ARTILLERY FIRST CORPS.

Colonel J. B. Walton, Chief of Artillery.

Alexander's Battalion.

Colonel E. P. Alexander.

Jordan's Va. Battery (Bedford Artillery).
Moody's La. Battery (Madison Light Art.).
Parker's Virginia Battery.
Rhett's S. C. Battery (Brooks Artillery).
Taylor's Virginia Battery.
Woolfolk's Va. Battery (Ashland Artillery).

Washington (La.) Artillery.

Major B. F. Eshleman.

Miller's 3d Company.
Norcom's 4th Company.
Richardson's 2d Company.
Squire's 1st Company.

SECOND CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL RICHARD S. EWELL.

EARLY'S DIVISION.

Major-general Jubal A. Early.

Hays's [1st] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Harry T. Hays.

5th Louisiana.
6th Louisiana.
7th Louisiana.
8th Louisiana.
9th Louisiana.

Hoke's [2d] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. R. F. Hoke.
Colonel Isaac E. Avery (wd.).
Colonel A. C. Godwin.

6th North Carolina.
21st North Carolina.
54th North Carolina.
57th North Carolina.
1st North Carolina Battalion.

Smith's [3d] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. William Smith.
Colonel John S. Hoffman.

13th Virginia.
31st Virginia.
49th Virginia.
52d Virginia.
58th Virginia.

Gordon's [4th] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. J. B. Gordon.

13th Georgia.
26th Georgia.
31st Georgia.
38th Georgia.
60th Georgia.
61st Georgia.

Artillery.

Lieutenant-colonel H. P. Jones.

Carrington's Virginia Battery (Charlottesville Artillery).
Garber's Virginia Battery (Staunton Artillery).
Green's Battery (Louisiana Guard Artillery).
Tanner's Virginia Battery (Courtney Artillery).

JOHNSON'S DIVISION.

Major-general Edward Johnson.

Steuart's [1st] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. George H. Steuart.

1st Maryland Battalion.
1st North Carolina.
3d North Carolina.
10th Virginia.
23d Virginia.
37th Virginia.

Nicholl's [2d] Brigade.

Colonel J. M. Williams.
Brig.-gen. A. Iverson.*

1st Louisiana.
2d Louisiana.
10th Louisiana.
14th Louisiana.
15th Louisiana.

Walker's [3d] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. James A. Walker.

2d Virginia.
4th Virginia.
5th Virginia.
27th Virginia.
33d Virginia.

* Assigned July 19th.

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Jones's [4th] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. John M. Jones (wd.).
Lieut.-col. R. H. Dungan.
Colonel B. T. Johnson.

21st Virginia.
25th Virginia.
42d Virginia.
44th Virginia.
48th Virginia.
50th Virginia.

Artillery.

Lieutenant-colonel R. S. Andrews.

Brown's Maryland Battery (Chesapeake Artillery).
Carpenter's Virginia Battery (Alleghany Artillery).
Dement's 1st Maryland Battery.
Raine's Virginia Battery (Lee Battery).

RODES'S DIVISION.

Major-general R. E. Rodes.

Daniel's [1st] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Junius Daniel.

32d North Carolina.
43d North Carolina.
45th North Carolina.
53d North Carolina.
2d North Carolina Battalion.

*Iverson's [2d] Brigade.**

Brig.-gen. Alfred Iverson.
Brig.-gen. S. D. Ramseur.

5th North Carolina.
12th North Carolina.
20th North Carolina.
23d North Carolina.

Doles's [3d] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. George Doles.

4th Georgia.
12th Georgia.
21st Georgia.
44th Georgia.

Ramseur's [4th] Brigade.†

Brig.-gen. S. D. Ramseur.

2d North Carolina.
4th North Carolina.
14th North Carolina.
30th North Carolina.

O'Neal's [5th] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. E. A. O'Neal.
Colonel C. A. Battle.

3d Alabama.
5th Alabama.
6th Alabama.
12th Alabama.
16th Alabama.

Artillery.

Lieut.-col. Thomas H. Carter.

Carter's Virginia Battery (King William Artillery).
Fry's Va. Bat. (Orange Art.).
Page's Va. Bat. (Morris Art.).
Reese's Alabama Battery (Jeff. Davis Artillery).

RESERVE ARTILLERY SECOND CORPS.

Colonel J. Thompson Brown, Chief of Artillery.

Brown's Battalion.†

Captain W. J. Dance.

Dance's Va. Battery (Powhatan Artillery).
Hupp's Virginia Battery (Salem Artillery).
Graham's Va. Bat. (Rockbridge Artillery).
Smith's Battery (3d Richmond Howitzers).
Watson's Battery (2d Richmond Howitzers).

Nelson's Battalion.

Lieutenant-colonel William Nelson.

Kirkpatrick's Va. Bat. (Amherst Art.).
Massie's Va. Battery (Fluvanna Art.).
Milledge's Georgia Battery.

THIRD CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AMBROSE P. HILL.

ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

Major-general R. H. Anderson.

Wilcox's [1st] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. C. M. Wilcox.

8th Alabama.
9th Alabama.
10th Alabama.
11th Alabama.
14th Alabama.

Mahone's [2d] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. William Mahone.

6th Virginia.
12th Virginia.
16th Virginia.
41st Virginia.
61st Virginia.

Wright's [3d] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. A. R. Wright.
Captain E. H. Wright.

3d Georgia.
22d Georgia.
48th Georgia.
2d Georgia Battalion.

* Temporarily consolidated July 10, 1863.

† 1st Virginia Artillery.

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Perry's [4th] Brigade.

Colonel David Lang.
Brig.-gen. E. A. Perry.

2d Florida.
5th Florida.
8th Florida.

Posey's [5th] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Carnot Posey.

12th Mississippi.
16th Mississippi.
19th Mississippi.
48th Mississippi.

Artillery (Sumter Batt.).

Major John Lane.

Patterson's Georgia Bat.
Ross's Georgia Battery.
Wingfield's Georgia Bat. (Irwin Artillery).

HETH'S DIVISION.

Major-general Henry Heth.
Brigadier-general J. J. Pettigrew.

*First Brigade.**

Brig.-gen. J. J. Pettigrew (wd.).
Colonel J. K. Marshall.
Col. T. C. Singeltary.

11th North Carolina.
26th North Carolina.
44th North Carolina.†
47th North Carolina.
52d North Carolina.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Chas. W. Field.
Col. J. M. Brockenbrough.
Brig.-gen. H. H. Walker.‡

40th Virginia.
47th Virginia.
55th Virginia.
22d Virginia Battalion.

*Third Brigade.**

Brig.-gen. James J. Archer.
Colonel B. D. Fry.
Brig.-gen. H. H. Walker.

13th Alabama.
5th Alabama Battalion.
1st Tenn. (Prov. Army).
7th Tennessee.
14th Tennessee.

Fourth Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Jos. R. Davis.

2d Mississippi.
11th Mississippi.
42d Mississippi.
55th North Carolina.

Artillery.

Lieutenant-colonel John J. Garnett.
Major Charles Richardson.

Grandy's Va. Bat. (Norfolk Light Art. Blues).
Lewis's Virginia Battery.
Maurin's La. Battery (Donaldsonville Art.).
Moore's Virginia Battery.

PENDER'S DIVISION.

Major-gen. William D. Pender (wd.).
Brigadier-general James H. Lane.

First Brigade.

Brig.-gen. S. McGowan.
Colonel A. Perrin.

1st South Carolina.
1st South Carolina Rifles.
12th South Carolina.
13th South Carolina.
14th South Carolina.

Second Brigade.§

Brig.-gen. James. H. Lane.

7th North Carolina.
18th North Carolina.
28th North Carolina.
33d North Carolina.
37th North Carolina.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-gen. E. L. Thomas.

14th Georgia.
35th Georgia.
45th Georgia.
49th Georgia.

Fourth Brigade.§

Brig.-gen. A. M. Scales (wd.).
Colonel W. Lee Lowrance.

13th North Carolina.
16th North Carolina.
22d North Carolina.
34th North Carolina.
38th North Carolina.

Artillery.

Major William T. Poague.

Brooke's Virginia Battery.
Graham's North Carolina Battery.
Ward's Miss. Battery (Madison Light Artillery).
Wyatt's Virginia Battery (Albemarle Artillery).

* Temporarily consolidated July 10th, under Pettigrew's command.
† Left at Hanover Junction, and not engaged at Gettysburg.
‡ Assigned July 19th. Appears in return for July 31st as commanding both 2d and 3d brigades.
§ Under Trimble's command July 3d.

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RESERVE ARTILLERY THIRD CORPS.

Colonel R. L. Walker, Chief of Artillery.

McIntosh's Battalion.

Major D. G. McIntosh.

Hurt's Ala. Bat. (Hardaway Artillery).
Lusk's Virginia Battery.
Johnson's Virginia Battery.
Rice's Va. Battery (Danville Artillery).

Pegram's Battalion.

Major W. J. Pegram.
Captain E. B. Brunson.

Brander's Va. Battery (Letcher Artillery).
Brunson's S. C. Battery (Pee Dee Art.).
Crenshaw's Virginia Battery.
McGraw's Va. Battery (Purcell Artillery).
Marye's Va. Battery (Fredericksburg Art.).

CAVALRY.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

Hampton's [1st] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Wade Hampton.
Colonel L. S. Baker.

1st North Carolina.
1st South Carolina.
2d South Carolina.
Cobb's Georgia Legion.
Jeff. Davis Legion.
Phillips's Georgia Legion.

Robertson's [2d] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. B. H. Robertson.*

4th North Carolina.
5th North Carolina.

Fitz Lee's [3d] Brigade.

Colonel Thomas T. Munford.

1st Maryland Battalion (?).
1st Virginia.
2d Virginia.
3d Virginia.
4th Virginia.
5th Virginia.

Jenkins's [4th] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. A. G. Jenkins.

14th Virginia.
16th Virginia.
17th Virginia.
34th Virginia Battalion.
36th Virginia Battalion.

Jones's [5th] Brigade.

Brig.-gen. Wm. E. Jones.

6th Virginia.
7th Virginia.
11th Virginia.
12th Virginia.
35th Virginia Battalion.

W. H. F. Lee's [6th] Brigade.

Colonel J. R. Chambliss.

2d North Carolina.
9th Virginia.
10th Virginia.
13th Virginia.
15th Virginia.

Not Brigaded (?).

Imboden's Command.
43d Virginia (Mosby's) Battalion.

Stuart Horse Artillery.†

Major R. F. Beckham (?).

Breathed's Maryland Battery.
Chew's Virginia Battery.
Griffin's 2d Maryland Battery.
Hart's South Carolina Battery (Washington Artillery).
McGregor's Virginia Battery.
Moorman's Virginia Battery.

* Relieved at his own request August 4, 1863.
† Captain Thomas E. Jackson's battery appears on return for July 31, 1863, as in the cavalry division, but it is not mentioned in reports of the campaign.

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Abstract from Return of the Army of Northern Virginia, GENERAL R. E. LEE *commanding, for July 20, 1863—Bunker Hill, Va.*

COMMAND.	Present for duty.		Aggregate present.	Aggregate present and absent.	Aggregate last return.
	Officers.	Men.			
General staff	16	...	16	16	16
FIRST CORPS.					
LIEUT.-GEN. LONGSTREET.					
Staff	11	...	11	13	11
McLaws's division*	...	...	5,647	12,301	5,463
Pickett's division	...	...	4,696	11,644	...
Hood's division	...	...	5,693	11,428	5,691
Total	...	...	16,047	35,386	...
SECOND CORPS.					
LIEUT.-GEN. EWELL.					
Staff	18	...	18	21	...
Rodes's division	...	...	6,223	15,001	5,822
Early's division	...	...	5,553	13,056	4,791
Johnson's division	...	...	4,642	12,211	4,194
Total	...	...	16,436	40,289	14,807
THIRD CORPS.					
LIEUT.-GEN. A. P. HILL.					
Staff	15	...	15	16	11
Anderson's division	...	...	5,820	13,069	5,508
Heth's division†	...	...	2,388	...	2,509
Pender's division	...	...	3,975	12,855	3,616
Total	...	...	12,198	25,940	11,644
Artillery.					
Brig.-gen. Pendleton.					
First Army corps	...	...	1,967	2,900	1,325
Second Army corps	...	...	1,651	2,660	1,528
Third Army corps‡	...	...	1,869	2,724	...
Total	...	...	5,487	8,284	...
Stuart's cavalry division ‖	...	...	...	...	...
Grand total	...	...	50,184	109,915	...

* "Present" last return not reported.
‡ "Present" last return not reported.
† Absent not reported.
‖ Not reported.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 27, 1864.

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit a report of the operations of this army on the occasion of the advance of the Federal forces under Major-general Meade, in November, 1863.

After its return from Culpeper, as previously reported, the army occupied the line of the Rapidan without interruption until November 26th. The enemy was encamped in the vicinity of Culpeper Court-house and between that place and the Rappahannock. On the day last mentioned large bodies of troops were observed moving toward the lower fords of the Rapidan, and at a later hour intelligence was received that the enemy had crossed that river in force at Ely's, Culpeper Mine, Germanna, and Jacob's fords. The country in that vicinity was unfavorable for observation, being almost an unbroken forest, and it could not be discovered whether it was the design of the Federal commander to advance toward Richmond or move up the Rapidan upon our right flank.

The army was withdrawn from its lines during the night of the 26th, and put in motion with the intention of falling upon his flank and rear should he attempt the first-mentioned movement, or giving battle should he essay the execution of the second. Lieutenant-general Ewell being absent on account of sickness, his corps was placed under the command of Major-general Early, who was directed to move by the old turnpike and Raccoon Ford roads to Locust Grove. Hill's corps marched down the plank road. Hampton's division of cavalry, accompanied by General Stuart, preceded the advance of the main body. The defence of our line on the Rapidan was entrusted to Fitz Lee's cavalry division.

During the forenoon of the 27th the cavalry in front reported the enemy advancing up the turnpike and plank road, but as it was supposed that it might be only a force thrown out to cover the movement of the main body toward Fredericksburg, the march of the troops was continued. About a mile and a half east of Mine Run, General Hill's leading division, under General Heth, met the cavalry slowly retiring before the enemy. A brigade of infantry was deployed to support the cavalry, and after a brisk skirmish the progress of the enemy was arrested.

In the mean time, Early's division, under General Hays, advanced on the old turnpike to within less than a mile of Locust Grove, and discovered that the enemy's infantry already occupied that place. General Rodes, who had marched by Zoar Church into the Raccoon Ford road, came up soon afterward and took position on the left of Hays. Sharp skirmishing ensued, but as the enemy had an advantageous position and the density of the woods rendered it impossible to ascertain his strength, it was deemed best to defer the attack until the arrival of General Johnson's division. General Johnson marched on the

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Raccoon Ford road by Bartlett's mill, and the head of his column had nearly reached General Rodes, when, at a point less than two miles from the mill, his ambulance-train, moving in advance of the rear brigade under General G. H. Steuart, was fired into from the left of the road. General Steuart immediately formed his command and took measures to protect the train. Upon advancing his skirmishers it was discovered that the attacking party consisted of infantry, apparently in considerable force. General Johnson countermarched the other brigades of his division and formed them on the right of General Steuart. After skirmishing for some time, about 4 P. M. he ordered a general advance, and after a sharp engagement the enemy was driven back through the woods and pursued into an open field beyond. The density of the forest rendered it impossible for the troops to preserve their line unbroken in the advance, and prevented the proper concert of action. General Johnson was therefore unable to follow up his success, the numbers of the enemy greatly exceeding his own, and re-formed his troops on the edge of the open ground, which position they continued to hold until dark.

The force of the enemy encountered by General Johnson—consisting, as was afterward ascertained, of one army corps and part of another—crossed the Rapidan at Jacob's Ford, and marched thence by a road which enters the Raccoon Ford road near Payne's farm, where the action took place. The usual precaution had been taken by General Johnson to guard against a flank attack, but owing to the character of the country the presence of the enemy was not discovered until his skirmishers fired upon the ambulance-train. The ground was unfavorable for the use of artillery, but sections of Carpenter's and Dement's batteries participated in the engagement and rendered efficient and valuable service.

Our total loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 545.

Lieutenant-colonel [S. T.] Walton, commanding Twenty-third Virginia regiment, was killed, and Colonel Raleigh T. Colston, commanding Second Virginia regiment, severely wounded, while leading their respective commands with conspicuous gallantry. Colonel Colston has since died. General Johnson mentions with well-merited praise the conduct of those brave and lamented officers.

The promptness with which this unexpected attack was met and repulsed reflects great credit upon General Johnson and the officers and men of his division.

While these events were transpiring information was received from Brigadier-general Rosser, whose brigade of cavalry was guarding the roads leading from Ely's and Germanna fords to Fredericksburg, that the whole Federal army after crossing the Rapidan had moved up the river in the direction of Orange Court-house. General Rosser had attacked a train of wagons near Wilderness Tavern and captured a large number, some of which he

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brought off, and destroyed the remainder. He also secured 280 mules and 150 prisoners.

Preparations were made to meet the attack which this information led us to expect, but as the enemy did not advance, the army was withdrawn during the night to the west side of Mine Run, where it took up a more favorable position and proceeded to strengthen it with intrenchments.

The next day the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the creek immediately in our front, and skirmishing took place along the whole line, but no attack was made.

On the night of the 28th General Stuart was ordered with Hampton's cavalry to endeavor to gain the rear of the enemy and ascertain his purpose. He penetrated as far as Parker's shop on the plank road, where he attacked and defeated a body of Federal cavalry, but the pursuit was arrested by the intelligence that the movements of the enemy indicated that a general engagement was imminent. He resumed his position on our right flank during the night, having captured more than 100 prisoners and a quantity of military stores.

On the morning of the 29th a heavy fire of artillery was opened upon our lines which was supposed to be preparatory to a general assault, a large force having been previously concentrated opposite our right. Our batteries responded occasionally, but the artillery fire ceased in about an hour, and nothing but the usual skirmishing took place during the remainder of the day.

Believing that the enemy would not abandon an enterprise undertaken with so great a display of force without giving battle, I was unwilling to lose the advantage of our position, and awaited the development of his plans until the night of December 1st, but, finding that he hesitated to bring on an engagement, I determined to move against him on the following morning. The troops were disposed for the purpose before dawn, but as soon as it became light enough to distinguish objects his pickets were found to have disappeared, and on advancing our skirmishers it was discovered that his whole army had retreated under cover of the night. Pursuit was immediately commenced, but on arriving near the river it was found that the Federal army had recrossed at Germanna, Culpeper Mine, and Ely's fords. The withdrawal had no doubt begun the previous afternoon, but was concealed by the dense forest through which the roads of retreat lay. The same cause prevented the efficient use of our cavalry and rendered it necessary for the infantry to pursue with caution. About 500 prisoners fell into our hands.

Our casualties were slight with the exception of those sustained by Johnson's division in the action at Payne's farm. They are stated in the accompanying returns. Among them were several valuable officers whose names are appropriately mentioned in the reports of their superiors.

The army returned to its former position on the Rapidan.

The conduct of both officers and men throughout these operations deserves

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the highest commendation. The promptness with which they marched to meet the enemy, their uncomplaining fortitude while lying in line of battle for five days exposed without shelter to a drenching storm, followed by intense cold, and their steadiness and cheerful resolution in anticipation of an attack, could not have been excelled.

As has been already stated, the country was very unfavorable for cavalry. Hampton's division rendered good service in guarding our right flank. Fitz Lee's division repulsed several efforts of the Federal cavalry under General Kilpatrick to gain the south side of the Rapidan at Raccoon and Morton's fords in rear of our left.

I cannot conclude without alluding to the wanton destruction of the property of citizens by the enemy. Houses were torn down or rendered uninhabitable, furniture and farming implements broken or destroyed, and many families, most of them in humble circumstances, stripped of all they possessed and left without shelter and without food. I have never witnessed on any previous occasion such entire disregard of the usages of civilized warfare and the dictates of humanity.

I forward herewith the reports of corps, division, and other commanders, and a map of the scene of operations.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,
Adjutant- and Inspector-general, Richmond, Va.

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CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS OF GENERAL LEE TO THE AUTHORITIES AT RICHMOND DURING THE YEARS 1863, 1864, AND 1865.

THE report just given, covering the campaign of the autumn of 1863, is the last detailed account of his battles ever written by General Lee. From that time forward fighting was too continuous to permit of his writing out the events of the war in detail. Valuable as would have been a report from his hand of the great events of the last year of the war, there is none such in existence, and he has left it to historians to describe the important battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, though in no other engagements of the war did his transcendent military genius more clearly display itself. Fortunately, however, a considerable number of his letters in relation to military events are still in existence. These have been placed at the service of the authors of this work, who take great pleasure in laying them before the reader from the fact that they are full of important information, hitherto unpublished, concerning the military history of the Confederate States.

Many of these letters belong to the period covered by the reports just given, those of the Gettysburg and the subsequent campaign; but, while to some extent they repeat the information contained in those reports, a considerable number of them relate to other subjects, often of great importance. We give the more valuable of these latter, either in full or in the form of extracts which include all that they contain of essential significance, while omitting details of minor importance.

These letters serve to clearly indicate that the attention of General Lee was by no means confined to the management of the Army of Northern Virginia or to the mere planning of campaigns and fighting of battles, but that he had constantly in view the duty of providing for the necessities of his soldiers and perfecting the organization of the army, while acting as military adviser of the President in relation to the affairs of the whole Confederacy, over which he exercised a clear-headed military supervision. There is good reason to believe that many of the successes of the armies of the Confederate States were due to his judicious advice, and that his victories were not confined to Virginia, but that he could properly have claimed a silent share in victorious movements throughout the entire South. General Lee was by no means a mere army-leader. He was a strategist and organizer of the highest grade, and had he never led an army in the field, but confined his powers to cabinet duties at Richmond, he would still have been of incalculable service to the Confederacy,

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and have wielded all the armies of the nation with the unmatched skill which he displayed in the handling of the corps under his immediate command.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Feb. 5, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT C. S.,

MR. PRESIDENT: Your Excellency's letter of the 4th inst. has just been received. I yesterday addressed a communication to the Secretary of War giving the reasons which rendered it possible that an attack would be made upon Charleston. In addition, I will say that the fall of Savannah will not carry with it the advantages to the United States Government which would result from the possession of Charleston. It is to be expected, then, that demonstrations will be made against the former city to attract those reinforcements. As soon as the point of attack is ascertained, I would recommend that all the troops which can be spared from the city not in danger should be rapidly thrown to the other, as it is clear that both cities cannot be attacked at the same time. Attempts will be made to deceive by advancing against the point not intended for the real attack such gunboats, vessels, and troops as will not be required against the other, and discrimination will be required to discover the feint. As far as I can learn at this distance, it seems that the iron-clad gunboats of the enemy are south of the Cape Fear River, and that General Foster with his troops has gone south too. I do not think, therefore, that Wilmington is at present in danger of being attacked, though no doubt efforts will be made to detain all of our troops there. They can, however, I think, with safety be detached to Charleston. Should a sufficient force not be left in North Carolina to guard our lines, which cannot under the circumstances be seriously threatened, some regiments of General Wise's brigade might be temporarily ordered to take their place. In case of necessity troops from this army can be sent to Richmond, and if you think the exigency of the south more pressing than here, I will send them at once. In my letter of yesterday to the Secretary of War I stated the reasons why I thought we might expect the advance of General Hooker. The weather to-day is unfavorable for his movements, and it may prove so for some time.

It appears to me that if either Charleston or Savannah is attacked, the rest of the coast may be stripped pretty bare of troops without imprudence. The troops of this army are ready to move at a moment's warning, and all I require is notice when they are wanted. I presume but few of the enemy's troops are left in North Carolina—perhaps not more than enough to guard his positions.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your obdt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG,
21 March, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT C. S.,

MR. PRESIDENT: Upon an examination of the Senate bill presented by General Sparrow for the organization of the staff of the army, I think some changes might be made to advantage. These will readily occur to you, and I will therefore allude to them generally.

I think it important, and indeed necessary, to simplify the mechanism of our army as much as possible, yet still to give it sufficient power to move and regulate the whole body. Our armies are necessarily very large in comparison with those we have heretofore had to manage. Some of our divisions exceed the army General Scott entered the city of Mexico with, and our brigades are larger than his divisions. The greatest difficulty I find is in causing orders and regulations to be obeyed. This arises not from a spirit of disobedience, but from ignorance. We therefore have need of a corps of officers to teach others their duty, see to the observance of orders, and to the regularity and precision of all movements. This is accomplished in the French service by their staff corps, educated, instructed, and practised for the purpose. The same circumstances that produced that corps exist in our own army. Can you not shape the staff of our army to produce equally good results? Although the staff of the French army is larger than that proposed by the Senate bill, I am in favor of keeping ours down, as it is so much easier to build up than to reduce if experience renders it necessary. I would therefore assign one general officer to a general commanding in the field, and give to his inspector-general, quartermaster-general, commissary-general, chief of ordnance, and medical director the provisional grade of colonel of cavalry. I would reduce his aides, and give to his chief of staff and inspector-general assistants, as they will never be able to properly attend to their out-door and in-door work, which from the condition of our army, as heretofore stated, is very heavy. I would apply the same principles to the division and brigade staff, placing their chiefs on an equal footing, and giving each a complete organization in itself, so that it can manœuvre independently of the corps or division to which it is habitually attached, and be detached with promptness and facility when required. Each, therefore, in addition to its general staff, should have a surgeon, quartermaster, and commissary and ordnance officers. If you can then fill these positions with proper officers —not the relations and social friends of the commanders, who, however agreeable their company, are not always the most useful—you might hope to have the finest army in the world. I beg you will excuse the liberty of my suggestion,

And believe me, with great respect,

Yr. obt. servt., R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS, May 3, 1863.

JACKSON, GENERAL T. J., Commanding Corps,

GENERAL: I have just received your note informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.

Very respectfully,
Yr. obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 10, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, RICHMOND,

MR. PRESIDENT: I beg leave to bring to your attention a subject with reference to which I have thought that the course pursued by writers and speakers among us has had a tendency to interfere with our success. I refer to the manner in which the demonstration of a desire for peace at the North has been received in our country.

I think there can be no doubt that journalists and others at the South, to whom the Northern people naturally look for a reflection of our opinions, have met these indications in such wise as to weaken the hands of the advocates of a pacific policy on the part of the Federal Government, and give much encouragement to those who urge a continuance of the war.

Recent political movements in the United States and the comments of influential newspapers upon them have attracted my attention particularly to this subject, which I deem not unworthy of the consideration of Your Excellency, nor inappropriate to be adverted to by me in view of its connection with the situation of military affairs.

Conceding to our enemies the superiority claimed by them in numbers, resources, and all the means and appliances for carrying on the war, we have no right to look for exemption from the military consequences of a vigorous use of these advantages, except by such deliverance as the mercy of Heaven may accord to the courage of our soldiers, the justice of our cause, and the constancy and prayers of our people. While making the most we can of the means of resistance we possess, and gratefully accepting the measure of success with which God has blessed our efforts as an earnest of his approval and favor, it is nevertheless the part of wisdom to carefully measure and husband our strength, and not to expect from it more than in the ordinary course of affairs

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it is capable of accomplishing. We should not, therefore, conceal from ourselves that our resources in men are constantly diminishing, and the disproportion in this respect between us and our enemies, if they continue united in their efforts to subjugate, is steadily augmenting. The decrease of the aggregate of this army as disclosed by the returns affords an illustration of this fact. Its effective strength varies from time to time, but the falling off in its aggregate shows that its ranks are growing weaker and that its losses are not supplied by recruits.

Under these circumstances we should neglect no honorable means of dividing and weakening our enemies, that they may feel some of the difficulties experienced by ourselves. It seems to me that the most effectual mode of accomplishing this object now within our reach is to give all the encouragement we can, consistently with truth, to the rising peace party of the North.

Nor do I think we should, in this connection, make nice distinction between those who declare for peace unconditionally and those who advocate it as a means of restoring the Union, however much we may prefer the former.

We should bear in mind that the friends of peace at the North must make concessions to the earnest desire that exists in the minds of their countrymen for a restoration of the Union, and that to hold out such a result as an inducement is essential to the success of their party.

Should the belief that peace will bring back the Union become general the war would no longer be supported; and that, after all, is what we are interested in bringing about. When peace is proposed to us it will be time enough to discuss its terms, and it is not the part of prudence to spurn the proposition in advance merely because those who wish to make it believe, or affect to believe, that it will result in bringing us back to the Union. We entertain no such apprehensions, nor doubt that the desire of our people for a distinct and independent national existence will prove as steadfast under the influence of peaceful measures as it has shown itself in the midst of war.

If the views I have indicated meet the approval of Your Excellency, you will best know how to give effect to them. Should you deem them inexpedient or impracticable, I think you will nevertheless agree with me that we should at least carefully abstain from measures or expressions that tend to discourage any party whose purpose is peace.

With this statement of my own opinion on the subject, the length of which you will excuse, I leave to your better judgment to determine the proper course to be pursued.

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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OPPOSITE WILLIAMSPORT,
June 25, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT DAVIS, RICHMOND,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have received to-day your letter of the 19th instant, and am much gratified by your views in relation to the peace party at the North. It is plain to my understanding that everything that will tend to repress the war feeling in the Federal States will inure to our benefit. I do not know that we can do anything to promote the pacific feeling, but our course ought to be so shaped as not to discourage it.

I am sorry to hear that any controversy has arisen in relation to the exchange of prisoners. That is a matter in which our enemies have an advantage over us. Although we may have more prisoners than they, theirs are maintained at less expense than ours. Moreover, our citizens are much more accessible to them than theirs to us, so that the system of retaliation, if commenced, will not be on an equal basis. Besides, I am not in favor of retaliation except in very extreme cases, and I think it would be better for us to suffer and be right in our own eyes and in the eyes of the world; we will gain more by it in the end. I hope, therefore, some plan may be adopted to prevent a course so repugnant to the feelings of humanity and the sense of right, and that the one you propose may be crowned with success.

You will see that apprehension for the safety of Washington and their own territory has aroused the Federal Government and people to great exertions, and it is incumbent upon us all to call forth all our energies. In addition to the 100,000 troops called for by President Lincoln to defend the frontier of Pennsylvania, you will see that he is concentrating other organized forces in Maryland. It is stated in the papers that they are all being withdrawn from Suffolk, and, according to General Buckner's report, Burnside and his corps are recalled from Kentucky. It is reasonable to suppose that this would be the case if their apprehensions were once aroused.

I think this should liberate the troops in the Carolinas, and enable Generals Buckner and Bragg to accomplish something in Ohio. It is plain that if all the Federal army is concentrated upon this [point], it will result in our accomplishing nothing and being compelled to return to Virginia. If the plan that I suggested the other day, of organizing an army, even in effigy, under General Beauregard at Culpeper Court-house can be carried into effect, much relief will be afforded. If even the brigades in Virginia and North Carolina, which Generals Hill and Elzey think cannot be spared, were ordered there at once, and General Beauregard were sent there, if he had to return to South Carolina, it would do more to protect both States from marauding expeditions of the enemy than anything else.

I have not sufficient troops to maintain my communications, and therefore have to abandon them. I think I can throw General Hooker's army across

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the Potomac and draw troops from the south, embarrassing their plan of campaign in a measure, if I can do nothing more and have to return.

I still hope that all things will end well for us at Vicksburg. At any rate, every effort should be made to bring about that result.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Near Hagerstown, Md., July 8, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT, ETC.,

MR. PRESIDENT: My letter of yesterday will have informed you of the position of this army. Though reduced in numbers by the hardships and battles through which it has passed since leaving the Rappahannock, its condition is good and its confidence unimpaired. Upon crossing the Potomac into Maryland, I had calculated upon the river remaining fordable during the summer, so as to enable me to recross at my pleasure, but a series of storms commencing the day after our entrance into Maryland has placed the river beyond fording stage, and the present storm will keep it so for at least a week. I shall therefore have to accept battle if the enemy offers it, whether I wish to or not; and as the result is in the hands of the sovereign Ruler of the universe, and known to Him only, I deem it prudent to make every arrangement in our power to meet any emergency that may arise. From information gathered from the papers, I believe that the troops from North Carolina and the coast of Virginia under Generals Foster and Dix have been ordered to the Potomac, and that recently additional reinforcements have been sent from the coast of South Carolina to General Banks. If I am correct in my opinion, this will liberate most of the troops in those regions, and, should Your Excellency have not already done so, I earnestly recommend that all that can be spared be concentrated on the upper Rappahannock under General Beauregard, with directions to cross that river and make a demonstration upon Washington. This command will answer the double purpose of affording protection to the capital at Richmond and relieving the pressure upon this army.

I hope Your Excellency will understand that I am not in the least discouraged, or that my faith in the protection of an all-merciful Providence or in the fortitude of this army is at all shaken. But, though conscious that the enemy has been much shattered in the recent battle, I am aware that he can be easily reinforced, while no addition can be made to our numbers. The measure, therefore, that I have recommended is altogether one of a prudential nature.

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Bunker Hill, Va., July 16, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES,

MR. PRESIDENT: . . . . The army is encamped around this place, where we shall rest to-day. The men are in good health and spirits, but want shoes and clothing badly. I have sent back to endeavor to procure a supply of both, and also horseshoes, for want of which nearly half our cavalry is unserviceable. As soon as these necessary articles are obtained we shall be prepared to resume operations. . . . .

. . . . I share in Your Excellency's regret for the fall of Vicksburg. It will be necessary for us to endeavor to select some point on the Mississippi and fortify it strongly, so that it may be held by a small garrison, which could be supplied with ammunition and provisions to enable it to stand a siege, thus leaving as many troops as possible free to operate against the enemy. I think that in this way a land-attack against such position as we may select can be prevented.

I am, with great respect, Your Excellency's obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

From a letter to the President, dated September 6, 1863, we select the following extract, with the President's reply:

As regards myself, should you think that the service will be benefited by my repairing to the Army of Tennessee, I will of course submit to your judgment. From your knowledge of all the circumstances of both armies you can come to a more correct conclusion than I can from my point of view. In my conversation with you on this subject when the question was proposed I did not intend to decline the service if desired that I should undertake it, but merely to express the opinion that the duty could be better performed by the officers already in that department.

RICHMOND, September 8 (1863).

GEN. R. E. LEE:

Have considered your letter, believe your presence in the Western army would be worth more than the addition of a corps, but fear the effect of your absence from Virginia. Did not doubt your willingness to do whatever was best for the country, and suggest your aid to determine that question. Have sent you all additional information to aid your further consideration of problems discussed with you here.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Sept. 9, 1863.

SEDDON, HON. JAMES A., SECRETARY OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: The letter of Governor Vance of North Carolina of Aug. 20th, with regard to the causes of dissatisfaction among the North Carolina troops in this army, with your endorsement, has been received. I regret exceedingly the jealousies, heartburnings, and other evil consequences resulting from the crude misstatements of newspaper correspondents, who have necessarily a very limited acquaintance with the facts about which they write, and who magnify the deeds of troops from their own States at the expense of others. But I can see no remedy for this. Men seem to prefer sowing discord to inculcating harmony. In the reports of the officers justice is done to the brave soldiers of North Carolina, whose heroism and devotion have rendered illustrious the name of the State on every battlefield on which the Army of Northern Virginia has been engaged. . . . .

I believe it would be better to have no correspondents of the press with the army. . . . .

I need not say that I will with pleasure aid Governor Vance in removing every reasonable cause of complaint on the part of men who have fought so gallantly and done so much for the cause of our country; and I hope that he will also do all in his power to cultivate a spirit of harmony, and to bring to punishment the disaffected who use these causes of discontent to further their treasonable designs.

I am, with great respect, yr. obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

A letter to President Davis, dated Sept. 11, 1863, furnishes the following extract:

The defences around Richmond should now be completed as soon as possible. I did not see any connection or communication between the redoubts for the defence of Drewry's Bluff from a land-attack and the defensive line around Manchester. This is important, and also that there should be obstructions in the river connecting this intermediate line (as it was termed) on both sides of the river. Should the enemy's land forces drive us from Drewry's Bluff, they would remove the obstructions at that point, and, although we might be able to hold the intermediate line, his gunboats could ascend the river and destroy Richmond. I think, too, Colonel Gorgas should commence at once to enlarge his manufacturing arsenals, etc. in the interior, so that if Richmond should fall we would not be destitute. These are only recommended as prudential measures, and such as, should the necessity for them arise, we will then wish had been taken.

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Copy of extract of letter from General Longstreet:

HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, Sept. 12, 1863.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, *Commanding*,

GENERAL: Henry's artillery has come down here, to my surprise. I have ordered, etc. . . . . Anderson's brigade was so far on its way toward Charleston when your telegram got here that it could not be diverted, and fearing that if I sent Jenkins on to take his place General Beauregard would keep both, I concluded that the wisest and safest plan would be to put Jenkins's brigade in Anderson's place in Hood's division. It has been so arranged. I intended to have suggested before leaving you that our defences around Richmond be so arranged that we might (in the event we should be forced to give up Richmond) hold Drewry's and Chaffin's Bluffs with a garrison of 15,000 or 20,000 men until we could collect army enough here to retake Richmond. I suppose that we might hold our vessels here under the protection of these fortifications until we could recover the city. But if we should give up the river to the enemy, there will be but little prospect of our getting back the capital during the war. As I have never seen the positions of these bluffs, I don't know whether this arrangement is a practicable one. I hope to start West on Monday morning. If I can do anything there, it shall be done promptly. If I cannot, I shall advise you to recall me. If I did not think our move a necessary [one], my regrets at leaving you would be distressing to me, as it seems to be with the officers and men of my command. Believing it to be necessary, I hope to accept it and my other personal inconveniences cheerfully and hopefully. All that we have to be proud of has been accomplished under your eye and under your orders. Our affections for you are stronger, if it is possible for them to be stronger, than our admiration for you.

I remain, general, most respectfully and affectionately, your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant-general.

In a letter to President Davis, dated September 14, 1863, General Lee refers to affairs in the Western Department in a tone of some dissatisfaction with the depletion of his army:

Everything looks like a concentration of their [the Federal] forces, and it is stated by our scouts that they have learned of the large reduction of this army. I begin to fear that we have lost the use of troops here where they are much needed, and that they have gone where they will do no good. I learn by the papers of to-day that General Rosecrans's army entered Chattanooga on the 9th, and that General Bragg has retired still farther into the interior. It also

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appears that General Burnside did not move to make a junction with Rosecrans, but marched to Knoxville. General Bragg must therefore either have been misinformed of his movements or he subsequently changed them. Had I been aware that Knoxville was the destination of General Burnside, I should have recommended that General Longstreet should be sent to oppose him, instead of to Atlanta. If General Bragg is unable to bring General Rosecrans to battle, I think it would be better to return General Longstreet to this army, to enable me to oppose the advance of General Meade with a greater prospect of success. And it is a matter worthy of consideration whether General Longstreet's corps will reach General Bragg in time and condition to be of any advantage to him. If the report sent to me by General Cooper since my return from Richmond is correct, General Bragg had on the 20th August last 51,101 effective men; General Buckner on the 20th August last, 18,118 effective men; he was to receive from General Johnston 9000 effective men; his total force will therefore be 76,219—as large a number as, I presume, he can operate with. This is independent of the local troops, which you may recollect he reported as exceeding his expectations. Should General Longstreet reach General Bragg in time to aid him in winning a victory and return to this army, it will be well; but should he be detained there without being able to do any good, it will result in evil. I hope you will have the means of judging of this matter and of deciding correctly.

To President Davis, September 18, 1863:

I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 16th instant. Should Generals Rosecrans and Burnside unite at Chattanooga, as now seems to be probable, and there fortify themselves, they will have, as you say, such vast means at their disposal as to render an attack upon that position by us extremely hazardous. I can see no other way, at this distance, of causing them to abandon that strong position than that which you suggest of attacking their line of communication. For this purpose their position will be favorable, for although from Stevenson two routes are open to the enemy, one to Memphis and the other to Nashville, from Stevenson to Chattanooga there is but a single route. General Bragg by concentrating his cavalry and sending it to cut the lines of communication beyond Stevenson will cause General Rosecrans to detach largely for its maintenance. Then by moving with his whole force upon a vulnerable point, according to the nature of the ground, he will in all human probability break up his position.

Lee to Davis, September 23, 1863:

I was rejoiced yesterday to learn by a despatch from the War Department of the complete victory gained by General Bragg. I hope he will be able to follow it up, to concentrate his troops, and to operate on the enemy's rear. I

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infer from the accounts I have seen that Buckner had not joined him. Unless he is occupying a superior force to his own, he ought at once to unite with Bragg, that he may push the advantage gained. If that can be done, Longstreet can successfully move to East Tennessee, open that country, where Sam Jones can unite with him, and thence rejoin me. No time ought now to be lost or wasted. Everything should be done that can be done at once, so that the troops may be speedily returned to this department; as far as I can judge, they will not get here too soon. The enemy is aware of Longstreet's departure. They report in their papers the day he passed through Augusta, and give the position of Ewell's and Hill's corps. General Meade is strengthening himself daily. Our last scouts report the return of the troops sent North to enforce the draft. Nine trains loaded with troops reached Culpeper on Thursday night. Three trains arrived on Monday and three on Tuesday last, in addition to between four and five thousand marching.

HEADQUARTERS, ORANGE,
Sept. 25, 1863.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. LONGSTREET,

GENERAL: If it gives you as much pleasure to receive my warmest congratulations as it does me to convey them, this letter will not have been written in vain. My whole heart and soul have been with you and your brave corps in your late battle. It was natural to hear of Longstreet and Hill charging side by side, and pleasing to find the armies of the East and West vieing with each other in valor and devotion to their country. A complete and glorious victory must ensue under such circumstances. I hope the result will equal the beginning, and that General Bragg will be able to reoccupy Tennessee. I grieve for the gallant dead and mourn for our brave Hood. The names of others have reached me, but I hope the report of their fall may not prove true. Finish the work before you, my dear general, and return to me. I want you badly, and you cannot get back too soon. Your departure was known to the enemy as soon as it occurred. General Meade has been actively engaged collecting his forces, and is now up to the Rapidan. All his troops that were sent North have returned, and reinforcements are daily arriving. His cavalry and engineers are constantly reconnoitering, and a vigorous effort was made Monday and Tuesday to turn our left. We are endeavoring to maintain a bold front, and shall endeavor to delay them all we can till you return.

Present my sincere compliments and admiration to the officers around you, and accept for yourself and command my ardent wishes for the welfare and happiness of all. Very truly yours,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
19th Oct., 1863.

LAWTON, BRIG.-GEN. A. R., QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL, RICHMOND, VA.,

GENERAL: I have received your letter of the 12th, and am very glad to find that your exertions to supply the army have been so successful. The want of the supplies of shoes, clothing, overcoats, and blankets is very great. Nothing but my unwillingness to expose the men to the hardships that would have resulted from moving them into Loudoun in their present condition induced me to return to the Rappahannock. But I was averse to marching them over the rough roads of that region, at a season too when frosts are certain and snows probable, unless they were better provided to encounter them without suffering.

I should otherwise have endeavored to detain General Meade near the Potomac, if I could not throw him to the north side.

The supplies that you now have at your disposal for this army will be most welcome, and I trust that your exertions to increase them will meet with full success.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
19 October, 1863.

SEDDON, HON. JAMES A., SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 16th inst. I am doubtful as yet whether General Meade will remain on the defensive. . . . .

If General Meade is disposed to remain quiet where he is, it was my intention, provided the army could be supplied with clothing, again to advance and threaten his positions. Nothing prevented my continuing in his front but the destitute condition of the men, thousands of whom are barefooted, a greater number partially shod, and nearly all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing. I think the sublimest sight of the war was the cheerfulness and alacrity exhibited by this army in the pursuit of the enemy under all the trials and privations to which it was exposed. . . . .

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 30, 1863.

HON. JAMES A. SEDDON, SECRETARY OF WAR, RICHMOND,

SIR: Your telegram directing a respite in the cases of Privates Newton and

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Scroggins, Forty-first Virginia infantry, is received, and the order has been issued accordingly. At the same time, I beg leave to express my serious apprehension of the consequences of a relapse into that lenient policy which our past experience has shown to be so ruinous to the army, and in the end so much more cruel to the men. Early in the war it was found that stringent measures alone would keep the army together. After a few executions a number of men were pardoned, and the consequence was a recurrence of desertion to a most alarming extent. A return to a sterner discipline was found to be absolutely necessary, and by the executions that have taken place since the proclamation of the President, and by them only, has a stop been put to a spirit that was rapidly growing, that seized eagerly upon the slightest hope of escape from the consequences of crime, and that seriously threatened the existence of the army. A return to the lenient system that formerly prevailed will assuredly be productive of like results in the future, and render still harsher measures necessary hereafter if the army is to continue to exist. I fear that pardons, unless for the best of reasons, will not only make all the blood that has been shed for the maintenance of discipline useless, but will result in the painful necessity of shedding a great deal more. I hope I feel as acutely as any one the pain and sorrow that such events occasion, and I am sure that no one would more willingly dispense with them if they could be avoided; but I am convinced that the only way to prevent them is to visit the offence when committed with the sternest punishment, and leave the offender without hope of escape by making the penalty inevitable. It must be remembered that the punishment of death for desertion is inflicted almost exclusively for the warning of others, and no one without experience can conceive how readily the slightest prospect of escape is embraced.

I have felt it my duty to bring this subject strongly to your attention, as I am satisfied that in it, more than in any other, are involved the strength and efficiency of the army and its ability to cope with the enemy.

And I am further convinced that in a strict adherence to a stern discipline will be found the only means of avoiding the recurrence of these sad occasions.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS,
6 Nov., 1863.

LETCHER, HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA,

GOVERNOR: At its late called session the Legislature made an appropriation for the relief of the families of soldiers. I find that there is great suffering among the people in this region for want of the necessaries of life. The farms and gardens have been robbed, stock and hogs killed, and these outrages com-

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mitted, I am sorry to say, by our own army to some extent, as well as by the Federals. I hear of like destitution in Stafford, where the Federal army alone has been. Would it not be well to forward such supplies of flour and meat as can be obtained to Culpeper Court-house and Fredericksburg, with agents for its distribution to those soldiers' families in distress, so as to relieve their wants during the coming winter?

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
29th Nov., 1863.

DAVIS, HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON, PRESIDENT CONFED. STATES, RICHMOND, VA.,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th inst., enclosing one from General Bragg. The enemy is in force in my front, and I shall necessarily be brief, but will give you the substance of the views which have suggested themselves to me after much previous reflection on the subjects referred to by General Bragg.

1. I think it a matter of the first importance that our armies now in the field shall be retained in service and recruited by wise and effectual legislation. This cannot be done too soon. The law should not be open to the charge of partiality, and I do not know how this can be accomplished without embracing the whole population capable of bearing arms, with the most limited exemptions, avoiding anything that would look like a distinction of classes. The exemptions of persons of particular and necessary avocations had better be made, as far as possible, by authority of the Department, rather than by special enactment. I think the general exemption of such persons by law is open to much abuse, and many escape service under color of it who are only nominally within the provisions of the law, and who can be taken into service without prejudice to the necessary production of the country. I also am of opinion that the skeleton regiments should be consolidated under the authority of the Department when necessary, and the provision should extend to all arms of the service. If possible, some prospective bounty should be provided for the men who have been, and will be again, retained in service.

As to the imperative necessity for retaining them, and adding sufficiently to their numbers to enable them to cope with the enemy, there can be no doubt, and all the constitutional power of Congress should be fully exerted for this purpose.

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2. With reference to mounting the cavalry on Government horses, I should be glad if it could be accomplished, but do not see how the horses could be procured. It is difficult now to meet the wants of our artillery and transportation. But I think the law should invest the Government with complete authority for the time being over every horse mustered into service, and authorize the use of it in such manner as will most promote the public interests, providing at the same time proper compensation for the owners should it be found necessary to deprive them of the use of their horses. A cavalry soldier cannot perform the terms of his enlistment without a horse, and the Government should be able to control the horse on this ground; and to this extent at least I fully concur in what General Bragg says with reference to depredations, whether committed by cavalry or any other part of the army. Any legislation that can repress this evil would be most beneficial.

3. I am not in favor of increasing the pay of any officer, but think it would be well to allow rations and clothing to company officers and their servants (such as they may lawfully have), and to other officers of like rank and pay with company officers. I see no necessity to extend the law to officers of a higher rank.

4. I think that the evil of officers and men absenting themselves without leave should be provided against, as far as practicable, by legislation. The ordinary mode of punishing by court-martial does not effectually check it, and I do not think General Bragg exaggerates the extent of the practice. In the case of officers I think the law should vacate their commissions by its own operation and subject them to conscription.

5. In this connection I would call your attention to the evils that flow from the absence of officers permanently disabled. Regiments are frequently commanded by captains from this cause, companies by sergeants, and sometimes brigades by majors and lieutenant-colonels. Many officers are borne on the rolls who are unfit for service. It would be harsh to drop them, and yet they prevent the promotion of other officers and interfere with the efficiency of their commands. I would suggest the establishment of an invalid corps to which such officers might be transferred, retaining their rank and pay. This corps might be made useful in many ways and relieve troops fit for field service.

6. I concur in the remarks of General Bragg with reference to the rank of the chief staff officers of our armies and those of the personal staff of commanding generals. The number and rank of the latter should correspond with their duties. These officers have no opportunity of promotion, and their importance is not over-estimated by General Bragg.

7. If any change in our hospital system can diminish the vice of absence without leave, I think it should be made. I do not know the particular features of the system to which General Bragg refers. I think it very important in providing for the personal staff, which should be adequate to the wants of the

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officer with whom they serve, that he should be strictly confined to the staff allowed by law.

Respectfully, yr. obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
December 3, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES, RICHMOND,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have considered with some anxiety the condition of affairs in Georgia and Tennessee. My knowledge of events has been principally derived from the public papers, and the impressions I have received may be erroneous, but there appears to me to be grounds to apprehend that the enemy may penetrate Georgia and get possession of our dépôts of provisions and important manufactories. I see it stated that General Bragg has been relieved from command, and that General Hardee is only acting until another commander shall be assigned to that army. I know the difficulties that surround this subject, but if General Beauregard is considered suitable for the position, I think he can be replaced at Charleston by General Gilmer. More force, in my opinion, is required in Georgia, and it can only be had, so far as I know, from Mississippi, Mobile, and the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The occupation of Cleveland by the enemy cuts off General Longstreet from his base, and unless he succeeds quickly in defeating General Burnside he will have to retire either into Virginia or North Carolina. I see no reason why General Sam Jones should not be ordered to advance to his support, or at least to divert the attention of the column that is said to be moving on Charleston, Tennessee.

I have ventured to trouble Your Excellency with these suggestions, as I know how much your attention is occupied with the general affairs of the country, especially as the session of Congress approaches. I think that every effort should be made to concentrate as large a force as possible under the best commander to ensure the discomfiture of Grant's army. To do this and gain the great advantage that would accrue from it the safety of points practically less important than those endangered by his army must be hazarded. Upon the defence of the country threatened by General Grant depends the safety of the points now held by us on the Atlantic, and they are in as great danger from his successful advance as by the attacks to which they are at present directly subjected.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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RICHMOND, Dec. 5, 1863

GENERAL R. E. LEE, ORANGE COURT-HOUSE:

Could you consistently go to Dalton, as heretofore explained?

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Rapidan, December 7, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES, RICHMOND,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have had the honor to receive your despatch inquiring whether I could go to Dalton. I can, if desired, but of the expediency of the measure you can judge better than I can. Unless it is intended that I should take permanent command, I can see no good that will result, even if in that event any could be accomplished. I also fear that I would not receive cordial co-operation, and I think it necessary if I am withdrawn from here that a commander for this army be sent to it. General Ewell's condition, I fear, is too feeble to undergo the fatigue and labor incident to the position. I hope Your Excellency will not suppose that I am offering any obstacles to any measure you may think necessary. I only seek to give you the opportunity to form your opinion after a full consideration of the subject. I have not that confidence either in my strength or ability that would lead me of my own opinion to undertake the command in question.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
8 Dec., 1863.

WALTON, HON. MOSES, and others,

GENTLEMEN: I have earnestly considered the petitions addressed to the Secretary of War and myself, and, deeply sympathizing in the sufferings of the citizens of Shenandoah, I wish I could see any way of securing them against the ravages of the enemy, the insults to their families, and the loss of their property. We cannot oppose an equal force to the enemy at all points. The safety of some must be hazarded that others considered more vital be defended. It would give me great pleasure to increase the force in the Valley; but unless this can be done by the citizens of that region I know not whence at this time it can be attained.

I have forwarded to the Secretary of War your petition, and have written to General Imboden to inquire whether he cannot make such a disposition of his

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forces as to give greater protection to the lower Valley. I hope this may be done. . . . .

I remain, with great respect, yr. obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
December 22, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. A. EARLY, commanding, etc.,

GENERAL: I telegraphed you to-day with reference to obtaining supplies for the army while the troops are in the Valley, and now write to explain my views more fully. I wish you to avail yourself of the present opportunity to collect and bring away everything that can be made useful to the army from those regions that are open to the enemy, using for this purpose both the cavalry and infantry under your command. I hear that in the lower Valley, and particularly in the country on the south branch of the Potomac, there are a good many cattle, sheep, horses, and hogs. Besides these, there is said to be a quantity of bacon, cloth, and leather, and all these supplies are accessible to and can be used by the enemy. I desire to secure all of them that it is in our power to get, and you will use your command for the purpose of keeping back the enemy while the work is being done. You will buy from all who are willing to sell, and where you cannot buy you must impress and give certificates to the owners. Of course you will not take what is necessary for the subsistence of the people, but leave enough for that, and secure all the rest of the articles named, and any others, such as shoes, horseshoes, and horseshoe nails, that you can get. While so engaged I wish you to subsist the troops on those supplies that are most difficult of transportation, such as bacon, potatoes, and other vegetables, which I hear can be had, sending back those that are easy to transport, such as cattle, particularly sheep and hogs. If you cannot get enough bacon and vegetables, you might use some of the sheep and hogs. You will understand that these instructions have no application to those parts of the country that are accessible to our ordinary agents engaged in procuring supplies. You will make requisition on Major Bell for such transportation as he can furnish, and also try to get additional facilities from the people. The cloth, leather, and other quartermaster stores should be collected as fully as possible, leaving of course enough for the wants of our people. Horses and cattle can be driven back at once. I write to Major Bell by this mail to assist you as far as he is able.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

P. S. You will give out that your movement is intended as a military one

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against the enemy, and of course will do them all the harm you can. You will use all the troops, including those of Imboden and Gilmer, that you may require. R. E. L.

HEADQUARTERS, January 2, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES, RICHMOND,

MR. PRESIDENT: The time is at hand when, if an attempt can be made to capture the enemy's forces at New Berne, it should be done. I can now spare troops for the purpose, which will not be the case as spring approaches. If I have been correctly informed, a brigade from this army with Barton's brigade, Pickett's division, now near Kinston, will be sufficient if the attack can be secretly and suddenly made. New Berne is defended on the land side by a line of intrenchments from the Neuse to the Trent. A redoubt near the Trent protects that flank, while three or four gunboats are relied upon to defend the flank on the Neuse. The garrison has been so long unmolested and experiences such a feeling of security that it is represented as careless. The gunboats are small and indifferent, and do not keep up a head of steam. A bold party could descend the Neuse in boats at night, capture the gunboats, and drive the enemy by their aid from the works on that side of the river, while a force should attack them in front. A large amount of provisions and other supplies are said to be at New Berne, which are much wanted for this army, besides much that is reported in the country that will thus be made accessible to us. The gunboats, aided by the ironclads building on the Neuse and Roanoke, would clear the waters of the enemy and capture their transports, which could be used for transportation. I have not heard what progress is making in the completion of the ironclads or when they will be ready for service. A bold naval officer will be required for the boat-expedition, with suitable men and officers to man the boats and serve the gunboats when captured. Can they be had?

I have sent General Early with two brigades of infantry and two of cavalry under Fitz Lee to Hardy and Hampshire counties, to endeavor to get out some cattle that are reported within the enemy's lines. But the weather has been so unfavorable that I fear he will not meet with much success. The heavy rainstorm will swell all the streams beyond fording, and the cold weather and snow in the mountains will present other obstacles. Many of the infantry are without shoes and the cavalry worn down by their pursuit of Averell. We are now issuing to the troops a fourth of a pound of salt meat, and have only three days' supply at that rate. Two droves of cattle from the West that were reported to be for this army have, I am told, been directed to Richmond. I

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can learn of no supply of meat on the road to the army, and fear I shall be unable to retain it in the field.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
5 Jan., 1864.

NORTHROP, COLONEL L. B., COMMISSARY-GEN., RICHMOND, VA.,

COLONEL: Your letter of the 7th ult. reached here during my absence in Richmond. . . . .

I regret very much to learn that the supply of beef for the army is so nearly exhausted. . . . . No beef has been issued to the cavalry corps by the chief commissary, that I am aware of, for eighteen months. During that time it has supplied itself, and has now, I understand, sufficient to last until the middle of February. . . . .

I cannot adopt your suggestion to employ the organization of your bureau to impress provisions. Neither the law nor regulations of the War Department, in my opinion, give me that power. . . . .

I have the honor to be, with great respect, yr. obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

[Confidential.]

CAMP ORANGE COURT-HOUSE,
January 16, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. LONGSTREET,

GENERAL: Your letters of the 10th and 11th instants were handed to me by Captain Gorse last night. I am glad that you are casting about for some way to reach the enemy. If he could be defeated at some point before he is prepared to open the campaign, it would be attended with the greatest advantages. Either of the points mentioned by you would answer. I believe, however, that if Grant could be driven back and Mississippi and Tennessee recovered, it would do more to relieve the country and inspirit our people than the mere capture of Washington. You know how exhausted the country is between here and the Potomac; there is nothing for man or horse. Everything must be carried. How is that to be done with weak transportation on roads in the condition we may expect in March? You know better than I how you will be off in that respect in the West. After you get into Kentucky I suppose provisions can be obtained. But if saddles, etc. could be procured in time, where can the horses be? They cannot be obtained in this section of country, and,

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as far as my information extends, not in the Confederacy. But let us both quietly and ardently set to work; some good may result, and I will institute inquiries.

There is a part of your letter that gives me uneasiness. That is in relation to your position. Your cavalry, I hope, will keep you informed of any movement against you. After the completion of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad you will be able to retire with ease, and you had better be prepared in case of necessity. If the enemy follow, with the assistance of General S. Jones you may be able to hit him a hard blow. I would suggest that you have the country examined, routes explored, and strong positions ascertained and improved. There is some report of a projected movement of the enemy next spring by the route from Knoxville, and the abandonment of this to Richmond. It is believed that such a movement will be as successful as that by Grant on Vicksburg. As they have not been able yet to overcome the eighty miles between Washington and Richmond by the shortest road, I hope they will not be able to accomplish the more circuitous route. Not knowing what they intend to do, and what General Johnston can do, has prevented my recommending your return to this army. After hearing that you were in comfortable quarters and had plenty of provisions and forage, I thought it was best you should remain where you are until spring or until it was determined what could be done. I hope you will be able to recruit your corps. In reference to that, how would General Buckner answer for the command of Hood's division, at least until it is seen whether he ever can return to it? . . . .

With kind regards to yourself and all with you,

I am, very truly yours,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY,
18th Jan., 1864.

LAWTON, BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. R., QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL, RICHMOND,

GENERAL: The want of shoes and blankets in this army continues to cause much suffering and to impair its efficiency. In one regiment I am informed that there are only fifty men with serviceable shoes, and a brigade that recently went on picket was compelled to leave several hundred men in camp who were unable to bear the exposure of duty, being destitute of shoes and blankets. . . . .

The supply by running the blockade has become so precarious that I think we should turn our attention chiefly to our own resources, and I should like to be informed how far the latter can be counted upon. . . . .

I trust that no efforts will be spared to develop our own resources of supply,

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as a further dependence upon those from abroad can result in nothing but increased suffering and want.

I am, with great respect, yr. obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

[Confidential.] HEADQUARTERS, January 20, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEO. E. PICKETT, commanding, etc., Petersburg, Va.,

GENERAL: From all the information I have received, I think the garrison at New Berne can be captured, and I wish it tried, unless upon close examination you find it impracticable. You can use for that purpose Barton's, Kemper's, Corse's, and as much of Ransom's brigades as you can draw to that point. I shall send in addition Hoke's brigade from this army. General Hoke is familiar with the vicinity of New Berne, has recently returned from a visit to that country, and it is mainly upon his information that my opinion has been formed. He will hand you this letter and explain to you the general plan which at this distance appears to me the best. You can modify it according to circumstances developed by investigation and your good judgment. It is proposed that General Barton shall pass south of Trent River and attack the forces said to be stationed behind Brice's Creek, get possession of the railroad to Beaufort, cut off reinforcements from that quarter, and take the town in reverse. General Hoke will move down between the Trent and the Neuse, endeavor to surprise the troops on Bachelor's Creek, silence the guns in the star fort and batteries near the Neuse, and penetrate the town in that direction; Whitford's battalion, or such other force as may be designated, to move down north of the Neuse, occupy if they cannot capture Fort Anderson at Barrington Ferry, and endeavor to take in flank with the batteries the line south of the Neuse, so as to lighten Hoke's work. The night previous to the land-attack Colonel Wood of the navy with 200 men in boats will descend the Neuse and endeavor to surprise and capture the gunboats in that river, and by their aid drive the enemy from their guns. General Whiting will be requested on the day appointed for the attack to threaten Swansborough with the troops he has north of the Cape Fear, so as to fix the attention of the enemy at Morehead City, etc., and to co-operate otherwise in the general plan. Everything will depend upon the secrecy, expedition, and boldness of your movements. General Barton should move first, and be strong enough to resist any combination of the forces from New Berne and Beaufort. The cavalry had better accompany him to cut the telegraph and railroad, gain information, etc. General Hoke with his own brigade should move next, the force north of the Neuse to keep pace with him. Colonel Wood will attend to his part. If successful, everything in New Berne should be sent back to a place of security. In that

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event, too, it is hoped that by the aid of the gunboats water-transportation can be secured, the enemy driven from Washington, Plymouth, etc., and much subsistence for the army obtained. I wish you therefore to follow up your success. It will also have the happiest effect in North Carolina and inspirit the people. I propose Major Dearing for the command of the artillery of the expedition. With the two battalions of Longstreet's corps near Petersburg there should be twelve 10-pounder Parrotts and two 20-pounder Parrotts; two 20-pounder Parrotts will be sent from Richmond. At Kinston I understand there are four Napoleons and one 3-inch rifle. From Branch's battalion I hope you will get more rifle guns, of which, if possible, you should have about twenty and as many Napoleons as you desire. The guns and ammunition must be sent by railroad and the horses by the common route. See that you have a sufficiency of ammunition and subsistence. I wish you also not to interrupt the general travel of the railroad, but to use the empty trains going south for the transportation of troops, etc. When the day of attack is fixed notify General Whiting. If you have to use the telegraph, merely say, "The day is ——;" name the day of the month—he will comprehend. Commit nothing to the telegraph that will disclose your purpose. You must deceive the enemy as to your purpose, and conceal it from the citizens. As regards the concentration of troops, you may put it on the ground of apprehension of an attack from New Berne. General Hoke will give out that he is going to arrest deserters and recruit his diminished regiments.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

[Confidential.] HEADQUARTERS, 20th January, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have delayed replying to your letter of the 4th until the time arrived for the execution of the attempt on New Berne. I regret very much that the boats on the Neuse and Roanoke are not completed. With their aid, I think, success would be certain. Without them, though the place may be captured, the fruits of the expedition will be lessened and our maintenance of the command of the waters in North Carolina uncertain. I think every effort should be made now to get them into service as soon as possible. You will see by the enclosed letters to Generals Pickett and Whiting the arrangements made for the land-operations. The water-expedition I am willing to trust to Colonel Wood. If he can succeed in capturing the gunboats, I think success will be certain, as it was by aid from the water that I expected Hoke to be mainly assisted.

In view of the opinion expressed in your letter, I would go to North Carolina

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myself; but I consider my presence here always necessary, especially now when there is such a struggle to keep the army fed and clothed. General Early is still in the Valley. The enemy there has been reinforced by troops from Meade's army and [by] calling down General Averell with his cavalry. I do not know what their intentions are. Report from General Early yesterday stated that Averell with his cavalry had started for Moorefield. I will, however, go to North Carolina if you think it necessary. General Fitz Lee brought out of Hardy 110 prisoners, 250 horses and mules, 27 wagons, and 460 head of cattle. He captured 40 wagons, but 13 turned over on the mountains and had to be abandoned. He had also to leave behind between 100 and 200 head of cattle. The difficulties he encountered were very great, owing to the extreme cold, ice, storms, etc. Nearly all his men were frost-bitten, some badly; many injured by the falling of their horses. He got within six miles of Paddytown, but could not cross the mountains, owing to the icy roads and the smoothness of his horses. He could take with him neither artillery nor wagons.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

[Confidential.] HEADQUARTERS, ORANGE CO.,
Feb. 3, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES,

MR. PRESIDENT: The approach of spring causes me to consider with anxiety the probable action of the enemy and the possible operations of ours in the ensuing campaign. If we could take the initiative and fall upon them unexpectedly, we might derange their plans and embarrass them the whole summer. There are only two points east of the Mississippi where it now appears this could be done. If Longstreet could be strengthened or given greater mobility than he now possesses, he might penetrate into Kentucky, where he could support himself, cut Grant's communications so as to compel him at least to detach from Johnston's front, and enable him to take the offensive and regain the ground we have lost. I need not dwell upon the advantages of success in that quarter. The whole is apparent to you. Longstreet can be given greater mobility by supplying him with horses and mules to mount his infantry. He can only be strengthened by detaching from Beauregard's, Johnston's, or this army. If I could draw Longstreet secretly and rapidly to me, I might succeed in forcing General Meade back to Washington, and exciting sufficient apprehension at least for their position to weaken any movement against ours. All the cavalry would have to be left in Longstreet's present front, and Jones would have to be strengthened. If the first plan is adopted, supplies will have at once to be accumulated at Bristol or along the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, ostensibly for Longstreet's present use. If the latter, provision must be

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made at Gordonsville and Richmond for this army. We are not in a condition, and never have been, in my opinion, to invade the enemy's country with a prospect of permanent benefit. But we can alarm and embarrass him to some extent, and thus prevent his undertaking anything of magnitude against us. I have ventured to suggest these ideas to Your Excellency for consideration, that, viewing the whole subject with your knowledge of the state of things East and West, you may know whether either is feasible or what else can better be done. Time is an important element to our success.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, February 18, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES, RICHMOND,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have received the despatch forwarded to me to-day from General Longstreet requesting 10,000 men to ensure the capture of Knoxville. I have no information of the practicability of the plan. I think it may be assumed that its defences are stronger now than when it was last attacked, and an attempt to capture it by assault would not only be hazardous, but attended with great loss of life. To reduce it by approaches would require time, and, it seems to me at this distance, render necessary an army sufficient to defeat a relieving force that, now the railroad to Chattanooga has been opened, could be quickly sent from Grant's troops. If a movement could be made to cut off supplies from Knoxville, it would draw out the garrison; and this appears to me the wiser course. Could supplies be sent if troops were? For without the former the latter would be unavailing. I wrote to-day to the Secretary of War suggesting that Pickett's division be sent to him in the spring, and that a brigade of Buckner's now at Dalton be returned to its division at once. . . . .

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 6, 1864.

HON. JAS. A. SEDDON, SECRETARY OF WAR, RICHMOND,

SIR: I have just received your letter of the 5th instant enclosing a slip from one of the Richmond journals giving an account of the recent attack upon that city, and a copy of some papers found on the dead body of Colonel Dahlgren disclosing the plan and purpose of the enterprise. I concur with you in thinking that a formal publication of these papers should be made under official

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authority, that our people and the world may know the character of the war our enemies wage against us, and the unchristian and atrocious acts they plot and perpetrate. But I cannot recommend the execution of the prisoners who have fallen into our hands. Assuming that the address and secret orders of Colonel Dahlgren correctly state his designs and intentions, they were not executed, and I believe in a legal point of view acts in addition to intentions are necessary to constitute crime. These papers can only be considered as evidence of his intentions. It does not appear how far his men were cognizant of them, or that his course was sanctioned by his Government. It is only known that his plans were frustrated by a merciful Providence, his forces scattered, and himself killed. I do not think it is right, therefore, to visit upon the captives the guilt of his intentions. I do not pretend to speak the sentiments of the army, which you seem to desire. I presume that the blood boils with indignation in the veins of every officer and man as he reads the account of the barbarous and inhuman plot, and under the impulse of the moment many would counsel extreme measures. But I do not think that reason and reflection would justify such a course. I think it better to do right, even if we suffer in so doing, than to incur the reproach of our consciences and posterity. Nor do I think that under present circumstances policy dictates the execution of these men. It would produce retaliation. How many and better men have we in the enemy's hands than they have in ours! But this consideration should have no weight, provided the course was in itself right. Yet history records instances where such considerations have prevented the execution of marauders and devastators of provinces. It may be pertinent to this subject to refer to the conduct of some of our men in the Valley. I have heard that a party of Gilmer's battalion, after arresting the progress of a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, took from the passengers their purses and watches. As far as I know, no military object was accomplished after gaining possession of the cars, and the act appears to have been one of plunder. Such conduct is unauthorized and discreditable. Should any of that battalion be captured, the enemy might claim to treat them as highway robbers; what would be our course? I have ordered an investigation of the matter, and hope the report may be untrue.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

[Confidential.] HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 8, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, commanding, etc., Greenville, Tenn.,

GENERAL: I was in Richmond when your letter arrived, and have been so much occupied by the recent movements of the enemy that it is only to-day

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that I can reply. I think the enemy's great effort will be in the West, and we must concentrate our strength there to meet them. I see no possibility of mounting your command without stripping all others of animals and rendering them immovable. If horses could be obtained for you, where are the forage and equipments to be procured? The former is not to be had nearer than Georgia. It could not be furnished by the railroad, and I do not think equipments could be impressed through the country. If you and Johnston could unite and move into Middle Tennessee, where I am told provisions and forage can be had, it would cut the armies at Chattanooga and Knoxville in two, and draw them from those points, where either portion could be struck at in succession as opportunity offered. This appears to me at this distance the most feasible plan; can it be accomplished? By covering your front well with your cavalry, Johnston could move quietly and rapidly through Benton, across the Hiwassee, and then push forward in the direction of Kingston, while you, taking such a route as to be safe from a flank attack, would join him at or after his crossing the Tennessee River. The two commands upon reaching Sparta would be in position to select their future course, would necessitate the evacuation of Chattanooga and Knoxville, and by rapidity and skill unite on either army. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the country to do more than indicate the general plan. The particular routes, passage of rivers, etc. you and Johnston must ascertain and choose. The condition of roads, etc. may oblige you to pass through the western portion of North Carolina, but this you can ascertain, if you do not already know, as well as the distances each column would have to traverse before uniting, their point of junction, time of marching, etc. The agents of the commissary department tell me there is an abundance of provisions and forage in Middle Tennessee, which is corroborated by individuals professing to know that country. But this should be investigated too. It is also believed by those acquainted with the people that upon the entrance of the army into that country its ranks will be recruited by the men from Tennessee and Kentucky who have left it. A victory gained there will open the country to you to the Ohio.

Study the subject, communicate with Johnston, and endeavor to accomplish it or something better. We cannot now pause. I will endeavor to do something here to occupy them if I cannot do more. I hope Alexander has joined you with his new commission. The promotion of the other officers of artillery was ordered as proposed during my last visit to Richmond. Walton retains his former position in the Washington battalion.

Wishing you all success and happiness, I am, very truly,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL LEE DURING THE GRANT CAMPAIGN.

THE letters which follow cover the momentous period from the date of General Grant's taking command of the Army of the Potomac to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia in 1865. During this period General Lee prepared no formal report of his operations, as in the case of his earlier campaigns. In this final campaign he was in the habit of sending brief despatches to Richmond relating any occurrences of importance. These very imperfectly replace official reports, and have the singular feature of understating, as a rule, the extent of the Confederate successes—a fact which detracts considerably from their historical value. Some few of them are here appended, but the letters which we deem it more important to give are those that relate to the general military interests of the Confederate States. In addition to their suggestions concerning military movements elsewhere than in Virginia, they yield many valuable side-glimpses into the difficulties under which General Lee labored, such as the dearth of provisions, clothing, and arms, the increasing desertions, the lack of recruits, the disaffection in certain sections of the country, and the rapid exhaustion of means of resistance to the North. In none of them does he show a symptom of despair or breathe a thought of giving up the contest. To the last he remained full of resources, energetic, and defiant, and ready to bear upon his shoulders the whole burden of the conduct of the war.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 30, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY J. DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES,

MR. PRESIDENT: Since my former letter on the subject the indications that operations in Virginia will be vigorously prosecuted by the enemy are stronger than they then were. General Grant has returned from the Army in the West. He is at present with the Army of the Potomac, which is being organized and recruited. From the reports of our scouts the impression prevails in that army that he will operate it in the coming campaign. Every train brings it recruits, and it is stated that every available regiment at the North is added to it. It is also reported that General Burnside is organizing a large army at Annapolis, and it seems probable that additional troops are being sent to the Valley. It is stated that preparations are making to rebuild the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, which would indicate a reoccupation of the latter place. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is very closely guarded along its whole

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extent; no ingress or egress from their lines is permitted to citizens as heretofore; and everything shows secrecy and preparation. Their plans are not sufficiently developed to discover them, but I think we can assume that if General Grant is to direct operations on this frontier, he will concentrate a large force on one or more lines, and prudence dictates that we should make such preparations as are in our power. If an aggressive movement can be made in the West, it will disconcert their plans and oblige them to conform to ours. But if it cannot, Longstreet should be held in readiness to be thrown rapidly into the Valley if necessary, to counteract any movement in that quarter, in accomplishing which I could unite with him or he unite with me, should circumstances require it, on the Rapidan. The time is also near at hand when I shall require all the troops belonging to this army. I have delayed calling for General Hoke, who besides his own brigade has two regiments of another of this army, under the expectation that the object of his visit to North Carolina may yet be accomplished. I have heard nothing on the subject recently, and if our papers be correct in their information the enemy has thrown reinforcements into that State and the Neuse is barricaded just above New Berne. There is another brigade of this army, General R. Johnston's, at Hanover Junction. I should like as soon as possible to get them back.

I am, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ORANGE COURT-HOUSE,
April 2, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES,

MR. PRESIDENT: I had a conversation with General Pendleton last evening, who gave me the result of his observations during his late visit to the Army of Tennessee. His report of the condition of that army, the buoyant spirit of the men, and above all the confidence reposed in their leader, gave me unalloyed pleasure. I regret the difficulties in the projected combination and movement of Generals Johnston and Longstreet. Those arising from the scarcity of supplies I can realize. Those arising from the features of the country, the strength or position of the enemy, I cannot properly estimate. They should be examined and judged by the commanders who are to execute the movement. As far as I can judge, the contemplated expedition offers the fairest prospects of valuable results within the limits of the Confederacy, and its success would be attended with the greatest relief. I hope the obstacles to its execution on being closely scanned may not prove insurmountable or may be removed by a modification of the plan. In the mean time, provisions might be accumulated at some suitable point, and if drawn from the country south or west of that point

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they would always be convenient for the armies north of it. Other preparations might also be made, but if after a full consideration of the subject by General Johnston there should not be, in his opinion, reasonable grounds for expecting success, I would not recommend its execution. He can better compare the difficulties existing to a forward movement with the disadvantages of remaining quiet, and decide between them.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, April 5, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES,

MR. PRESIDENT: All the information I receive tends to show that the great effort of the enemy in this campaign will be made in Virginia. Nothing as yet has been discovered to develop his plan. Reinforcements are certainly daily arriving to the Army of the Potomac. I cannot ascertain whence they come. Information was received on the 3d from two scouts, derived from citizens along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, that the troops on the cars said they belonged to Grant's Army of Tennessee. A resident of Culpeper stated that the Eleventh and Twelfth army corps had returned there. I telegraphed to Generals Johnston and Longstreet to know if they were still in the West. I enclose their answers. Both seem to think they are in their front, but preparing to leave. The tone of the Northern papers, as well as the impression prevailing in their armies, go to show that Grant with a large force is to move against Richmond. One of their correspondents at Harrisburg states upon the occasion of the visit of Generals Burnside and Hancock that it was certain that the former would go to North Carolina. They cannot collect the large force they mention for their operations against Richmond without reducing their other armies. This ought to be discovered and taken advantage of by our respective commanders. I infer from the information I receive that Longstreet's corps is in the vicinity of Abingdon and Bristol. It is therefore in position to be thrown West or East.

Unless it is certain that it can be advantageously employed West for a speedy blow, I would recommend that it be returned to this army. The movements and reports of the enemy may be intended to mislead us, and should therefore be carefully observed. But all the information that reaches me goes to strengthen the belief that General Grant is preparing to move against Richmond.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS, April 12, 1864.

MR. PRESIDENT: My anxiety on the subject of provisions for the army is so great that I cannot refrain from expressing it to Your Excellency. I cannot see how we can operate with our present supplies. Any derangement in their arrival or disaster to the railroad would render it impossible for me to keep the army together, and might force a retreat into North Carolina. There is nothing to be had in this section for men or animals. We have rations for the troops to-day and to-morrow. I hope a new supply arrived last night, but I have not yet had a report. Every exertion should be made to supply the dépôts at Richmond and at other points. All pleasure travel should cease and everything be devoted to necessary wants.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.
General.

HEADQUARTERS, April 15, 1864.

MR. PRESIDENT: The reports of the scouts are still conflicting as to the character of the reinforcements to the Army of the Potomac and the composition of that of Annapolis under General Burnside. I think it probable that the Eighth corps, which embraces the troops who have heretofore guarded the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the intrenchments around Washington, Alexandria, etc., has been moved up to the Rappahannock, and that an equivalent has been sent to Annapolis from General Meade. Lieutenant-colonel Mosby states that the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, consolidated, have also been sent to General Burnside. But, whatever doubt there may be on these points, I think it certain that the enemy is organizing a large army on the Rappahannock and another at Annapolis, and that the former is intended to move directly on Richmond, while the latter is intended to take it in flank or rear. I think we may also reasonably suppose that the Federal troops that have so long besieged Charleston will, with a portion of their ironclad steamers, be transferred to the James River. I consider that the suspension of the attack on that city was virtually declared when General Gillmore transferred his operations to the St. John's River. It can only be continued during the summer months by the fleet. The expedition of the enemy up Red River has so diminished his forces about New Orleans and Mobile that I think no attack upon the latter city need be apprehended soon, especially as we have reason to hope that he will return from his expedition in a shattered condition. I have thought, therefore, that General Johnston might draw something from Mobile during the summer to strengthen his hands, and that General Beauregard with a portion of his troops might move into North Carolina to oppose General Burnside should he resume his old position in that State, or be ready to advance to the

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James River should that route be taken. I do not know what benefit General Buckner can accomplish in his present position. If he is able to advance into Tennessee, reoccupy Knoxville, or unite with General Johnston, great good may be accomplished, but if he can only hold Bristol, I think he had better be called for a season to Richmond. We shall have to glean troops from every quarter to oppose the apparent combination of the enemy. If Richmond could be held secure against the attack from the east, I would propose that I draw Longstreet to me and move right against the enemy on the Rappahannock. Should God give us a crowning victory there, all their plans would be dissipated, and their troops now collecting on the waters of the Chesapeake would be recalled to the defence of Washington. But to make this move I must have provisions and forage. I am not yet able to call to me the cavalry or artillery. If I am obliged to retire from this line, either by a flank movement of the enemy or the want of supplies, great injury will befall us. I have ventured to throw out these suggestions to Your Excellency in order that in surveying the whole field of operations you may consider all the circumstances bearing on the question. Should you determine it is better to divide this army and fall back toward Richmond, I am ready to do so. I, however, see no better plan for the defence of Richmond than that I have proposed.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, April 16, 1864.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, commanding Armies C. States,

GENERAL: I have received your letter of the 13th enclosing a copy of a communication from Colonel Gorgas in reference to the large proportion of artillery with this army. I have never found it too large in battle, and it has generally been opposed by about 300 pieces of the enemy of larger calibre, longer range, and with more effective ammunition. If, however, its equipment overtaxes the means of the Ordnance Department, or, as you suggest, its supply of horses cannot be kept up, that decides the question, and no argument on the subject is necessary. Taking the European standard of 3 guns for every 1000 men, based upon the experience of their wars, not ours, the number of guns in this army will fall short, provided the regiments are filled to the minimum allowed by law. I think Colonel Gorgas is correct in not adhering to this standard when the organizations recede from their maximum of strength. Taking his own standard and allowing 5 guns to each brigade, we ought to have 230 guns. Longstreet has 12 brigades, Ewell 13, Hill 14, and the cavalry (including the Carolina brigade being organized) 7 = 46 brigades. Taking Colonel Gorgas's statement as correct, which I have not time to verify, there

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are in this army 197 guns; with General Longstreet, 27; and in the Washington Artillery (if full), 16 = 240. The excess is not large, but going back to the European standard we have 206 regiments. Taking the minimum and not the maximum of strength (206 × 640 = 131,840), and allowing 3 guns for every 1000 men (131,840 ÷ 3) = 439 guns. Our aggregate present and absent would give us more. I differ from Colonel Gorgas in thinking that 20 guns are too much for the cavalry. In my opinion they are not enough. We should have a battery for each brigade, and a reserve battery for each division; the 7 brigades would require 7 batteries, and the 3 divisions 3 reserve batteries, making 10.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, April 16, 1864.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, commanding Armies C. States,

GENERAL: I received last evening your letter of the 14th instant by the hands of Major Parker. I trust that the expedition in North Carolina will be attended with success, and that the troops in the department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida may be made available to oppose the combined operations of the enemy in Virginia. No attack of moment can be made upon Charleston or the southern coast during the summer months, and I think General Johnston can draw with impunity some troops from Mobile to him. Buckner's force, too, might be made available in some way; I fear, as he stands now, it will be lost to us. At present my hands are tied. If I were able to move with the aid of Longstreet and Pickett, the enemy might be driven from the Rappahannock and be obliged to look to the safety of his own capital instead of the assault upon ours. I cannot even draw to me the cavalry or artillery of the army, and the season has arrived when I may be attacked any day. The scarcity of our supplies gives me the greatest uneasiness. All travel should be suspended on the railroad until a sufficiency is secured. I can have a portion of the corn ground into meal for the army if it is sent to me. I do not know whether all can be furnished. The mills are mostly on the Rapidan, and consequently exposed if any movement takes place. It will also increase the hauling, which at this time I should like to avoid if possible. If the meal can be prepared in Richmond, it will be more convenient at this time. If it cannot, we can at least grind part of the corn if sent to us. If we are forced back from our present line, the Central Railroad, Charlottesville, and all the upper country will be exposed, and I fear great injury inflicted on us.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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STRENGTH OF THE ARMY PREVIOUS TO WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.

Abstract from Return of the Army of Northern Virginia, GENERAL R. E. LEE *commanding, for April 20, 1864; Orange Court-house, Va.*

COMMAND.	Present for duty.		Aggregate present.	Aggregate present and absent.	Aggregate last return.
	Officers.	Men.			
General staff	12	...	12	12	12
Staff	16	...	16	19	17
SECOND ARMY CORPS.					
LIEUT.-GEN. EWELL.					
Early's division*	...	...	5,578	9,067	5,529
Johnson's division	...	...	6,383	10,405	6,294
Rodes's division †	...	...	8,733	13,292	8,729
Total	...	...	20,710	32,783	20,569
THIRD ARMY CORPS.					
LIEUT.-GEN. A. P. HILL.					
Staff	...	...	16	16	15
Anderson's division	...	...	7,910	11,991	7,809
Heth's division	...	...	8,502	14,349	7,951
Wilcox's division	...	...	8,963	12,646	8,946
Total	...	...	25,391	39,002	24,721
Cavalry Corps.					
Maj.-gen. J. E. B. Stuart.					
Staff	...	...	13	15	13
Hampton's division	...	...	3,815	8,192	3,358
Fitz Lee's division	...	...	5,872	8,715	5,599
Total	...	...	9,700	16,922	8,970
Artillery Brigade.					
Brig.-gen. W. N. Pendleton.					
First army corps	...	...	465	592	463
Second army corps	...	...	1,977	2,603	1,904
Third army corps	...	...	2,632	3,368	2,568
Cavalry	...	...	473	674	467
Total	...	...	5,547	7,237	5,402
Unattached Commands.					
Valley District ‡	...	...	...	...	...
Maryland Line	...	...	913	1,351	887
Provost Guard	...	...	387	584	387
Battn. Scouts and Couriers	...	...	265	355	274
Total	...	...	1,565	2,290	1,548
Grand total	...	...	62,925	98,246	61,222

* Hoke's brigade detached; not reported. † Two regiments detached; not reported. ‡ Not reported.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 26, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th instant. General Hunter has escaped Early, and will make good his retreat, as far as I can understand, to Lewisburg. Although his expedition has been partially interrupted, I fear he has not been much punished except by the demoralization of his troops and the loss of some artillery. From his present position he can easily be reorganized and re-equipped, and, unless we have sufficient force to resist him, will repeat his expedition. This would necessitate the return of Early to Staunton. I think it better that he should move down the Valley if he can obtain provisions, which would draw Hunter after him, and may enable him to strike Pope (?) before he can effect a junction with Hunter. If circumstances favor, I should also recommend his crossing the Potomac. I think I can maintain our lines here against General Grant. He does not seem disposed to attack, and has thrown himself strictly on the defensive. I am less uneasy about holding our position than about our ability to procure supplies for the army. I fear the latter difficulty will oblige me to attack General Grant in his intrenchments, which I should not hesitate to do but for the loss it will inevitably entail. A want of success would, in my opinion, be almost fatal, and this causes me to hesitate, in the hope that some relief may be procured without running such great hazard.

I should like much to have the benefit of Your Excellency's good judgment and views upon this subject.

Great benefit might be drawn from the release of our prisoners at Point Lookout if it can be accomplished. The number of men employed for this purpose would necessarily be small, as the whole would have to be transported secretly across the Potomac where it is very broad, the means of doing which must first be procured. I can devote to this purpose the whole of the Marylanders of this army, which would afford a sufficient number of men of excellent material and much experience, but I am at a loss where to find a proper leader. As he would command Maryland troops and operate upon the Maryland soil, it would be well that he should be a Marylander. Of those connected with this army, I consider Colonel Bradley Johnson the most suitable. He is bold and intelligent, ardent and true, and yet I am unable to say whether he possesses all the requisite qualities. Everything in an expedition of this kind would depend upon the leader. I have understood that most of the garrison at Point Lookout is composed of negroes. I should suppose that the commander of such troops would be poor and feeble. A stubborn resistance, therefore, may not reasonably be expected. By taking a company of the Maryland artillery armed as infantry, the dismounted cavalry, and their infantry organization, as many men would be supplied as transportation could be procured

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for. By throwing them suddenly on the beach with some concert of action among the prisoners, I think the guard might be overpowered, the prisoners liberated and organized, and marched immediately on the route to Washington.

The artillery company could operate the guns captured at the Point. The dismounted cavalry with the released prisoners of that arm could mount themselves on the march, and the infantry would form a respectable force. Such a body of men, under an able leader, though they might not be able without assistance to capture Washington, could march around it and cross the upper Potomac where fordable. I do not think they could cross the river in a body at any point below Washington, unless possibly at Alexandria. Provisions, etc. would have to be collected in the country through which they pass. The operations on the river must be confided to an able naval officer, who I know will be found in Colonel Wood. The subject is one worthy of consideration, and can only be matured by reflection.

The sooner it is put in execution the better if it be deemed practicable.

At this time, as far as I can learn, all the troops in the control of the United States are being sent to Grant, and little or no opposition could be made by those at Washington.

With relation to the project of Marshal Kane, if the matter can be kept secret, which I fear is impossible, should General Early cross the Potomac he might be sent to join him.

Very respectfully, your Excellency's obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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Abstract from Return of the Army of Northern Virginia, GENERAL R. E. LEE *commanding, for July 10, 1864; Station near Petersburg, Va.*

COMMAND.	Present for duty.		Aggregate present.	Aggregate present and absent.	Aggregate last return.
	Officers.	Men.			
DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, AND VIRGINIA.*					
GEN. P. T. BEAUREGARD commanding.					
General staff	12	. . .	12	12	12
Johnson's division	. . .	. . .	8,403	13,681	8,478
Hoke's division	. . .	. . .	6,387	12,668	6,628
Total	. . .	. . .	14,790	26,349	15,106
FIRST ARMY CORPS.					
LIEUT.-GEN. R. H. ANDERSON com'd'g.					
Staff	. . .	. . .	17	24	17
Pickett's division	. . .	. . .	5,862	11,628	5,924
Field's division	. . .	. . .	5,952	12,943	5,846
Kershaw's division	. . .	. . .	5,791	11,646	5,712
Total	. . .	. . .	17,622	36,241	17,499
THIRD ARMY CORPS.					
LIEUT.-GEN. A. P. HILL commanding.					
Staff	. . .	. . .	17	17	17
Anderson's division	. . .	. . .	7,569	14,380	6,643
Heth's division	. . .	. . .	6,288	14,001	6,121
Wilcox's division	. . .	. . .	5,581	12,190	5,445
Total	. . .	. . .	19,455	40,588	18,226
CAVALRY.					
Hampton's division	. . .	. . .	3,570	8,967	
Fitz Lee's division	. . .	. . .	1,994	5,889	1,928
W. H. F. Lee's division	. . .	. . .	4,929	8,324	3,379
Total	. . .	. . .	10,493	23,180	5,307
Of Gen. Beauregard's command	. . .	. . .	1,180	1,622	1,247
ARTILLERY.					
BRIG.-GEN. PENDLETON.					
First army corps	. . .	. . .	1,919	2,637	1,838
Second army corps †	. . .	. . .	818	1,701	817
Third army corps	. . .	. . .	2,555	3,475	2,519
Total	. . .	. . .	6,472	9,435	6,421
Grand total	. . .	. . .	68,844	135,805	62,571

* The Second army corps, Lieutenant-general Early, detached; not reported.
† Part of artillery of Second corps with General Early; not reported.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
July 11, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. A. EARLY, commanding, etc.,

GENERAL: Your letter of the 7th was received this morning. Your movements and arrangements appear to me to have been judicious, and I am glad you did not delay to storm the works at Maryland Heights. It was better to turn them and endeavor to draw from them. I hope you get the Northern papers, as they will keep you advised of their preparations to oppose you. They rely greatly upon General Hunter's force coming in your rear. About the 4th instant, as far as I can judge, he was in the vicinity of Charleston on the Kanawha, with his own, Averell's, and Crooks's commands. To encounter you in your present position he must either ascend the Ohio to Parkersburg and take the railroad to Grafton, thence by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, if that is left practicable, or go up to Pittsburg, and thence by the Central Pennsylvania. You will be able to judge of the time that either of these routes will require to bring him in position, and I think that even his whole force, aided by such troops as might join him, would be unable to oppose you successfully.

I ascertained some days ago that on the 6th instant General Grant sent off a portion of his troops, and, as far as I am able to judge, they consisted of Ricketts's division of the Sixth corps, and their destination was Washington City. I think it probable that about a brigade of cavalry without their horses were sent on the night of the 6th to the same point. I learn this morning from our scouts on the James River that about the same number of troops, judging from the transports, descended the river yesterday, and I presume they are bound for Washington City. Whether these belong to the Sixth corps or have been taken from other corps of his army, which I think more probable, I have not yet ascertained. We may, however, assume that a corps or its equivalent has been sent by General Grant to Washington, and I send a special messenger to apprise you of this fact, that you may be on your guard and take this force into consideration with others that may be brought to oppose you. In your further operations you must of course be guided by the circumstances by which you are surrounded and the information you may be able to collect, and must not consider yourself committed to any particular line of conduct, but be governed by your good judgment. Should you find yourself obliged, in consequence of the forces opposed to you, to return to the south side of the Potomac, you can take advantage of the fords east of the Blue Ridge, keeping your cavalry well to your front and causing them to retire by fords between you and Washington. In the event of your recrossing the Potomac, your route through Loudoun will facilitate the procurement of provisions, forage, etc. for your command, and will be otherwise most advantageous, giving you a strong country through which to pass, and enabling you, if pressed, to retire into the Valley

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and threaten and hang upon the enemy's flank should he push on toward Richmond.

I recommend that you have the fords of the Potomac examined by a competent officer, and held by a small force of cavalry or infantry as you may deem most advisable.

I can tell nothing further of the expedition mentioned to you in my letter of the 3d instant than was stated in that letter, having heard nothing from it since, except that the subject was a matter of general conversation in Richmond, which may tend to frustrate it.

You can retain the special messenger until you may wish to send him back for any purpose. I need not state to you the advantage of striking at the bodies of troops that may be collected to oppose you in detail before they are enabled to unite. None of the forces that I have mentioned, nor any reported in the Northern papers as being likely to oppose you, will be able, in my opinion, to resist you, provided you can strike them before they are strengthened by others. Should you hear of the near approach of General Hunter, and can strike at him before he is reinforced by troops from the East, you can easily remove that obstacle from your path, in my opinion.

Trusting you and our cause to the care of a merciful Providence, I remain,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Petersburg, Va., August 4, 1864.

MR. PRESIDENT: . . . . A scout reported that on Sunday, the 31st ultimo, a body of cavalry estimated at two brigades moved toward the James River in the direction of City Point, and this may be the force of cavalry which has been shipped North. I fear that this force is intended to operate against General Early, and when added to that already opposed to him may be more than he can manage. Their object may be to drive him out of the Valley and complete the devastation they commenced when they were ejected from it. General Grant's plan of operations here appears to be to mine and bombard our lines with a view of driving us from them, and as he is very strongly fortified he can operate with fewer troops and enable him to detach a sufficient force for the purpose indicated. The largest force which I can detach would be Kershaw's and Field's divisions, and that would leave not a man out of the trenches for any emergency which might arise. If it is their intention to endeavor to overwhelm Early, I think it better to detach these troops than to

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hazard his destruction and that of our railroads, etc. north of Richmond, and therefore submit the question to the better judgment of Your Excellency.....

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
August 26, 1864.

GENERAL EARLY,

GENERAL: Your letter of the 23d has been received, and I am much pleased at your having forced the enemy back to Harper's Ferry. This will give protection to the Valley and arrest the travel on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It will, however, have little or no effect upon Grant's operations or prevent reinforcements being sent to him. If Sheridan's force is as large as you suppose, I do not know that you could operate to advantage north of the Potomac. Either Anderson's troops or a portion of yours might, however, be detached to destroy the railroad west of Charlestown, and Fitz Lee might send a portion of his cavalry to cross the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, as you propose. I cannot detach at present more cavalry from this army; the enemy is too strong in that arm. I am aware that Anderson is the ranking officer, but I apprehend no difficulty on that score. I first intended him to threaten the enemy east of the Blue Ridge, so as to retain near Washington a portion of the enemy's forces. He crossed the mountains at your suggestion, and I think properly. If his troops are not wanted there, he could cross into Loudoun or Fauquier and return to Culpeper. It would add force to the movement of cavalry east of the Blue Ridge. I am in great need of his troops, and if they can be spared from the Valley or cannot operate to advantage there, I will order them back to Richmond. Let me know.

Very respectfully,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 2, 1864.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES,

MR. PRESIDENT: I beg leave to call your attention to the importance of immediate and vigorous measures to increase the strength of our armies, and to some suggestions as to the mode of doing it. The necessity is now great, and will soon be augmented by the results of the coming draft in the United States. As matters now stand, we have no troops disposable to meet movements of the enemy or strike when opportunity presents, without taking them from the trenches and exposing some important point. The enemy's position enables him to move his troops to the right or left without our knowledge until he has reached the point at which he aims, and we are then compelled to hurry our men to meet him, incurring the risk of being too late to check his progress, and the additional risk of the advantage he may derive from their absence. This was fully illustrated in the late demonstration north of the James River, which called troops from our lines here who, if present, might have prevented the occupation of the Weldon Railroad. These rapid and distant movements also fatigue and exhaust our men, greatly impairing their efficiency in battle. It is not necessary, however, to enumerate all the reasons for recruiting our ranks. The necessity is as well known to Your Excellency as to myself, and as much the object of your solicitude. The means of obtaining men for field duty, as far as I can see, are only three: A considerable number could be placed in the ranks by relieving all able-bodied white men employed as teamsters, cooks, mechanics, and laborers, and supplying their places with negroes. I think measures should be taken at once to substitute negroes for whites in every place in the army or connected with it where the former can be used. It seems to me that we must choose between employing negroes ourselves and having them employed against us. A thorough and vigorous inspection of the rolls of exempted and detailed men is in my opinion of immediate importance. I think you will agree with me that no man should be excused from service for any reason not deemed sufficient to entitle one already in service to his discharge. I do not think that the decision of such questions can be made so well by any as by those whose experience with troops has made them acquainted with the urgent claims to relief which are constantly brought to the attention of commanding officers, but which they are forced to deny. For this reason I would recommend that the rolls of exempts and details in each State be inspected by officers of character and influence who have had experience in the field and have had nothing to do with the exemptions and details. If all that I have heard be true, I think it will be found that very different rules of action have been pursued toward men in service and those liable to it in the matter of exemptions and details, and I respectfully recommend that Your Excellency cause reports to be made by the enrolling bureau of the number of men enrolled

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in each State, the number sent to the field, and the number exempted or detailed. I regard this matter as of the utmost moment. Our ranks are constantly diminishing by battle and disease, and few recruits are received. The consequences are inevitable, and I feel confident that the time has come when no man capable of bearing arms should be excused unless it be for some controlling reason of public necessity. The safety of the country requires this, in my judgment, and hardship to individuals must be disregarded in view of the calamity that would follow to the whole people if our armies meet with disaster. No detail of an arms-bearing man should be continued or granted except for the performance of duty that is indispensable to the army, and that cannot be performed by one not liable to or fit for service. Agricultural details take numbers from the army without any corresponding advantage. I think that the interests of land-owners and cultivators may be relied upon to induce them to provide means for saving their crops if they be sent to the field. If they remain at home, their produce will only benefit the enemy, as our armies will be insufficient to defend them. If the officers and men detailed in the conscript bureau have performed their duties faithfully, they must have already brought out the chief part of those liable to duty, and have nothing to do now except to get such as from time to time reach military age. If this be true, many of these officers and men can be spared to the army. If not, they have been derelict, and should be sent back to the ranks, and their places supplied by others who will be more active. Such a policy will stimulate the energy of this class of men. The last resource is the reserve force. Men of this class can render great service in connection with regular troops by taking their places in trenches, forts, etc., and leaving them free for active operations. I think no time should be lost in bringing out the entire strength of this class, particularly in Virginia and North Carolina. If I had the reserves of Virginia to hold the trenches here, or even to man those below Richmond on the north side of the river, they would render greater service than they can in any other way. They would give me a force to act with on the offensive or defensive, as might be necessary, without weakening any part of our lines. Their mere presence in the works below Richmond would prevent the enemy from making feints in that quarter to draw troops from here, except in such force as to endanger his own lines around Petersburg. But I feel confident that with vigorous effort, and an understanding on the part of the people of the necessity of the case, we could get more of this class than enough for the purpose last indicated. We could make our regular troops here available in the field. The same remarks are applicable to the reserves of North Carolina, who could render similar services at Wilmington, and allow the regular troops to take the field against any force that might land there. I need not remind Your Excellency that the reserves are of great value in connection with our regular troops to prevent disaster, but would be of little avail to retrieve it. For this reason they

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should be put in service before the numerical superiority of the enemy enables him to inflict a damaging blow upon the regular forces opposed to him. In my opinion the necessity for them will never be more urgent or their services of greater value than now. And I entertain the same views as to the importance of immediately bringing into the regular service every man liable to military duty. It will be too late to do so after our armies meet with disaster, should such, unfortunately, be the case.

I trust Your Excellency will excuse the length and earnestness of this letter in view of the vital importance of its subject, and am confident that you will do all in your power to accomplish the objects I have in view.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG,
September 27, 1864.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY, commanding Valley,

GENERAL: Your letter of the 25th instant is received. I very much regret the reverses that have occurred to the army in the Valley, but trust they can be remedied. The arrival of Kershaw will add greatly to your strength, and I have such confidence in the men and officers that I am sure all will unite in the defence of the country. It will require that every one should exert all his energies and strength to meet the emergency. One victory will put all things to rights. You must do all in your power to invigorate your army. Get back all absentees—manœuvre so, if you can, as to keep the enemy in check until you can strike him with all your strength. As far as I can judge at this distance, you have operated more with divisions than with your concentrated strength. Circumstances may have rendered it necessary, but such a course is to be avoided if possible. It will require the greatest watchfulness, the greatest promptness, and the most untiring energy on your part to arrest the progress of the enemy in his present tide of success. All the reserves in the Valley have been ordered to you. Breckenridge will join you or co-operate as circumstances will permit with all his force. Rosser left this morning for Burkeville (intersection of Danville and Southside Railroads), whence he will shape his course as you direct. I have given you all I can. You must use the resources you have so as to gain success. The enemy must be defeated, and I rely upon you to do it. I will endeavor to have shoes, arms, and ammunition supplied you. Set all your officers to work bravely and hopefully, and all will go well. As regards the Western cavalry, I think for the present the best thing you can do is to separate it. Perhaps there is a lack of confidence between officers and men. If you will attach one brigade to Rosser, making him a division, and one to Fitz Lee's division under Wickham, Lomax will be able, I hope, to

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bring out the rest. The men are all good, and only require instruction and discipline. The enemy's force cannot be so greatly superior to yours. His effective infantry I do not think exceeds 12,000 men. We are obliged to fight against great odds. A kind Providence will yet overrule everything for our good. If Colonel Carter's wound incapacitates him for duty, you must select a good chief of artillery for the present.

Wishing you every prosperity and success,

I am very truly yours,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Oct. 21, 1864.

HON. SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND,

SIR: I consider it very important to supply the garrisons in the forts below Wilmington with thirty days' provisions, in case the enemy should succeed in cutting them off from the city. I directed General Whiting to endeavor to obtain provisions for the purpose in North Carolina, but he has not succeeded in doing so, nor do I know that it is in his power. The amount of subsistence issued to the army in Virginia and North Carolina is not sufficient to enable us to retain what is required for these garrisons for the time indicated. We now get bacon for the troops only once in four days, and the commissary department informed Colonel Cole, chief C. S. of the army, that we must rely on cattle. As the collection of supplies is in the hands of the officers of the C. S. department, Colonel Cole does not know what number of cattle or what amount of provisions he can count upon, so as to make any arrangements to provide for those garrisons from stores that may come into their hands. I think that it would be better that the C. S. department should provide the desired supplies if practicable, and I respectfully ask that you will direct that it be done if it be in the power of that department to accomplish it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEAQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Oct. 24, 1864.

CAPTAIN J. K. MITCHELL, Flag-officer commanding James River Squadron,

CAPTAIN: Your letter of the 23d instant is received, and in compliance with your request I will give you my views as to the service I deem important to be rendered by the navy in the present posture of affairs.

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In my opinion, the enemy is already as near Richmond as he can be allowed to come with safety, and it is certain that the defence of the city would be easier did our lines extend lower down the river, and becomes more difficult the farther we are compelled to retire.

If the enemy succeeds in throwing a force to the south bank in rear of General Pickett's lines, it will necessitate not only the withdrawal of General P.'s forces, but also the abandonment of Petersburg and its railroad connections, throwing the whole army back to the defences of Richmond.

I should regard this as a great disaster and as seriously endangering the safety of the city. We should not only lose a large section of country from which our position around Petersburg enables us to draw supplies, but the enemy would be brought nearer to the only remaining line of railway communication between Richmond and the South, upon which the whole army, as well as the population of the city, would have to depend mainly for support. It would make the tenure of the city depend upon our ability to hold this long line of communication against the largely superior forces of the enemy, and, I think, would greatly diminish our prospects of successful defence. It is therefore, in my judgment, a matter of the first moment to prevent such a movement on the part of the enemy; and I do not know what emergency can arise in the future defence of the city which will more require all the efforts of the army and navy than that which now exists.

I fully appreciate the importance of preserving our fleet, and deprecate any unnecessary exposure of it. But you will perceive the magnitude of the service which it is thought you can render, and determine whether it is sufficient to justify the risk. It is true that the enemy might place torpedoes in your rear while the vessels are on guard down the river at night; but if you retire it is much easier for him to place them in the river below you, so as to prevent your going down altogether, no matter how great the necessity for your presence below might become. It is therefore very desirable to guard the river as effectually as we can, and I think it can be done so as greatly to diminish the chance of the enemy laying torpedoes if our ironclads can go down as far as Bishop's every night and picket in their rear with small boats and some of the light gunboats.

Our pickets on the north bank extend about half a mile below the lowest battery, and will be able to afford some assistance, as will also those on the south bank. A system of signals should be agreed upon between them and the fleet to give timely notice of any attempt of the enemy to approach the river or launch boats.

We have not sufficient force to picket the banks more effectually. Our batteries on the south side would also tend to deter the enemy from making the attempt you apprehend, and could afford assistance to the fleet.

You of course can best judge of your ability to render the service required.

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I can only express my views of its importance, and I trust that if the Department can increase your force of men, or in any other way contribute to render you able to perform this important duty, it will be done. As I said before, I can foresee no state of circumstances in which the fleet can render more important aid in the defence of Richmond that at present by guarding the river below Chaffin's Bluff.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by GENERAL R. E. LEE; *November 30, 1864.**

FIRST ARMY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. LONGSTREET commanding.

PICKETT'S DIVISON.

Major-general George E. Pickett.

Steuart's Brigade.

Brigadier-general George H. Steuart.

9th Virginia, Colonel J. J. Phillips.
14th Virginia, Colonel William White.
38th Virginia, Colonel George K. Griggs.
53d Virginia, Colonel W. R. Aylett.
57th Virginia, Colonel C. R. Fontaine.

Corse's Brigade.

Brigadier-general M. D. Corse.

15th Virginia, Lieut.-col. E. M. Morrison.
17th Virginia, Colonel Arthur Herbert.
29th Virginia, Colonel James Giles.
30th Virginia, Colonel R. S. Chew.
32d Virginia, Colonel E. B. Montague.

Hunton's Brigade.

Brigadier-general Eppa Hunton.

8th Virginia, Colonel E. Berkeley.
18th Virginia, Colonel H. A. Carrington.
19th Virginia, Colonel Henry Gantt.
28th Virginia, Lt.-col. W. L. Wingfield.
56th Virginia, Colonel Wm. E. Green.

Terry's Brigade.

Brigadier-general William R. Terry.

1st Virginia, Lieut.-col. F. H. Langley.
3d Virginia, Colonel Joseph Mayo, Jr.
7th Virginia, Colonel C. C. Flowerree.
11th Virginia, Captain J. H. Smith.
24th Virginia, Captain W. W. Bentley.

FIELD'S DIVISION.

Major-general C. W. Field.

Anderson's Brigade.

Brigadier-general G. T. Anderson.

7th Georgia, Major John F. Kiser.
8th Georgia, Colonel John R. Towers.
9th Georgia, Captain S. A. Jameson.
11th Georgia, Colonel F. H. Little.
59th Georgia, Lieut.-col. B. H. Gee.

Law's Brigade.

Colonel W. F. Perry.

4th Alabama, Captain A. D. McInnis.
15th Alabama, Captain F. K. Schaaf.
44th Alabama, Lieut.-col. John A. Jones.
47th Alabama, Captain H. C. Lindsey.
48th Alabama, Major J. W. Wiggonton.

* Compiled from inspection reports when not otherwise indicated.

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Gregg's Brigade.

Colonel F. S. Bass.

3d Arkansas, Lieut.-col. R. S. Taylor.
1st Texas, Captain Wm. A. Bedell.
4th Texas, Lieut.-col. C. M. Winkler.
5th Texas, Captain W. T. Hill.

Benning's Brigade.

Brigadier-general H. L. Benning.

2d Georgia, Captain Thos. Chaffin.
15th Georgia, Captain G. A. Pace.
17th Georgia, Lieut.-col. W. A. Barden.
20th Georgia, Lieut.-col. E. M. Seago.

Bratton's Brigade.

Brigadier-general John Bratton.

1st South Carolina, Colonel J. R. Hagood.
2d South Carolina [Rifles], Colonel R. E. Bowen.
5th South Carolina, Colonel A. Coward.
6th South Carolina, Colonel J. M. Steedman.
Palmetto Sharpshooters, Colonel Joseph Walker.

KERSHAW'S DIVISION.

Major-general J. B. Kershaw.

Wofford's Brigade.

Colonel C. C. Sanders.

16th Georgia, Major J. H. Skelton.*
18th Georgia, Colonel Joseph Armstrong.
24th Georgia, Colonel C. C. Sanders.
3d Georgia Battalion (Sharpshooters), Lt.-col. N. L. Hutchins.
Cobb's Legion, Lieut.-col. L. J. Glenn.*
Phillips's Legion, Lieut.-col. J. Hamilton.*

Humphreys's Brigade.

Major G. B. Gerald.

13th Mississippi, Major G. L. Donald.
17th Mississippi, Captain J. C. Cochran.
18th Mississippi, Lieut. Wm. Baskin.
21st Mississippi, Captain W. H. Dudley.

Bryan's Brigade.

Colonel James P. Simms.

10th Georgia, Colonel W. C. Holt.*
50th Georgia, Colonel P. McGlashan.*
51st Georgia, Lieut.-col. James Dickey.
53d Georgia, Lieut.-col. W. F. Hartsfield.

Conner's Brigade.

Colonel John D. Kennedy.

2d South Carolina, Captain J. D. Graham.
3d South Carolina, Capt. J. K. G. Nance.
7th South Carolina, Captain E. J. Goggans.
8th South Carolina, Captain A. T. Harllee.
15th South Carolina, Major F. S. Lewie.
20th South Carolina, Major J. M. Partlow.
3d S. C. Batt., Captain P. F. Spofford.

SECOND ARMY CORPS.†

THIRD ARMY CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. HILL commanding

MAHONE'S DIVISION.

Major-general William Mahone.

Sanders's Brigade.

Colonel Wm. H. Forney.

8th Alabama, Lieut.-col. John P. Emrich.
9th Alabama, Colonel J. H. King.
10th Alabama, Captain C. W. Brewton.
11th Alabama, Colonel G. E. Tayloe.
14th Alabama, Captain S. G. Perry.

Weisiger's Brigade.

Brigadier-general D. A. Weisiger.

6th Virginia, Colonel George T. Rogers.
12th Virginia, Major J. R. Lewellen.
16th Virginia, Captain S. B. Eley.
41st Virginia, Major W. H. Etheredge.
61st Virginia, Lieut.-col. W. H. Stewart.

* Reported absent on inspection reports, and actual commanders of their regiments not indicated.
† See Army Valley District, following.

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Harris's Brigade.

Brigadier-general Nathaniel H. Harris.

12th Mississippi, Lt.-col. T. B. Manlove.
16th Mississippi, Lieut.-col. J. H. Duncan.
19th Mississippi, Colonel R. W. Phipps.
48th Mississippi, Colonel Jas. M. Jayne.

Sorrel's Brigade.

Brigadier-general G. M. Sorrel.

3d Georgia, Captain J. A. Mason.
22d Georgia, Captain George W. Thomas.
48th Georgia, Lieut.-col. M. R. Hall.
64th Georgia, Major W. H. Weems.
2d Georgia Batt., Captain W. F. Walker.
10th Georgia Batt., Captain Wm. A. Greer.

Finegan's Brigade.

Brigadier-general Joseph Finegan.

2d Florida, Captain John B. O'Neill.
5th Florida, Captain J. F. Livingston.
8th Florida, Colonel David Lang.
9th Florida, Colonel J. M. Martin.
10th Florida, Lieut.-col. W. W. Scott.
11th Florida, Colonel T. W. Brevard.

HETH'S DIVISION.

Major-general H. Heth.

Davis's Brigade.

Brigadier-general J. R. Davis.

2d Mississippi, Colonel J. M. Stone.
11th Mississippi, Major R. O. Reynolds.
26th Mississippi, Major T. F. Parker.
42d Mississippi, Lieut.-col. A. M. Nelson.
55th North Carolina, Capt. R. W. Thomas.
1st Confederate Batt., Maj. F. B. McClung.

Cooke's Brigade.

Brigadier-general J. R. Cooke.

15th N. C., Lieut.-col. W. H. Yarborough.
27th North Carolina, Major J. C. Webb.
46th N. C., Lieut.-col. A. C. McAlister.
48th North Carolina, Col. S. H. Walkup.

McRae's Brigade.

Brigadier-general W. McRae.

11th North Carolina, Capt. J. M. Young.
26th North Carolina, Maj. Jas. T. Adams.
44th North Carolina, Maj. C. M. Stedman.
47th North Carolina, Capt. S. W. Mitchell.
52d N. C., Captain W. W. Carmichael.

*Archer's Brigade.**

Colonel R. M. Mayo.

13th Alabama, Colonel James Aiken.
1st Tennessee, Major Felix G. Buchanan.
7th Tennessee, Lieut.-col. S. G. Shepard.
14th Tennessee, Colonel W. McComb.

Walker's Brigade.†

40th Virginia, Captain Hiram E. Coles.
47th Virginia, Captain Charles J. Green.
55th Virginia, Colonel Wm. S. Christian.
2d Maryland Battalion, Captain Joseph L. McAleer.

WILCOX'S DIVISION.

Major-general C. M. Wilcox.

Thomas's Brigade.

Brigadier-general E. L. Thomas.

14th Georgia, Colonel R. P. Lester.
35th Georgia, Lieut.-col. W. H. McCullohs.
45th Georgia, Colonel T. J. Simmons.
49th Georgia, Colonel John T. Jordan.

Lane's Brigade.

Colonel R. V. Cowan.

7th North Carolina, Captain N. A. Pool.
18th North Carolina, Lt.-col. J. W. McGill.
28th North Carolina, Capt. T. V. Apperson.
33d North Carolina, Capt. Riddick Gatling.
37th North Carolina, Major J. L. Bost.

* Appears from return to have commanded also Walker's brigade.
† On return for this date the 2d Virginia Battalion appears as in this brigade.

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McGowan's Brigade.

Brigadier-general Samuel McGowan.

1st South Carolina, Col. C. W. McCreary.
12th South Carolina, Captain R. M. Kerr.
13th South Carolina, Col. Isaac F. Hunt.
14th South Carolina, Col. J. N. Brown.
Orr's Rifles, Colonel G. McD. Miller.

Scales's Brigade.

Colonel W. L. J. Lowrance.

13th North Carolina, Maj. E. B. Withers.
16th North Carolina, Col. W. A. Stowe.
22d North Carolina, Col. T. S. Gallaway.
34th North Carolina, Capt. G. M. Norment.
38th North Carolina, Col. John Ashford.

ANDERSON'S CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. H. ANDERSON.

HOKE'S DIVISION.*

Major-general R. F. Hoke.

Hagood's Brigade.

Brigadier-general J. Hagood.

11th South Carolina, Colonel F. H. Gantt.
21st South Carolina, Col. R. F. Graham.
25th South Carolina, Col. C. A. Simonton.†
27th South Carolina, Col. P. C. Gaillard.†
7th South Carolina Batt., Maj. J. H. Rion.

Colquitt's Brigade.

Brigadier-general A. H. Colquitt.

6th Georgia, Lieut.-col. S. W. Harris.
19th Georgia, Colonel James H. Neal.
23d Georgia, Colonel M. R. Ballenger.
27th Georgia, Captain E. D. Graham.
28th Georgia, Captain J. A. Johnson.

Clingman's Brigade.

Colonel H. McKethan.

8th North Carolina, Lt.-col. R. A. Barrier.
31st North Carolina, Lt.-col. C. W. Knight.
51st N. C., Captain James W. Lippitt.
61st N. C., Lieut.-col. Wm. S. Devane.

Kirkland's Brigade.

Brigadier-general W. W. Kirkland.

17th N. C., Lieut.-col. Thos. H. Sharpe.
42d North Carolina, Col. John E. Brown.
66th N. C., Colonel John H. Nethercutt.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION.

Major-general B. R. Johnson.

Gracie's Brigade.

Brigadier-general A. Gracie, Jr.

41st Alabama, Colonel M. L. Stansel.
43d Alabama, Lieut.-col. J. J. Jolly.
59th Alabama, Lt.-col. G. W. Huguley.
60th Alabama, Lieut.-col. D. S. Troy.
23d Batt. Ala. S. S., Major N. Stallworth.

Ransom's Brigade.

Brigadier-general M. W. Ransom.

24th North Carolina, Major T. D. Love.
25th North Carolina, Col. H. M. Rutledge.
35th North Carolina, Lt.-col. S. B. Taylor.
49th North Carolina, Captain C. H. Dixon.
56th North Carolina, Col. P. F. Faison.

Wise's Brigade.

Colonel J. T. Goode.

26th Virginia, Captain W. R. Perrin.
34th Virginia, Lieut.-col. R. Harrison.
46th Virginia, Captain J. H. White.
59th Virginia, Major R. G. Mosby.

Elliott's Brigade.

Brigadier-general W. H. Wallace.

17th South Carolina, Col. F. W. McMaster.
18th South Carolina, Major R. J. Betsill.
22d S. C., Lieut.-col. W. G. Burt.
23d S. C., Colonel H. L. Benbow.
26th S. C., Colonel A. D. Smith.
Holcombe Legion, Capt. A. B. Woodruff.

* Serving with 1st Army Corps.
† These officers reported as detached in inspection report, etc.

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FIRST MILITARY DISTRICT.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY A. WISE.

Walker's Brigade.

Brigadier-general J. A. Walker.

Batt. Va. Reserves, Col. B. L. Farinholt.
Batt. Va. Reserves, Col. P. M. Henry.
Batt. Va. Reserves, Col. R. A. Booker.
Batt. Va. Reserves, Col. R. E. Withers.
Section of artillery, Major V. Maurin.

Garnett's Brigade.

Lieutenant-colonel J. J. Garnett.

Battalion C. S. Zouaves, Major [F.] De Bordenave.
Batt. Va. Reserves. Major D. J. Godwin.
Co. "H," 8th Georgia Cavalry, Lieutenant A. M. G. Wiggins.
Section of Bradford's Battery, Lieutenant A. J. Cochran.

Post Lynchburg and Detailed Men.

Brigadier-general R. E. Colston.

Petersburg.

Major W. H. Ker.

44th Virginia Batt. (Co. "D"), Captain W. E. Hinton.
2d-class Militia, Captain O. H. Hobson.
Indpt. Signal Corps, Major J. F. Milligan.

Unattached.

Provost-guard Army of Northern Virginia, 1st Va. Batt., Major D. B. Bridgford.
39th Virginia Cavalry Battalion, Major John H. Richardson.

CAVALRY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON commanding.

HAMPTON'S (OLD) DIVISION.

Brigadier-general M. C. Butler.

Butler's Brigade.

Colonel H. K. Aiken.

4th South Carolina, Lt.-col. Wm. Stokes.
5th South Carolina, Captain Z. Davis.
6th South Carolina, Lt.-col. L. P. Miller.

Young's Brigade.

Colonel J. F. Waring.

10th Georgia, Captain L. F. Smith.
Cobb's Georgia Legion, Lt.-col. B. S. King.
Phillips's Ga. Legion, Lt.-col. W. W. Rich.
Jeff. Davis Legion, Major J. F. Lewis.

LEE'S DIVISION.

Major-general W. H. F. Lee.

Chambliss's Brigade.

Colonel R. L. T. Beale.

9th Virginia, Major Samuel A. Swann.
10th Virginia, Lieut.-col. R. A. Caskie.
13th Virginia, Colonel J. C. Phillips.

Barringer's Brigade.

Brigadier-general Rufus Barringer.

1st North Carolina, Colonel W. H. Cheek.
2d North Carolina, Colonel W. P. Roberts.
3d North Carolina, Lt.-col. Roger Moore.
5th North Carolina, Major J. H. McNeill.

Dearing's Brigade.

Brigadier-general J. Dearing.

8th Georgia, Colonel J. R. Griffin.
4th North Carolina, Colonel D. D. Ferebee.
16th North Carolina Battalion, Captain J. R. Lane.

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HORSE ARTILLERY.*

Major R. F. Chew.

Graham's Battery, Captain Edward Graham.
Hart's Battery, Lieutenant E. L. Halsey.
McGregor's Battery, Captain Wm. M. McGregor.

ARTILLERY RESERVE, ETC.†

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON commanding.

FIRST CORPS ARTILLERY.

Brigadier-general E. P. Alexander.

Cabell's Battalion.

1st Company Richmond Howitzers, Capt. R. M. Anderson.
Manly's Battery, Captain B. C. Manly.
Pulaski Artillery, First Lieut. M. Callaway.
Troup Artillery, Captain H. H. Carlton.

Huger's Battalion.

Fickling's Battery, Captain W. W. Fickling.
Moody's Battery, Lieut. J. C. Parkinson.
Parker's Battery, Captain W. W. Parker.
Smith's Battery, Captain John D. Smith.
Taylor's Battery, Captain O. B. Taylor.
Woolfolk's Battery, Lieut. J. Woolfolk.

Hardaway's Battalion.

3d Howitzers, Captain B. H. Smith [Jr.].
Dance's Battery, Captain W. J. Dance.
Griffin's Battery, Captain C. B. Griffin.
Rockbridge Artillery, Captain A. Graham.

Haskell's Battalion.

Flanner's Battery, Captain H. G. Flanner.
Garden's Battery, Captain H. R. Garden.
Lamkin's Battery, Captain J. N. Lamkin.
Ramsay's Battery, Captain J. A. Ramsay.

Starke's Battalion.

Giles Artillery, Captain D. A. French.
La. Guard Artillery, Captain C. A. Green.
Matthews Art., Captain A. D. Armistead.

Johnson's Battalion.

Crutter's Battery, Lieut. L. McIntosh.
Fredericksburg Art., Lt. J. [G.] Pollock.

THIRD CORPS ARTILLERY.

Colonel R. L. Walker, Chief of Artillery.

McIntosh's Battalion.

1st Md. Battery, Captain W. F. Dement.
4th Md. Battery, Captain W. S. Chew.
2d Rockbridge Art., Capt. W. K. Donald.
Crenshaw's Battery, Captain T. Ellett.
Rice's Battery, Captain B. Z. Price.

Pegram's Battalion.

Gregg's Battery, Captain Thos. E. Gregg.
Letcher Artillery, Captain T. A. Brander.
Purcell Artillery, Captain Geo. M. Cayce.
Richards's Battery, Captain T. J. Richards.

Poague's Battalion.

Graham's Battery, Captain A. B. Williams.
Utterback's Battery, Capt. A. W. Utterback.
Wyatt's Battery, Capt. Chas. F. Johnston.

Eshleman's Battalion.

1st Co. Washington Art., Capt. E. Owen.
2d Co. Wash. Art., Capt. J. B. Richardson.
3d Co. Washington Art., Capt. A. Hero, Jr.
4th Co. Wash. Art., Capt. Joe Norcom.

Richardson's Battalion.

Donaldsonville Art., Capt. R. P. Landry.
Huger Artillery, Captain J. D. Moore.
Norfolk Light Art., Capt. C. R. Grandy.
Penick's Battery, Captain N. Penick.

Lane's Battalion.

Irwin Artillery, Captain J. T. Wingfield.
Patterson's Battery, Capt. G. M. Patterson.
Ross's Battery, Captain H. M. Ross.

* Johnston's, Thompson's, and Shoemaker's batteries, under Major James Breathed, attached to Rosser's command, Army of the Valley District.
† From returns, and actual commanders not indicated.

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Owen's Battalion.

Davidson's Battery, Captain J. H. Chamberlayne.
Dickenson's Battery, Captain [C.] Dickenson.
Otey's Battery, Captain D. N. Walker.

ARTILLERY ANDERSON'S CORPS.

Colonel H. P. Jones.

Moseley's Battalion.

Cumming's Batt., Capt. [J. D.] Cumming.
Miller's Battery, Captain [John] Miller.
Slaten's Battery, Captain [C. W.] Slaten.
Young's Battery, Captain [E. R.] Young.

Coit's Battalion.

Bradford's Batt., Capt. [W. D.] Bradford.
Pegram's Battery, Captain [R. G.] Pegram.
Wright's Battery, Captain [S. T.] Wright.

Blount's Battalion.

Dickerson's Batt., Capt. J. W. Dickerson.
Fauquier Artillery, Capt. W. C. Marshall.
Fayette Artillery, Captain M. C. Macon.
Hampden Artillery, Capt. [J. E.] Sullivan.

Martin's Battalion.

Martin's Battery, Lieut. [S. H.] Pulliam.
Sturdivant's Batt., Lieut. [W. H.] Weisiger.

ARMY VALLEY DISTRICT.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY commanding.

EARLY'S DIVISION (SECOND CORPS).

Brigadier-general John Pegram.

Pegram's Brigade.

13th Virginia, Lieut.-col. G. A. Goodman.
31st Virginia, Lieut.-col. J. S. Hoffman.
49th Virginia, Lieut.-col. J. C. Gibson.
52d Virginia, Lieut.-col. J. H. Skinner.
58th Virginia, Lieut.-col. J. G. Kasey.

Johnston's Brigade.

Brigadier-general R. D. Johnston.

5th North Carolina, Colonel John W. Lea.
12th North Carolina, Col. H. E. Coleman.
20th North Carolina, Colonel T. F. Toon.
23d North Carolina, Col. C. C. Blacknall.
1st Batt. N. C. S. S., Capt. R. E. Wilson.

Lewis's Brigade.

Brigadier-general W. G. Lewis.

6th North Carolina, Colonel R. F. Webb.
21st North Carolina, Lieut.-col. W. S. Rankin.
54th North Carolina, Col. K. M. Murchison.
57th North Carolina, Lieut.-col. H. C. Jones, Jr.

RODES'S DIVISION† (SECOND CORPS).

Battle's Brigade.

3d Alabama, Colonel C. Forsyth.
5th Alabama, Colonel J. M. Hall.
6th Alabama, Colonel J. N. Lightfoot.
12th Alabama, Colonel S. B. Pickens.
61st Alabama, Colonel W. G. Swanson.

Grimes's Brigade.

32d North Carolina, Col. D. G. Coward.
43d North Carolina, Col. T. S. Kenan.
45th North Carolina, Col. Jno. R. Winston.
53d N. C., Lieut.-col. J. T. Morehead.
2d N. C. Batt., Major J. M. Hancock.

* From returns of the Army of Northern Virginia.
† Only two general officers (brigadier-generals) reported present for duty in the division.

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Cox's Brigade.

1st North Carolina, Lt.-col. H. A. Brown.
2d North Carolina, Capt. John P. Cobb.
3d North Carolina, Col. S. D. Thruston.
4th North Carolina, Col. E. A. Osborne.
14th North Carolina, Col. R. T. Bennett.
30th North Carolina, Col. F. M. Parker.

Cook's Brigade.

4th Georgia, Colonel W. H. Willis.
12th Georgia, Lieut.-col. Isaac Hardeman.
21st Georgia, Colonel T. W. Hooper.
44th Georgia, Colonel W. H. Peebles.

GORDON'S DIVISION * (SECOND CORPS).

Major-general John B. Gordon.

Evans's Brigade.

Brigadier-general C. A. Evans.

13th Georgia, Colonel J. H. Baker.
26th Georgia, Colonel E. N. Atkinson.
31st Georgia, Colonel J. H. Lowe.
38th Georgia, Lieut.-col. P. E. Davant.
60th Georgia, Lieut.-col. T. J. Berry.
61st Georgia (no field-officer).
12th Ga. Batt., Lieut.-col. H. D. Capers.

Terry's Brigade.

Brigadier-general William Terry.

2d Virginia, Major C. H. Stewart.
4th Virginia, Major M. D. Bennett.
5th Virginia, Lieut.-col. H. J. Williams.
10th Virginia, Lt.-col. D. H. Lee Martz.
21st Virginia, Colonel W. A. Witcher.
23d Virginia, Colonel A. G. Taliaferro.
25th Virginia, Major Wilson Harper.
27th Virginia, Lieut.-col. C. L. Haynes.
33d Virginia, Colonel A. Spengler.
37th Virginia, Colonel T. V. Williams.
42d Virginia, Colonel R. W. Withers.
44th Virginia, Colonel N. Cobb.
48th Virginia, Colonel R. H. Dungan.

York's Brigade.

Brigadier-general Zebulon York.

1st Louisiana, Lieut.-col. J. Nelligan.
2d Louisiana, Lieut.-col. R. E. Burke.
5th Louisiana, Major A. Hart.
6th Louisiana, Lieut.-col. J. Hanlon.
7th Louisiana, Lieut.-col. D. B. Penn.
8th Louisiana (no field-officer).
9th Louisiana, Colonel Wm. R. Peck.
10th Louisiana, Colonel E. Waggaman.
14th Louisiana, Colonel D. Zable.
15th Louisiana, Colonel E. Pendleton.

WHARTON'S DIVISION † (SECOND CORPS).

Brigadier-general G. C. Wharton.

Patton's Brigade.

22d Virginia, Lieut.-col. G. C. McDonald.
23d Va. Batt., Lieut.-col. C. Derrick.
26th Virginia Batt., Lt.-col. G. M. Edgar.

Smith's Brigade.

36th Virginia, Colonel Thos. Smith.
45th Va. Batt., Lieut.-col. H. M. Beckley.
60th Virginia, Colonel B. H. Jones.

Forsberg's Brigade.

45th Virginia, Major A. M. Davis.
50th Virginia, Colonel A. S. Vanderventer.
51st Virginia, Colonel Aug. Forsberg.
30th Virginia Batt., Lieut.-col. J. Lyle Clarke.

* One major-general and two brigadier-generals reported present for duty.
† Two general officers reported present for duty.

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CAVALRY CORPS.*

LOMAX'S DIVISION.

Major-general L. L. Lomax.

Imboden's Brigade.

Brigadier-general J. D. Imboden.

18th Virginia, Colonel G. W. Imboden.
23d Virginia, Colonel Robert White.
25th Virginia, Colonel W. M. Hopkins.
62d Virginia, Colonel G. H. Smith.

McCausland's Brigade.

Brigadier-general J. M. McCausland.

14th Virginia, Colonel J. Cochran.
16th Virginia, Colonel M. J. Ferguson.
17th Virginia, Captain J. S. A. Crawford.
21st Virginia, Colonel W. E. Peters.
22d Virginia, Colonel H. S. Bowen.

Jackson's Brigade.

Colonel William L. Jackson.

19th Virginia, Colonel Wm. L. Jackson.
20th Virginia, Colonel W. W. Arnett.
26th Virginia, Lieut.-col. J. K. Kesler.
37th Virginia Battalion, Lieut.-col. A. C. Dunn.
1st Maryland Batt., Major H. W. Gilmor.

ROSSER'S [FITZ LEE'S] DIVISION.†

Wickham's Brigade.

1st Virginia, Lieut.-col. W. A. Morgan.
2d Virginia, Colonel T. T. Munford.
3d Virginia, Colonel T. H. Owen.
4th Virginia, Lt.-col. W. B. Wooldridge.

Rosser's Brigade.

7th Virginia, Colonel R. H. Dulany.
11th Virginia, Colonel O. R. Funsten.
12th Virginia, Colonel A. W. Harman.
35th Va. Batt., Lieut.-col. E. V. White.

Payne's Brigade.

5th Virginia, Colonel R. B. Boston.
6th Virginia, Colonel Julian Harrison.
8th Virginia, Colonel J. M. Corns.
15th Virginia, ——— ———.
36th Virginia Battalion, Major J. W. Sweeney.

ARTILLERY.

Colonel Thomas H. Carter, Chief of Artillery.

Nelson's Battalion.

Kirkpatrick's Battery.
Milledge's Battery.
Snead's Battery.

Braxton's Battalion.

Carpenter's Battery.
Cooper's Battery.
Hardwicke's Battery.

Cutshaw's Battalion.

Fry's Battery.
Garber's Battery.
Jones's Battery.

King's Battalion.

Bryan's Battery.
Chapman's Battery.
Lowry's Battery.

With Lomax.

Griffin's Battery.
Jackson's Battery.
Lurty's Battery.
McClanahan's Battery.

With Rosser.

Johnston's Battery.
Shoemaker's Battery.
Thompson's Battery.

* One major-general and three brigadier-generals reported present for duty.
† No general officers reported present for duty.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
27th Oct., 1864.

HON. SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND,

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the signal message sent me by your order yesterday. I had supposed that General Grant would make some movement simultaneously with any attack on Wilmington to prevent reinforcements being sent from here, and in that view I consider it important that in such an event General Hardee should reinforce General Bragg with all his available troops, or, on the other hand, should Charleston and not Wilmington be the real point of attack, a demonstration will be made against the others to detain the troops at either from the real point. The officers in command must judge which is the true movement and act accordingly.

I think it would be well that the policy which they are to pursue should be made the subject of an order from the Department directing the one not attacked to reinforce the one who is with all the troops he can spare.

Very resp'lly, yr. obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, TURNBULL'S,
Dec. 5, 1864.

HIS EX. JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT C. STATES, RICHMOND,

MR. PRESIDENT: I have received the despatch from General Bragg of the 4th inst, forwarded to me by Mr. B. N. Harrison, stating that there is still time for him to receive any assistance that can be spared. On the 27th ult. General Whiting informed me that General Bragg had carried with him 2700 of the best troops from Wilmington. Since that he has ordered to Charleston a regiment of the North Carolina reserves, and I do not think, so far as I can judge, that more troops can be taken with propriety unless we were certain that all danger of an attack was removed from that point. In addition, I sent General Young with about 400 cavalrymen (without horses), and ordered all those previously sent to Georgia and South Carolina to report to him at Augusta; which Hampton thinks will give him about 800 mounted men, which I thought would strengthen the cavalry very much in that department. General Baker has also gone to General Bragg, so that he will have another good cavalry commander.

I fear I can do nothing more under present circumstances. General Early reports that his scouts stated the Sixth corps had broken camp on the 2d, and taken the cars at Stevenson's Dépôt—said to be going to City Point. From reports received from Longstreet and Ewell last night, I think this corps or a part of it may have reached the north side of James River last night. My last report from scouts on the James was to the 2d. There had been great activity on the river in transportation of supplies, but no troops had passed in any

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numbers since the 17th ult. Reports of Early and Longstreet have not yet been corroborated, but the whole preparations of the enemy indicate some movement against us. All we want to resist them is men.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Dec. 11, 1864.

HON. JAMES A. SEDDON, SECRETARY OF WAR, RICHMOND,

SIR: I have been informed by General Stevens that you have consented to the retention of our present negro force until Christmas. This will prove to be some relief, but not sufficient for our wants. My original request was for 5000 laborers: 2200 is the greatest number which ever reported, and those in small bodies at different intervals. The period for which they were first called was thirty days, and subsequently extended to sixty days. A large number of them have deserted, many not serving the first thirty days. Since the expiration of this period the desertions have greatly increased. I cannot state the present strength of the force, but think it cannot exceed 1200. I consequently have not been able to accomplish half I desired. In our present extended line, requiring the troops to be always on duty and prepared for any movements of the enemy, I cannot use them, as formerly, for any work requiring them to leave their trenches. This is the reason why a laboring force is necessary, and unless I can get it for the completion of interior lines of defence, construction of roads, and other work necessary to the existence of an army, I shall be unable to hold my position. Of the negroes called for under the act of Feb. 17, 1864, I have not yet received enough to replace the white teamsters in the army. In fact, we have not received more than sufficient to supply teamsters for the Third corps and a portion of one division. Not one has yet been received for laboring purposes, and to any inquiries on the subject I get no satisfactory reply. I beg, therefore, to call your attention to this matter, which I deem of the greatest importance, and request that prompt measures may be taken to supply this demand.

I am, with great respect, yr. obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

NEAR PETERSBURG, Dec. 14, 1864.

MR. PRESIDENT: After sending my despatch to you yesterday, knowing that the snow in the Valley was six inches deep and the weather very cold, and

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presuming that active operations would necessarily be suspended, I directed Rodes's division to march for Staunton, and requested the quartermaster-general to send cars to convey it to Richmond. It is now on the road, and should reach Staunton to-morrow evening. If the quartermaster's department is active, it should arrive in Richmond Friday morning. A despatch received from General Early last night stated that the scouts just in report that the Nineteenth corps of the enemy had left the Valley, and that the Eighth was under marching orders. The latter might be preparing to move nearer the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for I do not think they will strip it of all defence, or both corps may be coming to General Grant. Colonel Withers's scouts report that a New York regiment of infantry and part of the Seventh regiment of cavalry had left the Kanawha for the Valley; but I suppose they might have been intended to replace the garrison at New Creek. I do not know what may be General Grant's next move: his last against the Weldon Railroad and our right flank failed. The expeditions from Plymouth and New Berne against Fort Branch on the Roanoke and Kinston, N. C., have both retreated, before the forces moved against them, back to their former positions. Everything at this time is quiet in the departments of Virginia and North Carolina. If the reports of the prisoners and the statements of Federal officers to the citizens of the country are true, the object of the last expedition was to make a permanent lodgment at Weldon, draw supplies by the Roanoke and Seaboard Railroad, and thence operate against the railroads in North Carolina. General Grant may not now be prepared to break through our centre, as the canal at Dutch Gap is reported nearly completed. As long as he holds so large an army around Richmond, I think it very hazardous to diminish our force. We now can oppose about a division to one of his corps. I fear Savannah is in great danger, and unless our operations there are bold and energetic I am apprehensive of its fall. I hope, though, if all our troops are united Sherman may be repulsed. But there is no time to lose. If the Nineteenth corps does not come to Grant we might spare a division; but if the Nineteenth and Eighth are both drawn to him, we shall require more than we have. I ordered General J. A. Walker with the Virginia reserves from Weldon to Kinston to oppose the movement against that place. He is now on his return to his position on the Danville and Southside roads.

With a firm reliance on our merciful God that He will cause all things to work together for our good,

I remain, with great respect, yr. obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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[Telegram from Headquarters A. N. Va.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Jan. 11, 1865.

HON. J. A. SEDDON:

There is nothing within reach of this army to be impressed. The country is swept clear; our only reliance is upon the railroads. We have but two days' supplies.

R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
January 16, 1865.

HON. SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND,

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., with its enclosures. I thank you for your prompt and energetic measures for the relief of the army. As soon as I was informed of the break in our railroad connections I issued the enclosed appeal to the farmers and others in the country accessible by our remaining communications, and sent Major Tannahill to them to obtain all the supplies that could be procured. I am glad to say that, so far as I know, the crisis in relation to this matter is now past.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

[Indorsement.]

Noted with pleasure. It was the most effectual mode of obtaining supplies —more effective, I doubt not, than coercive action of the Department.

J. A. S.

JAN. 19, 1865.

[Enclosure.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Jan. 12, 1865.

TO THE FARMERS EAST OF THE BLUE RIDGE AND SOUTH OF JAMES RIVER:

The recent heavy freshet having destroyed a portion of the railroad from Danville to Goldsboro', and thereby cut off temporarily necessary supplies for the Army of Northern Virginia, an appeal is respectfully made to the farmers, millers, and other citizens to furnish with all possible promptness whatever breadstuffs, meats (fresh or salt), and molasses they can spare. Such citizens as Major Robert Tannahill may select are asked to act as agents in purchasing and collecting supplies through the various officers connected with the commissary department on the lines of railroad.

Arrangements have been made to pay promptly for all supplies delivered under this appeal, or to return the same in kind as soon as practicable.

R. E. LEE.

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ing unused will render a service to his country. Those who think to retain arms for their own defence should remember that if the army cannot protect them, the arms will be of little use.

While no valid title can be acquired to public arms and equipments except from the Government, it is reported that many persons have ignorantly purchased them from private parties. A fair compensation will therefore be made to all who deliver such arms and equipments to any ordnance officers, officer commanding at a post, officers and agents of the quartermaster and commissary departments at any station, or officers in the enrolling service or connected with the nitre and mining bureau. All these officers are requested, and those connected with this army are directed, to receive and receipt for all arms and equipments, whatever their condition, and forward the same, with a duplicate receipt, to the ordnance department at Richmond, and report their proceedings to these headquarters. The person holding the receipt will be compensated upon presenting it to the ordnance bureau.

While it is hoped that no one will disregard this appeal, all officers connected with the army are required, and all others are requested, to take possession of any public arms and equipments they may find in the hands of persons unwilling to surrender them to the service of the country, and to give receipts therefor. A reasonable allowance for their expenses and trouble will be made to such patriotic citizens as will collect and deliver to any of the officers above designated such arms and equipments as they may find in the hands of persons not in the service, or who will report the same to those officers. A prompt compliance with this call will greatly promote the efficiency and strength of the army, particularly of the cavalry, and render it better able to protect the homes and property of the people from outrage.

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG,
February 4, 1865.

GENERAL S. COOPER, A.- AND I.-GENERAL, RICHMOND, VA.,

GENERAL: I received your telegram of the 1st inst. announcing my confirmation by the Senate as general-in-chief of the armies of the Confederate States. I am indebted alone to the kindness of His Excellency the President for my nomination to this high and arduous office, and wish I had the ability to fill it to advantage. As I have received no instructions as to my duties, I do not know what he desires me to undertake.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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[Telegram.] HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
February 6, 1865.

GEN. S. COOPER: The enemy moved in strong force yesterday to Hatcher's Run. Part of his infantry, with Gregg's cavalry, crossed and proceeded on the Vaughan road—the infantry to Cattail Creek, the cavalry to Dinwiddie Court-house, where its advance encountered a portion of our cavalry and retired. In the afternoon parts of Hill's and Gordon's troops demonstrated against the enemy on the left of Hatcher's Run, near Armstrong's mill. Finding him intrenched, they were withdrawn after dark. During the night the force that had advanced beyond the creek returned to it, and were reported to be recrossing. This morning Pegram's division moved down the right bank of the creek to reconnoitre, when it was vigorously attacked. The battle was obstinately contested for several hours, but, General Pegram being killed while bravely encouraging his men, and Colonel Hoffman wounded, some confusion occurred and the division was pressed back to its original position. Evans's division, ordered by General Gordon to support Pegram, charged the enemy, forced him back, but was in turn compelled to retire. Mahone's division arriving, the enemy was driven rapidly to his defences on Hatcher's Run.

Our loss is reported to be small, that of the enemy not supposed great.

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
February 8, 1865.

HON. JAS. A. SEDDON, SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: All the disposable force of the right wing of the army has been operating against the enemy beyond Hatcher's Run since Sunday. Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, they had to be retained in line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, heightened by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men had been without meat for three days, and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail, and sleet. I have directed Colonel Cole, chief commissary, who reports that he has not a pound of meat at his disposal, to visit Richmond and see if nothing can be done. If some change is not made and the commissary department reorganized, I apprehend dire results. The physical strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment. Our cavalry has to be dispersed for want of forage. Fitz Lee's and Lomax's divisions are scattered because supplies cannot be transported where their services are required. I had to bring Wm. F. Lee's division forty miles Sunday night to get him in position.

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Taking these facts in connection with the paucity of our numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us. According to reports of prisoners, we were opposed on Hatcher's Run by the Second and Fifth corps, part of the Ninth, one division of the Sixth, Gregg's division (Third brigade) of cavalry. It was also reported that the Twenty-third corps (Schofield's) reached City Point on the 5th, and that it was present. But this is not confirmed by other reports. At last accounts it was stated to be on the Potomac, delayed by ice. A scout near Alexandria reports it is to march on Gordonsville, General Baker on Kinston. I think it more probable it will join Grant here.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

Respectfully sent to the President for perusal. Please return it.

JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE,
Secretary of War.

[Indorsement.]

This is too sad to be patiently considered, and cannot have occurred without criminal neglect or gross incapacity. Let supplies be had by purchase or borrowing or other possible mode.

J. D.

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE ARMY,
February 9, 1865.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 1.

In obedience to General Order No. 3, Adjutant- and Inspector-general's Office, 6th February, 1865, I assume command of the military forces of the Confederate States.

Deeply impressed with the difficulties and responsibilities of the position, and humbly invoking the guidance of Almighty God, I rely for success upon the courage and fortitude of the army, sustained by the patriotism and firmness of the people, confident that their united efforts, under the blessing of Heaven, will secure peace and independence.

The headquarters of the army, to which all special reports and communications will be addressed, will be for the present with the Army of Northern Virginia. The stated and regular returns and reports of each army and department will be forwarded, as heretofore, to the office of the Adjutant- and Inspector-general.

R. E. LEE,
General.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES,
14 February, 1865.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2.

In entering upon the campaign about to open the general-in-chief feels assured that the soldiers who have so long and so nobly borne the hardships and dangers of the war require no exhortation to respond to the calls of honor and duty.

With the liberty transmitted by their forefathers they have inherited the spirit to defend it.

The choice between war and abject submission is before them.

To such a proposal brave men with arms in their hands can have but one answer. They cannot barter manhood for peace nor the right of self-government for life or property.

But justice to them requires a sterner admonition to those who have abandoned their comrades in the hour of peril.

A last opportunity is afforded them to wipe out the disgrace and escape the punishment of their crimes.

By authority of the President of the Confederate States a pardon is announced to such deserters and men improperly absent as shall return to the commands to which they belong within the shortest possible time, not exceeding twenty days from the publication of this order, at the headquarters of the department in which they may be.

Those who may be prevented by interruption of communication may report within the time specified to the nearest enrolling officer or other officer on duty, to be forwarded as soon as practicable, and upon presenting a certificate from such officer showing compliance with the requirement will receive the pardon hereby offered.

Those who have deserted to the service of the enemy, or who have deserted after having been once pardoned for the same offence, and those who shall desert or absent themselves without authority after the publication of this order, are excluded from its benefits. Nor does the offer of pardon extend to other offences than desertion and absence without permission.

By the same authority it is also declared that no general amnesty will again be granted, and those who refuse to accept the pardon now offered, or who shall hereafter desert or absent themselves without leave, shall suffer such punishment as the courts may impose, and no application for clemency will be entertained.

Taking new resolution from the fate which our enemies intend for us, let every man devote all his energies to the common defence.

Our resources, wisely and vigorously employed, are ample, and with a brave army, sustained by a determined and united people, success with God's assistance cannot be doubtful.

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The advantages of the enemy will have but little value if we do not permit them to impair our resolution. Let us then oppose constancy to adversity, fortitude to suffering, and courage to danger, with the firm assurance that He who gave freedom to our fathers will bless the efforts of their children to preserve it.

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG,
Feb. 19, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY J. C. BRECKENRIDGE, SECRETARY OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: The accounts received to-day from South and North Carolina are unfavorable. General Beauregard reports from Winnsborough that four corps of the enemy are advancing on that place, tearing up the Charlotte Railroad, and that they will probably reach Charlotte by the 24th and before he can concentrate his troops there. He states that General Sherman will doubtless move thence on Greensborough, Danville, and Petersburg, or unite with General Schofield at Raleigh or Weldon.

General Bragg reports that General Schofield is now preparing to advance from New Berne to Goldsborough, and that a strong expedition is moving against the Weldon Railroad at Rocky Mount. He says that little or no assistance can be received from the State of North Carolina—that exemptions and reorganizations under late laws have disbanded the State forces, and that they will not be ready for the field for some time.

I do not see how Sherman can make the march anticipated by General Beauregard, but he seems to have everything his own way; which is calculated to cause apprehension. General Beauregard does not say what he proposes or what he can do. I do not know where his troops are or on what lines they are moving. His despatches only give movements of the enemy. He has a difficult task to perform under present circumstances, and one of his best officers, General Hardee, is incapacitated by sickness. I have also heard that his own health is indifferent, though he has never so stated. Should his strength give way, there is no one on duty in the department that could replace him, nor have I any one to send there. General J. E. Johnston is the only officer whom I know who has the confidence of the army and people, and if he was ordered to report to me I would place him there on duty. It is necessary to bring out all our strength, and, I fear, to unite our armies, as separately they do not seem able to make head against the enemy. Everything should be destroyed that cannot be removed out of the reach of Generals Sherman and Schofield. Provisions must be accumulated in Virginia, and every man in all the States must be brought off. I fear it may be necessary to abandon all our cities, and preparation should be made for this contingency.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

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LAST REPORT OF STRENGTH OF THE ARMY EVER MADE BY GENERAL LEE, PETERSBURG AND APPOMATTOX CAMPAIGN.

Abstract from Return of the Army of Northern Virginia, GENERAL R. E. LEE *commanding, for Feb. 20, 1865; Station, Petersburg, Va.*

COMMAND.	Aggregate present.	Aggregate present and absent.	Aggregate last return.
LIEUT.-GEN. J. LONGSTREET COMMANDING.			
General staff	12	12	12
Staff	14	18	14
Pickett's division	6,557	9,442	6,520
Field's division	5,732	11,508	5,797
Kershaw's division	4,121	9,179	4,178
Total	16,424	31,147	16,509
MAJ.-GEN. JOHN B. GORDON COMMANDING.			
Staff	. . .	. . .	. . .
Gordon's division	3,334	13,520	3,372
Rodes's division	4,596	12,176	4,445
Early's division	3,196	8,010	2,991
Total	11,126	33,706	10,808
LIEUT.-GEN. A. P. HILL COMMANDING.			
Staff	20	20	18
Mahone's division	5,538	12,854	5,489
Heth's division	5,562	11,852	5,543
Wilcox's division	6,769	11,411	6,822
Total	17,889	36,137	17,872
LIEUT.-GEN. R. H. ANDERSON COMMANDING.			
Johnson's division	7,846	13,642	
LIEUT.-GEN. J. A. EARLY COMMANDING.			
Staff	16	20	18
Wharton's division	1,584	1,735	1,528
General A. L. Long's artillery	457	1,432	743
Lomax's cavalry division	1,790	7,150	1,988
Total	3,847	15,337	4,277
MAJ.-GEN. W. H. F. LEE.			
W. H. F. Lee's division	5,148	9,299	5,107
MAJ.-GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.			
Fitzhugh Lee's division	2,499	9,446	2,519
BRIG.-GEN. J. A. WALKER.			
Defences Richmond and Danville Railroad	1,749	3,269	
Unattached commands	696	1,042	
BRIG.-GEN. W. N. PENDLETON COMMANDING.			
Staff	16	16	
First corps artillery	2,398	3,262	
Third corps artillery	2,227	3,344	
Anderson's artillery	1,462	2,752	
Total	6,113	9,374	
Grand total	73,349	160,411	57,104

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Strength of the Army of Northern Virginia, GENERAL ROBT. E. LEE, *C. S. Army, commanding, Feb. 28, 1865, as shown by Inspection Reports.*

TROOPS.	Aggregate present for duty.	Aggregate present.	Aggregate present and absent.	Present effective for the field.
FIRST CORPS.				
Staff	13	13	16	
Pickett's division	6,391	8,073	11,745	6,539
Field's division	4,799	5,650	11,426	4,638
Kershaw's division	1,922	2,447	6,771	1,925
Total First corps	13,125	16,183	29,958	13,102
SECOND CORPS.				
Rodes's division*	2,491	3,135	8,443	2,730
Early's division	2,326	3,001	7,873	2,642
Gordon's division	2,458	3,203	13,228	2,445
Total Second corps	7,275	9,339	29,544	7,817
THIRD CORPS.				
Heth's division	4,429	5,245	11,392	4,401
Wilcox's division	5,222	6,107	11,239	5,242
Mahone's division	4,057	5,413	12,801	4,074
Total Third corps	13,708	16,765	35,432	13,717
Johnson's division	6,813	7,592	12,142	6,762
Fitz Lee's cavalry division	2,021	2,624	9,300	2,015
W. H. F. Lee's cavalry division	2,691	3,257	6,191	1,984
Total cavalry	4,712	5,881	15,491	3,999
Artillery (not reported).				
Grand total	45,633	55,760	122,487	45,397

* Cox's brigade on picket; not included.

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[Confidential.]

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG,
February 21, 1865.

HON. J. C. BRECKENRIDGE, SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND:

I have had the honor to receive your letter of yesterday's date. I have repeated the orders to the commanding officers to remove and destroy everything in enemy's route. In the event of the necessity of abandoning our position on the James River, I shall endeavor to unite the corps of the army about Burkeville (junction of Southside and Danville Railroad), so as to retain communication with the North and South as long as practicable, and also with the West.

I should think Lynchburg or some point west the most advantageous place to which to remove stores from Richmond. This, however, is a most difficult point at this time to decide, and the place may have to be changed by circumstances.

It was my intention in my former letter to apply for General J. E. Johnston, that I might assign him to duty should circumstances permit. I have had no official report of the condition of General Beauregard's health; it is stated from many sources to be bad: if he should break entirely down, it might be fatal. In that event I should have no one with whom to supply his place. I therefore respectfully request General Johnston may be ordered to report to me, and that I may be informed where he is.

With great respect, your obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG,
Feb. 22, 1865.

HON. J. C. BRECKENRIDGE, SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: I have just received your letter of the 21st. I concur fully as to the necessity of defeating Sherman. I hope that General Beauregard will get his troops in hand at least before he can cross the Roanoke. If any additions can be given him, it cannot be south of that stream. The troops in the Valley are scattered for subsistence, nor can they be concentrated for the want of it. The infantry force is very small. At the commencement of winter I think it was reported under 1800. That in Western Virginia you know more about than I do, and there are only two regiments in Western North Carolina. These united would be of some assistance. At the rate that Beauregard supposes Sherman will march, they could not be collected at Greensboro' in time; still, I hope to make some use of them. But you may expect Sheridan to move up the Valley and Stoneman from Knoxville as Sherman draws near Roanoke. What, then, will become of those sections of country? I know of no other troops that could be given to Beauregard. Bragg will be forced back by Schofield, I fear, and until I abandon James River nothing can be sent from this army.

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Grant, I think, is now preparing to draw out by his left with the intent of enveloping me. He may wait till his other columns approach nearer, or he may be preparing to anticipate my withdrawal. I cannot tell yet. I am endeavoring to collect supplies convenient to Burkeville. Everything of value should be removed from Richmond. It is of the first importance to save all powder. The cavalry and artillery of the army are still scattered for want of provender, and our supply- and ammunition-trains, which ought to be with the army in case of a sudden movement, are absent collecting provisions and forage, some in Western Virginia and some in North Carolina. You will see to what straits we are reduced. But I trust to work out.

With great respect, your obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

[Circular.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES,
22d February, 1865.

GENERAL: The spirit which animates our soldiers and the natural courage with which they are so liberally endowed have led to a reliance upon these good qualities to the neglect of those measures which would increase their efficiency and contribute to their safety. Many opportunities have been lost and hundreds of valuable lives uselessly sacrificed for want of a strict observance of discipline.

Its object is to enable an army to bring promptly into action the largest possible number of its men, in good order and under the control of their officers. Its effects are visible in all military history, which records the triumphs of discipline and courage far more frequently than those of numbers and resources.

At no time in the war has the necessity of close attention to this important subject been greater than at present, and at no time has its cultivation promised more valuable results. The proportion of experienced troops is larger in our army than in that of the enemy, while his numbers exceed our own. These are the circumstances most favorable for the display of the advantages of discipline, and in which the power it imparts will be most clearly perceived.

I desire therefore that you will direct every effort to improve the discipline of your troops. This will not only require your own unremitting attention, but also the zealous co-operation of your officers, commissioned and non-commissioned.

The recent law abolishing the system of elections and opening the way to promotion to all who distinguish themselves by the faithful discharge of duty affords a new incentive to officers and men. In addition to the usual and stated instructions, which must be given at all times as fully as circumstances will

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permit, the importance and utility of thorough discipline should be impressed on officers and men on all occasions by illustrations taken from the experience of the instructor or from other sources of information. They should be made to understand that discipline contributes no less to their safety than to their efficiency. Disastrous surprises and those sudden panics which lead to defeat and the greatest loss of life are of rare occurrence among disciplined troops. It is well known that the greatest number of casualties occur when men become scattered, and especially when they retreat in confusion, as the fire of the enemy is then more deliberate and fatal. The experience of every officer shows that those troops suffer least who attack most vigorously, and that a few men retaining their organization and acting in concert accomplish far more with smaller loss than a larger number scattered and disorganized.

The appearance of a steady, unbroken line is more formidable to the enemy, and renders his aim less accurate and his fire less effective. Orders can be readily transmitted, advantage can be promptly taken of every opportunity, and, all efforts being directed to a common end, the contest will be briefer and success more certain.

Let officers and men be made to feel that they will most effectually secure their safety by remaining steadily at their posts, preserving order, and fighting with coolness and vigor.

Fully impressed with the truth of these views, I call your attention particularly to the accompanying order with reference to the duties of file-closers, which you will immediately carry into execution.

Impress upon your officers that discipline cannot be attained without constant watchfulness on their part. They must attend to the smallest particulars of detail. Men must be habituated to obey or they cannot be controlled in battle, and the neglect of the least important order impairs the proper influence of the officer.

In recommending officers or men for promotion you will always, where other qualifications are equal, give preference to those who show the highest appreciation of the importance of discipline and evince the greatest attention to its requirements.

Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
Feb. 24, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY Z. B. VANCE, GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA, RALEIGH,

GOVERNOR: The state of despondency that now prevails among our people is producing a bad effect upon the troops. Desertions are becoming very fre-

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quent, and there is good reason to believe that they are occasioned to a considerable extent by letters written to the soldiers by their friends at home. In the last two weeks several hundred have deserted from Hill's corps, and as the divisions from which the greatest number of desertions have taken place are composed chiefly of troops from North Carolina, they furnish a corresponding proportion of deserters. I think some good can be accomplished by the efforts of influential citizens to change public sentiment and cheer the spirits of the people. It has been discovered that despondent persons represent to their friends in the army that our cause is hopeless, and that they had better provide for themselves. They state that the number of deserters is so large in the several counties that there is no danger to be apprehended from the home-guards. The deserters generally take their arms with them. The greater number are from regiments from the western part of the State. So far as the despondency of the people occasions this sad condition of affairs, I know of no other means of removing it than by the counsel and exhortation of prominent citizens. If they would explain to the people that the cause is not hopeless, that the situation of affairs, though critical, is so to the enemy as well as ourselves, that he has drawn his troops from every other quarter to accomplish his designs against Richmond, and that his defeat now would result in leaving nearly our whole territory open to us; that this great result can be accomplished if all will work diligently, and that his successes are far less valuable in fact than in appearance,—I think our sorely-tried people would be induced to make one more effort to bear their sufferings a little longer, and regain some of the spirit that marked the first two years of the war. If they will, I feel confident that with the blessing of God what seems to be our greatest danger will prove the means of deliverance and safety.

Trusting that you will do all in your power to help us in this great emergency,

I remain, very respectfully, your obt. servt.,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
March 9, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY Z. B. VANCE, GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA, RALEIGH,

GOVERNOR: I received your letter of the 2d inst. and return you my sincere thanks for your zealous efforts in behalf of the army and the cause. I have read with pleasure and attention your proclamation and appeal to the people, as also extracts from your addresses. I trust you will infuse into your fellow-citizens the spirit of resolution and patriotism which inspires your own action. I have now no cavalry to spare for the purpose you mention, and regret that I

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did not receive the suggestion at an earlier period. I think it a very good one, and would have been glad to adopt it. I have sent a force of infantry under Brigadier-general Johnson [N. D.] to guard the line of the Roanoke and operate as far as practicable in the adjacent counties to arrest deserters. Another detachment of 500 men under Colonel McAllister has been sent to Chatham and Moore counties, in which the bands of deserters were represented to be very numerous. They will, however, operate in other quarters as occasion may require. They are instructed to take no prisoners among those deserters who resist with arms the civil or military authorities. I hope you will raise as large a force of local troops to co-operate with them as you can, and think that the sternest course is the best with the class I have referred to. The immunity which these lawless organizations afford is a great cause of desertion, and they cannot be too sternly dealt with. I hope you will be able to aid General Johnson, who needs all the reinforcements you can give him. If he can check the progress of General Sherman, the effect would be of the greatest value. I hope the late success of General Bragg near Kinston will revive the spirits of the people and render your labors less arduous. The conduct of the widow lady whom you mention deserves the highest commendation. If all our people possessed her spirit, our success I should feel to be assured.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS, PETERSBURG, VA.,
March 17, 1865.

HON. JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE, SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND, VA.,

SIR: A despatch from Lieutenant-general Taylor at Meridian on the 12th inst. states that he had returned that morning from West Point; that Thomas was reported to be moving with the Fourth army corps and about 12,000 cavalry; that General Maury reports enemy, some 30,000 strong, moving with fleet and by land from Pensacola on Mobile; that about 30,000 bales of cotton in Mobile will be burned as soon as the city is invested; that he has provided for these movements as fully as his resources permitted, but that he had received no aid from Mississippi or Alabama, yet hoped to embarrass the enemy in his efforts to take those States. If the estimate of the enemy's strength is correct, I see little prospect of preserving Mobile, and had previously informed him that he could not rely upon the return of the Army of Tennessee to relieve that city, and suggested the propriety of withdrawing from it, and endeavor to beat the enemy in the field. I hope this course will meet with the approbation of the Department.

General Johnston on the 16th, from Smithfield, reports the Federal army

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south of the Cape Fear, but near Fayetteville. He had ordered 1000 wagons of the Tennessee army to be used in filling gaps in railroad and 100 wagons to collect supplies in South Carolina for this army. I hope this will furnish some relief.

General Echols at Wytheville, on the 12th, reports that a portion of the troops in East Tennessee had been removed south of Knoxville, destination not known, and that the engineer troops which had commenced to repair the Tennessee Railroad from Knoxville east had been withdrawn and sent to Chattanooga for the purpose, it was thought, of repairing the road toward Atlanta. He also states that an intelligent scout just from Kentucky reports Burbridge's force had been taken to Nashville, and that considerable bodies of troops were passing up the Ohio on their way to Grant. He believed all these reports may be relied on.

The enemy seems still to be collecting a force in the Shenandoah Valley, which indicates another movement as soon as the weather will permit. Rosser's scouts report that there is some cavalry and infantry now at Winchester, and that Hancock has a portion of his new corps at Hall Town. I think these troops are intended to supply the place of those under General Sheridan, which it is plain General Grant has brought to his army. The addition of these three mounted divisions will give such strength to his cavalry, already numerically superior to ours, that it will enable him, I fear, to keep our communications to Richmond broken. Had we been able to use the supplies which Sheridan has destroyed in his late expedition in maintaining our troops in the Valley in a body, if his march could not have been arrested it would at least have been rendered comparatively harmless, and we should have been spared the mortification that has attended it. Now, I do not see how we can sustain even our small force of cavalry around Richmond. I have had this morning to send General William H. F. Lee's division back to Stony Creek, whence I had called it in the last few days, because I cannot provide it with forage. I regret to have to report these difficulties, but think you ought to be apprised of them, in order if there is any remedy it should be applied.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
March 27, 1865.

HON. SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND,

SIR: I have been awaiting the receipt of the order from the Department for raising and organizing the colored troops before taking any action in the matter. I understand that orders have been published in the newspapers, but have not

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seen them. In the mean time, I have been informed that a number of recruits may be obtained in Petersburg if suitable persons be employed to get them to enlist. . . . .

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 1, 1865.

HON. SEC. OF WAR, RICHMOND,

SIR: After my despatch of last night I received a report from General Pickett, who with three of his own brigades and two of General Johnson's supported the cavalry under General Fitz Lee near Five Forks on the road from Dinwiddie Court-house to the Southside road. After considerable difficulty, and meeting resistance from the enemy at all points, General Pickett forced his way to within less than a mile of Dinwiddie Court-house. By this time it was too dark for further operations, and General Pickett resolved to return to Five Forks to protect his communication with the railroad. He inflicted considerable damage upon the enemy, and took some prisoners. His own loss was severe, including a good many officers. General Terry had his horse killed by a shell, and was disabled himself. General Fitz Lee's and Rosser's divisions were heavily engaged, but their loss was slight. General W. H. F. Lee lost some valuable officers. General Pickett did not retire from the vicinity of Dinwiddie Court-house until early this morning, when, his left flank being threatened by a heavy force, he withdrew to Five Forks, where he took position with General W. H. F. Lee on his right, Fitz Lee and Rosser on his left, with Roberts's brigade on the White Oak road, connecting with General Anderson. The enemy attacked General Roberts with a large force of cavalry, and after being once repulsed drove him back across Hatcher's Run. A large force of infantry, believed to be the Fifteenth corps with other troops, turned General Pickett's left, and drove him back on the White Oak road, separating him from General Fitz Lee, who was compelled to fall back across Hatcher's Run. General Pickett's present position is not known. General Fitz Lee reports that the enemy is massing his infantry heavily behind the cavalry in his front. The infantry that engaged General Anderson yesterday has moved from his front toward our right, and is supposed to participate in the operations above described. Prisoners have been taken to-day from the Twenty-fourth corps, and it is believed that most of the corps is now south of the James. Our loss to-day is not known. A report from Staunton represents that the Eighth corps passed over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from the 20th to the 25th ult. General Hancock is at Harper's Ferry with 2000 men. One division of the Tenth corps is at Win-

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chester with about 1000 cavalry. The infantry at Winchester have marching orders, and all these troops are said to be destined for General Grant's army.

The enemy is also reported to have withdrawn all his troops from Wolf Run Shoals and Fairfax Station, and to have concentrated them at Winchester.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

PETERSBURG, April 2, 1865.

GEN. J. C. BRECKENRIDGE, SEC. OF WAR:

It is absolutely necessary that we should abandon our position to-night or run the risk of being cut off in the morning. I have given all the orders to officers on both sides of the river, and have taken every precaution that I can to make the movement successful. It will be a difficult operation, but I hope not impracticable. Please give all orders that you find necessary in and about Richmond. The troops will all be directed to Amelia Court-house.

R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS, *via* PETERSBURG,
April 2, 1865.

GENERAL J. C. BRECKENRIDGE:

I see no prospect of doing more than holding our position here till night. I am not certain that I can do that; if I can, I shall withdraw to-night north of the Appomattox, and if possible it will be better to withdraw the whole line to-night from Jones River: the brigades on Hatcher's Run are cut off from us. Enemy have broken through our lines and interposed between us and them, and there is no bridge over which they can cross the Appomattox this side of Goode or Bevel, which are not very far from the Danville Railroad. Our only chance, then, of concentrating our forces is to do so near Danville Railroad, which I shall endeavor to do at once. I advise that all preparations be made for leaving Richmond to-night. I will advise you later according to circumstances.

R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 2, 1865.

Generals Longstreet's and Hill's corps will cross the pontoon bridge at Battersea Factory and take the river road, north side of Appomattox, to Bevel's Bridge to-night. General Gordon's corps will cross at Pocahontas and railroad bridge, his troops taking Hickory road, following General Longstreet to Bevel's Bridge, and his wagons taking the Woodpecker road to Old Colville, endeavoring not to interfere with Mahone's troops from Chesterfield Court-house, who will take

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the same road. General Mahone's division will take the road to Chesterfield Court-house, thence by Old Colville to Goode's Bridge. Mahone's wagons will precede him on the same road or take some road to his right. General Ewell's command will cross the James River at and below Richmond, taking the road to Branch Church, *viâ* Gregory's, to Genito road, *viâ* Genito Bridge, to Amelia Court-house. The wagons from Richmond will take the Manchester pike and Buckingham road, *viâ* Meadville, to Amelia Court-house. The movement of all the troops will commence at eight o'clock, the artillery moving out quietly first, infantry following, except the pickets, who will be withdrawn at three o'clock. The artillery not required with the troops will be moved by the roads prescribed for the wagons or such other as may be most convenient. Every officer is expected to give his unremitting attention to cause the movement to be made successfully. By order of General Lee.

W. H. TAYLOR,
Assistant Adjutant-general.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 3, 1865, 6.30 P. M.
HEBRON CHURCH, 6 miles from Goode's Ford.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL EWELL:

When you were directed to cross the Appomattox at Genito Bridge, it was supposed that a pontoon bridge had been laid at that point, as ordered. But I learn to-day from Mr. Hascall that such is not the case. Should you not be able to cross at that point or at some bridge higher up, you must take the best road to Rudd's Store on the Goode's Bridge road, and cross the Appomattox on the bridge at that point, and then conform to your original instructions.

This portion of the army is now on its way to Goode's Bridge, the flats at Bevel's Bridge being flooded by high water. Notify me of your approach to the bridge and passage of the Appomattox by courier to Amelia Court-house or wherever I may be.

I am, very respectfully, your obt. servt, R. E. LEE,
General.

P. S. 7.30 A. M., APRIL 4TH. The courier has returned with this note, having been able to learn nothing of you. I am about to cross the river. Get to Amelia Court-house as soon as possible, and let me hear from you.

R. E. LEE.

GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to over-

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whelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE,
General.

REPORT OF THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

NEAR APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, VA.,
April 12, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,

MR. PRESIDENT: It is with pain that I announce to Your Excellency the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. The operations which preceded this result will be reported in full. I will therefore only now state that upon arriving at Amelia Court-house on the morning of the 4th with the advance of the army, on the retreat from the lines in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there, nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect in the country subsistence for men and horses. This delay was fatal, and could not be retrieved. The troops, wearied by continual fighting and marching for several days and nights, obtained neither rest nor refreshment, and on moving on the 5th on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, I found at Jetersville the enemy's cavalry, and learned the approach of his infantry and the general advance of his army toward Burkeville. This deprived us of the use of the railroad, and rendered it impracticable to procure from Danville the supplies ordered to meet us at points of our march. Nothing could be obtained from the adjacent country. Our route to the Roanoke was therefore changed, and the march directed upon Farmville, where supplies were ordered from Lynchburg. The change of route threw the troops over the roads pursued by the artillery and wagon-trains west of the railroad, which impeded our advance and embarrassed our movements. On the morning of the 6th, General Longstreet's corps reached Rice's Station on the Lynchburg Railroad. It was followed by the commands of Generals

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R. H. Anderson, Ewell, and Gordon, with orders to close upon it as fast as the progress of the trains would permit or as they could be directed on roads farther west. General Anderson, commanding Pickett's and B. R. Johnson's divisions, became disconnected with Mahone's division, forming the rear of Longstreet. The enemy's cavalry penetrated the line of march through the interval thus left, and attacked the wagon-train moving toward Farmville. This caused serious delay in the march of the centre and rear of the column, and enabled the enemy to mass upon their flank. After successive attacks Anderson's and Ewell's corps were captured or driven from their position. The latter general, with both of his division commanders, Kershaw and Custis Lee, and his brigadiers, were taken prisoners. Gordon, who all the morning, aided by General W. F. Lee's cavalry, had checked the advance of the enemy on the road from Amelia Springs and protected the trains, became exposed to his combined assaults, which he bravely resisted and twice repulsed; but the cavalry having been withdrawn to another part of the line of march, and the enemy, massing heavily on his front and both flanks, renewed the attack about 6 P. M. and drove him from the field in much confusion. The army continued its march during the night, and every effort was made to reorganize the divisions which had been shattered by the day's operations; but, the men being depressed by fatigue and hunger, many threw away their arms, while others followed the wagon-trains and embarrassed their progress. On the morning of the 7th rations were issued to the troops as they passed Farmville, but the safety of the trains requiring their removal upon the approach of the enemy, all could not be supplied. The army, reduced to two corps under Longstreet and Gordon, moved steadily on the road to Appomattox Court-house; thence its march was ordered by Campbell Court-house, through Pittsylvania, toward Danville. The roads were wretched and the progress slow. By great efforts the head of the column reached Appomattox Court-house on the evening of the 8th, and the troops were halted for rest. The march was ordered to be resumed at 1 A. M. on the 9th. Fitz Lee with the cavalry, supported by Gordon, was ordered to drive the enemy from his front, wheel to the left, and cover the passage of the trains, while Longstreet, who from Rice's Station had formed the rear-guard, should close up and hold the position. Two battalions of artillery and the ammunition-wagons were directed to accompany the army, the rest of the artillery and wagons to move toward Lynchburg. In the early part of the night the enemy attacked Walker's artillery-train near Appomattox Station on the Lynchburg Railroad, and were repelled. Shortly afterward their cavalry dashed toward the court-house, till halted by our line. During the night there were indications of a large force massing on our left and front. Fitz Lee was directed to ascertain its strength, and to suspend his advance till daylight if necessary. About 5 A. M. on the 9th, with Gordon on his left, he moved forward and opened the way. A heavy force of the enemy was discovered opposite Gordon's right,

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which, moving in the direction of Appomattox Court-house, drove back the left of the cavalry and threatened to cut off Gordon from Longstreet, his cavalry at the same time threatening to envelop his left flank. Gordon withdrew across the Appomattox River, and the cavalry advanced on the Lynchburg road and became separated from the army. Learning the condition of affairs on the lines, where I had gone under the expectation of meeting General Grant to learn definitely the terms he proposed in a communication received from him on the 8th, in the event of the surrender of the army, I requested a suspension of hostilities until these terms could be arranged. In the interview which occurred with General Grant in compliance with my request, terms having been agreed on, I surrendered that portion of the Army of Northern Virginia which was on the field, with its arms, artillery, and wagon-trains, the officers and men to be paroled, retaining their side-arms and private effects. I deemed this course the best under all the circumstances by which we were surrounded. On the morning of the 9th, according to the reports of the ordnance officers, there were 7892 organized infantry with arms, with an average of seventy-five rounds of ammunition per man. The artillery, though reduced to 63 pieces with 93 rounds of ammunition, was sufficient. These comprised all the supplies of ordnance that could be relied on in the State of Virginia. I have no accurate report of the cavalry, but believe it did not exceed 2100 effective men. The enemy was more than five times our numbers. If we could have forced our way one day longer, it would have been at a great sacrifice of life, and at its end I did not see how a surrender could have been avoided. We had no subsistence for man or horse, and it could not be gathered in the country. The supplies ordered to Pamplin's Station from Lynchburg could not reach us, and the men, deprived of food and sleep for many days, were worn out and exhausted.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

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STRENGTH OF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, AS SHOWN BY PAROLE ROLLS DATED 9TH APRIL, 1865.

COMMAND.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.			
General Lee, Staff, and Escort	11	87	98
Staff Corps	58	125	183
Total	69	212	281
INFANTRY.			
FIRST CORPS: LIEUT.-GEN. LONGSTREET AND STAFF	16	. . .	16
Pickett's division: Maj.-gen. Pickett and staff	14	. . .	14
Corse's brigade, Col. A. Herbert	32	262	294
Hunton's brigade, Maj. M. P. Shepard	17	149	166
Steuart's brigade, Brig.-gen. Steuart	46	358	404
Terry's brigade, Maj. W. W. Bentley	11	142	153
Total Pickett's division	120	911	1,031
Field's division, Maj.-gen. Chas. W. Field and staff	9	. . .	9
Anderson's brigade, Brig.-gen. Anderson	92	895	987
Benning's brigade, Brig.-gen. Benning	76	733	809
Bratton's brigade, Brig.-gen. Bratton	130	1,418	1,548
Perry's (late Laws's) brigade, Brig.-gen. Perry	91	892	983
Texas brigade, Col. R. M. Powell	64	553	617
Total Field's division	462	4,491	4,953
Kershaw's division, ——— ——— and staff	4	13	17
DuBose's brigade, Captain J. F. Espy	22	325	347
Humphrey's brigade, Captain G. R. Cherry	20	231	251
Sims's brigade, Captain E. W. Waldron	12	178	190
Total Kershaw's division	58	747	805
Total First corps	656	6,149	6,805
SECOND CORPS: MAJ.-GEN. GORDON, STAFF, ETC.*	28	115	143
Grimes's (late Rodes's) division: Maj.-gen. Grimes and staff	13	5	18
Battle's brigade, Col. E. L. Hobson	33	331	364
Cook's brigade, Col. E. A. Nash	28	322	350
Cox's brigade, Brig.-gen. Cox	51	521	572
Grimes's brigade, Col. D. G. Cowand	34	496	530
Archer's battalion, —— —— —— ——	13	52	65
Total Grimes's division	172	1,727	1,899
Early's division: Brig.-gen. Walker and staff	11	1	12
Johnston's [R. D.] brigade, Col. J. W. Lea	30	433	463
Lewis's brigade, Captain John Beard	26	421	447
Walker's (late Pegram's) brig., Maj. H. K. Douglass	42	262	304
Total Early's division	109	1,117	1,226
Second corps, carried forward	309	2,959	3,268

* Provost-guard, couriers, escort, and hospital attendants included.

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PAROLE ROLLS—Continued.

COMMAND.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
Second corps, brought forward	309	2,959	3,268
Gordon's division: Brig.-gen. Evans and staff	10	. . .	10
Evans's brigade, Col. J. H. Lowe	51	790	841
Terry's brigade, Col. T. V. Williams	67	477	544
York's brigade, Col. E. Waggaman	28	345	373
Total Gordon's division	156	1,612	1,768
Total Second corps	465	4,571	5,036
THIRD CORPS:* STAFF AND PROVOST-GUARD	28	119	147
Heth's division: Maj.-gen. H. Heth and staff	15	. . .	15
Cooke's brigade, Brig.-gen. Cooke	70	490	560
Davis's brigade, Brig.-gen. Davis	21	54	75
MacRae's brigade, Brig.-gen. MacRae	42	400	442
McComb's brigade, Brig.-gen. McComb	54	426	480
Total Heth's division	202	1,370	1,572
Mahone's division: Maj.-gen. Mahone and staff	13	1	14
Finegan's brigade, Col. D. Lang	64	441	505
Forney's brigade, Brig.-gen. W. H. Forney	72	880	952
Harris's brigade, Brig.-gen. N. H. Harris	33	339	372
Sorrel's brigade, Col. G. E. Tayloe	71	962	1,033
Weisiger's brigade, Brig.-gen. Weisiger	78	583	661
Total Mahone's division	331	3,206	3,537
Wilcox's division: Maj.-gen. Wilcox and staff	12	. . .	12
Lane's brigade, Brig.-gen. Lane	56	514	570
McGowan's brigade, Brig.-gen. McGowan	69	798	867
Scales's brigade, Col. Joseph H. Hyman	92	627	719
Thomas's brigade, Brig.-gen. E. L. Thomas	57	456	513
Total Wilcox's division	286	2,395	2,681
Total Third corps	847	7,090	7,937
ANDERSON'S CORPS: ——— ——— AND STAFF	. . .	24	24
Johnson's division: Maj.-gen. B. R. Johnson and staff	10	. . .	10
Elliott's brigade, Brig.-gen. Wallace	62	568	630
Moody's brigade, Brig.-gen. Moody	63	515	578
Ransom's brigade, Brig.-gen. Ransom	41	394	435
Wise's brigade, Brig.-gen. Wise	72	528	600
Total Anderson's corps	248	2,029	2,277
EWELL'S COMMAND, LT.-COL. THOMAS J. SPENCER	19	275	294
Total Infantry	2,235	20,114	22,349

* Attached to First corps after death of A. P. Hill.

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PAROLE ROLLS—Continued.

Command.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
CAVALRY.			
Maj.-gen. Fitz Lee and staff	6	1	7
Fitz Lee's division:			
Garry's brigade, Col. A. C. Haskell	61	772	833
Payne's brigade, ——— ———	6	82	88
Wickham's brigade, ——— ———	10	177	187
Total Fitz Lee's division	77	1,031	1,108
W. H. F. Lee's division: Maj.-gen. W. H. F. Lee	7	1	8
Barringer's brigade, ——— ———	2	21	23
Beale's brigade, Captain S. H. Burt	22	152	174
Roberts's brigade, Brig.-gen. W. P. Roberts	5	88	93
Total W. H. F. Lee's division	36	262	298
Lomax's division:			
Jackson's brigade	. .	9	9
Total Lomax's division	. .	9	9
Rosser's division: Maj.-gen. Rosser and staff	*8	1	9
Dearing's brigade, Col. A. W. Harman	6	95	101
McCausland's brigade, ——— ———	1	26	27
Total Rosser's division	15	122	137
Total Cavalry	134	1,425	1,559
ARTILLERY.			
General Headquarters: Brig.-gen. Pendleton and staff	12	13	25
First army corps: Brig.-gen. E. P. Alexander and staff	11	36	47
Haskell's battalion, Lt.-col. John C. Haskell	15	139	154
Hughs's battalion, Maj. J. C. Jordan	21	307	328
McIntosh's battalion, Lt.-col. W. M. Owen	14	268	282
Poague's battalion, Lt.-col. Wm. T. Poague	17	279	296
Thirteenth Va. battalion, Capt. D. N. Walker	2	10	12
Richardson's battalion, Capt. R. Prosper Landry	4	77	81
Total First army corps	84	1,116	1,200
Second army corps: Brig.-gen. A. L. Long and staff	8	22	30
Carter's command, Col. T. H. Carter	2	4	6
Braxton's battalion, Lt.-col. Carter M. Braxton	7	19	26
Cutshaw's battalion, Capt. C. W. Foy	12	199	211
Hardaway's battalion, Lt.-col. R. A. Hardaway	19	382	401
Johnson's battalion, Lt.-col. M. Johnson	8	135	143
Lightfoot's battalion, Asst. Surg. J. B. Coakley	1	29	30
Stark's battalion, Lt.-col. A. W. Stark	11	154	165
Total Second army corps	68	944	1,012
Artillery, carried forward	164	2,073	2,237

* Officers whose paroles are signed by Rosser included.

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PAROLE ROLLS—Continued.

Command.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
Artillery, brought forward	164	2,073	2,237
Anderson's corps, Col. H. P. Jones	2	1	3
Blount's battalion, ——— ———	3	21	24
Cutt's battalion, ——— ———	. .	37	37
Stribling's battalion, ——— ———	2	8	10
Total Anderson's corps	7	67	74
Miscellaneous:			
Smith's battalion, Capt. W. F. Dement	13	252	265
Total Artillery*	184	2,392	2,576
Miscellaneous Troops†	159	1,307	1,466
RECAPITULATION.			
General Headquarters	69	212	281
Infantry	2,235	20,114	22,349
Cavalry	134	1,425	1,559
Artillery	184	2,392	2,576
Miscellaneous troops	159	1,307	1,466
Grand total	2,781	25,450	28,231

* Cabell's, King's, Lane's, Nelson's, Pegram's, and Sturdevant's battalions, borne on return for January 31, 1865, are not accounted for by the paroles.

† Composed of detachments of engineers, invalids, naval brigade, provost-guards, etc.

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INDEX.

A.

Anderson, G. T., General, 276, 334, 340, 348, 362, 414.
Appomattox Court-house, 415, 417, 419.
Arlington, 31–34, 38, 39, 79, 94, 96.
Army of Northern Virginia, 177, 186, 205, 230, 237, 246, 248; reorganized, 265, 303, 317, 323, 338, 344, 346, 347; losses, 348, 412, 419, 422–425; organization, Sept. 1, 1862, 512–516; return of strength, Sept. 22, 1862, 537; return, Nov. 20, 1862, 549; return, Dec. 10, 1862, 562; organization, Dec. 20, 1862, 563–568; return, May 20, 1863, 584; organization during Gettysburg campaign, 607–611; return, July 20, 1863, 612; return, April 20, 1864, 651; return, July 10, 1864, 654; organization, Nov. 30, 1864, 671; return, Feb. 20, 1865, 682; Feb. 28, 1865, 683; parole rolls, 696–699.
Army of the Potomac, under McDowell, 107; under McClellan, 149, 165, 185, 212; under Burnside, 233, 237; under Hooker, 248, 249; losses, 261; under Meade, 271, 274; under Grant, 322, 323; losses, 341, 344, 345, 347, 348.
Army of Virginia, under Pope, 184.

B.

Beauregard, P. G. T., General, 55, 60, 69, 104; at Manassas, 106–110; at Petersburg, 353, 372, 373, 375, 383, 456.
Blair, F. P., offers R. E. Lee command of United States army, 92, 93, 402.
Boonsboro', 210; battle, 214–216.
Bragg, B., General, 304, 649, 650.
Breckenridge, J. C., General, 348, 353, 355, 357–359, 361, 482, 681, 684, 688–691.
Brown, John, 80, 85, 86.
Bull Run, 106–108, 191, 195, 196, 198, 311.
Burnside, General, 138, 177, 197, 212; at Sharpsburg, 218, 219; in command of Army of Potomac, 233–235; crosses the Rappahannock, 236, 239, 243, 332, 337, 345, 348, 371, 373, 375, 381.
Butler, B. F., General, 62, 104, 138, 146, 325, 346; at Bermuda Hundred, 352; assails Petersburg, 353, 374, 393, 396.

C.

Carter, T. H., Colonel, anecdotes, 385, 386, 420.
Cedar Creek, 364.
Cemetery Ridge, 279, 281, 282, 285–287, 302.
Cerro Gordo, 52, 61, 65.
Chancellorsville, situation, 250; skirmish, 252; battle, 255, 256, 259, 260.
Chapultepec, 60, 61.
Charleston, conflagration of, 134–136; defences, 137, 142, 144.
Chickahominy, 155, 156, 162–164, 169–171, 174, 175, 343, 347, 371, 391, 403.
Christian, B., Hon., 443.
Churubusco, 54, 59, 61.
Coast defences, 136–140.
Cold Harbor, 172; battle, 347–349, 370.
Comanches, 76–78.
Confederacy, formed, 89; commission, 90; army, 104; policy, 203; currency, 246; finances, 266; commission, 402.

Digitized by Google

Contreras, 54–56, 58, 59, 61.
Cooper, S., Adjutant- and Inspector-general, reports from R. E. Lee, 503, 524; letters, 535, 550; reports, 553, 571, 585, 589, 613, 677, 678.
Custis, Mary, 30, 31; married to R. E. Lee, 32; her estates, 33.

D.

Dahlgren, Colonel, raid on Richmond, 318, 319; killed, 320, 321.
Davis, Jefferson, 72, 111, 151, 159, 163, 167, 179, 204, 269, 402, 424; extract from address, 478, 495, 496, 498–500; letters from R. E. Lee, 516, 518, 520, 521; to Lee, 522; from Lee, 538–541, 543, 550, 552, 569; to Lee, 571; from Lee, 583, 586, 618–620, 622–624, 626, 627, 631, 633, 634, 636, 640–642, 645–648, 652, 656, 658, 672, 673.

E.

Early, J. A., General, 154, 218, 252, 260, 261, 272, 286, 297, 327, 335, 340, 349; sent to Shenandoah Valley, 353; pursues Hunter, 356; invades Maryland, 357–359; results, 360, 361; campaign against Sheridan, 362–366, 392, 458, 478, 635, 655, 657, 660.
Ewell, R. S., General, 151, 190, 191; wounded, 196, 265, 270–272, 275, 281, 286, 313, 327, 332, 336–338, 341, 342; capture, 414, 441, 452, 692.
Eveleth, James, 35.

F.

Federals, plan of operations, 104, 106, 110.
Fisher's Hill, 362, 363.
Fitzwalter, John, 53.
Floyd, General, 127, 128.
Fort Fisher, 393, 394.
Franklin, General, 218, 239.
Frazier's Farm, battle, 175.
Frederick, 207, 209, 213, 299.
Fredericksburg, 233, 234; occupied by Burnside, 236, 237, 260, 268.

G.

Gaines's Mill, battle, 172–174.
Garnett, General, 106, 114–116.
Gettysburg, 268; location, 274; first day's battle, 276, 277, 279; second day's battle, 283–286; third day's battle, 287–290, 302.
Gordon, J. B., General, 338, 348, 358, 359; surprises Sheridan's army, 361, 364, 374; attacks Fort Steadman, 405, 406, 414, 420, 421, 460; address, 479.
Gorgas, J., General, 105, 141.
Grant, U. S., General, in command of Army of Potomac, 322, 323; plan of action, 324; of advance on Richmond, 325; in the Wilderness, 326, 328; advance to Spottsylvania, 334, 336; night-attack, 339, 340, 342; flank march, 344; signal system, 346; assault at Cold Harbor, 347–349, 354, 370, 371, 373; intrenches, 376; mining enterprise, 380, 383; extends lines, 390, 391, 393, 394, 404, 406, 410, 412; corresponds with Lee, 417–419; surrender incidents, 421–423; letter from Lee, 440.
Guild, L., Surgeon, report, 604.

H.

Halleck, General, 185, 201, 210, 212, 231, 233, 280.
Hallowell, Mr., 25–27.
Hampton, W., General, 108, 280, 304, 311, 316, 355, 387, 396, 398.
Hancock, W. S., General, 154, 289, 292, 325, 332, 337, 340, 345, 371, 374, 375, 380, 395, 396.
Harper's Ferry, John Brown raid, 85, 100, 207, 209–214, 216, 218, 230, 295, 299, 360.
Harrison's Landing, 177.
Heth, H., General, 259, 276, 289, 290, 300, 329, 331, 337, 407.
Hill, A. P., General, 157, 164, 167; attacks at Mechanicsville, 171, 173, 175, 199, 217, 218, 220, 237, 256–258, 265, 270–272, 275, 281, 286, 310, 311, 313, 327, 328, 348, 396; killed, 407, 431.

Digitized by Google

Hill, B. H., Hon., 400, 401, 454, 460.
Hill, D. H., colonel, 146; general, 153, 154, 157, 158, 164, 170–173, 176, 177; exchange of prisoners, 183, 205, 211; loss of Lee's order, 213, 214–217, 221, 237.
Hood, J. B., General, at Gettysburg, 77, 283, 284, 289, 291, 294, 300, 392.
Hooker, J., General, 154, 217, 219, 239, 244, 245; succeeds Burnside, 248; his measures of army reform, 249, 250; advance to Chancellorsville, 250; skirmish, 252; retreat, 261, 268, 270; resigns, 271, 326, 327.
Howard, General, 249, 256, 291.
Huger, General, 104, 146, 147, 151, 154, 156–158, 164, 171.
Hunt, H. J., General, 54–58, 66–70, 75, 236, 306.
Hunter, General, his devastations, 349, 355; repulse, 356, 367.

I.

Indian campaign, 76–79.

J.

Jackson, H. R., General, 116–118, 123, 130.
Jackson, T. J., General, at Manassas, 108; in Shenandoah Valley, 130, 149, 156; moves to Richmond, 170–172, 173, 175, 176, 178; fight at Cedar Mountain, 185, 189; at Bristoe and Manassas, 190; perilous position, 196, 197, 198; captures Harper's Ferry, 210, 211, 214, 216, 217, 222, 231, 234–237, 252; interview with Lee, 254; flank attack, 256; wounded, 257, 258; death, 262; character, 263–265, 431, 483; letters from General Lee, 544–549, 620.
James River, defences, 103, 148, 151, 155, 156, 161; repulse of Federal fleet, 162, 352, 369.
Johnson, B., General, 373, 414.
Johnson, E., General, 117, 286, 287, 292, 313, 327, 339.
Johnson, Reverdy, 61, 93, 480.
Johnston, A. S., colonel, 75, 79; general, 143, 431.
Johnston, J. E., lieutenant, 35, 45; letter, 71; lieutenant-colonel, 75, 77, 104, 105; general, 106; at Manassas, 107, ~~108~~, 110, ~~149~~, 150; commands in Peninsula, 151, 152; at Yorktown, 153; evacuates Yorktown, 154, 155; at Richmond, 156; wounded, 159, 162, 392, 393, 483, 496.
Jones, J. W., Rev., 400, 476.
Jones, T. G., Colonel, 415.
Jones, W. E., General, killed, 354.

K.

Kearny, P., General, 154.
Kilpatrick, General, 304, 305, 311, 312; raid on Richmond, 318, 320.

L.

Lawton, A. R., Quartermaster-general, letters from R. E. Lee, 629, 638.
Lee ancestry: Launcelot, 17; Lionel, 18; Sir Henry, 18; Richard, emigrates to America, 18, 19, 20; Thomas, builds Stratford, 19; Richard H., 19; Francis L., 20; Arthur, 20; Henry, 20; his children, 21; visit to his tomb, 22, 23.
Lee, Fitz, 77; general, 249, 251, 255, 259, 297, 304, 305, 311, 312, 334, 335, 379, 398; at Five Forks, 407, 415, 420, 421.
Lee, G. W. C., 34, 67, 464.
Lee, Robert E., origin of family, 17, 21, 23; birth, 24; filial devotion, 25; moral sense, 26; at school, 27; enters West Point, 28; temperance, 29; descriptive letter, 29–31; marriage, 32; children, 34; lieutenant of Engineers, 35; stationed at Washington, 36–40; at St. Louis, 40–44; letters, 44–46; captain of Engineers, 46; with General Wool in Mexico, 51; scouting, 50, 51; at Vera Cruz, 52; Cerro Gordo, 52, 53; Contreras, 54–59; Churubusco, 60; promotions, 61; letter, 62, 63; Magruder's testimony, 64; Wilcox's, 64–66; Hunt's, 66–70; Johnston's, 71; at

Digitized by Google

Baltimore, 72, 73; superintendent of West Point, 75; lieutenant-colonel of Second cavalry, 75; Indian campaign, 78, 79; Cortinas raid, 80; letter on slavery, 82–84; John Brown raid, 85, 86; letter on secession, 87–89; offered command of United States army, 91–93; resigns commission, 94; letter to sister, 95; accepts command of Virginia forces, 96–99; organization, 101; command in West Virginia, 110; Long's first interview, 112; in West Virginia, 120–122; Cheat Mountain Pass, 123; letter to Governor Letcher, 125; at Sewell Mountain, 128; Rosecrans retreats, 129; appointed to command of department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, 130; Charleston fire, 134, 136; coast defences, 138; return to Richmond, 143; succeeds G. W. Smith in command of Army of Northern Virginia, 159, 161, 162; work on Richmond lines, 165–167; plan to attack McClellan, 169, 170; Seven Days' Fight, 171–177; knowledge of topography, 179–181; new plans, 183; march North, 186; in danger, 191–193; at Thoroughfare Gap, 193, 194; second battle of Manassas, 197–199; proposal to invade Maryland, 204; march North, 205–207; address to Marylanders, 207–209; at Sharpsburg, 216–219; return to Virginia, 220; anecdotes, 221–224; address to army, 225; in camp, 227–230; at Fredericksburg, 234; battle, 237–239; headquarter incidents, 239–242; letters, 242–245; at Chancellorsville, 252; relations with Jackson, 253–255; plans campaign, 267–269; strategy, 270; general order, 272; at Gettysburg, 275–279; battle, 276, 283, 290; retreat, 295–298; crosses Potomac, 300; Gettysburg incidents, 301, 302; advance from Rapidan, 304; strategic movements, 304–308; anecdote, 309; return to Rapidan, 312; at Mine Run, 314–317; declines present of city mansion, 321; prepares for Grant campaign, 323; concentrates on Mine Run, 326; advance to Wilderness, 327; incident of battle, 330; leads to the assault, 332; march to Spottsylvania, 334, 335; daring action, 338, 341, 342; march to North Anna, 344, 345; on the Totopotomoy, 346; at Cold Harbor, 348, 349; letters, 350, 351; prepares for siege, 370; flank attack, 377, 378; at mine, 383; anecdotes, 385–389; extends lines, 390, 391, 394; relations to army, 396, 397; letter to daughter, 397–399; commander-in chief, 401; plan of action, 403, 404, 406, 409; evacuates Petersburg, 410; his demeanor on the retreat, 413; anecdotes, 415, 416; proposition of officers to surrender, 416; correspondence with Grant, 417–419, 421; surrender, 422; return to army, 423; intercourse with Federal officers, 425; return to Richmond, 426; at home, 427; a great soldier, 428; breadth of view, 429; attention to details, 430; comparative merit, 431, 432; character, 432; unambitious, 434; magnanimity, 435; life at Richmond, 437–439; letter to Grant, 440; circular to Ewell, 441; intention to write war record, 441, 442; elected president of Washington College, 443; letter of acceptance, 443, 444; reform of college system, 445, 446; relations to students, 446–448; memory, 448; control of students, 449, 450; religious spirit, 450, 451; refuses gifts, 452, 453; not a politician, 454, 458; correspondence, 457; private life, 459, 460; love of children, 461; letters to his children, 463–466; story of Lee at Lexington, 466–470; sickness, 471, 472; death, 473, 474; obsequies, 475–477; meeting of soldiers, 478–482; memorial association, 482; recumbent statue, 482, 483; mausoleum, 483, 484; thoughts, 485, 486; news-

Digitized by Google

paper testimonials, 489–491; narrative of A. H. Stephens, 491; General Starke's narrative, 493; resignation correspondence, 496–499; commands and staff, 501, 502; official report of operations against Pope, 503–512; official correspondence, 516–524; report of Maryland campaign, 524–535; correspondence, 535–553; report of battle of Fredericksburg, 554–561; correspondence, 568–571; report of battle of Chancellorsville, 572–583; reports of operations, June to August, 1863, 585–588; report of battle of Gettysburg, 589–606; report of Mine Run campaign, 613–616; official correspondence during 1863, 1864, and 1865, 617–692; farewell address to army, 692; report of surrender of army, 693–695.

Lee, Mrs. R. E., 26, 33, 44, 67; testimony on offer of command of United States army, 91, 244, 439, 466, 474, 482.

Lee, S. S., lieutenant, 38, 53; captain, 154.

Lee, W. H. F., 34, 67; major, 118, 120; general, 251, 255, 378, 379, 415.

Letcher, J., Governor, 100, 125, 359, 459, 630.

Lincoln, Abraham, 89, 90, 92, 200, 201, 227, 231, 233, 239, 402.

Long, A. L., major, 111, 112, 117, 134, 136, 141, 143, 158, 168; colonel, military secretary, 161; extracts from note-book, 165–168, 199, 204, 212, 227, 229, 236, 246, 247; conference with Lee, 268, 269, 277, 278, 280, 294; general, 303; at Frederick's Hall, 318, 319, 342, 420, 426.

Longstreet, J., General, 153, 154, 157, 158, 164, 170–172; attack at Gaines's Mill, 173, 175, 178, 189, 191, 195, 197, 198, 211, 214–217, 219, 221, 231, 234, 236, 239, 246–248, 265, 271, 272, 275; plan at Gettysburg, 277, 281; delay of corps, 282, 283; assault at Gettysburg, 283–285, 287, 288, 291, 294, 304, 313, 323; at Gordonsville, 326; wounded, 331, 335, 337, 407, 416, 420; letter to Lee, 626; letters from Lee, 628, 637, 643.

Loring, colonel, 111, 112; general, commands in West Virginia, 117–119, 120–125, 127, 130.

M.

McCabe, Captain, address on battle of Petersburg, 371–379.

McClellan, G. B., General, 61, 104, 106, 114; in West Virginia, 115, 116, 148–150; on Peninsula, 151; pursues Johnston, 154, 165, 172, 174, 176; at Harrison's Landing, 177, 183, 185, 197, 201, 202, 209, 211; in Maryland, 212; at Frederick, 213, 214, 219, 220, 226, 231; his removal, 232, 233, 267.

McDowell, General, 104, 106–111, 151, 169, 203, 240.

McLaws, General, 210–212, 218, 251, 261, 285, 289, 291, 294.

Macomb, J., Colonel, 28, 36–38.

Magruder, General, 64, 104, 146, 147, 150, 152, 153, 164, 171, 174–176.

Mahone, W., General, 377–379, 383.

Malvern Hill, battle of, 176.

Manassas, topography, 106; battle, 107–109, 190, 191, 196, 203, 206, 268, 270.

Marshall, C., Major, 161; remarks on Chancellorsville, 259, 422, 479.

Maryland, 203; proposal to invade, 204, 205; Lee crosses the Potomac, 206, 209, 359.

Meade, G. G., General, 238, 249; succeeds Hooker, 271, 274; rapid advance, 275; in pursuit, 298–300, 304; retreats across Rappahannock, 305, 306, 307; advance to Culpeper, 312; advance to Mine Run, 314; checked at Mine Run, 315; retreat, 316, 325, 329, 332, 371, 373–375, 381, 425.

Meade, Rev. W., 32.

Meigs, General, 40–44, 428.

Merrimac, 148, 149, 155.

Mexico, war with Texas, 47, 48; with United States, 49–61, 80, 97.

Miles, Colonel, 210–212.

Digitized by Google

Run, 313; intrenchments, 314, 315.
Mississippi River, engineering, 40–43.
Molino del Rey, 60.

N.

Norfolk, 145, 147, 148, 369.
North Anna River, 234, 246, 344.
Northrop, L. B., Commissary-general, 637.

O.

Orders, general, 225, 272, 519, 542, 588, 679, 680.

P.

Pedregal, 54, 56, 58, 60.
Pegram, J., colonel, 115; general, 379; killed, 396.
Pender, General, 257, 259, 294, 300.
Pendleton, W. N., General, 236, 252, 416.
Peninsula, topography, 145, 151.
Petersburg, 352, 370; defences, 372; battle, 372–376; mining operation, 380–384, 390, 391, 394, 396, 409; evacuated, 410.
Pickett, G. E., General, 288; charge on Cemetery Hill, 289, 290, 292, 294–296, 304, 348, 374, 407, 414, 639.
Pleasonton, General, 227, 255, 270, 297, 305.
Pope, J., General, 182, 183; order to army, 184, 186; retreats, 187, 188, 194, 195; retires to Manassas, 196; defeated, 198; losses, 199, 200, 202.
Porter, F. J., General, 168; at Gaines's Mill, 171, 174.
Potomac, 102, 130, 205–207, 212, 216, 219, 226, 230, 268, 297, 299, 358.

R.

Ramseur, General, 361, 366.
Randolph, General, 151, 152.
Randolph, G. W., Hon., Secretary of War, letters from R. E. Lee, 536, 542, 543, 552.
Rapidan River, 103, 184, 186, 301, 303, 312, 317, 325.
Rappahannock, 103, 104, 187–189; crossed by Burnside, 233–236; recrossed, 238, 249, 270, 305, 307, 326.
Reynolds, General, 120, 130, 171, 249; killed, 276, 292.
Richmond, 103, 104; news of victory of Manassas, 109, 148, 151, 152; defences, 163, 164, 266, 267, 356, 369, 370, 390, 403, 409; surrendered, 411, 439, 440.
Rodes, R. E., General, 215, 216, 256, 259, 276, 327, 340, 348, 361, 366.
Rosecrans, General, 115, 119, 120, 127–129.
Rust, Colonel, 122–124.

S.

Santa Anna, 47, 48, 50–52.
St. Louis, 40–44.
Savannah, 139–141, 144.
Schneider, F., 38, 39.
Scott, Winfield, General, 49, 51–55, 57, 60, 61, 69, 70, 85, 92–94, 97, 107, 228, 428, 480–482.
Secession, 87, 89–91.
Seddon, J. A., Hon., Secretary of War, letters from R. E. Lee, 568, 625, 629, 642, 661, 672, 673, 675, 676, 678.
Sedgwick, General, 68, 249, 251, 260, 261, 282, 298, 306, 315, 325, 332; death, 343.
Seven Pines, battle, 156–158.
Sharpsburg, 212; description, 214; battle, 217–219, 222, 358.
Sheridan, P. H., General, 333; raid on Richmond, 342, 343, 354, 355; Winchester, 362; Fisher's Hill, 363; Cedar Creek, 364 365, 366; devastation, 367, 380, 392, 404, 406, 407, 412, 414.
Sherman, W. T., General, 138, 322, 392, 393, 404.
Sickles, General, 249, 255, 283–286.
Slavery, Lee's letter on, 82–84.
Smith, G. W., General, 153, 157; succeeds Johnston, 159, 162.
Smith, Kirby, General, 108–110.
Smith, W. T., General, 371–375.
Spottsylvania Court-house, 334; topography, 336; battle, 337–341.

Digitized by Google

Mine Run, 313; intrenchments, 314, 315.
Mississippi River, engineering, 40–43.
Molino del Rey, 60.

N.

Norfolk, 145, 147, 148, 369.
North Anna River, 234, 246, 344.
Northrop, L. B., Commissary-general, 637.

O.

Orders, general, 225, 272, 519, 542, 588, 679, 680.

P.

Pedregal, 54, 56, 58, 60.
Pegram, J., colonel, 115; general, 379; killed, 396.
Pender, General, 257, 259, 294, 300.
Pendleton, W. N., General, 236, 252, 416.
Peninsula, topography, 145, 151.
Petersburg, 352, 370; defences, 372; battle, 372–376; mining operation, 380–384, 390, 391, 394, 396, 409; evacuated, 410.
Pickett, G. E., General, 288; charge on Cemetery Hill, 289, 290, 292, 294–296, 304, 348, 374, 407, 414, 639.
Pleasonton, General, 227, 255, 270, 297, 305.
Pope, J., General, 182, 183; order to army, 184, 186; retreats, 187, 188, 194, 195; retires to Manassas, 196; defeated, 198; losses, 199, 200, 202.
Porter, F. J., General, 168; at Gaines's Mill, 171, 174.
Potomac, 102, 130, 205–207, 212, 216, 219, 226, 230, 268, 297, 299, 358.

R.

Ramseur, General, 361, 366.
Randolph, General, 151, 152.
Randolph, G. W., Hon., Secretary of War, letters from R. E. Lee, 536, 542, 543, 552.
Rapidan River, 103, 184, 186, 301, 303, 312, 317, 325.
Rappahannock, 103, 104, 187–189; crossed by Burnside, 233–236; recrossed, 238, 249, 270, 305, 307, 326.
Reynolds, General, 120, 130, 171, 249; killed, 276, 292.
Richmond, 103, 104; news of victory of Manassas, 109, 148, 151, 152; defences, 163, 164, 266, 267, 356, 369, 370, 390, 403, 409; surrendered, 411, 439, 440.
Rodes, R. E., General, 215, 216, 256, 259, 276, 327, 340, 348, 361, 366.
Rosecrans, General, 115, 119, 120, 127–129.
Rust, Colonel, 122–124.

S.

Santa Anna, 47, 48, 50–52.
St. Louis, 40–44.
Savannah, 139–141, 144.
Schneider, F., 38, 39.
Scott, Winfield, General, 49, 51–55, 57, 60, 61, 69, 70, 85, 92–94, 97, 107, 228, 428, 480–482.
Secession, 87, 89–91.
Seddon, J. A., Hon., Secretary of War, letters from R. E. Lee, 568, 625, 629, 642, 661, 672, 673, 675, 676, 678.
Sedgwick, General, 68, 249, 251, 260, 261, 282, 298, 306, 315, 325, 332; death, 343.
Seven Pines, battle, 156–158.
Sharpsburg, 212; description, 214; battle, 217–219, 222, 358.
Sheridan, P. H., General, 333; raid on Richmond, 342, 343, 354, 355; Winchester, 362; Fisher's Hill, 363; Cedar Creek, 364 365, 366; devastation, 367, 380, 392, 404, 406, 407, 412, 414.
Sherman, W. T., General, 138, 322, 392, 393, 404.
Sickles, General, 249, 255, 283–286.
Slavery, Lee's letter on, 82–84.
Smith, G. W., General, 153, 157; succeeds Johnston, 159, 162.
Smith, Kirby, General, 108–110.
Smith, W. T., General, 371–375.
Spottsylvania Court-house, 334; topography, 336; battle, 337–341.

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Starke, General, 218, 219, 494, 495.
Stephens, A. H., Hon., 98, 110, 402, 434; narrative, 492.
Stoneman, General, 77, 249.
Stuart, J. E. B., lieutenant, 85; general, dashing reconnoissance, 169, 170, 174; in danger, 187, 188, 195, 199, 217; raid into Pennsylvania, 226, 229, 230, 236, 251, 255, 257–259, 264, 270, 271, 274, 278; unfortunate movement, 280, 297, 304, 305; dangerous position, 308; escape, 310, 311; manœuvre, 312, 313, 314, 334; mortally wounded, 343.
Sumner, E. V., colonel, 68, 74; general, 154, 158, 175, 218, 233.
Sumter, Fort, 90.
Swinton, comments, 248, 299, 329, 340, 344, 345, 372.

T.

Talcott, R., Major, 161, 236, 254.
Taylor, W. H., captain, 112, 120, 121, 134, 141; major, 161; colonel, 222–224, note, 249, 286; statement, 292–294, 330; extracts from notes, 399, 477.
Taylor, Zachary, General, 49, 51.
Texas, relations with Mexico, 47, 48; independence, 48, 75, 80, 86–88.
Toombs, General, 165.
Traveller, description, 131–133, 475.
Twiggs, General, 55, 58, 65.

V.

Valentine, E. V., 482, 483.
Vance, Z. B., Governor, 686, 687.
Venable, C. S., major, 161; colonel, 213, 215, 236, 247; note, 294, 301; story of Lee's daring, 330, 421, 477, 480.
Vera Cruz, 51, 52, 68.
Virginia, secedes, 91, 93, 96, 97, 100; forces organized, 101; topography, 102.

W.

Walton, Moses, Hon., 634.
Warren, General, 284, 311; at Mine Run, 315, 325, 332, 334, 335, 337, 345, 348, 371, 375, 395, 406.
Washington, J. A., Colonel, 120, 121; killed at Cheat Mountain, 124, 126.
Washington, Lewis, Colonel, 86.
Washington College, 444, 445, 475, 482, 483.
West Point, 28, 30, 73.
Wilcox, C. M., General, 64–66, 261, 289, 329, 331, 426.
Wilderness, 250, 326; character of ground, 328; battle, 328–334; graphic accounts of battle, 332, 333.
Williamsburg, battle, 154.
Wilson, General, cavalry raid, 377–380.
Winchester, 271, 362.
Wise, General, in Kanawha Valley, 127, 128, 416.
Wool, General, 49, 50.

Y.

Yorktown, 143, 146, 148, 153, 154, 369.

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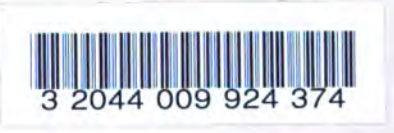
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Memories of Alice Moore's were written by Rev.

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!

One of my favorite amusements, as a child, was attending court. Court was held three times a year in our county, and the sessions drew an adudience that comprised most of the able bodied people for miles around. Farmers came to town in the morning, bringing their wives and children with them, and spent the day. Their buying, and selling, and trading were all a part of the incidental activities of court week. I can remember our noon dinner table during court, surrounded by countless and casual cousins from Greenbank and the Levels.

A bell in the tower of the Courthouse summoned the devotees. Everyone came. Even the dogs made a point of being present. A water spaniel, belonging to a friend of mine, answered every tolling of that bell, whether his family went or not. Whenever the Courthouse bell rang, he hurried to the Courtroom. He even attended Teacher's Institute until those meetings were moved to the High School. He finally came to be looked upon as an honored member of the Bar.

No wonder Court was an integral part of my life, and the life of my friends: Our fathers were lawyers; our uncles, clerks; and our sisters, stenographers. Our houses were grouped around the CourtHouse. We were so close to that building and the adjacent jail that our voices carried easily from one to the other Sometimes they carried too easily. An old man who had worked for us was frequently incarcerated because of his fondness for corn liquor. His cries from the jail window were audible, and usually efficacious. "Oh Lord, Oh Lord " He would wail." Come and get me out of this place." My father and the Lord were both omniscient in Bill's mind. - only my father was a more present

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We used to bet on the outcome of thetrials, and argue over our fathers' p owers. Each believed her father to be more eloquent and more persuasive than the others. Since they were often opposed, defending and prosecuting, we were at war, too. One of my good friends and I battled over a murder case for years. And this day I don't care whether the man was acquited or not, I still believe he killed his wife!

When we went to court we did not sit back in the benches provided for the on lookers. No sir, we sat up front with the lawyers. We were a part of the Court Women, Children and dogs, all cluttered up the bar. We were pretty well behaved, on the whole, quiet and attentive; but not so the dogs. Our Tackel, and Mr. Hill's Rowdy did not care for each other. They were both Airedales, somewhat elderly and set in their ways. In the midst of an important point in a case they were likely to start growling and stalk, stiff - legged, around each other. Sometimes the fight could be averted, but occassionally there was an added attraction in the Court Room - an honest to goodness dog fight. It was unfortunate, of course, when these little disturbances broke the continuity of a trial. It was after one such fracas that the judge threatened to fine my father and Mr. Hill for contempt of court if they brought those damn dogs into the Courtroom again. Poor Tackel! he had to be tied upon court days, thereafter. It nearly broke his heart.

Arson, larceny, and manslaughter were a part of my vocabulary when I was still a baby. We followed the procedure of the courtroom and tried cases ourselves. They were never very successful, however, because we could not find, in our number, an impartial judge.

We were all secretly desirous of being called as witnesses. Once my hopes were almost realized. A man broke into our house one night and was about to set our house on fire when my sister surprised him. When he was tried I felt certain I would at last receive the coveted summons. I was the envy of my friends. But the trial was carried on, and a conviction secured, without my assistance. I was insulted; and besides my chinchilla coat, a variety of clothe, don't misunderstand me, which had been soaked with kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

Since our town had no movies and few plays, the courtroom took the place of the theatre with us. When the curtain rose on an exciting trial we would be in our box seats, the chairs to the right of the Judge. Those were our usual places, although during one June term I sat on the open window right beside the jury box. What a week that was; I was almost on the Jury! We remained in our seats straight trhough the performance until noon recess. Then we went home to dinnr r and heard our fathers' comments on the mornings events. When the afternoon session convened we aired our fathers' opinions with the aplomb of veteran jurists. We weighed the evidence presented with infinite care and patience; and we decided the cases long before the foreman of the Jury had handed his lettle slip of paper to the clerk. The outcome of a trial held for us the same fascination that a football score holds for a modern child. Those tense hours of waiting for the verdict are as real to us, even yet, as the hole in my stocking today.

Of course, it might be supposed that our constant attendance in a courtroom would result in some damage to our character. Not so, the judge and the court, no doubt flattered by our frank admiration and regular attendance, kept a strict watch upon our morals. Whenever there was anything of a questionable nature to be introducted into the evidence the judge would make his announcement. "All ladies and children must leave the courtroom." And Annie Lange, the town hussy, was always the first to depart!

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Music - and the Child

I spent my childhood and grew up in a small town. That phrase, grew up, is literally true, for when I grew I didn't fool around with inches, I grew by the yard, and finally attained a mature height which is still regarded as phenomenal; and which is not altogether unrelated to my m sical life, especially the recitals.

In that age and town no female of the species was regarded as a lady unless she had taken, or was taking, music lessons. By music lessons we meant piano lessons. The other musical instruments were sublimely disregarded. My mother, of course, was determined that my social attainments should compare favorably with my friends'. She was even ambitious for me. Once she told me that her joy would know no bounds if someday I could take cousin Grace's place at the Presbyterian Church and play for services!

The question of ability, or talent, or inclination did not enter into consideration. To the society of the town music lessons were in the same category with spelling lessons. They were a necessary part of every young girls training. To me, they were in the same class with calomel. Only, instead of taking them twice a year, I had a dose twice a week. The only time I laid a finger on the piano was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my mother mentioned the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key"

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Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in our work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all talented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up, if Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occassion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolets and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were prodeced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for their surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the sigus of it forwer occuptations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possessed of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "church" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," Twenty Cents an Hours," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our [illegible]

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Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellious at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is

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the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting,
gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is
taken, an official vote, in a regular election, and the outcome
is always the same; -Cows are allowed to walk the streets of
Marlinton unaccompanied. The county paper carries the headline,
"Cows Win Again!"

The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take
a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the
leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow
faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising.
Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they
haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing dedidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences

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A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a

party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to developments. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!

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Men of West Virginia

HON. JOHN EDWARD KENNA.

HON. JOHN EDWARD KENNA, whose death occurred January 11, 1893, at an age when most men are not considered to have reached the prime of life, had achieved a national reputation as a statesman through many years of service as a representative of the State of West Virginia in the House of Representatives and Senate of the United States. Elected to the lower house in 1876, at the age of 28 years, he became a United States Senator in 1883, when 35 years old. To no other man of the Mountain State has it been given to perform so great an amount of public service in the early years of manhood.

Mr. Kenna was born in Valcoulon, Kanawha County, Virginia, now West Virginia, April 10, 1848, and at his death had not completed his 45th year, although nearly half his life had been spent in the public service. His father, Edward Kenna, a native of Ireland, came to the United States when 14 years of age and secured employment at Natchez, Mississippi, subsequently removing to Cincinnati, Ohio, where, after a brief business experience, he began the study of law. In 1847 Edward Kenna married Margery Lewis, the only daughter of John Lewis, of Kanawha County, Virginia, a grandson of Gen. Andrew Lewis, a man fa-

mous in the history of Virginia and one of a family of marked distinction in the annals of the Old Dominion. This marriage led to Mr. Kenna's removal to Kanawha County, Virginia, where he successfully pursued the practice of the law and gained an extended reputation as a public speaker. In 1856, when only 39 years of age, he died, leaving three children, —two daughters and one son, John Edward Kenna, aged eight years. Left in straitened circumstances, Mrs. Kenna removed in 1858, to Missouri, where her brother resided. Residing upon a farm in a section not then developed, young Kenna had few opportunities for acquiring an education. He worked on a farm with Mr. Lewis, his uncle, and in after years referred to the fact that he could look with pride upon one of the finest plantations in Missouri which he had helped to redeem from its natural state with a prairie plow and four yoke of oxen when he was but 11 years of age.

When 16 years of age Mr. Kenna enlisted in the Confederate Army and followed its fortunes to the end of the war. While serving in General Shelby's brigade he was badly wounded in the shoulder and arm, but declined to be retired on account of his wounds and continued in active service. One who has written with true appreciation of his character says of this period of his life: "In all the constant and pressing march, though but 16 years of age and suffering from his wounds, he never failed of a task that any other soldier performed and never lost a day from active service." The command to which he was attached retreated from Missouri into Arkansas, encountering hardships that are indescribable. The severe exposures of the hurried march could not break the spirit of the young soldier, but they caused a serious illness, and he was taken to a hospital where he lay in a dangerous condition for six months. In June, 1865, he rejoined his command, which was surrendered to the Federal forces at Shreveport, Louisiana. One who served with him remembers the handsome youth, bold and ardent of temperament, manly beyond his years, a general favorite, the life of the camp. None took more pride in his subsequent career than those who were his comrades in those arduous campaigns in Missouri and Arkansas.

Returning to his native county of Kanawha, to which his mother had returned, Mr. Kenna obtained employment at salt-making. But he wanted to do better; he had a desire to rise in the world. Realizing the incomplete-

ness of his education, through the assistance of kind friends, chief of whom was Bishop R. V. Whelan, he entered St. Vincent's Academy at Wheeling, and by diligent study acquired in the course of less than three years a knowledge of books sufficient to enable him to pursue his studies at home. After leaving school, in 1868, Mr. Kenna studied law in the office of Miller & Quarrier, at Charleston, West Virginia, and was admitted to the bar in 1870. He rose rapidly in his profession. In 1872 he was nominated by the Democratic party and elected to the office of prosecuting attorney of Kanawha County, rendering in that important office efficient service. The duties of prosecuting attorney in one of the most populous counties of the State tried the qualities of the young lawyer, but he was equal to every test, and obtained a wider recognition of the powers which those who knew him intimately felt sure needed only the occasion to call forth. In 1875 Mr. Kenna was elected judge pro tem. of the Circuit Court, and discharged the difficult duties of the office in a manner that added to his already well-merited reputation for industry and legal ability.

In 1876 Mr. Kenna was nominated by the Democrats of the Third Congressional District of West Virginia as their candidate for Congress, defeating men much older in years and of acknowledged ability and popularity. He was duly elected and entered Congress, the youngest member of that body. His aptitude for legislative duties was quickly discerned by Speaker Randall, who assigned him to service on important committees, and by other leaders, and it was not long before he became one of the most influential members of the House of Representatives. He was re-elected in 1878, in 1880, and 1882. Before the beginning of the term for which he had been last chosen, he was elected to the United States Senate, in 1883, to succeed Hon. Henry C. Davis, and took his seat December 3, 1883, and was re-elected in 1889 for the term ending March 3, 1895. When he entered the Senate he was, as he had been in the House, the youngest member of the body.

Mr. Kenna "developed at the very threshold of legislative life," said the writer previously quoted, "an aptness for it, and a coolness of judgment meriting the testimonials he received from other members, and from many of his constituents. He never spoke except when he had something to say. His splendid physique—standing full

six feet—his smooth diction and clear enunciation, and his self-poise never failed to attract attention and to command respect. His growth, after the full six years he served in the House, was continuous and steady. But few who served continuously with him developed as rapidly. He always represented the progressive, liberal, and vigorous element of his party, and consequently holds the respect of those aggressive working members of his own party and the esteem of his political opponents in legislative councils."

Mr. Kenna was first married in 1870, to Rosa Quigg, of Wheeling, West Virginia, but four years later he was left a widower. Margaret, the daughter of this marriage, was born in 1871, and is now a Sister of St. Joseph, at Flushing, Long Island, being known as Sister Alma Regina. Mr. Kenna's second wife was Annie Benninghaus, of Wheeling, West Virginia, to whom he was married in November, 1876. Six children came to them: Edward, Arthur, John, Joseph, James, and Mary; James died in early infancy. Mrs. Kenna, with her family, resides in Charleston. In his home life, the grace and beauty of Mr. Kenna's character stood out in bold relief. The tender charm that was always present with him as a dispenser of the hospitalities of his own fireside filled all with pleasure and admiration. The relative claims of son, husband, father, brother and master were filled with unexampled fidelity and unfaltering trust. His buoyant disposition and happy nature gave an air of sunshine to his home, his bright nature being reflected in his family. Mr. Kenna was a true son of nature by reason of early training and by inheritance, which gave him an instinctive knowledge of the silent woods and running brooks. There was nothing he loved so well as to withdraw from the haunts of man, with his gun and rod, and to gain recreation and rest for his overworked body and brain. Few men of such vigorous brain and strong elements of body were as accomplished as he. He loved to take up his violin to improvise his own musical fancies or to merrily screech out the rude airs of his native hills. In the art of photography he excelled, exhibiting great taste in selecting romantic spots of mountain, wood or torrent. Mr. Kenna's religion was Roman Catholic; he lived and died in the full communion of the faith. The funeral services were held in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Charleston, West Virginia. His body was born to his resting place by his family, friends and a distinguished es-

cort from the United States Senate and House of Representatives. His monument stands in the Catholic Cemetery high above the beautiful valleys of the Elk and Kanawha rivers, that he loved so well.

West Virginia has honored Mr. Kenna by placing his statue in Memorial Hall in the Capitol at Washington, D. C.

ANDREW RUSSELL BARBEE, M. D.

ANDREW RUSSELL BARBEE, M. D.—One of the best known and most highly regarded citizens of Mason County, West Virginia, is Dr. Andrew R. Barbee, who was born December 9, 1827.

His father, also named Andrew Russell Barbee, was a native of Virginia, and died at the age of 87 years. During the greater part of his life he was a farmer, and also taught school. A stanch Democrat, he was active in politics, but never accepted office. Both he and his wife were members of the Baptist Church. He married Nancy Britton, also a Virginian, who survived her husband but two years. Their six sons and six daughters all arrived at ages of maturity, bearing these names: George B., deceased; Eliza Ann, deceased; Gabriel T. (now past his 90th anniversary), for four years a member of the Virginia State Senate, is a merchant at Bridgewater, Virginia; William R., deceased, was a sculptor of talent, spent several years in Florence and Rome, Italy, and is the author of "The Coquette," "Fisher Girl," "Young American," and many other life-size statues; Ellen, deceased; Lewis C., deceased; Jane is the widow of Jonathan Bean, who died from a battle wound received in the Confederate Army; Andrew Russell; Caroline and Adaline, deceased; Joseph S., who served in the cavalry during the Civil War, is a newspaper man and artist, in Los Angeles, California; and Mary, deceased.

Dr. Barbee obtained his education under the care of his sister, at home, and in the country schools, and spent two years as a pupil of Professor Mc-

Carty, at Petersburg. He then read medicine with his father-in-law, Dr. J. J. Thompson, of Luray, Virginia, and in 1848 entered the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1851. Afterwards taking a course in the Richmond Medical College, he went to Flint Hill, Rappahannock County, Virginia, and practiced there six months and then lived at Criglersville, Madison County, Virginia, until 1858. Failing health caused him to suspend his practice for a time and he engaged in the exhibition and sale of his brother's marble sculptures. In 1859 he bought a farm near Raymond City, Putnam County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and practiced in partnership with his father-in-law. When the Civil War broke out, Dr. Barbee, though violently opposed to secession, together with some of the ablest men of the State, "stumped" the Kanawha Valley in opposition to the cowardly subterfuge of "peaceable secession,"—yet, when the State, which gave him birth, by a large majority had severed its relations with the Union of States by an ordinance, cast his lot and fortunes with his State, whether right or wrong, and made requisitions on his company of 163 bear and deer hunter men, most of whom were six-footers, who had made him captain several years previous to the agitation of the so-called "peaceable secession" and as against coercion. He was the first to engage the Federal troops near his home in their march up the Kanawha Valley early in July, 1861, and entered the Confederate service as captain of the Border Riflemen, and when the regiment was re-organized in the fall of 1861, he was made lieutenant-colonel and on the death of Col. George M. Ratton succeeded to the colonelcy. Prior to this he had received a wound in the arm, at Dry Creek. Later he went into the medical department, retaining his rank and was assigned to Gen. John C. Breckenridge in a medico-military capacity. After General Breckenridge was made Secretary of War, he was assigned to the staff of Gen. James L. Kemper. Obeying his first order, he was sent to Saltville, in Southwestern Virginia, in a medico-military character to inspect the sanitary condition of the army there and to ascertain the need for medical and surgical supplies as well as to look into the want and necessities in the ordnance department. On reaching Saltville (the only source from which supplies of salt for the Confederate Army were obtainable), he found about one-third of the army there down with small-pox, but managed to control it. Ere

his report to General Kemper on sanitation, medical and military wants could be made, General Burbridge, in command of 4,000 colored troops from Kentucky, bounced in upon him. Retaining his military rank, Dr. Barbee engaged actively in the fight the day long, when General Williams with infantry and General Jones with cavalry re-inforced, and thus the last chance for Confederate salt was saved, General Burbridge retiring, with loss of many men, killed, wounded and prisoners. Dr. Barbee took part in many of the battles in the Shenandoah Valley and was with General Morgan when he was shot, and was one of his pall-bearers. The first battle in which he felt more than usually interested was four miles from his home and a part of the enemy confiscated and threshed out his wheat, oats, rye, etc. He was also at Giles Court House, New River, White Sulphur and other points.

After the close of the war, Dr. Barbee accepted the situation, took the oath of allegiance, being the first man in West Virginia to do so, and returned to the home of his father-in-law, his own estates having been confiscated. Soon after, he resumed practice at Coalsmouth, and found his time occupied with the care of a camp of convalescent Union soldiers; later in 1865, he moved to Buffalo, Putnam County, where he practiced until 1868, when he moved to Point Pleasant, West Virginia, where he has resided ever since. He has become one of the leading citizens of the county, an important factor in its educational and professional development. For 15 years he served as president of the Board of Education, both white and colored, and was the first organizer of a colored school in Point Pleasant. Dr. Barbee is a member of the West Virginia Medical Association, of which he has been president; of the Ohio Valley Medical Association; and of the medical society of the county. Since its organization in 1881, he has been a member of the State Board of Health. Under Governor Atkinson's administration, he was elected secretary and executive officer of the State Board of Health, and registrar of vital and mortuary statistics of West Virginia, an office in which he has been continued during various administrations. For a number of years he was examining surgeon for the U. S. pension board, resigning in the latter part of President Harrison's administration; he also served for many years as the efficient health officer and county coroner of Mason County.

Dr. Barbee has also been a leading factor in politics. He is of Republican faith and from 1881 to 1884 was a member of the State Senate. In 1884 he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated by 43 votes.

On May 22, 1852, he was married to Margaret A. G. Thompson, who was born in Luray, Virginia, in 1834, and is a daughter of Dr. J. J. Thompson, an eminent physician, who practiced for 20 years in Luray, Virginia, and three years at Point Pleasant, and spent the remainder of his life on his farm opposite the mouth of the Poca, on the Great Kanawha River, West Virginia, dying at an advanced age, in 1881. Dr. Thompson was a member of the Virginia Legislature that passed the Ordinance of Secession, and took a strong stand against it and voted against it. A family of six children was born to Dr. and Mrs. Barbee, namely: John R., deceased; Mary B., the widow of C. W. Harper, deceased, who was a coal merchant at Raymond City; Kate Louise, who married, first, John McCullough, who died in 1881, and second, J. Samuel Spencer, an attorney at Point Pleasant; Ann Rebecca, who married O. E. Darnall, superintendent of the West Virginia Reform School; and Hugh A., a physician at Point Pleasant. Mrs. Barbee is a member of the Presbyterian Church. The Doctor is a Mason. He is a man of great intelligence and a genial companion. His reminiscences of the past are most instructive and interesting.

MAJ. ELY ENSIGN.

MAJ. ELY ENSIGN, one of the most distinguished citizens of West Virginia, died suddenly of an attack of apoplexy on January 27, 1902, at his home in Huntington, West Virginia. He was born December 19, 1840, at Huntsville, Litchfield County, Connecticut, and for many years was more prominently identified with the business interests of Cabell County and the city of Huntington than almost any other man.

The first important business connection of Major Ensign was with the Barnum & Richardson Company of Lime Rock, Connecticut, large manufacturers of pig iron and car wheels, and prior to his majority he was employed on the old Housatonic Railroad. Having an uncle who was engaged in business at Sacramento, California, at the age of 21 he went to the Pacific Coast where he anticipated locating, but after remaining about one year he returned to Lime Rock and re-entered the employ of Barnum & Richardson. In 1866, he made a second trip to the Golden State, this time in the interests of the company.

In October, 1872, Major Ensign, in company with Senator W. H. Barnum and Collis P. Huntington, went to Huntington, and they, with others, established the extensive car wheel manufacturing establishment, which was given his name, being known as The Ensign Manufacturing Company, and has grown to be one of the largest manufacturing plants in the State. In 1881 this business was increased to include freight car building. Mr. Ensign was secretary and treasurer of this company and its active manager up to 1899, when the plant came into the American Car & Foundry Company's possession through a merger, at which time Major Ensign was made the district manager and so continued until his death. In addition to his connection with this business, he was vice-president of the Huntington National Bank and was a leading stockholder in the wholesale grocery firm of Sehon, Stevenson & Company; had extensive yellow pine lumber interests in the South and large coal land interests in West Virginia; was a director in the Ohio River Railroad, now a part of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad system; was interested in the Ensign-Oskamp Lumber Company, manufacturers of yellow pine, at Ocilla, Georgia; and had various other business interests in Huntington.

Major Ensign was a Gold Democrat in politics and served as mayor of Huntington in 1896, being one of the best chief executives the city ever had. He never desired official honors, however, preferring to live the quiet, unassuming life of a simple citizen.

In 1869, Major Ensign married Mary C. Walton, of Salisbury, Connecticut, and three children were born to them: John W., born in 1871, who is the present district manager of the American Car & Foundry Company; Mary P., born February 7, 1873, who died April 24, 1889, and Anna C.,

born August 28, 1880, who married W. F. Hite, who is district freight agent for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. The surviving children and their families reside with Mrs. Ensign in a beautiful home, at No. 1330 3rd avenue, which was erected by the Major and was completed in 1894. It is one of the most elegant homes in the State, supplied with every modern convenience, and stands in the midst of beautiful grounds. For several years Major Ensign was senior warden of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, in which he was a vestryman from its organization.

Major Ensign joined the Masonic fraternity in Connecticut, and always retained his membership there. He was one of the State's leading citizens and no man did more to promote the upbuilding of Huntington. During his years of residence there he had become familiarly known to almost every man, woman and child in the city, and his unexpected death came as a shock to everyone. At the time of his decease he was one of the commissioners of the World's Fair at St. Louis.

GEORGE M. SNOOK, who has been engaged in the dry goods business since he was 15 years of age, is at the head of the firm of George M. Snook & Company, which conducts one of the most complete wholesale and retail dry goods houses in the State of West Virginia. The business was established in 1884 by George Rentsch, Albert Wilkie and George M. Snook, and has since been conducted under the firm name of George M. Snook & Company. The present place of business is at No. 1110 Main street, but a new building is being completed which will include Nos. 1110, 1112 and 1114 Main street. No. 1114 of the new building will extend through to Market street, 265 feet, and Nos. 1110 and 1112 will be 132 feet deep. The building being erected will have five stories and a basement, and will be supplied with steam heat and elevator power, electric light and the pneumatic tube system of cash carrier service, the only one at the present time in the city of Wheeling. The front of the building is of white enamel brick, and the main part is of structural iron work, filled with brick, making it a very substantial building and one of the best in the State. There are double show windows on the first and second floors, and a vestibule continuing to the third floor. At the present time about 80 people are employed, but this number will be increased to 125 or 150 when the new building is occupied. The firm bears an excellent reputation

for the character of the goods handled, and has always done an extensive business. The first floor is well stocked with general merchandise, notions and dry goods; the second floor, with ladies' ready made goods; the third, with carpets, curtains and draperies; and the fourth with fancy and holiday goods. The reserve and duplicate stock is carried on the fifth floor, and the china and house furnishing goods are in the basement. The present members of the company are George M. Snook, George Rentsch, Albert L. Wilkie, Thomas Carnahan, Jr., Remick P. Truxell, Louis Rentsch and H. D. Hervey,—an array of business talent that would succeed in any venture.

Mr. Snook was born at Martinsburg, West Virginia, and removed to Wheeling in 1876, entering the employ of Charles Brues as clerk. In 1880, he began clerking for George E. Stifel & Company, and continued until 1884, when his present business was established. His life work has been devoted to the dry goods business, and his knowledge of it in all its details, combined with a superior natural ability, has been the secret of his success.

Mr. Snook was united in marriage with Emma Truxell, a daughter of Henry Truxell, deceased, who was an early resident of Wheeling, and was identified with the LaBelle Iron Works. Mr. Snook lives in Pleasant Valley. He is a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He has a brother, Charles S. Snook, located in Wheeling.

JOHN T. COTTON, M. D.

JOHN T. COTTON, M. D.—To have lived a long and useful life and to have its closing years crowned with honor and affection is not the happy fate of all men, but this is the good fortune of one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Charleston, West Virginia. Dr. Cotton was born August 4, 1819, at Marietta, Washington County, Ohio, and is a son of Dr. John Cotton, an eminent Boston physician, who was born at Plymouth, Massachusetts, September 9, 1792. Dr. John Cotton graduated at Harvard University and there took the degrees of A.

M. and M. D. and later decided to migrate to the new State of Ohio.

Our venerable subject some years since put into pamphlet form a most interesting lot of papers which were written by his father at the time of the family exodus from Massachusetts. We feel that a few extracts of family history, concerning the early life of Ohio, must possess much interest.

On September 17, 1815, we sailed from Providence in a New York packet." After reaching the now great metropolis, the following comment was made: "Although the largest city in the United States, to the eye of the stranger its appearance is rather ordinary. The streets are narrow, crooked and dirty, with the exception of Broadway. It is the custom here to throw all the filth engendered in the private houses in the street and the swine are set at liberty to devour it. This practice, it is thought, tends to healthfulness." On the 21st the party set out from New York in a steamboat and at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, chartered four stages and that night reached Princeton, which was left early the following morning for Trenton, where a steamboat was again used for conveyance to Philadelphia. It may be interesting to learn what this intelligent and observing traveler had to say concerning the steamboats: "The steamboat is a curious and truly useful invention, of a nature too much complicated for me to describe or even understand. They vary in length from 60 to 200 feet; ours was about 90 feet, having two spacious cabins and a bar at one end where liquors were sold. We proceeded at least six miles an hour against tide by the power of steam." On the 30th of September the party started from Philadelphia and reached Lancaster, Pennsylvania, breakfasted at Harrisburg, crossed the Susquehannah in a ferry boat, making a note that a bridge was being considered over that river, and safely reached Chambersburg. Here for the first time is any note made of fatigue, but nevertheless 3 o'clock in the morning found the party again on the way. After many minor mishaps, told in a very entertaining manner, the Juniata River was crossed on a chain bridge; on the next day they crossed the Alleghany Mountains and on the seventh day from Philadelphia left Greensburg and reached Pittsburg. That city calls for interesting comment on account of the prevailing coal dust and some surprise is shown that the residents used nothing there for fuel but coal. On October 9th the party set out from Pittsburg in a covered skiff and proceeded

down the Ohio River. After many thrilling incidents, the party reached Steubenville, Ohio, on the 11th where they found some difficulty in landing. After a pleasant sojourn over night in that 17-year-old town, they proceeded on their skiff journey. On Wednesday, the 13th, they breakfasted at Wheeling and it was noted that from there "the mail is carried westward once a week on horses." Finally the long journey was ended at Marietta. The account of this trip is of a most interesting character, no only to the descendants of Dr. John Cotton, but to the general reader.

Dr. John T. Cotton, of this sketch, obtained his education in the common schools of Marietta, which at that time was a city of 30 years' growth. Later he graduated from Marietta College and is the only living member of the first class ever graduated from that now noted institution. This fact stands recorded in the *World Almanac*. Dr. Cotton left college and went to New Orleans where he taught school for one year. The trip down the river was exceedingly pleasant, but the extreme heat caused his return to Marietta, and soon after he began the study of medicine under his remarkable father. When prepared, he entered the Cincinnati State Medical College where he was graduated and he then spent three years of practice at Ravenswood, Ohio. During this time he married Sarah Fitzhugh, who was a daughter of Henry Fitzhugh, one of the founders of Ravenswood, the Fitzhugh's inheriting property at Alexandria, Virginia, from George Washington.

After his marriage on April 5, 1845, Dr. and Mrs. John T. Cotton moved to Charleston, Virginia, now West Virginia, and there established themselves both in social and professional life. Dr. Cotton watched the city grow from a hamlet into a commercial center and during these years he grew also in importance until his name was known all over the Kanawha Valley. Few men of the State are more esteemed and many honors have been given him. At the regular annual session of the State Medical Society of West Virginia, convened at Parkersburg on the 21st of May, 1902, an ordinance was adopted that the physicians of each county in the State should hold monthly sessions at the county court house. At the first session of the physicians of Kanawha County, held at Charleston, Dr. Cotton was elected president.

Dr. Cotton is a large landowner in Charleston and vicinity. In political affiliation Dr. Cotton was originally a

Whig. He assisted in organizing the Republican party, but since the Civil War he has been a Democrat. Although eminently qualified to fill high stations, he has never accepted political office.

The children born to Dr. Cotton and Mrs. Cotton were: Henrietta, wife of ex-Governor Wilson; Nannie C., wife of Frank Woodman; Sallie (Mrs. Donnelly); and John and Harry, both deceased. Mrs. Cotton is deceased. In religious belief, Dr. Cotton belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

HON. NATHAN BAY SCOTT.

HON. NATHAN BAY SCOTT, who has long been prominent as a man of affairs, has held many offices of trust and discharged the duties connected therewith in a most creditable manner; at the present time he represents the State of West Virginia in the United States Senate. He is prominent in the councils of the Republican party, and has made a brilliant record in every phase of his public life.

Mr. Scott was born in Guernsey County, Ohio, December 18, 1842, and at the age of 11 years began his business life as a clerk in a country store, meanwhile attending the public schools during the winter months. In 1862 he enlisted for service in the Union Army, and served until mustered out in 1865. He then returned to Wheeling, a city he has since called home. Since 1871 he has been engaged in the manufacture of glass and has been since 1883 at the head of the Central Glass Company, which under his vigorous management became one of the largest of its kind in the country. He organized the first savings bank in the State; he was elected its president, and is still at the head of the institution, which is one of the most successful in West Virginia. He has been an extensive traveler at home and abroad, and is a keen observer and a broadminded man.

Mr. Scott is a Republican and has always been active in party affairs. In 1880 he was elected a member of the

City Council of Wheeling, and was president of the second branch. In 1882 he was elected a member of the State Senate, and was re-elected in 1886, serving in that capacity for eight years. His opponent upon re-election was Hon. J. O. Pendleton, a very strong man who was afterward elected to Congress. While a member of the State Senate, he served on various important committees, and helped to frame the Mutual Savings Bank law, which has since met with general approval. Since 1888 Mr. Scott has been the representative of West Virginia as a member of the Republican National Committee, during all of which time he has been a member of the executive committee. In the campaign of 1896 he was the choice of President McKinley to serve with Gen. Powell Clayton, Vice-President Hobart and J. H. Manley at headquarters in New York City, and because of his friendly relations to organized labor had charge of the work pertaining to the labor organizations of the United States. In recognition of his faithful services, President McKinley appointed him commissioner of internal revenue, an office he filled until his election to the United States Senate in 1899. As war commissioner he displayed in the administration of the business of the office executive ability of the highest order. With Mr. Bliss, ex-Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Manley, Mr. Scott was again, in 1900, in charge of speakers during the campaign.

Mr. Scott is a director in numerous large business foundations in the city of Wheeling, and is extensively interested in tracts of coal and timber lands in Logan and Mingo counties. His earnings have ever been devoted to the extension of business enterprises and the employment of labor. His interests in the glass and steel industries of the State are very large, and it is safe to say that there are few manufacturing concerns of any magnitude in West Virginia which he has not promoted or in which he does not hold an interest. Mr. Scott is, in fine, a public servant of West Virginia, who is able to uphold the highest behests of the people in national council.

GEORGE HOOK, one of the best known business men of Wheeling, West Virginia, is president and business manager of the Germania Half Dollar Savings Bank, at No. 1501 Market street, and is also secretary of the West Virginia Exposition & State Fair Association. He was born in Prussia, in 1841, and is a son of Henry Hook.

Henry Hook was engaged in the shoe business, during his active life, and died about 20 years ago. His widow died in 1890, having given birth to seven children,—most of whom are residents of Wheeling.

George Hook was seven years of age when he accompanied his parents to this country in 1848. As a boy he attended the German Lutheran and public schools. Later he attended a business college in Wheeling, and was graduated in 1874. His first active business was as a carriage trimmer with the firm of Pfarr & Kanner, and a short time afterward, in 1867 or 1868, he formed a partnership with Charles Schrader, and bought out the old firm. They continued in the business about 10 years, under the firm name of Hook & Schrader. During the year 1865, Mr. Hook served in the sheriff's office under Thomas J. Campbell, and was then elected assessor of the city district, and served two years. He was elected clerk of the County Court of Ohio County and served three terms, or a period of 18 years, his incumbency terminating in 1896. He is a member of the Board of Trade. In 1881, he became secretary and treasurer of the West Virginia Exposition & State Fair Association, and has acceptably filled that office since, its duties requiring much of his time throughout the year, particularly in the fall months.

Mr. Hook was united in marriage with Sophia A. Lutz, a daughter of Sebastian Lutz, and they have a daughter, Clara. He is a Democrat in politics, and in religious attachments a member of the German Evangelical Lutheran Church. He resides in the Seventh Ward on the Island.

HON. ARNOLD C. SCHERR.

HON. ARNOLD C. SCHERR, State Auditor of West Virginia, was born in Zurich, Switzerland, August 21, 1848. He accompanied his parents to America when quite young, in

1856, and they located in Preston County, Virginia, now West Virginia, where he was educated in the common schools and subsequently took a business college course.

Mr. Scherr entered into business life as a merchant at Maysville, West Virginia. In 1893 he became interested in the wool manufacturing business and established what are now known as the Keyser Woolen Mills, at Keyser, Mineral County, West Virginia.

As an active member of the Republican party, Mr. Scherr has been prominent in all the movements in his county and State, and has most capably filled a number of political positions. In 1870 he was elected sheriff of Grant County, West Virginia, in 1872 was re-elected and in 1880 was again made sheriff for a term of four years. In 1879 he was a member of the West Virginia House of Delegates. For a period of 12 years he was a member of the Republican State Committee, and in 1884 was sent as a delegate to the Republican National Convention. Governor White has about him men who are noted for their executive ability and high personal character, and none more entirely satisfy both the administration and the public than does Hon. Arnold C. Scherr in the responsible position of State Auditor, to which he was elected in 1900 for a term of four years.

DAVID S. COLLINS.

DAVID S. COLLINS, president of the Collins Lumber Company of Charleston, Kanawha County, West Virginia, and one of the prominent business men of the State, was born October 31, 1850, at Hopkinton, New Hampshire, and is a son of Dr. David O. and Achsah (Moore) Collins.

Dr. David O. Collins was for many years a prominent physician at Hopkinton. He was born in England and came to America in boyhood. He graduated in medicine in New England, and gained eminence in the pro-

fession in his adopted State. His death took place in 1893, at the age of 86 years. Dr. Collins married Achsah Moore, whose ancestors came from England in the "Mayflower," members of the little band that landed on Plymouth Rock. These ancestors and their immediate descendants located on the Merrimac River where they waxed numerous and wealthy and founded the settlement of Deerfield. The only child born to Dr. and Mrs. Collins was the subject of this sketch. They were Congregationalists in their religious faith.

David S. Collins attended the local district school and received academic training at Penacook Academy. Very early, even in boyhood, he displayed a business sense that has in its development made him one of the capitalists of West Virginia at the present day. He commenced work in a mill yard, where his services were required to pile up staves, manufactured for mackerel kits, and his pay was 33 cents a day. He continued at that work long enough to accumulate the sum of $100 and continued to attend the academy during the winter sessions. After three years of that employment, he accepted a clerical position in a general mercantile store and continued the position until 17 years of age. Through a fortunate purchase of timber land about this time, he realized $225, a large enough sum to enable him to extend his business operations. He learned the business of scaling logs and measuring lumber, a knowledge of which, later in life, proved of the greatest value. In 1870 he became bookkeeper for a large lumber and furniture manufacturing company, with which he remained until the age of 22, later becoming one of the salesmen, and still later superintendent of three of the company's mills. Three years later he invested his accumulations and formed a company for the manufacture of clothes pins, erecting a factory and installing the first stationary engine in Hillsboro County, New Hampshire. This venture did not prove as successful as he expected and Mr. Collins again became a lumber and furniture salesman, in this business covering the Northeastern States. He then formed a partnership with George E. Tillinghast in contracting and building, at Providence, Rhode Island, and at Portland, Maine. During his residence at Providence, he was for three years a member of the Board of Agriculture, and for six years secretary and treasurer of the Rhode Island State Fair; manager of the Narragansett Trotting Park and secretary and treas-

urer of the Rhode Island Horsebreeders' Association. He also served as secretary and manager of the Riding and Polo Club. After removing to Portland he became interested in a new and important enterprise. He purchased stock in and became manager of the Fossil Flour Mining & Milling Company. Later, with a friend, he purchased a controlling interest in the company and became its treasurer, a position he still retains. The plant was then moved to larger and more valuable mines in Nova Scotia, and a mill was built there, now in operation, at a cost of $47,000, the only one for refining tripoli in the world. He is the originator and inventor of the process of refining tripoli. Mr. Collins spent a fortune in experimenting, but finally succeeded in placing the product on the market. The company has a European, as well as a New York, office. The tripoli is an infusorial earth, taken from the bottom of the Northern lakes. Its chief use, in the manufactured form of fossil flour, is with rubber stocks, in the manufacture of rubber. It is described as a hollow, "boat shaped" diatom, practically a silicious sponge. Its uses are many and its value is becoming yearly better known. Mr. Collins came to West Virginia in 1899. He has spent much time in Europe, pushing his many enterprises, but is best known in this State as the very efficient president of the Collins Lumber Company, which exports more lumber to Europe than any other company in the State; and as treasurer of the Elkhurst Planing Mill Company, which owns and controls seven mills on the line of the Charleston, Clendenin & Sutton Railroad. Mr. Collins owns much real estate in Charleston and is engaged in building a number of handsome residences in a pleasant portion of the city. In addition to his other enterprises, Mr. Collins is one of the directors in the Clay County Bank, and is interested in timber lands in Clay County.

In 1870 Mr. Collins married Rosalia A. Beard, who was born in New Hampshire. Their one daughter is the wife of Prof. Stephen S. Colvin, of Champaign, Illinois.

JAMES DALLAS EWING, deceased, was a representative of an old and prominent family and a distinguished member of his chosen profession,—that of the law.

The Ewing family was established in this country by James Ewing, some time between 1795 and 1797. He was a son of Henry and Elizabeth (Glenn) Ewing, both natives of Ireland, the

former of whom was born on Lord Abercorn's estate, County Tyrone. James Ewing was born in Ireland in 1771, and on coming to America settled on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. He was a lieutenant and subsequently a captain in the War of 1812. He removed at an early day to Ohio County, Virginia (now Marshall County, West Virginia), where he settled on a farm which he called "Fairhill" and which he established as a family homestead. His parents went there afterwards and spent the remainder of their lives, their graves on the farm being marked with a time-worn headstone. He was married to Elizabeth Wilson in Maryland and brought her with him to Virginia. By this marriage he had four sons and three daughters: Henry, James, William, John, Maria, Jane and Elizabeth.

William Ewing was born on the homestead in 1810, and there resided as the owner of the property, until his death in 1861. He was married to Martha Martin, and left 10 children: James Dallas; William Wilson, who succeeded to the proprietorship of "Fairhill;" John Alexander, a prominent attorney of Moundsville; George Martin; Isaac Newton; Samuel H.; Susan Ann; Robert A.; Elizabeth W., who married Daniel Hartley; and Mary, who married Alfred McCuskey.

James Dallas Ewing was born on the homestead December 19, 1832, and there remained, attending and teaching school, until he reached his majority, when he began the study of the law in the office of Wylie H. Oldham, one of the foremost lawyers of his time, and in 1858 was duly licensed and admitted. Locating in New Martinsville, Wetzel County, he there remained about seven years. Compelled to abandon the practice of his profession during the period of the Civil War, he engaged in mercantile pursuits, afterward spending two years in Kentucky. Deciding to return to West Virginia and to the practice of the law, he selected Moundsville, in Marshall County, as his residence, where he at once acquired a large and remunerative business. In 1878 he removed to Wheeling, appearing before the different courts there held as well as those before which he had appeared in former years. He practiced alone for a time, but, his clientage increasing, he associated others with himself, and was the head of different firms —Ewing & Riley; Ewing, Melvin & Riley; and Ewing, Melvin & Ewing, in the order named. His life closed on September 1, 1898, at his home at Leatherwood, east of Wheeling. While residing at New Martinsville, he married Emma Anderson, a daughter of

William Anderson, at one time sheriff of his county and a prominent and reputable citizen. By this marriage there were 10 children, eight of whom are living: Effie Estella, wife of John H. Holt, of Huntington; Emma Irene; James William; Robert Benton, who holds a responsible position with the Wheeling Corrugating Company; Daisy, wife of H. C. McMillen, of Huntington; Fred Anderson, who is also with the Wheeling Corrugating Company; and Ethel and Genevieve, who with the other unmarried children reside with their mother at the Leatherwood home.

In his career as a lawyer Mr. Ewing took and held high place. He cared but little for political honors, yet more than once was he pressed into service as a candidate for office by the political party with which he affiliated and was unsuccessful only because his party was not in the ascendancy. In the courtroom and in the office he was alike successful. In close attention to the concerns of those who sought his aid, in earnestness and ability in presenting questions to court or jury, in foresight and sagacity, whether in giving counsel or in managing a cause, he was not excelled by any of his able colleagues at the bar. Devoted to family, friends and clients, public spirited in all general matters of pith and moment, and just in everything engaging his attention, his life was a useful one,—a model in more respects than one.

James William Ewing, the eldest son, was born at Moundsville, October 25, 1869; the family removing to Wheeling, in 1879, he there attended the public schools and was graduated from Linsly Institute in the class of 1887. During the following two years he received a business training in different capacities, and in February, 1890, was appointed and acted as private secretary to Governor Fleming, residing at the state capital, Charleston. He read law while thus serving and in the summer of 1893 took the examination and was admitted to practice. In the fall of the same year he entered the University of Virginia, and in the spring of 1894 returned to Wheeling, taking the place of the retiring junior member of the firm of which his father was then the head. Upon the father's death the survivors continued in business until September, 1899, when Judge Melvin went upon the Circuit Court bench; and since then Mr. Ewing has practiced alone at No. 1400 Chapline street. He is still unmarried. In politics he affiliates with the Democratic party. He is a member of the college fraternity of Phi Gamma Delta, and is

a past master of Wheeling Lodge, No. 5, A. F. & A. M. He has a well-established practice and a host of friends in and out of the profession and in all portions of the State.

IRA J. RHODES.

IRA J. RHODES, the efficient cashier of the McDowell County Bank, at Welch, West Virginia, is one of the town's much esteemed citizens. He was born in 1871, in Rockingham County, Virginia, and is a son of Jacob S. and Katherine (Beery) Rhodes, both of whom are of Dutch extraction. The father was a farmer of Rockingham County. Both he and his wife belonged to the German Baptist Church.

Mr. Rhodes was educated in the common schools and after completing the prescribed course of instruction accepted a clerical position in a store, in 1896 entering The Bank of Bramwell, Bramwell, West Virginia, as bookkeeper. He remained in that capacity for four years. In July, 1900, the McDowell County Bank was organized, at Welch, and since that time he has filled the responsible position of cashier of the institution. As a financier he is highly valued and his accommodating spirit has won him many business friends.

In 1900 Mr. Rhodes married Janie Gibboney, who is a daughter of James M. and Lucy Gibboney, of Wytheville, Virginia. They have one daughter,—Elizabeth. Mrs. Rhodes belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Rhodes is a Knight Templar and Shriner. In politics he votes independently.

JAMES BRADLEY, the only undertaker located at New Cumberland, Hancock County, West Virginia, at the present time, has also served in the capacity of justice of the peace for a period of six years. He is a man of high standing in the community, where he has a host of friends.

Mr. Bradley was born in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, April 23, 1843,

and is a son of Joshua and Mary A. (Harsha) Bradley, both natives of Beaver County. Joshua Bradley moved to Hancock County when past middle age, and when our subject was about 15 years of age. He was not actively engaged in business during his late years, and died in 1875, at the age of 75 years. Mary A. Harsha, mother of our subject, died when the latter was quite young. She was a daughter of John Harsha, who spent his entire life in Beaver County, dying in 1857 at an advanced age. John Harsha was a Whig and prominent in political affairs. He served six years in the State Legislature of Pennsylvania, walking from his home in Beaver County to the State capital, Harrisburg. He was the only member of that body who was at that time the possessor of a watch. The Harshas were of Scotch descent, and were early settlers in this country. Joshua Bradley and his worthy wife were parents of 12 children, as follows: Rachel, who died in girlhood; John, who removed to Hancock County, West Virginia, where he died; Esther, who married Thomas Tare, and resides in Washington County, Pennsylvania; Margaret, who died in girlhood; William, who lived the latter years of his life in New Cumberland; Thomas W., 2nd lieutenant of Company I, 12th Reg. West Virginia Vol. Inf., who was killed in the battle of Winchester, June 13, 1863; Mary, wife of William Branden, who resides in Cleveland, Ohio; James, subject of this biography; Jennie, who married James G. Wey,—they reside in Kokomo, Indiana, but spend much of their time in Florida; Elizabeth, who resides in Washington, Pennsylvania; Lorina, who resides in Tiffin, Ohio; and Isabel, deceased, whose husband, David Jenkins, is also deceased.

James Bradley was educated in the public schools of Pennsylvania, and was 19 years old when he took up arms for the cause of the Union. He enlisted in Company F, 1st Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., October 10, 1862, and with his regiment participated in all the West Virginia campaigns, and was with General Sheridan in his numerous skirmishes with General Early in the Shenandoah Valley. He was in Hunter's Raid and went through to Lynchburg. His regiment took part in the following engagements: Winchester, New Market, Piedmont, Opaquan Creek, and was present at the surrender of Early's army at Cedar Creek, where the colonel of the regiment was killed. Mr. Bradley was never injured nor taken prisoner, and his comrades were wont to jokingly remark that he hid behind his ramrod, in explanation of his freedom from

injury, as most of the members of his company were wounded at one time or another. He was mustered out at Clarksburg, July 12, 1865, and discharged at Wheeling about 10 days later. He then returned to private life and for a time engaged in contracting as a carpenter. In 1872 he first engaged in the undertaking business and this has been his vocation since that time. He gained the confidence of the people to a marked degree, and although he has had numerous competitors they did not remain in New Cumberland long. His son is now in partnership with him. He has been justice of the peace for six years, and was postmaster under President Harrison, bringing the office up to its present grade. He is a Republican.

In 1868, Mr. Bradley married Jennie Thayer, a daughter of William Thayer, who died when she was small, and thereafter she lived with an uncle Nathan Thayer. They have the following children: Mary, wife of H. C. Stewart, of New Cumberland; Nora, wife of George W. Neal; Nettie, widow of John C. Fisher, who died in 1902; Fred, who is in partnership with his father; Carrie, wife of E. A. Hart, an attorney-at-law of New Cumberland; Mabel, who died in December, 1897, at the age of 17 years; and Olive who is living at home. Mr. Bradley is a member of W. A. Atkinson Post, No. 18, G. A. R. Religiously, he is a member of the M. P. Church.

HOWARD SCOTT SMITH.

HOWARD SCOTT SMITH, one of the leading business citizens of Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia, identified with the coal, timber and real estate interests of that section, was born at Burlington, Iowa, May 24, 1867. He is a son of James and Ellen (Kitzmiller) Smith, the former of whom was born in Harrison County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and until his death, in 1889, at the age of 65 years, engaged in farming and stockraising in this State. The mother

of our subject was born at Stony River Bridge, Mineral County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and she still survives, having reached the age of 74 years. She has been a consistent member of the Baptist Church for a long period. Six of her nine children are still living.

Howard Scott Smith was mainly educated at Lebanon, Ohio. He left school to take charge of the *Clarksburg News*, which he ably edited for two years. He then traveled in the interests of a wholesale lumber firm of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, for some time. He is now extensively interested in coal, lumber and real estate in West Virginia. In 1902 he organized, in Clarksburg, the Wabash Coal & Coke Company, wich is capitalized at $200,000, for the purpose of mining and manufacturing coal, coke and all by-products. In religious faith Mr. Smith is a Baptist, and in politics a Democrat. He is one of the progressive and wide-awake young men of his section, with large business interests and the capacity to manage them.

WILLIAM A. LEWIS, cashier of the Bank of Smithfield, Wetzel County, West Virginia, was born June 22, 1875, at Broad Run, Fauquier County, Virginia, and is a son of Hon. William H. and Sue (Smith) Lewis, both of whom were natives of that county.

The Lewis family is of Irish descent, but the grandparents of William A. Lewis, William Lewis and his wife, who was a Miss Moorhead, were natives of Virginia. On the maternal side, the ancestry is also of the Old Dominion, the Smith family long belonging to Virginia's first families.

Hon. William H. Lewis, father of our subject, member of the Virginia Legislature from Fauquier County, is a prominent farmer of that locality. During the progress of the Civil War, he served as a member of the famous Black Horse Cavalry and was one of General Lee's special scouts. He participated in many of the battles of that war, beginning with Bull Run, suffered imprisonment and many of the troubles incident to exposure when in ill health, but survived them all, and at the age of 65 years still takes a leading part in public affairs in his State. The mother of our subject is a daughter of William A. Smith and his wife, who was a Miss Glasscock, and a granddaughter of William Smith, who was a brother of the noted War Governor of Virginia, Governor A. J. Smith.

Mrs. Lewis was one of her parents' seven children; several of her brothers served in the Confederate Army and met death in the service.

Our subject is the second member of the family born to his parents, viz.: H. M., of Charlottesville, Virginia; William A.; Richard, who is living on the homestead; Thomas, who died in infancy; and Fanny M., who is living at home. Mr. Lewis was reared in Fauquier County and was educated at the Bethel Military Academy, at Bethel, Virginia, where he was graduated at the age of 18 years. For three years he then was engaged in a mercantile business at Charlottesville, Virginia, and in the same line located in West Virginia. After a period as clerk in the First National Bank at Mannington, in 1897, he became associated as cashier with the Bank of Smithfield, a position which he has most capably filled ever since. This is one of the sound financial institutions of the county and Mr. Lewis' conservative and careful course as cashier meets with general approbation.

On September 20, 1900, he married Mae Robinson, daughter of John Robinson, of Smithfield. Fraternally he is connected with Mannington Lodge, No. 31, A. F. & A. M., and White Lily Lodge, No. 94, Knights of Pythias, of Smithfield. Religiously, he belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

HON. M. P. SHAWKEY.

HON. M. P. SHAWKEY, one of the best known educators in West Virginia, for six years chief clerk in the department of schools, and an author of a number of valuable textbooks, was born at Sigel, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, February 17, 1868. He is a son of George and Annie Elizabeth (Witherspoon) Shawkey, who were pioneers in Western Pennsylvania.

The father of Mr. Shawkey was born near Bremen, Germany, and mi-

grated to Pennsylvania with his parents, in childhood. His mother, who belonged to a Scotch-Irish colonial family, was a daughter of John Witherspoon, who was a grandson of John Witherspoon, the signer of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey. Her mother belonged to the Siverly family, prominent people in Philadelphia and throughout Western Pennsylvania.

Thus, it will be seen, Mr. Shawkey began life with favorable environments. His natural talents were developed in the public schools of his native State, at Oberlin College at Oberlin, Ohio, and the Ohio Wesleyan University at Deleware, Ohio. He was a leader in college sports, graduated with honors in the class of 1894, and was president of his class. Prior to this he had done a little clerical work in a store and took one year out of his college course to accept a position as assistant superintendent of schools in Pennsylvania. His graduation was followed by one year's service as superintendent of schools at Reynolds, North Dakota, and he was honored by an election to a position on the faculty of Montana University and on that of the West Virginia Conference Seminary, resulting in his acceptance of the latter position. There he remained two years and was most highly esteemed by both students and his associates of the faculty.

In 1897 Mr. Shawkey moved to Charleston with State Superintedent J. R. Trotter, a close personal friend, and for six years served as chief clerk in the department of schools and as manager of the *West Virginia School Journal*. He is the author of the West Virginia supplement to Rand, McNally & Company's "Grammar School Geography." In 1903 he was chairman of the committee of education in the House of Delegates and became active not only on account of his work on school legislation but on other lines. He is the author of the cumpulsory education law and others, and is a member of the committee on railroads. Mr. Shawkey was the leading candidate for the speakership and was defeated at last only by a combination of the entire field, seven aspirants and their followers, working against him. For three years he has been president of the Central Coal & Lumber Company and is largely interested in other business enterprises.

On January 22, 1902, he married Elizabeth Locke Carver, a daughter of John Carver, one of the most progressive and successful business men in the Kanawha Valley, the senior member of the firm of Carver Brothers, among the pioneer coal men of the Valley, and the

largest shippers in that section of the State. Mr. and Mrs. Shawkey reside in their pleasant home on Upper Virginia street, Charleston, overlooking the Great Kanawha River.

Religiously, Mr. Shawkey is connected with the Methodist Church. Fraternally, he belongs to the college society, Phi Delta Theta. Mr. Shawkey has great confidence in the future of West Virginia and is a zealous worker for the best interests of the State.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON HOLSWADE.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON HOLSWADE, a prominent and representative business citizen of Huntington, West Virginia, was born in Lewis County, Virginia, now West Virginia, February 16, 1847, and is a son of Christian Frederick and Martha (Alkire) Holswade.

Christian Frederick Holswade was born August 4, 1819, in Westphalia, Prussia, and died at his home near Spencer, Roane County, West Virginia, in 1876. He came to the United States in 1835, and in 1846 was married to Martha Alkire, daughter of Nicholas Alkire, one of the most prominent citizens of Lewis County, Virginia, now West Virginia. Their children were: William Henry Harrison, Joseph Alkire, George Washington and John Marcellus.

The subject of this sketch was educated in the common schools and at Marshall College State Normal School, and subsequently taught school in Roane and Kanawha counties. He removed to Huntington in March, 1873, and for the following two years assisted M. H. Brooks in the post office. He then engaged in the book and news business with Herman Jenkins as partner. Afterwards he embarked in a furniture or house furnishing business to which he has ever since devoted his time and energies, and modestly admits a remarkable degree of success.

In September, 1875, Mr. Holswade was married to Georgie Ella Gallagher, eldest daughter of James and Mary Gallagher of Huntington, and one son

was born to this union on April 6, 1878, and bears the name of James Frederick. Mr. Holswade, wife and son are all members of the First Presbyterian Church of Huntington and are among its most liberal supporters and active workers.

Mr. Holswade is prominently connected with several fraternal societies, among which are the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Honor and National Union. In the Masonic bodies he has been recognized as worthy of great responsibility, has served in many official position, and is past master of Huntington Lodge, No. 51, A. F. & A. M.; past commander of Huntington Commandery, No. 9, K. T.; past grand commander of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, of West Virginia; and is a life member of the Grand Encampment, Knights Templar, of the United States.

Although one of the busiest of business men, Mr. Holswade has always taken a lively interest in the affairs of Huntington and has most efficiently filled many positions of confidence and trust conferred upon him by his fellow citizens in such organizations as the Chamber of Commerce, Merchants Association and Board of Education, of which latter body he is at present the honored president.

His beautiful and commodious home, tastefully furnished and liberally supplied with choice books, as well as his magnificent store and its appointments attest his superior taste and liberal intellectual endowments.

EDGAR T. SPRINKLE.

EDGAR T. SPRINKLE, sheriff of McDowell County, West Virginia, and a well known resident of Welch, was born in Smyth County, Virginia, in 1868. He is a son of William H. and Bell (Richardson) Sprinkle.

William H. Sprinkle was born in 1841, and is a prominent farmer of Smyth County, Virginia. He served all through the Civil War, in the Con-

federate Army. In politics Mr. Sprinkle is a Republican. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The mother of Sheriff Sprinkle was also born in Smyth County, and died in 1885, at the age of 47 years. She was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. A family of six children was born to Mr. and Mrs. Sprinkle.

Edgar T. Sprinkle obtained his education in the common schools of Smyth County and then went into the service of the Norfolk & Western Railway Company in 1888 as telegraph operator and station agent. Since 1891 he has been a resident of McDowell County. He resided in Vivian township seven years and has been a resident of Welch one year. In November, 1900, he was elected to the office of sheriff of McDowell County. In this difficult position Mr. Sprinkle has given excellent satisfaction, carrying out the intent of the law without fear or favor.

In 1896 Sheriff Sprinkle was married to Ollie Neff, who was born in Smyth County, Virginia, and is a daughter of James P. and Fannie Neff. They have one daughter, Vivian. Mrs. Sprinkle is a member of the Lutheran Church. In politics Sheriff Sprinkle is a Republican and an influential member of his party.

HON. A. E. KENNEY.

HON. A. E. KENNEY, member of the West Virginia House of Delegates, from Grantsville, Calhoun County, and one of the ablest attorneys of that section of the State, was born October 5, 1867, and is a son of M. and Mary E. Kenney, both of whom are of Irish extraction, although born near McConnelsville, Ohio. The father of Mr. Kenney was engaged in a mercantile business and was also interested in the development of oil properties.

The educational advantages enjoyed by our subject were of an excellent character. After completing the course at Burning Springs High School in Wirt County, West Virginia, he began

the study of the law, inheriting a natural ability for this profession from a long line of Irish ancestors. After practicing for a time at Grantsville, in 1893 he went to Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., where he graduated in 1895, with the degree of LL. M. He located at Grantsville, and immediately entered actively into politics. His ability was soon recognized and in 1896 he was elected to the House of Delegates and has been honored by re-elections in 1900 and 1902. In 1897 he was made a member of the Constitutional Commission. On the floor of the House of Delegates he has shown so much political acumen and organizing ability, that he earned for himself the honor of being elected by his party in caucus as leader of the steering committee and was the nominee of the minority for Speaker of the House. Although belonging to the minority side of the House, his political tactics were of such a nature as to secure the passage of a number of important measures, in which a large proportion of his constituents were interested. His long occupancy of this honorable position has enable Mr. Kenney to become thoroughly acquainted with the political situation in West Virginia and his abilities are such that it seems safe to predict for him a continued successful career in the same field. Mr. Kenney is one of the leading Democrats of Calhoun County. Aside from his political work he has found time for various literary efforts, and "Kenney's Geography of West Virginia" is a favorite textbook.

Mr. Kenney in addition to his law practice has given considerable time to organizing several oil and gas companies that have developed territory in Calhoun and Gilmer Counties.

REV. JOHN FRANK BAXTER.

REV. JOHN FRANK BAXTER, son of Jacob and Saraphina (Shannon) Baxter, was born in Washington County, Tennessee, in 1866.

His father, a descendant of an old Scotch family, was a native of Virginia. When a young man he went down into the Valley of Tennessee and purchased a farm upon which he has since lived for over half a century.

Our subject's mother was born in Washington County, Tennessee, and is of Irish extraction. Her grandfather was born during the voyage between Ireland and America. By this union there were eight children born, five sons and three daughters; the three eldest—two daughters and one son—died in infancy; the other five are now living, —George W., pastor of a Congregational Church in Iowa; Elbridge J., an attorney-at-law at the county seat of Washington County, Tennessee; Rev. John Frank, the third member; William W., a Presbyterian minister in Kentucky; Lulu L. is at home. The highest aim and ambition of the parents was to secure a liberal education for their children.

Both Jacob Baxter and his wife are members of the Presbyterian Church, in which he has served as trustee for many years, and is also a trusteee of Washington College, the oldest institution of learning in the State. He is a man of positive character and of firm principles. At the outbreak of the Rebellion, he was opposed to secession; he is now a conservative Democrat. He is hale and hearty at the good age of 86 years, his wife being 75 years old.

The subject of this sketch was graduated from Washington College in the class of 1888, and from McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois, in 1891.

Immediately after leaving the Seminary, he received a call to the Ravenswood Presbyterian Church and has since been its faithful pastor.

Mr. Baxter was married June 17, 1897, to Julia Curtis, of Ohio. During his labors in this field, the Ravenswood Church has expended over $2,000 in repairs, and a convenient chapel has been erected at a cost of $1,200. The church membership has been doubled.

Rev. Mr. Baxter also has charge of the church at Spencer, the county seat of Roane County, where a new brick edifice is in course of construction, costing $4,000.

He is recognized as a scholarly and sincere Christian gentleman. While loyal to his own church, his breadth of mind and catholic sympathy of heart make him charitable and loving towards all churches.

Rev. Mr. Baxter is in close touch with the hearts of his people and the community at large, as the healthy growth and stability of his work bear

evidence. His pastorate has been one of more than ordinary duration and has been attended with success.

J. WALTER HAMBRICK.

J. WALTER HAMBRICK, one of the most active promoters and stirring young business men of Huntington, West Virginia, was born in Mason County, West Virginia, April 3, 1878. He is the president of the Crown Coal & Lumber Company and the owner and manager of an immense plant at Central City engaged in the manufacture of nail kegs and oval wood dishes, besides being both actively and financially interested in a number of other successful enterprises.

Mr. Hambrick was educated at the Mountain State Business College, at Parkersburg, and entered upon an active career while quite young. He began by buying and selling timber at the age of 22 years and has been located at Huntington since 1894. He organized the Big Woods Lumber Company, and the Big Woods, Lombard & Red River Railroad Company, operating in Kentucky, and is vice-president of and a director of the same; the company controls over 6,000 acres of heavily timbered land and some 13 miles of well equipped narrow-gauge railroad. This property is located near the center of the Kentucky oil fields and the land is also underlaid with coal. He is also extensively interested in about 232,000 acres of coal and timber lands, and is pushing developing work. He is also president of the Crown Coal & Lumber Company, but for some time past he has been giving particular attention to the management and improvement, by the introduction of up-to-date machinery, of his plant at Central City where he manufactures nail kegs and oval wood dishes. Mr. Hambrick has in addition to his Central City plant a thoroughly equipped saw and planing mill which enables him to produce his own material for building his houses and boxes for his own purpose. He also has for a supply of raw material over

30,000 acres of timber land and stumpage, which assures him of a constant supply of material at a low price for the Central City plant. He also operates a band mill, besides some portable mills, in which he is directly interested.

His Central City plant he has built up until the various buildings cover a floor space of 68,000 square feet, and the capacity of the plant is about 10,000 kegs and 600,000 oval wood dishes per day. The output is all contracted for and larger facilities are necessary. Much of the new machinery was invented and patented by Mr. Hambrick himself, one of these being used in the manufacture of the oval dishes by which they are turned out neither chipped nor checked and an inch of lumber furnishes 25 dishes. His stave machine cuts the staves in natural form without heating, and they can be cut any width.

Mr. Hambrick has purchased a number of lots at Central City, near his plant and will soon begin the erection of 40 houses for the use of his employees. Besides his other enterprises, he operates three general stores, one in Central City and two in Kentucky. Mr. Hambrick has conveniently located offices in the Florentine Hotel building, Huntington, and is always in the market to buy or sell all kinds of lumber, and makes a specialty of handling hard wood lumber for stock purposes. In getting out raw material, about 160 men are employed, in addition to his factory operatives.

On June 10, 1902, Mr. Hambrick was united in marriage with Helen D. Strack, daughter of E. W. Strack, of Ashland, Kentucky, an extensive operator of that town who pays particular attention to getting out chair stock.

It is somewhat remarkable for a country-bred lad to so quickly take a leading position among old business veterans. His faculties are keen, his judgment unfailing, his thorough understanding complete concerning anything he undertakes, while he also possesses that daring which accompanies his temperament. The fact is, he acts while others meditate.

ELSON CRAWFORD, county surveyor of Cabell County and city engineer of Huntington, West Virginia, is a thoroughly practical as well as a self-made man. He was born in Lawrence County, Ohio, January 7, 1866, and is the oldest of a family of three children of A. E. Crawford, who was born March 29, 1835. The parents of our subject are farming people and reside at Arabia, Ohio.

Elson Crawford had only the educational advantages to be had in attendance upon the common schools, with two terms of select school, but his natural inclinations along mechanical and engineering lines have been used with fair success, for he has given his employers entire satisfaction along those lines. In 1891 he removed to Huntington, and in September of that year accepted a position in the repair department of the Huntington Electric Light & Street Railway Company's car barn, and in 1895 was made master mechanic, which position he held until April 16, 1900, when he resigned and entered the field of civil engineering, a general practice of which he has since enjoyed. In November, 1900, he was elected to the office of county surveyor, and in May, 1901, was made city engineer. Without the advantages of resident college training, Mr. Crawford credits the greater portion of his success to the thorough presentation of the theory of engineering by the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania, in which he has been a student since 1893.

Mr. Crawford married a Miss Yates of Lawrence County, Ohio, and they have a family of six sons, namely: Herschel, Frederic L., Charles Hobart, Robert Evan, James Myron and John Perry. His residence is at No. 520 7th street. In politics, Mr. Crawford is a Republican. He was at one time a member of Gen. Milroy Camp, Sons of Veterans, his right coming through his father, who was a member of Company E, 5th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., for three years and three months in the War of the Rebellion, but that is the only secret society with which he has ever been connected.

E. A. HILL, M. D.

E. A. HILL, M. D., a prominent physician and surgeon of Salem, Harrison County, West Virginia, was born September 5, 1866, near the headwaters of McKim Creek, Tyler County, West Virginia, and is a son of Ira and Mel-

vina Jane (Joseph) Hill, both of whom were natives of Tyler County.

Dr. Hill comes of old established families of Tyler County, of Welsh-Irish stock, pioneers from Eastern Virginia. The Hills are very numerous in Tyler County, although all have not descended from the same common ancestry.

Thomas Hill, the great-grandfather of Dr. Hill, was reared in the vicinity of Mannington, Marion County, and was the founder of the family in Tyler County, near McKim Creek. There Ira Hill, the father of Dr. Hill, was born, being a son of Horace and Margaret (Davis) Hill, who were also natives of the same section. Ira Hill still resides near McKim Creek, aged about 55 years. Mr. Hill first married Melvina Jane Joseph, who was a daughter of Nathan and Ann (Hustead) Joseph, residents of Joseph's Mills, Tyler County, where Nathan Joseph's father founded the family early in the last century, coming from Virginia. Mr. Joseph still resides in the old homestead at Joseph's Mills at the age of 86 years. The mother of Dr. Hill died when he was about two years old and he is the only surviver of her three children. The second marriage of Ira Hill to Salina Gregg resulted in two sons, of whom the survivor, Leonidas, resides at home.

Dr. E. A. Hill was reared a farm boy in Tyler County, and passed his youth alternating between attendance at the local schools and work on the farm. At the age of 20 years he began to teach school, and followed this profession four years, spending part of the time in attending school himself. His medical education was commenced under Dr. I. S. Jones, of Mole Hill, Ritchie County, West Virginia. He then spent one year in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, Maryland, subsequently entering Starling Medical College at Columbus, Ohio, where he graduated in medicine in 1892. In 1898 Dr. Hill took a post-graduate course in the New York Polyclinic Medical College and Hospital. After his graduation in 1892, he entered into practice at Shirley, Tyler County, where he continued for six years. After his return from his post-graduate course in New York, he engaged in practice for one year at Pine Forks, an oil district, and one year at West Union, in Doddridge County. Dr. Hill then removed to Harrison County, locating at Salem, since which time he has been successfully engaged in practice all through his section of

the county, particularly at Salem and Wolf Summit.

In 1888, Dr. Hill married Angeline Harper, a daughter of George and Elizabeth (Markle) Harper, natives of Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Harper resided near Pennsboro, Ritchie County, West Virginia, from 1865; the former died in 1902, and the latter in 1903. Mrs. Hill was born in the home in Ritchie County, in 1866. Two children have been born to this union, Albert Bleile, whose birth occurred July 26, 1893; and a son born March 20, 1895, who died in infancy.

Dr. Hill has given faithful and efficient service during his residence in Harrison County, and is highly esteemed both by the profession and the public.

JOSEPH DORSEY DuBOIS, late secretary, and at present a director, of the Wheeling Steel & Iron Company was born at Dorsey's Flats, Jefferson County, Ohio, April 13, 1827. His father, John P. M. DuBois, was a native of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and was a son of John Joseph DuBois, who immigrated from Strasburg, France, to the United States, settling in Philadelphia.

John P. M. DuBois removed to Steubenville, Ohio, in the "twenties," and was engaged as a clerk in the drug store conducted by his cousin, Dr. George Wilson. In February, 1826, he was joined in marriage, in Jefferson County, Ohio, to Nancy Dorsey, who was born near Brownsville, Pennsylvania, in 1800, and came from the well known Dorsey family of Maryland. Our subject's maternal great-grandfather was Peter Miller, who came from Mannheim, Germany, and for a half century lived in Philadelphia; he was vice-president of the German Society of Pennsylvania from the beginning of that organization until 1772. At one time Mr. Miller was employed in a printing office with Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and later was himself proprietor of a publication. He was an appointee of the Crown in the office of notary public, and drew up legal documents and acted as German interpreter. After his marriage, John P. M. DuBois began farming at Dorsey's Flats, Ohio, where he lived until 1857, removing in that year to Iowa, where his death took place in 1868. His wife survived him until 1888, when she, too, passed away.

Joseph Dorsey DuBois was reared on his father's farm and received his educational training in the common schools up to his 12th year, when he became a pupil in the Grove Academy

at Steubenville, and subsequently attended advanced schools. In 1847 he entered upon the study of the law with Joseph M. Mason at Steubenville, and also for a period was in the office of Hon. Edwin M. Stanton with a fellow student, Robert L. McCook, with whom he was admitted to the bar of Ohio at Cadiz in 1848. In September, 1849, he went on the river as steamboat clerk, and in December, 1853, became clerk of Union Line packet "City of Wheeling," of which the late Capt. John McLure was in command. Mr. DuBois remained on the river as clerk and captain until 1864, when he resigned as captain of the St. Louis and New Orleans steamer "J. C. Swan." In connection with others, in 1860 he built the steamboat "Prince of Wales," and ran between St. Louis and New Orleans until the commencement of the Civil War.

After resigning his position as captain of the "J. C. Swan," Mr. DuBois returned to Wheeling, and on June 30, 1864, became secretary and business manager of the Belmont Nail Company, which position he occupied until the Belmont Nail Company, in June, 1892, was consolidated with the Benwood Iron Works, the Wheeling Iron & Nail Company and the Wheeling Steel Works, constituting the Wheeling Steel & Iron Company, of which Mr. DuBois was elected secretary. This position he resigned March 16, 1899, and retired from active business.

Mr. DuBois was a prominent promoter of the Wheeling & Elm Grove Railway Company, and served as its president for 16 years. At the time of the company's organization, the project had but few friends and strong opposition, many people considering that it would be impracticable. Numerous difficulties had to be overcome before the railway could be built. The organizers were forced to contend with the State Legislature, the Board of County Commissioners and the City Council, all of which refused to allow the use of steam motors. The Legislature hesitated in permitting a steam railway along the National Road, and horses were used for a number of years, but with varied success, and the operation of the road was about to be abandoned, when the use of steam motors was finally permitted,—this has since been succeeded by the electric trolly system. Owing to the convenience of travel between the city and the end of the line, many palatial residences and hundreds of houses have been erected along the entire length of the road, from Wheeling to Elm Grove. Mr. DuBois resigned the presidency of the company

on January 16, 1892, in favor of Anton Reymann, the present incumbent.

Mr. DuBois was married January 27, 1857, to Ellen Zane Armstrong, a native of Wheeling, and daughter of the late Francis Rawdon Armstrong, who immigrated with his parents from Ireland to Virginia when a lad. Our subject and his wife had two daughters, one of whom is now living, Mary P., wife of J. J. Holloway, a well known, enterprising citizen of Wheeling. Mr. DuBois has made his home in Leatherwood for many years, having commenced to improve it in 1868. It is very beautiful and attractive. Much of the shrubbery and all of the trees were planted by his own hand. It is a charming place and one of the most attactive homes in that suburban village. His wife died July 24, 1894.

Mr. DuBois has been connected with many public enterprises outside of his regular business as an iron and steel manufacturer. At present he is a director of the Wheeling Steel & Iron Company, Wheeling and Elm Grove Railroad Company and Franklin Insurance Company. He was a member of the City Council for a time. He has been a Mason for the past 48 years, and has been a member of the vestry of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church 31 years, being at present senior warden. He is well known as a man of honor and integrity.

ARMOR STEWART COOPER.

ARMOR STEWART COOPER, a prominent citizen of New Cumberland, Hancock County, West Virginia, has served in the capacity of county clerk since 1896 in such a manner as to gain the approval of his fellow citizens. He was born at Port Homer, Jefferson County, Ohio, February 6, 1866, and is a son of Ephraim W. and Harriet S. (Stewart) Cooper, and grandson of Alexander and Elizabeth (Vantilburg) Cooper.

Alexander Cooper, who was a native of Washington County, Pennsylvania, migrated in early life to Jeffer-

son County, Ohio. He was married to Elizabeth Vantilburg, May 12, 1812, and they became the parents of the following children: Sarah, wife of John Travis, both deceased; Jane, wife of ———Leatherberry, both deceased; Elizabeth, wife of John Culp, both deceased; Susan, wife of Isaac Hukill, both deceased; Henry, deceased; Alexander, Jr., deceased; Ann Eliza, wife of Silas Householder, both deceased; Francis V., deceased; Nancy, widow of Mathias Householder; and John and Ephraim W., who live in Jefferson County, Ohio.

Ephraim W. Cooper was born in Jefferson County, Ohio, June 24, 1834, and is now engaged in fruit growing on an extensive scale, his earlier life having been devoted to mercantile business. He is a well known and substantial citizen. He has the honor of serving as justice of the peace in his county longer than any other man in the State of Ohio. He is a Republican and has always taken an active part in political affairs. He was united in marriage with Martha A. Cole, of Jefferson County, Ohio; she died in one year after their marriage, leaving an infant daughter, named Jennie S., who died at the age of 18 years, being at the time of her death a member of the graduating class of the Wellsville High School. Mr. Cooper was again married, on the 12th day of April, 1865, to Harriet S. Stewart, of Hancock County, West Virginia. She was born on the 22nd day of August, 1838, and is a daughter of James and Catharine (Fibbs) Stewart, and a granddaughter of Col. George Stewart, deceased.

Col. George Stewart was born in Ireland, and immigrated to America previous to the Revolutionary War, locating in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. He served in the Colonial Army as colonel and bore an honorable record. Whilst that memorable struggle was in progress, he paid a short visit to his home. One day during the period of this visit, three Tories, or British sympathizers, entered the house of a widow lady in the vicinity, and conducted themselves in such a shameful and discourteous manner that the lady and her daughter were greatly alarmed. Colonel Stewart was dispatched for and immediately went to their assistance, captured the three men and held them as prisoners until he could report to headquarters, when they were justly dealt with. When capturing them, he relieved them of a sword, bayonet and pistol, which remained in the possession of the Stewarts until a few years ago. Colonel Stewart was married to a lady

in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; she died after a union of 15 years, leaving a family of six children, namely: John, George, Joseph, David, Robert and Charles. Colonel Stewart was again married, after the lapse of a few years, to Susan Wilson; six children were born to them: Samuel; William; Benjamin; James, grandfather of our subject; Mary and Ross. At an early day he moved with his family to Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, and in 1790 they migrated to Grant district, Hancock County, Virginia, now West Virginia, settling on a farm owned later by Franklin Stewart. On this farm Colonel Stewart remained until his death which occurred about 1800. His relict survived him until 1842, when she too departed this life.

James Stewart, father of Mrs. Ephraim W. Cooper, was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1787, and removed with his father to Hancock County in 1790. He lived there until his death in 1869, and his wife followed him to the unknown beyond in 1871. He married Catharine Fibbs, and shortly after their marriage they located on a tract of land now in possession of Samuel Stewart's heirs. Eleven children were born to bless their union, namely: Mary Ann, wife of James Pugh, both deceased; Mrs. Eliza White, deceased; Jane, deceased, who was the wife of David S. Anderson; Harriet S., wife of Ephraim W. Cooper; Margaret, deceased; George, deceased; John, deceased; Charles, deceased; William, deceased; Samuel, deceased; and Robert, who lives at Colfax, Iowa.

Seven children were born to Ephraim W. and Harriet S. (Stewart) Cooper, namely: Armor S., our subject; Edwin W.; Lorena B., wife of Dr. W. L. Carroll; Dr. Chase D.; R. Hayes; George W., who died in childhood; and Charles A.

Armor S. Cooper was reared in Jeffferson County, Ohio, and educated in the public schools. He graduated from Duff's Commercial College in 1886, after which he engaged in the steamboating business as a partner of T. J. Garlick and others, under the name of the Silver Cliff Towboat Company, operating between Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Louisville, Kentucky, for a period of three years. He then withdrew from that business and became identified with the Shetter Foundry & Machine Company, of which he was secretary and treasurer for several years. He has been a resident of New Cumberland since 1888. In 1896 he became a candidate for the office of county clerk of Hancock County, and

his election followed; he took charge of the office in January, 1897. In 1902, he was re-elected for a second term of six years, and is now serving in that office.

Mr. Cooper was united in marriage October 6, 1887, to Mame V. Thomas, of Hancock County, a daughter of William and Sarah A. (Collver) Thomas, who reside at Moscow, West Virginia. Her father was born June 28, 1847, in Hancock County, his parents having migrated from Lynchburg, Virginia, in 1820,—his father's name was William Thomas and his mother's maiden name was Lynch. On the 15th day of February, 1864, at the age of 18 years, the father of Mrs. Cooper responded to the call of his country, enlisting at Wheeling, West Virginia, as a private in the War of the Rebellion, under Capt. Oliver Phelps, in Company B, 1st Vet. Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf. He was present and took part in Hunter's Raid, and the historic battles of Lookout Mountain, Winchester and Cedar Creek, and was honorably discharged from the service at Cumberland, Maryland, July 21, 1865. Mr. Thomas was united in marriage January 21, 1866, to Sarah A. Collver, who was born in Hancock County, May 28, 1848, and is a daughter of the late Levi and Mary Collver. Levi Collver was born in Canada, February 14, 1805, came to this country in early life and located in Hancock County, Virginia, now West Virginia. On August 3, 1830, he was united in marriage to Mary Latimer, who was born October 21, 1805, and was a daughter of William and Mary (Brown) Latimer. William Latimer was born in Ireland in 1796 and with his family immigrated to this country in 1805, settling in Brooke County, Virginia, now West Virginia. Mrs. Mame V. Cooper was born in Hancock County, October 6, 1869, and is one of the following children born to her parents, Edward A.; Mame V.; Charles; Lewis; George B.; Hugh W.; Maude E.; Jeffry, deceased; Florence N., deceased; Bennett, deceased; Harry and Elizabeth.

Three children have blessed the union of our subject and his wife, namely: Walter Waldo, born July 16, 1888; Donald Beaumont, born July 3, 1900, and died November 10, 1902; and Kathryn Virginia, born July 17, 1895. Mr. Cooper has always been an active worker in the Republican party. He is a member of the Methodist Protestant Church, having united with that church when a boy, and has always been much interested and actively engaged in church and Sunday-school work.

E. R. B. MARTIN.

E. R. B. MARTIN, a prominent member of the Pleasants County bar, residing at St. Marys, was born August 11, 1874, near Middlebourne, Tyler County, West Virginia, and is a son of Robert B. F. and Laura (Engle) Martin, the former of whom was a son of Reuben and Nancy (Courtney) Martin, the latter of whom was of Scotch-Irish descent, and was born on the passage from Ireland to New York.

The maternal grandfather of our subject was Christian Engle, whose ancestors came from Saxony. Christian Engle was born in Greene County, Pennsylvania, in 1817, and came to what is now West Virginia in 1837, by way of the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, stopping first at Sistersville, and then proceeding to Middlebourne, where he still resides at the age of 85 years. Christian Engle is perhaps more widely known as an old pioneer and useful citizen than any other West Virginian. For 42 years he served continuously as Circuit Court clerk of Tyler County and was the first deputy clerk of the combined Circuit and County courts before the separation, and went out of office in 1897. This is the most remarkable public record in the State. He was noted for his marvelous memory,—of people, papers, events, and it has been said that he was better posted in common law practice than most of the lawyers, who frequently consulted him. It was under this very capable man that the subject of this sketch gained his most valuable knowledge of the common law, which led him into the study of the law and eventually to his admission to the bar. The wife of Christian Engle, Amy Hartley, was of English, Irish and German extraction, and was born in Greene County, Pennsylvania, in 1818, and died in 1898. The Engles and Hartleys came together to West Virginia. The Courtneys settled in Monongalia County, Virginia, now West Virginia. The Martins were of German descent and natives of West Virginia.

Robert B. F. Martin was one of

the pioneers of Tyler County. He was the seventh member of a family of 12 children. He attended the subscription schools of his day, but they afforded but meager instruction. His occupation was farm work until the outbreak of the Civil War, when at the age of 23 years with his two brothers, Reuben and Anthony, he enlisted for service, in Company K, 7th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf.; he took part in the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg, and after two years was honorably discharged. Returning home to Tyler County, he married Laura Engle, eldest daughter of Christian and Amy (Hartley) Engle, and the three children born to this marriage were: Christian R., born October 18, 1865, who is engaged in the practice of law at Middlebourne; Asia, born March 20, 1867, who is residing at home; and E. R. B., of this sketch. R. B. F. Martin has been a very successful business man and practical farmer. Both he and his wife still reside near Middlebourne, aged respectively 65 and 62 years. Mrs. Martin is a lady who possesses literary ability. Had she been given advantages in youth she would doubtless have become widely known as a writer of verse.

Our subject was educated in the common schools of West Virginia and then took a complete business course at Wheeling, where he graduated in 1894. Then he entered the University of West Virginia at Morgantown, where he graduated with the degree of LL. B., in 1898. When but 17 years old he began to teach school, following this vocation for two years in Tyler County, subsequently becoming principal of the Middlebourne High School. He also served on the Tyler County Board of Education for the examination of teachers. It was in 1893 that he began the desultory study of the law, in connection with various other occupations, and in July 1898, he was admitted to practice, and opened up an office with Hon. T. P. Jacobs at Mannington, where he remained eight months, and then moved to St. Marys in 1899, where he entered into partnership with Hon. W. S. Allen, now at Parkersburg. Owing to ill health, he gave up his office practice in 1900 and engaged in outdoor occupation of leasing oil lands in the interest of the South Penn Oil Company, under S. S. Miller, district superintendent. A year later he severed this connection and formed a partnership with Hon. Clyde B. Johnson, of the St. Marys bar, which has resulted in the upbuilding of one of the most prominent and able law firms of West Virginia.

In politics Mr. Martin has been a

lifelong Republican, this being a family trait, and he has devoted much study to the fundamental principles of this party and is a man thoroughly informed on all affairs pertaining to State and national as well as civic matters.

On February 6, 1900, Mr. Martin was married to Jessie E. Stealey, daughter of L. L. and Mary H. (Billingsley) Stealey, of Tyler County. They have one son, Bruce, born July 14, 1902. Their beautiful home is situated on the Ohio River, in St. Marys.

GENIUS PAYNE.

GENIUS PAYNE, president of the Salem Bank, at Salem, Harrison County, West Virginia, and one of the large land owners and oil producers of that county, was born November 25, 1844, on the West Fork River, three miles from Clarksburg, Harrison County, Virginia, now West Virginia. He is a son of Thomas T. and Henrietta (Smith) Payne, the former of whom was born April 8, 1814, in Fauquier County, Virginia, being a son of Turner and Lucy (Payne) Payne.

The Paynes are old residents of Virginia, the family having been established there at an early day by four brothers from England. It has been an agricultural family.

Turner Payne was a son of Thomas Payne, who died in Virginia. Turner Payne and his family removed to Western Virginia about 1840, remaining for a time in Taylor County and then settled in Harrison County on the Judge Lee place, on the West Fork River, now known as the Gore farm. Turner Payne and Lucy Payne had four children, namely: Francis B., who spent his life in Harrison County; Susan, who never married; Thomas T., who died August 19, 1899; and Sarah,—all are now deceased. The grandfather of our subject died in 1862, aged 82 years, his wife having died in 1850.

Thomas T. Payne, the father of Genius Payne, lived to the age of 85 years. He was twice married. The mother of Genius Payne died in 1854,

leaving four children, viz.: Amos, of Clarksburg; Olivia, wife of Jacob Romine, of West Milford; Lucy, widow of Scott Davidson, deceased, of West Milford; and Genius, of this sketch. The second marriage of Mr. Payne was to Elizabeth Thompson, and the two children of this union were: Maggie, wife of M. D. Stewart, of Clarksburg; and Nancy Bird, wife of R. A. Garrett, also of Clarksburg.

Genius Payne was reared on a farm and was educated in the local schools. Until the age of 24 years he was occupied on his father's farm and in the neighborhood of Wilsonburg, within four miles of Clarksburg. When he started out for himself, it was as a farmer on rented land. This property he now owns and on a part of it there have been successful oil developments. His father owned 140 acres near Jarvisville; Mr. Payne has added to the original tract and now owns 450 acres. He was one of the early experimenters in oil and holds the record of being the first man to sell oil that was produced and marketed in Harrison County, the first transaction taking place September 13, 1897. The oil was run into market by way of the Eureka Pipe Line and was sold for 69 cents per barrel. Mr. Payne also owns tracts in different sections and valuable lands in Kansas. Since October 27, 1898, he has been president of the Salem Bank, and, since 1900, a resident of Salem. On January 14, 1869, Mr. Payne married Amanda C. Hammond, who was born on Lambert's Run, about six miles north of Clarksburg, and is the second member of a family of eight children born to Joseph and Susanna (Ash) Hammond, the others being: John, who lives near the old homestead; Margaret, who died aged 14 years; Joseph A., who lives two miles north of Clarksburg; Peter H., who resides at Los Angeles, California; Andrew Jackson, who is deceased; Etta, who is the wife of George Elliott; and D. W., who lives on the old homestead. Both the Hammonds and Ashes are old West Virginia families. Mrs. Payne's great-grandfather came from Germany and founded the family, and his son Peter was her grandfather. Joseph Hammond is of Irish and German descent and is a son of Robert Hammond, also an early settler. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hammond reside on the old homestead where Mrs. Payne was born.

The five children born to Mr. and Mrs. Payne are: Alice H.; Truman H., a resident of Harrison County; Susan, wife of E. T. Young, of Salem; Thomas G., of Paola, Miami County, Kansas; and Emma J. Mr. Payne is

a member of the Baptist Church, and Mrs. Payne a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

WILLIAM COLUMBUS QUITMEN WILSON, M. D.

WILLIAM COLUMBUS QUITMEN WILSON, M. D., a successful practitioner of medicine and surgery at Mannington, Marion County, West Virginia, was born in 1849, at Catawba, Marion County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a son of William and Ann Eliza (Devault) Wilson.

William Wilson was born in Marion County and died at the age of 28 years, the same year our subject was born. He was both a teacher and a farmer. In politics he was a Whig. The mother of Dr. Wilson was also born in Marion County and her death occurred three months after that of her husband. She was a devout member of the Methodist Church.

Our subject was his parents' only child and was left an orphan in infancy. He was educated in the common schools and later attended Morgantown University and subsequently taught school. He read medicine with Dr. J. M. Lazell, of Fairmount, and in 1869 entered Starling Medical College at Columbus, Ohio, where he was graduated in 1872. From 1872 to July, 1887, he practiced his profession at New Freeport, Pennsylvania, and then settled at Mannington, Marion County, West Virginia, where he has been successfully engaged ever since. During his residence in Pennsylvania he was president of the medical society of his county and he has been identified with both county and State societies as well as the American Medical Association since he has been located in West Virginia. For 10 years he has been a member of the board of pension examiners, under the administrations of Presidents Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt. Dr. Wilson was a charter member of the Exchange Bank of Mannington, one of the sound financial institutions of the county, has been one of the directors since the bank's organ-

ization and is held in high esteem, both personally and professionally.

In 1874 Dr. Wilson was married to Lucy E. Owen, who was born in New Freeport, Pennsylvania, and died in 1896 at the age of 40 years. She was a daughter of I. N. Owen, then a resident of Pennsylvania. The five children born to this union were: Charles J.; Mabel H., deceased; Arla D., deceased; Grace M. and Annie E. In 1898 Dr. Wilson was married to Arla Owen, a sister of his first wife. The family belong to the Baptist Church. Fraternally the Doctor is a Mason.

T. E. A. RENNER.

T. E. A. RENNER, a retired merchant of Buffalo, Putnam County, West Virginia, was born April 27, 1826, in the Grand Duchy, Saxe-Weimar, near Jena, in the historic locality where the Emperor Napoleon defeated the Prussian Army. His parents were T. and Magdalene (Miller) Renner, the former of whom was a professor in the University of Jena, continuing his lectures there, making a specialty of comparative anatomy and veterinary surgery, until his death at the age of 82 years. The mother died aged 74 years.

Mr. Renner, of this sketch, is one of a family of nine children, five of whom still survive, namely: Edward, who lives near Parkersburg; August, who lives in New York; Ernest, who resides in Germany near the old home; Eliza, who is married and lives at Jena; and T. E. A., the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Renner was well educated in his native country and secured an excellent position as clerk in a court, which he held until 1854, when at the age of 28 years, he came to America. His coming was in the nature of a visit to relatives and friends near Parkersburg. He engaged in farm work with his friends and there met a Mr. Stark, who was an extensive piano manufacturer at Pittsburg. Through the latter's introduction, he formed a partnership in 1855, with Dr. C. M. Pitrat, of Buffalo, in a general store (after working in the Merchant mill for a

time). They started their business just south of where the mill now stands and the business was conducted under the firm name of C. M. Pitrat. Mr. Renner withdrew from this partnership in 1879 and engaged in a similar line of business at Red House as manager for I. F. Paston, remaining there five years. He then engaged in business for himself at Pliny, West Virginia, and remained there five years, during which time he became afflicted with rheumatism. This caused him to sell his business and retire from activity. He has not engaged in any particular business since 1895.

In 1859 Mr. Renner was united in marriage to Caroline Stark, who was born in Hanau, Germany, and was educated at Pittsburg, but who then resided at Buffalo, where she was a popular school teacher. To them were born five children, of whom the three survivors are: F. J. C., a merchant at Buffalo; Lida S., wife of J. E. Frazier at Buffalo; and Emil F., of Buffalo. Mrs. Renner died March 11, 1886. Mr. Renner has been a prominent man in his locality and has served both as town recorder and as councilman. He had been for 12 years postmaster at Buffalo when he resigned in 1879. In the following year he became postmaster at Red House and so continued until 1885. He also served as postmaster at Pliny and Frazier's Bottom, West Virginia,—three years at the former place and one year at the latter. In politics he is a Republican. In religious belief, he was reared in the Lutheran faith.

OKEY JOHNSON CHAMBERS.

OKEY JOHNSON CHAMBERS, an able member of the Roane County bar, residing at Spencer, was born July 10, 1870, at Walnut Grove, Roane County, West Virginia, and is a son of L. D. Chambers, one of the pioneers of that county.

Mr. Chambers worked on the home farm and received only the educational advantages offered by the local common schools. He was a very faithful

and ambitious student and seldom lost a day, although the long trudge to and from school was often made through rain and snow. At the age of 18 years, he began to teach school and followed this vocation for three years. He then entered the State University at Morgantown, West Virginia, and took up studies in the classical department. However, on account of the serious illness of his father, he was unable to finish the course, but in his last year he had taken up the study of the law, and was admitted to practice in 1893. The same year he located at Spencer and there he has built up a lucrative and constantly increasing practice. As an evidence of his legal standing, comment may not be out of order concerning the most celebrated case that ever occupied the courts of Roane County. This was the Simmons will case, and was bitterly fought for three years, with the best legal talent of the State. At this time Mr. Chambers was the youngest attorney at the bar, but his conduct of this case established his reputation as a profound lawyer and advocate. His speech was one of the best ever heard in the courts of the State and won for him legal approval.

He is a man of pleasing address and charming personality. He has been the architect of his own fortunes and is a self-made man. One of his possessions, of which he is justly proud, is his library and much of his time is spent as a student.

In 1895 Mr. Chambers was married to Alice Crislip, a daughter of Asbury Crislip, of Reedyville, Roane County, and two sons have been born to this union, Merville and Wendell. He has always taken an active part in politics and is held in high esteem by both parties. In 1900 he was a candidate for nomination for the office of prosecuting attorney, but, on account of the severe illness of his wife at that time, abandoned active effort in that direction that she might have his care and attention. His star, however, has not set, for he possesses every qualification for efficient public service, and the time has come when such men of honor, integrity and principle, together with virtue and that watchful tenderness for loved ones, should fill the highest offices of trust.

GEORGE R. JACOBS, one of the enterprising business citizens of Charleston, West Virginia, who is engaged in the manufacture of monumental work, was born at Wellsburg, Brooke County, Virginia, now West Virginia June 26, 1843. He is a son of Benjamin F. and Jane Elizabeth

(St. Leger) Jacobs, and a grandson of Benjamin Jacobs.

Benjamin Jacobs, grandfather of our subject, was born at Ellicott's Mills, nine miles from the city of Baltimore, Maryland. He removed to Brooke County, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1811 and purchased a large tract of land and became a man of importance. He married Polly Hostler and they reared a large family of children, all of whom have passed away except Benjamin F. Jacobs, the father of our subject. They were Presbyterians in their religious conviction.

Benjamin F. Jacobs for many years engaged extensively in contracting and building and many of the substantial farm buildings which he built are still standing in Brooke County, attesting the quality of his work. Mr. Jacobs also engaged in farming in Brooke County, and still resides there, aged 87 years. Mrs. Jacobs died in 1883, aged 67 years. They reared a family of 13 children to maturity.

George R. Jacobs was educated in the common schools of Brooke County and assisted his father in the operation of the home farm and also worked with him in his building operations. During the Civil War, he was engaged as quartermaster's clerk for nearly four years. After its close he decided to learn the marble cutting trade, and on July 7, 1865, entered upon his apprenticeship. Three years later he went to Augusta, Kentucky, and worked one year, then to Louisville and to Seymour, Indiana. Upon his return to Wellsburg, he was engaged to build the Bishop Campbell monument and after its completion went to Nashville, Tennessee, and again to Augusta, Kentucky.

Soon after this Mr. Jacobs married Lucy Figgins, who belonged to a highly respected Kentucky family. They resided in that State until 1872 when Mr. Jacobs removed to Charleston, West Virginia, and the selection of that place of residence has resulted in the city gaining a valuable business industry and Mr. Jacobs, a large and lucrative trade. He is now the leading monument manufacturer, not only locally, but over a wide extent of country, his fine work being shipped all over this State and to Virginia and Kentucky. Mr. Jacobs deals extensively in Scotch, Italian and American granite and marble, and his work is not only noted for its fine finish, but also for the beauty and appropriateness of design. Among well known works of his may be mentioned the monuments of Colonel Fife, Dr. Comstock, W. A. Quarrier, H. D. Ruffner, Quincy Dickinson and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs have an attractive home and a pleasant social circle in Charleston. The five children born to them are: Frances St. Leger, who married Fred Babcock, a prominent lumber merchant of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is a talented singer and as a teacher of vocal music has a wide reputation; Charles L. is a graduate of the West Virginia University at Morgantown; Leslie is deceased; and Edith and Francis are at home. Fraternally, Mr. Jacobs is a Mason. In politics he is an active Republican but is no office seeker. He is a liberal, public spirited man and a representative citizen of Charleston.

GEORGE FIRTH.

GEORGE FIRTH, cashier of the Crozier Coal & Coke Company, at Elkhorn, McDowell County, West Virginia, was born in 1862, at Upland, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. He is a son of Charles and Mary (Gibson) Firth.

Charles Firth is a native of Yorkshire, England. He came to America in 1854 and settled at Upland, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, where he engaged in his trade of weaver. He belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church. The mother of our subject was born in Queenstown, Ireland, and died in 1893, at the age of 56 years. She was a consistent member of the Baptist Church. These parents reared a family of four sons and one daughter.

George Firth was educated in the common schools at Chester and at Gilbert's Academy. After finishing his education, he was employed for four months as clerk of the Republican State Central Committee of Pennsylvania and then was engaged as bookkeeper with the Crozier Iron Company. Mr. Firth remained with that company for 15 years. In 1898 he went to Bristol, Tennessee, with the Virginia Iron & Coal Company, remaining a period of six months, for the purpose of selling pig iron. He then returned to the Crozier company and came to Elkhorn as cashier for the Crozier Coal & Coke Company, a position he fills with the greatest efficiency.

In 1899 Mr. Firth was united in marriage with Erika Bjerkander, who was born in Stockholm, Sweden. They have one child, Eric. Mrs. Firth is a member of the Lutheran Church. In politics, Mr. Firth is an independent. Fraternally he belongs to the Masons and the Elks.

HON. E. H. MORTON.

HON. E. H. MORTON, member of the West Virginia House of Delegates from Webster Springs, Webster County, West Virginia, was born in 1866 on a farm in Webster County, and is a son of George and Hannah C. Morton, the former of whom is engaged in agricultural pursuits in Webster County.

Mr. Morton was educated in the common schools of Webster County and the University of West Virginia at Morgantown, where he was graduated in law in 1891.

In 1889 he was elected county superintendent of schools for Webster County and in 1892 was elected to the office of prosecuting attorney for said county, serving a term of four years. He was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney for Nicholas County in 1897, which position he held for a term of four years.

His connection with politics has been since young manhood. He was elected by the Democratic party to his present honorable position in 1902; his services during the past session have been of benefit to his party and the country at large. He has risen from the ranks in his profession, being an entirely self-made man, and has a large and lucrative practice. He is attorney for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company and various other corporations in his section of the State. Prior to his election to the Legislature, he was commissioner of school lands for Webster County.

In 1891 Mr. Morton was married to Mary McCray and has a family of five children. His beautiful home at Webster Springs is a large estate where

a herd of fine deer is one of the attractions. Fraternally Mr. Morton is a member of the Masonic bodies.

HON. MORTIMER W. FRAME

HON. MORTIMER W. FRAME, Nestor of the Clay County bar, served as prosecuting attorney of the county for a period of 16 years, and is classed among the foremost lawyers of the State of West Virginia. He was born on a farm along the Kanawha River, near Bulltown, Braxton County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a son of James and Elizabeth (Wilson) Frame.

The first of our subject's paternal ancestors to locate in this country was David Frame, who came from Ireland and located in Virginia prior to the Revolutionary War. He served throughout the struggle for independence, and lived near Huntersville, Pocahontas County, where he died. His sons moved to Braxton County, among them James Frame, the grandfather of our subject. The latter was a farmer and also followed the trade of a millwright throughout life.

James Frame, the father of our subject, lived at Frametown, Braxton County, from 1809 to the spring of 1844, when he removed to what is now Clay County, West Virginia, but which was then a part of Braxton County. This removal took place when the subject of this sketch was 18 months old. Under the law of Virginia, he was nominated for the position of justice of the peace by the County Court and received his appointment from the governor. He served in this office for 18 years in his new home. He practiced law in Clay County from the erection of the county in 1859 up to 1861, when the war between the States put an end, for the time being, to peaceful occupations. He and his three sons took the side of the South in that great conflict, and all were disfranchised by the "test oath," until that impediment was removed in 1872. As he was prevented from practicing his profession on account of this, he abandoned his law

practice and took up farming as his sole occupation. His wife, the mother of our subject, was Elizabeth Wilson. She was born in Lewis County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and was a daughter of Andrew Wilson, who was of Irish birth and ancestry, having been born in County Meath, Ireland. Andrew Wilson married a woman of English descent of the same name, and many of the Wilsons of Virginia and West Virginia are their descendants. Andrew Wilson came to this country from Ireland at a very early date. He lived in Lewis County, Virginia, for a great many years and was noted for his activity and intelligence. He died at the age of 122 years, and is said to have been the oldest person that ever lived in the States of Virginia or West Virginia. With increasing years, his activity and vigor did not diminish to an appreciable extent, for only two years before his death he walked eight miles in order to cast his vote for James K. Polk as president.

Mortimer W. Frame has a distinct recollection of some of the incidents of the journey of the family to Clay County in 1844, although he was only 18 months old at the time. He remembers seeing his father tie the flatboat in which the journey was made to a tree on the Elk River. His remarkable memory has characterized his entire life. He is able to accurately detail every day's march during the Civil War, in which he participated for four years. This faculty has also been shown in his law work and has proved of invaluable help to him in the trial of cases, for no matter how complicated the case, he depends solely upon his memory. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr. Frame enlisted in the 22nd Regiment, Virginia Infantry, C. S. A., and served throughout the war, except during such periods when he was physically disabled. He served under General Floyd and others, and participated, in all, in over a hundred battles of the war. On August 26, 1863, he was seriously wounded in the leg, at Dry Creek, near White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County, but would not permit Dr. Patrick, the surgeon, to amputate it. After obtaining a furlough of 60 days, he went to Richmond, joined his infantry command, fought out the 60-day furlough, and then joined the cavalry, in which he served until the war closed, participating in a dozen of the largest battles in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864. At the end of his furlough, when he went to Richmond, he paid $25 for a breakfast, the large price being due to the

depreciated Confederate currency. He was a gallant soldier and was content to serve the cause as a private without seeking promotion.

Mr. Frame's education was very limited, and up to the time of his admission to the bar he had been to school not to exceed three months. He had learned to read, write and count, but had no education to speak of until shortly before he was made prosecuting attorney. He then attended public school at Clay Court House, along with his three oldest sons, learning English grammar. He studied law by himself, and after a rigid examination before Judge Henry Gillespie and Judge Robert Irvin, was admitted to the bar. He was at once elected prosecuting attorney, and served continuously for a period of 12 years, later being elected for a subsequent term of four years. He was the nominee of the Democratic party for the office of prosecuting attorney for 28 years. Lately, he declined to accept another nomination of his party for this office on account of his intention of removing to Oklahoma, where two of his sons are practicing attorneys. Mr. Frame is a stalwart Democrat, as was his father before him. He is a man of excellent qualities, places a high standard on manhood and lives up to his ideals. He is a good judge of human nature and has many intimate friends who esteem him highly for his excellent traits of character.

Mortimer W. Frame was married November 21, 1867, to Nancy Triplett, who was born July 27, 1842, and is a daughter of Sinnett and Elizabeth Triplett. The father of Mrs. Frame was a soldier in the war of 1812, under General Harrison, and received a pension, which is now paid to Mrs. Triplett, who is past 90 years of age. Sinnett Triplett was a physician during the latter years of his life, practicing in Clay County until his death, in 1855. To Mr and Mrs. Frame have been born seven children, namely: James M., a lawyer of El Reno, Oklahoma; Baines, a lawyer of Taloga, Oklahoma; Marshall T.; Minnie Alberta; Homer, who died April 17, 1898, at the age of 24 years; Charles C., who died at the age of 12 years; and Ella, who died at the age of 10 years. Mr. Frame owns a very pretty little home at Clay Court House, with most beautiful surroundings of trees, vines, shrubbery, flowers, etc. He has a farm of 50 acres adjoining the town, which property is underlaid with valuable coal deposits.

HON. JOHN R. DONEHOO.

HON. JOHN R. DONEHOO, whose prestige as an attorney-at-law is well known to the citizens of West Virginia, is a prominent resident of New Cumberland, Hancock County. He was born at Cross Creek, Washington County, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1834, and is a son of James and Eliza (Ramsey) Donehoo.

James Donehoo was born in Armagh, Ireland, in 1800, and was brought to this country by his parents, Daniel and Nancy (McCune) Donehoo, when he was an infant. His parents settled in Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, and the father followed farming until his death at the home of his son, James, about the year 1850. James Donehoo became a tailor by trade and, being an intelligent and influential man, was made a justice of the peace, an office he efficiently filled for more than 40 years, being at the time of his death, in 1873, one of the oldest justices in Pennsylvania. He had also served as county commissioner and was at one time a member of the State Legislature of Pennsylvania. He married Eliza Ramsey, who was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1809, and was a daughter of John and Martha (Shields) Ramsey, natives of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

John R. Donehoo, after completing his preliminary education at Cross Creek Academy, read law with C. W. Russell at Wheeling, and was admitted to the bar in 1857. After practicing in Hancock County for a time he went to Wheeling, and successfully followed his profession there for a number of years. Going thence to Washington, Pennsylvania, he practiced for four years and in the meantime edited the *Washington Examiner*. He published a campaign paper in Steubenville, Ohio, for three months, and subsequently removed to Fairview, Hancock County, where he practiced law for a period of 18 months. He then went to Fulton County, Pennsylvania, where he edited the *Fulton Democrat* for four years, during which time he also served

one term as district attorney but resigned during his second term. While there he was also a delegate to the Democratic National Convention held at New York City that nominated Seymour and Blair. Mr. Donehoo next purchased the *Indiana* (Pennsylvania) *Democrat,* which he edited about 18 months, then edited the *Constitution* of Morgantown, West Virginia, for two years. In March, 1874, he again located at Fairview and has since lived in Hancock County and devoted his attention solely to the practice of the law except when he has been called upon to serve in official positions. Since 1890 he has been located at New Cumberland and is recognized by the bar of West Virginia as one of its strong representative members. He commands a good general practice in both State and Federal courts, and is held high in public esteem. In 1874 he was appointed prosecuting attorney for Hancock County, serving two years, and in 1880 was elected to represent Hancock, Brooke and Ohio counties in the State Senate, serving four years with credit to himself and his constituency. He served for eight years as a member of the board of regents for the State Deaf and Blind Schools at Romney, West Virginia.

In 1860, Mr. Donehoo was united in marriage with Eleanor McCown, who was born in Fairview, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a daughter of John C. and Eliza (Sproule) McCown. Her father was a native of Washington County, Pennsylvania, and died in 1877. Her mother was born in Ireland and died in 1856. Mr. and Mrs. Donehoo have the following named children: Rev. James D., rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Monroe, Louisiana; Eleanor; Jessie, who married C. S. Bradley, of New Cumberland; and Christine.

G. H. SHREWSBURY.

G. H. SHREWSBURY, an able member of the bar of West Virginia, and a leading citizen of Charleston, Kanawha County, was born July 23,

1872, at Point Pleasant, Mason County, West Virginia. He is a son of Columbus and Cynthia (Jarrett) Shrewsbury, both of whom were born in Kanawha County.

Columbus Shrewsbury followed steamboating on the Great Kanawha and the Ohio rivers for many years. Later he was appointed a deputy United States marshal and still later was elected sheriff of Mason County. He died September 4, 1902, aged 70 years. His wife passed away at the age of 48, in 1882. Both belonged to the Baptist Church. In political adherence Columbus Shrewsbury was a Republican, and fraternally he was a Mason.

G. H. Shrewsbury was educated in the schools at Point Pleasant and took an advanced course in the normal schools at Lebanon and Ada, Ohio. He read law with John U. Meyers and graduated from the law school at Lebanon, Ohio, in 1893. In that year he was admitted to the bar of West Virginia, removed to Charleston and entered the law office of H. B. Smith with whom he remained for a short period and then going with D. C. Gallaher. Two and a half years later, Mr. Shrewsbury opened a law office in the Charleston National Bank Building. He makes a specialty of real estate law and has gained the reputation of being a very able expounder of the law and a safe counsellor. Although he has a good citizen's interest in politics he chooses rather to win laurels in his profession than in public life. He is identified with the Republican party.

On July 30, 1895, Mr. Shrewsbury was married to Carrie H. Seiker, who was born at Lebanon, Ohio. They have one little daughter, Ruth H. In religious belief Mr. and Mrs. Shrewsbury are Presbyterians.

W. H. McCLAIN, M. D.

W. H. McCLAIN, M. D., one of the leading physicians of Clendenin, Kanawha County, West Virginia, and

a very prominent Republican politician, was born March 15, 1868, in Doddridge County, West Virginia. He is a son of Robert Alexander and Sarah (Summers) McClain, and a grandson of Robert and Elizabeth McClain.

The McClains are of Scotch extraction and the founders of the family in America located first in Pennsylvania, removing from there to Virginia, now West Virginia. The Summers family is one of distinction in Doddridge County.

Robert Alexander McClain was born November 16, 1837, and is an honored citizen of Roane County, near Spencer. In 1862 he married Sarah Summers, who came of Scotch-German ancestry, and four sons and five daughters were born to this union, all of whom are living.

Dr. McClain was primarily educated in the common schools and received his medical education in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at St. Louis, Missouri, where he was graduated March 28, 1893. In April of that year he located at Clendenin and he has been heard to remark that his assets at that time included a pretty fair knowledge of his profession, a fine physique, a check for a small amount, and a determination to make a success of his life. He has done so and is now regarded as one of the substantial men of that locality, while he has gained universal esteem. His ability soon became apparent and he has built up a large and satisfactory practice.

Dr. McClain has always taken a deep interest in athletics and is a living example of what they accomplish in perfecting physical well-being. From his college days he has found feats of strength easy for him and has won in many contests of speed and agility. A part of his strength was probably inherited from an athletic father, but the genial Doctor is an advocate of athletics as a means to securing and retaining health.

On April 21, 1897, Dr. McClain was married to Nona Campbell, who is a daughter of A. M. Campbell, of Scotch extraction. She was educated in the common schools and the Summersville Normal School and became a popular teacher. No children have been born to them, but they are rearing a niece of Mrs. McClain. In politics Dr. McClain has always been a Republican,—he began campaign work when 16 years old and has never failed to take an active interest ever since. He has been county committeeman and in other ways has been useful to his party. Fraternally he is very prominent in the State. Since 21 years of

age he has been a Knight of Pythias, entering the order at Spencer in Lodge No. 55; he now belongs to Elkana Lodge, No. 63, at Charleston. For nine years he has been a member of Lodge No. 142, I. O. O. F., at Clendenin, has filled all the chairs and is the present noble grand, belonging to Elk Encampment, No. 63, I. O. O. F.

Dr. McClain owns considerable real estate in the vicinity of his home at Clendenin, and has one of the pleasantest offices in the town, located on the banks of the Elk River.

H. D. RUMMEL.

H. D. RUMMEL, a well known resident of Charleston, Kanawha County, West Virginia, is an attorney and at the present time city solicitor of the city of Charleston. He was born in Kanawha County, West Virginia, August 13, 1875, and is a son of Henry and Mary (Newhouse) Rummel, the former a native of Ohio and the latter of what is now West Virginia. Henry Rummel, who is a successful manufacturer of Charleston, is one of the substantial residents of this State.

H. D. Rummel attended the public schools of Charleston and later pursued an advanced course of study at Johns Hopkins University. He also took the law course at the Maryland University, Baltimore, and ranked fifth in the class of 1895 of 114 members. He was admitted to the bar in Maryland and later in West Virginia. He practiced in the former State for two years and then removed to Charleston. In 1901 he was elected city solicitor for a term of two years and in March, 1903, was re-elected for another term. He is a stanch Republican, a good and logical speaker.

In 1900 Mr. Rummel was united in marriage with Ruth H. Millard of Baltimore.

S. L. WATSON, of Fairmont, Marion County, West Virginia, born December 27, 1848, has devoted his en-

tire life and apparently inexhaustible energy to the development of West Virginia and, particularly, of Marion County. Mr. Watson has been associated with his father and brothers in all stages of the development of the Fairmont Coal field and is one of the leading executive officials of the Fairmont Coal Company. He is personally acquainted with more men of all classes than any other man in West Virginia and has taken an active part in State and county politics, although never an aspirant for office. His keen perception of opportunities combined with an ability to direct others, has inspired the confidence of all who have been associated with him and he has been interested in practically every successful enterprise, including electric light, gas, glass, industrial, development, banking, building and a score of other companies During the past month he has taken over the Fairmont & Clarksburg Traction Company and is devoting his energy to bettering its equipment and service.

Mr. Watson resides on Eighth street and is the father of one daughter and three sons, the sons being actively engaged with him in the various enterprises with which he is prominently identified.

HOMER B. WOODS.

HOMER B. WOODS. It is always a pleasure to contemplate the character of a man who has arisen from the ranks, alone and unaided by wealth and influence. Such a man is Homer B. Woods, the subject of this sketch. Rev. P. A. Woods, a prominent minister of the Baptist Church came to what is now West Virginia from Pennsylvania in 1844 and settled near Harrisville, in Ritchie County. It was there that Homer B. Woods was born, July 16, 1869.

He attended the district schools and at the age of 16 began teaching country schools in winter, working on the farm in the summer. After following the vocation of teaching several years, he was elected principal of the Harris-

ville graded schools. While occupying this position, he was nominated for the office of county superintendent of schools and in May, 1891, was unanimously elected, and served two terms in this capacity. In the meantime he had been engaged in the study of the law and in 1891 he entered the State University Law School at Morgantown. Having fitted himself for the practice of his profession, in 1892 he was admitted to the bar. In 1895 he founded the *Ritchie Standard* and served as its editor in 1896; in June of that year he was nominated by the Republican convention for the office of prosecuting attorney of Ritchie County. He was elected to this position by a majority of nearly 700. As evidence of the manner in which he discharged the duties of this office, he was renominated in 1900, and was elected by the largest majority ever theretofore given in the county to any candidate for public office.

On September 10, 1891, Mr. Woods was married to Winifred Davis, daughter of Hon. Thomas E. Davis, of Harrisville, and three children have been born to them.

Mr. Woods is a fearless and able prosecutor but at the same time is careful and conscientious in his practice. No man's public record is cleaner or more honorable than his. He is an active politician and has contributed in no small degree to the success of the Republican party in his native county and State. He was a delegate from West Virginia to the Republican National League held in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1895, and was at one time one of the vice-presidents of the organization in West Virginia. His large law practice attests his devotion to his chosen profession and his large and well selected library proclaims him a student as well as an attorney.

JOHN SHRADER.

JOHN SHRADER, whose successful and extensive building and contracting has brought him into prominence in Hancock County, West Vir-

ginia, was born in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, February 8, 1862, and is a son of William and Eliza J. (Byers) Shrader, both of whom were born in Western Pennsylvania, and still reside there, the father being retired from business.

The Shrader family is an old and honorable Dutch one of Pennsylvania, the great-grandfather of our subject having settled near West Newton at an early date, at which time the spelling of the name was Schroeder. William Shrader, the grandfather, was a farmer and was also engaged in the flatboat business, taking provisions to New Orleans and frequently walking the whole distance home. The family is a hardy and long-lived one, and the grandfather lived to a good old age. The father of Mr. Shrader engaged in farming and later in the stock and coal business, and now resides at McKeesport.

John Shrader is one of a family of six children born to his parents. He was reared and educated in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. He began his business career as a farmer, and he remained at home assisting his father until he became 20 years of age. After marriage he settled on a farm of his own and continued in agricultural pursuits until 1889. He then sold his farm to the United States Glass Company, and then began contracting and building. His work has included every line, from houses to railroads. On December 3, 1895, he received the contract for building a bridge across the Ohio River, between East Liverpool and Chester. Mr. Shrader was doubly interested in the success of this great undertaking, as he not only contracted to build the bridge, but also supplied the East Liverpool Bridge Company with much of the money with which to do it. He owned a one-fourth interest in the ground upon which Chester stands and much of which land he still owns, and the completion of this bridge, on January 1, 1896, made sure the permanent growth of Chester, which is now a town of about 3,000 inhabitants. He continues to own stock in the bridge, which is one of the most important public improvements ever made in the locality. At the same time he was constructing the bridge he was engaged in building the East Liverpool & Rock Springs Railway, and the latter was completed in May, 1896.

On March 15, 1882, Mr. Shrader was married to Mary E. McDowell, who was born in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania. One daughter, Pearl, was born to this marriage, now a very

attractive young lady. Few men are better known in Hancock County than Mr. Shrader, and few have more push and progressiveness. He is one of the substantial and enterprising men of Chester.

SAMUEL H. SHANNON.

SAMUEL H. SHANNON, postmaster at Clay Court House, Clay County, West Virginia, a member of the mercantile firm of Rhodes, Shannon & Company, and also a large lumber dealer, is one of the prominent men of his section. He was born June 21, 1866, on a farm in Clay County, and is a son of Rev. Norval W. and Susanna (Summers) Shannon, of Nicholas County.

Rev. Norval W. Shannon was a minister in the Methodist Church. He was born in 1817 at Morgantown, Monongalia County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and was a son of Benjamin Shannon. The latter, with his brother John, founded the family in this part of the country. They were born in Ireland and, after immigrating to America, became wholesale merchants at Philadelphia for some years, but later removed to Morgantown, Virginia, now West Virginia. There he married and had five children born to him, his three sons being Norval W., Robert and Frank. Benjamin Shannon engaged in a milling business at Morgantown and then moved to Weston and later to Clarksburg, and to Ohio in 1858 where he died in 1861. Rev. Norval W. Shannon had only a meager common-school training, and spent his earlier years in teaching school and in as close an application to his books as he could. Thus he prepared for his ministerial work.

Samuel H. Shannon was educated in the common schools and had the advantages of but one term at the Normal School at Concord, Mercer County, West Virginia. He began teaching school after finishing his own course and continued to teach in Clay County, 14 terms in all, until 1899. He has been very prominent in the political life of his section and has been much honored by his party. For three years

he was jailer of the county jail, and from 1896 to 1901 served as a justice of the peace. On January 1, 1892, he was elected mayor of Clay and served through his term to the satisfaction of all concerned. For three years he served as trustee of District No. 5, and for three years was a member of the Town Council during which period the town was incorporated. On August 8, 1899, he was appointed postmaster by the late President McKinley and is still the popular incumbent of the office. Both in 1900 and in 1902 he was a delegate to the State convention of his party and since the former year has been a member of the congressional committee and secretary of the county committee. He was nominated by the County Court and later appointed by the State Board of Health as a member of the county board.

In 1892 Mr. Shannon was married to Maggie E. Reed, who is a daughter of Solomon Reed of Clay County. They have a family of four children, viz.: Irma Blanche, born December 10, 1892; William Halley, born March 10, 1895; Susan Berenice, born February 7, 1897; and Rebecca Olive, born June 29, 1900. Mr. Shannon and family belong to the Methodist Church.

In fraternal association Mr. Shannon has long been actively interested and has taken all the honors in the Junior Order of United American Mechanics of which he is counsellor, a position he has held for four years; and he belongs to Zara Lodge, No. 116, Knights of Pythias, and to Pisgah Lodge, No. 180, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Clay. In this order he has filled all the minor offices and is now vice-grand of the lodge.

Mr. Shannon is much esteemed in his vicinity and is identified with many of the leading business interests.

SAMUEL BRASHEAR AVIS.

SAMUEL BRASHEAR AVIS, prosecuting attorney of Kanawha County, and a prominent citizen of Charleston, West Virginia, was born

in Virginia, February 19, 1872, and is a son of B. D. and Hattie E. (Wilson) Avis, both of whom were natives of the Old Dominion.

S. B. Avis received his education in the common schools and at a military academy at Staunton, Virginia, and later at Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, receiving his degree of B. L. at that old established institution. Mr. Avis then located at Charleston and accepted a position in the United States attorney's office, where he remained about four years. In 1898 he was commissioned captain in Company A, 2nd Regiment, West Virginia Inf., U. S. Volunteers, and served as such in the Spanish-American War, being stationed at Camp Meade and Greenville, South Carolina.

After the close of this war, Captain Avis returned to Charleston and re-entered the office of the United States attorney and remained there until 1900 when he was elected prosecuting attorney for Kanawha County. In politics he is an ardent Republican and enjoys the confidence of the party leaders.

In December, 1899, Mr. Avis married Florence M. Atkinson, who is a daughter of ex-Governor G. W. Atkinson, of Charleston, West Virginia.

JOHN T. GAINER.

JOHN T. GAINER, cashier of the Clay County Bank and one of the most prominent financiers and esteemed citizens of Clay Court House, West Virginia, was born May 31, 1871, in Auburn, Ritchie County, West Virginia. He is a son of Albert and Susan A. (Loudon) Gainer, the former of whom was born in January, 1848, and the latter on January 2, 1849. Our subject's mother was a daughter of Thomas Loudon, who removed from Virginia and settled in Upshur County, West Virginia. She was born in Gilman County and there was married to Albert Gainer. The father of the subject of this sketch is a son of John Gainer and a grandson of Bryan Gain-

Mrs. Marcum when their six sons and four daughters assisted in the exercises of the occasion and were photographed with their venerable parents. The sons are: Thomas D., an attorney, but at present engaged in a general insurance business at Catlettsburg, Kentucky; James H., a farmer of Cabell County, and an ex-member of the State Senate; William W., residing at Ceredo, Wayne County, West Virginia; P. S., living at Catlettsburg, Kentucky; and John S. and Lace, who are partners in the practice of the law at Huntington.

John S. Marcum was primarily educated in Wayne County, where he also studied the law and was admitted to the bar 26 years ago. He was prosecuting attorney for two terms in Wayne County and later in Cabell County, serving 10 consecutive years in that office. Mr. Marcum has been very successful in criminal practice and has won distinction all over the State on account of his ability as an advocate. He has associated with him other able members of the bar, and their well appointed offices are located in the Abbott Building, on the corner of 4th avenue and 9th street.

Mr. Marcum married a member of the Wellman family, also an old and aristocratic one, and two children have been born to this union. J. A. Roy, the son, aged 19 years, is preparing for the law at the West Virginia University at Morgantown. The daughter, aged 16, is a student in the local schools. The pleasant residence of Mr. and Mrs. Marcum is located at No. 626 10th street. Mr. Marcum and family belong to the Baptist Church. Formerly, Mr. Marcum was a stanch Democrat, but at present votes independently. Fraternally he has served through the chairs of the blue lodge, chapter and commandery in the Masonic order and also belongs to the Elks.

ROBERT BENJAMIN BERNHEIM.

ROBERT BENJAMIN BERNHEIM, a well known citizen of Welch, McDowell County, West Virginia, who is clerk of the County Court, was

born July 1, 1870, in the city of New York. He is a son of Samuel C. and Charlotte Bernheim, both of whom were born in Germany and are now residents of Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Bernheim came to the United States in 1861 and located near New York, where Mr. Bernheim engaged for some time in the mercantile business. In 1885 he removed to West Virginia and served as postmaster of Bramwell during the administration of the late President Benjamin Harrison. In 1903 Mr. Bernheim retired from active business life.

Our subject is one of a family of five children born to his parents. He acquired a solid education in the common schools at Newburgh, New York, and at Eastman's Business College at Poughkeepsie. After leaving school he accepted a position as buyer and bookkeeper for the Tide Water Coal & Coke Company at Vivian, West Virginia, and remained in that position from 1891 to 1893. In the latter year he moved to Welch as stenographer for Rucker, Keller & Hamill, attorneys-at-law, and also as reporter for the McDowell County Criminal Court. He continued with this firm until January, 1897, when he took up the duties of the office of clerk of the County Court, to which position he had been elected in the preceding November. In 1901, the State of West Virginia was divided into two judicial districts, and Judge Keller, of the United States Court, appointed Mr. Bernheim clerk of the United States District Court for the Southern District of West Virginia. This position he filled until July 15, 1902, when he resigned, and became a candidate for re-nomination as clerk of the County Court of McDowell County. He was re-nominated unanimously, a tribute to his popularity, and as no one was nominated by the Democratic party, his election in November, 1902, was without opposition.

Since 1892 Mr. Bernheim has been secretary of the McDowell County Republican Executive Committee and has taken a leading part in both local and outside politics. He has important business interests in Welch and is one of the useful and progressive citizens.

On June 5, 1901, Mr. Bernheim was married to Ida P. Topham, who was born in Washington, D. C., and is a daughter of James S. and Anna M. Topham. They have one son, James Topham. Mrs. Bernheim is a member of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Bernheim is prominent in fraternal life, belonging to McDowell

Lodge, No. 112, A. F. & A. M.; Bramwell Chapter, R. A. M.; Ivanhoe Commandery, No. 10, K. T., of Bramwell; and Beni-Kedem Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., of Charleston.

HON. JAMES H. MARCUM.

HON. JAMES H. MARCUM, an ex-member of the West Virginia State Senate, and a representative citizen of Huntington, was born in Virginia, September 14, 1842, and is a son of Stephen M. and Jane (Damson) Marcum, both of whom were also natives of the Old Dominion.

James H. Marcum received but limited educational advantages in the private and subscription schools of his locality, his schooling being interrupted by the outbreak of the Civil War. He was one of the first loyal youths of his section to enlist,—becoming a member of Company B, 45th Reg., Kentucky Vol. Inf. He served three years, and was with the Army of the Tennessee; when he received his honorable discharge he had attained the rank of sergeant major.

After the close of the war, Mr. Marcum returned to his home and engaged in agricultural pursuits for a time, and then accepted a position as traveling salesman for Shipley, Crane & Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, with whom he remained about nine years. He then returned to Huntington and bought and very successfully operated a livery and sales stable for four years, and then sold the business in order to resume farming.

Mr. Marcum has long been active in political life, and in 1890 he was elected a member of the West Virginia Legislature and served four years. After an interim of four years, he was again elected to that honorable body, and again served his constituency with ability and efficiency. For four years he was the popular postmaster of Huntington, and during the administration of Governor Wilson was a director of the West Virginia Penitentiary for a term of five years.

In 1881 Mr. Marcum was united in marriage with Fannie B. Williams and their son, P. H., is a member of the class of 1903, in the law department of the University of West Virginia, at Morgantown. In religious belief, Mr. Marcum is a Methodist. His fraternal relations are with Huntington Lodge, No. 53, A. F. & A. M.

WILLIAM BURBRIDGE PAYNE.

WILLIAM BURBRIDGE PAYNE, clerk of the Circuit Court of McDowell County, West Virginia, and a prominent citizen of Welch, was born in that county in 1866 and is a son of the late John D. and Clara (Cornett) Payne.

John D. Payne was born in Tazewell County, Virginia, now McDowell County, West Virginia, and died in 1898 at the age of 62 years. During the Civil War he served four years in the Union Army, as a private in Company I, 39th Reg., Kentucky Vol. Inf., and was once captured and once wounded. In politics he was a Republican. In business he was successful as a lawyer, farmer and merchant. The mother of our subject was born in 1841 in North Carolina and now resides at Bradshaw, McDowell County, West Virginia. The three children born to Mr. and Mrs. Payne were: David C., who is a deputy United States marshal and deputy sheriff of McDowell County; William Burbridge, of this sketch; and Wilburn Grant, deceased.

William Burbridge Payne was reared in his native county and was educated in the common schools and the Normal School at Concord. From 1887 to 1892 he was engaged in a mercantile business at Bradshaw, and removed from there upon being elected to the office of clerk of the Circuit Court. In 1896 he was honored with a re-election and his popularity and efficiency were emphasized by a second re-election in 1902.

On May 10, 1896, Mr. Payne was married to Jennie Beavers, who was born in Union County, South Dakota. Three children have been born to them,

viz.: Hobart Elkins and Meldramn Deane, living, and Mirriam Joyce, deceased. Mrs. Payne is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Fraternally, Mr. Payne is a member of McDowell Lodge, No. 112, A. F. & A. M., of Welch, of which he is past master, and of Ohio Consistory, Valley of Cincinnati, and is a Shriner. In politics he is identified with the Republican party.

ROLAND YUENGLING LUTHER.

ROLAND YUENGLING LUTHER, assistant general manager of the Peerless Coal & Coke Company, at Vivian, West Virginia, is one of the energetic and progressive young men of the day. Mr. Luther was born in 1875, in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and is a son of Roland C. and Therese (Yuengling) Luther, the former of whom is president of the Peerless Coal & Coke Company, and also general superintendent of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company, with headquarters at Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Luther has been a resident of Vivian since February, 1901, and has become an important factor in the coal fields of that locality. His company is a leading one in the section and gives him a wide field of operation.

W. L. GLESSNER, one of the foremost business men of Ohio County, West Virginia, is president of the Laughlin Nail Company, a Wheeling corporation, with office and plant at Martin's Ferry, Ohio. This is a very extensive plant and is the largest cut-nail manufactory in the world, having had a wonderful growth from its inception, in 1878. Mr. Glessner is a native of Ohio, and is a son of Jacob and Mary Laughlin Glessner.

Jacob Glessner was born 92 years ago at Somerset, Pennsylvania, and is now a resident of Zanesville, Ohio. He spent the major portion of his active life as editor and publisher of a news-

paper, and in his later years was a manufacturer of news-paper. He married Mary Laughlin, who was a daughter of John Laughlin, an old resident of Wheeling. She died at the age of 83 years, having had three sons and one daughter, as follows: John, vice-president of the Champion Mower & Reaper Works, of Springfield, Ohio, but a resident of Chicago; George, secretary of that concern; W. L., the subject of this biographical record; and Jessie A., the the youngest child and only daughter who married Mr. Chanaller, a prominent attorney-at-law of Zanesville, Ohio, who died August 8, 1901, she now resides in Zanesville.

W. L. Glessner has made his home in Wheeling since 1872, and has always been a power in business circles. For six years he was identified with the Benwood Iron Works. In 1878 the Laughlin Nail Company was organized and incorporated as a joint stock company, and Mr. Glessner served as its secretary from 1878 until 1885. Alexander Laughlin was the first president, and after his death, in 1885, was succeeded by Mr. Glessner. The plant has always been located at Martin's Ferry, Ohio. The company originally employed 150 men, but now employs about 600 workmen in the cut-nail department, when in full operation. The nail factory has a capacity of 12,000 kegs per week. In 1899 an extensive shovel plant was added, manufacturing large shovels, with a capacity of 300 dozen per day. The shovels are made from the raw material, and at the present time from 200 to 225 men are employed in this department. A sheet mill, its product being intended for corrugating, galvanizing and metal ceiling work, is being rapidly pushed to completion, which, when completed, will give employment to about 700 men. The buildings, with a floor space of from three to four acres, are constructed of brick and iron, and are practically fireproof. The grounds of the plant cover 22 acres, and the company also owns 300 acres of mining land, and mines its own coal. The total force of men to be employed upon the completion of the plant,—all Union labor,—will number about 1,500. The present secretary is F. K. Dixon, who has served in that capacity one year. In 1885 the Laughlin Nail Company erected a Bessemer steel works, which they operated for about 10 years. From 1895 until 1899, they operated a tin mill which they built, and which is now the property of the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Glessner is a member of the Board of Trade of Wheeling, and has lived in the city for many years. He recently erected a magnificent home

Baltimore. He followed the occupation of a shoemaker. He went to Lake Erie and lived for a time, then moved to Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and later to Morgantown, Virginia, now West Virginia. He served as captain of a company of militia during the War of 1812, and acquitted himself with honor. He later went to Ohio to live, and about 1845 met death by drowning in Wills Creek, in attempting to cross the stream during a freshet. His wife was Elizabeth McKelvey, and among the children born to them was George W., grandfather of Dr. Lewis.

George W. Lewis was born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and removed to what is now West Virginia in 1820. He was a shoemaker in early life and lived to reach the advanced age of 87 years and three months, dying at Valley Grove in October, 1901. He married Nancy Gibson, who is now living at the age of 81 years, making her home in Ohio County, West Virginia.

William Lewis, a son of George W. and Nancy (Gibson) Lewis, was born in Marshall County, West Virginia, and now resides in Ohio County, where he is engaged in agricultural pursuits. He married Samantha Chambers, who was born in Marshall County and is a daughter of James P. and Mary (Porter) Chambers, who were natives of Marshall County, Virginia, and Washington County, Pennsylvania, respectively. Her grandparents were Joseph Hamilton and Rebecca (Bell) Chambers, the former being a son of James Chambers, and the latter a daughter of William and Elizabeth (McConnell) Bell.

Dr. George E. Lewis was born in Ohio County, West Virginia, January 19, 1873, and is one of six children born to William and Samantha (Chambers) Lewis, viz: James C., P. I., George E., Mary A., a teacher in the schools of Wheeling; Florence, who is also teaching at Wheeling; Lillian and Wilma. Dr. Lewis was reared in Ohio County and educated in the public and State Normal schools, graduating from the latter institution in 1893, having taught school in Ohio County for three years previous to graduation. He then took up the study of medicine at the Western University of Pennsylvania; he was granted the degree of M. D. in 1897 and engaged in practice at Hanover, Ohio. His health failed him and for one year he gave up his professional duties. In 1900 he moved to Chester, Hancock County, and has succeeded in acquiring a large general practice in medicine and surgery. He is a man of high character and is held in high esteem by his fellow citizens.

On October 6, 1897, Dr. Lewis was married to Hettie Curtis, who comes of a prominent and respected family. She is descended from John and Elsie (Wilkins) Curtis, who were prominent in Virginia at an early day. Her great-grandparents were Josiah and Hester (Earnsparger) Curtis. William Baker Curtis, a son of Josiah and Hester (Earnsparger) Curtis, made an enviable record during his service in the army. He was first a captain, later colonel of the 12th West Virginia Regiment, and was mustered out as a brevet general. He was at one time a merchant at West Liberty, Ohio County, where he died August 25, 1891, at the age of 70 years. He married Hannah M. Montgomery, and among the children born to them was Josiah Montgomery Curtis, father of Mrs. Lewis. Josiah Montgomery Curtis was born at West Liberty, Ohio County, Virginia, and died in 1875. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlisted in Company D, 12th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., of which his father was captain, and at the time he was mustered out was lieutenant of Company I of that regiment. He was the man who planted the United States flag on Fort Gregg, for which act he was made lieutenant and Congress presented him with a bronze medal. He married Emily Walker, who was born in Brooke County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and now resides at West Liberty, Ohio County. She is a daughter of Allen and Mary Ann (Mounts) Walker, and granddaughter of Alexander and Esther (Montgomery) Walker.

Dr. and Mrs. Lewis have one child, Helen Virginia, born July 19, 1900. Religiously, they are members of the United Presbyterian Church, in which Dr. Lewis is an elder. He is a member of the State Medical Society.

HON. C. W. SWISHER.

HON. C. W. SWISHER, a prominent young business man of Fairmont, Marion County, West Virginia, who is

identified with much of the material development of that section, was born in Marion County, West Virginia, May 26, 1867. He is a son of Alpheus and Abigail (Van Gilden) Swisher, who were of German extraction. Alpheus Swisher was a prominent lumber man for many years, and was well known through Marion County, where he died in October, 1901. The mother, a member of an old and honorable Virginia family, still survives.

C. W. Swisher received his education in the public schools of Marion County and started out in life as a mine boy in the employ of the Watsons, now the Fairmont Coal Company, his humble occupation being the driving of mules. The lad was, however, capable of a higher grade of work and his superiors soon found it out and he was continually promoted from one position to another. In 1889 he became superintendent of the Britton Coal Company, on the Monongahela River, in Marion County, and he continued with this corporation for three years, resigning the position then in order to enter the real estate business. He recognized the wide field in that line and few men in that activity have been more successful. His sales in valuable coal and timber lands have caused much property to change hands, and he has been the means of attracting a large amount of capital to the State. Many of the coal mines, gas and oil wells, as well as electric roads, have been developed through his efforts in calling the attention of outside capital to the section where his operations are chiefly centered.

While promoting enterprises for the public good, Mr. Swisher has not neglected his own interests and is a stockholder in the Fairmont & Clarksburg Electric Railroad Company; a director in the Fairmont Savings Bank; in 1903 he became interested in the Elkins syndicate; and is a stockholder and director in the Charleston & Kanawha Water & Light Company, and in other minor enterprises. He owns much coal and oil land of a valuable character. Starting out in life with no capital, his has been a remarkable career. Successful in business, he has also been successful in politics, and in 1899 he was elected a member of the West Virginia House of Delegates, and in 1903 was elected to the State Senate. He is actively identified with the Republican party.

Fraternally Mr. Swisher belongs to Fairmont Lodge, No. 9, A. F. & A. M., Fairmont Chapter, R. A. M.; Crusade Commandery, No. 6, K. T., and the Mystic Shrine.

D. W. CUNNINGHAM.

D. W. CUNNINGHAM, a prominent citizen of Charleston, Kanawha County, West Virginia, who has efficiently served in the position of United States deputy marshal for a period of 14 years, is a native of West Virginia, and was born in Jackson County. His father, Joel Cunningham, who after being an officer in Jackson County for 20 years, organized Company E, 8th Regiment, West Virginia State troops, in 1861, and died in the service, January 7, 1862. He was a man of indomitable will, great personal courage and was seldom unsuccessful in his undertakings.

The mother of our subject, Mary Cunningham, belonged to one of the old Virginia families of prominence. Her father was one of the organizers of his (Jackson) county; he was a justice of the peace for 21 years and was made sheriff of the county under an old law by virtue of his office as justice. Eleven children were born to our subject's parents. One of these was Nathan Cunningham, who entered the army in boyhood and served two years in the Civil War; returning to the scenes of his childhood, he resumed peaceful occupations. A few years later he was appointed deputy United States marshal, on account of his fearless and courageous character. For doing his duty well, he was foully assassinated in 1887 by a band of criminals, known by West Virginians as the Kuklux Klan. They were all outlaws who had terrorized Kentucky, Tennessee, the western portion of Virginia and the southern part of West Virginia. Marshal Cunningham by his bravery had seriously crippled the band in its work of murder, incest and violations of the law, and for this cause it added still another crime, resulting in the death of Nathan Cunningham. He is still well recalled in his community.

D. W. Cunningham is the subject of this brief and inadequate sketch, as a comprehensive one would fill a volume. He grew to manhood in Jackson

County, and was educated in the private schools of his locality. He engaged in teaching for 14 years, retiring from that profession to accept a position as a special deputy United States marshal. Soon after, he was made a deputy under President Harrison and was re-appointed by the late President McKinley. The life of an officer in this service is necessarily one of adventure and thrilling interest. Especially is it so in the case of Mr. Cunningham, whose fearlessness and bravery are well known all over the State; while he has so many friends he cannot number them, his name is enough to strike terror to the class whose machinations it is his business to destroy. The criminal records in the Department of Justice at Washington, D. C., show the great mass of work accomplished during the past 14 years by this competent and reliable officer. For three years he was stationed in McDowell County along the Norfolk & Western Railway. Prior to this, the locality had been infested with outlaws who committed every crime in the calendar. Mr. Cunningham has the reputation of being a man who has never flinched in the path of duty. He has been vilified and maligned, but only by those in sympathy with desperadoes. Among the notorious gangs who have been forced to surrender by Mr. Cunningham were the Hatfields and the Mullen gang. The father of the latter operated illicit distilleries for more than 30 years and in defense of his lawless business killed a number of officers. The names of the Skenns, Counts, Kisners, Hammonds, Fields, Harpers, Vances, Hatfields and many others long were a terror in the West Virginia mountains. They are all kindred, having continually intermarried, and while banded together in their nefarious operations carry on united vendettas against the lovers of law and orde.

Probably Mr. Cunningham has had to fight the most ungovernable of this class of criminals in the United States, but he has done it under the law, openly and fearlessly, and deserves the high opinion in which he is held. A man of iron nerve, he treads his dangerous path each day in the pursuit of duty, and it is through his efforts that travelers and tourists may now safely vist the wilds of this beautiful State. Personally, Mr. Cunningham is a man of commanding presence and is of scholarly attainments. Withal he is modest in speaking of his notable achievements and although ready to give information in his pleasant conversational way, one can only hear from other lips of the greatest dangers he

has faced and the sum of what he has accomplished.

In 1893 Mr. Cunningham married Beulah C. Greenleaf, who is a descendant of a prominent old Jackson County family. Three children have been born to this marriage, namely: Pearl, Clarence and William. Fraternally Mr. Cunningham is an Odd Fellow.

SAMUEL C. BURDETT.

SAMUEL C. BURDETT, a prominent attorney at Charleston, West Virginia, who bears the reputation of being the best criminal lawyer in the State, was born September 16, 1847, in Scioto County, Ohio. He is a son of Samuel and Sarah (Ratcliffe) Burdett, the former of whom was born in England and the latter in Pennsylvania.

Samuel Burdett, our subject's father, was for a long period known as a skilled painter and interior decorator and his artistic work won him ample means and an extended clientele. In his later years he engaged in teaching, dying at the age of 52 years, in 1869. His widow resides at Ironton, Ohio, spending the evening of life with one of her daughters. A family of eight children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Burdett, five of whom reached maturity: Fannie, Mary, Lizzie, Sue B., who is assistant principal of one of the public schools of Ironton, Ohio, a very prominent educator; Robert, in the employ of the Georgia Railroad; and Samuel C., of this sketch.

Samuel C. Burdett was educated in the public schools of Ohio, and learned the trade of painter and decorator and followed the craft until 1880. In the meantime he had prepared himself for entrance to the bar and was admitted in West Virginia. He removed to Charleston, Kanawha County, in November, 1870, where he has resided ever since. He has made a success in his profession and the able manner in

which he has handled noted cases and his thorough comprehension of criminal law has given him a reputation and a business which reaches over the State. Thus his election as prosecuting attorney for Kanawha County, West Virginia, in 1884, was most judicious and he held the position until 1889, having previously been assistant prosecutor, from 1883 to 1885. In June, 1889, he was appointed assistant United States district attorney, under President Harrison's administration, and served four years until the change of administration. Upon the election of the late beloved President McKinley, he was re-appointed to the office, but in 1900 resigned it in order to confine his attention to an absorbing private practice.

Mr. Burdett has always been actively interested in politics and is stanch in his adherence to the principles of the Republican party. He has "stumped" the State during every political campaign for the last 20 years, and, as he is a clear, forcible and logical speaker, is of the greatest service to his party, being known as the "Little Giant of Kanawha."

Mr. Burdett was married, first, to Miss Taylor of Louisiana and eight children were born to them. His second marriage was to Miss Cunningham, who was born in Greenbrier County, West Virginia, and two children were born to this marriage.

WILLIAM McGARVIN.

WILLIAM McGARVIN, proprietor of the Jacksonburg Drug Store, the only establishment of its kind at Jacksonburg, Wetzel County, West Virginia, was born August 26, 1838, at Chatham, Ontario, Canada, and is a son of John and Susan (Huston) McGarvin, an old agricultural family. The McGarvins have been residents of the Dominion for generations. Both parents lived to advanced ages, the father dying at the age of 95 years and the mother at 92. Of their seven children, six survive.

William McGarvin was reared and educated in Canada, and there learned

the carpenter trade, which he later followed at Detroit, Michigan, for one year. In 1862 he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, engaging in work at his trade, later spent six months at Steubenville, and then went to Parkersburg, West Virginia, becoming interested in oil production. He has visited all the oil centers in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia, and has made and lost fortunes in many places. In 1900 Mr. McGarvin settled in Jacksonburg, Wetzel County, West Virginia, since which time he has been engaged in the drug business, having at the present time a monopoly. He carries a full line of prescription drugs, patent medicines, toilet and fancy articles, and meets with very satisfactory encouragement in the prosecution of his business.

In 1871 Mr. McGarvin was united in marriage with Elizabeth Truman, a native of Spencer, West Virginia, and two children were born to this union: Lillie M., wife of James L. Cade, of Mannington, West Virginia; and William E., of Kentucky. In politics Mr. McGarvin is a Republican. Fraternally he is an Odd Fellow. Mr. McGarvin is a highly esteemed citizen, interested in the advancement of his section and a strong advocate of temperance.

F. S. THOMAS, M. D.

F. S. THOMAS, M. D., one of the most prominent physicians and surgeons of Southwestern West Virginia, proprietor and physician in chief of the Thomas Private Hospital, at Charleston, was born in August, 1850, near Sissonville, West Virginia. He is a son of George D. and Sarah (Jones) Thomas, the former of whom was born in Virginia and the latter in the District of Columbia, the latter still surviving in Roane County, West Virginia, at the age of 96 years.

Dr. Thomas received his primary education in private and select schools, where he was prepared for entrance to Marshall College. His medical read-

ing was pursued with Dr. T. P. Carpenter, of Poca, West Virginia, and he graduated from the medical department of the University of Maryland in 1878. This was supplemented with study, experience and graduation, at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, in 1887. Since that time, for the past 15 years, he has taken post-graduate courses annually, both in Baltimore and New York, on the theory that this is the only true way for a physician and surgeon to keep abreast of the times, and to thoroughly absorb modern methods and discoveries. Dr. Thomas is a self-made man in every sense that the term implies, and it has been through his own perseverance and the exercise of an iron will that he has risen to his eminent position among the professional men of the State of West Virginia. He is regarded with respect and esteem and is one of the truly substantial and representative citizens of Charleston.

In 1878, Dr. Thomas located at Malden, West Virginia, where he was successfully engaged in the work of his chosen profession for a number of years. In 1884 he began practice at Charleston where he was also interested in a drug business, in partnership with Mr. Potterfield, the firm style being Thomas & Potterfield. In 1902 Dr. Thomas sold his interest to his partner, who still conducts a flourishing business, the firm by honest dealing having won the confidence of the public. Dr. Thomas has become one of the leading citizens and is identified with a number of the most important and successful business enterprises. He is president of the Charleston Ice & Coal Company, is a stockholder in the Charleston National Bank, and is also interested in coal mining operations. Perhaps, though, he is more widely known as the proprietor of the Thomas Private Hospital of Charleston, a noble institution in which the residents of that city take a just pride. The beautiful hospital building is an ornament to the city, while the institution's aims are of the noblest. The building was erected by the city during 1896-97, at a cost of $30,000, and is under lease to Dr. Thomas, who with a large staff of consulting physicians and surgeons conducts an institution of incalculable value to Southwestern West Virginia. Its scope is broad and its equipment complete. Dr. Thomas has a reputation in the profession second to none in the State, and he has gathered about him specialists on every disease to which poor human flesh is heir. The hospital on account of its healthful and beautiful surroundings, and its most

excellent management, provides not only for the dangerous sick, but also for those who seek rest and restoration from the strain of either business or social life.

In 1879 Dr. Thomas married Ruth Lee Putney, who is a daughter of Dr. James Putney, of Malden, West Virginia, and a descendant of the old Putney and Ruffner families of Virginia. Two children have been born to this marriage, James P. and Ruth M. In religious belief the family are Presbyterians. Dr. Thomas belongs to the Kanawha County Medical Society, and also the American Medical Association.

DAVID BELL, an old and highly respected resident of Wheeling, is a member of the firm of Joseph Bell & Company, which deals in stoves. This is one of the reliable old business houses of the city, and has an established trade. Mr. Bell was born in Wheeling, Virginia, now West Virginia, March 31, 1818, and is a son of Thomas Bell.

Thomas Bell was born in England and came to the United States when a young man. He was a seaman for many years, and after locating at Wheeling at an early day was engaged in boat building until his death, in 1833. He married, in England, Miss M. Godfrey, a native of that country, and they had two sons,—Joseph, a prominent business man, of Wheeling; and David.

David Bell had limited educational advantages, having attended school only up to his 12th year. He worked for Mr. Sweeney in the glass manufacturing business for a period of 20 years, and in 1862 enlisted in the 11th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., of which he was a commissioned officer. He saw hard service throughout the war, and established a good record as a soldier. After the close of the war, he returned to Wheeling, and under the firm name of Joseph Bell & Company engaged in the stove business, which he has continued up to the present time. He is possessed of unusual business ability, and the same sagacity and keenness characterize his transactions, as in his younger days. He is well known to the residents of Wheeling, and enjoys the universal good-will of his fellow men. He is one of the oldest native born inhabitants of Ohio County.

In 1844, Mr. Bell was joined in wedlock with Mary Mosslander, who was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1821, and is now living. They reared four children, as follows: Joseph G.; Mary M.; Susan W.; and George T. Politically, Mr. Bell is a

stanch supporter of the Republican party. He is a member of the Franklin Lodge, No. 3, I. O. O. F., and is the oldest member of that order in West Virginia, having been an Odd Fellow for more than 63 years.

J. L. STUMP, M. D.

J. L. STUMP, M. D.—Charleston, West Virginia, is notable in many directions and one of these is that it is the home of a number of medical practitioners of skill and experience. A prominent physician and surgeon of that city is Dr. J. L. Stump, a native of the State, born at Steer Creek, Gilmer County, May 19, 1852. He is a son of Rev. John and Mahala (Huffman) Stump.

The Stump family is of German origin. Dr. Stump's great-grand-father, Michael Stump, came to America and took part in the Revolutionary War, after its close settling in Gilmer County, Virginia, about 1799. Michael Stump and his father—the great-great-grandfather of our subject, were with Washington on the memorable occasion of the crossing of the Delaware when the Hessian troops were surprised and captured and indications are that both were trusted and loyal soldiers. Records show that Michael Stump's son Michael—our subject's grandfather,—was a guest of General Washington, at Mount Vernon, in 1798 and took part in a fox hunt there. The elder Michael Stump entered thousands of acres of land in Virginia. Both he and his son Michael were surveyors and many of the old surveys made by them can be found among the records of that time. Michael Stump was accompanied across the mountains from the East to what is now West Virginia by two brothers,—George who settled in Marshall County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and John, who settled in Kentucky. The grandmother of Dr. Stump was a member of the old German Busch family and she became the mother of these children: George W., Jacob, Absalom, Eli,

Henry, John, Martin, Alfred, Elliot, Archibald, Cynthia, Simon, Matilda and Margaret. The family all belonged to the Baptist Church. The grandmother died at the age of 43 years and the grandfather married a second time. His death took place in 1884, at the age of 96 years.

Rev. John Stump, father of Dr. Stump, was born in Gilmer County, Virginia, now West Virginia. Although a man of meager book education, he became a power in the Baptist Church and through natural ability and extensive reading rose to a position as one of the mose intellectual men of his locality. Early in life he turned his attention to theology and as he was a gifted orator he was called upon during a long life to fill many of the leading pulpits in the Baptist Church. For a long period he taught private schools and after the adoption of the public school system taught one term, but the greater part of his life was devoted to his ministerial and pastoral duties. His last days were spent in Kanawha County as pastor of the Virginia Avenue Baptist Church of West Charleston. His death took place in 1898, when he was 20 days over his 75th year. His wife, Mahala Huffman, the mother of Dr. Stump, was born in Barbour County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and died in 1889, aged 69 years. His second wife, Mrs. Hawthorne, died in 1901. His children were all the fruits of the first marriage, as follows: Albert H.; Susanna, deceased, who was the wife of E. J. James; M. J.; Mandeville B., a Baptist minister of Normantown, Gilmer County, West Virginia; Dr. J. L., of this sketch; Florinda W., wife of Rev. William Burns; Anna H., wife of Dr. W. W. Chenewith; Dr. L. J. of Pocahontas, Virginia; and Belinda R. (Fetty).

Dr. J. L. Stump was primarily educated in schools over which his father had charge up to 1867. He attended the public schools of the newly adopted system during the winters of 1868 and 1869. He then engaged in teaching but in 1873 entered into a mercantile business, which he conducted until 1880. He began the study of medicine in 1876 under Drs. W. P. Ewing and Comstock, of Charleston, West Virginia, and in 1878 and 1879 he attended lectures at the Virginia Medical College. He engaged in practice after this course of lectures and in 1887 returned to the same institution, at Richmond, Virginia, and there his degree of M. D. was conferred upon him in 1888.

Dr. Stump then settled at Charleston where he has ever since been successfully practicing medicine and surgery and also building up a reputation as a public spirited and progressive citizen.

Although Dr. Stump takes only a good citizen's interest in politics, he was elected mayor of Elk City, when that part of Charleston was under its own charter and municipal government. His support is given the Republican party. Under President Harrison, he was appointed a member of the board of United States pension examiners, and at present is the very efficient member of the City Council from the Sixth Ward. He has long been prominent in Masonry and belongs to Kanawha Lodge, No. 20, A. F. & A. M.; Tyrean Chapter, No. 13, R. A. M.; Kanawha Commandery, No. 4, K. T.; and Beni-Kedem Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.,—all of Charleston. He belongs also to Glen Elk Lodge, No. 95, I. O. O. F.

In 1875 Dr. Stump was united in marriage with Margaret E. Copenhaver, who is a daughter of J. T. Copenhaver, of Kanawha County. Two children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Stump, namely: Charles W., an attorney-at-law, of Charleston, West Virginia; and Erra D.

WILLIAM HOLMES YEAKLEY.

WILLIAM HOLMES YEAKLEY, M. D., a prominent medical practitioner of Tucker County, West Virginia, who has been a resident of Davis since 1902, was born May 14, 1874, in Frederick County, Virginia, and is a son of Martin F. and Martha A. (Hodgson) Yeakley, both of whom were also natives of Frederick County.

Martin F. Yeakley is a prosperous farmer living near Winchester, Virginia. He is 69 years of age and is a survivor of the Civil War, in which he served in the 27th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, from 1862 until the close of hostilities,—during seven months of this period he was confined as a prisoner of war. In politics he is a Democrat. Mrs. Yeakley was born 62 years ago in the vicinity of her present home.

Both she and husband are members of the Lutheran Church. They reared a family of three children, viz.: William Holmes, our subject; George F., a farmer; and Catherine E.

Dr. Yeakley was educated in the common schools of Frederick County and the Winchester High School, from which he graduated in 1889. From 1891 to 1893 he was a student at the Shenandoah Valley Academy, and then took a course at the Lebanon (Ohio) Normal School, during 1894-95-96. Dr. Yeakley had thus a very solid education as a foundation for his medical training which he obtained at the University College of Medicine at Richmond, Virginia, which he entered in the fall of 1896, and from which he graduated in May, 1899, in medicine and surgery. Dr. Yeakley began the practice of his profession at Gainesboro, Frederick County, but a short time later, in July, 1899, was honored with an appointment as assistant physician at the Western State Hospital for the Insane, at Staunton, Virginia, and remained there until June 1, 1902, when he resigned his position to locate at Davis, West Virginia, where he has been very successful in his practice. In the meantime he was elected by the board of directors of the University College of Medicine as assistant instructor in anatomy, but declined the honor in order to continue his work in the hospital.

Dr. Yeakley is an enterprising, educated and wide-awake physician and keeps fully abreast of the times in his profession. He is a valued member of the Virginia State and the Augusta County (Virginia) medical societies, and is surgeon for the West Virginia Pulp & Paper Company.

THOMAS M. HOOD, A. M., M. D.

THOMAS M. HOOD, A. M., M. D., one of the leading physicians and surgeons of Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia, comes of old and honorable ancestry. Dr. Hood was born April 20, 1853, in Monongalia County, Virginia, now West Vir-

ginia, and is a son of John S. and Maria M. (Smyth) Hood, the former of whom was born in Carmichaels, Greene County, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Hood, our subject's mother, still resides in the old home in Monongalia County, at the age of 77 years. She was born and was reared in what is now the State of West Virginia, and was a daughter of Hynson Smyth, who was a native of Delaware, and of English descent. He came to Virginia about 100 years ago and died at the age of 87 years. His wife, Catherine (Bowlby) Smyth, was a direct descendant of the Carhart family, one of the oldest in New York.

The father of Dr. Hood came to Virginia, now West Virginia, when a small boy. He was a grandson of Archie Hood, who emigrated from Scotland to Pennsylvania, accompanied by two sisters. Archie Hood married and settled in Western Pennsylvania and there his son John, the grandfather of Dr. Hood, was born. J. S. Hood followed agricultural pursuits all his life, and died in June, 1901, at the age of 80 years.

Dr. Hood attended the country schools during his boyhood and then entered West Virginia University, where he graduated in 1877, with the degree of A. B., three years afterward receiving the degree of A. M. He entered Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia and graduated there with his degree of M. D. in 1880. For the succeeding seven years he engaged in a general medical practice. In 1887, after taking a special course in the Polyclinic Hospital, New York, he was elected assistant physician of the West Virginia Hospital for the Insane at Weston, West Virginia, where he remained until his resignation of the position in 1895. The same year, after taking a special course in the Post-Graduate Hospital, New York, he opened an office in Weston for general practice. In 1897, he removed to Clarksburg, Harrison County, where he now enjoys a lucrative practice. Always abreast in his profession, this last year he has taken a post-graduate course at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, New York.

Dr. Hood is a physician of high standing in his profession. He is president of the Harrison County Medical Society, and he is a member of the West Virginia State Medical Society, and of the American Medical Association, and occasionally contributes to medical literature.

In 1882 he married Dora Foreman of Harrison County, West Virginia, the only daughter of Edgar and Mary (Fleming) Foreman, the former of

whom is deceased. The latter, who resides at Shinnston, Harrison County, is a daughter of Solomon Fleming, a member of one of the old and prominent families of the State. Dr. and Mrs. Hood have had four children: Mary M., who died at the age of 11 months; Edgar F.; Robert C.; and Agnes F. Dr. Hood is fraternally connected with the I. O. O. F. He is an upright and reliable man and has met with deserved success in business and professional life.

JAMES B. MENAGER.

JAMES B. MENAGER, a prominent attorney-at-law, a leading member of the bar of West Virginia and a representative citizen of Charleston, West Virginia, was born in Mason County, Virginia, now West Virginia, October 23, 1850, and is a son of Louis B. and Cornelia (Steenbergen) Mengaer.

Louis B. Menager was of French parentage. His father, Claudius R. Menager, was one of the first settlers of Gallipolis, Ohio, coming to America and landing at Gallipolis on Sunday, October 17, 1790. He left France during the stormy and bloody period known as the French Revolution, departing from Paris shortly after the storming of the Bastile, which historical event Mary Bobin, who afterwards became his wife, witnessed, for she was then a resident of the French capital. The maternal grandfather of our subjest, Gen. Peter H. Steenbergen, was of Holland-Dutch ancestry and was an early settler in the Ohio Valley on the Virginia side, his paternal ancestor leaving a high official position in Holland to make a new home in America.

Although Grandfather Menager was a refugee and belonged to the French nobility, he became an industrious American citizen. He is thus spoken of by William G. Sibley, the author of the history of the five hundred French people, who composed this Gallipolis colony: "A high minded and honorable man was Claudi-

us R. Menager, merchant, baker, and entertainer of travelers, whose industry coupled with that of his wife, whose name was Mary Bobin, to whom he was married a month after the colony arrived, made him the richest man in the town and one of the most respected. The tenor of his life was even." His children were: Peter, Edward, Roman, Louis B. and a daughter, Mary Gabriella, who became the wife of Gen. Louis Newsom. In religious belief they were Roman Catholics, but all of their descendants are of the Protestant faith, mostly Presbyterians.

Louis B. Menager, father of our subject, was educated at Athens (Ohio) University and was engaged in commercial and agricultural pursuits through life. He took a prominent part in political movements and was identified with the Whig party, lending his voice and influence in support of its doctrines. He was firm in his denunciation of secession. Though not a lawyer, Louis B. Menager was an eloquent speaker and a great debater. His speech against the Virginia Ordinance of Secession made at the Court House at Point Pleasant, Mason County, in opposition to such distinguished lawyers as Henry I. Fisher and others is still remembered and carried the people of that county with him. Mr. Menager died in June, 1870, leaving three children as the fruits of his union with Cornelia Steenbergen, namely: Ida, wife of Dr. L. F. Campbell; James B. and Julius L. He also left a daughter by a former marriage, —Maria M., who is the wife of Rev. George T. Lyle, a Presbyterian divine.

James B. Menager was educated in private schools and at Bethany College, and also attended Washington and Lee University during the last year that Gen. Robert E. Lee was its president. Following this, he taught school one year and then began the reading of the law with Hon. C. P. T. Moore, who was judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals, and on the 25th day of February, 1872, he was admitted to the bar in West Virginia. Until March, 1903, he practiced his profession at Point Pleasant, Mason County, and then removed to Charleston where he has many legal friends and interests, being attracted to the Capitol City by its growing prosperity and prospects for future greatness.

Mr. Menager has been a general practitioner of the law and is regarded as a most able practitioner, as well as a clear, forcible and eloquent speaker. In 1880 he was elected prosecuting attorney of his na-

tive county and served for four years with distinction to himself and honor to his county. He was a presidential elector on the Republican ticket of West Virginia in 1880, receiving the largest vote cast for the electors on the Garfield and Arthur ticket in West Virginia that year. Since the administration of the late President Harrison, Mr. Menager has been active in the Democratic party. His change of political association was not so much a change of political belief as merely one of association. Mr. Menager, who was a firm believer in the "quantitative theory of money" and with others sought to accomplish that end by the free coinage of silver, recognizes now, however, that practically the same results have been reached by the present method of enlarging the volume of our currency.

On June 14, 1886, Mr. Menager married Fannie Sehon Pomeroy, who was born at Pomeroy, Ohio, a village founded by and named after her paternal grandfather. Mrs. Menager died on Tuesday, September 30, 1902; her death occurred so close to the hour of midnight that there was a conflict of opinions as to whether she died September 30th or October 1st. She left four children, Charles L., Sibyl C., Frances P. and Louis B. His wife was a lineal descendant, through her maternal ancestors, of Col. Charles Lewis, who was killed in the battle of Point Pleasant, Virginia, October 10, 1774.

In fraternal life, Mr. Menager is prominent as a member of the Masons, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows and Elks.

HON. SAMUEL GEORGE.

HON. SAMUEL GEORGE, member of the State Senate from the First Senatorial District, one of the prominent political leaders in West Virginia and president of the Wellsburg Banking & Trust Company, was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, May 23, 1827, and is a son of Thomas and Sarah (McCammon) George, both of whom were natives of

Washington County, Pennsylvania. The George family were early settlers of Western Pennsylvania. In 1832 our subject's parents removed to Brooke County, Virginia, now West Virginia, where Thomas George engaged successfully in farming and became one of the substantial citizens. He removed to Illinois in 1860 and died there at the age of 86 years. For some time he lived six miles from Bethany, the home of Alexander Campbell, founder of the Campbellite Church. His wife died at Canton, Fulton County, Illinois, at the age of 62. Samuel George was one of a family of nine children born to our subject's parents; but two are now living: Samuel; and James, who resides in Canton, Fulton County, Illinois.

Samuel George enjoyed but limited educational advantages in youth, but the school of experience has since taught him much, while his long life of activity has brought him into contact with men and made him acquainted with affairs, thus developing and ripening natural mental faculties. He was reared on his father's farm and his early outlook was the plodding life of a country agriculturist, far removed from industrial and political activities which have so closely environed him for many years. His father being not very well-to-do, our subject when 17 years old left the farm and worked as a farm laborer for seven years. In the place of the youth who spent seven precious years of his young manhood working on a farm for $2.50 a week, we find the president of one of the largest manufacturing concerns of West Virginia, which employs hundreds of skilled workmen, a capitalist in many lines of industrial activity, the president of a strong banking institution, and also the chosen representative of his party in one of the highest official positions in the party's gift. Upon his removal from Illinois to Wellsburg, Virginia, now West Virginia, he secured a situation as clerk in the grocery of Irwin & Gist. He remained in that connection two years, and then, binding himself with James Applegate, he purchased the store of his late employers, the new firm being known as Applegate & George. After seven prosperous years as a member of this firm, the partnership was dissolved and Mr. George engaged in a wool business alone for 20 years. Having acquired large means, he then entered into the banking business as proprietor of the Bank of Wellsburg, which business was conducted very successfully until a recent date when he organized the Banking & Trust Company of

Wellsburg, which succeeded to his banking business. This bank has a capital stock of $100,000 and stands very high in the business world.

In 1878 Mr. George engaged in the manufacture of paper, this venture following the disposal of his interests in the grocery business. Later, Mr. George purchased his partner's interests, and in 1892 the S. George Company was organized and incorporated with Mr. George as president. The immense plant is located near the Ohio River, at Wellsburg, and is devoted to the manufacture of paper sacks of all kinds, being one of the extensive manufacturing institutions of the city. In 1882 he engaged in the glass business, which is also an incorporated concern, in which he is the controlling factor.

Mr. George has been for many years interested in politics, and as early as 1862 he was elected sheriff of Brooke County, a position he ably filled for four years. In 1900, he was elected by the vote of the Republican party of the First Senatorial District as a member of the State Senate, to represent the counties of Hancock, Brooke and Ohio. His services in this connection were deemed so valuable that he was elected for a second term in 1902.

In 1857, Mr. George married Eleanor Miller, a native of Wellsburg, who died two and one-half years later. The two children of this union died in infancy. His second marriage was to Eliza Kimberland, of Wellsburg, and to this union were born nine children, of whom eight still survive. The record is as follows: Ella, who lives at home; Nira, who married M. L. Wells, of Wellsburg, and has three children; Bessie, who married J. F. Cree, an attorney of Wellsburg; Mary, who is the widow of William Bothwell and resides in Wellsburg; Stella, who married Lewis Zimmerman, of Steubenville, Ohio; Mattie, who lives at home; Sarah, who also lives at home; Samuel, Jr., who is in the paper mill; and Thomas, who is in the bank. Mrs. George died in 1894. Mr. George was married a third time, in 1895, to Mrs. Lucy F. Mendel (Weil) Jacobs. Mr. and Mrs. George are members of the Presbyterian Church.

Senator George has associated with him in his business enterprises some of the leading capitalists and prominent citizens of his section of the State. His personality is strong and his influence is felt as the guiding spirit in the large undertakings founded by him. At the same time, he is a man of sincerity, simple manners and pleasing personality, one whose word is a guaranty of good faith.

JOHN G. HOFFMANN, SR.

JOHN G. HOFFMANN, SR., founder of the establishment and president of the J. G. Hoffmann & Sons Company, which conducts the only tanning establishment in Wheeling, Ohio County, West Virginia, is the founder of the concern. He came from Baden, Germany, in 1844, having learned the trade of a tanner in that country. He landed at Philadelphia, where he remained until 1847, and then entered business at Wheeling, as a member of the firm of Berger & Hoffmann. He also had one brother, Frank H., deceased, who located at Wheeling, and was foreman in the business for a time. The firm of Berger & Hoffmann continued until 1876, the year which marked the inception of the firm of J. G. Hoffmann & Sons. The latter existed until 1890, and was then incorporated as J. G. Hoffmann & Sons Company, with the same officers as at the present time, namely: John G. Hoffmann, Sr., president; John G. Hoffmann, Jr., vice-president; and F. C. Hoffmann, secretary and treasurer. The Gormania tannery of Gormania, West Virginia, which is under the control of this company, is under the direct management of John G. Hoffmann, Jr. The old building at Wheeling, which is now being replaced by a new one, was built in 1856, and was partly three stories and partly two stories high. The new building which will face on Water street, will be of three stories, will have double the capacity of the old one, and will cover one block. Under capable management, the business of the firm has shown a phenomenal increase, and ranks well up with the best tanneries of the country. It is devoted mainly to the preparation of harness and sole leather, the raw material being secured through the packing establishments of Chicago. The particular brand produced is the well known "Star" oak harness leather. Wheeling with its great railroad facilities is a suitable location for this great industry. Two traveling representatives are employed

who cover the territory between California and Maine. About 300 men are employed.

In 1864 John G. Hoffmann, Sr., was a member of a company which purchased the Benwood Mill, then owned by Kelley & Brothers, which company continued until the consolidation of the Benwood, Belmont and Top mills. He was a director in the consolidated company for 28 years, and then resigned. He has also been interested in the Ætna-Standard Mill Company, of which he was one of the promoters. He was also one of the promoters of the Spears Axle Company, organized July 10, 1888, and is now serving as its president. This plant, in which his son, John G., Jr., is also interested, is located near the tannery and employs a large force of men. Mr. Hoffmann is also identified with several other lines of business. He has been connected with the National Exchange Bank of Wheeling about 49 years, and has been one of its directors for 11 years. His first location at Wheeling was on Wheeling Island, and there he conducted his tannery and resided until 1860, when he built his present residence at No. 2221 Chapline street. The firm of Berger & Hoffmann, which existed until 1876, had a leather store where Stone & Thomas' large department store now stands, and also owned two other stores adjacent. Mr. Hoffmann built one of the first houses erected on the Island, after it had been laid out in lots by Colonel Zane. The great flood of 1852 caused much loss of property on the Island. J. G. Hoffmann, Sr., is now past the age of 78 years, is hale and hearty, and possessed of the same shrewdness and general business ability which characterized his younger days. He has served very acceptably as a member of the City Council and Water Board of Wheeling, and has been identified with many other projects of vital interest to the city. He is also possessed of heavy banking and iron interests, and is in very comfortable circumstances in a financial way.

Mr. Hoffmann was united in marriage with Catherine Schlalein, who is living at the age of 73 years, and they became parents of five sons and three daughters, as follows: John G., Jr., who has also served in the City Council of Wheeling; Matilda (Zoeckler), of Deadwood, Dakota; Ella (Mabis), whose husband is manager of the Des Moines Saddlery & Hardware Company, of Des Moines, Iowa, a branch of the J. G. Hoffmann & Sons Company, which employs 175 hands; Frank C., secretary and treasurer of J. G. Hoffmann & Sons Company, who mar-

ried Miss Stamm, a daughter of Henry Stamm, of the Stamm Hotel, of Wheeling, has two daughters, Virginia E. and an infant, and resides in the Third Ward; William E., deceased, who was formerly connected with the branch house at Des Moines, and whose widow and son reside at Chicago; Peter G., who is with the branch house at Des Moines; Joseph R., who is with the company at Wheeling; and Mrs. Rosa Truschel, whose husband is in the wholesale paper business at Wheeling. Mr. Hoffmann is a stanch adherent of the principles of the Republican party. He was formerly a member of secret societies, but has not been for the past 30 years. He is a member of the Catholic Church.

CAPT. EDWARD MUHLEMAN, a prominent citizen and business man of Wheeling, Ohio County, was born in Monroe County, Ohio, April 6, 1844, and is a son of Frederick Muhleman.

Frederick Muhleman was born in Switzerland, and when he came to this country located in Monroe County, Ohio, where he lived upon one farm 51 years. He died in March, 1884, at the age of 72 years. He was a pioneer flatboat man, gathering his crops in the fall and flatboating them to New Orleans. He succeeded fairly well, some trips being good ones, while others were losing ventures. He gave that line of business up in 1842. His wife died in February, 1898, at the age of 77 years. She was a lifelong member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a very devout woman. Her home was the transient quarters for the Methodist circuit riders, and she will long be remembered for her many motherly admonitions and acts of kindness. Though dead, her good example and devout Christian character are a legacy to those still on the stage of action. Eight children were born to Mr and Mrs. Muhleman, as follows: Edward; Robert W., a physician of Bellaire, Ohio; Charles L., a physician of Parkersburg; Henry, auditor of Monroe County, Ohio, for many years, who finally located at Bridgeport as a bookkeeper in the glass works, and died there in 1897, at the age of 43 years; Mary, wife of W. B. O'Neill, of Marietta, Ohio; Caroline, wife of A. W. Voegtly, of Gas City, Indiana; Sarah, who was a teacher for some years, and who became the companion of her mother prior to the latter's death, and now resides at Hannibal, Ohio; and Emma, widow of Prof. C. F. Paulus, who was the leading professor in Baldwin University, having charge of the

German department and some branches in the English department,—Mrs. Paulus now resides in Chicago, Illinois.

Edward Muhleman attended Baldwin University from 1859 to 1862, and on July 26th of the latter year enlisted in Company E, 116th Reg., Ohio Vol. Inf., as a private, and served in the Shenandoah Valley, under Generals Milroy, Schenck, Sigel, Hunter and Sheridan. He was made 1st sergeant, then 2d lieutenant, and at the same time was acting adjutant. From 1864 until the close of the war he was detailed as an acting signal officer in the signal service. He participated in the principal battles in the Shenandoah Valley, and was never wounded or taken prisoner. After the war he engaged in steamboating on the Ohio, between Wheeling, Cincinnati, St. Louis and New Orelans, and followed that from 1870 to 1881. He was clerk on the steamers "Major Anderson" and the "Andes," also the "New Andes." From 1881 to 1883 he managed the McLure House, and from the latter date until 1888 managed the Elson Glass Works at Martin's Ferry. From 1889 to 1901 he managed the Crystal Glass Works at Bridgeport, Ohio, and at the present time is organizing a new company to build and operate, at Bellaire, the largest glass works in this section. He has a thorough understanding of the business, and his success in the new venture is assured.

In 1886 Mr. Muhleman was united in marriage with Juliet McLure, a daughter of the late Captain John and Elizabeth McLure. They have one daughter, Helen. Mr. Muhleman takes much interest in politics, and generally votes the Republican ticket. He is one of the prominent business men of Wheeling, and a most worthy citizen.

RICHARD H. CRAMER, M. D.

RICHARD H. CRAMER, M. D., a physician and surgeon of New Cumberland, Hancock County, West Virginia, was born in Williamsburg, Blair County, Pennsylvania, September 28,

1868, and is a son of Eli V. and Mary (Stansbury) Cramer and a grandson of Isaac and Mary (Hopkins) Cramer.

Dr. Cramer's ancestry has been distinguished for patriotic services in the different wars of this country. His great-grandfather, Isaiah Cramer, fought under Washington with the American forces during the Revolutionary war and his grandfather, Isaac Cramer, served in the War of 1812. His father, Eli V. Cramer, served in the Mexican War, as a member of Company H, 7th Pennsylvania Infantry, taking part under General Scott in the successful siege and capture of the city of Mexico. In the Civil War Eli V. Cramer was a member of Company C, 148th Reg., Pennsylvania Vol. Inf.

Our subject's parents were born, reared and married in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. They removed to Blair County in 1864, where Mr. Cramer owned and operated the Elizabeth Furnace. He died at Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania, January 30, 1899, aged 78 years. His widow still survives, aged 59 years.

Dr. Cramer is one of a family of 11 children born to his parents, the second in order of birth, the others being: Harry O., of Irvona, Pennsylvania; Jesse, of Crafton, Pennsylvania; William and Victor, of Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania; Blanche, wife of Andrew Jackson, of Marionville, Pennsylvania; Walter, of Burgettstown, Pennsylvania; Annie, who is living at home at Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania; Zoe, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; and Edwin and Leila, of Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania.

Dr. Cramer's parents located at Cherry Tree when he was a lad and in that vicinity he had his first schooling. His brother was the editor of the *Burgettstown Enterprise* and the youth secured employment on that paper and learned the business. He then began the study of medicine, and in 1892 entered the University of Pennsylvania where he was graduated in 1895, with the degree of M. D. In May of the same year he located at New Cumberland and has since been engaged in practice in that vicinity, each year having a wider and more lucrative field.

On June 2, 1896, Dr. Cramer was married to Ellen McCabe, of Burgettstown, Pennsylvania, who is a daughter of John and Charlotte (Porter) McCabe, the former of whom is engaged in the grocery business. Dr. Cramer is an elder in the Presbyterian Church and both he and his wife are active members. He is president of the Board of Education of New Cum-

berland, is a member of the West Virginia State Medical Society, the Mississippi Valley Medical Society and the American Medical Association, and of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Stella Lodge, No. 47. In politics he is a Republican.

WILLIAM BURDETTE MATHEWS.

WILLIAM BURDETTE MATHEWS, clerk of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, a leading member of the bar, and a prominent citizen of Charleston, Kanawha County, was born in Marshall County, West Virginia, August 27, 1866, and is a son of C. C. and Esther J. (Scott) Mathews.

W. B. Mathews received his education in the public schools of West Virginia, and at Waynesburg (Pennsylvania) College, from which he graduated in 1886. He then taught for several terms, and in 1890 entered the law department of the Columbian University, at Washington, D. C., taking both the bachelor's and master's degree in law, and two years later, in 1892, was admitted to the bar. After four years of successful practice in Washington, D. C., he returned to his native county, and opened a law office at Moundsville, but in 1897 he was appointed chief clerk in the State Auditor's office, under Auditor La Follette, and removed to Charleston, the capital of the State. Later he was re-appointed by Auditor Arnold C. Scherr, resigning the position in order to accept that of Assistant Attorney General under Attorney General Freer. In 1902, when the vacancy arose, by the resignation of Gen. J. A. Holley, clerk of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, Mr. Mathews was considered the best equipped man for this responsible position and he was immediately appointed to fill the vacancy. In this position he is making a most creditable record.

He has long been an active and zealous supporter of the principles of the Republican party, and at various

times has been honored with offices of trust, in all of which he has displayed excellent judgment, and in none more so than as a member of the finance committee, while a councilman from the Fifth Ward, in the Common Council of the city of Charleston. Mr. Mathews was president of the State League of Republican Clubs when it met at Parkersburg in 1900, and delivered the opening address at that large and enthusiastic meeting.

On October 25, 1900, Mr. Mathews was united in marriage with Elizabeth Blundon, of Charleston, West Virginia, and a daughter, Sarah Esther, was born to this union, on December 29, 1902. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mathews are prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He served as a lay delegate to the General Conference of that church, held in May, 1900, at Chicago, Illinois, and was on the program of the International Epworth League Convention held at San Francisco, California, in 1901. Mr. Mathews has been prominent in Masonry, and is a member of La Fayette Lodge, No. 19, A. F. & A. M., of Washington; of Tyrean Chapter, No. 13, R. A. M., of Charleston, and is also past captain of Gen. B. F. Kelly Camp, Sons of Veterans, of Moundsville, West Virginia.

CAPT. WILLIAM SMITH.

CAPT. WILLIAM SMITH is probably the strongest character whose memory has ever been impressed upon the citizens of Mercer County, West Virginia. He was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, in 1774, and when a mere lad removed with his father, Isaac Smith, to what is now Giles County, Virginia. He was descended from a hardy English stock, that had fought under Cromwell, and settled in Virginia shortly after the accession of Charles II.

Capt. William Smith, when young, bore a part, in the Kanawha Valley, in the Indian war then pending. When the county of Giles was formed, in 1806, he was appointed one of its first

set of magistrates. For 13 years he served as a member of the Virginia General Assembly, representing Giles County. He was largely instrumental in forming the county of Mercer, in 1837, and in 1838 he laid out, on lands belonging to him, the town of Princeton, the county seat of Mercer, donating to the public the beautiful public square and town spring, still in use.

From that time Captain Smith made the new town his home, and was a prominent and leading figure in the town's life; there was never a thought of disputing his decisions as a magistrate. Some of his wise sayings may still be heard throughout the county, many of them being aphorisms full of wisdom. When some of the older residents remark that "the law is nothing but common sense," or "an ounce of fear is worth a pound of love, at any time," the stranger may feel sure he is listening to one of the shrewd remarks of this venerated father of the town. After a long, happy and useful life of 84 years, he passed away. In memory of his public services the County Court caused his portrait to be placed in the Court House, an honor never conferred on any other citizen of the county. This portrait was unfortunately destroyed by fire, when the town was burned in 1862, and we have been necessitated to use an inferior one. Although the world is often forgetful of its heroes, the esteem and respectful remembrance in which this old pioneer is still held by his fellow citizens does much to prove that sterling traits of character and true worth sometimes erect monuments more valuable than those made of granite and marble.

COL. A S. HUTSON.

COL. A. S. HUTSON, Assistant Adjutant General of the State of West Virginia, and a popular and much esteemed citizen of Charleston, Kanawha County, was born October 10, 1866, near Cumberland, Maryland, where his father is engaged in agricultural pur-

suits. He is a son of Henry and Frances (Downey) Hutson, the former of whom was born in Maryland, and the latter in West Virginia.

Colonel Hutson was primarily educated in the local schools of his native State and received higher instruction in the Allegany Academy at Cumberland, Maryland, spending some three years there in study. During the two years following he assisted in the operation of the family estate and then, in 1882, went to Piedmont, Mineral County, West Virginia, where he was employed with the Black, Sheridan & Wilson Coal Company. In 1898, he left there and was made captain of Company H, 2nd Regiment, West Virginia Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, for service in the Spanish-American War. His command was stationed at Greenville, South Carolina, where it remained about one year.

Upon his return to West Virginia, Colonel Hutson located at Charleston, in April, 1899. In December, 1891, he enlisted as a private in the West Virginia National Guards and received promotions until he had the rank of colonel, and was then appointed Assistant Adjutant General of the State, a position he fills with credit.

In 1891 Colonel Hutson was united in marriage with Elizabeth Walker, who is a native of Maryland; her mother is a lineal descendant of the historic Allen family of England.

DAVID M. SHIRKEY.

DAVID M. SHIRKEY, clerk of the Circuit Court of Kanawha County, West Virginia, and a prominent citizen of Charleston, was born January 14, 1860, and is a son of John G. and Martha (Matheney) Shirkey, both of whom are natives of Kanawha County. John G. Shirkey followed teaching practically all his life, and became a very well known and much valued educator. His death occurred at Graham Mines, September 25, 1887. His widow still survives and is a resident of Charleston.

David M. Shirkey was educated in

the Kanawha County select schools, and received many advantages on account of having an educator for his father. While still in his minority, he began teaching also, and continued in the profession for a period of 19 years. In the meantime, like every intelligent and public spirited citizen, he became deeply interested in political questions. In the spring of 1894 he began the reading of the law, in the office of L. E. and H. C. McWhorter, but for the following two years he devoted only his summers to its study, teaching through the winter seasons. Later he spent two summers with Judge Hall and he was admitted to the bar and began practicing in Charleston. In 1898 he was appointed special deputy collector of the internal revenue, and later was elected to his present position of clerk of the Circuit Court, taking his seat January 1, 1903.

Mr. Shirkey belongs to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and takes an active interest in the workings of his lodge.

CAPT. RAYNER BROOKFIELD, a well known citizen of Smithfield, Wetzel County, West Virginia, and a survivor of the Civil War, was born July 20, 1844, at Newbern, North Carolina, and is a son of John A. and Jane (Butler) Brookfield, the former of whom was a native of New Jersey and the latter of North Carolina.

John A. Brookfield, the father of our subject, was the commander of a merchant vessel engaged in a coastwise trade between New York and the West Indies. His life was one of adventure. He served in the War of 1812 on an American privateer and was captured by the British and confined on a prison ship until the close of hostilities. He is supposed to have been lost in the wreck of his vessel, the "Planet," off Cape Hatteras, at about the age of 62 years. His wife died in 1864, during an epidemic of yellow fever, aged 60 years. The five children of the family were: Rachel, a resident of Newbern, North Carolina; Jacob, who was killed in 1864, at the age of 26, at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, being captain of Company D, 5th North Carolina Regiment; Harriet, who married Capt. H. O. Brown, a civil engineer at Newbern, North Carolina; Rayner, of this sketch; and John, who resides in Texas.

Captain Brookfield was reared in North Carolina and was educated in private schools and in Newbern Academy. When the Civil War broke out, he was clerking in a local store. His

brother was made captain of the company and our subject, then but 16 years of age, determined to enter it for army service, but he was not permitted to regularly enlist until March, 1862. He was made sergeant-major on the same day and in June of the same year was made 2nd lieutenant and a few months later was commissioned captain of Company C, 5th North Carolina Regiment. Although no doubt the youngest officer of that rank in the Confederate Army, his ability and gallantry made the "Boy Captain" known through every regiment. He participated in many of the fiercest battles of the war from Bull Run to Appomattox, and suffered severely. Until he was wounded first at Seven Pines, he served under General Johnston; afterwards he served under General Lee to the close of the war. At Cold Harbor he received a minie ball in the shoulder, which he carried seven years before the surgeons were able to extract it, but his most serious wound was on the terrible day at Spottsylvania, May 11, 1864, his brother being killed on the following day, when a minie ball so shattered his left knee that it was found necessary to amputate the leg the same day. He had been taken prisoner, was sent to Washington and there it was found that the hasty field operation had to be gone over again, when three inches more were removed. The brave boy captain was then sent to a Philadelphia hospital and later was confined for six months in the Seminary Hospital at Georgetown.

At the close of the war, Captain Brookfield returned to North Carolina and was appointed register of deeds of Craven County, and served in that capacity until April, 1868. After a few months in Washington, D. C., engaged in a mercantile line, he went to Fauquier County, Virginia, and engaged in farming from 1870 to 1884, in the latter year moving to Salisbury, North Carolina, and in 1895 removing to Smithfield. He became bookkeeper for Mr. Smith and had charge of the post office. In 1898 he became bookkeeper in the Bank of Smithfield and has been engaged in this line ever since. Captain Brookfield has many friends and a host of old comrades who delight to tell of his youthful bravery.

While in the hospital Captain Brookfield became acquainted with A. J. Smith, an officer of the Confederate Army, and accompanied the latter to his pleasant and hospitable home in Fauquier County, Virginia, meeting there the estimable sister of his host, Mary B. Smith, who, on April 20, 1870, became his wife. The five chil-

dren born to Captain and Mrs. Brookfield are: Emma, the widow of Prof. John N. Carroll, of Caldwell, Texas; Mary Baker, at home; John William, a resident of Pine Grove, West Virginia: Inez Parker, a teacher in the Smithfield schools; and Paul Virginia. In politics Captain Brookfield has always been identified with the Democratic party. The family belong to the Presbyterian Church.

R. A. HAYNES, M. D.

R. A. HAYNES, M. D., vice president of the West Virginia Medical Association and a prominent physician and surgeon of Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia, was born July 22, 1867, in Greenbrier County, this State, and is a son of Rev. James and Susan E. (Shanklin) Haynes. Dr. Haynes comes of pioneer stock on both paternal and maternal sides.

The Haynes family is of Germanic origin, although the original spelling of the family name was without the final "s." It is presumed that the family settled in the American colonies some years prior to the Revolutionary War. In that struggle for American independence, Isaac Hayne, the great-great-grandfather of our subject, was a soldier of the rank and file, as were also his seven sons. It is tradition in the family that Isaac Hayne distinguished himself by some act of bravery during the Revolution and was rewarded with a commission, in which his name was written Haynes instead of Hayne. His family, since then, have always held to the name of Haynes. Not a great deal is known of his seven sons, except William, who was the next in direct line of descent to the subject of this sketch. The facts in regard to Charles, Benjamin, Joseph and Moses Haynes, sons of Isaac Haynes, are quite meager. All that is known of Charles is that he was married November 24, 1781, to Mary Dixon, of Greenbrier. Benjamin belonged to Gen-

eral Morgan's legion of riflemen, and is traditionally remembered as a rollicking, hardy, stout young man. After the Revolution, he lived and died on Jackson River, about nine miles below Covington, Virginia. Joseph also lived and died on Jackson River. On April 5, 1782, he was married to Barbara Riffe, of Greenbrier. The late Major Haynes who lived near Oakland, in Alleghany County, was a son, and Col. Charles Haynes of the "Stonewall Brigade," who died some 20 or 25 years ago, was a grandson. Moses settled in Tennessee at an early date, but no special knowledge of his branch of the family can be gleaned.

William Haynes, the great-grandfather of our subject, was born December 18, 1763, and settled in Monroe (then Greenbrier) County, on a farm between "Gap Mills" and the Sweet Springs. About the year 1795, Mr. Haynes removed to another farm (now Robert McNutt's) at the foot of Little Mountain, near "Gap Mills." At this point he farmed until his death, which occurred May 1, 1819. Here, too, his wife, who was Catherine Shanklin, of Botetourt County, Virginia, died in June, 1812. In early life, William Haynes was a merchant, but he soon gave up that occupation for farming. Dr. McElhenney says: "The first family I visited in the field of my mission (Greenbrier and Monroe) was that of William Haynes, in the 'Gap,' in Monroe County, and in his house I delivered my first sermon on the west side of the Alleghany." Four sons and one daughter made up William Haynes' family, as follows: James Madison, born February 17, 1794; Agnes D., born April 2, 1797; Andrew S., born May 11, 1799; William P., born August 2, 1802; and Thomas N., born August 9, 1805. Agnes D. Haynes was married in the winter of 1819 to Michael Erskine, of Monroe. Her husband, after many removals, settled in Guadalupe County, Texas, where she died, leaving five sons,—John, Andrew, William, Michael and Alexander,—and five daughters,—Catherine, Margaret, Malinda, Ellen and Agnes. Andrew S. Haynes had only fairly commenced business at the old homestead (the McNutt farm) when he died, February 14, 1824. William P. Haynes, after leaving Lewisburg Academy, where all the children of William Haynes were educated, graduated in medicine in Philadelphia and fixed upon Alabama as the field best suited to the practice of his profession; but death. in the month of November, 1825, nipped his promises of usefulness in the very flower of his

youth. Thomas N. Haynes also graduated in medicine in Philadelphia, and practiced for a short time in Monroe County with success and acceptability. He went to various parts of the South, and died about 30 years ago in Texas, having been greatly afflicted with rheumatism. His practice was almost relinquished in his middle and later life. He was never married.

James Madison Haynes followed farming more or less all his life—nine years on the McNutt farm and then 10 years on the present site of Rowan's woolen factory, on Second Creek, in Monroe County. In the fall of 1840 he removed to the Greenbrier River, five miles below Alderson, where, after years of suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, he died January 4, 1858. For a long time, Mr. Haynes was a magistrate of Monroe County, often a commissioner of the court, and in a great many cases was selected as an arbitrator of differences between his fellow citizens. Though often most earnestly solicited to represent his county in the Legislature, he steadfastly refused to become a candidate. James Madison Haynes was married September 10, 1821, at Union, Monroe County, to Isabella Dunlap, and they had six children who attained to adult age: Capt. William Haynes, of Summers County, deceased in March, 1897, who held many offices of trust before and after the war, having been a member, from Summers County, of the West Virginia Convention of 1871 to revise the State Constitution; Alexander D. Haynes, who was a successful merchant of Red Sulphur Springs, represented Monroe County in the Legislature of Virginia in 1856, and died at Red Sulphur Springs November 14, 1857; Robert P. Haynes, who was a major of militia before the war, entered the regular service of the Confederacy in the 26th Batallion of Virginia Infantry, was captured at Cold Harbor, and a few days after the battle was killed by a railroad collision, July 16, 1864, while on his way to Elmira, New York, as a prisoner of war; Rev. James Haynes was the fourth son, and mention of his life is given elsewhere in this sketch; Catherine, who lived with her brother, James; and Mrs. Jane A. Caraway, wife of William Caraway, of Alderson.

Rev. James Haynes, the father of our subject, entered Washington College in 1855, and graduated in 1859. He then entered Union Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, and was graduated in 1862, being licensed by the Greenbrier Presbytery the same year, at Muddy Creek, and

ordained the following year in the Lewisburg Presbyterian Church. After preaching one year at Anthony's Creek, he entered the Confederate Army as chaplain in the spring of 1863, and continued as such until the close of the war. He preached at Muddy Creek from 1865 to 1870, when he was placed in charge of an evangelical field in Fayette County for two years, making his home at Gauley Bridge. He later resided at Cotton Hill, Fayette County, but died in 1900, at St. Clair, Tennessee, possessing the respect and confidence of fellow workers of the church, both clergy and laity. He married Susan E. Shanklin, who still survives and is a resident of St. Clair, Tennessee. She is a daughter of Andrew Davison Shanklin, who was born in Monroe County, near Greenville, West Virginia, and was a son of one of the early pioneers of that section. Andrew Davison Shanklin's father was born July 13, 1777, and soon after his marriage, May 18, 1802, to Polly Shirky, settled on Indian Creek, Monroe County, Virginia, now West Virginia. He was the first settler in that section, and raised a family of 10 children, namely: Agnes Davison, Elizabeth Poage, Richard Vare, James, Sarah, John Shirky, Andrew Davison, Nicholas, William Frazier, and Mary Ann. The Shanklin family came from the Valley of Virginia and settled in Monroe County when it was practically a wilderness. The old Shanklin stone house is still standing on Indian Creek. Andrew Davison Shanklin lived and died on a part of the old home place in Monroe County, and his one child was Susan E., who married Rev. James Haynes. In the early "fifties" Andrew Davison Shanklin journeyed west and took up land in Central Indiana, which he sold at the beginning of the Civil War. His sister, Mrs. Andrew Young, took up 1,000 acres of land in Indiana, a part of which tract is now included in the limits of the city of Logansport.

Dr. Haynes was the third member of a family of 12 children born to his parents, the others being: James Madison, deceased; Davison Shanklin, of Evansville, Indiana; Rebecca, of St. Clair, Tennessee; Agnes, of Tennessee; William M., of Fairmont, West Virginia; Andrew Nelson, who died aged three years; Mary, of Clarksburg, West Virginia; Herbert H., of Evansville, Indiana; and Susan, Aurelia and Ella, of St. Clair, Tennessee. Dr. Haynes was reared in Greenbrier and Fayette counties and also spent a portion of time with his maternal grandfather in Monroe County. His gen-

eral training and medical education were carefully attended to, the former in private and public schools and the latter in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, Maryland. He was graduated in the class of 1896, at the latter institution. Prior to this, he had hospital experience, being secretary of the board of directors of the West Virginia Insane Hospital at Weston, and was connected with it from 1888 to 1895. After graduating, he engaged in the practice of his profession at Weston, for 18 months, and on November 1, 1897, located at Clarksburg. Dr. Haynes has taken advantage of every opportunity to perfect his skill and knowledge, and in 1901 took a special course in surgery at the New York Post-Graduate and Polyclinic schools.

On October 15, 1896, Dr. Haynes married Hattie Gaylord, of Weston, West Virginia, and two daughters have been born to them, Aurelia Christine and Harriet Jean. Dr. Haynes belongs to the county and State medical associations and is the active and efficient vice president of the latter. His ability is very generally recognized in his locality, and he is numbered among the representative professional men of Harrison County.

CYRUS OSCAR STRIEBY.

CYRUS OSCAR STRIEBY, a well known and successful legal practitioner of Davis, Tucker County, West Virginia, was born in 1866, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and is a son of Henry J. and Rachel (Ridge) Strieby, the former of whom was also born at Williamsport, and the latter in Tioga County, Pennsylvania.

Henry J. Strieby was born at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, in 1835, and now resides at his pleasant country home in Hampshire County, West Virginia. He was a school teacher in his earlier years and at one time served as auditor of Lycoming County, Pennsylvania. Later he engaged in milling and farming, but now lives retired. His

political sympathy is with the Democratic party. The mother of our subject was born in 1843 in Tioga County, Pennsylvania. Both Mr. and Mrs. Strieby belong to the Lutheran Church. They reared six children,—three sons and three daughters.

Cyrus Oscar Strieby was educated in the common schools of his native locality and at the Muncy Normal School, and then accompanied his parents to Hampshire County, West Virginia. There he taught in the district schools for three years, and one year in Morgan County and then took a four-year course in the Susquehannah University, and was graduated in 1889. Removing then to Tucker County as a teacher, one year later he entered the office of W. B. Maxwell, with whom he read law for six months, continuing a study to which he had already given much attention. In December, 1890, he was admitted to the bar and began practice in Tucker County in 1891. For three years he was in partnership with W. B. Maxwell, but now conducts an individual practice which is in every way satisfactory. He enjoys a large local practice in Tucker County, which occasionally extends beyond its limits into the adjoining counties. He also has a good practice in the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, which has been marked by a high degree of success.

On April 16, 1896, Mr. Strieby was married to Addie Adams, who was born in St. George, Tucker County, in 1871, and is a daughter of John J. and Angelica Adams. The children born to this union are: Elenora and Ruth. Mr. Strieby is identified with the Democratic party. Both he and his wife belong to the Lutheran Church.

CHARLES WESLEY RIGGS, M. D.

CHARLES WESLEY RIGGS, M. D., who since 1898 has been established in successful practice of medicine at Cameron, Marshall County, West Virginia, was born in 1866 in

Pleasant Valley, Marshall County, West Virginia, and is a son of Simeon and Mary Ann (Ogle) Riggs, the former of whom was also born in Pleasant Valley, and died in 1898, aged 58 years. Simeon Riggs' business life was spent as merchant, farmer and salesman. He was identified in politics with the Republican party. The mother of Dr. Riggs was born at Rock Lick, Marshall County, and passed away in her 42nd year. Both parents were consistent members of the Methodist Church. They had a family of four children born to them, namely: Charles Wesley, Ermina L., wife of Bruce Crow, Laban A. and Elsie May, an infant, deceased.

Dr. Riggs secured his literary education at West Liberty and Moundsville and prepared for college under Dr. William Woodruff, at Limestone. In 1894 he entered Starling Medical College from which he was graduated in 1900. Having registered both in Ohio and in West Virginia, he entered at once upon the practice of his profession. He located first at Piney Fork, Wetzel County, but in 1898 removed to Cameron and was cordially welcomed and has practiced there with success ever since. He was appointed by Governor A. B. White as a delegate to the third annual session of the American Congress of Tuberculosis, held in the city of New York on May 14-15-16, 1902, in joint session with the Medico-Legal Society.

In 1898 Dr. Riggs married Sarah Alice Smart, who was born in Pleasant Valley in 1877, and is a daughter of John and Sarah (Terrill) Smart. One child, Edna Theodosia, was born, April 9, 1901. Mrs. Riggs was reared in the Christian Church, but the Doctor is a Baptist. In politics he adheres to the principles of the Republican party. He is fraternally connected with various secret organizations in which his pleasing personality makes him popular.

GEORGE L. ZOECKLER.—Stall No. 21, of the Second Ward Market, at Fulton, Ohio County, West Virginia, has been longer occupied than any in the town. It may also be said that there is no busier center of activity, for the enterprising proprietor understands the advertising value of business integrity, and likewise provides meats and provisions of such excellent quality as to find ready market among the best livers of the vicinity. Much of the success of Mr. Zoeckler may be attributed to those reliable traits of character handed down from an indutrious German ancestry, although he

is a native of Wheeling, where he was born in 1858.

His father, also named George, was born in Grunberg, Hessen-Darmstadt, Germany, and came to America with his parents in 1850 when but 18 years of age.

George Zoeckler readily adapted himself to American conditions, and became widely known in Wheeling and Fulton. He was the originator of the business now conducted by his son, and during his entire active life was engaged in the meat business. At his shop near Fulton he carried on a satisfactory trade, and also became interested in politics; he was one of the bulwarks of the Republican party in his section. He possessed shrewd ability in various directions, and his life, terminated November 17, 1891, at the age of 58 years, might well have extended its usefulness for yet another score. Mrs. Zoeckler, who was formerly Catherine Grimmel, was also born in Hessen-Darmstadt, came to America in 1852, and is at present 67 years of age. Aside from her son, George L., her daughter, Minnie (Mrs. John Roth), also lives in Fulton, the latter being the wife of one of the Roth brothers, engaged in the feed business.

In 1889 George L. Zoeckler succeeded to his father's business, which he at once proceeded to enlarge and conduct according to the most modern and approved methods. At present he is able to employ five assistants, and aside from a large wholesale business runs two wagons to Wheeling and vicinity twice a week, to supply his patrons in the city. The butchering is done at his own slaughter houses and he packs some meat, having two large ice-houses. The capacity of the establishment varies according to the weather and time of the year.

The Zoeckler home in Fulton is a fine and hospitable place. It is presided over by Mrs. Zoeckler, formerly Emma Ebeling, who was born in December, 1857, and is a daughter of August Ebeling, one of the early residents of Ohio County. Seven children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Zoeckler, as follows: Oscar, who is 21 years of age, and assists his father in his business; John, who is 19 years old, and also works with his father; Eddie, who is 11 years of age, and George, Jr., who is nine years old, both of whom are attending school; Clyde Ebeling and Harry, who died at an early age; and Katie, who died of diphtheria when 10 years of age. Politically Mr. Zoeckler is a Republican, and cast his first presidential vote for Garfield. On several occasions his fellow townsmen

have demonstrated their confidence by electing him to positions of trust, and he has been a member of the City Council of Fulton a number of times. His father was at first a Democrat, but later gave his allegiance to the Republican party. An interesting item in connection with this early pioneer is the fact that he bought the first $500 bond at Wheeling during the progress of the Civil War. The entire Zoeckler family are members of St. John's German Independent Protestant Church.

COL. JAMES HENRY MILLER.

COL. JAMES HENRY MILLER, a member of the law firm of Miller & Read, of Hinton, Summers County, West Virginia, was born December 29, 1856, on Lick Creek, at Green Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County, Virginia, now West Virginia. He is a son of William Erskine and Sarah Barbara (McNeer) Miller, both of whom were born in Virginia.

The Miller family originated in Ireland and its first representative in this country was Mr. Miller's great-great-grandfather, who immigrated to America from Ireland. Our subject's great-grandfather, Patrick Miller, was born on the voyage between Ireland and America. James Henry Miller's ancestors settled on the present site of Staunton, Virginia. John Miller, son Patrick Miller, was born in Bath County, Virginia, and settled in Greenbrier County shortly after the Revolutionary War. He married Jane Hodge of Bath County and they reared a family of 11 children, none of whom survive.

William Erskine Miller, son of John Miller, and father of the subject of these lines, was born in that part of Greenbrier County that is now included in Summers County, and spent his whole life there, dying in 1900, aged 74 years. He married Sarah Barbara McNeer, who was born in Monroe County, being a daughter of Richard McNeer, of Scotch descent. Her death took place in 1896 at the age of 68 years.

James Henry Miller is the third

member of a family of four children born to his parents, namely: Mary B., of Hinton, West Virginia; C. L., of Foss, Summers County; James Henry; and A. E., who is general manager of the New River Grocery Company (wholesale) at Hinton. Mr. Miller was educated in the public schools and graduated at the Concord Normal School in 1880, following which he taught school in the free schools of his county for some 30 months. He entered upon the reading of the law with Hon. W. W. Adams, of Hinton, and took a course at the University of Virginia. In 1881 he was admitted to the bar and entered upon the practice of the law in partnership with Hon. Ellert Fowler, and later, after Mr. Fowler's death, with his preceptor, Hon. W. W. Adams. Upon the death of the latter, he formed a partnership with Thomas N. Read, the present style of the firm being Miller & Read.

On February 1, 1882, Mr. Miller was united in marriage with Jane T. Miller, of Gauley Bridge, Fayette County, West Virginia, and four children have been born to this union: Grace Chapman, Jean, Daisy and James H., Jr. Mr. Miller has been prominently identified with the public school system, and in 1881 entered upon one term's service as county superintendent. In 1884 he was made regent of the State Normal schools, and served through two appointments. In 1881 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Summers County and served through four terms,—16 years. He also served several years as fish commissioner. He has been very prominent in the Democratic party, was nominated for State Auditor on the Democratic ticket in 1900, was chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee in the campaign of 1900 and is the present chairman and was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, held in Chicago in 1896, which nominated W. J. Bryan. For a space of 14 years he served as chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of the Third Congressional District of West Virginia. In 1892 he was chosen as the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Third Congressional District, and in the election following reduced the normal Republican majority about 3,000 votes.

Mr. Miller is a Mason of high degree, and is also a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Improved Order of Red Men and Ancient Order of United Workmen. He has long been identified with the National Guards of West Virginia and was the organizer

of the Hinton Light Infantry Guards, of which he served as captain until August 15, 1889, when he was made lieutenant-colonel. This honorable rank he resigned on account of press of private business. He is held in high esteem in Hinton and is regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in his section of the State.

HON. WILLIAM GRAY BARNHART.

HON. WILLIAM GRAY BARNHART, member of the West Virginia House of Delegates, from Red House Shoals, Putnam County, a lawyer by profession and one of the ablest young legislators of the State, was born April 15, 1880, near Buffalo, Putnam County, and is a son of Lewis and Isabel Barnhart, and grandson of Stephen and Perthana Barnhart.

The Barnhart family is of German extraction, the pioneers settling in New Jersey in the early history of that settlement and their descendants going thence westward to Lancaster, Washington and Greene counties, Pennsylvania, and to Ohio and Illinois.

Lewis Barnhart was born April 23, 1850, in Greene County, Pennsylvania. His mother died when he was seven years of age. He resided with his grandparents, going to school, doing chores, etc., during the Civil War period, and then returned to his father in Marshall County, West Virginia, and removed from there to Putnam County. He was ambitious and managed, by further study during intervals of farm work, to secure a good, common-school education, and at the age of 25 years held a State teacher's certificate, and at the age of 27 years was admitted to the bar. He was elected county superintendent of free schools soon after. Mr. Barnhart has for many years devoted himself to the law and to the sale of real estate. In politics he is a Democrat and has taken an active part in politics. The mother of our subject was born in 1852 in Marshall County, Virginia, now West Vir-

ginia, and is a daughter of William I. and Eliza A. Hartley. In 1870 she was united in marriage with Lewis Barnhart. She is a devout member of the Christian Church. In addition to being a successful attorney, Lewis Barnhart is also a civil engineer and has had completed a fine map of Putnam County, which he surveyed, on which are located the district outlines, the villages, roads, streams, and the industries of the county. He is fraternally connected with Wilkes Lodge, No. 60, Knights of Pythias, at Winfield.

Hon. William G. Barnhart was educated in the common schools, and began teaching at the age of 17 years, at the same time beginning the reading of the law with his father. After a short course in the law department at the West Virginia University, he was admitted to the bar, and located at Winfield, the county seat of Putnam County. In the spring of 1902 he was nominated by the Democratic party for the House of Delegates, and was elected, in a Republican district of 460 plurality, by a majority of 360 over Hon. James H. Collins, one of the best known Republicans in the district, who had already served two terms in the Legislature.

Mr. Barnhart is a clear and forcible speaker, a thinker of unusual ability and an active member of the House. His rapid rise in his profession and in public esteem are but indications of still higher honors awaiting him in the future.

TIMOTHY LAWRENCE BARBER, A. M., M. D.

TIMOTHY LAWRENCE BARBER, A. M., M. D., a prominent physician and surgeon of Charleston, West Virginia, was born in Plymouth, Indiana, October 4, 1853. He is a son of Daniel and Ann (Hulverson) Barber, the former of English descent, the latter, a native of Norway.

The Barber family is an old one and was founded in America by an an-

cestor who came to Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1630, and was one of the first settlers at Windsor, Connecticut. He was prominent in the early Indian wars and many of the family were engaged in the Revolutionary War and held conspicuous positions in professional and military life.

The grandfather of Dr. Barber was Timothy Barber, who settled at Syracuse, New York, when it was but a crossroads. Later he moved his family west and settled on the land where Chicago now stands, but finding it a marshy, unpromising field for farming, he removed back into the northern part of Indiana, and settled in Marshall County, where he remained some years and where his children continued to live. He went back to New York State, and not long after lost his life in an accident.

Daniel Barber, the father of Dr. Barber, grew to manhood in Marshall County, Indiana, and became the owner of a moderate estate. He married a daughter of one of the sturdy Norwegian families that settled in the same county, and there reared a family of six children, one of whom, Levi, died there in infancy. Business misfortunes deprived him of all his belongings in Indiana, and he removed with his family of five children to Dodge County, Wisconsin, living at Mayville, Horicon and Beaver Dam (1864-67). Besides being a farmer in Indiana, he ran a flouring mill, which trade he followed in his Wisconsin homes. While residing in Wisconsin, his eldest daughter, Sophia, was married to William H. Roper, who removed with her to Emmetsburg, Iowa, where she died. With the rest of his family, Daniel Barber went to Petroleum Center, Pennsylvania, to join a brother, Levi Barber, who was engaged in refining oil. After a couple of years' stay there a disastrous oil fire destroyed the plant and killed his brother. He then took his family back to Plymouth, Indiana, where he lived till his death, in 1871, his wife surviving him but a year.

The only schooling Dr. Barber had was that afforded in the public schools of the various localities in which he lived, until, upon the invitation of a relative at Marietta, Ohio, he was privileged to receive a college education at Marietta College, graduating there in 1877. For the subsequent two or three years, he taught school and tutored boys for college, using his spare time in the study of medicine. By dint of perseverance and good fortune, he was enabled to secure a scholarship at the University of Pennsylvania upon competitive examination, thus gaining all

the advantages of this foremost medical school of America, with no cost but his living expenses. He graduated in medicine there in 1882, securing the degree of M. D. and about the same time also that of A. M. from his alma mater, Marietta College.

Dr. Barber settled in Charleston, West Virginia, where from a modest beginning he has risen to be one of the foremost physicians of the Capitol City, as well as of the large territory adjacent. He has been conspicuously identified with the professional organizations and advancements of his city, county and State, being a moving factor in the medical societies,—city, county, State and national. He is now the president and health officer of his city and county boards of health, as well as an organizer of the State Medical Association. He is a close student and devoted to his profession and is regarded as progressive yet conservative. In 1901 he traveled in Europe and visited many of the medical centers and enjoyed the advantages of study in their hospitals and clinics. Since his return he has been engaged in establishing a sanatorium for the private treatment of diseases with electricity, X-rays, massage and baths, having taken a special course at the Illinois School of Electro-Therapeutics. To this branch of the healing art he expects to devote his future time and energy, to which, if he applies the same energy that characterizes him, the Capitol City will one day enjoy a sanatorium that will do it credit.

In 1882 Dr. Barber married Sarah R. Couch, daughter of James H. Couch, a prominent lawyer of Mason County, West Virginia. She died one year later with her first babe. In 1885, he married Lucy Brown, a daughter of Judge James H. Brown, of Charleston, West Virginia, and sister of Hon. J. F. Brown, at present a prominent attorney of that city. Seven children have been born to this union—five boys and two girls—the oldest boy, James Brown Barber, having died in 1901, at the age of 15 years. The Doctor is an elder in the Kanawha Presbyterian Church, a prominent Sabbath-school worker, a member of the different Masonic organizations, one of the local U. S. pension examiners, examiner for a large number of prominent life insurance companies, surgeon to the K. & M. Railroad, in general politics an adherent of the Republican party, and yet regards the character of the local government as above any party that may aspire to run it.

MILES HENDERSON EPLIN.

MILES HENDERSON EPLIN, whose term of service as county superintendent of the schools of Kanawha County, West Virginia, will begin July 1, 1903, is a much esteemed and prominent citizen of Marmet. He was born January 1, 1844, in Giles County, Virginia, and is a son of Christopher and Melinda (Nidy) Eplin, both of whom were also born in Virginia. The former died in middle life, but the latter survived until the age of 75 years, passing away in 1885. Christopher Eplin was engaged in agricultural pursuits.

Miles H. Eplin was the youngest of a family of eight children. His early educational advantages were limited, in fact it may be stated that he was trained in no school but that of adversity. At the age of 17 he became a soldier in the Civil War, enlisting September 2, 1861, in Company B, 8th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., which later formed a part of the 7th Cavalry Regiment. Although four years of his life were devoted to army service, it was not a wasted season to the young man, whose quick intelligence turned his experiences into a means of education.

Upon his return to Kanawha County, Mr. Eplin engaged in teaching school, in the meantime following courses of reading and study, and very efficiently filled the office of secretary of the Loudoun district Board of Education, for a period of 30 years. He was elected in 1893 and served two terms as assessor of the Lower district, and in the fall of 1902 he was elected to the office of superintendent of the schools of Kanawha County. His life has been devoted to educational interests and he has acceptably filled local positions and during one term was school commissioner.

In 1866 Mr. Eplin married Sarah J. Brown, who was born in Kanawha County, and is a daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Brown, old and respected residents of their community.

Three of Mr. and Mrs. Eplin's family of nine children still survive, namely: Albert W.; Mrs. Julia Harold; and Jesse C. The religious connection of the family is with the Methodist Church. In politics he is a Republican. Fraternally he belongs to the Odd Fellows, Red Men, Knights of Pythias and George Crook Post, G. A. R., at Charleston.

J. N. VANCE, who has been prominently identified with the iron and steel interests of West Virginia for many years, is a well known resident of Wheeling. He was born and reared in Ohio County, West Virginia, and there have his business activities been centered.

Mr. Vance conducted an iron store in Wheeling until 1861, when the firm of Dewey, Vance & Company was organized and began the manufacture of merchant bar iron. A plant was erected in the Sixth Ward, near the hill, and another was erected in 1866 near the river. The latter is still standing and was used as a nail factory for some years. The firm began operations in Benwood in 1872, having erected a first-class blast furnace, 18 by 70 feet in dimensions. W. H. Russell retired from the firm in 1865, after four years connection with the business. William L. Hearne became a member of the firm in 1866. It was operated as a private enterprise until 1875, when the Riverside Iron Works were incorporated by J. N. Vance, William L. Hearne, John D. Culbertson, N. Wilkinson and Frank J. Hearne, being chartered under the laws of West Virginia. The officers elected were: J. N. Vance, president; N. Wilkinson, secretary; and John D. Culbertson, William L. Hearne and N. Wilkinson, directors. The plant was then located at Benwood. The nail factory was operated until 1888 and was afterward abandoned, all interests being concentrated at Benwood as the Riverside Iron Works. Eleven acres were first bought, and now the plant occupies 90 acres, having ample room for railroad tracks and other necessary equipment. A Bessemer steel plant was erected about 1886 and also tube works, which enable them to manufacture all kinds of steel steam, gas and water pipes. As the business grew, the tube works were enlarged until they became one of the largest and finest mills in the country, constituting a distinct plant. A large blast furnace is now being completed. They lost their identity as the Riverside Iron Works in March, 1899, in a sale to the National Tube Company, which in the spring of 1901 became a constituent of the United States Steel

Corporation. At that time the business of the company amounted to $6,000,000 annually, and employed over 2,000 men. About 2,500 men are now employed. When the business was established about 300 men were employed, and in 1866 not to exceed 500. The capital stock originally was $15,000, and during the first three years of its existence the company leased the old mill, which they then purchased. When sold, the Riverside Iron Works had a capital stock of $3,000,000, which had been increased from the surplus funds after paying quarterly dividends. During the past 11 years the company has operated a blast furnace at Steubenville, Ohio. Mr. Vance became a director in the National Tube Company and continued as such until it became a part of the United States Steel Corporation, when he resigned. Frank J. Hearne is president of the tube department of the United States Steel Corporation, John D. Culbertson, treasurer, and E. L. Wiles, general manager of the Riverside department of the same corporation.

Mr. Vance is president of the National Exchange Bank of Wheeling, and is also at the head of the Vance Shoe Company. The manufacturing plant of the latter concern is located at Pullman, Illinois, and the Chicago end of the business is in charge of J. C. Riheldaffer. Mr. Vance's son, H. E. Vance, is president of the Vance Shoe Company, and W. F. Shaffer is secretary. J. N. Vance has many other interests in Wheeling and Chicago and in the State of Alabama. As a business man he is shrewd and far-sighted, and the wonderful success which has attended his career is due solely to his own efforts.

VERNON C. CHAMPE.

VERNON C. CHAMPE, attorney-at-law, at Montgomery, Fayette County, West Virginia, was born in Montgomery, January 11, 1879, and is a son of William F. and Annie (Montgomery) Champe.

The Champe family is of French

extraction and settled in Virginia at an early date. The paternal grandfather of our subject, Sewall Champe, was born in Bedford County, Virginia, settled at Charleston, Kanawha County, and died there, aged 50 years.

William F. Champe, our subject's father, was born at Charleston, Kanawha County. He removed to Montgomery in 1873, but did not permanently locate there until 1877. The mother of our subject is a daughter of James Montgomery, who was a pioneer in the district of Fayette County. The other members of our subject's parents' family are: Nile; Emory and Hallie, who are still students.

Vernon C. Champe was reared at Montgomery, and attended the local schools there and an intermediate school at Charleston. Later he went to Greenbrier Military Academy and in 1895 entered the University of West Virginia, where he was graduated in the class of 1898. Mr. Champe read law prior to entering the University and was very thoroughly prepared. In 1900 he began the practice of his profession at Montgomery, in partnership with C. W. Osenton, who is now prosecuting attorney of Fayette County and an ex-State Senator. Since this time, Mr. Champe has engaged very successfully in practice alone. In 1900 he was appointed a United States commissioner, by Judge Jackson.

Mr. Champe belongs to Lodge No. 74, A. F. & A. M., at Montgomery, and retains his membership with the college fraternity, Phi Sigma Kappa. He has been very active in Democratic politics and was elected city attorney in 1902. He is also secretary of the Democratic County Committee and in 1902 was assistant to the chairman of that body. He belongs to the Presbyterian Church.

JAMES A. STROTHER.

JAMES A. STROTHER, mayor of Welch, McDowell County, West Virginia, senior member of the law

firm of Strother, Taylor & Strother, and one of the leading citizens, was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, January 13, 1870.

His father, Hon. John R. Strother, is prominent in State politics, and in early life was an attorney. Later he engaged in farming and is still so occupied, at the age of 65 years. In the early "seventies" he served in the State Legislature, both in the upper and the lower house. The Strother family is an old and honorable one in Virginia, of English descent. The mother of our subject belonged to the Payne family of Madison County, Virginia, and the grandmother to the old Wilhoit family, early German settlers in the iron regions of Virginia. The sons of Hon. John R. Strother, exclusive of our subject, are: G. F., a lumberman of Welch, West Virginia; J. H., a merchant of Welch, West Virginia; and Philip, of Culpeper County, Virginia, where the daughters, three in number, of the family also reside.

James A. Strother has attained his prominence mainly through his own efforts. His complete knowledge of the law and jurisprudence was gained almost entirely through private reading, and he was admitted to the bar in Culpeper County, Virginia, after a very short course at the University of Virginia. In 1891 he removed to Welch, and for a season was a law partner of W. H. Stokes. In 1901 a partnership was formed by J. A. and D. J. F. Strother and W. L. Taylor, under the firm name of Strother, Taylor & Strother. The business is general practice, including a great deal of corporation work. The firm has built commodious office rooms in the vicinity of the Norfolk & Western Railway depot and commands a large part of the patronage of the county.

In politics Mr. Strother was formerly a Democrat, but has latterly been identified with the Republican party. He has served the town in the capacity of mayor for the past seven years, being elected on a non-partisan ticket each year. In 1896 he was a candidate for the State Senate on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated.

In 1894 Mr. Strother was married to a daughter of T. S. Taylor, ex-sheriff of Giles County, Virginia. They have one daughter, Mary James, three years old. The family attend the Protestant Episcopal Church. Fraternally Mr. Strother is a Mason, belonging to the blue lodge at Welch and the chapter at Bramwell; and is also an Odd Fellow and an Elk.

NEIL JUDSON FORTNEY.

NEIL JUDSON FORTNEY, who is now serving his fifth term as prosecuting attorney of Preston County, West Virginia, was born November 22, 1849, near Independence, Preston County, Virginia, now West Virginia. He is a son of David H. Fortney, whose father came to Maryland, from France, and whose mother was of German ancestry. In 1865 David H. Fortney removed with his family to Indianola, Iowa.

Neil Judson Fortney attended the local schools in his native locality and after the family removed to Iowa he became a student in Simpson Centenary College. In 1870 he took an extended tour through the West, increasing his fund of general knowledge, engaging in various callings and fequently corresponding for the press. He returned to Preston County, West Virginia, in 1874 and then entered upon the study of the law; he was made deputy county clerk, and in 1879 was admitted to the bar, since which time he has become prominent in his profession, valued in political circles and esteemed in the social and domestic life of Kingwood. In 1880, Mr. Fortney was first elected prosecuting attorney, and he entered upon the duties of that responsible position, on January 1, 1881. At the close of his term of four years, he was re-elected by an increased majority and at the expiration of his second term he was elected again to the same office by a still greater majority, and served the full term of four years. He was elected in 1898 to fill the last two years of the unexpired term of his successor, and in 1900 was again elected by a greater majority than at any previous election, and is now serving out the fifth term to which he has been elected, at the end of which he will have served 18 years in all, as noted. His ability and industry, his carefulness, fairness and promptness, have contributed to his success and his capable handling of the important cases brought before

him during his long term of office, has given him a reputation all over the State.

On June 3, 1879, Mr. Fortney was united in marriage with Alice Edna Godwin, the eldest daughter of Capt. Joseph M. Godwin, of Kingwood, West Virginia. In politics, Mr. Fortney is a Republican.

HON. ALSTON GORDON DAYTON.

HON. ALSTON GORDON DAYTON, Member of Congress from the Second Congressional District of West Virginia, and the junior member of the well known law firm of Dayton & Dayton, with whom is associated Frederick D. Blue, at Philippi, Barbour County, West Virginia, was born in that town October 18, 1857, Barbour County then being a part of the State of Virginia.

Mr. Dayton attended the public schools and entered the West Virginia University as a student, at the age of 16 years, where he was graduated in June, 1878, with his degree of A. B. During his college course he had devoted time to the study of the law, and he was admitted to the bar on his 21st birthday, and immediately entered into partnership with his father, which partnership still continues. Two years later he was appointed prosecuting attorney of Upshur County, and soon after received the Republican nomination for the same office in his home county of Barbour, but, while running considerably ahead of his ticket, was defeated by a small majority. In 1884 he again received his party's nomination for the same office, and was elected, being the first Republican to fill the office since the Civil War. In 1888 he was a candidate for judge of the Circuit Court, but failed of receiving the nomination by two votes. In 1890 his friends presented his name before the Republican convention at Piedmont, as a candidate for Congress from the Second Congressional District of West Virginia, which position was then held by Hon. William

L. Wilson, author of the "Wilson Tariff Bill." Mr. Wilson was a most formidable antagonist, and the belief was general that only a man from the eastern part of the State could defeat him, so the choice of this convention was Hon. George Harman, a wealthy farmer of Grant County. In 1894, however, Mr. Dayton was the choice of the convention which met at Elkins, to run against Mr. Wilson, who was still in Congress, having defeated Mr. Harman in 1890. Mr. Wilson stood as the victorious champion of a victorious party and was confident of success. The campaign was a memorable one, unequaled in the campaigns of the State, but Mr. Dayton showed that he was well equipped to meet the redoubtable Wilson and no quarter was either given or asked. The discussions were warm, although waged with the courtesy and fairness for which both statesmen are noted. The result was an overwhelming victory for Mr. Dayton, his majority being over 2000. In 1896 he was re-elected; again in 1898, and in 1900 and 1902. He is now serving his fifth consecutive term.

Mr. Dayton's career in Congress has been one of steady and powerful influence and growth. He was first placed on the naval committee, then one of the smallest and least consequential committees in the House. He took up the work in earnest and took a leading part from the start, and to him as much as to any other member is due the distinguished credit and honor of bringing this branch of the government up to its present prominence and power. When he entered Congress we had only three battleships in commission, and three in course of construction. He was a believer in a strong navy and advocated the construction of war ships of the most powerful class. The result is the splendid naval armament we now have. The naming of the powerful armored cruiser, "West Virginia," was a compliment to him. When Mr. Dayton first took his stand in favor of battleships as against smaller craft, there had never been a battleship in action, for that class of vessels was an experiment; but with the battle of Santiago, July 3, 1898, and the advent of such vessels as the "Oregon" it is no longer an experiment. Mr. Dayton took a foremost place in the promotion of dry docks as a part of the naval establishment, and four such were provided, at Portsmouth, Virginia, at Boston, at League Island and at Algiers, Louisiana.

Among other notable services rendered his constituents, Mr. Dayton has taken great interest in the veterans of

the Civil War, and has been able to procure many pensions and promotions for the soldiers of West Virginia. He introduced a bill which passed the Senate, providing for the promotion of Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, of Preston County, West Virginia, upon the retired list of the navy, in recognition of his services in saving lives and property during the great storm in the Samoan Islands. He aided materially in securing the appropriation of $5,000,000 to open the Monongahela to free navigation, and for the construction of locks and dams in the river between Morgantown and Fairmont. Mr. Dayton has rendered valuable services in the geological surveys of the State, and rectified in Congress the mistakes made in the omission of data and visible monuments on which, in every county seat in the United States, the true north and south line of the place is marked. Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1866 and the laws of Oregon were made to apply to that territory. In 1898 a Congressional committee was appointed, of which Mr. Dayton was a member, which prepared a code for Alaska, in which Mr. Dayton did a large part of the work. For 10 days the House debated the code, during which time Mr. Dayton championed the bill, debating with the best lawyers, and Congress passed the bill. His best work, up to that time, was in connection with the "Navy Personnel Bill,"—to regulate the line of promotions in the navy; to give all an equal chance; to equalize the pay of both civil and naval officers and to correct and regulate the course of study at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. By this bill a great and practical reform was brought about in the navy. Mr. Dayton was its champion and made a number of speeches that showed his mastery of the subject; and he has since been noted in the House as an authority on naval affairs. The bill became a law and the naval officers gave a banquet at Washington to Mr. Dayton and his confreres. The whole country is beginning to see the wisdom of his foresight and courage. He received the commendation of Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson and other noted naval officers. After the blowing up of the "Maine" in Havana harbor, there was increasing excitement in Congress and the country. It was a time for coolness and courage. It was for the Congressman from the Second Congressional District of West Virginia to make the first speech in the House, advocating the independence of Cuba from Spanish rule. He concluded his remarks with these memorable words:

"Two hundred and sixty-six brave men are dead to-day as a result of the 'Maine' tragedy. Over 200,000 have died in Cuba and 250,000 more, mostly women and children, are being held in imprisonment and starved there to-day. We do not know as yet that the Spanish authorities blew up the 'Maine' and destroyed the lives of our seamen, but we do know that Spanish authority is responsible for this wholesale deadly murder in the first degree going on, within 100 miles of our shores. With food and raiment in one hand and with its strong power, backed by the righteous will of 70,000,000 of freemen, this administration must intervene, stop the horror and give Cuba her freedom. This intervention may be done, I hope, peacefully. If so, God be praised; but if not, and it can only be done by war, let it come. Humanity, mercy, charity, and all the attributes of God Himself, will be with us, and *Cuba will be free.*"

During his terms in Congress, Mr. Dayton has kept up his law practice and has taken an active interest in promoting the industrial development of his State and is connected with many private business enterprises. He is a director of The First National Bank at Philippi.

On November 26, 1884, Mr. Dayton married Lummie Sinsel, of Grafton, West Virginia. Religiously he is connected with the Presbyterian Church. Fraternally, he belongs to the Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias. He owns one of the most beautiful homes in his town and is a power for good in his community. His popularity in the State on account of his distinguished services, is not limited to the Second Congressional District. The dean of the West Virginia Congressmen, he has won a position of eminence from which his friends desire him to retire only to accept higher honors.

I. C. WHITE, A. M., PH. D.

I. C. WHITE, A. M., Ph. D., State Geologist of West Virginia, has attained wide prominence in the science

of geology, and is not only well known in West Virginia and the United States, but in foreign countries as well.

Dr. White was born in what is now Battelle district, Monongalia County, West Virginia, November 1, 1848. His great-grandfather, Grafton White, of English parentage, moved from Baltimore to the vicinity of Morgantown in 1774. Grafton White's son, William, married Mary Darling, a native of Delaware, and moved to the head of Dunkard Creek, where he patented 4,000 acres of land, and thus formed the nucleus of what has been known as the "White Settlement." Michael White, father of our subject, was a son of William and Mary (Darling) White.

Upon the organization of West Virginia University in 1867, Dr. White entered its portals as a cadet and graduated therefrom in 1872. He taught during the fall of 1872 and 1873 in Kenwood School, New Brighton, Pennsylvania, and in Monongalia County, West Virginia, the following year. He was appointed on the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania in 1875, as assistant to Prof. John J. Stevenson, in the survey of Washington and Greene counties and the southern portion of Allegheny and Beaver counties. He took a post-graduate course in geology and chemistry at Columbia College, New York city, during the winter of 1875-1876 under Newberry and Chandler. He was appointed assistant geologist on the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania in 1876 and given charge of the region on the Pennsylvania and Ohio State line, where differences had arisen between the geologists of those States, concerning the identity of the coal and limestone beds. Dr. White made an exhaustive study of the question in dispute and demonstrated the truth so clearly that his views have never been questioned by either party to the controversy. He was elected professor of geology at West Virginia University in June, 1877, but continued in the service of the Pennsylvania survey during vacations until July 11, 1894, when he was appointed to a position in the United States Geological Survey, his duty being to present a monograph on the bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, which work he completed and sent in for publication in August, 1888. He afterward engaged in an exhaustive survey of the Alleghany Mountain region around White Sulphur Springs, in parts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Alleghany and Craig counties. He is a voluminous author in his specialty, geology, as the following list of his publications

will show: Report (Q) on Beaver, Allegheny and South Butler counties, 337 pages, 1878; Report (Q^2) on Lawrence County and the Ohio line geology, 336 pages, 1879; Report (Q^3) on Mercer County, 233 pages, 1880; Report (P) on Permian Fossil Plants, joint author with William F. Fontaine, 143 pages and 38 double-page plates lithographed, 1880; Report (Q^4) on Crawford and Erie counties, 406 pages, 1881; Report (Q^5) on Susquehanna and Wayne counties, 243 pages, 1881; Report (Q^6) on Pike and Monroe counties, 407 pages, 1882; Report (Q^7) on Wyoming, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Columbia, Montour and Northumberland counties, 404 pages, 1883; Report (T^3) on Huntingdon County, 471 pages, 1885; The Comparative Stratigraphy of the Bituminous Coal Measures in the North Half of the Appalachian Coal Fields; Vol. I, Oil and Gas, West Virginia Geological Survey, 1899; Vol. II, West Virginia Coal Fields, West Virginia Geological Survey, 1903. Besides these formal publications, Dr. White has contributed numerous articles on scientific subjects to the columns of *Science*, *The American Journal of Science*, *The Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*, *The Virginias*, and others. His notes on the geology of West Virginia taken during class excursions were reprinted in the West Virginia University catalogues for 1883-84-85. Dr. White has been elected to fellowship in the following scientific societies: American Philosophical Society; American Association for the Advancement of Science; American Geological Society, of which he is treasurer; Maryland Academy of Sciences; Washington Academy of Sciences; New York Academy of Sciences; The Geological Society of Washington; and the National Geographical Society. He bears the degree of A. M., conferred by his alma mater, and the degree of Ph. D., conferred by the University of Arkansas. Dr. White ably filled the chair of geology and natural history in the West Virginia University for many years. He stands at the very forefront of American geologists and is a recognized authority in that science throughout the Union.

In 1893 Dr. White was appointed one of the judges of the Department of Mines and Mining at the Columbian Exposition, and upon the organization of the judges was selected president. In 1897 he was appointed one of the delegates from America to the International Geological Congress which met in St. Petersburg in August of that year. He spent three months

in Russia, traveling over 10,000 miles on two grand excursions through that vast empire, one of which took him across the Ural Mountains, into Siberia, and the other across the Caucasus and to Grozny and Baku, the famous Siberian oil fields. Returning home toward the close of 1897 via Constantinople, Athens, Naples and Gibraltar, he found that the State Geological Commission had during his absence and without his knowledge or consent unanimously elected him as State Geologist to superintend the work of the recently organized Geological Survey of West Virginia. He was a delegate to the convention in 1892 that nominated Harrison, but has always steadfastly refused all political offerings. In 1898 he prepared and published an important bulletin on coal and one on petroleum. He was the first geologist to bring into prominence and apply in a practical way what is known as the "Anticlinical Theory" of oil and gas. Convinced of the essential truth of the "Anticlinical Theory," Dr. White concluded to give his results to the world for the benefit of all, and in the issue of *Science* for June 26, 1885, published an article under the title of "The Geology of Natural Gas," in which the claims and exceptions to the "Anticlinical Theory" were fully set forth. This theory was at once attacked by Messrs. Ashburner and Chance of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, but Dr. White put forth such a vigorous battle, aided as he was by Dr. Edward Orton, State Geologist of Ohio, that opposition was soon silenced and the scientific world accepted the theory as demonstrated.

Dr. White started in life without a very large share of the world's goods, but to-day is regarded as one of the leading men in the financial circles of the State.

R. W. McWILLIAMS.

R. W. McWILLIAMS, clerk of the Circuit and Criminal courts of Cabell County, West Virginia, since

1896, was born in 1854 in Harrison County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a son of Benjamin and Elizabeth (Bailey) McWilliams. The McWilliams family originated in Ireland, from which country came John McWilliams and wife, grandparents, in the early part of the 19th century. They located as pioneers in the Shenandoah Valley. Benjamin McWilliams removed thence to Taylor County about 1845. Prior to the Civil War, he was a railroad man. In that conflict he entered the service of the United States government under Captain Ransom, as brigade wagonmaster, and was killed in 1863, aged only 35 years. His wife was a daughter of Thornbury Bailey, of Virginia, and her death took place some years since. The surviving members of the family, aside from our subject, are: Hezekiah B., a locomotive engineer in Texas; and Agnes, wife of C. P. Sincel, of Grafton, Taylor County, West Virginia.

Mr. McWilliams entered into an active business life while still young, beginning as a clerk for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, at Piedmont, West Virginia, where he remained some years and later followed railroad contracting in the West. In 1887 he located at Huntington and was there engaged in the clothing business until 1890, under the firm name of H. B. McWilliams & Company. In 1896 he was elected to his present position after two years of service as city clerk.

In 1875 Mr. McWilliams married Elma V. Lock, daughter of John Lock of Taylor County, West Virginia, and they have reared a family of eight children. Their pleasant family residence is situated on the suburban neutral strip near Huntington. They belong to the Congregational Church. Fraternally, Mr. McWilliams is associated with the Odd Fellows, National Union and Elks.

MILLARD F. GIESEY, a well known architect of the city of Wheeling, West Virginia, is a member of the firm of Giesey & Faris, a partnership that had its beginning in 1899. He was born in Wheeling, September 9, 1856, and is a son of Valentine and Adeline Giesey.

Valentine Giesey, who is still living, was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. His wife was born in Maryland, and died in 1892. They became the parents of the following nine children: Millard F.; Charles E., deceased; William H., a carpenter residing in Wheeling; Mary E., wife of

Harry Turner, an engineer in the glass plant at Bridgeport; James H., of Wheeling; Edward, a carpenter of Wheeling; John L., a contractor of Wheeling; Thomas G., a bricklayer of Steubenville, Ohio; and Albert V., a carpenter who makes his home in Wheeling.

Millard F. Giesey attended the public schools of his native city, and then pursued the study of architecture at home. He practiced his profession for six years, and designed a number of fine buildings in Wheeling and throughout the State. In July, 1899, he formed a partnership with F. F. Faris, who bears an excellent reputation as an architect, and the firm of Giesey & Faris has been a prosperous one from its beginning. They have offices at Nos. 11 and 12 Masonic Temple, and command a high class of patronage.

Mr. Giesey was joined in marriage, on May 22, 1879, with Margaret E. McAdam, who was born September 25, 1859, and is a daughter of James and Alice V. McAdam. Four children have been born to them, one of whom is living, Earl M., who was born November 29, 1884. They are members of the Fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Giesey is a member of Wheeling Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F.; Wheeling Lodge, No. 4, A. F. & A. M.; Wheeling Union Chapter, No. 1, R. A. M.; Cyrene Commandery, No. 7, K. T.; and Osiris Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S. In politics, the subject of this sketch supports the Republican party.

WILLIAM A. HESLEP, M. D.

WILLIAM A. HESLEP, M. D., a prominent physician of St. Albans, Kanawha County, West Virgina, was born in Raleigh County, Virginia, now West Virginia, August 31, 1857, and is a son of Alexander Jackson and Mary E. (Ross) Helsep, both natives of Virginia.

Alexander Jackson Heslep was a well known citizen of Raleigh County where he followed the carpenter trade

through all his active life. In 1868 he moved to Fayette County and resided there until his death, in 1883, at the age of 65 years. His widow, a native of Montgomery County, Virginia, survived him some years, dying in 1899, aged 72. She was a member of the Methodist Church.

Dr. Heslep was the eldest son of his parents' family of seven children. He was educated in the schools of his native locality and under his father's instruction became a skilled carpenter, working at the trade some 18 years. In boyhood he had cherished the ambition of becoming a physician and the inclination continued with him through all his early manhood. Finally he decided to enter upon the study of medicine, settling to it seriously in 1888. In 1891 he matriculated at Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee, and he was there graduated in 1892, with his medical degree. Dr. Heslep located first for practice at Fayetteville, removed then to Gauley Bridge and continued there for five years, succeeding very satisfactorily in his profession. Since March, 1898, he has been located at St. Albans and there commands a good share of public patronage and has become widely known for his careful study of his cases.

In 1882 Dr. Heslep married Cora A. Mahood, who was born in Giles County, Virginia, and three children have been born to them, namely: John Kenneth, Marjorie Cora and Frank Wysor. Politically, the Doctor is a stanch Democrat. He belongs to Lafayette Lodge, No. 57, A. F. & A. M., and Ivanhoe Lodge, No. 71, K. of P., of St. Albans, West Virginia. He is also a valued member of the Kanawha Medical Association. The religious connection of the family is with the Baptist Church.

HON. GEORGE C. STURGISS.

HON. GEORGE C. STURGISS, who for many years has been one of West Virginia's best known and most popular men, is a lawyer who has at-

tained high distinction in his profession and has frequently been called to fill offices of public trust. He resides in Morgantown and has always taken a deep interest in the growth and development of that community.

George C. Sturgiss was born at Poland, Mahoning County, Ohio, August 16, 1842, and is a son of Rev. A. G. Sturgiss, who was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. A. G. Sturgiss was united in marriage with Sabra L. Miner, by whom he had three sons, namely: Joseph, W.; George C.; and Alfred G. George C. Sturgiss was named for the Rev. George Cookman, a distinguished minister of the Gospel, who went down on the ill-fated steamer "President," in 1841.

George C. Sturgiss was but three years of age when his father died, and at the age of 11 years he started out to make his way in the world. He went to Monongalia County, Virginia, now West Virginia, to visit friends in 1859 and located at Morgantown. He attended Monongalia Academy for two years, and soon thereafter took up the study of the law under Waitman T. Willey, then a member of the U. S. Senate. He was admitted to the bar, May 11, 1864, and at once entered upon the practice of his chosen profession, forming a partnership with Ralph L. Berkshire, later a judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals. Being a diligent student and attentive to business, he was not long in building up a lucrative practice. On September 22, 1863, he was married to Sabra J. Vance, daughter of Col. Addison S. Vance. During 1864-65, he was paymaster's clerk in the United States Army, and the following year served as first superintendent of free schools of Monongalia County, and was elected to a second term. During his administration he placed the free school system in that county on a firm basis. He served three consecutive terms in the House of Delegates of West Virginia, and never were his constituents more ably served in that body. Ex-Governor Atkinson, in his interesting work entitled "Prominent Men of West Virginia," says of him: "The writer, who was a legislative reporter for the years in which Mr. Sturgiss was a member of the Legislature, remembers him as a young man of high personal character, attentive to his duties and very able in discharge of them. He was beyond question one of the most formidable and forceful members of those sessions."

In 1872, Mr. Sturgiss was elected prosecuting attorney of Monongalia County, and was re-elected to the same

office in 1876, serving for eight consecutive years. In 1880, he was nominated by acclamation as candidate for Governor by the Republican convention, and although defeated he ran far ahead of his ticket in many counties. He is a man of personal magnetism, a clear forcible speaker, and possessed of no mean ability as an orator, and in his canvass of the State made many lasting friends. In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison to the responsible and trying position of district attorney for the District of West Virginia, an office which for a quarter of a century had been filled by men of recognized ability in the legal profession. Mr. Sturgiss, in the onerous duties that fell upon him, measured up to the high standard of his predecessors and proved himself equal in all respects to the rquirements of the position.

He financed and rebuilt the West Virginia Northern Railroad from Tunnelton to Kingwood in 1897, and in 1899 and 1900 built the Morgantown & Kingwood Railroad from Morgantown to Masontown with a branch to the Fulmer mines (being president of both companies), in all of which work he was ably seconded by J. Ami Martin as vice-president and general superintendent. He is a large stockholder and director in the many industrial enterprises on the line of the latter road, including Sand & Stone Company, Tin Plate Mill, Aluminum Coating Company, Prism Plate Glass Company, Planing Mill, Mirror Company, and is secretary and director of the Union Utility Company, controlling the water, gas, electric light and street car lines of Morgantown, and is a director in two of the banking institutions of that city.

He was for 12 years secretary of the board of regents of the State University and for four years president of the board, and made the contracts for the purchase of the agricultural station farm and building, the library, Armory and Mechanical Hall, the finest buildings in the group of buildings of the University, involving a cost including the additional land purchased, of over a quarter of a million dollars. The lands purchased quadrupled in value within four years. He heartily seconded the progressive and able administration of Dr. Jerome Hall Raymond, president of the University, and during the four years in which they were associated the attendance doubled, many new departments were added and the University acquired a standing and influence in university circles never before approached.

He is a member of the Methodist

Episcopal Church, which has received many benefactions from him and his excellent wife. He is chairman of the board of trustees now building a new church that will cost when completed over $100,000.

He is now the owner and controlling spirit of the *Morgantown Post,* the leading daily and weekly Republican paper in the Monongahela Valley, and is identified with every movement looking to the advance of the material prosperity of the city and valley where he has spent over 40 years of his life.

CHARLES R. McNUTT.

CHARLES R. McNUTT, one of the leading attorneys and successful business citizens of Princeton, West Virginia, was born in 1854 at Princeton, and is a son of Dr. Robert Blaine and Ellen E. (Peck) McNutt.

The McNutt family is of Scotch-Irish descent and John McNutt, the earliest known ancestor, was a native and resident of Scotland. A part of the family removed to County Donegal, Ireland, and from that point a John McNutt, son of Alexander and Jane McNutt, emigrated in 1745 and settled in Orange (now Rockbridge) County, Virginia, on the North River. John McNutt married Katherine Anderson, and their son William was born April 16, 1774. In 1806 the latter married Elizabeth Grigsby, born March 10, 1776 and they lived in Rockbridge County where he was a man highly regarded and a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Robert Blaine McNutt, the father of our subject, was born February 19, 1814, and died in 1894. He was one of the best known and most respected men of his section, and for years was the only physician accessible to Mercer and McDowell counties. He spent a few years at Blacksburg, Virginia, after graduating at Richmond College. Many leading families of Virginia—the Grigsbys, the Glasgows, the McCorkles and the Greenless—were his kindred and Governor McNutt of

Mississippi belonged to the same stock. The mother of our subject was born in Giles County, Virginia, a daughter of John Peck, a stanch Whig and man of affairs in his locality. Five children were born to Dr. and Mrs. McNutt, namely: John W., a druggist of St. Louis, Missouri, married Jennie Black; Dr. Joseph P., a physician at Princeton, married Jennie Adair; Josephine, born in 1845, died in 1862; Charles R.; and Juanita, the wife of G. B. Sinclair of Charlottesville, Virginia.

DR. ROBERT BLAINE McNUTT.

The subject of this sketch was reared in Mercer County and completed his education at Emory and Henry College. His study of the law was with Capt. John A. Douglass at Princeton, Mercer County, and he was admitted to practice in 1889, being for some time a partner of Captain Douglass. From 1873, for 12 years, he was in the county clerk's office, six years as deputy and six years as clerk. Mr. McNutt has so many business interests at present that he does not confine himself to the practice of his profession. He owns two fine farms near Princeton which he devotes to stock raising, and his home is one of the handsomest in Princeton.

In 1883 Mr. McNutt married Emma B. Barnes, daughter of Rev. William H. Barnes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. She was reared in the old and aristocratic city of Norfolk, Virginia. The five children of this union are: Roberta, William B., Charles R., Jr., Juanita, Joe Douglass, their ages ranging from 19 to 10 years. Mr. McNutt has been a lifelong Democrat, and, notwithstanding the fact that his county and State, in recent years, have become overwhelmingly Republican, he still adheres to his principles.

HON. BENJAMIN STANTON, lawyer and statesman, was born at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, June 4, 1809, and died at Wheeling, West Virginia, June 2, 1872.

He was the only child of Elias Stanton and his wife Martha, who was a daughter of William and Elizabeth Wilson. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and their marriage contract, dated October 22, 1807, is still in the possession of his family. The names of a large number of pioneer Ohio Friends and Quakers are subscribed to that contract, as witnesses, among them, David Stanton, who was the father of Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, and a cousin of Elias Stanton.

Mr. Stanton's childhood was spent on a farm near Mount Pleasant, and when a youth he first learned the trade of a tailor, and then studied law with Stokely & Marsh in Steubenville, Ohio. He married Nancy Davis at Mount Pleasant, in January, 1830, and was admitted to practice law at Steubenville in the fall of 1833. In April, 1834, he removed to Bellefontaine, Ohio, where he resided until he removed to West Virginia in 1866. Hon. William Lawrence (U. S. Comptroller of the Currency), who was a contemporary of Mr. Stanton at Bellefontaine, says, in a sketch of Mr. Stanton's life, that he was the leading lawyer in that part of Ohio for 25 years prior to 1866. In 1841, Mr. Stanton was elected to the Senate of Ohio, having prior to that time served as prosecuting attorney of his county. With other Whigs he resigned his office as senator in the summer of 1842 in order to break a quorum in the Senate, and thus prevent a Democratic gerrymander of the State, and his course was approved by his re-election in the fall of 1842. In January, 1851, he formed a law partnership with C. W. B. Allison, under the firm name of Stanton & Allison, which continued until his death. In the year 1850, he was a member of the convention that framed the Ohio Constitution, and he was also chosen to represent the Eighth Congressional District of Ohio in the 32nd Congress. He was not a member of the next Congress, but was re-elected in 1854, and served through successive re-elections until the close of the thirty-sixth Congress on the 4th of March, 1861. He was, during the 35th Congress, appointed one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution and was chosen chairman of the committee on military affairs during the last Congress before the War of the Rebellion. The records of Congress, while he was a member, show that he took an active part in the stirring debates prior to the war, and that he was one of the Republican leaders in the House of Representatives. In 1860, he was strongly supported for United States Senator from Ohio, but

the choice fell to Hon. John Sherman, who thereafter served so long and eminently in that capacity as to be known wherever the Senate is known. Mr. Stanton received the unsought Republican nomination for Lieutenant Governor of Ohio in 1862, and was elected on the same ticket with David Tod for Governor, serving two years.

At the close of the war, a majority of the able lawyers of the State of West Virginia were prevented from practicing their profession because they could not take the "test oath" (that they had not borne arms against he United States or aided or supported the Confederate cause), and Mr. Stanton and his partner determined to remove to this State where professional ability was in demand and where there was a wide field for legal practice in business involving greater amounts generally than the business in their portion of Ohio. Accordingly, in the spring of 1866, the firm of Stanton & Allison opened an office in Martinsburg in charge of Mr. Stanton, and another office in Wheeling, in charge of Mr. Allison. In the spring of 1867, the Martinsburg office was closed, and thereafter the members of the firm continued together at Wheeling. The first five volumes of the decisions of the Supreme Court of West Virginia show that during the time that Mr. Stanton practiced law in West Virginia he was of counsel in a larger number of cases in that court than any lawyer in the State, and he was also of counsel in nearly every case that went to the Supreme Court of the United States from this State during that period.

In the aforesaid sketch, Judge Lawrence says: "For native ability and power in debate, Mr. Stanton has rarely been excelled in Ohio, or indeed in the nation." In an editorial after Mr. Stanton's death, the *Toledo Commercial* said: "Mr. Stanton was not only a man of very strong intellectual powers, with extensive knowledge upon all questions of public interest, but his reputation for honesty and fidelity in the discharge of official duties was above even the taint of suspicion." A long editorial on the death of Mr. Stanton in the *Wheeling Daily Register* of June 4, 1872, includes the following: "He was a fine advocate, one of the best that has ever spoken at the bar in this county, and all his speeches, whether in court or in the political forum, were marked by a clearness of statement and an apparent earnestness and sincerity and honesty of purpose that rendered them unusually effective. He took an active part in whatever concerned the public welfare and was al-

ways ready to devote his time and labor to the discharge of whatever duty his fellow citizens imposed upon him. It has been our fortune to differ with him, both politically and upon many questions of local importance, and to know how great an influence he wielded and what a strong hold he had upon the public mind. His private character was above reproach. He has been for many years a member of the Methodist Church and in all the social relations of life has enjoyed the warm friendship of all who knew him. Kind hearted, generous, affable and courteous, he had attached to himself hosts of friends and was admired no less for his brilliant talents than for his estimable qualities as a man. The death of such a man is always a public calamity, and we feel sure that we but express the sentiment of the entire community when we say that without distinction or exception the citizens of Wheeling mourn his death. From the midst of his activity and his usefulness he has passed away, leaving behind him the perfume of a well spent life and the commendation of his fellow men."

Mr. Stanton left surviving him a widow, who died May 16, 1886, a daughter of Mrs. Mary Stanton Allison (the wife of his law partner), who died October 13, 1899, and two sons, James D. and Frank, who still reside in Wheeling. Another son (Capt. Alexander H. Stanton) had died shortly before his father's demise, leaving a widow and one son (Edwin L.), who are still living.

RT. REV. DANIEL O'CONNER.

RT. REV. DANIEL O'CONNER, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia, was born March 27, 1833, in St. Johns, New Brunswick, and is a son of Bernard and Sally (McLaughlin) O'Conner, who came to the United States in 1840. They located at Hancock, Morgan County, Virginia, now West Virginia, where they lived until 1841 and then removed to Doe Gully Tunnell, Morgan

County, and in 1846 to Mount Savage, in Alleghany County. In 1852 they located near Fairmont. They died at Parkersburg, the father in 1870, and the mother in 1865, and both are buried there.

Father O'Conner was educated at St. Charles College, near Ellicott City, Howard County, Maryland, being one of its first students, and is the only clergyman of his class still surviving. He remained at St. Charles from 1848 to 1854 and then spent one year at St. Mary's Seminary of St. Sulpice at Baltimore, the oldest Catholic theological school in the United States, this being succeeded by two years at St. Vincent's Seminary at Wheeling. Two years were then spent at Mount St. Mary's of the West Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio; upon his return to Wheeling he was ordained on September 4, 1859, by Bishop R. V. Whelan. His first work was in the mission at Parkersburg, from September, 1859, to 1861, in the latter year being put in charge of the parish at Weston, with parochial duties covering a very wide territory. On February 14, 1864, he was removed to Clarksburg.

Prior to locating in Clarksburg, Father O'Conner had built a small church at Sand Fork, Lewis County, West Virginia. Although his new field was filled with difficulties, he entered upon his duties confident of success. Prior to the establishment of the present church, monthly mass was said in the homes of several devoted parishoners. In the summer of 1864 work was commenced on the present beautiful church edifice. It is located on one of the most desirable sites, on the east side of Elk Creek, on Pike street. The church and grounds cost about $12,000. and the building was completed in 1865. In 1866 the first Catholic school was started in the city by this indefatigable pastor, and, with the willing assistance of those closely attached to him, a fine parochial school followed, supplemented with an academy which still flourishes, second to none in the State.

Father O'Conner has never ceased his labors in the direction of the improvement of the church property and the advancement of his people in education and religious life. In 1902 many improvenemts were made to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, it having become necessary to enlarge the seating capacity. Father O'Conner has proved himself a fine financier, a splendid organizer and is a man who not only is beloved and obeyed by his own parish, but has also gained the very highest measure of esteem in the community.

HON. COLONEL ELLSWORTH RUDESILL.

HON. COLONEL ELLSWORTH RUDESILL, member of the House of Delegates of the West Virginia Legislature from Kanawha County, a prominent merchant of Charleston, of which city he is the present mayor, and the senior member of the firm of Rudesill & Meade, dealers both wholesale and retail in fine imported and domestic china and glassware, was born in Akron, Ohio. His parents, C. J. and Frances (Bentley) Rudesill, were also born in Ohio. C. J. Rudesill is a prominent resident of Shandon, Ohio.

Colonel Ellsworth Rudesill attended the common and high schools of his native place and then took a business course in a commercial college. He later accepted a clerical position with the Upson Coal Company, of Shawnee, Ohio, with whom he remained one year, and then engaged in a music business with Hamilton Brothers, of Springfield, Ohio. In 1884, in association with his father, he embarked in a crockery and queensware business at Gallipolis, Ohio, under the firm style of C. J. Rudesill & Son, which partnership continued in that town for about four years. In 1889 they removed to Charleston, and established a successful business in the same line, which continued until 1901, when the senior member retired from this firm and C. H. Meade was admitted to partnership. This house is one of the largest of its kind in the State, and the stock carried is complete in every particular. The business is located at No. 65 Capitol street, where the three-story structure is fitted with all modern improvements and conveniences. The dimensions of the building are 30 by 100 feet with basement; a stock room at No. 67 Capitol street is made use of in the growing wholesale business.

Mr. Rudesill has been a prominent member of the Republican party for

a number of years, and since the fall of 1900 has ably represented Kanawha County as a member of the House of Delegates. He was the Republican candidate for mayor of Charleston, at the city election held March 9, 1903, and was elected. He has filled a number of responsible State offices and is director of the Asylum for Incurables, at Huntington, West Virginia. Fraternally he is associated with the Knights of Pythias and the Elks.

JAMES E. LAMBERT.

JAMES E. LAMBERT, manager of the company store of the Crozier Coal & Coke Company, at Elkhorn, McDowell County, West Virginia, was born in 1872 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He is a son of Louis and Adrianna A. (Martin) Lambert, the former of whom was born in the Isle of St. Kitts, France, and died in 1898, aged 72 years. For many years he was a successful merchant but had lived a retired life for some time before his death. His wife was born in Philadelphia, and died in 1898, aged 56 years. Both parents were consistent members of the Roman Catholic Church. They reared a family of six sons and six daughters.

James E. Lambert secured an excellent education in the public schools of Philadelphia. In 1898 he became a clerk for the Norfolk & Western Railway Company at Bluefield, West Virginia, and six months later entered the employ of the Numan & Carr Lumber Company, as manager at Vivian, remaining in that connection four years. He then went for the same firm in the same capacity to Tug River, McDowell County, and remained there about one year, accepting then his present position as manager of the company store for the Crozier Coal & Coke Company at Elkhorn. Mr. Lambert has proved his capacity in every position he has held, and enjoys the confidence of his employers. In politics he is independent. Religiously he belongs to the Roman Catholic Church.

HON. JOHN W. ENGLISH.

HON. JOHN W. ENGLISH, who for a number of years was a member of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, and who is now a leading member of the bar, in practice at Point Pleasant, Mason County, was born in 1833 in Jackson County, Virginia, now West Virginia.

Job English, his father, was of English origin and a native of Virginia. He married Mary Warth, who was a daughter of John Warth, who was the oldest magistrate in Jackson County, and who, according to the then reading of the law, became the first sheriff. It was at his house that the first session of court was held. During the late "thirties," Job English wife settled in Kanawha County, Virginia, now West Virginia. He was a member of the great salt manufacturing firm of English & Warth, in the Kanawha Valley. For a number of years he represented and was employed by the Kanawha Salt Company, who made large shipments of their product down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers by way of flatboats. Mr. English was a trusted and experienced business man. Both he and his wife made the Kanawha Valley their home through life.

It was in this home that Judge English spent his days from childhood to manhood. He obtained his primary education at Malden, and at the age of 16 years was placed in the Illinois University, at Jacksonville, where he remained and completed a five-years' course in the classics. In 1853 he began the study of law under private preceptors, lawyers, thus gaining a practical and useful experience. After two years of study he was admitted to the Virginia bar, locating at Point Pleasant after receiving his license. There he formed a partnership with Henry J. Fisher, which continued until the opening of the Civil War. Judge English continued his private practice un-

til 1889, appearing before the courts of Mason and adjacent counties, but in the fall election of 1888 as the Democratic candidate he was chosen a member of the Supreme Court of Appeals, for a term of 12 years. His success was a flattering one and he took his seat on the bench in January, 1889. The close of his judicial administration found him a popular jurist and he has carried that approbation of the public with him into his private practice.

In 1862 Judge English was married to Fanny C. Lewis of Mason County, West Virginia.

THOMAS CONDIT MILLER.

THOMAS CONDIT MILLER, State Superintendent of Free Schools of West Virginia, and editor of the *West Virginia School Journal*, is one of the leading educators of the State and a man of scholarly attainments as well as of good business capacity. Professor Miller was born at Fairmont, Virginia, now West Virginia, July 19, 1848, and is a son of William E. and Nancy J. Miller, residents of Fairmont, both of whom yet survive.

Our subject received his early educational training in private schools in his vicinity, and under the inspiring teaching of Dr. William R. White, who afterward became the first State Superintendent of Free Schools; but the troubles incident to the Civil War interrupted his schooling, and in the last year of the war, when only 16, he enlisted for service in Company E, 7th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., and served as sergeant until July 10, 1865, when he was honorably discharged. He then resumed his studies and alternated the same with teaching, upon which work he entered in November, 1867. After its organization, Professor Miller became a student at the Fairmont State Normal School, where he continued until 1873, completing the prescribed course under Dr. J. G. Blair, a most helpful instructor, and having spent one year under Prof. J. C. Gilchrist, who had graduated at Antioch College, under Horace Mann. He

also spent a year at Adrian College, Michigan, but was compelled on account of ill health to leave college in the junior year.

Professor Miller held the position of principal of the Fairmont High School for a period of 21 consecutive years, and his devotion to the interests of his home town were much appreciated and became widely known, for many and tempting offers were made him from various parts of the State and from other States. In 1893 he accepted the position of principal of the preparatory department of the State University, and later he was also appointed to fill the chair of pedagogy in the same institution, his active interest in teaching showing him the need of instruction to students in this important branch. Until chosen to his present position, in 1900, he most efficiently discharged the duties of both positions. He is popular as an institute lecturer and has probably addressed as many educational gatherings of this kind as any one in the State. He has also visited Maryland, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Ohio and Kentucky in this capacity. For the second time in the history of the State, the Fairmont State Normal School has one of its alumni as State Superintendent, Hon. B. L. Butcher sharing this honor with Professor Miller, both being most highly valued members of that body.

Professor Miller is a member of Meade Post, No. 6, Grand Army of the Republic, and has served as assistant adjutant general and assistant quartermaster general of the Department of West Virginia for several years. It was mainly through his efforts that the monuments now standing in honor of the fallen heroes of this State, at the battle of Gettysburg, were erected. In church work he has also been prominent. In 1866 he became a member of the Methodist Protestant Church, and ever since has devoted time and energy to the work of this religious body. For 20 years he was superintendent of the Sunday-school and he has served as president of the State Sunday-school Association. In all his work he brings to bear years of mental training and discipline, together with a wide educational experience. His methods are broad, progressive and liberal, and the honor in which he is held by the public is only equalled by the affection given him in private life.

In 1876 Professor Miller married Drusilla C. Hamilton, daughter of Elmus and Louisa S. Hamilton, a prominent family of Fairmont, and to this

union four children have been born: Archie H., Dwight E., Dana Paul and Pauline.

JAMES REED.

JAMES REED, county clerk of Clay County, West Virginia, and engaged extensively in the mercantile and lumber business at Clay Court House, was born June 8, 1865, at Middlecreek, Clay County. He is a son of Solomon and Sarah (Neal) Reed, the latter of whom was a daughter of Jeremiah Neal, and of Dutch descent.

Mr. Reed was reared and educated in Clay County, and has been engaged in mercantile pursuits and extensively interested in the lumber business all his life. In politics he has always been one of the active Republicans of his locality. On November 4, 1902, he was elected, for a six years term, county clerk of Clay County and has efficiently performed the duties of the office. He has also been a notary public for a long period.

On December 27, 1888, Mr. Reed was united in marriage with Carrie Wheeler, who is a daughter of Edward B. and Sarah (Hamrick) Wheeler. They have two children,—Edward R., born March 15, 1891; and Vera, born November 15, 1895. The family belong to the Methodist Church.

Fraternally Mr. Reed is an Odd Fellow, belonging to Pisgah Lodge, No. 180, of which he has been treasurer for years. He is one of the honest, upright and progressive men of his community and enjoys the esteem of all who know him.

WILLIAM F. STIFEL, a member of the firm of J. L. Stifel & Sons, printers of calico, is one of the representative citizens of Wheeling, West Virginia. He was born in Wheeling, in 1840, and is a son of J. L. Stifel.

J. L. Stifel was born in Germany, where he managed a print works for a number of years. In 1834 he came to

the United States, and after visiting several of the large cities located at Wheeling. He married Barbara Becht, who died in the "seventies." Several children were born to them, among them one son and two daughters living in Pittsburg; George E., who is one of the large dry goods merchants of Wheeling; and William F.

William F. Stifel underwent his mental training at Linsly Institute, and at the age of 15 years entered his present business. His father established this business in 1835, and for many years it was located at Main and Ninth streets. Its present location is on the corner of Fourth and Main streets. The owners and proprietors of this business are William F. Stifel and his two nephews, Edward W. and Henry G. This firm employs about 50 people, and 70,000 square feet of floor space are utilized in the plant, which is supplied with strictly modern and up-to-date machinery, and is operated by electricity. The work is all done by machine and is developed by what is said to be the largest gas engine in the State. The grounds occupied by the plant are 150 by 400 feet. The sale of the product of this extensive plant is conducted through leading commission centers, thus requiring but few traveling representatives. An immense business is done each year, and the plant is well managed. Having learned the business at an early age, Mr. Stifel was fully competent to take charge of such an undertaking at the death of his father, which occurred in 1881, at the age of 74 years. Mr. Stifel is a man of much executive ability, and has met with a great deal of success.

Mr. Stifel was united in marriage with Miss Schandein, of Philadelphia, and to them have been born two children, Arthur C., who is a student in the College of Textile Arts in Philadelphia; and Flora, who is at home. Politically, Mr. Stifel is a Republican, but has never allowed his name to be considered as a candidate for any office. His father was a strong Unionist and participated in some of the early movements to maintain the Union. In religious views, the family have always been Lutherans.

Mr. Stifel is a member of the Board of Trade; a director in the Wheeling Steel & Iron Company; a director in both the Wheeling and Riverside pottery companies; and a director in the Wheeling & Belmont Bridge Company. He is president of the German Fire Insurance Company, of Wheeling, the leading concern of the kind in West Virginia. Mr. Stifel is a public spirited man, and takes an active and deep

interest in all enterprises which tend to advance the prosperity of the city in which he lives.

GRANT P. HALL.

GRANT P. HALL, one of the prominent citizens and a leading attorney of Charleston, West Virginia, was born in Roane County, West Virginia, December 21, 1865, his parents, William and Isabelle Hall, being natives of Harrison and Monroe counties, respectively.

Mr. Hall received his education in the common schools of his native county, supplemented by a normal course at the Ohio Wesleyan University and Marshall College, Huntington, from which latter institution he was graduated with honor in 1889. Having fully qualified himself by his educational training and having received a teacher's certificate, he began, at the early age of 16 years to teach country schools in Kanawha and Clay counties, and continued in this occupation until 1893. He was then elected county superintendent of schools by 500 votes over J. B. Whittington, and served as such for two years. During his term in this capacity, he prepared himself for the legal profession. He was admitted to the bar in 1895 and immediately entered into practice.

At the end of one year, during which period he gained an honorable position and lucrative business, his party nominated him for clerk of the Circuit Court of Kanawha County, to which position he was elected for a term of six years by more than 2,000 votes over his Democratic opponent, thus attesting his great popularity and the high esteem in which he is held by the people.

After his expiration of his term of office, Mr. Hall formed a partnership with Capt. S. B. Avis and the combination is a strong one, making the ablest law firm in the Great Kanawha Valley. For a number of years he has taken a prominent part in politics and is chair-

man of the Republican Senatorial Committee for the Kanawha district.

On November 15, 1895, Mr. Hall was married to Anna Steel of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and these children have been born to this union: Lucille, Frank, Harry Avis, Grant P., Jr., and Helen S., deceased. Mr. Hall is fraternally associated with Glen Elk Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Kenka Lodge, Knights of Pythias. The Halls occupy a pleasant and attractive home in Charleston and are held in high favor by many friends and acquaintances.

WILLIAM WELLINGTON HUGHES.

WILLIAM WELLINGTON HUGHES, member of the law firm of Rucker, Anderson & Hughes, and a well known citizen of Welch, McDowell County, West Virginia, was born in Lewis County, West Virginia, in 1873. He is a son of Henry F. and Virginia (Hall) Hughes, both of whom were also born in what is now West Virginia.

Henry F. Hughes was born in Lewis County in 1840, and is still engaged in farming in his native locality. During the Civil War, he served from 1861 to 1865 as a member of the 39th Reg., Ohio Vol. Inf. In politics he is a Republican. In religious faith he is a Methodist. The mother of our subject was born in 1845 in Harrison County. They had a family of seven children born to them, namely: Charles S., a minister of the Methodist Church, located at Wakefield, Nebraska; Mary B., wife of Homer Paugh, of Harrison County, West Virginia; Byron, deceased; William Wellington; Viola; Cora, deceased; and Alice. The family belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Hughes attended the local schools and then the West Virginia Conference Seminary, at Buckhannon, and later the West Virginia University at Morgantown. He engaged in teaching for four years and during one year was a teacher in the Weston High School. After completing his course at the University, where he received

his LL. B. degree, he began the practice of the law at Weston, where he remained 10 months. In June, 1901, he located at Welch, associating himself with Edgar P. Rucker, ex-Attorney General of the State, and Luther C. Anderson, forming the firm of Rucker, Anderson & Hughes, a leading one in the locality.

In politics Mr. Hughes is a Republican and takes an active interest in public matters. His ability is recognized and the firm to which he belongs is prominent in all the important litigation of the vicinity.

COL. JOHN D. HEWITT.

COL. JOHN D. HEWITT, a prominent coal operator of the Flat-Top field, residing at Bramwell, Mercer County, is a gentleman widely known throughout West Virginia, and at the present time is on the staff of Governor A. B. White.

Colonel Hewitt was born in Lancastershire, England, but was a child when his parents moved to this country, and located in Pennsylvania, where his father engaged in coal mining. Our subject was reared in Pennsylvania and commenced work in the mines at the early age of 10 years. He continued to follow that occupation there until 1885, in December of which year he came to West Virginia. For six years prior to his removal he had conducted a wholesale and retail lumber and coal business, and in this state he started the Buckeye Coal & Coke Company, of which he is the president and general manager. The business of the company has steadily and rapidly increased until it is one of the most important operating in the Flat-Top field. Mr. Stephenson of Roanoke, Virginia, is vice-president of the company, and his son, W. C. Stephenson, is secretary and treasurer. The general offices of the concern are at Freeman, Mercer County, where is located the store conducted by the company. The Buckeye Coal & Coke Company has 1,000 acres of leased land near Freeman, operates 180

ovens, and employs some 250 men. In 1892, they commenced operating the Keystone, a more extensive plant, of 1600 acres and 300 ovens, where 400 men are employed. The equipment at both places is of the best, four engines being used at Keystone and three at Freeman. The total output of both colleries per annum approximates 250,000 tons of coal and 100,000 tons of coke. The Buckeye Coal & Coke Company is a pioneer in the coke business in West Virginia, having built the first coke ovens in the State.

Colonel Hewitt has always been a very active Republican, and since 1888 has been a member of the Republican State Committee. He served four years on Governor George W. Atkinson's staff, and is now a member of the staff of Governor A. B. White. He was a delegate-at-large to the National Republican Convention at Minneapolis in 1892, and served as the first mayor of Bramwell, where his fine home is located. Fraternally he has been equally prominent. He was the first commander of Ivanhoe Commandry, No. 10, K. T., at Bramwell; and is a member of Osiris Shrine Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., of Wheeling; and West Virginia Consistory, No. 1, of Wheeling.

Colonel and Mrs. Hewitt are parents of the following children: Maud, a graduate of the Woman's College, Frederick, Maryland; Florence, attends Bryn Mawr Woman's College, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; F. R., a practical and thorough engineer in charge of the Buckeye plant, is a graduate of the University of Morgantown and is 22 years of age; J. D., Jr., is taking an engineering course in the Virginia Military Institute; Richard is attending Concord Normal School; and J. S. is attending the Bramwell schools. Religiously, the family is of the Episcopal faith.

JAMES F. McCASKEY, postmaster of New Martinsville, and a familiar and prominent figure in the politics of Wetzel County, was born in New Martinsville, May 1, 1869, and is a son of Capt. John and Elizabeth (McEldowney) McCaskey.

Capt. John McCaskey, the father of Postmaster McCaskey, served in the Civil War with distinction as captain of Company C, 15th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., enlisting as a lieutenant in 1862. By trade he was a gunsmith. In the "forties" he moved to New Martinsville from Fairview, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, where he was born, and for 18 years he served

as justice of the peace in New Martinsville. His death occurred in 1882, at the age of 49 years. He married Elizabeth McEldowney, who was born in New Martinsville, and was a daughter of Samuel and Mary (Cochran) McEldowney. She died in 1874, aged only 39 years. She was a member of the Methodist Church. The eight children born to them were: Mary and Roberta, deceased; John S.; Margaretta, deceased, who was the wife of Leslie J. Williams; Joseph R.; James F.; Francis, deceased; and Ambrose E.

Mr. McCaskey received his education in the schools of New Martinsville and then entered into the butchering business with his brother John S. McCaskey. He also was employed in an iron mill at Pittsburg and in one at Benwood. Early in life his fealty to the Republican party was shown and in 1895-96 he was city marshal. On April 1, 1898, he received his commission from the late President McKinley as postmaster and was re-appointed March 4, 1902, by President Roosevelt. In this position he is capable, painstaking and obliging and is one of the most popular officials the city has ever had in this office. He is prominent in his party, is made a delegate to almost all its conventions and takes part in its councils.

In 1890 Mr. McCaskey was married to Clara Sebar, who was born August 14, 1868, in Wheeling, being a daughter of John and Catherine (Keifer) Sebar. The three children of this union are: Justus E., Mildred A. and Catherine E. Mrs. McCaskey is a member of the Methodist Church. The family home is a handsome new residence on High street.

DR. CHARLES A. WINGERTER.—Among the names of those deserving to be remembered in the annals of Wheeling, Ohio County, West Virginia, is that of Dr. Charles A. Wingerter, who died at his residence in that city on June 29, 1886, in his 48th year.

Dr. Wingerter was born at Oppau, in the Bavarian Palatinate, July 29, 1838, and removed to Wheeling with his father's family in 1849. His education was obtained in the schools of Germany and of Wheeling. After the completion of his preliminary studies, he chose the profession of dental surgery, entering upon it in 1860. He first became a student under Drs. Robertson and Orr, then of Wheeling, and remained with them two years. Ambitious to reach the highest degree of excellence in his vocation, he followed up these practical studies and won his diploma at the Dental College of St.

Louis, then one of the leading institutions of the kind in this country. He went to Zanesville, Ohio, to begin the practice of his profession and remained there one year. Returning to Wheeling, he thenceforward made that city his home during his life. He met with success in his vocation from the start and became the leading dentist of Wheeling and vicinity. By his genial manners, kindness of heart and generosity he ever won new friends and held them to him. His excellent business judgment and his interest in municipal affairs led his fellow citizens to elect him to the City Council repeatedly, and at the time of his death he was a leading member of the first branch of the municipal government. As a public officer, he was characterized by the same qualities that won him respect in every sphere of his busy life. Industry, intelligent judgment, fidelity to trust and the candid courage of clear convictions were the traits for which he was ever noted.

Dr. Wingerter was married in 1863 to Elizabeth White, a daughter of Michael White, of Wheeling. To them were born nine children, five sons and four daughters, all of whom survive him. The sons are: Charles A., physician and surgeon; Ferdinand, attorney-at-law; Adrian L., of the firm of Wells & Wingerter, wholesale and retail cigar merchants; John M., assistant ticket agent of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company; and W. Bernard, who is in the office of the Jewett Car Works at Newark, Ohio. The daughters are: Mrs. Kate W. Flaccus, widow of Charles C. Flaccus, Anna, and Clara, all of whom live with their widowed mother; and Mary Regina, who is a member of the Sisterhood of St. Joseph in Wheeling. Dr. Wingerter accumulated considerable property during his life, all of which was selected with good judgment, as a result of which his estate has continued to increase in value under the careful management of his heirs. He was a directing spirit in many business enterprises and was president of the Citizens' Railway Company at the time of his death.

If for no other reason, Dr. Wingerter's name would deserve remembrance from the fact that he was the first one in this or neighboring States to administer general anaesthetics. Dr. John Frissell, through the courtesy of his old and famous associates, Dr. Willard Parker and Dr. Alonzo Clark, of New York, witnessed the administration of chloroform in New York in the first year of its use there. He returned at once to Wheeling, and entrusted to Dr. Wingerter the honor and

responsibility of administering chloroform to an uncle of James McCourtney, who was obliged to undergo an operation on the arm. This operation by Dr. Frissell, successfully done with the assistance of Dr. Todd and the elder Hullihen, was followed by many others in which chloroform and ether were used. Dr. Wingerter was for many years the recognized expert and the preferred anæsthetizer because of his skill and judgment in the use of what were then new and humane but also fearful and dangerous agents.

HON. CHARLES BROOKS HOARD.

HON. CHARLES BROOKS HOARD, whose death occurred at Ceredo, West Virginia, on November 20, 1886, was born at Springfield, Vermont, January 28, 1805. The family, according to its early records, is descended from Norman stock which accompanied William the Conqueror in his subjugation of England in the 11th century; early in the 12th century it is known to have possessed large holdings in England, Wales and Ireland. The American ancestor was a London banker who with his wife and children reached Boston, Massachusetts, in 1635. He dying soon after, his family removed to Braintree (now Quincy), Massachusetts, and there the widow died in 1661.

In 1821, at the age of 16, Charles Brooks Hoard went to Antwerp, New York, where his older brothers had preceded him and were engaged in business. He was in the land office of Mr. Parish for some time at Parishville, and then, having returned to Antwerp, began to learn watch repairing; this business he mastered, after which he accepted a position in Mr. Parish's land office at Antwerp. In 1828 he married Susan Heald, daughter of Daniel and Anna Heald. While with Mr. Parish he was elected a justice of the peace, and was re-elected for several years after he was out of the land office. He also held the office of postmaster at Antwerp under both Jackson and VanBuren. In 1837 he was elected a member of the General Assembly

from Jefferson County, and during that session (1837-38) the Legislature passed the celebrated "Safety Fund Banking Law," which proved of inestimable value to the people of the Empire State. The security for issuing bank bills under that law was based upon mortgages of unincumbered improved farming land at one-half its assessed value. He was the author of the mortgage feature in the bill and its operation was peculiarly beneficial to such farmers as possessed good unmortgaged farms but needed ready cash for improving them. In 1843 he was elected county clerk of Jefferson County and moved his family to Watertown in 1844. He discharged the duties of county clerk with entire acceptability, introducing many needed reforms, which gave great satisfaction to members of the bar, and all who had business with the office.

Soon after his term expired as county clerk, he with a Mr. Bradford engaged in the manufacture of portable steam engines, their plant being the pioneer factory for this class of engines. Mr. Hoard was a personal friend of Horace Greeley, dating from the time when Mr. Hoard was in the General Assembly of 1837. Mr. Greeley visited Watertown and there examined the first engine which left the shop of Hoard & Bradford, a two-horsepower machine which furnished power for a neighboring printing office. On the occasion of Mr. Greeley's visit, the proprietor was in the act of feeding his cylinder press. The great editor was delighted and in a letter written for the *Tribune* he gave the inventors a very flattering notice. That was the beginning of a business that proved the most remunerative of any yet started in that part of the State. After four years of partnership, Mr. Hoard bought Mr. Bradford's interest and took his son into partnership. At the height of his business success, Mr. Hoard was elected a Representative of the 35th Congress from the 23rd Congressional District of New York and was re-elected to the 36th Congress by an increased majority.

The Civil War coming on at this time greatly reduced the number of orders for engines, because the South and the Mississippi Valley had from the start been the best sections for sales. As the business promised to be much less remunerative as long as the war lasted and perhaps for several years after its close, Mr. Hoard turned his attention to some other article which would give employment to his skilled mechanics and keep in operation his large works which then had spread

over several acres, full of the best machinery money could buy. As a temporary matter he undertook a $1,000,000 gun contract with the government, agreeing to manufacture 50,000 Springfield rifles at $20 each. This contract proved extremely disastrous financially, and Mr. Hoard ceased to manufacture. He sold most of his splendid machinery to the Turkish government, but at such a loss as to use up nearly his entire fortune.

Having discharged every financial claim upon him and without a single law suit, he began to look around for some other business in which to repair his losses. After a winter spent in Missouri, where he had considerable landed interests, he removed, in 1868, to Ceredo, Wayne County, West Virginia, at that time a town of about 125 people where Eli Thayer had planted (in 1857-58) a small colony of New Englanders in carrying out his colonization scheme, which had a conspicuous place in the political history of the country just before the Civil War. Thayer and his associates had borrowed a considerable amount of money from Mr. Hoard, and mortgaged their town site and adjoining lands for security. The war practically obliterated it as a colonization scheme, leaving Mr. Hoard to realize what he could out of his securities. After investigating the location and the mineral and timber resources naturally tributary to the Ohio River in that section, he decided to remain and bend his efforts to building up the town. He made two efforts, in connection with parties in West Virginia and outside of the State, to build a 50-mile railroad from the river at Ceredo back to the coal deposits, some 25 miles distant. Several thousand dollars were expended, and a few miles of grading done, but both efforts were unfortunate in being so timed as to encounter financial panics—the first in 1873, and the second in 1882-83. A leading idea in these efforts was that it would be an inducement for some railroad from the South seeking the Ohio River to join it and thus be advantageous to Ceredo. This route is now occupied by a trunk railroad.

From this time on Mr. Hoard, on account of advancing years, became less active in business affairs, but was thrown more or less among the leading men of his part of West Virginia and of Southern Ohio and Eastern Kentucky. He was recognized as a man of advanced ideas and of large experience. He was generally respected by all classes.

His two sons, Pitt Hoard, who

moved with his family from New York to Ceredo in 1876, and S. Floyd Hoard who removed to Ceredo in the fall of 1871, are well known residents of Ceredo, having been associated with their father during his life, and together since his death, in the management of their landed interests in Ceredo and Wayne County.

S. M. NEASE.

S. M. NEASE, president of the Frank Glass Company of Wellsburg, Brooke County, West Virginia, and one of the town's substantial and representative citizens, was born March 5, 1868, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and is a son of H. B. and Jane (McElroy) Nease, both of whom were born in Pennsylvania. The mother died May 17, 1899.

The Nease family is an old one on American soil and one member distinguished himself in the War of the Revolution. Harman Nease, the great-grandfather, was born on the first island in the Susquehanna River, below Harrisburg. He learned the carpenter trade at Germantown, Pennsylvania, and secured work on the repairing of Fort Duquesne, driving to Pittsburg with a four-horse team in order to reach his destination. He made Pittsburg his home and there his son David was born and engaged for a long period in a sawmill business in combination with boat building. Both David Nease and his father died in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, the latter at the age of 84 years and the former aged 67 years.

H. B. Nease, father of our subject, was born in Steubenville, Ohio, and for a long period was successfully engaged in an extensive lumber business in Pittsburg and at Saginaw, Michigan. He now lives, retired from activity, in Wellsburg and is financially interested in the glass business. His family consisted of five children, namely: Clara, deceased; Mary Emma; David A., president of the Coal River Coal Comanpy; Anna Bell, wife of

Benjamin Moore of Chicago; and S. M., of this sketch.

S. M. Nease spent his boyhood in the busy city of Pittsburg and there received an excellent education. His business instincts were developed with his father in the lumber business, and he did much traveling through Michigan in the interests of the same business. In 1899 he moved to Wellsburg to engage in the glass business, securing a controlling interest in the Frank Glass Company, which was incorporated in 1896, with Mr. Nease, president and treasurer (since 1892); M. D. Galbreath of Saline, Ohio, as secretary; and James Frank, of Wellsburg, vice-president and manager. They are the exclusive manufacturers of Meyer's patent closure device for jars, etc., an arrangement by which the can can be made air-tight without the rubber coming in contact with the contents of the can. It is the only all-glass can in the market. The house makes a specialty of preservers' and packers' glassware, and they give employment to about 200 men. In the spring of 1903, the Nease-Meyer Glass Company was incorporated. It is planned to build a large factory at Weston, West Virginia, which will be in operation by September 1, 1903. Employment will be given to about 250 persons.

On June 14, 1892, Mr. Nease was united in marriage with Katherine E. Perrine, of Pittsburg, and their two children are: Sarah Josephine and Samuel M., Jr. Mr. Nease has other business interests, one of these being the Monarch Iron & Steel Company of Parkersburg, of which corporation he is president. He is a young man of great business ability and is well and widely known in his section of the State.

FRANK LESLIE BEARDSLEY.

FRANK LESLIE BEARDSLEY, attorney-at-law, coroner of Kanawha County, West Virginia, and one of the most prominent and in-

fluential citizens of Charleston, was born in Gallia County, Ohio, May 21, 1864. He is a son of H. J. and Eliza (Roach) Beardsley, both of whom were natives of Ohio. The elder Mr. Beardsley followed farming in his native State during the greater portion of his life. Our subject's mother died in 1900.

Frank Leslie Beardsley was reared in his native locality, attended the common schools and graduated with credit from the Gallipolis High School, in June, 1883, later taking a three-year course in the Ohio Wesleyan University. He then began the study of the law with White & Holcomb, at Gallipolis and then entered the law department of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. Remaining there but one term, he then went to the Cincinnati Law School where he was graduated in 1888. In the same year he was admitted to the bar of Ohio and practiced at Gallipolis until January 1, 1889, when he removed to Charleston, West Virginia. Since becoming a resident of that city, Mr. Beardsley has enjoyed gratifying success and follows a general line of practice. In 1896 he was appointed coroner of Kanawha County and is also the efficient commissioner of accounts, receiving both offices from the County Court. In politics Mr. Beardsley is a Republican.

On the 16th of June, 1886, at Gallipolis, Ohio, Mr. Beardsley married Eliza S. Dove, who is a daughter of Col. David Dove, and a descendant of a highly respected family of that locality. The four children born to this union were: Julia D., Frances J., Elise, deceased, and David D. Both Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley belong to the Kanawha Presbyterian Church.

GEORGE ADAMS.

GEORGE ADAMS, who is prominently identified with various business enterprises of Wheeling, has been a resident of that city since 1852, and now makes his home at Pleasant Val-

ley, a suburb of Wheeling. He was born at Baltimore, Maryland, September 13, 1834, and is a son of Philip Adams.

The Adams family originally came from England and located in Maryland about 1695. Philip Adams died about 1846, and his widow is now living, in her 95th year, at St. Clairsville, Ohio, whither she moved with the family at the outbreak of the Civil War. They became the parents of nine children, two of whom died in infancy. One son, James P., resides in Wheeling, and is secretary of the Franklin Insurance Company of Wheeling.

George Adams was reared in Baltimore, and at an early age entered the employ of a large commission grain and produce house, with which he remained until 1857. It was while on a trip to Wheeling with a member of the firm, in 1852, that he decided to locate there permanently. He embarked in the wholesale grocery and commission business on Main street in 1857. In 1864 he organized the First National Bank of Wheeling and became cashier and manager, George K. Wheat being president. The original directors were: Jacob S. Rhodes, John L. Hobbs, Chester D. Knox and John F. McDermott, all deceased; George Edwards, now of Marshall County, West Virginia; Jacob Hornbrook, John K. Botsford and George W. Franzheim, the last three named deceased; and George K. Wheat. Mr. Adams continued with the bank until 1874, when he resigned, although he still retained his interest in it. The institution was afterward changed to a State bank, the name becoming, as at present, the Bank of the Ohio Valley. About 1878, at the urgent request of interested parties, Mr. Adams again resumed the management, and continued in charge of it until the early part of 1880, when he resigned to travel with his son, Samuel Philip, who died in November, 1882, at the age of 24 years. Although owning interests in various enterprises, he has not since actively engaged in business of any kind. He was interested in the Riverside and Aetna iron companies, which are now a part of the United States Steel Corporation. He was president of the Wheeling Library Association, and treasurer of the Soldiers' Aid Society. He was president of the Buckeye Glass Company, a director in the Franklin Insurance Company of Wheeling, and a member of the Board of Trade.

Mr. Adams was united in marriage, September 15, 1857, with Mary E. McClellan, a daughter of Samuel McClellan, an old merchant of Wheeling. She died in 1870, having given birth

to three children: Samuel Philip, deceased; one who died in infancy; and Elizabeth, who first married Philip Taylor Allen, deceased, and is now the wife of Charles Russell Caldwell, of Staunton, Virginia. Mr. Adams was married March 24, 1874, to Jane W. McClellan, a sister of his first wife. In politics he is a Republican. He is at present serving as mayor of Pleasant Valley, a beautiful suburb of Wheeling. He attends the Vance Memorial Chapel (Presbyterian), at Woodsdale. He was one of the original directors of Greenwood Cemetery, organized in 1865. His present fine home in Pleasant Valley was completed in May, 1895, and is equipped with all the modern conveniences. He served in the State militia during the Civil War, and in September, 1862, was commissioned a captain by Governor F. H. Peirpoint, who was the chief executive of the Restored Government of Virginia. In November, 1864, he was commissioned colonel by Governor Boreman, the first Governor of West Virginia. He is a man of excellent character and pleasing personality, and has many friends in this section of the state.

C. M. CLELLAND, M. D., the leading physician and surgeon of Jacksonburg, Wetzel County, West Virginia, was born September 5, 1858, near Fairmont, Marion County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a son of John and Elvie (Clayton) Clelland.

John Clelland was born in Virginia, and was a son of Patrick Clelland, a native of Ireland. He was a farmer through life, and died in 1889, aged 65 years.

The mother of Dr. Clelland comes from two very prominent families, the Flemings and the Claytons. She was born in Marion County, and is a daughter of William and Lydia (Fleming) Clayton, both of whom were Virginians by birth. The Flemings were the founders of Flemington and Fairmont. William Clayton was a son of Little Clayton, of Delaware, who was born in England. William Clayton served under Washington in the Revolutionary War and at its close settled in what is now West Virginia. Although past middle life, he also took part in the War of 1812 and died at an advanced age. Mrs. Clelland still resides in Fairmont, at the age of 61 years, being just 16 years and six months older than her son, the Doctor, who was her eldest child, the others being: Olive Sandora; Nellie, wife of Heath Michaels, of Fairmont; Sandora, who married Festis Morgan; George, of Fairmont; Lydia and Hattie.

Dr. Clelland was reared in Marion County and was educated in the schools of his vicinity, finishing in the Fairmont High School. His medical training was obtained in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Maryland, and in Starling Medical College, Columbus, Ohio; he was graduated from the latter institution in 1882. He settled then in Wallace, Harrison County, West Virginia, remaining there in practice for 12 years and then removed to Bristol, Harrison County, for a short time, later to West Union, Doddridge County, and in 1891 located at Jacksonburg, where he has enjoyed a lucrative practice ever since.

In 1883 Dr. Clelland married Alice Robinson, of Wallace, West Virginia, who died one year later. His second marriage was to Hattie Lynch, also of Wallace, and the four children born to this union are: Walter Ramsey, Mary, A., Bertie and Isaac H., all at home.

Dr. Clelland is a valued member of the Harrison County Medical Society, of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Association of Surgeons, and is surgeon at Jacksonburg for the Baltimore & Ohio road. In politics he is a very ardent and enthusiastic Democrat. In both social and professional life, Dr. Clelland is most highly esteemed in Jacksonburg and vicinity.

ADAM B. LITTLEPAGE.

ADAM B. LITTLEPAGE, a prominent attorney-at-law of Charleston, West Virginia, was born in Kanawha County, Virginia, now West Virginia, April 14, 1859, and is a son of Adam and Rebecca T. (Wood) Littlepage, the former a native of Greenbrier County, and the latter of Kanawha County.

The Littlepage family is of French-Scotch extraction. Adam Littlepage, the father of our subject, settled near Kanawha Saline and there built salt works and engaged in contracting in 1840. He removed to Kanawha Two-Mile in 1847, settled on a farm and engaged in merchandising and speculating in that vicinity. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was in independent

circumstances, but like many others in the locality lost almost all his property. He owned three fine six-horse teams and hauled salt barrels from his factories to the salt works, but his teams were confiscated by the Northern Army and he lost on account of the war about $150,000 of property, being left without resources except his land. A dispute arose concerning the legality of the measure that confiscated his property, and Mr. Littlepage lost his life, in 1862, in the resulting duel at Dublin, Virginia, with Lieutenant Brown,—each killed the other. He was a courageous, fearless man, and is still remembered for his many admirable qualities. His widow was left with 900 acres of land, partially paid for, and seven children, as follows: C. F., now a railroad contractor; Alexander, a physician and surgeon; Samuel D., an attorney; Adam B., of this sketch; Birdie, wife of A. M. Putney; and two deceased. Mrs. Littlepage died in Charleston, West Virginia, in 1898, aged 71 years. She was a lady of refinement and education and was beloved by all who knew her.

Adam B. Littlepage was educated in the common schools of Kanawha County. His choice of a profession was the law and with the intention of beginning its study he went to Lebanon, Ohio. He there found the schools closed on account of a prevailing epidemic, and he consequently proceeded to the home of an uncle, at Lodi, Indiana. He remained with his relatives until the death of his uncle, in the meantime managing the latter's large estate. He endeavored to apply himself to his law books, but conditions were not very favorable until he was offered the use of the office and books of that eminent jurist, Judge Joshua Jump. Mr. Littlepage, favored by this fortunate opportunity, soon was prepared for his examination, and was admitted to the bar, beginning his practice at Newport, Indiana. Mr. Littlepage can now recall with amusement his early struggles with adverse circumstances, when his little office room meant place of business, and both dining and sleeping room, but the discipline developed elements of strength he never knew he possessed, that have been of inestimable benefit in his later career. The consciousness of contributing to the comfort of his beloved mother enabled him to cheerfully deprive himself of many luxuries natural to his age. For two years he struggled for a footing in Indiana, and was meeting with success, when he returned to his home and started out afresh in his profession. Success has crowned his

efforts and he is widely known both in the criminal and the civil courts. His legal services have been retained in some of the most important cases in the West Virginia courts. He was the attorney of the State against the Burnett Boys, John M. Hill and wife and the Margaret Burnett conspiracy which resulted in the murder of Dr. Morris in Fayette County, West Virginia. Another case worthy of mention was that of the State *vs.* James A. Parker. Mr. Littlepage became the defendant's attorney after Parker had been sentenced to be hung for murder in the first degree, and finally secured in the court of last resort the prisoner's release. He now has five murder cases in Fayette County, three in Kanawha and two in Putnam, all of these attracting attention on account of his able handling of them. He has been equally successful in civil cases, and has at present on hand a number of ejectment cases involving millions of dollars or more in the State.

Mr. Littlepage has been prominent in Democratic politics. He was the candidate of his party for the office of prosecuting attorney and was defeated by but 49 votes, a later counting resulting in the division of the office between the two candidates. Probably no finer nor more complete library adorns any office in the State, than the one owned by Mr. Littlepage. He is fraternally associated with these societies: Newport Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Fernbank Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Necomis Tribe, Improved Order of Red Men; and the Order of United American Mechanics. He is a broad student and splendid thinker, of very strong personal influence. He has succeeded in accumulating some valuable property. He is regarded as an honest, upright man, a reliable adviser and splendid lawyer. His influence with juries during the trial of causes is indeed very strong. He is a ready, fluent and convincing speaker.

JONATHAN P. BOWEN.

WILLIAM H. BOWEN, familiarly known throughout the Flat-Top coal field as Harry Bowen, is secretary

and treasurer of the Booth-Bowen Coal & Coke Company, and one of the prominent citizens of that section of West Virginia, being a resident of Freeman, Mercer County. Mr. Bowen was born October 14, 1860, at Ashland, Pennsylvania, and is a son of the late Jonathan P. and H. E. (Evans) Bowen.

Jonathan P. Bowen was president of the Booth-Bowen Coal & Coke Company, a practical miner, and one of the leading citizens of Freeman, Mercer County, West Virginia. He died in October, 1902, aged 72 years. His wife died in 1877, aged 40 years. She was born in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, and came of Quaker stock. The two children were William H. and Alice, who is the wife of John D. Kutzner, a druggist of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

Harry Bowen accompanied his parents in their removal to St. Clair, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, when he was six years of age, and there he attended the public schools until his 16th year when he went to work, 10 years later in life than did his father, in the mines of the Reading Coal & Iron Company, of which his father was then superintendent. He continued his association with that company in various capacities, until February, 1887, when he removed to the Flat-Top coal fields and took the posititon of secretary of the firm of William Booth & Company (now the Booth-Bowen Coal & Coke Company) and still holds this position. On the retirement of James Booth in 1893, and the consequent vacancy in the office of treasurer, Mr. Bowen was selected to fill that position also.

The great company with which our subject is associated was one of the earliest operators in the Flat-Top coal field. It was opened by William Booth & Company in 1884, and was conducted by them until 1889, when it was incorporated under the laws of West Virginia under the title of the Booth-Bowen Coal & Coke Company, with William Booth as president, Jonathan P. Bowen, vice-president and general manager, Harry Bowen, secretary, and James Booth, treasurer. In February, 1892, William Booth retired, and Jonathan P. Bowen succeeded him as president. James Booth retired in 1893 and Harry Bowen became treasurer. The holdings of the company embrace about 1,000 acres of land, held under lease from the Flat-Top Coal Land Association. About 350 miners and laborers are employed at the operation and the capacity of the mines is from 25,000 to 30,000

tons of coal per month. The plant includes 177 coke ovens with a monthly productive capacity of about 4,000 tons of high grade coke. There are two mine openings, with a double tipple to facilitate the rapid handling of the output; and the ventilation is provided for by the use of a 20-foot fan operated by steam. The coal is hauled from the mines to the tipple by two Baldwin mine locomotives and the power for operating the other machinery is furnished by an engine and two boilers used to operate the deep well pump that forces the water from the well to the reservoirs from which the works are supplied. A second stationary engine with two boilers furnishes the power to operate the elevators, crushers and other machinery about the tipple as well as to operate the machinery in the blacksmith and woodworking shops.

Mr. Bowen was married to Harriet Hopkinson, a daughter of a stationary engineer of St. Clair, Pennsylvania, and six children have been born to this union, viz.: Annis, who died in 1902, aged five years; Elizabeth; Jonathan, assistant to his father at the mines, a thoroughly practical young man; Ethel, a student at Washington, D. C.; and Joseph and Headly, students at the Episcopal High School at Alexandria. Mr. Bowen owns a fine home at Simmons station, or Freeman. Politically he is a Republican and takes an active interest in public matters and has been quite prominent in local affairs. He has served at various times as councilman, both in Pennsylvania and in West Virginia. He is a member of almost all the prominent secret organizations, among them the following: Ivanhoe Lodge, No. 10, A. F. & A. M., at Bramwell, and Osiris Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., at Wheeling and Lodge No. 269, B. P. O. E., at Bluefield, of which he is a charter member. In religious belief he is a Methodist.

Mr. Bowen is a very successful and popular man. His business enterprise has been shown in the able manner in which he has managed the affairs of this great industry, while on every hand may be found proofs of the high personal esteem in which he is held.

JOHN S. COFFLAND is proprietor of the Horse Exchange, the only place of its kind in Wheeling, West Virginia. His business is located at No. 955 Market street, and there he has a very flourishing trade. He was born in Belmont County, Ohio, June 2, 1862. He is a son of George W. and

Martha Ann (Wadsworth) Coffland, also natives of Ohio.

George W. Coffland became a dealer in live stock when 20 years old, and continued in the business until his death, June 2, 1895, at the age of 75 years. He was united in matrimony with Martha Ann Wadsworth, who died when 49 years, three months and 11 days old. Her family was one of the oldest in the county. Her father was a sickle-maker by trade, and was a pioneer settler of Belmont County. To this union were born eight children, as follows: Emily E., the wife of James T. Bentley; William N., who is engaged in the clothing and wool business in Wisconsin; Milton T., also a resident of Wisconsin, where he is in the gents' furnishing business, and handles wool; Charles C., deceased; Elwood, who died in infancy; Mary A., the wife of E. E. Pancoast, a resident of Belmont County, who farms near Belmont; John S.; and James E., who lives in Wisconsin with his brother Milton T.

George W. Coffland took little interest in politics. He was an attendant of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which his wife was a member. Mr. Coffland was a model man in business, in morals, and in social life. Although doing business with those who drank, smoked, chewed, and swore, he was never known to do any of these things. He was a great favorite among his acquaintances, well known in his own county and those adjoining, and always respected for his firm stand. He died without an enemy.

John S. Coffland obtained his early mental training in the public schools of Belmont County, Ohio. After his school days were ended, he embarked in the live stock business with his father, handling cattle, sheep, hogs and horses, and continuing in the business in Belmont County until 1896. In April of that year, he sold out and removed to Wheeling, Ohio County, West Virginia, where he opened up his present business, at first as a livery and sale concern, and later, leaving out the livery, he gave his attention to buying and selling horses. During last year he handled 1,303 head, and expects to come close to 2,000 head in the present year, as he is doing a splendid business. He has the best location that is possible, and employs seven men all summer in caring for the stock.

Mr. Coffland was united in marriage with Mary E. Coffland, on January 2, 1885. Although bearing the same name she is not a relative of her husband. She is a daughter of J. W. Coffland, and is a native of Belmont

County, Ohio. Mr. Coffland and his worthy wife have been blessed with two children,--Lois G. and Howard J. Mrs. Coffland is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Coffland is a member of the Knights of Pythias. In politics he votes for the man he thinks will best fill the office.

ANDREW JACKSON LIGHT.

ANDREW JACKSON LIGHT, who for a period of 25 years has served as justice of the peace in the Big Sandy district, Kanawha County, West Virginia, and is one of its honored cititzens, was born on a farm in Randolph County, Indiana, March 10, 1838. He is a son of Enoch and Mary (Kelly) Light, both deceased, who were natives of the Old Dominion.

Samuel Light, the great-great-grandfather of our subject, was a man of prominence in his day and is mentioned in a history of Daniel Boone as one of the old pioneer hunters. His ancestors were of English blood. The grandfather of Judge Light was born in Roanoke County, Virginia, where the family is still numerous. The birth of Enoch Light, the father, took place in Roanoke County, Virginia; in young manhood he married Mary Kelly in Fayette County, Virginia, now West Virginia. In 1830 he removed to Indiana, located in Randolph County and bought a farm, on which he devoted his efforts to the raising of grain and stock. There our subject's mother died of the prevalent fever and ague, leaving a family of eight children, of whom two sons and four daughters are still living. Soon after the death of his wife, Enoch Light moved to Missouri and located not far from St. Joseph, where he remained a year, then drifted back to Indiana and later to his old home in Virginia. During his residence in the West, his daughters married and one now lives in Oregon, two in Indiana and one in Missouri. A brother, Henry, lives at Fayetteville, West Virginia. On his return to Vir-

ginia, Mr. Light married Mrs. Rachel Suttle of Fayette County and they had a family of four children. Mr. Light died at his home in Fayette County, June 22, 1875, from cancer of the head, and his widow is also deceased.

Andrew J. Light was educated in the common schools although the accommodations were such as might have discouraged all but the very ambitious students. Our subject can recall how he and his brother Henry arose before light so that they could reach the school in time, six miles away. The building was of logs, with chestnut bark roof and slab benches; there was no floor and an old-fashioned fireplace occupied the whole end of the building. It was necessary for the sturdy pupils to cut wood during recesses in order to keep the fire going,—an early example of the manual training idea of the public schools of today. At the age of 15 years, with his brother, he removed to Kanawha County and attended two terms of school there with ex-Governor George W. Atkinson as schoolmate, the lads boarding at the home of Mr. Atkinson's father, and Floyd Jacobs, a lifelong friendship following. Andrew J. Light then went to Cannelton in Fayette County and there engaged for a time in coal mining, running the incline cars for two years. He then enlisted for service in the Confederate Army, in Company I, Captain Lewis' Cavalry, and served one year, in the 8th Virginia Regiment, under that fine officer. He was later transferred to Capt. Tom Jackson's battery and served in that organization about three years. Mr. Light entered the service as a private and received rapid promotion, soon being made a sergeant. After his first enlistment in the cavalry, the regiment went into camp at St. Albans and our subject with his company was then sent to Ripley and a few days later participated in the battle of Skeering. The enemy proved too strong and his regiment fell back to Charleston, thence to the narrows of the New River, thence to Louisburg, where it was placed under General Echols. Here General Jenkins took command of the regiment. It then proceeded to Abingdon where General Loring assumed command; thence the regiment went to Lynchburg, Bristol and Union. During all these movements there had been no serious fighting. From Union the regiment then went to Princeton where a hot skirmish took place, thence to the mouth of the Blue Stone River; it was then ordered to report to Gen. John C. Breckenridge in the Shenandoah Valley. It was at this period that Mr.

Light became an artilleryman. Upon the battery's reporting to General Breckenridge in the Shenandoah Valley it was sent to Winchester, where it was supplied with Dahlgren cannon; thence it proceeded to Lynchburg where in the battle that took place our subject was obliged to fight against his brother Elijah who was a soldier in the Union Army, James and Henry also serving in the Union Army. At Lynchburg, General McCauslin commanded the Confederate troops and General Hunter, the Federals. This series of movements is known in history as Hunter's Raid. From that point the command with which our subject was connected went up through Maryland and into Pennsylvania, hoping to draw General Grant from Richmond. General McCauslin and his command, of which Mr. Light was a member, crossed the river at Williamsport and advanced to Hagerstown. Then the battery went to Moorefield, West Virginia, and later, on account of an official conflict, the Union troops routed the Confederates. In the begining of 1863 they went into camp below Staunton, Virginia, and thence moved to Richmond. The battery was in the battles below Richmond under Gen. Robert E. Lee, and then returned to the Shenandoah Valley.

In all the operations in the Shenandoah Valley leading up to the battle of Winchester, Mr. Light had charge of one of the pieces of ordnance. Later, at the battle of Gettysburg, he with his battery took an active part and in fact until the close of his service, in danger at all times, he proved what mettle he was made of. All of these movements of the army belong to the country's history. He met with many sad experiences and was more than once honored with words of approval from those brave commanders whose names will ever live. At the battle of Fisher's Hill, our subject was 1st sergeant of the first piece of artillery and distinguished himself by discovering the Unionists, when the scouts had failed, and fired three shots, the first of the engagement. Mr. Light had the honor of being called upon to make special shots upon different occasions, with flattering results. When his company later was ordered back to Staunton, he with others surrendered to the Union troops, at New Creek, was paroled and went to Wheeling and thence home. This very incomplete record indicates the character and gives a glimpse of the war record of one of Kanawha County's war survivors.

After the close of the war, Mr. Light went to work in a machine shop

at Charleston, later engaged in running a sawmill, being among the first in Kanawha County to operate a circular saw, and followed that business for 20 years.

On April 7, 1867, Mr. Light married Lucy Jane McCarty and a family of eight children were born to this marriage, seven of whom are living. The only son, Enos J., lives on Elk River some six miles below Clendenin. The daughters are: Mrs. Nannie B. Odell, of Blue Creek; Mrs. Emma Samples, of Blendenin; Mrs. Effie Campbell, of Clendenin; Mrs. Mattie Robinson, of Roane County; and Minnie and Uma, who live at home. The grandchildren number 12. Judge Light had always been a Democrat until 1883 and had supported that party, but since then has been identified with the Republican party, but has never asked for any office. In 1872, in Elk district, he was elected justice of the peace for one year. In 1874 he bought a farm at Fallen Rock and resided there five years, but in 1893 he removed to Clendenin and has resided there since, in 1897 purchasing a lot and erecting a handsome residence. Ever since his first election to the magistracy he has been re-elected, and has had 25 years of continuous service, the oldest in his section. His decisions meet with general approval and he is thoroughly posted on all statutes and codes. On May 12, 1885, he was appointed a notary public by Governor E. W. Wilson.

Fraternally Mr. Light is a past grand of Lodge No. 142, I. O. O. F., of Clendenin. For more than 20 years he has been a liberal supporter and a consistent member of the Missionary Baptist Church, to which his wife and family also belong. He is held in high esteem in Kanawha County.

J. A. JARRETT.

J. A. JARRETT, sheriff of Kanawha County, and a prominent citizen of Charleston, West Virginia, was

born in Clarence, Shelby County, Missouri, and is a son of Addison and Margaret (Keeney) Jarrett, both of whom were natives of what is now West Virginia. They returned to the State when their son was six years of age.

Sheriff Jarrett was educated in private schools and began his business career as a telegraph operator, serving as such for 10 years and also as joint agent for the Winifrede Railroad and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, at Winifrede Junction, West Virginia. Mr. Jarrett also served as distributing agent for the Winifrede Coal Company, during the 10 years prior to 1896. From early manhood he had been deeply interested in politics and in 1896, when he removed to Charleston, he was appointed chief deputy county clerk, under E. W. Staunton, and filled the position for four years. In the fall of 1900, he was made the choice of his party for sheriff of Kanawha County, and took charge of the office in January, 1901. Mr. Jarrett has proved himself a judicious and capable public official and has given entire satisfaction to his constituents. He has been a leading member in the Republican party for a number of years and has been no small factor in some of its successes in his section Personally he enjoys the esteem of a wide circle of friends on account of his genial manner and his many sterling traits of character.

HON. JOSEPH MARCELLUS McWHORTER.

HON. JOSEPH MARCELLUS McWHORTER, judge of the Tenth Judicial Circuit, ex-Auditor of West Virginia, is a prominent citizen who for many years has been one of the history makers of the State. His birth took place at a little settlement called McWhorter's Mills, seven miles north of Weston, Lewis County, Virginia, now West Virginia, April 30, 1828, and he is a son of Dr. Fields and Margaret M. (Kester) McWhorter, the former of whom spent the latter part

of his life in Sullivan County, Missouri, where he died in 1892, aged 84 years. The latter was a daughter of Joseph Kester of Harrison County, Virginia, now West Virginia, a veteran of the Revolutionary War, who lived to the age of 87 years and was a member of a family of 27 children, 24 sons and three daughters.

Few families can more clearly trace an honorable descent than can that of which Judge McWhorter is a member. The founders of the McWhorter family in America emigrated from the North of Ireland to New York, prior to the Revolutionary War.

Henry McWhorter, the great-grandfather of Judge McWhorter, was the youngest in a family of six sons,—James, Thomas, John, Robert, Gilbert and Henry. The father died while the children were still young, necessitating the apprenticeship of the sons to various masters of trade in the neighborhood. Those were days of slavery but not of concerted "strikes" and when Henry was subjected to inhuman treatment, it is recorded that he ran away, and although but a lad of 16 years succeeded in entering the patriot army. With valor he served through the Revolutionary War and after its close he married Mary Fields, who was a daughter of Walter Fields, of New Jersey, and with his wife penetrated to the frontier, settling in Lewis County, Virginia, now West Virginia, on Hacker's Creek, near the present location of the town of Janelew. This was about the period of the close of the troubles with the Indians in that section. Henry McWhorter reared three sons,—John, Thomas and Walter,—and died in 1848, at the age of 87 years. He was one of the founders of the Methodist Church in that locality, and during many years was very active in religious work. He was succeeded by his son John, who inherited his sterling character and his military valor. In the War of 1812 he raised a company of soldiers, of which he was captain, and took a gallant part in that struggle. After the close of that episode, he returned to his country home, applied himself to the study of the law, was admitted to the bar and with power and ability practiced his profession until the age of 72 years. It was at this time that he became thoroughly convinced of the truths of Christianity, joined the Methodist Church, entered the local ministry and until his death at the age of 95 years served as a local preacher. The McWhorter family has been noted for many characteristics and its longevity has been truly remarkable. John McWhorter never

married. His brother Thomas married Delilah Stalnaker, daughter of Samuel Stalnaker, and they reared a family of five children; one of these, Henry Stalnaker, became a soldier in the United States service when past the age of enlistment and was killed in battle during the Civil War.

Walter McWhorter, the third son of Henry McWhorter, and the grandfather of Judge McWhorter, married Margaret Hurst, a lady of German descent. They settled on a farm and reared a family of 10 children, namely: Fields, Eli, Levi, John M., Walter, Mansfield, Mary, Elizabeth, Sarah and Cassa.

In 1833 Dr. Fields McWhorter removed with his family to Morrow County, Ohio, where he practiced medicine for eight years, but in 1841 he returned to West Virginia, and, as noted, spent his last years in Missouri. The children of Dr. Fields McWhorter and wife were these: Joseph Marcellus, of this sketch; Henry C., a resident of Charleston, Kanawha County, who is one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia; John D. W., who died in October, 1901, at Moberly, Missouri; Walter F., a member of the 9th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., who was killed during the Civil War, at the battle of Cloyd's Mountain; Mary L.; Margaret E.; and Sarah A.

Joseph Marcellus McWhorter accompanied his parents to Ohio and was then five years old and able and anxious to go to school. The educational advantages were far superior in Ohio than they were in the old home, and during the eight years of residence in the Buckeye State the boy studied hard in the public schools, regretting the return to his native State on account of the lack of school facilities. At this time in the latter State, no public education was afforded, and the children, who were not taught in their own homes, attended the subscription schools, paying from $2 to $2.50 for a session of three months, under very incompetent instructors.

Judge McWhorter was the eldest in the family and the three following children were daughters. Hence, as his father was a man of very limited means, it early became necessary for the youth to study out a future career which he could make possible by his own efforts. With work on the farm and the securing of every advantage for education which came in his way, the youth attained his 21st year with a fair knowledge of the English branches, but with ambitions which encompassed a much wider horizon. The

family military spirit came to the front for a season, influenced perhaps by the esteem and admiration he possessed for that soldier and Christian gentleman, "Stonewall" Jackson, who was a neighbor, and a graduate of West Point. So near was the career of one of West Virginia's distinguished jurists directed in another direction, that the fact of his being one year over age alone prevented his applying for a cadetship at West Point, which, with his recommendations and qualifications, he would no doubt have received. He then began teaching school during the autumn and winter months and from 1851 to 1856 employed his springs and summers on the farm. In March of the latter year, the organization of Roane County having been effected, he accepted an appointment as clerk of that county and two months later, was elected by a handsome majority to the same position, for a term of two years. At the end of that period, a general election taking place, he was the candidate chosen from seven aspirants, and was elected by a majority of 150. This was in 1856 and he capably filled that office and also that of deputy clerk of the Circuit Court, performing nearly all of the duties of both offices, necessitating much study and careful attention.

Before his term of office closed, the Civil War was on the country and brought to Mr. McWhorter, as to many others, many complex problems to solve. He had been captain of a company of State militia for more than a year and had upheld against other States the superiority of his own, but the principles for which his beloved State was fighting found no honest response in his heart. He believed in the Union, he was opposed to slavery and could not sanction secession. On the other hand, he was a native of Virginia and owed her fealty, had been an office holder and he saw his friends and companions donning the Confederate gray. But even then, the future jurist saw his duty clearly, as so often since that crucial time he has done the same, and his resolution was soon formed. When a company in his neighborhood was formed to enter the Union Army, he enlisted as a private and served through the year 1861. Upon several occassions he was in great personal danger, one of these being a time when his party was surrounded by a force three times their number for almost a week. Relief came, when, one night, 24 volunteers crept out of the besieged camp and surprised and routed the enemy. This resulted in the raising of the siege and

nearly the whole of the State troops later joined the Union forces.

At the time of the outbreak of serious trouble, Mr. McWhorter packed up his public records and hid them in the house of a man in the country where they were preserved until a reorganization of the civil authorities was effected. In May, 1862, the government was reorganized at Wheeling and, an election being held, a Union man, James H. Brown, of Kanawha County, was elected judge of the Circuit Court and J. M. McWhorter, clerk of the same, and the hidden records were then brought to the Court House. Only one term was held, as a raiding party of Confederate cavalry destroyed the records of the court just held. On January 1, 1863, President Lincoln signed the bill by which West Virginia became a separate State. Mr. McWhorter was elected from Roane County to the first Legislature, held at Wheeling, June 20, 1863, and was soon placed on the judiciary committee. Probably few legislative bodies have had more serious questions to consider than came before this Legislature, and through it all may be traced the mental alertness and the wise judgment of Judge McWhorter. He was a loyal party man, but he was not swayed by party prejudices. His opposition to what is remembered as the "test oath" prescribed for all persons accepting office, can be recalled without effort of memory, he claiming it was unconstitutional and he continued to fight for what he believed was right although his party advocated and passed the bill. No one doubted his loyalty, his personal character was too high, but they regarded the bill in the light of an expediency and he could not approve of such legislation, as the Constitution already prescribed the oath to be taken. He turned his influence in many reformatory directions, one of these being common practice of the use of intoxicants on election days, Mr. McWhorter pointing out that frequently the voter would be even unable, by reason of the custom, to read the names on his ballot. He succeeded in procuring the passage of a law making it a penal offense to offer intoxicants on election days, the law still remaining in force and contributing to the peacefulness of these occasions, —other States have also adopted similar measures. Soon after the convening of the Legislature, General Morgan made a raid through Kentucky, crossed the Ohio River into Indiana and thence into Ohio, his object then seeming to be to get back in West Virginia. A portion of his command

succeeded in crossing at Buffington's Island, but the main command was forced to seek a crossing higher up the river. Great excitement was produced all along the border and as it was suspected that the bridge at Wheeling was his objective point a company of defenders was formed, chiefly of members of the Legislature. They manned a boat, had two pieces of artillery, and with bales of hay as a barricade and armed with Enfield rifles they started up the river to prevent the Confederate general's crossing. As this was looked upon as a gunboat, a name which inspired terror, no enemy came in sight. Judge McWhorter possesses a regular discharge from his company, a paper he values highly. His father and two brothers also engaged in the Civil War. His father enlisted, although over age, in the 23rd Reg., Missouri Vol. Inf., took part in the battle of Shiloh, and served through the war. Capt. H. C. McWhorter and Walter F. McWhorter, brothers of our subject, were enrolled in the 9th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Infantry.

After the adjournment of the first West Virginia Legislature, Mr. McWhorter was appointed by the Governor, State Superintendent of the Penitentiary, the object being to try to establish a system of labor for the convicts confined in the jail at Wheeling as a temporary penitentiary. However, the plan did not seem to promise real benefit to the State, and Mr. McWhorter resigned. In 1864, the Republican convention held at Grafton nominated him for State Auditor and not only was he elected to that high position but was re-elected for a second term in 1866; in 1868 he declined another nomination to that office and also refused to be considered as a candidate for the position of governor. He was strongly backed by his party and such papers as the *Wheeling Intelligencer*. In 1869 when the West Virginia Insurance Company was organized, he was elected its secretary and filled the position until March, 1870, when the resignation of Judge Harrison left a vacancy in the Circuit Court and he was appointed to the position, the district comprising the counties of Greenbrier, Monroe, Nicholas and Pocahontas. He then removed to Lewisburg where he has since resided. His term expired January 1, 1873, and in July of the same year he was appointed superintendent of the schools of Greenbrier County, where he has practiced his profession with marked success. As superintendent of schools, he infused new life into the system and

instituted reforms which have been of lasting benefit. More than once has Judge McWhorter been approached with proffers of Congressional honors and at one time was nominated, but factions in the party and a large Democratic majority in the district, caused him to decline to run. President Garfield appointed him postmaster at Lewisburg and both before and after the war he had filled the same office at Spencer, Roane County. In 1892 he received the Republican nomination for judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals for the long term of 12 years. He ran the full strength of his party, but the Populist vote threw the election to the Democrats. In 1896 he was elected judge of the Tenth Judicial Circuit, by almost 500 majority, this district including Pocahontas, Greenbrier, Monroe, Summers and Fayette counties.

Judge McWhorter has been twice married. In 1852 he married Julia A. Stalnaker, of Harrison County and these children were born to them: Alessandro; Artemus; Louis E.; Virgil S., deceased; William B.; Buell, deceased: Maggie E.; Joseph C.; Walter W., deceased; and Decie J. Mrs. McWhorter died August 26, 1869. On October 26, 1870, Judge McWhorter married Julia Kinsley, daughterter of Rev. Hiram and Elsie S. Kinsley, of Geneva, Ohio, and these children were born to the second union: Emma L., Jennie P., Kinsley F., deceased, and Charles N.

Judge McWhorter is identified with the Masonic fraternity. He is a prominent member of the Methodist Church, South. He long and honorable public career has won him universal respect.

STEELE A. HAWKINS.

STEELE A. HAWKINS, senior member of the well known real estate firm of Steele A. Hawkins & Son, of Charleston, West Virginia, was born at Malden, Kanawha County, Virgin-

ia, now West Virginia, April 24, 1854, and is a son of William N. and Sarah A. (Oliver) Hawkins. Both parents were natives of Virginia. By occupation the father of our subject was a house painter and this trade he followed until he became a railway mail clerk in 1877. He died January 22, 1896, at the age of 72 years. A family of six children were born to William N. Hawkins and wife, three of whom still survive. Both parents were consistent members of the Methodist Church.

Steele A. Hawkins, of this sketch, was educated in the public schools of Charleston and learned his father's trade of painting and decorating. Mr. Hawkins followed the same for a period of 13 years. In the meantime he became interested in State politics, and was appointed custodian of the United States postoffice at Charleston, West Virginia, a position he held under three Republican administrations. He has served as a delegate to many conventions and was a delegate to the national conventions held at Cincinnati and Baltimore. During 1899-1900 he was sergeant-at-arms of the West Virginia Senate, during the Goff-Fleming contest, and performed his duties with faithfulness and efficiency. Mr. Hawkins was the first man from West Virgina in the National Club League convention, at Baltimore, who suggested Stephen B. Elkins' name as State committeeman for West Virginia on the National Club League Executive Committee.

Mr. Hawkins became tired of politics and for a time engaged in selling goods on commission for an installment house, but in 1894 established his present real estate business. This has proved very successful and he is probably the largest dealer in Charleston property. He owns much valuable land both in the city and in the adjoining counties, some of it being valuable in coal and oil. He has the reputation, well established, of being a man of the highest business integrity.

In 1873 Mr. Hawkins was married to Mary E. Davis, a member of the old Davis family of Virginia. Six children were born to this marriage, the five survivors being: William, the junior member of the firm of Steele A. Hawkins & Son; Sallie E. Lislie; Eva; Ewart; and Nellie. Mrs. Hawkins died May 13, 1890. The second marriage of Mr. Hawkins was to Anna Taylor, who was born in Fayette County, West Virginia, and the children of this union are Chilton Taylor; Steele A., Jr.; Nathan; Anna Louise; and Fannie Taylor, deceased.

JOHN J. KEEFF.

JOHN J. KEEFF, a prominent citizen of Charleston, West Virginia, and superintendent of the Charleston & South Side Bridge Company, was born in Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, West Virginia, April 31, 1862, being a son of Daniel and Bridget (Barry) Keeff, both natives of Cork, Ireland.

Daniel Keeff came to America about 1850 and landed at Boston, Massachusetts, where he was employed for a time. His early life was spent in railroad work and he assisted in the construction of some of the best known railroads in the Eastern States. He assisted in the completion of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, and then acted as foreman in the construction of what was known as Cady's Tunnel. He later moved to Staunton, Virginia, where he was married and lived for several years. When the Civil War broke out he located in Lewisburg, and later in Charleston, Virginia, now West Virginia, where he was employed by the government. After the war he moved to Ohio, then returned to West Virginia, locating at Point Pleasant and finally at Charleston where he continued to live until his death. He died on July 3, 1889, at the age of 74 years, and his wife died in 1891 at the age of 66 years. They were devout Catholics in religious faith, and in politics Mr. Keeff was a stanch Democrat.

John J. Keeff was educated principally at night schools and through such channels as self-made men usually acquire their intellectual training. He spent much of his early life in various manufacturing establishments, and then learned stationary and marine engineering, at the present time holding a license for river engineering. He later superintended the operation of the ferry across the Great Kanawha River at Charleston for Ruffner Brothers until the iron toll bridge was built across the stream. He was appointed superintendent of this bridge in 1891, collecting all tolls and seeing that the

bridge is properly repaired, and this position he has held to the present time. The bridge is one thousand feet long and was manufactured by the Keystone Bridge Company. The first officers were: B. L. Wood, Jr., president; T. H. Given, secretary and treasurer, and these two officers, with R. S. Carr, W. P. Wood, J. W. Moon, C. H. Schrider, W. E. Jennings, L. H. Partridge and S. C. Weiscopf, composed the board of directors. The present officers are: J. Wainwright, president; T. H. Given, treasurer; and L. H. Partridge, auditor. Mr. Keeff is one of the substantial citizens of Charleston, in which city he has considerable valuable property. Politically, he is enthusiastic in his support of the Democratic party.

John J. Keeff was united in the holy bonds of wedlock with Bridget M. O'Connor, by whom he has had four children, namely: John J., Jr., deceased; Mary; Lawrence; and John J., Jr., Thomas O'Connor, Mrs. Keff's father, who was a native of Ireland, was a prominent business man in Charleston for about a third of a century, and at his death was numbered as one of the well-to-do men of the city. His death was mourned by a large circle of acquaintances and friends. He assisted in bringing about many of the public improvements the city of Charleston is now enjoying. He is a self-made man and a great friend to education. He died in 1902, aged 74 years. His widow, a lady of many noble traits of true womanhood, is filling out the last years of an honored life in Charleston. The family are Catholics in religious attachment.

S. C. BEARD, M. D.

S. C. BEARD, M. D., a prominent physician and well known citizen of Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, West Virginia, was born on a farm north of that city some four miles, on October 3, 1831, and is a son of Christopher and Miriam (McNeel) Beard, both natives of Virginia.

In tracing the early history of the

ancestors of Dr. Beard on both paternal and maternal sides, the biographer finds material for many pages of interesting matter, for the Beards and McNeels, with their forebears, have been prominently identified with the settlement and development of Greenbrier and adjacent counties from early days.

John Beard, the great-grandfather of Dr. Beard, was of Scotch-Irish extraction, and made his first home in America in Pennsylvania, but later removed to Augusta County, Virginia, and from there to Greenbrier County, his advent antedating the Revolutionary War period. He was a man of bold, adventurous spirit, and his courage was frequently needed in his contests with the Indians, his success in subduing them and regaining his property when they stole it making him famous as an Indian fighter. He married a member of the Wallace family and they reared a family, their son Samuel being the grandfather of our subject.

Samuel Beard became a prominent man in Greenbrier County, where he was born after the family removed from Augusta County. He was a large farmer and twice served as high sheriff of Greenbrier County, under the law making the senior magistrate occupy that office. He married Margaret Walkup, a native of Lexington, Virginia. She lived to a great age, and Samuel himself attained the age of 80 years, dying in 1848. They reared a family of five children.

Christopher Beard, the father of Dr. Beard, was born April 1, 1798, in Greenbrier County, and through life followed agricultural pursuits. He was of a quiet, thrifty nature and took no very active interest in public matters beyond performing his duties as a citizen. He died August 2, 1840, after a brief illness, at the age of 42. His widow survived until 1888, dying at the age of 82 years. She was a daughter of Abraham McNeel and his wife, who was a Miss Bridger. Abraham McNeel was born in Pocahontas County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and died there at the age of 55 years, having been married three times. Abraham McNeel was a son of John McNeel, who was born in Ireland and came to America as an immigrant to Maryland. It is related of John McNeel that on one occasion, in a slight altercation, he struck a fellow workman with a hand spike, and, thinking that he had unwittingly struck a fatal blow, started into the woods of Pocahontas County and hid himself in those wilds for some two years. By chance

he met a Maryland acquaintance, who gave him the glad news that his supposed victim was not only alive and well but had helped him in "log-rolling" that very day. Mr. McNeel then returned to Maryland and there married Martha Davis, a lady of Welsh extraction. She was a zealous Methodist, a convert of Wesley, founder of the faith, and it was through her influence that her husband later erected the first log cabin for religious worship west of the Alleghany Mountains. After their marriage John McNeel and his wife moved to Pocahontas County and made their home in the woods near this early church, which in later years became the home of the noted Methodist divine, Bishop Asbury. At the time of settlement, the McNeels had no near neighbors and the Indians were still very troublesome. It is related as an example of the heroism of Mrs. McNeel that upon one occasion, while Mr. McNeel was on the border fighting Indians, a little babe was born, which died in its lonely mother's arms, and that it was her sad necessity to dig its shallow little grave and lay it to rest under the big trees, with no one to assist or comfort her. The spot hallowed by that lonely little tomb has been the burying ground of the McNeel family ever since, and it is situated near Hillsboro. Mr. McNeel became a very wealthy man for that time and prominent in local affairs.

Dr. Beard was the older of the two sons born to his parents, his brother, John Abraham, dying September 10, 1861. The latter had served as lieutenant of a company in the Confederate Army until disabled by illness, and at his death his command met and passed resolutions of regret and expressed their admiration of his character. Dr. Beard spent his early years on a farm and attended the Lewisburg schools. In 1853 he graduated at the University of Virginia and secured his medical degree, later taking post-graduate courses and attending college lectures. He followed his profession at Blue Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County, for seven years, but when the war broke out he returned to his mother to protect her property and to operate her farm. Although never officially connected with the army, Dr. Beard saw so much experience during the progress of the war, and so frequently gave his services, that he really was one of the most valued physicians and surgeons of the Confederate Army in that part of the State. He continued his private practice, which was of the most arduous description, covering so large a territory, but was never too

tired or too busy to fail to respond when he could help or alleviate the pain of a soldier, for whom he always entertained the deepest sympathy. He always carried the countersign and no face was more welcome to the lads in gray than was that of this kind, helpful, skilled physician, although his services were freely rendered.

On December 12, 1855, Dr. Beard was united in marriage to Estaline M. Hamilton, who was born near Blue Sulphur Springs, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a daughter of Jacob and Delilah (Jarrett) Hamilton. Jacob Hamilton was a native of Greenbrier County and was born and reared on the farm where he died in April, 1877, aged 82 years, his wife having passed away in 1851. Jacob Hamilton was a son of William Hamilton, who in the early Revolutionary period came alone to Western Virginia, his only tool being an axe. He cleared a spot of ground and built a cabin and lived alone in the wilderness until other settlers came and then removed to Muddy Creek, Greenbrier County. His first neighbor there was Col. John Stewart, whom he met when out hunting, and these two headed the line of settlers in Greenbrier County, long prior to the Indian massacre. Mr. Hamilton was a brave Indian fighter and appears in history as such.

Dr. and Mrs. Beard have had a family of seven children, namely: Dr. Walter C., of Alderson, Monroe County, West Virginia; Lillian H., who lives at home; Delilah, who died at the age of 20 months; Margaret, who died at the age of 12 years; Philip, who died at the age of 23 years; Samuel, who resides on the old homestead; and Emma W., who lives at home. Dr. Beard and family belong to the Methodist Church. He is a valued member of the West Virginia Medical Association. His early practice entailed a daily ride, on some days of 60 miles, and still absorbs his whole time. He says he has never found time for a vacation. He is well known through many counties and enjoys warm friends in all. In politics he has always been identified with the Democratic party.

JOHN WRIGHT, who is retired from active business, still retains his interest in the LaBelle Iron Works, and is a well known citizen of Wheeling, West Virginia.

Mr. Wright was born at Pittsburg in 1824, and is a son of Thomas

Wright, with whom he worked as engineer in Shoenberger's Mill at Pittsburg until 1849, when he removed to Wheeling, where he has since been located. He was engineer at the starting of the Belmont Mill, and continued thus until 1852, when, in the fall of the year, he took charge of the engines of the LaBelle Iron Works. He remained with this concern until 1876, since which time he has lived practically in retirement, retaining, however, his iron and steel interests.

John Wright was united in marriage, in the spring of 1852, with Eleanor Madden, who was born and reared in Wheeling. They became the parents of seven children, namely: Mrs. Anna Hugus; Elizabeth, who is at home; Ella, wife of Cecil Robinson; William, deceased; John E., president of the LaBelle Iron Works; Maggie (Taylor), who resides at Wheeling; and Carrie May, who was recently married to Thomas Stewart, and also resides in Wheeling. John Wright has always been a Republican. Mrs. Wright belongs to the First United Presbyterian Church.

ALEXANDER O. MAXWELL, who has been a resident of Wheeling, West Virginia, since 1869, is secretary of the Bloch Brothers Tobacco Company and a prominent member of the Board of Education of that city. He was born in Ohio County, Virginia, now West Virginia, 10 miles from Wheeling, in 1858. He is a son of John D. Maxwell, and grandson of Thomas and Sarah (Steele) Maxwell, of Scotch-Irish descent; the former died in 1854, and the latter, in 1872.

Thomas Maxwell was born at the Redstone settlement in Pennsylvania, and removed to Ohio County, Virginia, now West Virginia with his father. They located on a farm 12 miles east of Wheeling, which property still remains in the possession of the family. Farming was the chief pursuit of the family up to that time. Thomas and Sarah Maxwell had eight children, as follows: John D.; Hester, deceased; Sarah Jane; Margaret Ann; Rachel Amanda; Elizabeth, deceased; Robert M.; and T. T. All the surviving members of the family reside in Ohio County, with the exception of Sarah Jane, who is a resident of Beaver County, Pennsylvania.

John D. Maxwell was born in Ohio County, August 8, 1816, and was reared on the farm on which he remained until he arrived at maturity. At the age of about 25 years, he attended the academy at West Alexander, Pennsylvania, in charge of Rev.

Dr. McCluskey, a Presbyterian minister, cotemporary with Dr. Hupp, of Wheeling. He became proficient in Latin and Greek and familiar with the sciences, during his course of four years. Upon leaving school, he taught for six months at Triadelphia, and during the three succeeding years taught a select school five miles from Wheeling. He then taught for seven seasons near his old home and Valley Grove. Two years later, he was married and then opened a merchandise store at Triadelphia, and later at Roney's Point, where he conducted business about two years. He then sold out and took charge of his father's farm, which he succeeded in clearing of a previously incurred indebtedness. He removed to Wheeling in the fall of 1869, and in 1871 rented the stock yards of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Bellaire, and conducted them for about seven months. During 1858 and 1859, he had served as deputy sheriff under Samuel Irwin, and under an act of the Legislature was appointed in 1867 by Governor Boreman a commissioner for the equalization of lands —representing the First Senatorial District, which included Brooke, Hancock and Ohio counties. The work occupied the commission for nearly a year. Mr. Maxwell was special deputy United States marshal under Hegeman Slack, of Charleston, for 12 years or until the early "eighties," since which time he has lived practically a retired life. Although 85 years of age, he is most active and hearty, and resides at No. 25 South Penn street, on the Island. He was united in marriage with Margaret Pierson, who was born in Ohio County, July 6, 1831, and is a daughter of Perry and Isabel (Frazer) Pierson, being one of seven children, as follows: Margaret; David; James C.; Jane; Narcissus; Abigail; and Perry E. This union resulted in the birth of eight children, as follows: Thomas T., a painter and contractor, of Wheeling; James P., of the firm of Hubbard & Paull, of Wheeling, a member of the executive committee of the West Virginia Wholesale Grocers' Association; Alexander O.; Margaret (Lake), who resides on the Island, and has two children, Sidney and Marguerite; John Edward, who lives at home and is in the employ of the Wheeling Electrical Company; George D., president of the Hicks & Hoge Dry Goods Company of Wheeling; Rose (Montgomery), of Martin's Ferry, Ohio; and Schuyler Colfax, who died in infancy.

Alexander O. Maxwell attended the public schools of Wheeling until he was 14 years of age, and then served an

apprenticeship to the tradé of a printer, with William Ewing. He afterward became a clerk in the employ of Isaiah Warren & Company, in the oil refinery at Wheeling, and occupied several clerical positions with them during the following six years. He served as traveling salesman for Simeon Baer's Sons Grocery Company for five years, and in 1888 began his business relations with the Bloch Brothers Tobacco Company, as bookkeeper. In 1890, when this firm became incorporated, he was made secretary of the company, in which capacity he has since served with credit.

Mr. Maxwell was united in marriage with Clementine Loomis, who died in 1896, leaving five children, as follows: Lillian B.; Edna G.; Margaret C.; John Alexander; and Harold. He formed a second union, wedding Emma W. Seybold, of Wheeling, a daughter of Joseph Seybold, deceased, who was at one time cashier, and later president, of the Bank of Wheeling, and was also sheriff of Ohio County. The subject of this sketch resides in the Seventh Ward, on North Front street, on the Island. He is a Republican, and has taken an active interest in the affairs of his party. He was a member of the city executive committee one year, and was elected a member of the Board of Education in 1892, to fill out an unexpired term. He served until 1894, when he was re-elected for a term of six years, and in 1900 was again elected to that office. Fraternally, he is past master of Ohio Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M. In religious belief, the family has always been Presbyterian, but Mr. Maxwell is liberal, attending the Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal Churches.

MEIGS JACKSON BARTLETT, M. D.

MEIGS JACKSON BARTLETT, M. D., a leading physician and surgeon of Clarksburg, Harrison County, is one of the most eminent members of his profession in the Mountain State.

He was born at Simpson, Taylor County, Virginia, now West Virginia, on the 13th day of May, 1857, and is the eldest son of Jedidiah Waldo and Olive (Ryan) Bartlett.

Jedidiah Waldo Bartlett, who through the greater part of his life was a farmer and landed proprietor of Taylor County, was born in 1822 and died in 1898. His wife was born in 1830 and died in 1865, aged 35 years.

The grandparents of Dr. Bartlett on his father's side were Josiah and Abidal (Goff) Bartlett; the former was born in 1800 and died at the age of 72, and the latter was born in 1788 and died in 1880, lacking but eight years of completing the century mark of life. Josiah Bartlett and his wife were descendants of some of the early settlers of the Old Dominion. Grandmother Bartlett was a sister of Waldo, Nathan, David and Mary Goff, the last named of whom also married a Bartlett named Benjamin. The grandparents of our subject on his mother's side were John Ryan, who died in 1882, aged 80 years, and Sarah Radcliff, his wife, who died in 1884, aged 78.

Our subject's early education was obtained in the public school at Simpson until the age of 14, when he was sent to the West Virginia College at Flemington, from which he was graduated at the age of 17. His early life was the usual one pertaining to being brought up on a farm; when not at school he did what he was able in helping to attend to the stock, but, withal, it was observed that he was very studiously inclined and extremely fond of books at an unusually early age, all of which traits of character bore fruit in after years.

Notwithstanding his youth, after graduating from the West Virginia College he taught school at various points for nine years, and during this period attended the classes at Fairmont Normal College, from which he was graduated in 1878. Shortly thereafter he was offered and accepted the position of office manager for Joseph Pell & Company, of South Palestine, Texas, which position he filled with ability and to the satisfaction of his employers until 1880, when he returned to his native State, where, in Taylor County, he began the publication of a newspaper called the *New Era*, filling the position of editor-in-chief and business manager. The paper removed its headquarters to Tucker County in 1881, when the name was changed to the *Tucker County Democrat* and the publication came under other management. Leaving the edi-

tor's chair in 1881, he took up the study of the law under Daniel B. Lucas, of Charlestown, Jefferson County, but the legal profession not proving congenial to his nature, he abandoned the study of law a year afterward.

In 1883, feeling the necessity of an active outdoor life, he removed to Harrison County, where he took up a farm owned by his father on the West Fork of the Monongahela River. In the fall of this year he became a benedict, and two years later built a residence for himself and family on property belonging to his wife, near Hepzibah Church. During this period, until 1892, he successfully pursued the occupation of farming and stock raising; but the desire of his youth—the study and practice of medicine—being still strong upon him, he began its study in 1891. Finding it possible to obtain the requisite knowledge and experience in this profession only in a large city, where the necessary facilities were to be had, he removed with his family in 1892 to Baltimore, Maryland, where he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of that city. Pursuing his studies with ardor and assiduity, he graduated with high honors in the first grade in 1895, holding diplomas in the various branches of gynecology and obstetrics and catarrhal diseases. After a short time of rest and relaxation he returned to Harrison County, opened an office at No. 106 South Third street, in the city of Clarksburg, and entered upon his practice. So thorough are his methods and so varied is his knowledge of the profession that he has built up a very large practice—in short, the largest in the city,—to take care of which taxes his utmost energies. Dr. Bartlett is looked upon as one of the solid and enterprising citizens of Clarksburg, foremost in all movements for the progress and interest of the city; he owns his residence and other real estate there, besides having large interests in coal mines and coal lands in the county and State.

He was consulting physician for the Pinnickinnick Coal Company from 1895 to 1900; health officer of the city from 1898 to 1901; physician for the Monticello Brick Company from 1895 to 1898; and physician for the Adamston Coal Company from 1896 to 1898. Owing to his constantly increasing practice, Dr. Bartlett found it necessary to gradually give up these positions, only retaining those of examining physician for the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, and other large life and accident insurance companies.

In connection with his interests in coal mines and coal lands, he is vice-president of the Centralia Coal & Coke Company, which has a capital of $100,000 and controls 4,000 acres of coal land; secretary of the Capitol Land & Improvement Company, of Clarksburg; a director of the Horner Land & Improvement Company, of Shinnston; and of the Industrial Land & Improvement Company, of Clarksburg. In 1894 he became a member of the I. O. O. F. Encampment and also joined the Knights of Pythias; and in 1899 he became a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and the Pinnickinnick Club. He is also a member of the Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Baltimore, Maryland, and is consulting physician for the following insurance orders and companies: Ladies of the Maccabees; Modern Woodmen of America; Woodmen of the World; Ancient Order of United Workmen; Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company; and Provident Life & Trust Company. In his religious belief the Doctor is a strong Baptist. He has been a lifelong Democrat and sees no reason to change his political faith.

On the 25th of October, 1883, Dr. Bartlett married Nannie E. Allen, of Harrison County, and has an interesting family of three daughters: Lala Olive, born February 12, 1886; Mary Lena, born July 23, 1889; and Eva Meigs, born November 4, 1891.

When the arduous duties of his profession permit, Dr. Bartlett is a great reader and student; and heretofore he has been an extensive traveler over the United States, believing that it is well to know one's own country and its beauties before going abroad to admire those in the other hemisphere.

CHARLES B. BUSTER

CHARLES B. BUSTER, county clerk of Greenbrier County, West Virginia, and a representative citizen of Lewisburg, was born October 22, 1838,

in Charleston, Kanawha County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a son of George W. and Ann E. (Chilton) Buster, both natives of Virginia, the former of Loudoun County and the latter of Warrenton, Fauquier County.

The Buster family, which is of Scotch-Irish descent, was among the early settlers of the State of Virginia. Maj. Claudius Buster, the grandfather of our subject, spent the latter part of his life in Greenbrier County, a man of large means and the owner of valuable property.

George W. Buster, father of Charles B. Buster, was well and favorably known in Kanawha County, which he served both as deputy sheriff and as sheriff. From 1836 to 1858 he was the proprietor of the Blue Sulphur Springs, being one of the original organizers of the Blue Sulphur Company, and finally by purchase becoming the sole owner. He was a leading member of the Democratic party for many years. His death occurred in Greenbrier County in 1868, at the age of 65 years. The mother of our subject was a daughter of Dr. Samuel Chilton, of Fauquier County, and through this ancestral line Mr. Buster is connected with one of the oldest and most distinguished families of England. Dr. Samuel Chilton was a son of Charles and Elizabeth (Blackwell) Chilton, and was married to his cousin, Lucinda Blackwell, in 1795.

The Chiltons of Virginia are descendants of an old English family, originally of French descent, as the name indicates, although its derivation is somewhat uncertain. A recent writer upon the old families of England says that it is derived from the chalk cliffs of Dover, near which the Chiltons are supposed to have settled when first landing on English shores. In 1066 William I, Duke of Normandy, styled "William the Conqueror," set sail for the conquest of England, and inscribed upon his banner roll was the name of Sir John Chilton. This is the first mention found of the use of the name, and it is reasonable to suppose that he remained, with others of his family, to share the spoils so liberally bestowed by the Conqueror. Members of the family, with vassals and retainers, were in the train of Robert II, Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, when that doughty Crusader embarked for the Holy Land. From that time five centuries elapse before anything more is heard of the Chiltons; in 1642 they again became prominent as loyal subjects of Charles Stuart, but later joined those who resisted the exactions and usurpations of

Charles and finally joined the Parliamentarians. In 1678, 18 years after the accession of Charles II, three brothers of the name of Chilton came to America. Charles Chilton, the eldest of the family, settled in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the banks of the Potomac River where he named his estate "Curryoman." Charles Chilton had a family of four sons: Thomas, William, Charles and John.

Thomas Chilton, the first-born, inherited the family estate, married a Miss Pearce, lived to old age and died without issue. William inherited "Maidstone," to Charles was given "Hereford" and John obtained "Rock Spring." Charles and John married sisters,—Betty and Letty Blackwell. Charles Chilton reared a large family, naming his children as follows: John, Samuel (the grandfather of Charles B. Buster), Stephen, Blackwell, Mark, and Betty, the latter dying unmarried. John Chilton was an officer of a Virginia regiment in the Revolutionary War, and was killed during the battle of Brandywine, leaving children as follows: Thomas, Joseph, George, Nancy and Lucy. William Chilton married a Miss Orrick and at death left three children: Orrick, William and Susan. Thomas Chilton left no children and Orrick, the eldest son of William, became the heir-at-law and inherited the great Chilton estates. He married a Miss Corbin.

Of the two other brothers who also came to America, after the restoration of Charles II, but little is known One settled in Virginia and the other in Maryland. Of the Virginia brother, a few descendants, perhaps, remain in Bedford or Campbell counties. In Maryland the name still lives, one branch having intermarried with the Snowdens of Baltimore. Laura Chilton, principal of the convent school at Wheeling, West Virginia, was one of that family. A late writer, commenting on the families of Westmoreland County, such as the Lees, Washington, Ashtons, and others, says: "Pursuing our journey along the river banks, we came to 'Curryoman.' A slab marks this as the home of the Chiltons. Their descendants settled in the upper county, Fauquier, where the name still lives, but there is nothing but a cross road and a hidden slab to recall the name."

In 1620, when the "Mayflower" landed at Plymouth Rock, Mary Chilton was the first to step ashore. This was some years in advance of the Parliamentarian emigrations, but the same resolute spirit prevailed and this was doubtless one of the same-

family. Dr. James Chilton, the eminent chemist, was one of the Puritan stock, although the name has not been a very noted one in the United States. A member of the family, Tom Chilton, of Kentucky, probably became one of the best known to the public. He was a man of surprising eloquence and of varied gifts and acquirements, but from an extreme fickleness of character never pursued any calling long enough to achieve enduring greatness. Sam Chilton of Fauquier County, was a man of fair talents and as a lawyer excelled as a criminal pleader. He was much esteemed by those who knew him well and was greatly admired for his genial, pleasant manner. John Chilton, of Vicksburg, was a distinguished lawyer. Of those who embraced the medical profession, Dr. John Chilton of Fauquier became the most prominent. The Chilton coat of arms, said to be one of the finest in the book of heraldry, is a chevron boar's head and red and white rose.

Charles B. Buster, our subject, the efficient county clerk of Greenbrier County, was an infant when his parents removed thither from Kanawha County. There he was reared and educated and passed his earlier life as a farmer. In 1872 he accepted a clerkship with McMann & Company, contractors for the improvement of the Greenbrier River, and remained with them until the work was finished in 1874, after which he engaged with Barnum & Hurley, contractors of construction work on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway and continued with them until the work was almost completed. He was first elected county clerk in 1884. Mr. Buster is serving his fourth term in that capacity and is one of the most popular of the county officials. He has also been justice of the peace for four years. In politics he has always been identified with the Democratic party.

Mr. Buster married Virginia W. Hamilton, who was a daughter of Jacob Hamilton, and was born near Blue Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County, February 22, 1838, and died at Lewisburg, September 8, 1886. A family of four children were born to this marriage, namely: Annie H., who married Lewis P. Houseman of Pueblo, Colorado; Emma B., who married Harry A. Henderson, a native of Sussex, England; Fannie, who died at the age of 22 years, and Charles, who died aged 18 years. The second marriage of Mr. Buster was to Mattie W.

Cooper, and two children have been born to this union: Blackwell C. and Mary E.

In religious belief Mr. Buster is a Presbyterian. His long connection with public affairs has given him a wide acquaintance and many friends.

MAJ. WILLIAM P. EWING, M. D., LL. D.

MAJ. WILLIAM P. EWING, M. D., LL. D., who is now living practically retired at Charleston, West Virginia, for many years has been at the head of his noble profession in his section of the State. He was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, December 3, 1821, and is a son of Rev. J. D. and Drucilla L. (Tate) Ewing, the former of whom was born in Rockingham County and the latter in Augusta County, Virginia.

Rev. J. D. Ewing was a Presbyterian minister and was of Scotch-Irish extraction. The Tate family belonged to Revolutionary stock and is quite numerous in Augusta County, Virginia.

Dr. Ewing received the best educational advantages his locality afforded and in early manhood decided upon his professional course. In preparation he entered Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, later took a course at the Virginia Military Institute and later entered Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in 1846. From that date to 1871 he continued in practice in his native locality, interrupted somewhat by the exigencies of the Civil War in which he took a noble part, and then he moved to Charleston, West Virginia. At the time the present flourishing city was but a hamlet, but its situation was favorable and its prospects bright, and Dr. Ewing wisely concluded it would be a desirable place of residence. As years passed on, his field of usefulness became larger and the measure of esteem in which he was held increased. Few men in the locality are more thoroughly respected.

Dr. Ewing continued in the profession until 1900 when he practically retired from active work. He has been at various times much honored in his profession. Formerly he filled the chair of physiology and chemistry in the Kanawha Military Institute and was surgeon of the Institute with the title of major. For a number of years he served on the State Board of Health. During the Civil War his services were gratuitously given to both armies, in the cause of humanity, and the sufferings of many a poor soldier were eased by his gentle ministrations and professional skill. During the administration of President Cleveland, Dr. Ewing served as United States pension examiner. He has been city physician of Charleston and at one time was president of the Kanawha County Medical Society. He was local surgeon of the Chespeake & Ohio Railway and medical examiner of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. His personal character is of the highest standard and his professional ability beyond question.

On January 20, 1848, Dr. Ewing was married to Annie Sturges of Danville, Virginia, who was born in Louisiana. The three children of Dr. and Mrs. Ewing are: Henry F., Mrs. Fannie L. Scott, and Mrs. Ella W. Marshall. In his evening of life Dr. Ewing was called upon to suffer a great grief in the loss of his devoted wife, on December 10, 1902,—she was 81 years old. She was a most estimable Christian lady, beloved and deeply mourned. In religious belief Dr. Ewing is a Presbyterian.

HOMER P. DIXON.

HOMER P. DIXON, general manager of the Charleston Home Telephone Company, of Charleston, West Virginia, was born November 28, 1875, at Montezuma, Georgia, and is a son of O. F. and Sarah (Renfroe) Dixon, natives of Georgia, the former being a prominent agriculturist and

lumberman in the vicinity of Montezuma.

Homer P. Dixon is the eldest of a family of seven children born to his parents. After passing through the common school course and graduating with credit from the high school, he decided to enter the electrical field. Enrolling with the International Correspondence School of Scranton, Pennsylvania, he took the prescribed course in that institution and graduated in 1903. Previously he had occupied a position as chief electrician with the South Carolina long distance telephone company, in which position he gave entire satisfaction. Desiring to find a more extended opportunity for work in his line, Mr. Dixon removed to Charleston, West Virginia, in 1902, and accepted a position as general manager of the Charleston Home Telephone Company. This progressive enterprise was incorporated under the laws of West Virginia with James Payne as president, E. E. Newman as treasurer, and E. A. Barnes as secretary. The company owns and controls 1,050 instruments, is giving the best of satisfaction and is operating lines from Charleston to Huntington, Winfield and Clendenin, and several additional short lines. Its lines also connect with all the principal points in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Kentucky, over the lines of the United States Telephone Company. The main office is located on the third floor of the Kanawha National Bank building where the quarters are commodious and convenient.

On December 24, 1902, Mr. Dixon was married to Maud Macon, a young lady of Columbia, South Carolina. She is an active member of the Baptist Church at Charleston. Mr. Dixon was reared in the Methodist faith.

Mr. Dixon is a young man of energy and ability, devoted to his profession and the people of Charleston can congratulate themselves that their telephone company, now a necessity of modern life, is under the management of a capable and practical electrician.

GEORGE A. FLACCUS, the originator and proprietor of the firm of Flaccus Brothers, which conducts the largest fruit preserving plant in West Virginia, and another large preserving plant at New Philadelphia, Ohio, is a resident and prominent citizen of Wheeling; he was born in Washington County, Ohio, and is a son of George C. Flaccus.

His father, George C. Flaccus, who has lived a retired life for many years

at his home near Altenheim, two and a half miles east of Wheeling, on the National Road, is a native of Germany and came to this country in 1848, first locating at Pittsburg, where he remained a short time, then removed to a farm eight miles north of Marietta, in Washington County, Ohio, and moved to Wheeling about the close of the Civil War.

George A. Flaccus, subject of this sketch, was reared and educated in Wheeling, where he attended the public schools, Linsly Institute and the Wheeling Business College. From 1876 until 1879, he, together with his brothers, conducted a wholesale grocery store, manufacturing much of the goods that they sold. For the past 20 years, especial attention has been given to the manufacture of catsup, preserves, etc., the first plant being located at Altenheim, where the business was begun in a small way, together with the grocery at 23rd and Market streets. In 1890, the business was removed to its present location on the corner of 17th and Chapline streets. Mincemeat and canned goods were the first manufactured, but in later years the famous Steers-Head catsup became the specialty, being manufactured and shipped by carloads, together with preserves, pickles, canned goods, sauces, etc., to all parts of the country. The buildings occupied cover the entire square on 17th street, from Chapline street to Eoff street, and are well equipped with up-to-date machinery, especially adapted for the purposes designed, most of it invented and made by the firm.

Flaccus Brothers were the first firm to engage in the manufacture of this line of goods in Wheeling and among the first west of the Alleghany Mountains, as then most manufacturers of these goods were located in Eastern Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland and New Jersey. They contract with farmers and gardeners in the territory adjoining Wheeling and at their plant in New Philadelphia, Ohio, to furnish most of the necessary products, while large supplies are also drawn from other large fruit centers.

About 60,000 square feet is the present area of floor space at the Wheeling plant, which has been continually added to since 1890, while the New Philadelphia plant has about 30,000 square feet more; the firm has agents and salesmen in all parts of the country, from Maine to California, particularly in the largest cities and is only able to partly supply the ever increasing demand.

George A. Flaccus married Ella B. Friend, a sister of Kennedy Friend,

who is engaged in the furniture business in Wheeling. For seventeen years they resided on the Island and for the past six years have maintained a beautiful summer home on the National Road, near Wheeling Park, which since the spring of 1901 they have made their permanent residence,—it is called "The Pines" and is surrounded by beautiful and well kept grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Flaccus have one daughter, Adelaide, aged 18 years, who is attending school at Washington, D. C. Politically he has always been a Republican.

ARTHUR JAY VALENTINE.

ARTHUR JAY VALENTINE, one of the able lawyers of West Virginia, residing at Parsons, Tucker County, was born in 1866 in Barbour County, West Virginia, and removed to Tucker County in 1887. He is a son of Andrew and Rachel (Digman) Valentine, both of whom were also natives of Barbour County.

Andrew Valentine died in 1888, at the age of 55 years. In private life he was a farmer, but during the continuance of the Civil War he was a brave and gallant soldier. In 1862 he entered the Confederate Army, enlisting in Company E, 62nd Regiment, Virginia Infantry, and served through the war. While on a sick furlough, in 1864, he was made a prisoner, and spent the last 11 months of the war at Camp Chase. He entered the army as a private but for valor was promoted to the rank of 1st lieutenant and later became major. The mother of our subject died in 1891, aged 55 years. She was a most worthy member of the Methodist Protestant Church. Our subject is the oldest of their three children, his two sisters being: Sarah E., wife of Stephen Murphy, of Montrose, West Virginia; and Carrie Bell, who resides at Keyser, West Virginia, being the widow of Charles Sharps, who was killed in a railroad accident in 1902.

Arthur Jay Valentine had only the advantages of a district school educa-

tion and private instruction. After completing his own education, he began teaching, a pursuit he followed for five years and then entered the law office, in 1886, of A. C. Bowman, of Barbour County. After a few months' reading, in the fall of 1886 he was admitted to the bar at Beverly, West Virginia. In the summer of 1887 he began practice at St. George, which was formerly the county seat of Tucker County, and remained there until 1893 when he removed to Parsons, which has been his home up to the present time.

Mr. Valentine is a director of the Tucker County Bank, but is not actively interested in other enterprises, giving all of his attention to his large and important practice. His chosen line has been mainly commercial and corporation law and for several years he has been local counsel for the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railroad Company; the Parsons Pulp & Paper Company, an important industry capitalized at about $500,000; J. K. Mosser & Company, probably the largest independent tanners in the United States; the Otter Creek Boom & Lumber Company and the Hamilton Leather Company. Mr. Valentine bears the reputation of being a hard student in his profession, prompt and unfailing in his engagements and honest in his dealings.

On December 2, 1891, Mr. Valentine was married to Lummie Kalar, who was born in Preston County in 1868, and is a daughter of Samuel and Mary Kalar. Five children have been born to this marriage, namely: Jessie and Elsie, both deceased, and Zillah, Arthur J. and Mark Twain. Mrs. Valentine is a member of the Presbyterian Church. In politics Mr. Valentine is a Republican, and fraternally he is an Odd Fellow.

HON. WARREN MILLER.

HON. WARREN MILLER, judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, a jurist of national reputation and a prominent citizen of Ripley, Jackson County, West

Virginia, was born April 2, 1848, in Meigs County, Ohio, and is a son of Lewis M. and Elizabeth (Shinn) Miller, the former of whom was born in Ohio, and the latter, in Virginia. Lewis M. Miller removed from Ohio to Jackson County, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1850, and there engaged in farming during the remaining years of his active life. Both he and his wife died at their home in Jackson County, in 1889, his death occurring at the age of 78 years, and hers at the age of 77.

Judge Miller obtained the rudiments of his literary education in the common schools, and in 1866 entered the preparatory department of the Ohio University, which he left four years later to begin the reading of law. In the meantime he taught school and applied himself to his chosen study, and in January, 1871, he was admitted to the bar. From the outset he commanded attention in his practice, his earnestness and ability making him a notable figure in every case. In 1871 he was made assistant prosecuting attorney for two years, his qualifications for the office being so apparent. Other honors were given him: in 1873 he was made commissioner of school lands, and in 1880 he was made prosecuting attorney of Jackson County, and was re-elected in 1884. A partnership formed with Judge R. S. Brown continued for 20 years, during which time some of the most important cases ever brought before the bar in the county, were handled with ability by this firm, Judge Miller continually making progress in the confidence of the public. Political honors were also given him. In 1890 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates and there his trained mind and legal knowledge proved of inestimable value to his constituents. Defeated in 1892 by only 97 votes in the whole State for the position of Supreme Court judge, in 1894 he was elected a member of the 54th Congress, from the Fourth Congressional District of West Virginia. In 1896 his course was marked with approval by re-election, and at the close of this long public service he was honored in the highest degree by being appointed judge of the Sixth Judicial District, in November, 1900. In 1902 he was elected to fill out an unexpired term; and on January 17, 1903, he was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of the State. His earnest support has always been given to the Republican party in which he is a leading exponent.

In fraternal relationship Judge

Miller affiliates with Ripley Lodge, No. 16, A. F. & A. M.; the I. O. O. F., and the K. of P. In religion, he belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church. He has earned honor and respect in public life by his high personal character as well as by his marked ability, and has performed excellent service in the many responsible positions to which his fellow citizens have called him.

WILLIAM H. CARFER.

WILLIAM H. CARFER, one of the two incumbents of the office of justice of the peace, in the Parkersburg district, Wood County, to which honorable position he was elected by the Republicans, in 1900, was born in 1854 in Marshall County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a son of Stephen and Sophia (Roberts) Carfer.

The paternal grandparents of our subject came from Holland in the early days of the last century, and settled in Marshall County, Virginia, now West Virginia. There Stephen Carfer was born in 1817. He married Sophia Roberts, who was also a native of Marshall County. She died in 1875. In 1855 Stephen Carfer and wife removed to Wood County, locating near Limestone Hill, 17 miles from Parkersburg, which place continued to be the family home. In the spring of 1864 he enlisted for service in the Civil War, in Company K, 15th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., and four months later, in July, was killed at the battle of Snicker's Gap, aged 47 years. In politics he always took a deep interest and was a Whig, Know-Nothing and later a Republican. Of the family of 12 children born to Stephen and Sophia (Roberts) Carfer, seven are deceased, three dying in infancy. The surviving members are: Sophronia Elizabeth, wife of Ithamer Brown, a veteran of the Civil War, who is now a farmer of Wirt County, West Virginia; Sarah Catherine, wife of William Brown, a farmer of Calhoun County, West Virginia; and our subject and his two

brothers, J. M. and S. M., who are well known contractors and builders at Parkersburg.

William H. Carfer had but limited educational opportunities and began active life at the age of 13 years. Being reared on the farm, he followed that vocation in Wood County until he was 36 years old, being also occupied for five years in a sawmill business. In 1890 he moved to Parkersburg and in 1891 began work in the railroad shops of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company as a carpenter. In 1893 he accepted a position on the city police force and in July, 1896, was made lieutenant of police. In the succeeding August he was nominated for constable of the Parkersburg district and was elected in the following November, serving most efficiently for four years, or until his election to his present position.

In 1880 Mr. Carfer married Violet Adalaide Owings, daughter of William and Mary A. Owings. William Owings followed the trade of tobacco packer and farmer in Wood County. Mrs. Carfer died in 1898; one daughter, Mary Estella, is also deceased; and William Clayton, the eldest son, died in June, 1902. Two surviving sons, Archie Boyd and John Franklin, reside with their father in the pleasant family home at No. 1021 Avery street, Parkersburg.

Mr. Carfer has always been identified with the Republican party. For the past 25 years he has been a member of the Methodist Church. Fraternally he is a past chancellor in the Knights of Pythias, being a member of Hope Lodge, No. 10. He is also a member of the Senior and Junior Orders of United American Mechanics; and has represented the Seniors at State meetings four different years.

J. C. SIMMONS.

J. C. SIMMONS, one of the leading business men of Harrisville, Ritchie County, West Virginia, was born

December 24, 1868, near Harrisville. His father, Aaron Simmons, was one of the prominent farmers of that locality.

Mr. Simmons was reared on his father's farm and attended the local schools until the spring of 1890, when he entered the Normal School of Harrisville, to fit himself for the vocation of teacher. This profession he followed until 1893, when he entered the drug store of W. S. Hamilton at Harrisville where he remained until 1896, when he passed a highly creditable examination before the State Board of Pharmacy, at Wheeling, after which he took charge of the same store for J. W. McKeever & Company, successors to W. S. Hamilton. In 1898, he purchased a drug store at Middlebourne, Tyler County, West Virginia, and commenced business for himself. In 1900, he sold his store in Middlebourne, and purchased the drug store in Harrisville, formerly owned by J. W. McKeever & Company, where he has since carried on a large and successful business.

On April 29, 1896, Mr. Simmons was united in marriage to Bernice McDougal, daughter of A. S. McDougal, of Harrisville. One son, Donald Cameron, has been born to this marriage, August 31, 1900.

Mr. Simmons' success is an illustration of what a young man may accomplish, when possessed of will and energy, combined with excellent habits.

FRANK WELLS CLARK.

FRANK WELLS CLARK was born in New Martinsville, Wetzel County, West Virginia, where he still resides, November 30, 1868, and is a son of Josephus Clark, one of the most prominent business men of that section of the State. His mother was Lina Russell Cox, daughter of Friend Cox.

Mr. Clark prepared for college in Magnolia High School, in his native town, and entered the freshman class

of the West Virginia University the fall of 1886. He was prominent among the student body during his course, editing the college magazine and daily, and representing on public occasions the organizations to which he belonged, and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts with the class of 1890, of which he was president. The following year he returned to the University and was graduated from the Law School. During his college career he became one of the founders of the West Virginia Alpha Chapter of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

After two years, Mr. Clark entered Harvard University, where he continued the study of the law, also giving attention to history, economics and social science. He received his diploma from the Harvard Law School in June, 1896, and located in New Martinsville, with whose subsequent growth and development he has been actively identified. He was one of the founders of the New Martinsville Bank, of which he is a director. He helped organize the New Martinsville Grocery Company (wholesale), of which he is a leading stockholder. He is the president of the New Martinsville Glass Manufacturing Company, having been one of the leaders in the work of putting that important industry on a sound financial basis. He has been somewhat identified with the oil development of his State. On the whole he has met with gratifying success both in business and in his chosen profession, and has hown himself willing and anxious to aid in everything pertaining to the public welfare.

In politics he was formerly a Democrat, but has always opposed the Bryan movement, and voted for McKinley's second election. During this campaign he made one speech, which was printed and circulated by the Republican State Committee. He is now actively identified with the Republican party, presiding over the last county convention of that organization.

Mr. Clark is a member and active worker in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He is also a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity. He is now filling his fifth successive term as master of Wetzel Lodge, No. 39, A. F. & A. M., is deputy grand lecturer of the second Masonic district, and is an officer of the Grand Lodge of West Virginia, A. F. & A. M. He is also a Knight Templar, a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason, and a Shriner. He is the founder of The Magnolia Club, of New Martinsville, of which he has been presi-

dent since its organization, it being one of the most successful and well managed social organizations in West Virginia.

JAMES CARROLL FRAZER.

JAMES CARROLL FRAZER, senior member of the law firm of Frazer & Frazer, at Morgantown, Monongalia County, West Virginia, and secretary and treasurer of the Morgantown Bridge & Improvement Company, was born June 29, 1867, at Martinsburg, West Virginia. He is a son of Hugh Andrew and Margaret Jane (Carroll) Frazer.

Hugh Andrew Frazer, our subject's father, was born in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and died at the age of 56 years, in 1900. He was a wholesale merchant and operated the first grain elevator in the Valley of Virginia. Prior to the close of the Civil War, he was engaged in a tanning business in his native State. In 1866 he came to West Virginia and located at Martinsburg. In politics he was a Republican. He was a deacon in the Presbyterian Church. Margaret Jane (Carroll) Frazer, our subject's mother, was born in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, and now resides at Delmar, California, in her 55th year. Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Frazer.

James Carroll Frazer graduated with honors from the Martinsburg High School in 1883 and in October of the same year entered Fishburne Military Academy at Waynesboro, Virginia, but within a few months was obliged to leave on account of failing eyesight. He returned to Martinsburg and entered his father's wholesale establishment and remained there two and a half years as his father's representative in the grain business. He then went West and for a long period had charge of the grain traffic on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, with headquarters at

St. Joseph, Missouri. After five years he resigned, as his health was impaired and spent a season in recuperating.

In 1890 Mr. Frazer was married to Leila Jessie Cropp, who was born in Surrey, England, and is a daughter of John Cropp, who was the inventor of many improvements in the manufacture of the celebrated Lonsdale prints at Manchester, England. One son was born to this marriage, Hugh Carroll, who is now a student at Bookham, Surrey, England. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Frazer spent a year in England and on the Continent and then returned to Martinsburg and engaged in business. In January, 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Frazer removed to Morgantown and both entered the law department of the University of West Virginia, taking a full course and graduating in June, 1899. Mr. Frazer and his talented wife then formed the law partnership of Frazer & Frazer, which has been one of the successful legal firms of the city. Mr. Frazer is interested in various business enterprises. On March 1, 1903, he was appointed by Governor A. B. White, a member of his staff, with the rank of colonel.

In politics Mr. Frazer is a stanch Republican. Both he and his wife belong to the Protestant Episcopal Church in which he is a vestryman. They have just completed a handsome home in Morgantown which is always hospitably thrown open to their many friends.

HON. STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS.

HON. STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, who has attained eminence as a lawyer, financier and statesman, whose name is familiar to every student of the country's history, is a man of more than exceptional ability as he is also of striking appearance. As Secretary of War in the cabinet of the late President Benjamin Harrison, he displayed great qualities of statesmanship which did much to promote international peace, and as senior United

States Senator from West Virginia, he is regarded as one of the most capable and forceful men in the Senate of the United States.

Senator Elkins was born on his father's farm, in Perry County, Ohio, September 26, 1841. During his early boyhood, his father removed to Missouri and he there obtained his education in the public schools in his vicinity, and later in the State University of Missouri, graduating from the latter in 1860, at the head of his class. He entered upon the study of the law, but early in the progress of the Civil War he entered the Union Army and served as captain of a company for some time on the Missouri border. He was admitted to the bar in 1863, and in 1864 went to New Mexico for the practice of his profession. In many ways this field was undesirable as it was then a rough border country, with a population that was two-thirds Spanish. But this condition was no deterrent to a man of the calibre of Senator Elkins. He mastered the Spanish language, becoming through hard study proficient in the tongue, in one year. His capacity was soon so thoroughly tested and proved that clients flocked to him and he gained popularity and influence.

Although yet young in years, his fellow citizens recognized his great ability and in 1866 sent him to the Territorial Legislature. He did not disappoint his friends, his work in that body constantly displaying his devotion to the welfare of the Territory. In 1867 he was made Attorney General of New Mexico. In the following year he was appointed by President Johnson, United States district attorney for the Territory, and he was one of the few officials of that administration who met with the approval of President Grant. In this position it became the duty of Senator Elkins to enforce the act of Congress, prohibiting slavery in the territories of the United States and he was the first official who quietly and faithfully executed the law, although he met with dangerous opposition from the rich and influential and even suffered threats of personal violence. In 1873 Senator Elkins was elected a delegate from the Territory to the 43rd Congress, by a majority of 4,000 votes over his Mexican opponent, and in 1875 he was re-elected. In Congress he rapidly gained prominence through his industry, ability and effective support of important measures, and during his second term he was untiring in his efforts to secure the admission of New Mexico as a State.

Senator Elkins has always been stanch in his Republicanism, and his four active years in Washington brought him into close association with public affairs and he became a prominent supporter of the policy of protection to American industries. In 1875 he was appointed a member of the Republican National Committee upon which he served through three presidential campaigns. In 1884 the executive committee elected him chairman and it was mainly through his personal friendship for both James G. Blaine and, later, Benjamin Harrison, that both of these distinguished men became candidates for the Presidency. On December 17, 1891, he became Secretary of War, under President Harrison, an appointment which brought to that office a natural born statesman of intellectual strength, an excellent organizer and a most courteous and diplomatic gentleman.

After closing his term of service in Congress, in 1878 Senator Elkins removed from New Mexico to West Virginia. Prior to that he had, however, become a man of business as well as a politician and was ranked with the capitalists of the Southwest. For 13 years he was president of the First National Bank of Santa Fe and was one of the largest land owners in the country and an extensive owner of silver mines in Colorado. After removing to West Virginia, in company with his father-in-law, ex-Senator Davis, he devoted himself, apart from political life, to the development of the great natural resources of the State, in the coal and timber business as well as in the construction of railroads. While success has crowned these enterprises and amassed fortunes for their promoter, the benefits accruing to the State in the wake of these developments can scarcely be counted. Thousands of dollars of capital have been invested here, bringing prosperity to the inhabitants and furnishing employment to all who wish to labor. Senator Elkins has been vice-president of the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railroad Company since its organization, and of the Piedmont & Cumberland Railroad, and is also president of the Davis Coal & Coke Company.

The Republicans of the Legislature of West Virginia, in December, 1892, gave Senator Elkins the complimentary vote for United States Senator. In 1894 he led the Republicans of this State in a struggle, which, for the first time since the period of reconstruction, broke the solid South. It is known in political history as the Elkins-Wilson contest, Mr. Wilson being defeated by

a decisive majority, and the State being carried by the Republicans by 13,000 majority. Senator Elkins was elected to his first term in the United States Senate by the Legislature of 1895, and to his second term by the Legislature of 1901.

While in Congress, Senator Elkins married a daughter of ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, a woman of great personal charm, refinement and social ability. At Elkins, in Randolph County, is "Halliehurst", the beautiful country seat of Mr. Elkins. It is a mansion of four stories, with many towers, and stands upon a mountain site of unusual beauty, and from a distance resembles an old storied castle of other lands, the difference being that this home lacks no modern appointments for comfort. Senator Elkins resides casually in New York, where he has interests and enjoys the companionship of many friends in that great center. He belongs to the Union League, Republican, Ohio, United Service, Metropolitan and Manhattan Athletics clubs and the Southern Society. He contributes also to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, and the American Geographical Society. Personally Senator Elkins is of commanding appearance, a noble type of an American citizen. His courtly manner in society gives place to geniality with his friends, and he has long been beloved by his constituents and respected by his opponents, who feel proud of so distinguished a fellow citizen.

ARTHUR BOREMAN SMITH.

ARTHUR BOREMAN SMITH was born on a farm, four miles south of Middlebourne, Tyler County, Virginia, now West Virginia. His ancestors were among the early settlers in that section and spent their lives there.

Mr. Smith's great-grandfather, John Boreman, emigrated from England in 1770, landing at Havre de Grace, Maryland. Shortly afterward,

he went to the Shenandoah Valley and settled at Woodstock, Virginia. On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, he espoused the cause of the patriots and was made a paymaster in the Continental Army. Among his other duties was that of paying the troops at Fort Pitt. His road to and fro each year was the "Braddock trail." He traveled as a peddler, with his gold beneath a false bottom of a small trunk on which was neatly arranged a supply of linen tablecloths and towels. A tea canister concealed his paper money. He served throughout the war without a suspicion arising as to his real character. The trunk and canister are the property of S. S. Smith, of Scenery Hill, Washington County, Pennsylvania.

After the war, Mr. Boreman married Sarah Seaton, a member of the celebrated Seaton family, and shortly afterward removed to Waynesburg, Greene County, Pennsylvania. He became the first prothonotary of Greene County and held that office until his death. His family consisted of three boys and four girls. The oldest son, Kenner, was the father of Arthur I. Boreman, the first Governor of West Virginia, and afterward a United States Senator. Another son, still living, is U. S. Judge Jacob S. Boreman, of Ogden, Utah.

Gilbert Smith, our subject's grandfather, was left an orphan at an early age, his father being killed while attempting to escape from the Indians by swimming the Delaware River. His mother was also killed by Indians, but the manner of her death is unknown. The children, three boys and one girl, made their way to the home of Dr. Carson, a relative, and remained there for a time, finally separating, never to be re-united. Gilbert drifted to Western Pennsylvania. He served in the army during the War of 1812, participating in the battles of Bladensburg and North Point. Returning to his adopted home, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, at the close of the war, he shortly afterward married Jane Hunt Boreman, third daughter of John Boreman. Purchasing a farm on the south bank of Middle Island Creek, four miles from Middlebourne, he removed from Pennsylvania to Virginia in 1825 and there remained. He at once became one of the foremost farmers of that section, noted for his energy, honesty and sturdy integrity. On election day, 1860, he announced his intention of voting for Abraham Lincoln, but was informed he could not do so as the

names of the Lincoln electors were not on the poll books. He promptly presented the names of the electors and insisted that they be placed on the poll books, but was met by a positive refusal. He asserted his right as an American citizen, one who had served his country, paid his taxes and generally obeyed the law, to vote for the man or party of his choice. He further stated that he was now growing old and might possibly never again have an opportunity to vote for a President. The following Thursday he was killed by the falling of a tree. His wife lived to the ripe age of 98 years, dying early in 1895.

Ambrose Smith, son of Gilbert Smith, and father of our subject, was born in Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, September 2, 1822. His early life was spent on the farm. He was a strong, athletic young man, the leader in all local sports and, while educational facilities were not of the best, he acquired considerable knowledge. This was possibly due to one teacher, Ann Archbold, of whom he was much enamored. Miss Archbold is well remembered by old settlers. Her superior education, strong individuality and refined manners left their impress upon all who were so fortunate as to be her pupils. As a result, the moral and intellectual attainments of the neighborhood were and have remained high.

Mr. Smith married young in life, being only 20 when he was wedded to Louisa McCay. He continued farming with slight intermissions until 1854, when he removed to Middlebourne in order, primarily, to give his children better educational opportunities. He engaged in carpentering and building until 1869, when he purchased the Tyler House and continued in the hotel business until 1891, when he sold his hotel and retired. His death occurred December 8, 1896. Mr. Smith was the father of six children, one of whom, George, died while an infant. The others are Jennie E., Isabel C. Furbee, Arthur B., Gilbert D., an attorney-at-law at St. Marys, West Virgina, and Lloyd E., proprietor of The Washington, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Jacob McCay, of Scotch parentage, was born in Delaware, about 1788. But little is known of his early history, but his subsequent life was such as to stamp him as an honest man, frugal and industrious. He crossed the Alleghanies shortly after Fulton launched his steamboat on the Hudson. Settling in Western Virginia he engaged in the charcoal business, supplying iron furnaces with fuel, a trade he had evidently learned in Delaware.

When and where he met and married Elizabeth True, the writer of this sketch is not informed. Suffice it to say he found a woman of rare intelligence and true worth. She was of English parentage, was well educated and devoted her best energies to the education and training of her children. They lived for a time at the Laurel Iron Works, Monongalia County, at which place their daughter Louisa was born. Thence they removed to Tyler County and settled on a farm about three miles west of Middlebourne. Although his wife was sorely afflicted of rheumatism for 40 years, so much so as to be practically helpless, Jacob McCay kept a brave heart, cared for his large family as well as the most prosperous of his neighbors and possessed a competence at his death, which occurred January 8, 1875. His wife survived him four years, dying January 18, 1879. Louisa (McCay) Smith died March 25, 1898.

Arthur B. Smith, notwithstanding the efforts of his parents to give him an education, did not succeed to any considerable extent. When a child, his right ankle was accidentally dislocated. The attending physician failed to adjust it, with the result that he was maimed for life. Schools in Virginia 40 years ago were very different from those of today. The rod ruled. Woe betide the urchin who crooked his finger in a direction disapproved by the "master." Notwithstanding the handicap imposed, at the age of 13, Arthur possessed the rudiments of an education. He was a fairly good reader, had mastered descriptive geography, a study of which he was passionately fond, had a smattering of grammar and had reached percentage in arithmetic. His school days ended one bright morning in May, 1861. The Civil War was on in all its fury. Tyler County was intensely loyal to the Union. A lady rushed into the school room and bade the teacher to "let these children go." The children went. The shrill notes of a fife and tenor drum were heard. "Old Glory" was flaunting in the breeze. Boys and girls rushed pell mell down the street like a cyclone. There were soldiers wearing the blue of the Union. No more school for that crowd of youngsters.

A year later he entered the office of the *West Virginia Plaindealer*, a Union newspaper owned and edited by J. Edward Boyes, first Secretary of State of the new State. For three years no one read the exchanges with more avidity than did the youngest member of the force. The paper languished and died, but free schools

were being organized. Teachers were scarce and young Smith became a teacher. It is no flattery to state that he succeeded. His services were in demand at the highest salary paid. There was considerable opposition to the schools. He soon gained a reputation for ability to control unruly youths. To establish the free school system required endless labor. Not content to spend his time in country schools, he aspired to teach schools of higher grade in the towns. This necessitated hard study, but he won a place in the front rank of the teachers of the State.

On the third day of June, 1874, at the home of the bride's parents, in Duncan's Falls, Muskingum County, Ohio, Arthur B. Smith and Anna C. Gordon were united in marriage. Mrs. Smith is a daughter of Rev. David and Jane (Dickey) Gordon. Her father was one of the pioneer ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church and for 40 years was an honored member of the Pittsburg Conference. He ranked as one of the two most highly educated men in that distinguished body of ministers. Her mother was a member of the Dickey family of Indiana County, Pennsylvania. Both of her parents were Scotch. Mrs. Smith was well educated and was also a teacher. About a year after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Smith removed to Ritchie County, where he continued to teach until 1878, when they returned to Middlebourne. Mr. Smith bought the *Tyler County Star* in 1881 and published it for several years, making quite a reputation as a safe and discreet editor.

Having sold the *Star* in 1889, Mr. Smith accepted a position as proof-reader in the Government Printing Office, at Washington. He was soon afterward transferred to the *Congressional Record* force and for four years rendered efficient service in performance of that most critical and exacting work.

A change occurring in the administration, Mr. Smith resigned his position July 1, 1893, and purchased the *Martinsburg Herald*. He at once proceeded to publish a straight, clean-cut Republican newspaper. Berkeley County was close politically, but during the time the *Herald* was under his management there were no Democratic victories in the county. The panic of 1893 was severely felt in the Valley. There was no market for farm products. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, on which Martinsburg largely depended, was bankrupt. Men were idle, merchants did but little business and could not afford to advertise. Patrons

could not afford to pay their bills. He could fight his opponents to a finish, but is was a greater task to keep the paper going. The campaign of 1894 resulted in the defeat of William L. Wilson, the great free trader and leader of the Democratic party. The *Herald* was a prominent factor in that campaign. It vigorously assailed Mr. Wilson's political record and with equal earnestness defended his unimpeachable personal character.

When the campaign of 1896 was approaching, the *Herald* was the first newspaper in the State to declare for sound money. Many of his political associates differed from him, but they gradually fell into line, with the result that notwithstanding several Republicans joined the free silver movement, Berkeley County gave a Republican majority of over 400, and the senatorial district, composed of the counties of Berkeley, Morgan and Jefferson, and known as a reliable Democratic district, also went Republican.

Having assumed other duties, Mr. Smith severed his connection with the *Herald* in 1898. During the five years he labored earnestly for the advancement of the schools of the city. In this he was supported by the best people, regardless of party, and his efforts were eminently successful. Graduates from the Martinsburg schools are now admitted to the best colleges without examination.

Although actively connected with politics for many years, Mr. Smith never desired nor sought political preferment. It was always a pleasure to him to assist others to positions of honor and trust. He possessed the confidence of the leaders and his advice always received due weight. When he sought a Federal appointment, his application was indorsed by practically all of the prominent Republicans in the State.

During the past four years Mr. Smith has resided in Washington, D. C., still retaining his legal residence in Martinsburg. His family consists of his wife and three daughters, Margaret Gordon, Mary Forrest and Louise Jane. Margaret was married, December 26, 1898, to Oliver Miles Ruark, of Baltimore, in which city they reside. Their son, Arthur Edward, is a bright lad of three years, of whom his grandparents are excessively fond. Mary and Louise are still at home, the latter being a student in the classical department of the Columbian University.

Mr. Smith is a special agent of the Post Office Department in the Rural Free Delivery service. It is in this connection that he has scored his great-

est success. During the past five years, he has devoted his best energies to the development of the greatest boon the government has bestowed upon the agriculturists of this country. After receiving his appointment, he inquired as to the character of the duties he was expected to perform and was told to work out the best possible system. Congress had provided for "Experimental Rural Free Delivery" and the Department proceeded to "experiment." There was nothing on which to base the experiment. Systems in vogue in other countries were not applicable. Here Mr. Smith's constructive ability made itself manifest. The appropriation at that time was $50,000. The appropriation for the fiscal year, beginning July 1, 1903, exceeds twelve millions. The annals of no country present any such phenomenal growth in any branch of civil expenditure. That the money has been and is being properly expended cannot be doubted. It is the only item in any appropriation bill that is not criticised. The Department has experienced no difficulty in securing all the money it could properly expend. Indeed, the Postmaster-General has frequently been compelled to protest against appropriations larger than he could judiciously expend.

Mr. Smith has had much to do with the development and systemization of the service. He has been unassigned and has worked from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It has fallen to his lot to make investigations for service in districts represented by the foremost men in the Nation. In Maine, his work was satisfactory to Thomas B. Reed; in New Hampshire, he received high praise from the exacting William E. Chandler; in California, he made a friend of Eugene F. Loud; in Iowa, he was thanked by David B. Henderson, and in Illinois, Joseph G. Cannon was by the thoroughness of his work converted from an opponent to an ardent supporter of the service. A host of others might be named who have bestowed upon him the highest encomiums for efficiency. His methods have been straight forward, without fear or favor. The best possible service, in the shortest possible time, at the least possible expense, has been his rule of action.

HULLIHEN QUARRIER, president of the Delaplain Dry Goods Company, was employed by that firm as a boy in 1864, and has risen to a station of prominence in Wheeling and vicinity. The business of this concern was

started in 1846 by L. S. Delaplain and Henry Tallant, as a wholesale dry goods house under the firm name of Tallant & Delaplain. It was first located on 12th street, which place is now occupied by Joseph Graves' Son. It was then moved on Main street to practically its present location. In 1865 or 1866, Mr. Tallant retired from the business, and the firm name became L. S. Delaplain & Son. In 1882, the present building was erected by the company; it is of six stories, including the basement, and its dimensions are 40 by 110 feet. The firm name was later changed to L. S. Delaplain, Son & Company, and in 1894 the concern was organized and incorporated as the Delaplain Dry Goods Company, with Hullihen Quarrier as president, and Joseph S. Gibbs, secretary and treasurer. These two gentlemen have been associated with each other upwards of 30 years, and under harmonious management the business of the firm has greatly increased. Twenty-five men are employed by the company and traveling representatives are sent to Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia, where they have a well established trade.

Hullihen Quarrier was born at Wheeling 52 years ago and has since made his home in that city, with the exception of two years spent at Louisville, Kentucky. He is a son of William B. Quarrier, who was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1800, of Scotch parentage. The family is no doubt of French Huguenot origin. The grandfather of Mr. Quarrier came to this country from Scotland and was a colonel during the Revolutionary War. He died at his country home at Willowbend, Kanawha County, West Virginia, where the last years of his life were spent. William B. Quarrier came to Wheeling at an early age and died here in 1862. He was for many years connected with the old Merchants' & Mechanics' Bank, of which he was an official. He was also one of the founders of the Second Presbyterian Church, and was an elder from the time of its organization until his death. A memorial window has been placed in the church to perpetuate his name, along with those of two other esteemed citizens who have passed away, Samuel Ott and Richard Hadden. Mrs. Quarrier, who died in 1899, was a daughter of Jesse Hudson, a plantation owner of the Kanawha Valley.

Hullihen Quarrier was educated in the public schools of Wheeling, and in 1864, as before mentioned, entered the employ of Tallant & Delaplain in the dry goods business. Always attentive

to his best interests and faithful to the interest of his employers, he made rapid advancement in the business until now he is president of the company in which he got his first start. He is a man of recognized business ability and enjoys the highest respect and esteem of all with whom he is acquainted.

Mr. Quarrier was united in marriage with Annie G. Hogg, of Cadiz, Ohio, a granddaughter of Chauncey Dewey and a niece of O. C. Dewey. Two children bless this union, Charles and Hullihen Dewey. The family home is at Echo Point, and has but recently been completed. In politics, Mr. Quarrier is a supporter of Republican principles. He is a Mason and Knight Templar, belonging to Bates Lodge, No. 33, A. F. & A. M.; and Cyrene Commandery, No. 7, K. T. He was president of the Chamber of Commerce until that body was succeeded by the Board of Trade. Religiously, he is an Episcopalian and a vestryman in St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church.

HON. H. C. GORDON, mayor of Huntington, who is now serving his second term as the highest municipal officer, is senior member of the fire insurance firm of Gordon, Peyton & Perkinson, of that city. He was born on a farm near Vevay, Indiana. His father, George Gordon, a farmer in that locality, died about 1893, but his mother resides in Jefferson County, in that State. Several brothers reside in Indiana, and one brother, who is now a farmer on East River, West Virginia, was formerly engaged in business in Huntington.

Mayor Gordon was reared on his father's farm and then went to Cincinnati, Ohio, and was employed by the firm of Gordon & Rouse, which was succeeded by the firm of H. Gordon, our subject's brother. In July, 1883, this lumber and mill business was removed to Huntington, and for the following 12 years our subject was one of the concern's employees. In 1895 he leased the mill and conducted the business for two years, employing some 60 men, when the mill was then moved to Ironton, Ohio. In 1897 he engaged in a coal and lumber business, with office at the corner of 16th street and 3rd avenue; the firm handles manufactured pine, cypress, Washington cedar lumber and Kanawha River coal. For the past two years he has been also engaged in a fire insurance business with Messrs. Peyton and Perkinson, with offices at No. 438 9th street. Mr. Gordon is public spirited and has proved his business ability not only in

capably managing large business interests of his own, but also in directing the affairs of the city to the satisfaction of all parties. His ability, fairness, his judgment and care for the city's needs have won him many friends.

Mayor Gordon married a Miss Bagley of Kentucky, and they reside in spacious apartments at the Adelphi Hotel. Mr. Gordon owns several fine residence properties and is one of the city's moneyed men. Fraternally he is connected with the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Elks and the Modern Woodmen of America. Both he and his wife belong to the Methodist Church.

HON. HENRY CLAY HENDERSON.

HON. HENRY CLAY HENDERSON, president of the Parkersburg National Bank, president of the Williamstown National Bank, president of the West Virginia Western Telephone Company, was born September 24, 1845, in Wood County, near Williamstown, Virginia, now West Virginia. He is a son of Hon. George Washington and Elizabeth Ann (Tomlinson) Henderson, the former of whom was born in Wood County, Virginia, now West Virginia, on the Kanawha River, and died in 1866, at the age of 64 years. He was one of the section's largest farmers and stock raisers and foremost citizens. For many years he was a director in the Parkersburg National Bank. He was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates; formerly a Whig, during the Civil War a Union man, afterward a Democrat. Both he and Mrs. Henderson were members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mrs. Henderson was a daughter of Joseph and Susan (McMahon) Tomlinson, the latter a daughter of Maj. William McMahon. Mrs. Henderson was born in 1810 near Williamstown in a house which was built in 1809 and is now the oldest in the vicinity, and died May 29, 1888. The children born to Hon. George Washington and Elizabeth Ann (Tomlinson) Henderson were 12 in number, as follows: Joseph T., deceased; Mary P., wife of Benjamin T. Beeson; Alexander, de-

ceased; Georgiana H., deceased; Alexander Lithgow, deceased; Anna Maria, deceased; Lucy L., deceased; Margaret W., wife of Dr. C. H. Bartlett, of Parkersburg, president of the State Dental Association; George W., deceased; Henry Clay, of Williamstown, our subject; Jock Bedell, on the farm; and Arthur Taylor, who is also engaged in farming.

Senator Henderson received his primary education in the common schools and later spent two years in college at Marietta and the two succeeding years at Darmouth College, where he graduated in the class of 1867. After leaving college, he returned to the farm and soon became interested in general farming and the raising of fine stock; he made his home on the farm until 1901, when he moved into Williamstown. In the fall of 1902 he was elected president of the Parkersburg National Bank to succeed the late Thomas G. Smith, having been a director of the institution for 14 years preceding. On July 28, 1902, the Williamstown National Bank opened for business and he was elected president of this bank also.

On December 19, 1877, Senator Henderson was married to Caroline Virginia Snodgrass, who was born in Marietta, Ohio, and was a daughter of John W. and Eunice F. Snodgrass. They have a family of four children, namely: Elizabeth Eunice; Helen Tomlinson; Caroline Virginia, who married Rev. Harris Bush Thomas, who sailed December 6, 1902, to Ponce, Puerto Rico, as a missionary; and Edward Earl. The family belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Senator Henderson has been a leading factor in Democratic politics in West Virginia, and his entrance into public life was as a member of the House of Delegates, in 1876. In 1892 he was elected to the State Senate.

I. C. HERNDON.

I. C. HERNDON, prosecuting attorney of McDowell County since 1896, and a member of the law firm

of Herndon & Smith, of Welch, West Virginia, is one of the leading Republican politicians and a representative citizen of the county. He was born in Mercer County, West Virginia, near Goodwill, in March, 1868, and is a son of the late W. H. H. Herndon.

The Herndon family is one of the old established ones of Virginia and the father of our subject was born in Campbell County in that State. His death occurred in Mercer County, West Virginia, in 1888, at the age of 48 years. He came to this State as a boy, with his father, Edward Watson Herndon, who located in Mercer County. One of the uncles of our subject was the distinguished Maj. E. W. Herndon, of the Confederate Army; he married a sister of the late ex-Governor Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, and made his home at Asheville in that State. The mother of our subject was born in Mercer County and still resides there, at the age of 55 years. She is a daughter of Christian Belcher, and a member of one of the oldest families in that section of West Virginia. Her brother, Maj. George W. Belcher, served with distinction in the Confederate Army, and resided at Bramwell, where he was engaged in business for several years.

Our subject is one of a family of nine children born to his parents,—eight sons and one daughter, the latter being Ida M., the wife of Erastus B. Neal, of Riverside. The sons are: E. W., a business man of Baltimore, Maryland; Arthur M., with the Glen Jean Coal & Coke Company at Glen Jean, West Virginia; Walter H., with the Norfolk Coal & Coke Company at Maybeury, West Virginia; Fred T., in a mercantile business at Riverside, Mercer County, West Virginia, on Crane Creek; Charles S., a teacher at Sand Lick, McDowell County; William M., a student at the Concord Normal School; M. M., at home; and I. C., of this sketch.

I. C. Herndon was educated in the local schools, the Princeton High School, spent two years at the Emory & Henry College, and in 1892 was graduated at law at the University of West Virginia at Morgantown. In the same year he was admitted to the bar of McDowell County, located at Welch and formed his present partnership with Capt. R. R. Smith, formerly a member of the State Legislature.

Politically Mr. Herndon is a Republican, having been identified with this party sinec 1894. Fraternally he is a 32nd degree Mason, being a member of the Bramwell blue lodge, and of

the shrine and consistory at Cincinnati, Ohio. He is also a member of the I. O. O. F. lodge at Welch; of the Elks lodge at Bluefield; and of the Phi Sigma Kappa Greek-letter society at the University of Virginia. In religious belief, Mr. Herndon favors the Baptist Church.

C. R. SUMMERFIELD.

C. R. SUMMERFIELD, attorney-at-law, a member of the legal firm of St. Clair, Walker & Summerfield, of Fayetteville, Fayette County, West Virginia, is a prominent and representative citizen. He was born at Oak Hill, Fayette County, West Virginia, October 10, 1861, and is a son of Benjamin and E. A. H. (Ellison) Summerfield, both families being of old Virginia stock.

Benjamin L. Summerfield, our subject's grandfather, was born and reared in Virginia, later locating in Raleigh County, about 1855, and two years later removing to Fayette County. By trade he was a carpenter and during his last years he operated a mill near Fayetteville. He died in 1887, aged 88 years. The grandmother of our subject was a member of the old Means family of Virginia. She lived to be 80 years of age.

Benjamin Summerfield, the father of our subject, was born at Blacksburg, Montgomery County, Virginia, and was a carpenter for a number of years. He and his wife reside on their fine farm near Gatewood, Fayette County, West Virginia. Mrs. Summerfield is a daughter of Matthew Ellison, one of the pioneer preachers of that section of West Virginia, a power in the Baptist Church. Rev. Mr. Ellison married Elizabeth Love, who was born February 2, 1806, in Cabell, and died in 1902. Rev. Mr. Ellison labored chiefly in Raleigh County. His death took place at Anderson, while on a ministerial mission, at the age of 79 years. Ten children were born to Benjamin and E. A. H. (Ellison) Summerfield, as follows: Mary Etta, de-

ceased; W. W., a resident of Gatewood; C. R., of this sketch; J. E., a lawyer at Beckley; M. A., a jeweler at Montgomery; R. B., a stenographer at Beckley; Bertha and Blanche, twins; and Benjamin, an infant, deceased.

Our subject was educated in the public schools and the Normal School at Athens, West Virginia, then called Concord, in Mercer County. He left this educational institution in his senior year and engaged in clerking at Concord for about one year, when he accepted a position as chief clerk and buyer with the Crown Hill Coal Company in Kanawha County. He remained with this company for nearly three years, and then entered the State University at Morgantown and was graduated there in 1891, with the degree of LL. B.

Mr. Summerfield then entered upon the practice of his profession, soon associating with him W. R. Thompson. In January, 1899, he became a member of the firm of St. Clair, Walker & Summerfield, which devotes its attention largely to corporation practice. In politics he is a Democrat and was from 1894 to 1896 chairman of the Democratic County Executive Committee. In 1896 he was his party's candidate for prosecuting attorney.

In 1898 he was nominated for judge of the Criminal Court, but was defeated by the Republican nominee, J. H. Dunbar, now deceased, on account of the county being normally Republican by a majority of more than 1,800, but he succeeded in reducing his opponent's majority to 224. He is recognized as one of the ablest of the young attorneys and is building up and establishing for himself upon a sure foundation a reputation as a lawyer, which seems to be his heart's desire. Fraternally he is a Knight of Pythias.

ABSALOM TITUS FAIR, president of the Board of County Commissioners of Wetzel County, West Virginia, a prominent farmer and for the past 20 years a merchant at Red Mills, was born in Marshall County, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1843.

His father, Conrad Fair, was born in Pennsylvania, and died at the age of 83 years, in 1895. He was a farmer and a general merchant in Marshall County, where he located at an early day. In politics he was a Democrat prior to the Civil War, but afterward supported the Republican party. He belonged to the Christian Church. His first wife, Rebecca Kerns, who was born in Pennsylvania of German stock,

died when her son, our subject, was six months old. Conrad Fair subsequently married Elizabeth Holmes, and his third marriage was to Jane Allen. Six children were born to the first marriage, namely: an infant, deceased, Eliza, Susan, John, William M., and Absalom.

Mr. Fair has been a very successful farmer and merchant, and has been prominently identified with public affairs in Wetzel County. In 1898 he was elected a member of the Board of County Commissioners and is efficiently serving as its president. Under his administration a handsome new court house has been erected, at a cost of $125,000. He manages the affairs of the board with the same careful attention he has always given his private affairs and with corresponding success. Mr. Fair has paid much attention to public education and has been a valued member of the Board of Education for 16 years and its president for 12 years, during which time many reforms have been introduced and abuses corrected. He is a Democrat politically. He is a member of the Silver Dollar Oil Company.

In 1862 Mr. Fair married Louisa Rogers, who was born August 6, 1843, in Staffordshire, England, and is a daughter of William and Lydia (Brommell) Rogers. She migrated to Ohio County, Virginia, now West Virginia, with her parents, when six years of age. The five children born to Mr. and Mrs. Fair were: Eliza Jane, deceased; Josephus, William, Conrad and Friend. Mrs. Fair is a consistent member of the Christian Church. Mr. Fair is held in very high esteem in his locality.

HON. OLIVER S. MARSHALL.

HON. OLIVER S. MARSHALL, an attorney of New Cumberland, Hancock County, of recognized ability and prominence, has been a conspicuous figure in the affairs of the State of West Virginia. He was born September 24, 1850, in Hancock County, Virginia, now West Virginia,

and is a son of James G. Marshall, grandson of John Marshall and great-grandson of Aaron Marshall.

Aaron Marshall, who was a native of Eastern Virginia, was a member of the well known Marshall family, many members of which figured conspicuously in the early history of the nation. Upon leaving Eastern Virginia, he first settled at Chartiers, Washington County, Pennsylvania. He removed to Hancock County, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1780, and died in 1827, advanced in years. He was a pioneer farmer of the Northern Panhandle. His wife was a Miss Snowden who came from the same district as he, in the Old Dominion.

John Marshall, the son of Aaron Marshall and grandfather of our subject, served in the War of 1812 under Capt. John Edie, of Hancock County, in the vicinity of Fort Meigs, Ohio. He married Elizabeth Hays and they were engaged in farming throughout their lives in Hancock County. John Marshall died in 1859, at the age of 77.

James G. Marshall, the father of our subject, was a lawyer of Hancock County, of more than usual ability, was prosecuting attorney of the county for a number of years and died suddenly of heart failure, while in conversation with his son, Oliver S., in October, 1902, at the age of 76 years. He had retired from the practice of his profession a few years before, although to all appearances he was a well preserved man. He was an important factor in the political affairs of his section and served in the Civil War as a lieutenant in the Union Army. He took an important part in the discussions relating to the separation of West Virginia from the Old Dominion. He married Levina Miller, who was born in Hancock County and died in 1891, aged 63 years. She was a daughter of John Miller, a native of Hancock County and a soldier of the War of 1812, who died on the farm where he was born and where he lived, in 1877, aged 89 years. John Miller's father was David Miller, who moved to Hancock County at a very early date, and died in his 99th year. Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. James G. Marshall, as follows: Oliver S., Erastus D., a lawyer residing in Chester, West Virginia, and practicing in East Liverpool, Ohio; John, who died at the age of five years; and Ila.

Mr. Marshall received his early education in the common schools of his native county, acquitting himself with distinction and at the age of 18 began teaching. In 1873-74 he was a student at the West Liberty Normal

School and was the valedictorian of his class of 11 members. Later he attended Bethany College from which he graduated in 1878 with the degree of B. S. and four years after was elected one of its trustees to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of President James A. Garfield. From 1880 to 1885 he was principal of the New Cumberland graded school.

Mr. Marshall is a tried and true Republican. In 1884 he was elected clerk of the County Court of Hancock County and by successive elections continued as such until 1896, at which he was elected to the State Senate from the First Senatorial District. In the same year he was admitted to the bar of Hancock County. He was president of the State Senate in the session of 1899. In 1892 he was a delegate to Minneapolis from the First Congressional District of West Virginia and cast his vote for Harrison.

Mr. Marshall was first married to Lizzie Tarr, who was a daughter of Campbell Tarr, of Brooke County. The two children of this marriage were: John, a student at Yale; and Olive, a graduate of the New Cumberland High School. The second marriage of Mr. Marshall was to Nora Householder, the second daughter of Capt. William Householder, of Hancock County, and the children of this union are: Edith, Aaron and Virginia. Mr. Marshall is a member of the New Cumberland Lodge, No. 43, A. F. & A. M., and Wheeling Commandery, No. 1, K. T., the oldest commandery west of the Alleghany Mountains. He is also a member of the Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias. For many years he has been an elder in the Christian Church.

PATRICK J. GILLIGAN.—The stone work of many of the most pretentious architectural accomplishments in Wheeling is directly traceable to the skill and intelligent understanding of Patrick J. Gilligan, one of the most successful stone contractors and builders in that part of the State. His birth, which occurred in County Sligo, Ireland, March 17, 1848, chanced upon the day held in greatest veneration by all Irish hearts, which is devoted to a recapitulation of the numerous virtues to which the admirable St. Patrick was heir. It was not surprising therefore that Thomas and Sarah (White) Gilligan availed themselves of this happy augury, and named their son after the patron Gaelic saint.

Thomas Gilligan, who was a merchant during his active life in Ireland, lived and died in his native land, but

two of his children, William and Margaret, came to America in the early "sixties" and were followed by their mother and the rest of the family in 1869. James, Thomas, and Patrick J. took up their residence in Wheeling, and there their mother died at the age of 76 years.

Having learned the trade of a stonemason in his native land, Patrick J. Gilligan thought to apply it for a livelihood in America, but upon arriving in Wheeling there seemed nothing to do in his line, so he was engaged at the Norway Iron Works from June until April. Following this he was employed in cutting and laying stone for what is now the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad bridge, at Bellaire, Ohio, and later worked in Wheeling for several contracting parties. Until the dissolution of the firm of Seabrook and McGannon, he remained the firm's foreman of masonry, and had charge of the construction of bridges and culverts between Short Creek and Wheeling. Going to Pittsburg, he worked a few months for contractors, eventually engaging as foreman of masonry on the Pittsburg Water Works. He then undertook the improvements on Brownsville avenue, Pittsburg. After a short time, Mr. Gilligan worked for prominent contractors of Wheeling. He was then employed on the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling Railway bridges, and in 1878 took a contract for work two and a half miles north of St. Clairsville, Ohio. This task accomplished, he worked at building and stone cutting for eight months at Kirkwood, Ohio, since which time he has contracted and built in Wheeling. At the present time he is engaged upon the construction of two of the largest blocks in the city, those of the News Publishing Company and the Locke Shoe Company. While making a specialty of stone construction, he has by no means confined himself to this branch of work, for St. Joseph's Academy, the old Grant House, Henry K. List's bank, Mrs. Hazlett's building, and many others equally important, were reared from the foundation up by Mr. Gilligan. He built the stonework of the Eighth Ward school house and the annex of the same.

In 1878, Mr. Gilligan married Catherine Reilly, a native of West Virginia and a daughter of Peter and Margaret Reilly. From this union nine children have resulted, viz.: Thomas P., who assists his father in the building business; Margaret F., who is assistant bookkeeper and stenographer for the Hicks & Hoge Dry Goods Company; Charles P., who is also in busi-

ness with his father; Mary S., who is attending school; John J.; Catherine V. H.; Sarah M., who died at the age of three and a half years; Frances D., who also died when three and a half years old; and William, who died at the age of seven months. Mr. Gilligan is a stanch upholder of Republican principles, and with his family is a member of the Catholic Church.

HIRAM C. JONES, M. D.

HIRAM C. JONES, M. D., one of the first physicians to locate in Bluefield, Mercer County, West Virginia, was born January 1, 1861, on the head waters of New River, in Ashe County, North Carolina, where he was reared. He is a son of Drury C. and Mary Ann (Faw) Jones, and comes of good old Revolutionary stock on both sides of the family.

The great-great-great-grandfather on the paternal side was born in England and immigrated to this country some time prior to the Revolutionary War and settled in Bedford County, Virginia. He had a family of 10 sons and one daughter.

One of these sons, Daniel Jones, the great-great-grandfather of our subject, served through the Revolutionary War as a commissioned officer, and lost all his fortune during the war. He settled on the Great Pee Dee River in South Carolina. He afterward migrated to Western North Carolina and settled in Alleghany County where he taught school. He was twice married, having two sons by the first marriage, John and Daniel, and one son, Hudson, and three daughters by the second.

John Jones, son of Daniel Jones, and great-grandfather of our subject, married a Miss Long, settled on Prather's Creek, North Carolina, and had a family of four sons: Levi, Thomas, Soloman, and Daniel. John Jones became a man of fortune and died at the age of 92, his son Levi dying at the same age, Thomas at 82, Soloman at 80, while Daniel still lives and is active, aged 88 years.

Thomas Jones, grandfather of Dr. Hiram C. Jones, lived and died in Alleghany County. He was twice married: first to a Miss Phipps from which union there were three sons, Hiram, Drury C., and Fielding, and two daughters, Ruth, and Matilda.

Drury C. Jones, father of our subject, married Mary Ann Faw, daughter of Rev. Jacob Faw, a Baptist clergyman, who served his country in the legislative halls for several successive terms, and who was a direct descendant from John Faw who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and came with the early settlers to America, first settling in New England. Drury C. Jones enlisted in the cavalry brigade of Baird's Battalion in the 65th North Carolina Regiment, C. S. A., commanded by Col. G. N. Foot. He fell a victim to typhoid fever near Knoxville, Tennessee, at the early age of 26 years, leaving a widow with an aged mother and four small children to take care of themselves on a devastated farm. This she did nobly, with much credit to herself. To her bereavement was soon added the death of her eldest son. Her next eldest was a daughter, Amelia, who married John W. Long and is living in North Carolina.

Our subject, Dr. Hiram C. Jones, and his younger brother, the late Dr. A. Fielding Jones, attended the public schools during the winters and worked on the farm in the summers until each attained the age of 17, when they began teaching in the public schools, and also attended higher schools for several years. They both afterward took up the study of medicine and attended the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Maryland, the late Dr. A. F. Jones graduating in the class of 1885 and Dr. Hiram C. Jones, in the class of 1889. The latter went direct from college to Bluefield and immediately found a large and increasing practice to engage his attention. Until about a year ago, he devoted himself closely to the practice of his profession, but since that time has been in oil development in the Kentucky fields, and has organized two of the most successful oil development companies in that field. He is largely interested in coal lands in Mingo and Logan counties, West Virginia. He is president of the Pocahontas Fuel Company, also president of the Rawl Coal & Coke Company, now operating at Rawl in the Thacker field.

In 1882 Dr. Hiram C. Jones married Hannah Calloway, the younger daughter of the late Hon. Benjamin Calloway, of North Carolina, who for many years represented his county in

the Legislature at Raleigh where he met his bride, Harriet Stuart. She was a daughter of the then late John Stuart who had been a successful merchant in Raleigh. Her mother, a widow, entertained at her home the officials and friends that came on the first train that ran into Raleigh, which line extended from Norfolk, Virginia. She was called the "Whig Matron" of Raleigh. She entertained Henry Clay when he was a candidate for the Presidency, and it was in her kitchen that President Andrew Johnson first saw the light of day.

Hon. Elijah Calloway, father of Hon. Benjamin Calloway, served for 20 years in the Legislature of North Carolina, and was a near relative of Daniel Boone. He was a direct descendant from Col. James Calloway, of Virginia, who built the first iron furnace above Lynchburg, and served through the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars.

After several months of lingering illness, Mrs. Jones died on the 24th day of March, 1903. The children of Dr. and Mrs. Jones are: Benjamin Calloway and Arthur Shadrach, students at Marshall College, Huntington, West Virginia; and Harriet Isabelle, a charming little girl of 11 years. In politics the Doctor and boys are regular North Carolina "dyed-in-the-wool" Democrats. Religiously they are Baptists and are members of the First Baptist Church of Bluefield.

The Doctor is possessed of large means and an enviable circle of personal and professional friends.

W. P. CURRY.

W. P. CURRY, station agent for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway at Marmet, Kanawha County, West Virginia, was born in Brownstown, Kanawha, County, April 22, 1847, and is a son of Isaiah and Mary C. (Lewis) Curry.

The Curry family is of old Vir-

ginia stock. Isaiah Curry located in the Kanawha Valley about 65 years ago and was one of the early settlers. His father, James Curry, was a native of Norfolk, Virginia, and spent most of his life in Augusta County. Isaiah Curry was a man who was always much interested in schools and educational matters and he resided at Brownstown for some years. By trade he was a carpenter and built all the salt works on the Kanawha River. For 60 years he was a member of the Methodist Church. He was born in Augusta County, Virginia, and died in Brownstown, in 1897, aged 84 years. The mother of our subject belonged to an old family of Augusta County. She died in 1900, aged 84 years also.

W. P. Curry is one of a family of eight children born to his parents, namely: Lucinda; Fanny; W. P., of this sketch; James M., postmaster at Brownstown; J. J., at Marmet; and Jackson, the others being deceased. W. P. Curry was reared in his native locality and was educated in the district schools. On August 9, 1873, he entered the employ of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company as agent, and from that date has occupied the position. Although he learned the carpenter trade with his father and worked at it for a time, his other duties have long prevented his following it. He is an expert telegrapher and it is to his credit that he only spent two weeks in learning it.

Mr. Curry has been a justice of the peace for eight years and has given decisions and tried cases to the satisfaction of his fellow citizens. In fraternal life he has also been a prominent factor in his selection, belonging to the Masons, Selina Lodge No. 27; the Knights of Pythias; and Olive Branch Lodge, No. 38, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, having been connected with the last named organization for 31 years.

On February 2, 1874, Mr. Curry was united in marriage with Mary Johnson, who was born in Boston, and these children have been born to the union: E. M., a train dispatcher at Huntington, West Virginia; W. P. Jr., James, Julian and Frank, all telegraph operators; and Lillian, Marie and Robert.

ORVILLE C. DEWEY, for many years one of Wheeling's most distinguished citizens, residing of late years in his beautiful home at Echo Point, a suburb of which he was the founder, died early in 1902. He was born at Cadiz, Ohio, November 12, 1833. On

his paternal side, he was decended from ancestors who were of the old Puritan stock, and were prominently identified with the early history of the New England colonies.

The first of the family to settle in America was Thomas Dewey, who emigrated from Sandwich, Kent County, England, under Governor Winthrop and Rev. John Warham, in 1630, and became the founder of the family in Massachusetts. From him was descended a line of the Dewey family, who have ever been distinguished, not only in the New England States, but in the Western country, in which many of them subsequently made their homes. The monument erected to Thomas Dewey, Jr., the first of the family born in America, who died in 1690, is standing to-day in the cemetery at Westfield, Massachusetts. From the second son, Josiah Dewey, descended the famous Admiral George Dewey, the celebrated Congregational preacher, Rev. Orville Dewey, and that noted lawyer and banker, Chauncey Dewey, of Cadiz, Ohio, father of Orville C. Dewey.

Orville C. Dewey was educated in Cadiz, Ohio, and after a year in the Ohio University, at Athens, Ohio, went to Cincinnati to learn the theory of bookkeeping under John Gundry. After several years of service as bookkeeper in the edge-tool manufacturing firm of Seybold & Company, and in the great grocery house of William Glenn & Son, both in Cincinnati, he went in 1856 to Philadelphia and became a clerk in the house of Kilgore, Wilson & Company (wholesale grocers), his father being the company. He received the munificent salary of $40 per month. His father sold his interest in the firm in 1860, and our subject removed to Wheeling, West Virginia, where he spent the last 40 years of his life.

His brother, Eliphalet C. Dewey, who was a wholesale grocer in Bridgeport, Ohio, located in Wheeling in 1848, and erected the first wire mills west of New England. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, he erected the Eagle Rolling Mill at the head of 24th street, and conducted the plant very profitably until the hard times existing from 1855 to 1857 carried him down. He turned over his mill to his father (who being his endorser, assumed his liabilities), and then went to Texas, where he became a planter on the Brazos River, and died there in 1882. His father rented the mill to Pendleton & Company, and Orvill C. Dewey became a member of the firm in 1861, having as partners, Joseph Pendleton, James Porter, William H. Russell, J.

M. Todd and R. Watkins. Within two months after the time when he entered the firm, the mill burned down and the firm was dissolved. The mill having been rebuilt in 1861, he formed a new firm consisting of himself, J. N. Vance and William H. Russell, under the firm name of Dewey, Vance & Company, with a capital of $15,000. At that time the mill contained only three puddling furnaces, one scraping furnace, one crocodile squeezer, one set, two high muck rolls, one eight-inch guide mill, and one 12-inch bar mill. For two years, until a tariff was placed on iron, times were hard, money was scarce, wages were low, and profits were insignificant, for England was sending iron via Baltimore and delivering it to the stores in Wheeling cheaper than it could be made in Center Wheeling and hauled up town. Puddled muck-iron cost $15 per ton in Wheeling, while in England it could be bought for $5 per ton. The introduction of Bessemer process reduced the handicap from $10 per ton to 50 cents per ton, and then the industry thrived. Those were called good old Democratic times, but the Republican tariff changed all that. In addition to iron, England had been supplying commodities for wear, and for use in the arts and sciences. But while England had only a limited amount of iron, the United States had an unfailing supply of the ore required for the production of Bessemer steel, and the United States has thus secured the markets of the world for this product. The demand for iron increased immensely after the enactment of the tariff law, and forced an increase in capacity, so that in 1870 the firm had erected 45 puddling furnaces, which were running night and day, and increased the output from three tons to 90 tons per day. It was then decided to erect a nail factory at the corner of Water and 23rd streets. Mr. Dewey, after an exhaustive study of the factories of the country, erected there the largest, finest and most complete factory in the country. With the improvements introduced by him, the machines produced 300,000 more kegs, per annum, than any mill in the country of the same size. The strike of the mill workers was the greatest blow the city of Wheeling has ever had. At that time, of the ten million kegs of nails annually produced in the United States, seven and a half million or three-fourths of the entire output were made in Wheeling. By the time the strike was settled, the wire nail had been introduced, and so completely captured

the market that not more than a half million kegs per year of the old style are now made in Wheeling.

Desiring to obtain iron of better quality, it was decided by the firm to build a furnace for that purpose, the second on the Ohio River below Pittsburg. A location was found near Benwood, and there was erected in 1871 a furnace that was not second to any in the United States. These vast improvements evidently developed the inventive talent that was latent in him for Mr. Dewey made many improvements in mill, factory and furnace, all labor saving in their nature. He contrived a machine for breaking up old car wheels, that reduced the necessary working force from 12 men to four men on every 12 tons. He increased the width of the nail plate from 12 inches to 15 inches, a great help in the output of nails. He introduced a self-acting plate cropper, a shove-under, to relieve the labor in passing the heavy, wide plate under the rolls (an improvement which he patented). He made a change in the bluing machine that saved many a dollar. He devised a new method of heating large factories. At the blast furnace, he found that the old style of hydraulic hoists was very dirty in operation, and unsatisfactory, as well as the pneumatic and steam hoists in use. One day in going up the elevator in the Monongahela House, Pittsburg, he wondered what kind of a hoist it was, and returning to the office got permission to examine it. He was soon convinced that just such a hoist would answer the purpose. He at once went to New York, and after a short interview with the famous firm of Otis & Company, they agreed to make one of the proper size to do the work, and said they had been trying to introduce them many times, but had never found anyone with courage enough to adopt them. They promised to send him a gold-headed cane as a testimonial to the courage of his convictions. But the cane was never received. The Otis hoists, or something similar, are now used in every furnace throughout the United States.

About this time, there came into the firm mainly through his instrumentality, Nathan Wilkinson, John D. Culbertson, Arthur McKee, W. L. Hearne, F. J. Hearne and several of his old workmen, who had always, up to that period been very faithful, and to some of whom he loaned money and his credit to enable them to become members of the firm. Today they are in very comfortable circumstances. To his men he was always a friend, and when he meets them now, they are

pleased to speak of the good old days. About 1872, he sold out to his partners, and the name was changed from Dewey, Vance & Company to that of the Riverside Iron & Steel Works.

Mr. Dewey was always very fond of music, and started Wheeling's first musical society, called the Philharmonic. This was afterwards changed to the Weisel Institute, in honor of Dr. Weisel who, among his other accomplishments, had shown great musical abilities, and had been made the leader by Mr. Dewey. He also established, and was a member of, the famous quartet of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church, consisting of Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. W. H. Hennegen, Mr. Whipple and himself, all being now deceased. He was also very fond of paintings, and of art generally.

After Mr. Dewey's marriage, July 22, 1868, to Elizabeth Good Tingle, a daughter of George T. Tingle, and granddaughter of Hon. Andrew P. Woods, of Wheeling, he bought and rebuilt the house on the corner of Ninth and Main streets, Wheeling, which he occupied for many years. His wife died May 12, 1882, leaving an only son, George Chauncey Dewey, who is in the mining business in Denver. In 1884, he bought part of the old Edgington place, east of the city, and until his death lived on this property, which he called Echo Point. This country life was a wise venture, for, where he had hardly a house in sight at first, he was soon able to count his neighbors by the hundreds, and the builder of the last house vies with his predecessors in following a dainty original design, affording every comfort and convenience.

Mr. Dewey was a Republican in politics, but selected his candidates for county offices without regard to party. He was for several years a director of the Bank of the Ohio Valley, and for several years a vestryman of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church. From its inception, he was a director of the famous Warwick China Company. He was one of the originators, and the first president, of the Fort Henry Club, and was a member of the Wheeling Golf Club. He belonged to the Phoenix Lodge of Masons, in Philadelphia.

BENJAMIN M. HILDRETH, for many years actively engaged in the glass business, was born at Wheeling, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1854, and is a son of Dr. E. A. and Susan L. (McMechen) Hildreth. He was reared and educated in his native city, and graduated from Linsly Institute in 1872.

Mr. Hildreth then entered the employ of Hobbs, Brockunier & Company as bill clerk and was afterward started on the road as a salesman, in which capacity he continued until 1888. At that time he associated himself with James B. Russell in the glass business, which they carried on successfully at Fostoria, Ohio, for about six years,under the name of the Nickel Plate Glass Company, in which Mr. Hildreth served as secretary during that time. In 1894 he severed his connection with the concern and a little later acted as secretary of the Beaumont Glass Company for one year. He had previously been connected with similar enterprises at Pittsburg and Dunkirk, Indiana. For the past few months he has not been in active business.

Mr. Hildreth was united in matrimony with Sarah Catherine Turner, of Wheeling, who formerly lived near Wilmington, Delaware. Her father died in Maryland when she was a child, and she removed to Wheeling at the early age of 14 years, and has since resided there. To Mr. Hildreth and his wife one son was born, Eugenius A. who is 22 years old. Eugenius A. Hildreth is a graduate of Linsly Institute and Lehigh College, and is now studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; he will probably take a special course in surgery.

The subject of this sketch is an ardent Republican in his political action. He and his family are devout members of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church. His residence for the past four years has been at Woodsdale, where he erected his present comfortable home.

HUGH M. SIMMS.

HUGH M. SIMMS, a well known young attorney and business man of Huntington, West Virginia, was born in Putnam County, West Virginia, March 10, 1879, and is a son of Howard T. Simms and a nephew of H. C. Simms, counsel for the Chespeake & Ohio Railway Company.

Howard T. Simms was born a few

miles south of Charleston, and has followed farming largely, having remained at home and cared for his parents after the other children had engaged in their various pursuits. He has twice resided in Huntington, that city being his present home, and is now engaged in the machinery agency business. Howard T. Simms married a daughter of H. A. Burgess, whose great-grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier, the ancestry being traceable back as far as Pocahontas.

Hugh M. Simms is the eldest child of a family of seven children, three of whom are now deceased. The others are: Mary, Alma and Earle, all at home. Our subject was reared and educated in West Virginia. He attended the public schools of Putnam County; the Charleston High School; graduated from Marshall College, at Huntington, in 1898; and attended the University of West Virginia at Morgantown. He was for four years instructor in history and political science at Marshall College, at the same time spending his summers at the University. Mr. Simms was admitted to the bar of West Virginia in 1901, but continued teaching until June, 1902, since which time he has devoted his attention to law practice and other business interests. He is a director of the American Bank & Trust Company, organized in October, 1902; a director of and attorney for the Maxom Miller Supply Company, manufacturers and distributors of all kinds of jacks; and also a director of the Banner Printing Company, publishers of the *Baptist Banner*. Mr. Simms is rapidly building up a large and lucrative law practice and now numbers among his clients some of the most influential citizens of Huntington as well as a large number of substantial business firms. He is rapidly forging to the front rank of the Cabell County bar, and his friends predict for him a bright and successful career. Mr. Simms owns considerable real estate in Huntington and vicinity, and is identified with the progressive element, whose efforts are for the development of the city.

In 1901, Mr. Simms married Miss Patterson, a native of Kentucky, whose people reside in Colorado. She also attended Marshall College. To this union has been born one daughter, Margaret Jane. Mr. and Mrs. Simms reside in a fine cottage at No. 1413 6th avenue, one of the best residence locations in the city.

Fraternally, Mr. Simms is a Blue Lodge Mason of the third degree, and has for the past three years been ven-

erable consul of the Modern Woodmen of America Lodge at Huntington, the highest position of the local lodge. Both he and his wife are members of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church.

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS CONLEY, LL. D.

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS CONLEY, LL. D., a well known practicing attorney of Kingwood, Preston County, West Virginia, a member of the law firm of Conley & Smith, of Parsons, West Virginia, and a prominent politician of the State, was born January 8, 1866, in Preston County, West Virginia, and is a son of William and Mary (Freeburn) Conley.

William Conley was also a native of Preston County and was a well known citizen. He engaged in teaching school, later was interested in contracting, and at one time was deputy sheriff of Preston County. He served with the rank of major in the State militia. His religious connection was with the Methodist Church. Mr. Conley died when his son William Gustavus was but a lad. His wife, Mary Freeburn, was born in Scotland and came with her parents to the United States when eight years of age,—they resided for a time at Philadelphia, but later moved to West Virginia. Mrs. Conley died in 1896, at the age of 82 years, leaving six children: Mary J., John A., Edward B., Ella, William Gustavus, and Mattie.

William Gustavus Conley received his education in the common schools of Preston County and West Virginia University at Morgantown, being graduated in law at the latter institution in 1893, with the degree of LL. B. After his admission to the bar, he began practice in the fall of 1893 at Parsons, where he continued until his removal to his present home at Kingwood, in 1903. He was admitted to practice in the Federal courts and is the attorney for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company. In January, 1903, he formed a law partnership with Charles D. Smith, under the firm name of Conley & Smith, at Parsons,

West Virginia, where he still retains an office. On April 2, 1903, the Nashville College of Law, of Nashville, Tennessee, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. His political affiliation has always been with the Republican party and he has long been regarded as one of its leaders in the northern part of the State. In 1891 he was elected county superintendent of free schools of Preston County, and in 1896 was elected prosecuting attorney of Tucker County, and was re-elected in 1900. During his residence in Parsons, he served a number of terms on the City Council, and was honored by an election as mayor of that city. Mr. Conley has taken a very active part in the various campaigns and has almost constantly served either as a delegate or as a member of some important party organization. He was made assistant secretary of the national convention at St. Louis that nominated the late President McKinley in 1896; was twice a delegate to the national convention of the Republican League Clubs; was six years chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Tucker County; and for several years was a member of the Republican Congressional Committee.--Mr. Conley is at present serving as assistant secretary of this committee. He is a faithful and appreciated party worker.

On July 14, 1892, Mr. Conley was married to Bertie I. Martin, daughter of Samuel and Harriet J. Martin. She was born near Kingwood, June 20, 1873. Mr. and Mrs. Conley have had a family of four children, and of these, Lillian and Donald, the eldest and youngest, survive; Willie and Marian are deceased. Mrs. Conley is a member of the Methodist Church, and Mr. Conley of the Presbyterian Church. He is an Odd Fellow and a Knight of Pythias.

MILLARD F. SNIDER.

MILLARD F. SNIDER, an attorney-at-law of Clarksburg, West Virginia, has for some years past been

located at the above-mentioned place, practicing his profession in the Circuit Court of Harrison County, in the coutrs of adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, and also in the Supreme Court of the United States.

The high standard of the Harrison County bar has long been recognized by the lawyers and courts of Old Virginia, and also of West Virginia since the formation of the State. Many able lawyers have earned a just reputation of eminence and legal fitness for the Harrison County bar, a member of whom have long since appeared before the judge of the great court, from whose decision there is no appeal; and their places have been filled by younger men, among whom is the subject of this sketch, who are striving to keep to its high standard the reputation that the Harrison County bar has won and to improve it, rather than to allow it to deteriorate.

Mr. Snider was born on Hunter's Fork, in Doddridge County, Virginia, now West Virginia, September 24, 1860, and is a son of Jehu and Virginia (Apsy) Snider. His father, Jehu Snider, was a son of Jacob and Nancy (Childers) Snider, and was born September 29, 1832, at the mouth of Brushy Fork, of Meat House Fork, in what was then Harrison County, but which has since been cut off and is now in Doddridge County. Jacob Snider, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was born at Bridgeport, Harrison County, June 6, 1804. He lived in Clarksburg while a young man and there married his first wife, Nancy Childers, of Milford, Harrison County. He then moved to the western portion of what was then Harrison County, and lived upon a farm at the mouth of Brushy Fork for a short time, and then purchased a farm adjoining, just above on Meat House Fork, where he lived the balance of his life, dying August 12, 1883. Jacob Snider was a son of John Snider, a native of Fauquier County, Virginia, who, when a young man, was an early pioneer of Western Virginia, settling at Bridgeport, Harrison County, at a very early date. He afterward moved to Sycamore, in the same county, where he died at a ripe old age. He was a soldier in the War of 1812, and for his services in that conflict drew a pension until the time of his death. His ancestors were of German descent. Virginia E. Apsy, the mother of our subject, was born in Loudoun County, Virginia, July 30, 1837. Her parents were George Apsy, born August 20, 1805, died about 1839, and Mary

(Swan) Apsy, born January 19, 1814, died January 9, 1898. George Apsy died in Loudoun County, Virginia, when his daughter, Virginia E., was a mere child, and about 1840 her mother with a brother, Thomas Swan, came to Western Virginia, and resided on the Alleghany Mountains about seven years, keeping hotel, and then moved farther west and settled in Doddridge County. George Apsy was a native of England, and his wife was a Virginian.

Jehu Snider, our subject's father, in early life learned the plasterer's trade, but later devoted himself to farming. He was married when 21 years of age, and he and his wife are both still living and reside at Salem, Harrison County. He has been a lifelong Democrat. During the days of the Rebellion, he was an ardent Union man, did a great deal toward preventing the western part of Virginia from seceding, and later volunteered in the Union Army, as a member of Company A, 14th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., from which he was honorably discharged at the close of the war. He now draws a pension from the United States government.

Millard F. Snider is one of a family of 13 children, 11 of whom are living, viz.: Martin V., who married Carrie McKinley, and resides at Salem; Susan A., who married John A. Reeder, and resides at Clarksburg; Charles L., who married Rulina Sperry, and resides at New Milton; Millard F., subject of this sketch; Amy M., who resides at Salem; Delia F., who married Robert Littleman, and resides at Salem; Laura Ellen, who married Sheridan Stockdale, and resides at Stringtown; Hattie L., who married Clete Randolph, and resides at Salem; Okey S., Fannie Bell, and Oliver H., who are single and live with their father, in Salem; and two who are deceased,—Minerva J., who married Joseph Gray, and Mary Frances.

At the time of the birth of our subject, his parents resided on a rented farm on Hunter's Fork, in Doddridge County, and until he was eight years old they lived upon rented property there and elsewhere. In 1868, his father bought a farm on Brushy Fork, in Doddridge County, having but a small amount to pay down and going largely into debt for the residue. The farm was mostly in the woods and it was only after a long and hard struggle that it was cleared, paid for and brought into a good state of cultivation. The farm is still owned by his father, who lately sold the coal, and still retains the residue of the land.

It was by hard work from daylight until dark on this undeveloped land, that young Snider had instilled into him the principle, that best results are derived from diligent application and honest toil. He inherited a strong physique, a healthy body and a robust constitution which laid the foundation for physical and mental labor, and still serve him in his chosen profession. When a small lad he determined to obtain a good education, and early in life applied himself closely to his books, in school and out, thereby outstripping his brothers and sisters and all the neighbor boys in learning, and at one time almost determined to leave home in order to have a better opportunity to secure an education; but on account of his father's being in need of help at that time he decided to remain. Although he was somewhat handicapped by the inefficiency of the schools, the public school system being at that time in its infancy, yet nothing deterred him, and by close attendance at school during the short terms, when he was not required at home to assist in gathering the crops in the fall, or in preparing for the next year's planting by assisting in clearing away the heavy forest in the spring, and by devoting himself to his books whenever he had spare time in the summer, by the time he had reached the age of 20 he had acquired sufficient education to secure a certificate to teach school. At that age he began his career as a teacher, which he followed for about six years. He taught his first school on Tom's Fork, at what was then called the Lowther school, which was about two miles distance from his father's home, and across a large hill. He boarded at home, built the fires at the school house, kept it clean and walked across this mountain night and morning, feeding 12 head of cattle on his way to and from school. The next year he taught on the South Fork of Hughes River, at what was then known as the Stout school. Both of these terms were taught on a No. 2 certificate. He then went to Harrison County, obtained a No. 1 certificate and taught two terms on the Turtle Tree Fork of Ten Mile Creek, at what was known as the Meadow Valley school; he then secured the principalship of the Mount Clare graded school and taught that school two years, which closed his career as teacher. In the meantime he had attended a select school, and the Fairmont Normal School. He was in the graduating class of the Normal School for the next year had he returned, but a change in a part of the faculty of that school caused him to withdraw

from there, and, after having read law a while with Hon. John Bassel, of Clarksburg, he went to the State University at Morgantown, at which school he took part of the classical course and the full law course, graduating in 1887.

Mr. Snider was in debt and about out of money when he left school, and in order to get a small amount ahead before locating, he traveled as a book agent for a few months and then engaged in the practice of the law at West Union in Doddridge County, in October, 1887, and was admitted to practice on his diploma from the University at the November term following. Contrary to the general experience of young attorneys, he had a paying practice from the start; was soon enabled to provide for expenses, pay off the debt incurred while going to school, and start the foundation for a good law library. Among his friends, whom he remembers very kindly in his early struggles, are W. Brent Maxwell, who loaned him money to go to school and has since been his client and faithful friend; Dr. Brooke, of the University, who went upon his bond when he went out to sell books; Henry Ash, who assisted him with a free office and has ever since been his client; and John Bassel, with whom he read law and who has always been ready to willingly assist him in counsel and advice.

After practicing at West Union for several years, he began to realize that the best practitioners at that place, himself included, were not receiving from their practice what he thought should be in store for a good lawyer, the opportunities at that place being too limited. He realized that if he should get the best practice that was to be had at West Union it would not be all that he desired. In the course of his practice in the State and United States courts he had met and successfully contested with lawyers who were considered the best in the State, and, having met with a number of the oil men and being counsel for some of the oil companies, he determined to seek a broader field where he would have better opportunities, if he were able, to measure swords, as it were, with great lawyers, as he believed with hard study he would be able to do, and to become what he had always desired to be, a good lawyer with a lucrative practice.

In looking over the West Virginia field, he selected Clarksburg as the coming commercial center of the State, and in the spring of 1898 he commenced his preparations to move to

that city. He sold his home in West Union to Lewis Maxwell, one of the wealthiest citizens of Doddridge County, who now lives in the house that Mr. Snider built, and commenced the erection of his residence at Clarksburg in May, and in June removed his office, although his family did not move until fall. His expectations were more than realized; when he located at Clarksburg he found new clients ready to employ him. Among them was his friend and schoolmate, C. Sprigg Sands, cashier of the Traders' National Bank, who at once induced the bank officials to employ him as their counsel, and was instrumental in many ways, until removed by death, in assisting our subject in his new field, and was ever his faithful friend. He was also employed by several other corporations and wealthy citizens, and is still retained as their counsel. He now has a nice practice. His clients are mostly well-to-do citizens, some of them wealthy, and numerous corporations. He devotes himself almost exclusively to chancery and civil practice, corporation law sharing largely therein; but he has also been engaged in a few important criminal cases. He not only has an extensive practice in the Circuit courts, but has been counsel in no less than 17 cases in the Supreme Court of Appeals, 16 of which have been decided, and of these his clients gained 12 and lost four. One of the cases that was gained in the Supreme Court of the State was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, and after briefs were filed was dismissed by the plaintiff in error, without having the case heard and decided.

Finding that it was not desirable to live alone, on October 4, 1892, he was united in marriage with Elizabeth Stuart, a daughter of the late Judge Chapman J. Stuart, who was a very able and prominent lawyer of Doddridge County. Their marriage has been blessed with one child, Virginia Ann, a bright and charming little girl now nine years old.

Their home is situated on the north side of East Main street, on what is known as "Quality Hill," the most desirable residence section in the city. Although not so costly as some, they have one among the most beautiful places in the city.

Mr. Snider is simple in his habits, and admires plain and unpretentious people and has an especially high regard for people who are willing to do hard and honest work. He has often said that a man who is willing to toil for honest remuneration day in and

day out for weeks and years is not a bad kind of a man, no matter what his social position may be. He does not use tobacco in any form, nor spirituous liquors except for medicinal purposes. He is a member of the United Brethren Church, the Young Men's Christian Association and the West Virginia Bar Association, and has always been a regular attendant at Sunday-school. He has always had great love and admiration for his father and mother, and no later than last fall he wrote them the following letter:

CLARKSBURG, W. VA., NOV. 23, 1902.

Mr. and Mrs. John Snider, Salem, W. Va.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—At my age of 42, and after having come in contact with the busy affairs of life for a number of years, and having a family of my own, I can the more appreciate the great benefit bestowed upon me by having been reared by Christian parents, whose earnest and sincere desires were to live right, and to train their children to live honest and upright lives, and to love and fear God.

And, although when I was a boy I thought you were too strict and sometimes erred in keeping your children too close, I now see that if you erred, and I cannot say that you did, it was through your devout wishes to impress upon us the great importance of doing right and the urgent necessity of our keeping away from frivolous pleasure in order that we might be better prepared to meet the responsibilities of life.

You, perhaps, were not aware when, in your humble way, you were doing the best you could, by careful living and kind and earnest exhortations to your children, that you were having as much influence as you were in forming and shaping characters for eternity.

I am very glad that I never heard a profane word pass from either of your lips. Nor a quarrel between you. If one of you when somewhat irritated would speak to the other, it was always met or turned off in a way that led to peace instead of strife. And I have often wondered how you got along with such a large number of children as well as you did.

When you would talk to us children and correct us for doing wrong, it was in such an earnest and conscientious manner that it led me to believe that you were influenced by the power received through secret prayer and communication with God.

I am now conscious of the fact, from your manner of training, that, with the great burden that was upon you in rearing such a large family of robust children, some of us youngsters inclined to be unruly, that you must have kept close to the cross of Christ. And many were the times when your prayers ascended the Hill of Zion for strength from the Lord in our behalf, all unknown to us, and while we were traveling in the paths of sin or straying in the fields of unrighteousness, plucking at the seeming flowers of sinful pleasure.

And since I have been born of the Spirit, and for near 25 years have been striving to travel in the paths of right, and since you are now growing old, one passed and the other approaching three score years and ten, and you will soon be gathered home, before you cross the "river," my dear father and mother, I want to express to you my sincere gratitude for your noble Christian characters and exemplary lives and your loving care and influence over me in rearing me and bringing me to know the Saviour, and the interest you have taken in me since, even to the extent that mother was afraid for me to follow my chosen profession for fear it might cause me to stray from the loving Saviour; but I trust your prayers may follow me, and that her fears may be turned into joy, for God is able

to take care of us in any calling if we trust it to him.

And I hope that your lives may have made such impressions upon each of your children, that all who have not yet been may soon be saved, so that all your grandchildren may be blessed with Christian parents.

Your days of usefulness may not yet be done; you may outlive several more of your children, and be able to still continue to do great good. You may not be great in one sense, but remember that no one is great unless he is good. To be good is great, no matter how humble.

And I hope your lives may henceforth be the purest streams of Christian pleasure and when your labors are ended that your souls may be kissed into heaven by the Holy Spirit as the sun kisses away the morning dew.

Come down and take Thanksgiving dinner with us. Let me know if you can come and I will meet you at the train.

Your Son,

MILLARD F. SNIDER.

While a resident of West Union he served as a member of the School Board of the West Union Independent District, and was instrumental in having a graded course prepared for the school, and assisted in the erection of the new public school building at that place, and was a member of the building committee for the United Brethren Church at West Union, to which class he still belongs.

In 1888 he was an unsuccessful candidate for prosecuting attorney in Doddridge County, on the Democratic ticket, and in 1900 was likewise an unsuccessful candidate of that party for the same office in Harrison County, but in both instances very greatly reduced the majority against him, being defeated at the latter place by 469 votes, while the regular Republican majority was over 1,200.

In his office work and counsel Mr. Snider is very careful and painstaking, in order that he may make no mistakes that might cause his clients trouble or loss by unconsidered advice; and as an advocate he is resourceful, logical and forcible. One of his greatest desires has always been to be a good lawyer and to be able to assist the commercial world to safely transact its business and settle its difficulties. For the benefit of young men who are hesitating as to the profession they will follow, he would say that when he choose the profession of law he came to the conclusion that other men who had no more natural ability than he had succeeded; by proper application he could do so, and he was willing to make the effort.

Financially Mr. Snider is not wealthy, but is approaching comfortable circumstances. He is a stockholder in three banks, a director in one, and is a director and secretary of the Wolf Summit Oil & Gas Company, and owns some building lots in the city of Clarksburg. His wife owns a valu-

able farm in Doddridge County, of 173 acres, which she inherited as a part of her father's estate, which Mr. Snider looks after and grazes. He is interested in the development of the State and the improvement of the city of Clarksburg.

R. S. HENRY, M. D.

R. S. HENRY, M. D., a prominent physician and surgeon of Charleston, West Virginia, was born May 28, 1855, in Harford County, Maryland, and is a son of Robert and Susan (Waltham) Henry, and a grandson of Col. Robert Henry of the Queen's Guards, Belfast, Ireland. He is a near relative of the celebrated Patrick Henry on the paternal side, and through his mother is descended from the founder of Waltham, Massachusetts, the great-great-grandfather being the man who established the Waltham watch and clock works.

The father of Dr. Henry was associated with educational affairs all his life, for a number of years was superintendent of schools in Maryland and was noted throughout his State as a public speaker. He was prominent in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and served as grand master of the State for a number of years. His death occurred in 1879, at the age of 62 years. His widow still survives at an advanced age, and resides with our subject, who is the only survivor of a family of children.

Dr. Henry was educated at St. John's College, Maryland, and at the Maryland Agricultural College, receiving the degree of A. B. in 1873 and the degree of A. M. in 1876, and was principal of the Washington County College at Hagerstown, Maryland, until 1880. In 1876 he began the study of medicine and continued his studies during his career as a teacher, later entering the office of Prof. Louis McLane Tiffany, professor of surgery in the University of Maryland, at Baltimore. After three years of study there, including hospital work, he graduated from that institution in 1883 and then did work of a special

nature in diseases of the eye and throat, in the hospitals of New York and Baltimore. In 1892 he took special courses in the most prominent hospitals of England, Germany, France and Austria.

Dr. Henry has been a resident of Charleston since entering the private practice of medicine in 1884. He is a member of the State Medical Society of West Virginia, and was president of the Medical and Surgical Society of the Kanawha Valley in 1887, and is now an active member of the Charleston Medical and Surgical Society. For a number of years he was division surgeon and medical expert for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway and also chief surgeon of the Kanawha & Michigan Railway for eight years. His writings include papers on "Researches after Haemoglobin," with micro-photographs and an original method of obtaining the same, published in the *Maryland Medical Journal* in 1883; papers on "Iritis," "The Use of Cascara," in the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, 1884, and numerous papers and reports before medical societies. He has taken several post-graduate courses, both in New York City and in Baltimore, and keeps thoroughly abreast of modern thought.

In 1876 Dr. Henry was married to Angie Crampton, of Hagerstown, Maryland, and they have two daughters, Nina and Cora. Fraternally he is a Mason of high degree, belonging to Kanawha Lodge, No. 20, A. F. & A. M., at Charleston. Not only is he prominent in his profession, but he is also one of the leading citizens of Charleston in municipal affairs and public movements.

COL. THOMAS SIKES.

COL. THOMAS SIKES, the present city treasurer of Huntington, West Virginia, was born in 1836 at Portsmouth, Ohio, and has been a resident of Huntington since 1872. At the time of his birth, his father, Rev. Levi Sikes, a Baptist minister, was residing on the latter's farm in Scioto County, Ohio.

John J. Sikes, the grandfather of Colonel Sikes, served in the Revolutionary War, from Massachusetts, and his widow, formerly Sarah Cole, secured a pension in 1856. She attained the age of 99 years. Both grandfathers of Colonel Sikes were engaged in produce dealing and shipping on the Ohio River, and both lost their lives in the pursuit of their duties, either from drowning between Cincinnati and New Orelans, or through massacre by Indians.

Rev. Levi Sikes was born in 1796 in Massachusetts and removed to Ohio with his father in 1804, locating in the vicinity of Portsmouth, and was the first brick manufacturer there. The mother of Colonel Sikes was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, in 1799. and died in 1876, one year later than her husband. Besides our subject, the other members of the parental family were: James, who resides in Scioto County, Ohio, aged 76 years; Melvin, deceased; Hiram, aged 62 years, who lives at Portsmouth, Ohio, Melvina, who died at the age of 79 years in 1900; Harriet, deceased; Eliza, aged 79 years, who lives in Scioto County, Ohio; Sarah, who died some 40 years ago; and Elsie, aged 64 years, who lives in Scioto County, Ohio.

Colonel Sikes obtained a common and high school education and then learned the brick-mason trade and gradually engaged in contracting, a business he followed in Portsmouth, Ohio, and in Huntington, West Virginia, in the latter city from 1872 until quite recently. He is well and favorably known to all of his fellow citizens, and his fine work is seen in almost all of the principal business and residence structures of Huntington. In 1886 he served as chief of police of Huntington and in 1901 was elected to his present responsible position, and in 1903 was re-elected for a term of two years.

Colonel Sikes enlisted for service in the Civil War in Company G, 1st Reg., Ohio Vol. Inf., for three months, and then re-entered the service as captain of Company E, 33rd Reg., Ohio Vol. Inf., was subsequently made major, then lieutenant-colonel and finally received his colonel's commission. He participated in some 30 of the main engagements of the war, notably the first battle of Bull Run, Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain. He was in the 14th Army Corps, under Gen. George H. Thomas, for whom he retained so much respect and affection that he named one of his sons, now a prominent business man of Huntington, in

his honor. After four years and 10 months in the army, he returned to Portsmouth. Colonel Sikes is an honored member of Bailey Post, No. 4, Grand Army of the Republic, of which he has often been commander.

Colonel Sikes married Minerva I. Williams and their children are: Mrs. Ida M. Johnson, of Huntington; Mamie, bookkeeper for the W. M. Prindle Company of that city; Maude, at home; George H., a contractor in brick masonry; Austin M., a stenographer; and Herbert A., instructor in shorthand and bookkeeping at Marshall College, Huntington, although but a youth of 17 years. The religious views of the family are in accordance with the Methodist faith. Fraternally, Colonel Sikes is a Royal Arch Mason.

JOHN BODLEY, a retired and well-to-do citizen of Wheeling, West Virginia, was for many years a partner in the enterprising business firm of Bodley Brothers, who manufactured wagons quite extensively in that sity. Mr. Bodley is the second child and youngest son of Joshua and Martha (Galley) Bodley and was born in the city of Wheeling, December 17, 1844.

The four Bodley brothers originally located in Wheeling at various dates between 1830 and 1851, and spent the remainder of their lives in that city. They were reared in Monongalia County, Virginia, now West Virginia. Two of the brothers married Galley sisters, and the other two married ladies named Donnelly, who bore the relation of aunt and niece, and were from Greene County, Pennsylvania.

The four Bodley brothers were Joshua, Joseph A., James and Daniel. The last named three learned the bricklayer's trade, and subsequently became prominent contractors in Wheeling. James also engaged in the manufacture of brick, and carried on that business with an unusual degree of success for 30 or 40 years. Daniel Bodley was born in 1833, and went to Wheeling in 1851. He married Jane Elizabeth Galley, who is now the only surviving member of the Galley family. Her husband's death, which occurred April 29, 1893, was the result of an accident. James had died previously, and Joseph A. passed to his final rest about 1895. Their loss was felt in the community, as they were especially prominent in business circles.

Joshua, the father of John, was born in 1812, and in 1830, while still a youth, sought his fortune in Wheeling. He learned the blacksmith's

trade, and later engaged in the manufacture of wagons, and followed that vocation the whole of his active life. His marriage with Martha Galley, a daughter of John Galley, took place in Wheeling and they reared three children,—two sons and one daughter. In 1832 Joshua Bodley established a wagon factory, which he conducted alone for several years, when he took in David Richards as partner. They did business for a number of years. Later, in company with Thomas M. Galley, Joshua Bodley established another wagon factory, and Mr. Galley attended to the sale of the product up to the time of his last illness. After the death of his partner, Mr. Bodley continued the business by taking his son, James W., into partnership during the war, and later his son John, the subject of these lines, assisted him in the business. Upon the death of the father the business passed to these two sons, James W. and John, who continued the manufacture of vehicles under the name of Bodley Brothers until 1891, when John Bodley retired from the business. The concern was incorporated about that time as the Bodley Wagon Company, and its location was changed to Staunton, Virginia. This company is in successful operation at the present time, under the careful and skillful management of its president, James W. Bodley.

John Bodley has one sister, Mary, who married David R. Brooks. Her husband died several years ago, and Mrs. Brooks lives in Wheeling, having a comfortable residence on 15th street.

ALEXANDER C. BURNS, M. D.

ALEXANDER C. BURNS, M. D., who since 1893 has been one of the leading physicians and esteemed and valued residents of Huntington, Cabell County, West Virginia, was born in 1848, in Washington County, Pennsylvania. His parents are both deceased, but most of the members of the

family still reside in the Keystone State. The family was a numerous one, Dr. Burns being one of the twelve children, and there being 50 grandchildren.

Dr. Burns obtained his education in the common schools and in young manhood followed the profession of teaching for some time, possessing a life certificate in his native State. For one year he was one of the instructors at the seminary at West Middletown, Pennsylvania, later entering Washington-Jefferson College. One year later he matriculated at the University of Michigan, after having had four years of preparation with the local physicians, graduated with the degree of M. D. in 1877, and since June of that year has been in continuous practice, his first location being at Unionville, Lawrence County, Ohio. Although his skill is acknowledged in almost all lines of professional work, Dr. Burns has been especially successful in his treatment of bronchial troubles, and has a perfectly equipped office where he makes use of instruments especially designed for him for the dilating of the windpipe. His fame in treating stricture of this organ has brought him patients from long distances and so closely has he devoted himself to their care that his own health is threatening to give way. His latest special study has been of the pelvic organs and a post-graduate course taken lately in New York City has added to his general knowledge and prepared him for making a specialty in this line. He is located at No. 928 5th avenue, Huntington, where he erected a fine mansion and utilizes the basement for his offices.

Dr. Burns was united in marriage to a daughter of Judge C. T. Templeton, of Lawrence County, Ohio, and four children have been born to them: Adrienne, an accomplished elocutionist and ex-student of Marshall College, is the very efficient city librarian of Huntington; Anice, a student at Marshall College, is occasionally assistant librarian; Orin E., educated at Marshall College, a fine stenographer and bookkeeper, is engaged in a lumber business along the Norfolk & Western Railway, with offices at Huntington; and James, who is engaged in surveying in Kentucky.

It was largely through the efforts of Dr. Burns that the fine Carnegie Library, now in course of construction, was secured for Huntington. He worked hard for the enterprise, secured the legislation and taxation necessary for its proper maintenance; it is controlled by the Board of Edu-

cation, of which he has been a member for seven years. Dr. Burns is a valued member of the local and State Medical Societies and his papers and opinions have weight with his brother practitioners. Fraternally he belongs to the B. P. O. E.

HARRY K. GRUBB.

HARRY K. GRUBB, one of the prominent citizens of Parsons, Tucker County, West Virginia, president of the Electric Light & Power Company of this city, and manager at Parsons for the firm of J. K. Mosser & Company, was born in 1866, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and is a son of Albert and Sarah J. (Grim) Grubb, the former of whom was born in Montgomery County and the latter in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania.

Albert Grubb was born in 1834 and died in 1892, aged 68 years. For many years he was a resident of Philadelphia and for 40 years he kept a hotel in that city. For a long period he served as a school director there. In politics he was a Democrat. In religion he was a member of the German Reformed Church. Fraternally he was a Mason. His wife died in 1876, aged 32 years. The two children of this marriage were our subject and his sister, Annie J., wife of Howard Naisby, chief bookkeeper for the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, at Philadelphia.

Harry K. Grubb was well educated in the schools of Philadelphia, and then went to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and entered into the employ of J. K. Mosser & Company, with which great house he has continued and is now holding the responsible position of manager at Parsons. While at Williamsport he took an active interest in city affairs and served as one of the school directors, and was a member of the City Council. Since locating in Parsons, he has been identified with the city's interests, and in 1902 served to the public's satisfaction as

mayor of the city. In politics Mr. Grubb is a Republican. He is largely interested in many of the important industries of his section of the State, is president of the Electric Light & Power Company, of Parsons, is a stockholder and director in the Tucker County Bank, of Parsons, and owns stock in many established enterprises.

In 1888, Mr. Grubb was united in marriage, in Columbia County, Pennsylvania, with Annie J. Frey. One son, Joseph K., has been born to this union. Mrs. Grubb is a member of the Baptist Church, while Mr. Grubb belongs to the German Reformed. Fraternally he is a member of the Royal Arcanum. Mr. Grubb is one of the progressive and enterprising young business men for which this age is noted.

FRANK D. YOUNG, one of the ablest advocates of law in the State of West Virginia, residing at Sistersville, was born August 9, 1853, in New Martinsville, Wetzenl County, his parents being Dr. Jacob and Annie E. (Engle) Young, the former of whom is the oldest practicing physician in that section of the State and the latter being the sister of C. Engle, who was Circuit clerk of Tyler County for half a century.

Frank D. Young passed through the usual course of education and trials alloted to young men of his time, and began reading law with Basil T. Bowers, at the age of 19 years. He was admitted to the bar in 1874, his license being issued in June of that year, and signed by Circuit Judges C, S. Lewis and A. B. Fleming and Supreme Judge A. F. Haymond. After being admitted to practice, Frank D. Young spent one year's time with George E. Boyd, afterward judge of the First Judicial Circuit. Mr. Young began the practice of the law for himself in New Martinsville in 1875. He was successful from the start and had more of a practice than many who spent years at Harvard, Yale and other like institutions, while he worked out his own life's problem in a different but just as effective a way. In April, 1890, the family moved to Middlebourne where Mr. Young was engaged as the prosecuting attorney of Tyler County for three years. He located in Sistersville at the beginning of the oil excitement, and within a short time was chosen city solicitor, which office he retained for one or two terms. He has been actively engaged in the practice of law for almost 20 years, paying special attention to chancery cases, and has spent several years in the Wetzel County circuit

clerk's office, where his knowledge of form in the preparation of legal papers was largely acquired.

On June 8, 1881, Mr. Young was married to Belle V. Stealey, daughter of L. L. Stealey, of Middlebourne, Tyler County, and a niece of ex-Judge Thomas I. Stealey, of Parkersburg. Mr. Young is the father of four children: Wayne, Hattie, Jeanette and Jacob Lloyd. He is a Mason, Odd Fellow, Elk, Knight of Pythias and a member of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics.

REV. NATHANIEL THOMAS FAY.

REV. NATHANIEL THOMAS FAY.—To glance but casually over the long and useful life of the venerable gentleman whose name appears at the beginning of this record, recalls some of the most stirring events in the nation's history and its most wonderful development, while his personal achievements have been such as to bring him honor and esteem and an abundance of sincere affection for his declining years.

Rev. Mr. Fay, who resides at New Cumberland, Hancock County, was born November 26, 1813, in Camden, Maine, and is a son of Jesse and Lucy (Brown) Fay, the former of whom was born at Princeton, Massachusetts, and the latter in New Hampshire.

Silas Fay, the grandfather of our subject, was born in Massachusetts, but removed to Maine and located in the vicinity of Camden, where he bought a large tract of land, a portion of which, including the old home, has been in the family until recently.

Jesse Fay, father of our subject, was born April 24, 1783 and died on the farm near Camden, June 17, 1865, having been a farmer in that section all his life. He married Lucy Brown, who was born October 12, 1780, and died August 21, 1867, and both lie at rest in the family plat in the Camden cemetery. She belonged to a prominent old Puritan family and her brothers were early cotton and wool manu-

facturers in New Hampshire. The children born to Jesse Fay and wife were: Anna Elizabeth, who married Nahum Walker—both are now deceased and their two sons are living in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Frederick Brown, who lived the greater portion of his life at Tiffin, Ohio, but died at Union Springs, Alabama; Nathaniel Thomas, our subject; Silas, who lived and died at Camden, Maine, where he was engaged in farming; and Lucy, Maria and Achsah, all deceased, who lived on the old farm near Camden. Jesse Fay served in the War of 1812, in the Massachusetts militia, for which he received a pension.

Nathaniel Thomas Fay was reared in the old Camden home and attended the local schools until 1832, when he entered Munson Academy at Munson, Massachusetts. After two years of instruction under Professor Lawton, he was ready for college and in 1834 he entered Amherst College at Amherst, Massachusets. After one term there, he removed to Colby College at Waterville, Maine, and was there graduated in 1839, with the degree of A. B. He was a student for one term at that great school of Presbyterianism, Andover Theological Seminary, and then entered Bangor Theological Seminary, where he was graduated, in 1842. Rev. Mr. Fay entered upon his ministerial duties at Montgomery, Wood County, Ohio, as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at that point, which later became a Congregational Church, and made that town his home until 1890.

While Rev. Mr. Fay has been blessed in his religious work, there is one portion of it upon which he looks with the greatest satisfaction. During the Civil War, he was selected by the Christian Commission, one of the greatest of the philanthropic enterprises of the time, to go South as one of its representatives. He was placed at City Point, Virginia, at the time General Grant made that place his headquarters. Later he was sent to Nashville, Tennessee, and to Huntsville, Alabama. His ministrations continued with the sick and wounded and were rewarded in such ways as to bring comfort and rejoicing to the heart of this faithful clergyman. His help was given to the body as well as to the soul and his work in this line was of the greatest assistance at that time to the overtaxed physicians and surgeons.

For the past 10 years, Rev. Mr. Fay has not been in active relations with any charge, but keeps in correspondence with his brethren and at-

tends all ministerial meetings that he is able to reach. Despite his age, he cherishes the hope that he may be able to attend the centennial celebration of the Elm Street Congregational Church, of Camden, Maine, in 1905, which was organized in 1805 and of which he is the oldest member. He has been a

MRS. LOUISA M. FAY.

strong supporter of the Republican party ever since its organization, and cast his first vote for President Zachary Taylor.

Rev. Fay was first married on February 13, 1844, at Falmouth, Massachusetts, to Roxanna Woodbury, who was a resident of Wood County, Virginia, at the time of their marriage. She was a daughter of Rev. Benjamin Woodbury, an eminent minister of the Congregational Church in Massachusetts and later in Ohio. These children were born to them: Ellen, who married Heman McDaniels,—they reside in Oberlin, Ohio, while their children are being educated; Benjamin, who died young; Lucy, who married W. R. Gillis, an engineer, and lived in Minnesota; Abigail, who married Prof. G. T. Jewett, principal of a school for young ladies at Newton, Massachusetts; Henry, who studied medicine but became ill and went to the West, and now resides on his large ranch in California; Mary, who married A. Stackwiller and is now deceased; Jessie, who married M. H. Brundage, now a resident of Russell, Kansas; Frederick Brown, who died young; and Hattie, vocal and instrumental music teacher at Howard College, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory, and an accomplished young lady, died in young womanhood, and Anna, who was for a time at the head of the public schools of Mason City, Minnesota, and who is married and resides there. The mother of these children died November 2, 1872.

The second marriage of Mr. Fay was to Mrs. Louisa Maria (Thompson) Chapman, who was born at Fair-

view, Hancock County, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1832, and is a daughter of Dr. Giles S. and Johanna Lamaster (Chapman) Thompson, being one of six children born to her parents. Dr. Thompson was born at Canandaigua, New York, and in 1824 removed to Hancock County, this State, as a teacher. He died at the age of 40, and his wife at the age of 70. Dr. Thompson's wife was a daughter of William Chapman, one of the very early settlers in Western Virginia, coming from Maryland, and entering 1,000 acres of land on which he engaged in extensive farming operations. Mrs. Fay is the only surviving member of her parents' family. Her first marriage was to William Chapman, who at death left two children,—Rose R. and John William, who reside in Hancock County.

CHARLES E. JOLLIFFE, cashier of the Exchange Bank of Mannington, Marion County, West Virginia, and one of the city's substantial and representative citizens, was born in 1859 in Monongalia County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a son of Capt. Oliver Perry and Sarah (Selby) Jolliffe, who still resides in Monongalia County, aged, respectively, 76 and 69 years.

Capt. Oliver Perry Jolliffe was born in the county of his present residence, and with the exception of three years service in the Civil War has been continuously engaged in farming, and is one of the capitalists of his locality. At the outbreak of the Rebellion, he enlisted in Company C, 14th Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., and after serving mainly in the Shenandoah Valley was mustered out of the army with the rank of captain. Both he and his wife are members of the Methodist Protestant Church. Eight children were born to them, namely: Ethelbert O.; Charles E.; Jennie, wife of Frank R. Sapp; William S.; Thayer Melvin; Joseph A.; George C.; and Frank C.

Charles E. Jolliffe obtained a good common school education, and later spent three years in teaching, embarking then in a mercantile business at White Day, in Monongalia County. Two years later he removed his business at White Day to Uffington where he continued for three years, disposing of it then in order to accept the position of deputy clerk of the Circuit Court of Monongalia County. This position he very acceptably filled for two and one-half years, from 1886 to 1888, in the latter year being elected teller in the Merchants' National Bank of Morgantown. Mr. Jolliffe remained with that

institution until April, 1892, at which time he removed to Mannington and accepted his present responsible position of cashier of the Exchange Bank of Mannington. Mr. Jolliffe is possessed of large means and owns interest in coal and oil lands in Webster and Doddridge Counties. He is also a stockholder and a director in the Exchange Bank of Littleton. He is one of the leaders in all public movements tending to the advancement of his section and has been particularly useful on the Board of Education in the Mannington district, which is the largest school district in the State, and is serving his second term as its president.

In 1888 Mr. Jolliffe married Sallie Vandevort, who was born in 1868 near Morgantown, and is a daughter of Nicholas and Esther (Miller) Vandevort. Five children have been born to this union, viz.: Frank V., Oliver Paul, James E., Charles Byron, and Mary Esther. Mrs. Jolliffe is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In politics, our subject is identified with the Republican party. Fraternally he affiliates with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Knights of the Maccabees, and the Modern Woodmen of America. The family is one which is held in the highest esteem in Mannington.

GEORGE ORT.

GEORGE ORT, the leading merchant of Clendenin, Kanawha County, West Virginia, was born December 4, 1862, at Matamoras, Washington County, Ohio, and is a son of Conrad and Rosiana Ort, both of whom were born natives of Germany.

Conrad Ort was born in 1820 in Hesse-Darmstadt and came to America at the age of 18 years. He lived at Pittsburg for six years and then located at Matamoras, Washington County, Ohio, where he engaged in a coopering business. The mother of our subject was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1828, and was 16 years old when she came to this country, locating at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. In 1859 she married Conrad Ort and they moved to Matamoras, Ohio, and there

their children were born, viz.: Lizzie, Rose, George and Annie. After they removed to Kanawha County, West Virginia, in 1873, Samuel Charles, Kate and Lillian were added to the family. Upon removing to Kanawha County, they settled in the German settlement which was then called Kendalia, but was later named Rosiana, in honor of our subject's mother, and there Conrad Ort bought a farm. It was situated fully two miles from any highway, 20 miles from any town and 25 miles from Charleston. The family endured all the privations of pioneer life in the wilds of West Virginia, while trying to make headway against unfortunate circumstances. In his own country Conrad Ort was fairly educated, while his wife had attended college.

Thus it came about that our subject in boyhood had very poor educational opportunities. He later attended the Perkins & Hemple Mercantile College at St. Louis in 1890, and took a course in bookkeeping and business methods, having previously had a few months' instruction each year in the common schools. In 1892 he took a course at the Roland & Elliott, now the Capitol City, Commercial College, at Charleston. For eight years Mr. Ort then engaged very successfully in the lumber business at Charleston and through Kanawha County. In 1889 he spent six months in travel, making a tour through Mexico, Cuba, Central America and South America as far as Venezuela. Upon his return he embarked in the drug business with Wayne Beckwith, under the style of Ort & Beckwith, at Charleston, and conducted the same for six years. Having been brought up in the wilds of West Virginia, and having often had occasion to use the rifle, Mr. Ort very naturally retained his boyhood fondness for his gun and dogs and is never happier than when in the chase with the hounds on a hot trail. His fondness for country life led him to sell his Charleston interests that required his personal attention, and to move to Clendenin near good fishing and hunting grounds. In 1902 he purchased the mercantile business of W. L. Gwinn at Clendenin and has conducted the leading store there ever since. He has the finest residence in the place and is one of its largest capitalists. He owns large timber tracts and valuable coal lands and is the principal stockholder of The Ort Company, of Charleston, dealers in dry goods, notions and shoes, his partners being his brother and sister.

In 1889 Mr. Ort married Olivia

M. Swarr, who is a daughter of N. B. Swarr, Esq., of Charleston, West Virginia. Three children have been born to this marriage: Olivia Ruth, 10 years old; George Alvin, eight years old, and Margaret, a babe of eight months. In politics Mr. Ort is a Democrat. Fraternally he belongs to Kanawha Lodge, No. 20, A. F. & A. M., at Charleston; Glendale Lodge, No. 78, K. of P., at Charleston; the Dramatic Order of the Knights of Khorassan; Knights of the Golden Eagle and the Maccabees.

HON. WILLIAM SYDNEY LAIDLEY.

HON. WILLIAM SYDNEY LAIDLEY, a prominent citizen of Charleston, West Virginia, who can trace an authentic ancestry farther into the past than can many citizens, was born June 27, 1839, in Cabell County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a son of John Osborne and Mary Scales (Hite) Laidley, the former of whom was born in Morgantown and the latter in Barboursville, Virginia, now West Virginia.

The great-grandfather of our subject was James Laidlaw, of Ayrshire, Scotland, who married Jane Stewart in August, 1746. Their fourth child was Thomas Laidlaw, born January 1, 1756. It will be noticed that the original name was Laidlaw, and that it became Laidley; the change is said to have been made by this Thomas when he came to America, because he took the side of American colonists, the other members of the family remained loyal to King George III; to distinguish the rebel from the loyal, he called himself Laidley. And it has also been said that in the Civil War there was another of the name that took the side of the South, and changed his name back to Laidlaw for the same reason; but whether either of the said stories are true ones we do not vouch.

Thomas Laidley, the grandfather of our subject, came to America in September, 1774, landing in New York, and it is said that he was with

Washington at the battle of Brandywine, Trenton, and other conflicts of the Revolutionary War, and commanded some boat on the Delaware River in aid of the American patriots. In 1778, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, he married Sarah Osborne, daughter of Charles and Sarah Osborne of Philadelphia, and removed to Morgantown, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1773, and represented the county in several sessions of the Virginia Legislature and voted with the minority on the famous Jefferson Resolutions of 1798.

John Osborn Laidley, father of our subject, was reared in Monongalia County and was given such education as the country afforded, being assisted and encouraged by a talented and educated mother. He learned somewhat of the printing business, studied law at Parkersburg, Wood County, with his oldest brother, James Grant Lindley, who had married Harriet Quarrier, and was there engaged in practice. He was admitted to the bar of that county in June, 1813. During the war or 1812 he volunteered for service in Captain Kennedy's company of Virginia artillery, and remained at or near Norfolk until the end of the war. On December 24, 1814, he returned to his adopted home at Cabell Court House; he was appointed prosecuting attorney of the county and continued in office all his life, although after the constitutional convention of 1852 the office was an elective one.

In 1816 John Osborne Laidley married Mary Scales Hite, daughter of Jacob and Sallie (Scales) Hite, the former a descendant of Hans Jost Heydt (or Hite, as the name was afterward Anglicized), who came from Strasburg to America and landed in New York about 1710. The Hite family is a prominent one all through the Virginias. For 20 years after coming to this country, Hans Jost Hite, with his wife, whose maiden name was Anna Maria DuBois, and their family lived at Kingston, New York and at different places in Pennsylvania. On the 5th of August, 1731, he bought of the Van Meters the contracts made by them with Governor Gooch of Virginia, relating to grants of land in Western Virginia. The contracts required him to locate 40 families in two years. In the meanwhile, he had secured the aid of one Robert McCoy, a Quaker, and on October 21, 1731, Hite and McCoy obtained an order of council of 100,000 acres on the west side of the mountains on like conditions of set-

tling 100 families within two years. The time for making these settlements was extended until Christmas, 1735. Early in the spring of 1732 Hans Jost Hite, with 16 families, began the journey from Little York, Pennsylvania, to the Virginia grants, at first stopping at a place called Redbud, and finally settling on the Opequon at a place called Springdale, sometimes called Bartonville. On the 12th of June, 1734, an order of council was made which stated that Hans Jost Hite had made due proof that he had complied with the terms of the grant made to the Van Meters and had settled on that land more than the requisite number of families, and directed that patents should issue to him and his assignees upon the surveys then returned into the secretary's office. In the same year began the litigation between Lord Fairfax and Hite and others. Fairfax entered a general caveat against all orders of councils, deeds, patents, entries, etc., issuing from the crown office for the lands lying within his proprietary until the dispute was settled. By the 1st of January, 1736, Hite and McCoy had settled 54 families on their 100,000 acres of land, and had made some surveys, which were returned into the secretary's office in due time, but the caveat was served before the patents were issued to the surveys. In 1771 there was a final decree of court which gave Hite 40,000 acres of the Van Meter land, and to Hite and McCoy 54,000 acres of the 100,000 acres mentioned in the order of October 21, 1731. This practically ended the trouble, although some litigation was kept up for several years afterward.

The family of John Osborne Laidley and wife consisted of five girls and nine boys, all of whom have passed away except two,—Mrs. L. H. Banks, who lives at the homestead that is now included in the limits of the city of Huntington; and William Sydney, the subject of this sketch. John Osborne Laidley practiced law in Logan County, which he aided in organizing in 1824, and also in Wayne County, which was organized in 1842, Mr. Laidley being appointed Commonwealth's attorney. In Cabell and Wayne counties he continued to practice after his removal to the Ohio River in 1829. In that year he purchased a tract of land extending from the Ohio River back to the hills and built a residence facing the river. In 1843 Bishop Johns visited the Kanawha Valley and at "Still-House" Mission, above Walnut Grove, confirmed a class of which Mr. Laidley was a

member, having rode there for that purpose. John Osborne Laidley may justly be styled the founder of Marshall Academy (now Marshall College), being one of the foremost citizens in having appropriations made and contributing time, energy and money for the good of the institution. It has been said of him by his contemporaries that he was a man governed to a great extent by his religious and moral feelings and while he appreciated refined and educated associations, yet any one who was a sincere Christain was treated with the greatest respect. As prosecuting attorney he was a terror to breakers of the law. He was a Jeffersonian Democrat; a member of the Virginia Convention in 1829-30; a strong opponent of secession, and through the early days of the War, a loyal and outspoken Union man. He was taken ill in August, 1863, and died with pneumonia, but the approach of death had no terrors for him, and he met it with a smile on his face. He was a man of simple manner, of studious habits, exemplary character, and commanded the respect of the entire community. The records of the State embalm his history in their annals and point with pride to so eminent a fellow citizen.

William Sydney Laidley was educated in the subscription schools of his native county, it being one of the great efforts of his father to have his children given educational advantages. He became a student at Marshall College at Huntington, his attendance ending with the beginning of the Civil War. After the death of his father in 1863, he moved to Charleston, read law with the very able George W. Summers, who had married his oldest sister, Amacetta, born in 1818, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. At the death of Judge Summers in 1868, he was the latter's partner in legal practice. Then he formed a professional partnership with the late Col. W. M. Hogeman and continued this relation until the latter's death in January, 1885. Mr. Laidley was a valuable working member of the House of Delegates in 1872-73, and for the past 15 years has been connected with the municipal government of Charleston, as councilman; he was city solicitor for two years. He has done much to advance the prosperity and adornment of the capital of the State, being one of the promoters of the city water works and the electric light plant. In 1890 he was a candidate for County Commissioner of Kanawha County, and was elected by a majority of 1,300. Mr. Laidley is

the able editor of the *West Virginia Historical Magazine* and for a number of years has been a member of the West Virginia Historical Society.

In 1869 Mr. Laidley was married to Virginia Brown, who is a daughter of Judge James H. Brown. A family of nine children has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Laidley. The religious attachment of the family is with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

HON. EDWARD MILLER GRANT.

HON. EDWARD MILLER GRANT, who has been identified with many of the most important business concerns of Morgantown, Monongalia County, West Virginia, is given credit by the residents of that city, more than to any other man, for its great industrial growth and the exploitation of the rich resources of the community. Mr. Grant was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1853, and is a son of William Grant.

William Grant was born in England, came to the United States in 1850 and located at Cleveland, Ohio, where he followed the trade of a brickmaker. He was a member of Battery B, 1st Ohio Light Artillery, and served from 1862 until the close of the war. He died in 1900 at the age of 83 years. He married Hannah Turner, who was born in England and came to the United States with her husband in 1850. Her death occurred in 1873, aged 56 years.

Edward M. Grant was educated in the public schools of Cleveland, after which he went into the office of Hussey & McBride, pioneer oil refiners of Cleveland, as office boy. At the age of 15 years he was keeping books for this firm. In 1872 he was sent to the oil regions to take charge of the producing property, then owned by Clark, Payne & Company, successors of Hussey & McBride. He subsequently purchased the interests of his employers in that property. He became interested in the natural gas business in 1885,

when he bought a controlling interest in the Union Light & Heat Company, of Foxburg, Pennsylvania. In January, 1889, he located in Morgantown, West Virginia, and organized the Union Improvement Company, for the purpose of supplying gas and water to the city. At that time the population of the town was about 1,500 people. From the date of the introduction of the company above named, the town began to take on new life and rapidly grew to its present population of 10,000 people. Mr. Grant has identified himself with the interests of the town and all its enterprises at all times, and is today one of the leading spirits in everything tending to benefit and advance its interests. He is secretary and treasurer of the Morgantown Building & Investment Company, which has done more than any similar concern to develop the resources of the community. He is secretary and treasurer of the Morgantown Brick Company; vice-president of the Federal Savings & Trust Company; director in the Bank of Monongahela Valley; treasurer of the Union Utility Company, which now owns the gas, electric light, water and street railway plants of the town. He has twice been a member of the State Legislature, representing Monongalia County in that body in 1899 and again in 1901. He was instrumental in securing the largest appropriation the State University has ever secured, and as a result of his activity on behalf of that institution he was asked by Governor A. B. White to serve as a member of the Board of Regents, which position he is at present filling with signal success.

In 1876, Mr. Grant was united in marriage with Florence Mary Dale, at Foxburg, and they had five children, two of whom are now living. The oldest son, Dale, was a member of the First Regiment, West Virginia Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, and died during the Spanish-American War. Fraternally, our subject is a past grand and past chief patriarch in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; a member of Morgantown Union Lodge, No. 4, A. F. & A. M.; Orient Chapter, No. 9, R. A. M.; Crusade Commandery, No. 6, K. T.; Osiris Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., of Wheeling; Royal Arcanum; A. O. U. W.; K. O. T. M.; Royal Tribe of Joseph; and is a past exalted ruler in the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks.

C. J. POE, a practicing attorney of Buckhannnon, Upshur County, West Virginia, was born in Nelson County,

Virginia, on September 10, 1872, and is a son of David Poe, who moved to West Virginia in 1876 and located in Upshur County.

The subject of this sketch worked on his father's farm and attended the local schools until he was 21 years of age and then began to put his education to practical use, teaching school in Barbour and Upshur counties. Later he entered the University of West Virginia at Morgantown, where he remained three years, and where he was graduated in 1895, receiving his degree of Bachelor of Laws. Mr. Poe then located at Buckhannon for the practice of his profession, and in 1896 was made the Democratic candidate for the office of prosecuting attorney. He was not successful, however, on account of Upshur County being overwhelmingly Republican. He is known as a successful practitioner and makes a specialty of real estate and land titles.

Personally he is an entertaining companion and possesses those qualities which stamp him as one of Nature's noblemen. He is of athletic mould, possessing a strong, virile manhood, his every motion denoting determination and aggressiveness. He is one of those gifted men who are equal to any emergency.

GEORGE E. THORNBURG.

GEORGE E. THORNBURG, a prominent general merchant of Barboursville, Cabell County, West Virginia, was born June 28, 1846, in the above named county, and is a son of Hon. Thomas and Margaret (Miller) Thornburg. He is also a grandson of Solomon Thornburg, who removed to Cabell County from Jefferson County, Virginia, now West Virginia, in the early settlement of the county. He located one mile from Barboursville and the land has never passed out of the possession of the family, being owned now by our subject.

Solomon Thornburg married Mary Staley and they reared these children: Elizabeth, Thomas, John, James and

Mary. They were among the early Methodists in their section and did much toward the establishment of that religious body. Mr. Thornburg advocated old Democratic principles in politics.

Hon. Thomas Thornburg, the eldest son of Solomon Thornburg, and father of our subject, inherited the property and added materially to its extent. At the age of 12 years he began business life as a clerk in a store, this early experience giving him an inclination to mercantile pursuits, and he became one of the most successful merchants and substantial citizens of Cabell County. His character was that of an upright man and his 80 years of life were crowned with the respect and esteem of his fellow men. During the Civil War, he closed up his store and boxed his goods, permitting his building to be used by the Union troops as a commissary. While he was a Democrat, he was not in sympathy with secession, and, although some members of his immediate family entered the Confederate Army, he was stanch in his support of what he believed to be right. He died in October, 1899, his wife having passed away many years previous, in 1857. Thomas Thornburg was prominent in the Democratic party and on two occasions represented Cabell County in the Legislature, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention that made the present Constitution of the State of West Virginia. He was a charter member of Minerva Lodge, No. 13, A. F. & A. M., of Barboursville and a charter member of the chapter of Royal Arch Masons.

George E. Thornburg is one of a family of five children born to his parents, the others bearing these names: Mary S., Elizabeth, Ellen E. and John. He was educated in the ante-bellum schools of Virginia, where he was prepared for Marshall College and he was a student there when it was under the management of the Methodist Church. After the close of the war, in 1865, our subject, in answer to a popular demand, opened up his father's store and has been actively engaged in the mercantile business ever since. He is a Democrat in political sympathy, but has never aspired to office. He is a member of the various Masonic bodies, having been made a Mason in Minerva Lodge, No. 13, A. F. & A. M., in 1872 and belongs to Huntington Chapter, R. A. M., and Huntington Commandery, No. 9, K. T., also to Beni-Kedem Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; in 1885 he was grand master of the State.

In 1869, Mr. Thornburg was united in marriage with Nannie A. Wilson, a daughter of James Wilson. Mrs. Thornburg is an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

DANIEL T. BIRTWELL, M. D.

DANIEL T. BIRTWELL, M. D., a leading physician of Clarksburg, West Virginia, has not only achieved an honorable rank in his chosen profession, but as a citizen is interested in all that concerns the progress and development of his locality. He was born at Chester, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, May 24, 1874, and is a son of Ebenezer and Margaret (Armstrong) Birtwell. The father was also born in Chester, and is of English descent, while the mother who is of Scotch ancestry, was born near Swathmore College, in Delaware County. Both are still residents of Chester, where Ebenezer Birtwell has long been engaged as a contractor and builder. Dr. Daniel T. Birtwell is the only son and the second member of a family of four children. The Birtwell family has been established in the United States for a hundred years.

Dr. Daniel T. Birtwell attended the common schools of Chester, completing a three-years course in the High School in 1892. His ambition was to become a physician and with this end in view he started out to earn the means with which to pursue his studies. After six months in the First National Bank of Chester, he went to Washington, D. C., and was associated with his uncle in the real estate business. During his second year in Washington, he began a scientific course in the collegiate department of Columbia University, and after completing two full years of college work, matriculated in the medical department of Columbia University and completed the four-years course, graduating with the degree of M. D., on May 28, 1900. During his last year of study, he was

resident interne physician at the Columbia University Hospital and was requested to serve a second year, but he declined. Going to Ohio, he passed the State medical examination there. Returning to West Virginia, he passed the State Board Medical examination and settled for practice at Flemington, Taylor County, West Virginia, one year later removing to Clarksburg. Since that time he has been active in his profession in that city and is a valued member of the State Medical Society, and the American Medical Association. His hospital and clinical practice in Washington gave Dr. Birtwell an opportunity for study which he did not neglect, and his experience has benefited his many patients more than volumes of reading, although he is also a close student. In 1902 he was appointed medical examiner for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York, the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, Massachusetts, and the Security Mutual Life Insurance Company of Binghamton, New York. Both he and wife belong to the Goff Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dr. Birtwell is a self-made man and he is justly proud of his success. His father sympathized with his ambitions and was ready to advance his son's interests, but the latter decided to rely entirely upon his own efforts. He is a fine specimen of American scholarship and professional ability.

G. C. SCHOOLFIELD, M. D.

G. C. SCHOOLFIELD, M. D., a prominent physician and surgeon of Charleston, Kanawha County, West Virginia, was born in Bracken County, Kentucky, June 10, 1869, and is a son of Dr. C. B. and Florence (Holmes) Schoolfield, both of whom were also natives of Kentucky.

Dr. G. C. Schoolfield is a graduate of the Medical College of Ohio and has been engaged for many years in the successful practice of his profession in Kentucky. The three children born

to our subject's parents are: G. C., of this sketch; Edna P., wife of Dr. W. A. Young; and E. R., a physician and surgeon, also a graduate of the Medical College of Ohio.

Dr. G. C. Schoolfield obtained his early education in the public schools of Newport, Kentucky, and passed with credit through the Newport High School. For two years following graduation, he was in the employ of the Standard Oil Company, in the meantime reading medicine under his father's guidance. In 1887 he entered the medical department of the University of Cincinnati, which had been his father's alma mater (as the Medical College of Ohio), and graduated with his medical degree, in the class of 1891. During that and the following year, he served as resident physician at the Good Samaritan Hospital, and then took up general practice at Charleston, West Virginia. Dr. Schoolfield is qualified in every way for success in his chosen profession and he has secured a large part of the public patronage. In association with Dr. H. H. Young, he has established and is operating a private hospital where his patients can be under his continual supervision, and he has gained a reputation for his skill in difficult surgery. The hospital is one of the beautiful buildings on Elmwood avenue and its success reflects credit upon the city as well as its managers. Dr. H. H. Young is a graduate of the University of Cincinnati, in the class of 1900, and prior to locating at Charleston was resident physician at Christ Hospital in Cincinnati. Both physicians are close students and their hospital is supplied with all modern appliances, making it a safe retreat for those in need of either medical or surgical aid. Dr. Schoolfield has taken post-graduate courses both at Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, and at the Polyclinic at New York and is a valued member of the county and State medical societies and the American Medical Association.

In 1894 Dr. Schoolfield was married to Nellie L. Roy, who was born in Charleston, and died in November, 1900, survived by one son, Raymond. Another son, John C., is deceased.

Dr. Schoolfield is prominent in Masonry, belonging to Kanawha Lodge, No. 20, A. F. & A. M.; Tyrean Chapter, No. 13, R. A. M.; Kanawha Commandery, No. 4, K. T.; and Beni-Keden Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., all of Charleston. In religious belief, he is a Baptist.

ABRAHAM L. HELMICK.

ABRAHAM L. HELMICK, president of the County Court of Tucker County, postmaster at Thomas, West Virginia, and a prominent politician and well known citizen of that town, was born in 1864, at Circleville, Pendleton County, West Virginia, and is a son of Abram B. and Katherine (Mullenax) Helmick.

Abram B. Helmick, father of our subject, was born in Highland County, Virginia, but is now a resident of Tucker County, West Virginia, at the age of 60 years. In 1861, under protest, he enlisted in the Confederate Army, and served until 1863, under Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson. His sympathies being with the Union, he then entered the Union Army. In politics he is a stanch Republican. His occupation through life has been farming. The mother of our subject was born in Pendleton County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and died at the age of 34 years, in 1877. Both parents supported the Methodist Church, of which they were most worthy members. The three children born to them were: Albert C., postmaster at Thomas, West Virginia; Georgiana, wife of John J. Knotts, a farmer of Tucker County; and Abraham L., of this sketch.

Abram L. Helmick is a well known citizen of this locality and has been very prominent in both political and fraternal circles for a number of years. A Republican in politics, for the past four years he has been chairman of the Fairfax District Republican Committee; was elected county commissioner of Tucker County in1899; and for the past three years has been the efficient president of the County Court of Tucker County. Under the administration of President Benjamin Harrison, he was appointed postmaster of Thomas, West Virginia, and is now the acting postmaster of the same town. Mr. Helmick is a member of Lodge No. 111, K. of P., of Hendricks, and represented the lodge in the Grand Lodge at Charleston, in 1897.

He is a charter member of Thomas Lodge, No. 145, I. O. O. F., and represented this lodge in the Grand Lodge at Harper's Ferry, in 1896.

In 1891 Mr. Helmick was married to Kate Flynn, who was born in 1862, near Yonkers, New York, and died in 1902, being a daughter of Patrick and Katherine Flynn. Two children, Margaret Marie and Joseph, survive her. She was a devoted member of the Catholic Church.

HIRAM KENDLEY SHUMATE.

HIRAM KENDLEY SHUMATE, a prominent citizen of Williamson, West Virginia, and the leader of the Mingo County bar, was born in that part of Fayette County, Virginia, now included in Raleigh County, West Virginia, January 10, 1844. He is a son of Daniel and Narcissa (Burgess) Shumate.

Daniel Shumate was born in Giles County, Virginia, where he became a man of substance and importance. He served as clerk of both courts of Raleigh County from the time of the county's formation until his death, in 1863, at the age of 41 years. Mr. Shumate entered the Confederate service at the beginning of the Civil War and his death, at a comparatively early age, was caused by hardships endured as a prisoner of war. He was prominent in the Masonic fraternity. He was a member of the Baptist Church. The mother of our subject was born in Mercer County, then included in Giles County, and has reached the age of 77 years. She is a beloved member of a son's household, at Raleigh Court House. She is a mother in Israel in the Baptist Church. A family of three sons and four daughters was born to Daniel Shumate and wife.

Hiram K. Shumate was educated in the local, select and subscription schools and Alleghany College, at Blue Sulphur Springs, Virginia, now West Virginia, and was a student there at the outbreak of the Civil War. With youthful enthusiasm, he enlisted

in Company C, 36th Regiment Virgin Infantry, of which Col. John B. McCausland was commander. In 1864 he was captured at the battle of Cloyd's Farm and was incarcerated at Camp Chase, Ohio, being exchanged in March, 1865, when he returned home to Raleigh Court House. Mr. Shumate then engaged in school teaching for about five years, in the meantime employing his leisure moments in reading law. When the lawyer's test oath was removed, he was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of his profession in Fayette County in 1870. The following year he went to Kansas and remained in that State for three years and then returned to West Virginia. Soon after he was elected prosecuting attorney of Wyoming County where he resided until 1879, when he removed to Wayne County. In 1890 he settled in Logan County and when the county of Mingo was formed from Logan, in 1895, he removed to Williamson, selecting the county seat as a promising field. His judgment has been justified. He took a very active part in the formation of the new county and has a wide reputation as a capable, and eloquent lawyer, as well as a progressive and public spirited citizen.

In 1868 Mr. Shumate married Margaret C. Squires, who was born in 1849, in Braxton County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and they reared a family of nine children, seven of these still surviving. Mrs. Shumate is a member of the Baptist Church. Fraternally Mr. Shumate is a Mason and an Odd Fellow. Politically he is a Democrat.

ELBA MARION SMITH.

ELBA MARION SMITH, until recently manager of the Grafton office of the great Weaver Coal & Coke Company, of Chicago Illinois, but now located in the interest of this company at Weaver, West Virginia, was born in 1880 at Louisa, Kentucky, and is

a son of Rev. Harrison and Sarah Frances (Newman) Smith, both of whom were born in Wayne County, West Virginia.

Rev. Harrison Smith entered a business house in young manhood as a salesman and continued there 15 years and then entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For the past 15 years his work has been with that religious body and he is now presiding elder of the Clarksburg district. His wife died in August, 1902, aged 53 years. They had a family of three children born to them, namely: Minnie, wife of William L. Steven, an attorney-at-law of Grantsville; Sallie; and Elba Marion of this sketch.

After completing the common sshool course, our subject entered the wholesale house of Horner, Galor & Company, and remained there two years and then went with the Randolph Coal & Coke Company, at Womelsdorff, West Virginia, in the capacity of mine clerk. He remained there one year, and in 1899 became car agent for the Weaver Coal & Coke Company, which controls immense properties, including the Maryland Smokeless Coal Company and the Belington & Beaver Creek Railroad Company. Mr. Smith was made manager of the Grafton office in 1902, and most efficiently filled this position, an unusual one for one of his age. He recently removed to Weaver, West Virginia. His grasp of business, his energy and industry, have attracted the attention of his employers, whose confidence he enjoys to the fullest extent.

AUGUST SCHAD, one of the founders of the city of Benwood, Marshall County, and a leading butcher of the community, is the son of Matthew and Susanna Schad, and was born in Schwarzau, Germany, November 17, 1837. He attended the schools of his native country and learned the butcher trade from his father. He followed this business until 1857, when he embarked at Bremen for America. He arrived at New York June 15th, and at Benwood on the 20th of the same month. For some time he was employed at the Benwood Rolling Mill and later by the butchers of the community. During the years of 1863 and 1864 Mr. Schad conducted a saloon and restaurant opposite the Wheeling post office. One year later he purchased a house and lot in Benwood from Hiram McMechen, and opened a meat market at that place. In 1869, Mr. Schad bought another house and seven and one-half acres from Benjamin Fisher and laid the plot

of ground out in lots. During his residence in Benwood he erected two business and seven tenement houses. In company with Peter Teatemple, Mr. Schad bought seven additional acres of land, which adjoined his original purchase. This land was also laid out in lots. The present city building and the German church stand on land formerly owned by Mr. Schad. The lot for the church was virtually donated by him, since he only accepted a nominal price for it. It was largely due to Mr. Schad's self-sacrificing efforts that St. Matthew's German Lutheran Church was established at Benwood. For many years consecutively he has held office in the congregation, at the present acting as its treasuer.

Despite the awful flood disaster of 1884, through which Mr. Schad lost meat-shop, slaughter and smoke-house and a large stock of salted meat and lard, nevertheless he did not lose heart and nothing daunted, rebuilt his place of business and met with flattering success thereafter. Mr. August Schad has always been a public spirited citizen. When the town of Benwood was incorporated, his many friends urged him to become the first mayor. He modestly declined, however, but for two years served his fellow citizens as member of the first City Council. At present he is a stockholder of the Bank of Benwood and the Benwood Electric Light Company, as well as a member of the Logan Tribe of Red Men.

In 1864 Mr. Schad was married to Magdalen Roth, who was born at Ipofen, Bavaria, Germany. Five children sprung from his first marriage, namely: Catherine, now dead; William, Louis, Sophie, now Mrs. F. Gatho, and Charles. His wife died while the children were still young, and Mr. Schad was married a second time, in 1872, to Loretta Schemrich, who, like her husband, had been born in Schwarzau. Seven children were born to them, Susanna, now Mrs. Holdermann, George, Frank, Oscar, Frederick, Aurelia and Bertha. George and Frank have died since. Mr. Schad's parents and brother George arrived in this country in 1863. The father assisted his son in the butcher business and died in 1883, 76 years of age, the mother in 1891, aged 79 years. Another brother, named Ludwig, landed on this continent in 1861, enlisted in the Union Army the next year and was killed in 1863 in the service of the land of his adoption. Mr. Schad's sister, Mrs. Catherine Niebergall, resides at Benwood at the present time.

August Schad is not only very favorably known in Benwood, but in

Wheeling as well. He enjoys the highest esteem and respect of his fellow citizens, because of his undisputed integrity, upright character, splendid charity and lifelong fair dealing with all men. On account of failing health he retired from active business in 1899, his sons, William, Louis, Charles and Frederick, succeeding him.

W. W. WHYTE.

W. W. WHYTE, ex-sheriff of McDowell County, West Virginia, a prominent citizen of Welch, and a leading politician in the southern portion of the State, was born in Amelia County, Virginia, in 1860, and came to West Virginia in 1888.

Prior to coming to West Virginia, Mr. Whyte filled a number of clerical positions connected with railroad work and in other lines. He was one of the early coal operators in the Pocahontas Flat-Top field, and was connected with the Houston Coal & Coke Company until 1896, when he was elected sherriff. Since 1892 he has served as chairman of the Republican party organization in the county, and has been a powerful factor in the political situation. His father was an old line Whig and with his earliest breath our subject imbibed Republican doctrines. In 1900 McDowell County gave the late President McKinley a majority of over 2,500 votes out of a total of less than 5,000, a result mainly attributed to the excellent management of Mr. Whyte. Since March, 1900, he has been a member of the board of directors of the West Virginia Penitentiary at Moundsville. Mr. Whyte is very prominent also in fraternal circles and is one of the leading Masons in the county, belonging to the blue lodge at Welch; the chapter at Bramwell; Ivanhoe Commandry, No. 10, K. T., at Bramwell; and Beni-Kedem Temple A. A. O. N. M. S., at Charleston.

WILLIS S. MICHAEL, M. D.

WILLIS S. MICHAEL, M. D., a practicing physician of Hendricks, Tucker County, West Virginia, whose professional skill has gained him the confidence and patronage of the residents of the town, was born in 1868 in Preston County, West Virginia, and is a son of Dr. John F. and Annie (Meyers) Michael, both of whom were also natives of Preston County.

Dr. John F. Michael has been a prominent physician of Preston County for 28 years, and for 20 years has been a member of the pension examining board. He saw service during the Civil War, enlisting in 1863 in the Union Army, in the 3rd Reg., West Virginia Vol. Inf., and remaining in the ranks until the cessation of hostilities. In politics he is identified with the Republican party. He holds fraternal relations with the Masons, Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias. Both he and his wife belong to the Methodist Church. They reared a family of nine sons.

Dr. Willis S. Michaels was educated in the common schools and the State Normal School at Huntington. For four years he taught school during the winter months and then began to read medicine, with his father. Two years later he was prepared for college, and in 1890 entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Maryland, where he was gradnated in 1893. He began practice at Hendricks, where he is still located, and where he has become one of the much esteemed citizens. He has been physician and surgeon for the Dry Fork Railroad Company at Hendricks, West Virginia, for the past nine years. He belongs to the West Virginia State Medical Association. In 1891-92 he served on the pension examining board.

In 1894 Dr. Michaels was married to Lena Roy, who was born in 1877 in Randolph County, West Virginia. Two children have been born to this marriage. The Doctor and his wife

belong to the Methodist Church. Fraternally he is a Knight of Pythias, and, politically, a Republican.

ROBERT EMMET HUGHES.

HON. ROBERT EMMET HUGHES, member of the West Virginia House of Delegates from Ripley, Jackson County, and one of the prominent members of the State bar, was born April 12, 1867, in Summerfield, Noble County, Ohio. He is a son of Rev. Robert Hamilton and Elmira (Grizzle) Hughes, the former of whom was a son of Francis Hughes, who was born May 30, 1812, of Welsh descent and located in Belmont County, Ohio. Grandmother Hughes, formerly Nancy Howell, was a niece of Gen. Anthony Wayne. Our subject's mother was a daughter of Thomas Grizzle and his wife, who was a Hamilton.

Rev. Robert Hamilton Hughes was a minister of the Methodist Church.

The education of Robert E. Hughes was secured in the common schools of West Virginia, supplemented with two terms at the Ohio University at Columbus. After a comprehensive study of the law, followed by his admission to the bar, he began practice in Charleston, West Virginia, on January 1, 1897. In August, 1901, he removed to Ripley, Jackson County, where he has continued ever since, and which county since 1902 he has represented in the Legislature. Mr. Hughes had previously been a member of the Legislature, having been elected to the House of Delegates in 1896, from Kanawha County. He has been an active yet conservative member of the House, and is generally conceded to be one of its best speakers. He showed his power as an advocate on the floor of the House, in the speech he made on the reconsideration of the famous "Hinton Charter Bill," which had been decisively defeated, on its second reading. The unanswerable speech he made in behalf of the people

of Hinton secured its reconsideration by a vote of 34 to 29, and it was given its place on the calendar, and later was passed by a vote of 40 to 20.

On November 14, 1889, Mr. Hughes married Mayme Wintz, who is a daughter of James P. Wintz, of Hardin County, Texas. The five children of this union are: Leah Foster, Laura Chilton, Hugh Latimer, Amelia Rives and Emmet Dalzell. Mr. Hughes has been a strong supporter of the Republican party all his life and has been identified with many of its important movements in his part of the country. He is well known in fraternal circles and belongs to Lodge No. 42, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Lodge No. 4, Knights of Pythias; Lodge No. 2, Improved Order of Red Men; and Order of United American Mechanics. He is a consistent member of the Methodist Church.

JOHN T. CARTER, A. M., M. D., has been located in practice at Triadelphia, Ohio County, since 1878. He was born on a farm in Ohio County, Virginia, now West Virginia, which his father also claimed as his birthplace. His grandfather purchased this farm at an early day, and it has remained in the possession of members of the family for more than one hundred years.

Richard Carter, the Doctor's father, was born in 1813, and died at the age of 74 years. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and his ancestors came to this country long before the Revolutionary period.

Dr. John T. Carter prepared at Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pennsylvania, and graduated in 1871, from Princeton College at Princeton, New Jersey. He then completed a course in the study of medicine in the Ohio Medical College at Cincinnati. Through a competitive examination, he became resident physician at the Good Samaritan Hospital in that city, and subsequently rose to the position of physician in charge. He then served as assistant superintendent and physician in a hospital in Boston, Massachusetts. In 1878, he located in Triadelphia, and formed a partnership with Dr. J. H. Storer, who had been engaged in practice there for 30 years. This association continued about 10 years, and since then Dr. Carter has practiced alone. He is a man of high character and enjoys to a marked degree the confidence and esteem of his

patients and of his fellow citizens in general. He has mastered his profession in a manner that has brought him prominence in the community and well deserved success. During his residence in Cincinnati, he gained through a competitive examination the Bartholow prize. He is a member of the West Virginia Medical Society, and an honorary member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Fraternally, he has been a member of Triadelphia Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F., for 19 years, has passed through the different chairs, and upon two occasions was sent as a representative to the Grand Lodge.

Dr. Carter was married, in 1885, to Harriet Webb, a daughter of Dr. J. W. and Mary (Shumate) Webb. Dr. Webb, who was a minister of the Gospel for more than 50 years, and who died at the age of 70 years, was a noted Methodist Episcopal minister of West Virginia, and was presiding elder for many years. Dr. and Mrs. Carter have one child, a daughter Grace, who was born in September, 1888. They are members of the Stone Presbyterian Church. In 1898, the Doctor built a 10-room house, of two and a half stories; it is equipped in modern style, has a private water system, gas heaters in each room, and is the best residence in Triadelphia.

LOUIS E. McWHORTER.

LOUIS E. McWHORTER, a leading attorney and a prominent and influential citizen of Charleston, West Virginia, was born November 30, 1856, at Spencer, Roane County, Virginia, now West Virginia. He is a son of Judge J. M. McWhorter, a prominent citizen of Lewisburg, Greenbrier County. His mother bore the maiden name of Julia A. Stalnaker.

Judge J. M. McWhorter was the first Auditor of the new State of West Virginia and filled the office from March 4, 1865, to March 3, 1869. He was a son of Dr. Fields McWhorter, an old resident of Lewis County, Virginia, now West Virginia, where he was born April 30, 1828. While yet a young man, Judge McWhorter removed to Roane County and from

1856 to 1863 he was clerk of both County and Circuit courts. He was the first to represent Roane County in the State Legislature, this being in 1863, and his statesmanlike qualities during this time convinced the people that he was the man for State Auditor and consequently he was elected to that honorable position. After this, he removed to Greenbrier County. In 1870 he was appointed by Governor Stevenson to the judgeship of the Seventh Judicial Circuit, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the removal of another official. His wise decisions and impartial rulings again gained him the approbation of the public. His term of office, by the ratification of the Constitution of 1872, ended December 31st of that year. He has always been stanch in his adherence to the Republican party. He was elected judge of the Tenth Judicial Circuit over Judge Nelson Campbell of Monroe County, in November, 1896, taking the office January 1, 1897. He is a man universally esteemed and beloved by those who are permitted intimate acquaintance. The mother of our subject died August 26, 1869, the mother of 10 children. The second marriage of Judge McWhorter took place October 26, 1870, the bride being Julia Kinsley, who was a daughter of Rev. Hiram and Elsie S. Kinsley, of Geneva, Ohio. Four children have been born to this marriage. In religious connection Judge McWhorter is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Fraternally he is a Mason.

Louis E. McWhorter, of this sketch, acquired an excellent education in the common schools of Greenbrier County and the Lewisburg Academy. For a time he read law under the instruction of his able father and Judge H. C. McWhorter, president of the Supreme Court of Appeals, and then entered the law department of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville and obtained his license to practice law January 30, 1882. He was admitted to the bar, but did not engage in the active practice of his profession until in 1886, when he entered into partnership with Judge H. C. McWhorter of the Supreme Court of Appeals, the partnership lasting until 1897, when H. C. McWhorter was elected judge of the Supreme Court. Our subject then entered into partnership with Isaac Loewenstein and the firm is recognized as one of the strongest in Southern West Virginia. Both partners are men of rare ability, the younger one being a graduate of the State University at Morgantown. The firm of McWhor-

ter & Loewenstein make a specialty of chancery and commercial law. L. E. McWhorter has resided in Charleston, West Virginia since 1878.

On June 27, 1883, Mr. McWhorter was married to Emma M. Champe, who is a daughter of Sewall and Alameda Champe, honored residents of Kanawa County. The religious connection of the family is with the Methodist Church in which our subject is a trustee and steward; for seven years he was superintendent of the State street Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. In politics he is a stanch Republican. He is one of the public spirited citizens of Charleston and has served as president of the Board of Education and in other municipal organizations.

DR. WILLIAM ALLEN CRACRAFT, SR., a well known physician of Ohio County, residing at Elm Grove, was born in Claysville, Pennsylvania, February 23, 1844. In 1848 his father's family moved to Triadelphia, Ohio County, Virginia, now West Virginia, where he was reared, receiving his academic education at the West Alexander Pennsylvania Academy. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he entered the Confederate Army, though but 17 years of age, as a private in the "Shriver Grays," Company C, 27th Regiment, Virginia Infantry, "Stonewall" Jackson's Brigade, and participated in all the engagements with his regiment in 1861 and until the battle of Kernstown, March 23, 1862, when he was taken prisoner and confined in Fort Delaware until August 5, 1862, then being exchanged at Aiken's Landing, Virginia. He at once rejoined his command and, although his year's enlistment had expired the preceding May, took part in all the battles of his regiment until after the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 19, 1862, when he accepted an honorable discharge, and re-enlisted in the cavalry service as lieutenant of Company I, 20th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, William L. Jackson's Brigade, Lomax's Division, Fitzhugh Lee's Corps. He commanded his company in every battle in which the regiment participated, from the date of its organization to the termination of the war, receiving his parole of honor under the terms of Lee's surrender.

After the close of the war, our subject returned to his home and entered upon the study of medicine. During 1866 and 1867 he attended the University of Virginia, where he received his medical education, and then commenced the practice of his profes-

sion in Triadelphia, Ohio County, West Virginia, in June, 1867, remaining there until April, 1871, when he located at Elm Grove, Ohio County, West Virginia, where he has remained ever since. From 1872 to 1893 he was attending physician to the Ohio County Infirmary, and in 1894 he was appointed visiting physician to "Altenheim;" also visiting physician to the Orphans' Home for Boys and Girls at Elm Grove.

Dr. Cracraft was married, January 28, 1874, to Mary Key, of Elm Grove, daughter of Abner and Elizabeth Key, four children being born to them namely: Georgia Key, deceased; William Allen, Jr., a graduate of medicine from the University of Virginia, June, 1901, and located at Elm Grove; Mary Elizabeth; and Leech Key, at present a student of medicine at the University of Virginia. Abner Key, deceased, was born in Maryland, and Elizabeth Key, deceased, in Lancaster, Ohio.

Dr. George A. Cracraft, father of Dr. William Allen Cracraft, Sr., was a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Medicine and practiced in Triadelphia from 1848 to 1888—the year of his death—with the exception of three years, during which time he held the position of surgeon, with the rank of major, in the 19th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A. His wife was Jane Knox, of Washington County, Pennsylvania, and of Scotch-Irish descent. Dr. George A. Cracraft, was the son of William Atkinson Cracraft, of Washington County, Pennsylvania, whose father was Maj. Charles Cracraft, a full surgeon in the Revolutionary War, later prominent in Indian warfare as a major, being wounded and captured near Fort Henry (Wheeling), in 1781, by a force of Indians under the renegade Simon Grity. Maj. Charles Cracraft was a son of Joseph Cracraft, who immigrated from Lincolnshire, England, to the vicinity of Frederick, Maryland, in 1720.

ALFRED B. CARTER, who has been identified with the steel and iron interests of Wheeling and its vicinity for many years, was general superintendent of the National Steel Company for the Wheeling district until October 1, 1901, when he resigned, although he is still a director of the company. He is one of the active and enterprising spirits of the city. He was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, January 16, 1854, and is a son of George Hatley and Emma B. (Steenrod) Carter.

John Carter, the first of the Carter family to come to this country, located in Lancaster County, Virginia, in 1649,

as the agent of Lord Fairfax. George Hatley Carter, the father of Alfred B., was born in Virginia, and became a member of the legal profession. He practiced in Wheeling when a young man, and then in Palmyra, Missouri, but, on account of failing health, returned to Fairfax County, Virginia, and died there. He was united in marriage with Emma B. Steenrod, who was born in Ohio County, Virginia, now West Virginia, a daughter of Daniel Steenrod. Her grandfather, Cornelius Steenrod, was a captain in the Colonial Army and served throughout the Revolutionary War, thus making Alfred B. Carter and his children, sons or daughters of the American Revolution. Daniel Steenrod was born in New York State, but was prominently identified with the early development of Wheeling. He engaged in farming on a large scale, was a very extensive land owner, and attained a high degree of success in every way. He died at the age of 80 years. He was prominent in the Baptist Church, and in the old stone Presbyterian Church at Elm Grove. He married Anne Gater, a daughter of one of the earliest settlers in Ohio County, and they became the parents of six children, one of whom, Lewis, was a member of Congress from this district in ante-bellum days.

Mrs. Carter, the mother of Alfred B. Carter, resides in Wheeling at the advanced age of 82 years, and is one of the oldest native inhabitants of Ohio County. The subject of this sketch is one of a family of seven surviving children, the others being as follows: Landon E., who resides in Virginia; Mary I.; Sallie B.; Anne C.; Emma H.; and Edmonia R., wife of James R. McCourtney, for many years a resident of Wheeling, but now of Washington City.

Alfred B. Carter was educated in Wheeling at Linsley Institute and St. Vincent's Catholic College. After leaving school his connection with the iron and steel business began and has since continued. He became junior clerk in the office of the Bellaire Nail Works. He subsequently served in various positions until, in 1887, he was elected secretary and treasurer of the Bellaire Steel Company. In 1899 he was elected president of the company and still holds that office. This company was sold to the National Steel Company, but the officers of the old concern retained their positions. When the National Steel Company took charge, Mr. Carter was asked to assume the management of the Mingo Junction works of that company also, and was made district manager at that time

—early in 1899. Later his office was changed to that of general superintendent of the National Steel Company in the Wheeling district. He has been a director for many years in the Bellaire Steel Company, and when the National Steel Company was organized was elected a director in that company. He has since been re-elected, and is a member of the board of directors in each company at the present time.

Mr. Carter was united in marriage, November 2, 1887, with Gertrude E. Caldwell, who was born in Philadelphia, and reared and married in Wheeling. She is a daughter of Hon. A. Bolton Caldwell, who was the first Attorney General of West Virginia. The latter was a son of Joseph Caldwell, whose estate and residence were where the lower part of Wheeling is, to a large extent, now built. He was for many years president of the Merchants' & Mechanics' Bank of Wheeling, and was one of the substantial early residents of the city. Joseph Caldwell was a son of James Caldwell, who settled in Wheeling in 1772, and was one of the first judges of Ohio County. The mother of Mrs. Carter is Matilda (Newman) Caldwell, a native of Louisiana, and now a resident of Wheeling.

Alfred B. Carter and his wife have two children,—Gertrude I. and Alfred B. Religiously, they are attendants of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Carter is one of the most active and enterprising citizens of Wheeling. He has been identified with many enterprises calculated to benefit and improve the city, and his energy and business sagacity are well known in several States. He is a member of the Board of Trade of Wheeling.

ANDREW JACKSON STEPHENSON.

ANDREW JACKSON STEPHENSON.—Probably no citizen of Clay County, West Virginia, stands higher in public estimation than does Andrew Jackson Stephenson, who for 31 years has been the efficient clerk of the Circuit and County courts. Mr.

Stephenson was born April 29, 1829, in Nicholas County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and is a son of David and Nancy (Rader) Stephenson.

The Stephensons are descended from an old and honorable English ancestry. The grandfather of our subject, Alexander Stephenson, married into the Ewing family, one of the most prominent in the State of Virginia. On the maternal side, the family is of Dutch extraction, and Mr. Stephenson's mother and the mother of ex-Governor George W. Atkinson were sisters, both being daughters of George Rader. David Stephenson followed an agricultural life.

Andrew Jackson Stephenson was reared and educated in his native county, where he resided until 1864. In 1863 he was elected sheriff of Nicholas County, being the first official elected during the progress of the Civil War, but he did not serve. His sympathies were with the Union and as he made no secret of his convictions he suffered arrest from the Confederate authorities and at one time was incarcerated in Castle Thunder. Mr. Stephenson displayed his tact and judgment by a conservative course after the war, and much credit was given him for his influence in allaying excitement and bitter feeling incident to existing conditions. He became a member of a company of Home Guards, under Capt. B. L. Stephenson, a son of Hon. John G. Stephenson, who for 13 years was a prominent statesman in Virginia. Although Mr. Stephenson has been a consistent Democrat all his life, his public career has been so honorable that his influence extends beyond party lines. For a long period he served his party as delegate to the various conventions and as chairman of the county committees and was so prominently identified with his party's success that he was its candidate, in 1900, for the State Senate, and was elected to take the place of Senator Pierson of Fayette County, who had been commissioned an officer in the Spanish War. The Legislature, however, was overwhelmingly Republican, and he was not permitted to take his seat, his case being treated much in the same manner as was that of Senator Campbell, of Jefferson County in the same session. In 1865 Mr. Stephenson was first elected clerk of the Circuit Court and recorder of Clay County, and through subsequent re-elections he filled those positions until January 1, 1897, except one term as clerk of the Circuit Court. His popularity was demonstrated very forcibly at the last election that he was a candidate when

he was running against two candidates, one for the position of clerk of the County Court and one for clerk of the Circuit Court, and was elected to both offices by large majorities.

On July 24, 1854, Mr. Stephenson was united in marriage with Mary Jane Forsythe, who was born March 10, 1832, and is a daughter of Abraham and Jane Forsythe, whose ancestors, of English extraction, came from Augusta County, Virginia, the maternal grandfather bearing the name of Wright. Mrs. Stephenson was one of a family of eight children born to her parents. Her eldest brother was killed in the Mexican War. Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson have had a family of nine children, one of whom, Benjamin L., who was born February 21, 1871, died at the age of nine months. The survivors are: Glendora, who was born April 18, 1855, married T. B. Stephenson and has three children; Forsythe, who was born January 3, 1857, is unmarried; Samuel, who was born March 10, 1859, resides in Charleston and has two children; Elijah Loring, who was born May 25, 1861; Albert, who was born October 6, 1863, resides one mile from Clay Court House; Elizabeth F., who was born March 25, 1866, married John D. Carden and has five children; David H., who was born May 22, 1868, is a farmer and stockraiser some 12 miles from Clay Court House, and has a family of six children; and Dr. Estin B., who was born May 13, 1873, and is not only a prominent physician of Clay Court House, but is also the mayor of the town and one of its leading men.

Mr. Stephenson has retired from active politics but is still regarded as one of the most influential men of his county. He enjoys the confidence and high esteem of the public and is an honored resident of his own community. When he first located in Clay Court House, the present prosperous town consisted of one dwelling and a small fort which was used to shelter the Home Guards. With interest he has watched the growth and development of that section and has been no small factor in the same. His investments have been made there and his interests have centered there, and, now, surrounded with an honorable and prosperous family, he is enjoying a vigorous old age. Mr. Stephenson is interested in a number of enterprises and is one of the dirctors of the Clay County Bank. Fraternally he belongs to Lodge No. 180, I. O. O. F., in Clay Court House. In religious belief he is a Methodist.

HON. JOHN W. BLIZZARD.

HON. JOHN W. BLIZZARD, member of the West Virginia House of Delegates from Fayette County, West Virginia, and one of the intelligent and broad-minded citizens of Nuttallburg, was born in 1841 in Nicholas County, Virginia, now West Virginia, being of Scotch-Irish and English descent. He is a son of James and Nancy C. Blizzard, and grandson of Frederick and Mary (Campbell) Blizzard. The great-grandfather of Mr. Blizzard was born in Scotland, and immigrated to Virginia prior to the Revolutionary War in which he took an active part.

Frederick Blizzard, who was a native of Pendleton, Virginia, now West Virginia, took part in the War of 1812. Although the family has never been noted for worldly wealth, its members have all been most highly respected people and worthy members of society.

James Blizzard, the father of John W. Blizzard was born in what is now West Virginia. Our subject's mother, who was a native of Greenbrier County, Virginia, now West Virginia, died June 9, 1858, seven children surviving her decease. James Blizzard married a second time, and was the father of a large family of children. His death occurred in 1888, and his widow resides in Calhoun County, with three of her children.

John W. Blizzard was the fourth member of a family of 12 children born to his parents and one of the seven survivors at the death of his mother. He received his education in the common schools at Preston and the Olin Institute at Blacksburg. Since 16 years of age, he has practically made his own way in the world, being engaged for a considerable period on construction work for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, and then farming for three years. For 21 years Mr. Blizzard engaged in mining, but later purchased a small farm upon which he has made many improvements and where he has a very pleasant, attractive home.

Mr. Blizzard was married March 4, 1875, and has a family of three sons

and three daughters, two of the daughters and one son being married. He has always been more or less active in politics, but only in late years has consented to accept office. In 1902 he was elected a member of the West Virginia House of Delegates and has performed the duties incident to the office with an eye single to the welfare of his section. He has always taken a deep interest in the laboring classes and belongs to the United Mine Workers of America. Mr. Blizzard and family belong to the Methodist Church.

COL. CHARLES CAMERON LEWIS, JR

COL. CHARLES CAMERON LEWIS, JR., of the firm of Lewis, Hubbard & Company, one of the largest wholesale houses in the grocery line in West Virginia, and a leading concern of Charleston, was born August 28, 1865, in Kanawha County, West Virginia, and is a son of Charles Cameron and Elizabeth (Wilson) Lewis.

The Lewis family has long been one of prominence, and of both social and commercial integrity in this section of the country for many years. The founder of the family in Virginia was John Lewis, a son of Andrew and Mary (Calhoun) Lewis, who was born in 1678, in County Donegal, province of Ulster, Ireland, and died in Virginia in 1762. Previous to settling in Augusta County, Virginia, he lived in Pennsylvania where he awaited the coming of his family. It is said that the family was of French Huguenot stock, driven from France to Ireland by religious persecutions. Other authorities, with probably more reason, assign it Welsh derivation. Although born in Ireland John Lewis was educated in Scotland and was a man of influence. He possessed by inheritance a handsome estate in Ireland and also leased valuable property contiguous to his own. In 1732, with others he came to America and settled upon a grant of 40,000 acres of land which had been obtained by Isaac Van Meter and his brother by warrant from the Governor of Virginia. John Lewis was the first white settler in Augusta County, and founded the town of

Staunton. He married Margaret Lynn, a native of Ireland, whose father was the Laird of Loch Lynn, and a descendant of the chieftains of the once powerful clan of Lynns in the Scottish highlands. Four sons were born to them in Ireland,—Samuel, Thomas, Andrew and William,—and one in America—Charles—besides two daughters, Margaret and Anne. In 1732 he settled near what is now Staunton, Virginia. There despite the wild conditions and the depredations of Indians, he amassed a large fortune. In 1745 Augusta County was organized and John Lewis was appointed a magistrate. The first court house was erected at Staunton on the site of the present county clerk's office and the first court was held December 9, 1745. The descendants of John Lewis figured conspicuously during the Revolution and became important factors in county and State affairs. Col. William Lewis, a son of John Lewis, established a home at Sweet Springs, Monroe County, Virginia, now West Virginia; this ancesteral home was recently purchased by the subject of this sketch. It was one of the original land grants, and now includes 2,000 acres. It is a valuable property for either agricultural purposes or as a summer resort.

Charles Cameron Lewis was educated in the public and high schools of Charleston and Hampden-Sidney College at Hampton Springs, Virginia, and later graduated from the Kanawha Military Institute. He became a civil engineer but before he had made much headway in his profession he accepted a position as treasurer of the Kanawha & Michigan Railway Company, and continued with this company until the wholesale business of Lewis, Hubbard & Company was organized in 1880. He is also interested in the Payne Shoe Company, with headquarters at Charleston. He is a man of great executive ability and is largely interested in coal lands and companies of West Virginia. He is president of the Greenbrier Grocery Company at Ronceverte; president of the Charleston Electrical Supply Company and in every way is a representative business citizen.

On September 9, 1898, Colonel Lewis was made inspector general of the West Virginia National Guards under Governor George W. Atkinson and he was very active in recruiting the ranks after the Spanish-American War had withdrawn so many members. Later he was promoted to the rank of brigade adjutant general with the rank of colonel. Colonel Lewis

is a Republican in politics, but is no politician. He is a progressive and honorable business man and enjoys a large measure of the public esteem.

HON. W. R. BENNETT.

HON. W. R. BENNETT, judge of the Criminal Court of Fayette County, West Virginia, and one of the most prominent citizens of Montgomery, was born in Fayette County, August 7, 1864. He is a son of Thomas and Mary D. (Ryan) Bennett, the former of whom resides in Nisholas County and the latter of whom died in 1899.

The Bennett family is an old established one of Virginia, and there the grandfather, Elijah Bennett, was born. He was one of the very early settlers in the western part of Old Dominion, now included in West Virginia, and died in Greenbrier County when his son Thomas was a boy.

Thomas Bennett was born in Greenbrier County and removed to Fayette County when about 30 years old. There he married Mary D. Ryan, who was a daughter of Col. William W. and Sally (Hundley) Ryan, both of whom were natives of Albermarle County, Virginia. Early in the "thirties," Colonel Ryan and his family started to move to Ohio, but after crossing the mountains they found such pleasant locations in Fayette County, that they decided to remain there. Consequently Colonel Ryan bought a farm of 100 acres in the woods, near the Gauley River. There he built his house, worked in the summers on his land and taught the country school in the winters and became a successful and well known man. He was a great student and very familiar with the Bible. Both he and his wife were very consistant members of the Methodist Church, people admirable in life and character. Colonel Ryan died at the age of 85 and his wife a short time before, aged 84 years, both in Clay County. Only one of their family of 10 children still

survives, Rev. E. W. Ryan, who is a presiding elder in the church at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Prior to removing thither, Rev. Mr. Ryan was very prominent both in church and public life, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention that adopted the State Constitution, before he was 21 years of age. The family has long been prominent and has always been opposed to slavery.

Judge Bennett is the fourth member of a family of 13 children born to his parents, six surviving. His father moved to Laurel Creek, Nicholas County, in 1868 when our subject was six years of age. Judge Bennett was reared on the farm and attended the common and high schools until the age of 18, when he was qualified to teach and as a teacher in Nicholas and Fayette counties he spent several years. At the age of 22 he married Anna Drennen, of Nicholas County, who died four years later, leaving two sons, —Romeo and Edward,—now aged respectively, 15 and 14 years. On May 4, 1897, Judge Bennett married Anna Kuhn, of Kanawha County, and they have children as follows: W. R., Jr., Mary Thelma, and Elijah Jacob.

Judge Bennett was 26 years of age when he turned his attention to the study of the law, and his reading was done while occupied with farm duties. Steady application combined with natural ability and understanding enabled him to prepare himself for examination and this he successfully passed at Huntington, May 16, 1893, and on the same date he was admitted to the West Virginia bar. He then spent four months teaching, at Montgomery, suspending at the time of the Eagle riot, being then employed as counsel for the United Mine Workers of America and was their counsel until he went on the bench. Then he commenced his practice and soon came prominently into notice. On June 7, 1902 the United Mine Workers of America declared a strike. He had been their fair and impartial counsellor for some time and when he became a candidate for judge they cast their votes in favor of one they believed their friend and knew to be an honest man, and he not only was nominated for the judgeship but was elected by a large majority, although bitterly opposed by the mountain corporations. His sympathies have always been with the laboring classes and he has many warm friends all through the Kanawha and New River mining regions, and in the vicinity of his home.

Judge Bennett may be said to be a self-made man. When he removed

to Montgomery 10 years ago, he was called upon to pit his legal ability against old and tried jurists,—graduates of law universities. It has yet to be discovered when he was ever found lacking either in knowledge or judgment. When he gave up his private practice for the bench, it was bringing him an income of $3,000 per year. His course has met with general approval and it is safe to predict that higher honors await Judge Bennett. Fraternally he belongs to the Improved Order of Red Men. Religiously he is a Methodist.

C. H. TURNER, JR.

C. H. TURNER, JR., the junior member of the plumbing and steam-fitting business firm of C. H. Turner & Company, of Clarksburg, West Virginia, was born in Parkersburg, Wood County, West Virginia, December 10, 1874. He is a son of C. H. and Margaret (Williams) Turner.

C. H. Turner, Sr., is of English descent and was born in Albany, New York. His wife was born at Defiance, Ohio. The family comprises five children, viz.: George, of Clarksburg; Bertha, of Parkersburg; C. H., of this sketch; Coraline (Mrs. Charles Morgan,) of Parkersburg; and Cora, also of Parkersburg.

C. H. Turner, Jr., was reared in Parkersburg, where his father has conducted a plumbing and steam-fitting business for the past 30 years, and was educated in the public schools until the age of 16, when he entered Notre Dame University, Indiana, where he remained two years. In order to perfect himself in mechanical engineering, he then entered the University of West Virginia, at Morgantown, and upon completing the course went back to Parkersburg in 1897. In 1900 he removed to Clarksburg and from that point manages the businessof the firm of C. H. Turner & Company, his father being the senior partner, and George Turner being bookkeeper. The business includes general contracting and plumbing and gas and steam-

fitting and is located at 221 South Third street. This firm does the largest amount of business in their line, both in Clarksburg and the surrounding towns, being the best equipped in every way. The excellent work done for Broaddus College, and in the Goff building, the James flats, and the majority of the fine modern city residences testify to the excellence of their service, while other good examples are some of the best residences of Lumberport, and the summer cottages at Mountain Lake Park. Mr. Turner has made many firm friends by his carefulness and promptness in filling contracts and is one of the most enterprising young business men of the locality. Fraternally he belongs to the Elks.

C. M. BOGER, M. D., who since the fall of 1888 has been established in the practice of medicine at Parkersburg, was born in 1861, at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and is a son of Prof. Cyrus Boger, who was then principal of the Lebanon High School.

Prof. Cyrus Boger was also born in Lebanon 69 years ago and has always been associated with the educational interests of Lebanon County, having been for 20 years superintendent of the city schools and later county superintendent. With his wife he resides, retired from activity, in a pleasant home near the city of Lebanon. The mother of Dr. Boger was a daughter of Hugh Maxwell, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who was a prominent newspaper man, and the founder of the *Maxwell Intelligencer*, a journal which was a powerful supporter of James Buchanan, doing much to secure the latter's selection as minister to the Court of St. James, and substantially aiding him in his presidential campaign. Mr. Maxwell had great influence in his State although he did not seek preferment for himself. Professor Boger was an active anti-slavery man and served as a soldier during the Civil War. Until recently he has been an active supporter of the Republican party. He belongs to the Grand Army of the Republic. Dr. Boger is one of a family of five children born to his parents, the other four being: William, who is superintendent of the Pennsylvania Steel Company's plant at Lebanon; Charles, who conducts a drug store at Lebanon; Henry, who is connected with the Pennsylvania Steel Company; and Alice, who resides at home.

Dr. Boger's interest in medicine was first aroused in boyhood, when he became a clerk and student with the now

retired drug firm of Bullock & Crenshaw, of Philadelphia. In 1882 he graduated from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and followed the drug business until he took up the study of medicine. In the spring of 1888 he graduated from Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, settling in Parkersburg in the succeeding fall. There he has met with eminent success. He is a member of the International Hahnemann Association of which he was elected vice-president at Niagara Falls and served in 1898 at the meeting at Atlantic City, where he was elected for the next meeting, which will take place at Boston, Massachusetts, in June, 1903. He was urged for the presidency, but declined the honor. Dr. Boger is most highly regarded in the profession, and is a valued member of the West Virginia Homeopathic Society and has served as its president; and of the Ohio Valley Homeopathic Society.

Mrs. Dr. Boger was formerly a Miss Forrester, who was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and five children have been added to the family, three of whom attend school. The family residence is near Dudleyville, while the Doctor is professionally located at No. 225 7th street, Parkersburg.

HON. C. W. MAY.

HON. C. W. MAY, President of the State Senate, and a prominent member of the bar of Hamlin, Lincoln County, West Virginia, was born in Lincoln County, July 14, 1869. He is a son of Jacob and Annie (Huff) May, both of whom are natives of Virginia.

The education of our subject was begun in the common schools of Lincoln County. After completing the course, he taught school for seven years, and then entered the University of West Virginia, from which he was graduated in 1894. In 1895 he began the practice of law and in the following year was elected prosecuting attorney of Lincoln County, a position which he most efficiently filled for a period of four years.

Mr. May has always been an ardent supporter of the principles of the Republican party, and in 1900 that party elected him State Senator and returned him to the Senate in 1902. His executive ability, good judgment and impartial methods made him the successful candidate for President of the Senate in the session of 1903, a position he has filled with the dignity becoming to it.

Mr. May is a member of Hamlin Lodge, No. 4, A. F. & A. M.; Hamlin Lodge, I. O. O. F.; and Hamlin Lodge, No. 161, A. O. U. W.

HON. JOHN Y. YORK.

HON. JOHN Y. YORK, a member of the State Senate of West Virginia, from Wayne County, is a prominent citizen of Yorkville, where he has extensive business interests. He was born in Wayne County, Virginia, now West Virginia, September 24, 1846, and is a son of Joseph D. and Elizabeth (Ratcliffe) York, the former a native of Brown County, Ohio, and the latter of Wayne County, Virginia, now West Virginia.

John Y. York received his education in the common and subscription schools of this locality, and early in life engaged in the lumber business, which he has since followed with an abundance of success. He is also interested in various other enterprises, among them a mercantile business at Yorkville. He owns and operates a farm of 300 acres and in all owns about 1,500 acres of land. During President Harrison's administration, a post office was established at Yorkville and for some time our subject served as postmaster. They have two mails a day and the Norfolk & Western Railway Company contemplates the construction of an extension to the town, which will make Yorkville one of the best little towns of West Virginia. Mr. York is a stanch Republican in politics, and has served as County Commissioner and in the State Senate, where he has most ably represented his constituents.

John Y. York was married in 1866 to Fanny Keysor, by whom he had 11 children. He formed a second matrimonial alliance, with Celeste Parsley, by whom he has three children. Fraternally, he is a member of Fort Gay Lodge, No. 58, A. F. & A. M.; Chapter No. 38, R. A. M.; and is a member of the Knights of Pythias.

HON. T. C. DAVIS.

HON. T. C. DAVIS, member of the West Virginia House of Delegates from Pleasants County, and postmaster at Wasp, was born December 25, 1843, in Noble County, Ohio, and is a son of Isaac and Eliza (Williamson) Davis, and a grandson of Jesse Davis, a Revolutionary soldier. Both grandfather and father were born in Virginia, and the latter died in March, 1875, aged 98 years. The mother of our subject was born in 1830, in Washington County, Ohio, and died in 1852, when her son, our subject, was nine years old. The Davis family is of German extraction.

Mr. Davis is known as one of the leading farmers of Pleasants County. There he owns a fine stock and grain producing farm of 200 acres, which ranks with the best estates in the county. He has taken an active part in politics for a number of years and has held many responsible positions prior to his election to the House, in 1902. He has been secretary of the Board of Education, township clerk, school trustee and justice of the peace. For four years he was a member of the County Court, making levies and trying nearly all the cases which now go to the Circuit Court. He is an ardent Republican and in 1898 was appointed postmaster at Wasp, by the late President McKinley.

In 1869 Mr. Davis married Jennie Gorrell, who, at death left two children. In 1880 Mr. Davies married again; the three children of the second union died in infancy. He is a man of quiet manner and has not made himself conspicuous in the proceedings of the House, but has kept in close

touch with all legislation and has been a faithful and consistent advocate of all the interests of his constituents and a careful and conservative adviser on party measures.

HON. RAY V. CHIDESTER.

HON. RAY V. CHIDESTER, member of the West Virginia House of Delegates from Lewis County, was born in Weston, Lewis County, December 4, 1875, and is a son of Wellington V. and Mary (Linger) Chidester, both natives of that part of West Virginia.

Phineas W. Chidester, a Scotchman by birth, the grandfather of our subject, came to America about 1814, settled in Upshur County, Virginia, and there became a prominent agriculturist. To him and his estimable wife were born six children. They were Seceders in religious faith.

Wellington V. Chidester was a farmer in early life, but later became a merchant and conducted a prosperous business for a number of years, but is now living a retired life. The six surviving children of the family of 12 born to Wellington V. Chidester and his wife, Mary Linger, are: Mrs. Sarah J. Rittenhouse; Layne B.; Mrs. Fannie F. McCray; John C.; and Frank P.

Ray V. Chidester, the subject of this sketch, was primarily educated in the common schools of Lewis County and later attended the West Virginia Conference Seminary at Buckhannon, three years later leaving that institution to enter the Fairmont State Normal School, where he was graduated in the class of 1894. Later he attended the Mountain State Business College at Parkersburg, taking a full business course, and then began his reading of the law under Hon. Andrew Edmiston, of Weston. He was admitted to the bar of Lewis County in 1900, located at Weston and has been successfully engaged in the practice of his profession ever since, mak-

ing a specialty of criminal law. He is a popular young attorney and it is the opinion of his friends that his future has abundant promise of the fullest success. In politics he is a Democrat, and adheres strictly to the tenets of his party. In 1902 Mr. Chidester was honored by being the choice of his party to the House of Delegates from Lewis County, and upon a number of occasions he has demonstrated to that honorable body, in a lucid and convincing manner, his ability and fidelity to the best interests of his State, as his party sees it. He is unmarried and is associated with no fraternal societies.

CAPT. THOMAS WEST PEYTON, a prominent citizen of Huntington, West Virginia, senior member of the law firm of Peyton & Perkinson and member of the insurance firm of Gordon, Peyton & Perkinson, was born in 1860 in Cabell County, West Virginia, his family being one of the early ones of the State. He is the only son of Capt. Thomas West.

The Peytons are of English descent and the name is a very prominent one all through Virginia.

The grandfather of Captain Peyton, also named Capt. Thomas West Peyton, was born in Virginia and served as captain in the Revolutionary Army, and also as consul at Matanzas, Cuba, dying on the way home from that country, and being buried at sea.

Our subject's grandmother was a Miss Dundas, of an equally prominent family of Pennsylvania, coming originally from Scotland. Members of this family were distinguished in their own country, one of them being Lord Chancellor of Scotland. James Dundas died at Philadelphia, a millionaire, and one of the grandmother's brothers was Assistant Postmaster General for some years prior to the Civil War.

Capt. Thomas West Peyton (2) was born at Mantanzas, Cuba, in 1820, and served in many public positions, at the outbreak of the Civil War being a customs official at New Orleans, Louisiana. He entered the Confederate Army, from Louisiana, gained his title there and was killed in 1863 at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. In New Orleans he married a Miss O'Dowd, who was born in Ireland and came to this country in childhood. She died in 1893, leaving one son,—the subject of this sketch,—and four daughters, the latter being: Ann Virginia (Mrs. Charles Ricketts,) of Huntington; Mrs. Lizzie Ora Benhring, of Fayette County, West Virginia; Alice who is married and lives in Fayette County;

and Sally, who is principal of the Buffington school at Huntington.

Capt. Thomas West Peyton, the third of the name in succession, graduated at Marshall College, Huntington, in 1877, prior to completing his 17th year. He then entertd the law office of Gibson & Lane, where he studied until he reached his majority and successfully passed the examination of the judges and was admitted to the bar in 1881. Captain Peyton commenced practice at once, and during his first partnership with Captain Gibson in 1884 was elected by the Democrats to a six-years term as Circuit clerk of Cabell County. In 1891, he formed a partnership with James Marcum, which continued until 1894 and in 1899 he entered into his present partnership with A. V. Perkinson. The insurance partnership, which includes Mayor H. C. Gordon, was formed later and is one of the leading business enterprises in that line in the city. In 1889 Captain Peyton entered the West Virginia National Guards, was captain of Company I, 2nd Regiment, West Virginia National Guards, but resigned in 1894.

Captain Peyton married a daughter of M. Hovey and a granddaughter of Thomas Thornburg, the latter of whom was a pioneer and prominent resident of Cabell County, served in the Virginia Legislature and was a member of the Secession Convention of 1861. Mrs. Peyton died in 1902, and the four children of this union, three sons and one daughter, reside with their grandparents at Barboursville, the eldest son bearing the name of Thomas West. Captain Peyton is a Mason of high degree and is past master, past high priest, and past eminent commander in the order.

JOHN MASON PRICE.

JOHN MASON PRICE, ex-deputy sheriff of Greenbrier County, ex-mayor and a prominent citizen of Ronceverte, West Virginia, was born in Greenbrier County, Virginia, now West Virginia, October 7, 1834. His parents were Jacob and Mary Brown

(Cox) Price, both of whom were Virginians by birth.

Jacob Price, his grandfather, served through the Revolutionary War with distinction and drew a pension for his services to the close of his life at an advanced age. He settled in Greenbrier County, Virginia, now West Virginia, at the end of the war and founded a family which has flourished in the locality to the present day. The grandmother of our subject was Winnifred Tillery, who was born in Virginia of Welsh ancestry, her family having established in that State prior to the Revolution.

Jacob Price (2,) son of Jacob and Winnifred (Tillery) Price, and father of our subject, was born in Greenbrier County in 1790, and died in his native place in 1887. He was prominent in military life, was a captain of militia and served under General Harrison in the early wars, and during the War of 1812 he commanded a company in so valorous a maner as to receive a large grant of Virginia land and a pension through life. The mother of our subject was born in Bath County, Virginia, her family being an old and honored one of that section. She died in 1862, aged 72 years. Eight children were born to the parents of our subject, as follows: Charles, Abraham, Addison H., Sarah J., Margaret Elizabeth, Mary Susan, all of these deceased; Rebecca, who is Mrs. B. F. Hagsett, of Monroe County; and John Mason, of this sketch.

John Mason Price was reared in Greenbrier County and obtained his education in the common schools of Greenbrier and Monroe counties and at Second Creek Academy. At the age of 21 he went to Missouri and during his residence there engaged in teaching school, returning home just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War. Soon after his return he entered the army, leaving a wife behind, having married in 1858, and during a long service participated in many serious battles and endured a long period of captivity as a prisoner of war. He enlisted as sergeant in Company B, 26th Virginia Battalion, C. S. A., but was later placed on the staff of Colonel Adger, where he continued until his capture, at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. Mr. Price was first under fire at Fayetteville and later at Charleston, White Sulphur Springs, New Market, North Anna River, all through the Wilderness campaign and until his capture as above mentioned, when he was suffering from a bayonet wound. At Fayetteville he was struck and injured by

a piece of spent shell, and suffered for six months with typhoid fever. After his capture, he was taken to Point Lookout prison and kept there until July, and was then transferred to Elmira, New York, where he was one of the sergeants in charge of the mess room in the prison for some 6,000 prisoners. He was exchanged in March, 1865, and reached home just before the surrender of General Lee.

After recuperation, Mr. Price engaged in a mercantile business at Organ Cave, Greenbrier County, and in 1880 was elected deputy sheriff, and acceptably filled the office for four years, at the close of his term removing to Ronceverte. There he associated himself with A. E. White, in an agricultural implement and fertilizer business, which he sold in 1886, and engaged for two years until a fire destroyed his plant in a foundry business. In 1888 he was again elected deputy sheriff and remained in office until 1892, when he embarked in a furniture business in Ronceverte, West Virginia, and later at Covington, Virginia, which he continued until 1901, when he disposed of it and has been actively interested in real estate and collections since that time.

Mr. Price has been twice married. On December 1, 1859, he was married to Elizabeth Mary Erwin, who was born in Greenbrier County and was a daughter of Col. John Erwin, of a family of importance in the county, that came from Irish stock. Mrs. Price died in 1881. The names of the children of this marriage are as follows: Adger, deceased; Mary Bell, who married R. S. Loveless, present postmaster of Ronceverte; Henrietta, who married Kirby McVey of McDonald, Fayette County, West Virginia, is salesman in the wholesale house of the Carleton Dry Goods Company, of St. Louis, Missouri; Jane E. and John E., twins, the latter deceased, the former a teacher of music in Powhatan College, Charleston, Jefferson County, West Virginia; Matthew N., a resident of New Cumberland, West Virginia; Oscar A., engaged in a milling business in Virginia; and Charles A., of East Liverpool, Ohio. Mr. Price was married in 1882 to Isabel Williams, *nee* Campbell, a daughter of R. Campbell. She was born in Monroe County, West Virginia. The one daughter of this marriage is named Vera Lee, is now in her 19th year and is a graduate of Powhatan College.

Formerly Mr. Price was active in the Democratic party and served as chairman of the local Democratic committee. At present he is neutral in

politics. He has been one of Ronceverte's prominent and popular citizens and served the city for nine years as mayor. For 42 years he has been a Mason, entering the order in Greenbrier Lodge at Lewisburg, in 1862, and is a charter member of both the blue lodge and Chapter No. 47, R. A. M., at Ronceverte. He was one of the promoters of the Ronceverte National Bank, and has been one of the directors ever since its organization. In religious belief Mr. Price is a Presbyterian.

HON. WILLIAM GUY BROWN.

HON. WILLIAM GUY BROWN.—The branch of the Brown family from which descended the late William Guy Brown, lawyer and legislator, and a most venerated resident of Kingswood, Preston County, West Virginia, originated in the vicinity of Edinburg, Scotland, and was founded in northwestern Virginia by James Brown, in 1790.

William Guy Brown, the fourth son of James Brown, and subject of this narrative, was born September 25, 1800. At the age of 22 years he began the study of law, with Oliver Phelps and Joseph H. Samuels, of Parkersburg, and was admitted to the bar of Preston County, in 1823. Mr. Brown almost immediately entered politics, finding in public life a congenial field. He was elected prosecuting attorney of the county and served a number of years as such, until 1832. He was a stanch adherent of Andrew Jackson and ardently supported him three times for the Presidency. Mr. Brown became the candidate of his party and was elected to the General Assembly of Virginia, and served with distinction in 1832 and in 1840-41-42-43; and in 1845 was elected to Congress. He was one of the first to raise his voice in favor of the war with Mexico and contributed time and means to assist in its successful and honorable consummation. In 1847 he was re-elected to Congress and in 1850 was a delegate to the Virginia Constitutional

Convention. In 1861 he was a delegate to the convention at Richmond and was fearless in his opposition to secession. Upon the organization of the Restored Government of Virginia, Mr. Brown was chosen a representative in the 37th Congress, and was the first member of Congress from the Second Congressional District of West Virginia, in 1863. After a long, active and useful life, he passed away at his home in Kingwood. His last public services were during 1872-73, when he served in the State Legislature and was a member of the convention to revise the Constitution, in 1872.

Mr. Brown is survived by one son, William Guy, and his widow. The former is one of the well known attorneys of Kingwood and has efficiently held important public trusts.

HON. JAMES PAULL is remembered by the older residents of Wheeling and of the State of West Virginia as a prominent attorney, a member of the Legislature, and at the time of his death, May 11, 1875, in his 57th year, as a judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia. In this last capacity he had served since 1872. At his death, about six years remained to complete his term of office.

Judge Paull was born in Belmont County, Ohio, and was a son of Joseph and Elizabeth Paull. During the Judge's boyhood his father moved to Wheeling with his family. His three sons, John, Alfred and James, spent the greater part of their lives in that city. John studied medicine, but died in young manhood. Alfred studied theology and was for many years pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Wheeling. About 1863 he removed to Philadelphia, where he died in 1873. James, the subject of this sketch, chose the legal profession. His academical education was obtained at an institution located at Crosscreek Village, Pennsylvania. In 1835 he graduated from Washington College in Pennsylvania and subsequently studied law in the office of Zachariah Jacob, of Wheeling. He completed his professional studies by attending the law department of the West Virginia University. During the remainder of his life, with the exception of a short time during which he had charge of Linsly Institute, he devoted himself to his profession. He represented Ohio County in the Legislature with signal ability, and in every relation, whether in public or in private life, he bore himself with honor. Upon the adoption of the new Constitution of West Virginia, in August,

1872, he was elected one of the four judges of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, and was serving the third year of his eight-year term at the time of his death. His nomination was entirely unsolicited by him, and he was elected by a great majority. At his death resolutions of respect were framed and adopted by the members of the Ohio County bar, who attended his funeral in a body.

Judge Paull first married Jane A. Fry, a daughter of Judge Fry, formerly of Wheeling. She died, leaving three sons. In March, 1861, he married Eliza J. Ott, a daughter of Samuel Ott, of Wheeling. Three sons and two daughters blessed this union. Judge Paull was extremely opposed to ostentation in anything, and his life was characteristic of his nature,—one of simplicity and kindness. He was a devoted father and husband. As a young man, he united with the First Presbyterian Church, to the support of which he was ever a liberal contributor. He was a ruling elder in this church for 18 years.

Alfred Paull, a son of Judge Paull, was born October 15, 1854, in Wheeling, and was educated mainly at Washington and Jefferson College, of Pennsylvania. At the close of his sophomore year, in 1873, he entered the manufacturing business in Wheeling. In this and in other kinds of business he continued until he engaged in his present line, that of general insurance. Mr. Paull is manager for a number of companies for the State of West Virginia, and has from 75 to 100 agents who report to him. All adjustments are made and all losses are paid from his office. Mr. Paull devotes his entire time to this business. His office has been, for the past five years, at No. 1120 Market street, where a force of clerks is kept busy.

Alfred Paull married Lee Singleton, of Wheeling, a daughter of Capt. Thomas Singleton. Her mother was a descendant of Samuel Irwin, the Irwins being an early family of Ohio County. Mr. and Mrs. Paull have two sons and two daughters, as follows: Mary Irwin, who married Arthur Greer Hubbard, secretary of the Wheeling Mold & Foundry Company; Lyde; Alfred Singleton, who is attending Princeton College; and Lee, who is 13 years old. Mr. Paull owns a beautiful home at No. 729 Main street. He served for four years in the first branch of the City Council, and was a member of the Board of Education. He is past grand commander of the Knights Templar of West Virginia. On July 20, 1901 he

received the commission of aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor A. B. White.

Mr. Paull is a member of the First Presbyterian Church, in which he is an elder. He has been one of the directors of the Young Men's Christian Association since its organization. He is director and chairman of the executive committee of the City Hospital, with which he has been associated since its organization. He is also a member of the Board of Trade.

FRANCIS B. BURK.

FRANCIS B. BURK, city attorney of Parkersburg, West Virginia, was born February 11, 1862, in Wood County, West Virginia, and he is a son of R. H. and Eliza J. (Davis) Burk. His grandfather, David B. Burke, was born July 10, 1786, and died April 13, 1883; he was a stanch Whig.

R. H. Burk was born near Steubenville, Ohio, December 16, 1828. In October, 1839, he accompanied his uncle, William Hunter, to Wood County, and the latter located near Waverly, living there many years, but dying in Parkersburg. At the age of 23, R. H. Burk married Eliza J. Davis, who was also reared near Steubenville, Ohio. She died in 1862, leaving four children, namely: William N., a general merchant at Ravenswood, West Virginia, who died at the age of 40 years; James H., a jeweler by trade, who is now filling the office of assistant to the chief deputy collector of internal revenue, at Parkersburg; Mary J., who is the wife of J. D. McKibben, a farmer of Wood County; and Francis B., who was an infant at the time of his mother's death. The second marriage of R. H. Burk was to Anna B. Eppelein, who was born in this State. Mr. Burk is engaged in farming and stock raising near Parkersburg. He was very actively interested in politics, about the time of the proposed statehood of West Virginia and attended several conventions at Wheel-

ing. Like his father, he endorsed the Whig party, and later affiliated with the Republicans. He has served many years as a member or president of the Board of Education. For more than 40 years he has been an elder in the Presbyterian Church.

After completing the public school course, Francis B. Burk attended the Fairmont Normal School, and taught his first term during the winter of his 21st year. After several years of winter teaching, he returned to the Normal School and was graduated in the class of 1887. During the following three years he taught school, and read law during the vacations under the tutelage of the late John A. Hutchinson, and was admitted to the bar in 1891. His time has been mainly devoted to his profession ever since. During a period spent in the county assessor's office, he became thoroughly acquainted with a large percentage of the citizens of Wood County, gaining their confidence to such an extent that he was elected county superintendent of free schools, and capably served in this position for four years, his term ending in July, 1899. In 1896 he was made chairman of the Republican County Committee. In 1902 he was chosen as city attorney of Parkersburg, a just recognition of his ability. His first office in the State Journal building has long since given way to handsome apartments at No. 311 Juliana street.

The marriage of Francis B. Burk was to Julia M. Haislep, who was born near Wellston, Ohio, but has been a resident of Parkersburg ever since one year of age. She is a daughter of the late W. A. Haislep and his wife, Rachel C. Romine, who survives her husband and resides on a farm in Wood County. The Romine family came from Holland in the first part of the 17th century and were prominent on Manhattan Island. Mrs. Burk is a member of the Baptist Church, while Mr. Burk favors the Presbyterian. He is a member of Phoenix Camp, No 6961, Modern Woodmen of America, and Parkersburg Court, No. 1, Tribe of Ben Hur, and has served through all the chairs.

G. W. ADAMS, M. D., a prominent physician and surgeon of Barboursville, Cabell County, West Virginia, was born August 20, 1852, in Cabell County, and is a son of Charles and Nancy (Buxton) Adams, both of whom were natives of Virginia. Charles Adams was a prominent agriculturist and a highly respected citizen

The parents are survived by five of their seven children.

Dr. G. W. Adams received his education in the common and select schools of Cabell County and was also given private instruction. He read medicine with Dr. E. F. Buffington, of Huntington, West Virginia, for about two years and then entered Louisville Medical College and later the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Cincinnati, graduating there in 1889, with the degree of M. D. He practiced for two years in Wayne County, West Virginia, and then went to Kentucky for a year, returning then to Cabell County, West Virginia, and locating in Barboursville. Dr. Adams has become prominent in his profession, his superior skill and careful treatment having been shown on many occasions.

In 1878 Dr. Adams married Ada Huff, who was born in the Valley of Virginia, and a family of six children has been born to this union, viz: Frank, Fred, Harry, Blandon, Florence, deceased, and Dewey. Politically, Dr. Adams is affiliated with the Republican party. He is an Odd Fellow and a member of the Tri-State Medical Society of West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, and of the American Medical Association.

GEN. N. S. BURLEW.

GEN. N. S. BURLEW, one of the substantial and representative citizens of Charleston, West Virginia, a leading hardware merchant and part owner of the Burlew Opera House, was born August 20, 1846, in Seneca County, New York, and is a son of James and Sophia (Wood) Burlew, both of whom are natives of New Jersey.

General Burlew was educated in the common schools of New York and New Jersey, and in young manhood learned dentistry, which profession he practiced about seven years, at Union Springs, New York. In 1873 he located in Charleston, Kanawha County, and engaged in the lumber business, conducting the same in that locality

for three years. He was then appointed assistant United States marshal, under Marshal De Vall, and remained in office two years, resigning the position then in order to embark in the hardware business in Charleston, a good opening presenting itself at that time. General Burlew has given Charleston a first-class store, carrying every line of hardware goods and specialties, and has made that city a center for that line of trade in the central section of the State. In addition, he is part owner and the manager of the Burlew Opera House, is president of the Daily Mail Publishing Company, and vice-president of the South Side Improvement Company.

In 1863 General Burlew enlisted for service in the War of the Rebellion in Company C, 126th Reg., New York Vol. Inf., in which he served two years. At Harper's Ferry he was made a prisoner although he was soon paroled. During George W. Atkinson's administration, he served as colonel on his staff and later as general on the staff of Governor A. B. White.

In 1887 General Burlew was married to Elizabeth Rand, who is a daughter of William Rand and a descendant of an old Virginia family. She is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In political conviction, our subject is a stanch Republican. Fraternally he is prominent in the different branches of Masonry, belonging to blue lodge, chapter, commandery, and Beni-Kedem Temple, of the Mystic Shrine.

GARVEY LEONARD COPELAND, M. D.

GARVEY LEONARD COPELAND, M. D., a successful medical practitioner at Parsons, Tucker County, West Virginia, was born in 1874, in Forrest County, Pennsylvania, and is a son of Daniel F. and Rachel (Connely) Copeland, both of whom were also born in Forrest County.

Daniel F. Copeland, the father of our subject, was born in 1845, and follows the trade of millwright. In

politics he is a Republican. Our subject's mother was born in 1847. In the parental family are five children,—three sons and two daughters.

Dr. Copeland was given an excellent common school education and completed his medical course at the University College of Medicine, at Richmond, Virginia, in 1901, after a stay of three years. He located at Parsons and his medical and surgical ability have brought him into prominence not only with the public, but also with the profession.

On January 1, 1903, Dr. Copeland was united in marriage with Cora Graham, who was born in Denver, Colorado. Mrs. Copeland is a member of the Methodist Church.

GEORGE SILAS WEST, M. D., a practicing physician at Parsons, Tucker County, West Virginia, was born in Turkey, in 1867, and is a son of Dr. Henry S. and Lottie (Tontz) West.

Dr. Henry S. West, who was born in New York, near Bringhamton, was an eminent physician of that city, and was selected by the American Board of Foreign Missions, connected with the Presbyterian Church, as one of its representative physicians in the Turkish field. In 1859 he assumed the duties of that position and faithfully performed them until his death, in 1876, at the age of 49 years. During his residence in the United States, he was politically identified with the Republican party. In religious faith he was a Presbyterian. The mother of our subject was born in 1838 near Binghamton, New York, and still survives, making her home with her son George S. She is a consistent and active member of the Presbyterian Church at Parsons.

Dr. George Silas West was one of a family of seven children, consisting of five sons and two daughters. He came to the United States at the age of nine years, after his father's death in 1876. His higher education was secured at Princeton College, where he was graduated in 1890, and his medical education at the University of Pennsylvania at Philadephia, which institution he entered in 1893 and was graduated in 1897. From the latter date to 1899 he was assistant to Dr. O. H. Huffman. In 1899 he began individual practice at Springfield, West Virginia, where he remained until 1903, when he opened an office at Parsons, where he is building up a large and lucrative practice. Dr. West keeps in touch with medical movements and discoveries all over the world, and belongs to the Tri-State Medical Society of West

Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, and is also a member of the Tucker County Medical Society. He is the examiner for a number of life insurance companies.

Although Dr. West was nine years of age before he ever saw the American home of his parents, he is a good American in every fiber, and, like his father, is identified with the Republican party. His religious connection is with the Presbyterian Church.

HENRY DRURY HATFIELD, M. D.

HENRY DRURY HATFIELD, M. D. Eckman, McDowell County, has in Dr. Hatfield a physician and surgeon of marked ability and thorough professional education. He has been a resident of that place since 1900. Dr. Hatfield was born in 1872 at Logan Court House, Logan County, West Virginia, and is a son of Elias and Elizabeth (Chaffins) Hatfield, both natives of Logan County.

Elias Hatfield was born in 1841 at Logan Court House and still resides there. He served through the Civil War under Col. A. G. Greenway, and had an excellent record. In politics he is a Democrat and fraternally he is an Odd Fellow. Both he and his wife are members of the Baptist Church. The mother of Dr. Hatfield was born in 1845. Four sons and one daughter were born to our subject's parents, namely: Greenway W., sheriff of Mingo County, West Virginia; Wayne W., a prominent physician at Chicago, Illinois; an infant deceased; Edna, and Henry Drury, our subject.

Dr. Hatfield obtained his education in the common schools at Logan Court House and at Franklin College; the latter institution he entered at the age of 16 years and graduated from it four years later, having completed the scientific course. In 1890 he entered the University of Kentucky at Louisville, and in 1893 graduated in medicine and surgery. He located for practice at Matewan, Mingo County, West Virginia, and remained there

four years, as division surgeon for the Norfolk & Western Railway. He then located at Eckman, McDowell County, where he has become interested in various business enterprises and has become well known and appreciated as an able practitioner. He has taken four post-graduate courses at the New York Polyclinic; one at the New York Post-Graduate; one at the Philadelphia Polyclinic and belongs to the various medical associations of the State of West Virginia. He occupies many very responsible positions; is president of the West Virginia Miner's Hospital, No. 1, at Welch, being at present surgeon in chief; a member of the International Association of Railway Surgeons; local surgeon for the Norfolk & Western Railway; physician and surgeon for the Pulaski Iron Company; physician and surgeon for the Empire Coal & Coke Company; physician and surgeon for the Bottom Creek Coal & Coke Company; and occupies a similar relation to the Tide Water and the Big Four Coal & Coke companies.

On March 27, 1895, Dr. Hatfield was united in marriage to South Carolina Bronson, who was born in Kentucky. They have a little daughter, Hazel. Mrs. Hatfield is a member of the Methodist Church. Fraternally the Doctor is connected with the advanced Masonic bodies, the Elks and the Odd Fellows.

CHARLES A. SMITH.

CHARLES A. SMITH, an attorney-at-law of Parkersburg, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, has been a member of the Wood County bar since 1895. His untiring efforts have built up a large and lucrative practice which has every promise of future permanency. He was born February 14, 1869, St. Valentine's Day, in Wood County, West Virginia, and is a son of Benjamin Smith and grandson of Hilander Smith.

Hilander Smith removed with a

brother from the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia to the Augusta district early in the 19th century, and together they secured large tracts of land.

Benjamin Smith was born in Wood County when it was known as a part of the West Augusta district, and died in November, 1889, at the age of 57 years. The mother of Charles A. Smith, whose name before marriage was Rebecca Watkins, was born in the Susquehanna Valley, Pennsylvania; her parents, with two children, removed to Wood County, Virginia, now West Virginia, about 1850. She died in 1899, at the age of 61 years. Her brother Francis resides in Jackson County, West Virginia.

Charles A. Smith who is one of several children born to his parents, remained at home until the age of 19 years when he began teaching school. During the six terms in this profession, he utilized all his spare moments in the study of the law, deciding to make that his life work. About 1890 he acquired proficiency as a telegraph operator and for some months was in the employ of the Ohio River Railroad Company. In 1893 he devoted his attention entirely to his legal studies, in the office of Daniel E. Johnson, and on December 30, 1895, he was admitted to the bar and practiced with Mr. Johnson until April 28, 1897, when he opened an office for himself. Mr. Smith has abstained from politics, even refusing a proffered nomination as a member of the House of Delegates which would have been equivalent to his election in 1902. In his profession he turns his attention entirely to civil business, making something of a specialty of chancery work. His first speech before a jury occupied two hours and he won his case, his success bringing him many hearty congratulations from older members of the bar. He is most comfortably and conveniently located in commodious quarters on Court Square, Parkersburg. Religiously Mr. Smith belongs to the First Presbyterian Church. Fraternally he is associated with the Modern Woodmen of America.

ROBERT W. HAZLETT, M. D., deceased, was a distinguished physician and surgeon of Wheeling, West Virginia, for more than 45 years. He was one of the most prominent residents of the city, and at different times held many offices of public trust. He was born at Washington, Pennsylvania, April 26, 1828, and was a son of Samuel and Sarah Hazlett. His father moved from Connecticut to Washing-

ton, Pennsylvania, early in the 19th century, and there conducted a banking business.

Dr. Hazlett attended Washington College during his youth but because of illness did not graduate with his class. He was a cotemporary student with the illustrious James G. Blaine. Subsequently he was given the degree of A. M. by the trustees of the college. In early life he was quite an artist, and prepared many illustrations and specimens for the medical lectures of Dr. King. He determined upon medicine as his profession, and in the early "forties" went to Wheeling and read medicine under Drs. Clemens and Cummins. He then attended Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, from which he graduated in the spring of 1851, returning to that institution the following winter for a post-graduate course. He later located in Wheeling and practiced until the winter of 1857-58, when his health required the relinquishment of his practice. He wandered over the hills of West Virginia, at the same time making a rough geological examination of the coal fields of counties east of the Appalachian Range. During this time he located, and had the supervision of drilling, the first oil well in what is now West Virginia, the oil strike causing much excitement throughout the United States. He also found a peculiar and apparently inexhaustible stratum of coal at Ritchie. His health having improved greatly, he returned to Wheeling and practiced his profession for a short time. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he entered the service as surgeon of the 2nd Reg., Virginia Vol. Inf., being commissioned in June, 1861. In the fall of 1862 he was appointed surgeon of Latham's independent brigade, and in 1863 he resigned and was appointed one of the surgeons of the United States general hospital at Grafton, West Virginia. He was later commissioned by the Secretary of War as surgeon of the board of enrollment of the first district of West Virginia. He saw much fighting during the war, and participated in many engagements, among them being the battles of Monterey, McDowell, Cross Keys, Cedar Mountain, Waterloo, White Sulphur Springs, Warrenton, Freeman's Ford, Second Bull Run, Centerville, and Chantilly.

At the close of the war, Dr. Hazlett resumed practice at Wheeling and was most successful. He served as president of the city and county medical societies, and twice declined the nomination for the presidency of the State Medical Society. In 1893, however,

he was unanimously elected to that office, and presided that year at the meeting at Berkeley Springs. He served in the City Council and as member of the Board of Education, and for more than 20 years was examining surgeon for pensions for the United States government. At the time of his death he was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and was largely interested in many manufacturing and business enterprises. He was a director of the National Bank of West Virginia at Wheeling, and also of the Wheeling & Belmont Bridge Company. He retired from active practice about 1880, and died in 1899. Many fitting tributes were paid and resolutions passed by the various medical societies and other organizations of Wheeling, and a fine biographical sketch of his life was prepared by Dr. Jepson of Wheeling. His family residence was at No. 921 Main street, where his widow and children now reside. He and his wife had four sons and one daughter, namely: Howard, president of the Mutual Savings Bank, and a stock broker, with his office on 12th street; Samuel, assistant cashier of the People's Bank, Wheeling; Edward, a member of the firm of Lewis & Hazlett, iron brokers, with offices in the City Bank Building; Robert, a record of whose life follows this sketch; and Catherine, who is living at home.

Robert Hazlett, who is now serving his third term in the capacity of county engineer of Ohio County, has attained high rank in civil engineering. He was born in Wheeling in 1863, was graduated from the public schools of this city in 1880, and then prepared for college at Linsly Institute. In 1883 he entered the Ohio State University, from which he was graduated in 1887, with the degree of C. E. He returned to Wheeling, where his first work was as assistant engineer on the Southern Pennsylvania & Ohio Railway, from Wheeling to Bowerston, Ohio. He was thus employed for one year, after which he was draughtsman, and later first assistant engineer, for the Wheeling Bridge & Terminal Railway Company. He had charge of the construction of the steel viaduct of the north terminal at Martin's Ferry, and also of the Chapline Hill Tunnel. After their completion he went to Washington, D. C., and assumed charge of the construction of the bridge across the Potomac River, and the building of the electric railway to Arlington Cemetery. He then went to New York City and was associated with Job Abbott, a

prominent civil engineer, who had previously been consulting engineer at Wheeling. While with him, Mr. Hazlett made plans for the construction of 200 miles of railroad, and also of station buildings for the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, in Maine. He returned to Wheeling in 1895, and entered a copartnership with Gilhner Brown, C. E., which continued until 1899, when Mr. Brown returned to Boston. During the existence of this firm they built the water works system, including the plant and mains, and the masonry reservoir for the Suburban Light & Water Company. They then built the Wheeling & Suburban Railway from Elm Grove to Triadelphia, and later, the Wheeling & Elm Grove Railroad, with double tracks. They built the Parkersburg Electric Railway at Parkersburg, West Virginia (including the erection of the power-house), one of the finest lines in the State. Since the dissolution of the partnership, Mr. Hazlett has been chief engineer of the Fairmont & Clarksburg Electric Railway, which has 30 miles of track, and built a part of the track in Fairmont and Clarksburg. He resigned this position January 1, 1901, and since then has been chief engineer of the Wheeling & Wellsburg electric line, which has 16 miles of track. He succeeded A. S. Bell as county engineer of Ohio County, and is now serving his third term in that capacity. He has had charge of 200 miles of road in the county, and also of the construction of 38 steel bridges, which are rapidly replacing the old wooden ones. Three years ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Hazlett, the Board of County Commissioners began grading and paving the National Pike. His duties as county engineer require a considerable portion of his time, but he occupies himself mostly with designing and construction work. In 1896 he became a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers. In politics, he is a Republican, and is a member of the City Council from the Second Ward, and a member of the committee on ordinances. He is an officer of the West Virginia Humane Society, an organization which exerts a great power for good, the originator and president being Mrs. John K. List. His father, Dr. Robert W. Hazlett, in his will left a goodly sum of money to different charities, including the Wheeling and City hospitals and the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Hazlett resides at the old home at No. 921 Main street, with his mother and sister.

D. LAYDEN.

D. LAYDEN, one of the oldest residents and a prominent and substantial citizen of Marmet, Kanawha County, West Virginia, largely interested in coal developing and other enterprises, was born in 1844 in Ireland. He is a son of Dominic Lyme and Bridget (Hagerty) Layden, both of whom spent their lives in Ireland.

In his own home our subject was thoroughly educated by his mother, who was a woman of superior qualifications, and by her was taught the languages, which for some years brought him large means and ample chance to visit almost all parts of the world. Through her instruction he was able to fill the position of interpreter for a firm that dealt in cattle and in his line of work he visited 17 different countries, including Australia, the West Indies, America, South Africa and Asia. Mr. Layden speaks seven different languages.

On April 13, 1863, Mr. Layden landed in the city of New York and for some time was located at Scranton, Pennsylvania. In 1865 he settled at Malden, on the Kanawha River, in West Virginia, and in 1870 he moved to Brownstown, a town that is now known as Marmet. In 1867 he moved to Charleston where he engaged in merchandising. Later when he located at Marmet there were but nine houses in the village and the one store was kept by Henry P. Clarke. In 1870 he embarked there in a general mercantile business and has been interested in almost all of the leading business enterprises of the place. He is a very large land owner and has dealt largely in the same and for the past 20 years has operated his own coal mines. Mr. Layden is the largest tax payer in the town which he has so materially helped to develop. When he went there, almost as a pioneer, the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway had not been commenced.

In 1870 Mr. Layden was united in marriage with Mary Higgins, who was

born in Alleghany County, Virginia, and 10 children have been born to them, nine of whom still survive. Mr. Layden is widely known and most highly esteemed. In politics he has always been a Democrat.

IRA CLAY HICKS, M. D.

IRA CLAY HICKS, M. D., a prominent physician and surgeon of Hurricane, Putnam County, West Virginia, was born in that county in June, 1868, and is a son of B. D. and Selina (Hanshaw) Hicks.

B. D. Hicks is a substantial farmer now residing near Winfield, in Putnam County. In political belief he is a Republican. He has been a member from early youth of the Methodist Church, of which his wife was also a member. Mrs. Hicks passed away January 9, 1895, aged 46 years. There were 10 children born to the parents of our subject, the nine survivors being: Dr. I. Clay; W. K.; Dr. W. D.; Irene; Dr. Charles F.; James O., a medical student; Oliver E.; Marietta; and I. R. L.

Dr. Ira Clay Hicks was educated in the common and select schools of Putnam County and in Marshall College, and then was engaged in teaching school for about six years. The last teacher's certificate that he secured was the best given in the county, being based on the general average of 100 per cent. that he secured in the teachers' examinations. He also acted for a short time as bookkeeper and postmaster at Lorraine, West Virginia. He had, however, decided upon a medical career and had prepared for medical college by a year's reading under the able instruction of Dr. A. M. Spangler, of Winifrede, West Virginia. In 1893 he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, Maryland, and after taking two courses of lectures, passed the examination of the State Board in 1895, and located at Hurricane, Putnam County, which has been his field of practice ever since. After practicing

two years he re-entered the said college and was graduated from that institution in 1898. He took a special course in operative surgery under Dr. Charles F. Blake, of Baltimore, in 1897-98. He took special work on diseases of women in the City Hospital of Baltimore, under Dr. Gardner, in 1897, and work under Dr. F. Dyer Sanger on diseases of children, in the Nursery & Child's Hospital in Baltimore in 1898. In 1901 he took a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, under Drs. Osler and Kelley and assistants. In 1902 he took post-graduate work on diseases of women and children and in surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons and special operative work in surgery under Dr. McNeer, of Johns Hopkins Hospital. In 1903 he took another post graduate course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, similar to the one he took in 1902, also making a study of surgical anatomy and operative surgery under Dr. McNeer, a professor of Maryland Medical College and assistant pathologist of Johns Hopkins Hospital, of Baltimore. Dr. Hicks is a member of the Tri-State Medical Society of West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio and of the American Medical Association, and is also a member of the International Association of Railway Surgeons. He has been examining surgeon for the United States pension examiners and since 1900 has been local surgeon for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company. Dr. Hicks is a Republican and served four years as county assessor. In the county convention he was nominated on the first ballot over his five opponents, and at the subsequent election was the only man elected on his ticket,—he was only 24 years of age at that time. He is a member of Lebanon Lodge, No. 68, A. F. & A. M., of Milton, West Virginia.

In 1895 Dr. Hicks was married to Helen Diddell, who was born in Winifrede, Kanawha County, West Virginia. One child, Xilpha, was born May 31, 1897, to the Doctor and wife. Dr. Hicks is well established in Hurricane and counts many friends and enjoys a liberal amount of public patronage.

W. D. Hicks, M. D., brother of Dr. Hicks, mentioned above, was educated in the common schools, taught school and read medicine under his brother's guidance. At the end of one year of study, he entered upon his first year of medical college work in the medical department of the Uni-

versity of Kentucky at Louisville, spent his second year at the Kentucky School of Medicine, and later attended the Maryland Medical College at Baltimore, taking special work in surgery under Dr. R. L. McNeer, from which institution he graduated with honors in 1902, having practiced one year previously. He located at Henderson and has ever since been actively engaged in the practice of his profession. In 1903 Dr. W. D. Hicks took a post-graduate course in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, and special work in surgery under Dr. McNeer.

CHARLES F. BRANDFASS, a well known business man of Wheeling, West Virginia, is president and general manager of the Brandfass Tobacco Company, which occupies a three-story building at No. 1316 Water street. He has been a resident of Wheeling since 1863, and is a man who has achieved success in business, wholly through his own efforts.

Mr. Brandfass was born in Europe in 1851, and was but a child when his father died. In 1860 his mother moved to Wheeling, Ohio County, Virginia, now West Virginia, where two of his brothers also live at the present time, namely: Henry, a carpenter; and William, an engineer. A third brother, August, was a farmer and is now living in retirement at Brilliant, Ohio. Chalres F. Brandfass worked as a farm hand until 1863, in Ohio County, and also in Jefferson County, Ohio, and afterward served as bell boy at the McLure House for a year. He then returned to the country for a short time, and later commenced to learn the trade of a cigar maker. He spent seven years on the cigar bench, a part of the time being spent in the employ of Mr. Seamon. In 1874, he entered the cigar manufacturing business as a member of the firm of Muhn & Brandfass, at the corner of Main and 14th streets. This partnership was dissolved in 1897, a nephew succeeding Charles F. as a member of the firm. Mr. Brandfass then organized the Brandfass Tobacco Company, which deals exclusively in leaf tobacco. The company was at once incorporated as a stock company with Charles F. Brandfass as president and general manager, and Ed. Muhn as secretary. They do a packing and jobbing business, buying mainly from the growers of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York, Wisconsin, Ohio and Kentucky, for the cigar trade. They are also distributors for Cuban and Sumatra tobacco which they buy of importers. The

traveling representatives of the firm cover the usual jobbing territory of Wheeling wholesale houses, including Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and a part of Maryland. Under the efficient management of Mr. Brandfass, the business of the firm has flourished and is one of the leaders in this line. He is also a director of the Wheeling Title & Trust Company and the West Virginia Tobacco Company.

Mr. Brandfass was united in marriage with Mary Wiedebusch, and has eight children, as follows: Lottie; Sophia; Carrie; Minnie; Alma; Adelia; Marie; and Carl. They reside at No. 108½ 14th street, where he owns a very comfortable home. From 1870 to 1887, he was actively interested in music, and was instrumental in organizing the Opera House Orchestra, of which he was manager for three years. He is a member of the Arion Association, and has been a member of the Turner Gymnastic Association since he was 21 years of age. He was elected one of three members of the City Water Board in 1900-1901, the other members being Messrs. Butts and Lindsay. He is a Democrat, and served in the City Council one term in the "eighties." Fraternally, he is a member of Ohio Valley Lodge, No. 31, K. of P., and has been for six years. He has been a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen for 10 years, served through the chairs of the subordinate lodge, and was then elected grand receiver of the Grand Lodge. During several years past, he has been a member of the finance committee of the Grand Lodge. He was formerly a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

DE LANIEL LEE YOST, B. S., M. D., M. E.

DE LANIEL LEE YOST, B. S., M. D., M. E., the subject of this sketch, who is a leading physician and surgeon of Fairmont, West Virginia, prefers that we refer to ancestral achievements and history than to personal endeavors. We find no more interesting study in heredity than the evidence: that to be well born gives a force of character

and energy that no amount of cultivation can give the less fortunate.

The paternal great-grandfather, John Yost, came to the American Colonies from Bavaria, Germany, before the Revolution, and soon after landing in New York married a young woman from Holland, Katie Suuiche, whom he met on board ship en route here from the Fatherland. While living in Elizabeth, New Jersey, he joined the Colonial Army, fought against the British during the long Revolutionary War, and many incidents have been related in history that concerned the commands of which he was a member in their operations about Trenton. After the war, they trekked across the Alleghanies by way of Cumberland station, on the old Braddock Road, finally locating near Indian Creek, where they homesteaded valuable lands. There John Yost died and was buried about 1815. There were seven sons in the family,—Henry, John, Aaron, William, Peter, Jacob and David, the grandfather of Dr. Yost,—and five were born at the new home. This was in the day of disputed frontiers against savage beasts of the forest and the still more savage aborigines.

David Yost, our subject's grandfather, homesteaded nearly 1000 acres of forest land at the head of Pawpaw Creek, the present site of the thrifty inland town of Fairview and the present center of the oil field's wealth and new coal industries. At the time of the second war with England, grants were made good by paying back taxes on patents that had been many years neglected and much of the land, through this procedure, cost less than $1.50 an acre. From trading stock and trapping, the money was saved. There were many incidents of overland trips afoot through the forests, with silver wearing and chafing in the pockets on his person, to make payments on his land at Morgantown, then the only post office and the only place where there were record offices in that section since Virginia was a colony. No greater evidence of hardihood and indefatigable will and industry could be shown than the life and accomplishments of this sturdy, temperate man. He was born in 1799 and died in 1856 from typhoid fever. From his marriage there resulted 11 children, some of whom are still living, past 86, in the West. Of the sons, James Yost died recently at 84; Jehu D. and Nicholas were both practitioners of botanic medicine.

Fielding H. Yost, the youngest son of David Yost, and father of our subject, was born August 4, 1827. He

was the idol of his parents in their declining years. He was given every advantage of education, was favored with private tutors, and attended Rector College in 1846-47, then one of the most noted schools of the section. He was remembered in that day for his fascinating oratory and patriotism in his speeches, at the musters of militia for the Mexican War, with companies organized by his brother, Dr. Jehu D. Yost. His devotion to the good and uplifting of the communities made him prominent in the organization of the Sons of Temperance, the Sunday-school work, and the first lodge of Freemasonry in Fairmont. He was devoted to the practice of medicine and was intensely in earnest in his support of the new school of reforms then coming up against the heroic, antiphlogistic and depleting effects of murcury, blue mass, antimony, blood-letting, etc., then the prevalent system of treating diseases. After several years of association with his brothers in the practice, he graduated with the degree of M. D., from the Eclectic Medical Institute, Cincinnati, in 1860. In the war between the States, he took the side of Virginia's defense, and was made a surgeon in Lee's army, and was a personal associate of General Lee in camp in the early part of 1861; he took charge of the field hospital at Monterey, Virginia, and there served both Federals and Confederates, was captured, served in prison, was afterward neutral throughout the remainder of the war, and taught submission and forgiveness at the fateful end of that then necessary struggle. From 1864 to 1867 he was located at Morgantown in practice, being sought from far and near for his skilled services in surgical operations, performing laparotomy and lithotomy for abscess and for stone, in the days when but little was known of antiseptics, more than the need for absolute cleanliness. Many who were living 30 years after his death owed the prolongation of their lives to his skill. He died May 13, 1872 in the time of his brilliant achievements. His services were sought even during the two years when he was stricken with paralysis of the throat, affecting speech, though he would write from a clear brain and fertile mind for the many that came from afar for advice from this source of fruitful knowledge.

Personally, his was a life of genius, overwork and sincere and unselfish devotion to the service of needful humanity.

In appearance, the late Dr. Fielding H. Yost was a man of medium stature,

straight and wiry as an athlete; his commanding though gentle bearing was magnetic and inspiring to the sick and the distressed. He had dark wavy hair, long beard, high forehead, soft yet piercing blue-gray eyes that met yours in language that pierced deeper than words and inspired sincerity of a friend, especially those in need.

Such a forceful intellect and fertile mind, with such integrity and devotion to hard work, burn out vitality in rays of genius, live years in a day, dying young, and their achievements live after them as an inspiration to those whose like ambition is to excell and be proficient.

Dr. Fielding H. Yost was married May 19, 1851, to Melinda A. Jones, who still survives him, and is now living at the old homestead in Marion County, West Virginia, hale and sprightly at the age of 72. Her grandfather, Joseph Jones, after serving three years in the War of 1812, under General Harrison, removed to Virginia from his home in New Jersey. Joseph Jones' uncle served for seven years in the Revolutionary War. Her father, John Jones, kept an old landmark inn at Pleasant Valley, a famous resort in the historic days of wagon trains and stage coaches on the old State Road, long before the Baltimore & Ohio route was surveyed across the Alleghanies.

The father's mantle has fallen on two of his sons, and on the same homestead, from which six others of the family name and three generations have entered the ranks of the same profession, was born De Laniel Lee Yost, November 7, 1861, the second son of a family of three girls and five boys. Born under such favorable

FIELDING H. YOST, B. S., M. D.

heredity and ample patrimony and provisions for education in the will left by his father, he was expected to follow with advantage the profession of medicine, business virtually awaiting him. He attended the State Normal School at Fairmont and the State Univer-

sity at Morgantown, and graduated with the degree of B. S. from Central College, Danville, Indiana, in 1886. He finished his medical course at Indianapolis in the Eclectic Medical College, in 1888, in which city he located in the practice of medicine, later getting the advantages of post-graduate courses. He practiced six years at Fairview, the old homestead, with profit, assuming all responsibility incident to medicine and surgery in an active oil town. He took up the further study of his profession in 1893 in the Post-Graduate School of Philadelphia, and in 1894 at the Post-Graduate School of New York. In 1895 he accepted the chair of eclectic theory and practice of medicine in the new American Medical College, Indianapolis, and the same chair in 1896 in the University of Medicine in that city, taking advantage of the ample clinic and hospital work in the other post-graduate schools there. With the rest and recuperation, thus derived, he returned to West Virginia and located at Fairmont in 1898, in the special practice of medicine limited to chronic diseases. His practice is limited to office consultation, and he rarely does any visiting, except in cases of emergency or when called to consult with other physicians. His office at No. 225 Jefferson street is thronged at all hours of the day with patients; Dr. Yost often prescribes for as many as 50 a day, but his record is 84. He still holds a chair in the Eclectic Medical College, and goes to Indianapolis each winter from now on for the work.

By strict integrity, untiring energy and devotion he has built up and now enjoys a large practice that extends over several counties. His sources of information from almost every science, of men, mind and affairs of the world, makes him liberal, proficient and independent of sect, and gives him the confidence of all associates and the business that he deserves. He was among the first to see the unfolding advantages of Fairmont's development and future, was wise in his investments, erecting several residence properties and a luxuriously appointed home, and was the pioneer in that city of the idea of resident flats. A five-story, pressed brick and stone, modern structure, recently erected by him on Main avenue, is a monument to his ambition, energy and integrity.

Dr. Yost is liberal in church and State, is social, modest and unassuming, whom to know you are assured of his utterly unselfish life and intense liberality of mind.

On May 21, 1890, Dr. Yost was

married to Rose D. Youst, only daughter of the late Dr. Joriah Youst, of another branch of the Yost family, of the fifth remove, to which happy union two children have been born,—a son, Ernest Lee, now 12 years of age and a student in the Staunton Military Academy of Staunton, Virginia, and a daughter, who died a year old. We have found no more hospitible home, void of vanity or sham, where a welcome is immediately felt. He is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; the Encampment; and the Uniform Rank of the Knights of Pythias. He is an ex-member of the Indiana Eclectic Medical Association, and member of the Indianapolis Eclectic Medical Society and of the Indianapolis Academy of Medicine. He is a member of the West Virginia, State Eclectic Medical Association and American Association of Physicians and Surgeons. He is also a member of the New York Institute of Anthropology, Chicago Society of Psychological Research, and the National Medico-Legal Society in the study of criminology and heredity.

ABRAHAM F. PHILLIPS, deputy sheriff of Tucker County and a prominent politician, was born in 1869, in Tucker County, West Virginia, and is a son of Moses and Lamari Phillips.

Moses Phillips was born in Randolph County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and died in 1893, at the age of 64, after a long and useful life. For a period he was a member of the County Court and a justice of the peace. By occupation he was a farmer. In politics he was a Republican. The mother of our subject was born in Randolph County and now resides with her son at Parsons, at the age of 66. She is a member of the Methodist Church, as was her late husband. The children numbered four sons and six daughters.

Mr. Phillips was reared in Tucker County and has been identified with its interests all his life. In 1897 he was elected a justice of the peace and served with the greatest efficiency for five years. In 1901 he was elected a member of the Board of County Commissioners from St. George and is now serving in that capacity, and since January, 1903, has also filled the office of deputy sheriff of Tucker County, under Sheriff J. B. Jenkins. He is well known as one of the best officials in the county, and has a wide circle of political as well as personal friends.

In 1893 Mr. Phillips was married to Buena V. Nestor, who was born in 1867 in Tucker County, West Virgin-

ia, and is a daughter of Nathaniel and Melvina Nestor. The one daughter of this marriage is named Lunda Mabel. Mrs. Phillips is a member of the Methodist Church. Mr. Phillips is a Knight of Pythias and an Odd Fellow, and one of the stanch Republicans of Tucker County.

HON. THOMAS PHILLIPS DAVIES.

HON. THOMAS PHILLIPS DAVIES, of Montgomery, Fayette County, West Virginia, State agent since 1902 for the Provident Accidental Insurance Company, of Charleston, West Virginia, was born in Glamorganshire, South Wales, March 1, 1849. He is a son of Ebenezer and Anna (Phillips) Davies, both of whom were also natives of South Wales.

Ebenezer Davies settled first in Philadelphia, after immigrating to America, and then was employed in the iron rolling mills at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. At the close of the Civil War, he went to Coal Creek, Tennessee, and entered into the coal business, serving as outside superintendent for the Knoxville Iron Company, retaining the position some years. Prior to his death he lived a retired life for sometime, having accumulated ample means. Mr. Davies was considered one of the best posted, practical iron men in the vicinity, having spent the greater part of his life in the business. He preceded his family to America and then returned to Wales for them. Ebenezer Davies died at the age of 71 years, in 1889, at Coal Creek, Tennessee. The mother of our subject died when her son, Thomas Phillips, was but two years old; there was one other son, who died in infancy. The stepmother of our subject was Mary Jones, and six children were born to the father's second marriage, the two survivors being: Mary Ann, wife of Archie Snedecker, a passenger engineer on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway; and Levi, an engineer in Mexico.

Thomas Phillips Davies was a lad of 14 years when he came to America, and was soon placed at work in the

great rolling mills at Lancaster. He accompanied his father to Tennessee and then began mining coal, his first employment being as a driver. He remained in the Coal Creek mines until 1869 and then went to the Old Cannelton mines, opposite Montgomery, but a few months later returned to Tennessee. In 1872 he came back to West Virginia and since then has made his home at Montgomery. He has been engaged in extensive business enterprises and is a man of the greatest business capacity. In 1897 he went to Alaska and engaged in gold mining, securing a valuable claim; when he came back, he left men working his claim. Mr. Davies was the organizer of the Coal Valley Coal Company and for several years its president, finally became its owner and is now the only surviving member of the original company. The company's operations were located in the vicinity of Montgomery. Mr. Davies ceased operating about 1890. About that time he was appointed receiver for the Forest Hill Coal Company and continued in the position until the final adjustment of affairs in 1899.

Mr. Davies has been a prominent Republican leader for a long period. In 1892 he was first elected to the West Virginia House of Delegates to represent Fayette County. In 1894 he was sent to the Senate to represent Fayette, Summers, Monroe, Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. He was the first Republican to represent this Democratic district. In 1900 he was again elected to the House of Delegates and during his term of office was instrumental in getting established at Montgomery a branch of the State University; hospitals for miners in different parts of the State and other laudable concerns. For six years a member of the City Council, in 1896 he was elected mayor. In the spring of 1897 he was a formidable aspirant for the office of United States marshal of Alaska, and his failure to receive the appointment remains one of the mysteries of politics, as the appointment seemed to be in his hand.

Mr. Davies has taken the deepest interest in his section of the State and its progress, development and happiness, ever since he has been a resident. He is a member of the board of trustees of the Miners' Hospital No. 2, having been appointed by Governor George W. Atkinson, and having been re-appointed by Governor A. B. White. He is prominent also in fraternal life and is well and widely known in the various branches of Masonry, having attained the highest degrees. He is high in the

ranks of the Knights of Pythias; is a leading Odd Fellow and belongs to Mohegan Tribe, No. 37, Improved Order of Red Men.

Mr. Davies was married in 1885 to Annie Williams, who was born at Monmouthshire, South Wales and reared at Scranton, Pennsylvania. She passed out of life September 28, 1900, at her home in Montgomery. Mrs. Davies was a lady of lovely character, a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church.

JOHN FREEMAN.

W. G. FREEMAN, secretary and treasurer of the Caswell Creek Coal & Coke Company, and one of the prominent citizens of Freeman, Mercer County, West Virginia, was born in 1870, at Shamokin, Pennsylvania, and is a son of the late John Freeman and wife, the former of whom was one of the largest and most successful coal operators of the Flat-Top coal field.

John Freeman was born in Claycross, Derbyshire, England, and after coming to America engaged in coal mining at Trenton, Pennsylvania, until he removed to Fayette County, West Virginia. He remained there, interested in the iron mining industry at Clifton Forge and other points until 1883, when he came to the Flat-Top coal fields in Mercer and McDowell counties, West Virginia. He had these children: C. W., of Bramwell; R. E., of Freeman; W. G., of Freeman; Mary, wife of G. T. Davidson of Union, West Virginia; and Kate, wife of S. N. Branton of Freeman. Mr. Freeman died in 1892, and was succeeded in the Caswell Creek Coal & Coke Company by his son, our subject.

The Caswell Creek mines were the third to commence operations in the Flat-Top coal fields; and they were opened and the first shipment of coal made in August, 1884, by Jenkin Jones and John Freeman, operating under the firm name of Freeman & Jones, by whom the business was carried on until 1889, when the Caswell Creek

Coal & Coke Company was organized and incorporated under the laws of West Virginia, with Jenkin Jones as president and general manager, and John Freeman as secretary and treasurer. Mr. Jones still occupies the same position. C. W. Freeman is vice-president of the company. The holdings of this company embrace 1400 acres leased from the Flat-Top Land Association. There have been erected 231 coke ovens, with a productive capacity of about 350 tons per day. Employment is given to about 300 men and the capacity of the mines is about 1250 tons daily from the middle vein which has, at this operation, an average thickness of six and one-half feet of marketable coal. Steam and compressed air are used, the former for hauling purposes, and the latter for mining. The air-compressing plant is a very fine one, there being two Sullivan compressors, one a six and the other a 10-horsepower machine. They use six puncher machines, and two Baldwin and three Vulcan locomotives, each of about 15 tons weight, for hauling. The Caswell Creek plant is regarded as one of the best equipped in the whole field.

W. G. Freeman, our subject, went to the New River coal field in 1880 and to the Flat-Top region in 1883. He was educated there and at Roanoke College, where he spent three years. He has been actively associated in the management of the Caswell Creek mines since the death of his father.

Mr. Freeman married a daughter of Hiram Beals, of Pennsylvania, and they have a family of four sons. They have one of the handsome homes at Freeman, and the among the representative people of that thriving town. In politics Mr. Freeman is a Republican, but is not particularly active in public affairs. For a long time he has been prominent in fraternal life, and belongs to all the leading secret organizations, being a member of Ivanhoe Commandry, No. 10, K. T., of Bramwell, and Beni-Kedem Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., of Charleston; the lodge of Odd Fellows at Bramwell and the Red Men at Bluefield. Religiously the family is connected with the Methodist Church.

HON. NATHAN GOFF, LL. D., a soldier, jurist and statesman of national eminence, was born February 9, 1842, at Clarksburg, West Virginia, his present home. He is a son of Waldo P. Goff, who bequeathed to him a perfect physique and a virile constitution. He received his education in the Northwestern Academy at Clarksburg.

and at Georgetown College, District of Columbia.

At the opening of the Civil War he entered the service of his country as a private in Company G, 3rd Regiment, Virginia Infantry, and took part in the battles of McDowell, Port Republic, Winchester, Droop Mountain, second battle of Bull Run, Antietam, Rockey Gap, Cross Keys, Rappahannock Station and others of minor note. Private Goff did not remain a private long, being promoted first to the rank of lieutenant and then, for bravery, to the rank of major. On January 20, 1864, Major Goff was taken prisoner at Moorefield, West Virginia, and for four months he endured the horrors of Libby Prison. Finally his release was secured and he rejoined his regiment with which he was actively engaged until the close of the war, when he was made a brevet brigadier-general, at the age of 23 years.

Entering the University of New York, in two years General Goff was graduated as a Bachelor of Laws and immediately began the practice of his profession at Clarksburg. He soon entered the political field, and in 1867 he was elected a member of the West Virginia House of Delegates, from Harrison County, and was re-elected in 1868. In 1869 he was appointed by the President to the office of United States District Attorney for the District of West Virginia. For 13 years he filled this office with distinction and won universal commendation.

On January 6, 1880, General Goff was invited by President Hayes to be his Secretary of the Navy and on the following day he was confirmed by the Senate and served in that office during the continuance of President Hayes' administration. In 1882 he was elected, by a large majority, Member of Congress from the First Congressional District, although that district had gone overwhelmingly Democratic at the previous election. He was re-elected in 1884 and in 1886. These six years in Congress he filled with valuable service to the nation, attaining to high rank as a parliamentarian. In 1888 General Goff was made the candidate of his party for the gubernatorial chair of his native State. Official records show the results of a hard-fought campaign, but the inside histroy which was made during that period reflects anything but honor upon his political opponents.

For several terms General Goff served as chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, being elected to that position in 1884 and again in 1888. He was the nominee

in the Republican caucus in the State Senate for United States Senator. Through a long and monotonous deadlock, his friends loyally cast their vote 100 times, but were finally defeated by a Democratic majority of one, on a joint ballot.

On March 17, 1892, General Goff was appointed by President Harrison to the high judicial position of judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, for the Fourth Circuit and in this position he has displayed his profound legal learning and unquestioned powers of judgment, and has won the unqualified praise and earned the profound respect of even his political opponents.

In 1867 Judge Goff married Laura Despard, of Clarksburg, and two sons have been born to this congenial union. One of these sons, Nathan P., is engaged in medical practice in Clarksburg. In 1888 Columbian University conferred the title of LL. D. upon Judge Goff.

J. A. McKENZIE, prosecuting attorney of Hancock County and a prominent attorney of New Cumberland, West Virginia, was born July 30, 1866, at Inverness, Columbiana County, Ohio, and is a son of Thomas P. and Elizabeth (Smith) McKenzie, natives and residents of Columbiana County.

As the name indicates, the McKenzie family originated in Scotland, and was founded in Ohio by James McKenzie, the great-grandfather of our subject, who located in the State as a pioneer, in the latter part of the 18th century. He lived to the age of 100 years. He was an extensive farmer and also conducted a woolen mill in Columbia County. His son, also named James, was a physician for some years in Hancock County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and was a party to the first deed ever recorded after the county was organized. He married a Miss Patterson and reared a family of 12 children, a survivor being N. K. McKenzie, a resident of Wellsville.

Thomes P. McKenzie, the father of our subject, served during the Civil War in Company I, 78th Reg., Ohio Vol. Inf. The mother of our subject is a daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth Smith, early settlers of the State of Ohio. Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. McKenzie, namely, J. A., of this sketch; Jennie, wife of T. C. Williams, of Utica, Ohio; Ella, wife of B. C. Grafton, of Columbia County, Ohio; and William, shipping clerk at the National Tube Works at McKeesport, Ohio.

Our subject was reared and educated in Columbiana County, Ohio, and followed school teaching during five winters, taking a course in the meantime, at Mount Union College, where he was graduated in 1890. In the fall of 1892 he entered the Cincinnati Law School and was graduated there in 1894, with his degree of LL. B. In January, 1895, he removed to New Cumberland, started into the practice of his profession, and met with immediate and unusual success. In 1896 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Hancock County, being honored with a re-election in 1900. Mr. McKenzie is a stanch Republican and has actively supported the candidates and measures of his party.

On November 27, 1895, he was married to Margaret Patterson, who is a daughter of Thomas and Catherine Patterson, of Columbiana County, Ohio. Two children have been born to this marriage, Elizabeth and Thomas. Both Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie belong to the Presbyterian Church. Fraternally he is both a Mason and an Odd Fellow, belonging to the New Cumberland lodges of both orders. Mr. McKenzie has made an enviable record as prosecuting attorney. He has given special study to the laws relating to the duties of the position and is also well versed in other lines. His ability and industry, his carefulness, fairness and promptitude have won him a large clientele and he occupies a prominent position among the members of the Hancock County bar.

E. L. NUCKOLLS.

E. L. NUCKOLLS, junior member of the prominent legal firm of Dillon & Nuckolls and mayor of Fayetteville, West Virginia, was born August 2, 1868, at Gambetta, Carroll County, Virginia, and is a son of Thomas and Charlotte J. (Stone) Nuckolls, both natives of Virginia.

The Nuckolls family is an old and honorable one in the Old Dominion,

to which State its early founders came with the settlers of Jamestown. The Stone family is of French extraction, and has long been established in Virginia.

Thomas Nuckolls, the father of our subject, was born in Grayson County, Virginia, but the greater part of his life was spent as an agriculturist in Carroll County, where he died January 21, 1903, aged 85 years. His widow still resides on the old homestead. There were seven children born to our subjects' parents, the survivors being: N. G., a resident of Ketchikan, Alaska; E. V., a resident of El Paso, Texas; H. C., a resident of Gambetta, Virginia; C. B., a resident of Hillsville, Virginia; E. L., of this sketch; and Bertie, wife of Robert Wade, of South Boston, Virginia.

E. L. Nuckolls was reared in Carroll County and was educated at Woodlawn Academy at Woodlawn, Virginia, and at Washington and Lee University at Lexington. In 1894 he was admitted to the bar and first engaged in practice at Hillsville, Virginia, where he remained five years. In 1899 he removed to Fayetteville and on January 1, 1902, entered into partnership with C. W. Dillon, having been associated with Judge D. W. Bolen, in Virginia. Both members of the firm of Dillon & Nuckolls are able lawyers and enjoy an extensive practice. They are the authors and compilers of "The West Virginia Pocket Code," a valuable work which since its issue in 1900 has had a larger sale than any other legal book in the State.

In politics, Mayor Nuckolls is a Democrat and is now serving his second term as mayor of Fayetteville, his administration having been most satisfactory to all of his fellow citizens. He takes a prominent part in public matters and is one of the representative men in his section of the State.

On June 22, 1895, he was united in marriage with Berta Thornton of Hillsville, Virginia, and they have one child, Jesse. Mr. Nuckolls is a prominent Mason and also belongs to the Bar Association.

HARRY M. CAMPBELL, M. D., a prominent physician of Parkersburg, with office at No. 615½ Market street, was born in 1867, in Wood County, West Virginia, and is a son of Robert and Cornelia (Kinnaird) Campbell, the former of whom was a well known steamboat and river man, whose death took place in 1877, at the age of 40 years.

The grandfather of Dr. Campbell

was Robert Campbell, who was born in Ireland, of Scotch-Irish parentage, and who came to America as a member of the British Army. After the close of hostilities, he located in Pennsylvania, on the Juniata River, married Letitia Wright, and soon after removed to Wood County, Virginia, now West Virginia. Two of their 11 children are still surviving, one being Captain Campbell of the Big Sandy Packet Line. The mother of Dr. Campbell was born at Culpeper Court House, Virginia, and she was a granddaughter of John Asher Kinnaird who came from Scotland and was the founder of the family here. He married a Miss Williams, a descendant of the founder of Williamstown, and his son, Rufus Kinnaird, married Sophia Cook, who was a member of a prominent family of Parkersburg and Wood County. Mrs. Campbell was the eldest of a large family and she resides at Williamstown, near the original Isaac Williams residence.

Dr. Campbell is one of a family of five children, three of whom died young. His sister, Mrs. S. B. Morgan, resides at Williamstown. Dr. Campbell was educated in the schools of Marietta, Ohio, and also attended the Normal School, and in 1899 graduated in medicine at the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati. After two years of practice at Williamstown, he removed to Parkersburg where he has since been located and has become a prominent member of his profession. He is a member of the State Eclectic Society and his cordial relations with members of the profession were emphasized by their request that he become a member of the State Medical, the Ohio Valley and the Little Kanawha societies.

Dr. Campbell married Anna Berry, a daughter of the late Capt. George M. Berry, a native of Wood County who was well and widely known. Three children have been born to this union, namely: Carl, Catherine and Cornelia. Fraternally Dr. Campbell is a York rite Mason, a Knight Templar and a Shriner. He is a member of the Methodist Church.

F. KENT LOOMIS, managing editor of the Daily News Publishing Company, at Parkersburg, West Virginia, was born at Marietta, Ohio, November 9, 1867, and is a son of Judge W. B. Loomis, and a brother of Hon. F. B. Loomis, the present United States minister to Portugal. The latter was appointed to Venezuela in 1897, by the late President McKinley,

and was transferred in 1900, having been for the past 12 years in the diplomatic service.

Mr. Loomis who is very well known in the western section of the State on account of his vigorous management of the *Parkersburg Daily Morning News,* was educated at Marietta and graduated from Marietta College, with the degree of M. A., in 1888. He immediately became interested in journalistic work, residing at Parkersburg until 1893, when he went to Cincinnati and was night editor of the old *Tribune,* later the *Commercial Tribune,* for four years. In 1896 he was recalled to Parkersburg, to take charge as managing editor of the *State Journal,* then Governor White's paper. In July, 1899, he left the latter paper in order to re-organize and develop the *Parkersburg Daily Morning News,* being backed by a strong company, and he has remained with this paper ever since with the exception of eight months, from May to December, 1901. On December 1, 1901, Mr. Loomis, with Maj. Charles D. Elliott and C. B. Smith bought the *News* and the company that has since conducted the paper is known as the Daily News Publishing Company of Parkersburg. By persistent effort, which includes all those activities which go to the making of a first-class newspaper, Mr. Loomis and Mr. Smith, who are devoting their entire attention to the business, have brought the paper from the third in circulation in the city to the first place, and have made it a most necessary adjunct to the family and business life of Parkersburg.

In June, 1902, Mr. Loomis was united in marriage with Mildred May Hall, daughter of C. W. Hall, of Parkersburg. Politically he is a Republican. Socially he is one of the directors of the Blennerhassett Club and a member of the house committee. Music plays a prominent part in the lives of both Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, she being the accomplished organist at the Presbpterian Church, while Mr. Loomis is the tenor of the paid choir.

W. FRANK FRAME, an attorney-at-law of Sutton, Braxton County, was born in 1865, near Strange Creek, Braxton County, West Virginia, and is a son of Maxwell H. Frame, who is also a native of this State.

Mr. Frame's boyhood days were spent on the farm, attending the public schools. At the age of 16 he obtained, in the examination for the qualification of teachers, a No. 1 teacher's certificate, and commenced teaching school. Af-

ter following this vocation for five years, he engaged in the mercantile and lumber business at Strange Creek, in which he remained for six years.

In 1893, Mr. Frame was made assistant clerk in the House of Delegates. It was in this year that the famous bill calling for home rule for Ireland was passed in the House of Commons, and Mr. Frame wrote the message of congratulation that the West Virginia Legislature sent to Mr. Gladstone. At the close of the legislative session, he returned to his native county and engaged in farming and blacksmithing until 1897. He was then employed by the government as its agent to prevent the obstruction of the Elk River during the building of the extension of the Charleston, Clendenin & Sutton Railroad.

After filling this position in a creditable manner, he was admitted to the bar in 1897, having been a student in the office of W. E. R. Byrne, and commenced the practice of his profession at Sutton. Mr. Frame was a candidate for prosecuting attorney of Braxton County in 1900. In 1902 he was the Democratic candidate for the House of Delegates and, although he was prevented from taking an active part in the campaign by reason of the illness of his wife, was defeated by only 10 votes.

Mr. Frame was united in marriage in May, 1901, to Kate B. Bell, daughter of Samuel Bell of Nicholas County, West Virginia, and one child,—a daughter—has blessed this union. Mr. Frame is an advocate of the principles of the Democratic party. He is a member of the Masonic order, and also of the Knights of Pythias, in the latter order holding the office of chancellor commander.

Mr. Frame is a young and ambitious man, full of vim and energy, and has risen to his present position in life, from an humble station, by his own exertions. His life from childhood, like the lives of many other successful men, has been one long struggle; but many whose names are enrolled upon Fame's tablets had their origin in the lowly walks of life.

HON. THAYER MELVIN, of Wheeling, West Virginia, has always belonged to the "Panhandle." He was born and reared in the village of Fairview in that portion of Brooke County, Virginia, which in 1847 became Hancock County. His parents

were James and Philenia (Thayer) Melvin, the former a Pennsylvanian, of North of Ireland stock, and the latter a New Englander, whose people came to Virginia while she was young.

Judge Melvin was the oldest of five children, and received a fair English education in the common and high schools of the vicinity. At the age of 17 years, he began the study of the law in Fairview, then the county seat, and later, in Lisbon, Ohio. He was licensed and admitted to practice in 1853, at the early age of 18 years. He began his legal career in his native place, and in 1855, while still in his minority, was elected prosecuting attorney of the county. He was elected for full terms in 1856 and 1860, although from 1857 to 1860 he resided in Wheeling, where he was associated with Joseph H. Pendleton, a distinguished lawyer of his day. Shortly after the breaking out of the Civil War, he enlisted from Hancock County in Company F, 1st Reg., West Va. Vol. Inf., and served for several months as orderly sergeant and then as 1st lieutenant. He left his company to accept a Federal commission as assistant adjutant general of volunteers, filling that position until late in 1865. He was then honorably discharged from the army, with brevets for meritorious services in the line of duty. Locating in Wellsburg in 1866, he was in that year again elected prosecuting attorney of Hancock County, and was elected by the Republican party Attorney General of the State. He was again elected two years thereafter, to the latter office, and resigned in June, 1869, to accept a commission as judge of the First Judicial District. A vacancy had resulted from the death of Judge E. H. Caldwell, and the attorneys of the circuit had signified to the Governor their desire for his appointment. Before this, he had again taken up his residence in Wheeling, and under an appointment from the Governor had assisted in completing the codification of the laws of the State. Subsequently, in 1872, he was elected judge of the same district for the full term of eight years. In 1880, he was elected one of the two judges to which the circuit had become entitled, Judge George E. Boyd being the other successful candidate. Resigning in November of the following year, he resumed practice in Wheeling. He became a member of the following firms in their order,—Ewing, Melvin & Riley; Ewing, Melvin & Ewing, and Melvin & Ewing. In September, 1899, immediately after the death of Judge Joseph R. Paull, Judge Melvin was appointed to his old position of judge,

—again at the instance of the attorneys of the different counties,—to fill the vacancy thus occasioned. In the succeeding year, an election being in order, he was nominated by both of the prominent political parties, and was continued in office by the people, without opposition or dissent. He is still performing judicial duties, and gratefully acknowledges the flattering and unanticipated compliments bestowed by his brethren of the bar and by the people.

Politically, Judge Melvin was, at the beginning, a follower of Henry Clay, but since the war he has acted with the Republican party, at least on national questions. He is not recognized as a partisan, however, and has never figured in the political arena, having always preferred to devote himself exclusively to the profession of his choice.

GEORGE R. BREADY, general manager of the Harper's Ferry Paper Company and Shenandoah Pulp Company, general manager of the Harper's Ferry Electric Light Company, and one of the most respected and esteemed citizens of the city, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, September 5, 1858. He is a son of George C. and Margaret E. (Hill) Bready, and a grandson of George A. Bready.

George A. Bready was a son of a farmer and was himself engaged in farming all his life. He was born in Pennsylvania and removed to Maryland when the country was yet a wilderness, settling in Frederick County, where now stands the town of Adamstown, and there he died at the age of 89 years. He reared a family of 11 sons and the youngest was named Eleven.

George C. Bready, son of George A. Bready, and father of our subject, was born in Maryland in 1830, where he resided all his life. For 40 years he was a freight conductor on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. In 1857, at the age of 23 years, he married Margaret E. Hill, daughter of Robert M. and Cynthia A. Hill, of Baltimore, Maryland. Mrs. Bready died when her son, George R., was but six weeks old. Mr. Bready married for his second wife Mary M. Putts, who died without issue in 1900.

George R. Bready resided with his maternal grandparents in Philadelphia until they died, in 1874. Prior to that he had practically taken care of himself, selling papers and engaging in the childish struggle for existence which is to be seen in every great city. His

grandparents kept him at school as much as possible, but after their decease he turned his back on old pursuits and entered into business on his own responsibility. He soon obtained employment in Baltimore with Hoover & McVeigh, grain commission merchants, and served as clerk at Locust Point and then entered the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad offices as clerk at the same point. He was then promoted to be the messenger in the office of the chief train despatcher at the Camden station, Baltimore, and when the road took its express business out of the hands of the Adams Express Company in 1877, and established an office at Harper's Ferry, Mr. Bready was made clerk in the express department there. In 1878 he was promoted to be the clerk at this point in the transportation department and later was promoted to be cashier at the same station.

In 1889 the two pulp mills, just started at Harper's Ferry, offered the position of bookkeeper to Mr. Bready, an offer he accepted; in 1893 he was made superintendent, in 1896, manager, and in 1897 general manager, being admitted to the firm in 1898. Under the present efficient management, the business has increased its output many fold and, while Mr. Bready generously gives his assistants great credit, is well known that his efficiency has had much to do with present prosperity.

In 1881 he married Mary E. Furtney, who is a daughter of George W. Furtney, the family being of English descent. Four children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Bready, namely: Eugene, born in September 1882; Gordon, born in 1883; Lillian, born in 1884; and "Uppie" born in October, 1893. In politics Mr. Bready is a Republican, although formerly a Democrat, separating from the latter organization because of his convictions on the tarlff question. He was a charter member of the Heptasophs, but belongs to no other order. He is interested in a number of business enterprises in Harper's Ferry, and is a substantial, representative man, respected in his business relations and beloved by all who are permitted to know him intimately. He is a man of genial, rugged nature, open, candid and cordial, an independent thinker and an energetic business man.

J. W. BELTZ, president of the J. W. Beltz & Sons Company, which operates four large lumber yards in Wheeling, and also a large manufacturing plant at the corner of 19th and Eoff streets, has been engaged in this

business since 1867. They manufacture sash, doors, frames and general house finishing material, and have an extensive business patronage.

Mr. Beltz was born in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, in 1837, and is a son of Peter Beltz. The latter, who was a native of Hessen, Germany, came to this country in 1837. He lived at various places in the United States and died at his home in Triadelphia in 1890, aged 84 years. His wife is also deceased. J. W. Beltz has two brothers in Ohio County,—Adam, who lives near the old homestead on Peter's run; and August, who conducts a carriage shop on Market street in Wheeling.

J. W. Beltz learned the trade of a cabinet-maker with Jerry Clemens and R. T. Friend. During the war he was in the quartermaster's department as a carpenter, and was located one year at Nashville. In 1867 the business of which he is now the head was established by him in connection with Joseph Salisbury and John Flading, as a planing mill. It was located on what is now the site of Benjamin Fisher's stove foundry, or the Wheeling Warehouse & Storage Company, and employed about six men. The firm continued until 1873, when Mr. Salisbury retired, and the firm name became Beltz & Flading. The concern was continued as a planing mill until 1885, when the present site was chosen and buildings were erected. The plant occupies two and a half lots, and has a lumber yard adjoining. The company also owns three other lumber yards in the city, and does an immense business in this branch of their work. In addition to these, the company rents another lumber yard from a railroad company, and handles lumber of every grade and kind. The firm was incorporated as the J. W. Beltz & Sons Company in 1884, with J. W. Beltz as president, and John C. Paul, secretary and treasurer. J. W. Beltz, Jr., Henry Beltz and Edward eBltz, sons of the subject hereof, are also connected with the business. Mr. Beltz has been a resident of Wheeling since 1838, and is well and favorably known throughout the vicinity.

Mr. Beltz was united in marriage with Virginia Grammer, who was also reared in Wheeling. Besides the three sons previously mentioned they have a daughter, Anna. Mr. Beltz resides in the Fifth Ward, has served two terms in the second branch of the City Council, and is a member of the Board of Trade. Fraternally, he is a member of the Arion Association and of the Carroll Club. Religiously he is a member of the Catholic Church.

HON. LOUIS F. STIFEL, a prominent member of the legal profession of Wheeling, is secretary of the Wheeling Title & Trust Company and is closely identified with many of the prosperous enterprises of the city. He was born in Wheeling in October, 1851, and is a son of C. E. Stifel, who for many years was a well known citizen of this city.

C. E. Stifel was born in Germany and there learned the trade of a tinner, working as a journeyman in different towns as far from home as Geneva, Switzerland. He removed to Wheeling, Virginia, now West Virginia, in 1836, and upon arriving worked for Squire Duly. After marriage he entered upon business for himself on Main street, near Ninth street, and manufactured tinware and house furnishings. He worked up a fine busines and in 1870 took in his sons, W. C and L. F., as partners, the firm name becoming C. E. Stifel & Sons, and as such is now conducted by his oldest son, W. C. Stifel. C. E. Stifel was known as the finest mechanic in his line, in using the hammer and in spinning copper and other metals into shape, work which is now done by machinery. He died in July, 1898, lacking but one month of being 84 years of age. In May, 1839, he was united in marriage with Anna Clara Becht, who is still living at the age of 80 years, having come from Germany in 1835.

Louis F. Stifel continued as a mem- of the firm of C. E. Stifel & Sons until 1875, and then attended law lectures in the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, where he graduated in 1877. He was admitted to the bar and began the practice in the office of Henry M. Russell. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1882, and again in 1888, serving two terms. He is a Democrat, politically, although he has taken no active part in politics except as mentioned. The partnership with Mr. Russell continued until Mr. Stifel took charge of the Wheeling Title & Trust Company, April 1, 1891. The company was organized in January, 1890, the organizers being William P. Hubbard, Henry M. Russell, George R. E. Gilchrist and Louis F. Stifel, and the idea being to do a regular title and trust business. Finding there was an insufficient title business, legislation was secured authorizing banking, and September 10, 1891, this branch of the business was started. The officers of the company are: Henry M. Russell, president; Charles J. Rawling, vice-president; Louis F. Stifel, secretary; William H. Tracy, assistant secretary;

and George R. E. Gilchrist, examiner of titles. They have a property of 62 feet frontage on the west side of Main street, the building being partly occupied by Nay Brothers' shoe store and Kraus Brothers' clothing house. The company has had a steady increase in business since its inception, and is one of the soundest banking institutions of the State. The board of directors consists of the following substantial business men: Henry M. Russell: Charles J. Rawling; William P. Hubbard; John A. Hess; Charles F. Brandfass; Charles Menkemeller; Fred C. H. Schwertfeger; John S. Naylor; H. F. Behrens; and Dr. Ackerman. Mr. Stifel is identified with several other business interests of the city, being president of the Ohio Valley Drug Company, a director of the German Fire Insurance Company of Wheeling, the leading company of the State; and treasurer of the Home for the Aged, and the City Hospital.

Mr. Stifel was joined in matrimony with a daughter of John Oesterling, deceased, who was at one time president of the Central Glass Company, which enterprise he built up. He was also president of the German Fire Insurance Company of Wheeling, and was a prominent business man of the city.

DR. R. O. McMASTER, one of the most prominent physicians and surgeons of Wheeling, West Virginia, is the proprietor of the McMaster Hospital at No. 1108 Chapline street, which he founded in 1886. It is an institution well known throughout this and adjoining States for its excellent facilities and the superiority of its medical attendants. Dr. McMaster was born near Jacobsburg, Belmont County, Ohio, and is a son of Robert McMaster. Robert McMaster, who is deceased, was a farmer by occupation, although in early life he occupied the Circuit Court bench for some years.

R. O. McMaster was primarily educated in Belmont County, Ohio, and then attended Starling Medical College, at Columbus, Ohio, from which he was graduated in 1875. He subsequently took a course in post-graduate work in Bellevue Hospital Medical College in New York City, and a three months' course in the Polyclinic Hospital in New York City. He first practiced in New Athens, Ohio, for five or six years, and located at Wheeling in the fall of 1883. He established a high-class practice, and in 1886 began keeping patients, which marked the inception of the McMaster Hospital. So suc-

cessful was he that in 1892 he remodeled the building and added to it, so that it has about 30 rooms and 20 patients can now be accommodated at one time. It is a private hospital, and excludes those having acute of infectious diseases. The Doctor has made a specialty of diseases of women, and in Wheeling is a pioneer in abdominal work, having operated successfully on 107 patients in 1900. It was the first private institution of this character established in the State, and it draws a high class of patients from all over West Virginia, and also from Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. All rooms have foul-air ducts, while fresh air is admitted so as to come in contact with the radiators, thus avoiding cool draughts. All rooms are well lighted and kept scrupulously clean, and the place is a model of convenience. The hospital possesses one of the finest operating rooms in the State, which is perfectly lighted from the sides and top and supplied with the latest improvements for sterilization. All clothing and the gloves worn by the physicians are sterilized before using, as well as the surgical instruments. A separate room, or closet with glass shelves, is provided for the many surgical instruments used, and the supplies of batting and bandages are kept in sealed packages. The water is boiled before using in operations. Pus, formerly considered unavoidable, is eliminated by this process of sterilization in handling patients. Dr. McMaster is largely engaged in practice in diseases of the throat and nose, and although this is not a specialty he has considerable work along this line. His attention is mainly given to specialties, notwithstanding he has quite an extensive general practice. He is a student of his profession, which he has thoroughly mastered, and has written several articles for different medical journals. He also invented a much needed surgical instrument, which is now largely in use.

Dr. McMaster was united in marriage with Ella M. Ault, a daughter of Thomas Ault, of Ohio, and their residence, which adjoins the hospital, is a very cozy and convenient home. They have two children: Mrs. Frank Armstrong, of Buffalo; and Thomas Austin, who is in the office of the National Steel Company, of Bellaire, Ohio. The Doctor is a member of the Ohio County Medical Society. He is a Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner. In his religious connections he is a member of the First Presbyterian Church.

NATHANIEL W. BALLANTYNE, secretary and treasurer of the West Virginia Fire Clay Manufacturing Company, at New Cumberland, Hancock County, was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, December 22, 1868, and is a son of Alex. and Irene (Freeman) Ballantyne.

The Ballantyne family was established in Pennsylvania by the grandparents of our subject, who were Nathaniel and Sarah (Wallace) Ballantyne, who were born and married in Scotland and came to America in 1836, on their wedding tour. They lived and died at Pittsburg, after rearing a family of 10 children. The old family home in Scotland was located near Paisley, and the grandmother was a descendant of the family of which the noted chieftain, William Wallace, was a member.

Alex. Ballantyne, the father of our subject, engaged in the glass business in Pittsburg. He died in 1885, aged 43 years. He married Irene Freeman, daughter of James L. and Priscilla (Gamble) Freeman, the former of whom was born in 1809, in Pittsburg, and at the age of 18 years removed to New Cumberland with his parents, Thomas and Elizabeth (Black) Freeman.

Hancock County owes much to Thomas and James L. Freeman for the development of one of the large and important industries of New Cumberland and vicinity. A foundry association in Pittsburg desired to find a certain kind of clay suitable for moulding into fire-brick and offered a prize to any one who would discover any bed of this kind within 100 miles of that city. Thomas Freeman, while boating along the river, made the discovery at the point known as Freeman's Landing, near the site of the present manufacturing plant. This discovery was made in 1829 and immediately capital came there and settlement began. Mr. Freeman built a small factory and began the manufacture of the brick, shipping to Pittsburg and Cincinnati, the nearest town being Fairview, five miles in the interior. Thomas Freeman reared a family of 10 children, the three survivors being: John, of Steubenville, Ohio; Jennie, of Pittsburg; and Mary, wife of Rev. John Truesdale, of Chicago. Thomas Freeman was a man of great business ability, recognizing before many others the possibilities of his section of the country. As early as 1850 he was engaged in a coal business, and with his son, James L., increased the fire-clay and brick business until they were the owners of three

plants. They were the first manufacturers of sewer pipe, manufacturing this necessity in 1860. Thomas Freeman died in 1857, at the age of 66 years, his widow surviving for a short time. James L. Freeman was engaged in the brick business on the river, opposite New Cumberland, when his death occurred in 1892, at the age of 83 years. Mrs. Ballantyne was her parents' only child and was but a babe when her mother died, aged 19 years. The father never married again. Four children were born to the parents of our subject, namely: Virginia, wife of George B. Walmer, of Chicago; Nathaniel W.; J. F. and C. A., both in the brick and mercantile business with Nathaniel W.

From the grandfather's time the brick business was carried on as a partnership arrangement, but in 1903 it was incorporated with J. F. Ballantyne as president; Nathaniel W. as secretary and treasurer; and C. A. Ballentyne as manager. The plant is located at Freeman's Landing, where both river and railroad facilities are at hand, and the output is clay and fire brick. They employ 40 men and the factory is well equipped with all kinds of modern labor-saving machinery. A ready market is found for their products, the clay found in the vicinity being peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of fire-brick. The brothers are all practical business men and carry on a large mercantile enterprise in connection with the manufacture of fire-brick, J. F. Ballantyne giving his attention to the mercantile branch.

Our subject has been so long connected with this business that he has few superiors in it. From childhood he has been familiar with it and is thoroughly conversant with every detail and every improvement in method. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias. The family belong to the Persbyterian Church.

CHARLES W. FRANZHEIM, a prominent citizen of Wheeling, West Virginia, is president of the Wheeling Pottery Company, the first pottery works established in the city, and is also president of the Riverside Pottery Company. Mr. Franzheim was born in Wheeling, in February, 1853, and is a son of George W. and Mary A. (Hornung) Franzheim.

George W. Franzheim was born in 1824, at Waechtersbach, near Frankfort, Germany, and in 1840 crossed the Atlantic to this country, locating in the city of Wheeling. He was one of the organizers of the First National

Bank (now Bank of the Ohio Valley), also of the Franklin Insurance Company of Wheeling, and a member of the City Council and Board of County Commissioners for many years. He served in the militia as major during the Civil War. He was united in marriage at Cincinnati, Ohio, with Mary A. Hornung, who was born at Allentown, Pennsylvania, of German parentage, and who now resides at Echo Point, a suburb of Wheeling. Six sons blessed this union: Charles W.; George W., Jr., deceased; Louis H., deceased; Albert A., contractor and ex-sheriff; Henry C., a member of the firm of G. Mendel & Company; and Edward B., the well known architect of Echo Point.

The Wheeling Pottery Company was organized and incorporated in 1879, and Charles W. Franzheim was one of the original stockholders and a member of the board of directors, which included: George K. Wheat, William A. Isett, Edward M. Pearson and D. J. McKee. Our subject has been an officer in the company since its inception and has served in the capacity of president and general manager since the spring of 1893. The first buildings were on the corner of 31st and Chapline streets, where they are still operating eight kilns. The plant at Woods and 31st streets, where the office is also located, was erected in 1889; and a higher grade of goods is there manufactured. The latter is also an eight-kiln factory, and both are built of brick. They employ some 450 men, including an office force of 10. They make a specialty of fine cameo china and ornamental ware, also a variety of ornamental art goods ranking favorably with the product of any other factory in the country. Mr. Franzheim, as president, is general manager and oversees all the work of the concern. He is also president and general manager of the Riverside Pottery Company, which was organized and incorporated in April, 1899, under practically the same management and ownership. In addition to his duties in connection with the potteries, Mr. Franzheim is also vice-president of the German Bank of Wheeling, vice-president of the Franklin Fire Insurance Company of Wheeling, trustee of the Mutual Savings Bank, and president of the Vance Faience Company, which is located at Tiltonville and is exclusively engaged in the manufacture of art goods. Our subject graduated as a civil engineer in 1872, but has always been engaged in the pottery business. From 1889 until 1893 he was president and gen-

eral manager of the Warwick China Company. He is a director of the Wheeling Board of Trade.

Mr. Franzheim was united in marriage in 1880 with Lyda H. Merts, of Ravenna, Ohio, she being a native of that State, and they have five children: C. Merts; George W.; Mary R.; Catherine M.; and H. Kenneth. Mr. Franzheim has a very fine home on the Island. In politics, he is a stanch Republican. He is one of the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, and is a man whose home is his club and lodge.

MERIDETH J. SIMMS, a leading citizen of Montgomery, Fayette County, West Virginia, president of the County Court, and a member of the business firm of Simms & Harmon, wholesale bottlers and ice manufacturers, was born April 9, 1862, in Nicholas County. He is a son of F. P. and Eliza (Simms) Simms, both natives of Fayette County, whose grandfathers were cousins, the family being numerous on the Gauley River, where the great-grandfather, William Simms, settled when he migrated from Eastern Virginia. At that time the country was wild and uncultivated, the inhabitants being only wandering Indian tribes and the savage beasts of the forest.

In 1895 the father of our subject, a son of William Simms, removed from Fayette County to Nicholas County. His wife is a daughter of Charles Simms, of the Gauley River country. They reared a family of nine children, all of whom survive and are counted among the valued citizens of that section.

Merideth J. Simms was reared in his native locality and attended the common schools. At the age of 21 he accepted a position as bookkeeper in a store and retained the position for about five years. He was only 25 years old when his prominence in the Republican party attracted attention, and he was appointed postmaster at Montgomery, by the late President Benjamin Harrison. In 1892 Mr. Simms was elected a member of the Board of County Commissioners, serving with so much efficiency that he secured the re-elected at the succeeding occasion. He has been prominently identified with political affairs in the county, was sent to Philadelphia as a delegate when McKinley and Roosevelt were nominated, is a member of the Republican Congressional Committee of his district and has not been absent from

a county convention for years. At Philadelphia his prominence was recognized by his appointment on the committee on rules and order of business. Since 1898 he has served as president of the County Court, making a very fine officer.

On July 5, 1886, Mr. Simms was united in marriage to Alwilda C. Ransom, of St. Albans, and their children are named as follows: Forest E., Ira, Maud Merideth and Eugene.

COL. J. A. McGUFFIN, general manager of the Longdale Coal & Iron Company, at Sewell, West Virginia, and a prominent and influential citizen of Fayette County, was born in Jackson County, Virginia, now West Virginia, May 23, 1844. He is a son of Robert and Elizabeth (McCowan) McGuffin, the former of whom was born in Bath County, Virginia, and the latter in Pennsylvania

The McGuffin family was established in Virginia, immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War, by Robert McGuffin, a native of Scotland. His son, James McGuffin, was also born in Scotland, and served in the War of 1812 as a cavalryman. He was a man of wealth and social importance in Bath County, where his whole after life was spent, and where he died during the Civil War.

Robert McGuffin, father of our subject was a son of James McGuffin and his wife, Elizabeth Irwin, who was a daughter of Robert Irwin, also a Revolutionary soldier. He removed in young manhood from Bath into Jackson County, this State, where he became a man of public importance and large means. He served as sheriff of Jackson County for two terms prior to 1850, and then moved to Mason County, locating on an estate eight miles above Point Pleasant, on the Kanawha River. His death occurred in 1858.

The mother of Colonel McGuffin was a daughter of John and Elizabeth (Stone) McCowan, the former of whom was a son of James McCowan, who served with the rank of captain under General Washington, and was a witness of Braddock's defeat at Beech Bottom. John McCowan, the maternal grandfather of Colonel McGuffin, was a captain in the War of 1812. The family records on both sides show that a military spirit has prevailed and many members have won distinction in that line. Our subject was the eldest of four children born to his parents, his two brothers and sister being as follows: Elizabeth, wife

of Walter H. Hogg, now a resident of Mason County; Dr. Richard M., of Bramwell, Mercer County; and J. B., a coal operator on Luke Creek.

Colonel McGuffin was about six years old when his parents moved to Mason County, and his early education was obtained in the country schools. Later he attended Alleghany College, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in 1861, in both the civil engineering and business courses. He was engaged in making military maps of Virginia for a time, and followed the profession of civil engineering for some ten years, and for a time served on the United States Engineering Corps, on the coast survey service. In 1872 he removed to Fayette County in the interests of the Longdale Coal & Iron Company and did all of the prospecting for that corporation. Colonel McGuffin antedated the building of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway through Fayette County, and was the first shipper of coal over the road, shipping before the lines were completed to the West. At that time the railroad permitted shippers to load their cars with coal on the main lines. The road was opened June 23, 1873, and our subject shipped the first coke from the New River Valley, to the Longdale Coal & Iron Company's furnaces at Longdale, Virginia. The company for which Colonel McGuffin so capably manages, operates a line of thirteen miles of railroad between Sewell and Cliff Top and has seven mines in operation which give employment to 1,000 people, while the main offices are situated at Sewell. Colonel McGuffin is a man of fine administrative ability and is interested in almost all of the leading coal, coke and iron enterprises of the vicinity, and is prominent in other institutions. He is president of the Henry Coal & Coke Company; of the Dunloop Coal & Coke Company; and of the Prudence Coal & Coke Company. He is also vice-president of the Citizens' National Bank at Charleston, West Virginia, and is secretary and treasurer of the Big Kanawha Leasing Company, owning and operating some of the biggest silver mines in Colorado.

On June 17, 1873, Colonel McGuffin was married to Maria Hogg, daughter of Col. James Hogg, of Mason County, a veteran of the Mexican War, the family being an old one in Virginia, of Scotch ancestry. The two children born to this union are: Olie, wife of Clarence Kirwin, of Baltimore, Maryland; and Lucy M., wife of John Gibson, of

Richmond, Kentucky. His second marriage was to Nettie Sharp, a daughter of William Sharp, who was born at Saratoga, New York, but who is now a well known resident of Ironton, Ohio, aged 84 years. One little daughter of William Sharp, who was this marriage. Col. McGuffin is a Mason of high degree, a Knight Templar, in which he is past commander of Kanawha Commandery, No. 4, of Charleston, and a Shriner, being a member of the Beni-Kedem Temple; he is also a Scottish rite Mason of the 33rd degree. He was honored by being selected as one of the judges at the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893 and was one of the judges and had charge of the exhibit for the State of West Virginia at the celebration of the Ohio Valley Centennial at Cincinnati, in 1903.

INDEX.

PAGE

A

Adams, George 575
Adams, G. W., M. D..... 723
Adams, Isaac M..... 109
Adams, James Robert..... 159
Alexander, William R..... 83
Arbuthnot, Rev. Samuel K..... 221
Archbold, Charles Wesley..... 309
Archer, V. B..... 87
Armstrong, Holly, G..... 209
Armstrong, Jacob Lorentz..... 47
Armstrong, Jacob Vaught..... 189
Armstrong, Hon. Virgil S..... 254
Aschman, Gustavus A., M. D..... 89
Ash, Rev. David L., D. D..... 131
Atkinson, Hon. George Wesley..... 315
Atkinson, John H..... 323
Avis, Samuel Brashear 476

B

Bailey, Benjamin Franklin..... 204
Baker, Hon. S. B..... 305
Baker, Hon. Stark L..... 66
Ballantyne, Nathaniel W..... 761
Barbee, Andrew Russell, M. D..... 415
Barber, Timothy Lawrence, A. M., M. D. 530
Bardall, John Cambridge..... 163
Barnhart, Hon. William Gray..... 529
Bartlett, Meigs Jackson, M. D..... 603
Baxter, Rev. John Frank..... 441
Beard, S. C., M. D..... 597

PAGE

Beardsley, Frank Leslie..... 574
Beaumont, F. P., M. D..... 361
Bee, Isaiah, M. D..... 341
Bell, Alfred W..... 334
Bell, David 497
Beltz, J. W..... 756
Bennett, Hon. W. R..... 707
Bernheim, Robert Benjamin..... 480
Billings, Samuel O..... 269
Bills, Robert E..... 111
Birtwell, Daniel T., M. D..... 684
Blizzard, Hon. John W..... 704
Bodley, John 665
Boger, C. M., M. D..... 710
Boreman, Hon. Arthur I..... 65
Bowen, Jonathan P..... 580
Bowen, William H..... 580
Bowman, Hon. Stuart Hampton..... 193
Boyd, Hon. George E..... 207
Bradley, James 432
Brady, W. S..... 317
Brandfass, Charles F..... 736
Bready, George R..... 755
Brewster, C. D..... 275
Brock, Allen 407
Brookfield, Capt. Rayner..... 517
Brown, John M..... 181
Brown, Hon. William Guy..... 719
Bryan, James A..... 201
Bullock, Thomas J..... 202
Burdett, Hon. John S..... 55
Burdett, Samuel C..... 493

371152

PAGE

Burk, Francis B..... 722
Burlew, Gen. N. S..... 724
Burns, Alexander C., M. D..... 666
Buster, Charles B..... 606

C

Camden, Hon. Johnson Newlon..... 38
Campbell, Harry M., M. D..... 750
Carfer, William H..... 617
Carlin, Hon. Ernest Burton..... 190
Carter, Alfred B..... 699
Carter, J. T..... 386
Carter, John T., A. M., M. D..... 695
Casto, Jennings B..... 158
Casto, Okey Johnson, M. D..... 186
Chambers, Okey Johnson..... 459
Champe, Vernon C..... 535
Chapman, Frank A..... 225
Chidester, Hon. Ray V..... 714
Clark, Frank Wells..... 619
Clelland, C. M., M. D..... 577
Cline, Robert D..... 185
Clohan, Alexander 240
Coffland, John S..... 582
Colcord, Hon. Edward Clark..... 292
Cole, Alfred Hamilton..... 171
Collins, David S..... 427
Conley, William Gustavus, LL. D..... 653
Conner, Charles Wesley..... 164
Cooke, Hon. John W..... 290
Cooper, Armor Stewart..... 449
Cooper, Edward 348
Cooper, John 348
Copeland, Garvey Leonard, M. D..... 725
Corbly, Prof. Lawrence J..... 223
Cotton, John T., M. D..... 421
Cox, Francis Volney, M. D., D. O..... 140
Cracraft, Dr. William Allen, Sr..... 698
Craig, C. P..... 372
Cramer, Richard H., M. D..... 511
Cranmer, Hon. Gibson Lamb..... 263
Crawford, Elson 444
Crockett, Hon. David Porter, M. D., M. E. 382
Crooks, Naomon J..... 373
Crow, Hon. George B..... 214
Cunningham, Hon. A. M..... 233

PAGE

Cunningham, D. W..... 491
Curry, William Edwin..... 146
Curry, W. P..... 645
Curtin, Gen. George W..... 363

D

Darnall, O. E..... 384
Davies, Hon. Thomas Phillips..... 743
Davis, Arthur C..... 267
Davis, Hon. John J..... 119
Davis, Hon. T. C..... 713
Dawson, Hon. William M. O..... 63
Dayton, Hon. Alston Gordon..... 539
Debendarfer, Uriah Herbert, A. M., M. D. 105
Dewey, Orville C..... 646
Dixon, Homer P..... 611
Dixon, J. Frank..... 67
Dodge, Harris B., LL. M..... 114
Donehoo, Hon. John R..... 467
Dorr, Hon. Charles Philip..... 320
Dovener, Hon. Blackburn Barrett..... 92
DuBois, Joseph Dorsey..... 447

E

Edgington, Hon. C. N..... 285
Edmiston, Hon. Andrew..... 95
Edwards, Thomas A..... 371
Elig, Charles J..... 133
Elkins, Hon. Stephen Benton..... 622
Elliott, Maj. Charles D..... 90
Emmons, Col. Delos W..... 80
English, Hon. John W..... 559
Ensign, Maj. Ely..... 418
Ensign, John W..... 293
Eplin, Miles Henderson..... 533
Ewing, E. C..... 374
Ewing, James Dallas..... 429
Ewing, Maj. William P., M. D., LL. D... 610

F

Fair, Absalom Titus..... 638
Faris, F. F..... 384
Farrow, J. S. A..... 145
Fay, Rev. Nathaniel Thomas..... 670

PAGE

Fay, Mrs. Louisa M. ... 672
Firth, George ... 462
Flaccus, George A. ... 612
Fleming, Hon. Aretas Brooks ... 359
Fleming, George Mervin ... 155
Fletcher, William Burley, D. D. S. ... 312
Ford, George M. ... 339
Fortney, Neil Judson ... 538
Frame, Hon. Mortimer W. ... 464
Frame, W. Frank ... 752
Franzheim, Charles W. ... 762
Frazer, James Carroll ... 621
Freeman, John ... 745
Freeman, W. G. ... 745
Freer, Hon. Romeo H. ... 17

G

Gainer, John T. ... 477
Gardiner, Theodore L., A. M., D. D. ... 255
George, Hon. Samuel ... 505
Giesey, Millard F. ... 546
Gilligan, Patrick J. ... 641
Glessner, W. L. ... 484
Goff, Hon. Nathan, LL. D. ... 746
Gordon, Hon. H. C. ... 633
Grant, Hon. Edward Miller ... 680
Greer, John M. ... 26
Greer, William Homer ... 137
Greer, William Thomas ... 251
Gregg, John Morton ... 383
Gregory, Hon. Robert Livingstone ... 297
Gribble, Wallace Bruce ... 298
Grubb, Harry K. ... 668

H

Haddox, Charles E. ... 280
Hall, Grant P. ... 564
Hall, Rezin Warfield, M. D. ... 257
Hambrick, J. Walter ... 443
Hamrick, William T. ... 486
Hansford, Hon. Lloyd ... 296
Harne, John Lee ... 123
Harris, Thomas Alexander, M. D. ... 25
Harshbarger, Ira J. ... 271
Haskins, Dr. Thomas M. ... 191

PAGE

Hatfield, Henry Drury, M. D. ... 727
Hawkins, J. Marshall ... 198
Hawkins, O. S. ... 141
Hawkins, Steele A. ... 594
Haymond, Hon. Luther ... 135
Haynes, R. A., M. D. ... 519
Hazlett, Robert W., M. D. ... 729
Helmick, Abraham L. ... 687
Henderson, Hon. Henry Clay ... 634
Henning, Charles H. ... 279
Henritze, Hon. T. L. ... 127
Henry, R. S., M. D. ... 662
Henshaw, Edgar Craven ... 70
Herndon, I. C. ... 635
Heslep, William A., M. D. ... 547
Hewitt, Col. John D. ... 566
Hicks, Ira Clay, M. D. ... 734
High, John H. ... 231
Hildreth, Benjamin M. ... 650
Hildreth, Dr. Eugenius Augustus ... 310
Hill, E. A., M. D. ... 445
Hill, W. E., M. D. ... 150
Hoard, Hon. Charles Brooks ... 570
Hoffman, John G., Sr. ... 508
Holden, Charles F. ... 317
Holswade, William Henry Harrison ... 438
Holt, James W. ... 396
Holt, John H. ... 122
Holt, Hon. John Homer ... 18
Hood, Thomas M., A. M., M. D. ... 501
Hook, George ... 425
Horstmann, Charles ... 314
House, George E. ... 399
Hughes, J. Ellwood ... 165
Hughes, Hon. Robert Emmet ... 694
Hughes, William Wellington ... 565
Hunter, Maj. Hanson Walker ... 302
Hupp, John Cox, A. M., M. D. ... 272
Hutson, Col. A. S. ... 515
Hyer, J. S. ... 337

I

Ice, Cassena Herschel, M. D. ... 265
Irvine, W. B. ... 243
Isbell, Hon. Lewis D. ... 169
Isett, William A. ... 102

PAGE

J

Jackson, Hon. Jacob Beeson..... 35
Jackson, Hon. James Monroe..... 149
Jackson, James Monroe, Jr..... 52
Jackson, Hon. John Jay..... 9
Jacobs, George R..... 460
Jarrett, J. A..... 587
Jenkins, John B..... 222
Johnson, Clyde Beecher..... 61
Johnston, David E..... 217
Jolliffe, Charles E..... 673
Jones, Hiram C., M. D..... 643

K

Kahle, Charles Edgar, M. D..... 276
Keeff, John J..... 596
Kendall, Hon. M. A..... 379
Kenna, Hon. John Edward..... 411
Kenney, Hon. A. E..... 440
Kidd, Hon. R. F..... 249

L

Laidley, Hon. William Sydney..... 676
Lambert, James E..... 558
Late, William M., M. D..... 219
Layden, D..... 733
Leahy, William J., M. D..... 332
Lewis, Col. Charles Cameron, Jr..... 705
Lewis, Edgar Malcolm..... 125
Lewis, George E., M. D..... 487
Lewis, Virgil Anson..... 31
Lewis, William A..... 435
Light, Andrew Jackson..... 584
Lightburn, Gen. J. A. J..... 345
List, R. H..... 81
Littlepage, Adam B..... 578
Loomis, F. Kent..... 751
Luther, Roland Yuengling..... 484
Lyons, Augustus J., M. D..... 54

Mc.

McCaskey, James F..... 567

PAGE

McClain, W. H., M. D..... 469
McClure, Hon. Joseph R..... 183
McColloch, Hon. Abram..... 174
McCowan, Prof. W. L..... 152
McDermott, Joseph H..... 353
McFadden, Hon. Galbraith Stuart..... 107
McGarvin, William..... 494
McGuffin, Col. J. A..... 765
McGuffin, Richard M., M. D..... 328
McKenzie, J. A..... 748
McMaster, Dr. R. O..... 759
McNeeley, William Oliver..... 228
McNeer, Hedley Vickers, M. D..... 283
McNutt, Charles R..... 551
McNutt, Dr. Robert Blaine..... 552
McWhorter, Hon. Joseph Marcellus..... 588
McWhorter, Louis E..... 696
McWilliams, R. W..... 545

M

Marcum, Hon. James H..... 482
Marcum, John S..... 479
Marshall, Hon. Oliver S..... 639
Martin, E. R. B..... 453
Mathews, William Burdette..... 513
Maxwell, Alexander O..... 601
Maxwell, Hon. Edwin..... 42
May, Hon. C. W..... 711
Melvin, Hon. Thayer..... 753
Menager, James B..... 503
Mendel, G. Edwards..... 113
Michael, Willis S., M. D..... 693
Miller, Hon. Alexander McVeigh..... 250
Miller, Col. James Henry..... 527
Miller, Thomas Condit..... 560
Miller, Hon. Warren..... 615
Moats, Hon. Francis Peirpoint..... 364
Moore, Bismarck Gilbert..... 262
Morgan, David Porter, M. D..... 98
Morgan, Isaiah D..... 173
Morrison, Okey Johnson..... 211
Morton, Hon. E. H..... 463
Muhleman, Charles L., M. D..... 53
Muhleman, Capt. Edward..... 510
Murphy, Benjamin F..... 397
Murphy, Hon. Lewis J..... 368

PAGE

N

Neal, Joseph B. 206
Neale, William H. 68
Nease, S. M. 573
Neil, Joseph M. 132
Nesbitt, Thomas W. 344
Newell, Hon. John E. 306
Norton, Maj. Thomas H. 356
Nuckolls, E. L. 749
Nutter, Walter Bruce. 121

O

O'Brien, Col. Thomas. 37
O'Brien, Capt. William Smith. 176
O'Conner, Rt. Rev. Daniel. 555
Ort, George 674

P

Patton, H. M., M. D. 134
Patton, Hon. James French. 215
Paull, Hon. James. 720
Payne, Genius 455
Payne, William Burbridge. 483
Peck, Nelson, M. D. 392
Peirpoint, Hon. Francis H. 7
Petty, O. A. 295
Peyton, Capt. Thomas West. 715
Phillips, Abraham F. 742
Poe, C. J. 681
Poffenbarger, Hon. George. 57
Pollack, Augustus 321
Popp, Joseph 478
Price, John Mason. 716
Prickett, Nathaniel Camden. 377
Pritt, Wayne K. 238
Pugh, Alexander Gordon. 335
Purinton, Daniel Boardman, Ph. D., LL. D. 94

Q

Quarrier, Hullihen 631

R

Reed, James 562

PAGE

Reedy, Everett K. 264
Renner, T. E. A. 458
Reynolds, Albert Worth. 288
Rhodes, Ira J. 432
Riggs, Charles Wesley, M. D. 524
Riggs, B. F. 187
Roach, Charles Madison. 180
Robinson, Eliel L. 391
Robinson, W. T. S. 338
Rosensteel, H. F. 161
Ruble, Rev. David William. 389
Rudesill, Hon. Colonel Ellsworth. 557
Rummel, H. D. 471
Russel, Gen. John Hooe. 44

S

Sands, Lawrence E. 253
Savell, John D. 128
Schad, August 690
Scherr, Hon. Arnold C. 426
Schoolfield, G. C., M. D. 685
Schramm, George 130
Schrebe, Henry W. 301
Scott, James Porter. 197
Scott, Hon. Nathan Bay. 424
Seabright, Charles W. 245
Seiber, William 402
Shafer, Charles E. 387
Shannon, Samuel H. 475
Shattuck, Charles H. 405
Shaver, A. C. 67
Shaw, Harry 139
Shawkey, Hon. M. P. 430
Shirkey, David M. 516
Shrader, John 473
Shrader, Samuel Wood. 287
Showalter, Ulysses Woodward, M. D. 230
Shrewsbury, G. H. 468
Shumate, Hiram Kendley. 688
Sidell, William Tecumseh. 281
Sikes, Col. Thomas. 663
Silman, Hon. Peter. 84
Simmons, J. C. 618
Simms, Henry Clay. 209
Simms, Hugh M. 651
Simms, Meredith J. 764

PAGE

Sinsel, Guy R. ... 162
Smith, Hon. Anthony ... 239
Smith, Arthur Boreman ... 625
Smith, Charles A. ... 728
Smith, Charles Dorsey ... 261
Smith, Hon. C. W. ... 78
Smith, Rev. James W. ... 326
Smith, Elba Marion ... 689
Smith, French W., M. D. ... 394
Smith, Howard Scott ... 434
Smith, Joseph Shotwell, M. D. ... 307
Smith, Capt. William ... 514
Smith, William Haimes, Jr. ... 354
Snider, Millard F. ... 654
Snook, George M. ... 420
Speidel, Joseph ... 330
Spragg, S. L. S., M. D. ... 85
Sprinkle, Edgar T. ... 439
Stanton, Hon. Benjamin ... 552
State Capitol Building at Charleston ... 410
State Capitol Building, Old, at Wheeling. 6
Steinmetz, Christian ... 227
Stephenson, Andrew Jackson ... 701
Stewart, Andrew F. ... 157
Stewart, William DeWitt, M. D. ... 160
Stifel, George E. ... 182
Stifel, Hon. Louis F. ... 758
Stifel, William F. ... 562
Stone, W. E. ... 367
Stout, Hon. John W. ... 247
Stout, J. L. ... 247
Strieby, Cyrus Oscar ... 523
Strother, James A. ... 536
Stump, J. L., M. D. ... 498
Sturgiss, Hon. George C. ... 548
Summers, U. Grant ... 319
Summerfield, C. R. ... 637
Sutton, Oley Ord ... 244
Swartz, S. E., A. B., Ph. D. ... 168
Swisher, Hon. C. W. ... 489
Swisher, Howard L. ... 403

T

Thaw, Robert Harper, M. D. ... 232
Thomas, F. S., M. D. ... 495
Thompson, Hon. J. O. ... 360

PAGE

Thompson, William R. ... 199
Thornburg, George E. ... 682
Topping, C. L. ... 125
Toy, Samuel A. ... 393
Trees, Joseph C. ... 205
Turner, C. H., Jr. ... 709

U

Ulrich, Charles Frederic, A. M., M. D. ... 142

V

Valentine, Arthur Jay ... 614
Vance, J. N. ... 534
Vandale, Hon. John A. A. ... 234
Van Winkle, W. W. ... 178
Via, Lemuel R., A. M., LL. M., M. Dip., D. C. L. ... 115
Vickers, Robert E., M. D. ... 376
Vrooman, Hon. Wellington ... 103

W

Waterhouse, John ... 278
Waterman, R. S. ... 294
Watson, S. L. ... 471
Welch, Capt. Isaiah A. ... 313
Wells, Hon. Charles E. ... 347
Wentz, Charles C. ... 351
Werner, William Lewis, M. D. ... 343
West, George Silas, M. D. ... 726
Wheat, George K. ... 116
White, Hon. Albert Blakeslee ... 16
White, Cummins E., M. D. ... 213
White, I. C., A. M., Ph. D. ... 542
White, Col. Robert ... 20
Whyte, W. W. ... 692
Wild, Rudolph ... 380
Williams, Hazael Coleman ... 332
Wilson, William Columbus Quitmen, M. D. 457
Wilt, Oscar C. ... 259
Wingerter, Dr. Charles A. ... 568
Wolfe, William H. ... 400
Woods, Homer B. ... 472
Woodyard, Hon. Harry C. ... 136
Wright, John ... 600

PAGE

Wright, J. E..... 236

Y

Yeakley, William Holmes, M. D..... 500
York, Hon. John Y..... 712
Yost, De Laniel Lee, B. S., M. D., M. E.. 737
Yost, Fielding H., B. S., M. D..... 740
Young, Frank D..... (00)

Z

Zoeckler, George L..... 525

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MICHAEL CLEEK.

The ancestor of the Cleek relationship in Pocahontas County was Michael Cleek, who was one of the earlier pioneers ty occupy the attrative portion of the Knapps Creek valley adjacent to Driscol, and came from Bath County. His wife was Margaret Henderson Crawford, whose father was from Lancaster, Pa., and lived in Bath County, near Windy Cove.

Michael Cleek opened the lands comprised in the Peter L. Cleek, William H. Cleek, and Benjamin F. Fleshman properties—the persons just named being his grandchildren. With the exception of two or three very small clearings, it was a primitive, densely unbroken forest of white pine and sugar maple. He built a log cabin on the site of the new stable, and some years subsequently reared a dwelling of hewn timber, now the old stable at Peter L. Cleek's. The late John Cleek, father of Peter and William, and who was the oldest of the family, could just remember when his parents settled here. They came out by the way of Little Back Creek, crossing the Alleghany Mountain opposite Harper's. His mother carried him in her lap, horseback, all the way from Windy Cove.

Michael Cleek's family consisted of three sons, John, William, and Jacob; and three daughters, Elizabeth, Barbara, and Violet.

Elizabeth married Jesse Hull, of Anthony's Creek. Their children were William Crawford, John, who died in the war; Jesse, Andrew, Mrs Margaret Mc-

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Dermott, on Little Anthonys Creek; Mrs Eveline Fleshman, Mrs Alcinda Stephenson, of Bath County; and Mrs Charlotte Fertig, of Anthonys Creek.

Barbara and Violet, the other daughters of the pioneer Michael Cleek, died in early childhood of the "cold plague," and their brother Jacob died of the same disease, aged eighteen years.

William Cleek never married, and spent most of his life with his brother John. The attachment these brothers had for each other was noticed and admired by all their acquaintances. They never seemed so well contented as when in each others company. His wit and good humor was remarkable. If all his funny harmless anecdotes could be recalled and written up, the result would be a very humorous book indeed, and nobody's feelings wounded thereby. He could be fecetious without hurting any one's feelings—a gift rarely possessed by humorists. He told most of his jokes on himself.

It now remains to make further mention of John Cleek, the eldest son of William Cleek's pioneer home. He married Phœbe Ann Lightner, a daughter of Peter Lightner.

John Cleek spent his life on the home farm. His family consisted of three sons, Peter Lightner, William Henderson, and Shelton Washington. The daughters were Mary Ann, Caroline Elizabeth, Alcinda Susan, Margaret Eveline, aad Eliza Martha.

Mary Ann was first married to Josiah Herold. She was left a widow, and afterwards married William C. Hull. Her daughters are Mrs Patterson Poage and

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Mis Tokey Hull.

Caroline Elizabeth married the late Lanty Lockridge.

Alcinda Susan married Hugh Dever, and is now in Nebraska.

Margaret Eveline married Renick Ward, late of Randolph County, and lives in Colorado.

Shelton W. Cleek died in infancy.

William H. Cleek married Margaret Jane Fleshman. He died in 1899.

Peter L. Cleek married Effie May Amiss. The pleasant home occupied by them is near the original site, across the valley from the public road, and near the foot hills of the Alleghany. Formerly the main road passed by the old Cleek homestead, crossing and recrossing the valley for the convenience of the residents. Thus the traveler would cover a good many miles in making but little progress in direct distance, as matters were in former times.

THOMAS McNEIL.

The McNeil relationship on Swago trace their ancestry to Thomas McNeil, who came to Swago from Capon Valley, Frederick County, between 1768 and 1770. His parents, whose names can not be recalled, came from Scotland. Thomas McNeil's wife was Mary Ireson, from Franklin County, Virginia.

About 1770 Thomas McNeil entered three hundred acres of land and settled where Joseph Pennell now lives, and built the house occupied a few years since by the samily of the late William McNeil, one of his

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tle while changed to sadness. The entire family were seized with the fever, and David, Nancy, and Sally were borne to their graves very soon, one after the other. Long as Solomon Conrad lived the memories of that sad home coming seemed to over shadow his spirit, and imparted a tone of subdued sadness to his demeanor. In mature life he made a profession of his trust in Christ and lived devoutly, honestly, and consistently.

There is much reason for believing that Browns Mountain and Browns Creek derive their names from Solomon Conrad's father-in-law, John Brown, late of Montgomery County, elsewhere referred to.

MICHAEL DAUGHERTY.

Among the early permanent settlers of Knapps Creek, and a person of some prominence in county affairs was Michael Daugherty. He was a native of Ireland and came from Donegal, and settled here about 1770. The property he owned is now in possession of Peter L. Cleek, William L. Harper, and the Ruckman sisters Margaret and Nancy. Mrs Daugherty was Margaret McClintic, whose parents lived near Staunton, Virginia. They were the parents of seven children, four daughters and three sons.

Their daughter Martha became Mrs John Frame and lived in Nicholas County.

Isabella Daugherty was married to William Nicholas and lived on Douthards Creek. The late Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft, was one of her sons.

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Elizabeth Daugherty became Mrs Adam Sharatt and located on the Greenbrier three miles above Marlinton, where he built a mill, traces of which yet remain. The dam remained long after the mill went out of use and went to ruins. It was finally destroyed as a nuisance. A more substantial structure of the kind perhaps was never constructed anywhere in this region. Thence the Sharatts went to Jacksons River, near the headwaters.

Margaret Daugherty married William Ruckman and first lived in Highland, afterwards came to Knapps Creek to the old homestead. In reference to her family we have the following particulars:

Isabella Ruckman died at the age of fourteen years. Mary Ann Ruckman, a very sprightly, interesting person, was an invalid from her early youth, and died but a few years since. Two other daughters, Margaret and Nancy Ruckman, live on the homestead. Michael Daugherty Ruckman married Jane Minter, of Cumberland County, Virginia, and settled near Mingo, in Randolph County. Thomas Ruckman married Mary Minter, and settled in Cumberland County. Mrs Mattie Riggleman is his only surviving child. Samuel Ruckmau married Elizabeth Hall, near the Big Spring of Elk, and settled in Randolph County. Mrs Lula Swecker and her sister Ardelly Ruckman are her children. Jesse Ruckman died at the age of thirteen years.

In reference to the sons of Michael Daugherty, the pioneer, whose names were John, Samuel, and William, we have this information: John Daugherty went to Kansas soon after its admission into the Union, mar-

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ried Margaret Clark, and settled in that State. Samuel Daugherty died in early youth at the old home on Mill Run. William Daugherty married a Miss Collins and after living a few years on Knapps Creek, went to Wythe County, Virginia. Wellington G. Ruckman, who now lives near Sunset, is a great-grandson of Michael Daugherty.

It is believed that Michael Daugherty built the first tub mill, propelled by water power, anywhere in this whole region. The site was on Mill Run, near Sunset and some traces of it yet remain. This mill seems to have been patronized by all sections of upper Pocahontas, and had the reputation of being one of the best of its kind.

It may be news to many of our esteemed readers that there was a "real old Irish gentleman" among those who endured the toils, privations, and perils that were peculiar to the early occupancy of this region, yet such appears to be the fact, as attested by authentic tradition. He grew to manhood having the privileges and advantages enjoyed by the sons of the Irish landed gentry. As far as possible he wished to have aristocratic usages in his home on the frontier. He was one of the few settlers that attended sales in Stanton or Culpepper Courthouse, where the services of passengers were put up at auction in order to secure the charges for transportation from foreign ports. If a passenger could pay all charges himself and show a receipt for the same, it became his patent of nobility in the new world; but if he could not, it seems he could not make good his claim to be one of "the qual-

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ity," some of us people used to hear so much talked about. In those old times when Michael Daugherty was living, if a person could pay his own way across the ocean, and hire or purchase the services of such as were less fortunate, then he was one of "the quality." As he was able to do both, then Michael Daugherty was one of the first of the new fledged nobility that occupied the Knapps Creek region.

With the notions peculiar to the Irish gentry, their young people felt it was essential to their comfort to have servants come and go at their bidding. Such a domestic arrangement was a pleasant shade in summer and a good warm fire in winter. The tradition is that Michael Daugherty was one of the first to enjoy the shade alluded to and the winter fires.

It is believed by his descendants that his father had designed his son Michael for the Catholic priesthood, and with a view to this had given him special educational advantages. Before receiving holy orders, the father died. It appears that in arranging the affairs pertaining to the settlement of the estate, in some way a serious disagreement arose between Michael and his step mother, and he thereupon received a portion of the goods allotted him and he came to America, and seems to have been lost sight of the Donegal Daughertys. It is believed with good reason that could Michael Daugherty's descent have been shown to the satisfaction of the Irish Court of Claims, that his West Virginia heirs would have come in for a handsome share of the ancestral legacies.

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County Antrim — Ireland

Capt. MOSES MOORE SR. — Jane
1686--1758

JOHN RISK — MARGARET

MOSES MOORE
Pioneer
1737 - 1812

HANNAH RISK *
1740 - 1810
m.8 Nov.1761

- John Moore
  (29 Jan.1762)
  (1822)
  m.20 Apr.1793
  Elizabeth McClung
  (1771)
  (9 Mar.1852)
- Margaret — Adam Stephenson
  b.1794
- Jane — John Lightner
  (25 Dec.1807) (2 Oct,1803)
  (23 May 1886) (7 Jul.1863)
- Elizabeth — Jacob Lightner
  d. 1850 d. 1842
- John
  d. aged 18
- Rachel — Miles Parsons
  (lived at Moorfield, W.V.)
- Mary Pheamster unmarried
  d. 6 Oct.1897
  (bur.George Cleek cemetary
  Bath Co.Va.)
- Rebecca — David Garvin
- Abigail — ? Myers
  1810-1846

- James Moore
  (5 Oct.1763)
  Margaret Nottingham
- William C.S.A. died young
- Mary — Clayton Dilley
- John
- James
- Joseph — Amanda Wood
  m.28 Feb.1828
- Rachel
- Jean

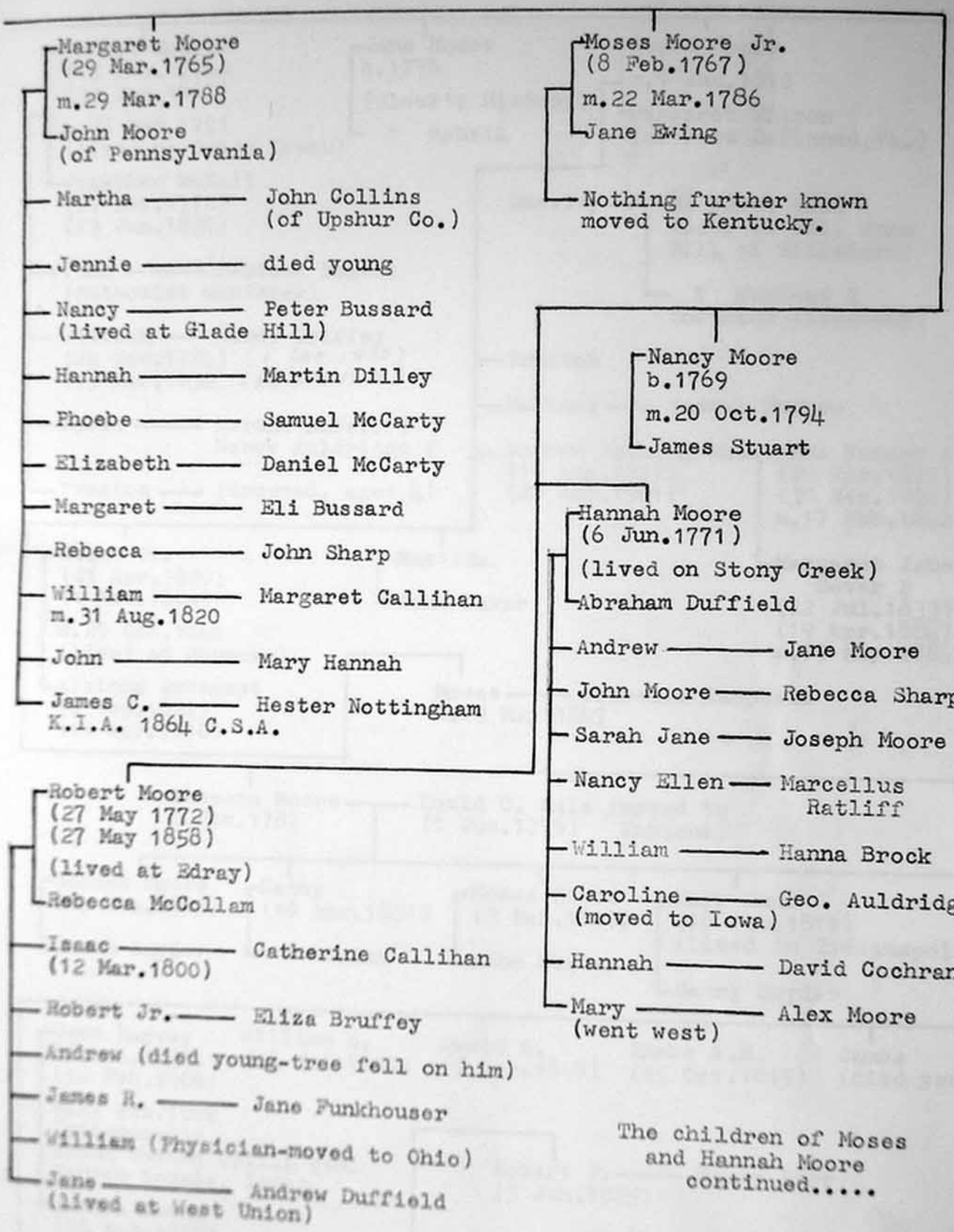
The children of Moses and Hannah Moore continued on the next 3 pages.

* William T. Price in his,"History of Pocahontas County", says that Moses Moore married a Miss Elliot. His evidence for this is family memory going back over one hundred years and Andrew Washington Moore, a grandson, who was 83 when he was interviewed by Price in 1900.

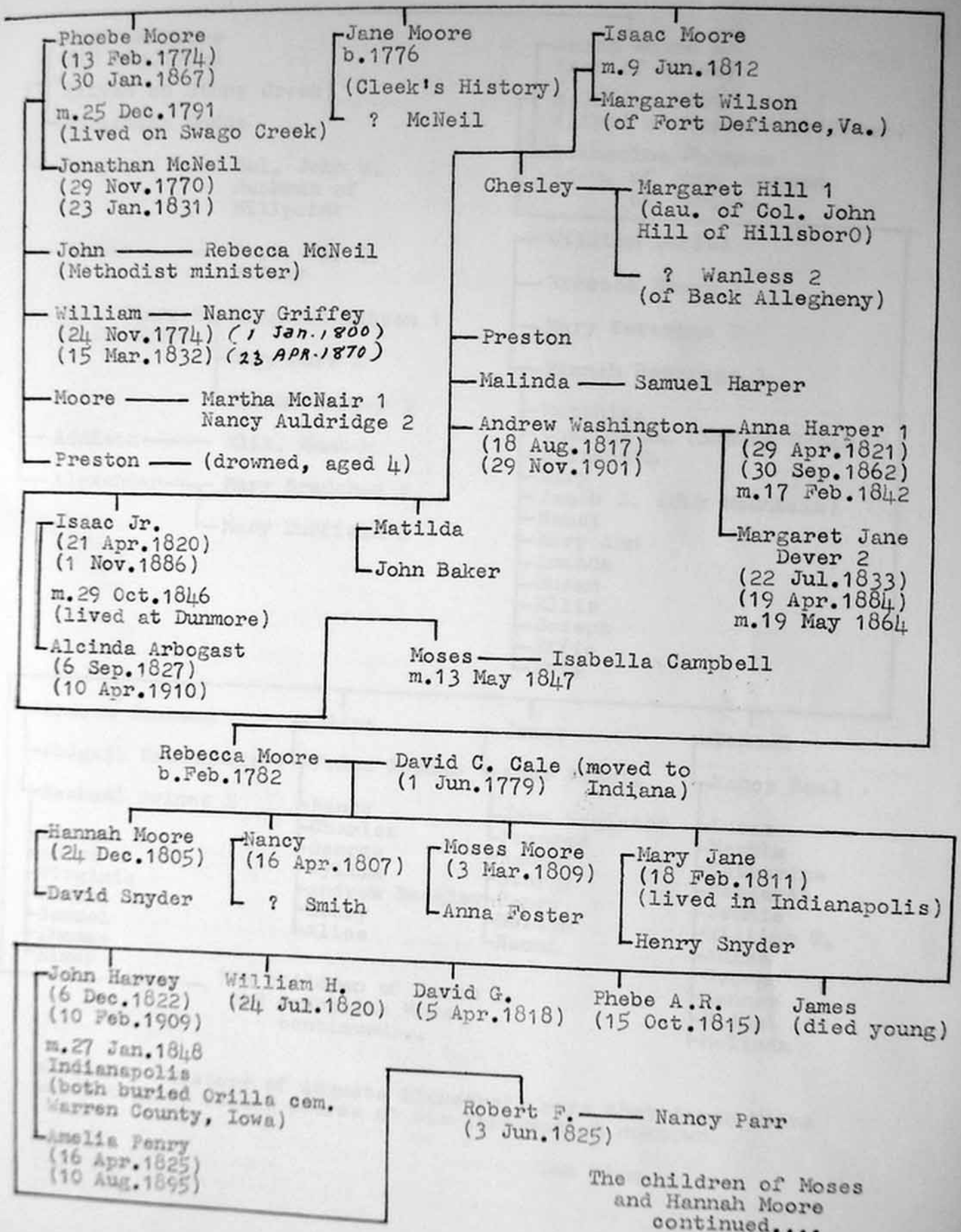
George W. Cleek in,"Early Western Augusta Pioneers",says that Moses Moore's wife was Hannah Risk.

Lyman Chalkey in,"Abstracts From The Records of Augusta County", points out that John Risk, of Timber Ridge, in his will of 1775 names Hannah Risk Moore. Chalkey's Records also names John Risk the father-in-law of Moses Moore. It is noteworthy that Moses Moore named a daughter Hannah while two other daughters called their children by the same name, possibly to honor their mother.

Tom King



The children of Moses and Hannah Moore continued.....



The children of Moses
and Hannah Moore
continued....

- William Moore (18 Sep.1784) (lived on Stony Creek)
  - Christina Dodds
    - Margaret — Col. John W. Ruckman of Millpoint
    - Jennie — Capt. Wm. D. Hefner
    - Rev. James E. (M.E. Church)
      - Margaret Sutton 1
      - Mary Burr 2
      - Luemma Harper 3
    - Addison — Eliz. Hannah
    - Alexander
      - Mary Bradshaw 1
      - Mary Duffield 2

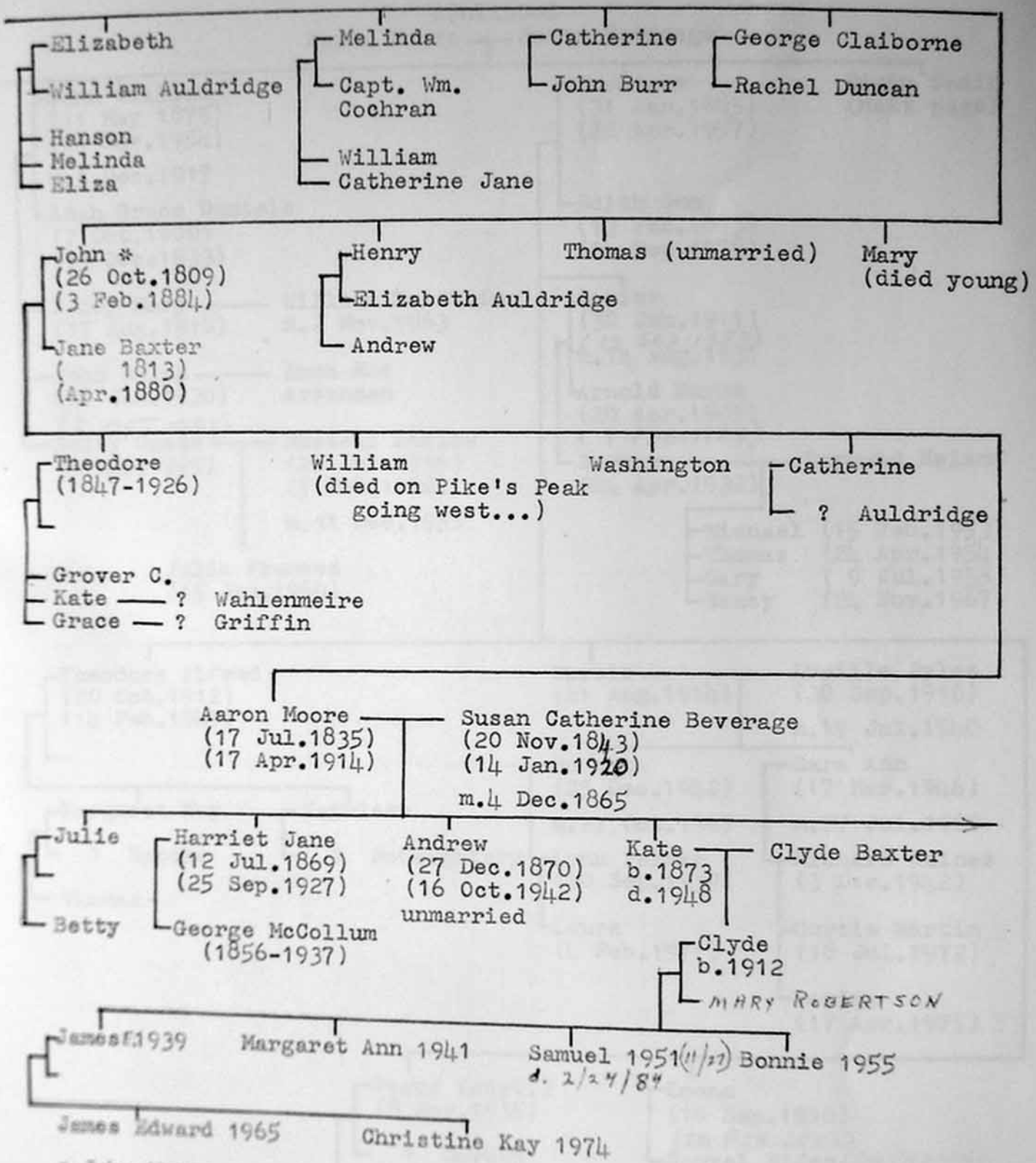
- Aaron Moore * (son of Moses)
  - m.26 Jan.1809 (lived on Greenbrier River)
  - Catherine Johnson (dau. of John Johnson of Jerico)
    - William Daniel
    - Rebecca Sharp 1
    - Mary Beverage 2
    - Hannah Beverage 3
      - Matthias
      - Charles L. (Browns Creek)
      - Elizabeth
      - Mary
      - Jacob S. (Elk Mountain)
      - Nancy
      - Mary Ann
      - Amanda
      - Susan
      - Ellis
      - Joseph
      - Effie
      - Etta

- Andrew Jackson
  - Abigail McLaughlin 1
  - Rachael Grimes 2
    - Ernest
    - Anise
    - Virginia
    - Forest
    - Samuel
    - Thomas
    - Elmer
- Eliza
  - Price McComb
    - Nancy
    - Charles
    - George
    - Wyllis
    - Andrew Beckley
    - Henry
    - Alice
- James
  - Anne McNeil
    - John Register
    - Frances
    - Rachel
    - George
    - Henry
    - Nelson
    - Naomi
- Samuel
  - Nancy Beal
    - Lucas
    - Martha
    - Catherine
    - Margaret
    - Jennie
    - William T.
    - Anise
    - George
    - Kenney
    - Rachel
    - Melinda

The children of Aaron and Catherine Moore continued...

* Cleek's "History of Augusta Pioneers", says that Aaron Moore was a twin of Isaac. Source of his information unknown.

Tom King



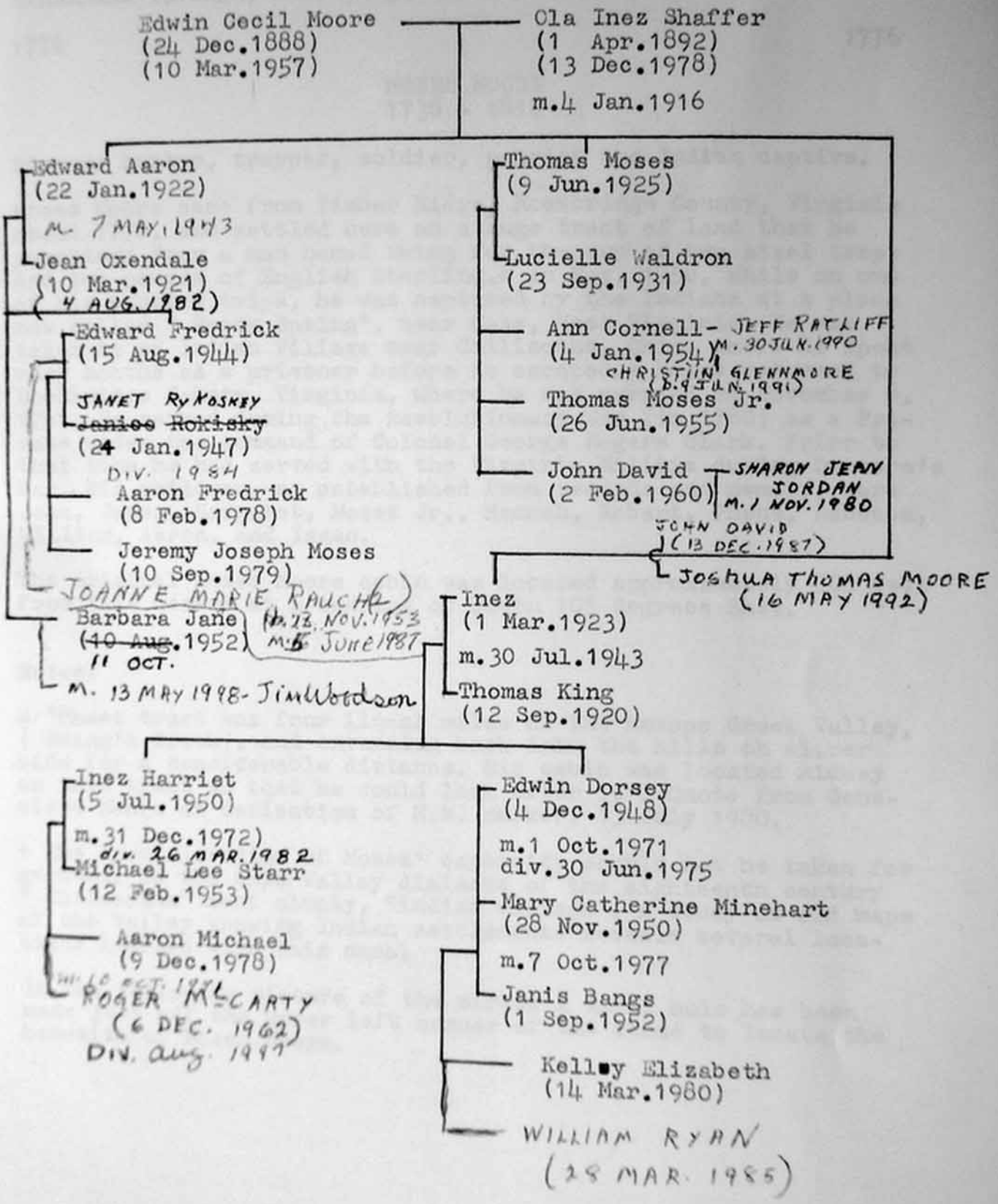
* John Moore was the eldest child of Aaron and Catherine. He aquired the Johnson property on Jerico Road, one mile north of Marlinton, through his mother. He is buried on the property on land now owned by the Pocahontas Development Co. and used as a quarry. His son Aaron is also buried in this family cemetary. The farm is presently owned by Thomas Moses Moore, the fourth generation to hold this land.

Tom King

continued

Aaron Moore — Susan Beverage

- John William (11 May 1875) (21 Nov.1954) m.5 Dec.1917 — Adah Grace Daniels (7 Oct.1900) (13 Dec.1933)
  - Nancy Mary (17 Aug.1918) — William Beistline m.2 Nov.1963
  - John Ralph (28 Jan.1920) (5 OCT.1996) — Anna Mae Arsaneau
  - Betty Grace (8 Mar.1929) — Russell Barlow (26 Jul.1916) (7 Feb.1980) m.31 Dec.1955
    - Julia Frances (15 Jan.1960)
- Theodore (31 Jan.1885) (22 Apr.1957) — Edith Gum (13 Feb.1893) (24 Sep.1978)
  - Louise (30 Jun.1911) (15 SEP.1989) m.14 Aug.1931 — Arnold Burns (20 Apr.1909) (9 FEB.1983)
  - Barbara (24 Apr.1932) — Raymond Nelson
    - Michael (15 Feb.1953)
    - Thomas (24 Apr.1954)
    - Gary (9 Jul.1955)
    - Nancy (24 Nov.1967)
- Edwin Cecil (next page)
- Theodore Alfred (20 Oct.1912) (14 Feb.1949)
  - Margaret May
    - ? Brooks
    - Thomas
  - Kathleen
    - ? McCaughtery
- Curtis (21 Aug.1914) — Lucille Pyles (30 Sep.1916) m.19 Jul.1940
  - Robert (25 Dec.1942) m.21 Oct.1967 — Lynn Palmer (10 Sep.1939)
    - Laura (4 Feb.1971)
  - Sara Ann (17 Mar.1946) m.27 Jul.1969 — Richard Raines (3 Dec.1942)
    - Curtis Martin (18 Jul.1972)
    - Betina (17 Apr.1975)
- Peggy (adpt.) (8 Nov.1935)
  - ? Dorsey
    - Marilee
    - Carolyn
    - Alicia
- Leone (19 Sep.1916) (10 FEB.2002) — Norval Pifer (Deceased)


Edwin Cecil Moore
(24 Dec.1888)
(10 Mar.1957)
Ola Inez Shaffer
(1 Apr.1892)
(13 Dec.1978)
m.4 Jan.1916
Edward Aaron
(22 Jan.1922)
M. 7 MAY, 1943
Jean Oxendale
(10 Mar.1921)
(4 AUG. 1982)
Edward Fredrick
(15 Aug.1944)
JANET RyKOSKEY
~~Janice Rokisky~~
(24 Jan.1947)
DIV. 1984
Aaron Fredrick
(8 Feb.1978)
Jeremy Joseph Moses
(10 Sep.1979)
JOANNE MARIE RAUCH
Barbara Jane
~~(10 Aug.~~1952)
11 OCT.
(b. 28 NOV. 1953
M. 5 JUNE 1987
M. 13 MAY 1998- Jim Woodson
Thomas Moses
(9 Jun.1925)
Lucielle Waldron
(23 Sep.1931)
Ann Cornell- JEFF RATLIFF
(4 Jan.1954)
M. 30 JUN. 1990
CHRISTIN GLENNMORE
(D. 9 JUN. 1991)
Thomas Moses Jr.
(26 Jun.1955)
John David
(2 Feb.1960)
SHARON JEAN JORDAN
M. 1 NOV. 1980
JOHN DAVID
(13 DEC. 1987)
JOSHUA THOMAS MOORE
(16 MAY 1992)
Inez
(1 Mar.1923)
m.30 Jul.1943
Thomas King
(12 Sep.1920)
Inez Harriet
(5 Jul.1950)
m.31 Dec.1972)
div. 26 MAR. 1982
Michael Lee Starr
(12 Feb.1953)
Aaron Michael
(9 Dec.1978)
M. 6 OCT. 1997
ROGER MCCARTY
(6 DEC. 1962)
DIV. aug. 1997
Edwin Dorsey
(4 Dec.1948)
m.1 Oct.1971
div.30 Jun.1975
Mary Catherine Minehart
(28 Nov.1950)
m.7 Oct.1977
Janis Bangs
(1 Sep.1952)
Kelley Elizabeth
(14 Mar.1980)
WILLIAM RYAN
(28 MAR. 1985)

Inscription on the Moses Moore marker located four miles north of Minnehaha Springs, West Virginia on State Rt. 92.

1776 1776

MOSES MOORE
1738 - 1812

Pioneer hunter, trapper, soldier, patriot and Indian captive.

Moses Moore came from Timber Ridge, Rockbridge County, Virginia about 1770, and settled here on a huge tract of land that he purchased from a man named Ewing for the sum of two steel traps and two pounds of English Sterling.* In May, 1758, while on one of his hunting trips, he was captured by the Indians at a place now called " Mosey Spring", near Cass, West Virginia. He was taken to an Indian Village near Chilicothe, Ohio, where he spent many months as a prisoner before he escaped.+ Moses returned to Rockbridge County, Virginia, where he was married on November 8, 1761. He served during the Revolutionary War (in 1780) as a Private under the command of Colonel George Rogers Clark. Prior to that time he had served with the Virginia Militia during Dunmore's War. His children, as established from records and memory, were John, James, Margaret, Moses Jr., Hannah, Robert, Phebe, Rebecca, William, Aaron, and Isaac.

The original Moses Moore cabin was located approximately 500 feet from this marker at a bearing of South 105 degrees East.

Notes:

* "Moses tract was four lineal miles of the Knapps Creek Valley, (Ewing's Creek), and extending back into the hills on either side for a considerable distance. His cabin was located midway on this tract so that he could look after it". Quote from Genevieve Moore at dedication of M.M. marker. 13 July 1980.

+ The exact location of Moses' captivity should not be taken for granted. In the Ohio Valley dialects of the eighteenth century " Chilocothe" ment simply, "indian village". A study of old maps of the Valley showing Indian settlements reveals several locations labeled with this name.

In the following picture of the marker a small hole has been made just off the upper left corner of the stone to locate the homesite of Moses Moore.

excerpted from the
HISTORY OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY W. VA.
William T. Price
Pub. Marlinton, W. Va.
1901

MOSES MOORE

Moses Moore, the progenitor of the largest relationship of the name in the county, came from what is now Timber Ridge, Rockbridge County, Virginia. About 1760 he was married to a Miss Elliot, a member of another Timber Ridge family. Their children were John, born January 29, 1762; James, born October 5, 1763; Margaret, born March 29, 1765; Moses Jr., born February 8, 1769; Hannah, born June 6, 1771; Robert, born May 27, 1772; Phebe, born February 13, 1774; and William, born September 18, 1784.

At the time of the Drennan raid, when James Baker and the Bridger boys were killed, Moses Moore was living on Swago, in sight of what is now the McClintic homestead. Phebe, his youngest daughter, remembered how the family refugeed to the fort at Mill Point, and while the Drennans and Moores and others were passing around the end of the mountain they heard the firing at the Bridger Notch, when the boys were killed. This would make it 1786 when James Baker, the first school teacher in Pocahontas County was killed.

During the first years of his pioneer life in our region, he spent much of his time hunting and trapping along the Back Allegany, upper Greenbrier River, and Clover Lick vicinity. He was a close observer of Indian movements, and would make a careful search for Indian signs before resuming operations as the hunting seasons returned. The usual place for the Indians to cross the Greenbrier, in the hunting grounds mentioned, was at a passage narrow enough for them to vault over on a long pole. He would take notice accordingly which side of the river the vaulting-pole would be on, and act accordingly. Finallythe Indians seemed to have found out his strategy, and thereupon vaulted the narrow passage and cunningly threw the pole back to the other side.

This threw the hunter off his guard. It was Saturday; he set his traps, looked after the deer signs, and arranged his camp. The venerable William Collins, yet living(1901), is sure that the camping spot was on what is now the Charlie Collins place, on the Greenbrier above the Cassell fording, at a place near Tub Mill where he was captured by the wily Indians.

It was the hunters purpose to pass the Sabbath at his camp in quiet repose and devotional reading of the Bible he carried about with him for company. He had put a fat turkey to roast about daylight, and was reclining on a bear skin reading a lesson from the Word, preparatory to a season of meditation and prayer before breakfast, a habit so characteristic of the Scotch-Irish at that period. He was interupted by the breaking of a stick, and upon looking intently and stedilly in the direction whence the sound seemed to have come he saw five or six warriors aiming their guns and moving cautiously upon him.

Seeing there was no chance of escape, hemmed in as he was, he threw up his hands and made signs for them to come to him. He put the turkey before them and made signs for them to eat. By

gestures and gutteral gruntings they gave him to understand that they would not touch it unless he would eat some first. He did so, and thereupon they devoured it revenously, and it was notime that scarcely a fragment remained, even of the bones.

Soon as breakfast was over, they started for their home in Ohio.Having passed but a few miles, they halted at what the pioneers afterwards called the Mosey Spring. The spring- one of the most copious and beautiful of its kind- is near the residence of the late David McLaughlin, four or five miles up the Back Allegany road from Driftwood. The prisoner was securely bound with buffalo thongs and pinioned to the ground. A detachment went off in the direction of Driftwood, and were absent two or three hours.When the party returned they were loaded down with ore. This was carried to a place, where another halt was made and the ore was smelted and reduced in weight, so that one could carry what had required two to bring in as raw material.

The prisoner was taken as far as Chilacothe, and the Indians seemed to have been greatly elated over their capture.So much so that as a special compliment to their lady friends it was decided in solemn council of inquirey what to do with the prisoner, that the captive should run the gauntlet. The Indians seemed to have known of nothing so intensly amusing than running the gauntlet, and of no compliment more flatering to their favorite lady friends that have them to form the gauntlet lines, and leave it to them to torment the captive.Accordingly two lines of squaws were drawn up about six or eight feet apart. One captive had preceded Moore, who was stabbed, bruised and hacked to pieces. This made him think it was only death any way. He entered the line and passed some distance, finally a squaw with a long handled frying pan struck him. He wrenched the pan from her and knocked her down with his fist and then striking left and right with the handle of the frying pan, he proceeded along the line, and many of the other squaws ran away. When Moore had scattered them, the warriors crowded around him, patted and praised him, "good soldier,"good soldier", and decided that he should be allowed to live. By degrees he secured the confidence of his captors. In hunting he was very sucessful and the Indian who was his keeper would give him ammunition, a part of which he would secret. The supply of ammunition was gradually increased, and the time given him to be absent was extended two or three days. With this increase of rations of powder and bullets and extension of time, he ventured to make an escape, and got a start so far ahead that the Indians could see no hopefull chance of recapturing him.

It is nothing but just to remark Moses Moore is one of the pioneers of this county who will be among those longest remembered in the future by those interested in our pioneer literature. Moses Moore's decendants have probably cleared more land that any other family connection; some of them have been and are prominent in public affairs. The following particulars were mainly furnished by the venerable Andrew Washington Moore, one of his grandsons, now(1901) in the 83rd year of his age, residing on Knapps Creek and occupying a part of the old ancestral homestead.

About 1770 Moses Moore settled on Knapps Creek, known at that period as Ewing's Creek, and so named in some of the old land papers. Traces of the original cabin remained in the meadow near

the old orchard contiguous to Washing Moore's present residence. The tract of land purchased by Moses Moore from one Mr. Ewing, for the consideration of two steel traps and two pounds of English sterling, extended from Andrew Harold's to Dennis Dever's gate by the roadside below the Francis Dever homestead. Besides other improvements, Mr. More built a mill on Mill Run, quarter of a mile from Isaac Brown Moore's.

The Daughters of Moses Moore

Margaret Moore, remembered as a very estimable person, married John Moore, a native of Pennsylvania, and they lived where David Moore now resides. Her daughter Hannah was married to Martin Dilley, Esq. and lived where Mrs. Martha Dilley, relict of the late Andrew Dilley, now lives.

Her son, William Moore, married Miss Calahan of Bath County, and settled where Jefferson Moore, her grandson, now lives, whose wife was a Miss Grimes.

Margaret Moore's son, James C. Moore, married Miss Notingham, and lived on land now occupied by his widow and son William. This excellent man was a Confederate soldier and died in battle near New Hope, Augusta County, Virginia, June 1864.

Another of Margaret's sons, John by name, married a Miss Hannah, of Elk, daughter of Dr. John Hannah, ancestor of the Pocahontas Hannahs, and lived on the home place, now held by David Moore.A grandson, Joseph Moore, lives between Frost and Glade Hill. Near his residence the spot is pointed out where Rev. Henry Arbogast was slain during the Civil War.

Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses, was married to Abraham Duffield, on Stony Creek, the ancestor of the Pocahontas Duffields.

Phebe Moore, another daughter, became Mrs. Jonathan McNeill on Swago. She was a person highly esteemed for her piety, sound sense, and business energy. For years she attended the mill, one of the best of its kind at that time-in the twenties and thirties. Sometimes the mill would have to run day and night, to supply the custom and avoid grinding on the Sabbath day. There used to be a saying that,"an honest miller has hair on the palm of his right hand". Were this a fact, Aunt Phebe's right hand would have been more hairy than Esau's would have been.

There was a Rebecca Moore, who was married to a Mr. Cole, and lived in Rockbridge.

The Sons of Moses Moore

Robert married a Miss McCollam and lived at Edray where William Sharp now lives. Rev. George P. Moore is a great-grandson of Moses Moore, also Samuel B. Moore, both residents of Edray.

Aaron Moore lived on Greenbrier, three or four miles above Marlinton. His wife was Catherine Johnson, daughter of John Johnson, who lived on the Jerico place, a mile north of Marlinton. Charles L. Moore on Brown's Creek, and Jacob S. Moore, on Elk are great-grandsons of Moses Moore, the pioneer.

Moses Moore, Jr. emigrated to Kentuckey.

William Moore married Christina Dods, of Rockbridge County, and lived on Stony Creek on the place now occupied by the family

of the late Dr. Page Carter.

Their daughter, Margaret, became the wife of the late Colonel John W. Ruckman of Mill Point.

Another daughter, Jennie, was married to Captain William D. Hefner, who died in battle at Lewisburg during the War.

Their son, the Rev. James C. Moore, was a widely known Methodist minister.

John Moore, another son of the pioneer, married a Miss McClung, of Greenbrier County, and settled at Mt. Vernon, Knapps Creek. Their daughter Jennie married John Lightner, near Hightown, Highland County. Another daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs. Jacob Lightner, and lived where the late Francis Dever had his home. There was a son, John Moore, who died aged 18 years.

Isaac Moore, son of Moses, settled near the old home now occupied by I. B. Moore. His wife was Margaret Wilson, from the vicinity of the Old Stone Church, Augusta County. Their children were Chesley, Preston, Malinda, who became Mrs.Samuel Harper; Washington, Matilda, who became Mrs. John Baker, Isaac, Jr., and Moses.

Chesley married a daughter of the late Colonel John Hill, for whom Hillsboro is named. After her death Chesley married Miss Wanless, on Back Allegany.

Andrew Washington Moore first married Anna, daughter of Henry Harper, of Sunset, and settled on a part of the Knapps Creek homestead. His second marriage was with Margaret Jane, daughter of the late John Dever, of Highland County.

Isaac Moore, Jr. lived at Dunmore.He and a citizen named Dunkum bought from Andrew G. Mathews his fine farm and divided it. Out of their names they coined the word Dunmore and so named the post office, which had previously been named Mathewsville. Isaac Moore married Alcinda Arbogast, daughter of the late William Arbogast of Green Bank. Their daughters were Mrs. George H. Moffett, of Parkersburg; and the late Mrs. Dr. Charles L. Austin of Green Bank. Their sons are C. Forrest, Harry, Earnest, and Rice. Earnest is Sheriff of Pocahontas County. Judge C. Forrest Moore resides at Covington, Va. He presided at the trial of Goodman for fatally shooting, at Glady's Inn, Va., Colonel Parsons, the proprietor of the Natural Bridge. At present he is the attorney for the Covington Paper Mills. He has been largly insturmental in bringing the varied resources of our county into practical notice. Forrest Depot is named for him.

Moses Moore lived on the home place. His wife was Isabella, daughter of Thomas Campbell of Highland County,and still survives her lamented husband, who was a person eminent for his christian character. She has her home with her son, J. Brown Moore, who was recently (98-99) a member of the West Virginia Legislature.

The study of pioneer history is deeply interesting, and very benificial when the reader traces the lines of descent, and duly reflects upon the contrast of what has been and what is now. By doing so intelligently, we are prepared to some extent to realize what is due the memory of those whose bravery, industry, and self denial made it possible for us to have the comforts we now enjoy.

As long as the Moores retain their characteristic industry, prudent economy, honesty in their dealings, and pious proclivities, they will be a blessing to our county in the future, as they have been in the past, and are now.

MOSES MOORE WILL
Will Book #1, Page 510
Bath County Virginia

I Moses Moore being of sound mind and memory doth make my last will and testament in way and manner following that is to say after resigning my body to the grave and my soul to God I do give and bequeath my worldly goods in way and manner following. I do give and bequeath unto David Kayles that part of land lying on the Little Calf Pasture in Rockbridge County not given or willed to any person heretofore provided said David Kayles do give unto my daughter Phebe McNeel the sum of two hundred pounds good and lawful money of Virginia to be paid at the expiration of five years, one fifth part of the above sum must be paid down and bond and approved security given to my administrator. I do also give and bequeath unto Hannah Dilley and Jean Moore my granddaughters that trak of land lying on the Allegany Mountain, Bath County to be equally divided between them. I do further give and bequeath unto my daughter Margaret Moore my Negro boy named Eddie, to her sole use and purpose. I do further give unto my daughter Margaret my sorrel horse already in her custidy. I do likewise give and bequeath unto my son Isaac Moore all my stock of cattle which amounts to fifteen head,likewise three head of horses with one saddle and bridle. I do also give and bequeath unto Robert Moore my son all that sum of money due me for the rent of my land in Rockbridge County after paying all debts, dues and demands. I do also bequeath unto my son John Moore the sum of ten shillings. I do also give and bequeath unto Hannah Duffeil the sum of ten shillings. I do bequeath unto my son William Moore the (sum) of ten shillings. I do bequeath unto my daughter Jean McNeel the sum of ten shillings. I do likewise give and bequeath unto Aaron Moore the sum of ten shillings. I likewise bequeath unto my son Moses Moore the sum of ten shillings. I also appoint Levi Moore and Robert Moore my two friends administrators of this my last will and testament given from under my hand this ninth day of June in the year of our Lord 1812.

MOSES MOORE

Teste:
Alex S. Waugh
Chas. Grimes
Samuel Waugh

Bath County September Court 1812

This last will and testament of Moses Moore, dec'd. was presented in Court and proved by the oaths of Alexander S. Waugh and Samuel Waugh, two of the subscribing witnesses thereto and ordered to be recorded.

Teste: Charles Cameron, Clk.

12 July 1980

Visited the Moore family cemetary located within the working perimiter of the large rock quarry presently owned by the Pocahontas Construction Company on the Jerico Road near Marlinton, West Virginia. We found four gravestones there bordered by a wire fence in bad repair. The inscriptions on the stones are as follows:

In Memory of
my father
Aaron Moore
Born July 17, 1835
Died April 17,1914
MOORE

In memory of our Mother
Susan C. Moore Wife of
Aaron Moore
Nov. 20, 1843
Jan. 14, 1920
Fold her, O Father in thine
arms and let
her henceforth be a messenger
of love
between our human hearts and
thee,

JOHN MOORE
Born Oct. 26, 1809
Died Feb. 3, 1884

an honest man

In Memory of
My Mother
JANE MOORE
Born 1813
Died Apr.
1880

There was further evidence on one infant burial in the form of an erect field stone. No inscription.

Tom King

Thomas E. King

SOME THOUGHTS ON MOSES MOORE

During the past fifteen years I have studied the life and times of Moses moore in the following publications. The History of Pocahontas County W. VA. by William T. Price, 1901; The History of Pocahontas County West Virginia, 1981; Moses Moore, SR. and some descendants by Osee Johnson Knouf; Abstracts from the Records of Agusta County, Virginia by Lyman Chalkey; Early Western Agusta Pioneers by George W. Cleek; Annals of Agusta County Virginia by Joseph A. Waddell; and some thoughts from George Douglas McNeill in May 1958.

Herewith are my thoughts based on family speak, legal records, and some conjecture on my part.

The record is complicated by the fact that in the latter half of the eighteenth century there were three Moses Moores, all active. I wil call them Moses Moore, Sr. Moses Moore, Pioneer, and Moses Moore, Jr.

In 1752 Moses Moore, Sr.(note 1) took up land on Ewings Creek,(later called Knapps Creek), by patent. I have found no evidence that this patent was ever recorded; however, it is mentiomed in a later deed from his son,(Moses Moore, Pioneer) to his grandson, Aaron Moore,(note2). This land was close to the holdings of James Ewing.

At this date (1752) Moses Moore, Sr. was about 65 years old; his son, Moses Moore, Pioneer, at home on Timber Ridge was only 15. The Greenbrier Valley,inhabited by unfriendly indians and preditory animals, was a vast wilderness. James Ewing had taken up land only the year before and Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell had spent the winter of 1750 here.

In 1754 the French and Indian War broke out making it difficult for the English settlers to maintain a foothold in the Valley. The dividing line between the Virginia settlements and the wilderness was the Jackson River. Moses Moore, Pioneer, often crossed this river to hunt and fish. On one occasion he ran out of luck and was captured by the indians just as he entered the wilderness, he was 21 years old and single, (note 3). He was taken by his captors to one of the chilocothe villages west of the Ohio River where he remained for an undetermined length of time. I suspect that he was still a captive when his father died in November of the same year, (1758), at the age of 72,(note 1).

It is certain; however, that he had escaped the indians in 1761 because on November 8th of that year he married Hannah Risk, daughter of John Risk of Timber Ridge,(note 4).

With the death of Moses Moore, Sr. in 1758 the land on Knapps Creek became vacant. In 1763 the French and Indian War ended with the Treaty of Paris and the French lost all of their holdings in North America except for the Louisanna Territory.

King George III ordered all settlers west of the Alleghenies to vacate their lands in order to pacify the indians. This order was largly disobeyed until the Clendennin Massacre, after which the Greenbrier Valley was almost devoid of whites until 1769.

James Ewing left his homestead on Knapps Creek and retreated back across the mountains. He returned to the Greenbrier Valley in 1770 and in the same year came Moses Moore, Pioneer, a man of 33 with five children to take up the unre-

corded patent of his father which had lain vacant for twelve years.

A difference of opinion arose between Moses and Jim Ewing as to the validity of this landholding and Moses gave Mr. Ewing two steel traps and two pounds sterling to help him see the wisdom of his claim.

I do not know how much land Moses Moore, Pioneer, finally held on Knapps Creek but judging from his will and other out-conveyances during his lifetime I will guess from 1000 to 1500 acres. He also owned land on Allegheny Mountain and the Little Calfpasture River in Virginia.

So, what happened to Moses Moore, Jr? Beginning in 1805 there were several out-conveyances from him until a final one in 1813."From Moses Moore and Grizzella Moore, his wife of Bath County,State of Kentucky, 406 acres of land on Greenbrier River". Nothing further is known.

TOM KING

March 1, 1995

1250 BRIERCLIFF ROAD
BRIDGEPORT, W.V. 26330

Note 1. Moses Moore, born about 1686, died Nov. 1758. "appraisers appointed for Moses Moore,decd. in Green Brier(sic). Nov. 17, 1758."Abstracts from the Records of Agusta County, Virginia by Lyman Chalkley. Vol. 1, page 82.

Note 2. 10 July, 1792. Moses Moore to Aaron Moore, 218 acres on the waters of Greenbrier River on Knapps Creek granted to Moses Moore by patent dated 28 April 1752. Bath County, July Court 1792. Deed Book 1, page 56.

Note 3. "Moses Moore taken prissoner by indians, Jackson River." Chalkley's Agusta Records; Vol 2, page512.
Also noted in Annals of Agusta County, Virginia by Joseph A. Waddell, page 158.

Note 4. "Moses Moore vs. Samuel Cloyd, five pounds. Be pleased to pay unto John Risk, my Father-in-Law, that money you owe me for I have empowered him to act for me in my absence".Feb. 5, 1766 signed Moses Moore. Chalkley's Abstracts, Vol.1, page 355,also Early Western Agusta Pioneers by George W. Cleek.

Special Note. In the eighteenth Century and before the terms Junior, and Senior were not used as they are today. They could mean Father and Son, Uncle and Nephew,or even Big and Little in a physical sense.

T. K. 1995

leg was amputated. He recovered, and lived a number of years thereafter, a busy man of affairs. He died "serene and calm," April, 1840, in the 89th year of his age.

In the Richmond Dispatch, April 14, 1901, it is stated that the last survivor of the Point Pleasant veterans was Ellis Hughes, who passed away at Utica, O., in 1840, over ninety years of age. In early manhood he may have lived in the Lower Levels of our county. Now if it was known what month Huges died in, it could be decided who was the last one of the veterans to bivouac in those "silent tents" that Glory "guards with solemn round."

MOSES MOORE.

Moses Moore, the progenitor of the largest relationship of the name in the county, came from what is now Timber Ridge, Rockbridge County, Virginia. About 1760 he was married to a Miss Elliot, a member of another Timber Ridge family. Their children were John born January 29, 17e2; James, born October 5, 1763; Margaret, born March 29, 1765; Moses, Jr., born February 8, 1769; Hannah, born June 6, 1771; Robert, born May 27, 1772; Phebe, born February 13, 1774; William, born September 18, 1784.

At the time of the Drennan raid, when James Baker and the Bridger boys were killed, Moses Moore was living on Swago, in sight of what is now the McClintic homestead. Phebe, his youngest daughter, remembered how the family refugeed to the fort at Mill Point, and while the Drenanns and Moores and others were

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passing around the end of the mountain they heard the firing at the Bridger Notch, when the boys were killed. This would make it 1786 when James Baker, the first school teacher in Pocahontas, was killed.

During the first years of his pioneer life in our region, he spent much of his time hunting and trapping along Back Alleghany, upper Greenbrier River, and Clover Lick vicinity. He was a close observer of Indian movements, and would make a careful search for Indian signs before resuming operations as the hunting seasons returned. The usual place for the Indians to cross the Greenbrier, in the hunting grounds mentioned, was at a passage narrow enough for them to vault over with a long pole. He would take notice accordingly which side of the river the vaulting-pole would be on, and act accordingly. Finnally the Indians seemed to have found out his strategy, and thereupon vaulted the narrow passage and cunningly threw the pole back to the other side.

This threw the hunter off his guard. It was Saturday; he set his traps, looked after the deer signs, and arranged his camp. The venerable William Collins, yet living (1901), is sure that the camping spot was on what is now the Charley Collins place, on the Greenbrier above the Cassell fording, at a place near Tub Mill where he was captured by the wily Indians.

It was the hunter's purpose to pass the Sabbath at his camp in quiet repose and devotional reading of the Bible he carried about with him for company. He had put a fat turkey to roast about daylight, and was reclining on a bear skin reading a lesson from the Word,

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preparatory to a season of meditation and prayer before breakfast, a habit so characteristic of the Scotch-Irish at that period. He was interrupted by the breaking of a stick, and upon looking intently and steadily in the direction whence the sound seemed to have come he saw five or six warriors aiming their guns and moving cautiously upon him.

Seeing there was no chance to escape, hemmed in as he was, he threw up his hands and made signs for them to come to him. He put the turkey before them and made signs for them to eat. By gestures and gutteral gruntings they gave him to understand that they would not touch it unless he would eat some first. He did so, and thereupon they devoured it ravenously, and it was no time that scarcely a fragment remained, even of the bones.

Soon as breakfast was over, they started for their home in Ohio. Having passed but a few miles, they halted at what the pioneers afterwards called the Mosey Spring. The spring—one of the most copious and beautiful of its kind—is near the residence of the late David McLaughlin, four or five miles up the Back Alleghany road from Driftwood. The prisoner was securely bound with buffalo thongs and pinioned to the ground. A detachment went off in the direction of Driftwood, and were absent two or three hours. When the party returned they were loaded down with ore. This was carried to a place, whefe another halt was made and the ore was smelted and reduced in weight, so that one could carry what had required two to bring in as raw material.

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The prisoner was taken as far as Chilacothe and the Indians seemed to have been greatly elated over their capture. So much so that as a special compliment to their lady friends it was decided in solemn council of inquiry what to do with the prisoner, that the captive should run the gauntlet. The Indians seem to have knywn of nothing so intensely amusing than running the gauntlet, and of uo compliment more flattering to their favorite lady friends than have fhem to form the gauntlet lines, and leave it to them to torment the captive. Accordingly two lines of squaws were drawn up about six or eight feet apart. One captive had preceded Moore, who was stabbed, bruised and hacked to pieces. Thys made him think it was only death any way. He entered the line and passed some distance, finally a squaw with a long handled frying pan sturck him. He wrenched the pan from her and knocked her down with his fist and then striking left and right with the handle of the frying pan, he proceeded along the lines, and many of the other squaws ran away. When Moore had scattered them, the warriors crowded around him,patted and praised him, "good soldier," "good soldier," and decided that he should be allowed to live. By degrees he secured the confidence of his captors. In hunting he was very successful and the Indian who was his keeper would give him ammunition, a part of which he would secret. The supply of ammunition was gradually increased, and the time given him to be absent was extended two or three days. With this increase of rations of powder and bullets and extension of time, he ventured to make escape, and got a

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start so far ahead that the Indians could see no hopeful chance of recapturing him.

It is nothing but just to remark Moses Moore is one of the pioneers of this county who will be among those longest remembered in the future by those interested in our pioneer literature. Moses Moore's descendants have probably cleared more land than any one family connexion; some of them have been and are prominent in public affairs. The following particulars were mainly furnished by the venerable Andrew Washington Moore, one of his grandsons, now (1901) in the 83rd year of his age, residing on Knapps Creek and occupying a part of the old ancestral homestead.

About 1770 Moses Moore settled on Knapps Creek, known at that period as Ewing's Creek, and so named in some of the old land papers. Traces of the original cabin remained for years in the meadow near the old orchard contiguous to Washington Moore's present residence. The tract of land purchased by Moses Moore from one Mr Ewing, for the consideration of two steel-traps and two pounds of English sterling, extended from Andrew Herold's to Dennis Dever's gate by the roadside below the Francis Dever homestead. Besides other improvements, Mr Moore built a mill on Mill Run, quarter of a mile from Isaac Brown Moore's.

The Daughters of Moses Moore.

Margaret Moore, remembered as a very estimable person, married John Moore, a native of Pennsylvania, and they lived where David Moore now resides. Her daughter Hannah was married to Martin Dilley, Esq.,

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and lived where Mrs Martha Dilley, relict of the late Andrew Dilley, now lives.

Her son, William Moore, married Miss Calahan, of Bath County, and settled where Jefferson Moore, her grandson, now lives, whose wife was a Miss Grimes.

Margaret Moore's son, James C. Moore, married Miss Nottingham, and lived on land occupied by his widow and son William. This excellent man was a Confederate soldier and died in battle near New Hope, Augusta County, Va., June 1864.

Another of Margaret's sons, John by name, married a Miss Hannah, of Elk, daughter of Dr John Hannah, ancestor of the Pocahontas Hannahs, and lived on the home place, now held by David Moore. A grandson, Joseph Moore, lives between Frost and Glade Hill. Near his residence the spot is pointed out where Rev Henry Arbogast was slain during fhe Civil War.

Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses, was married to Abram Duffield, on Stony Creek, the ancestor of the Pocahontas Duffields.

Phebe Moore, another daughter, became Mrs Jonathan McNeill on Swago. She was a person highly esteemed for her piety, sound sense, and business energy. For yeart she attended the mill, one of the best of its kind at that time,—in the twenties and thirties. Sometimes that mill would have to run day and night, to supply the custom and avoid grinding on the Sabbath day. There used to be a saying that "an honest miller has hair on the palm of his right hand." Were this a fact, Aunt Phebe's right hand would have been more hairy than Esau's would have been.

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There was a Rebecca Moore, who was married to a Mr Cole, and lived in Rockbridge.

The Sons of Moses Moore.

Robert married a Miss McCollam and lived at Edray where William Sharp now lives. Rev Geo. P. Moore is a great grandson of Moses Moore, also Samuel B. Moore, both residents of Edray.

Aaron Moore lived on the Greenbrier, three or four miles above Marlinton. His wife was Catherine Johnson, daughter of John Johnson, who lived on the Jericho Place, a mile north of Marlinton. Charles L. Moore, on Brown's Creek, and Jacob S. Moore, on Elk, are great-grandsons of Moses Moore, the pioneer.

Moses Moore, Jr., emigrated to Kentucky.

William Moore married Christina Dods, of Rockbridge County, and lived on Stony Creek on the place now occupied by the family of the late Dr Page Carter.

Their daughter, Margaret, became the wife of the late Colonel John W. Ruckman of Mill Point.

Another daughter, Jennie, was married to Captain William D. Hefner, who died in battle at Lewisburg during the War.

Their son, Rev James E. Moore, was a widely known Methodist minister.

John Moore, another son of the pioneer, married a Miss McClung, of Greenbrier County, and settled at Mt Vernon, Knapp's Creek. Their daughter Jennie married John Lightner, near Hightown, Highland County. Another daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs Jacob Lightner, and lived where the late Francis Dev-

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er had his home. There was a son, John Moore, who died aged 18 years.

Isaac Moore, son of Moses, settled near the old home now occupied by I. B. Moore. His wife was Margaret Wilson, from the vicinity of the Old Stone Church, Augusta County. Their children were Chesley, Preston, Malinda, who became Mrs Samuel Harper; Washington, Matilda, who became Mrs John Baker; Isaac, Jr., and Moses.

Chesley married a daughter of the late Colonel John Hill, for whom Hillsboro was named. After her death Chesley married Miss Wanless, on Back Alleghany.

Andrew Washington Moore first married Anna, daughter of Henry Harper, of Sunset, and settled on a part of the Knapp's Creek homestead. His second marriage was with Margaret Jane, daughter of the late John Dever, of Highland County.

Isaac Moore, Jr., lived at Dunmore. He and a citizen named Dunkum bought from Andrew G. Mathews his fine farm, and divided it. Out of their names they jointly coined the word Dunmore and so named the postoffice, which had been previously named Mathewsville. Isaac Moore married Alcinda Arbogast, daughter of the late William Arbogast of Green Bank. Their daughters are Mrs George H. Moffett, of Parkersburg; and the late Mrs Dr Charles L. Austin of Green Bank. Their sons are C. Forrest, Harry, Ernest, and Rice. Ernest is Sheriff of Pocahontas County. Judge C. Forrest Moore resides at Covington, Va. He presided at the trial of Goodman for fatally shoting, at Gladys' Inn, Va., Colonel Parsons, the proprietor of the Nat-

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ural Bridge. At present he is Attorney for the Covington Paper Mills. He has been largely instrumental in bringing the varied resources of our county into practical notice. Forrest Depot is named for him.

Moses Moore lived on the home place. His wife was Isabella, a daughter of Thomas Campbell of Highland County, and still survives her lamented husband, who was a person eminent for his christian character. She has her home with her son I. Brown Moore, who was recently (98–99) a member of the West Virginia Legislature.

The study of pioneer history is deeply interesting, and very beneficial when the reader traces the lines of descent, and duly reflects upon the contrast of what has been and what is now. By doing so intelligently, we are prepared to some extent to realize what is due the memory of those whose bravery, industry, and selfnenial made it possible for us to have the comforts we now enjoy.

As long as the Moores retain their characteristic industry, prudent economy, honesty in their dealings, and pious proclivities, they will be a blessing to our county in the future, as they have been in the past, and are now.

RICHARD HILL.

Richard Hill, whose ancestral blood courses the veins of a great many worthy citizens, now claims our special notice in this paper. It is generally believed he came to this region soon after the armies of the Rev-

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The Old Mother and Her Army: The Agitative Strategies of Mary Harris Jones

By Pat Creech Scholten

"MOTHER Jones[1] is one of the most forceful and picturesque figures in the labor movement," Clarence Darrow wrote in 1925.[2] Remembered by militant unionists and recently discovered by a new generation of radicals, Mary Harris Jones continues to be a popular heroine today.[3] During her fifty years as a labor organizer, she created a sensation wherever she went. Her activities and jailings even into her eighties won her wide newspaper coverage. "She captured the imagination of American workers as no other woman has yet done," Tim Tippett, a chronicler of the labor movement, wrote.[4] To her enemies, she was "an anarchist," "a she-devil," "a stormy petrel of labor," "grandmother of agitators," and "the most dangerous woman in America." To one admiring observer she was "a dynamic, go-to-hell type with a bagful of tricks and a vocabulary that caused many a mule skinner to hang his head in shame . . . ."[5]

Delighting in her "hell-cat" image, Mother Jones lived up to her name. Once introduced by a professor as "a great humanitarian," she quickly corrected him. "Git it right," she interrupted. "I'm not a humanitarian. I'm a hell-raiser." But to the working classes, she

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Pat Creech Scholten, Ph.D., Indiana University. This article is based upon a paper presented at the 61st Annual Meeting of the Speech Communication Association, December 27-30, 1975. Mother Jones is one of five women studied in Ms. Scholten's dissertation, "Militant Women for Economic Justice. The Persuasion of Mary Harris Jones, Ella Reeve Bloor, Rose Schneiderman, Rose Pastor Stokes, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn."

[1] Born Cork, Ireland, 1830; died Silver Spring, Maryland, 1930. Her career as a labor organizer began with the Knights of Labor in the 1870s. Her organizing activities with UMWA and as an independent "walking delegate" continued until the 1920s when she was in her nineties. She is primarily identified with striking miners of Colorado and West Virginia, although she worked with mill, railroad, and streetcar workers or wherever there was "a good fight against wrong." *The Autobiography of Mother Jones*, edited by Mary Field Parton and with a foreword by Clarence Darrow, was recently reissued, with an introduction and bibliography by Fred Thompson (Chicago, 1972). A recent biography is *Mother Jones, the Miner's Angel: A Portrait* by Dale Fetherling (Carbondale, Illinois, 1974). See also *The Dictionary of American Biography* and the *Encyclopedia of Social Science*.

[2] Foreword, Jones, *Autobiography*, xxi.

[3] *New York Times*, 23 April 1972, p. 1, reports that pop posters in Appalachia feature not Dennis Hopper or Che Guevara, but Mother Jones. "Now her words and images are being used to help a new generation of Appalachians struggle toward a common movement or experience." Two publications which reflect this new interest are: *Thoughts of Mother Jones Compiled from Her Writings and Her Speeches*, ed. by Eve Axford (West Virginia, 1970) and *Mother Jones in Appalachia* by Keith Dix (Detroit: Radical Education Project) a reprint of an article which originally appeared in "People's Appalachia," June-July, 1970.

[4] *Encyclopedia of Social Science*, Vol. 8, 415.

[5] Burton R. Boulton, *Out of the Depths* (Denver, 1942), 32.

was the revered "Mother" who had adopted the workers as her "children" when her own family had been lost in an epidemic. Her place of residence was "wherever there is a good fight against wrong,"[5] an expression of her philosophy of life as well as her Manichean penchant for black-or-white absolutes. Her motto: "Pray for the dead and fight like hell for the living."

Mistress of Epithet

Contemporaries of Mother Jones refer to her "salty language" (she herself termed it "classic" or "classic French") and her easy use of " 'Hell . . . with no more effort than she said 'ethyer' or 'nyther.' "[7] She once told Frank Walsh, the Chairman of the House of Representatives' Commission on Industrial Relations, "When I get worked up, I am not a very polite character."[8] In fact, the most distinguishing feature of the rhetoric of this grandmotherly Victorian woman, who dressed in black silk and white lace, was her use of the derogatory epithet. She could not resist punctuating her remarks with epithets and epigrams even in the presence of Presidents. Theodore Roosevelt, the only President who refused to see her, did not escape. She often spoke of "Teddy, the monkey chaser," suggesting a President more interested in African *safaris* than the needs of American workers. Thus, by the standards of the times, she earned her own epithet: "the profane Joan of Arc."

Mother Jones' gift for memorable epithets originated in her rather simplistic view of the world, shaped by her long experience as a labor organizer. Her world was made up of two kinds of people: "poor working people who love truth" and those whom she labeled "enemies of my class." Most of her epithets were impersonal and could be applied indiscriminately to the "money powers" and their hired officials who interfered with "her boys." She often spoke of "Rockefeller's gang of thieves," "high class burglars [capitalists]," "pirates," "plutocrats," "Judas Iscariots," "vulchers [vultures]," "Steel Kings," "two-by-four lawyers," "sanctified cannibals," "sewer rats," and assorted "dogs"—"company lap dogs," "Little poodle dogs,"

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[5] Her answer to Chairman Frank P. Walsh, Commission on Industrial Relations, when he asked, "Where do you reside?" U.S. House of Representatives, Committee on Rules, *Hearings on Industrial Disputes in Colorado and Michigan*, 63rd Congress, 1st session, 1913, 10614.

[7] *New York Times*, December 1, 1930, 23.

[8] U. S. House of Representatives *Hearings*, 10625.

"dogs of war," "bloodhounds," and "curs." Wives of the "money powers" were called self-indulgent "parasites"—"a group of damn cats." She was less caustic toward "poor little sheriffs," "little peg-leg squires," "Sunday-school fellows," and 'lickspittles." Inspired by her stylistic genius, her enemies replied in kind.

Her Agitative Strategies

Mother Jones' hell-raising strategies had two aims: to bolster the spirits and goals of the working classes and to expose their exploitation by management. In its tribute to Mother Jones upon her death at age one hundred, the New York Times concluded, "Hers were the methods of a pioneer."[9] Exploiting settings and circumstances, she needed no handbook for revolution; she devised her strategies intuitively and on the spot. She shocked the senses and aroused the emotions. One of her most frightening expressions was "I think I will arrange a little publicity." Admiring newspapermen usually were happy to oblige.

The rhetorical vehicles of Mother Jones generally fall into four categories: "Pageants of poverty," public encounters with management and law officials; public speeches, and writings, including letters to friends and associates in the labor movement, letters from jail, and late in her long life, a dramatic autobiography. Although her activities have been the subject of several historical studies, the nature and effect of her agitative and rhetorical strategies have not been considered.[10] This topic will be the focus of this discussion.

Perhaps Mother Jones is best remembered for what the *New York Times* called "her special faculty . . . the arrangement of what might be called pageants of poverty, processions of the ill-used."[11] Her most famous was the twenty-two day "March of the Mill Children" in which she led mill-mangled children on a 125 mile march to Oyster Bay, the summer home of President Theodore Roosevelt, to publicize the immorality of child labor.[12] During her speeches at stops along the way, she would hold up a sickly or mangled child, and

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[9] *New York Times*, December 1, 1930, 23.

[10] See "Crusade for Child Laborers: 'Mother Jones' and the March of the Mill Children," *Pennsylvania History*, 38 (July 1971), 283-296, by C. K. McFarland and "Mother Jones on the Fairmount Field, 1902," *Journal of American History*, September 1970, 286-307, by Edward Steel.

[11] *New York Times*, December 1, 1930, 23.

[12] 300 men, women and children left Kensington, Pennsylvania, July 7, 1903, according to Fetherling's account. By July 29, the party had dwindled to six, including three children. They were turned away by guards. Fetherling, 48-52.

she once arranged the children in an empty circus wagon to show their bondage, demonstrating her resourcefulness. Some of her pageants included a dishpan brigade, mop-and-broom brigades, the singing-mothers-wailing-babies jail disruption tactic, and her own numerous marches at the head of striking miners. Each pageant invited confrontations, jailings, and publicity.

Mother Jones relished her public role as tormentor of the oppressor class. Each occasion gave her an opportunity to exercise her gift for invective and to demonstrate her sharp wit. Much of her later fame rests on her fearless verbal exchanges in these encounters, which she enjoyed recalling. Of course, in her version, Mother Jones was always heroine of the day; her oppressors, outwitted and left speechless, could only jail her. Aside from the "money powers," she regarded many who opposed her as wayward children, especially the "boys of the militia" whom she considered as members of the working classes; she often gave them apples and shared her food with them. Their officers she regarded in another light. "Don't come back," a stern Captain warned her as he put her aboard a train for Denver. "If I don't feel like it, I won't," said Mother Jones.[13]

Her quick wit and resourcefulness were as evident in her public speeches as in her public encounters. Throughout her long career, she spoke before many audiences: coal miners on strike, labor leaders at miner's conventions, suffragists, judges, congressmen, and in private meetings with Presidents and governors. By necessity, she had learned to speak extemporaneously and to use the materials at hand for her invention. While speaking on the steps of the Capitol in West Virginia, her eye fell on the inscription in the steps: "Mountaineers are always free." Mother Jones declared: "Now, I want to state right here to this audience that we are going to make that good or we will tear up that inscription."[14]

Her long experience and deeply held convictions made a script unnecessary. A *New York Times* reporter described her speaking before 500 suffragists in 1914: "Mother Jones spoke an hour and a half, and then read a few facts . . . 'There's going to be no speaking,' said Miss Leckie, who introduced her, 'and only one talk by the biggest woman in the world!' . . . Mother Jones started in, beginning with Rome, so it was not surprising that it took her nearly two hours

[13] U. S. House of Representatives *Hearings*, 10633.
[14] U. S. House of Representatives *Hearings*, 10629.

to tell the women all about it."[15] One suffragist questioned whether women could ensure free speech in the streets, as Mother Jones advocated, without the vote. Demonstrating her ability to compose a witty, memorable epigram on the spot, even at age eighty-four, Mother Jones answered "cheerfully": "I have no vote . . . and I've raised hell all over this country."[16]

The wit of Mother Jones took a different turn when she spoke to the "uncomfortable" as opposed to the "comfortable" suffragists. Speaking to striking coal miners caught in a life-or-death situation, her analogies and epigrams took on an elevated seriousness. An example of her eloquence in a trying situation was a speech she gave at a convention of quarreling miners of the northern and southern coal fields of Colorado. In her autobiography she relates the speech: " 'Brothers,' I said, 'you English speaking miners of the northern fields promised your southern brothers, seventy per cent of whom do not speak English, that you would support them to the end. Now you are asked to betray them, to make a separate settlement . . . You are all miners, fighting a common cause, a common master. The iron heel feels the same to all flesh. Hunger and suffering and the cause of your children bind more closely than a common tongue . . . .' "[17]

But it took the "damnable, infamous" conditions of the Paint Creek District coal fields of West Virginia in 1912 to arouse Mother Jones to the total indignation she needed to reach her peak as an orator in her fifty years as a labor organizer.[18] Mine operators' use of armed guards to deny miners freedom of speech and assembly along public roads and places, the twenty-five murders of guards and citizens, and assaults on women brought Mother Jones hurrying to "medieval West Virginia." On the Charleston levee, she addressed the miners in a speech that "veered close to violence," a charge she usually denied.[19] One eyewitness described Mother Jones and her audience: "She might have been any coal miner's wife ablaze with

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[15] *New York Times*, 23 May 1914, 3.

[17] Jones, *Autobiography*, 99.

[18] Fetherling makes this assessment, 91.

[19] Despite the violence associated with striking miners, Mother Jones was a firm believer in law and order. Commissioner Harris Weinstock of the House of Representatives' Commission on Industrial Relations once questioned her closely on two conflicting statements, one she had just made to him favoring law and order and a second, allegedly made from the steps of the statehouse in Charleston, West Virginia, wherein she said: "We will protect ourselves and buy every gun in Charleston." Mother Jones did not deny the first statement but felt justified in seeking to protect striking miners from hostile guards. See House of Representatives *Hearings*, 10643. The *New York Times*, December 1, 1930, 23, wrote of her: "If she fought violence with violence in days that now seem so crude and cruel, it was not from any belief in it."

righteous fury when her brood was in danger. Her voice shrilled as she shook her fist at the coal operators, the mine guards, the union officials . . . . She prayed and cursed and pleaded, raising her clenched and trembling hands, asking heaven to bear witness. She wore long, very full skirts and a black shawl and her tiny bonnet bobbed up and down as she harangued the crowd. The miners love it and laughed, cheered, hooted, and even cried as she spoke to them."[20]

Two weeks later, on August 15, 1912, Mother Jones and three to four hundred miners assembled at the Courthouse steps in Charleston to present Governor William E. Glasscock with a demand calling for an end to guard rule.[21] Surrounded by banners which read "Nero fiddled while Rome burned. That is what the governor of West Virginia is doing" and "No Russia for us. To hell with the guard system," Mother Jones delivered what was to become her most famous speech.[22] In this "resolute and imaginative speech"[23] lasting one-and-one-half hours, she poured the full power of her tiny frame and eighty-three years into an attack on the tyranny of the ruling class. That day would mark history with "an uprising of the oppressed against the master class,"[24] she promised. "Mother" and "her boys" were in full agreement; she was interrupted at least fifty-seven times by applause, laughter, and shouts of "yes, Mother."

Caught up in the excitement of the crowd, Mother Jones led her listeners through a wide range of topics and emotions. She drew laughter with her imitation of the mine owners' wives talking to their dogs: "I love you, dea-h." The audience quited down when she opined that the origin of the labor movement was "a command from God Almighty." Once, she abruptly stopped and peered into the crowd: "Say, are you an operator, with that cigar in your grub?" She quoted Kipling, but was not sure if he were a colonel or general in the British Army. She spoke of her long experience in the labor movement. "I am not speaking haphazard," she said. "I have the

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[20] This account was given by Ralph Chaplin, I.W.W. leader and Socialist editor, who was on the same program that day with Mother Jones. Fetherling, 87.

[21] The next year Mother Jones estimated her audience to be "about 5000 people." See U. S. House of Representatives *Hearings*, 10629.

[22] Perhaps because it is her most readily available speech with its full text printed at the end of Senate hearings. See U. S. Senate Sub-Committee on Education and Labor, *Hearings on Conditions in the Paint Creek District, West Virginia*, 63rd Congress, 1st session, 1913, 2262-2279. Hereafter cited as U. S. Senate *Hearings*.

[23] Fetherling, 90.

[24] Although her speeches in her later years were filled with Socialist jargon, Mother Jones was "opposed to Socialism, the I.W.W. (which she helped found) and Bolshevism," according to her obituary in the *New York Times* December 1, 1930, 23). Her biographer, Dale Fetherling, writes that she was a socialist, but not a Socialist. "She was an emotional believer in collectivism." Fetherling, 77.

goods." Essentially, her message was one of hope for the coming industrial revolution which she believed the Star of Bethlehem foretold. The emotional climax of her speech came when she predicted: "I see that hour. I see the star breaking your chains; your chains will be broken, men. You will have to suffer more and more, but it won't be long. There is an awakening among all the nations of the earth." She closed by taking up a collection for beer.

The United Mine Workers of America Journal once praised her eloquence. "She can carry a crowd irresistibly to her own conclusions," the editor asserted; "She can rouse an audience to a frenzy of enthusiasm. . . ."[25] Age did not diminish her appeal. Governor Glasscock, described as "a frail, former schoolteacher and lawyer,"[26] did little to meet the miners' demands; within two weeks he had called in 1,200 militiamen. The following spring Mother Jones spent eighty-five days in a military prison for her continuous agitation in West Virginia.

Letters from Jail

The correspondence of Mother Jones reveals her style, for she wrote as she talked. In a series of letters typewritten when she was nearly ninety, she told Ryan Walker,[27] the Socialist cartoonist, of "old warriors" and "faithful loyal workers" who had been replaced by "the element that is in and around Kansas City . . . who don't amount to a row of pins" and of various "vulchers," "sentmentalists," and "Perretical educators" [sic]. Rival labor organizers were as likely to be the subject of her wrath as were the capitalists. Her letters from jail were especially intense. In 1913, imprisoned and under solitary confinement in West Virginia, she expressed her pent-up emotions in messages smuggled to the outside world by the friendly soldier guarding her. She openly expressed her contempt for her jailors with her usual epithets, reserving a few for "the dear well-fed socialists" who seemed unaffected by the suffering of "us poor devils." With her fighting spirit roused, she closes this letter with her usual defiance: "The pirates can't shut me up even if I am in jail watched by the bloodhounds."[28]

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[25] April 25, 1901.

[26] Fetterling, 92.

[27] Walker Manuscripts, Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Two are dated December 12, 1918, and September 21, 1920, another dated only "Sept."

[28] Walker Manuscripts, Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Dated April 27, 1913, from "Pratt, W. Va. Military Bastile."

Sometimes Mother Jones expressed herself in loftier language and caused a public sensation. In a telegram to Senator John N. Kern, who was conducting an inquiry into labor problems, an impassioned Mother Jones wrote: "From out of the military prison walls of Pratt, West Virginia, where I have walked over my eighty-fourth milestone in history, I send you the groans and tears and heartaches of men, women and children as I have heard them in this state. From out of these prison walls, I plead with you for the honor of this nation, to push that investigation, and the children yet unborn will rise and call you blessed."[29] Reportedly, the friend-soldier read the message and declared: "It's fine stuff, Mother." Others thought so, too. Mother Jones was happy to report that 'the Senators in Washington told me that in fifty years nothing had ever struck the Senate like that telegram."[30]

An open letter smuggled from "the Colorado Military Bastile" in Walsenburg caused a public outcry and a flood of letters to Washington in 1914. "Let the nation know," she pleaded, "and especially let my friend General Francisco Villa know that the United States of America . . . is now holding 'Mother' Jones incommunicado in an underground cell surrounded with sewer rats, tin horn soldiers and other vermin."[31] She was released after twenty-six days' imprisonment.

Autobiography

Mother Jones was ninety-five years old and near the end of her long life when her Autobiography appeared in 1925. Although her dates are generally considered to be unreliable, she vividly recalls her past struggles and her hopes for the future of the working classes. Much of the information about her life she had given before in Congressional testimony. But her story as she tells it reveals her style as well as her struggles. She wrote and spoke with the eloquence of the unlettered (although she was better educated than she claimed, having read many classical authors). Her sentimentality and glorification of the working classes provided emotional appeal. Her motherly qualities contributed greatly to her effectiveness, for her "boys" responded to her motherliness, as did her foes. She often called for an end to hostilities because "I don't want to hear your mothers crying." By appealing the filial pieties, she shamed men into good-

[29] May 16, 1913, Jones, *Autobiography*, 165.
[30] U. S. House of Representatives *Hearings*, 10631.
[31] *National Labor Tribune*, May 1914.

ness. Her biographer observes that miners' families were often matriarchies. "Miners," he said, "whether they admitted it or not, were used to being told what to do by their mothers and their wives."[32]

Although displaying tenderness toward her "boys" and their families, Mother Jones was essentially made of steel. Recalling her defiance of a Colorado governor who had ordered her deported, she warned West Virginia Governor Glasscock against a similar move. "It won't do to tamper with women of the right metal," she declared. "A man is a fool, if he is a governor, to tell a woman not to do a thing."[33] Her heroic feats of courage and endurance, even into her seventies and eighties, became legend. Her all-night marches at the head of striking miners; her seizure and deportation in the middle of the night by law enforcement officials; her long incarcerations in a cellar and as the solitary inmate in a military prison; her presence at numerous scenes of violence and bloodshed where she often took command, once placing her hand over a cannon, alternately outwitting the enemy and tearing up her voluminous petticoats for bandages—such displays of complete fearlessness made her the heroine in reminiscences and ballads. One who had seen her in action described her succinctly: "She wasn't afraid of the devil."[34] Mother Jones herself once confirmed this hyperbole. "I never get nervous when I face bayonets . . ." she declared; "it does not make any difference to me when I die, if I am dying for a good cause."[35] In the face of this total personal disregard, law enforcement officials, mine operators, and "scabs" faltered before Mother Jones, for as Thoreau remarked on the ineffectual enemies of John Brown, they "lacked a cause."

Conclusion

Mother Jones never doubted her role as rebel leader of the poor and fighter for freedom, a legacy from her Irish ancestors. "This nation was founded on agitators," she said repeatedly. On any question of freedom, Mother Jones knew she stood on sacred ground when she matched the Bill of Rights against a local ordinance. "Do you have a permit to speak on the streets?" a judge once asked. "Yes, I have." "Who issued it to you?" the judge demanded. She answered:

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[32] Fetherling, 168.

[33] *Proceedings of Meeting Held at Front Steps of Capitol in Charleston on August 15, 1912*, U. S. Senate *Hearings*, 2268.

[34] In his introduction to the *Autobiography*, Fred Thompson cites Archie Green in *Labor History* (Winter 1960) who quotes this recollection of John Farrance, author of the version of the folksong "The Death of Mother Jones," 63.

[35] U. S. House of Representatives *Hearings*, 10621.

"Patrick Henry; Thomas Jefferson; John Adams." Sacred historical documents were her "higher laws."

Her aid of bustling authority was contagious. When Mother Jones, dressed in old-fashioned, aristocratic silk dresses like the ones she once made for Chicago's wealthy ladies, tied on her bonnet and set off marching, she soon had her own army behind her. "God, it's the old mother and her army" became a popular cry. Her biographer wrote: "Mother Jones was . . . a folk heroine whose inspiration reached down to those people who were unimportant in name or wealth but all important in numbers."[36] She symbolized the hopes and dreams of thousands of faceless, isolated, inarticulate workers who spent their waking hours toiling in dreary factories and underground mines. She spoke the words that they could not say to others or even to themselves, and they venerated her almost to sainthood. In turn, she had complete faith in the workers and the labor movement. "The future," she prophesied, "is in labor's strong, rough hands."[37]

It Wasn't My House . . . But My Mother's

My Mother's House

(Continued From Last Week)

The Courtship

"Oh yes, I shall," he retorted, and continued his way to the house.

The courtship was a formal one, I am told, but speedy, and my mother was married on the twenty-second day of July, the year 1880. The bridal pair set out at once for China, my father forgetting, it has been said, to buy a second ticket until the last minute. It was a significant forgetting. I never heard my mother mention it, and a cousin told me the story. This is not to say that my father was derelict in his duty to his family, when that duty was pointed out to him. It was simply that he lived in the world of books and ideas and philosophy.

As for my mother, she continued, I think, to live in her own house. I think in spirit she never left that gracious white house at the foot of the Allegheny mountains. Underneath the white painted wood, the house, she told me, was of red brick. I imagine that my great-grandfather and my grandfather, being city men of Utrecht, Holland, did not like the idea of living in a wooden house. The inner structure, doubtless, they thought should be of stronger stuff. I know how they felt for when I returned to my own country to live I could not imagine myself living in a house made of wood. It is too frail, or so it seems to me, accustomed as I am to the houses of China, built of brick or stone or in peasant villages in the north of thick adobe walls. My own house is built of Pennsylvania field stone, and it has stood for nearly a century and a half, for the walls are like the walls of a castle. A house of wood? Yes, it can be very beautiful, especially in New England where the towns are made of white houses with green shutters. But a match put to wood makes a fire, does it not? Therefore my own house is of stone, and my mother's house was inwardly of brick. From Utrecht her grandfather and father came with three hundred other souls, a church full of good people and with them their pastor, all in search of religious freedom. For a brief period there was religious strife in Holland, but it lasted so short a time that had they been patient, in six months time it would have been over and they could have stayed in their comfortable houses, enjoying their wealth and culture. Where I would have been had they done so, or would I have been at all, is a puzzlement. Certainly I would not have had a Lincoln-like saint for a father, and I cannot imagine myself as I am, without him.

Shipload of Good People

The shipload of good people, bringing their wealth with them, was woefully and disgracefully cheated upon reaching the land of their choice. I do not know the full story of their arrival, for it remains a painful family memory. I do know that my ancestors bought woodlands in what was then Virginia and into the forest they went, city people who had never seen a mountain in their native land. They had no conception of what it meant to build even a simple log cabin and wily settlers robbed them without mercy. In the end they sold the woodlands and moved to the beautiful plain at the foot of the mountains, and there built the house like a city house. Vague discussions I never fully understood when I was a child and I have not heard since, conveyed to me nevertheless that the valuable early lands were sold at an absurdly low price, and had the family held them, they would have been immensely wealthy today. Be that as it may, they could not live in the forests. They were not forest people. They were city folk, accustomed to theater and music and books and all the rich culture of an ancient European nation, and they starved without it. My mother's house was enlivened with memories of European culture. It became a part of her education and nature and later of mine. To me, growing up in China, she imparted the best of the West, while I lived in the greatest and oldest culture of the East, and was thus doubly endowed. For this thanks be to life.

Throughout all my growing years, then, I was aware that my mother's real life remained in her own house across the sea. Yet she made homes in China that were exquisite in taste. All my memories there are of quiet cool rooms, flowers everywhere, simple delicious meals, and pervading order. There was no disorder in any home that my mother created. Yes, she created every room except the room where my father lived which was called his study. There he allowed no curtains and no flowers, and the floor was bare. Books covered the walls, and a vast desk stood in the middle of the room. His typewriter, which he took care of himself, though with difficulty, for he had no mechanical ability, was on a small separate table. Somehow that room had nothing to do with the rest of the house. It was always near the front door and accessible to Chinese guests, grave gentlemen in long gowns, men of erudition, who carried on endless scholarly discussions with my father in lofty Chinese language. Sometimes the guests were my father's helpers at various mission stations who came to collect their salaries or receive directions. Whatever and whoever they were, all seemed remote from our family life, which was in the rest of the house. There we found merriment, for my mother was of a gay disposition, although she had certain moods which darkened the day for us and which we never understood. Only when I was much older and knew the private story of her life did I guess, and only guess, for she never confided her secret thoughts and feelings to any of us. But when she was what we called "Quiet" — that is, when the laughter and the quick grace and the gay talk were stilled—we were troubled.

Reasonable Question

"What is the matter, Mother?" we asked.

"Nothing," she would reply. "Nothing at all! Am I never to be allowed to be quiet?"

We could not answer this reasonable question, and were only quieted in turn. In quiet we played apart, subdued and puzzled until her gay self came back to us. Ah, there were depths in her that none of us ever knew! Whatever the personal shadows, basic to all was her unchanging longing for her home and her country. She was too young when she left that home of hers, and it remained forever in her memory as the home of her childhood, the place where her beloved mother lived and died, and where beauty was. She was friendly to the Chinese as she was friendly to all human beings, but she did not, I dare now to say, love them as my father did or as I have always loved them and do love them still.

There Were Reasons

There were reasons for this. The Chinese are delightful but careless, whereas my mother was fastidiously neat and clean. I never saw her wearing a soiled or wrinkled garment, and all her personal belongings were dainty and fine and well kept. Our house was comfortable but immaculate, and her Chinese servants had first of all to be clean in every way. Raw foods and salads she prepared herself, because she did not trust Chinese hands, and although she taught her cook to make the lightest cakes that tongue ever tasted, and her hot breads were delectable, she would not let him touch them with his hands. She had been beautifully trained by her French mother, her standards were impeccable and less than the best she would not tolerate.

Speaking of cakes, my mother's fresh coconut cake I have never found elsewhere matched. The coconuts were local, and were bought in their original hairy state from the market by our Chinese cook. Every step was enchanting to me, as a child, in the making of this fabulous cake. The coconut was drained of its milk, nature having provided three tender spots in the hard shell. The drained shell was then cracked and the white meat separated. It came off with a dark skin that had to be sliced off. The pieces of fresh white meat were then washed and grated by hand on an old-fashioned grater, an agonizing task, for unless one were careful one scraped also one's fingers, in which case my mother's sharp eyes always detected pink stains upon the snow white coconut meat. No tinned coconut can possibly equal in flavor the taste of a fresh coconut, and not only a fresh one, but one plucked newly from the palm trees. I was reminded of that fact last year when in India I sat at breakfast on an outdoor terrace and watched barelegged boys climbing the coconut palms, rope in hand, to cut the clusters of nuts and lower them gently to the ground. These were the day's supply for the guests. One bought a nut at the stand and had the milk drained into a glass to drink warm and sweet and then waited for the coconut meat to be cut into squares and peeled.

The years passed. My mother's house became more than the house in which I was born. It became the symbol of security and peace in a world where there was neither security nor peace. I know, from the vantage of these years, that the change did not come suddenly, but it seemed sudden to me, a small child living within the shelter of our Chinese home, with parents and kindly Chinese friends and devoted Chinese servants. Suddenly, then, it seemed that I was no longer the happy child of favored people. Instead I became a member of something called The White Race, and without knowing it I was one of a group of persons who was attacking China, dividing the country and exploiting the people. All unknown to me, much too small to understand such matters, this sort of thing had been going on for a long time.

It was true that England and European nations had been demanding pieces of Chinese territory and concessions in trade. France had taken an enormous slice of China and called it Indo-China. It is the same territory where now American men are fighting in Vietnam. Germany had taken land and cities, and I could see with my own eyes in the city near which we lived that England had taken land along the Yangtse river, had walled it off, and within the walled area Englishmen and their families lived as though they were in England. On the river itself English ships carried passengers and goods, and there were French, German and Japanese ships as well. But the western nations were the worst for they were the most predatory and they had the weapons.

Near the End of a Dynasty

China was near the end of a dynasty, too. This meant that the imperial family in Peking was near its end after two hundred years of rule. All over China there were restlessness and division. Young men were dreaming of a new imperial house, this time Chinese instead of Manchu, and following the traditional Chinese pattern as a dynasty neared its close, young men of strength and influence were eyeing each other as rivals. In Peking the old Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi, was clinging desperately to the last stronghold of her power. Revolutionists had crept even into the palace and she was too old and tired to try new ways herself. Her only solution for western encroachments was to get rid of the Westerners. The great T'ai P'ing rebellion she had put down some twenty years before, at the cost of twenty million Chinese lives, and she was right, perhaps, in thinking that the men of the West were her chief enemies now.

She searched desperately for help and found none. Within the palace she trusted no one, for she had found rebels even

Pearl Buck's home while she resided in China was considered a palace.

pelled to take my place with those whom I did not know and who did not know me but to whom I belonged by ancestry and birth.

Some day, I was convinced, I would have to leave China and the people I loved and make my home elsewhere. But where? Only my mother's house stood as a haven. It was the one place in the West which belonged to our family. My father's ancestral lands and house had been sold when his parents died, since none of the seven sons wanted to carry on the farm. Six of them were ministers and the seventh was in the state legislature. But my mother's house continued as it had been, occupied, as I have said, by my elder uncle and his family. There was always room for my mother there, and for her children. I knew that her room, where I was born, would be waiting for us whenever we went home. This we did the next year after the Boxer Rebellion ended.

I remember clearly the day of our arrival at my mother's house. The journey had taken a full month, first the travel down the Yangtse river to Shanghai by English steamboat, then the voyage across the Pacific Ocean and finally the train trip across the continent. My uncle met us at the station in a carriage drawn by two horses and we drove in state to the house. I saw it at the far end of the wide green lawn and under the maple trees, for the carriage paused while the gate in the white fence was opened. It was exactly as my mother had said, a white house with vine-covered pillars supporting a portico. It looked what it was, a comfortable, dignified family home, a home in which I had a part because it was my birthplace.

The carriage rolled to the front door, and there we were met by a white-haired gentleman whom I took to be my grandfather, and so hailed him, but he told me he was only my uncle Cornelius, and in a moment there was a still older white-haired gentleman, very straight and stately, and he proved to be my grandfather. We dismounted, and I, separating myself, stopped again and again to look, to drink in the scene, to verify all that had been in my mind and then to realize that it was even more beautiful, more wonderful, than my mother had said. True, there were the inevitable changes inside the house, the different use of rooms that each generation must make in order to settle its claim upon a house, but my mother's room was the same. It is this room that I still remember best. There is something awesome about the return to the spot where one's life began. It seemed to me that I had seen it all before, as indeed I had, and again I saw myself as a newborn child here, where I had first opened my eyes. Bit by bit I remembered it all, and now I set down those memories as I remember them.

Spent the Summer

We spent the summer in my mother's house, arriving

turned for college. I was in the third grade and I do not remember learning anything, my mother having carried me far enough in our Chinese home so that study was unnecessary. I was placed according to my age and not according to what I already knew. None of it seemed important to me then nor does it seem important now. The only memorable event was that the following summer, after a series of visits to aunts and uncles and cousins, we ended with the month of August at my mother's house, a time of pure delight in which I learned to ride horseback, ate quantities of grapes and other fruits, and took part in every activity about the place, from moving the dasher of the churn up and down in the buttery and watching great lumps of butter washed and shaped and put away, to riding in hay wagons. Life was one day of joy after the other, and those weeks did much to wipe away the memories of a changed China, the China to which we had always to return and did return in early September.

Eight years passed before I was to see my mother's house again. I returned to it then, a young girl fresh from a French school in Switzerland, whither I had stayed for a few weeks to improve my French. My skirts were lengthening in the fashion of the day, and my long honey-colored hair was in a thick braid and turned up with a bow at my neck. Again we went straight to my mother's house. My grandfather had died in the years between, and his room had been made into another room. I missed his presence, for he was a man who made himself felt, a quiet positive dignified man who lived apart and yet who influenced the atmosphere of the entire house. The family no longer used the old dining room on the ground floor. It had become part of the storehouse and buttery, and a large new dining room had been added on the floor above. There the family gathered about a long table, my uncle at the head and my aunt at the foot, and on either side my grown cousins, one the son and the other three daughters either finished with their education or finishing. Each was accomplished and, it seemed to me, beautiful and they made me shy — I with my unnecessary store of knowledge of faraway places and lacking essential knowledge of my own country and its people! By now I knew that I was American, however, and that sooner or later the day would come, so far the revolution had proceeded, when I would not be able to return to China. It was another twenty years before that day of no return arrived but it did arrive.

I think I felt even in those days, as we sat about the family table, that my uncle had a secret disappointment in his handsome son. I did not know what it was but I felt it there. It pervaded the family somewhat, but not a word was ever spoken, and I gave little thought to analysis, for I was soon absorbed in my own life and my adjustment to college and to young men and women of my generation. Meanwhile life seemed to go on in my mother's house much as it always had, and I supposed always would. More than ever

had to be sold.

I have the story of that from the man who bought it, a neighbor and a friend of the family, whose own handsome house was further up the hill than ours. It was years later that he told me. By then I had not only returned to China, but had married, had given birth to a child, had seen my mother die. I knew from her own lips, too, what it meant to lose the family home. True, she was only a daughter of the house and as I have said it was given always to the eldest son and to his son, but each member of the family was welcome there. I think when she knew that the house no longer belonged to our family that something broke in her heart. She gave up the hope of returning to her own country ever again. There was nothing to which to return now that the center was gone. My uncle's family was dispersed, my cousins scattered and married, the house emptied of its furniture and of the treasures that had been brought from Holland so long ago. What my uncle must have suffered, I can only imagine. My cousin suffered, too, as I know from the lips of the man who bought the house.

"He came here to me in the night," the man told me. "He was distracted and heartbroken, as I could see. I asked him what was the matter and he told me he had been unlucky in business and owed more than he could pay and the house had to be sold. Your family is proud, and he was proud and I could see what it cost him to tell me. But he said he could not bear to see the house sold to strangers and if it had to go, he'd rather it went to a friend. So I told him I would buy it and I did."

Took Children to See the House

This, as I said, I heard years later and when I took my own children to see the house where I was born. It wrenched my heart to see my mother's house as it was instead of as I remembered it. The parlor had of tragic necessity become the bedroom for an invalid wife, making it necessary to push into the background the books and the organ. Sickness pervaded the atmosphere and gave the house an air of transience, and for the time being it was no longer a home as I remembered it. Its soul had fled, and it stood a shell of a house upon its old and solid foundations. I longed to buy it and see it restored again as my mother's house. But it was not for sale.

Once more I returned to it. I am drawn back to it, I know, changed as it is. This time I found the house owner was dead and the house was locked. Every door was locked and the vine was stripped from the portico, leaving it desolate and bare. It was clear that no one lived there. I could not bear to leave it standing alone and empty and I longed to walk again among the rooms, strange as they had become to me, but I could only peer in the windows and see those rooms deserted and grey with dust. For me my

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Rev. A. Sydenstricker, D. D.

Rev. A. Sydenstricker, D. D., for fifty-one years a member of our mission in China, passed away after a few days illness of dysentery at the home of his daughter in Kuling, China, on August 31, 1931. Dr. Sydenstricker was born in Greenbrier comnty, West Virginia, on August 13, 1852. He prepared himself for the ministry and the mission field, attending Washington and Lee University, where he was graduated with high honors, and the Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. He came to China with his bride in 1880, being stationed first in Soochow and later in Hangchow. But he was a man especially fitted for pioneer work, and he was always anxious to go where the Gospel had not yet been preached and no others at work. He opened several of the stations in the North Kiangsu mission and later in his life settled at Chinkiang, from where as a center, he worked over a wide radius of country. He had definite ideals of mission methods, being among the first to advocate education for Christians and an educated ministry. Before a seminary was begun in China he had training classes for ministers, and later was one of the first to help organize the Nanking Theological Seminary where also the last ten years of his life was spent as Deam of the Correspondence School. He believed in self support and the self autonomy of the Chinese Christian Church, and in all his work bore these ideals in mind. He was a man gentle in nature and selfsacrifi-

gentle in nature and selfsacrificing to the last fibre of his being. The Chinese people recognized these traits and he was well beloved by them to a degree far beyond the usual. Added to these they respected him for his sound scholarship and his familiarity with their language. One of his outstanding piece[illegible]rk [illegible] the translation of the New Testament into an easy and simple vernacular, pure in style, and easy for the common man to comprehend if he could read. His last work was to make the final revision for a new edition of this work. In a time when many missonaries became discouraged and lost their faith in the times and in the Chinese people, Dr. Sydenstricker, in spite of his years and many hardships and tragic experiences, maintained steadfastly his faith in his mission, which was preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in the integrity and goodness of the Chinese people. His was a heart of large simplicity. He believed the best of the people among whom he worked, and his belief was rewarded by their love and confidence. He deplored all division in the church and all his efforts were to strengthen cooperation between denominations, between organizations, between Chinese and foreigners. In spite of his soundest and most orthodox faith and creed, he refused to take part in bitter argument and used often to say, "I dislike equally the extreme fundamentalist and the extreme modernist. I am conservative. We must all work together for the glory of God." Such was his spirit and such the man. His life remains to us, who knew him best, a constant victory over fear and doubt and depression. A timid man in many ways, diffident, not loving hazard for its own sake, when confronted with the necessity of enduring danger and hardship he bore not only with fortitude but with grace and a serene spirit, which could be nothing but the fruit of a changeless faith in God's goodness. This faith he preached without ceasing, he practiced his whole life, and in this faith he died tranquilly.

P. F. PRICE.

Nanking, China.

C. J. STULTING DEAD

Cornelius John Stulting was born in Utrech, Holland, on June 16, 1842, of parents who were staunch members of the Reformed Church of Holland—sometimes properly called the Dutch Reformed Church. When the Government of Holland attempted to supplant the Calvinistic teaching of the church with the liberal views that were then beginning to spread through the influence of the Higher Criticism this family remained loyal to the old faith and were sorely persecuted therefor. At length they decided to migrate to America and so when our subject was five years of age they left their native land for this country and landed in New York in the Spring of 1847. After a short time spent in New York they came to Pocahontas county and settled near Edray but soon after removed to the Little Levels.

Mr. Stulting was educated in the schools of that day—the old academies maintained by private patronage. He was at school in Hillsboro, Frankford, and at Union in Monroe county. He thus laid the foundation of a liberal education, but was hindered from pursuing his studies because of the burden of caring for younger brothers and sisters.

He became a teacher himself and for twenty-five years taught in the public schools of his county. Many are now living who can testify to his worth as a teacher. He had the teacher's gift of inspiring his pupils with his own high ideals. Some of his old pupils recently said that he was the means of planting an ambition in their hearts to make the most of their talents. This is not surprising to those who knew Mr. Stulting. He was a man of strong personality and positive convictions and when he had an opportuniy he impressed these on all around him.

He made a profession of religion in early youth and united with the Oak Grove church under the pastorate of the Rev. M. D. Dunlap. The christian life so early begun continued consistently through about sixty-eight years. In all that time he bore witness to the power of Christ's gospel to save and to keep. The writer has never known a man more loyal to the Bible, to the gospel of the Kingdom, and to the faith of his fathers. He loved the deep things of the spirit and loved to talk of them and was well informed on all the doctrines of Scriptures. It is no wonder, then, that aman of such information should also be a man of faith. He believed and trusted Christ and he knew that in Him he had an all sufficient Savior. He was not afraid of the final hour. He said to the writer in an illness of a year or two ago, "Well, I cannot hope to be here much longer. And why should I wish to remain here. I have as many or more loved ones and friends over there as I have here and if I go I leave these to be with them." And then he spoke of his good mother and of the impression her christian character had made on him. Who can tell the far reaching power of a good mother's training on the generations that come after.

Many years ago Mr. Stulting was elected and ordained an elder in Oak Grove Church and was conscientious and faithful to the discharge of his duties as an official. He felt an especial obligation to attend divine worship and although for several years past owing to the infirmities of age he could hear little of the sermons he was always present when health permitted. Few people seem to realize what encouragement such faithfulness is to a pastor.

Mr. Stulting had five sisters and one brother. Of these two sisters preceded him to the life to come—Mrs. John Myers, and Mrs. Absalom Sydenstricker, for many years a missionary in China. Mrs. Newton Doyle, Mrs. Floyd Doyle, Mrs John Myers, and Mr. C. L. Stulting survive. There are four children—Mrs. Quincy Callison of Bound Brook, N. J., Mrs. Lemuel Smith, of Charlottesville, Va. Miss Mamie and C. F. Stulting at home with the mother at home survive to feel the loss of a most devoted husband and father.

God has called his servant to his reward and he was ready for the call. During his illness he often expressed his willinguess to go whenever the summons should come and we feel sure that the call did not take him unawares. The end came peacefully and painlessly Friday morn, October 13, 1922.

The lessons we may learn from such a life as our brother's are then of industry, frugality, and rigid honesty. He had the stern virtures of the Puritan training received in his father's home. He loved righteousness and hated injustice and could be found on the right side of every moral question that agitated the community. He did not hesitate to declare his position for there was no shrinking from what he believed to be his duty. It has seemed to the writer that the language of the first Psalm applies with speial appropriteness to his life and character.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord and in his law doth he meditate day night."

Servant of God, well done.
Rest from thy loved employ
The battle fought, the vict'ry won
Enter thy Master's joy.

The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long werfare closed at last,
His soul is found at peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done.
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

J. C. J.

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IRGINIA 24954, DECEMBER 4, 1975

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County High
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Snowshoe

Judge Nickell Kramer ruled Tuesday on the petitions made in last Friday's hearing and approved the sale of Snowshoe's real estate and certain personal property next Monday under a deed of trust given to the Charleston National Bank.

The sale, as has been advertised, is to be held at the Pocahontas County Court House on Monday, Dec. 8, at 10 am.

Judge Kramer ordered that the money from the sale be placed in the Greenbrier Valley Bank as Special Receiver and that Attorney Ralph D. Keightley be appointed Special Commissioner.

Shoppers $ $ $

A skeleton hanging high in a tree was found Thanksgiving afternoon and apparently ends the mystery of the Walter Smith—Peter Hauer tragedy. The identification of the bones as being those of Peter Marshall Hauer was positively confirmed Monday by the State's Chief Medical Examiner, Dr. Ivan Sopher, in a call to Corporal W. R. Dyer, State Policeman, of Marlinton, who was in charge of the investigation. Comparison was made to dental and skull X-rays supplied by his family doctor. His death was ruled a suicide by hanging and the time of death was judged to be in accordance with the time of

Hauer's disappearance about June 9. The heavy foliage at that time of year had prevented the sighting of the body in the intensive search in June, and, of course, the search had centered on caves.

Sammy Dean, of Hillsboro, and his eleven year old son, Larkin, were hunting in the Lobelia area Thursday (November 27) when the boy saw the skull in the tree. The head and part of the neck skeleton was with a four foot section of rope about 30 feet above the ground. The remainder of the skeletonized body had fallen to the ground. The location was about two and a half miles from Hauer's home on the old

about two and a half miles from Hauer's home on the old Hull place owned by Elmer Wymer, as near as we can ascertain.

Hauer was born November 11, 1945, in Lebanon, Pennsylvania. His mother, Carmelia Hauer, and a sister, Lisa, survive him. He was a former teacher and his interest in caves had brought him to the Lobelia area, where he purchased the Harper Anderson farm. He was working on a history of salt peter caves in Pocahontas, Greenbrier and Monroe Counties.

Corporal Dyer says that he is satisfied this is the end of the mystery that begun with

Your deposits up to $40,
Comple

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JANE PRICE SHARP, EDITO

THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1975

Pioneer Days—July 9-11, '76

County History

We got started on Marlinton school history, then came the opera house, and this week we have some more recollections.

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We would not advise any one to try it without providing a big pile of straw to fall on.

When the Virginia troops were on the march to Yorktown, Daniel O'Friel's team was pressed and Jeremiah was detailed to take charge of it. This was about the most of the service he was called on to render during the Revolutionary war.

Several years before his death he was riding through the woods one dark night. The horse passed under a tree with wide spreading limbs, and Mr Friel was so severely injured in his spine that he was virtually helpless the remainder of his life, He died in 1819, sincerely lamented by his relatives, neighbors and friends.

PETER LIGHTNER.

Forty or fifty years ago, one of the most generally known citizens of our county was Peter Lightner, on Knapps Creek. He was tall in person, active in his movements, always in a good humor, and one of the most expert horsemen of his times, and perhaps realized as much ready change swapping horses as any other of his citizen contemporaries. He could come so near making a new and young horse of an old dilapidated framework of an animal as was possible for anyone to do who has ever made a business of dealing in horse-flesh.

Near the close of the last century, he settled on Knapps Creek, on land purchased from James Poage, who emigrated to Kentucky. Mr Poage had built a mill which Mr Lightner improved upon, and for years accommodated a wide circle of customers, who had

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gotten tired of hominy and hominy meal pounded in a goblet-shaped block. The pestle by which the trituration was done was usually a piece of wood like a hand-spike, with an iron wedge inserted in one end, and fastened by an iron band to keep it from splitting. This mill was a precious and valuable convenience, and brought comfort to many homes, and some of the most toothsome bread ever eaten in our county was made of meal from Lightner's mill. Some families had hand-mills, but they were about as hard to operate as the hominy block, or mortar with the iron-bound pestle.

It is believed Mr Lightner came from the neighborhood of Crab Bottom, near the headwaters of the South Branch of the Potomac. His wife was Alcinda Harper, a sister of Henry Harper, the ancestor of the Harper connexion in our county. She, therefore, brought that pretty name to Pocahontas, and there have been many Alcindas in her worthy descendants and relatives.

The property owned by Peter Lightner is now in possession of Hugh Dever and the family of the late Francis Dever, Esq., a few miles from Frost.

Mr Lightner's family consisted of one son and four daughters.

Jacob Lightner, their only son, married Miss Eliza-Moore, who was reared on the farm now occupied by Andrew Herold, Esq., near Frost. Her father was John Moore, a son of Moses Moore, the noted pioneer, and her mother was a McClung, of the Greenbrier branch of that noted connexion. Jacob Lightner's children were Peter Lightner, who died at home; John

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M. Lightner, once a member of the Huntersville bar, and moved to Abilene, Texas, where he died a few years since; Samuel M. Lightner was a student of Union Theological Seminary, and had about completed his studies for the Presbyterian ministry when he entered the army. He married Miss Sally Mildred Poage, in Rockbridge County, and died a few months after his marriage, at Batesville, Virginia, and was buried at Falling Spring Church near the Natural Bridge. His widow married Rev Edward Lane, D.D., a distinguished missionary to Brazil, where he died much lamented. For some time Mrs Lane has resided in Staunton, Virginia, to be near her daughters who were pupils of Miss Baldwin's Seminary.

Alcinda, one of Jacob Lightner's daughters, was a noted beauty, and very popular. She became the wife of the late James B. Campbell, of Highland County, Virginia.

Mary, another daughter, married Rev John W. Hedges, of Berkley County, a widely known Methodist minister of the Baltimore Conference.

Alice, the youngest daughter never married.

The eldest daughter of Peter and Alcinda Lightner, was named Elizabeth. She was married to Joseph Sharp at Frost. Mr and Mrs Sharp were the parents of Abraham and Peter Sharp at Frost, and Henry Sharp at Douthards Creek. Polly Sharp married John Hannah; on Elk, and was the mother of the late Bryson Hannah, of Frost, and Mrs George Gibson, near Marlinton.

Phebe Sharp first married the late Henry Harper, Jr.,

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who died of an accidental wound inflicted while fixing a gate latch near Sunset schoolhouse. She afterwards married Mr Abe Rankin. Susan Sharp became the wife of the late William Burr, on Brown's Mountain, near Huntersville- Mr Burr died suddenly in F. J. Snyder's law office, whither he had gone to look after some business affairs.

Rachel Sharp lives near Frost on the old home place.

Susan Lightner, another daughter of our worthy pioneer, Peter Lightner, was married to George Gay, a brother of the late John Gay, Esq., near Marlinton. For many years Mr and Mrs Gay lived on the farm now in the possession of F. A. Renick, Esq., near Hillsboro, until their removal to the State of Iowa.

Polly Lightner and the late Sheldon Clark, Esq., were married and settled in the Little Levels, where their son, Sherman; now lives. Mr Clark came from the state of Connecticut, and made an immense fortune by merchandising and farming. He was a highly esteemed citizen, and by strict attention to his own business he prospered much. Mr Clark is survived by four sons: Sherman, Henry, Alvin, and Preston.

Sherman H. Clark, the eldest, married Mary Frances daughter of the late Joel Hill, and lives on the old Clark homestead.

Alvin Clark married Mary Agnes, daughter of the late Josiah Beard, and resides east of Hillsboro.

Henry Clark lives near the head of Spring Creek.

Preston Clark married Josephine Levisay, near Frankford, and lives on the George Poage property, west of Hillsboro.

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There was another worthy brother, Peter Clark, whose wife was Martha Blair. He died several years since on a farm south of Hillsboro.

The history of Sheldon Clark illustrates the Pocahontas possibilities in reach of those who are moral in habits, diligent in business, honest and strictly upright in their business relations. The advancement of such may be slow, but it will be sure and enduring, and the results bring comfort and influence to those who inherit them, a rich heritage to children's children.

Phebe Ann Lightner was married to John Cleek, on Knapps Creek, on the place now occupied by the homes of their sons, Peter L. and the late William H. Cleek, and their daughter, Mrs B. F. Fleshman.

The annals just recorded of these persons may be brief and simple, but yet how very suggestive as one reflects upon them. From these biographical notes material may be gathered illustrating pioneer sufferings and privations, thrilling romance, tragic incidents in peace and war.

JOHN BARLOW.

Among the worthy pioneers of our county, the venerable John Barlow, ancestor of the Barlow connexion, is very deserving of remembrance. He was the only son of Alexander Barlow, of Bath County, who was a French emigrant, and had married an English emigrant, whose name was Barbara. He was living in Bath when the Revolutionary war came on. Entering the service of the colonies he fell in battle, according

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PHOTO BY GROVER

PETER D. YEAGER

Peter D. Yeager died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Gertie

flowed close by affording

PETER D. YEAGER

Peter D. Yeager died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Gertie Gum, Thursday morning, December 6, 1906, after a short illness, aged 76 years. The cause of his death was an attack of grip.

Mr. Yeager was born at Travelers Repose (now Bartow) June 22, 1830. At the outbreak of the Civil War he volunteered in the Confederate army and at the skirmish around Camp Bartow he was taken prisoner and sent to Camp Chase. Later he was transferred to the prison at Rock Island, Illinois. On his return after being released from prison he found his house and all his property burned. Not a fence was left standing on the place and he stated that the situation almost made him feel as though he would have to give up. Seeing a bright future ahead of him he began life anew. Lumber was hard to get and he bought an old house at Greenbank and moved it to his place where from the lumber thus obtained he built a new house. In a few years he became one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. In the year 1857 he married Margaret Bible, a daughter of Jacob and Sallie Bible. She preceded her husband to the grave by about four years. To Mr. and Mrs. Yeager there were born six children, two sons and four daughters—Mrs. Harper McLaughlin, of Bath county, Va; Mrs. C. E. Pritchard, of Dunmore; Mrs. Henry Flenner, deceased; Mrs. Dyer Gum and Willie J. Yeager, of Bartow; and Charles A. Yeager, of Marlinton.

Mr. Yeager was a lifelong and consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was one of the most respected citizens of the county. His word was as good as his bond and one of our citizens, who has had extensive business relations with him, stated that he never required any written contracts or agreements when dealing with the gentleman. Nothing that we could say would add to the encomium of the deceased as the news of his death telegraphed to

flowed close by affording an abundance of mountain trout, and Travelers' Repose was the sportsman's paradise.

The chubby form and kind, genial face of "Uncle Peter" will be recalled by many of them, scattered throughout the states, and they will hear of his death with sorrow.

Fifty years ago, in the days of the old Trotter back line from Staunton to Beverly, the Yeager home was one of the relays, and it was the Yeagers, Arbogasts and Barners who then owned the dense forests of pine and oak out of which strangers have made their millions, and speculators have gone mad.

The passing away of these old men leaves little to remind one of former times, for the greed of this century is rapidly and completely transforming this virgin valley.

While the change brought wealth to this typical old mountaineer, the new order did not change his nature nor enhance his happiness, and it is a reasonable claim that in the evening of his life, drowsy with the last long sleep, he called to mind the twilight of former years, when he was lulled to rest by the song of the whippoorwill, the rippling waters and the murmuring of his native pines.

Eden Minus Adam.

An Adamless Eden in Texas is the dream of Mary F. Hayden, a well known Chicago novelist, who is arranging to establish a colony of a thousand women in Refue county, Tex., on the line of the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass railway. She has acquired title to 5,000 acres, and is now at work on the plans for her new and unique colony.

She will permit her women colonists to have husbands if that condition cannot be avoided, but they will have no part in affairs of the colony. She will endeavor to obtain from the Texas legislature permission for women to

Yeager, J. W. Baxter, Geo. L. Eakle, N. C. McNeil and S. W. Nickell.

This ticket will be known as the "Citizens' Ticket. We do not know whether there will be another ticket in the field or not. It is reported that one of our city dads was circulating a petition yesterday to get the names of the present council on the ticket, but as we did not see the petition we cannot verify the report. Neither are we certain whether or not the present officials are anxious for the job again. At the present time we have not heard that another convention will be called today.

Prison Report.

Warden Charles E. Haddox, of the West Virginia penitentiary at Moundsville, has made his report to Governor Dawson for the months of November and December, as follows:

RECEIVED.

State prisoners.....
U. S. prisoners.....
Total

DISCHARGED.

State prisoners, expiration of sentence.....
Parole.....
Conditional pardon.....
U. S. prisoners, expiration of sentence.....
Total
Net increase

Prison population November 1,220; population December 1,245.

More Wrecks.

Two wrecks are reported on Greenbrier Division this ... The first one occurred ... evening at mile post 15 ju... Anthony. Two or three ... the west bound freight tr... derailed and the passeng... the next day were comp... transfer, causing a delay ... eral hours.

Wednesday afternoon ... five cars on the east ... through freight were de... Improvement Lick, six m... of Marlinton. Nearly ... was spent by the wreck ... in getting the track clea... passenger trains were a... pelled to transfer. In t... the wrecks were caused ... spreading due to the ro... dition of the ties.

obtained he built a new house In a few years he became one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. In the year 1857 he married Margaret Bible,a daughter of Jacob and Sallie Bible. She preceded her husband to the grave by about four years. To Mr. and Mrs. Yeager there were born six children, two sons and four daughters—Mrs. Harper McLaughlin, of Bath county, Va; Mrs. C. E. Pritchard, of Dunmore; Mrs. Henry Flenner, deceased; Mrs. Dyer Gum and Willie J. Yeager, of Bartow; and Charles A Yeager, of Marlinton

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The death of Peter D. Yeager, which occurred this morning at his old home near the line of the two Virginias, removes a veritable landmark of the Alleghanies. He was an octogenarian, and his long life was spent near the place where he died—the valley of the Greenbrier.

He was long known as the proprietor of Travelers' Repose, a popular hostlery and favorite resort of sportsmen, far and near. Prior to the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio—the Greenbrier branch—the valley in which his resort was located was an ideal hunting ground, the two prongs of the Greenbrier, which

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She will permit her women colonists to have husbands if that condition cannot be avoided, but they will have no part in affairs of the colony. She will endeavor to obtain from the Texas legislature permission for women to exercise the right of suffrage in her colony, and all homes must be in the name of the wife.

Everything that is usually undertaken on Texas farms will be attempted by this Adamless colony, truck frrming. fruit raising, bee keeping, dairying, poultry raising, and other kindred farm and ranch pursuits.

Dies Boasting of Good Health.

Having just remarked to friends that he had never felt better since he left the river on which he ran for years as a steamboat steward, Edward Stoller, aged 73, fell dead of heart trouble at Louisville, Ky., November 27. He had just taken a glass of beer and had started toward the door, when he cried out with pain and fell.

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Yeager was born at Trav
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This ticket will be known as the "Citizens' Ticket. We do not known whether there will be another ticket in the field or not. It is reported that one of our city dads was circulating a petition yesterday to get the names of the present council on the ticket, but as we did not see the petition, we cannot verify the report. Neither are we certain whether or not the present officials are anxious for the job again. At the present time we have not heard that another convention will be called today.

Prison Report.

Warden Charles E. Haddox, of the West Virginia penitentiary at Moundsville, has made his report to Governor Dawson for the months of November and December, as follows:

RECEIVED.

State prisoners	39
U. S. prisoners	19
Total	58

DISCHARGED.

State prisoners, expiration of sentence	19
Parole	3
Conditional pardon	2
U. S. prisoners, expiration of sentence	9
Total	33
Net increase	25

Prison population November 1, 1,220; population December 1, 1,245.

More Wrecks.

Two wrecks are reported on the Greenbrier Division this week. The first one occurred Monday evening at mile post 15 just above Anthony. Two or three cars on the west bound freight train were derailed and the passenger trains the next day were compelled to transfer, causing a delay of several hours.

Wednesday afternoon four or five cars on the east bound through freight were derailed at Improvement Lick, six miles west of Marlinton. Nearly all night was spent by the wrecking crew

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of which strangers have made their millions, and speculators have gone mad.

The passing away of these old men leaves little to remind one of former times, for the greed of this century is rapidly and completely transforming this virgin valley.

While the change brought wealth to this typical old mountaineer, the new order did not change his nature nor enhance his happiness, and it is a reasonable claim that in the evening of his life, drowsy with the last long sleep, he called to mind the twilight of former years, when he was lulled to rest by the song of the whippoorwill, the rippling waters and the murmuring of his native pines.

Eden Minus Adam.

An Adamless Eden in Texas is the dream of Mary F. Hayden, a well known Chicago novelist, who is arranging to establish a colony of a thousand women in Refue county, Tex., on the line of the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass railway. She has acquired title to 5,000 acres, and is now at work on the plans for her new and unique colony.

She will permit her women colonists to have husbands if that condition cannot be avoided, but they will have no part in affairs of the colony. She will endeavor to obtain from the Texas legislature permission for women to exercise the right of suffrage in her colony, and all homes must be in the name of the wife.

Everything that is usually undertaken [illegible] Texas farms will be attempted by this Adamless colony, truck frrming, fruit raising, bee keeping, dairying, poultry raising, and other kindred farm and ranch pursuits.

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Gave Kisses for Good Measure.

At Sandusky, Ohio, recently, Justice Garley, of Milan, was relieved of the puzzling question of the relative value of Thanksgiving turkeys, chickens and kisses, when James Dalzell, a poultry dealer, pleaded guilty to an assault charge, preferred by Mrs. Esther Norton, and was fined $10.

Mrs. Norton, who is pretty, claimed that Dalzell exchanged

PETER D. YEAGER

Peter D. Yeager died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Curtis Cline, Thursday morning, December 6, 1900, after a short illness, aged 76 years. The cause of his death was an attack of grip.

Mr. Yeager was born at Trap Hill, Hampshire (now Hardy) county, June 29, 1824. At the outbreak of the Civil War he volunteered in the Confederate army and at the skirmish around Camp Harrison he was taken prisoner and sent to Camp Chase. Later on he was transferred to the prison at Rock Island, Illinois. On his return after being released from prison he found his home and all his property burned. Not a fence was left standing on the place and he stated that the situation almost made him feel as though he would have to give up. Seeing a bright future ahead of him he began life anew. Lumber was hard to get and he bought an old house at Greenbank and moved it to his place where from the lumber thus obtained he built a new house. In a few years he became one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. In the year 1867 he married Margaret Polk, a daughter of Jacob and Sallie Polk. She preceded her husband to the grave by about four years. To Mr. and Mrs. Yeager there were born six children, two sons and four daughters—Mrs. Harper McLaughlin of Buck creek, Va.; Mrs. Curtis Cline, Mrs. Ida Kramer and Mrs. Ella Hiner, all of this city; Jacob P. Yeager, who lives on the old homestead, and Charles Yeager, who died in infancy.

Mr. Yeager was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, and was a consistent Christian gentleman. He was a man of strong character and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was a kind husband and father and his death will be sincerely mourned by his children and grandchildren.

The funeral services were held at the residence of Curtis Cline on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Dr. Hall, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, of which the deceased was a member. The interment was in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Mr. Yeager

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Mr. Yeager was a lifelong and consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was one of the most respected citizens of the county. His word was as good as his bond and one of our citizens, who has had extensive business relations with him, stated that he never required any written contracts or agreements when dealing with the gentleman. Nothing that we could say would add to the encomium of the deceased as the news of his death telegraphed to the Richmond Times-Dispatch from Monterey on the day of his death which we here append.

The death of Peter D. Yeager, which occurred this morning at his old home near the line of the two Virginias, removes a veritable landmark of the Alleghanies

valley.

While the change brought wealth to this typical old mountaineer, the new order did not change his nature nor enhance his happiness, and it is a reasonable claim that in the evening of his life, drowsy with the last long sleep, he called to mind the twilight of former years, when he was lulled to rest by the song of the whippoorwill, the rippling waters and the murmuring of his native pines.

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The death of Peter D. Yeager, which occurred this morning at his old home near the line of the two Virginias, removes a veritable landmark of the Alleghanies. He was an octogenarian, and his long life was spent near the place where he died—the valley of the Greenbrier.

He was long known as the proprietor of Travelers' Repose, a popular hostlery and favorite resort of sportsmen, far and near. Prior to the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio—the Greenbrier branch—the valley in which his resort was located was an ideal hunting ground, the two prongs of the Greenbrier, which

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Dies Boasting of Good Health.

Having just remarked to friends that he had never felt better since he left the river on which he ran for years as a steamboat steward, Edward Steller, aged 73, fell dead of heart trouble at Louisville, Ky., November 27. He had just taken a glass of beer and had started toward the door, when he cried out with pain and fell.

when he prayed: "Make me glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted me and the years wherein I have seen evil."

WILLIAM AULDRIDGE.

William Auldridge, Senior, the ancestor and founder of the family relationship of that name in our county, was a native of England. His mother, who by her second marriage became Mrs John Johnson, a pioneer of Marlinton, lived to be more than one hundred years of age. His wife was Mary Cochran. Mr Auldridge built up a home at the Bridger Notch, and it is believed the old barn stood on the spot where one of the Bridger boys died. This place is now owned by William Auldridge, a grandson.

There were six sons and three daughters: Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy, Thomas, William, John, Samuel, James, and Richard.

Thomas Auldridge, the eldest son, when in his prime was considered one of the strongest men physically in West Pocahontas. The first revelation of his strength was at a log rolling. The champion of the day attempted to take young Auldridge's handspike—which was a fancy article of its kind. The young athlete picked up both the champion and the disputed handspike and laid them on the log heap, with apparent ease.

Upon his marriage with Elizabeth Morrison, daughter of James Morrison, on Hills Creek, Thomas Auldridge leased lands now owned by John R. Poage near

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Clover Lick, where he spent most of his working days. He then bought of Jacob Arbaugh and Captain William Young, near Indian Draft, and opened up the property now owned by his son, Thomas Auldridge. The sons of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, were James, William, Thomas, and the daughters were Sarah, Elizabeth, and Mary.

James Auldridge, the eldest son, first married Mary Ann Barlow, and settled on land now occupied by Nathan Barlow, and then moved to the home near Edray where he now resides. His children were Henry, Miriam, Elizabeth, Moffett, and George. He was sadly bereaved of his first family by the ravages of disease, one son George, alone was spared. James' second wife was Julia A. Duncan, a grand daughter of Colonel John Baxter. One daughter, Mary, now Mrs Lee Carter. George Auldridge, the survivor of the first family, married Huldah Cassel, and lives on the homestead near Edray.

William Auldridge married Elizabeth Moore, and settled on a part of the homestead. Their children were Malinda, Hanson, and Eliza.

Thomas Auldridge, Junior, married Catherine Moore and lived on the homestead. Two daughters, Mrs Margaret Hannah, on Bucks Run, and Mrs Ida McClure, who lives on a part of the old homestead.

Sarah Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, married the late J. Harvey Curry, near Frost. Her life is believed to have been shortened by the exposure and exertion due to the burning of the home near Frost. Her son Ellis Curry married Miss Rock,

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and lives near Dunmore. William Curry went to Missouri. Mary Curry married Benjamin Arbogast, and lives near Greenbank. Emma Curry married William T. McClintic, and lives near Beverly. Bessie married J. K. B. Wooddell, and lives in Ritchie County.

Elizabeth Auldridge married Henry Moore and lives near Driftwood.

Mary Ann Auldridge married William Moore, of Elk. One daughter, Ann Moore, survives her.

William Auldridge, Junior, married Nancy Kellison and settled on the Greenbrier, two miles below the mouth of Swago. Their only child, Martha, married Geore Hill, son of Abram Hill of Hills Creek. While he was in service in 1861 at Valley Mountain he contracted the measles. He came home and his wife took down also with the same disease, and the two died within a week of each other, leaving a daughter, who is now Mrs Robert Shafer. William Auldridge's second wife was a Miss Shafer. Her son, James Edgar Auldridge, lives on the homestead.

John Auldridge married Rebecca Smith, who is particularly mention in the memoirs of John Smith, of Stony Creek.

Samuel Auldridge, son of William Auldridge the ancestor, married Miriam Barlow and settled at the Bridger Notch, finally on Greenbrier River near Stamping Creek. His children by the first marriage were William, John, and Mary Ann. Mary Ann died young. John was a Confederate soldier and was killed in battle. William lives at Millpoint.

Samuel Auldridge's second wife was Susan Grimes.

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Mention is made of her family in the Grimes memoir.

James Auldridge was a tailor by occupation, worked awhile at Frankford, and then went to Missouri.

Richard Auldridge, youngest son of William the ancestor, married Hannah Smith, daughter of John Smith.

Sarah Auldridge married William McClure, and settled on the Greenbrier River, below Beaver Creek. Their children were James, Rachel, Mary, and Bessie. Rachel became Mrs Jacob Pyles; Mary, Mrs George Overholt, on Swago. Bessie died in her youth. James McClure was married three times: First wife, Miss McComb; second, Miss Pyles; and third, Miss Frances Adkinson. He lives on the homestead.

Elizabeth Auldridge married Jacob McNeil, and settled in Floyd County, Virginia.

Nancy Auldridge was married to the late Moore McNeil, on Swago.

Thus closes fer the present the chronicles of this worthy man's family. The writer would make mention of the assistance given him by James Auldridge and his son George.

The venerable man whose history we have been tracing—as illustrated by his descendants—was a very estimable person. He was an ever busy, industrious, and exemplary citizen. His influence was ever for sincere piety, strict honesty, and quiet judicious attention to his own concerns. These same qualities characterize many of his worthy posterity. Early in his manhood he was greatly disabled bp a falling tree and was seriously crippled for life; and yet the work he

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and his children accomplished in opening up abundant homes, under difficulties, is truly remarkable and worthy of special appreciation. He loved to hunt, and on one occasion came near being killed by a panther from which he escaped with difficulty.

Mr Auldridge, owing to his disabled condition, became a school teacher, and pursued that vocation for years, and did much good in that line. When he died at an advanced age several years since, the common remark was that one of our best old men had gone from us.

CHRISTOPHER HEROLD.

Among the prosperous citizens of Pocahontas County in its early development, Christopher Herold deserves recognition of a special character. He was of pure German parentage—his immediate ancestry came from the Fatherland, settling in Pennsylvania, thence removing to Virginia. Though he could not read English, no one would have suspected it, so well posted he seemed to be in politieal matters and current affairs. His powers of memory were surprising, and his business sagacity was equal to any of his contemporaries. He was honest and enterprising. He and his sons accumulated an immense landed estate on Elk, Douthards Creek, and other places, amounting to many thousands acres.

Christopher Herold married Elizabeth Cook, of Pendleton County, and soon after their marriage located on Back Creek, now known as the Thomas

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he has found the explanation to be a disease of the nervous system that is so highly infectious as to sweep the whole round of humanity at recurring periods.

John Webb remained in his bachelor home until he became disabled by the infirmities of advanced age. Then it was the late Martin Dilley, of revered memory took charge of the old veteran; He built a very comfortable cabin for his use in the yard near his own dwelling, and cared for him until the old soldier "fought his last battle" on the borders of the unseen world. This building is standing yet. His grave is in the Dilley Grave yard, on the line between the Andrew Dilley and John Dilley lands.

WILLIAM BAXTER.

Among the worthy citizens of our county deserving of special mention was William Baxter, near Edray, W. Va. He was born on Little Back Creek, in 1808. He was the eldest son of Colonel John Baxter, whose name appears prominently in the early history of Pocahontas County. His mother was Mrs Mary Moore Baxter, a sister of Joseph Moore of Anthonys Creek. She was a very industrious and careful housekeeper, and diligently trained her children in habits of industry and economy.

At an early age his parents moved to Pocahontas County, and resided a good many years at the Sulphur Spring. Being the eldest son, he worked hard in assisting to support the family, consisting of four sons and three daughters. His sisters were Mrs Jane

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Moore, wife of the late John Moore near Marlinton; Mrs Martha Duncan, wife of Henry Duncan, head of Stony Creek; and Mrs Sarah Duncan, wife of William Duncan, near Edray,

Mrs Baxter and three sons, Joseph, John, and George, finally located in Braxton County, where she died a few years thereafter. John died, too, soon after the removal to their new home. Joseph was a Federal soldier, and died of wounds in Kanawha County. George was a Confederate soldier, and died a prisoner of war somewhere in the State of New York.

From early boyhood William Baxter manifested great fondness for reading, and he improved his available opportunities very studiously. His father owned the largest and most select library then in the county, and William read most of the books. At an early day he began teaching, and was one of the most popular teachers of his day. In 1840 he purchased land sold for taxes by the late Jacob Arbogast, as commissioner, and built up a home on property now owned by his son George Baxter, County Surveyor.

This land was a section of the Philips Survey, dated 1795, and the papers call for twenty thousand acres. This famous survey began at the McCollam place, extended beyond Beaver Dam, thence on to Williams River, and from there came ont on Elk at the mouth of Crooked Fork, thence passed on towards Greenbrier River at a point near Verdant Valley, thence along the lines of Drennan, Gay, and others to and up Stony Creek near the old Salt well, and thence to the beginning.

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His wife was Elizabeth Barlow, daughter of John Barlow. By industry and economy this worthy couple opened up a pleasant home in the primitive forest and reared their family very respectably indeed. George, Samuel, and William Baxter, near Edray, and Mrs Mary Moore, near Marlinton, are their surviving children.

For many years William Baxter, Senior, served as justice of the peace and member of the Pocahontas court. He was a skillful amanuensis, and did a great deal of work in that line, framing business papers, as articles of agreement, conveyances, deeds, and wills. His opinions were much relied upon as to the right or wrong of questions that would occasionally arise between neighbors, and frequently matters were quietly adjusted that otherwise might have led to tedious court proceedings, and much disagreeable personal animosities.

This model citizen was moreover regular and attentive in his attendance upon all religious services within his reach, but did not avow his trust in a personal Savior until advanced in life.

He died September, 1881, aged about 73 years. In two or three weeks thereafter his faithful wife also passed away, thus lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death not long divided. At this day there are many to rise up and call them blessed.

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history so few survive to repeat, sowed in tears, in privations, and hardships what we who now live are reaping in a joyful harvest. What they sowed in tears we the living may reap with grateful joy, if we have proper appreciation of what they did and suffered in their day and generation. Let us not forget that the frugality, industry, and careful attention to duties that enabled them to secure this goodly heritage, is all important for us to observe and imitate in order to keep it from slipping away and vanishing from our reach.

Like busy bees the pioneer people all over our countp tried to improve every shining hour, and turn to some good account every opportunity in sight, no matter how hard it may have seemed. It has been well said that those who look only for easy places, will finally round up in the hardest places and have no way to get out except by death.

WILLIAM EDMISTON.

William Edmiston, in whose memory this biographic paper has been prepared, was one of the early settlers of the lower Levels. He seems to have been born and reared in upper Greenbrier, near Falling Spring, and his ancestry came from Augusta County. His wife was Rebecca Walkup, from the Falling Spring vicinity, where there are families of the name now residing. She was a sister of the late John Walkup, of Falling Spring, a greatly respected citizen and exemplary Christian man. One of her sisters was the wife

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of Samuel Beard, who was a brother of Josiah Beard, and his home was in Renicks Valley.

Upon his marriage with Rebecca Walkup, Mr Edmiston settled a few miles south of Hillsboro. Their family consisted of one son, James Edmiston, and four daughters, Rebecca, Jennie, Mattie, and Margaret.

James Edmiston married Margaret Woods, of Nicholas County- He settled on Cooks Dry Run, at the "Sinks," which is now known as the Peter Clark place. The names of James Edmiston's children known to the writer were Samuel, William, Christopher, and Rebecca. This daughter Rebecca became the wife of Jackson Edmiston, son of Andrew Edmiston, a brother of William Edmiston.

About 1840 James Edmiston sold his possessions to the late Andrew Johnson and migrated to Iowa, where many of his descendants now live.

Rebecca Edmiston became the second wife of Jonathan Jordan.

Jennie Edmiston was married to Isaac Hill. Upon his decease she and her family removed to the State of Iowa.

Martha Edmiston married George Hill, and settled on Hills Creek and spent her life there.

Margaret, the fourth daughter of William Edmiston, was married to George McCoy, moved to Cedar County, Iowa, and were among the first settlers of their vicinity, and grew up with the development of that renowned county. William McCoy, their son, could not forget the girl he left behind, but returned to Poca-

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hontas and married Elizabeth Grimes, daughter of the late Hon John Grimos.

These few particulars illustrating something of the family history of these good people have been laid before our readers with the assistance of the late Mrs Nancy Callison and the venerable James McCollam. The writer has some remembrance of these persons personally, but not very distinct as to any important impressions.

Mr Edmiston and the late Samuel Davies Poage were congenial friends and attached Christian brethren though of different persuasions and rather strenuous in their respective doctrinal views. This indicated that their hearts were imbued with a pious fervor that got the better of their mere intellectual doctrinal notions. They agreed to disagree, and not mar their Christain fellowship with vain wrangling about their respective creeds and formalities.

Mr Edmiston's piety was of the highly emotional, demonstrative type, and for years his emotions seemed to be the first to kindle and burn with the holy fervor that makes religious services so interesting to many persons. His Christian character was above reproach, and all regarded him as sincere. He was looked up to as a master Christian, and had it not been for the somewhat counteracting influence exerted by Nathaniel Kinnison, a silent, calm Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile, the impression might have been that no one could expect to be a model Christian like Mr Edmiston without his zeal and demonstrative fervor

Such might have been the impression, but when the

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characters of Nathaniel Kinnison and Davies Poage were considered, the impression prevailed there were different ways in which people could be warm hearted, genuine Christains, and so there was mutual respect and lovely Christian fellowship.

For many years Mr Edmiston was a pillar in the M. E. Church, and the secret of his influence was his lovely Christain deportment. Nathaniel Kinnison was also a pillar in the M. E. Church, but his piety was that developed in the calm retreat, the silent shade, that seemed to him by God's bounty made for those who worship God—so suitable for personal prayer and praise to the unseen though ever present one.

When far advanced in life Mr Edmiston vacated his old pleasant home amid the gently rolling lands and pleasant groves for a home on Hills Creek, and his last days were spent amid the inviting scenes that surround the place where Daniel Peck now lives.

The writer feels grateful that he ever knew this good old man, even to a slight extent, and may the time never come when the presence of persons of like Christian fervor, generous, liberal, fraternal impulses cease to exist, for should such a dire calamity befall the county then envy, strife, confusion, and many evil works will be tolerated—all in the name too and for the sake of religion.

JOHN YEAGER, SENIOR.

For well nigh a hundred years the Yeager name has been a familiar one. The Reager relationship derive

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Moore McNeil, the youngest son of William the teacher, became a preacher, and entered the itineracy under the auspices of the Methodist Protestant church, and traveled many years with marked success and acceptance in the counties of West Virginia bordering the Ohio River. His wife was Miss Eliza Jane Donaldson. At the present time he resides at Smithville, in Ritchie County. He is however still vigorous, and performs much ministerial service, in connexion with the duties laid upon him by the care of a large family and the management of extensive farming operations.

Thus we have traced the history of Thomas McNeil, the pioneer of Swago, as exemplified by brief allusions to those of his descendants whose names have been communicated to us. His name deserves honorable recognition for his courage in penetrating the danger-recesses of these forest wilds, at the time among the most exposed and dangerous points of the Indian frontier. He overcame difficulties and encouraged others to do the same, and showed how it was done. Then when this place came to be too narrow, his sons and daughters trained by him were fitted to make the best of the opportunities opened up on the Ohio frontier and were ready for them.

WILLIAM A. GUM.

The Gum relationship in Pocahontas consists of two groups, descendants of Jacob Gum and William A. Gum respectively. The group considered in this paper trace their ancestry to Williom A. Gum, who left

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Highland County (then Pendleton) in 1831, and located on the Redden place near Greenbank, now occupied by John Grogg. In 1841, Mr Gum moved to Back Alleghany and settled in the woods, and opened up lands now in the possession of his sons.

Mrs Gum was Elizabeth, daughter of James Higgins of Pendleton. They were the parents of one daughter and two sons: Margaret Elsie, James Henry, and Francis McBryde.

Margaret was first married to James A. Logan, and first settled on a section of the homestead. Her children were John Commodore, who died in 1861 while quite young, and Elizabeth, who became Mrs E. O. Moore, and lived on Deer Creek near Greenbank.

By her second marriage Mrs Logan became Mrs Gragg, and lives on Back Mountain near the homestead. It is her mother in law, Mrs Zebulon Gragg, who is believed to be the oldest person now living in the county.

James H. Gum fisrt married Sally Ann, daughter of Zebulon Gragg, and settled on a part of the homestead. His second marriage was with Tilda Hoover, daughter of Abel Hoover, near Gillespie. He was a Confederate soldier, attached to the 62d Regiment of mounted infantry, that formed a part of General Imboden's command.

Francis McBryde Gum first married Elizabeth Peck, from Lewis County, and settled on the homestead. There were two children by this marriage, James Floyd and Virginia Elizabeth, who are living near Montgomery City, Missouri. His second marriage was

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with Caroline Amanda, daughter of Ellis Houchin, whose wife was Comfort Slaven Higgins. The Houchin family was from east Virginia.

McBryde Gum was a Confederate soldier, and went out with the Greenbank company, known as Company G 31st Virginia Infantry. He volunteered in May, 1861, and served throughout the war, and as he was wounded three times he is to be remembered as a battle scarred veteran of that mysterious and strange war between the States.

Those who are familiar with the history of the 31st Virginia Infantry, need not be reminded that no regiment in the service of the Confederacy has a more interesting and honorable record, or more frequently posted in the "deadly imminent breach" or more relied on in dire emergencies.

Fortunately Mr Gum's wounds were slight and did not disable him for any length of time. The first wound was received in the bloody affair at Spottsylvania Court House. The second wound was inflicted at Liberty, Bedford County, when General Hunter was repulsed at Lynchburg. The third wound was received at the battle of Winchester. Instead of a wound, he had his mustache neatly and closely trimmed off by a minnie ball at the battle of Cold Harbor. Clippers might have done the trimming a little more in style, but not near so quickly.

He was twice a prisoner of war. He was captured the first time at Uriah Hevener's, in 1861, and paroled. The second time he was taken at his home on Back Mountain, in October, 1864. This time instead

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of being released on parole, he was taken to Clarksburg, where he suffered many privations, and had a "plague of a time of it." He blames the cook, however, for the most of the hardships attending his imprisonment. It seems that the cook was infected with the spirit of speculation that was so much in the air during war time, and saw a chance to realize some pocket money from the rations he drew at the commissary. While the cook would draw very liberal rations, he was excessively economical in feeding them out.

There were but two meals a day, breakfast and supper. For breakfast the bill of fare consisted of a slice of very light bread, about four fingers broad, half tin cup of weak coffee, and a slice of bacon two fingers broad and not much longer. Supper was served at 4 p. m., consisting uniformily of a tin cup of coffee and another small slice of bread, but no meat. It is but just to remark that all this was without the knowledge of the Federal officer in charge. An individual who had been in the Southern service was the cook, and took advantage of this opportunity to make a little something for himself. He had found out that Confederates were in the habit of living on little or nothing, and to feed such was just to his advantage. He would make a nice thing of it and they would not know the difference, and would think they had gotten all that would be allowed.

Thus with the cheerful assistance of McBryde Gum, the compiler of these sketches has had it in his power to illustrate the family history of William A. Gum, a worthy citizen of our county in his day. All who re-

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member William A. Gum have a good word for him as a neighbor, friend, and substantial, prosperous citizen. The way he came to have a middle name is a little out of the usual order. When Dunkum & Co. had a store at Dunmore, William Gum was a liberal dealer. There was another William Gum from the vicinity of Greenbank, and the merchant to note the difference and not get their accounts mixed, called the one from Back Mountain "William Alleghany" on his books. In settling he had Mr Gum to sign his name William A. Gum. From that circumstance he always thus signed his name in business affairs and in correspondence, and so got his middle name Alleghany long after he became a grown person. In studying the origin of names, it is interesting to find that a large number of names have originated from where persons happened to live.

Forty-nine years ago, in August, the writer spent an hour or two at his newly made home in the woods, and ever since there has been a beautiful picture in his mind of a truly contented man with his home and surroundings, endowed with the power of making himself and all around him pleasant and cheerful.

JACOB GUM

The second group of the Gum relationship are the descendants of Jacob Gum, who came from what is now Crabbottom, in Highland County, soon after the war of 1812. Upon his marriage with Martha Houchin

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His memory long will live alone
In all their hearts as mournful light,
That broods above the fallen sun
And dwells in heaven half the night.

WILLIAM MOORE.

This paper is devoted to the memory of William Moore, the youngest of Moses Moore's sons. It is believed by some that the place of his birth, (which occurred September 18, 1784,) was near the McClintic Mill on Swago. The locality was indicated quite recently by some apple trees of great age. His youth and early manhood were passed on Knapps Creek. After his marriage to Christine Dods, of Rockbridge County. he lived for a time near Timber Ridge in that county, and then settled permanently on Hazef Ridge, on lands now owned by Lee Carter and Anderson Barlow, between one and two miles west of Edray. Their family consisted of three sons and two daughters: James Elliot, Addison, Alexander, Margaret and Jane.

Margaret Moore was married to Colonel John W. Ruckman, and lived near Millpoint.

Jennie Moore married Captain William D. Hefner. Captain Hefner was a millwright by occupation. After living in Pocahontas some years he located in Fayette County. He was a gallant Confederate officer, an effective scout, and finally lost his life in the battle of Lewisburg, along with his eldest son Franklin. Mrs Hefner now lives in Kansas. Pathetic memories arise in the mind as we think of the father and son falling

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side by side, mingling their blood in death on the gory ground, and then dust to dust in one honored grave.

Alexander Moore first married Mary Bradshaw, near Huntersville, and settled on the homestead. His second marriage was with Mary Duffield, and finally went to Kansas. The names of his children: Lee, Moffett, Florence, Susie, Mary Winters, Frankie, and Elliot.

Addison Moore, after his marriage with Elizabeth Hannah on Elk, settled on Hazel Ridge, where he lived many years- went to Iowa, then returned, and died at an advanced age at the home of his son, William Allen Moore, at Huttonsville a few years since.

Addison Moore seemed to have been a born physician. He acquired by reading and experimenting considerable medical skill, and rendered much valuable service to afflicted friends and neighbors.

James E. Moore was married three times. His first wife was Margaret Sutton. Her children were Davis, who died in Iowa; John Sutton, a prominent teacher of schools in Pocahontas County; Enoch H., a merchant; Bryson, Confederate soldier, slain at Gettysburg; Rachel, wife of the late M. A. Friel; Martha, first wife of Andrew Taylor, and lived on Laurel Creek; and Agnes, now Mrs Rufus Wheeler of the Baltimore Conference.

Second wife was Mary Burr. Her only son, Wallace, was drowned at Ronceverte a few years since.

Third wife was Luemma, daughter of Samuel Harper on Knapps Creek. Her daughter Ella, now Mrs Marion White; Birdie, wife of Rev W. H. Ballengee of the Baltimore Conference. Lloyd Moore married

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Ressie Bird, and lives in Lynchburg, Va. Frank Moore married Annie Cleek and lives near Millpoint. Lee Moore married Lizzie Hicks, of Bath, and lives at the Millpoint homstead.

Rev James E. Moore was a busy man of affairs. He taught school in many places at intervals for fifty or sixty years, was a local Methodist preacher nearly as long, a laborious farmer, and was Commissioner of the Revenue. He is remembered by the old soldiers that went out to Grafton with Captain Andrew McNeel's cavalry and Captain D. A. Stofer's "Pocahontas Rescues," for the farewell address that he delivered at John Varner's, near Split Rock, one Sabbath morning. This scene connected with the departure of these troops for the most advanced and exposed post of the Confederate frontier, ready to do and dare, was full of interest. By the next Sabbath these troops were at Grafton with their "tin cups and pocket knives," ready to do and dare in the nearest north and most exposed of all Confederate positions.

General William Skeene also made an address in response to Mr Moore's, and some of his words are yet fresh in the memories of aged men. In his most impassioned and eloquent manner General Skeene exclaimed: "If you will attend to the ballot boxes we will attend to the cartridge boxes, and we will return to enjoy the blessings of liberty amid these green hills, bringing our laurels with us."

The few persons now remaining that remember William Moore—"Uncle Billy" as he was called by every body—speak of him as the kindest of persons to every

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one. He and Mrs Moore built up a very attractive home and reared a nice family. This home became widely known for open handed hospitality.

Mrs Moore, old "Aunt Teenie," as she was so familiarly called by the neighbors, was one of the most helpful and benevolent of persons in seasons of sickness or bereavement. She spared no pains day or night at all seasons, in vernal showers, in summer's heat, in autumn storms, or wintry snows, Aunt Tenie's skillful hand would be one of the first to bring relief when pain and anguish furrowed a neighbor's brow, or where the death angel was heard knocking at the door of some one's life. Her religious proclivities were decidedly and very positively presbyterian.

While not a member of the church, William Moore's walk and conversation exemplified all the visible traits of genuine Christian principle. In a religious meeting in the old Hamlin Chapel, some years before his decease, he was invited by the class leader, the late John R. Duffield, to testify what he thought of the Christian religion. William Moore arose in that solemn and dignified manner for which he was rather remarkable, and stated that he had been a praying person for fifty years, and had conscientiously tried to live with a conscience void of offence toward God and man and, moreover, it was his heart's desire hereafter to live in all good conscience toward the same. This testimony is remembered as one of the most to the purpose ever heard in that venerable place of worship.

When Aaron Moore, on the Greenbrier, his brother, was nearing his end, William Moore paid him what

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proved his final visit. His kind heart was so touched at seeing his aged brother so near death that before leaving he kneeled at the bed side and poured out his full heart in prayer and fraternal intercession for his aged dying brother. They then parted to meet no more alive. A more impressive scene is hard to imagine.

Mrs Moore's death was occasioned by a cancerous affection. Mr Moore survived her a few years.

These esteemed persons, so lovely and pleasant in their lives, lived to a great age. They have quietly gone from us, and are now—with so many others—at rest in the Duffield burying ground. This is a place that should be carefully and sacredly cared for as Gods Acre, planted with so much precious, immortal seed, that will some day appear springing up to the praise and glory of our Redeemer's blood.

JAMES COOPER.

During most of the 19th century the Cooper name has been familiar in our region. James Cooper, the progenitor of the Cooper relationship, was a native of Augusta County, and was reared in the Mossy Creek section of that great County. Having married Nancy Agnes Wooddell, he came over with the Wooddells, very early in the settlement of the upper section of our county, and opened up property now owned by Robert N. Gum, near Greenbank, then known as the Piney Woods. They were the parents of four sons and six da ughters.

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Elizabeth Cooper became Mrs Woods, and settled at Greenhill, Highland County.

Margaret became Mrs Enoch Hill and lived in Ritchie County. Her daughter Harriet became Mrs Fling, and lived at Flag, Ohio. Nannie became another Mrs Fling, and lived in Ritchie County.

Jane Cooper became Mrs Andrew Kerr and lived near Dunmore. Her daughter Nannie became Mrs Washington Hoover; Anne, now Mrs Raymer Davis, near Greenbank; Caroline, now Mrs Gatewood Sutton, at Durbin. Her son William Kerr in Pocahontas, and John Kerr lives in Lewis County.

Lucinda Cooper became Mrs John Alexander Gillespie, late of Greenbank. Her children were Taylor, Amos, and Wise, the three sons. Her daughters were Nancy, who became Mrs George Beverage; Rachel, now Mrs Henry Sheets, near Dunmore; Margaret now Mrs John L. Hudson, near Louise, Mary now Mrs George Sheets, and Martha.

Nancy and Melinda are the names of James Coopers other two daughters. Thomas Cooper died in youth.

John T. Cooper married in Marion County. He was a popular physician. He resided a number of years in Parkersburg and then at Claysville, where he died in 1878. His daughter Flora teaches school in Parkersburg. His son James a foreman in machine shops at Parkersburg and other points. Another son Arthur is a Presbyterian minister in Illinois, and there are three children deceased.

Dr Cooper read medicine with the late Dr Strather, of the Warm Springs. He was prominent in church

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circles, being a ruling elder in a Parkersburg Presbyterian congregation.

James Harvey Cooper married Julia Ann Whitman, of Greenbrier County. They were the parents of five sons and three daughters. The daughters were Agnes who died in 1861, Julia Ann, and Rebecca. In reference to the sons we have this remarkable but sad record. They were all Confederate soldiers. Robert died in the war. James lost an arm in battle. John and Charles were each severely wounded, and George was killed in 1864 in battle near Fishers Hill.

Joseph W. Cooper married Rachel Tallman Sutton, and lived near Greenbank. They were the parents of four sons and one daughter: Rachel, George Clark, James Amos, John William, and Charles Calvin. In 1863 in the course of three weeks the dipthiretic scourge removed the mother, her daughter and three sons by death.

J. W. Cooper's second marriage was with Harriet Wade of Bath County. She lived about one year.

His third marriage was with Mary Arbogast, near Glade Hill. Snowden, Walter, and Vivian were the children of this marriage.

The writer would hereby cheerfully acknowledge the thanks due George C. Cooper for assistance rendered by him on the wayside, July 1, 1901, when we casually met near Marvin Chapel and took notes under an apple tree, the thermometer 96 degrees. Without the data given by this grandson of the venerable pioneer this sketch could not have been prepared and the name of a most worthy pioneer would have been overlooked.

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James Cooper's name appears in the organization of the county as one of the constables appointed. He served the public as magistrate, assessor, and teacher of schools. He was regarded with high esteem for his honest and elevated character in social and business relations. He was a prominent member of the Liberty Church in the early history of that historic congregation, and his influence was ever for good morals, intelligence, and refinement of manners, himself being a fine specimen of what is termed "a gentleman of the old school," and was noted for his polite and gracious manners, correct and entertaining conversational powers.

ALEXANDER WADDELL.

One of the pioneers of our county from whom quite a number of our people trace their descent was Alexander Waddell. He was of Scotch-Irish descent and was among the earliest settlers in the neighborhood of Marvin Chapel. His wife was a Miss Rouss. He came from Augusta County before the Revolution, but in what year is not certainly known. He came out to examine the country, and looked over the Levels and the lands beyond Buckeye and around Sewall's Cave, and selected the place so long known as the Waddell Place, where the public road reaches the highest point on the mountain in passing from Buckeye to Millpoint. When he first explored the Levels all was mainly vacant or unclaimed, and he might have entered the greater part of it. He concluded it was too level and

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startled the whole county, and was one of the most pathetic and tragical scenes ever transacted in our county.

Mr Dilley deserves to be remembered as one of the more substantial and useful citizens of his generation. He should be held in high esteem for what he accomplished in developing his part of our county, for he demonstrated that a rich reward awaited the diligent worker, and that an ample competence could be secured by such in spite of natural obstacles of dense forests rugged soil and seemingly capricious climate.

A chilly, rainy evening in April, 1847, the writer spent under the roof of this good old man and shared the comforts so profusely provided. And he will ever remember how impressively the venerable man stood up, repeated and sang a hymn. Then he had us to kneel and he the "priest and father" led in the family devotions preliminary to retiring for the night's repose. Such are the homes whence true peace and prosperity come forth to bless our people at large. May there be many such.

WILLIAM NOTTINGHAM.

For more than a hundred years Nottingham has been a familiar name in our part of West Virginia. The ancestor of the Nottingham relationship was William Nottingham, Senior, a native of England. His wife, whose name cannot be recalled, was of Irish descent. Soon after the Revolution these persons settled in

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what is now Pocahontas on land at present owned by Uriah Hevener and the heirs of the late Washington Nottingham. Their family consisted of five sons and a daughter. Their names were William, Sampson, James, Jacob, George and Elizabeth. James Nottingham migrated to Tennessee. Sampson Nottingham settled on the upper part of the home place. Jacob Nottingham settled on part of the Glade Hill farm, then went to Braxton County. George Nottingham settled, it is believed, in Lewis County.

William Nottingham, Junior, married Mary Arbogast, daughter of Adam Arbogast, and settled on the farm now held by the family of the late Adam Nottingham. In reference to his family the following particulars have been furnished us by his son, Harvey Nottingham.

Margaret Nottingham married James Moore in the Hills. Mary Moore, her daughter, married Clayton Dilley. She was the mother of A. L. Dilley and F. M. Dilley. A. L. Dilley is remembered as one of the founders of the Pocahontas Herald. William Moore, a son of James and Margaret Moore, was in the Confederate service, and is numbered with the unknown dead.

Mahala Nottingham married Captain John McElwee lately of the Hot Springs, Va. Her sons, Divers McElwee of Driscol, Bernard McElwee of Dunmore, and Burton McElwee of Greenbank, are well known citizens of our county.

Jennie Nottingham married William Tallman, and moved to Upshur County.

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Hessie Nottingham married James C. Moore, near Dilleys Mill. Mr Moore was killed in battle, June, 1864, near New Hope, Va.

Mary Nottingham never married, and died many years since.

Addison Nottingham, son of William Nottingham, Jr., has been twice married. His first marriage was with Miss Margaret Conrad, daughter of Solomon Conrad, near Greenbank. His second wife was Miss Elizabeth Herron, near Frost. He settled in the unbroken forest with his young family on the place where he now lives, and by patience and perseverence, with the blessings of Providence, he has prospered.

Harvey Nottingham, another son of William Nottingham, Jr., married Miss Caroline Swink, whose parents came from the Valley of Virginia in her early youth. He settled on a section of the home farm where he now resides, near Glade Hill. He began in the woods, and in the course of a few years, after much industrious toil, these persons have gathered about them the comforts of a charming home on the hill-side facing the rising sun. The two brothers, Harvey and Addison, live on adjoining farms, and here one can find an illustration of what may be realized by prudence and industry in the way of a comfortable competency.

William Nottingham, son of William Nottingham, Jr. went west.

Washington Nottingham, son of William, Jr., married Miss Senilda Bradshaw, daughter of the late William Bradshaw, on Browns Creek. She was a granddaughter of John Bradshaw, Esq., the founder Hunt-

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tersville, and a first cousin of the celebrated Bishop William Taylor, who claims to have preached all around the world, and has led a hundred thousand souls to the cross, according to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Hon. Adam Nottingham, son of William, Jr., married Miss Henrietta Philips, near Travelers Repose, and lived on the Glade Hill homestead opened up by his father. At an early age he was thrown upon his own resources by his own choice. His natural endowments were of a high order, and he studiously improved whatever opportunities came to hand: For several years he taught school, afterwards became deputy-sheriff, and then sheriff, and he also served as magistrate several terms. He represented Pocahontas in the house of delegates in the Virginia Legislature at Richmond, Va. He was an influential political leader and was a strenuous Jacksonian Democrat.

Mr Nottingham has been dead but a few years. His widow and several sons and daughters survive him, some of them still at the old home, while others have gone out, some far as Texas and the far west.

SAMUEL WHITING.

Samuel Whiting was a native of Sussex County, England, where he was born May 18, 1776. His wife was Sarah Lancaster, and was four years younger.

After a long, tedious voyage of three or four months Mr Whiting and his young family landed at New York in 1823, where he remained for a year or two. Thence

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In politics he was a Jacksonian democrat. "Old Hickory" never had a more loyal admirer and adherent, or Thomas Ritchie of the Richmond Enquirer, a more attentive reader.

For a number of years he was a professing Christian, and his end was peaceful and hopeful. He and his devoted wife were not long separated in their decease, which occurred but a few years since. He died October 30, 1890. Mrs Gay was a very superior person, and the writer cherishes her kindness to him as among the most pleasant memories of his early life. Beauty is vain and favor deceitful, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

She survived her noble husband but a few fleeting months. Her decease was sudden but very safe. Their bodies repose in the Gibson grave yard, and their graves indicated by beautiful monuments placed there by their dutiful children.

WILLIAM POAGE.

The Poage relationship claims a place in the annals of our county, and some attention will be given to them in this sketch.

The Poages are of pure Scotch-Irish ancestry. The line of descent can be traced to two brothers, Robert and John Poage, who "proved their importation at their own charges," at Orange Courthouse, 1740. The Pocahontas Poages are the descendants of Robert Poage, who settled between Staunton and Fort Defiance, and was among the first to occupy that attractive

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portion of the famous Valley of Virginia. His wife was Elizabeth Preston, whose family settled in the vicinity of Waynesboro with the pioneers about 1740. Their son John married Mary Blair and settled near the Poage homestead in Augusta County.

William Poage, one of John Poage's sons, married Margaret Davies and settled in the Little Levels about 1782, at the place where Charles W. Beard now resides. Mrs Poage died in 1843, aged 98 years. Their children were William, George Washington, Moses Hoge, Samuel Davies, and Elizabeth.

William Poage, Junior, married the widow Nancy Gatewood, a daughter of Major Jacob Warwick, and lived at Marlin's Bottom. Their daughter Rachel was married to Josiah Beard, of Locust.

Mary Vance Poage was married first to Robert Beale, and settled on Elk, where he died, leaving one daughter, Margaret Elizabeth Beale. There was another child that died at the age of a few months. When it was buried the father walked around the grave and then looking upward with his tearful eyes said: "Our God in heaven only knows who will be the next to be buried here; it may be myself." Four weeks from that day he too was carried there and buried.

Mrs Mary Beale was married the second time, to Henry M. Moffett, clerk of the county, and lived first at Huntersville, and then at the Levels. Margaret Beale, her eldest daughter, became the wife of Dr G. B. Moffett. Their sons Robert and James Moffett live in St. Louis and Chicago, employed in the Standard Oil business. Sally Moffett became Mrs Alexander

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McChesney, late of Charleston, W. Va. Martha Moffett is now Mrs Hall, of Philippi, Barbour County. Mary Evelina was the late Mrs William P. Thompson, of New York. Rachel Moffett is now Mrs Robert McChesney, of Lewisburg. George H. Moffett became a lawyer, speaker of the West Virginia legislature, and distinguished editor. He resides at Parkersburg.

Colonel William Woods Poage, son of Major William Poage, married Julia Callison of Locust, and settled on the homestead, finally moved to Poages Lane, where his sons John Robert and Quincy W. Poage now reside.

Margaret Davies Poage was married to the late Jas. A. Price.

Moses Hoge Poage, son of William Poage, the Levels settler, married Martha McDannald, of Windy Cove, Bath County, and settled on the place now held by Alvin Clark. Their sons and daughters were William, Franklin, Cyrus, Davis, Elizabeth, who became Mrs George Van Eman, a Presbyterian minister; and Mary Poage, who became Mrs Hanna. Late in life Moses Poage emigrated to Missouri.

George Washington Poage married Miss Rankin and settled on the place now occupied by Preston Clark. The children of the first marriage were William, who was killed by a falling tree; Rankin, who married Nancy Wolfenbarger, and settled where the late Rev M. D. Dunlap resided. He finally went west. James R. Poage, late of Edray. Mrs Ann Wanless, wife of Ralph Wanless in the Hills. Mrs Elizabeth Burner second wife of the late George Burner of Trav-

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elers Repose.

George W. Poage's second wife was Elizabeth Beard, sister of Josiah Beard. The children of the second family were George Washington Poage, Jr., Samuel Davies Poage, John B. Poage, and Elizabeth Poage, who became Mrs William P. Hill.

George W. Poage was a person of fine appearance, and his resemblance to the portraits of Washington—of whom he was a namesake—was frequently remarked upon. An evergreen prayer meeting was conducted at his house on silent Sabbaths. He loved to "wail with judicious care" the hymns and tunes that were sung by the Covenanting ancestry in Scotland. While there was much singing and much reading and much praying, but few things were sung, read, and prayed, and so the minds of the worshippers were concentrated on the few things needful—the forgiveness of sins through the blood of Jesus, a new heart and a right spirit. Advanced in years, Mr Poage went west with his family and settled in Missouri.

Samuel Davies Poage, youngest son of William Poage, Senior, married Miss Rebecca Arbuckle, of Lewisburg, sister of Captain Charles Arbuckle of Texas and lived at the old homestead. He had been educated for the Presbyterian ministry, but declined the exercise of its duties through a morbid sense of unworthiness, unfitness for assuming duties so sacred and responsible as he regarded Ministerial vows demanded. He was a faithful helper in the prayer meetings led by his brother George Poage. While attending school taught by Rev Joseph Brown at the Brick Church, the

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writer boarded in Mr Poage's family. He has heard him in secret prayer in his private room long after midnight, such were his devotional habits. It mattered not how cold the night might be, Mr Poage would spend hours in that room in secret devotions, and oftentimes he would come out with his features all radiant with ecstatic emotion.

Elizabeth Poage, daughter of William Poage, Sr., became the wife of Colonel John Hill, son of Richard Hill, so often mentioned in these biographic notes as a pioneer and scout.

Colonel Hill, late in life, felt it his duty to remove west. It was one of the most mournful episodes that ever occurred in the social history of the Levels when Moses Poage, George Poage, and Colonel Hill set out for the west with their families in order to seek new homes in their old age. The most of these persons located in Davies County, Missouri, and many of their descendants are in that State, which has been to so large extent occupied by Virginia people as to be regarded as a new Virginia.

William Poage, Senior, was a Presbyterian ruling elder, and virtually the founder of the Oak Grove church. Some of the first meetings conducted by Presbyterian ministers in this region were at his house. When the pulpit would be vacant years at a time there would be religious meetings at his home or the homes of his sons, who were also elders.

Visiting friends from Kentucky brought with them the revival spirit that has rendered the early history of Kentucky so famous, and it broke out in the Levels in

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1801. Parties in Augusta heard of it, and came over to see and hear what it all meant.

The pastor of the Old Stone Church, Rev William Wilson, a relative of the Poages, and fifteen or twenty of the young people, also relatives, came over together. They became imbued with the spirit of the moment, and went back singing and praying as they traveled along. The effect upon the home people in the valley as they rode up singing and praying was overwhelming, and from that point—the Old Stone church—the revival influence went all over the State, wherever there were Presbyterian congregations, and the results are visible at the present time. So it appears that a great matter was kindled by a little watch fire that had been kindled in the old Poage homestead.

WILLIAM SHARP.

One of the most substantial and prosperous citizens of our county in its formative period was the late William Sharp, near Verdant Valley. He was the son of William Sharp, Senior, who settled near Huntersville. He had scarcely attained his majority when he and Elizabeth Waddell were married at Alexander Waddell's. This worthy couple at once settled in the woods and opened up a fine estate out of a forest noted for the tremendous size of its walnut, red oak, and sugar maple trees, and reared a worthy family. In reference to their sons and daughters the following particulars have been mainly learned from his daughter, Mrs Martha Dilley, near Dilleys Mill.

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James Sharp, the eldest son, married Althea Martin and lived on Browns Creek, on the farm now owned by Amos Barlow. His son William died at home. Hanson died in Camp Chase, Ohio. George died a prisoner of war. His daughter Elizabeth married Thomas Logan, in Randolph County, and Sarah Sharp has her home with her sister.

William Sharp, Junior, married Rachel Dilley, and settled near Linnwood. His sons Harmon, Silas, and Hugh are well known citizens. Bernard fell mortally wounded at Duncan's Lane. Henry was wounded near William Gibson's on Elk, and died of his wounds. Luther was shot near his father's home by a scouting party. All three of these sons were Union soldiers. Mary Ella, the only daughter, died at the age of six years.

Alexander Sharp married Mary Dilley, and settled on a section of the old homestead. His only child is Mrs Hannah Johnson. A. D. Williams his grandson

Jacob Warwick Sharp married Elizabeth McNeel, and lived on the homestead. His son William married Julia Moore, and lives at Edray. Their daughter Lura is Mrs Dr J. W. Price. Paul married Eveline Moore, and lives on the Greenbrier River at the Bridger place. Isaac lives near Edray. Giles lives on the homestead. Jacob, junior, died in childhood. Elizabeth married J. R Poage, and Catherine married Quincy W. Poage. Francis married A. N. Barlow, and lives on a section of the homestead. Ann became Mrs S. B. Moore. Jacob W. Sharp died but recently much lamented by a very large circle of friends and relatives.

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John Sharp married Sally Johnson, daughter of the late William Johnson on the Greenbrier, and lives near Marlinton. His sons are Henry, Hugh, Ewing, James, and David. Mary is Mrs Frank Dilley, Nancy is Mrs Ervine Wilfong, Martha is Mrs James Wilfong, Susan is Mrs Amzi Ervine.

Elizabeth Sharp married Hugh McLaughlin, at Huntersville, and has recently died aged nearly a hundred years.

Jane Sharp married James Hanson and settled in Galla County, Ohio. Her children were William, John, Lydia, Elizabeth, and Catherine.

Mary Sharp married David Gibson and settled on Elk, where Robert Gibson now lives.

Rebecca Sharp married Wm. D. Moore, and settled on the Crooked Branch of Elk, on the place now owned by her son Jacob S. Moore. Her children were Mary Jane, who married John McLaughlin, son of Major Daniel McLaughlin, and settled beyond Greenbank. Elizabeth married Joseph C. Gay, and lives on Elk Mountain near the old home. Mr Gay was a noted Confederate scout and is a prosperous citizen. Matthias Moore married Jennie Mays, and lives in Botetourt County, Virginia. C. L. Moore married Mary Martha McLaughlin. Jacob Moore married Harriet Gay, lately deceased. Nancy Moore married Jonas Simmons, and lived at Mingo, Randolph County.

Anna Sharp married Alexander Stalnaker, and settled in Randolph County. Her daughter Mary married Bryson Hamilton of that county.

Ellen Sharp married Warwick Stalnaker, of Ran-

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dolph County. Her daughter Lizzie became Mrs Dr David Gibson of the same vicinity.

Nancy Sharp married Jacob Cassell, from Back Alleghany, and are living at Woodstock, Illinois.

Martha Sharp, youngest daughter of the pioneer, married Andrew Dilley and settled on Thorny Creek.

Thus far the writer has been able to furnish some historical items that illustrate the family history of two very estimable persons. As related elsewhere, these people were the intimate friends of Jacob Warwick and his wife. Mr Sharp lived to a very advanced age, having survived his wife many years. He lived to see his children married and settled. His appearance was venerable, and nature had done very much for him in the way of natural endowments of mind and vigor of body.

He first saw the young person he married at Thomas Drinnon's, near Edray, where she spent a week or two spinning flax. While she was there a preacher happened to come along, (believed to have been Bishop Asbury). Mr Drinnon drummed up a congregation, and among those present was a young and bashful youth with a new coonskin cap that he seemed to set a great deal of store by. Miss Waddell seemed to think it was verv funny, and when she went home made some remark about the ugly, funny looking young man she had seen at the meeting. The mother remonstrated and said: "Oh Betsy, don't talk so; that young chap will be to see you yet, first thing you know."

Sure enough he did slip in, and found Betsy not exactly "robed and ready" either. She had just finish-

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ed and hung out "a wash," and by way of a restful change was performing on her spinning wheel, in short petticoat, chemise, and bare footed. Having shown him a chair, she resumed her performance at the wheel and as he meant business and time was precious, matters were pretty well arranged by midnight.

These young people thus being all the world to each other and not afraid to work, their cabin home was an earthly paradise. A fine estate was opened up, a worthy family was reared, and the way prepared for many worthy families to have a local habitation and name in a goodly land. The influence of these good people was in the interest of untiring industry, honest dealing, generous hospitality, and patriotic citizenship.

MARTIN DILLEY.

Among the well known citizens of our county from the twenties to the forties was Martin Dilley. It is believed he was from Maryland and of Quaker descent. His wife was Hannah Moore, daughter of Pennsylvania John Moore, the pioneer. He located near Dilleys Mill where his son the late Andrew Dilley lived. Here he settled in the virgin forest and rescued from the wilderness quite a large estate and accumulated an ample competency. His home was known far and near where a bountiful hospitality was dispensed, a cordial welcome awaited friends and strangers alike. In reference to his family the following particulars have been gleaned from the reminis-

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buried. Search was made for the body, but it could not be identified. The field had been burned over about the time he had had fallen and destroyed all traces of identity.

The writer had the pleasure of meeting Mrs Elizabeth Holden at Lexington, some years after the War. Her emotions overpowered her when she endeavored to tell me what had taken place since we last met in her pleasant home in Huntersville in 1861. I was told by others that she was one of the most regular attendants upon public worship and did more than her part in the benevolent work of the congregation, considering her broken health and reverses. She plied her needle with such industry that she lived nicely and had something to spare. It greatly pleased the writer to hear it remarked, "You must have good people in Pocahontas if Mrs Holden and ——— are fair specimens." What can be more worthy of aspiration than than to be a credit to the people among whom we happen to be reared. To be a credit to our families, our religion and our county is the highest aim that can stimulate true and useful endeavor.

WILLIAM SHARP.

It appears from such information as the compiler has been able to obtain, that this person was the pioneer settler of the Huntersville vicinity, and was the first to open up a permanent residence. Traces of the building he erected are yet visible near the new road around

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the mountain, a few rods from where the mountain road leaves the Dunmore and Huntersville road. Mr Sharp located here about 1773, and saw service as a scout and a soldier. It is believed he came here from Augusta County, and probably lived in the vicinity of Staunton. His wife's name was Mary Meeks. She was a very amiable person, lived to a great age, and died at the home of ner son, James Sharp, many years ago. In reference to their sons and daughter the following particulars have come to hand.

Nancy Sharp was married to Levi Moore, Junior.

Margaret Sharp was married to John Kelley and lived on Michels Mountain. Her children were William, John, Anthony, Nancy, Polly, Rachel, Jennie, and Margaret.

Nancy Kelley was married to Robert Sharp, son of James Sharp on Thorny Creek, and went to Iowa.

John Kelley was a Union soldier, and died on the Kanawha during the war.

Rachel Sharp, danghter of William Sharp, was married to Jonathan Griffin, and lived near the head of Stony Creek, on the farm now owned by Levi Gay. Here children were Abraham, Benoni, Jonathan, and Mrs Charles Ruckman.

Mary Sharp became the wife of Arthur Grimes, and settled in The Hills overlooking the head of Knapps Creek. In the Grimes memoirs special mention was made of all her children except one, Sally Grimes. She became the wife of the late Hugh McLaughlin, and lived near Huntersville, at the Bridge. One of her sons was Lieutenant James Hickman McLaughlin,

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who died in Winchester of a wound, during the war in 1864. He was on picket at the Rapidan River. He was of a very jovial disposition, and was joking the federal pickets and having his fun with them. By way of sport he stuck out his foot and in an instant his ankle was shattered by a minnie ball. He was taken to Winchester and was doing well, until one day the hospital was thronged with ladies bringing all sorts of nice things for the wounded soldiers. The Lieutenant indulged too freely for the good of his health, and died a victim of well meant sympathy and kindness. He was one of the few Confederates killed by kindness.

John Sharp, a son of William Sharp, upon his marriage with Sarah McCollam, settled on the farm near Verdant Valley, now occupied by his grandson, John Wesley Irvine.

William Sharp, Junior, was another son of the Huntersville pioneer; and settled Verdant Valley, and a numerous posterity is descended from them. Their children were James, William, Alexander, Jacob, Paul, John, Elizabeth, Jane, Mary, Rebecca, Anna, Ellen, Nancy, and Martha. He and his resolute young wife, Elizabeth Waddell, settled in the woods and built up a fine estate out of a forest noted for the tremendous size of its walnut, redoak, and sugar maple trees, and reared a worthy family highly respected for their industry and good citizenship.

James Sharp, late of Beaver Creek, was another of the sons of William Sharp, Senior. His wife was Ann Waddell, sister of Mrs William Sharp just mentioned. He opened up a home on Cummings Creek, a part of

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the Huntersville homestead. The property was recently owned by the late Joseph C. Loury. Upon disposing of his property to William Cackley, Mr Sharp located on Beaver Creek, on property known as the James Sharp place. He opened up an extensive area, and prospered in worldly affairs and reared a worthy family. Ehe names of his children were Mary, Rebecca, Margaret, Martha, Nancy, Ann, Rachel, Lucinda, William, Andrew, and James.

Mary was married to William Pyles.

Rebecca became Mrs James Lewis, and lived in the Levels. Mrs Ann Clark, at Hillsboro, is a daughter of Mrs Lewis. Mrs R. C. Shrader and the late Mrs Davis Kinnison are her daughters also.

Margaret Sharp was married to Jacob Civey, on Anthonys Creek. Martha Sharp was also married to a Mr Civey of the same locality. Nancy Sharp was married to Robert Ryder, and lived on Anthonys Creek.

Ann Sharp was married to Levi Cackley, Junior.

Rachel Sharp became Mrs Robert Gay, and lived on Beaver Creek at Beaver Creek Mills, lately in possession of Wallace Beard. Hamilton B. Gay, upper Elk; Sam Gay, Williams River, and Mrs William Jordan, on Elk, are her children. Lucinda Sharp was married to Jonathan Jordan, near Hillsboro; William married Susan, daughter of Solomon Bussard and settled in the West; Andrew married a Miss Bussard; James Sharp married Mary Byrnsides, on the Greenbrier east of Hillsboro, and settled at the old homestead. He died during the war, and Mrs Sharp went to Missouri where

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some of her family now reside. Mrs Hanson McLaughlin, of Odessa, is her daughter.

James Sharp was a member of the court under the old arrangement, was high sheriff of the county, a conscentious member of the Presbyterian church, and was held in high esteem for his patriotism and strict, scrupulous integrity. The members of the court had much cnnfidence in his judgment and he had great influence in framing decisions. He was much in the habit of hunting at the proper season, not only for the sport, but as a matter of business, for the proceeds were useful in bartering for family supplies for the comfort and sustenance of his household. While living at his first home on Cummings Creek he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. It was growing late and it was near the time to set out for home. He was passing leisurely along when a panther suddenly mounted a log but a few yards in front of him. He shot the animal, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times, when the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night the remainder of the pack followed his trail to his house and killed a yearling calf. Properly reinforced, Mr Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there beheld what no hunter had seen before or since. Nine panthers, but they were good panthers now; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears that there were seasons when these animals went in packs of fifteen or twenty, and this happened to be one of the times.

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months before the venerable man's death we met after a separation of more than thirty years. It was at a sacramental service, and during the recess we met and conversed for some time. He feelingly expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet once more in this life. From what I can learn this was about the last time my venerable friend ever put to his lips the visible cup of salvation.

WILLIAM WANLESS.

For more than a hundred years the Wanless name has been a familiar one in our region of country. According to tradition vaguely entertained, Ralph and Stephen Wanless, natives of England, came to Virginia and settled on the Wanless place, near Mount Tabor school house, in the "Hills," five miles north of Huntersville. One of Ralph's sons was William Wanless, who married Nancy Wilson, from near Fort Defiance, Virginia. She was a sister of the wife of Isaac Moore, Senior, of Knapps Creek. They settled on Back Alleghany, and were the parents of nine daughters and seven sons. The daughters were Rachel, Jane, Eliza, Martha, Nancy Ann, Margaret who died aged 7 years, Mary died aged 15 years, Melinda who was drowned when a young woman in Leatherbark Creek, and Matilda. The sons were James, Andrew, Nelson, Ralph, Allen, and two unnamed who died in infancy.

Rachel, the eldest daughter, married the late John Logan, and settled in Randolph County, lived awhile in Barbour County, and finally located on Alleghany.

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Mr Logan was a very estimable citizen, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church, and a very skillful cabinet maker, and an upright person in his dealings. In reference to the Logan family these particulars are given: Nancy Jane Logan is on Back Alleghany. Eliza Ann Logan became Mrs Enos Curry, and lives near the homestead. Mary Elizabeth Logan was married to John Curtis, and settled on Back Alleghany. Rebecca Logan married James Galford, and lives on Back Alleghany. Ina Josephine Logan was married to Samuel Renick Hogsett and lives on Browns creek. Preston Logan died at the age of seven, and William Logan when three years old.

Jane Wanless was married to the late David McLaughlin near Driftwood.

Eliza Wanless was married to the late Chesley K. K. Moore, of Dunmore, and now lives on Alleghany.

Martha became Mrs Henry Nottingham.

Nancy Ann married P. Nicholas and moved to Minnesota, where she now lives.

Matilda Wanless was married to William Cassell, on Greenbrier River, a few miles east of Greenbank.

The Rev James Wanless, a brother of William Wanless, was in his day widely known as a minister of the M. E. Church, and in the last years of his life was in the pale of the M. P. Church. Early in life he married Miss Elizabeth Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, Senior, one of the original settlers near Frost, and settled on Thorny Creek at the place owned at this time by Newton Fertig. Sometime in the twenties James Wanless cleared considerable land. His brother Ste-

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phen was a blacksmith, and lived on Back Creek near the Irvine Brick House. While trying to shoe a refractory herse belonging to Squire John Hamilton, about sixty years ago, he was instantly killed. His sons were John F., William, and James. Rev James Wanless adopted the three nephews and reared them to manhood. In the meantime he prospered financially, and bought from James Sharp the property now occupied by John F. Wanless. In connexion with his farming enterprises, James Wanless operated two mills and prospered enough to accumulate a very respectable competency for those times.

James Wanless was a zealous local preacher, and rarely ever spent a silent Sabbath. He seemed to have had great admiration for John the Baptist as a model backwoods preacher. It was evidently his belief that it was his duty to lift up a voice in the Pocahontas wilderness against the vanities of the times. His spirit would be deeply stirred by the advent of a new fashion and then he would look up Mathew xi. 8 for his text: "But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold they that wear soft clothing are in king's houses."

While commenting on the wearing of soft raiment then the preacher would assign to the fashions and the vices their portion in due season, as he thought it was needed. "Now just consider what I say, my brethren and hearers. How would John the Baptist have looked in a swallow tailed coat, pointed toed shoes, pipe, whiskey bottle, and stovepipe hat, et cetera!" The devout people felt it would have been out of the ques-

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tion for John to have been fond of such things, and many of the younger people from their talk evidently thought that to be in the fashion was to make a long step in a downward career.

While it is hard to suppress our smiles, still it must be acknowledged that when it was felt to be a Christian duty to be plain and economical, it saved a vast deal of needless expenditure, and to rear a family and furnish a passable home was not the heavy, perplexing business it is now.

Ralph Wanless, Junior, first married Anna Poage, daughter of G. W. Poage of the Levels. After living in Huntersville several years as the village blacksmith, he located on the homestead at Mount Tabor. Their children were George Poage, Hopkins, Milum, Samuel, and Margaret.

John Wanless married Elizabeth Bridger, and settled in Lewis County. Mrs Wanless was noted for her skill in nursing the sick, and her services were in demand far and near. Sick people had so much confidence in her that they seemed to think there was no danger of dying if Mrs Wanless could be had in time.

Most all the Wanless brothers were industrious and skillful workers in iron, acquired from their father, who seems to have been a genius in that line of industry, so useful to the people in pioneer and later times. When Ralph Wanless and his sons wrought at the anvil and caused the primitive forests to ring with their strong and resonant striking of hammers and sledges, their business was of essential importance. In their times most of the implements used in clearing lands,

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cultivating the ground, and building houses were made at home. In the pioneer shops, and for years subsequently were forged axes, hoes, shovel plows, bull-tongues, coulters, brush hooks, seng hoes, mattocks, broad axes, frows, grubbing hoes, pot hooks and pot hangers, kettle bales, log chains, double trees, single trees, door hinges and latches, and other articles.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close—
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught:
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on the sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.
—The Village Blacksmith.

WALTER DRINNON.

Among the pioneer settlers of the Edray district the Drinnons are believed to have been among the very first. From what the venerable James McCollam, a grandson of Lawrence Drinnon, remembers there were three brothers, Charles, Lawrence, and Thomas, sons of Walter Drinnon from Ireland. It is more than probable they came here about the time John McNeel

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that went to Ohio with their parents from their cabin home on Deer Creek. This Federal officer became a member of Congress, and achieved a national reputation by defeating William McKinley in a Congressional contest. Many no doubt will readily recall this interesting event in the history of Ohio politics.

WILLIAM WARWICK.

The group of the Warwick relationship treated of in this paper includes the descendants of William Warwick, son of John Warwick, the early pioneer.

Like his brother Andrew, William Warwick lost his heart in the Richlands of Greenbrier, and married Nancy Craig, a sister of Mrs Andrew Warwick. They settled on Deer Creek, where Peter H. Warwick now lives, and were the parents of three children: Robert Craig, Elizabeth. who became Mrs Benjamin Tallman; Margaret, who became Mrs John Hull, and lived on the head of Jacksons River.

Robert Craig Warwick, the only son, at one time crossed the Alleghany to pay his sister a visit. One result of the visit was that he and Esther Hull were soon married, and the happy young people settled on the Deer Creek homestead. They were the parents of three sons and six daughters. In reference to their children the following items are recorded:

Catherine Hidy Warwick is now Mrs William Bird. Her children Elvira Louisa, now Mrs William McClune, near Millpoint; Robert Craig Bird, at Clifton Forge; John Henry Bird, Covington; George Newton

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Bird, Clifton Forge; William Lee Bird, Roanoke City, Virginia. Her husband, Major W. W. Bird, was a Confederate officer. He had command of Company K, 52d Virginia Regiment in the battle of McDowell, and was in charge of a regiment of reserves in the battle of New Hope. He was near General William Jones when he fell in that engagement, and received his last orders just a few minutes before his death. He was named for William Wallace, a renowned hero in Scottish history.

Nancy Jane Warwick is now Mrs Jacob Lightner of Highland, Virginia. Her children were John Adam, now in the west; Robert, on Back Creek; William C. died in youthr Jacob Brown, on Back Creek; Peter H. lives in Greenbrier; James Cameron, a lawyer at the Warm Springs, Va.; Mrs Malcena Catherine Cleek, on Jacksons River; Mrs Virginia Rachel Wallace, of Highland; Mrs Mary Etta Gum, of Meadow Dale, Va.

Sarah Elizabeth Warwick married Daniel Matheny, and lives at Valley Centre. Her children Esther Ann, Melissa, and Robert Matheny.

Margaret Ann Warwick became Mrs Nelson Pray. Her family was quite a large one, but only one survives, Ella, who is now Mrs John Riley and lives in one of the western counties. One of Mrs Pray's daughters, Regina, received fatal injuries in a railway collision.

Hannah Rebecca Warwick was married to Captain George Siple, a Confederate officer, 31st Virginia Infantry, and lives on Deer Creek in sight of the Warwick homestead. Her children were Nancy Jane, now

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Mrs Pierce Wooddell at Greenbank; Anna, Mrs William Jackson, at Dunmore; Mary Catherine, now Mrs Bernard McElwee at Dunmore; Clara Belle, William, and Joseph Siple.

Louisa Susan Warwick was married to Eli Seybert, settled near Mt. Grove, Va., then went west. But one of her children survives, Mary Amaret, now Mrs Morgan Matheny, Top of Alleghany.

William Fechtig Warwick was named for a pioneer Methodist preacher. He married Anthea Pray, and lives near Mt. Grove, Va. His children Paul, Pray, Robert, Nelson, Peter Hull, George Craig, Charles, Amelia, who became Mrs George Dilley, and is now Mrs Hopkins Wanless near Mount Tabor; Amanda Gabrielle, now Mrs John Landes, near Mt. Grove; Sally, and Louise Catherine. Three of the sons, Peter, Robert, and Nelson, went to Kansas.

Peter Hull Warwick married Caroline Matheny, and settled on the Deer Creek home place. The children were Jesse, Otis, Forrest, and Elbert. By the death of Cecil, in 1896, at Cowen, Webster County, his mother's heart was so broken that she did not survive him very long.

John Robert Warwick married Jennie Cleek, daughter of the late John Cleek of Bath County, and lives on a section of the Deer Creek homestead. Their children are Mary and Nancy. Lieutenant Warwick was a Confederate officer, 31st Virginia Infantry, and served as a commissioner of the Pocahontas Court.

Elizabeth Warwick became Mrs Benjamin Tallman, and lived on the property now held by Captain Siple.

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Her children were William, James, Robert, John, Cyrus, and Nancy. Nancy became Mrs Benjamin Tallman and lives in Illinois.

Margaret Warwick was married to John Hull, on Jacksons River. Her children were William Hull, who was one of the California forty-niners, and has not been heard of since; Robert, Andrew, Nora, Nancy Jane, who bechme the wife of Colonel Peter H. Kincaid, in Crabbottom; Margaret, who is now Mrs Christopher Wallace, of Williamsville; Irene Esther, the first wife of James Fleisher, of Meadow Dale.

This relationship has furnished our citizenship with good citizens, brave soldiers, industrious tillers of the soil, and good homekeepers, and deserves honorable mention in the short and simple annals of our own Pocahontas people.

JAMES CALLISON.

The Callisons of Locust have a claim for special recognition in our biographical sketches as one of the oldest families of southern Pocahontas. Members of that relationship have done a great deal in developing their section, and have shown what can be done with our soil in our climate by well applied energy and industry. The progenitor of this relationship, so far as it is traceable, was James Callison, Senior. This person and his wife Elizabeth were natives of Ireland, but, as the name indicates, were of English origin. No doubt the Callisons were among the families that King James the First encouraged to settle in the north

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in rest and quietly went to sleep. It is a comforting reflection that here and there on the hillsides of our beautiful land are planted immortal sleepers—like the bodies of these worthy people—that will some day appear in all that is radiant and lovely. It is touching to reflect how widely apart are the graves of their children. Kansas, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, and West Virginia have graves where members of this family are waiting for the coming of the Redeemer they learned to know and love in the old paternal home on Stony Creek.

WILLIAM YOUNG.

This sketch is designed to perpetuate the memory of an early citizen of our county, whose influence was on the side of morality and education.

Samuel Young, ancestor of the Youngs af Pocahontas, was a native of London. He came to America about 1756, leaving his parents, John and Amy Young, in England, and settled in Madison County, Virginia. He afterwards lived some years on Knapps Creek, Pocahontas County. He entered lands, and then sold much of it to settlers for ginseng, deer skins, and furs. This produce he took away to Winchester or Fredericksburg, and exchanged for merchandise, which he bartered or peddled, and thus acquired considerable wealth. When he became quite old, he visited his son Charles, in Kentucky, and never returned.

John Young, one of his sons, was born in Madison

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County, February18, 1761. He volunteered in the war of the Revolution, served his term of enlistment, and then was drafted into the service.

About 1803 or 1804, he came to Anthony Creek, in Greenbrier, and remained a few years. In the meantime he inherited considerable land on Swago Creek. In 1809 he settled on Swago and opened up the "Young Place," that commands such a beautiful prospect from the sides of Rich Mountain.

John Young was married twice. His first wife was Sarah Rogers, and during her life he lived in Madison County. The names of her children were James, Elizabeth, John, Jane, Samuel, and William. She died July 6, 1806, leaving her youngest child William aged four years.

John Young married Margaret Rogers, on Anthonys Creek, in 1804. The names of her children were Sarah Ann, Martha, and Andrew.

Her daughter, Mrs Martha Adkinson, was living in 1894, on the "Young Place," in her 78th year, and the only survivor of one of the original pioneer families of our county. She had been blind for seven years, with cataract, and most of her time was busily occupied in knitting.

John Young died July 5, 1843, aged 82 years, 4 months, and 18 days. Captain William Young was born in Madison County, May 1798, and was about 5 years old when his father moved to this region. His youth was spent on the sides of Rich Mountain. His first teachers were William Auldridge, Squire John McNeill, and William McNeill. The school house was

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on Rush Run, a mile or so from its confluence with Swago Creek. In early manhood he entered John McNulty's school, at the McNulty Place, near Marvin Chapel. From this teacher he learned surveying, which qualified him for the office he held for a number of years. The text book used by Captain Young in the study of surveying is yet in the possession of Capt. William Cochran's family, whose first wife was Capt. Young's sister Elizabeth. On its well filled title page appears the following:

GEODÆSIA, or the Art of Surveying and Measuring of Land made easy; showing by plain and Practical Rules how to survey. Moreover, A more sure and facile Way of Surveying by the Chain than has hitherto been taught. As also how to lay out New Lands in America or elsewhere, with Several other Things never yet Published in our

Language.
By JOHN LOVE,
The Seventh Edition,
London, 1760.

In the address to the reader, the author says: What would be more ridiculous than for me to praise an art that all mankind know they can not live peaceably without. It is near hand as ancient (no doubt on't) as the world. For how could men set down to plant without knowing some distinction and boundary of their land. But (necessity being the mother of invention) we find the Egyptians, by reason of the Nile's overflowing—which either washed away all their bound marks, or covered them over with mud, brought this measuring of land first into an art, and honoured much

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the professors of it. The great usefulness, as well as the pleasant and delightful study and wholesome exercise of which tempted so many to apply themselves thereto, that at length in Egypt, as in the Bermudas, every rustic could measure his own land.

On a fly leaf is this, in the handwriting of the young student, now in the 20th year of his age:

> William Young, his book. Bought of
> Mr John McNulty, price six shillings.
> Aprile 16th, 1818, on Thursday.

Previously to him the following persons seemed to have owned the book:

> Israel Hollowell, May 9, 1775
> John Goodrich, February 13, 1794
> Joseph Fisherton, January 30, 1795
> George Harrison, February 13, 1805
> Joseph McNulty.

This copy was bound in very substantial calf skin, and when it became worn on the back edges by sixty years service in so many hands, it was repaired by a wide strip of dressed deer skin, sewed on by waxed threads such as shoemakers use.

His tuition for two months was nine shillings, ($1.50) —seventy-five cents per month. Having learned surveying with Mr McNulty Captain Young taught school a few months, and then repaired to Lewisburg, West Virginia, where he studied grammer, taught by Dr McElhenney, as a specialty, according to old Greenleaf of bitter memory to grammar students of that

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period. One study at a time, was the rule then. People have learned differently since. Upon his return from Lewisburg, Mr Young opened a school on Stony Creek, in the school house near George Baxters. His first grammar scholar was Samuel Waugh, brother of the late Rev John Waugh of revered memory. The school was taught by on the open or vocal plan, and Samuel Waugh did not object to the noise. Captain Young seems to have had the monopoly of grammar teaching on Stony Creek for many years.

Having completed his education, so advanced for his day, and under so many difficulties, his thoughts turned to settling himself in life. He was happily married to Miss Ann Smith, and built up a home on Stony Creek, and reared up a highly respectable family of sons and daughters.

He was the captain of the Stony Creek Company, Justice of the Peace, and was the second Surveyor of Pocahontas County, successor to Sampson Mathews.

He was a very quiet, exemplary person in youth, but did not unite with any church until somewhat advanced in life, when he became a member of the Methodist church.

He died of consumption, November 24, 1848, and his grave is in the Duffield grave yard, marked by a lettered stone. His widow and most of the children went west. Mrs Young was a person of uncommon force of character, and was much esteemed for her many virtues. She died in her far western home, 8th of May, 1891, aged 90 years.

Adam Young, one of the sons, married Susan Gay,

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and their two sons, John and Adam, are about all of Captain Young's descendants—of his name—in the county, with whose history he was so prominently identified for so many years.

Colonel Samuel Young, whose memory was recently honored by a large outpouring of the citizens at the Sulphur Spring, Sunday, May 3, 1894,—according to an appointment made forty years before, that if alive, he would meet them there that day—was his second son. He was a local preacher, and afterwards an officer in the Union army. He did not live to meet his unique appointment, and among those who assembled forty years after, there were eleven who were present at the original meeting, which was a preaching service in the open air, a large rock serving for a pulpit.

ADAM CURRY.

A generation since, one of the best known characters in West Highland, Virginia, was Captain Adam Curry, a Revolutionary veteran. One of his grandsons, William Curry, is a well known citizen of Pocahontas County.

Captain Curry was a native of Scotland, and came to America, and resided several years near Manasses Junction. He was among the first to enlist in the war of the Revolution, ond was chosen captain of his company, and participated in all the engagements in which Virginia troops were engaged that followed Mercer and Washington.

Soon after the war he gathered up the remnants of

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Year."

COOPER, Dale. See Cooper, Wilma Lee and Stoney.

COOPER, Stoney, a fiddler, was born in Harmon in 1918. He began in radio on the WWVA Jamboree in Wheeling and later appeared on radio in the Midwest and South as well as in Fairmont. He went to the Grand Ole Opry in 1957. After performing for many years with his wife, Wilma Lee Leary Cooper (see) Harvard University voted them the most authentic mountain singing group in America in 1950. Their records were placed in the Library of Music at Harvard.

Among the songs he recorded were: "West Virginia Polka," "Thirty Pieces of Silver," "The Golden Rocket," "The Legend of the Dogwood Tree," "Willie Roy, the Crippled Boy," "Just for a While," "How it Hurts to Be Alone," "Please Help Me If I Am Wrong," "Each Season Changes You," "I Want to Be Loved," "Cheated Too," "This Crazy Crazy World," "There's A Big Wheel," "Walking My Lord Up Calvary's Hill," "Come Walk with Me," "The Tramp on the Street," "The Canadian Reel," "Big Midnight Special," "Rachel's

Guitar," "I've Been Cheated Too," "Diamond Joe," "The White Rose," "Not Anymore," "We Make a Lovely Couple," "Row Two, Seat Three," "Loving You," "This Thing Called Man," "My Heart Keeps Crying," "I Tell My Heart," "He Taught Them How," "Is It Right," "X Marks the Spot."

COOPER, Wilma Lee and Stoney, performers on the Grand Ole Opry, were natives of Randolph County.

Wilma Lee, born Wilma Leigh Leary, was born in Valley Head, but became a resident of Elkins when she was three years old. At the age of five she began performing with her family's group, which was known as "The Leary Family – Country Style Church Singers." They were selected to represent the state of West Virginia at the National Folk Festival in Washington, D.C. in 1937 and 1938. She later went to Davis and Elkins College, but never lost her interest in music.

Stoney was actually named Dale Cooper. He was born on his family's farm near Harman and grew up doing farm chores as well as learning to play the five string banjo and fiddle. After graduating from high school he remained on the farm and played for country-style hoedowns until 1937, when he was hired to play fiddle with Rusty Hiser and the Green Valley Boys in Fairmont, playing regularly on station WMMN.

In 1940 Wilma and Stoney met and formed their own band, The Clinch Mountain Clan. In 1947 they moved to Wheeling and began appearing regularly on WWVA's Jamboree U.S.A. They also signed a contract with the Columbia Record Company that year. They recorded many hits, including "The West Virginia Polka," and "The Legend of the Dogwood Tree," which was selected for the Columbia Hall of Fame. In 1955 they were offered a contract with WSM, in Nashville and became regulars on the Grand Ole Opry.

COOPER, Wilma Lee Leary, a native of Valley Head, was the wife of Stoney Cooper (see). The pair was voted the most authentic mountain singing group in America in 1950 by Harvard University. For records see Stoney Cooper. Mrs. Cooper wrote the following songs: "Cheated Too," "Heartbreak Street." "He Taught Them How," "I Tell My Heart," "Loving You," "My Heart Keeps Crying," Tomorrow I'll Be Gone," and was co-writer of "Big Midnight Special."

CORDA, Don. "West Virginia Centennial Song," sheet music.

CORNETT, Ewel, Producer-Director of the West Virginia Historical Drama Association, and the composer of the musical score for the outdoor dramas *Honey in the Rock,* and *Hatfields and McCoys,* was born in Louisville, Kentucky in 1937, the son of Ewel Butler Cornett, Sr., and Nettie Lytle (Crawford) Cornett.

He attended the University of Kentucky and the University of Illinois, where he received his Bachelor of Music Degree. He was the originator of the Actors Theatre of Louisville, Kentucky and directed and appeared in numerous productions there. He appeared in various dramatic works in stock theatres and with off-Broadway companies around the United States. Some of his major roles were in plays such as *Little Mary Sunshine* and *The Three Penny Opera* at the Pittsburgh Playhouse, and in *Camelot* and *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* on Broadway.

He came to West Virginia as Managing Director of *Honey in*

Dogwood Tree," which was selected for the Columbia Hall of Fame. In 1955 they were offered a contract with WSM, in Nashville and became regulars on the Grand Ole Opry.

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